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"GALL IN THE FAMILY"

ON A REAL 33⅓ VINYL RECORD

PLUS

16 EXTRA PAGES!

THE MAGIC SPELL

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAD

SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER ELEVEN

"Success is like Golf: you strive to get to the green... and then you wind up in the hole." —Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

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(In Order Of Their Appearance)

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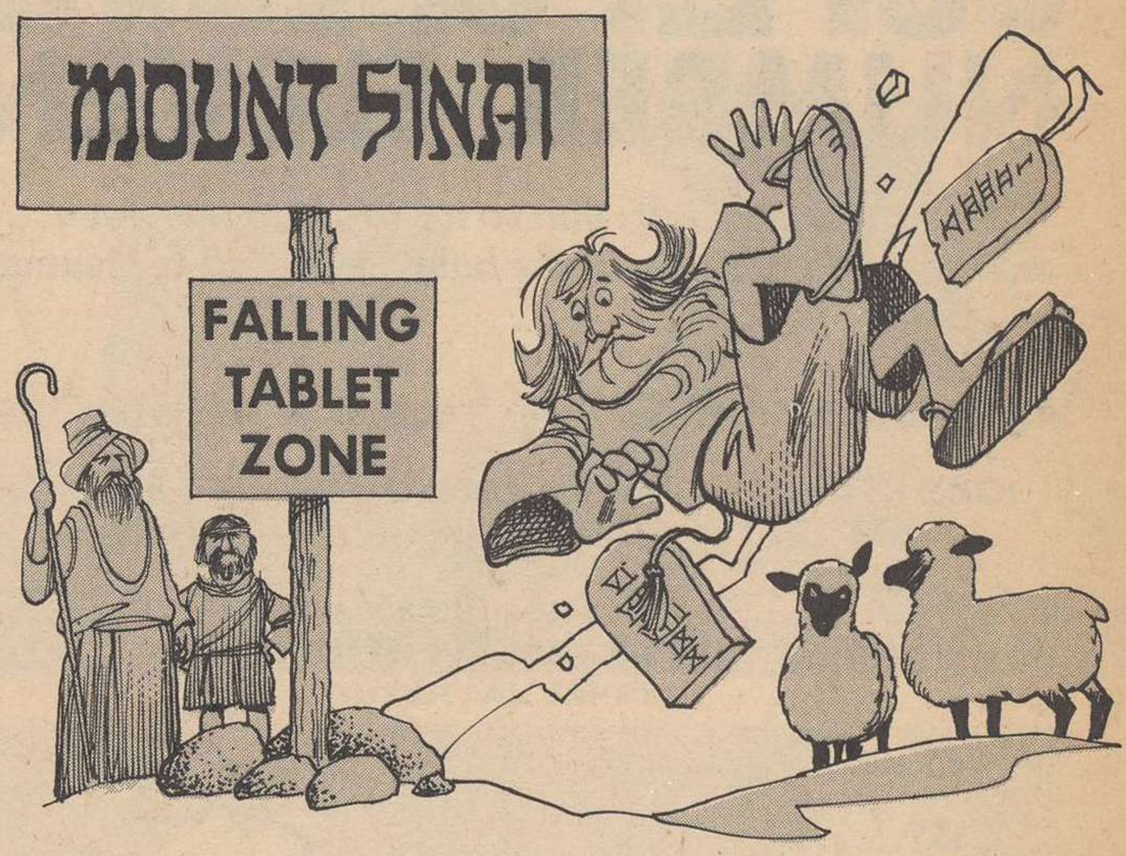
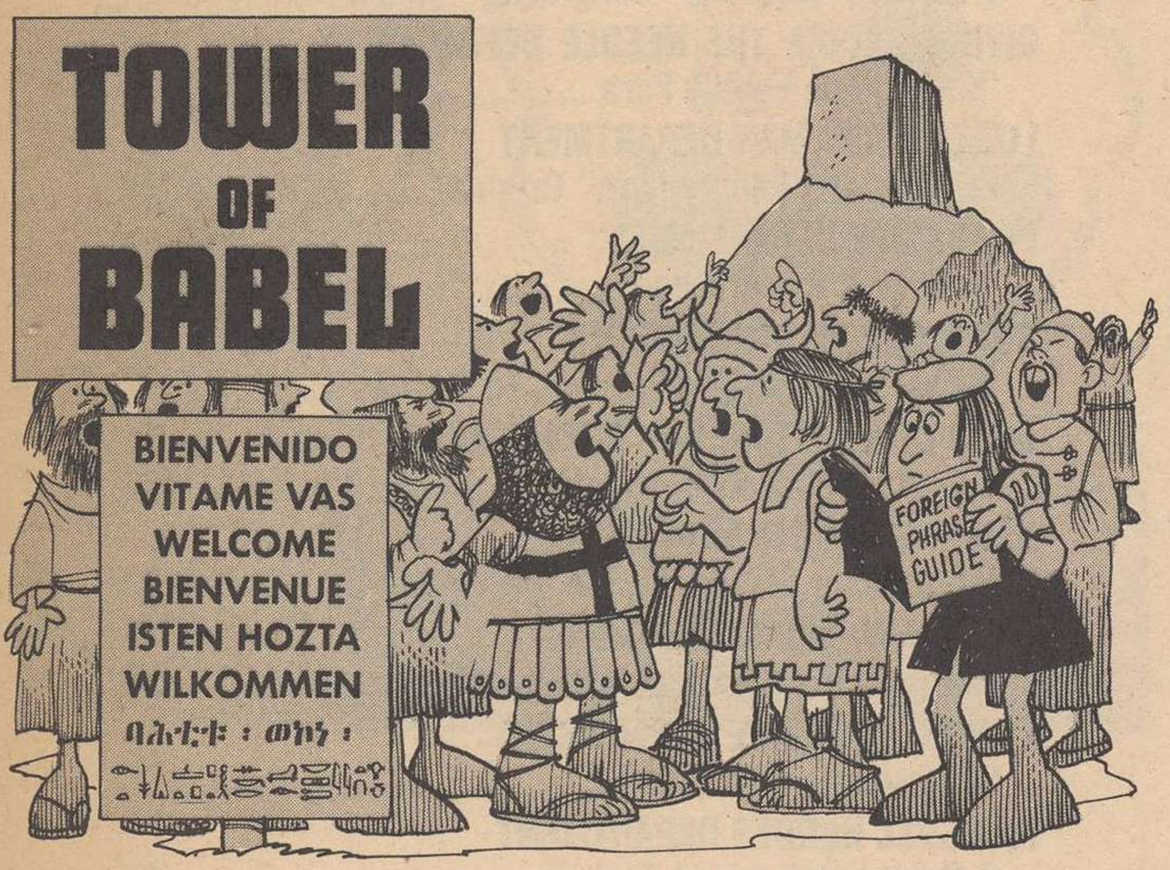
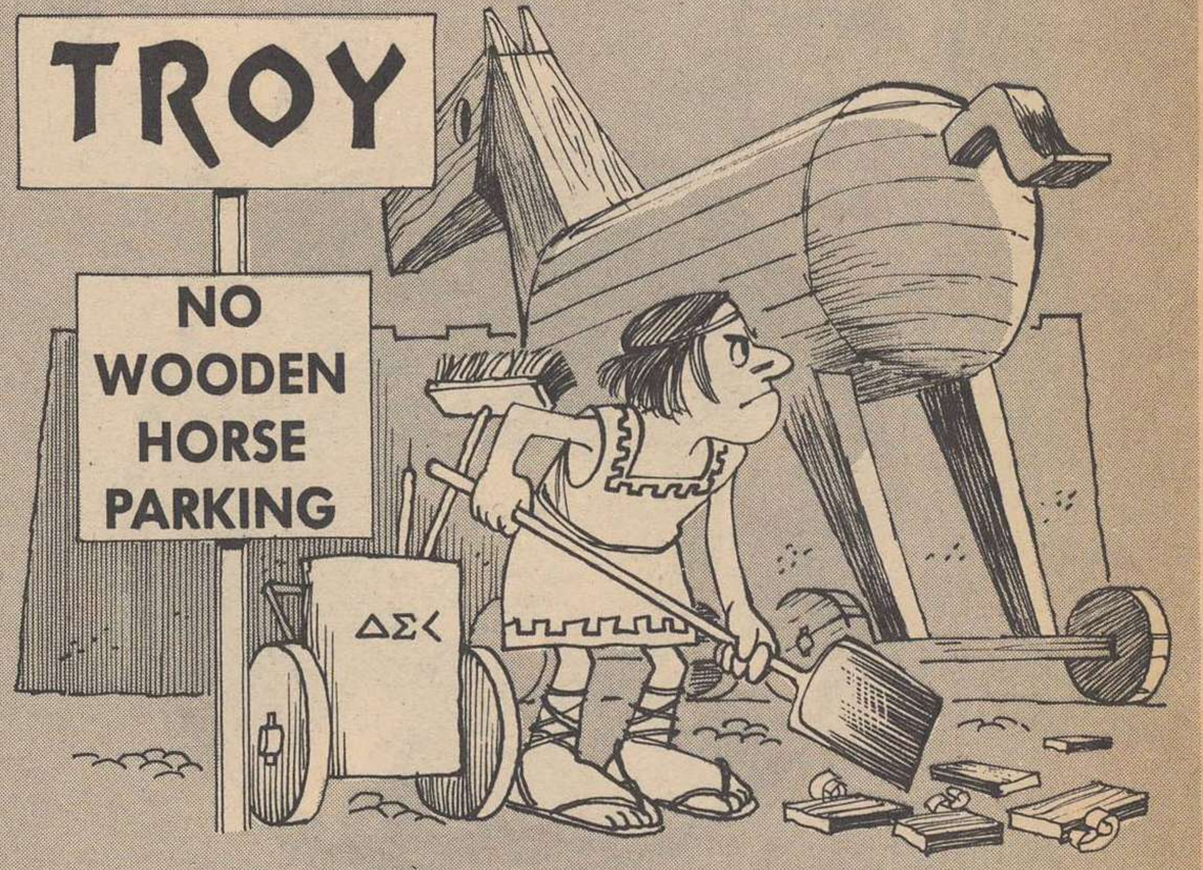
HIGHWAY RIBBERY DEPARTMENT

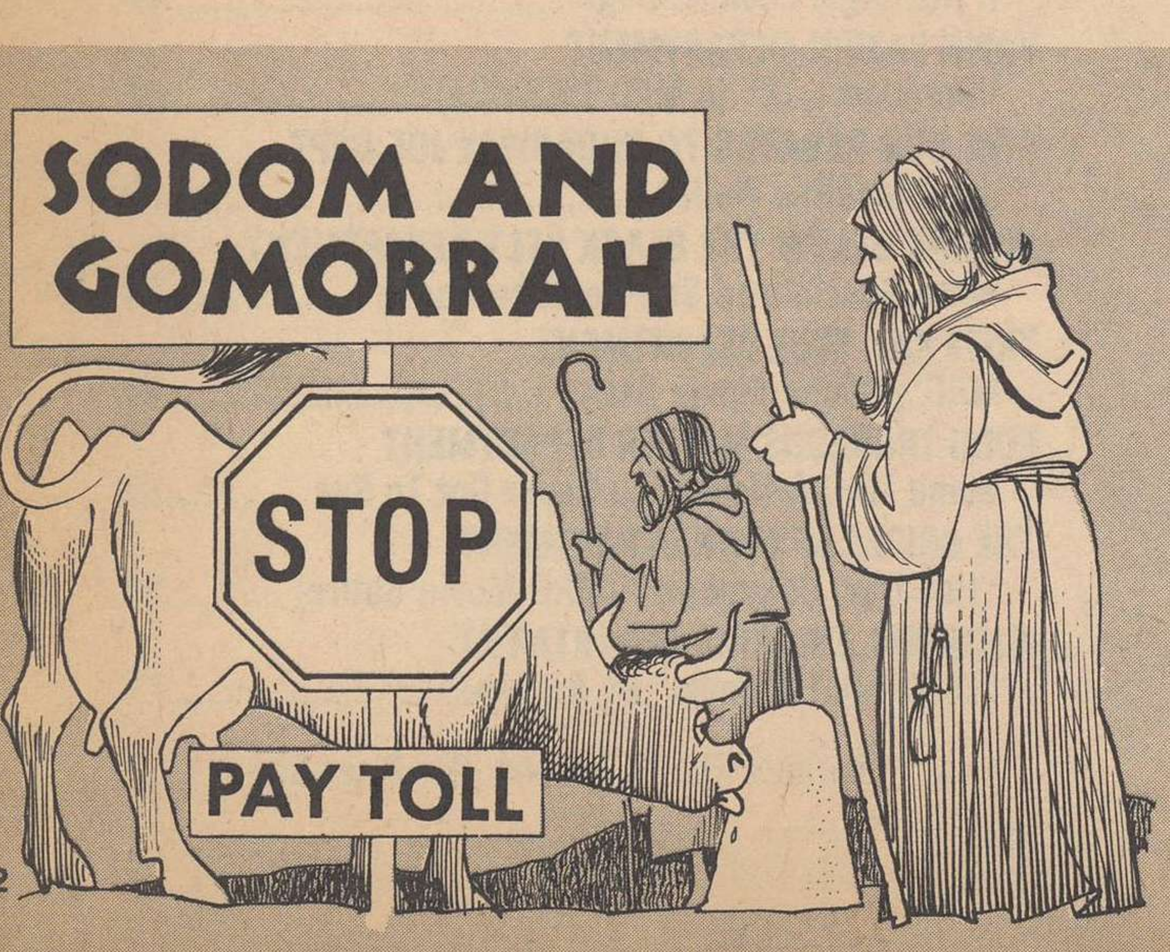
MAD ROAD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



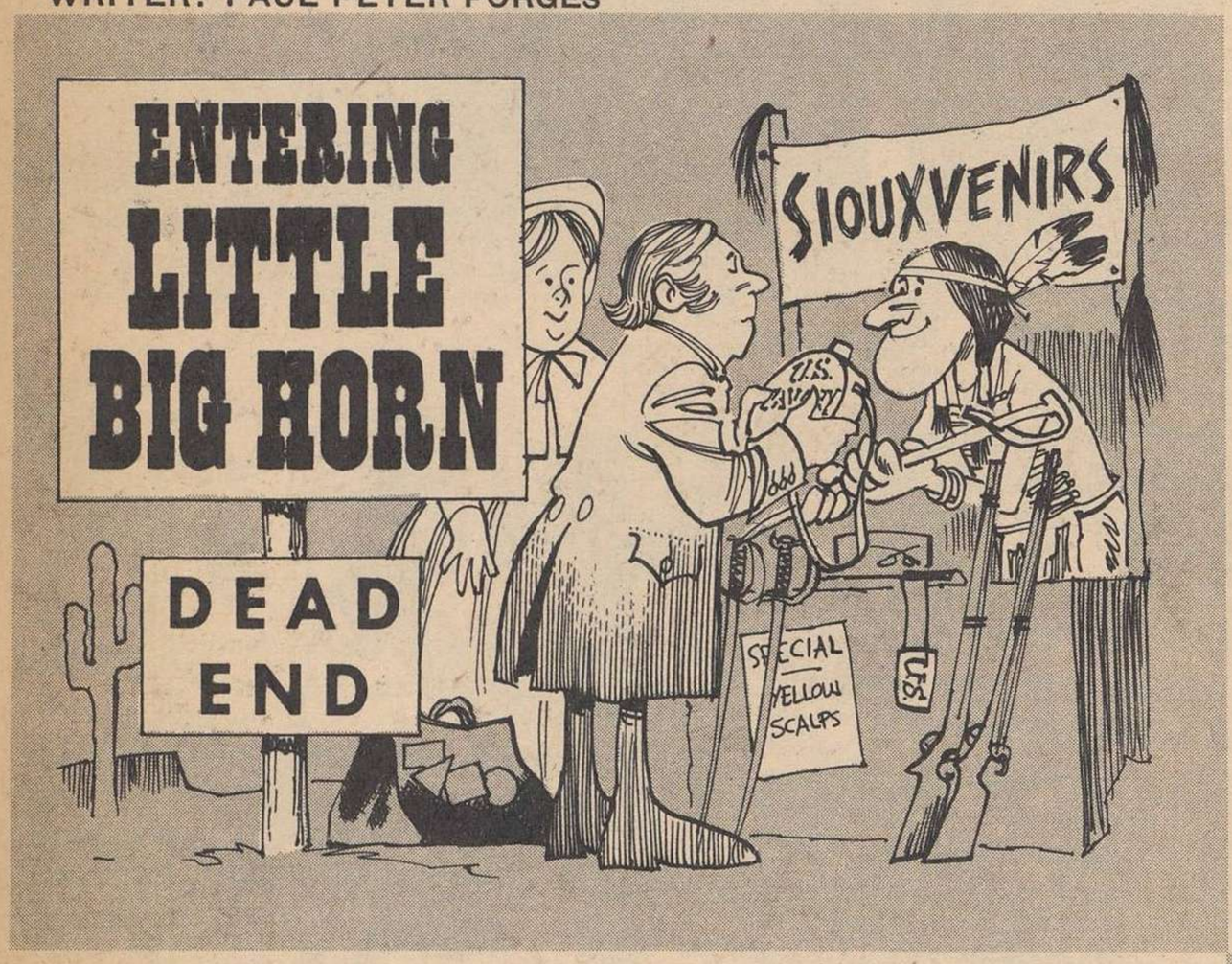


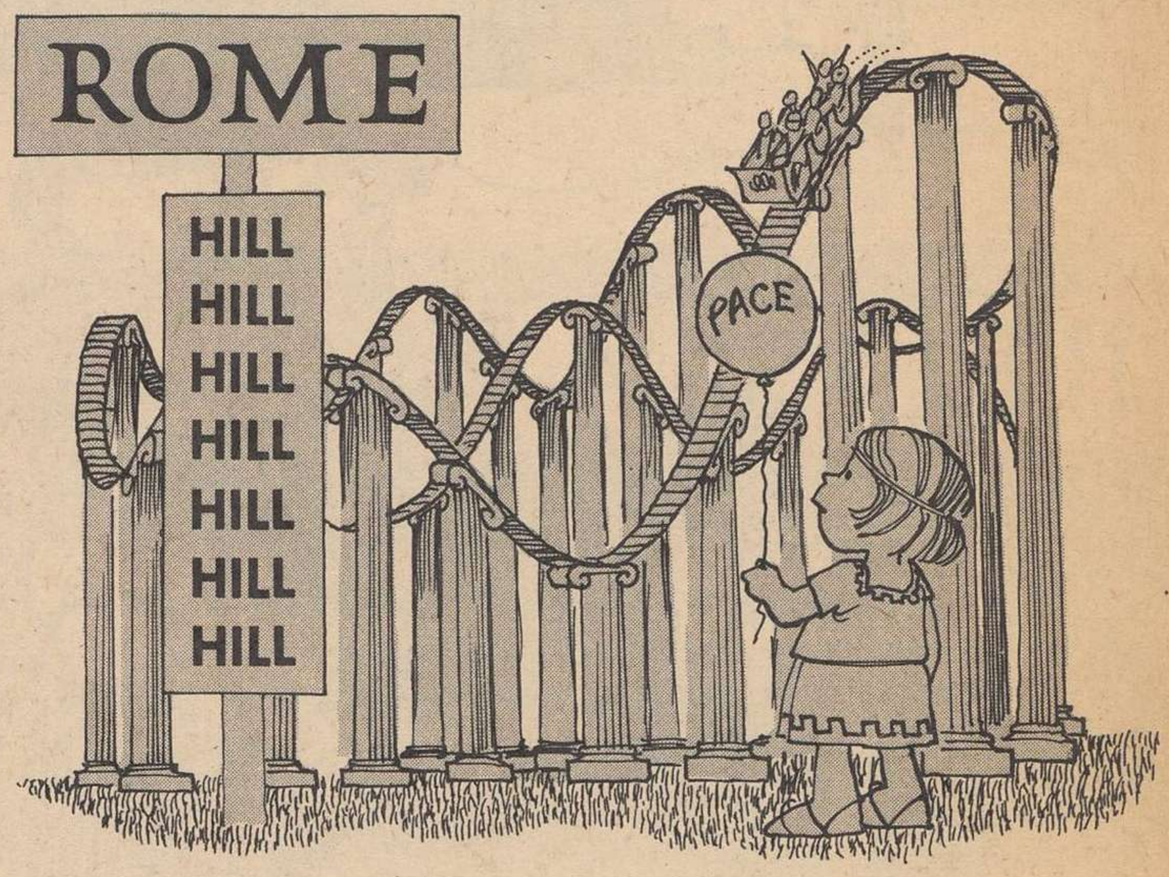


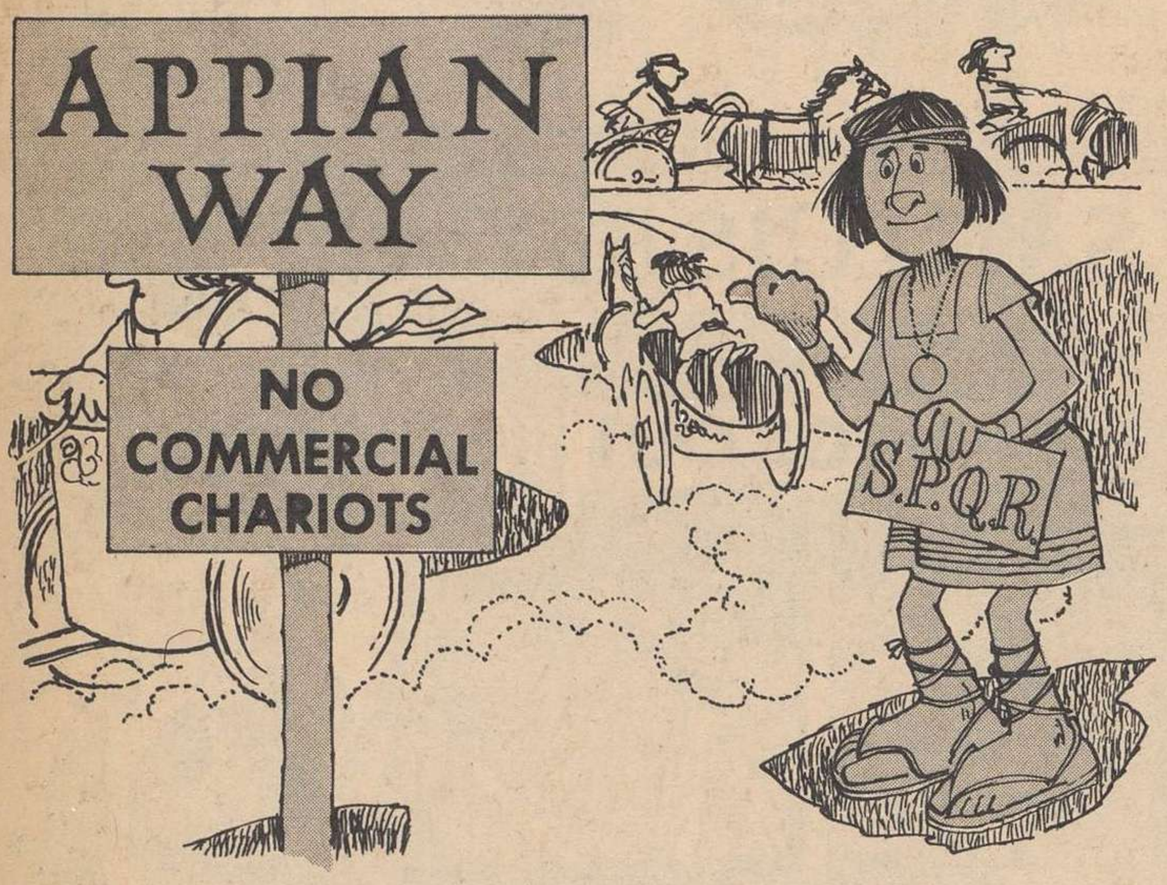


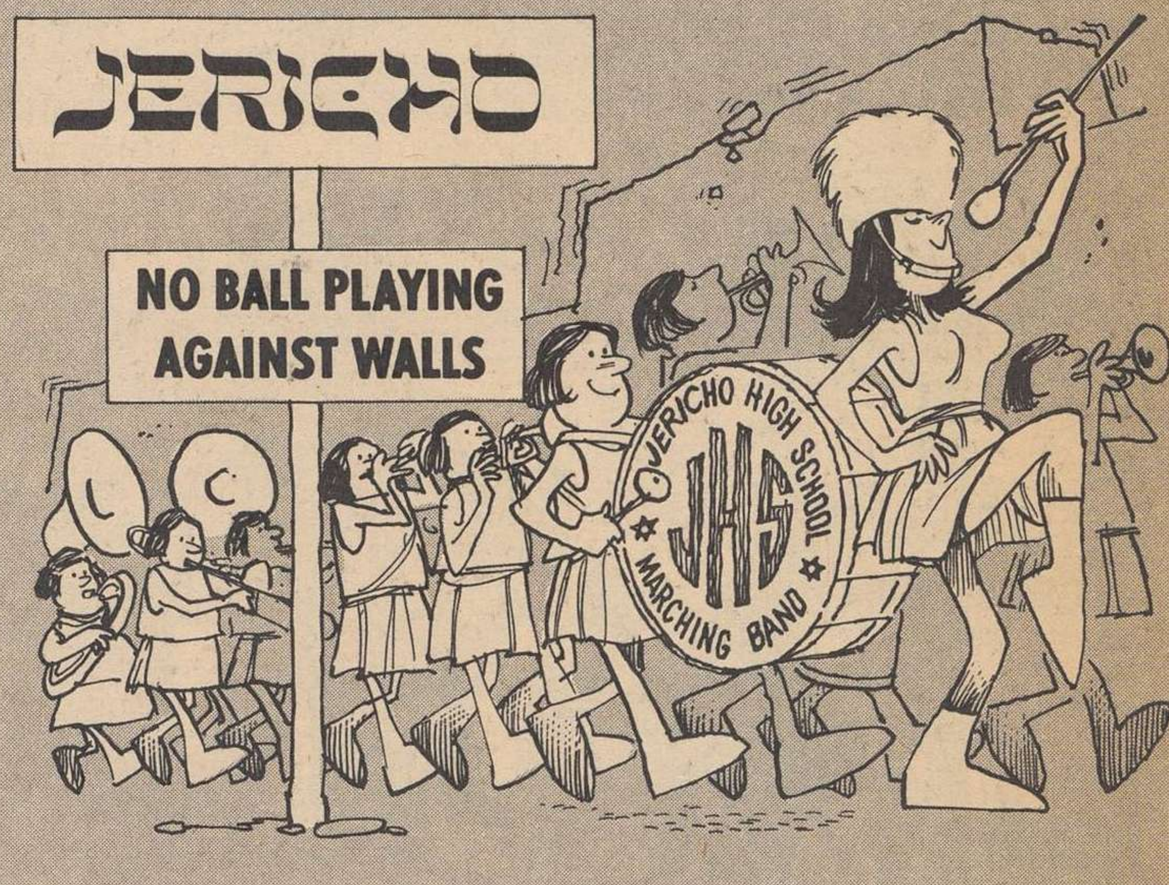
SIGNS THROUGH HISTORY

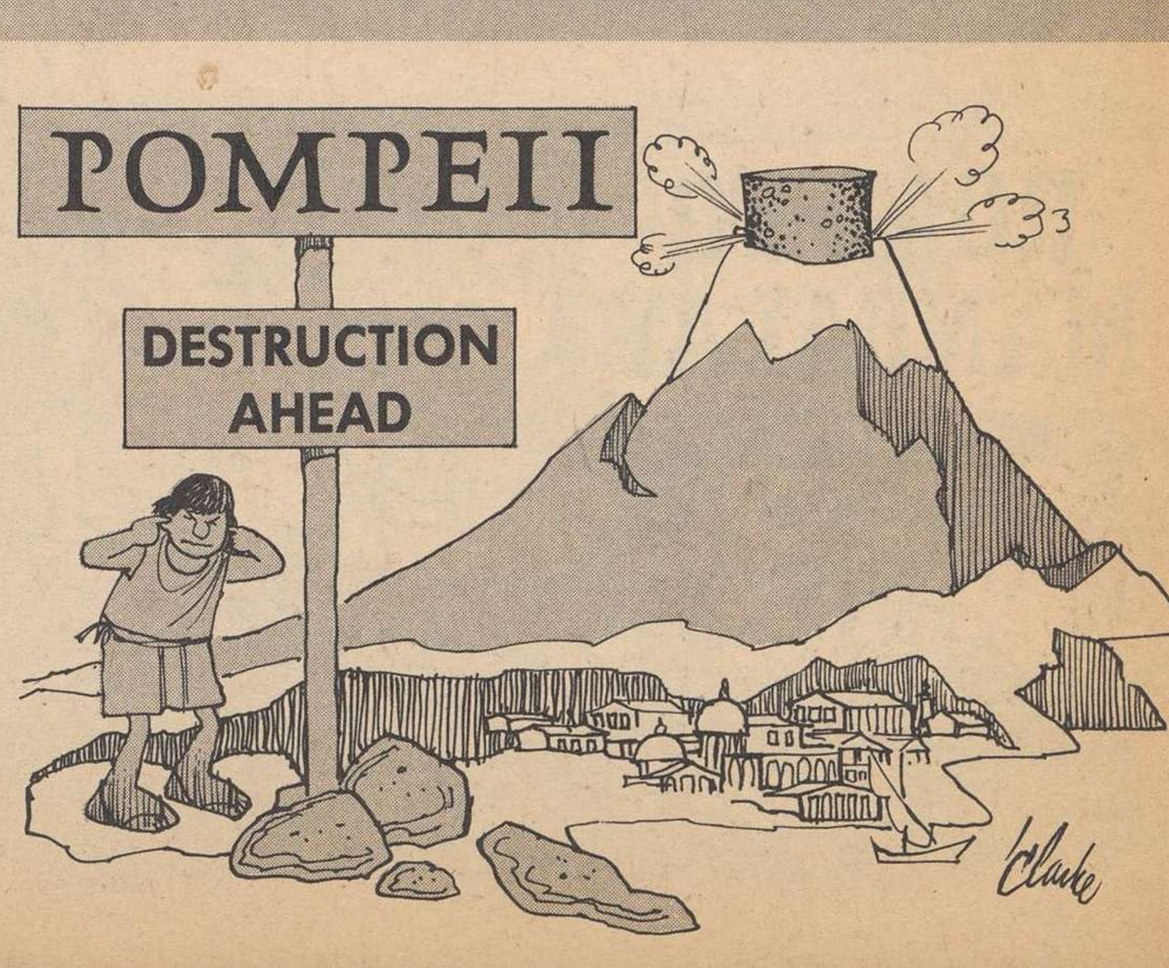
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES











Wittenberg
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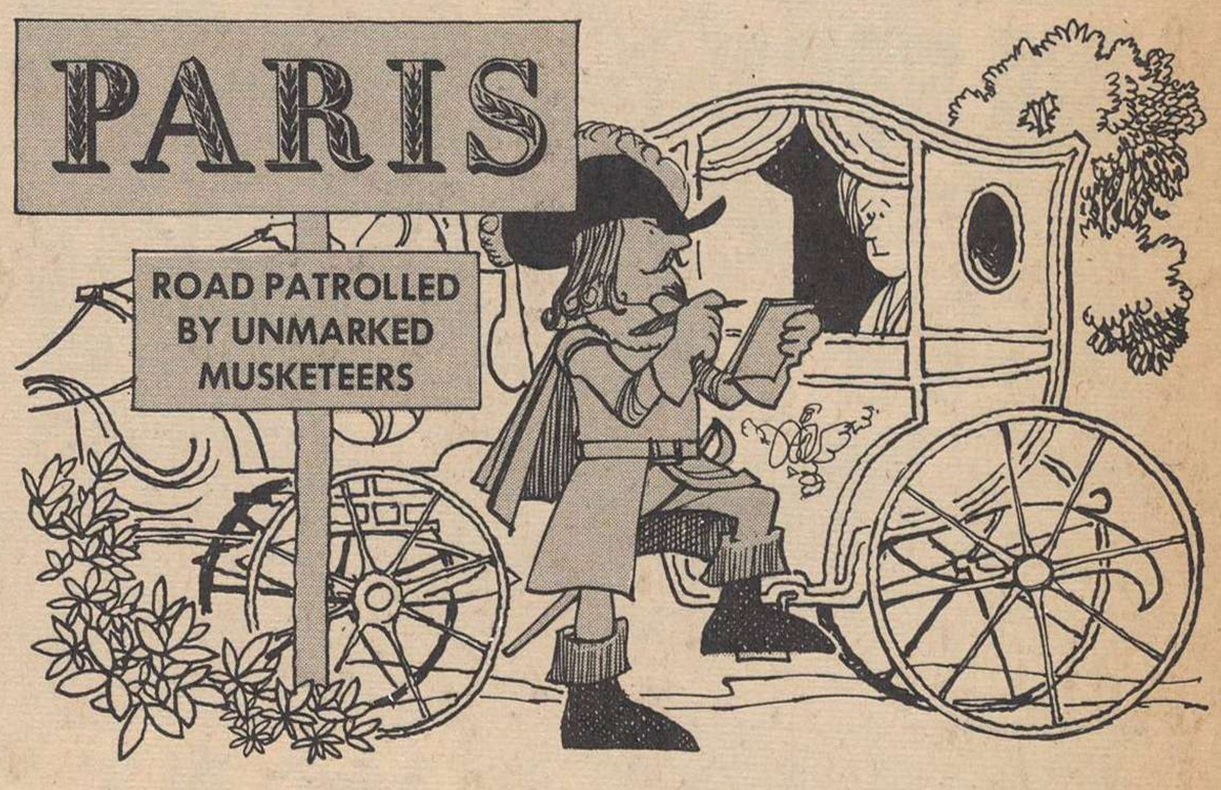
NO
THESES

Sherwood
Forest
ONE WAY

RED SEA
DIVIDED
WATERWAY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BY UNMARKED
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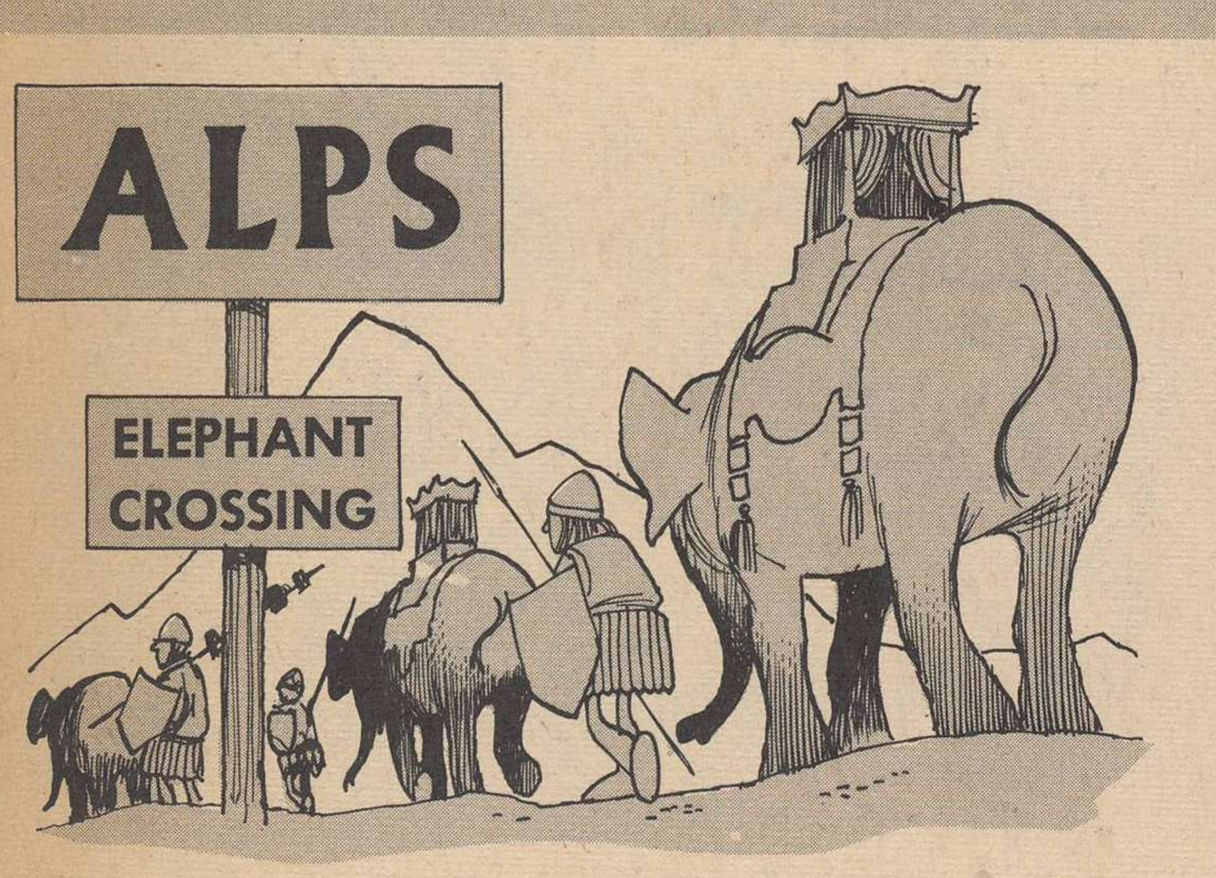
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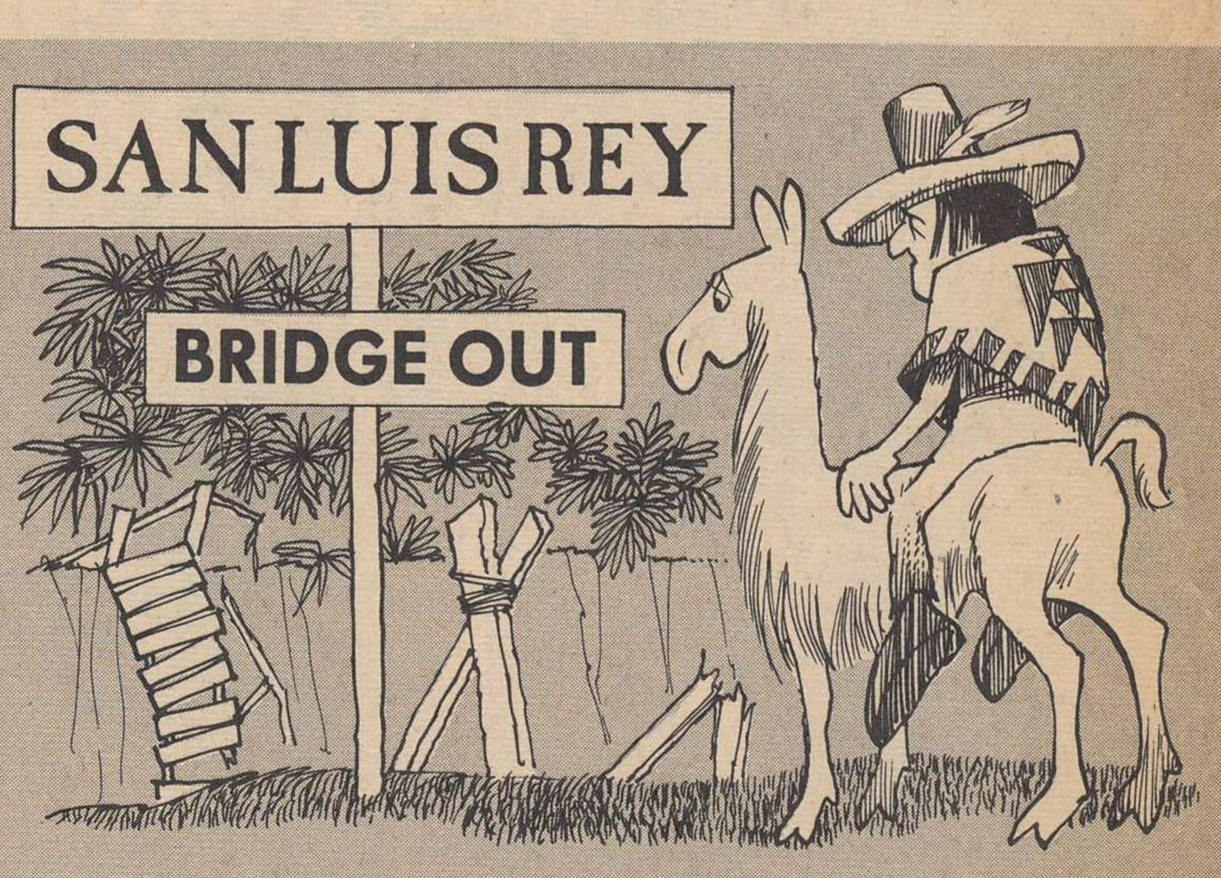
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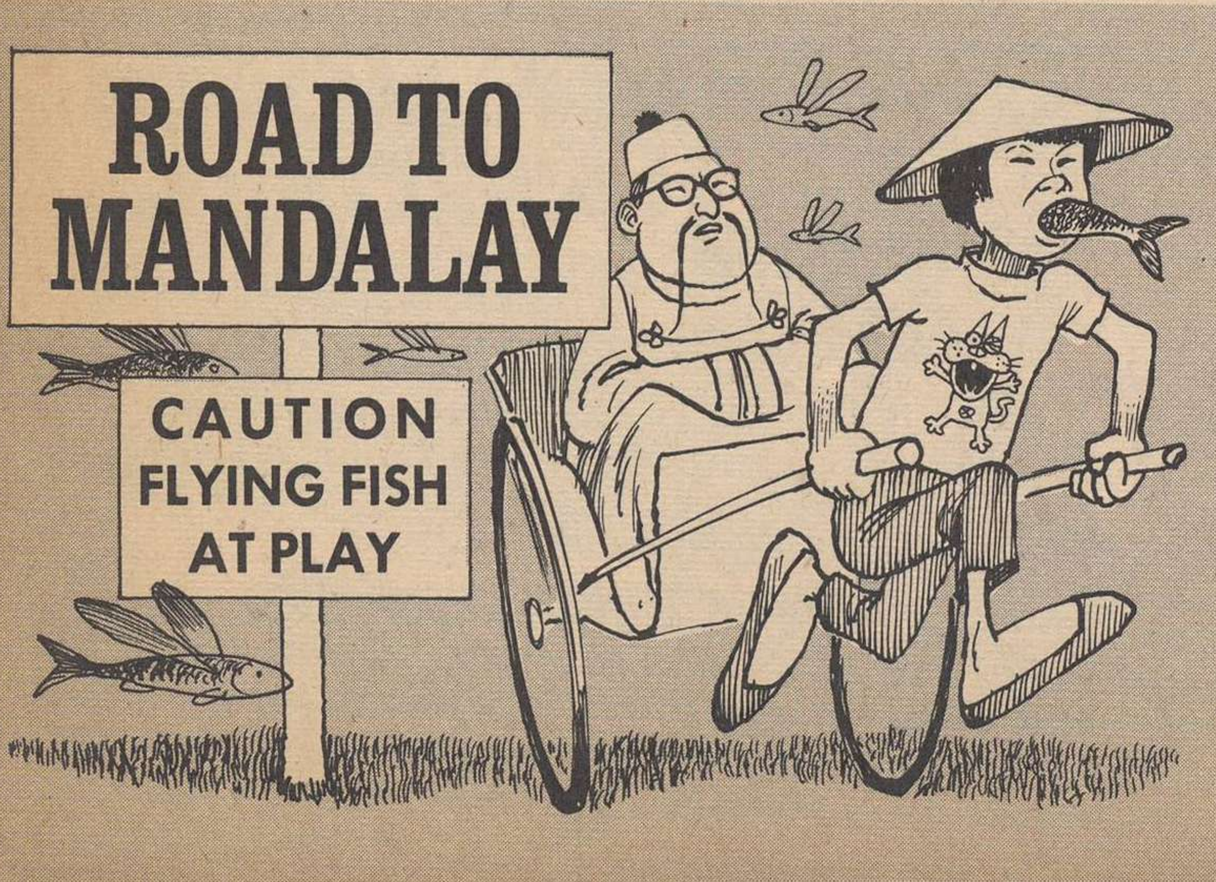
BRIDGE OUT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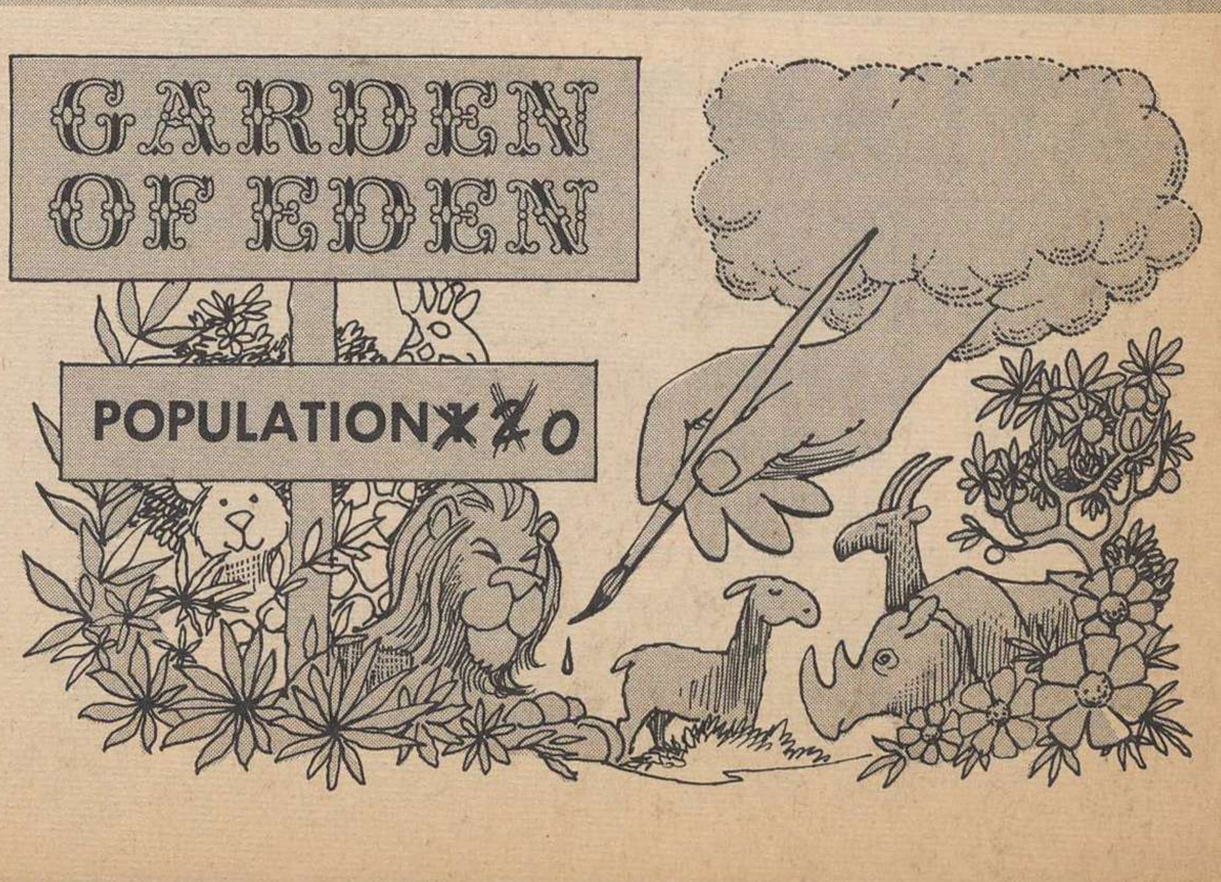
MANDALAY
CAUTION
FLYING FISH
AT PLAY


GARDEN
OF EDEN
POPULATION

DAPPER DON DEPARTMENT

In an attempt to add social significance and relevance to our pages, MAD finally bows to countless requests we've received begging us to enter into the controversial area of men's fashion. Of course, there was only one man who could handle such an undertaking, one man who could rise to this occasion. But he was out of town. So instead, make room in your wardrobe for some startling creations as . . .

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT MEN'S FASHIONS

It's back to College for clothes-conscious collegiates. Wilfred bones up on Plato's "Republic" in a lace-up "Head" shirt, pre-soiled to look casual. His stretch bell-bottoms are actually the lower half of a corduroy body stocking, which doubles as pajamas. Hobart (center) contemplates the upcoming regatta with State in his all-knit safari suit with the four flap pockets artfully held in place by thread. Ernest (right) memorizes an intricate mathematical formula in his spangled "skin-slacks", which are designed after the national flag of Kinshasa Zaire.

A day of business or an evening of pleasure? Geoffrey is prepared for either in his peppermint-striped double-breasted ensemble, designed after the uniform worn by the men's room attendants in fashionable Atlantic City hotels at the turn of the century. The final touch is offered by Geoffrey's high-stepping footwear, which combines the excitement of a rodeo boot with the traditionalism of Keds.

Bertram opts for an afternoon of play in his plunge-necked velvet riding coat, modeled after the fatigue jacket worn by U.S. Army officers serving time in the stockade. The wide belt of unborn alligator provides a stunning contrast to the "Dutch look" of the clever "Hans Brinker" slip-ons with their soles of 1-inch plywood.

Prepared for a picnic, a party or a come-as-you-are funeral, Alvin (left) and Malcolm wear exciting jump suits made of imitation sheared hamster. Alvin's suit-top, engagingly held together by four pearl Stassen buttons, is set off by a striped linen dickey, which doubles as a handkerchief. Malcolm's jump suit makes use of the optional "Sargasso" stretch belt, woven from dried seaweed. The overall casual effect is highlighted by pointed "Elves Shoes" made of dead cow.

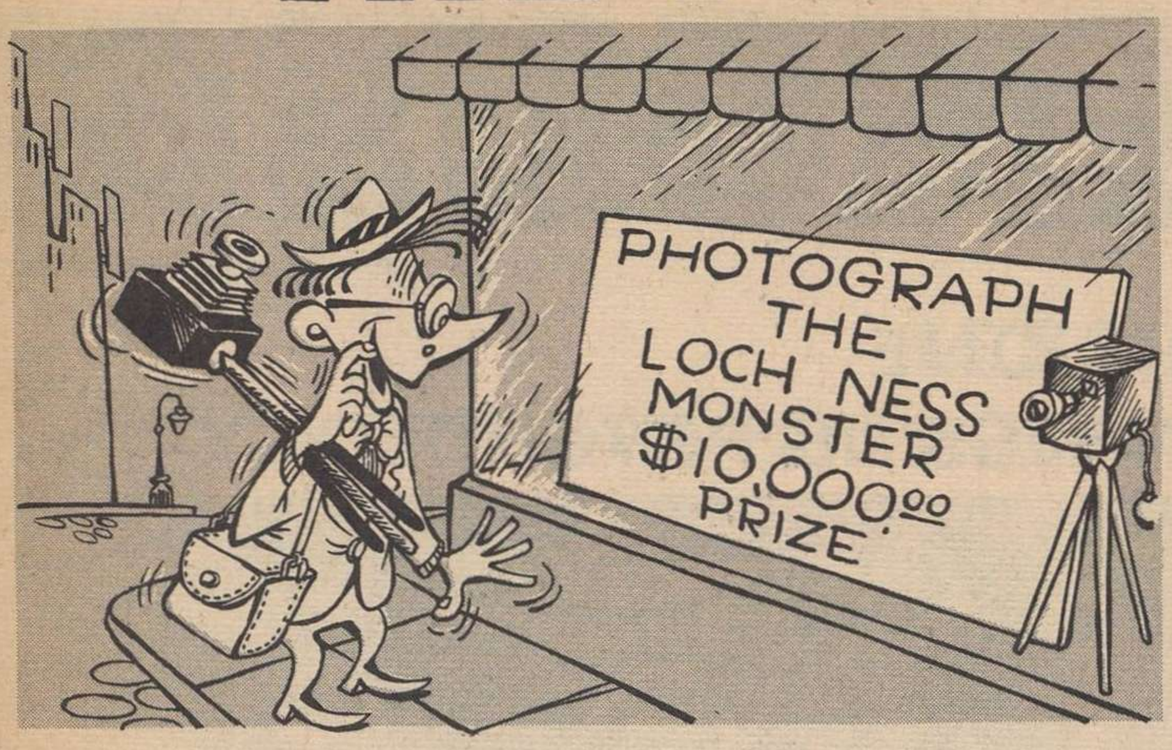
Howard contemplates an afternoon of sport in his tapered action shirt, emboldened by the black stripes of the "San Quentin Look." Note the matching platinum cufflinks and pinkie ring, both emblazoned with an engraving in turquoise of Howard's dentist.

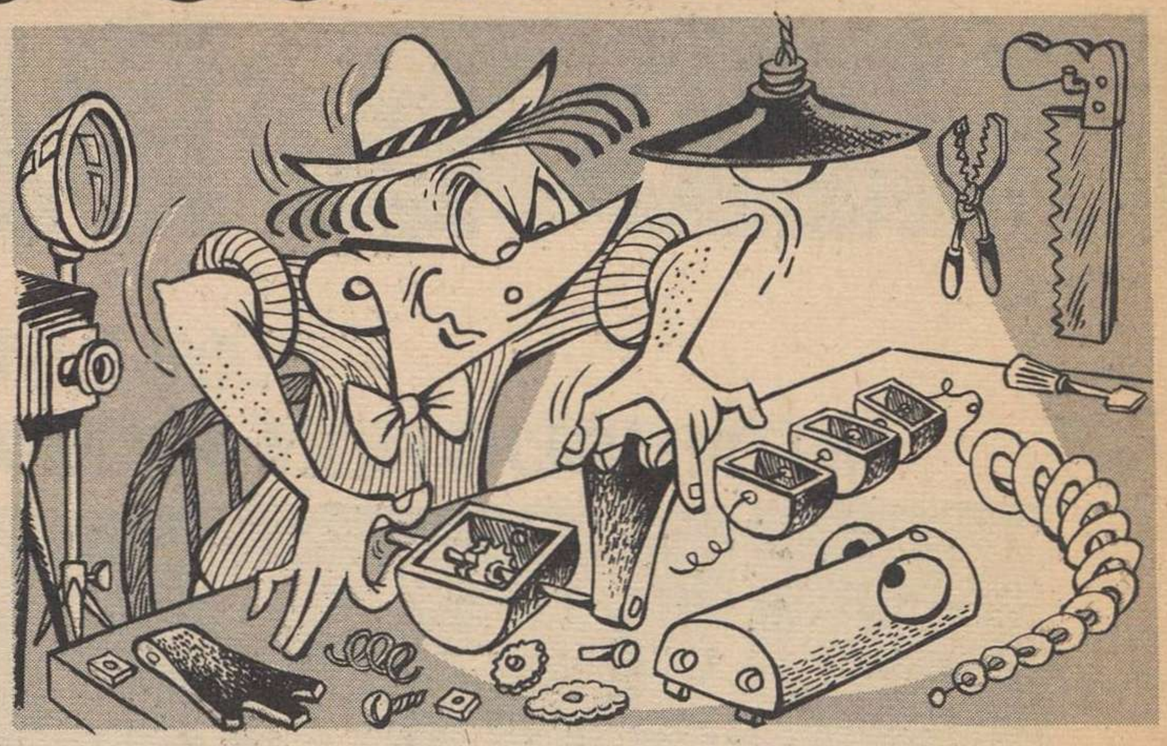
Emmett (left) and Murray survey their acreage in sportcoats reflecting today's trend toward nature in fashion. Emmett's jacket alternates dusty suede and imitation corn-silk fibres to simulate a plowed field. Murray's sportcoat features a bold, square pattern taken from a horse blanket of the 1880's.

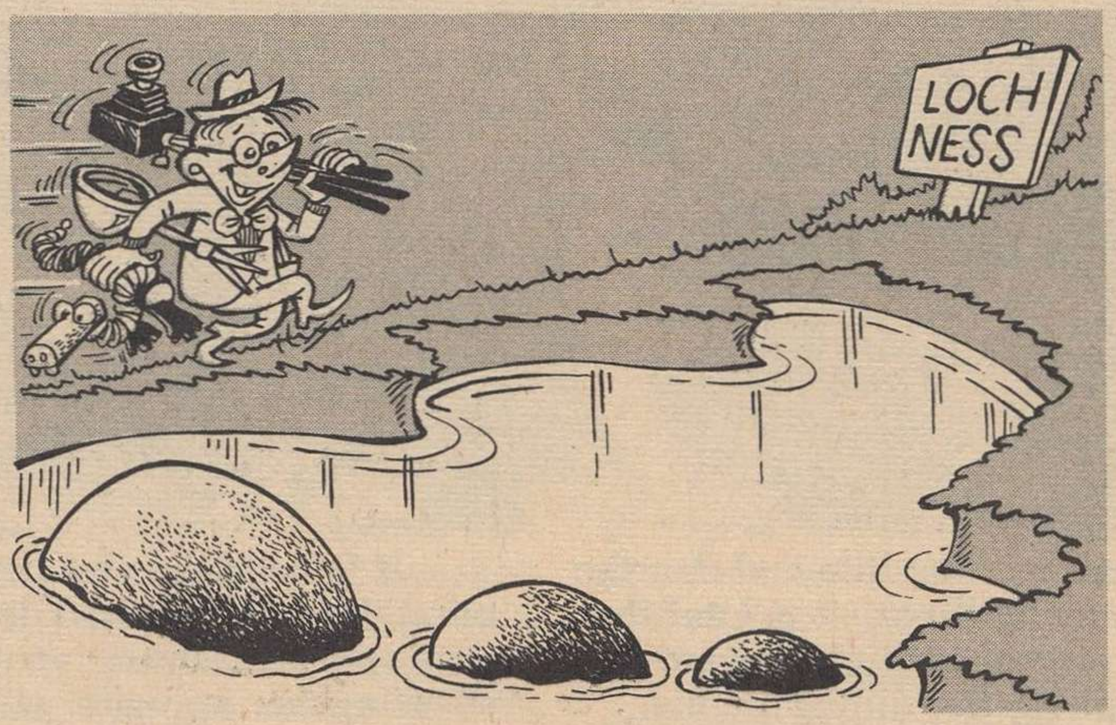
For a stroll in his neighborhood forest, Bruce (left) prefers the warmth of a double-breasted overcoat made of a blend of camelhair, alpaca and Johns-Manville industrial asbestos. Leland is snug in a striped greatcoat that alternates vertical pelts of wild and domesticated field mice. Note Bruce's strolling gloves, smartly fashioned in the exciting "five-finger look" by Marvin of Omaha.

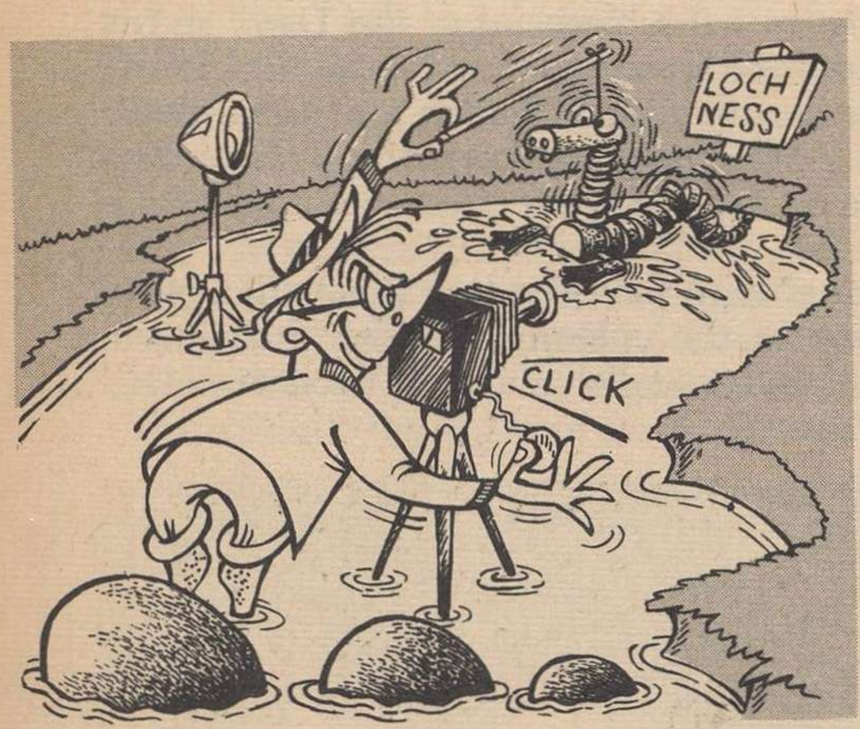
SCOTCHED ON THE ROCKS DEPARTMENT

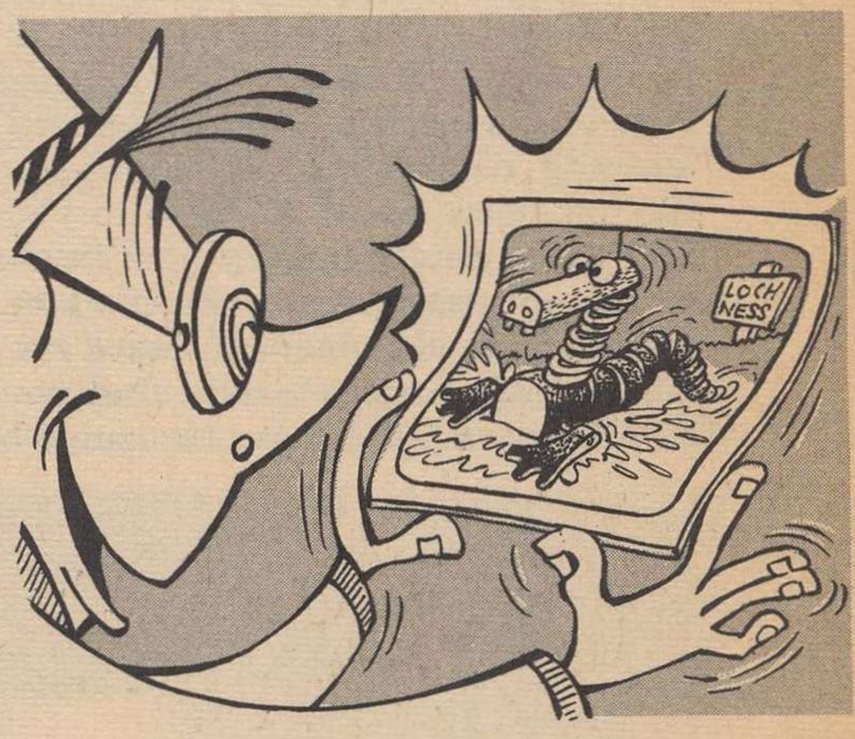
THE PHOTO CONTEST

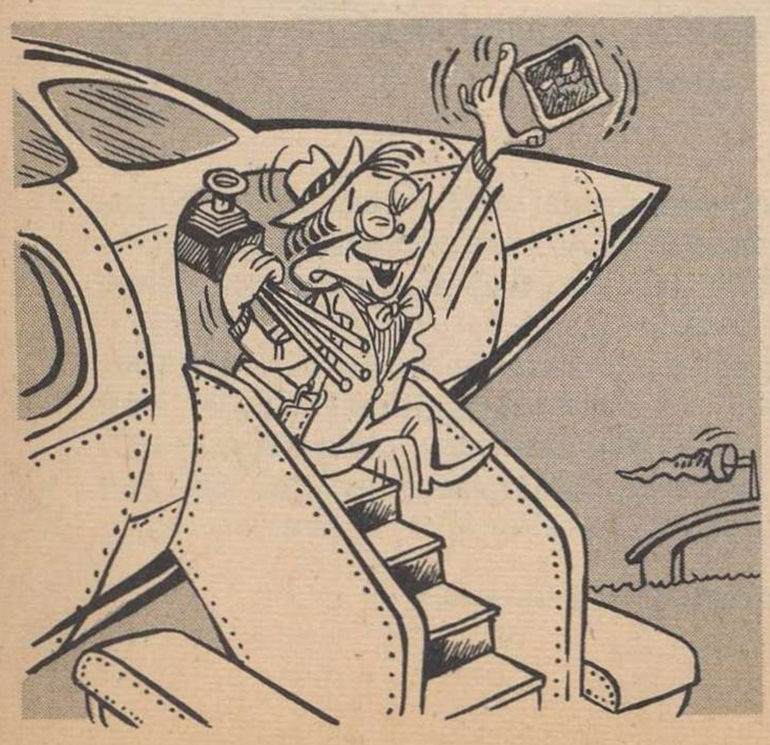












HIRE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Hey, gang! Looking for a career? Thinking about answering one of those "Famous"-type Correspondence School ads? Well, save your money! Now you can study at home to be a highly-paid something-or-other

MAD'S FAMOUS W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

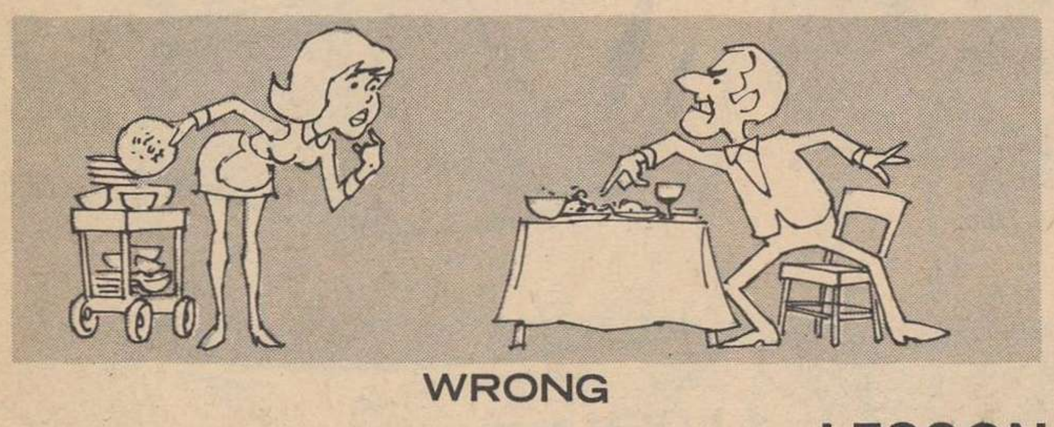
LESSON ONE
INTRODUCTION TO WAITRESSING PSYCHOLOGY

As you prepare to leave civilian life and don the proud uniform of the Career Waitress, it is vital that you develop the proper mental attitude toward the miserable louts who comprise the dining public.

Often, a short pause for contemplation in the kitchen before charging out onto the restaurant floor will enable you to put the Waitress-Patron relationship in perspective. Merely remind yourself that the whining, demanding, obnoxious slob seated at the table has been forced to come to you for help because he is desperately hungry and, in most cases, too lazy or incompetent to prepare his own meal. Once you realize that you obviously have the upper hand, you will quickly and naturally find yourself treating the customer with the utter contempt he deserves.

It is helpful to let little touches immediately remind the newly arrived diner that he is at your mercy. Bring only a menu on your first visit to the table, thus whetting his appetite while leaving him to wonder whether you will mercifully bring water at some future time. Cross out the "Special of the Day" in his presence to prompt him to order anything that is left quickly and be grateful for it. Snatch away the silverware, salt and sugar with a dramatic gesture that clearly implies he will never see them again unless he cooperates.

Remember always that planting the seeds of fear and uncertainty in the customer's mind during the first encounter will usually make him controllable throughout the meal.



