

No.
127
June
'69

MAD^{IND}®

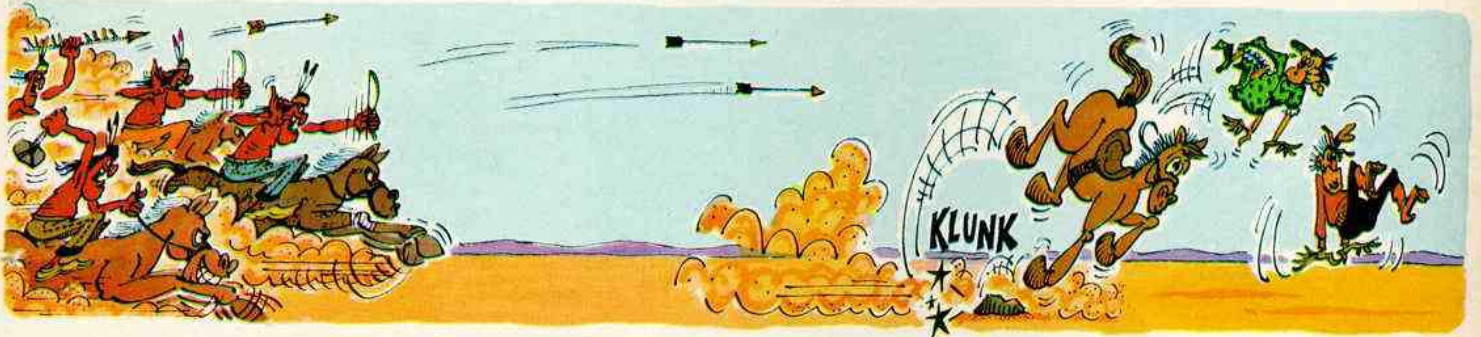
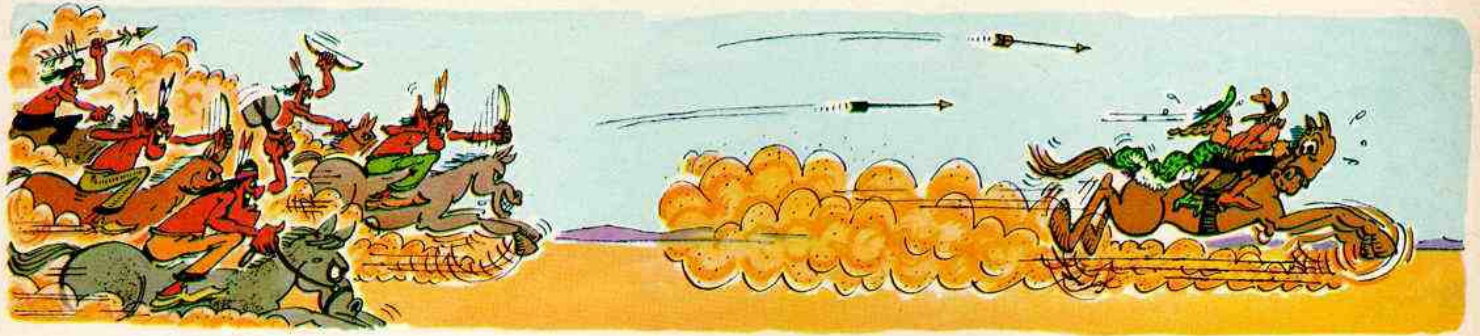
OUR PRICE
35¢
CHEAP



IN THIS ISSUE...

“ODD SQUAD”

ONE DAY ON THE PRAIRIE



ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

MAD

"The trouble with most neighborhoods is that there are too many hoods in them, and not enough neighbors!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

A PITCH IN TIME MAY SAVE NINE DEPARTMENT	
The MAD Plan For Combatting The Boredom Of Baseball	...37
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT	
The Lighter Side Of The Generation Gap	...32
DISPLAY AS YOU GO DEPARTMENT	
Signs Of Status	...4
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT	
The Hunters	...17
In A Fancy Restaurant	...28
ELECTORATE CIRCUS DEPARTMENT	
If The President Were Chosen Like "Miss America"	...23
GOD SAVE McQUEEN DEPARTMENT	
"Bullbit" (A MAD Movie Satire)	...43
HERR OF THE DOG DEPARTMENT	
Further Adventures Of The Red Baron	...8
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT	
Spy Vs. Spy	...22
LETTERS DEPARTMENT	
Random Sampling Of Reader Mail	...2
MANIKIN-DEPRESSIVE DEPARTMENT	
A MAD Look At Realistic Dolls	...29
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT	
Drawn-Out Dramas by Aragones	... **
SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPARTMENT	
Horrifying Cliches	...40
TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION DEPARTMENT	
Specific Tax Forms For Specific Professions	...18
TEENY-COPPERS DEPARTMENT	
"Odd Squad" (A MAD TV Satire)	...11

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—June, 1969 Vol 1, No. 127 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., 17 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A., 17 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.

VITAL FEATURES

SOME
SIGNS
OF
STATUS
Pg. 4



FURTHER
ADVENTURES
OF THE
RED BARON
Pg. 8



"ODD
SQUAD"
(A MAD TV
SATIRE)
Pg. 11



IF THE
PRESIDENT WERE
CHOSEN LIKE
"MISS AMERICA"
Pg. 23



THE LIGHTER
SIDE OF THE
GENERATION
GAP
Pg. 32



"BULLBIT"
(A MAD
MOVIE
SATIRE)
Pg. 43



WHY NOT HAVE THE NEXT ISSUE SENT DIRECTLY TO YOUR HOME?



SUBSCRIBE TO

MAD

-----use coupon or duplicate-----

MAD

485 MADison Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose \$5.00*. Enter my name on
your subscription list, and mail me
the next 17 issues of MAD Magazine.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____

AN ABSOLUTE MUST

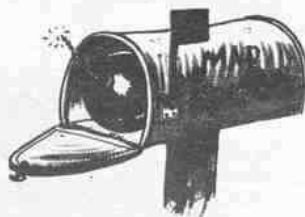
*In Canada, \$5.00 in U.S. Funds, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, \$6.25, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails, so CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

ONLY THREE LEFT

That's right! Only three men left the Earth's gravitational field and traveled to the Moon so far. But we've still got millions of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman... MAD'S "What-Me Worry?" kid left. So help us conquer space—mainly the space they occupy here at our tiny crowded offices. Mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9 or \$2.00 for 27 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



TINY TIM'S WALLET

"Tiny Tim's Wallet" was totally unfair. How could you ridicule such a sweet, honest, beautiful person? You should try blowing a few kisses yourself, but I seriously doubt if you know how.

Carol Evans
Beaconsfield, Canada

I would like to thank you for "Tiny Tim's Wallet" in your March issue (#125). Although it was written in fun, it did point up his life's philosophy of love toward other people. Tiny Tim is truly a beautiful person, and even your article could not deny that.

Steve Johnston
Waterford, Conn.

How come, in all of your "Celebrities' Wallets," we never find any money?

Greg Kusnick
Peekskill, N.Y.

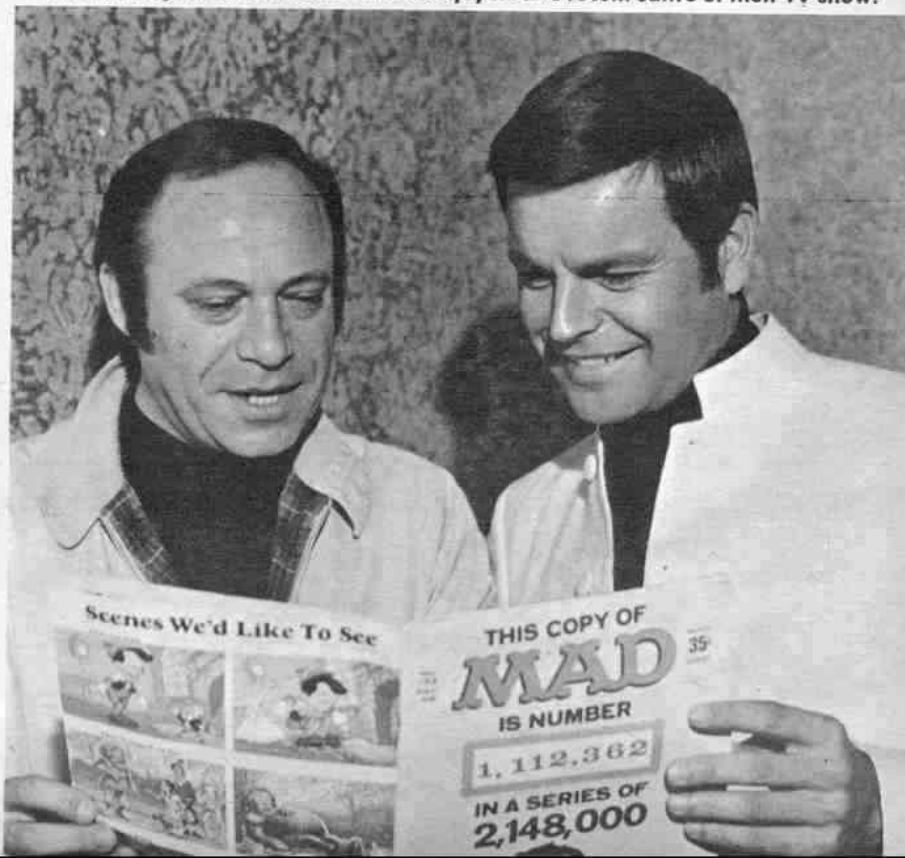
YOU KNOW YOU'VE REALLY MADE IT

You know you've really made it when you can sell over 2 million copies of a magazine with nothing but trash on the inside!

Lee Gomper
Waukegan, Ill.

"IT TAKES A THIEF" CAN SURE TAKE A JOKE

Robert Wagner and Malachi Throne enjoy MAD's recent satire of their TV show.



THE MAD ICE HOCKEY PRIMER

It seems a shame that a magazine of such high calibre as MAD should publish something as bad as "The Ice Hockey Primer." It is obvious that neither Mr. Siegel nor Mr. Davis is at all familiar with the sport which is rapidly gaining in popularity throughout the U.S. Since there appears to be a shortage of subjects to satirize in MAD, you might try writing about baseball—if anyone on your staff can bear to sit through a game.

Joe Cappe
Toronto, Canada

Hockey is one of the best spectator sports in the U.S. and Canada. Fans enjoy a little action once in a while. Your Primer was terrible!

Kevin Lindberg
Lemont, Illinois

All one needs do is read your "Ice Hockey Primer" (One of the most superb Primers you've done!) and he can save himself from the punishment of the penalty box, namely a box seat at any ice hockey game.

P. H.
Georgetown, Mass.

THE MAD POETRY ROUND ROBIN

"The Poetry Round Robin" was the funniest article I have ever read. Frank Jacobs' poetry was sensational, and George Woodbridge's art was even greater.

John Finch
Coventry, R.I.

Your "Round Robin" laid an egg!

D. Hays Johnson
Wellsburg, W.Va.

201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY

With "2001: A Space Odyssey," Stanley Kubric was obviously attempting to deliver a profound message, something he felt was extremely important to our modern society. After seeing the motion picture twice, and reading the book once, I still could not figure out what the devil he was trying to say. However, with "201 Min. of a Space Idiocy," MAD has answered all my questions. Congratulations on a fantastic satire.

William Fuchs
Los Angeles, Cal.

Never have I seen such a ridiculous, incomprehensible movie. I completely agree with Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo, who did such a fantastic job cutting down this supposed "great" film. In my opinion, Stanley Kubrick "bombed", and MAD came up with the real winner: "201 Min. of a Space Idiocy"—the greatest satirical piece of work you've ever turned out.

Mark Sayko
Munhall, Pa.

Surely, there are movies more deserving of abuse than "2001: A Space Odyssey", a film which, even if for no other reason than the visual effects, ranks as one of the outstanding motion pictures of the decade.

Robin Prince
Huntsville, Ala.

Your satire of "2001: A Space Odyssey" was dull, boring and pointless. Except for the great visual job, it was a complete waste of time. Come to think of it, it was exactly like the movie!

Cynthia Khoury
Westport, Conn.

I'll tell you what the monolith really is: It's a big black coffin for burying the entire mongoloid idiot staff of MAD!

T. Hopkins
Framington, Mass.

Although the movie was a spectacular put-on, it was worth the money I wasted on it... just so I could enjoy your masterpiece of satire.

Ricky Seifarth
Maugansville, Mo.

Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" was the finest movie I have ever seen. Your satire was disgusting. Rest assured that I will never spend another 35¢ on your crummy magazine again!

Bruce R. Beaman
Manitowoc, Wisc.

Wanna bet? Just wait till somebody tells you your letter is in this issue!—Ed.

A POISON-PENNED LETTER

You were right! One man's magazine IS another man's poison! As I write this from my hospital bed, I implore you: Give me the antidote!

Chris Bloch
Blue Island, Ill.

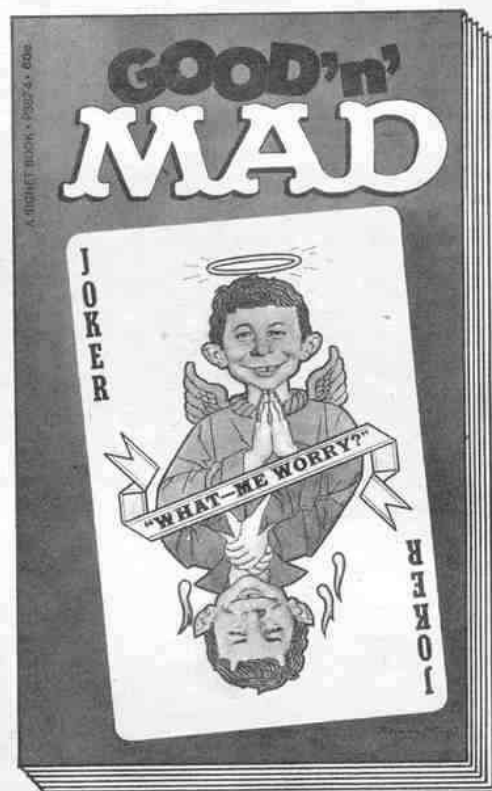
**SICK OF BEING ABUSED BY MOVIE MAKERS...
TV PROGRAMMERS... ADVERTISING MEN...
CAR MANUFACTURERS... POLITICIANS... ETC?**

**Get
GOOD
'N
MAD**

**IT ALSO HAPPENS TO
BE THE TITLE OF OUR
39 TH PAPERBACK BOOK!**



**On Sale At All Bookstands
—Or Yours By Mail For 60¢**



use coupon or duplicate

MAD

**485 MADison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022**

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____

☐ PLEASE SEND ME "GOOD 'N' MAD"

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THE BOOKS CHECKED BELOW:

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| ☐ The MAD Reader | ☐ The MAD Frontier | ☐ Howling MAD |
| ☐ MAD Strikes Back | ☐ MAD in Orbit | ☐ The Indigestible MAD |
| ☐ Inside MAD | ☐ TheVoodoo MAD | ☐ Burning MAD |
| ☐ Utterly MAD | ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff | ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out |
| ☐ The Brothers MAD | ☐ Three Ring MAD | ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back |
| ☐ The Bedside MAD | ☐ Self-Made MAD | ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories |
| ☐ Son of MAD | ☐ The MAD Sampler | ☐ MAD'S Captain Klutz |
| ☐ The Organization MAD | ☐ World, World, etc. MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at the USA |
| ☐ Like MAD | ☐ Raving MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People |
| ☐ The Ides of MAD | ☐ Boiling MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things |
| ☐ Fighting MAD | ☐ Questionable MAD | ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY |
| | | ☐ SPY vs. SPY Follow-Up File |
| | | ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies |
| | | ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers |
| | | ☐ "Viva MAD!" |
| | | ☐ MAD for Better or Verse |

**I ENCLOSE 60¢ FOR EACH
(Minimum Order: 2 Books)**

We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred. On orders outside the U.S.A., please add 10%.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 127, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DISPLAY AS YOU GO DEPT.

