

No.
138
Oct.
'70

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IN THIS ISSUE:

MAD "PUTS ON" THE DOG

(AND THE REST OF THE "PEANUTS" GANG)

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16

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17 Never-Before-
Published Pages!

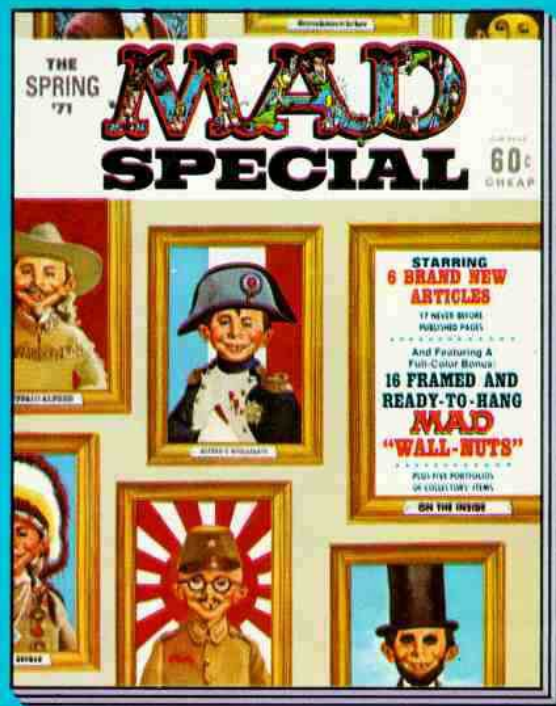
A Portfolio Of
MAD
TV SHOW
SATIRES

A Portfolio Of
MAD
MOVIE
SATIRES

A
Portfolio Of
**DAVE
BERG**

A Portfolio Of
**DON
MARTIN**

A
Portfolio Of
**SPY
VS.
SPY**



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MAD

"When you give back all of your ill-gotten gains, you're a Reformed Crook! When you keep most of the loot and only give back a small part of it, you're a Philanthropist!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

ATHLETIC PENTAMETER DEPARTMENT	
A Sports Fan's Garden Of Verses	12
BERG'S EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT	
The Lighter Side of Transportation	26
CORNGLOMERATE DEPARTMENT	
MAD's Do-It-Yourself "TV Premiere" Newspaper Story	24
DECADE-DENSE DEPARTMENT	
Those Wonderful Sixties	36
DOING IT UP "BROWN" DEPARTMENT	
If "Peanuts" Were A Weekly TV Series	20
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT	
One Day at The Ocean	11
Once Again Outside The Novelty Shop	35
One Day In The Garden Of Eden	48
FOWL PLAY DEPARTMENT	
Hawks And Doves	16
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN DEPARTMENT	
"M*I*S*H M*O*S*H" (A MAD Movie Satire)	43
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT	
Spy Vs. Spy	31, 42
LETTERS DEPARTMENT	
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail	2
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT	
"Drawn-Out Dramas" by Aragones	**
ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT	
"Moroned" (Another MAD Movie Satire)	4
SWEET-TALK DEPARTMENT	
The MAD Love Book	32
VACATIONAL GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT	
How To Read A "Resort Ad"	17

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—Oct. 1970, Vol. 1, No. 138 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: in the U.S.A., 15 issues \$5.00; Outside U.S.A. 15 issues \$6.25. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1970 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

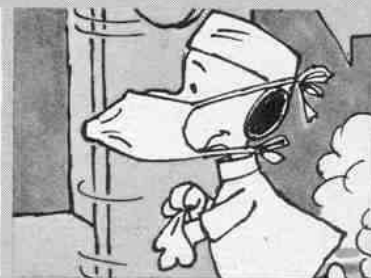
"MORONED"
(A MAD
Movie
Satire)
Pg. 4



A SPORTS
FAN'S
GARDEN OF
VERSES
Pg. 12



IF "PEANUTS"
WERE A
WEEKLY TV
SERIES
Pg. 20



THE
LIGHTER
SIDE OF
TRANSPORTATION
Pg. 26



THE
MAD
LOVE
BOOK
Pg. 32



M*I*S*H
M*O*S*H
(Another MAD
Movie Satire)
Pg. 43



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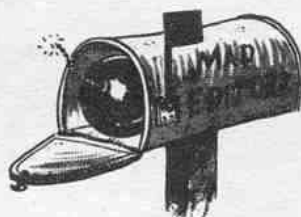
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LETTERS DEPT.



VICE PRESIDENT OF THE YEAR

An excellent job—"MAD's Vice President Of The Year"! Keep publishing outstanding articles like that, and I'll keep wasting my money buying your magazine.

Bill Heaney
Rahway, N.J.

On behalf of all college students and draft dodgers in America, my congratulations on an excellent view of our esteemed Vice President. Stan Hart is right on! May you survive many eons.

Woody Leonhard
Whitman College
Walla, Wash.

ROOM 222ZZZZZZZZzzzzzz

"Room 222" may be Alice's Wonderland compared to a real school—but it's not that bad a show. At least it gives High School teachers like me a chance to see some decent, well-mannered kids ONCE a week!

Antonia R. Boehm
Brookline, Mass.

A MAD LOOK AT COLLEGE

Your "MAD Look At College" simply wasn't funny! It's what's happening NOW on the University of Michigan campus and on other campuses around the country. You really tell it like it is. Right on!

Debbie Rafal '71
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SEX EDUCATION PRIMER

"The MAD Sex Education Primer" was truly beautiful, especially Chapter 10 concerning "Censors." Thanks a million for telling it like it is.

Kathy Allen
San Diego, Cal.

Your "MAD Sex Education Primer" was so funny, I **CENSORED** in my pants!

Rick Thomas
Tucson, Ariz.

MAD CONDOLENCE CARDS

While reading "MAD Condolence Cards For Life's Other Tragedies," I couldn't help but notice that you omitted one:

"I offer my condolences
Because I know your heart is sad
For having made the same mistake
As last time—buying trash like MAD."

Joe Bossenmaier
Sacramento, Cal.

BOTCH CASUALLY AND THE SOMEDUNCE KID

Well, you've done it again! Once more, the zany and talented writers and artists of MAD have presented us with another imaginative movie satire. I am referring to the ingenious "Botch Casually And The Somedunce Kid." It was a work of art—a masterpiece!

Linda Castro
Staten Island, N.Y.

MAD has, for years, successfully seen beyond the frequent shallowness of movies to produce superb satires, or has recognized quality in movies and enhanced them by satire. However, I am very disappointed in your satire of "Butch Cassidy..." It was insensitive!

Deirdre MacGuire
New York, N.Y.

"Raindrops kept falling from my eyes"—mainly tears of laughter—when I read your absolutely brilliant satire, "Botch Casually And The Somedunce Kid."

Michael Rini
Gates Mills, Ohio

I laughed my head off all through "Butch Cassidy..." Too bad I can't say the same for your tasteless and boring satire. Better luck next time.

Alicia Hoffman
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

One of the best movie satires you're ever printed. It was better than the real thing.

Adam Schoolsky
Beverly Hills, Cal.

You "tried and tried" but fell very short of the simple but clever wit of the original movie.

Terry Bauer
Flushing, N.Y.

One of the finest satires you've ever done. My congratulations to Mort Drucker and Arnie Kogen for a great job.

Billy Wickert
Norfolk, Va.

To paraphrase your MAD Spanish: Esto es un satireo roto!

Sammy Wisnonski
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I am placing the front cover and your article in my scrapbook. Your satire was a more accurate portrayal of the picture than the picture was an accurate portrayal of the lives and careers of the people it depicted. As a young boy, and later on as a young man, I met and became acquainted with many former members of "The Wild Bunch." Among those I knew personally were Harvey Logan, Butch Cassidy, and my father...the man you refer to as the "Somedunce Kid." It was an excellent title for Mr. Redford's part in that "comedy of errors"!

Harry Thayne Longabaugh
Ogden, Utah

FEATURE BY FEATURE ADVERTISING

I thought "Feature By Feature Advertising" bordered on brilliant. There is so much idiocy in advertising today that it only needs creative people like you to embellish upon it and make it really amusing.

Greg Tirrell
Dorvel, Quebec, Can.

First, I read "Feature By Feature Advertising"—and then I studied the inside front cover plug for the "Fall '70 MAD Special" which contained feature by feature advertising. Hmmm!

Janet Sondak
Nanuet, N.Y.

SO HOW COME...?

Congratulations for exposing weird logic in "So How Come...?" Too bad you did not include the most obvious example of weird logic of all: "If the people of America are supposed to have such evaluating minds...SO HOW COME they continue to buy MAD Magazine?"

Kurt DuNard
Columbia, Mo.

OBITUARIES FOR TRADITIONS, ETC.

I was perusing your superb collection of trash when I noticed you left out something from your "Obituaries For Traditions . . . And Other Dying-Out Landmarks Of The American Way Of Life," mainly:

"MAD Magazine, an old American tradition, died of shock today when it realized it had, by mistake, put out a GOOD issue. Funeral services will be held, much to everyone's disgust."

Curtis Carpenter
Syracuse, N.Y.

SURVIVORS OF WORLD WAR III

I have subscribed to MAD for ten years, and am happy to see that your sense of humor has survived this chaotic decade. Your comment on Senator Russell's vision of a Post World War III America (#136) is perhaps the most biting and sadly hilarious picture you've ever published. Keep up your great work so that racism and budding Fascism in America might still find enemies with which to contend.

Andrew Delbanco
(Wesleyan University '73)
Larchmont, N.Y.

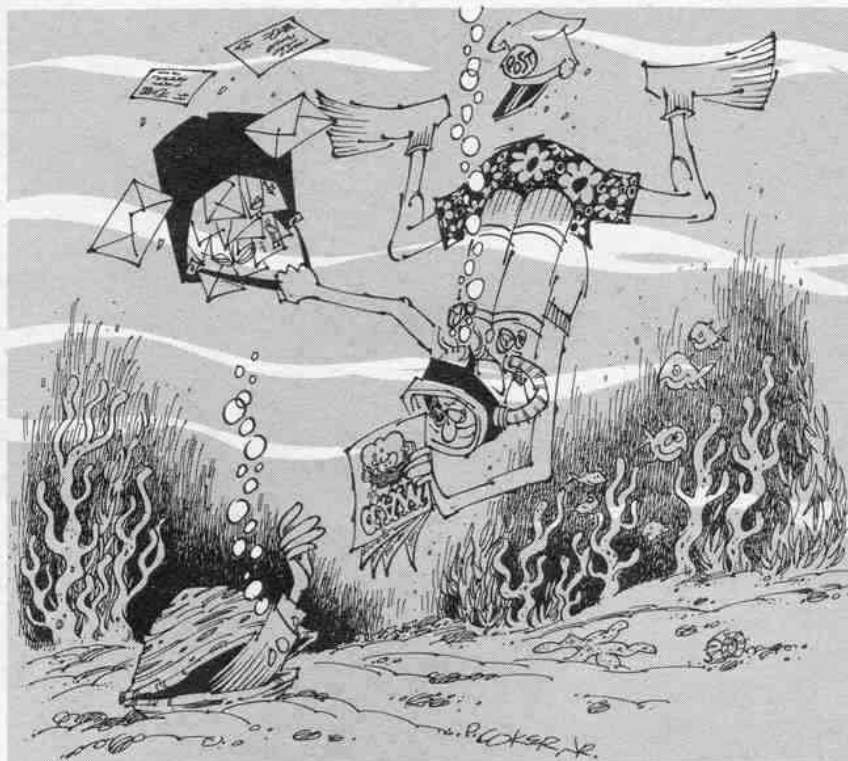
NOTE OF COMMENDATION

This is just a note to commend you on a magazine that often carries a sharp and penetrating analysis of what's going on today, and presents it in such a way that the youth of our nation is gradually being educated as well as being entertained. Congratulations, and best wishes for your continued success.

Charles R. Bell, Jr.
Interim Pastor
First Baptist Church
Monrovia, Calif.

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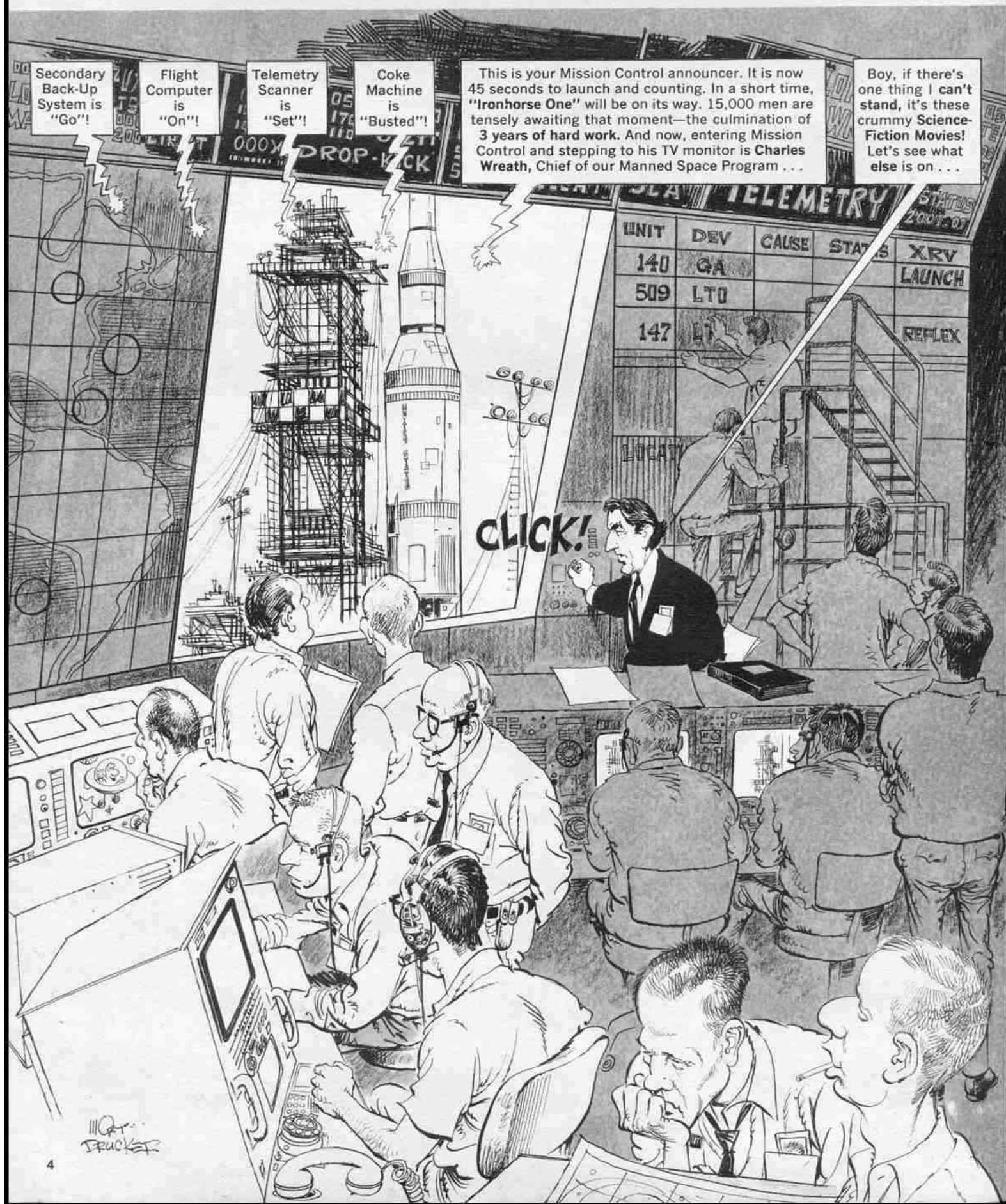
Yep, those piles of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD'S "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or lining bird cages—are still up against the wall of our stockroom! Also in the middle of the floor of our stockroom! Also on the shelves, in the drawers and behind the doors of our stockroom! Help us to free some space in our stockroom! Mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 NOW!!

