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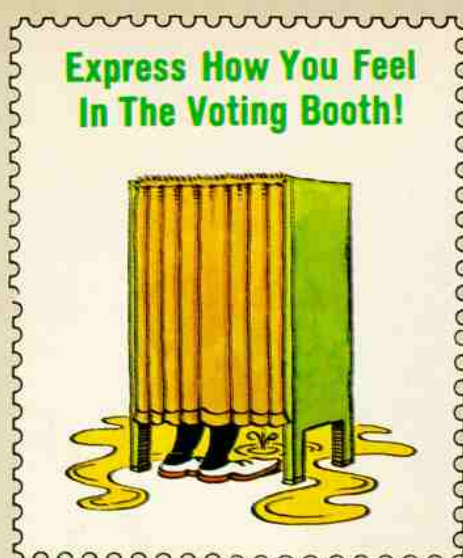
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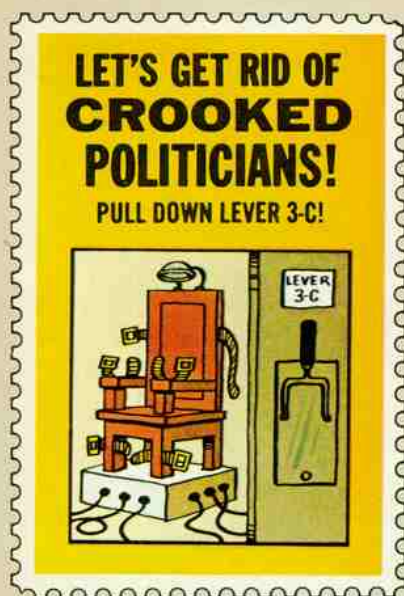
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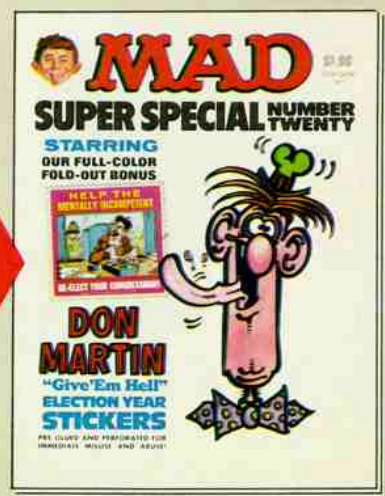
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the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



ONE CUCKOO FLEW OVER THE REST

I'm grateful MAD decided to seek
asylum. "Cuckoo's Nest" was a magnifi-
cent choice of a movie, as Jack Nicholson's
deserved Oscar award indicates. I
saw it here in Copenhagen, and while at
school in Zurich, May I say that Mort
Drucker organized the inmates even bet-
ter than McGoofy did.

Merete Stensig
Copenhagen, Denmark

Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo
really committed themselves this time.

Sabina D. Romine
Grants Pass, Ore.

Drucker and De Bartolo feathered that
"Cuckoo's Nest"!

Tom Bayone
Cedartown, Ga.

MARTIN AT THE WARSAW DIKE

My husband, being Polish, thoroughly
enjoyed Don Martin's "Late One After-
noon At The Warsaw Dike." Oddly
enough, he didn't see anything wrong
when he first looked at it. I, on the other
hand, am Bohemian, so I noticed right
away that the water was on the wrong
side of the dike.

Vicki Kluska
Burlington, Iowa

"Late One Afternoon At The Warsaw
Dike" proves that Don Martin is the best.
It also proves that he's met my husband!

Edith Kowalski
Toronto, Ont.
Canada

In "Warsaw Dike", Don Martin's lit-
tle guy comes up for air and says "Kopf
Gahuff Puff Kapf". I wonder if you guys
realize what *that* means in Polish!?

Sara Jane Rowe
Arkadelphia, Ark.

By his senseless use of the word
"Warsaw," Mr. Martin has transformed a
harmless cartoon into an inherently de-
meaning ethnic joke.

Earl Divoky
Arcola, Texas

Poland is nowhere near the sea! Don
Martin is playing with a stacked dike!

Caren Croland
Glen Rock, N.J.

I fail to find anything funny about it!
Irving Stanislawotowsky
Porterville, Calif.

LAWSUITS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Whereas the plaintiffs consist of the
browsers of fine magazine stands who
have had to endure a trashy magazine that
costs 50c and calls itself "cheap" even
though a daily newspaper can be used to
swat flies at a fraction of the cost. Now,
therefore, the plaintiffs accuse said mag-
azine of newsstand pollution and demand
that the writers be sentenced to holding
their fingers in holes on the wrong side of
the dike that holds back the residue from
the National Long-Distance Spitting Con-
test for a period of at least ten years or
any intervening dry spell.

John Stettler
Lawrence, Kan.

MAD'S "NICE" GRAFFITI

"MAD's 'Nice' Graffiti," by Clarke and
Siegel, was . . . er . . . a welcome change.

Chris Marcheschi
Muskego, Wis.

THE CREATURE FROM THE MARGINALS

I'm one who delves into the Marginals,
before reading the rest of the magazine.
When I finish them, it's like emerging
from a very special little world!

Germaine Chomette
Los Angeles, Calif.

DISASTER MAGAZINE

The only "Disaster Magazine" I know
is MAD!

Matthew Meyer
Fair Haven, N.J.

"Disaster Magazine" is as funny as a
rubber fire escape!

Dominick Piturro
Bronx, N.Y.

...as funny as an usher in the Black
Hole of Calcutta!

Dennis Burke
Norristown, Pa.

Paul Peter Porges and Jack Davis are
MAD's excellent Grin Reapers!

Cole Steiness
Marina Del Rey, Calif.



Paul Peter Porges's Idea
of a Real Disaster!

BIG CITY PARKING PROBLEMS

This letter is to congratulate Al Jaffee on "MAD Solutions To Big City Parking Problems." With the possible exception of the helicopter bit, these are the most practical problem solvers since your idea of parking empty dump trucks, side by side, throughout the city during a snowstorm. The snow stops, the trucks drive away, clean streets the result. Seriously, Jaffee's parking gimmicks sound as though they might work.

Arthur Berman
Rego Park, N.Y.

On Jaffee's Ferris Wheel Concept, how do the cars get turned around in their parking space? You show the car headed in and then on the exit it is headed out. Also, the Lazy Susan Facility shows cars nosed in to park but nosed out to exit. It's MADdening!

Royden G. Anderson
Palmer, Mich.

Al Jaffee can't back out of that one!—Ed.

Thanks to Al Jaffee's "Parking Problems," I solved my own. The only trouble is keeping the car from sliding off my roof.

Mark Berg
San Antonio, Texas

ALFRED TREE-PLANTING COVER

I've always been intrigued by the work of Bob Jones, ever since I read of his humanizing animals, such as the Exxon tiger, in a book called "The Art Of Humorous Illustration." Hope Alfred doesn't get trampled in that dog dash.

Kathy Quail
Waretown, N.J.

Hope the rest of the gang let that desperately "dancing" Dalmatian go first!

Vicki Herrick
Glenview, Ill.

I'll bet Bob Jones is for the underdog!
Greg Fawcett
Medina, Ohio

TWO FINGER EXERCISE MINI-POSTER

Your Mini-Poster, "Let Your Fingers Do The Walk-(expletives)," was a real glitch.

Bonnie Levy
Washington Township, N.J.

Concerning your Mini-Poster on the back of July's issue, whatever happened to "link sausage"?

Holly Weissel
San Mateo, Calif.

"Fingers" changed my mind about thumbing through MAD!

Roscoe Bunce
Valley Stream, N.Y.

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A MAD GUIDE TO LEISURE TIME

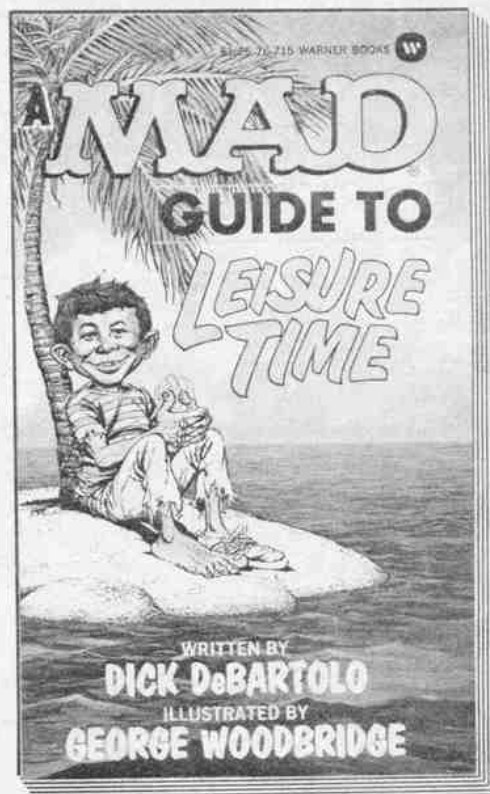
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SPOCK 'N ROLL DEPT.

TV being the ridiculous industry it is, no one should be surprised that the hottest show around is one that folded eight years ago. We mean, of course, "Star Trek," which is being kept alive by tens of thousands of dedicated, fanatic "Trekkies." Considering "Star Trek's" popularity, it's only a matter of time before someone turns it into a Broadway Musical. So, before that happens, we'll do it first, with

KEEP THE MAD "S"

Captain's Log—Stardate: 10-5-76! Through an incredible time warp, the crew of the Starship "Improvise" has been summoned by some mysterious power to a meeting back aboard the retired ship eight years after the death of the show!

Isn't it strange?
After eight years—
Him playing Captain again—
Me with my ears!
Send in the crew!

Look at me now—
At my old post—
Happy that I can forget
"Barbary Coast!"
Where is my crew?
Send in my crew!

See our old ship—
Down from the sky!
None of the engines
Are working,
And neither am I!

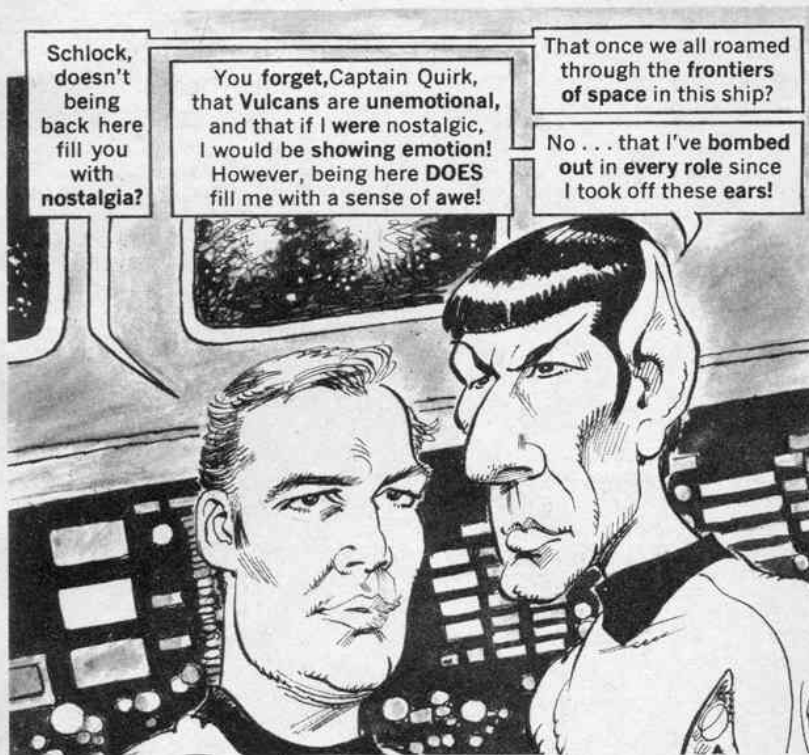
Once I was saving
Their lives with
My medical skill!
Where am I now?
Over the hill!

How have we done?
Not well, we fear—
Typecast as spacemen,
Which means...
We've no career!
So send in the crew!
This old, washed-up crew!
We're better off here!



* Sung to the tune of "Send In The Clowns"

ON TREKIN' "STAR TREK" MUSICAL



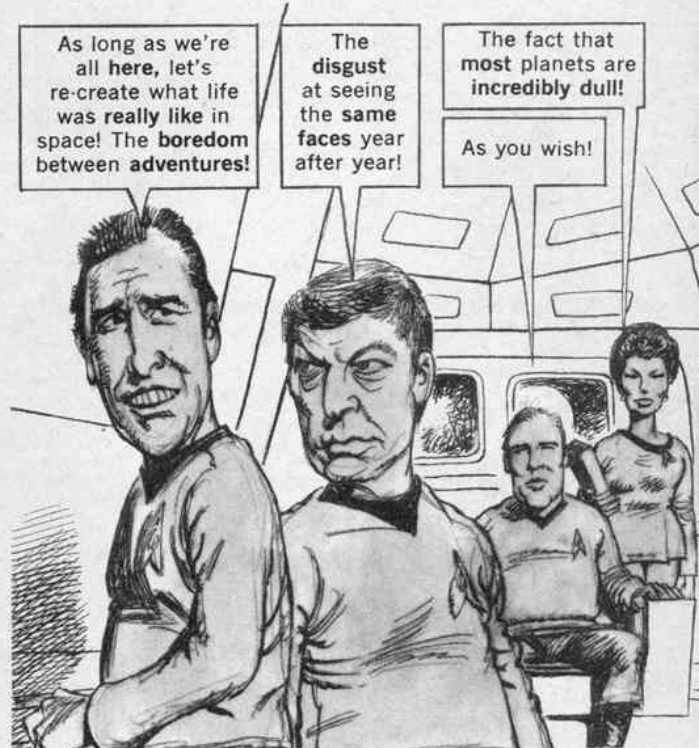
Schlock, doesn't being back here fill you with nostalgia?

You forget, Captain Quirk, that Vulcans are unemotional, and that if I were nostalgic, I would be showing emotion! However, being here DOES fill me with a sense of awe!

That once we all roamed through the frontiers of space in this ship?

No . . . that I've bombed out in every role since I took off these ears!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



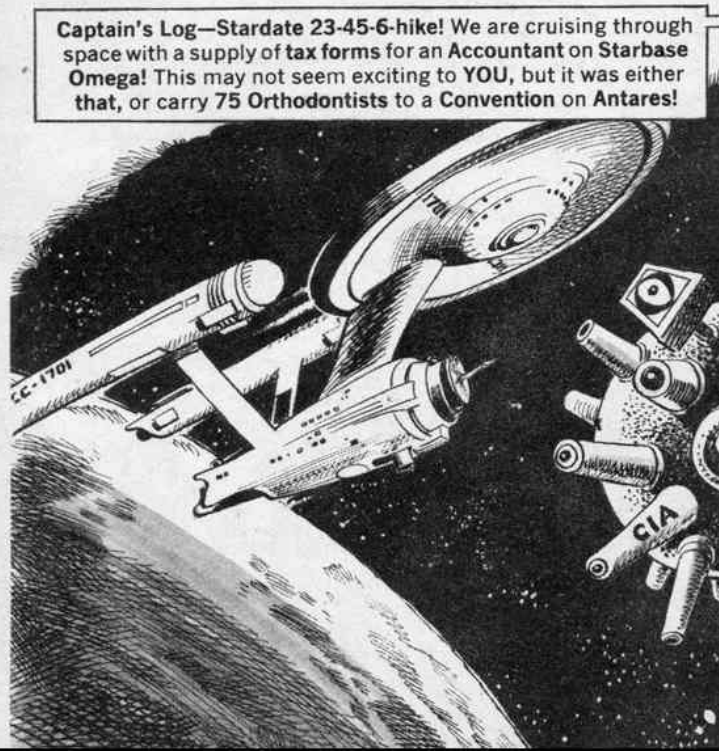
As long as we're all here, let's re-create what life was really like in space! The boredom between adventures!

The disgust at seeing the same faces year after year!

The fact that most planets are incredibly dull!

As you wish!

