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MAD

"A wedding ring is like a tourniquet—it cuts off your circulation!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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MAD
SONG
TEXT BOOK
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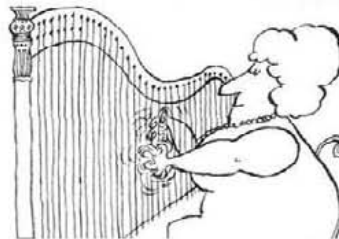
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ATTAIN SHELF-ESTEEM!



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LETTERS DEPT.



FANTASTECCH VOYAGE

"Fantastecch Voyage" met the high standards of humor of such counterparts as The American Medical Journal and Modern Medicine Magazine. And suspense! For a while there, I thought the Gastronomers were going to die in vein.

John Strickling
Birmingham, Alabama

I thought the movie was a superior example of screen science-fiction, tastefully produced, acted with purpose, and extremely beautiful technically. Anyone who can call this film "disgusting" fails to realize this.

Dale Winogura
Los Angeles, California

TERRIFECCH!!!

David Peterson
Madison, Wisconsin

When I read "Fantastecch Voyage" I was amazed. How come you didn't do a *satire* on it? Your version was more believable than the movie!

Debra Levin
Denver, Colorado

I have just finished retching after reading your brilliant satire. Having endured the movie, I couldn't imagine anything more repulsive ever being produced. But, you did it! Mad has scored another victory!

Paul Hartman
Norman, Oklahoma

You guys got to have guts to print that garbage...

Greg Novotny
Westwood, Calif.

The movie showed even more guts!—Ed.

MAD ARTIST'S PUBLICATION

Have you heard about Wally Wood's new magazine, "Witzend," which features the work of some of the best comic artists in the world, including Al Williamson and Frank Frazetta, and sells for the amazing price of \$1.00? It can be obtained by mail order from: Wallace Wood, Box 882, Ansonia Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

Wallace Wood
New York City

No, we haven't, and we resent our letter column being used for such crass commercial purposes as this plug.—Ed.

OFF-COLOR AD

Your Blue Star TV Repairman must have taken a very thorough training course—one that taught him the fine art of *bill padding*! He over-charged \$2.00.
Nahalie A. Merchant
Boston, Mass.

POP ART

Your artist, Mort Drucker, is really great. He does the funniest and best looking caricatures in the country.

Denise Grigst
Columbus, Ohio

BORN LOSER

After reading "What Is A Born Loser?," I was reminded of the fact that I too am a 'born loser.' Mainly, I buy Mad!!

John Beyrle
Muskegon, Mich.

SEQUEL TIME

I can almost envision the likely sequel to Don Martin's dynamic Captain Klutz...

John Liney
Huntington Valley, Pa.



HATE BOOK

Congratulations on your brilliant "Mad Hate Book." Being the world's foremost authority on the subject, I pay you the highest compliment possible—I hated it!

Richard Narren
Boonville, N. Y.

So true, especially the one about hating people who don't supervise their ill-mannered brats in restaurants. I work in a restaurant and want to thank you for telling these parents off for me!

Dennis W. Donahoo
Overland Park, Kansas

Undoubtedly the funniest thing I've ever read.

Michael Strom
Chicago, Illinois

... the greatest ever!

Ken August
Sacramento, Calif.

Don't you hate . . . magazines who print brilliant articles like "The Sound of Money" and then degrade themselves in the next issue!

William Gottlieb
Allentown, Pa.

Loved the "Mad Hate Book." Please do more. Also love the Mad Fold-Ins. Don't know who dreams them up, but they sure are great.

Becky Borchard
Saginaw, Mich.

Both features you mention are the work of the very talented Al Jaffee.—Ed.

TELLY-PROMPTED

What you do to TV and the movies is almost worth watching the programs and flicks for. Issue after issue you make everyone connected with the entertainment industry look like the idiots they really are. I cackle endlessly over your plots and dialogue which really never quite equal the originals at being insipid, hackneyed, and literally and artistically worthless!

Robert Rachlin
Cornell University

"The Life of Your Run" and "TV President of the Year" ranked among your really hilarious masterpieces such as . . . er . . . aah . . . anyway, they were good!

Albert Janschewitz, Jr.
East Hartford, Conn.

Thank you for exposing the typical Television Network Producer in your esoteric satire "The TV Network President of the Year." From a Communications major—Congratulations! Your non-reticence is expeditious.

Henry P. Nevis III
Boston University

Same to you, fella!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 112, 485 MADison Avenue
New York City, New York 10022



Origami by Baggi

Photography by Irving Schild

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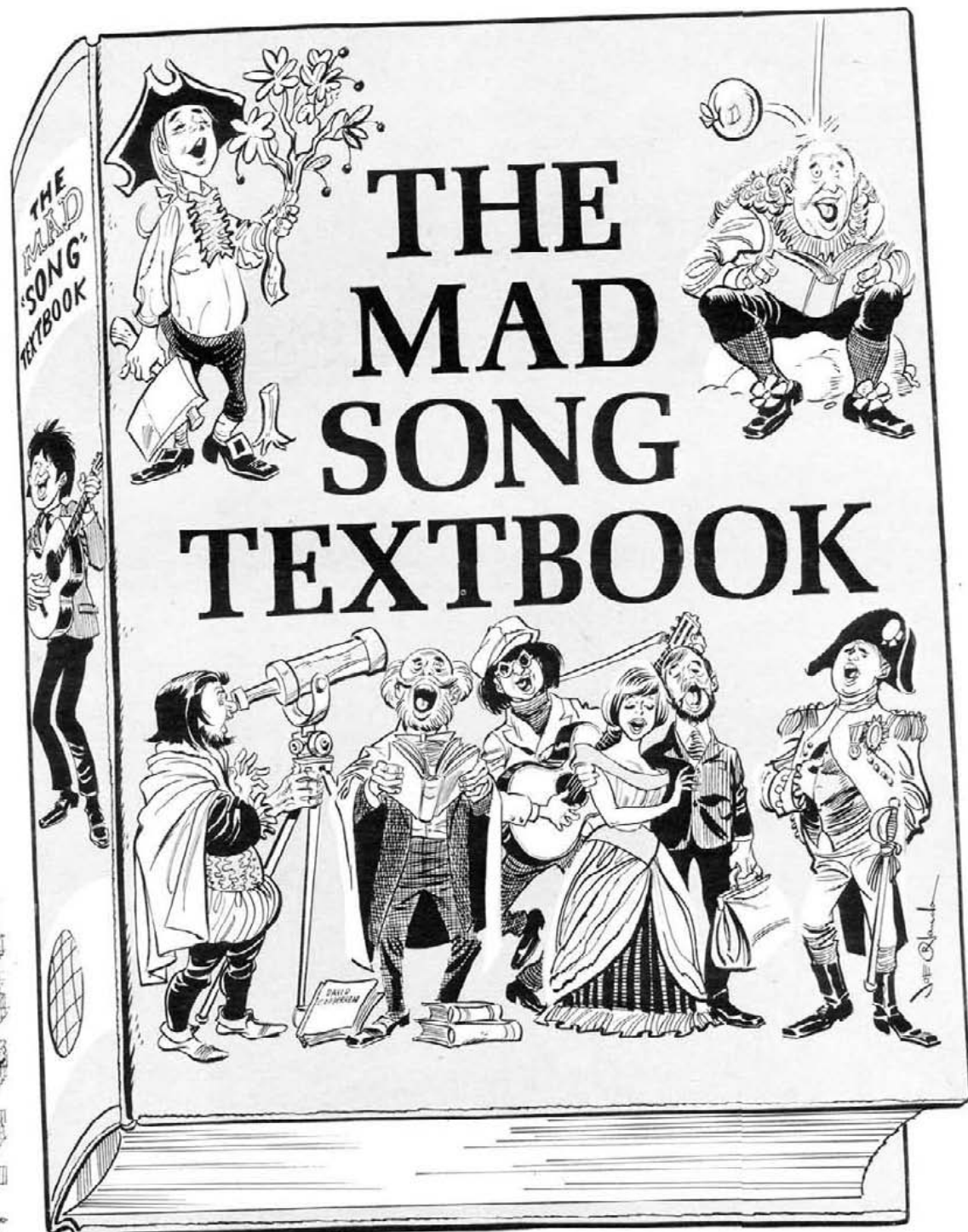


POISON!

Yep, the way folks are avoiding buying these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, you'd think they were poison or something. And that's no lie! So if you'd like to help us with the antidote, simply mail 25c for one (or 50c for three) to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022



One of the biggest problems facing America today is the "School Drop-Out Problem." Why do kids leave school? According to a MAD poll of 1000 drop-outs (selected from our list of 1004 subscribers), 93 percent of all drop-outs leave school because they cannot retain what they read in them dull old textbooks. And yet, the amazing thing is: these same kids can retain the words to any Rock 'n' Roll song they hear. So obviously the solution is to scrap all them long, dull passages in textbooks, and replace them with entertaining popular songs. Then kids would find it easy to remember their lessons from



AMERICAN

Columbus Discovers America—1492

* I had a notion
To cross the ocean
That I never crossed before!

I thought for certain
That Asia I'd reach!
Now, something tells me
I've hit the wrong beach!

No silks are sold here!
There ain't no gold here—
Just rain and disease galore!

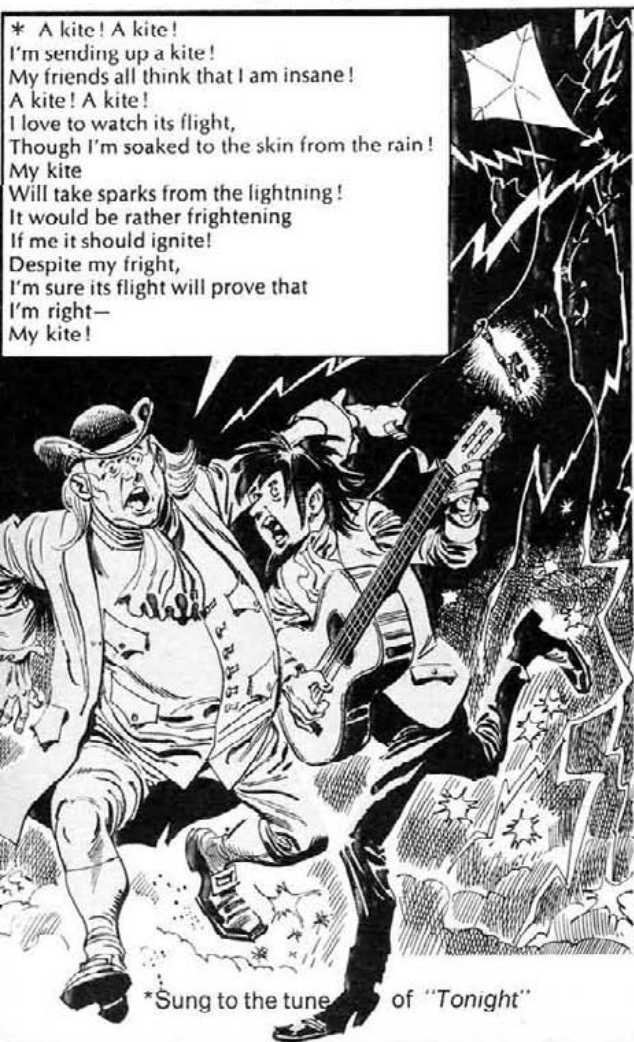
Why did I do it?
I really blew it
When I reached the New World shore!



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

Franklin Proves Lightning is Electricity — 1752

* A kite! A kite!
I'm sending up a kite!
My friends all think that I am insane!
A kite! A kite!
I love to watch its flight,
Though I'm soaked to the skin from the rain!
My kite
Will take sparks from the lightning!
It would be rather frightening
If me it should ignite!
Despite my fright,
I'm sure its flight will prove that
I'm right—
My kite!



*Sung to the tune of "Tonight"

Paul Revere Makes His Famous Ride — 1775

* You better beware—
Before it's too late!
You better prepare—
I'm telling you straight!
British troops are
coming to town!

They're wearing white wigs!
They're wearing red coats!
You better lie low
And burn all your notes!
British troops are
coming to town!

Just watch that old church steeple—
That's my advice to you!
If it's by land, you'll see one light;
If by sea, then you'll see two!

They've got a big list
Of folks to be shot—
Depending if they
Are loyal or not!
British troops are
coming to town!



*Sung to the tune of "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town"

HISTORY

Custer's Last Stand — 1876

* Sioux! To the right of me! Sioux! To the left of me! Soon they will be cutting my hair! Guess I took the wrong road back there! Sioux! They're surrounding me! Sioux! Where's my cavalry? Sioux! Everywhere I see Sioux! Sioux! Nothing but Sioux!



* Sung to the tune of "Who?"

The Stock Market Crashes — 1929



* I put my dough in Wall Street
In early nineteen twenty-nine!



When stocks went up, my broker told me that
A million bucks were mine!



When all my stocks went tumbling,
He told me it was just a scare!



I put my dough in old Wall Street
And now I sell my apples there!

* Sung to the tune of "Give My Regards To Broadway!"