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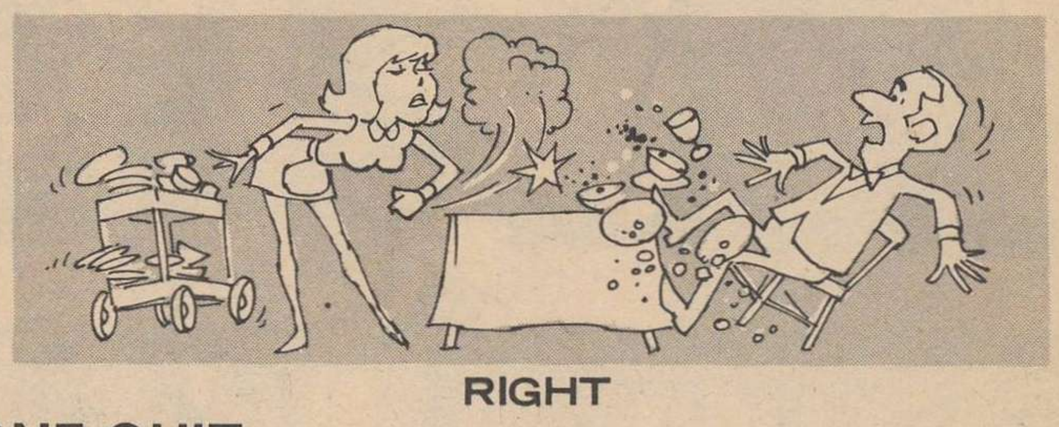


RIGHT

LESSON ONE QUIZ

1. An ideal opening remark is: **(A)** "Hurry up. We're closing." **(B)** "Move it. This table's reserved." **(C)** "There's a 50-cent minimum for booth service, Buster." _____

2. The arriving diner should be notified instantly that **(A)** He's too late for the lunch menu and too early for dinner; **(B)** He must wait for the hostess to tell him which of the 34 empty tables he can have; **(C)** Your feet are killing you. _____

3. Patrons exhibiting arrogant tendencies should always be seated **(A)** Directly in front of the swinging kitchen door; **(B)** At an uncleared table last occupied by a retching two-year-old; **(C)** In the waiting area and then promptly forgotten. _____

4. Make a big thing of examining the tip left by the previous customer to let the newcomer know that **(A)** You think he stole part of it; **(B)** You hate cheapskates; **(C)** You make mental notes of these things so you can get your revenge next time. _____

CONGRATULATIONS! You have just scored 100% on your first test as all of the above multiple choices are correct.

for free...courtesy of MAD Magazine! All you have to do is wait for the course in the career you desire to show up. Unless it happens to be this one...the first in a series (We hope!)...namely:

AITRESS COURSE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

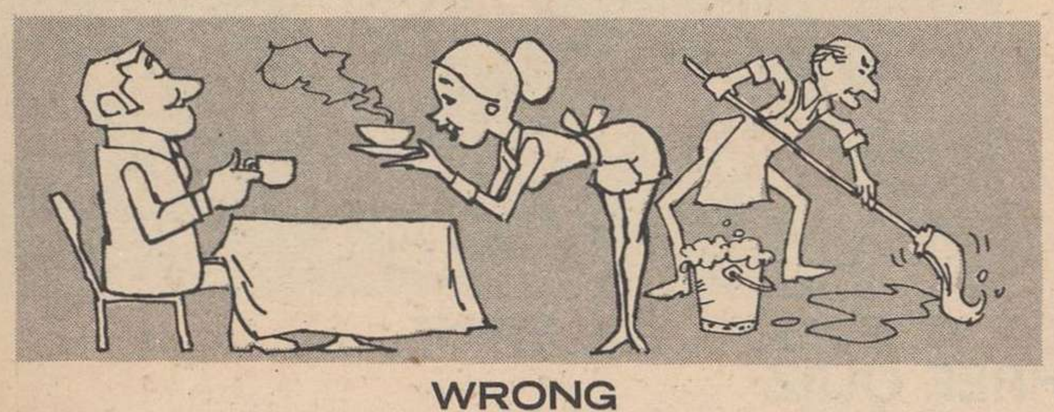
LESSON TWO
THE ART OF PROFESSIONAL TABLE SERVICE

Most Rookie Waitresses mistakenly assume that they should strive to serve the customer what he asked for as quickly as possible. Obviously, this can only lead to your being taken for granted. A much more positive approach is to botch up the orders deliberately, and then blame the whole mess on the Chef. In this way, you not only detract attention from your own slovenly incompetence, but also convince the patron that you are his friend and ally in the long struggle that lies ahead to correct the Chef's stupid mistakes.

Of course, the success of the order-botching technique depends upon serving totally wrong things that are sure to be sent back. Underdone calves' liver is always a good choice, since no one orders it or can even stand the sight of it. A ridiculous combination of vegetables, such as creamed potatoes and mashed potatoes running together on the same plate, also makes for a nice, disgusting botched order.

In all cases, the aim is to trap the diner into returning his plate so you can let him sweat it out at your mercy as he waits to see whether you will ever come back with anything. To help heighten his tension, you may choose to drop by after 15 or 20 minutes for his dessert order, and then fake surprise that he still hasn't received the main course.

If properly handled, order-botching can reduce even the most arrogant patron to a mass of quivering jelly in less than an hour. At that point, he will gladly settle for whatever you choose to bring him, and will forget that his soup, salad and rolls never came at all.



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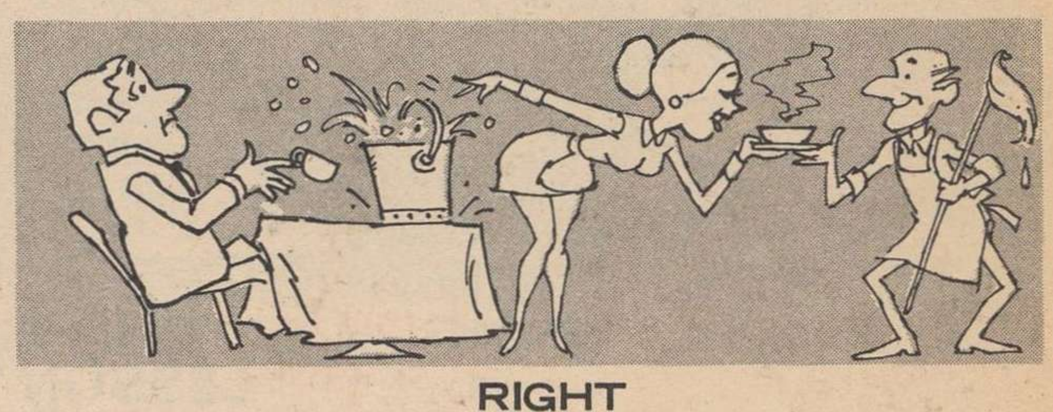


RIGHT

LESSON TWO QUIZ

1. To fill an order for ham salad on whole wheat with no mayonnaise, always serve **(A)** Mayonnaise on whole wheat with no ham salad; **(B)** Peanut butter on rye with horse radish; **(C)** A large platter of succotash. _____

2. When a patron requests "Coffee later," be sure to bring **(A)** Coffee first; **(B)** Buttermilk later; **(C)** Whatever you choose whenever you feel like it. _____

3. If a customer complains that his meat is too well done, take it back and **(A)** Wait until he gets hungry enough to eat it that way; **(B)** Say the Chef is trying to figure out how to uncook it; **(C)** Tell him he only gets vegetables on the a la carte menu anyway. _____

4. After botching the same order for the third time, **(A)** Bill the diner for all three meals he didn't eat; **(B)** Announce that the kitchen is closed, and he'll have to try again tomorrow; **(C)** Tell him that he has annoyed the Chef, who is now waiting for him in the parking lot. _____

NICE GOING! You just earned your second A+ and made the mid-term Honor Roll!

LESSON THREE
CUSTOMER WIG-WAG AVOIDANCE

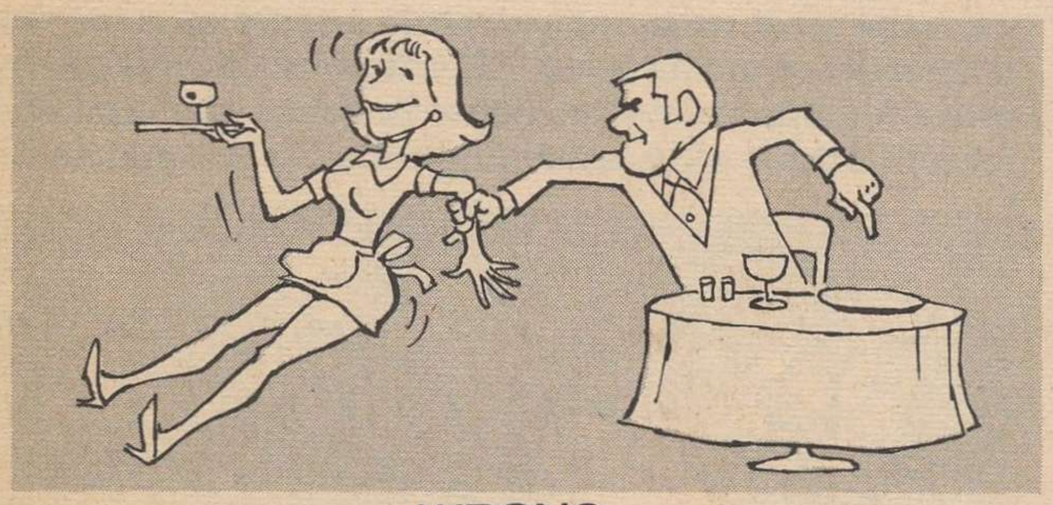
Never in the history of restauranteering has a patron been known to signal his Waitress for any purpose except to gripe. Therefore, the student wishing to avoid constant aggravation must quickly develop the professional technique of pretending not to glance toward any of the tables assigned to her. Once you have mastered the skill of looking over and around (but never at) frantically waving customers, you will find that Waitressing can be a carefree life unhindered by demands for ketchup, coffee refills and forgotten side orders.

A few hours of practice on the following wig-wag avoidance methods should leave you well equipped for a blissful career of slipshod service:

1. Always fix your gaze firmly on some inanimate object across the room. Coffee urns, ice machines and water dispensers are all ideal since they help create the impression that you are concentrating on your work even though you aren't doing anything.

2. Accustom yourself to wearing thick lensed glasses. This will cause customers to assume that you can't see their arms waving six inches in front of your face.

3. Stare thoughtfully at the ceiling a lot. You may get tired of looking at the grimy light fixtures, but it beats looking at the grimy customers.



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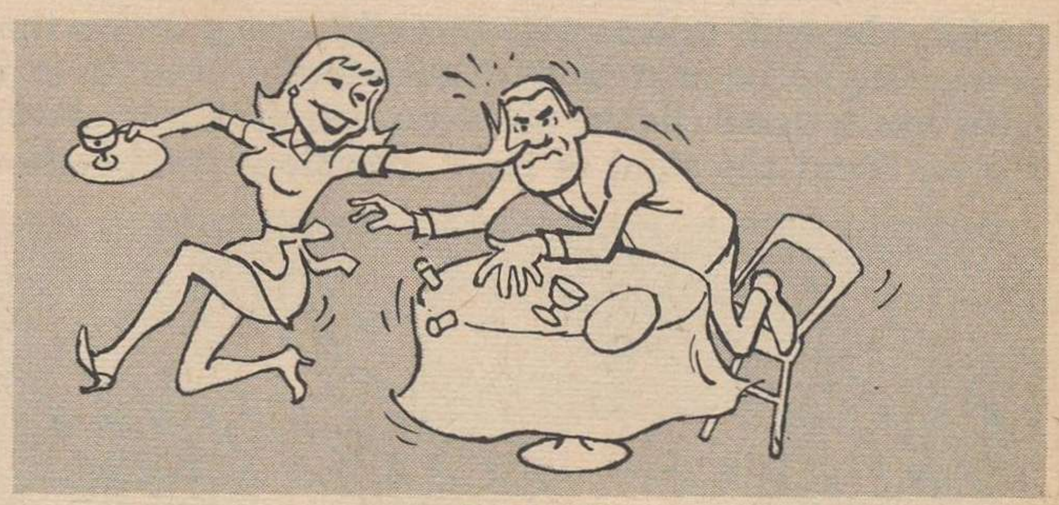


RIGHT

LESSON THREE QUIZ

1. To discourage patrons from stopping you to make trivial demands, always carry **(A)** A large, seemingly heavy tray; **(B)** A flaming shish-kabob; **(C)** A loaded .32 automatic. _____

2. If hopelessly trapped by an irate diner, a good defensive comment is: **(A)** "If you didn't want a glass with lipstick stains, you shoulda told me!" **(B)** "If you didn't want a cockroach in your relish tray, you shoulda told me!" **(C)** "Drysaja odelefski grumya naj!" _____

3. To completely protect yourself from nagging patrons, wait until the height of the dinner rush to **(A)** Busily count your tip change from lunch; **(B)** Busily prepare the menus for breakfast; **(C)** Busily dash to the kitchen and file your fingernails. _____

4. In extreme cases, when the enraged customer demands to see the Manager, he should be politely informed that the Manager **(A)** Is due back momentarily from his karate class; **(B)** Is conducting a Mafia meeting in his office; **(C)** Is out back burying the body of the last customer who bugged him. _____

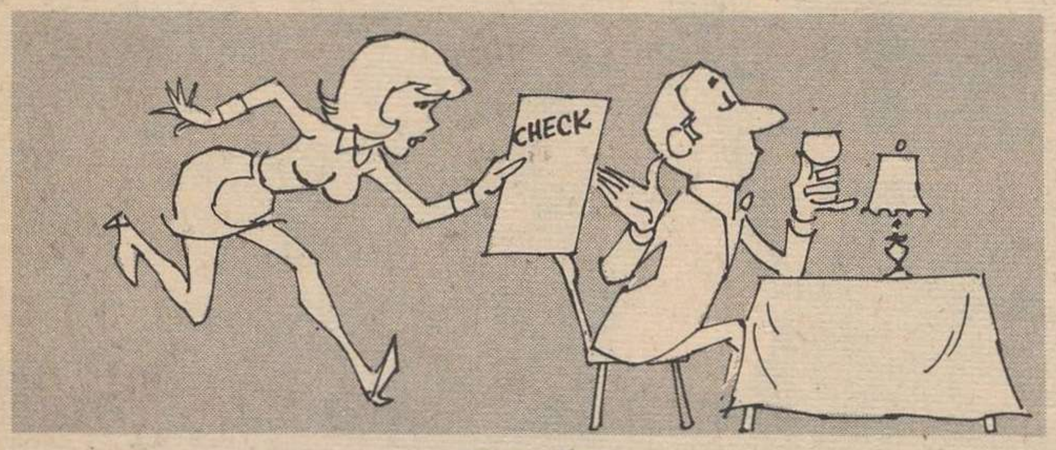
ANOTHER PERFECT SCORE! You really have a flair for this, don't you?!

LESSON FOUR
ADVANCED TIP FAWNING

Thanks to the thoroughness of this course, you are now a master of skilled Waitressing. Naturally, your expertise should be rewarded with tips that far exceed the paltry 15% doled out to your less educated colleagues. Sad to say, many diners fail to appreciate the superior talents of the MAD Famous Waitress Course graduate. Therefore, you may be forced to rely on various fawning and sob story techniques to assure yourself of a fabulous income.

Fawning over patrons is best reserved for the closing minutes of the meal for two reasons: **(1)** You will find it too nauseating to keep up for long, and **(2)** your brief attentiveness will be more profitable if it comes close to tipping time. Some good tip-fawning ploys include: coming on the dead run at the last minute to refill those water glasses you neglected all evening; inquiring nervously whether the patron is often told how much he resembles Paul Newman, and deliberately helping him on with the wrong overcoat so you can be his only defense witness when the rightful owner calls the police.

The carefully planted sob story should assure you of a large tip even if you don't supplement it with fawning. A casual comment that you are trying not to breathe on the food because of your contagious fatal illness is always good for an extra 50¢. Similarly, there is profit in a faked yawn, which you can attribute to having to work double shifts for some heart-breaking reason. An ample supply of heart-breaking reasons can be acquired by reading "Dear Abby" daily, and applying the most misery laden stories to yourself for fun and profit.



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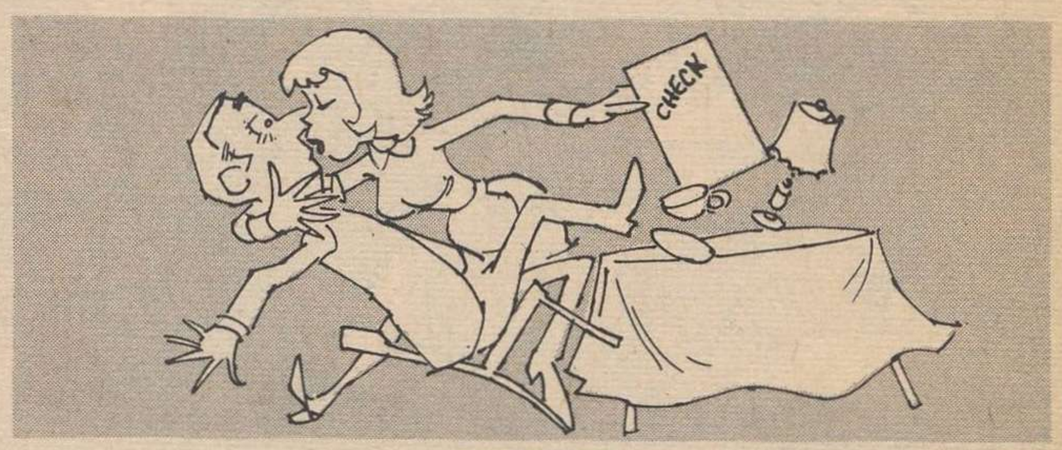


RIGHT

LESSON FOUR QUIZ

1. Always reveal news of your personal problems in a whisper because **(A)** The man at the next table is a loan shark out to kill you; **(B)** You can't afford the throat operation you need to restore your normal voice; **(C)** The manager will fire you if he overhears you telling anybody that your salary is only $35 a week. ____

2. When a male patron is leaving, you should always start to cry because **(A)** He reminds you of your saintly departed father; **(B)** He's the only man who ever treated you nice; **(C)** The smog makes your eyes water, but you can't afford a bus ticket out of town. ____

3. Be sure to tell female customers that you've been left alone to support six small children because **(A)** Your husband is at the Happy Hour Bar drinking; **(B)** Your husband is at the Whoopie Motel philandering; **(C)** Your husband is at a Las Vegas casino losing. ____

4. When your rotten service threatens to deprive you of a tip, quickly explain that **(A)** You didn't bring the salad because starvation drove you to eat it yourself; **(B)** Your evil boss makes you neglect your job to work in his bookie joint upstairs; **(C)** You suffer from a rare form of amnesia that makes you forget beverage orders. ____

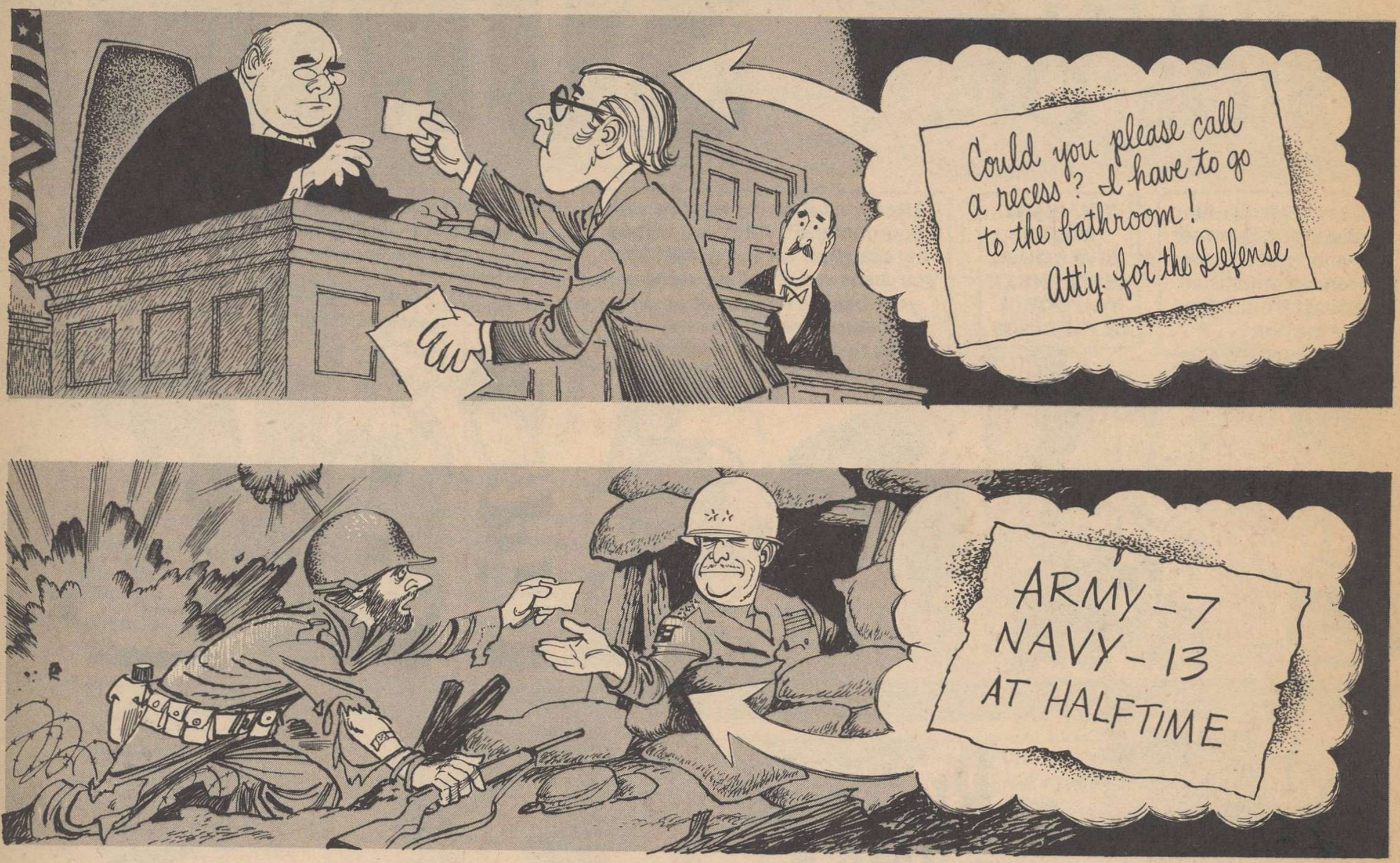
INCREDIBLE SCHOLARSHIP! If we ever get a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, you'll definitely qualify!

IT'S SCRAWL IN HOW YOU LOOK AT IT DEPT.

A MAD PEEK AT WHAT THEY'RE

REALLY WRITING

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SUMME

Er . . . Hi, Mr. Dudd! I applied for a **Summer job,** and I need **three references** other than relatives! Would you give me one . . . ?

YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A REFERENCE?! YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING!!

After you **broke my window** with your **football?!** After you **teased my daughter** till she **cried?!** After you **drove me out of my mind** with your **blaring stereo set** playing that **stupid music,** you have the nerve to ask **me** for a **reference?!**

Why don't you ask **Kelly . . .** or **Lipman . . .** or **Costanzo** for a reference?!

Because **they** don't like me as much as **you** do!

BUMP!

BUMP!

COUNTRY CLUB

COUNTRY CLUB

Who do I see about that job **parking cars?**

You call this a **hamburger!?** Look at the **size** of it! And what a **ridiculous price!** I can get a **better** and **cheaper** hamburger over at **McDonald's!**

I only **work** here, Lady!

And you call this a **thick shake?** At McDonald's, they **really** know how to make a thick shake! And these **French fried potatoes . . .** why, there's **no comparison!**

What do you want from **me,** Lady? I'm only a **kid** working here for the **Summer!**

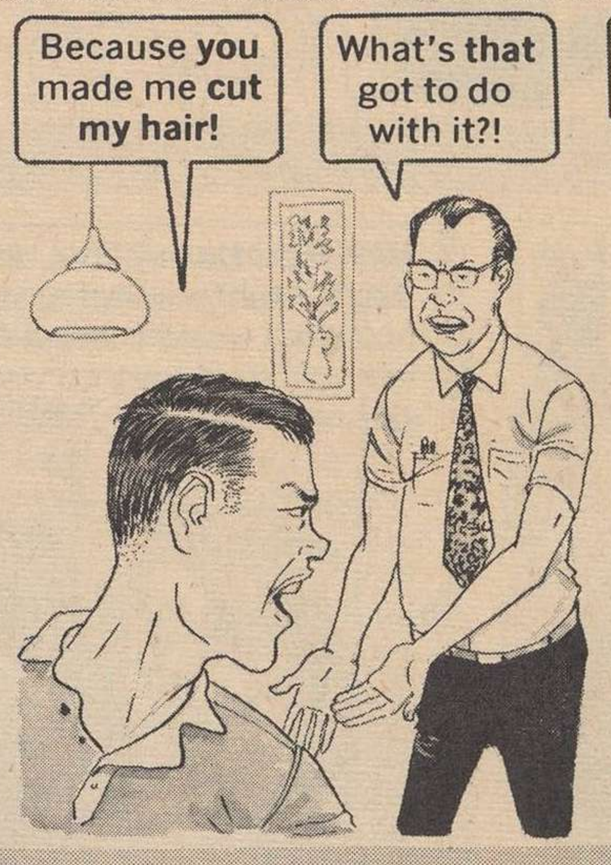
If you **ask me, EVERYTHING** is better at McDonald's!!

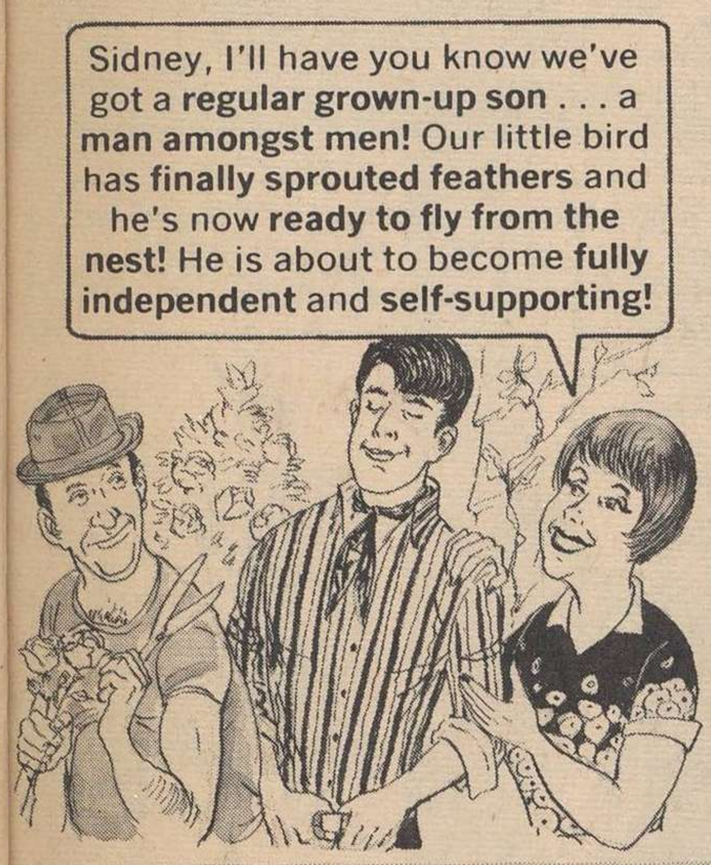
Then, Lady, I suggest you take your **business** to **McDonald's!**

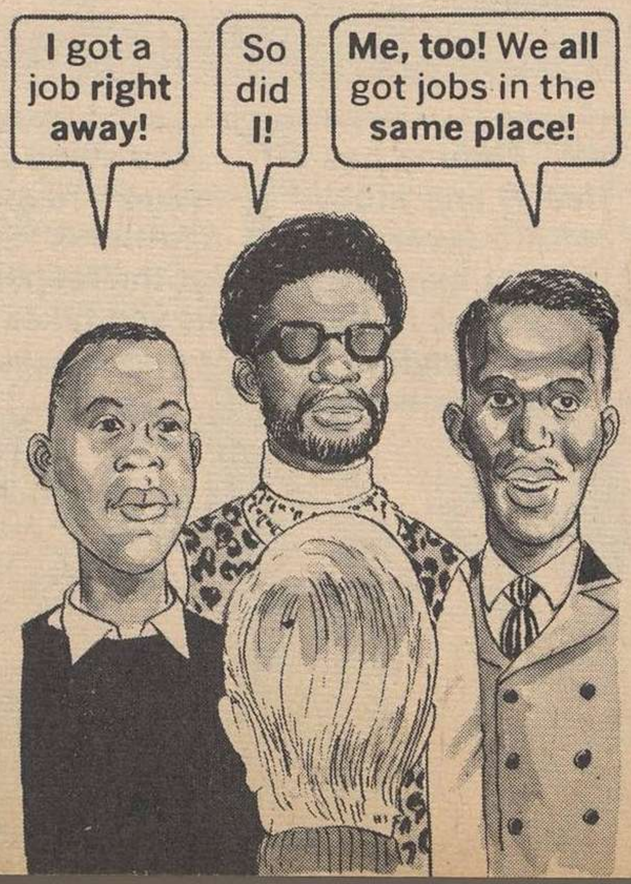
I . . . I **can't!** They suggested I take my business **HERE!!**

R JOBS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG







Waiter, what does it mean when I get this **terrible cramp** in my stomach? It happens whenever my **Mother-In-Law** comes over!

Hey! What are you asking **HIM** for? He's only a **waiter!**

I'll have you know that **this** young man is a **brilliant fourth-year Medical Student** working for his **tuition** during the Summer!

Tell me, **"Doctor"!** What do you think **it is?**

It sounds more **"emotional"** than **"physical"!**

SEE?! That's exactly what **I've** been telling you **all along!!**

Ahh, what does **HE** know! He's only a **waiter!**

Now, **don't move** or make a **sound** while I'm making this putt . . .

MISSED!! Darn it! It's all **your fault! I told** you not to move! You're the **world's worst Caddy!!**

I don't **get** it! He's **got** a **Golf Cart** to carry his **clubs** in, and he **spots his balls** pretty well! So what does he need **you** for?

To blame his **bad score** on!

Let's get a **move on!** You're not being **paid** to **sit around!**

Boy, how I **hate** the "Establishment"!

The guys back at College were **right!** We need a **revolution!** We have to **kick out** selfish, stupid, overbearing authority!

I've decided the job is **too tough** for **one** man, so I got you an **assistant!** This is Joey! Show him the ropes . . .

Let's get a **move on!** You're not being **paid** to **sit around!**

Roger, it was **YOU** who insisted that our son, Tommy, take on a paper route for the Summer to learn responsibility, **right?**

And the most important thing is that those papers be **delivered,** right? That's Tommy's **responsibility,** right?

Well, Tommy has a **fever,** and a boy with a **fever** can not be expected to go out in the **rain,** right?

And since a son is a **father's** responsibility, a father is responsible for the **responsibilities** his son takes on, **right?**

When she's **right,** she's **right!**

Hey, lookit my **pitcher!**

Oh, what a **lovely** drawing of a **horse!**

ARTS and CRAFT LODGE

Dat's not a **horse,** dummy! Dat's a pitcher of a **man!**

Oh . . . yes . . . **of course** it is! There's his **nose!**

CAMP SHIPEMOFF

Dat's not his **nose,** dummy! Dat's his **foot!**

Er . . . oh . . . **yes!** You're **right!** And there's his **arm—**

Dat's not his **arm,** dummy! Dat's his **other foot! How'd** you ever get a job as **Arts 'n Crafts Counselor,** anyway! You don't know the **first thing** about **art!!**

Gee, where did you get the money to **PAY** for a **beautiful expensive car** like this—not to mention the insurance?!

I got a Summer job with a **Construction Company!**

The **pay** is **great!** Yep, I always **dreamed** about the day I could afford a **snazzy car** like **this** so I could take a **gorgeous chick** like **you** out to a **lonely spot** like **here** and **make out!**

But isn't Construction work **physically exhausting?** I mean, don't you have to get up **very early . . . like 5 A.M.,** and work **terribly hard** every day, Jack?

Jack . . . ? **JACK! HEY, WAKE UP, JACK!**

zzzzzzzz

Boy, how I **hate** the "Establishment"!

I'm in my **GTO,** and I'm revvin' up to **6200 RPM's!** There's the **starting signal,** and I'm poopin' my **clutch** and doin' a **three foot wheelie!**

I'm throwin' a **power shift** and I'm **burnin' rubber** on my slicks! Now, I'm passin' the lead car, and I'm **blowin' his doors in!**

There's the checkered flag . . . and **I win the Nationals!!**

Okay, Mrs. McGilla! I finished mowing your lawn!

I must say, Carl . . . you're a **diligent worker!** There is nothing of the **day-dreamer** in **you!!**

How do you like my **new skirt,** Dad? I bought it at a **"Sale"!**

You bought something **"On Sale"?!** And only **ONE skirt?!**

And it isn't even one of those status-type **"Brand Names"?! That's** a new twist!

The situation has **changed!**

Oh?! But you **always used to buy expensive clothes!** Since when did **you** become an **economical, penny-pinching miser?**

Since I got a **Summer job! Now,** I'm spending the money that **I** earned **myself!**

You're **not** going to sit around all Summer doing nothing like **last year!** You're going to get a **job!** I hear the **Frost Men's Shop** is looking for somebody! You go down there and **ask!**

Like . . . Man, **you** don't need any Summer help, **do** you?

Well, I take it you **didn't get the job!**

No, I **didn't!**

But you **can't** say I didn't **TRY!!**

STOP THAT SPLASHING!

NO RUNNING!!

CUT THAT OUT!

SHADDAP!!

QUIT THAT!

KNOCK IT OFF!

We choose our Day Camp Counselors **carefully!** They must have **previous experience,** they must have at least **two years of college,** they must have **good character references,** and mainly . . . **THEY GOTTA HAVE BIG MOUTHS!!**

ROBIN HOODS DAY CAMP

Cripes, business is sure **lousy** today! I'll hardly make enough on commissions to take Gail to a **movie** this Saturday night!

JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE

ICE CREAM

Oh, boy! **At last!** Here comes a bunch of **cash customers!**

JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE

We want . . .

We want . . .

We want . . .

Okay, kids! Make up your minds! I haven't got all day! **Out with it!** What **do** you want?

JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE

ICE CREAM

WE WANT TO RING THE BELLS!!

JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE

REAM

Can you give me some **tips** on getting a **Summer job?**

First of all, you have to start **early in the Spring!**

You have to carefully type a **letter** directly to the **man in charge** and include a **resume** of your **education,** your **previous experience, special skills, references,** and stuff like that!

Then, on the day of your **interview,** you have to be careful to **dress neatly** and be **well-groomed,** to come **on time,** to speak with **confidence,** and to bring your **Working Papers** and your **Social Security number!**

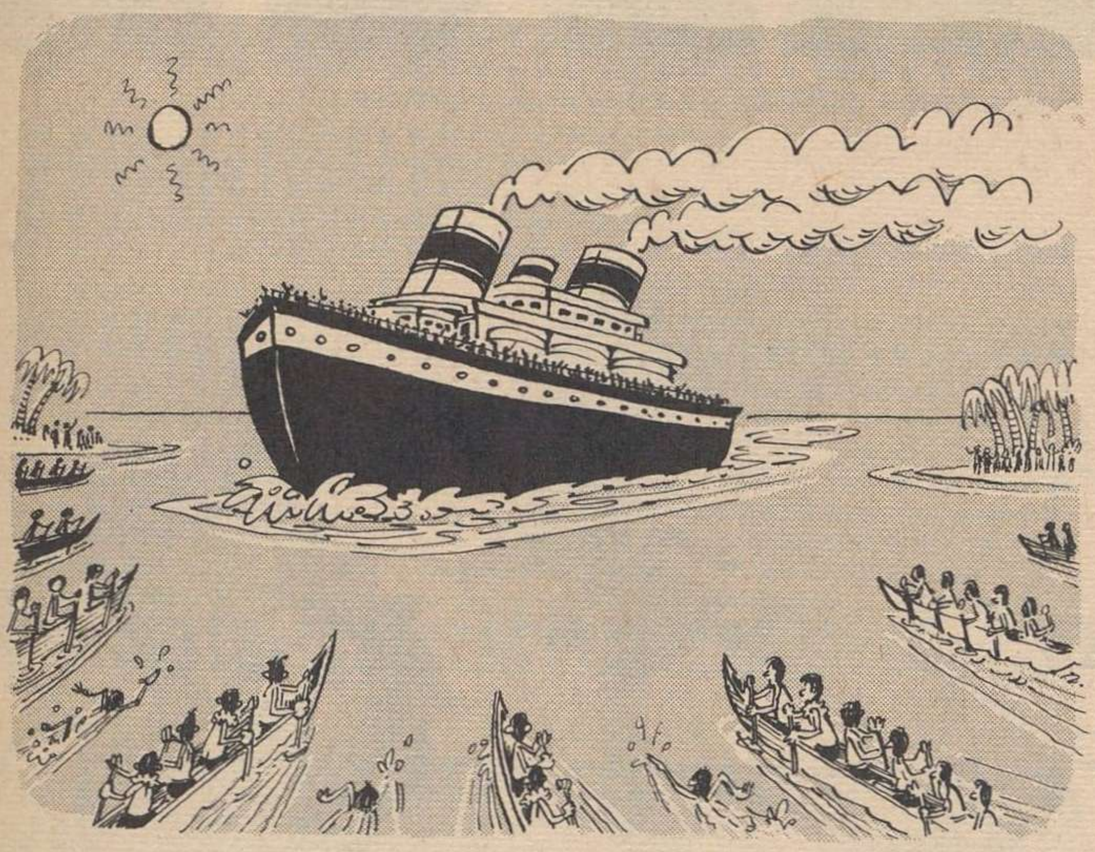
Is **that** how you got **YOUR** job?

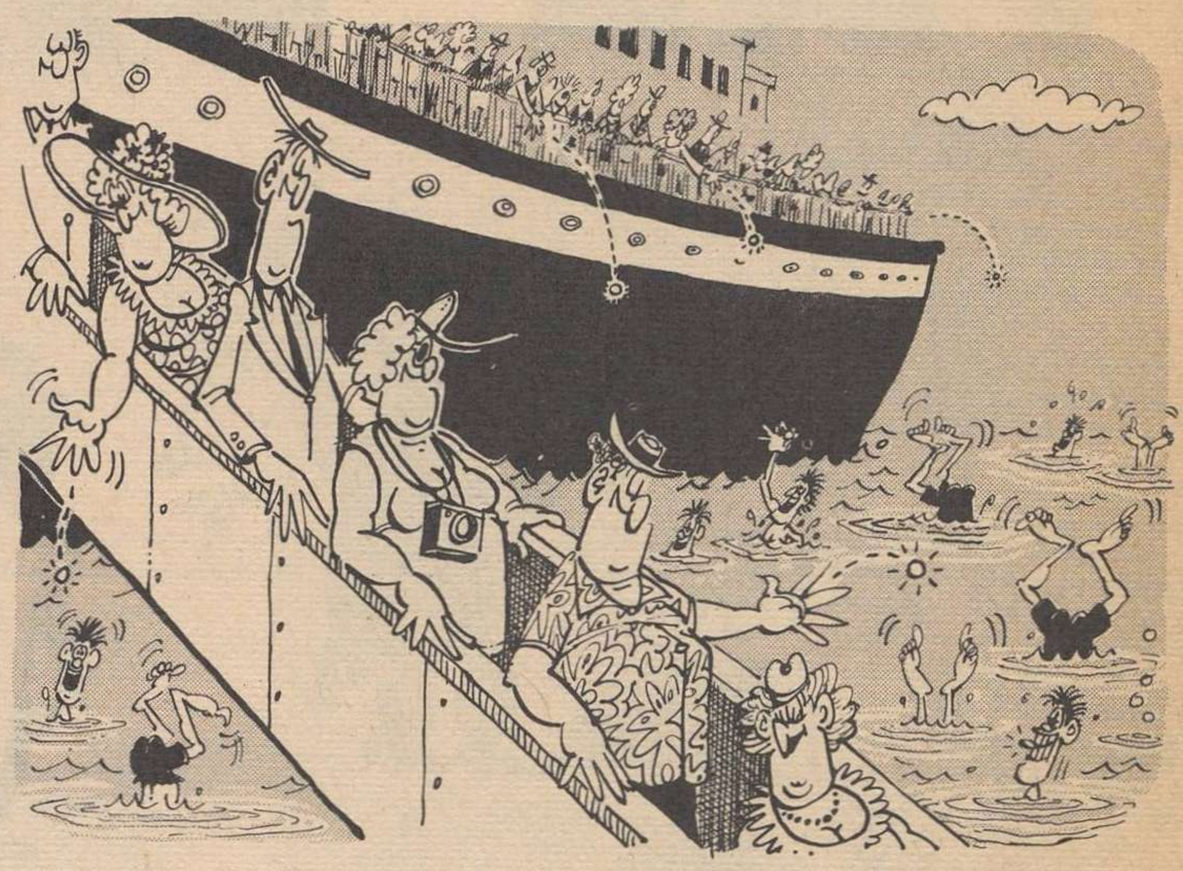
Naw! I just asked my **father,** and he let me work in **HIS** place for the Summer!

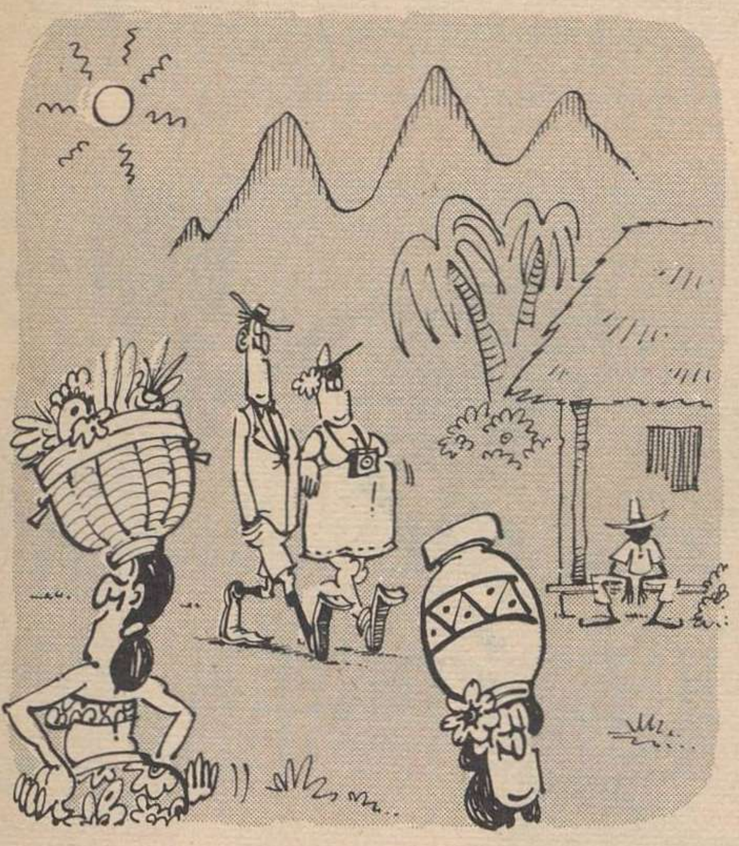
David Berg

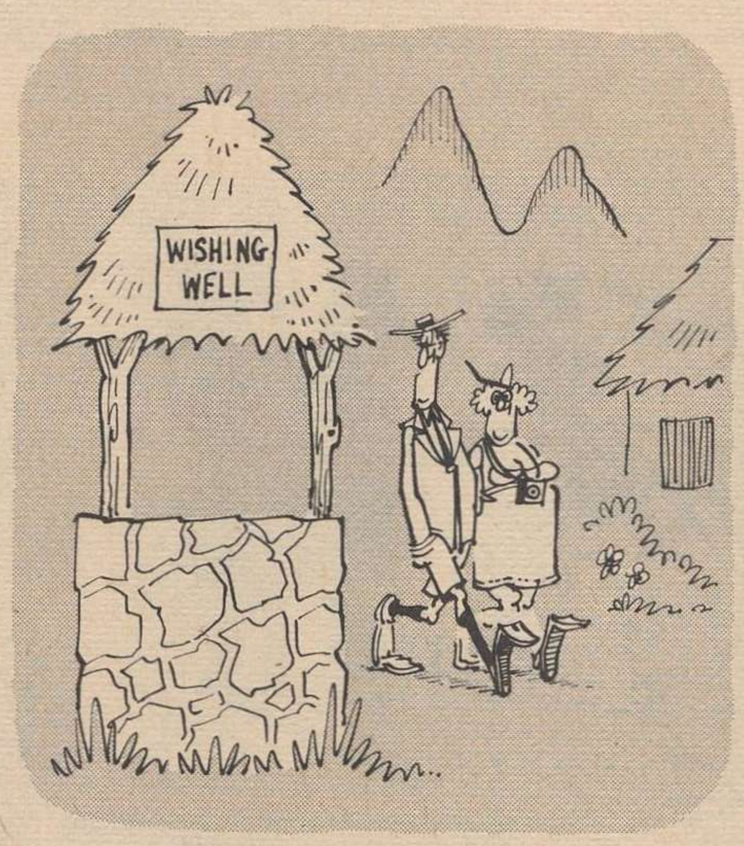
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

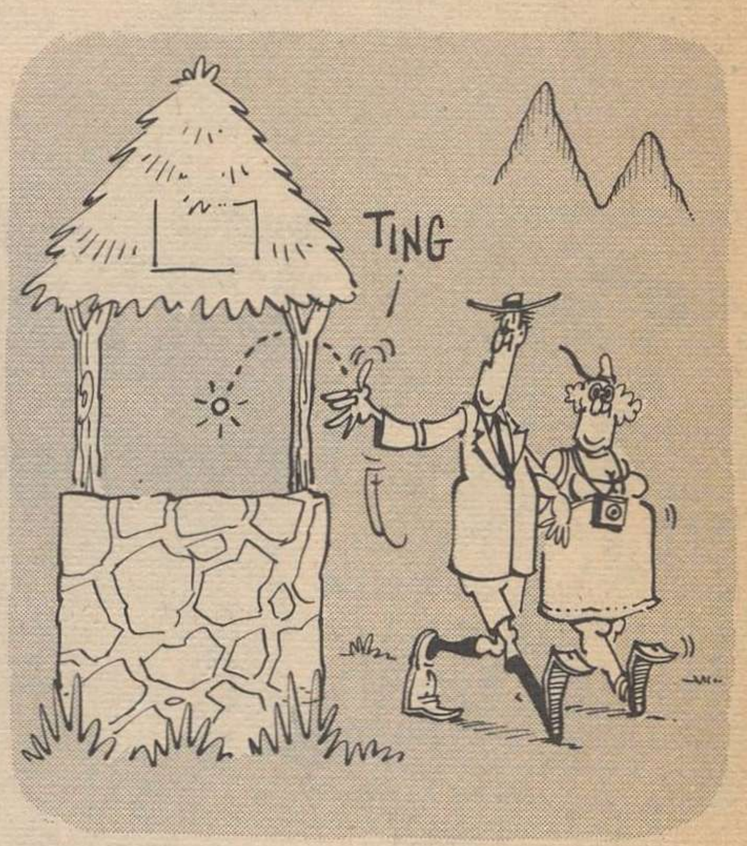
ON A CRUISE TO A SOUTH SEA ISLAND

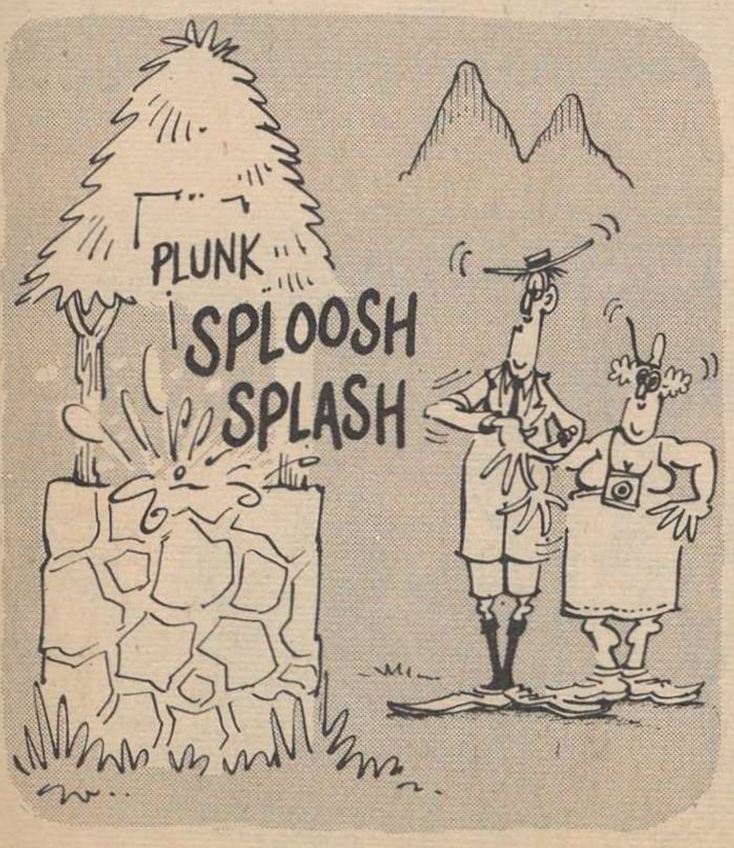


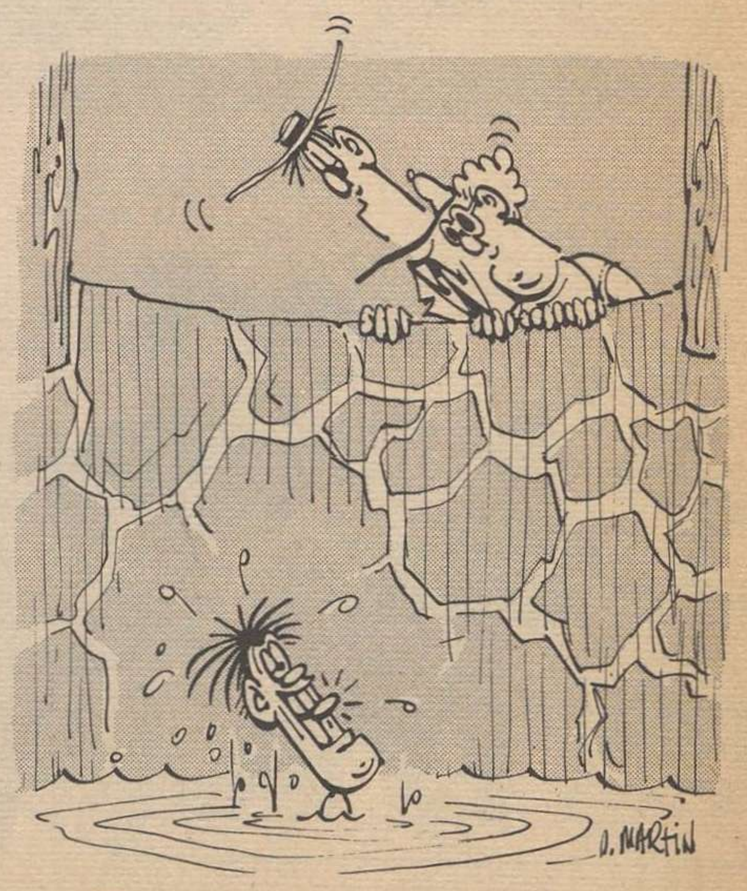








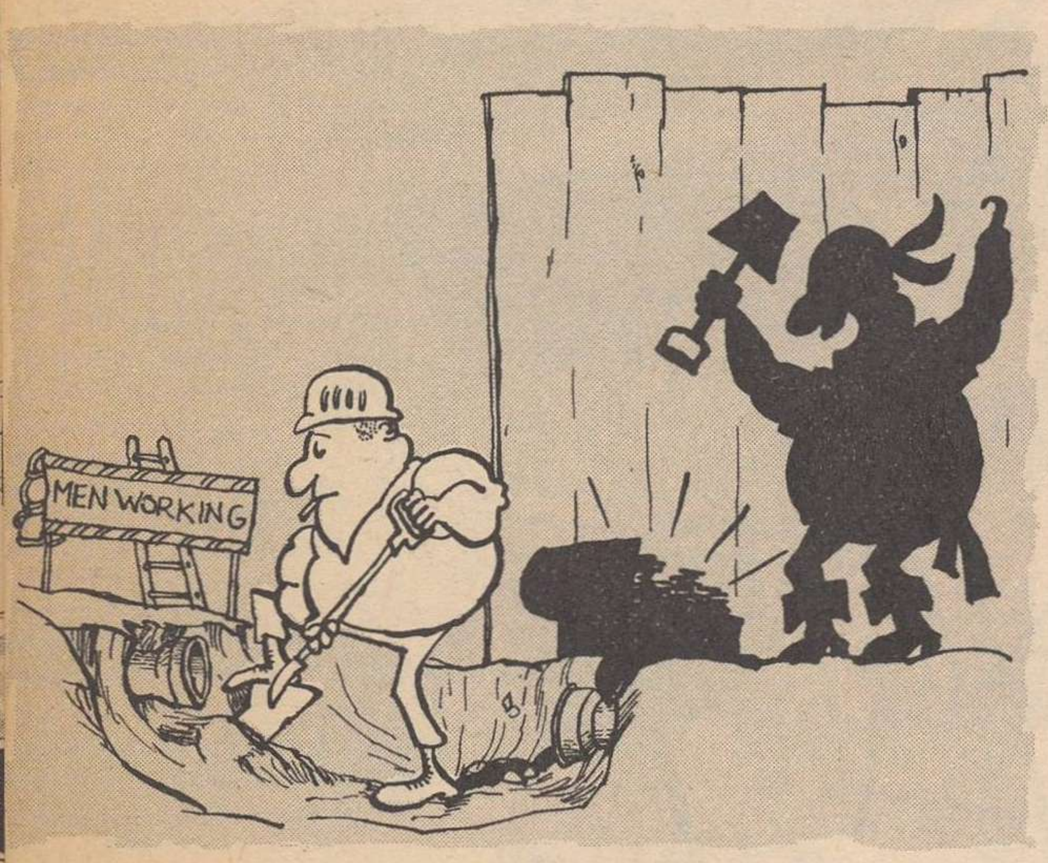


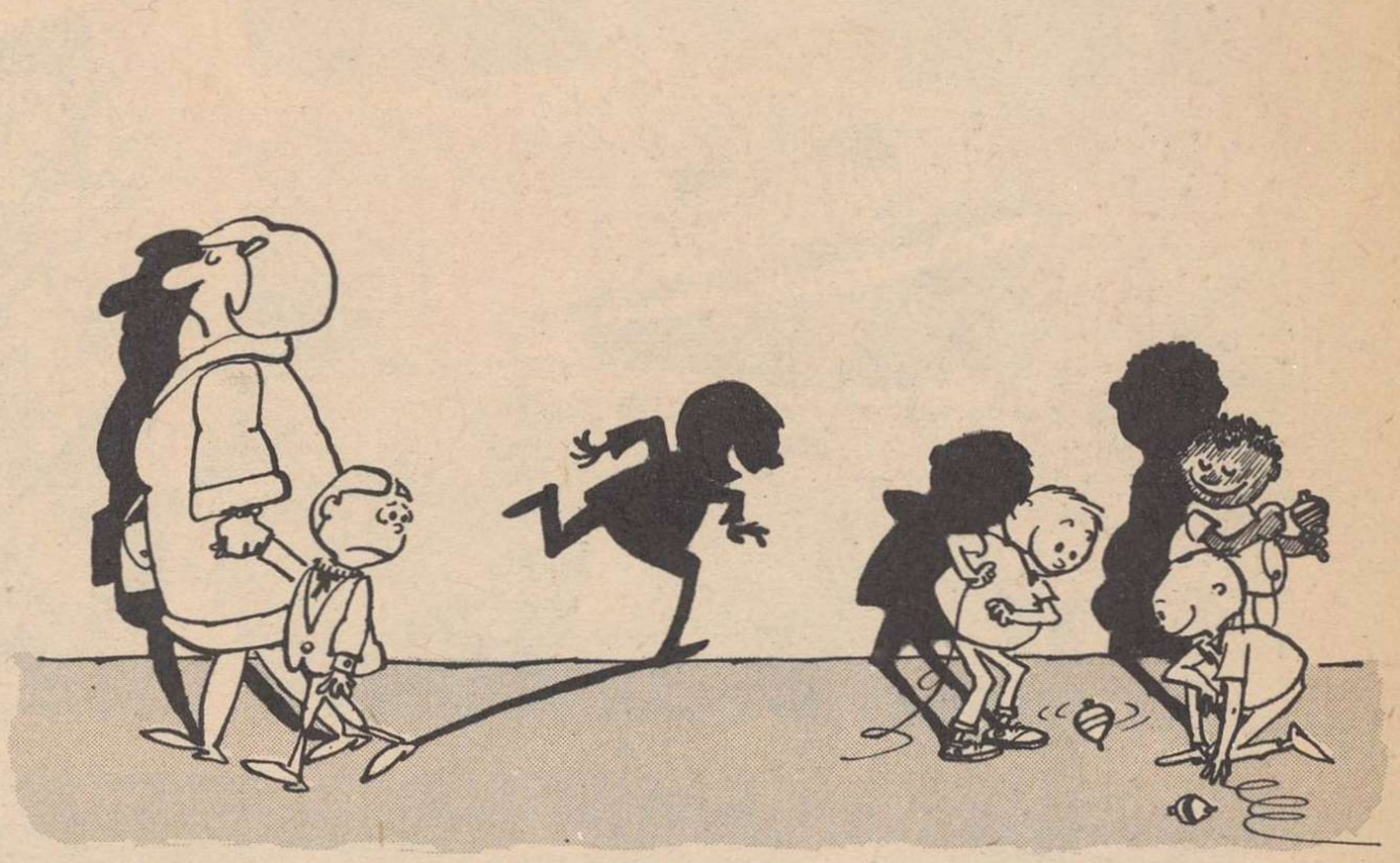


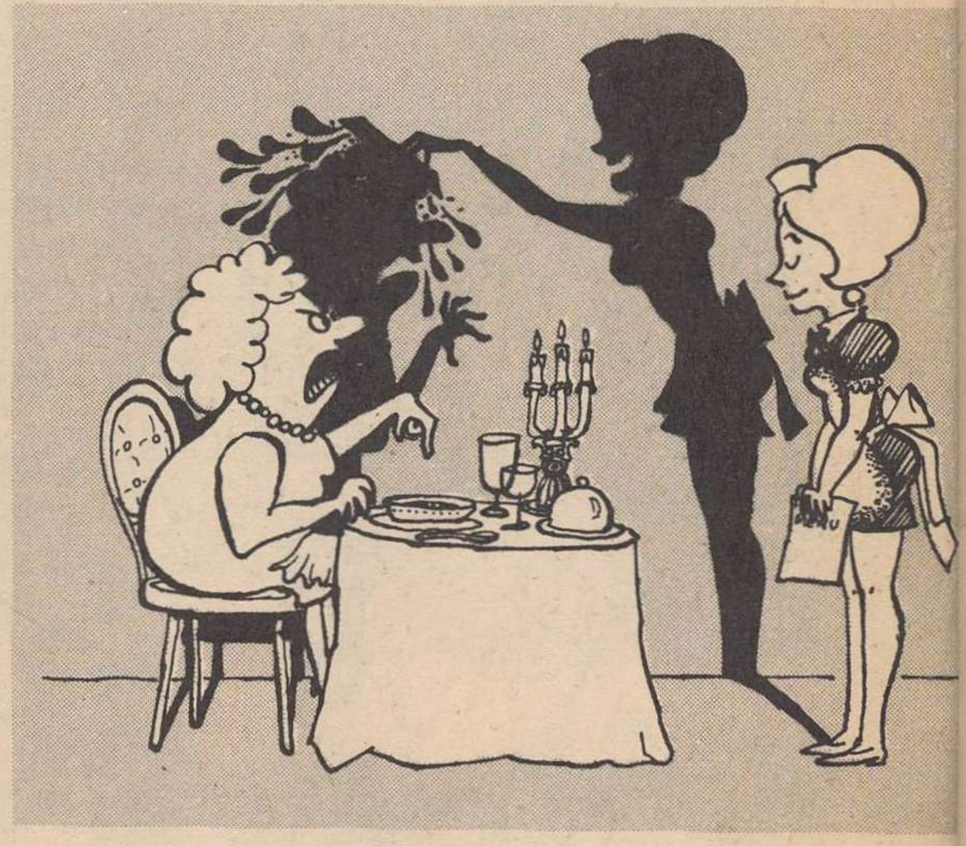
WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

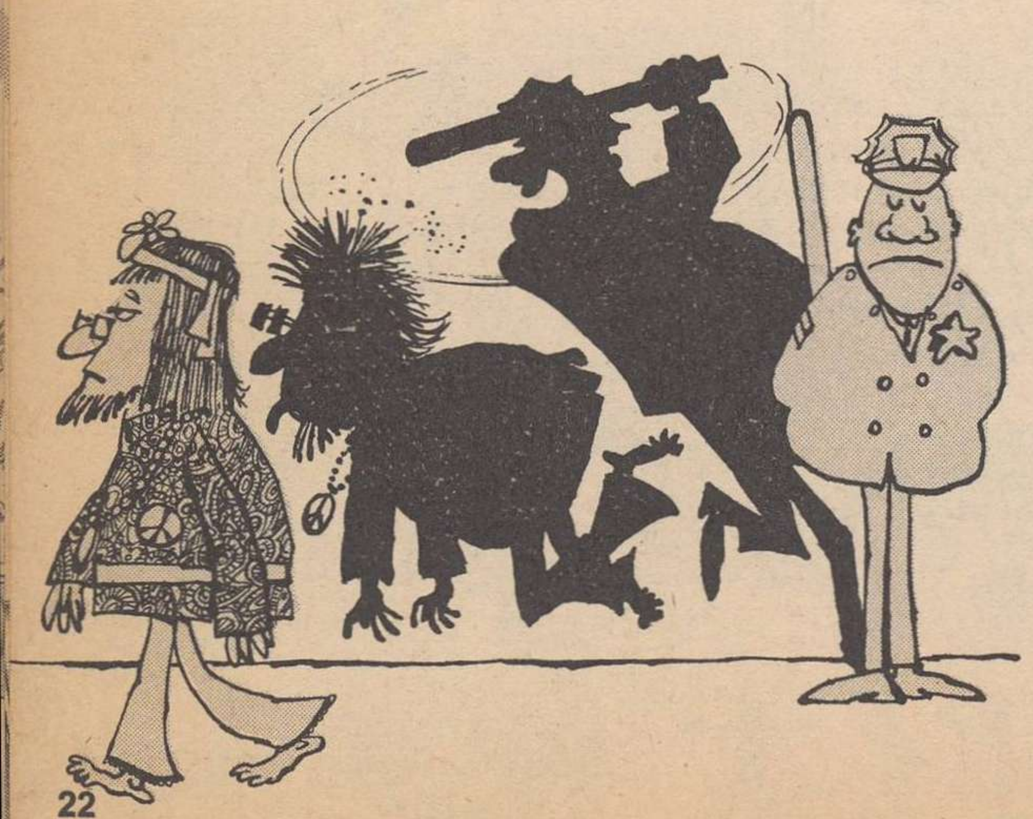
Who Knows What Evils Lurk In

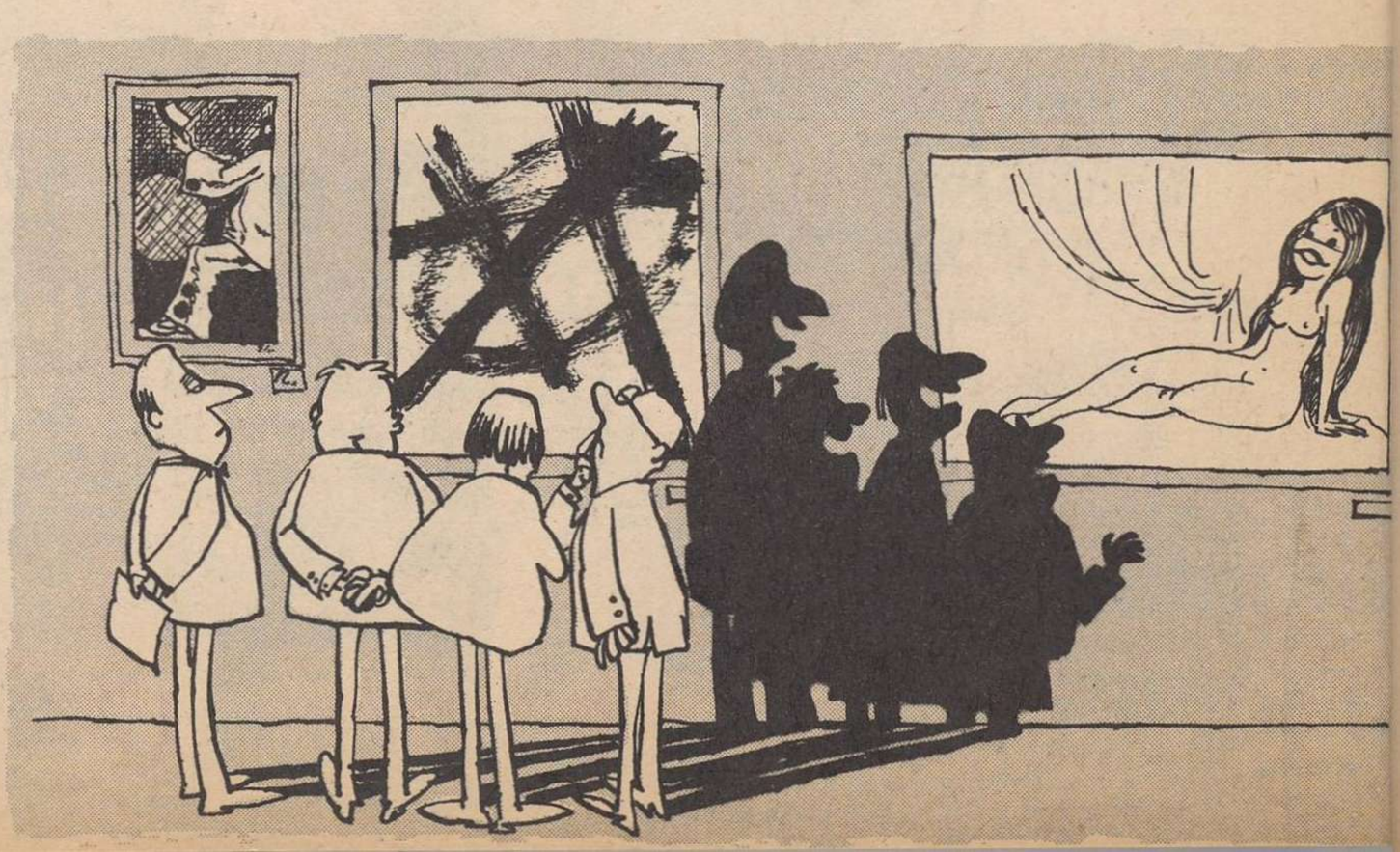
THE SHADOW







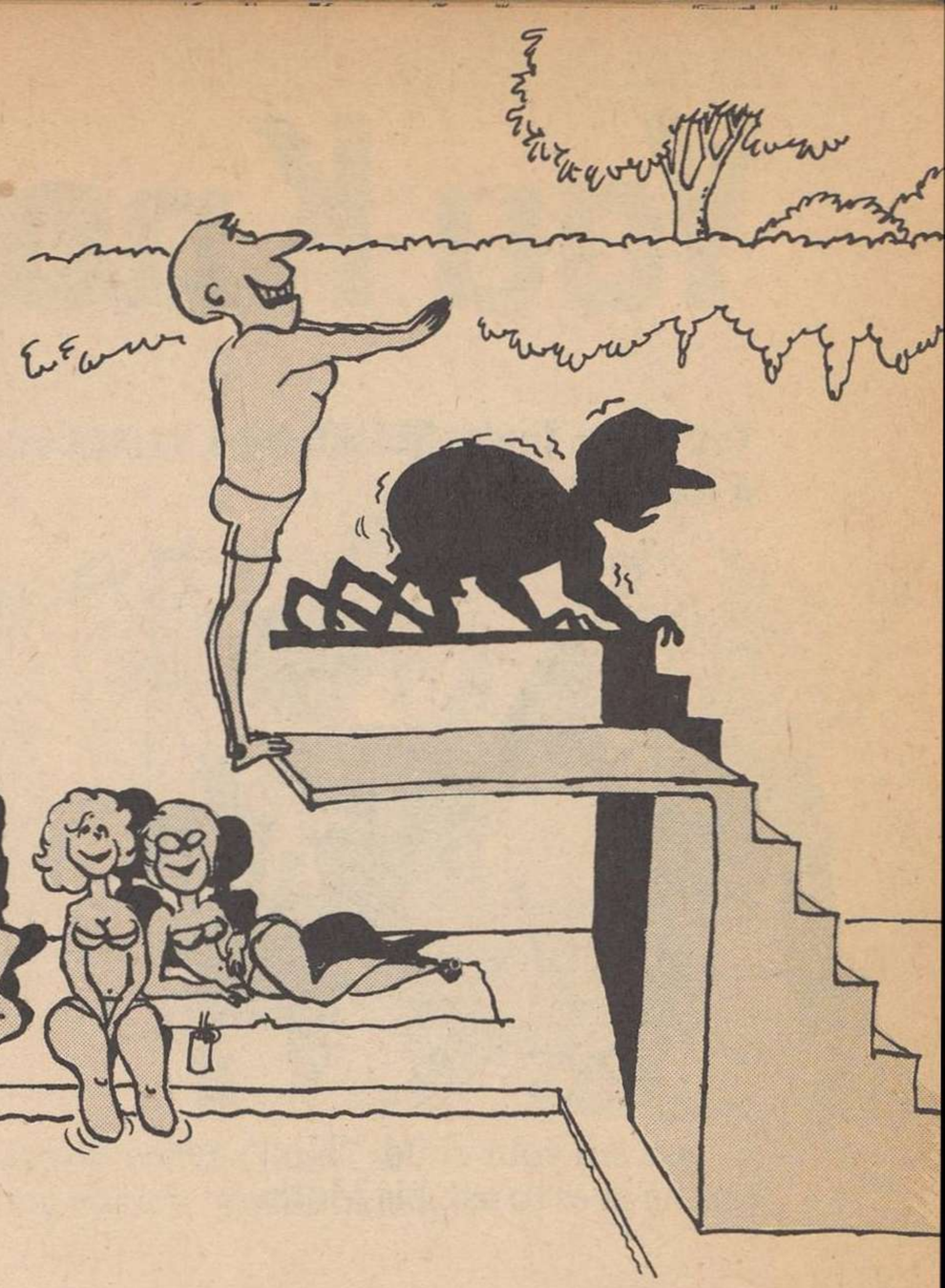


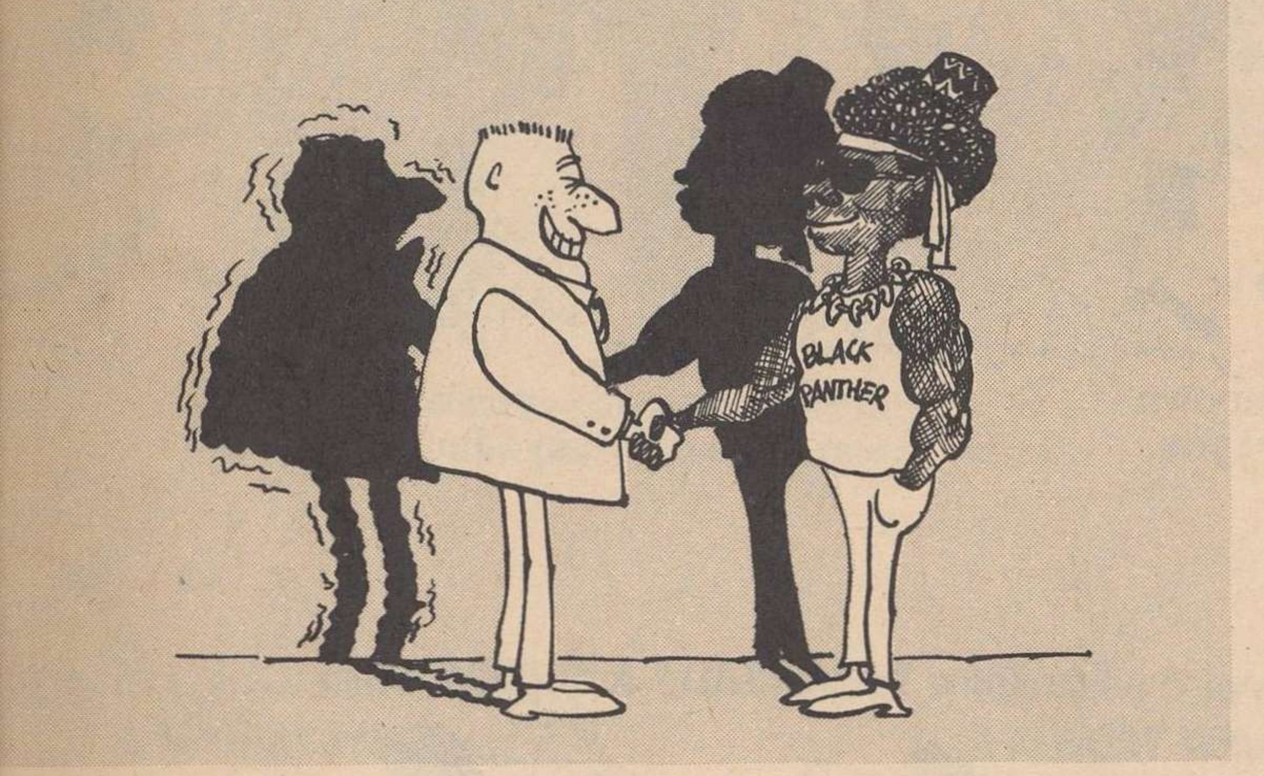


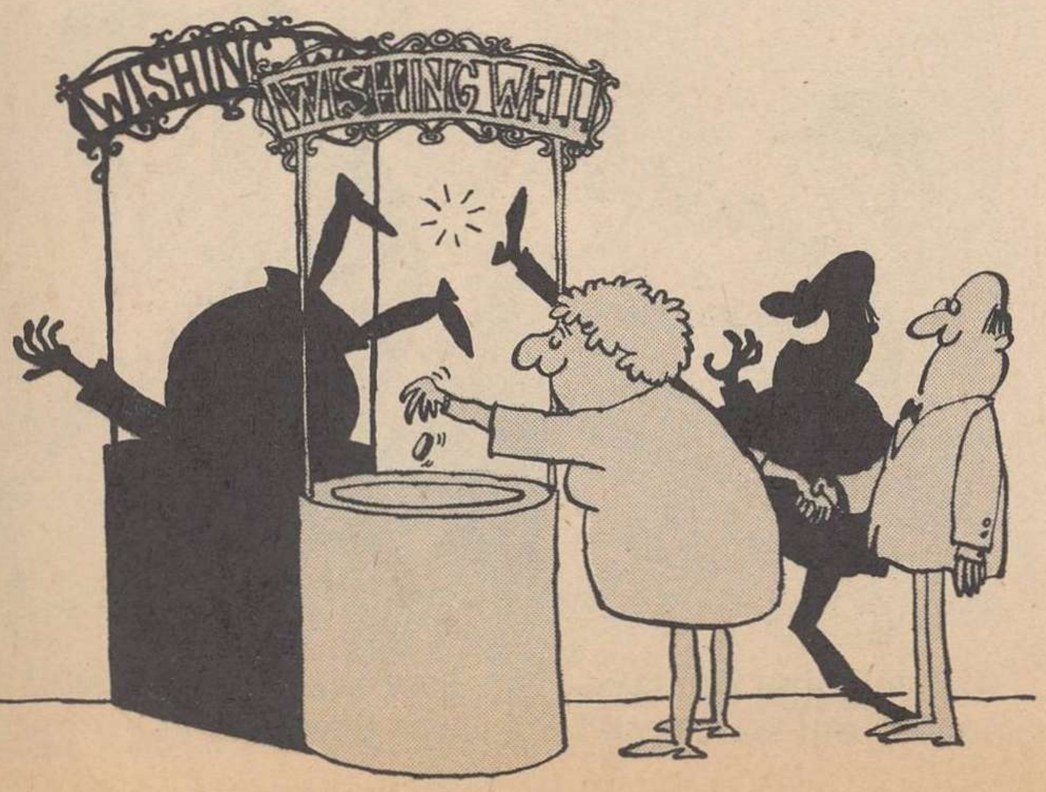
The Hearts Of Men?

