No. 133 March '70

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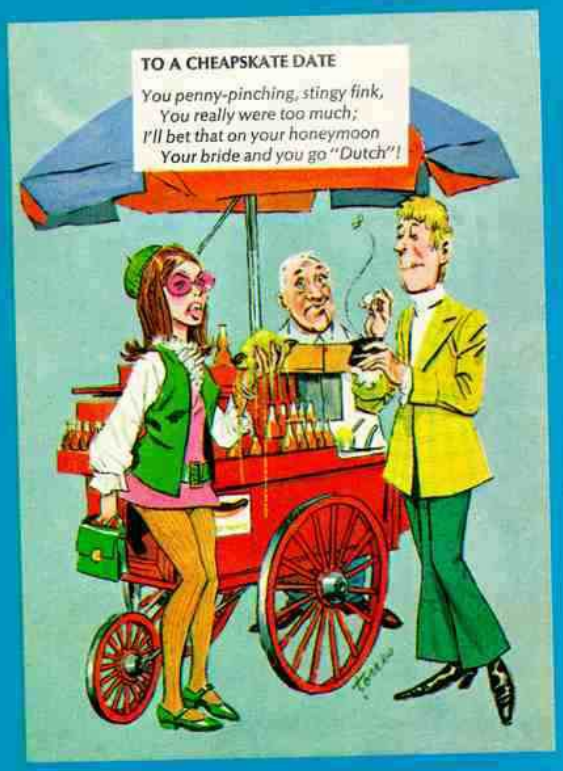
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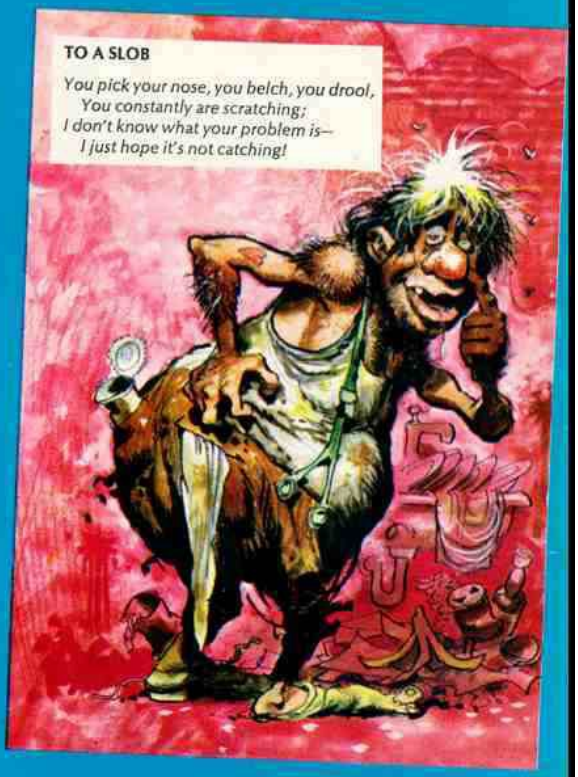
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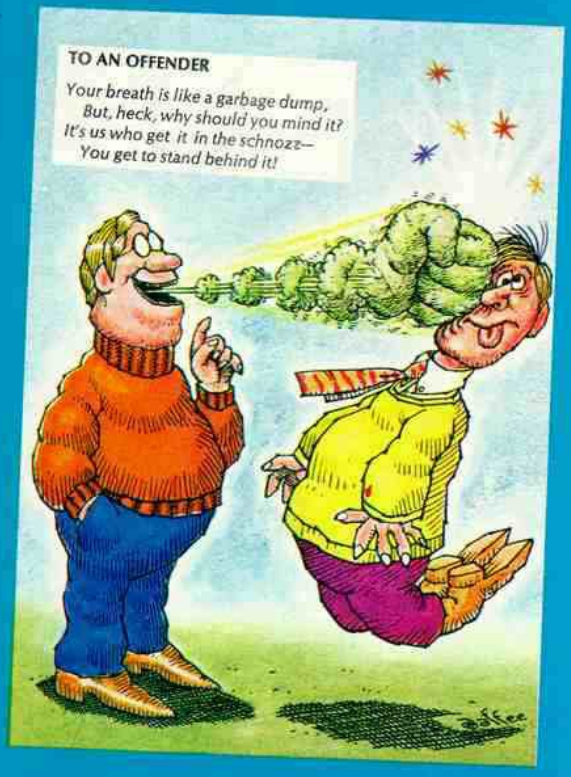


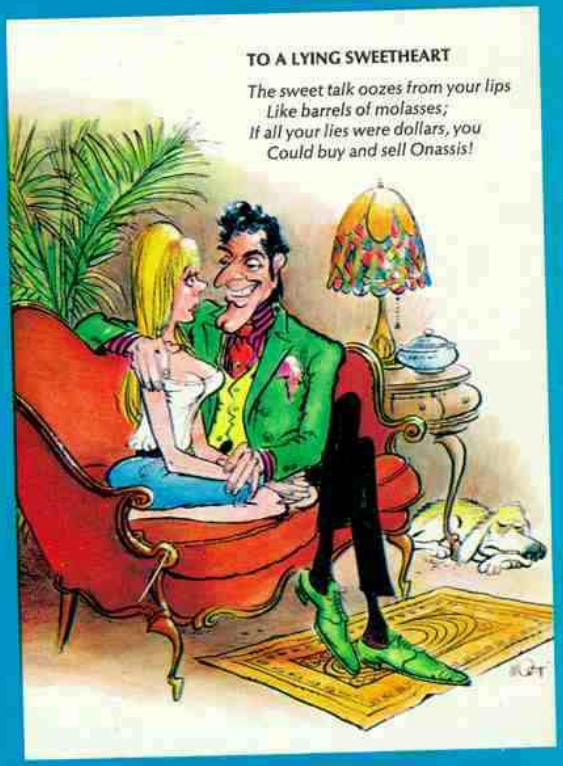
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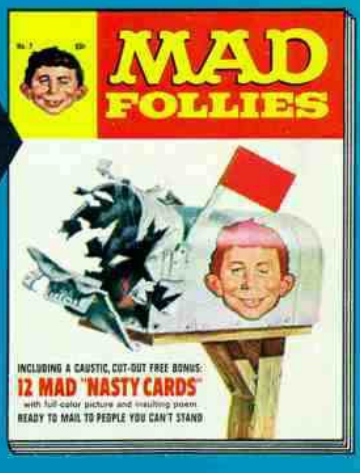




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NUMBER 133 MARCH 1970

MAD

"By the time a guy is in shape to buy his wife beautiful clothes, she isn't!"—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

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Family Gatherings 18

BITTER THINGS FOR BITTER LIVING, ETC. DEPARTMENT
The Facts Of Life (And Death) 10

CONDENSED MILKING DEPARTMENT
If TV Shows Were Like Their Capsuled Descriptions 12

DATA KNOWS BEST DEPARTMENT
Future Instant Predictions 30

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
During A Summer Storm 15
One Day In The Mountains 44

EVERY CLOD HAS A SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT
What Is A Born Winner? 24

GIVE OUR REGARDS TO BROADWAY JOE DEPARTMENT
Joe Namath's Wallet 42

GRIT AND BEAR IT DEPARTMENT
True Fat (A MAD Movie Satire) 4

HERE TODAY, DEAR TOMORROW DEPARTMENT
Antiques Of The Future 33

INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT
A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At The U.S. Congress 36

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 32, 41

LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
Drawn-Out Dramas By Aragones ..... **

SLEEPING "BAG" DEPARTMENT
Dreams That Went Up In Smoke 23

SLIME PICKINGS DEPARTMENT
MAD's Do-It-Yourself Modern Movie Ads 16

STAGE OF MIND DEPARTMENT
MAD's Lifetime Chart Of Attitudes And Behavior 26

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACTS DEPARTMENT
MAD's Green Paper: "The State Of Our Suburbs" 45

V.I.PEEK DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Celebrities In Real-Life Situations 38

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—March, 1970, Vol. 1, No. 133 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 change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1969 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.

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VITAL FEATURES

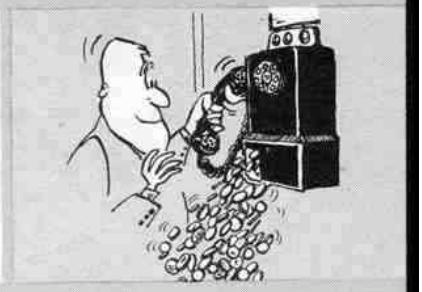
"TRUE FAT" (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 4





THE FACTS OF LIFE (AND DEATH) Pg. 10

WHAT IS A BORN WINNER? Pg. 24





LIFETIME CHART OF ATTITUDES AND BEHAVIOR Pg. 26

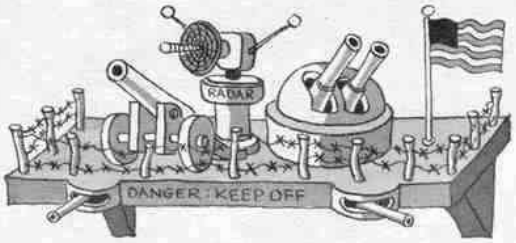
CELEBRITIES IN REAL-LIFE SITUATIONS Pg. 38





THE STATE OF OUR SUBURBS Pg. 45

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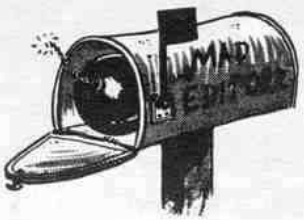
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LETTERS DEPT.



CLINT EASTWOOD PAINTS OUR WAGON



The man to my right in the enclosed photo is Brian Hutton, director of "Where Eagles Dare", who is currently working with me on "The Warriors". We just wanted to say how much we enjoyed "Where Vultures Fare". Artist Angelo Torres and writer Larry Siegel did a tremendous job on this satire. Your comments on some of the complications of the script were especially enjoyed by us, having lived through the making of the picture.

Clint Eastwood
On Location in . . .
London, England

THINK—OR THWIM

A great French poet named De Vries once wrote: "To those who *feel*, life is a tragedy . . . but to those who *think*, life is a comedy." Obviously, the staff of MAD contains some of the greatest thinkers of our time

Pete Whislu
Los Angeles, Calif.

PASSIONATE GUN LOVE MAGAZINE

Pro

Your "Passionate Gun Love" was one of your most clever, timely and needed articles in many issues. The subtle, and not-too-subtle jabs at the neuroses, psychoses and dangers in a nation obsessed with firepower and killing could be valuable to hunters and non-hunters alike if those with the need and/or desire to kill would (or could) honestly consider why they worship guns. Your article was, indeed, thought-provoking.

Mike Nichols
North Texas State U.

Congratulations on your satire of the "gun nuts" in our society, "Passionate Gun Love Magazine". It took a lot of guts to write an article like that. Let's hope those "nuts" you so violently attacked let you keep those guts in the same location they are now!

Benno Gilbert
Ithaca College, N.Y.

I'm somewhat confused over "Passionate Gun Love" in issue #131. I thought MAD was all comedy and satire! What happened?

Dana Thibault
Denver, Colo.

Can it be too much to hope that MAD can arouse America to disarm? Can it also be too much to hope that responsible gun owners can take the satire in the spirit which it was written?

Joan M. Verba
Minnetonka, Minn.

Your "Passionate Gun Love" magazine was written in the true MAD tradition. Every intelligent, broad-minded gun enthusiast—like me—should have enjoyed it.

Jerry Sciortino
Staten Island, N.Y.

A masterpiece of writing and courage!

Joyce Dini
Garfield Hts., Ohio

Be careful. Some of those guys may decide to organize a hunting trip to the MAD offices.

Rich Sexton
Downey, Calif.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

William M. Gaines, Publisher

PASSIONATE GUN LOVE MAGAZINE
Con

Isn't it a mistake to blame human failures on inanimate objects? About 15 years ago, a famous psychologist-author let a great many American parents and educators off the hook by blaming "juvenile delinquency" on comic books. The resultant public fever drove a highly-talented and imaginative publishing company to the wall. Remember? Consider. If each passing year makes atomic war less feasible, isn't the man with the gun our only hope?

Bill Cantey
Charleston, S.C.

Your article presented a perfect picture of the American hunter as seen through the eyes of the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris. May I suggest that you send them a copy so they can use it in their continuing propaganda against the American people!

Larry Green
Mayfield, Ky.

It's people like you who make the average American citizen "turn off" to the 99.99% honest American sportsmen and call for tighter gun control laws which do nothing to prevent crime.

Tony Hammond
Tilton, N.H.

Your satire of the average hunter is totally unfounded. You make him appear like the purge of society, maiming and killing anything in sight. Statistics show that hunting is a safer sport than football, baseball, swimming and basketball.

Harold George
Indiana University of Pa.

Your "Passionate Gun Love Magazine" contained too many direct quotes from "Time", "Life" and "Pravda" to be mere coincidence.

Carl Samuels
Cedarburg, Wisc.

In regard to your article, "Passionate Gun Love Magazine"—you guys ought to be shot for publishing it!

Tom Stockton
Ann Arbor, Mich.

PASSES THE TEST

Issue #131 was the funniest thing I've read since my Algebra exam!

Guida Goransson
Lambertville, Mich.

LETTER OF COMMENDATION

I wish to commend you on the way you almost singlehandedly keep alive the tradition of American satire. You have the courage to poke fun at everything and spare no one. When the time comes that people like you are censored out of existence, then I'm moving.

Scott Hamsik
Jacksonville, Fla.

When that time comes, there'll be no place to move to!—Ed.

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That's what our Publisher said. So we've got to get rid of these dogs . . . mainly our huge supply of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid. If you like dogs, mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 and $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022



GRIT AND BEAR IT DEPT.

My name is **Brattie Ross!** I am 14 years old, and I am the **heroine** of the movie you are about to see!

In addition to being rather **overbearing** and **long-winded** for someone my age . . . I also **talk funny!**

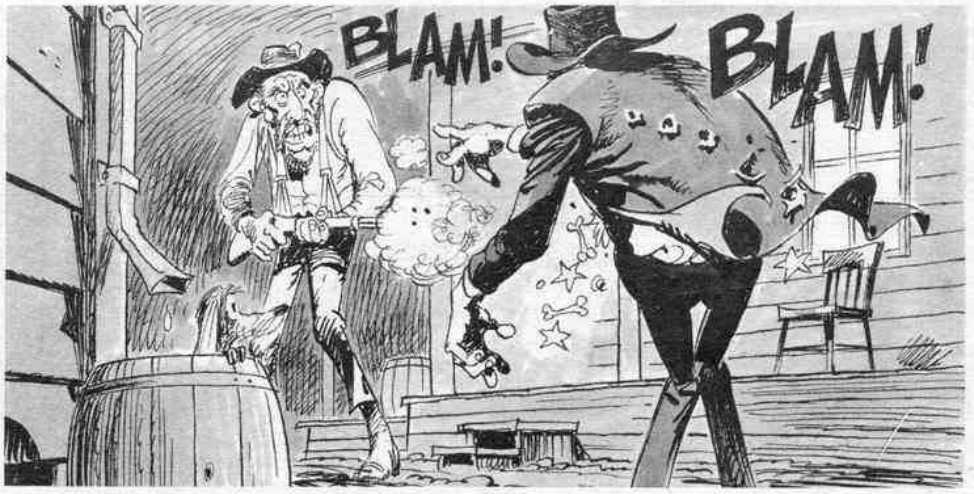
I talk funny mainly because I do **not** use any **contractions!** Perhaps you do not know what a contraction **is!**

A contraction is a convenient way to shorten a group of words, which—as you can see—I have not done in **six possible spots** in this clumsy speech that you are now reading . . .

TRUE



Incidentally, this movie has a **"G" Rating,** which means that it is perfectly all right for **children** to see because it does not have any **sex** in it. What it **does** have in it, however, is plenty of **blood** and **gore** and **violence** and **killing.** According to those Hollywood self-censors, I guess **that** sort of stuff is **perfectly all right for children to see!** Like this scene in the beginning of the picture where my **father** gets shot to death by **Tom Shamey!**



I am looking for **Tom Shamey** who killed my father! I shall need **money.** I believe you are holding **property** that **belonged** to my father! You shall pay me **$300** for it!

I'll pay you **$200** and not **one penny more!** And don't try to **bargain** with me! Only last week, I out-bargained the famous financier, **J. P. Morgan!**

Is J. P. Morgan as **shrewd** as me?

$300!

Shrewder!

$200!

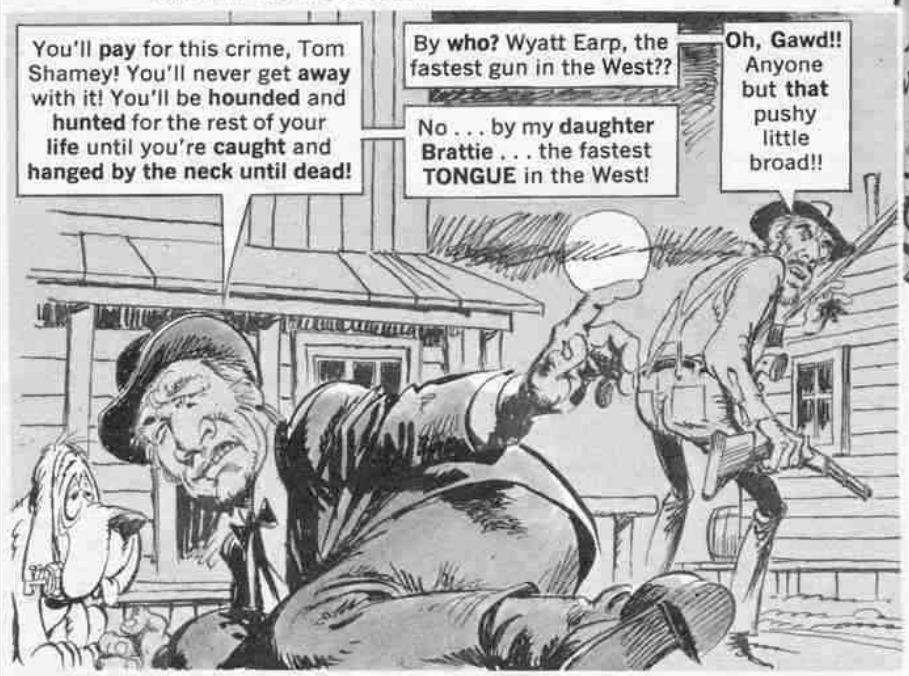
Oops! Make that **SEVEN** spots!

In this movie, I go through a series of **fantastic adventures!** At the end, I learn the meaning of **honor,** the meaning of **courage,** and the meaning of **life!**

Also, thanks to that great Western star, **John Weight,** I learn the meaning of . . .

