No. 117 March '68

MAD

IND

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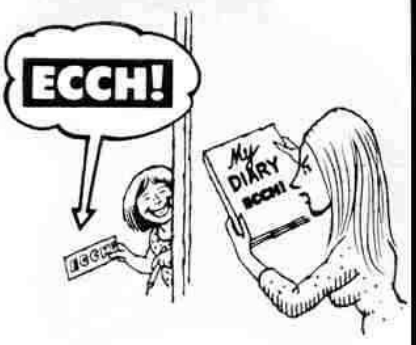
Good Lord . . . look what we've come up with now!

MAD STENCILS



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(and even at some in the middle of blocks!)

NUMBER 117 MARCH 1968

MAD

"Everyone knows the difference between 'right' and 'wrong' . . . it's just that some people can't make a decision!"—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

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MAD—March 1968 Vol. 1, No. 117, 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., 19 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1967 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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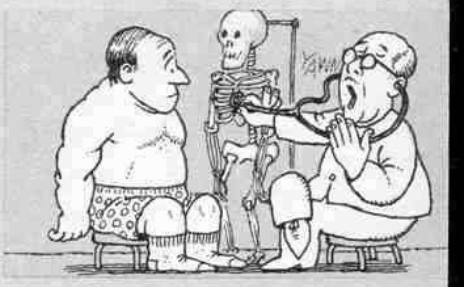

"THE SAM PEBBLES" (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE)
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- ☐ Howling **MAD**
- ☐ **DON MARTIN** Steps Out

- ☐ **DON MARTIN** Bounces Back
- ☐ **DON MARTIN** Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ **MAD**'s Captain Klutz
- ☐ **DAVE BERG** Looks At The U. S. A.
- ☐ **DAVE BERG** Looks At People
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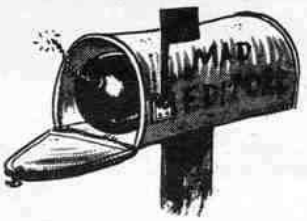
LETTERS DEPT.



STAR BLECCH

"Star Blecch" was one of your funniest articles ever. I laughed my head off when I read it.

Kirk Alexander
Athens, Georgia

As an ardent fan of science-fiction, "Star Trek", and "Mr. Spock" in particular, I found your satire revolting. Have you any idea how thoroughly and completely you have destroyed an illusion of something good and fine and true and beautiful? Not the show, you idiots—your magazine!

Louise Kurylo
Hinsdale, Ill.

"Star Blecch". . . yecch!!

Chris Glans
Los Angeles, Calif.

You get the booby prize for trying to show the bad points of a show that has no bad points.

Stuart MacIntosh
Kitchener, Ontario, Can.

Even though "Star Trek" is one of my favorite shows, I think you did a wonderful job on it. Mort Drucker's drawings were excellent and Dick De Bartolo's text was marvelous. In short, the only thing wrong with "Star Blecch" was that it was too short.

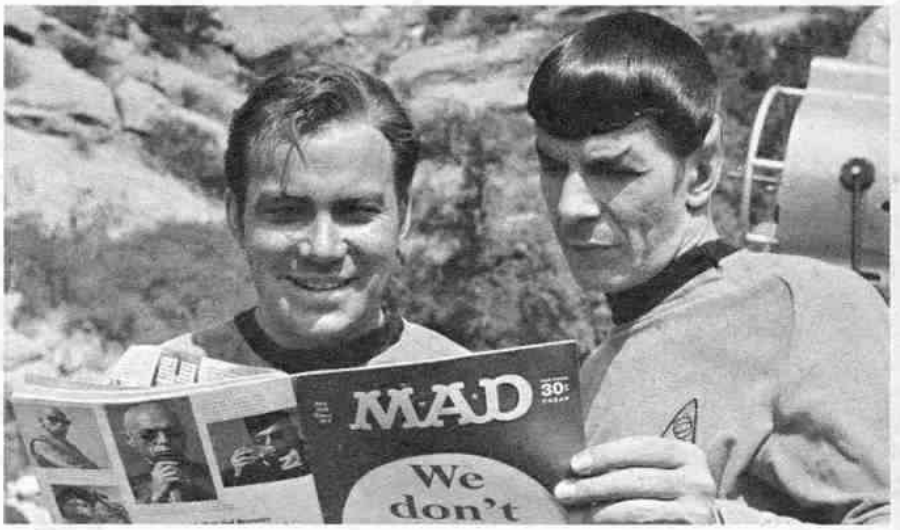
Fred Reed
Lompoc, Calif.

Writer Dick De Bartolo and artist Mort Drucker should "boldly go where no man has ever gone before"!

John Pruszkowski
Philadelphia, Penna.

You are lunatics and your magazine is sheer idiocy. We hope they gather you up in white sheets and take you to the booby hatch where you belong. As a matter of fact, you can join us in ours. We loved the story and we love you all . . . in a decent manly way, of course!

Gene Roddenberry, Exec. Producer
William Shatner & Leonard Nimoy
"Star Trek"
Desilu Productions
Hollywood, California



William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy enjoy MAD fun.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION *(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)* **1.** Date of filing: Oct. 1, 1967 **2.** Title of Publication: MAD **3.** Frequency of issue: Monthly except Feb., May, August, & Nov. **4.** Location of Known Office of Publication: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 **5.** Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 **6.** Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: William M. Gaines—485 Madison Ave. NYC 10022; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein—485 Madison Ave. NYC 10022; Managing Editor: None. **7.** Owner (*If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.*) E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Ave., NYC 10022, National Periodical Publications, Inc., J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, Irwin Donenfeld, S. U. Sampliner, Sonia Mondschein, Estate of Harry Donenfeld—all of 575 Lexington Ave. NYC 10022 **8.** Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. **9.** Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

WE DON'T TRY VERY HARD!

We know!

Nathan M. Wise
Eastchester, N.Y.

You don't succeed very well, either!

Roger Vanous
Columbia, Mo.

AN OFF-YEAR ELECTION

I found "TV Coverage Of An Off-Year Election" dull, boring and outright stupid. Just like the real thing! Congratulations on a great satire. Only one problem: I fell asleep halfway through it.

Florence Edelson
Rochester, New York

TWO GOALS IN LIFE

My lifelong aspiration consists of two goals. One is to learn to drive an ice truck, and the other is to have a letter printed in MAD. I sincerely hope you will help me achieve one of these two goals.

Jan R. Weeks
Gettysburg College
Gettysburg, Penna.

Okay, which one would you like us to help you achieve?—Ed.

THE HERTZ-AVIS RIVALRY

I made the mistake of reading your excellent article, "When The Hertz-Avis Rivalry Gets Out Of Hand" (#115) with a mouthful of milk.

Michael Omansky
Upper Saddle River, N. J.

READER'S CHOICE

I am a freshman at Miami University. Between my roommates and myself, we subscribe to "Sports Illustrated", "Golf Digest", "Chess Review", "Time" and "MAD". To my amazement, when someone comes into our room, the only magazine they ask to read is "MAD".

Gary Sowers
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

What's so amazing? Maybe your friends don't go for inane, ridiculous humor magazines!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
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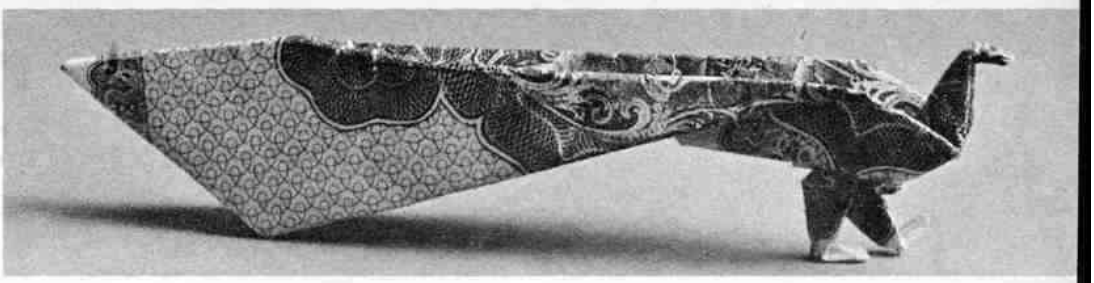
10.

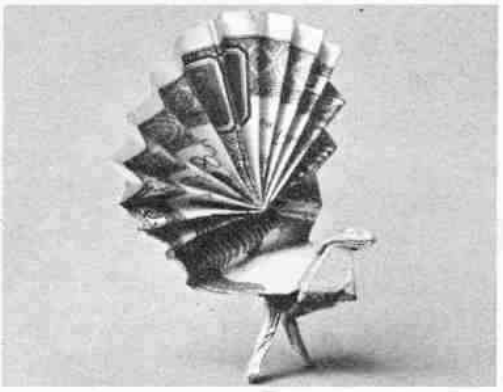
EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	SINGLE ISSUE NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED	2,370,336	2,897,580
B. PAID CIRCULATION 1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS & CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS & COUNTER SALES	1,703,254	2,007,597
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	77,301	77,983
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	1,780,555	2,085,580
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION	None	None
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION	1,780,555	2,085,580
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	589,781	812,000
G. TOTAL	2,370,336	2,897,580

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

William M. Gaines, Publisher.



Tired of dragging your tail down to the corner newsstand?



Photography by Irving Schild
Origami by Baggi

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While experts are predicting a dip ahead for the U. S. economy, we're predicting a dip ahead for sales of our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What —Me Worry?" kid. Not that we're experts. It's just that sales of these pictures, suitable for wrapping fish, have been in a dip all along! So if you'd like to prove us wrong, mail 25¢ for one (50¢ for 3, or $1 for 9) to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 10022

NO LONGER WORKING FOR PEANUTS DEPT.

What was once upon a time nothing more than a delightful comic strip has become, in the past few years, a business organization that could someday rival General Motors! We're talking, of course, about that $20-million industry called "Peanuts"! As this fantastic new enterprise branches out into more Books, more Newspapers, more TV Specials, more Dolls and Sweatshirts and Records and Off-Broadway Shows and so forth, Charlie Brown and his gang continue to be real, honest, sincere and endearing people. Nevertheless, we at MAD are worried. After all, Charlie Brown and his gang are practically "Human"! So it's only a matter of time before terrible things start happening to them. All we'd like to know is:

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL CHARLIE BROWN?

 ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

ONE THING ABOUT THAT OLD BUNCH, THOUGH-- NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM, I'M SURE THEY'LL ALWAYS REMAIN THOSE SAME LOVEABLE, SINCERE, UNAFFECTED, DOWN-TO-EARTH KIDS.
OH, LOOK... HERE COMES LUCY...
HI, LUCY... GOOD GRIEF! YOU ARE LUCY, AREN'T YOU?
SHERMY, BABY, YOU LOOK DIVINE. LONG TIME NO SEE. SORRY, I GOTTA RUN. I'M JETTING TO THE COAST FOR A PARTY AT FRANK AND MIA'S HOUSE, AND I'M PICKING UP DINO ON THE WAY.
WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, LUCY, YOU LOOK KINDA--
I CAN'T DO A THING FOR MY FACE. AND I'LL DIE--I SWEAR I'LL DIE IF MR. ROBERT DOESN'T DO SOMETHING FOR MY HAIR. OH, DID I TELL YOU? THE GANG AND I ARE UP FOR AN OSCAR, AN EMMY, A TONY, A GRAMMY, AND SOME NEW AWARD THEY'RE GIVING FOR "THE BEST COCKTAIL NAPKIN OF THE YEAR". WHAT A BORE!
LUCY, DO YOU KNOW WHERE CHARLIE BROWN IS?
SHERMY, DOLL-BABY, I REALLY HAVE TO RUN. LOOK, WE MUST ARRANGE TO GET TOGETHER SOME TIME. WHY DON'T YOU CALL MY AGENT? HE'S IN THE BOOK!
YOU, SCHROEDER? WITH AN ELECTRIC GUITAR? PLAYING POP MUSIC? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PIANO--AND BEETHOVEN?
BOMBSVILLE, DAD. NOT COMMERCIAL ENOUGH. MY RECORD COMPANY CAN'T AFFORD TO FOOL AROUND WITH SQUARE NOISES. HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW GROUP, "THE RUPTURED COCKAMAMIES"?
OKAY, GUYS, LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE TOP... AND IF WE HIT THE CHARTS WITH THIS ONE, IT'S GOLDEN RECORD TIME AGAIN!
OH, MY MIND'S EXPANDING... BUT MY STOMACH'S EMPTY... 'CAUSE MY HEART IS HUNGRY FOR YOU-OO-OOO--BABY...
OH, GOOD GRIEF!

PEANUTS

PEANUTS

PEANUTS

PEANUTS starring the fabulous Charlie Brown
MR. BROWN WILL SEE YOU NOW, SHERMY.
AT LAST. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR 3 HOURS. I MUST SPEAK TO HIM. I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS TERRIBLE "SUCCESS DISEASE" THAT'S OVERTAKEN HIM AND THE OTHER KIDS.
HI, CHARLIE BROWN. I... A TOUPEE!?
YOU HEARD ME! BUY TOPPS BUBBLE GUM".
NOT ONE PIECE, STUPID. THE WHOLE COMPANY.
OF COURSE, I SAID I WANT TO MERGE -- BUT NOT WITH THAT COMIC STRIP.
THAT OLD BAG MUST BE AT LEAST 60. AND WHO NEEDS ANOTHER DOG? AT LEAST MINE HAS EYEBALLS.
CHARLIE, I JUST WANTED TO...
BE WITH YOU IN A SEC, SHERM. VIOLET, TAKE A LETTER TO MY BUSINESS MANAGER: "MAX, YOU CRUMB! I TOLD YOU I WANTED A FLAT 80% ON ALL TV, LP AND BOOK TIE-INS. AND DON'T TELL ME SCHULZ IS FIGHTING THE DEAL. HE WORKS FOR ME NOW!" MAKE 3 COPIES, BABY, AND STICK AROUND AFTER OFFICE HOURS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
OKAY, KID. NOW LET'S TALK. SORRY, YOU COULDN'T PLAY POLO WITH ME THE OTHER DAY, BUT IT'S KIND OF AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB AND YOUR NAME SOUNDS A LITTLE TOO-- YOU KNOW--
CHARLIE BROWN, YOU AND THE WHOLE GANG HAVE CHANGED. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
SHERMY, I WOULDN'T TRY TO KID AN OLD BUDDY. I KNOW WE'VE TURNED ROTTEN--BUT IN FIVE YEARS, IT'S GONNA BE A LOT WORSE!
WHAT? LUCY'S GONE "HOLLYWOOD", SHROEDER'S DESERTED "BEETHOVEN", AND YOU'VE TURNED INTO A RUTHLESS BUSINESSMAN, A LECHER AND A BIGOT. HOW COULD THINGS POSSIBLY GET WORSE?
SHERMY, YOU FORGET. IN ADDITION TO EVERYTHING ELSE, IN FIVE YEARS, WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE TEENAGERS.
GOOD BYE, CHARLIE BROWN.
THAT'S RIGHT. SUE THE PLANTER'S CO. FOR $10 MILLION FOR USING OUR NAME ON THEIR PRODUCT...
I DON'T CARE WHO CAME FIRST!
HELLO, J. EDGAR? LISTEN, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT MARY WORTH IS A COMMIE...
LAST WEEK, IN HER STRIP. SHE--

R.S.V.P.-U DEPT.

Have you ever taken the trouble to sit down and write a carefully-worded letter of complaint or inquiry to some company or individual, only to get back a "Form Letter" in reply! Pretty annoying, isn't it? One thing we are against is "Form Letters"! They're cold, they're disinterested, they're impersonal, and mainly they could cause plenty, plenty trouble, as for example in this collection of

LETTERS TO A CONGRESSMAN

Acme Goose Quill Pen Mfg. Co.
Little Greek, New Jersey

July 2nd, 1967

Rep. Willard Van Buren
RoOm oo3o
House Office Building
Washington, D. C.

Dear Congressman Van Buren:

I would like to go on record as vigorously protesting your proposed legislation to remove the goose quill penns from our Post Office here in Little Creek and replace them with ball point pens.

We do things our own way here in Little Creek, Mr. Van Buren, and we do not relish so-called improvements that are as unwelcome as they are undesireable.

I urge you to reconsider your position in this matter.

Sincerely yours,
Horace Schmidlap
Horace Schmidlap
President

...THAT WERE ANSWERED BY "FORM

Representative Willard Van Buren
Room 0030 House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Aug. 2, 1967

Maurice Schridlup
Resident
Little Creek, N. J.

Dear Friend:

Oops! Sorry for the mix-up, but these things happen.

As you know--and is my face red--my regular newsletter did not get out last month. As part of my duties as a member of the Marine and Fisheries Committee, I was forced to stay over in Paris a few extra days to study French methods.

Anyway, I am back now, and your regular newsletter should be along any day. So thank you for being so patient.

Oh, one more thing: Be sure to watch for news of the passage of H.R. Bill #1579 which includes a rider to have those silly goose quill pens removed from the Little Creek Post Office. They will be replaced with sleek new ball point pens which my brother-in-law was able to pick up for a song.

My mail on this has been particularly gratifying. Only a few crank letters have been received opposing my stand on this much-needed legislation, and those I have turned over to the authorities for investigation.

Until we meet again when Congress adjourns, let me once more offer an open invitation to drop in if ever you get to Washington.

Your obedient servant,
Willard Van Buren
Willard Van Buren
Representative 21st Cong. Dist.

Acme Goose Quill Pen Mfg. Co.
Little Greek, New Jersey

rEp. Willard vaN Buren
Room 003o
House office Building
Washington, D.C.

Aug. 10, 1967

Mr. Van Buren;

When I first made the mistake of voting for you, I never realized what a moron you were. But this latest is too much!