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Captain's Log—Stardate 23-45-6-hike! We are cruising through space with a supply of tax forms for an Accountant on Starbase Omega! This may not seem exciting to YOU, but it was either that, or carry 75 Orthodontists to a Convention on Antares!



Look sharp, Mr. Sumu! Level off at Warp Five . . . and keep a steady course!

Listen to the way he orders us around! He's POWER-MAD!

And keep an eye out for the Great White Whale!

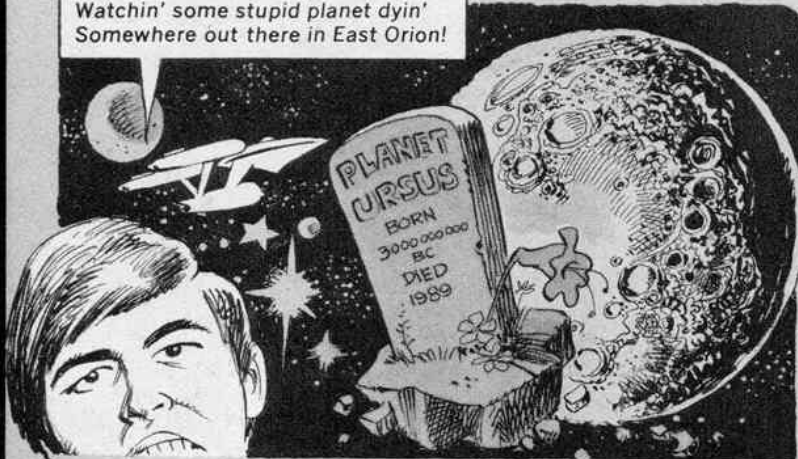
Not to mention CRAZY!

Let's face it! Space is a DRAG . . .

*What do you get when you fly through space?
You're locked in a ship and don't feel human,
Cooped up in space with smelly crewmen—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!

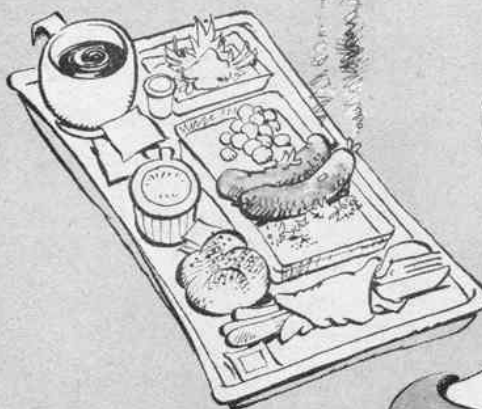


I'd rather join the un-em-ployed
Than cir-cle some stu-pid ast-er-oid!
Watchin' some stupid planet dyin'
Somewhere out there in East Orion!

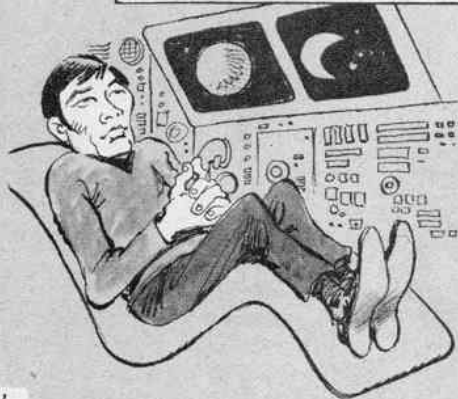


*Sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall In Love Again"

What do you eat when you fly through space?
Those heat-n-serve meals from Starbase Alpha,
Tasting like hunks of dried alfalfa—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



What do you do when you fly through space?
You twiddle your thumbs and you count the hours;
Then when you're through, you take cold showers—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



Captain, I've
been checking
our roster! Of
480 crewmen
aboard, 475
DO NOTHING!

They only seem to do nothing,
Mr. Schlock! Actually, each is
a minor actor who will shortly
appear in an episode... and
be KILLED!! Without THEM,
WE couldn't survive! See...

*As your ship...goes through the gal-ax-y
To distant worlds...way past Mars—
Make sure...that your ad-ven-tures
Do...not...kill...off...your...stars!

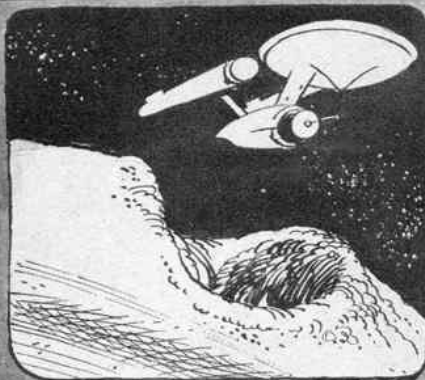
And you can do it with
A crew that's dispensible—
A crew that's dispensible—
Dis-pens-i-ble!
Dis-pens-i-ble!



*Sung to the tune of "The Age Of Aquarius"



Minor actors that you bring on
Perish when they meet a Klingon!
One-time players not seen later
Vanish in a planet's crater!
Those of us who try to aid them
Fail because the script has made them
Dis-pens-i-ble!
DIS-PENS-I-BLE!



CAPTAIN!!
The ship
can't TAKE
any more!

You mean . . . the
SUPERSTRUCTURE
can't stand our
incredible speed?!

No . . . the **CREW**
can't stand your
terrible singing!
We're close to
a **MUTINY!!**

Dr. McGoy,
I think
I've got a
ruptured
appendix!

Take it our **your-**
self! I'm just not
interested in trite,
hackneyed Earth
ailments any more!



*I'm a doctor out in space,
And, like, I really groove this place,
Because of all the rare dis-ease-es—
Not like your silly coughs or sneezes!
Treating ail-ments that no man be-fore has seen
Is real keen—
They are my kinds...of sick-ness!



Observe that crewman rub his leg;
Last week he got the Neptune Plague;
Today his joints are blue and yel-low—
In seven days he'll turn to Jel-lo—
And that last re-main-ing blob I'll an-a-lyze
When he dies—
This is my kind...of sick-ness!



While beaming up from Gamma II,
I thought this man had caught the flu;
But then his mouth was growing fangs there—
And now from ceilings he just hangs there—
As I sit and list-en to his last re-quests,
I'll run tests—
This is my kind . . . of sick-ness!



Oh, what a joy it is to see
Each brand-new unknown mal-a-dy—
These men are pleading, "Won't you cure us
"From what we picked up on Arc-tur-us?"
And with ev-ry dy-ing gurg-gle in their throats,
I'll make notes—
These are my kinds...of sick-ness!



*Sung to the tune of "The Sound Of Silence"

There's only **ONE THING** I love better than a space disease, and that's baiting Mr. Schlock!

Hey, Schlock! Why does a Vulcan have pointed ears?

I . . . I don't know! Why . . . ?

So he can count to twelve!

ANOTHER "Vulcan Joke"! How long must I put up with this mockery?! If only these clods knew how a Vulcan really feels!

**It's having pointed ears and hearing crewmen telling Vulcan jokes on ship; And it's always playing straight-man to McGoy, who thinks I'm something of a freak; And it's chatting with computers and discovering I bore them and they're only chatting back just to be kind; And it's reaching the conclusion that I'm looked on as a weirdo and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!*



It's having blood that's green and with your stomach situated 'bove your heart; And it's knowing how to paralyze a Romulon by fingering his neck; And it's working here with Quirk and all his Earthlings who compared to me are morons of the least developed kind; And it's reaching the conclusion that they've cast me as a "token" and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's mastering telepathy and knowing what the other crewmen think; And finding out there's nothing on their minds but sex and making out in space; And it's having no emotions so I really have no inkling of what "making out" means to the human mind; And it's reaching the conclusion that I must be missing something and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!



**Sung to the tune of "Gentle On My Mind"*

Sir, I'm picking up faint signals from Planet Pinkus!

Any life forms there, Mr. Schlock?

The computer print-out indicates a rapidly-increasing population existing in a polluted environment in which people settle differences through war—crime—and violence!

You idiot! You're reading the print-out for Planet EARTH!!



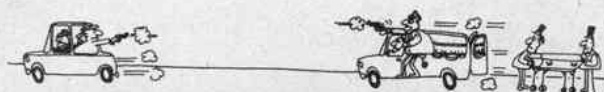
I'm getting **SINGING COMMERCIALS** from three different Pinkus Tourist Bureaus . . . !

Quick! Switch on the **Deep-Scanning Video Screen!**

**What good is sitting Up there in your ship When you could be Our guest? Beam down to Pinkus West, My friends! Beam down to Pinkus West!*



**Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Cabaret"*





You'll want to stay in
Our fancy resorts;
You'll say our food's
The best!
Beam down to Pinkus West,
My friends!
Beam down to Pinkus West!

Come bring your cash
For souvenirs!
Come bring your ...

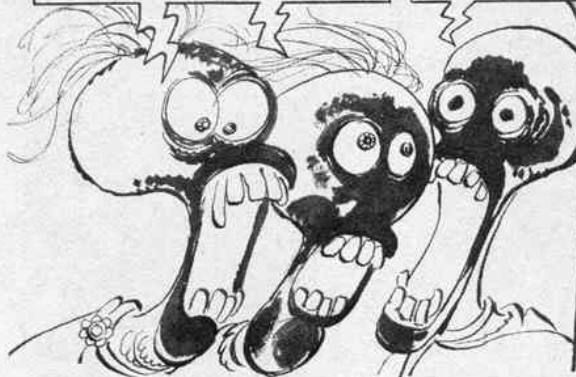
Yecch! They're
terrible! Let's hear
the second group ...



*Pinkus East—
That's where budget-conscious
Spacemen feast—
Where you get the most and
Spend the least—
So beam on down
To Pinkus East!

If you wait,
You may miss our low Off-
Season rate—
It's a bargain at
\$9.98—
So beam on down
To ...

They're
even
worse!
Switch
on the
third
group!



*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Yesterday"

*How many spots out in space have hotels
That are on the Am-er-i-can Plan?
Yes, how many spots have a bi-nar-y sun
Where a guy gets a two-sided tan?
Yes, how many spots can you name with great broads
That go wild for a pointed-ear man?
The answer, my friends, is here on Pinkus South!
The answer is here in Pinkus South!

Well, Mr. Schlock ... ?

I don't know
about YOU,
Captain, but
I'm beaming
down to
Pinkus South!



*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Blowing In The Wind"

There
could be
trouble, so
put your
phasers
on "Stun"!

According to my
Tricorder Reading,
the inhabitants
are **BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG WOMEN!**

In that
case ...
put your
phasers
on
"Caress"!



I am Varma, Queen of Pinkus, Darling of the
Galaxy, Goddess of the Song-Cue! I have the
power to grant you and your crew **immortality!**

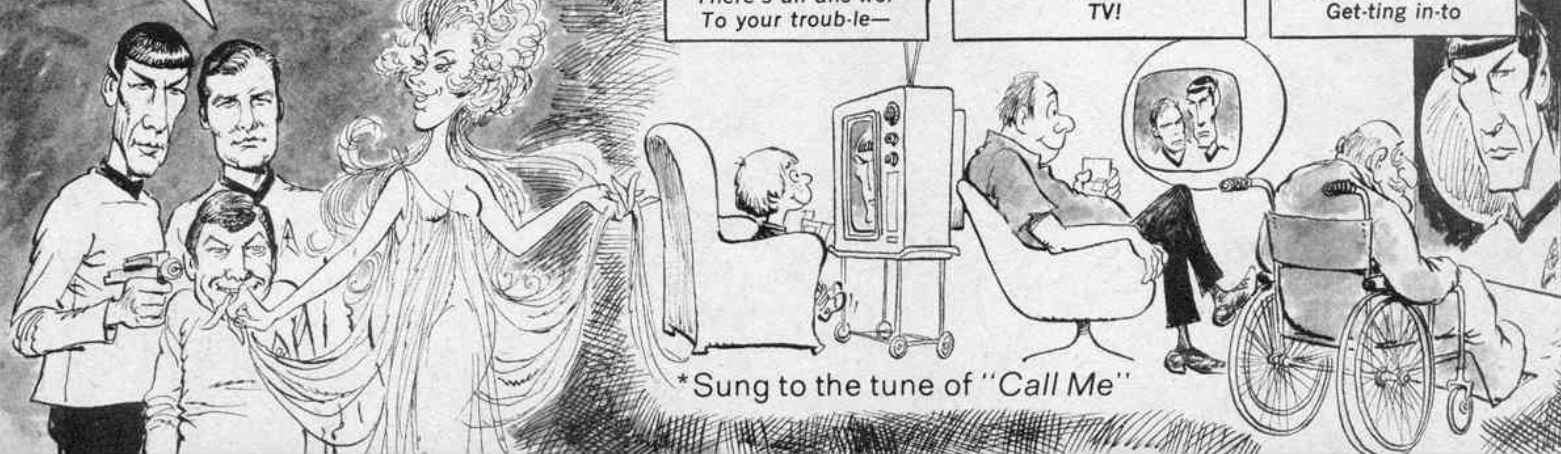
Us? Immortal? With our ratings,
we won't even last the Season!!

You will never
die, because—

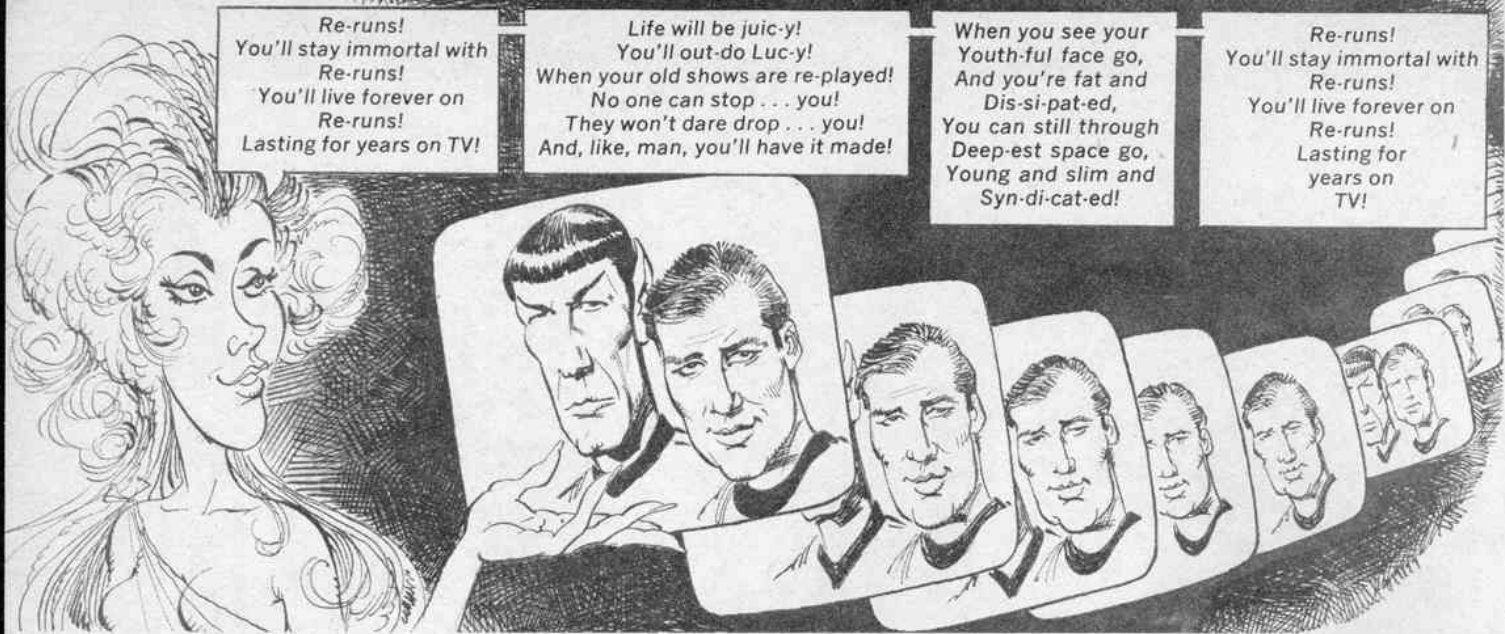
*When you're has-sled
By your network,
And your ratings
Turn to rubble,
Don't despair if
You can't get work;
There's an ans-
wer
To your trou-
ble—

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
Years on
TV!

