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Dec.
'69

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MAD

"As grown-ups get older, work seems a lot less fun,
and fun seems a lot more work!"—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

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MAD—Dec., 1969, Vol. 1, No. 131 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. Printed in U.S.A.

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A LOOK AT
MODERN
COLLEGE
COURSES
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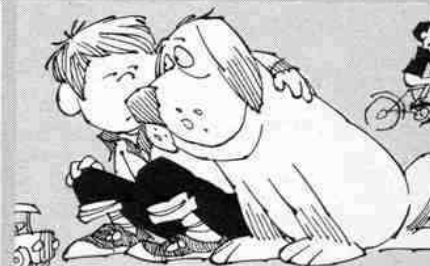
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GUN
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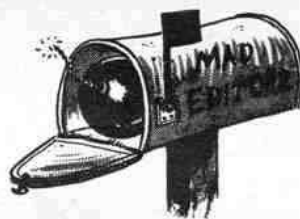
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APPROVED BY THE SDS

Yep, our full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid (suitable for framing, training puppies, lining bird cages, or wrapping fish) has been approved by the SDS ("Students for a Demented Society")! So join all the other nuts. Protest against "sanity." Mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to MAD, 485 MADison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



JEWELIA

Mort Drucker is the most talented caricaturist plying his inspired art in public. He proves that in the very funny and adroitly-drawn "Jewelina" in the Sept. issue of your contribution to the folklore of our day. It was exciting to see Godfrey Cambridge and Bill Cosby in your take-off. How I wish we could afford them in the cast of "Julia", which is a gentle satire of your article we try to do every week for NBC-RCA's contribution to the folklore of our day.

Hal Kanter
Executive Producer, "Julia"
Beverly Hills, Calif.



Your "Jewelina" needlework is superb; I can't decide if it made me laugh 'til I cried, or cry 'til I laughed—but in any event, my mascara ran, my eyelashes melted and you'll hear from my lawyer about the resultant damage. As for Mort Drucker's drawings, I've had passport pictures taken that are less flattering... and I may use one of his for my next trip out of the country (which will be hastened after your devastating satire). Thank you. MAD Magazine is the Wall Street Journal of mischief.

Diahann Carroll
Hollywood, Calif.

I have concluded that there are only two things that can save the real "Julia" TV Series: (1) If Julia marries a white man, and (2) If they start using material as good as Stan Hart used in your great satire of the show. Both, I'm afraid, are doubtful.

Tyrone Bos
Cleveland, Ohio

"Jewelina" was precious—a real gem! In fact, in the true MAD spirit, I'd call it a "Black Pearl"!

Laura Benne
Ottawa, Ont., Can.

THE MAD BIGOT PRIMER

Your "MAD Primer of Bigots, Extremists, Etc." not only brought on a chuckle, but turned on a light. No one can hold up a magnifying mirror to America like MAD. Congratulations on a masterpiece.

Mary Lower
Spokane, Wash.

It was said of the late Lenny Bruce that "He could break through the barrier of laughter to the horizon beyond, where truth has its sanctuary." MAD has this same great talent. You have stepped from common satire to the heights of social criticism. Articles such as "The MAD Primer of Bigots, Etc." make MAD the social critic of the nation.

Richard Swenson
Lexington, Mass.

I would like to thank you gentlemen for "The MAD Primer of Bigots, Extremists, And Other Loose Ends". I was recently drafted into the Army, and it's nice to know the kinds of fine Americans I'm risking my life to protect.

Pvt. Rick Nunnally
Fort Ord, Calif.

Perhaps, through your article, all the Bigots and Extremists will be laughed out of existence.

Diane Swink
Columbus, Ohio

I'm amazed that all the nice people you write about (Mafia, KKK, Black Panthers, American Nazis, etc.) haven't knocked out Alfred E. Neuman's other teeth by now.

Michael Fontasia
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You left out the most dangerous, most violent, most important "Extremist" group in the country... namely, the nuts who write, draw, edit and publish MAD.

Terry Kreissel
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Haven't you guys learned that it just isn't the "American Way" to criticize opposing points of view, even if those criticisms are justified? Stop playing Peter Zenger, and buckle down to the Establishment like the rest of the Press.

Daniel Seitz
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

You have finally reached the ultimate in "Truth-Satire."

Ronald Brown
Abilene, Texas

A MAD LOOK AT DOGS

"A MAD Look At Dogs" was a dog-gone good article!

David Poteet
San Jose, Calif.

MAD'S GRAY PAPER

Your "Gray Paper"—The State Of Our Cities" was disgusting, gross, tasteless, and sadly true. Good work!

Brian A. Ridley
Englewood, N.J.

MAD's Gray Paper: "The State Of Our Cities" was a defamatory, puerile, depreciatory, vilification of our efforts to coordinate private and public response to our urban problems. If you continue to publish such calumnious dribble, I will have no choice but to subscribe to MAD.

Mrs. King W. Wang
The Urban Coalition
Washington, D.C.

Your "Gray Paper", in a devastating but humorous manner, exposed the main contributors to the sad state of urban affairs: the incredibly callous materialism and cynicism of too many of those who are best able to remedy the squalor. Your article should open many sleepy eyes.

J. Alexander Adams, Jr.
Corvallis, Oregon

DRAWN-OUT DRAMAS

Sergio Aragones's "Drawn-Out Dramas" get funnier all the time. Why don't you enlarge them to full-page-size and put your regular articles in the margins?

Duane Jepsen
Council Bluffs, Iowa

MAD WIDENS THE GENERATION GAP

Great going! Your last issue certainly widened the Generation Gap—with dynamite!

Gwen Stoddard
Rochester, N.Y.

I'll tell you about a REAL "Generation Gap": I keep trying to convince adults that MAD is an intelligent publication that really has something to say—and no one believes me.

Malcolm Marsden
Pine Brook, N.J.

A DOVE'S-EYE VIEW

MAD comes up with some pretty hilarious ideas, but your "Dove's-Eye View Of The Joint Chiefs Of Staff" showing FIVE JOHN WAYNES was absolutely hysterical!

Maryanne Schaeffer
Cranford, N.J.

THOUGHT-CONTROL

Your last issue was more thought-provoking than usual. Better watch it! If they can censor the "Smothers Brothers," you may be next!

Ray Mark
Inglewood, Calif.

Please address all correspondence to:
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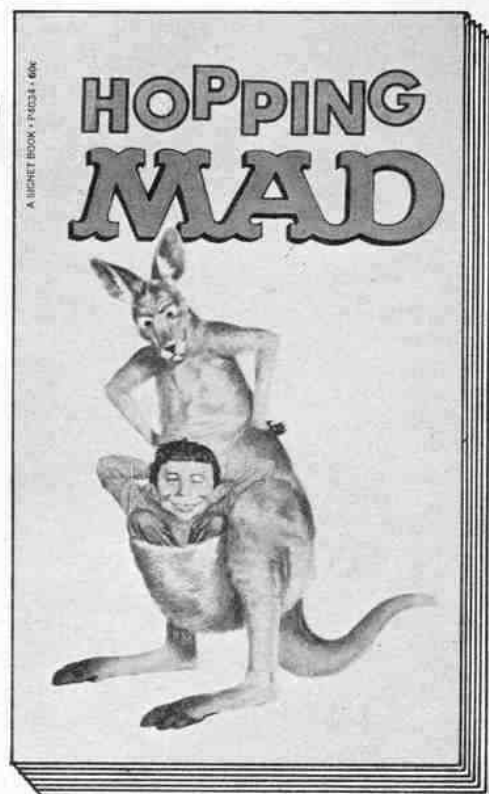
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A MAD LOOK AT MODERN CO

PS48 LAW IN OUR SOCIETY

The function of law in implementing solutions of human problems, and in providing a form of order and authority within which clashes of values and rival claims may be resolved or compromised.



BULLETIN OF YALE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
PROGRAMS OF STUDY 1968-69 Pg. 246

201.

INTRODUCTION TO ASTRONOMY

Fundamentals of astronomy, with emphasis on the planets, moon, comets, meteors, the solar system



CORNELL UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCEMENTS
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES 1969-70 Pg. 60

464. (104)

ELEMENTS OF PERSUASION

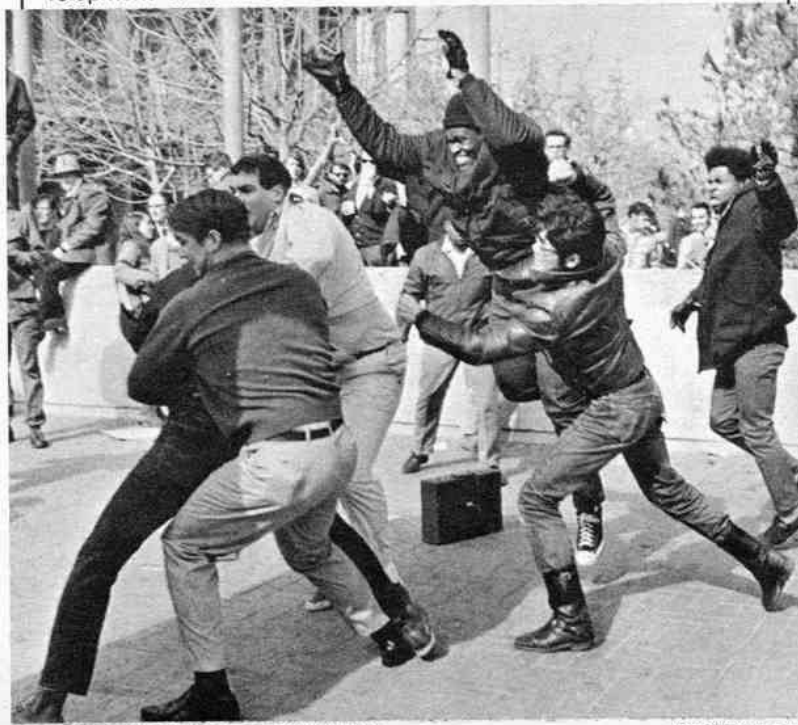
Consideration of principles, processes, and methods of persuasion with practice in the preparation and delivery of various types.



BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
COLLEGE OF ARTS & LETTERS Pg. 335

U790.22 SEMINAR IN ANIMAL BEHAVIOR

Special topics on theoretical aspects of behavior with emphasis on the comparative approach to . . . learning, communication . . . and development of behavior. Student seminars and discussion sessions.



BULLETIN OF THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK
GRADUATE DIVISION 1968-69 Pg. 45

COLLEGE COURSES

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

264. (9) ADVANCED PUBLIC SPEAKING

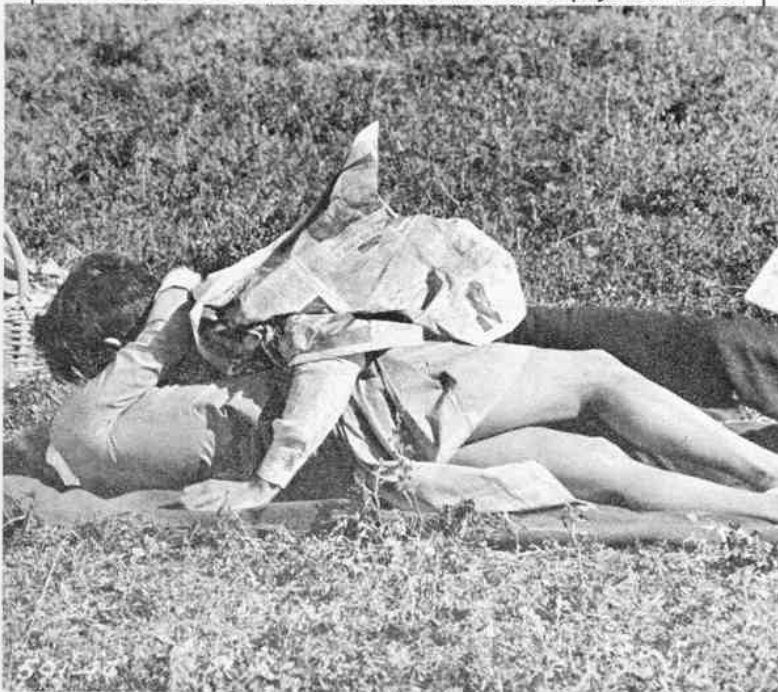
Analysis of special audiences and occasions; theory and practice in persuasive, expository, and after-dinner speaking and group discussion.



BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE Pg. 350

*35. SURVEY OF HUMAN ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY

Structure and functions of human organ systems with special reference to neuro-muscular activity and biomechanics, circulation, respiration and alimentation in relation to physical fitness.



BULLETIN OF THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK
UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAMS 1968-69 Pg. 41

EXPOSITORY WRITING 10HF

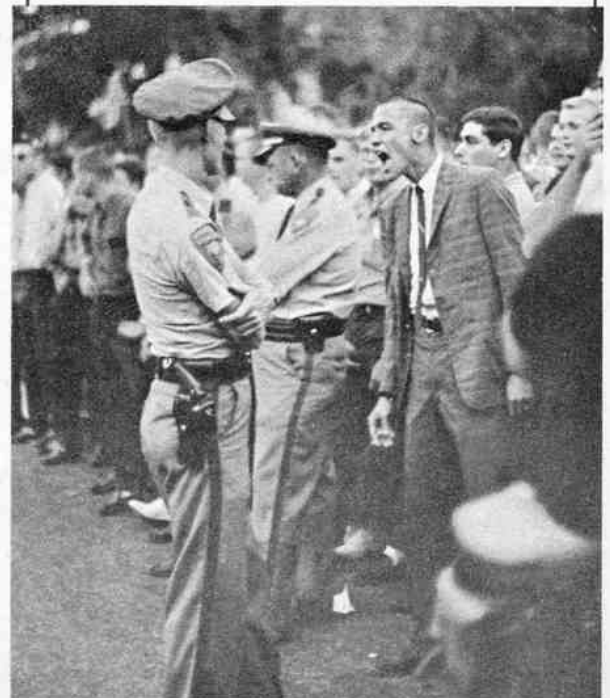
Designed to help students write correct and effective English by presenting the fundamentals of orderly discourse and rhetoric, analyzing models of English prose, and providing editorial guidance on written assignments.



OFFICIAL REGISTER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY
FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES 1968-69 Pg. 17

610-B18 ARGUMENTATION

A systematic study of reasoned discourse, with emphasis upon the construction and criticism of arguments in contemporary controversies.



NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY BULLETIN
UNDERGRADUATE STUDY 1968-69 Pg. 185

8. AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT: IDEALS AND INSTITUTIONS

An examination of the origins and development of the most significant values of American politics . . . The relationship between these ideals and institutions . . .



BULLETIN OF THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK
UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAMS 1968-69 Pg. 135

213. DESCRIPTIVE LINGUISTICS

The aims of the course are: to show how human language "works"; to reveal some of the great variety among languages and, at the same time, some of the features which seem to be common to all.



OFFICIAL REGISTER OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
THE UNDERGRADUATE ANNOUNCEMENT Pg. 165

71. DISCUSSION AND DEBATE

This course aims to heighten the student's understanding and appreciation of the nature and role of discussion and debate in the democratic process.



