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MORE



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



MAD

"Today, it takes more brains and effort to make out the Income Tax Form than it does to make the income!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
 JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
 JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
 GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
 DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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WHY KILL YOURSELF?



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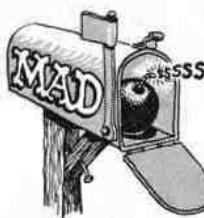
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LOSS LEADER!

Yep, we're at a loss trying to explain why our cloddish leader ordered so many of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, which just aren't selling even though they're great for lining garbage cans or for training puppies! So help us out...because our loss is our Gaines! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



MAD RUSSIAN ROULETTE

I recently went to Moscow, and I had a copy of your so-called magazine in my suitcase. After much looking by two Soviet officials, it was confiscated and I was told it was not allowed in the country. So... "You Really Know You've Made It When... you're confiscated by the Russians!"

Linda Harris
 Malibu, Calif.

We suspect the enterprising Russian Customs Inspectors then sold it on the Red Market!—Ed.

ANNUAL REPORTS TO FAMILY MEMBERS

I thought your "Annual Reports To Family Members" was such a good idea, I suggested it to my family. I'm now spending \$75.00 a week for a motel room. Thanks!

David Hovis
 Keyser, W. Va.

MAGAZINES FOR WAITING ROOMS

Your article on "Specialized Magazines For Office Waiting Rooms" reminded me about my recent visit to a psychiatrist. I changed my mind and left when I saw a copy of MAD in his waiting room.

David Wile
 Dartmouth, Nova Scotia,
 Canada

KOJERK

Kogen's "Kojerk" was a hair-razoring experience!!

Steve Stein
 Montreal, Quebec
 Canada

I laughed so hard while reading "Kojerk," I choked on my lollipop!

Dwight Marden
 Salem, N.H.

"Kojerk" was all Greek to me!"

Ric Truax
 Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

MAD LOOK AT MODEL-BUILDING

Sergio Aragonés' "A MAD Look At Model-Building" puts it all together!

Jeff Stout
 Mountain City, Tenn.

After reading Sergio Aragonés' "A MAD Look At Model-Building," I'm convinced your Mexican MADman has come unglued!

Eugenia King
 Baton Rouge, La.

CHINACLOWN

Jack Nicholson's "Chinatown" took on a new slant via Siegel and Drucker. Great jokes from such lichee nuts grow!

Barbara King
 Baton Rouge, La.

Your satire on "Chinatown" lacked the sting and insanity of your usual movie mow-downs. What's the matter? Are you guys turning **YELLOW**?

David F. Lynch
 Drexel Hill, Pa.

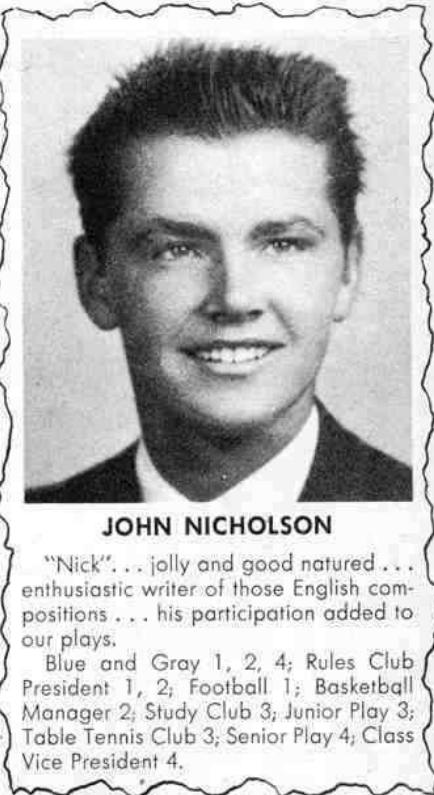
"Carnal Knowledge" was "Five Easy Pieces" as compared to your tactful handling of "Chinatown." Mort Drucker and your writers seem to know Jack Nicholson to "The Last Detail."

Nora Sheehan
 Rumson, N.J.

Mort Drucker does consistently perceptive likenesses of Jack Nicholson. It's apparent he must have a vast file on this star. Just how far back does his Nicholson research go?

Tania St. Jean
 Derby, Conn.

As far back as Nicholson's graduation photo and write-up in his yearbook at Wall Township High School, N.J.—Ed.



JOHN NICHOLSON

"Nick"... jolly and good natured... enthusiastic writer of those English compositions... his participation added to our plays.

Blue and Gray 1, 2, 4; Rules Club President 1, 2; Football 1; Basketball Manager 2; Study Club 3; Junior Play 3; Table Tennis Club 3; Senior Play 4; Class Vice President 4.

MAD AID TO MARITAL BLISS?

I see from a post card you sent me that my husband is giving me a subscription to MAD. Now all our friends are asking, "Can this marriage be saved?"

Mrs. John Meehan
 Jarrettsville, Md.

CHRISTMAS CHEER MAGNIFIED

I really enjoy those Marginalia cartoons now that I got a jeweler's loupe for Christmas! John Brlej
 Stratford, Conn.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A PET OWNER

"You Know You're Really A Pet Owner When . . . that MAD Magazine you left lying around on the floor mysteriously turns yellow!"

Ima Darr
Boston, Mass.

Your "Pet Owners" was right on! But Mr. Gola left out one thing: ". . . when your dog does "glitch" (a word coined by your own Al Jaffee) on your copy of MAD, and you don't care!"

Jim Di Cocco
Schenectady, N.Y.

My cat, talking about pet owners, takes to MAD before Kitty Litter. Does that make her a discerning Kitty Literate?

Gail Winson
Arlington House
New Rochelle, N.Y.

After reading Lloyd Gola's article on pet owners, I know the patience my father must have . . . with the patients my father has. He's a Veterinarian.

Cinda Wood
Marietta, Ohio

LIGHTER SIDE OF COLLECTING

How appropriate! I was burning my collection of MADs while reading Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Collecting."

Tommy Greer
Ottawa, Ontario,
Canada

Both Berg and Gola were writing about the lady next door. She collects cats . . . seventy-five of them, at last count . . . and we're downwind.

Jill Simon
Danvers, Mass.

You KNOW "Collecting" is getting out of hand when MAD #1 sells for \$100 or over at those comic collectors' markets!

Mike Fasman
Auburndale, Mass.

Dave Berg's piece about collecting is bound to become a collector's item!

Fred Hall
Oak Bluffs, Mass.

MAD LOOK AT CONSUMER SOCIETY

Arnoldo Franchioni's "A MAD Look At Our Consumer Society" prompted me to clip the mousetrap and spiderweb and put them in the bills file we use. Thanks for the "friendly reminders"!

Mary Breukelman
Dover, Del.

MAKES CENTS!

My mother used to think MAD was 40¢ worth of trash. Now she thinks it's 50¢ worth!

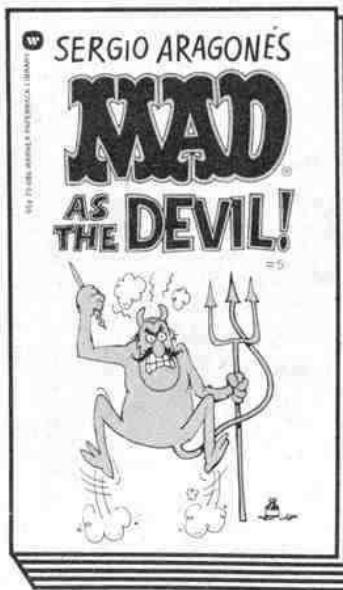
Richard Brinklow
Midland, Ontario,
Canada

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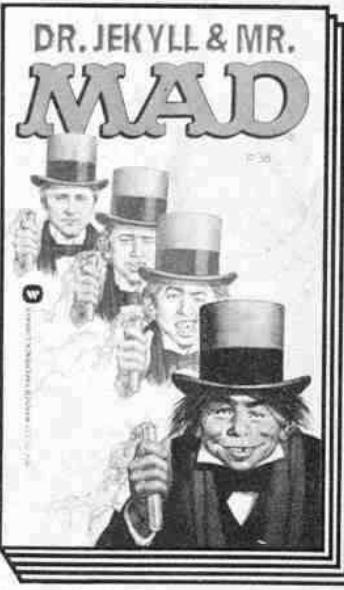
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*We're singin' 'em again —
We're singin' 'em again —
All those MGM numbers
We filmed way back when!

Those dances and songs,
Once buried and dead,
Are pulling the crowds in
At five bucks a head!

Though the scenes in this show
Cost a great deal of dough —
Who cares? They were paid for
A long time ago!

The profits back then
Get a lot bigger when
We're bringin' . . .
And singin' 'em again!



*Sung to the tune of "Singin' In The Rain"

*This show
Of our films long ago
Makes one ask
Why we took on this task;
Well, you see,
It was done for a fee—
Not entertainment!

One time
We were all in our prime,
But, somehow,
We don't look that way now,
Which explains
Why this film gives us pains —
Not entertainment!

You'll see
Skinny me
When I wore no toupee!

Plus scenes
Of routines
When I showed no decay!

Don't . . . try . . . to . . .
find Alice Faye —

Or a great
many others
from Fox or from
Warner Brothers!



*Sung to the tune of "That's Entertainment"

BEST FOOTAGE FORWARD DEPT.

That's right! They're singin' 'em again...in a successful new film ...all them outdated songs from all them corny old MGM Musicals! And what's even *more* amazing is: People are standing in line and paying good money to see this movie! And it hasn't even got a plot! Which makes us kinda wonder ...

ENTERTAINMENT?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

So what? Just as long as you've got Ancient stars like the Loys and Lamarrs, You can't miss With a movie like this— Or haven't you heard? Nostalgia's the word — NOT en-ter-tain-ment!!

Hi! I'm Frank Sinatra! When I heard they were doing this picture, I told the Producer that I just had to be the Number One "Emcee"! Luckily, he agreed ...

... which meant that I could call off my boys before they injured him seriously!

MGM Musicals have always been popular, and you know why? Because they reflect the times! Like this early extravaganza made during the carefree years of the Great Depression ...



DANCE FOOLS DANCE
STRIKE UP THE BAND
CHASING RAINBOWS
TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY
FLYING HIGH
FREE AND EASY
EVERYBODY SING



*Here am I
In '36,
Surrounded by
A hundred chicks,
Who typify
The music flicks
You see!

No dismal headlines,
No people in breadlines;
As for the Depression,
It's just an expression;
The times they are good, dear,
Because this is Hol-ly-wood,
Dear!

Folks have said
The country's dead
And badly fed
And in the red;
They're all misled —
How wrong can
People be?

From this scene,
It's clear to see
We've nothing but
Prosperity;
I'm sure that
Nelson Eddy
Would agree!



*Sung to the tune of "Tea For Two"

I'm Elizabeth Taylor! I worked 18 years for MGM, and this appearance is a token of their gratitude . . . not for my work here, but for bombing with "Cleopatra" at another studio!

MGM Musicals were fantasies! Boy meets girl, boy marries girl, boy never divorces girl! And the most wonderful fantasy of all was expressed in this "Wizard Of Oz" number . . .



*In these MGM successes,
The girls keep on their dresses,
And nothing's rated "X"—
True, it's hard to conceive it;
In the future, who'll believe it
That we've done away with sex!

When a dancer like Gene Kelly
Gets stripped down to his belly
And makes his muscles flex —
Don't expect any action
But a musical attraction
'Cause we've done away with sex!



*Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had A Brain"

Yes, we
Think pur-i-ty
Is best for everyone —
Of course, we don't talk about the fun
That film stars have
When work is done!

In an Andy Hardy movie,
The girl is always groovy;
Sometimes she even necks —
But alone she is sleeping;
Her virginity she's keeping
'Cause we've done away with sex!



I'm Peter Lawford! I was never a "big" star at MGM, which is why Frank Sinatra allowed me to appear here! I'm no threat!

Not all MGM Musicals were romance and fantasy! "Showboat," for instance, was a serious epic full of grief, hardship and misery! But suffering was no stranger to us! After all, working at MGM meant our boss was the infamous Louis B. Mayer . . .



*L.B. Mayer —
That L.B. Mayer —
With him no actor
Ain't got a prayer —
Because he's ownin' —
He keeps on ownin' us all!

He owns our bodies —
He owns our faces —
And them that bugs him
He soon replaces
'Cause L.B. Mayer
He keeps on ownin' us all!

Big stars cry, "Please
Let me go!
Paramount's offered me
Twice the dough!"
Ol' L. B. says, "No can do!
"Your contract doesn't run out
Till you're nine-ty two—ooo!"

Life gets weary —
It's really stinkin' —
We don't need unions —
We need Abe Lincoln!
'Cause L.B. Mayer
He keeps on ownin' us all!



I'm Debbie Reynolds! When I first came to MGM in 1950, the studio was celebrating its 25th Anniversary with a fabulous banquet for all its stars! It was the most glamourous, exciting occasion in Hollywood history . . .



Yecch! This chicken is really awful!

What do you expect! L.B.'s Brother-in-law is the Caterer!

I better ask for a Doggie Bag!

For your poodle?

No . . . for my Agent! He gets ten percent of everything!

Hey! Why is Walter Pidgeon our waiter?

He's between pictures, and you know L. B.!

Here I am, 27 years old, and they still serve me a children's portion!

L.B. said if I didn't show up here, he'd trade me to Republic for Vera Hruba Ralston!



I'm Gene Kelly! At MGM, we worked on many sets! There was the Small Town Set, the African Jungle Set . . . and this one . . . the Manhattan Island Set! Rather than film a scene on location, MGM found it easier to build a SECOND Manhattan Island here in the studio!

People often ask me, "Who was your favorite dancing partner? Was it Vera-Ellen, Leslie Caron, Cyd Charisse?" I'd be a fool to answer that question because the truth is: I never had any dancing partners! Flunkies, maybe! Novices, hangers-on . . . yes! But dancing partners, never!

But enough of me talking about me! There was another dancer at MGM . . . Fred Astaire . . . and I'm going to let HIM talk about me . . .

What can you say about Gene Kelly? Class, grace, elegance . . . I had ALL those things! Gene was different! He performed dangerous acrobatic stunts I'd never dream of doing! But then of course, HE was replaceable!

Incidentally, don't believe everything that Gene's told you! As you'll see in his great scene from "Singing In The Rain," he DID have a favorite dancing partner—HIMSELF!!



*I'm wingin' it alone —
I'm wingin' it alone —
No broad to upstage me
Like Leslie Caron!

I'm soaked to the skin!
I'm chilled to the bone!
I may get pneumonia,
But I'm on my own!

Every time that you see
Cyd Charisse bare her knee,
Though we're dancing together,
You're not watching me!

There's on-ly one way
To be big-ger than they,
I'm wingin' ...
And singin' it alone!



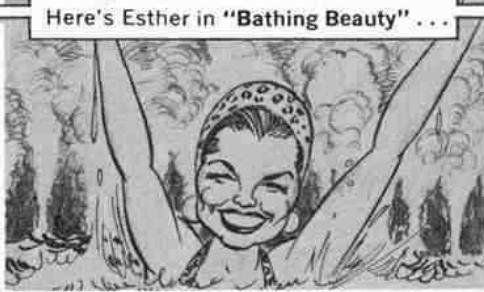
*Reprise to "Singin' In The Rain"

I'm Donald O'Connor ... and I was nearly passed up as an Emcee for this picture! It was a choice between me and Francis the Talking Mule! Unfortunately, I won!

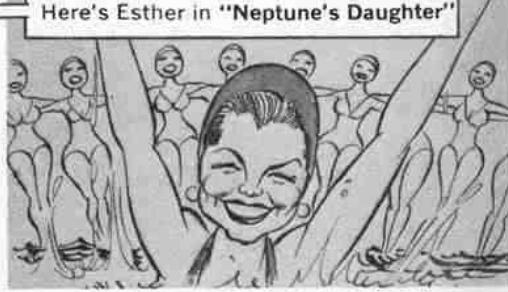
Most big movies have intermissions so you can stretch your legs, buy a Coke, or go to the bathroom! This movie has a new kind of intermission! It's called, "Highlights Of Esther Williams Films"!



Here's Esther in "Bathing Beauty" ...



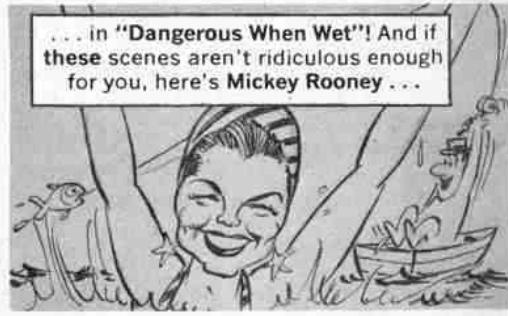
Here's Esther in "Neptune's Daughter"



... in "Million Dollar Mermaid" ...



... in "Dangerous When Wet"! And if these scenes aren't ridiculous enough for you, here's Mickey Rooney ...



This is Carvel Street, where Andy Hardy lived! It's not much to look at today, but then neither is my career!

Most of us at MGM started out in low-budget productions! But if we were lucky, we got to star in a major production —like Judy Garland did in "Meet Me In St. Louis" ...



I'm bushed!
Don't we ever get a day off?

They turn out Musicals here like it's a factory!

It IS a factory!
And if you think they're hurrying THIS film, you should've seen the cheap, quickie Musicals they USED to make me do ...

Zoom, zoom, zoom went the camera — Bright, bright, bright glowed the spot — Fast, fast, fast went the shooting — When I worked on that low-budget lot!

"Lights, lights!" screamed the Director — "Take, take!" cried out the crew — "Sing, sing" yelled the Conductor — In three days we were usually through!



*Sung to the tune of "The Trolley Song"

We had no break
From dawn till nine!
I felt like I was on a Ford assembly line!
One scene would end —
The next begin;
Our pace was faster than a pass from Errol Flynn!

"Print, print!" yapped the producer —
"Sell, sell" roared L.B. Mayer —
Bam! Bam! In came the profits —
On the day we were through,
They announced that a new
Film would start —
That I must take the part!

So I ran and I
Got
To the spot
On that lot
Where each plot
Looked the same —
Just a different name!



I'm Bing Crosby! You'll notice in this movie that each of us talks about someone else! I've been told to talk about Frank Sinatra . . . BY Frank Sinatra! Not that I want to, but a man will do almost anything when there's a contract out on him!

Frank always knew what he wanted . . . even thirty years ago . . . when he appeared in one of his first Musicals with Jimmy Durante!

Whatsa matter, kid?
Your goil got you down?

Since when have I had trouble getting girls?
I want more than girls!
I want fame . . . power!
I want people to bow and kneel and grovel!
I want to be KING OF HOLLYWOOD!!

*I am very big with screaming adolescents,
But the studios, they only talk of "Bing"!
Still I've got some big connections
With the clout to make me "King"!



They are casting me today in Grade B pictures
The executives don't like my "ring-a-ding";
But I know the boys with muscle . . .
With the clout to make me "King"!

I can't wait until that day arrives,
When the moguls change their views;
They'll be trembling when that offer comes
That they know they can't refuse!

I'll have body-guards and own hotels in Vegas,
And with every famous actress
I will swing;
I may even tour Australia,
Where I'm loved like anything —

I will run this place!
I will rub it in their face
Till they've never heard of Bing!
And then you'll see that I'll be
"King"!



*Sung to the tune of "It Might As Well Be Spring"

Hi! I'm Jimmy Stewart, a Brigadier General in the Air Force, and a rock-ribbed Conservative! And I'm proud to be in this film because it gets us away from the trash and filth we have to put up with today!

Just look at the clean, fresh-faced kids in these old Musical scenes, and you'll see why America used to be such a great place to live in!



*We can't make a film that's true to life, baby!

We can't show a man divorce his wife, baby!



Filthy slums, Drunken bums – They don't exist!

Cops and Feds Busting heads Aren't the stuff that dreams are made of!



*To the tune of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"

When boy meets girl we like to keep it light, baby!
Bubbly, pro-Establishment and trite, baby!

Just make sure the boy and girl are white, baby!
We can't make a film that's true to life!



Over the years, MGM has made more than 200 Musicals! If you had to pick one as "best," I think everyone would vote for "West Side Story"! Unfortunately, that one was made by United Artists!