A Gallery Of Famous Americans



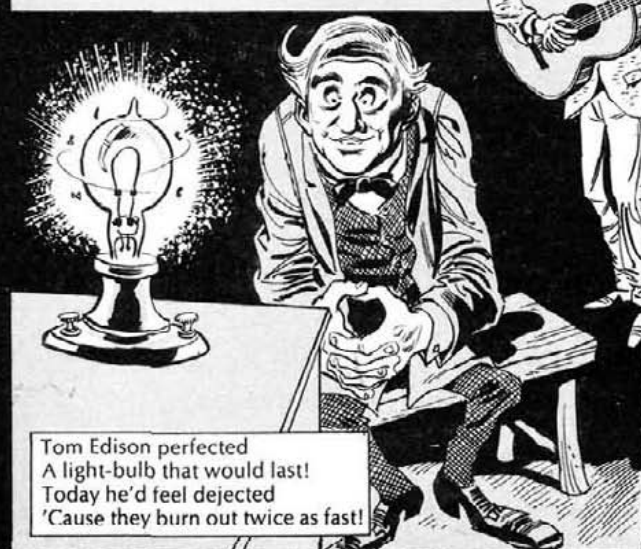
* Folks adored
How Henry Ford
Made fine cars for the nation!
Edsels he did not foresee
In our great democracy!
(In our great democracy!)



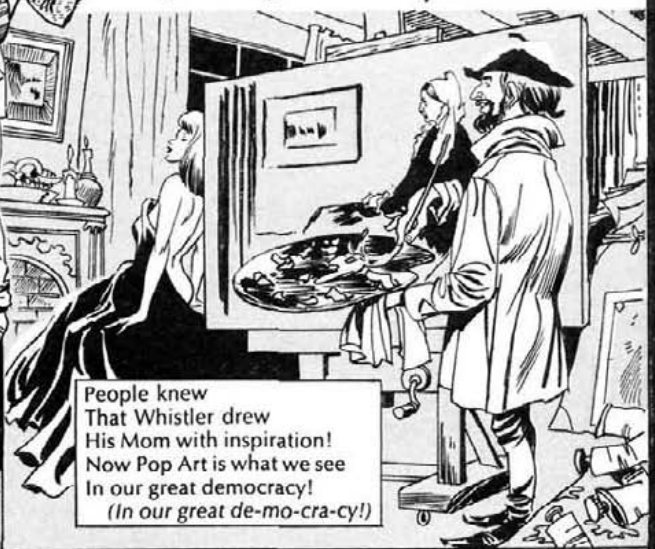
Mr. Bell
Did very well!
His phone's a great creation!
Now it's a monopoly
In our great democracy!
(In our great democracy!)



The people all cheered the airplane flight
That was made by Or-r-ville and Wilbur Wright!
But now we can jet 'cross the U.S.A.
While we watch stupid movies starring Doris Day!
That's Democracy! (That's democracy!)



Tom Edison perfected
A light-bulb that would last!
Today he'd feel dejected
'Cause they burn out twice as fast!



People knew
That Whistler drew
His Mom with inspiration!
Now Pop Art is what we see
In our great democracy!
(In our great de-mo-cra-cy!)

WORLD HISTORY

Marco Polo Reaches China — 1275

* This land I'm exploring,
It's clear to see—
Is nothing compared to my Italy!

This land through which I march
Is full of small laundries that use too much starch!

The food is revolting,
And since I came,
I've found that the waiters all look the same!

The chop suey
Is too gooey!
And those family dinners are screwy!

A place I'm adoring
This land I'm exploring
Won't be!



*Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"

Henry VIII Marries His Sixth Wife — 1543

* I've got pillows on my throne!
I've got jewels in my crown!
I've got fifteen golden coaches when
I want to ride to town!
I've got twenty-thousand soldiers
Just in case of civil strife!
But, now and then,
I take a wife!

There is nothing
like a wife!
Nothing in the land!
There is nothing
in his life
That is anything
like a wife!

There are wives that you divorce!
There are wives that you behead!
There are wives who are so stupid
that you wonder why you wed!
There are wives who keep on nagging
till you want to start a war!
But, what the heck!
I'll try one more!

There is nothing
like a wife!
Nothing in the land!
There is nothing
in his life
That is anything
like a wife!



*Sung to the tune of "There Is Nothing Like A Dame"

LITERATURE

William Shakespeare

* I wrote "Hamlet" not for pleasure!
I wrote "Hamlet" not for fun!

I wrote "Hamlet" not for praises
Or for glory!
I wrote "Hamlet" not because I
Liked the story!

I wrote "Hamlet" for the money!
Let me make the point quite clear!

I wrote "Hamlet"!
That's the reason I wrote "Hamlet"!
I hope it runs a year!



*Sung to the tune of "I Love Paris"

Edgar Allan Poe

* There's no stories
Like Poe stories
Like no stories we know!
If you like a tale that is appalling—
If you want to murmur, shriek and cry—
If you like to hear strange voices calling—
With bodies falling—
Then Poe's your guy!



There's no stories
Like Poe Stories!
They all fill us with woe!
If you want a tale that's filled with death galore!
With spirits tapping upon your door!
And some crazy raven shouting, "Nevermore!"
There's no
Writer like Poe!

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

BIOLOGY

The Amoeba

* Amoeba!
They call this gray blob
an Amoeba!
It only has one cell—
And yet it does quite well!
It's true!

Amoeba!
Just look at the crazy Amoeba!
Contentedly it sits!
Then suddenly it splits
In two!

Amoeba!
It's dividing again into
four cells!
And these four cells will split
into more cells!

Amoeba!
There's nothing quite like
the Amoeba



*Sung to the tune of "Maria"

ZOOLOGY

The Kangaroo

* Just to see her leap along—
The kangaroo!
Her feet are big and strong—
The kangaroo!
And though she's rather shy,
She might just kick you
In the eye!

She's got a 10-foot stride!
She ain't no slouch!
She gives her kids a ride
Inside her pouch!
And if she starts to wail
That's 'cause she's sitting
On her tail!

Maybe you will find her creeping,
Maybe sleeping in a tree!
Probably you'll find her leaping!
Tell me whose leaps
Beat a kangaroo's leaps!

Her meat is good to eat,
Beyond a doubt!
And 'cause she's such a treat,
She's dying out!
And in a year or two—
Perhaps there'll be no
Kan-ga-roo!



*Sung to the tune of "The Man I Love"

CHEMISTRY

Hydrogen

* You're...
Our useful Hydrogen!
High-burning Hydrogen!
You are the best gas we know!

You're so combustible—
Yet so adjustable—
You help to make up H_2O !

You're a gas beyond compare!
You are lighter than the air!
You are found most everywhere—
That is so!

But still we're afraid of you!
H-bombs are made of you!
If they explode, we'll go
In that big Hydrogen glow!



*Sung to the tune of "My Funny Valentine"

The Chemical Elements and Their Symbols

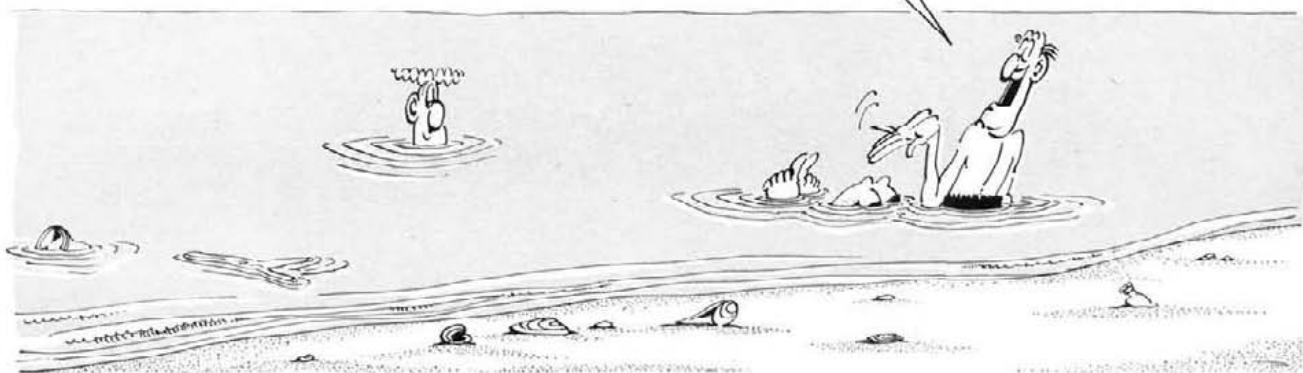


***O**—the sign for Oxygen!
Ra—that's Radium so rare!
Ti—is Tin for making cans!
As—that's Arsenic—beware!
F—is Fluorine that we drink!
N—for Neon lights that glow!
S—is Sulphur—what a stink!
Which brings us back to **O!**

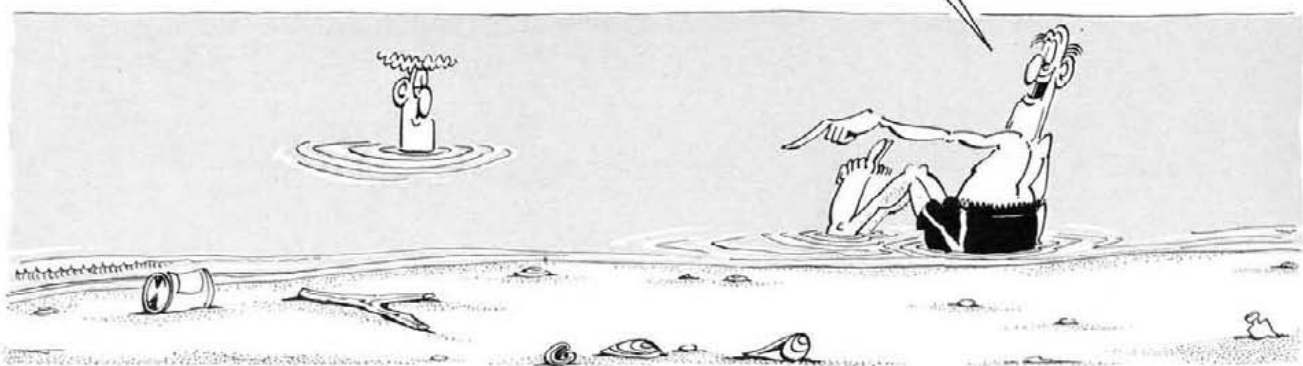
12 *Sung to the tune of "Do, Re, Mi"

ON THE BEACH AT EBB TIDE

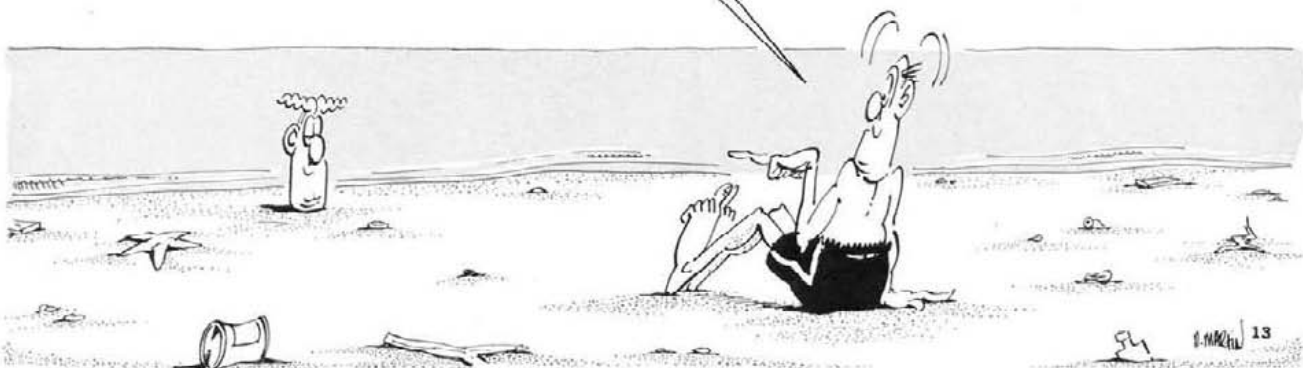
Yep . . . you and me, we've got the right idea, Mister . . . just lolling around in the water at ebb tide. What I like most about it is to see the interesting things left on the sand as the sea gently recedes. Like those lovely shells. They weren't there a moment ago.



And now there's a piece of driftwood . . . and an old rusty beer can . . . and another shell . . .



And now there's a starfish . . . and a . . . a . . . ulp!!!



THE TEN COMMAND

PRODUCED

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

I

THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.



II

THOU SHALT NOT MAKE UNTO THEE ANY GRAVEN IMAGE,



III

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF THE LORD, THY GOD, IN VAIN;



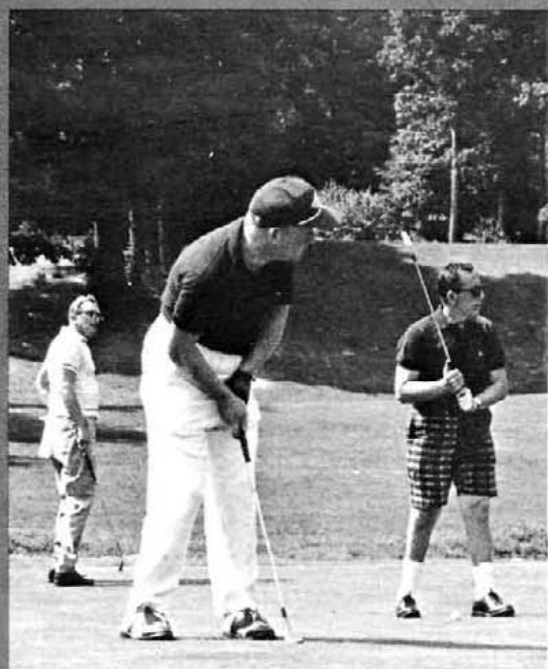
MENTS - REVISITED

BY: MAX BRANDEL

8 WORLD WIDE

IV

REMEMBER THE SABBATH
DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.



V

HONOR THY FATHER
AND THY MOTHER:



VI

THOU SHALT NOT KILL.





VII

THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY.



VIII

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

IX

THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS
AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR.

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THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.



JUNGLE ROT DEPT.