BULLETIN OF THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK
UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAMS 1968-69 Pg. 168

SS5 THE AFRO-AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

The history and contemporary problems of Negroes in American society, from African background to present-day movements.



OFFICIAL REGISTER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY
FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES 1968-69 Pg. 27

543. (150) COLLECTIVE BEHAVIOR

Social movements, mobs, crowds, masses, fashions, voluntary and compulsive associational leadership, composition, organization, and tactics; the power structure and dynamics of social movements.



BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
COLLEGE OF ARTS & LETTERS Pg. 335

204. ADVANCED SWAHILI

. . . problems of translation, advanced conversation . . .



BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE Pg. 79

MILITARY SCIENCE 1HF.

An introduction to military organization and the role played by the Army in national security affairs . . .



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FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES 1968-69 Pg. 328

C3071X

PROJECTS IN IMAGINATIVE WRITING

The student carries out his own project . . . in imaginative writing . . .



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY BULLETIN
COLUMBIA COLLEGE 1968-69 Pg. 86

17. THE STRUCTURE OF SPOKEN AMERICAN ENGLISH

A linguistic analysis of present-day American English with emphasis on spoken forms. Special attention to . . . expressive features . . .

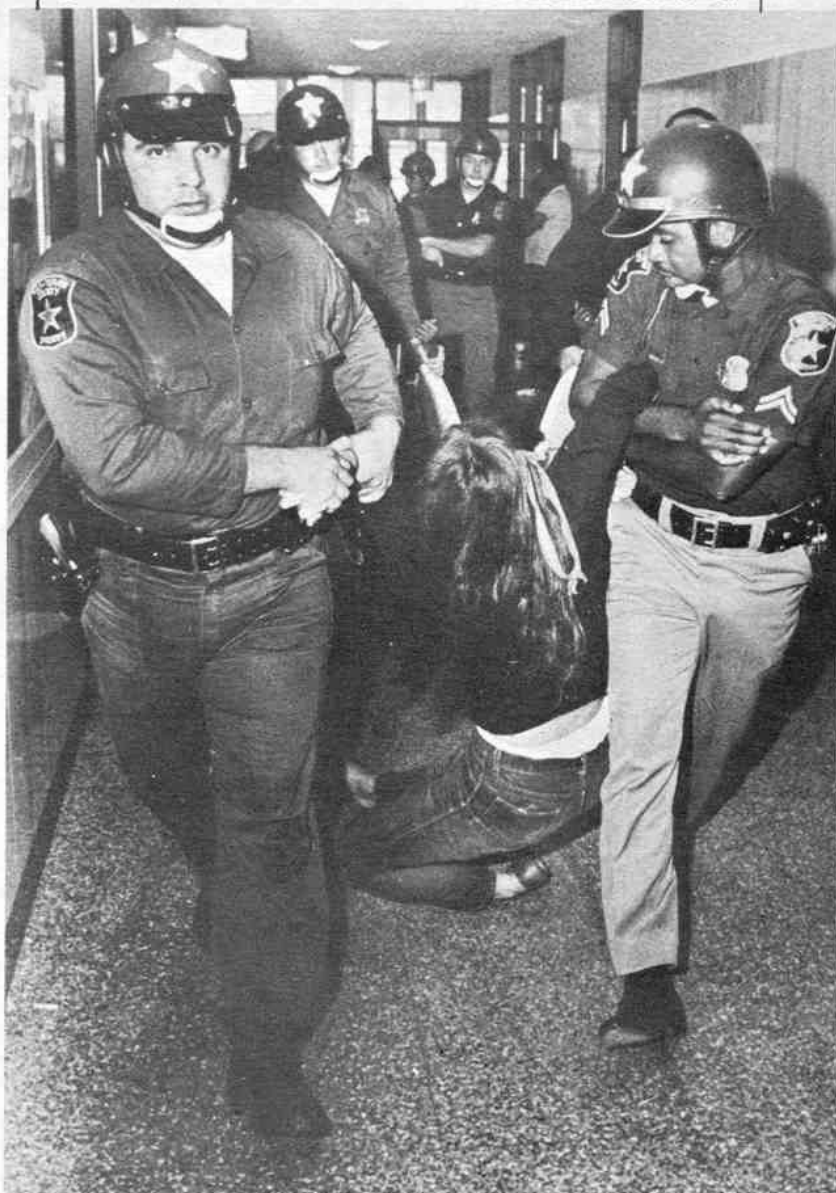


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UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAMS 1968-69 Pg. 17

1.258

CASE STUDIES IN TRANSPORTATION ENGINEERING

Techniques for the planning and design of components of transportation systems. Measures of effectiveness of alternate schemes.



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
BULLETIN 68/69 Pg. 238

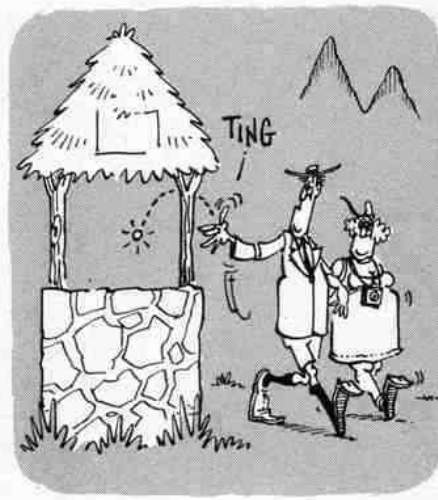
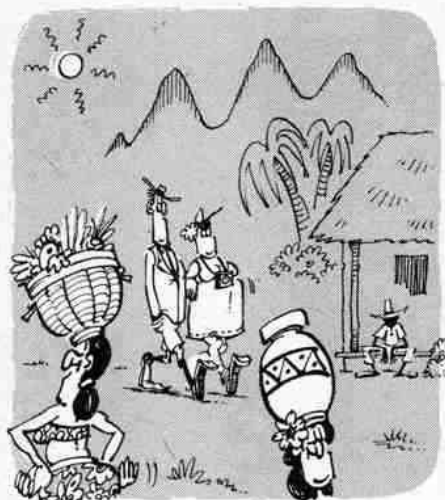
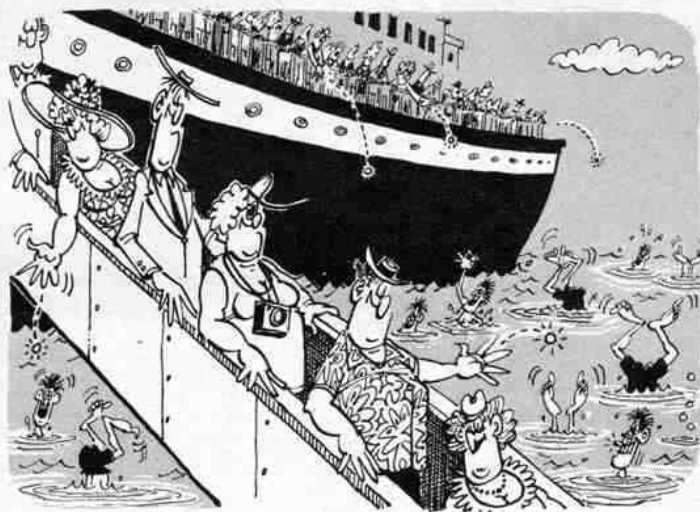
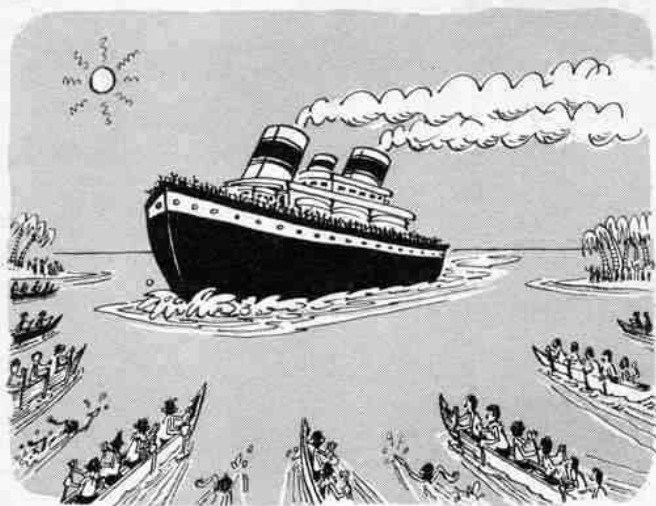
C3772Y READINGS IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL THEORY

Readings in modern theories and significant research bearing upon some of the major issues of contemporary sociology.



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY BULLETIN
COLUMBIA COLLEGE 1968-69 Pg. 183

ON A CRUISE TO A SOUTH SEA ISLAND





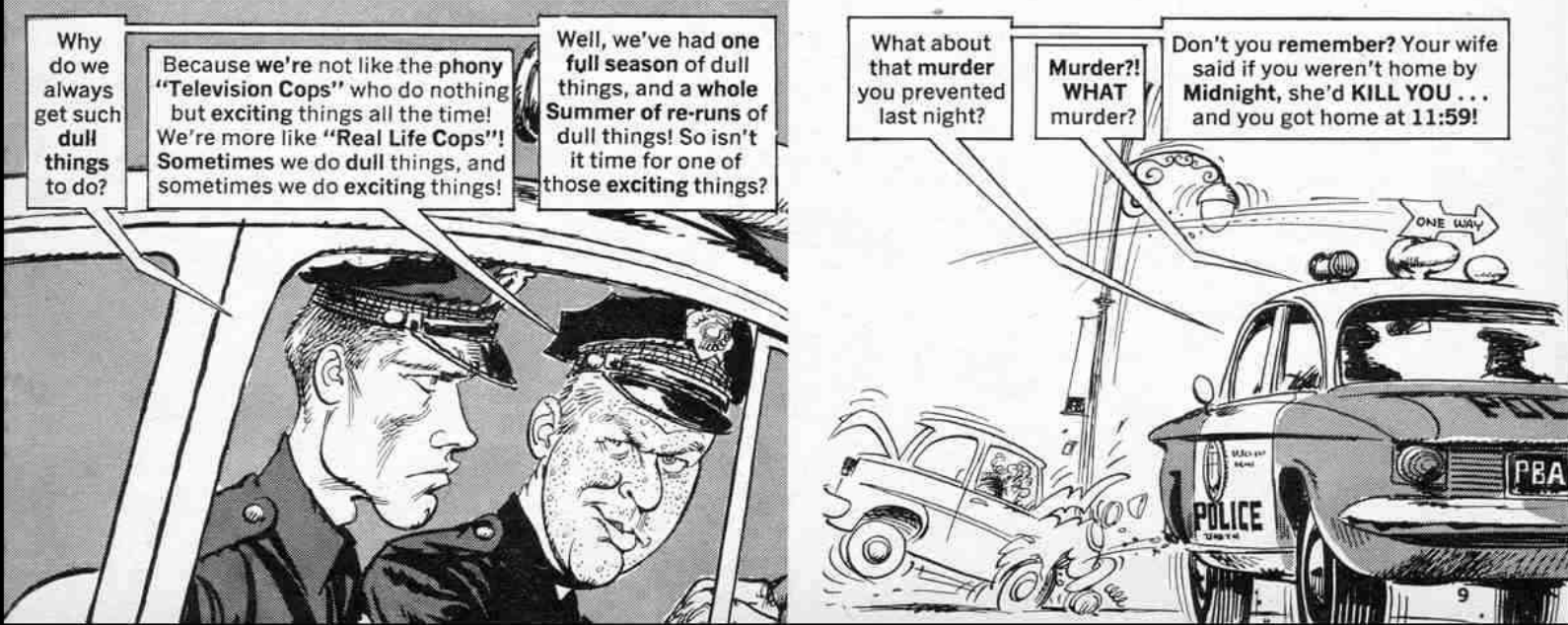
Once upon a time, Jack Webb brought the excitement of "Crime-Fighting" to the home TV screen with his "Dragnet" series. Nowadays, in a kind of switcheroo, Jack Webb is responsible for *creating* the "Crime" . . . namely, his new weekly series, "Adam-12". Instead of being another kind of exciting "Crime-Fighting"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

BOREDOM-12



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



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

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

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

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

Yeah, but you cleaned it off!!

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

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



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

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

Well? Did you give her a ticket?

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

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

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



What'll we do now?

Just ride around until we're needed!

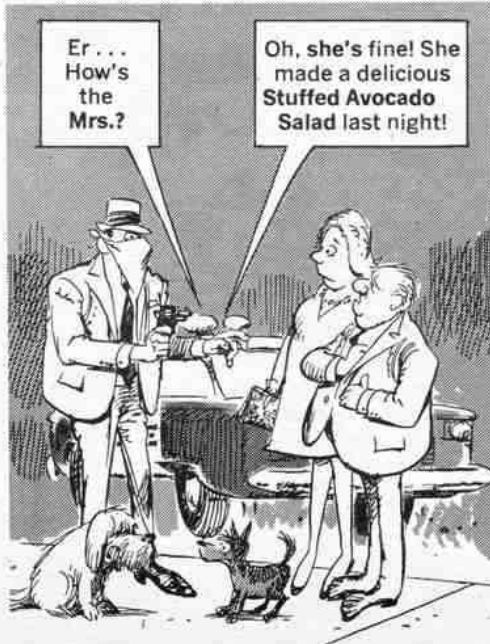
Gee, do we have that much GAS?

Er . . . How's the Mrs.?

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

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

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



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

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

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

Oh? How do you make that?

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

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

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



Hey, I think 375 Park is the other way!

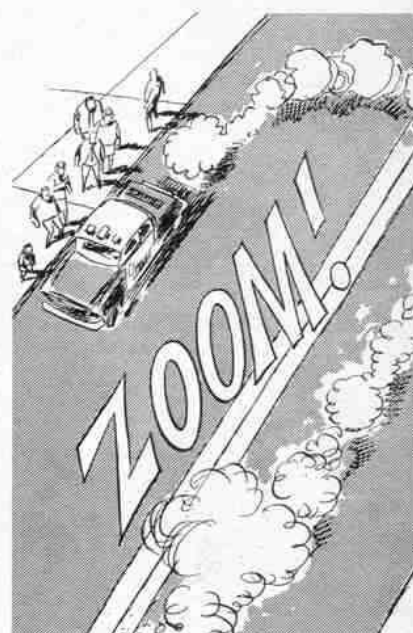
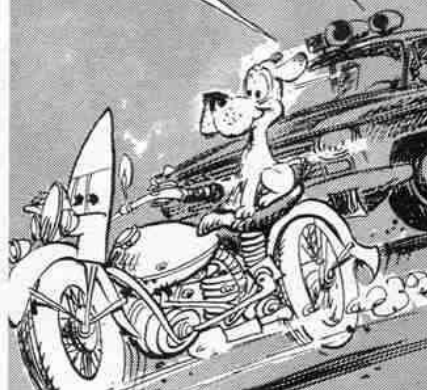
Oh, I thought we were going to your house for Avocado Salad first!

What about the suicide victim?

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

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

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



Hey, Dullboy! What's your home address?

What do want my home address for?

But I'm a COP!