When fresh plots are
Hard to dream up
And each dis-tant
Star you've been to,
Don't fret when they
Split your team up;
You'll survive by
Get-ting in-to



*Sung to the tune of "Call Me"



Captain's Log—Stardate: 54-40 or fight! Our flashback is over and we're back where we were when this musical started—still waiting for that mysterious power who summoned us together eight years after the death of our show!

Sorry to keep
you waiting,
Gentlemen!
Now, let's get
right down to
business . . .

So YOU'RE the Mysterious Power!!

That's right! I'm a Vice-President
of NBC! We want you and your crew
to fly through space again . . . coast
to coast . . . on Network Prime Time!

Are you crazy?
We'd be out
of our minds!
We're sitting
pretty the
way we are!

We're idolized
by thousands
of Sci-Fi fans!
We're mobbed by
gorgeous teen-
age "Trekkies"!

We've got it made with
RE-RUNS and LECTURES
and CONVENTIONS! With
ROYALTIES pouring in
from BOOKS and MODELS
and TOYS and POSTERS!

We don't
need
YOU!
We've got—



*Money!
That's the reason
We don't have a care!
Money!
Oh, yessiree, we
Really get our share!

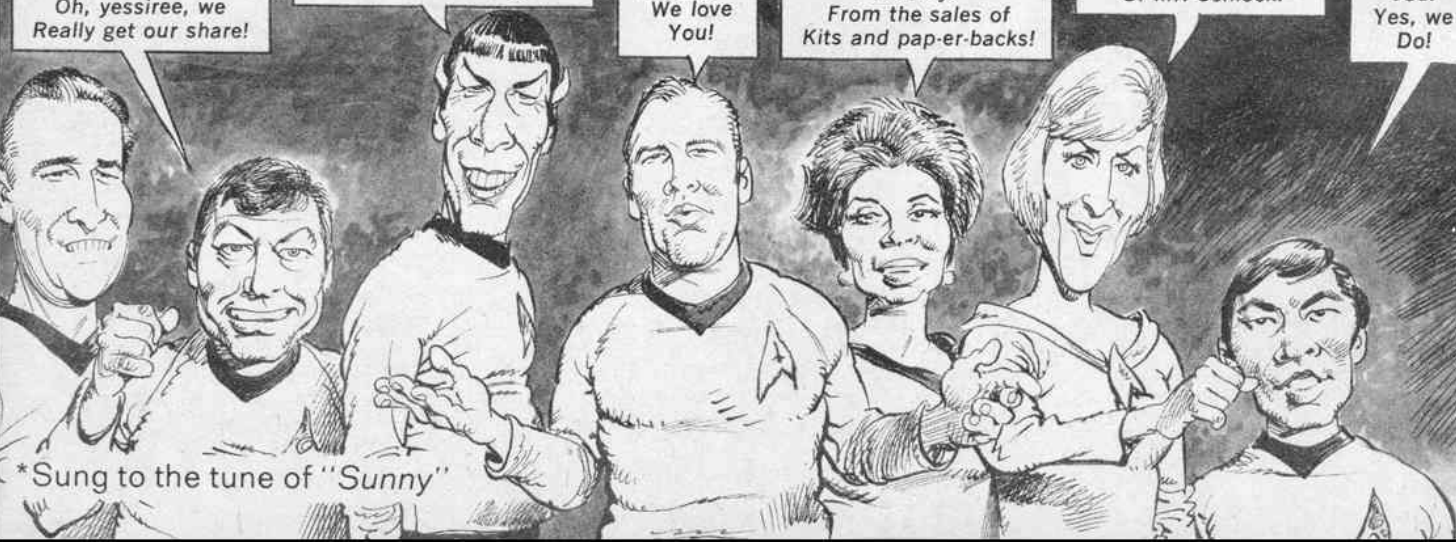
See the Trekkies out there
Who are buying our stuff;
They're hooked, we swear,
And that's enough!

Yes,
Money
Coming
Through—
We love
You!

Money!
Piling up in
Big, e-nor-mous stacks!
Money!
From the sales of
Kits and pap-er-backs!

Let's cheer those kids
Who go in hock
From buy-ing dolls
Of Mr. Schlock!

Oh,
Money!
We love
You!
Yes, we
Do!



*Sung to the tune of "Sunny"

SMELLY FEATS DEPT.

We have always been intrigued with *The Guinness Book Of World Records*, which lists feats and undertakings that are greater, taller, faster, smaller or older than any others. Recently, MAD began compiling its own set of World Records. And—you know what we found out? We found out that many famous World Records have led to Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records that are even more amazing and stupefying. To show you what we mean, here are excerpts from...

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

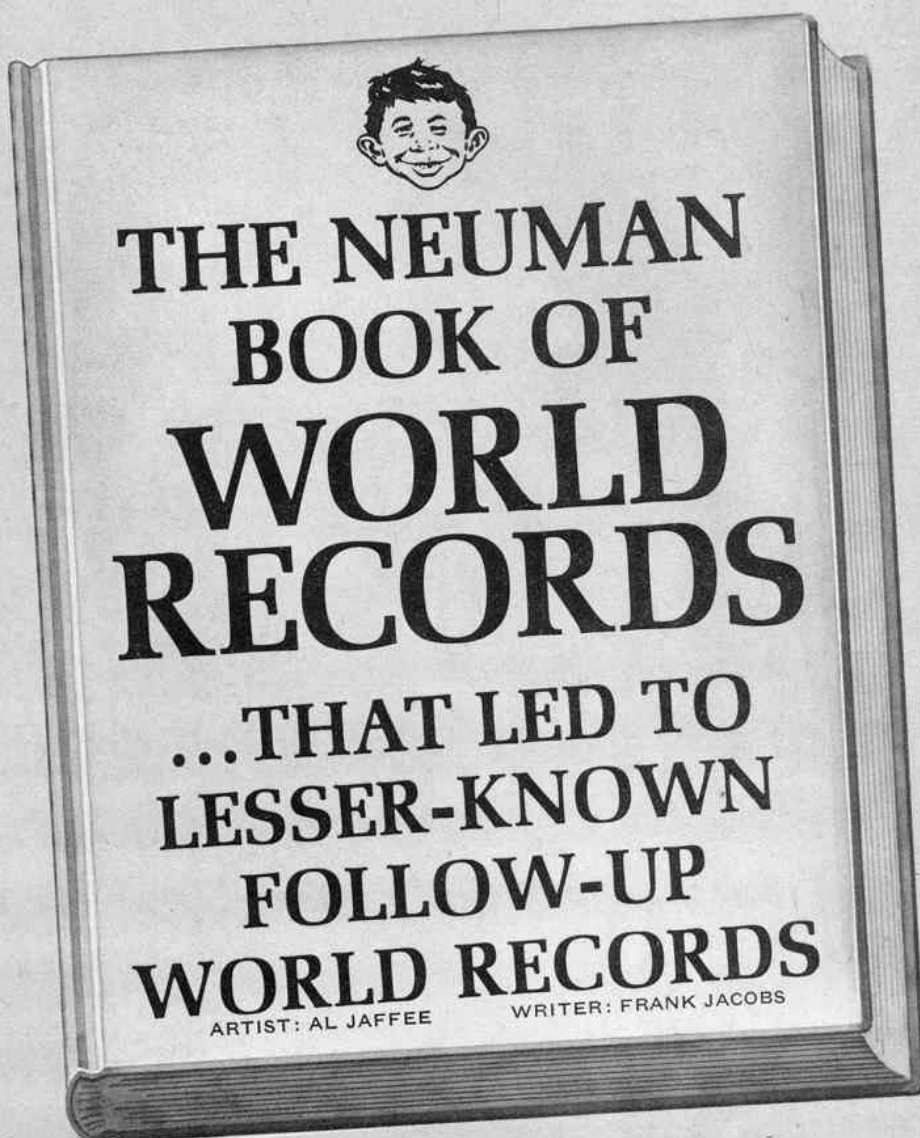


The World Record for Eating Chocolate Bars was set by Lydia Ann Snively, of Skroon City, Idaho, who consumed 187 6-ounce Hershey Milk Chocolate Bars in 37 minutes on December 20, 1974.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record for Acne was set by Lydia Ann Snively, of Skroon City, Idaho, who suffered 911 eruptions of facial pimples, hickies and blemishes between December 20 and 26, 1974.



THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Largest Diamond Ever Discovered was found by Mervyn X. Waxbush, who uncovered a stone that weighed 455 carats in a field outside of Pretoria, South Africa, March 13, 1922. The diamond was valued, before cutting, at nearly \$5,000,000.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record For Marriage Proposals Received By A Man was held by Mervyn X. Waxbush of Pretoria, South Africa, who received 958 proposals of marriage from women between Mar., 1922, and his death from physical exhaustion in August, 1925.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Pay Telephone was installed in New York City on November 1, 1888.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



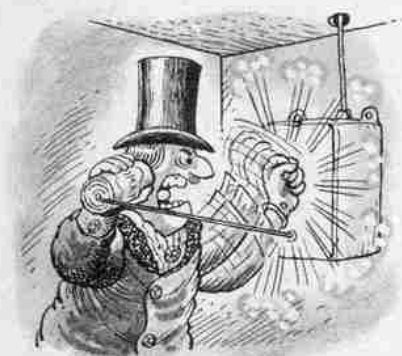
The record for The Fastest Removal Of An Appendix is held by Dr. Ed Greber of Boston, who, working quickly on the morning of June 1, 1955, removed the appendix from a patient in 55 seconds.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The record for Most Fingers Accidentally Cut Off During An Operation belongs to Interne Myron Klutz, who had four fingers sliced off while assisting Dr. Ed Greber in Boston on June 1, 1955.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The First Pay Telephone To Go Out Of order occurred in New York City on Nov. 1, 1888, and was reported by Elmo Jay Finsterhoff. Elmo, incidentally, also became The First Person To Ever Lose Money In A Pay Telephone on that date.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The record for Water Consumption is held by tourist Elmo Yancy, who, on April 10, 1955, drank three gallons in the village of Carramba, Mexico, after he'd crossed the Baja on foot.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The record for Kaopectate Consumption is held by Elmo Yancey, who, during a seige of "Montezuma's Revenge," drank the contents of thirty-four 12-ounce bottles from April 10th to 15th, 1966.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Golf Course was completed on August 15, 1644 in a field outside the village of Tavish, Scotland, by Angus MacPherson after 7 years of hard work.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The First Golfer To Break A Club In Disgust was Angus MacPherson, after playing three holes of a course near Tavish, Scotland on August 15, 1644.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Practical Set of Binoculars was invented in 1657 by Antonio Della Scappini, an Italian scientist, who lived in the crowded city of Gronza.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

DON MARTIN

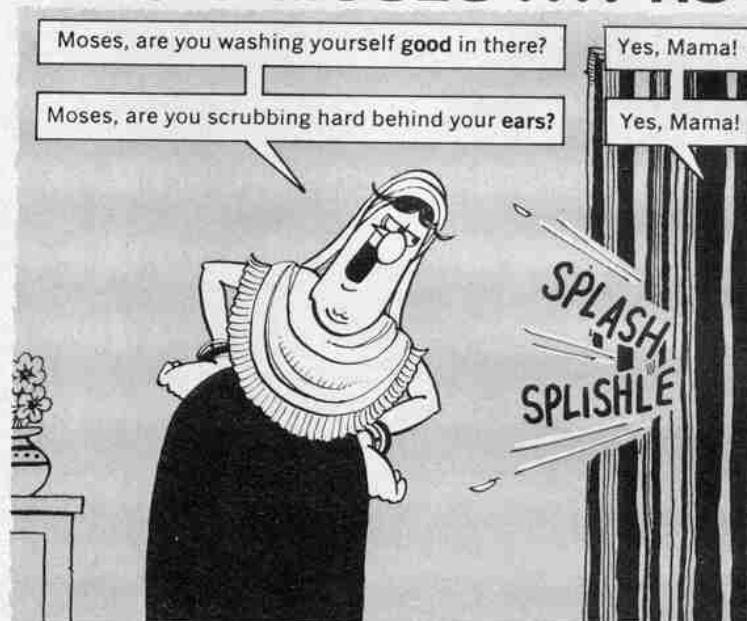
presents

"THE STORY OF MOSES"

PART I-MOSES AS A



PART II-MOSES AS A



PART III-MOSES AS A



CHILD



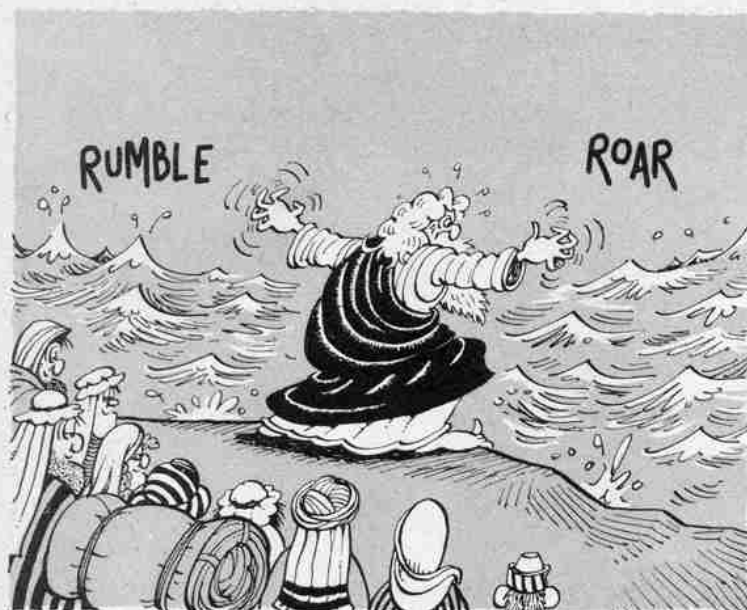
SMALL BOY



YOUNG MAN



PART IV-MOSES.... AS AN OLD MAN



Since his death, so many Wills supposedly written by Howard Hughes have appeared that we have lost count. Obviously, they all can't be real. But with an estate valued in excess of two billion dollars, who can blame anyone for trying to grab a piece and become a millionaire? In fact, we here at MAD feel very strongly that you, Dear Reader, should not be left out! So enter your name in the proper space provided in the attached "official" and "authorized" Document, rush down to your Post Office (remembering that old cliché: "First come, first probated.") and mail in your copy of

MAD'S "DO-IT-YOURSELF" HOWARD HUGHES WILL

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

March 3, 1976

I, Howard R. Hughes, being of sound mind and body (sound mind and body for me, at least!), hereby declare this to be my LAST "official" and "authorized" Will:

All of the uncensored and unretouched photographs I personally took of Jane Russell and her unique constructions, I bequeath to Frank Sinatra, who should appreciate them.

My famous wooden airplane, tastelessly nicknamed "The Spruce Goose," I bequeath to Hugh Hefner, who recently was forced to give up his own flying self-indulgence.

All of my beautiful women, regardless of their current condition, I bequeath to Burt Reynolds, regardless of his current condition.

That top-secret CIA Russian Submarine Recovery Ship, which costs about \$18,000 a day to maintain, I bequeath to The Sea Scouts of America. So sell a lot of cookies, kids!

And The entire balance of my estate, valued at about two billion dollars -- give or take a few million -- I bequeath to because NOT ONCE during my lifetime did this person ever touch me, bother me, help me, or even try to contact me!!

Written and signed by:

Howard R. Hughes

Witnessed by:

Clifford Irving
Alfred E. Newman



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

NO



RING!



Hello? **WHAT . . . ?!** Say that again!! **WHAT . . . ?!** I'm going to report this to the Telephone Company!!

Who **IS** that . . . ?



I don't know! Some **WEIRDO . . .** making an obscene phone call!

REALLY?! What's he saying??



I don't know! That's why I'm reporting it to the Phone Company! There's so much static on the line, I can't hear a word he's saying!!



