

MAD

No. 52

Our Price

25¢

Cheap

Jan. '60



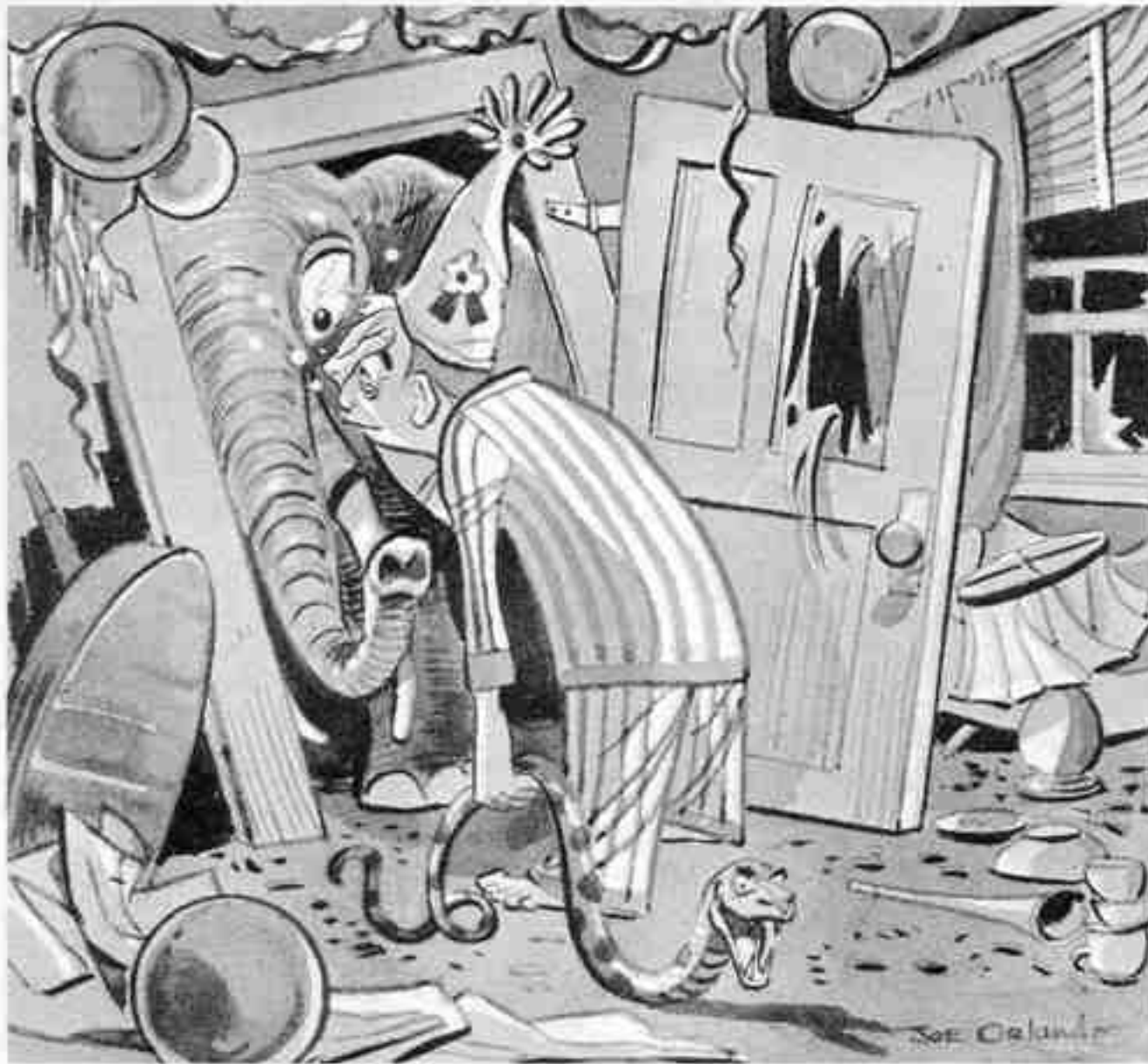
KELLY
FREAS



Got it!

And you know you've got it. Hubby out with that other woman. A once-in-a-lifetime shot you and your lawyer can't afford to miss. And you won't with the Parloraid Land Camera. Because just 60 seconds after you snap the shutter, you have your finished picture. And 60 seconds after that, you're in a Divorce Court with an air-tight case against your two-timing husband. Parloraid Land Cameras, from \$74.95 or \$1.50 weekly. Alimony payments from \$10,000 or \$200 weekly (in pennies, if hubby's the spiteful type).

JANUARY



Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

*Pour a dose of Pepto-Bismol,
Toast the New Year with a swallow!
Sick of slushy January?
Wait and see the months that follow!*

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

FEBRUARY



Especially Painted for MAD by Bob Clarke

*Leap Year month means one more day of
Winter's gloom and things that tire us:
Like those women catching men, while
Clods like us are catching virus!*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29					

MARCH



Especially Painted for MAD by Wallace Wood

*Poets who praise winds of March should
Meet their ends in bloody ways:
Caught by girls who wear short skirts, and
Angry men who wear toupees!*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

APRIL



Especially Painted for MAD by Frank Kelly Freas

*Sing, you fool, of April showers!
Sing of how they help the buds!
When you're singing from your rooftop,
We'll row by—come April floods!*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 2
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

IN ONE YEAR AND OUT THE OTHER DEPT.



I WASN'T IN THE LAST ISSUE BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO SEE WHAT THE MAIL RESPONSE TO MY FIRST APPEARANCE WOULD BE LIKE!

Frankly, we're getting sick of those calendars that come out every year! You know, the kind that show gorgeous pin-up girls with hardly anything . . . oops! Wrong kind of calendar! We're certainly not getting sick of *those*! But we are getting sick of those calendars with nauseating pictures, and even more nauseating poems which try to prove how much more wonderful each month is than the one before. So we've decided to come out with our *own* nauseating calendar, which won't try to prove *anything*! Except, maybe, that nineteen-sixty is gonna be *another* miserable year!



THE MAD 1960



CALENDAR

DIRECTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING THE MAD 1960 CALENDAR



Tear out page 4 from mag, and cut months along dotted lines.



Tear out pages 6 and 7, and cut months along dotted lines.



Paste page 7 back together so you can read what's on page 8.



Forget whole idea and go get a decent pin-up girl calendar.



MAY

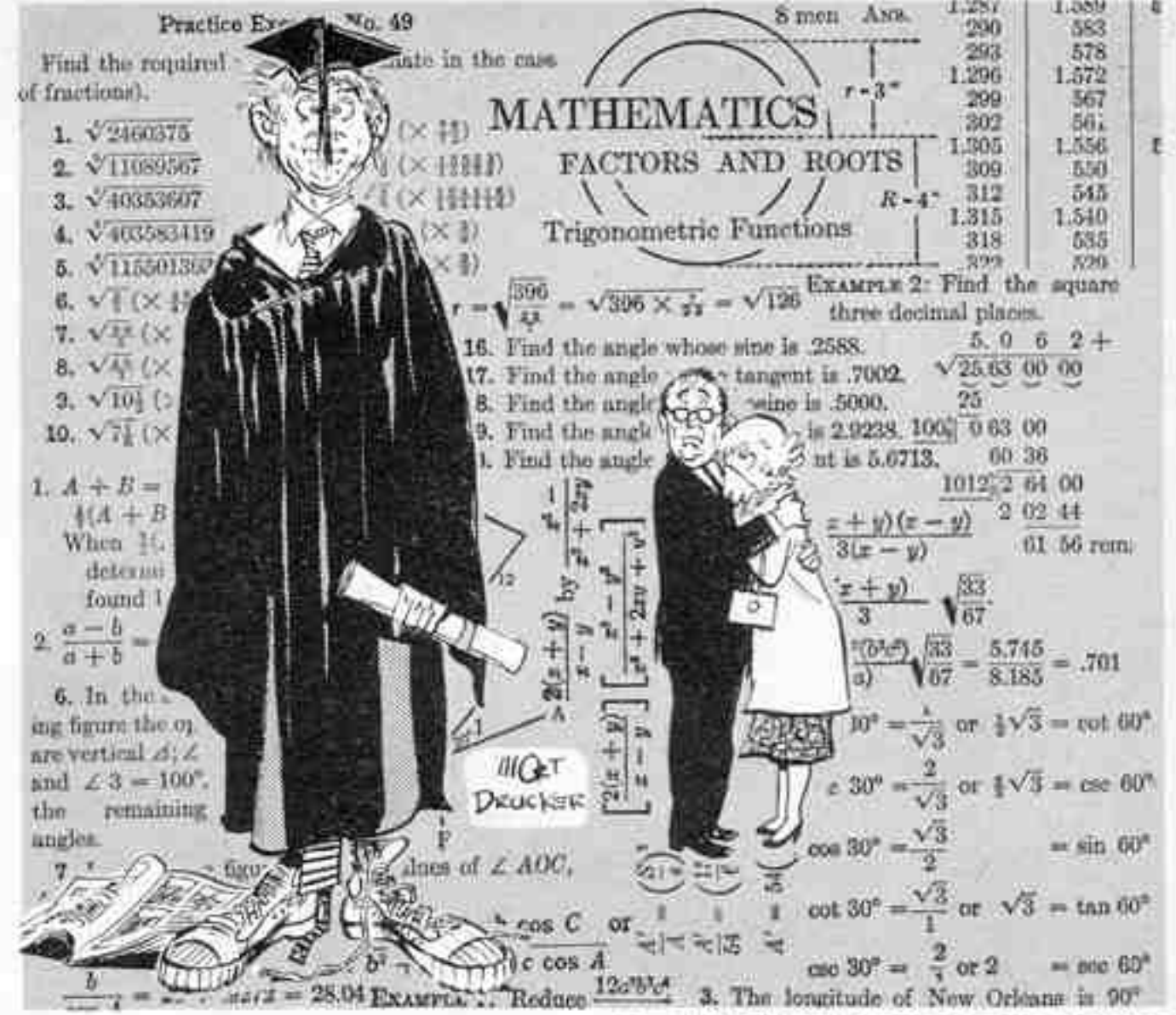


Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Go pick flowers, nature lovers,
May has on her verdant cloak!
Take your choice, what will you have now:
Poison ivy or poison oak?

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

JUNE



Especially Painted for MAD by Mort Drucker

Clod of 30, graduating!
This much, friend, we will acknowledge:
If, till now, school's been tough going,
Wait till you get into college!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

JULY



Especially Painted for MAD by David Berg

This month's best for summer driving!
Start out early: six o'clock!
That way, there won't be much traffic
Going once around the block!

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

AUGUST



Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Every Summer has it's "dog days!"
This month has the "doggie!"
Why should we waste clever rhymes on
Stupid months like August?

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

SEPTEMBER



Especially Painted for MAD by George Woodbridge

*If you choke on stifling air that
Summer constantly conceives,
Fall is here! Cheer up! You're free to
Choke on smoke of burning leaves!*

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

OCTOBER



Especially Painted for MAD by Wallace Wood

*Halloween's the time for pranks, so
Keep your eye on every tot!
Oops, there goes your gate! Your house! Say—
How's your new split-level lot?*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

NOVEMBER



Especially Painted for MAD by Don Martin

*Stuff your gut with tons of food and
Then collapse while muscles pound.
Don't claim Thanksgiving's the reason!
You eat this way all year 'round!*

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

DECEMBER



Especially Painted for MAD by Bob Clarke

*Close the year with gifts and cards to
People you detest and curse!
If you think '60 was bad, friend,
'61 will be much worse!*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

INSIDE PITCH DEPT.

It seems as though the grey flannel set is getting desperate these days. Lately, everywhere you look—be it sides of busses, backs of menus, fronts of matchbooks, inside ball parks, outside ball parks, trash receptacles, beer coasters or roller coasters—you see an advertisement. Today, the ad men are searching frantically for any usable space which might be utilized for commercial pitches. We hear that even hotel room walls are being considered as spots where ads could be placed for greater impact. MAD foresees where it could all end if advertising men go for broke to get their message across in . . .

NEW

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

IN BARROOMS

GEN'S

WHEN YOU ORDER
YOUR NEXT DRINK,
ASK THE MAN FOR:
Tummy-Seltzer

FOR QUICK RELIEF
OF MISERIES DUE TO
OVERINDULGENCE!

IF
YOU PLAN TO
DRIVE
IN YOUR CONDITION
CANCEL
YOUR CAR INSURANCE
WITH
**MUTUAL OF
MUNCIE
FIRST!**



YOU WERE DUE HOME HOURS AGO!

SQUARE IT
WITH THE
LITTLE WOMAN
WITH A
Bouquet
FROM
**FURD & FURD
FLORISTS**

IN PRISON CELLS

NEED TO REORGANIZE
YOUR OPERATION
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
WHEN YOU'RE SPRUNG?

CALL
APEX
FOR
BONDED AND EXPERIENCED

- TORPEDOES
- GUN MOLLS
- STRONG ARM BOYS
- SAFE CRACKERS
- FINKS

APEX
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY



WHEN YOU CLEAR THE WALL
HEAD STRAIGHT FOR
COWZNOFSKI MOTORS
FOR A TOP DEAL ON
AN
**O. K.
RECONDITIONED
GETAWAY
CAR.**

WITH ESCAPE ARTISTS
WHO PREFER THE BEST

**IT'S
WILBY'S
FILES
AND HACK SAWS
2-TO-1**



SO I'M BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!
MAINLY THEY GOT ONE LETTER!
FROM A GUY NAMED SAM POPULAR!

AD SPACES

WRITER: TOM KOCH

IN AIRLINERS

COMMERCIAL
AIRLINE ACCIDENTS
TOOK
573
LIVES
LAST YEAR!
**PLAY
SAFE!**
TAKE THE BUS
AND ARRIVE ALIVE
WITH US!
GRAYHOUND



NEXT TIME
TAKE ALONG A
**DROPWELL
PORTABLE
PARACHUTE**
IF THERE
IS
A NEXT TIME

ROUGH WEATHER AHEAD?
AIR
SICKNESS
can be unbearable
AGONY
UNLESS YOU TAKE
QUEASE-EASE
DON'T YOU WISH YOU'D
BROUGHT A BOX ALONG
NOW...
WHEN YOU ARE
GETTING SO
NAUSEOUS?

ON PAY ENVELOPES

NORTH AMERICAN
VEEBLEFETZER CO.
PAY ENVELOPE

NAME: Ralph C. Wretched
SALARY: \$90.00
DEDUCTIONS: \$82.27
NET SALARY: \$7.73

SQUANDER IT ALL
at
The Sitting Duck
TAVERN
Stop off on your way home, before
the old crow gets her paws on it!

YOU CAN RUN THIS
PITTANCE
INTO A
REAL BANKROLL
AT
DIRTY DAN'S
FLOATING
CRAP GAME



DISSATISFIED
WITH THIS
MISERABLE
WAGE
YOU EARN?
**ORGANIZE
NOW!**
International Brotherhood of
CLODS
Local No. 729 1/4

IN DRESSING ROOMS

Gain
Financial
Independence

BEFORE YOU'RE
TOO PUNCHY TO ENJOY IT!

**MAKE
BIG MONEY**

TAKING DIVES!

FOR DETAILS, CALL
LEW ESKIN'S
BOOKIE SYNDICATE

QU-3-3217

(Ask for Big Lew)



DON'T GO INTO THE RING
DEFENSELESS!

PACK EACH GLOVE WITH A
Lucky Brand
HORSESHOE

"Every One A Knockout!"

MADE OF FINEST TEMPERED
GERMAN STEEL

MAYBE YOU'D DO BETTER
IN THE
FLYWEIGHT CLASS!