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Go ahead! You were doing your drunk imitation!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

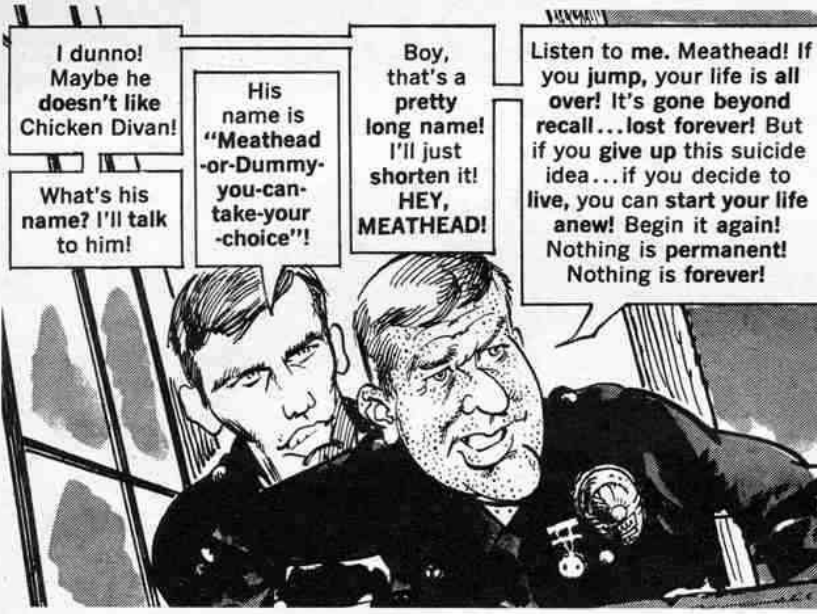
What in heck are you two doing out on that ledge?

Committing suicide!

Suicide is a chicken's way out!

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

Keep away from me, Copper!!



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

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

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

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

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

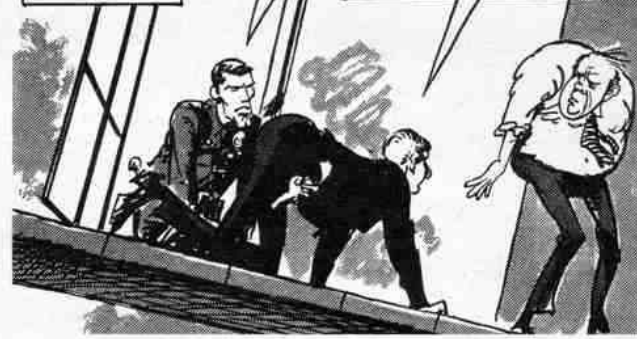


Consider me
your friend,
Meathead!
Suppose I
wasn't a cop!
Suppose
I wasn't
wearing this
uniform...

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

Will you shut up
and beat it!

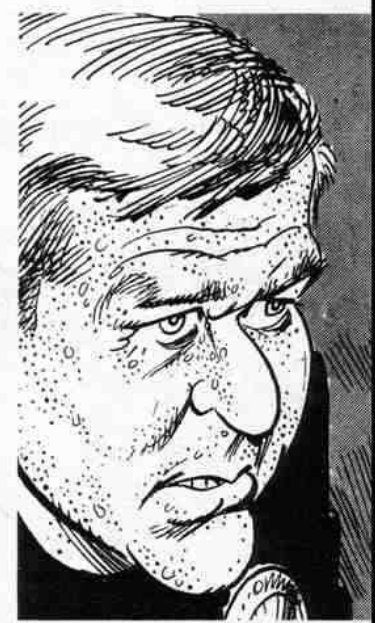
I know I'm just a cop,
Meathead! But I'm also
a Human Being! And
I care! I care if another
Human Being like you
lives or dies!



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

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

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



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

He... he
jumped?!

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



I almost bored him to death!

HOT WATER BAG DEPT.

You Know You're REAL

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you're driving through the most crime-ridden section of town with your best girl ... and you get a flat tire!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you've yelled at the new neighbor for keeping you awake with his all-night party, and then learn he's a kingpin of the Mafia.

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... the other kids finally agree to let you bat "lead off" ... and you find out it's because today's opposing pitcher is named "Beanball" Raunchmeyer!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you're riding a ski lift in a high wind, and you suddenly realize you're about to be sick!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... it's your first day on the new job, and you cream the Boss's car in the parking lot!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you find out that everybody else who had tuna fish casserole for lunch has already been rushed to the hospital!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... the new dormitory roommate you've drawn is President of the "Revolutionary Students' Military Action Committee"!

LY IN TROUBLE When...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: TOM KOCH

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you get on a subway at 2 A.M. and notice that all the other passengers are wearing leather jackets and carrying bicycle chains!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you're trying to call the Police without being heard by the burglar in the next room ... and all you keep getting is a recording that says you've dialed a non-working number!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you dart outside in your pajamas to grab the morning paper, and you hear the front door blow shut and lock behind you!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you've already deposited your used blade in the slot in the medicine cabinet, and then find your dispenser is empty!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



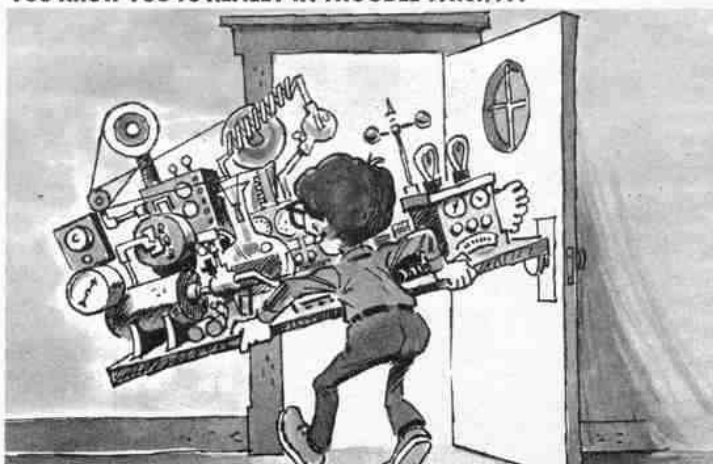
... your date is waiting for you to return to your restaurant table, and you're trapped in the Men's Room with your shirttail hopelessly stuck in your zipper!

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...

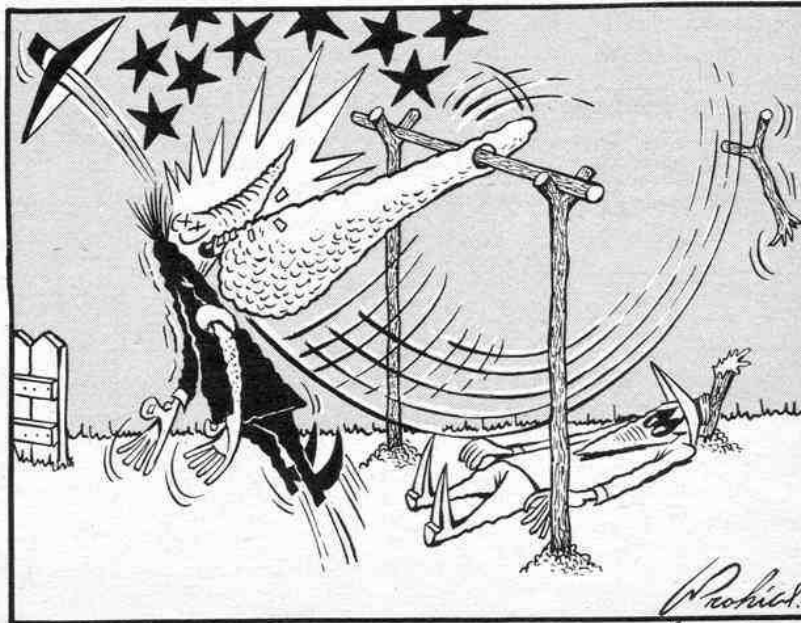
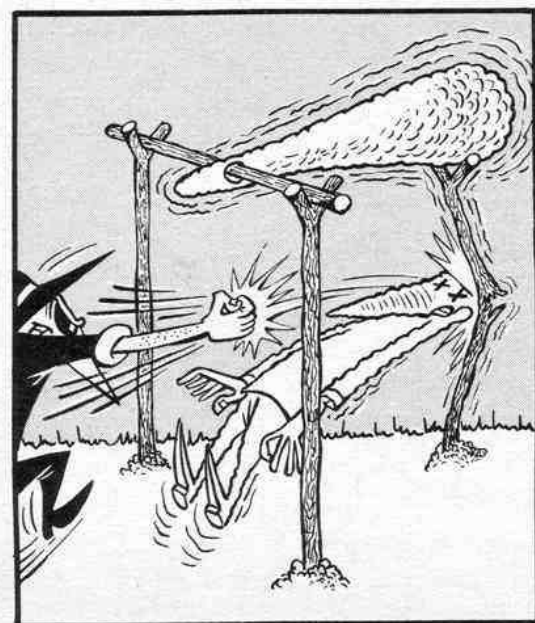
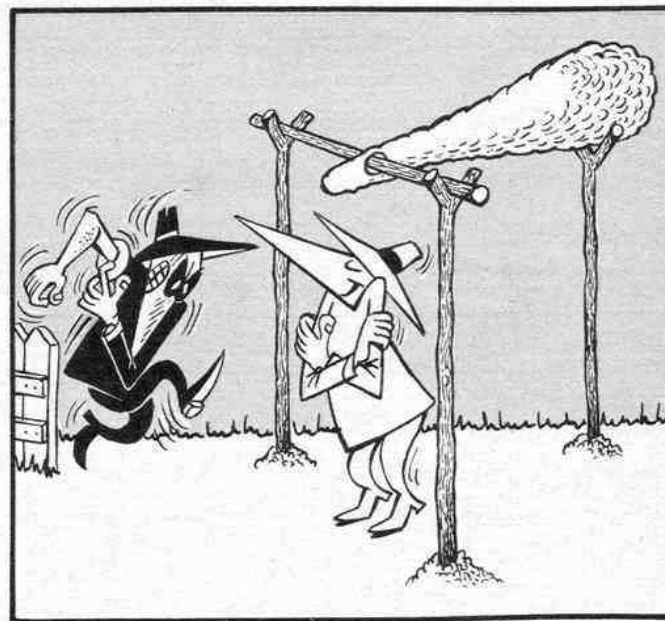
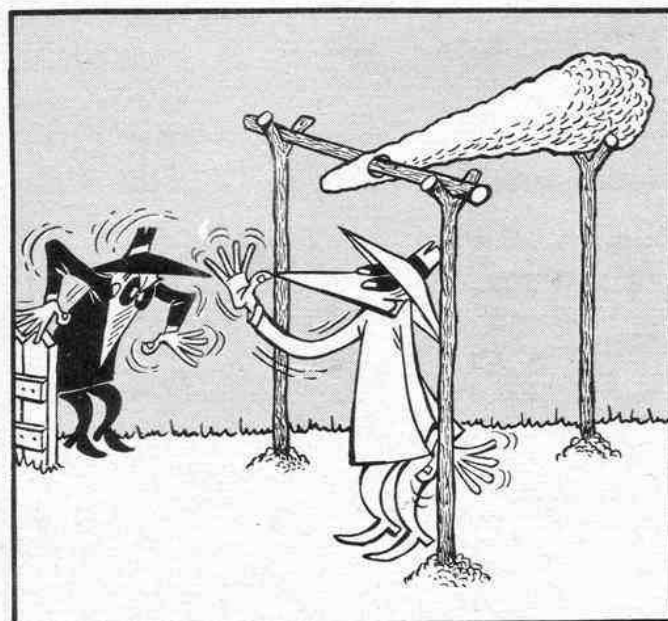
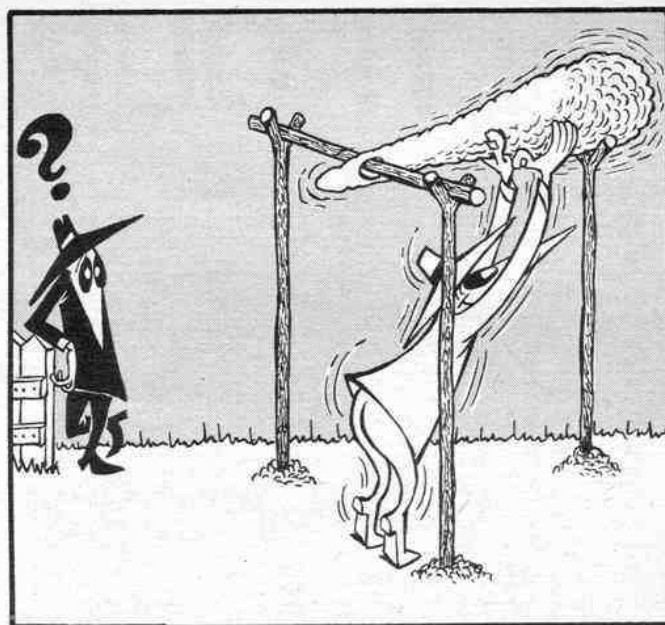


... you come back from the hot dog stand and find a bunch of muscular guys around your blanket, trying to impress your girl.

You Know You're REALLY IN TROUBLE When...



... you start out for school with the science project you've worked on all semester, and you discover it's two feet wider than the front door!





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

PASSIONATE GUN LOVE

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEVOTED GUN WORSHIPPER



"I Cleaned An Unloaded Gun— And Lived!"

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

California's Exciting New Sport:

HUNTING SQUIRRELS
WITH 50mm. CANNONS
• • •

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

RABBITS ENJOY BEING SHOT!
• • •

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

By The Late Ferdie Flumme
• • •

A HEART-WARMING MEMOIR:

"The Most
Unforgettable Duck
I Ever Slaughtered"
• • •

WOWIE! ZOWIE! GROOVY!

This Month's Sexy Fold-Out:
A .25 CALIBRE VARMINT GUN—
COMPLETELY STRIPPED DOWN!!



IN
THIS
ISSUE:

"106 Exciting Ways To
Make Love To Your Gun"

—106—
COUNT 'EM
—106—

How About This Little Sweetheart?

Wouldn't you like to own her?

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



ONLY \$112.00 POSTPAID

THE HOUSE OF KILL

1315 Peaceful Lane, Pleasantville, N. Y.

WE'RE OVERSTOCKED!

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



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

Regular Price: OUR SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE

\$14,500 \$39.95 (Two for \$75.00)

At all **A&P** (Artillery & Projectile) Stores

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

A Great Gimmick for your Smoker Friends!

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



Only \$24.95

Gun Fun And Games BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

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



Why Not Try...

