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119
June
'68

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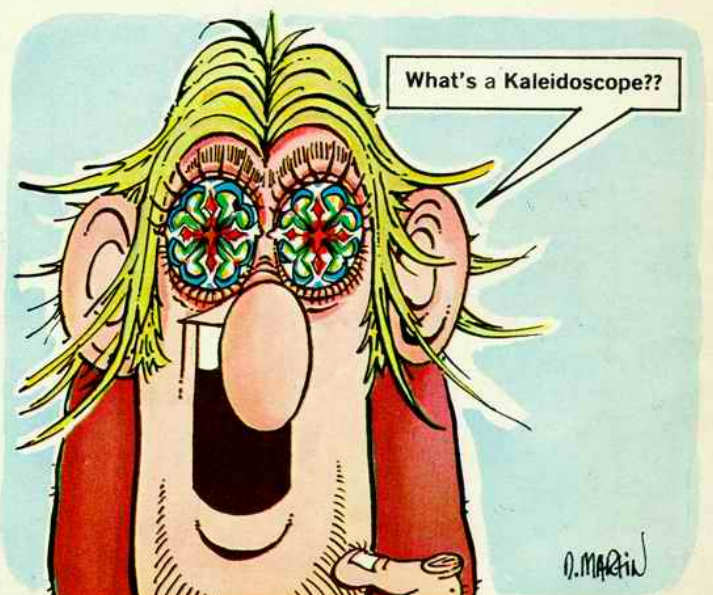
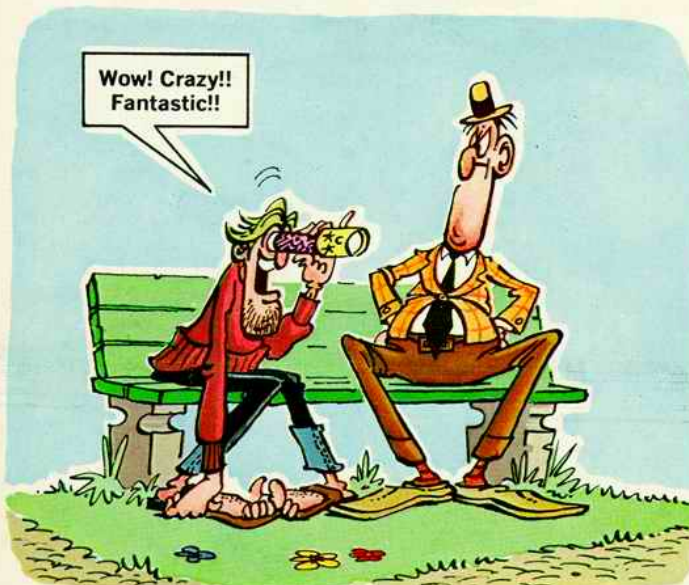
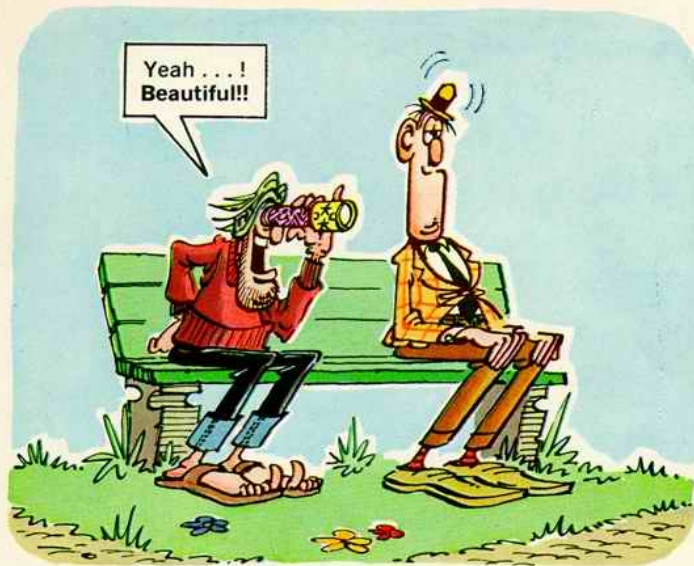


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BALTIMY AND CLOID

(We Rib Bank-Robbers!)

ONE DAY IN THE PARK



MAD

"Making out your Income Tax form is like making out a laundry list
—either way, you lose your shirt!"—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*

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CURTIS ANDERSON, IVAN LODICHAND *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—June 1968 Vol. 1, No. 119 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 © 1968 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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INVASIONERS"
(A MAD
TV SATIRE)
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**FOR JUST A LITTLE
FOLDING MONEY
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
SLOP AROUND
WITH THOSE
HOGS
AT THE NEWSSTANDS!**



Origami by Baggi

Photography by Irving Schild

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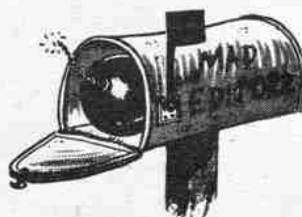
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ALMOST GONE!



We've almost gone off our rockers trying to think of new ways to con you into buying these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid... suitable for framing and wrapping fish. So if you really want to drive us crazy, mail 25¢ for 1 (50¢ for 3, or \$1.00 for 9) to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



WILL SUCCESS SPOIL CHARLIE BROWN?

I loved your "Will Success Spoil Charlie Brown?". It was the warmest (almost as warm as "Peanuts" itself), most hilarious satire you've ever published. Thank you for a masterpiece.

Chris Mann
Minneapolis, Minn.

Concerning your article entitled, "Will Success Spoil Charlie Brown?", all I can say is... "Good Grief!"

Harry Stein
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Will Success Spoil Charlie Brown?" was extraordinary, titanic and great, and was richly, immeasurably and stupendously written and illustrated. Which is about "par" for your usually fantastic magazine.

Gary Dufel
Amsterdam, N.Y.

I've bought every copy of MAD for the last five years, and I think you guys have a marvelous sense of humor. But when you ridicule the "Peanuts" clan and Charlie Schulz, I have to snarl. Mr. Schulz deserves every penny he gets for sweatshirts, books, cards, TV shows, etc., etc. You're just jealous!

Laura D. Gereau
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Are you responsible for injuries sustained while reading MAD? Mainly, I split my sides laughing at "Will Success Spoil Charlie Brown?". Congratulations to Larry Siegel and Jack Rickard.

Joe Fishbein
Southfield, Mich.

Success may spoil Charlie Brown, but I can guarantee it will never spoil MAD Magazine... mainly because MAD will never have any success to be spoiled by!

Michael Omansky
Upper Saddle River, N.J.

You took one of America's best loved comic strips and did a satire on it which turned out to be one of the worst pieces of trash you've ever come up with... and I loved every minute of it.

Kim Anderson
Iowa City, Iowa

I understand Charles Schulz is working on an article called, "Will Failure Spoil MAD Magazine?"

Craig Mason
Atlanta, Ga.

THE SAM PEBBLES

I want to congratulate you on your superb satire, "The Sam Pebbles." I for one was happy to see you tear it apart. Soon after I walked into my neighborhood movie theater, I realized I'd wasted my \$1.50. What was supposed to be an "epic war film" turned out to be in reality a poor soap opera. Your satire was a welcome retaliation. And I laughed my head off at the art.

Robert Mantel
Irvington-On-Hudson, N.Y.

"The Sam Pebbles" was hilarious. I laughed so hard and so long I could hardly breathe.

John Roas
Denver, Colo.

I made the mistake of reading YOUR mistake, "The Sam Pebbles" while eating. I nearly threw up!

Susan Shirey
San Antonio, Texas

It was worth the price of the whole magazine, which isn't saying much since the whole magazine is worthless.

Donn Jakosky,
Brentwood, Calif.

FUTURE AIR POLLUTION PROBLEM

In "Air Pollution Problems Of The Future", you neglected to mention the worst threat of all: the pollutant known as "MOG"... which is produced by burning copies of MAD.

Richard Kruger
Franklin Sq., N.Y.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY—WHEN...

You know you're really getting hard up for laughs when you start reading those "You Know You're Really..." articles.

Lee Rudrud
Fargo, N.D.

You know you're really going crazy when you read MAD Magazine... and understand it.

Perry Brandt
Memphis, Tenn.

AN E.C. FAN MAGAZINE

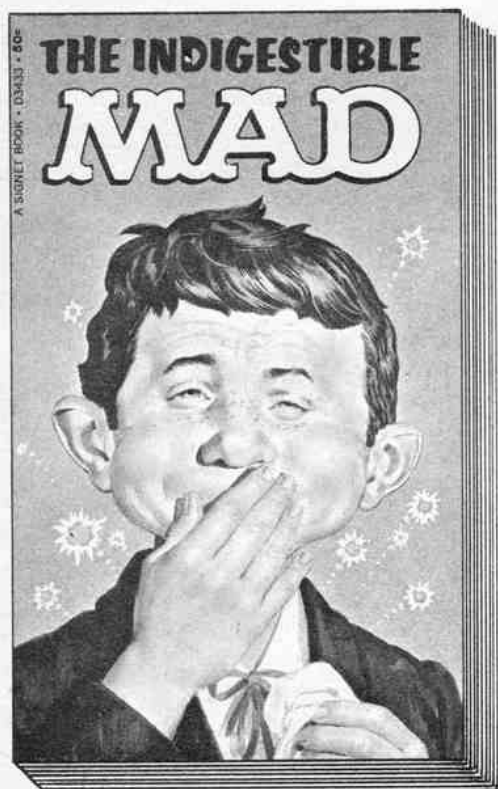
Readers of MAD, and the old E.C.'s, arise! "SQUA TRONT" is here! An E.C.-oriented fan magazine featuring never-before-published artwork by such old E.C. greats as Reed Crandall, Frank Frazetta and Al Williamson. Number 1 is now out—44 pages, completely off-set, with wrap-around 6-color cover. Number 2 is due out this Spring. Subscriptions are \$1.50 for next two issues. Write:

Jerry Weist
1849 S. 127 St. E.
Wichita, Kansas 67207

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 119, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

ANNOUNCING MAD'S LATEST SCREAM-PLAY:

The Odd Couple



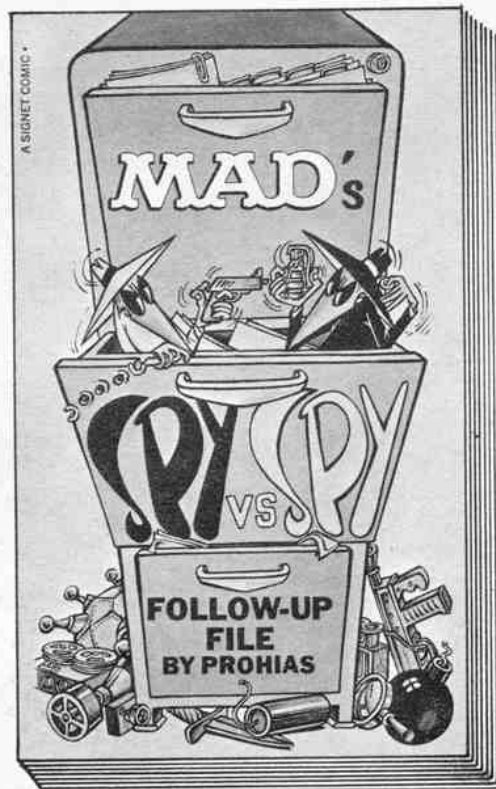
THE INDIGESTIBLE MAD



ANOTHER
COLLECTION
OF SICKENING
SATIRES AND
NAUSEATING
NONSENSE
FROM PAST
ISSUES



ANOTHER
REPORT ON
THE ALL-NEW
ADVENTURES
OF THOSE
TWO IDIOTS
OF INTRIGUE



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Hello! I'm sullen actor, **Warren Booty!** I recently starred in a great film epic about the Depression Era of the Thirties. I got the part because I'm a sensitive actor, I'm a versatile performer, and by a fantastic coincidence, I also happened to be the Producer!

This is my co-star, **Faye Runaway.** The historic couple we're supposed to play in this film were really ugly, savage killers. But after watching the movie for five minutes, you'll know at once what famous American couple we're really portraying . . . **Steve and Eydie Lawrence!**

This picture deals with one of the most violent crime waves in American history.

Oh, by the way, the girl who just walked in is my sister, **Shirley MacKook!** She recently starred in "**Woman Times Eight**"! But that was another violent crime . . .



BALMY?

Hi, thayah, you purty li'l thang. Ah'm **Clod Barrow.** Ah'm a full-time ex-con an' a part-time degenerate.

Tha's nice. Ah'm **Balmy Parker.** Ah'm a full-time waitress an a part-time moron.

Whaddaya say? Let's do some robbin' an' spittin' an' cussin' an' stabbin' and shootin'.

Sounds okay t' me. But Ah'm warnin' you. Ah never kill on a firs' date.

See this hyar gun? Guess what it really stan' for in mah life. Go ahead an' guess. Ah'll give you a hint—

It got somethin' t' do with Freud an' symbolism. Heh, heh! Go ahead, guess what the gun stan' for.

Yor mother . . . an' you a son of a gun! Hee, hee! Don' you jus' love mah cute sense of humor?

BEECH-NUT
CHEWS BEST
TASTES BEST



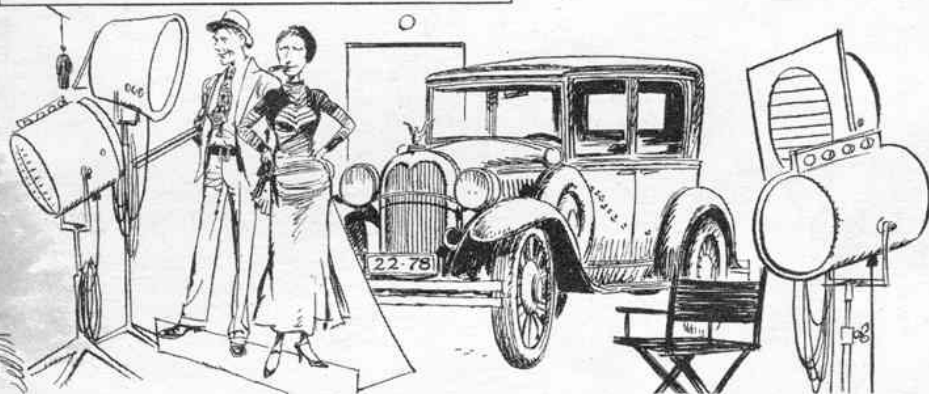
Hires
ICE
COLD

SE
HABLA
ESPAÑOL
AQUI



Some people have asked me how I happen to be qualified to produce films at my age. Well, actually I am a **great student** of the motion picture. In fact, I've seen **every** movie that **Walt Disney** ever made. I just **love** his adorable little animals. And now, **speaking** of adorable little animals, here is the story of . . .

WE RIB BANK ROBBERS DEPT.



AND CLOD

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hoo—boy, are you stupid!

Well, Ah tol' you Ah'm a part-time moron! An' Ah'm "On Duty" now!

Call us "Robin Hoods"! We robs from the poor an' we gives to ourselves Haw, haw, haw!

Ain't they the cutest couple, Paw?

They so adorable, Ah could take big bites out of them.

Mark mah words, they goin' places. They such lovable, hilarious crooks, you jus' gotta love 'em.

Ah been robbed by many great comics in the past . . . Dillinger, Baby-Face Nelson . . . but these two—they the funniest!

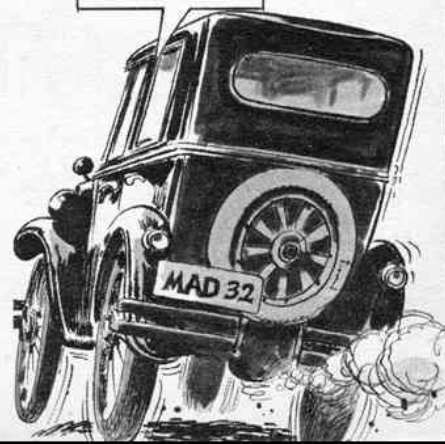
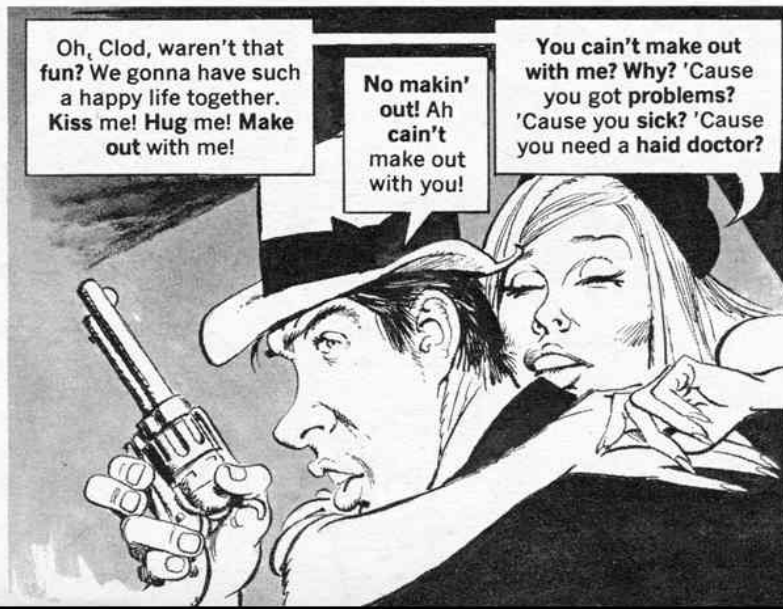


Oh, Clod, waren't that fun? We gonna have such a happy life together. Kiss me! Hug me! Make out with me!

No makin' out! Ah cain't make out with you!