REDUCE

THE MEDICALLY APPROVED WAY

at

VIC

LARDOFF'S

IN HOSPITAL ROOMS

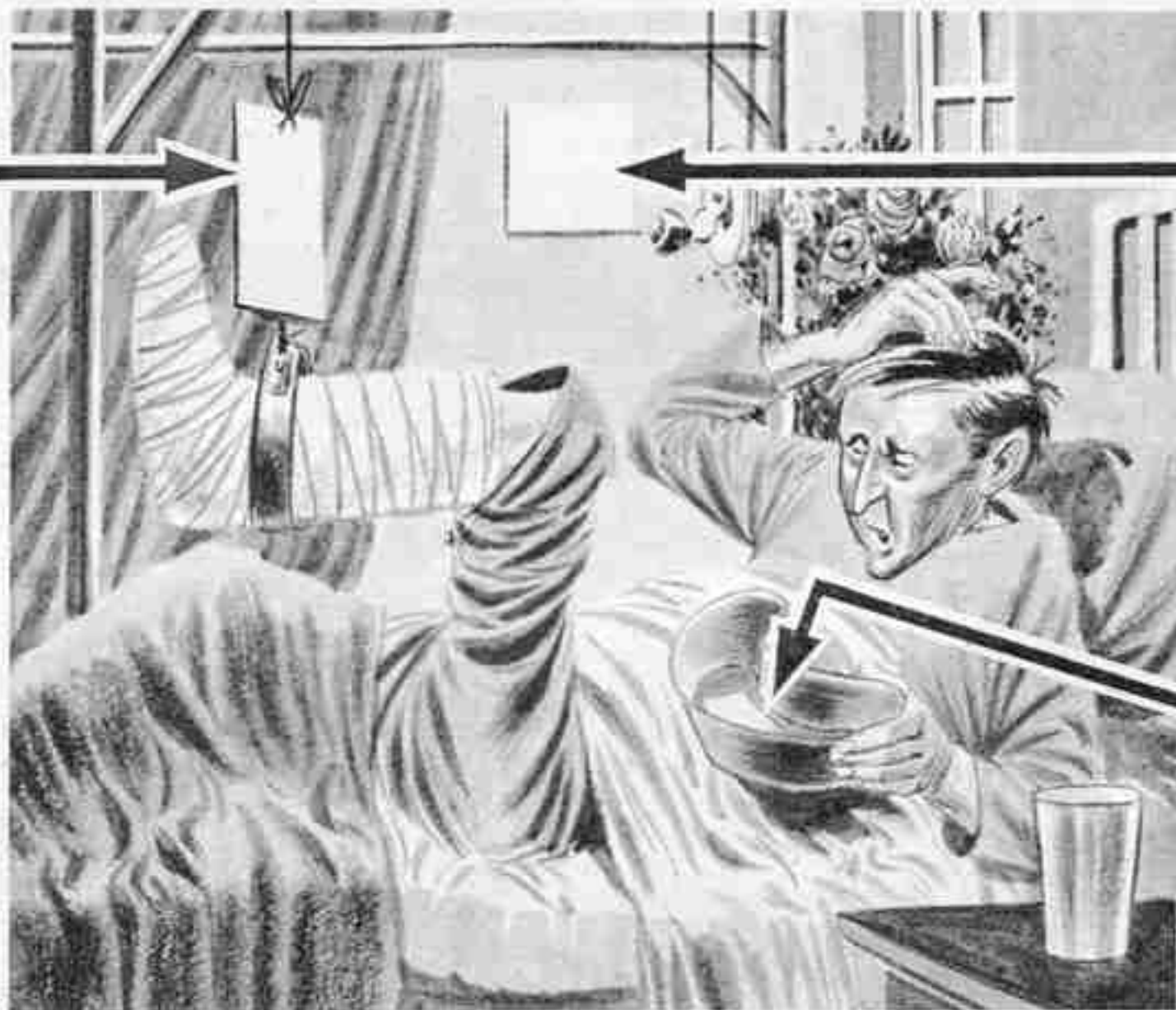
Each day in this
Hospital takes
you further into
**HOPELESS
DEBT!**

HIRE AN AMBULANCE
NOW

AND HAVE THEM DRIVE
YOU TO

THE GREAT
NORTHERN
FINANCE CO.

FOR A FRIENDLY
HIGH-INTEREST
LOAN



DON'T PUT THOSE
IMPORTANT FINAL
ARRANGEMENTS
IN THE HANDS OF THE
INCOMPETANTS
YOU LEAVE BEHIND!

DO IT YOURSELF

TODAY!

TOMORROW MAY BE
TOO LATE!

Dormant Schlepp & Sons
Licensed Morticians

"Your last wise move"

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THE
THOUGHT-PROVOKING ARTICLE

"IS YOUR DOCTOR
USING YOU FOR A
GUINEA PIG?"

in the current issue of
The Readers' Digest

IN GOVT. BUILDINGS

BACK TAXES
Got You
UPSET?

END IT ALL WITH A
Wise & Heimer
.38 REVOLVER



GOLD MEDAL AWARD
INTERNATIONAL
RUSSIAN
ROULETTE
FESTIVAL

ENDORSED
BY
LEADING
SUICIDES
EVERYWHERE

U.S. INTERNAL
REVENUE
SERVICE

The World
Looks Brighter When
You Drink ...

OLD OVERSHOE

100 PROOF ** CONVENIENT HALF-GALLONS
FOR DROWNING MAJOR TROUBLES

SOLVE YOUR
TAX PROBLEMS
THE MODERN WAY!
FLY

to

**PARAGUAY
NOW!**

No Questions Asked.

Andy's Andes Airlines



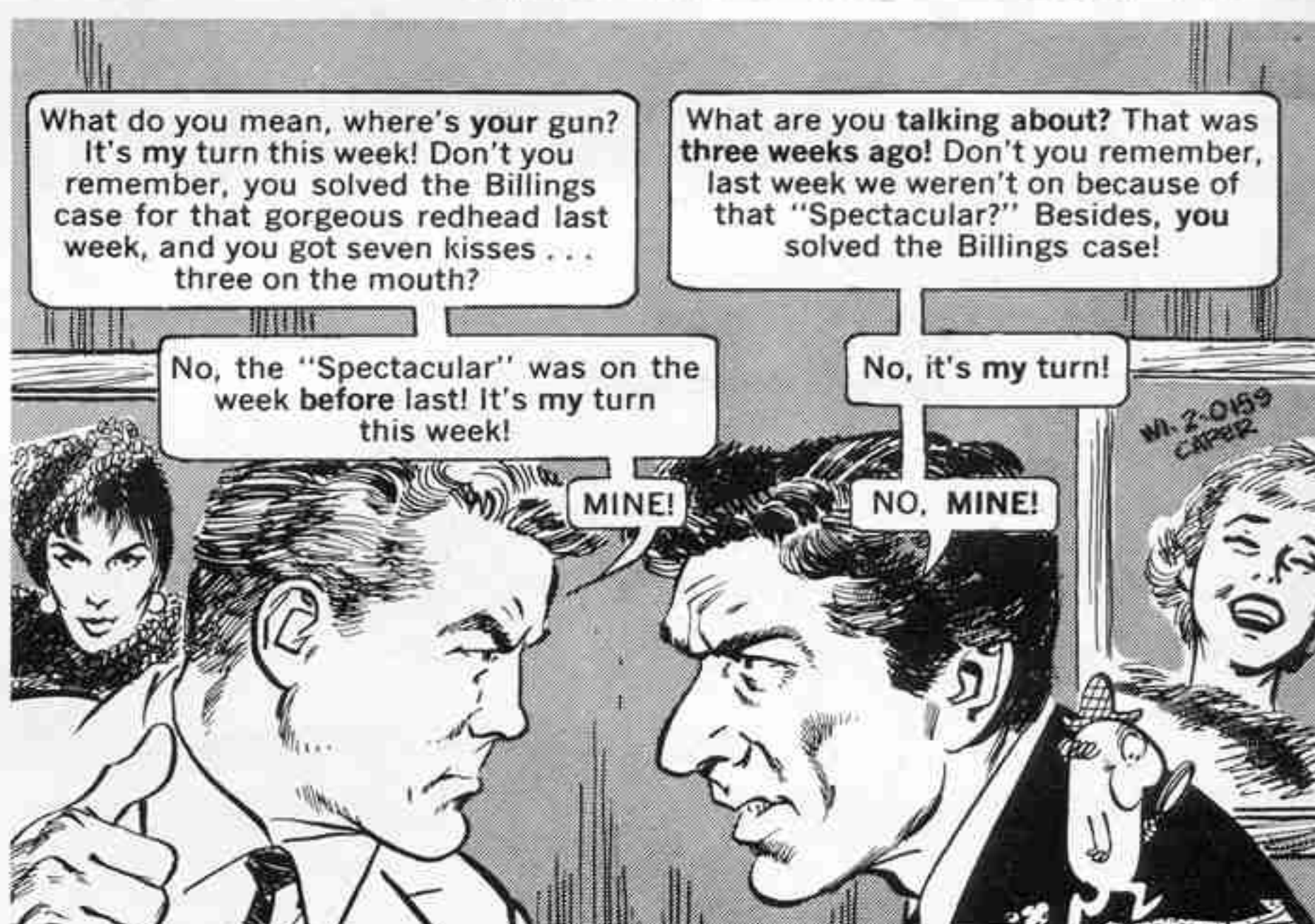
If you've never seen "777 Sunset Strip" on TV, you're obviously not a teenager! Each week on the show, two Private Eyes named Stew Daily and Jess Spence take turns solving cases. Supposedly, the one not handling the case on any given week is allowed to show himself occasionally, but he's kept in the background. Actually,

the one that is handling the case is kept in the background too! Because the main purpose of this program lately seems to be to find every possible excuse for sneaking in Koukie (a hip-talking, hair-combing car-parker) for the teenagers who are wild about him. Which is why a situation of near-catastrophe occurs on . . .

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

THE
NIGHT THAT
KOUKIE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS
from
777 SUNSET STRIP

(Clap-Clap)



But you don't understand! It's Koukie who's missing! For two days now! I'm the President of the Koukie Fan Club, and I'm going out of my mind! I've refused to speak one word of "hip" talk till he's found!

Koukie is missing? Our own loveable car-parking, hair-combing, hip-talking sloppy Koukie?

Wait! I'll check! Hello, Deano's? This is Jess Spence! Send over the car-boy with my auto keys!

Sir, it has been brought to my attention that you desire to regain possession of your automobile keys. Therefore it behooves me...

By George, she's right! Koukie is missing! Oh, if only she were pretty, I'd handle this case in a minute!

Koukie missing! I can't believe it! Why only last week the producer had promised to run English sub-titles so our grown-up viewers could understand him! And now... now he's gone! You've simply got to do something, Stew! It's your case!

No, Jess, it's your case! You were right! I did solve the Billings case last week!

No, Stew! It's your turn! You were right! The "Spectacular" was on last week

Gentlemen! Instead of arguing, how about establishing a motive?

Okay, Jess! It's your case, and I'll help you a little, which is permissible on this show. But you do the kissing!

No, it's your case, Stew, and I'll help you a little! Besides, I just discovered my lips are chapped!

I'll do the kissing! I'll kiss anyone for a price!

The way I figure it, in this case of yours, Jess, there are three people who have motives for wanting to do away with Koukie! I suggest that we question Angelo—The Barber, Mr. Brooks—brothers—The Clothier, and Miss Primm—The High School Teacher...

Good idea! I like the way you're handling your case so far, Stew!

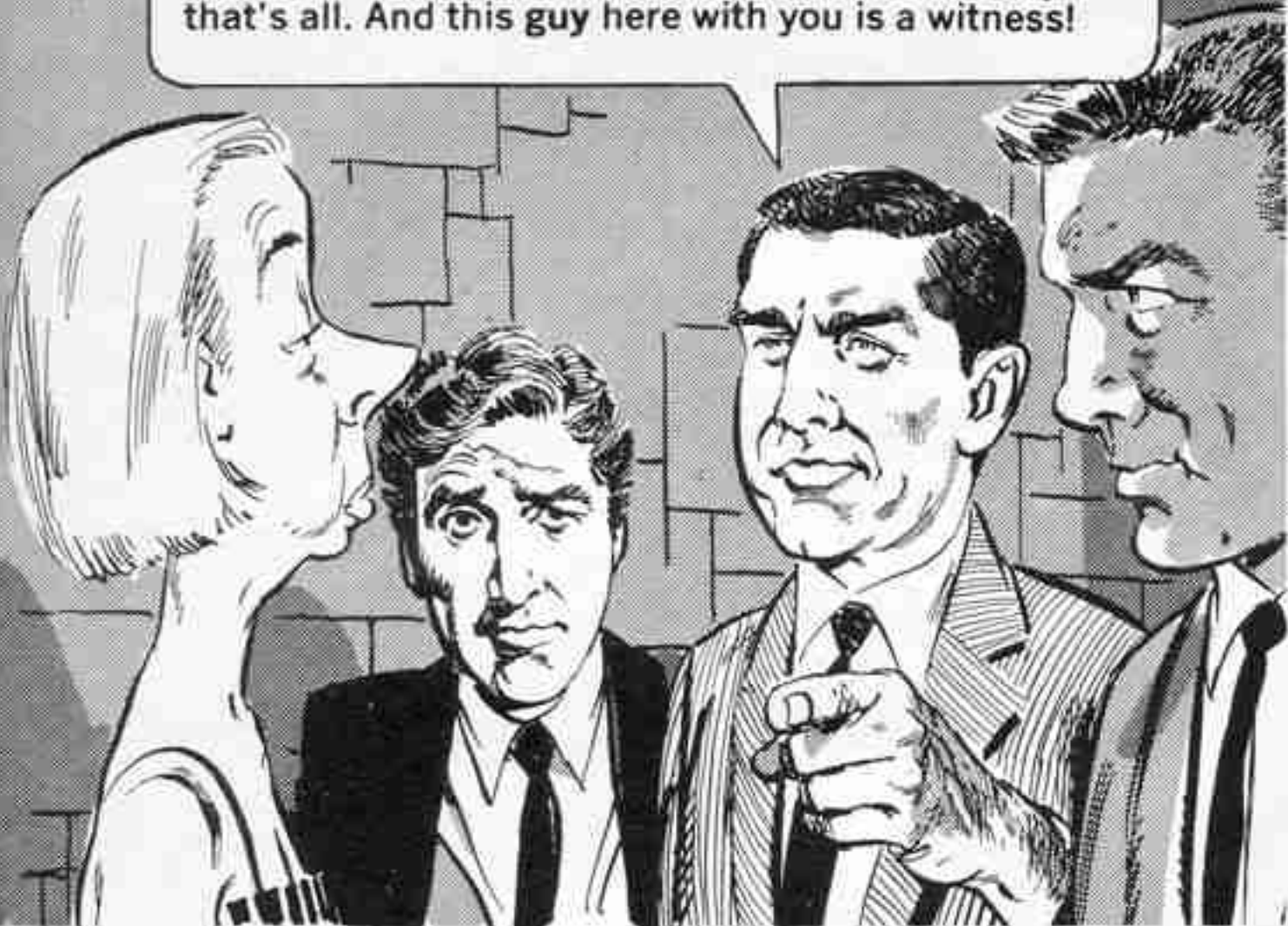
How does your mother feel about your leaving "Medic" to become "Paladin?"

How would you feel having to switch from "My son, the Doctor" to "My son, the Hired Killer?"

Hello, Angelo! How's business?

It's-a terrible! All-a high school boys- know how the girls-a worship this-a Koukie on your show, so they walk-a by the shop, an' they no stop! They just comb-a the hair! They no cut it! The hair maybe two, three feet long, but they just-a comb it! No cut it! Hey, how come you no replace that-a Koukie with-a Garry Moore, or-a George Gobel, or some-a other flathead?

Hi, fellers! I heard a rumor that you two are handling a non-glamorous female client. If it's true, and you're caught, you're in for a lot of trouble with the Union of TV Detectives. Just remember I warned both of you, that's all. And this guy here with you is a witness!



Okay . . . now, as we've proved, there are just **three likely suspects** for the perpetration of this terrible crime, Miss Primm! And . . .

Wrong, Daily and Spence! There are **two other even likelier suspects!** Miss . . . will you open that closet door, please?

Why it's our **Producer!**



KOUKIE!

Hi, chick! Hi, Dads! Man, I near flipped in that rags boiler! What I could dig now is a nice cool comb!



Man, wait till I sound the crazy good news buzzer! Koukie is back! This is Endsville!