Darkest Africa . . . wild and foreboding. Man-killing beasts stalk their prey in dank jungles, ready to spring upon them and tear and mangle. Wild savages lurk in dense underbrush, waiting to inflict death upon unwary travelers. That's why the producers decided to fake it and looked elsewhere for the locale to be used in the weekly series known as . . .



TVarzan

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Hi, there! I'm the villain in tonight's episode! So far, I've burned down the village of the Lumbago Tribe—I've captured TVarzan's little friend, Jive—and worst of all, I've said nasty things to the animals! But still, TVarzan doesn't show up! Didn't anyone tell him that we shoot this show in Mexico and just pretend that it's Africa?

**AHHH... WAAA... AHHH...
WAAA... AHH... WAAAYAA!**

Oh-Oh! That's TVarzan, now! I'd recognize Johnny Weissmuller's jungle cry anywhere!



Me, Colonel Grub! TVarzan want boy to live? TVarzan have to listen to me! Me "Boss"! You "Slave"! Savvy?

Tell me, Colonel— have you had this severe speech problem all of your life?

Why—y-you speak as good as me!!

Wrong twice, Colonel! That's "as well as I!" And I happen to speak better than you do!

B-but when did all this happen? I mean, what happened to the Pigeon English?

Well, Jane isn't with me anymore, so I spend my evenings brushing up on my English! Bet you can't use the word "pasquinade" in a sentence!

I couldn't care less! And good English or bad English, the situation remains the same! Either you take orders from me . . . or the boy dies!

Big deal! I hardly even know the kid!

Ungowah! TVarzan in big trouble! TVarzan burn down village of Lumbagos! We know TVarzan do it because we find this book!

This is my book all right, but I didn't burn down your village!

We put TVarzan in Cobra Pit! If TVarzan speak truth, Cobra will not kill!

Cobra Pit!? Isn't it enough if I say, "Cross my heart and hope to die?"

What are you afraid of, TVarzan? I've heard that you're the friend of a million jungle animals!

I am! Unfortunately, there are a million and a HALF animals in this jungle! Besides, it was probably you who burned this village!

Perhaps! But how are you going to prove it?

With my knowledge of jungle lore, it would be easy to follow footprints, search for matches and gasoline in your tent, investigate ashes—

Resorting to evidence, eh! The oldest trick in the book! But it won't work among these Savages! They believe in the judgment of the Cobra here! So—into the Pit!

What are you going to do with the boy?

He stayed tied up! Any friend of TVarzan's no friend of ours!

HISS...

That's unfair!
Why not put
the kid in
with the Cobra
and tie me
up to the tree?

TVzarz! How can
you talk like that?
I've been at your
side every waking
moment for the
past nine years!!

Which
is precisely
why I
am
saying it!

Enough
shtick!
Into
the
Pit!



Now
listen
to me,
Snake!

I'm
your
friend!

I love
all
animals!

Except
the
Mongoose!

Hiss!

Hiss!

Boo!
Hiss!

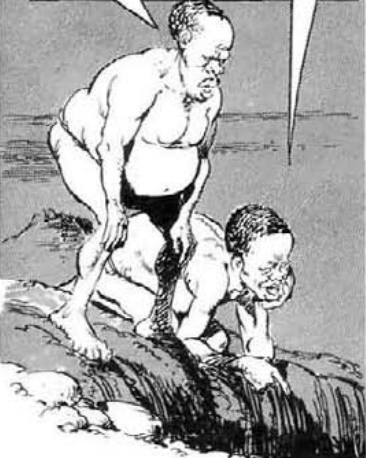
YAYY!!



What's going on
down there? Did
the Cobra kill
TVzarz yet?

No—but he
really do
have a way
with animals!

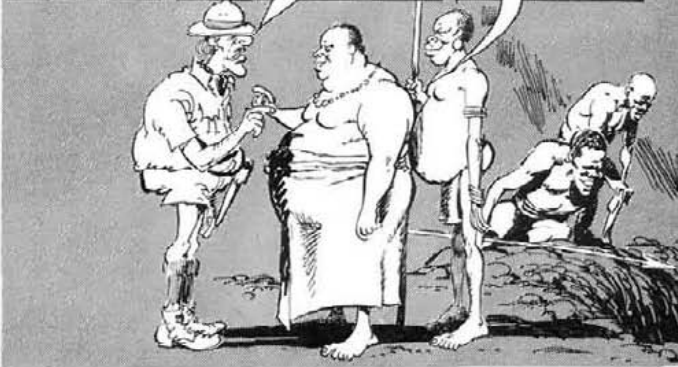
*Cups and saucers;
Plates and dishes;
Poison Ivy
Gives you itches!*



Ancient Tribal
Code say:
"Since TVzarz
make friend
with Cobra,
TVzarz must
be telling
TRUTH!"

Hold on, Chief! I wanted
TVzarz to help me trap
Elephants for ivory! But
I don't need him! Your
Tribe can help me instead!
Follow my orders . . . and
I'll make you all rich!

However, Modern
Tribal Code say:
"Since you offer
us good deal,
Ancient Tribal
Code don't stand
a chance!"
We follow!



Don't do it,
Chief! Don't
you see this
man's intentions
are dubious,
insidious and
furtive?!

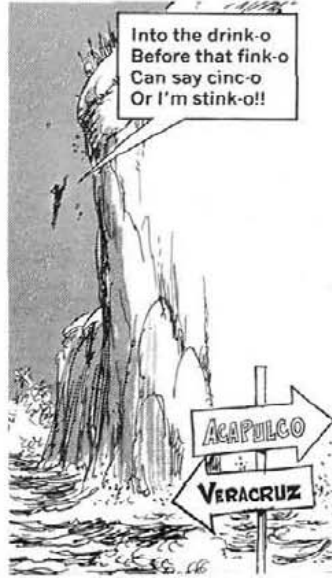
And my first
order as your
leader is to
KILL that
Loin-Clothed
Noah Webster!

STOP!!!
After years
of companionship
and understanding,
you can't kill me
like that! You're
not that savage!

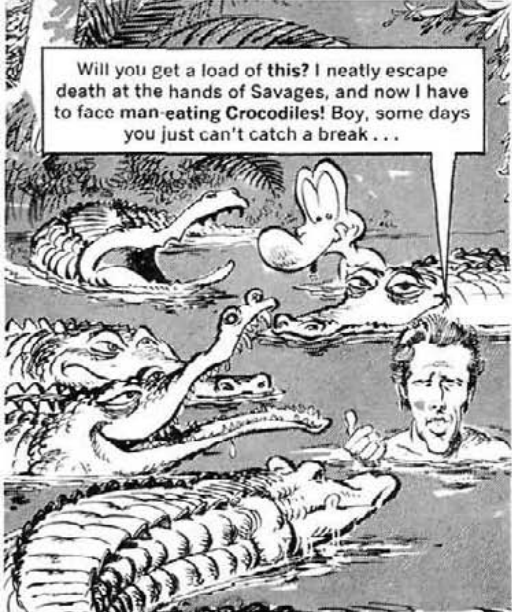
TVzarz right!
We must repay
him for his
kindness! Count
five—THEN kill!

Uno—
dos—
tres—
quatro—

Into the drink-o
Before that fink-o
Can say cinc-o
Or I'm stink-o!!



Will you get a load of this? I neatly escape death at the hands of Savages, and now I have to face man-eating Crocodiles! Boy, some days you just can't catch a break . . .

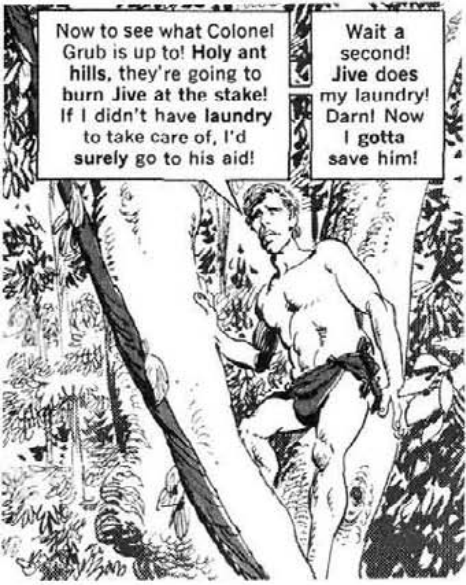


Well, I guess I really knocked the stuffing out of them!



Now to see what Colonel Grub is up to! Holy ant hills, they're going to burn Jive at the stake! If I didn't have laundry to take care of, I'd surely go to his aid!

Wait a second! Jive does my laundry! Darn! Now I gotta save him!



I'll just grab a vine and swing down in my usual fash—



QUICKSAND!! I'M TRAPPED IN QUICKSAND!!

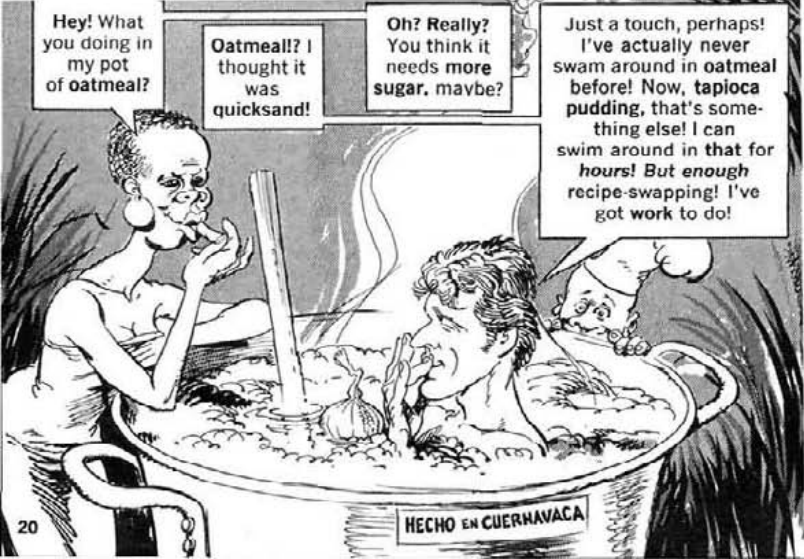


Hey! What you doing in my pot of oatmeal?

Oatmeal!? I thought it was quicksand!

Oh? Really? You think it needs more sugar, maybe?

Just a touch, perhaps! I've actually never swam around in oatmeal before! Now, tapioca pudding, that's something else! I can swim around in that for hours! But enough recipe-swapping! I've got work to do!



Well, Jive! It looks like your friend TVarzan isn't coming back to help you! Any last requests?

Yes! Would you please remove my Draft Card from my pocket before you light the fire? I wouldn't want to get into trouble if it were to burn up!



Okay, Colonel!
Drop that torch!

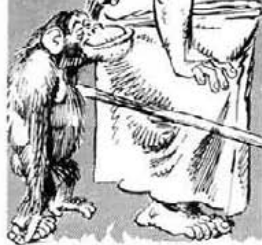


Okay, TVarzan!
Drop that knife!



Ooga-booga-zork!

(Okay, Chief!
Drop that spear!)



Okay, Cheetah!
Drop that banana!



Okay, everybody!
Drop this scene!



You'll be sorry
you came back,
TVarzan! Okay,
Chief! Run him
through ...

Wait, Chief
I appeal
to you!

Sorry! TVarzan do NOT
appeal to me! Not even
in that mini-skirt!!

Wait! Stop!! Spare
TVarzan's life!
Kill me instead!



Tondelayercake! You're
the Chief's daughter!
Why do you want to
save my life?

Because TVarzan teach
me how to pray for rain
by hugging and kissing
and making-out and ...



Pray for
rain?! We
got no rain
problem
here!

Tondelayercake!
Please! Don't
say another
word, huh!

Tondelayercake's
big heart says
TVarzan must live!

Yeah ... but
Tonderlayer-
cake's big
mouth says
TVarzan must
die!!



Enough fooling
around! We settle
this mess with
big fight to the
finish. If TVarzan
loses and is
killed, then he
must be put to
death!

Your sentence
structure is a
trifle redundant,
Chief!
Grammatically
speaking, the
proper phrasing
should be—

Hold your
filthy
tongue in
front of
the maiden!
Have you no
respect for
an innocent
broad!?





The Iron Tooth will show the truth!

You mean that knife will decide on life?

Enough dumb rhyme! You're wasting time!

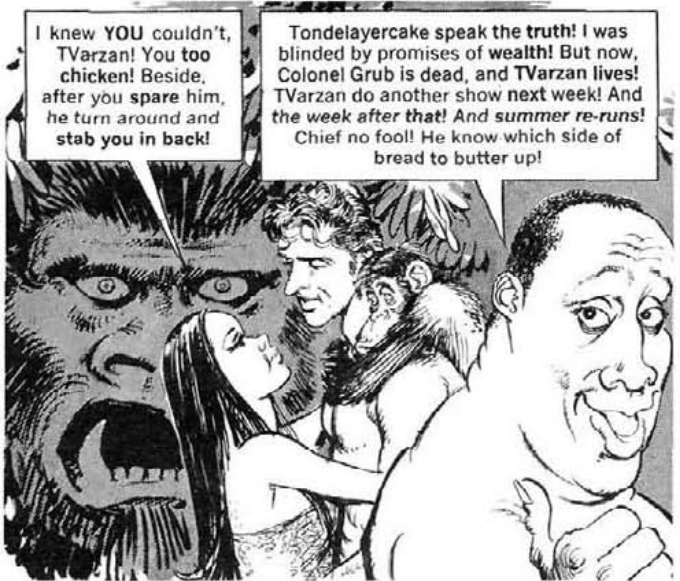
The job is done! I used a gun!

One more poem and I go home!