But that's YOUR tough luck, because this show is over! And if you ask us—

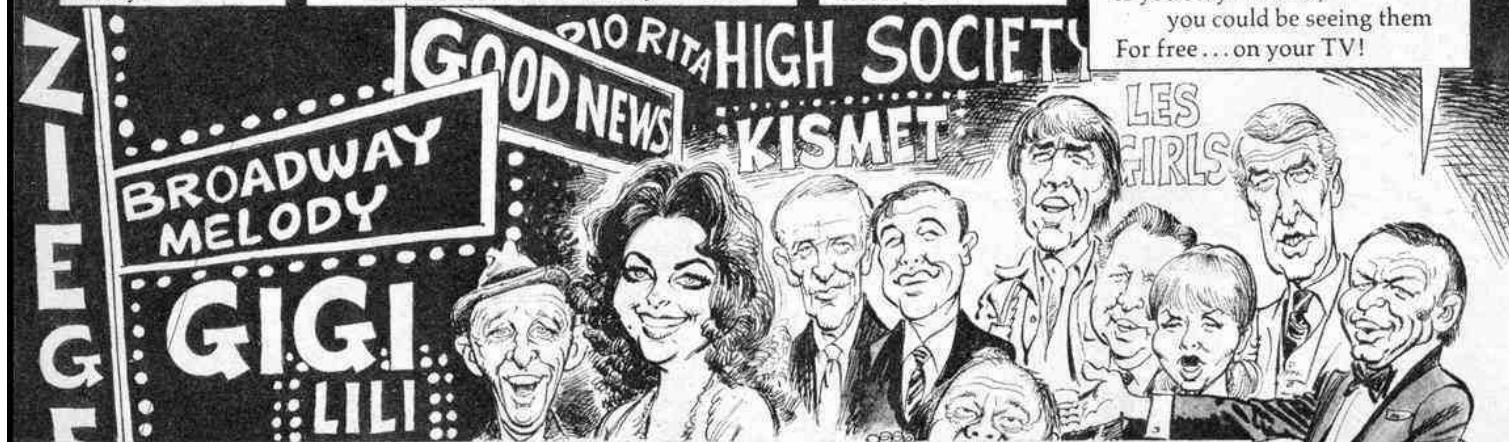


*There's no movies
Like old movies
Like no movies
Today!

Pardon us if we sound egotistic,
When we tell you that they filled the house!
Even though they seemed a bit simplistic,
And realistic... as Mickey Mouse!

There's no pictures,
Like our pictures!
What's more, they're
Rated "G"!

But we must confess
though each one was a gem,
THIS one's a rip-off from MGM!
If you stay at home,
you could be seeing them
For free... on your TV!

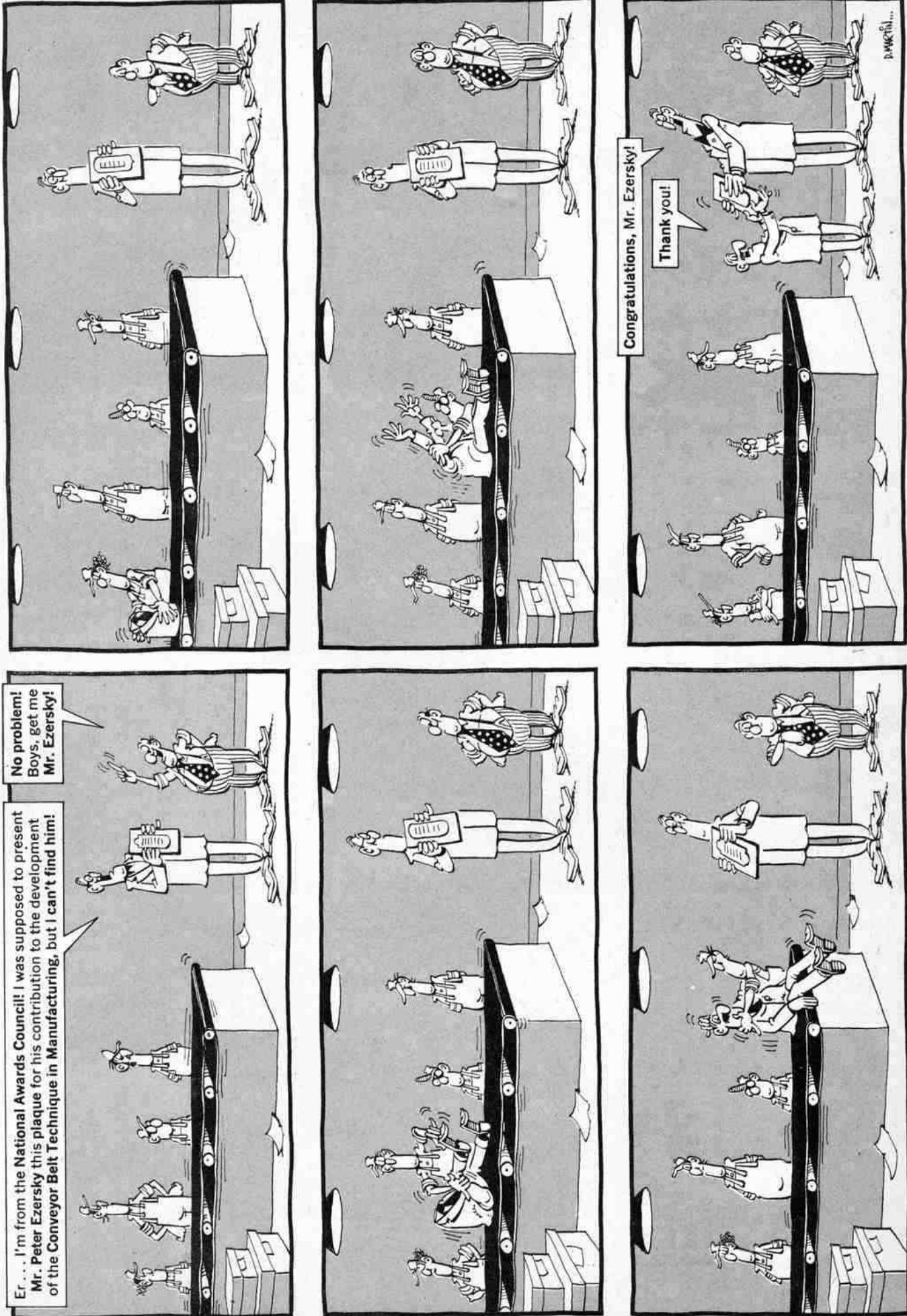


*Sung to the tune of "There's No Business Like Show Business"

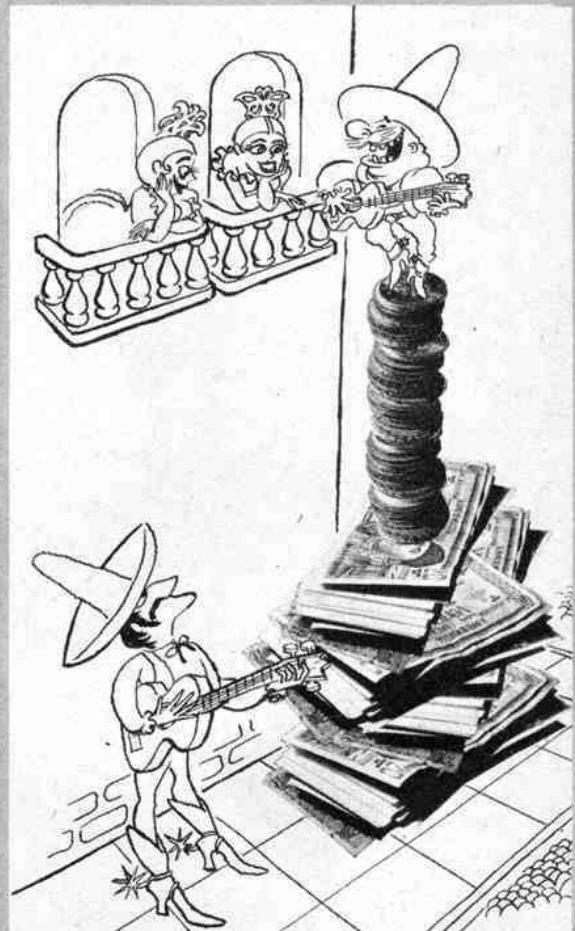
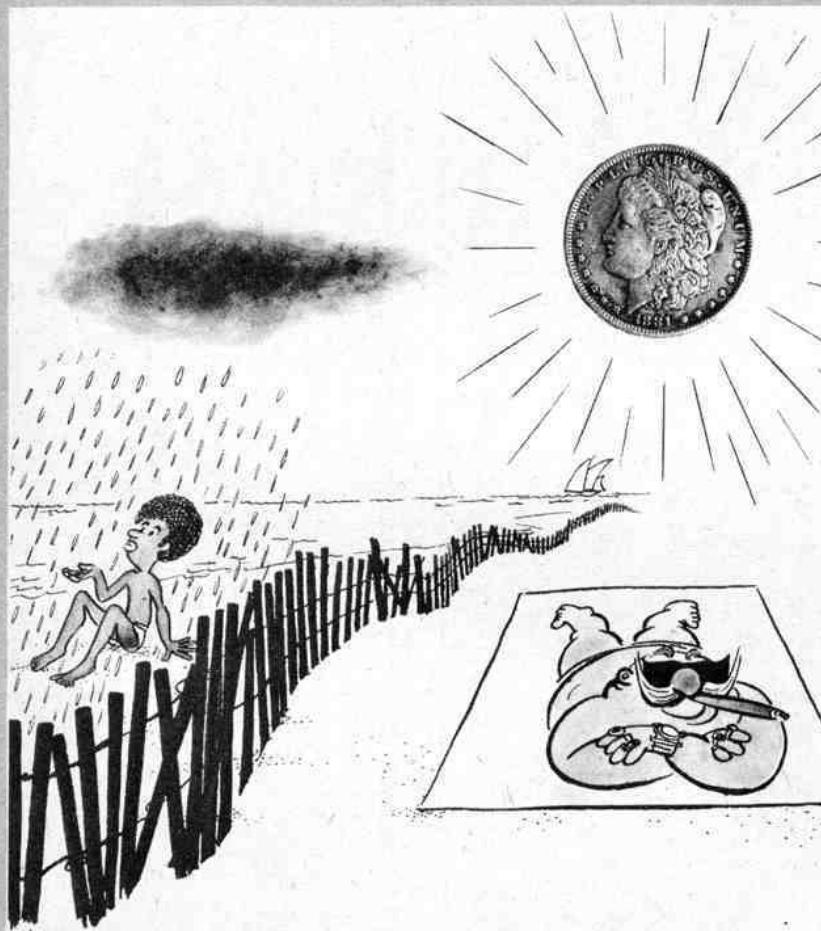
ONE MORNING ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE

Er... I'm from the National Awards Council! I was supposed to present Mr. Peter Ezersky this plaque for his contribution to the development of the Conveyor Belt Technique in Manufacturing, but I can't find him!

No problem!
Boys, get me
Mr. Ezersky!



RICH IS



Wanted—Male-Female—\$2000

ADJUSTER—Envelope mfr. seeking qual person on Swiftly International right instl silver. Unique opportunity for individual to join nationwide company. Royalty & retention expenses will be paid by Co. Due emphasis placed on bridge of this ad.

AUTO MECHANIC
Class A mechanic needed for class A Buick-GM dealership. Mt. Vernon area. Only ex. man need apply. Top pay & benefits.

BOOKKEEPER

Have experience in cash dis. Write us, bank reconciliation, bookkeeping, etc. Please send resume. An excellent opportunity to grow with a large Excellent start.

BOYS/GIRLS, MEN/WOMEN
Factory, exed, steady to \$100

CHILD CARE

HOUSE PARENTS Couples preferred to live-in & care for 2 or 3 children. Previous child care exer required. Excellent salary & benefits including 4 weeks vacation, 5 day week.

CLERK/TYPIST

Mature responsible person pfd. Pleasant small office. Permanent. Postage, an hour phones & 10¢ typing.

COLLECTOR

for estab, houseware routes, Bklyn, Queens. Good car nec. Salary \$200 per

CUTTER

Cotton & plastic. F/T, steady work. liberal benefits. Small shop. 24-48 hrs. streets, but

WANTED Writing or editing work in shipping office. HS grad. Some exp. Good copy. 5 days 8:30.

HANDYMAN

Familiar with carpentry, electric & plumbing. Full or part time. Folsom

HANDYMAN, for new luxury east side 11-15th. Must have knowledge central heat & general repairs.

HIGH SCHOOL GRAD

General ofc work, some typing. \$30

KEYPUNCH OPERATOR

for nationally-known furniture mfg. exp or trainee w/schooling and salary. Benefits. Midtown

MASSEUSE wanted. Midtown

spc; all shifts avai

SUPERVISOR

AIR-PA

Our 747s leave JFK at 8 PM daily.
greatest travel adventures in the world. Amazon

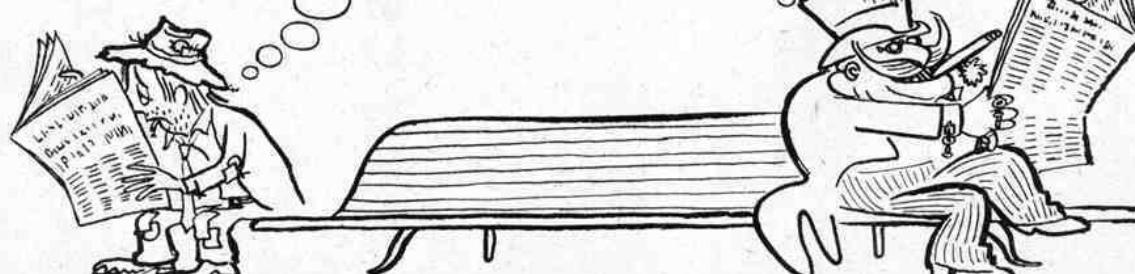
BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS

Not out of the way.
Just out of this world

Strangely beautiful cruises to forgotten islands. Indonesia adventures. 5 to 14 days, 2 to 7 ports.

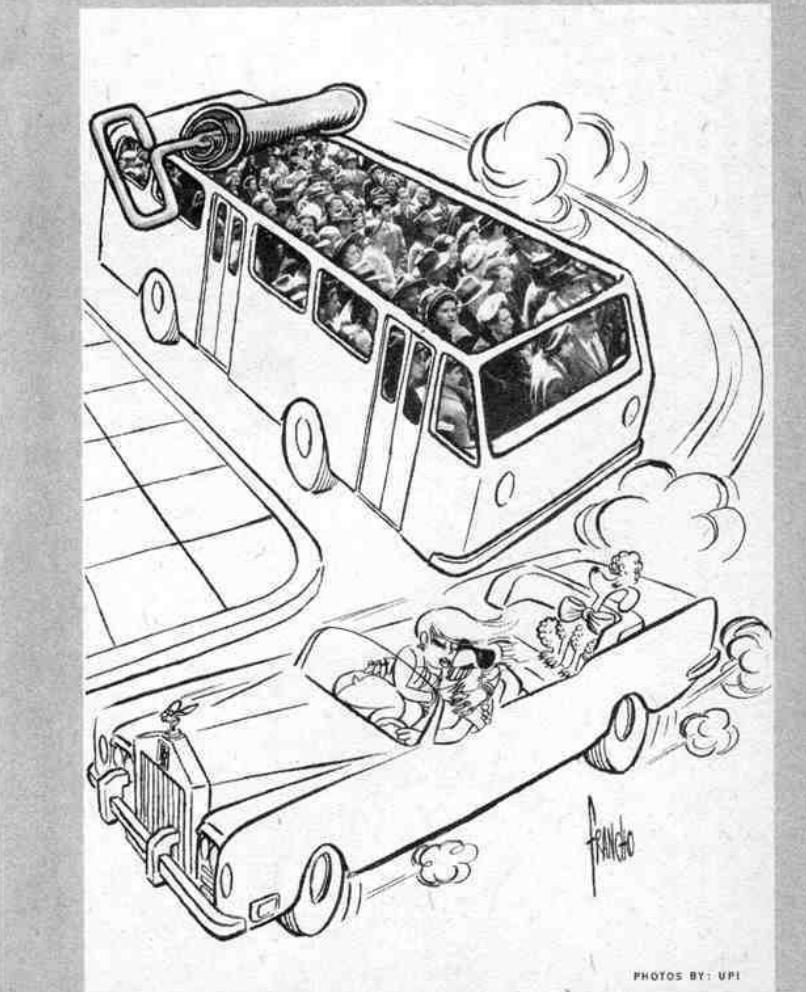
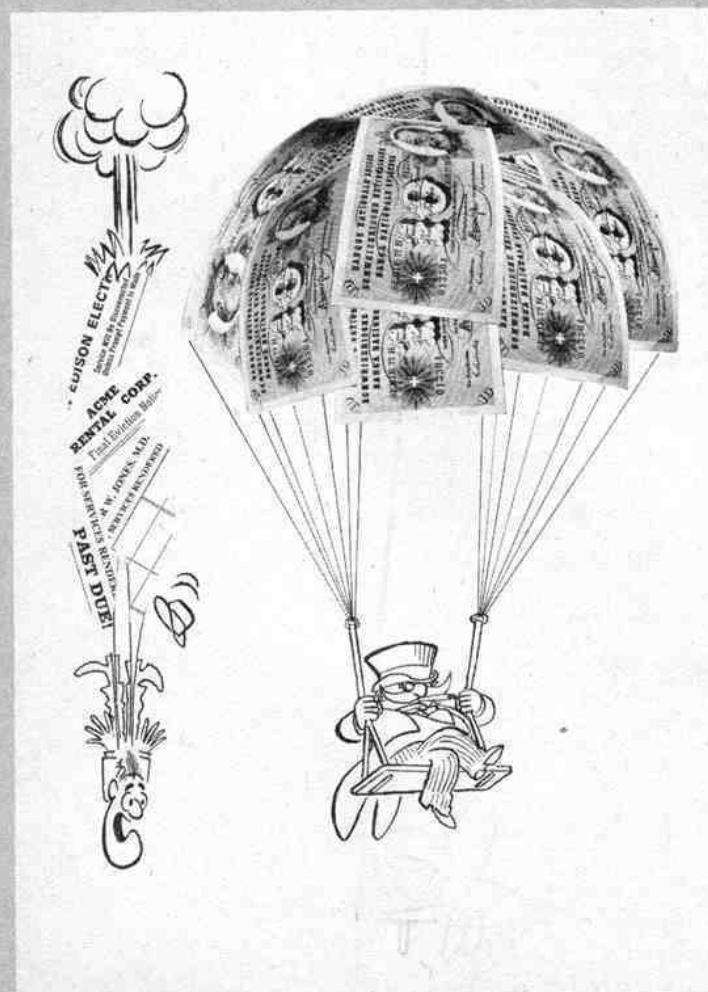
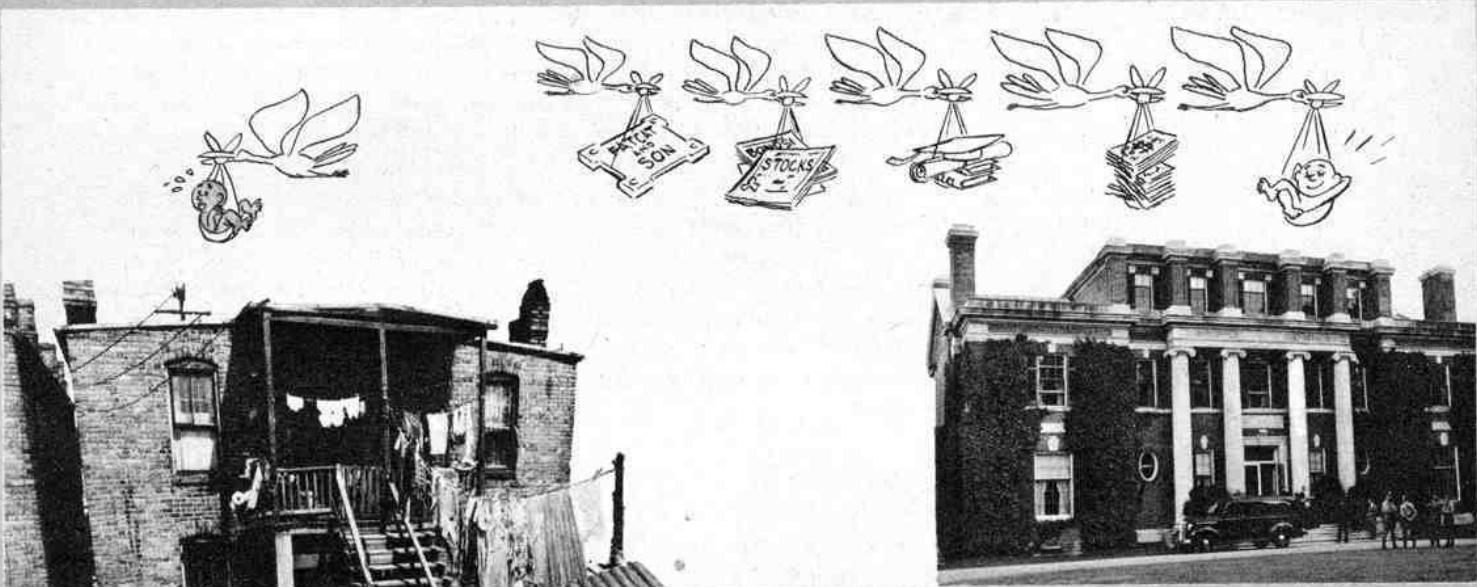
Sail from Singapore, Bali or Jakarta, every port

TRAVEL, INC.