FAT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







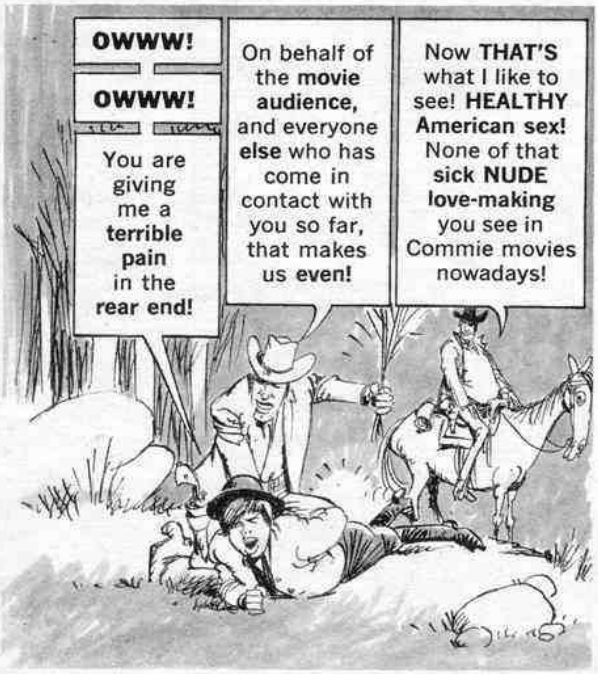


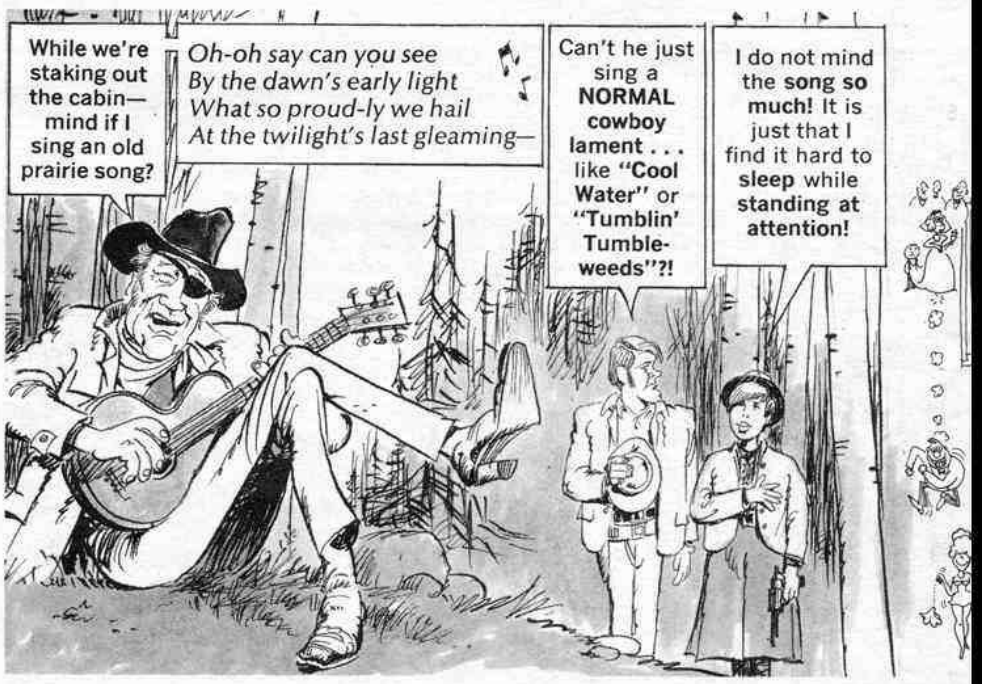

She talked me out of four horses!
She talked me out of 14 guns and 300 rounds of ammunition!
She talked me out of two months supply of provisions!
What a daughter I got! That Brattie is some girl!
Hey, Ross . . . ain't you dead?!
I was— but she talked me out of it!
UNDERTAKER
You cain't violate the laws of God!! Lucky for you I'm a religious man!
BLAM! BLAM!
I shall need a room for the night!
Go away! Don't you see the sign?! No children or pets allowed!
Perhaps you have heard of me? Brattie Ross— the pushy, blue-faced breath-holding kid?
Come on in, Miss Ross, and bring your horses!
NO CHILDREN OR PETS
You'll have t' share a bed with this little old lady!
I would prefer to sleep alone!
Stop worryin'! With YOU buggin' her, she'll never live through the night!
Very well! I shall take the room! Now I must get a Law Officer to help me find Tom Shamey!
Excuse me, Marshal! As soon as you put this bum in jail, I should like to offer you a business proposition!
Hold it, girl! I'M the Marshal! He's the BUM!
YOU'RE the Marshal?! A . . . a terrible drunk like you?!
Whatta yuh mean, "terrible"?! I'm the BEST drunk in these parts!
JAIL
I am looking for the murderer of my father! I would like a man with true fat to help me find him! Fat men are jolly, and I trust a jolly man!
Don't look at me, Sister! I may have true fat... but I'm not jolly!
The job pays $100 in hard cash!
Ho-Ho-Ho! Merr-r-y Christmas! MERR-R-Y CHRISTMAS!

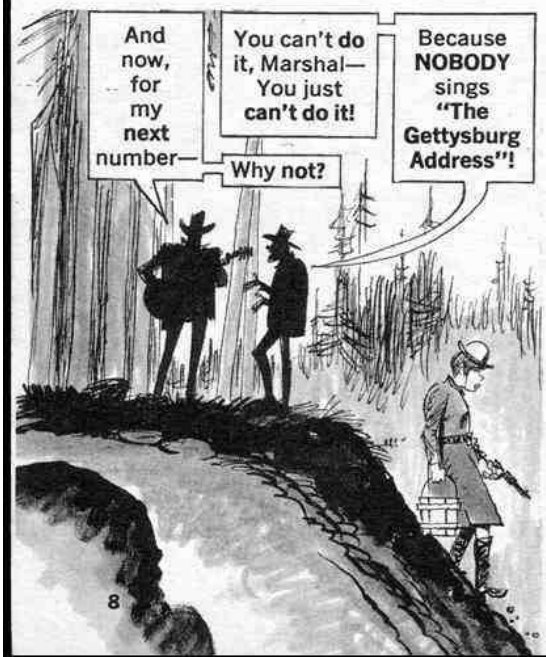

Well, Marshal, will you take the job?
Okay, but first let me tell you what this country is all about. Tom Shamey is a criminal, and your father is a victim. Unfortunately, too many people nowadays worry about criminals and forget about victims. I say a victim has rights, too! Doesn't a victim have rights?
Of course! Every victim in this big, beautiful country of ours has God-given rights passed down by our forefathers!
Right! Except that @&¢#!! Tom Shamey! When he becomes MY victim, he has NO rights! He has just one thing! A hole in his gut! And THAT's what this country is all about!
Wow! You are even more long-winded than I am!
Hold it! I'm not finished yet! See that rat!?
EEK!
BLAM! BLAM!
That rat I just killed ain't JUST a rat! To me, it's a symbol! That rat symbolizes cruel, un-American violence! Which is why I killed it with a clean American bullet! Now—look at me! What do you see? A fat-drunken, one-eyed slob? . . . WRONG!!
I'm not JUST a fat, drunken, one-eyed slob! I'm a symbol! I symbolize all fat, drunken, one-eyed slobs who are not going to let dirty rats take over this great country of ours and flouridate our whiskey and give us Commie eye transplants and . . .
Hmmm! While I usually admire fat patriots—sometimes there is a lot to be said for skinny traitors!
I hear tell you're Brattie Ross! My name is LaBeefy! I'm after Tom Shamey, too! I'd like to join your party!
I do not trust you! For one thing, you do not have True Fat!
That's only because I'm still young! Anyway, I AM starting to get jowly!
No! I am sorry! True CHUBBY is not the same as True FAT!
Listen, can I go with you or NOT?
I shall think about it! What do you do for a living?
I'm a Free Lance Clod!
Oh, very well. Come on along! We can always use some comic relief!
Mr. LaBeefy, I would like to meet—
Why . . . why you're masked! And that white horse! What an honor it is to meet the Masked Rider of the Plains! You . . . you're the Lone—
Hey, dummy! This ain't no mask! It's an eye-patch!
Boy, is HE ever stupid! What's he doing in this picture?
Well, let me put it this way . . . Without HIM, who would sing the title song—YOU?!

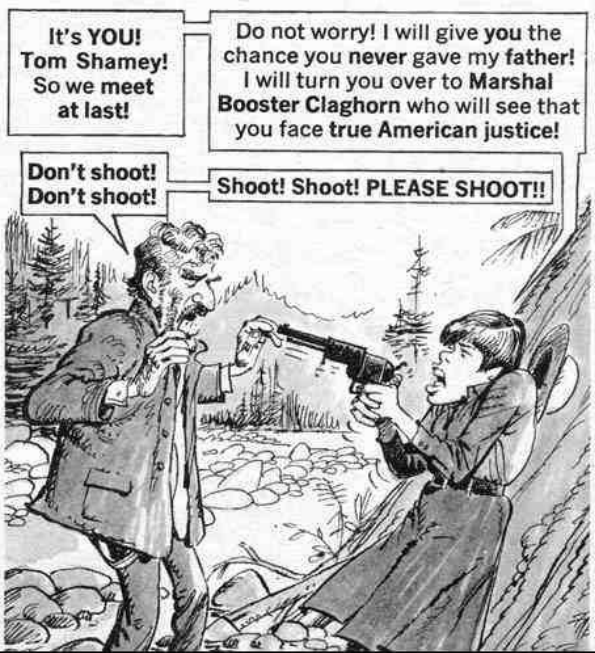

Shamey and his gang are holed up in that **cabin** there! I think we should **attack** 'em!
Hold it! **Little girls** don't attack **bad guys!** You stay **here!**
I am going **with** you! I will **hold my breath!** I will **whine!** I will throw a **temper tantrum!** I will **eat rocks!** I . . .
Those **kid tricks** don't bother **me!!**
Good! I am ready!


In that case, I shall pull the **one** kid-trick which **NO** adult has a defense against—the maddening **"Echo Trick"!**
What's the maddening Echo Trick?
Cut that out, Brattie!
Cut that out, Brattie!
Okay, you **asked** for it!
What's the maddening Echo trick?
Okay, you **asked** for it!

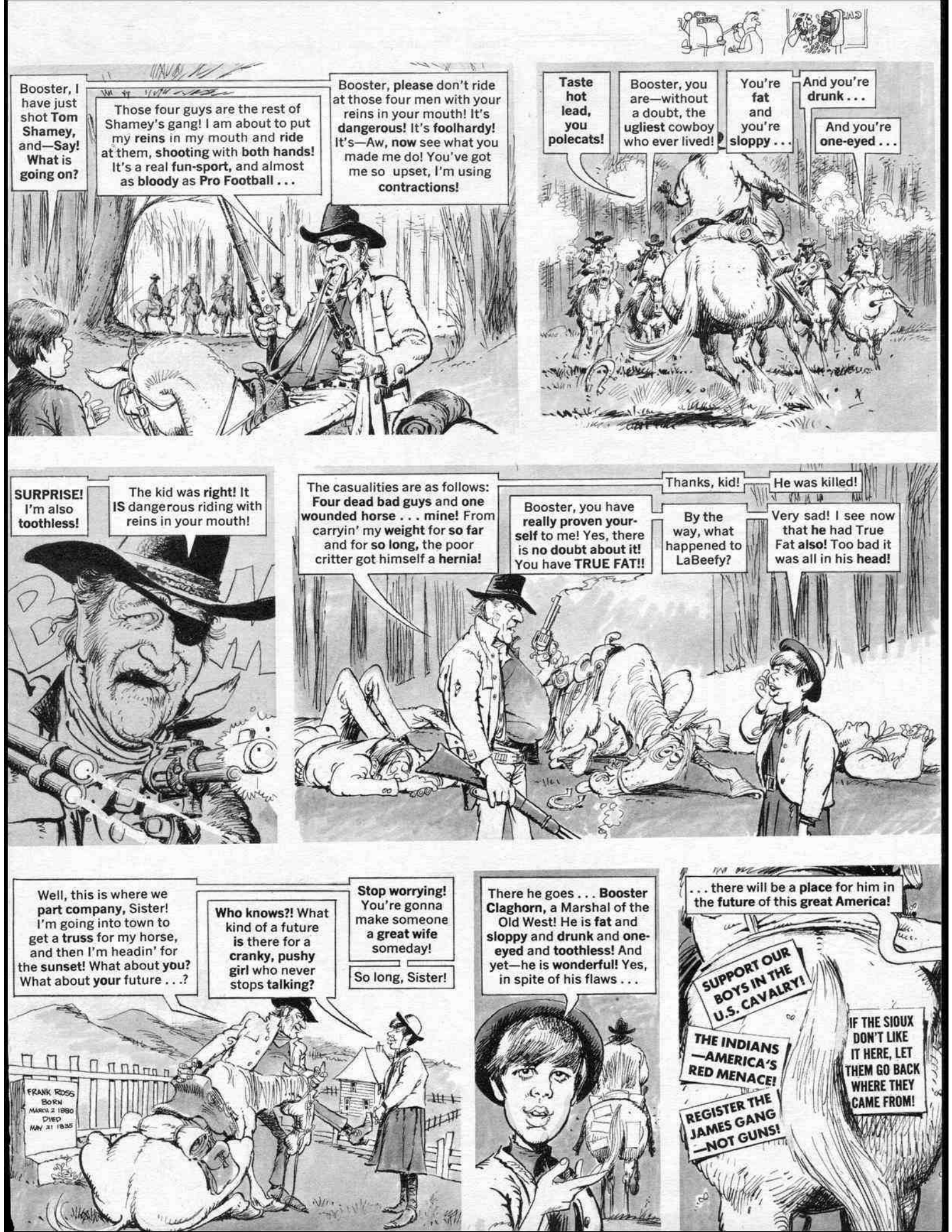

OWWW!
OWWW!
You are giving me a **terrible pain** in the **rear end!**
On behalf of the **movie audience,** and everyone **else** who has come in contact with you so far, that makes us **even!**
Now **THAT'S** what I like to see! **HEALTHY American sex!** None of that **sick NUDE love-making** you see in Commie movies nowadays!


While we're staking out the cabin—mind if I sing an old prairie song?
Oh-oh say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proud-ly we hail
At the twilight's last gleaming—
Can't he just sing a **NORMAL cowboy lament . . .** like **"Cool Water"** or **"Tumblin' Tumble-weeds"?!**
I do not mind the **song so much!** It is just that I find it hard to **sleep** while **standing at attention!**


And now, for my **next** number—
You can't **do** it, Marshal—You just **can't do it!**
Because **NOBODY** sings **"The Gettysburg Address"!**
Why **not?**


It's YOU! Tom Shamey! So we **meet at last!**
Do not worry! I will give **you** the chance you **never** gave my **father!** I will turn you over to **Marshal Booster Claghorn** who will see that you face **true American justice!**
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!
Shoot! Shoot! PLEASE SHOOT!!


BLAM
Never disobey a **grown-up . . .** I always say!


Booster, I have just shot **Tom Shamey,** and—**Say! What** is **going on?**
Those four guys are the rest of Shamey's gang! I am about to put my **reins** in my mouth and **ride** at them, **shooting** with **both hands!** It's a real **fun-sport,** and almost as **bloody** as **Pro Football . . .**
Booster, **please** don't ride at those four men with your reins in your mouth! It's **dangerous!** It's **foolhardy!** It's—Aw, **now** see what you made me do! You've got me so upset, I'm using **contractions!**
Taste hot lead, you polecats!
Booster, you are—without a doubt, the **ugliest** cowboy who ever lived!
You're **fat** and you're **sloppy . . .**
And you're **drunk . . .**
And you're **one-eyed . . .**
SURPRISE! I'm also **toothless!**
The kid was **right!** It **IS** dangerous riding with reins in your mouth!
The casualities are as follows: **Four dead bad guys** and **one wounded horse . . . mine!** From carryin' my **weight** for **so far** and for **so long,** the poor critter got himself a **hernia!**
Booster, you have **really proven yourself** to me! Yes, there is **no doubt about it!** You have **TRUE FAT!!**
Thanks, kid!
By the way, what happened to LaBeefy?
He was killed!
Very sad! I see now that **he** had True Fat **also!** Too bad it was all in his **head!**
Well, this is where we **part company,** Sister! I'm going into town to get a **truss** for my horse, and then I'm headin' for the **sunset!** What about **you?** What about **your** future . . .?
Who knows?! What kind of a future **is** there for a **cranky, pushy girl** who never stops **talking?**
Stop worrying! You're gonna make someone a **great wife** someday!
So long, Sister!
FRANK ROSS BORN MARCH 2 1880 DIED MAY 21 1935
There he goes . . . **Booster Claghorn,** a Marshal of the Old West! He is **fat** and **sloppy** and **drunk** and **one-eyed** and **toothless!** And yet—he is **wonderful!** Yes, in spite of his flaws . . .
. . . there will be a **place** for him in the **future** of this **great America!**
SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN THE U.S. CAVALRY!
THE INDIANS —AMERICA'S RED MENACE!
REGISTER THE JAMES GANG —NOT GUNS!
IF THE SIOUX DON'T LIKE IT HERE, LET THEM GO BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

THE FACTS

From what we are told
Without any let-up,
We might just as well
Not bother to get up!



The cars that we drive
Are lethal, they say,
And so is the air
We breathe every day.



Our lakes and our streams
Are so putrified
That taking a swim
Is sheer suicide.



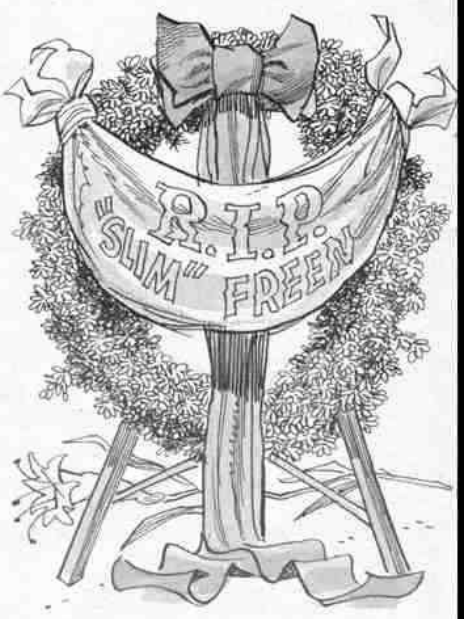
The bright shining sun
Has dangerous rays
That deepen our tans
But shorten our days.



And healthy red meat
Is loaded with lard
Which, now we're informed,
Makes arteries hard.



The doctors all warned
To curb our intake
Of sugared desserts
Like ice cream and cake,

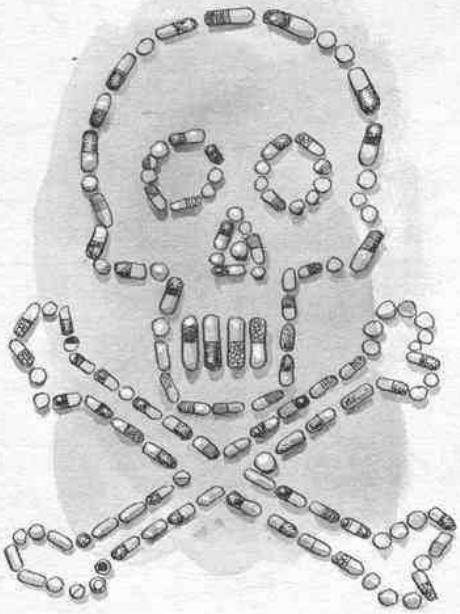


But recent tests prove,
We learn with alarm,
That substitute sweets
Can do us more harm.



OF LIFE (& DEATH)

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN



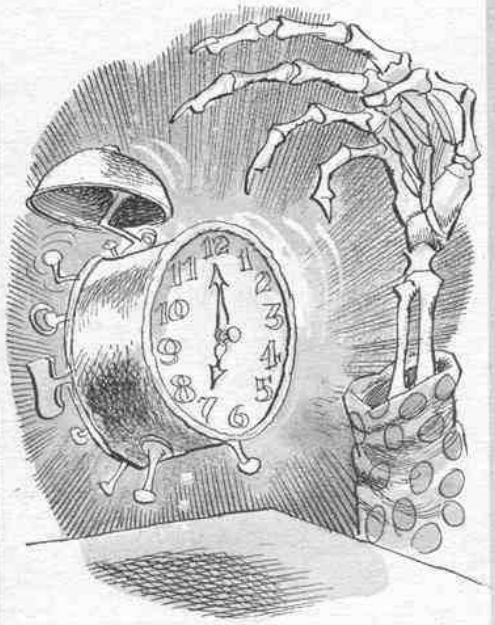
Those new drugs prescribed
For when we are ill
Produce side effects
That quite often kill.



And cows that give milk
Munch insect-sprayed grass
Which poisons small pests
And us, too, alas.



The chemicals put
Into bread to retard
Its spoilage can leave
Our viscera scarred.



The experts said sleep
Should be long and sound,
But now too much sleep
Is fatal, they've found.



They said we should trot
Through wind, rain and fog;
But now they find hearts
Fall down on the jog.



With all of these warnings
Of pain, doom and strife,
It's hard to imagine
A fate worse than life!

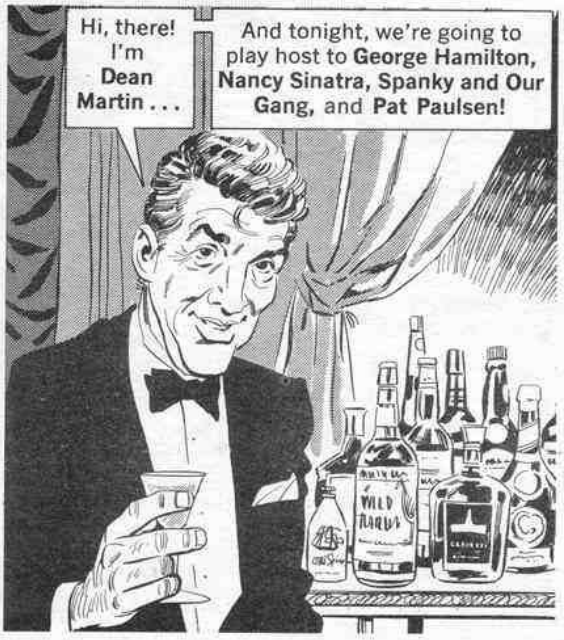
CONDENSED MILKING DEPT.