Tondelaycake!! How could you kill him like that?!

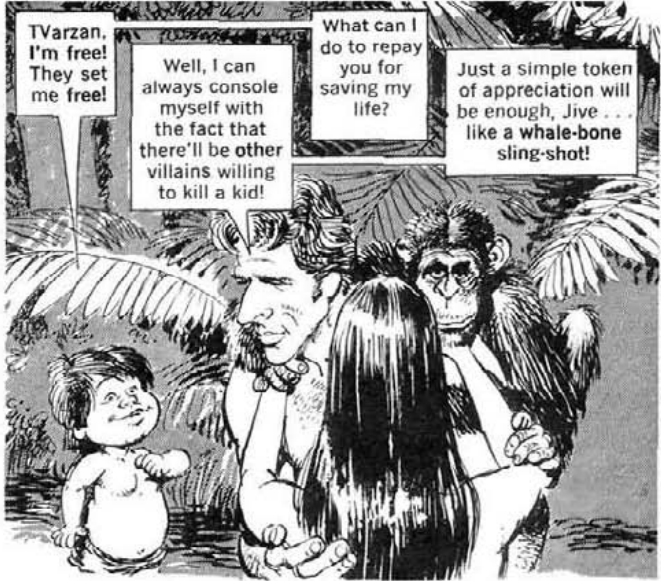
**BLAM!
BLAM!**

OOH... THAT'S... BAA... YEAH...



I knew YOU couldn't, TVarzan! You too chicken! Besides, after you spare him, he turn around and stab you in back!

Tondelaycake speak the truth! I was blinded by promises of wealth! But now, Colonel Grub is dead, and TVarzan lives! TVarzan do another show next week! And the week after that! And summer re-runs! Chief no fool! He know which side of bread to butter up!

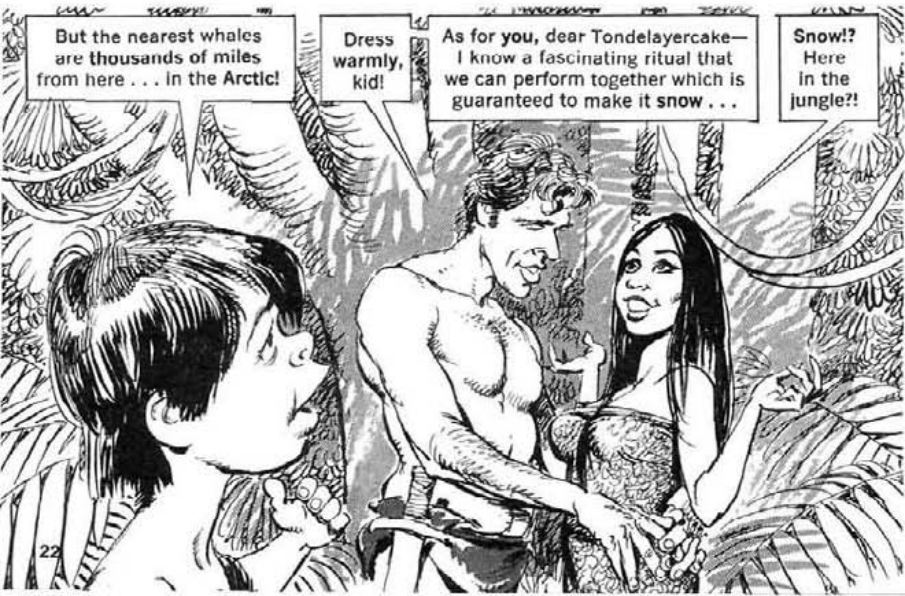


TVarzan, I'm free! They set me free!

Well, I can always console myself with the fact that there'll be other villains willing to kill a kid!

What can I do to repay you for saving my life?

Just a simple token of appreciation will be enough, Jive... like a whale-bone sling-shot!



But the nearest whales are thousands of miles from here... in the Arctic!

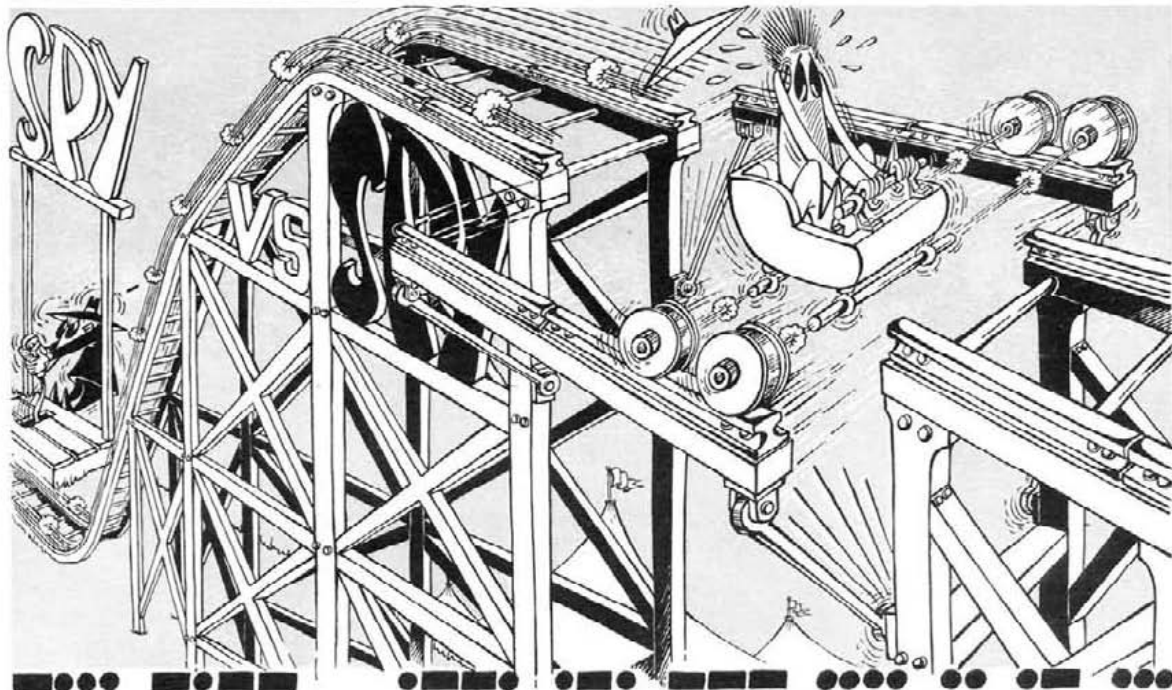
Dress warmly, kid!

As for you, dear Tondelaycake—I know a fascinating ritual that we can perform together which is guaranteed to make it snow...

Snow?! Here in the jungle?!



I admit it may seem a trifle outlandish, but if we really try hard every day... maybe in a couple of years...



WHAT IS A

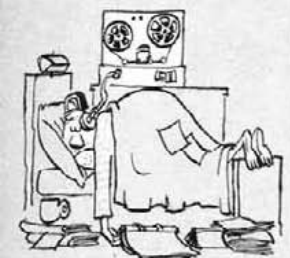
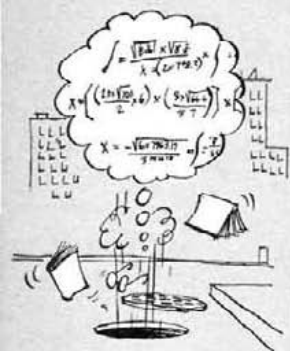
ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

A long the perilous road that runs from Matriculation to Graduation, every student must pass through a Valley of Despair called a Final Exam. Emerging successfully insures a future filled with big important jobs, small worries, and girls that are just the right size. Failing insures a future filled with big inferiority complexes, small welfare checks and Army uniforms that are never the right size.

At first glance, a Final Exam appears to be nothing more than a few hundred questions, all carefully worded to be vague and then sloppily mimeographed to be illegible. Actually, a Final Exam is many things. It is a Third Degree with no safeguards against self-incrimination. It is a mis-matched Fight with no rest periods between rounds. It is a Stretch in maximum security confinement with no bread and water. It is an Inquisition with no chance to confess and be painlessly executed.

A Final Exam seems to start life as a harmless Quiz that grows into a deceptively tame Weekly Test, turns into a snarling Mid-Term, and finally reaches maturity as a big, ugly Man-Killer that sneaks up behind you at the end of each semester. The best that can be said for a Final Exam is that it's Democratic. It gives every individual an equal opportunity to show the world he's an idiot.

There are many traditional ways to prepare for a Final Exam. You can make such teensy-weensy crib notes that the Proctor will never detect them . . . and you will never decipher them. Or you can memorize all the answers to last semester's Final Exam . . . which won't fit any of this semester's questions. Or you can stay up all night and cram . . . so you'll learn everything you'll be too sleepy to write about when the time comes. Or you can go to bed early . . . so you'll be alert enough to write everything you might have learned if you'd stayed up all night and crammed.



FINAL EXAM?

WRITERS: TOM KOCH & MAY SAKAMI

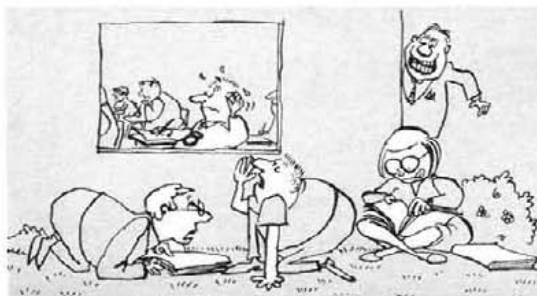
What many people do not know is that a Final Exam is cleverly devised to test much more than the student's mere knowledge of a Subject. It also tests his instinct for Desert Survival by placing the drinking fountain "off limits" for the duration. It measures his resistance to Suffocation by trapping him in a windowless, air-tight room with 75 other oxygen-breathers. It finds his Breaking Point by forcing him to sit jammed between a rhythmic sniffer and a pathological knuckle-cracker. And it probes his Self-Control by trapping him in a situation where his only reaction is an urgent need to run out of the room and vomit.

The only people who really seem to enjoy Final Exams are the Proctors. A Proctor is a person who isn't quite bright enough to be a Professor, or who isn't quite dumb enough to be a Student. So he spends his life supervising Final Exams. He's the one who makes sure that everybody finishes writing the Test Papers in less time than it took him to pass them out. He's the one who stands by the blackboard, chalking off 15-minute segments from the original allotted time so you'll know precisely how hopeless the situation is. And he's the one who never wears a facial expression . . . but always wears shoes that squeak.

For those who survive it, a Final Exam is a mold of well-rounded individuals who are certain to flourish in any environment. People who pass Final Exams feel equally at ease discussing Differential Coefficients with their neighbors, Newfoundland Fishery Treaties with their mailmen, the reign of Rameses II with prospective employers, Samoan Burial Customs with the lady who gives the correct time on the telephone, and—eventually—anything at all with anybody to avoid the monotony and boredom with themselves.

Unfortunately, many a bright student does poorly on a Final Exam. That's because he attaches too much importance to it, and develops a mental block against it. He fails to realize that he can always skip a tough question and go on to the next. He fails to realize that he can always rely on pure guesswork in the True-False section and probably score 50%. And he fails to realize that even after he's skipped the tough questions and relied on guesswork and flunked that Exam, he'll always have a chance to take another one:

A PRE-INDUCTION PHYSICAL!!



Aranson's

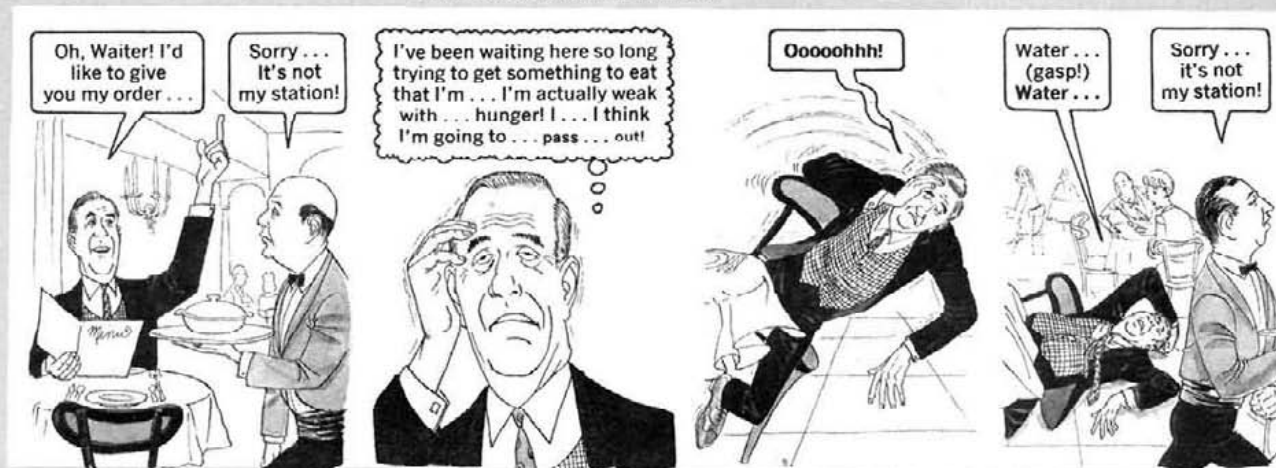


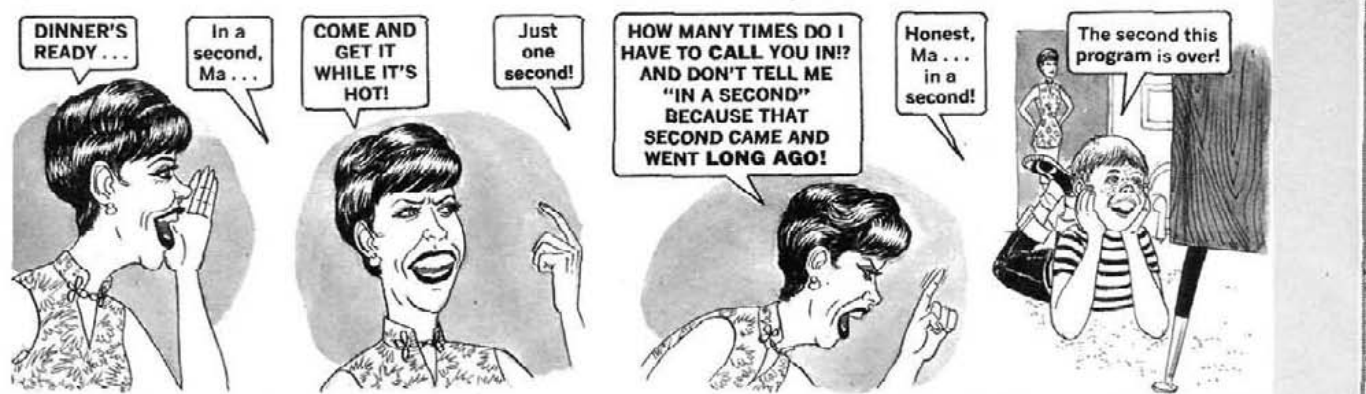
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



EATING

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





Imagine . . . a clod like me, being treated to an expensive meal in the fanciest restaurant in town!

