

No.
143
June
'71

NOW PLAYING IN

OUR PRICE

40¢
OUCH!

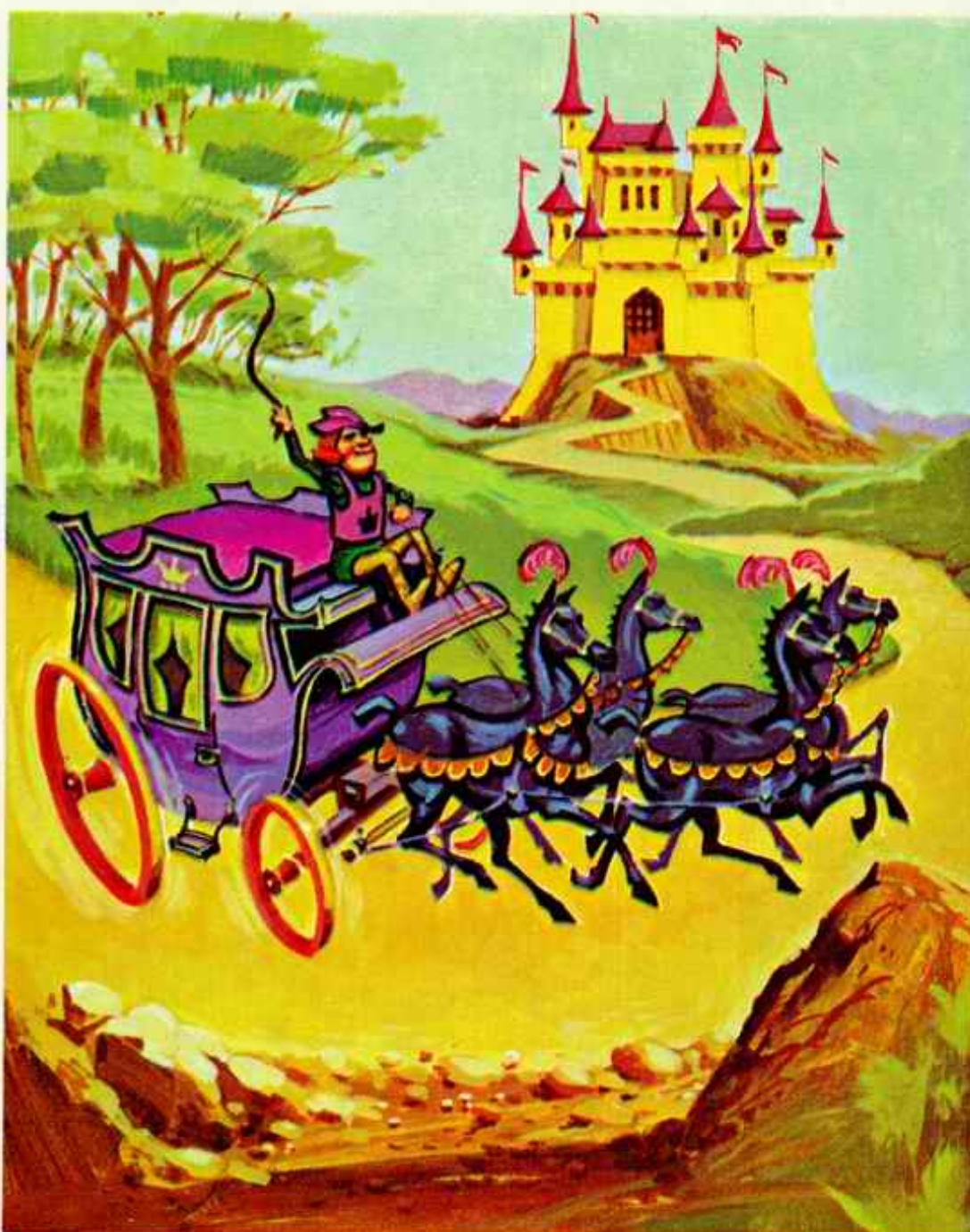
MAD



"ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN
SEE A FUNNY GIRL SINGING
'HELLO DOLLY' FOREVER"

Norman Wing

Scenes We'd Like To See



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

MAD

"Nowadays, most bank accounts need month-to-month resuscitation!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

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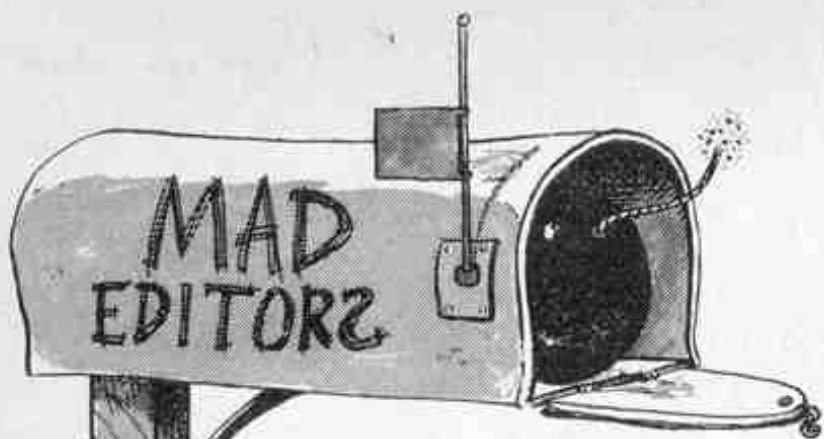


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A MAD LOOK AT TROPICAL FISH

Your article "A MAD Look at Tropical Fish" really busted my gills. I haven't laughed that hard since I found my own tropical fish... floating.

James Wesley
Rochester, N.Y.

"Tropical Fish" was the funniest article I ever read in MAD. Keep articles like that one coming by the tankfuls.

Tim Wells
Foxboro, Mass.

You left out the most important fish disease. "Mind Rot." How to spot it: fish wander aimlessly around tank, as if they have no brains. What to do for it: take out MAD Magazine you accidentally dropped in tank.

Bart Morris
Mike Fairless
La Habra, Calif.

As a tropical fish addict, I found your article fin-tastic, and true! When I read the article I laughed so hard I knocked my fish tank off its stand. Luckily, my cat was right there so the fish didn't go to waste. It was a masterpiece of splashing success. Great work, Earle Doud and Bob Clarke!

Arthur Tepper
Flushing, N.Y.

You missed one fun thing you can do with tropical fish. That is to take them out of the tank, one by one, and kiss them goodnight, like my kid brother does.

Anton Kirichko
Fairfield, Calif.

Reading your article made me realize what a fool I've been; a slave to my sixteen tanks and over 185 fish of 112 different varieties, including a leporinus faciat, 1 1/4 inches long, which cost me 23 dollars. I'm donating the entire collection to the Bronx Zoo.

Laurence Kaplan
N. Massapequa, N.Y.

As an enthusiastic Tropical Fish hobbyist myself, I found quite a few of your examples all too true. You forgot a few things. How Barbs can attack other fish, and how Mollies die off almost as fast as Angels, and how Rasboras almost never die, and how a lone Gouramis can acquire a nervous condition, and how...

Don McNicol
New York, N.Y.

Fish-name-dropper!—Ed.

CATCH-ALL-22

I was struck deeply by the richness of your "Catch-All-22" piece. The beauty of the artwork and the sensitivity of the prose merged into a fine and vivid tapestry. The only criticism I had was your occasional attempt at humor. But it was so slight that it didn't really affect the main fabric of the piece.

With admiration...
Alan Arkin
Hollywood, Calif.

It was much funnier than the film. The ending, showing Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould of "M★A★S★H," left me in stitches.

Richard Rotherstein
Bayside, New York

I made the mistake of seeing the movie after reading the article. I was the only one who laughed out loud in the unfunny spots. I had to shell out \$1.50 to see the movie. Stop writing such great stuff, I'm going broke.

Joel Perry
Dayton, Ohio

I must now take time out to commend you for your fantastic satire, "Catch-All-22." I knew Mike Nichols had a serious message when he filmed this movie. After seeing the movie, and then reading the book, I still couldn't figure out what he was trying to say. Now MAD has answered all my questions. Thank you for setting me straight!

Jimmy David
Ashville, N.C.

MAD has degenerated into little more than the cartoon supplement of "Reader's Digest." Especially worthless was your satire of "Catch-22." The worst way to criticize a crazy movie is to parody its madness. What you came up with was a weak echo of the original which attempted to communicate the madness of war.

Steven Alpert
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Catch-All-22" was unbelievably great!

Darin Stavish
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Help him! Help him!"
"Help who...?"
"Help the writer!"
"Help Stan Hart!"
"Why? What's the matter?"
"He's writing too good for this crummy magazine!"

Nancy Beaty
S. Houston, Texas

There's only one thing I can say about your satire "Catch-All-22": WRITE-ON!

Joe Cone
Skokie, Illinois

"X" AND "R" RATED MOVIE SATIRES

Please continue doing satires of "X" and "R" rated movies so that we under-18-year-olds can see the garbage we're lucky enough to be missing.

Steven Snyder
Miami, Fla.

HOW-ARE-YA-FIVE-O?

My compliments to Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres on the satire "How-Are-Ya-Five-O?" I think it is the best one since I've been reading MAD.

Mike Ryan
Phoenix, Ariz.

You keep turning out satires like this, and you'll be hired as writers for CBS.

Bruce Keiper
Sunbury, Pa.

GET-IT-OUT-OF-YOUR-SYSTEM LAND

Truthfully, I don't believe your "Get-It-Out-Of-Your-System-Land" would work. People would attend and be kind and gentle, because they're *not* supposed to. Then they would visit a regular amusement park to be cruel, savage, sadistic, and really get it out of their system.

Geoff Hamill
Oakland, Md.

It really tells it like it is when people have to let off steam. Congrats to George Woodbridge and Sy Reit. I just wish there really was a place like that!

Dan Webster
W. Covina, Calif.

YOU NEVER REALLY GET USED TO...

"You Never Really Get Used To..." seeing another issue of MAD on the stands!

Don Vilas
Silver Spring, Md.

... writing a letter to MAD and it doesn't get published!

Stan Griskin
Clairton, Pa.

... stupid articles like "You Never Really Get Used To..."

George Koris
Culver City, Calif.

... laughing out loud, alone in your room, at a ridiculous MAD article!

Richard Fiore
Norwalk, Conn.

... realizing that many of those MAD situations apply to yourself. Keep up the good work!

David McMoyler
Mountain View, Calif.

WE never really get used to readers telling us to keep up the good work!—Ed.

OBEDIENCE TRAINING

I can tell that the staff of MAD has all been to an "Obedience Training School." For instance, by merely saying, "Print this letter in your next issue!", it will get printed. Right?

Karl Halpert
Portland, Maine

CONTENT EVALUTION

Just a line to let you know that I think MAD Magazine is good, solid, mature reading material . . . with the exception of the front and back covers . . . and pages 1 through 48 inclusive!

Robert Vogler
Ontario, Canada

MAD DIAGNOSIS

MAD Magazine embodies the pulse and heartbeat of America. In other words, it's sick!

Gary F. Tschetter
El Monte, Calif.

MAD MEDICINE

MAD provides a humorous antidote for the insanity of our times.

David Driver
Emory University, Ga.

MIRROR IMAGE

Over the past years, MAD has proved itself to be the mirror of America. It has shown us the idiocies of television, the nauseas of movies, and the "lighter side" of our way of life. It has forced us to take a good look at ourselves. Yecch! MAD is worth its weight in gold!

Diane Nelson
St. Cloud State College, Minn.

MAD TALK

Right on, you MAD geniuses! The most beautiful part of your magazine is that, under the guise of being harmless idiots, you say what has to be said!

Jo Hawkins
Davenport, Iowa

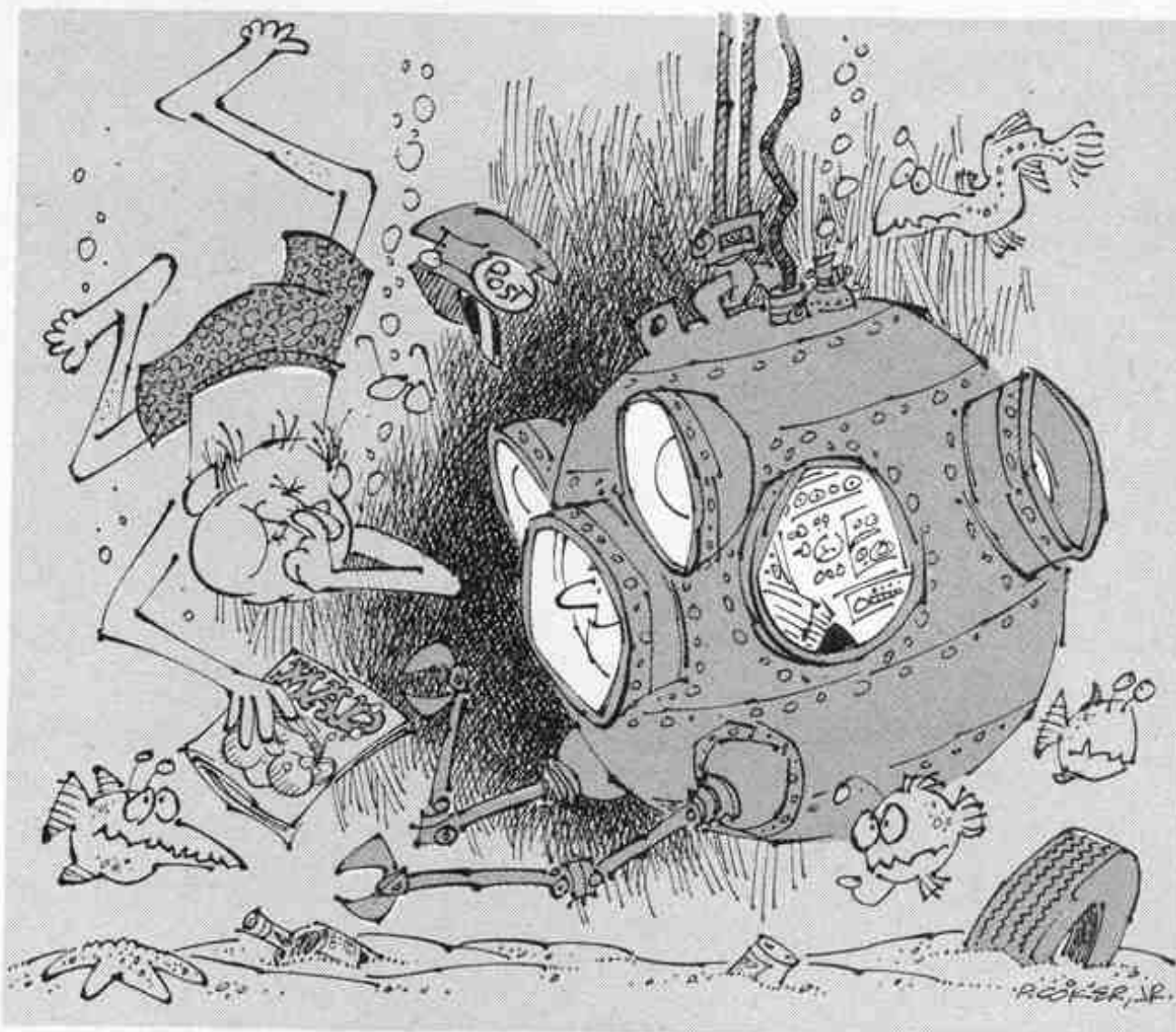
INTELLIGENCE QUOTA

I'm sorry to say that I am losing my patience with MAD. These days, all you write about is revolution, violence, generation gaps, profanity and politics. Whatever happened to clean wholesome satire like "Superduperman," "Sandlot Baseball" and "Ping Pong"? It's getting so, a person has to have some intelligence to read MAD.

Debbie Cox
Edmonds, Washington

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TAX LOSS

Gee, we hate to tax you with another ad, but we're at a loss as to how to get rid of our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or lining the bottoms of bird cages. So if you want to eliminate "taxation of representation", mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

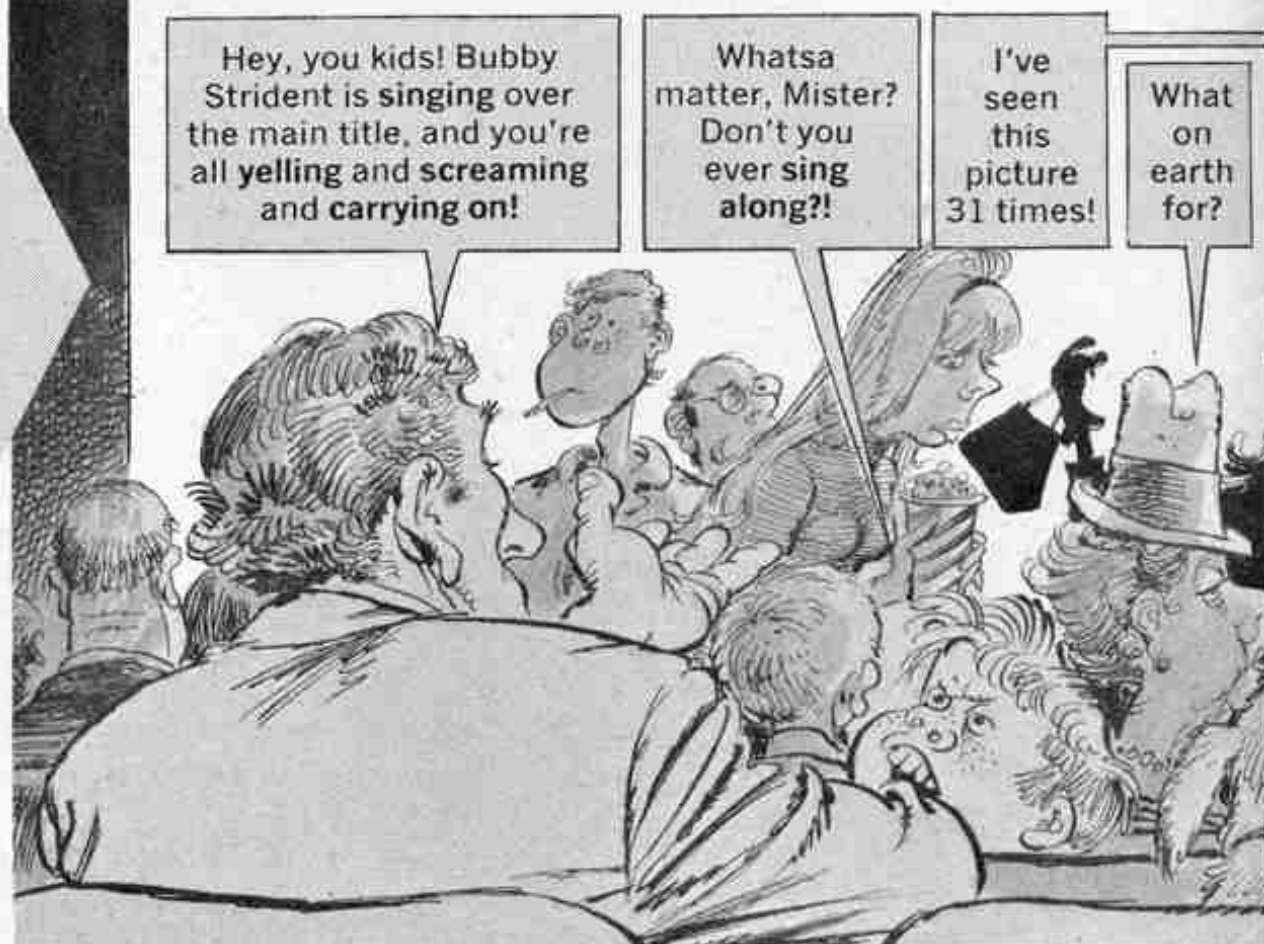


AS T. Byron Schmeer of Muncie, Indiana, once remarked to C. Fensterwick McCandless, of Hopatcong, New Jersey: "When you've seen one Barbra Streisand movie, you've seen them all!" With these immortal words ringing in our ears, we here at MAD now present, once and for all...

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ON A CLEAR GIRL SINGIN



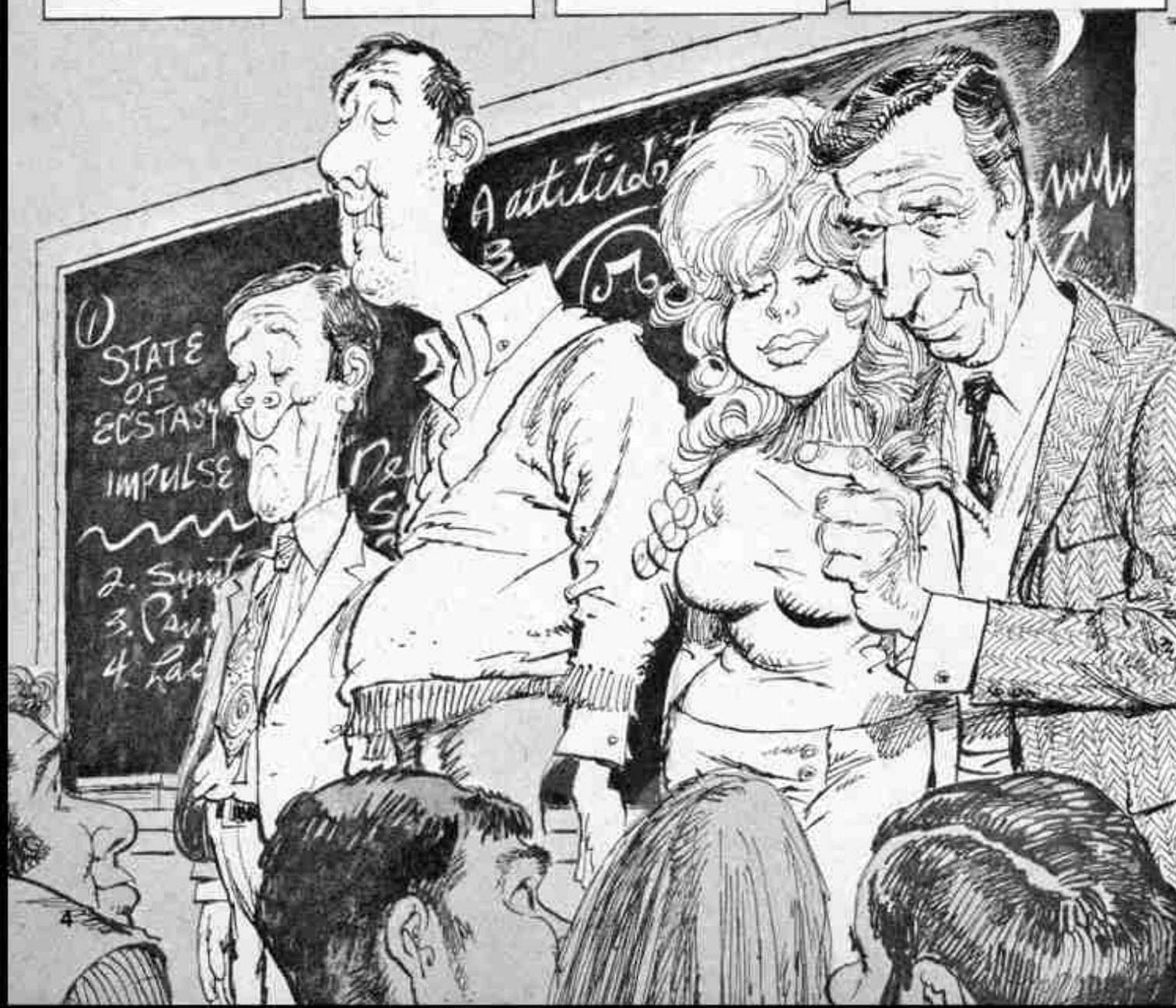
Class, I shall now demonstrate the scientific value of hypnosis by giving each of these subjects a post-hypnotic suggestion...