Of all the blockheads to have ever defrauded his way into the Halls of Congress, you, sir, are unquestionably the worst!

It is inconceivable to me that the opposition party will find a man of sufficient incompetence to run against you that I would not happily vote for him in preference to y ur odious presence on the ballot.

Please do me the simple courtesy of NOT answering this letter. I do not wish to be reminded that you are still in office and representing me in Washington.

Disgustedly, Horace Schmidlap
Horace Schmidlap
(I don't know why I bother writing it out for you!)

Representative Willard Van Buren
Room 0030 House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

July 13, 1967

Maurice Schridlup
Resident
Little Creek, N. J.

DEar Mr. Schridlup:

Thank you so much for your encouraging letter. In these trying times, it is indeed gratifying to find such staunch support from my constituents on my stand to return Toll Bridges to the domain of Private Free Enterprise.

The support, I am sorry to say, is not reflected in the position taken by this Administration and its short-sighted policies.

However, rest assured that with your continued encouragement, I will carry on as I have in the past.

Your obedient servant,

Willard Van Buren

Willard Van Buren
Representative
21st Cong. Dist.

Acme Goose Quill Pen Mfg. Co.
Little Creek, New Jersey

Rep. Willard Van Buren
Room 0030
House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Aug. 4th, 1967

Dear Congress man Van Buren:

I find myself at something of a loss. I recently wrote to you vigorously protesting the bill you are sponsoring which would remove the fine old goose quill pens from our Post Office here in Little Creek, and supplant them with objectionable mechanical devices.

In reply, I received a letter from you that seemed not to the point at all.

As a voter, I request some sort of clarification of your position, and the courtesy of an Intelligent reply.

I voted for you once. Pray do not make me doubt my wisdom.

Sincerely yours,
Horace Schmidlap
Horace Schmidlap
President

P.S. I realize that you are a busy man, but in the future, please take the time to spell my name correctly.

H.S.

LETTERS" FROM THAT CONGRESSMAN

WRITER: PETER ANDREWS

Representative Willard Van Buren
Room 0030 House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Aug. 26, 1967

Maurice Schridlup
Resident
Little Creek, N. J.

My dear friend and constituent:

I am truly sorry that I have not been able to answer your kind letter sooner, but things have been piling up on your old public servant's desk.

First, there was the Committee's on-the-spot investigations of conditions in Rome and Nice.

Then, there were the long hearings on Post Office Legislation, during which I was able to ram through my rider for the removal of those ridiculous goose quill pens from the Little Creek Post Office, and the replacement of them with modern ball point pens.

I received, I might add, absolutely no help from the Administration on this important item. In fact, if it had not been for the moral support I received from you and your neighbors, I doubt if I ever could have accomplished the task.

So let's share the credit together.

Best regards,

Willard Van Buren

Willard Van Buren
Representative 21st Cong. Dist.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
W. P. MARSHALL, President

(DAY WIRE) AUGUST 28, 1967

REP. WILLARD VAN BUREN
ROOM 9959
HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D.C.

TRY ROOM 0030

VAN BUREN:
NOW YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DRIVE ME CRAZY WITH YOUR STUPID INCOMPETENCE, YOU'D BETTER THINK AGAIN. I'M AFTER YOU, VAN BUREN, AND I WON'T STOP UNTIL YOU'RE OUT OF OFFICE AND BACK ON THE RELIEF ROLLS WHERE YOU BELONG.

(SIGNED)

MAURICE (YOU WIN) SCHRIDLUP
PRESIDENT
ACME GOOSE QUILL PEN MFG. CO.
(NOW IN BANKRUPTCY)

Representative Willard Van Buren

Room 0030 House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Sept. 19, 1967

Maurice Schridlup
Resident
Little Creek, N. J.

DEar Mr. Schridlup:

Well, it's getting to be that time again. Once more I shall be running for office, seeking the opportunity to serve you as conscientiously as I have in the past. And so, I am calling upon all my friends, such as yourself, who have so generously supported me before to support me again.

The opposition party has already put their man into the field. He is a political hack named Horace Schmidlap. Obviously in the hands of vested interests, Mr. Schmidlap has already started a dirty, name-calling, muck-raking smear campaign against me.

I have never seen nor heard of this man, but the newspaper accounts of his speeches show him to be intemperate in the extreme. So we must be vigilant. And vigilance cost money.

I have enjoyed your generosity in the past. May I please count on it in the future?

Thanking you in advance,

Willard Van Buren

Willard Van Buren
Representative
21st Cong. Dist.

SEPT 21, 1967

I'M NOT WAITING ANOTHER MINUTE, VAN BUREN! I'M COMING AFTER YOU NOW!! H. S.

Representative Willard Van Buren

Room 0030 House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Maurice Schridlup, Resident
Little Creek, N.J.

Oct. 16, 1967

Dear Friend:

I don't suppose there is any advantage to be gained by dwelling on the awful facts any longer. You must have read all about it in the papers, and seen its coverage on Television.

The vocal Mr. Horace Schmidlap, whose name will be forever branded in the memories of myself and the members of my family suddenly became the "violent" Mr. Horace Schmidlap.

He broke into my office on Sept. 22nd, as you know, and tried to do me bodily harm. Luckily, I was in the Congressional Steam Room at the time, getting a rubdown. But, alas, he did manage to stab, with what appeared to have been a ballpoint pen, my trusted legislative assistant and personal secretary.

I am happy to report, however, that little Timmy Van Buren is doing fine in Walter Reed Hospital and recovering nicely. At sixteen, he had youth and stamina on his side.

Mr. Schmidlap has been put away where he will never again be able to harm innocent people. I, for one, consider the incident closed. In matters of the dark recesses of the mind, it is best to be charitable. And anyway, a nut is a nut.

May I again remind you to cast your vote for me in the upcoming Congressional election so that I may continue to serve you faithfully as I have in the past.

Your obedient servant,

Willard Van Buren

Willard Van Buren
Representative 21st Cong. Dist.

Representative Willard Van Buren

Room 0030 House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Oct. 19, 1967

Wilbur Van Buren
Acting Postmaster
Little Creek Post Office
Little Creek, N.J.

Dear Wilbur,

I am writing to you on a matter of utmost seriousness.

A copy of my recent newsletter, mailed to one Maurice Schridlup, was returned to my office today marked "no such person at this address."

Mr. Schridlup, it may interest you to know, is a long-standing supporter of mine with whom my files show I have had a most cordial and profitable running correspondence for some time.

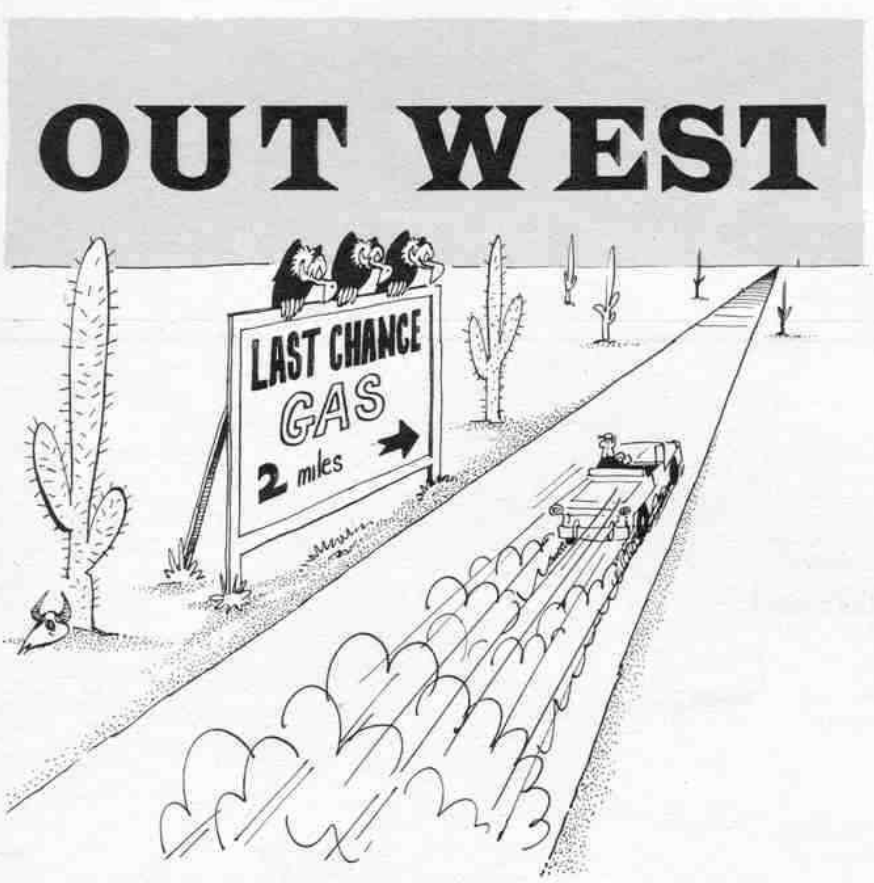
I hardly need remind you, Wilbur, of the circumstances surrounding your interim appointment as Acting Postmaster of Little Creek. Not many boys dismissed from Military School are so lucky as to find something as substantial right off.

A well-ordered mailing list is essential to the proper functioning of a Congresman's office. Please do not let this happen again. I do not take lightly the responsibilities of Public Office, and I suggest that you do not take them lightly either.

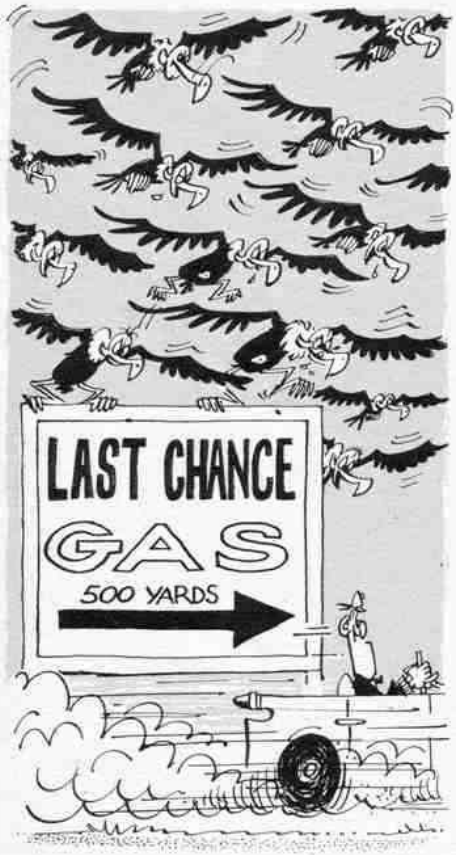
Your mother sends her love, son, and says to be sure to bundle up on these cold days.

Fondly,

Dad


OUT WEST
LAST CHANCE
GAS
2 miles

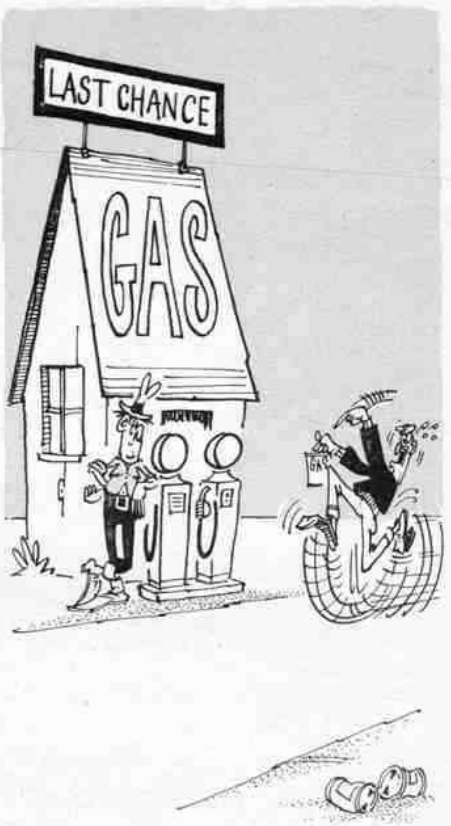
LAST CHANCE
GAS
1 MILE

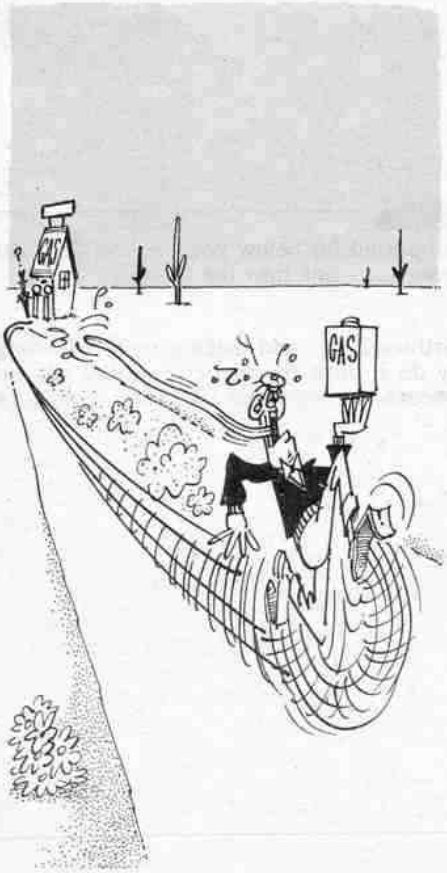

LAST CHANCE
GAS
500 YARDS

LAST CHANCE
GAS
VOOM

SPUTZ-SPITZA
CHUKKUNK-CLUNK

GAS


LAST CHANCE
GAS


GAS
GAS

Chomp Chomp
SLURP GLURK
URP

One of America's fast-growing "fun" sports is "Sky-Diving". Nothing beats the thrill of leaping from a plane and floating through the air. And if you're lucky enough to be wearing a parachute, you can even do it more than once! In order to familiarize himself with this popular new sport, a member of the MAD Staff actually took up "Sport Parachuting" and tried many dives. His favorites are "Hurley's" in Rockefeller Center, and "Rick's" on Third Avenue. But we've gotten him to come out of these dives long enough to present:

A MAD LOOK AT SKY DIVING

FIRST, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE THRILL OF "SKY-DIVING"...

You stand in the doorway of the plane, the wind rushing by your face. It's your first jump, but you're strangely calm.

You gaze down at the ground far below you . . . and then you leap . . . out into space . . . out into the rushing wind . . .

All your Instructor's words about "the landing fall" come back to you. You look up at the horizon . . . you relax . . .

. . . you plummet Earthward . . . and make a perfect landing! Now if you can only do it once the plane is off the ground!

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Now that you know what the thrill is like, let's take a closer look at . . .

SKY-DIVING EQUIPMENT

HELMET

The function of the Helmet is quite obvious. It protects the ground from the shock of your head—should you by chance make an incorrect landing upside down.

GOGGLES

Goggles come in clear plastic or assorted tints, and protect your eyes from wind and glare. For Novice Sky-Divers, they also come with "The Lord's Prayer" printed on the inside of the lenses.

MAIN BACK PACK

The Main Back Pack contains a fully-steerable Sport Parachute (or sometimes just wads of newspaper — if you Sky-Dive with "funny" friends.)

JUMP SUIT

The Jump Suit is worn over your regular clothes to afford less wind-resistance, and to protect them from dust, dirt, water and mainly . . . nausea.

This is your instructor talking! I've decided that you're not ready to jump!

JUMP BOOTS

Jump Boots with heavy soles are worn to cushion the shock of landing, but care must be taken as to the thickness of these soles. Too thin soles will pass more shock to the body, and too thick soles will bounce the Diver back into the plane.

RESERVE CHUTE

If for any reason the Main Chute does not open, there is something the Sky-Diver can do—besides screaming and crying and watching his whole life flash before his eyes. He activates his Reserve Chute which, although unsteerable, will get him back to Earth safely. (If you can call landing in an active volcano or a pool of quicksand or a large chimney or shark-infested water—safely!)

RADIO TRANSMITTER

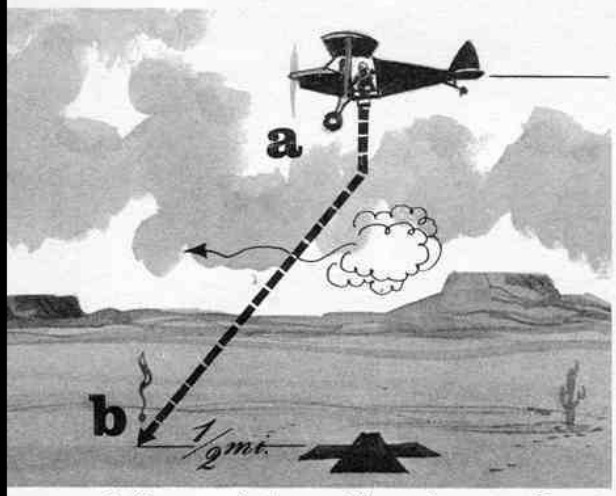
A compact Radio Receiver is usually carried by the Novice Sky-Diver so that his Instructor can communicate with him once he has left the plane.