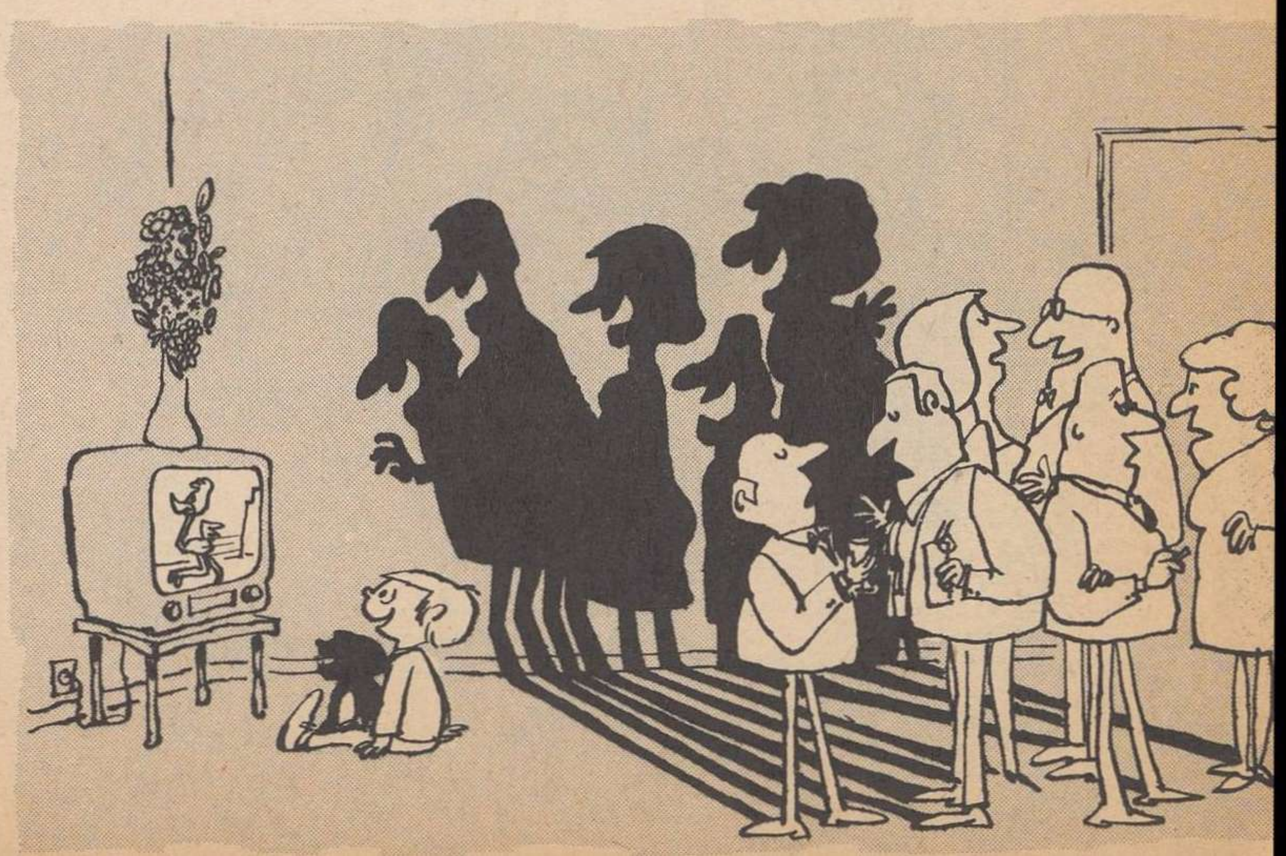
KNOWS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES









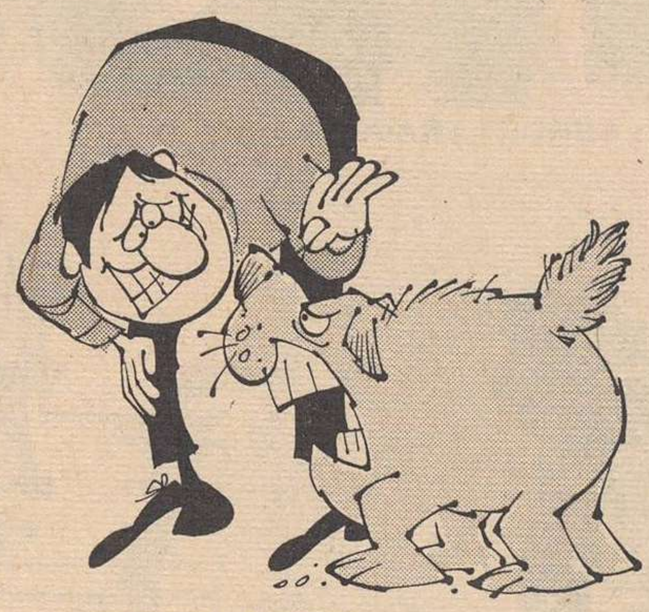
MISTAKEN NONENTITY DEPT.

You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you tell your child "No!" and he goes to ask his Mother.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .



. . . even your own dog barks at you.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you don't even get any "Junk Mail".

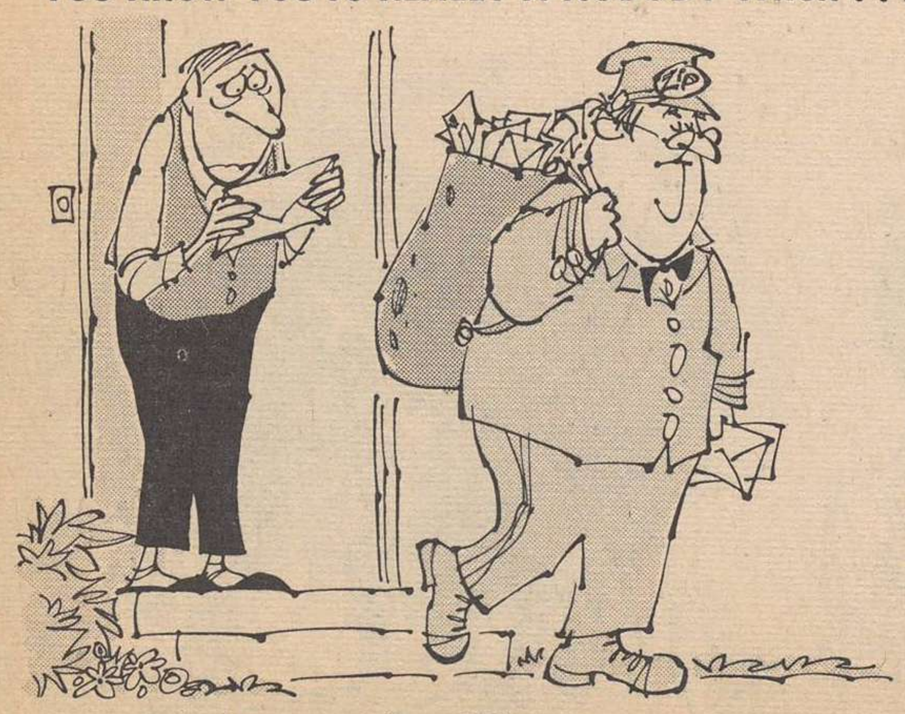
You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you send your fiancee flowers, and she can't guess who they're from.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

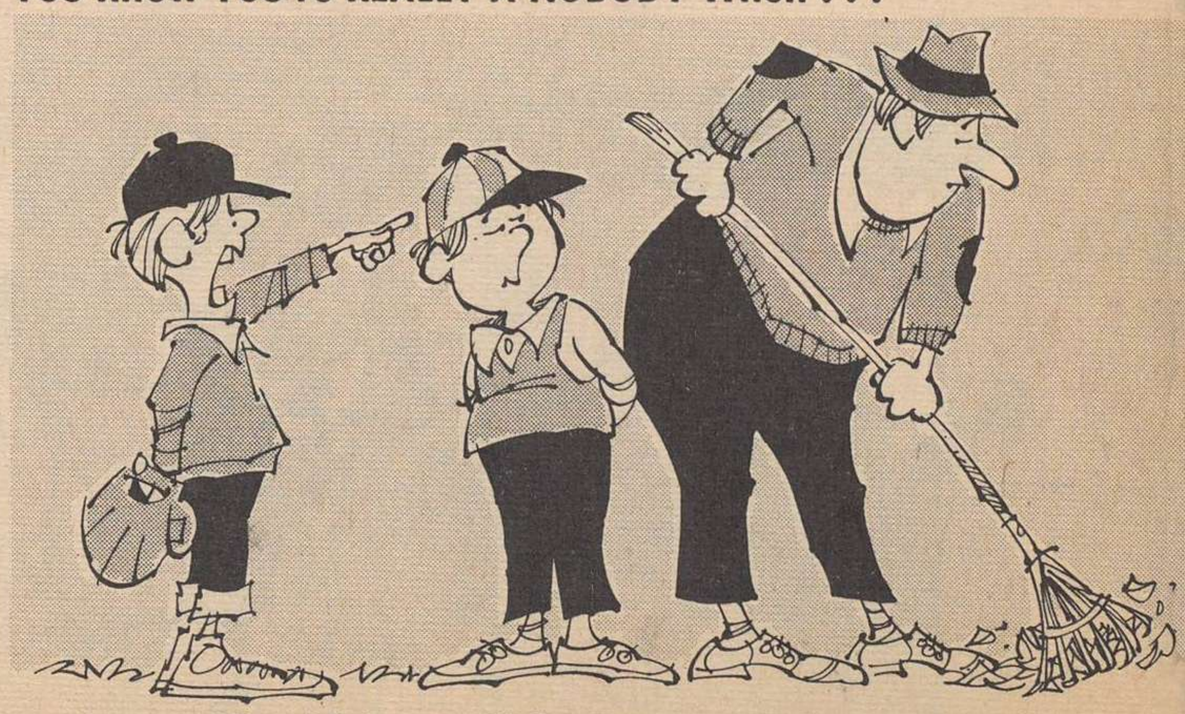
. . . nobody laughs at your jokes unless they're funny.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .



. . . your letter to the Editor is returned unopened.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

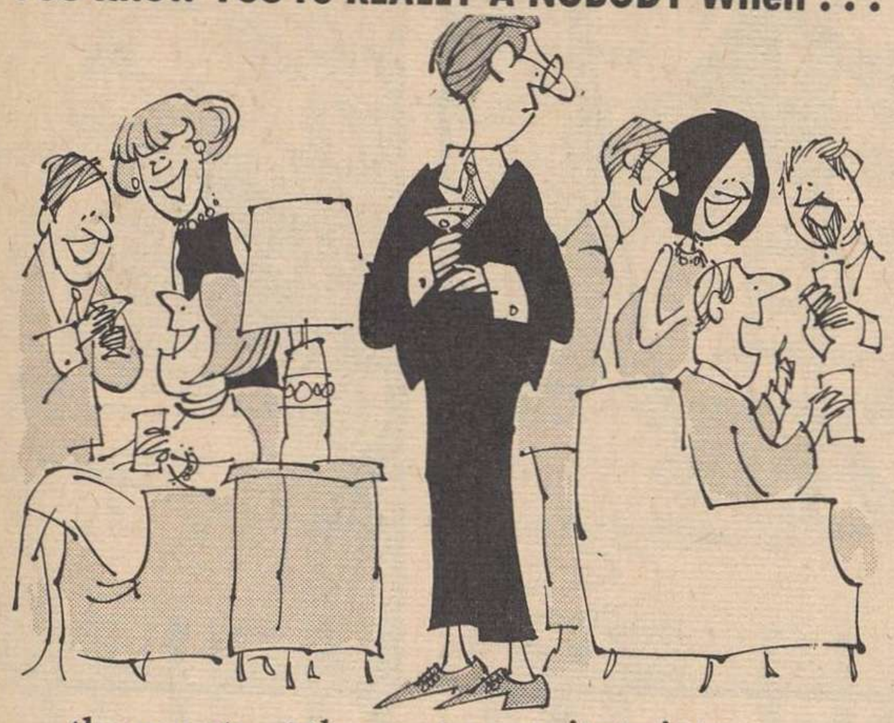


. . . the neighbor kid says, "My Dad can lick your Dad!" . . . and your son doesn't argue the point.

A NOBODY When...

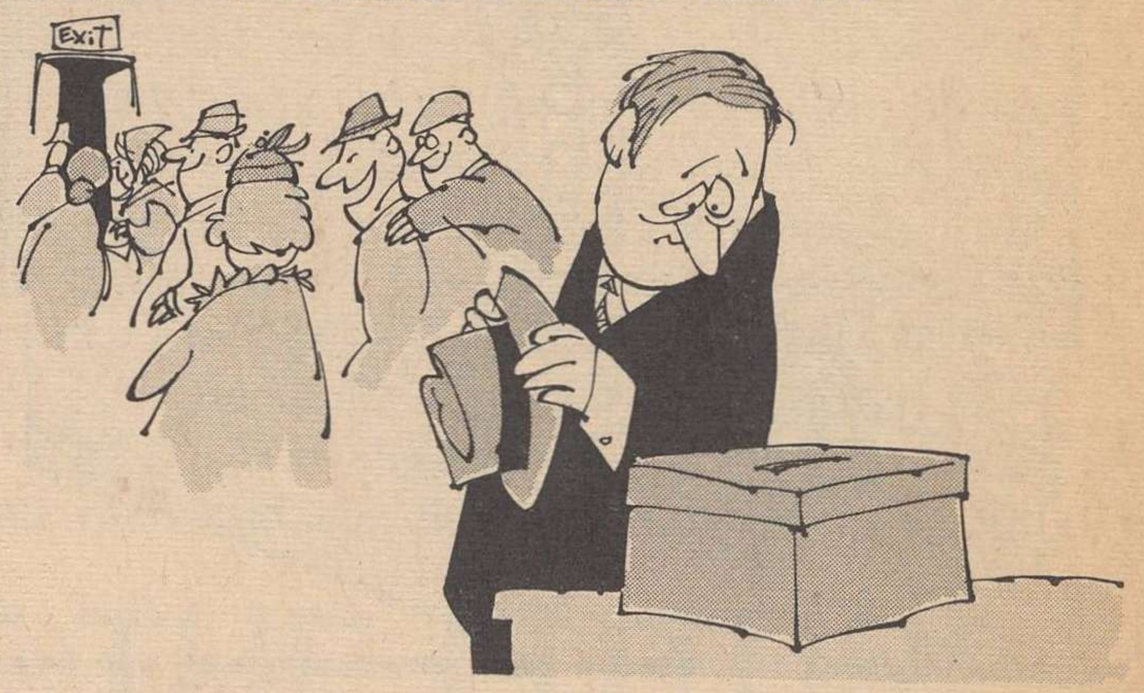
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: JACK KENT

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .



. . . the guests at the party gravitate into little groups, and you're the only one in yours.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .



. . . the issue that you voted against at the PTA Meeting passes "unanimously".

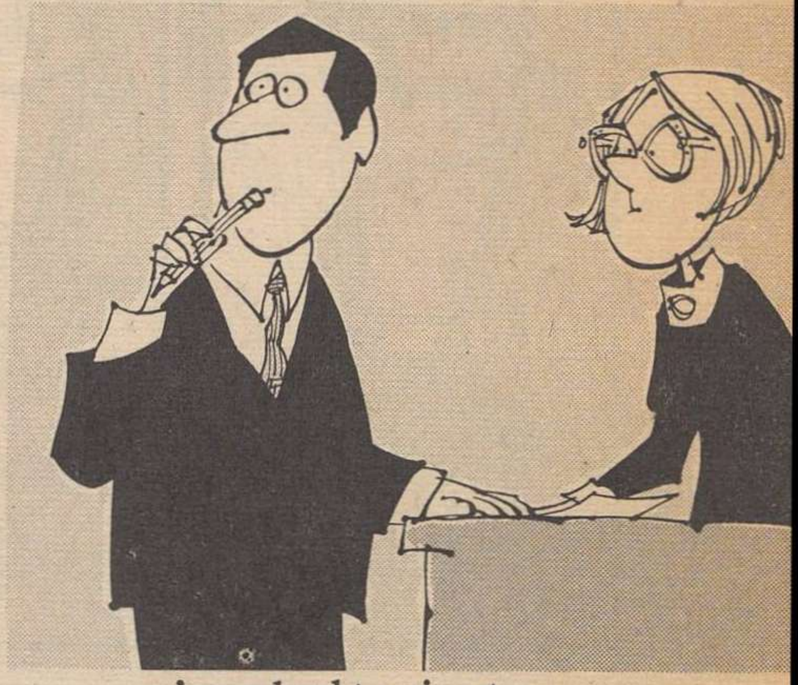
You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . even Politicians don't want to shake your hand.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you grow a mustache and nobody even notices it.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .



. . . you're asked to give two "References", and you can't even think of that many.

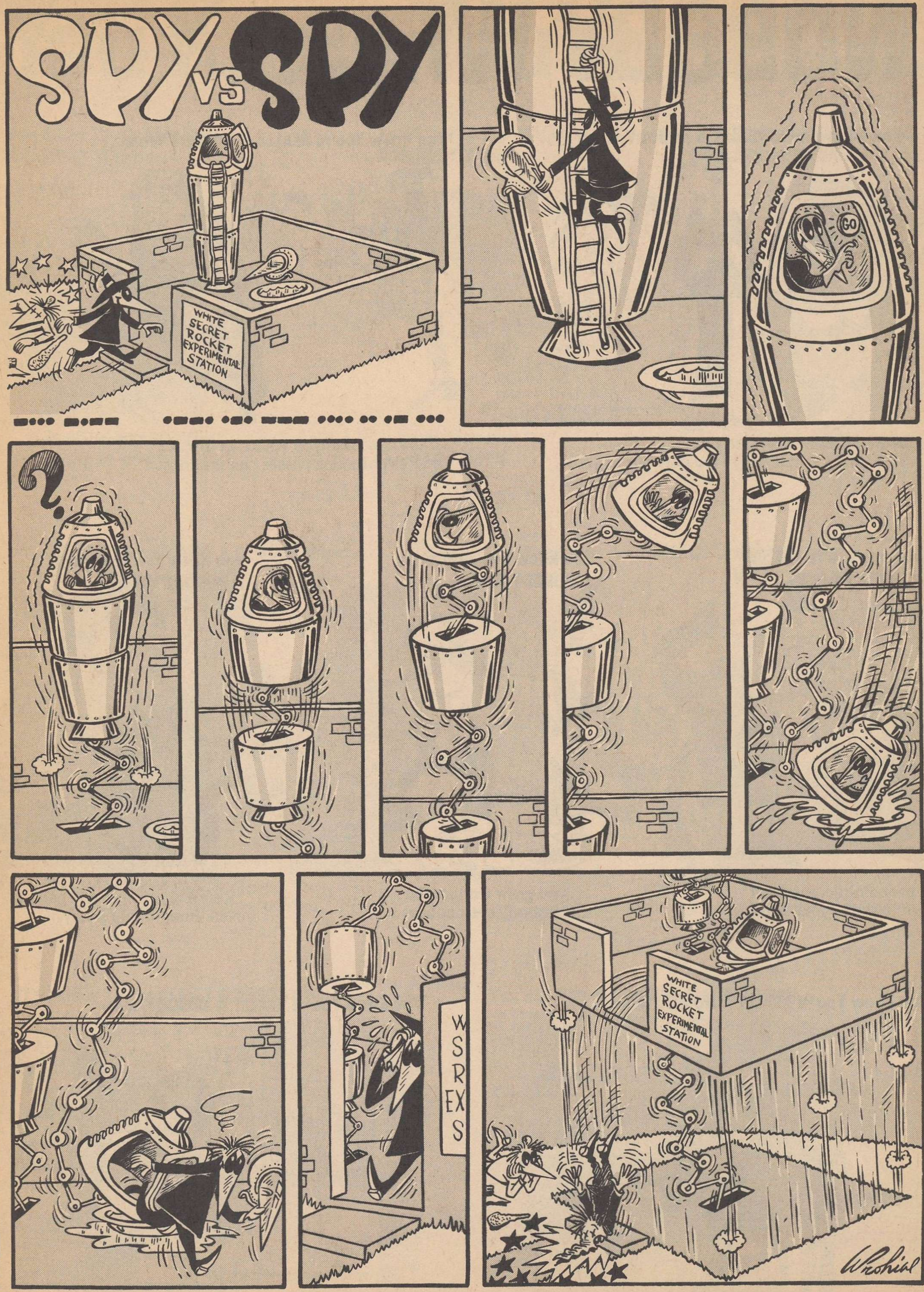
You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . after ten years of marriage, your wife still gets mail addressed to her maiden name.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you quit your job, and it doesn't create a vacancy.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II



BUTT OUT! DEPT.

Once upon a time, all the cigarettes were "Regular" guys, and each one enjoyed his own fair share of the market. Then one of them got ambitious. So he grew a few millimeters longer and crowned himself "King". And soon, "King" was gathering more than his share of the market. Which made the other cigarettes angry. So they all revolted and added enough millimeters to become "Kings" too. Then things finally settled down, and everyone had his fair share of the market once more. Until one of them got ambitious again. This time, he grew and grew until he was a neat, clean 100 millimeters long. So of course, all the other cigarettes grew to be 100 millimeters long. And it looked like things would settle down again. But they didn't. Now, there's real trouble this time! Chesterfield has opened the door to what promises to be a full-scale escalation of the Cigarette War. They've come out with the "Chesterfield 101"—just a silly millimeter longer, but oh the chaos it promises! Already there are rumors that Lucky Strike is planning a "102" . . . Tareyton is experimenting with a "103" . . . Old Gold is working on a "105" . . . and others are doubtlessly designing "108's," "110's," "120's', and so forth . So now, let's take a look at the consequences of this mad race and see what is bound to happen

WHEN WE HAVE THE FUTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE

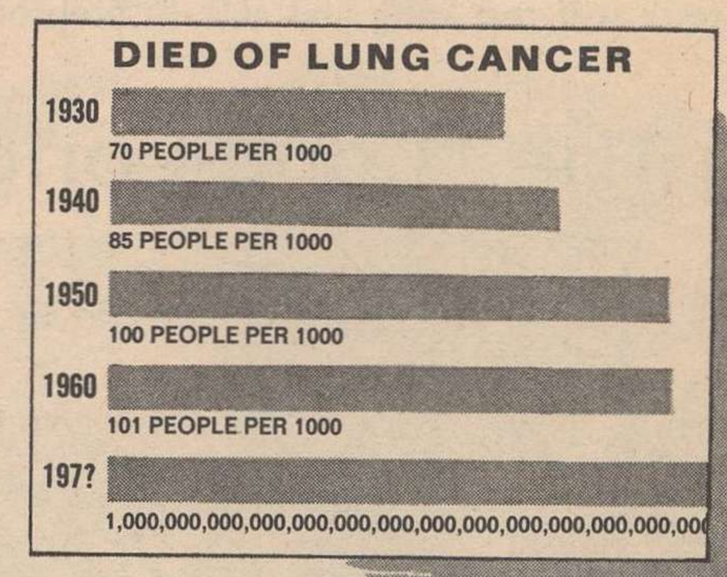
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

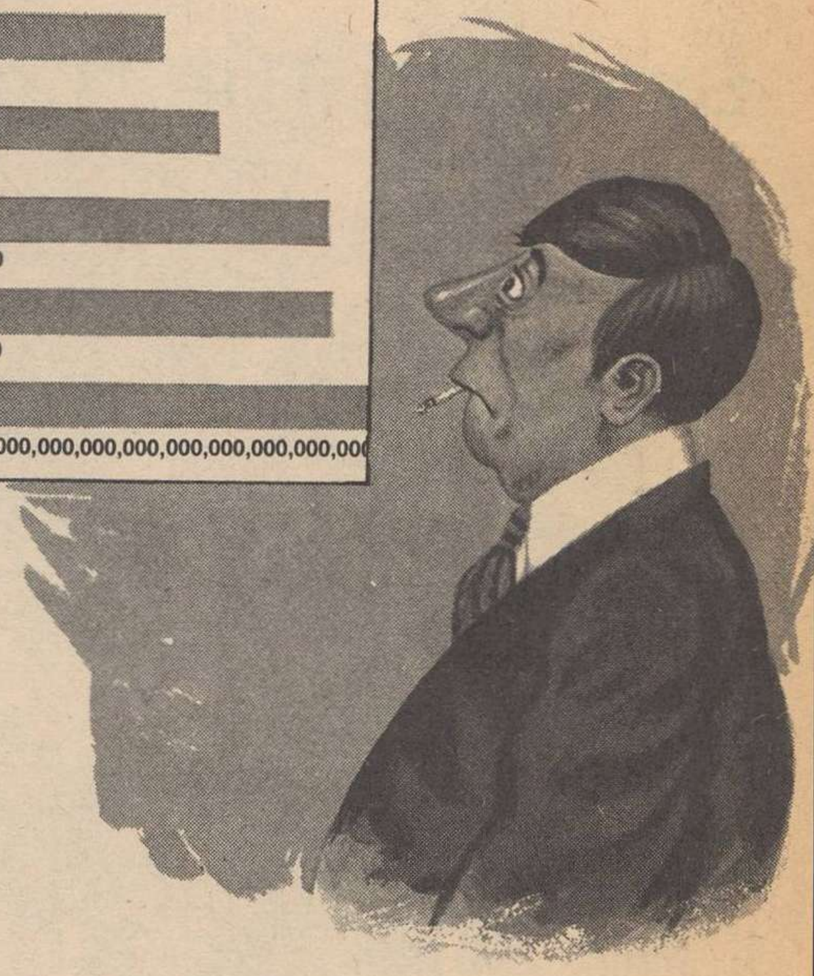
"Regular"..... 70 Millimeters Long

"King Size"..... 85 Millimeters Long

The "100".....100 Millimeters Long

The "101".....101 Millimeters Long

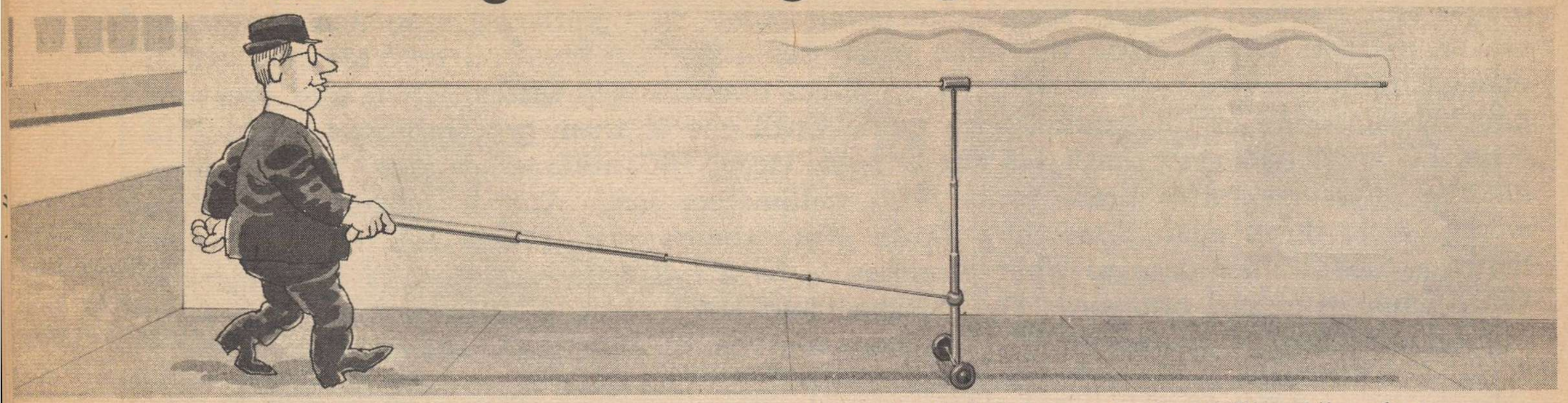




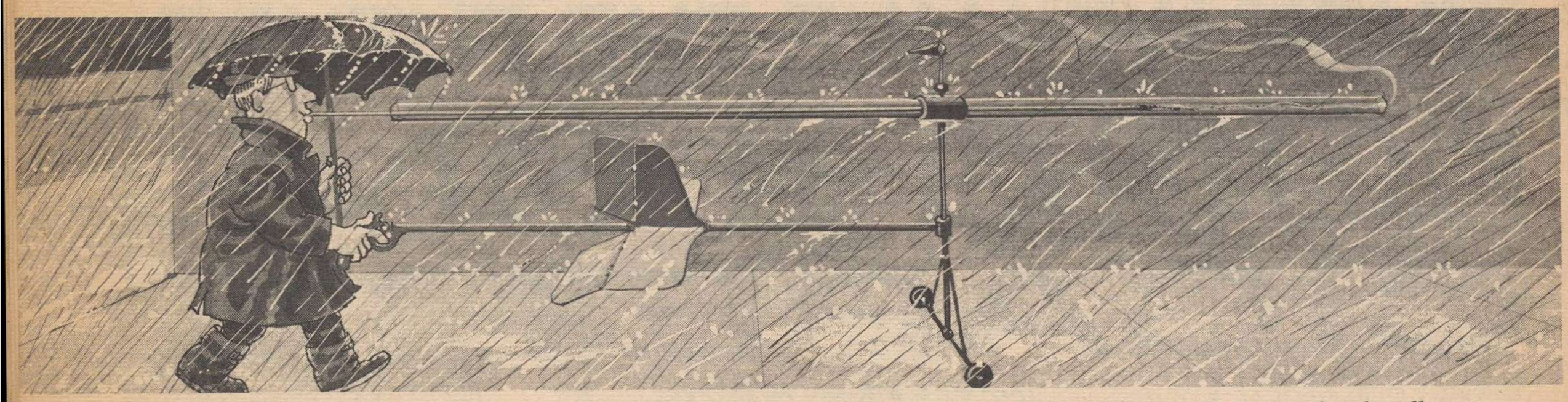
THE FUTURE "LONG-LONG".....1,000,000,00

SOLVING THE PROBLEMS CREATED BY

Smoking The "Long-Long" Outdoors

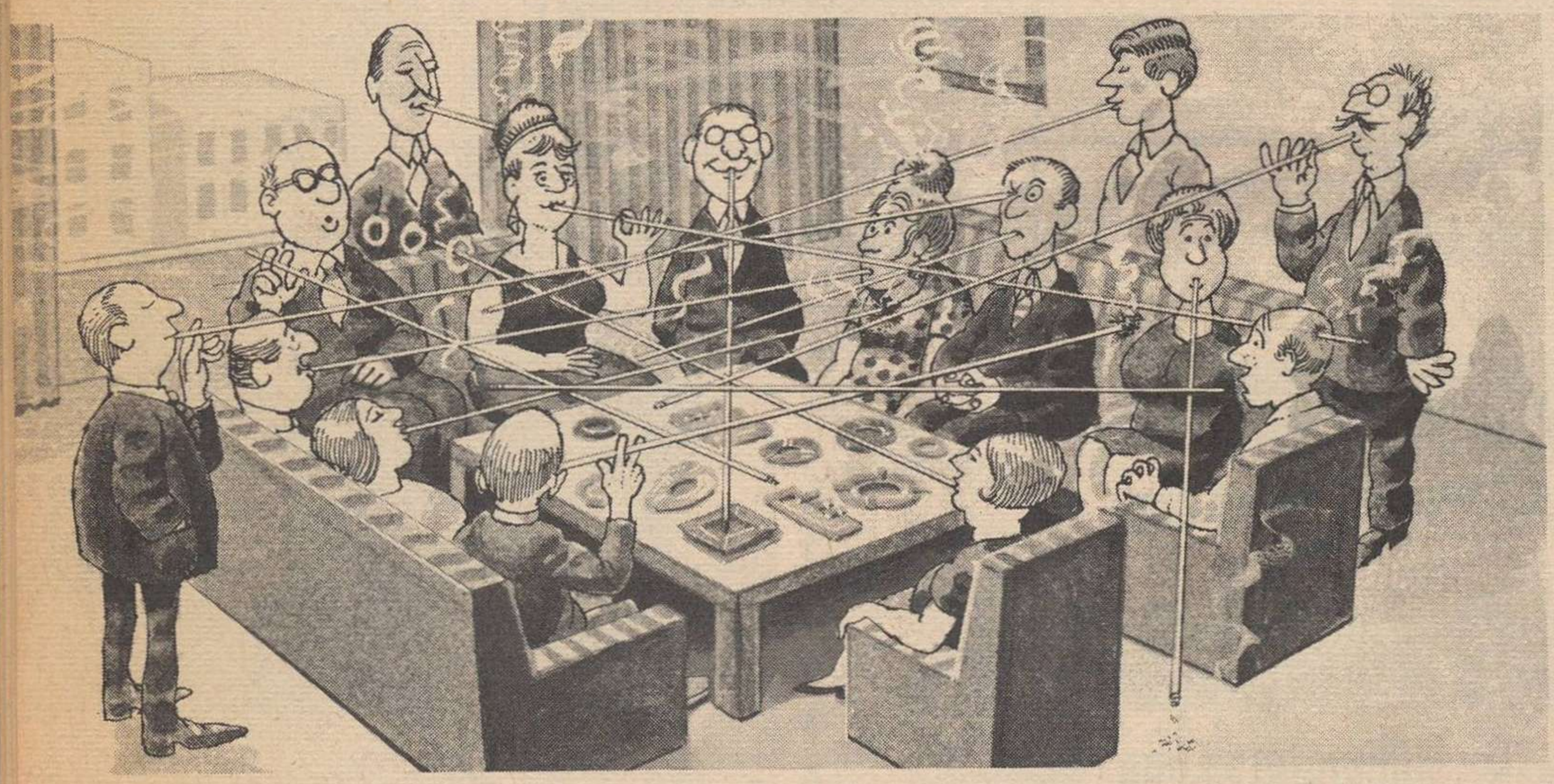


In mild weather, this simple, attractive, collapsible, easy-to-store Long-Long Cigarette Supporter will not only be functional, but fun to use. Many smokers will enjoy developing fancy steering skills, while others will take Walter Mitty-type pleasure in daydreaming that they are operating an exciting craft of some sort.



In foul or inclement weather, this more complex Long-Long Cigarette Supporter will prevent any wind or rain damage. Cigarette will rest snug and safe in fireproof, waterproof plastic tube. Controls in the pusher-handle will activate rudder and elevators, and wide wheel base will prevent tipping while maneuvering in strong gusts.

Smoking The "Long-Long" Indoors



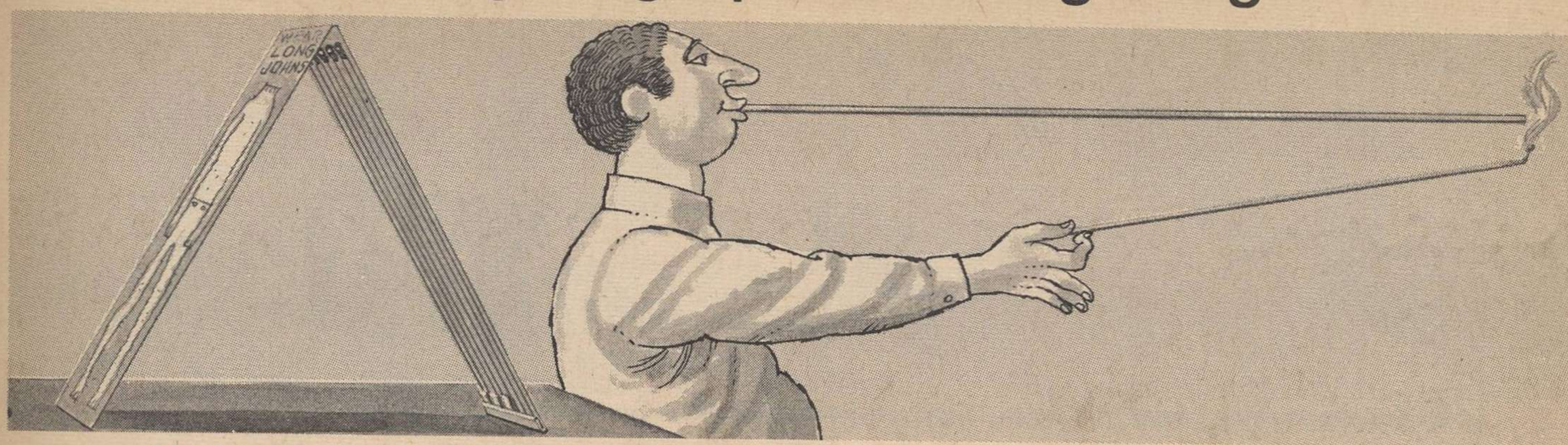
Smoking the future Long-Long indoors will create unique problems, especially in small rooms. However, by carefully arranging people . . . according to height, and in special seating positions . . . a very comfortable social smoking set-up can easily be achieved.

Retailing The "Long-Long"

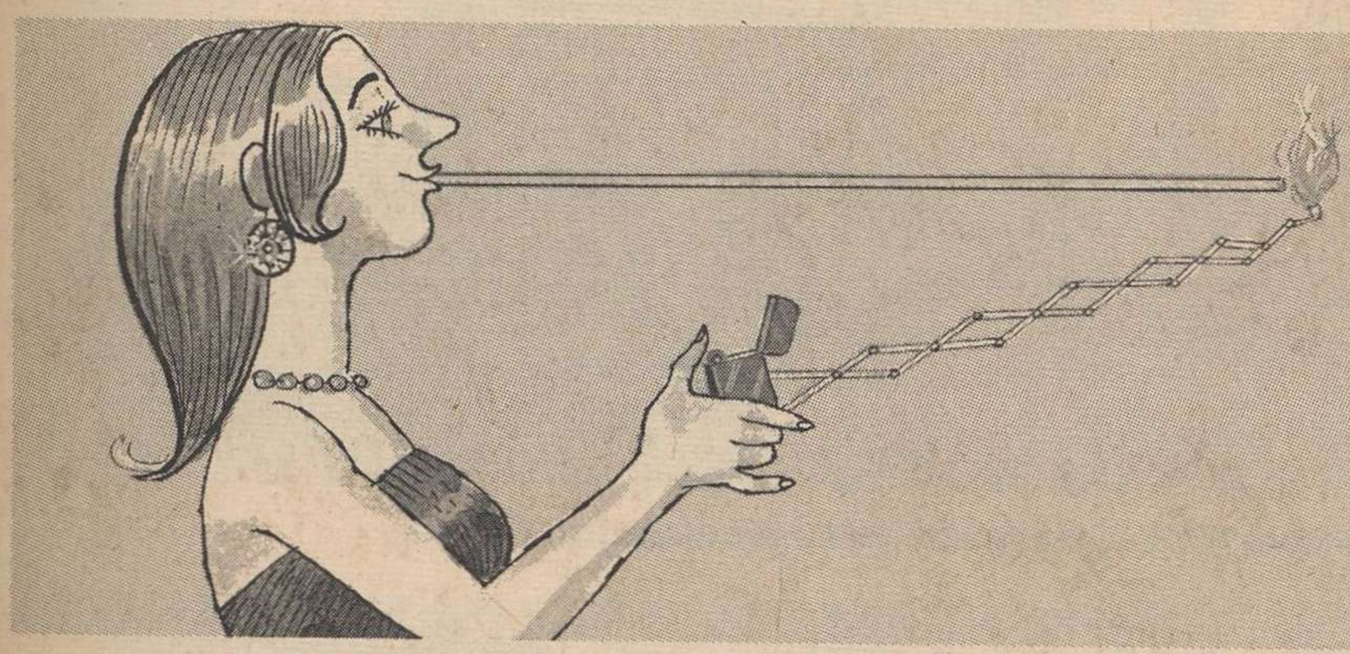
,000,000,000,000, 000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,00

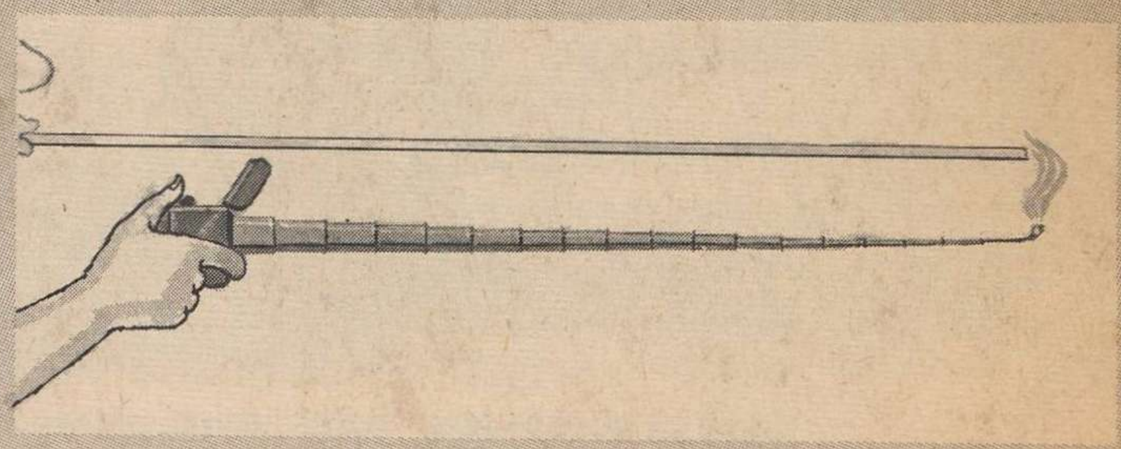
THE FUTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE

Lighting Up The "Long-Long"



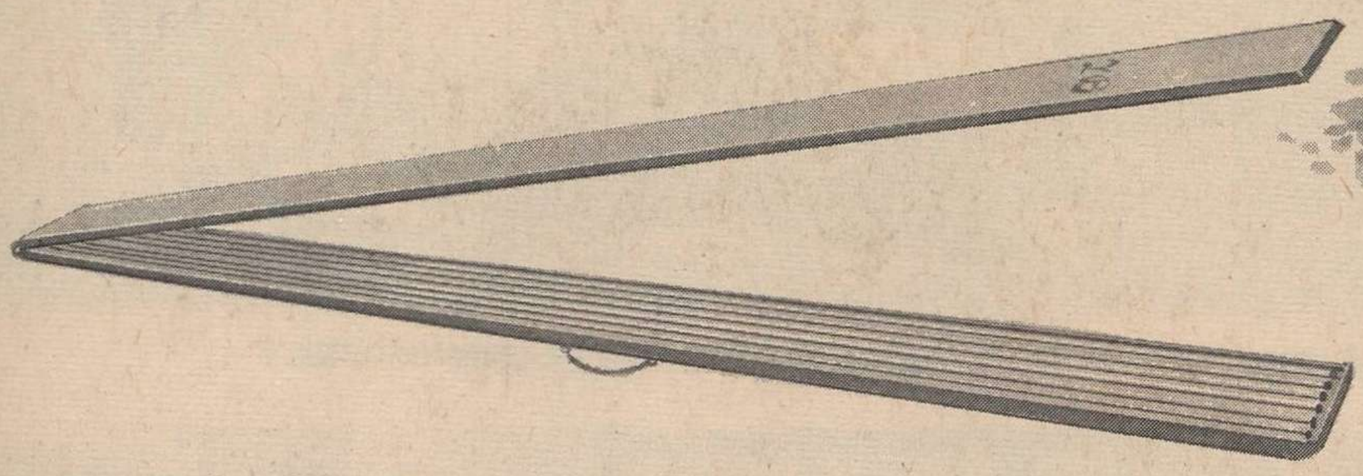
Matches, of course, would come in special "Long-Long" lengths, which ought to delight future advertisers who would suddenly find plenty of space on the matchbook covers in which to deliver more lengthy sales pitches.



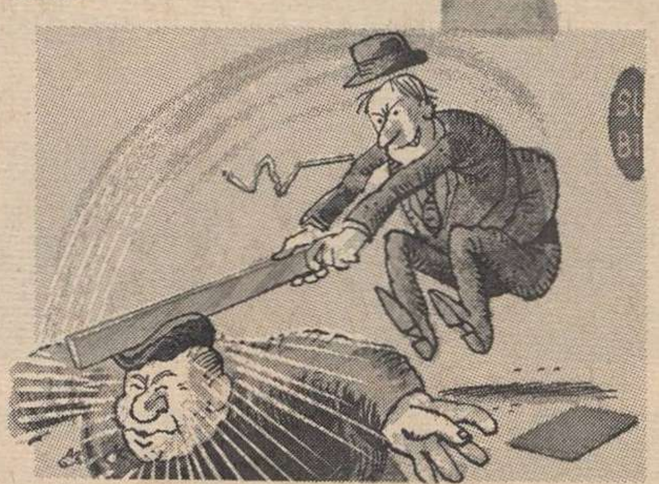


And lighters would have to be designed with special telescoping devices for extending flame to end of cigarette.

Carrying The "Long-Long



The cigarette case for the "Long-Long" would be designed exactly like the cigarette case of today, except that it would be much longer. And since it will not fit into a suit or coat pocket, it will have to worn outside . . . like a sword. In fact, in an emergency, it could also be used as one!



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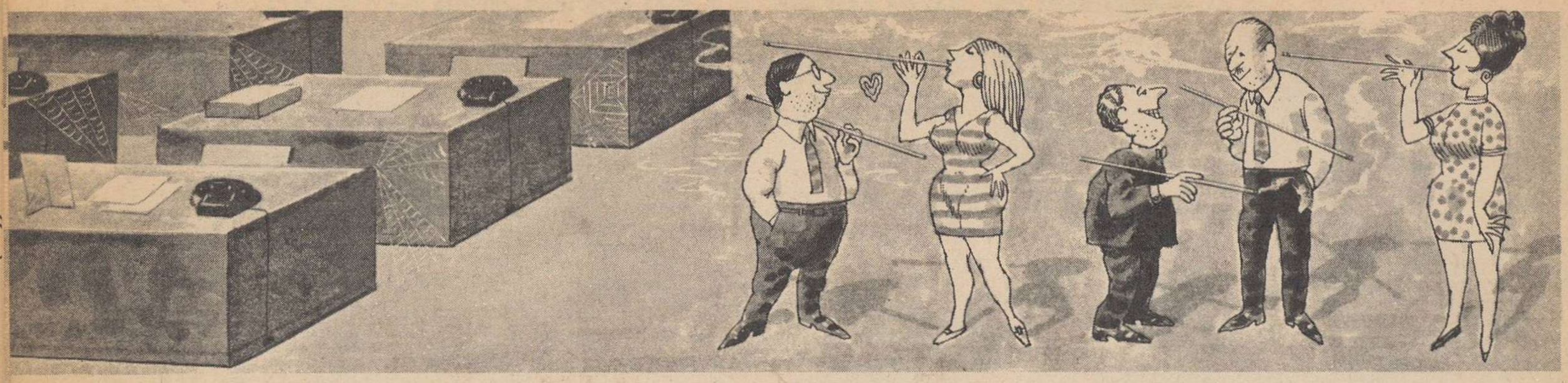
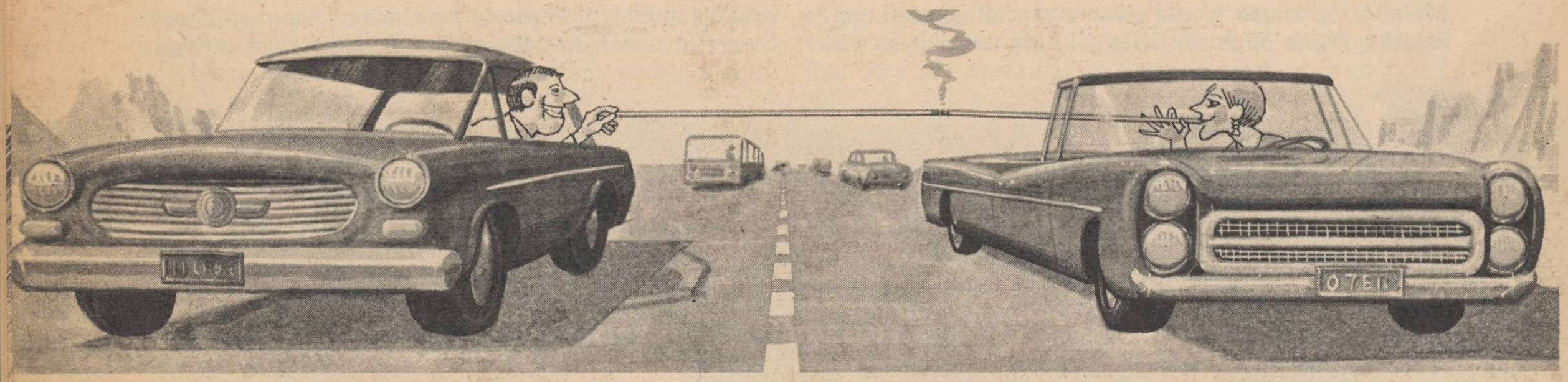
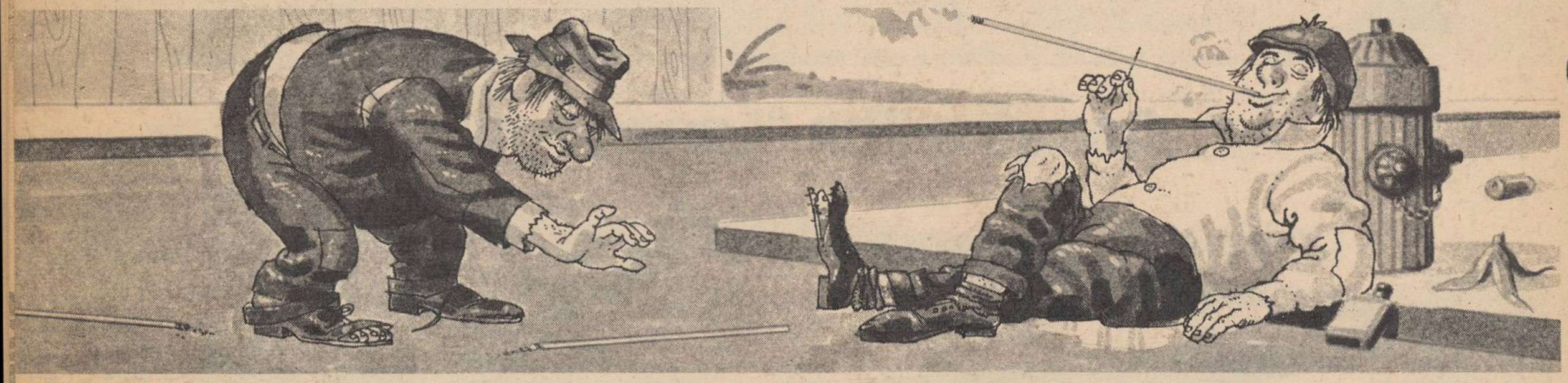
ADVANTAGES OF SMOKING THE F



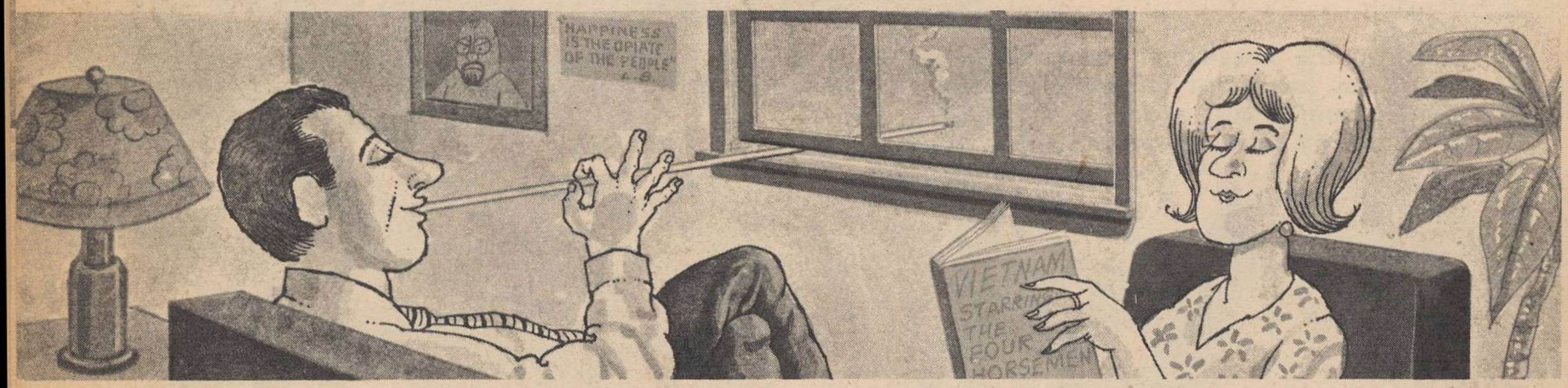
In the future, working people will enjoy "Cigarette Breaks" that last for hours instead of minutes.



You'll be able to give "lights" to people who happen to be inconvenient distances away from you.



Bums will still be able to find plenty of smoking pleasure in discarded Long-Long Cigarette butts.



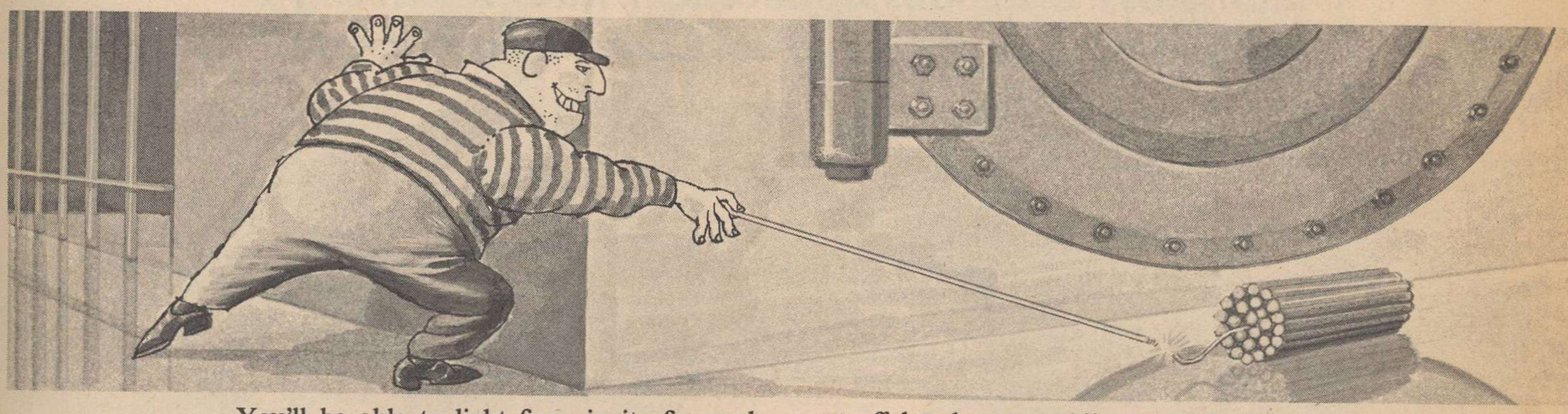
If someone in your family is "allergic" to cigarette smoke, or if they're simply "against smoking", you'll still be able to enjoy puffing a Long-Long Cigarette without having to step outside the house.

,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,00

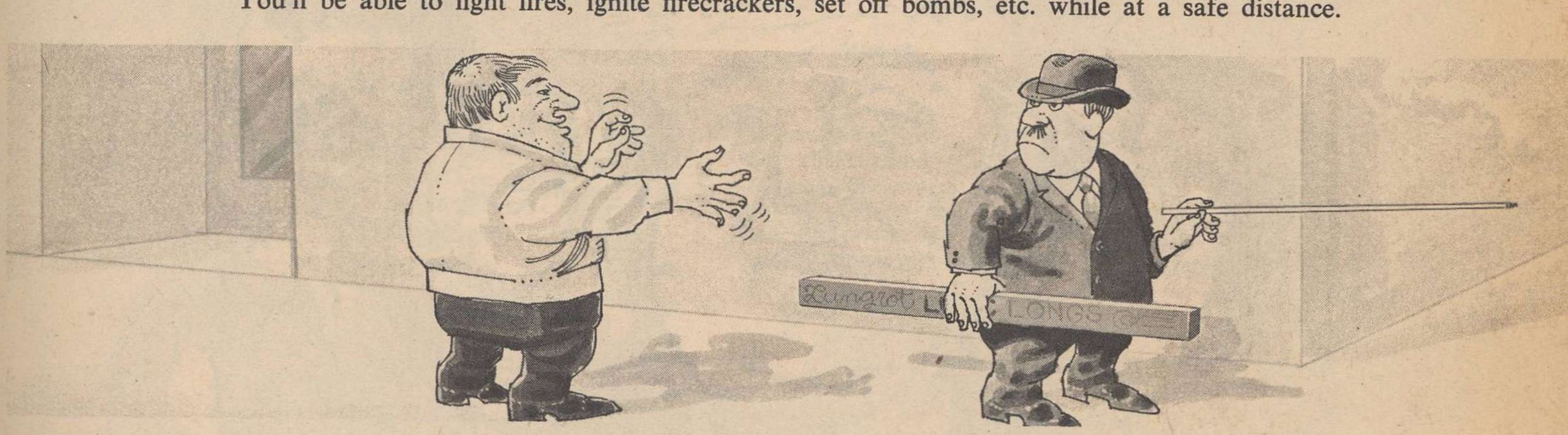
FUTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE

You'll be able to flick ashes into ash trays across the room without having to get out of your seat.

If you're a Commuter, it will be possible for you to ride in the "No Smoking" car and still smoke.



You'll be able to light fires, ignite firecrackers, set off bombs, etc. while at a safe distance.



No one will be able to pretend that they're "fresh out" when you want to bum a Long-Long Cigarette. (Of course, this is also a *dis*advantage if you happen to be on the other end of the transaction.)

000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 MILLIMETERS LONG

GIVING ARCHIE THE NEEDLE DEPARTMENT

Hey, ya dumb egghead creep ('cause anybody dat reads dis moronic junk must be a dumb egghead creep!) . . .

HERE'S YER REAL T'IRTY-T'REE-AN' A-T'IRD RPM

SUPER BONUS RECORD

WHICH CONTAINS AN ADAPTATION INTO SOUND OF MAD MAGAZINE'S CONTROVERSIAL SATIRE

"GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE"

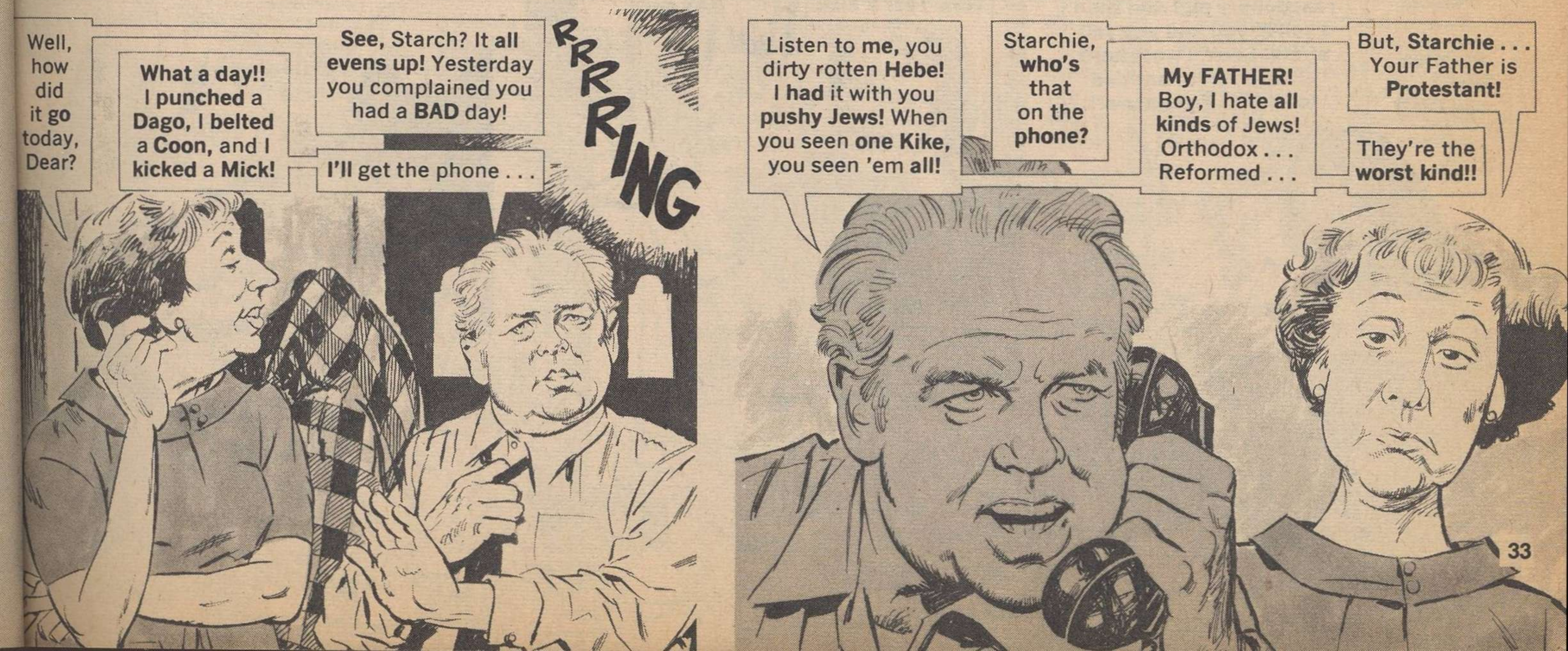
Oh, yeah! Dis bomb is den followed by d' uncondensed satire as it originally appeared in MAD . . . which ya all know is one of yer typical Commie-Fascist rags!!

Ever since Television began, situation comedies have been, more or less, the same. Now, all of a sudden, a new situation comedy has come along . . . and it's entirely different from the old-fashioned family fare. It doesn't deal with the same old stupid subjects involving idiotic, unbelievable characters. Instead, it concerns itself with relevant "now" subjects, involving even more idiotic unbelievable characters! Here, then, is MAD's version of . . .

GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE

This Week's Episode: "A Visit From A World War II Buddy"

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Isn't he simply **adorable**, folks? See why America **loves** him so much?

Shut your ugly mouth! We only got half an hour, and we got a lot of **ground** to cover! Tonight, I plan to scream about **Law and Order, Sexual Freedom,** all **Major Religions,** and **Gum Disease!**

What's so **controversial** about **Gum Disease?**

You know anyone **ELSE** besides me who's **for it?**

Well, well! Here come the two dummies who **live** with us!

Hi, there, folks! I'm Starchie's moronic daughter, **Gloriosky!**

And I'm her nebbish husband, **Meek!**

We've got a **special function** on the show! While **Conservatives** in the audience identify with **him,** the **Liberals** can identify with **us!**

Now yo
krow wh
Liberalis
is **dyin**
in this
country

DAILY NEWS

LINDSAY

And what have you two young Liberals been up to today?

We were out collecting money for a **worthy cause!** We're fighting hard to **liberalize** the **Abortion Laws** for **men!**

But **MEN** can't have abortions!

We **KNOW** that! That's why we're **fighting** so hard!

GIVE

You **know** something, Gloriosky! You're the **spittin' image** of your **Mother!**

Mother, tell him to **stop saying things** like that!

WHY, dear? You **ARE** the spitting image of me!

Yeah, but he always **spits** after he **says it!**

Hocccch . . . PTUIII!

IVE

What's new, you stupid Polack?

Why **not? I always** say it! And then you call me a **reactionary pig!** And then I yell at **you** and **you** yell at **me!** Look, I work **hard** all day! Ain't I entitled to a **LITTLE pleasure?!**

Starchie, **MUST** you say that?

But **not tonight,** Starchie! It's **New Year's Eve!**

New Year's Eve?! Why didn't you **SAY** so!?!

What's new . . . you stupid Polack?

NEBBISH POWER

WATER

Starchie, it's **New Year's Eve!** Can't we go **out** tonight for a change!? How about a **movie??**

A **movie?!** I been takin' you to the movies **every week** for the past **year!**

But, Daddy! There are **other** pictures besides "JOE"!