KLORO-FILL BULLETS

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

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



Opening Shots

AN EDITORIAL BY THE PUBLISHER

Hi, there, shooters!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GUN SHOTS FROM ALL OVER

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



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



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



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



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

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



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



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

YOU BELONG IN THE



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

- ★ **A MEMBERSHIP CARD IN THE N.G.A.** This makes you an "Official Registered" killer!
- ★ **FREE PLANS FOR A HOME RANGE.** Learn how to convert your Living Room into a simulated forest. Learn how hunting family members in your own home can be even more thrilling than hunting deer, quail or other hunters outdoors.
- ★ **CATCHY BUMPER STICKERS.** We send you such all-time favorites as: "Register Commies, Not Guns!", "Bullets Are Beautiful!", "Congressmen Kill—Guns Don't!" and "Wake Up America—Or We'll Wake You Up With A Shot In The Eye!"
- ★ **TIPS ON LETTER-WRITING:** Learn how to write exciting form pressure letters to your Congressman in unison with millions of other members. Learn the excitement of using 2 and 3 syllable words you never heard of before!
- ★ **A FREE COPY OF "KILL",** our monthly "Gun Association Magazine." Read all about the exciting worlds of shooting and killing and maiming and blood-letting and death and all the other real American Sports and Athletics!

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND JOIN TODAY!

National Gun Association
New Membership Department

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

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

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

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

The National Gun Association

THE BEIGE ROOM THE WHITE HOUSE WASH., D.C.

ADVICE TO THE GUN-LORN

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

Dear B.B.:

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

Sentimental Shooter

Dear Sentimental Shooter:

Have you considered having the pistol bronzed?

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

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

Excited Collector

Dear Excited Collector:

About 4¢! You seem to have run across an old Flit Gun!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

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

Marriage-Minded

Dear Marriage-Minded:

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

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

Aye amm a longg-tyme gunn-oaner hoo desided awl bye hisself too rite yoo thiss perssonul lettur too protest yor aunty-gunn lejis — legiss — leggislay — lawrs wich yoo wantt too past inn yor Cungress theer. Aye wil never voat four yoo aggen iff yoo doo!

Jak Jownes

Dear Mr. Jones:

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

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

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

Chance-Taker

Dear Chance-Taker:

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

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

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

Distraught

Dear Distraught:

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

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

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

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

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

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

That's an old joke!

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

That's okay! It was an old gun!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

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

Uncertain

Dear Uncertain:

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

* * * *

Tracking The Wily English Sparrow Through Brush And Blind

A Gritty Shooter Experiences The Thrill Of A Lifetime



by George "Guts" Garfinkle

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

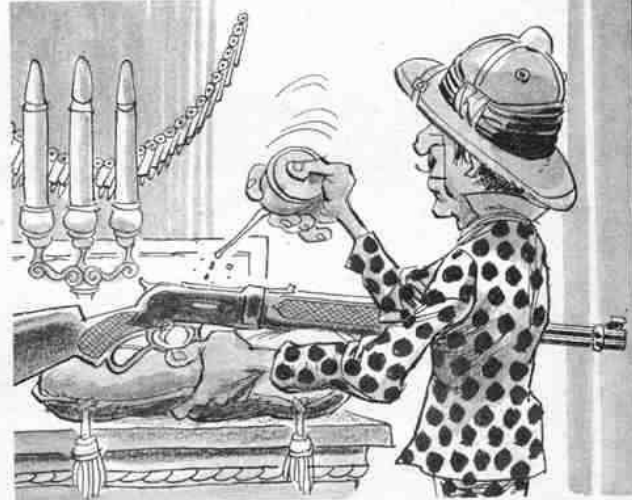
The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer

by **The Rev. Billy Clubb, Religion Editor**

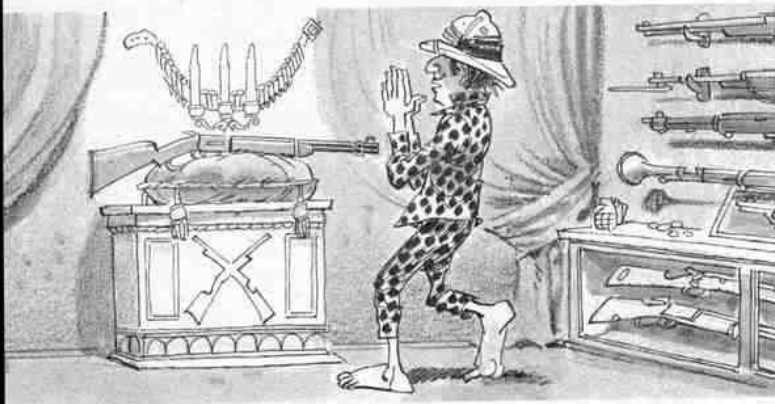
Many devout shooters have inquired about the proper way to pay devotion to their guns. So—I would like to begin this new Religious Series with “The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer”.



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



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



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



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

My Gun is my Shepherd;
I shall not want Targets.
It maketh me to lie down in Green
Pastures and blast Rabbits;
It leadeth me besides the Still Waters
where I pepper Mallard Ducks;
It restoreth my Aim.
It leadeth me along the Paths
of Forests for my Game's scent.
Yea, though I walk through the Valley
of Deer, I will fear no Warden.

My Gun is with me;
Its Telescopic Sight and its Sling,
they comfort me;
It anointeth my brain with Blood Lust;
My Ammo Belt runneth over!
Surely Pheasant and Woodchuck
shall follow me all of the
Hunting Trips of my Life,
And I shall dwell in the
Glory of the “Kill”—
Forever!

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

NEXT MONTH: “MORNING GUN DEVOTIONS” AND “THE PSALMS OF WINCHESTER”

RANDOM SHOTS FROM A BIG BORE

Explosive Gossip and Social Blasts From the World of Guns

by Steve "Pop" Emmoff

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



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

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



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

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

Passionate GUN-LOVE

Classified Ads

LOST AND FOUND

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

PERSONALS

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

PUBLIC NOTICES

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

GUN-SITTING SERVICE

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

BODY BUILDING

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

FUNERAL SERVICES

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

PHOTO SERVICES

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

PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

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

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

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

Okay, Mr. Gumbill, just drink this glass of whiskey and bite down on this bullet . . . and we'll have that old gall bladder out in a jiffy!

Ready to operate, Doctor!

Hold it a second while I check the credentials of that new Anesthetist!

Hey! Who put a lock on this Bathroom door? Bathroom doors in Hospitals are not supposed to have locks!

I know! They're taking all of the fun out of Nursing! Now—how can we walk in unexpectedly and embarrass patients?!

What do you mean you want us to change your room?!! The pairing off of people in Semi-Private rooms is a highly specialized science! It is only after much soul-searching that we decide when two patients are suitable for each other!

But he's a TV Comic who's here for a Nose Job . . . and I'm an Appendicitis case!

So?!

So did YOU ever try laughing with fresh appendix stitches?!

Miss Fuddle! You've got the name tags on these babies all mixed up! Now we'll never know which infant is which!

Don't worry! The Mothers will never know either!

There hasn't been a Nurse in that room for two weeks! How come they're all rushing in now?

"Tip Time"! Nurses can smell patients who are checked out a mile away!

The Heart Patient in 413 just had a serious relapse! What happened?

He rang the button over his head for a Nurse . . . and one actually showed up!

Your new Hernia case just checked in to Room 12, Doctor!

No, Nurse, you have that wrong! Mr. Metclaf is a Gall Bladder case! He does not have a Hernia!

He does NOW, Doctor!

Oh, NO! Not again!! How many times have I told you: DON'T LET MY PATIENTS ATTEMPT TO OPEN HOSPITAL WINDOWS!!

Come on, now! TRY!

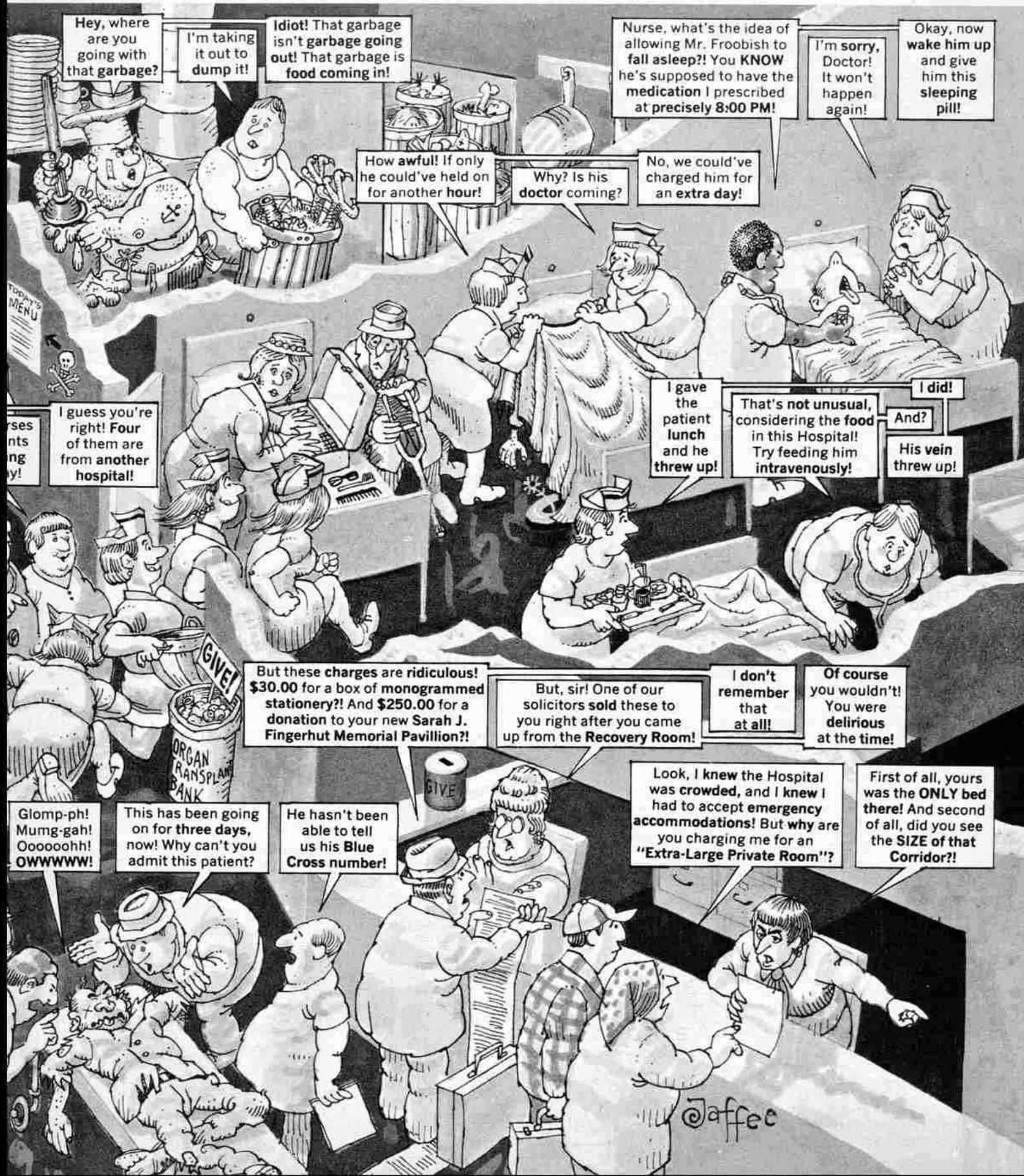
Glump-ph! Mumm-gh! Oooooohh!

You're not trying!

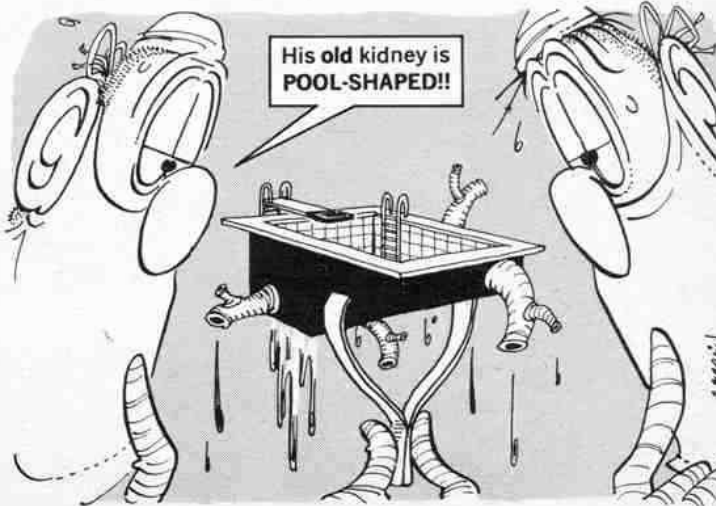
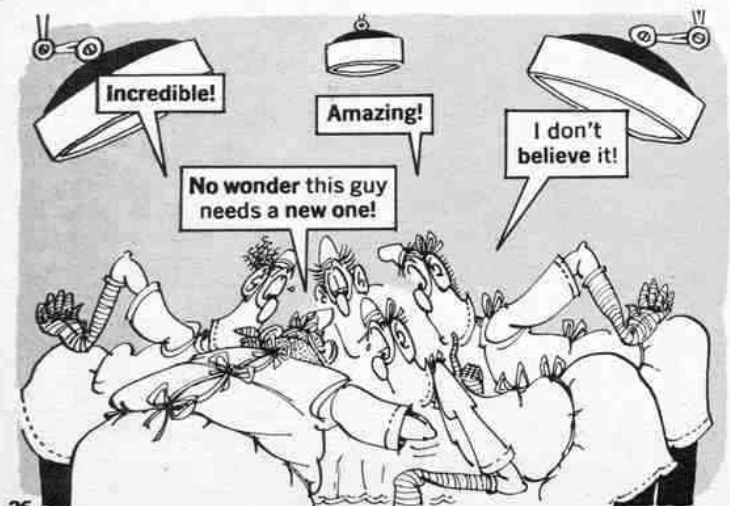
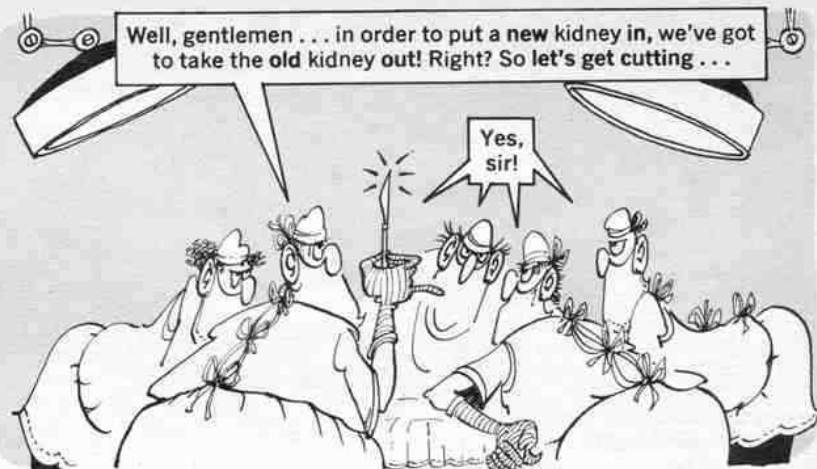
WHERE DEDICATED PEOPLE ARE WORKING TIRELESSLY AND SECRETLY TO MAKE OUR LIVES MISERABLE. LET'S TAKE

THE SCENES AT A HOSPITAL

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



THE KIDNEY TRANSPLANT



BLASTING IMPRESSION DEPT.