Nowadays, nearly everyone is involved in our Society's sick sad scramble to acquire "things". For the most part, these "things" are acquired to impress other people, and they actually carry this message rather clearly, as though they were printed signs. In fact, here is what we almost see when we look at these . . .

SIGN

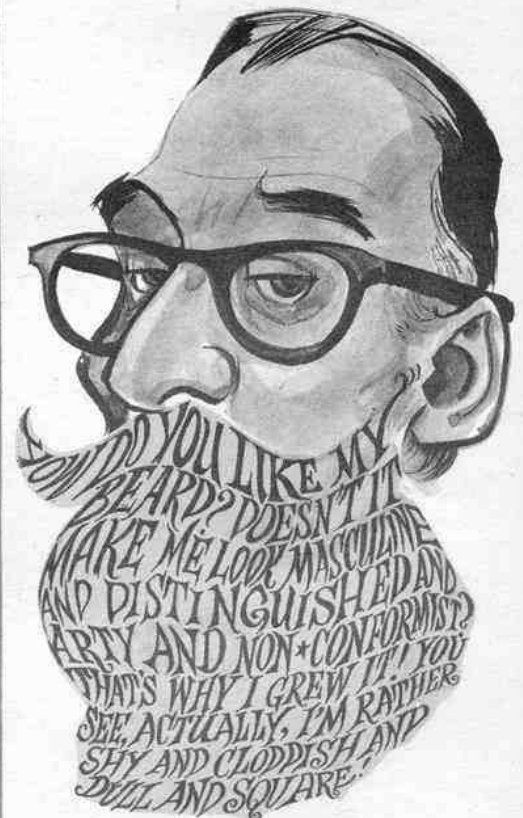
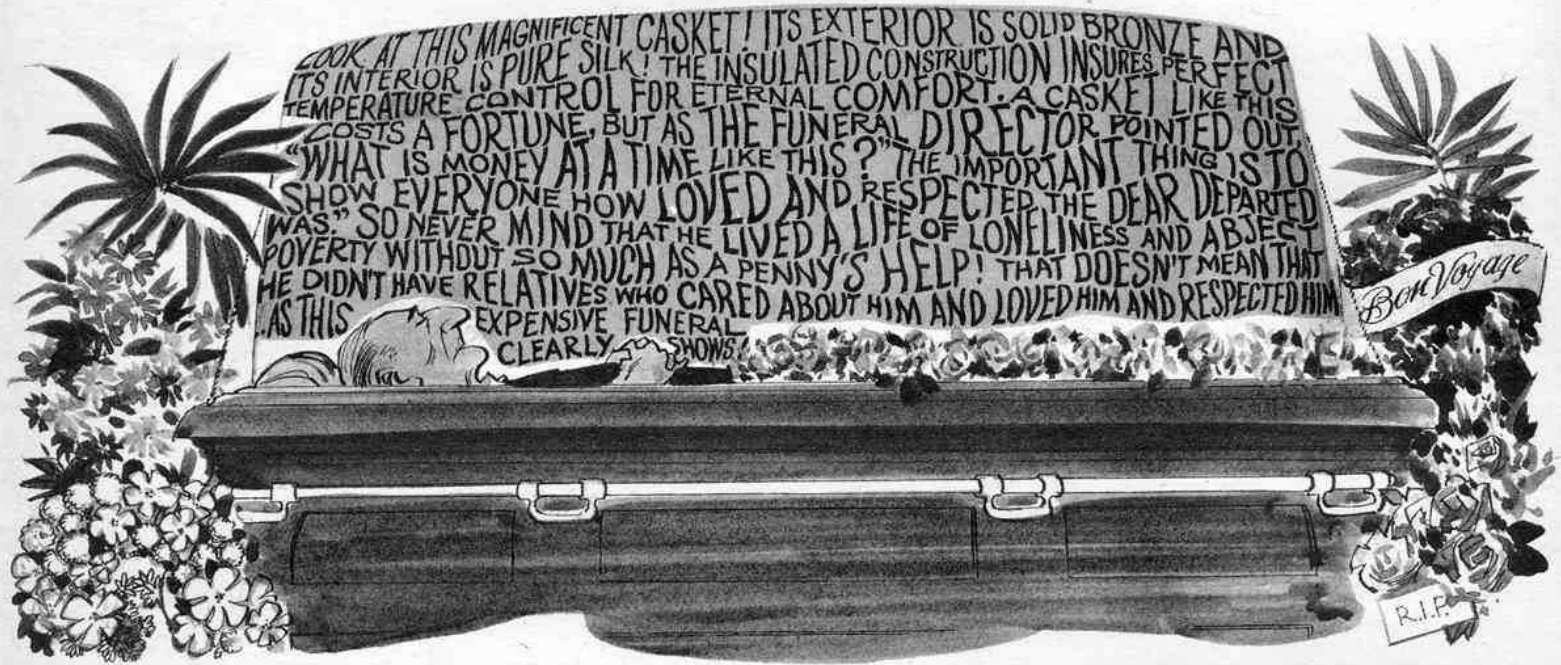




S ON SWANUS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: AL JAFFEE





HERR OF THE DOG DEPT.

A few issues back, MAD published some samples of a little-known early 1918 comic strip from the Hamburg Post-Dispatch which presented the other side of that epic struggle of

Further Adventure OR "Security Ist Eine Gro

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ



World War I... mainly Snoopy's run-ins with The Red Baron. Now, in response to popular demand (and because the author knows we have relatives living in Germany), here are some

s Of The Red Baron

unded Beaglehundert"

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

AT LAST, I HAF DISCOVERED ZE ULTIMATE VEAPON TO USE AGAINST DER AMERICAN BEAGLE! VEN HE SEES IT, HE VILL CRINGE MIT FEAR!!

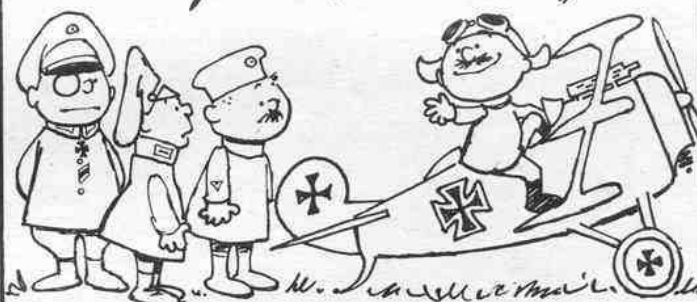


VOT IS IT? EINE NEW MACHINE GUN?

EINE SKY CANNON?

EINE AIR BOMB?

NEIN! IT IS DER MOST DEVASTATING VEAPON OF ALL...



...A ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPER!!



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

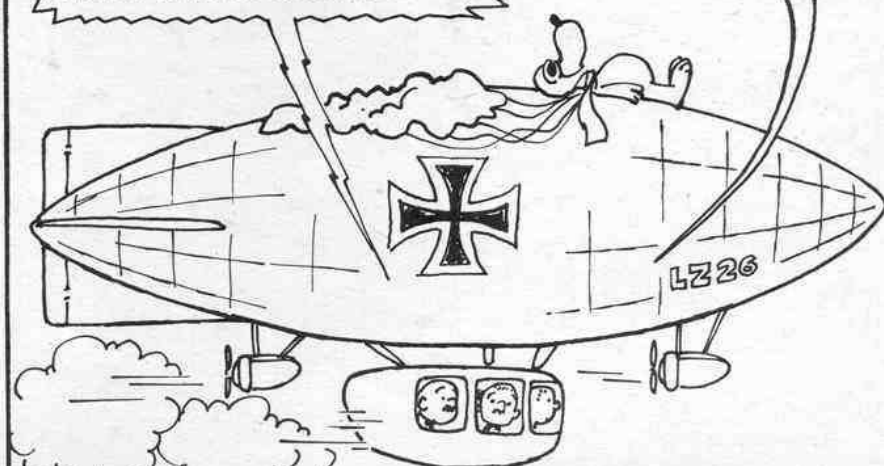
HE'S GOT TO BE ZERE, I TELL YOU! I SAW HIM PARACHUTE DOWN VIT MEIN OWN EYES!

I HAF DER SEARCH ZEPPELIN FOR YOU, NOW, BARON!



HELLO, SEARCH ZEPPELIN! ANY SIGN OF DER AMERICAN BEAGLE?

NEIN, BARON, BUT YE'LL KEEP LOOKING!



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ



HEY, GANG! LET'S TAKE A MAD LOOK AT THAT GREAT NEW "IN" TV SERIES THAT BEGINS EACH EPISODE LIKE THIS:

My name . . . puff-puff . . . is Peek!
I come from a rich family! But I never had any love. My old man refused to give me the money to go out on Friday and Saturday night and **BUY** love! So I ran away from home . . . puff-puff . . .



My name is Leak! I had 8 brothers and 8 sisters all living in one room! And that was the bathroom! There were 23 others living in the kitchen and the parlor! My parents never had any time for me! They always gave me that "We're busy!" routine! So I ran away from . . . puff-puff . . . home . . .



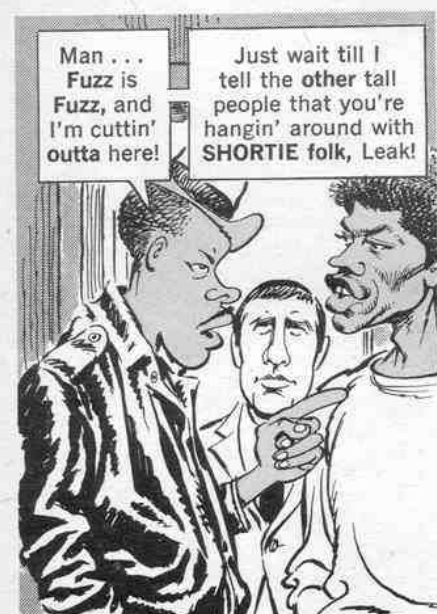
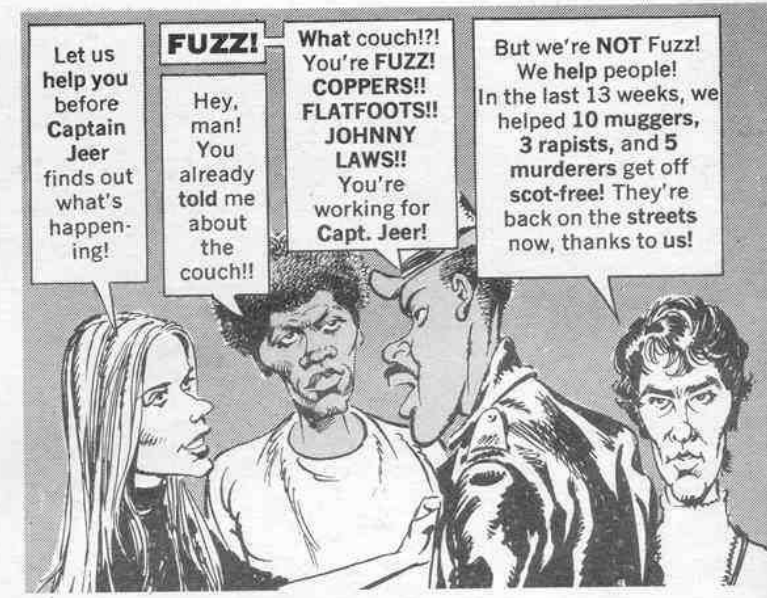
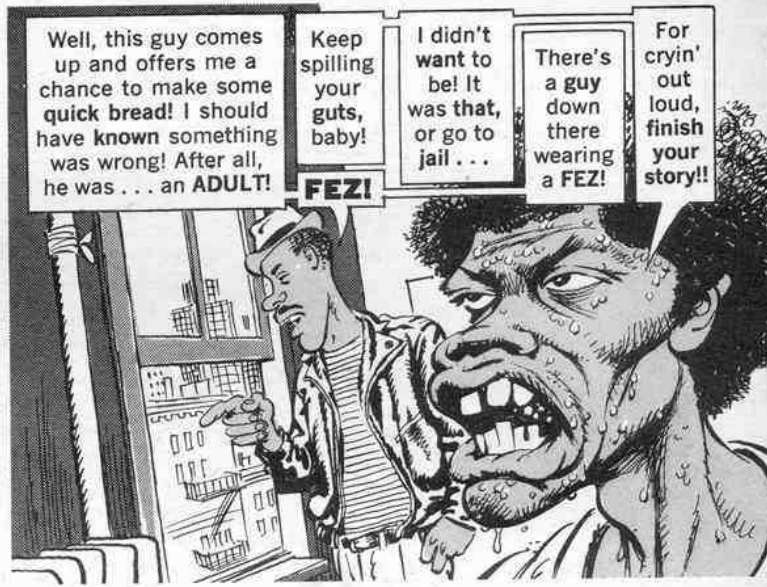
My name is Stoolie! My mother worked the streets! My father was in the Sanitation Business, too! We lived in a dump, and we could never get close to one another! But, then, Sanitation People rarely do! So I ran away from . . . puff-puff . . . home . . .