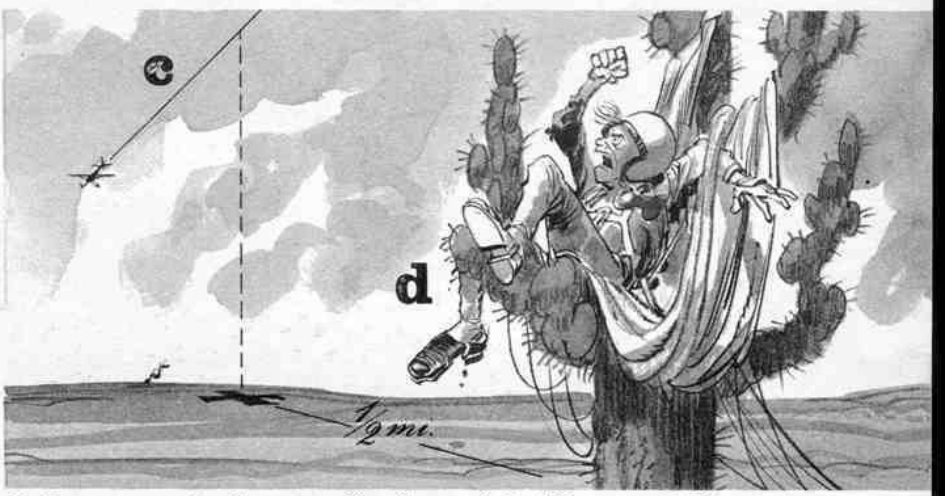
Now that you know what the equipment is like, let's take a closer look at . . .

THE JUMP

SPOTTING

In preparation for the Jump, the Jumpmaster will first release a "Streamer" which falls and drifts at approximately the same rate of speed as the Parachutist. By observing this "Streamer", the Jumpmaster can calculate the correct exit point so the Sky-Diver will land right on the "Target". For example:

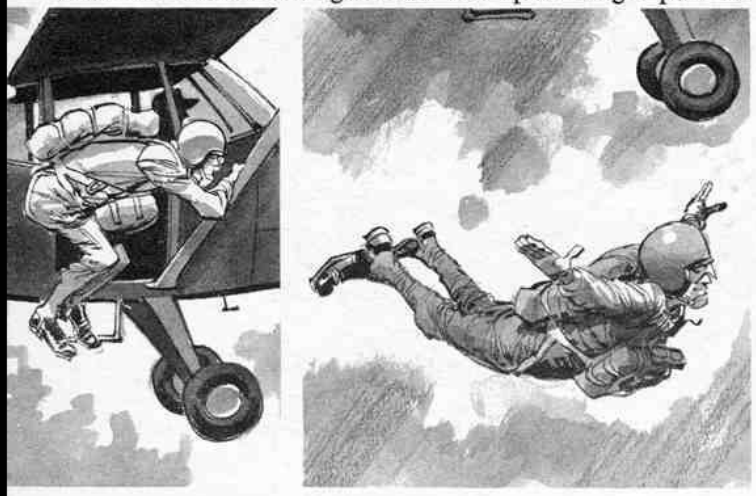




A. Streamer is dropped from plane over Target.
B. Streamer lands ½ mile downwind of Target.
C. To compensate, plane goes ½ mile upwind of Target, and Diver exits.
D. But Diver lands three miles upwind of Target, as wind has shifted!

EXITING

There are two methods of leaving the plane. The first one is called "The Poised Exit" in which the Novice pushes off from the aircraft and goes into the Spread-Eagle position.

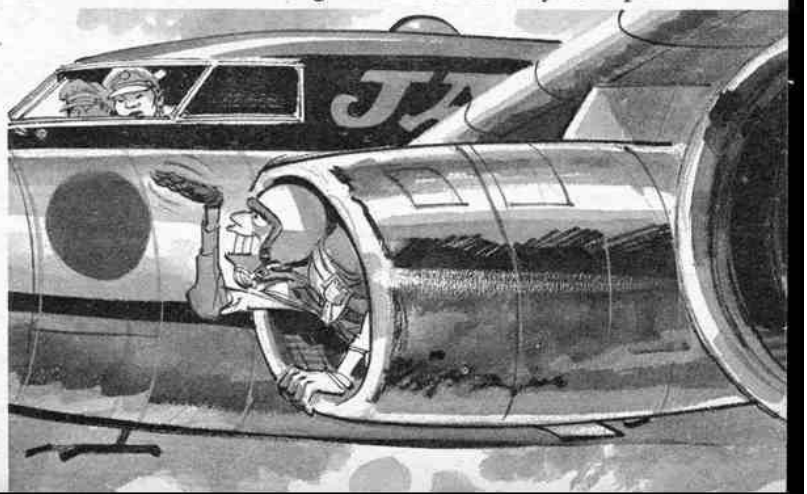


The second one is called "The Not-So Poised Exit" in which the Novice is forcibly ejected from the aircraft . . . mainly by the Instructor, who cannot tolerate "Chicken" Students!

FALLING

You're in the air now . . . and as you float Earthward in a Spread-Eagle Free-Fall, you dream of far-away places . . .

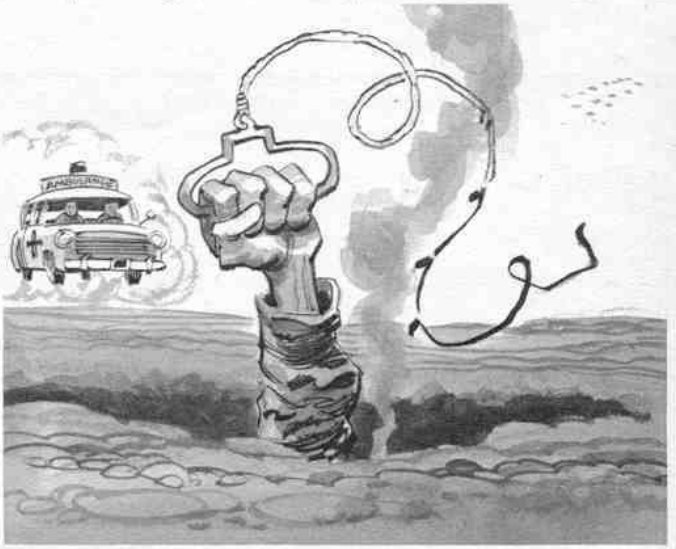
. . . and well you should! Mainly because you're just about to be sucked into a Boeing 707 Jet on its way to Japan!



OPENING THE CHUTE

Chutes can be opened in one of two ways. The Advanced Student will use the "Rip Cord"—and open the Chute when he wishes . . .

. . . preferably, before making contact with the ground!



The Novice will rely on the "Static Line"—a line which is attached inside the plane and automatically opens the Chute as the Diver falls away. See the smile on this Novice's face as the "Static Line" grows taut and yanks his Chute open—

See the smile disappear as he realizes the "Static Line" has also yanked the Chute off his back. But this Novice isn't worried. That's why he has a "Back-Up" Chute! And that's exactly where it is—"back up" there on the plane!

MANEUVERING THE CHUTE

Sport Parachutes can actually be steered by using the turning devices or special openings located on either side of the canopy. These turning devices are connected by suspension lines to the harness.

Pull down on the right suspension line and you'll enjoy the sensation of seeing your parachute turn right.

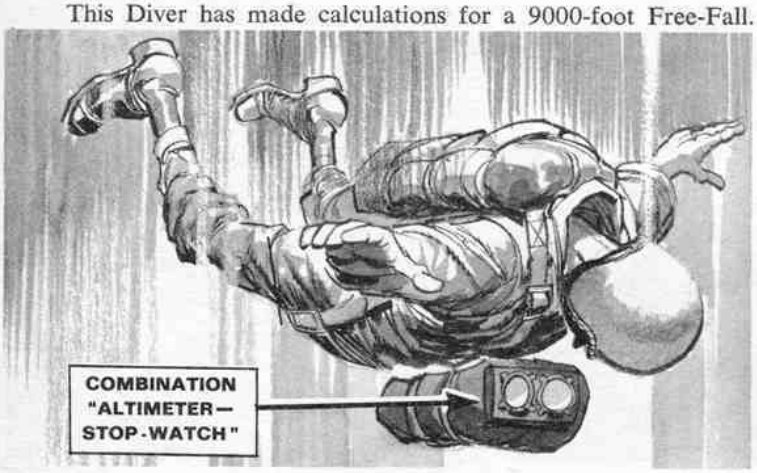
Now pull down on the left suspension line and you'll enjoy the sensation of seeing your parachute turn left.

Don't pull down on *both* suspension lines or you'll enjoy the sensation of seeing your parachute from above.

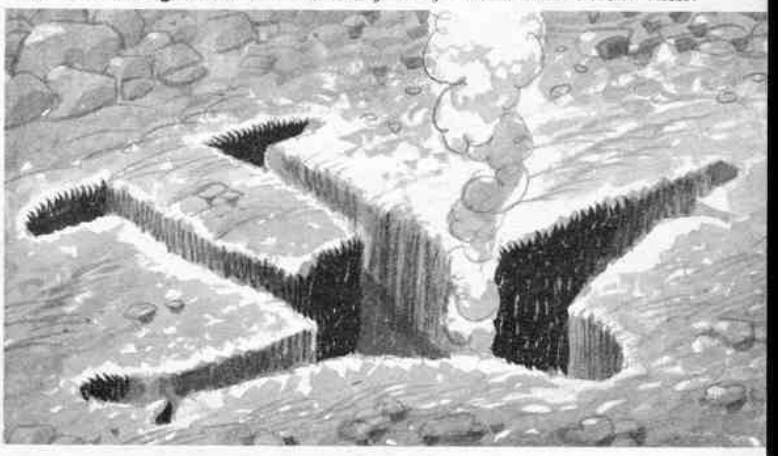
CALCULATING THE "FREE-FALL"

The more advanced Sky-Diver will begin to make lengthy "Free-Falls" before opening his Parachute. In order to do this, there are calculations to be made to determine at what altitude and at what split-second the Chute should be opened. For this purpose, the advanced Parachutist carries a combination "Altimeter–Stop Watch" affixed to his Reserve Chute. Note how critical these calculations can be:

This Diver has made calculations for a 9000-foot Free-Fall.

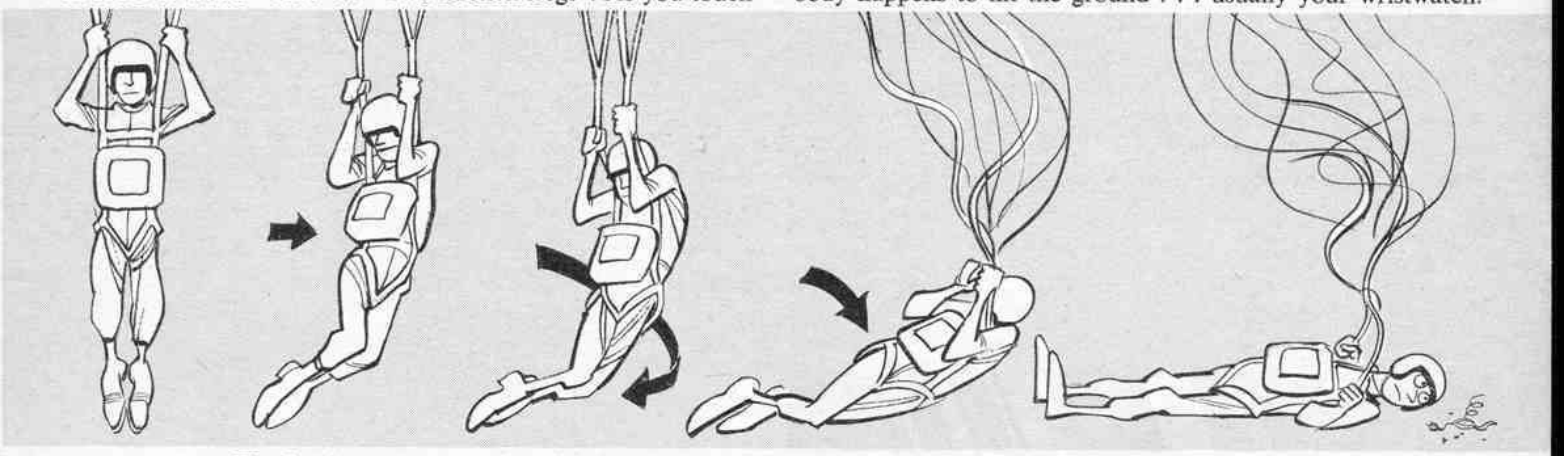


Too bad the ground was actually only 8500 feet below him!



LANDING

Let's assume that you have made the right calculations and you've opened your Chute before reaching the ground. Now you must prepare for the "PFL" or "Parachute Landing Fall" in order to avoid "TBL" or "Two Broken Legs". As you touch down, you "fall" along the side of your body–either right or left. In this way, the shock is divided among your feet, calves, thighs, buttocks, and whatever other part of your body happens to hit the ground . . . usually your wristwatch.



The beginner can practice this by jumping from a three-foot-high stool or step. After he's mastered that, he can jump from a plane, land on any three-foot-high stool or step, and take it from there!

SAFETY CHECKS

Before a Jump, every piece of equipment should be checked by a trained Professional Instructor. Note that Instructor in picture below is "feeling" to see if Student is wearing his Parachute correctly. (Instructors normally can "see" if Student is wearing his Parachute correctly, but this Professional has his helmet on backwards, blocking his vision.)

SAFETY RECORD

Did you know that "Sport Parachute Jumping" is safer than driving? See the man in the wreck on the highway below? He was on his way to a Sky-Diving Center when he hit a tree while avoiding a Chutist who had landed in the road ahead.

CRACKS ON THE WALL DEPT.

MAD FOUND ON

Graffiti, the art of scrawling on walls, is the latest fad sweeping the country. Clever messages and amusing put-downs such as "God Is Alive—He Just Doesn't Want To Get Involved!" and "I Were A High-School Drop-Out" can be found on washroom walls everywhere. For those of you who have not yet seen this idiocy, we now present examples of

IN A SUMMER CAMP

HERBIE FINCH IS ALIVE -- AND LIVING IN THE GIRLS' CABINS!

Pray for tips! — Murray the counsellor

Basketball - Si! Arts & Crafts - No!

Nature Hikes are for the BIRDS!

HELP STAMP OUT CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF ON TOAST BREAKFASTS!

WOULD YOU FEEL SECURE WITH ARNIE "SPITBALL" POTOFSKY ON YOUR COLOR WAR TEAM?

Corky "Bedwetter" Schultz can't relate to his environment

I DONT CARE IF YOU ARE MY COUNSELLOR - YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!

IN A SUBURBAN LADIES' CLUB

Aggrevation Now!

The new "Spring 1968 Mah Jong Card is what's happening, baby!

Psychedelic-shmychedelic --- as long as you're happy!

My Daughter-in-Law is alive and living with my son - unfortunately!

Children Should be seen and not had!

MAKE CHICKEN SOUP — NOT WAR!

Hilda Hofnagel has hot flushes!

A 14 Room Split-Level Ranch House in Great Neck, Long Island is where it's at!

IN A MADISON AVENUE AD AGENCY

The Ajax White Knight rides through Greenwich Village ... side saddle!

TWIGGY'S PLAYTEX LIVING BRA DIED OF STARVATION!

Katey Winters smells okay, but she's got bad breath

PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK WITH ESSO!

JUAN VALDEZ DRINKS TEA!

FOUR OUT OF FIVE DOCTORS PREFER CAMELS!

the other one would rather date a girl!

the little old winemaker has cirrhosis of the liver!

Put an Ulcer in your Stomach with B.B.D.&O.

GRAFFITI

VARIOUS WASHROOM WALLS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

IN A NETWORK TELEVISION STUDIO

Where is "Playhouse 90" — now that we need it?

THE CBS EYE

IS WATCHING YOU!

Would you want your sister to be interviewed by Joe Pyne?

SUPPORT LSD — THE FOURTH NETWORK!

Art Linkletter hates kids!

Andy Williams wears "slightly irregular" sweaters!

Jackie Gleason is a vast wasteland!

LES CRANE LIVES!

IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

SUPPORT THE PROGRAMS OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND VICE-PRESIDENT "WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?"!

Governor Dewey — call your campaign headquarters immediately!

Senator Dirksen wears Dippitty-Do!

FILIBUSTER POWER!

William E. Miller is what's happening, Baby! — Barry Goldwater

George Romney tries to be a Lincoln - but comes on like a Rambler

Secretary of Defense MacNamara sleeps with a Night Light!

Would you buy a used car from Richard Nixon?

IN A HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANT

You Stink!

oh, yeah!

SEE YOU!

takes one to know one!

YUK! YUK!

COULD YOU DO BETTER?

Ah, your mother wears Army Shoes!

WHAT ARE YOU — SOME KIND OF COMMIE NUT?

what's it to you?

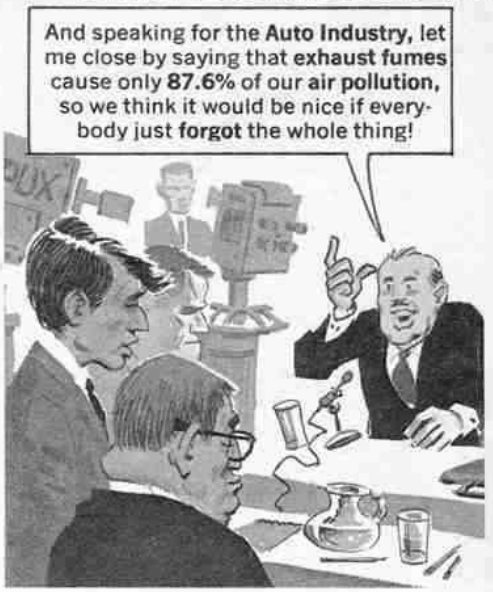
SNOW REMOVAL DEPT.

Ever notice what happens to famous people (not to mention all the clods trying to get famous) when they suddenly realize that the cold eye of a TV camera is staring at them and a live microphone is waiting to carry their words to millions? Instantly, every trace of honesty drains away, and they babble anything that sounds diplomatic, no matter how ridiculous, to preserve their image or do a public relations job or just weasel out of the whole embarrassing situation. The result is an endless torrent of TV guest appearances that fill our home screens with "snow"—and we're not talking about the kind you get in fringe-reception areas! Just for a change, here is MAD's idea of what things would be like if we had . . .