Yeah! **52 times is ENOUGH!!**

Listen, Polack! Remember how, at the end of the picture, Joe shoots all them **Hippie kids?** Well, I notice how one of 'em is **still breathin'! We're gonna keep seein'** that picture till Joe **gets it right!**

DUMP S.E. ASIA

FREE U THANT

Aw, Daddy! **Please** let's go out tonight! Meek and I are **all dressed** for New Year's! He bought himself a **new used sweatshirt,** and I just had my **hair set!**

Some hair set! You look like **Shirley Temple's idiot sister!** Will you stop **wearin'** that Shirley Temple hair-style, already! **Shirley Temple is DEAD!!**

She's **NOT** dead! She's at the **U.N.!**

Same thing!

RI-I-I-N-N-G!

I'll get it! I'm expectin' a visit from an **old World War II buddy** of mine! He's the **dearest friend I ever had!**

NEWS ...SAY

RI-I-I-N-N-G!

COMING . . .

RI-I-I-N-N-G!

Will you **hold your damn horses** . . . you **&¢%$#@*! dearest friend I ever had?!**

Hi! We're the **"Brady Bunch" kids!** Anyone for a **pillow** fight?

Whoops! Oh-oh! I think we're in the **wrong house!**

Boy . . . are you **EVER** in the wrong house!

Moore Hebes! I can't stand **Jews,** I tell you!

Starchie, the **Brady Bunch kids** aren't **Jewish!**

Who's talkin' about **kids?!** Did you see that **pushy, hook-nosed DOG?!?**

CLOSE GM

NADERS RAIDERS

Le'me know when my World War II buddy **gets** here!

Wop . . . Jig . . . Sheeny . . . Queer . . . Commie . . . Belly Button!

What's he **doing** in there, Mother?

Reading the **script** for **next week's show!** It's gonna be the most **controversial** episode **yet!** It's called, **"A Visit From A Gay Black Jewish-Italian Commie Rapist With A Sinus Condition"!**

Next week's show is gonna be a **pip!**

Starchie, don't you think we're **overdoing** this business of using **foul language** and doing **disgusting things** on TV?

You're **kidding!?** This is an **important show!** It's **"Now"!** It's **"Today"!** It shows what **America** is **REALLY LIKE!**

All of a sudden, I'm beginning to miss the reality of **"Nanny And The Professor"!**

Can't you see we ain't even scratched the **surface** yet? Do you realize that on this show we can do **any disgusting thing** we **want** to do? Maybe I'll **belch** now! No, I got a **better** idea! I'll **scratch** myself around my **private parts!** Wait, **I have it!** I'll **throw up . . .**

There's a switch! A **television performer** throwing up at the **AUDIENCE!**

No, I **know** what I'm gonna do! All of you! **Come inside!** I wanna **show** you somethin'!

This here is a **toilet!** You see this **handle?** When you **pull** it, all the **water** shoots in! And this **seat** here goes **up** and **down!** And you know what this **paper** over here is used for . . . ?

Starchie, we've **all seen toilets before!**

Yeah, but never on **Television!** Hey, out there in TV land . . **TOILET!!**

TOILET!

It's like your father **always says,** dear . . . When you've **got** it, **flaunt** it!

Did you **enjoy** that little demonstration, Starchie?

Yeah, but boy, am I **bushed!** I think I'll just **relax** and think **beautiful thoughts!**

Doodie . . .
Peepie . . .
Kah-kah . . .
Ehh-ehh . . .
Poo-poo . . .

Awwww . . . ain't that **cute!** He's reminiscing over his **childhood!**

I don't care **WHAT** Starchie says, Gloriosky! It's just **too much** for a Television audience to **believe** that anybody could be such a **vulgar, reactionary bigot!**

There's one thing that's even **harder** to believe!

What's **that?**

That **two normal young people like us** could be stupid enough to **LIVE** with such a **vulgar, reactionary bigot!**

Hey, Polack! I **heard** what you said! You better watch who you're callin' **names!** There **ain't** nothin' wrong with **me!** I just **don't trust Jews . . .** I like to put the **Blacks** in their **place . . .** and I don't feel **comfortable** with **Homos!**

Starchie . . . as a Liberal, I'm **really worried!**

You don't hafta worry about **me!**

Who's worrying about **YOU?!** I'm worrying about **ME!!** Deep down, I **agree** with you!

FLOWER POWER

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

85 SPEED LIMIT

Of **course** you do! **Most** Americans agree with me! They ain't laughin' **AT** me . . . they're laughin' **WITH** me! That's why this show is such a **"Hit"!**

I'm so popular, I may run for **President!** Or better still . . . **VICE-PRESIDENT!!**

There's the **doorbell,** Starchie! **I'll** get it!

BRRDING

Starchy, it's your **old War buddy!**

My **buddy!** My old **World War II buddy!** It's gonna be **great** seein' **him** again . . . the **only** man who ever **really understood me . . .**

Dolf, baby! Where the hell have you **been** all these years?

I've been **alive** und **vell** und liffing in **Argentina!** You know! Chust like ze **old choke . . .** heh-heh!

Speaking of **old jokes,** I'd like you to meet my **wife Meathead!**

Starchie! **THAT man** is your **old buddy?!** Do you know who he **is?** Do you know what he's **done?** Do you know what kind of **reputation** he has? How could you ever have **associated** with him . . . ?!

Aw, **he** ain't a **bad guy—** for a **Pinko!**

There's the **doorbell** again! I'll get it . . .

RIINNG

Starchie, these two men want to see your **buddy . . .**

Oh-oh! Ze **jig** iss **up!** After all zese years, I **knew** zey would finally get me! **Vell,** mein olt buddy, I **guess zis iss it!**

Chentlemen, under ze Articles uff Var, I am only required to gif you mein **name . . . Adolph Hitler . . .** mein **rank . . . Professional Mischief-Maker . . .** und mein **serial number,** vich is **"Vun"!** I am now ready to face the **War Crimes Commission . . .**

We're not from the **War Crimes Commission,** Dolf, baby! We're from the **TV Network!** We're here to offer you your **own weekly TV series!**

First, we'll get you an **adorable TV family . . .**

Yeah . . . like a **dumb wife, two moronic children,** and a **pet wolf . . . !**

If a show with **THIS hero** is a hit, **yours'll** be a **SMASH!**

I've got a **great title! "Love—Gestapo Style"!**

How about **"My Three Storm Troopers"?**

Hold it! Listen to **this** one . . .

Whadya **say,** Dolf?

No, wait! I've got a **better** one! **"Hunsmoke"!**

Wait! **I've** got it! **"Nazi And The Professor"!**

No, no, listen to **MINE** first!

Today . . . **television!** Tomorrow . . . **Ze WORLD!!**

CBS

PEST ASIDE DEPT.

WHAT IS A KI

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

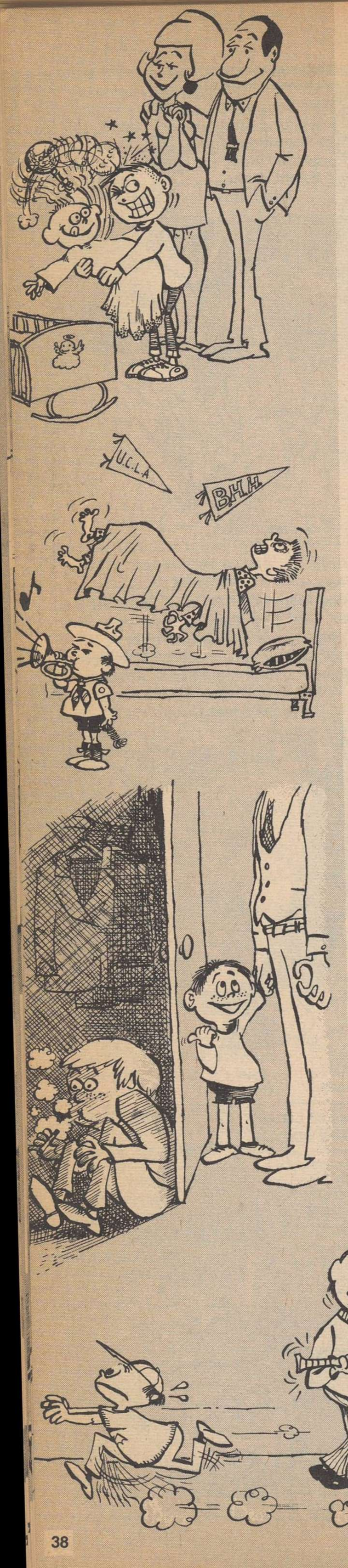
Between the time you are born and the time your parents give up all hope of ever having a normal child, there often is added to the household a squalling creature that quickly evolves into a "Kid Brother". Kid Brothers arrive with a native instinct to tattle on, steal from, lie to, argue with, holler at and rebel against you and any other older sisters or brothers. Growing up consists chiefly of developing all of these sickening talents to their fullest potential.

A Kid Brother is easy to spot, except when you're looking for him. He is usually found bathing his turtle in the tub when you want to use the bathroom to get ready for an important date... Or popping corn in the kitchen when you bring the gang home for a midnight snack... Or sprawled on the couch watching TV when you've lured your steady home knowing your parents are away... Or dismantling your car in the garage when you're already late for an appointment.

Despite his youth, a Kid Brother embodies many adult qualities. He has the regal poise of Jerry Lewis, the reflective thoughtfulness of Leo Durocher, the table manners of Ernest Borgnine, the social grace of Joe Pyne, the fastidious grooming of Fidel Castro, the guileless generosity of Charles DeGaulle, the enduring patience of Frank Sinatra, the warm humanitarianism of General Hershey and the lofty motives of General Ky.

Kid Brothers seldom display any natural aptitudes for becoming Medical Missionaries or Youth Counselors or State Department Protocol Officers or Concert Cellists or Talmudic Scholars. More often, they appear cut out to become Cat Burglars or Magazine Subscription Scheme Promoters or Loan Sharks or Lifetime Welfare Recipients or Pool Hall Hustlers or Professional Creators of Urban Blight.

The only nice thing about a Kid Brother is that he's predictable. If he borrows your car, you can bet he'll bring it back with the gas gauge needle fluttering on "E". If he borrows your best slacks, you can be sure he'll be wearing them while mixing together every indelible ingredient in his chemistry set—and spilling the test tube in his lap. If he borrows the book you need most to study for finals, you know he'll leave it out in the rain—strapped to the handlebars of your brand new racing bike, which he also borrowed.



D BROTHER?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

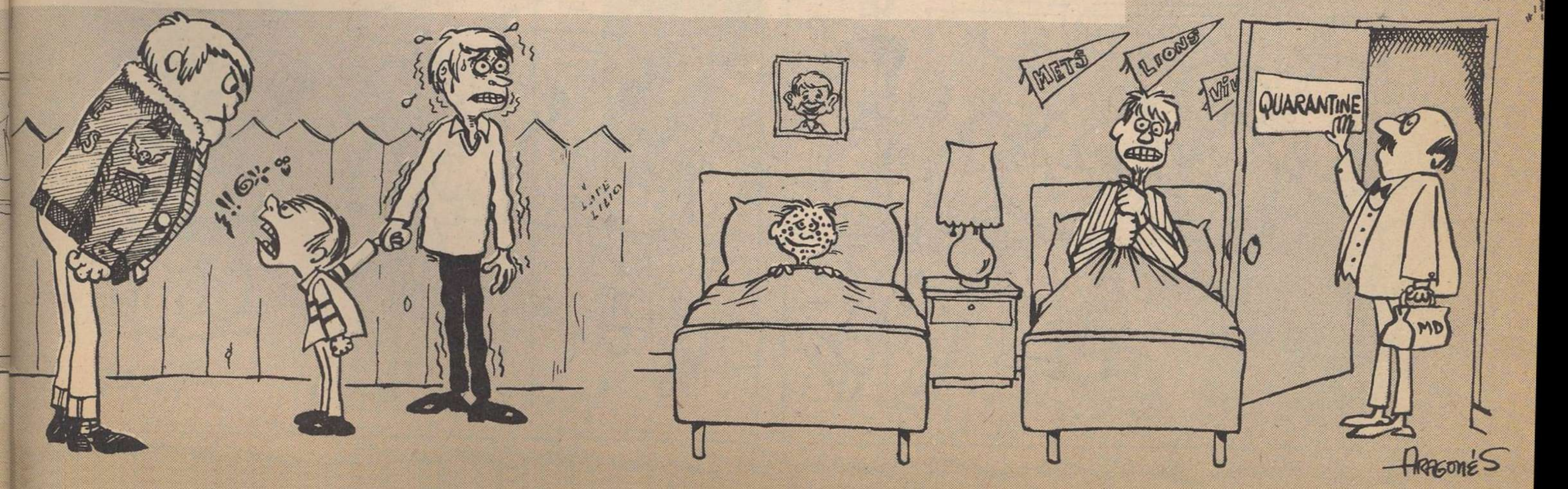
A Kid Brother's idea of "sharing" is getting you to do the yard work so he can earn $5 doing the neighbor's yard work. A Kid Brother's idea of "togetherness" is tagging along with you and your date to the Drive-In Movie. A Kid Brother's idea of "family pride" is having you break your leg in football practice so he can brag about it. And a Kid Brother's idea of "thoughtfulness" is remembering to tell you that his pet snake is loose somewhere in the house.

You can always recognize a Kid Brother in any crowd. He's the one wearing your college letter sweater down to his knees. He's the one displaying the "racy pictures" in your medical school text book to his friends for a nickel a peek. He's the one swapping a stack of your rare old "78" jazz records for a sick hamster. He's the one who's been ostracized because the answers to your 1963 final exams which he sold did not fit the 1968 questions. And he's the one with the locker full of your Sports Car Rally Plaques who's flunking Driver Education.

No doubt about it, a Kid Brother is a unique form of humanity! Who else would give you a left-handed baseball glove as a birthday present when he's the only southpaw in the family? Who else would sign up for tuba lessons by mail... and then practice only between 6:30 and 7:30 on Saturday mornings? Who else would borrow your fraternity pin without asking to hold up your best tennis shorts, which he also borrowed without asking? And who else would lovingly ask you for your autograph so he could trace it on the phony I.D. card he just forged?

Still, with all their shortcomings, Kid Brothers perform one vital function. Whenever a scraped fender is discovered, or a damaged power tool is first noticed, or a grease-stained guest towel is found, a terrible void of guilt-ridden silence would exist for all of us Big Brothers and Big Sisters if there were no Kid Brothers around to step forward with their lusty and familiar cry of...

"I DIDN'T DO IT!"



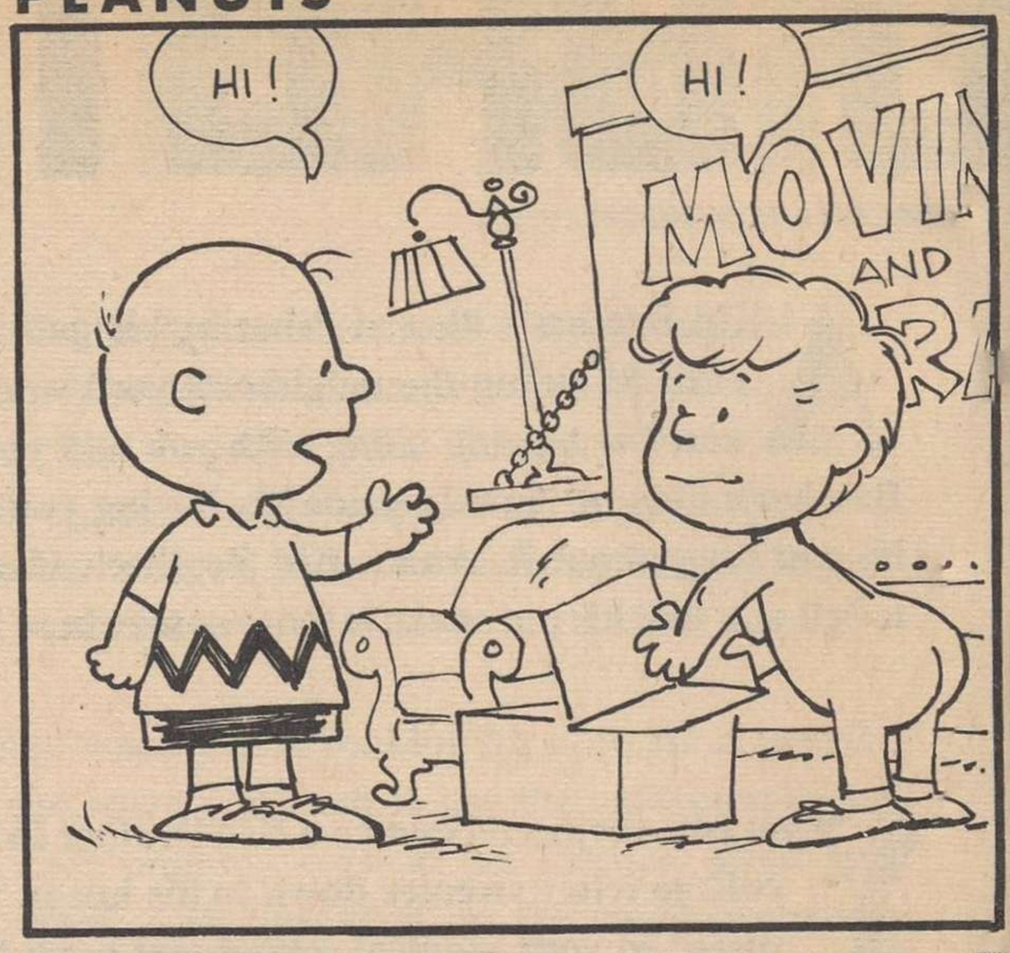
STRIP TEASER DEPT.

In order to stimulate interest and insure Box Office success, Hollywood has taken to featuring "Nude Scenes" in many of its movies. In fact, some of our biggest stars have appeared in the altogether recently. Paul Newman did it in "Cool Hand Luke," Charlton Heston did it in "Planet Of The Apes," Elizabeth Taylor did it in "Reflections In A Golden Eye," Mia Farrow did it in "Rosemary's Baby" and Jane Fonda did it in practically every movie she's ever made. As with all good ideas, we feel that it won't be long before this attempt to stimulate interest by the use of "Nude Scenes" is carried over into other fields. So here's what it might be like:

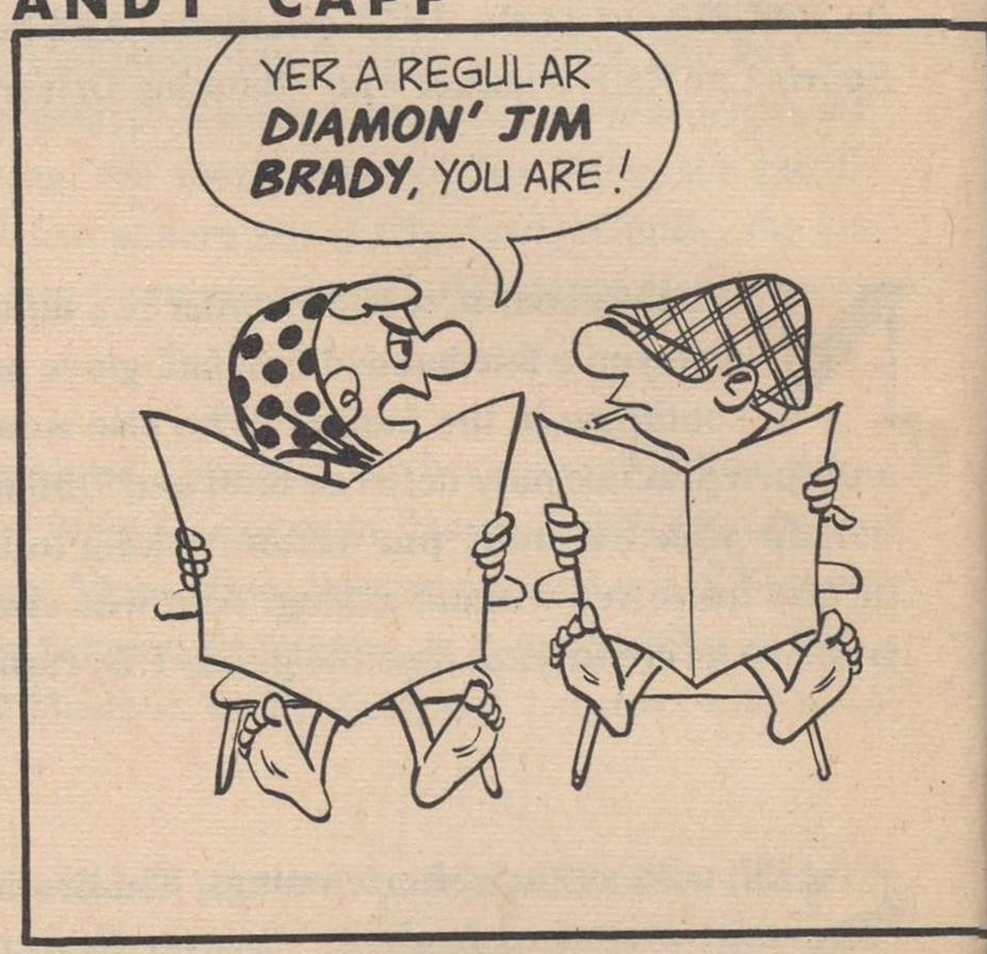
IF THIS "NUDITY" TREND IN MOVIES EVER SPREADS TO THE COMICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

PEANUTS



ANDY CAPP



BEETLE BAILEY

IS THE NEW KID A **BOY** OR A **GIRL?**

GOOD GRIEF! I DON'T **KNOW!**

HE WASN'T WEARING ANY **CLOTHES!**

WILL YER QUIT YER ***GRIPIN'!*** YOU ***WANTED*** TO GO ON A 'OLIDAY, AN' ***'ERE WE ARE!***

RACING FORM

SOME 'OLIDAY! TAKIN' ME TO A ***NUDIST CAMP*** SO YER WOULDN'T HAFTA BUY ME ANY ***NEW VACATION CLOTHES!***

THE JOB'S ALL DONE, SIR!

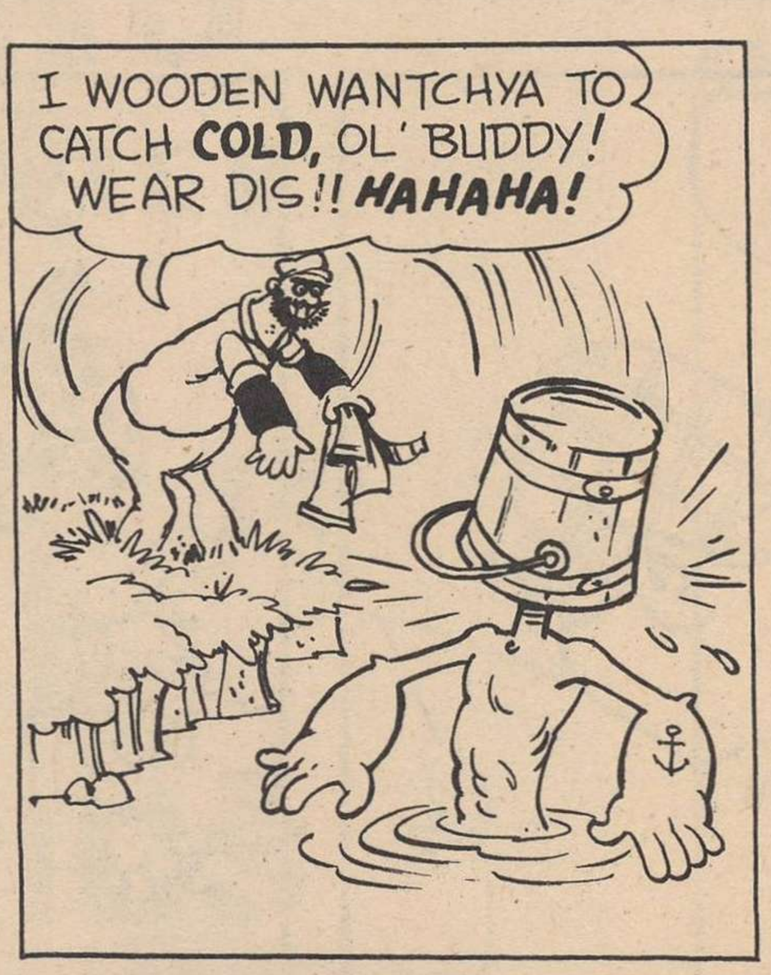
THANK YOU, SERGEANT!

♪ ***ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAAAY...*** ♪

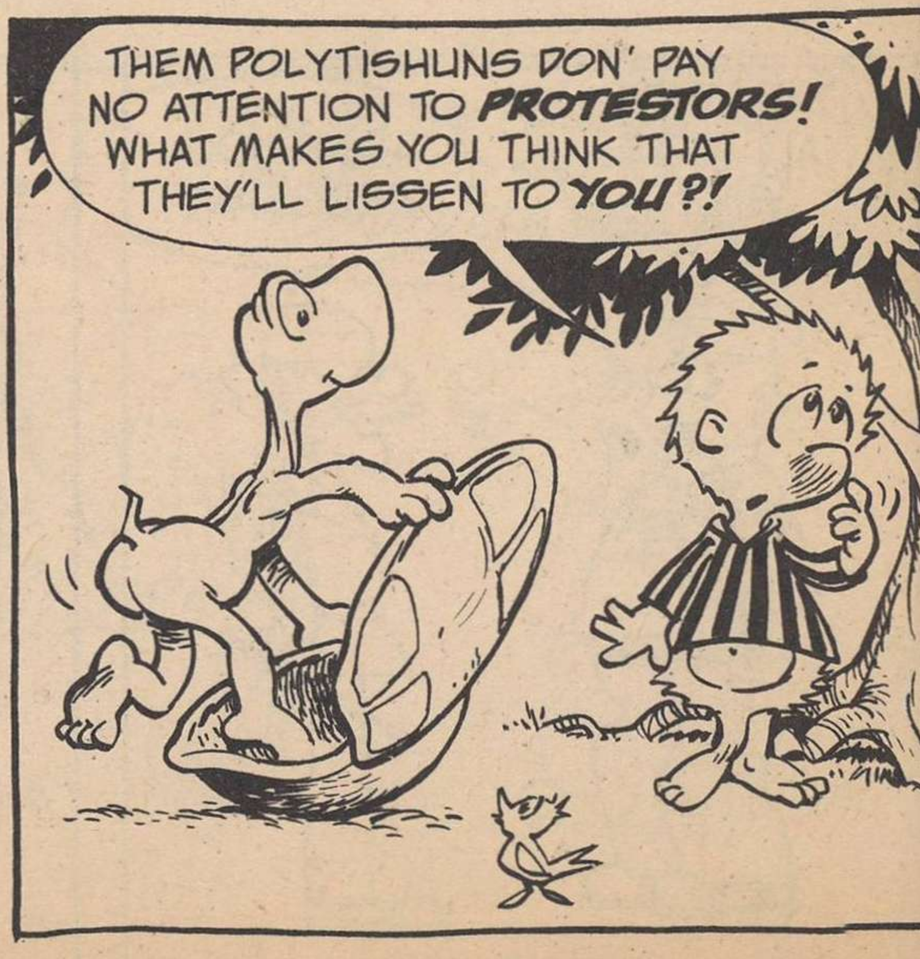
YOU **CLOWNS!** YOU PUT THE GLASS IN **BACKWARDS!!**

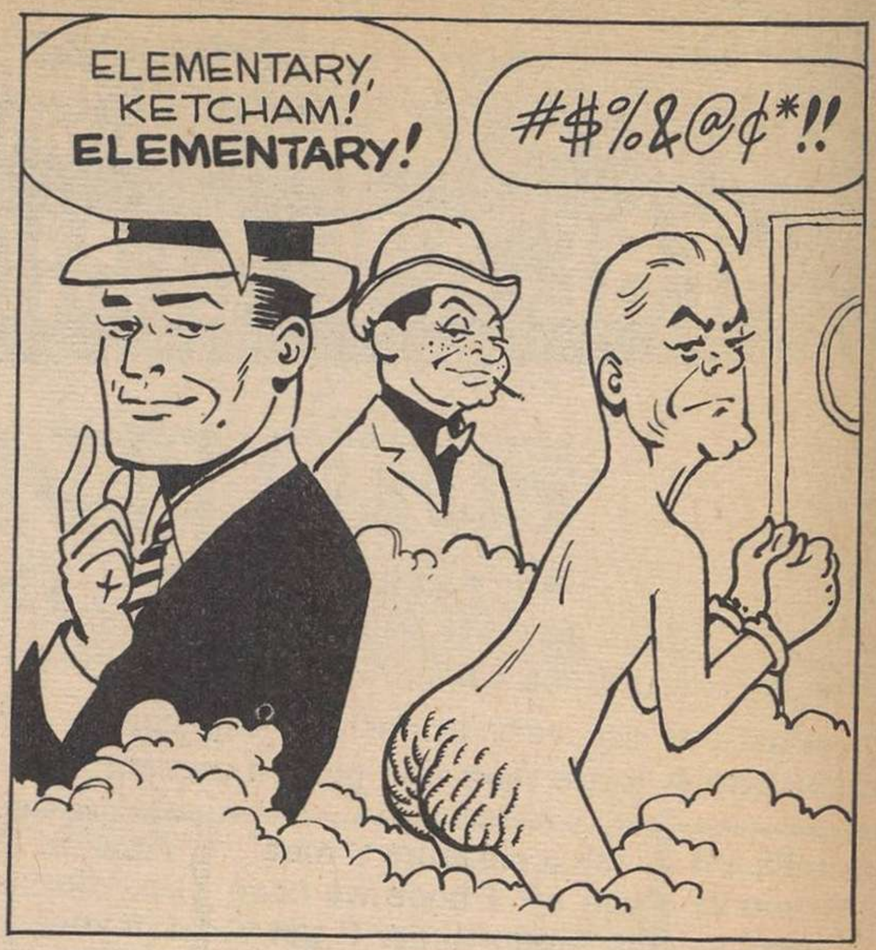
DICK TRACY

POPEYE

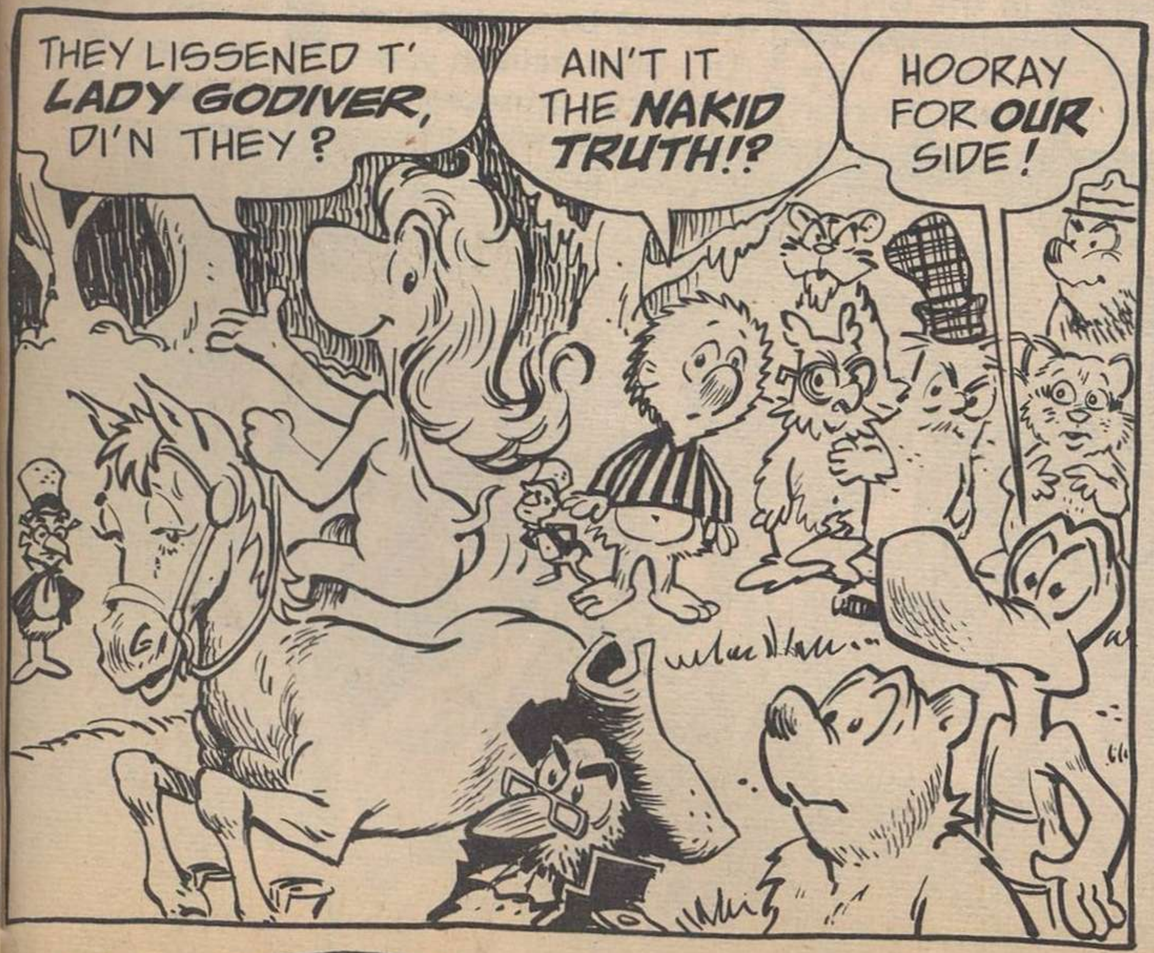


POGO





AND IF THIS "NUDITY TREND" CONTINUES, WHO KNOWS? YOU MAY EVEN BE SEEING THIS:



GOOD CONDUCT RIBBIN' DEPT.

The following article is based upon a never-to-be-published MAD book. This book will never be published because (1) there is no MAD writer qualified to write it, and (2) there is no MAD Editor qualified to edit it. This article is being published, however, because we suddenly realized there are no MAD readers qualified to comprehend it. So

HERE ARE SOME RANDOM CHAPTERS FROM...

Chapter One
INTRODUCTIONS

Introductions are very important, especially when there is more than one person present:

Sometimes an introduction serves as an "icebreaker":

When introducing Professional men, one must always include their credentials:

Very often, a hasty introduction must be made in the midst of busy workday activities. This is perfectly proper and acceptable:

THE MAD BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Chapter Four

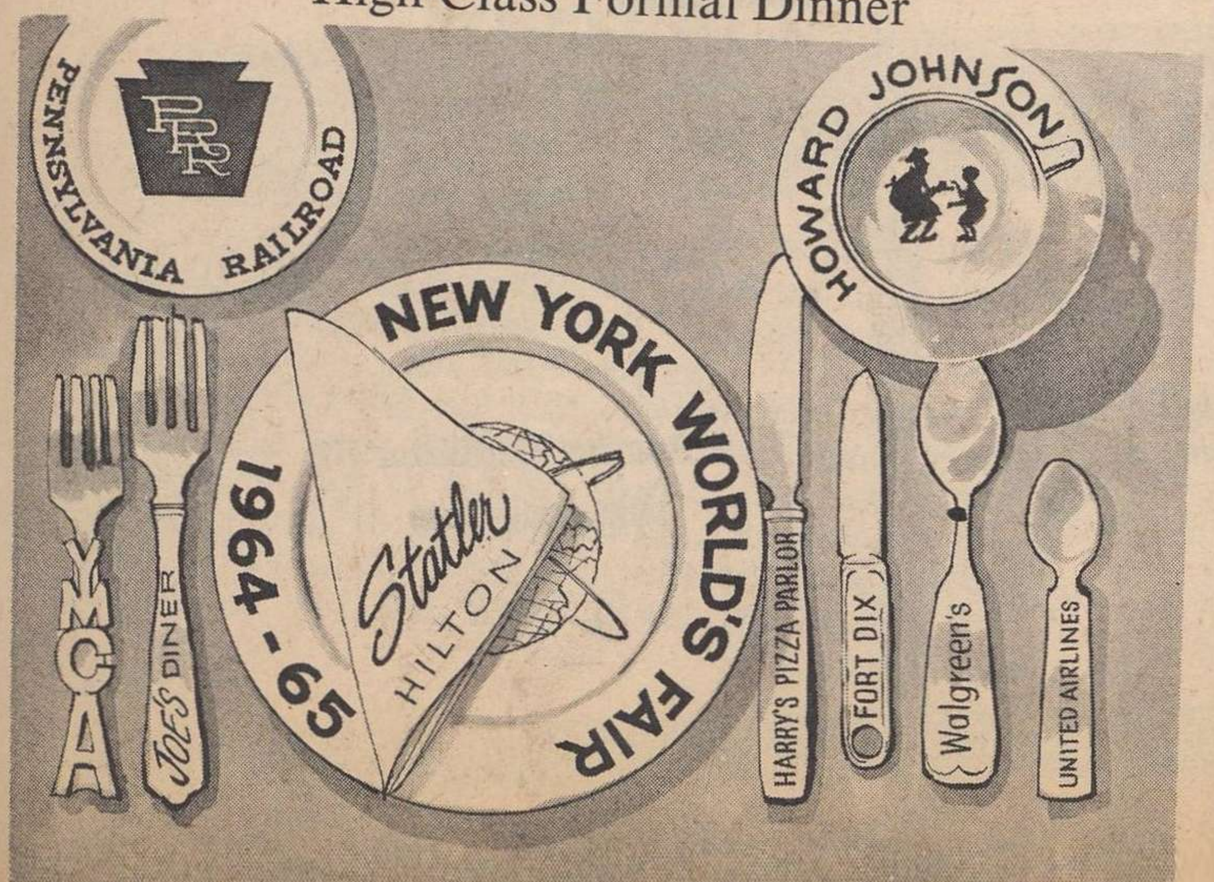
TABLE ETIQUETTE

Nowhere is etiquette more important than when dining. To test your knowledge of Table Etiquette, study the picture below of a formal dinner. There are 10 rules of etiquette that are being violated. How many of these can you find?

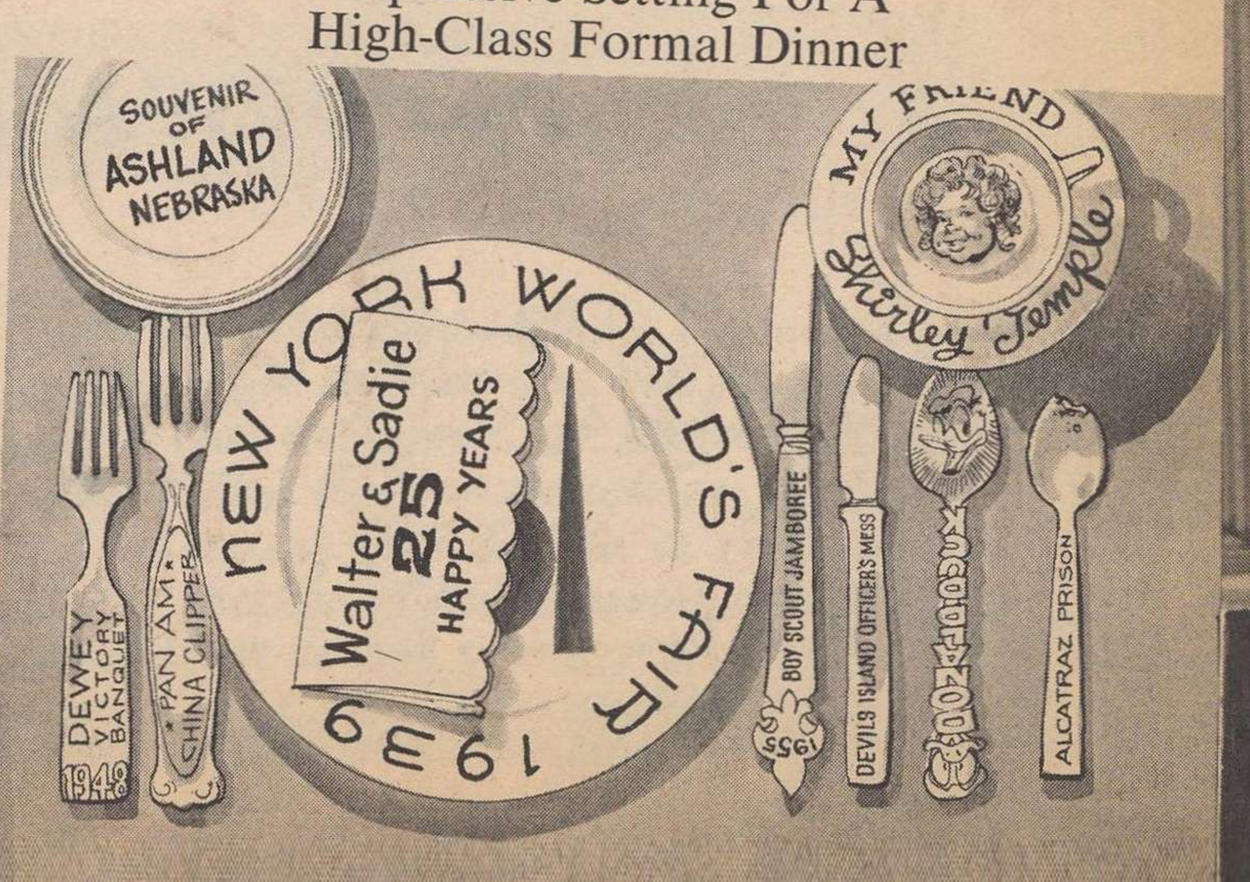
1. The gravy on the fat woman's blouse is from breakfast.
2. The man chewing on the lamb chop bone is a Vegetarian.
3. The man without a shirt is telling a dirty story at the table.
4. The man at far right is using both hands instead of one to hold the saucer he is drinking out of.
5. There is no cranberry sauce.
6. The man with the hat on is stabbing the roast with the wrong fork.
7. The man at far left was not invited.
8. The wine is vintage '63, a bad year.
9. The silverware still isn't paid for.
10. The woman in the dark overcoat has forgotten to wear her false teeth.

THE TABLE SETTING

Unimpressive Setting For A High-Class Formal Dinner



Impressive Setting For A High-Class Formal Dinner



Chapter Seven
PRINTED MATTER

A PROPER FORMAL INVITATION

Mr. Arnold Skagg
Local 514—Now On Strike
Brotherhood of Teamsters
Requests the Pleasure
of Your Company
At A Reception
To Bust Open The Heads
Of Two Dozen Scabs
At Eight O'clock
On The Morning of Monday
The Fifth of March
In Front of The
Finster Trucking Co. Garage

R.S.V.P. *Dress Optional*

A PROPER INFORMAL INVITATION

MASTER EDDIE MINKLE
AND
MISS NANCY GLOMP
REQUEST THE PLEASURE
OF THE COMPANY OF
ANY OTHER CURIOUS
KIDS FROM
KINDERGARTEN CLASS 4
TO PLAY DOCTOR
AFTER SCHOOL
ON THURSDAY
IN EDDIE'S BASEMENT

PROPER BUSINESS CARDS

Martin Finsternish And Company
Multi-Million Dollar Investments

Phoebe Finsternish
Power-Behind-The-Throne

U. S. Army
2nd Platoon B Company
5th Infantry Division

Pvt. Melvin Gruber
Latrine Orderly

Amalgamated Industries, Inc.

Robert Jones
Token Negro

City of South Bend
Department of Sanitation
Truck 16

Myron Sedgewick
Rancid Grease Specialist

SING SING PRISON

Elwood Mulvaney
#51764789
Finking and Stooling

Mainline Operations

Back Room
Schultz' Delicatessen
516 Main Street

Seymour Rocko
Chief Pusher

PROPER SOCIAL CARDS

Mrs. Veronica Hotstrut
Swinging Divorcee

New York Miami Paris Rome

Mrs. Brown's Snotty Little Kid
Randolph

F. Ramsey McAllister III
Crashing Bore

Chapter Nine
BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE

A PROPER LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

MAFIA ENTERPRISES
100 State Street, Chicago, Illinois

September 10, 1968

Mr. Otto Kling
Kling's Candy Store
Third and Market
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Kling:

This is to introduce Mr. Anthony "Slug" Fazio, one of our most efficient and trusted employees, who is eager to discuss with you a new service we are offering to small businessmen like yourself. We would greatly appreciate any courtesies you may care to extend to Mr. Fazio, like signing up immediately, so that he may have the opportunity to show his appreciation by refraining from blowing your head off.

Very truly yours,

Vincent Lasagna
Commissioner
Protection Division

A PROPER LETTER OF EXPLANATION

THE AMERICAN BLUEBLOOD SOCIETY
1776 Wasp Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Max Epstein
417 Freen Road
Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear Mr. Epstein:

It is with deep regret that the American Blueblood Society must turn down your request for membership.

We try to arrange our membership so every Profession is represented equally. And since we already have one member who is an Ornithological Neuro-Embryologist, we are sadly compelled to refuse your application.

Please do not think our decision was made for any personal or sectarian reasons.

Sincerely yours,

Harley Oxmounter III
Membership Secretary

Chapter Ten
PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

DECLINING AN INVITATION

Mr. Rocky "Fats" McGowan
International Longshoremen's Association
Regrets To Inform
Mr. Arnold Skagg
Brotherhood of Teamsters
That He is unable To Accept His
Kind Invitation
To Bust open The Heads
Of Two Dozen Scabs
Owing To A Previous Commitment
To Paralyze Shipping In
New York, Boston and Hoboken

WRITING A LETTER OF APOLOGY

Dear Mrs. Yulvey,
My husband and I are deeply sorry about our house being burned down by your son, Wilbur, yesterday.
We realize that we were at fault building it so close to Wilbur's play area.
I hope that he has recovered from his traumatic experience.

Sincerely yours,
Margo Furmfet

WRITING A LETTER OF THANK-YOU

Dear Mrs. Forsythe:
I so enjoyed attending the meeting of the Southside Neighborhood Political Discussion Group at your home last Friday evening.
Thank you for inviting me.
During the spirited question and answer period, I seem to have lost my upper dentures. Should they turn up, I would appreciate your mailing them back to me here at the Critical Ward of St. Theresa's Hospital, where I am told I will be for the next three weeks.

Sincerely,
Waldo Fetlock

Written for him by
Sister Maria Flavia

WRITING A LETTER OF COMPLAINT

Mrs. Quincy Gribbish

Dear Mrs. Eggrott,
This is to inform you that for the third time this week, our St. Bernard, Dusty, was bitten by your daughter, Sylvia.
Considering that Sylvia is 17 years old, I am shocked at her behavior, and I suggest that from now on, you keep her on a leash.

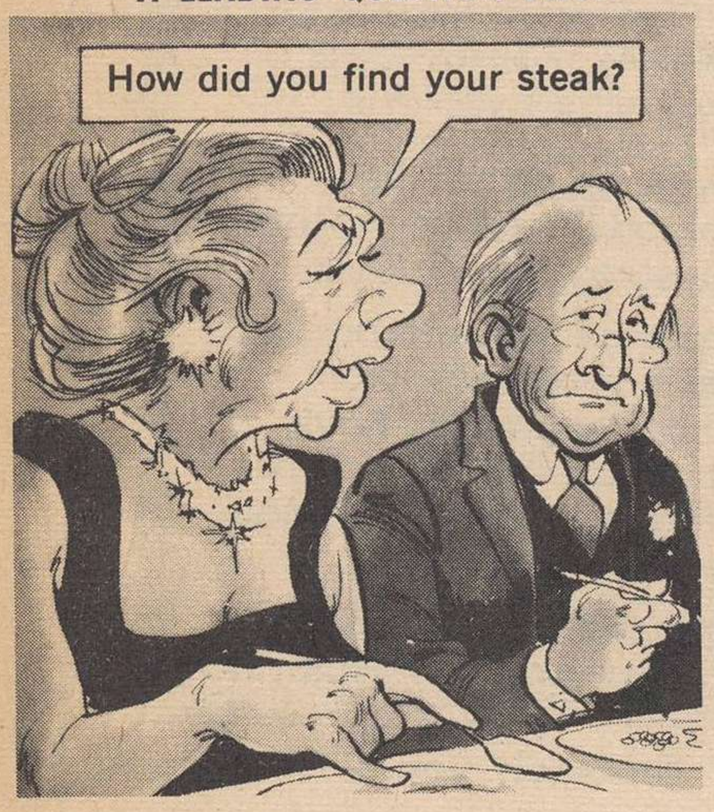
Sincerely,
Velma T. Gribbish

Chapter Eleven
PROPER CONVERSATION

CONVERSATION AT THE DINNER TABLE

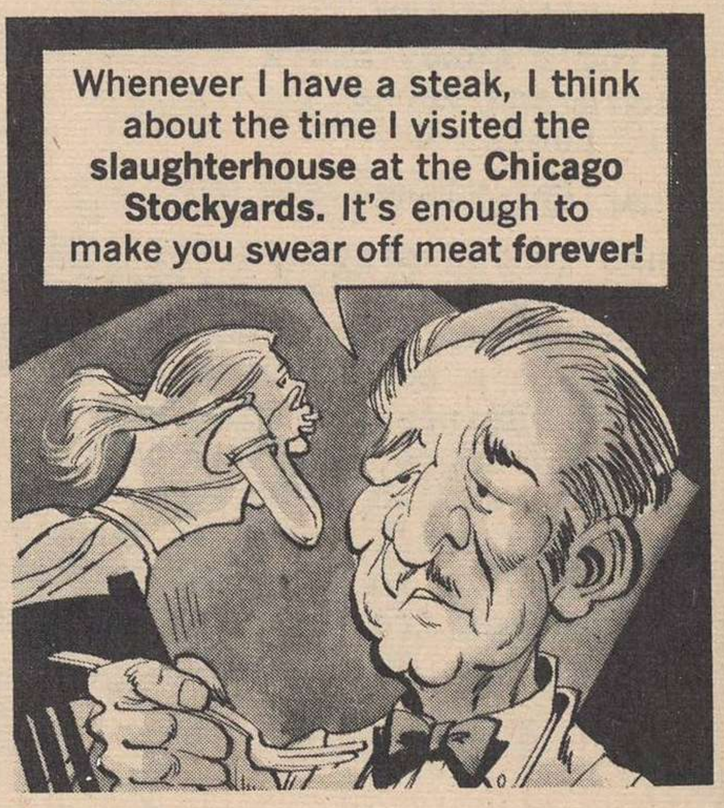
The well-mannered dinner guest is never obnoxious. He makes every effort to be gracious, considerate and charming, even if he is not enjoying his meal.

WHEN THE HOSTESS ASKS A LEADING QUESTION LIKE:



THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST REPLIES RUDELY LIKE THIS:

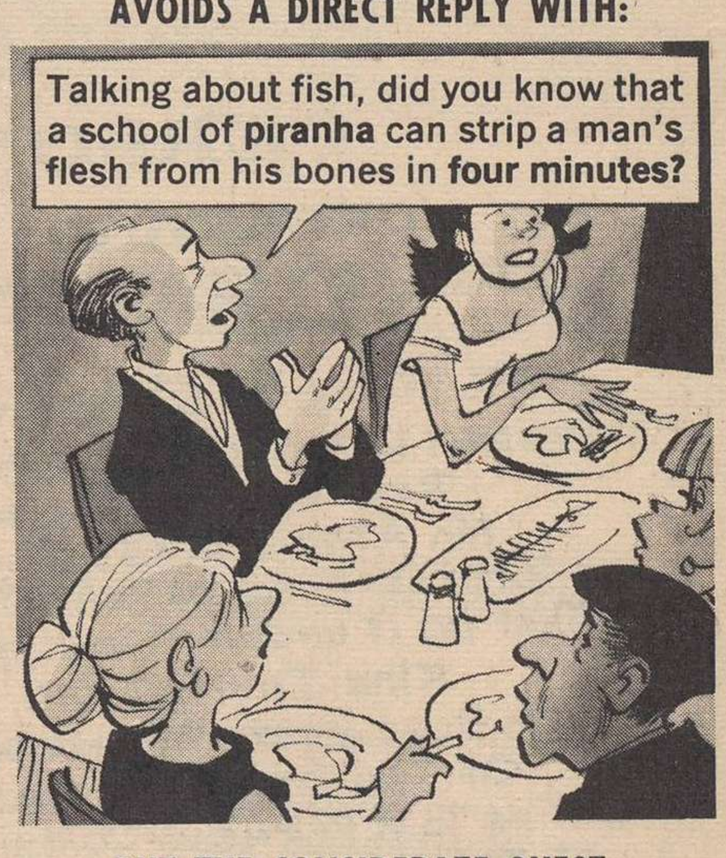
BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST SIDESTEPS THE QUESTION:



WHEN THE HOSTESS MAKES A KIND STATEMENT LIKE:

THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST RETORTS SNIDELY LIKE THIS:

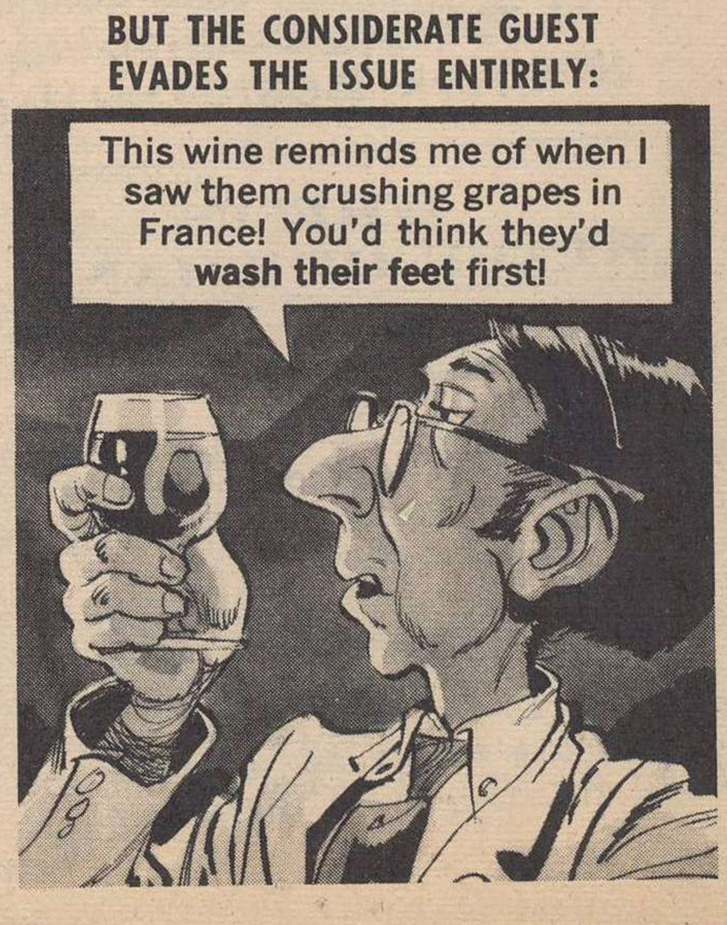
BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST AVOIDS A DIRECT REPLY WITH:



WHEN THE HOSTESS SEEMS CONCERNED, AND SAYS:

THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST SNAPS BACK INSULTINGLY:

BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST EVADES THE ISSUE ENTIRELY:



THE USE OF SLANG IN CONVERSATION

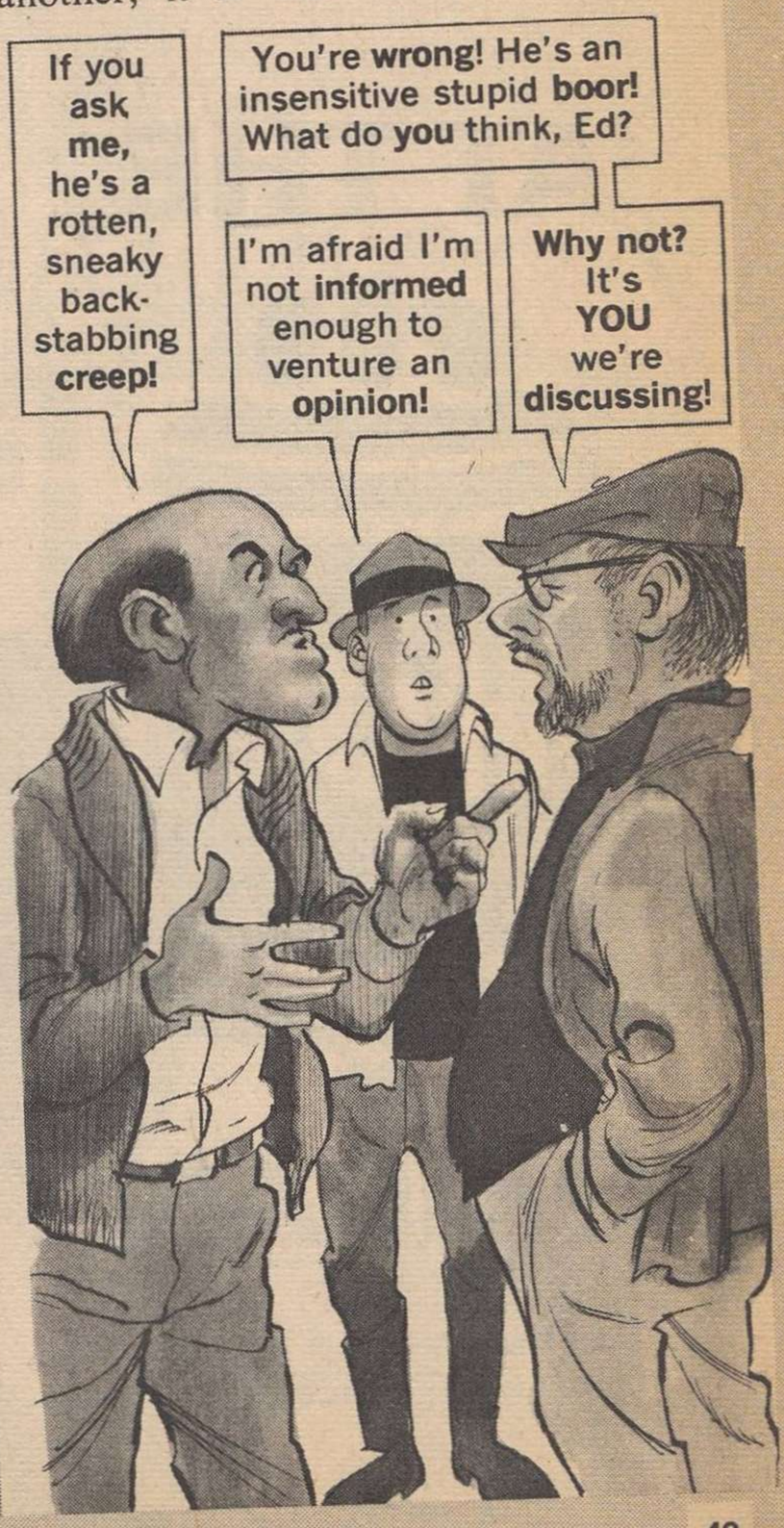
When a word is vulgar, low-class or improper, it is better to use a refined substitute:

THE SOCIAL PLEASANTRIES IN CONVERSATION

It is always bad form to ask a personal question of someone you do not know well.

When a personal question backfires, try to get out of it by changing the subject.

When a person is viciously attacked by another, it is wise not to take sides.



INSIDE OUCH DEPT.

Here we go with an expanded version of our series which explores the hidden worlds where dedicated people are working long and hard in an attempt to make our lives miserable! Here is a 4-page

MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE PHONE COMPANY

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: EARLE DOUD

We'll have to ask you for a **$300 deposit** before we can install your telephone! I've looked over your application, and even though you've been on the same job for 20 years, you only make **$94 a week**... so we **must** consider you a **financial risk!**

Yeah, but it's the **Telephone Company** I've been **working** for!

We picked up another **$4000** in **phone deposits** today, Mr. Finch!

Good! Invest **$2000** in **IBM,** another **$1000** in **RCA,** and I think the **boys upstairs** want to invest in a **Musical!**

This is Mr. Glower, Miss! You say you're only **twenty-one years old,** and you **live alone,** and you've been getting obscene **phone calls?** That's **terrible!** Now, you just relax and tell **me** what they've been **saying** to you on the phone! Don't leave out a **single thing!** Go **right ahead,** dear!

WALL STREET

TOMBOY

Yes, Ma'am! Just call back and ask for **Operator 14,** and **I'll take care of you?**

I **KNOW** you want **Operator 14!** But **WHICH** Operator 14? We're **ALL** Operator 14! There are **2000** of us **Operator 14's!**

Miss Terde, why are you the **only girl** tending this **switchboard?**

Because **mine** is the **only** position **working!** We called **Emergency Repair** and they said they'd send somebody up here as soon as possible!

When did you **call?**

About **two weeks ago!**

Hold on, sir! I'm **checking** that number as fast as I **can,** sir! *(CLICK!)*

So anyway, Jim and Betty and Jack and I went up to this **groovy place** in the **mountains . . .** and we had enough food and Acapulco gold for a **week,** so we—

Directory Assistance! May I help you...?

I would like the number of Joe's Diner at 3 Main Street!

Would you **repeat the name?**

Joe's Diner! JOE'S DINER!!

I do not find a **listing** for a **Joe Steiner** at that address! What was the **address** again?

It's **NOT Joe Steiner!** It's **Joe's DINER!** And the address is **3 Main Street!**

I SAID Joe Steiner, sir! That's what I **said!** Now, would you **spell** it, please?

Joe's Diner! J...O...E...

I **KNOW** how to spell **"Joe",** sir! It's probably **Joseph, anyway!** Joseph Steiner...

It's **NOT** Steiner! It's **DINER! DINER!** Like where you **EAT,** Operator!

I'm not permitted to **give out** personal information like where I **eat,** sir!

I don't **CARE** where you eat, Operator! All I want is the phone number of **Joe's Diner!**

I have **several** Joe's Diners listed, sir! **Which** Joe's Diner do you **want?**

The Joe's Diner at **3 Main Street!**

I'm sorry, sir, but there **is** no Joe's Diner on **Tremaine Street!**

I never **said** Tremaine Street! **Dummy! DUMMY!!**

I'm sorry, sir, but there is no Joe's Diner on **Dummy Street, either!**

Main Street! MAIN!! MAIN!!

That number is listed in your Directory...

I don't **HAVE** a Directory! If I **HAD** a Directory, I would've **looked it up** instead of having to go through **THIS!!**

If you will give me your **name** and **address,** I'll see to it that you **receive** a Directory!

Forget it, Operator!

I've got a **Preacher** here, talking to a **Little Old Lady School Teacher!**

And I've got a **Dope Pusher** here, talking to a **Call Girl!**

Great! You give me the **Dope Pusher** and I'll connect him with the **Little Old Lady School Teacher,** and you take the **Preacher** and plug him into the **Call Girl!**

You sound **real cute, too!** How **tall** are you? What color **hair?** What color **eyes? Married?** I'm not supposed to **talk** to you like this! Besides, I don't **make** dates with **strangers!** So where can we **meet first?**

I've told you **six times,** sir— I do not have a **listing** for that name! **What** was the name again?

This jerk wants to talk to a **Supervisor!**

Hey, it's **MY** turn to be a Supervisor!

No, it's not! You were a Supervisor **last week!** It's **my** turn!

My husband **works here** and I'm **just visiting,** so I've never **played** "Supervisor"! How about letting **ME** be Supervisor just this once?

I'm **sorry,** sir, but there is **no listing** for the **name** you gave me with the **spelling** you gave me at the **address** you gave . . . **Oh, you didn't?!** Well, what **IS** the name, the spelling, and the address?

MOVIE MUCK

Today, girls, we are going to learn about the **"clicker"!** That's the **little switch** on the left of your board. All you do is keep cutting in on people's calls by flicking this switch! It makes a **click-click-clicking sound,** and people think their **lines** are being **tapped!** So they request to have their **numbers changed,** and **we** earn an **extra service fee!**

Now, please do not confuse the **"clicker"** with the **red switch** to the **right** of your board! That's the one that gives off the **ear-piercing screech** which people often get right after they dial, causing them to **hang up** and make their call **again . . .** thereby giving our company **many extra call charges!**

Now, the **guy** is saying to her, "I **love** you, and I must **see** you!" and **she's** saying, "No, **not today,** my **husband** is due home from his **Lineman's job** at **4 o'clock,** and . . ."

Hey! It's **my OWN PHONE** I'm tapping!

I'm **sorry,** but the number you have reached is **not in service** at this time!

C'mon! C'mon! That's not **nasty** enough! It's got too much **warmth!** This is the **Telephone Company** . . . not **Sunnybrook Farm!** And you're a **telephone operator** . . . not **Rebecca!** Try it again!

DING DONG SCHOOL

I'm sorry you're **upset,** Madam . . . but I cannot **give** you my **name!** The Telephone Company does not **allow us** to give customers our **names!**

I'm sorry you're **upset,** Madam! What was the operator's **name?** Well, how can I **report** her if you didn't get her **name?**

You say your house is **on fire,** sir? I'm **sorry,** but there **is** a special Police and Fire **number,** sir! That's **911!** All you have to do is **dial . . .** Well, the fire **can't** have reached the phone **yet,** sir, because you're **talking** on it! All right, sir! You don't have to get **nasty** about it! I'll be **glad** to report it! Now . . . where **is** the fire **exactly,** and how **big** is it, and when did it **start . . .**

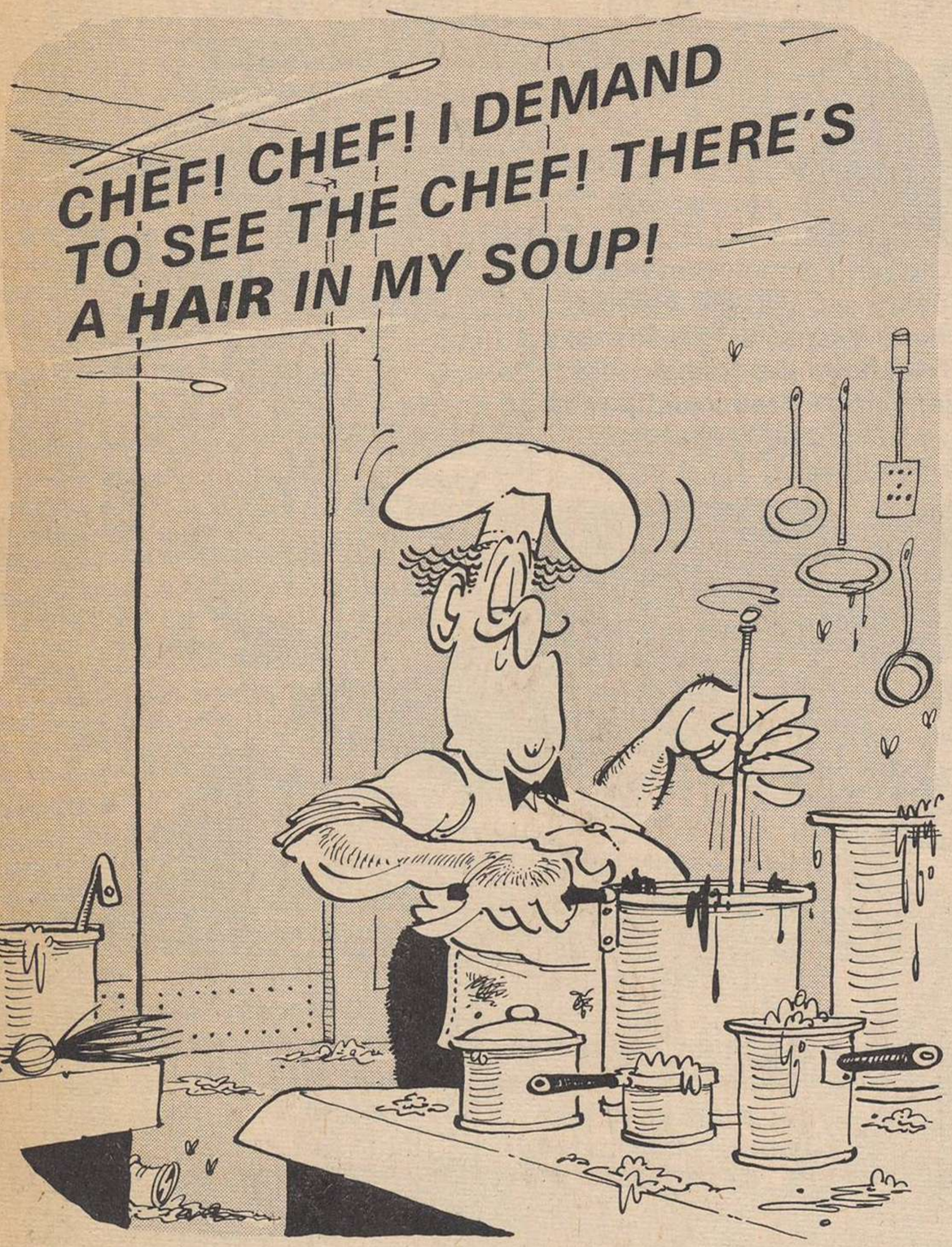
It says: Connect **line R** to **terminal L,** and **line F** to **lug B!**

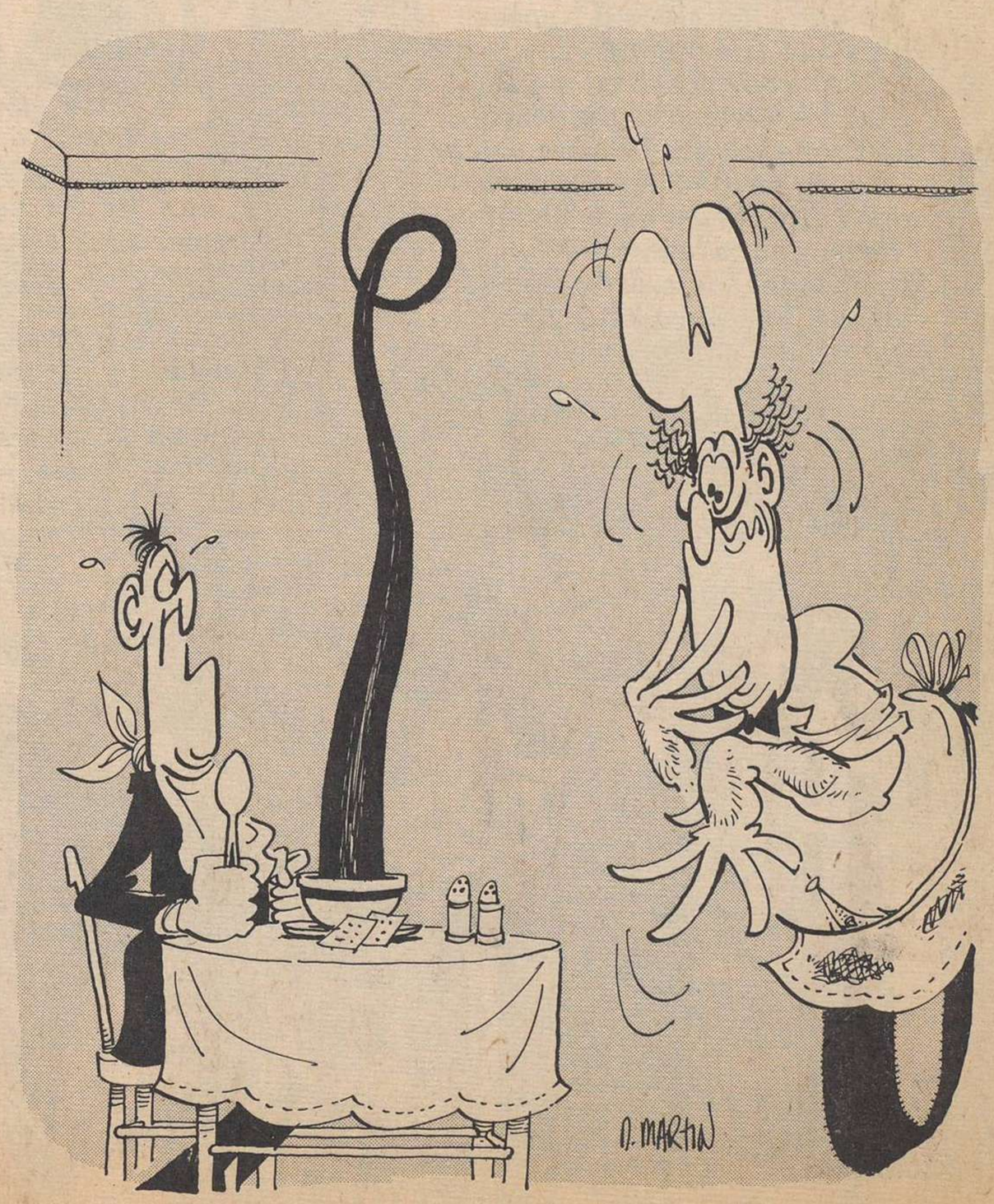
Wait a minute! If that's where **line F** goes, then what's **this** doing **here,** and what the devil is **THIS?!**

I've got an idea! **Connect everything** to **everything else . . .** and then, as the people call in **one at a time to complain,** we'll straighten it all out!