Every day, millions of Americans are forced to make important decisions —decisions that affect their very lives—namely: which TV show to watch! So every day, millions of Americans turn to newspapers or TV magazines for help in making these decisions. And they make these decisions based

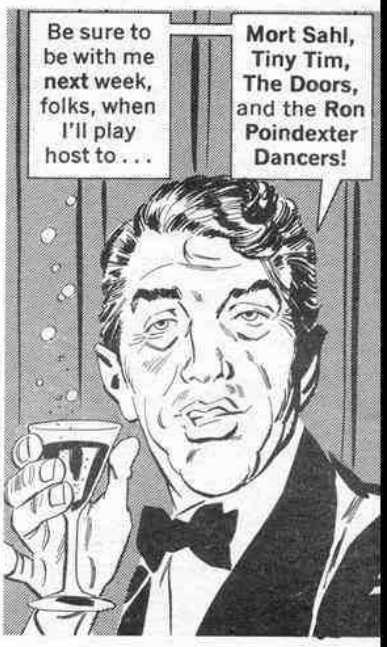
IF TV SHOWS WE
THEIR "CAPSULE

10:00 4 **DEAN MARTIN**

COLOR Tonight, Dean Martin plays host to George Hamilton, Nancy Sinatra, Spanky and Our Gang, and Pat Paulson.



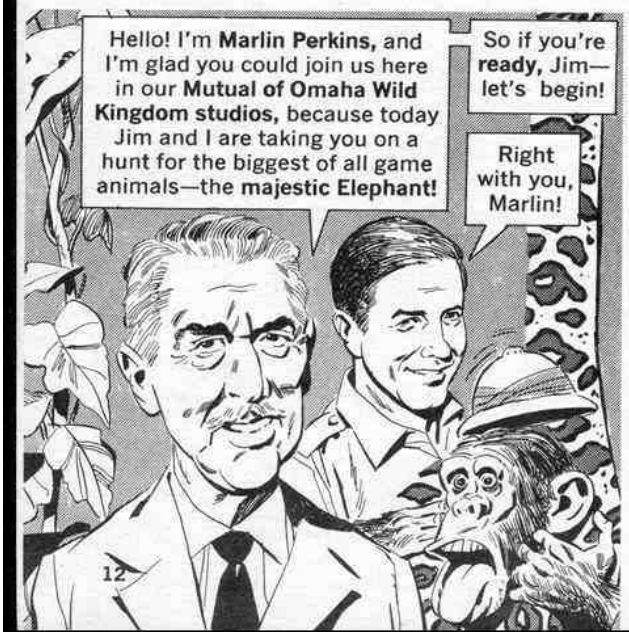




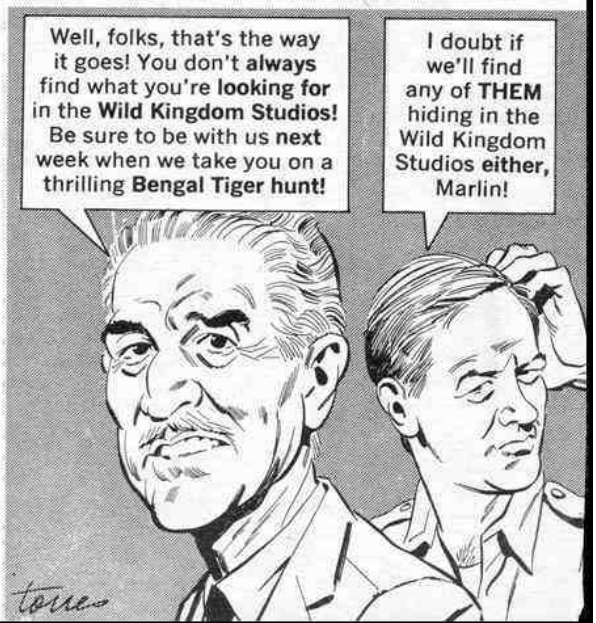
7:00 4 **WILD KINGDOM—Nature**

COLOR Tonight, we join Marlin Perkins and his associate, Jim Fowler, in the Mutual of Omaha Wild Kingdom Studios for a thrilling Elephant hunt.







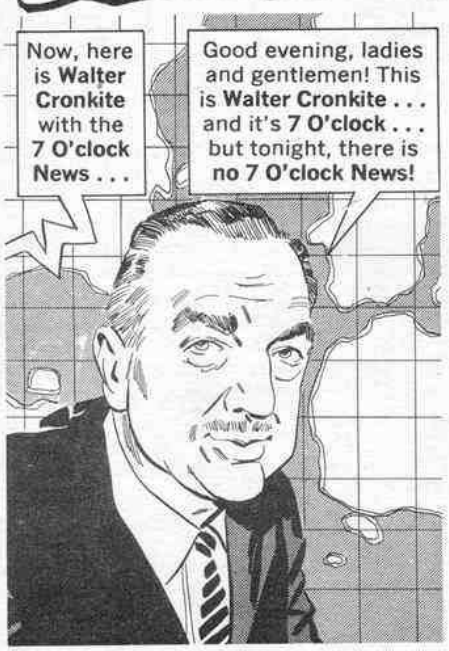


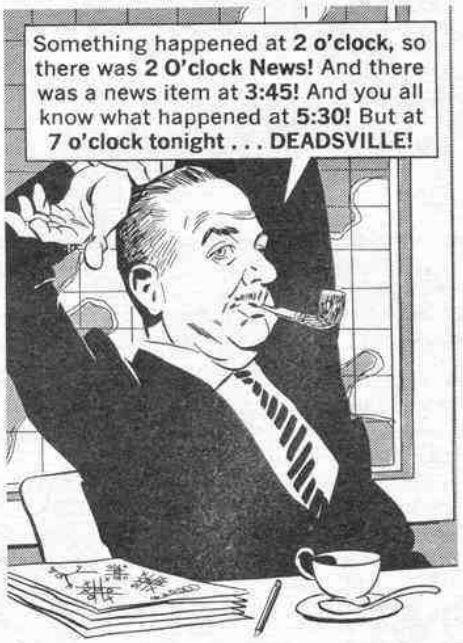
on the "Capsuled Descriptions" of the shows these publications carry. Which is all very well, except that these "Capsuled Descriptions" are not very accurate. What they describe is not what you see! In fact, as we said in MAD #69, TV fare could be lots more fun and entertainment . . .

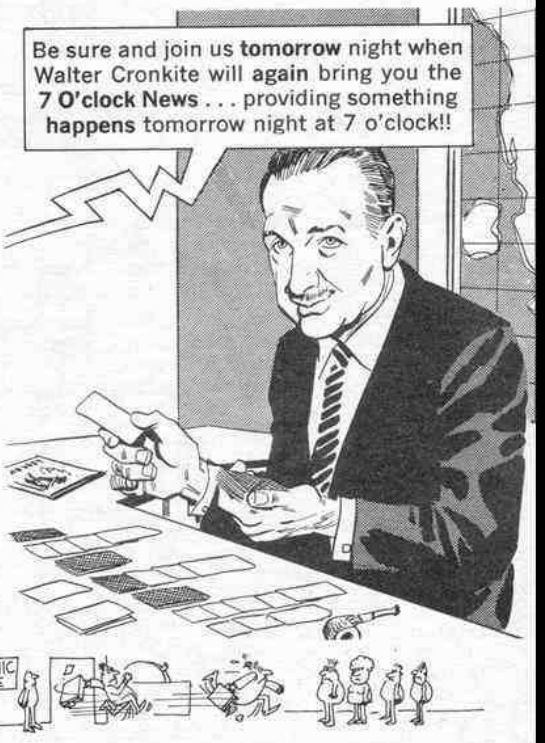
RE ACTUALLY LIKE
O DESCRIPTIONS"

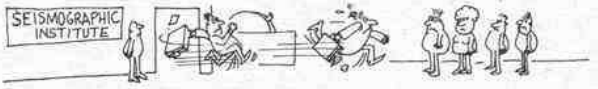
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: EARLE DOUD

7:30 (2) **COLOR NEWS—Walter Cronkite**
Walter Cronkite brings you the 7 o'clock News.

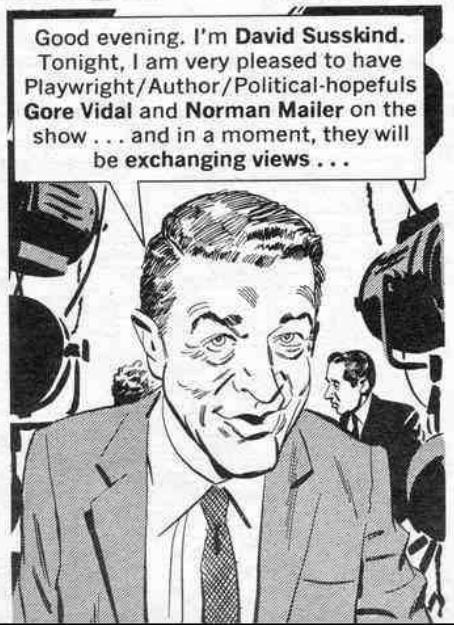


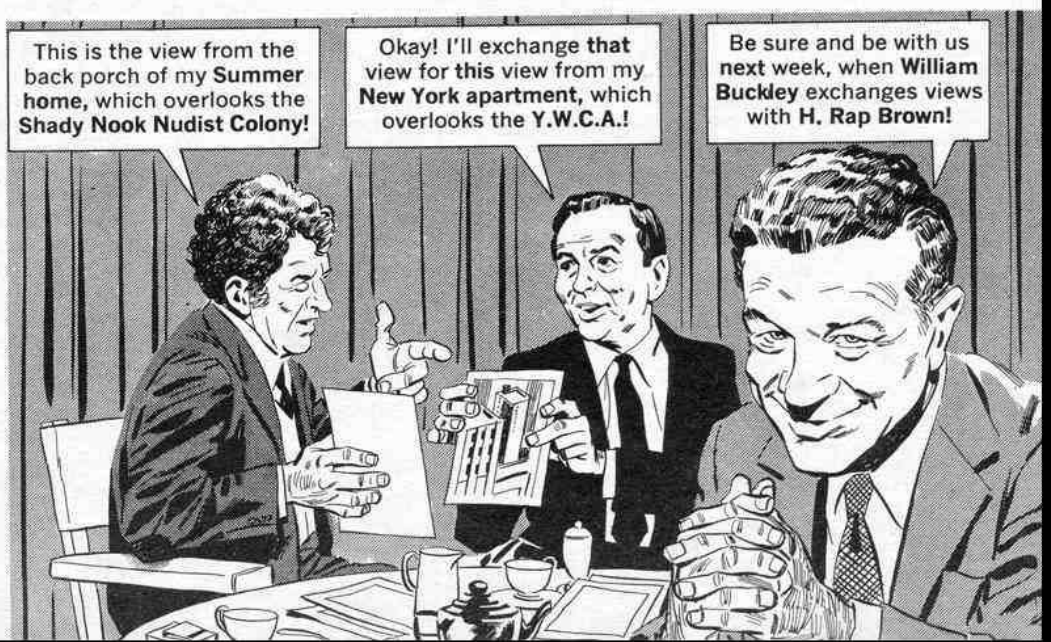






11:00 (5) **DAVID SUSSKIND—Discussion**
COLOR Playwright / Author / Political-hopefuls Gore Vidal and Norman Mailer exchange views.



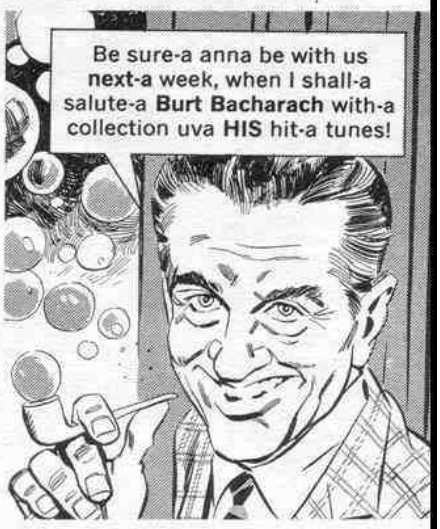


8:30 7 **LAWRENCE WELK—Music**

COLOR Tonight, Lawrence Welk salutes Cy Coleman with a collection of his hit tunes.



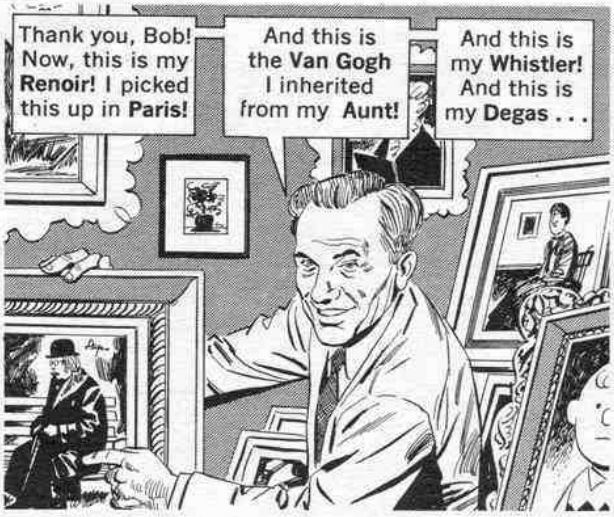


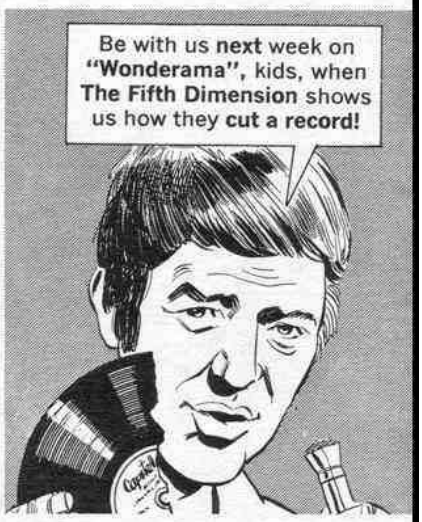


8:30 5 **WONDERAMA—Bob McAllister**

COLOR Well-know Puppeteer Bil Baird displays his art.

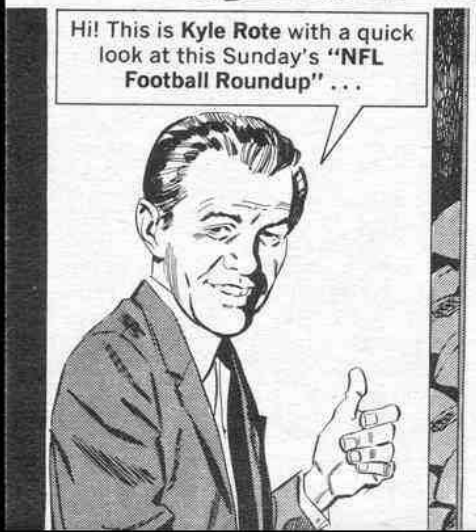


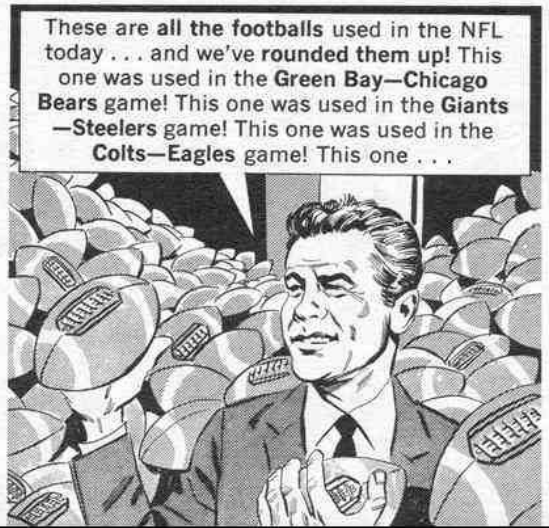


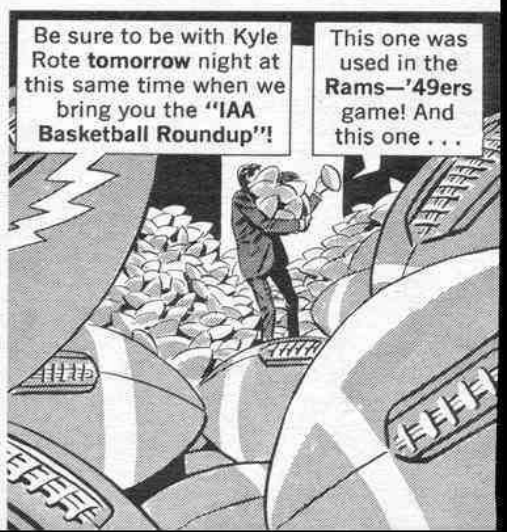


1:35 2 **FOOTBALL ROUNDUP—Kyle Rote**

COLOR Ace sportscaster Kyle Rote takes a quick look at this Sunday's NFL Football Roundup (15 min. Live.)

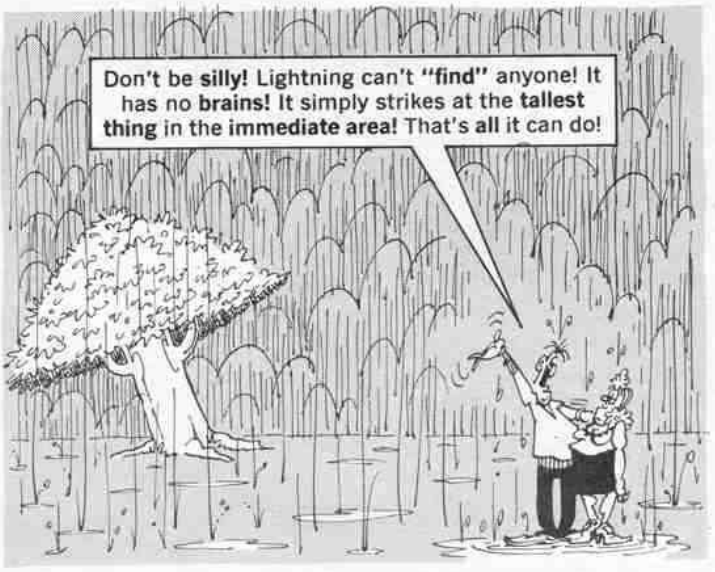






DURING A SUMMER SHOWER





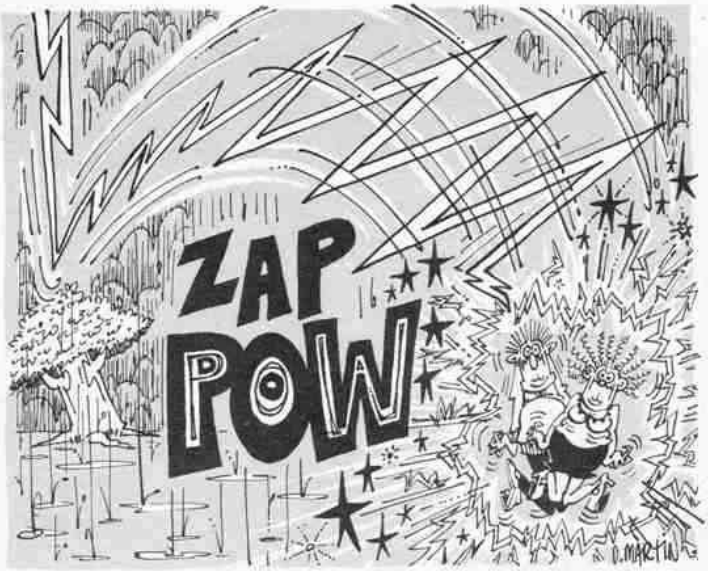












SLIME PICKINGS DEPT.

The modern phenomenon known as the "New Wave Movie" has created another (and equally sickening) modern phenomenon: "The New Wave Movie Ad" . . . in which all of the sensational elements of the movie are frankly and graphically discussed. These ads are basically all

MAD'S "Do-It-Yourself"

1

- Suburban Housewife
- Wall Street Broker
- College Sophomore
- East Village Yippie
- Repressed Mama's Boy
- Hollywood Movie Buff

2

- Sex and Violence!
- Zen Buddhism!
- smoking Hashish!
- taking LSD trips!
- this dull garbage!
- a gibbering idiot!

3

- Curious
- Stimulated
- Spaced Out
- Disgusted
- Nauseous
- Bored

4

- (Yellow)"
- (Purple)"
- (Green)"
- (Hoo-Hah)"
- (Yecch)"
- (Silly)"

At Last! A motion picture that dares to show how a normal respectable **1** can suddenly turn to **2**

"I Am 3

4

THE SHOCKING, OFF-BEAT FILM THAT PLUMBS NEW DEPTHS OF 5

Directed by that brilliant young "Avant-Garde" **6** Andy Notwell!