If only some of the fellas could see me now! Wouldn't you know it! With my luck, I won't be seen by anybody!

Hey, Charlie!!

Oh, boy! Somebody I know sees me!!

The fanciest meal in town, you can afford . . . but to pay me back the five bucks you owe me, you're all of a sudden flat broke!?!

Ice cream?

No, thank you! I'm on a diet!

WHAT!? You actually had enough self control to say "No!?" You usually look for any excuse to break your diet, merely by proclaiming a "Special Occasion!"

I can't get over it! You've made history! This is a red-letter day! This really is a special occasion!

Did you say this is a special occasion? In that case, I'll have some ice cream!

Would you like to see a work of art? Get a load of this masterpiece!!

I really put a lot of time into making this Tuna Fish Salad! See? I cut up the radishes to look like roses, and I made the green peppers into leaves, and I arranged the lettuce and tomatoes to give the illusion of a floral bouquet!

It's so beautiful, it's almost a shame to spoil it by eating it!

What are you moping about? The party was a huge success!

Nobody ate the Tuna Fish Salad!

My Psychiatrist tells me that I over-eat because I feel unloved!

Psychiatrists!! What do they know?! It's not an exact science! They're still only guessing!

And you're stupid enough to swallow that garbage? Go ahead, stupid . . . keep on throwing out good money on a Psychiatrist! And when he tells you you have an Inferiority Complex, tell him he's wrong there, too! Tell him you're just **PLAIN INFERIOR!**

Imagine . . . telling you that food is a substitute for love! How stupid can you get . . . believing such idiotic nonsense!?

HEY, GANG! HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER "MAD" PEEK AT THE CONTENTS OF...

A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN
PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.

THE WHITE HOUSE

1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear George:

My daughter, Lynda Bird, has forwarded your suggestion. I appreciate the interest you have taken in my "Keep America Beautiful" program.

However, after giving it my fullest consideration, I don't think I'll be able to use your slogan:

"Keep America Beautiful! Let George
Hamilton Visit All 50 States!"

Thanks anyway.

Sincerely,
Lady Bird Johnson
Mrs. L.B. Johnson

H

Dear George,

I never hear from you any more. What's the matter, you don't have time to write your Mother?

I keep reading about you in the papers. All that gossip about you and the President's daughter. They say it's a publicity stunt to attract attention by dating a national figure. Nonsense! I don't believe Lynda Bird Johnson would do such a thing!

She seems like a nice girl, George. I read where her family lives in a 30-room house and they're worth 12 million dollars. Now I understand why you're dating her! It's out of pity! You feel sorry for her because she's poor!

Does she know that you live in a 40-room house in Beverly Hills and we can buy and sell the Johnsons four times over? Maybe she's after your money?

Anyway, take care—and write once in a while.

Love,
Mother

GEORGE ROMNEY'S DAUGHTER - 313-402-9700

RONALD REAGAN'S DAUGHTER - 213-556-2100

ROBERT KENNEDY'S DAUGHTER - 212-247-0998*

LURLEEN WALLACE'S DAUGHTER - 205-675-8300

JOHN LINDSAY'S DAUGHTER - 212-TW7-5998

HUBERT HUMPHREYS DAUGHTER -

410-654-0944

~~RICHARD NIXON'S DAUGHTER 212-698-0770~~

~~HAROLD STASSEN'S DAUGHTER 717-589-0070~~

*IF NOT IN, TRY "NURSERY SCHOOL"
NUMBER - C1-5-0880

AJAX NOVELTY BUTTON CO. GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Hamilton:

Last year, our most popular button was: "Save Water! Shower with a Friend!" But now, I am happy to report that our biggest selling button is: "WOULD YOU REALLY PEEL SECURE WITH GEORGE HAMILTON IN THE ARMY?"

Thank you for suggesting the idea to us, and enclosed please find your royalty check.

Very truly yours,
O.B. Snide
O.B. Snide, Pres.

IDENTIFICATION

NAME GEORGE HAMILTON

ADDRESS BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

OCCUPATION SOME-TIME ACTOR AND

FULL-TIME PUBLICITY-SEEKER

OUTSTANDING PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS:

JUST ONE! I'M TOO GORGEOUS TO BE BELIEVED!!



McCall's

EDITORIAL
OFFICES
New York City

Dear George:

I thought that after going together this long, you really would begin to get serious. I guess this announcement proves otherwise.

I don't think you should send one to Daddy just yet. I know he told you to "announce your intentions," but I do not feel that this is what he had in mind.

As ever, *Lynda Bird*

P.S. I spoke to the Editor about your idea for a "Center Fold-Out" to help build the circulation of McCall's, and he felt that he would rather keep it a "Family" magazine for the time being, although he did think you looked quite attractive in that bathing suit.

L.B.

Mr. George Hamilton
is proud to announce
that he has had a
"Heavy Crush"

on

Miss Lynda Bird Johnson
since the Spring of 1965

Just a note from Pat and Luci Bird Nugent

Dear George:-

Got your note and I appreciate the problems you're been having. I'll be glad to help you out in any way I can, and answer any of your questions. But I don't think it's any of your business how I "managed to make out with all those Secret Service Men around!"

Pat Nugent

DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE DIVISION WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Mr. Hamilton:

We have been watching you closely on your dates with Miss Lynda Bird Johnson, and we have been reporting your behavior to the President.

The President has requested that, on future dates with his daughter, you no longer indulge in "holding hands" and "hand kissing". He is greatly embarrassed by this, especially since the hands you've been holding and kissing are your own!

He would appreciate it if you would pay a little more attention to Miss Lynda Bird in the future.

Sincerely,

Robert Edelstein

Robert Edelstein
Agent-In-Charge

United States Selective Service System WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Mr. Hamilton:

We have investigated your claim that you have previously served in the Armed Forces of the United States, and we are sorry to inform you that we do not consider "storming a beachhead" in "The Longest Day" as constituting actual Military Service.

However, due to your unusual circumstances, and after consulting with The President of the United States, we are happy to tell you that you have been classified "2-X", which means that in case of War, you will be used as a "Hostage".

Very Truly Yours,

Alan Markweiss
Alan Markweiss,

Chief Classification Officer

THE PAPERHANGER



"Anybody who undergoes Psychoanalysis should have his head examined!" So goes the childish statement passed along by clods who really don't understand what Psychoanalysis is all about. For them, here is a childish explanation. Mainly

THE MAD PSYCHO- ANALYSIS PRIMER

Lesson 1.

Who Needs Psychoanalysis?



You may ask: "Who needs Psychoanalysis?"
Well—there are two kinds of people:
One kind worries constantly about things
Like The Bomb
And Atomic War
And the fact that the world is going mad.
Then there is the other kind
Who is calm and serene,
Who never worries about such things.
That's the kind who needs Psychoanalysis!

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

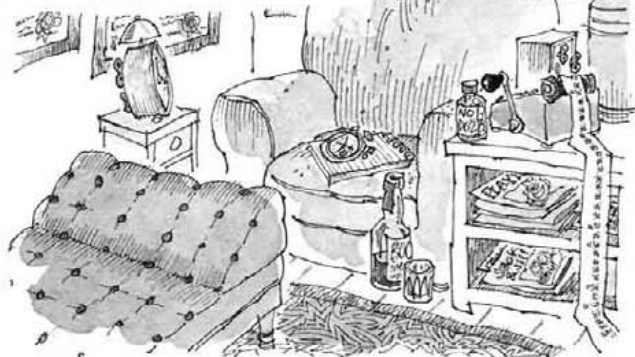
WRITER: STAN HART



Lesson 2.

The Psychiatrist's Office

See the Psychiatrist's office.
See the Psychiatrist's couch.
This couch is not like other couches.
No one sleeps on this couch.
Patients lie on it and talk.
Talk, talk, talk.
See the Psychiatrist's chair.
This chair is not like other chairs.
Someone sleeps on this chair.
The Psychiatrist!
While his Patients talk, talk, talk.
Psychoanalysis takes a long time.
Five years, eight years, ten years.
But after all, think how long it took
For you to get so screwed up.



Lesson 3.

The Psychiatrist

See the Psychiatrist.
See his Patient.
What, you do not see his Patient?
Look under the couch.
This Patient is inhibited.
That's why he needs a good Psychiatrist.
The Psychiatrist will help him to overcome his fears.
Then the Patient will lose his inhibitions.
Then the Patient will be free to do
Whatever his instincts tell him to do.
Then he will no longer need a good Psychiatrist.
Then he will need a good Criminal Lawyer.

Lesson 4.

Choosing A Psychiatrist

Choosing the right Psychiatrist is difficult.
The Psychiatrist must instill confidence and trust.
He must develop the proper Doctor-Patient rapport.
How can you tell if a Psychiatrist is right for you?
See the man in the picture.
He has chosen the wrong Psychiatrist for him.
In fact, any Psychiatrist is the wrong Psychiatrist
If he wears leather boots and carries a whip!



Lesson 5.

Types Of Patients



See the next Patient.
To look at this Patient, you would never know
That the Patient has serious problems.
The Patient is well-groomed:
Crew-cut, worsted trousers, tweed jacket, paisley tie.
Who would ever suspect that
This woman has problems?
These problems stem from
An unhealthy family environment.
The Psychiatrist will help her get rid of her problems.
Then she will wear long hair, a mini-skirt and high heels—
Just like her brother!

Lesson 6.

The Psychiatric Consultation



This Patient is emotionally disturbed.
He has a serious Sex Problem.
He tells the Psychiatrist everything—
All of his strange sex fantasies and wild dreams.
The Psychiatrist keeps all of these admissions
In strict confidence.
He repeats them to no one.
Except, perhaps, to another Psychiatrist
During a consultation.
And during this consultation, both Psychiatrists
Giggle a lot.



Lesson 7.

The Psychiatrist's Qualifications



What does a Psychiatrist do?
Does he just sit there and say nothing
While someone else does all the talking?
Of course not.
If that were all that Psychiatrists did,
Then every married man
Would qualify as a Psychiatrist.



This poor Patient is a Manic-Depressive.
Which means that sometimes he is happy and fun-loving—
Just like you and me—
And sometimes he is unhappy and withdrawn—
Just like you and me.
Better watch that, you and me!



How about this Patient?
Can he be cured?
The Psychiatrist is not sure.
The Patient has a severe problem concerning
Sibling Rivalry.
This is not too unusual in most Patients.
Except that this Patient
Is an Only Child



This next Patient has a Split Personality.
When he comes up against a problem,
He gets angry and tries to solve it by violent means.
On the other hand, he can also be soft-spoken
And sometimes he is unhappy and withdrawn—
If this Patient is cured by the Psychiatrist,
He could become consistent and well-adjusted.
If he is not cured by the Psychiatrist,
He could become President.



This Patient is Insecure.
He is unable to express his feelings.
Especially to the girl he loves and wants to marry.
The Psychiatrist will help him to overcome his fears.
The girl the Patient wants to marry
Is Sophia Loren.

Lesson 8.

Group Therapy



See the Group Therapy session.
In Group Therapy, people can freely
Express their anger, bare their souls,
Tell each other off, and yell and scream.
Years ago, such sessions were called
Family Meetings.
If you are in Group Therapy,
It is important that you attend every session.
Because if you are absent,
Guess who the others talk about!

Lesson 9.

Sigmund Freud

Years ago, all Psychiatrists believed
That Sigmund Freud was right.
Freud theorized that the basis for all Neurosis
Was Sex.
Everything with Freud was Sex, Sex, Sex.
Today, we know that Freud was wrong.
But we also know that Freud
Must have been great fun at parties.



Today, many Psychiatrists believe
That Sex is only part of the problem.
How small a part?
How big a part?
That all depends upon how well you're making out!
Today, "Love" rather than Sex is the theme.
Today, people want to *Feel Loved*.
Today, people want to *Express Love*.
Doesn't that make you yearn
For the good old days?