NOT ME!! I just spilled **coffee** into that box and **sparks flew out!** I'm not goin' **NEAR** that thing!

ONE NIGHT IN A RESTAURANT

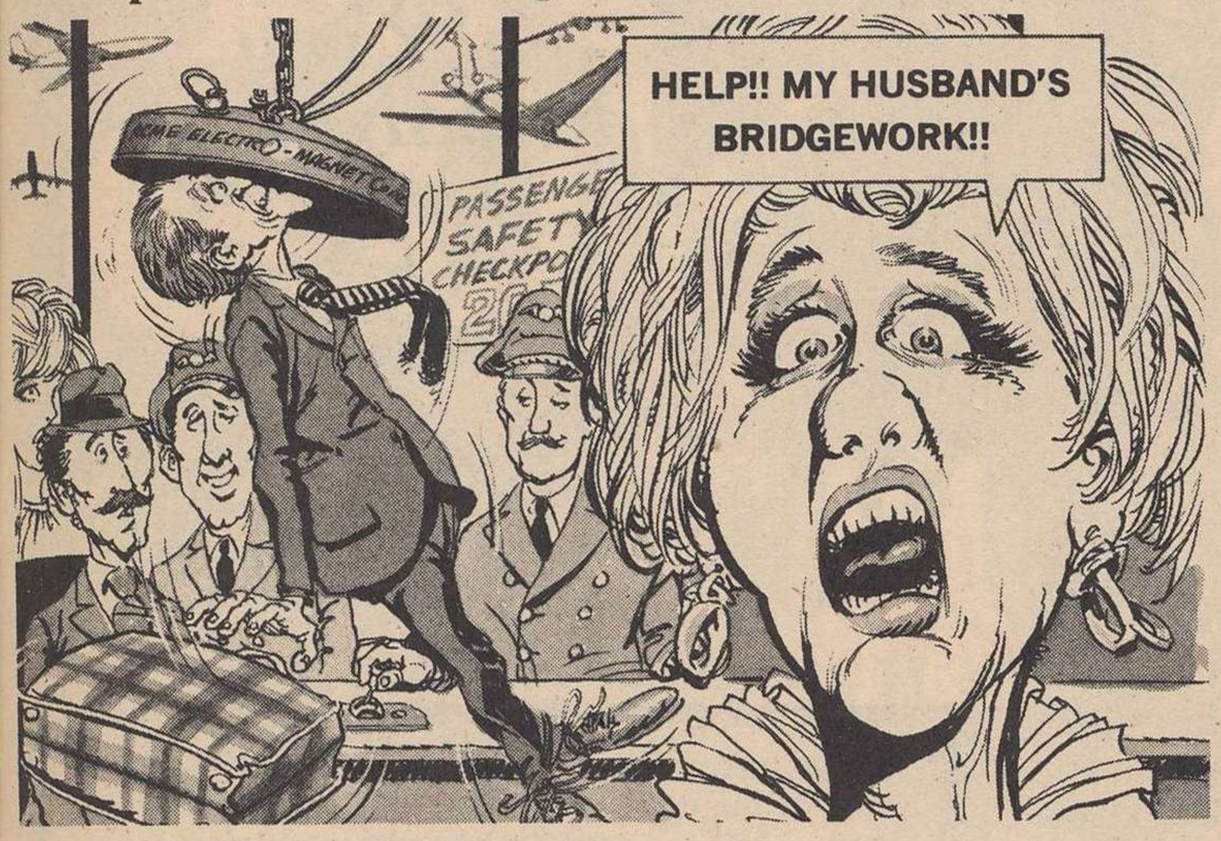




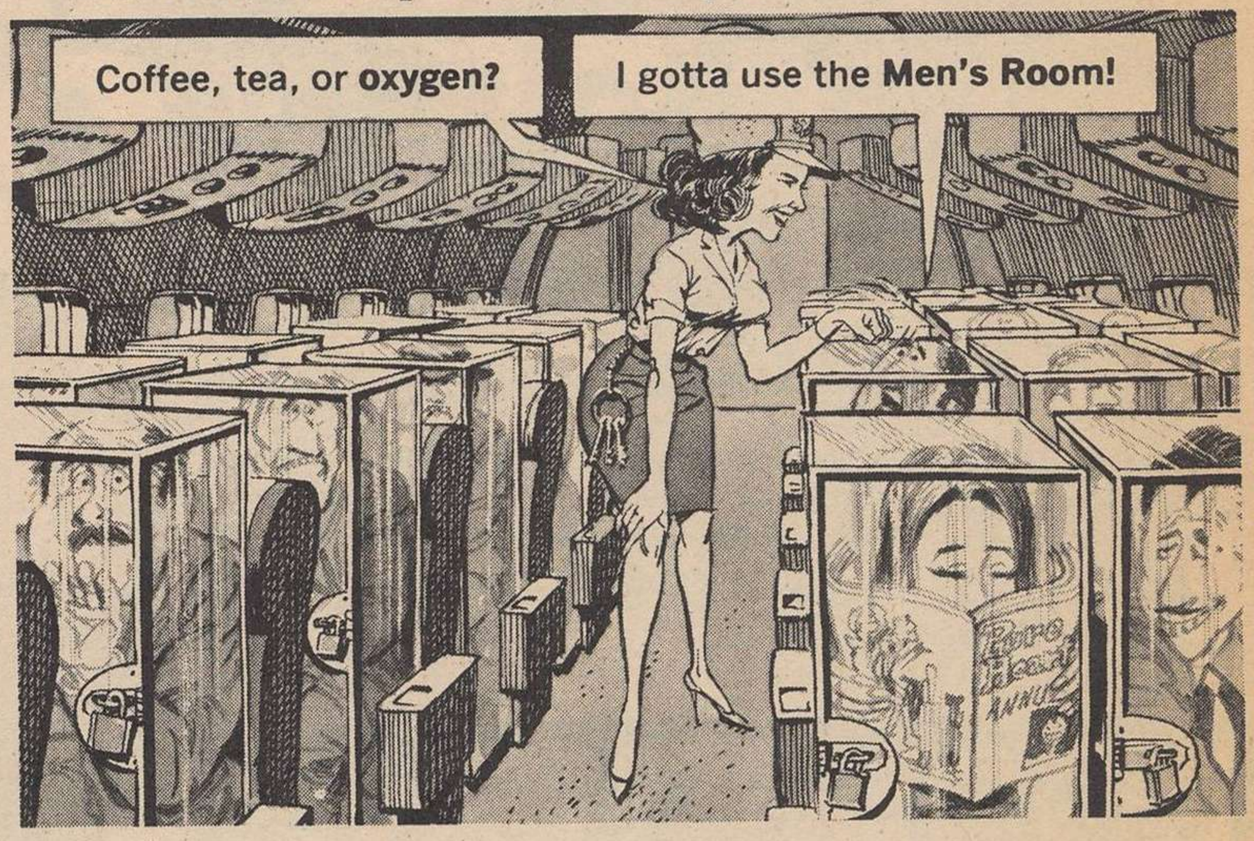
UP, UP AND OLÉ DEPT.

Today's airlines offer passengers many "extras" including comfy slippers, steak broiled on board, furry blankets, hostesses in mini-skirts, Hollywood movies, and so on. But there's one "extra" they can't offer . . . and that's a guarantee to fly directly to where you want to go! We're referring, of course, to the hijacking problem. To date, two dozen planes have been hijacked by Castro-ites and forced at gunpoint to fly to Havana. Is there a solution to this situation? Several suggestions have been offered, including the following . . .

Use an electronic detection device or ultra-high-powered electro-magnet to screen each passenger for any concealed weapons such as knives, pistols, rifles and hand grenades.

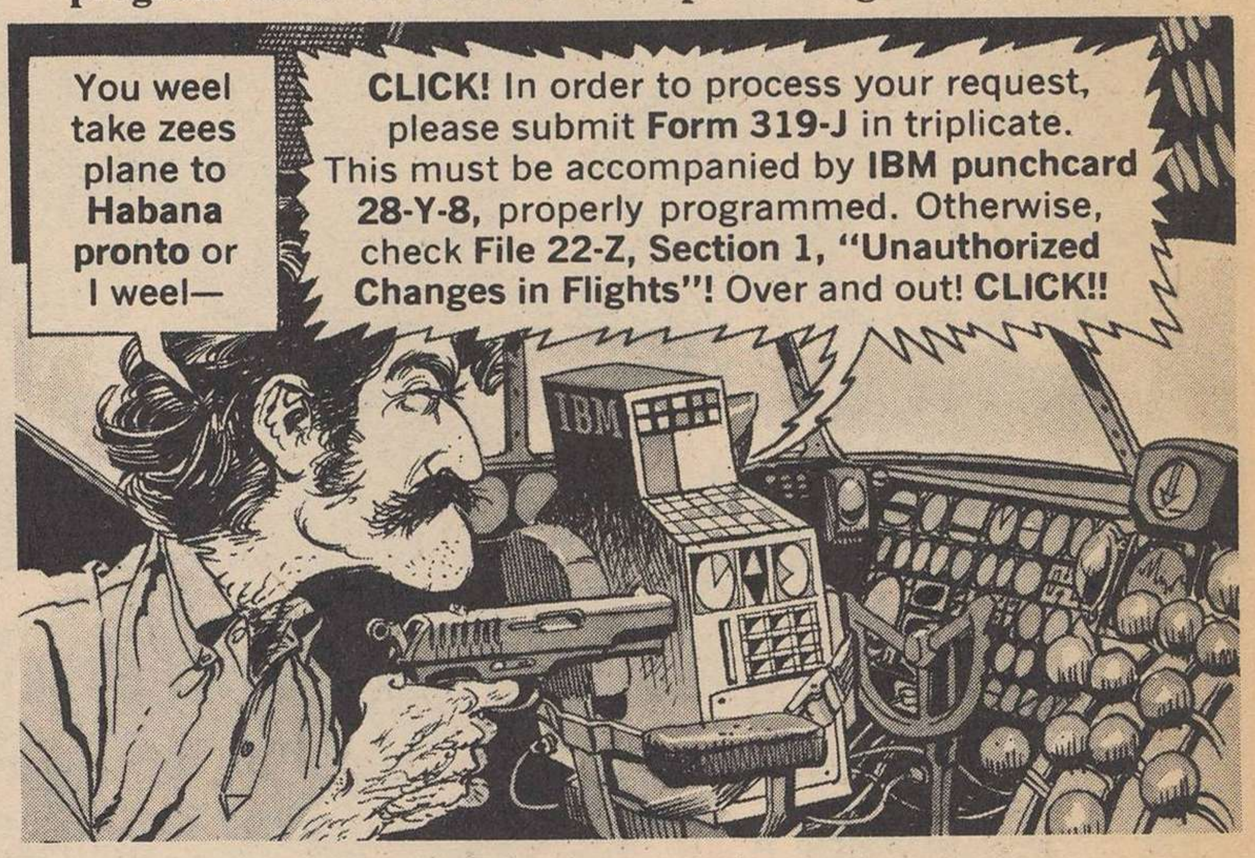


Immediately upon boarding, place each passenger in his own separate, bullet-proof, air-conditioned glass booth. These booths will be kept locked until plane has landed safely.



Enclose all hostesses inside special armor-plated capsules, making it impossible for hijackers to use them as hostages.

Replace live airline pilots with automated computers, and program them in advance for specific flight destinations.



Now compare those ridiculous suggestions with...

THE MAD PLAN FOR HALTING THE HIJACKING OF PLANES

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

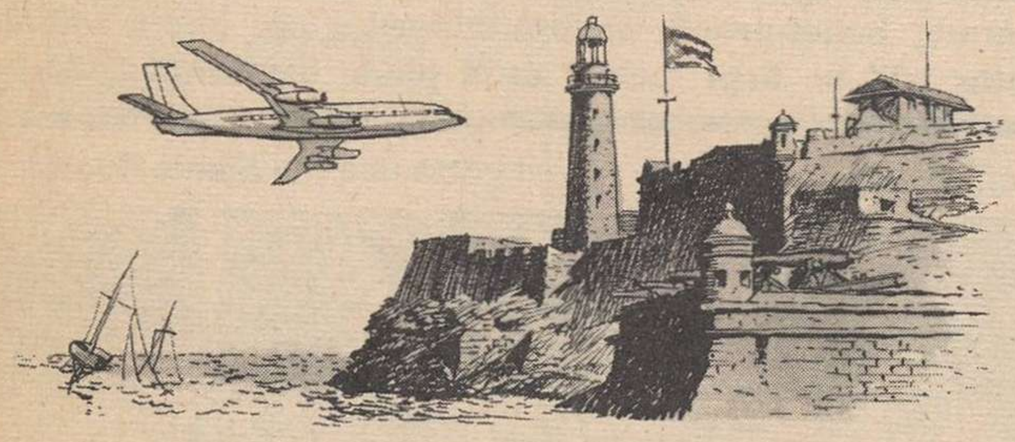
ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO END THE HIGHJACKING MENACE IS OFFER...

FREE WEEKLY PLANE TRIPS TO HAVANA

And if every airline cooperates, we can look forward to . . .

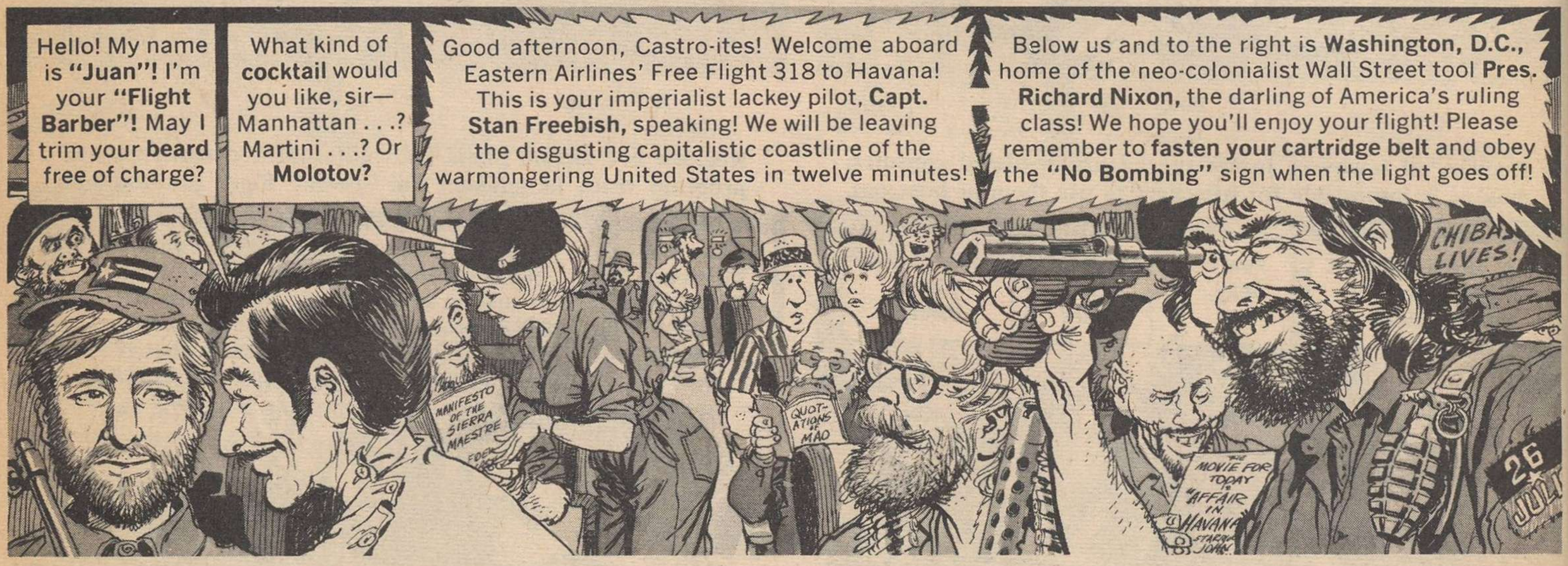
COPPING OUT TO HAVANA?

PAN-AM makes the going great!



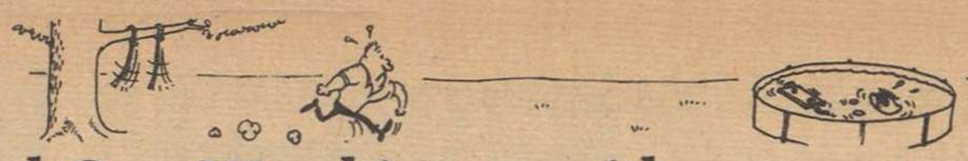
Only Pan-Am's Free "Cuban Guerilla Express" Provides:

Free Gun Racks	Arroz con Pollo cooked right on the plane	Hostesses dressed in fashionable field dungarees	Unlimited drinks in our beautiful Mao Tse Tung Lounge



A PERFECT SOLUTION? OF COURSE! EXCEPT THAT IT WOULDN'T LAST!

Because sooner or later, the poor clods who can't afford to pay to fly to *other* places will cop to what's going on, and then the next thing we know—



Attention, all Gun Lovers, Gun Collectors and Gun Worshippers with no sense of humor! Please skip this next article! We'd hate to get any of you guys sore, because—when you get right down to it—what ELSE is a gun for? As for the rest of you clods who can't stand killing . . . we hope you get a bang out of MAD's version of a typical "Gun Magazine". We call it . . .

PASSIONATE GUN LOVE

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEVOTED GUN WORSHIPPER

Jan. 1970 50¢ IN REAL COINS (Save All Your Slugs For Your COLT .45's)

"I Cleaned An Unloaded Gun— And Lived!"

THE STORY OF A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME MIRACLE

●●●

California's Exciting New Sport:

HUNTING SQUIRRELS WITH 50mm. CANNONS

●●●

Ease Your Conscience About Hunting (If You Have Any):

RABBITS ENJOY BEING SHOT!

●●●

"I WENT HUNTING WITH A NEARSIGHTED BUDDY . . . AND FOUND GOD!"

By The Late Ferdie Flumme

●●●

A HEART-WARMING MEMOIR:

"The Most Unforgettable Duck I Ever Slaughtered"

●●●

WOWIE! ZOWIE! GROOVY!

This Month's Sexy Fold-Out:

A .25 CALIBRE VARMINT GUN— COMPLETELY STRIPPED DOWN!!

IN THIS ISSUE: *"106 Exciting Ways To Make Love To Your Gun"* **—106— COUNT 'EM —106—**

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

How About This Little Sweetheart?

Wouldn't you like to own her?

This dandy little weapon killed 4 Presidents, 2 Kings, an Emperor, 3 Arch-Dukes and 1 Commie Tsar. Now you can re-live history in your own home with this adorable little antique gun. Why not shoot something ancient with it, like a grandfather clock... or even a grandfather!

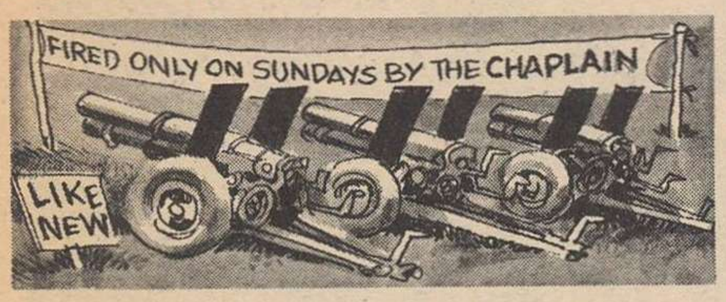
ONLY $112.00 POSTPAID

THE HOUSE OF KILL

1315 Peaceful Lane, Pleasantville, N. Y.

WE'RE OVERSTOCKED!

Boy, is our face red! We went ahead and bought out an entire Army Ordnance Warehouse, and now we're stuck with seventy-eight 105 mm Howitzers! What do you say, Minutemen and American Nazis out there in gun-loving readership land? Wanna take one or two of these beauties off our hands?



These weapons are keen for insurrections, or fun wars among yourselves! They're the ideal thing for chasing away those "Integration Blues"! Be the only one on your block to own a genuine surplus 155 mm. Howitzer! Then—in no time at all—be the only one on your block!

Regular Price: $14,500 | **OUR SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE $39.95 (Two for $75.00)**

At all A&P (Artillery & Projectile) Stores

TRADING STAMPS? OF COURSE! SAVE $1.00 WITH THIS AD!

A Great Gimmick for your Smoker Friends!

This neat little Colt Cobra .38 replica looks like a real gun and feels like a real gun. But when the smoker picks it up, holds it to the end of his cigarette, and pulls the trigger . . . SURPRISE!! It *is* a real gun! A great conversation piece on the way to the hospital or morgue!

Only $24.95

Gun Fun And Games BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

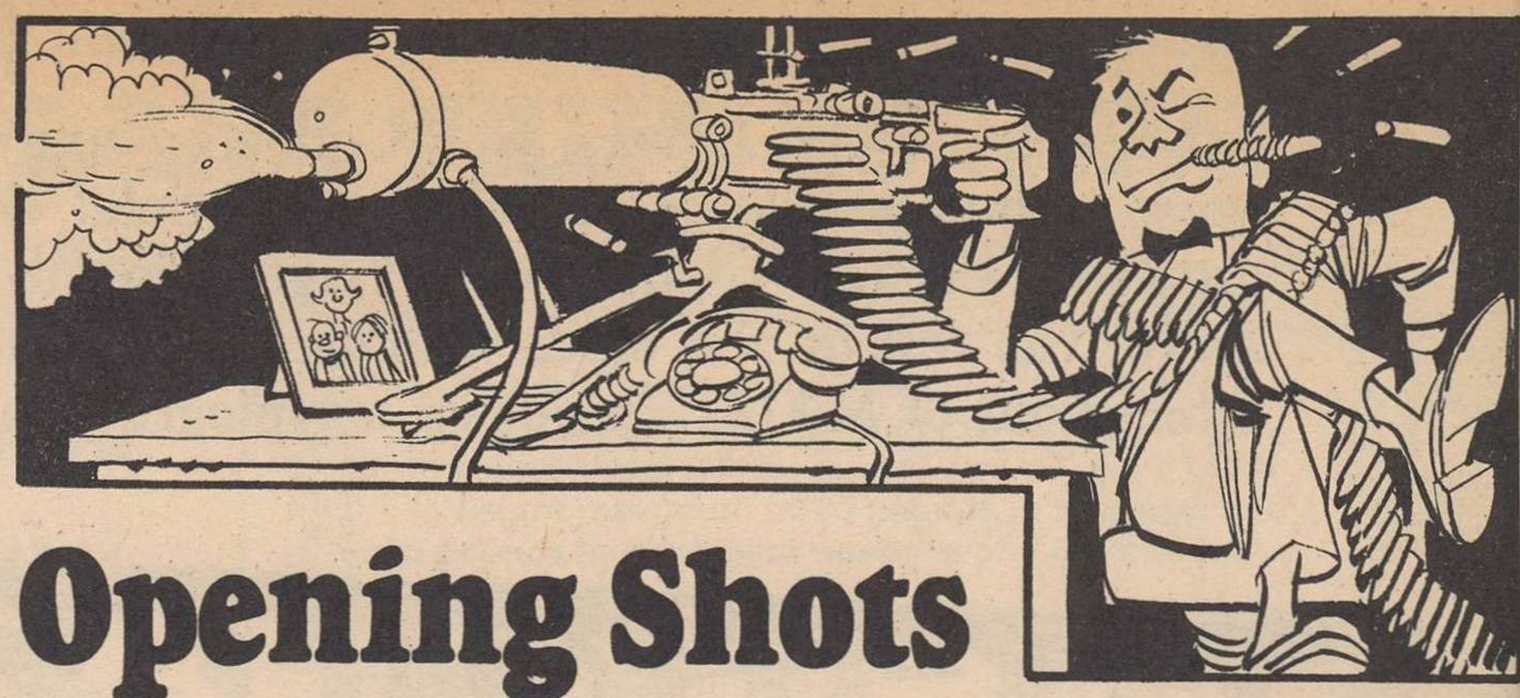
Sometimes A Gun's Best Friend Won't Even Tell It!

If you kiss your gun once after an exciting kill . . . will you kiss it again? It could be its barrel! Let's face it, gun oil and gun powder aromas are not always the most pleasant things in social hunting situations!

Why Not Try...

KLORO-FILL BULLETS

They get rid of B.O. (Barrel Odor), and make your gun "kissing sweet"!



Opening Shots

AN EDITORIAL BY THE PUBLISHER

Hi, there, shooters!

I don't know about you, but I'm angry! I mean, *really* angry! There's talk in Washington again about registering guns. In other words, they want to treat us gun owners like common criminals! Well, I think the time has come for us to notify the Government that we gun owners are all fine, upstanding, decent American patriots . . . and we'll shoot any Commie in Congress or sex pervert on the Supreme Court who says we're not!

Sure, they keep saying, "All we want to do is *register* your guns." Well, shooters, you know and I know that that's only the first step! The next thing you know, they'll *take away* our guns! Then they'll take away our *hunting knives!* Then they'll outlaw *wounding* and *maiming* and *killing* . . . and before you know it, that's the *end* of the *American Way of Life!*

Oh, those degenerates in Washington are clever! They say, "What's *wrong* with registering guns? We register *dogs,* don't we?" Well, nobody is going to register *my* guns! And nobody is going to register my *dog's* guns, either!

Those Atheistic-Marxists say, "Take away guns, and you stop murders." Well, that's a lot of baloney, and they know it! You take away guns, and people will find *other* things to kill with . . . like sticks, and rocks, and ax handles, and axes! I can prove it! Just the other day, I killed my Commie neighbor at 19 yards with my Smith-Corona Portable Typewriter. If a typewriter thrown by a *Patriot* can kill a *Commie,* what's going to stop unarmed *murderers* from killing *human beings?* Answer that, you Washington Bleeding Heart Liberals!

Owning guns is an American Heritage! Every citizen has the right to bear arms. It was written into the Constitution by our forefathers in the 1700's. Take away the people's guns, you Washington Finks, and who's going to stop the Redcoats?

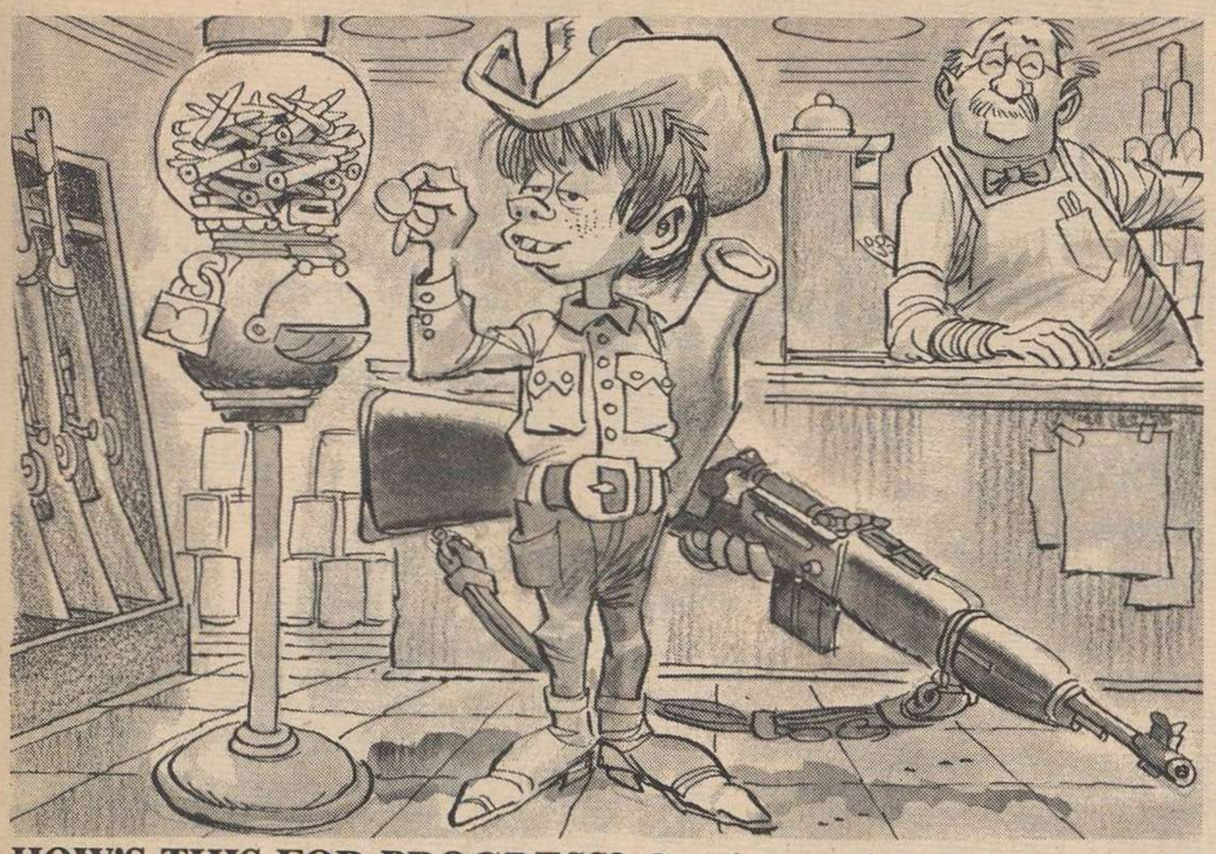
Is there anything more beautiful and patriotic than an American family sitting around their living room on a Winter's evening, cleaning their guns together? Take my family, for instance. Guns have always been a way of life with us. We own 114 guns . . . and every night, I clean mine. Every night, my late Patriotic wife, Cynthia, used to clean hers, too. So did my late Patriotic son, Buck, and my late Patriotic daughter, Betsy, and my late Patriotic twins, Andy and Randy, and my still living but crippled Patriotic brother, Fred, (before he blew off his fingers).

Why *DO* those Washington Pinkos want us to register our guns? I'll tell you the *real* reason! They want to get us down to their offices. And then they want to hand us pens, and forms to fill out. And then they want to *embarrass* us! Because they *know* that many gun-owners can't write!

So how about it, shooters? When they say, "Down with guns" . . . let's answer with, "UP YOUR BARRELS!!"

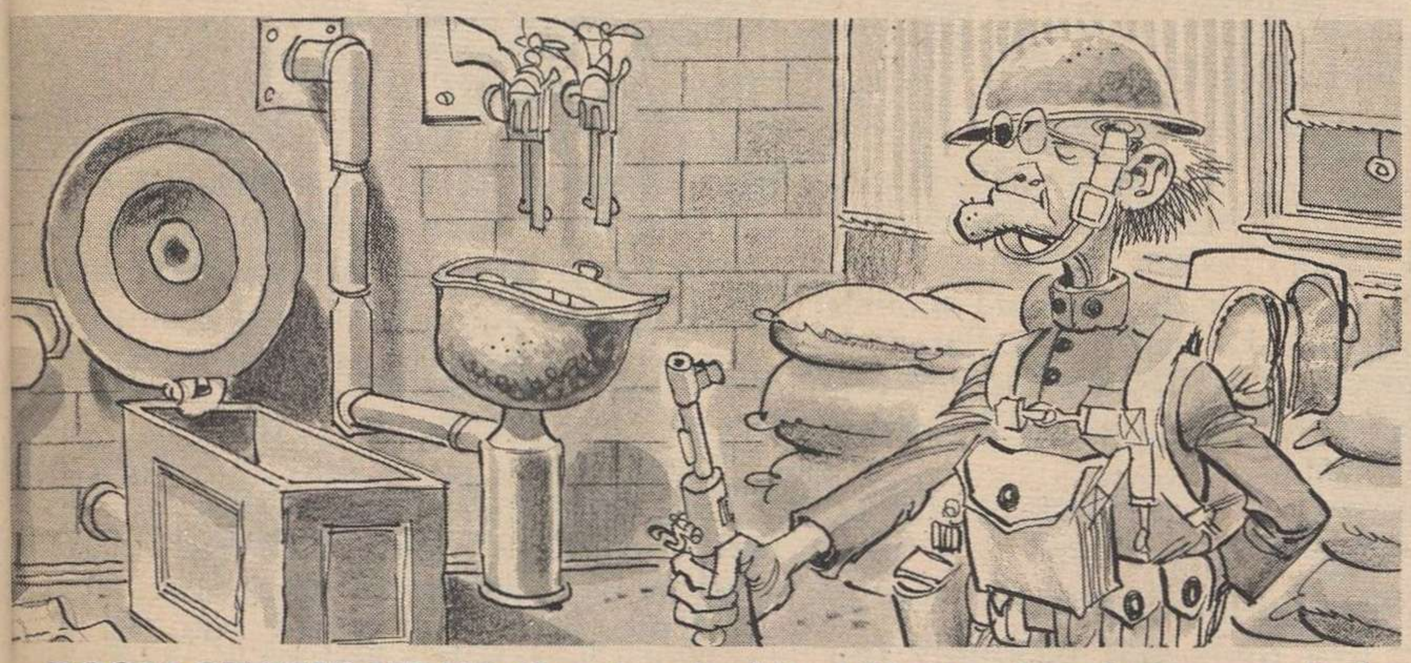
GUN SHOTS FROM ALL OVER

A Pictorial Run-Down of What's New in the Exciting World of Weapons

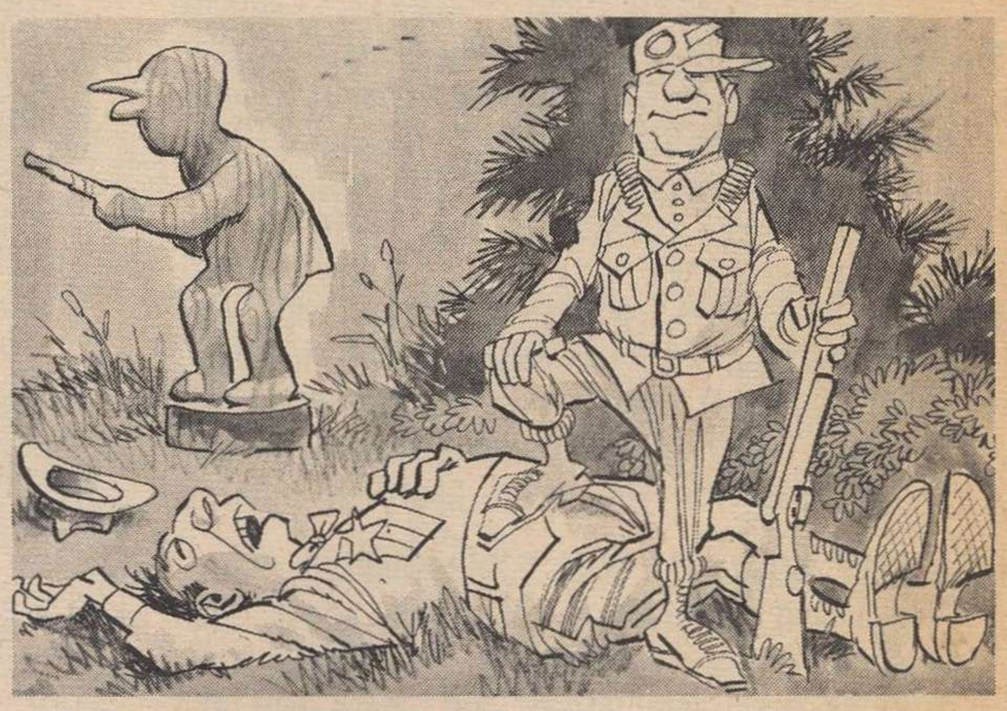


HOW'S THIS FOR PROGRESS? Good news for you shooters in Lummox, Texas! When you send your kids to Al's Supermarket, for a bottle of milk, they can also pick up a Mauser M-98 Star-Barrelled Rifle for your arsenal. The brand new Gun Counter is right between Frozen Foods and Fresh Vegetables. Bullets? Of course! In the Gum Machine near the Check-Out!

SQUELCHING A VICIOUS RUMOR. Three of the 19,000 Washington-based members of the National Gun Association enjoy a hearty laugh with Senator Hugh Lilligut over the ridiculous rumor currently making the rounds that there is supposed to be a "Gun Lobby" in the nation's capital.

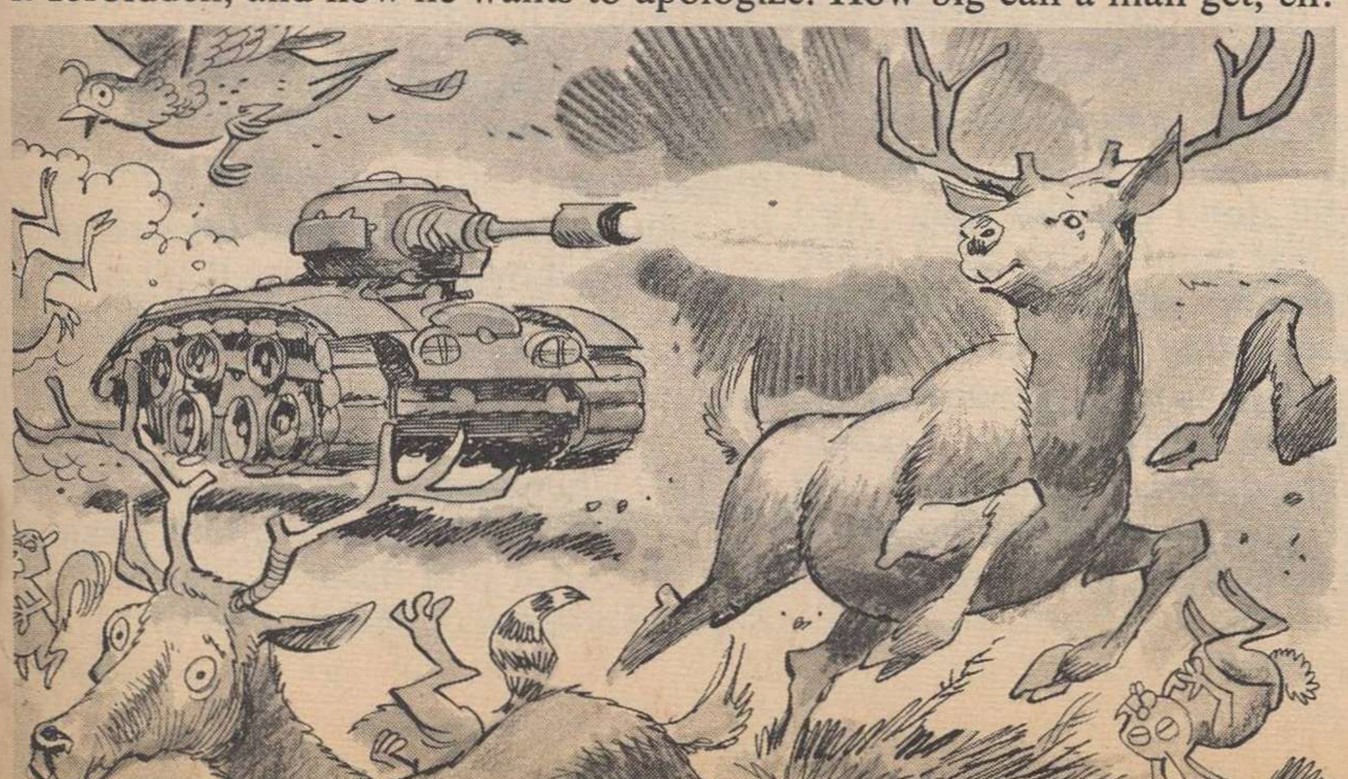


ROOM OF THE YEAR. Creative Architect-Hunter, Frank Gromm, is the envy of all shooters with his fantastic "Gun-Decor" bathroom. Note water pipes fashioned from old mortar barrels, Colt .45 faucets, the sink made from an old army helmet, the cunning bomb-casing commode with the target seat, and Sidney, Frank's loyal washroom attendant.

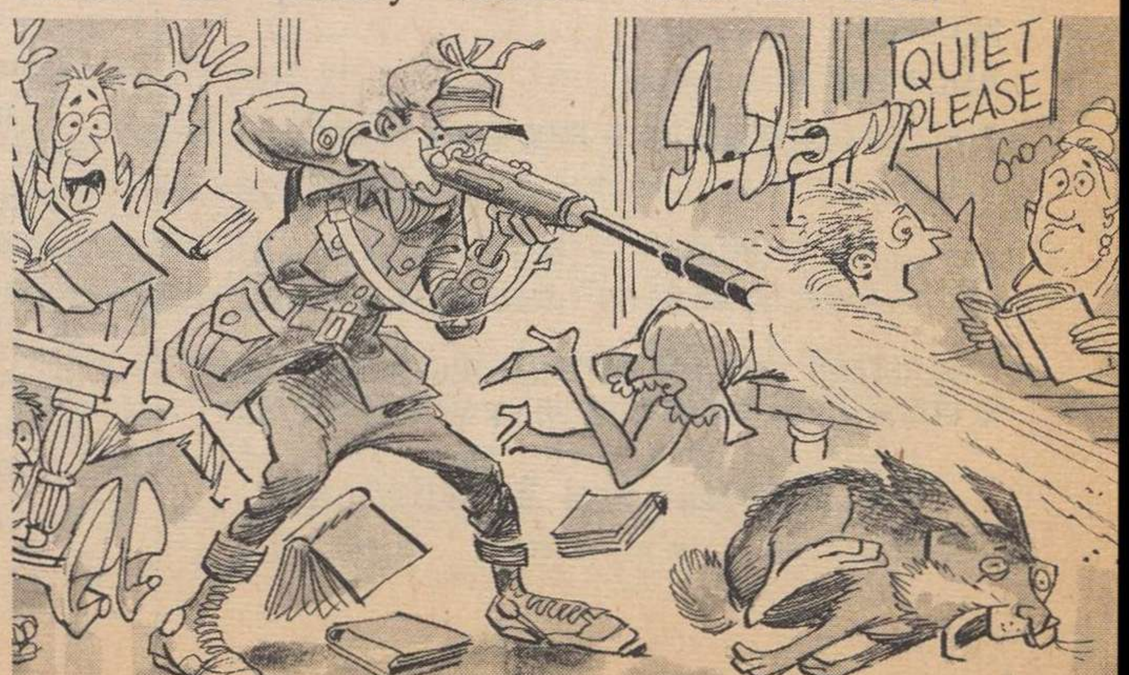


DEAD-EYE DOES IT AGAIN. Ace Hunter, Clancy "Dead-Eye" Krebbs, poses with his latest bag: a 210-pound Commie Game Warden. Note the ingenious "Man-Decoy" Clancy used to lure the Pinko close.

THAT'S A SPORT! Good news for the 14 deer, 25 quail and 112 rabbits that Hunter Clive Kumquat shot from a surplus army tank in Maine last week! Clive just found out that hunting from a moving vehicle in Maine is forbidden, and now he wants to apologize. How big can a man get, eh?

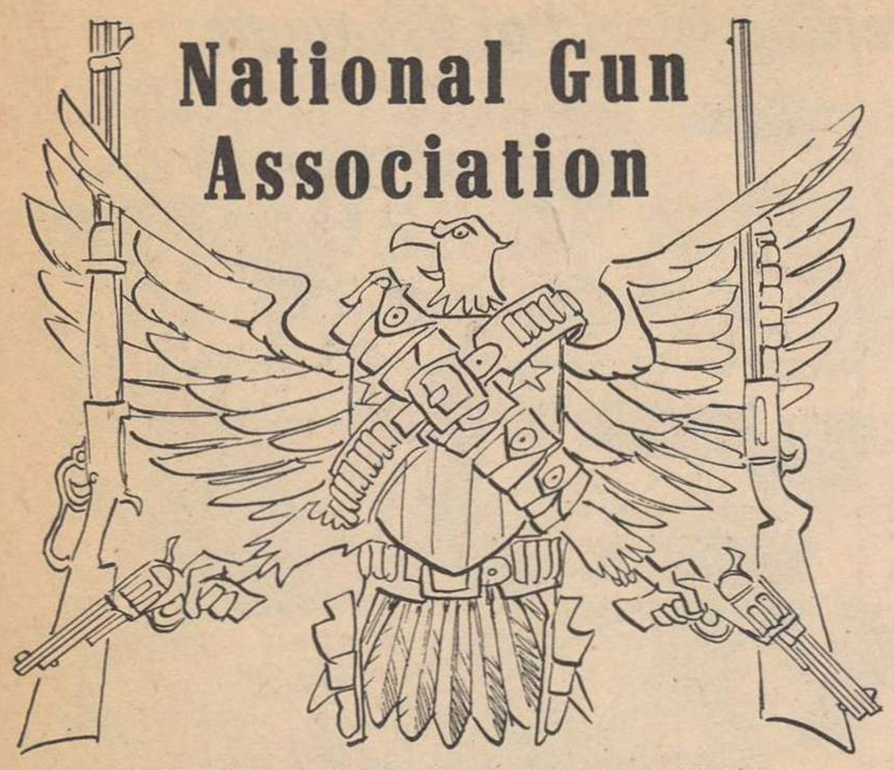


THOUGHTFULNESS DEPARTMENT: Hats off to Hunter Dan Goomber! When the rabbit he was stalking ran through the Public Library in Rotsboro, Minnesota, Goomber quickly put a silencer attachment on his gun so as not to disturb the Library Patrons when he fired.



IF YOU LIKE TO HUNT AND SHOOT AND KILL
AND TERRORIZE CHICKEN CONGRESSMEN . . .

YOU BELONG IN THE



ALL THESE EXCITING BENEFITS ARE YOURS FOR YOUR YEARLY $5.00 MEMBERSHIP FEE:

★ **A MEMBERSHIP CARD IN THE N.G.A.** This makes you an "Official Registered" killer!

★ **FREE PLANS FOR A HOME RANGE.** Learn how to convert your Living Room into a simulated forest. Learn how hunting family members in your own home can be even more thrilling than hunting deer, quail or other hunters outdoors.

★ **CATCHY BUMPER STICKERS.** We send you such all-time favorites as: "Register Commies, Not Guns!", "Bullets Are Beautiful!", "Congressmen Kill—Guns Don't!" and "Wake Up America—Or We'll Wake You Up With A Shot In The Eye!"

★ **TIPS ON LETTER-WRITING:** Learn how to write exciting form pressure letters to your Congressman in unison with millions of other members. Learn the excitement of using 2 and 3 syllable words you never heard of before!

★ **A FREE COPY OF "KILL",** our monthly "Gun Association Magazine." Read all about the exciting worlds of shooting and killing and maiming and blood-letting and death and all the other real American Sports and Athletics!

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND JOIN TODAY!

National Gun Association
New Membership Department

Sign me up as a new member immediately. It is understood that I could be a convicted killer, a mental patient, or a narcotics addict, but that my background is unimportant. The important thing is to build up those old membership rolls, right?

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
ZIP GUN OWNER....IF NO, WHY NOT? .....
.....

☐ I enclose $5.00 now ☐ Bill me for $5.00 later
☐ Let's forget the $5.00 ☐ Send ME $5.00 to join!

I UNDERSTAND THAT THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION IS NOT A LOBBY, NO MATTER WHAT ANYBODY SAYS!!

The National Gun Association
THE BEIGE ROOM THE WHITE HOUSE WASH., D.C.

ADVICE TO THE GUN-LORN

Do you have a gun problem? Does your gun have a YOU problem? Let B.B. Bates try to straighten things out.

Dear B.B.:
My one-year old boy took his first step today. He also picked up his first pistol and killed his first Fuller Brush salesman. How can I remember this cherished milestone in his life in years to come?

Sentimental Shooter

Dear Sentimental Shooter:
Have you considered having the pistol bronzed?

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
In my travels, I ran across a fascinating antique gun. It is "Air-Operated" and delivers a lethal charge, and its accuracy is astounding. To give you an idea, the other day, just fooling around with it in my yard, I knocked off a Horse Fly. How much would you say this fantastic antique weapon is worth?

Excited Collector

Dear Excited Collector:
About 4¢! You seem to have run across an old Flit Gun!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
For over 17 years, I have been a devoted Colt .45 owner. Recently, I met and fell in love with a female shooter who owns an 18-year-old Italian Beretta. Do you think the Nationality differences of our two guns will harm our relationship?

Marriage-Minded

Dear Marriage-Minded:
Your two guns are probably old enough and mature enough to adjust to a mixed marriage. It's your BULLETS you have to worry about!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
Aye amm a longg-tyme gunn-oaner hoo desided awl bye hisself too rite yoo thiss perssonul lettur too protest yor aunty-gunn lejis — legiss — leggislay — lawrs wich yoo wannt too past inn yor Cungress theer. Aye wil nevver voat four yoo aggen iff yoo doo!

Jak Jownes

Dear Mr. Jones:
You still don't get the idea! As I told you last month, you send these form pressure letters to your Congressman—not to me! I'm on YOUR side! And please check your spelling in the future. How do you expect your Congressman to believe that you are a gun-owner if you persist in spelling words like "protest" correctly?

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
This is the fifth time I've written to you, if you recall. And as I've told you, my Buddies and I have been playing "Russian Roulette" every night. Now, out of an original group of 63, there are only four of us left alive. Doesn't this go against all odds? What have we been doing wrong?

Chance-Taker

Dear Chance-Taker:
If I told you ONCE, I told you a THOUSAND times! It's FIVE EMPTY CHAMBERS and ONE LOADED CHAMBER!! Got that? FIVE EMPTY and ONE LOADED! Not . . oh, forget it!!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
The other day, I accidentally dropped my loaded pistol on the floor. The gun discharged, killing my mother. What should I do!

Distraught

Dear Distraught:
I don't know what your Gun Religion is, but it is considered a sin among most Gun Denominations to drop a gun on the floor. I suggest you pick up the gun, kiss it, say a simple prayer, and fast for 14 days!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
My six-year-old nephew was fooling around with my old Civil War pistol and he went ahead and shot his father and mother. What would you tell a kid who kills his parents with a Civil War pistol?

Wondering

Dear Wondering:
I'd tell him, "Kid, you're an orphan!"

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
That's an old joke!

Wondering

Dear Wondering:
That's okay! It was an old gun!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:
Do you think a Carbine loses respect for you if you try to kiss it on a first hunting date, and then tell all your shooter buddies about it?

Uncertain

Dear Uncertain:
There's nothing wrong with kissing a gun on a first date . . . as long as you don't shoot your mouth off!

* * * *

Tracking The Wily English Sparrow Through Brush And Blind

A Gritty Shooter Experiences The Thrill Of A Lifetime

by George "Guts" Garfinkle

Like most historic hunting days, this one started off dull and uneventful. My three buddies and I were tracking the upper reaches of Central Park in New York City. Things were slow, and we were in a sour mood. In fact, we'd hardly touched our booze. We'd been out for over an hour already, and we still had two whole fifths left in our 24-bottle case of Bourbon. So naturally, we were cold sober.

I'm not saying we hadn't bagged *anything!* Gus Dumbrill had picked off a Cyclist at 150 yards with his Remington 28, Hal Huffel had knocked off a 190-pound Nanny in the Children's Playground with his Ithica 49R, and Slim Fumpher had bagged an Ant with his 9D Combat Boot.

Suddenly, it began to rain. (I'd *told* Slim to step on Grasshoppers, not Ants . . . but would he listen?!) We'd just about decided to mark it off as one of those bad days, when my heart leaped into my throat. High in the air over the most impenetrable part of the Park, slightly south of 99th Street, I spied a covey of English Sparrows!

"English Sparrows!!" I shouted at the top of my voice through trembling lips.

"Where?" asked a tense Gus, his fingers closing on his trigger.

"Three fingers to the left of Mt. Sinai Hospital!" I hissed.

Almost immediately, we went into action. We wheeled our surplus 77mm. "Skysweeper" Anti-Aircraft Gun into position, adjusted the Radar and Computer Systems, and waited. Ten heart-stopping minutes later we fired . . . and a scream of joy erupted from the four of us simultaneously.

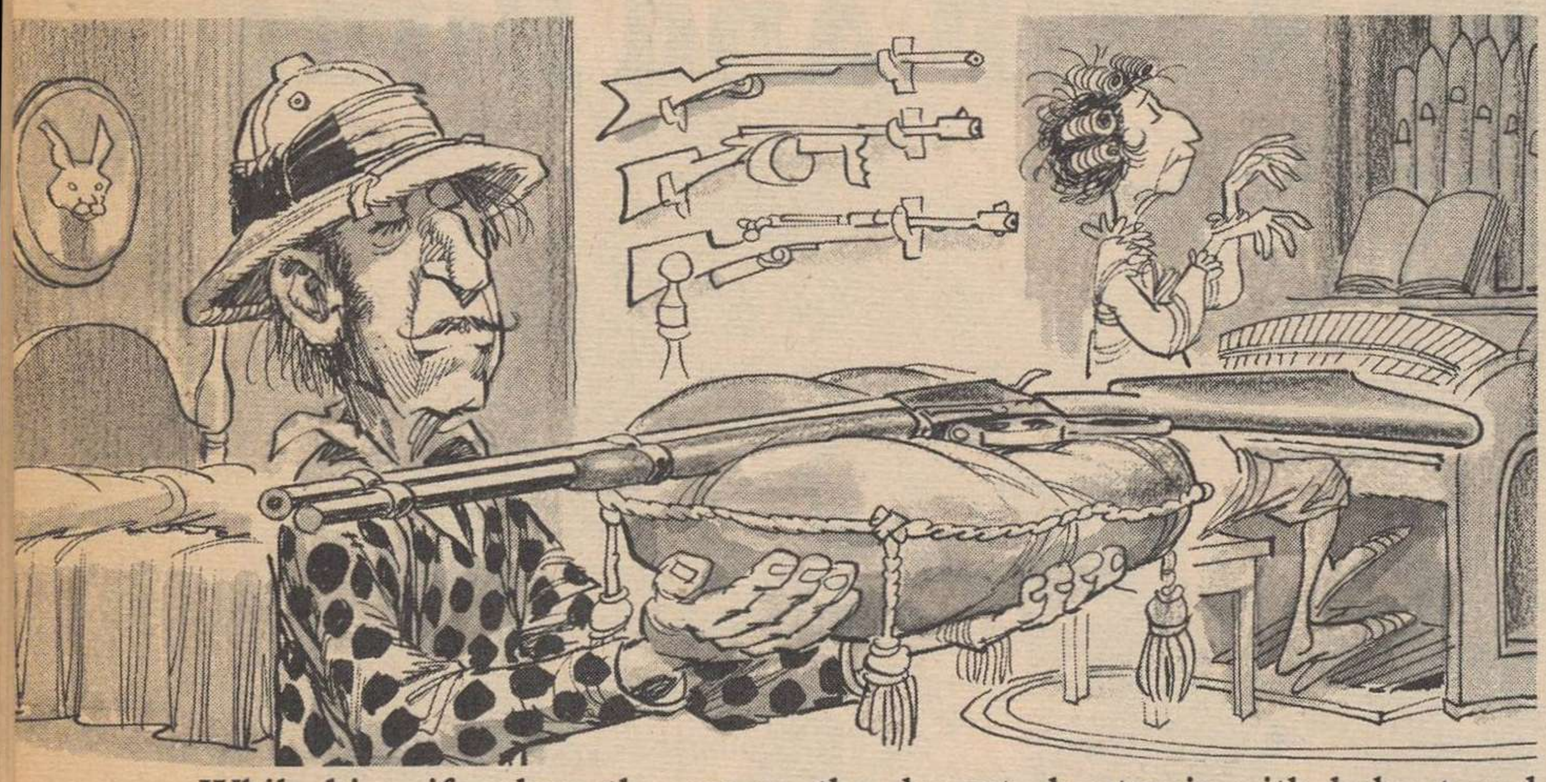
We'd bagged a record-breaking 4-ounce English Sparrow!

Now some of you shooters who have surplus 75 mm. "Skysweepers" of your own are probably curious as to how even so accurate a gun as that can knock down something as small as an English Sparrow. Well, the answer is simple. You have to keep cool and calm, you have to be patient, you have to set your Radar Tracking System exactly right, and—most important—you have to sprinkle a handful of crumbs on the rim of your "Skysweeper" barrel. Then, when the Sparrows alight to feed, you *(Continued on Page 86)*

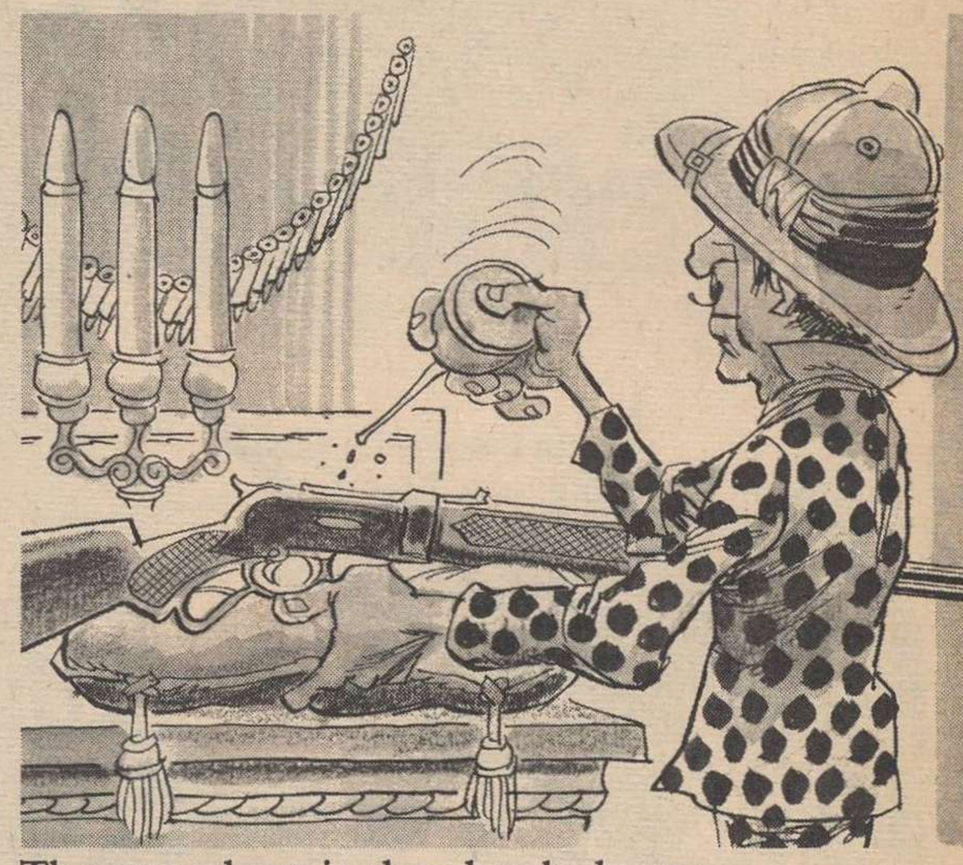
The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer

by The Rev. Billy Clubb, Religion Editor

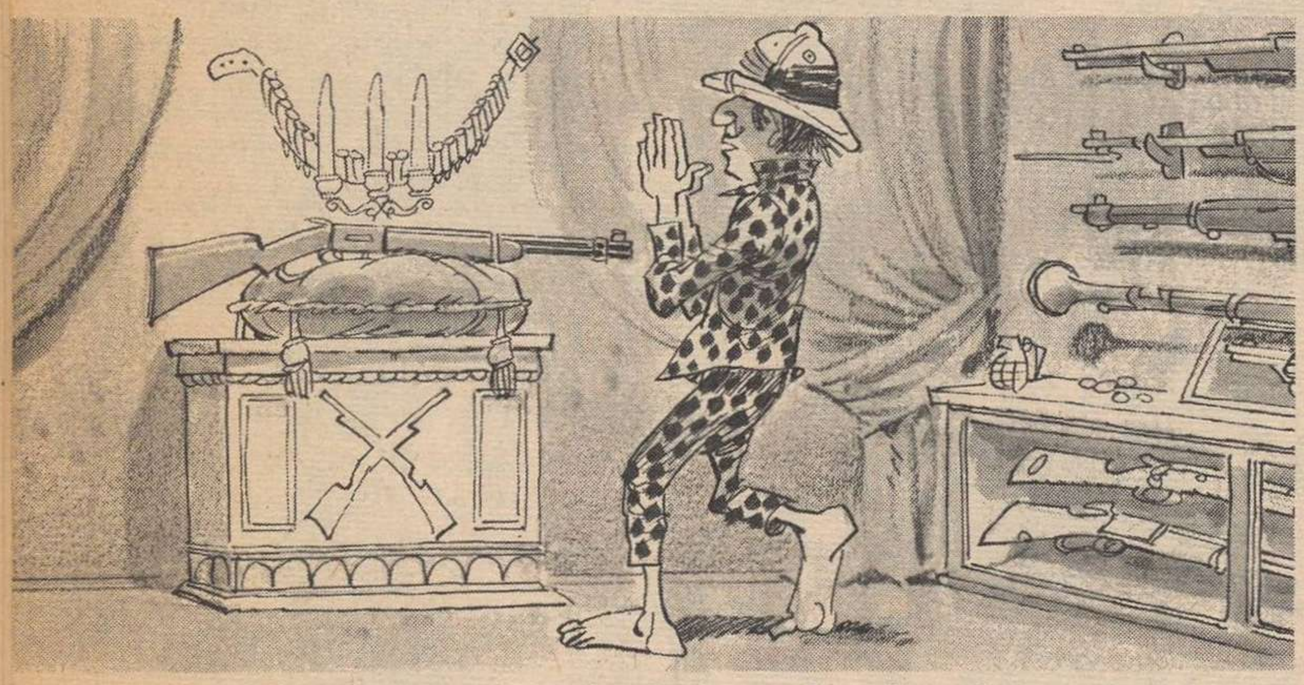
Many devout shooters have inquired about the proper way to pay devotion to their guns. So— I would like to begin this new Religious Series with "The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer".



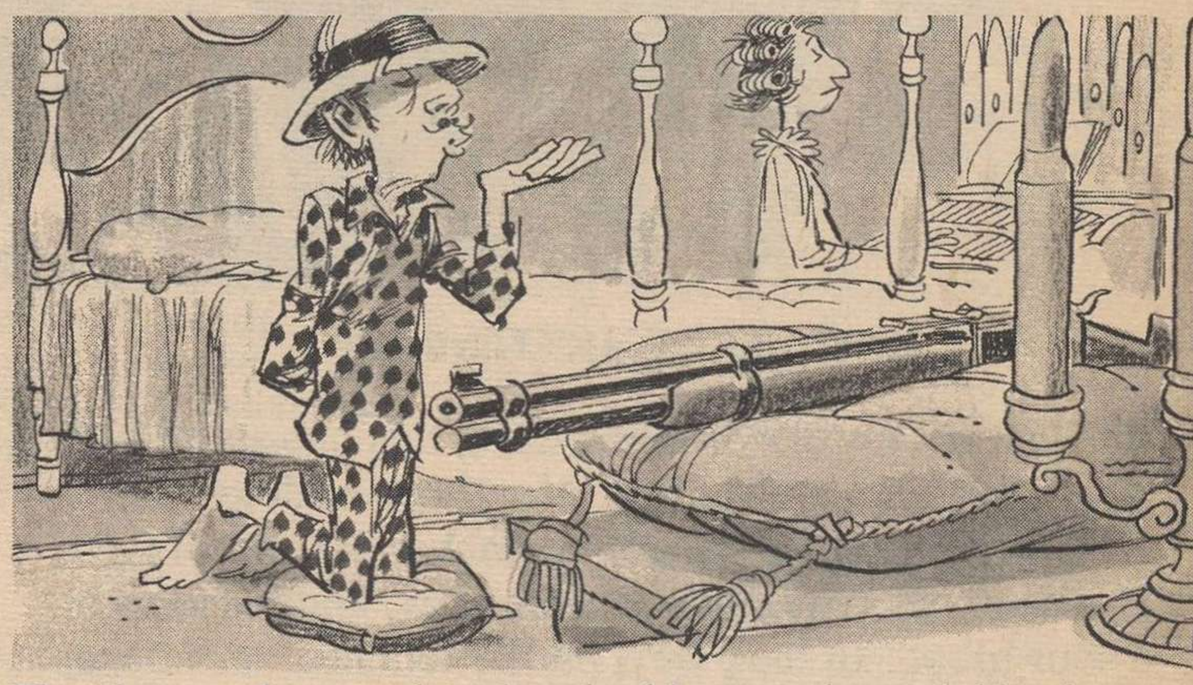
While his wife plays the organ, the devout shooter in pith helmet and ceremonial pajamas places the sacred gun on a velvet pillow, with the stock facing the Springfield Rifle factory in the East, and the muzzle end of the barrel facing the Remington Arms Company plant in the West.



The revered gun is placed on bedroom altar and sprinkled with holy G66 oil.



As the shooter steps back from the altar, he must not turn his back on the Object of Adoration. This is a Sin, punishable by either Eternity in Purgatory, or— in extreme cases —by the appearance of a large pimple on the trigger finger.



The devout shooter then kneels, blows a devoted kiss in the direction of the trigger housing group, confesses his Gun Sins (cheating with another gun, failing to get drunk on a hunting trip, etc.) and then delivers this prayer.

My Gun is my Shepherd;
I shall not want Targets.

It maketh me to lie down in Green
Pastures and blast Rabbits;

It leadeth me besides the Still Waters
where I pepper Mallard Ducks;

It restoreth my Aim.

It leadeth me along the Paths
of Forests for my Game's scent.

Yea, though I walk through the Valley
of Deer, I will fear no Warden.

My Gun is with me;

Its Telescopic Sight and its Sling,
they comfort me;

It anointeth my brain with Blood Lust;
My Ammo Belt runneth over!

Surely Pheasant and Woodchuck
shall follow me all of the
Hunting Trips of my Life,

And I shall dwell in the
Glory of the "Kill"—

Forever!

NOTE: The preceding "Gun Ritual and Prayer" is aimed at members of the Orthodox Gun Religion. For Conservative and Reform members, wearing of the Pith Helmet is optional.