Daily and Spence! You're both fired! You're also under arrest for kidnapping Koukie! Your motive was the strongest of all: **Jealousy!** You knew you were slowly losing the show to him, yet you weren't men enough to fight it out on an artistic level! Such as having songs written about you and your comb, appearing on teenage TV shows, and having hundreds of intellectual articles about you printed in the fan magazines, like "Koukie Reveals His Toothpaste Brand" and "Koukie Carries Out His Own Garbage" and "Why Koukie Loves Chinese Restaurants" . . .



Hey, Producer-Dad, like I mean I'm not bugged by these two squares! Like I mean don't make them split the scene! Like I mean get the pitch?

Anything you say, Koukie! Because from now on, this is **your** show! This office, the fancy convertibles, **everything is yours!** And now, I've got to get to work on my plan to run these English sub-titles when you talk. Boy, we'll really pull in them grown-up viewers!



Man, like I dig this new pad the most! It'll be like crazy doing the Sherlock bit, and lippping the cool chicks! Well, I guess I'll cut out now! Later . . .



INDEED, I CERTAINLY AM FOND OF MY NEW OFFICE. IT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL BEING A DETECTIVE AND GETTING THE OPPORTUNITY TO KISS SOME NICE YOUNG LADIES. WELL, I THINK I'LL LEAVE NOW. GOODBYE.

Thanks for the wheels, Dads. I've got something on the front burner, so I'm going to cool it! No refueling, now, but I may cop a slurg later. You dig how it is when you've got the Zorros and you can't pick up on the "Z"s? **CRAZY!**



WE REGRET THAT SOMETHING HAS OBVIOUSLY GONE WRONG WITH THE SOUND ON THIS PROGRAM. PLEASE STAND BY WHILE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS ARE BEING MADE.

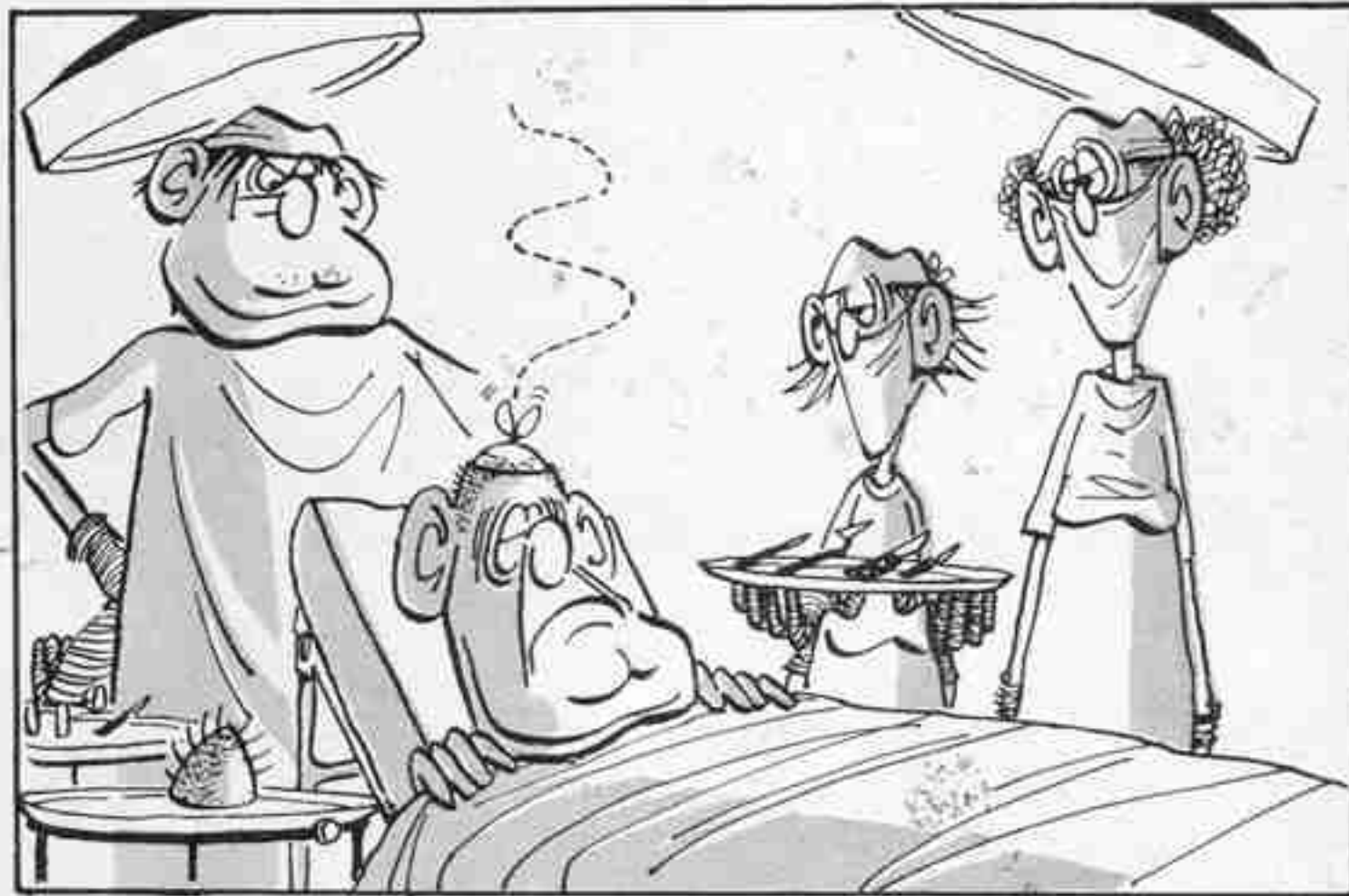
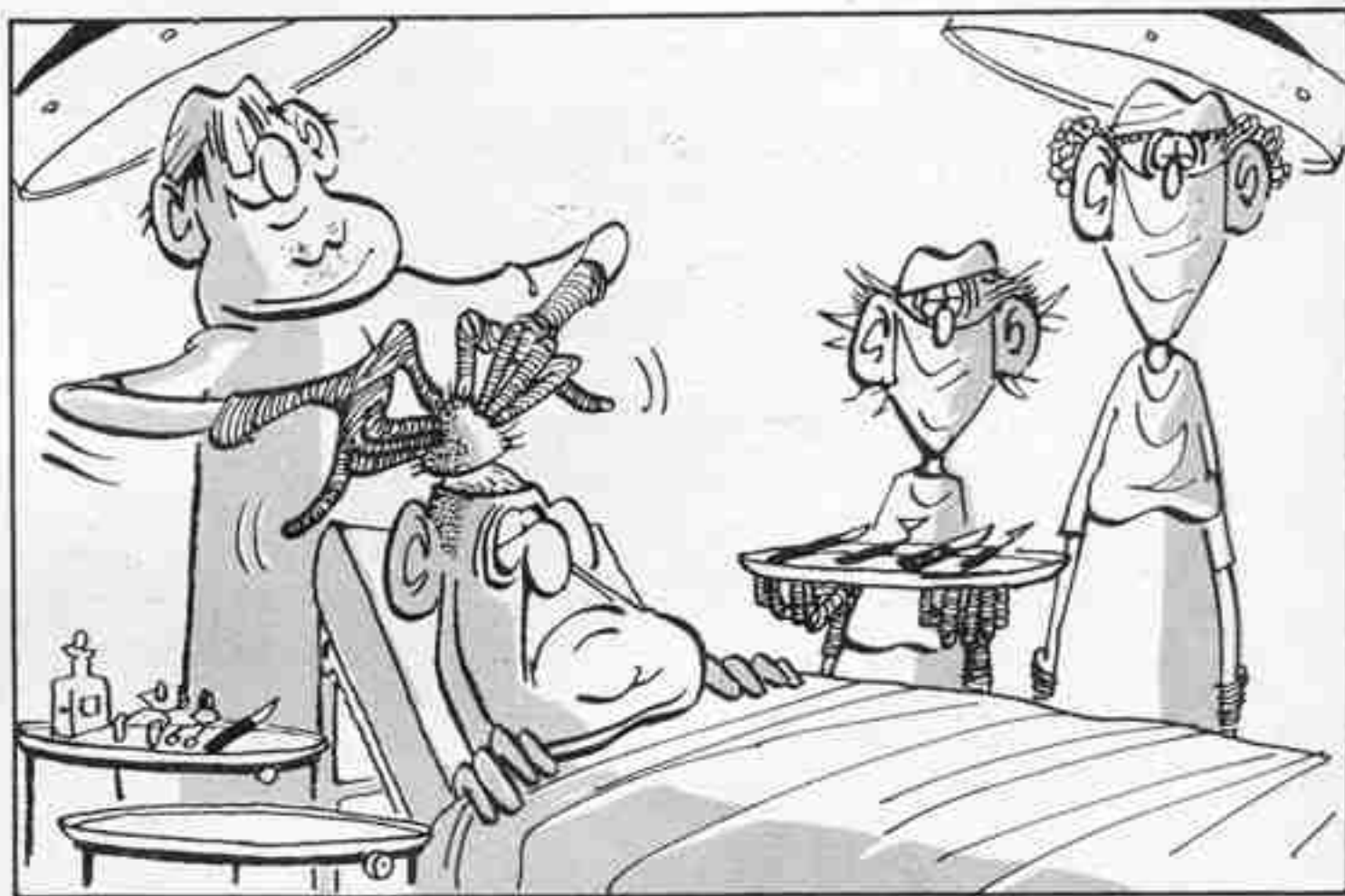


