

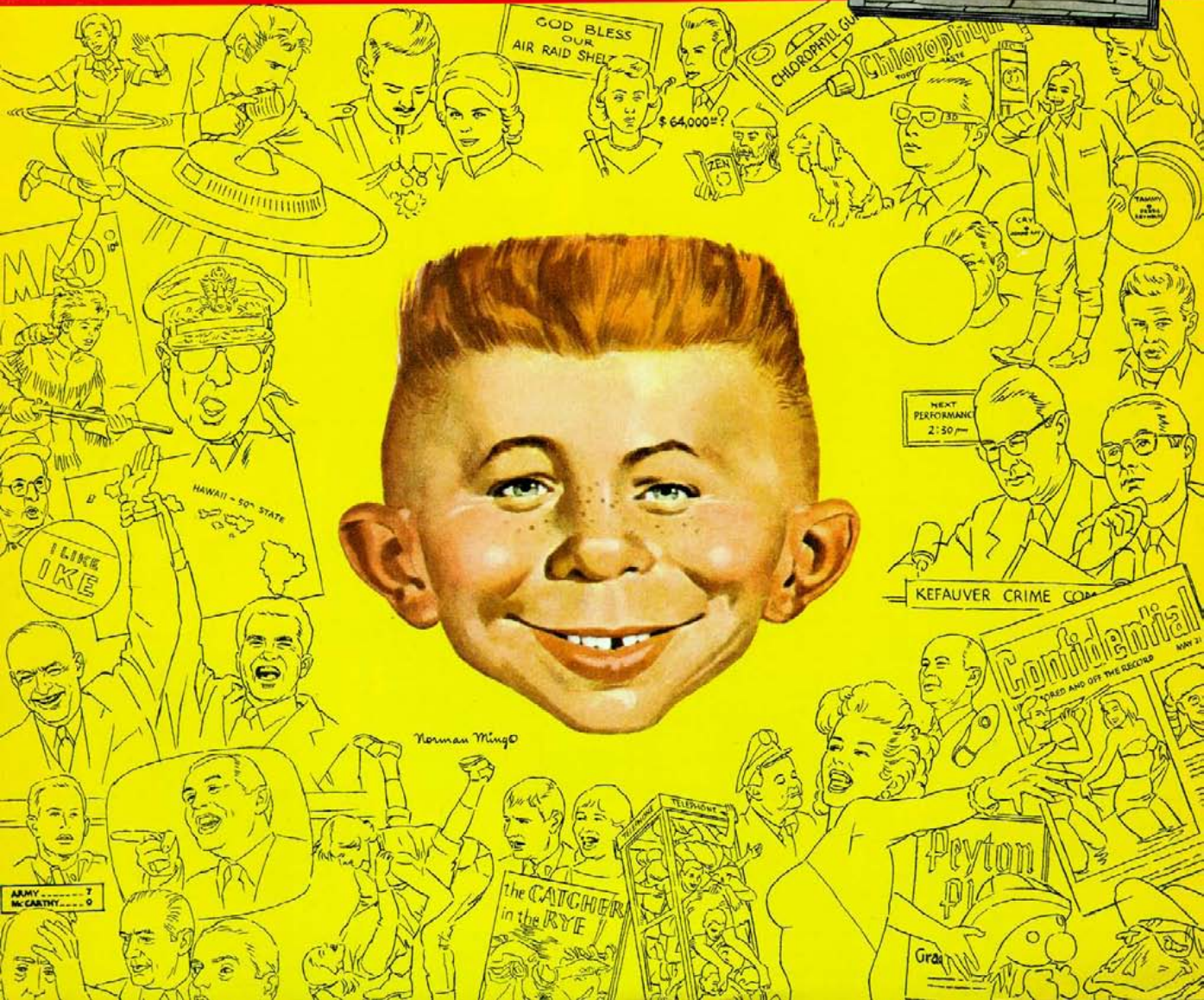
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NUMBER NINE

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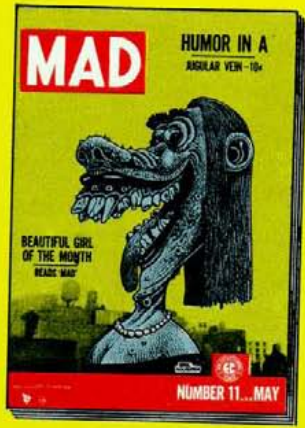
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MAD



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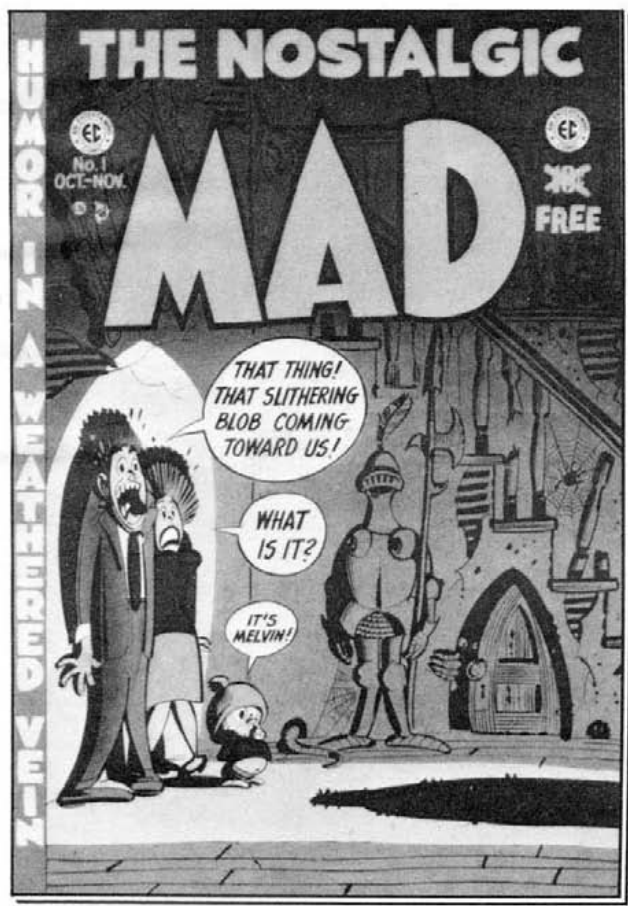
NUMBER NINE