—to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York City, New York 10022



ORBITUARY DEPT.

When we think of America's Space Program, one fear always lurks in the back of our minds: The fear of catastrophe! Well, it's happened! Mainly, they've made a movie about America's Space Program, and it's a catastrophe! Here is MAD's version of—

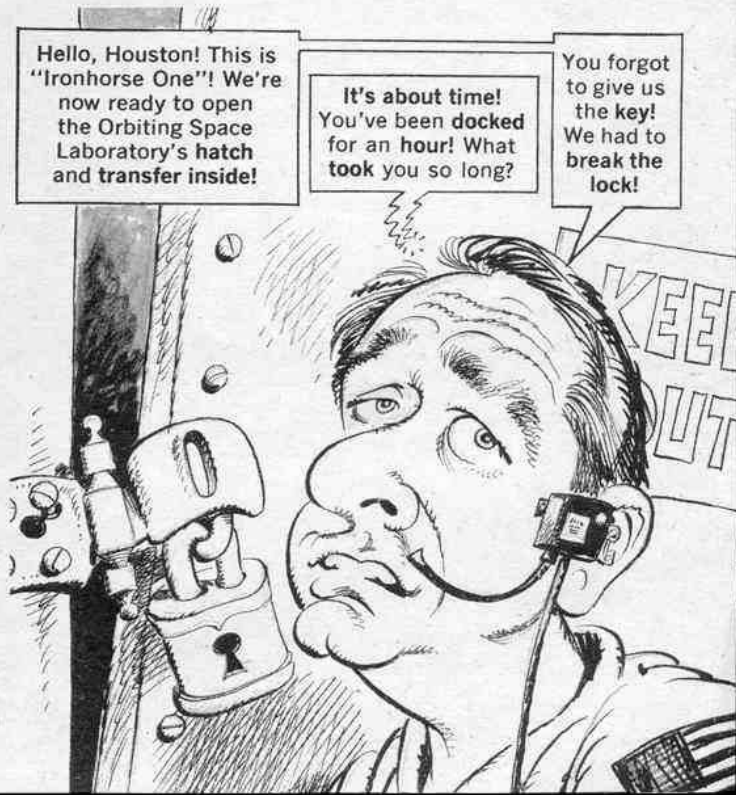
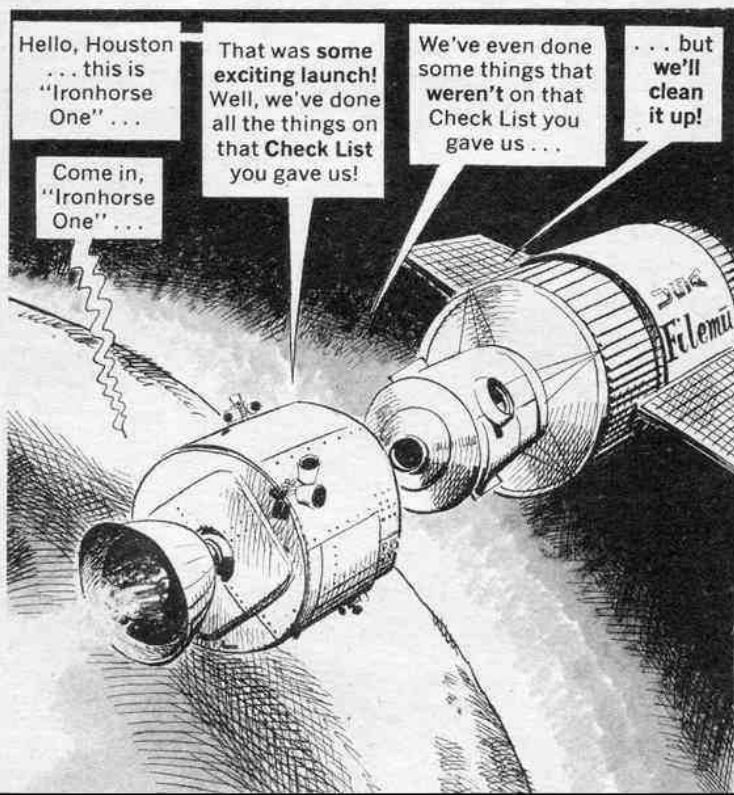


MORONED



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



This first film will show you the men during their early months of work in the Orbiting Space Lab ...

They look pretty efficient to me! What's your point?

Watch carefully! This second film shows them after five months in the Orbiting Space Lab ...

Hmmm! I see what you mean! The prolonged state of weightlessness in outer space is beginning to have a subtle, vague, almost indiscernible effect on their behavior!



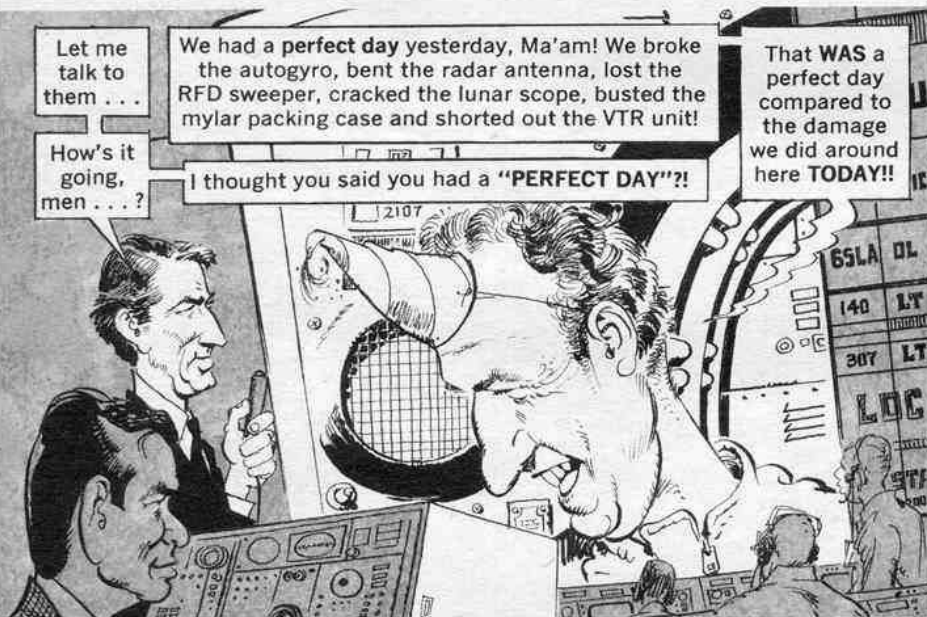
Let me talk to them ...

We had a perfect day yesterday, Ma'am! We broke the autogyro, bent the radar antenna, lost the RFD sweeper, cracked the lunar scope, busted the mylar packing case and shorted out the VTR unit!

How's it going, men ...?

I thought you said you had a "PERFECT DAY"?!?

That WAS a perfect day compared to the damage we did around here TODAY!!



Call Flight Control and tell them to prepare to bring them back down! Then call Accounting and tell them to prepare a bill for all the equipment they've messed up!

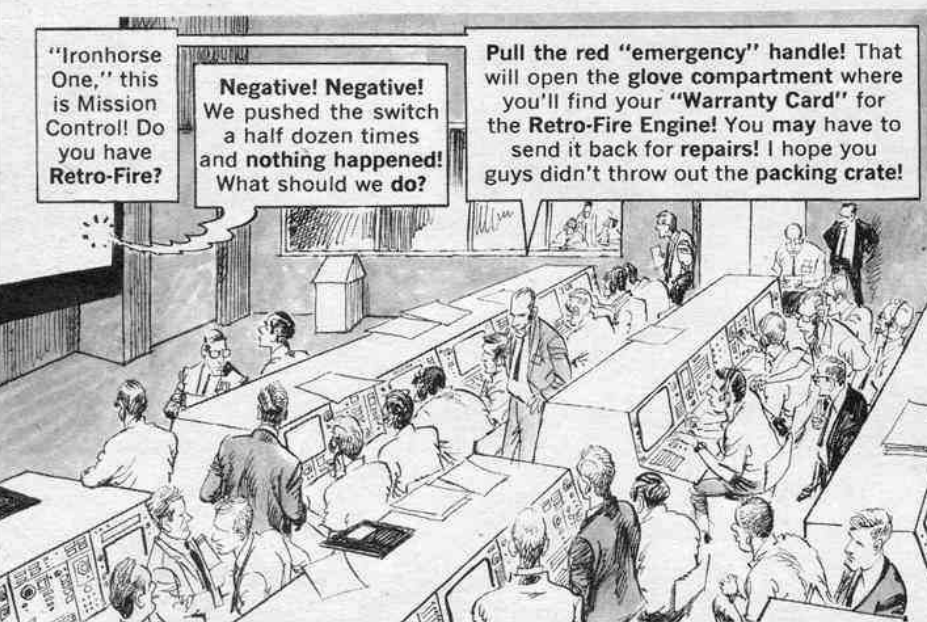
I KNEW we should have asked them for a month's security before we let them move into that nice new Orbiting Space Lab!



"Ironhorse One," this is Mission Control! Do you have Retro-Fire?

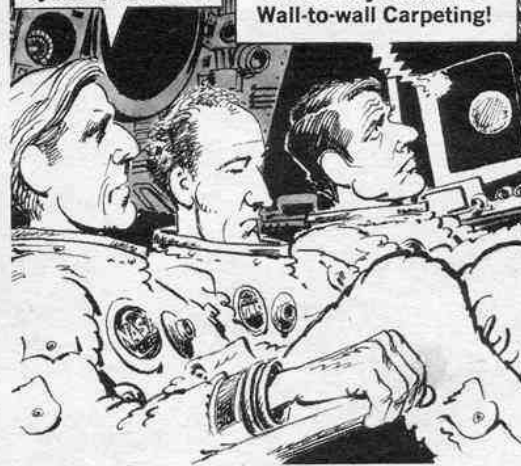
Negative! Negative! We pushed the switch a half dozen times and nothing happened! What should we do?

Pull the red "emergency" handle! That will open the glove compartment where you'll find your "Warranty Card" for the Retro-Fire Engine! You may have to send it back for repairs! I hope you guys didn't throw out the packing crate!



What about our Back-up Booster? We have a Back-up Booster System, don't we?

Sorry, fellas! We had to hold down the budget somewhere! We couldn't put in BOTH a Back-up Booster-System AND Wall-to-wall Carpeting!



Listen, guys! This is Dewerdye! We've got 1000 engineers down here, working on your problem... so don't worry!

Are they the same 1000 engineers that BUILT this defective engine?

That's right...

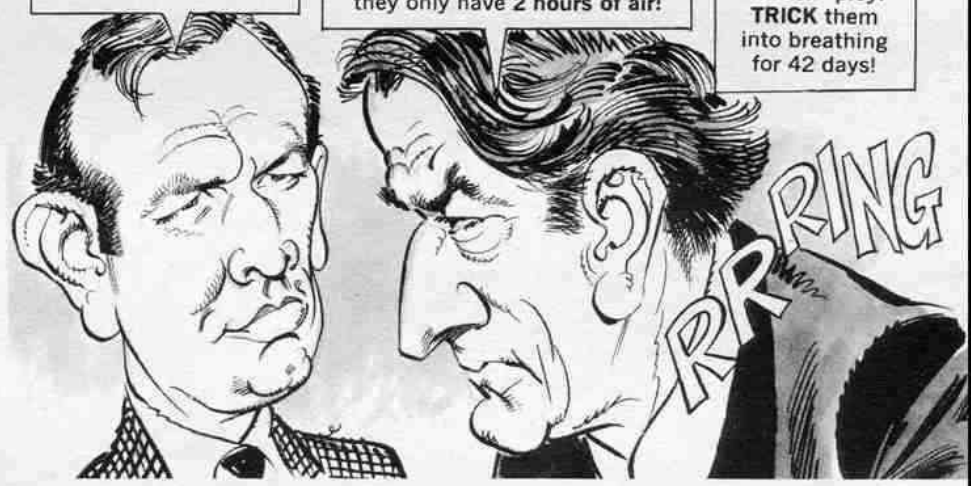
If you don't mind, we'll worry!



Please, Wreath! Let me take the XRT... "The Experimental Rescue Thing"... and go up there and rescue those guys!

If you tried to fly the untested XRT, you'd be NUTZ! Besides, it takes 42 days to set up, check, and launch a space vehicle, and they only have 2 hours of air!

Well, don't TELL them they only have 2 hours of air! Use the old "mind over matter" play! TRICK them into breathing for 42 days!



Sorry! It's absolutely impossible to rescue them... and that's final!!

Hello?

Hello, Wreath? This is The President!

The President of WHAT?

Hmmm! You AND Spiro?! What a drag!

How much would it cost to launch a rescue mission?

100 million dollars!

This is The President! Don't I get a DISCOUNT??



All right, Mr. President! For you—80 million! But they only have 2 hours of air, and it takes 42 days to launch a space shot!

How long would it take if we cut through all the red tape and eliminated the fake overtime?

About an hour... maybe, tops, an hour and a half!

Then DO IT... because there's more than just lives at stake! My image is at stake, too! 'Bye!



Dewerdye, do you really think you can fly the XRT?

Sure! Why not?! Just because it's never been tested, never been flown, has all new equipment that's never been used, and three prototypes have crashed... just while being built on the assembly line?! How much time do I have to learn?

Twenty minutes! But if you need more time, take half an hour!



What's the weather like?

Looks good to me!

You idiot! I could've looked out the window, too!

I'll need a complete weather report for the launch area at time of take-off, and another for the re-entry area at time of splash-down. And if the XRT performs the way I THINK it will, the time of take-off and the time of splash-down should be within twenty seconds of each other!

Tell the men we're launching a rescue mission! Tell them to conserve oxygen! No moving around! No singing! No parties! No dirty magazines! Nothing!



Bad news, Wreath! A hurricane is headed directly for Cape Kennedy—

That's okay! We can still launch, just as long as the wind velocity doesn't reach 55 miles per hour!

—with wind velocities up to 65 miles per hour!

Hmm! I should've played it safe and told you I didn't want winds over 45 miles per hour! Let's try for a launch anyway!

Suppose this rescue mission fails, Mr. Wreath, and we lose **FOUR** men, plus all that expensive space hardware! Will it have been worth it?

Of course! We've only taken one tiny step forward! We're going to the planets, to the stars, to every corner of the Universe! We're going to know every step of the way for billions of miles from Earth! Now, if you'll excuse me, I haven't eaten. Do any of you guys know where the cafeteria is?



Now, I'm letting you wives talk to your husbands, but I don't want you saying anything to make them homesick, is that understood?

I love you darling, and I miss you, and I long to hold you in my arms!

I feel the same way, honey!

Oh, I wasn't talking to **YOU**, Jam! I was on the phone with Milton, your best friend! He's been a daily comfort to me!

He may be a comfort to you, but he's no comfort to me!

Boys—your wives are here to chat with you—



Hello, Buzzoff! I bought an **\$87,000** split level house today ... and a Rolls Royce ... and a beautiful yacht!

With your Insurance money, silly—unless you make it back here alive ... which would be just like one of those mean little tricks you pull!

How in the world are you going to pay for all that?



Hi, honey! Don't worry! I'm going to make it! I'll be seeing you in a day or so!

A day or so?! I thought this was to be a 7-month mission!

It was but they cut it to 5!

Boy, do I have plans to change!

'Bye, dear! I gotta go! Just do me one favor! If you happen to come back alive—please phone before you come barging in!



Well, girls, you sure did what I wanted! You certainly didn't make them homesick!