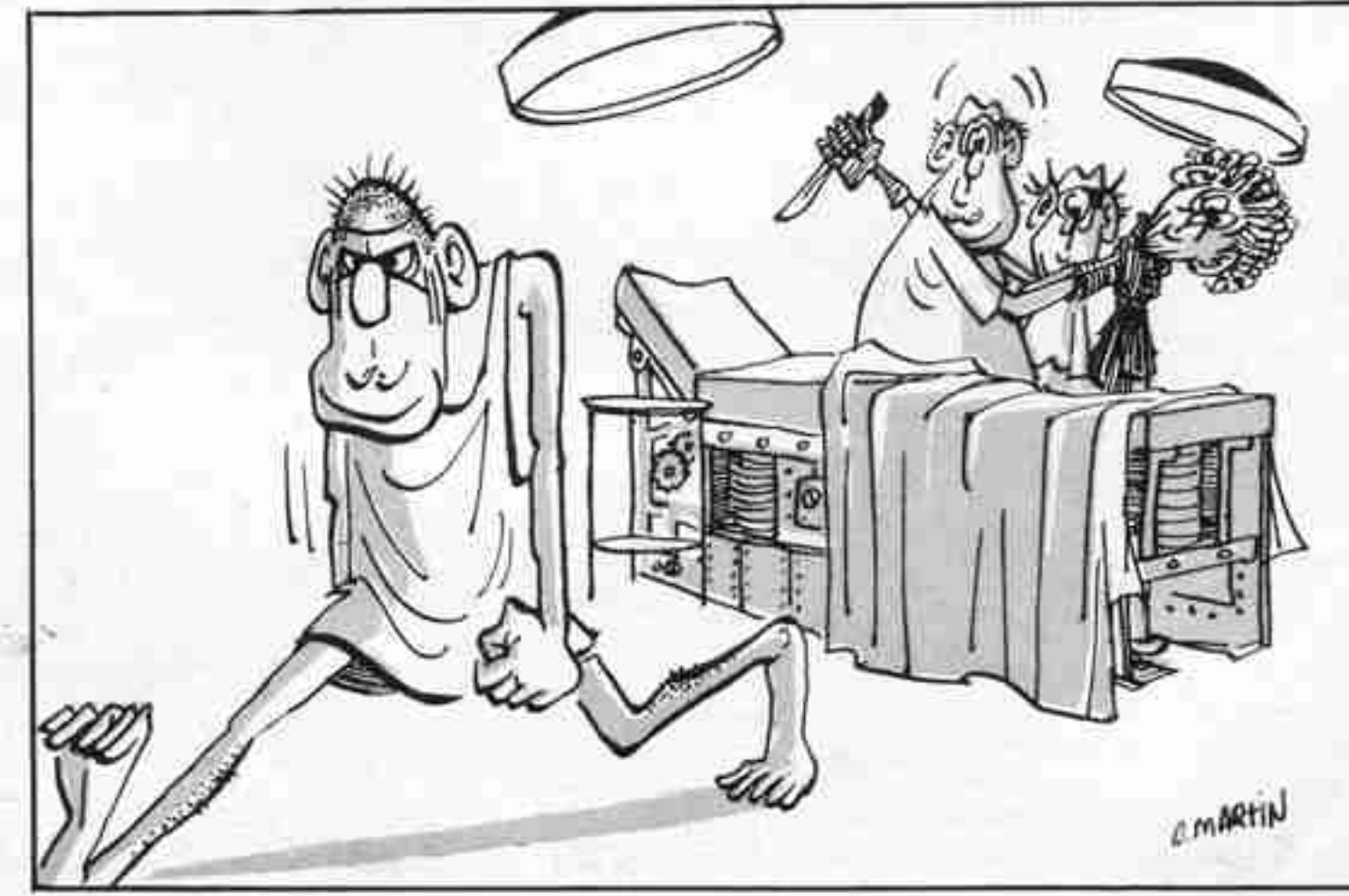
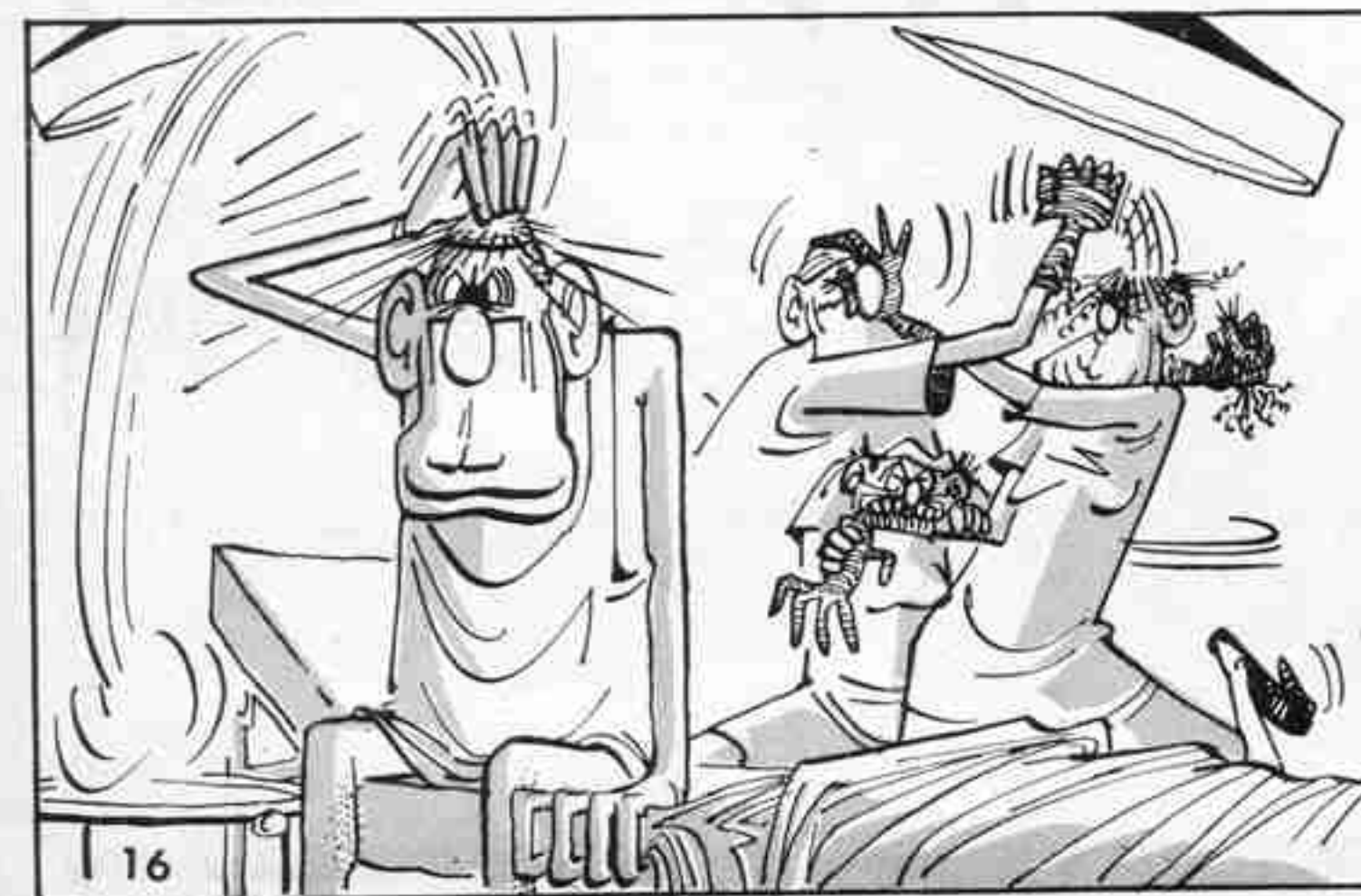
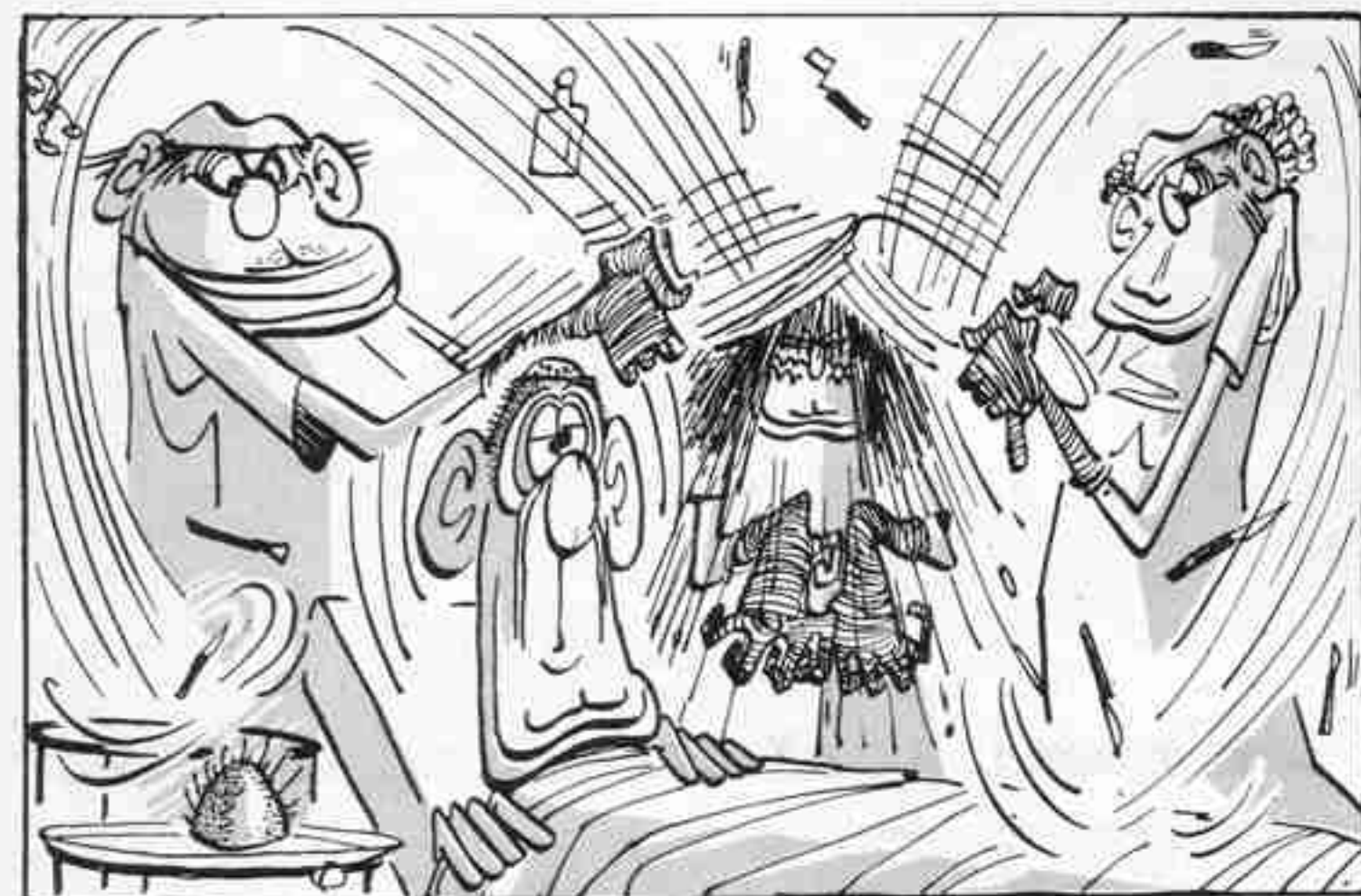
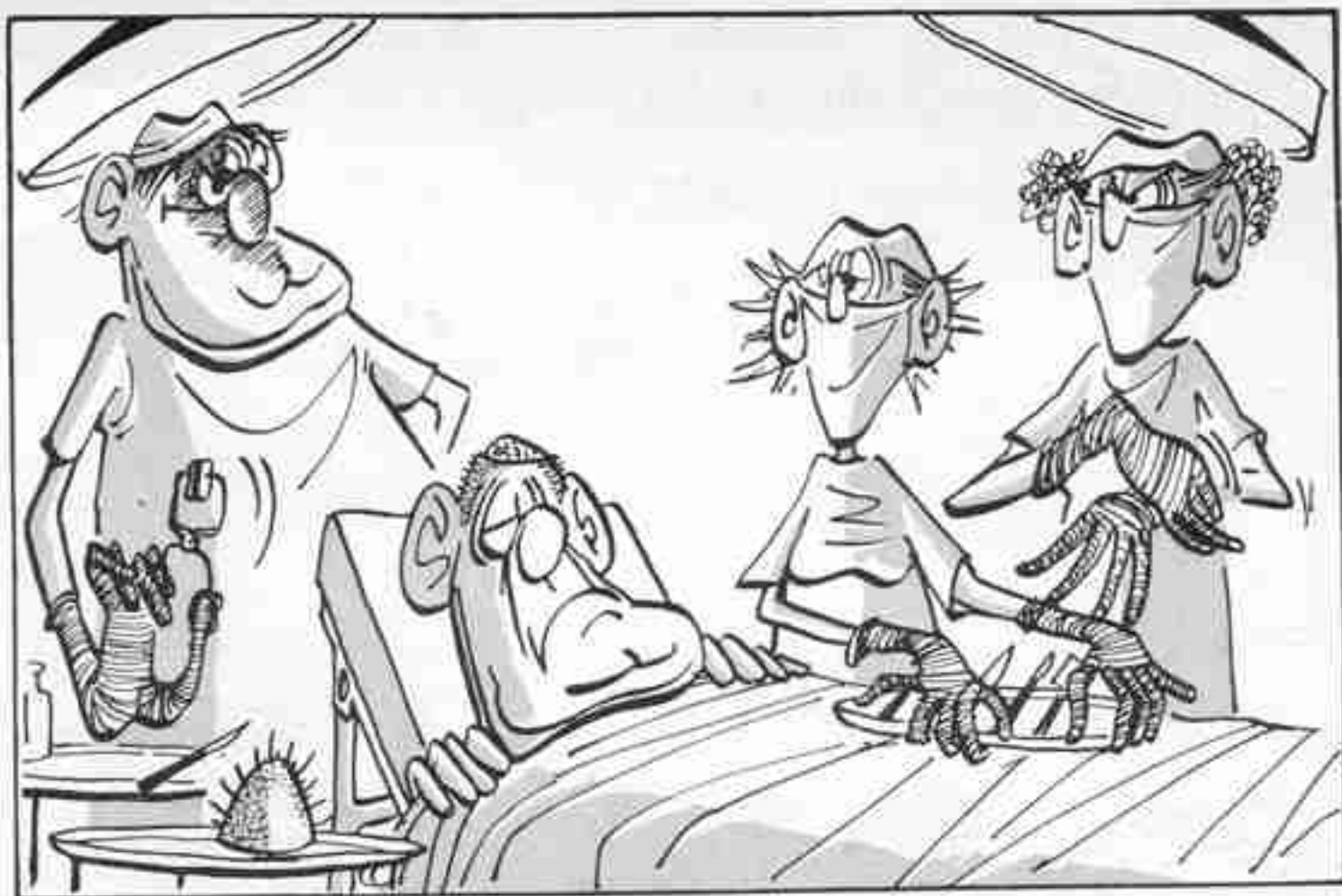
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE
FUNNIEST THING IN AMERICA
... THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, has finally come up with an explanation for his unique artist talent. It all goes back to the time he underwent ...

THE BRAIN OPERATION





CRANKS A-MILLION DEPT.

When we were kids, we learned a simple and rather succinct phrase which pretty well summed up what Democracy was all about—mainly “The Majority Wins!” Unfortunately, the television industry doesn’t seem to believe in this. Rather, they insist upon remaining at the mercy of so-called “Public Opinion” in the form of a few crank letters. Instead of fighting back, the networks prefer a more civilized way out, called “total surrender.” To show how this sorry situation works out, we’ve prepared this behind-the-scenes study which demonstrates the power of the relative minority who write...

PROTEST LETTERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: SY REIT

HERE, FOR
EXAMPLE, IS A
TYPICAL TELEVISION
ROUTINE WHICH SEEMS
HARMLESS, BLAMELESS
AND MAINLY
MIRTHLESS



AND HERE
ARE A FEW OF
THE HUNDREDS OF
LETTERS OF PROTEST
THAT CAME IN
THE NEXT
DAY

Dear Sirs,
I found your use of the name
"Marmaduke" for the little boy in
last night's show extremely offensive.
I don't think there's anything
funny about the name and I
resent the implication that people
with this name are usually stupid,
or dummies, or something like that.
Why don't you use a name like
"Stanley", or "Horace", or "Melvin".
Those are funny names!
Yours truly,
Marmaduke Sternwallow III

Gentlemen,
As recording secretary of our
local P.T.A., I must say I
was shocked at the way you
ridiculed education on last
night's show! A poor report
card is no laughing matter!
How can we instill respect
for learning in our children
when they are exposed to shows
like yours, lampooning our
educational system?
— Angry Mother

Gentlemen—
Last night you showed
Marmaduke wearing a straw
hat, indoors! How can we
teach our kids good manners
when you set such a bad
example for them?
Television is a vital
force in today's community.
When are you people going
to wake up to your
responsibilities?
— Despairing Father

Fearless, Inc.

COVERS THE COUNTRY

May 25th, 1959

Gentlemen:
Last night you showed Marma-
duke wearing a straw hat. Don't
you realize that this sort of
thing can ruin the felt hat
industry?
Television is a vital force
in today's community. When are
you people going to wake up to
your responsibilities?
Cordially,

W. Marshall Goodrich

President,
Fearless Felt Hat M'f'g Co.

GREEK CONSULATE Washington, D. C.

Dear Ιδιαιτέρως: —
'Εφημερίδες τῆς Δυτικῆς Εὐρώπης υπογραμμίζουν
σήμερον, ὅτι ἡ Σοβιετικὴ ἐκδοχὴ τῆς ἐν Μόσχᾳ
λογομαχίας " — English is Greek to me!" μεταεὺ
τοῦ Ἀντιπροέδρου τῶν morons! 'Ηνωμένων Πολιτε-
ῶν καὶ τοῦ πρωθυπουργοῦ dumbkorfs! Δὲν νὰ διστάσω
νὰ ἐπαναρχίσω τὸν ἀγῶνα big law-suit!

Sincerely yours,
Herman Helleport
Consul General

Dear Sirs,
Since your program is watched by
millions of youngsters all over the
country, the use of suggestive
material is uncalled for and
unforgivable.
Your ventriloquist's reference
to so many knights (sic might's)
during the dark ages is an obvious
and deliberate attempt to inject
sex into a family show.
Is a high Treason rating excuse
enough to throw good taste to the
winds? If this practice continues, I
will forbid my children to watch your
program! and my grandchildren too!
Shocked Parent

DEAR MARMADUKE AND
MR MURPHY—
YOUR SHOW STINKS.
OKAY MAYBE FOR A
THREE OR FOUR
YEAR OLD BUT NOT
FOR BIG KIDZ
LIKE ME IM FIVE
SINSERELY YOURS
JIMMY AXOLOTL

May 25, 1959

Sirs
I'm getting sick and
tired of the way you
people always make
cats the butt of your
jokes. Why did the
man have to spell CAT?
why not DOG or CHIPMUNK
or AARDVAARK?
Speaking for thousands
of cat lovers, this sort
of treatment must stop!
I am throwing away
my TV set.
disgustedly
Elvira Tuttle

Gentlemen:

Despite the fact that we work long hours, and are extremely underpaid, teachers here in America are still maligned and insulted at every turn. Your show last night gave the impression that all we do is joke and kid around with our pupils.

You would have done better to show how difficult our job is, trying to teach children in overcrowded classrooms with limited facilities.

The future of America lies with our young people, and the future of our young people lies with their teachers.

Our responsibilities are great! and so are yours! Let's have no more of this!

-Indignant Teacher

May 25, 1959

Dear Sirs:-

I am a teen-ager. I think your show was a deliberate slap at teen-agers. Why does everyone pick on teen-agers?

All that stuff about school and report cards, and stuff. What's funny about school and report cards?

You probably hate rock and roll, too! And Fabian. Everybody is against us teen-agers! Wait till we take over!

-M.B.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

RS:ek

DL -- 5-25-59 -- 10 PM

STRONGLY PROTEST BARBARIC MIS-USE
OF PAST PARTICIPLE AND SUBJUNCTIVE
CLAUSE IN LAST NIGHT'S SHOW (EXCLA-
MATION POINT) HAVE YOU PEOPLE NO
SENSE OF SHAME (QUESTION MARK)
SIGNED: J.J. WATKINS, PRES.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE SOCIETY

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-

On behalf of our membership, I hereby protest your reference in last night's television program to the killing of flies. How long, sirs, must this wanton disregard for insect life continue? Will the senseless slaughter never cease? The fly, I admit, is not without its faults--but let us try to remember that it is still one of Nature's creatures. If more of us tried to see things from the fly's point of view, what a happier, kinder place our world would be. This applies to the entire genus "Diptera," including gnats, fleas and mosquitos.

Respectfully,
RODNEY MUDGE
Secretary

S.P.H.A.

Society for the Preservation of Historic Accuracy

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-

Contrary to the statement on your television program, the Dark Ages did not extend from 400 A.D. to 1200 A.D. Scholars generally agree that the Dark (or Middle) Ages may be said to commence with the fall of the Western Roman Empire, in 476, and terminate with the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. No doubt you will be anxious to correct this grievous error immediately.

We suggest a complete and frank statement by the President of your Company, to be made on a combined international, multi-channel network. Hoping we will not be compelled to take further steps, I am,

Sincerely,

J. Finchley Doob
Associate Director

What have you guys
got against the Cooks
and Bakers Union, anyway?
What are you--a bunch
of anti-labor smart
alecs?
paid up member of
Local 842

Gentlemen:
Things have come to a shocking state in this great big grand and glorious country of ours when television comedians stoop so low as to make fun of our great big grand and glorious flag. I am referring to last night's show in which your ventriloquist called our flying colors "flying cullers". Have you checked this commu-past affiliations? -Proud American

Protective Association
National Cabbage Growers

25 May, 1959

Dear Sirs:

The use of the phrase "cabbage-head" is an uncalled-for slur. For your information, the cabbage has served long and well in building healthy bodies and helping to keep our nation strong. It is regrettable that you must look for so-called "laughs" at the expense of an innocent and harmless vegetable. Our organization feels that a retraction is in order.