"The trouble with most neighborhoods is that there are too many hoods in them, and not enough neighbors!"—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

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS



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DEPARTMENTS

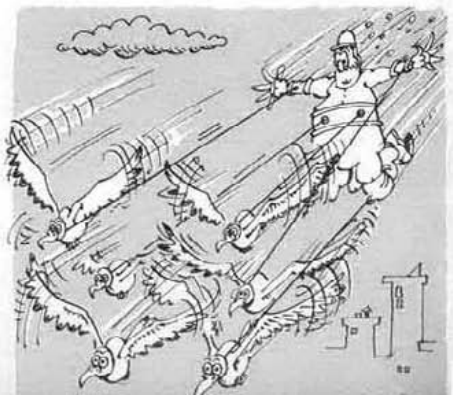
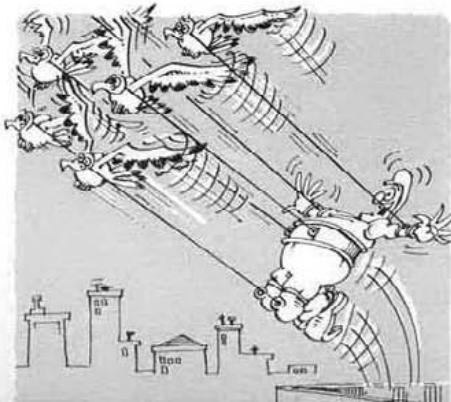
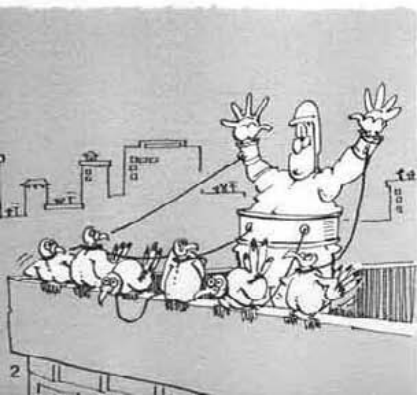
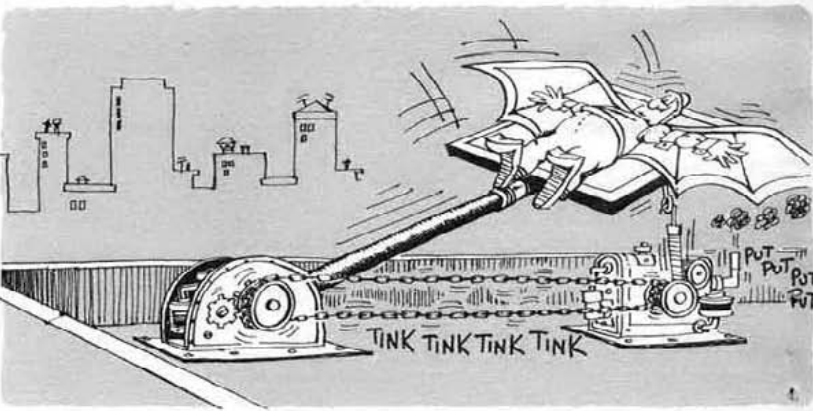
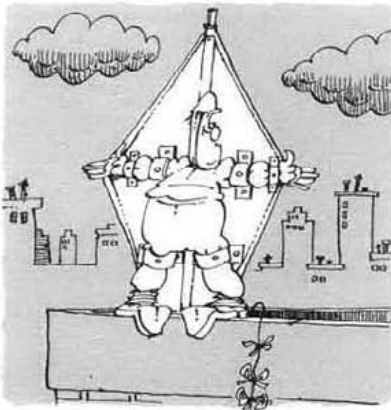
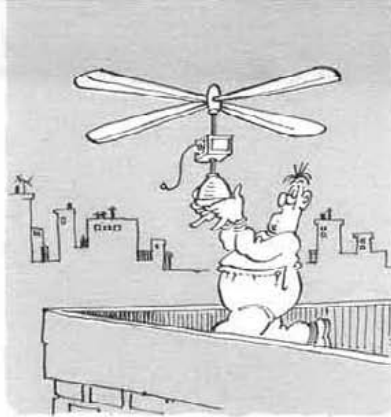
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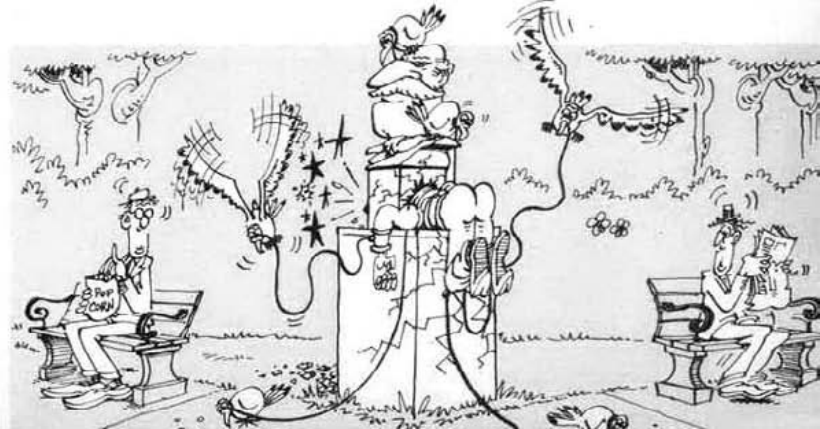
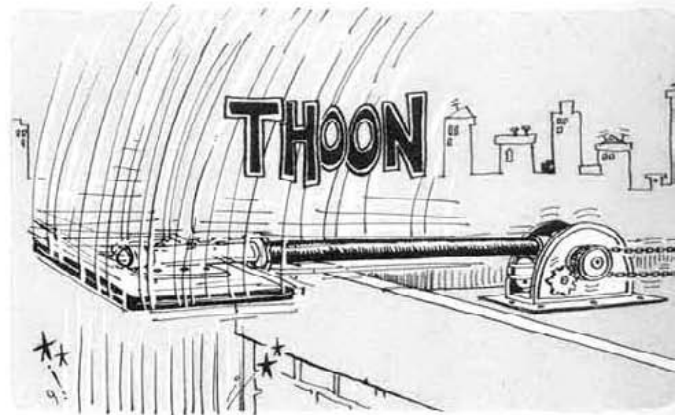
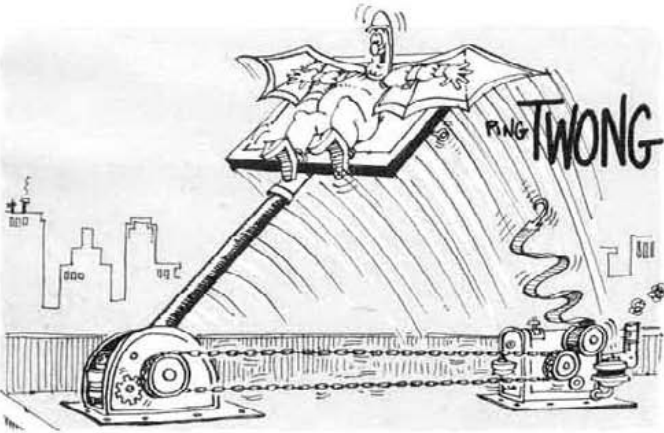
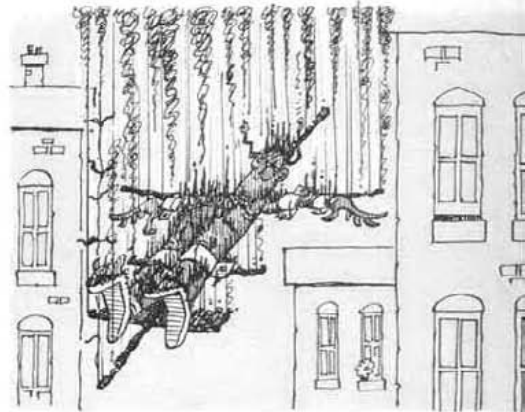
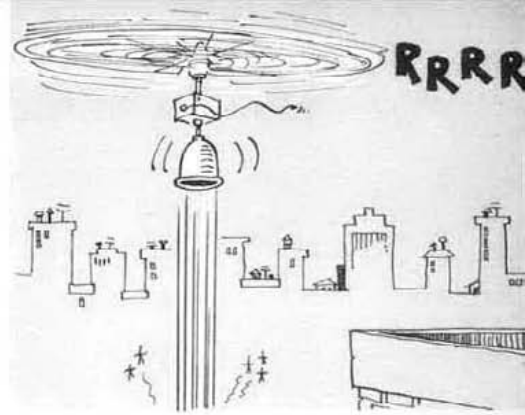
UP, UP AND OY-VAY DEPARTMENT Don Martin Tries 8 New Ways To Fly	2
GOBBLE THE GOOK DEPARTMENT MAD's Chemical Banquet	6
TOILET ARTICLE DEPARTMENT Some Legendary Medicine Cabinets	8
SWEEP UNDER THE SHRUG DEPARTMENT When "No Opinion" People Are Majority	11
LOWEST COMMON DENUNCIATOR DEPARTMENT Criticism For The Common Man	14
KNIGHT-SHTICK DEPARTMENT "Can A Lot" (A MAD Musical)	17