DISSE

WRITER &
ARTIST:
DAVID BERG

We have the **noisiest** darn neighbors!!

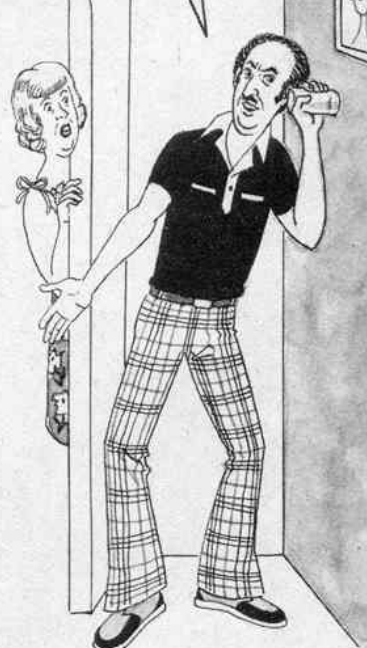
Oh . . . really?

They're always **arguing** and calling each other **terrible** names and **banging** things around and playing their television much too loud!

Frankly, I don't know what you're talking about! I don't hear a thing!

Of course you don't!

You gotta have a **GLASS** up against the wall!!



THAT DARN RADIATOR-KNOCKING IS DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND!!

Don't knock it!

Just remember the times we nearly froze in this apartment, hoping for some heat!

That's true, but . . .

So just be thankful that at last we're getting some steam!

Normally, I WOULD be . . .!!

BUT NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SUMMER!!!

AUGUST

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

KNOCK
KNOCK

KNOCK



What's that buzzing sound?

It's a built-in safety device! The buzzer will stop buzzing when you put on your seat belt!

Well, I'm not gonna let some mindless gadget tell ME what to do! No matter HOW grating it is on my nerves, I WON'T GIVE IN!

Go ahead! Buzz away all you want! You won't break my spirit! My will is strong! My endurance is limitless! I can take it!

Well, I can't! It's awful!

In that case, I'll put on my seat belt! But remember . . . it was YOU, not ME that gave in!!



DAMN THOSE PEOPLE AND THEIR WILD NOISY PARTIES!!

KNOCK
KNOCK



Hey, Lipkin! Why are you knocking up at me??? I'm not having the wild noisy party! It's the Levitts . . . two flights up!!

I know! Just pass it on!!



Wouldn't you know it?! I go to a nice quiet restaurant . . . and a couple comes in with a baby and picks the next table! Now the brat will start to cry and scream and ruin my meal!



Just keep your eye on your watch! In thirty seconds, the little monster is gonna start howling! It never fails!!



WAA!

See?! What did I tell you! Boy, some people are so inconsiderate!!



Sir, could I ask you to stop smoking that cigar! It's so inconsiderate of you! It's ruining our meal, and the smell is making our baby cry!



YAAHH!

ARF
ARF
ARF



Lady, will you please call off your dog!

ARF
ARF



Not to worry! Don't you know barking dogs don't bite? See? He's wagging his tail!

I see! I see! But on the other end, I ALSO see a lot of gnashing teeth!!

ARF
ARF



Which end do I believe???

ARF
ARF



Good God, what's going on here? You've got a radio and a TV on! AND you're running your vacuum cleaner . . . AND your mix-master! What kind of craziness is that?!



Living alone is a real bummer! I turn all those things on so it won't seem quite so lonely! I'll switch them off . . .

If you're THAT lonely, why don't you get married, or get a roommate?!

I don't think that would work out!

I wouldn't know how to switch off a PERSON!



DARN THAT
ALARM
CLOCK!!

WHAT alarm
clock? I didn't
hear anything!!

Neither did I!! They
don't **MAKE** alarm
clocks the way they
USED to! It was
supposed to go off at
seven, but it didn't!
That's what woke me up!

You
mean
you
have a
built-in
alarm
clock???

Actually, Man has
always had that
primitive ability!
It's known as our
"Circadian Rhythm"!

If that's so,
then **WHY** do
people need
manufactured
alarm clocks?!

Because they don't
make **PEOPLE** the
way they used to!



BANG! BANG! BANG!



What is it with that
kid!?! Guns! Guns! Guns!
That's all he plays with
is guns!! He should have
some other interests!!



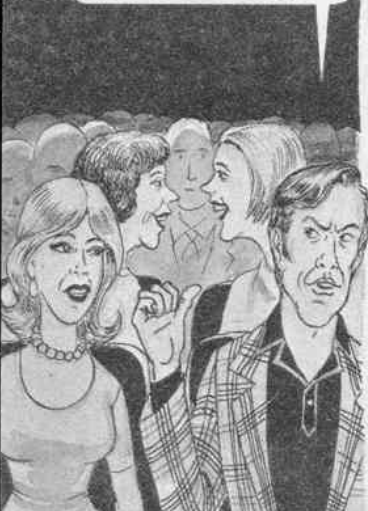
HERE! Take this **BAT AND
BALL** and go play outside!!



**BANG!
BANG!**



I'm trying to watch the
movie . . . and those two
chatterboxes behind
us keep distracting me!



So be a man and assert
yourself! If their
talking bothers you,
tell them to shut up!



Okay!
I'll
do
that!

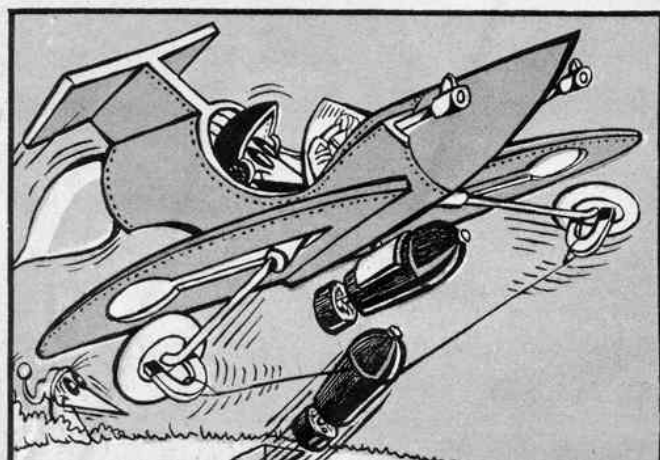
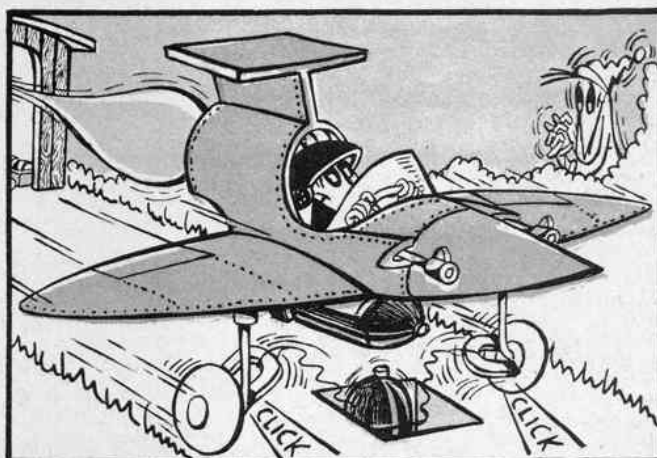
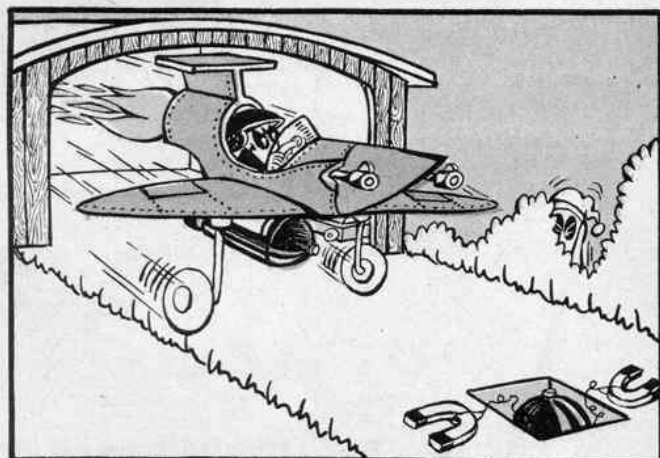
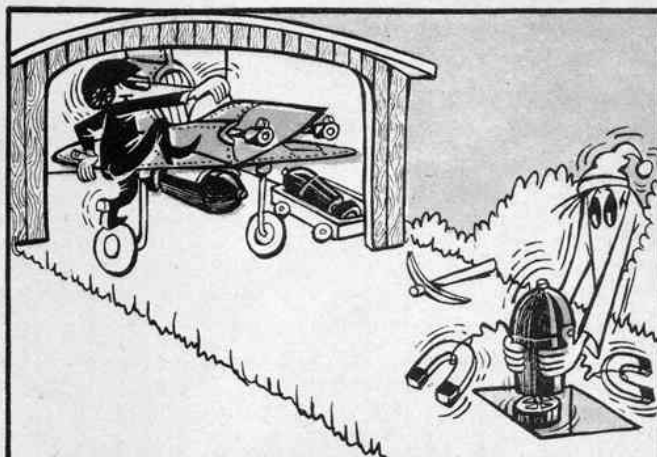
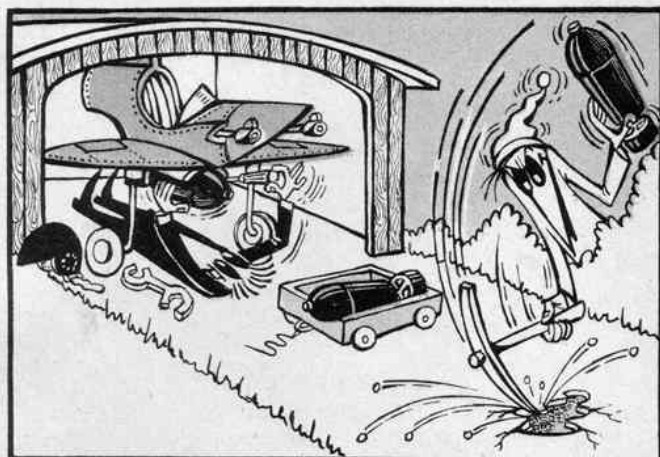
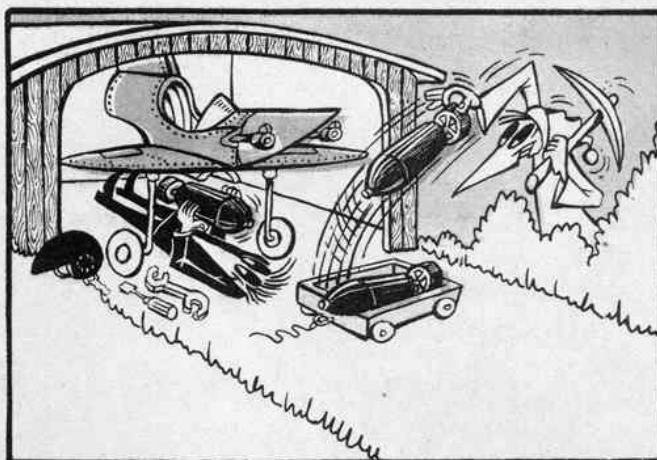
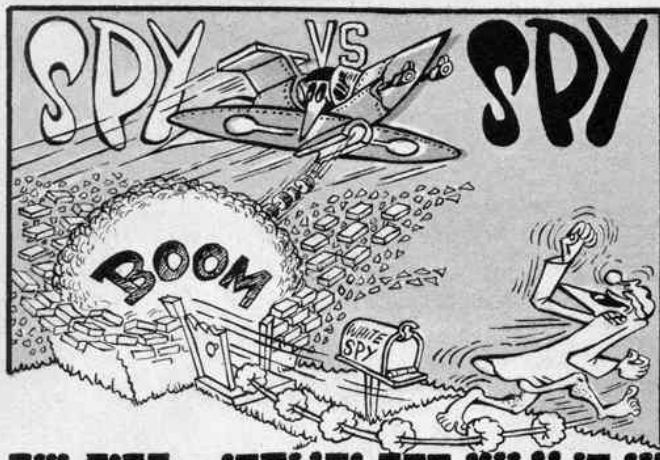
Er—pardon me, ladies
. . . but with all your
YACKETY-YAKING, I
can't hear **ONE WORD**!



**LISTEN, FELLAH! WHAT
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IS
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!!**



David
Bero

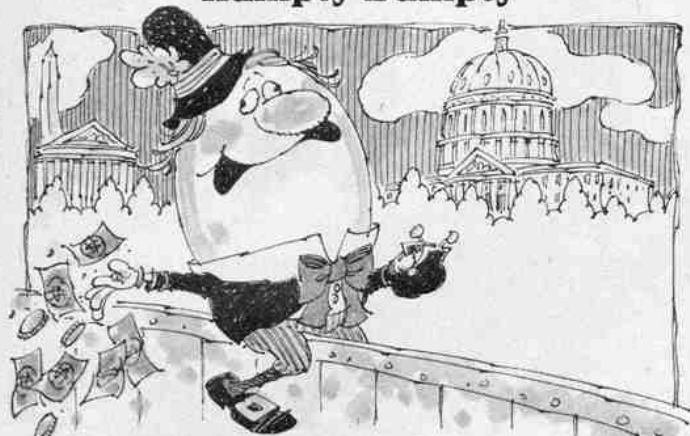


VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

What's going on in Nursery Land these days? Well, Tom, Tom the Piper's Son is stuffing ballot boxes, and Jack and Mrs. Sprat are splitting their votes between the Democrats and G.O.P. In other words, it's voting time for Solomon Grundy and his friends, which is our way of introducing . . .

MAD'S

Humpty Dumpty

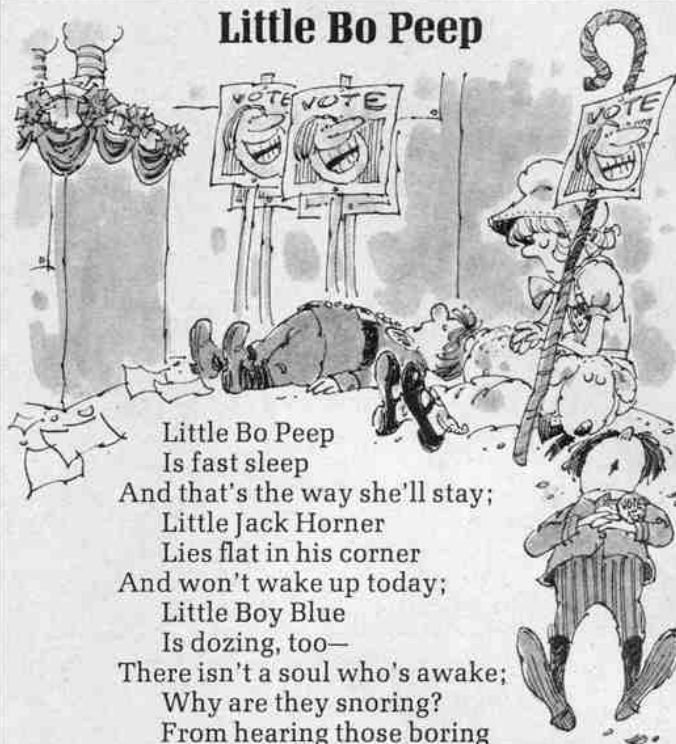


Humpty Dumpty made an address;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend less!"
All the conservative voters agreed
That Humpty in office was sure to succeed.

Humpty Dumpty spoke to the poor;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend more!"
All of the liberal voters concurred
That Humpty by far was the one they preferred.