If you've ever seen Don Rickles on TV, you know what he's like! And if you've never seen him on TV, you're lucky! Because this is the kind of thing he does:

There's **Johnny Carson**. Hiya, Dummy! Makes a million dollars a year. Lives in a big expensive apartment overlooking the East River. Great view of the N.Y.C. Garbage Dumps. Every time the Sightseeing Boat goes by, Carson waves a flag out the window which says, "JOHNNY CARSON LIVES HERE! JOHNNY CARSON LIVES HERE!"

There's **Ed McMahon**. Hey, Ed, I was in the NBC "John" and the mirrors were dirty! You're not doing your job! How'd you like a punch right on your chins!?



There's **Joey Bishop**. The first time I saw Joey, he was sitting on Frank Sinatra's lap, reading his Christmas list. It's always fun appearing on TV with Joey. It's like challenging José Feliciano to an apple-bobbing contest! Actually, I don't mind, because he pays well—if you happen to collect Israeli bus tokens! But, as Joey's dear Mother once said, "To know him is to vomit!"



There's **Ed Sullivan**. A lot of folks felt bad when Ed died 4 years ago. But thank goodness his contract called for him to continue doing his show anyway! I personally like Ed, which shows what a sick guy I am! I'll never forget the first time I met Ed Sullivan. It was at a New Year's party. They were stirring the punch with him! I once made Ed laugh and his face cracked! But Ed's a good guy. Last year for my birthday, he sent me five gay, dwarf, acrobatic tumblers!



There's ex-band-singer, **Merv Griffin**. Merv reached the peak of his career when he played the washboard for Al Trace! His idea of an exciting song is "Yes, We Have No Bananas"! Merv's the only guy I know who can play straight-man for Spiro Agnew! I'm only kidding, Merv. You'll be around for a long time. At least until entertainment comes back!



Thank goodness, his TV show was cancelled! Because his fresh and amusing acid-tongued approach could have caught on, and we might have all become as caustic as he professes to be! In fact, here's a MAD look at what it would be like . . .

IF EVERYONE TALKED LIKE DON RICKLES

IF OTHER FOLKS ON TELEVISIO

Lawrence Welk

Good evening-a, ladies and-a gentlemen. It's-a time for more insipid-a music in-a the Lawrence Welk tradition. An'-a now, to start off our-a boring music-a session of-a sophomoric tunes, here is handsome Bobby Lido who used to-a test sneakers for-a Howard Hughes. Bob asks the musical stupidity, "Do you Love Me?" Actually, I hate-a him!



That was-a really awful, Bobby! An'-a now, my favorite an'-a yours—the Marx-a Brothers of-a the Music World—The Lennon Sisters! How long-a you girls been-a with me, making me sick?

Fifteen-a wonderful-a years-a, Mr. Welk!



Don't make-a fun of my accent or I'll take away your echo chamber an'-a make you sound like the fizz from-a flat Alka Seltzer tablet. Just kiss-a my ring an'-a go ahead an'-a sing. They're so pretty since their Rhino fungus cleared up! An'-a one . . . an'-a two . . . an'-a four . . .



Bert Parks

... and that means that the new Miss America for 1969 is lovely Miss Utah, Dora Sue Padget. Congratulations, Dora Sue, and watch it! The onion just fell out of your handkerchief! But seriously, I'll bet your parents back on the ranch are proud of you. It's not often that a bowlegged cowgirl becomes Miss America!

Thank you, Bert . . .



Hold it, Annie Oakley. What's with the "Bert" bit? Since when did you become an equal? It's "Mr. Parks"! Now say a few words to America—anything off the top of your head—if your dandruff'll let it come through—and then I'll move downwind, 'cause you're more cow than girl, le'me tell you!

Well, I just want to say that I think it's wonderful to live in a country where this can happen! And I prom—



Okay! Okay! Enough with the Pat Boone imitation. Now take the bouquet and walk down the ramp so all the bald-headed men who paid the scalpers a fortune for seats next to it can do their thing. And try not to cry on the flowers, they're wilted already! And—THERE SHE GOES—MISS AMERICA . . .



N TALKED LIKE DON RICKLES...

Captain Kangaroo

Morning, boys and girls. Isn't it a nice day out? Sure it is! And are you happy today? Sure you are! And did you wet your bed last night? Sure you did! And did you grab Mommy's ring and flush it down the you-know-what? Sure you did! And does the Captain despise you? Sure he does! And are you too young to know what "despise" means? Sure you are ... lucky for me!



Well, good morning, Mr. Green Jeans. And why do you look so sad today? Is it because you're still being paid scale, and I'm making over 2 million dollars a year? I'll bet it is. Don't you think so, boys and girls? Every morning, Mr. Green Jeans stands and looks in his dressing room mirror and says, "I'm the star! I'm the star!"



And now it's time to play "Simon Says". All ready? Let's begin. Simon says, "Hands on hips!" Simon says, "Spill your oatmeal!" Simon says, "Rub jam on your shirt!" "Pick your nose!" — Ah-hah! I caught you! I didn't say, "Simon says" and most of you dum-dums are standing out there with fingers up your noses, picking away! Aren't you?



Huntley and Brinkley

Good night, David ... or as they laughingly refer to you in the News Room ... Mr. Emotion!

Good night, Chet ... and I'm glad to see that the face-lifts are working out!



Good night, David, and tomorrow try reading the news without giggling!

Good night, Chet ... and tomorrow try getting to the studio a few minutes early for a run-through so every word in the script won't come as a surprise!



Good night, David ... and you'd better hurry up! I wouldn't want you to be late for your class at Announcer's School! It's really helping!

Good night, Chet! I'll hurry because I know Bob Sarnoff wants to go out tonight and you have to get into your Chauffeur's Uniform!



IF PEOPLE IN THE NEWSPAPERS

PEANUTS

HEY, YOU FEMALE DWARF! WHY DON'T YOU GET A **NEW DRESS?** THE WOOL IN THAT ONE'S SO OLD AND WRINKLED IT LOOKS LIKE THE **SHEEP'S** STILL IN IT!



HEY, LIBERACE! YOU CAN KNOCK OFF THE KEYBOARD ANTICS! I'VE HEARD YOU PLAY AND YOU'RE NO VAN CLIBURN! YOU'RE NOT EVEN A **SOL** CLIBURN! AND I'M CALLING IN A SPECIALIST ABOUT THAT CURVATURE OF THE SPINE!



HELLO, MUTT! WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE **OTHER** DOGS AND **BURY BONES?** YOU COULD START WITH YOUR **OWN!** BUT SERIOUSLY, I LOVE EVERY FLEA ON YOUR BODY, AND I ONLY PRAY THAT THE RED BARON SHOOTS YOU DOWN OVER **WATER** SO YOU'LL FINALLY TAKE A **BATH!**



IF CHARACTERS IN THE MOVIES

Dracula

I am Count Dracula, and I bid you welcome... I bid you welcome...

Will you listen to this yo-yo? "I bid you welcome!" Weren't you the Maitre'D at **Auschwitz?** Get the dress suit and cape! Are you kidding? Come on, show me a seat! I don't want to miss the **Rockettes!**



Hey, if you're a good boy, I may let you watch me lance a **boil** later! And I may even lend you a **flavor straw!** And if you're a **VERY** good boy, I may wear a **white vest** to the table and let you watch me eat a **sloppy Italian dinner!** That ought to help you blow your gourd!



Tarzan

Me, Tarzan! Girl, Jane! Boy, Boy! Cheetah, Cheetah...



IF PEOPLE IN EVERY DAY LIFE

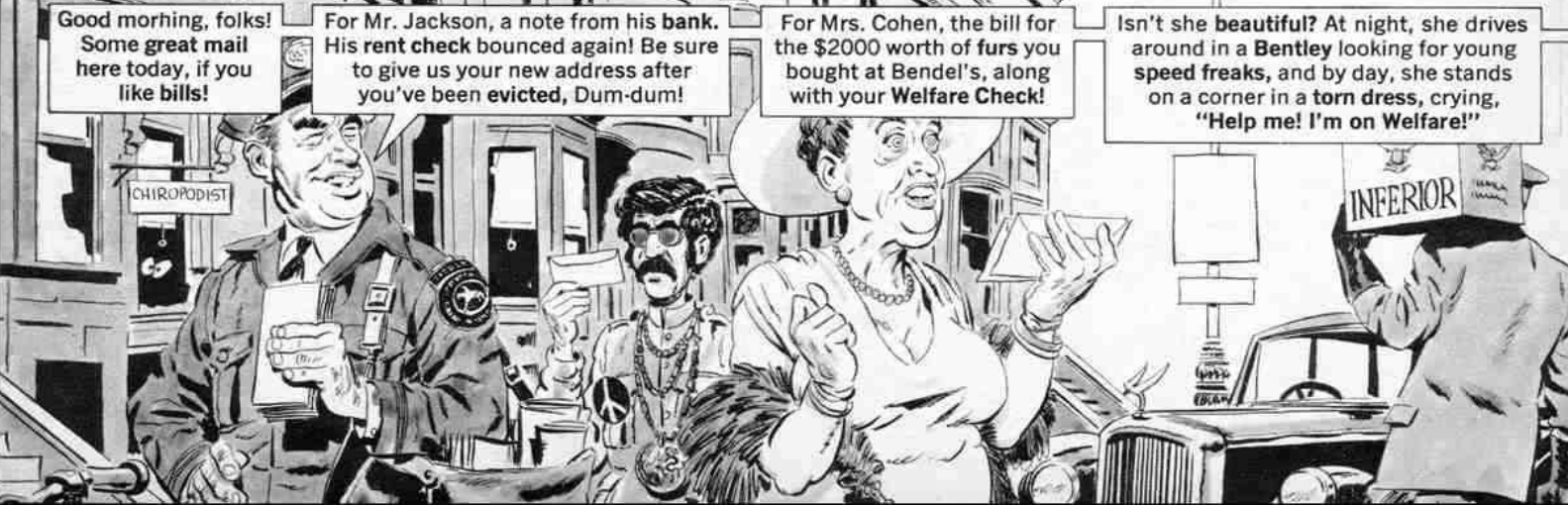
A Mailman

Good morning, folks! Some great mail here today, if you like **bills!**

For Mr. Jackson, a note from his bank. His rent check bounced again! Be sure to give us your new address after you've been evicted, Dum-dum!

For Mrs. Cohen, the bill for the \$2000 worth of furs you bought at Bendel's, along with your **Welfare Check!**

Isn't she beautiful? At night, she drives around in a **Bentley** looking for young speed freaks, and by day, she stands on a corner in a **torn dress**, crying, "Help me! I'm on **Welfare!**"



TALKED LIKE DON RICKLES...



Dear Abby

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

Dear Abby,

I have a terrible teenage problem. I am 17, a senior in high school, and I look like I've cornered the market on acne. I have a crush on this real out of sight boy, but he won't even look at me. I've tried all sorts of freaky preparations, but nothing seems to work. How can I get rid of THEM...and get HIM instead? Please help me!

Blotchy

Dear Yo-yo:

Sorry I didn't answer your letter six months ago when I first

got it, but I hate to correspond with pimply-faced kids. There's only one thing I hate more than a pimply-faced kid and that's a pimply-faced adult, which you will soon be if your face doesn't clear up.

But I wouldn't be too shook up. It's possible to be pimply and popular at the same time. Look at Joseph Stalin and John Dillinger.

Have you tried squeezing them with your fingers or tweezers? If you don't have fingers or tweezers, a pair of needle-nosed

pliers will do the trick. After a few years of continuous squeezing, you won't have any pimples left. But you will have a face full of holes, and people will keep asking you what's par for your face.

You might also try sitting on a wet rock during a full moon and watching a frog's neck throb. This may not clear up your acne, but it could turn you on.

Also, if you happen to be a very shy, religious, proper young lady, you might try seeing an Andy Warhol movie. Hot flashes have been known to clear up more than one teenage face.

If none of these things work, you can always walk around and tell everybody you're Joe Namath.

But please don't write again. Yecch!

TALKED LIKE DON RICKLES...

This must be the famous Ape Man we've heard about! Be careful what you say!

Don't worry about Dum-dum, here! He's got an I.Q. of minus 30. He karates Hippos to work up an appetite for lunch! And he hasn't changed his loin cloth in 20 years!



Our best friends are pigmies, and their idea of an exciting evening is sitting around watching a group of Army ants hold close-order drill on a lump of sugar! So I'll go anywhere with you! Just ask me!



You don't know what hell it's been living with this baboon-crippler! He thinks a Pole Vault is where Janitors keep their money. To him, the Supreme Court is a fancy motel in Nairobi! And Mini-Skirts is what Mickey Mouse gives his girl friend for Christmas! So you gotta get me out of here! I'll pay anything! How many bananas can you eat! Go ahead, name it!



TALKED LIKE DON RICKLES...

For Mrs. Carlisle, a package from the Fuller Brush Man in this area. Sorry about the tomato stains on the Pucci Panties, but the boys at the P.O. had spaghetti for lunch!

For little Tommy Dink, his copy of Playboy! That means he can crawl into bed tonight, pull the covers over his head and play "Pup Tent"!

For Mrs. King, the hospital's report on your X-Rays! I know how you like to be surprised, so if you'll cover your ears, I'll tell the others how many weeks you've got left to live!

And for Mrs. Gates, a letter for your 16-year-old daughter from her boyfriend in Vietnam! I didn't know she was pregnant!

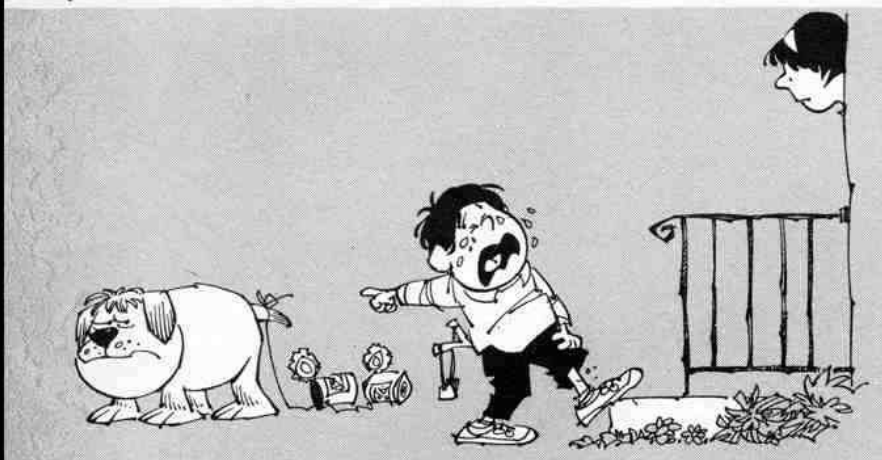


MONGREL HORDES DEPT.