ROAD SHOW DEPARTMENT The MAD Plan To Beautify America	24
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT The Lighter Side Of American Tourists	28
	The Lighter Side Of The Generation Gap58
SPORT N' BLOOD DEPARTMENT The MAD Ice Hockey Primer	33
TONGUE IN CHECK DEPARTMENT Me And My Big Mouth	36
PEN-AND-INCULCATION DEPARTMENT If Comics Covered Issues Of The Day	38
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT The Hunters	41
	In a Fancy Restaurant63
	In An Italian Restaurant80
SHIFTING IN-RE-VERSE DEPARTMENT The MAD Poetry Round Robin	42
INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT Behind The Scenes At An Airport	46
GOD HELP US, EVERY ONE! DEPARTMENT Christmas Is	48
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT Spy vs. Spy	51, 75
SPOOKING OF PICTURES DEPARTMENT Horrifying Cliches	52
MANIKIN-DEPRESSIVE DEPARTMENT A MAD Look At Realistic Dolls	55
POLL-TAXED DEPARTMENT Polls And Surveys Through History	64
FOOD FOR THWART DEPARTMENT A MAD Look At Frustration	66
TEENY-COPPERS DEPARTMENT "The Odd Squad" (TV Satire)	70
DISPLAY AS YOU GO DEPARTMENT Signs Of Status	76
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT "Drawn-Out Dramas" by Aragones	**