NEXT MONTH: "MORNING GUN DEVOTIONS" AND "THE PSALMS OF WINCHESTER"

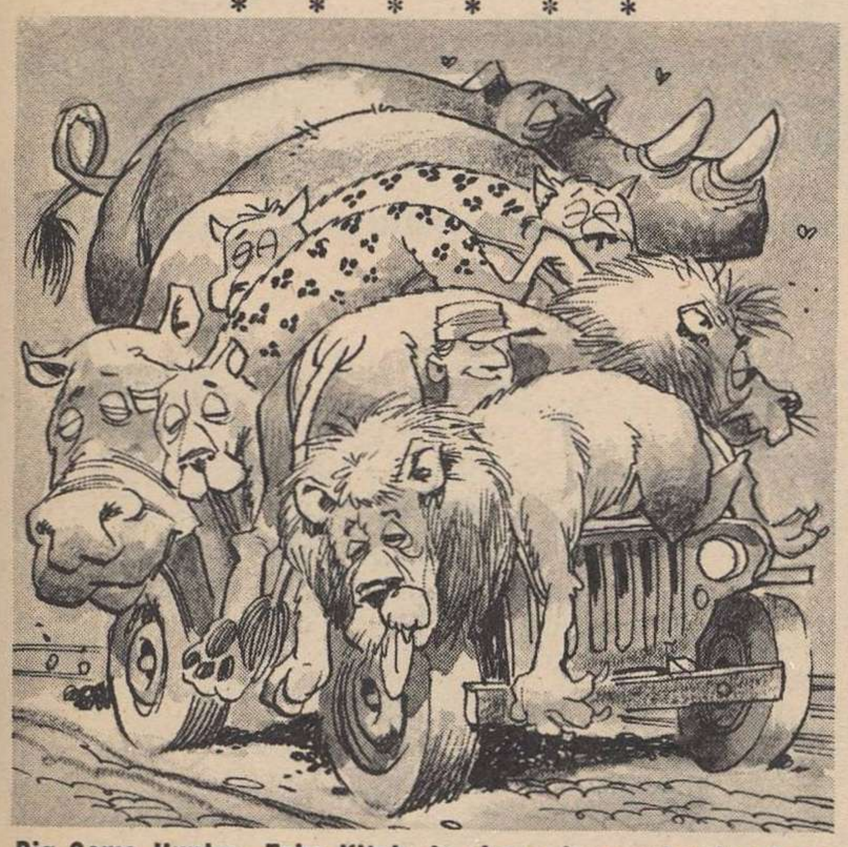
RANDOM SHOTS FROM A BIG BORE

Explosive Gossip and Social Blasts From the World of Guns

by Steve "Pop" Emmoff

Tough luck about shooter Ed Constantine's wife and seven children being killed in an auto accident the other day. When Ed heard the terrible news, he observed a one minute pause from cleaning his guns . . . Did you hear what happened over at Cal Clumpett's house last night? When the woman on that TV Bad Breath Commercial confessed that her husband used to tell her she smelled like a moose, Cal instinctively grabbed his Remington and pumped three 30-30 slugs through the picture tube. Well, Cal, it could have been worse. Lucky you weren't watching your COLOR set! . . . They're still buzzing about the hilarious gift Red Finn gave Tim Vipple for his Surprise Birthday Hunting Party. It was a shotgun, with both barrels stuffed with rags. Tim would have been 38 years old!

* * * * * *



Big Game Hunter, Zeke Kitch, is shown here returning from his latest hunting expedition with 2 lions, 3 leopards, a rhino and a hippo . . . a record breaking bag for hunting at the San Diego Zoo! Next stop for Zeke: N.Y.'s Bronx Zoo.

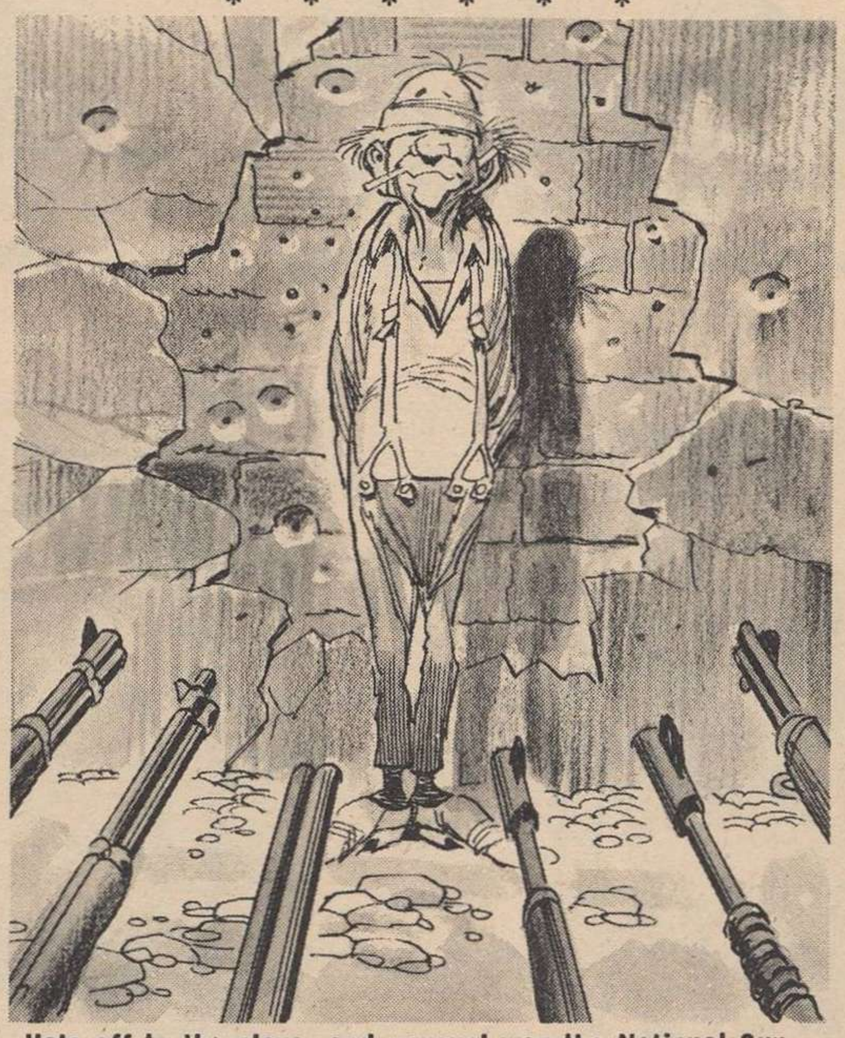
* * * * * *

DUM-DUM OF THE MONTH: Doctors are still probing for splinters lodged in shooter Will Shutch's spleen. Seems the duck he shot and ate last week turned out to be a decoy . . . The decision is in from the Coroner's Office: Hunter Iggie Trumble, who was found in his blind with 1,789 shotgun pellets in his body, died of "Natural Causes"! The Coroner's Office claims that for a hunter, *this is natural!* . . . How's this for howlarious switch? Prankster Mafiosa hood, Sal "Goo-Goo" Dambrosia, panicked a board meeting when he showed up with a gun case that had a *violin* inside. Honestly, Sal, can't you *ever* be serious? . . . All shooters are invited to the marriage of gun-collector Hi Rutebega in Lincoln, Nebraska, next month. It's a "Shotgun Wedding"! (Not that anybody's forcing Hi into taking the vows. He really *wants* to marry the shotgun!)

* * * * * *

SOCIAL NOTE: There are still a few tickets available for the National Gun Association Masquerade Dance in Washington, D.C. next month. It's for a worthy cause: to raise funds to help lower the minimum age of a Gun Owner to four! Fun-loving NGA President, Harry Gass, will come dressed as James Earl Ray . . . Disloyalty Department: Hunting buddies of Jock Uncas are still in shock from the terrible news that Jock committed suicide by leaping off a building two weeks ago. They can't understand why he didn't blow his brains out! . . . Close friends of hunter Richard Tibia are very worried about him. He hasn't shot or killed a single living thing in his house or in the woods for over a month now. Snap out of it, Dick!

* * * * * *



Hats off to the clever and unusual way the National Gun Gun Association has devised to retire its old members.

* * * * * *

It's "Splitsville" for shooters Roger and Muriel Floop. She gets custody of their Hunting Rifle Arsenal, but he's allowed to visit the bullets on Tuesdays and Week-ends . . . Dedicated hunter, Dave Schlepp, who firmly believes in shooting everything his family eats, was picked up in the A & P in Biloxi, Mississippi, last week after he'd blasted a head of cabbage and a box of Cheerios with his Purdey shotgun . . . Shooters are still chuckling over what happened in the North Woods this past week-end. After howling and cawing for two hours, expert Game-Caller, Rusty Gump, finally flushed out and killed a skinny little Fox. Punch Line: It turned out to be Leonard Fox, the Game Warden in those parts . . . EARLY NEW YEAR'S EVE REMINDER TO ALL HUNTERS: "If You're Not Drunk . . . Don't Shoot!"

Passionate GUN-LOVE

Classified Ads

LOST AND FOUND

LOST, an adorable brown and silver Hawes .22 revolver. Not worth much, but has great sentimental value. I killed my first wife with it on our 2nd Wedding Anniversary. Reward. H.W. Box 467

PERSONALS

BERNICE, I am going out of my mind ever since you ran away from me and our three children with no clothes, no money, nothing but a loaded Luger in your purse. Please send the Luger back. I miss it terribly. Herbie.

PUBLIC NOTICES

MY COLT .45, having left my bed and board for a Black Panther, I am no longer responsible for any injuries or deaths incurred by its bullets. HAROLD GLUGG.

GUN-SITTING SERVICE

GOING HUNTING and worried about all the guns you'll be leaving behind? Mature, responsible woman will sit with your guns, walk them outside, sing lullabies to them, and change their oil while you're away. Kill with a free mind! W.R. Box 725

BODY BUILDING

DO YOU BLOW OFF FINGERS, TOES, ETC., while cleaning your guns? Don't throw them away! Middle-European Body-Builder will pay top prices for them. Am particularly interested in a Boris Karloff-type head and neck. Will supply my own bolts. Contact Dr. Frankenstein III, Box 836

FUNERAL SERVICES

EXPECT TO LOSE A LOVED ONE from a hunting trip or gun-cleaning accident soon? Keep us in mind. We offer low rates and dignified services. Inquire about our special prices for stuffing his head and mounting it on a plaque for hanging on the wall of his old trophy room. Finster Funeral Directors and Taxidermists, Box 925

PHOTO SERVICES

CAPTURE MEMORABLE MOMENTS FOREVER. We make high-quality enlargements and wallet-size photos of all your guns and killing devices. We also restore and retouch old prints depicting milestones in your life, like your first Zip Gun, the Liver of your first Elk, etc. Write PEUQUE PICS, Box 184

PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

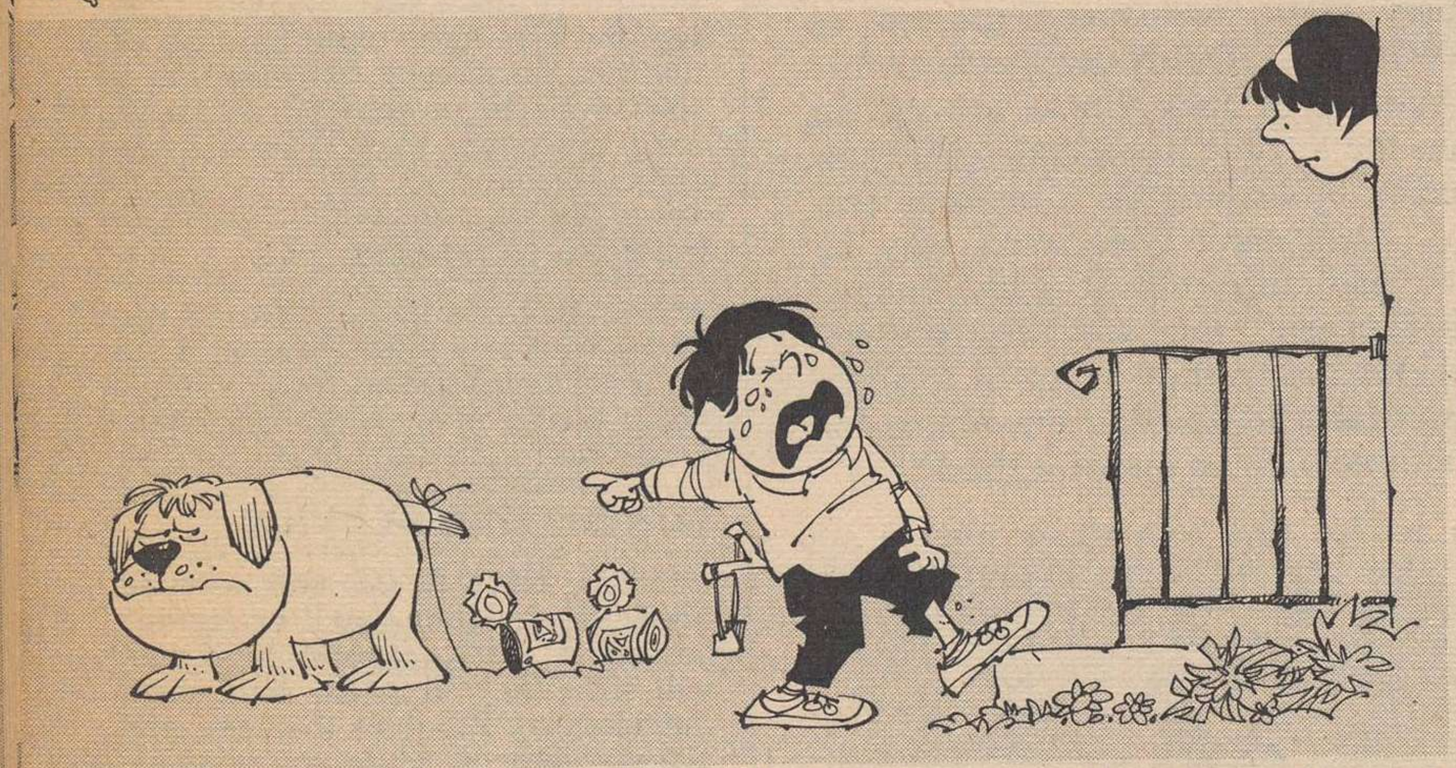
HEY, SHOOTERS! Interested in reading a whale of a book? Former Ace Hunter, Dabney Fluttle, who has been a basket case at Good Samaritan Hospital ever since a Buffalo Gun blew up in his hands, has just dictated a humdinger of an autobiography. It's called "A Farewell To Arms . . . And Legs". . . and it's on sale now at all Guns and Ammo Stores.

MONGREL HORDES DEPT.

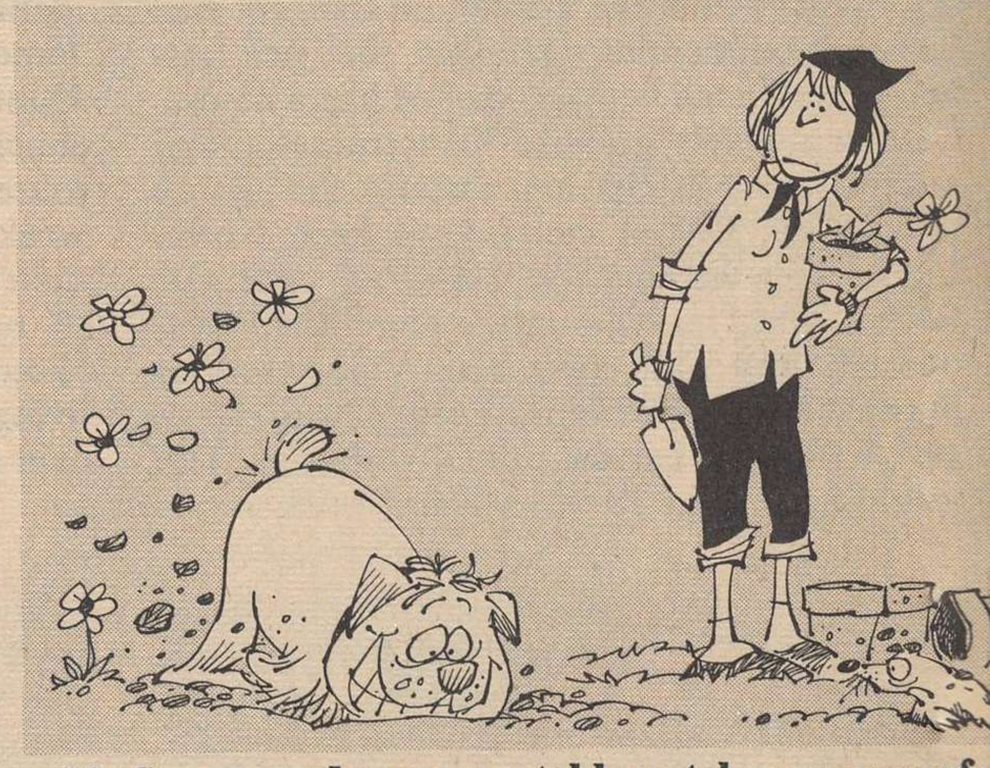
As you drive through a clean, modern, manicured, safe suburb today, it's hard to imagine that our ancestors had to cope with wild, vicious animals on that very same ground. No, we're not talking about wolves and grizzly bears! We're talking about DOGS! And we're

A NOSTALGIC

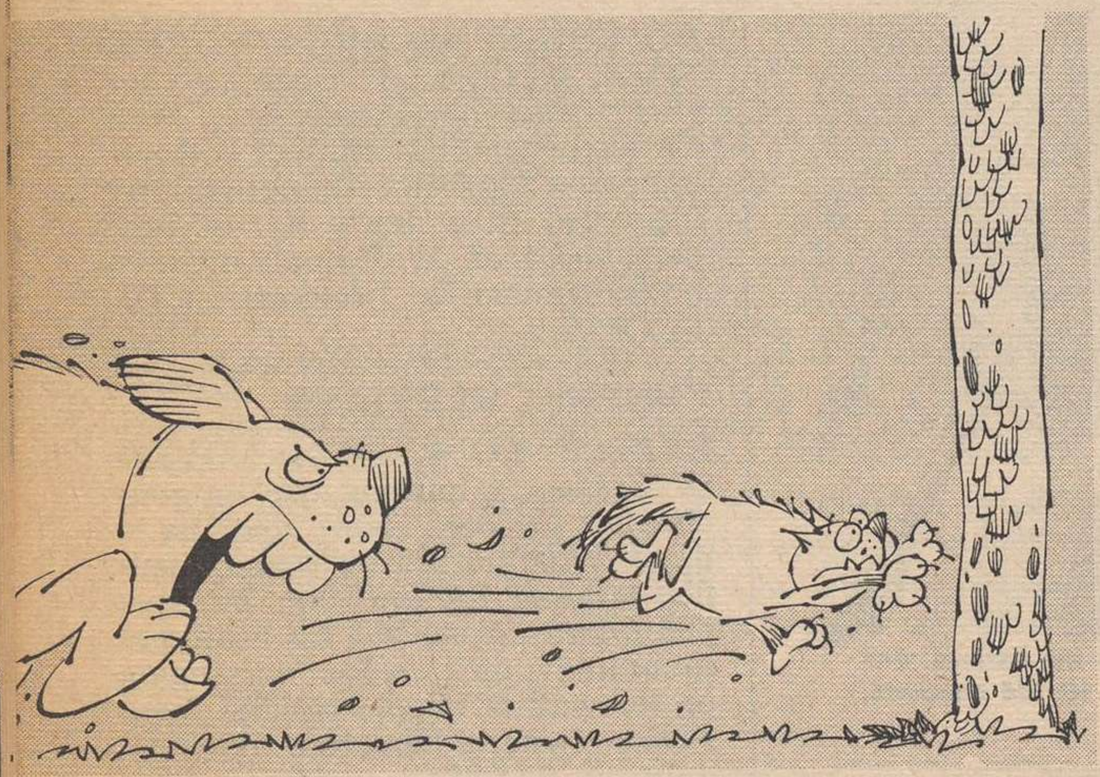
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR

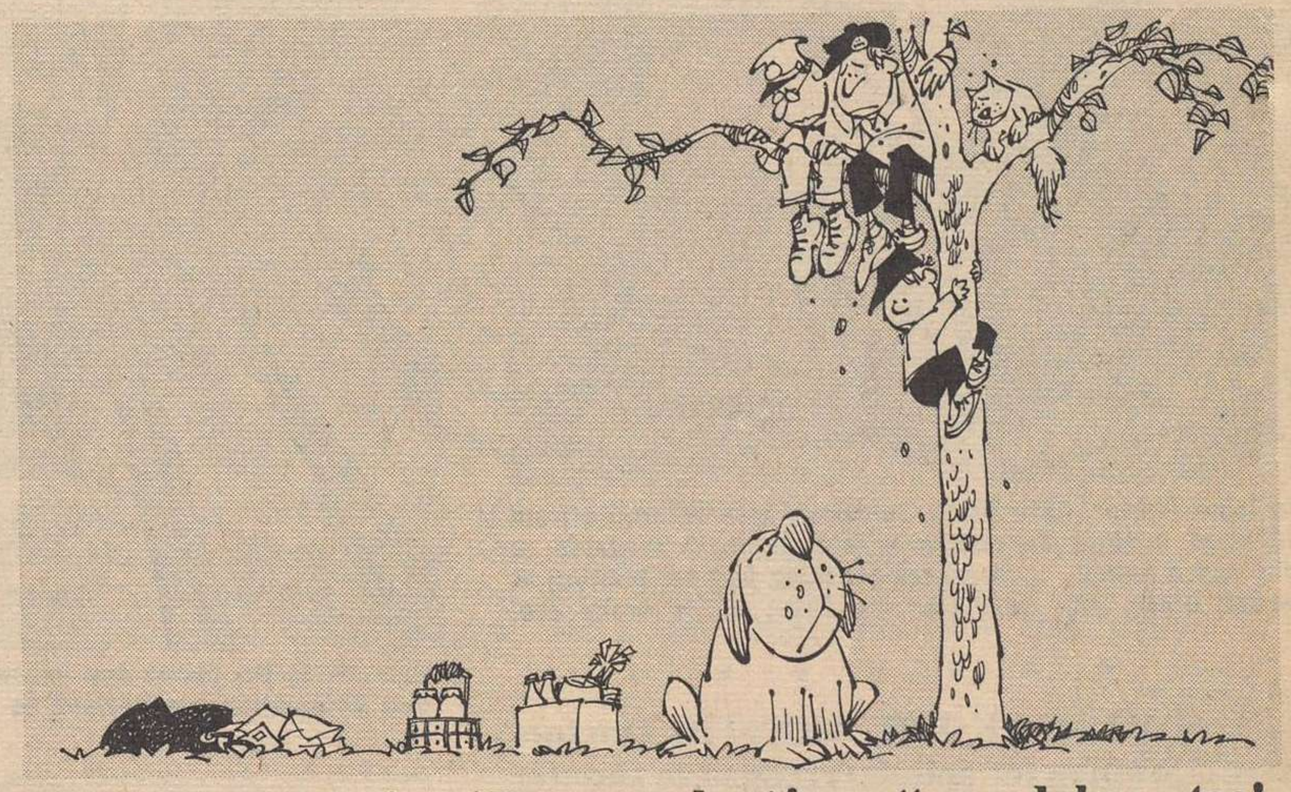


No kid ever grew up without being bitten at least once by a mean dog.

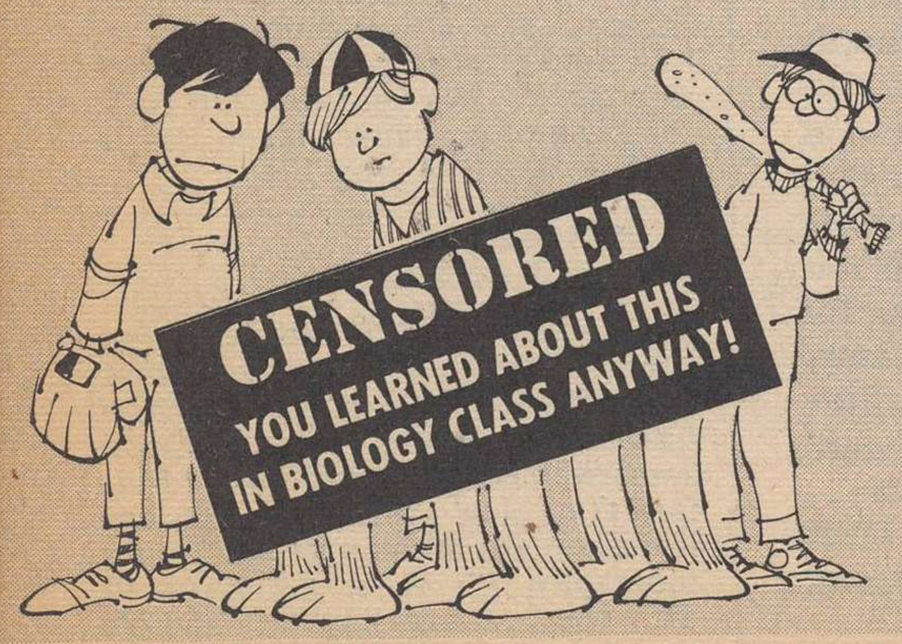


No flower garden or vegetable patch was ever safe

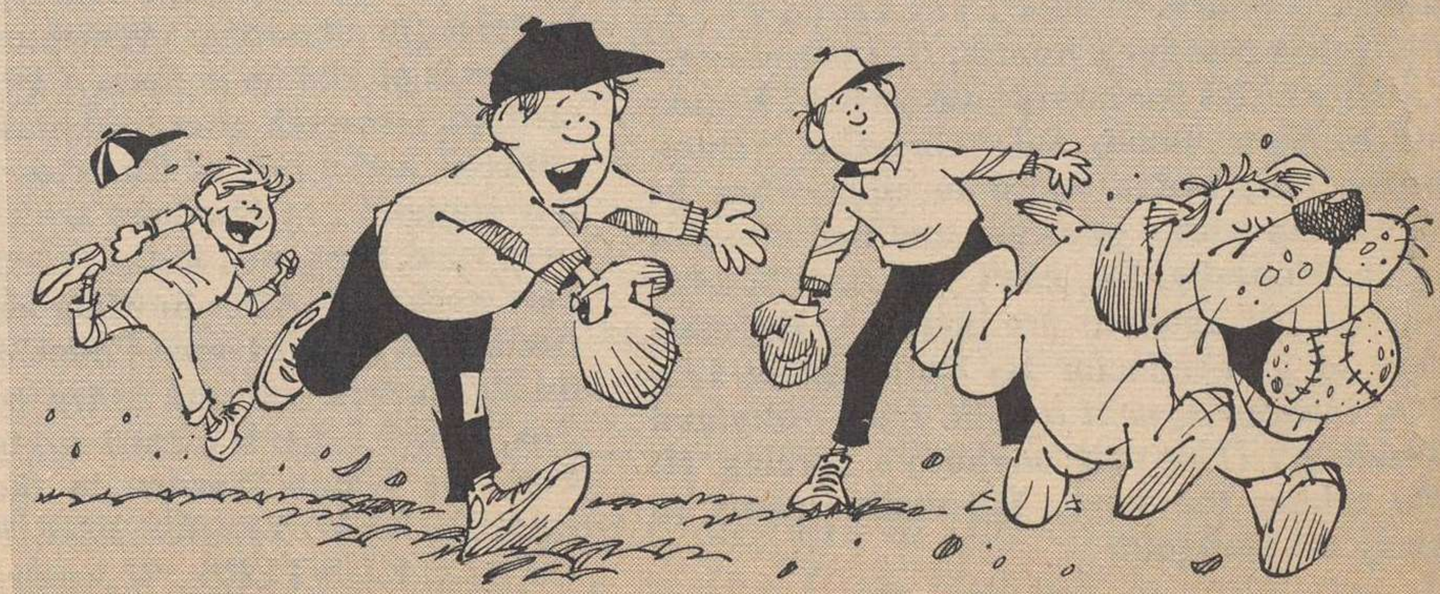




No neighborhood cat ever got fat and lazy! And the Postmen, Milkmen and Delivery Boys were kept in pretty good shape, too!



 No sex education in school was necessary!



Nobody ever got less than 3 bases on a ball hit to wherever a dog was waiting

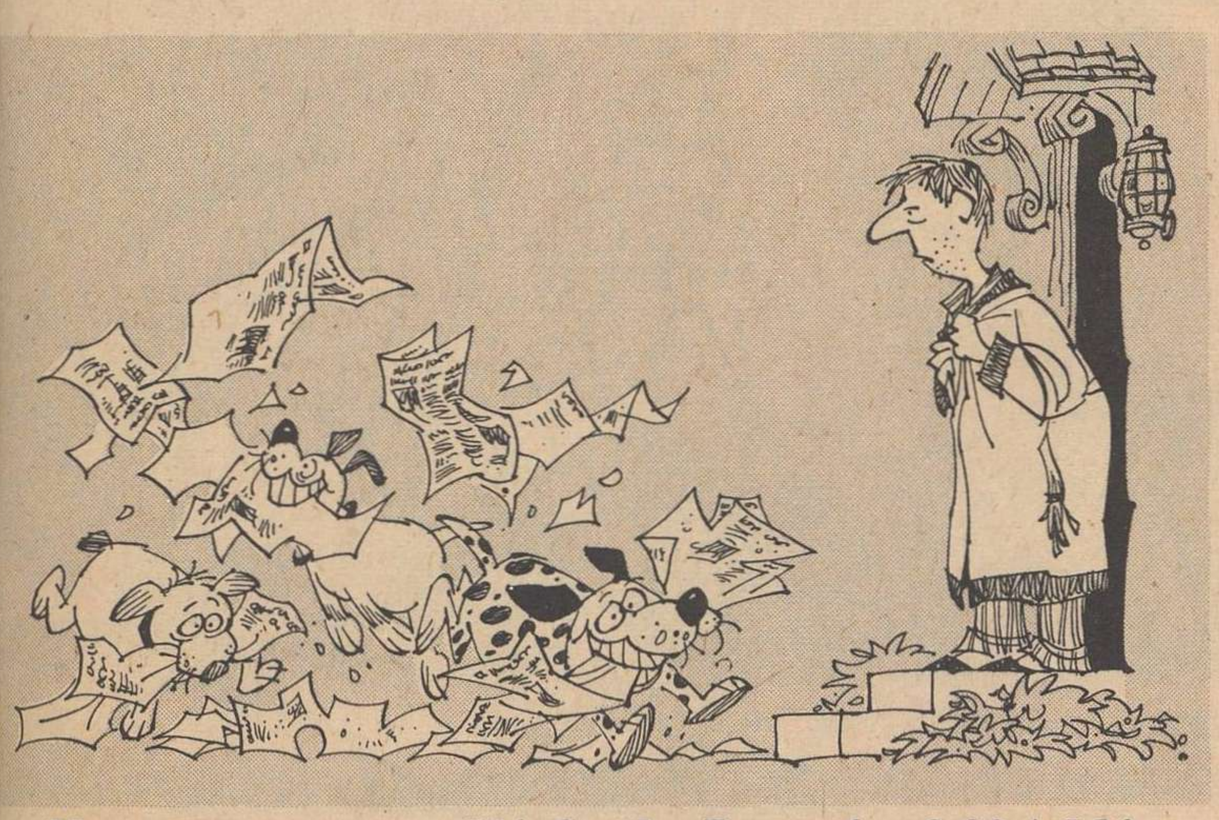
not talking about "French Poodle-type" dogs, either! We're talking about plain old "Mutt-type" dogs! Yep, back in those B. L. L. (Before Leash Laws) days, family dogs were allowed to run loose, creating all kinds of havoc, as you will soon see when MAD takes . . .

LOOK AT DOGS

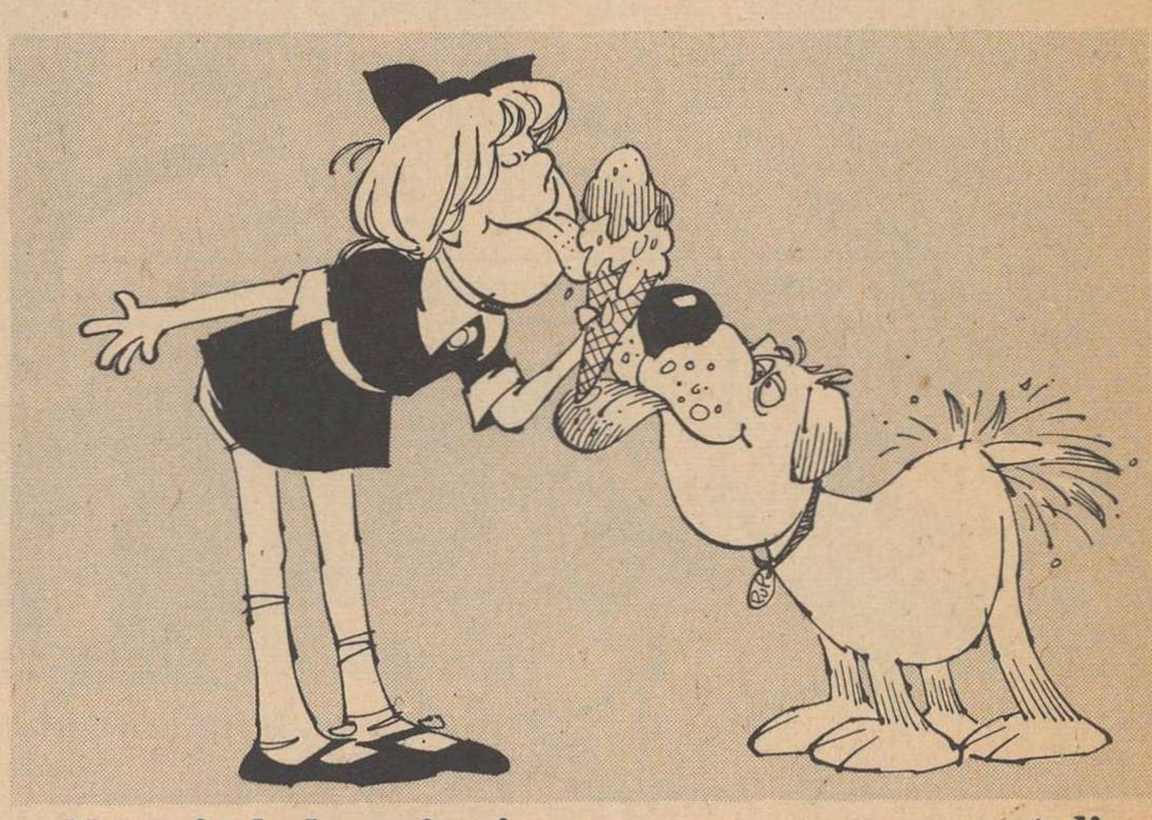
WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

No newly-planted tree or shrub was ever safe, either!

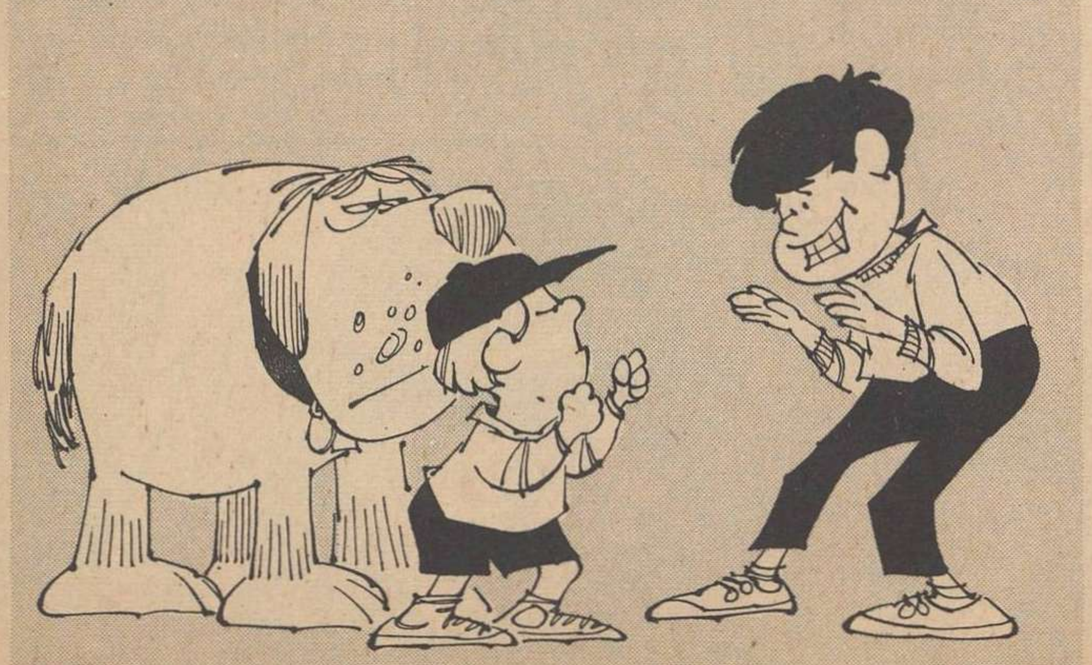
Nobody ever ran for a touchdown unless he was faster than the dog.



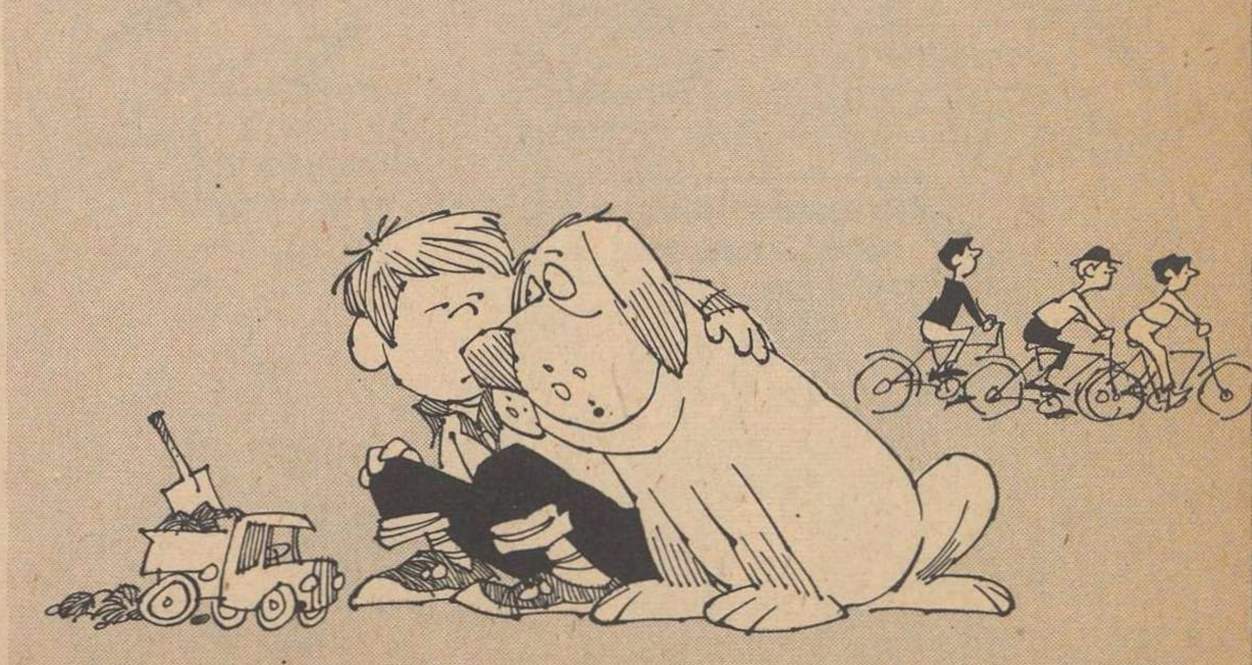
No one ever got to read his Sunday Paper after 9:00 A.M.!



Not a single drop of an ice cream cone was ever wasted!

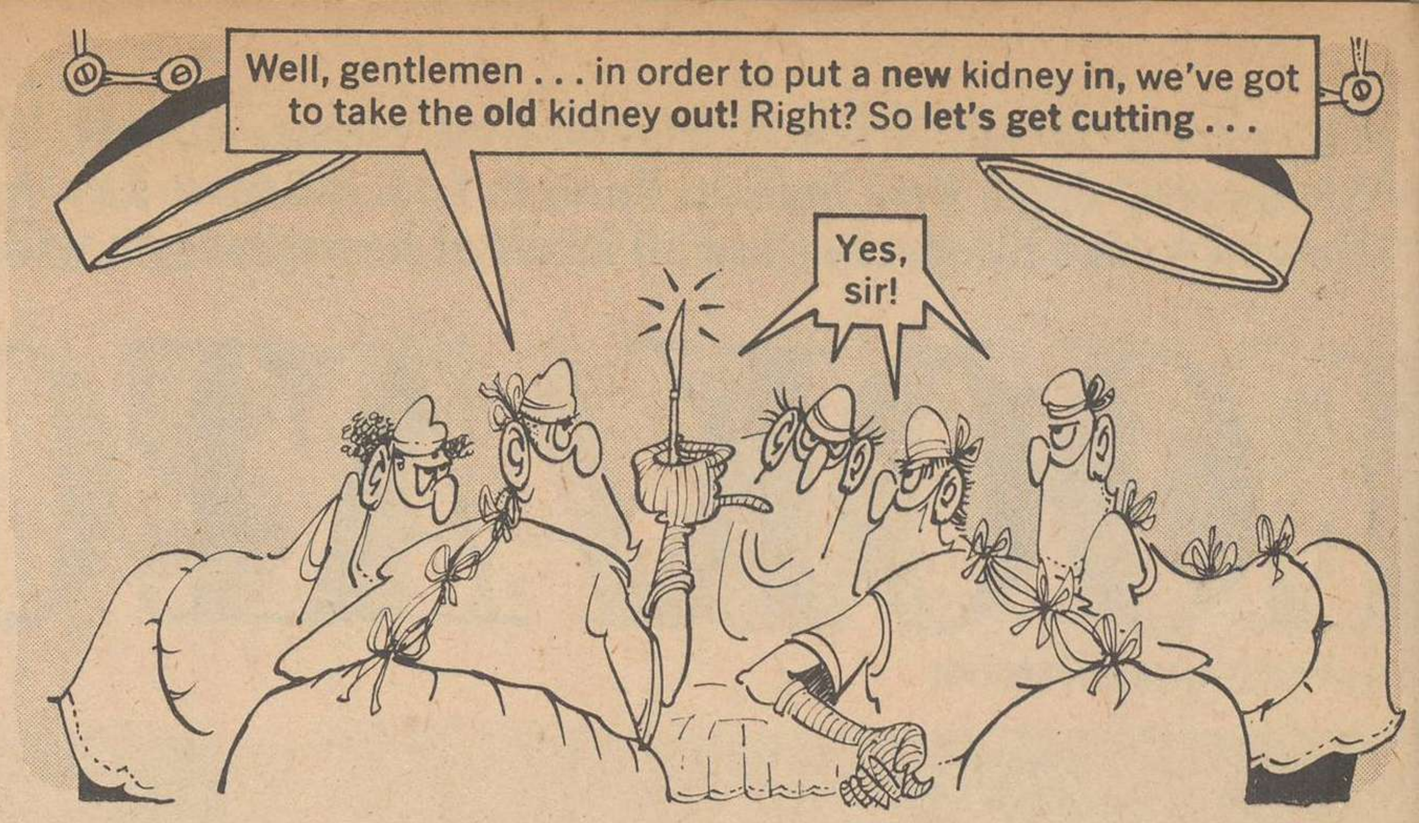


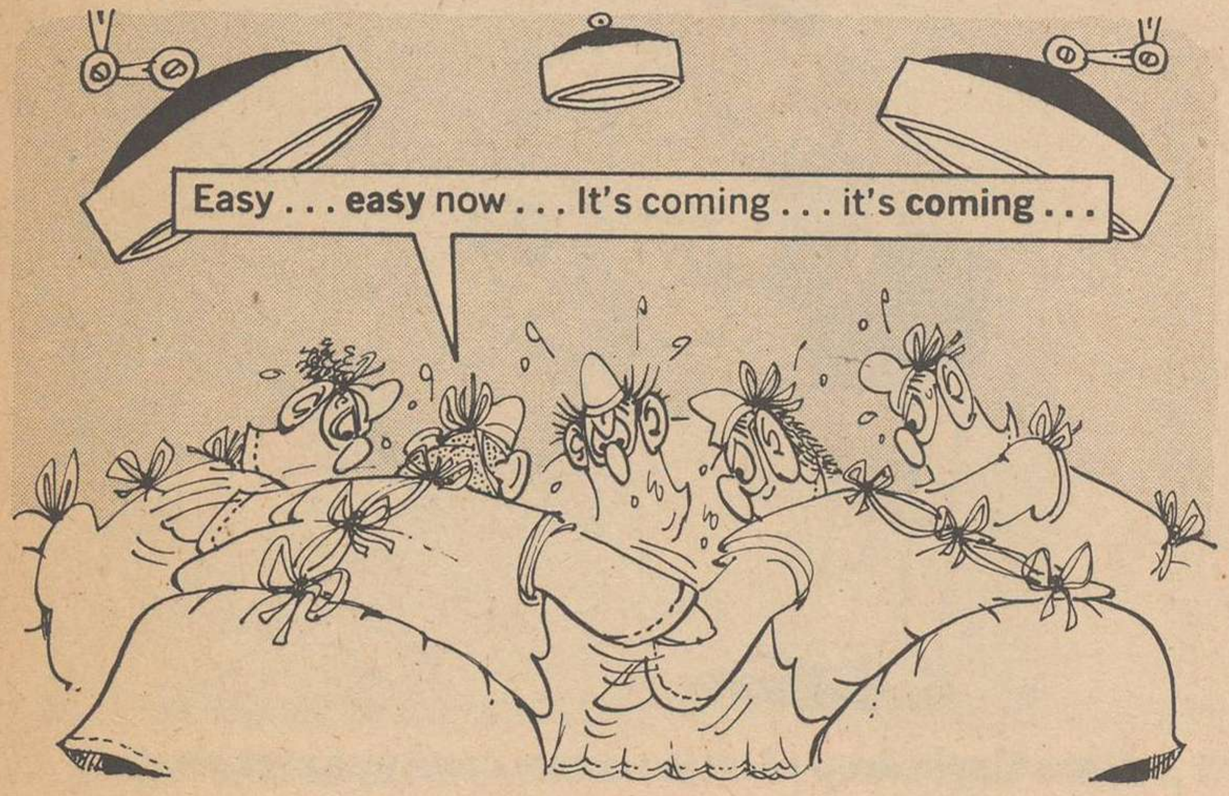
No little kid who owned a big dog ever lost a fight!

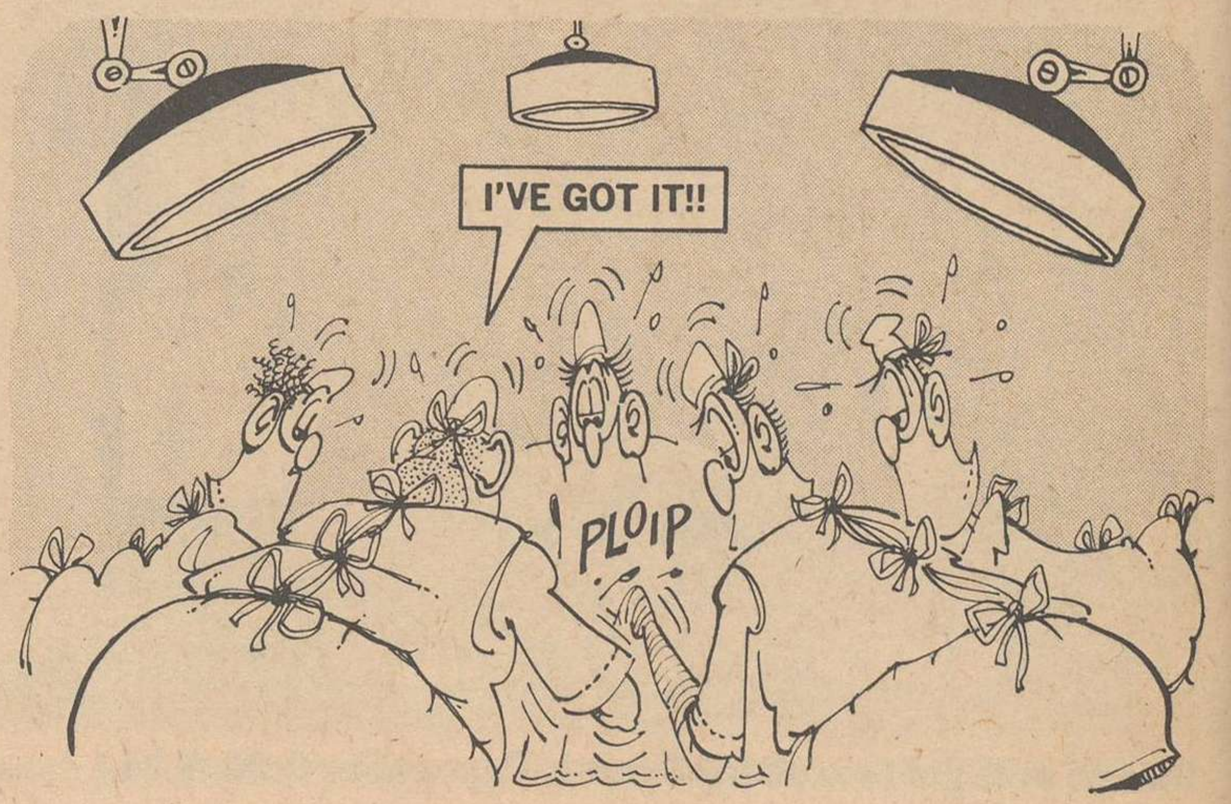


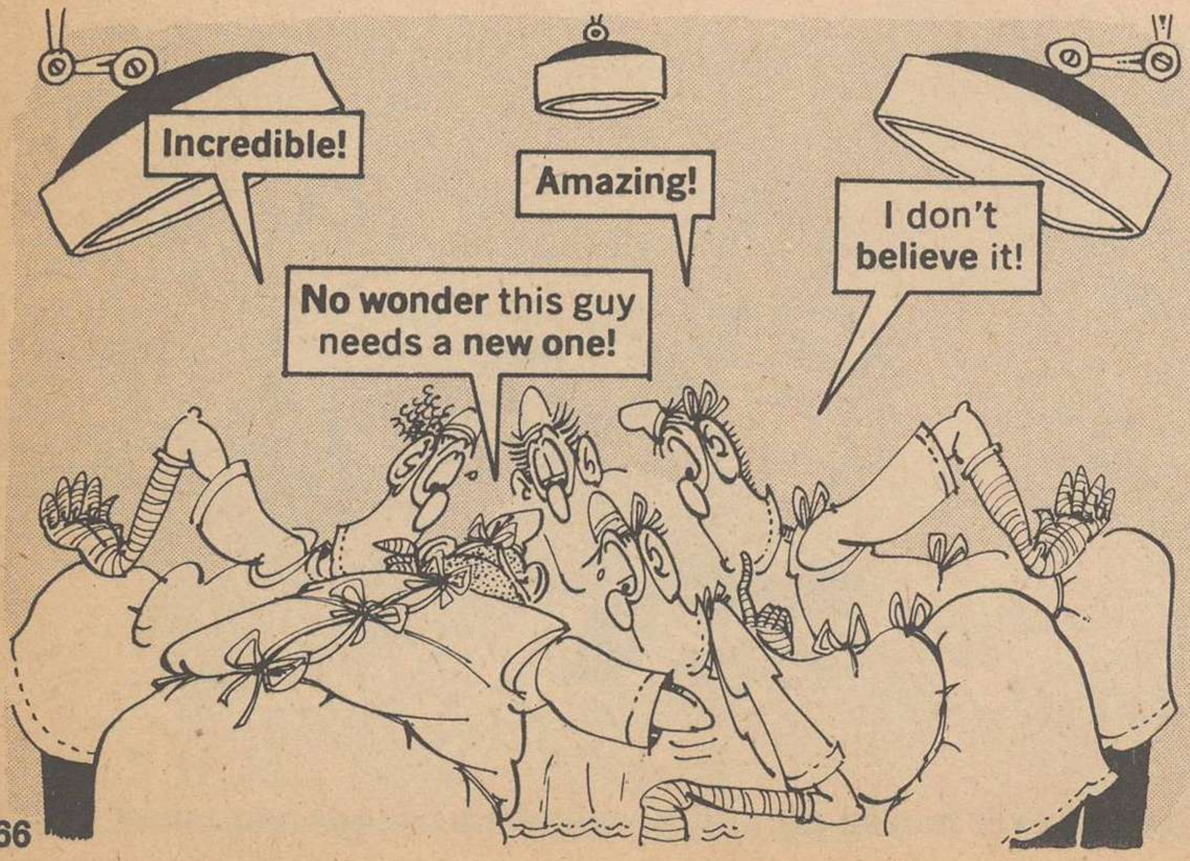
No kid ever had to play alone when his friends were mad at him.

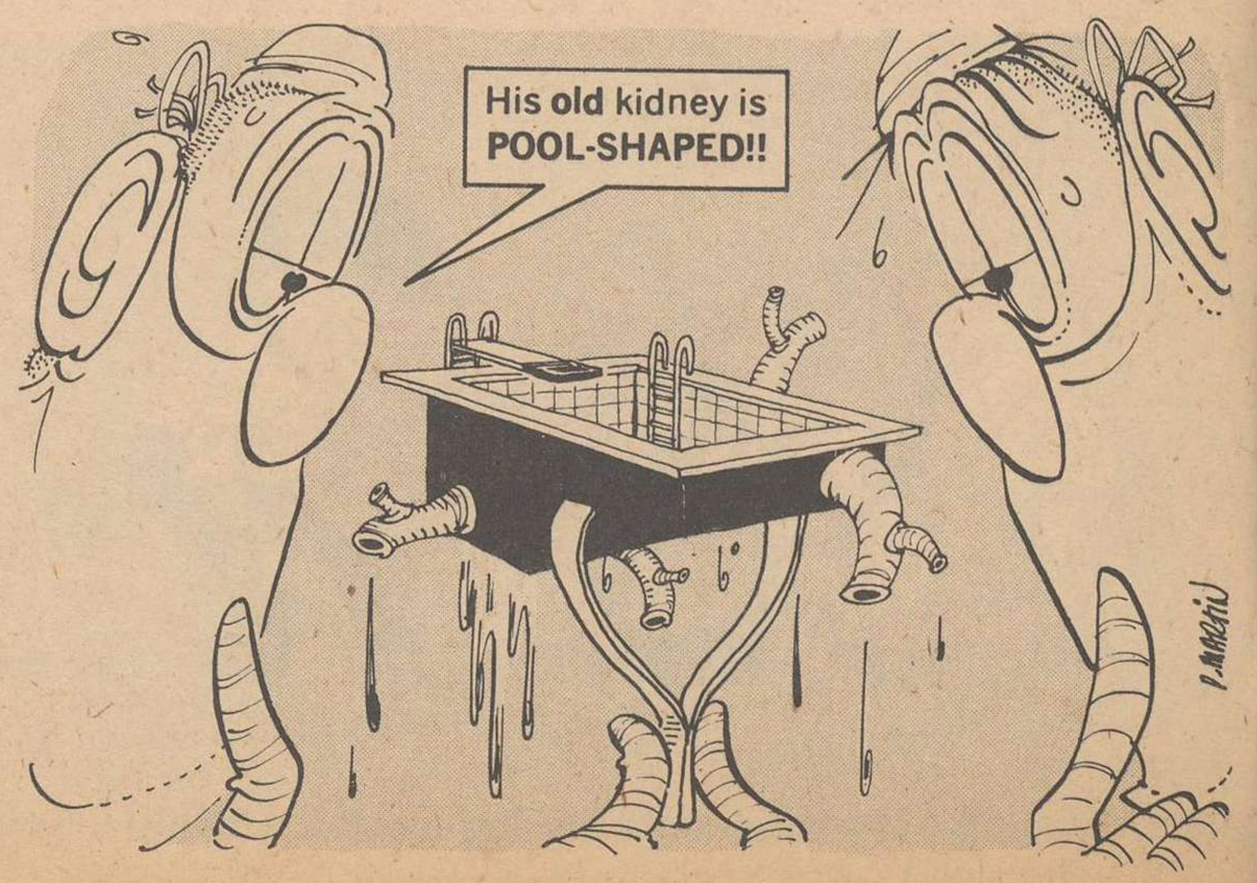
THE KIDNEY TRANSPLANT











Once upon a time, Jack Webb brought the excitement of "Crime-Fighting" to the home TV screen with his "Dragnet" series. Nowadays, in a kind of switcheroo, Jack Webb is responsible for *creating* the "Crime" . . . namely, his new weekly series, "Adam–12". Instead of being another kind of exciting "Crime-Fighting" show, the premise of this series is that cops on patrol don't really experience gun fights and hold-ups and killings and riots and great stuff like that every day. No, sometimes they have dull days. And other times they have really dull days. You'll see what we mean in this MAD version of . . .

BOREDOM-12

Boredom—12 . . . Attention, Boredom—12! A 415, Man with a **gun!** Also a 458 . . . **Gang riot** with **chains!** A 458 . . . **Gang riot** with **chains!** Also, a possible 703 . . . **Arson** and **Murder!** A possible 703 . . . **Arson** and **Murder!** Come in, Boredom—12 . . .

Boredom—12, here! We're on our way! **Which** call do you want us to **handle?**

Check report of **double-parked car** on Finster Street, near the corner of Goomba Avenue!

Gee . . . what about all those other **wild things** you mentioned? The **guy** with the **gun?** The **gang riot** with **chains?** The **arson** and **murder . . .?**

Ahh, I just **made those things up** to add a little **excitement** to your lives!

Yeah? Well, it's **pretty funny . . .** especially since you just gave Dullboy, here, a **heart attack!**

A **heart attack?!** Are you **kidding??**

Sure! I just made **that** up to add a little excitement to **YOUR life, too!**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Why do we always get such **dull things** to do?

Because **we're** not like the **phony "Television Cops"** who do nothing but **exciting** things all the time! We're more like **"Real Life Cops"! Sometimes** we do **dull** things, and sometimes we do **exciting** things!

Well, we've had **one full season** of dull things, and a **whole Summer of re-runs** of dull things! So isn't it time for one of those **exciting** things?

What about that **murder** you prevented last night?

Murder?! WHAT murder?

Don't you **remember?** Your wife said if you weren't home by **Midnight,** she'd **KILL YOU . . .** and you got home at **11:59!**

ONE WAY

POLICE

Here's Finster and Goomba . . . and **there it is!!** An **actual double-parked car!**

Put your gun **away!** Do you want to get **oil stains** on the **upholstery?**

I'll handle this . . . the fiend!!

Besides, it's **my** turn to go into action **today!** You helped that **little old lady** get her **dime** out of the **sewer** yesterday—remember?

SUPPORT THE DODGERS

POLICE

Yeah, but **you cleaned it off!!**

Officer! You're not giving me a **ticket** just for **double-parking?!**

We've got to **draw a line** with you punks **somewhere!** If I let you double-park **today,** tomorrow you'll **triple-park!** And then, **someday**, you'll be **quadruple-parking . . .** so it's for your **own good!**

SID ASCHER

You don't **REALLY** have to give me a ticket, **do** you, handsome?

Listen, lady, **don't** give me that "handsome" routine! I've heard it **before!** I don't **pay attention** to young, sensuous, long-legged blonde Venuses! Here's your ticket, and I'm giving you exactly **one mini** to get into your **sweater** and drive—er . . . get into your car and find a **legal shape** to park—er, **MOVE!!**

Well? Did you give her a **ticket?**

Yep! The **Law** is the **Law!** There are **no exceptions!** Er . . . could you lend me $25.00 till payday?

Sure! Er . . . how come **$25.00** when the **fine** is only **$15.00?**

I gave her **$10.00 extra** to make up for **pay** she'll lose going down to **Traffic Court!**

What'll we do **now?**

Just **ride around** until we're **needed!**

Gee, do we have **that much GAS?**

Er . . . How's the **Mrs.?**

Oh, **she's** fine! She made a delicious **Stuffed Avocado Salad** last night!

Boy, that sounds **exciting!** But it must be a lot of **trouble** to **make!**

Nahh! You just cut an avocado in **half** and remove the **seed!**

Then, you stuff it with **diced oranges** and **grapefruit sections . . .**

. . . and top it off with some **Chutney Dressing!**

BANK

Wow! I've got to **try** that! I'm so **tired** of making **Oysters Louisiane!**

Oh? How do you make **that?**

SILENCE HOSPITAL

Well . . . **first,** I usually **parboil a quart of oysters,** and then—

Boredom—12! Come in, Boredom—12!
Possible **suicide** at 375 Park . . .
Possible **suicide** at 375 Park . . .
Please investigate immediately!

Also . . . try your Avocado Salad with **French Dressing! Delicious!**

Hey, I think 375 Park is the **other** way!

Oh, I thought we were going to **your** house for **Avocado Salad first!**

What about the **suicide** victim?

Wouldn't your wife **object** if you bring home a **total stranger?**

I know you've been on the force for eight years longer than **I** have, but I really think we should go to 375 Park **first!**

Aw . . . **okay!** But I can't **wait** for the day when you **stop** being an **over-anxious Rookie!**

ZOOM

Hey, Dullboy! What's your **home address?**

What do want my **home address** for?

I'm giving you a **ticket** for making an **illegal U-Turn!**

But **I'm** a **COP!**

The **Law** is the **Law!** There are **no exceptions!** Remember . . .?

Okay, wise guy! You've given **me** a ticket for a **"U-Turn"** . . . but **you've** also lost a **recipe** for **Oysters Louisiane!**

Here's 375 Park . . . and look at that **crowd!** Hey, there's a **guy** up on a **ledge,** ready to **jump!** Gee . . . is **this** what a **real emergency** looks like?

This is it! Get out and see what you can do! I'll look for a **parking space!** I'd **double-park,** but I'm afraid you'd give me **another ticket!**

TAXI

Excuse me, Ma'am, but did **you** call for a **Policeman?**

Yes . . . but **you'll do!** It's my **husband!** He's out there on the **ledge!** He **refuses** to **come in,** and his **Beef Stroganoff** is getting **cold!**

Beef Stroganoff, eh? Do you use **sliced sirloin** or **sliced eye round** when you make your Beef Stroganoff?

Depends! If I'm expecting **company,** I get **sliced sirloin!** But for just **us two,** eye round is **good enough!** Listen, if he should **jump,** you'll stay for **dinner?** I'd **hate** to see my Beef Stroganoff **go to waste!**

Don't **tempt** me! It smells so **delicious,** I may go out there and **PUSH** your husband off that ledge!

Hey, you're **funny!** You're **not** like those cops on **TV** at all!

We try to be **very real,** Ma'am! Wanna see my imitation of a **drunk?**

'Onish, ossifer! **Nobuddy** wuz drivin'! We wuz all inna **back, shingin'. . .**

HIC!

Mildred! I'm going to **jump** now! Come to the window so I can say **"Goodbye"!**

Just a minute, pest! I'm **busy** right now!

Go ahead! You were doing your **drunk imitation!**

I'll do it for you later! I'd better see your **husband** first!

It won't do **any good!** He **hates** imitations!

Well, maybe I can talk him out of **jumping!** What do you **call** him?

"Meathead" or **"Dummy"!** You can **take your choice!**

Hey, "Meathead -or-Dummy-you -can-take-your -choice"! I . . .

Keep away from me, Copper!!

Why would a nice guy like you want to **kill** yourself?

What's there to **live** for? **Work** is **hard! Pay** is **low! Taxes** are **high! Politicians** are **crooked' Morality** is **crumbling! God** is **dead!** And the **world** is about to **explode** in an **Atomic War!!**

Is there room on that ledge for **me?** Move over and we'll **jump together!**

What in heck are **you two** doing out on that ledge?

Committing suicide!

Suicide is a **chicken's** way out!

Boy . . . am I glad you **reminded** me! I can't **jump!** My wife's making **Chicken Divan** this Sunday, and I'd **miss it!** But what about **him?**

I dunno! Maybe he **doesn't like** Chicken Divan!

What's his **name?** I'll **talk** to him!

His name is **"Meathead -or-Dummy- you-can-take-your -choice"!**

Boy, that's a **pretty long name!** I'll just **shorten** it! **HEY, MEATHEAD!**

Listen to **me.** Meathead! If you **jump,** your life is **all over!** It's **gone beyond recall... lost forever!** But if you **give up** this suicide idea... if you decide to **live,** you can **start your life anew!** Begin it **again!** Nothing is **permanent!** Nothing is **forever!**

Consider me your **friend,** Meathead! Suppose I **wasn't** a cop! Suppose I **wasn't** wearing this uniform...

I'd give him a ticket for **"Indecent Exposure"!**

Will **you shut up** and **beat it!**

I **know** I'm just a cop, Meathead! But I'm also a **Human Being!** And I **care!** I **care** if another Human Being like you **lives** or **dies!**

And my **partner** cares, **too,** Meathead! Because **he's** a Human Being! We're a **team!** We **work together** . . . just like **all** Human Beings should be **working together,** caring whether other Human Beings like you live . . . or die . . .

Because that's what **life** is **all about,** Meathead! Caring about **other** Human Beings who care about **you! Giving love** and **receiving love!** Loving **one another** and being **happy!**

Life can be **beautiful,** Meathead! There's a **great big wonderful world** out there . . . full of **apple pie,** and **flags,** and **mother** . . . and **love!**

Call a hospital! Get a stretcher! He's in bad shape!

He . . . he **jumped?!**

No . . . wise guy . . . he **didn't** jump!

I almost **bored him to death!**

ZZZZZZZZZZ

GIVE OUR REGARDS TO BROADWAY JOE DEPT.

Hey, Pro Football fans! Here is a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to make a quick pass through the contents of . . .

JOE NAMATH'S WALLET

WRITER: ARNIE KOG

Sports Illustrated
TIME-LIFE BUILDING NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mr. Joe Namath
New York Jets
Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

We are in the process of compiling a collection of "Famous Quotations by Sports Immortals" which embody their playing philosophies. Included will be such great statements as:

"Win one for the Gipper!".....Knute Rockne
"The bigger they are, the harder they fall!".....Jack Dempsey
"This home run's for you, kid!".....Lou Gehrig
"Me and my brother will win sixty!"....Dizzy Dean
"I know I can make it in the big leagues!".....Jackie Robinson
"Count on me--he won't last three!"..Muhammad Ali

It is our understanding that you were recently quoted as saying:
"Get all the money you can--while you can!"

Is this true?

Does this express your playing philosophy?

Yours truly,
Agatha Wormley
Agatha Wormley
Research Department

Minse, Limpwryst & Strange
Beauty Parlor Supplies Cherry Grove, N.Y.

Mr. Joe Namath
The New York Jets
Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

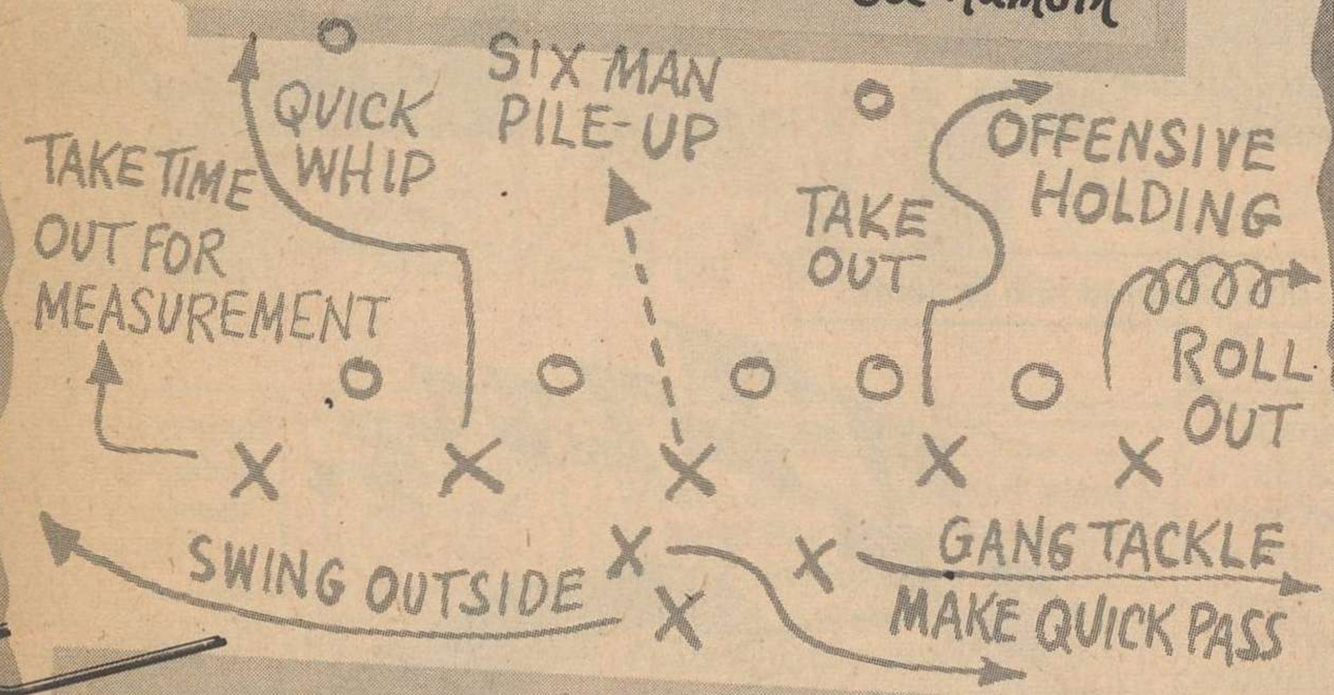
We are in receipt of your letter, and we can certainly understand your problem. We can't think of anything more horrible than getting your hair styled at the Barber Shop and then having to rush to the stadium for a rough and tumble football game.