Now, if we can just foil three suicide attempts ...



Wreath, these people from the Press want to know if you've given up hope for the three astronauts!

Definitely not! We haven't given up hope ... and neither have their widows—er—WIVES!!





Farbush Systems are "Go"!

Tabulator Bar is "Pressed"!

Wind velocity—now up to 75 miles per hour!!

What do you mean, scrub the mission? You mean **CANCEL IT!!**

It's getting all spattered with mud from that hurricane out there!

Radar Tracking is "Locked"!

Coke Machine is "Fixed"!

Scrub the mission! **SCRUB THE MISSION!!**

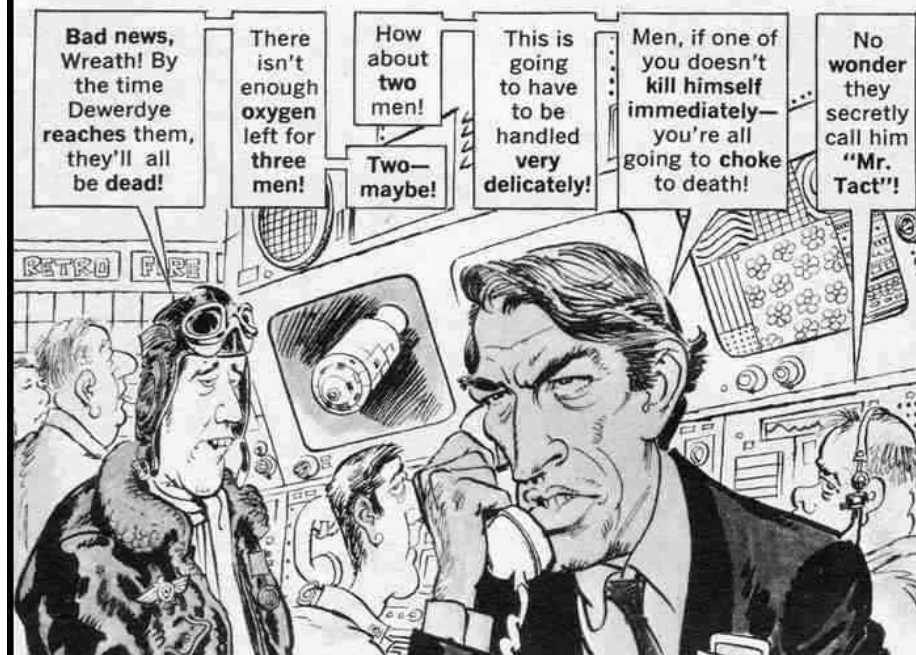
No, I mean **SCRUB IT!!**



Hooray! There she goes! A perfect launch!

You took some big chance, launching through the eye of a hurricane!

I figured, if we're going to lose three men, we might as well lose Dewerdye and make it an even number!



Bad news, Wreath! By the time Dewerdye reaches them, they'll all be dead!

There isn't enough oxygen left for three men!

How about two men! Two—maybe!

This is going to have to be handled very delicately!

Men, if one of you doesn't kill himself immediately—you're all going to choke to death!

No wonder they secretly call him "Mr. Tact"!



Okay! There's only enough air for two of us, so let's do this fair! You guys can have all the food, and I'll take all the air!

You call that fair? I'll take the air and you guys can divide up my share of the wall-to-wall carpeting!

I can't stand this bickering! I'm going out to buy a newspaper! Maybe we can read how the rescue mission is doing!



Knock three times when you come back so we'll know it's you!

He's not really going out to buy a newspaper, you idiot!

That's right!! He didn't take any money with him! Maybe he has a date?!

There's only enough air for two! Remember?

He gave up his life for us!

That chicken! Why couldn't he stay and face the Film Critics like the rest of us!



Shh! Wreath is breaking the news to Mrs. Blewitt in his own inimitable diplomatic way . . .

Remember this past Christmas, Seeya, when you and Jam stayed home by the fire and enjoyed a turkey dinner?

Why, yes, I do . . .

Well, **THIS** Christmas, buy a smaller turkey! Something for a single person who'll be eating alone! And if I were you, I'd go home and throw out all those towels marked "His"!

Hey! There's another space ship out there!

Here we are—just about to run out of air—and we have to get caught in the very first interplanetary traffic jam!

"Ironhorse One," this is Wreath! Do you see a Russian Spacecraft?

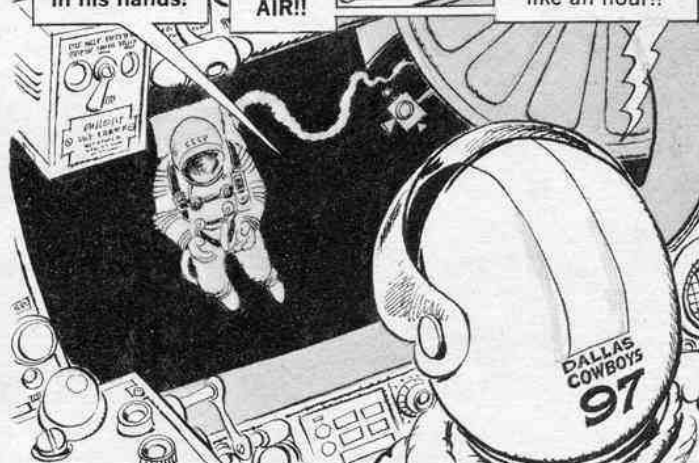
It's either a Russian Spacecraft, or the world's largest hub cap spinning around out there!

The Russian is coming this way! He seems to be carrying something—but there's nothing in his hands!

He must be bringing you AIR!!

Thank God! We haven't had any air for an hour!

Actually, you've only been without air for about 35 seconds! It's this dull dialogue that makes it SEEM like an hour!!



The Russian is—gasp—right outside with our air supply—gasp! He's knocking on the hatch! What should I do?

Tell him: "Vorstead strabogin vacknim!"

What does that mean?

"Slip it under the door!"



Listen, "Ironhorse One" ... Dewerdye should be linking up with you guys about now—

Gene Gentle has arrived!

We're saved!!

CRASH!

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

THEY'VE LINKED UP!

HOORAY!!



Okay, men—let me give you visual bearings and you can start heading back to Earth! That dark, black sooty area on your right is the East Coast! That oil-slicked expanse of polluted ocean on your left is the West Coast! That burned-out, chopped-up area to the top is the North, and that dried-out, DDT-infested area at the bottom is the South! So, fire those retros, and C'MON HOME ...

Listen, Wreath, the guys and I talked it over and we've decided to just drift around up here ...

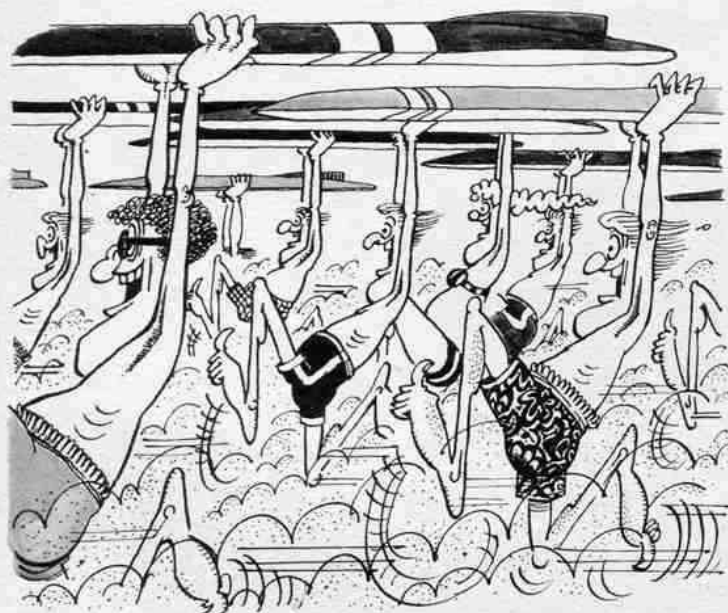
What!? Are you CRAZY?! Don't you guys want to LIVE??

Sure we do! That's why we'd rather drift around up here where there's some HOPE ... than come back to a dying planet ...

... where Mankind is Hopelessly MAROONED!!



ONE DAY AT THE OCEAN





ATHLETIC PENTAMETER DEPT.

Let us now glorify the world of sweat-socks and charlie-horses, of third-base slides and 50-yard bombs, of double headers, daily doubles, and dou-

A SPORTS FAN'S GA

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

BROADWAY JOE

You can talk about your guards
An' your fullbacks gainin' yards,
An' your ends who run the hook and down-n-out;
But when it comes to glory
Then your quarterback's the story,
For it's him the fans all want to read about.

Now there's Kapp an' Johnny U.,
An' Bart Starr an' Dawson, too,
An' Fran Tarkenton, who scrambles for his dough;
But of those who pass the ball,
The coolest one of all
Is the hero of the Jet team, Broadway Joe.

For it's Joe, Joe, Joe!
You always make good copy, Broadway Joe!
All the writers are adorin'
How you lead the team in scorin'
An' we don't mean playin' football, Broadway Joe!



Well, he had himself a spree
Greetin' folks at Bach'lors Three,
Lookin' fancy with his Fu Manchu moustache;
Then that feller, Pete Rozelle, he
Said the atmosphere was smelly,
So poor Joe he sold it for a ton of cash.

It's enough to drive ya dizzy
With the way he's keepin' busy
With his "Eatin' Chains" an' "Agencies" an' all;
When some deal he's not financin',
Then he's off somewhere romancin',
An' ya wonder how there's time for playin' ball.

For it's Joe, Joe, Joe!
A blonde is wavin' in the seventh row!
Soon the grandstand will be shakin'
From the passes you'll be makin'
An' we don't mean playin' football, Broadway Joe!

SKIS

I think that I have come to see
The reason why most people ski;
It's not the snow upon the hills;
It's not the turns, the jumps, the spills;
It's not the riding in the lift;
It's not collapsing in a drift;
The skiing bit is just a dodge
For making out inside the lodge.



ble dribbles. Let us thrill to the roar of the crowd and the smell of the locker-room. In other words, let us introduce the following article, mainly . . .

RDEN OF VERSES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE SPORTSMAN'S HOUR

Between the dusk and the evening,
When the viewing is starting to sour,
Comes a tedious ABC program
That is known as the Sportsman's Hour.

I see on the Zenith before me,
In forests and valleys and lakes,
Celebrities hunting and fishing
Twixt eighteen commercial breaks.

Jim Nabors is gunning for penguin;
Jack Lemmon is clubbing a snail;
And out in the woods Ernest Borgnine
Is having it out with a quail.

Rod Taylor is shooting a marmot;
Dean Martin can't focus to aim;
And off in Iraq Fred MacMurray
Is stalking a hamster that's lame.



Chuck Connors is punching a herring;
Al Hirt is repelling a goose;
And in the Canadian Rockies
Curt Gowdy is boring a moose;

Despite all the shooting and killing,
It gives me great comfort to know
That though all the creatures get slaughtered,
They don't have to watch the show.

DOUBLEDAY

In Cooperstown did Doubleday
The game of baseball once create;
In pastures did the fielders play
With splintered bats and balls like clay
And pie-tins for home plate.

The early game was quite a thrill,
Which made the local fans agree
That though the players might lack skill
And second base was on a hill,
The game was fun to see.



The game has changed from days of yore,
With sliders flying past each bat,
With players hitting .204,
And fifteen innings with no score,
And dreadful things like that.

And now, much to the fans' dismay,
An unearned run's a big attack;
Which makes me sure if Doubleday
Could see this boring game they play,
He'd take the whole thing back.

I MUST GO OUT TO THE TRACK AGAIN

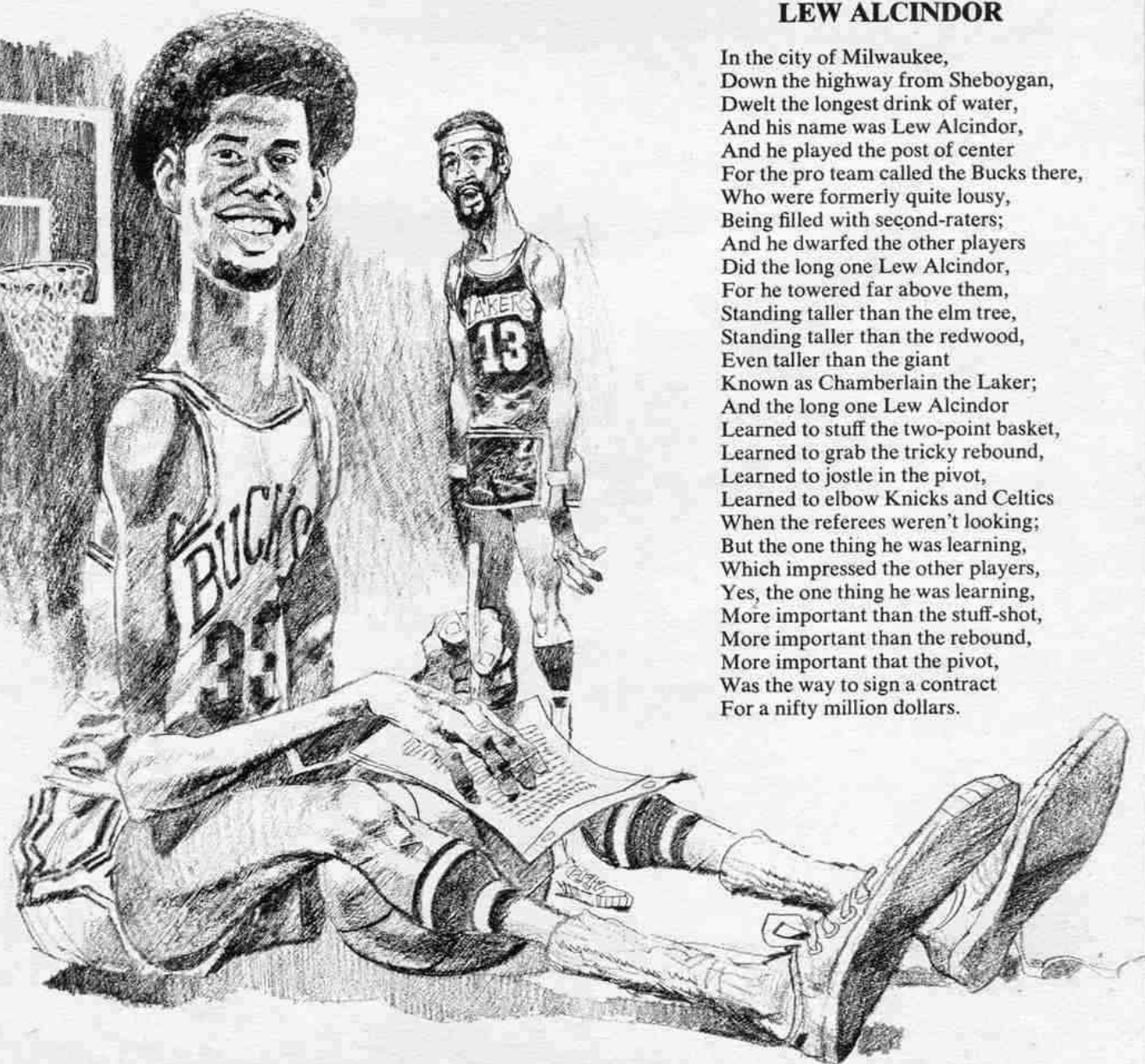
I must go out to the track again
to where the bangtails run;
And all I ask is a horse with class
that goes off at 4 to 1;
And a Racing Form and a green tip sheet
to help me with my picks;
And my buddy Jerome who'll get the word
in case there is a fix.



