

THE NINTH ANNUAL EDITION OF THE WORST FROM

MAD

A COLLECTION OF HUMOR, SATIRE
AND GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES

OUR PRICE

50c

CHEAP



PLUS A SPECIAL FREE BONUS WITH A WILD NEW SOUND:
ALFRED E. NEUMAN VOCALIZES
ON A REAL 33 1/3 RPM RECORD



These 15 Razor Blade Manufacturers just had a close shave!



...mainly because this imported Stainless Steel blade nearly knocked them all out of business! Suddenly, Americans discovered that "the sharpest edges ever honed" weren't quite—and it wasn't necessary to "push-pull, click-click—change blades that quick" any more, something the English, Swedes and Swiss have known for decades. However, in the spirit of open competition, with typical American ingenuity, these manufacturers are now turning out stainless steel blades ■ finally replacing their old inferior soft steel blades they've been milking the public with for years.

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THE *WORST* FROM MAD

A Collection Of Humor, Satire and Garbage From Past Issues

"Sometimes the best scheme for doubling your money is to fold it in half and stuff it back in your wallet!"—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

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MAD is often asked why it doesn't have expensive full-color three-page fold-outs the way other high-class magazines like "Life" and "Playboy" have. There are two reasons for this! One: MAD is against ostentatious, snobbish, status-seeking gimmicks, and Two: MAD is cheap! So here instead is our economy-minded black-and-white one-page

MAD FOLD-IN



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT

FOLD THIS SECTION BACK TO RIGHT



Elizabeth Taylor, looking radiantly beautiful at the premiere of her latest film, is positively enchanted by

escort Richard Burton, who glows in the knowledge that he is the only one in her heart, and that she is his.

Meanwhile, people push and shove for autographs while police try to keep them in check! Hey! Take a look at

the handsome young stranger in the crowd moving in for his chance. Obviously, he's destined to be next in line.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LESTER SPATZERED KRAUS

**I'm the guy who puts
eight great tomatoes
in that
little bitty can!!**

All day long – squashing, squooshing, slamming, splattering . . . Yecch, what a mess! Thank goodness it's my last week at this gooky job! Next week my company starts using a new-type can, and I'll be able to stuff those eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can without ending up looking like I've been attacked with a meat cleaver. Mainly because our new "little bitty can" expands into a "biggy wiggy can" like an accordion.