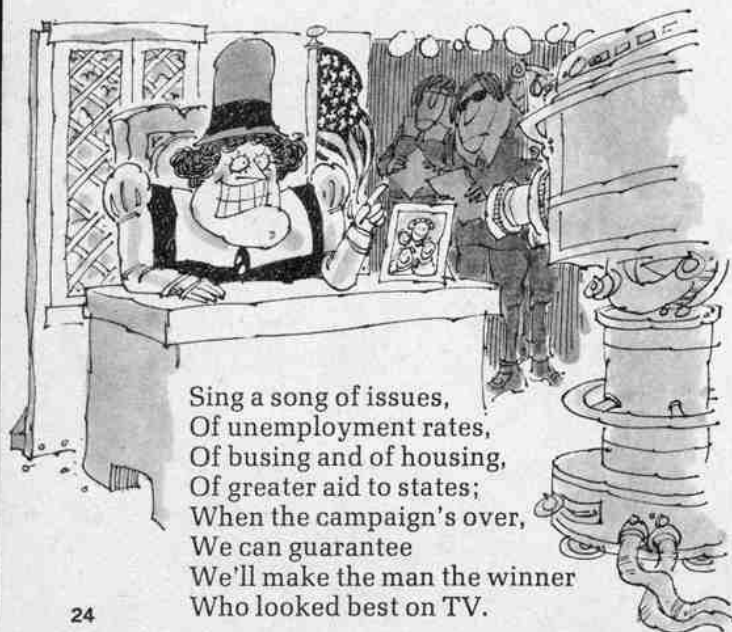
Humpty Dumpty stays on the fence;
Humpty Dumpty knows this makes sense;
He'll win all the voters up North and down South
By making full use of both sides of his mouth.

Little Bo Peep



Little Bo Peep
Is fast sleep
And that's the way she'll stay;
Little Jack Horner
Lies flat in his corner
And won't wake up today;
Little Boy Blue
Is dozing, too—
There isn't a soul who's awake;
Why are they snoring?
From hearing those boring
Long speeches their candidates make.

Sing a Song of Issues



Sing a song of issues,
Of unemployment rates,
Of busing and of housing,
Of greater aid to states;
When the campaign's over,
We can guarantee
We'll make the man the winner
Who looked best on TV.

The Crooked Man



There was a crooked man,
And he had a crooked laugh,
And he ran a crooked office,
And he hired a crooked staff.

He served a crooked term,
And he did a crooked job,
And he rammed through crooked bills
For a crooked local mob.

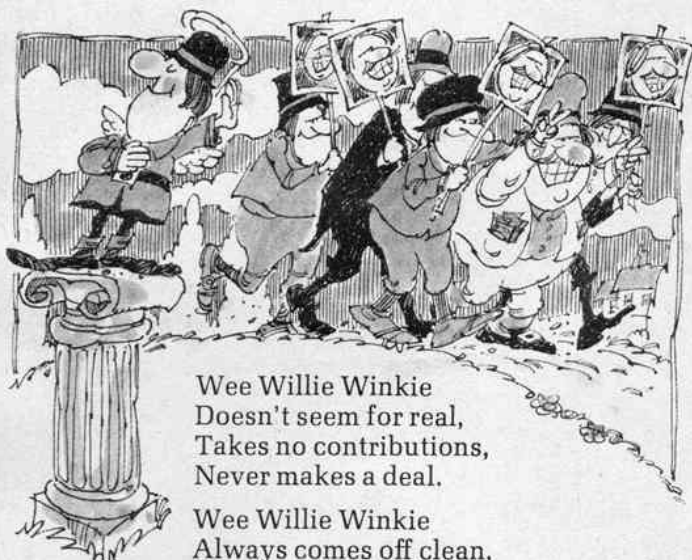
Why back the crooked man
When his crooked ways you see?
Because the rival candidate
Is crookeder than he.

ELECTION-YEAR MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie
Doesn't seem for real,
Takes no contributions,
Never makes a deal.

Wee Willie Winkie
Always comes off clean,
Free from all corruption,
Owned by no machine.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rids himself of sin;
Maybe that's why Willie
Never seems to win.

Harry is a Congressman



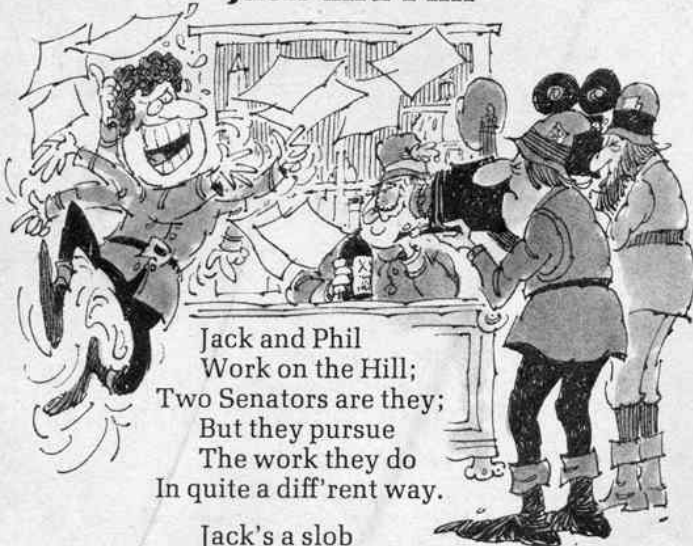
Harry is a Congressman
In Washington, D.C.,
And in his spacious office there
You'll meet his fam-i-ly.

His brother is his right-hand man
(he's never worked before);
His father gets 12 grand a year
(he's paid to shut the door).

His wife works as his filing clerk
(she cannot read or write);
His daughter mans the telephone
(a chimp is twice as bright).

Today when unemployment's high
And folks can't pay their rents,
How nice to know one fam-i-ly's
Found work—at our expense.

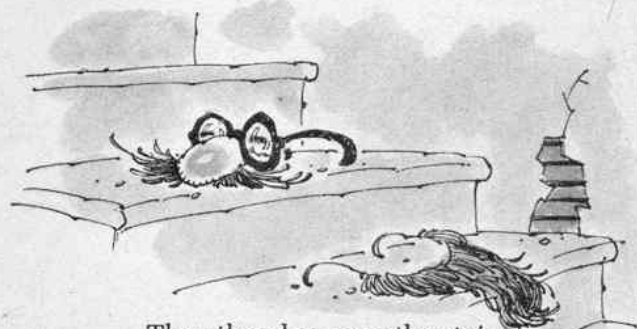
Jack and Phil



Jack and Phil
Work on the Hill;
Two Senators are they;
But they pursue
The work they do
In quite a diff'rent way.

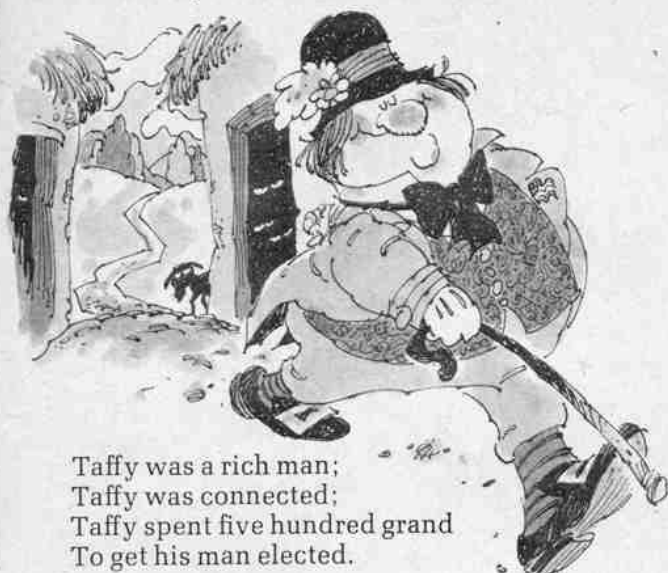
Jack's a slob
Who muffs his job,
While Phil achieves perfection;
It should be clear
Which one this year
Is up for re-election.

The Other Day Upon the Stair



The other day upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today;
I think he's from the C.I.A.

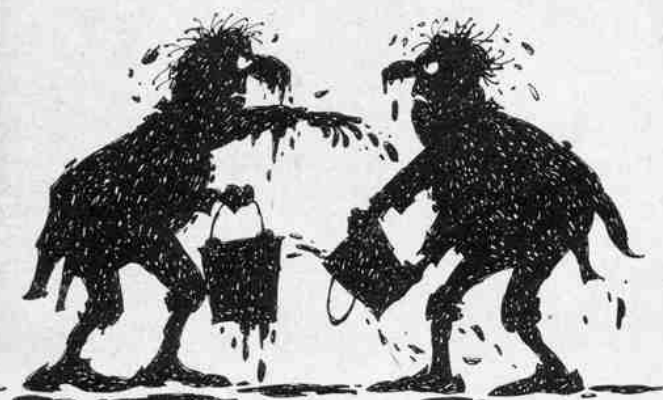
Taffy Was a Rich Man



Taffy was a rich man;
Taffy was connected;
Taffy spent five hundred grand
To get his man elected.

Taffy's now Ambassador
And struts around with pride;
Why don't you spend five hundred grand
And you'll be qualified.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were running for the House,
When Tweedledum smeared Tweedledee
By calling him a louse.

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Had caused a vicious stink,
Then spread the word that Tweedledum
Was going to a "Shrink."

Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Was vile and full of bunk;
"The problem is," said Tweedledum,
"That Tweedledee's a drunk."

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Was wrong in ev'ry way,
Then whispered to a columnist
That Tweedledum was gay.

Today I heard that Tweedledee
Was spotted at an orgy;
To hell with both—Election Day
I'll write in Georgie Porgie!

As I Was Watching NBC



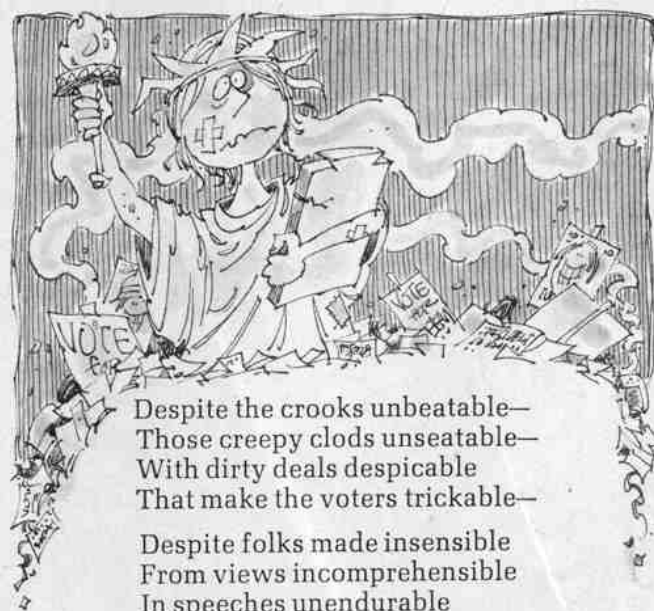
As I was watching NBC,
I heard a newsmen telling me
Although returns were barely in
That A would lose and B would win.

As I was watching CBS,
I heard an analyst profess
That his computer could foresee
That C should now concede to D.

As I was watching ABC,
I heard that F would unseat E,
And, from 12 votes in Tennessee,
That H would wind up beating G.

As I turned off my set, I swore,
"What good are voters anymore?
"We might as well get rid of them
"And leave the vote to IBM."

Despite the Crooks Unbeatable



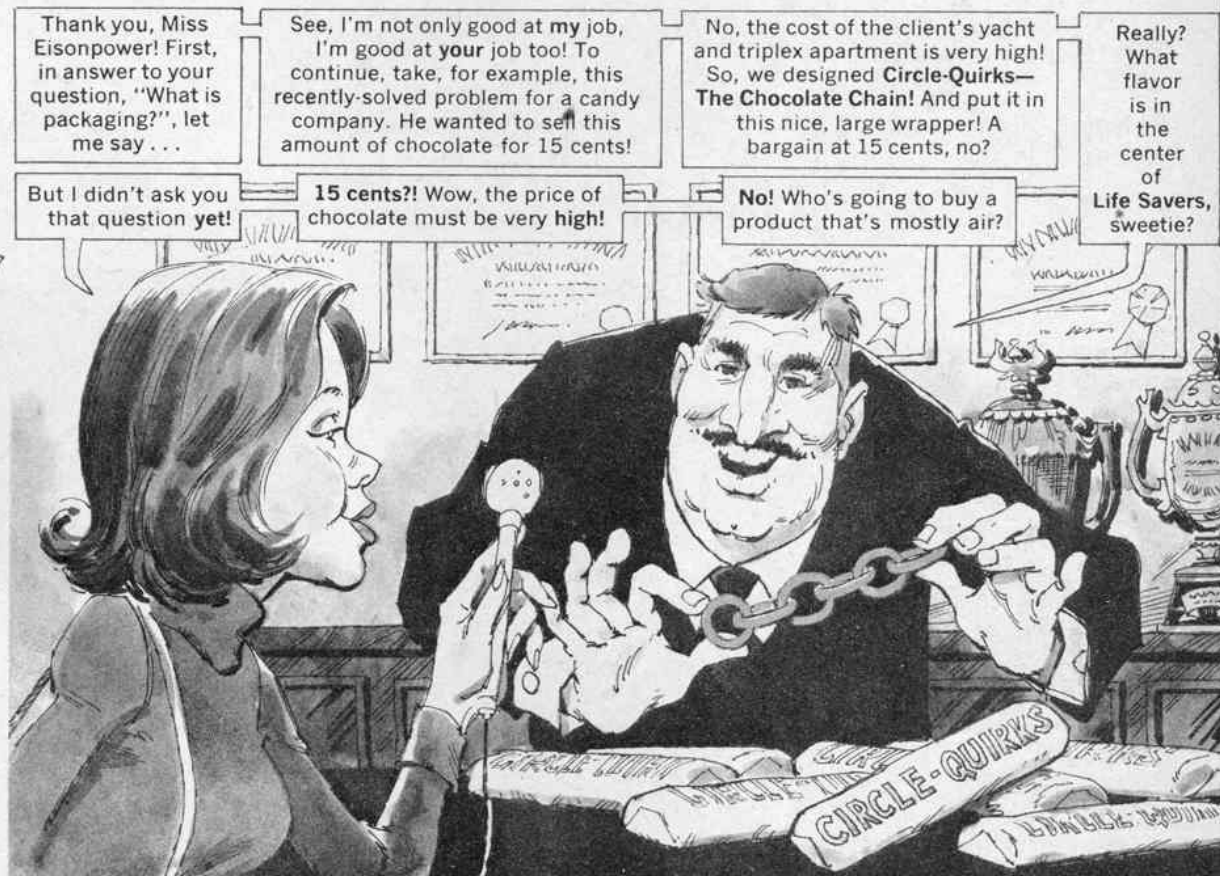
Despite the crooks unbeatable—
Those creepy clods unseatable—
With dirty deals despicable
That make the voters trickable—

Despite folks made insensible
From views incomprehensible
In speeches unendurable
By party hacks incurable—

Despite campaigns regrettable
With promises forgettable—
Despite the rumors spreadable—
Our system works—Incredible!

Hi! I'm Julie Eisonpower with another in-depth interview for MAD Magazine! Why me? I don't know, either! They said they needed somebody who was "close to deception," but I don't know what that has to do with me! I don't know anyone like that, except for my interviewee, Mr. Alan Caveat-Emptor...

MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR



Thank you, Miss Eisonpower! First, in answer to your question, "What is packaging?", let me say...

See, I'm not only good at my job, I'm good at your job too! To continue, take, for example, this recently-solved problem for a candy company. He wanted to sell this amount of chocolate for 15 cents!

No, the cost of the client's yacht and triplex apartment is very high! So, we designed **Circle-Quirks—The Chocolate Chain!** And put it in this nice, large wrapper! A bargain at 15 cents, no?

Really? What flavor is in the center of Life Savers, sweetie?

But I didn't ask you that question yet!

15 cents?! Wow, the price of chocolate must be very high!

No! Who's going to buy a product that's mostly air?

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: STAN HART

Don't you feel guilty about treating America's youngsters so unfairly...?

Kid, we're saints compared to some! Listen, there's **ONE** outfit that takes **OLD GARBAGE**... puts a fancy new wrapper around it... and sells it to the suckers for a **BUCK!!**

What company is that awful???