However, much as we'd like to help you and satisfy your request, we simply cannot see our way clear to develop a "combination hair-dryer and football helmet." The very limited demand for such an item would not justify the cost.

May we offer another solution: style your hair the way Y. A. Tittle used to do.

Truly, truly yours,
Walker Minse
Walker Minse
President

Dear Miss Wormley:—
How much will you pay me if I tell you?
Joe Namath



Joe: Found this diagram outside your locker. Don't seem to recognize the play. Is this a new plan for the Oakland game Sunday? Babe Parilli

Babe: to tell you the truth, I hadn't given much thought to the Oakland game Sunday— This is a plan for an ORGY on Saturday!!
Joe Namath

NEW YORK JETS
SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK
A PERSONAL MEMO FROM COACH WEEB EWBANK

TO Joe Namath

Joe:
During the past few games, I've noticed that you've been using a strange new play that the boys tell me you call "The Statutory of Libertine"...the one where you step back into the pocket, fake a pass to the deep end, run to the sidelines, and hurl yourself on one of the "Pom-Pom Girls".
This play does not seem to be gaining much yardage for us, and only serves to cause confusion among the Officials, not to mention the girls. So, in the future, will you please stick to the conventional book plays that we've practiced!
Weeb

SURE-FIRE MAKE-OUT LINES (To use in 2nd Ave. Bars)

HI, BABY! WANNA FEEL MY TORN CARTILAGE?!—
EASY, HONEY! NOT THERE! THAT'S WHERE HE GRABBED MY FACE MASK
SAY- DIDN'T I SEE YOU IN FRIDAY'S LAST THURSDAY?
SAY- DIDN'T I SEE YOU IN THURSDAY'S LAST FRIDAY.
PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, KID, AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW IT
FEELS TO OWN A MINK COAT...BECAUSE I JUST MAY LET
YOU WEAR MINE HOME TO YOUR PLACE!!
MY COACH DOES'NT UNDERSTAND ME!!
GIRLS ARE LIKE FOOTBALLS... SOFT TO TOUCH, YET
MADE TO BE KICKED AROUND!
LISTEN HONEY, ONCE I START A PASS, I COMPLETE IT.

IDENTIFICATION

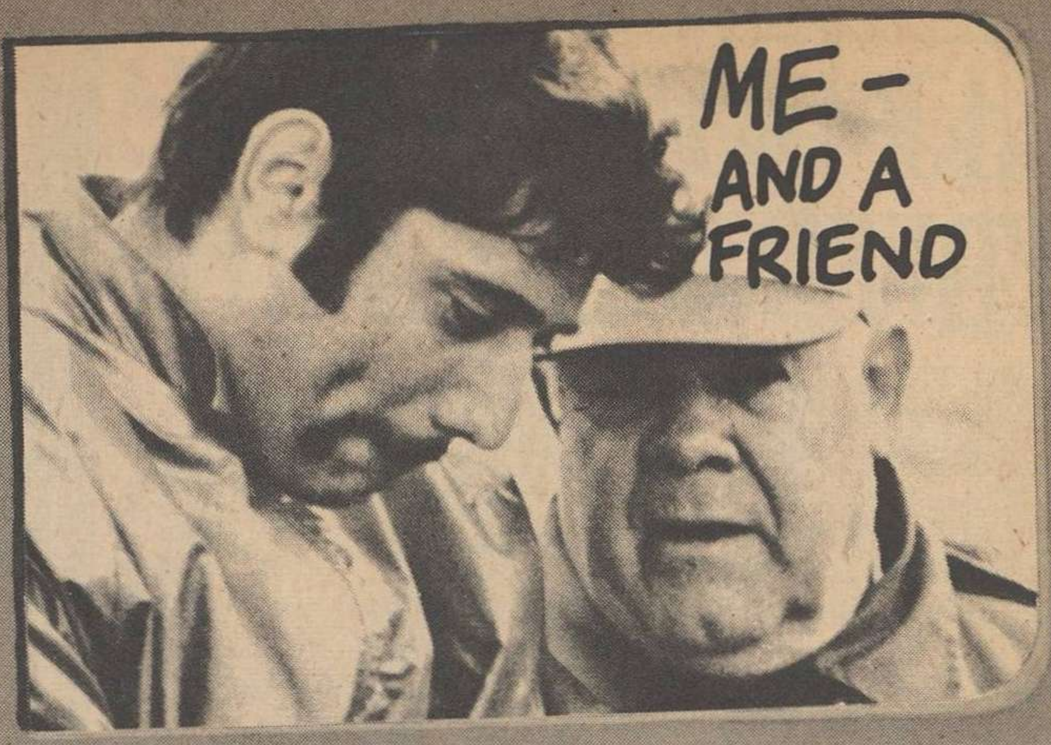
NAME JOE NAMATH

ADDRESS SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK CITY

OCCUPATION N.Y. JETS QUARTERBACK, MOVIE STAR, T.V. COMMERCIAL STAR, BAR & ~~DISCOTHEQUE OWNER~~ SWINGER, AND RACING CAR DRIVER (NOT INTENTIONALLY!)

DISTINGUISHING MARKS OR FEATURES ~~FU MANCHU~~ BEARD, TORN KNEE CARTILAGE & ASSORTED HICKIES

Genuine Pigskin



NEW YORK JETS
SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK
A PERSONAL MEMO FROM OWNER PHIL ISELIN

TO Joe Namath

I have taken the liberty of having 1200 copies of the enclosed form printed up in order to cut through the red tape and speed up the paper work when trouble occurs in the future. Please carry at least one copy with you at all times.

Phil

NEW YORK JETS
SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK

Chief of Police
City of.....
State of .....
Dear Chief .....:
I understand that on ....., 19....., in the City of .....
in the State of ....., one of our New York Jet football players, Joe Namath, was arrested for:

- ☐ Getting into a barroom brawl
- ☐ Cursing a Police Officer
- ☐ Roughing up a reporter
- ☐ Driving while intoxicated
- ☐ Getting a girl into trouble
- ☐ All five of the above

If you will call me at the New York Jets' offices, we will be most happy to discuss this problem with you and attempt to settle the matter out of court.

Sincerely yours, Philip Iselin

Philip Iselin, Owner

Dear Joe:-
I am 16 years old, and a big fan of yours. You are my idol. When I grow up, I want to be a Pro-Football Star just like you. I am currently the Quarterback for my High School team. I am 6 feet tall, weigh 175 pounds, eat 3 square meals a day, drink plenty of milk, get lots of fresh air and exercise, run errands for my Mom after school, go to bed early, and stay away from girls.
What do you think my chances are? Your fan,
Jeff Atkins.

Dear Jeff:
I think you're sick! Your chances are terrible!
Better forget about becoming a Pro Football Star. You'll never make it! In fact, it's your kind that gives this great American Sport a Bad Name!.
Joe Namath

PHOTOS BY: WORLD WIDE

Wheaties Sports Federation
Battle Creek, Michigan U.S.A.

Mr. Joe Namath
N.Y. Jets
Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

Thank you for your suggestion for a new "Joe Namath" way of preparing our breakfast cereal. We agree that your name would lend a certain prestige to our product.

However, we do not feel that Wheaties mixed with a "heaping bowlful of three parts Gin and one part Vermouth, topped off with your favorite Olive or Onion" is our idea of a Breakfast of Champions.

Thank you for your interest.

Yours for better health,
Bob Richards
Bob Richards, Director

Office of the Commissioner
American League Football

Dear Joe:

Although you have agreed to give up your interest in the bar, "Bachelors Three", there are still persistent rumors around that you have not given up your relationships with unsavory characters.

What proof can you offer me that you are no longer associating with gamblers and bookies?

Yours truly,
Pete Rozelle
Pete Rozelle
Commissioner

Dear Mr. Rozelle:-
I'll lay you 8 to 5 I'm not!!
Joe Namath

HITTING BELOW THE BLACK BELT DEPT.

TODAY, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN LEARNING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. IF YOU'RE LIKE THE REST OF US, YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOME BIG LUG WHO'S ALWAYS BULLYING YOU. WELL, ISN'T IT TIME YOU STOOD UP TO YOUR WIFE? THERE ARE DOZENS OF BOOKS ON THE MARKET

MORE SPE SELF-DEFE

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

SELF-DEFENSE FOR LITTLE OLD LADIES

HOW TO WHIP THAT YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER

●

Seven Defense Devices You Can Hide In Your Orthopedic Shoes

●

HOW TO KNIT A 20-POUND CHAIN INTO YOUR SHAWL

●

A Concealed Hat Pin: Your Most Cherished Defense Weapon

●

HOW TO BITE A MUGGER WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR FALSE TEETH IN HIS ARM

●

Build Your Own Bullet-Proof Corset

●

18 TERRIBLE THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH AN UMBRELLA

Self-Defense For POLICEMEN

★ ★ ★

12 WAYS TO STOP A CRIMINAL WITH JUST ONE FINGER (Your Trigger Finger)

★ ★ ★

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST ONE ATTACKER

★ ★ ★

How To Defend Yourself Against One Attacker With A Crowd Of 500 Watching

★ ★ ★

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST 501 ATTACKERS

★ ★ ★

The Only Sure Way To Avoid A Riot: GO OFF DUTY!

★ ★ ★

18 WAYS TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST AN IRATE LITTLE OLD LADY WITH AN UMBRELLA

★ ★ ★

Self-Defense For TEENY-BOPPERS

IF A THUG GRABS FOR YOUR PURSE . . . LET HIM HAVE IT! (He Deserves The Hernia)

□□□□

How To Defend Yourself Against Your Boyfriend . . . Or An Octopus

□□□□

TEN THINGS TO SAY TO FRESH GUYS WHO WHISTLE AT YOU

□□□□

15 Streets Where You Can Find Fresh Guys To Whistle At You

□□□□

GET THE EFFECT OF BRASS KNUCKLES WITH 4 FRIENDSHIP RINGS

□□□□

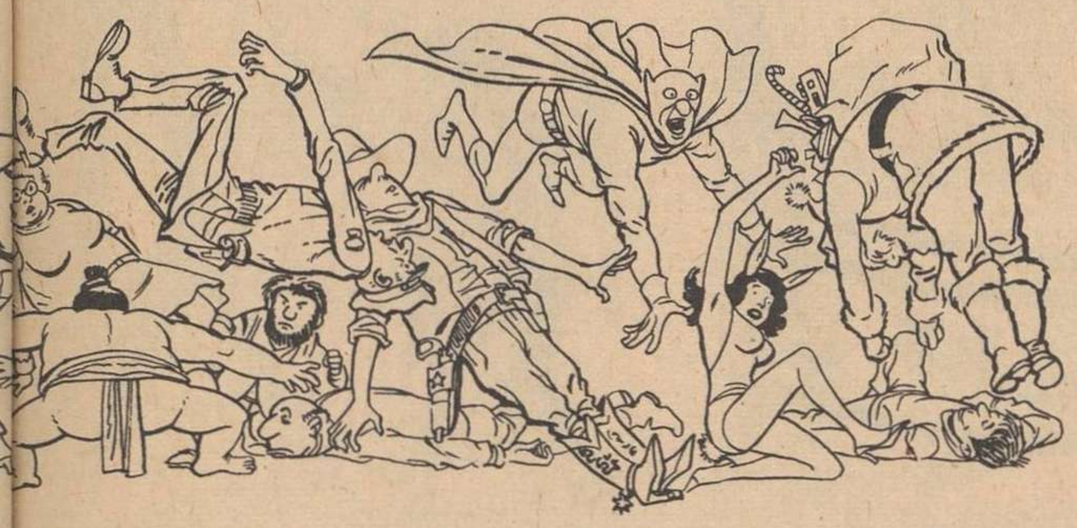
How To Hide A Mini-Knife Under Your Mini-Skirt

□□□□

THE BEST DEFENSE: RUN FASTER THAN YOUR NYLONS

DEALING WITH SELF-DEFENSE. MANY OF THEM ARE EVEN BROKEN DOWN INTO CATEGORIES, SUCH AS "SELF-DEFENSE FOR MEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR WOMEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR BOYS", AND SO ON. WELL, MAD WOULD LIKE TO ADD TO THIS RIDICULOUS COLLECTION OF "SELF-DEFENSE BOOKS" WITH

CIALIZED NSE BOOKS



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Self-Defense For HOUSEWIVES

HOW TO GIVE A GOOD KARATE CHOP TO A BUTCHER WHO GAVE YOU A BAD PORK CHOP

Sex Appeal: *Your Most Valuable Weapon For Avoiding A Traffic Ticket*

HOW TO AVOID A TRAFFIC TICKET... *AND* A MORALS CHARGE

Self Defense Against White Tornadoes, Giants In Washers, Witches, Flying Maids, White Knights and Gabby Lady Plumbers

Self-Defense For TINY TOTS

IT'S YOUR ICE CREAM—DEFEND IT!
A Collection Of Punches & Blocks That Only Use Your Free Hand

* * *

CONVERT YOUR CAP PISTOL INTO THE REAL THING

* *

Seven Self-Defense Methods You Can Practice On Your Barbie Doll

* * *

BITE SCRATCH AND KICK!
You're A Kid, And You're Not Expected To Fight Fair!

* *

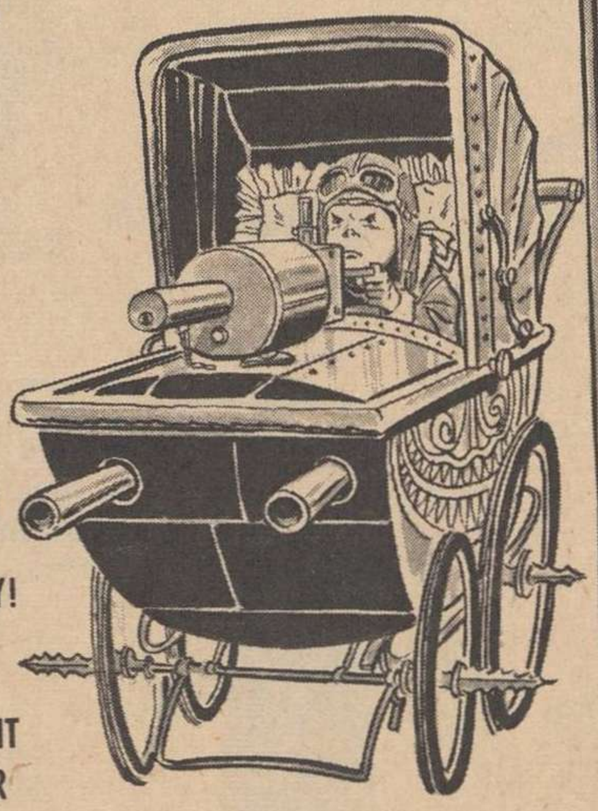
ALWAYS CARRY EXTRA CANDY!
Every Bully Has His Price!

* * *

CONVINCING YOUR ASSAILANT YOU'VE GOT A BIG BROTHER

* *

When All Else Fails . . . Cry!



Self-Defense For ANIMAL LOVERS

HOW TO EAT A STEAK DINNER SAFELY WHEN YOU OWN THREE DOBERMAN PINSCHERS

• • •

4 Effective Judo Holds You Can Use On A Depraved Parakeet

• • •

BEING ATTACKED BY A LAUGHING HYENA IS NOT AS FUNNY AS IT SOUNDS

• • •

How To Deal With A Goldfish Who's Been Watching Movies About Barracudas On TV

• • •

PUTTING THE CAT OUT WHEN HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO

• • •

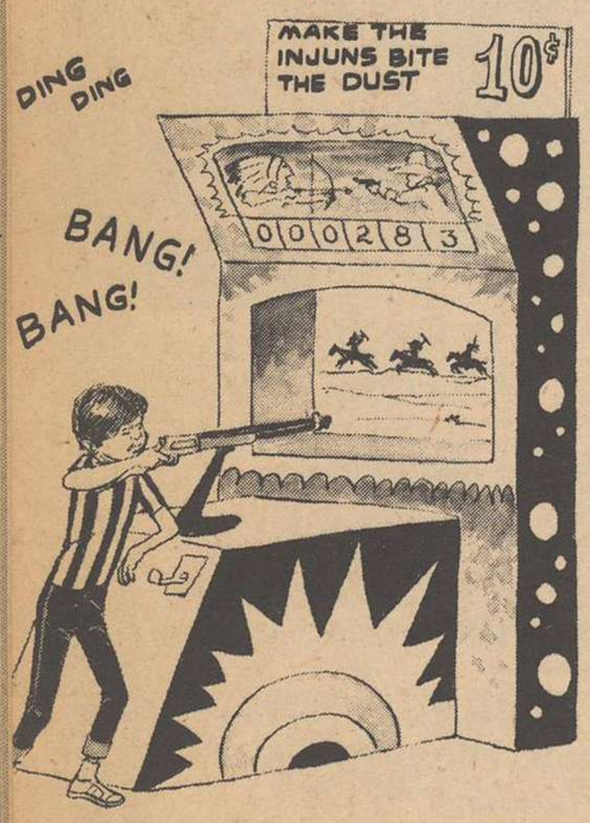
How To Defend Yourself Against Two—er—Six—er—Eighteen—er —Seventy-Two-Crazed Rabbits

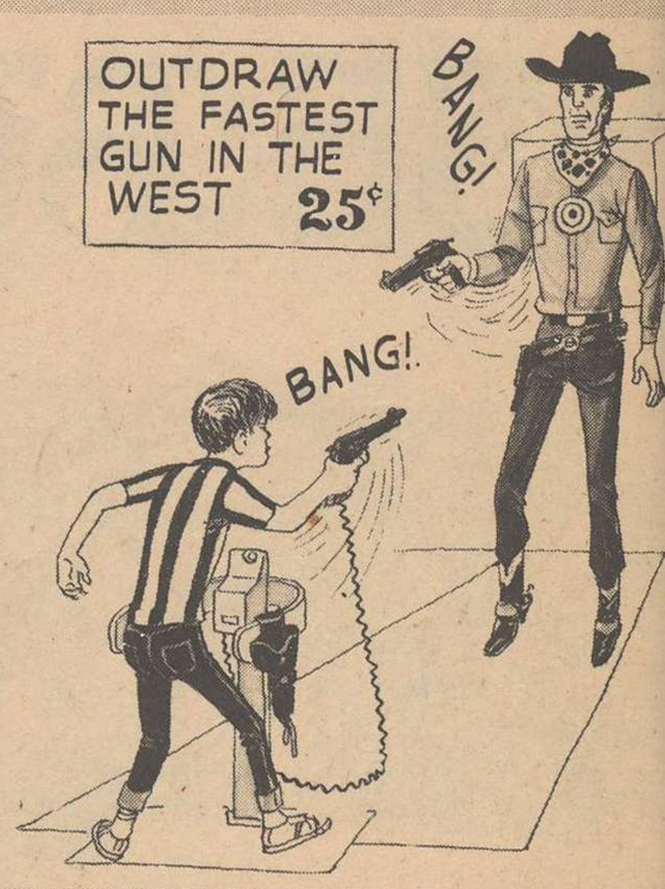
• • •

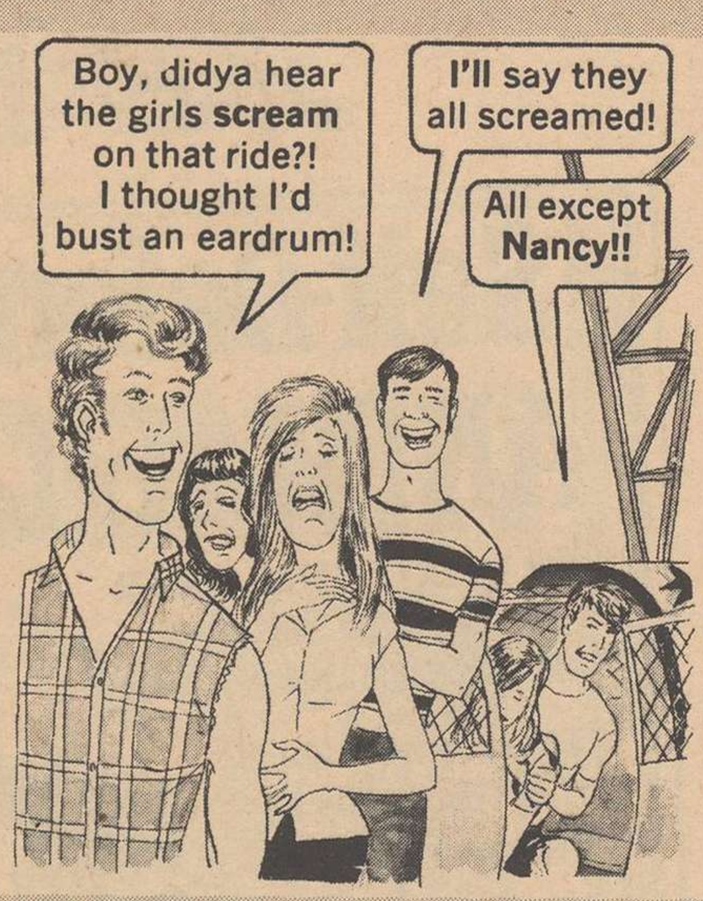
7 WAYS TO RELAX AND UNWIND A NERVOUS BOA CONSTRICTOR

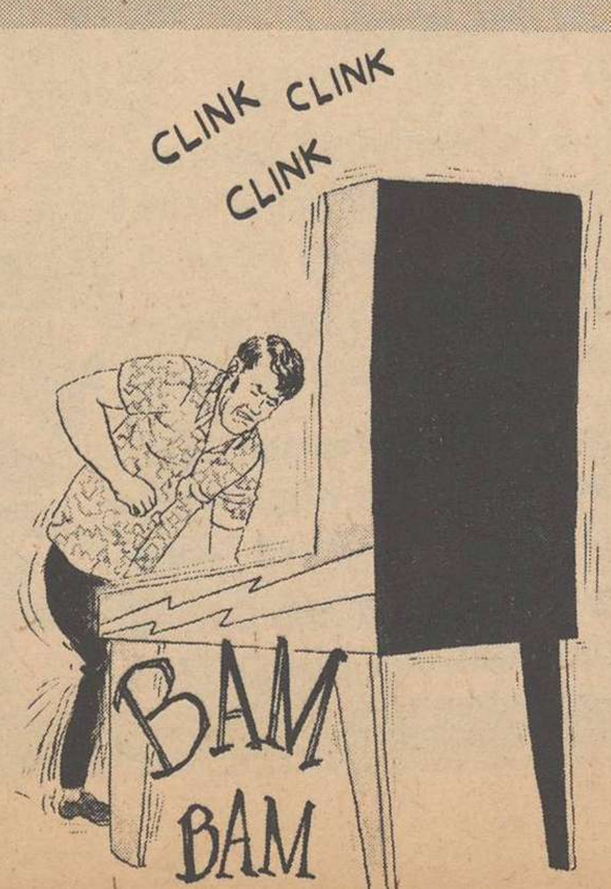
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

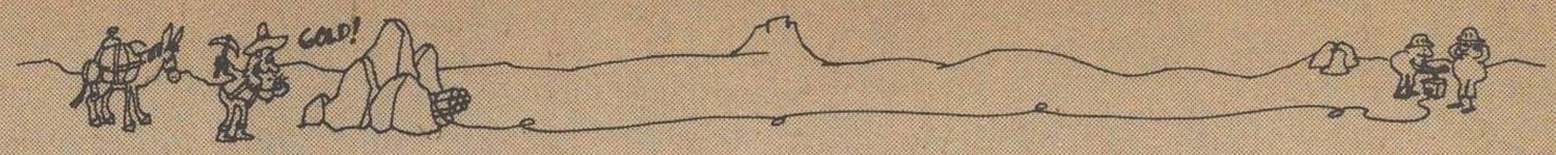
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AMUSE





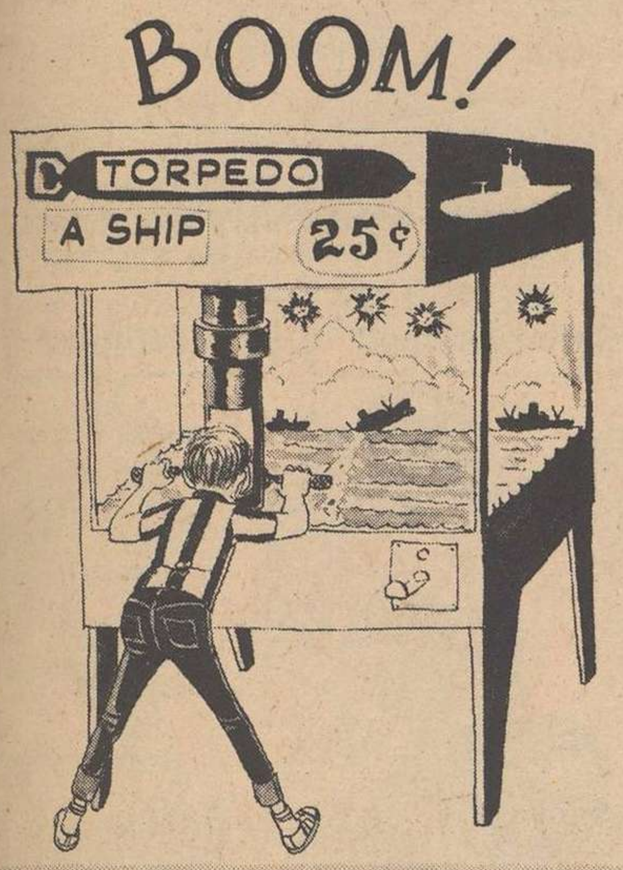


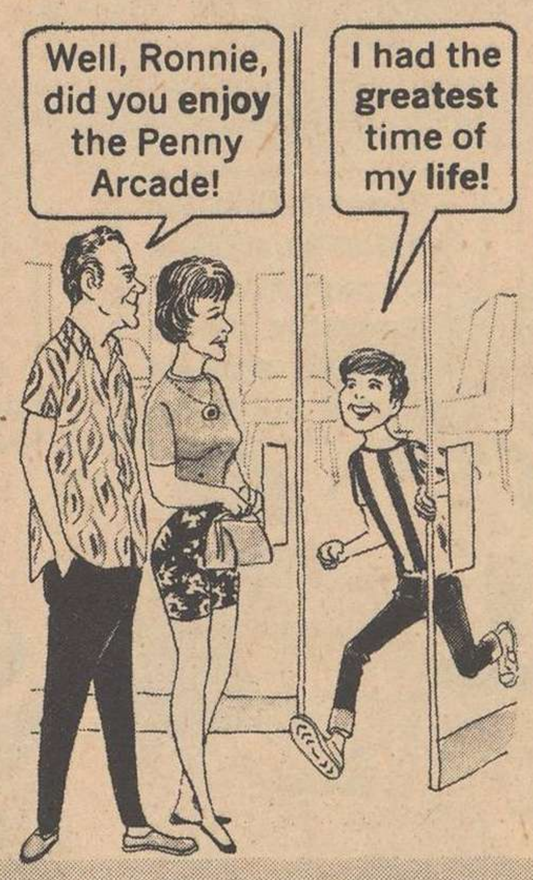


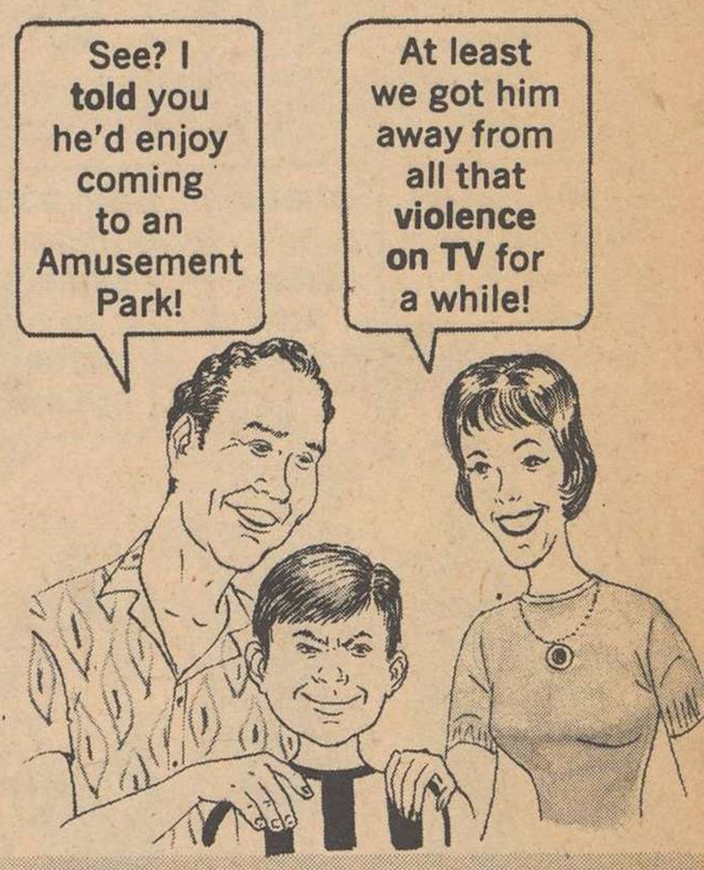


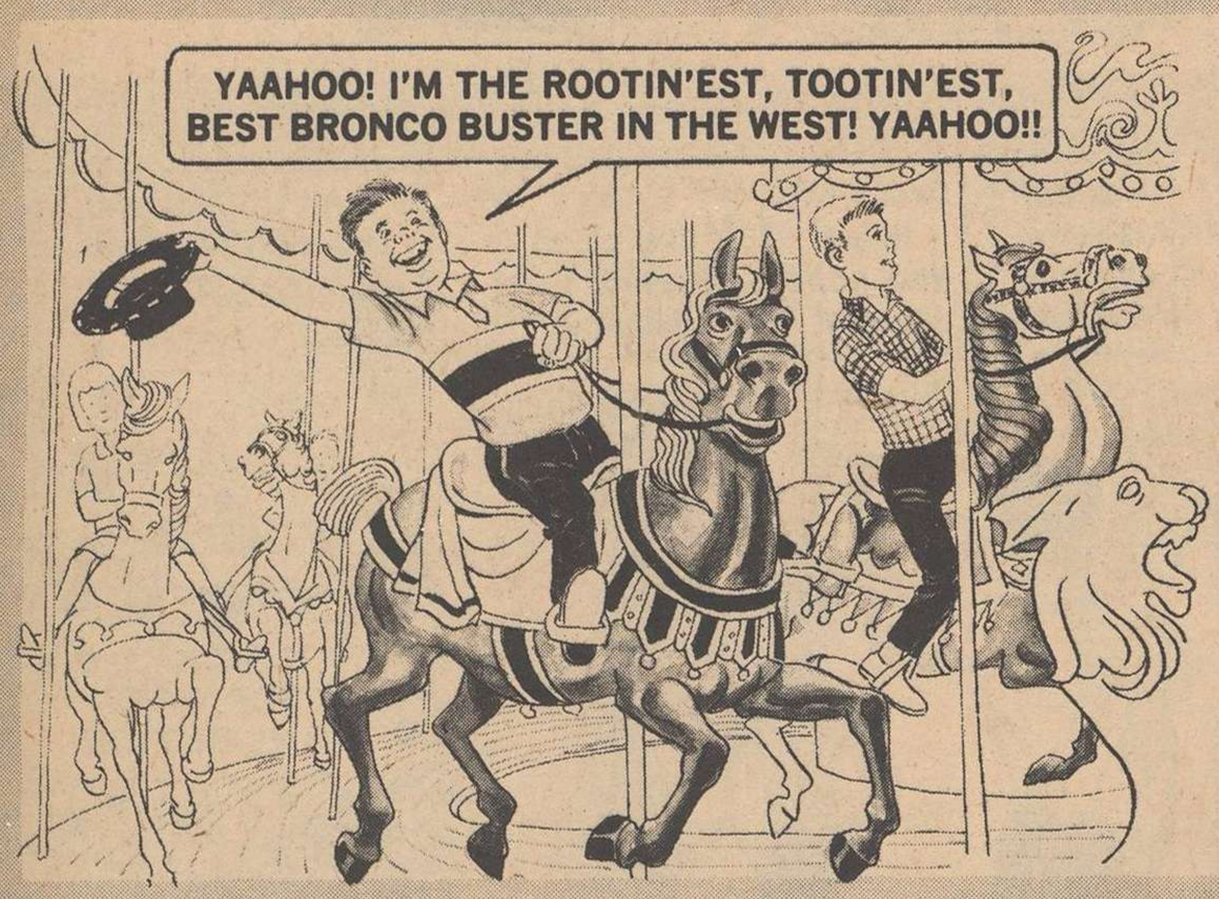
MENT PARKS

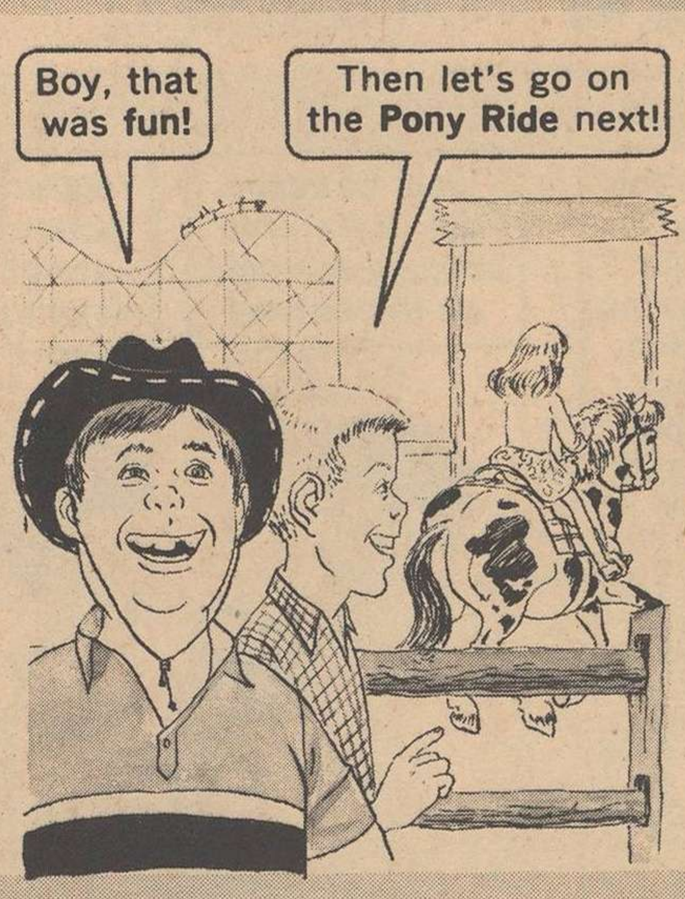
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

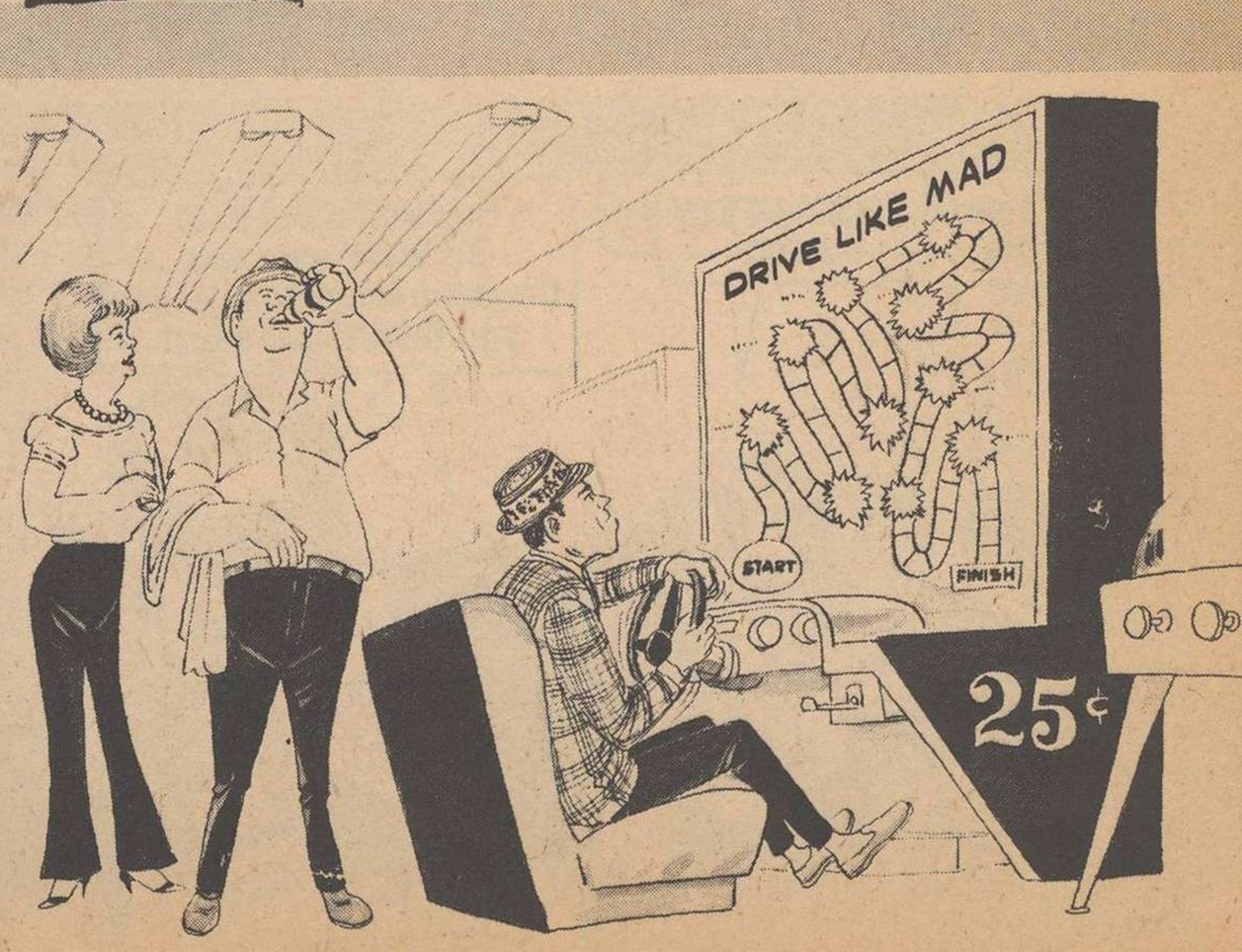












Here, Hon—take a **picture** of us while I go with Mitchy on the **Choo-Choo Train!**

You **egomaniac!** You'll do **anything** to have your picture taken!

No, you're **wrong!** I'll do anything to get a ride on a **Choo-Choo Train!**

Well, I like riding on a Choo-Choo Train, **too!** So **I'll** go with Mitchy, and **you** take the picture!

Tell you what—we'll **both** go on the Choo-Choo Train!

B-but . . . who's gonna take the **picture?**

PLAYLAND

Daddy, I wanna make a **Spin-Art Picture!**

What's a **Spin-Art Picture?**

Will you please **explain** it to my **Mother-In-Law?**

Surely! First we place this piece of paper on the turntable inside this box and we start it spinning!

As the little boy squirts different colored paints onto the spinning paper, the centrifugal force spreads them outward into various shapes and patterns!

Then, when we shut off the spinner . . . *Voila!* We have a **modern painting!!**

My Grandson did THAT!? Why . . . it's **beautiful!!**

Y'know this **big deal boxer,** Kevin Martin? Well, he's **not** such a big deal! I knocked him out **five times!**

Who are you **kidding?** A runt like **you** knocking out a **Golden Gloves Champ!?**

Well, he really did it! He kept popping me right on the **button!**

You're **both** putting me on!

I **swear** it on a stack of **Bibles!**

Cross my **heart** and hope to **die!**

I don't like being **teased!** I'm **leaving!**

I can't understand why she didn't **believe** us!

"KNOCK OUT" POP 'IM ON THE BUTTON!

10¢

Mom! Can I go on the **Ferris Wheel** again? **Can** I, Mom?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

But that's not **fair!** Sis went on it **five times** already! How come you didn't stop **her?!**

She didn't **ask!**

When we were on the **"Roller Coaster"** and the car went down the first drop and up around the turn, I felt sure it was gonna **jump the track** and we'd all **HAD it!**

I felt that way when we were on **"The Whip"!**

Honey, is this ride **too scary** for you?

No, Daddy! **I'm** all right!

Are you **sure?** Is your stomach getting **queasy** from all this up-and-down and 'round-and 'round motion? Because if you feel **sick,** all you have to do is call out to the **operator** and he'll **stop the machine!**

OH, MR. OPERATOR! PLEASE . . . STOP THE MACHINE!!

MY DADDY WOULD LIKE TO GET OFF!

I hope you realize that his **talent** comes from **MY side** of the family!!

—sob—
—sob—

S'matter, kid? Are you **lost??**

N-no—*sob*—
I'm **right here!**

It's m-my—*sob*—**Mommy** and **Daddy** who are lost—**WAAA!!**

Place your bets, folks!

What number should I play?

Ahh—**32!** That's your **age!** No-no! Make it **28!** That's **my** age! Wait! Play **7!** That's **always** a lucky number!

Hold it! Put it on **22!** That's our **address!** Or better yet, **5!** That's when the **kids** go back to **school!** No—**I know!** Play **18!** That's how **old** I was when we met!

Forget it! I'll just close my eyes and pick **ANY number!!**

And the **winning number** is . . . **28!!**

See!? I told you to play number 28!!

And when we were on the **"Topsy-Turvy"** and it turned upside down, I thought we were **finished!**

It **does** seem **silly** to pay **35¢ apiece**—just for the privilege of being **scared to death!**

Yeah, but it's sure **worth** it!!

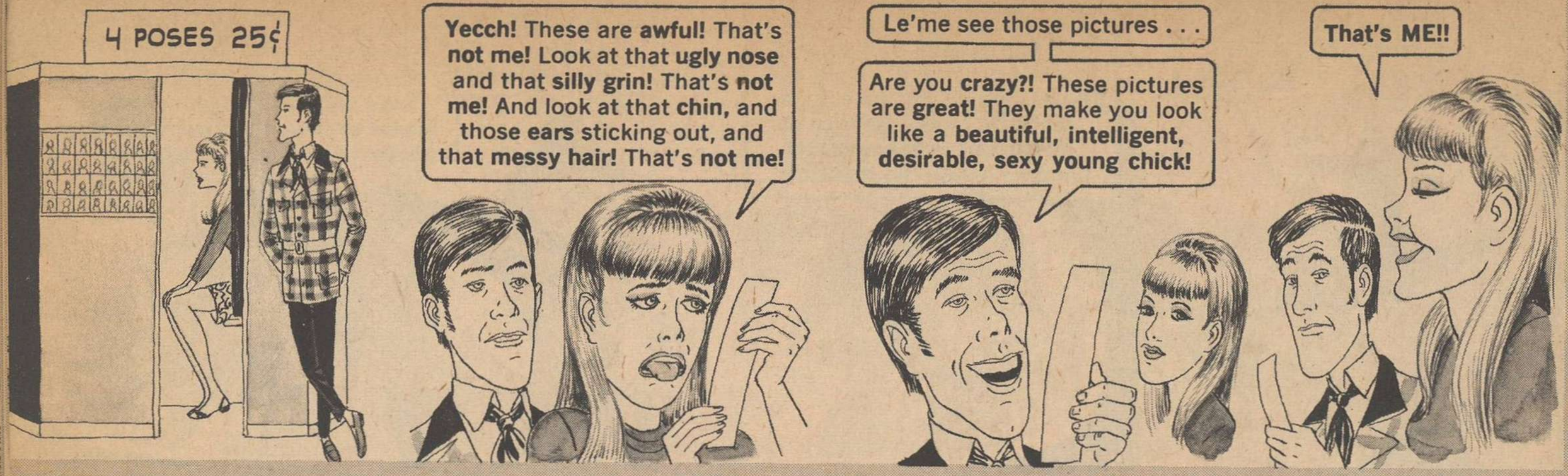
HEY! WATCH IT, TONY!

THE WAY YOU TOOK THAT CURVE, YOU ALMOST TURNED THE CAR OVER!

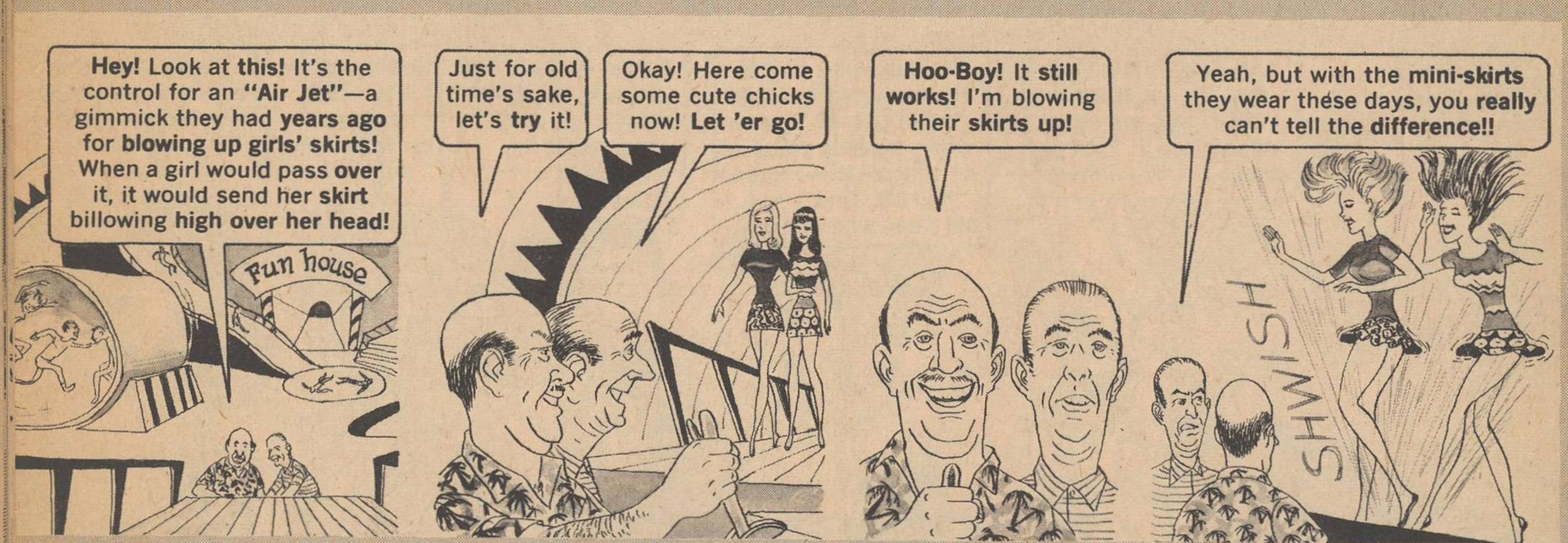
GEEZ! YOU ALMOST SCARED US TO DEATH!!

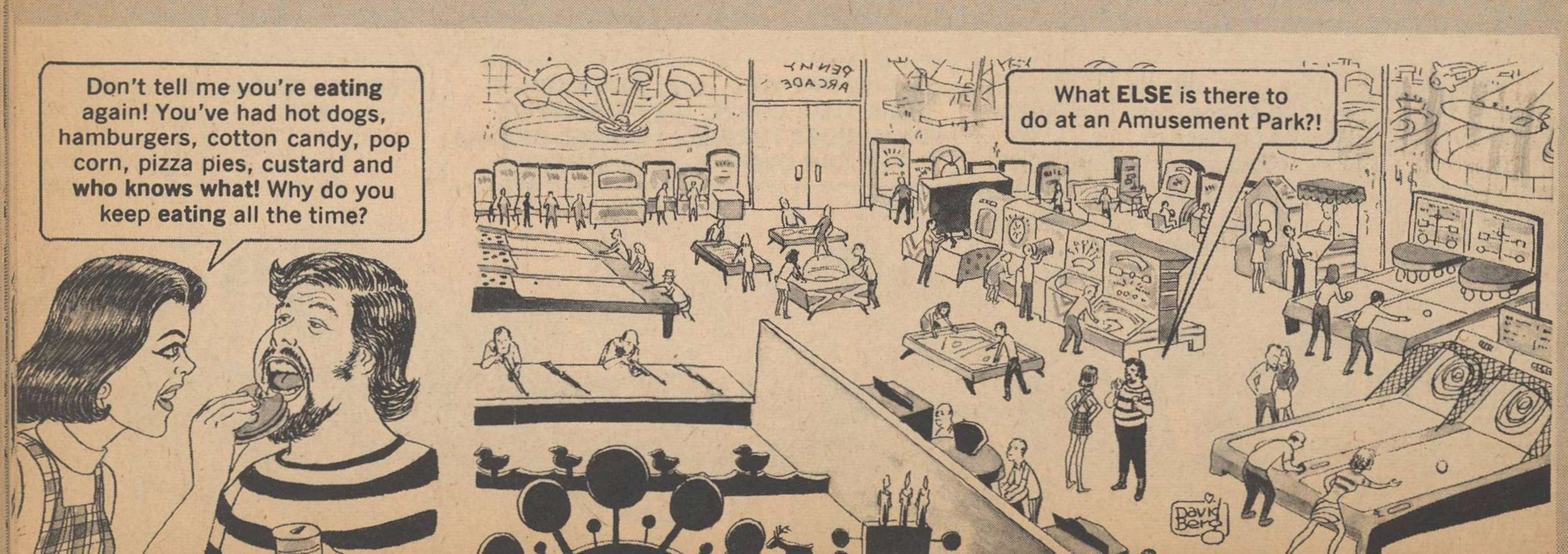
SCREECH

That'll be **35¢ apiece,** please!


4 POSES 25¢
Yecch! These are awful! That's not me! Look at that ugly nose and that silly grin! That's not me! And look at that chin, and those ears sticking out, and that messy hair! That's not me!
Le'me see those pictures . . .
Are you crazy?! These pictures are great! They make you look like a beautiful, intelligent, desirable, sexy young chick!
That's ME!!

Oh, no! Look at all the junk she brought home from the Amusement Park!
IT'S NOT JUNK!!
It's a collection of sentimental mementos of a marvelous day I spent with a marvelous boy—groovy Gary Frick!
Okay, love-struck! Where are you gonna put 'em? Your room is already cluttered with sentimental mementos of the marvelous days you spent with marvelous, groovy Harry Dixon!
Harry Dixon!? That creep!! I don't see him any more! I'll get rid of THAT junk!!


Hey! Look at this! It's the control for an "Air Jet"—a gimmick they had years ago for blowing up girls' skirts! When a girl would pass over it, it would send her skirt billowing high over her head!
Fun house
Just for old time's sake, let's try it!
Okay! Here come some cute chicks now! Let 'er go!
Hoo-Boy! It still works! I'm blowing their skirts up!
Yeah, but with the mini-skirts they wear these days, you really can't tell the difference!!
SHWISH


Don't tell me you're eating again! You've had hot dogs, hamburgers, cotton candy, pop corn, pizza pies, custard and who knows what! Why do you keep eating all the time?
What ELSE is there to do at an Amusement Park?!
ARCADE
David Berg

TRITE & TRUE DEPT.

MAD'S "LATE SHOW"

CLICHÉ MOVIE SCRIPT

ARTIST: BRUCE STARK

WRITER: HARRY PURVIS

THE "WAR" MOVIE

"Before this training period is over, you guys are gonna hate my guts! But if you live through it . . . someday, you'll thank me for it!"

* * * * * * *

"We're not running this war for your personal pleasure, Bradshaw! Tonight, by disobeying orders, you endangered the life of every man in this company! Maybe back in Civilian life you could pull things like that, being Senator Bradshaw's son! But here in this Boot Camp, you're just plain PRIVATE Bradshaw!"

* * * * * * *

"Any of you guys got any letters to write, you got exactly two minutes! Because we're shipping out!"

* * * * * * *

"Don't let 'im get your goat, kid. She'll wait. Not all dames are like that. Simpson's just sore 'cause he ain't got no one to come back to."

* * * * * * *

"I'll go crazy if I don't see some action soon!"

* * * * * * *

"Men, we're up against an enemy who'll stop at nothing to hold this island! So, good luck! And . . . give 'em hell!"

* * * * * * *

"Okay, I need some volunteers for this mission . . . Anderson, Brown, Cowznofski, DeGrazzo, Hanlon, MacNutt, O'Reilly and Silverstein! Now, let's see . . . what have I missed? Oh, yeah--you, too, Sun Luck Chow!"

* * * * * * *

"I know you didn't ask to come out here, Bradshaw--but by God, now that you ARE here, you'll fight! Now I'll tell YOU something . . . first time out, I was afraid, too! Yeah, ME! Does that surprise you?"

* * * * * * *

"You can't ask them to do it, Colonel! They've been looking forward to this leave for months! It's all that's kept them going! Now, to tell them they've been ordered back into action . . . it--it just isn't fair!"

* * * * * * *

"I wish Arkansas would learn a new tune! That one's driving me nuts!"

* * * * * * *

"Boy, what I wouldn't give to be back on Flatbush Avenue, watchin' all the blondes go by! How about you, Bradshaw? Any real-stacked blondes up on Snob Hill? Hey . . . where ya goin' . . . ?"

* * * * * * *

"The last thing he said was--'Tell the Sarge this one's for Benny!'"

* * * * * * *

"He wiped out that machine gun nest single-handed! And to think I once called him 'yellow'!"

* * * * * * *

"When I see those fresh green kids coming up, eager to fight, it makes me want to cry. I was like that once. It seems like so many years ago. It's hard to believe we've only been on this island 5 days!"

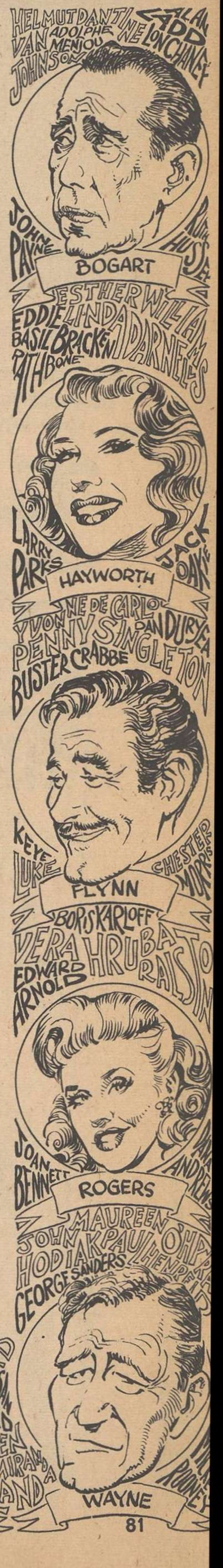
* * * * * * *

"Think it'll do any good, Padre? All this killing and dying, I mean . . ."

* * * * * * *

". . . and the generations to come will remember what it was like, and what it was all for! Have no fear of that, my son!"

THE END



ECCCH-TRANEOUS MATTER DEPT.

Every once in a while, MAD buys an article from a writer, puts i into the works, and then decides not to publish it for a variety o reasons . . . like f'rinstance it started off great, but ended up dul after a while . . . or the premise was valid, but the satirical poin

SOME MAD You Never

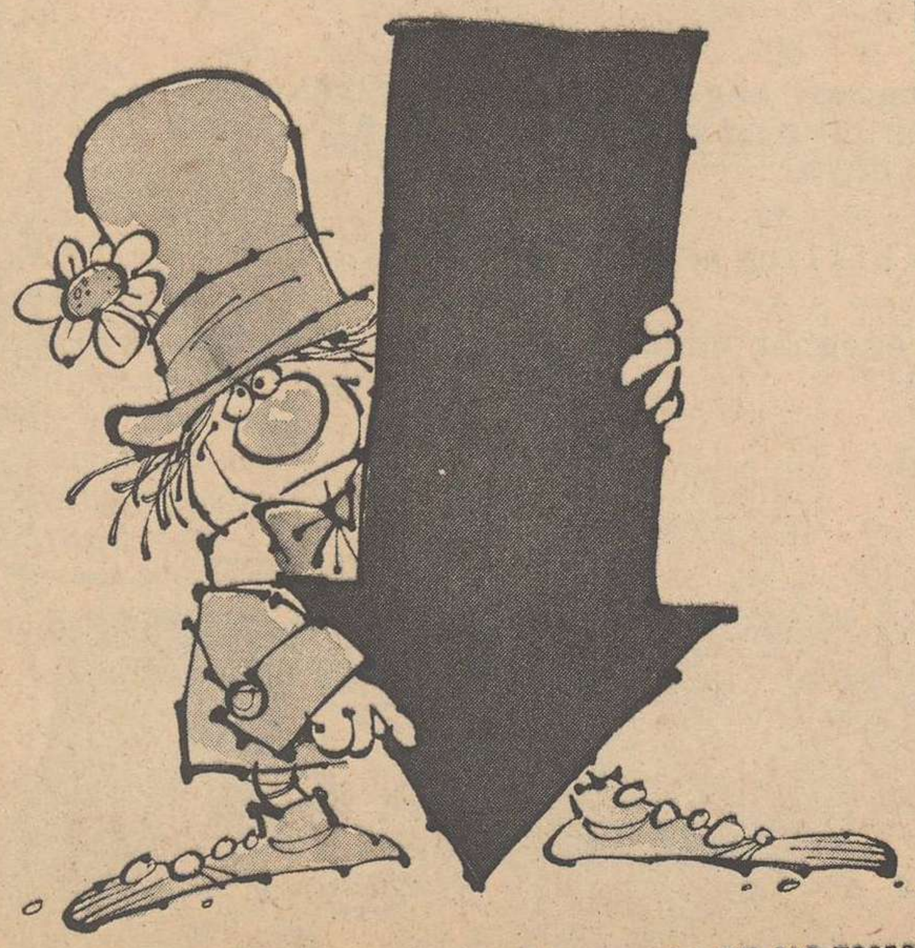
THE VERSE IS YET TO COME DEPT.

The trouble with Greeting Cards today is that they're either full of mushy sentimental rhymes that nobody believes, or they're just plain gags that nobody takes seriously. What's needed, MAD feels, are cards that express how we *really* feel about the person we're sending greetings to. In other words, we need some

HONEST GREETING CARDS

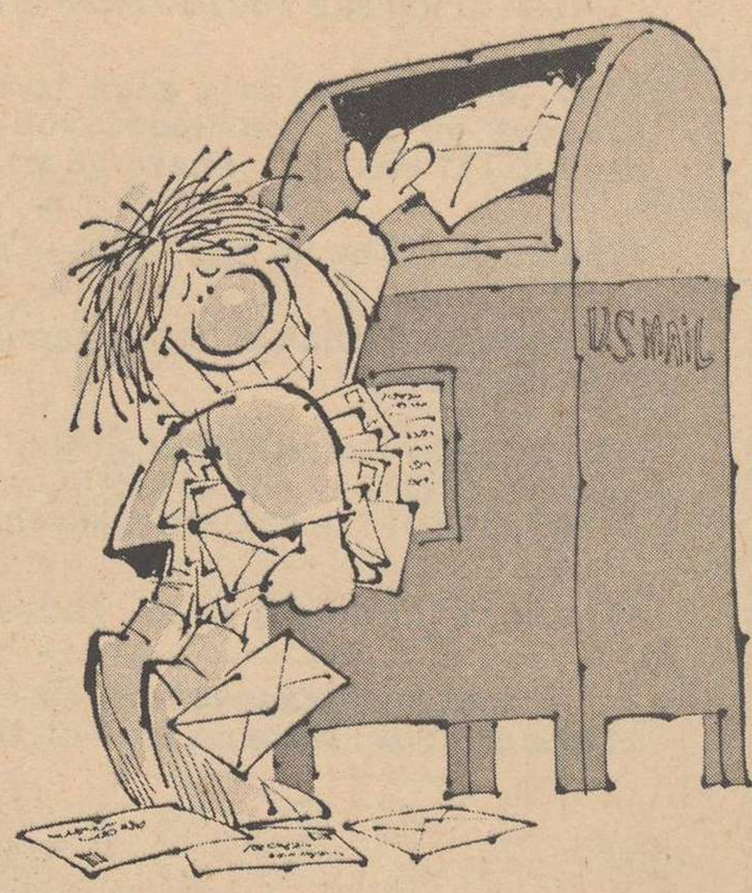
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

I could have picked a birthday card
With lines that ooze and gush—
A card to fill your heart anew
With love, delight and mush.
But sentiments in poetry
On you, my friend, are lost!
The only thing you'll want to see
Is what the darn thing costs!



A GALLMARK CARD 25 CENTS CARD NO 78053

Just To Say "Hello"



My sending you a card this way
May seem to have no reason;
It's not to honor any day
Or celebrate a season;
The only motive that I've got
Is fear, because I lack
The strength to not send any cards
And therefore get none back.

of departure fell apart . . . or the Editor was stoned when he accepted it, and he regretted it the minute he sobered up. In any case, over the years, we've collected quite a few of these Unpublished Articles, and now we're getting rid of them by presenting this quick look at . . .

ARTICLES Got To See

WRITER:
FRANK JACOBS

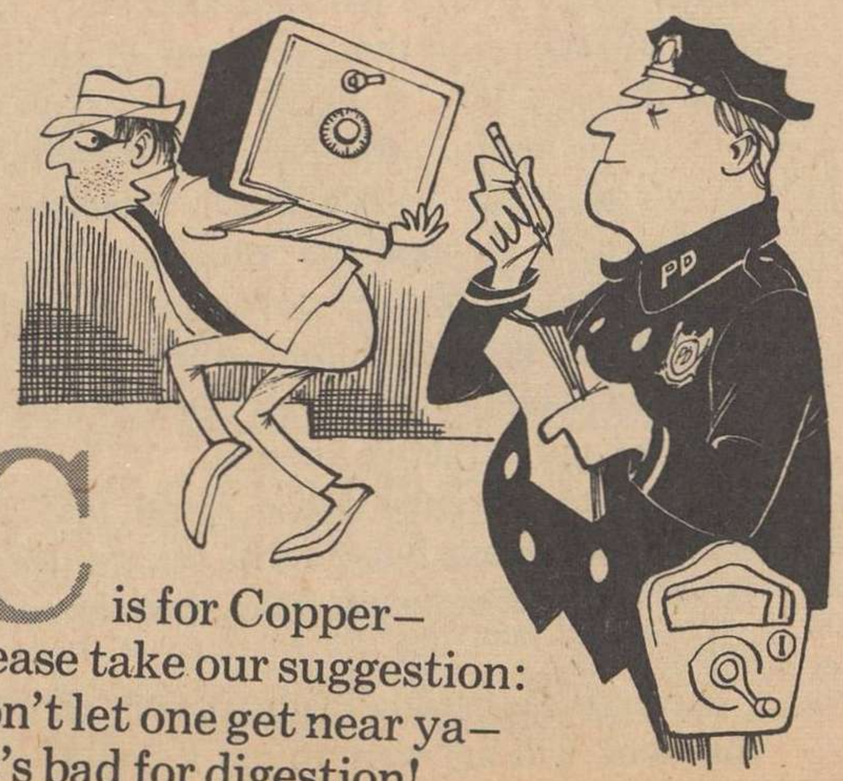
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT DEPT.

The newspapers tell us that many criminals and syndicate members are passing their knowledge from father to son. But what about the future law-breakers who are *not* so lucky as to have gangster or a racketeer or a hired killer for a father? It is for these deprived hoodlums of tomorrow that we

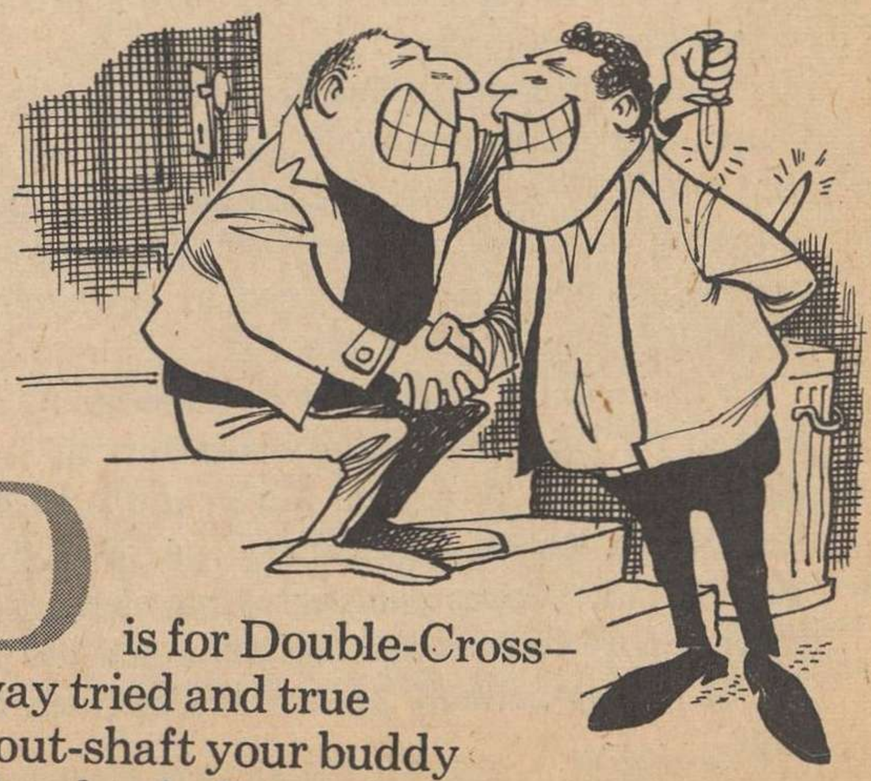
The Mad Crime Alphabet Book

A is for Arson–
For mugs who like fire;
It helps if you're born
With a burning desire!

B is for Blackjack–
A real problem-solver–
For soft-hearted thugs
Who won't use a revolver!



C is for Copper–
Please take our suggestion:
Don't let one get near ya–
He's bad for digestion!



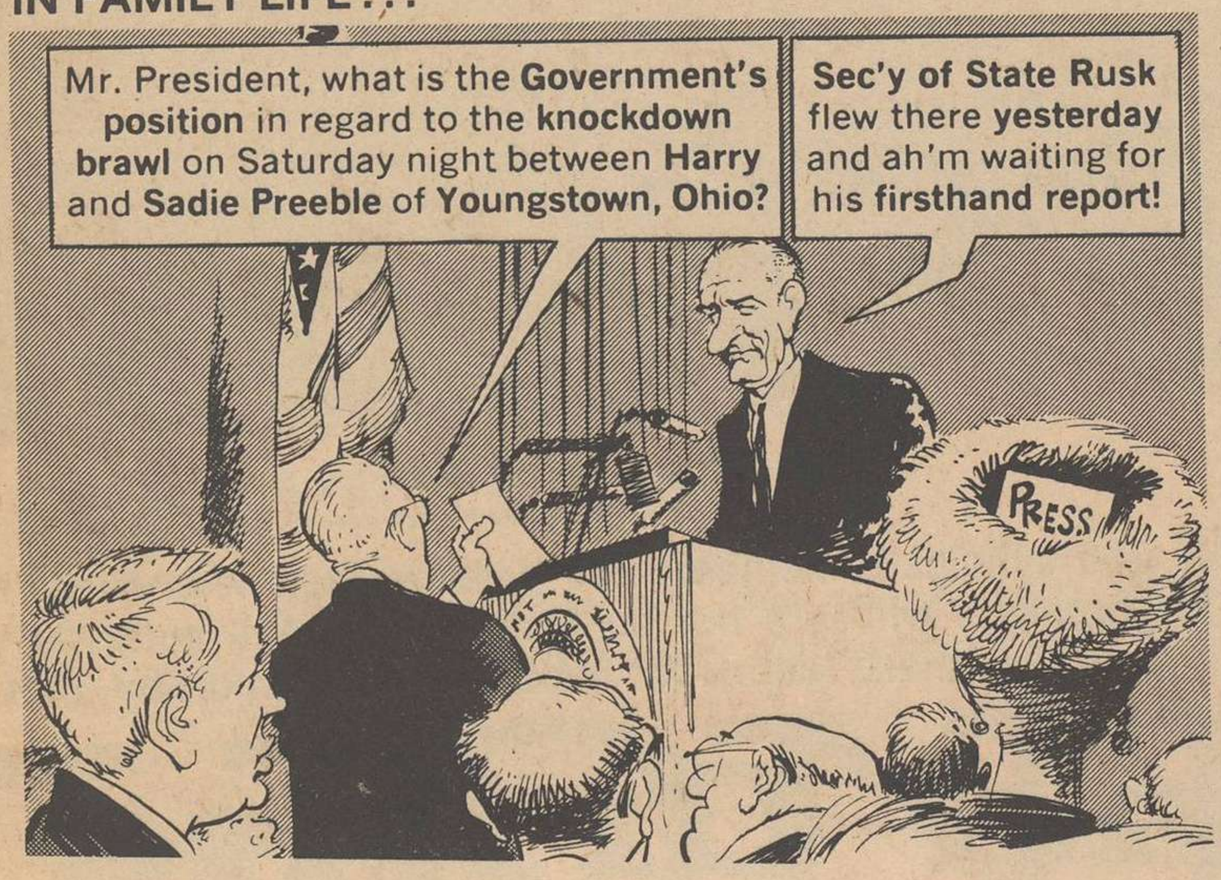
D is for Double-Cross–
A way tried and true
To out-shaft your buddy
Before he shafts you!