My name is Capt. Jeer, and I had a very happy childhood! It's my present life I can't stand! So I may run away from home! And it's all because of those three kids who just ran by! They work for me as Police Undercover Agents! They were all convicted of minor offenses and might have gotten 10-to-30 days in jail or a \$5-to-\$25 fine each! But instead, they chose to risk their lives against gangsters, guns and gore each week! Is it any wonder they're known . . . puff-puff . . . as the



"ODD SQUAD"



All right, here's what we've found out so far! Bobby Smith was employed by a Toy Manufacturer named Wayne Gibson! We know a few things about Gibson. He likes to swim at the Y.M.C.A.! Stoolie—you go down to the "Y" and poke around the locker room! See what you turn up!

And we know that Gibson Toys were featured recently in a magazine article! Peek, you go to the offices of "Ebony Magazine" and scour the back issues! Tell them you're looking for a picture of your brother!

And Leak—you find out all you can about this cancelled check we found in the murdered man's safe. It's made out to some company with the initials "K.K.K.!!" Visit all the organizations with those initials! Start with the Ku Klux Klan!

Well, I never promised this work would be EASY!!

But, Captain ...

But, Captain ...

But, Captain ...

THE NEXT DAY

Hi, gang! Any luck?

Hmmm! Okay, let's try another plan! One of you will pose as a camera-girl in a night club!

Leak ... ?

Peek ... ?

Not me, Captain!

Forget it, Captain!

Then I'm afraid it will have to be you, Stoolie!

Here's a photo of Gibson! When he comes into the night club, take his picture with whoever he's with! We want to know his accomplices!

Which night club do I go to?

There are 8000 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

Peek! You'll pose as a bank guard! When you see Gibson come into the bank, try to learn how much he deposits, and who the checks came from!

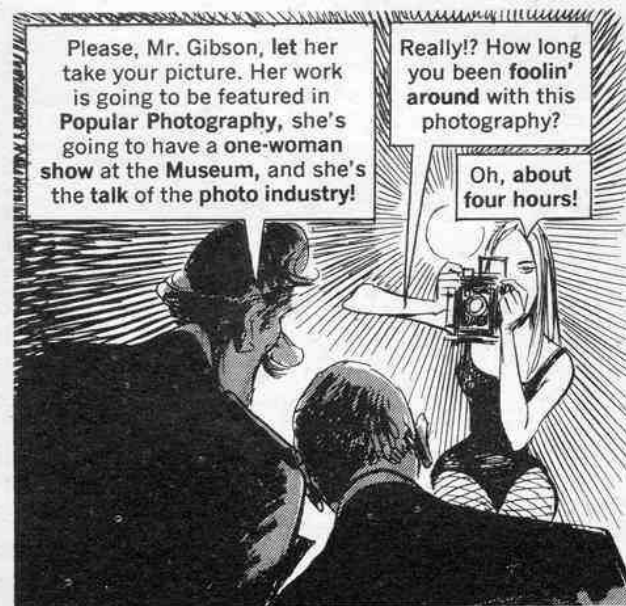
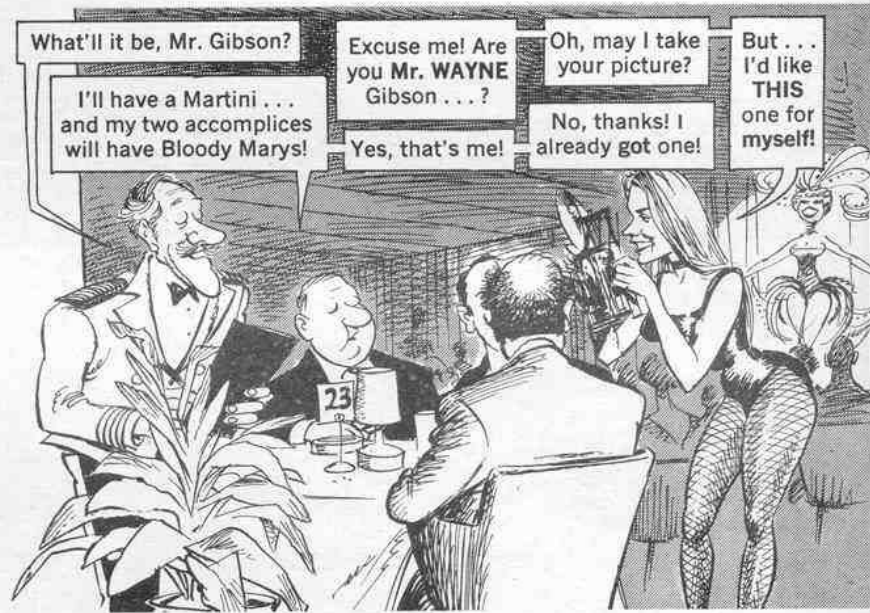
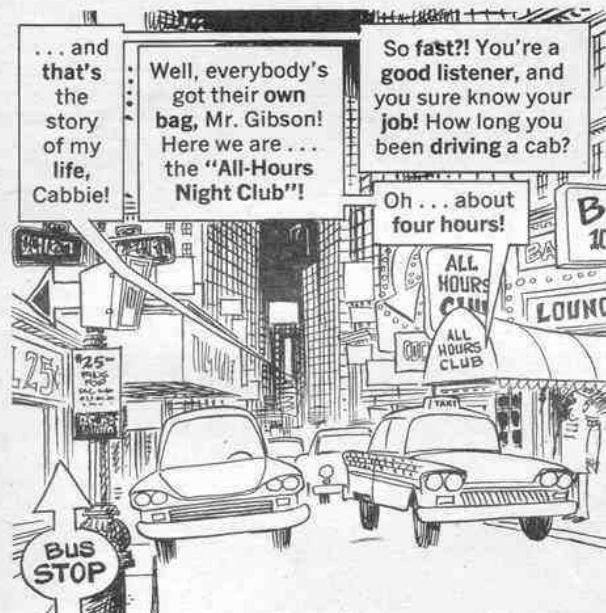
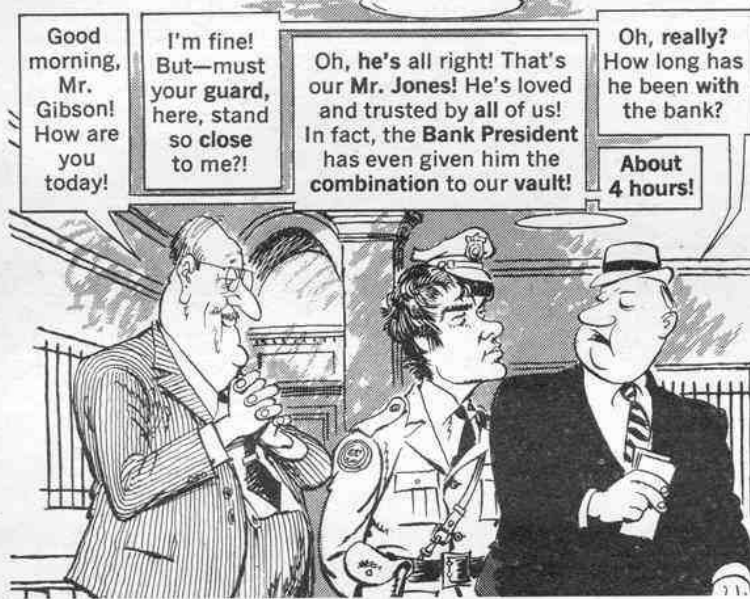
Which bank will I guard?

There are 4,580 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

Leak! You'll pose as a cab driver and pick up Gibson as a fare! When you do, try to listen to his conversation if he's with someone, or make conversation if he's alone!

Where's the best place to pick him up as a fare?

Where else?! Mid-town! The way this show goes, you'll ALL score!!



Before you give me your reports, let me tell you what I've come up with myself!

I've arrested thirteen kids on drunken driving charges, twelve kids for passing bum checks, ten for pushing pot, and six—

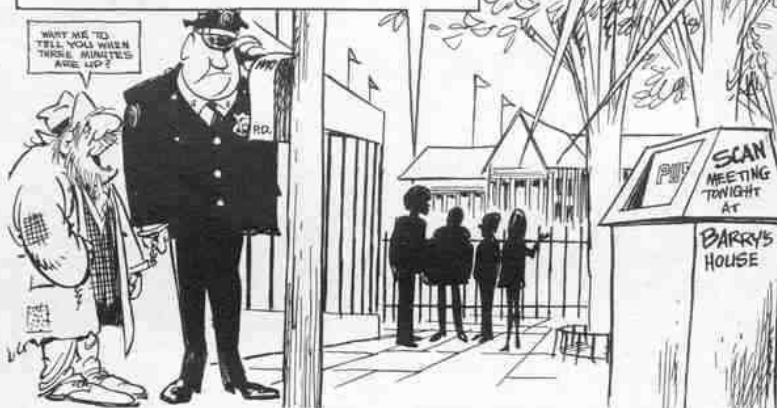
Cool it! They're all innocent! Let 'em go!



Gibson gave me the whole story while I drove him cross-town in my cab! He's running a racket! He hires kids as Toy Salesmen for his phony company, and just before they go into stores to demonstrate his products, he switches the toy guns in the sample cases with real ones so they kill the store owners unintentionally!

Then, in the confusion that follows, he runs into the store and empties the cash register!

So you can let all them kids you arrested go free!



WHY?? Gibson's racket may explain Bobby Smith's story, but it doesn't explain drunken driving, passing bum checks, pushing pot—

Man, he was, like, a **BAD INFLUENCE** on those kids! He **DID** live in the **SAME CITY!!**

Y'know! A rotten apple spoiling the others in the barrel and all that jazz!



In other words, a kid who kills isn't a murderer... and a kid who steals isn't a thief! It's all the fault of the adults around him!

Oh, you're so groovy, Captain! You're beginning to understand!

If I'm beginning to understand a crazy theory like THAT, I'm not groovy... I'm out of my mind!



But I would like to understand **ONE** thing, Stoolie! It's this weird triangle of yours!

You three are always together! I never see you date! So it's hard to tell!

Clue me in! Where is the **ROMANTIC INTEREST** in this show?

Well, if you must know, Captain, it's between those two guys!



I **KNOW** that! I guess it's too controversial for television to tell me **WHICH** guy, huh?

It may be too controversial for television, but I just **TOLD** you! The **ROMANTIC INTEREST** in this show is between **THOSE TWO GUYS!!**



THE HUNTERS

AMAZE-O WILD GAME CALL

Produces Over 20 Different
And Distinct Mating Calls
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK



CAW-CAW-CAW



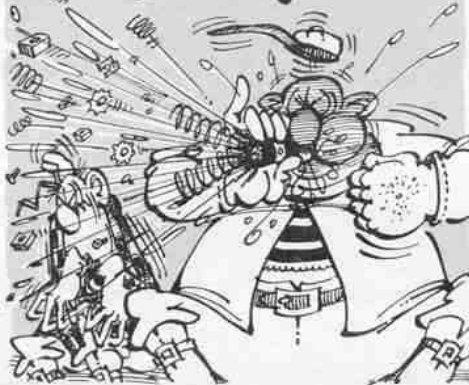
QUACK-QUACK QUACK-QUACK



FWISK



PEFFT-FRACK! POP-SPRING-GING



TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION DEPT.

It's Income Tax time again, gang, so get ready for that annual rash of complaints about how high Taxes are. Would you like to know why Taxes are so high? Because the Government just isn't getting all of the Tax Money that's due it! And do you know why the Government isn't getting all of

SPECIFIC INCOME TAX FORMS

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **CONGRESSMEN**

**United States
Congressman
FORM 1040**

Name BILLY JOE JUKES
Home Address 1 PEACHTREE LANE
Home City & State MUDFLAT, GEORGIA

1968

SCHEDULE A: WAGES AND SALARIES

1. Enter total wages paid by U.S. Government ▶ 30,000.00

SCHEDULE B: INCOME FROM SOURCES OTHER THAN WAGES AND SALARIES

2. Gross Wages of relatives on U.S. Government Payroll (list):

NAME	RELATIONSHIP	SALARY
SCARLETT JUKES	SISTER, AND WIFE'S FIRST COUSIN	10,000.00
ASHLEY KALLIKAK	BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND COUSIN	10,000.00
RHETT JUKES KALLIKAK	COUSIN ON BOTH SIDES	7,500.00
MELANIE JUKES	MY FIRST BORN, AGE 14	7,500.00
BILLY JOE JUKES, JR.	MY SECOND BORN, AGE 9	10,000.00
MRS. BILLY JOE KALLIKAK JUKES	WIFE AND COUSIN	25,000.00
		<u>70,000.00</u>

3. Total wages of relatives on U.S. Government Payroll ▶ 70,000.00

4. Total amount of wages kicked back to you from relatives ▶

5. Rent paid for office space by U.S. Government (list):

ADDRESS	SPACE	RENT
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA.	FRONT PORCH	1,000.00
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA.	BACK PORCH	1,000.00
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA.	CELLAR	1,500.00
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA.	1/2 OF outhouse	500.00
CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE BUILDING	WASHINGTON, D.C. 3 ROOMS	FREE
		<u>4,000.00</u>

6. Total rent paid for office space by U.S. Government ▶ 4,000.00

7. Total rent received by you or kicked back to you ▶

8. Farm Income
(Enter total subsidies paid to you by U.S. Government for not growing crops on your properties) ▶ 7,800.00

9. Lobby Income
(Enter total monies paid to you by Lobbyists against bills providing Financial Aid to Cities) ▶ 5,000.00

10. Value of Medical Care received at U.S. Government Hospitals:

NAME	NATURE OF TREATMENT	VALUE
MRS. JUKES	NOSE JOB	500.00
ASHLEY KALLIKAK	LOBOTOMY	750.00
MELANIE JUKES	BRACES ON TEETH	1,250.00
BILLY JOE JUKES, SR. (ME)	SEMI-ANNUAL DRYING OUT CURE	3,500.00
		<u>6,000.00</u>

11. Total value of Medical Care received ▶ 6,000.00

12. Other Lobby Income:
(Enter total monies paid to you by AMA and other Medical Lobbyists against Medicare Bills) ▶ 2,500.00