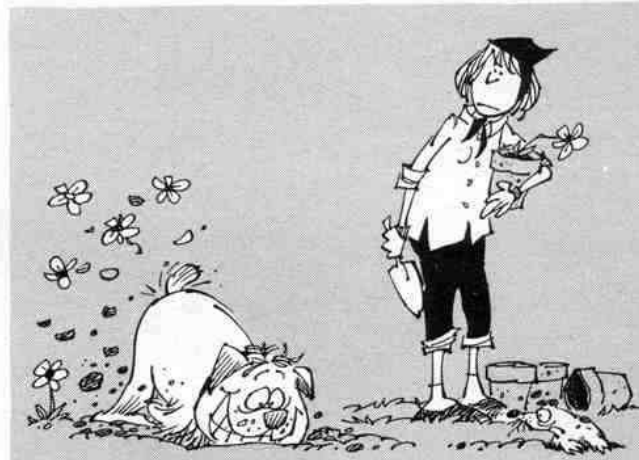
As you drive through a clean, modern, manicured, safe suburb today, it's hard to imagine that our ancestors had to cope with wild, vicious animals on that very same ground. No, we're not talking about wolves and grizzly bears! We're talking about DOGS! And we're

A NOSTALGIC

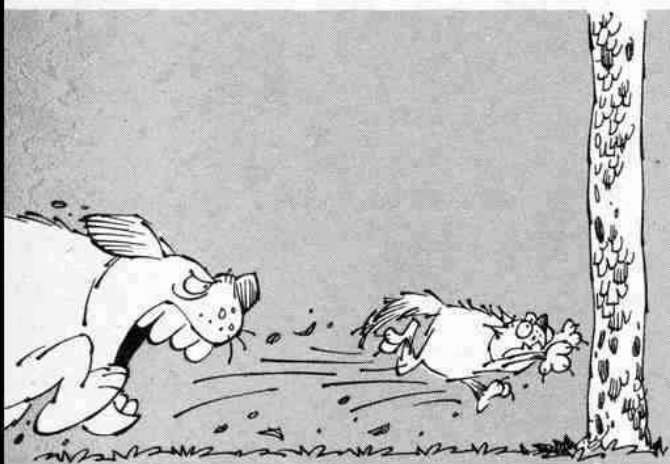
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



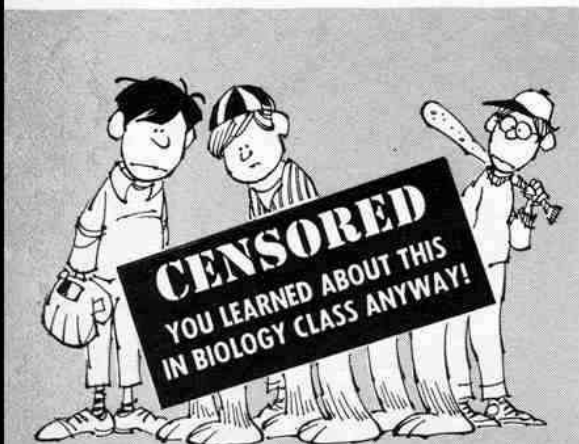
No kid ever grew up without being bitten at least once by a mean dog.



No flower garden or vegetable patch was ever safe.



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



32 No sex education in school was necessary!



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

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



LOOK AT DOGS

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN



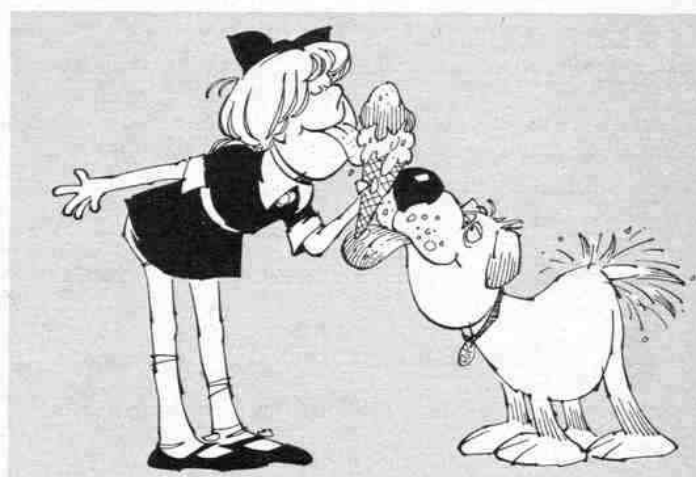
No newly-planted tree or shrub was ever safe, either!



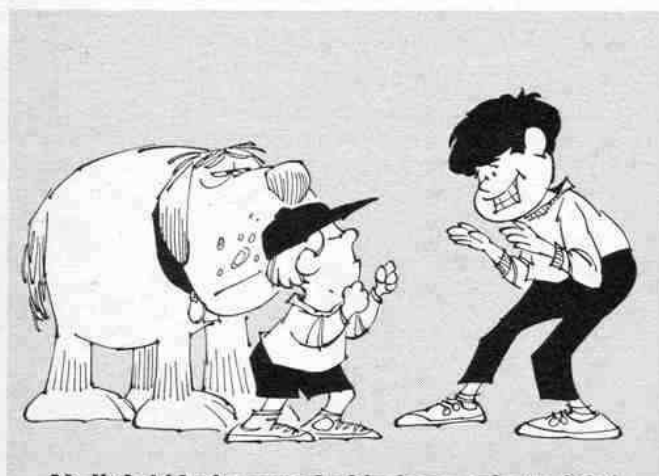
Nobody ever ran for a touchdown unless he was faster than the dog.



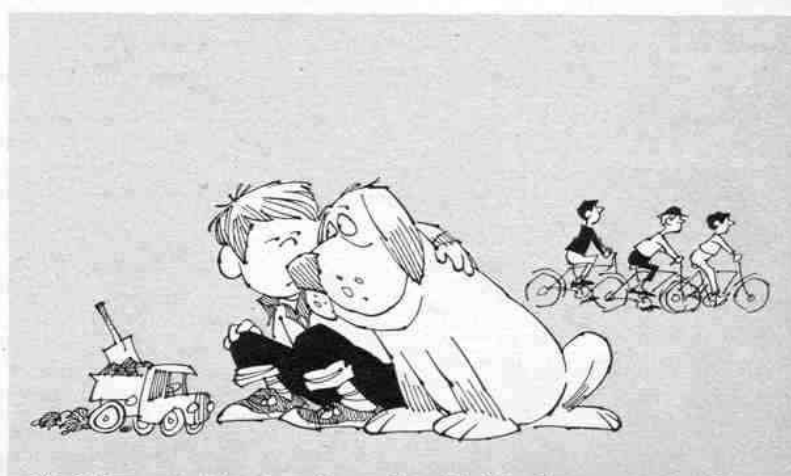
No one ever got to read his Sunday Paper after 9:00 A.M.!



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



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



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

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

W

As your Guidance Counselor, I think it's time we had a talk! Let's have a look at your Record! Hmmmm...

I see here that your parents recently bought you a car and you're having a ball cleaning it and repairing it and racing around in it and picking up girls in it and going places in it!

Gee, everything you say is true, but I didn't know all that is there in my Record!

Oh, yes! It's written here very plainly!

You took "Driver's Ed" last year, and now THIS YEAR...

ALL YOUR MARKS ARE DOWN!



ROAR



Hey, guys! Look at that fat old geezer trying to work off some blubber on that crazy English bike! Ha-Ha!

Yeah! Haw-Haw-Haw!



WANNA DRAG?!



What are you doing?

I'm putting Tommy's new bike together!

It's lovely, but where are the "Training Wheels"?

TRAINING WHEELS?! Don't be so neurotic and over-protective! You can't wrap him in a cocoon all his life! My boy's not going to be a sissy!

Don't argue with me! I'm not going to worry every time he goes out riding his bike!

And I'm not being neurotic and over-protective! I've got a mother's heart and a woman's intuition about the safety of her child!

So I insist—No, I demand that you put Training Wheels on his new bike!



HEELS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

All week long, I'm a Salesman
... driving around on my fat
butt from customer to customer!



That's why I look forward to
the week-ends when I can come
out to the Golf Course and make
up for my lack of exercise!

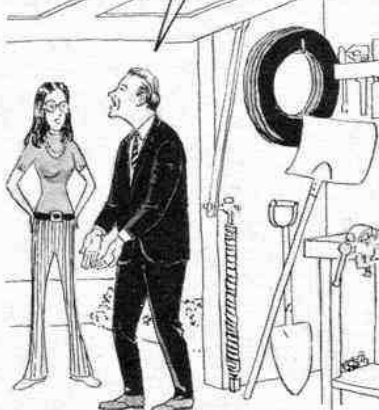


Daddy,
I
want ...

YOU WANT?!
AGAIN
YOU WANT??



THE WOUND IN MY WALLET
HASN'T HEALED FROM YOUR
LAST "I WANT ..."!!



"It's the cutest little Honda!",
you said! "It folds up, and you
throw it into the car trunk!" you
said! Well, I GAVE you your cute
little Honda! NOW, what
do you want?



A car trunk to
throw it into!



ON A THREE-WHEELER?!!



What
are you
doing?

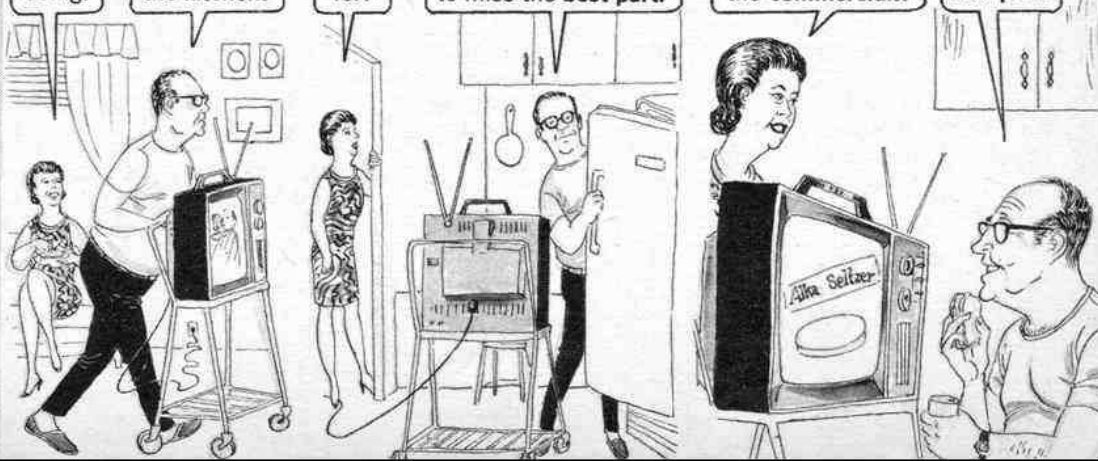
Wheeling the
TV set into
the kitchen?

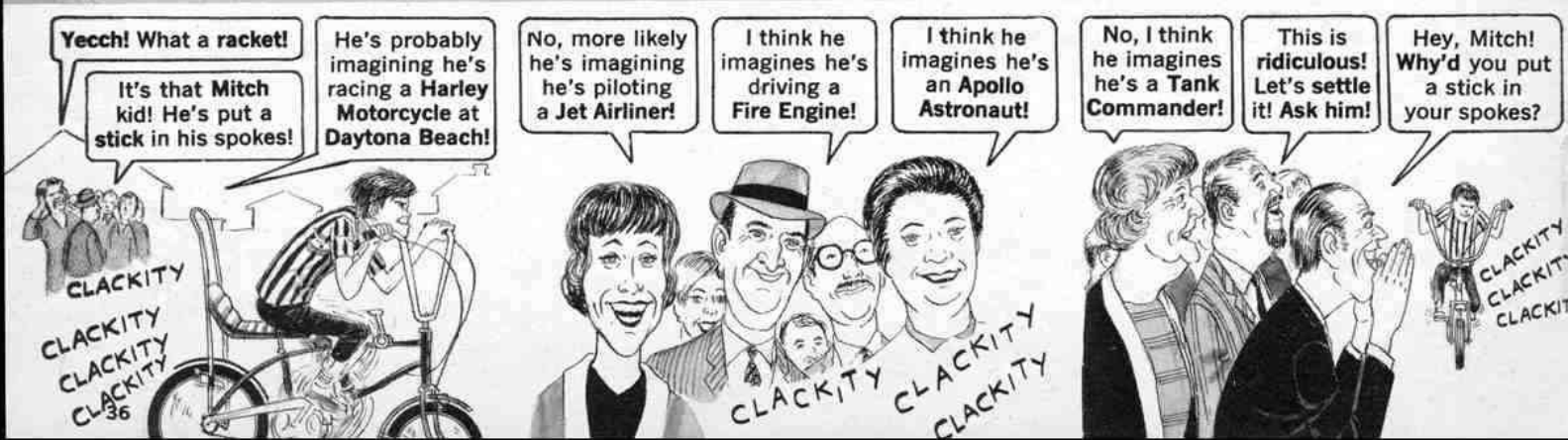
What
ever
for?

I'm getting myself a
snack and I don't want
to miss the best part!

Then why not get
your snack during
the commercial?!

Because
that's the
best part!





Hey!! Where are YOU going? I'm loaded down with all these things, and you're walking off without helping me?! C'MON BACK HERE!!



Gee, Pop! Why don't you just take that shopping cart off the wall, unfold it, put all those things in it, and wheel 'em?!



The kid's right! He's much smarter than you!



Smarter, my foot! He'll do anything to get out of work!



How about riding it downtown in the basket of your bike?



What am I—a little kid? I'm almost old enough to be driving a car! I can't be seen riding a bike!



Well, how about taking the bus?



What am I—a little kid? If I take the bus, everyone'll KNOW I'm not old enough to drive a car! I'm walking!



Well . . . what do you think of that son of yours?



I think he's acting like a little kid!



Roller skates! Hey, le'me try 'em! When I was a kid, I was pretty good on roller skates! I had a "specialty"!



Okay, everybody! Watch closely . . .



Hah! Big talker! So where's the "specialty" you were bragging about?!



That was IT!



To make a racket!!



WANNA DRAG?!

YEAH!!



WANNA GO TO THE HOSPITAL?!

YEAH!!

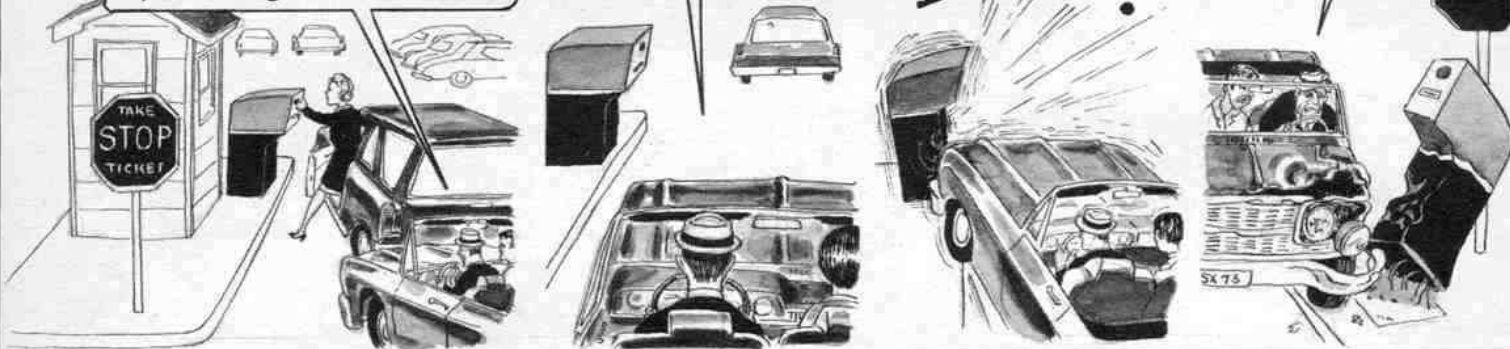


Boy, it happens **every time** in these parking lots where you have to take a ticket! Women never seem to drive up near enough to make the reach!