The one that sent you on this interview! Ever study a MAD Magazine "Special"??



Have you made any advances in this area!

Yeah, but she always says "no!!!"

I don't understand

Neither do I! How can she resist a face like mine? This wavy hair, this winning smile?



Let's stick to the subject of packaging...

This is packaging! I've got an expensive hair piece, capped teeth, the works!



I mean some of your successful attempts!

Well, our work with the razor blade people has been sharp! Only one blade can be used at a time, but how many can be bought at a time? Five, ten, twenty... welcome to the Wonderful World of Multi-Pak!



It appears to be an advantage to the consumer!

Appears is my middle name! The Multi-Pak allows us to sandwich second-rate blades between the first-rate blades! If the first and last shaves are smooth, the consumer forgets everything in-between!



I think it's just dreadful that you channel all your energies...

Energy! That's where it's at today! Everything is battery operated! Profit, thy name is Multi-Pak! Look at this winner—our best-selling 3-pak!

Is it the best deal for the money?

The worst! Most gadgets that operate on this sized battery need either 2 or 4 batteries to run it! By packaging them only in sets of three, well, you can see what it means!

They can save the extra and...

Dead before they ever get to use it! It's "3-pak time" again!

Another miracle of modern packaging, the blister pak! Let's watch that man try to open one...

It looks difficult!

Wrong—impossible!



You sound as if you're pleased...

Of course! It was my idea! The customer gets so frustrated, he has to buy aspirin!

And you just happen to package that, too!

Considering who you are, you're pretty smart! Yes, aspirin is another winner for me! The "child proof" protection cap was an inspiration!

You mean because children can't open it?

I take back what I said, dummy! No, because adults can't open it, either! More headaches!

Which means, of course more sales!

I take back what I just took back!



Welcome to the **Wonderful World of Disposables!** When you don't need it anymore—you get rid of it!

How did you arrive at that idea?

By observing how people in ad agencies treat their business associates!

Chauvinistically speaking, packaging for men is **small potatoes!** Packaging for women—that's where the fun is! See that woman looking at those steaks?

She seems to like what she sees . . .

It's what she **doesn't** see that brings in the profits!

You think they're gonna show the side with all the fat, gristle and greenish color?

CONSUMER RESEARCH

SUPERMARKET TESTING DEPT.



Isn't there some talk that feeding meat wrapped in this kind of plastic causes cancer in rats?

If you're rich enough to feed your rats meat, you're rich enough not to worry about what happens to them!



Why are those women squeezing those rolls of toilet paper?

Because of the big ad campaign telling them not to! It's the old "forbidden fruit" game! And the sales have been tremendous!

I guess people prefer softer toilet tissue!

Don't be a ninny! Tissue is tissue! Anything that's wound loosely is gonna feel softer!



Another example of where the public is buying air?

Exactly! And if they don't like it, they know what they can do with it! Come to think of it, that's what they do with it whether they like it or not!

How about that woman weighing those packages of paper towels! One obviously weighs more than the other! Is that another case of "air"?

No, one really **does** weigh more than the other!

Well, I'm glad to see one case of **honest** . . .

Honest, shmonest! The cardboard tube in the center weighs more!





Look at this beautiful package. Doesn't that dish look scrumptious?

Is that what's on the inside of the package?

How old are you? What's in the package is a clump of soggy vegetables held together by ice! The picture only suggests what to do with the contents!



I see! In other words, the housewife can use the vegetables as the basic ingredients in a gourmet dish!

Sure, if she also happens to be a French Chef!



Snack food is a tribute to modern packaging!

How come?

We take surplus corn, potatoes and cheese that sells for 25c a pound, package it, and sell it for 95c a half pound! Then we pump so many chemicals into these things that kids can either eat them or use them for experiments!



I see what you mean! Look at this list of **preservatives!** It can't possibly be good for people!

Not now, perhaps, but later it saves them big money! Figuring on an average of two of these packages a week, by the time the consumer dies, he'll have enough preservatives in his body to make the expensive embalming procedures unnecessary!



Seasonal packaging also plays a big part in high profits. Candy manufacturers, for example, use the opportunity to dump a lot of stale stuff that didn't sell the rest of the year by dressing it up in "Trick or Treat Paks" at Halloween!



How do they get away with that?

Easy—the adults think it must be fresh 'cause it says "Special for Halloween," and they give it out as treats! Once the kids taste the stuff, they think it's a trick! It's all in keeping with the Halloween spirit!



Part of the fun in this business is finding **additional** uses for products! Like this **baking soda**! We tell people to place an open box in their refrigerators!

Oh, I've seen those ads. The baking soda is supposed to guard against **bad odors**!

Right! And when they want to **bake**, they end up buying **two boxes**!

You mean because they forgot about the one in the refrigerator?

Correct! No American housewife ever knows what's in her refrigerator! Besides, even if she **does** remember, who's gonna use that stuff for baking after it's trapped all those lousy smells.



And now, the **coup de grace**! **Le gran finale**! The spray can! The wonderful, beautiful, glorious spray can!

But isn't the gas used in spray cans **harmful**? Scientists claim it will affect the atmospheric layers that protect us from the sun's rays and . . .

What do scientists know? Didn't they once say the world was flat!

Yes, but then they agreed it was round!

If they can change their minds about the world, they can change their minds about spray cans!



It's amazing—just by **dressing up** a product, you can get people to buy it no matter how foolish or useless or dopey it is! What a **sad commentary** on the American people!

If you think that's sad, wait'll you see the big nothing we're packaging for the public to buy in **November** . . .



CLICHE IT AGAIN, SAM! DEPT.

HAS ANYBODY EVE

PHOTO RESEARCH BY: JERRY DE FUCCIO

A DRUNK IN A NIGHTCLUB TELL THEM TO



OR A RAGGED BEGGER

INTO A ROOM AND SAY



OR A BARTENDER SHOUT



OR AN UNSUCCESSFUL INVENTOR SAY



OR A POLICEMAN CALL

LAUNDRYMAN SAY



OR A COACH TELL A TEAM



OR

OR A TRAFFIC COP ASK A SPEEDER



OR A GUY COME ON WITH

EDITOR YELL



OR A MUGGER WITH A GUN SAY



OR



R REALLY HEARD...

WRITER: LARRY SHARP



ASK

OR A NEWSCASTER SAY



OR SOMEONE BOUND



OR A LUMBERJACK YELL

OR A POLICE RADIO BLARE



OUT

OR A TRAINED PARROT SQUAWK



OR A CHINESE



A PHOTOGRAPHER SAY

OR A STAR IN A FLOP SAY



OR A SEXY FRENCH LADY SHOUT



OR A NEWSPAPER



SOMEONE SAY TO A C.A.B DRIVER

OR ANYONE SAY



THE ERA OF OUR WAYS DEPT.

In the beginning, Adam and Eve had two sons, Cain and Abel . . . and thus formed the world's first family. And from them, Mankind received a wonderful Legacy and a Code of Living that has served families for generations, namely: (a) Don't talk to snakes! . . . and (b) If your brother bugs you, hit him with a rock! But if some things remain the same, others change—particularly in the U.S. in the 20th century. So join us now as MAD Magazine examines . . .

THE CHANGING ATTITUDES OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



... FROM THE EARLY 1900'S ... THROUGH THE MIDDLE 1900'S ... RIGHT ON UP TO TODAY

SEX

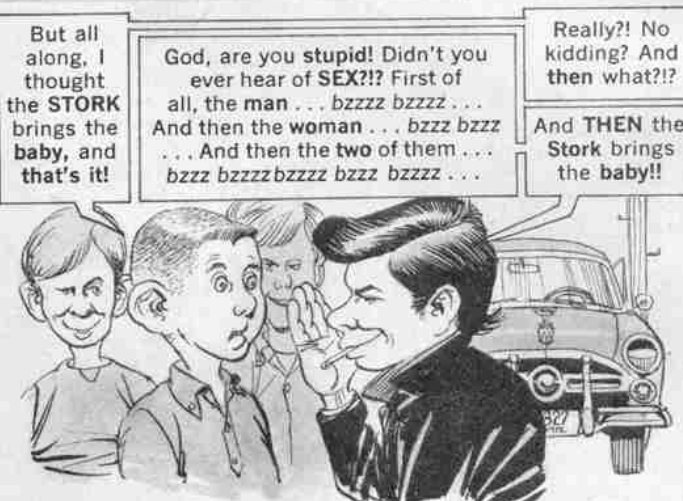
EARLY 1900'S

During this period, hardly anyone in the family ever discussed the subject of Sex.



MIDDLE 1900'S

Then, people talked about Sex. There was only one problem: They had it all wrong!



...AND TODAY

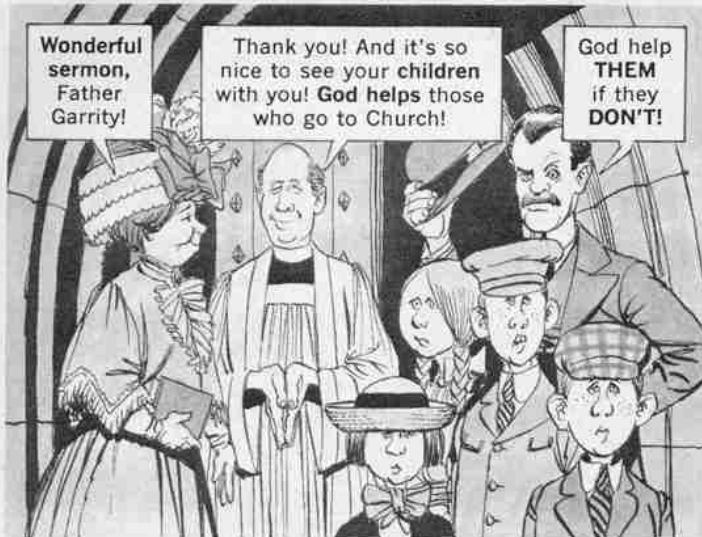
Nowadays, of course, everybody talks about Sex, everybody knows about it, and practically everybody's doing it.



RELIGION

**EARLY
1900'S**

During this period, just about everybody went to Church...



**MIDDLE
1900'S**

Then, people weren't going to Church quite as often as before. And even when they DID go, some weird things were happening...



**...AND
TODAY**

If you can believe it...nowadays, even WEIRDER things are happening!



RESPECT

**EARLY
1900'S**

In this period, the Family was ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence—the American Father.



**MIDDLE
1900'S**

With a growing permissiveness and independence within the Family structure, the Father, in an effort to be fair, no longer commanded. Now, he asked. The only trouble was...nobody answered.



**...AND
TODAY**

Nowadays, in a sense, we have returned to some old fashioned values. Once again, the Family is ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence, mainly the American Mother!



MENTAL PROBLEMS

**EARLY
1900'S**

During this period, there was a very simple way to treat mental problems.

I don't know what's wrong with me! I'm so depressed lately! I—I think I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown!

All you need is a change of scene! How'd you like to go to **CONEY ISLAND**!

But you know how I hate the beach! That awful sand! That dirty ocean! That burning sun!

Okay, then how'd you like to go to a Lunatic Asylum?

**BY THE SEA,
BY THE SEA,
BY THE
BEAUTIFUL
SEA ...**



**MIDDLE
1900'S**

Folks were more realistic about Mental Health. Psychoanalysis was popular, and people were a lot richer for it. Mainly, the Psychiatrists.

Doctor ... I've been seeing you three times a week at \$25.00 a visit for the last ten years! When am I ever going to be **CURED?!?**

Your hour is up! We'll discuss it next time!

Next time! It's always next time! Well, there's not going to **BE** a next time! I've had it! It's like throwing money down a toilet!

NOW you're CURED!

I am? Then how come I feel lousy!

We'll discuss it next time!



**...AND
TODAY**

Nowadays, Psychiatry is gradually being phased out. Because people are better adjusted now?!? You gotta be kidding!!

How are things, Rob?

Fantastic!! I'm into **Group Therapy, Encounter, Yoga, Transcendental Meditation, EST, and Gestalt**

Great! Then you've finally learned to cope with the **REAL WORLD!!**

COPE with the real world? For the last 5 years, I haven't even been **IN** it!

How come ... ?

Because I spend all my time in **Group Therapy, Encounter, Yoga, Transcendental Meditation, EST and Gestalt!**



PROFANITY

**EARLY
1900'S**

In those days, very few kids used Profanity. And if they ever did, the roof would fall in.

What's going on, Abigail?

Little Theodore said a **dirty word** and Mother is washing out his mouth with soap and water.



**MIDDLE
1900'S**

Then, **ALL** kids were using Profanity, except they'd never dare use it around the house...

What are you doing in there, Marvin ... ?!

Smoking a cigarette ... drinking **booze** ... reading a **dirty book** ... and other things!

All right ... that's nice ... as long as you **don't curse!**



**...AND
TODAY**

Nowadays, it isn't even worth discussing...

You're nothing but a **☆#!*!** and a **☆#!*!** and a **☆#!*!** not to mention a **☆#!*#!*!**

Good Lord! Those are absolutely the **FOULEST** words I've heard since I left the **Navy!** Please—keep your voice down! Do you want the kids to hear you?!?

HEAR me? Who do you think **TAUGHT** them to me?!?



LEISURE TIME

**EARLY
1900'S**

In this period, families used to gather together in the living room and have all kinds of fun among themselves...



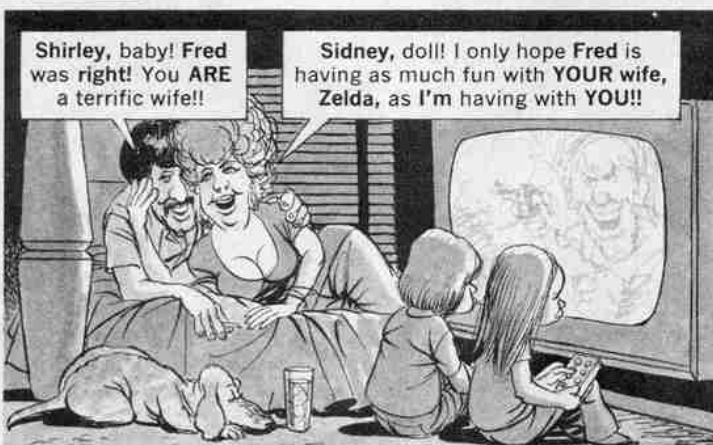
**MIDDLE
1900'S**

With the advent of television, families gathered in the living room, but they were so engrossed in the tiny 7-inch screen that they hardly paid any attention to each other...or anything else.



**...AND
TODAY**

Once again, as in the good old days, families are gathering in living rooms and having fun among themselves. There's only one problem: Sometimes, the families are a little mixed up.



CAREERS

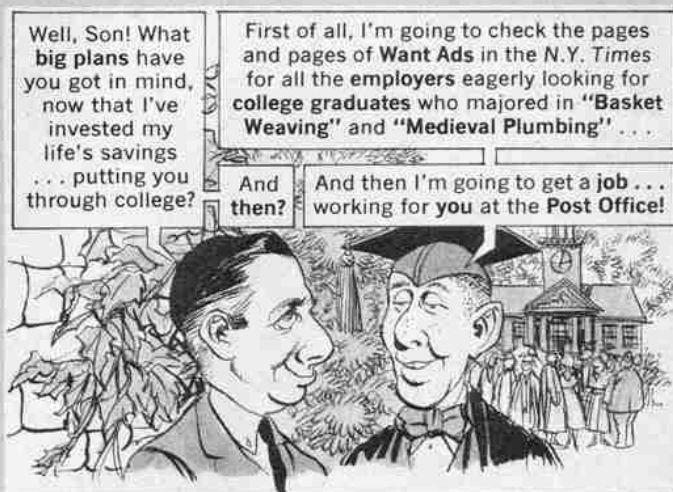
**EARLY
1900'S**

In those days, most boys' Careers were planned long in advance...usually by their Fathers...



**MIDDLE
1900'S**

With the GI Bill of Rights after World War II, and a booming economy, many boys were able to go to college and to choose their own Careers.