HONEST COMMENTS ON TV

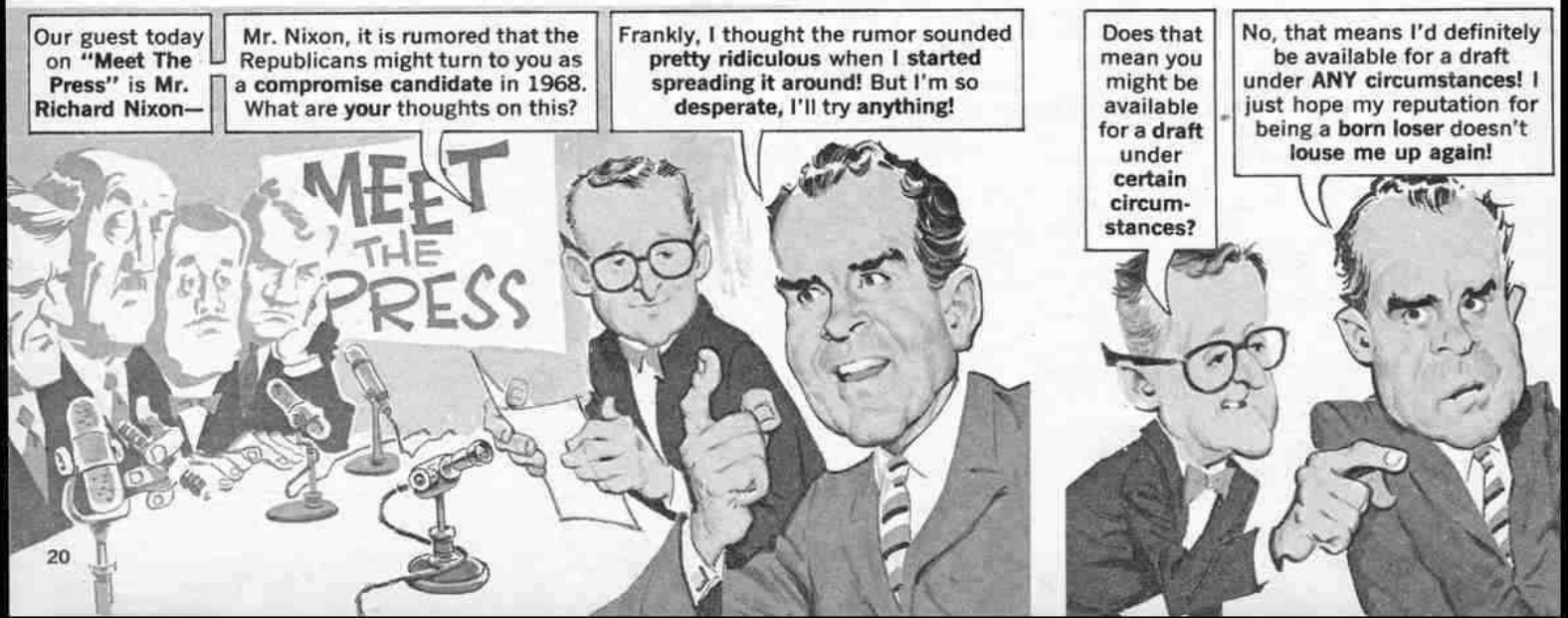
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: TOM KOCH

THE CONGRESS



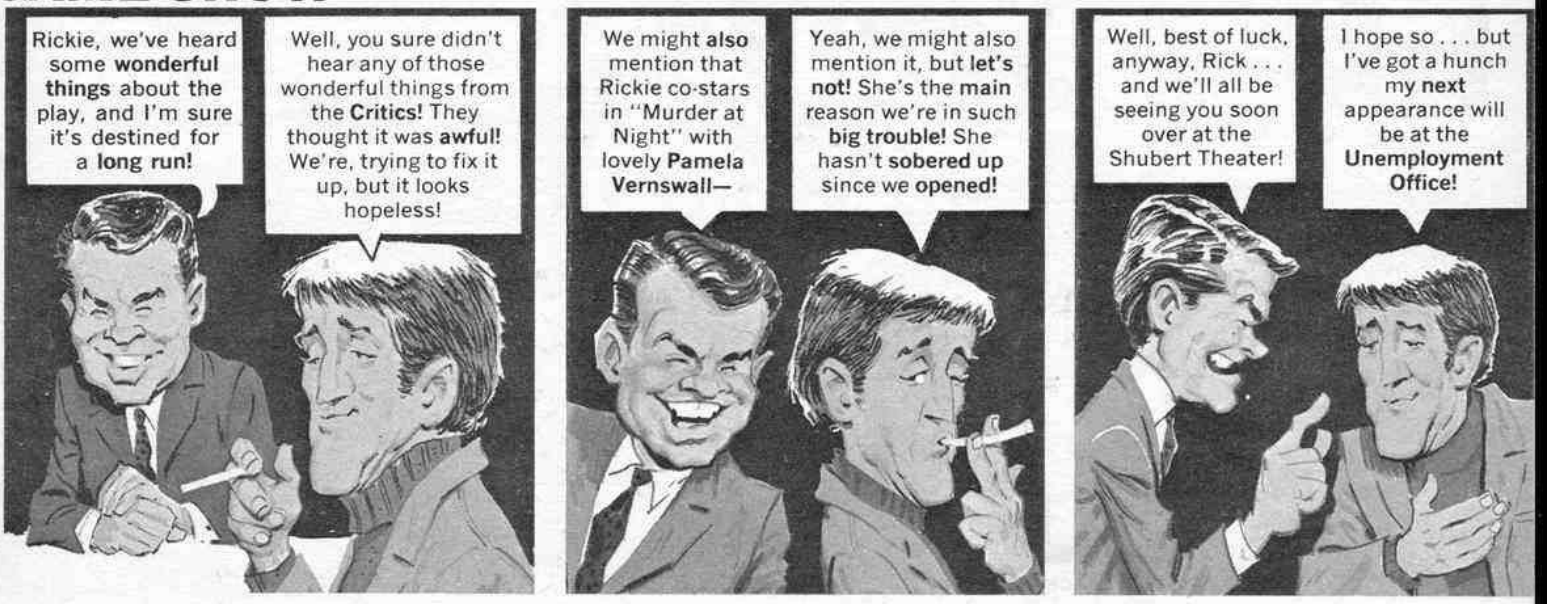
THE DAYTIME

THE POLITICAL INTERVIEW SHOW



ONAL HEARING SHOW

GAME SHOW



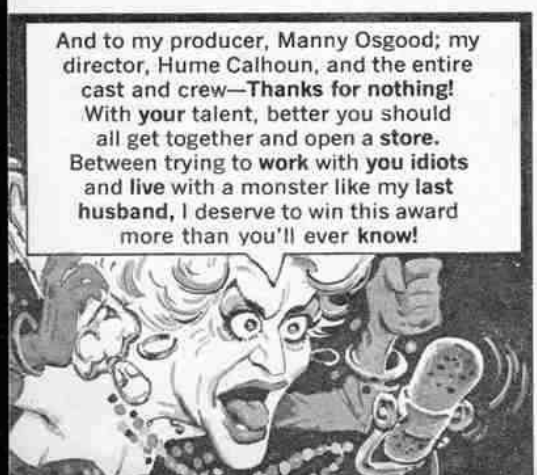
THE AWARDS SHOW

. . . and the winner of the award for the **"Best Performance By An Actress In A Supporting Role"** is . . . **Blossom Kinch** . . .

Well, it's **about time!** This certainly comes as a **surprise!** They've rigged the voting **against** me for **years**, and I just assumed they'd think of **some** way to weasel out of honoring me for my magnificient performance again **this** time!

But the **real** blockbuster is the gall of those chowderheads to call me a **"Supporting Actress"!** Anybody who saw the picture knows I was the **"Star"**, even if Julie Harris **did** try to **upstage me!**

And to my producer, Manny Osgood; my director, Hume Calhoun, and the entire cast and crew—**Thanks for nothing!** With **your** talent, better you should all get together and open a **store.** Between trying to **work** with **you idiots** and **live** with a monster like my **last husband,** I deserve to win this award more than you'll ever **know!**



THE ON-THE-SPOT NEWS COVERAGE

Here at Berkeley campus, the week-long protest-demonstration against the new rule that permits week-long protest-demonstrations continues. And this is **Mr. Paavo Hornbeck,** the student who **organized** this demonstration—

I ain't no student! I just **hang around** and **make trouble!** It makes me feel **needed!**

Well, in **this** case, **it's** hard to understand just **what** you're protesting **against!**

Police brutality!

THE PRE-GAME INTERVIEW SHOW

Coach Flinederath, your boys will be going into Saturday's game as a **14-point favorite.** What kind of psychological effect will **that** have?

Mostly, it'll make the guys **laugh themselves silly!** We couldn't win this one by **less** than 40 points if we **tried!** And believe me, we ain't **about** to try, **either!**

You mean you're **deliberately** going out to **pile up a big score?**

You better **believe** it! We're still ranked **"Number 2"** in the polls, and if we don't **clobber** those bums, that's where we're gonna **stay!**

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFER

Mr. President, your administration has spent **200 million dollars** to **beautify America** and it looks **worse now** than when you **started!** Could you **explain** this, please?

Yes, but I sure wish I didn't **have** to! You see, there's been quite a lot of **bungling** in **several Government Departments,** and it makes a lot of **high-ranking officials** look **very bad!**

SHOW

I don't see any police brutality!

You will . . . just as soon as the **Riot Squad** I put a call in for gets here, and I goad them into **roughing me up!**

HATE

What about the Dean's offer to **meet** with you and **settle** this dispute?

No dice! How does he expect me to get all the **publicity** I want if there's no **bloodshed?** He's just trying to be some kind of **hero!**

And specifically, what is it **you're** trying to do?

Be some kind of **hero!**

And so the deadlock continues at Berkeley! Now back to our studios—

Then you don't expect **Newt Gruber's leg injury** to slow down your offense!

Nope! Not with the **"Ringer"** I hired to wear his uniform! That's the **beauty** of playing away from home! You can have **10,000 people** in the stands, and nobody will realize that Number 44 **ain't** Newt Gruber!

Well, of course, the crowd will be closer **to 80,000—**

You gotta be **kidding!** 80,000 people—at five bucks a head to watch **this slaughter!** When they could see **Notre Dame** on **TV** for **FREE?** Boy, how stupid can you **get!?**

KSFO

And that's the way visting Coach, **Marty Flinederath** sizes up Saturday's big game here at the Coliseum!

Yep! The **Bookies** are really gonna get took to the **cleaners** on **this** one!

KSFO

ENCE SHOW

One thing they did wrong was to spend the money beautifying **inaccessible areas** that nobody ever gets to **see!** Your President feels that this was **politically unwise!** In fact, it was **plain dumb**—and some **heads will roll!**

Is there any **one individual** that you hold **personally responsible,** Mr. President?

Well, right now, it's a pretty complicated mess! But the one who got me **into** this whole thing to **begin with** was my wife, **Lady Bird!**

WNEW

Then you're saying that the **First Lady** is to **blame** for **wasting 200 million dollars of the taxpayer's money?**

No, that's **not** what I'm saying, but that's what **you're** going to **say** I said! The way you **newspaper guys twist things around,** it's **no wonder** 57% of the people don't love me as much as they used to!

Thank you, Mr. President!

WNEW

NARROW-MINDED DEPT.

THE MAD LIBRARY OF

ROCK 'N' ROLL HITS THAT HAVE BECOME CLASSICS

Real Funny Jokes From The Humor Collections of Bennett Cerf

Quality TV Programming-ABC

EQUALITY AND JUSTICE IN ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI

GERMANS WHO ADMIT THEY BACKED THE NAZIS

Momentous Decisions I Have Made—Dwight D. Eisenhower

The Dynamic Personality of Joey Bishop

The Constructive Accomplishments Of The John Birch Society

My Deep Concern Over The Population Explosion—Pope Paul VI

The Acting Talent Of John Wayne

Due Respect For Justice And The Law—Adam Clayton Powell

WONDERFUL THINGS THAT A NICKEL WILL STILL BUY

HONESTY IN ADVERTISING

MORAL EXAMPLES SET BY AVERAGE ADULTS FOR TODAY'S TEENAGERS

A List Of Doctors To Call In Case Of Emergency Or If You Have No Money

EXTREMELY THIN BOOKS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

A Reading Guide To Best-Sellers With No Dirty Parts

New York City Taxi Driver's Handbook Of Courtesy

Gov. Lester Maddox's Favorite Integration Songs

Political Compromises I Have Made—Senator Wayne Morse

The Sum And Substance Of My Playboy Philosophies (Parts 1-35) Hugh M. Hefner

THE ISRAELI'S TOURIST GUIDE TO EGYPT

The Warm, Sentimental World Of Edward Albee

THE POLITICAL EXPERIENCE OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Championship Baseball With The N.Y. Mets—*Wes Westrum*

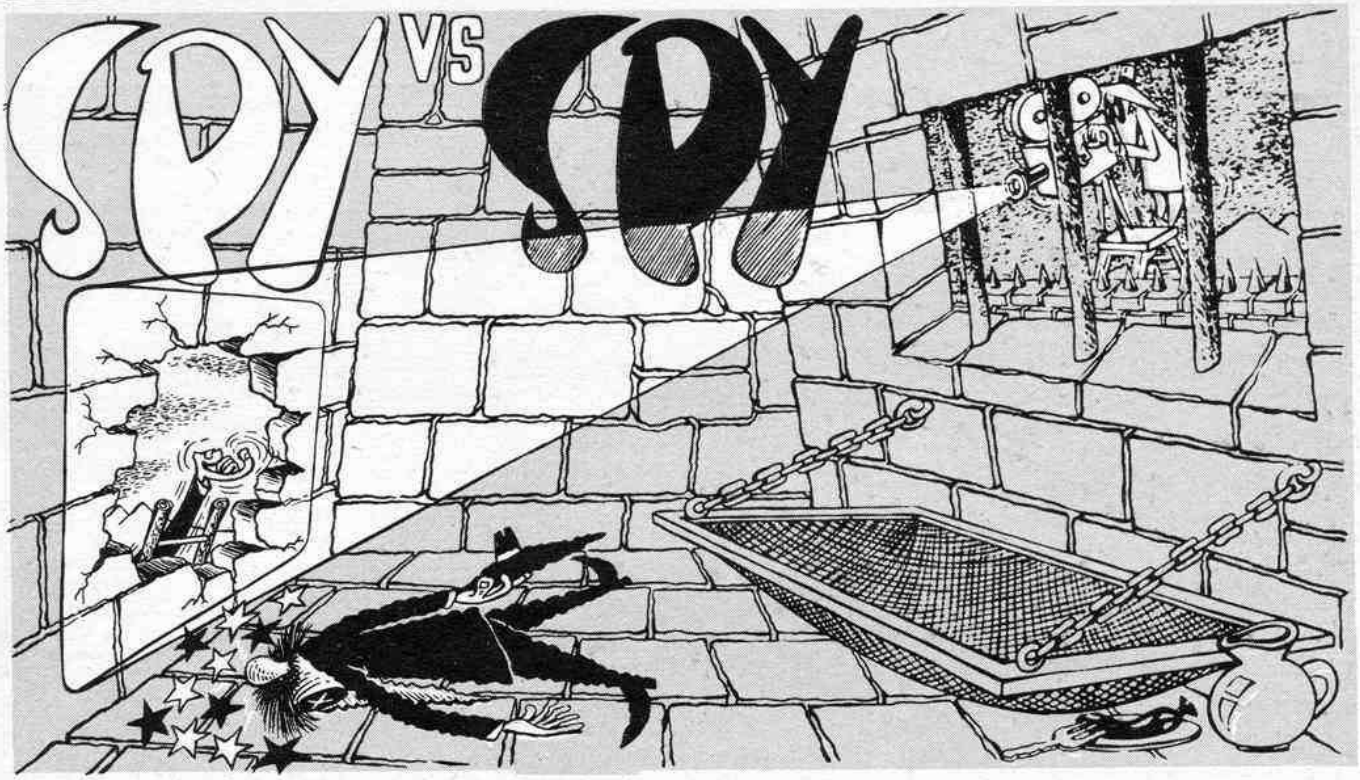
Facing The Reality of Everyday Living—Dr. Timothy Leary