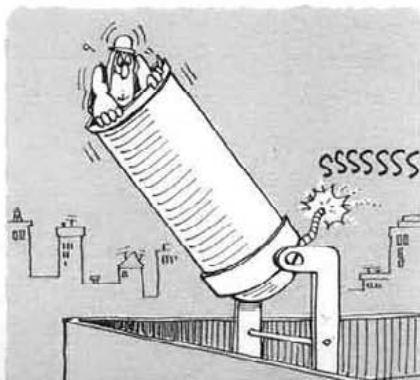
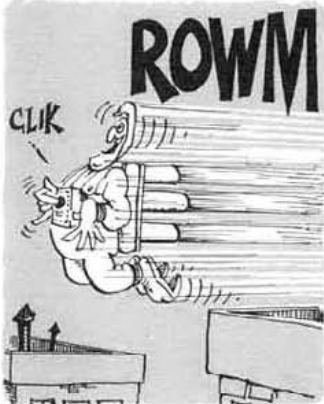
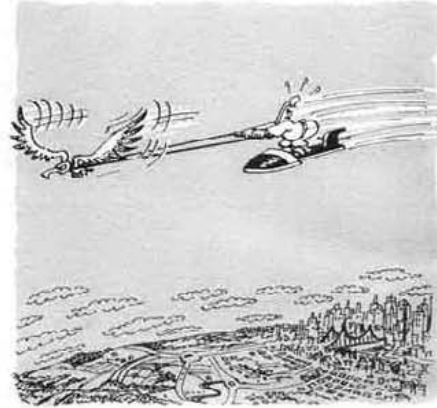
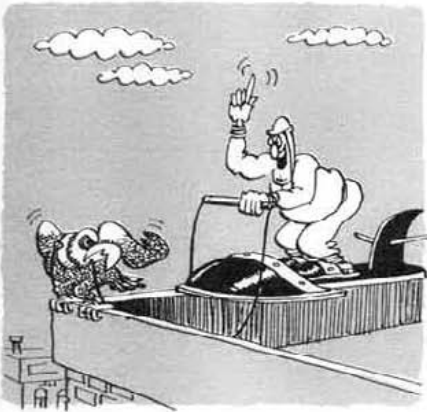
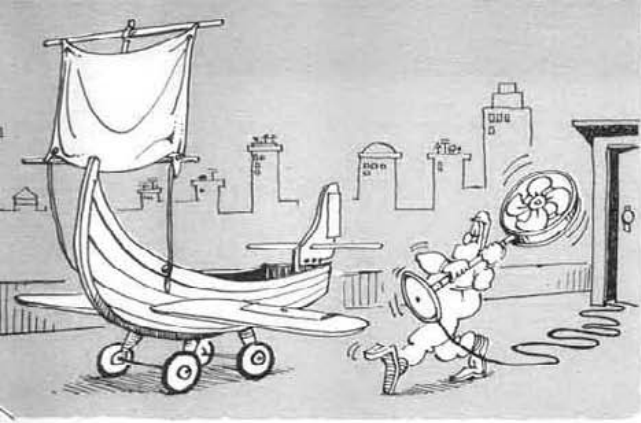
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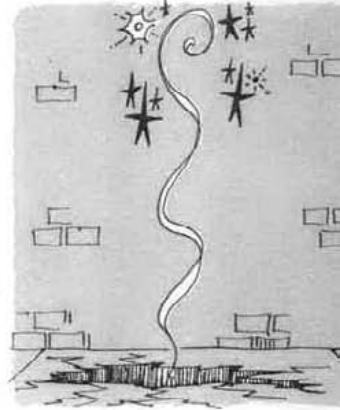
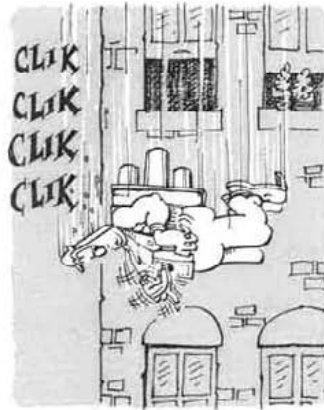
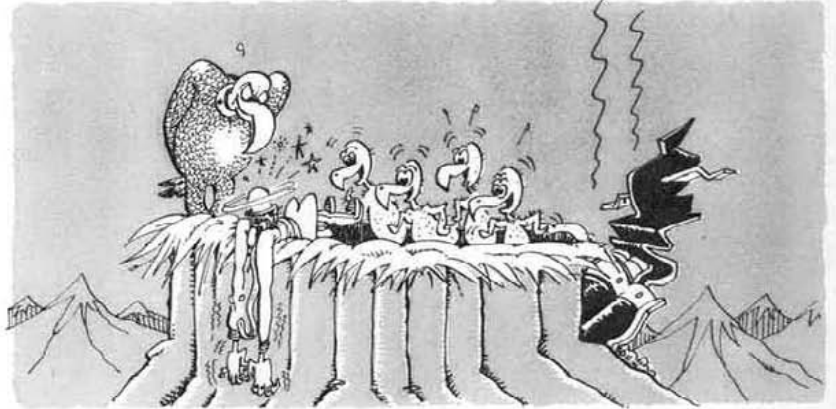
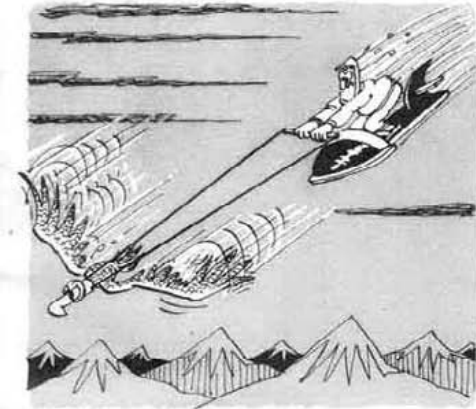
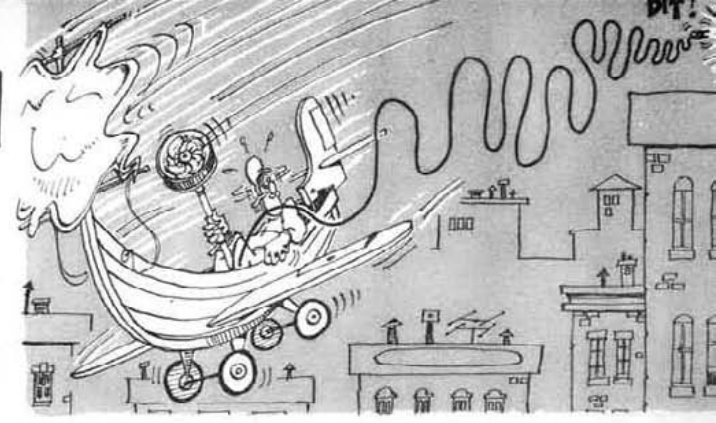
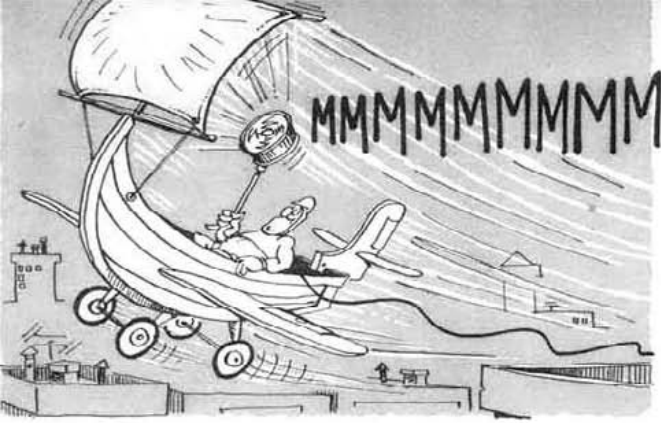
UP, UP AND OY-VAY DEPT.