I must go out to the track again
in time for the Second Race;
And we'll lay fifty bills on Typhoon to win
and a like amount to place;
And the curses we'll yell when Typhoon runs last,
for his race does not delight us;
How could we know that in the stretch
he'd come down with arthritis?

LEW ALCINDOR

In the city of Milwaukee,
Down the highway from Sheboygan,
Dwelt the longest drink of water,
And his name was Lew Alcindor,
And he played the post of center
For the pro team called the Bucks there,
Who were formerly quite lousy,
Being filled with second-raters;
And he dwarfed the other players
Did the long one Lew Alcindor,
For he towered far above them,
Standing taller than the elm tree,
Standing taller than the redwood,
Even taller than the giant
Known as Chamberlain the Laker;
And the long one Lew Alcindor
Learned to stuff the two-point basket,
Learned to grab the tricky rebound,
Learned to jostle in the pivot,
Learned to elbow Knicks and Celtics
When the referees weren't looking;
But the one thing he was learning,
Which impressed the other players,
Yes, the one thing he was learning,
More important than the stuff-shot,
More important than the rebound,
More important than the pivot,
Was the way to sign a contract
For a nifty million dollars.



ON THE ROAD TO BALTIMORE

Down the old New Jersey Turnpike
past the booth that takes the tolls,
There's a baseball team a'playin'
that they call the Or-i-oles;
For the Birds have lost the Big One,
like the mighty Colts before;
An' it always seems to happen
When you play for Baltimore!

When you play for Baltimore,
There's an awful fate in store!
Can't you hear the champagne poppin'
ev-ry place but Baltimore!
On the road to Baltimore
Where the teams lose more an' more,
It's no wonder it's the town
that all the New York fans adore!



COME BOWL WITH ME

Come bowl with me this evening, dear,
And we will kill twelve cans of beer;
We'll join the others on the team
And eat three quarts of peach ice cream,
And in between each frame we bowl!
We'll have a burger on a roll,
A dozen hot-dogs, sacks of fries,
A meatball and two apple pies;
Come bowl with me, you really should—
The exercise will do us good!



THE HOMETOWN GOALIE

Under the spreading hockey net
The hometown goalie squats;
His brow is creased with purple welts
From taking head-high shots,
And as he squats he reminds us of
A Boy Scout's granny knots.

A row of scars conceal a face
That sparkled once with youth;
And as he squats he contemplates
The ever-present truth,
That soon some puck may extricate
His one remaining tooth.

One eye is blue and crossed and glazed,
The other reddish plaid;
And though his nose is flattened out,
You'll never see him sad;
He knows that for a first-year man
He doesn't look too bad.





MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES



Jaffee

Hey, gang! It's "Vacation Time" again...which means that "Vacation Resorts" are advertising like crazy again, too. And so, in order to keep you from being conned, thereby avoiding anger, resentment and disappointment when selecting a place for Summertime Fun, MAD now presents a simple course in

HOW TO READ A RESORT AD

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: GILBERT BARNHILL

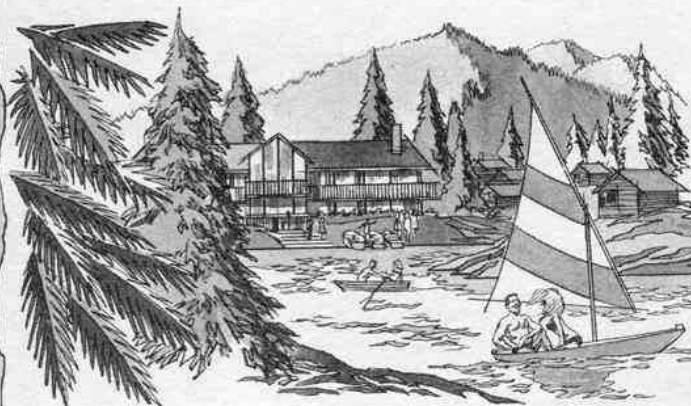
Come spend some peaceful, restful days at...

Paradise In The Pines

ALL OF OUR CABINS FACE THE LAKE

A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE PREVAILS

A COURTEOUS STAFF TO SERVE YOU



- * Dine on Gourmet Menu Meals in our Charming and Picturesque Main Lodge
- * Swim at our Private, Uncrowded Beach
- * Enjoy Rowing and Other Water Sports
- * Commune with Nature along one of our many beautiful Scenic Hiking Trails
- * Visit Points of Historic Interest nearby



PARADISE in the PINES is easy to find—just follow the signs!

THE ABOVE IS A TYPICAL RESORT AD. NOW,
TURN THE PAGE FOR MAD'S ASTUTE ANALYSIS!



peaceful, restful days



The freight trains only run on the tracks behind your cabin at night!

ALL OF OUR CABINS FACE THE LAKE



... which is a good two miles down the road!

Dine on Gourmet Menu Meals



... except that we're always out of everything on the menu but the Hamburger and the "Chef's Surprise"!

Charming and Picturesque Main Lodge



It hasn't been painted or repaired for years!

Commune with Nature



We're plagued with spiders and wasps!

Scenic Hiking Trails



... to the "Johns", other facilities, and the fancy resort next door!

A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE PREVAILS



The cabins are only five feet apart!

A COURTEOUS STAFF TO SERVE YOU



If you can find one of them!

Swim at our Private, Uncrowded Beach



It's "Uncrowded" because the water's polluted!

Enjoy Rowing and Other Water Sports



Mostly after the frequent flash floods!

Visit Points of Historic Interest nearby



Mainly, "Souvenir Stands" and other "Tourist Traps"

easy to find—just follow the signs!



They're all along the "old" highway!

DOING IT UP "BROWN" DEPT.

One of the very few bright spots on TV these days are the "Charlie Brown Specials." Since these programs score way up there in the ratings, the networks have been bugging "Peanuts" creator, Charles Schulz, to make "Charlie Brown" into a weekly series. So far, he's resisted because he knows it's

IF "PEANUTS" WERE

YOUNG DOCTOR BROWN



PEANUT SQUAD



impossible to maintain high standards while grinding out a show a week (as Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis, and a host of others have discovered!). We hope that Mr. Schulz continues to hold out, because if he doesn't, we can just imagine some of the typical mediocre TV formats he might be forced to adopt

A WEEKLY TV SERIES

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



PEANUTS PLACE

Hi! I'm just a girl from a small mining town in the West who thinks she can find happiness in this big bustling city!

Take my advice, girl from a small mining town in the West, and hop the next train back to that small mining town in the West...

... because, although this appears to be a typical, happy suburb of a big, bustling city, beneath its surface lies a cesspool of twisted emotions and dark, shameful secrets!



Sounds keen! But tell me—Why do you carry that blanket?

I've got a problem! Here in Peanuts Place, we ALL have problems! For instance, in that house lives a mysterious redhaired girl that nobody's ever seen! And that's the town's schizo Beagle who thinks he's a World War I flying ace! And—



CHARLIE BROWN, ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSELESS

I'm worried, Linus! That jury looks pretty grim!

There's nothing to be worried about, Charlie Brown!

Besides! Why are YOU worried?! You're only the Lawyer! I'm the one who's on trial!

I know! But I've never won a case, and I'm beginning to lose the ol' confidence!



Ladies and gentlemen... and —uh—dogs of the jury, I ask you to find my client... uh—mmm—find him—uh—

Good grief, Charlie Brown! NOT GUILTY!!



THE CHUCK BROWN SHOW

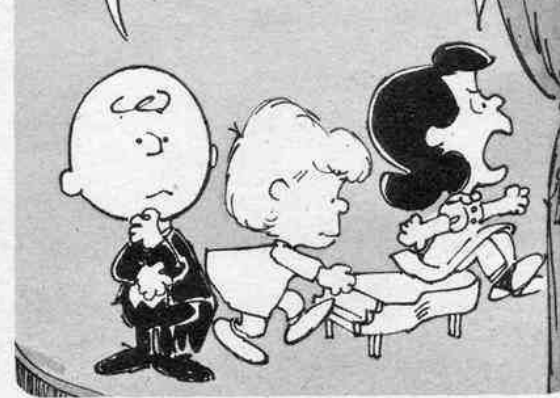
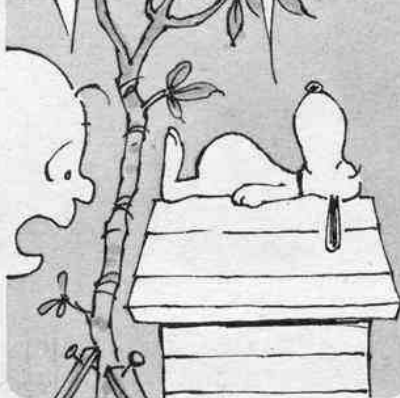
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! We've got a really big shoo for you tonight! And now—direct from a record-breaking week at the Las Vegas Kennel Club—doing his famous "Autumn Leaves Dance"—let's hear it for Snoopy Beagle!

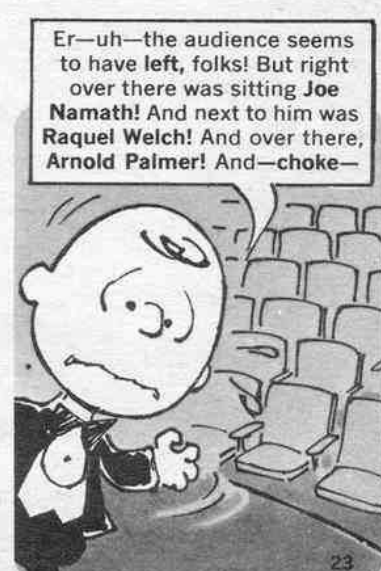
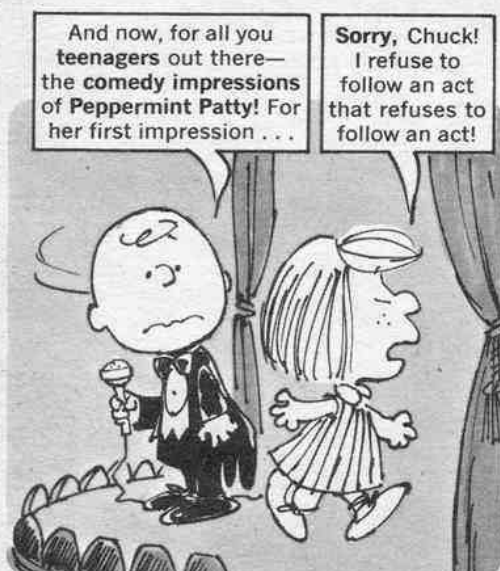
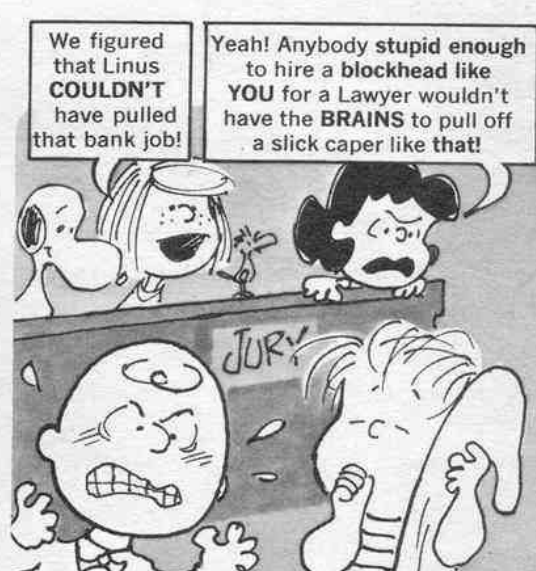
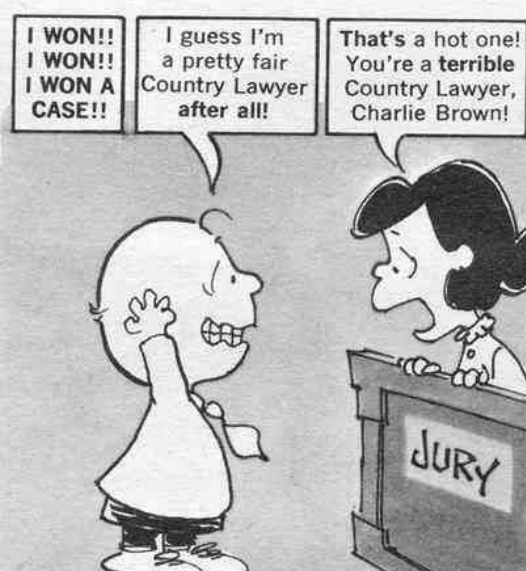
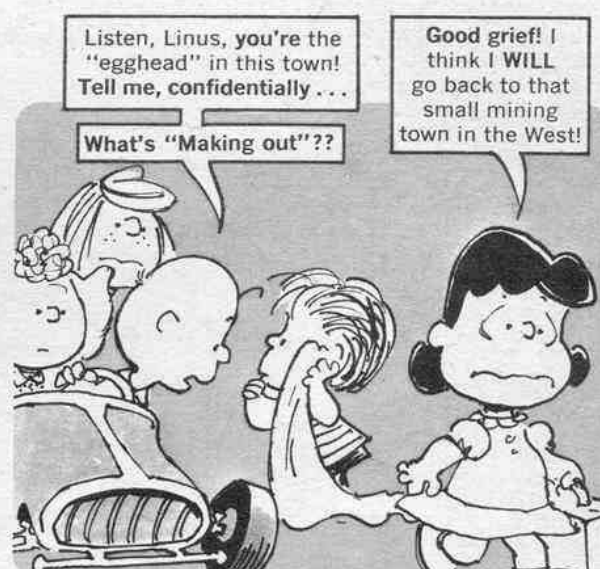
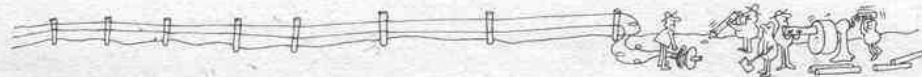
Pssst! Snoopy! Wake up! You're ON!!

Doesn't that blockhead realize that this is my interpretation of a dead leaf?? Oh, where have the lovers of true art gone?

And now, the truly magnificent voice of Lucy Van Pelt singing "On The Road To Mandalay"... accompanied on the piano by the magic fingers of Schroeder...

Forget it! I'm not following any stupid animal act!







This fall the major networks will once again announce their new programs for the upcoming season. And, if things go as expected, once again we will be subjected to the same contrived drivel. Well, no need to read those countless TV press

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE

TV PRE NEWSPAPER

1

"Make Room For Wamba"
"The Floating Rabbi"
"Bachelor Midget"
"The Swinging Grannie"
"Nutsy"
"The Talking Hamster"
"My Six Call Girls"
"The Hippie Cop"
"I Dream Of Rover"
"Catskill Romeo"
"The Chicken Pluckers"
"The Furds of Phoenix"

2

on NBC
on CBS
on ABC
sometime
for no particular reason
and be dropped
with luck
in towns starting with B
once, thank God,
and be turned off
before unsuspecting viewers
like a dozen others

A new situation comedy, 1
season. The show deals with the 3
who is 6 with 7
series are 9 and 10
is being filmed 12.

5

widower
bachelor
millionaire
Venusian
junkie
basset hound
hair dresser
spy
Siamese twin
Hungarian
pants presser
slum lord

6

living
trapped
going berserk
trying to make out
bored
fed up
infatuated
rooming
getting smashed
selling drygoods
getting his kicks
doing strange things

7

his ex-wife
five children
his accountant
three grandmothers
a trained ocelot
a child prodigy
a small rash
a flute player
his overcoat
a leaking faucet
an under-age hired killer
himself

8

Manhattan
a typical small town
Greenwich Village
suburbia
his office
the Army
a time-space continuum
Macy's
his closet
the grass
a pet shop
a previous life

releases that will be run in your daily paper. Because MAD now presents one news story to take the place of the dozens you'll be reading. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and satisfy yourself with . . .