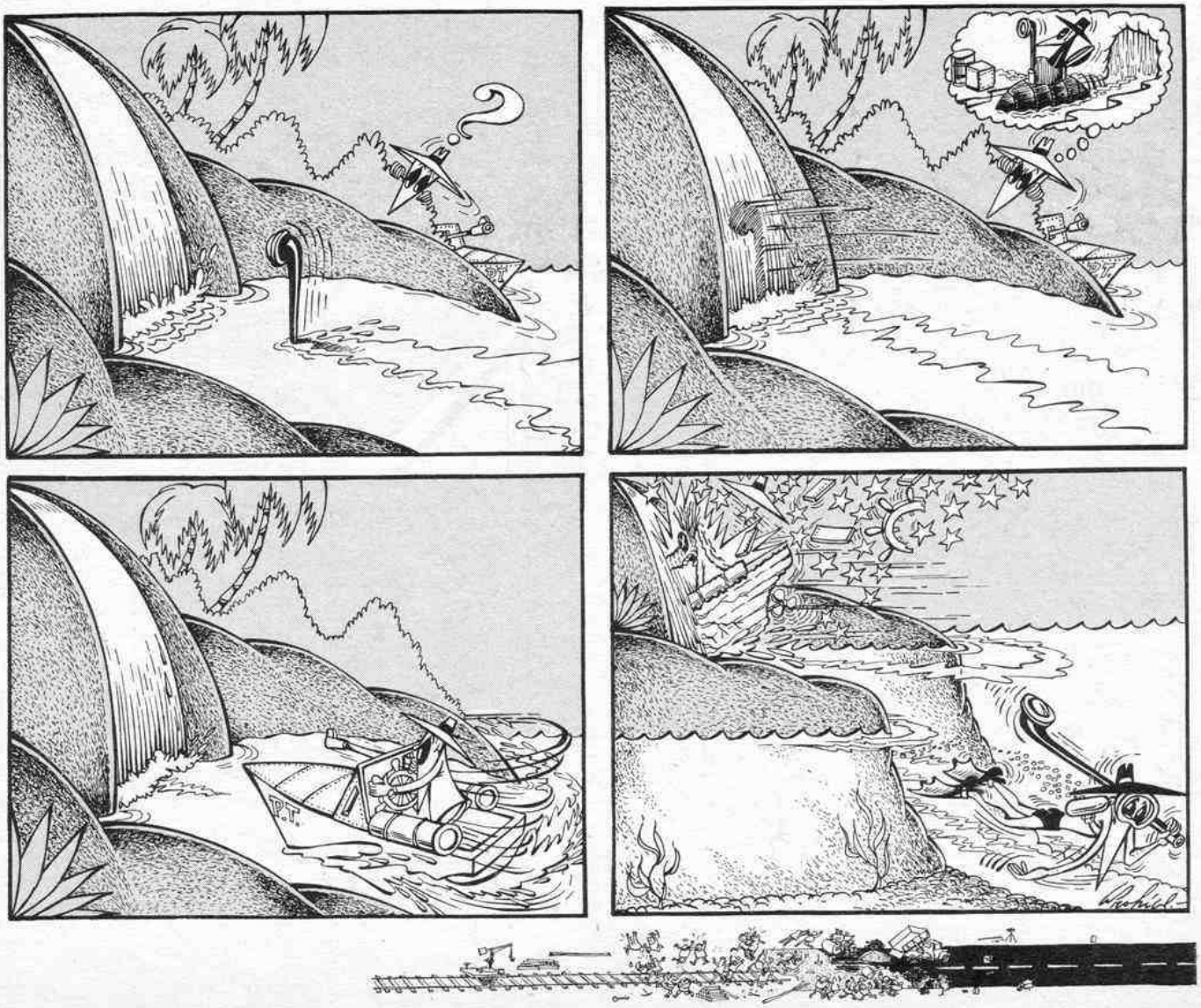
The Modesty Of Cassius Clay

A GUIDE TO HAPPY MARRIAGE—Zsa Zsa Gabor

Making It On Your Own—Nancy Sinatra

MAD MAGAZINE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN CULTURE


SPY VS SPY

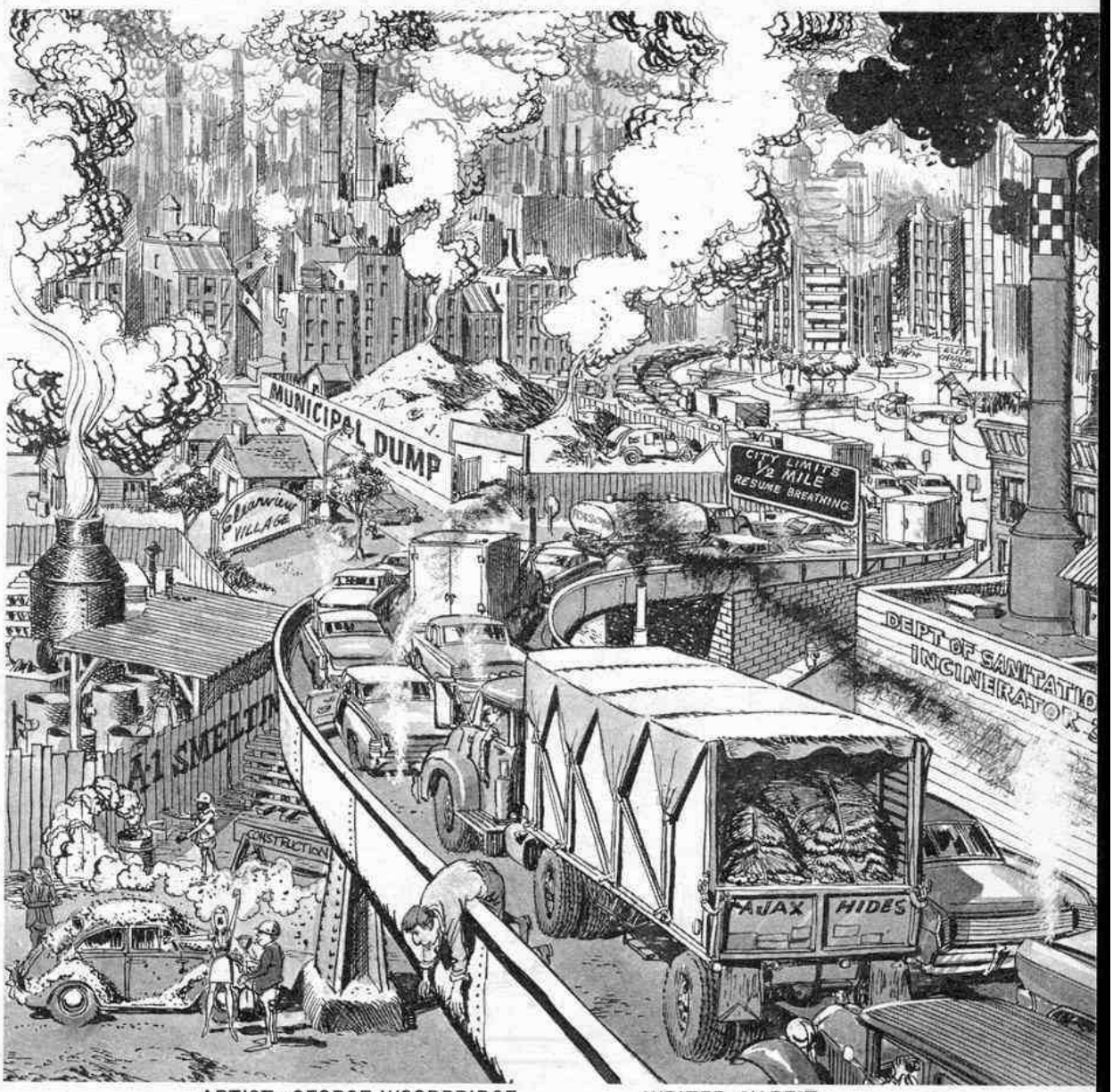


If you've been doing any breathing lately, you're aware of the fact that Air Pollution has become a serious problem in America. Up to now, there have been three main sources of contamination:

Utility Companies polluting the air with dirty soot from burning coal

Municipal Dumps polluting the air with smelly smut from burning garbage

Automobiles and Trucks polluting the air with exhaust smoke from burning gasoline



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

Well, MAD says this whole mess is going to get worse before it gets better! Why? Because there are lots of new pollutants on the way. And tomorrow's air contaminants, added to the old ones, will make today's "SMOG" seem like pure Oxygen. Let's take a grim look at some

AIR POLLUTION PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE

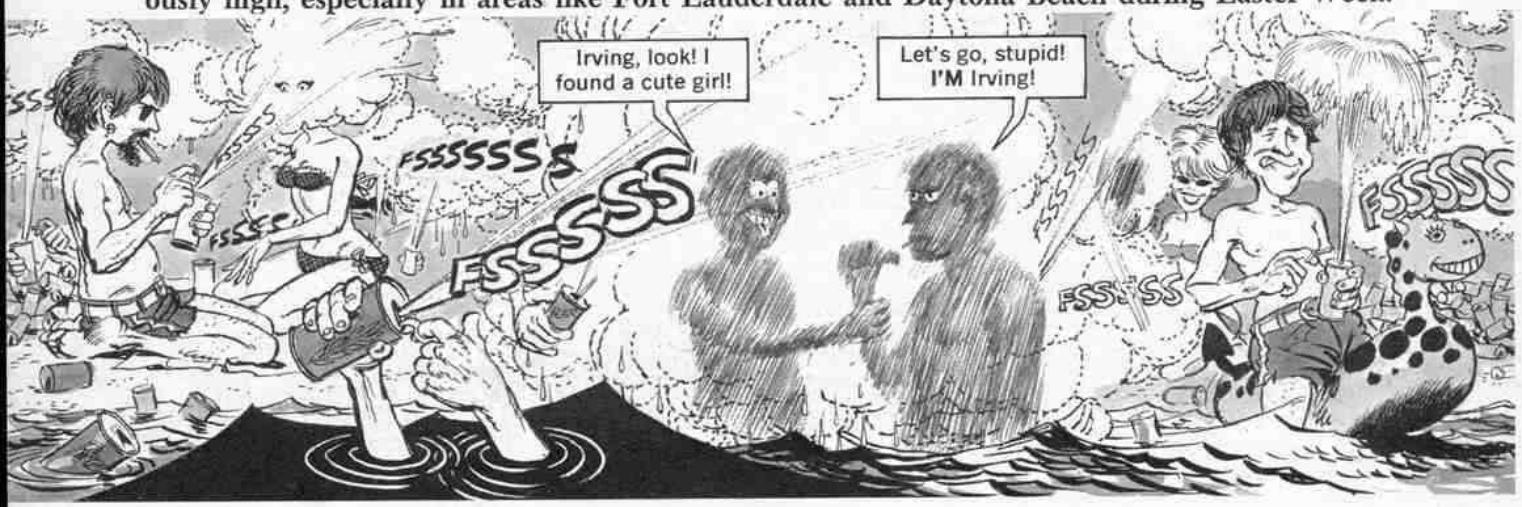
IN ADDITION TO THE OLD-FASHIONED "SMOG", AMERICA WILL

"SPROG"

The growing use of Hair Spray Products will release tremendous amounts of atomized lacquers, plastics, etc. into our atmosphere. Hair Spray Pollution, known as "Sprog", will be further aggravated by Nasal Spray Mists, Underarm Spray Deodorant Clouds and Insecticide Bomb Fogs.

"SHPRITZ"

Pollution will also come from the new Pull-Tab Beer Cans. These will continue to emit huge clouds of foam and fizz, known as "Shpritz". The National Shpritz Index will climb dangerously high, especially in areas like Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach during Easter Week.



"SMAFT"

As time goes on, protests—like those over the Vietnam War—will continue to mount. This will cause more and more misguided hot-headed youths to burn their draft cards. The results: Tons of draft card smoke, or "Smaft", will then be belched into the nation's atmosphere.

SOON HAVE TO COPE WITH NEW KINDS OF AIR POLLUTION...

"SHUSH"

Aside from Marijuana, smoking outlandish concoctions for kicks—like Bananas, Celery Leaves, Coconut Fibres and Potrzebie Shoots—will unfortunately be on the increase. Heavy layers of "Shush" (Smoke From Secret Pot-Parties) will hang over college campuses and coffee houses.

"SHMO"

As responsible American Negroes continue their fight for Civil Rights, the irresponsible morons of the KKK will grow more and more hysterical. Cross-Burnings will increase. The smoke from these burnings, known as "Shmo" (or "Maddox's Fog") will blanket the South.

"SHPIEL"

But the worst contamination of all will come from the publicity-seeking Politicians who continue to belch forth into our atmosphere outraged statements, dull harangues and empty campaign promises to solve our nation's problems—and all calculated to gain support and votes.

You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . those candlelight suppers with mood music become TV dinners and The Lawrence Welk Show.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . your idea of a great Anniversary Gift for yourselves is a new hose for the vacuum cleaner.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you go through your Wedding Album, and you discover that you can't recall the names of two of your ushers.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you go to buy a new car, and you walk right past the snappy red Convertible to look at the Station Wagon.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you look for your daily newspaper, and find it spread out over the newly-washed kitchen floor.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you check into a hotel together and the clerk gives you twin beds without even asking.

MARRIED When...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

... your wife can sign your signature on your paycheck better than you do.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

... you go out with another couple, and the wives sit in the back.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

... you own two sets of China, and still don't have enough cups with handles to serve a dinner for six.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

... you stop buying regular Christmas cards, and start sending pictures of you and the kids in front of your fireplace.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

... you go to a Drive-In Theater to actually see the movie.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

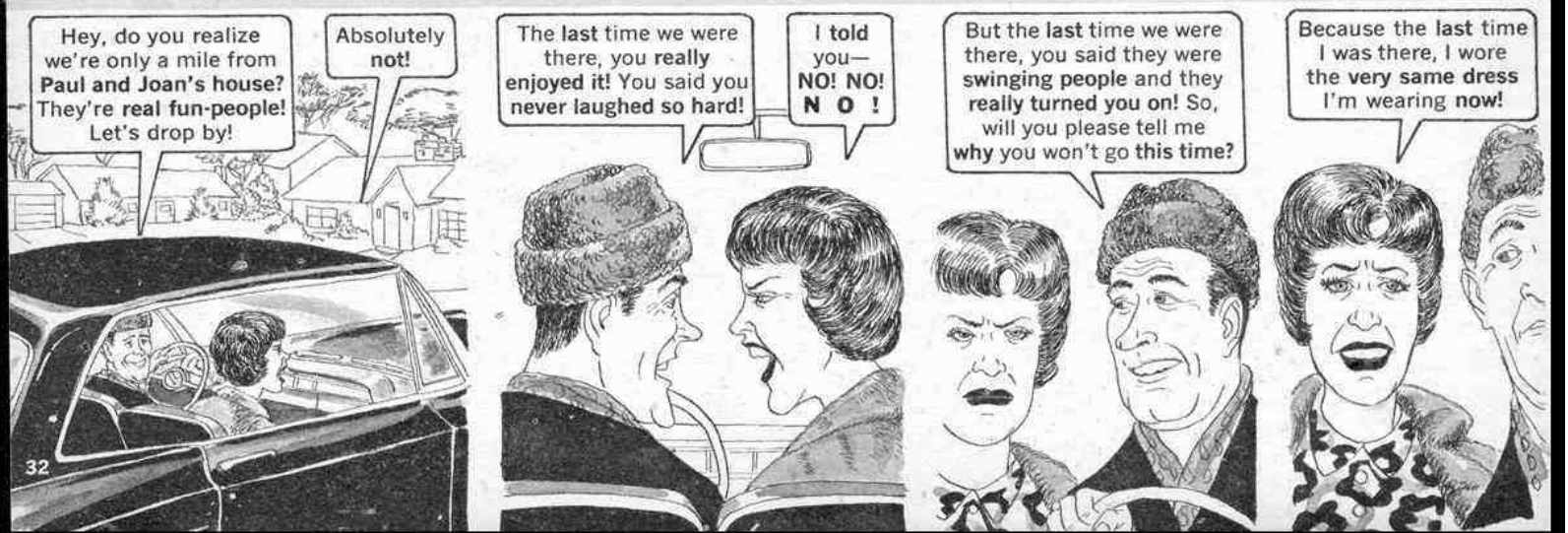
... your idea of a "Big Night Out" is: Two on the aisle at the Annual High School Christmas Pageant ... a hamburger and a coke at Howard Johnson's ... then back home in time to catch The Eleven O'Clock News.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

... you can get into your socks from either end.

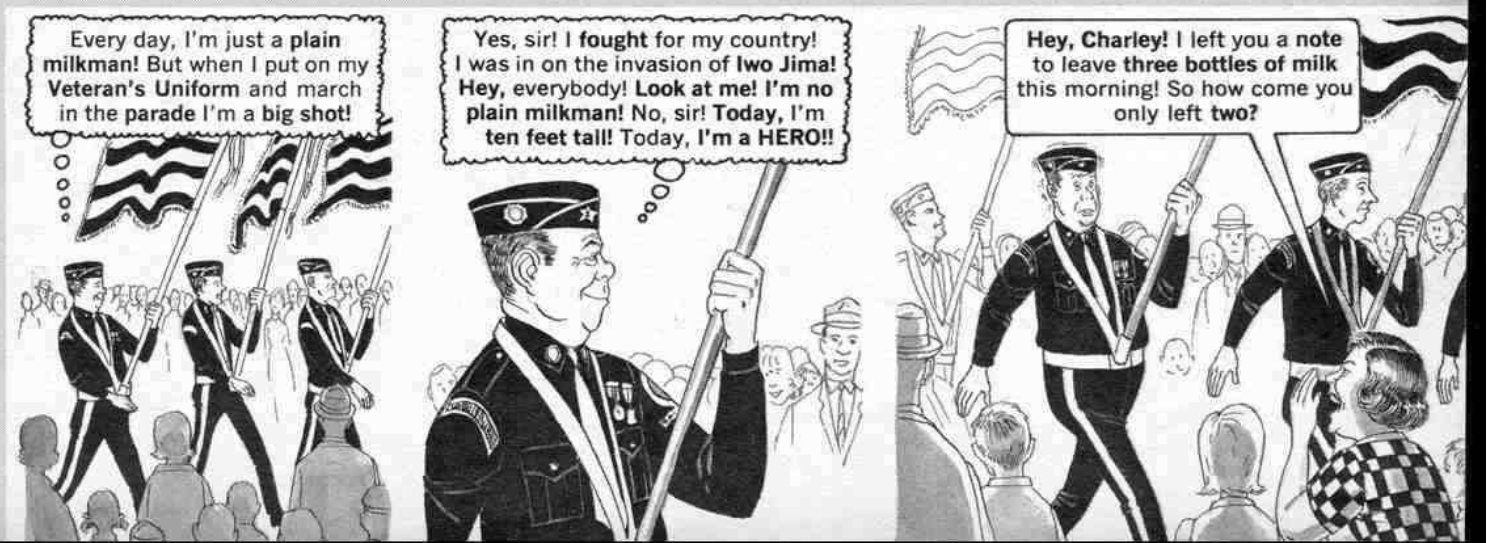
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



CLOTHES

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



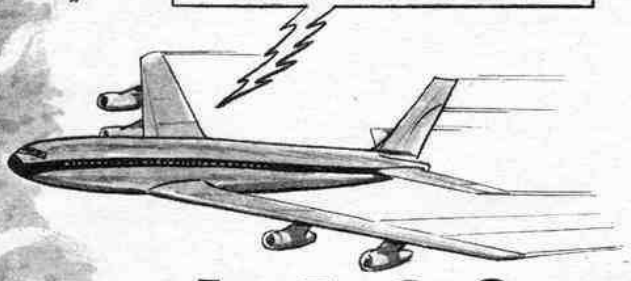
Oh, darn! Just when I'm in a hurry, the bow gets caught in the zipper! Help me!
Women—can't even handle a simple mechanical gadget like a zipper!
Grunt! Whoever designed this dress—grunt—has a head full of chicken fat! Bows in the back—grunt! Absolutely—grunt—useless!
How long does it take to get a bow out of a zipper!?
Grunt! I did that a long time ago!
Now—grunt—I'm trying to get my tie out!
I'm from the Salvation Army! Your husband called and said he had a box of old clothes he wanted us to pick up and distribute to poor people!
Oh, yes, this must be the box he filled!
Wait a minute! What's he giving away this sweater for? On a cold day, it could be very warm under a jacket! I'll just take this out!
And this dress! I know it's out of style! But if I hold on to it long enough, it may just come back into style! I'll take this out!
Harold . . . about these suits in your closet!
Speaking about clothes, there's something that's been bugging me!
Every year, some guy in the Ladies Fashion Industry decides whether hemlines should go up or down, and you dumb dames slavishly follow like sheep! Who gave this guy such power?
Yes, I know—but about these suits—
Forget the suits! I'll tell you who gave this guy all the power! You stupid women! The whole thing is just a scheme to get you to spend more money on new-style clothes!
Okay, I admit it! You're right! I'm a stupid, dumb, sheep-like slave!
Now, do you have any preference as to your roommate?
I most certainly do!
I have very strong feelings about that! I definitely prefer a certain select physical type!
My dear young lady! In this country, AND in this college, there is no place for snobbery and bigotry!
All I want is a roommate who's a size 9 . . . so we can swap clothes!