BETTER

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHOTOS BY: UPI

WHAT IS A GUIDA

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

Between the time you first enter school wondering what you want to be, and the time you graduate wondering why you turned out to be what you didn't want, you are certain to fall into the clutches of a creature known as a Guidance Counselor. Guidance Counselors exist at every educational institution, and can be spotted in a flash because they are the only adults around who look a little too smart to be janitors, and a little too dumb to be teachers.

Generally speaking, a Guidance Counselor is a person who spends four years studying psychology at the state university so he can advise you to spend six months studying arc welding at the local trade school. He also feels eminently qualified to counsel you about your emotional problems, which aren't as bad as his . . . and your sex life, which is a lot better than his. In setting you straight on such delicate matters, he may take any one of three approved Guidance Counseling approaches: The Firmly Mistaken, The Flexibly Indecisive or The Wishy-Washy Namby-Pamby.

The strange ways of the Guidance Counselor can be viewed in their most horrendous form when he is put in charge of Student Activities. His idea of a gala Homecoming is to have the police round up all the drop-outs and drag them back to school. His idea of a memorable Senior Prom is to let the girls dance in the gym from eight to ten, followed by the boys from ten to midnight. And his idea of scheduling the season's Big Game is to have your chess club play a match against Honolulu High School . . . by mail.

But despite their shortcomings, Guidance Counselors perform a unique function in our educational system. Who else would have the nerve to coach you on getting ahead in life when he's been stuck in the same job for thirty years? Who else would dare to enforce the school dress code while he's wearing a blue suit with a green necktie and brown shoes? Who else would brazenly try to score aptitude tests after his own aptitude test showed a lack of aptitude for scoring aptitude tests? And who else would rush through a guidance session on the development of adult emotional relationships, just so he could hurry home for an evening of solitaire in the apartment he shares with his mother?

Qualified or not, Guidance Counselors seem to feel a compulsion to dispense guidance wherever they go. Even in their spare time, they can be observed systematically guiding their relatives into nervous breakdowns . . . guiding their neighbors into frantic searching for new homes across town . . . guiding their friends into switching off the TV football game so they can watch "Meet The Press" . . . and guiding their '66 Chevy Novas into Howard Johnson's for a big Saturday night English Toffee spree.



NICE COUNSELOR?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Most students naturally assume that the lives of Guidance Counselors are always dull and drab and devoid of emotional highs. Not so. In private moments, they have been known to experience Sheer Ecstasy . . . when they find a juvenile parole violator who can be sent back to reform school. They often feel a sense of Deep Fulfillment . . . whenever they can scream at a coed for stupidly getting pregnant. On occasion, they even succumb to Flaming Passion . . . and throw the president of the Ethnic Students' Association out of their office, while he's still presenting his demands.

All in all the typical Guidance Counselor embodies the same laudable qualities found among great men in other walks of life. He possesses the Cheery Good Humor of John Mitchell, the Sensitive Understanding of Johnny Carson, the Quiet Patience of Muhammed Ali, the Unswerving Loyalty of Wilt Chamberlain, the Creative Imagination of Johnny Mann, the Guileless Generosity of King Faisal, the Stately Bearing of Mickey Rooney and the Calm Maturity of Jerry Lewis.

A Guidance Counselor is really everything a student could want in a friend and advisor. He is Fatherly Concern with a vacant stare, Warm Camaraderie with a cold, wet handshake, Liberal Open-Mindedness wearing an American Legion pin, Total Competence in mis-matched socks, and the Ideal, All-Around, Well Balanced Parent Figure, who doesn't happen to have any children of his own because he never got married because the prospect of going out on his first date still terrifies him . . . at age 46.

Most Counselors take a special pride in their Vocational Guidance techniques, which consist mainly of signing you up for all the courses, you'll ever need to launch a career that you don't want and they don't understand. But even after you've taken every course and graduated with very honor, a Guidance Counselor is seldom able to find you a job as a New York Disc Jockey or a Hollywood Talent Scout or a Boston Symphony Conductor. More likely, his Placement Service will offer you work as a Super Market Box Boy or a Steel Mill Furnace Stoker or a Shepherd.

The only thing you can be absolutely sure of is that the vocation chosen for you by your Guidance Counselor will be the wrong one. If your I.Q. tests out at 194, he'll try to steer you into a street cleaning apprenticeship. If you're flunking Remedial Multiplication, he'll spot you as a good prospect for nuclear physics. But no matter how ill-suited you are for the career he's picked, you'd better follow his advice. After all, things could get a lot worse if you force him to fall back on his second choice, and utter those words that every student dreads to hear:

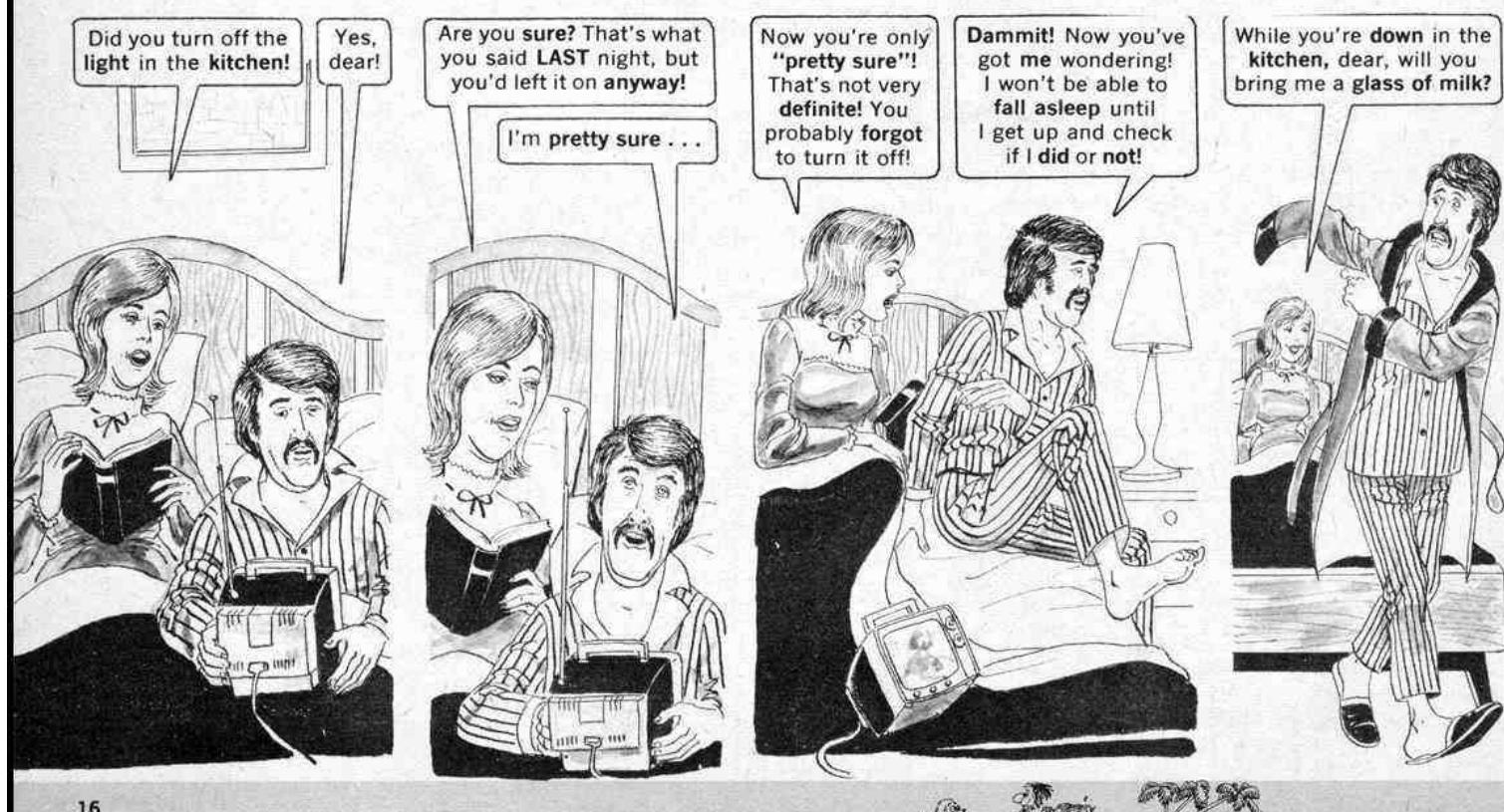
"YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BECOME A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR!"





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...





OP-EDS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG



How about that?! What do you think of your husband NOW?! Tonight, they made me "Man Of The Year" and threw me a special dinner!

Every V.I.P. in town was there, making speeches praising me! And then, they presented me with this gorgeous plaque!

Why, there was even talk about running me for MAYOR! Wow . . . what a night this has been!

Wait! It's not over yet!

When we get home, you STILL have to take out the garbage!



I helped myself to all of your change because I'm going down to the Washing Machines!!

Is there anything special you want cleaned?

YEAH! THIS WHOLE DARN DIRTY POLLUTED CITY!

Sorry! You don't have enough change!!



I'm sorry to tell you that Michael is not doing very well in Physics!

Really?!? He's very good with electricity at home!

Well, here in school, he's failing!

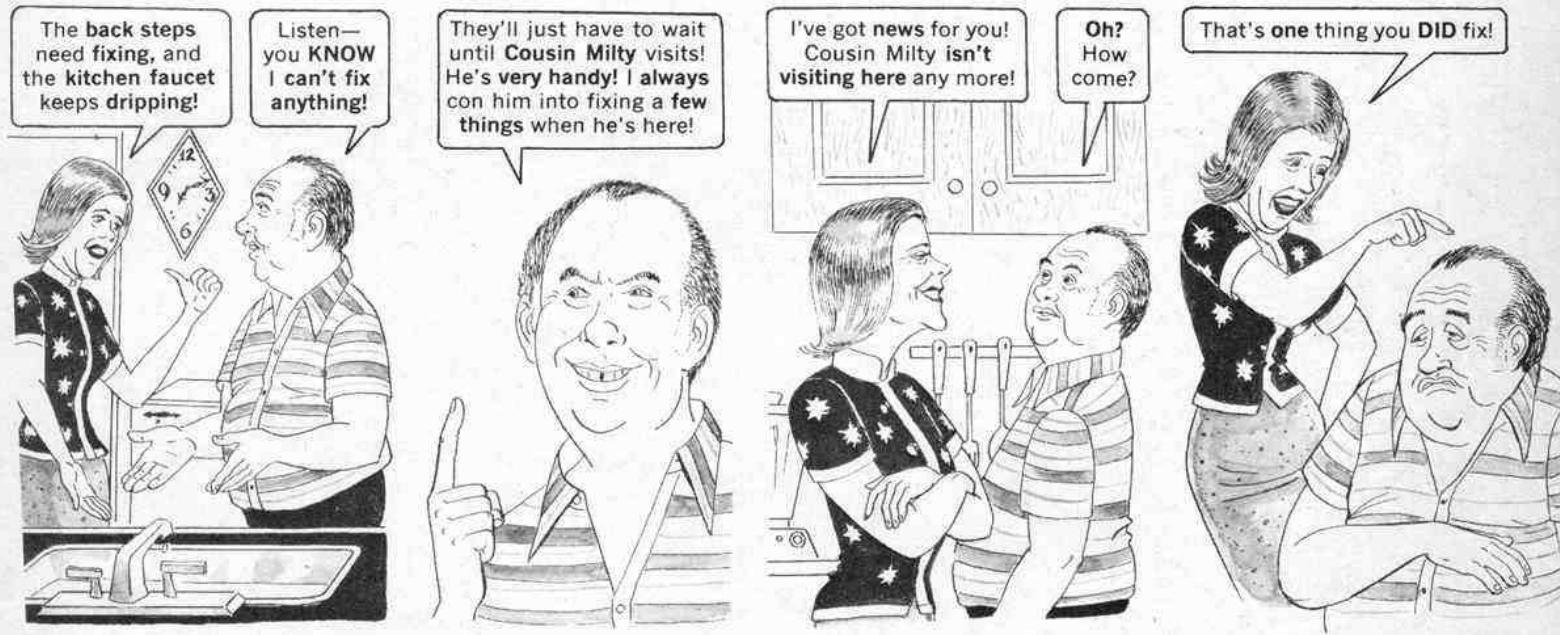
We'd be living with kerosene lamps at home if it weren't for his know-how and special attributes!

Is that so?! You mean he has a complete knowledge of volts, amperes and electrical wiring?

Er . . . not exactly . . .

He's the only one in the family that's tall enough to change a ceiling light bulb!





Oh, my goodness! Look at that tub!! OKAY! WHO WAS THE SLOB THAT TOOK A BATH LAST???

I did!

You know what you're supposed to do after you take a bath!!

Yeah, and I did it!

So how do you account for that dirty ring around the tub?

You should have seen it BEFORE I washed it!



Hey! What happened to the lights???

I think I blew a fuse!

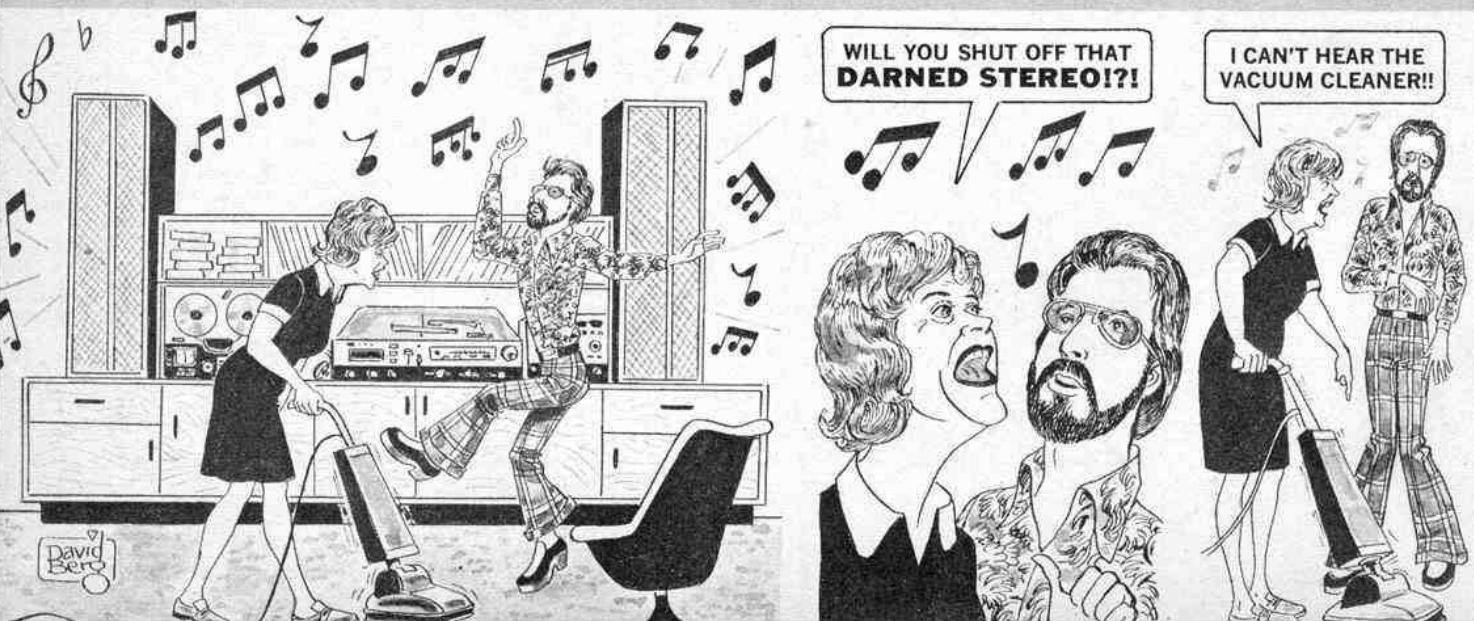
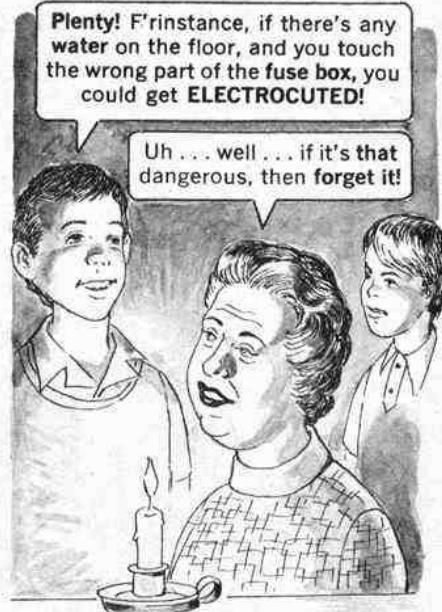
I'll change it!
Do you know how?

What's there to know?

Plenty! F'rinstance, if there's any water on the floor, and you touch the wrong part of the fuse box, you could get ELECTROCUTED!

Uh ... well ... if it's that dangerous, then forget it!

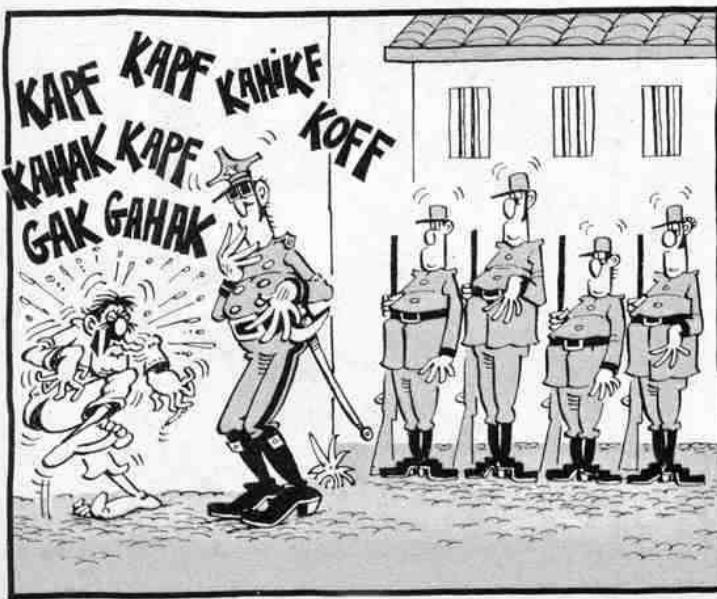
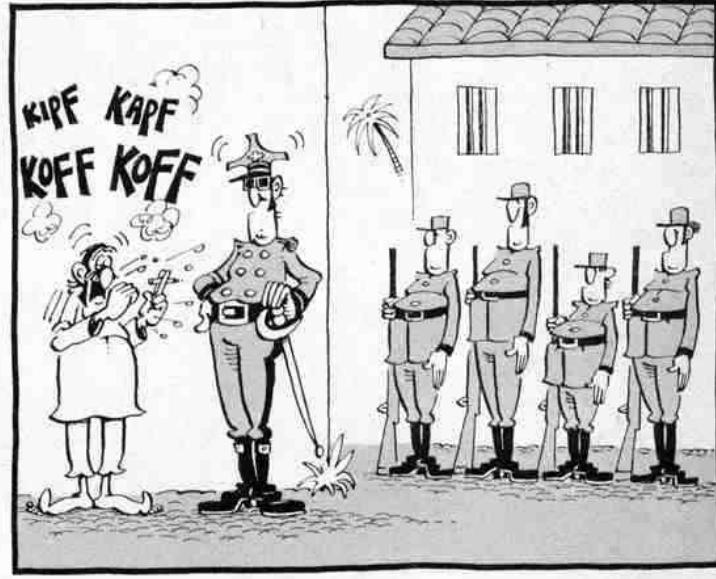
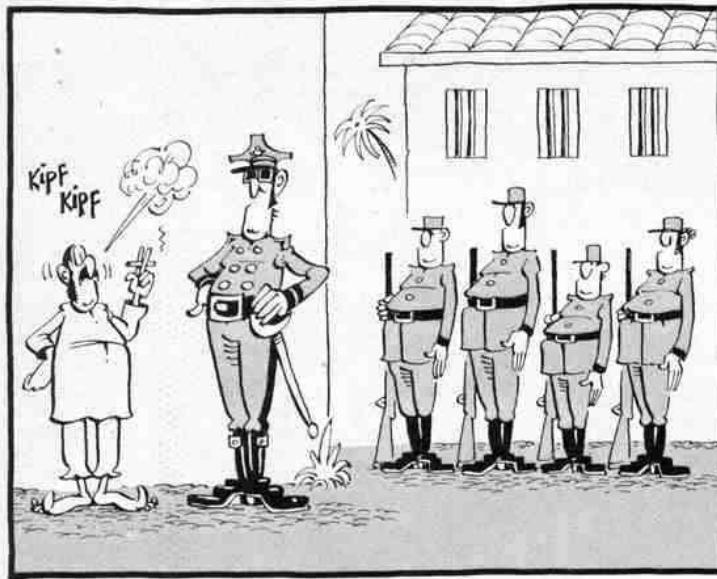
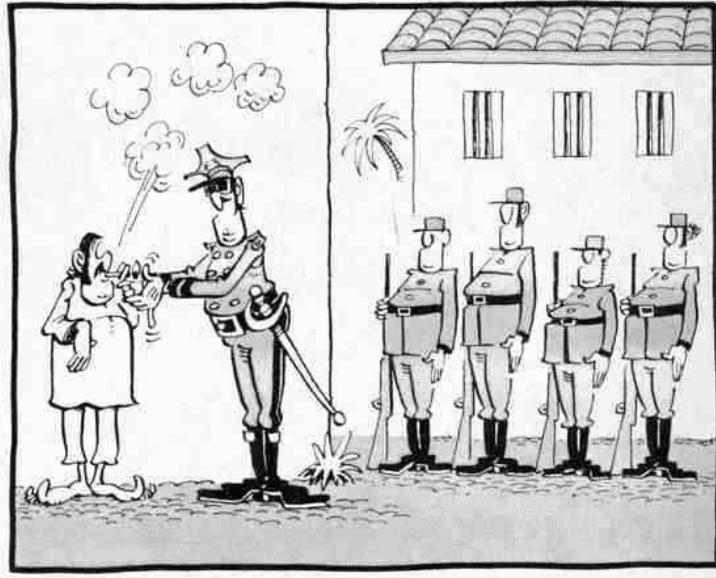
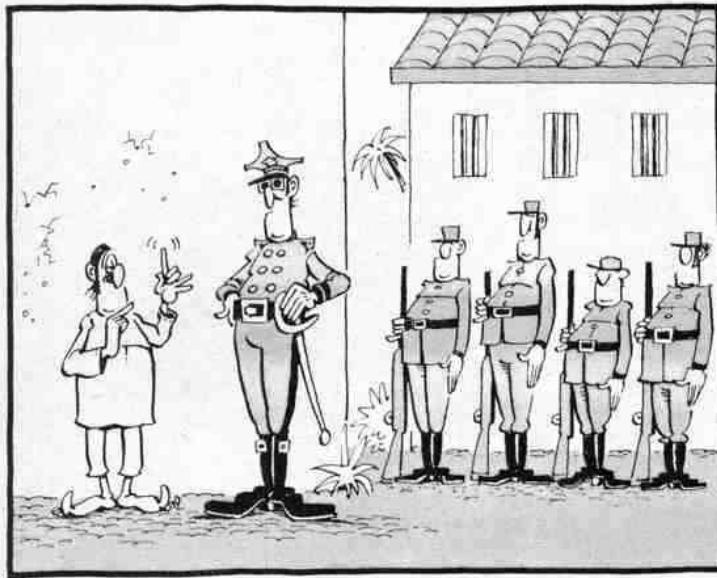
I'll have your FATHER do it!