Mr. Jennings, when I clap my hands, you will awake, quack like a duck, jump like a frog, and eat like a horse...

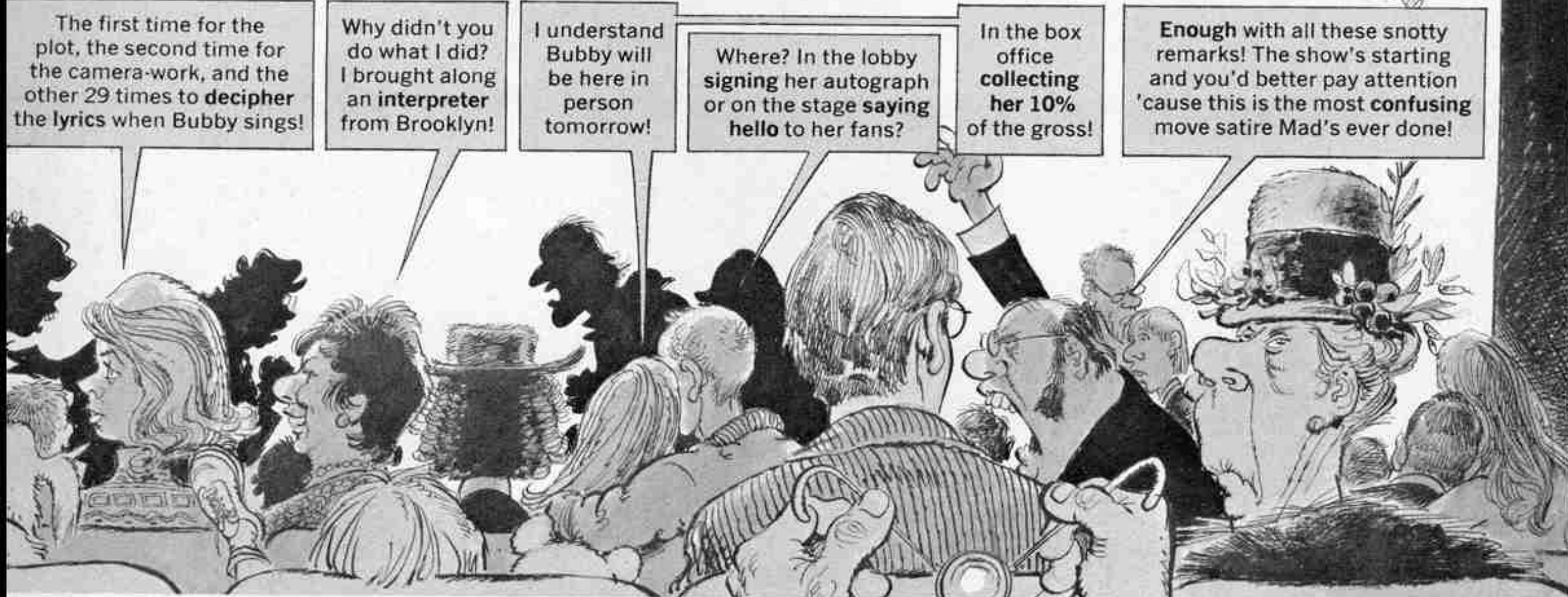
Mr. Cooper, when I clap my hands you will awake, think you are an airplane, fly out the window of this 10-story building, bounce twice, and die...

Miss Vavoom, when I clap my hands, you will awake, go to my apartment, slip into something comfortable, and wait for me in a state of trembling ecstasy! Ah, science!

Ah, this student is in the deepest hypnotic trance I've ever seen! Who are you? And please don't sing me your answer—I want to understand you!



DAY YOU CAN SEE A FUNNY G "HELLO DOLLY" FOREVER



In real life I'm Bubby Strident! But in my first two movie incarnations, I was Bubby Borscht in "Bubby Girl" and Bubby Liver in "Hello, Bubby!" Except that when I was them, it was the same as being me, because no matter what part I'm playing I'm always the same zany, freaky girl from Brooklyn! You see ...

**. In my queer way
I'm a big sensation
From my films in the past;*

*In my queer way—
Like re-incarnation—
I re-live every role
with a slightly new cast;*

*Yet I wonder
In this world that worships sex,
How such crowds I'm always drawing
when my films ain't rated "X"—*

*In my queer way,
In my queer way,
I'll go on forever, and ever, and ever
just cash-ing checks!*



Bubby, I want you to go back, back, back in time . . . back to your first movie, "Bubby Girl" . . . back to the next panel . . .

Here I am, working in this sleazy vaudeville house while I wait for my first big break in show business!

Hey there, Bubby! Care for a quick game of Go Fish between numbers?

I don't know who you are, but you're the most gorgeous creature I've ever seen!

Somebody in this picture had to be! I'm Nick Arsenic, big-time gambler and professional loser!

I knew you were a loser the first minute I saw you!

How?

You're in this picture, aren't you?

Mother, this is Nick Arsenic, a professional loser!

So long as he's a professional! Are you Jewish, Mr. Arsenic?

Actually, in real life I'm Omar Caliph, and I'm an Arab!

My daughter, the idiot!

Flo, take a look at your next big star!

You're right, I've never seen such gorgeous eyes, such a sexy profile, such a beautiful coiffure! I want you for my Follies!

Gee, thanks loads, Mr. Ziegfeld!

Not you! HIM!

Bubby, the orchestra is complaining that your singing drowns them out!

So add 20 shrill trumpets. That'll even it out!

It's not my orchestra that's complaining! It's the New York Philharmonic . . . over at Carnegie Hall!

Serves 'em right!
Look, Flo, when it
comes to singing,
you should know that...

* *Singing—*
My own kind of singing—
Is the best kind of singing
...in the world!

My screeching—
Means high notes I'm reaching,
And...when...
I can't recall the theme,
Out comes a piercing scream,
And when I'm through exhaling,
I'm wailing!

Lyrics—
By making clear the lyrics—
That's the worst kind of singing
...in the world!

I eschew it;
Let Julie Andrews do it!
I'm happy when I disguise
Each line with shrieks, sobs, and cries
And I find that each tune
Quite soon...

I have murdered with my singing!
My own kind of singing!
It's the best kind of singing in
...the...world!

* Sung to the tune of "People"

Now that I've married
you, Bubby, answer me
a question! Whatever
possessed me to do it?

It's all my fault! I was
sent back here through
hypnosis by a psychiatrist!

Do you think he
could send me back
to "Lawrence
of Arabia?"

Don't joke now, Nick! We're alone on
this ocean liner with the moon and the
stars casting their light on the
shimmering sea! Surely, there is some
tender sentiment you wish to express!

Peter
O'Toole
had
better
legs!

Our marriage is no good, Bubby!

I sort of **suspected**
that on the first night
of our honeymoon when
I sat up all night
while you played
"Steal the Old Man's
Bundle" with the steward!
But I won't let you go!

Even though
I've gambled
away our
house, our
car, and our
child?

I still
won't let
you go!

Even though
I'm a rotten
crook who's
been in-
dicted in a
phony bond
swindle?

I still won't
let you go!

Even
though
I **coughed**
during your
perform-
ance last
night?

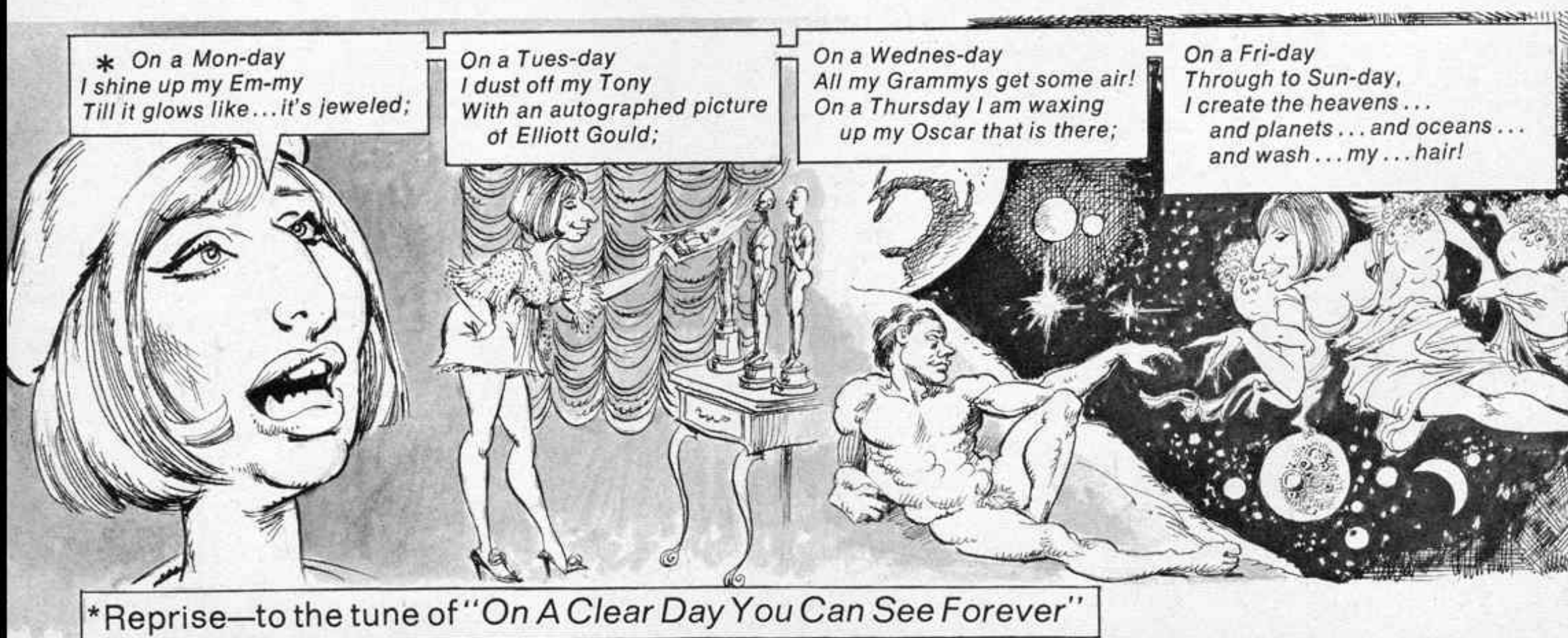
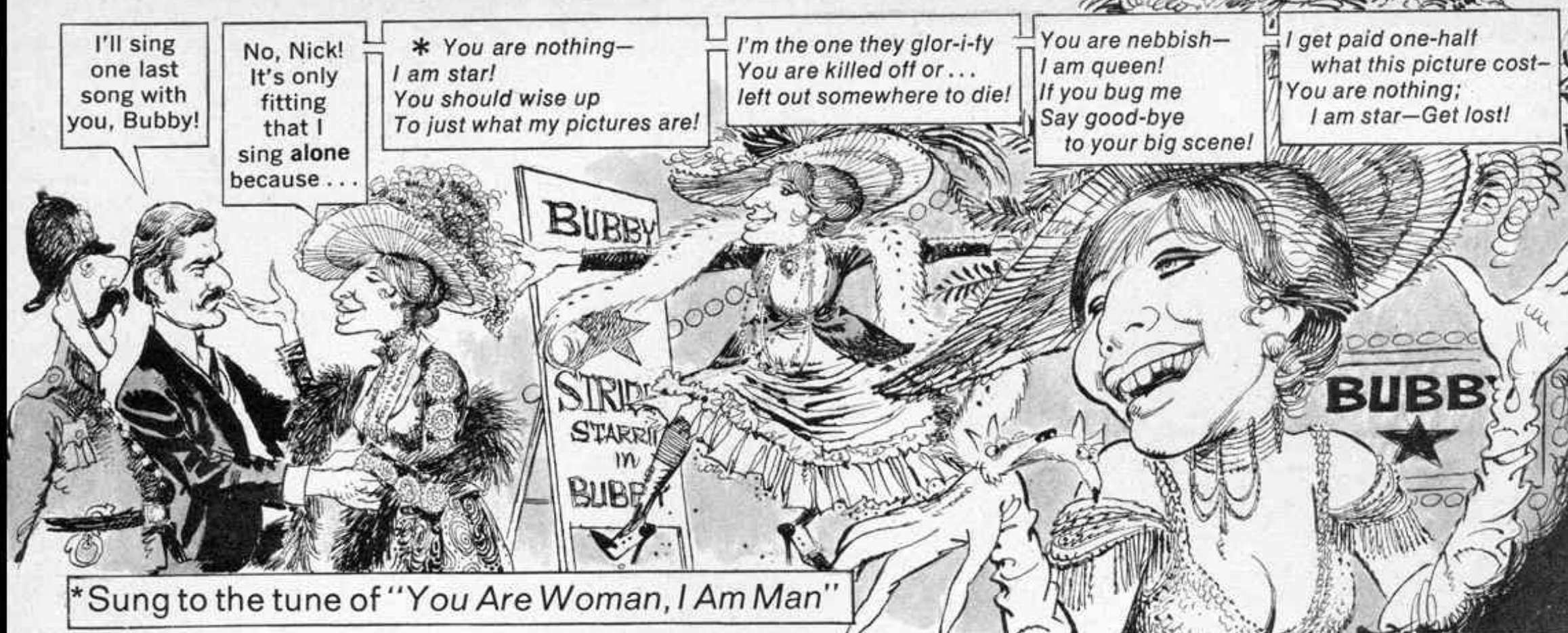
I'll pack
your bags!

How
does
the
defendant
plead?

Two to one
I'm guilty,
your
Honor!

You win! I
sentence you
to three to five
years in prison!

Make it
two to
five and
you're
on!



Have you discovered who the true "me" is yet?

Right now it's a toss-up between Phyllis Diller and Genghis Khan. But we'll know more after you go back in time again—this time to your movie incarnation in "Hello, Bubby!"

Isn't this "Hello, Bubby" set corny and old-fashioned?

That's nothing! Wait'll you hear the score!

Horror, I want to move in with you, straighten up your messy house, and cook, clean, and sew for you!

I tried that once, but I didn't like it!

Who with?

Jack Lemmon in "The Odd Couple"



Horror, here we are in the big Parade Number which features thousands of marchers and onlookers and eats up another 20 minutes of the insipid plot! I guess we'd better fill it up with bright and witty dialogue!

Did I ever tell you my bathtub joke?

It has a very familiar ring!

Why was Michelangelo a failure?

He laid down on the job!

What do you think of vivisectionists?

One day I want to do a college musical!

Everybody loves a cut-up!

That should be a riot!



Spritz, der Harmonica Gardens vill be honored tonight by der presence of our all-time favorite personality! I vill giff you three guesses who it is!

Is it Boss Tweed?

You're close! Der Kaiser?

You're closer! George Jessel?

No, dumkoff! Tonight Bubby is coming!



For her we're supposed to get excited?

Not for her, shtupid! The title song!

He's right! In a one-song show, what else is there to get excited about? Give us a "G," Satchmo...



* Hello, Bubby!
In this show, Bubby,
You're that funny girl from Brooklyn
like before!

Each film's the same, Bubby
'Cept the name, Bubby!
All this hashing and re-hashing is
a crashing bore!

You've milked it dry, Bubby!
Let it die, Bubby!
We all pray that
you won't say you'll
do one more!

Oh...
We're all agreed, Bubby—
One more we need, Bubby—
Bubby, like we need
the Vietnam War!

* Sung to the tune of "24 million dollars!"

Now that you've
seen both "Bubby
Girl" and "Hello,
Bubby", what do
you make of this
reincarnation bit?

I see three things! One, that
no matter the time or the
place, you'll always be the
same Bubby! Two, that by
playing this part I've damaged
my career irreparably!

What's three?

That my big mistake was
not listening to my
consultants and sending
you so far back in time
you couldn't come back!

Who
are
your
consultants,
anyway?

We are, Bubby—the
actors, directors,
producers and
composers of your
pictures!

And if
you won't
make the
trip, we
will!

Nobody's going
anywhere, because
there's one thing
you've forgotten...

* In New York,
In L.A.—
I command;
You obey;
'Cause I'm worth
Ev'ry day,
A buck to you!

Scrap that scene!
Add new clothes!
Drop that song!
Film my nose!
'Cause I'm worth,
Heaven knows,
A buck to you!

I'm the queen
Of show-biz!
And right here's where it is
'Cause I'm out-grossing Liz!
I'm so fab
I may grab
Burton, too!

Kiss my hand!
Kiss my feet!
I don't sing—
You don't eat!

'Cause I bring in the dough—
If I leave, there's no show—
And I'm worth, you should know,
A buck to you!

PAYROLL
CASHIER

* Sung to the tune of "Come Back To Me"



ORDURE OF THE DAY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN

It's true, as we've heard wise men say,
That every dog must have his day,
In cities, though, each day we rue
How many dogs have had their do.

The streets are spattered all through town
With beagle beige and boxer brown;
Though litter we're taught not to strew,
Still every dog's allowed his do.

The tree-lined parks give off a scent
Of, mainly, canine excrement,
Which clings to him who wears the shoe
That steps where dogs have had their do.

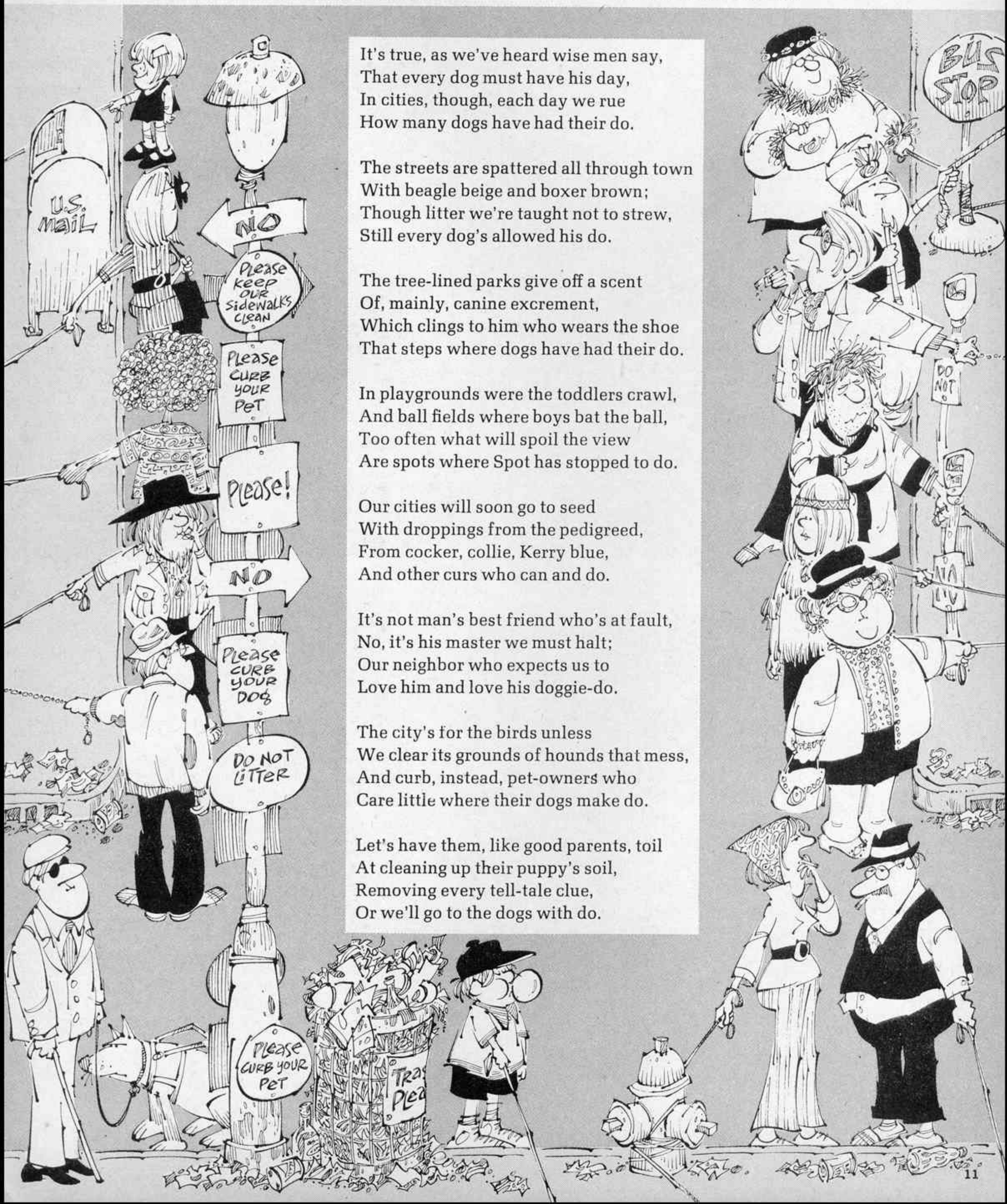
In playgrounds were the toddlers crawl,
And ball fields where boys bat the ball,
Too often what will spoil the view
Are spots where Spot has stopped to do.

Our cities will soon go to seed
With droppings from the pedigreed,
From cocker, collie, Kerry blue,
And other curs who can and do.

It's not man's best friend who's at fault,
No, it's his master we must halt;
Our neighbor who expects us to
Love him and love his doggie-do.

The city's for the birds unless
We clear its grounds of hounds that mess,
And curb, instead, pet-owners who
Care little where their dogs make do.

Let's have them, like good parents, toil
At cleaning up their puppy's soil,
Removing every tell-tale clue,
Or we'll go to the dogs with do.





DOUBLE-TAKES DEPT.

NIXON & ASSE



... The New Left



... Conservatives



... The N.A.A.C.P.



... Each Other



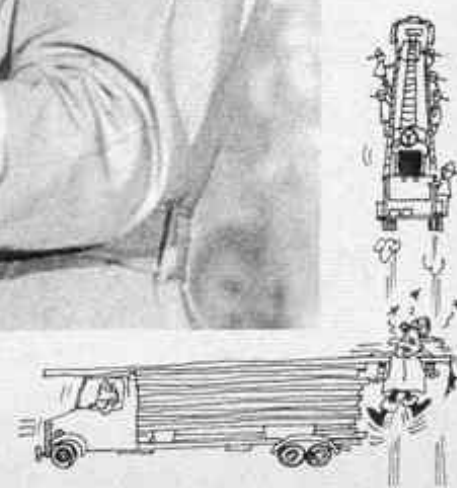
A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with short, light-colored hair, possibly graying. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a dark necktie. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the left of the camera. The background is a dark, textured gray.