DON MARTIN TRIES 8 NEW WAYS TO FLY







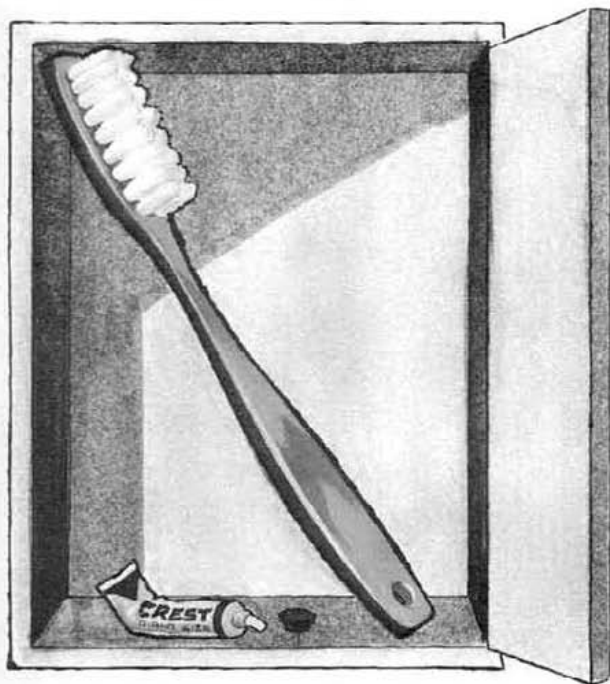


A MAD PEEK INTO SOME...

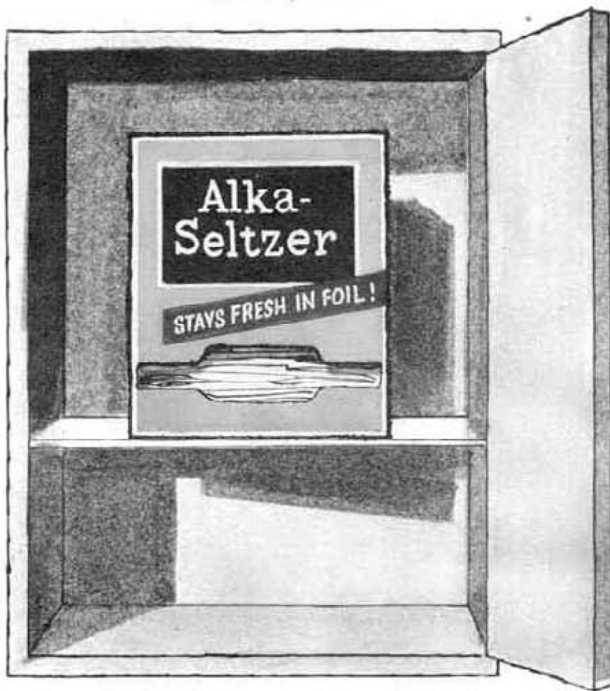
LEGENDARY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Paul Bunyan



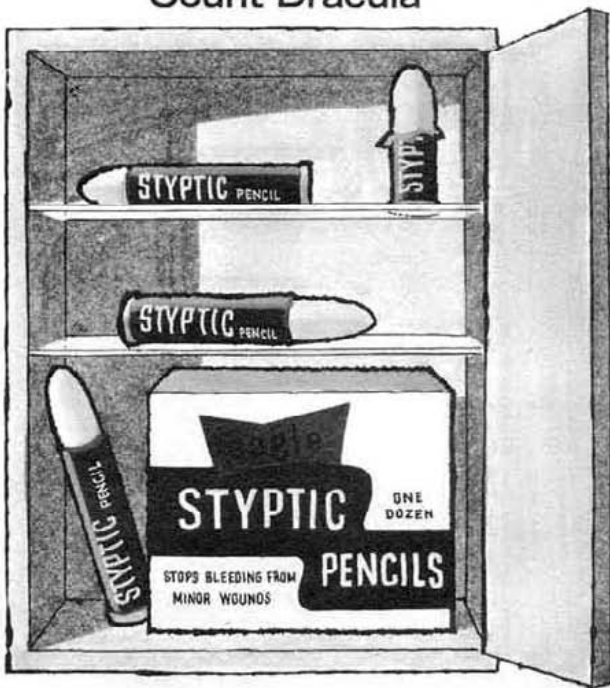
Bacchus



Robinson Crusoe



Count Dracula



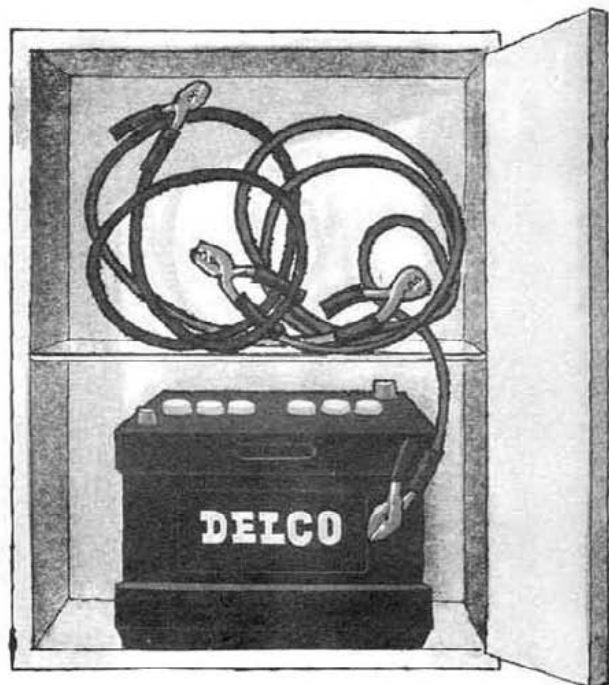
MEDICINE CABINETS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