WILL YOU SHUT OFF THAT DARNED STEREO!??!

I CAN'T HEAR THE VACUUM CLEANER!!

THE PRISONER'S LAST REQUEST



ROUND TRIP-SCHTICK DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT CO

Here are the new Time Tables! They go into effect tomorrow!

These are great! All the trains are ten minutes earlier than on the old schedules! Can't you just see the foul-ups tomorrow morning when the Commuters get here and find out their regular trains left ten minutes before?

Westfield . . . Westfield . . . The next stop is Westfield!

Hey, we're gonna have to talk to the new guy! You can understand every word he's saying!

Poor old Casey . . . ruined his perfect record today!

What happened . . . ?

He brought his train in ON TIME for the first time in fifteen years!

Gentlemen, I am happy to announce that since the State took over the Commuter Railroads, we've developed this new "Super Train" . . . capable of doing 200 miles an hour! This should solve our transit problems!

He neglected to mention that we haven't got any tracks that can handle a train going over 60!

Ahhh, what's the difference? By the time the Public finds out, the Election will be all over!

I really dig driving an empty train past a station packed with Commuters!

Yeah . . . especially in bad weather! Just look at their faces!

It's moments like this that make the job worthwhile!

Which one of you clowns designed this new City Transit System Map?

What's wrong with it?

It's too easy to understand!

MMUTING

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

This is your WMAD Traffic Reporter! I'm happy to say that everything is moving smoothly, without any delay!

If you're up here, that is!

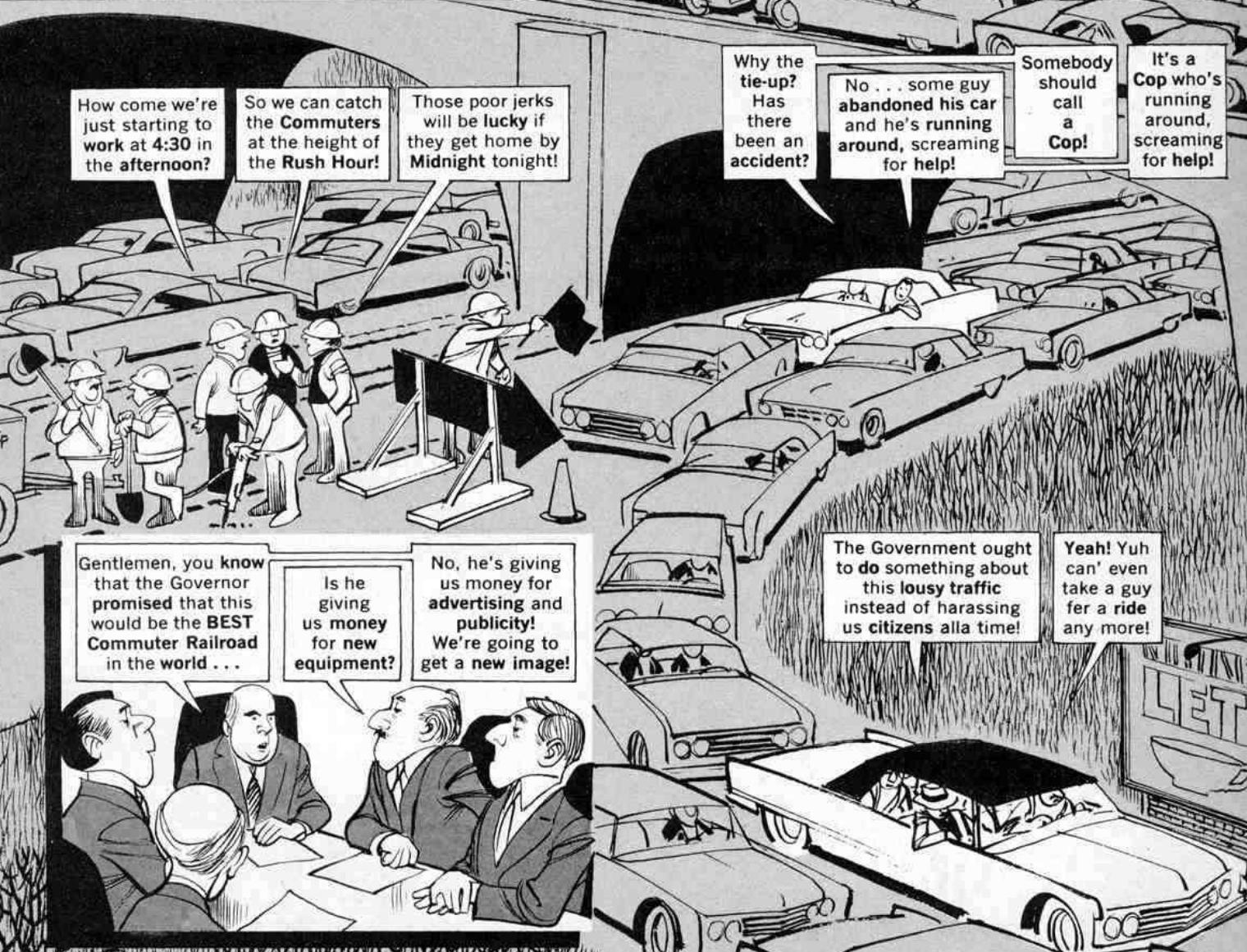
If you're driving in that mess down there, forget it!



Off the record, guys . . . we ARE making progress! Both Management and the Union have agreed on one extremely important issue!

You agreed on the money??

No, we both agreed to keep negotiating and hold off any strike until the Holiday Season! That way, we make it inconvenient for far more people!



How come we're just starting to work at 4:30 in the afternoon?

So we can catch the Commuters at the height of the Rush Hour!

Those poor jerks will be lucky if they get home by Midnight tonight!

Why the tie-up? Has there been an accident?

No . . . some guy abandoned his car and he's running around, screaming for help!

Somebody should call a Cop!

It's a Cop who's running around, screaming for help!

Gentlemen, you know that the Governor promised that this would be the BEST Commuter Railroad in the world . . .

Is he giving us money for new equipment?

No, he's giving us money for advertising and publicity! We're going to get a new image!

The Government ought to do something about this lousy traffic instead of harassing us citizens alla time!

Yeah! Yuh can't even take a guy fer a ride any more!

HAS ANYBODY EV

A DUNCE CAP



OR A BURGLAR WEARING A "LONE RANGER" MASK



OR A NEWSBOY YELLING "EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!"



OR A MAGICIAN

TIED TO THE END OF A STICK



OR AN INDIAN THAT EVER SAID "HOW!" OR



OR

OR A LADY FLIRTING WITH A MAN BY DROPPING HER HANDKERCHIEF



IN A DOOR

OR TWO DRUNKS STAGGERING UP THE STREET SINGING "SW

OR A BILLY GOAT EATING A TIN CAN



OR THE "LIFE OF THE PARTY" WE

ED OUT WITH SOAP



OR A MAN DRINK CHAMPAGNE FROM A LADY'S SHOE

WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND WITH A ROLLING PIN



OR A REPORTER WITH A



ER REALLY SEEN...

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LARRY SHARP



OR SOMEONE THROWING AN OLD SHOE AT A CAT ON A FENCE



THAT EVER SAID "ABRA CADABRA"



OR A HOBO WITH HIS BELONGINGS



OR A JUG OF WHISKEY WITH "XXX" MARKED ON IT



A SAFE FALLING FROM A HIGH WINDOW



OR A SALESMAN PUT HIS FOOT

EET ADELINA"



OR A ST. BERNARD WITH A KEG OF BRANDY



RING A LAMPSHADE ON HIS HEAD



OR A KID GETTING HIS MOUTH WASH-



OR "STARS" WHEN YOU'RE HIT ON THE HEAD



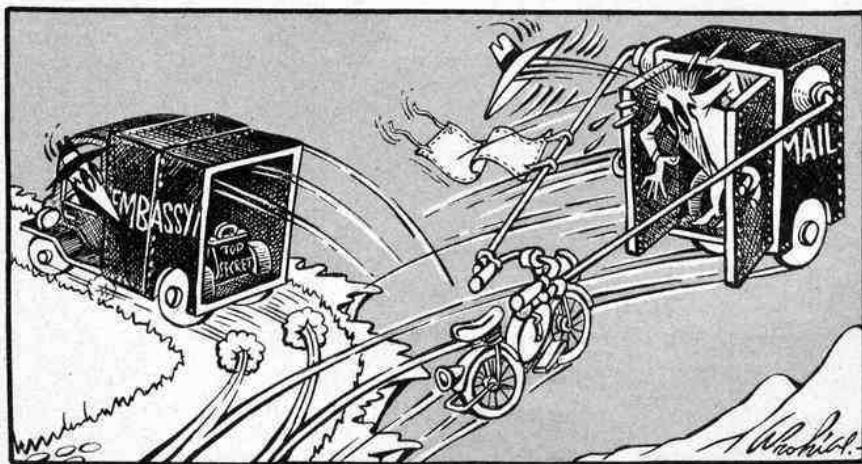
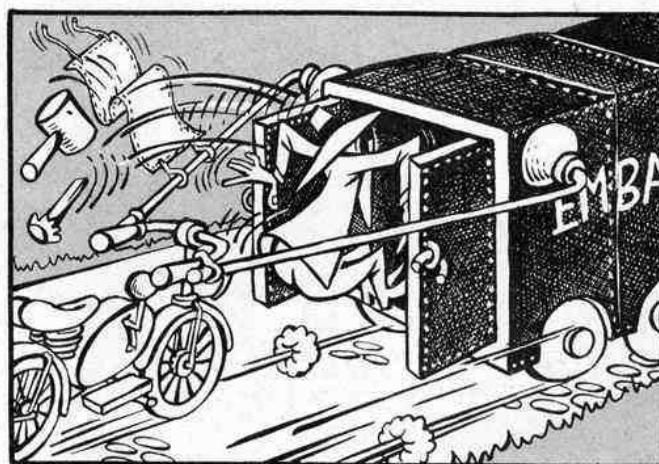
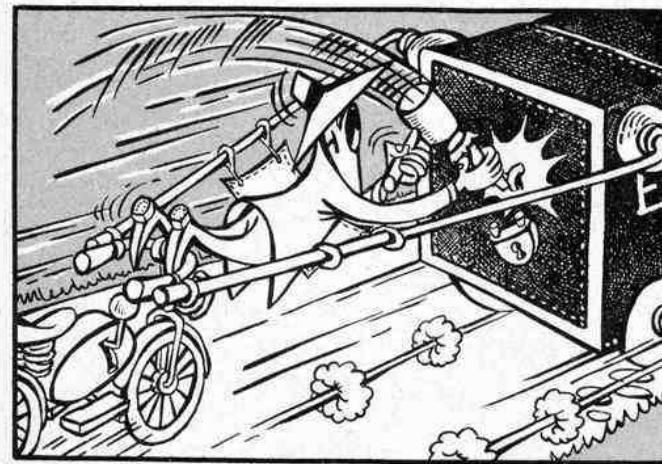
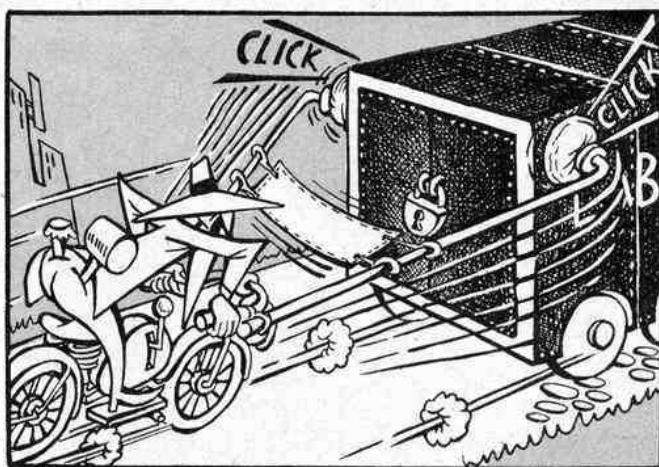
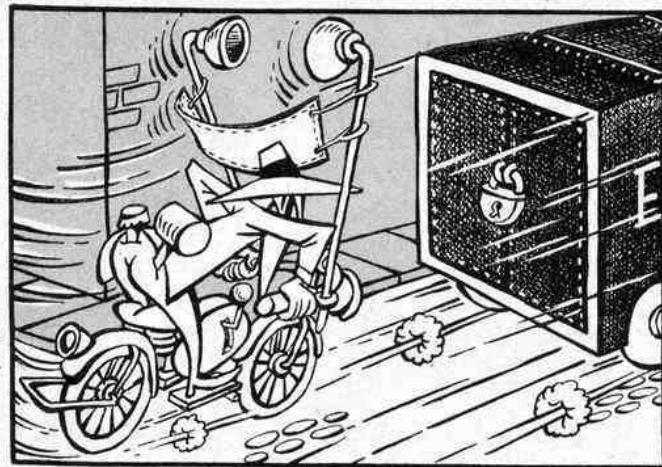
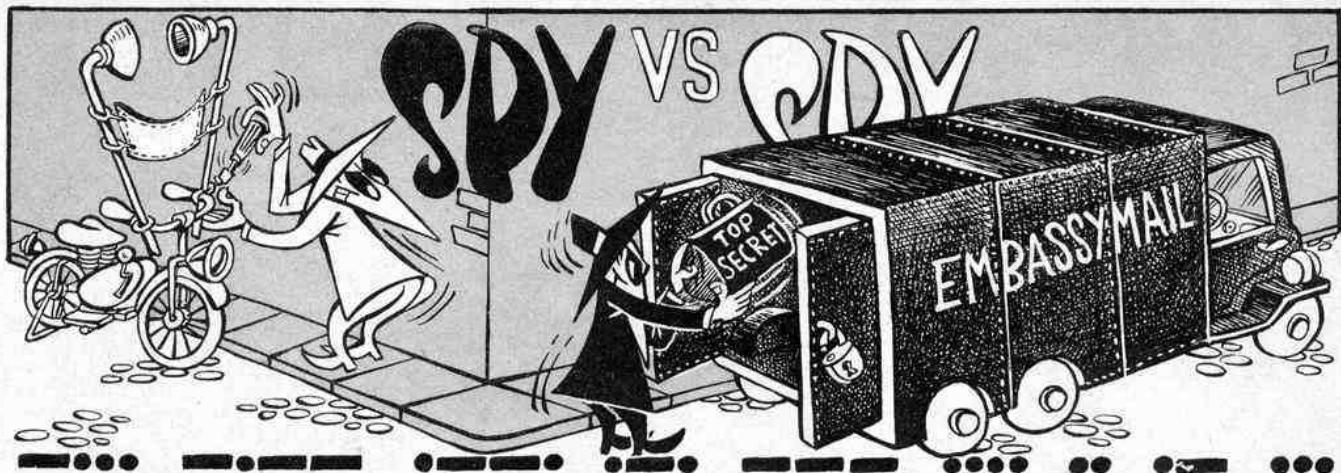
OR A WIFE

"PRESS" CARD STUCK IN HIS HAT BAND



OR A FUNNY ARTICLE IN MAD?





FILM-FLAM DEPT.

ONE PICTURE, SO THE EXPRESSION GOES, IS WORTH A 1000 WORDS, BUT IT'S WORTH A LOT MORE IF YOU'RE THE PUBLISHER OF A TYPICAL CAMERA-BUG-CATERING PERIODICAL LIKE

POPULAR

PHOTO-MONOTONY

THE MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC MINDS

PRICE: \$1.00
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Pocket Insta-Matic 200
Which Makes All Other
Insta-Matics Obsolete!**

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Mini-Scuba Photography!
Adapt Your Minox For
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Your Tropical Fish Tank**

**Kodiak Introduces The New
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Which Makes All Other
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Two You Can REALLY Use!**

**Retouch Wrinkles And
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**Kodiak Introduces
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Which—You're Right!**

**Photographer Milton Elnick Reveals...
"I PHOTOGRAPHED FRANK SINATRA,
JACKIE ONASSIS, HOWARD HUGHES,
AND MARLON BRANDO—AND LIVED!"**



CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

Cannonfodder 900 with f 2.5 lens. Regularly \$100.00. Brand new, \$49.95. Sold only with case. Case, \$49.95. Honest John's Camera Angles, Box 756, Shaft, Ore.

LENS RIOT! Thousands of fine lenses at a fraction of their original cost. \$10 each. Do not specify camera or model number. At this price you can't be picky! Economy Opticals, Myopic, Nev.

5 mm lens—the widest angle lens ever made! So wide you'll be in every picture you take! Grab it at 750 clams! Eye-C-U, Box 45, Image, Minn.

Hsb NC 2 PRF bdy, PLUS c 12 x M, s/t, rf, sync & stb. \$225.00 Explanation of this ad, \$2.50. Write CamBy, 56 ML e, Bfd., NH

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Learn the thrilling profession of camera repair at home. \$500 Camera Repair School course includes free broken camera to practice on. Write P-M, Box 172 for details.

Cameras repaired for Camera Repair School dropouts. Listen, don't feel bad! Not everyone is mechanically inclined! If you don't want people to know you're a loser, for an additional \$300 we will send you a "Certificate of Completion," wrapping paper, mailing labels, and everything you'll need to send those broken cameras to us for repair. We mail them back fixed, and you charge 10% over what we charge you! See above ad Box number.

Earn big bucks with the magic of candid photography! This book, written by an expert in the field, details all you'll have to know; supplies, locations of motels and lover's lanes, tells how to approach the potential customer with your shots, how much to charge for how many years, how to destroy negatives so that they're really not destroyed, etc. "Shutter-Bugging" by Tom Peepers. \$9.95 at your neighborhood smut peddler.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES

Save up to 90% with out-of-date film! Take off 10% of list price for every month past expired film date. 9 months or more and you get the full 90% off. Your pictures may come out terrible, but at these prices, who cares! Old Time Films, Fuzzed-Up, Ark.