Hey! Get a load of that schnook!
Everybody thinks I'm a schnook because I dress like a schnook! They say "clothes makes the man", so I'm gonna change my image!
Can I help you, Sir?
You sure can! I want to have that smart "Suburban Look"! Give me a Paisley Ascot, a Sport Jacket with Leather Elbows, a pair of Desert Boots, a Tyrolean Hat, and a Pipe! You know . . . I want the whole bit!
Hey! Get a load of that schnook!
And this suit! I can't give this away! There are too many sentimental attachments to this suit! My son was confirmed in it! I'll take this out, too . . .
Goodness! It looks like I've taken everything out of the box . . .
Lady, I've got a truck-load of old clothes outside! Maybe you'd like to rummage through that, too?
Now will you tell me what you want me to do with these perfectly good suits you won't wear any more because the lapels are too wide!?
PHYLLIS!
SYBIL!!
Like, man—you look marvelous!
Like, you look pretty scrumptious yourself!
That's my daughter's gang! See how they all dress alike—the same tight dungarees, the same kookie sweatshirts, the same shoes! I wonder why?
It gives them a sense of security and a feeling of belonging!
By the way, which one is your daughter?
I'm not sure!
Listen—it's true that they all dress alike! But their hair-coloring is different! Don't you even know the color of your own daughter's hair?
Frankly, I don't remember WHAT color it is this week!
LOWER THE AGE OF PUBERTY
I LOVE MANKIND IT'S PEOPLE I CAN'T STAND
THE PARANOIDS ARE AFTER ME
David Berg

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. This is your pilot, Captain George Hotshot . . . welcoming you aboard Propwash Airlines' Flight #209.

Our flying time from New York to The Bronx will be approximately 4 hours and 31 minutes. We will be cruising at a speed of . . .

Er—folks, I have just been informed that, due to a slight maintenance oversight, we have only enough fuel for 12 more seconds of flying time—



TRIP-SHTICKS DEPT.

If you've ever made a flight on a modern airliner, you're familiar with the pilot's "Welcome aboard—" ritual. This is the speech the pilot makes over the intercom in which

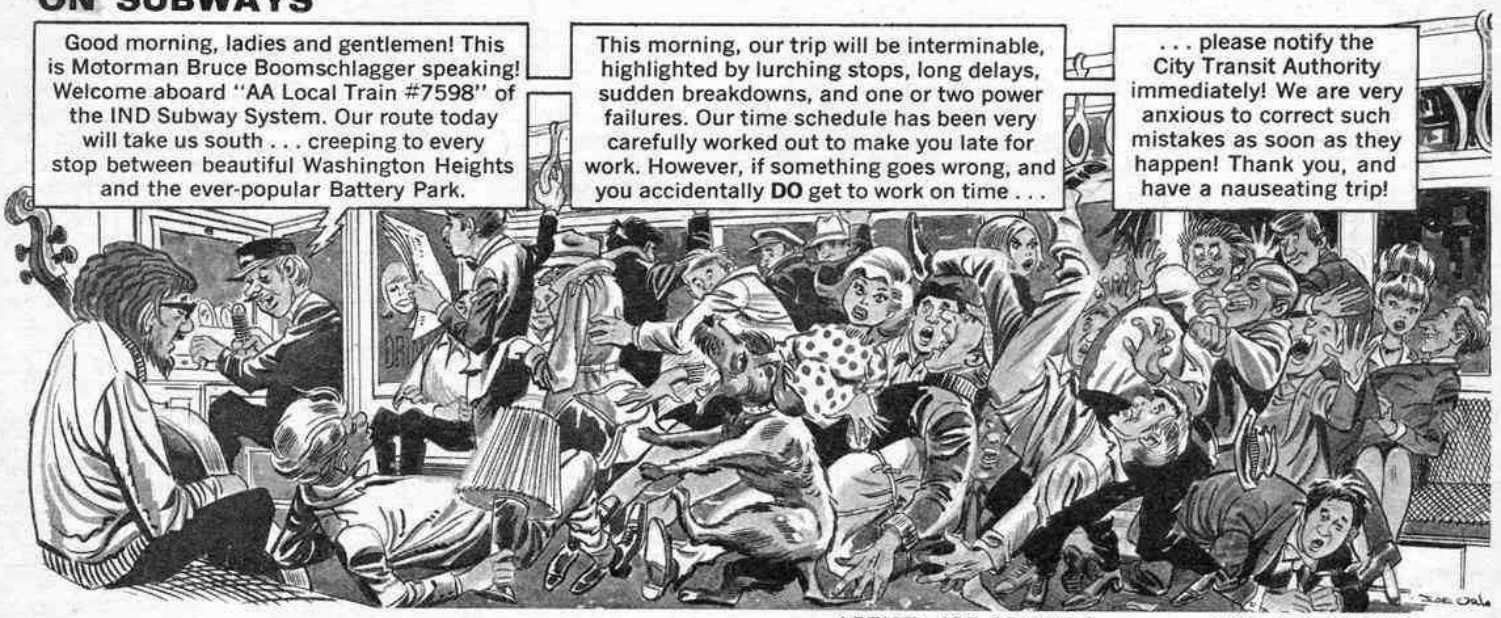
"WELCOME ABOARD--"

ON SUBWAYS

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen! This is Motorman Bruce Boomschlagger speaking! Welcome aboard "AA Local Train #7598" of the IND Subway System. Our route today will take us south . . . creeping to every stop between beautiful Washington Heights and the ever-popular Battery Park.

This morning, our trip will be interminable, highlighted by lurching stops, long delays, sudden breakdowns, and one or two power failures. Our time schedule has been very carefully worked out to make you late for work. However, if something goes wrong, and you accidentally **DO** get to work on time . . .

. . . please notify the City Transit Authority immediately! We are very anxious to correct such mistakes as soon as they happen! Thank you, and have a nauseating trip!

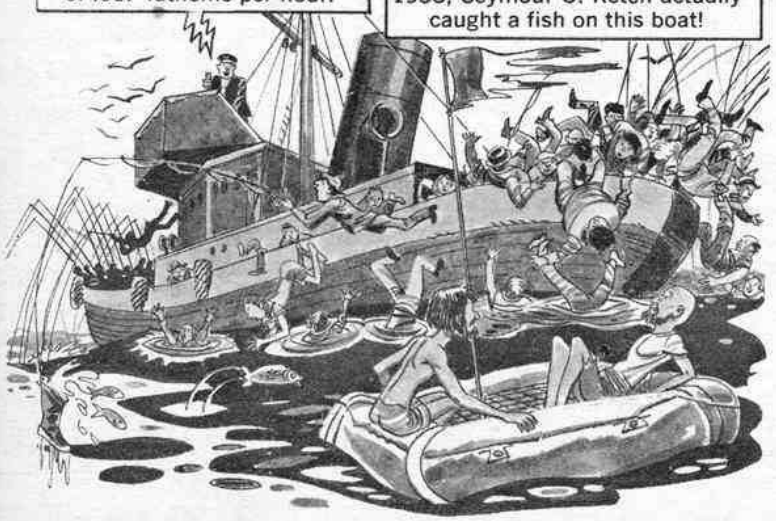


ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: SY REIT

ON FISHING BOATS

Now hear this! Skipper Luke Beerbelly speaking! Welcome aboard the deep-sea fishing boat, "Guts Up"! We will be wallowing offshore today at a cruising speed of 8 knots per hour, and a sinking speed of .017 fathoms per hour.

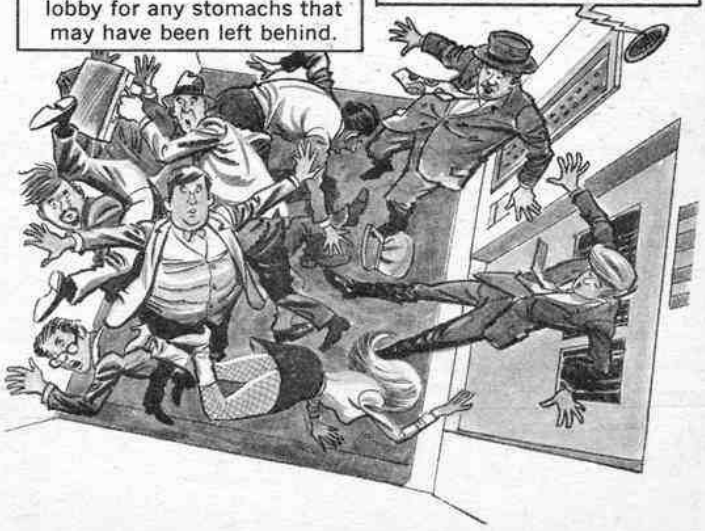
During the trip, I will try to point out sights of special interest—such as the place where the Andrea Doria went down, several oil slicks from the Torrey Canyon, and the exact spot where, on March 5th, 1958, Seymour O. Retch actually caught a fish on this boat!



ON ELEVATORS

This is your Starter, Penrod Finch, welcoming you aboard The Brillo Building's Express Elevator #3. During the next few minutes, your car will zoom upward at a sickening speed of 60 miles per hour—to an altitude of 487 feet. Later, it will return to the lobby for any stomachs that may have been left behind.

Stops are now scheduled for the 30th, 32nd, 36th, 41st and 45th floors. Estimated time of the entire trip is six minutes, unless we have our usual Con Edison power failure—in which case, the estimate is changed to six **hours** and six minutes!



—so if you will please fasten your seat-belts and repeat after me: "Our Father who art in Heaven—"

he greets the passengers and discusses the facts of the flight. The purpose of the speech is obvious: it is very helpful in calming fears. And we don't mean the fears of the passengers—we mean the fears of the crew. Actually, we approve of these homey little talks. We think they add a nice personal touch. In fact, we'd like to suggest . . .

SPEECHES IN OTHER AREAS OF TRANSPORTATION

IN TAXICABS

Evening, folks! This is your cabbie, Abe Nudnik, welcoming you aboard Hack #489 of the Veemish Taxi Co. For the next half hour, we'll be struggling through traffic at a snail-like pace. This will alternate with short bursts of speed as we try to beat a light or change lanes.

During the trip, I will provide a running commentary, brimming over with venom and hostility. At High St., we may hit heavy bus exhaust, but this should clear up when we hit Main. Our estimated time of arrival is 8:12 P.M.—so sit back, cross your fingers, hold your breath, and try not to watch what I do.

ON POLICE WAGONS

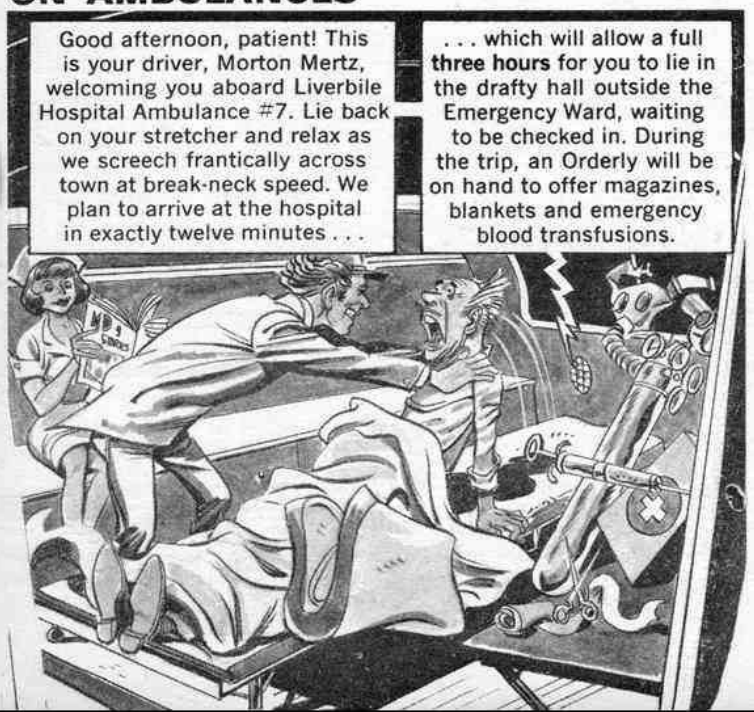
Hi, there, bookies, con-men and winos! This is your driver, Sgt. Sid Entwhistle, welcoming you aboard Paddy Wagon #35. We are scheduled to reach the County Lock-up in about 20 minutes—which should give you ample time to ditch your brass knuckles, hypodermic needles, and other items of illegal contraband.

It will also give you a chance to work out shaky alibis, legal cop-outs and other assorted Constitutional evasions. During the trip, a patrolman will be available to adjust your handcuffs and pass out **"Police Brutality"** buttons. Thank you for traveling with us and we look forward to serving you again—and again—and again—

ON AMBULANCES

Good afternoon, patient! This is your driver, Morton Mertz, welcoming you aboard Liverbile Hospital Ambulance #7. Lie back on your stretcher and relax as we screech frantically across town at break-neck speed. We plan to arrive at the hospital in exactly twelve minutes . . .

. . . which will allow a full **three hours** for you to lie in the drafty hall outside the Emergency Ward, waiting to be checked in. During the trip, an Orderly will be on hand to offer magazines, blankets and emergency blood transfusions.

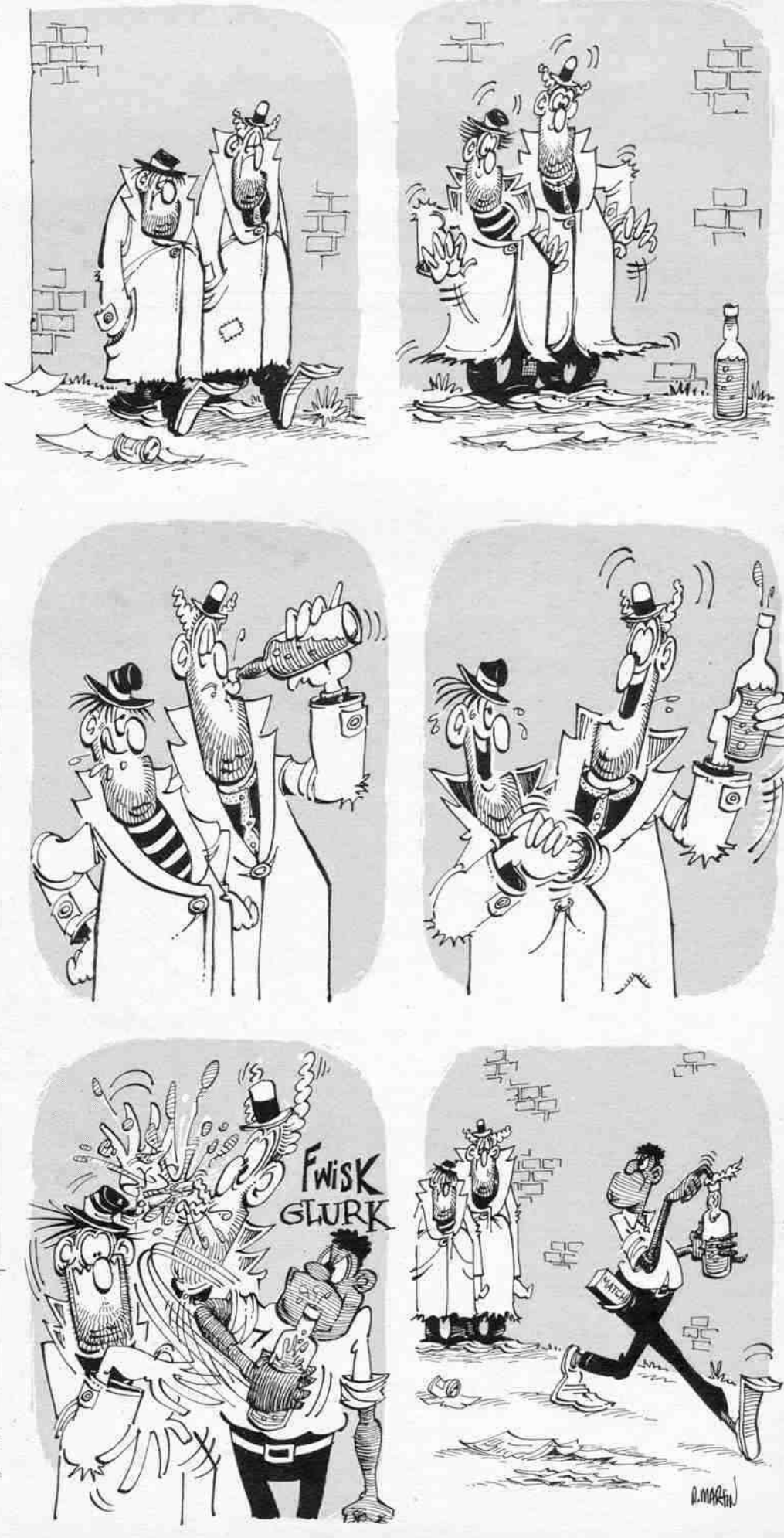


ON BUSSES

All right! This is your snarling driver, Ed Klugg, welcoming you aboard the "D" bus of the East Mudshoe Surface Transit Lines! Our route will take us north on Ventnor Ave., east on Park Place, and south on Baltic Ave.—where we will pass "Go"—and your stop!