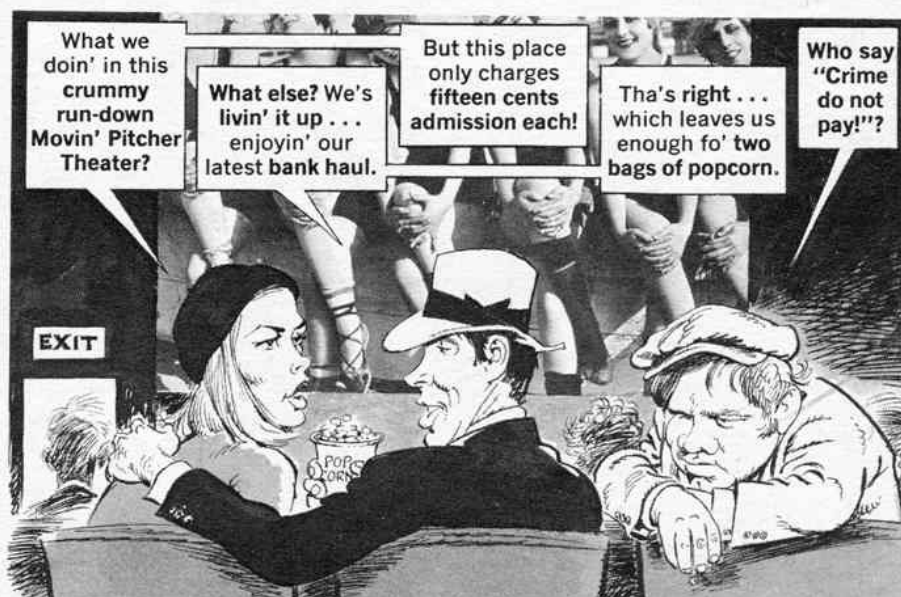
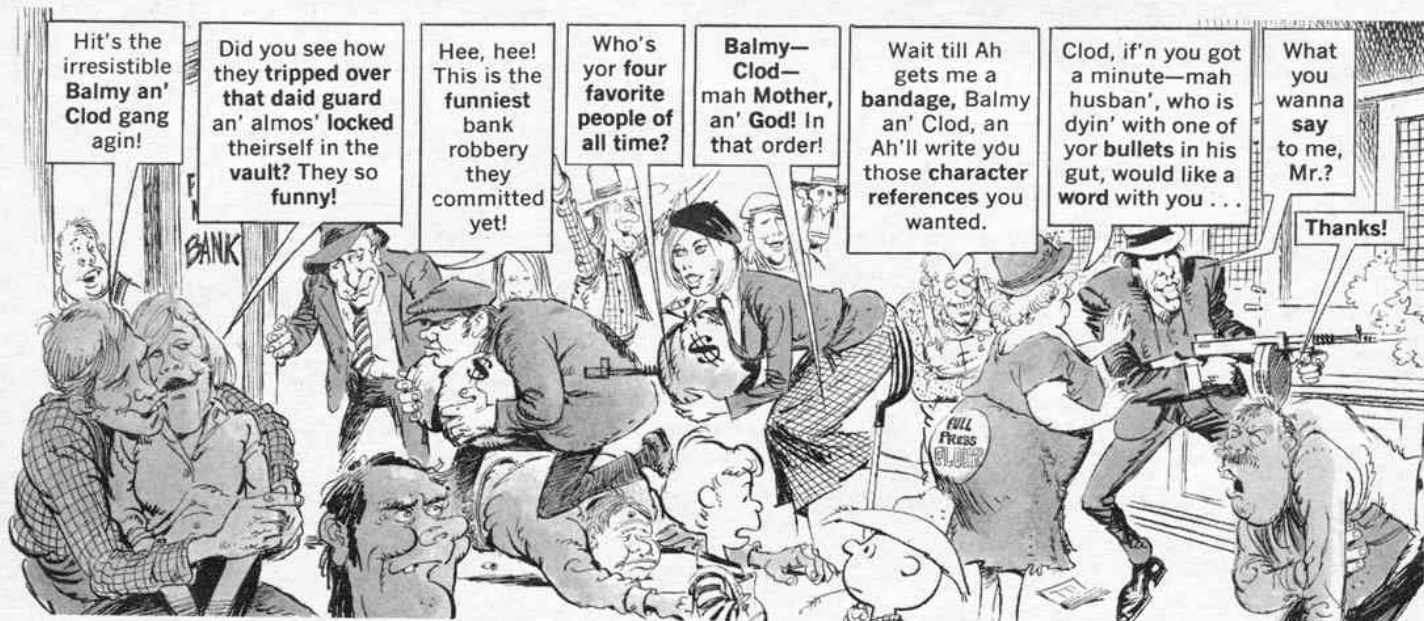
You cain't make out with me? Why? 'Cause you got problems? 'Cause you sick? 'Cause you need a haid doctor?

No, 'cause Ah happen t' be drivin' this car at eighty miles an hour!



TEXAS - 1933
587-9041

Full Press
FLOUR



Balmy ... C. W. ...
This mah brother,
Cluck, an' his wife,
Blunjid. They gonna
join our mob ...

Great. When we make
our nex' haul, we
c'n split the sixty
cents FIVE ways
instead of three!

C'mon,
evahbody,
le's pose
fo' funny
pitchers!

Ain't it great
t' be young
an' alive an'
in love ...

... an'
wanted fo'
murder ...

... an'
posin' fo'
pitchers ...

... an'
stupid!

Why you
say we
stupid?

You see
anybody
workin' the
camera?



Hyar
they
come
agin,
folks!

They wowed
'em at the
Firs' National
Bank!

They
panicked
'em at
Secon' Federal!

They
killed
'em at
Farmer's
Trust!

Now hyar they
are with a
bigger n'
funnier act
than evah!

Five great
performers!
FIVE ...!!
Count
'em!

Hey, Clod, you
kidnapped mah
pappy yestiddy!
Where you want
me to leave the
ransom money?

With our
agents—
at the
William
Morris
Office!

I can't
stand it!
I just
can't
stand it!

What!?
Yor
bank
bein'
robbed?

No—all this
"hick" talk!
This is a
New York
City bank!

We been goin' together
fo' 51 bank jobs an'
112 killing's! Le's
make out now, Clod!

You outta
yor mind??
NOT
NOW!

Now,
Clod?
NOW??

You mus'
be insane!
NOT NOW!!

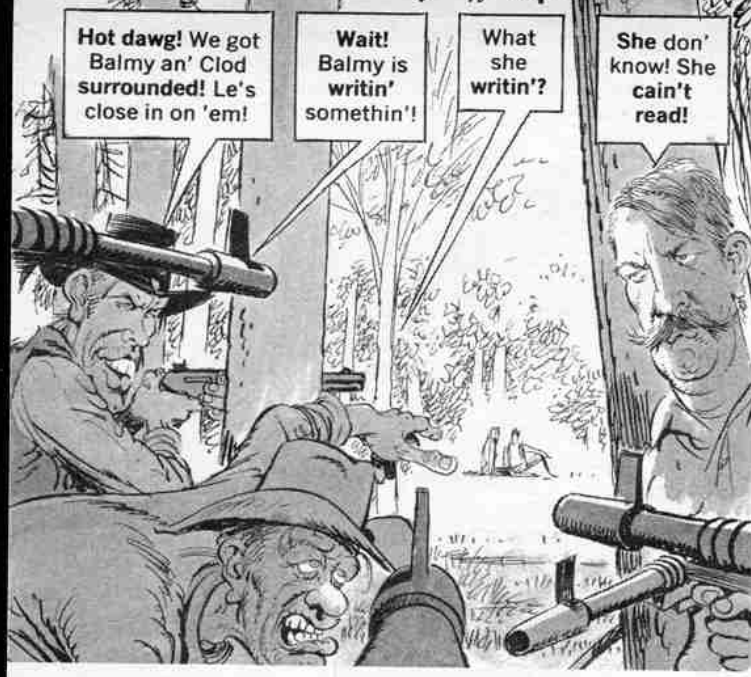
Now, Clod?
How about
NOW???

Definitely NOT NOW!!! This
is the wors' possible time!
Put on the light ...



Sorry, Clod!
Ah lost
mah haid!

Hoo-boy! You shor know
how to make impossible
demands on a guy!



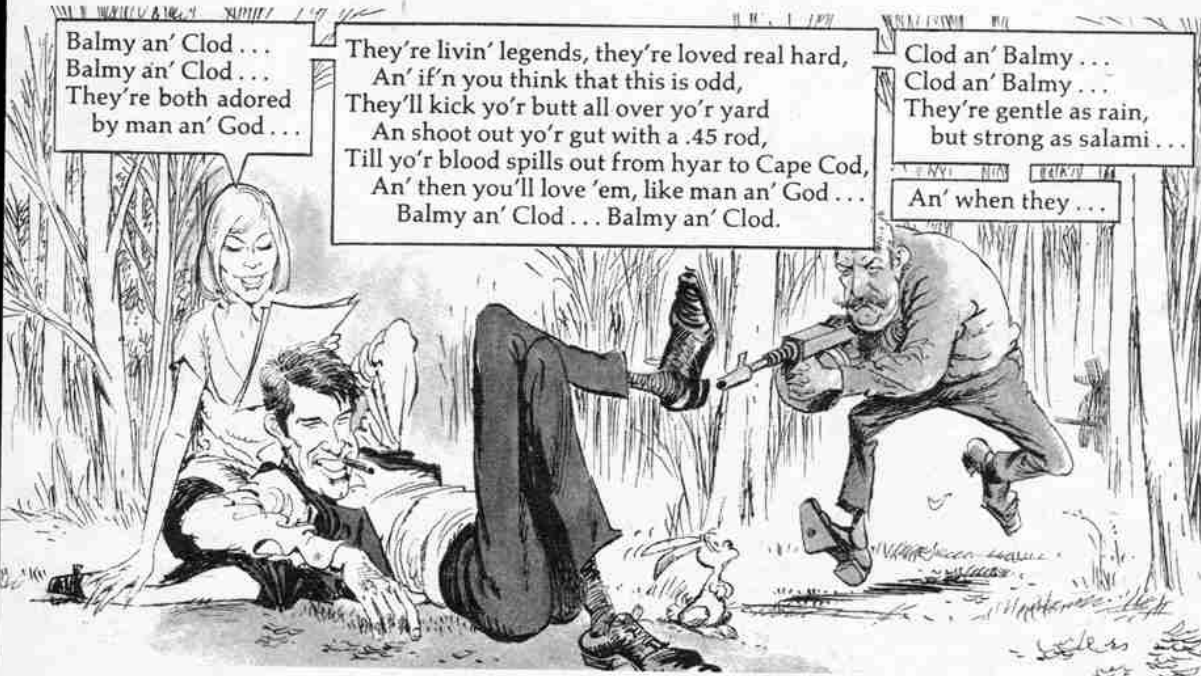
Hot dawg! We got Balmy an' Clod surrounded! Le's close in on 'em!

Wait! Balmy is writin' somethin'!

What she writin'?

She don't know! She cain't read!

Clod, Ah got two s'prises fo' you! Firs', Ah learned how t' read yestiddy... an' secon', Ah jus' wrote somethin' which Ah thinks is beautiful. When Ah read it to you, you gonna be so inspired, won'erful thangs is gonna happen to our... you should pardon the expression... LOVE LIFE!

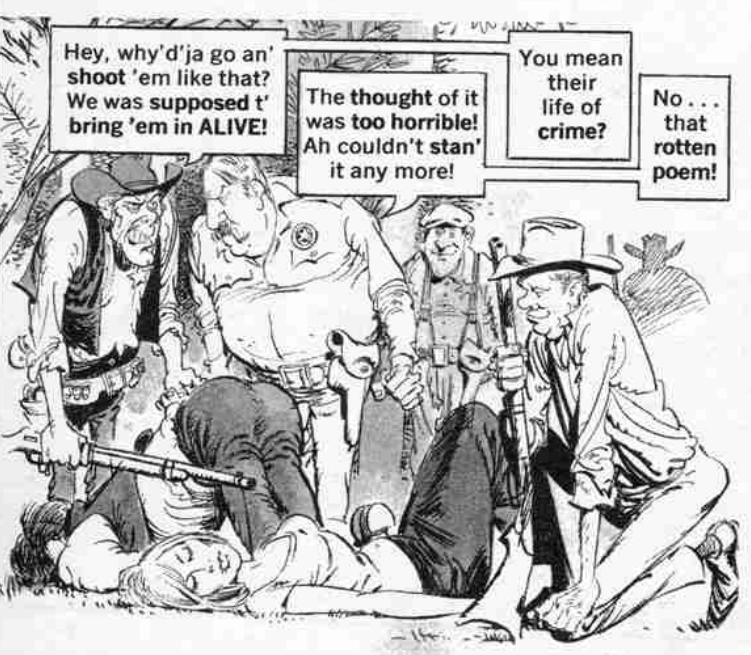


Balmy an' Clod... Balmy an' Clod... They're both adored by man an' God...

They're livin' legends, they're loved real hard, An' if'n you think that this is odd, They'll kick yo'r butt all over yo'r yard An' shoot out yo'r gut with a .45 rod, Till yo'r blood spills out from hyar to Cape Cod, An' then you'll love 'em, like man an' God... Balmy an' Clod... Balmy an' Clod.

Clod an' Balmy... Clod an' Balmy... They're gentle as rain, but strong as salami... An' when they...

**BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!**

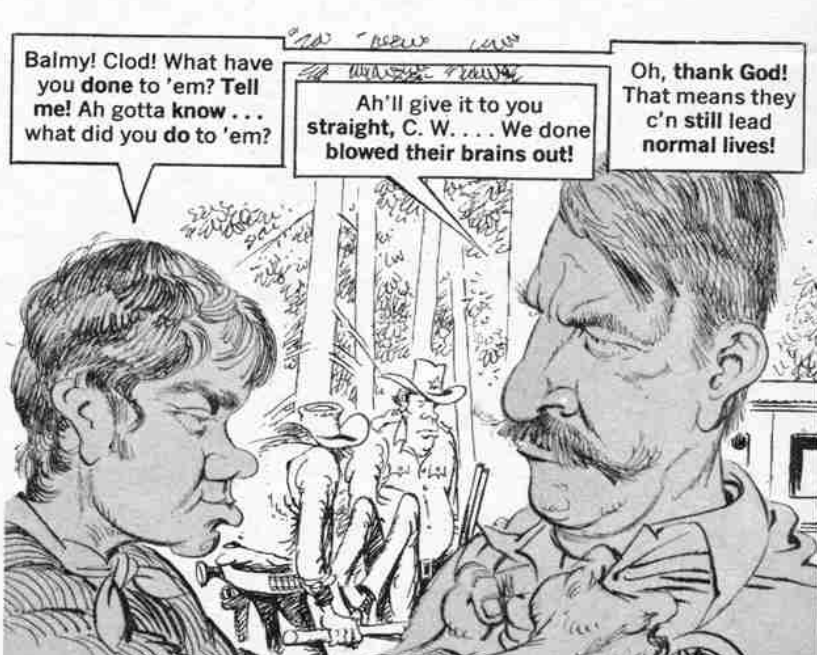


Hey, why'd'ja go an' shoot 'em like that? We was supposed t' bring 'em in ALIVE!

The thought of it was too horrible! Ah couldn't stan' it any more!

You mean their life of crime?

No... that rotten poem!



Balmy! Clod! What have you done to 'em? Tell me! Ah gotta know... what did you do to 'em?

Ah'll give it to you straight, C. W.... We done blowed their brains out!

Oh, thank God! That means they c'n still lead normal lives!

Well, that's our picture!
And what a fantastically
successful one it's been!
We've made millions on it!

And now, for all our loyal fans . . . particularly
you wonderful teenagers who identified so strongly
with our adorable hero and heroine . . . I've got a
marvelous surprise for you! . . . Dig this poster:

My next picture deals with
still another . . . and if
possible . . . much better
"fun couple" of the Thirties!

If you liked
"Balmy and
Clod" . . .
you'll love—



We're Young! We're Adorable! We Murder Millions!

WARREN BOOTY FAYE RUINAWAY as those beloved Nazi nuts... EVA AND ADOLF

History's most talked-about couple!
CO-STARRING
MICHAEL J. DULLARD as GOERING • GENE HACKHACK as GOEBBELS.
and featuring ESTELLE PARSNIPS as the irresistible ILSA KOCH

PRODUCED BY WARREN BOOTY • DIRECTED BY ARTHUR PINHEAD • WRITTEN BY DAVID NINNY and ROBERT BOOBY
FROM AN IDEA SUGGESTED BY THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

ONE DAY IN THE JUNGLE





TAKE OFF TAKE-OFF DEPT.

If "Big Businessmen" can deduct "big losses" before determining their total incomes for Income Tax Purposes, it seems only fair that us "little guys" should be allowed to deduct our "little losses"

Form 1040-A U. S. Individual Income Tax Return

Minor Personal Losses Schedule



1967

First Name	Last Name	Middle Initial	Social Security Number
------------	-----------	----------------	------------------------

Present Address

☐ Single ☐ Married ☐ Married with children ☐ Single with children (Attach note and explain how THAT happened)

<p>A. Losses From Vending Machines (Including Total Losses From Non-Operation)</p>	<p>Check One Or More:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Soda Machines (Half credit allowed for half-cup delivery, quarter credit for quarter cup, etc.) <input type="checkbox"/> Candy Machines (No partial credit allowed for melted chocolate, crushed candy bar, etc.) <input type="checkbox"/> Gum Machines (No credit allowed for wrong colored gum ball, wrong flavor, flimsy plastic toy, etc.) <input type="checkbox"/> Cigarette Machines (Additional 1¢ per pack can be deducted for cigarettes delivered without matches) <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; text-align: center;"> <p>DO YOU KNOW THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH? Send for Govt. Pamphlet No. G-765, Govt. Printing Office</p> </div> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Other Machines (describe fully) 	<p>Estimated Gross Total Loss ▶</p> <p>Less Value of Excess Delivery, Including Extra Change And Money Found In Coin Slots ▶</p> <hr/> <p>Estimated Net Loss ▶</p>
<p>B. Losses From Pay Phones</p>	<p>Check One Or More Of The Items Below, If Applicable:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Phone rang—busy at the other end—phone kept dime. <input type="checkbox"/> Phone rang—no answer at the other end—phone kept dime. <input type="checkbox"/> Phone rang—wrong number at other end—phone kept dime. <input type="checkbox"/> Phone did nothing—kept dime. <p><small>NOTE: MONEY SPENT ON DOCTORS FOR MENTAL ANGUISH CAUSED BY USING PAY PHONES NOT DEDUCTIBLE HERE. SEE "MEDICAL DEDUCTIONS".</small></p>	<p>Estimated Gross Total Loss ▶</p> <p>Less Stamps Received From Phone Company ▶</p> <hr/> <p>Net Loss ▶</p>
<p>C. Product Deficiency Losses (Caused by Faulty Manufacture, Misleading Advertising, Or Just Plain Stupidity)</p>	<p>I Purchased (Fill in the correct amount, if any):</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Provocative-Looking Paperback Books that turned out to have no dirty parts. <input type="checkbox"/> Boxes of Crackerjack that had no prize in them. <input type="checkbox"/> Spray Cans that became clogged or had insufficient charges. <input type="checkbox"/> Take-Out Pizzas that were too cold to eat by the time I got them home. <input type="checkbox"/> Sunday Newspapers that had sections missing. <input type="checkbox"/> Packages of Bubble Gum that had no jokes or trading cards. <input type="checkbox"/> Glasses of Undrinkable Lemonade sold by little kids. <input type="checkbox"/> Other Items (Describe) 	<p>Estimated Total Cost Of Items ▶</p> <p>Less Value Of Useable Material Or Edible Parts ▶</p> <hr/> <p>Estimated Net Loss ▶</p>





before determining our total incomes for Income Tax purposes. And so, here is MAD's suggestion for an additional form to be added to the regular Income Tax form for determining Minor Losses:

D. Accidental Losses From Things Being Thrown Out	<p>My (Check one or more):</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Mother <input type="checkbox"/> Father <input type="checkbox"/> Husband <input type="checkbox"/> Wife <input type="checkbox"/> Sister <input type="checkbox"/> Brother <input type="checkbox"/> Friend</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Aunt <input type="checkbox"/> Uncle <input type="checkbox"/> Grandmother <input type="checkbox"/> Grandfather <input type="checkbox"/> Landlady <input type="checkbox"/> Super</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Boss <input type="checkbox"/> Roommate <input type="checkbox"/> Secretary <input type="checkbox"/> Maid <input type="checkbox"/> Other</p> <p>Accidentally Threw Out</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Deposit Bottles <input type="checkbox"/> Uncancelled Stamps <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Coins <input type="checkbox"/> U.S. Coins</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Trading Stamps <input type="checkbox"/> Unread Magazines <input type="checkbox"/> Good Flashlight Batteries</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Useable Refills <input type="checkbox"/> Perfectly Good Old Clothes <input type="checkbox"/> Theatre Tickets</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Free Passes <input type="checkbox"/> Pencil Stubs <input type="checkbox"/> Lottery Tickets <input type="checkbox"/> Other</p>	<p>For A Gross Total Loss Of ▶ -----</p> <p>Less Value Of Useable Stuff Found In Garbage While Looking For Thrown Out Stuff ▶ -----</p> <p>Net Loss ▶ -----</p>
E. Losses From Owning Pets	<p>Check One Or More:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Food <input type="checkbox"/> Seed <input type="checkbox"/> Kitty Litter <input type="checkbox"/> Leashes <input type="checkbox"/> Brushes <input type="checkbox"/> Combs</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Whistles <input type="checkbox"/> Bowls <input type="checkbox"/> Cages <input type="checkbox"/> Blankets <input type="checkbox"/> Baskets <input type="checkbox"/> Toys</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Sprays <input type="checkbox"/> Yummies <input type="checkbox"/> Milkbones <input type="checkbox"/> Doghouses <input type="checkbox"/> Tanks <input type="checkbox"/> Pumps</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Filters <input type="checkbox"/> Plants <input type="checkbox"/> Snails <input type="checkbox"/> Colored Stones, etc. <input type="checkbox"/> Airwick</p> <p>Was Left Over When My</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Cat <input type="checkbox"/> Dog <input type="checkbox"/> Parakeet <input type="checkbox"/> Tropical Fish <input type="checkbox"/> Other</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Died <input type="checkbox"/> Ran Away <input type="checkbox"/> Was Stolen <input type="checkbox"/> Was Given Away <input type="checkbox"/> Other</p>	<p>Original Cost of Items ▶ -----</p> <p>Less % Of Total Expected Useable Life ▶ -----</p> <p>Net Loss ▶ -----</p>
F. Losses Resulting From Contributions To Minor Charities	<p>I Gave A Total Of:</p> <p>_____ Dollars To _____ Office Collections</p> <p>_____ Dimes To _____ Panhandlers</p> <p>_____ Meals To _____ Hobos</p> <p>_____ Bones To _____ Stray Dogs</p> <p>_____ Old Things To _____ Junk Men</p> <p>_____ Old Clothes To _____ Hippies</p> <p>_____ Other Items To _____ Other Characters</p>	<p>Estimated Amount Of Money Handed Out ▶ -----</p> <p>Plus Estimated Value Of Items Given Away ▶ -----</p> <p>Total Loss ▶ -----</p>
G. Losses From Minor Gambling Adventures	<p>I Indulged In (Fill in the estimated amount)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Penny Ante Card Games <input type="checkbox"/> Office Pools <input type="checkbox"/> Raffles <input type="checkbox"/> Bingo Games</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Put-Your-Money-Where-Your-Mouth-Is-Bets <input type="checkbox"/> Amusement Park Games</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Charity Bazaars <input type="checkbox"/> Penny On The Crack Games <input type="checkbox"/> Election Bets</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Others</p>	<p>Estimated Amounts Lost ▶ -----</p> <p>Less Estimated Amounts Won ▶ -----</p> <p>Total Losses ▶ -----</p>
H. Miscellaneous Losses	<p>Check Items Below, If Applicable:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Short-Changed by Bus Drivers, Cab Drivers and Check-Out Clerks ▶ ----- Less money found on Bus floors and in Back Seats of Cabs, plus value of items not charged up by sloppy Check-Out Clerks. -----</p> <p>Short-Changed ▶ -----</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Money lost or destroyed by being left in Pockets of Pants or Coats sent out to Dry Cleaners or Laundries. ----- ▶ -----</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Money spent on any Doris Day movie. ----- ▶ -----</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Money spent on MAD Magazine. ----- ▶ -----</p>	<p>Total Loss -----</p> <p>Total Loss -----</p> <p>Total Loss -----</p> <p>Total Loss -----</p>

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

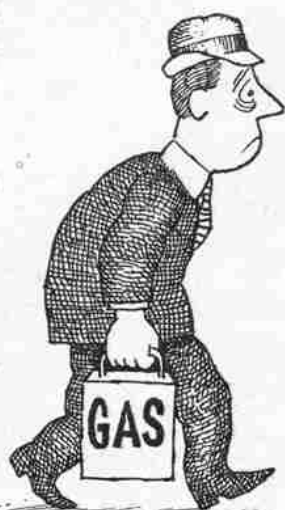
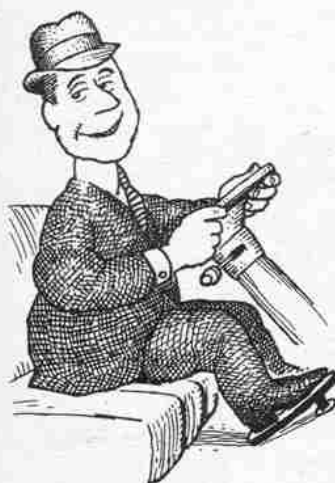
TONGUE-IN-CHECK DEPT.

Have you ever made a bragging remark or a hostile statement or an antagonizing pronouncement, only to have it explode in your face? Then perhaps you'll identify with a few of the idiots in the following situations who were prompted to say

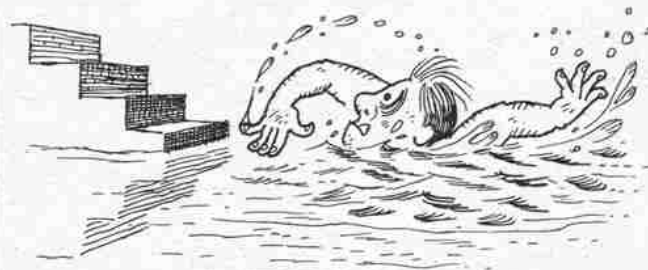
"ME AND MY

BIG

Relax! I can go another thirty miles when the needle is on "Empty"!



I'm not going to pay a Plumber when I can fix it myself!



It's very expensive wine! You may not like it! But just try a little sip!



I don't care if it's only some little 10-cent trinket! It's the thought that counts!



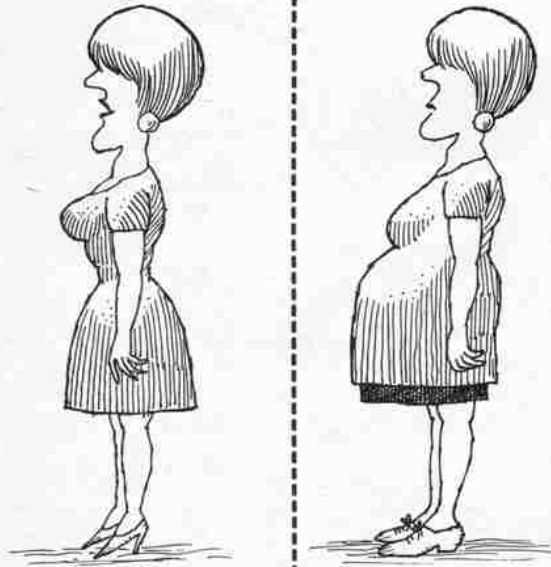
MOUTH!!



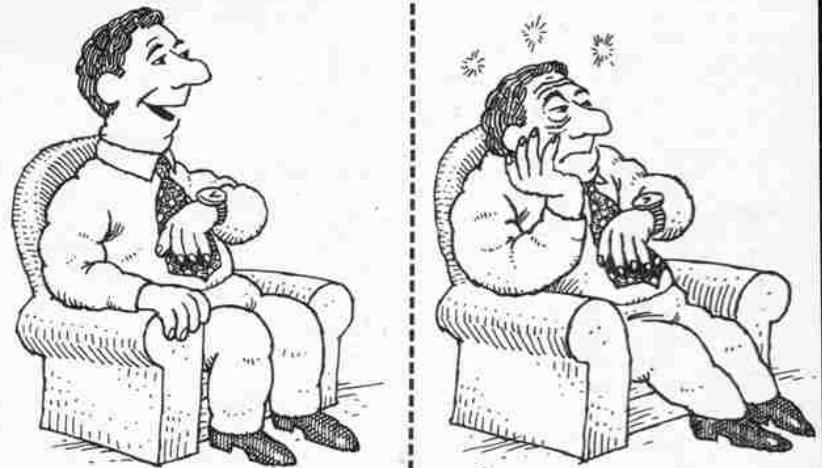
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

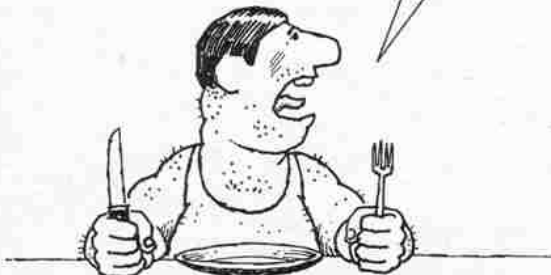
I never kiss a boy on the "first date"—but with you, I'll make an exception!



You're not leaving already?! It's only 1:00 A.M.!



What do you mean you're saving that Lemon Meringue Pie for your Brother!? Let me have it!!



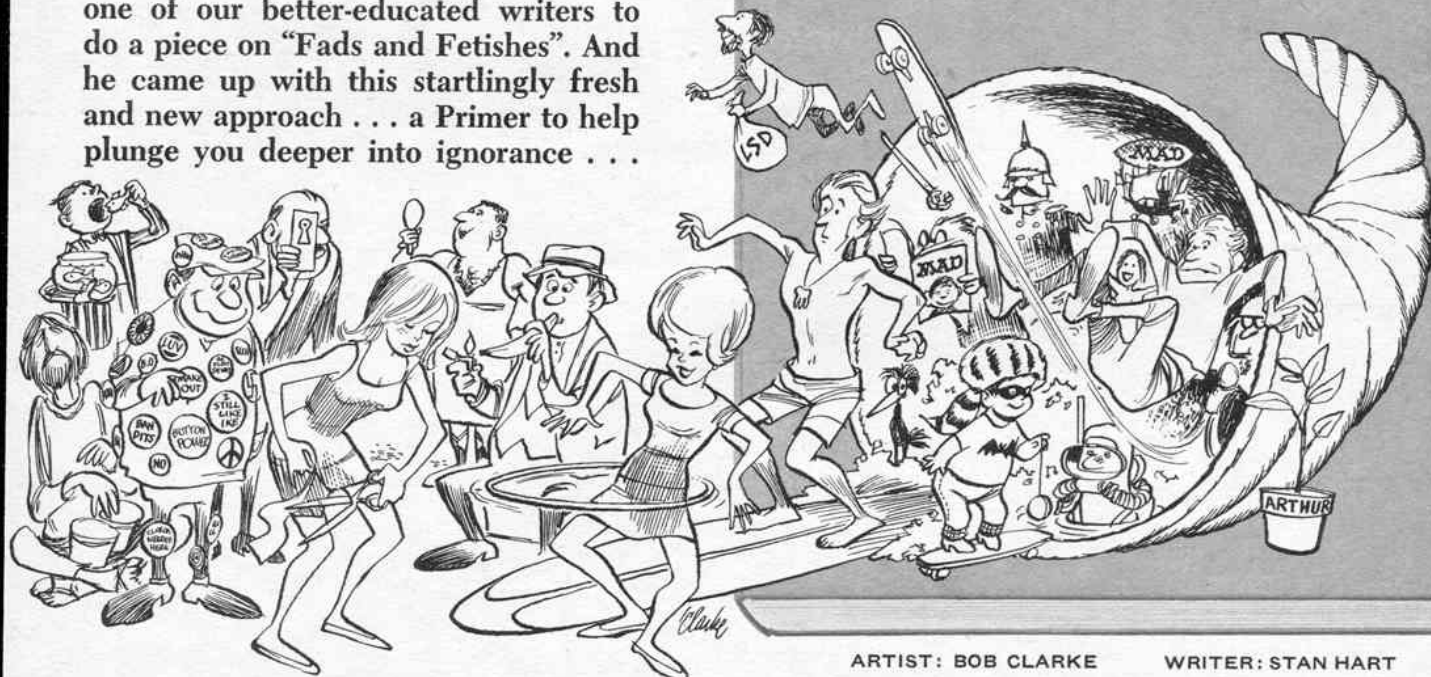
Man, if they want me, they'll have to come and get me!



Jaffee

AS MANIA GOES, SO GOES THE NATION DEPT.

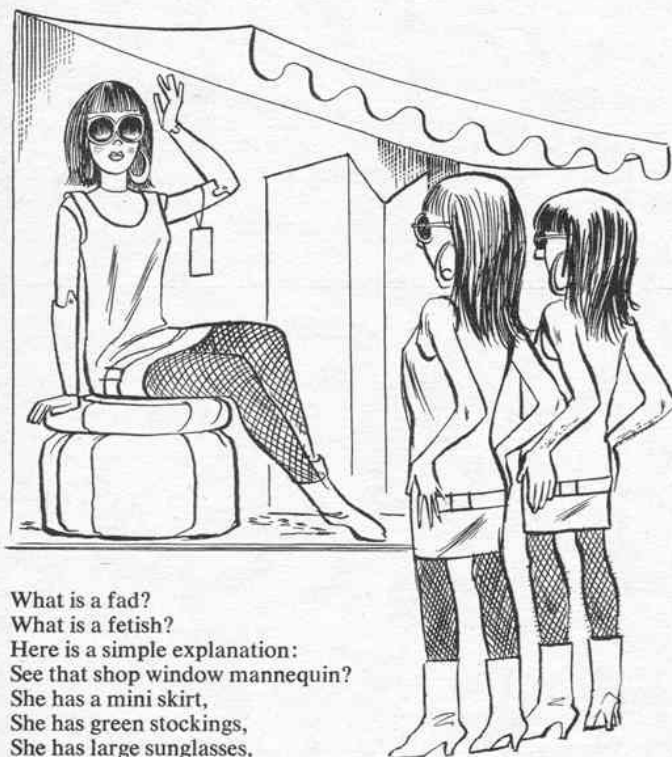
Every time we open one of our popular newspapers or magazines these days, we read about the latest fad. Or, if we open one of our tackier newspapers or magazines, we read about the latest fetish. What do the words, "Fad" and "Fetish" really mean, you ask? Since we don't know either, we commissioned one of our better-educated writers to do a piece on "Fads and Fetishes". And he came up with this startlingly fresh and new approach . . . a Primer to help plunge you deeper into ignorance . . .



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

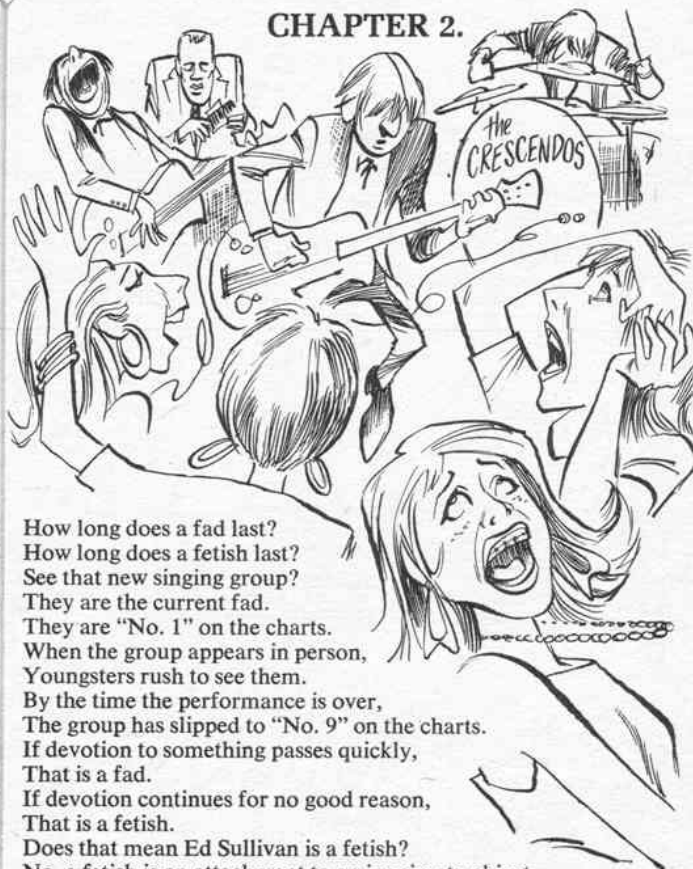
WRITER: STAN HART

CHAPTER 1.



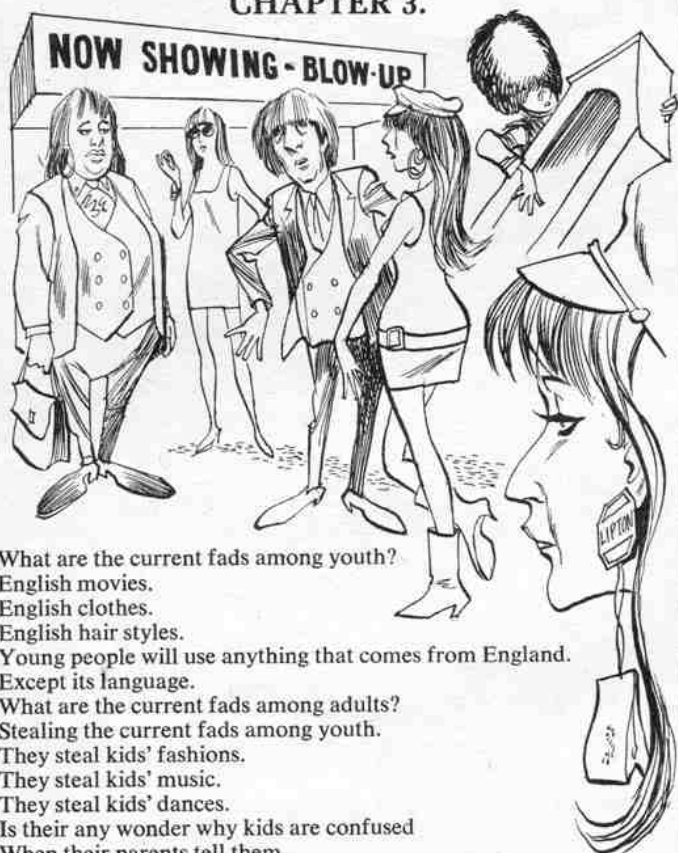
What is a fad?
What is a fetish?
Here is a simple explanation:
See that shop window mannequin?
She has a mini skirt,
She has green stockings,
She has large sunglasses,
And she has hanging earrings.
If a girl wears these things because "everyone is doing it,"
That is a fad.
If a fellow wears them,
That is a fetish.

CHAPTER 2.