2-week African Photo Safari leaves New York the 1st of every month. We supply everything—camera, film, guide, food, lodging, pro photographer and transportation—for only \$2,500.00. Or save \$2,475.00 by just sending for the pictures, which you can pass off as your own without ever leaving your living room! Write Nairobi Drug Store, Film Dept., Kenya, East Africa.

Dear ASA



ADVICE TO THE LENS LORN

DEAR ASA

I've been taking pictures for over thirty years with my range finder camera and I still forget to take off the lens cap before shooting. As a result I have missed out on several vital Wedding and Bar Mitzvah shots with embarrassing social consequences. Is there anything I can do short of switching to a reflex camera?

Art Charney
East Meadow, N.Y.

DEAR ART,

Yes! Focus Productions has just come out with a remarkable Lens Cap Alarm System which is linked electronically to the shutter release of your camera. A loud alarm goes off when you forget to remove the lens cap, so you don't lose any shots. Unfortunately, the loud alarm also produces some NEW embarrassing social consequences, especially during the Wedding and Bar Mitzvah ceremonies.

DEAR ASA

I have to admit that I have been tempted many times over the years to buy "hot" camera equipment. But I have a problem. While I've resisted buying things like a 30-to-500 Zoom lens (\$1600 list price) for twenty bucks, it's getting tougher. It's not a question of morals—I have none. It's just that I figure I'll get caught, what with that

new serial number system on file in every Police Dept. in the country. What should I do?

Red Spine
South Boston, Va.

DEAR RED,

Keep resisting. However, I've got no such problem. Send your friend around to see me at my office after hours.

DEAR ASA

I have a very embarrassing problem—I keep falling asleep during my own color slide shows. What can I do?

Sid Ascher,
Mays Landing, N.J.

DEAR SID,

Sleep and enjoy! If your slides are anything like your boring letter, chances are everybody else is sleeping too!

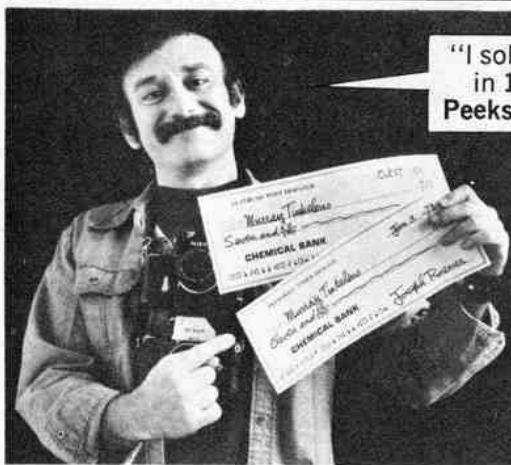
DEAR ASA

I'd like to train my dog so I can get some good pictures. Do you have any suggestions?

Eric Wessel,
Phoenix, Arizona

DEAR ERIC,

It takes months of hard work and patience, but if you stick to it, you can probably train your dog to take good pictures. It would be easier, however, if you learned how yourself!



"I sold a photo to the Flatbush Post Dispatch in 1968 for \$7.00 and another one to the Peekskill Times-Herald in 1973 for \$11.00!!"

says MURRAY TINKELENS,
Freelance Photographer and
Student of the INFAMOUS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL

"And what's so great about it is I didn't have to quit my job to do it. As a matter of fact, I have to keep my regular job, plus hold down a night job sweeping tennis courts to pay for the cost of my lessons, my equipment and my postage bills. But any year now, another big check may just possibly come rolling in!"

Need we say more? You heard it right from the horse's mouth. You can learn just as Murray Tinkelen learned from 12 leading photographers who actually work in photography (or some related field) FULL TIME! Enroll today! Write

INFAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL

Obvious, Conn

PHOTO PHASHIONS/FOTO FASHIONS

What's the difference between the amateur and the pro, the slob and the snob? Often, very little. More often—none! It's not the quality of the pictures, it's the quality of the person taking the pictures that could mean the difference between enjoying a successful career as a Professional Photographer or ending up as a Dark Room Assistant! And it all starts with APPEARANCE! Do you realize that most tourists today are better equipped than most pros? The only way you're going to succeed as a pro is to LOOK like a pro...instead of a SHMO! And now, PHOTO-MONOTONY shows how to spot the difference

THE SHMO

Wears straw hats with paisley hatbands, often sporting large plastic buttons with catchy slogans like "Hubba Hubba" and "Stassen For President", not for camp, but seriously.

Chooses well-tailored sports jackets with flashy designs to wear over well-tailored sports shirts with flashier designs and clashing colors.

Wears a tie.

Wears Swank tie clasp, bearing his initials.

Carries camera and lenses in fitted, factory approved cases to protect his equipment. Equipment is protected, but not his image, as the shiny leather cases are a dead giveaway that the bearer is a dude.

Gold watch with leather band, a graduation gift from his aunt.

The shmoe is never without his camera manual, warranty and directions for all the accessories, even when he's not actually carrying a camera.

Trousers are permanent press, contain no colors that match outrageous jacket and gaudy shirt.

Socks are dull colored so as not to clash with other garments, and are usually supported by a pair of Paris garters.

Brown and white saddle oxfords are not an attempt to join current nostalgia fashion craze—the shmo has worn them for the last ten years (under galoshes, of course, if and when it looks like it might rain).



THE PRO

Australian war surplus army hat with one side pinned up by an obscure silver military badge.

Bush jacket with many pockets filled with accessories (not necessarily camera equipment) but cold cream jars that can bulge out like extra lenses.

Carries a dozen pens and markers in shirt pocket.

Wears an Ank.

Keeps larger equipment in war surplus gas mask bag which also projects image of World Traveler and "Risks-Of-Life-And-Limb-To-Get-The-Shot."

Waterproof, anti-magnetic, shockproof timer/compass/altimeter / humidifier and wind tunnel, housed in a stainless steel case with anodized strap, does everything but tell the time.

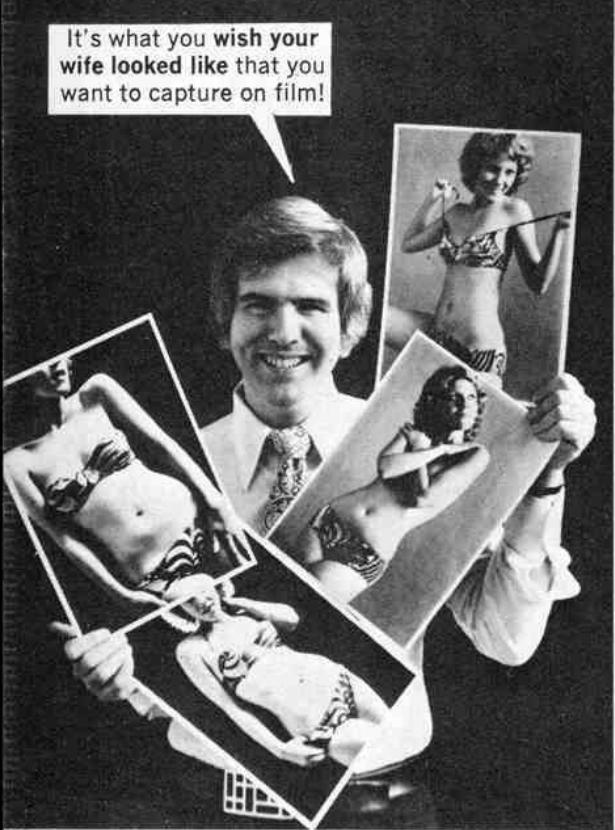
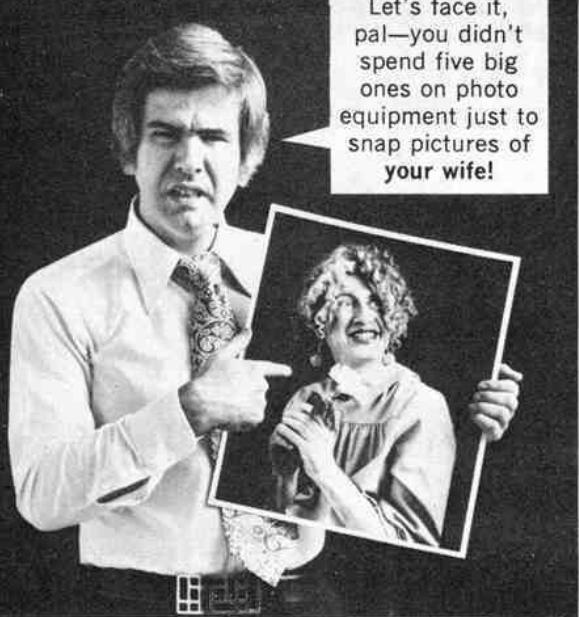
Always carries tech manuals and pamphlets like "The Care and Operation of Alpine Cable Cars" to give the impression his profession demands more than just tripping a shutter.

Trousers are permanent wrinkled, with stains to match the stains on the jacket and shirt.

Socks are seldom, if ever worn.



Paratrooper Jump Boots Provide place to carry additional accessories. Remember, a pro's equipment shows at all times!



And VOYEUR PLUS has the answer! By taking our Pin-Up Photography Course you now have an excuse to snap away at beach beauties as well as starting up a pin-up file to study from! Get the picture? From "dirty old man" to "respectable student" for just \$20.00 a lesson!

VOYEUR PLUS

Oggie, Illinois

NOTE: These photos are from Lesson One. Obscenity laws forbid us from showing samples from Lessons Two, Three & Four.

OVER EXPOSURES

by Gidget Bagg

PHONUS BALONIS DEPT. That rumored 8 mm movie footage of a TV star cavorting with "several leading men at one time" turned out to be *true!* Problem was, the "star" was a cocker spaniel from a popular TV series! But we understand the bitch's owner is suing anyway!

KISS AND TELLER DEPT. Talk about interest rate, people are still buzzing about the sensational shots taken with those surveillance cameras at a certain bank after business hours! Robbery was *not* the subject, which may explain the red faces behind the tellers' windows lately...

TWO-BIT PHOTOGRAPHER DEPT. Rumor has it that Irving Schyld, who recently won the \$500 first prize money in the "Self Portrait" division of PHOTOMONOTONY's Annual Photography Contest, did so by submitting a shot from a coin-operated machine! And he still has three poses left! That's one way to beat inflation . . .



UP IN SMOKE DEPT. Heads all over the country are in an uproar at recently announced agreement among top film manufacturers to coat the inside of their film cans with a noxious, but harmless substance that would render the empty cans unsuitable for illegal storage of pot! Put *that* in your water-pipes and smoke it! . . .

INSIDE DOPE DEPT. And speaking of dopes, custom inspectors are still chuckling over the Trainee Baggage Examiner at Los Angeles' Airport who arrested a tourist for smuggling a camera hidden inside a 40 pound bag of heroin! Bye, now—say cheese!

COMING NEXT MONTH:

- Plans to build a complete darkroom in your bathroom!
- Plans to build a complete bathroom in your basement!
- Plans to convert your garage into a bedroom where your wife will make you sleep after you've converted bathrooms to darkrooms and basements to bathrooms!
- NASA asks "How many flashbulbs do we need to light up the dark side of the moon?"
- Should you use a tri-pod or hand-hold a camera during an earthquake?

PLUS

- New equipment reports that makes **EVERYTHING** you read about in this issue **OBsolete**!

Dollar Days Are Here Again, but only at J.D.'s CAMERA STABLE!

CAMERA STABLE: America's Mail Order Bargain Center Shows You How To Beat Dollar Devaluation! We offer TRADE-UP deals you can't afford to ignore!

**BUY ANY ITEM ON THIS PAGE
AND RECEIVE 20 ROLLS OF
KODIAK* FILM FOR JUST \$1.00!**

J.D. SAYS...

What's the story? Trade-up to your **dream camera!** With things the way they are today, you might as well live it up a little before you go under! So come into any J.D. branch, show the man your credit card, and charge the balance between your crummy old camera and one of our great new or used jobs! That's the sto-reeee!!

*Offer good only on Kodak Y Film, recently discontinued with no processing available. However, we sell Kodak Y Home-Processing Kits for only \$79.95, Chemicals extra.

GLAU-COMAFLEX



with 50 mm f. 1.1 unbreakable cast-plastic lens, lens shade, simulated leather neck-strap, manually operated frame counter & many, many other dazzling extras!

**Yours for
ONLY ONE DOLLAR!**

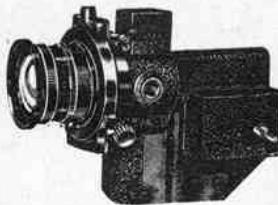
Plus any 1974 model Hasselblad 500 C offered in trade!

J.D. says...

Wanna good 35 mm camera **REAL CHEAP?** Well, our engineers have taken our huge stock of unpopular and unwanted stereo cameras, and cleverly sliced each one of them in two! Now you can buy one at half the price you'd expect to pay for a camera of this superb quality! Or, you can also buy two and save even more! Was \$150.00 Now, only \$74.95!



KAMIKAZE 400



with suicide shutter that self-destructs if automatic light meter, range finder, and film speed indicator don't all simultaneously function together!

**Yours for
ONLY ONE DOLLAR!**

Plus any Nykon F-2 offered in trade!

ASTIGMATIC FOUR



with Semi-Auto Meniscus lens, rewind crank, and recessed tripod socket! (left hand thread)

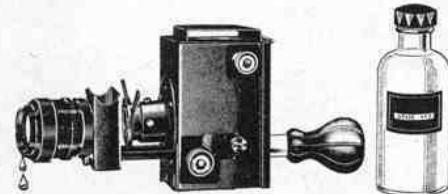
**Yours for
ONLY ONE DOLLAR!**

Plus any Leika M-5 offered in trade!

J.D. SAYS... All "click" and no "shtick" makes photography a dull sport! Try some of my hilarious gag attachments on your camera and get big laughs!

Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment

Fits over the lens, looks like a telephoto lens. Complete with "strobe" attachment that holds up to a quart of water, plus a manual bulb release.



Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment—\$5.95

Quart of Pure Water—\$6.79

"Mr. Smiles"

You don't have to tell 'em to say "cheese" anymore! Our "Mr. Smiles" attachment converts the front of your camera into a hilarious "face" that never fails to get impatient subjects and bratty little kids to flash their ivories!



"Mr. Smiles"—\$9.95

RUSH ORDER NOW TO J.D. CAMERA STABLE, QUONSET HUT 12, DISPOSAL, ARK.

AFRAID OF A CAMERA RIP-OFF?

HIDE YOUR EXPENSIVE IMPORTED CAMERA INSIDE OUR HOLLOW, PLASTIC ARGO CAMOUFLAGE II!



Why walk around scared half out of your wits that some murderous junkie will leap out of the bushes and rip-off the expensive, imported camera hanging from your neck, especially now that camera theft insurance is close to impossible to obtain, and, if you can get insurance, the premiums each year are higher than the price of a new camera?

Convincingly "cheapens" your camera treasure while allowing you full access to all controls. Walk *safe* (even if you can't walk proud) with the sensational . . .

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE II

"If you care enough to hide the very best!"

ASHAMED? EMBARRASSED?

Are you tired of those amused, condescending glances and sneers of contempt from other camera buffs everytime you walk in public with some lowly, American-made camera slung around your neck? Well, you should be! Everyone knows that the *good* cameras are all imported cameras!

HIDE YOUR
CHEAP DOMESTIC
CAMERA INSIDE
OUR HOLLOW,
ALL PLASTIC
ARGO
CAMOUFLAGE
III!

Convincingly "up-grades" your piece of junk to look like the \$900 Sushi Teriyaki STP. The only problem you will face is that the Sushi Teriyaki is a prime target for rip-off men! But even that's no problem if you read the advertisement in the upper left hand corner of this page.

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE III

"You can't be sure if it's Argos!"

WHAT'S IN THE DEVELOPING TANK?

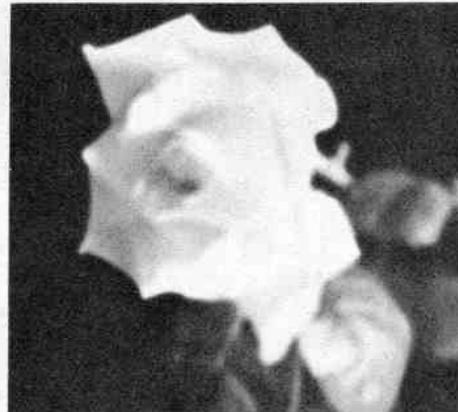
Hints, Tips, and Obvious Sales Pitches for Gullible Readers

Taiwanic III Doesn't Make It!



Taiwanic III

As must be expected from any import in the under \$300 range, we certainly didn't expect much from a camera that lists for \$15.95. And we didn't get much, except maybe a few laughs! See for yourself! Pictures were blurred and fuzzy with no detail. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!



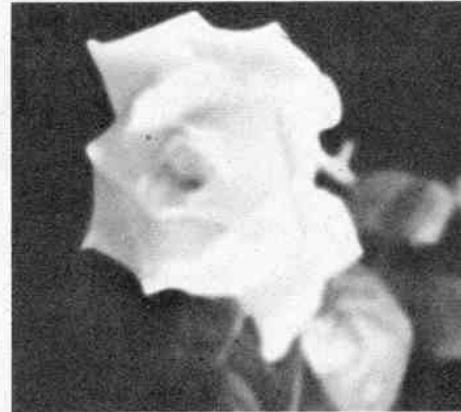
Picture of a flower taken with the Taiwanic III

Bettina CR Makes It Big!



Bettina CR

If you thought the Bettina BQ was a great camera, wait'll you handle the fantastic, new CR model, which lists for \$695.00. Using the Zorch 120 mm lens with motorized drive, the artiest shots become a snap, as you can see by the accompanying first prize winner in the Candlewood Photo-Arts Festival. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!



"To A Wild Rose" by Lee MacDowell

Hello, Ultra 8, Goodbye, Super 8!



Since Super 8 made the old 8 mm camera equipment obsolete, and netted manufacturers a cool billion, they've

been racking their brains to find something new to kill off the Super 8 stuff. Now, Bawll and Howll has done it! Look for ULTRA 8 to make its debut before Xmas time—Bigger and brighter than Super 8, Ultra 8 should be a winner. Providing no one catches on that it's just plain, old 16 mm.



DOIN' THE VARSITY DRAGON DEPT.

Hi! I'm **Mason Reach**, this issue's "Sports Personality Interviewer!" Why Me... and not somebody more suitable, like **Howard Cosell**? Because! So there!! Now, let's get on with it, and meet Royal "Bear" Hades, who's been chosen as...

MAD'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL COACH OF THE YEAR

Coach Hades, as a successful sports figure, you are admired and looked up to by the youth of the nation! Is there something special you'd like to say to them...?

Yeah... Hey, all you kids out there! Run down to the store now, and buy my book, "Losing Is Un-American!" It'll not only teach you how to be a winner in the game of FOOTBALL, but in the game of LIFE!

Does your book teach clean play, honesty and sportsmanship?

Of course not! My book teaches you how to WIN! Listen, kid, NOBODY wins using those stupid tactics!

How do you think your team would do against a PRO TEAM?

Sonny! My team IS a Pro Team! Our payroll is higher than half the teams in the NFL!

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Coach Hades, what's the most important ingredient in being a successful coach?

A College President who wants a winning team, and doesn't care how he gets it!

C'mon... I'll show you around! This is one of our Dressing Rooms...

This—this CLOSET is where your team dresses for a game!??!

Nah! This is where the VISITING team dresses for a game! Today, games are won on two fields: the field of play, and the field of psychology! You'd be surprised how a crummy dressing room like this can demoralize an opposing team!

You sure have a lot of players on your squad!

They aren't players! They're my assistants! Football is a highly specialized game! It calls for specialized squads and specialized coaches to train them!

Undt vot iss diss? That's a football, Coach Himmelring! That's the ball that the game is played with!

Diss is vye zey sent for me? I don't know from zuch t'ings! I vass told I vood be trainink troops to tackle, torture undt administer punishment! Zat iss my specialty!!

There go my two top assistants! I just couldn't function without them!

Are they in charge of Offense and Defense?

Nope! One is in charge of fixing the High School transcripts so top players can get into our school ... and the other's in charge of making sure they don't flunk out once they're here!



And this is my star substitute!

He's not much bigger than me! What position does he play?

He doesn't play! He substitutes for my first team players when they have to take exams! He may only weigh 130, but his I.Q. is 160!

C'mon! Let's see some HITTING out there! HIT! HIT! STICK ...

If that's the team, they don't look much like Football Players!

They're not! They sell programs, hot dogs and the rest of the goodies!

My contract calls for 10% of the concessions! C'mon, you slobs! Lets see some hustle! There's gonna be 60,000 people out there Saturday! Move!

Hey, look—we gotta practice Friday night when "Sanford and Son" is on the TV!!