NOW PLAYING AT NEW YORK'S EXCITING NEW CINEMA

CINEMA UPTIGHT

SHOWINGS AT 1:00, 3:00. 5:00, 7:00 and 8:30

Due to the startling nature of this film's subject matter, admission is restricted to **7**

5

- EROTICA!
- DEPRAVITY!
- SADISM!
- MASOCHISM!
- PERVERSION!
- BAD TASTE!

6

- genius
- con man
- money maker
- sex fiend
- lunatic
- phony

7

- adults and children!
- teenagers with dates!
- Mad Magazine subscribers!
- gorillas and orangoutangs!
- well-known sex offenders!
- law-enforcement officials!

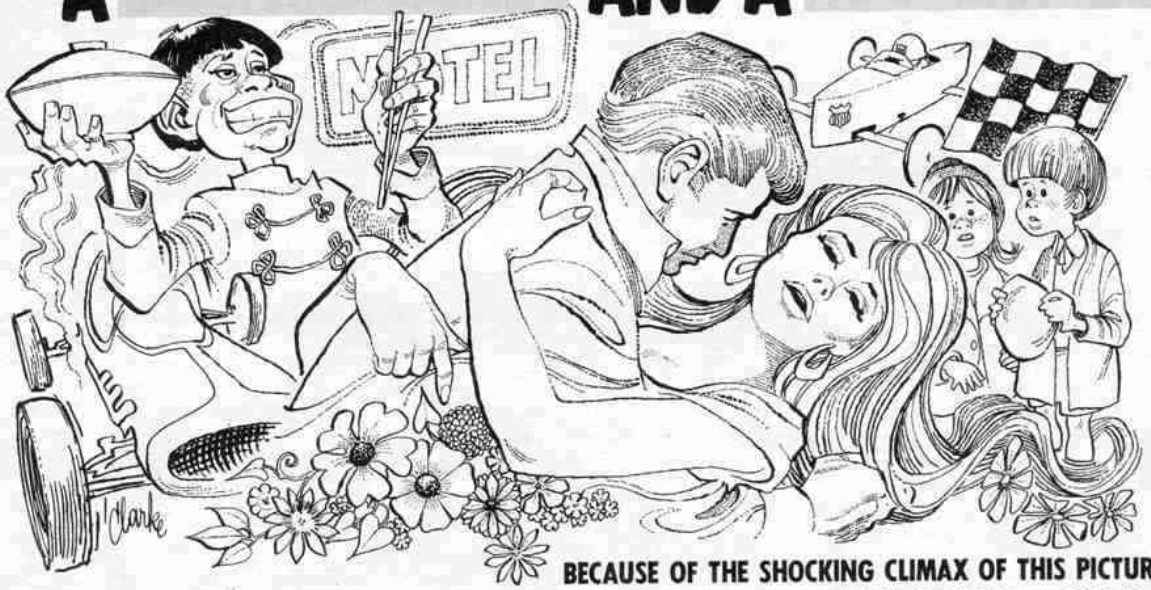
alike, and it's very difficult to tell one from another. In fact, you could probably switch all of the sensational elements around and you would never notice the difference. To show you just how predictable these "New Wave Movie" pitches are, why not try your hand at filling in . . .

MODERN MOVIE ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: SY REIT

CINEMA MMXVII PROUDLY PRESENTS THE LATEST [1] BY SWEDEN'S FAMED DIRECTOR, INGMAR BUNGLEMAN . . .

"A [2] AND A [3] "



What strange illicit [4] drove this bewitched duo to their [5]

What weird obsession gave them a craving for more and more [6]

Now Playing At The New CINEMA MMXVII

BECAUSE OF THE SHOCKING CLIMAX OF THIS PICTURE, NO ONE WILL BE SEATED DURING THE LAST FIVE MINUTES . . . OR DURING THE FIRST HOUR AND FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES EITHER. IN FACT, NO ONE WILL BE ALLOWED IN THE THEATER! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE PICTURE, ANYWAY!

[1]

TRIUMPH
PUT-ON
FAILURE
FIASCO
SICKIE
MISH-MASH

[2]

MAN
WOMAN
MOTHER-IN-LAW
SCHOOLBOY
TEENY-BOPPER
MUGGER

[3]

WOMAN
MAN
BIGOT
CALL-GIRL
CHIMPANZEE
CODFISH

[4]

desire
passion
no-no
fetish
condition
sickness

[5]

deaths
hairdressers
bedroom
psychiatrist
grade advisor
local theater

[6]

sex and sadism
Chinese food
Playboy pin-ups
caramel popcorn
licorice gumdrops
Beatle records

BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... FAMILY















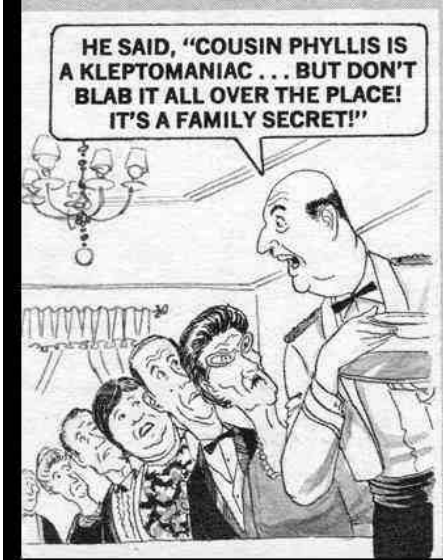


GATHERINGS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG










My son Arnold, the Doctor, is **Head of the Department** at his **Hospital!** And my son Arnold, the Doctor is writing a **special article** for a **Medical Journal!** And my son Arnold, the Doctor—
Will you **stop** with the **"My son Arnold, the Doctor"** already! We're all **related** to him! We **KNOW** he's a Doctor!
Besides! My son, Bruce, is **also** involved with the **Medical Profession!**
HOW is your son, Bruce, involved with the Medical Profession?
He's a **PATIENT!!**
Boy . . . am I sorry I came!
Me, too!
I hate these family affairs!
Me, too!
You **DO?!** You mean somebody **ELSE** feels the way I do! I'm **not alone!?**
You certainly are **NOT!**
Gee . . . I'm so glad I came!
Me, too!
This family is in a **rut!** Every Thanksgiving, the **same things** happen! **Aunt Selma** will say, "I'm on a diet—and everything looks so delicious!" **Uncle Lou** will say, "I'm so full, I think I'm gonna burst . . ."
The **children** will fight over the drumsticks! **Grandma** will re-live her childhood! The **men** will talk about the stock market! The **women** will slice up any relative that doesn't show up! **Aunt Tessy** will tell us about her operation! And **Nick** will watch the football game!
What a **dull, predictable bunch!**
You're **right!** It **is** a bore!
Every Thanksgiving, **YOU** make the **same observations!**
I can't sleep!
Is it any wonder!
It happens every time we go to your **folks' house** for a **family get-together!**
Yes, that's **true!**
It must have something to do with being amongst all those **hostile in-laws!**
Don't give me **that,** Buster!
It has to do with the fact that you **always fall asleep** the minute we **get** there! **No wonder** you're not sleepy **now!**

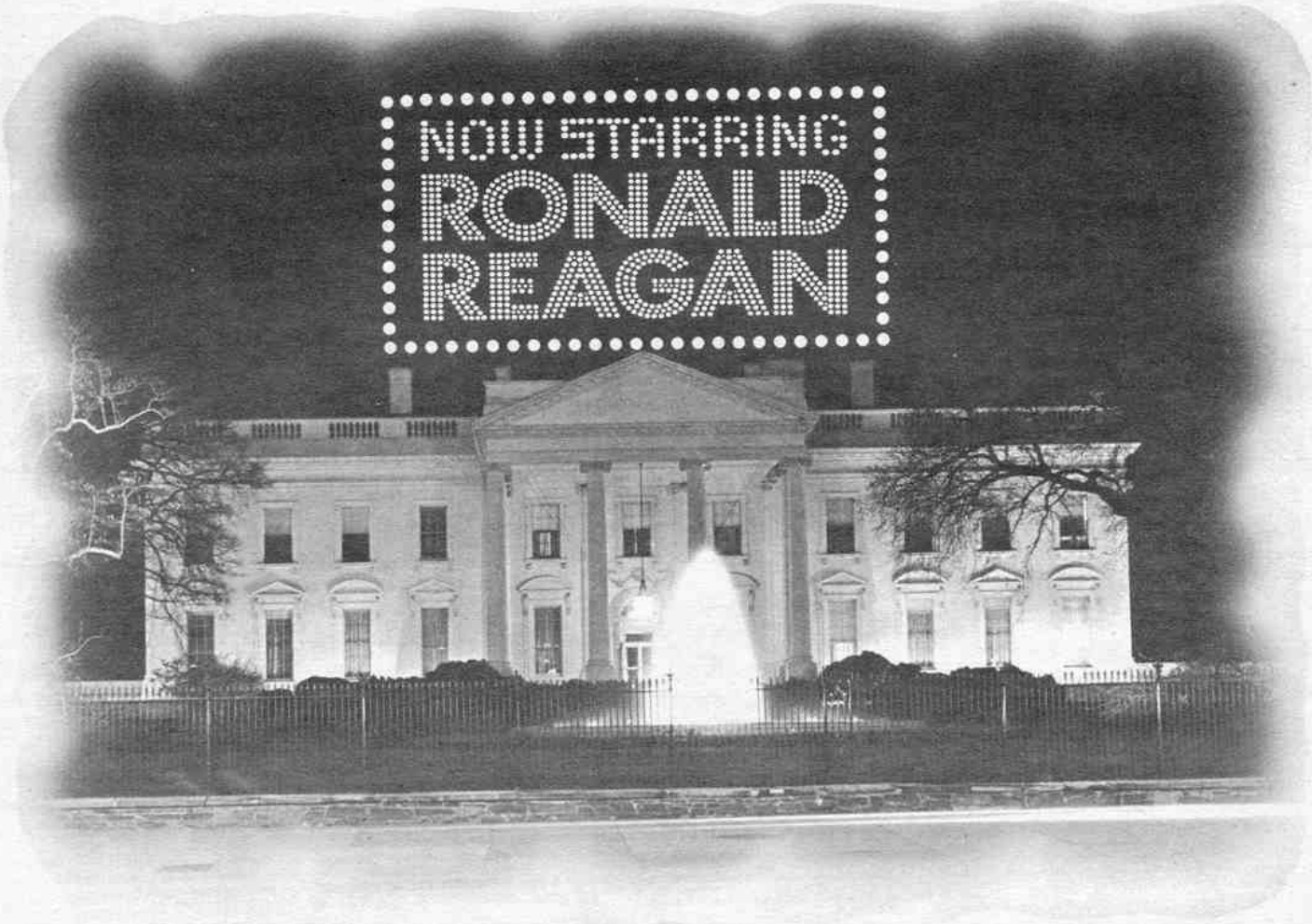

Ohhh! It's terrible to get old! My arthritis is killing me! It was all I could do to walk up the steps outside!
You think you've got troubles! I've got bursitis, high blood pressure and varicose veins!
Listen! The music is starting!
Let's get a little closer to the band!
Look at my sisters! Sylvia is only a little older than me, and she has TWO Grandchildren already! And Martha is busy showing pictures of her FOUR Grandchildren!
When are you going to stop with the wild oats, get married, settle down, and make ME a grandmother?
I might just take you up on that! It's nice to know that my child'll have a Grandmother who can be depended on to take 2 o'clock feedings, and change diapers and baby-sit and do all the other things Grandmothers do!
You know—when you think about it, I'm really TOO YOUNG to be a Grandmother!!
I'm racking my brain trying to figure out what to get Cousin Henrietta for her Engagement present!
Leave it to your Mother!
I have here a book that will tell us EXACTLY what to give her! Just let me look it up . . .
Here it is! Give her a $20 hair dryer!
That's a good idea! How do you know exactly what to give her?
Because when you were engaged, that's exactly what she gave you!!
As long as I've got the whole family together, let me take a picture! Okay—everybody over there!
He's at it again! Every family has to have a camera nuisance!
Forget it! I'm not moving from this chair!
My hair is a mess!
Go away! Stop bothering us!
While you were all so busy protesting, I was busy shooting CANDID PHOTOS of you all!
You didn't! You wouldn't dare!
You sneaky son of a gun!
Er . . . I'd like a copy of each shot!
Me, too, please!
So would I!


The house is such a mess!
It always happens, too! Whenever the house is clean, nobody comes! But when it's a mess, the family is sure to drop in unexpectedly!
Yeah?! Well, you better CLEAN UP this mess!!
Because I don't feel like seeing your family today!!
My son brought his fiancée along to meet the family! Have you people been introduced to her?
Yeah! She's not that pretty!
She could be a little friendlier!
She's a little on the fat side!
I don't think she's very bright!
Her family is very wealthy!
SHE'S A LOVELY GIRL!!
DON'T TELL ME! You gotta be my Cousin Milton's son! Right . . . ?
Right!
I KNEW it! You look just like HE did when he was your age! The same big nose! The same silly hair that's always a mess! And the same ears that stick out like a car with its doors open!
DON'T TELL ME! You gotta be my Aunt Hilda's son! Right . . . ?
Right! How'd you know??
You've got her MOUTH!!
Oh, dear! Look at that mess that has to be cleaned up! It reminds me of when I had to do it myself, too . . . before we could afford a maid!
Yes! I remember, too! Let us help you, Lil!
Don't be silly! We're not exactly on welfare! We've got a girl, too! She'll be here to clean up as soon as everybody's gone!
Boy, those sisters of mine! All they talk about is their maids!
And talking about maids, millionaire wife of mine . . . who is this girl you've got to clean up the mess?
So what do I look like . . . a BOY??!
David Berg

SLEEPING "BAG" DEPT.

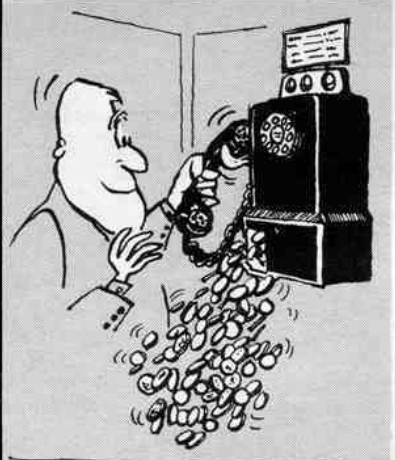
DREAMS THAT WENT UP IN SMOKE

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL



PHOTOS BY:
WIDE WORLD









EVERY CLOD HAS A SILVER LINING DEPT.

WHAT IS A BO

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

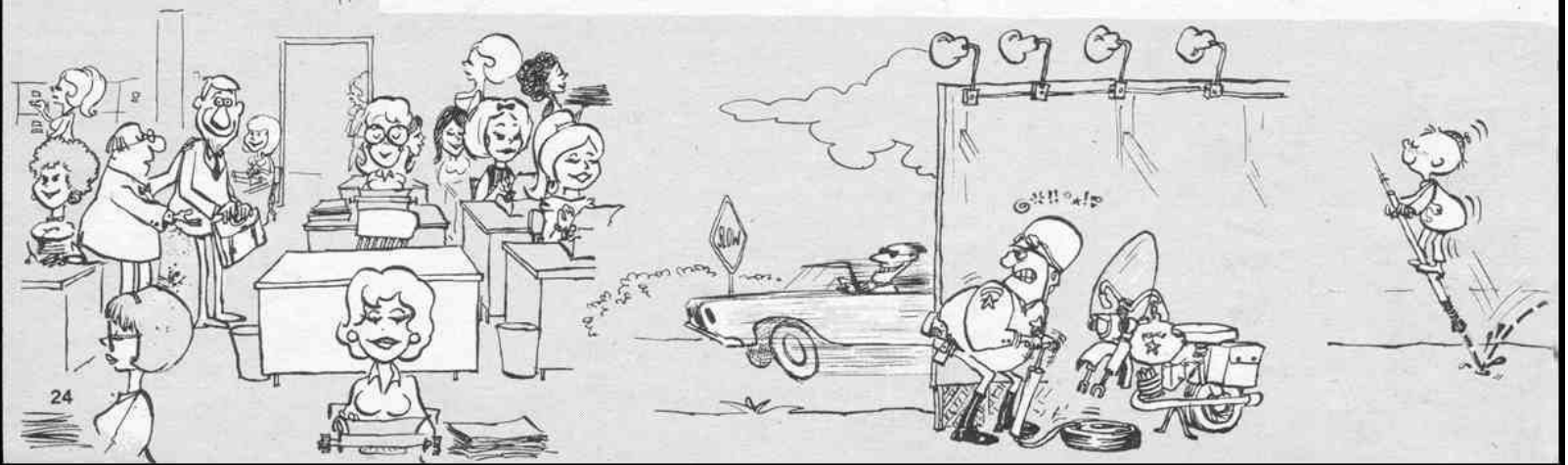
Between the time you're slapped on the back in Maternity, and the time you're slipped on the slab in the Mortuary, you're bound to run into that remarkable creature known as a "Born Winner". It's simply unavoidable. Born Winners require a never-ending supply of poor slobs like you and me to use as stepping stones on their way to the top.

Some people have the mistaken notion that Born Winners are just plain lucky. Nothing could be further from the truth. The word luck implies that it can be either good or bad. For a Born Winner, this is impossible. His luck always turns out to be good no matter how bad it may appear at any given moment. Not only do all his clouds have silver linings, but also the clouds themselves are pure gold.

A Born Winner is easy to spot. He's the guy who's drafted the morning the war ends. He's the guy who marries for love and then discovers his bride concealed the fact that she's a millionairess to avoid fortune hunters. He's the guy who's turned away from a fancy restaurant for not wearing a tie the very same night that thirty-six diners succumb to food poisoning.

Coincidence plays a large role in a Born Winner's life . . . and guess in whose favor? When a Born Winner goes in to ask for a raise, you can bet it's the morning after the Boss made it with the gorgeous new secretary. When a Born Winner has to exchange his tickets for a Hit Show to another night, you can bet he's avoided the night both stars are replaced with understudies. When a Born Winner decides to try another route to work for the first time in ten years, you can bet it's the day rioters burn fifteen cars along the old route.

In one strange way, a Born Winner needs to be pitied. For the rest of us, one of life's thrills is its uncertainty. This thrill is denied the Born Winner. He always knows how things will turn out. If he kicks a dog in front of the ASPCA Shelter, he knows he'll wind up being rewarded for dislodging a bone in its throat. If he loses



ORN WINNER?

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

a sweetheart to a rival, he knows she'll turn out to need $11,000.00 worth of medical and dental care. And if his wife buys what looks like a worthless piece of junk at an auction, he knows it's going to turn out to be a priceless Cellini original.

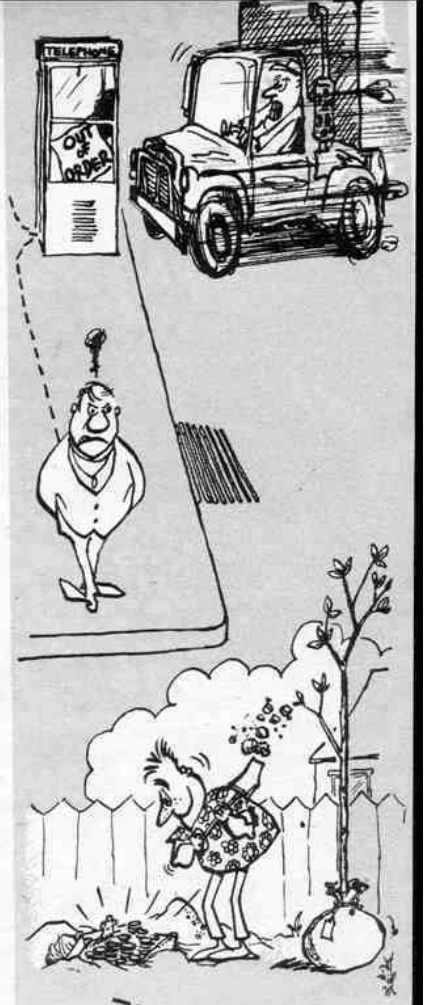
Sometimes, it's incredible how victory is snatched from the jaws of defeat by Born Winners. If a Born Winner is stuck with huge alimony payments, his ex-wife promptly marries the milkman. If a Born Winner's car turns out to be a lemon, it's immediately stolen and the insurance money pays for a new one. If a traffic cop is about to give a Born Winner a ticket, a burglar alarm suddenly goes off somewhere down the street. And if a Born Winner is bumped off a plane by a VIP, that's the plane that's never heard from again.