**...AND
TODAY**

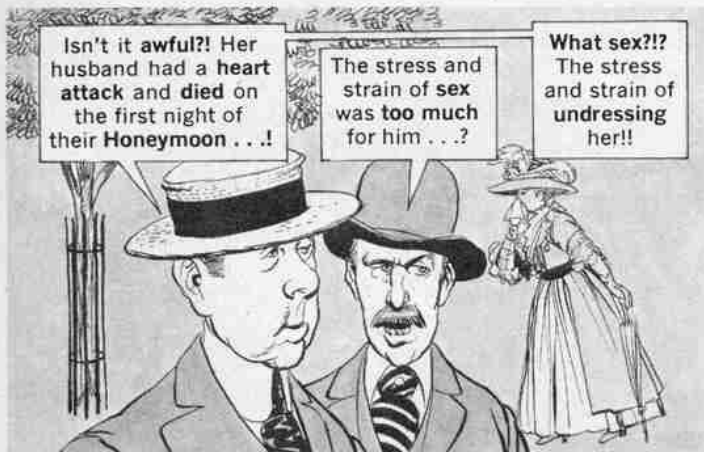
With the Rock Music Industry where it is today, many young people have no problem at all with their Careers. But hiring good help is tough.



DRESS

**EARLY
1900'S**

In those days, most people dressed very fancy and wore tons of clothes. For instance, women wore corsets and girdles and eight petticoats and three hoop skirts and God knows what else.



**MIDDLE
1900'S**

In the Great Depression, most people couldn't afford fancy clothes even if they wanted them. In fact, one third of the nation was in rags.



**...AND
TODAY**

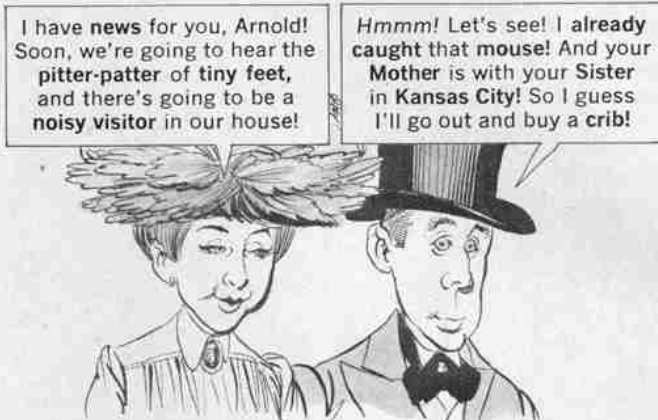
We've got problems today, but there's still a lot of affluence in the land. So how come now everybody dresses like "Oakies" all the time?!



PREGNANCY

**EARLY
1900'S**

In keeping with the Victorian approach toward sex, whenever a woman learned that she was Pregnant, she'd never come right out and say it. Instead, she'd throw little hints around.



**MIDDLE
1900'S**

Then, while a husband and wife were still coy about the subject of Pregnancy, at least they acknowledged what they were fumbling about.



**...AND
TODAY**

There's very little hemming and hawing . . .and everything is on the table...



MONEY

**EARLY
1900'S**

In those days, there was only one thing to do with money: Save it.



Son, it's your 18th birthday, and I'm giving you a check for \$5000!

Thanks, Dad! Now I can go out and buy a Stutz Bearcat!

Waste your money on an automobile? That's foolish and irresponsible! Be thrifty! Save it!

**MIDDLE
1900'S**

Well, the Son did exactly as his Father had advised and put the \$5000 in a bank! Then, 40 years later, on HIS Son's 18th birthday:



Son, 40 years ago, my Father gave me a check for \$5000 on my 18th birthday! I wanted to buy a Stutz Bearcat, but he advised me to put it in the bank, and I did! Now, that \$5000 has grown to \$13,000... and I'd like to give that money to you on this, your 18th birthday!

Waste your money on a car? That's foolish and irresponsible, Son! Be thrifty! Save it!

Thanks, Dad! I think I'll buy a Rolls Royce!

**...AND
TODAY**

Well, the Son obeyed his Father's wishes and put the \$13,000 in the bank. Then, 26 years later, the Son told the story to HIS Son and gave him the money, now grown to \$20,000...



Here, Son, and there's a lesson in thrift you can learn from that original \$5000! Do you know what \$20,000 can buy today?

But if your Grandpa had bought a Stutz Bearcat instead of putting that \$5000 in the bank, what would you have now...?

One thing I can't stand is a smart-ass kid!!

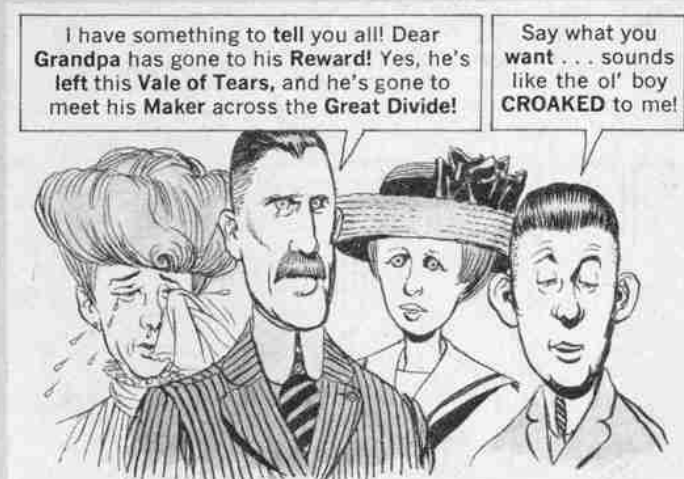
Yeah! About what \$5000 could buy 65 years ago!

An antique automobile worth about \$45,000!!

DEATH

**EARLY
1900'S**

During this period, the subject of Death was avoided, and if it ever was discussed, it was treated like some beautiful, mysterious thing.



I have something to tell you all! Dear Grandpa has gone to his Reward! Yes, he's left this Vale of Tears, and he's gone to meet his Maker across the Great Divide!

Say what you want... sounds like the ol' boy CROAKED to me!

**MIDDLE
1900'S**

Then, people were more candid about Death. However, the results weren't much better.



Mom, I've got some terrible news... Grandma just died!

Oh, no!! Why her!? She was so young! She had so much to live for! Life is cruel! She was everything to me! She raised me as a girl! She nursed me... fed me—

Hold it, Mom...! Not YOUR Mother! DAD's Mother!!

Oh, well... when you gotta go, you gotta go!

**...AND
TODAY**

Nowadays, things aren't as bad! They're worse!



Mom, it's Dad—at the airport! His flight just landed safely!

There goes another \$300,000 insurance policy shot to hell!

A FLAG ON THE PLOY DEPT.

INFRACTIONS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Holding"



THE PENALTY:

Having To Listen To One's Own Drivel For A Whole Evening



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Piling On"



THE PENALTY:

Being Barred From Use Of The Bathroom For Duration Of Event



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Tripping"



THE PENALTY:

One 340-Pound Return Stomp



WE'D LIKE TO SEE CALLED IN EVERYDAY LIFE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Pushing"



THE PENALTY:

Being Forced To Miss The
Next Two Commuter Busses



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Interference
—By Grandma"



THE PENALTY:

Having To Spend One Week Alone
With The Little Darlings



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Fouling"



THE PENALTY:

Enforced Exposure During Heat Of Summer



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Passing To An Illegal Receiver Downfield"



THE PENALTY:

Insufficient Tip



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Too Much Time Out"



THE PENALTY:

Garlic Breath From Next Five Patients



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Too Much Time In The Huddle"



THE PENALTY:

Having To Spend Remainder Of Evening With Her Parents



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Clipping"



THE PENALTY:

Internal Revenue Audits Of Five Years Of Overcharging



MOORE OF THE SAME DEPT.

Hi, there! Remember me? That adorable nincompoop from "The Mary Taylor-Made Show"?

Well, I have my **own** series these days! And, although it's **hard** to believe, I'm a **bigger** star **now** than I was **before**! I'm also a **bigger** nincompoop! Which, if you remember me from the **old** days, is even **HARDER** to believe! In fact, I'm downright

PHOOLISH

Anyway . . . not long ago, my poor Husband . . . **Lard** . . . died! But if you think that it destroyed my overall will to live, you really underestimate me!

I squared my shoulders, I dried my tears, and I did what any gutsy, liberated Widow would do under the same circumstances! I moved into a big house in **San Francisco** with my Husband's wealthy Parents! And if you believe **THAT** for a premise of A TV Series, come around! I want to sell you the **Golden Gate Bridge**!

Well, our episode is about to **begin**, so meet the **only** two people in the **whole** world who would tolerate a middle-aged idiot . . . mainly, two **ELDERLY** idiots!

Hello, everybody! Golly, I'm a lucky girl to be staying with you two wonderful people! You make me feel so **good**! You're the **only** ones I've ever met who are **HAPPIER** than I am!

You're the only one **WE'VE** ever met who is **DUMBER** than we are!

You make **US** feel good, too, dear!

That's nice! How come?



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm so glad! How are you this evening, Tawdry? Did you have a rough day at the office?

That's hard to say since I haven't been to the office yet today! Another thing, this isn't evening, it's morning! And thirdly, I'm Yawnathan! SHE's Tawdry!

Oh, well! None out of three isn't bad!

Bad?!? For YOU . . . that's GREAT!!



What are you two going to talk about before we develop our customary weekly moronic problem?

I've got it, Tawdry! Why don't we make some more of those cute little geriatric jokes about our sex life?

Good idea! Sex is a healthy subject . . . and too many elderly folks in our audience have not only given it up, but are revolted by it!

Since when have elderly folks been revolted by sex?

Since we started making those cute little jokes about it!



Golly gee, don't we have **FUN** around here!

You bet! But sometimes, I can't help worrying about the **plausibility** of this Series! I mean, who could swallow a grown woman coming to live with her **In-Laws**? Who could buy all of us living in this **luxury** on my income? And only an **imbecile** would believe I'm a Judge!

Yawnathan, I believe you're a Judge!!

That's what I mean!!

Well, Phoolish . . . what idiotic problem have you come up with that we can chuckle about this week?

Gee, whillikers, I don't know, Yawnathan! Everything seems to be **hunky-dory** this week! I . . . I guess I don't **HAVE** a problem!



Oh, c'mon! You **ALWAYS** have a problem! Remember last week, when you thought you had a **deadly disease**, but then we found out it was only **heat rash** . . . and you'd accidentally mixed up your **X-ray plates** with an **86-year-old man's**! God, how we all **laughed** at that till we thought we'd die! Including the old man . . . who **DID**!!

No, dear! I believe you saw that one on a re-run of "**My Little Margie**"!

And what do you think **THIS** show is?! Come on, Phoolish . . . what's your **doltish** little problem for this week?

Honest Injun', I just don't **HAVE** a problem!



Okay . . . where's Judge Drecker?!!

But cheer up! I think **YOU** might have one!!



I'M Judge Drecker! What do you want with me?

Don't you remember me? Charles "**Bugsy**" Rocko? You sent me to prison 40 years ago, and I swore I'd get you when I got out! Well, Judge, I got out on **Monday**!

But how did you find me so fast?

It was the **weirdest** coincidence! Some crazy woman tipped me off!

Hello, Mr. Rocko!

Hello, crazy woman!



Okay, Phoolish . . . you can tell me! How did it happen . . . ?

I was sitting in this **cocktail lounge**, and I heard Mr. **Rocko** telling a friend how, if he ever finds Judge Drecker, he'd like to take him for a **RIDE**! And since I knew you and Tawdry were planning a trip to **Canada**, and I know how much you like **company**, and—**crima-nelties**, a car pool saves you so much money! So have a nice time and hurry back!

Hurry back?!? I'm going on a **one way trip**!!

Golly! That's even cheaper!





Let's go, Mrs. Drecker! I'm taking you both!

Oh-oh! Perhaps I didn't do the wisest thing! My goodness, did you ever have one of those days...!?

As a matter of fact, since YOU moved in, we have them on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday...

Well, I suppose I'll never see them again! But life must go on! And speaking of life going on, here's my Daughter, Mess! Hello, dear! Ready to pick up where we left off yesterday with our little Mother-Daughter discussion about "The Facts Of Life"...?

It's a waste of time!

What makes you say that?

You just won't learn!

Er—any cute situation comedy-type problems come up this week? Like... chuckle... Freddie, the Football Hero, won't take you to the prom! Or... giggle... you're invited to a party and you just tore your best dress... snicker, snicker!

Well, if you must know, something DID happen to me yesterday!

Yuk, yuk! Tell me all about it!

Mess! Bite your tongue! This is the Family Hour!

I was attacked by a mad rapist!

Okay! Okay! I... I was hickey'd by a Kissing Bandit!

Mess, I'm really surprised at you—saying such... such icky things!

I was trying to tell it like it is! See, what happened was...

Stop it! I don't want to hear it! Yech! Pooney! I can't believe you're my Daughter!

But I'm trying to talk sense to you! I'm trying to express myself as an intelligent human being!

Which is WHY I can't believe you're my Daughter!

Oh, dear! Where have I failed? I tried to bring you up right! I tried to be close to you! What went wrong?

I've got one theory! We learned in Psychology that children who are breast-fed are much closer to their Mothers!

The Doctor advised against it, but I wanted to breast-feed you! Lord, how I wanted to!

I know that! But... LAST NIGHT!?

Well, golly! I WORK during the day!!

P.S. 12

Mess, where are you going?

Out of your life forever! Maybe I'll get a job! I want to associate with people more sensible and down-to-earth than you!

But, what can you do?

I hear there's an opening for a Costume Designer on "Let's Make A Deal"!

'Morning, Droolie!

But, jinkies! It's Nine O'clock!
That's what time work begins . . . !

Thanks,
Droolie!
It's
sure
swell
to feel
wanted!

Phoolish, what's
the idea of getting
in at this hour?
Don't you know
what time it is?!

I know! I was just hoping you'd
come late once in a while! Every
moment **without** you around here
is a lifetime of **delirious joy!**

Phoolish,
did you
develop
the photos
for the
Schlock
Ad Agency
campaign?

Of course!
Yesterday!
But let me
tell you
what **ELSE**
I did
yesterday!

Later! Right now, I need
those photos! The head of
the Agency will be here
any minute . . . and that's
our most important account!

Droolie . . . ! Come quick!!
We're in **BIG TROUBLE!!**



What is
it, Leon?

It's the
Schlock
Ad Agency
photos!
They're
RUINED!

My God! We'll
lose the account!
And I'll lose my
business! What
a **DISASTER!!**
Phoolish . . .
how did this
happen?!? What
did you **DO?!?**

Golly, I don't know! But remember
how dull and drab this room used
to be? Well, yesterday, I bought
some Danish lamps, and I had some
new fluorescent lighting put in,
and I had a new picture window
installed! Isn't it **keen?** You can
see the **whole city** out there.

PHOOLISH!
This is a
DARK
ROOM!!

Not any
MORE
it's
not!



How silly! I thought
this sort of thing
only happened in
Comic Strips! But I
guess I was wrong!

. . . and I thought
YOUR SORT of thing
only happened in
Comic Strips! But I
guess I was wrong!!



Goodness gracious, if it isn't **one**
thing, it's **another!** It's certainly
not **easy** being a **Free-Lance Nitwit!**
Gosh, I'm **all alone**, now! And I feel
so depressed! And usually, when I'm
depressed, I think of the **only one**
who ever loved me and really **under-**
stood me, my late Husband, **Lard!**

But—sob—he's
dead, and I'll
never see him
again! Not until
I, too, cross
The Great Beyond!