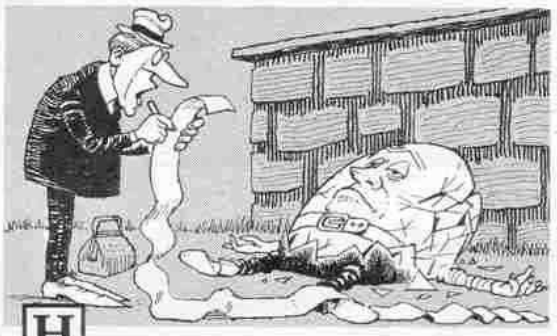
Passengers are urged to step to the rear of the bus . . . so **move!** Push and claw your way in as tight as possible! This will make it possible for the next five busses to follow behind us completely empty! Have a miserable trip!

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER



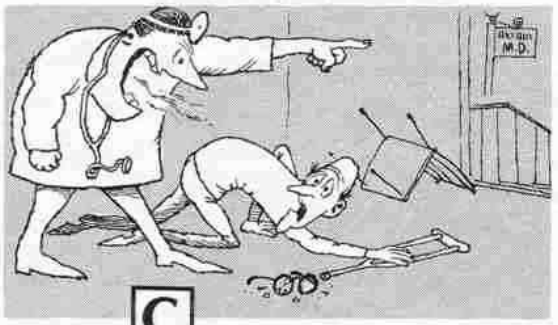
MAD'S MEDICAL MOTHER GOOSE

Written by Larry Siegel Illustrated by Al Jaffee



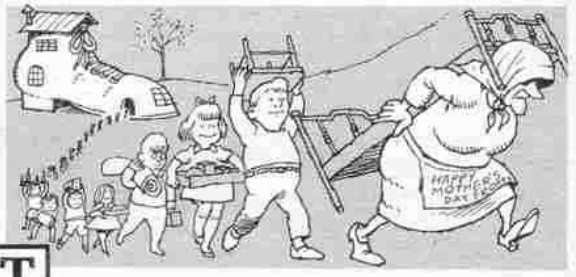
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
The Doctor arrived and he took out his pen
And said, "Have you ever had measles, mumps,
chicken pox, heart trouble, athlete's feet,
diabetes, scarlet fever, an operation–
And has anyone in your family ever had
gout, beri-beri, scurvy, bursitis or acne–
And if so, when?"

Rug-a-dug-dug;
A man's got a bug
Which puzzles his family M.D.
Bronchitis, Neuritis?
Acute Tonsilitis?
He'll say it's a Virus–you'll see!



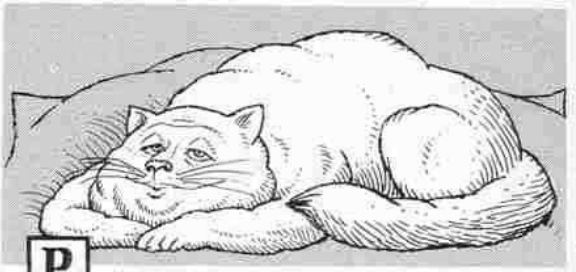
Choosey Dr. Stander,
Whither do you wander?
Into my waiting room,
To give the folks a gander!
If I see an old man
Here on "Medicare",
I'll grab him by his bad arm
And kick him off the chair!

Aproctor, a proctor, a visiting Doctor;
What makes your fee so high?
My Golf Course rates are going up
The middle of July!



There was on old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
Her Doc prescribed pills, but they cost too much loot–
So she's still having kids, but she's moved to a boot.

Pain, pain,
Go away!
Doctor's in D.C. today–
Lobbying for the A.M.A.!



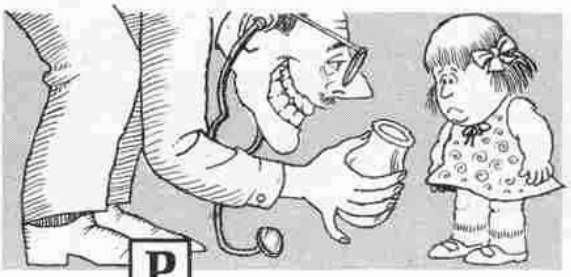
Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
Under the scalpel of Dr. McQueen!
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did he do?
I've grown fat and lazy–that'll give you a clue!

This little Doctor is solemn;
This Doctor's manner can chill;
This Doctor shows no emotion
When he's prescribing a pill;
But all of these Doctors go,
"Whee, whee, whee, whee!"
Whenever they make out a bill!

What-an-ache, what-an-ache,
Doctor Mann!
I just got hit by a
Black sedan!
Thumb's scraped,
And wrist's skinned,
And fingernail is black–
And would you please tell All-State
I've got a bad back?

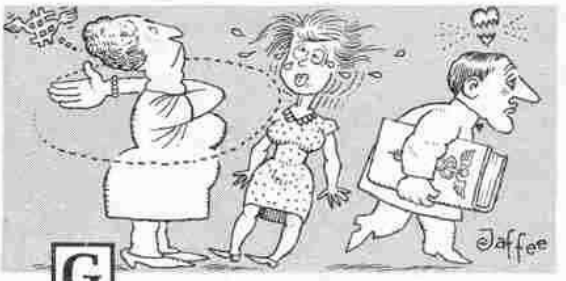
Sing a song of sickness;
In a bed I lie.
Four-and-twenty Specialists
Always going by.
When the door is open,
A Nurse walks in the place.
Must they send a dainty dish
When I'm a prostate case!

Twinkle, twinkle, man with star;
Officer, don't tag my car!
Though it's double-parked and waits–
Can't you see my "M.D." plates?

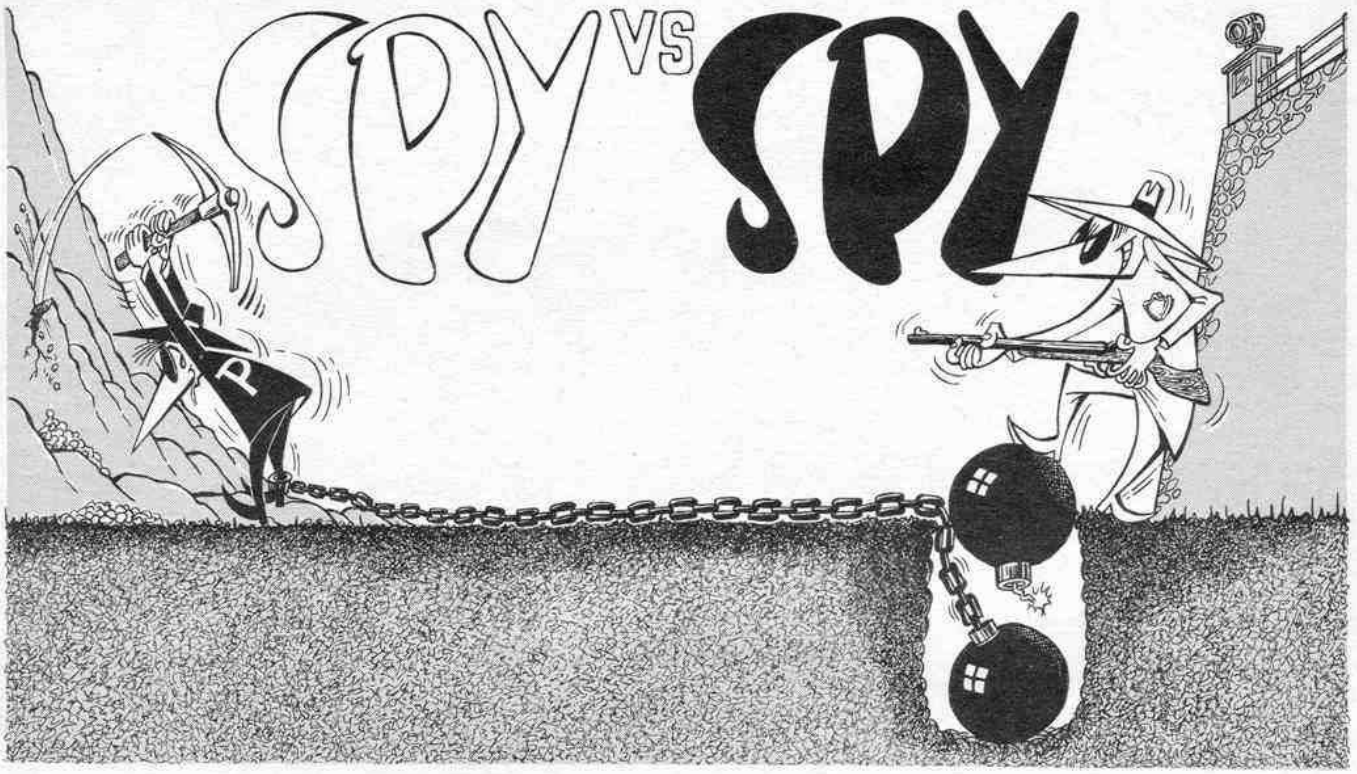


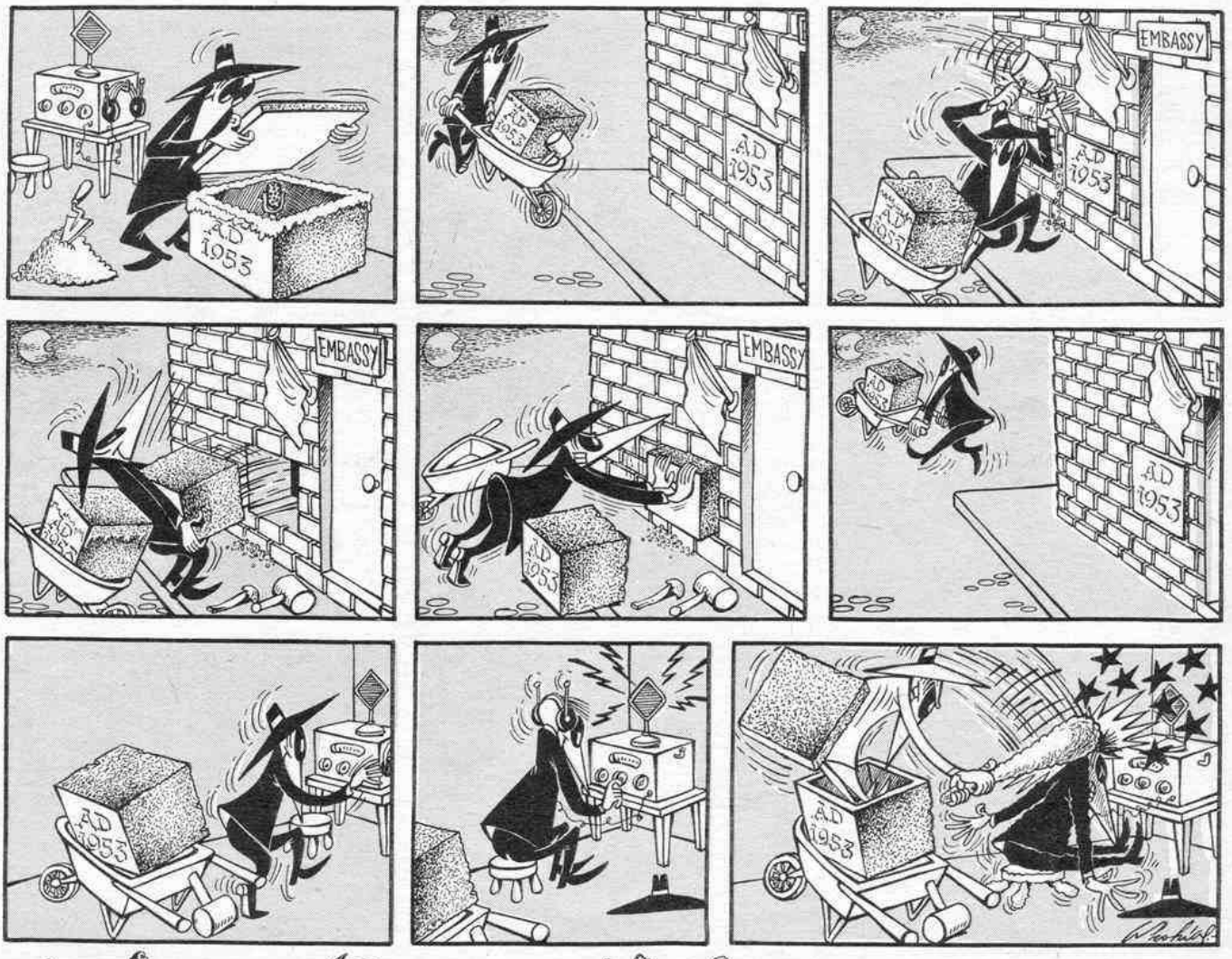
Polly, fill this bottle up;
Polly, fill this bottle up;
Polly, fill this bottle up,
And I don't want tea!

Old Doc Cole is a wealthy old soul,
And he finds his job is a breeze.
He can't tell a boil
From a wart or mole–
He got rich splitting Specialists' fees.



Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed a girl and made her cry.
For spurning him, her mother socked her–
George is studying to be a Doctor!


SPY VS SPY

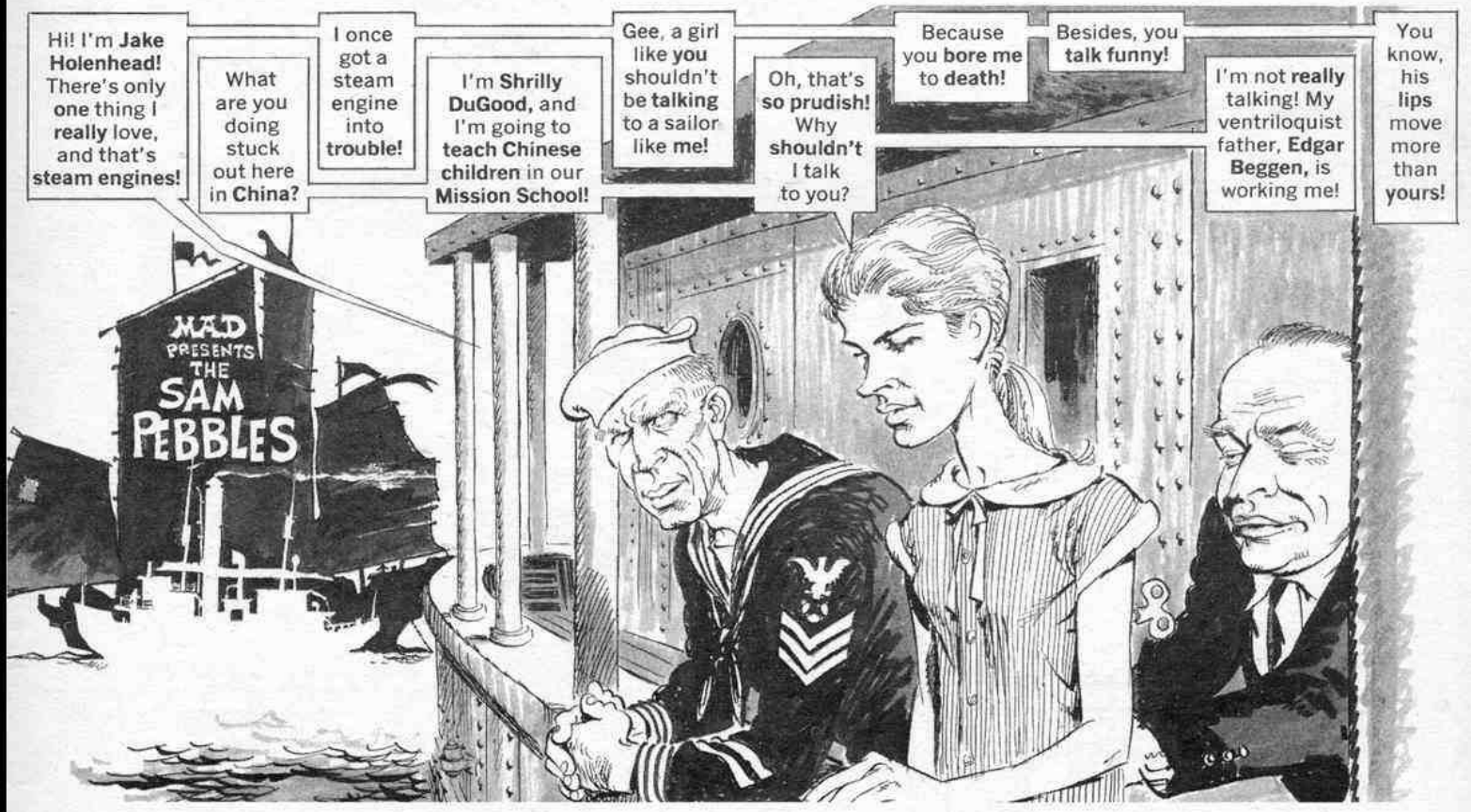

AD 1953
EMBASSY

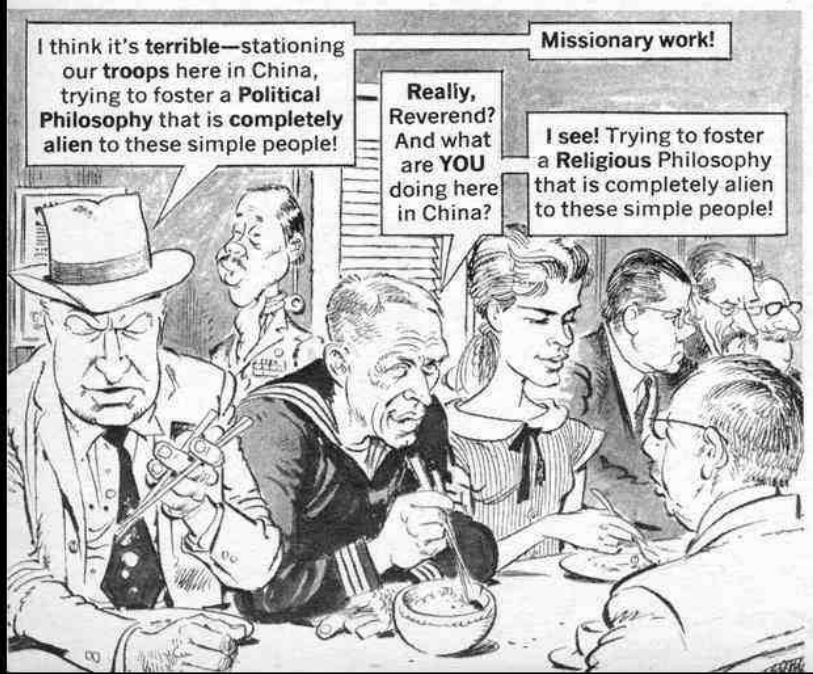
YANGTZE, GO HOME! DEPT.