A Born Winner is always predictable. Although it's plain to see that he's not doing anywhere near as well as you are on the job, you know he's going to be your next Boss. Although he doesn't seem to have a single quality a girl could like, you know he's going to steal yours away from you. And although he cheats brazenly on his Income Tax, you know you'll get nailed for some minor oversight while he gets an even larger refund than he claimed.

A Born Winner is like an aristocrat. He assumes that it's his birthright to come out on top, regardless of how preposterous it may seem to the rest of us. He's hardly surprised when the oil property he's invested in doesn't produce oil because there's too much gold in the ground. He's not particularly impressed when his bank accounts are constantly being treated to huge errors in his favor that even the most sophisticated computers never catch. And he's far from amazed when he's the only chemist searching for a new washday detergent who comes up with a cure for Cancer. Because as far as a Born Winner is concerned, he lives by only one simple credo:

"SOMETIMES YOU WIN . . . AND SOMETIMES YOU WIN!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: A "BORN WINNER" IS AN IDIOT WHO SELLS US A CRUMBY ARTICLE LIKE THIS WHEN THERE'S PROBABLY MUCH BETTER STUFF IN OUR WASTEPAPER BASKET!







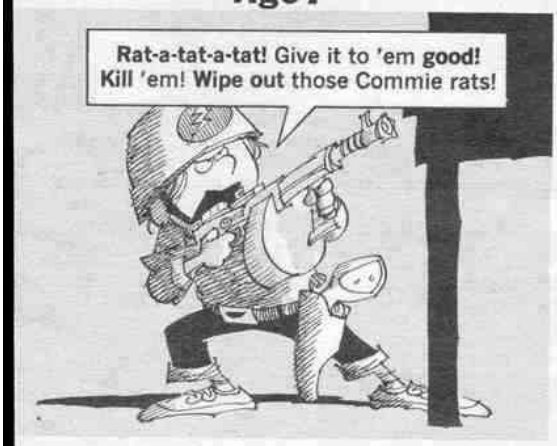
STAGE OF MIND DEPT.

Today, everybody's concerned about the "Generation Gap"! Well, MAD has investigated this Great National Problem . . . and you know what? We have discovered that there isn't just *one* "Generation Gap"! There are *many* "Generation Gaps". . . all the way from "7" to "70"! To give you a picture, we now present . . .

MAD'S LIF ATTITUDE

WATCHING A TV DOCUMENTARY ON VIETNAM

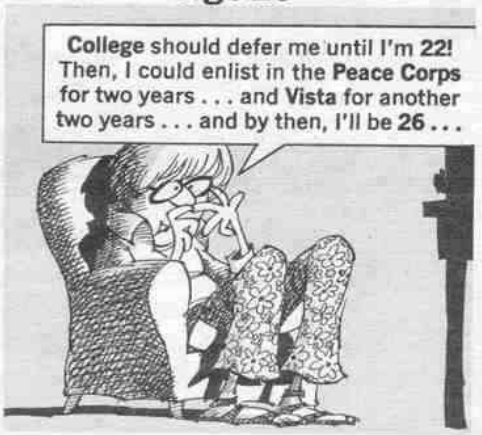
Age 7



Age 14



Age 20



WATCHING A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE BURN DOWN

Age 7



Age 14

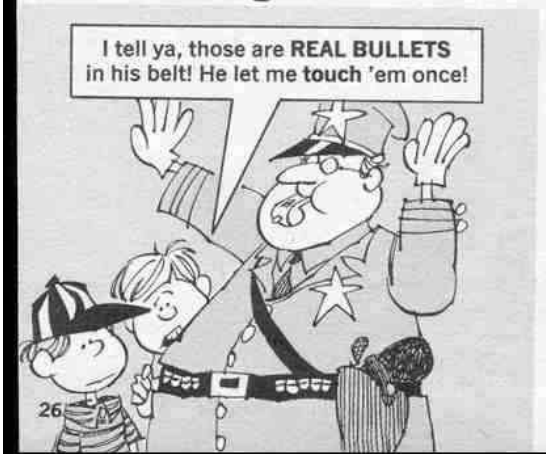


Age 20

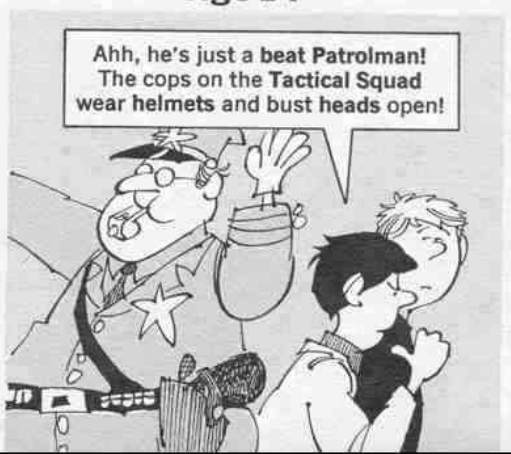


ON SEEING A POLICEMAN

Age 7



Age 14



Age 20



ETIME CHART OF S AND BEHAVIOR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Age 35



Age 50



Age 70



Age 35



Age 50



Age 70



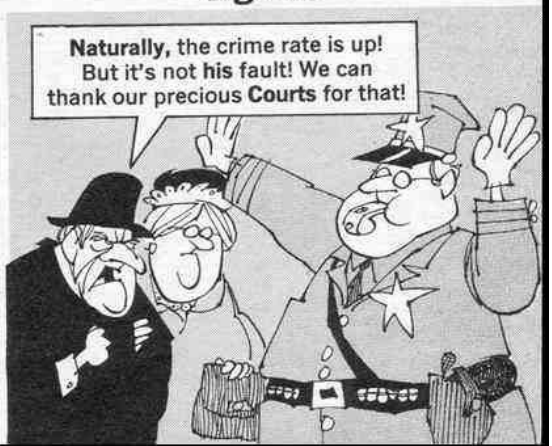
Age 35



Age 50



Age 70



IMPRESSING THE OPPOSITE SEX

Age 7



Age 14



Age 20

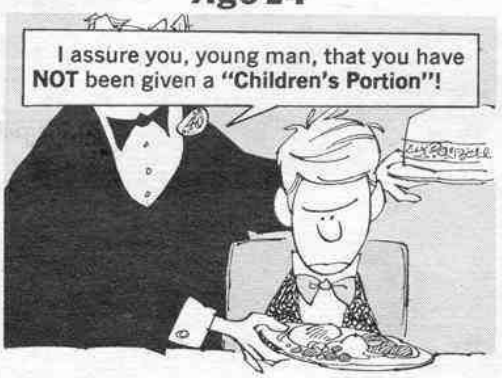


ORDERING DINNER IN A RESTAURANT

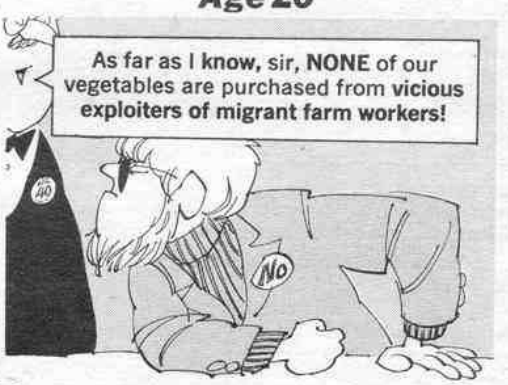
Age 7



Age 14



Age 20





CONCERNING THE FAMILY DOG

Age 7



Age 14

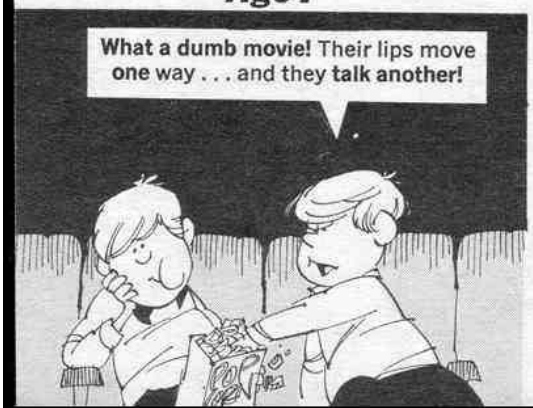


Age 20



WATCHING A "*NEW WAVE*" SWEDISH ART FILM

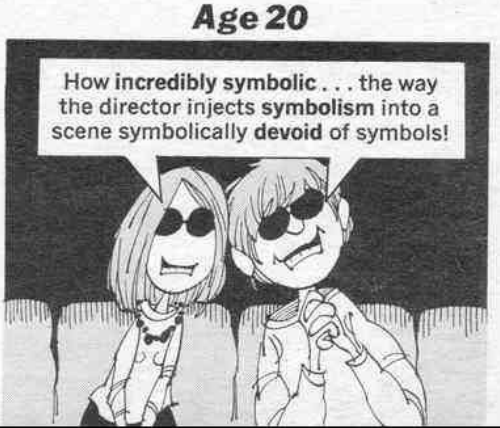
Age 7



Age 14



Age 20



Age 35



Age 50



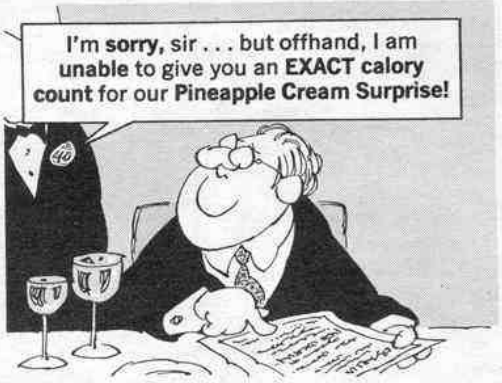
Age 70



Age 35



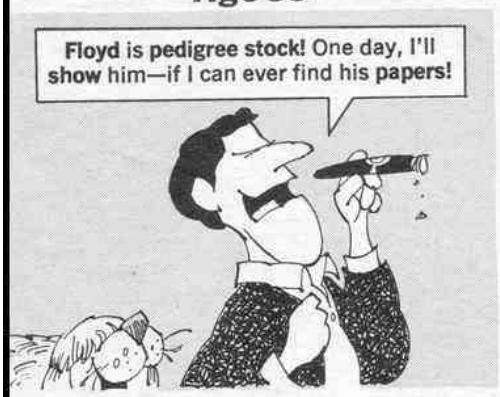
Age 50



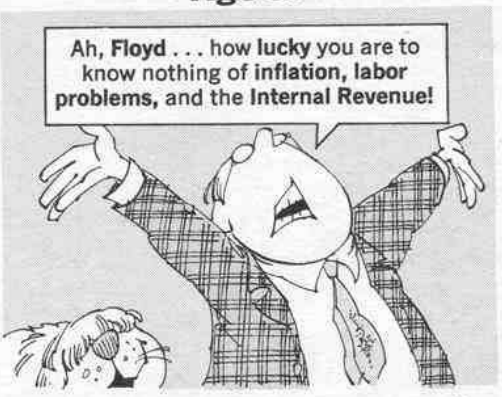
Age 70



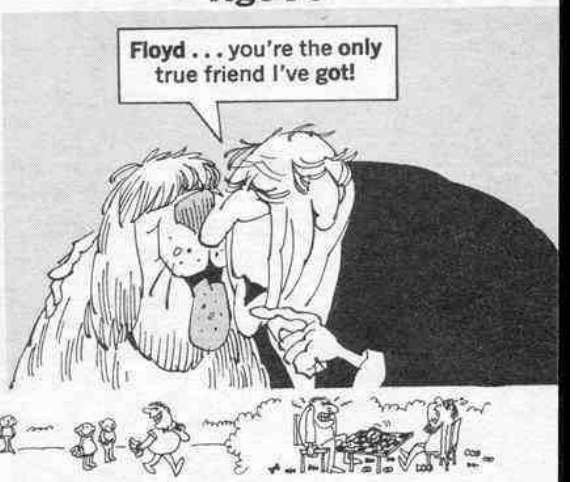
Age 35



Age 50



Age 70



Age 35



Age 50



Age 70



DATA KNOWS BEST DEPT.

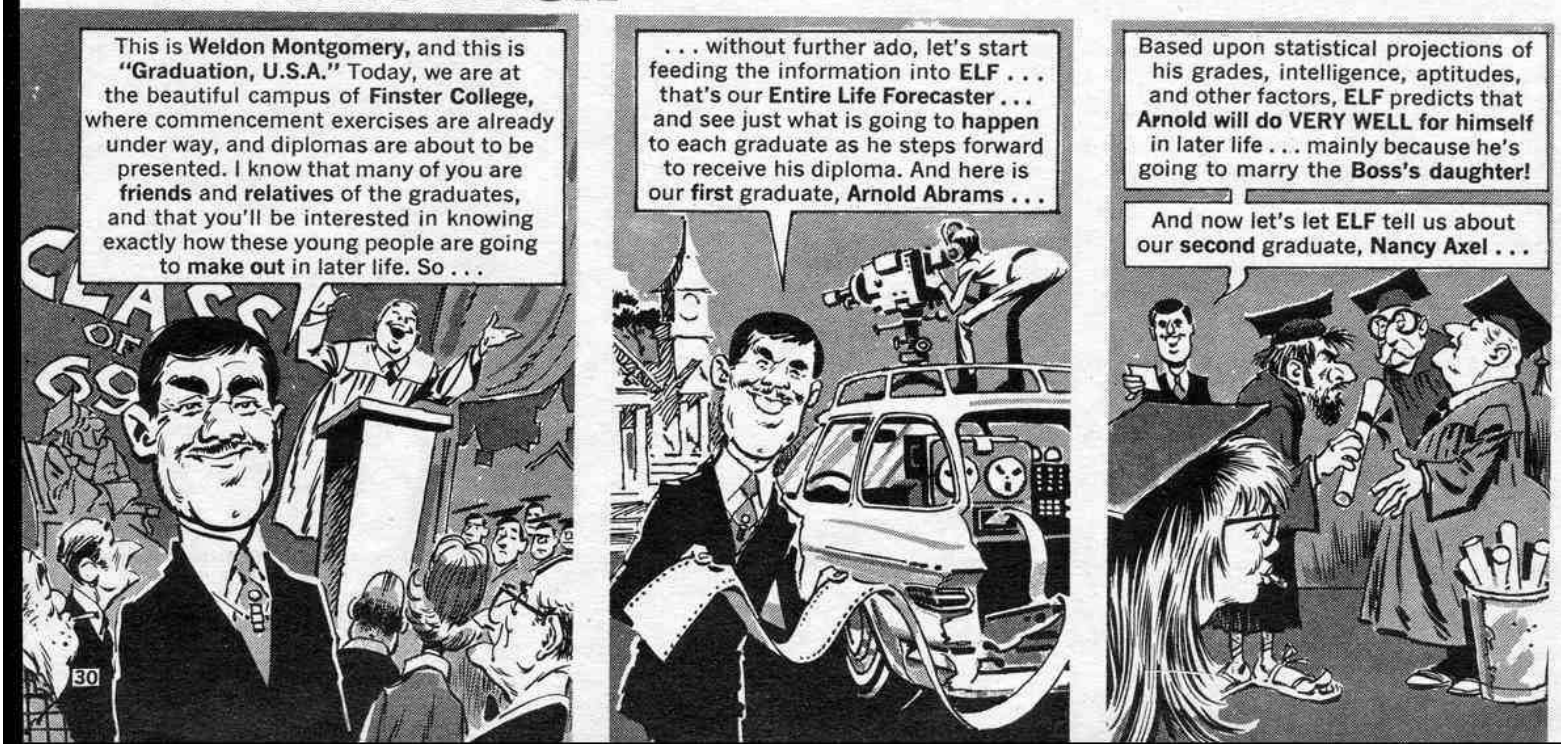
Television coverage of recent elections has included something new in American politics: "The Instant Prediction". With the help of computers, and as little as 1% of the votes counted, the TV Networks can tell us exactly who the winner will be. Often, they can do even better than that and predict the outcome when only a few hundred voters in scattered "key"

FUTURE INSTA

IN SPORTS



IN EDUCATION

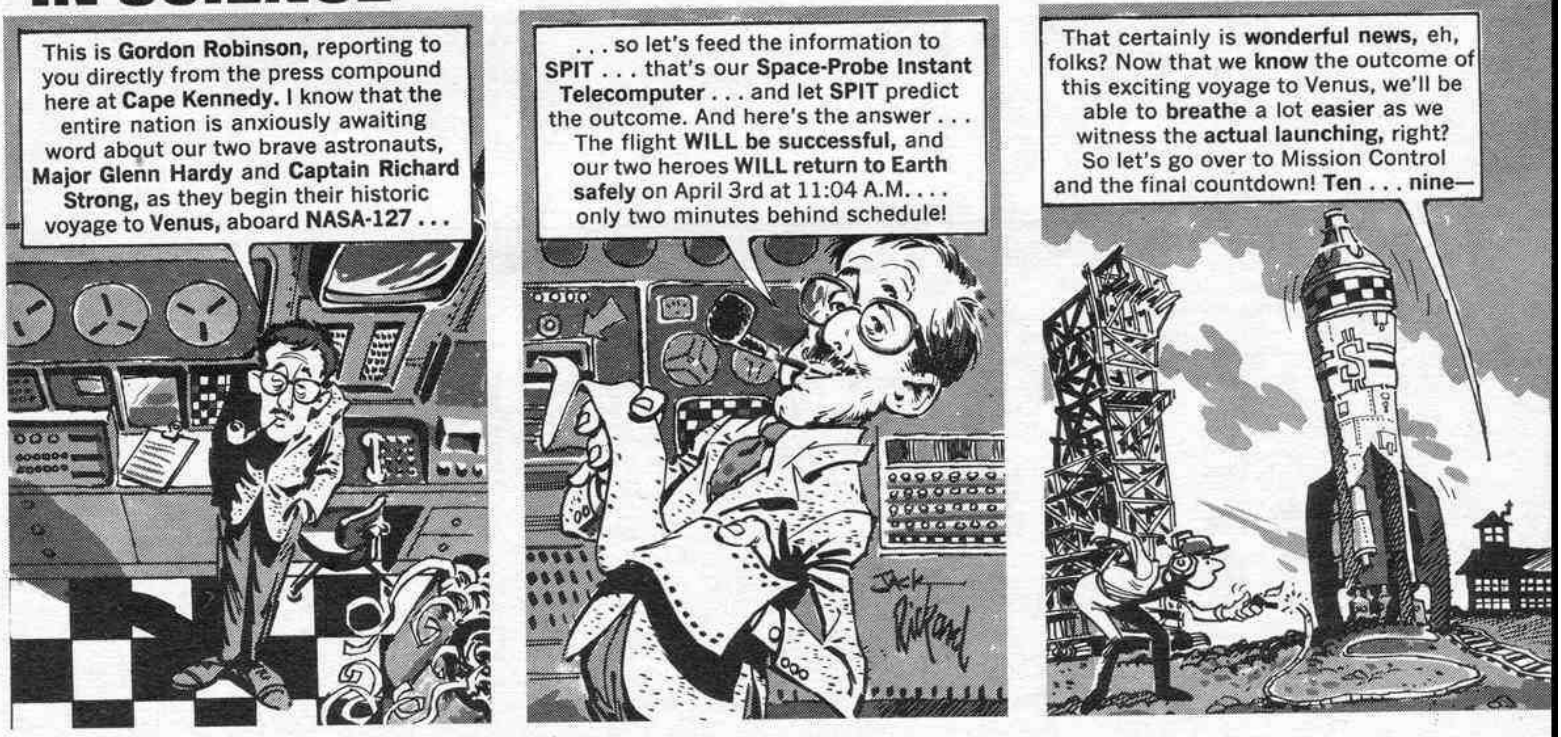


precincts have cast their ballots. Which brings us to this MAD article. Whether they realize it or not, the TV bigwigs have their hands on a great gimmick here. They just haven't carried it far enough. It's easy to visualize the marvelous advantages that can be had when the TV people have perfected their miraculous forcasting machines and we have these . . .