How long does a fad last?
How long does a fetish last?
See that new singing group?
They are the current fad.
They are "No. 1" on the charts.
When the group appears in person,
Youngsters rush to see them.
By the time the performance is over,
The group has slipped to "No. 9" on the charts.
If devotion to something passes quickly,
That is a fad.
If devotion continues for no good reason,
That is a fetish.
Does that mean Ed Sullivan is a fetish?
No, a fetish is an attachment to an inanimate object.
Come to think of it—Ed Sullivan is a fetish!

CHAPTER 3.



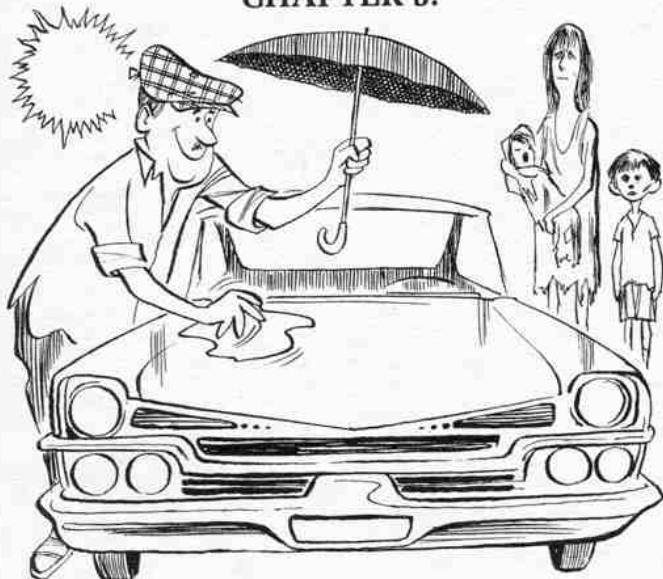
What are the current fads among youth?
 English movies.
 English clothes.
 English hair styles.
 Young people will use anything that comes from England.
 Except its language.
 What are the current fads among adults?
 Stealing the current fads among youth.
 They steal kids' fashions.
 They steal kids' music.
 They steal kids' dances.
 Is there any wonder why kids are confused
 When their parents tell them,
 "Why don't you grow up?"

CHAPTER 4.



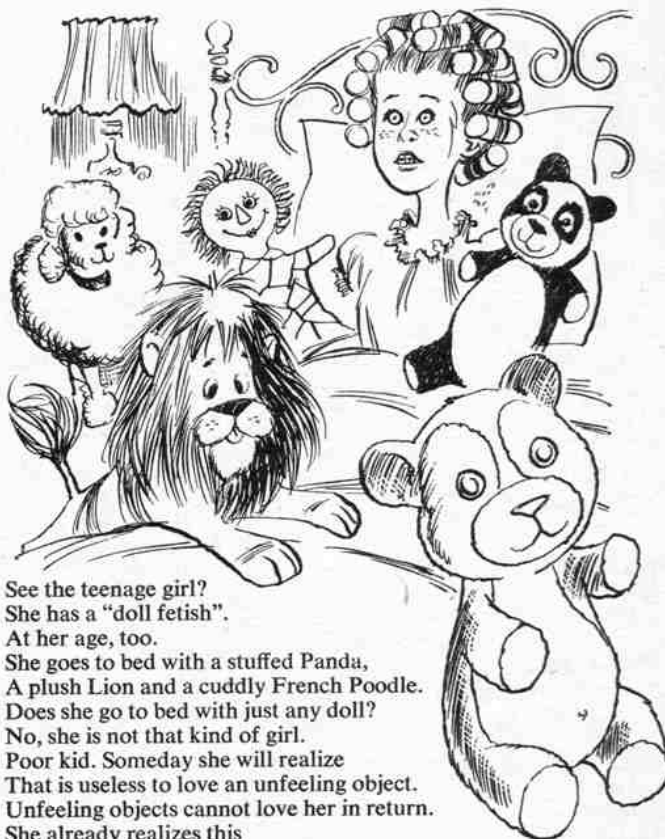
When Jackie Kennedy was in the White House,
 She created the "First Lady Fad".
 Every woman wanted to look like Jackie,
 And wear the kind of clothes Jackie wore
 And do her hair like Jackie did.
 Now the "First Lady Fad" is over.
 No one wants to look like Lady Bird.
 Not even Lady Bird.
 But women still want the "Kennedy Look".
 They want hair that is tousled and casual,
 Hair that bounces and blows when they walk,
 Hair just like
 Bobby Kennedy.

CHAPTER 5.



See the man.
 He looks just like an average American man.
 That is because he has an average American sickness.
 He has a car fetish.
 He washes his car.
 He waxes his car.
 He polishes his car.
 He treats his car better than he treats his family.
 Does that mean he does not love his family?
 No, it only means
 He is more emotionally involved with his car.

CHAPTER 6.



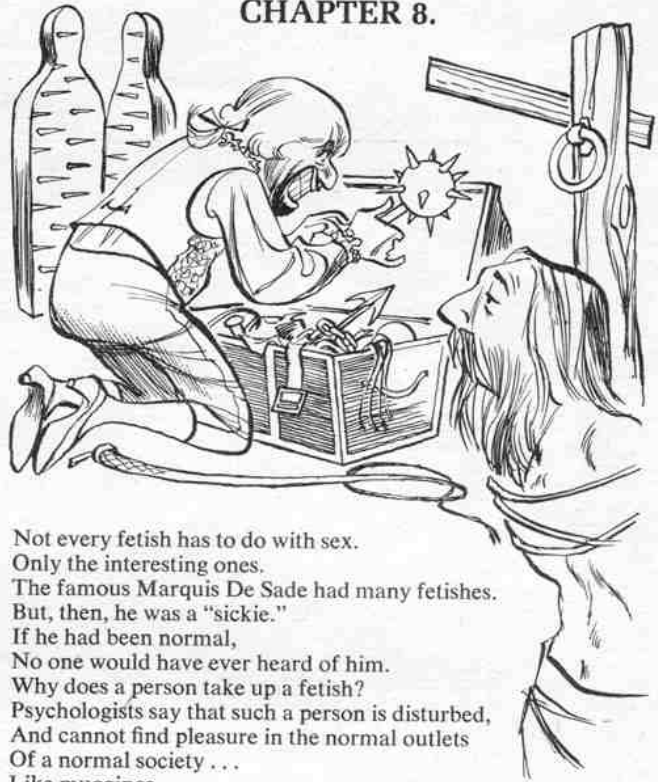
See the teenage girl?
 She has a "doll fetish".
 At her age, too.
 She goes to bed with a stuffed Panda,
 A plush Lion and a cuddly French Poodle.
 Does she go to bed with just any doll?
 No, she is not that kind of girl.
 Poor kid. Someday she will realize
 That is useless to love an unfeeling object.
 Unfeeling objects cannot love her in return.
 She already realizes this
 About her parents.

CHAPTER 7.



People with fetishes form strange attachments.
Some men fall in love with women's shoes.
But this can create many problems.
Love between a man and a sling-back seldom lasts.
And besides, would you let your brother marry a woman's shoe?
Even an opera pump?
Suppose it didn't work out?
Who would get custody of the half-soles?
No, it just wouldn't be a normal relationship.
Now, being in love with a leather belt ...
That has a chance.

CHAPTER 8.



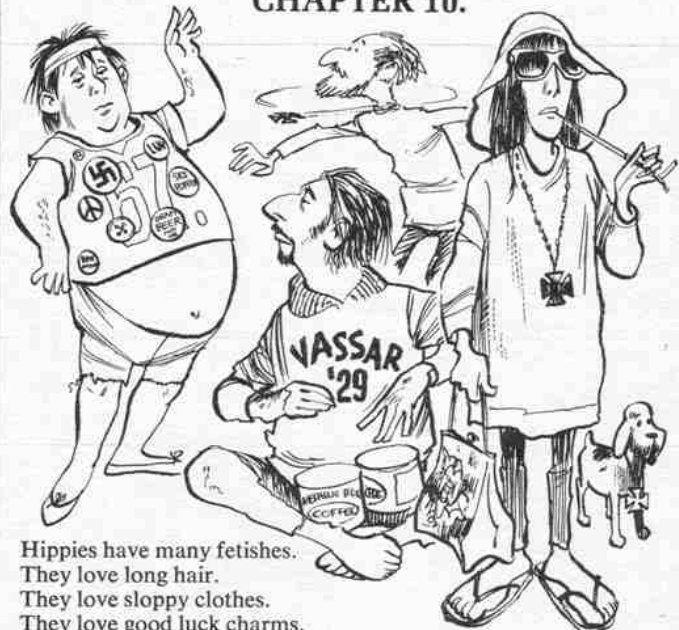
Not every fetish has to do with sex.
Only the interesting ones.
The famous Marquis De Sade had many fetishes.
But, then, he was a "sickie."
If he had been normal,
No one would have ever heard of him.
Why does a person take up a fetish?
Psychologists say that such a person is disturbed,
And cannot find pleasure in the normal outlets
Of a normal society ...
Like muggings
And lynchings
And race riots
And wars.
Hmmm! Are you ready to take up a fetish?

CHAPTER 9.



What makes something a sick fetish?
It is all in the point of view.
The "Squares" think the "Hippies" have a sick fetish
Because they use bathtubs to sleep in.
The "Hippies" think the "Squares" have a sick fetish
Because they use bathtubs to bathe in.
Who's to say which is wrong?
Today, we do not judge
Or condemn anyone.
Today, we try to love and understand everyone.
How's that for a sick fetish?

CHAPTER 10.



Hippies have many fetishes.
They love long hair.
They love sloppy clothes.
They love good luck charms.
Some Hippies wear swastikas and iron crosses for good luck.
Which is pretty stupid.
They weren't very lucky for the Nazis.
Adults worry about Hippies and their fetishes.
But they really shouldn't.
Someday, Hippies will grow up,
And get married, and own homes,
And throw parties, and get smashed,
And try to make it with their neighbors' wives,
And act like every other normal American adult acts.

MAD'S 1968 ALL-STAR BASKETBALL TEAM...COLLEGIATE DIVISION



Lou
"Shorty"
Incinerator



Arnold
"Nimble"
Flick



Edward
"Love Child"
Driftmeyer



Claude
"King Kong"
Mumbleman



Otto
"The Enforcer"
Widzniak

Every year, Basketball becomes more firmly entrenched among the nation's top spectator sports as fans flock to college and professional games in ever increasing numbers. And every year, magazines try to capitalize on the game's popularity, and make a fast buck, by selecting their own various "All-Something-Or-Other Teams" in ever increasing numbers. Naturally, this results in nothing but confusion and disagreement over the choice of players who truly deserve national recognition. And so, the Editors of MAD feel that it is time to bring order out of chaos. (We also feel that it is time MAD capitalized on basketball's popularity, and made a fast buck!) Such a noble motive, coupled with a desire to honor those who really contributed most to the game this season, has resulted in...

MAD'S 1968 ALL-STAR BASKETBALL TEAMS

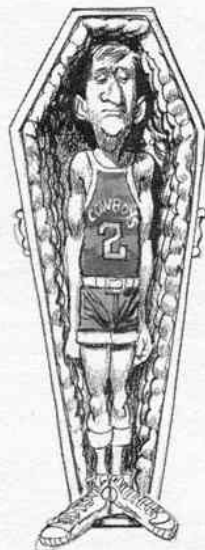
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

MAD'S 1968 ALL-STAR BASKETBALL TEAM...PROFESSIONAL DIVISION



Ricky
"Sincere"
Blaring



Heathcliffe
"R.I.P."
Rentzsch



Seymour
"The Actor"
Gnasher



Joe
"Fake-'Em-Out"
Clavvish



Walt
"The Wanderer"
Fulgg

MAD'S 1968 ALL-STAR BASKETBALL

LOU "SHORTY" INCINERATOR

ALABAMA LUTHERAN

HEIGHT: 11'1¾"

WEIGHT: 111¾



Set a new collegiate record by being called for "goal tending" 86 times in a single game after officials were forced to rule that his head and shoulders were interfering with the downward flight of the ball by being stuck in the basket. Later, when dislodging efforts failed, Incinerator became the only student on the Alabama campus (or any campus) to attend classes wearing an iron hoop and a backboard.

ARNOLD "NIMBLE" FLICK

MISS MOXFORD'S FINISHING SCHOOL

HEIGHT: 5'6"

WEIGHT: 115



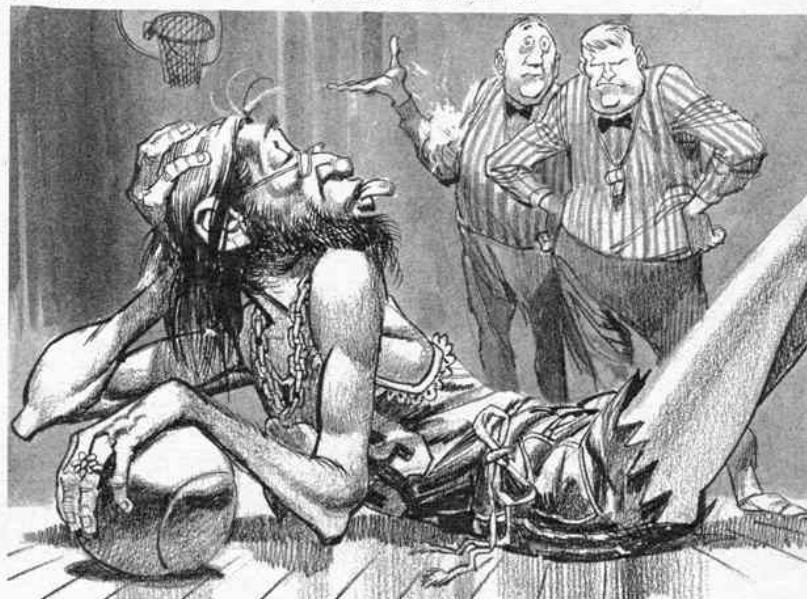
As the nation's leading scorer so far this year, averaging 68 points a game, Flick proved beyond all doubt that there is still a place for the little man in basketball. Flick also proved beyond all doubt that if some runt 5' 6" tall wants to average 68 points a game, his best bet is to hunt for a college that has a basketball team, but no other male students!

EDWARD "LOVE CHILD" DRIFTMEYER

HAIGHT-ASHBURY PHILOSOPHICAL

HEIGHT: 5'11"

WEIGHT: 147 (UNBATHED)



Only college player on record ever to remain in the three-second area for more than three months. Ordered to surrender the ball after stepping out of bounds during Haight-Ashbury's opening game, Driftmeyer staged a "lie-in" for the rest of the



TEAM...COLLEGIATE DIVISION

CLAUDE "KING KONG" MUMBLEMAN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT ST. LOUIS

HEIGHT: 6'2"

WEIGHT: 320



Made history in both Athletics and Experimental Psychology by proving that an individual with the I.Q. of a chimpanzee can learn to play basketball. Also upset the "Mathematical Laws of Chance" by throwing the ball thru the wrong basket

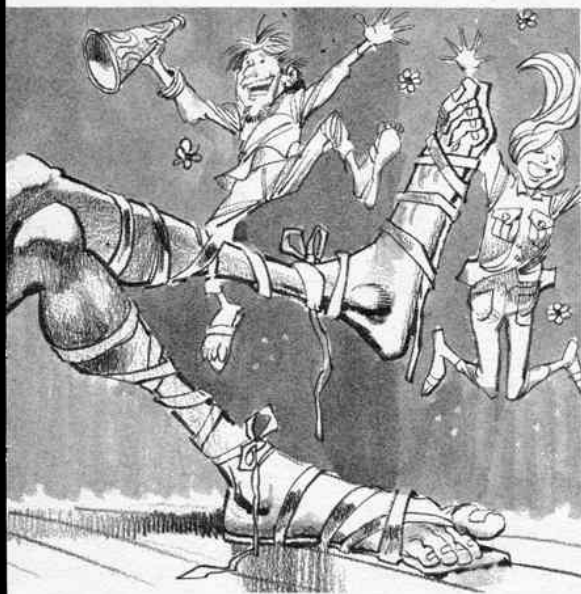
69% of the time. First college player to be ejected from a game for crouching on top of the backboard to eat a banana during an overtime period. Claude is currently considering bonus offers from the St. Louis Hawks and the St. Louis Zoo.

OTTO "THE ENFORCER" WIDZNIAK

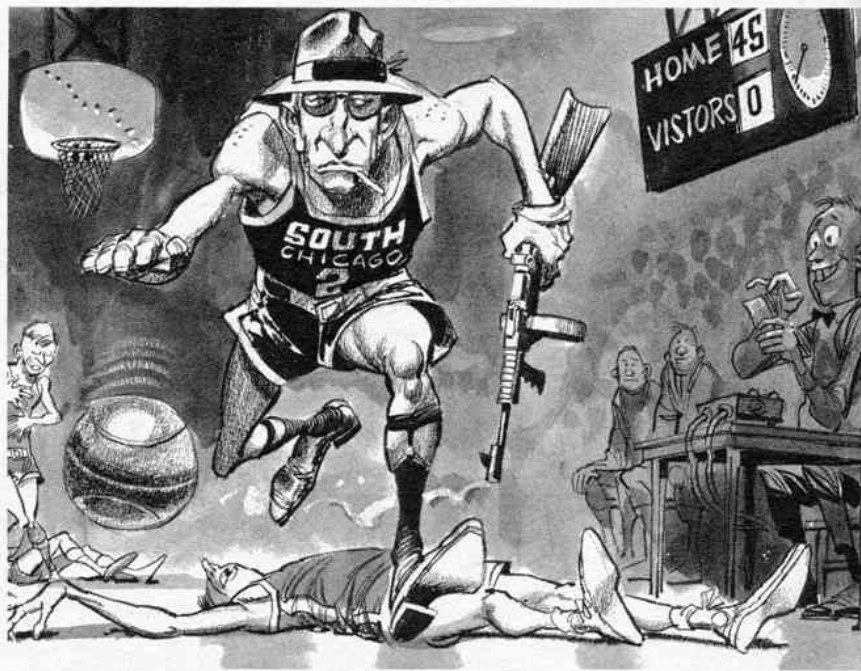
SOUTH CHICAGO TEACHERS

HEIGHT: 5'10"

WEIGHT: 185



season to protest "Referee Brutality". Plans to continue his demonstration through the '68-'69 campaign hinge on official reaction to Driftmeyer's latest demand for freedom of minority groups to double-dribble in integrated forecourts.



Established an all-time record by fouling out of every game within the first 3 minutes, shattering the old mark of 4:01.6 held by the late Jerome Capone of Cicero Mechanical & Brutal. Widznia's skill in leaving fouled opponents unable to attempt free throws, plus his persuasive talent in dealing with Official Scorers contributed much to Chicago's impressive 27-0 record, despite the team's mid-season loss of 12 players to the Armed Forces and other Federal agencies.

MAD'S 1968 ALL-STAR BASKETBALL

RICKY "SINCERE" BLARING SAN JOSE HUSTLERS

HEIGHT: 6'5"

WEIGHT: 205



By variously attributing his 38-point-per-game average of the previous season to the use of the proper shave cream, mouth wash, deodorant, wart-remover, crankcase additive, and kosher salami, Blaring set a League Record by earning

\$724,575 in product endorsements this year. He also set a League Record for having his per-game scoring average drop from 38 to 4 when TV commercial filming commitments made it inconvenient for him to attend practice sessions.