PHOTOS BY:
UPI AND
WORLD WIDE



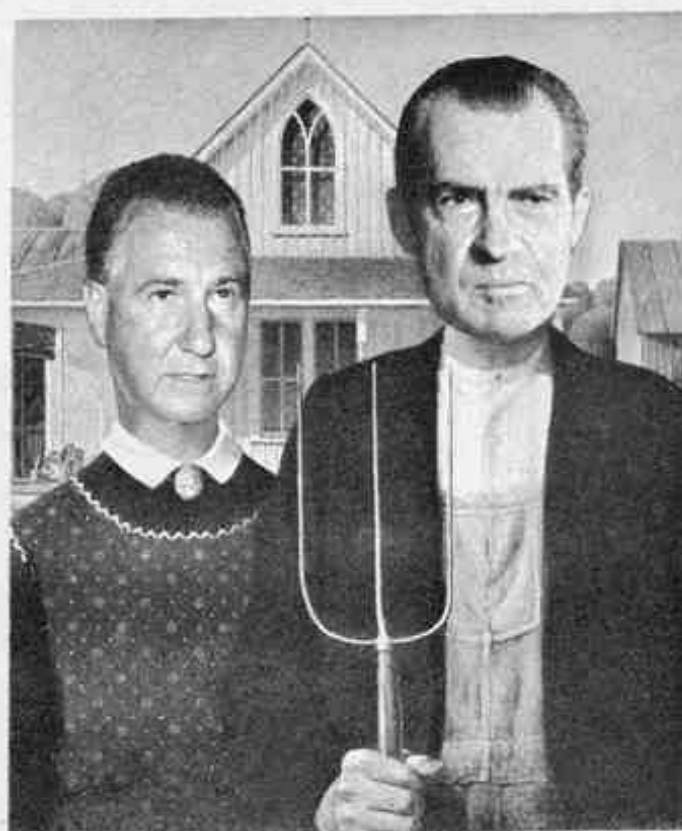
A black and white photograph of two men in trench coats and fedoras, holding pistols, likely the characters from the movie 'The Untouchables'. The man on the left is older, with a serious expression, looking slightly to the left. The man on the right is younger, with a slight smile, looking towards the camera. Both are holding dark-colored pistols. The background is dark and out of focus.

... The Communist World





... Underdeveloped Nations



... Liberals



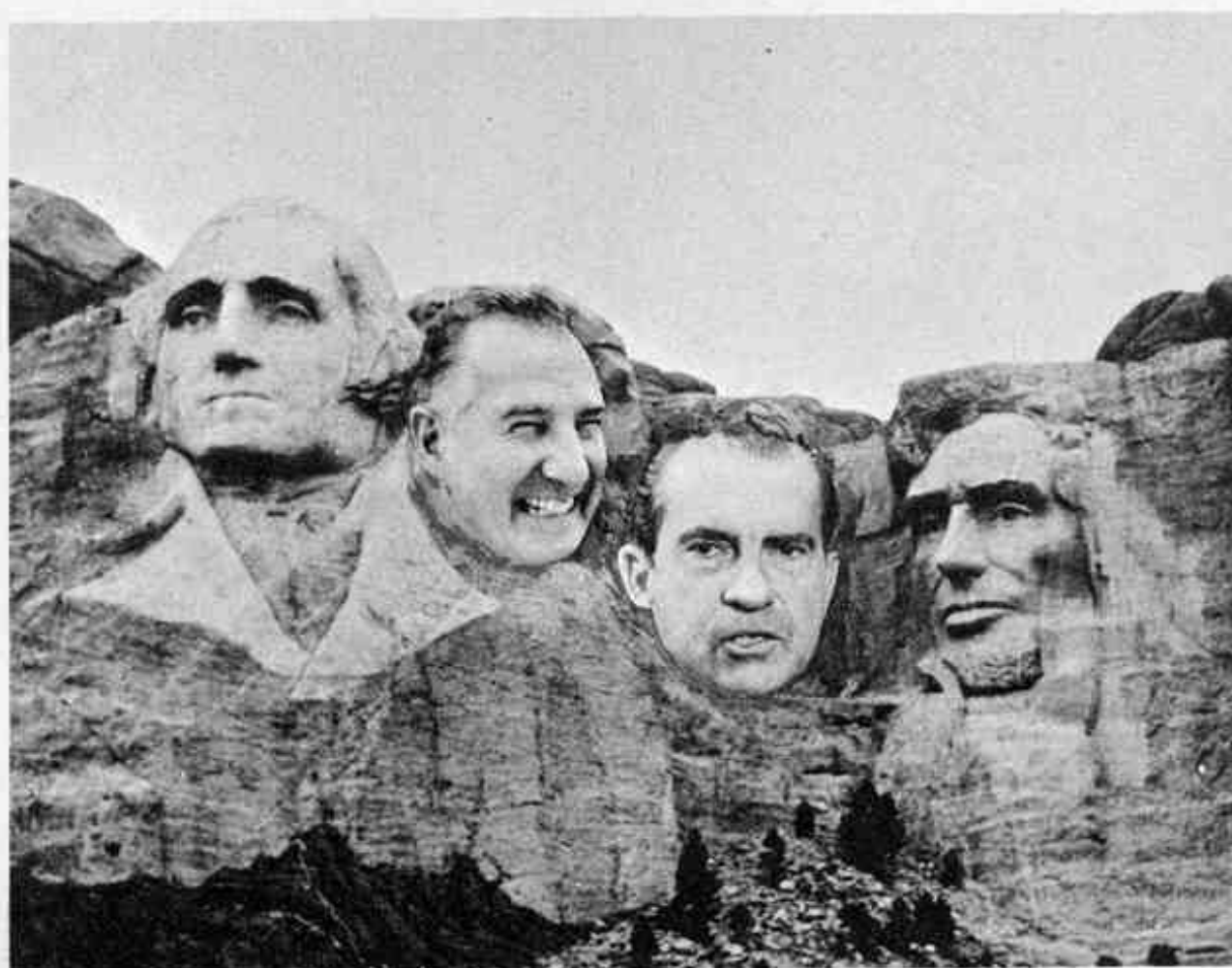
... Intellectuals



... Six-Year-Olds

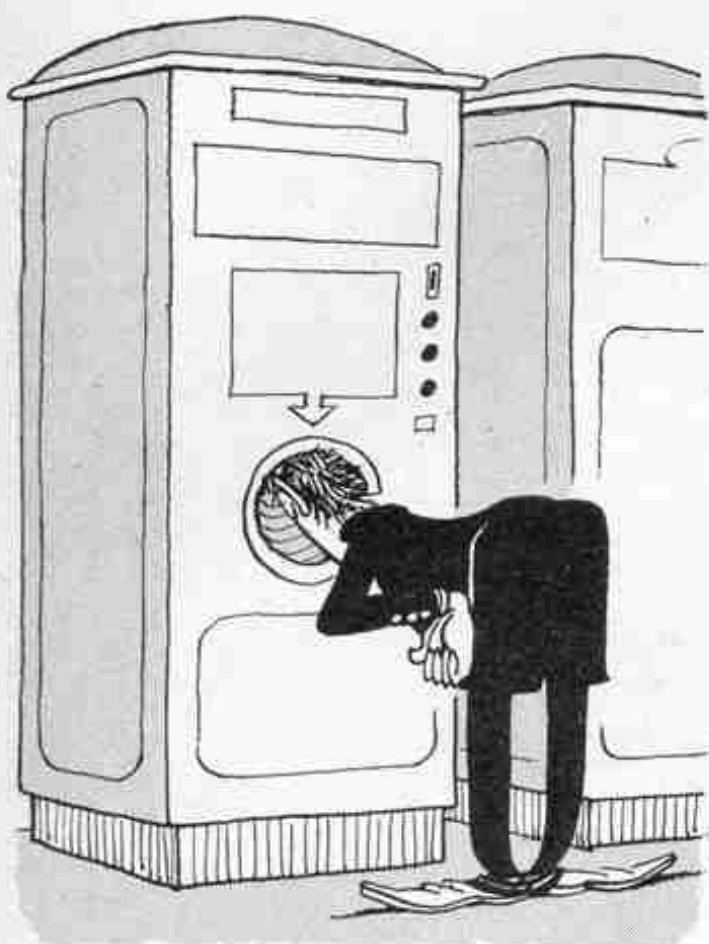


... College Students



... Themselves

ONE DAY IN A BUS DEPOT





SUMMER COME LOUDER DEPT.

Years ago kids would go to any camp their parents would choose for them. It didn't really matter which one—all camps were alike. They all had Indian-sounding names and the ads for them usually looked something like this...

in summer camping and
e boys and girls. 8-18.

mpfires supervised by
perienced counselors—

WA HAS EVERYTHING!!

the rugged life of
Camp Waywanda

the Geronimo Mountains,
ne friendly Dungmoo tribe
p Beri-Beri stands proudly,
in summer camping and
ive boys and girls. 8-18.

- Bead threading
- Wallet making
- Clay moulding

All-American sports program:

- Ring-toss courts on premises
- Pin the tail on the donkey
- Tag

r: Latrines have been placed far
o that all can learn to appreciate
ure whether they want to or not!

Mess Hall Privileges!

**CAMP WAYWANDA
HAS EVERYTHING!!**

the rugged life of
CAMP UNMAYGO

Nature walks daily
All-American
sports program
Campfires

supervised by experienced counselors—
Mess Hall Privileges!

Nature walks daily: Latrines have been placed far
out in the woods so that all can learn to appreciate
the wonders of nature whether they want to or not!

CAMP MOWAYNISIC HAS EVERYTHING!!

You'll love the rugged life of
Camp Geronimo

Deep in the heart of the Beri-Beri Mountains,
on the very ground the friendly Dungmoo tribe
was massacred on, Camp Geronimo stands proudly,
offering the very best in summer camping and
vacation fun for active boys and girls. 8-18.

Excitement beyond belief: All-American sports program:

- Bead threading
- Wallet making
- Clay moulding
- Ring-toss courts on premises
- Pin the tail on the donkey
- Tag

Nature walks daily: Latrines have been placed far
out in the woods so that all can learn to appreciate
the wonders of nature whether they want to or not!

Mess Hall Privileges!

Campfires supervised by experienced counselors
Forest-fire fighting supervised by experienced
Forest Rangers

CAMP GERONIMO HAS EVERYTHING!!

You'll love the rugged life of
CAMP HOUSATONIC

Deep in the heart of the Dungmoo Mountains,
on the very ground the friendly Beri-Beri tribe
was massacred on, Camp

All-American sports program:

- Excitement beyond
- Bead threading
 - Wallet making
 - Clay moulding

**CAMP
RONANDA
HAS
EVERYTHING!!**

You'll love the rugged life of
Camp Pasumsic

Deep in the heart of the B
on the very ground the frien
was massacred on, Camp Pasun
offering the very best in sun
vacation fun for active boy

Excitement beyond belief:

- Bead threading
- Wallet making
- Clay moulding

All-American sports program:

- Ring-toss courts on premises
- Pin the tail on the donkey
- Tag

Nature walks daily: Latrines have
out in the woods so that all can lea
the wonders of nature whether they

Mess Hall Privileges!

**CAMP PASUMSIC
HAS EVERYTHING!!**

You'll love the rugged life of
CAMP KIE-CROO

Deep in the heart of the
on the very ground the fri
was massacred on, Camp Ger
offering the very best in s

And like that! But the "camp scene" has changed considerably, so naturally the ads have changed as well. Smart businessmen have realized that there's another kind of green in those hills besides poison ivy—namely MONEY—as long as the tastes and interests of today's over-indulged youth is catered to. There are now camps that specialize in riding, music, scuba-diving, art, dieting, foreign languages, you name it! Better still, we'll name it with



SPECIALIZED CAMP ADS WE'RE BOUND TO SEE

CAMP

Camp

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and food.
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olf ■ Outdoor
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lighted tennis
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WRITE FOR
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stage craft;
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New Brochure
on Request

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& Girls 5-16

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CAMP

CAMP

ONE OF NEW ENGLAND'S FINEST PRIVATE CAMPS

Hate the dark? Dread heights? Have a fear of water? Afraid of your own shadow? Then

Camp Yellow-Streak

IS THE PLACE FOR YOU!

Guaranteed "bully-free" premises!
Has all these wonderful features:

Mattress UNDER each bed for those who prefer sleeping there
Cabins, dining rooms and grounds fully lit 24 hours a day
Unpenetrable wire mesh windows to keep out flies, mosquitoes, witches and ghosts.
Olympic-size pool with a maximum two foot depth.

No intimidating contests or rough competitions—the "Best Camper Award" goes to the camper who "Misses mommy most".



So be sure to pack your security blanket in a bag and bring it along with you to

Camp Yellow-Streak

Spineless Drive, Chicken, Montana



Attention Momsy and Daddykins! Busy summer ahead? Island hopping? Jet-Setting? Making the scene with the 400? Get your fat, little heir to



CAMP LOOK-DOWN-YOUR-NOSE

Reserve a private suite with sleep-in counsellor now!*

Breakfast (in bed) is served ten-ish, lunch is two-ish, high tea is four-ish and dinner... eight-ish.

Meals range from everyday-ish (Chateaubriand, Pâté de Foie Gras, etc.) to gourmet-ish — complete with a wine cellar planned by *Sommelier* William M. Gaines.

Sports program featuring polo, yachting, grouse hunting, falconry, squash and monopoly (with real money).

Limousine service to and from the swimming pool. You may hire someone to swim for him at moderate prices.

We offer the mostest in modern snobbery! Including a field trip each week to a "typical" middle class camp where your child can ridicule, taunt and intimidate others his age from less fortunate backgrounds!



Naturally, your child has the power to fire anyone on the premises!



CAMP LOOK-DOWN-YOUR-NOSE

Nob Hill, Upper crust, Connecticut

*Those not listed in The Social Register need not apply!

ROCKETRY • HAM RADIO • SCIENCE •

The ESTABLISHMENT got you down? PROTEST—until your parents let you join the march to

Camp Happy-Hippy

NO WASHING NO TELEVISION
NO RULES NO REGULATIONS

Camp Happy-Hippy is equipped with only two beds, so only the first 400 applicants will be accepted! NO ORGANIZED ACTIVITIES! Come and do YOUR THING! If you don't have a thing to do—come anyway—we'll give you one! Take exciting trips without ever leaving the wild premises of far out...

Camp Happy-Hippy

BOX LSD—BIG SUR, CALIFORNIA

"Guru on the premises"

Does your child watch television all winter, spring, and fall? Then why break his routine for the summer?

SEND HIM TO

CAMP IDIOT-BOX

where everything is in living color!

Underwater TV in the pool... Closed circuit TV in the infirmary...

Educational TV in the john... TV Guide in the library...

And, of course, TV DINNERS for every meal!

Sing-a-long campfires every Saturday night with lyrics from every TV commercial for the last 10 years provided free!!!

PARTICIPATE in toothpaste tests, laundry detergent dramatizations and all the other wonderful things that commercials can offer you that real life can't!

GUEST SPEAKERS include: Josephine the Plumber, The Doublemint Twins, The Original Cast from the "House-atosis" Commercial!

Let CAMP IDIOT-BOX be your own summer re-run!

Write care of Vast Wasteland, Network, Arizona

If your child loves ice cream, cake, candy—then he'll "eat up" **Camp Sweets**

in the heart of the CONFECTIONARY HILLS

- 12 complete meals* are served each day—plus, between meal snacks!
- Each child has choice of private room or living in the dining room!
- 3 SWIMMING POOLS! Vanilla, chocolate and strawberry!
- All buildings made out of gingerbread!
- 6 Resident dentists to provide free dental care and lollipops!
- Stomach pumps and various "tummy ache" medicine dispensers located throughout the camp premises!

Camp Sweets

Barton Lane,
Barricini, Oregon

*Typical complete meal:

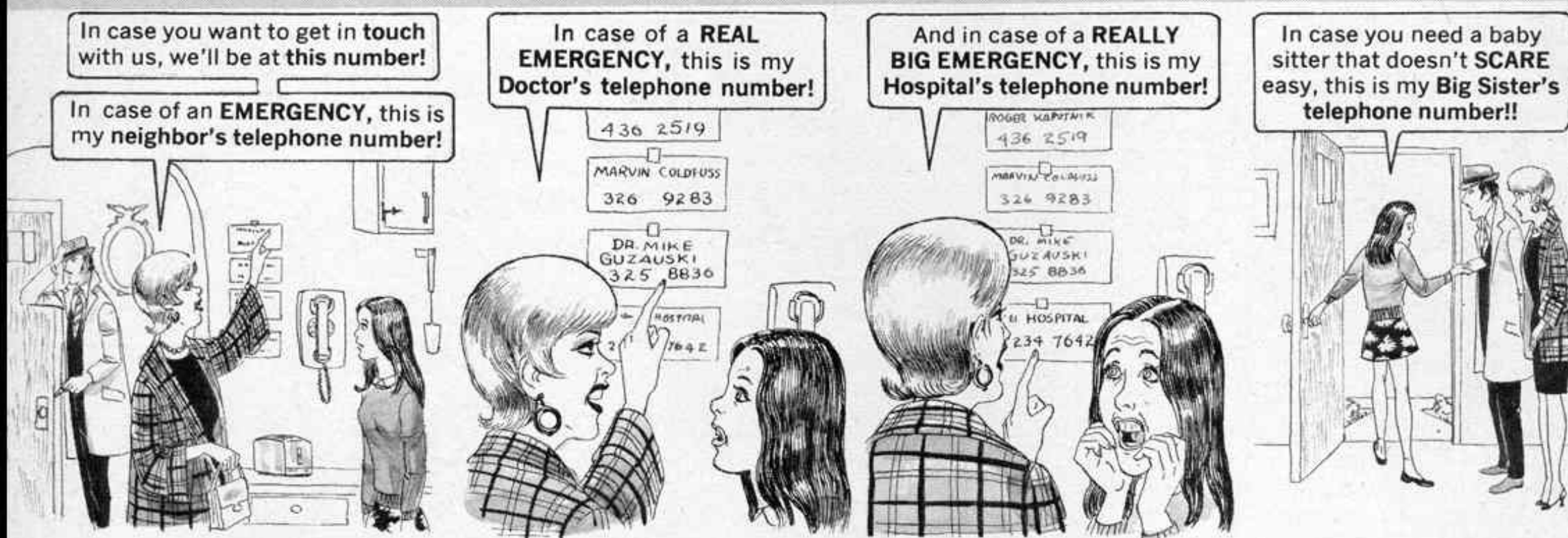
Caramel Soup, Walnuts on the Half Shell, Chocolate Turkey with Marshmallow Stuffing, Candied Yams, Buttered Popcorn, Jelly Bean Salad PLUS an enormous choice of over a hundred and seventy DESSERTS!

CAMP WAY NOR

CAMP MERE GLEN for Girls

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

BABY



SITTING



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

We need a baby sitter tonight! I think I'll call Karen! She's very good with the children!

Oh, no! Not Karen! She raids the refrigerator and eats up all my cheese!

I'd call Nancy—but knowing her, she'll finish off the roast beef I prepared for tomorrow!

And don't call Jane! She always goes to my liquor cabinet!

Tell you what . . . call Sally!

But she's just terrible with the children!

True! But at least, she's on a diet!!



Hey! Where's my little girl?

Your "little" girl is now a "big" girl! Tonight, she's on her first job as a baby sitter!

My little girl—a baby sitter!? Why, just a little while ago, we were hiring baby sitters for her!

Then, there was that terrible in-between period when she resented having a sitter and we sat home!

Gee, do you know what this means?! We're free to go out tonight!!

Not exactly!

She calls here every fifteen minutes . . . asking what to do!



That's all I need—for your parents to come home and find you're still awake! Go to sleep, you little brat!

NO!!

Darn you! You're a fast little stinker! Will you stop running around so I can catch you and put you to sleep?!

NO!!

Okay, go ahead and run! Run all you like! This is all working in my favor anyhow! Pretty soon, you'll knock yourself out! Then you'll go to sleep with no trouble!

Z Z Z Z Z Z!



I'm so exhausted, I can't move... and the house is such a God-awful mess!

I know, dear...

That's why I'm taking you OUT tonight—so you can forget the dishes and the mess and relax! I called Mrs. Walker to come over and baby-sit!

YOU DID?!

Wow! You don't have to shout! A simple "thank you" will suffice!

Yeah! Thank you a HEAP!!

That Mrs. Walker is the biggest blabber-mouth in town! Now, I gotta work like a dog to clean up this mess before she gets here!!

It's so nice to get away from everything for two whole weeks with just my Husband!

But aren't you a Mother?!

I sure am! I've been a Mother three times! There's Lori... and Scott... and Jerry!!

Then... who's taking care of your children?

MY Mother!

After all, what are Mothers FOR... but to take care of children?!

So tell me... this Mrs. Flynn you baby sat for tonight... she isn't as good a housekeeper as I am, is she?

Are you kidding?! She's so immaculate, even her garbage is clean!

Oh, really? So tell me... her taste in house furnishings... it isn't as good as mine, is it?

Her house is so gorgeous that "Home Beautiful" ran photos of it!

You don't say! So tell me... the food she left for you... she isn't as good a cook as I am, is she?

The food was delicious! As a matter of fact, she does **EVERYTHING** better than you, Mom!

SO WHO ASKED YOU?!

Weed me a book!

I can't read you a book now! I've got to study for an exam! Go play with your toys!

WEED ME A BOOK!

Okay! Okay! You asked for it! You want me to read you a book? Boy, am I gonna read you a book!

"In general, a counting number n is divisible by a counting number t if and only if there is a counting number k such that $n = txk$. If n is divisible by t , then n is a multiple of t and t is a factor of n . For example, 6 is a multiple of 2, and 2 is a factor of 6..."

And did they live happily ever after??

I'm leaving now! I'll be sitting for the Tobins! They're the ones with the cute little two-year-old they call "Big Bill" because he's so tiny!



If any of the fellas should call, whatever you do, **DON'T TELL THEM I'M BABY SITTING!**



Fellas think that only the **dateless** girls baby sit on Saturday nights! So tell them I'm out with a boy!



I'm not going to **LIE** for you!



Who's asking you to lie?!



Just tell them I'm with a boy named "**Big Bill**"!



I wanna stay up late an' watch TV!

No, you can't!



When **Kathy** baby sat for me, she let me stay up late an' watch TV! An' when **Mary Ann** baby sat for me, she let me stay up late an' watch TV!



An' when **Virginia** baby sat for me, she let me stay up late an' watch TV!



Then why didn't your Mommy call Kathy or Mary Ann or Virginia to baby sit for you tonight?



Because she found out that they let me stay up late an' watch TV!



MOMMY! MOMMY! Sob! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HOME! **Sob!** THE BABY SITTER HIT ME! **Sob!**



SHE'S A BIG MEAN OL' BULLY WHO HATES POOR LI'L HELPLESS KIDS! WAAHHH!



My goodness! What did you do to make her mistreat you like that?



If I —sob! —tell you ...

... then you'll hit me, too!



Who were you talking to on the phone for so long?



These people that I don't even know were asking me to baby sit for them!