Very truly yours,

Gertrude Vetch,
Director

gv:svr

Gentlemen-

The dummy on your TV show looks exactly like my daughter, Henrietta. Unless you apologize publicly I will turn this matter over to my lawyers.

sincerely,
Albert Furd

SO, AFTER
A WHILE, WHEN
THE SHOW WAS DUE
FOR A RE-RUN, THE
NETWORK DECIDED
TO PLAY IT
SAFE

THEY CUT
OUT EVERYTHING
THEY KNEW TO BE
OF A CONTROVERSIAL
NATURE, AND RAN
WHAT THEY HAD
LEFT



AND IT
WORKED FINE,
BECAUSE ONLY ONE
LETTER OF PROTEST
TURNED UP THE
FOLLOWING
DAY

NBC
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

August 24, 1959

Dear Murphy and Marmaduke:-

As per our option clause (Para. 71, Lines 181-3),
your contract with this network is hereby cancelled.

The Trendex rating on last night's show was terrible.
It is obvious that your popularity has waned. Some-
thing seemed to be lacking in your performance. You
just weren't your "old selves" on last night's show.
Therefore, we feel that the only solution is to drop
your program.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Sarnoff
Robert Sarnoff
President

*Murph, I don't know what to say! I simply
cant understand what happened. Certainly,
it's no fault of ours here at the network.
All I can say is, oh well—that's show biz!
Bob*

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

With about 50% of the population owning their own homes (in partnership with some banks), and with the cost of labor and materials sky high, the "home repair" problem has become a gigantic one. The tendency these days is to "do it yourself and save!" So we prepared the following article to help the situation. Mainly, you may not want to try it once you read...



MAD's HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD REPAIR HINTS

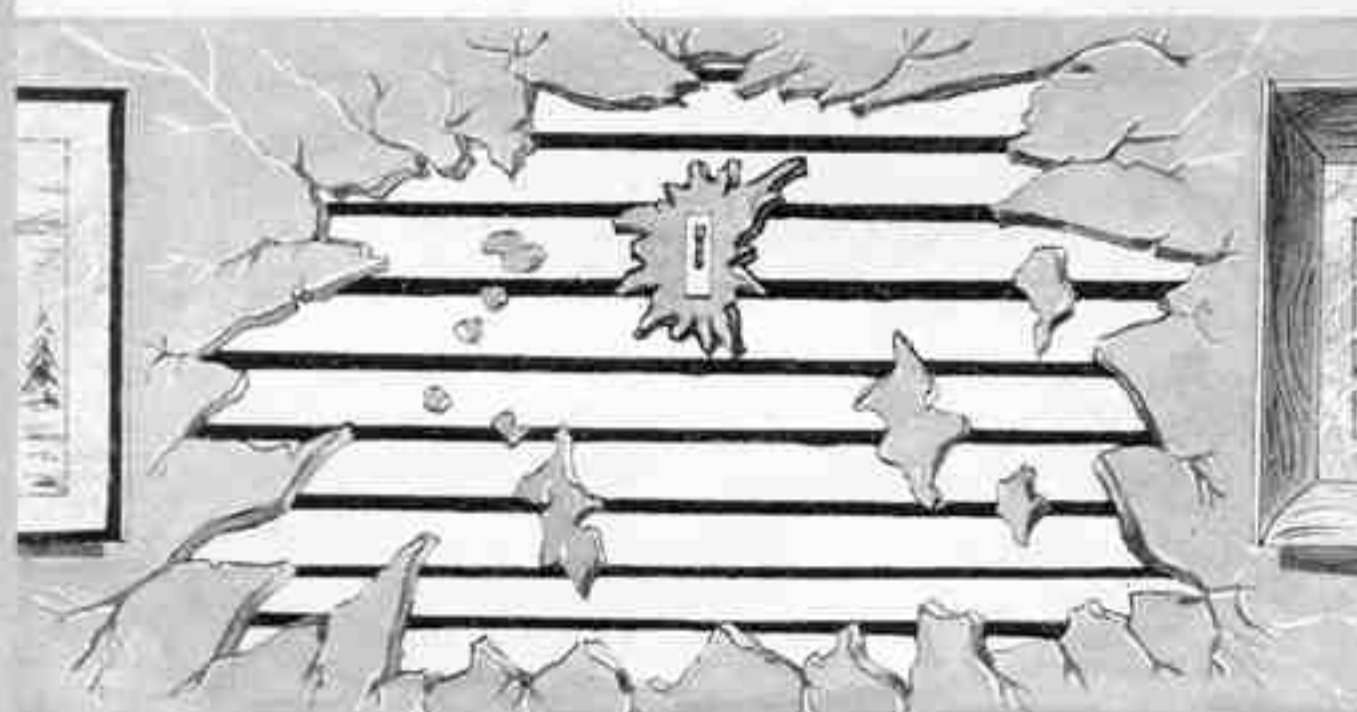


WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

HOW TO FASTEN OBJECTS TO WALLS (WITHOUT CRACKING THE PLASTER)



To fasten object to wall without cracking plaster, place adhesive or cellophane tape over spot where nail is to go.

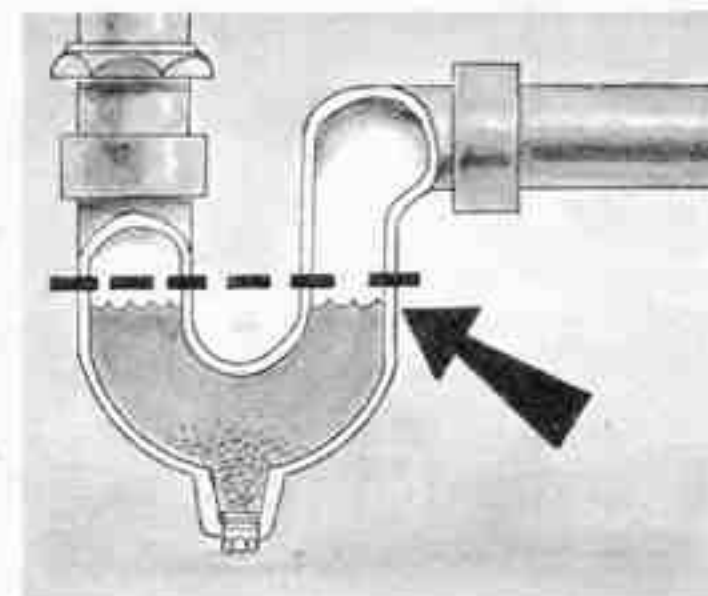


Drive nail through adhesive or cellophane tape. Note how tape prevents plaster from cracking directly beneath it.

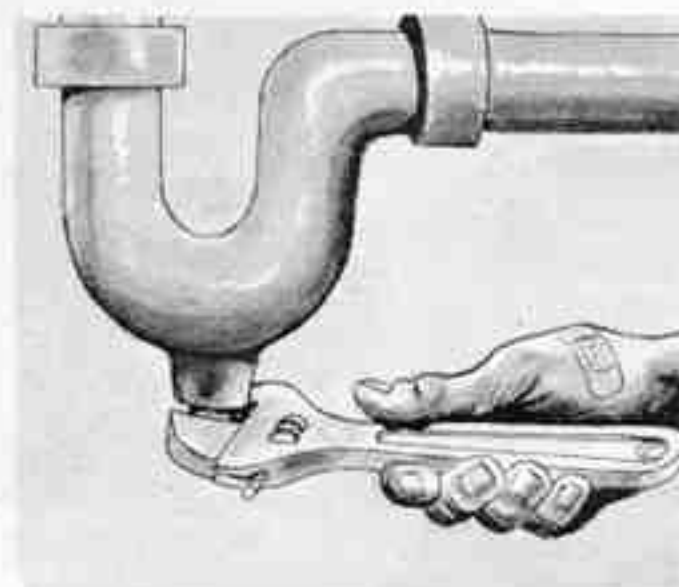
HOW TO CLEAR CLOGGED SINK DRAIN



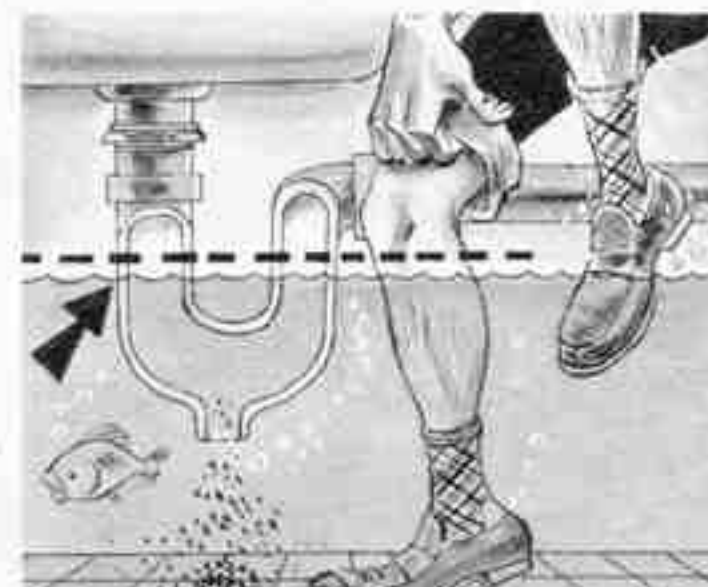
If chemicals, snake, or the plumber's friend fails to unclog sink drain, trouble is usually in the sink trap.



Clever sink trap works on principle that water seeks its own level, preventing odors from entering kitchen.



However, "U" shape tends to collect dirt, which blocks drainage. Use a wrench to remove plug at base of trap.



Dirt will be released. Also odors. Also plenty of water, and you'll see clearly how water seeks its own level.

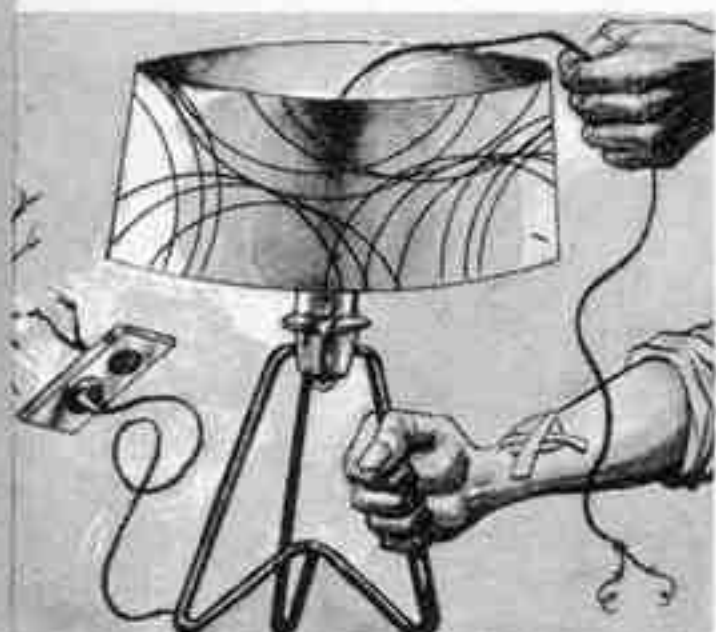
HOW TO REPAIR A DEFECTIVE LAMP



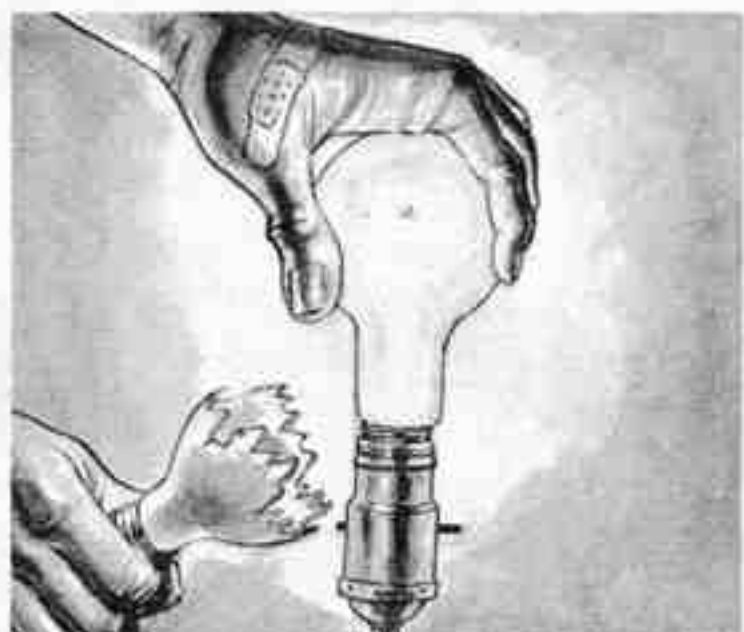
(1) An ordinary lamp socket is easily removed from its shell by depressing side of cap gently, and pulling up.



(2) Check for loose wires. If none, socket is probably defective. Remove it, and replace with a new socket.



(3) If lamp still does not work, the wire is probably defective. Remove it, and replace it with a new wire.



(4) If lamp still does not work, check if bulb's burnt out. That's usually what's wrong in the first place!

HOW TO CLEAN A BLOCKED CHIMNEY



Tie weighted bag or tire chains to end of rope and lower into chimney. Shake the rope gently, hauling up and down.

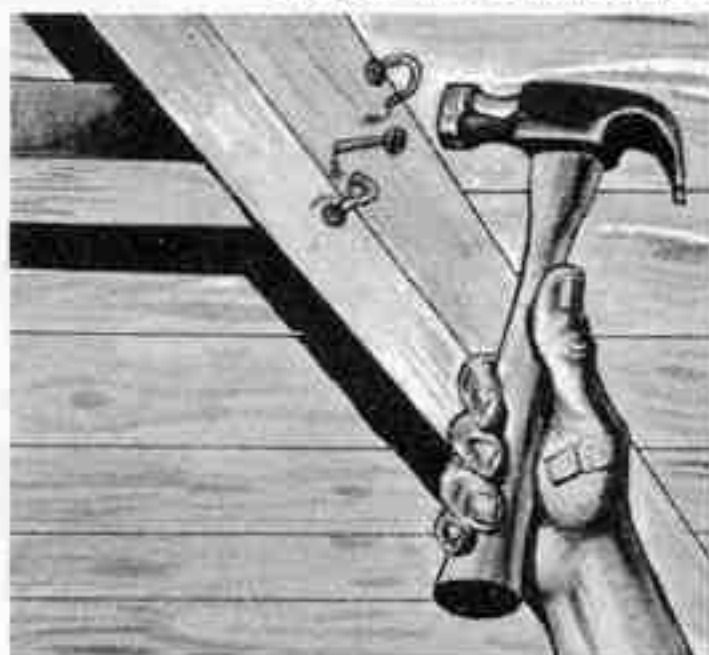


This will effectively loosen dirt, soot, and those other obstructions that may have been blocking up your chimney.

HOW TO ELIMINATE A SQUEAKY FLOOR



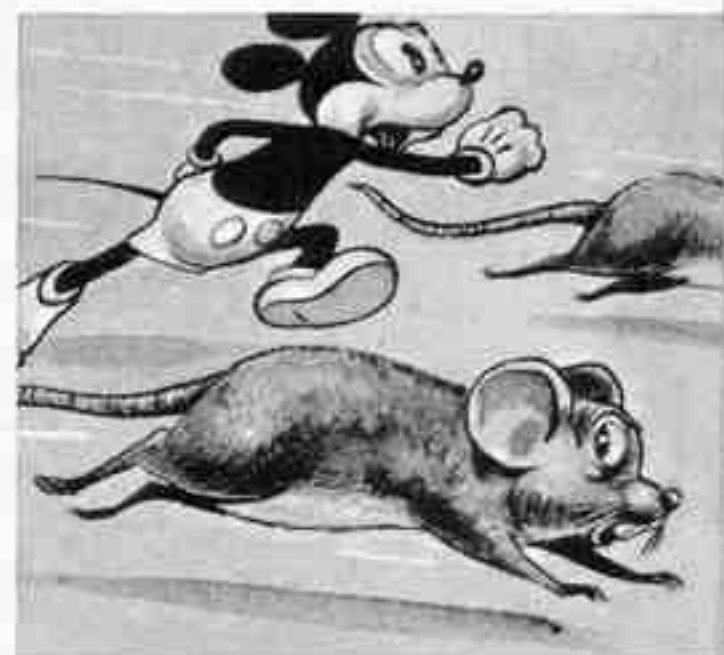
Locate squeaky area and drive wedges between floor joists and all loose boards.



Drive finishing nails into 2 x 4 below, through squeaking boards, at sharp angle.