WE DO-IT-YOURSELF

MIERE ER STORY

____, will premiere _____ (2) _____ this
 of _____ (4) _____ (5) _____
 in _____ (8) _____ Starring in the
 _____. Based on _____ (11) _____, the series

3

adventures
 love
 bungling
 strange yearnings
 sex life
 time warp
 bad breath
 hallucinations
 pension plan
 sinus problem
 reincarnation
 nothing life

4

a fatherless
 a childless
 a happy-go-lucky
 an undersized
 a bearded
 an 11-year-old
 a devout
 a left-handed
 an effeminate
 a conservative
 an absent-minded
 a balding



9

Brian Keith
 Walter Brennan
 Jim Backus
 Forrest Tucker
 Don DeFore
 Gig Young
 William Demarest
 Mike Connors
 Gale Gordon
 Marshall Thompson
 the producer's brother
 the sponsor's father

10

June Lockhart
 Lee Meriwether
 Patty Duke
 Marlo Thomas
 Irene Ryan
 Tina Louise
 Barbara Eden
 a 607 computer
 his current girl-friend
 the producer's sister
 the sponsor's daughter
 Girl Scout Troop 24

11

the best-selling novel
 the acclaimed movie
 the Broadway show
 one joke
 two jokes
 a Salem commercial
 13 previous TV comedies
 a nothing idea
 a gypsy prophecy
 a rejected "Lucy" script
 the sponsor's boyhood
 the life of Warren Harding

12

in Hollywood
 in New York
 on a Cleveland sidewalk
 in a Spokane warehouse
 in three days
 with real cameras
 on a lark
 on a fake set
 by scab labor
 in desperation
 under an assumed name
 as cheaply as possible

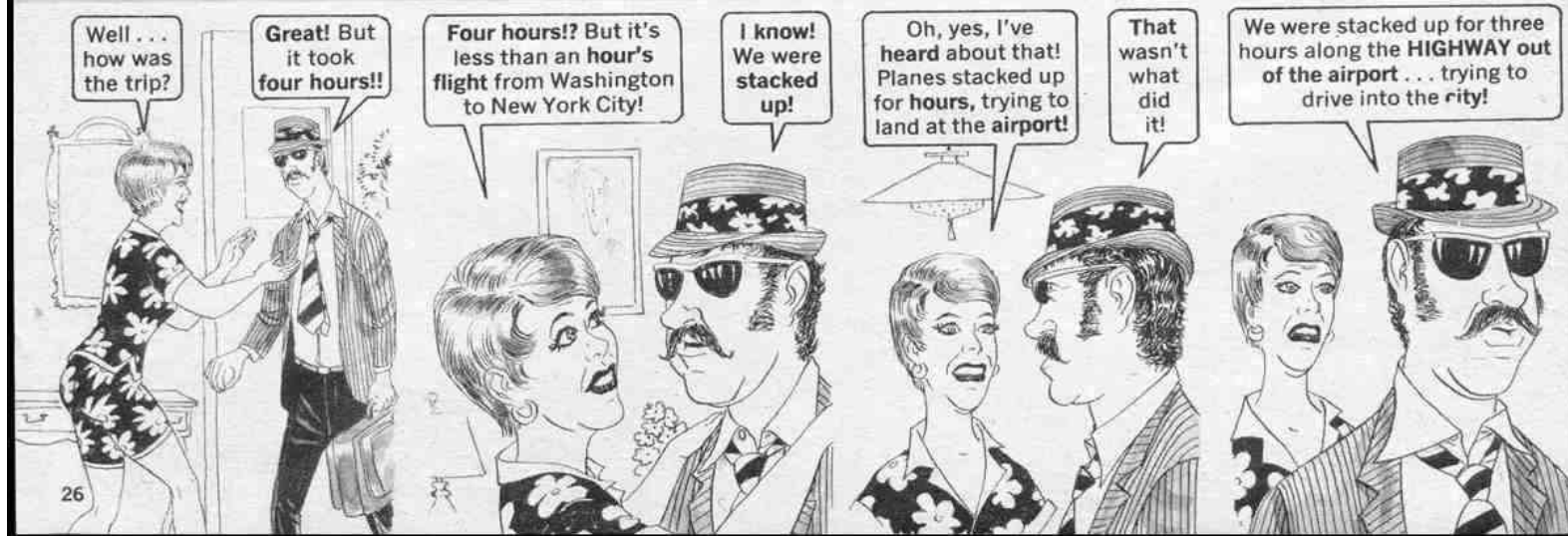
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

TRANS



What am I doing, giving a lift to a perfect stranger?! After all, I'm a father and a husband! I've got responsibilities! He could be a dope fiend! He could hold me up, or bash me over the head, or ...

What am I doing, asking for a lift from a perfect stranger?! After all, I've got my whole life ahead of me! He could be some kind of nut, or pervert! He could pull a knife, or ...





PORTATION

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Hey, Dad—can I have a Motorcycle so I can do my own thing?

What's your "own thing"?

Wearin' a crash helmet—an' racin' down a highway—an' feelin' powerful an' free—jus' like Eddie there on his 'cycle! That's my thing, Dad!

C'mon, Dad . . . le'me have the Motorcycle! This is the age where everybody's SUPPOSED to do their own thing!

Really? Then I'll do MY own thing . . .

... AND SAY "NO"!



Daddy, the escalator is a unique form of transportation. How is it powered . . . ?

Darned if I know!

What about the steps? Where do they come from? And when they reach the bottom, where do they go?

I haven't the slightest idea!

And what about the moving handrail? Is it one continuous band of rubber that makes a huge circle?

You got me!! But I must admit your questions are good!

Just keep asking them! That's the only way you'll ever learn!



Man, I love the way you've decorated this car! It shows you've got soul! It shows you're an idealist! It shows you're a humanitarian and a people-lover!

That's me, all right!

Like, Man, your thoughtfulness even shows in the way you drive this car so carefully!

That's not exactly why I'm driving carefully!

I'm worried about the BOMBS stored under your seat!



ANOTHER ONE!!? Every fifteen minutes, there's another Toll Booth . . . and another quarter!!

Look here, Officer! I happen to know that these Toll Booths have collected enough money to pay for this highway and its maintenance several times over!!

Now, you're paying for the maintenance of these Toll Booths!!

That's very true!

STATE THRUWAY
PASSENGER CARS TOLL 25¢

Melvin Kowz—
nof—ski!

What in heck
are you doing?

Memorizing the Cab Driver's
name! My mother told me to
always do that! Then, if I
forget something in the Cab,
I'll know who to call!

Ahh, how often
do you forget
something in
'a Cab?!

I forget
something
EVERY
TIME!!

Really?
What did
you forget
this time?

The same thing I
forget every time!
I forgot the Cab
Driver's name again!

Did you hear about the new Trailer Camp
they opened up about five miles down
the road? It's a heckuva lot nicer
than this place! I'm moving down there!

Really?
I'm
going,
too!

So am I!

Wait
for me!

Well . . . there goes the neighborhood!!

KAPUTNIK
TRAILER
CAMP

KAPUTNIK
TRAILER
CAMP

This
is a
stickup!
Let's
have
all the
money!

I—I don't have
any! And the
farebox can only
be unlocked by
a special key
they've got back
at the depot!

Y-you see, we were being
held up so much, they
decided to **completely**
eliminate the handling
of money by us drivers!

Gee,
I
didn't
know
that!

In that case, le'me
know when we get to
72nd Street! There's
a Liquor Store job
I can pull there! Uh—
change this for me . . .

Gee, I'm sorry,
but I can't!
If you don't
have the exact
fare, you can't
ride the bus!

WHAT'S THIS COUNTRY
COMING TO WHEN YOU
CAN'T EVEN COUNT ON
PUBLIC TRANSPORTA-
TION TO GET TO WORK
WITH ANY MORE!!?

EXACT
FARE
30¢

FARE
30¢

Hey, LOOK!!
There's a
**PARKING
SPACE!!**

You're right!
That sure is
a parking
space!

**I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! I ACTUALLY
FOUND A PARKING
SPACE!!**

So now that you
found it, what
are you going
to do with it??

Why...
**PARK IN
IT, OF
COURSE!!**

Great! Now that you've
parked in it, what **GOOD**
is it? We're only passing
through town, remember?!

I know! But for a
minute there, I was
really living!

I'll take a long, slow boat trip
to a fast but dangerous and
terrifying plane trip **ANY** day!

You couldn't get **ME** up in a plane
for anything! Imagine—hanging
there in mid-air... held up by
nothing but a blast of jet engine
air that you can't even see!

Nosiree... when I go anywhere, I want the
feeling of something good and solid under me!

You guys are
crazy! Why
don't you
drive your
cars in?
It's faster!

Look, Bruce, if you
want to fight traffic,
be my guest! I'd rather
take a train! That way
I can relax and read
my morning newspaper!

Wow! Look out
the window!
What a traffic
jam! Nothing
is moving
for miles!!

HAH!
And Bruce
said it
would be
faster
by car!

Hey, speaking of
Bruce, there he
is in his car!

Really?!
What's he
doing?

Relaxing... and reading
his morning newspaper!!

You're an
idiot! An
absolute
idiot! You
know that?!

I AM NOT!! Today is
"War Moratorium Day!"
The people who are
AGAINST the war are
demonstrating today!

And the people who are
FOR the war are showing
that they're in favor of
it by driving with their
HEADLIGHTS ON today!

So, since I'm **AGAINST**
the war, I'm driving with
my headlights **OFF!!**

AT NIGHT?!?

Er—I beg your pardon, Miss—but may I ask what that pin you're wearing stands for?

It stands for "Women's Liberation Movement!"

A small but vocal group of us women are demanding our civil rights! We are demanding equal job opportunities . . . equal pay . . . equal treatment under the law . . . in fact, equality in **EVERYTHING** with men!!

We're tired of being treated as second-class citizens by opinionated, selfish and inconsiderate men! And you're a prime example of the type!

The least you could do is get up and give me your seat!!



Just watch those lovely Stewardesses . . . the way they bring the drinks, and serve the food, and clean up afterwards! They're fantastic!

I'll say! Boy, would I like to have something like that at home!!

Fine! I'll be glad to arrange it!

I've been ASKING you for a maid for years!!



HOLD IT!!

What are you, crazy or something? Is it really worth it, running for a train like that? You could get a heart attack . . . or slip under the wheels! Everything with you guys in business is rush—rush—**RUSH!!**

You're right—puff-puff! My doctor told me the same thing—puff-puff! He said all this rushing around was ruining my health—puff—and I'd better take me a nice long vacation!

So what were you rushing for?

If I missed this train, I would've missed my plane to Miami Beach!

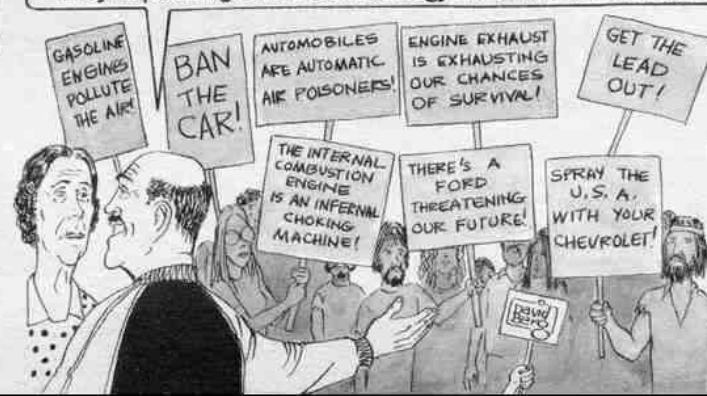


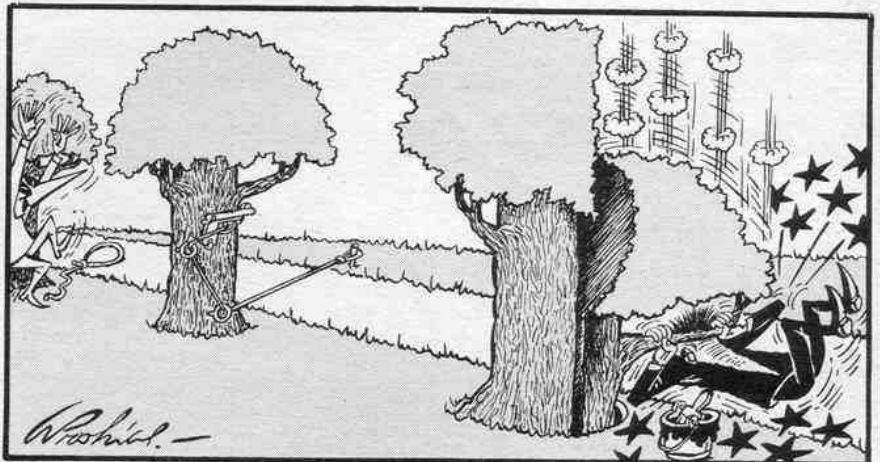
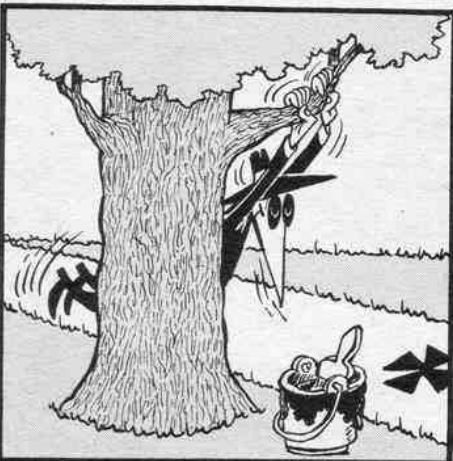
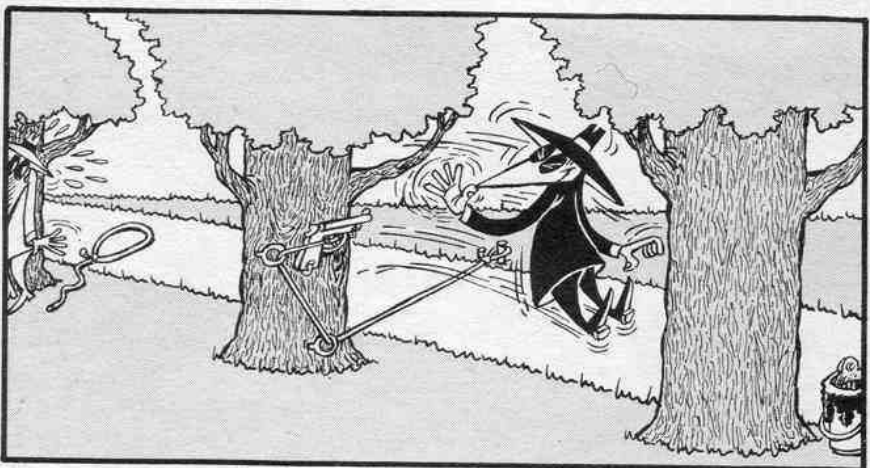
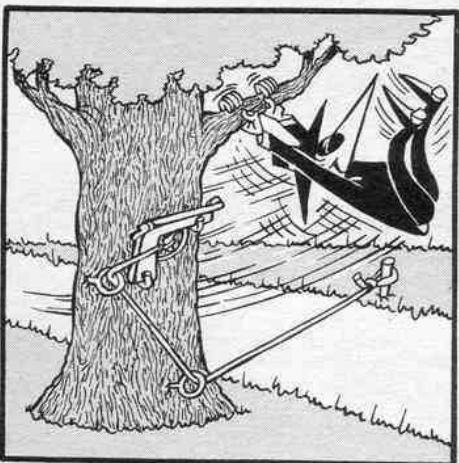
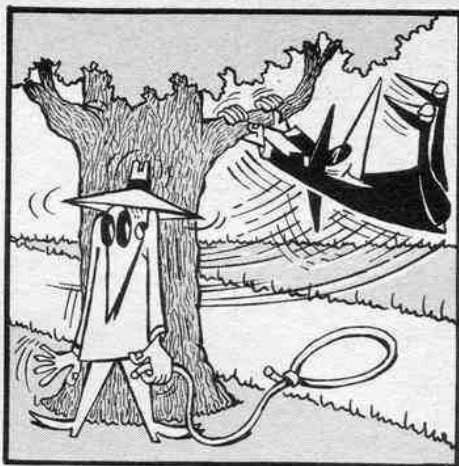
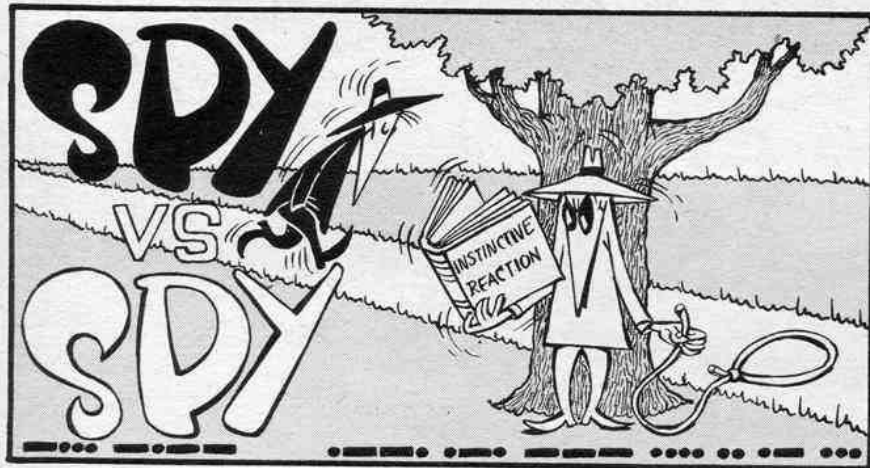
There go those crazy college students with another stupid protest!