What's wrong with our Publicity Department?! I haven't been on one magazine cover all season! How'm I gonna win the Heisman Trophy with no cover stories?



Do all of your players gripe like that', Coach Hades?

They wouldn't dare! Anybody that don't like the way I run things can turn in his uniform! Having malcontents around is bad for team moral!

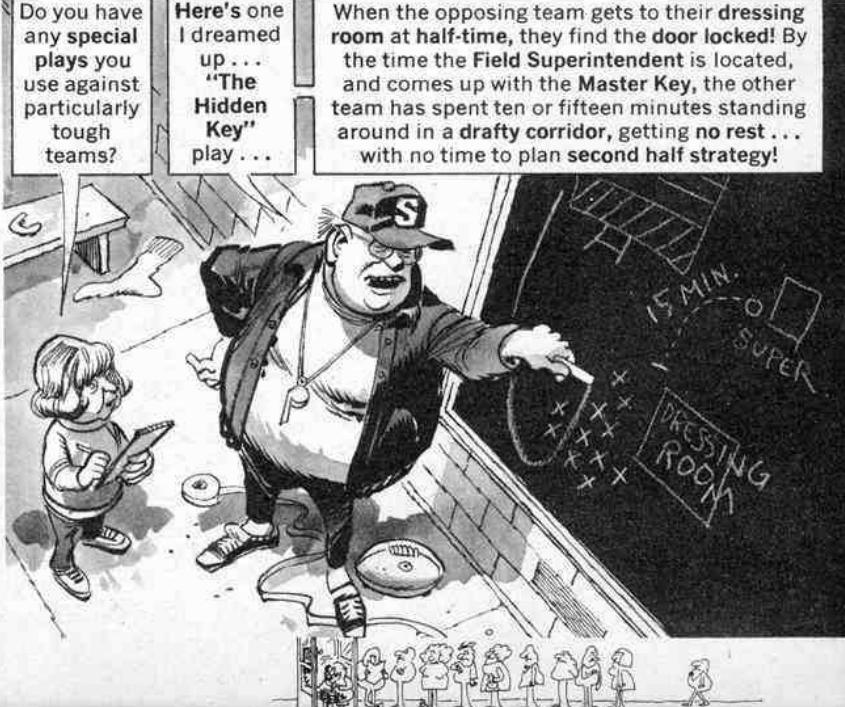
Then how come you don't throw THOSE two off the team?

Because THAT would be bad for MY moral! They're both All-American!

Do you have any special plays you use against particularly tough teams?

Here's one I dreamed up... "The Hidden Key" play ...

When the opposing team gets to their dressing room at half-time, they find the door locked! By the time the Field Superintendent is located, and comes up with the Master Key, the other team has spent ten or fifteen minutes standing around in a drafty corridor, getting no rest ... with no time to plan second half strategy!



What do you find is your toughest game? Michigan . . . ? Notre Dame? UCLA? CCNY?

Le'me tell you something, Mr. Peanut! My toughest game is the "Recruiting Game"! If I don't win that, I don't play on the same field as those teams! I'm prouder of landing Loony Joe Donn than I am of beating Alabama! That was some struggle!



Did he select State because you offered him a car, clothes, money under the table and a job for his Father?

Nah! 290 schools offered him THAT! I nailed him with my Secret Weapon . . . my sure-fire convincers, "THE RECRUIT-ETTES"!

That's US! We give our all for State! Come to State, you little devil, and we'll show you a few plays you won't find in any playbook!



Gee . . . isn't he kinda YOUNG to be recruited, Coach Hades???

Take it easy, girls! This isn't a recruit! This is Mason Reach, from MAD! I was telling him how you girls keep our visiting High School stars from getting homesick while they're here, looking over our Campus!

Gee! How does that help recruit 'em?

Hey! How old ARE you, anyway, kid?



Coaches are famous for their inspirational speeches! Can you recall your best one?

Sure, "If you want a station wagon that's tough, economical and roomy, try the triple-threat Shlock 360!"

I meant to the players! You know, a speech that fires them up to play their best ball . . .

I don't bother with those silly things anymore! I inspire our guys with cash bonuses for good games and a giant jackpot for whoever wipes out the other team's quarterback!



You mean you actually give your players money out of your own pocket?

Nahh! It comes out of the pockets of friendly alumni! We make the jokers "Honorary Coaches," give 'em hats and jackets, and they don't care WHAT they spend!

Then the Athletic Department never makes cash payments to the players?

To quote our great past President—"That'd be WRONG!" No, we give 'em batches of tickets for the games!

But don't they "scalp" the tickets for a lot of MONEY?

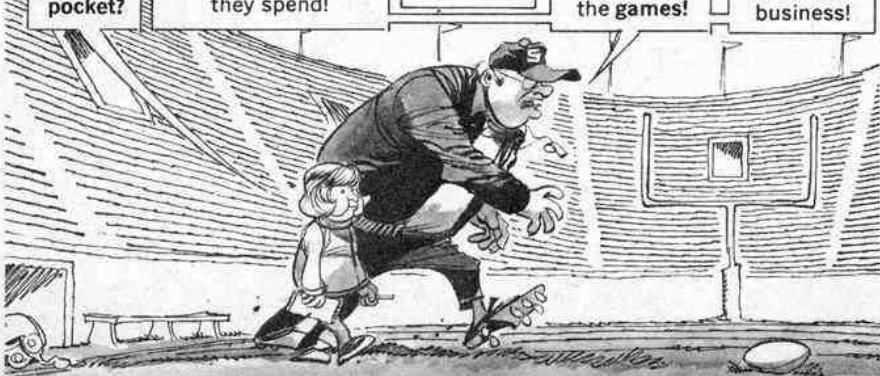
What they do on their own time is their business!

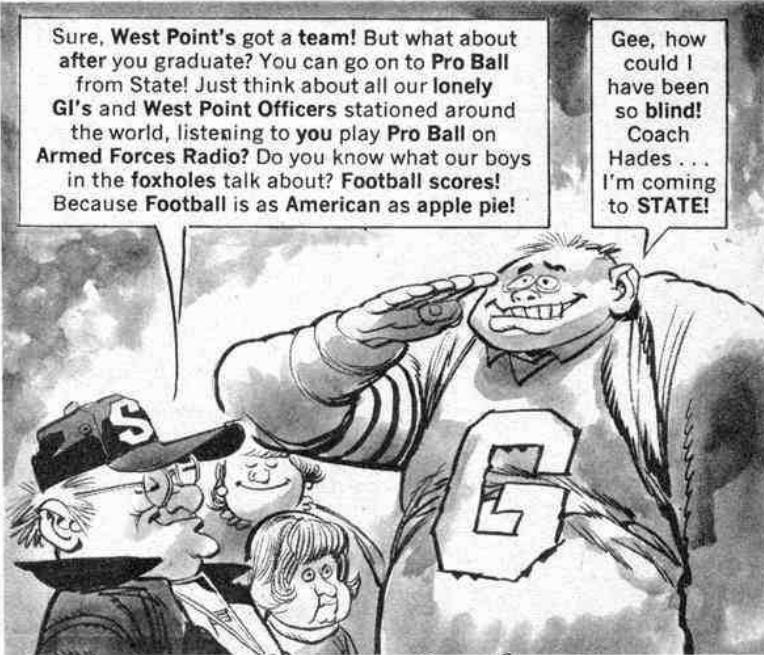
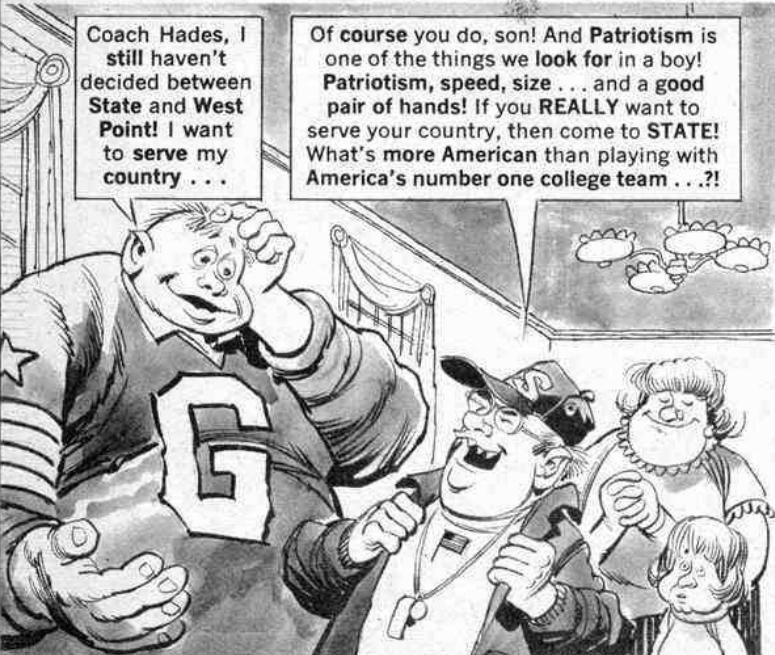
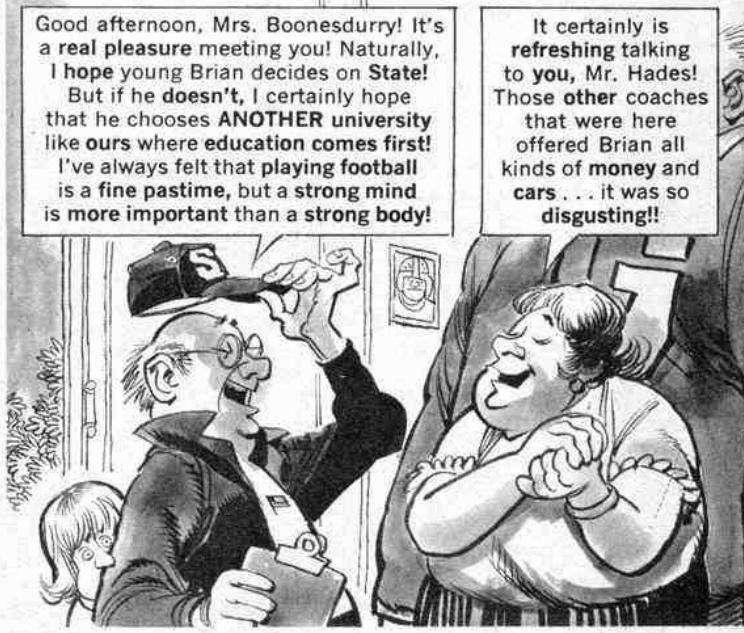
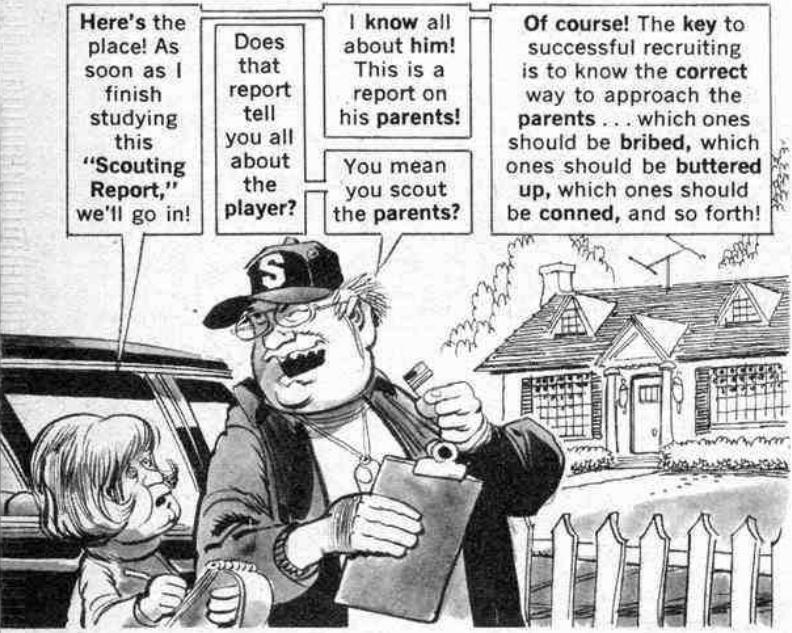
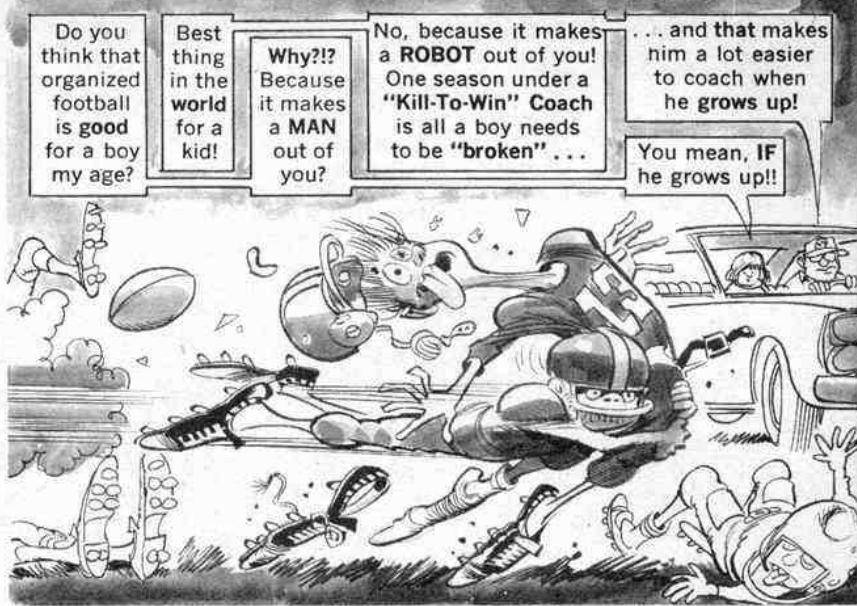
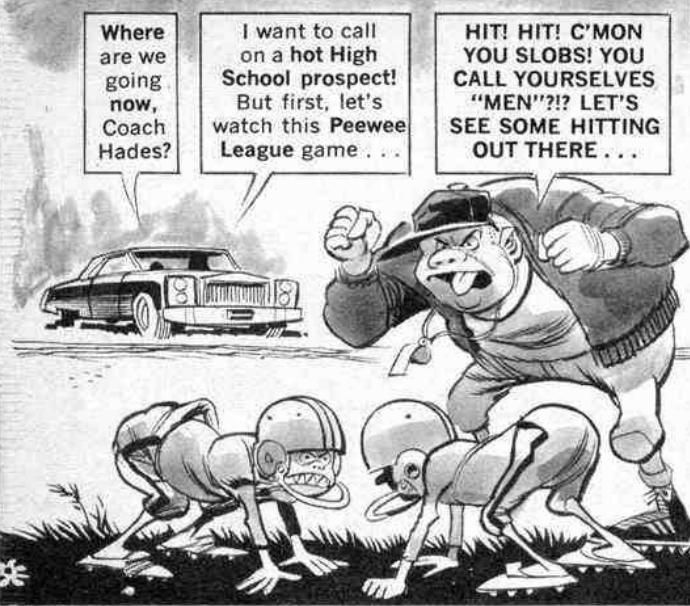
What would you say is the biggest problem in coaching a top-ranked college football team?

All of the stupid restrictions they put on us Coaches! See that guy? He's probably out for the season with that knee injury!

That's terrible!

You said it! It means his scholarship is WASTED! Now, I gotta carry the creep, even though he can't play!





Brian's a hard-working boy! He'll make a great back-up quarterback! At West Point, he would have been a **STAR!**

Then why'd you talk him into coming to State?

Well, I could always use him in case my number one quarterback gets hurt! Besides, West Point has always been the laugher on our schedule! With a kid like Boonesdurry playing for them, I might have to **WORK** to beat them! And I don't need more headaches!



Look at those freaks, picketing my office! They're teed off because I get a bigger budget than the Science Department!

Don't you think that **Science** is more important than **Football**?

Are you kidding? We draw 60,000 people every Saturday! How many do those eggheads draw?!



Ahhh! Those creeps don't bother me! I just signed a **ten-year, no-cut, iron-clad contract** to coach here at State! I want to spend the rest of my **career** at this great school! And if I ever get married and have **sons**, I want them to come to State! I've recruited every boy on this team personally, and they're loyal to me! And that's what I like in a boy . . . **LOYALTY!!**



Pardon me, son! I gotta take this call!

Yes? Speaking! **How** much? Listen, I get that **already!** Up it another **ten grand a year**, throw in **"Athletic Director"** and you got a **deal!** Fine! I'll settle up my business here, and I'll be there faster than you can say **"Beat State!"**



Listen, kid! I got a **scoop** for you! You are now looking at the new **"Coach and Athletic Director"** of Midwestern U.!

But—but what about **"loyalty,"** and your **ten-year iron-clad contract** with State?



Contracts were made to be broken, kid! Football is a **tough racket**, and a man has to look out for himself! Also, I owe it to my **family** to take this great opportunity!

WHAT family . . . ?!

My two dogs and my parakeet! Besides, it's a **challenge!** The stadium there holds **80,000 . . . !**

But what about all the **players** you recruited, and all the **promises** you made to their **parents . . . ?**

That's **THEIR** problem! Of course, any players that haven't enrolled yet, I can take with me! After all, Midwestern U. is a **fine school** with a great **tradition**, and if I ever have **sons**, I'd want them to go to Midwestern . . .

I think this is where we came in, so . . . this is **Mason Reach**, signing off for **MAD Magazine!**



FATE ACCOMPLI DEPT.

IT'S BAD TIM

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally reach your 21st birthday



... the same day your local theater decides to quit showing porno movies because of the Supreme Court ruling.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you've played right field all season, and not one ball has been hit to you



IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally spot the answer to a tough question on your neighbor's Exam Paper



... just as they announce "Time's up!"

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you go to the bank to make a deposit



IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you're filling your Water Gun at the hall drinking fountain in your school



... just when the Principal decides that he's thirsty and wants a drink.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally try your first puff of pot



ING WHEN...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



... until it's the last inning of the Championship Game, and bases are loaded!

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN ...

after spending the season on the bench,
your Coach finally puts you in the game



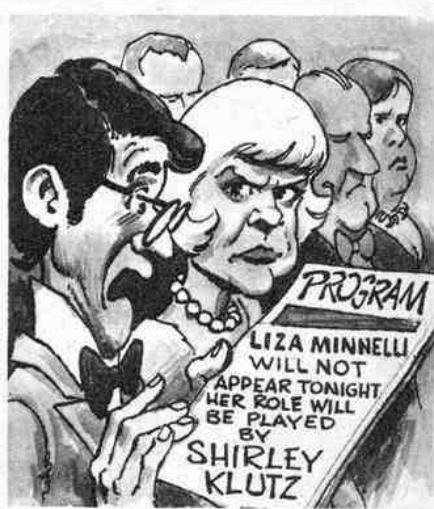
... the very same moment the opposing team sends in a huge 250 lb. monster.



... and they decide to hold it up while you're standing in line with your cash.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN ...

you finally get tickets to a Hit Show



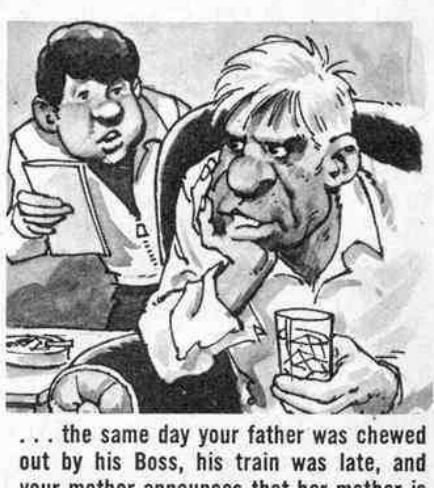
... and the Star is sick that night!



... the night the Cops bust your Dorm.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN ...

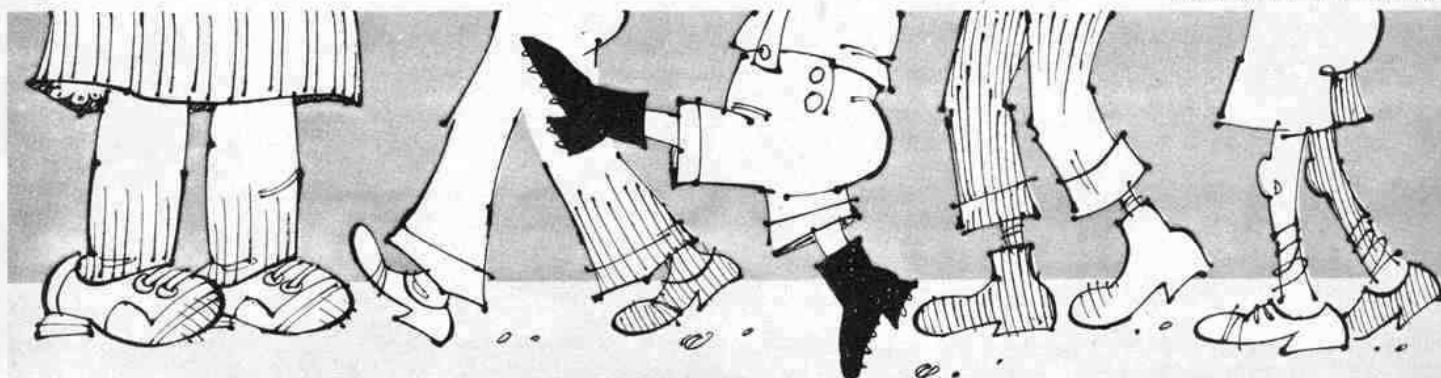
you bring home a poor report card



... the same day your father was chewed out by his Boss, his train was late, and your mother announces that her mother is coming for one of her extended visits.