Nail length of 2 x 4 firmly against underside of floor boards in the squeaky area.



Squeaking will stop because all that pounding frightens off mice living under floor.

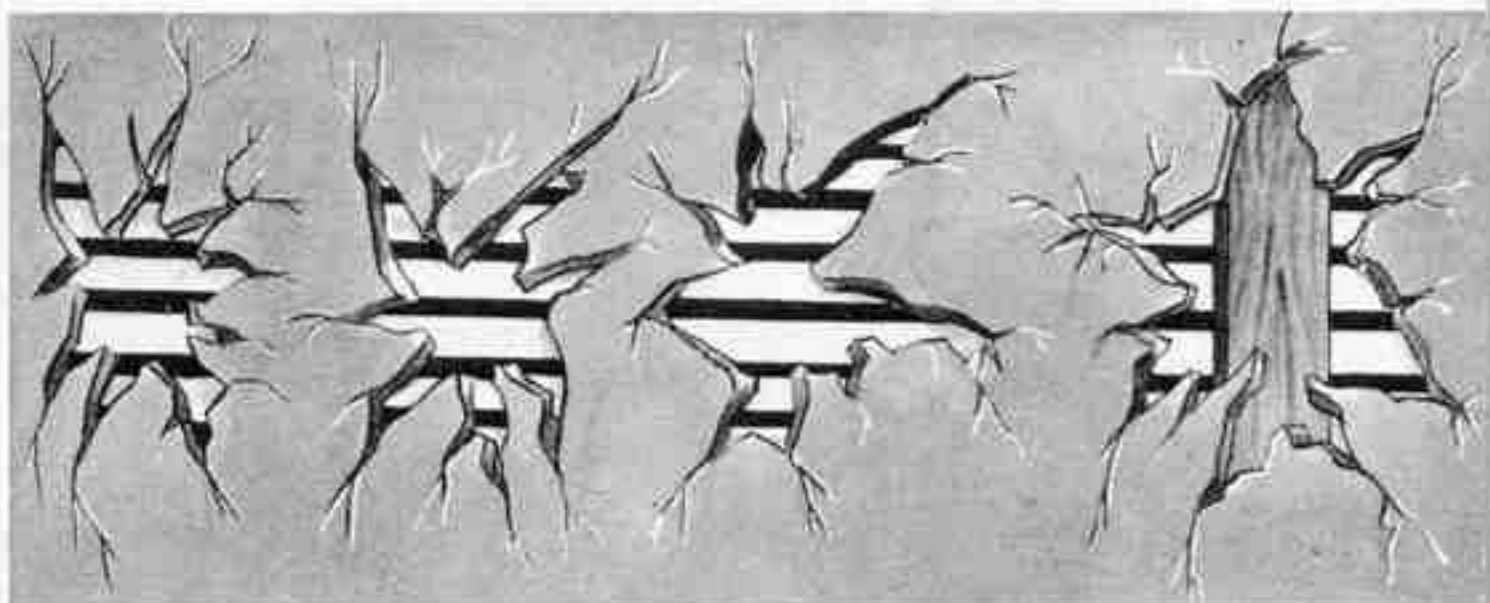
HOW TO LOCATE A STUD BEHIND A WALL



To locate a wall stud, pad head of hammer with cloth.



Begin tapping along a wall, listening closely to sound.

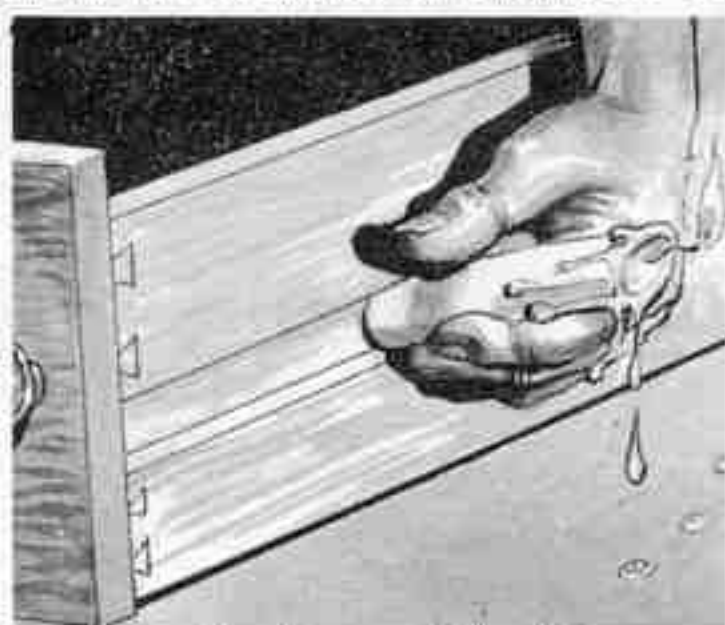


Spaces between studs emit hollow booming sound. When you hear dull muffled sound, you've finally located the stud.

HOW TO REPAIR A DRAWER THAT WON'T SLIDE OPEN EASILY



A stubborn sticking drawer may need sanding. If this does not cure trouble, all joints should be re-glued.



If drawer still sticks, see if bottom has slipped from grooves. Replace, and rub paraffin on sliding parts.



If drawer still won't slide open easily, try throwing out all the extra clothes and junk you've gathered in it over the years. You'll see how smoothly it'll work after that!

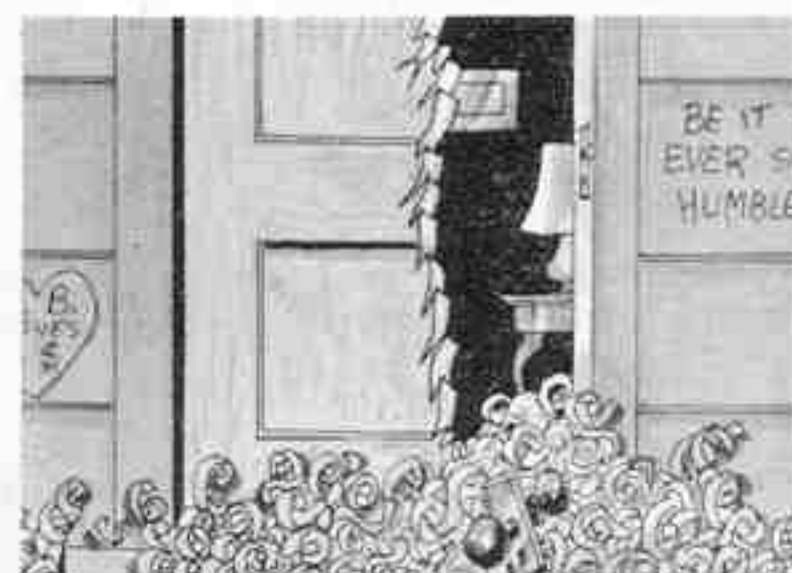
HOW TO RELEASE A STICKING DOOR



If prolonged periods of rain or damp weather cause a door to stick so bad it can't be opened, here's what to do:

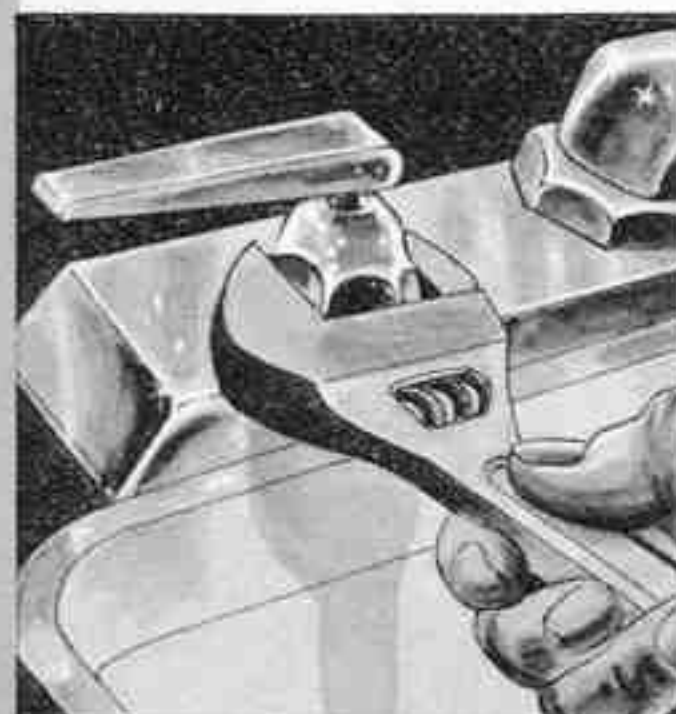


Wedge door in open position and use a plane to shave down excess wood. Make sure you shave enough to release door.

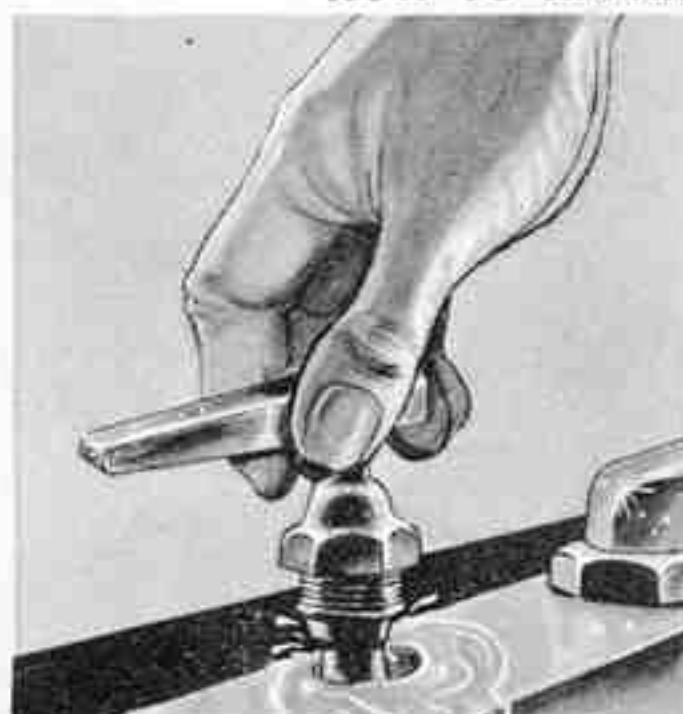


If shaved enough, door won't stick any more. If shaved too much, door won't even have to be opened any more.

HOW TO REPAIR A LEAKY FAUCET



(1) Loosen and unscrew nut located under faucet handle.



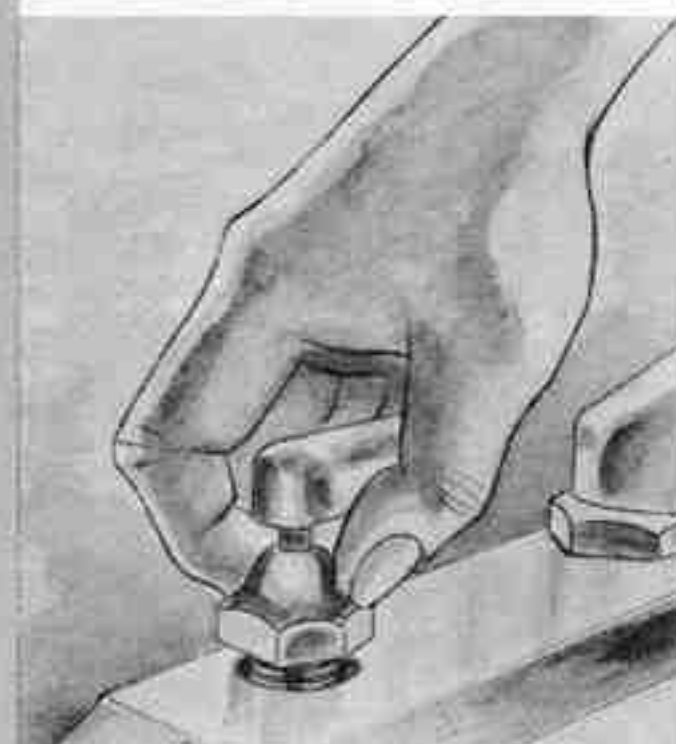
(2) Remove faucet assembly by turning counterclockwise.



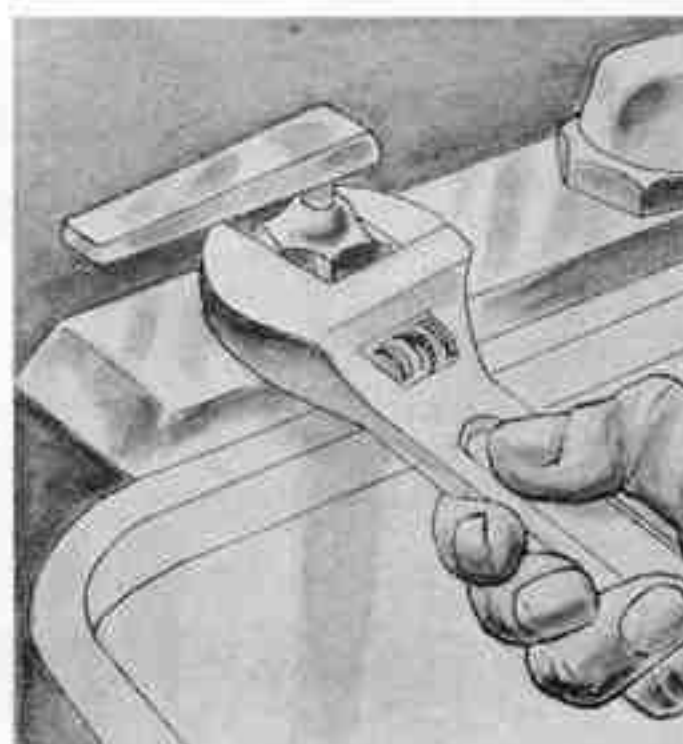
(3) Take out worn washer by removing screw securing it.



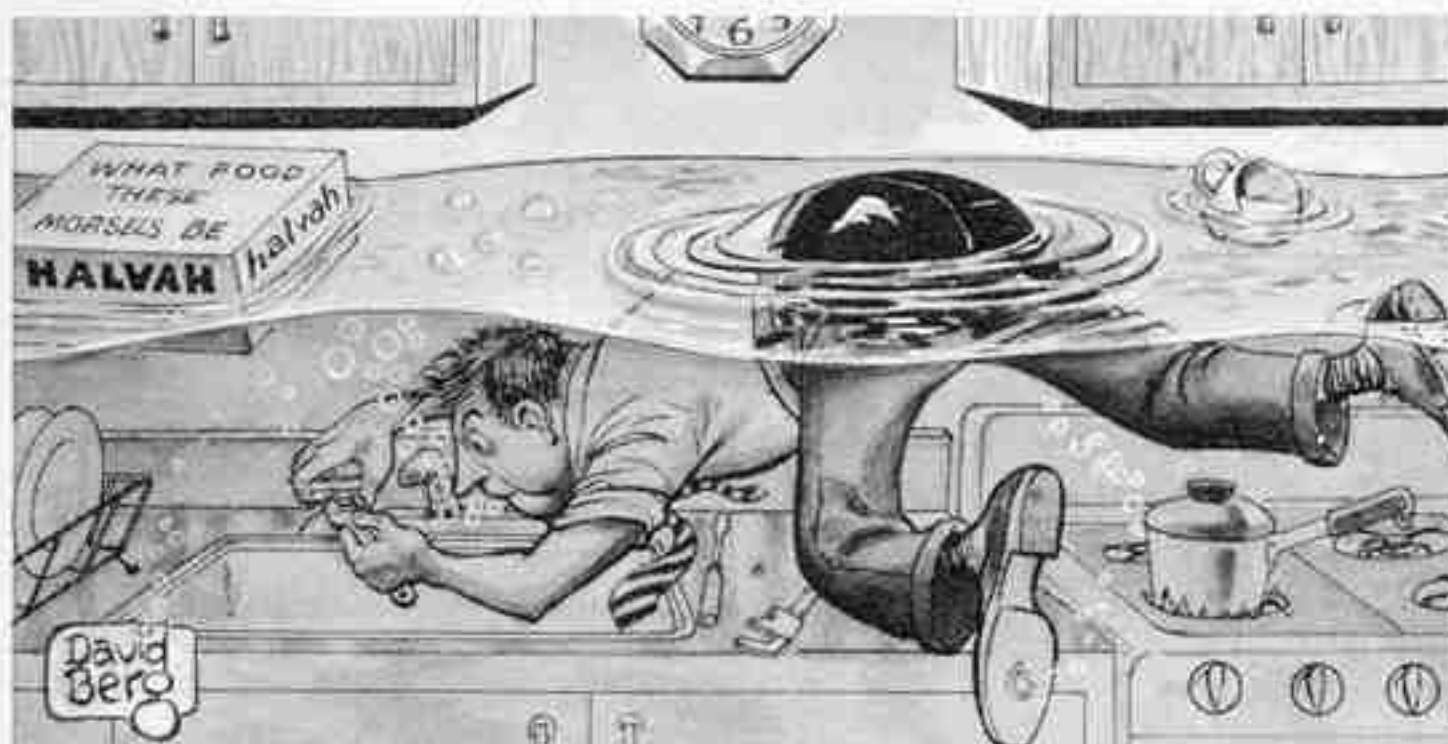
(4) Replace old washer with new one. Replace old screw.