WHAT?! Do you think I'm going to let my little girl go to a **strange** house without knowing something about the **people?!**



Are they **decent**? Are they **religious**? Or do they **drink**? Are they on **narcotics**? Do they have **wild sex orgies**?



That's why I was on the phone so long!



They wanted to know the same things about **US**!



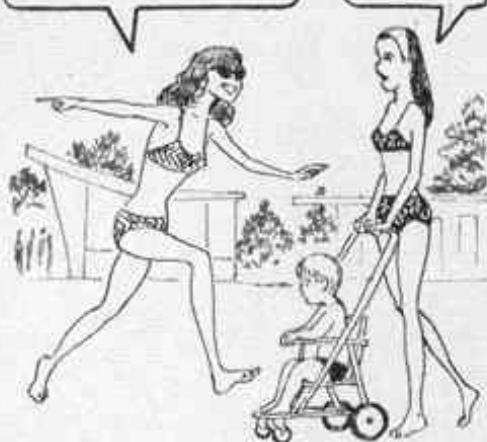
Look at that! My little Naomi has her first baby sitting job! She's grown up at last! Now, I can relax and enjoy my leisure time with no children around to worry about!

Naomi! Naomi!! The Doyles have invited us on their cruiser! Let's go...

I can't! I'm baby sitting!

But this is one chance in a million!!

Mama... what'll I do?!



While you were out, Mrs. Ginko called and asked if you could baby sit for them on Saturday night!

I wouldn't work for them if theirs was the last baby sitting job in the world!!

You mean because they have four bratty hard-to-handle kids?

Nahhh! I can cope with that! It's something worse!

You mean because they live in a scary out-of-the-way place?

Nahhh! I can cope with that, too! It's something even worse!

They don't have a color television set! THAT, I simply cannot cope with!



I'm glad you called me back, Amy! Sorry I had to hang up on you so suddenly, but I thought I heard Mrs. Barton at the door! The one thing she really hates is to come home and catch me on the phone!



I mean, so what if I make a few phone calls while I'm baby sitting for her? Okay, so I spend the whole night on the phone! I mean, what's the big problem, anyway?!



This is Mrs. Barton... and the big problem is, I can't call and check to see how my children are when the line is constantly busy!!



Truthfully, I really hate to baby sit! I'm actually terrorized!

I know what you mean! There are all the things that go bump in the night, like creaky floors...

... and rattling windows and groaning air conditioners and squeaky heating systems and doorbells that ring and you're afraid to answer...

... and strange noises and obscene telephone calls! Boy, are those things ever terrorizing!

I'm not talking about those things! What REALLY terrorizes me is THE KIDS!!



David Berg



MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS



DOVES



PRIVATE DOVES

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



Mother's Day will soon be on us and many of us will be sending the appropriate cards. But what about all those members of the "extremist" side of the Generation Gap? What kind of cards will *they* be sending to *their* mothers? From the nature of this question, it should be pretty clear to you by now that MAD has the answer, namely—

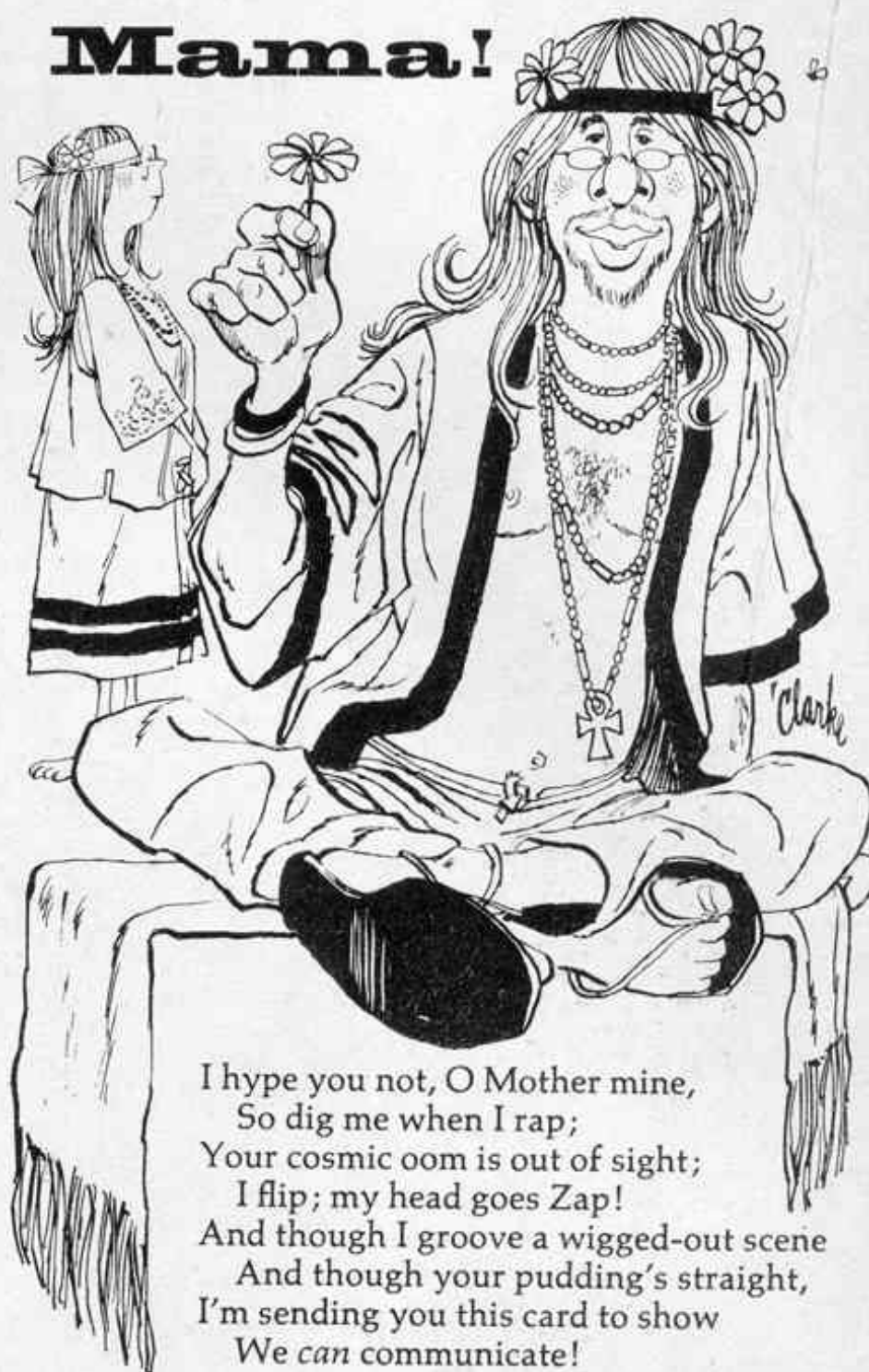
MOTHER'S DAY CARDS

FROM THE
"NOW"

GENERATION

From a Hippie

Mama!

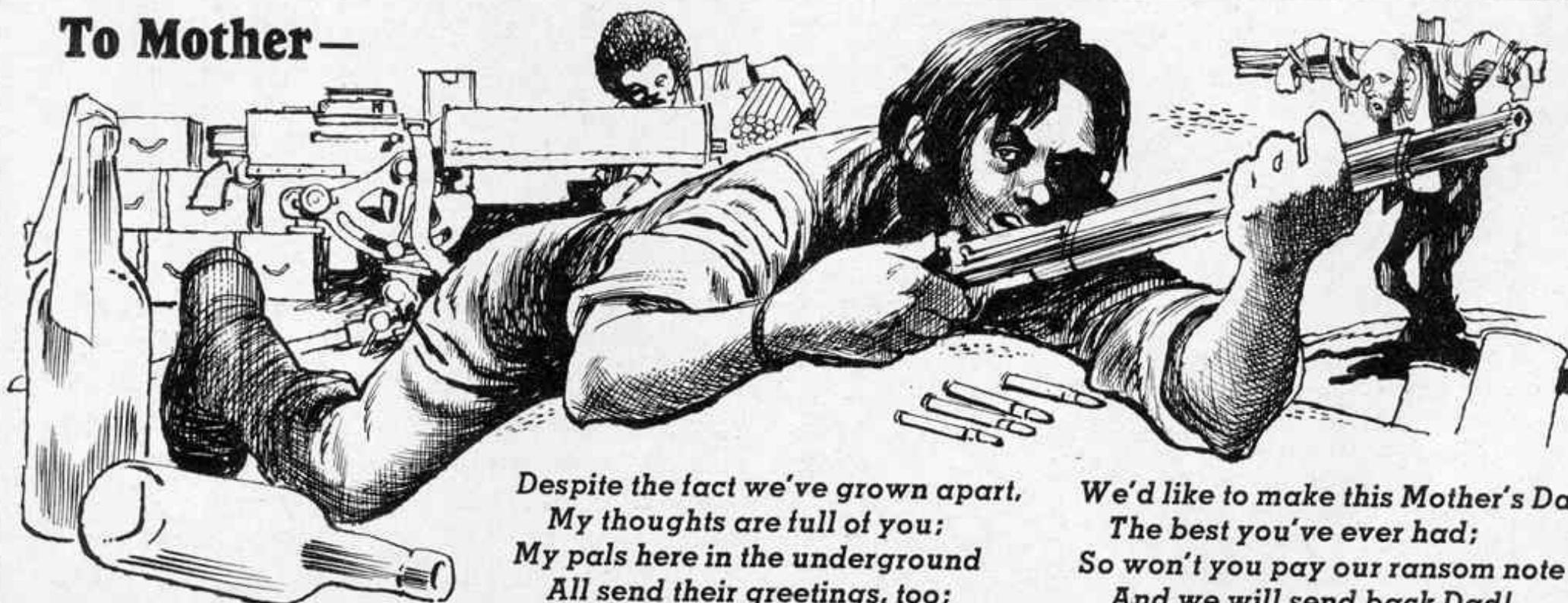


I hype you not, O Mother mine,
So dig me when I rap;
Your cosmic oom is out of sight;
I flip; my head goes Zap!
And though I groove a wiggled-out scene
And though your pudding's straight,
I'm sending you this card to show
We can communicate!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

From a Militant Revolutionary

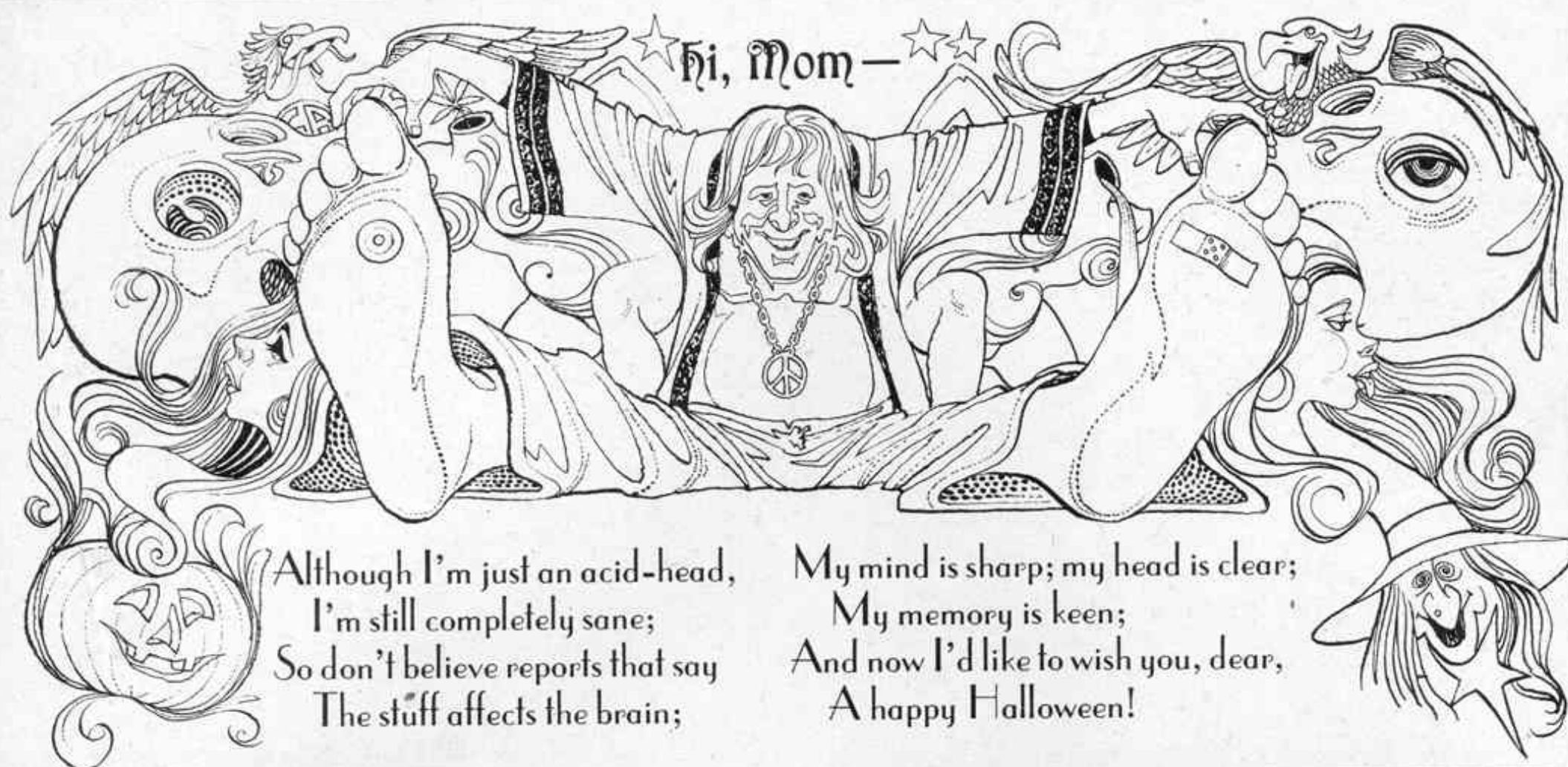
To Mother—



Despite the fact we've grown apart,
My thoughts are full of you;
My pals here in the underground
All send their greetings, too;

We'd like to make this Mother's Day
The best you've ever had;
So won't you pay our ransom note
And we will send back Dad!

From an Acid-Head



Although I'm just an acid-head,
I'm still completely sane;
So don't believe reports that say
The stuff affects the brain;

My mind is sharp; my head is clear;
My memory is keen;
And now I'd like to wish you, dear,
A happy Halloween!

From a Radical Rabble-Rouser

Right on, Mom!



I bait the pigs with language foul;
I have a filthy style;
I only shout four-letter words;
I'm dirty, crude and vile;
In case you think, O Mother dear,
My words are a disgrace—
I learned them from those games of bridge
When Father trumped your ace!

From a Draft-Dodger

Dearest Mom—

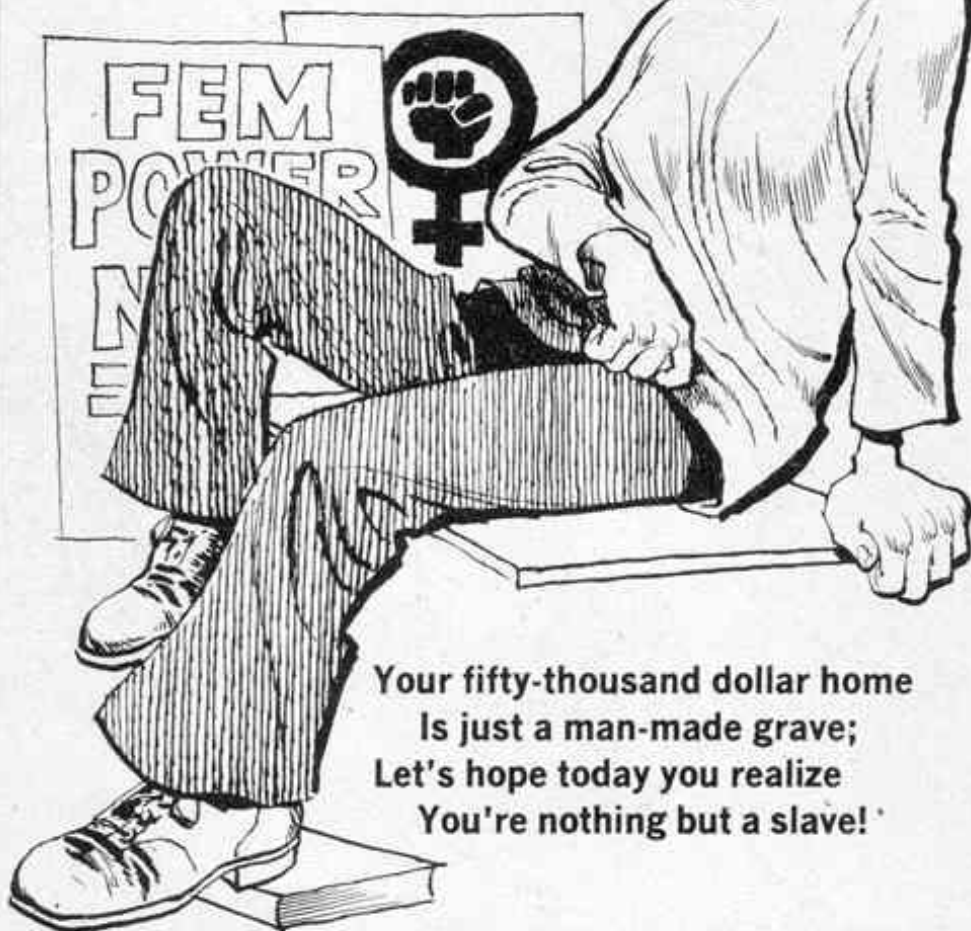


You spoon-fed me when I was young;
You loved me and caressed me;
You helped me learn to walk and talk;
You combed my hair and dressed me;
But what I really thank you for
With gratitude emphatic--
Is hiding me the past three years
Up here inside the attic!

From a Women's Lib Activist

Mother!

Your diamond bracelet is a chain
That men use to oppress us;
Your sable coat is proof of how
Men buy us and possess us;



Your fifty-thousand dollar home
Is just a man-made grave;
Let's hope today you realize
You're nothing but a slave!

From a Black Militant

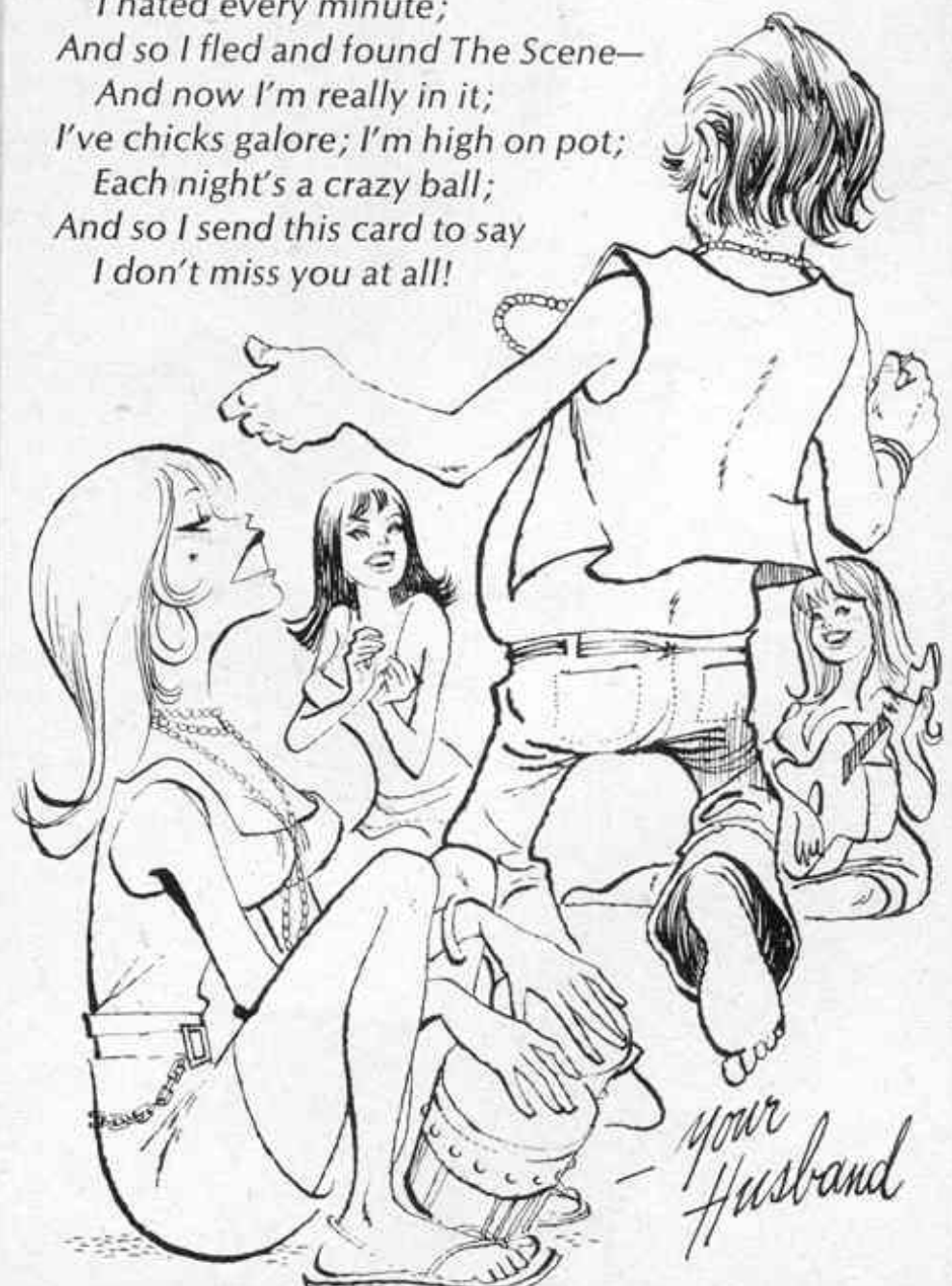


Happy Day, MUTHUH!