Atlas



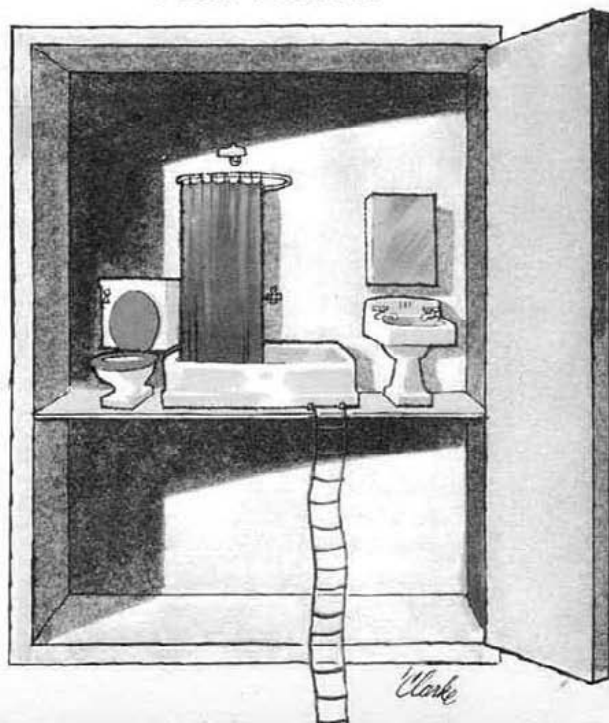
The Frankenstein Monster



Cyclops



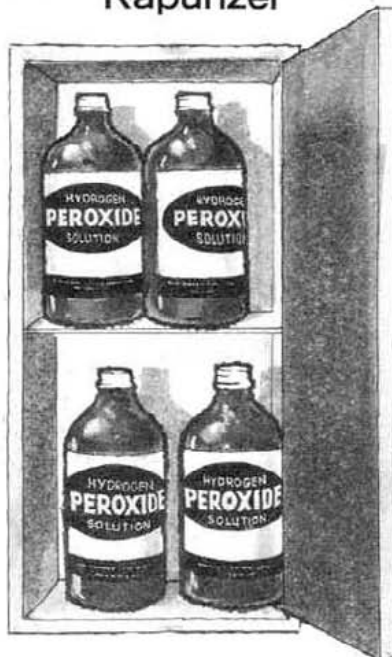
Tom Thumb



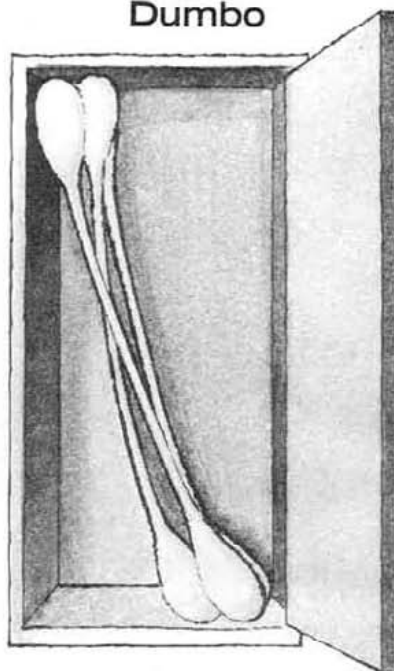
Rip Van Winkle



Rapunzel



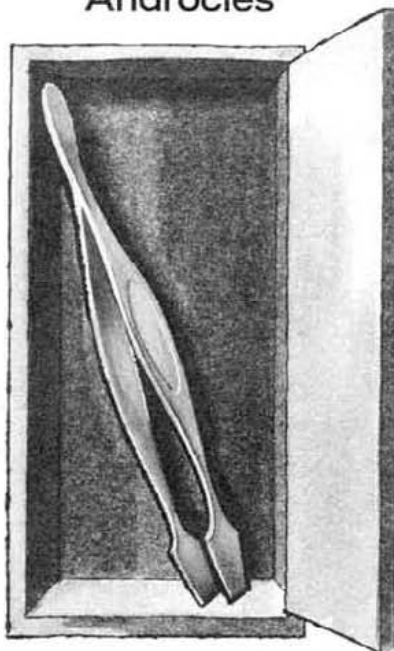
Dumbo



Pinocchio



Androcles



The Ancient Mariner



Is it fair that only movies, plays and books are reviewed . . . when most of us will never direct a movie or act in a play or write a

book? Suppose the same kind of reviewing techniques were applied to everyday performances? Then we might have something a lot like these

CRITICISMS FOR THE CO

Student Literature

MISS FAZULE COMPLETES COMPOSITION ON PETS

by Basil English

"My Kitty," the latest composition by Gloria Fazule, mirrors the complex ambivalence of the authoress's mind in a manner to which none but her richly obfuscating native idiom lends itself.

In sparse prose, Miss Fazule depicts the dark and brooding unnatural love of a seven-year-old girl for her cunning feline "companion."

Few writers have successfully achieved the ultimate fusion of identities between woman and beast as has Miss Fazule when she writes, "I luv my Kitty." Notice, if you will, the use of the prosaic word "Kitty"—not "Cat" as a lesser writer would have used. For "Kitty" implies innocence not yet betrayed . . . a clear forest pool un sullied by the dead leaves and pollution of experience.

The very structure of her sentences aims at a microcosmic synthesis of the opposing forces that inspire the overall pattern of Miss Fazule's work. She is surely conscious of the imperiousness of her demands when she laments, "I wish my Kitty would youse the littur box."

Gloria Fazule, struggling with the world no man has made, yet never attempting to abandon it, has constructed many worlds within it—permanently fresh and strange—as when she writes, "I want my Kitty to play with me but she wont. She rather go out and play with uther cats."

Miss Fazule's previous compositions, "My New Kitten," and her never-to-be-forgotten "My Kitten Plays With A Ball of Wull" showed the budding talent of a sensitive observer of the ever-changing history of man's relationship to the mystical non-verbal world of the beast. In "My Kitty," Gloria Fazule shows her growth and maturity as a writer. She has at last emerged into the pantheon of composition-writing "Greats"!

A rumor persists that Miss Fazule is currently working on still another provocative composition, perhaps her most ambitious work to date, entitled "Duz Anybody Want Some Kittens?"

Youth Movements

Laura Burnbaum Cleans Room

by N. E. Momandad

Laura Burnbaum has conducted an experiment in lassitude in cleaning her room, second story, rear, at 114 Hudson Street.

It took courage for Laura to undertake the task—the same courage displayed by Hercules when he cleaned the Aegean stables. Because Miss Burnbaum's room was approximately in the same condition as the Aegean stables before the Greek performed his Herculean feat.