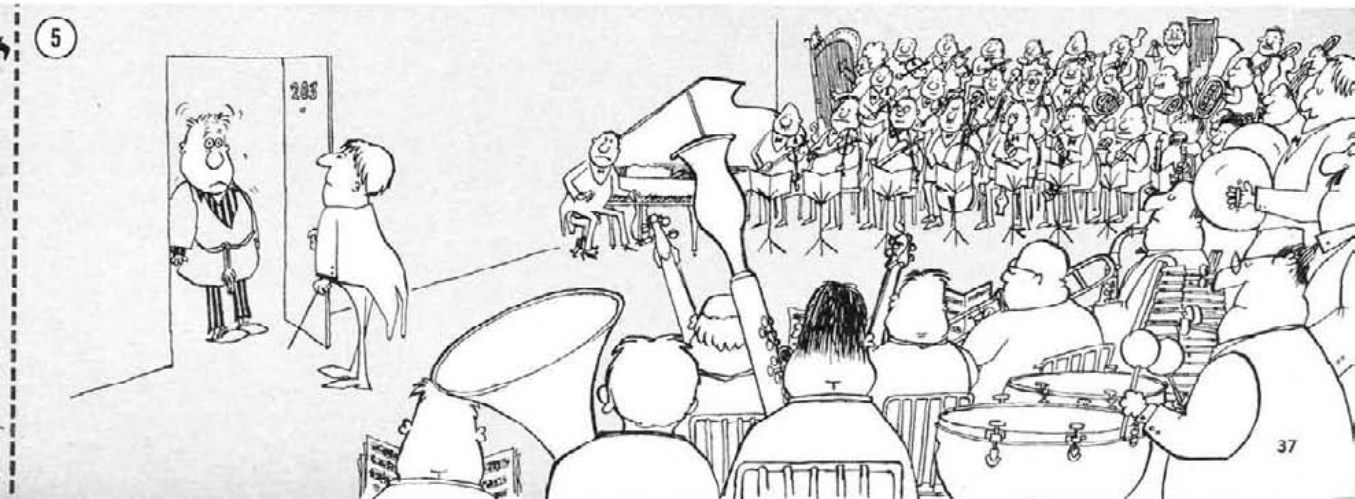
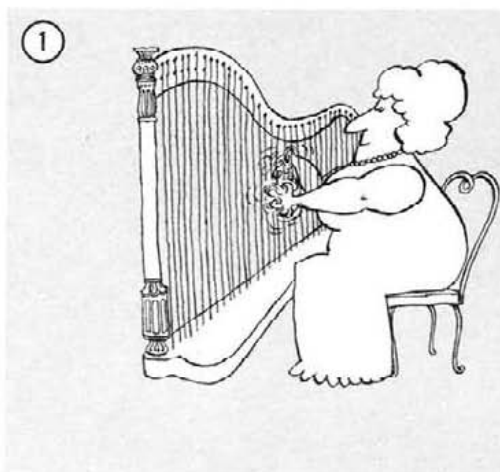
A MAD LOOK AT

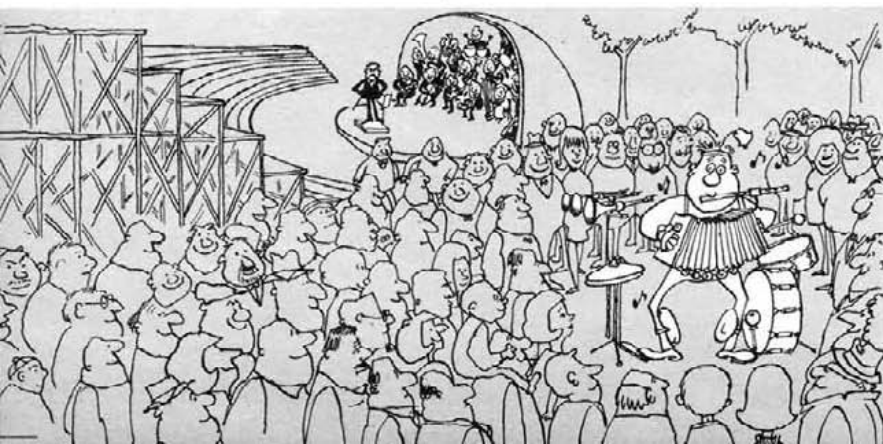
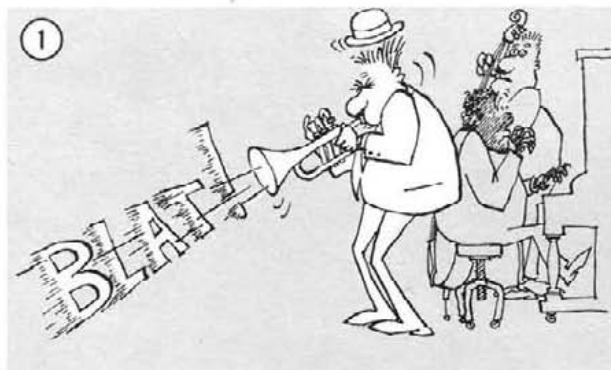
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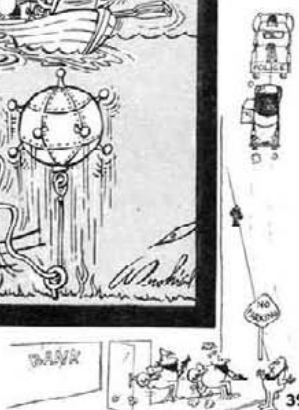
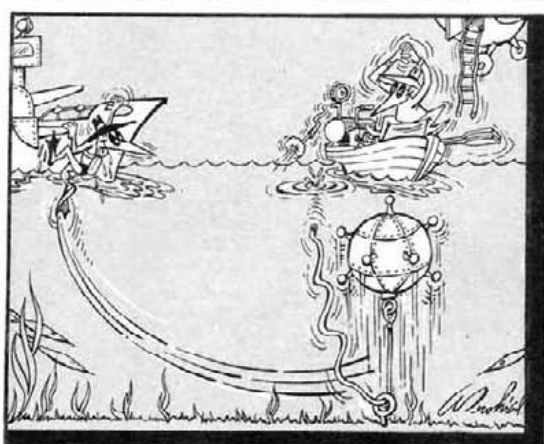
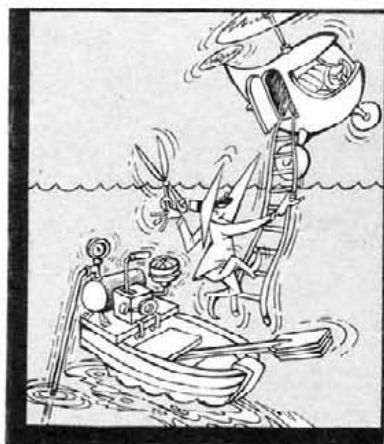
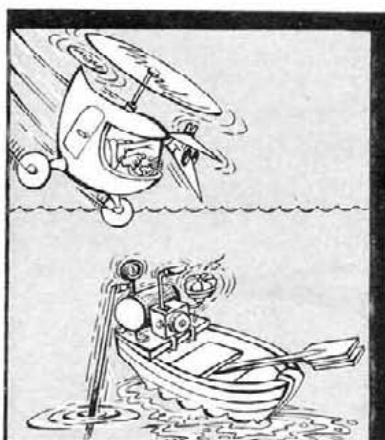
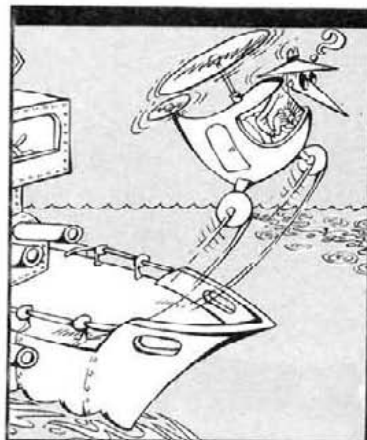
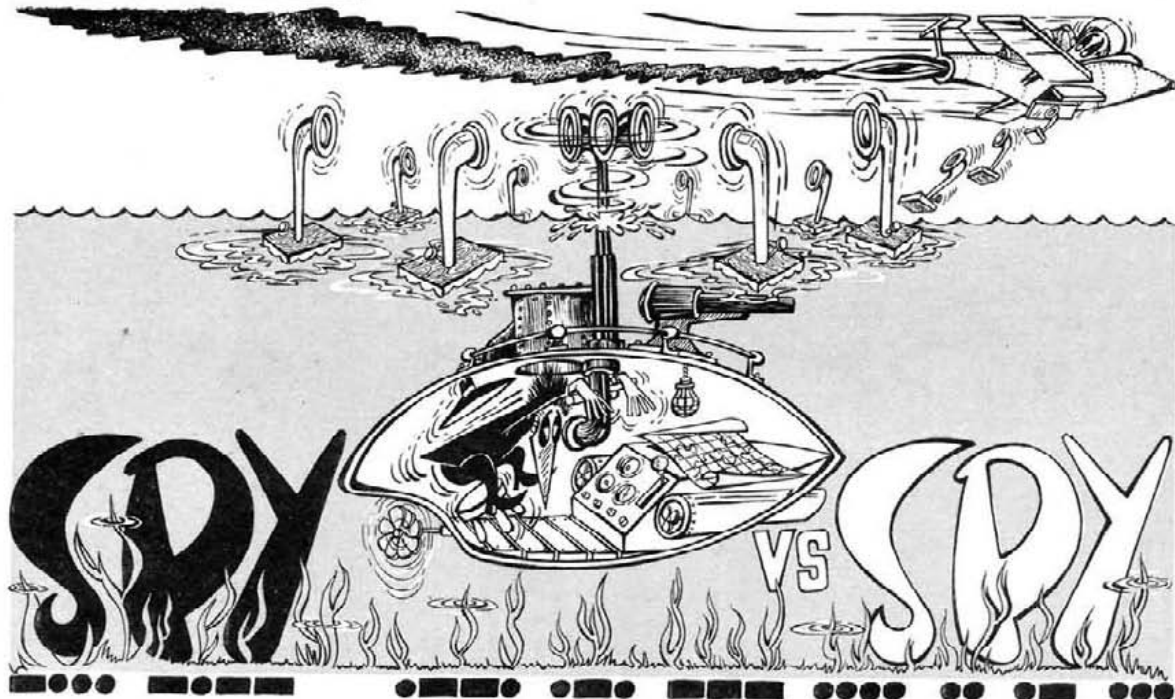


MUSICIANS

SERGIO ARAGONES







The modern Newspaper Feature Writer is often a specialist in his field of coverage. Unfortunately, just as often, his field of view is limited by his specialty, and he'll become so intent upon writing up an event from his particular point of view that he'll fail to see the over-all picture. We'll show you what we mean as MAD presents some...

HISTORICAL EVENTS

AS COVERED BY MODERN NEWS FEATURE WRITERS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

THE REIGN OF TERROR

as reviewed by the THEATRE EDITOR

WILDLY CHEERING MOBS ACCLAIM OPENING OF "REIGN OF TERROR"



"Reign of Terror's" starkly simple stage setting introduces "Theatre-In-The-Round" to Parisians in simultaneous premieres all over City of Light.

by Walter Sacre-Coeur

PARIS, FRANCE—"Tis a far, far better sleep I go to than I have ever known," said one of the characters in last night's opening fiasco called "The Reign Of Terror". He couldn't have been more right! I was snoring after twenty minutes. Oh, Max Robespierre's spectacular "happening", which dazzled Parisians at simultaneous premieres all over the City of Light, had enough gory action (performed by a cast of thousands) to sustain it, but the lack of dialogue left much to be desired. With the exception of a few stirring moments in which Noblemen delivered

curtain speeches from the stark, simple stage (Kudos to Dr. Guillotine, who designed the sets!), this introduction to "Theatre-In-The-Round" impressed me little.

And I'm afraid that the Opening Night audience shared my feelings. A quiet stupor prevailed most of the evening, interrupted only by an occasional outburst of giggles from a Theatre Party of gleeful old ladies who continued to knit throughout the performance.

The star of the show, despite her Queenly aspect, gave a rather bloodless performance... and all in all, this "reign", I would say, stayed mainly much too plain.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

as covered by the SPORTS EDITOR

Yankee Doodles Upset Visiting Redcoat Favorites at Bunker

by Jimmy Cannonball

BOSTON, MASS.—An out-matched, badly-coached team of local favorites stood line-to-line with the powerful visiting team of British regulars yesterday, and when the dust had settled, the underdogs had won.

The contest was pretty much anybody's game for the first two quarters, with both sides relying strongly upon their defensive positions. In the third quarter, however, the Yanks lined up in a shotgun formation, broke through the Limey's defense, and scored heavily. The final quarter was a complete rout, with the Boston Patriots controlling the field and carrying the attack to the British.

Return matches have been planned for Long Island, Trenton, Valley Forge and Yorktown.

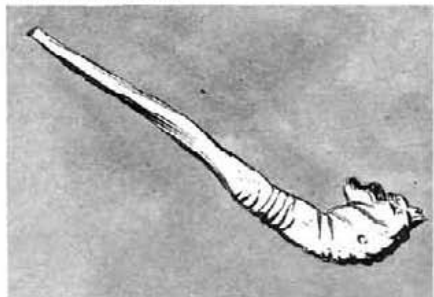


Yankee Team marches off field after stunning upset victory over Redcoats.

THE WALLS OF JERICO

as reviewed by the HI-FI EDITOR

SHOFAR 400 COMPOUND DIFFRACTION HORN, Model 1-B, was tested under unusual circumstances last week in a field trial that produced astonishing results. Six hundred of these wide-angle, low-distortion horns were placed in a semi-circle for maximum frequency dispersion. The output of these back-loaded drivers, each with a frequency response of 15-50,000 cps, an output level of 750 dbm max., and a dispersion of 122°, was so great as to shatter a concrete masonry structure 40 feet tall and 20 feet thick. Which makes the application of this equipment for home systems a little ridiculous.