From a Runaway from Home

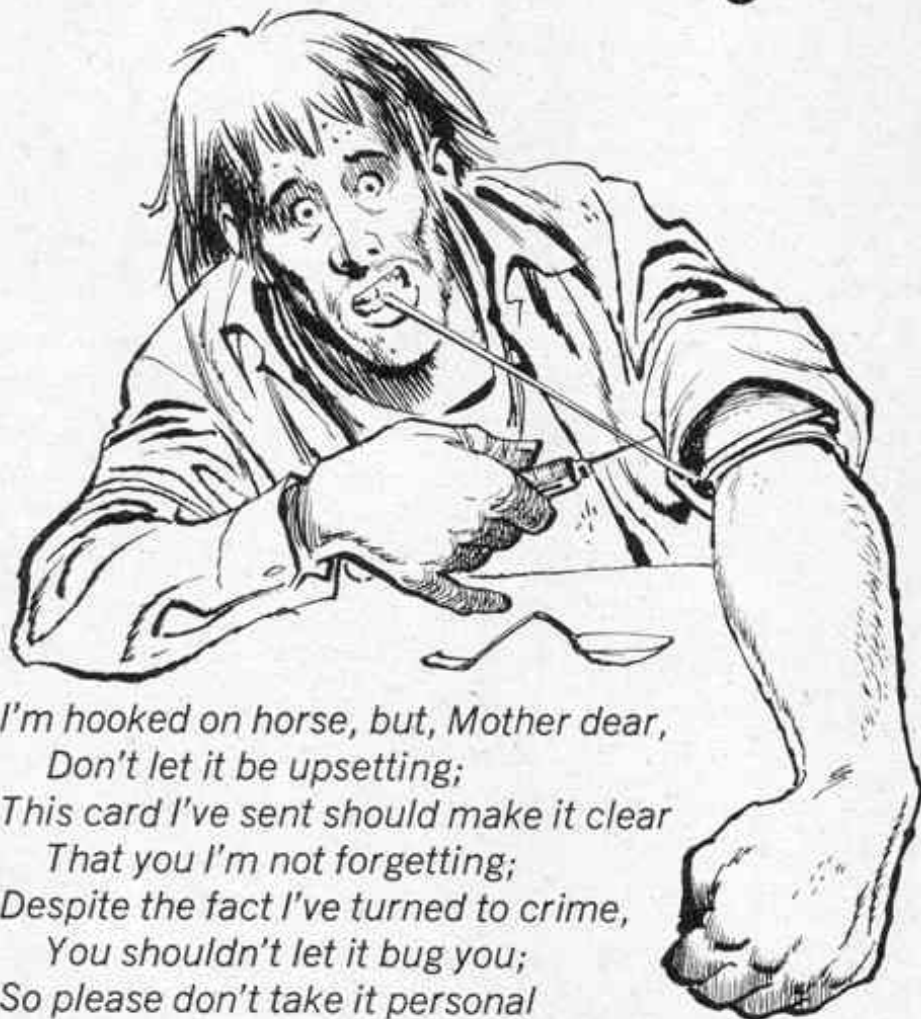
Happy Mother's Day!

You nagged me when I lived at home;
I hated every minute;
And so I fled and found The Scene—
And now I'm really in it;
I've chicks galore; I'm high on pot;
Each night's a crazy ball;
And so I send this card to say
I don't miss you at all!



From a Junkie

Happy Mother's Day!



I'm hooked on horse, but, Mother dear,
Don't let it be upsetting;
This card I've sent should make it clear
That you I'm not forgetting;
Despite the fact I've turned to crime,
You shouldn't let it bug you;
So please don't take it personal
This evening when I mug you!

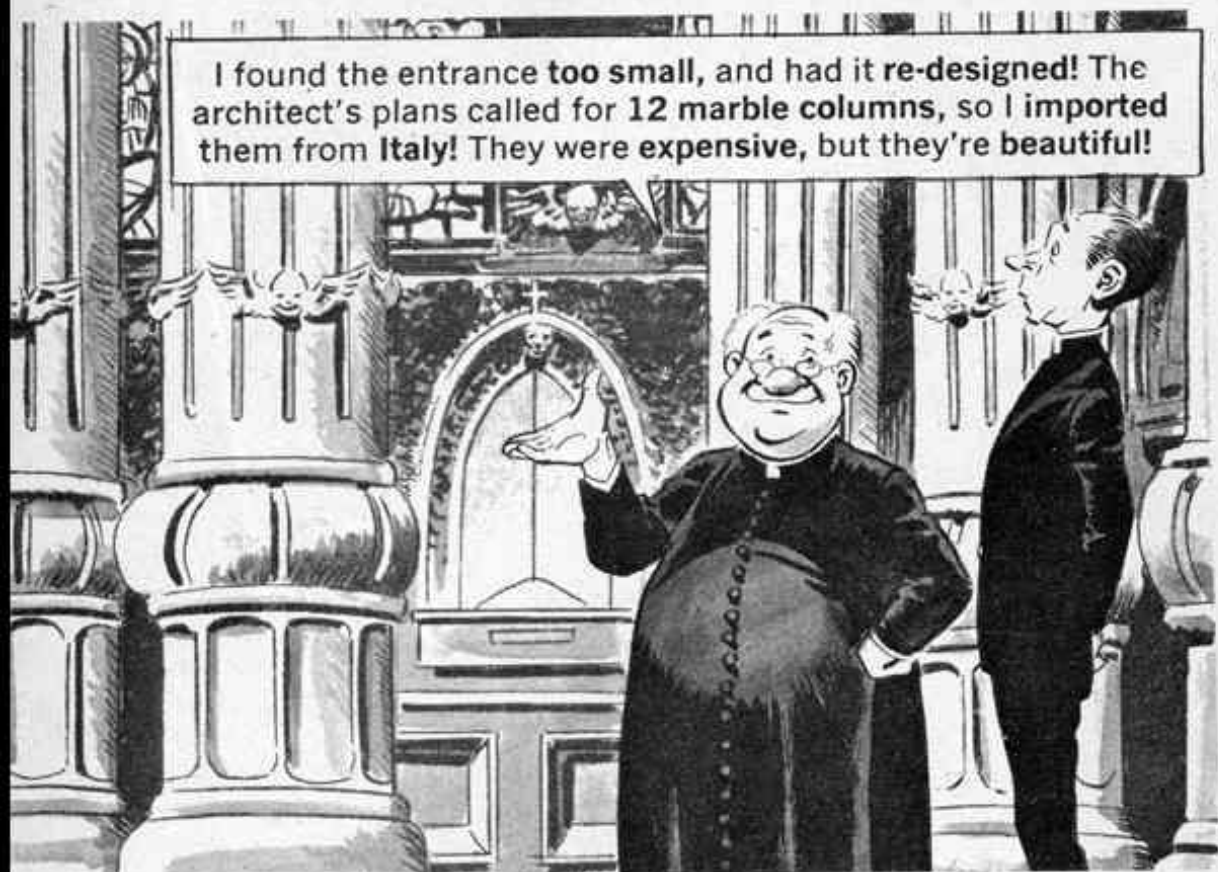


ALTAR EGO

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

WRITER: MARYLYN IPPOLITO

I found the entrance **too small**, and had it re-designed! The architect's plans called for 12 marble columns, so I imported them from Italy! They were expensive, but they're beautiful!



I commissioned **Guglielmo Negrón**, the famous Spanish sculptor, to do these four statues! You wouldn't believe the prices he charges for his work!



I have these **fresh flowers** flown in daily from all parts of the country! That really eats up the budget!



The new air conditioner makes quite a big difference! Even though it cost a **fortune**, it was well worth it!



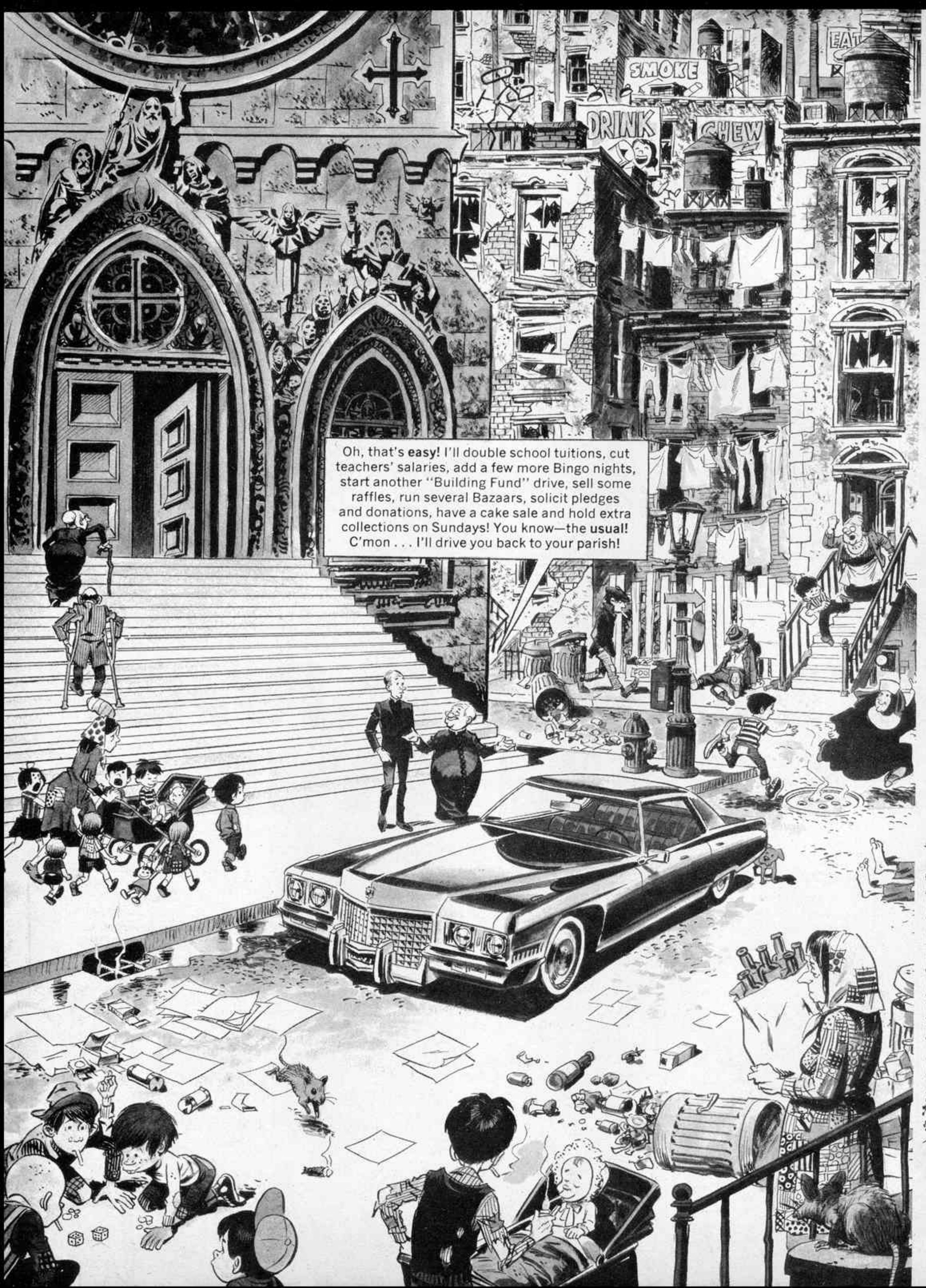
And this is my pride and joy . . . my **new organ**! Every part is hand-made in **Switzerland** by craftsmen, crated separately, and re-assembled here by an expert! It took over six months!



I'm also having **new pews** and a **new bell carillon** installed!

Everything is certainly **very beautiful**! But it's all so **expensive**! How are you going to manage to pay for it all?





Oh, that's easy! I'll double school tuitions, cut teachers' salaries, add a few more Bingo nights, start another "Building Fund" drive, sell some raffles, run several Bazaars, solicit pledges and donations, have a cake sale and hold extra collections on Sundays! You know—the usual! C'mon . . . I'll drive you back to your parish!

FRIDAY NIGHT DUD-LINE DEPT.

In the past, there have been Television Series about truly exciting professional people—like school teachers and housemaids and nuns. Now, there's a Television Series about some of the most glamorous professional people of all . . . the brave and dedicated men and women who daily risk their lives to bring the truth to the public in the magazine publishing business. Join us now for our version of the TV Program that takes you behind the scenes of a huge, exciting, glamorous publishing empire . . .

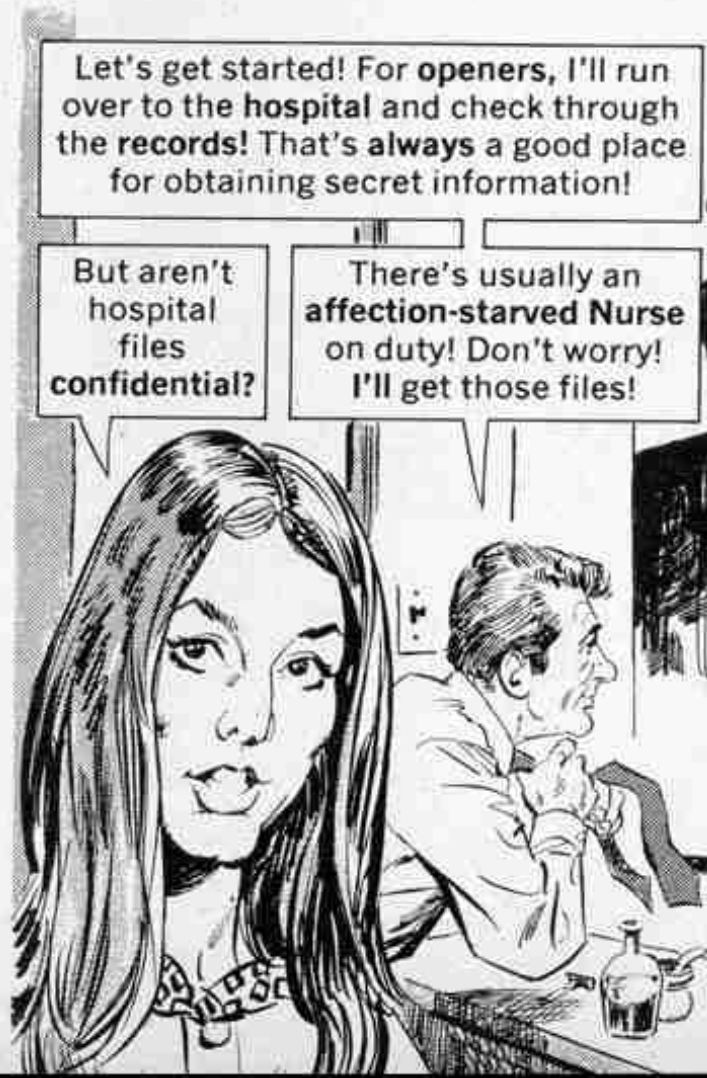
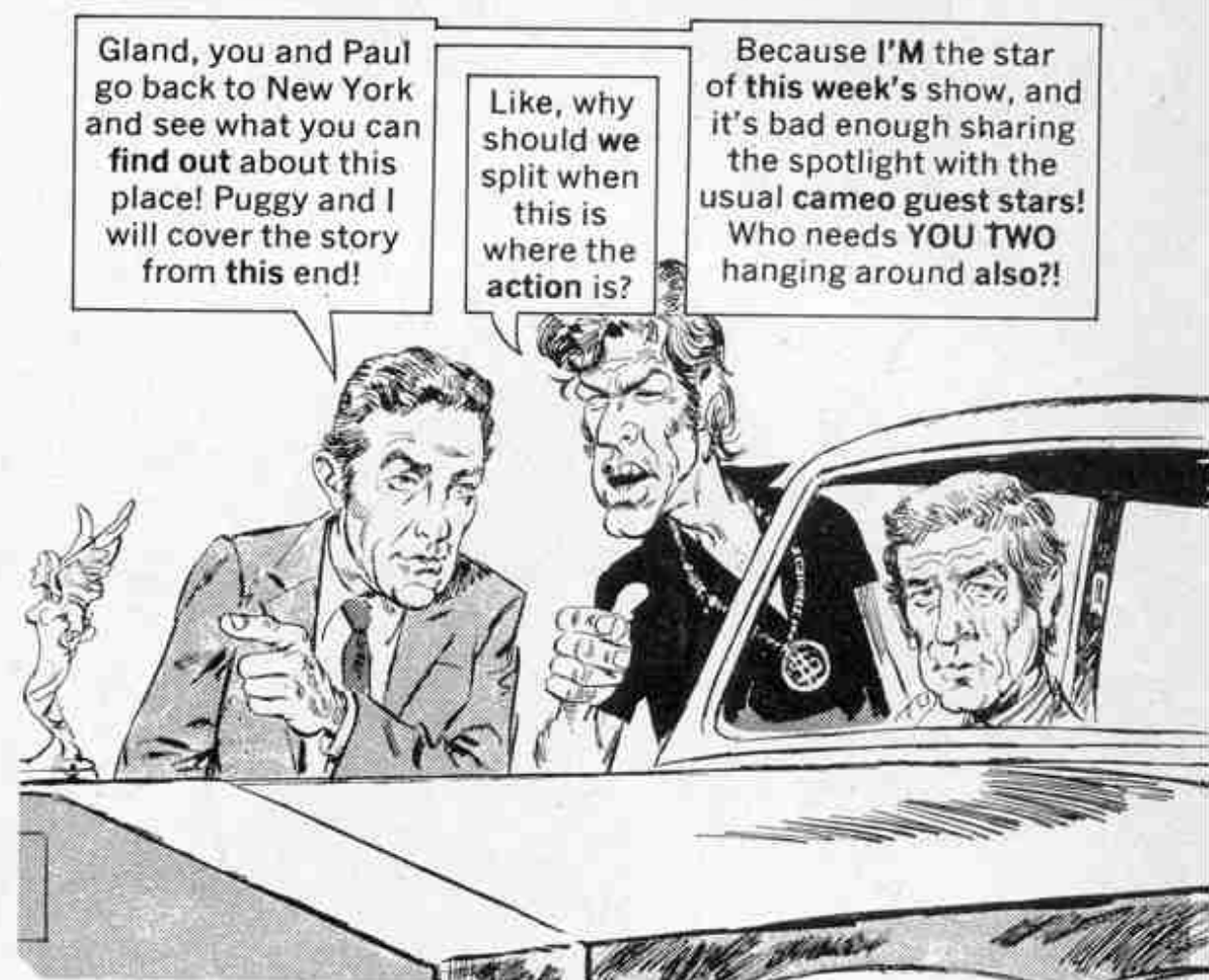
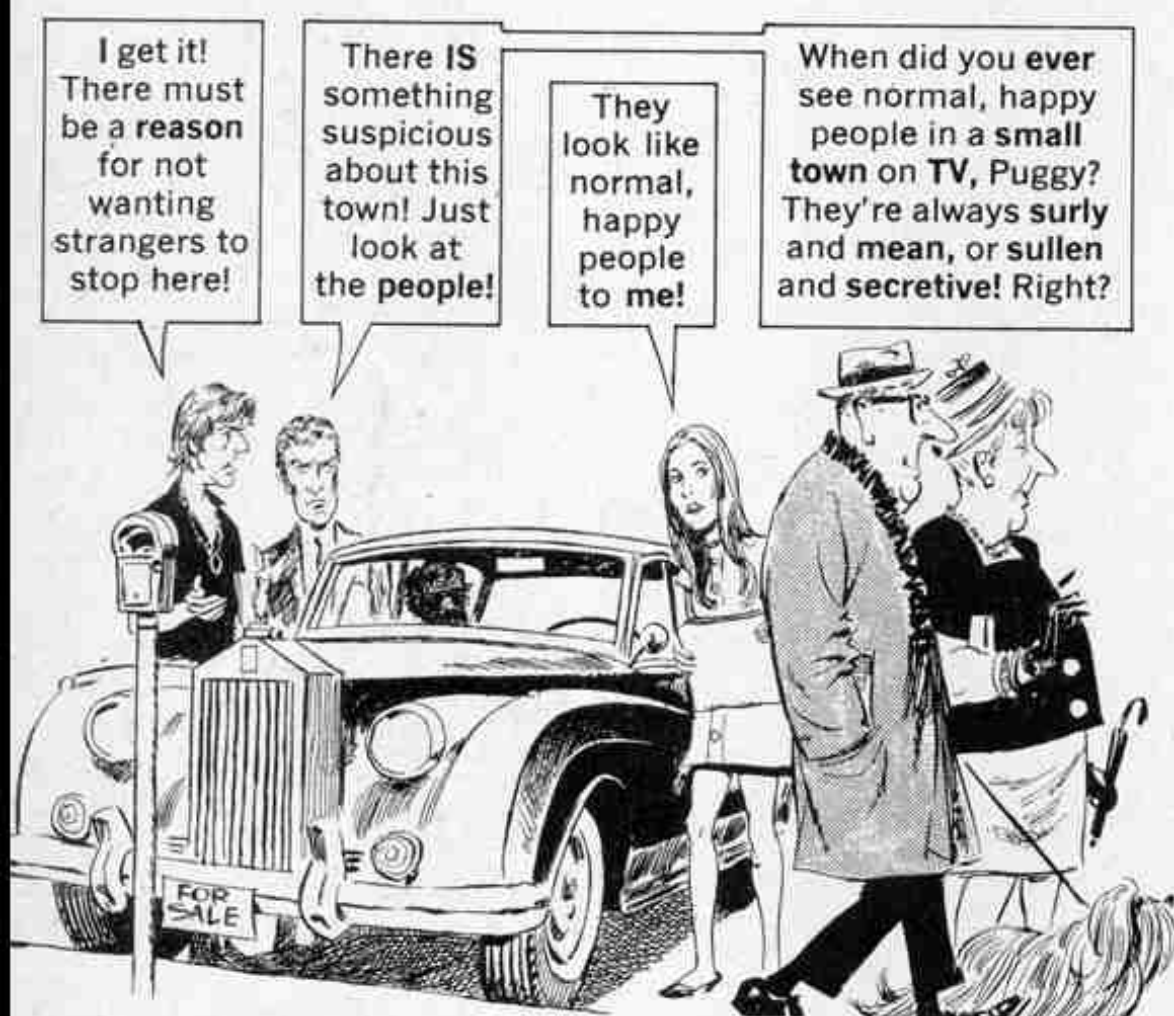
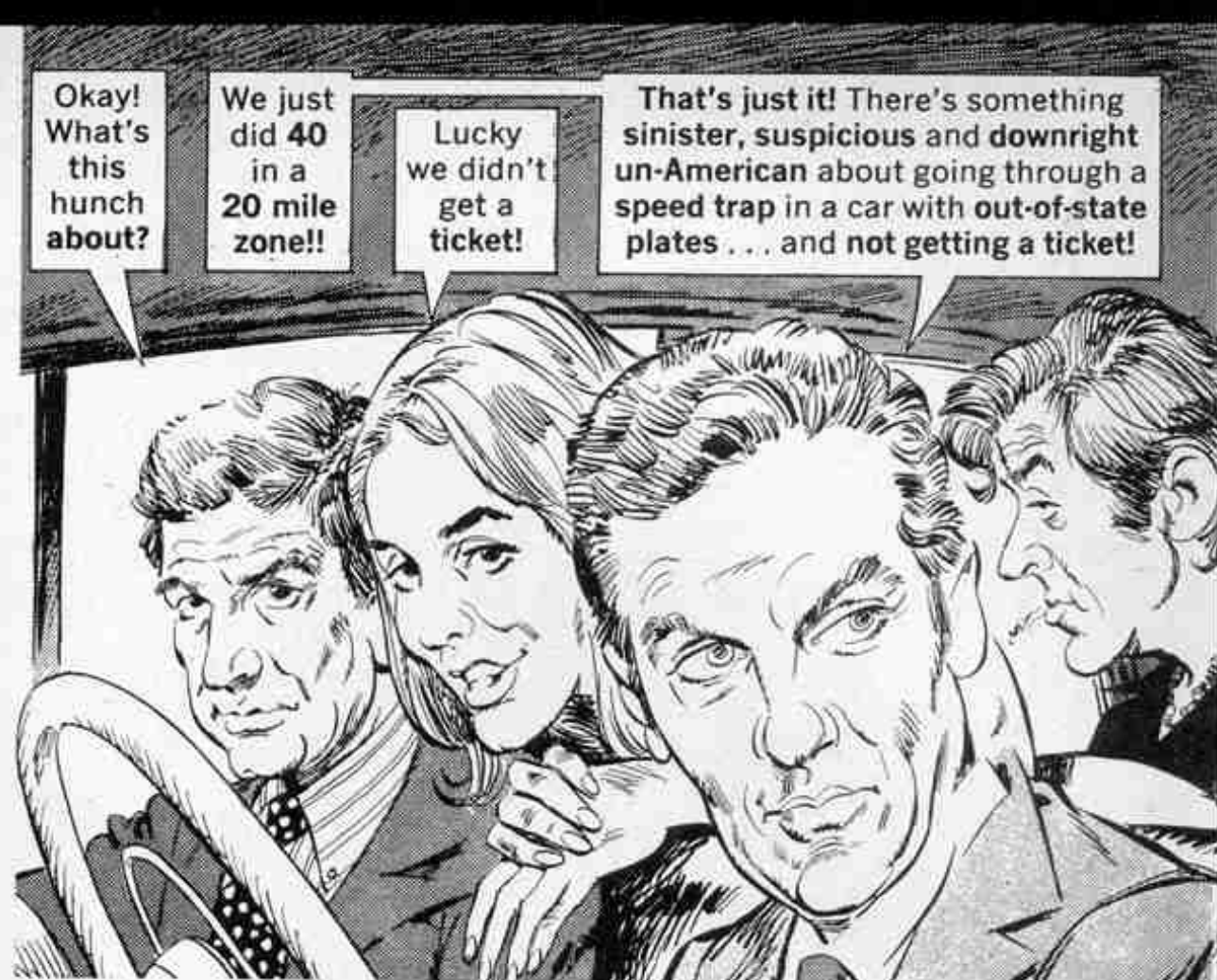