13. Total contributions to campaign by constituents ▶ 18,297.50

14. Amount of contributions used for personal purposes ▶ 18,297.50

15. Value of travel junkets paid for by U.S. Government (list):

DATE	PURPOSE AND DESTINATION	VALUE OF TRIP
4/12-4/22/68	FOREIGN RELATIONS - PARIS	1,900.00
6/8-6/18/68	UNDERDEVELOPED AREAS - TAHITI	2,500.00
7/10-12/10/68	DOLLAR DRAIN - LAS VEGAS	5,000.00

the Tax Money that's due it? Because the current 1040 Income Tax Form is inadequate! A general type of Income Tax Form like the one now in use simply cannot cover all of the possible areas of taxable income gathered by specific businesses or professions. What really is needed today are

FOR SPECIFIC PROFESSIONS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR COLLEGE ATHLETES

**College
Athlete**

FORM 1040

Name MIKE "CRUSHER" KOWALSKI
(First Name) (Nickname) (Last Name)
Present Employer POTRZEBIE UNIVERSITY
Uniform No. 86 Position TIGHT END

1968

SCHEDULE 1: STATUS (CHECK ONE): ☐ SINGLE ☐ MARRIED ☒ OTHER MAKING OUT
(Explain)

SCHEDULE 2: INCOME

1. Wages and Salaries for alleged on-campus jobs (list):

JOB	WAGES RECEIVED
WAITING ON TABLES	2,500.00
HANDING OUT TOWELS IN GYM	2,500.00
CLEANING BLACKBOARDS AND ERASERS	2,500.00
ATTENDING CLASSES	2,500.00

2. Income from sources other than wages and salaries (list):

SOURCE	AMOUNT RECEIVED
FRIENDLY ALUMNI	1,000.00
FRIENDLY PRO SCOUT	1,000.00
FRIENDLY BOOKMAKER	3,500.00
FRIENDLY BROADS	750.00

3. Miscellaneous Income (Value of Items other than cash received):

ITEM	VALUE
1968 CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE	7,800.00
FM STEREO-PHONOGRAPH-COLOR TELEVISION	1,500.00
COMPLETE WARDROBE	1,800.00
APARTMENT	2,400.00

29,750.00

4. TOTAL INCOME (Add lines 1, 2 and 3) ▶

SCHEDULE 3: EXPENSES

5. Monies paid out to egghead students for (list):

(A) Taking Exams	50.00
(B) Writing Term Papers	75.00
(C) Doing Homework Assignments	225.00
(D) Other: <u>WRITING LETTERS HOME</u>	25.00

6. Books and Supplies (Itemize):

(A) <u>CANDY, FANNY HILL, THE PEARL (.95¢ EACH)</u>	2.85
(B) <u>1 BALL POINT PEN</u>	1.00
(C) <u>1 LITTLE BLACK BOOK</u>	1.00
(D) <u>BEER</u>	365.00

744.85

7. TOTAL EXPENSES (Add lines 5 and 6) ▶

8. TOTAL TAXABLE INCOME (Subtract line 7 from line 4) ▶

29,005.15

9. TOTAL TAX ▶

6,303.00

MIKE TOWY KOWALSKI
Taxpayers Signature Date

IF RETURN WAS PREPARED BY PERSON
OTHER THAN TAXPAYER, SIGN BELOW:

Phoebe Spite Intimate Occasionally
Signature and Relationship Date

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR BUTCHERS

22. Total of lines 19 through 21	58.85	728.82
23. GROSS PROFIT FROM SALE OF HORSEMEAT (Subtract line 22 from line 18)		953.21
SCHEDULE D: PROFIT (OR LOSS) FROM SALE OF HAMBURGER		
24. GROSS RECEIPTS FROM SALE OF HAMBURGER		4157.65
25. Cost of meat purchased for other purposes:	3127.44	
26. Less cost of meat that did not spoil:	2465.88	
27. Total cost of spoiled meat used in hamburger:	6611.56	
28. Cost of other ingredients used in hamburger (list):		
(A) Bones	488.20	
(B) Gristle and fat	535.70	
(C) Entrails	201.15	
(D) Sawdust and Floor Sweepings	12.75	
(E) Other <u>KITTY LITTER</u>	183.80	
29. Add 10% for weight of thumb on scales:	208.32	2291.48
30. Total of lines 27 through 29		
31. GROSS PROFIT FROM SALE OF HAMBURGER: (Subtract line 31 from line 24)		1866.17
SCHEDULE E: OTHER BUTCHER BUSINESS DEDUCTIONS		
32. BRIBES PAID (list):		
(A) Meat Inspector:	700.00	
(B) Scale Inspector:	500.00	
(C) Other <u>RIDING ACADEMY OWNER</u>	100.00	
33. OTHER EXPENSES (Describe):		
<u>SIGN PAINTER FOR LETTERING "SOUL BROTHER"</u> <u>ON WINDOW DURING RACE RIOT</u>	40.00	
SCHEDULE F: CALCULATION OF INCOME TAX OWED OR REFUND DUE		
34. Enter total of lines 11, 17, 23 and 31		12401.68
35. Enter total of lines 32 and 33		1340.00
36. NET PROFIT (OR LOSS) (Subtract line 35 from line 34)		11061.61
NOTE: IF YOU SHOW A LOSS, YOU CALL YOURSELF A BUTCHER?		
37. Using Tax Table on Page 8, enter tax due here		275.00

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR LAWYERS

SCHEDULE C: INCOME FROM SOURCES OTHER THAN FEES		
12. Gross receipts (cash, checks or value of gifts) from grateful Insurance Companies, Individuals or others for getting your clients to settle out of court for less money		27,683.50
13. Bonus payments from Corporations for finding loopholes in tax laws for them		32,250.00
14. Reward payments from State or U.S. Government for tipping them off about tax evading corporations		12,500.00
15. Cash received from clients (Corporations or Individuals) to be used for purpose of bribes	50,000.00	
16. Bribes actually paid (list recipients):		
(A) Judges	5,000.00	
(B) Jurors	7,000.00	
(C) Witnesses	9,000.00	
(D) Police	12,000.00	
(E) DA's	4,000.00	
(F) Others <u>Psychiatrists for Insanity Pleas</u>	6,000.00	
17. Net profit on cash received for bribes: (Subtract line 16 from line 15)		7,000.00
18. Total Income from sources other than fees: (Add lines 12, 13, 15 and 17)		79,433.50

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **DISC JOCKEYS****SCHEDULE E: INCOME FROM SOURCES OTHER THAN WAGES AND SALARIES**

21. Payola (List sources, purpose and amount):

COMPANY OR INDIVIDUAL	FOR	AMOUNT
EARSPPLITTING RECORDS, INC.	PLUGGING BAD RECORDS	7,500.00
MAMMOTH FILMS, INC.	PUSHING LOUSY MOVIES	10,000.00
BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS, INC.	RECOMMENDING FLOP PLAYS	5,000.00
EATING PLACES, INC.	SUGGESTING CRUMMY RESTAURANTS	2,500.00
MARTY LEWIS	PLAYING UNFUNNY ALBUM	175.00
OTHER INDIVIDUALS	SEE ATTACHED LIST "C"	6,325.50

TOTAL PAYOLA ▶

31,500.50

22. Gratuities received other than cash (Estimate value):

(A) Favors from Entertainers (Attach detailed explanations):

17,750.00

(B) Free Vacations for touting hotels and airlines:

9,450.00

(C) Free Dinners, Booze, etc. for plug of products:

6,250.00

(D) Free Gifts from Agents, etc.:

8,520.38

(E) Others (Explain): VALUE OF LIFE SAVED FOR PRAISING
MAFIA-CONTROLLED ENTERTAINERS

1,000,000.00

FORM 1040 DJ

CONTINUED ON FLIP SIDE

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **TV REPAIRMEN**21. NET PROFIT from sale of new picture tubes:
(Subtract line 20 from line 19) ▶

1,783.50

SCHEDULE C: INCOME FROM SALE OR EXCHANGE OF TUBES

22. INCOME from charging retail prices for new tubes:

4251.50

23. Actual wholesale cost of new tubes:

1380.50

24. NET PROFIT from installing new tubes:

2,871.00

(Subtract line 23 from line 22) ▶

25. AMOUNT received for switching tubes from one TV
set to another and charging customer for new tubes ▶

3,792.00

SCHEDULE D: INCOME FROM SERVICE CALLS AND REPAIRS

26. TOTAL CHARGES made for service calls:

3850.00

27. Actual cost of service calls, including parts:

22.00

28. NET PROFIT from service calls ▶

3,828.00

29. TOTAL CHARGES made for taking TV sets into shop
when they could have been repaired right in homes:

4785.50

30. Actual cost of labor and parts for Shop Repairs:

185.50

31. NET PROFIT from Shop Repairs:

4,600.00

(Subtract line 30 from line 29) ▶

SCHEDULE E: INCOME FROM SALE OF YEARLY SERVICE CONTRACTS

32. GROSS RECEIPTS from sale of Yearly Service Contracts:

10,200.00

33. Cost of tubes and parts replaced during contract period:

1,150.22

34. NET PROFIT from Yearly Service Contracts:

9,049.78

(Subtract line 33 from line 32) ▶

35. GROSS RECEIPTS from sale of tubes and parts
after Yearly Service Contracts have expired:

7759.50

36. Cost of special tubes and parts manufactured to
last for exactly one year and one day:

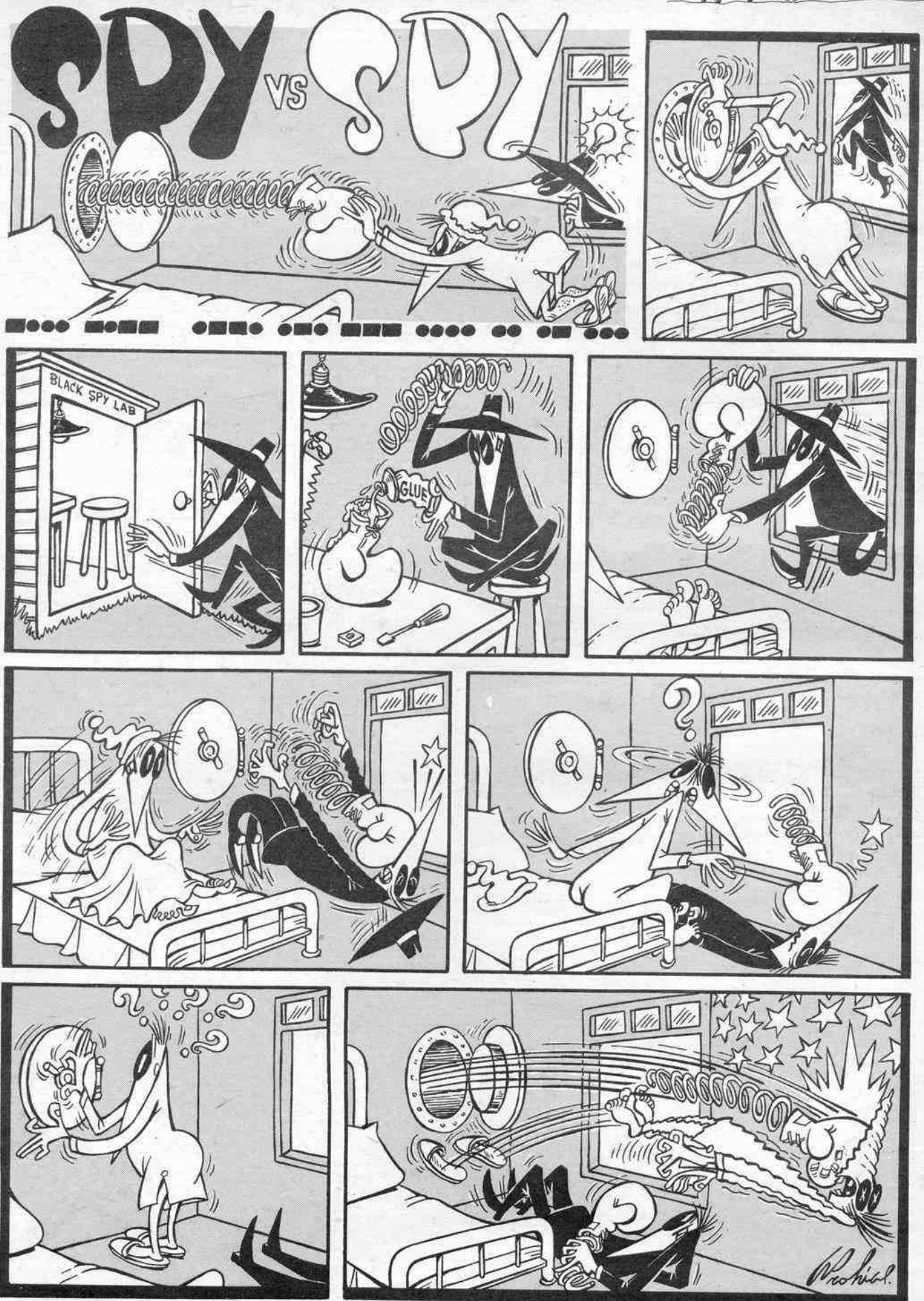
2321.50

37. NET PROFIT made after Yearly Service Contracts expire:

5,438.00

(Subtract line 36 from line 35) ▶

SCHEDULE F: INCOME FROM ADJUSTING COLOR TV RECEIVERS



ELECTORATE CIRCUS DEPT.

Since the real issues are rarely at stake, and the whole thing boils down to a popularity contest based on how well the candidates appeal to the voters on television, we could save a lot of time, trouble and money . . .

IF THE PRESIDENT were chosen like *"Miss America"*

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

... and here is your host for this year's **"MR. PRESIDENT PAGEANT"** smiling Bert Smirk . . .

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Yes, tonight is the **big night** . . . the night these distinguished gentlemen behind me have **worked for and dreamed of** . . . the culmination of weeks of back-stabbing, conniving, palm-greasing, wheeling and dealing—all for the chance to get to this stage in order to win the coveted title of **"Mr. President"** . . .

I'm Bert Smirk, your **"Mr. President Pageant"** host . . . and it will be my pleasant task to introduce you to the hopefuls who will be doing their **"thing"** here tonight, and proving once again that, in America, any boy can grow up to become President!

Well . . . **ALMOST** any boy! Right, Gene McCarthy?!

And now, while our candidates go backstage to prepare for the **"Bathing Suit Competition"**, let's meet this year's panel of Judges . . .

Right, Bert!



First . . . Mr. R. W. Boring, President of the **"Boring Aircraft Company."** Good evening, Mr. Boring, and would you tell us—what are the qualities you look for when you are judging a President?

A President must be forthright, honest, 100% American . . . and promise to give my company **10 or 12 fat contracts** during the next four years!