Single unit element of SHOFAR 400 Compound Diffraction Horn Model #1-B.

THE MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

as reported by the FOOD EDITOR

GOBS, FED WHIPS AND CHILLS, SERVE JUST DESSERTS IN KIND



It's the little "extras" that make for a successful meal (and a mutiny). Note tasteful setting for Bounty seamen's evening meal of soup, h-hardtack and u-urrrp!

by Mario Thomas

PITCAIRN ISLAND, SO. PACIFIC — A committee of officers and crewmen attached to the HMS Bounty South Seas Scientific and Navigational Research Expedition recently held a joint seminar and conference on the diet and work habits of ordinary seamen. The food value of maggots and mouldy hardtack, and the lack of water were the leading topics of discussion.

After much heated debate, with tempers flaring, a vote was taken. Despite vocal objections from most of the Officers, an agreement to change the Crew's diet and work habits, and the command of the ship as well, was passed by a unanimous show of hands. Officers were forced to abstain from the voting, as their hands were tied to the yardarms at the time.

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

as reported by the REAL ESTATE EDITOR

BLOCK-BUSTING PRESSURE CRACKS OPPOSITION TO URBAN RENEWAL

by Tex Wrightoff

SAN FRANCISCO — Fashionable Nob Hill and the infamous Barbary Coast joined forces today in pushing through plans for an Urban Renewal program destined to give San Francisco a long-overdue face lifting. Previously resisted by property owners holding on to speculative "jerry-built" hovels left over from the Gold Rush days, the municipal "new look" has now been made possible by this sudden, earth-shaking decision.

Up to now, the largest obstacle facing city planners has been the problem of relocation. With the displacement of the entire population overnight, this is no longer a factor. And complicated legal maneuvers involved in condemnation proceedings against structures in line for demolition have been eliminated, mainly because so have the structures themselves. Yes, San Francisco will take on an exciting new look, once we clean up what's left of the old one.



View of newly opened up premium building sites, now available to creative investors with imagination and an eye to the future.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA

as reported by the SOCIETY EDITOR

Standing-Room-Only Reception Held For Local British Garrison

by Sahib Sabu-Bey III

CALCUTTA, INDIA—An intimate reception in honor of the 146 members of the local British Garrison was held last night by the nawab of Bengal, His Excellency Suraj-ud-Dowlah.

Attending were: Captains E. Arnsworth, J. Featherly, R. H. Wessel, R. Wormsty; Lieutenants W. W. Browne, G. Cooper, R. A. Fallsworth, S. (Piggy) Swornby; Sub-Lieutenants P. Blumly, S. Crawson, G. Woodbridge; Sergeants D. Arrington, J. Crotty, G. (Biff) Sefcik, B. Wolski; Lance Corporals J. Huarte, G. Izo, J. Snow, M. Stickle; Privates Appleby, Ames, Andrew, Allison, Alexander, Axoloti, Bitsko, Blier, Buoniconti, Bradbury, Burley, Carey, Carson, Carter, Christopher, Chumley, Conjar, Corkinson, Corwin, Costa, Denforth, Duranko, Eddy, Eliot, Farley, Farrell, Flor, Flood, Fink, Fox, Garrison, Gladieux, Gmitter, Goeddeke, Gorman, Gray, Grunch, Gugliemi, Hanratty, Hardy, Harshman, Heaton, Heneghan, Holmes, Horney, Hornung, Ingraham, Irving, Islington, Ivan, Jarrett, Kantor, Kelly, Kermod, King, Konieczny, Koy, Kunz, Kuzmicz, Lamonica, Lattner, Lujack, Lynch, Mack, Mainly, Marsico, Martin, May, McGill, Meeker, Monty, Morris, Morse, Moxie, Neuman, Neville, Norri, Norton, O'Brien, O'Leary, Ormond, Osszefogva, Page, Parseghian, Pergine, Pickering, Plummer, Pierce, Pietrosante, Poiuyt, Potrzebie, Quimby, Quinn, Rassas, Regner, Reynolds, Rhoads, Rozzer, Rosner, A. Santini, G. Santini, M. Santini, P. Santini, P. Santini, P. Santini, R. Santini, Scarpitto, Schofield, Schoen, Seiler, Seymour, Smithberger, Stack, Stenger, Swatland, Taft, Torrington, Travers, Tripucka, Tucker, Urquhart, Vuillemin, Wadsworth, Watson, Williams, Worden, Yarborough, Yelverton, Youngblood, York and Zuch.

No refreshments were served.



Honored guests enjoying informal soiree. Due to excessive heat, it was impossible to identify any of the British revelers.

LADY GODIVA'S RIDE

as described by the RACE TRACK EDITOR

FIRST COVENTRY HANDICAP RUN AS ONE-HORSE PARLAY

by Sir Joe Asbestos

COVENTRY, ENG.—The first running of the Coventry Handicap for the benefit of oppressive taxation took place on a fast cobblestone track under sunny skies yesterday. The main, and only entry, was a two-year-old named "Bug-Eyes" with bareback jockey Selma Godiva up.

Both winning mount and rider were wildly applauded by the all-male crowd of racing fans who lined the entire three-mile stretch four and five deep.

The "Show Window" paid off with a pleasant 36-24-36, and it would have been a photo-finish if cameras had been invented.



Racing enthusiasts jam "Winners' Circle" for a close view of the winning mount and rider.

THE BURNING OF ROME

as reviewed by the MUSIC EDITOR

SCORCHING SOLO INFLAMES ROMANS



Emperor Nero receives heated acclamation at conclusion of his impromptu concert.

by Irvus Kolodinus

ROME—Last night, Rome's beloved Emperor, Nero, gave an impromptu violin recital from the rooftop of his luxurious villa on Hill VII which brought tears to the eyes of choked-up music-lovers.

The Emperor played with his usual technical perfection, although his renditions were, at times, difficult to hear over

the distraction of annoying coughs, wheezes and gasps from the audience.

By the evening's end, many of the listeners appeared to be completely overcome, while others screamed and shrieked accolades.

A continuous display of unusual lighting effects throughout the performance was furnished by the City of Rome.

And now, MAD presents its own version of the recent Western movie—well, it wasn't exactly a "Western" movie, it was more of a South-Western movie, about—well, it wasn't exactly a "South-Western" movie, it was more of a South-Western Mexico movie about four—well, it wasn't exactly a "South-Western Mexico" movie, it was more of a—a... Well, let's face it. It was a ridiculous movie about four ridiculous hired gunmen who should have been called:

THE AMATEURS

US? "Amateurs"?? Better change that title! It's all wrong! We're no "Amateurs"!!

Yeah! We don't work for nothin'! We get paid for what we do!

That's right! We're not a bunch of "Amateur" killers who senselessly destroy human life!

No, we're a bunch of "Professional" killers who senselessly destroy human life!!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Men, I've hired you for an important job. But first let me introduce myself. I'm a wealthy, ruthless American businessman named Grunt. But since we're going to be working together, please don't call me "Mr. Grunt". You can call me what my mother and my close friends call me! You can call me "Sir"!

My name's Fardrait! I love guns passionately!

My name is Eringobragh! I love horses passionately!

My name is Juke! I love bows and arrows passionately!

My name is Dullworth! I'm the one abnormal guy in this group! I've got this serious psychological problem! I love women passionately!



Gentlemen, my wife, **Mamamia**, has been kidnapped by the notorious Mexican bandit chief, Ratz. I want you to travel across 900 miles of Mexican deserts and mountains until you reach Ratz's impenetrable fortress. Then I want you to **Blow up** the fortress, overpower 300 men, rescue my wife, and bring her back 900 miles to me.

Now, I'm not making any promises . . . but if you handle this assignment well, I may have another job for you tomorrow!

I'll do it! What about you, Dullworth?

I'm game! What about you, Eringobragh?

You can count me in!

Notice how they never ask ME anything! You know WHY, don't you? I don't have to spell it out for you, do I?



Okay, men—it's a deal! There's \$10,000 in it for each of you if you make it! So, good luck—and if necessary, shoot to kill!

Not yet, you idiot! NOT YET!! Wait till you get to Mexico!!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



Well, we're on our way—off on a wild adventure! We . . . Hey, Dullworth! Where's Eringobragh?

Gee, I don't know!

Notice how they're still not talking to me? And you still don't know why? Well, they just better not ask me to sing or dance . . . that's all!



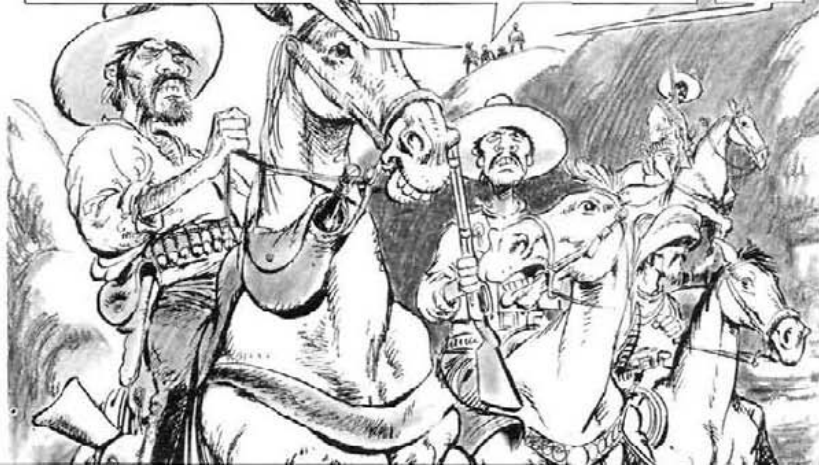
Eringobragh, we know you're a devout horse-lover! But if we hope to make any time, you're going to have to **RIDE** your horse like the rest of us!

Hey, Fardrait! Down in the ravine! Some passing Mexican strangers!

Look at them . . . simple, quaint, child-like creatures, etched there in the awesome twilight landscape of Nature's majesty!

Strange, endearing beings . . . innocent as babes, glowing in the same desert sunset created by the one Maker who watches over us all!

Right! LET'S KILL THEM!!!





Don't harm any of the horses!

Kill that man over there! He's still breathing!

Oh, you poor horsies! Are the screams and gunfire upsetting you?

Destroy that tree! It's still growing!

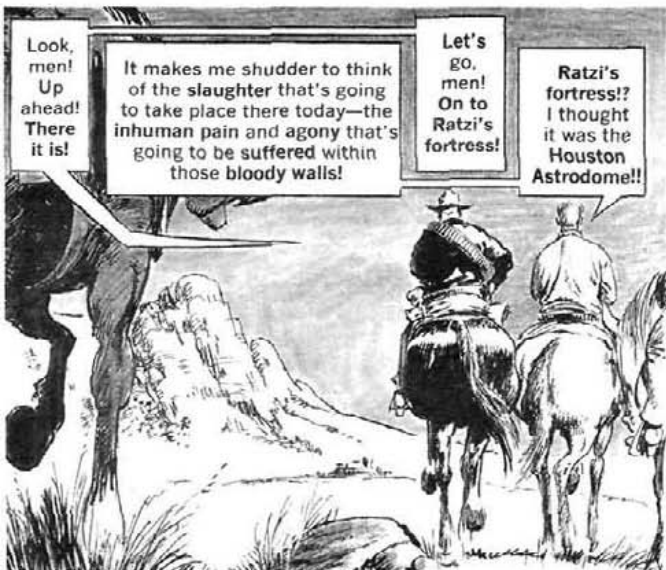
Let Daddy kiss your sweating matted mane!

Blow up that plant! It's still blooming!

Dullworth!! Don't you dare harm a single horse!

Who's harming a horse? I'm just killing a fly!

Yes—but it's a HORSE FLY!!



Look, men! Up ahead! There it is!

It makes me shudder to think of the slaughter that's going to take place there today—the inhuman pain and agony that's going to be suffered within those bloody walls!

Let's go, men! On to Ratz's fortress!

Ratz's fortress?! I thought it was the Houston Astrodome!!



This is insane! There are 300 heavily armed Mexicans in there! The fortress is impregnable, and we're just four men! We'll never carry out this mission! It's an impossible assignment!

Exactly! Which is why we have to follow my fantastic plan! And my fantastic plan is: **WE FOLLOW NO PLAN!**



What do you mean, we follow no plan?

Just that! By following no plan, we don't get stuck with a plan that doesn't work! And since no plan can work in this situation, we've got to avoid all plans!

You nut! I ought to tie you up, throw you on my horse and take you to see a psychiatrist!

You're planning! You're planning!!



All right! Let's check our watches! I have 8:22 . . .

I have 9:17!

I have 7:55!

I have 2:15!

Good! Our watches aren't synchronized! Now we can all do what we want when we want to do it! But remember, no plans!!

Look! That's Mr. Grunt's wife, Mamamia with Ritzzi! Well, what do you know! She likes him! She wasn't kidnapped after all! She ran away with him!

C'mon! We still have to bring her back, or we don't get the \$10,000 each!

Right! And we'd better move fast! Because there's a man who DOES have plans!

We got her! And Ratzzi is chasing us—so let's get out of here! Where's Eringobragh?

I had to leave him! He broke his leg!

Poor guy, lying back there in pain!

He's not in pain anymore! I think his horse shot him!

War is hell! But it all evens up! They got one of us... and we got 229 of them!



Please, you must let me go back to Ratzzi! We love each other! I hate my husband! He is mean to me! He treats me like dirt!

I can see what you mean, kid! With all his money, he never even bought you a bra!

Ratzzi's catching up with us! You two go on with Mamamia, and I'll hold him off!

Let me hold him off! I'm a better shot than you! I'll blow him to pieces in two minutes!