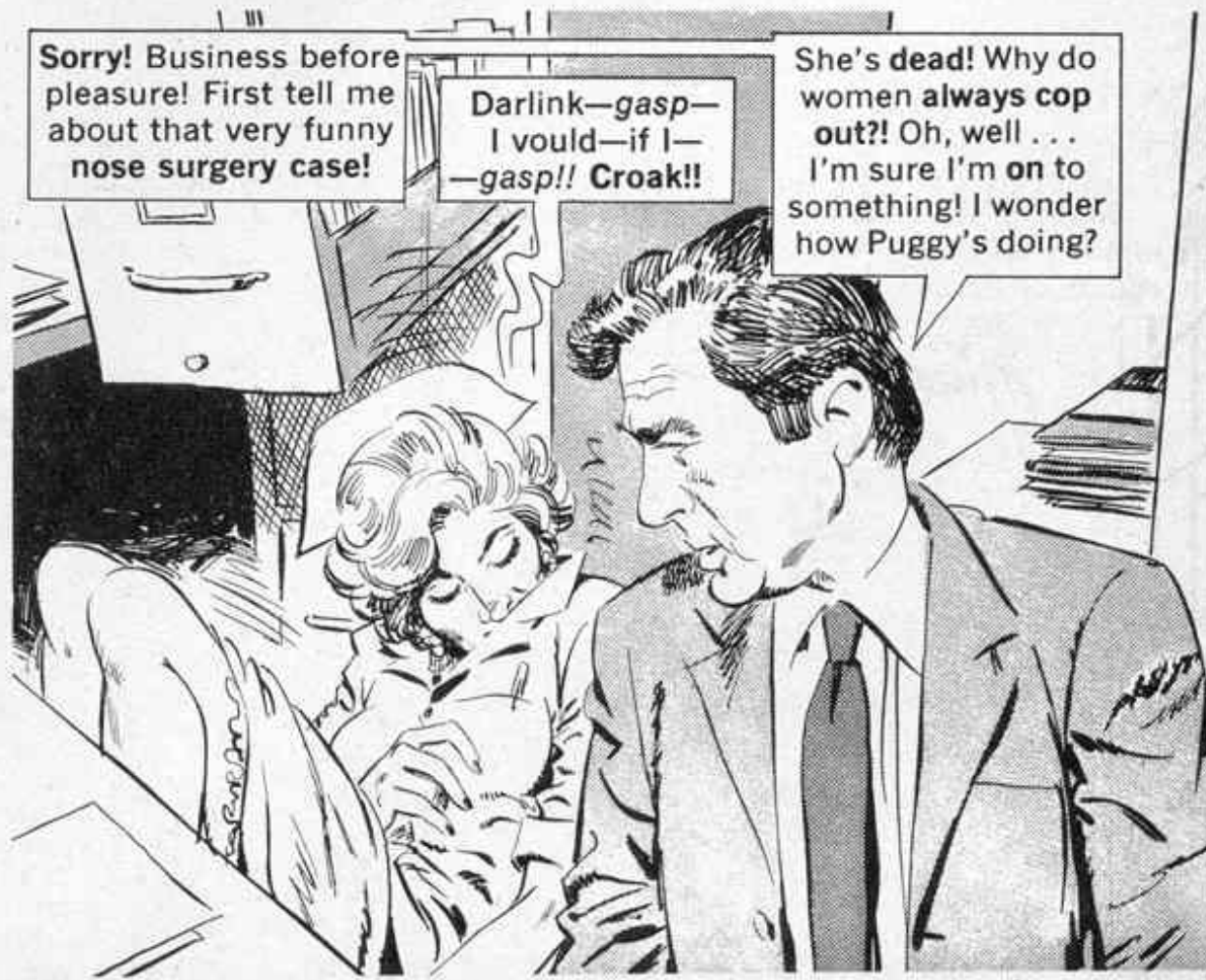
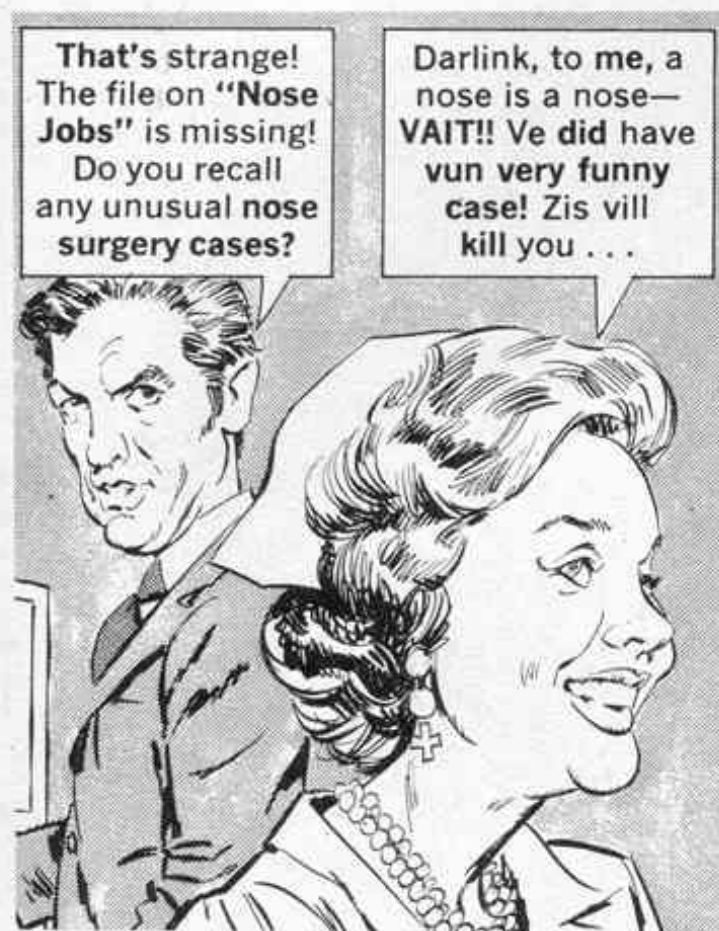
THE GAME IS INANE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE







Gosh, I'm sorry! I—I'm not really a waitress!

NOW she tells me!

Actually, I'm a reporter for "Peephole & Grime Magazine"!

Why would a big magazine like that send a reporter to a small town like Stickville! Unless—



... unless it's about Eggplant—**ARRGGGHH!!**



Oh, look, Bruth! Here's an empty theat!

Hey! This guy is dead!!

Darn! He didn't even leave a tip!



Well, Puggy, how did you make out?

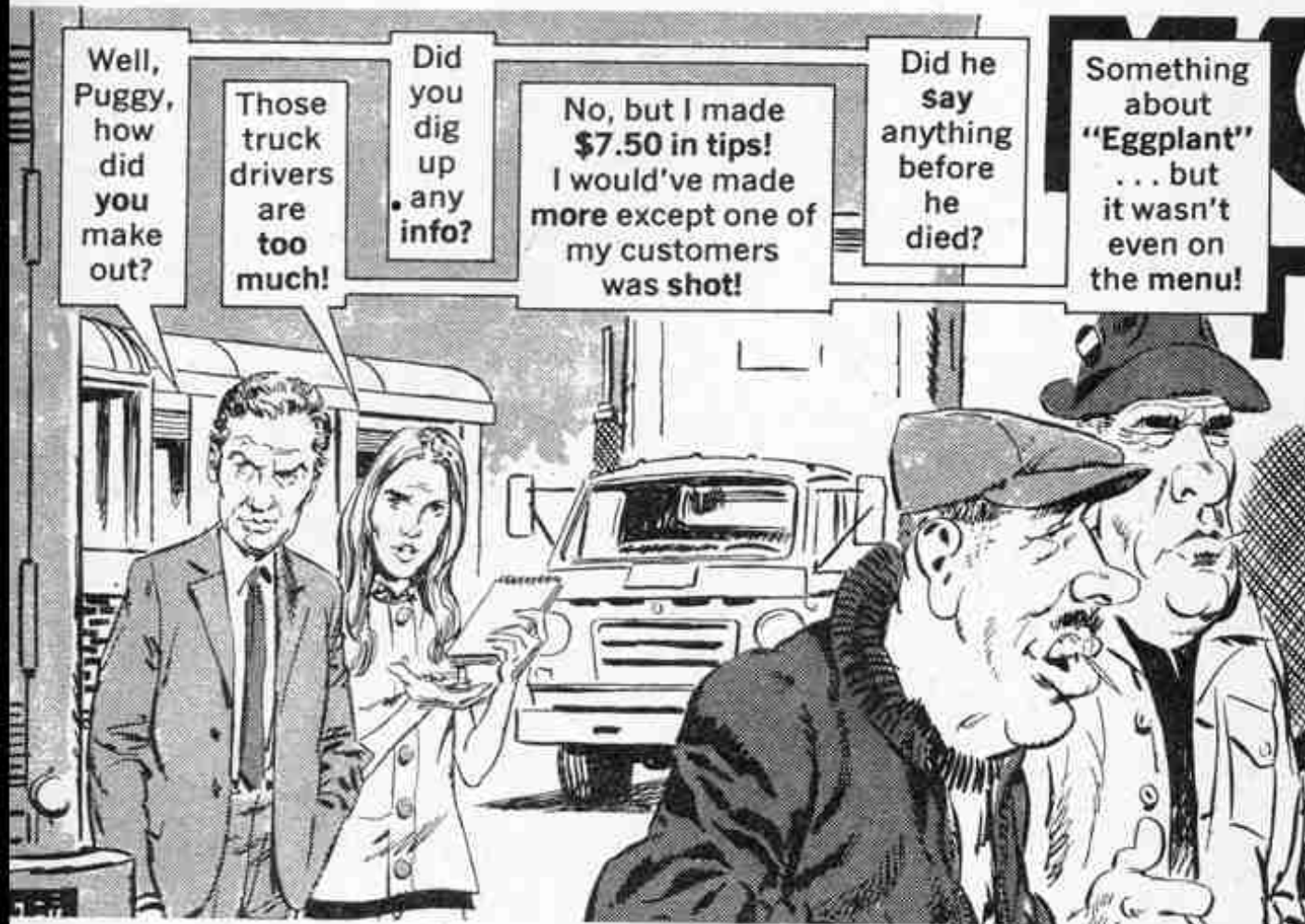
Those truck drivers are too much!

Did you dig up any info?

No, but I made \$7.50 in tips! I would've made more except one of my customers was shot!

Did he say anything before he died?

Something about "Eggplant" ... but it wasn't even on the menu!



EGGPLANT???
That's it! Puggy, I could kiss you!

Go ahead! I mean—who's stopping you?



There's no time for that kind of stuff now! Did you ever hear of Eddie (The Egg) Eggplant ... ?

Didn't he have something to do with the Mafia?

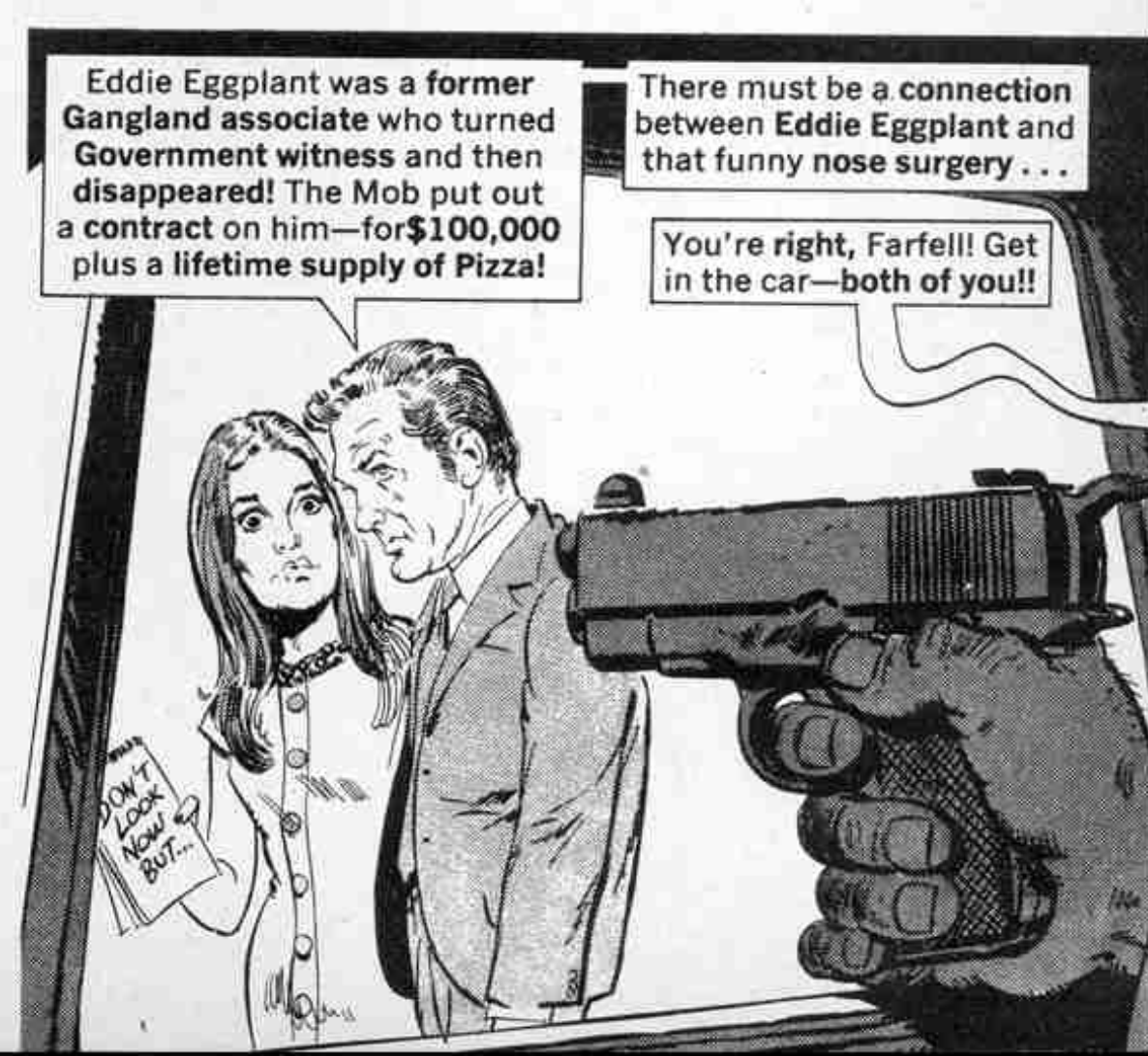
Please! That word is a "no-no" on TV! It's offensive to all Italian-Americans who are decent and law-abiding ... and even more offensive to all Italian-Americans who work for the Mafia!

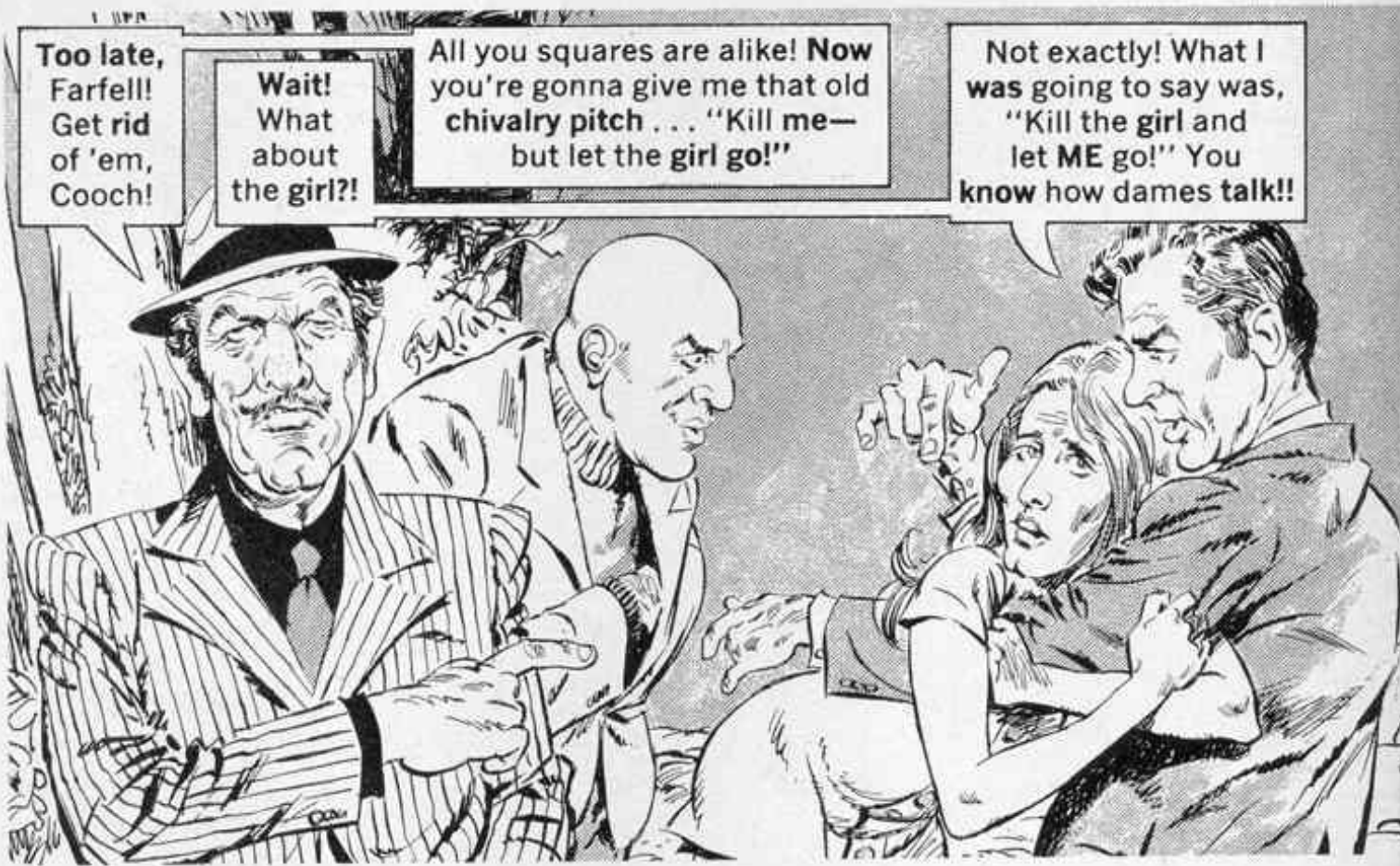
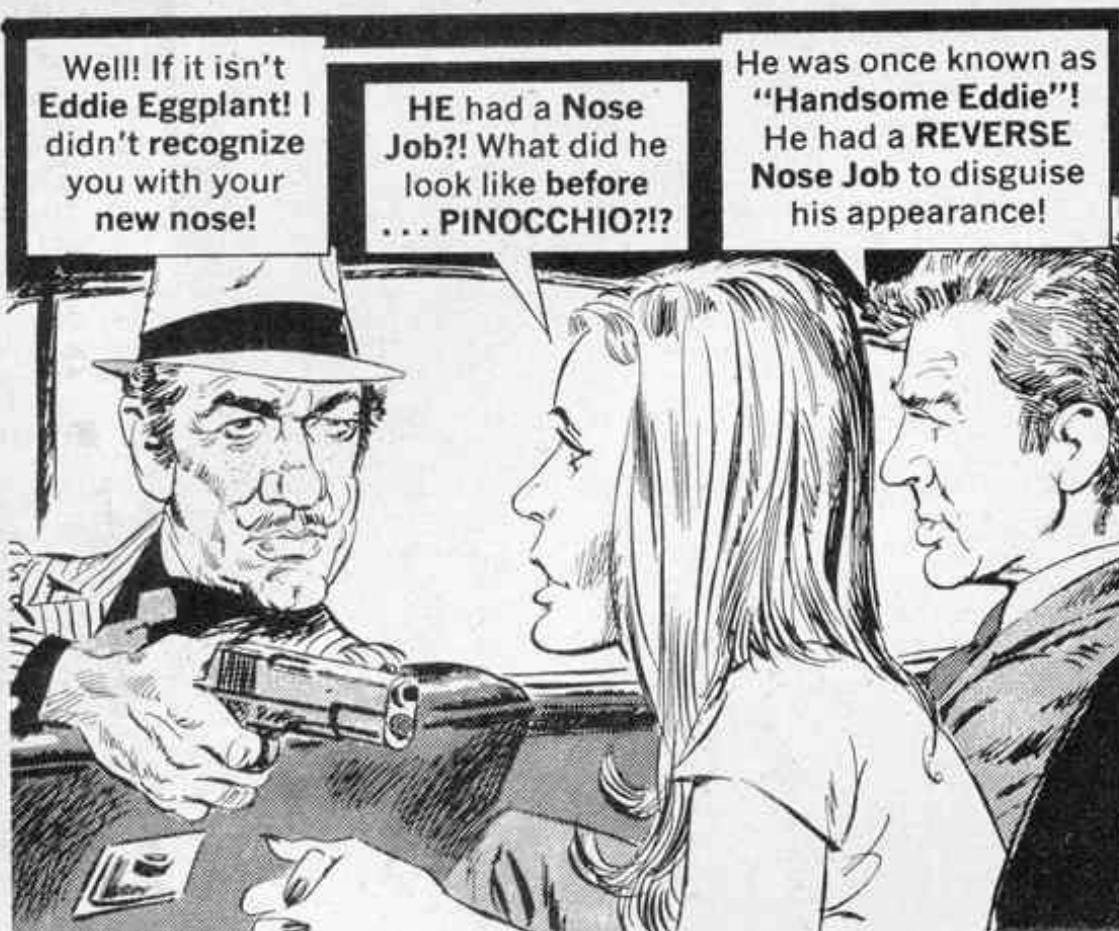


Eddie Eggplant was a former Gangland associate who turned Government witness and then disappeared! The Mob put out a contract on him—for \$100,000 plus a lifetime supply of Pizza!