SEYMOUR "THE ACTOR" GNASHER BOISE BOYS

HEIGHT: 6'4"

WEIGHT: 179



The overwhelming choice to receive this season's "Kirk Douglas Award For Outstanding Dramatic Achievement After Getting Caught Committing A Personal Foul", Gnasher delivered 297 brilliant performances, bringing tears to the eyes of thousands with his dramatic portrayal of a bewildered, persecuted, unjustly-accused victim of the Establishment. In return, the Establishment hung 84 technical fouls on him this season for hamming it up too much.

JOE "FAKE-'EM-OUT" CLAVVISH WACO WOMBATS

HEIGHT: 6'9"

WEIGHT: 210



Player-Coach Clavvish won national recognition by devising the Wombat's now-famous "R-32" offensive pattern. "R-32" calls for one forward to drop back while the guards fake a criss-cross switch, thus creating a high and low post that enables the pivot to drift laterally, thereby pulling out the defense

TEAM...PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

HEATHCLIFFE "R. I. P." RENTZSCH NEWARK COWBOYS

HEIGHT: 6'3"

WEIGHT: 190



Single-handedly blowing a 17-point lead in less than four minutes by hurling the ball out of bounds 6 times, letting the 24-second clock expire without shooting 5 times and missing 8 out of 8 free throws, Rentzsch overcame almost insurmountable obstacles to his fixing it so that his team would lose a vital play-off game, and thereby saved himself from being rubbed out by the Syndicate. Instead, his livid Coach rubbed him out immediately after the game.

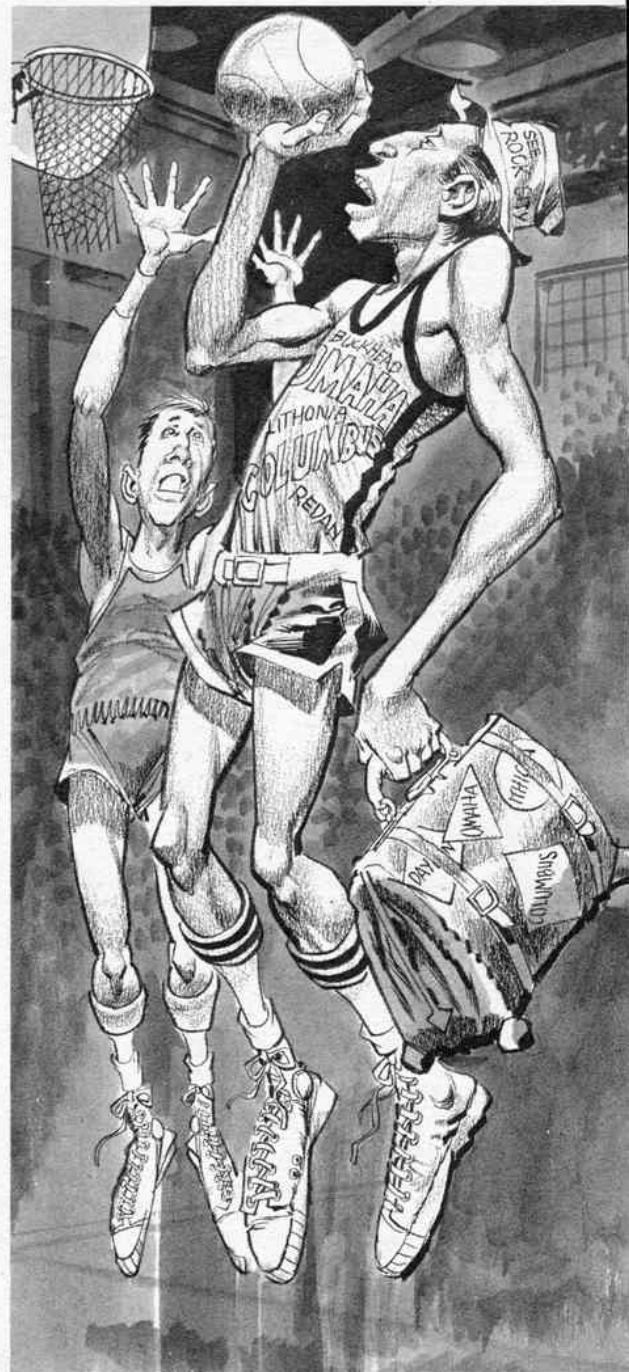


while the corner men cut left or right to open up a hole down the lane for the trail man. The strategy won national recognition chiefly because Clavvish failed to note that it doesn't work when executed by less than six players, and the shooter is always ten feet out of bounds by the time he gets the ball.

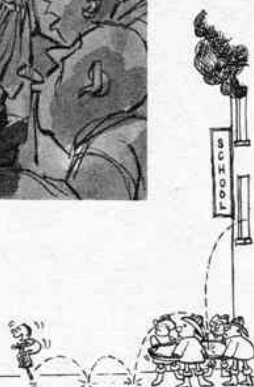
WALT "THE WANDERER" FULGG OMAHA—ER—COLUMBUS—ER—AROUND SOMEWHERE

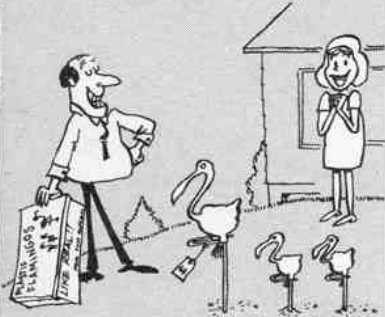
HEIGHT: 6'8"

WEIGHT: 217



Fulgg established an all-time record for rebounds in '67-'68 by bounding from Omaha to Columbus and then rebounding back to Omaha and on through 16 other teams in 5 different leagues. Currently, he holds another professional record by facing lawsuits for contract violations totalling nearly \$9 million. And his unofficial mark of wearing the same shirt for 137 consecutive days, due to failure to stay in one place long enough to send his laundry out, is unchallenged in basketballdom.





TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY DEPT.

WHAT IS A

ARTIST : SERGIO ARAGONES

Between the time you watch your first Lawrence Welk TV Show on your Daddy's knee, and the time you finally settle down in a Retirement Village to live on your Social Security, you are guaranteed to run across a creature called a "Square". Squares come in four basic styles: Dull, Very Dull, Boring, and Ed Sullivan.

Squares are found almost everywhere: In the ping-pong room at the YMCA, perusing the menu at a Howard Johnson's, being paged at a Trailways Bus Station, taking a sight-seeing tour and staring up at the tall buildings . . . in Fargo, North Dakota, and tapping their feet and shouting, "One more time!" to the music of Guy Lombardo.

It's easy to spot a Square—simply by the way he dresses. Who else would wear mis-matched argyle socks, thermal underwear, a chartreuse bolero bowling shirt, a plaid woolen hat with earlaps, J. C. Penney slacks with pleats, a graduation ring with a squirter attachment, and a clip-on wide tie that lights up in the dark and says: "Philadelphia is a fun city!"—all to his own wedding?!

A Square is Simplicity waiting in line at the "Don McNeill Breakfast Club," Banality chug-a-lugging Ovaltine at a Rexall counter, Tedium thumbing through a Spiegel's Mail Order Catalogue, and the Height of Idiocy marching in a Shriners' Parade, playing "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" on a kazoo.

A Square's idea of romance is a kiss—on the fifth date . . . from his wife. A Square's idea of high-brow entertainment is a videotape replay of "The Gale Storm Show." A Square's idea of a culinary treat is to send out for some Chicken Delight. A Square's idea of nostalgia is seeing Snooky Lanson stepping into the "Lucky Strike Spotlight." And a Square's idea of the height of adventure is tearing down the goalposts at the end of a football game.



A SQUARE?

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

A Square is never a Jazz Musician, or a Peace Corps Worker, or an Abstract Artist, or a Las Vegas Croupier, or a member of the Jet Set. He is always an Accountant, or a Ticket-Tearer at a Roller Derby Tournament, or a Zeppelin Repairman, or a Blotter Salesman, or a President of a Wayne Newton Fan Club.

A Square is a composite of many people: He has the rugged authority of Don Knotts, the sardonic wit of Bud Collyer, the magnetic personality of Lyndon Johnson, the poise of Huntz Hall, the quiet good taste of Allen & Rossi, the sex-appeal of Chet Huntley and the flashiness of Dean Rusk.

A Square is unique in many ways: He's the one wearing a "Harold Stassen for President" button. He's the one who starts a Conga line and "dips" when he dances. He's the one who goes into a fancy French Restaurant and asks the waiter, "What's the hot cereal?" He's the one who throws his friend a Bachelor Party at a McDonald's Hamburger Stand. And he's the one who still reads "National Geographic" for the "hot parts"!

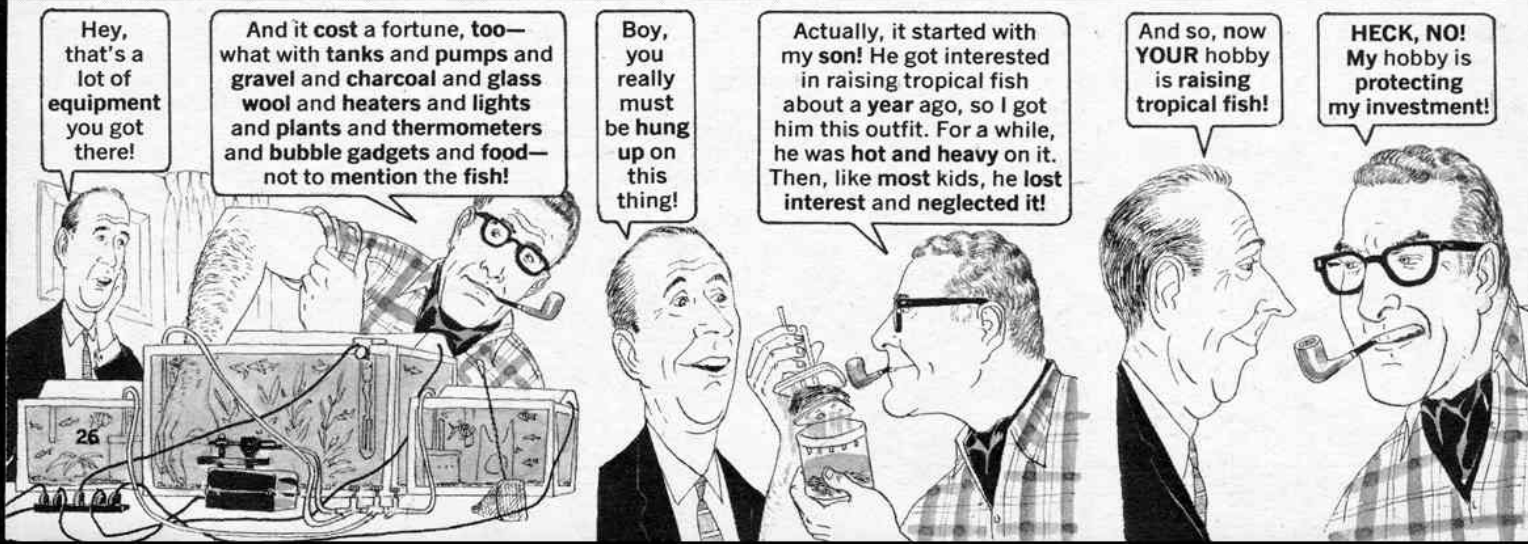
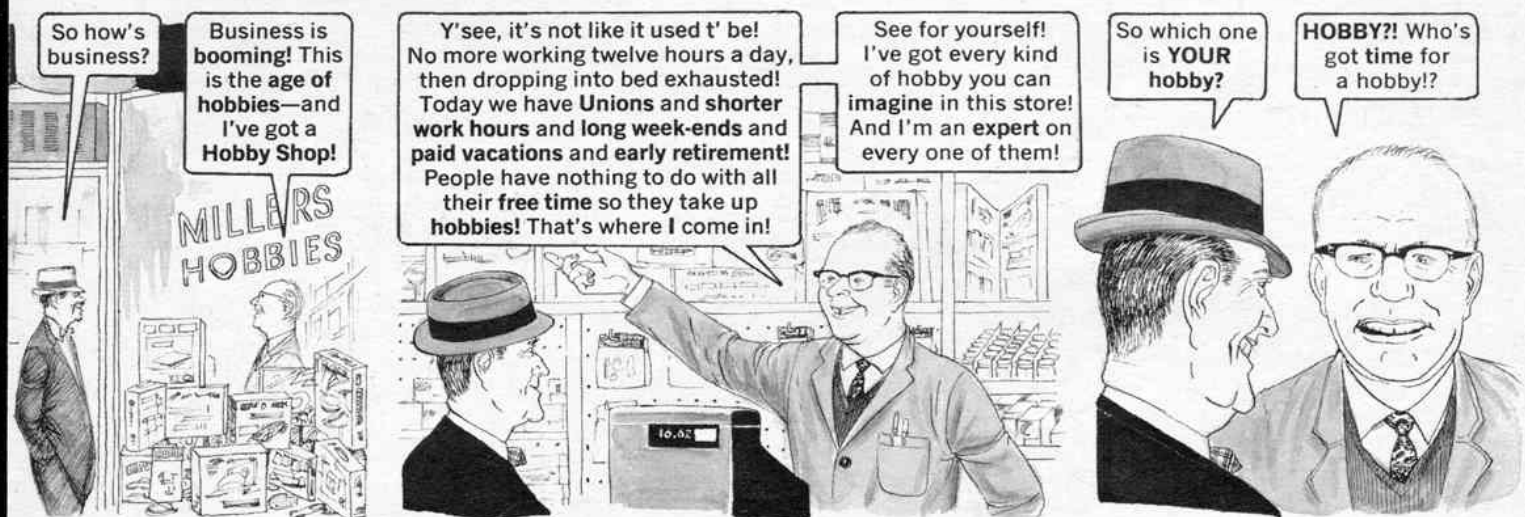
Contemporary terminology often confuses a Square. He thinks "White Backlash" is a Revlon cosmetic, a "Stag Film" is a movie about Bambi, a "Pink Lady" is a Communist sympathizer's wife, "The Mamas and The Papas" is a Planned Parenthood Group, and a "Good Night Kiss" is a small Hershey you eat before retiring.

Might as well face it, Squares are here to stay. They may try to disguise themselves and act like "Hippies," but some of their Squareness will always show through. They can discard their galoshes, hide their Bennett Cerf Humor Anthologies, stop watching "Supermarket Sweep" and discontinue their Hammond Organ lessons, but there will still be one thing that gives them away . . . the tell-tale phrase that always separates the Square from the rest of the world . . . the War-Cry of the Square Make-Out Man:

"HUBBA HUBBA!"



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



HOBBIES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

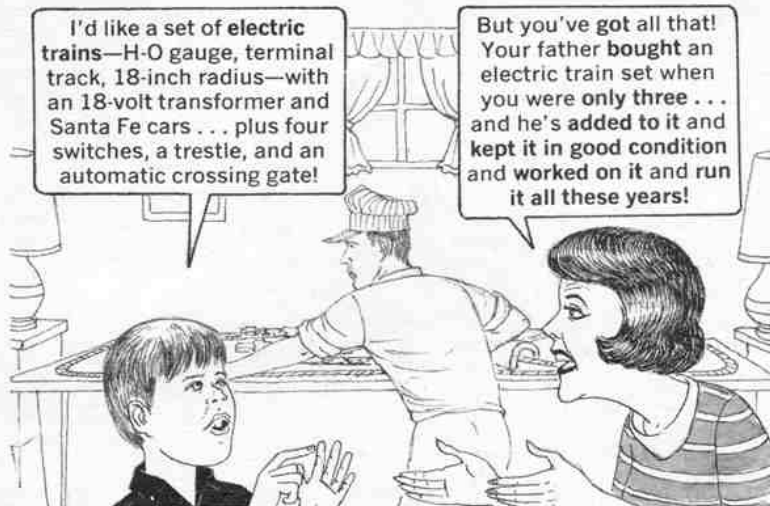
Well, Eric—it's almost your birthday! Is there anything special you'd like as a gift?

I'll say there is!

I'd like a set of electric trains—H-O gauge, terminal track, 18-inch radius—with an 18-volt transformer and Santa Fe cars . . . plus four switches, a trestle, and an automatic crossing gate!

But you've got all that! Your father bought an electric train set when you were only three . . . and he's added to it and kept it in good condition and worked on it and run it all these years!

Sure! That's just it! Now I want a set for MYSELF!



Finished!

FINISHED!?? We started making the same model at the same time and I'm only half done! How can you possibly be finished so fast?

It's very simple! I am extremely dexterous, I work systematically and rapidly—my mind racing ahead to the next step, I have mastered the technique of applying just the right amount of cement . . .

. . . and I leave out a great many parts!



This is the worst service I've ever had! Look at that waiter! All he seems to be interested in is counting his tip money!

Well, if you're so annoyed, don't leave him a tip!

No, I've got a better idea! I'll leave him just one lousy penny! That'll show him exactly what I think of him!

Look, he's picking it up! He's studying it! He can't believe his eyes! Heh-heh! You gotta give me credit! I sure know how to hurt a guy!

YAHOO!! It's a 1909 S VDB Lincoln Head—worth about two hundred dollars!

Yep, you sure know how to hurt a guy—especially if he's a coin collector!



Y'know, we boys are always involved in some hobby or other, like collecting gum cards, or flying kites, or building models, or foolin' around with chemistry sets!

Yeah—we boys play baseball and football and basketball! Those are like hobbies, too!

But the girls!! They're not like us boys! They don't do nothing!

Yeah! Take my big sister, f'rinstance! All she does is put her hair up, and put on eye make-up, and buy clothes, and talk on the phone!

I HEARD THAT!! You boys think you're so great? Well, it just so happens we girls HAVE a hobby!!

Oh, yeah! What is it?

BOYS!!

Hey, there's Al Jaffee! He's a professional artist! He went to some of the best art schools in the country! I'd love to ask him what he thinks of my work!

So! Let's call him in and ask him!

I'll bet he tells me I'm an undiscovered genius—an amateur with tremendous talent!

Well, it's not bad for a beginner! But you've got to learn to crawl before you can walk! First, you'll have to learn the "basics"—like perspective... and anatomy... and composition! It takes years of study and hard work before one can attain a measure of proficiency in Art...

Ahhh... what does he know!

Dis is a stick-up! Gi'me all yer dough!

Sa-a-a-y! Isn't that an 1875 Colt "Peacemaker" you've got there?!

Huh? All I know is, it's a gun! So put up yer han's!

Listen, pal, if you stick me up, all you're going to get is maybe the thirty dollars in my wallet. On the other hand, if you sell me that gun, I'll turn over three hundred dollars I've got hidden! You see, I'm a gun collector, and I've got to have that Colt!

Gee! I dunno! It don't seem right! What would d'other stick-up guys say? But seein' how much it means to you, it's a deal!

Any time you get hold of an interesting gun, feel free to hold me up!

Sure t'ing, mister! Nice meetin' ya—an' so long!

No kidding! You painted that? I can't believe it! I never realized you had so much talent! Why, that should be hanging in the Metropolitan Museum!