(5) Replace faucet assembly by turning unit clockwise.



(6) Rescrew and tighten nut located under faucet handle.

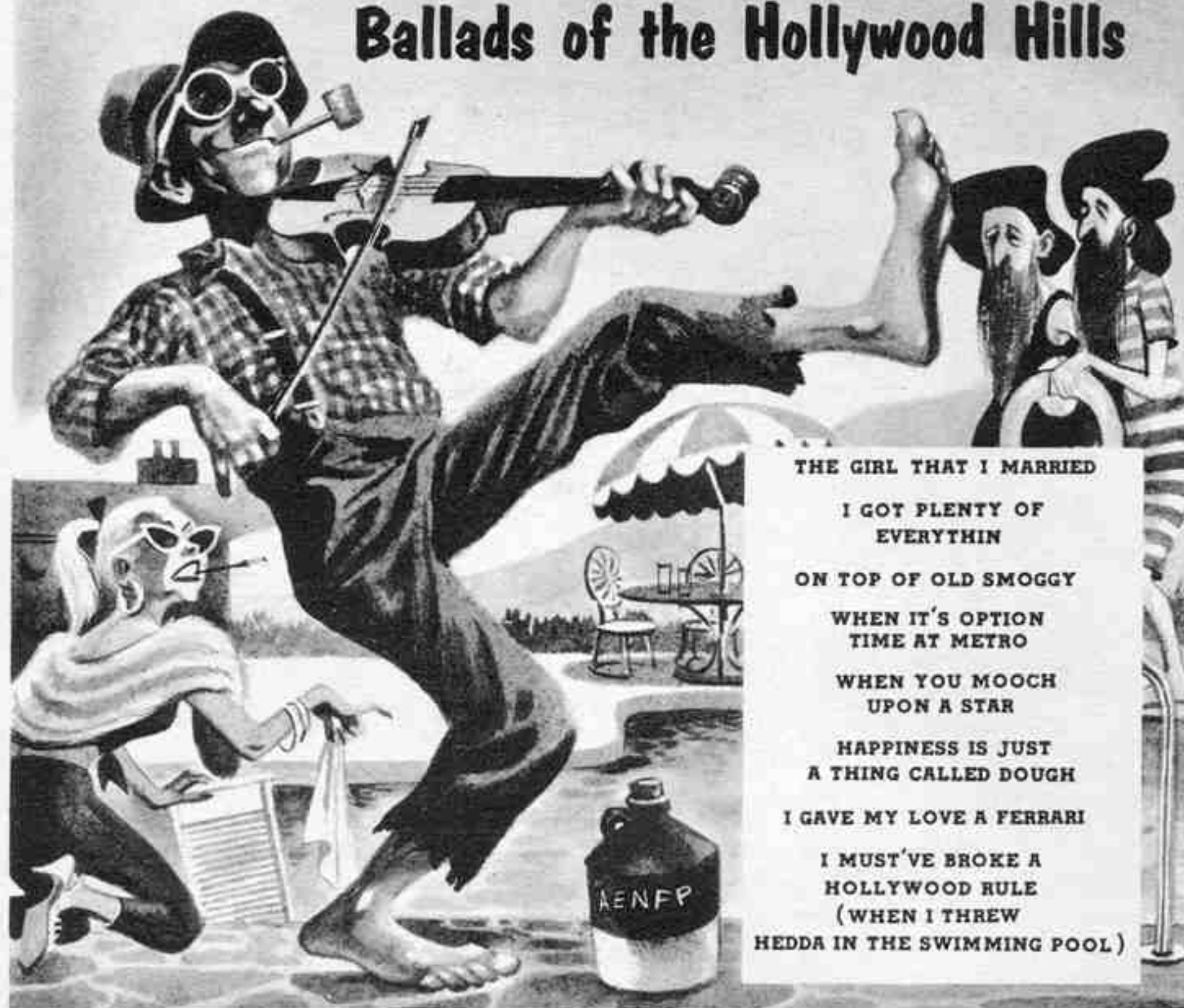


Oh, yes! We forgot to tell you! . . . Make sure that you shut off the water first, before you start fooling around!



MOUNTAIN MUSIC

Ballads of the Hollywood Hills



THE GIRL THAT I MARRIED
I GOT PLENTY OF
EVERYTHIN
ON TOP OF OLD SMOGGY
WHEN IT'S OPTION
TIME AT METRO
WHEN YOU MOOCH
UPON A STAR
HAPPINESS IS JUST
A THING CALLED DOUGH
I GAVE MY LOVE A FERRARI
I MUST'VE BROKE A
HOLLYWOOD RULE
(WHEN I THREW
HEDDA IN THE SWIMMING POOL)

TURKEYS IN THE CRAW DEPT.

The sudden renewed interest in the United States has today by singers and recording companies long-forgotten songs and ballads look an easy chance to make money. We offer the following records of folk songs, which we stole from the past. All kidding aside, gang, we have after scouring the hinterlands found on the spot where Mr. Hitler wrote them!) Here, then, is

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

MAD'S MODERN

NASTY DOMINIC RETCHA sings AUTHENTIC OLD SYNDICATE SONGS



THERE'S AN OLD ROULETTE WHEEL IN THE BASEMENT
THEY'RE BREAKING MY ARM 'CAUSE I'M LEAVING
ANASTASIA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND
GIVE A MAN A HORSE HE CAN DOPE
THE OBJECT OF MY COLLECTION
(IS TO SELL YOU PROTECTION)
OLD 'LECTRIC CHAIR'S GOT ME
HALLELUJAH, I'M A FINK!
SIXTEEN GUNS

Ballads of a New England Accountant



Sung By
"Honest John" Weirflanger
C. P. A.
Baritone

"D"—You're Deductible
Figures Neater Than Mine
Why Can't You Add Right
(Like Some Other Men Do?)
Red Is The Color of My Ledger Ink
I've Been Naughty With Form 1040
Tax Man, Stay 'Way From My Door!
She'll Be Making Double Entries—When She Comes!



THE "KING-SIZE" CIGARETTE WAS
SUPPOSED TO FILTER THE SMOKE
FURTHER . . . AND MAKE IT MILD!

rest in folk music here in
ched off a frantic search
companies for more of these
allads. Never ones to over-
ake a fast buck, MAD now
d albums of authentic old
om some authentic old folks.
e found these folk songs
ands. (We just happened
nter buried them after he
a genuine, collection of...

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Young Ann Rubicam sings

MADISON AVENUE

WORK SONGS

SPONSOR, COME BACK TO ME
I GOT A RIGHT TO SELL SHAMPOO
WHAT CAN I SAY, DEAR
(AFTER I SAY "SMOKE WINSTONS"?)
I BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD ACCOUNT
THE N. Y., NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD CANNONBALL
NEW CAMPAIGN, PURPLE ULCERS AND NEW CAMPAIGN
THE CHARCOAL-GRAY MAN, HE AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE
HOME ON THE SMARTLY-STYLED, FINGER-TIP CONTROL, GENERAL ELECTRIC RANGE

FOLK MUSIC

BIG HORACE STAPELY SINGS AUTHENTIC MIDWESTERN Truck Driver Songs

I'm A Teamster, Aren't We All?
Across The Wide-Missouri Turnpike
Diamond-T For Two
Scarlet Tail Lights For My Van
I'm Driving Over A Four-Lane Cloverleaf
My Blue-Eyed True Love Waits For Me
(On A Loading Dock In Kankakee)
Mayflower, It Take M' Sofa
(And Run Cincinnati)

Cool Carl Cartright Plays KUKIE FOLK SONGS

stay as beat as you are it's a crazy afternoon
get your fix on route 66

i'm gwine t' greenwich village
with my bongos on my knee
come to me, my maladjusted baby
i dig paris
my ol' kentucky pad
stout hearted cats



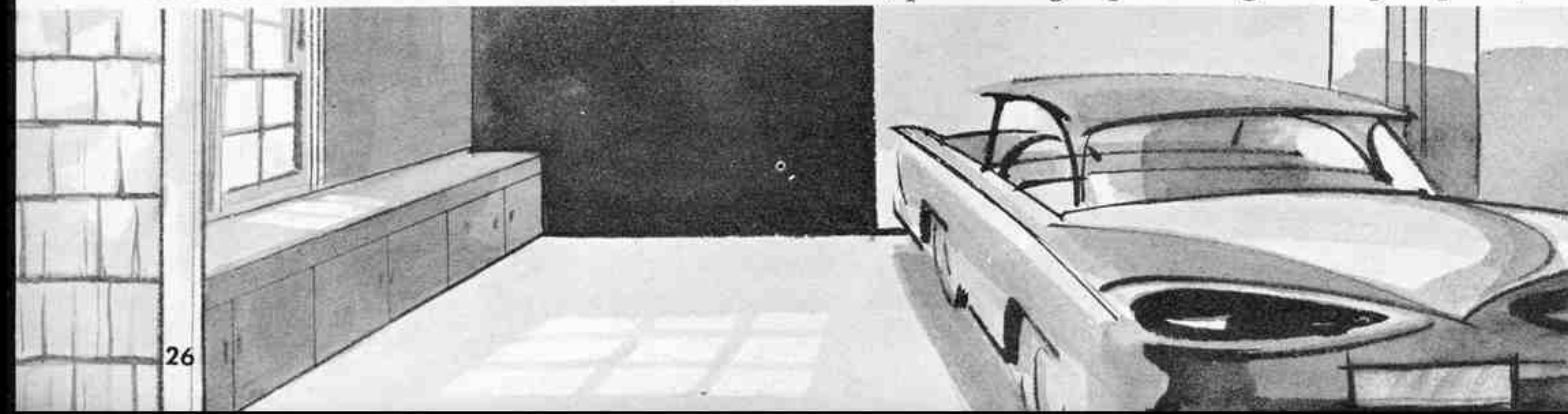
**All the while the Smedleys skimped and saved, they planned their spacious
THE LIVING ROOM . . .** A spacious arrangement for entertaining guests in relaxed, open comfort.



THE FAMILY ROOM . . . A playroom-den with a designated place for every imaginable toy and game.



THE GARAGE . . . A sizeable enclosure for a car, plus storage space for gardening implements.



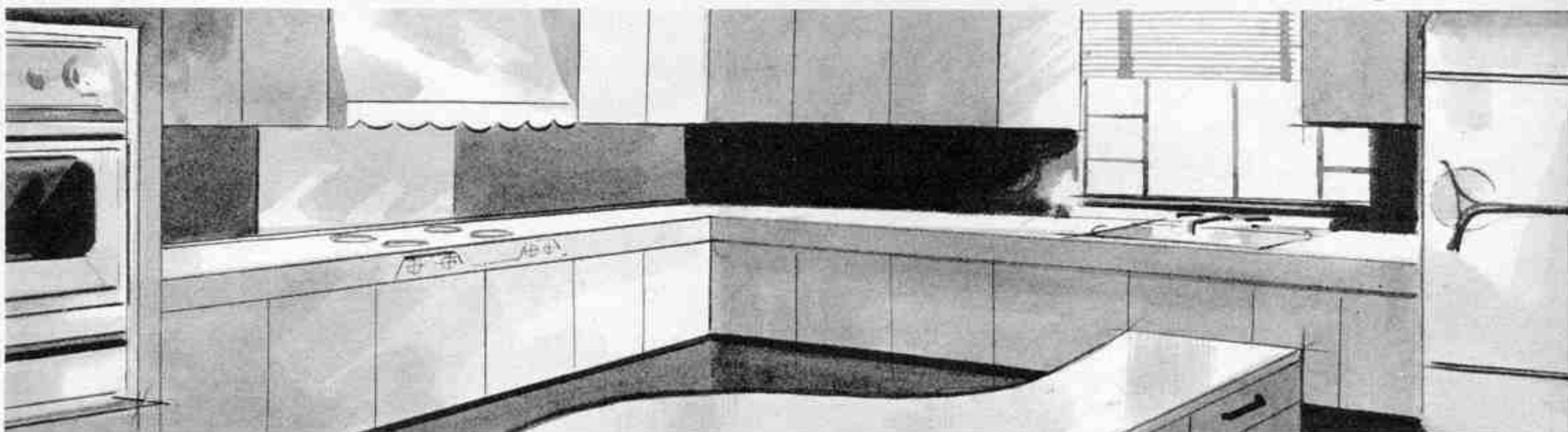


This is the story of the "Smedleys," a typical American family living in a tiny, overcrowded apartment (at left) dreaming of the day they could save enough money to buy a home of their own . . . a dream home with plenty of . . .

LIVING SPACE

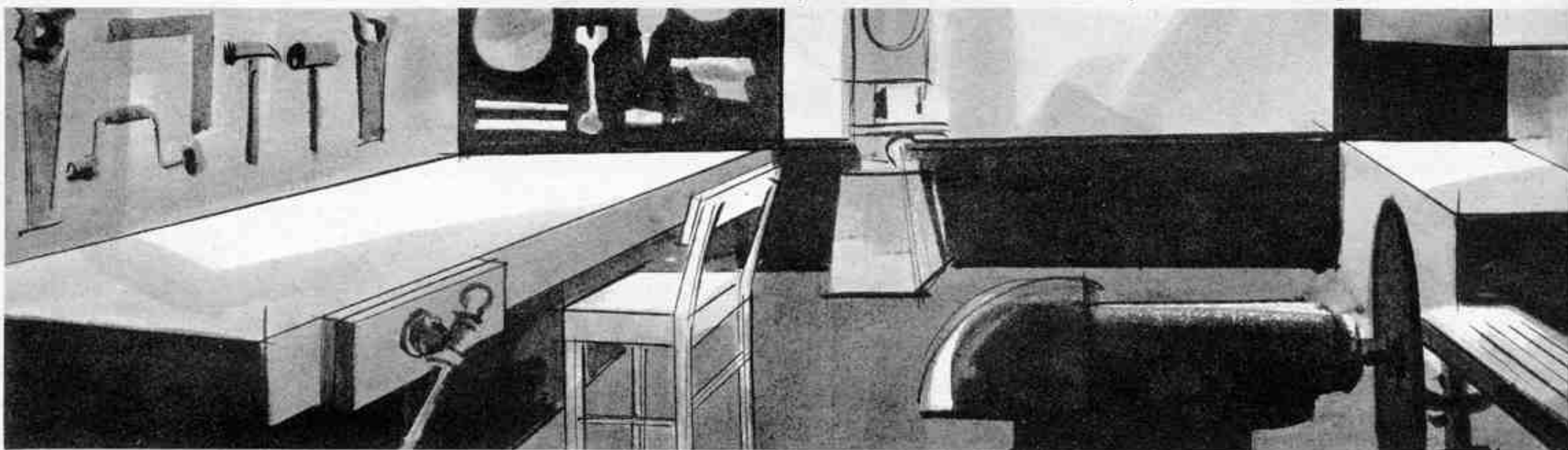
Dream House. And here's how it shaped up in the Architect's drawings . . .

THE KITCHEN . . . A carefully-planned layout, including roomy work-areas, ample cabinet space.