You have to gauge yourself and pull up real close! Let an expert show you how...

BUMP!

Well... *gulp*... anyway... you get the idea!



Do you realize how the invention of the automobile changed our "Mating Customs"? It used to be that a guy could only look forward to marrying the girl next door!

But with an automobile, a guy has mobility! He has many more girls to choose from! Take me, f'rinstance! My car made me a four-wheeled Don Juan who could scour the countryside, looking for an eligible mate!

And that's how I met you! After eliminating all the lemons, there you were...

... right next door!



Gee, how'd you manage to get your Dad's car so you could take me to the Drive-In Movie tonight?

I told him I had to go over to Billy Wexler's house to study!

He'll never know the difference!



It says here that the wheel was invented about 5000 years ago, and that without it, Civilization would not be possible!

You know what it says here...?

"35,000 War Casualties in Vietnam!"

"Student Rioters Burn Houses of Learning!"

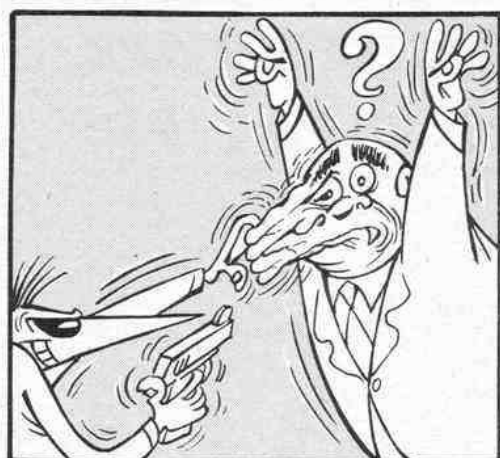
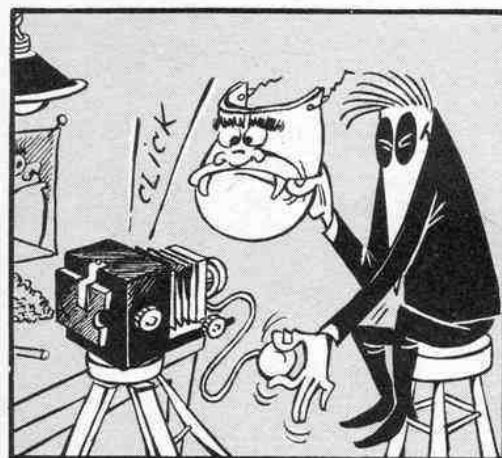
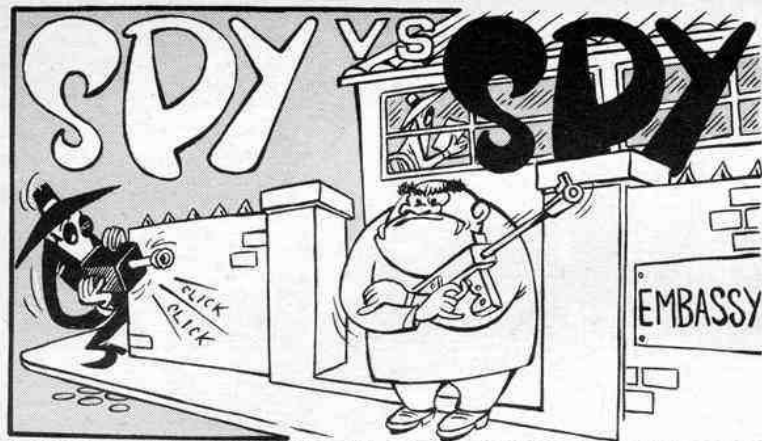
"Many Go Hungry In The Richest Country In The World!"

"Crime Reaches All-Time High!"

"Holiday Death Toll Breaks Record!"

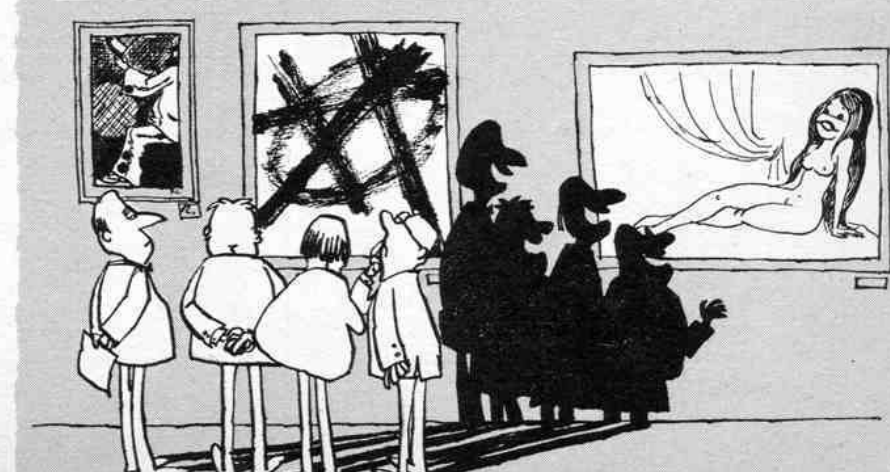
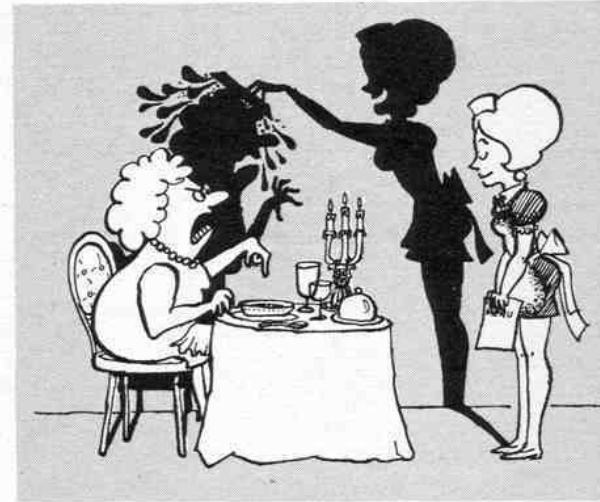
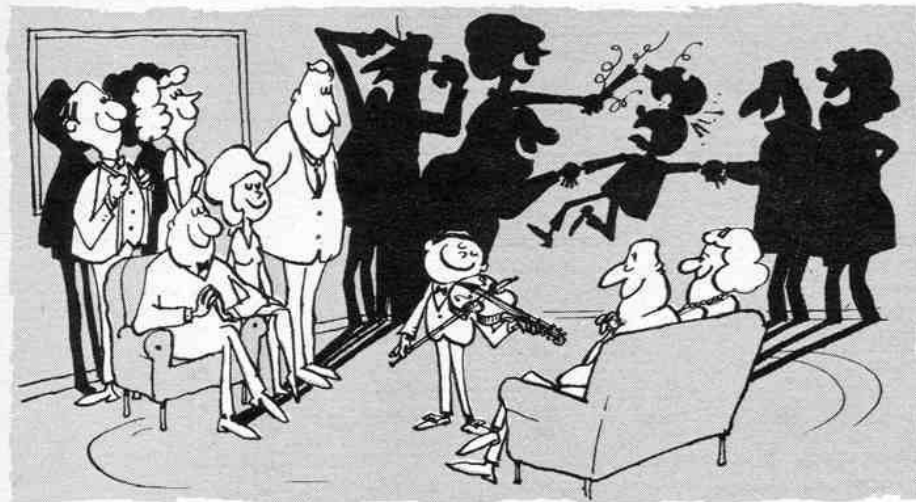
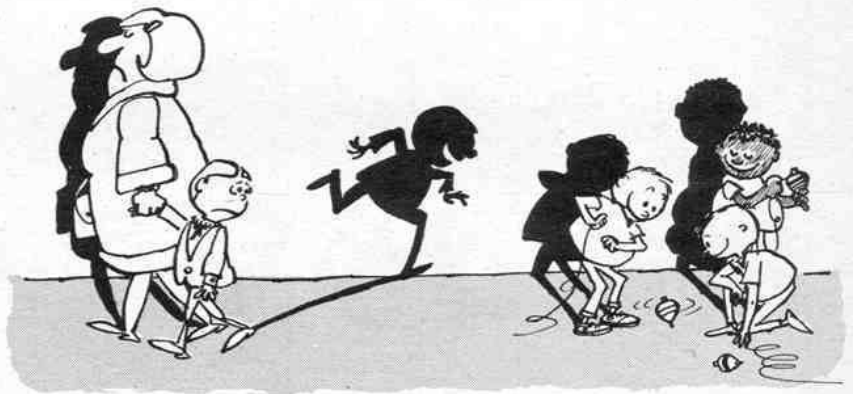
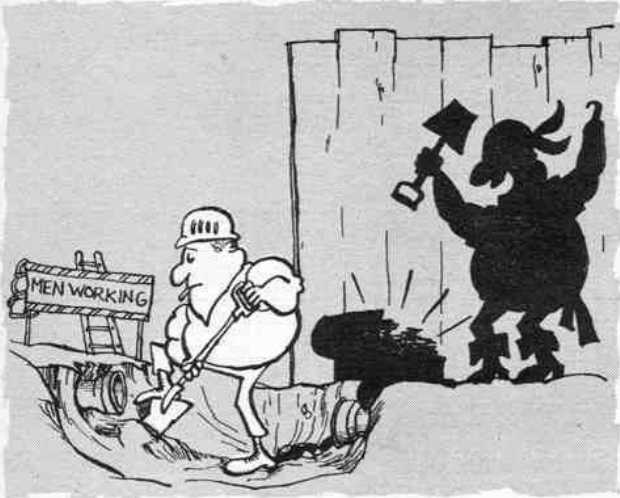
Okay... so now that we've got the wheel, WHEN THE HECK IS CIVILIZATION GONNA START?





WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

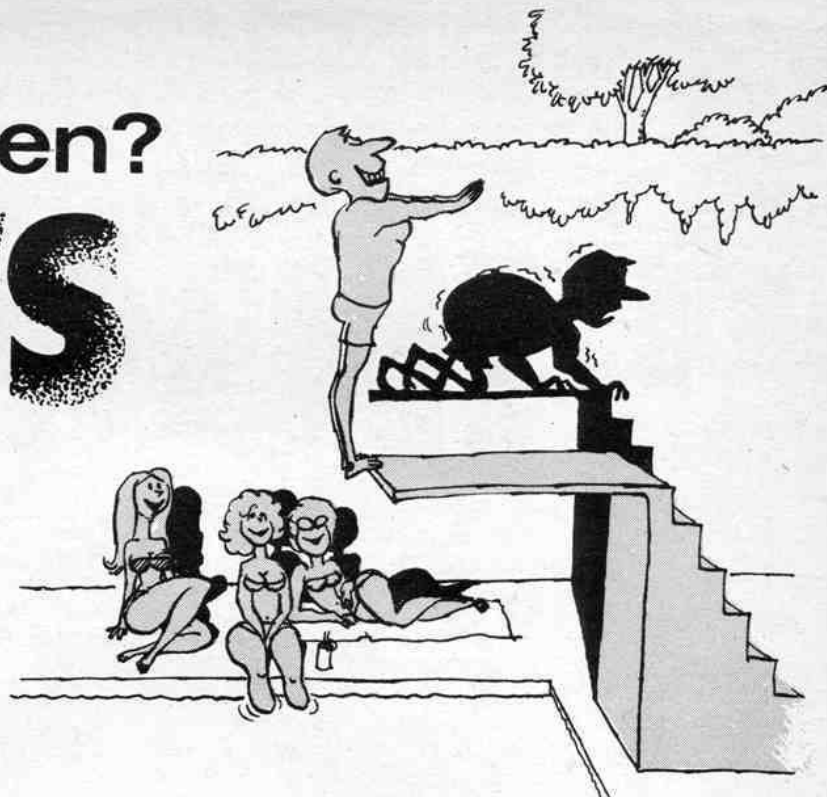
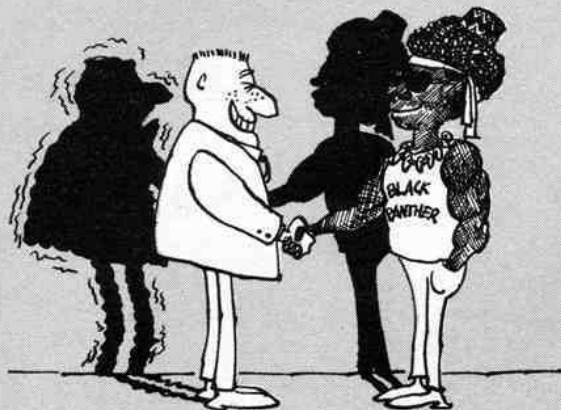
Who Knows What Evils Lurk In THE SHADOW



The Hearts Of Men?

KNOWS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



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

HOOD - BOY,





COLUMBUS!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Neat, where are you running without eating?

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

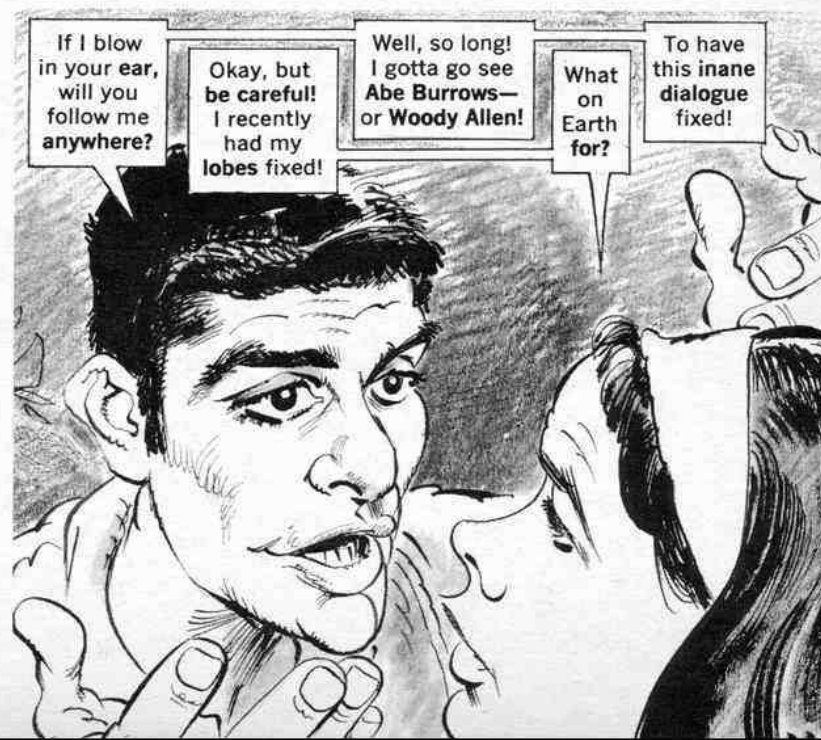


Hey, how come you hold your hand in front of your face?