Our second Judge is a leader in the Civil Rights Movement, and a distinguished entertainer . . . Mr. Gregory Dick—

A President must be forthright and colored, honest and colored, 100% American and colored, and if possible, he should also be a Negro!

Our third Judge is from the world of motion pictures . . . the distinguished Academy Award-winning Producer . . . Mr. Otto Promiser—

All of ze contestants will be taken aboard mein yacht for a tour of ze Caribbean, and me! Zen, each girl will be given a contract for one of mein next Academy Award-winning films, and a key to—

Uh . . . thank you, Otto—but that was **LAST** month's Pageant! I see the steam is still on your glasses!



And now, ladies and gentlemen ... the moment you've all waited for—the "Bathing Suit Competition" ...

From the state of Minnesota comes our first candidate, lovely **Hubert Horatio Humphrey** ...

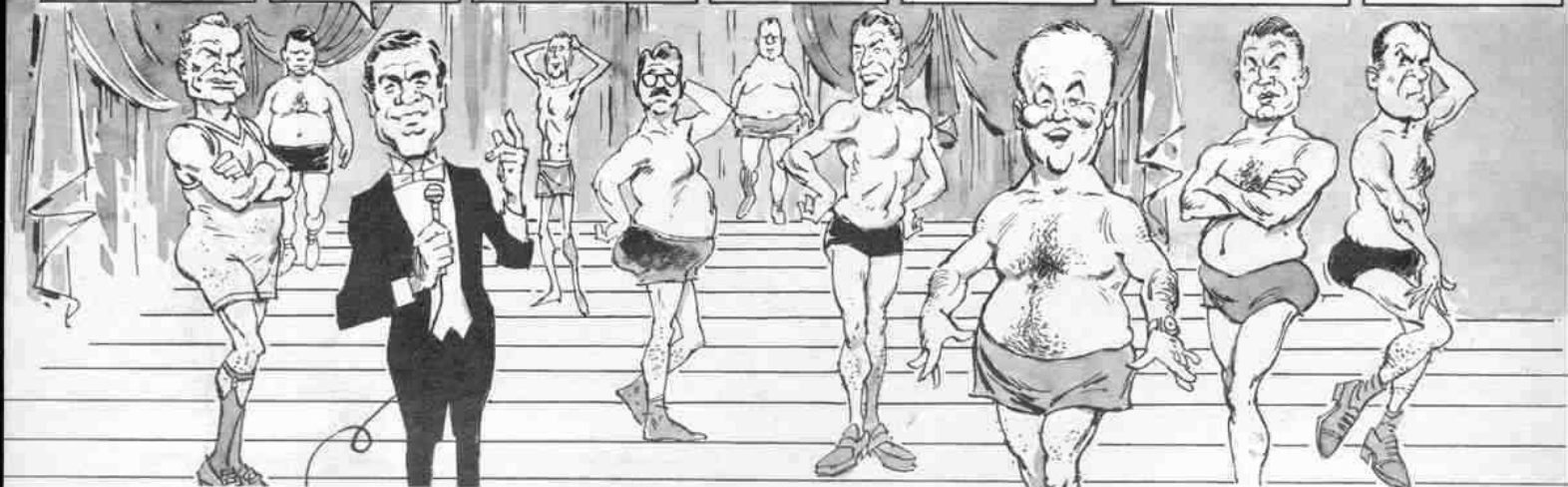
Mr. Humphrey is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, with a 38 in. waist. He has held several jobs ... Mayor, U.S. Senator, Vice President ...

... and Drug Store Clerk—a job he intends to return to if he doesn't win here tonight!

Now, our second candidate, from the great state of Alabama ... charming **George Wallace** ...

George attended Tuskegee Institute where he majored in "Hate". He speaks several languages—including Southern!

He is a Karate expert, and at one time was offered a **BLACK BELT** ... which he refused!



Now, let's go up to the Sponsor's Booth—and a word from lovely June Lockliver ...

Thank you, Bert! And I have here with me in the booth one of the most exciting candidates in this year's Pageant, Gov. **Nelson Rockefeller**!

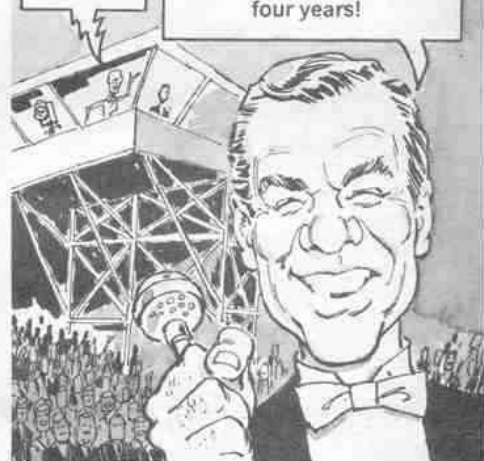
Tell me, Governor ... are you familiar with our marvelous product, "Claire's Oil" Summer Blonde Hair Lightener and Conditioner and Beauty Set Shampoo?"

Well, my wife uses it! Can you tell us WHY?

Because it gives her hair that natural look, it gets rid of that oily feeling, and I own the company that makes it!

Thank you, Sir—and good luck tonight! Now, back to Bert—

Thank you, June! Incidentally, tonight's winner will be given his own house, his own plane, his own boat, and his own war—all of which he may enjoy free for the next four years!



And now, for the "Talent" part of our "Mr. President Pageant"—

First, from the great state of New York—Mr. **Richard Milhous**!

Nixon! ... Richard Milhous **NIXON**!

Sorry about that! Tell us ... what are you going to do for us, Dick?

Well, I'm going to lower taxes, end the war, solve the poverty pr—

No, I mean for the "Talent" part of the show tonight!

Oh, I'm going to do the aria from the opera, "Pagliacci"!

Great! Here, singing the aria from "Pagliacci" is Richard Milhous Ni—

No, I don't SING! I just do the crying parts!





Wonderful!
And now...
representing
the state of
California—
Gov. Ronald
Reagan...

I suppose a
lot of people
kid you about
having the
same name as
the old movie
star, eh, Ronnie?

I AM
the
old
movie
star,
Bert!

How about that,
folks? He IS
the old movie
star! What are
you going to do
for us tonight?

I'm going to tap dance down
into the audience, showing
only my right side—which
is my good side—and sign
autographs while film clips
of my old love scenes are
projected up on the stage!

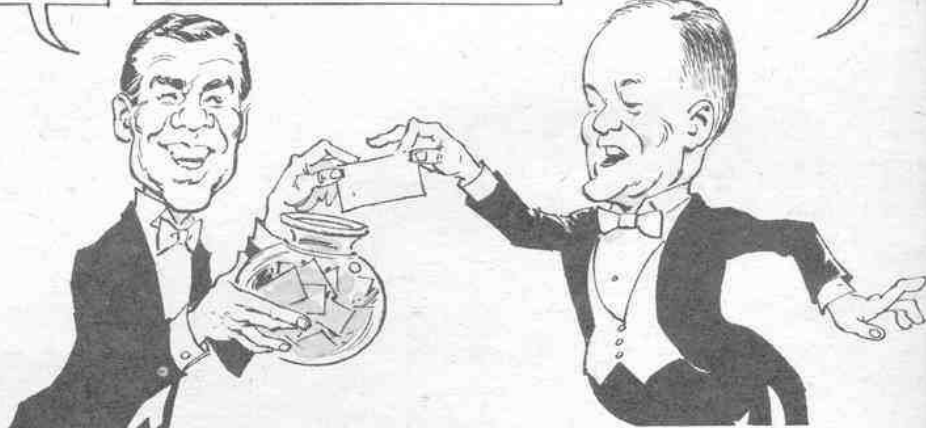


Great, Ronnie!
And now, ladies
and gentlemen—
the "Ad Lib"
portion of our
program...

Each finalist must answer a question
picked from this bowl. He has not seen
the question before, and he only has
five seconds to think about his answer!
And now, ready to pick his question—
here once again is Hubert Humphrey...

Well, it is my firm belief...

Hold it, Hubert! Pick
the question FIRST—
THEN give your answer!



Here is your question,
Hugh—and think carefully
before you answer: "If
you were to become
President, and trouble-
makers suddenly started
to riot all over the country
... what would you do?"
You have 5 seconds...

Well, my mother always
told me, "Two heads are
better than one!" I'd call
this adviser of mine in
Texas, and I'd ask him
what to do, and he'd tell
me what to do, and I'd do
it, because I always do
what he tells me to do!

That's a very
honest answer!
Yes, it is...
and good luck
to you! Next—
Alabama's own
George Wallace!

Here is your question, George—
and think carefully before you
answer: "If you were to become
President, and trouble-makers
suddenly started to riot all
over the country... what would
you do?" You have 5 seconds...

Well, I don't believe
in no pussyfootin'
aroun'! I'd call out
the Ku Klux—I mean
the National Guard!
—an' wipe 'em out!
That's what I'd do!



A straight-forward answer! Yes, sir! Good luck! And now, Gov. Reagan!

Here is your question, Ronnie—and think carefully before you answer: "If you were to become President, and trouble-makers suddenly started to riot all over the country... what would you do?" You have 5 seconds...

I can't answer that question!

Why not, Governor?

Because if I were President, that just wouldn't ever happen!

All right! Fine! I'll accept that! A very different answer—but a good one!

And now, Richard Milhous Nixon...

Somebody stole my dress suit, and I don't think it's funny at all!

Okay, here is your question, Dick: "If you were to become President, and trouble-makers suddenly started to riot all over the country... what would you do?" Five seconds...



Maybe it's funny to some of you guys back there—hiding my dress suit like that—but I don't think so! If I don't get it back fast, I'm going to report you! And don't think I don't know who you are!!

Okay, fine! Time's up! Good luck, Dick! And now... up to the booth and lovely June Lockliver—with an interesting interview!



Thank you, Bert! I'm here with the last winner of the "Mr. President Pageant"... Lyndon Baines Johnson! Tell us, Lyndon, did being "Mr. President" for the past four years benefit you in any way?

It certainly did, June! For one thing, Ah got both mah daughters married off—somethin' Ah never would've been able t' do if Ah hadn't been "Mr. President"! An' mah wife an' Ah visited fifty-four countries! We never would've done THAT!

And what would you say was the one greatest contribution you made during your 4 years as "Mr. President"?



And now... the moment you've all been waiting for! May I have the Judges' final tallies, please?

The third runner-up is... from Alabama... George C. Wallace!!

Congratulations, sir! Of course, there'll be a job waiting for you in Washington! All finalists and their family and their friends will be put on the Government's payroll for the next four years!

I want J. Edgar Hoover's job! Just give me Hoover's job!



The second runner-up ...
from Minnesota ... is
Hubert Horatio Humphrey!
Congratulations, Hubert!

And tell us—
what job do
YOU want in
Washington?

I'll take anything!
Just tell me what
you want me to do
and I'll do it!



And the first runner
up ... from the great
state of Maryland
... **SPIRO AGNEW!**

Who? ?
Who'd
he
say? ?

I think
he said
Spyros
Skouras!

What's "Agnew"?

I dunno! What's
Agnew with you?



And that, of course, means
that the winner of the "Mr.
President Pageant" ... and
the new Chief Executive of
the United States is New
York's **Richard M. Nixon!**

I'll bet it
was **YOU** who
stole my dress
suit! Well, I'll
get even, Bert—
You'll see ...

I'll have your
Federal Income
Tax Reports
examined with
a **fine-toothed**
comb! You'll see!



This must
be a very
thrilling
moment for
you, "Mr.
President!"

I was always confident
that I'd win! It comes
as no surprise to me!
They thought they could
make me look ridiculous,
but they were wrong!

Well, now they're
in for four years
of hell, I'll tell
you that! I'll get
even with all of
them! You'll see!

Anybody
wanna
debate!
C'mon! I'll
debate
anybody! !



He's got a
marvelous
sense of
humor, eh,
folks? !

And now, as you take
that long walk down
the ramp, I crown you
"MR. PRESIDENT ...
RICHARD M. NIXON!" !

Walk? You want
me to **WALK**
down that ramp?
Where's my fancy
Presidential car? !



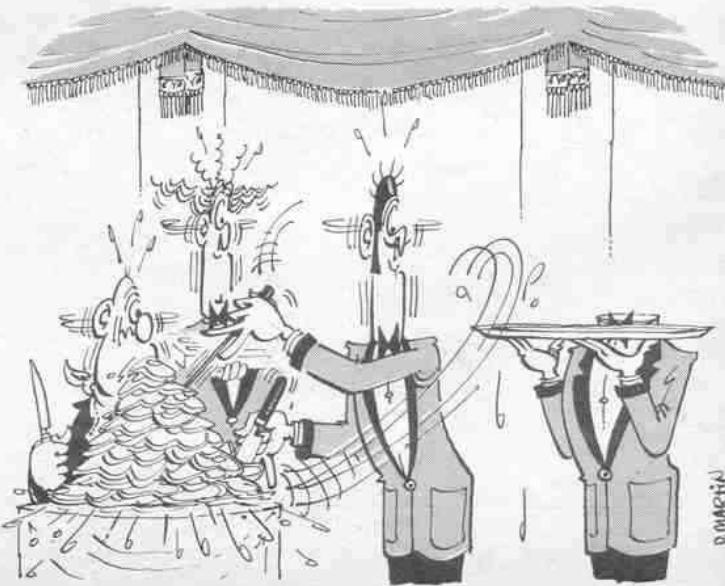
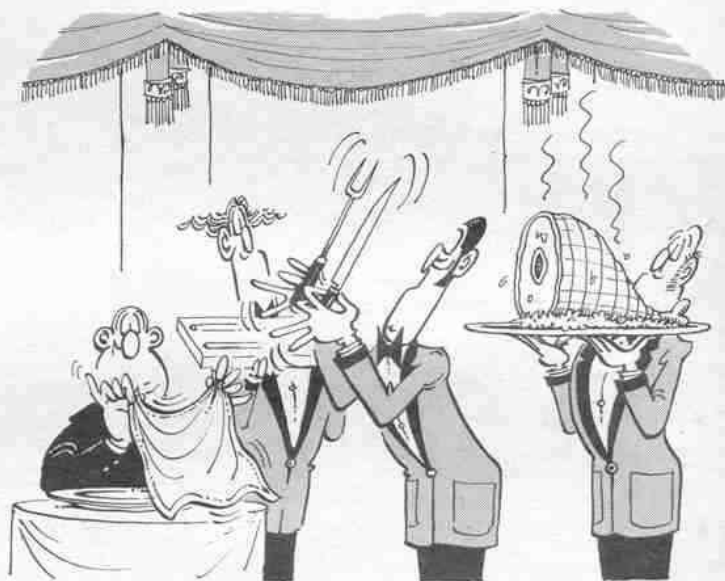
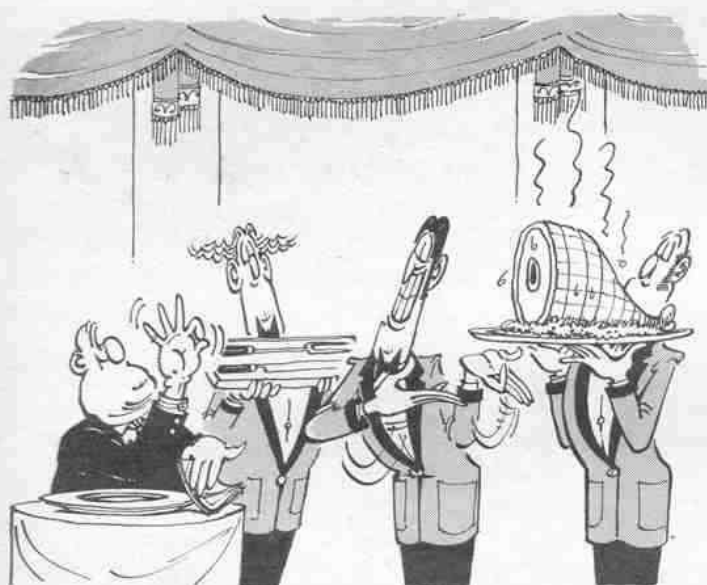
There he is ...
Mr. President!
He is now ...
Our ideal!