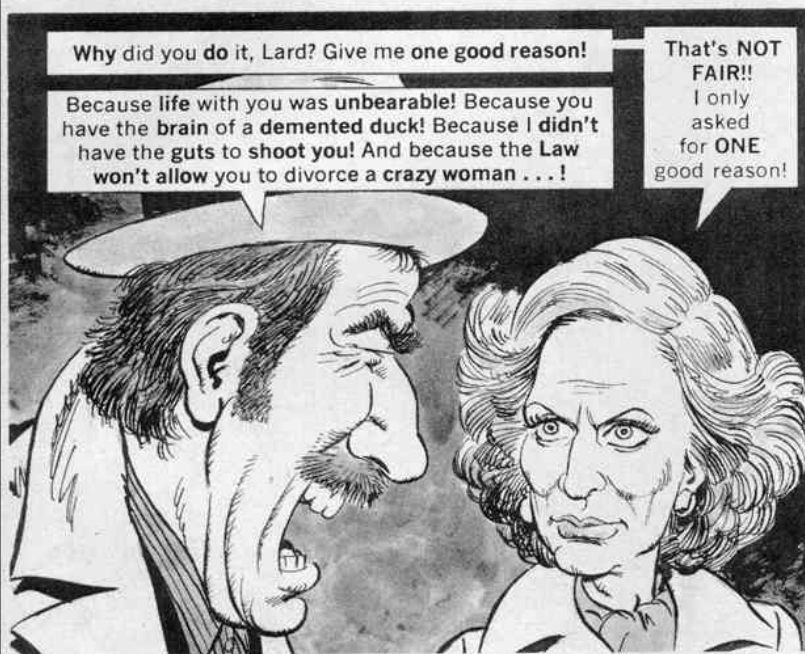
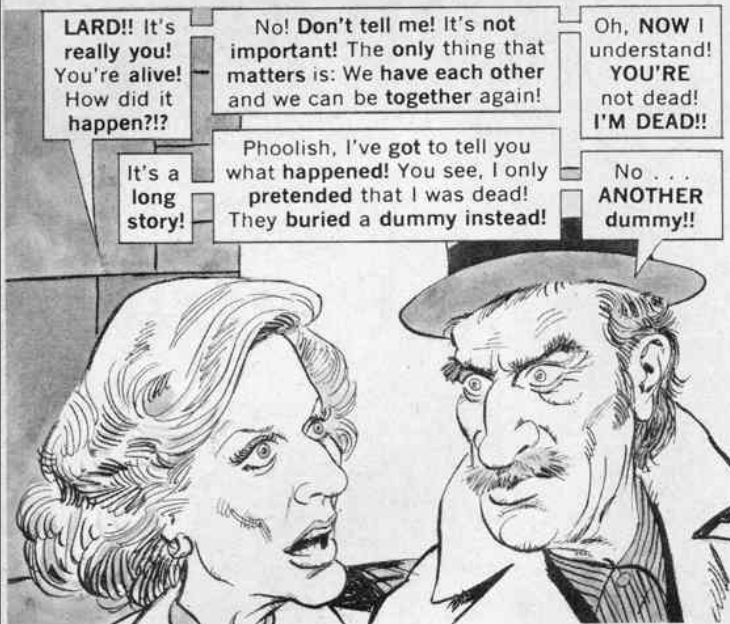
Oh, hi, Lard . . .

That's
LARD!!
I must be
dreaming!

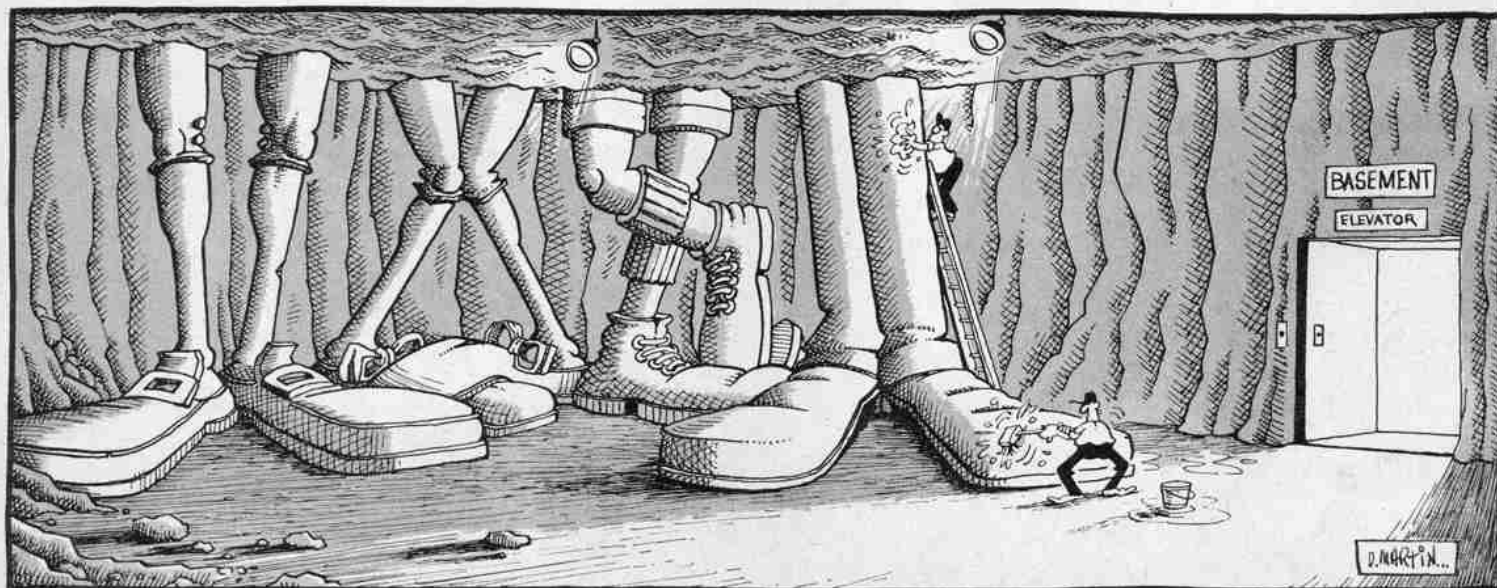
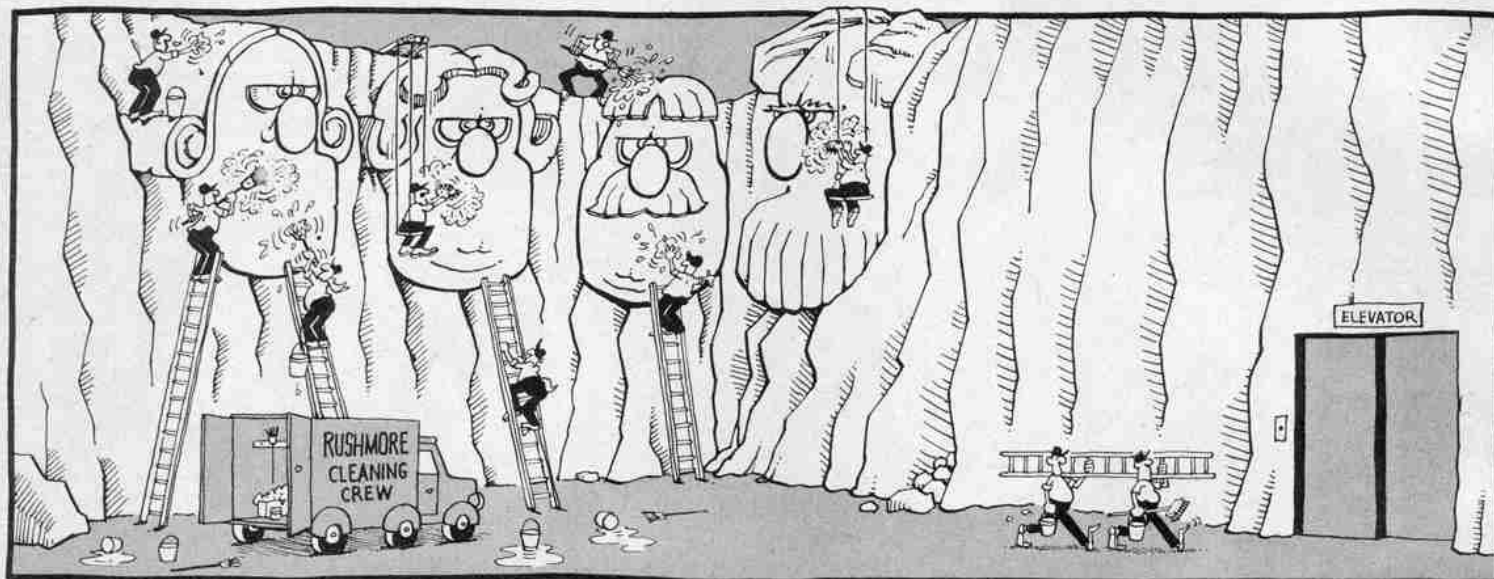
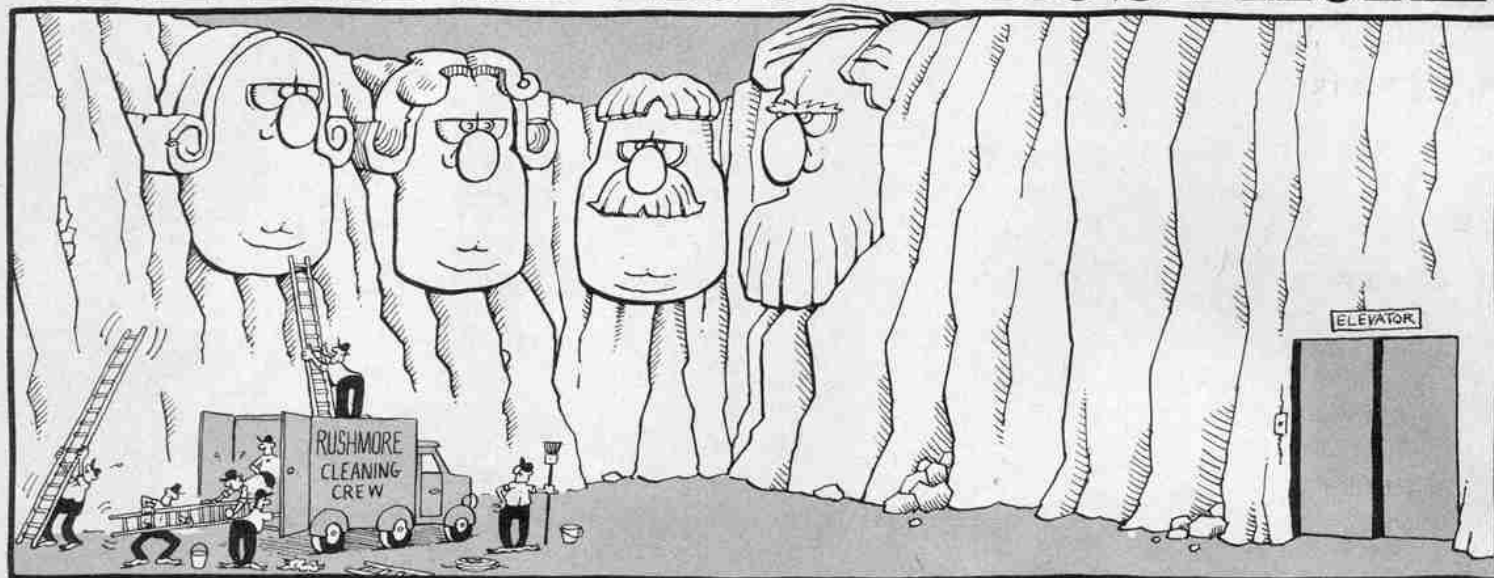
Officer, am
I crossing
The Great
Beyond?!?

No, lady, you're crossing **Powell**
Street! To get to **The Great Beyond**,
you stand here for one more minute,
until a **Cable Car** clobbers you!!





ONE DAY AT MOUNT RUSHMORE



**WHAT
IMPORTANT
EXECUTIVE
POSITION
SHOULD YOU
TRAIN FOR?**

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

Most of us are familiar with the typical corporate executive positions that exist in the world of big business. But one important position has come to light lately which offers a fantastic new area of advancement for ambitious young executive trainees. To learn this position, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**CORPS OF CAREFULLY-TRAINED PEOPLE ARE NEEDED TO INVIGORATE
BROKEN DOWN COMPANIES. AND JOINING THIS EXECUTIVE TRIBE
OFFERS REWARDS THAT CAN MAKE ALL-AROUND-LIVING LOTS NICER**

A ▶

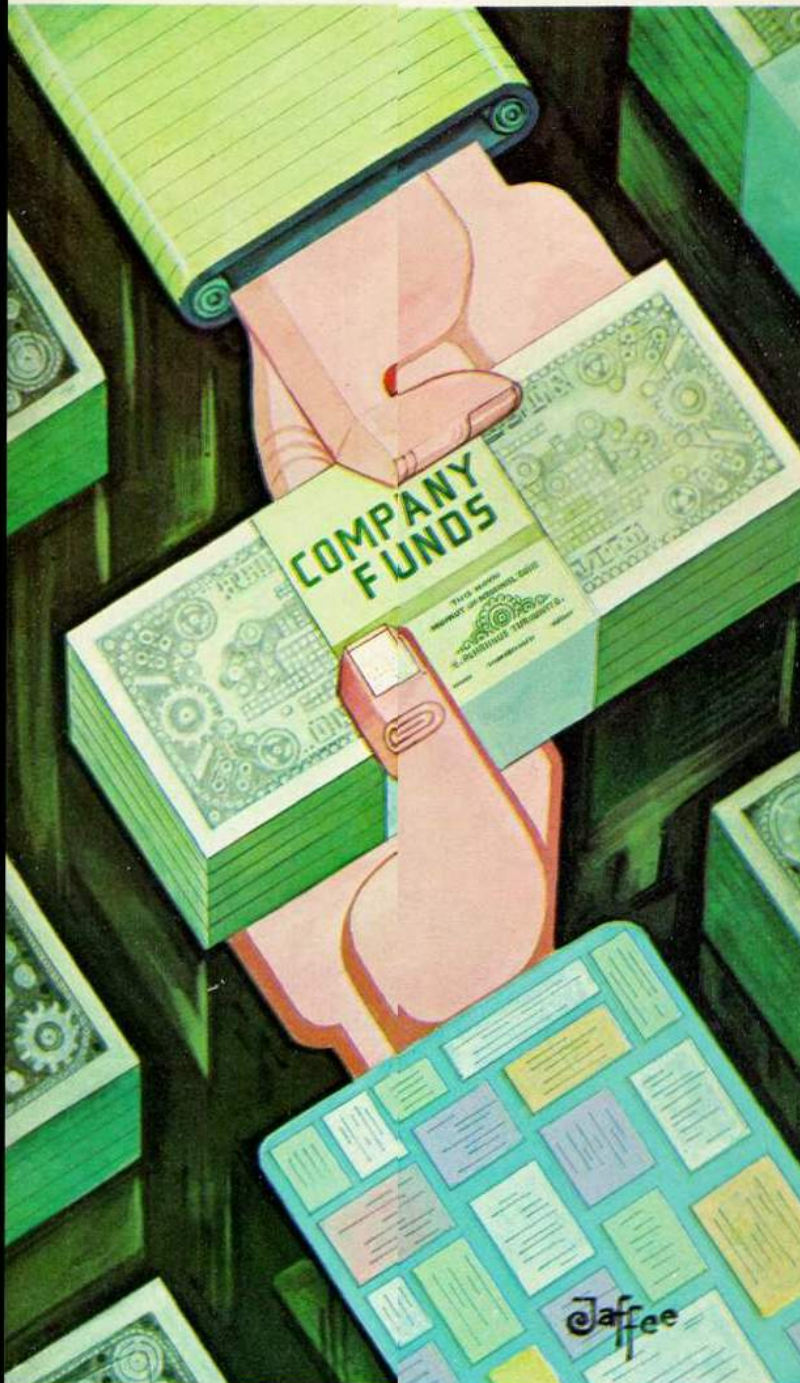
◀ B

**WHAT
IMPORTANT
EXECUTIVE
POSITION
SHOULD YOU
TRAIN FOR?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

**CORPORATE
BRIBE
OFFICER
A ▶ ◀ B**

LET US ~~X~~ SPRAY