There must be a connection between Eddie Eggplant and that funny nose surgery ...

You're right, Farfell! Get in the car—both of you!!





OUCH! AGGH!! OUCH!! YEAK! OUCH!!

Hi, Mr. Coward! This is Puggy Mixwell! Remember me?

Puggy! I've been looking all over for you! Bring me a coffee and Danish, and get me Jackie Onassis on the telephone!

I can't, Mr. Coward! I'm still here in Sticksville! We've found Eddie Eggplant!

Did you say you found Eddie Eggplant?!

Hello, Boss? This is Special Guest Crook, Ricardo Mendlebaum! Tell the boys I've found the fink!

Whew! For a minute, I was worried! I thought he might be a reporter for a rival magazine!

What happened? It looks as if I just landed in Vietnam instead of Sticksville, U.S.A.!

You should have gotten here sooner, Gland! You missed all the fun!

But don't worry! I got a great last-interview with the late Eddie (The Egg) Eggplant and his entire late family!

Here's the final official body count: 37 killed . . . 158 wounded . . . 371 missing! We lost three photographers and one helicopter!

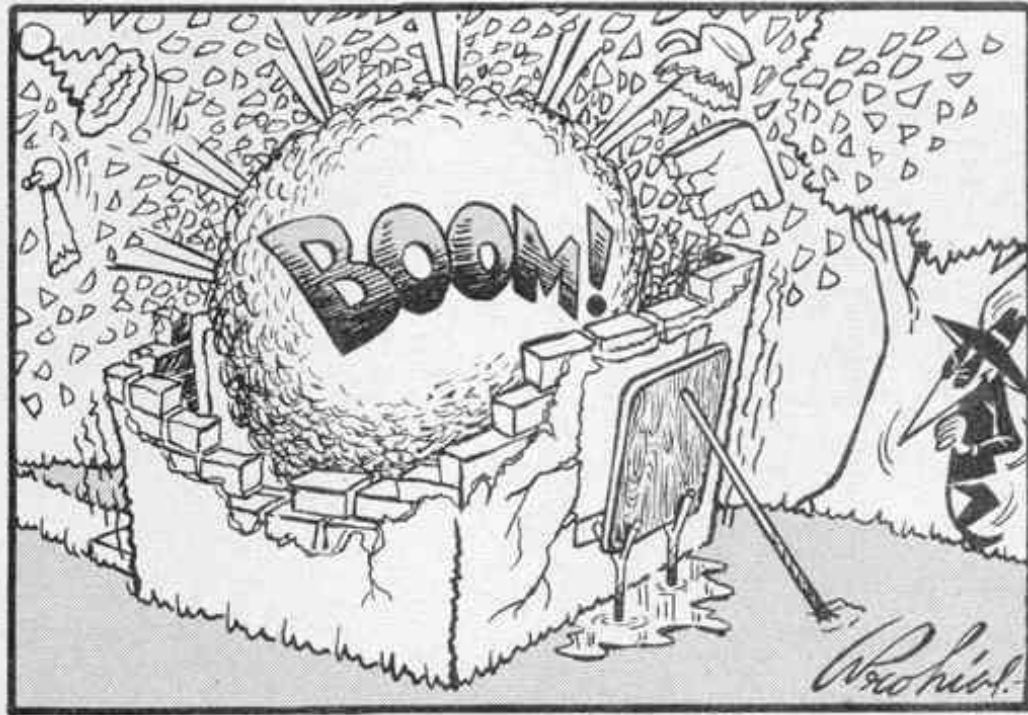
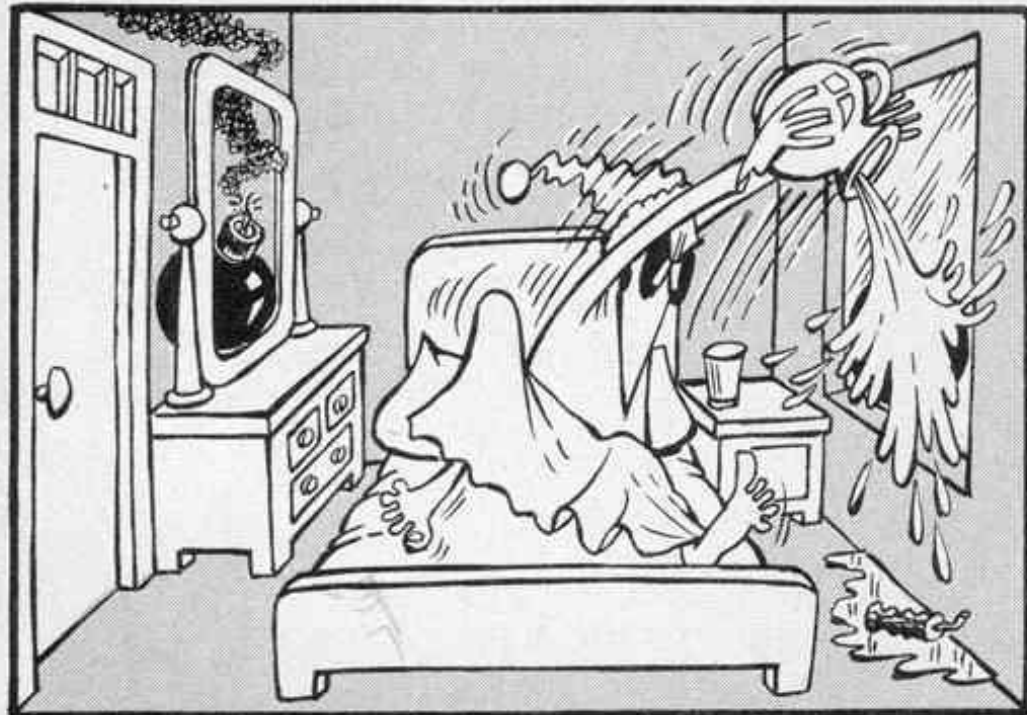
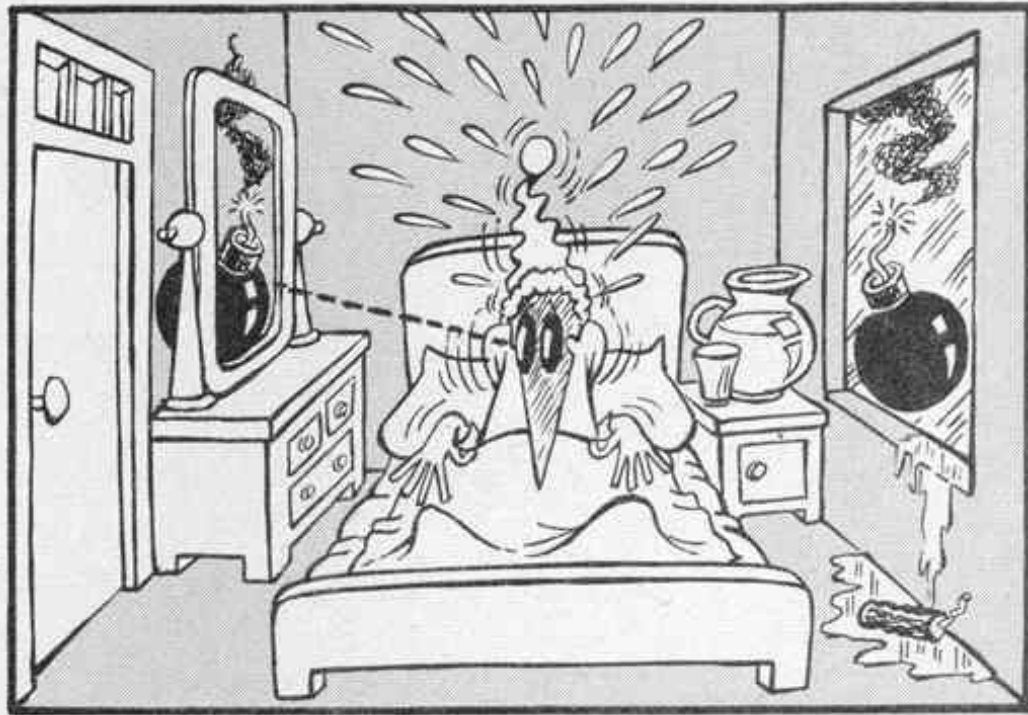
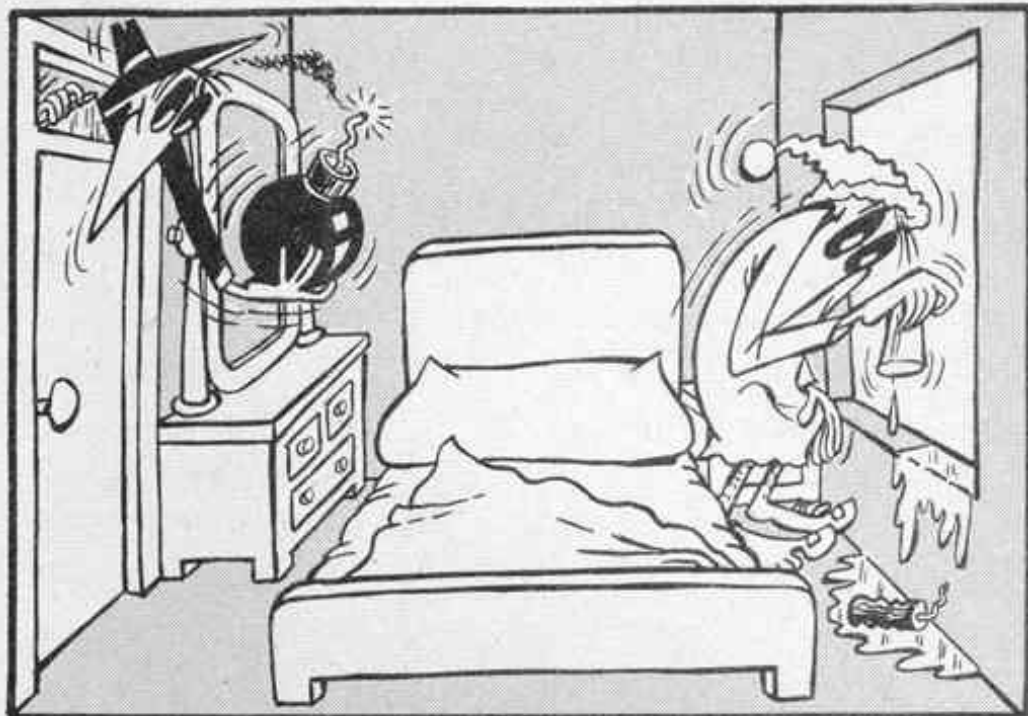
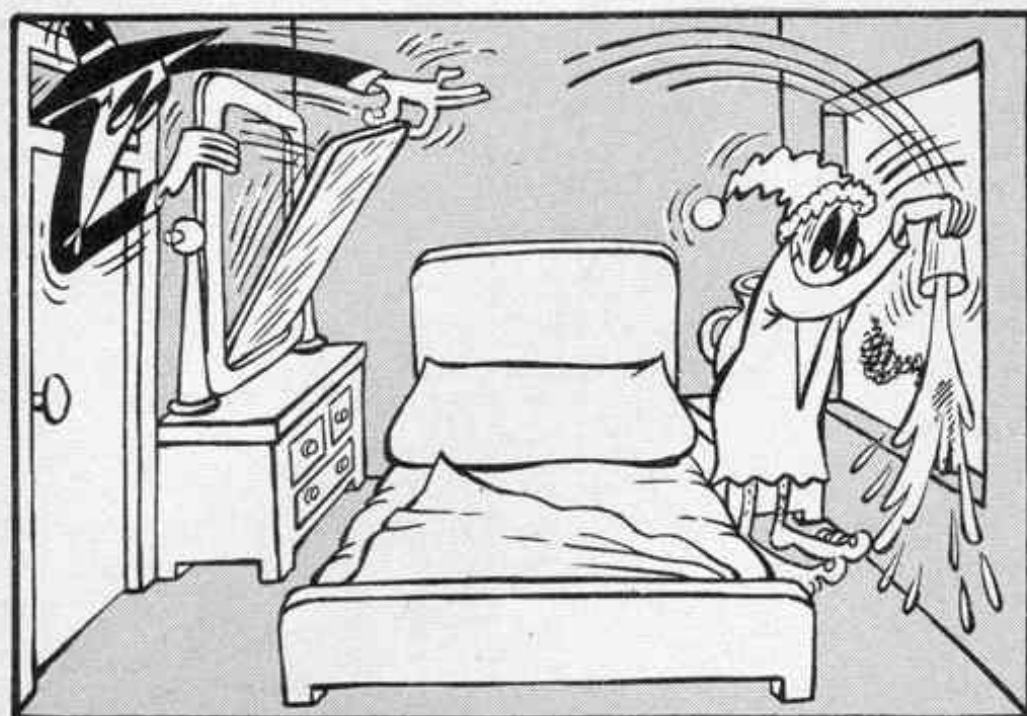
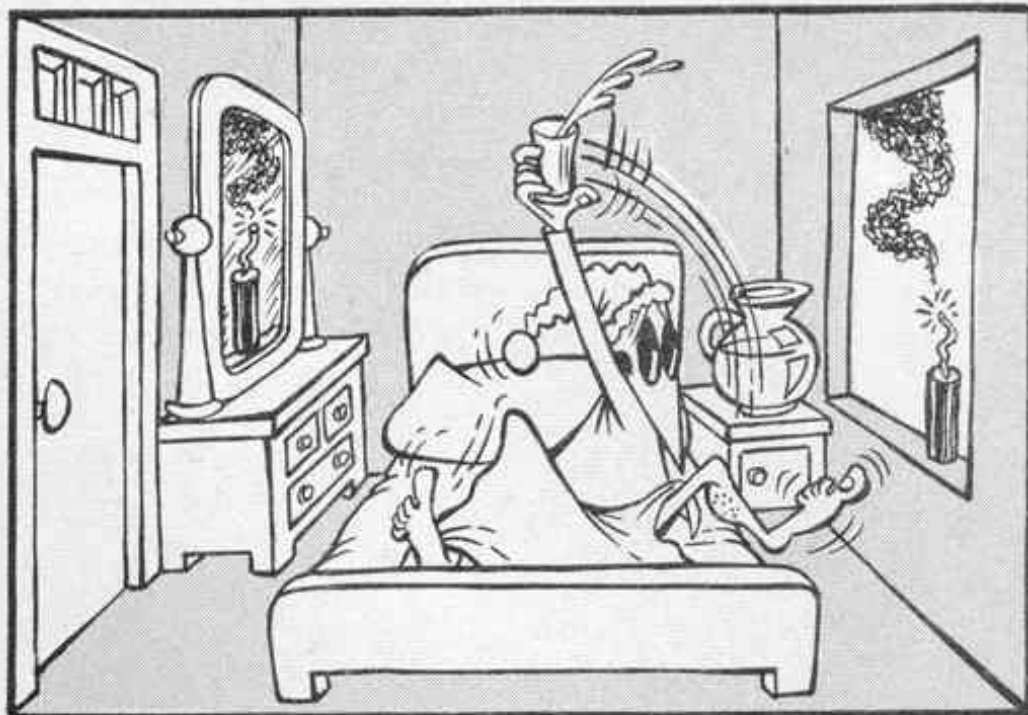
What?! Those helicopters are expensive! This better be a good story!

Story? STORY?!? Was it worth all THIS? A whole town destroyed and all those people killed . . . just for a STORY?!?

I know how you feel, Puggy, dear! You probably think we paid too high a price! But we in the Publishing Game have a responsibility to bring the truth to the public, no matter what it costs!

Hi, Sam! How's business?

I can't complain, Mr. Farfell! Everything sells these days . . . except YOUR magazine! People just aren't interested in the junk you print! Why don't you put out a sexy girlie book! THAT's what the public wants!



You Know It's REALLY

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... the song you've always considered "our song" comes on the radio, and he snaps it off, saying, "I've always hated that thing!"

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... you notice the garbage collector wearing the scarf you spent six months knitting for "him"!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... his recent letters end with "Very truly yours,"!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... she starts introducing you to people as one of her "oldest and dearest friends!"

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... you call him up, and "she" answers!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... you hear giggling, whispering and slurping noises as she breaks your date because of a headache!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... the house is yours, the lights are low, the music is groovy ... and he spends the night playing with Fido!

OVER When...



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITERS: AL JAFFEE & GLORIA L. RICH

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... you start noticing how, lately, someone is always dropping in just when you think you're going to spend an evening alone in her pad.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... you go to the movies, and he no longer cares about finding "two together"!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he says, "We can't go on meeting like this!" ... and you're both single!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he's no longer interested in your root canal work!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he takes you to a "McDonald's" on the anniversary of your first date.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... she suddenly announces she has "just the right girl for you!"

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he offers to drive the gang home, and you're the first one he drops off!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... you notice that, lately, whenever you're out together, he yawns a lot and looks at his watch!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he starts talking about kissing and sex from a hygienic point of view!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he asks you to return his books you borrowed, even though you're not through reading them.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... she tells you that no matter what happens, she'd like to always have you as a friend!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... you discover he's gotten an unlisted number, and he neglected to tell you about it.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he drives you home after a date and leaves the motor running!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When ...



... he only dances the fast numbers with you, and sits out the slow romantic ones!

CLASH OF '71 DEPT.

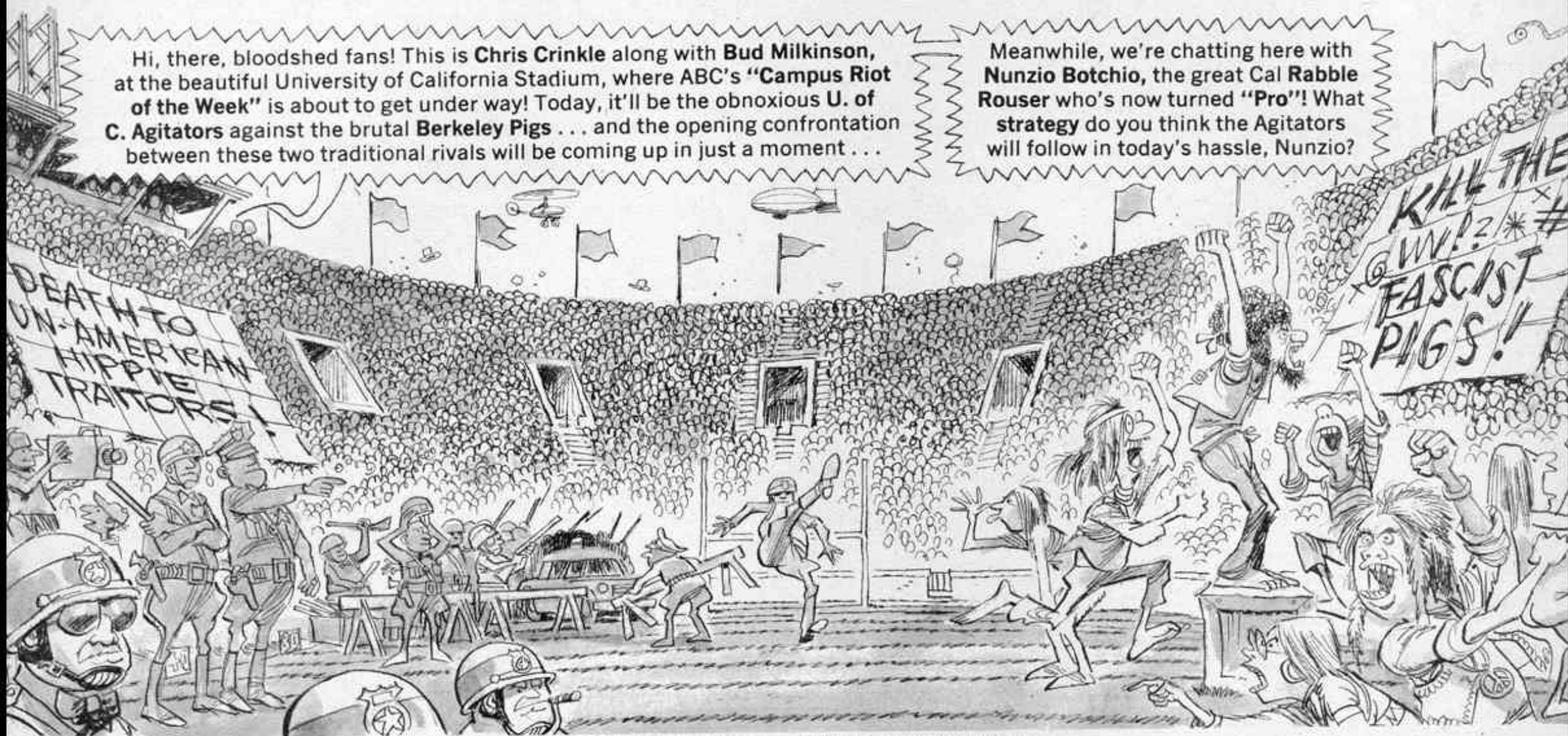
One of the dumbest things (of which there are plenty!) about "Campus Violence" is the fact that nobody makes any money out of it! Of course, there's an obvious reason why Collegiate Rioting remains a financial flop in spite of its growing popularity: The participants have never thought of charging the spectators to watch! In MAD's considered opinion, the solution is obvious: Why not move the mayhem off the campus streets and into the campus football stadium? Underfed radicals and underpaid cops would both benefit from ticket sales revenues. But more important, think of the millions a certain TV Network would gladly pay in order to televise every gory moment of . . .



ABC'S "CAMPUS RIOT OF THE WEEK"

Hi, there, bloodshed fans! This is **Chris Crinkle** along with **Bud Milkinson**, at the beautiful University of California Stadium, where ABC's "Campus Riot of the Week" is about to get under way! Today, it'll be the obnoxious U. of C. Agitators against the brutal Berkeley Pigs . . . and the opening confrontation between these two traditional rivals will be coming up in just a moment . . .

Meanwhile, we're chatting here with **Nunzio Botchio**, the great Cal Rabble Rouser who's now turned "Pro"! What strategy do you think the Agitators will follow in today's hassle, Nunzio?