Full of warmth ...
And tears ...
And sentiment ...

Can you believe ...
That he's ...
For real? !



IN A FANCY RESTAURANT



MANIKIN-DEPRESSIVE DEPT.

Maybe the reason many teenagers and young adults are escaping from reality through the use of Marijuana and LSD and other drugs these days is because they were *exposed* to reality at much too early an age... mainly when they were still playing with dolls! We're talking about *realistic* dolls! Those *VERY realistic* dolls! We'll show you just what we mean as we take...

A MAD LOOK AT REALISTIC DOLLS

The doll on our right, of course, is the very popular "G.I. Joey" doll. He is completely flexible. In other words, he has no mind of his own, and bends to every command... regardless of *what* it is, or *who* it comes from. Go ahead! Give G.I. Joey an order! Ask him to kill somebody! He will! His commanding officer, Major Hawk, wishes he had more dolls like G.I. Joey under his command! Today, Toyland... tomorrow, the World!

WRITER: HAROLD MORRISON

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD



This is "Keen"! He is Boobie's boyfriend. He's testing out one of his newest accessories... his *cigarette lighter*, on one of his oldest accessories... his *Draft Card*! Keen is strongly against becoming a "G.I. Joey" doll and wants us to know it!



This is "Boobie"! Now, *there's* a doll! A *living* doll! She comes equipped with everything that a young girl of today might wish for: Personality, good looks, and pure femininity. Too bad! She'll have to *change* all that if she expects to be accepted today!



This is Boobie's friend, "Afro"! She is a "Token" doll. She is a very nice doll. She is a credit to her doll race! But despite her intelligence and charm, G.I. Joey (And even Keen!) cannot ask her for a date! The Doll World isn't *ready* for that sort of thing!



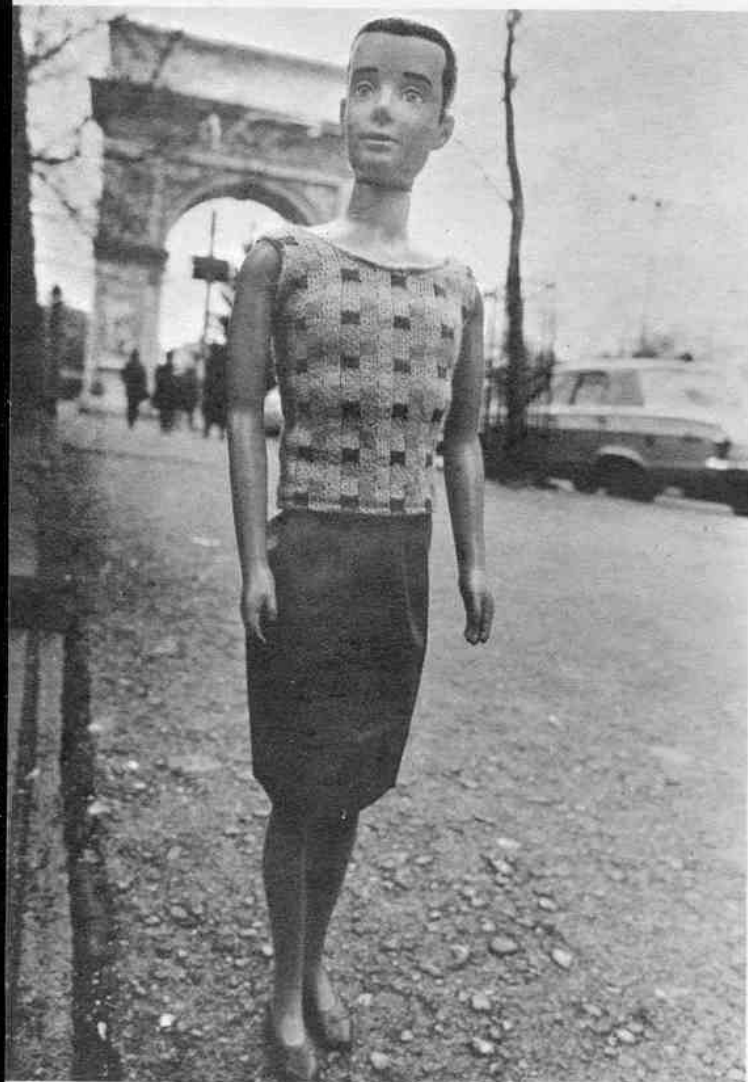
This is
"G.I.
Jerry"!
He was an
enemy of
G.I. Joey
once. Now
he is a
friend!
Half of
him, any-
way! The
Western
Half!



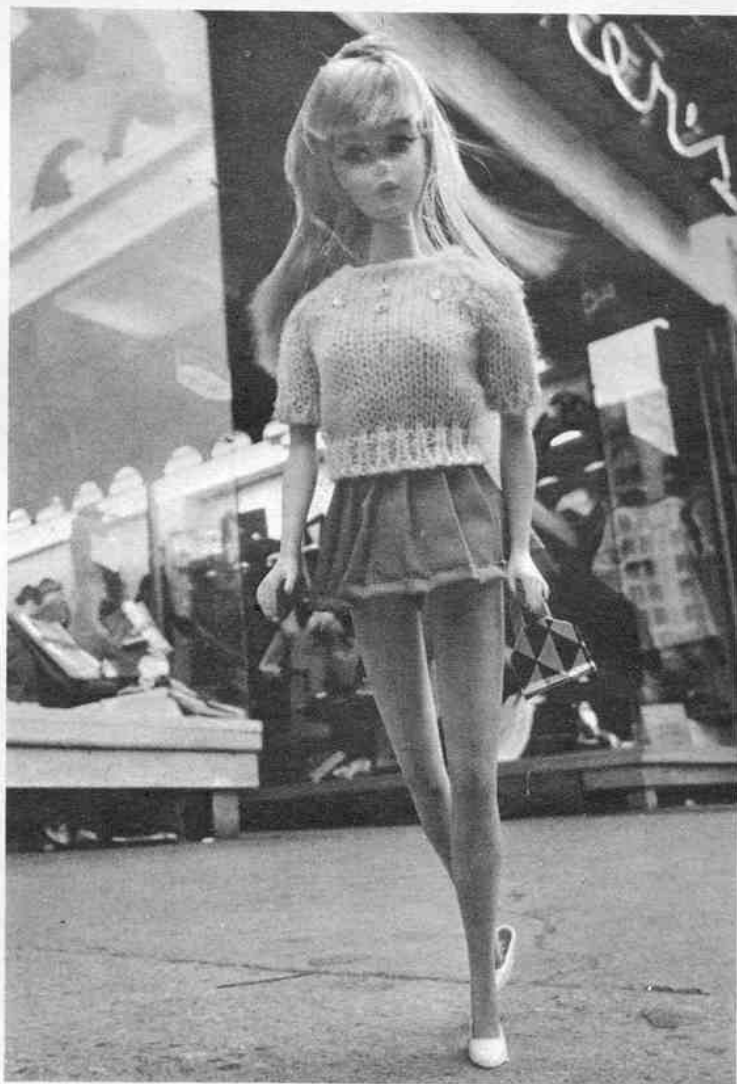
This is
"G.I. Jap"!
He was an
enemy at one
time, also!
Now, he and
Joey have an
understanding!
If Joey will
forget about
Pearl Harbor,
G.I. Jap will
forget about
Hiroshima!



This is
"G.I. Red"!
He was a
friend at
one time!
Then . . . he
wasn't one!
Then . . . he
was! Then
he wasn't!
What is he
today? Which
way is the
wind blowing?



Here is "Keen" again. He is practically the same size as Boobie, and has the same delicate features. He can even fit into some of Boobie's clothes. That Keen will go to *any lengths* to avoid ending up as a "G.I. Joey"!



Talk about clothes, here is Boobie in her third outfit today. That's all she ever *thinks* about is clothes. It takes a lot of *money* to keep her in the latest fashions. *Think* about that before you marry a doll like Boobie!



This is
"G.I. Frog"!
He is a
French doll.
He, too, was
a friend,
once. And he
claims he
still is. *Ha!*
With friend-
dolls like
this, you
don't need
enemy-dolls!



This is
"G.I.
Limey"!
He was a
friend
once. And
he is a
friend
now! They
say the
sun never
sets on
English
friendship!



Hey, there goes Keen again. He's wearing a new outfit, too! And it comes complete with matching luggage and a one way ticket to Canada. Looks like Keen is making a *last-ditch effort* to keep from becoming a "G.I. Joey"!



And who can *blame* Keen? Look at G.I. Joey. Someone is firing *bullets* at him. Not *toy* bullets, either! Who is it? G.I. Jap? G.I. Jerry? G.I. Frenchy? No, it's a *new* enemy . . . "G.I. Cong"! G.I. Cong comes with many accessories. You can look them up in G.I. Red's catalogue!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE GENER





RATION GAP

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Why did I have the luck to be born into a middle class family with its middle class morality and all its other stupid middle class standards?!

What's wrong with being middle class?

I don't know! It's a "thing" the kids have—against the way we live today!

Well, maybe they're right! Maybe we ought to change the way we live!

I know!! Why didn't I think of this before?! What a perfect solution . . . and so easy for me!!

We'll just STOP being middle class!

We'll be POOR!!



Dad, I need \$200!

\$200?! Just like that?! Every time I turn around, you're asking for money!

It's either money for allowance, or money for clothes, or money for your car, or money for a date, or money—

This time, it's for a worthy cause, Dad! I need expense money to go to Washington to protest for our exploited minorities!

What about us parents?!

What about you parents?

When are you going to protest for US?! WE'RE an exploited minority!



YECCH!



Will you look at those college kids . . . rioting . . . and wrecking . . . and protesting against the so-called Establishment! It's shameful, and something should be done about it!!

I know how to put a stop to it!

Yeah? How?

Make "Rioting", "Wrecking" and "Protesting" REQUIRED COURSES!!



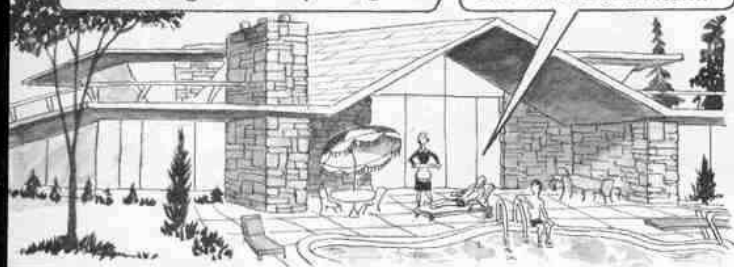
I grew up during the Depression! We had nothing! I had to work darn hard for every little thing! Now, when I look back on it, I realize that I'm a better person for it! It tempered my steel! It was a schooling . . . and a privilege!

Then, when I started making good money and acquiring material things, I was able to appreciate them all the more! I cherished and valued each item!

You, on the other hand, grew up amid affluence! You never knew what it was like to "go without" . . . therefore you can never fully appreciate what you've got!

Gee, I never realized it before . . .

I'm an UNDERPRIVILEGED KID!!



Well, son, what did you learn in school today?

I learned **PLENTY!!**

Like what?

Like Bobby Forman gets a bigger allowance than I do!!



Gee, I was talking to an **ADULT** the other day, and I couldn't believe it! He was so patient! He calmly heard me out, and then gave me such wise advice!

That's strange! I had a similar experience recently!



Good Lord!! These kids and their music! It's awful!!

Y'know, I used to feel that way . . .

. . . but I listened, and I learned to like it! This Beatle record, f'rinstance . . . it really has something!!

Did I hear you right, Mom? You like this Beatle record??

When adults start liking what we kids like . . .

. . . then there **MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT!!**



Why can't you be a Straight "A" student like Victor Freeman?

Victor Freeman is a fagot!!

Victor Freeman is a **FAGOT!!** I suppose Jed Novak, the Captain of the Football Team, is also a fagot!!

Jed Novak?! He sure **IS** a fagot!!

And Mitch Montana . . . the Don Juan of the school? Is he a fagot?

The worst kind!!

But I thought a fagot was . . . I mean . . . What in heck **IS** a fagot anyway??



Gee, Dad... I never knew you could ice skate!

When I was your age, I won a medal for ice skating!

You must be putting me on! I'm absolutely shocked! That's... that's beyond my wildest imagination!

What?! That I won a medal for ice skating?!

No, not that!

I can't believe that you were ever MY AGE!!



This guy wasn't like my father at all! The minute WE try to talk to each other, it gets all emotional... with hollering and stuff!

Don't I know it! It's the same in my house, too!

But this guy was different!

Mine, too! Like night and day!

Who were you guys talking to?

HIS FATHER!!

MY FATHER!?!?



When I was young, kids were much tougher than the kids of today! That's because we were locked in a life-and-death struggle with a real tough enemy... the Nazis!!

They were ruthless, and cruel, and dictatorial, and oppressive, and domineering, and...

Gee, we kids have the same kind of enemy today!!

They're called "Parents"!!



Anyone who can do something I CAN'T DO is a fagot!!