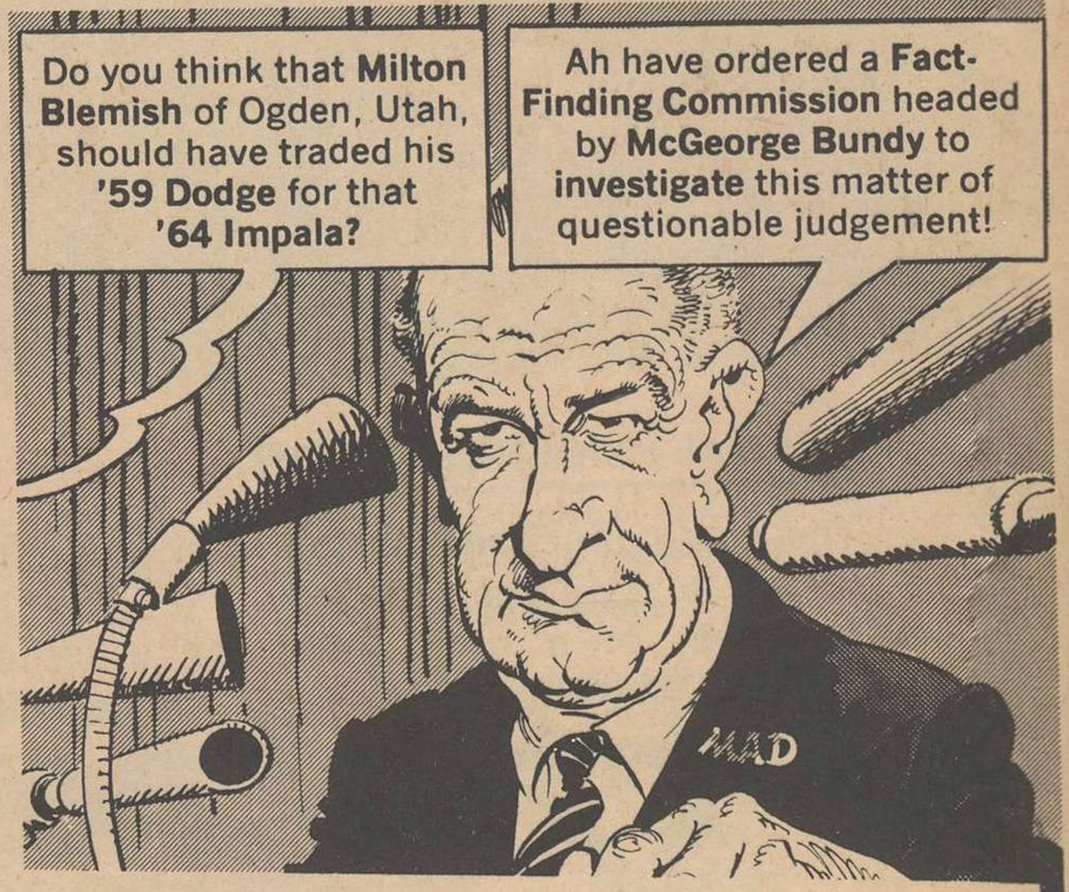
CAPITOL PUNISHMENT DEPT.

A lot of people are concerned with the fact that the Federal Government is taking over more and more functions that were once reserved to the States, or to Private Industry, or to the Individual Citizen. In fact,

IF THE U.S. GOV'T.

IN FAMILY LIFE . . .





LITERARY TEASE DEPT.

Most of the new books that come out are written up in newspapers and magazines by "Book Reviewers". However, there are several very important books which come out each year that are never reviewed—despite the fact that they are extremely popular. To remedy this situation, MAD now presents several much-needed

BOOK REVIEWS FOR BOOKS THAT DON'T ORDINARILY GET BOOK REVIEWS

Lack Of Plot Weakens New Phone Directory

"Disappointing" is the only word to describe the new Metropolitan Telephone Directory, which came out today.

After reading just a few dozen of its 1800-odd pages, one is almost sure to tire of the book's cut and dried style. True, the authors have populated the work with a variety of fascinating characters, but they never succeed in developing a plot to hold the reader's interest.

In the opening pages, one is immediately captivated by such interesting characters as Anna Aab, Albert Aach, Arnold Aaron and AA Office Equipment Rental Service. But just as soon as the book introduces one engrossing character, it moves on to the next and one never gets the feeling of having actually known any of them very well.

It is doubtful that hardly anyone will be reading it a year from now.

Spiral Notebook Lauded For "Inspired" Contents

Only once in every generation does a book come into our lives that is so necessary, so utile, and so rewarding that we know immediately it is a classic.

Such a book is the National Printing Company's latest No. 33-508 Spiral Notebook.

From the moment the reader turns the handsome beige cardboard cover to the first horizontal-blue-and-vertical-red-ruled page, he becomes a willing captive to the delights of this inspired and attractive volume.

True, the circular metal spiral may remind one of National's No. 33-497 square-ruled best-seller which came out in 1966, but the similarity ends there.

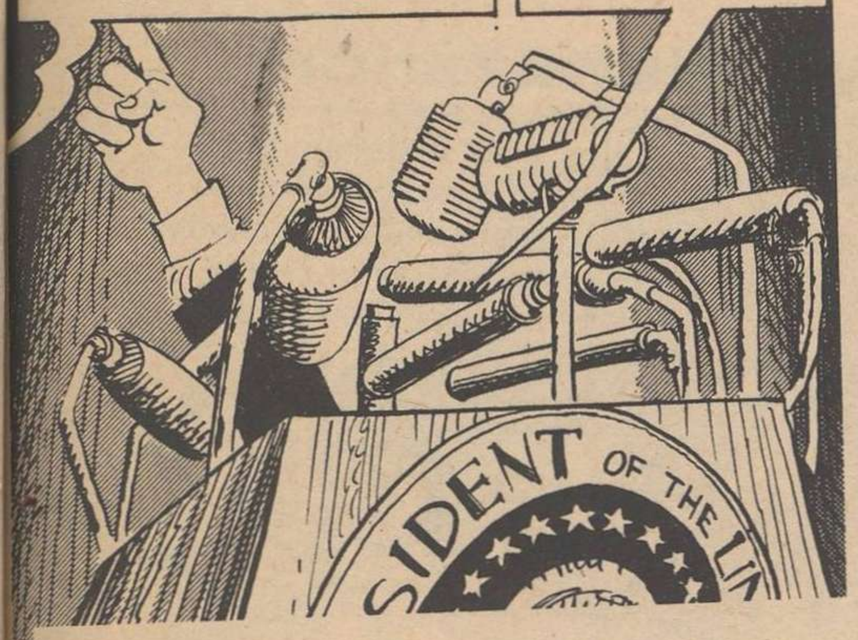
I can safely predict that those of you who buy this book will not want to put it down, and that you can be sure of picking it up in the months ahead, and enjoying it again and again.

some people feel that the U.S. Government is well on its way to handling *everything* in our daily lives. Which could be dangerous as well as somewhat idiotic. To show you what we mean, here is what life would be like

RAN EVERYTHING

How does the Government feel about **Eddie Finster's unsuccessful attempt** to **make out** with **Cynthia Gribbish** in a **Fort Wayne, Texas drive-in?**

With a heavy heart, Ah have ordered Fort Wayne declared a **"Disaster Area"!**

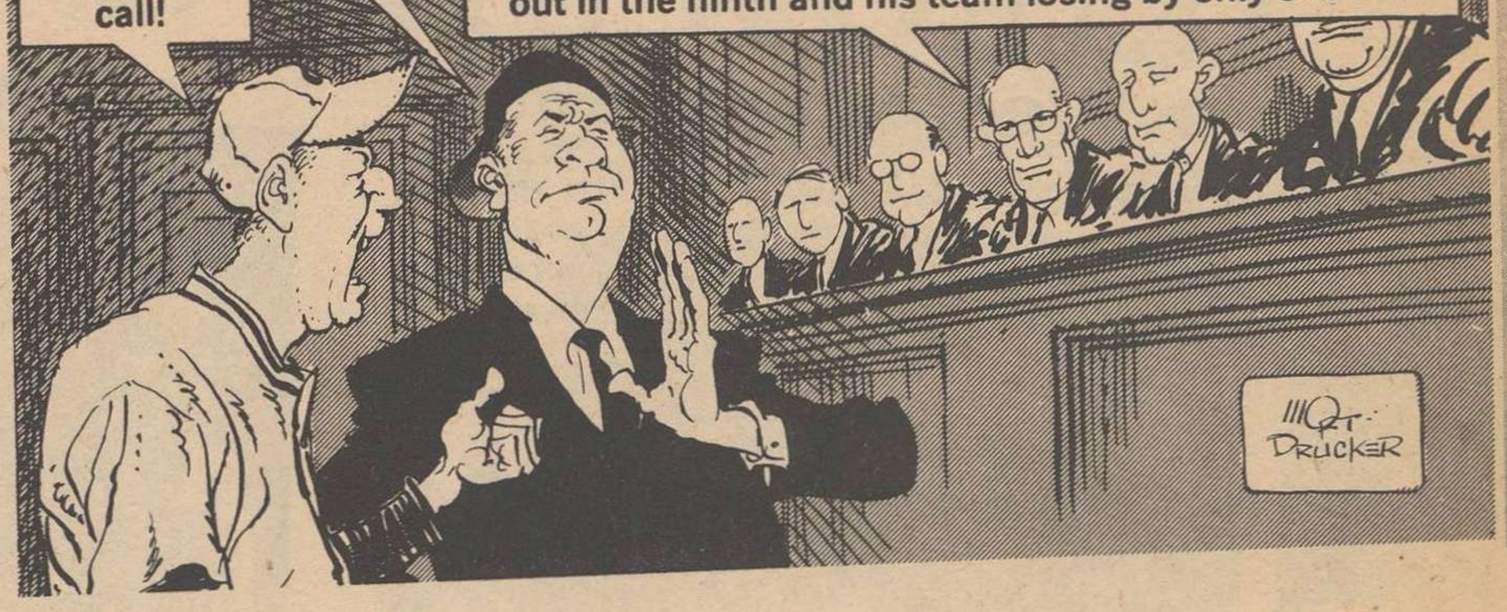


IN SPORTS . . .

My base-runner was **safe by a mile!** The Umpire **blew the call!**

That's a lot of **bunk!** He was **out!**

The Supreme Court has heard the evidence and hereby rules by a vote of 5 to 4 that the **Umpire blew the call** and the runner **was safe!** However, the Court **also** rules by a vote of 7 to 2 that the **Manager** be **thrown out of Baseball** for **ordering** such a **bonehead play** as **having his base-runner steal third with none out in the ninth and his team losing by only one run!**



COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.

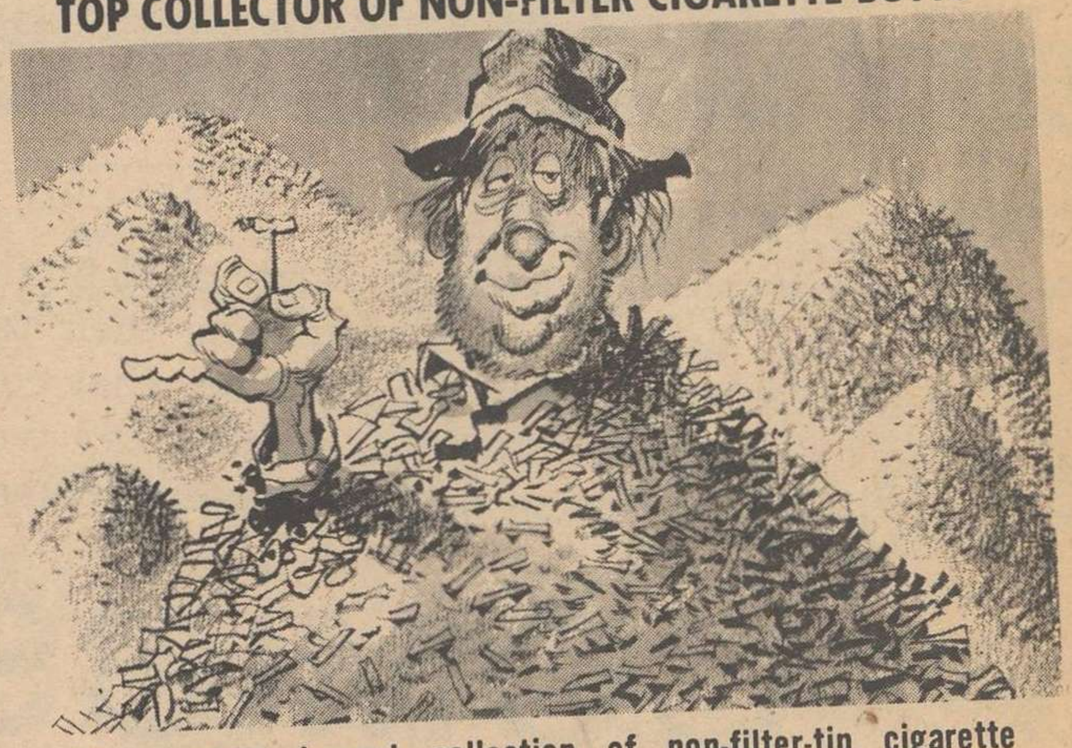
Today, millions of Americans are spending millions of dollars on hobbies. But the old, tried-and-true hobbies like stamp collecting and tropical fish are no longer popular. Today, the avid hobbyist tries to get himself a hobby that is distinctive and different. Recently, MAD took a survey of the great hobbyists of the U.S., and we bring you the results in this article, a veritable —

WHO'S WHO IN U.S. HOBBYDOM

STATE CAPITOL BUILDING EXPECTORATION CHAMP

Walter Wombat of Spokane, Wash. has a most unusual hobby. Wombat holds the distinction of being the only man to spit from the top of all 50 State Capitol Buildings. He will soon embark upon a 6-week tour, sponsored by the State Department, in which he will spit from the tops of all the Capitol Buildings of Europe. "It's a hobby that keeps me on the move," states Wombat, "especially when it's windy!"

TOP COLLECTOR OF NON-FILTER CIGARETTE BUTTS



The world's largest collection of non-filter-tip cigarette butts has been amassed by Lance Goldfarb, a N.Y.C. street-cleaner. Lance, incidentally, got his job thru his hobby. He figures he has acquired more than 2 million non-filter-tip cigarette butts in the seven years he has been picking them up. He has many from cigarettes smoked by celebrities, including one from Durward Kirby and two from Hugh Downs.

COLLECTOR OF CELEBRITY FINGERNAIL CLIPPINGS

CHAMPION MINIATURE BASEBALL STADIUM BUILDER

I REMEMBER MAU-MAU DEPT.

Let's face it—Africa is changing! Every year, it loses more of its traditional flavor and becomes more Westernized. Many people are concerned with how these changes will affect the "African Way of Life." MAD, however, isn't concerned about that at all! MAD is concerned about how these changes will affect the "African Movies" that are made by Hollywood! To illustrate the point, let us see

THE TYPICAL AFRICAN MOVIE

Before and After Westernization

Before Westernization:

After Westernization:

Before Westernization:

After Westernization:

CARTOONS OF GLORY DEPT.

Walk into almost any classroom, and you'll find kids sneaking looks at comic books instead of reading their text books! By now, it should be apparent to educators that comics hold the attention of kids more than long-winded, dry writing. So why not put the cartoonists to work in the classrooms, and use . . .

COMICS AS AN AID TO EDUCATION

DICK TRACY for English

PEANUTS for Physics

GO AX THE OL' CABLE DEPT.

To the left is a message that all of us have seen on our TV screens. It's called a "Stand-By Card", and it's brought out whenever there's an interruption in transmission. But what about interruptions in other countries? What kinds of messages are shown when there's a delay in transmission overseas? Please stand by as MAD presents

TV STAND-BY CARDS AROUND THE WORLD

IN WESTERN GERMANY:

Please excuse der delay in der program. All vill be peachy und rosy if you vill merely...

SIT SCHTILL

UND VAIT!!

IN ENGLAND:

You are probably aware that for the past five minutes, there has been an absence of audio and visual signal. On the other hand, considering the calibre of our BBC programming, it is quite possible that you may have detected no change at all.

IN JAPAN:

SO SORRY FOR TEMPORARY ROSS OF PICTURE AND SOUND. IS NOT FAULT OF HONORABLE NIPPON TV TECHNICIANS. IS FAULT OF USING CHEAP, IMITATION AMERICAN-MADE TEREVISION EQUIPMENT!

IN FRANCE:

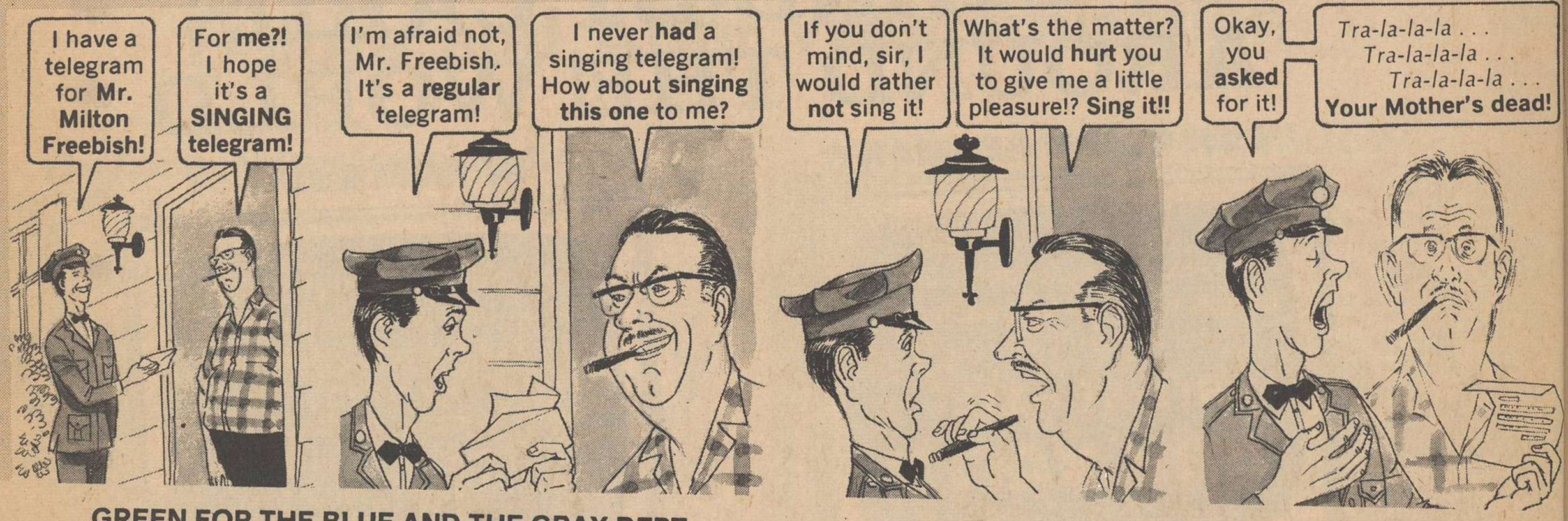
Mon ami, we kiss your cheek and weep ze tears of sorrow because ze program is stopped in ze middle! But do not lose heart! Ze picture, she will return just as soon as we find a program more to ze liking of President De Gaulle!

Courses

Courses

BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



GREEN FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY DEPT.

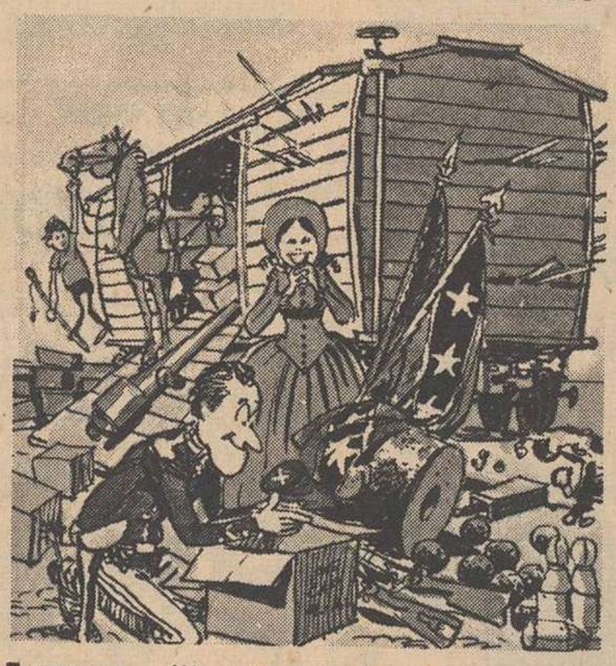
Do you know that even though there is a war in Vietnam, and fighting in the Middle East, there is a large group of people who couldn't care less. These characters are only interested in a war that was fought over 100 years ago! We're talking, of course, about the "Civil War Buffs"—those idiots who think that the last great battle of the world took place at Gettysburg in 1863. Recently we saw a brochure offering items of interest to these fanatics. So let's take a look at what's available in

THE CIVIL WAR BUFFS' SHOPPING GUIDE

An Exciting Audio Memoir

"Call To Battle"—a new Audio Memoir album, features John Wayne reciting the names and serial numbers of the Union 3rd Corps on 3 12-inch LPs. More than 11,500 names from Ahab, Horace to Zuch, Myron. Mr. Wayne is accompanied by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony, with the Robert Shaw Chorale.
Mono: $6.98 **Stereo: $17.98**

Realistic Civil War Game



Everyone will enjoy playing "Slaughter," the new realistic game that recreates the entire Civil War for the enthusiast and his friends. Handsomely boxed in a railway freight car, each set contains enough arms for a four-year war. Real uniforms, rifles, cannon, mortars and cavalry horses, plus Official Rules and a pair of dice.
$250,000.00

Gettysburg Jigsaw Puzzle

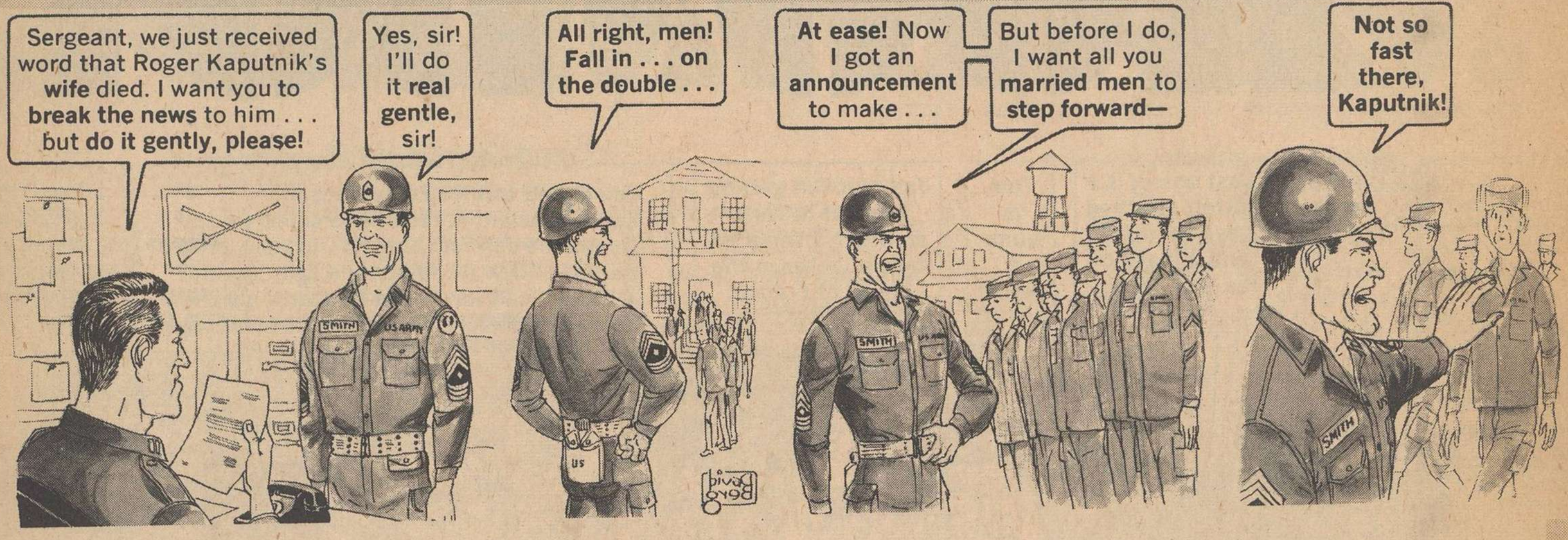
This fantastic new jigsaw puzzle is a detailed, full-color, life-size replica of the famed Battle of Gettysburg site, with more than 24 million interlocking pieces. Manufactured by Blue and Gray Enterprises, it is an item that every Civil War buff should own, providing he has time on his hands and a flat surface of 2,543 acres. **$15,000.00**

A Hair From Grant's Beard

Framed 14 K Uniform Button

A Real Civil War Veteran

DEATH



WINDSHIELD VIPERS DEPT.

In most States, a car must have an inspection sticker on its windshield before it is allowed on the road. These stickers show that the car has been inspected for such inconsequential items as effective brakes and working headlights. However, MAD feels that there are a lot more important items in cars these days, and that these should be inspected too. To show you what we're driving at, here are some

MAD AUTOMOBILE INSPECTION STICKERS

1968 GC-48513937

GLOVE COMPARMENT INSPECTION

The glove compartment of this vehicle has been inspected for the following required contents:

- ☐ MINIMUM OF SIX MISFOLDED ROAD MAPS
- ☑ NO ROAD MAP OF OWNER'S STATE AMONG ABOVE
- ☑ 1 KEY TO GLOVE COMPARTMENT DOOR LOCK
- ☑ 1 COIN DISPENSER FOR TOLLS, WITH NO COINS
- ☑ 1 STAINED, TORN AUTOMOBILE REGISTRATION
- ☑ 17 MATCHBOOKS WITH NO MATCHES
- ☑ 1 STALE OR MELTED CANDY BAR
- ☑ 1 KLEENEX DISPENSER WITH NO TISSUES
- ☑ 1 DIRTY RAG
- ☑ 3 CAR WASH CLUB CARDS WITH ONE PUNCH
- ☑ A MINIMUM OF 25 TIGERINOS, SUNNY DOLLARS, SAFETY SIGNS, AMERICANA BILLS, PLAYING CARDS AND OTHER GASOLINE COMPANY GIVE-AWAY GIMMICKS
- ☑ NO GLOVES

VIOLATIONS: 1 ROAD MAP FOUND PROPERLY FOLDED! OWNER ON PROBATION UNTIL 12/31/68 Inspector

1968 DL-554830712-J

DASHBOARD LITTER INSPECTION

The dashboard of this vehicle has been inspected for required litter by a duly licensed State Dashboard Litter Inspector, and has been found to contain the following:

1. DANGLING ORNAMENTS:
One pair squashed baby shoes
One shrunken head (poor imitation)
POINTS AWARDED . 4

2. STANDING FIGURES:
One bust of Alfred E. Neuman (damaged)
POINTS AWARDED . . 0

3. CONTAINERS:
One ash tray from 1960 Nixon-For-President Campaign Headquarters
POINTS AWARDED . . . 5

4. BANNERS and/or PENNANTS
Fourth Prize Ribbon from 1957 Butte, Montana, Culinary Arts Exposition
POINTS AWARDED . . 2

TOTAL POINTS REQUIRED: 9 TOTAL POINTS AWARDED: 11

PASSED BY Mike Brandman Inspector

THE GRIPES OF ROTH DEPT.

Over the years on the motion picture screen, many lovable Jewish couples have captured our hearts: Marjorie Morningstar and Noel Airman in "Marjorie Morningstar"...Fanny Brice and Nicky Arnstein in "Funny Girl"...Tony Curtis and Kirk Douglas in "The Vikings"! But none have been quite so lovable, or quite so adorable, or quite so *nude* as the lovable kids in

HOO-BOY,

COLUMBUS!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Neat, where are you **running** without eating?

I just made a date with this girl who lives in Westchester!

But I made you **dinner! Chicken soup** and **chicken livers** and **roast chicken** and **chicken ice cream!** Chicken is **good** for you!

You want to **clear up your skin,** don't you?

Sure! That's why I just made a date with this girl who lives in Westchester!

Hi! Remember me? My name is **Neat** and I'm from the **Bronx** and I've got this **delightfully wry sense of humor!**

So? **Lots** of boys from the Bronx have a delightfully wry sense of humor!

I know! But ever since **"He and She"** was cancelled, I have to keep **reminding** myself!

Hey, how come you hold your **hand** in front of your **face?**

I'm afraid of my **nose!** I recently had it **fixed!**

Yeah? **Why?**

It was **bumpy!**

Your **big toe** is bumpy! Are you gonna have **THAT** fixed!?

Yes, right after I have my **freckles** fixed!

If I blow in your **ear,** will you follow me **anywhere?**

Okay, but **be careful!** I recently had my **lobes** fixed!

Well, so long! I gotta go see **Abe Burrows—** or **Woody Allen!**

What on Earth **for?**

To have this **inane dialogue** fixed!

I'm glad you could come to **dinner,** Neat! It'll give you a chance to meet my **family.** This is my **Mother!** She's a **shrew!**

That's funny! She doesn't **LOOK shrewish!**

And that's my **Brother, Ton!** He's **all arms and legs** . . . and he goes to **Ohio State University!**

Really? What's he **Majoring** in?

Gangling!

And that's my **Father!** All he does is **make money . . . and eat!**

Pass the roast beef!

You've already **had** six helpings, and there's **none left!**

Then pass the **ketchup!**

What **for?**

I'm gonna eat the **table-cloth!**

Hey, that **eminds** me! I'm playing **basketball** tonight!

WHAT eminds you?

The way you eat! Throughout the meal, you've been **"dribbling" down your chin!**

Y'know— if **Amy Vanderbilt** was at this table, she'd **faint** at the **bad manners!**

Are you kidding?! If Shemp of **"The Three Stooges"** was at this table, he'd faint at the bad manners!

Have some more **apple pie,** Neat!

No, thanks! I just lost my appetite!

Why? Do I **disgust** you?

It's not you, sir! It's your **daughter!** She's playing **"Legsie"** with me under the table!

I am **NOT** playing **"Legsie"** with you!

Well, if **you're** not . . . then **who IS?**

I think it's **me!** She **TOLD** you I was all arms and legs!

Gee, Mr. Pretendkin! That certainly was a **swell meal!** We had **salad, meat, chicken, fish, potatoes, vegetables, rolls, butter,** and **four desserts!** I'm **really full!**

Now we **go out!**

To play some **ball?**

No, now we go out for some **CHINESE FOOD!**

And just exactly what do you **do** in the Library, Neat?

I'm a **"Shoosher"! I shoosh people!**

Is there **money** in it?

I get paid **$1.25** for **each shoosh!**

I think books are so **interesting!** . . . I mean, to **read!**

Ahhh . . . the only book that ever did anyone any good was a **Bank Book!**

If this **stupid conversation** keeps up, I may **forego** my regular salary and **shoosh** you two **for nothing!**

This scene where they get you to **baby-sit** for me is supposedly filled with all kinds of **symbolism,** right?

And I can **see** that the **fruit** you've stuffed into your pocket represents **"unattainable Jewish wealth"!**

And I can **see** that I represent **"spoiled Jewish children"!**

I **still can't see** what these **shots at my head** represent!

A clumsy Jewish Ping-Pong player!

I've got this **identity hang-up!** I don't **dig** working in a Library . . . and yet I'm not ready to **sell out** and join the **Establishment!** I don't want to spend the rest of my life **grubbing for money!**

How **DO** you want to spend the rest of your life?

Living off **rich Jewish girls** and **making out with them** like crazy!

Where **IS** she at one o'clock in the morning?

I'm getting a little worried **myself!** I'd like her to be **home** for the accident!

WHAT accident?!

The one when you slide out of bed from all that **cream!**

I know the kids at this party are right out of the **50's** and they still talk about **Panty Raids and Frats** . . . but **please don't put them down!**

I've heard about the **"NOW Generation"** . . . but this is my first experience with the **"THEN Generation"!**

What if I **get undressed** and we have an **up-to-date nude scene** like **"I Am Curious—Yellow"?!**

With **YOUR** figure, it'll look more like **"LITTLE MEN"!!**

Well, here I am . . . **moving in** for a month!

Great! But my Brother, Ton, is **getting married** and it's very **hectic** around here! It could be **inconvenient** with all of us living in one house!

Okay! I got a suggestion! **Your parents** can stay at **my house** in the **Bronx!**

Hi, Ton! I hear you're getting **married!** Tell me about your **fiance . . .**

She's **great!** She's got all the things I'm **looking** for in a wife . . . **personality, good looks, wealth . . .** and she can **dribble** to her **left!**

Hey, how come you keep **shaking hands** with me in that **awkward, cute, bumbling way of yours?**

Listen! The way **some** guys are these days, you oughta be glad it's only a **hand-shake . . .** and not a **kiss!**

I need **strange people** living in my house at a time like this?!!

But, Mother . . . Neat won't be in the way!

Who's talking about **Neat!?** I'm talking about your **Brother, Ton!**

Besides, what do **you** know about housework? You never even lift a **finger** around this place to **help me!**

It's very **difficult** for me! I recently had my **fingers fixed!**

Gee . . . I don't know if I should be doing so many **nude scenes!** After all, this is my **first movie!**

Don't worry! The public is **always** hungry for a **fresh new face!**

Don't give me a cock-and-bull story like that, you **crumb-bum!** I'm running a **business** here! I don't **care** about **your problems! Yeah?** Well, your whole family should contract **Chicken pox!**

Who is that? One of our **suppliers?**

No . . . a **wrong number!**

But I gotta keep in practice being **vulgar!** It's **expected** of me in this part!

A. BOLT CO. INK

NUTS

OHIO STATE

Congratulations!

Lots of luck!

Mahzeltov!

Wasn't it **wonderful,** the way he **smashed the wine glass?!**

Yes! It's the first time it's ever been done with a **basket-ball sneaker!**

Don't think of this wedding as **losing a son,** Mrs. Pretendkin! Think of it as **losing an inept clod!**

Did you see how the Bride was **crying with happiness?**

She wasn't crying with **happiness!** She was crying with **embarrassment!** Ton forgot to **kiss** her!

Instead, he just grabbed her around the **shoulder** and gave her one of his **famous handshakes!**

Did you hear what **happened?** Uncle Leon couldn't **be** here! He **died** last night . . . **suddenly!**

Did you notify the **Bride's parents?**

Yes! In his **honor** they closed the eye of the **whitefish!**

Where did they ever get all these **awful, loud, vulgar, pushy people?**

I think they invited the **studio audience** from **"Let's Make A Deal"!**

RATNER'S

This is the **"Affair of the Year"!** Look at that **chicken liver mold** in the shape of the **Eleven Commandments!**

But there are only **TEN** Commandments!

Now there's a **new** one: *"Thou shalt not make any movie wedding scene as disgusting as this ever again!"*

Hey! Who's that **walking out?**

Jerry Lewis!

Even for **HIM,** this wedding's in **bad taste!**

You're next, Blanda, dear!

You're next, Blanda!

Why do they keep saying **"You're next!"?**

Gee, I don't know! Maybe it's this **Maternity Evening Gown** I'm wearing!

Mind if I cut in?

YOU?! What are **you** doing here?

Oh, I just **like** to go from picture to picture, making out with **Brides!** Besides, this is **"The JEWISH Graduate",** isn't it?

Gee, he's **right! It IS** similar! There's a **swimming pool scene,** a **party scene,** a big **wedding scene,** a young man trying to **find** himself . . . the only thing **missing is his affair** with an **older married woman!**

Isn't that **right,** Mrs. Pretendkin?

Kiss me and **I'll tell you!**

Most kids today have **no sense of morals!** But because you've been a **good girl** and I **trust you,** you can have **anything you want!** When you go back to school, buy yourself a **wool coat** and **ear muffs!**

But you promised me an **expensive fur coat!**

That was **before I paid for this gaudy wedding!**

It's all **over** between us, Neat! My parents **found out** about the terrible **things** we've been doing! They found **"it"** while they were cleaning my drawers!

Yes . . . the shooting script for this movie!

You . . . **left it there on purpose!** Why??

I WANTED to break up with you! Don't you see? It would've **never** worked out . . . a rich Jewish girl and a $6000-a-year Librarian! I've always been taught that it's just as easy to marry a **rich** Jewish man as a **poor** Jewish man . . . so—

"IT"?! They—*gasp*—found **IT?!**

I'm marrying one of the richest Jewish men in the world today!

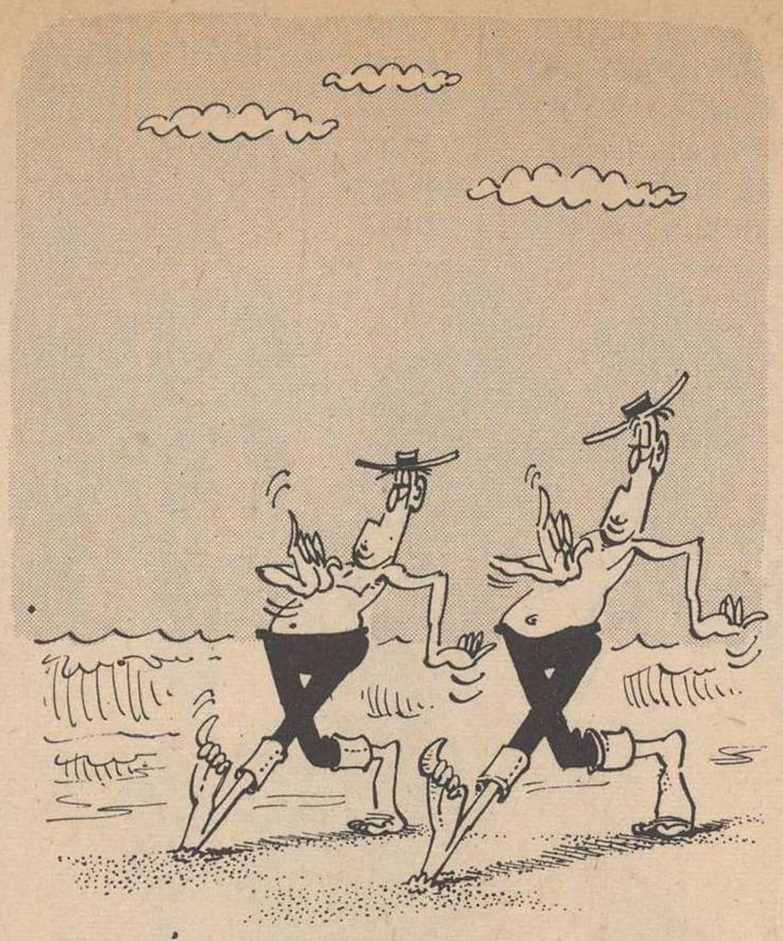
It's **PHILIP RAW . . .** the **author** of *"Hoo-Boy, Columbus"!*

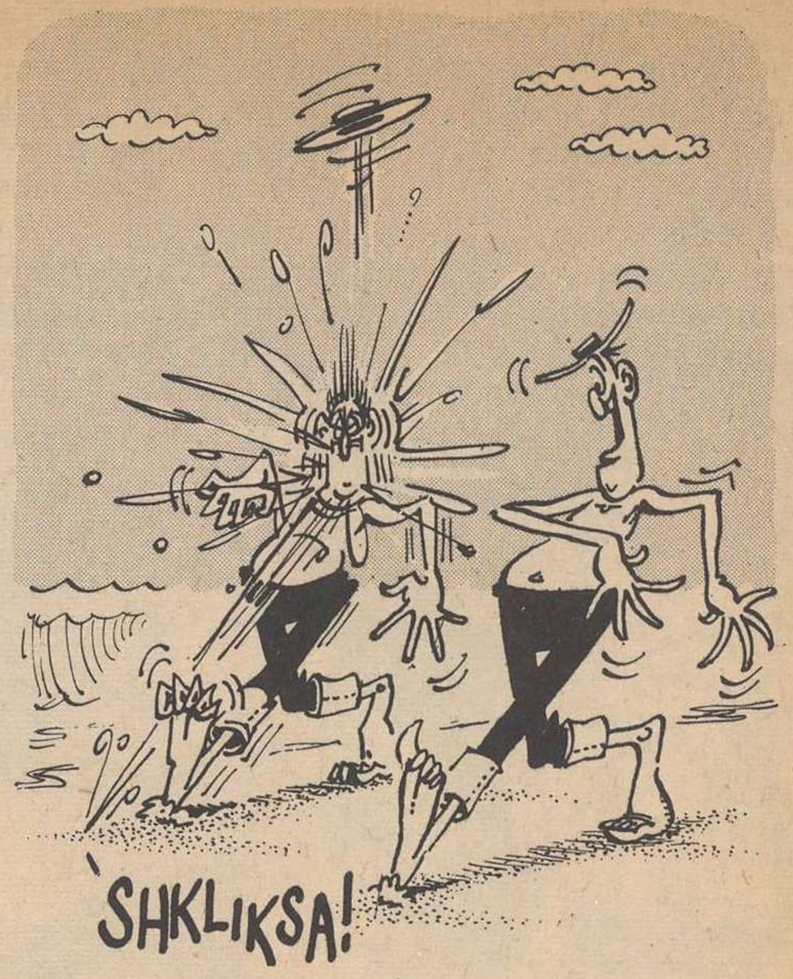
Yes, and if you think parts of **THIS** movie were **vulgar** and **obscene,** wait'll you see the movie version of my **newest book,** *"Pitney's Complaint"!* It's so **raunchy** we'll end up **millionaires!!**

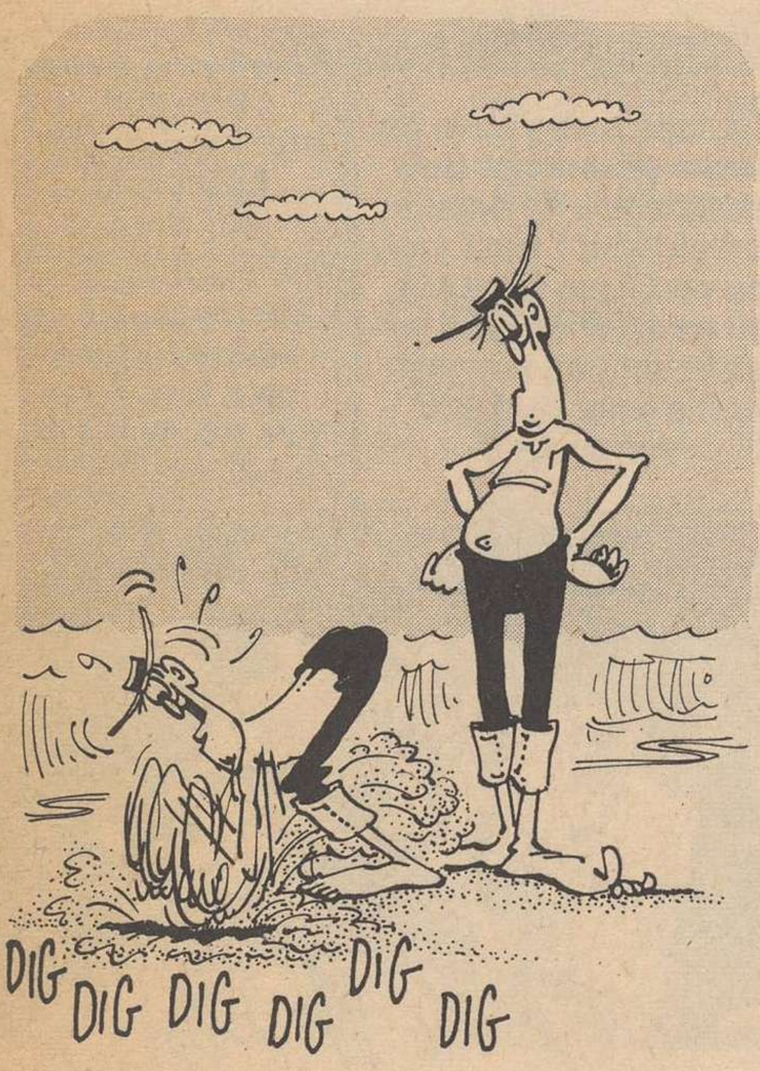
ROBERT DRUCKER

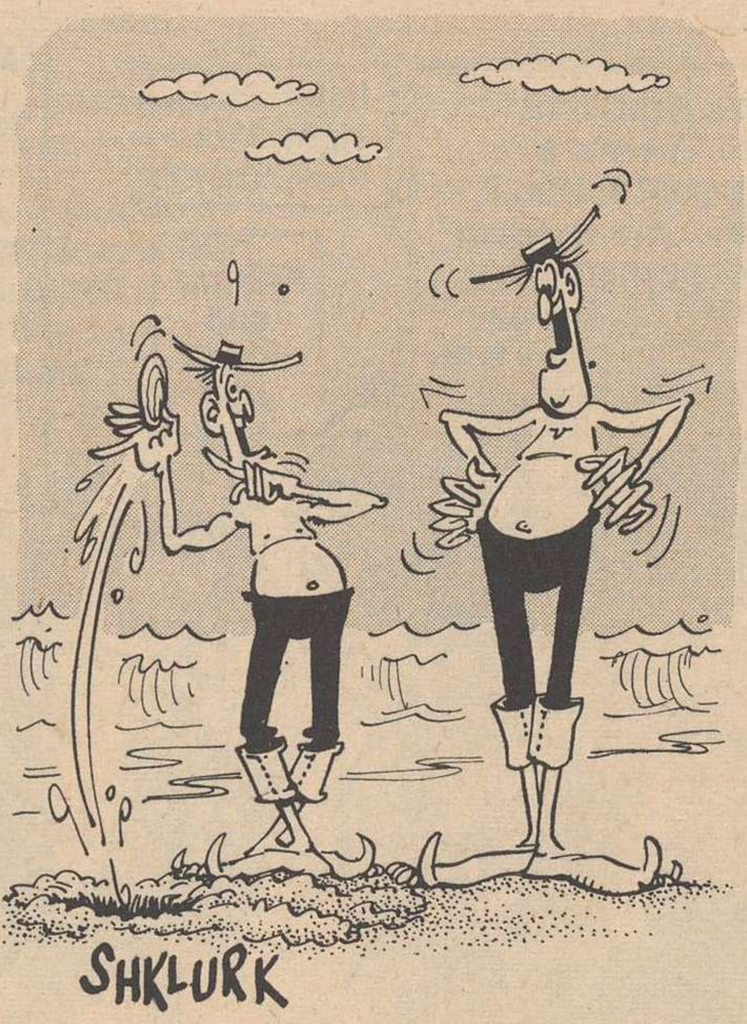
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

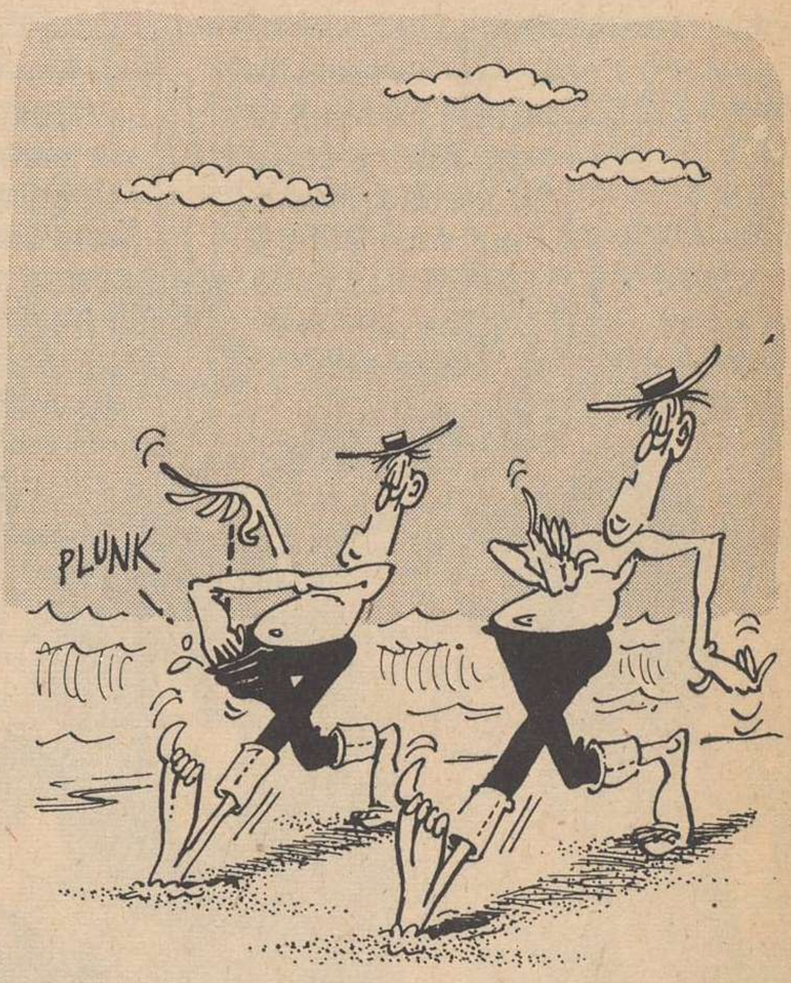
WHILE CLAMMING IN NEW JERSEY

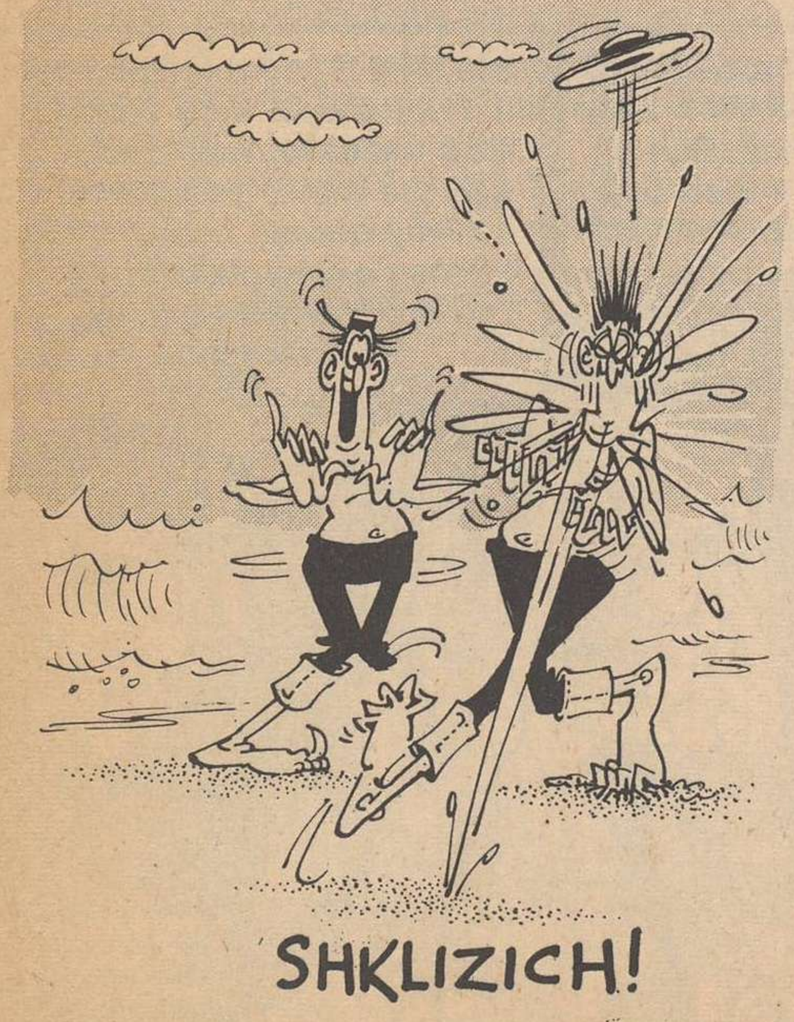


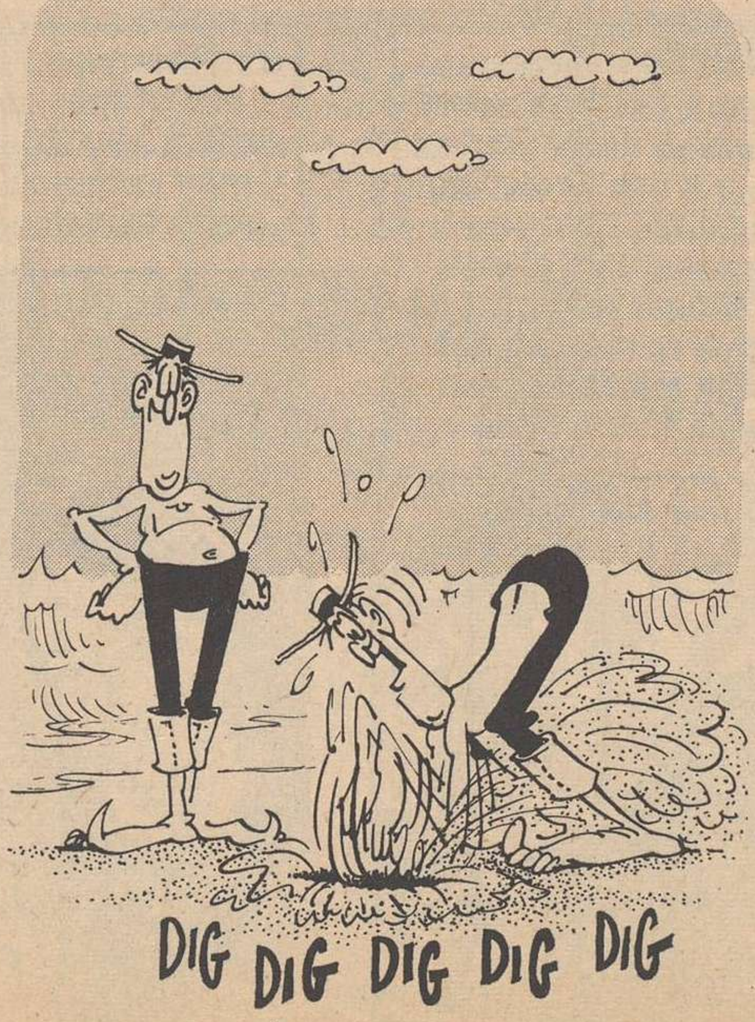












WHAT GREAT NEW CHASM HAS BEEN DISCOVERED THAT DWARFS EVEN THE GRAND CANYON?

A ▸

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

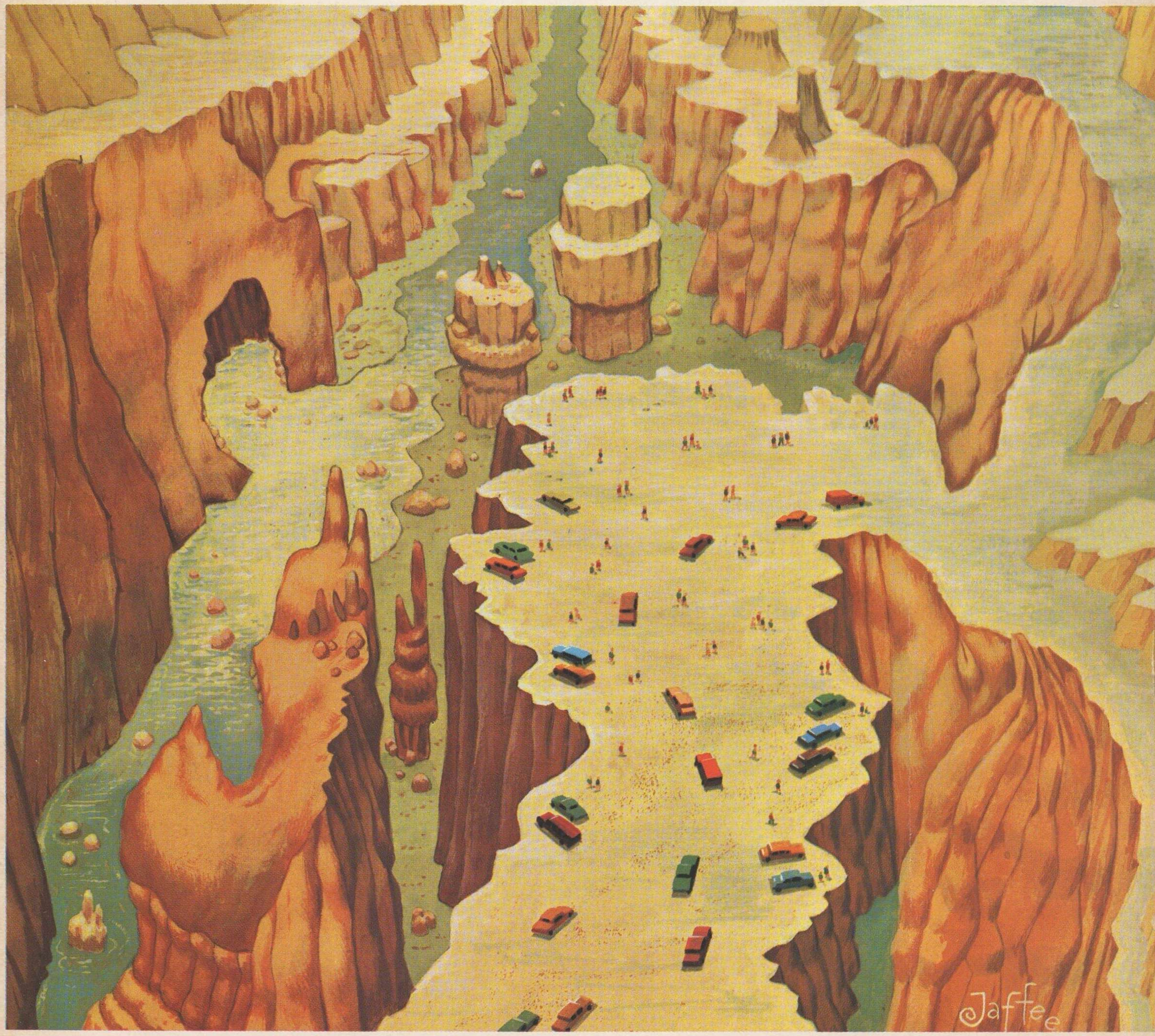
MAD FOLD-IN

It's hard to believe, but a great new chasm . . . far greater than the "Grand Canyon". . . has appeared out of nowhere. To see it for yourself, fold in page as shown on the right.

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THAT CHASM KNOWN AS THE "GRAND CANYON," ONCE GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS THE GREATEST NATURAL CREATION GOD DEVISED, IS NOW MERELY A DENT ON THE MAP COMPARED TO THIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED FAULT

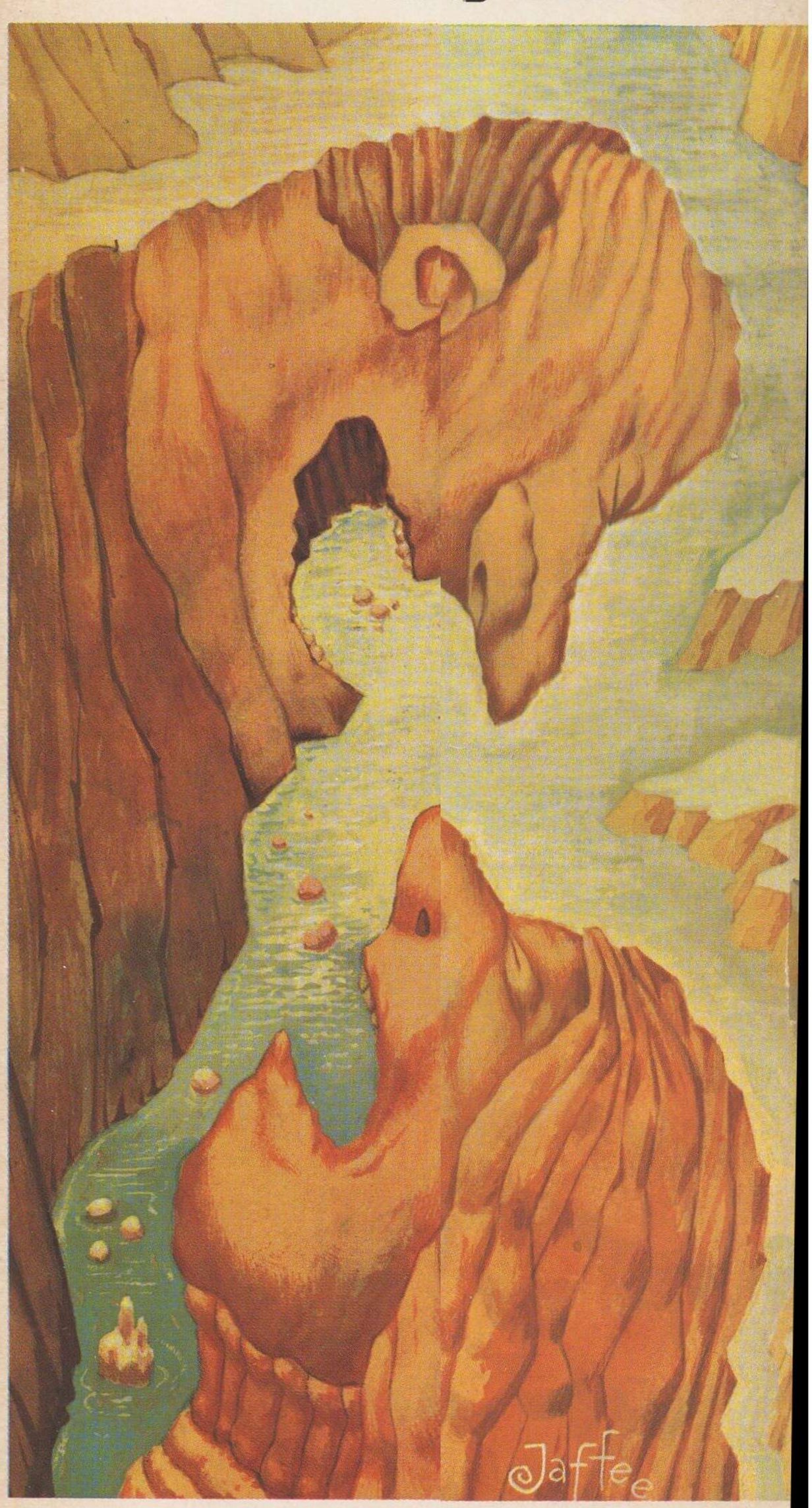
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▸ ◂ B

WHAT GREAT NEW CHASM HAS BEEN DISCOVERED THAT DWARFS EVEN THE GRAND CANYON?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



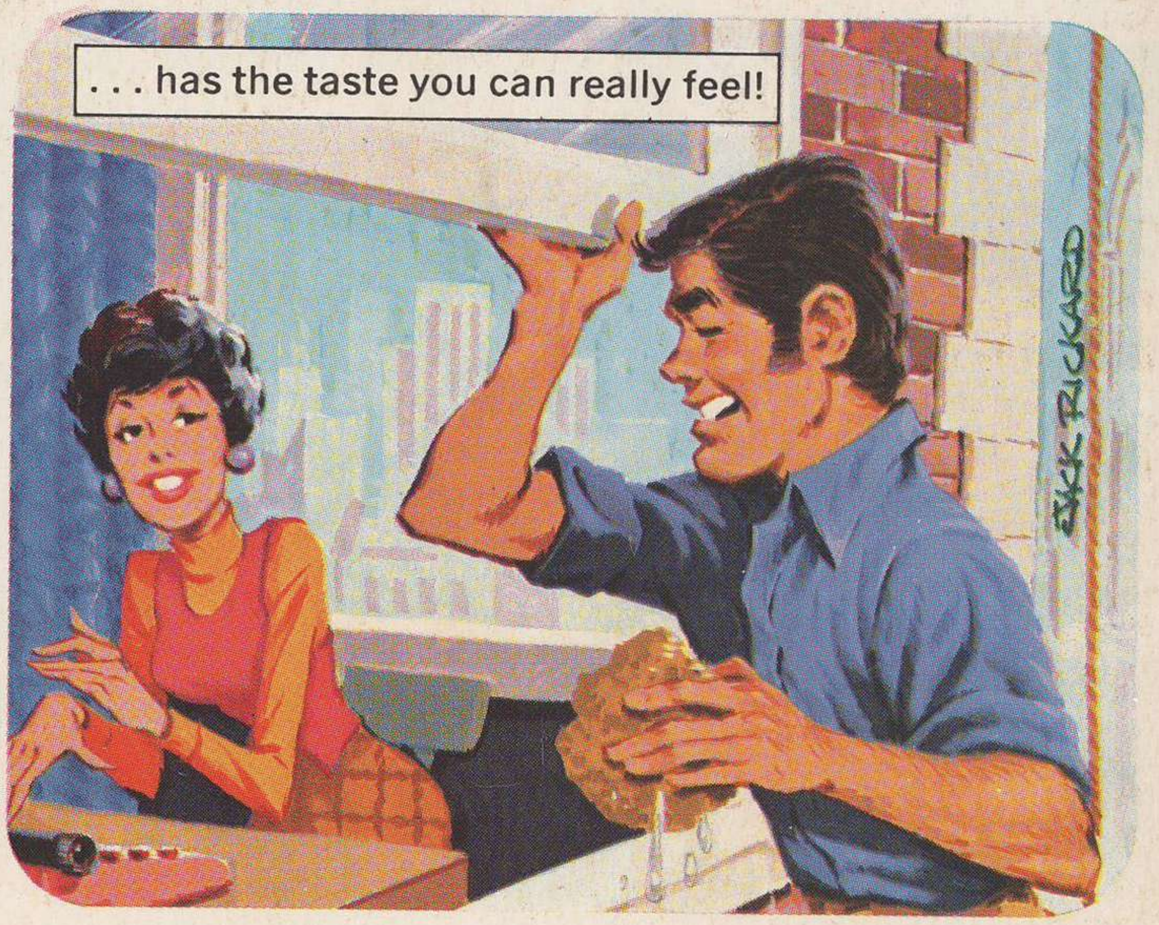
THE GENERATION GAP

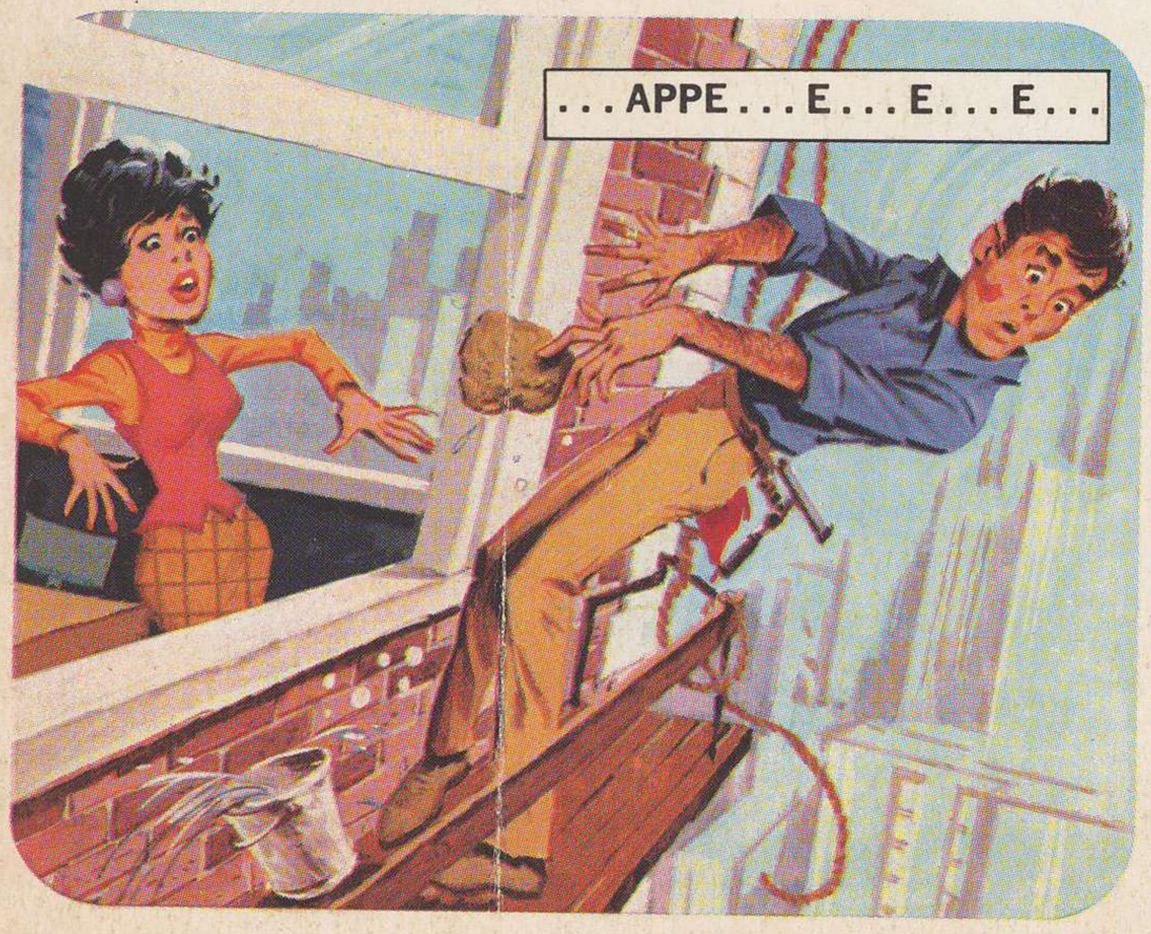
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶◀ B

A TV AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Ultra-White Toothpaste Commercial





ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

MAD

MAGAZINE PRESENTS

GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE

SUPERVISED BY
AL FELDSTEIN

ASSISTED BY
NICK MEGLIN

WRITTEN BY LARRY SIEGEL
PERFORMED BY ALLEN SWIFT
PAT BRIGHT & HERB DUNCAN
SOUND EDITOR: JOE STATON

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33 1/3 RPM