NT PREDICTIONS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

IN SCIENCE

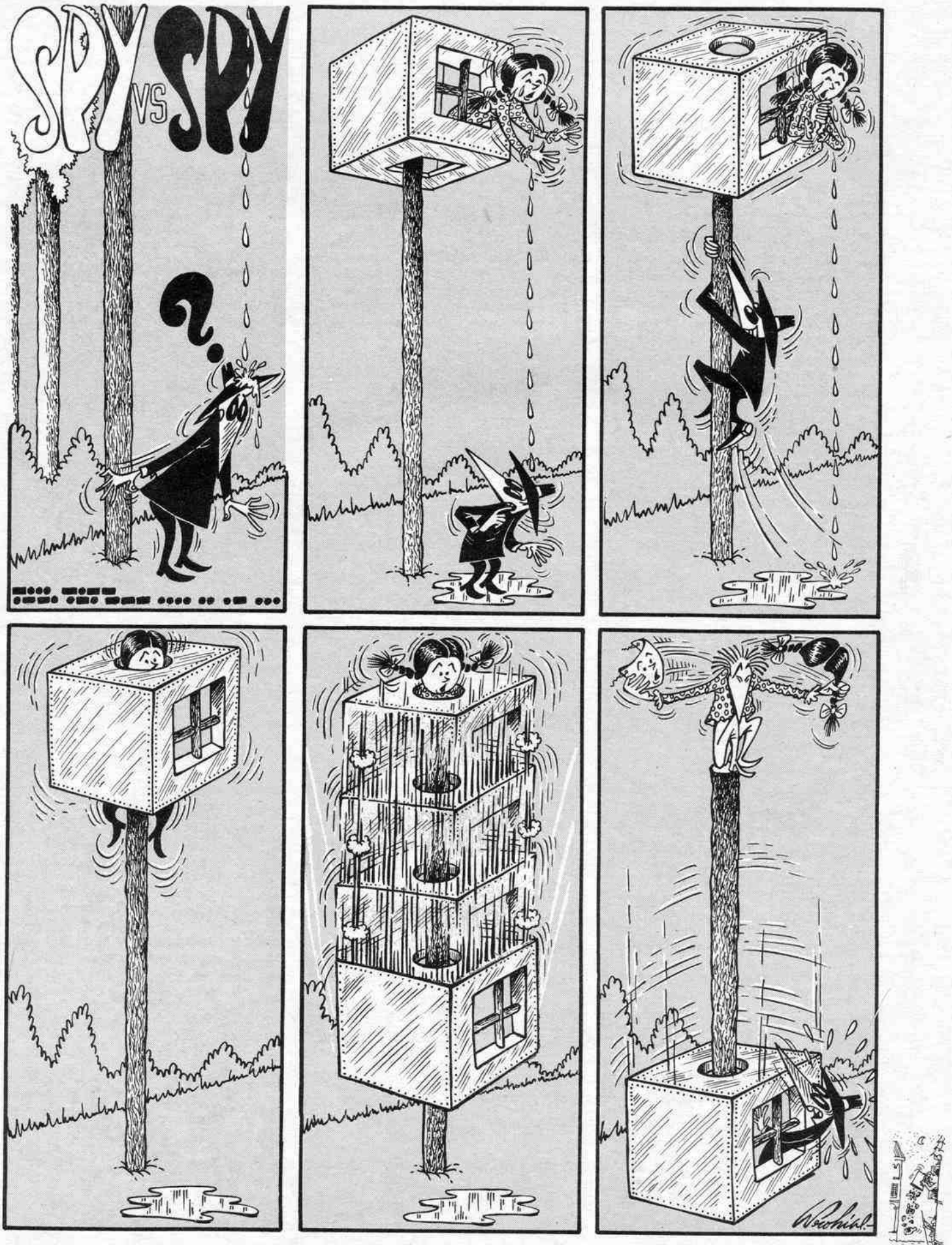


SSSSSSSS

IN SOCIETY



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



One of the big "In" hobbies of our affluent society is "Antique Collecting." Yes, all the worthless junk our Grandmothers threw out years ago has become valuable junk today . . . and people will pay fortunes for it. What actually IS an "antique"? Anything that was useful at one time, but which progress outmoded, and "Collectors" are now clamoring for. F'rinstance, things like:



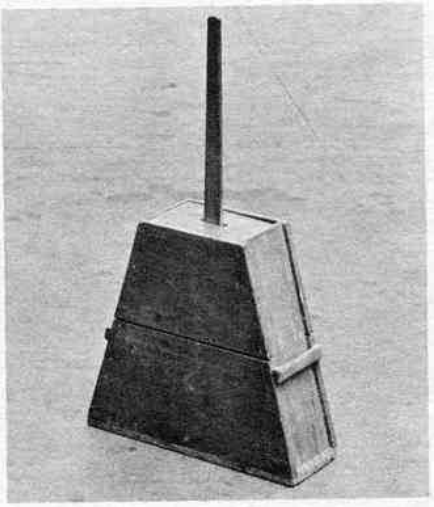
Crank-Handle Telephones



Early American Oil Lamps



Oily American Earl Lamps



Wooden Butter Churns



Old Coffee Grinders



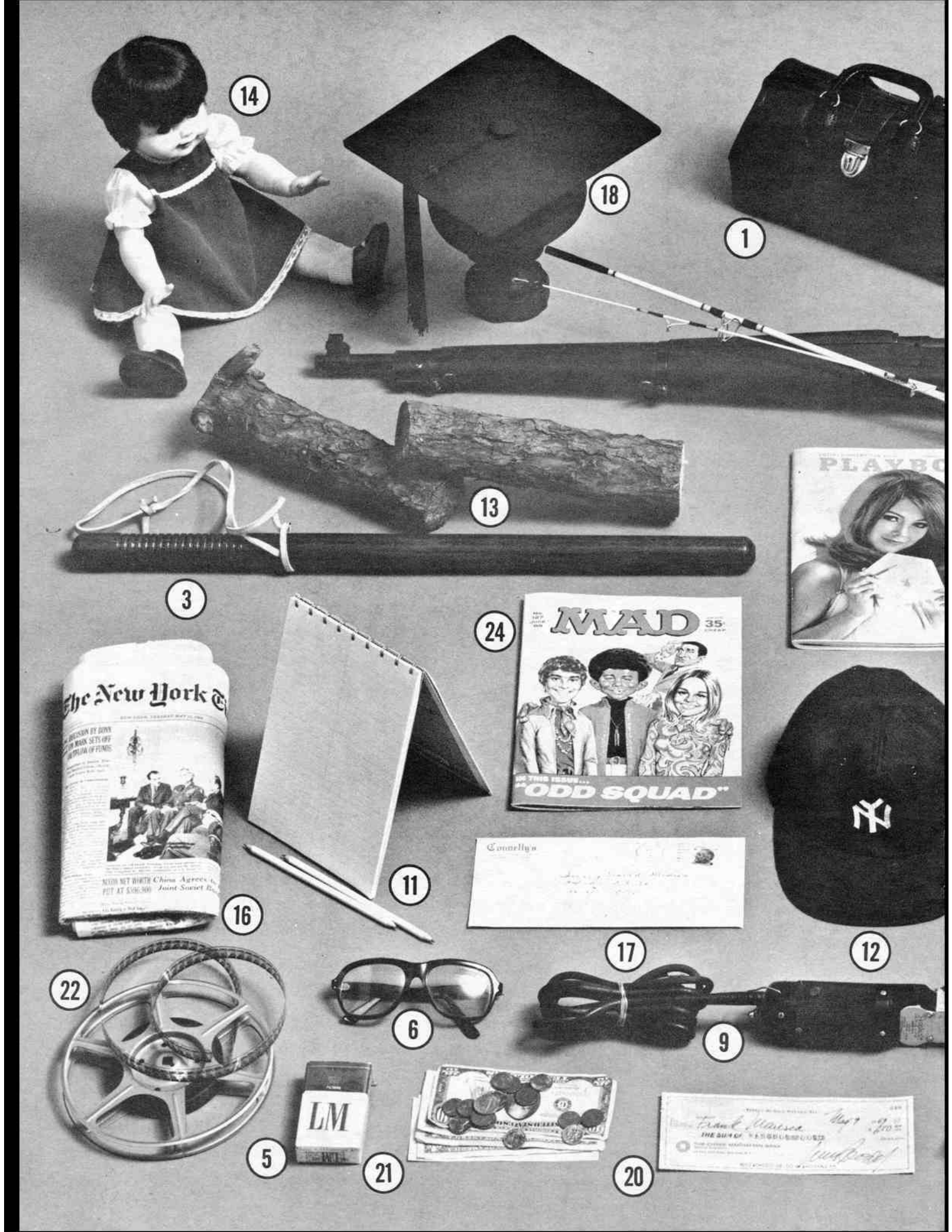
Old Organ Grinders

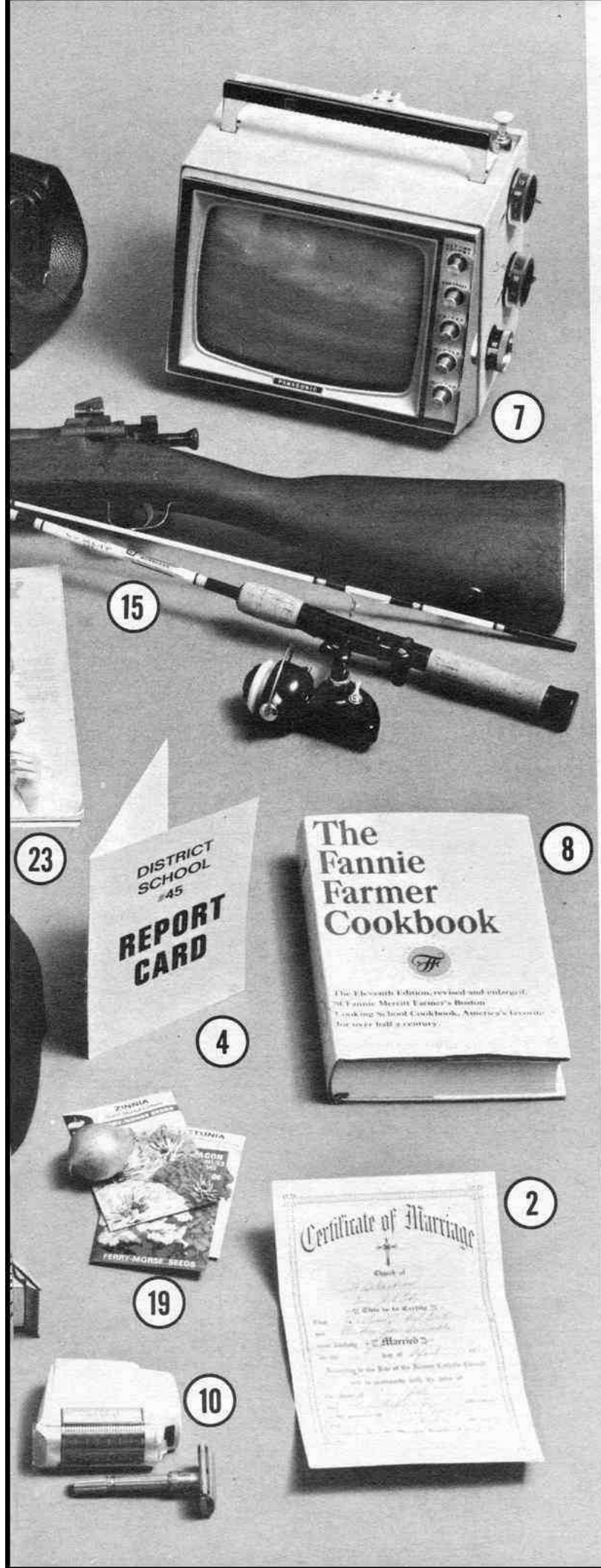
. . . and so on. Which is okay with us. But what we'd like is to avoid making the mistakes our Grandmothers made and *hold on* to today's worthless junk till it becomes tomorrow's *valuable* junk. For some possibilities, let's take . . .

A MAD LOOK AT ANTIQUES OF THE FUTURE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD

WRITER: SY REIT


14
18
1
13
PLAYBO
3
24
MAD
35¢
"ODD SQUAD"
The New York
11
16
Connelly's
17
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LM
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20



(1) DOCTOR'S SATCHEL—Small black bag once carried by MD's when making what were known as "House Calls".

(2) MARRIAGE LICENSE—Official document required by law before a man and a woman could live together.

(3) POLICEMAN'S "BILLY"—A crude Law Enforcement weapon that was effectively used before complaints of "Police Brutality" rendered Cops on the beat powerless.

(4) REPORT CARD—Official document once issued to all school students for perusal by their parents, it contained coded letters and numbers known as "Grades".

(5) PACK OF CIGARETTES—Objects made of paper and tobacco once smoked by large numbers of people before "Cancer" and "Heart Disease" scares of the late 60's.

(6) EYEGLASSES—Visual aid once worn on the bridge of the nose prior to widespread use of Contact Lenses.

(7) BLACK & WHITE TV SET—Crude early television device which showed only grey images, without color.

(8) COOK BOOK—A collection of "Recipes", popular among housewives back in the era when meals were hand-cooked with "fresh" meats, vegetables and seasonings.

(9) ELECTRIC TRIMMER—Tool used in "Barber Shops" where males once went regularly to have hair cut off.

(10) RAZORS—Crude tools, both manual and electric, once used daily by males to keep chins free of beards.

(11) STENO PAD & PENCIL—Items once used by human secretaries to take "dictation" in pre-automation era.

(12) N.Y. YANKEES CAP—Headpiece worn by players in dull, mild, non-violent game known as "Baseball" which has been replaced by more brutal, bloodthirsty sports.

(13) FIREPLACE LOGS—Once burned for display, never heat, in special niches in suburban and country homes, these logs were made of a rare substance called "wood" . . . a material found only in expensive jewelry today.

(14) DO-NOTHING DOLL—An antique toy once popular with little girls, this model neither walked, talked, cried, burped, cheesed, wet, nor threw temper tantrums.

(15) FISHING AND HUNTING EQUIPMENT—Once used by so-called "Sportsmen" before air and water pollution killed off all fish, birds and animals before they did.

(16) NEWSPAPER—One of many, read by millions before exorbitant Union demands put them all out of business.

(17) LETTER WITH STAMP—A method of communication, made obsolete by final collapse of U.S. Postal System.

(18) MORTAR BOARD—Curious headgear once worn at College Graduations before violent student demonstrations completely eliminated Institutions of Higher Education.

(19) SEEDS AND BULBS—Once used in gardens to grow flowers before plastic imitations made them unnecessary.

(20) PAYCHECK—Weekly item of monetary exchange once earned by workers before entire country went on Welfare.

(21) PAPER MONEY & COINS—Popular medium exchange used to buy goods before advent of Credit Card system.

(22) PORNOGRAPHIC STAG FILM—Illicit primitive form of average contemporary motion picture shown everywhere.

(23) PLAYBOY MAGAZINE—Rendered obsolete by advent of "See-Thru" and "Topless" styles of Women's Fashions.

(24) MAD MAGAZINE—Rendered obsolete by advent of intelligent discrimination in popular reading material.



INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Okay, gang, here we go again with another installment of our series which explores that hidden world

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



where dedicated people are working secretly and tirelessly to make our lives miserable. This one is

THE SCENES At the U.S. Congress

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





V.I.PEEK DEPT.

We are all familiar with the public images of famous celebrities. We get them from newspapers and television. Like for example, Jack Benny is supposed to be stingy, Ed Sullivan is supposed to be a stiff, etc. But don't you ever wonder

A MAD L

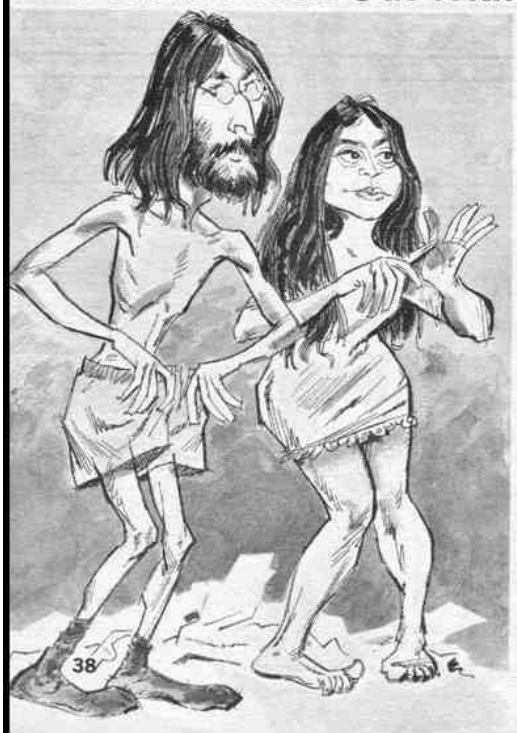
CELEBRITIES IN RE

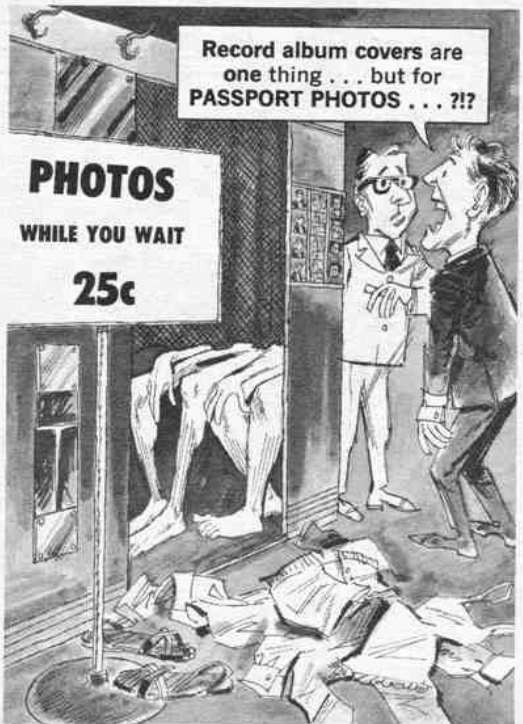
ARTIST: JOHN JOHNS

JACKIE KENNEDY ONASSIS And Family Go Shopping

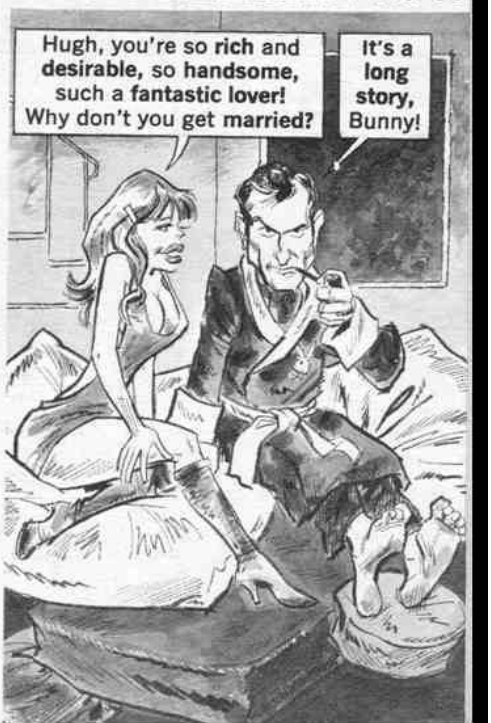


An Afternoon Out With Mr. & Mrs. JOHN LENNON





HUGH HEFNER And H

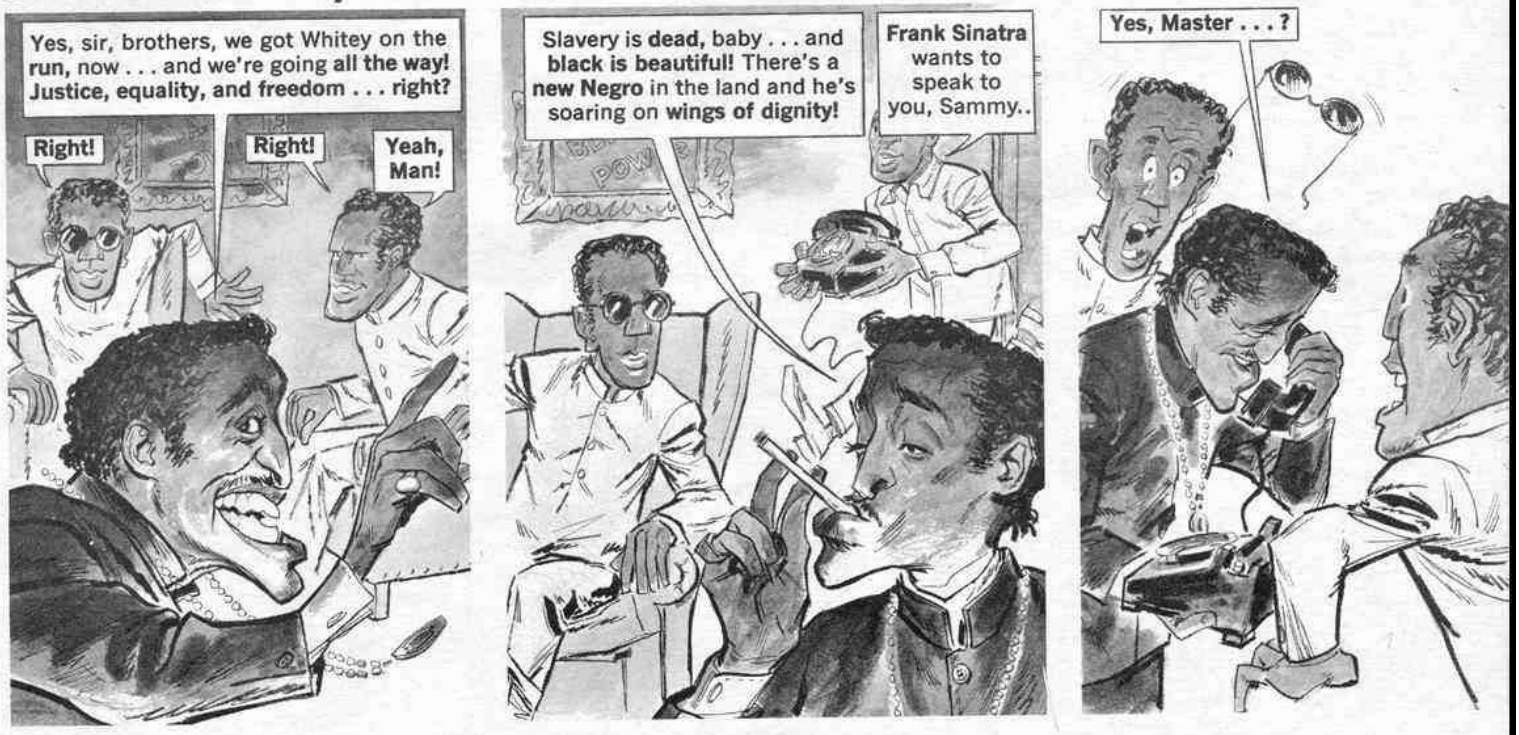


what these people are *really* like . . . *out* of the spotlight? . . . in their *homes?* In *average, every-day living?* Well, we'd like to *tell* you what they're like, but we don't really know! We can just *surmise!* So why not join us now as we take . . .