You young people with your wild ideas about Sexual Experience and Free Love!! Let me tell you, it may be FREE, but it's NOT LOVE!! It's just plain FREE LUST!!

What's the world coming to?? Those kids make me so mad I could bust!!

Calm down! You can't change things! What are you so angry about?

Because I'm not part of it!



Dad, if you love me, you'll buy me a car!

It's because I love you that I won't buy you a car!

You call that love ... denying me something that I want so badly?

You bet I do! I didn't put seventeen years of care and worry into you so you can get racked up in an accident! I'm protecting what I love!

I know you're disappointed, but isn't it nice to know that your father loves you?

Yeah ...

... only maybe I'd be better off if he HATED me a little!



I see my son is getting serious about that Gail What's-Her-Name?! Well, I want you to know that I do not like her!!

That's too bad! But you won't have to live with her, Mom ... I WILL!!

CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?!!

I don't have to stay here and listen to this! Good-bye!!

Can you imagine it?! That witch ... that ruthless hussy ... has weasled her way into my son's heart!

I didn't realize that you disliked Gail so much! How long has this been going on?

FROM THE VERY MOMENT MY SON WAS BORN!!



I'm ashamed to tell people you're my son! Get a HAIRCUT!!

I WILL NOT!! YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!!

Actually, it bugs me that people are always staring at me with my hair this way ... and it bugs me that it's always getting in my eyes ...

... and it bugs me that I can't wear a hat in winter ...

So why don't you get a haircut?

BECAUSE IT BUGS MY PARENTS MORE!!



I sit down to eat with my family, and what do I see: Hippies, Yuppies, members of the New Left, Draft Card burners, Flag burners, Pot smokers, Sit-Inners, and advocates of Sexual Freedom!

And we see YOU—a representative of The Establishment! People like you make wars and send young people like us to fight them!

Enough arguments, already! Say the prayer and let's eat!

Dear Lord, I thank Thee—for Thou hast prepared a table before me in the presence of mine enemies ...

... ALL THOSE UNDER THIRTY!!





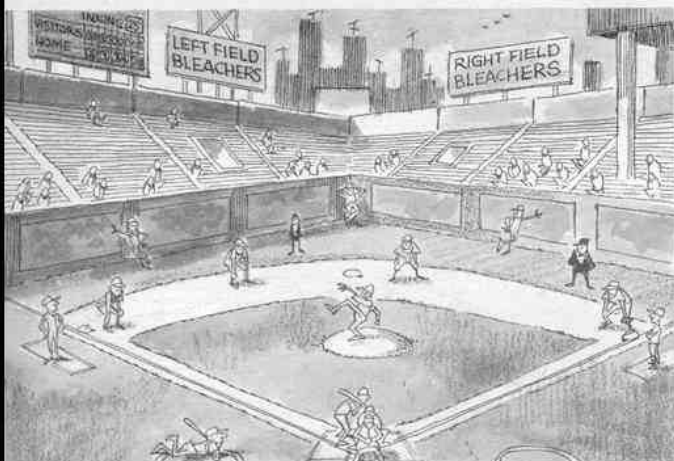
Since its birth in 1839, Baseball has seen only one major change. Thanks to the architectural engineering achievement of the Houston Astrodome, America's dullest outdoor sport for the past 130 years has now become America's dullest indoor sport as well! And so, in order to save this dying sport from total extinction, we now present . . .

The MAD Plan For Combatting... The Boredom of Baseball

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

HERE ARE A FEW MAD IDEAS FOR MAKING THE GAME MORE EXCITING BY CHANGING EXISTING FACILITIES AND RULES



Place the diamond at the opposite end of the field, out by the bleacher section. In that way, only the unfortunates who cannot afford to pay for better seats will have to watch the game close at hand.



Erect wide steel girders in front of every other seat. In that way, half the audience will be fortunate enough to have their view of the playing field blocked, and they will be far more effectively entertained by the wild graffiti scribbled on them.



Eliminate all seats and/or walls in the outfield. This will make it possible for everyone to watch the "Auto Thrill Show," starring the latecomer baseball fans, who perform crazily each night in the stadium parking lots.



Reduce the distance between bases to only ten feet, thereby cutting down the running time of the game. Also, if enough line drives are hit, it will, in time, kill off all available infielders, thus putting an end to the game once and for all.

AND HERE ARE SEVERAL MAD IDEAS FOR MAKING THE GAME



Eliminate all but one Vendor, and assign him to one section. This will mean that at least 75% of the people at the game will be spending most of their time passing hot dogs, beer and soft drinks back and forth around the field. (This idea was tested at a recent Met game, where it was recorded that the sellout crowd passed 285,750 hot dogs an average of half-way around Shea Stadium, and that of these, 175,225 had to be returned for more mustard.)



Print duplicate tickets for most seats. This will mean that two, three or four people would have a ticket for the same seat, resulting in marvelous arguments and even bloody fist fights . . . all more exciting to watch than the stupid game.



Hire only fat ex-policemen, 65 or over, as Stadium Guards. Then, several times during every game, release a very fast dog or a wiry teenager onto the playing field. This should provide lots of laughs as the old cops try to run 'em down.



Train several dummy Television Cameras with red lights on the fans in the stands so they can spend the whole game turning and waving at people they hope are idiot enough to be watching and looking for them back home.



Permit only ladies in the park on Ladies Days. Then, whenever a play is made, the game will be stopped and the players will explain what happened. After 3 innings, the game will stop completely and the players will go up into the stands and just sit around for 2 hours, gossiping and drinking and doing all the things ladies dig.



Supply players with uniforms that are much too small so that when they bend to pick up a ball or a bat, there will be much hilarity.

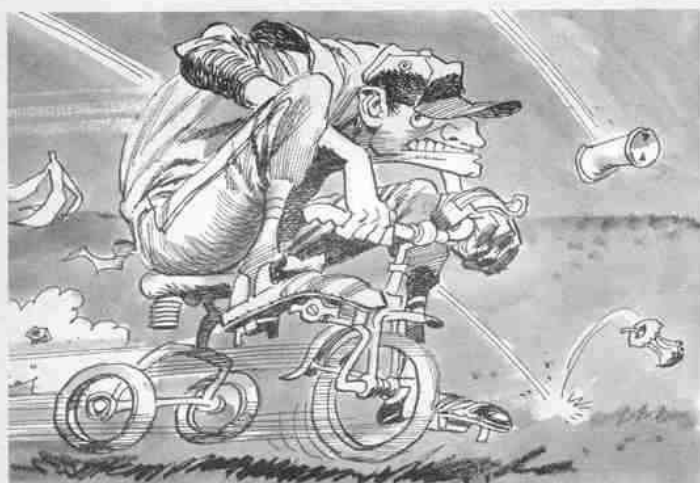
MORE EXCITING BY USING EXISTING FACILITIES AND RULES



Pass out Bingo cards at the entry gates, and play Bingo during the actual game, using the players' numbers as they come to bat. When a spectator gets five in a line, he yells out "Bingo!"—and play is held up while he comes onto the field and collects a valuable prize.



At some point during every game when there is no threat of rain, fire hoses will be turned on the playing field signifying the start of the Tarpolin-Rolling Race. Four teams of pot-bellied maintenance men will attempt to roll four extremely heavy tarpolins onto the field, unfold them, spread them out, walk around on them, then fold them up again and roll them back off the field—all this while the game is going on.



Replace those Jeeps—now used to bring Relief Pitchers in from Bull Pens in most parks—with Kids' Tricycles, thus damaging the Pitcher's moral even before he gets to the mound. This will make for a better hitting game.



Use only one baseball per game. This will mean that when a foul ball or a home run is hit, the players will literally have to race into the stands to retrieve it, thus affording fans an opportunity to meet their favorite stars personally.



Hire only Alcoholic Illiterates as Scoreboard Keepers. This will insure that wild errors will take place, especially with the ball-and-strike count, and those important out-of-town scores.



Hire only inept Ground Keepers so that balls will roll, jump and hop erratically. This will make the players look bad, allowing the fans to make wisecracks and throw things like empty bottles which will be lying at their feet, since the parks will never be swept out either.



Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're—

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITERS: MAY SAKAMI & E. NELSON BRIDWELL



Leaning heavily on an EXPERIENCE



Shouldering a RESPONSIBILITY



Making a LONG STORY short



Striking a CARELESS POSE



Cementing a RELATIONSHIP



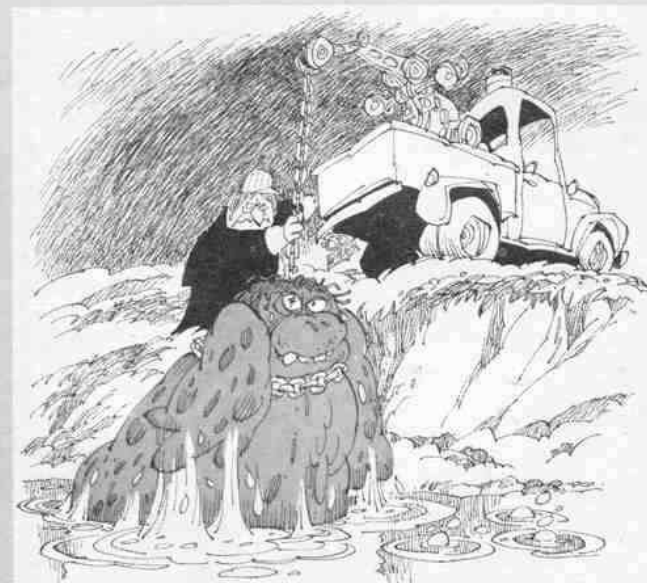
Creating a DISTURBANCE



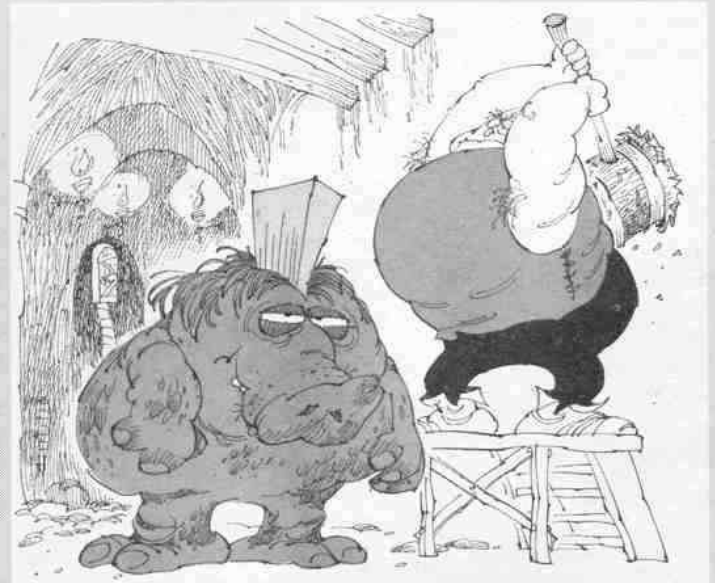
Wrestling with a WEIGHTY PROBLEM



Carried away by an ENTHUSIASM



Raising a RUCKUS



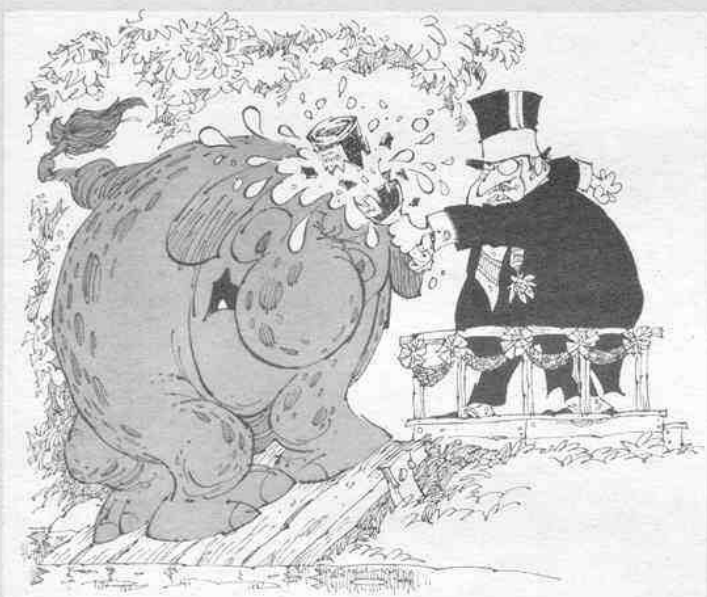
Splitting an INFINITIVE



Ironing out a DIFFICULTY



Getting out of a TIGHT SQUEEZE



Launching a CAREER



Mounting an OFFENSIVE



Releasing one's INHIBITIONS



Killing off a few IDLE HOURS

GOD SAVE McQUEEN DEPT.

No matter what kind of role he plays, Steve McQueen is always Steve McQueen! He was Steve McQueen when he did his *sailor bit* in "The Sand Pebbles"! He was Steve McQueen when he did his *illegitimate father bit* in "Love With A Proper Stranger"! He was Steve McQueen when he did his *sophisticated crook bit* in "The Thomas Crown Affair"! And if you've seen his latest... in which he plays a detective, then you'll have to agree that he's still Steve McQueen, even when he does his...

"BULLBIT"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

Lieutenant Bullbit? My name is Walter Charmless! I'm an ambitious politician! I asked your Chief to send me the best man on the force! I've got an assignment that requires the utmost skill, intelligence, patience and alertness... but it also requires one other thing that's more important than all the rest... and that is that you stay awake while I'm talking to you!

He IS awake, Mr. Charmless! That's just Steve McQueen's way of underplaying his role! He's acting real cool!

Snoring is acting real cool?? Anyway, here is your assignment: Johnny Thug has quit the Mafia and is ready to talk! I want you to keep him alive until Monday so he can testify before my Investigating Committee... thereby catapulting me into prominence as the greatest "Crime-Buster" this nation has ever had! But I must warn you...

Failure will bring you certain death!

You mean from the Mafia...?

No, I mean from ME!! Nobody's gonna louse up MY chance to be the greatest "Crime-Buster" this nation has ever had!!



Okay, Mr. Charmless, where IS this Mafia hood we're supposed to guard?

As you know... in current movies, the accent is on **credibility** and **realism**! With this in mind, where's the **FIRST** place the Mafia would look for him? In some sleazy skid row flop house, right? And where's the **LAST** place they'd look? In some plush hotel like this one, right?

Right! What room is he in?

307... in the Hotel Sleazy! That's a skid row flop house across town! I said the accent was on **credibility** and **realism**! I never said anything about **LOGIC**!