FOOTNOTES*

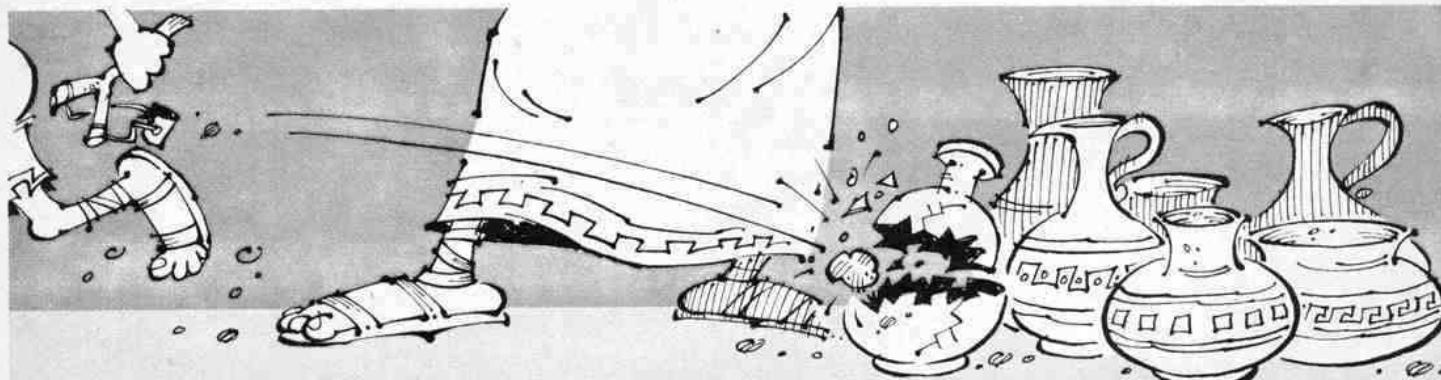
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



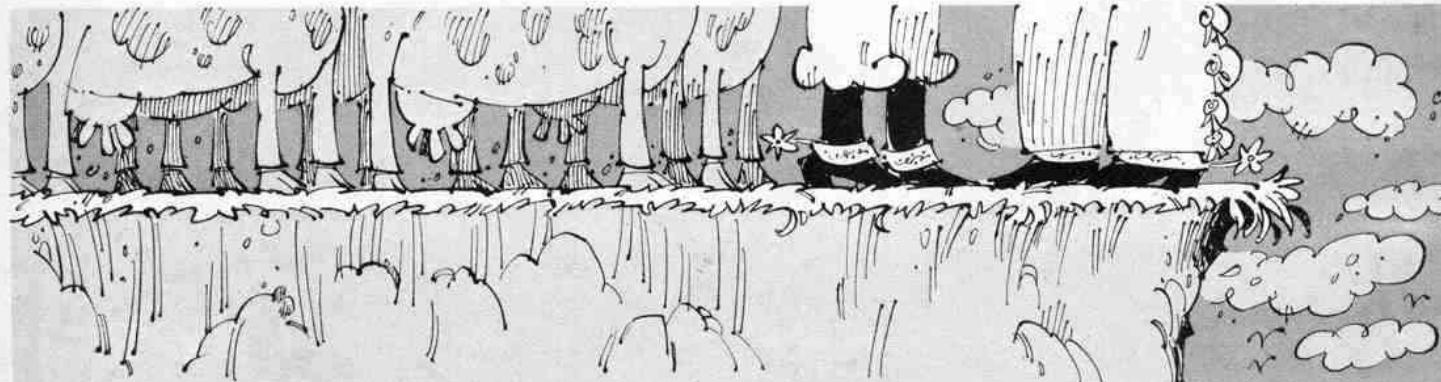
**"Adolf . . . can't you walk like the other boys?!?"



**"You sure know how to throw a party, Lucrezia-a-a-a-a-aaaggh . . ."



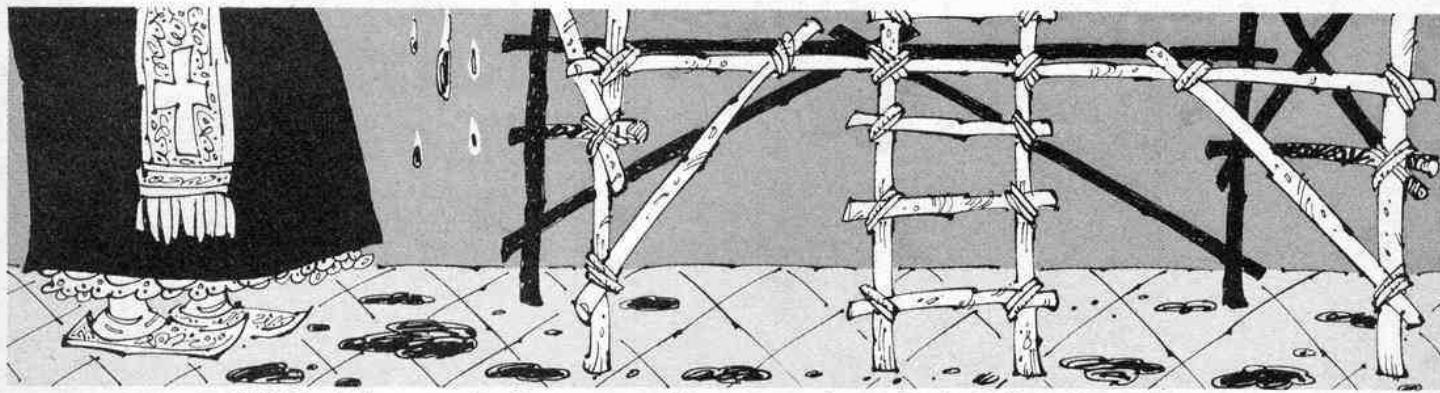
**"One of these days, David, you're going to hurt somebody with that slingshot!"



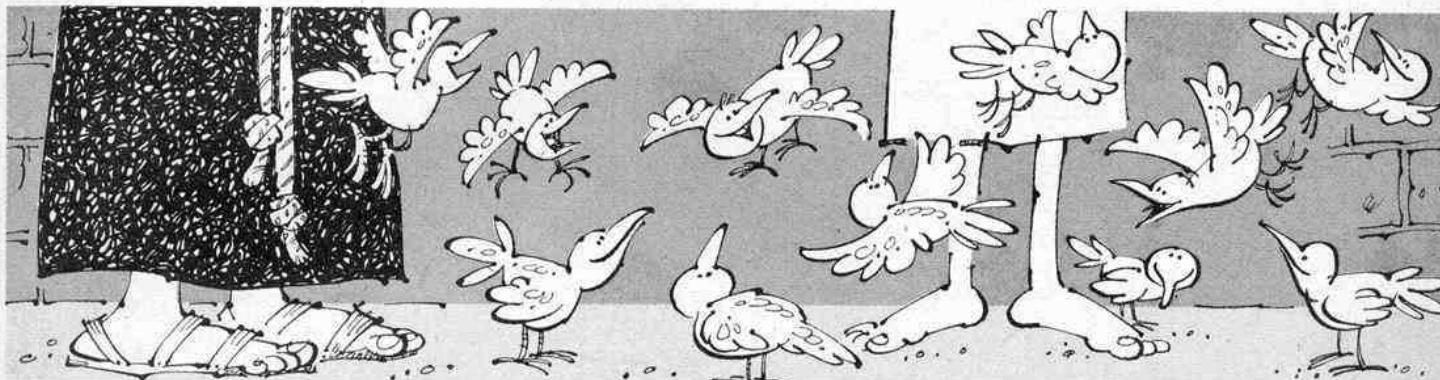
**"Okay, Mr. Chisholm . . . which way do we go now?"

TO HISTORY

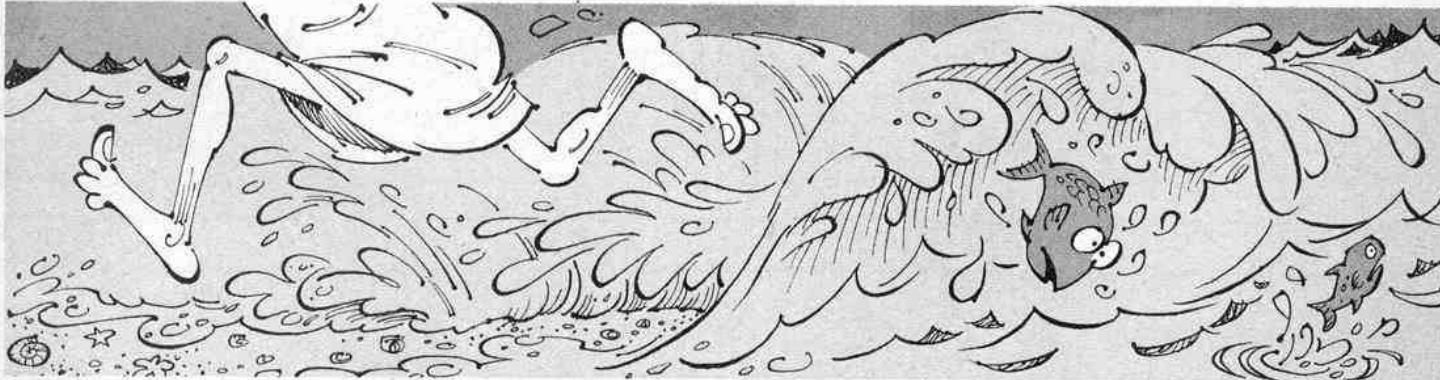
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



**"Would you mind very much using a dropcloth, Michelangelo?"



**"Stop playing with the birds, Francis, and come finish your Latin homework!"

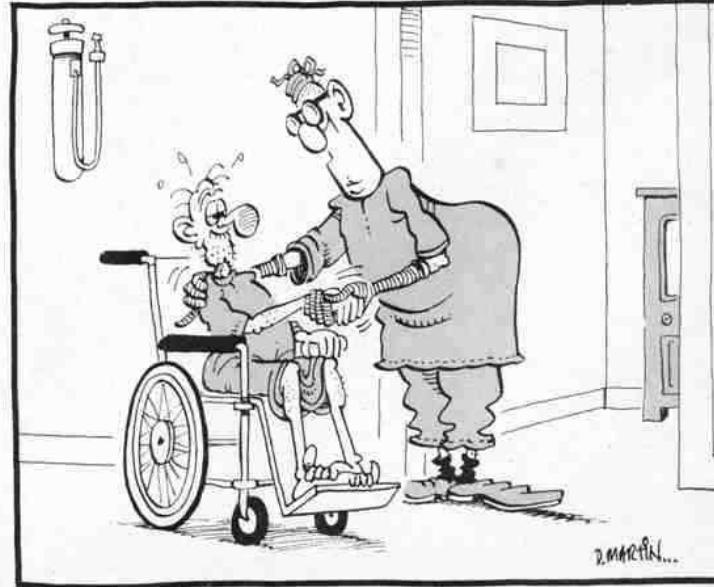
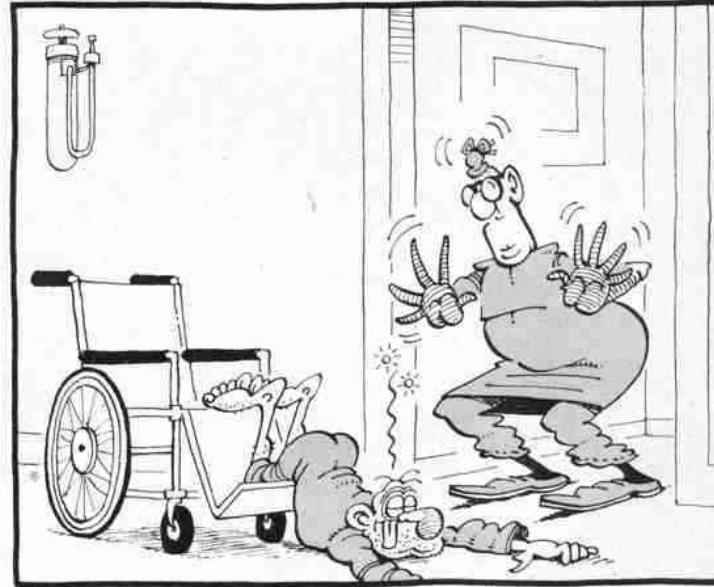
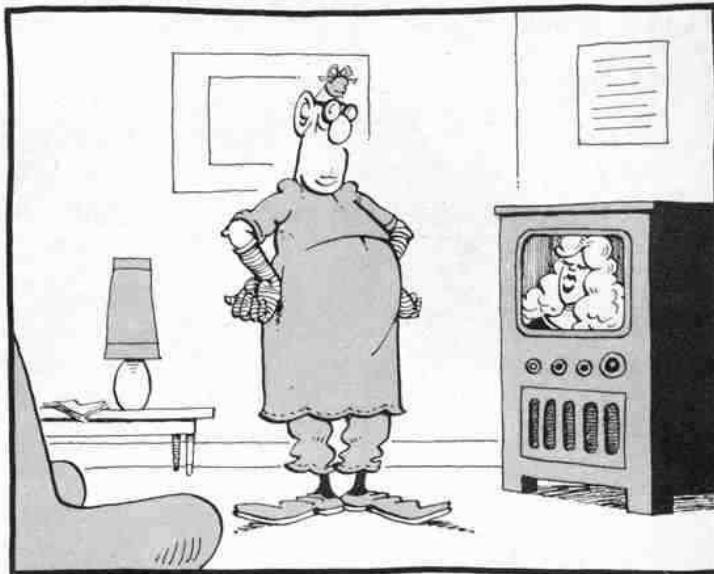


**"Moses! Moses, hold it! Wait for me!!"



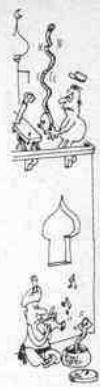
**"Orville! Wilbur! Come down here this instant!"

ONE DAY IN A HOSPITAL



TIRED BLOODHOUNDS DEPT.

Despite its shortcomings, Television has given us a wide variety of programs to suit every taste. At the mere flick of a channel selector, you can have your choice of a fat detective, an Indian detective, a black detective or a detective with the physical handicap you enjoy most. But for a truly incredible experience, MAD recommends you tune in TV's only Senior Citizen detective:



BARNACLE GROANS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Barnacle, you're in fairly good shape for your age! But I'd suggest that you stop trying to climb fences and run down alleys chasing crooks!

Why . . . ? I always wear my orthopedic sneakers and my rubber underwear!

But you've slowed down! The cops have to give you a big head start now so you can stumble to the scene of the crime and solve it before they do!

Well, as my Daddy used to say, "Lookin' at the furrow, you cain't tell how many mules pulled the plow!"

What's THAT got to do with it?!

Not very much, Ah guess! But it shore does make a mighty fine li'l conversation stopper, don't it!

Just send my Father-In-Law a bill the first of the month!

We'd prefer CASH . . . and right now! For his age group, the average life expectancy is only FOUR DAYS!



Petty, Ah think Ah'll go on a fishing trip out in the boondocks somewhere!

To regain your strength after working too hard?

No, to regain my hayseed dialect after workin' in the city too long! Didja notice how that Doctor could almost make out what Ah was sayin' to him?

A Miss Overshaw is outside, Barnacle! She says that you agreed over the phone to look for her missing 72-year-old Brother!

Well . . . Ah'm goin' fishin' right now . . . so jus' tell the ol' bat that I don't bother huntin' for runaway delinquents!

She'll pay double your usual fee!

Come to think of it, fish make me sick! Show the dear lady in . . .



You're kind to help me find Hubie, Mr. Groans! But why did you ask me to take the wheels off m' car and bring them here?

Finding things stuck in tire treads can tell me where a feller's been!

Couldn't you have come DOWNSTAIRS to look at the tires?

Walk SIX FLIGHTS OF STEPS at my age just for THAT! Don't talk foolish!

Isn't it unusual to have this expensive crime lab equipment when the rest of his office is so crummy?

Maybe! But Barnacle insists he's too young to wear glasses! So the only way he can examine clues is with a \$5000 microscope!

GROANS
PRIVATE

DRIVERS



Let's mosey up to Dullsville, Patty! Because applyin' my sophisticated equipment and keen deduction to this scrap of paper stuck to the tire, Ah know that's where the missin' man is!

That's amazing! Can you tell from a chemical analysis of the paper . . . ?

No . . . from what's printed on it! It's a ticket stub from the Dullsville Drive-In Movie!

Hunt around here for your missing man if you want to, Pops! But I think you should know one thing: This can be a mighty unfriendly little town!

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING
DULLSVILLE
NOSEY OLD STRANGERS,
KEEP OUT



Oh, yes, Mr. Groans! This message, just came for you!

Hmmm! Ah don't know anyone here in Dullsville! Ah wonder who coulda sent it!

Most anyone in town! We're ALL unfriendly here! Which also might explain why I'm charging you \$30 a day to sleep in a broom closet next to the boiler room!

This puts me in mind of somethin' my Daddy used to say to me . . . "Never swap a healthy cow for a three-legged mule!" An' Ah 'member another time when he said to me, "Never—

Please! Take the Bridal Suite . . . the Penthouse . . . ANYTHING! Just stop with the cornpone philosophy!

Nice going there, Barnacle! It works every time!



In case you forgot, I'm your SON'S WIDOW!! Why didn't you get us separate rooms??!

'Cause Ah 'member what happened to my boy the day after your Honeymoon! He jus' keeled over and died smiling! Ah'd shor like to go out the same way!

But . . . what about Hubie Overshaw??!

Let him find his OWN girl!

Barnacle, I think we see too much of each other! In three years, you've never given me one day off to lead my own life!

Well . . . I figured havin' you around is indispensable!

Because I'm the perfect secretary?

No, because you're the perfect blood type! If I need a transfusion fast, I can't waste time huntin' for you!



Well, that saves a dime! There's only one Hubie Overshaw in the phone book, and callin' him is pointless!

'Cause if he answers, that means he's home! But the one that we're huntin' for is missin'! And if a feller's home, he ain't missin'! That's elementary criminology!

Somehow, your explanations always sound more like advanced senility!

Really? Why?



We haven't got a single clue except that picture of Hubie his sister gave us, Barnacle! Why don't you track down clues like other Detectives?

'Cause I rely strictly on my quaint charm and phony naivete! Why bother with clues, when I can nauseate suspects into giving up?



Watch me shovel some of my quaint charm on this Bartender to make him talk without arousing any suspicion!

Bartender, bring me a glass of milk . . .

MILK?!



We hate inquisitive strangers, Stranger! You're just lucky we haven't caught you checking up on our crooked Police Chief!