Actually, it is! I mean, the ORIGINAL is!

Oh... it's a copy? Well, what's wrong with that? Painting a good copy calls for a lot of talent!

Well, it's not exactly a copy! It's from a "Paint-By-The-Numbers" set!

Oh... you mean where the canvas comes with the picture broken into numbered color areas!

That's it! And all you do is fill in each numbered area with the same number color! So you see, it's no big deal!



Hey, Roger! My Dad said I can use his movie camera! What do you say we make a movie?

Holy cow, yeah! We can make a Science Fiction movie! An' we can start with the titles and the credits! I'll just print 'em on this blackboard!

"THE MONSTER FROM INNER SPACE"

STARRING
ROGER KAPUTNIK
AND
HAROLD Mc GUIRE

SCREENPLAY
BY
ROGER KAPUTNIK
*
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY
HAROLD Mc GUIRE

SPECIAL EFFECTS
BY
ROGER KAPUTNIK
*
COSTUMES
BY
HAROLD Mc GUIRE

PRODUCED
AND
DIRECTED
BY
ROGER KAPUTNIK

SHOT ON
LOCATION
IN
HAROLD Mc GUIRE'S
BACKYARD

Okay, now that the titles are finished let's start the movie!

We can't! We're out of film!

My husband is one of those hobby nuts! He goes from hobby to hobby—each time with the same fantastic enthusiasm. First there was Stamps, then Ham Radio, then First Editions!

Well, you know what his real hobby is? Boring the heck out of me! All he does is talk, talk, talk about his stupid hobby! Why, his latest hobby has driven me so wild, I've taken up a little hobby of my own!

Since I know I can confide in you, I'll tell you about MY hobby! He's six feet tall with wavy hair, and he doesn't bore me to death with hobby talk! So I'm happy—and what my husband doesn't know won't hurt me!

By the way, what IS your husband's latest hobby?

He's got a tape recorder!



Y'know, for a guy your age, you're in pretty good shape!

That's 'cause I keep trim by running the obstacle course at least a dozen times a day!

OBSTACLE COURSE!?? You're still living in the past! You're talking about those by-gone Army days!

No, I'm talking about the here-and-now days—and I mean like RIGHT NOW!



Say, listen! Don't sell yourself short! That's a talent, too... BOSS!

Look at that! Everything is pre-formed and pre-cast in plastic! All you have to do is glue a few parts together and you've got a perfect model of a plane! Hmmmmp!

Why, in my day, if you wanted to build a model plane, you had to start from scratch and work from complicated plans, cutting and shaping each rib and strut from balsa wood! It would take weeks to finish!

I suppose the next thing you're gonna tell me is: Those were the good old days!

Heck, no! THESE are the good old days—right NOW—with things nice and easy, like you kids got it!



You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... you run out of glasses and you have to start serving martinis in "Yogi Bear" mugs!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... the most dreaded event of the year is no longer "Income Tax" time, but that "Pre-Christmas Toy-Assembly" section!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... you discover you're brushing your teeth with "Pimple Cream"!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... you discover that your alarm clock has been broken for five years, and you hadn't even noticed!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



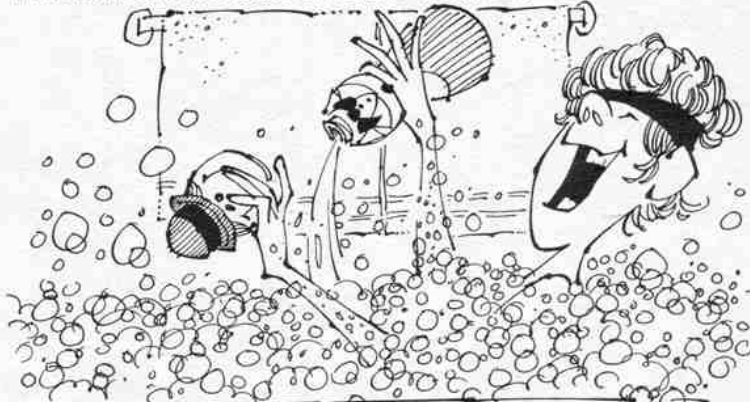
... you're asked to solve some "New Math" problems, and it suddenly dawns on you that you never really understood the "Old Math"!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... you never buy anything for the house that isn't plastic, vinyl, or cast iron!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... you catch yourself sneaking a bath with "Mr. Bubble"!

A PARENT When...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN
& JACK HANRAHAN

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When ...**



... you sit up all night preparing an off-the-cuff, informal explanation of the human reproductive process!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When ...**



... you suddenly find that your electric bill comes to three dollars less than you paid for batteries for toys that month!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When ...**



... you find yourself carrying snapshots in your wallet where money used to be!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... you whole-heartedly join an all-out campaign to wipe out those smutty books and magazines you used to read and enjoy!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When ...



... you pull the Road Atlas out of the glove compartment and find that its pages have been permanently fused together with Tootsie Rolls!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When ...**



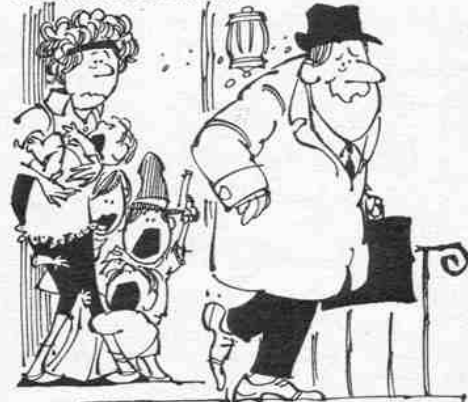
... the conversation turns to doctors, and the only two names that come to mind are "Spock" and "Seuss"!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When ...**



... you insult the boss and his wife by leaving early rather than risk losing a good baby-sitter!

**You Know You're REALLY
A PARENT When ...**



... you actually look forward to Mondays!

STATUS WOE DEPT.

In recent issues, MAD has presented songs praising two highly important areas in our lives—mainly Food and Pets. Since then, however, we have discovered that there is a third area even more powerful, even more time-consuming, even more important. Yessir, we've discovered that the most vital force in our lives today is our never-ending, mouth-watering quest for Wealth and Possessions! Join us now as we pay tribute to big-spenders, money-grubbers, status-seekers and fortune hunters with these . . .

SONGS OF WE PROPERTY AN

THE CHARGE ACCOUNT CHANTY

(Sung to the tune of "Georgy Girl")



Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Going on another shopping spree!
Lucky thing for me the store can't see
My Bank account's bare!
I'm dead broke!

Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Gettin' lots of fancy clothes for free!
I still owe from '63—
But what the heck, I don't care!

But see that salesgirl checking my file and
wrecking my day!
She's just discovered that I don't pay!
She's telling me—

Goodbye, Charge Account!
Now I really feel like some poor schnook—
Giving back the clothes I took!
I don't have a stitch to wear!
I've been stripped bare
Of my Charge Account!

BALLAD FOR A BOOK-BUYER

(Sung to the tune of
"I Get A Kick Out Of You")

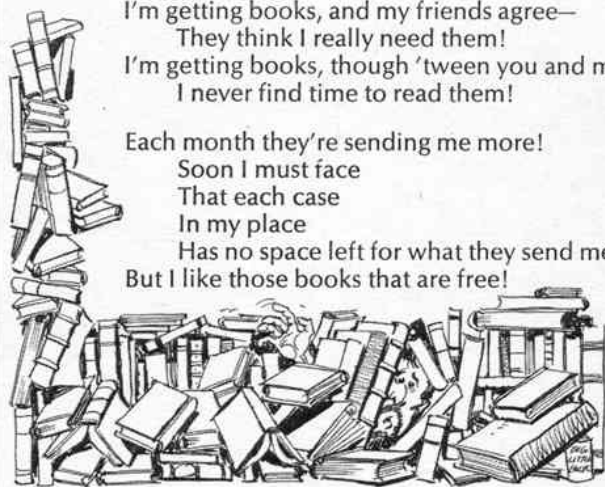
I'm joining book-clubs galore!
There is no end
To the books that they send!
And each time I buy two or three—
Then I get a book that is free!

I fill up shelves by the score!
I can't resist!
There's no novel I've missed!
'Cause when I get their list I foresee
That I'll get a book that is free!



I'm getting books, and my friends agree—
They think I really need them!
I'm getting books, though 'tween you and me
I never find time to read them!

Each month they're sending me more!
Soon I must face
That each case
In my place
Has no space left for what they send me!
But I like those books that are free!



SERENADE TO A SPORTS CAR

(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")



MG—
I live just to touch you!
When I double-clutch you,
MG, it gives me a thrill!

MG—
I love your ignition,
Your four-speed transmission,
Your points, your plugs and your grill!

MG—
When I look inside you,
The sight of each piston rod
Brings me closer to God!

MG—
I'll wash you and wax you!
If some Chevy smacks you,
I'll die, M... G...!



ALTH, POSSESSIONS, GREED, D CREEPING MATERIALISM

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BALLAD FOR A MINK COAT

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")



The mink I'm possessing,
It's plain to see,
Has given me su-per-i-or-i-ty!
Those gorgeous, costly pelts
Convince me I'm better than anyone else!
My friends flock around me when I stroll by!
They look at my coat with a jealous eye!
I'm concealing—
Not revealing—
With a second-hand Thrift-Shop I'm dealing!
A coat for impressing
The mink I'm possessing
Will be!

THE ART COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

(Sung to the tune of "Maria")

Picasso!
I just bought an oil by Picasso!
It didn't cost me much!
At 80 grand it's such
A steal!



Picasso!
An expert just saw my Picasso!
And suddenly I'm told
This painting I've been sold
Ain't real!



Picasso!
I am trying to serve a subpoena!
But the dealer's fled to Argentina!
Picasso!
I'm stuck with a phony Picasso!

ANTHEM FOR AN OVEN

(Sung to the tune of
"I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover")

We're really lovin'
Our brand-new oven!
There's nothing that thrills us more!
It's real expensive
With chrome on the door!
It's so extensive
It takes up a floor!
Cakes we're not baking—
No meals it's making—
That's not what we bought it for!
We can't deny it!
We had to buy it
To outdo the folks next door!



HYMN TO A RICH AUNT

(Sung to the tune of
"You're A Grand Old Flag")

She's a mean old bag!
She's a nasty old bag!
And forever she's filled us with hate!
But we treat her sweet
And kiss her feet
And tell her we think that she's great!



Let her curse at us!
We will not raise a fuss
When she starts in to scream and nag!
For we all are counting what we'll get
From the will of that mean old bag!

HYMN TO A HI-FI SYSTEM

(Sung to the tune of
"There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Hi-Fi
That's more Hi-Fi
Than my Hi-Fi
Is Hi!

Music through my pre-amp sounds real clear now!
There's no hiss or rumble I can't squelch!
Every single sound can reach my ear now!
I even hear now
Stokowski belch!



There's no system
Like my system—
The best money can buy!

I don't like to brag how good my speakers are,
But when I turn up the sound real far,
I can hear the dandruff fall from Ringo Starr!

That's why
I've got Hi-Fi!

SONG FOR A SLEEP-IN MAID

(Sung to the tune of
"I'm In The Mood For Love")

We've got a sleep-in maid!
Though she is quite demanding,
If we show understanding,
We'll keep our sleep-in maid!

She doesn't like our kids!
Meals throw her in a quandary!
Monday we did her laundry!
To keep our sleep-in maid!

She gets a rash from dusting!
Vacuuming makes her cough!
But we are fast adjusting—
We simply say:
"Take the day off!"

Golly, we hope she stays!
Breakfast in bed we'll serve her!
Clearly, we don't deserve her!
We've got a sleep-in maid!



THE ANTIQUE WALTZ

(Sung to the tune of
"My Cup Runneth Over")

At seven this morning I wake with a start—
The bed that's beneath me is falling apart!
My antique piano caves in with a klunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

A few moments later a lamp-shade comes loose
And falls on the head of that giant, stuffed moose!
I fracture my toe on an old, rusty trunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-hu-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

The air is all musty; the furniture reeks—
And yet I keep going on buying antiques!
I wish I could stop, but I guess that I'm sunk!
My house runneth over with juh-uh-uh-unk—
With juh-unk, with juh-unk, with juh-uh-unk!



MELODY FOR A MILLIONAIRE

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl From Ipanema")



Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City is loaded,
And when she sees him, my girl she lets out a "Wow!"
Strings of pearls and diamond bracelets
And coats of mink are what he gives her
And now I'm knowing just why my girl she went "Wow!"

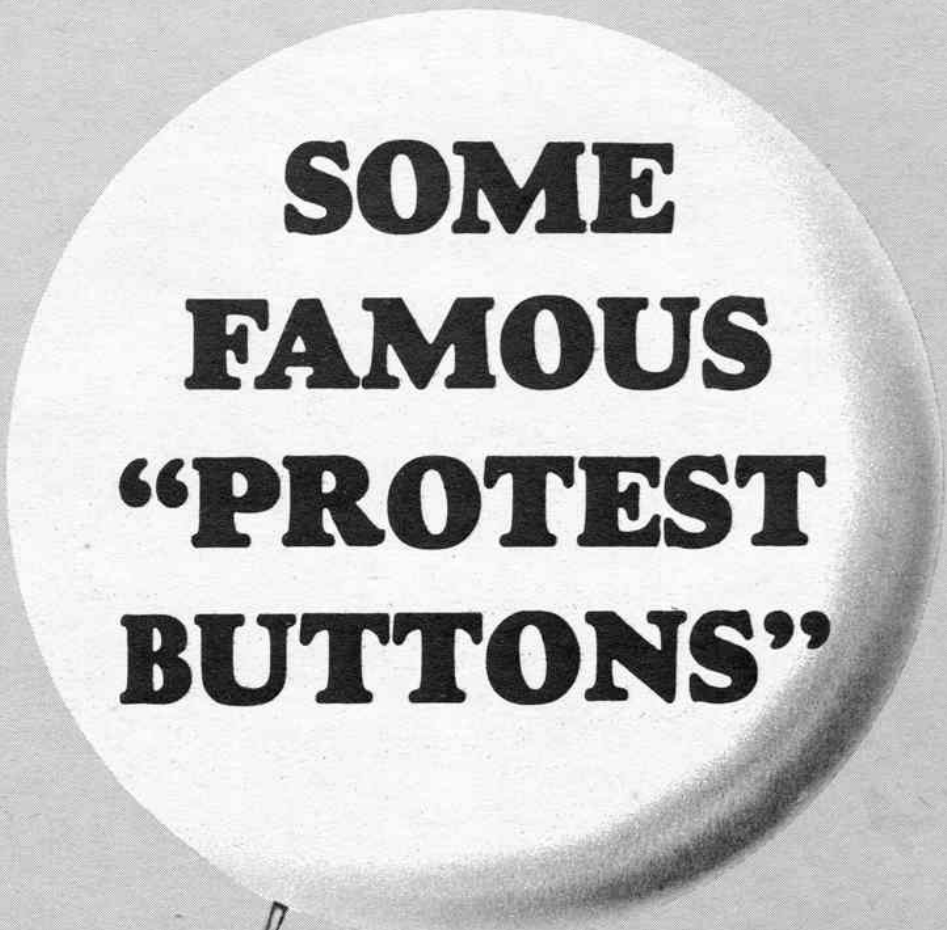
True—he looks dumpy and funny!
Still—she does not seem to mind it!
She—likes the smell of his money!
But one day she will come back to me—
Then she'll love me 'cause I will be

Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City who's loaded,
And she'll be liking that smell of money on me!
And we'll have a spree!
Though I'm eighty-three!

Today, the "Protest Button" craze is sweeping the country, and we are all enjoying seeing such way-out slogans as "Make Love—Not War" and "God Is Not Dead—He Just Doesn't Want To Get Involved." The trouble is, while we are all enjoying *seeing* these buttons, most of us wouldn't be caught dead *wearing* one. It takes a special kind of person to want to do that...an "exhibitionist" kind of person. Which is how we came up with the idea for this article. Since most famous people are "exhibitionists," here is...