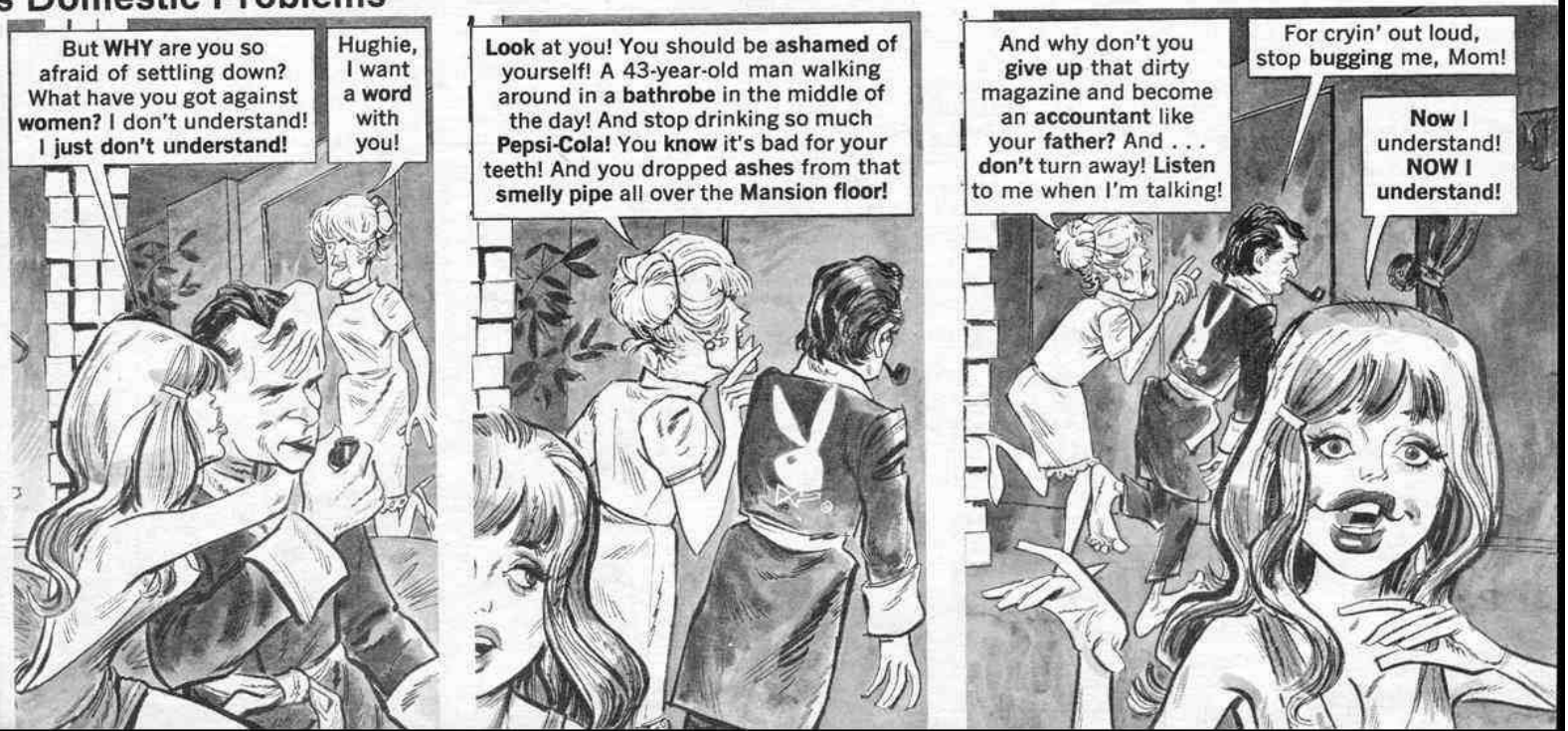
OOK AT AL-LIFE SITUATIONS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

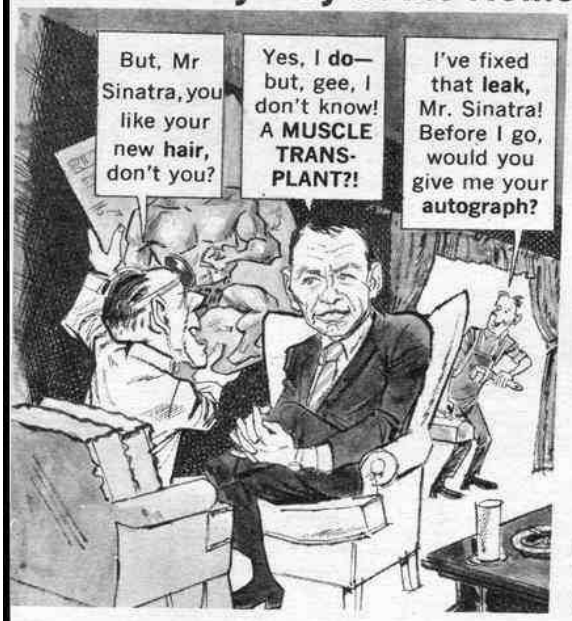
SAMMY DAVIS, JR. Tells It Like It Is

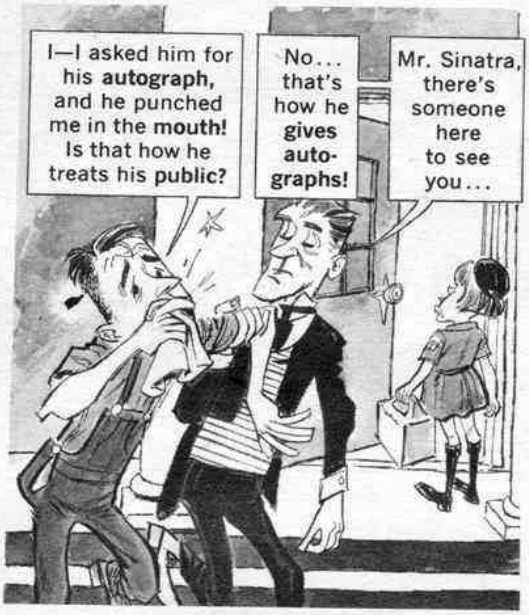


is Domestic Problems



A Busy Day at the Home of **FRANK SINATRA**

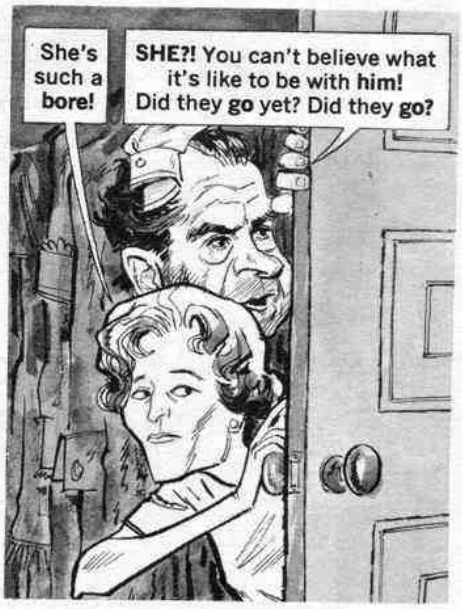






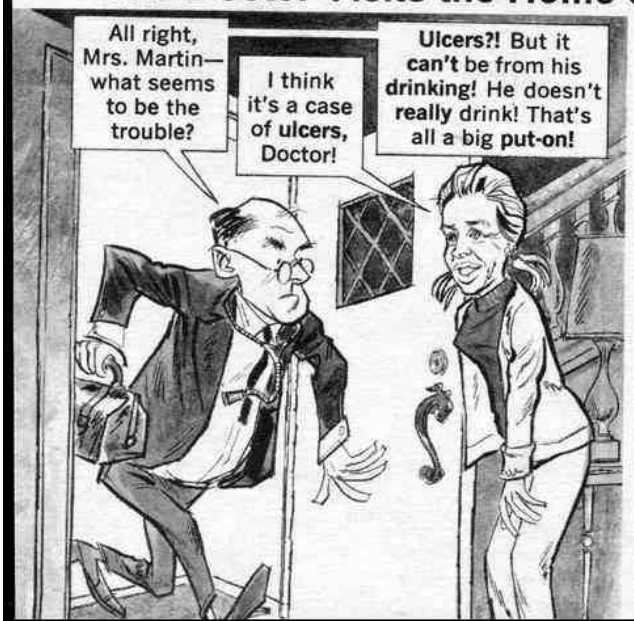
THE NIXONS and Unexpected Sunday Guests

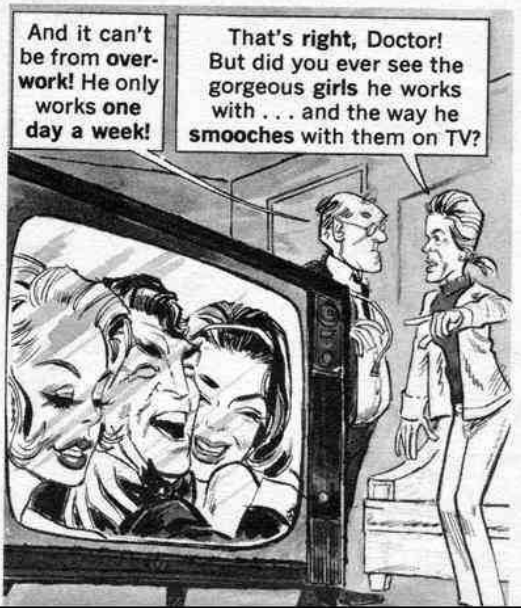




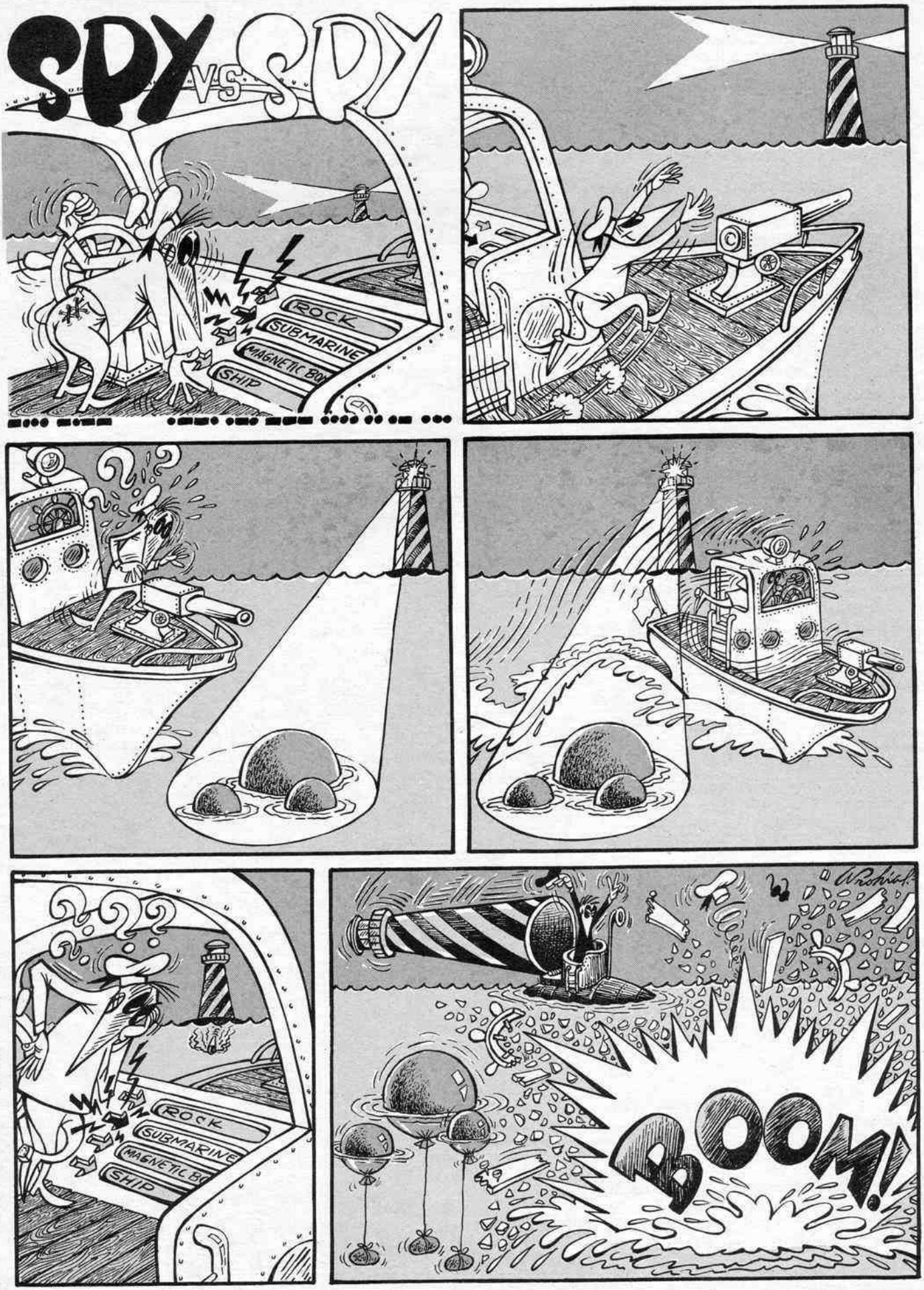


The Doctor Visits the Home of **DEAN MARTIN**








SPY VS SPY
ROCK
SUBMARINE
MAGNETIC BO
SHIP
ROCK
SUBMARINE
MAGNETIC BO
SHIP
BOOM!

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 KOGEN

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

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

Mmse. 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 Mmse
Walker Minse
President

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

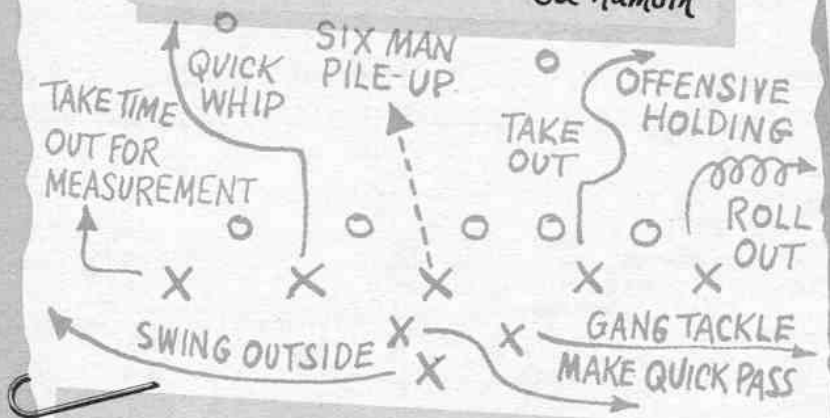
TO Joe Namath

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



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

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

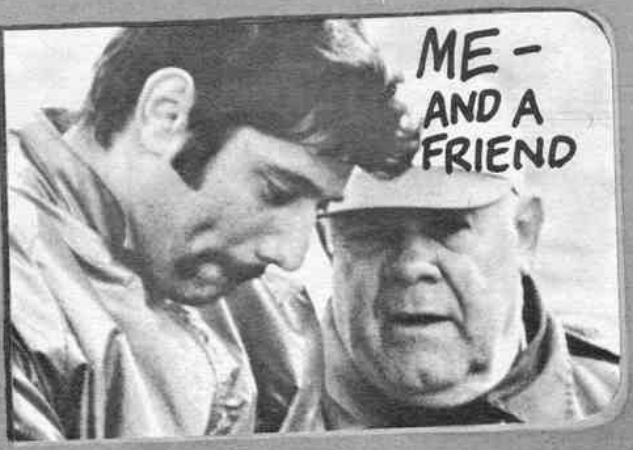
NAME JOE NAMATH

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
- ☐ Driving while intoxicated
- ☐ Cursing a Police Officer
- ☐ Getting a girl into trouble
- ☐ Roughing up a reporter
- ☐ 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

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

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

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

ONE DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS



















THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACTS DEPT.

Recently, we presented a "MAD Gray Paper" on "The State Of Our Cities". Now, with fairness and justice as our guiding principles, we feel morally obligated to give equal time to a report destroying the Suburbs. So all of you City folk can stop chasing rats for a moment, and thank your lucky stars that you live where you live. Because things could be a lot worse, as you'll see when you read this . . .

MAD GREEN* PAPER

"The State Of Our Suburbs"

Hello! This is **Harry Reasonable** again, with another **"MAD Paper"**—this one on **"The Problems Facing America's Suburbs Today"!** Let's begin by talking to the man **most responsible** for turning this area into a full-fledged suburb just five short years ago—**Go-getter Builder-and-Developer, Levitt J. Eden!**

Yes, sir . . . five years ago, this area was all rolling hills, quiet streams and wooded tracts with tall, stately trees!

You mean . . . ?

That's right! **A complete waste!**

So we **leveled** the hills . . . **dammed up** the streams . . . **knocked down** the trees . . . and we **proved one thing!**

What?

Mother Nature can't push **US** around!

I see you left just **one tree** standing!

Where?? Oh, well— **nobody's perfect!!**

Mr. Eden, is it **true** that it only takes **45 minutes** to drive into the city??

Would I **say** it if it **weren't** true? I timed it **personally!** 43.7 minutes . . **EXACTLY!**

When did you time it?

In 1939!

How about in **1969??** Between **5** and **6** on a **Sunday,** for instance?

Even **LESS time!** Of course, that's between **5** and **6 A.M.** . . . on a **Sunday MORNING!!**

ENJOY GRACIOUS LIVING IN A GARDEN OF EDEN HOME IN BEAUTIFUL EDENVILLE ONLY 45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY!