Miss Burnbaum is a room cleaner of the "Obvious Movement School", and her type of work has been seen before. She began her performance with shelf-dusting, using the traditional man's undershirt as a dust rag. In a rare display of enthusiasm, she actually moved her collection of stuffed animals to dust beneath them.

Her vacuuming of the floor, however, was somewhat lacking in inspiration. She ran the vacuum cleaner solely over the areas visible to the naked eye (Namely, her Mother's!), leaving entire areas (Under her bed, for example!) untouched, to await a future performance.

Miss Burnbaum did a credible job of window-washing, until the Lavis ran out, the Windex being inaccessible—in the kitchen closet . . . downstairs! She then resorted to the time-honored technique of breathing on the glass prior to wiping, which she accomplished with the aid of her brother's discarded pajama bottoms.

For a finale, Miss Burnbaum selected unwanted memorabilia from her dresser drawers, dividing them into two distinct piles on the floor. Then, with sober and resolute evaluation, she contemplated the "might as well hold on to" pile, which included an 8 by 10 glossy photo of Ringo Starr, and returned it to her dresser drawer. The "got to go" pile, which included a letter from a girl who had the bunk next to her in Summer camp in 1963, was consigned to the waiting and seldom-used waste basket.

Seconds later, she dumped the contents of the basket into her dresser drawer and pushed it shut with an air of satisfaction and accomplishment.

Miss Burnbaum's room cleaning, while far from a masterpiece, remains an important event, not likely to be repeated until she marries in seven or eight years.

WRITER: ALPHONSE NORMANDIA

COMMON MAN

Business Communications

L. C. CRANSTON WRITES A NEW INTER-OFFICE MEMO

by Mimi Graff

It is a distinct pleasure for me to review the latest Inter-Office Memo of Mr. L. C. Cranston, whose works I have admired ever since I was a young up-start, painfully trying to teach myself the fine art of Memo-Writing. Even then, Mr. Cranston was a famous Memo-Writer. And, unlike many "flash-in-the-pan" Memo-Writers who write one or two great Memos and then rest on their laurels ever after, L. C. Cranston has remained in the forefront, constantly writing one great Memo after another—Memos which have become standards for all fledgling Memo-Writers to emulate.

Mr. Cranston's style has undergone subtle changes through the years. His flowery prose of the 50's, while right for the climate of those times, is inappropriate today. Consider one of his earlier Memos on "Getting To Work On Time"...

It has come to the attention of the management that some of our company's loyal and trusted employees have been over-extending their prerogatives of employment in regard to the hour of arrival at work prescribed by the . . . (etc.)

In contrast, notice the terse, almost sparse writing in this, his latest (and in my opinion, his greatest) Memo. He begins directly with, "To All Personnel! NOW HEAR THIS!!" No effete intellectualizing here. Pithy, and to the point.

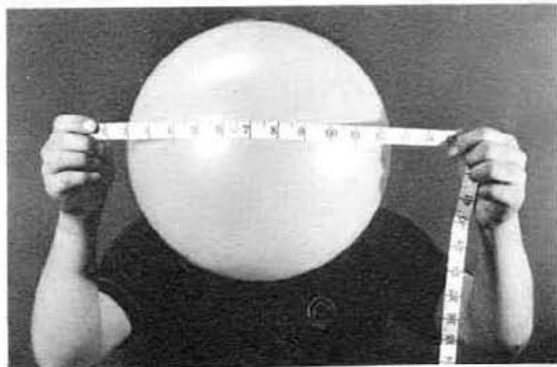
The bulk of the Memo magnificently sums up the problem of "Office Supply Waste." No words are wasted on frivolous digressions. Implied are all the hopes and fears of a benevolent company adrift in the stormy seas of increased competition and rising costs, about to flounder on the shoals of falling profits. Mr. Cranston synthesizes all of this as he writes, "Stop wasting paper clips!!"

L. C. Cranston is a rare individual of our times, a man who has found his place, a place of greatness, with his Memo pad. In concluding his latest work, he once again reiterates the classic phrase he has used time and time again with such telling effect: "PAPER CLIPS IS MONEY!!!"

They just don't write Inter-Office Memos like that anymore.

Gum-Chewing

LEONARD HUMPERDINK BLOWS MASSIVE BUBBLE



by B. Chnutt Fleer

It is indeed a rarity in this era of speed and assembly line mechanization to find someone pursuing his craft in the time-honored tradition. This is how Leonard J. Humperdink chews his bubble gum. Slowly, Carefully, Honestly. For Leonard J. Humperdink is a master bubble gum chewer of the old school.

Although Humperdink, a Junior at Austin Hoople High School, is a bubble gum chewer in the classical tradition, he is entirely self-taught. He has evolved his mastication technique through trial and error. And an intensely personal technique it is.

Humperdink unwraps his bubble gum with his left hand, gently flicking the enclosed little comic strip into the palm of his right hand with his thumb. Then, while reading the adventures of Bazooka Joe and His Gang, Humperdink nonchalantly flips the square of gum onto his tongue, using an inverted double twist.

However, Humperdink does not immediately begin to chew, as many tyro chewers are wont to do. He pushes the gum about in his mouth, softening it slowly until the gum has reached the proper consistency. (It is at this point, of course, that the gum is now referred to as a "wad.")

Humperdink's first actual bite is a down-chew, with the gum in the center of his lower teeth. His second bite is a "mouth right," and his third bite is a "mouth left." No random chewer is Leonard Humperdink. He chews to release the flavor of the "wad" evenly and deliberately over all of his taste buds. He chews at the rate of one closure every eight seconds. This is the actual chewing formula recommended by the late, great Wrigley Dentine, whose book, "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Gum-Chewing But Were Afraid To Ask," remains the definitive work in the field.

Making a small pocket in the "wad" with his tongue, Humperdink then proceeds to exhale between his teeth, causing a "bubble" of gum to issue forth. As more air is forced into the pocket, the bubble grows in size. On this occasion, Humperdink's tour de force reached a full 26 inches in diameter.

While this is startling, it is not half as impressive as the ever-present resulting explosion, an ear-shattering "SPLATT!" of deafening proportions.