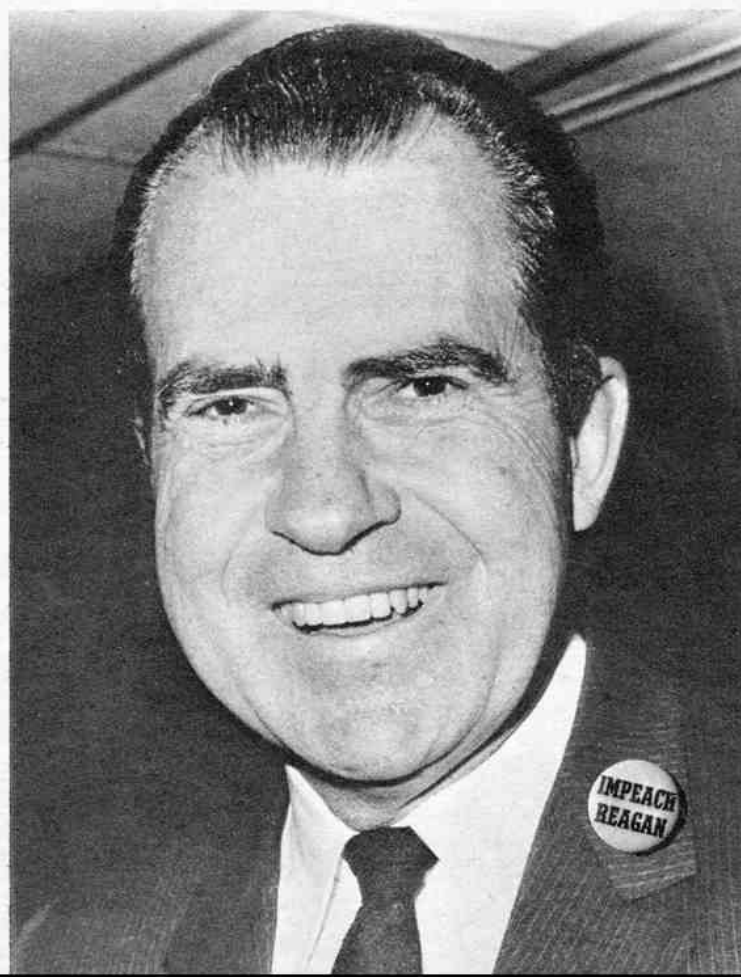


A MAD Portfolio Of

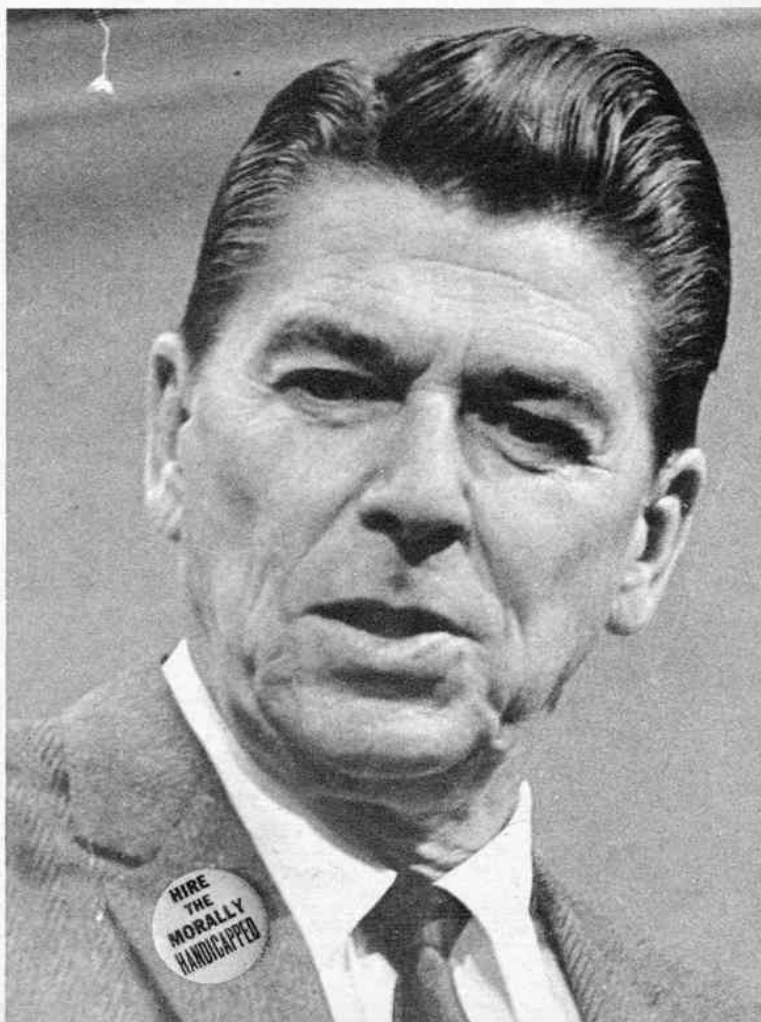


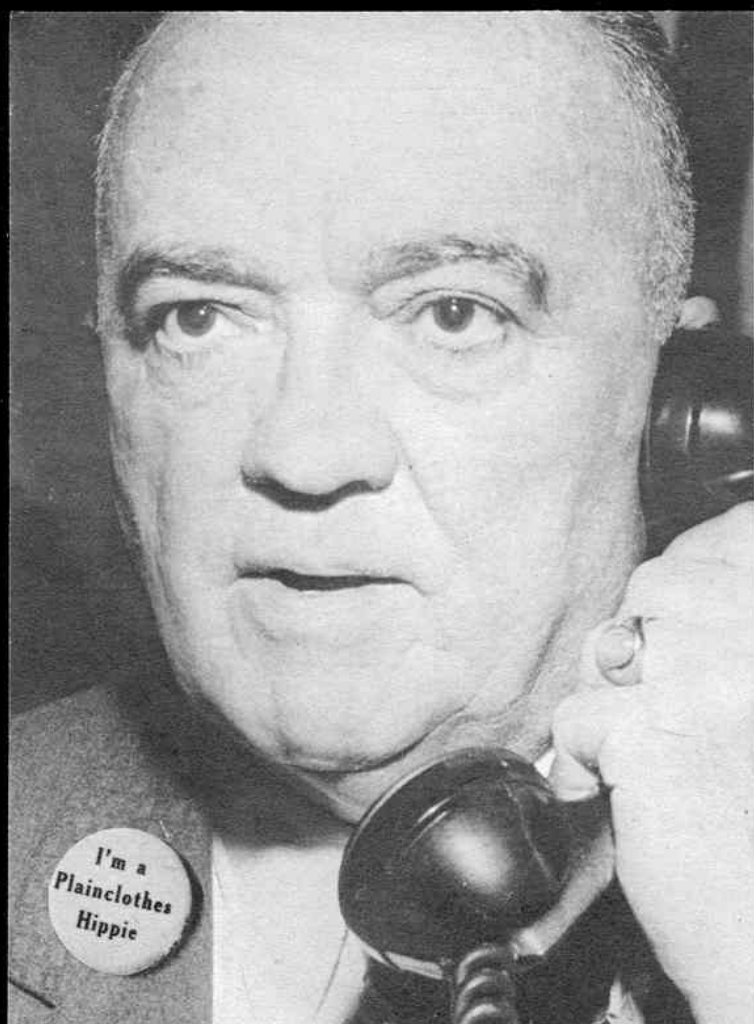
**SOME
FAMOUS
"PROTEST
BUTTONS"**

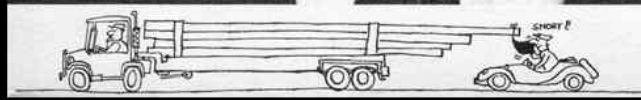
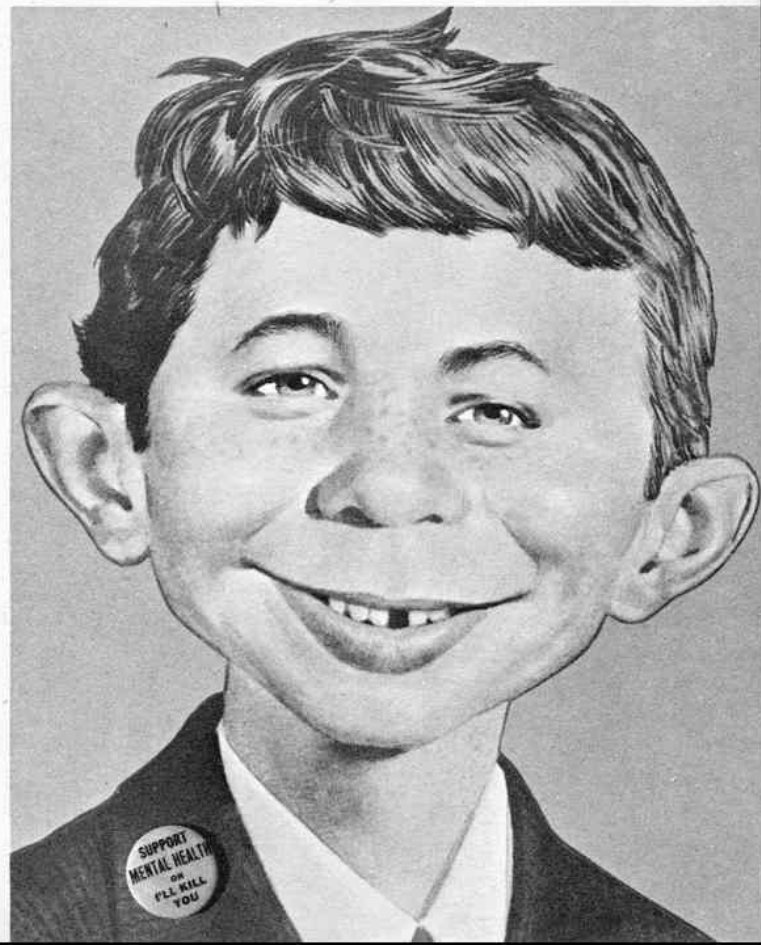
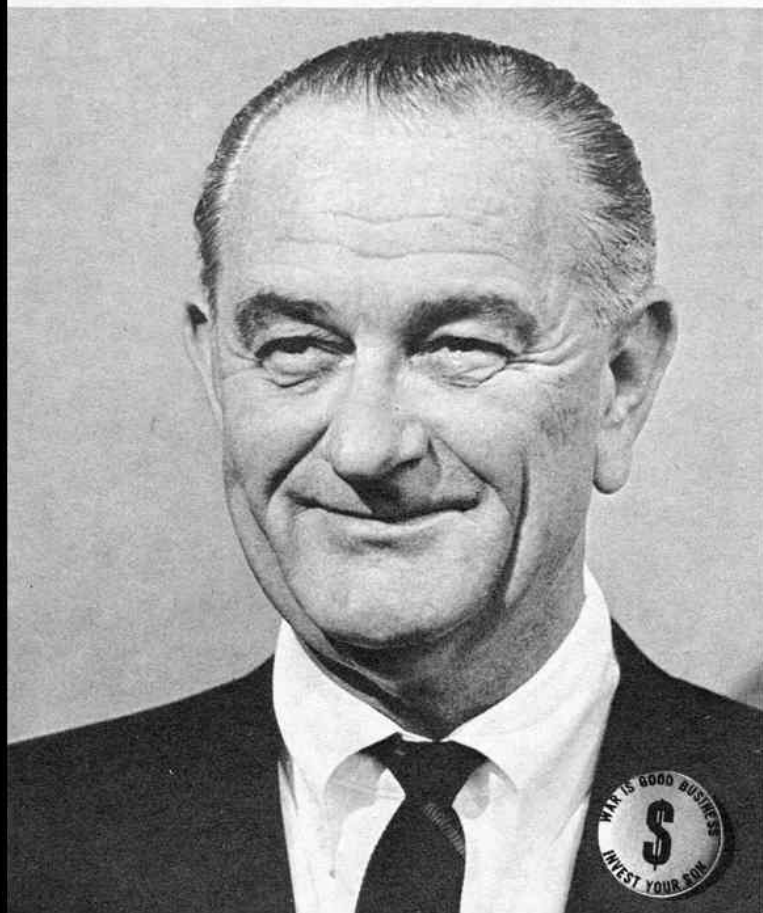
**We'd Like To See
WORN
BY SOME
FAMOUS PEOPLE**



Buttons Courtesy of "The Big Store," Mark Sloan, Prop.







PRO'S PROSE DEPT.

The life of a School Teacher is a monotonous one. And parents certainly aren't helping to relieve the dreariness with the hasty, uninformative, look-alike notes they write to explain the absence from class of Walter or Irving or Wendy or Lolita. The kids couldn't possibly have identical excuses any more than

PERSONALIZED

**Falvy
Animal Hospital**

85 Pilchick Drive,
Kinosha, Wisc.

*Newton couldn't
come to school
last week because
he pulled a tendon
in his left hind
fetlock.*

*J. J. Falvy, D.V.M.
Doctor of Veterinary
Medicine*

**BATSTEEN, BARSTEEN, DURSTEEN & FLANG
ADVERTISING CONSULTANTS**

2613 Madison Avenue LQ 3-2000, Phone Numberwise
New York, N.Y. 10018 BATFLANG, Cable Addresswise

Please excuse Sumner's absence yesterday, classroomwise. He was at the Dentist, six-month check-upwise, having his 28% fewer cavities filled after brushing regularly with the new, improved CREST containing the miracle ingredient FLUORISTAN.

With utmost sincerity,

Rubert C. Widgeewood

Rubert C. Widgeewood
Account Executive

FROM THE DESK OF
M. L. PIERCEFENDER
SECURITIES ANALYSIS DEPT.

Merrill Lynch, Jr. was inactive yesterday due to unstable conditions which caused his temperature to hit an intra-day high of 102° and close at 101%, up 3 points from Wednesday's norm. This touched off a flurry of rumors that he might be planning to acquire the flu. However, such reports proved unsubstantiated this morning when he opened with 98%. Please excuse his absence, which can only be attributed to a speculative interest on the part of his short mother.

M. L. Piercefender

BOTCH & CO.

Stocks, Bonds & Securities
49 Wall Street, N. Y. C.



they could have identical home lives with identical mothers and fathers. But Teacher never gets a hint of their varied backgrounds from the parental scribbles they bring to school. MAD envisions the day when Mom and Dad may exert a little extra effort to write, in their own distinctive styles, some truly

ABSENCE NOTES

WRITER: TOM KOCH

BIZARRE PICTURES CORP.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

PUBLICITY
DEPARTMENT

Now! For the first time in any classroom! Hear the grim, uncensored story of how Sonny Graidbee had his tonsils out and lived to tell about it! You'll chill to the saga of raw courage behind hospital walls! You'll drool as Sonny describes the bevy of gorgeous nurses who brought him ice cream. You'll learn the naked truth surrounding two weeks of absence from school never explained before, when Sonny gives his spine-tingling account of...

THE INFECTED TONSILS THAT HAD TO GO!

Sid Graidbee Sid Graidbee (Co-Producer of Sonny)

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Time-Life Building, New York City

The small, tow-headed moppet with the sad face entered the dining room of the comfortable frame house in fashionable, suburban White Plains one morning last week clad in the familiar orange and blue striped bathrobe his maternal grandmother had given him for his eighth birthday. It might have been just another school day for young Maynard Bindsturm. But the ghastly red blotches already beginning to erupt on his fevered forehead gave warning that this was destined to be no ordinary day. Maynard Bindsturm had come down with the measles.

Yours truly,

Llewelyn Bindsturm

Llewelyn Bindsturm

MELLOW LEAF TOBACCO CO.

Boondock, North Carolina

To Whom It May Concern:

Arnold was out of school yesterday with a cold, but I am letting him return today against doctor's orders because there is no conclusive medical proof that sneezing ever transmitted a cold to anyone. However, for my own legal protection, please post the following notice on your bulletin board:

CAUTION: LETTING ARNOLD
BREATHE ON YOU MAY BE
HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!

Sincerely,

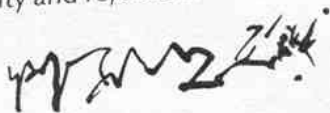
Beauregard Lee Flaunk

Beauregard Lee Flaunk,
President

FENWICK L. FROYD, M.D.

Consulting Psychiatrist,
1460 Libido Drive, Tenafly, New Jersey

Fenwick, Jr., spent the day at home in a closet, yesterday, suffering from a deep emotional disturbance brought on by receiving a "D-minus" in Social Studies. I hope that you are sufficiently mature enough to beg him to excuse you for your display of hostility and rejection.



Now hear this!

1. You are hereby commanded to grant full amnesty to Nimitz Halsey Earnshaw (a civilian minor) re: absence without leave 24 February 1967 between the hours of 0830 and 1500.

2. He had an upset stomach.

Warren V. Earnshaw

Warren V. Earnshaw,
Rear Admiral, U.S.N. (Ret.)

EXCuse My little girl SELma's abSence
From SCHOOL OR YOU Will Never SEE
Her ALive agAin!
A FRIEND

HUMNER & OVERDRIFT

Funeral Directors, Maudlin, Mo.

"Sharing Your Grief Since 1906"

Allow me to express my deepest sorrow over the tragic and untimely departure of Sylvia from your midst yesterday. I feel certain that she was sadly missed by the host of friends and classmates she left behind. But she had to run out of the room fast and hurry home to throw up.

Mournfully, L.V. Humner

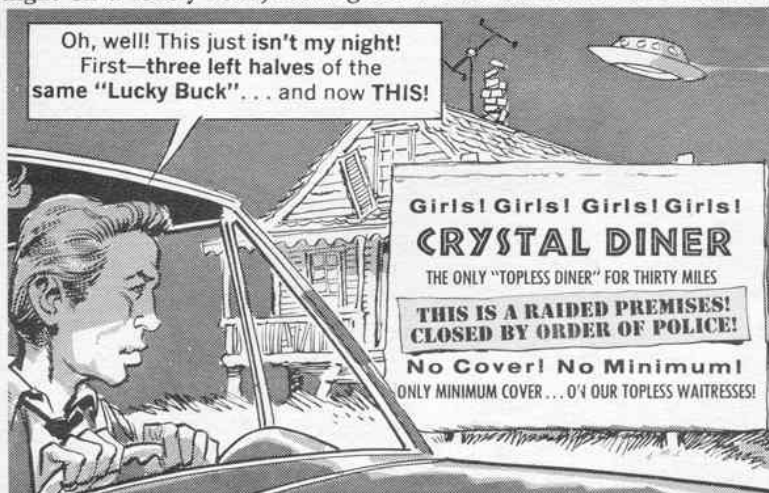
LOUIS G. GROWST

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT
325 BROADWAY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The youngest of my three daughters, Maudie, was not present for the first 0.7% of the current fiscal semester due to congestion in 38% of her bronchial tubes, necessitating deductible expenditures of \$17.25 for medical treatment and drugs.

Louis G. Growst, C.P.A.

Where does a nightmare begin? For David Blintzint, it began one lost night on a lonely road, looking for a short-cut he never found . . .



For David Blintzint, the nightmare began with a closed, deserted Diner, and the landing of a craft from another galaxy, aliens from a decaying planet, seeking to make our world their world . . .



For the TV Viewers, the nightmare began when the Sponsors bought this idiotic program—called . . .

THE INVASIONERS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Yes, the nightmare has begun. Now at last David Blintzint knows that "The Invasioners" are here, and now he must try to convince a disbelieving world!

TONIGHT'S EPISODE:

"It Ain't Easy Trying To Convince A Disbelieving World!"

Perhaps this man in Hoboken can help me **prove** that alien creatures have landed—that they are preparing to take over Earth—and that the only way to tell them from ordinary human beings is by their protruding pinkies—

Pinkies like that little kid's there!



THAT KID! HE'S ONE OF THEM!

Driver!! Stop the bus! Look at that kid's finger!

So he doesn't have a hankie! So what's it your business?



Throw 'im off the bus!

Yeah! Throw 'im off!

Who!? This nut?

No—the kid pickin' his nose! Yecch!!

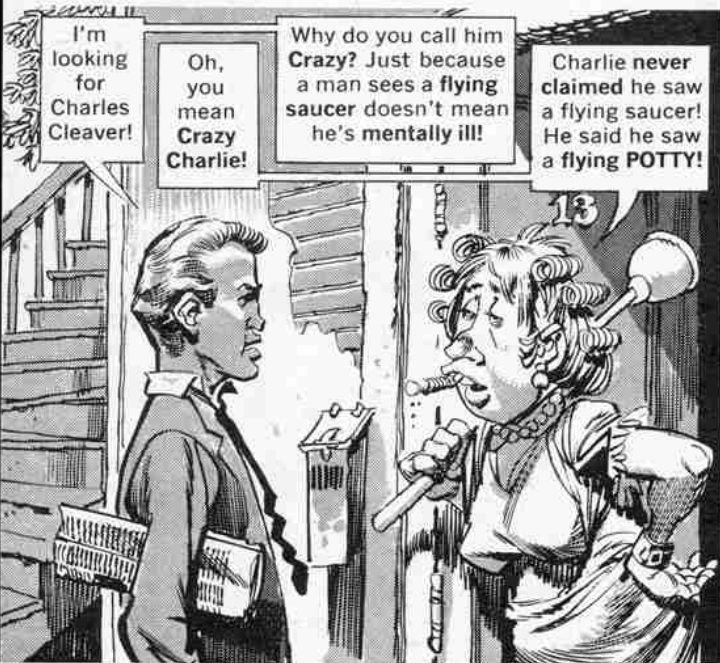


I'm looking for Charles Cleaver!

Oh, you mean Crazy Charlie!

Why do you call him Crazy? Just because a man sees a flying saucer doesn't mean he's mentally ill!

Charlie never claimed he saw a flying saucer! He said he saw a flying POTTY!



A what!? That's ridiculous! I've heard of sightings of flying chimney-sweeps and flying maids and flying nuns—but a flying POTTY!? It's publicity-seeking crackpots like this Charlie that make it tough on us legitimate UFO spotters!

However, I came this far! I might as well TALK to him!

You can talk to him all you want—but he ain't gonna answer you! Charlie's dead!