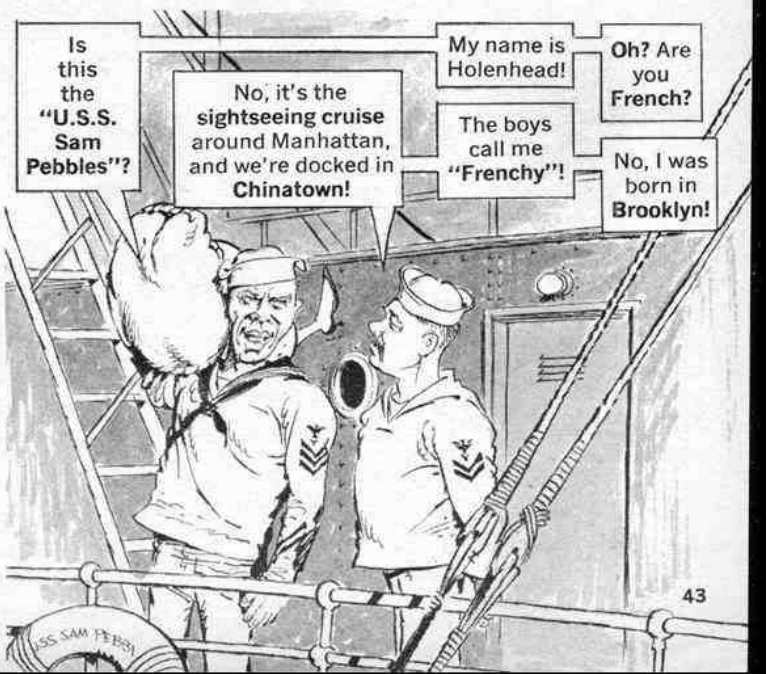
Since we live in such a peaceful world with no wars or violence, Hollywood movie-makers are finding it difficult to come up with subjects for War Movies. So they've got to dig into the past. This recent epic film was suggested by an actual incident that amazed the world . . . not because of what happened, but because it was forgotten so fast. And it certainly wasn't worth being reminded about it either, judging from

THE "SAM PEBBLES"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART







Brooklyn?! Then why do you have a British accent?
My folks gave it to me for my Bar Mitzvah!
Well, I still don't know why the boys call you "Frenchy"!
Because it sounds so "loveable"!
That's too bad!
What's too bad?
Don't you ever go to the movies? Don't you know what always happens to loveable guys in "War Pictures"?
Always??
ALWAYS!!
I'm Captain of this ship, and I live for only one thing—that flag up there! I'll protect it! I'll defend it! I'll die for it!
You really love your country, eh, Captain?
No, I just have this "thing" about Silk! Don't you?
I'm a "Suede Man" myself, Sir!
Now, remember—on my ship, the coolies do all the work!
Don't the coolies object?
Shh! They think they're learning "Democracy"
See that new "Bar-Girl", Jack? I've just fallen in love with her!
Why her, Frenchy?
That's too bad!
Because she's so loveable!
You mean—?
You know the bit, Frenchy! Loveables . . . in a "War Movie"!
Gee, why couldn't I fall in love with a rotten girl!?
How'dy'do, Ma'am! My buddy is dying to meet you! This is "Frenchy"!
My name is "Dingaling," and I can buy my freedom for $200!
Why $200?
That is a long story! Nobody knows it but me!
And you won't tell it to anyone?
I tell it to everyone! But nobody ever stays awake to the end! I said it was a long story!
You're crazy, Holenhead! You can't teach those dumb coolies anything!
You'll see! I'll make this guy into a first class engine room man!
Hoo-hah! I gonna be flirst crass engine loom man!

This is a boiler!
Boi-rah!
Boil-er!
Boi-ruh!
This is a drive shaft!
Duhlive shaff!
Dr-rive shaft!
Dlive shaff!
Okay, show these creeps what you've learned!
The rain in Spain falls mainly in the plain!
By George, he's got it!
This is a pressure valve!
Plessure vawuv!
Pr-ressure val-ve!
Pl-lessure vaw-wuv!
This is a propellor!
Forget it, Jake!
MADE IN JAPAN
All right, men—what am I bid for this lovely little Oriental beauty . . . ?
Oh, Frenchy—please save me!
Who's gonna bid a dollar? Seventy-five cents? Half a buck? We'll throw in a set of steak knives and a dozen hand towels! A quarter?
C'mon, Dingaling! While the free-for-all-fight we started is going on, I'll get you out of here!
Wouldn't it have been easier to just bid a quarter? Then you'd own me!
Own you for a quarter?! What a terrible thing to say! Do you think quarters grow on trees?
. . . and I take you, Dingaling, for my wife!
Do you think they'll be happy?
I doubt it! They're not really married!
Because they don't have a Clergyman?
No, because they don't have a Caterer! A wedding isn't official until the Bride feeds the Groom a hot hors d'oeuvre!
They look so happy! We ought to get married too, Jack!
Do you think the three of us could be happy?
The three of us?
You, me, and your father!
You mean the FIVE of us!! Don't forget my brothers—Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd!

We're surrounded by Nationalist Chinese junks! They won't let us out of the harbor! We'll miss the last tide before Winter!
Let's blast our way out!
That's what they want us to do! Imagine what propaganda that would make! No, I won't give them the satisfaction!
Then what are we going to do?
Stay right here and starve all Winter! That'll be one on them!
SAM PEBBLES
GO HOME
We've been trapped on board all Winter! I've got to see Dingaling! Don't try to stop me, Jake! I warn you, don't try! There's no use trying to stop me!
I'm not trying to stop you, Frenchy!
Some pal you are! I could freeze to death in that icy water!
I'm so glad you came, Jack! Frenchy caught pneumonia, and I gave him an old Chinese remedy to see what would happen!
And what did you find out?
I found out why you don't see too many OLD Chinese around! It didn't work!
Captain, they want Holenhead! They say he killed Frenchy and Dingaling!
You'd better turn Holenhead over to them or they'll kill us all!
Boy, talk about self-centered buddies! What ever happened to the great sailors of yesteryear and the "one-for-all-and-all-for-one" tradition of Dick Powell and James Cagney and Pat O'Brien?
GIVE US HORENHEAD
GET OUT OF VIETNAM
Give him up, Captain!
Or else we'll take over the ship!
Men, there hasn't been a mutiny on a United States warship since the "USS Herman Wouk"! If you go through with this, I'll show you something you'll never forget . . . a Captain, crying!
Besides, we've got a job to do upriver! The Chinese are threatening the American Mission, and we've got to rescue the Reverend and that dummy schoolteacher!
But we're not supposed to get involved in this revolution! That would be against orders, Captain!
Orders are not official until they're recorded in the logbook! What does it say in the logbook?
Port is left . . . Starboard is right!
Not that page, you idiot!!
LOG

Look, Captain— a line of junks . . . blocking the river!
Looks like we'll **have** to get involved! Now, remember, men, these Chinese are defending their homeland, their rights, and their hopes of finding a better way of life!
What should we **do?**
Fight dirty!
We're fighting to **free** our country of **exploiters** and **foreign marauders!**
I know! I'm **really** rooting for **your side!**
Someday, we will make our country **strong** so we can live in **peace** and **dignity!**
Gee, I sure **hope** so!
We've come to **rescue** you!
We're **not going!** The Chinese are our **friends!**
Actually, **ONE** Chinese is our friend! But since they **look alike,** he thinks **ALL Chinese** are our friends!
BLAM! BLAM
Well, he's been **shot** by his **Chinese "friends"! Now,** maybe he'll act a little **differently!**
That's for sure! **He's dead!**
I hope the Chinese will **throw off the yoke of Dictatorship,** someday, Captain!
Yes, Holenhead! Then they will be **free** to **choose** their **own leaders** and march happily toward **Democracy!**
BLAM! BLAM BLAM
Who shot **them?**
We did! Maybe we don't agree on **most** things, but . . .
. . . we **do** agree we **don't want** anyone talking about **Democracy** here in **China!**
ORT DRUCKER

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

DR. HUGO ZORBAGREEK

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER OF BROOKLYN, N.Y. MADE A **HOUSE CALL** ON DEC. 18th, 1966 *AND TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE...* **HE DID NOT USE THEIR PHONE TO CALL HIS OFFICE FOR MESSAGES!**

HE *DID*, HOWEVER, CALL AN OLD ARMY BUDDY IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. *... JUST TO SAY HELLO!*

RED "RABBIT" ELLSBERG

A 5'9" TALL, UNKNOWN, UNSUNG AND GENERALLY LETHARGIC PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL PLAYER...

ACTUALLY OUTJUMPED

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

THE 7 FOOT TALL CENTER of the PHILADELPHIA WARRIORS!

... THEY WERE PLAYING CHECKERS AT THE TIME!

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF...

HUBERT HUMPHREY

DOES **NOT** TALK FAST!

IT JUST SEEMS THAT WAY BECAUSE THE ADMINISTRATION IS MOVING SO SLOW!

J. Paul Grepsy *THE SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST,*

ARRIVED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1922 WITH ONLY $1.37 IN HIS POCKET!

BUT HE HAD $78,000 HIDDEN IN HIS LINING!

HUNTZ GORGY, *A MOTORIST INSURED BY "ILLSTATE"...*

WAS INVOLVED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT, *AND YET,* **COLLECTED IMMEDIATELY!**

HUNTZ COLLECTED "PNEUMONIA" WHILE HE WAS LYING ON THE GROUND FOR THREE DAYS WAITING FOR HIS ILLSTATE AGENT TO SHOW UP!

WHAT IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE ACCESSORY ITEM YOUNG CAR-BUYERS PURCHASE?

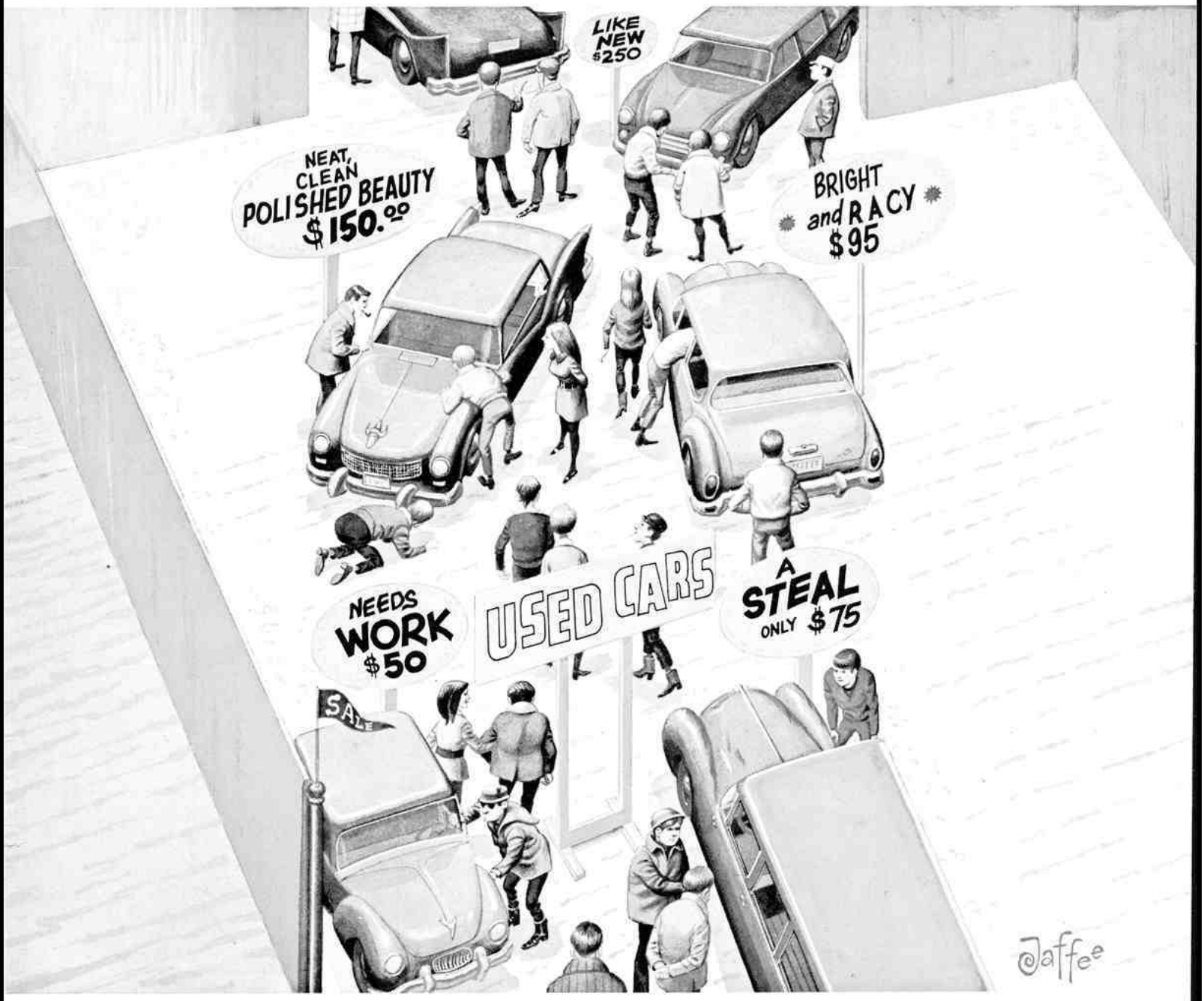
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every year, millions of young Americans scour car lots, looking for wheels they can afford. But no matter how little they plan to spend, there is always one expensive accessory they find they cannot do without. Fold this page in as shown and find out what that item is.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◗ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◖ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



COUNTLESS YOUNG AUTOMOBILE BUYERS TODAY ARE VASTLY SURPRISED AND SHOCKED BY THE DISCOVERY OF AN INSURMOUNTABLE ACCESSORY EXPENSE THAT AT FIRST GLANCE IS NOT APPARENT IN THE PRICE OF THE CAR

A ◗ ◖ B

The further she is... the closer you should look!*

"Mod" Clothes and Hair-Styles so similar, it invites embarrassing problems close up!*

Distance may have lent enchantment in the old days, but with today's "Mod" look . . . with everybody wearing long hair and tight pants and blousey shirts . . . the only thing that distance does is add to the confusion! So why risk the embarrassment (and a possible punch in the mouth) by running to meet a girl half-way and having her suddenly turn out to be a boy close-up?

With a pair of Clear-All "Spot 'em Easy" Field Glasses, you can get that all-important close-up look while there's still time to make out the few subtle differences that distinguish a boy from a girl in today's "Mod" world. No more embarrassing mistakes with Clear-All! Remember . . .

The further she is . . . the closer you should look —mainly because she could turn out to be a boy!

See a "Mod" . . .
Is it a boy or girl?

Take a look . . .
Crazy! It's a girl!

Go get 'er! Spot 'em
Easy avoids mistakes!

CLEAR-ALL
FIELD GLASSES
FOR THE "MOD" LOOK

New! Spot 'em Easy with Clear-All

THE VISUAL ASSISTANCE
FIELD GLASSES
FOR TODAY'S "MOD" LOOK

Photography by Irving Schild