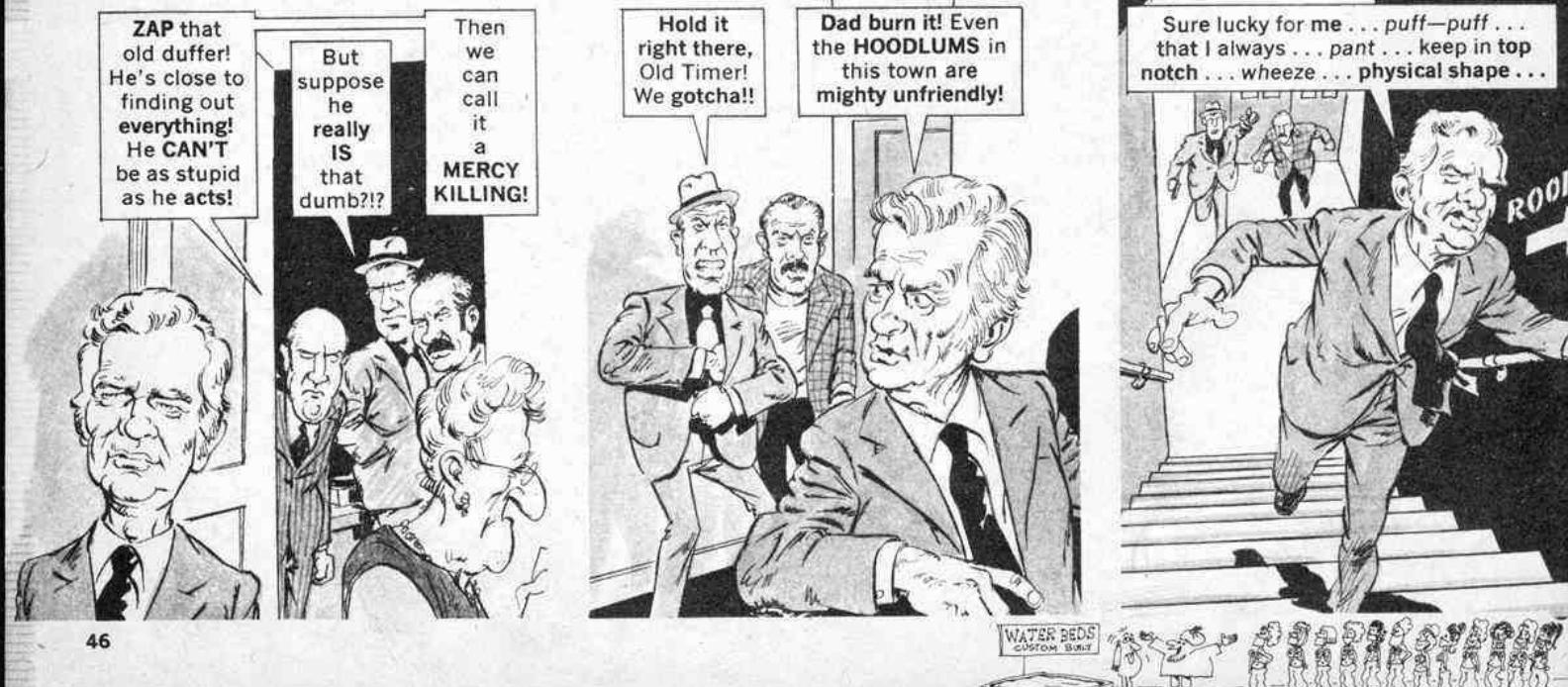
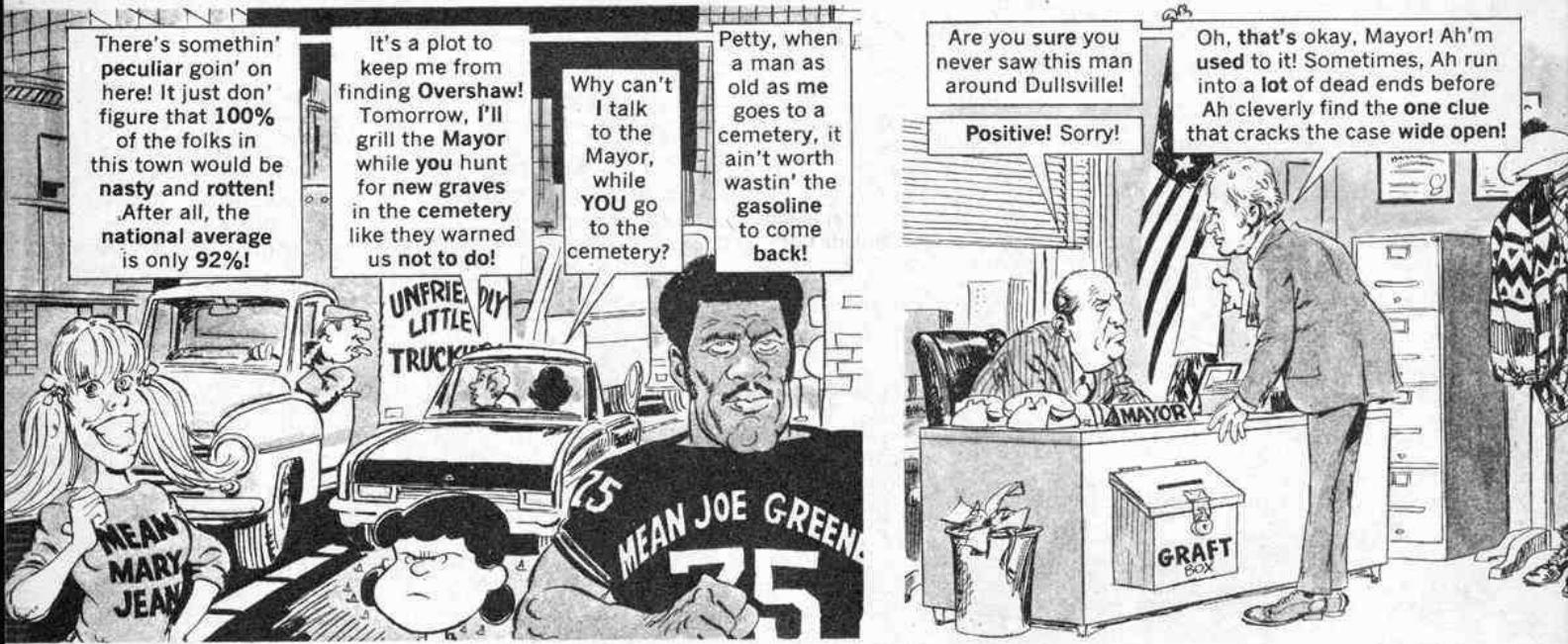
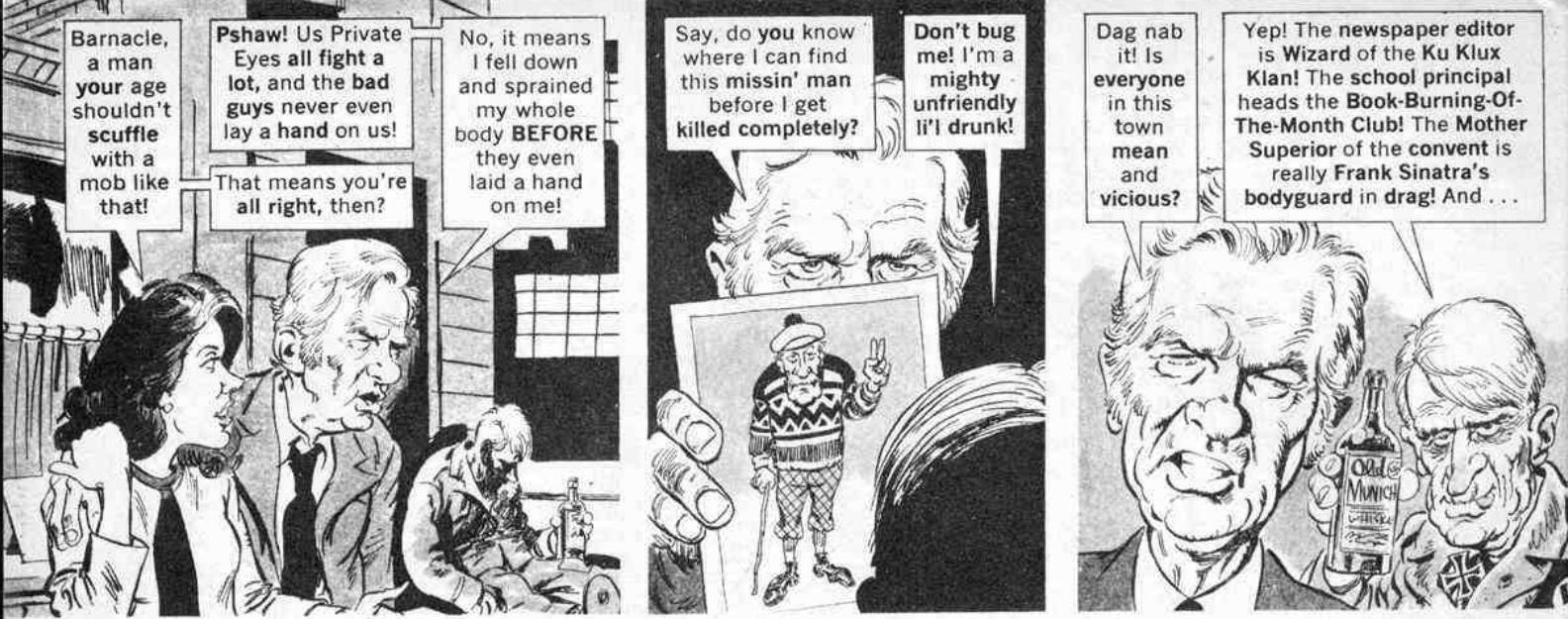
Or poking around the Mayor's office!

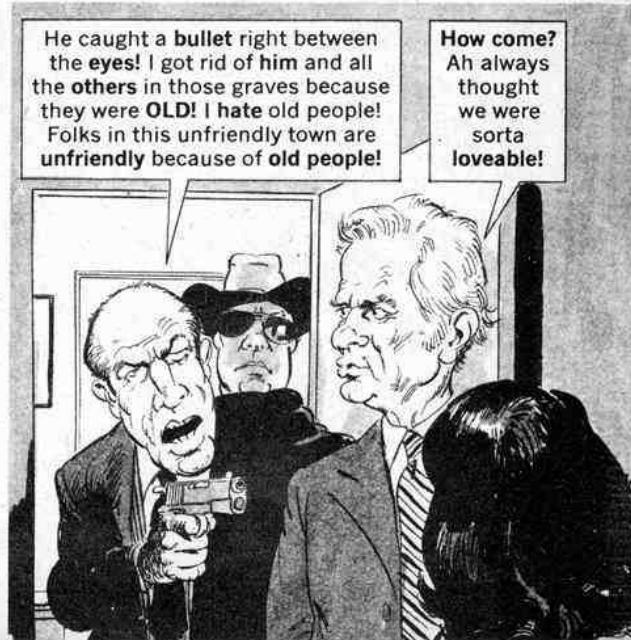
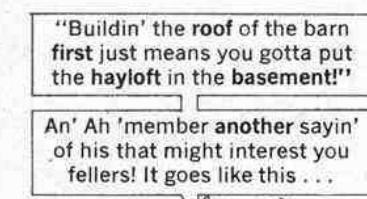
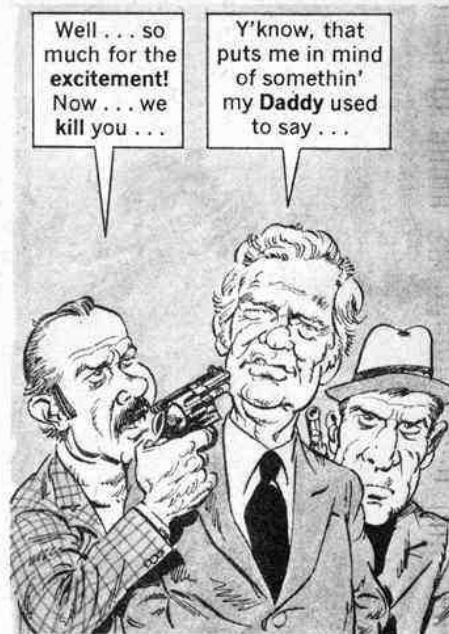
Or, worst of all, spotting new graves in the cemetery!

How come you nice fellers are givin' me all those swell clues

Because without our help, you'd never find the best place in town to get your head bashed in!







You wouldn't think so if you lived in a town with a crooked Mayor! Here, the young people are sore because their taxes keep rising to pay for what the old people need, plus what I steal! Luckily, I devised a great new plan for **Government ECONOMY** ... mainly, kill off the old people!

Viewin' the problem impartially, Ah reckon that could balance the budget!

And now, Groans, I've got to kill **YOU** ... because you found out about it!

Oops! Ah think Ah jus' stopped viewin' the problem impartially!

It's no good, Boss! I'm taking you in!

Even for a crooked COP, 13 murders is an unlucky number!

Besides, we stopped being best friends after you built the **Dullsville Freeway** from your house to your office ... right through my bathroom!



But I HAD to cut expenses on that because **OLD AGE PENSIONS** were costing so much

Hey! What's an Old Age Pension?

Dumbbell! That's what a town has to pay all its old codgers who can't collect Social Security!

Okay! What's this Social See-cure-itty?

Are you kidding, Groans?!

Barnacle, it's incredible! You thought you had to keep on working because you'd never heard of Social Security?

Yep! Unless maybe Ah heard of it when I was too young to get it ... and when I was old enough to get it, Ah was too old to remember Ah'd heard of it! That makes sense, don't it?

Oh, sure! Just enough to convince me that you should retire immediately!



After you tell Miss Overshaw about Hubie, I'll notify the Social Security people that you're ready to quit work and let the U.S. Government support you!

Sounds like a mighty fine arrangement! Imagine ... gettin' paid jus' for bein' OLD!

Bang! Bang! I gotcha, Blackie! You're dead!

I'll be the crook, and you guys chase me through the abandoned warehouse!

Ain't fair! You get to be the crook every day! It's my turn!

Raise your hands, Mr.!

I—I would if I could ... but I can't! My lumbago is killin' me!

In my prime, I found John Dillinger's gun moll! What did YOU find, Old Timer?

Me? Ah found somethin' that beats that eight ways to Sunday! It's called Social See-cure-itty!

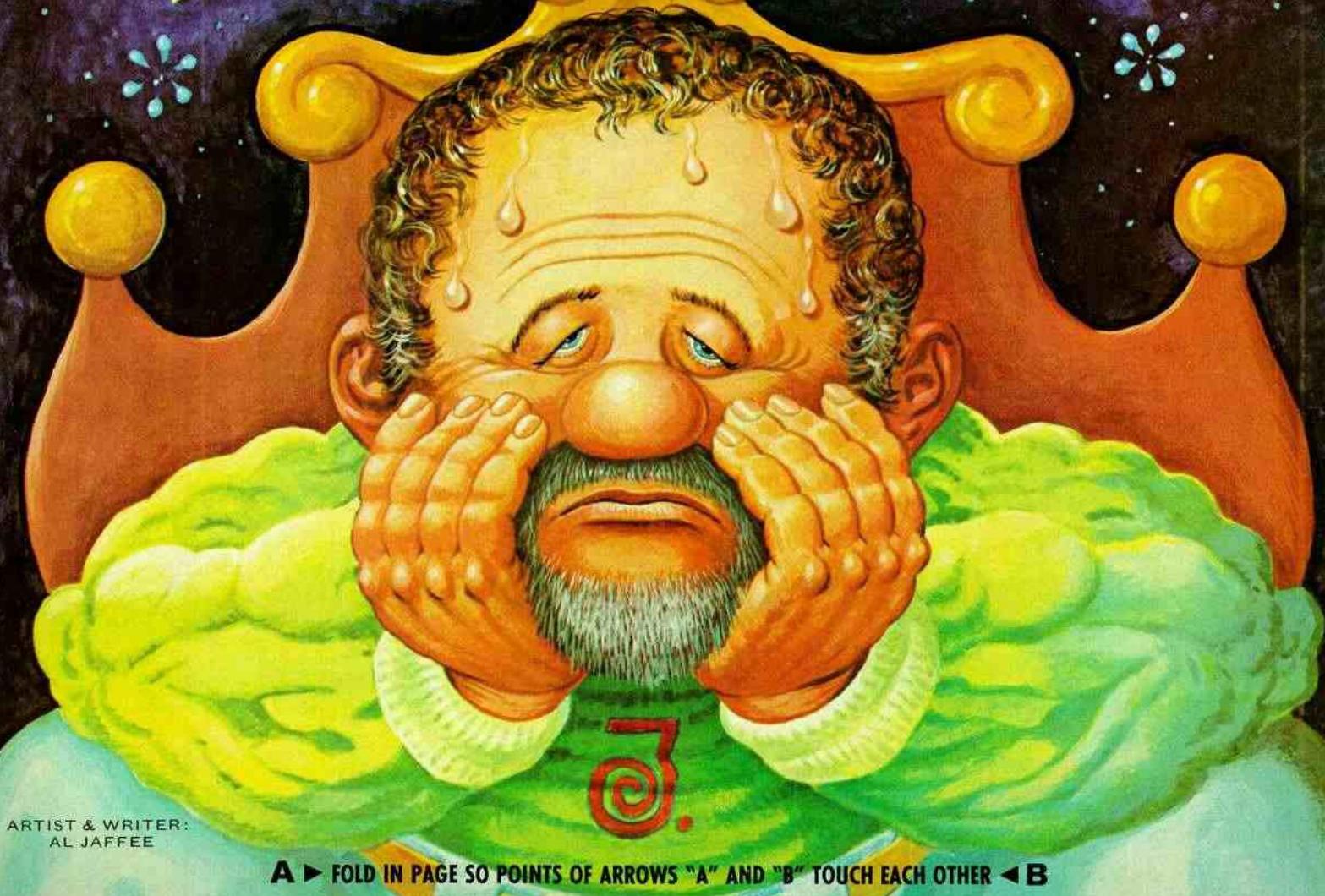


A ▶ DUMB
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MAD'S FOLD-IN
FOLDS
WITH THIS ISSUE

◀ B GROSS
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HUMOR
APPALLING IN PERIL
NO MORE IDEA
FOUL VITRIOL
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ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

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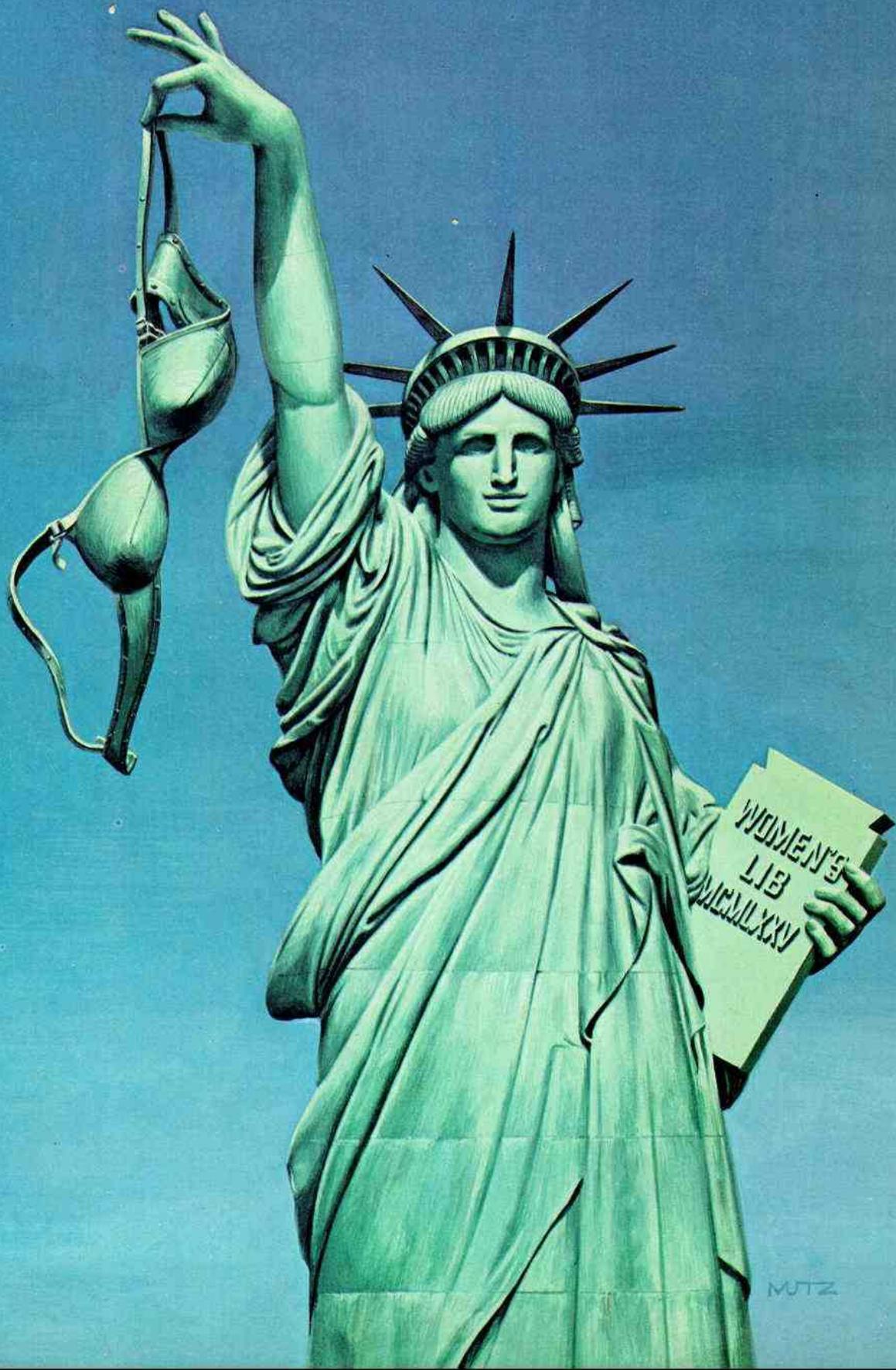
A>>B
DUMB GROSS
STUPID DOPEY
JERKY IDIOTIC
APRIL FOOL



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A>>B

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ANOTHER
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