So get over there and start baby-sitting this guy! By the way, Sgt—I think your friend is underplaying again!

No... this time he's really **ASLEEP**! In fact, considering how dull this dialogue's been so far, it's a wonder **ANY** of us are still awake!!



Hi, Lieutenant!
I did some shopping and we're all set for the weekend!

Bottles?! Diapers?! Sergeant Standin, you are an IDIOT! "Babysitting" was just an expression!

All right, Thug, let's get three things straight: One—stay away from the door! Two—stay away from the skylight! Three—and this is the most important—stay away from that window!!

The window is really dangerous, huh, Lieutenant Bullbit?

No, the window is really filthy! You wouldn't want to appear before the Committee with dirty hands, would you?

Okay, men, I'll take the first shift! If there's going to be any breaking in and killing, it's bound to happen during the first shift ... Hmmm!

On second thought, you take the first shift, Standin!

You really play the anti-hero bit to the hilt, eh, Lieutenant?



I don't know how you can stand it, Bullbit! Night after night, nothing but pain and suffering and agony!

I'm a cop, Cassie! It's my job!

I'm not talking about your job! I'm talking about this mattress!!

Golly, look how late it is! It's beddy-bye time, Thuggy! Get into your 'jammies, wash your teathy-weethies, and say your prayers! I'm going to raid the refrigerator and ...

You're gonna say **YOUR** prayers, Copper, if you keep on forgetting that "Babysitting" is just an expression! Now, if you'll excuse me, I have something to do over at the door ...

What could he possibly have to do over at the door except unlock it? And that makes no sense! It would be an open invitation for killers to come in and blow our brains out! Ridiculous! No producer would accept that! No director would accept that! And no audience would accept that!



What happened ... ?

He unlocked the door!

I'll accept that!

Hoo-boy! Like Mr. Charmless said, movies have much more reality ... but much less logic!

Nice day if it don't rain!

Is that a new hat, Thelma?

How's your mother feeling these days?

What kind of car is that?

What kind of dialogue is this??

It's that casual, everyday kind of dialogue that's injected into modern movies to lend authenticity!

At these modern admission prices, I think maybe the audience might prefer some contrived playwriting kind of dialogue injected to lend ENTERTAINMENT!!



What do those awful gurgling noises Standin is making mean, Doc?

He's trying to talk! But with half his eyes, ears, nose, throat and teeth shot away, talking is the most painful thing he can attempt! I can't imagine why he'd even try!

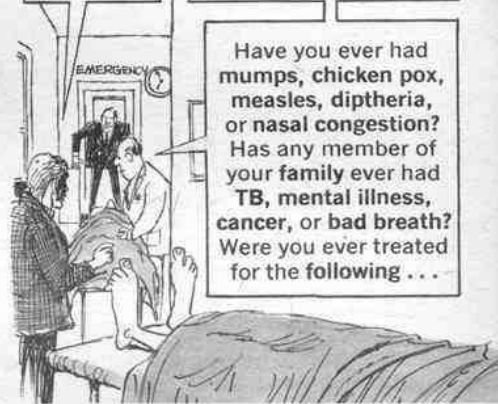
Because he's a cop, Doc, and he has information that he must, regardless of personal pain and suffering, somehow communicate to me! Can you make out what he's saying?

Something about how he sure wishes YOU'D taken the first shift!

Let's go! These guys are dying! Hey, Doc—what's holding things up??

They can't find Johnny Thug's Blue Cross Card! While they're looking, I'll ask Standin, here, some questions! Answer one gurgle for "yes" ... and two for "no"!

Have you ever had mumps, chicken pox, measles, diphtheria, or nasal congestion? Has any member of your family ever had TB, mental illness, cancer, or bad breath? Were you ever treated for the following ...



Dullgetter ... there's only one way we can save Johnny Thug's life now! We've got to guard him 'round the clock and see that **NO ONE** gets into his room!

No one from the Mafia?

No ... from the Hospital Staff! Have you seen the mortality figures for this place?! He's in danger!!



Hey ... that guy!! You shouldn't have let him through! Now, we're in for really big trouble!

Why?? Because he's got that sawed-off shotgun?

No, because he hasn't got a Visitors' Pass!



Thank heaven you've come at last, Doctor!

I'm no Doctor, Thug! I'm a high-paid professional killer!

There's a difference??



YECCH! I never should have chased him through there! The smell of DEATH was everywhere!

A Hospital Morgue is NEVER a pretty sight!

What Hospital Morgue ... ?! That was the Hospital KITCHEN!!



Listen, Killer! Before we go any further, there's one question I'd like to ask you! What logical reason can you give me for not finishing off Johnny Thug when you had him trapped like a sitting duck back in that hotel room? That's something an experienced cop like me cannot swallow!

You may be an experienced cop, but from movie-making you know nothing! If I'd finished him off back there, what excuse would we have for this exciting "Hospital Chase" sequence, Dum-Dum???

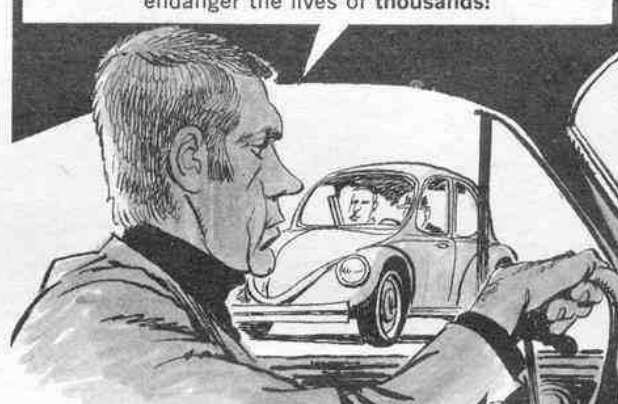


There must be something really wrong with you, Bullbit!

Why? Because I'm a devoted cop? Because bloodshed doesn't affect me? Because sadism doesn't affect me? Because inhumanity doesn't affect me? Is that what makes you say something is wrong with me??

No... because I'm standing here nude and it doesn't affect you! Devoted cop or not... something **MUST** be wrong with you!!

Oh-oh! There's the hired killer and his driver in that car! Now, there are **two ways** I can handle this situation! One—I can **cautiously trail** them until I get a chance to call headquarters so they can set up roadblocks and capture them **alive**—thus avoiding needless bloodshed! Or, **two**—I can provoke them into a wild senseless chase through the streets that will endanger the lives of thousands!



My choice, of course, is simple! **AVOID LOGIC!!**

What the... **HEY!** Look what's following us!!

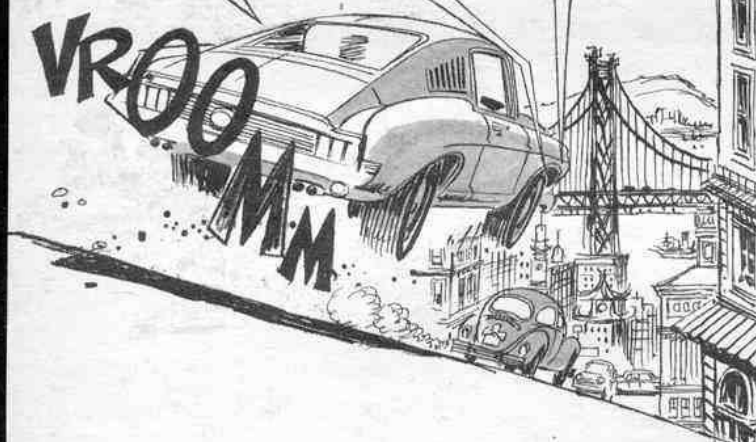
Good grief!! It was tough enough accepting "The Flying Nun"... but this is **RIDICULOUS!!**

It's Bullbit!! Pull up alongside him and I'll blow his brains out!

Wait! He seems to be saying something! Can you read lips?

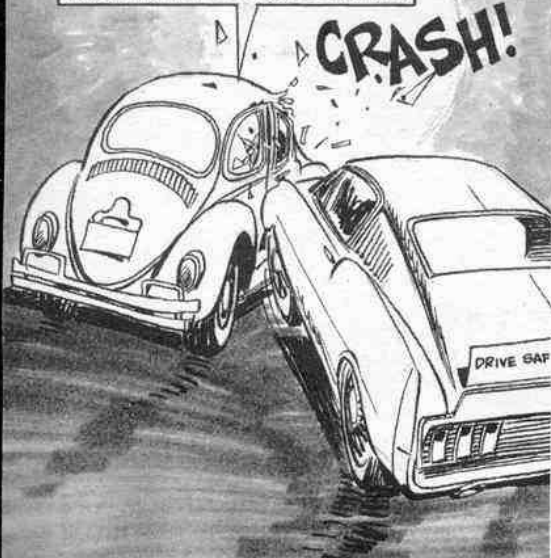
He's saying, "Your... door is... open!"

Tell him, "Thanks a lot!"



Never mind! He **JUST SHUT IT!!**

CRASH!



Listen, Bullbit! Before we go any further, there's one question I'd like to ask you! What logical reason can you give me for **not finishing me off** when you had so many chances to shoot me during that chase through the hospital? That's something an experienced killer like me cannot swallow!

You may be an experienced killer, but from movie-making you know nothing! If I'd finished you off in the hospital, what excuse would we have for this exciting "Car Chase" sequence, Dum-dum?



Get your shotgun ready! I'll pull up alongside and signal when you've got a perfect shot!

Now??

No, not yet!

Now...?

No, not yet!!

Now...?

Yes... NOW!!

BLAM!

I get the feeling that there should've been one more "No, not yet!"

At this very moment, Organized Crime's "Mr. Big" is preparing to leave the country! Do you realize what a tremendous challenge lies ahead of you?

You mean the tremendous challenge of nailing the nation's "No. 1 Criminal" and making America a better place in which to live?

No, the challenge of explaining why we're here at the airport, when "Mr. Big" is supposed to be leaving the country by boat!

Sorry, Sir! You're seventy pounds over!

Dat's okay! I'll just leave out some of dese here pineapples!

Gate 71
PAN AMERICAN

MUNITIONS FACTORY

That guy sure looks suspicious, Bullbit!

Yeah! Everybody knows you can't take fruit out of the country!

Hey, buddy! I'd like some answers to a few questions!

Oh, yeah?! Take dat—and dat—

Those are the wrong answers! See what comes of not waiting to hear the questions!

See, Dullgetter! Coming to the airport wasn't so stupid after all! Look what a swell opportunity this is!

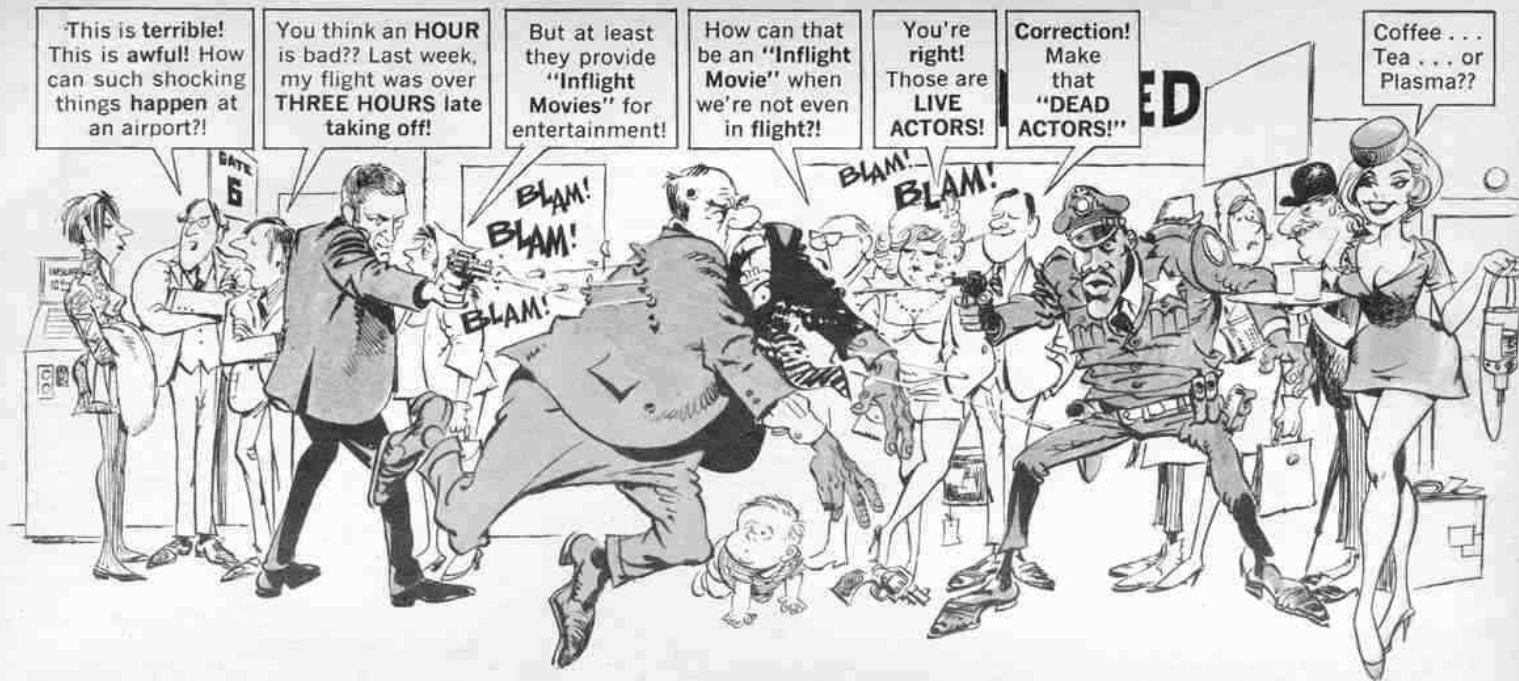
To catch a criminal?

No... to squeeze one more idiotic "Chase Scene" into this picture!

BLAM
BLAM

TRANS EAST AIR
GATE 7

TAKE ME TO HAVANA!



WHAT
INDUSTRY
CONTRIBUTES
MORE TO
AIR POLLUTION
THAN ANY
OTHER?

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

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

More and more concern is being expressed over the problem of Air Pollution. And yet, year after year, one industry consistently pollutes the air while the vast majority of Americans quietly accept it. To find out who this villain is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



The 60-second disappointment

It happens too often with a Parloraid Color Pack Camera! That's why we can't take a chance. We photograph these ads with a Nikon loaded with Ektachrome!



Photography by Irving Schild