I am sure that, with the additional experience that only time can bring, Leonard Humperdink will one day learn to re-inhale the massive bubbles he makes before they burst. For an exploded bubble of two feet or more makes a rather nasty mess.

Katherine O'Leary Bakes Meat Loaf

by Igor May

Last Saturday evening, the jaded palate of this reviewer experienced the exquisite cuisine of Mrs. Patrick O'Leary, and my taste buds are still a-quiver over the specialité de la maison, "Meat Loaf O'Leary."

I have had exemplary Meat Loaf before. Particularly memorable was the twelve-foot Meat Loaf of Mess Sergeant Alphonso "Cooky" Raab, served *al fresco* at Camp Pickett, Virginia in 1957. Nor will I ever forget a Snake Meat Loaf served under somewhat unusual circumstances last Summer in Death Valley, California. But "Meat Loaf O'Leary" is not just a good Meat Loaf, it is a *great* Meat Loaf!

The circumstances of the gourmet dinner I attended undoubtedly added to the luster of the evening. The dining area was tastefully done in alternating harp-and-shamrock wallpaper, upon which was hung Kelly-green framed oil portraits of St. Patrick, St. Brendan and St. Michael. Patrick (Pat) O'Leary, proud husband of the prize recipe holder and kitchen savant, presided over the table, surrounded by eight red-headed, freckle-faced, voracious, plate-rapping children, Grandmother O'Leary and a man whose name I never did catch. It was amidst this warmth and happy tumult that Katherine O'Leary brought out her memorable culinary triumph.

Nothing makes a dish taste better than an attractive presentation. And Mrs. O'Leary's Meat Loaf is no exception. It is always laced with brandy prior to serving, and set aflame. And it is, indeed, a spectacular sight to see "Meat Loaf O'Leary Flambee," the flames highlighting the green of the meat. Yes, Mrs. O'Leary, in true culinary showmanship, always tints her meat green with a harmless vegetable dye.

Each portion is garnished with Potatoes O'Leary (Idaho potatoes boiled in beer), and Broccoli O'Leary (tender broccoli stalks glazed with a gin and brown sugar sauce.)

The recipe for Meat Loaf O'Leary has been passed down from mother to daughter for seven centuries, and it was only after persistent persuasion on my part that Mrs. O'Leary finally gave me permission to reproduce it here.

MEAT LOAF O'LEARY

2 pounds ground meat	1 pound ground osso bucco
14 cloves garlic, whole	18 onions, ground
1 tamale, finely chopped	3 cups cornflakes, whole
12 tablespoons salt	1 pound chocolate kisses

Mix ingredients until smoothly blended.

Form into loaf with garden trowel, place in moderate oven (350°).

Very important: ADD 1 QUART WHISKEY

Bake for 6½ to 12 hours.

Dinner is served at the O'Leary's as early as 3:00 P.M. and as late as 11:00 P.M., depending upon Patrolman O'Leary's tour of duty for the week at the 39th Precinct. Dinner guests would be wise to confirm their reservations.

THADDEUS J. SCHMUTZ PAINTS 80 HURON ROAD

by Moe Digliani

There is virtue in being an amateur. Not knowing the rules and paths already traveled, one is free to take new roads—to go in new directions. Thaddeus J. Schmutz, who painted the exterior of his house at 80 Huron Road, is an amateur housepainter. He is entirely self-taught. His work shows flashes of brilliance (His "paint-stirring" brings to the surface what other housepainters leave at the bottom of the can!) and spurts of mediocrity (His "dropcloth-spreading" over the foundation plantings was sadly inadequate, causing untold damage to his driveway, which is now permanently splotted with gobs of white paint!). But whatever he does, Schmutz paints audaciously. He is not afraid to try.

Schmutz's "paint-scraping" is magnificent, although he has a tendency to choke up on the handle of the scraper. His use of the putty knife can be compared favorably to the famous work of W. "Studs" Kleinschord, the almost legendary housepainter of yesteryear who could only paint on rainy days.

Although Schmutz's housepainting had previously been limited to interior work, notably his bedroom (sadly, a failure because of a bucket of purple paint spilled on the bed), and his kitchen (a commendable effort despite his splattering red paint on the stove and refrigerator), he has approached the painting of the exterior at 80 Huron Road with that devil-may-care nonchalance so typical of the creative amateur. Not being hampered by conventional rules, Schmutz was free to innovate, to experiment creatively. And this is how art evolves—through men who are not afraid to try.

Schmutz, in painting his home, decided to blaze a new trail through the traditions of housepainting. From ancient times to today, housepainters have used small brushes when painting around windows, being very careful not to get paint on the panes. If spots of paint accidentally spattered on the glass, they were wiped off immediately.

And this is where Schmutz's brilliance was demonstrated. He reasoned that he could save hours of time by painting the entire window, glass and all—then simply wipe the paint from the panes. And this he set about doing, painting the entire house non-stop, window glass included, planning to wipe the panes clean when he was finished.

Unfortunately, we will never know if Schmutz's brilliant theory was sound. One thing we do know, his ladder wasn't! At the height of his triumph, he fell from his defective ladder, ending up with white paint on his wisteria—and himself in the hospital.

Naturally, during his enforced sojourn in the hospital, the paint on the window panes dried thoroughly, and Mrs. Schmutz, apparently fed up, packed her belongings and left forever. The taxi driver who took her to the station heard her say, "I'll be darned if I'll live in a house with solid white window panes!"

Thus ended Thaddeus's noble experiment. Whether it succeeded or not is of little import. What is important is that Mr. Schmutz was not afraid to try.

**WHAT GIFT
WILL MANY
HOLIDAY
PARTY
REVELERS
PICK UP ON
THE DRIVE
HOME?**

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

The Holiday Season brings gay rounds of partying and good fellowship. And it also brings a special problem: that "Surprise Gift" many party revelers usually pick up on the drive home. To find out what this last-minute gift is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A †

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

† B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**AFTER THE TYPICAL, WILD OFFICE CHRISTMAS
PARTY, REVELERS HEADING FOR CARS FILL THE AIR
OF WINTER WITH CAREFREE LAUGHTER AND JOYOUS SONGS**

A †

† B

A MAD NATIONAL MONUMENT WE'D LIKE TO SEE

"THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SMOKER"