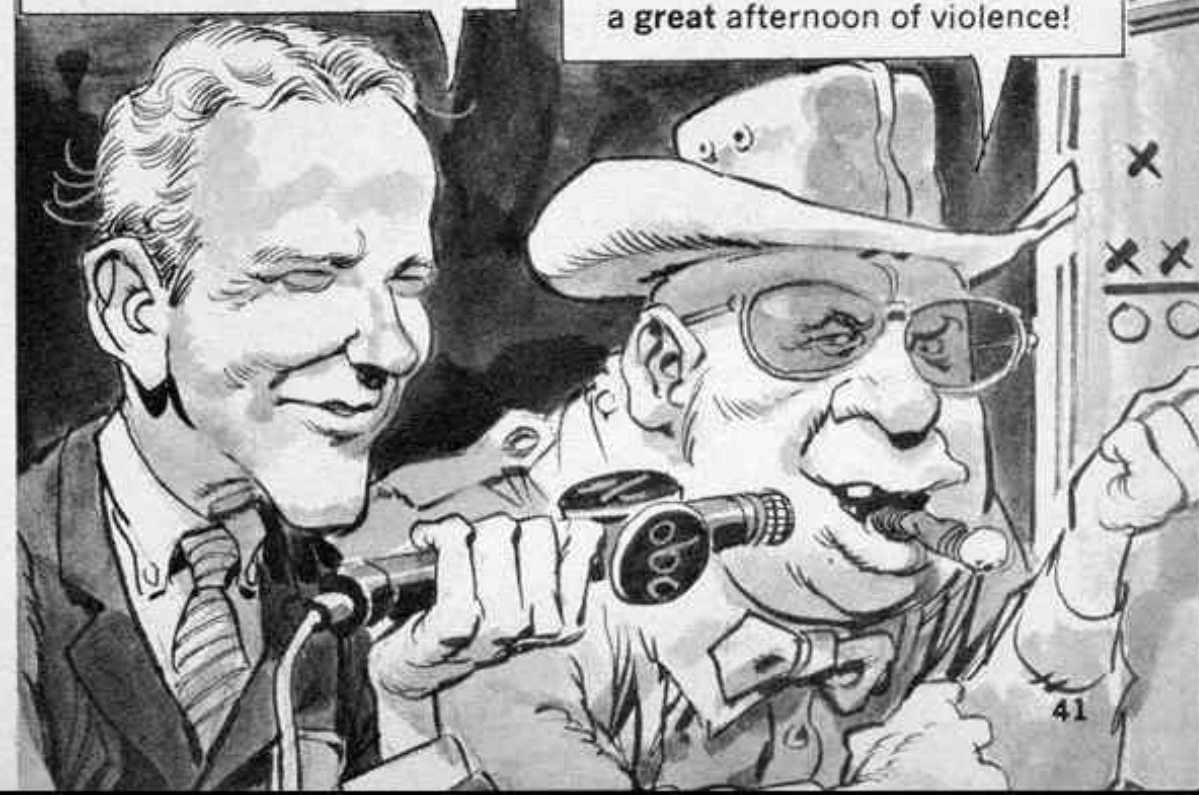
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH

Well, the kids here have **always** relied on strong, fundamental **obscenity**, Chris! So I think the fans at home can look forward to a lot of hard-hitting **filthy** speech to provoke the Pigs this afternoon!

I'm sure we're in for a **first-rate donnybrook**! And now, here's Bud with a big-name **Law Enforcement** star . . .

Thanks, Chris! Here with me on this "Pre-Riot Show" is **Chief Bullneck Twiddle**, the all time "Pro" from **Alabama State**! What can we expect from the **Berkeley boys** on the **offensive** today, Chief?

Wal, I don' reckon they're gonna let them pointy-haired pinkos git past this **scrimmage** line here afore they bring out the "**Mace**"! An' I'm lookin' fo' plen'y of **busted skulls**—jus' like **down home**! So it oughta be a **great** afternoon of **violence**!



Excuse me, Bud, but we've just had the toss of the coin by the **Governor** down on the field! The **Agitators** have elected to **provoke** the incident that'll set off today's battle! And the **Pigs** have taken the **wind advantage** ... which can mean a lot when you're facing 200 smelly radical revolutionaries!



We're just about ready for the mayhem to begin! But first... our **National Anthem**...

O-OH, SAY ... CAN ... YOU ... SEE ...



And we're under way!

Here comes the first confrontation of this afternoon's big riot...



FASCIST STORM TROOPER!

TOOL OF THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

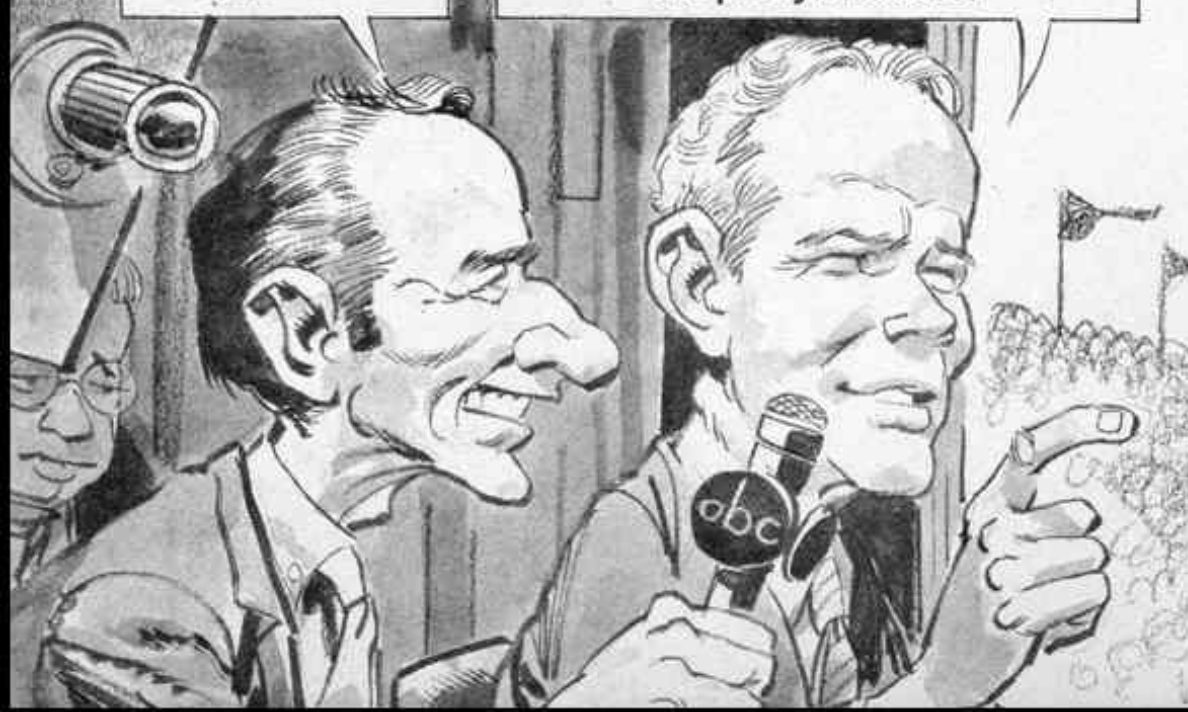
CAPITALIST MURDERERS' ACCOMPLICE!

AHH, YOUR SISTER WEARS ARMY SHOES!



Care to analyze that **opening provocation**, Bud? Did it go just about as you expected?

Fairly true to form, Chris! Of course, you can't beat waving a **Viet-Cong flag** when it comes to goading the Pigs into getting trigger happy! But for an **opening offensive move**, I found that one pretty offensive!



And now, the **Agitators** are taking to the air for the first time this afternoon as one of the young punks lets fly with a **homemade fire-bomb**...



... but the toss is no good! It's way over the heads of its intended victims ... and here come the Fuzz—breaking through to nail the bomb-thrower for a probable felony rap ...



Taking a second look ... let's see what went wrong with that arson attempt ...

Notice how the bomb-thrower is turning to run before he's completed his follow-through motion! By doing that, he had no chance for accuracy! And, of course, tripping over his own feet didn't help very much, either!



Back to live action ... and the Pigs are now clubbing the bomb-tosser into a coma so he'll know he's under arrest! So while we're waiting for the completion of that atrocity, let's pause a moment for this commercial message ...



Hi! I'm Norman Finstermacher ... notorious President of the S.D.U. ... "The Students For A Democratic Uprising"! Today, I'd like to conduct a revealing "dynamite comparison test" for all you militant revolutionaries watching at home ...

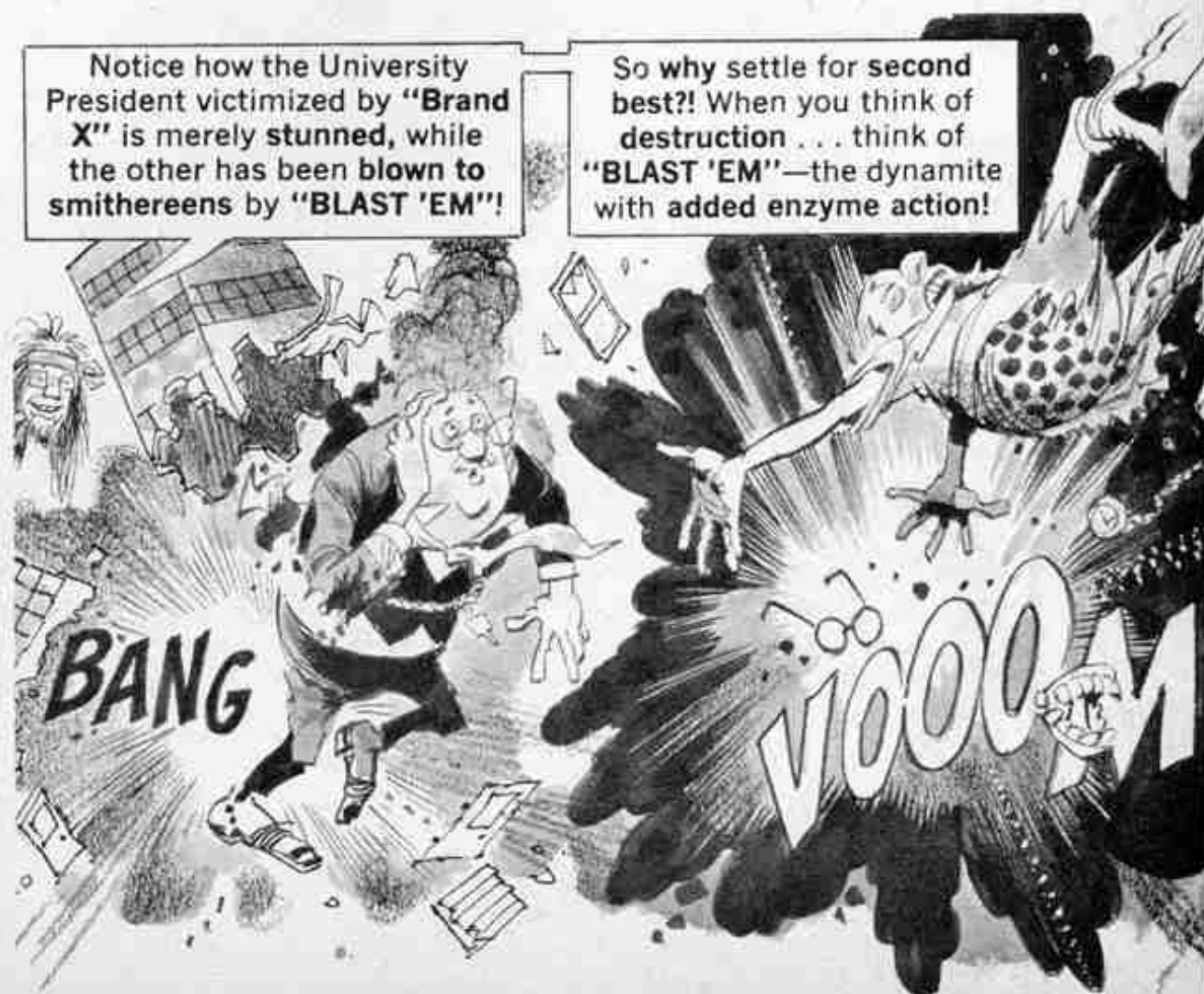


I've just ignited a leading brand of dynamite under one of two simulated College Administration Buildings here in the studio! And now, I'm lighting an identical stock of NEW, IMPROVED "BLAST 'EM" under this second model! Let's watch the results!



Notice how the University President victimized by "Brand X" is merely stunned, while the other has been blown to smithereens by "BLAST 'EM"!

So why settle for second best?! When you think of destruction ... think of "BLAST 'EM"—the dynamite with added enzyme action!



Back here at beautiful Cal Stadium, the Agitators have just presented their non-negotiable demands . . . and the Pigs have countered by dragging off a freshman English major and a sorority girl from Fresno! So, I'd say it's still anybody's riot, wouldn't you, Bud . . . ?



Absolutely, Chris! And here's the official rundown on those non-negotiable demands: The Agitators want an Eskimo Studies Program . . . mixed skinny-dipping in the fieldhouse pool . . . and recognition of Red China! So I'm sure that's going to lead to a lot more bleeding down on the field before we have a winner here today!



And we have a thrilling new wave of violence erupting now as the Agitators try to crack through and negotiate their non-negotiable demands . . .



Here's a sweeping end run by one of the rioters' "Red Power" advocates! He might go all the way! Can you get your glasses on that savage, Bud . . . ?



Yes, Chris! I've got him . . . and he's a great one! He's Arnie Noodlemeyer, Cal's All-Conference Marxist in '69 who was just converted into a running Navajo this season! He almost eluded that last Pig defender there! Maybe our sideline reporter, Kyle Roach, can get a word with Arnie before he's dragged away!



Kyle Roach, here with Arnie Noodlemeyer, who's now in custody after his brilliant break-away run! Nice going, Arnie!

Thanks—but you can just call me Snowbird Buffalo Jump! That's the name I go by now that I'm a "Red Power" fanatic!

Well, either way, it was a 45-yard gallop! But it looks as if you're being sidelined for the rest of the afternoon now!

That's right, Kyle! In fact, I'm planning to lose consciousness for a week or so! Bye . . .



Now we've got a rhubarb down on the field over that **offensive clubbing** of Noodlemeyer! The Agitators want the Pigs penalized for "**Unsportsmanlike Brutality**" ... but it looks as if the Governor's decision is going to go the **other way!**

Right, Chris! He's signalling **15 "Student Expulsions"** for bad-mouthing a **State Official!**



While we're waiting for that **penalty** to be enforced, Bud, can you update us on the results of **other** big campus riots around the country?

Okay! At Wisconsin, the **Radicals** have blown up the entire campus to clinch the **Mid-West title!** Back East, the **New York Fuzz** mauled the **Columbia Trouble-Makers**, **53 concussions** to **6!** And at Ohio State, the **Undergrads** and the **National Guard** are **deadlocked** after **three-quarters** of their traditional riot!



Back here at Cal, the Agitators are attempting to mount an **offensive!** But with most of their leaders now **expelled** or **hospitalized**, it's going to be up to a mob of **untested rookies** to pull this one out of the fire ...



This is where **lack of experience** begins to show, Chris! Notice how a really good **provocative Bronx cheer** is being spoiled here by an obvious **mix-up in signals!**

Right! And, of course, **both men** were put out of **action** when they fell down and couldn't defend themselves!



INSTANT REPLAY

Now we're getting the "**Two-Minute Tear Gas Warning!**" down on the field! Bud, if you were one of the riot leaders, what would you do in a long yardage situation like this?

I'd run home and try to **hide** under the bed!



Well, it's too late for that strategy now! The Pigs have opened up with the **tear gas**, and the Agitators are caught **gasping** deep in their own territory!

And with the official clock showing only **seconds** left to riot, the radicals appear to have blown their last chance to salvage a tie in this one!



There's the final gun! It's all over! And in this latest renewal of their traditional rivalry, the Pigs have once again beaten the daylights out of the far weaker and out-maneuvered California Agitators!

BANG!



The official statistics really tell the story today! The Pigs inflicted **49 critical injuries** to only **2** for the Agitators! And in total net yards of campus territory occupied, it was the—

Excuse me, Bud, but we have **Kyle Roach** standing by down on the field with a special post-riot guest!



HAIL TO US, THE COPS OF BERKELEY—BEST FUZZ IN THE LAND...

Here with me is the Commander of today's victorious Police Riot Squad, Captain E. K. "Happy" Thunderwall! Congratulations on winning another big one, Happy!

Thanks, Kyle! Looks like all the brutal tactics we've been working on just fell into place, and I feel real good about it!

Well... your boys certainly looked all charged up out there today!

Yes! We've been wanting to get another crack at those Commie punks ever since they made us look bad on TV last season! So I think we put a little extra effort into this thing today!

Well, believe me, it showed! Congratulations again... and now, back up to Chris and Bud in the booth!



And that about wraps it up! This telecast was authorized by the **National Collegiate Violence Association**, solely for the enjoyment of our viewing audience! Any other use without permission of the N.C.V.A. is prohibited!

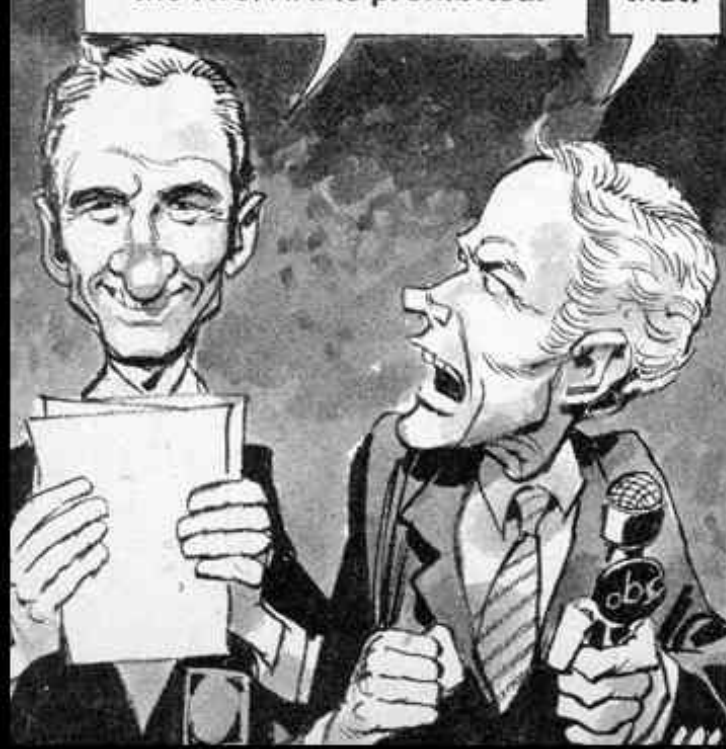
Hey! What kind of facist drivell is that?

Hah! So you're finally showing your true colors, eh, Pinko!

Let go of me, you dirty little right-winger! **Brutality! BRUTALITY!**

If you don't like it here, go back to **Russia** where you came from!

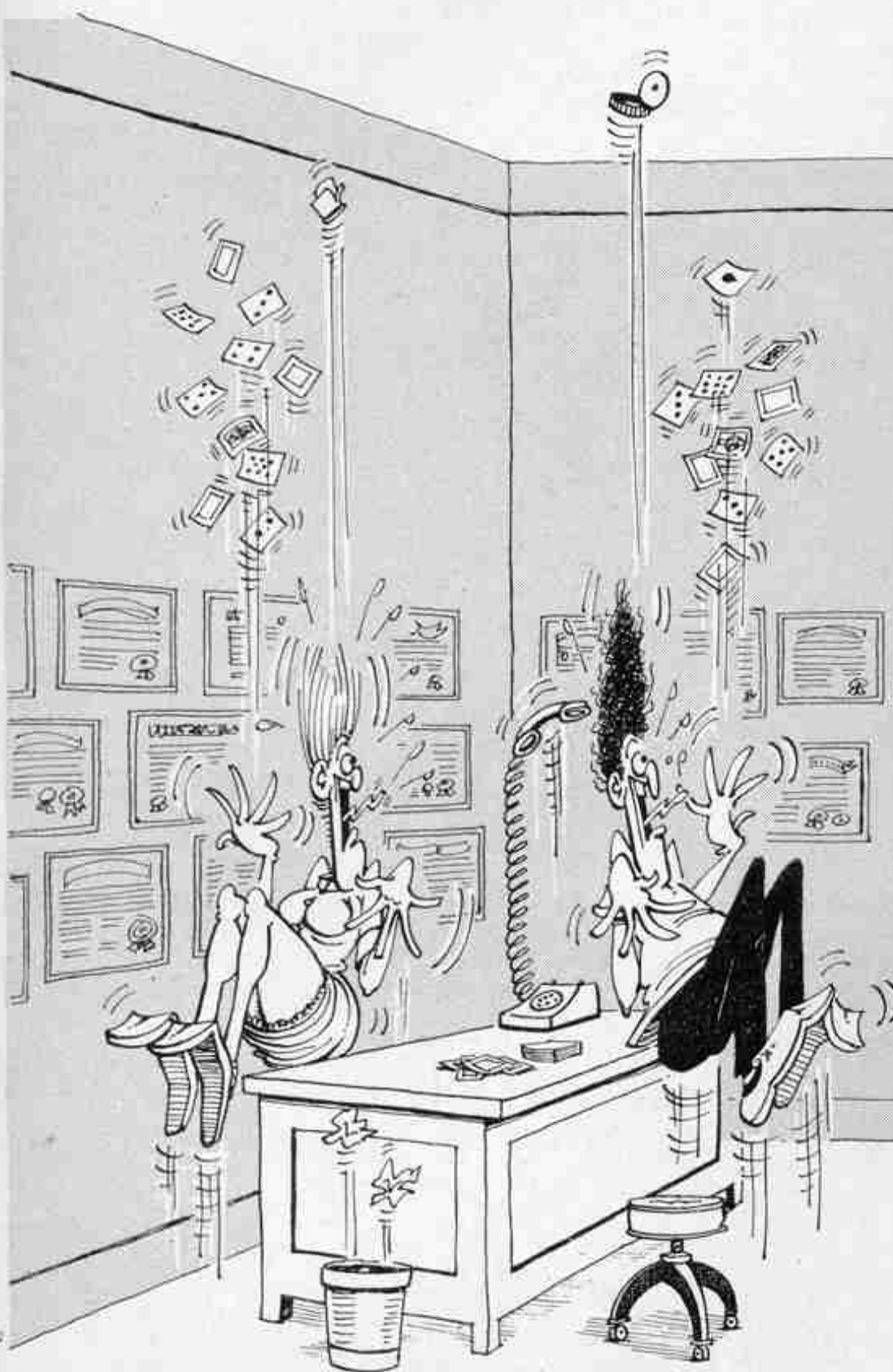
CUT! CUT! GET THE CAMERA OFF 'EM!



This has been a production of **ABC's Sports and Civil Disorder Department**, which is not responsible for the behavior of the riotors, the police, or our own boorish idiots on the scene! And now, stay tuned as J. Edgar Hoover goes hunting for **Black Panthers**—next on ABC's "Wide World of Hate"!



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D. MARTIN



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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ONCE, WILD ANIMALS WERE EASY TO FIND AND OBSERVE. A
WORLD TRAVELER COULD SEE A GREAT VARIETY. TODAY, MAN'S
BOLD INCURSIONS HAVE MADE MANY SPECIES HARD TO TRACK

A▶

◀B

OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: MAX BRANDEL