Is that all you can think of—blowing him to pieces in two minutes? Don't you know that in Western show-downs nowadays, there are more important things than blowing a man to pieces in two minutes! I plan to philosophize with him, exchange points of wisdom with him, probe his psyche... THEN I'll blow him to pieces!



Did you ever stop to think, Ratzzi, as you approach the burial ground of faceless men, how much war is like a grapefruit? Both forces are acidic, both forces are juicy, and then, when you least expect it... pits!

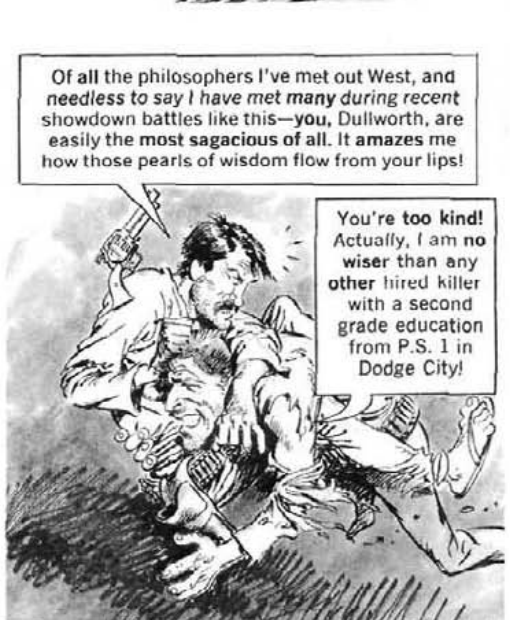
While respecting it, I beg to refute your logic, Dullworth. To me, war is the sliced banana of folly spread upon the corn flakes of humanity to help Man tall up to God!

No, no, my friend! Your reasoning is fallacious! Remember what Schopenhauer said to Kant? He said, "As a philosopher, my dear man, you are not without syllogistic flaws!"

Yes, whereupon Kant sallied in his infinite wisdom: "Okay, smartie-pants—let's see you do better!"

Of all the philosophers I've met out West, and needless to say I have met many during recent showdown battles like this—you, Dullworth, are easily the most sagacious of all. It amazes me how those pearls of wisdom flow from your lips!

You're too kind! Actually, I am no wiser than any other hired killer with a second grade education from P.S. 1 in Dodge City!





It's him—
Dullworth!
He made it!
Where's
Ratzi?

I left him
bleeding
back there!
Hey, where's
Mamamia?

I don't
know! She
got away!
And here
comes Grunt!
Boy, are we
in trouble!



So you
failed in
your mission,
you
incompetent
sloppy
fools!

But we
had the
girl Mr.
Grunt!
She got
away!

Look! It's
Eringobragh!
He's not dead
after all! And
he's carrying
somebody!
Could it be—



Nice going,
horse-lover!

Beautiful
work! You
sure saved
the day!

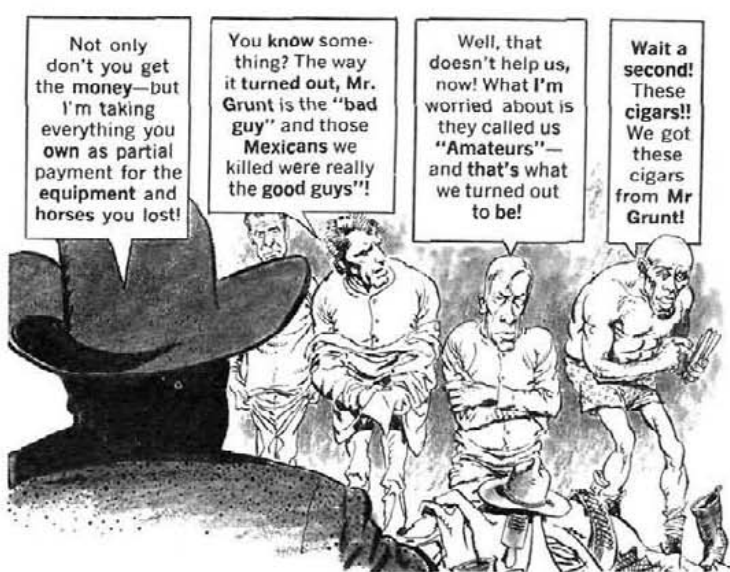
Hi, Mr.
Grunt! I met
your wife
back there,
trying to get
away! She
fought like a
tiger but I
subdued her!



And here she
is! But if you
ask me, what you
see in a broad
with a moustache
is beyond me!
Oh, well, to
each his own I
always say . . .

Idiot! This
is Ratzi!
He's a MAN!
Don't you
know what a
girl looks
like?

Son-of-a
gun! I
knew I've
been going
out too
much with
horses!



Not only
don't you get
the money—but
I'm taking
everything you
own as partial
payment for the
equipment and
horses you lost!

You know some-
thing? The way
it turned out, Mr.
Grunt is the "bad
guy" and those
Mexicans we
killed were really
the good guys!"

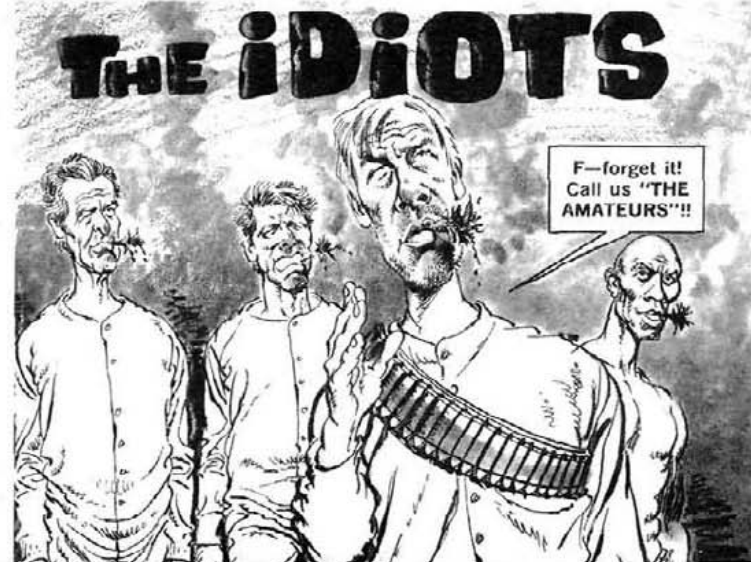
Well, that
doesn't help us,
now! What I'm
worried about is
they called us
"Amateurs"—
and that's what
we turned out
to be!

Wait a
second!
These
cigars!!
We got
these
cigars
from Mr
Grunt!



That's a payment, right?
We're not "Amateurs" if
we get paid, right?
They'll have to call us
what we really are . . .

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

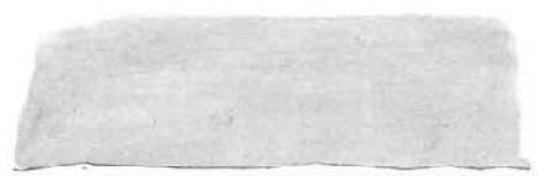
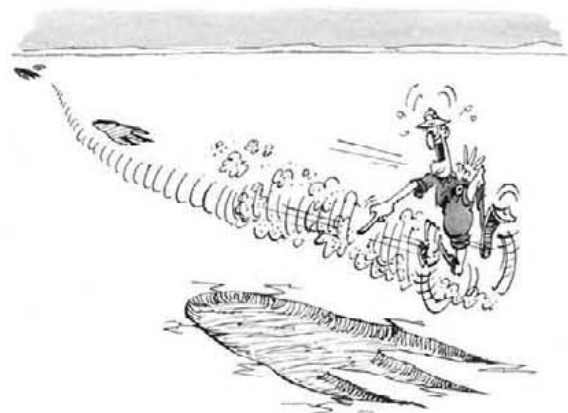
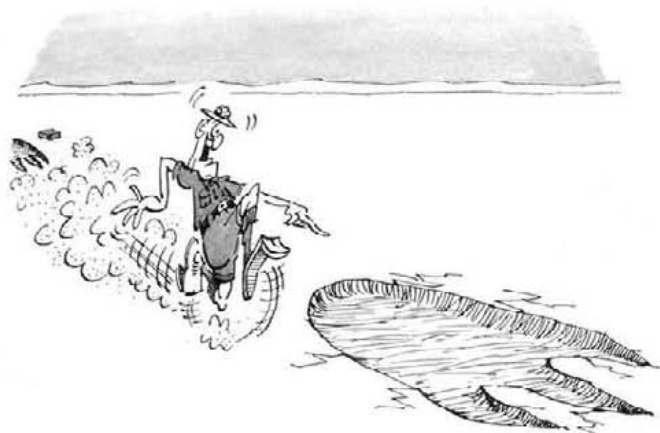


THE IDIOTS

F—forget it!
Call us "THE
AMATEURS"!!!

The Pa'le-on- tol'o-gist

(or "The Old Fossil's Tracks")



WHAT WOULD
BE A PERFECT
SLOGAN
FOR THE
ADVERTISING
INDUSTRY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Madison Avenue advertising agencies are forever creating slogans for others, but they've never created a slogan for themselves. Fold page in as shown at right, and you'll see what MAD thinks would make a perfect slogan for "Madison Avenue."



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

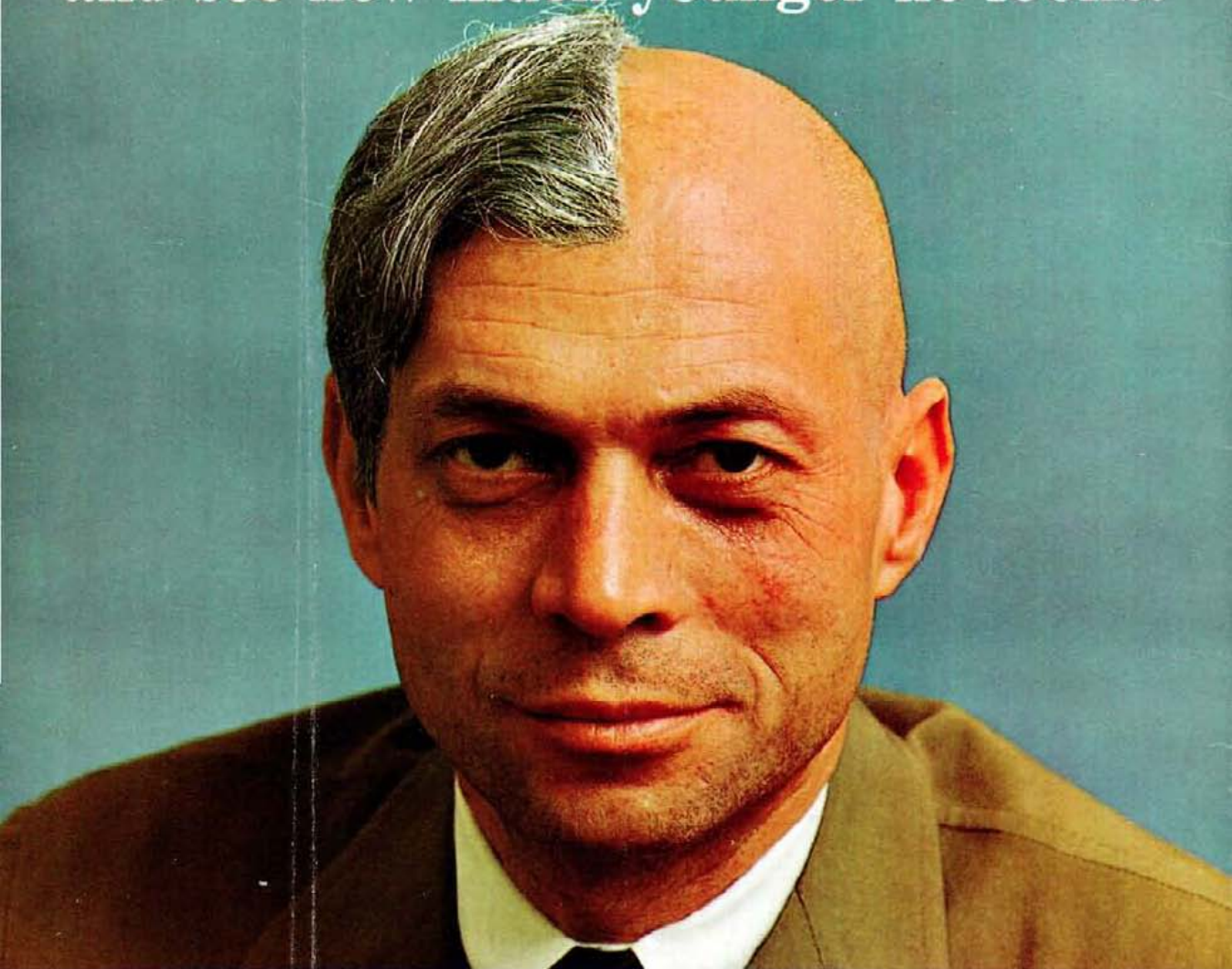


BECAUSE MOST CONSUMERS ARE TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THE AD INDUSTRY'S REAL CONTRIBUTION, THE BUSINESS NEEDS A SLOGAN TO EXPLAIN IT ALL

A

B

Put your hand over the bald half
and see how much younger he looks.



Sure, dark hair makes you look young, and gray hair makes you look old. But NO hair makes you look even older!

So why fool around with dyes and chemicals and other junk, trying to darken what little gray hair you've got, when you may be taking a chance on losing it all?

GREAT GRAY For Men

Be satisfied with your gray hair. And take good care of it.

Remember, a man with gray hair looks distinguished. A heck of a lot more distinguished than if he suddenly goes bald.