I'm afraid of my nose! I recently had it fixed! Yeah? Why?

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

Yes, right after I have my freckles fixed!



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

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

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

What on Earth for?

To have this inane dialogue fixed!

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

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

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

Really? What's he Majoring in? Gangling!

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

Pass the roast beef! You've already had six helpings, and there's none left!

Then pass the ketchup! What for?

I'm gonna eat the table-cloth!



Hey, that reminds me! I'm playing basketball tonight!

WHAT reminds you?

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

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

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



Have some more apple pie, Neat!

No, thanks! I just lost my appetite!

Why? Do I disgust you?

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

I am NOT playing "Legsie" with you!

Well, if you're not... then who is?

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



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

Now we go out!

To play some ball?

No, now we go out for some CHINESE FOOD!

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

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

Is there money in it?

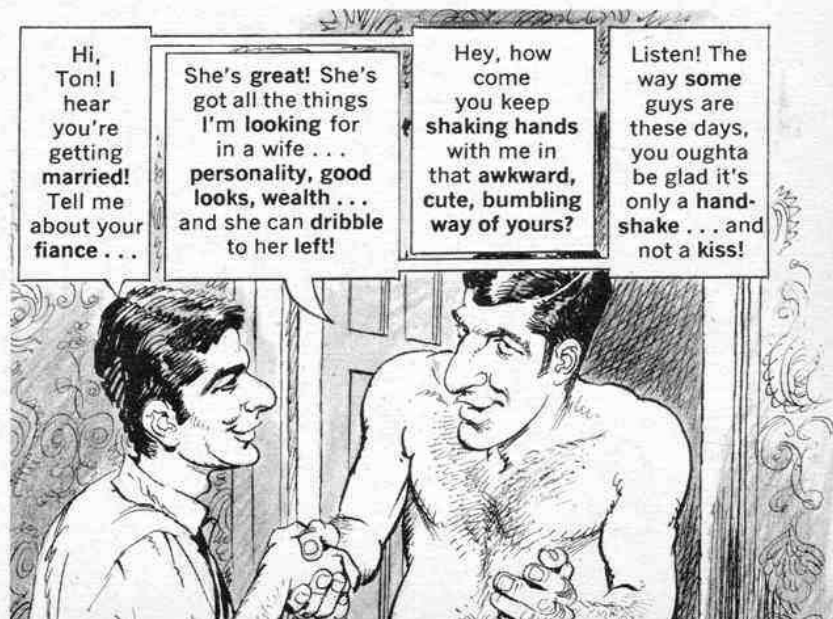
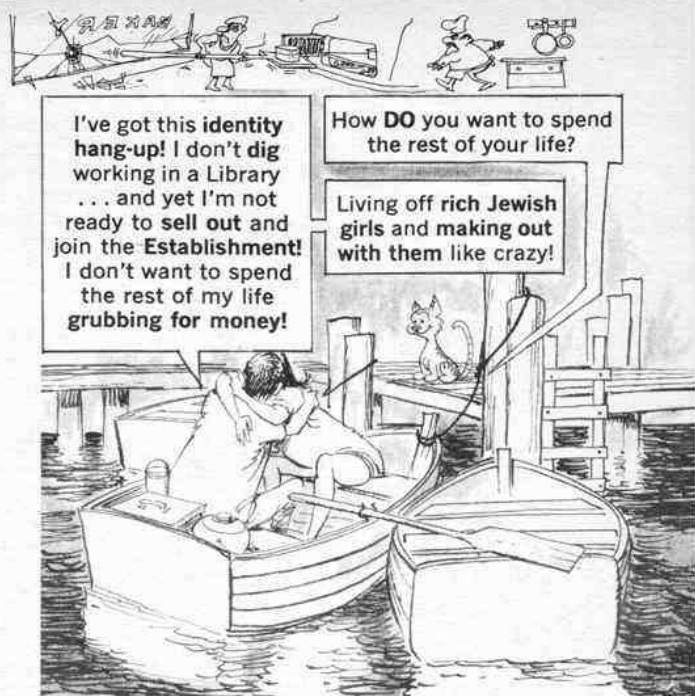
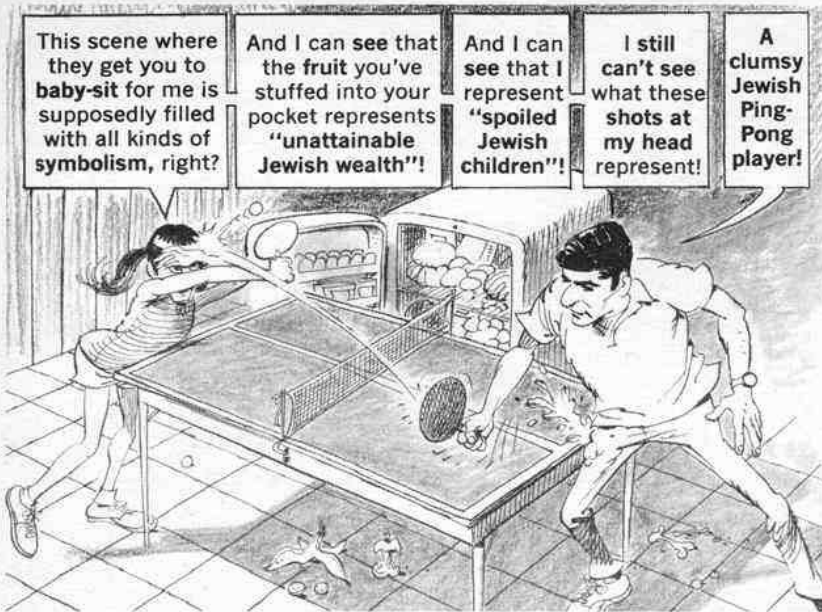
I get paid \$1.25 for each shoosh!

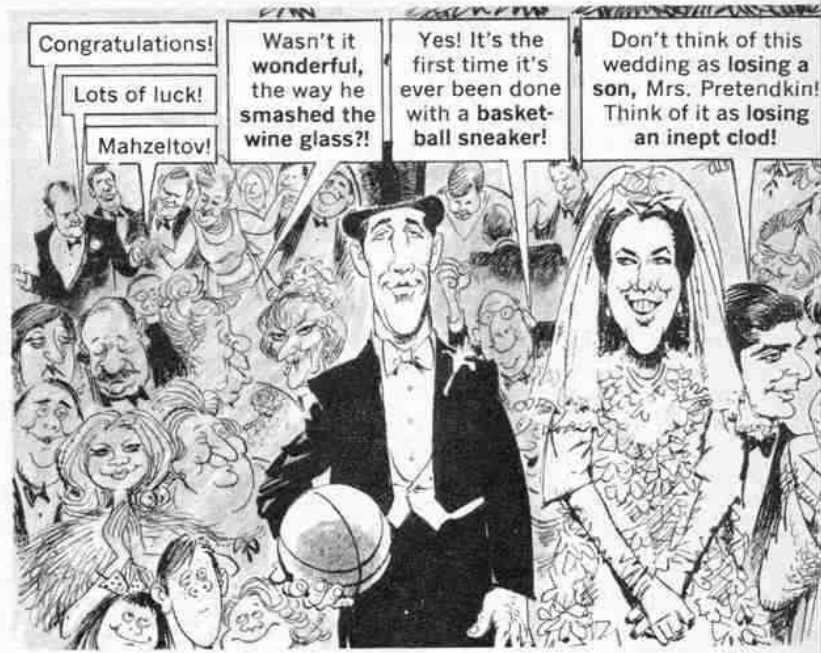
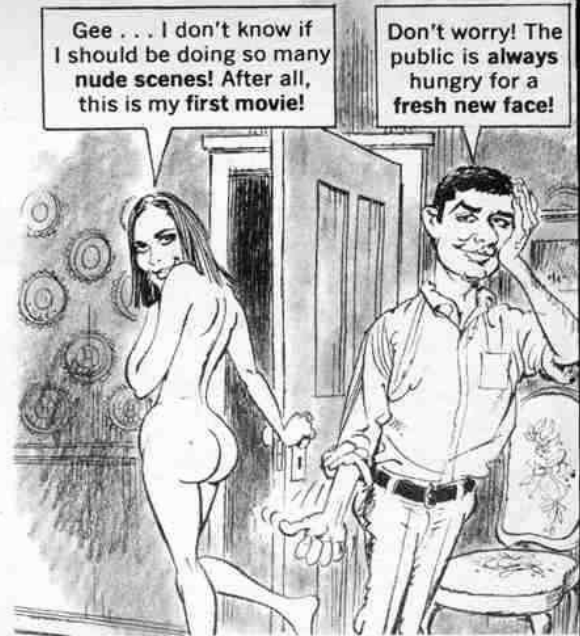
I think books are so interesting!... I mean, to read!

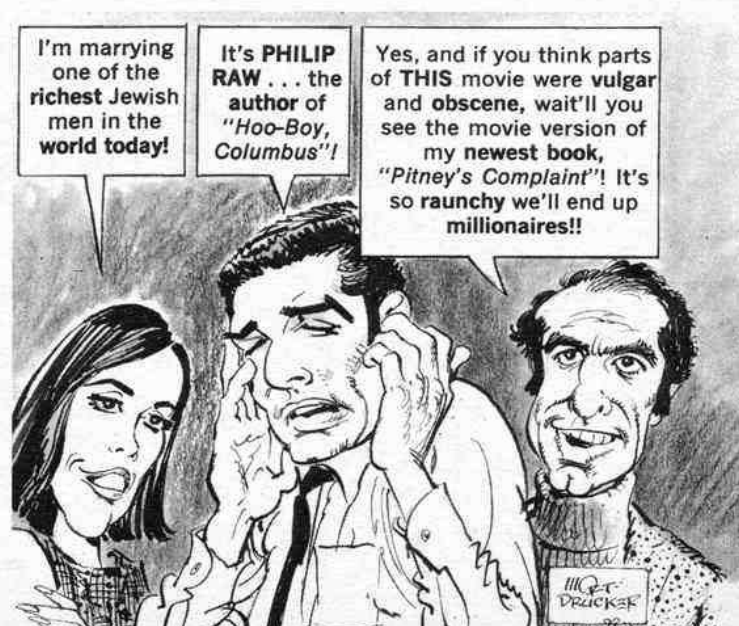
Ahhh... the only book that ever did anyone any good was a Bank Book!

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









**WHAT GREAT NEW
CHASM HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED THAT
DWARFS EVEN THE
GRAND CANYON?**

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

It's hard to believe, but a great new chasm ... far greater than the "Grand Canyon"... has appeared out of nowhere. To see it for yourself, fold in page as shown on the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ **B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



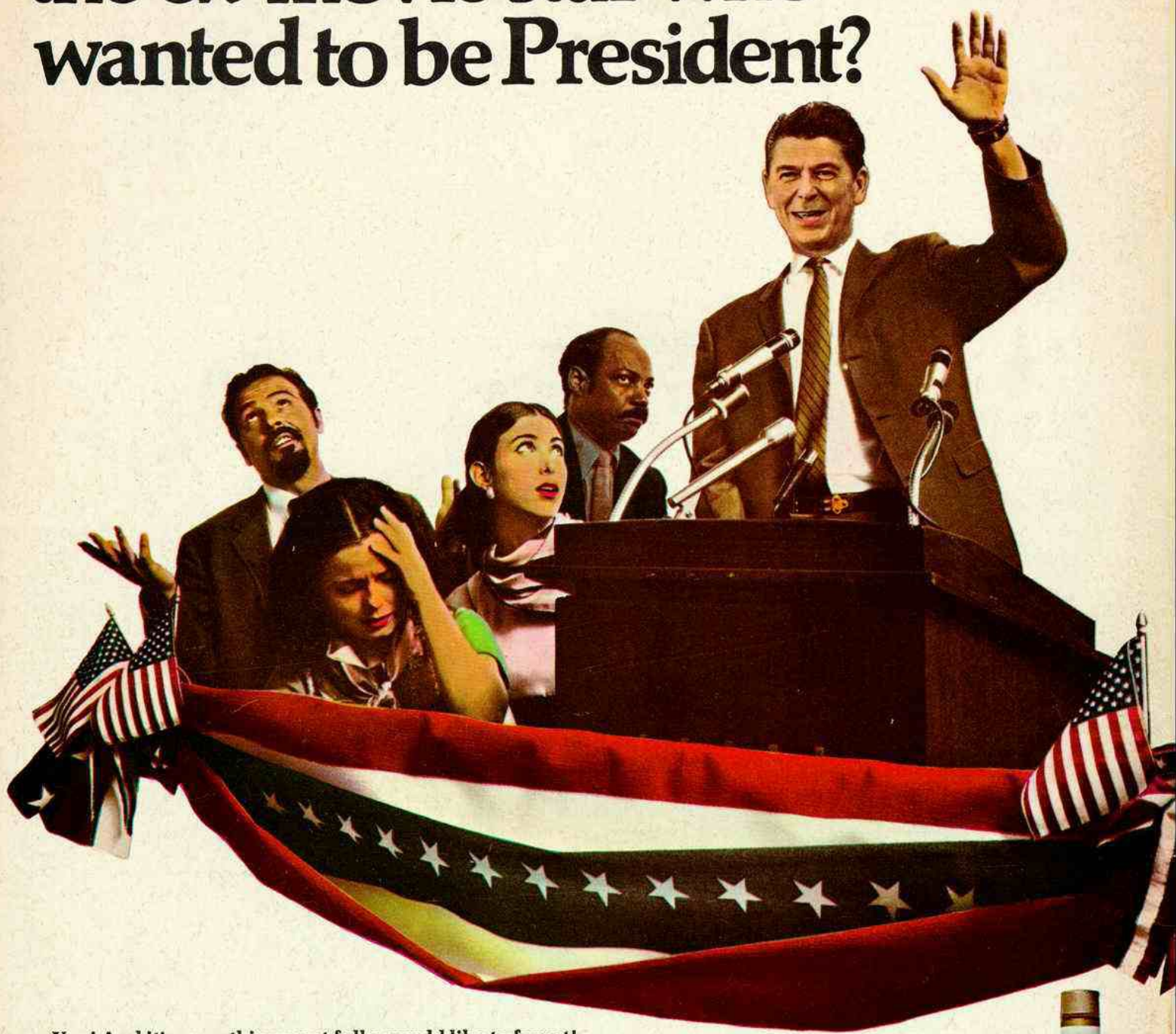
THAT CHASM KNOWN AS THE "GRAND CANYON," ONCE
GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS THE GREATEST NATURAL CREATION
GOD DEvised, IS NOW MERELY A DENT ON THE MAP
COMPARED TO THIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED FAULT

A▶

◀ **B**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

Ron Reagan. Isn't he the ex-movie star who wanted to be President?



Yep! And it's something most folks would like to forget! That things like this are happening here in America! That old-time movie stars who weren't even that good in the first place have become Senators and Governors and yes—even made bids for Presidential nominations. It's enough to drive a thinking person to drink!

Ronreagan. A rum to help forget.



Photography by Irving Schild and Wide World.