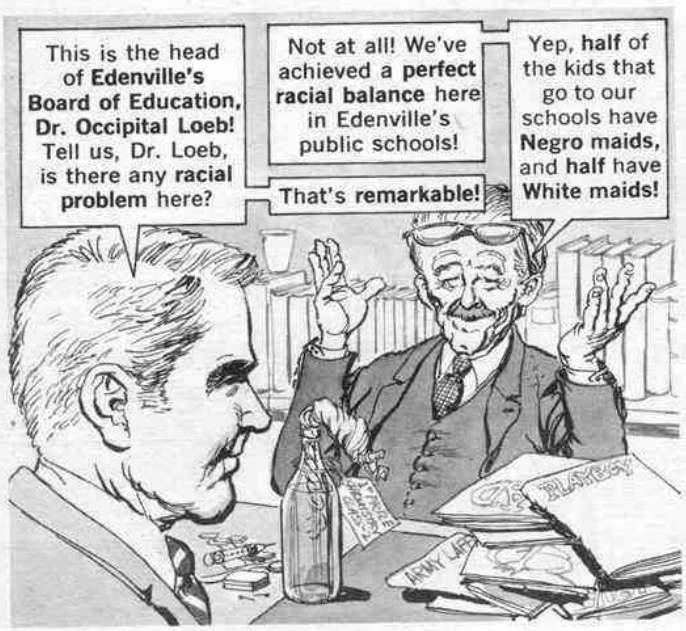
OFFICE

G.WOODBRIDGE

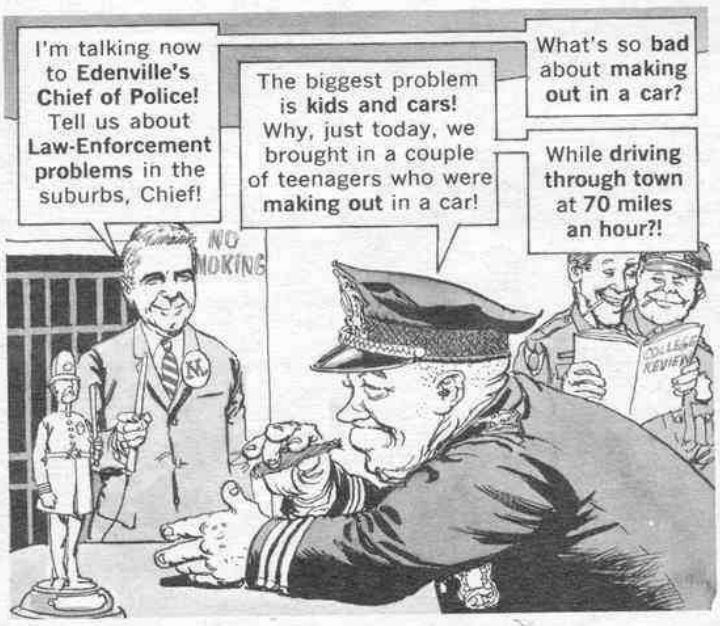
*THIS STARTED OUT AS A "MAD WHITE PAPER" BUT WE LEFT IT UNDER A PILE OF CRABGRASS CLIPPINGS OVERNIGHT!

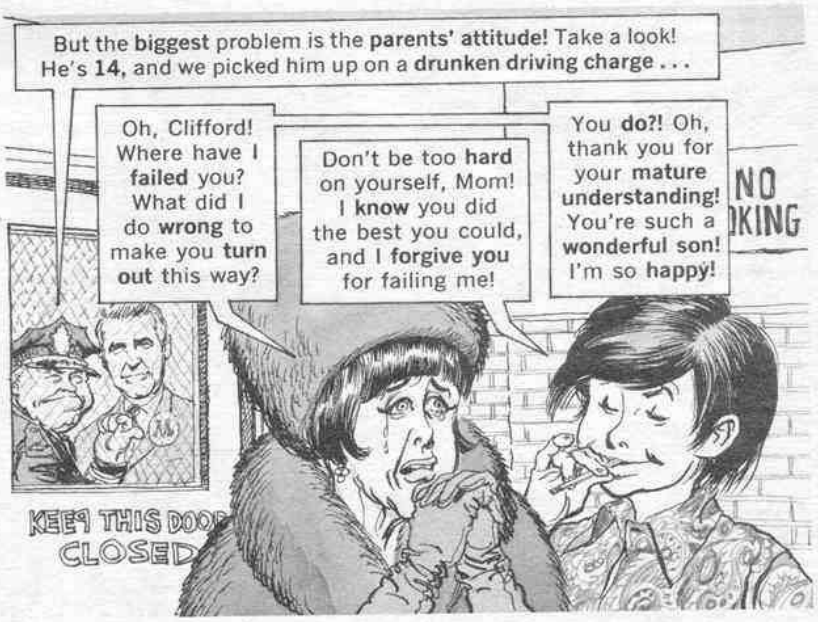
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART


But most of the men of the area commute by **train!** Now, isn't that a warming sight . . . ?
Ah, yes . . . Husbands—kissing their wives "goodbye" as they leave for the city!
Well, actually this was taken **IN** the city—and the husbands are kissing their **secretaries** "goodbye" as they leave for the **suburbs!**
TO TRACK 3
Now let's talk with Edenville's most important citizen, **Dr. Eli Sloth,** the town **Pediatrician!** Tell us, Dr. Sloth . . . how do **medical problems** here in the suburbs **differ** from the city?
It's **completely different** in the suburbs! It's **less hectic** and **much healthier!**
For **children?**
No—for **Doctors!**
I mean—is there much **children's illness** out here?
Couldn't say! You'd have to ask my **Service!** Sorry . . . I don't remember the number!
Then you'd say that a Doctor has it **pretty easy** out in the suburbs?
No—I wouldn't say that! It's **true,** but I wouldn't **SAY** it! Actually, I'm a **lot busier** than usual!
The **doctor** who shared my practice is no longer **with** me!
How come . . ?
He reached the **mandatory retirement age** of **36!!**
Dr. Sloth, we've heard a lot about **wild parties** here in the suburbs! Is there any **truth** to it?
I'm delighted to say there is a **lot** of truth to it!
You mean to say people actually **get drunk** and **swap wives?!**
No! People **never** get drunk at these parties!!
Why not??
If you get **stoned,** you might make a **mistake** and end up with your **own wife!** *Yecch!*
Excuse me, Ma'am! I'm told there isn't much **drinking** in the suburbs! Do **you** agree?
No, I **don't!** There ish **plen'y** of drinkin', an' **housewives** do **mosht** of it!
Oh? Why is that?
Well . . . take **me,** fer instance!
Okay!
Good! I'll get my **car!**
No—you don't understand! I'm a **reporter . . .** trying to find out why there's so much **drinking** among **suburban housewives!**
They drink to forget their **unhappiness!** I'm drinking to forget a **tragedy** that happened to **me!**
Oh? And what was that . . . ?
The end of an **affair!** My **milkman** was transferred!
I **can't believe** you fool around behind your husband's back!
Watch who you're calling a **liar!** I'm a **wife** and **mother!** Have some **respect!!**

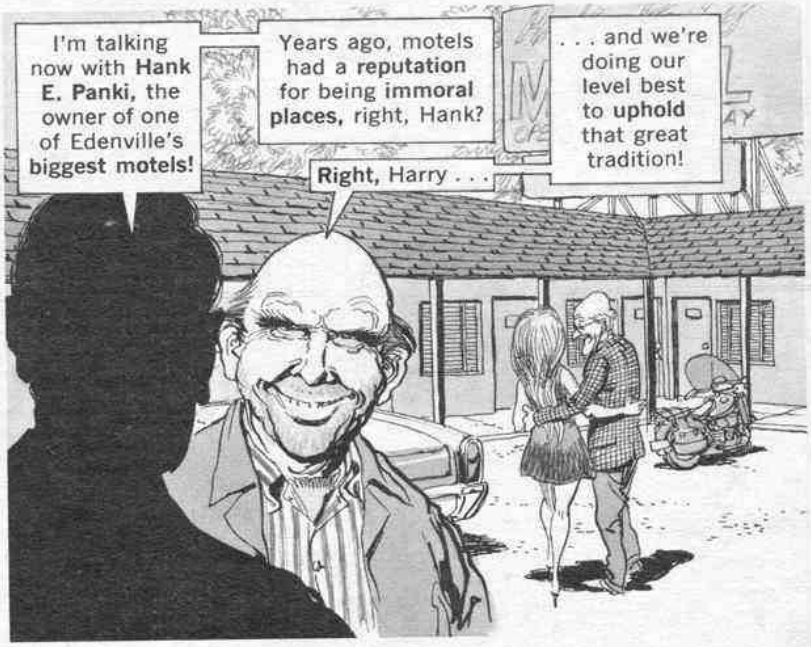

This is the head of **Edenville's Board of Education, Dr. Occipital Loeb!** Tell us, Dr. Loeb, is there any **racial problem** here?
Not at all! We've achieved a **perfect racial balance** here in Edenville's public schools!
That's **remarkable!**
Yep, **half** of the kids that go to our schools have **Negro maids,** and **half** have **White maids!**
PLAYBOY
ARMY LIFE


Well, what is your biggest **Educational Problem, Dr.?**
Parking is our **worst** problem!
We simply cannot keep the **Students' cars** out of the **Teachers' Parking lot!**
And what are you planning to **do** about that problem?
We're planning to **tear down the School Library** and use **that** space for a Teachers' Parking Lot!
FACULTY PARKING ONLY

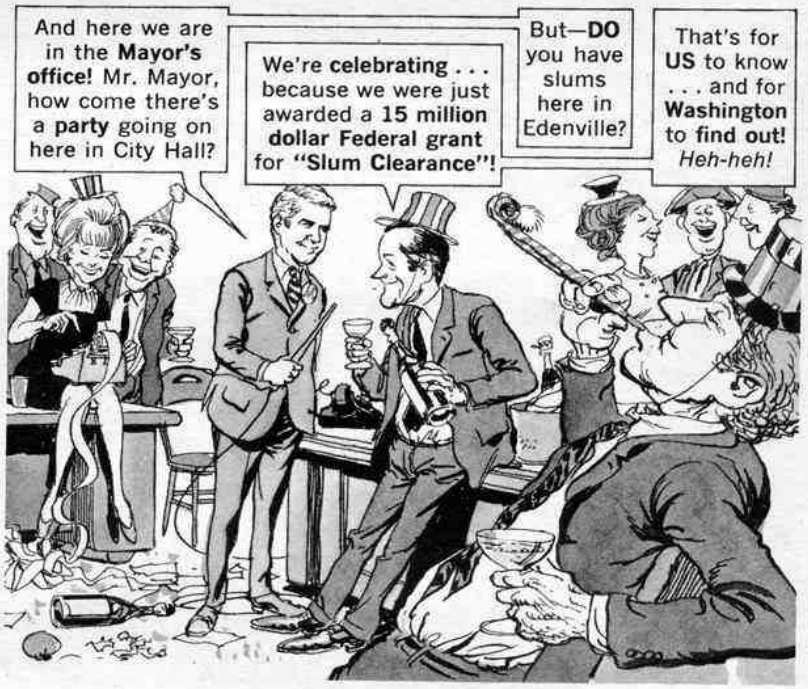

I'm talking now to **Edenville's Chief of Police!** Tell us about **Law-Enforcement problems** in the suburbs, Chief!
The biggest problem is **kids and cars!** Why, just today, we brought in a couple of teenagers who were **making out** in a car!
What's so **bad** about **making out in a car?**
While **driving through town** at **70 miles an hour?!**
NO SMOKING
COLLEGE REVIEW

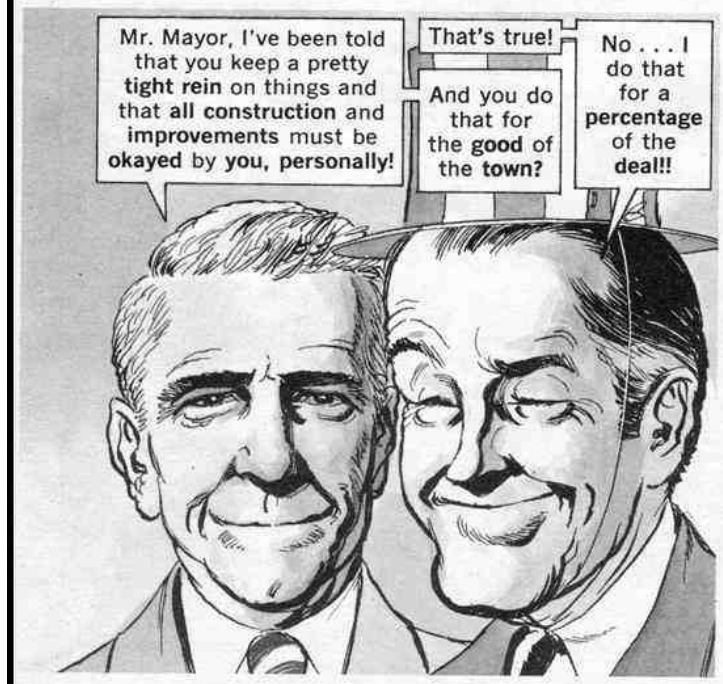

But the **biggest** problem is the **parents' attitude!** Take a look! He's **14,** and we picked him up on a **drunken driving charge . . .**
Oh, Clifford! Where have I **failed** you? What did I do **wrong** to make you **turn out** this way?
Don't be too **hard** on yourself, Mom! I **know** you did the best you could, and I **forgive you** for failing me!
You **do?!** Oh, thank you for your **mature understanding!** You're such a **wonderful son!** I'm so **happy!**
KEEP THIS DOOR CLOSED
NO SMOKING

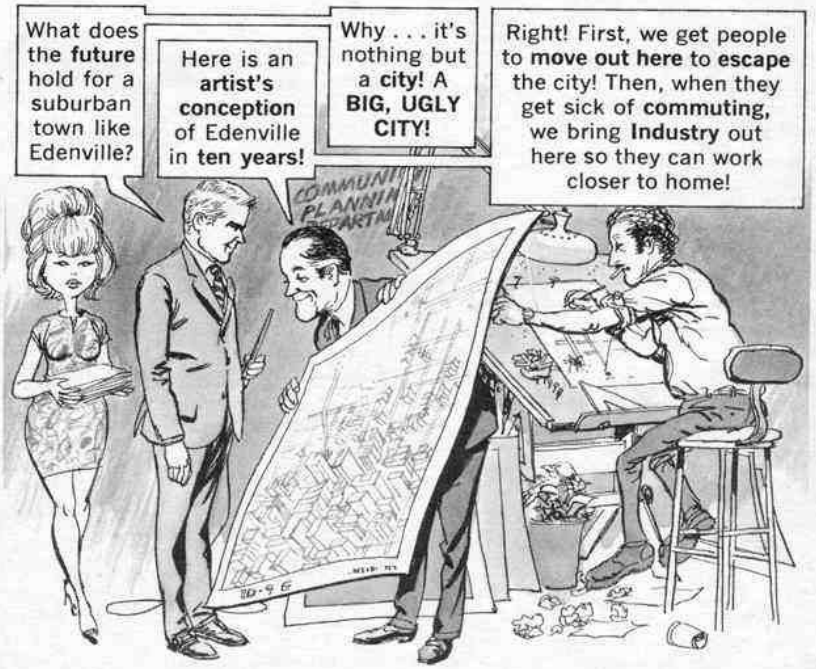

It's not **easy** being a Policeman in the suburbs, especially with these **rich kids!**
Last year, we nabbed a rich kid and threw him in jail! The very next day, his father bought the **land** under the **Police Station** and had the **entire Police Force** arrested for **"Trespassing"!**
Really? How come . . ?

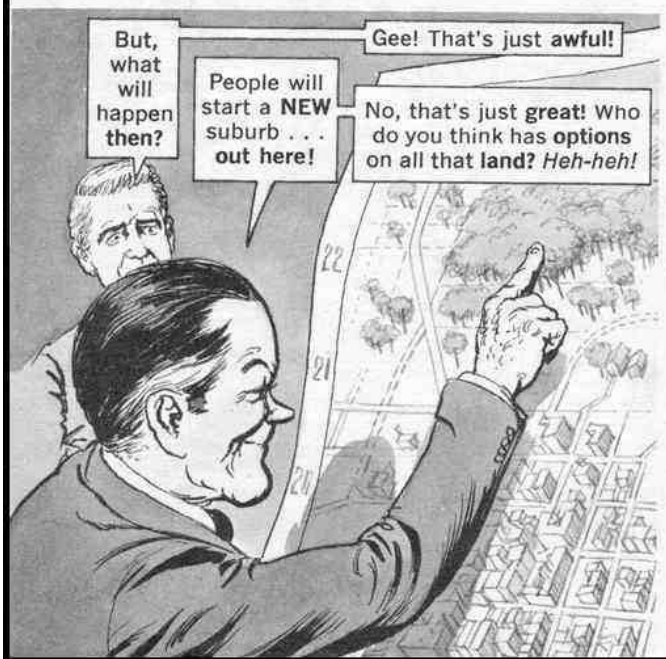

I'm talking now with **Hank E. Panki,** the owner of one of Edenville's **biggest motels!**
Years ago, motels had a **reputation** for being **immoral places,** right, Hank?
Right, Harry . . .
. . . and we're doing our level best to **uphold** that great tradition!

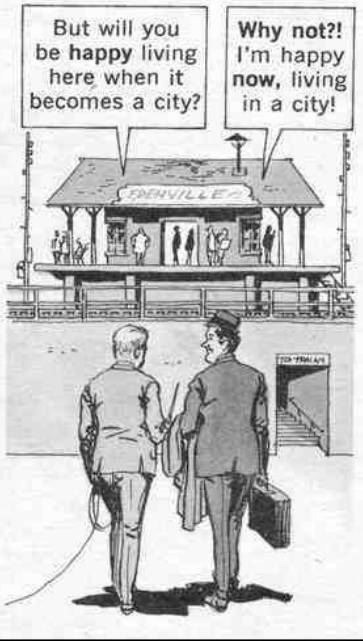

This is **Artie Dilettante,** director of Edenville's **Amateur Theatrical Group!** Tell us, Artie, what **play** is your group rehearsing?
It's **"The Odd Couple"!**
Oh, the famous **Neil Simon play** about the **two urban men** who get **divorced?**
No, this is an **original** play . . . about a **suburban husband and wife** who **stay married!**
EXIT

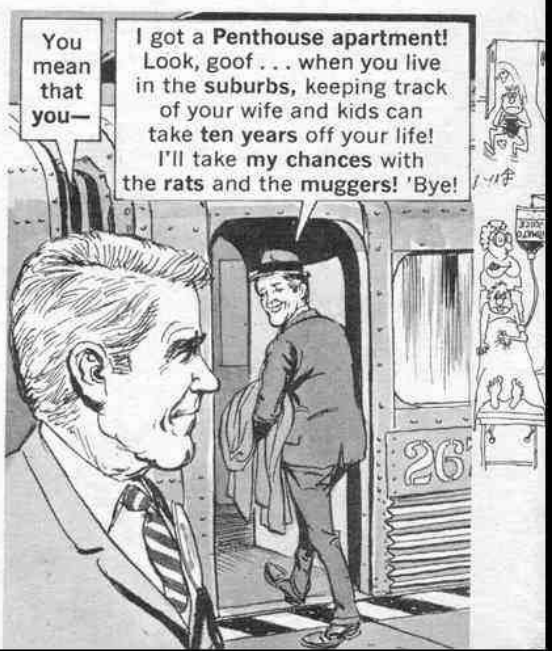

And here we are in the **Mayor's office!** Mr. Mayor, how come there's a **party** going on here in City Hall?
We're **celebrating** . . . because we were just awarded a **15 million dollar Federal grant** for **"Slum Clearance"!**
But—**DO** you have slums here in Edenville?
That's for **US** to know . . . and for **Washington** to **find out!** *Heh-heh!*


Mr. Mayor, I've been told that you keep a pretty **tight rein** on things and that **all construction** and **improvements** must be **okayed** by **you, personally!**
That's true!
And you do that for the **good** of the **town?**
No . . . I do that for a **percentage** of the **deal!!**


What does the **future** hold for a suburban town like Edenville?
Here is an **artist's conception** of Edenville in **ten years!**
Why . . . it's nothing but a **city!** A **BIG, UGLY CITY!**
Right! First, we get people to **move out here** to **escape** the city! Then, when they get sick of **commuting,** we bring **Industry** out here so they can work closer to home!


But, what will happen **then?**
People will start a **NEW** suburb . . . **out here!**
Gee! That's just **awful!**
No, that's just **great!** Who do you think has **options** on all that **land?** *Heh-heh!*


But will you be **happy** living here when it becomes a city?
Why not?! I'm happy **now,** living in a city!


You mean that **you—**
I got a **Penthouse apartment!** Look, goof . . . when you live in the **suburbs,** keeping track of your wife and kids can take **ten years** off your life! I'll take **my chances** with the **rats** and the **muggers!** 'Bye!

WHAT IS ONE SPECIAL BENEFIT DERIVED FROM MODERN ROCK MUSIC BY SOME OF ITS FANS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Older people, who are turned off by noisy, raucous Rock music, should think twice before condemning it! To some young folks, there is a tremendous benefit derived from Rock that overshadows every criticism. To discover this benefit, fold the page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



PUNCHY, ZANY, WILD, LOUD, HIGH-PITCHED SOUND HAS CAPTURED EARNEST ROCK DEVOTEES. YESTERYEAR'S MUSIC IS PURE DOLDRUMS FOR EBULLIENT YOUNG SWINGERS. THE SPECIAL BENEFITS, INCLUDING THE DRAMATIC PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF AMPLIFIED ROCK SOUND, LIFT THE SPIRITS OF YOUNG MALES IN PARTICULAR.

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A► ◄B

A VALENTINE TO ALL OUR

MAD®

READERS



Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
We make our bread
On clods like you!