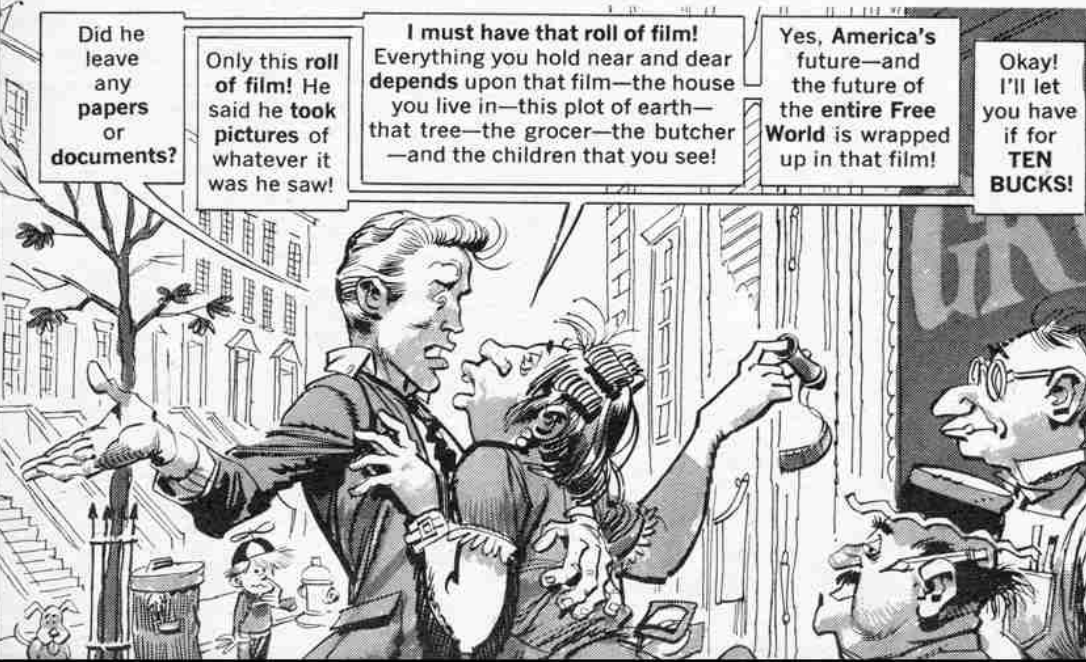
Did he leave any papers or documents?

Only this roll of film! He said he took pictures of whatever it was he saw!

I must have that roll of film! Everything you hold near and dear depends upon that film—the house you live in—this plot of earth—that tree—the grocer—the butcher—and the children that you see!

Yes, America's future—and the future of the entire Free World is wrapped up in that film!

Okay! I'll let you have it for TEN BUCKS!



Perhaps I can have the film developed in this drugstore!

Oh-oh! That man at the counter with the pinky raised! He's one of them!

Thay, thweety! You'd better thtop thtaring at me or I'll hit you with my purthe!





May I help you?

Yes, I'd like to have this roll of film devel—OOPS!

Hey! You knocked that right out of my hand!

Sorry! Gee, your film is ruined! Oh, well, it doesn't matter! We don't develop film anyway! This is a drug-store! We only sell drugs!

There's something very suspicious and un-American about a drugstore that only sells drugs! It must be a front for another secret alien operation!

I was right! It's an Indoctrination School—where they train aliens to be typical Americans so they can infiltrate and destroy our society!

All right, tell me who are your elected representatives?

Well, my Assemblyman is Abe Bluffer—my Congressman is Sidney Sfortzcof—and my Senator is Herman Gassbag!

Awful! You flunk! Americans never know important things like that!

However, they ARE whizzes at trivia like movie stars, batting averages, and comic books!

Are you sure Americans like their women like THIS?

And their men like THIS?

Yes, they're a sick society! Lucky for them we'll soon be taking over!

Today, in our "Typical American Cheating" course, we will cover simplified cheating on Income Tax Forms...

Does anyone know what is the first item you pad on the 1040 Tax Form?

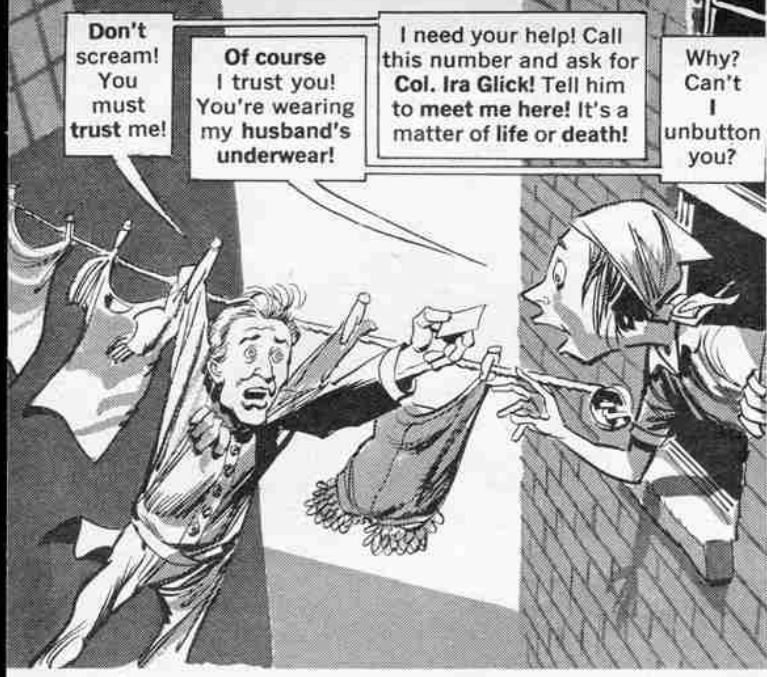
That's easy! Contributions to Charity!

It's David Blintzint!

After him!

Where did he go? He's disappeared!

It's as though he escaped through some secret trap door!

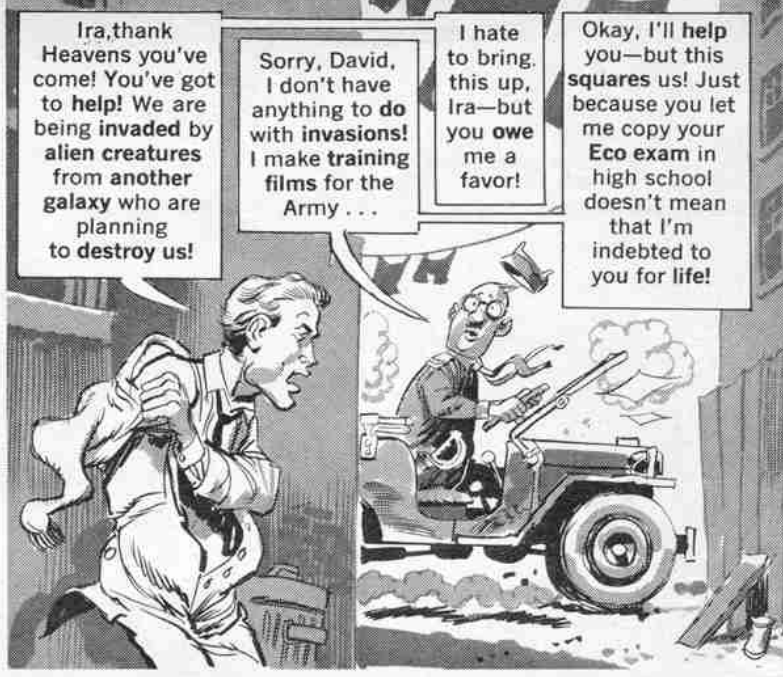


Don't scream! You must trust me!

Of course I trust you! You're wearing my husband's underwear!

I need your help! Call this number and ask for Col. Ira Glick! Tell him to meet me here! It's a matter of life or death!

Why? Can't I unbutton you?

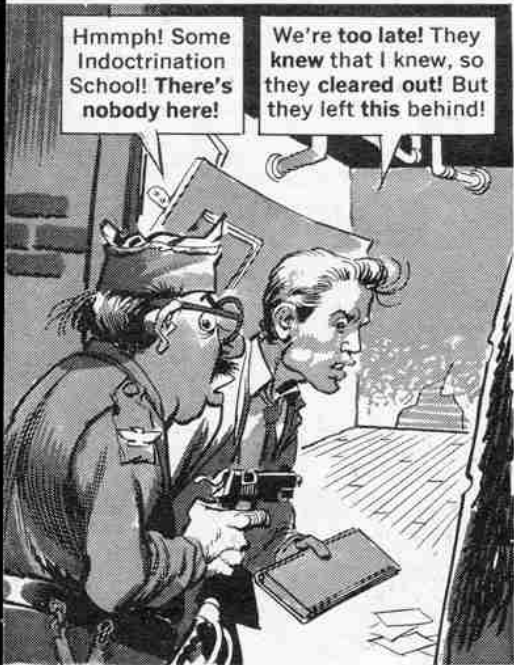


Ira, thank Heavens you've come! You've got to help! We are being invaded by alien creatures from another galaxy who are planning to destroy us!

Sorry, David, I don't have anything to do with invasions! I make training films for the Army ...

I hate to bring this up, Ira—but you owe me a favor!

Okay, I'll help you—but this squares us! Just because you let me copy your Eco exam in high school doesn't mean that I'm indebted to you for life!



Hmmph! Some Indoctrination School! There's nobody here!

We're too late! They knew that I knew, so they cleared out! But they left this behind!



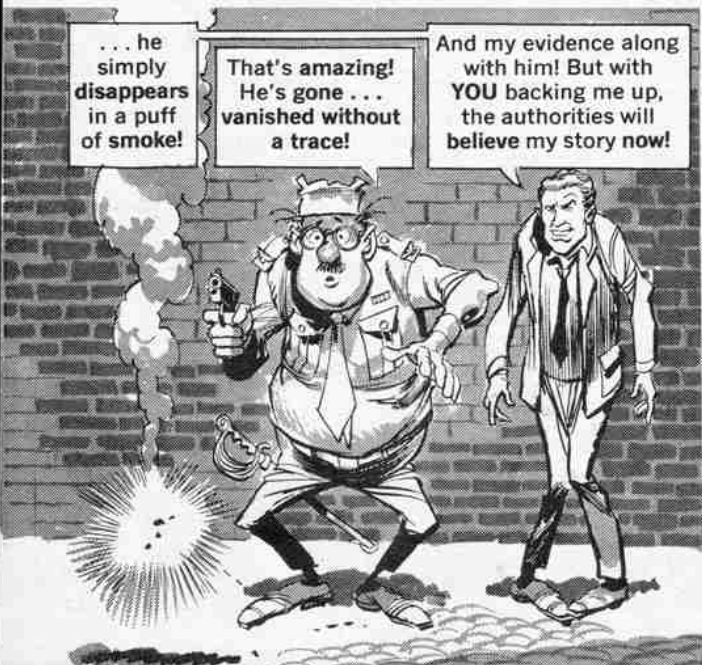
This is all the evidence I need ...

Too bad you can't keep it, Mr. Blintzint!



Hey, you! Come back with that!

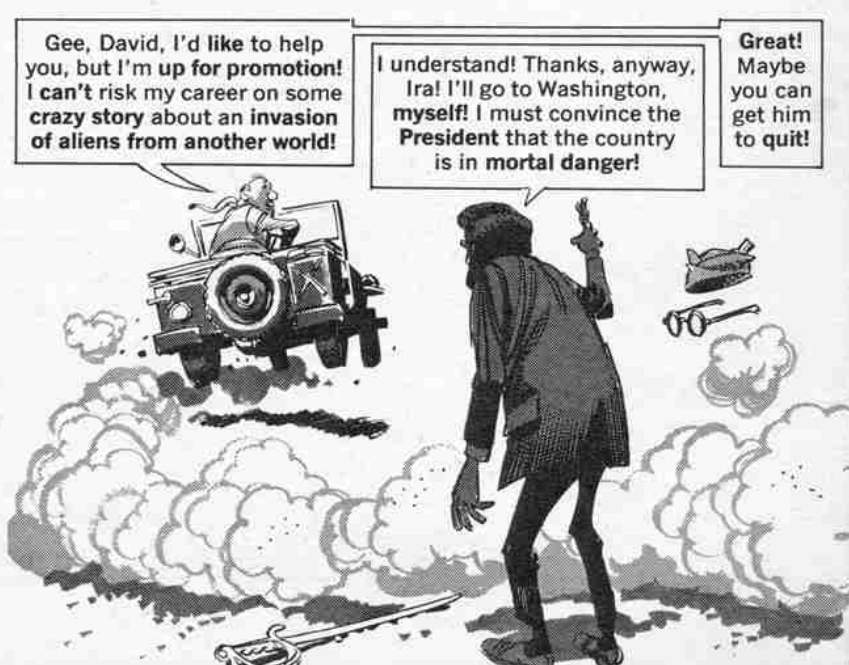
Don't shoot him, Ira! It's an alien! And when an alien dies ...



... he simply disappears in a puff of smoke!

That's amazing! He's gone ... vanished without a trace!

And my evidence along with him! But with YOU backing me up, the authorities will believe my story now!



Gee, David, I'd like to help you, but I'm up for promotion! I can't risk my career on some crazy story about an invasion of aliens from another world!

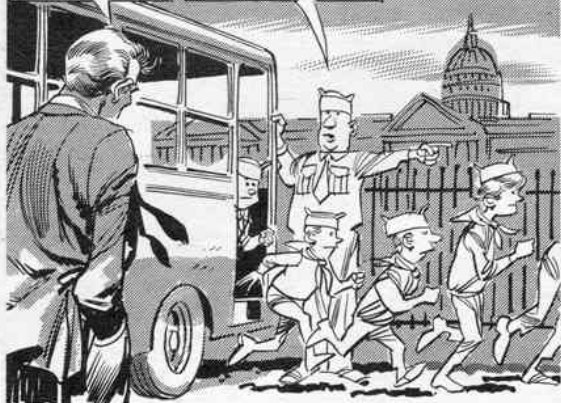
I understand! Thanks, anyway, Ira! I'll go to Washington, myself! I must convince the President that the country is in mortal danger!

Great! Maybe you can get him to quit!

I've got to tell the President about the Invasioners—but how do I get in to see him?!

All right, all you Scouts going in to see the White House... line up here!

Hmmm! That gives me an idea! If I can borrow a Boy Scout uniform...



Hey, kid! There's a little old lady who needs help crossing the street!

Where is she, sir?

Follow me!



I hate to do this, kid—but I have no choice!

CRASH



I would have to pick a Scout with a Merit Badge in Karate!

Sorry but the President cannot see anyone without an appointment!

But I MUST see him! Tell him that I... uh... just completed a survey that shows his popularity is at an all-time high!

What's goin' on out thayuh? Did I hyar right? SHOW THAT MAN IN!!



Mr. President, I'm not really a pollster! My name is David Blintzint! I'm an Architect, and—

Go! durn it! Cain't them #%%\$&! Republicans wait until AFTER the election before they start changing things aroun'!?

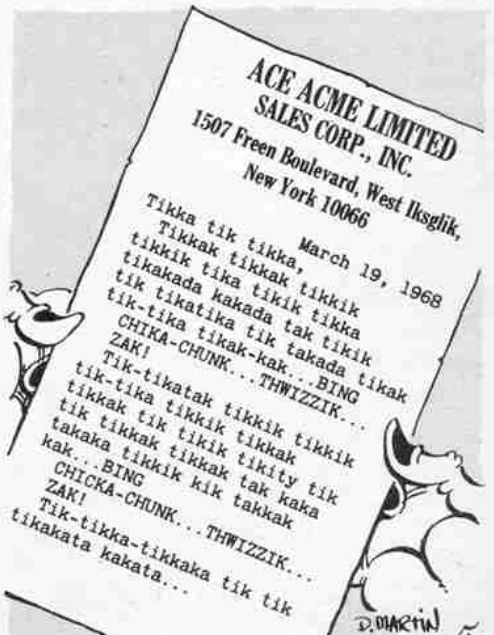


... and that's the truth, Mr. President! You've got to convince the people to believe my story!

Listen, son! Ah'd lahk t' he'p you! But Ah cain't! Ah'm havin' enough trouble tryin' t' convince the people t' believe MAH stories—about why we're in Vietnam—an' why we need higher taxes—an' why they should support mah Great Society—an' why they should love me—an'...



ONE DAY IN AN OFFICE



▶ B

A TV AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

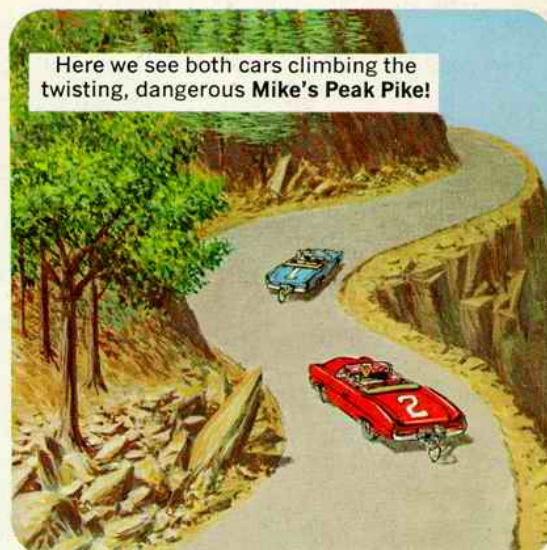
The Shill Gasoline Commercial

Here we are at the base of famous Mike's Peak with two identical cars. Both cars are using the same measured amount of **Shill Premium** gas. The only difference is—car No. 2 has the mileage ingredient "**Flatformate**"!



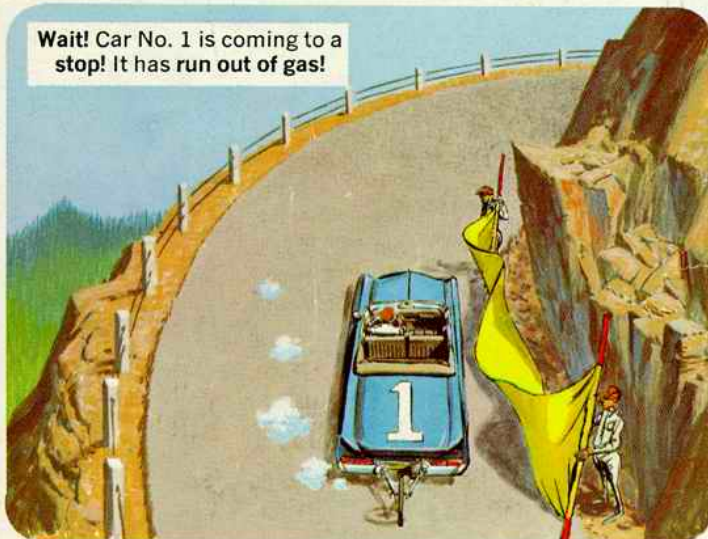
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Here we see both cars climbing the twisting, dangerous **Mike's Peak Pike**!



WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Wait! Car No. 1 is coming to a stop! It has run out of gas!



We'll put up this banner to mark the exact spot where Car No. 1 stopped! And now, here comes Car No. 2...



Yes, folks! Car No. 2 with "**Flatformate**" goes right past the spot where Car No. 1 ran out of gas...



... and keeps on going!