You're wrong! This time, it's **NOT** stupid! This time, it's **JUSTIFIABLE!**

They're demonstrating for something that's important to them—**AND** us! They're protesting the destruction of our environment! They're pleading for a decent ecology . . . before it's too late!

OKAY... LET'S GET THE MOTORCADE ROLLING!!





SWEET-TALK DEPT.

Ever since we published "The MAD Hate Book" a few issues back, we've been receiving an enormous trickle of mail which says (in essence): "Don't you clods know there's too much

THE MAD L

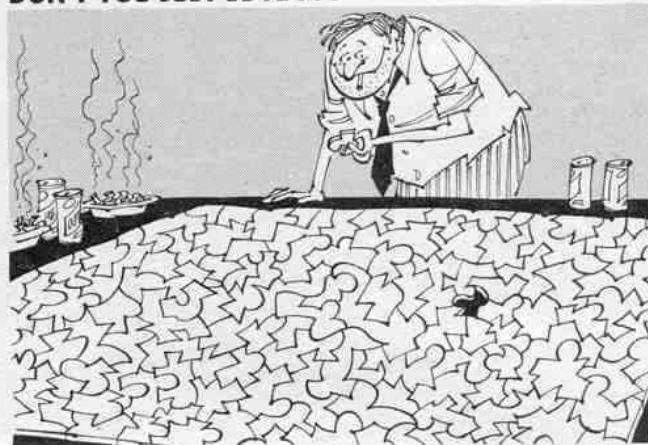
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... being pampered while sick in bed!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... finishing a picture puzzle!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



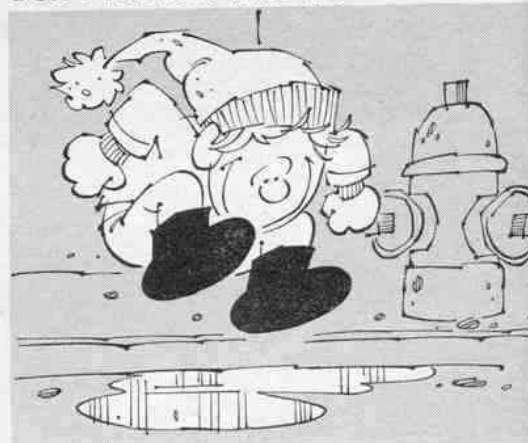
... finding money in a pay phone slot!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



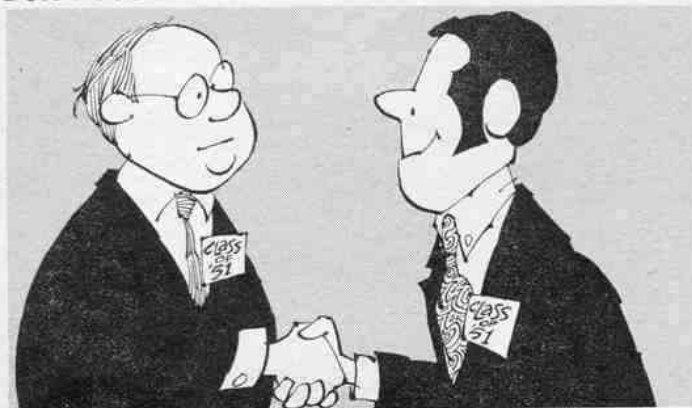
... having your back scratched!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... cracking the ice on puddles!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... meeting someone from your graduating class who looks much older than you!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



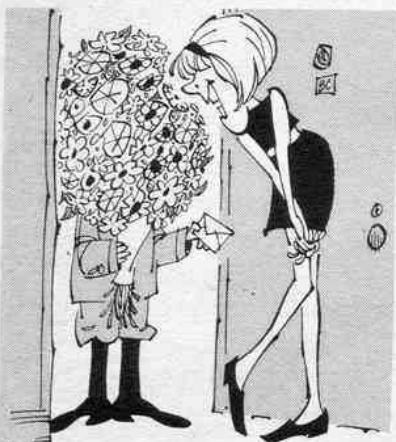
... getting up early for school, and suddenly remembering it's Saturday!

hate in the world? Stop emphasizing it! We hate you for it! Why not show the good things in life?" And so, after reflecting on some of life's sunnier moments, we now present...

LOVE BOOK

WRITER: GEORGE HART

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... getting flowers!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



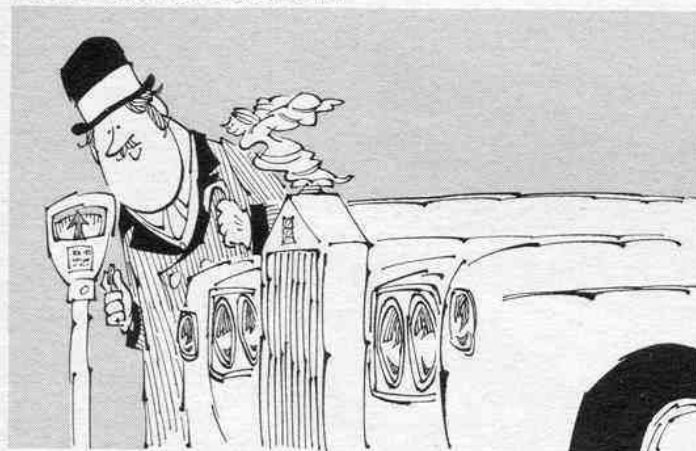
... making a good trade!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... getting a birthday card containing cash!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... finding a parking meter with time left on it!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



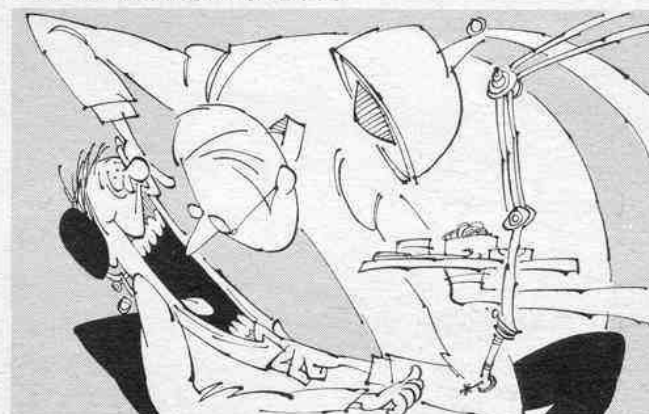
... having a good friend who's big!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



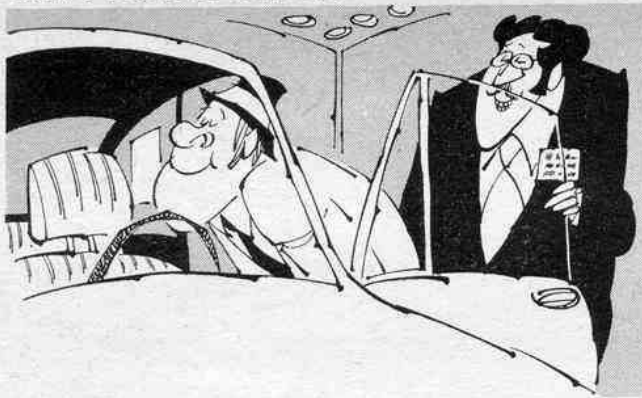
... when your teacher gets sick on the day of the big test!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... going to the dentist and being told all you need is a cleaning!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... the smell of a new car!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... reading your name in the newspaper!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... opening a jar no one else can!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... getting a free sample of something!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... discovering money in an old pocket!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... squishing mud through your toes!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



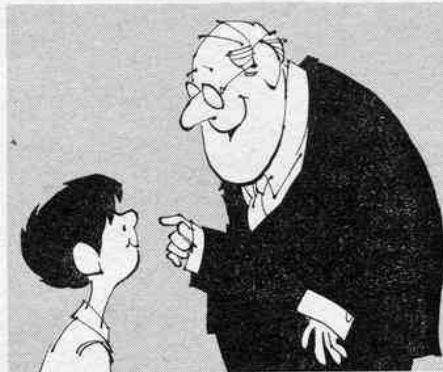
... getting a surprise in your lunch box!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... when nobody else wants
the last piece of pizza!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... when told you look
older than you really are!

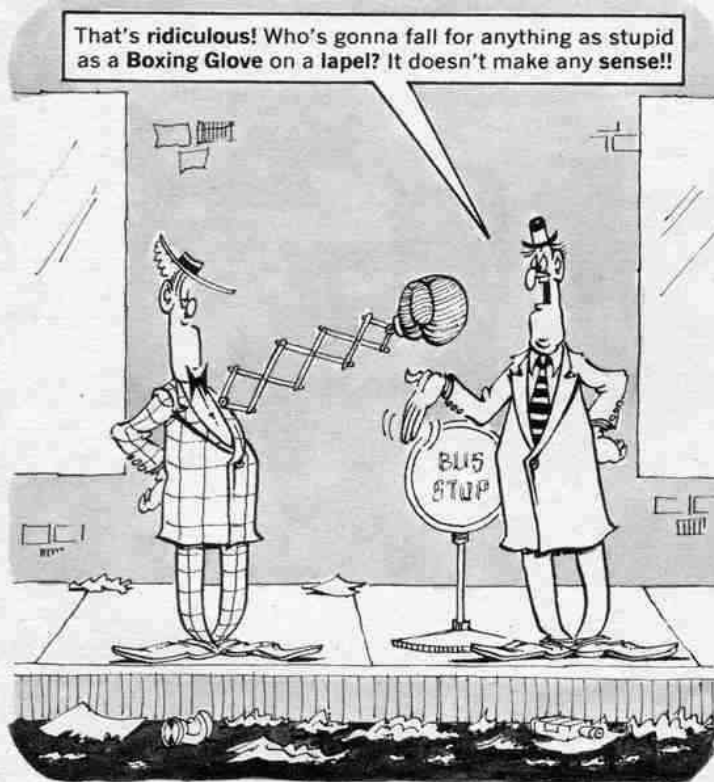
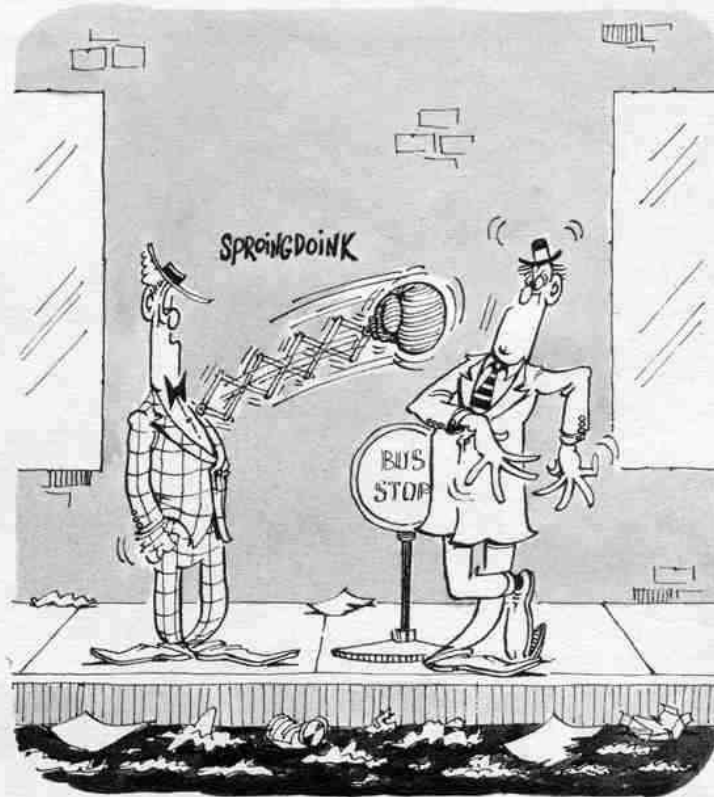
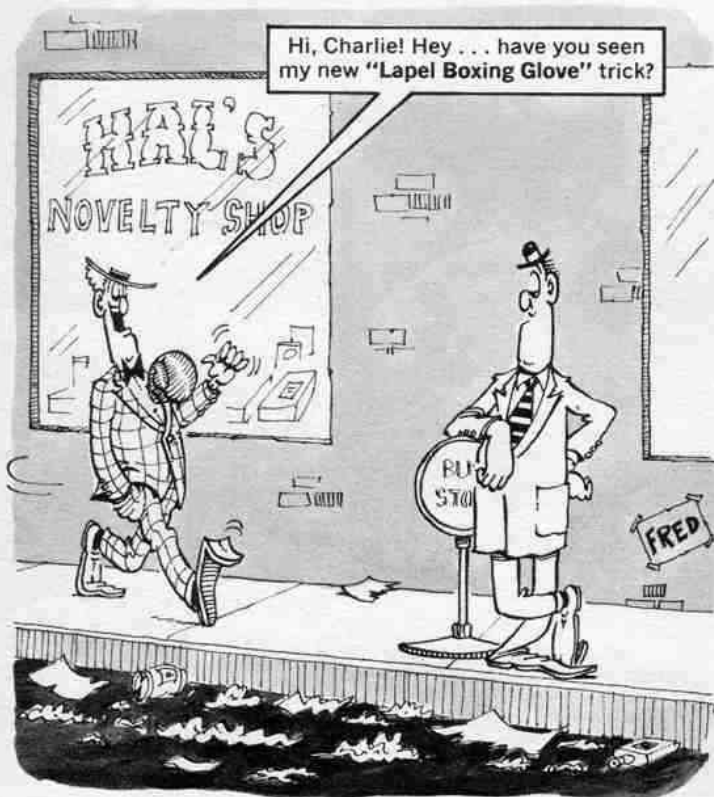
DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... being told you look
younger than you really are!



Once Again In Front Of A Novelty Shop



One of the most popular pastimes in this country today is "nostalgia". People seem to enjoy reminiscing about the past. And the largest group of reminiscers is the "over-30" crowd. Naturally, they're forever taking fond backward looks at the decade they grew up in . . . the 1930's. In fact, there must be hundreds of nostalgia books and nostalgia articles written about the 1930's . . . and they all go something like this . . .

A NOSTALGIC LOOK AT THE THIRTIES



How many of you remember those wild, wonderful Thirties? That devil-may-care decade when students used to sit on flagpoles, or compete in marathon dances?

When knickers and button caps were in style for boys? When you used to put on a raccoon coat and take your best girl for a spin in a roadster with a rumble seat?

Who remembers "Wrong-Way" Corrigan? Remember when everyone was singing "*The Music Goes 'Round And 'Round*"? When those kooky Busby Berkeley musicals were so popular? When we all used to sit glued to our radios listening to Amos 'n Andy, Jack Armstrong and Eddie Cantor? Ah, those were the good old days!



Pretty boring, eh? Especially for you kids who weren't even born until 20 years or more afterwards. But it got us to thinking, and it suddenly hit us that there's a 50-50 chance that some of you teenagers out there may get to be "over 30" yourselves someday, and you'll be doing your own reminiscing about the decade you grew up in. So let's just project ourselves into the future, and see what "nostalgia" will be like—with—

THOSE WONDERFUL SIXTIES!

A YEAR 2000
BACKWARD LOOK
AT A WARM AND
WONDERFUL DECADE



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

PHOTOS BY: WIDE WORLD, U.P.I. & N.Y. DAILY NEWS

Remember the funny mushroom clouds those H-Bombs made?



Wasn't it fun the way cars and factories polluted the air?



Remember the way jet planes used to make our ears go pop?



Remember Hippies and Yippies and the wild things they wore?



Well, here it is the year 2000 and we're moving not only into a new century but into a new millenium. And yet as we move forward, many of us can't help looking backward at some of our fond memories of the past. For instance, how many of you can still recall those wild, warm, wacky, wonderful Sixties? What a decade! What do you say? Ready for a trip down Memory Lane?

Sights And Sounds of the Sixties

Memories, memories. Ah, it seems like only yesterday when we were all kids living in those crazy 1960's, and it was just one nutty thing happening after another. Who remembers those kooky things called "H-Bombs" that used to go boom, boom, boom—over and under the ground? Remember how they made those goofy politicians and silly generals giggle so much? Remember the funny mushroom clouds they made? Who remembers milk? Remember the funny way it used to taste in those days? Why don't we drink milk anymore? What's happened to us?

Who remembers one of the Number One pastimes in those crazy days? Remember pollution? Remember how we used to say to each other, "Hey, gang, what do you say we go out and pollute?" Was that ever fun! Remember those silly little cars and those cockeyed factory smokestacks that used to do it so well. And remember those adorable oil wells? And those wonderful, mischievous guys who owned them? Remember their big kick: swallowing fish. Not gold fish, but tuna and mackerel and bass and *all* the marine life that got in the way of those nutty oil slicks. Were they ever a wild, crazy bunch!

Remember those big leafy things we used to call trees? Remember how those goofy builders used to come along and bop them? Who remembers forests? Who remembers the Grand Canyon before it became Levittown West?

And what about those silly jet planes that used to plod along through the air at a slow-motion 700 miles an hour? Remember how they used to make our houses rattle and the wonderful way they used to make our ears go pop, pop, pop? Remember what they used to do to our eardrums? Hey, whatever happened to eardrums? We don't know about you, but we miss them!

Dress And Grooming In The Sixties

What a decade the Sixties was for dress and grooming. Remember those nutty beads and those wild earrings and those kooky hair rollers? And then there were all those crazy things the *girls* used to wear!

Who remembers beards and sideburns and Fu Manchu moustaches? Who remembers hippies and yippies and the wild things they used to wear? Hey, who remembers those goofy things called baths? You don't? Come to think of it, neither do we.

Remember the wild, crazy Black African Look of the '60's?



What about that wild look of the Sixties? Remember springy, thick, black hair, fierce eyes, flaring nostrils, and an angry mouth? It was called the Black African Look. And remember standing-up hair, frightened eyes, shaky knees, and total fear? That was called the White American Look. It became very popular right after the Black African Look. Did we ever have fun in those happy, carefree days!

Entertainment And Cultures In The Sixties

How many of you remember television in the Sixties? Remember how primitive it was in those days? You could see it and hear it, but you couldn't feel it and smell it like today. Well, actually you could smell it, but it was a different *kind* of a smell.

Remember those Saturday morning kiddie shows? Remember how they used to go on and on into Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening and all day and all night Sunday and Monday and Tuesday and all week? Remember how *all* television was kiddie shows in those wonderful days?

Wasn't it fun watching TV in the Fabulous Sixties? Remember all those important things it taught us about life? Like how great it was to be a widow, what fun it was to be a prisoner of war, and how wonderful it was to be young and alive and in love and a hillbilly with an IQ of 14.

Hey, who remembers those kooky films of the Sixties? Remember how hardly anyone ever wore clothes in those fun pictures? Remember the fun people they used to make pictures about? Like Al Capone, Bonnie and Clyde, and the Marquis de Sade. What a bunch of lovable nuts!

Remember the lessons we learned from films in the Sixties? Like man should love his fellow man. Did you ever remember seeing so many men loving other men in all your life, on the screen?

And who remembers music in those wild, wonderful days? Those nutty rock festivals, when hundreds and thousands of us teenagers used to gather to dance on huge fields, and continue dancing in those goofy paddy wagons and in those funny ambulances and in those silly police stations. What a blast!

And who remembers the biggest, nuttiest, wildest blast of them all during the Sixties: the war in Vietnam? No music, but what a great Sound!

Remember the books we used to read in those days? Remember that cuckoo—Myra Breckenridge, who changed from a boy to a girl? And that crazy shut-in—Fanny Hill? And who remembers wild, wacky, lovable Portnoy? Remember the fellow with the complaint? Remember how he was always searching, searching for love—and then he found himself!

What's become of the sweet innocence of the past?

How about the long hem-line that was popular in the South?

Who can forget the Mini-Mini-Mini Skirts of the crazy 60's?



Wasn't it fun watching Kiddie TV Shows in those wild days?



Who remembers the kooky movies they made in those days?



Remember the valuable lessons we learned from those films?



Who remembers those nutty Rock Festivals they used to have?



Remember the silly books we used to read in those days?



Those way-out, zany guys with their way-out zany ideas.



Who remembers those wacky girls of the wild wacky '60's?



Zany Characters of the Sixties

When you think back to the Sixties, you have to admit that never before in one decade has there ever been such a collection of unpredictable nuts.

Remember those way-out zany guys with their way-out zany ideas like Abbie Hoffman, Andy Warhol, Stanley Kubrick and The Pope?

Who remembers those whacky gals of the sixties, like Shirley MacLaine, Barbra Streisand, Debbie Reynolds and Tiny Tim? Were they ever kooks!

Who remembers those great Sports figures, like Mickey Mantle, Johnny Unitas, Arnold Palmer and Hugh Hefner! Boy, those guys knew how to play!

Remember those beloved teams of the Sixties? Like the Green Bay Packers? The New York Yankees? The Boston Celtics? The Mafia? *They* never used to lose!

Remember some of those great Comedy Teams of the decade: Nichols and May, Rowan and Martin, Wallace and Maddox?

There were some real far out doctors in those days. Who remembers that dedicated pill-pusher, Dr. Timothy Leary? Boy, could *he* write a prescription!

And who remembers those silver-tongued orators like Ralph Nader, who exposed the irresponsibility of our Automobile Industry . . . Marshall McLuhan, who exposed the power of our Mass Media . . . and Spiro Agnew, who exposed the hazards of our Political System?

And then there was Richard the Robot. Remember him? The first mechanical man to run a country. Remember his wife, Plastic Pat? Weren't they both adorable manufactured people? Remember how every year they used to send a Father's Day card to a Madison Avenue ad agency?

Memories, memories.

Remember when the long hem-line was so popular in the South? Remember the prevailing fashion down there in the wonderful Sixties: Ku Klux Klan white? Remember the rest of the ensemble: beige whips and cerise fire bombs? What a bunch of rascally zanies used to wear them! Why do we take ourselves so seriously nowadays?

Remember the mini-skirt? Which led to the mini-mini-mini-skirt? Which led to the see-through blouse? Which led to maternity dresses and that wild, wonderful population explosion we remember and love about the Sixties!

Fads and Kicks of the Sixties

In the fabulous Sixties it seems that every time you looked around some nut was coming up with another wonderful new fad, some screwball kick to help pass away those lazy, crazy hours.

Who remembers "Trampoline-Jumping"? And "Body-Painting"? And "Surfboard-Riding"? And "Sky-Diving"? And "Jetplane-Hijacking"? What thrills!

Boy, those great Sports figures really knew how to play!



Who remembers "Window-Shopping" in the Sixties? Was that ever a fun fad! What a great way to kill a few hours on a Sunday. Remember how you'd put on your best clothes, take your best girl on one arm, a brick in your hand and go shopping *inside* store windows.

Who remembers that nutty game called, "Going To The Races?" When black folks and white folks would visit each other with guns, and those kicky cans of Mace, and tear gas. Laughs! There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd!

Remember how just about everybody used to engage in that wacky pastime, "Pig-Calling." It was so easy to play. All you needed was a mob and a cop to yell at. Life was so simple in those days. Where have we gone wrong?

Who remembers that great game we used to play in school called, "Leaving The Room." Remember the surprises we used to find waiting for us in the Boy's Room—like pot and speed and LSD, and all those other crazy between-meal snacks? Remember the surprises the girls used to find waiting for them in the Girl's Room—like boys?

Memories, memories.

Remember those goofy college songs we used to sing on campus? Like "Vanderbilt Is Falling Down, Falling Down"; "Stanford's Burning, Stanford's Burning"; "I Just Made A Wreck Out of Georgia Tech," and so on. Remember those crazy pranks we used to pull on the Chancellors and the Trustees? Remember that fun game we students used to play called, "Dean For A Day"?

What about those crazy picnics we used to have in the city parks? Remember those wacky cops who used to hose us down? Remember how hard it was to set fire to wet draft cards? Remember how we'd carry on in the parks all night? Remember how we scared the hell out of the muggers? Those were the days!

It seems that everyone was singing in those crazy years. Remember some of the catchy tunes of the Sixties? Like, "Two-Four-Six-Eight We Don't Wanna Integrate"? And what about that silly ditty, "Hell No, We Won't Go"? And then there was the Number One hit song of the decade. Everyone was singing it in those days. Remember how it went: "% # \$ @ ! * ! @ \$ # \$! (* & ! @ # @ \$ # & \$ * % ! * & % \$ # (# * # ! \$ % \$ # # ! ! ! ! !"

And then there was the Biggest Sound of all during the Sixties. Who remembers coughing? Ah, how we coughed in those wonderful days. Remember smog and those nutty things called cigarettes? We were a wild, carefree nation of coughers. Somehow, we don't cough like that anymore. Oh sure, we wheeze a little, and harrumph sometimes, but the magic is gone from our coughing nowadays. What went wrong? What's missing from our coughing?

Hey, who remembers lungs?

Someone was always coming up with another wonderful fad.

Remember engaging in that wacky pastime, "Pig-Calling"?



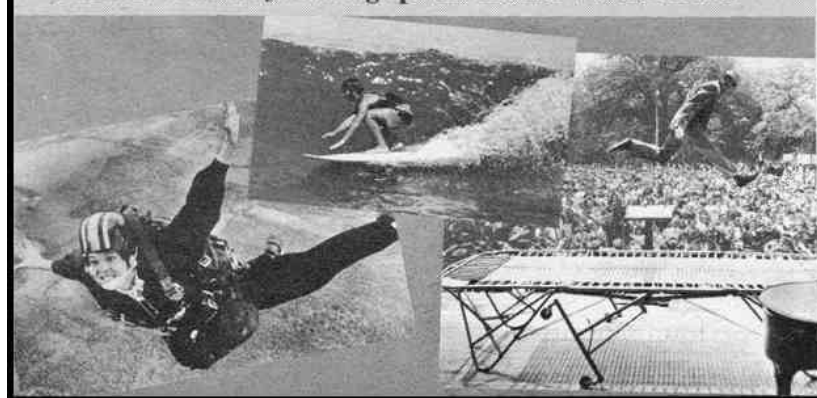
Wasn't it fun to go "Window Shopping" back in those days?

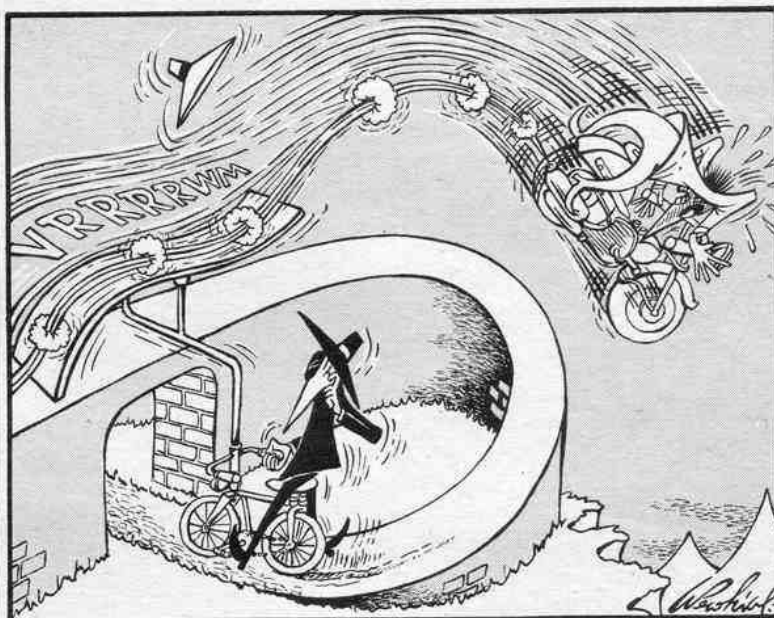
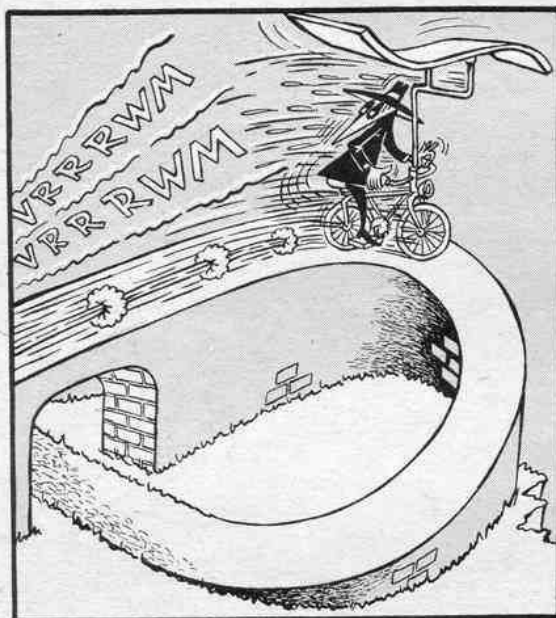
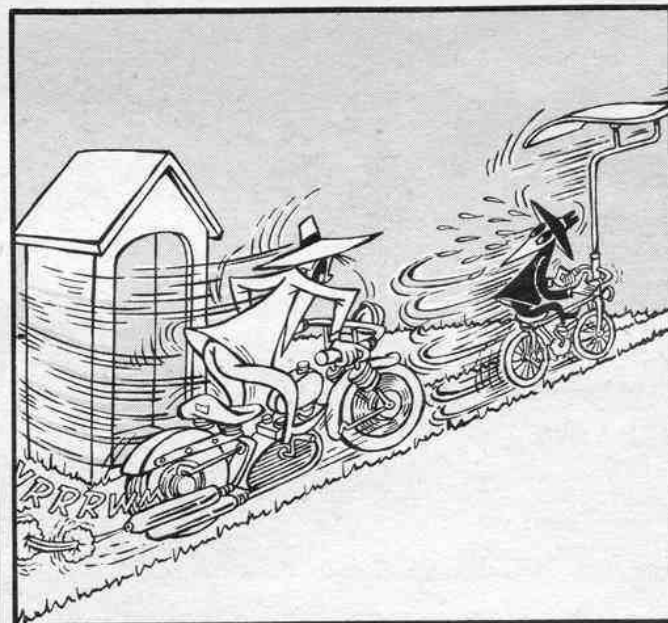
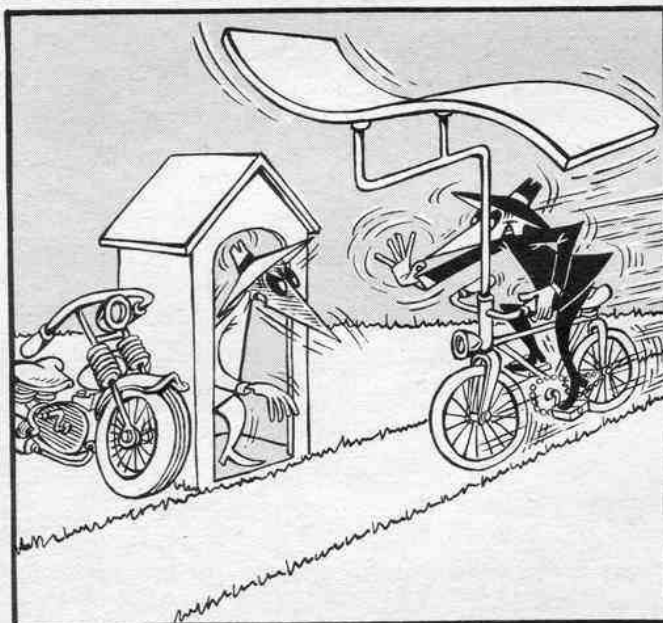
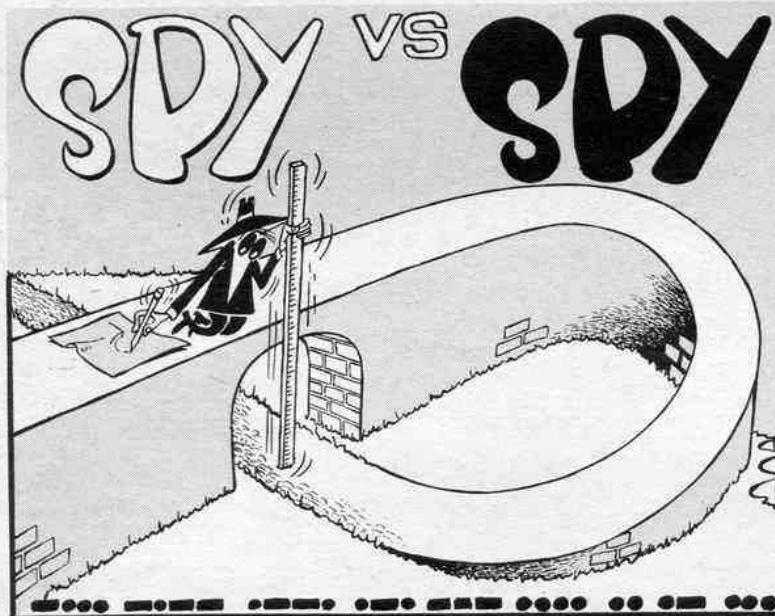


Remember that wild, nutty game called "Going To The Races"?



It seems that everyone was singing in those crazy years!





Hi, War Movie fans! I'm John Wayne! I just want to say, after making such distinguished War Pictures as "Sands Of Iwo Jima," "Flying Leathernecks," "Back To Bataan" and "The Fighting Seabees," that I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Dana Andrews! I just want to say, after making such distinguished War Pictures as "Purple Heart," "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "A Walk In The Sun," that I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Adolph Hitler! I just want to say, after making such distinguished Wars as "The Rape of Poland," "The Fall of France," "The Siege of Britain," "The Invasion of Russia" and "The Genocide of Millions," that even I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste! So it MUST be ecchy!!



With these comments in mind, MAD Magazine now brings you an even worse affront to good taste! Mainly, our version of ...

M*I*S*H M*O*S*H

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Hi, buddy! My name is Squawkeye! I'm a new replacement Surgeon!

Hi! My name is Kook! I'm a new replacement Surgeon, too!

Great! Hop in! We'll start off the picture by stealing a Jeep, thereby showing complete irreverence for authority... and also pulling the first of many outrageous pranks!

What's so outrageous about stealing a Jeep?

This one belongs to President Truman!

There they go... trying to cash in on the "Youth Market" with another anti-Establishment, low-budget picture!

What's so low budget about the Korean War?

Well, when you compare it to the War in Vietnam...



You must be the new Surgeons! I'm Colonel Henry Bloke, the Commander of this MISH-MOSH! I demand three things from my officers: One—Respect, Two—Courtesy, and Three—Honesty!

Don't bother us now, Hank! Get lost! We wanna make out with these broads!

Well, ONE out of three ain't bad!

Er—you certainly have an unusual surgical approach, Doctor!

What's so unusual about a routine leg amputation?

Nothing! It's just that the patient is suffering from chest wounds!!

By the way—what's the rating on this picture?

"S"... No one under 18 will be admitted unless accompanied by a "Sickness Bag"!

So you're the famous chest surgeon, "Shlepper John"?!

That's me! Tell me, do you always look this disgusting?

Not always! Most of the time I look a lot worse! I just freshened up!

"Cruising Down The Liver... On A Sunday Afternoon"!

"Oh—Every Little Breeze Seems To Whisper Disease"!

Don't you think that Shlepper is being a bit too flippant about these operations?

He's just doing it to relieve the tension! He happens to be a brilliant surgeon! I notice that he does everything by the book!

"The Medical Journal"?

No—"The Marquis De Sade"!

Nurse—Stop that patient! Where's he going?

He's leaving to get another opinion!

What's wrong with this patient?

He's in a coma!

Oh, he's from the front lines, and he's just gotten a battlefield injury?

No, he's from the front office, and he's just seen the rushes of the previous scenes!

Hey... what's going on here?

It's Cowznofsky, the Polish Dentist! He's taking a shower, and the guys are lining up to see him naked!!

Whew! Thank Goodness! For a minute, I thought it was something ABNORMAL!!



Shlepper, you zany! What did you punch Major Burned for?

We had an empty bed in Ward B, and I wanted to FILL it.

... with HIM!!
For an Officer, such behavior is absolutely DISGRACEFUL!

Oh—pardon me! This is our new Head Nurse, Major "Hot Lobes" Holdahand!

I am for strict adherence to the Military Code! My philosophy is: "An Army is Efficient!", "An Army is Disciplined!", and "An Army travels on my Stomach!"

Don't you mean "An Army Travels On ITS Stomach"?

Listen, it's MY philosophy—so don't butt in!!



Here we go again with another one of our unbelievable pranks!

Radio Unruly has planted a mike in Hot Lobes' tent and we can hear her and Major Burned making love!

Ooooooh! Ahhhhhh! Ooh! Ah! Oooaaah! Hoo! Hah!

I'll level with you... it sure beats listening to Conelrad!

The record sounds great! I can't wait to see the album cover!

Listen to those moans and cries! That's some passion!

Ahh, that's not passion! That's pain! If I know those two, they're making love with their medals on!

It never ceases to amaze me! The gags we pull?

No—the stuff that's allowed in movies these days!



What a stroke of genius... using Leonardo Da Vinci's "The Last Supper" as a symbol!!

As a symbol of WHAT?
What ELSE? A Polish Army Dentist's loss of virility and his attempted suicide!

That's taking quite a poke at Religion! Are you sure the "man upstairs" will approve?

Are you kidding?! Danny Thomas saw the rushes and he LOVED it!

This is Chipped Beef on Toast we're eating! No wonder they keep calling this "The Last Supper" scene!

Remember! There are no atheists in fox-holes!!

Now, what in heck does that have to do with this scene?

Nothing! I just threw it in for nostalgic fans of the OLD war movies!

CHE INFAME!

I gave him the
"Black Capsule"!
It puts you to
sleep immediately!

Puts you
to sleep?
What's
in it?

The condensed
humor of the
Reader's
Digest!!

You gotta
do me a
big favor,
baby!

Make
love
to a
"dead"
Polish
Dentist!

Please, not
tonight! I've
got a headache!
Besides, making
love to a dead
man is SICK!

It's the sickest,
most repulsive
thing in this sick
film, which is just
chock-full of sick,
repulsive things!

Wrong! It's the
SECOND sickest,
most repulsive
thing! For the
FIRST—take a
look at the
next panel . . .

Anything,
Squawkeye!



Hmm! Another
one of your
unorthodox
surgical
procedures,
Doctor?

Don't be
silly! It's
nothing but
a routine
amputation!

What's so
routine
about
amputating
a head?

We
need
plasma
—in a
hurry!

Sorry!
We're
all
out of
plasma!

Well, then, there's
only
one thing to do! Let's
pull another one of our
hilarious practical jokes
and siphon some blood
from an unsuspecting
victim!

Good
work,
Radio!
Who'd you
swipe it
from?

Some guy who
said he was
only passing
by, looking
for his Jeep!

What
was his
name?

Harry—
something!

GAG



I MADE
THE WRONG
MOVIES!



Well, there
goes Major
Burned! We
finally drove
him stark
staring mad!

Where's he
headed
now, to a
Stateside
Mental
Hospital!?

No, to Los Angeles!
He's opening an
office, and he's
going into private
practice . . . as
a Psychiatrist!

This is the scene where we
take a break from sewing
up battle casualties and
amuse ourselves with more
cultural pursuits . . .
like the Art of Voyeurism!

Eeeeeeeek!
Eeeeeeeek!
You filthy
pigs! I'll
GET you
for this!

Gee, y'know
somethin'?!
Hot Lobes
don't look
so GREAT
in the raw!

Hot Lobes, we can
humiliate anytime!
That person screaming
in the shower happens
to be General Douglas
MacArthur!



This football game was your idea, Squawkeye! Do you really think we can beat the 325th?

How can we lose? We got a ringer: Seersucker Jones! Seer—say "hello" to Colonel Blech!

Well, a-hubba-hubba-hubba, hello, Jack! A Yuk-yuk-yuk, and it's mighty smokey over Tokyo, Joe!

But that's World War II talk!

Can I help it if there were no "cute expressions" from the Korean War!

How does their team shape up, Seersucker?

I may be wrong, but I get the feeling they've brought in a few ringers of their own!



How do you like that?! We won the game, and the players on the other team are carrying off our men on their shoulders!

That's what happens when a team smokes funny cigarettes!



Well, there they go—back to the States! Squawkeye, Kook and Shlepper! They were really great Surgeons!

Good riddance to 'em! They were irreverent, anti-Establishment trouble-makers!

Who's replacing them?

I've got new recruits on the way—men who I'm sure will have some respect for law and order and discipline! Oh—here they come now...



Colonel... I think your problems are just beginning!!



ONE DAY IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN



WHAT INNOCENT
PRODUCT
THREATENS THE
WORLD WITH AN
IMMENSE
EXPLOSION?

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

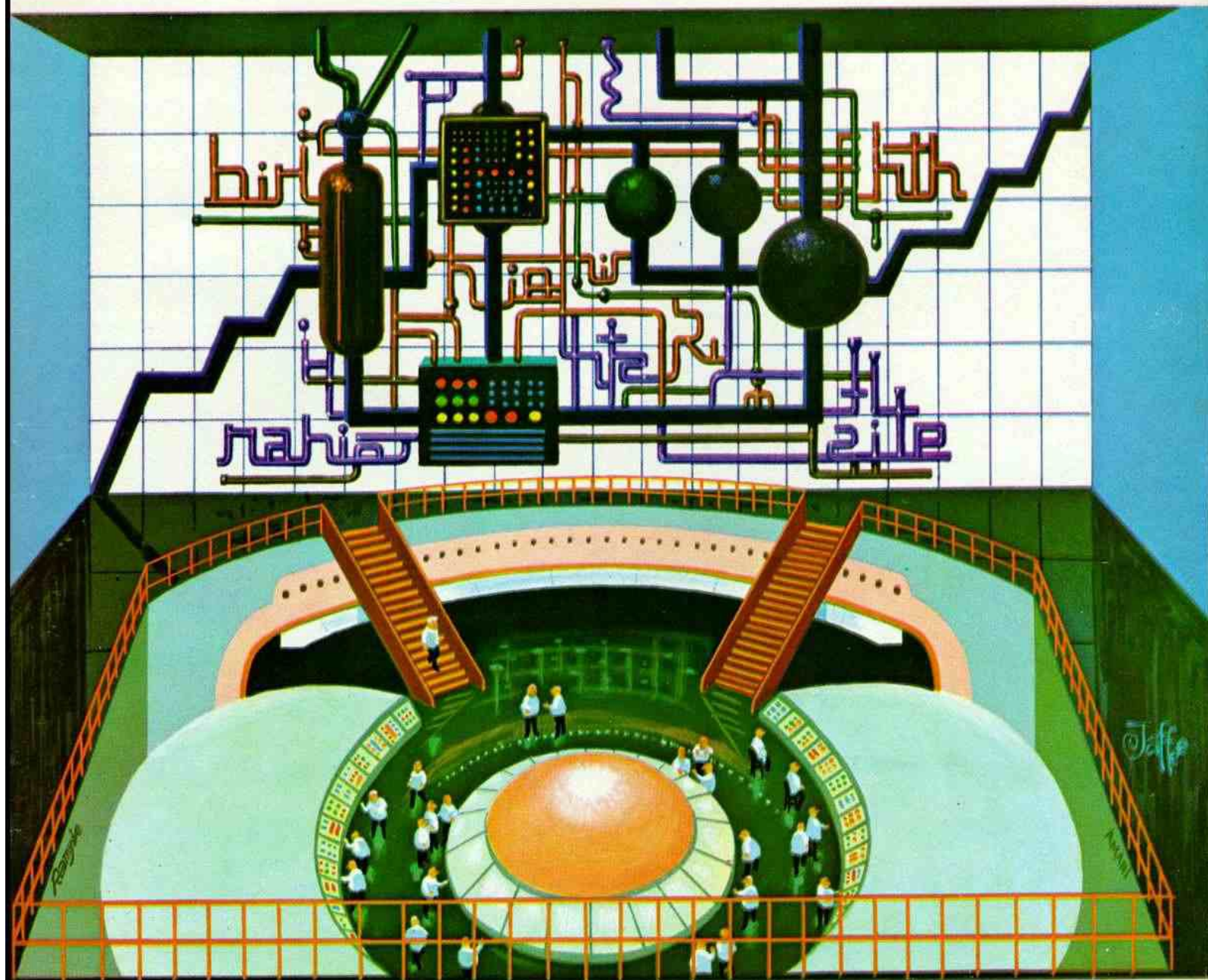
It seems that, every day, some item or other that we once regarded as safe and harmless suddenly turns out to be a terrible threat to life and limb. To find out what one of the best examples of this is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WHILE OPPOSING SCIENTISTS DABBLE WITH AND
BABBLE ABOUT THE SAFETY OF PRODUCTS, OUR WORRIES
INCREASE ABOUT THIS INNOCENT-LOOKING ITEM
WHICH COULD KILL US ALL OFF IN TIME!

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀B

THE ARTIST