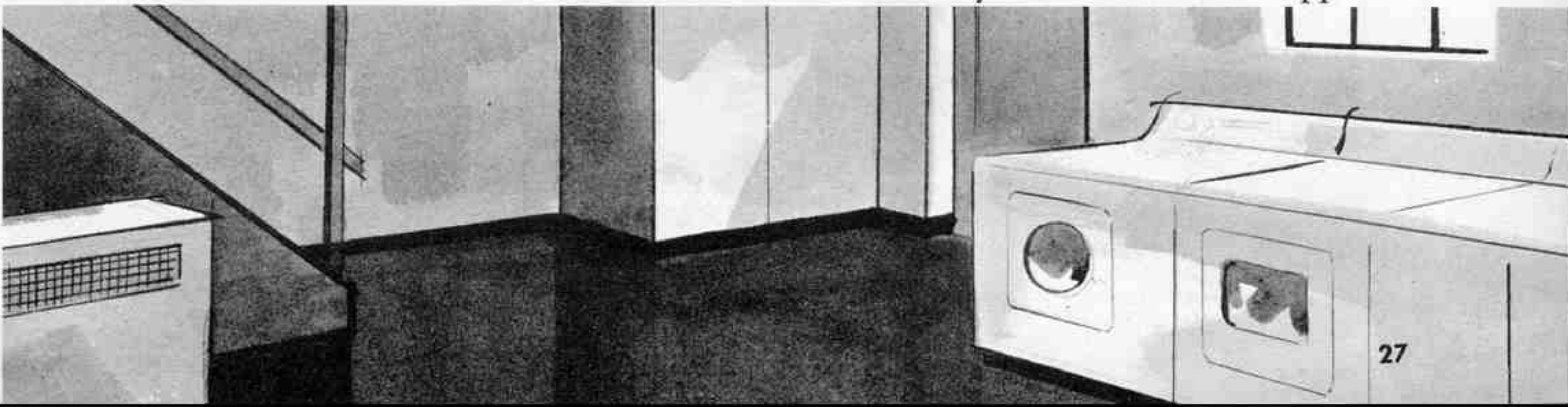


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE WORKSHOP . . . A large, well-equipped "do-it-yourself" unit for every conceivable project.



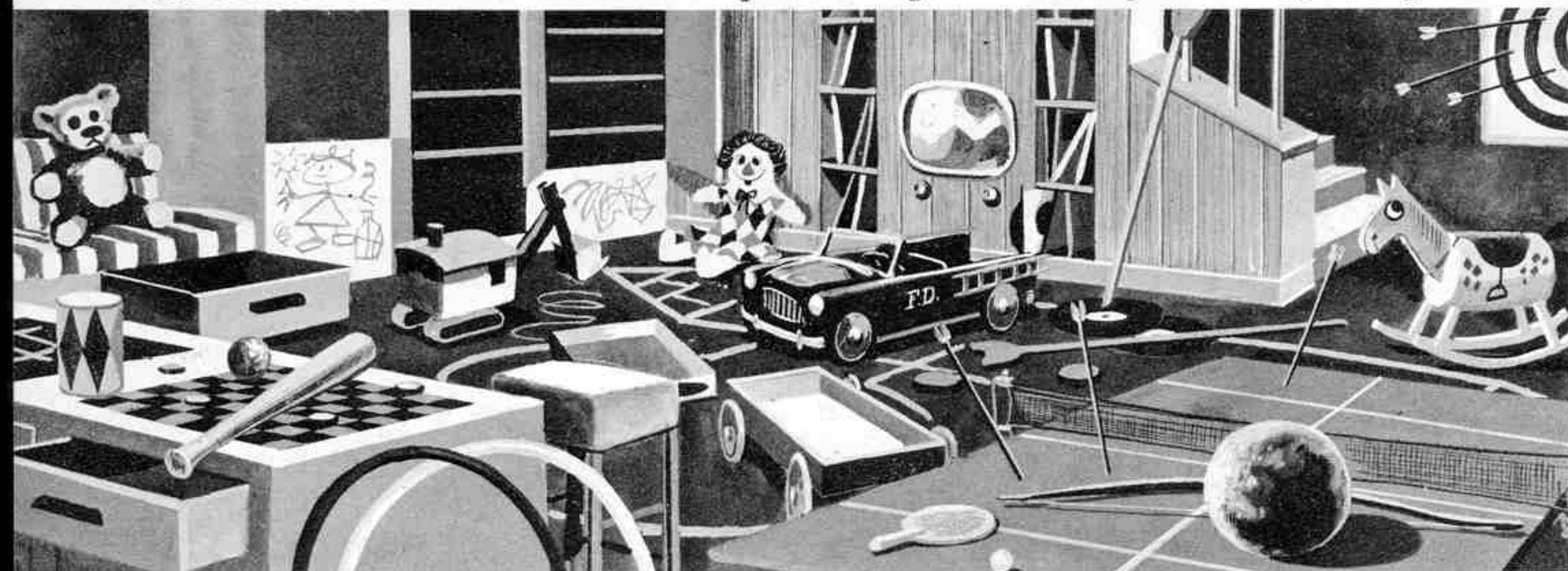
THE BASEMENT . . . Extensive areas for an efficient home laundry and other modern appliances.



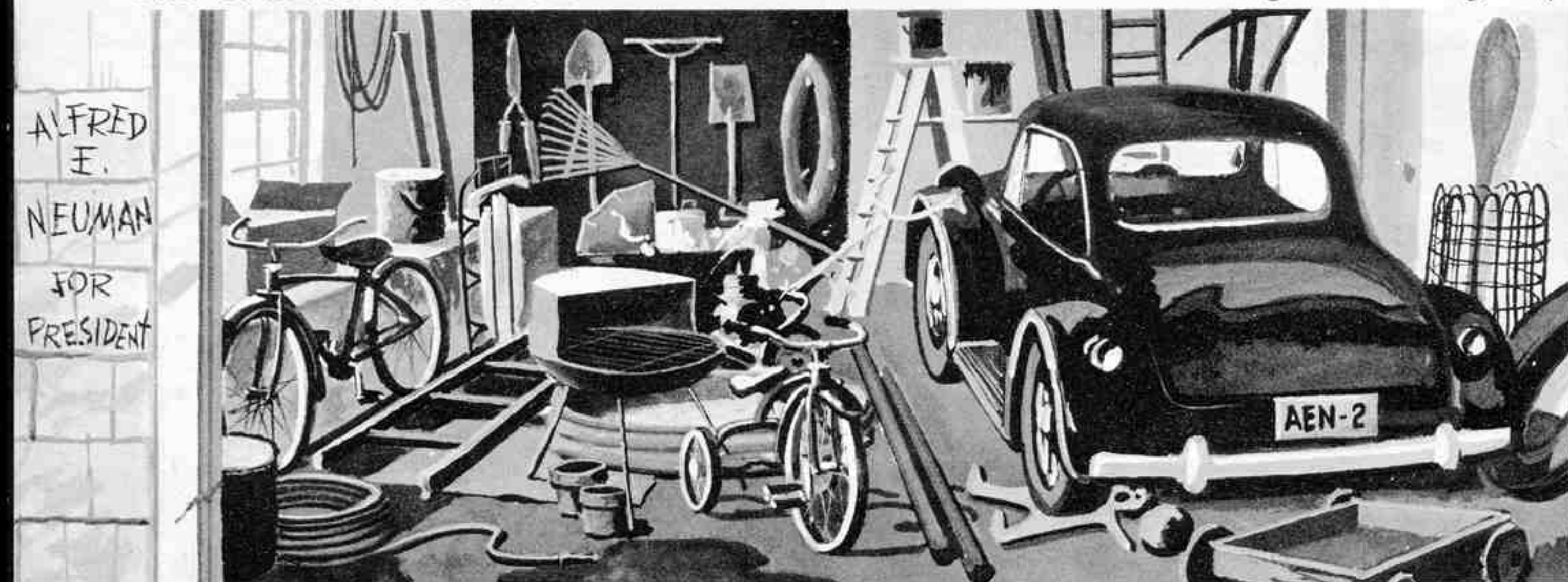
**THE SMEDLEYS FINALLY BUILT THEIR DREAM HOUSE, AND MOVED IN. NOW, IT'S A
THE LIVING ROOM . . .** They've furnished it to the fullest with a collection of fake antiques.



THE FAMILY ROOM . . . It's next to impossible to get the kids to put them toys and games back.



THE GARAGE . . . Several extra items have to be stored that weren't figured on originally.



FEW YEARS LATER! LET'S SEE HOW THEY'RE ENJOYING ALL THAT LIVING SPACE...

THE KITCHEN . . . With rushed meals and coffee-klatching, there's no time to put things away.



THE WORKSHOP . . . When it comes to "do-it-yourself", Pop has no time to "clean-it-himself".



THE BASEMENT . . . Since there's no living space in the rest of the house, Mom relaxes here.



QUICKLY AS THEY CAN! AND AFTER THAT, THINGS ARE JUST AS CROWDED AS EVER!

CASH 'N CAROL DEPT.

Every year about this time, the song writers in Tin Pan Alley come up with a brand new bunch of Christmas songs. Most of these songs are heard a few hundred times, and then they're never heard of again. And there's a good reason for this. Mainly, they're lousy! The other day, we were walking behind a famous song publisher when he happened to drop a package. We picked it up, opened it, and found . . . you guessed it . . . dirty laundry! But on the outside wrapping were scribbled the lyrics to these . . .

SURE-FIRE 1959 Christmas Songs



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

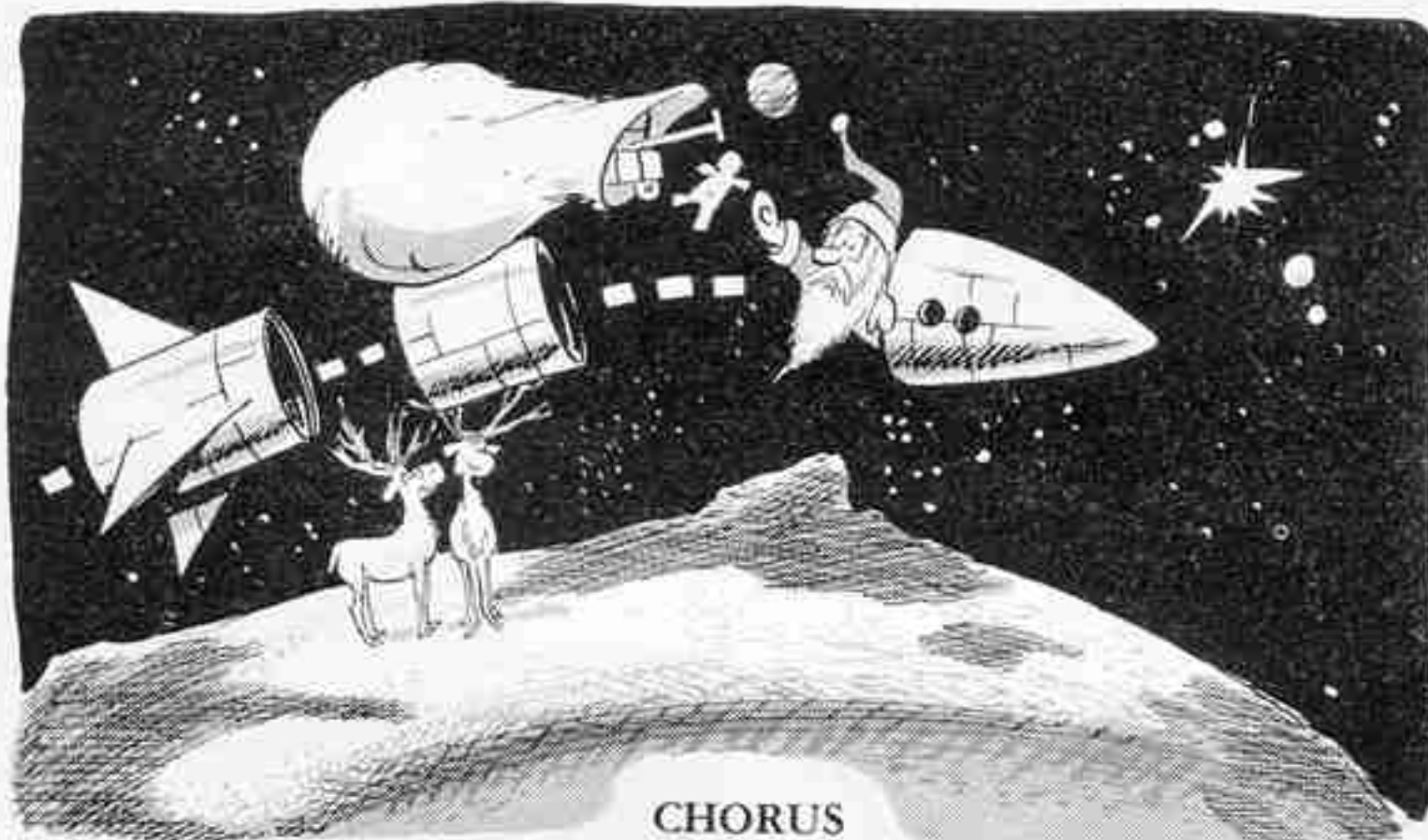
Here Comes Santa in his 3-Stage Rocket!

(Through The Troposphere)

VERSE

You can talk of all your missiles
Like the Jupiter and Thor,
Like the Atlas and the Titan
And so many, many more;

But on Christmas Eve there's gonna
Be an awful big surprise;
'Cause that's when "The Santa Rocket"
Will be zooming through the skies!



CHORUS

Here comes Santa in his 3-stage rocket
Through the troposphere!
It goes so fast you can hardly clock it;
No more slow reindeer!

So, kids, you needn't bother waiting
For St. Nick tonight!
He went so fast, he's now rotating
As a SANTALLITE!



The Things I Love at Christmas

The cards that come unsigned;
The ads that rot my mind;
The string of lights that blows
the cellar fuse;

The gifts that come to me
Delivered C.O.D.;
These are the things I love
at Christmas!

The mobbed department stores,
With small revolving doors
That give my eye its yearly
purple bruise;

The wrappings that come loose;
The lamp made from a moose;
These are the things I love
at Christmas!

That pair of yellow hose, dear;
Those green and scarlet ties;
And all those other clothes, dear,
That somehow miss my size!

The eighty times they play
"White Christmas" every day;
That feeling of good will
I always lose;

The savings that are gone
Because we're overdrawn;
These are the things I love
at Christmas!



DOUBLE-CROSS EXPOSURE DEPT.

As far back as we can remember (meaning last week, which is as far back as we can remember), magazines, newspapers, and television have been using "Before" and "After" advertising. These are ads where they show a picture of some clod *before* using a product, and the same clod *after* using the product. Usually, the *after* picture is so phonied up, and the changes are so fantastic, that there's really no connection with the *before* picture they started with. So — because we hate leaving ill-enough alone — we hired a private eye, dressed him in an Ivy League suit, and turned him loose on Madison Avenue. And now, MAD presents the results of his investigation — documentary proof — our unvarnished, unbelievable, and absolutely unnecessary report which reveals . . .

THE TRUTH ABOUT "BEFORE" AND "AFTER" ADS



THE REDUCING TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" photo shows frowsy woman weighing 369 lbs. standing before share-cropper's shack located in poorer section of city garbage dump. Besides being overweight, she suffers from acne, baldness, and taking fuzzy pictures.

THE SLEEPING TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" scene shows baggy-eyed man tossing sleeplessly on rickety bed. His pajamas are wrinkled, the sheets are torn and dirty, and the room furniture is old and dingy. It looks like this guy hasn't slept in two or three years.



SO THEN THESE CLOWNS CAME OUT
WITH THE "FILTER-TIP" CIGARETTE!

COURSE AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" photo shows same woman slimmed down to 118 lbs. Potato sack has turned into Dior original, and she's not only lost her weight, she's lost her address. Now stands before \$50,000 house with swimming pool and Cadillac.

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" photo from MAD's file shows woman lost exactly 8 lbs. This just makes potato sack look baggier. Only other change is that share-cropper's shack has begun settling into ooze. So is woman. She's still pretty hefty.

WRITER: SY REIT

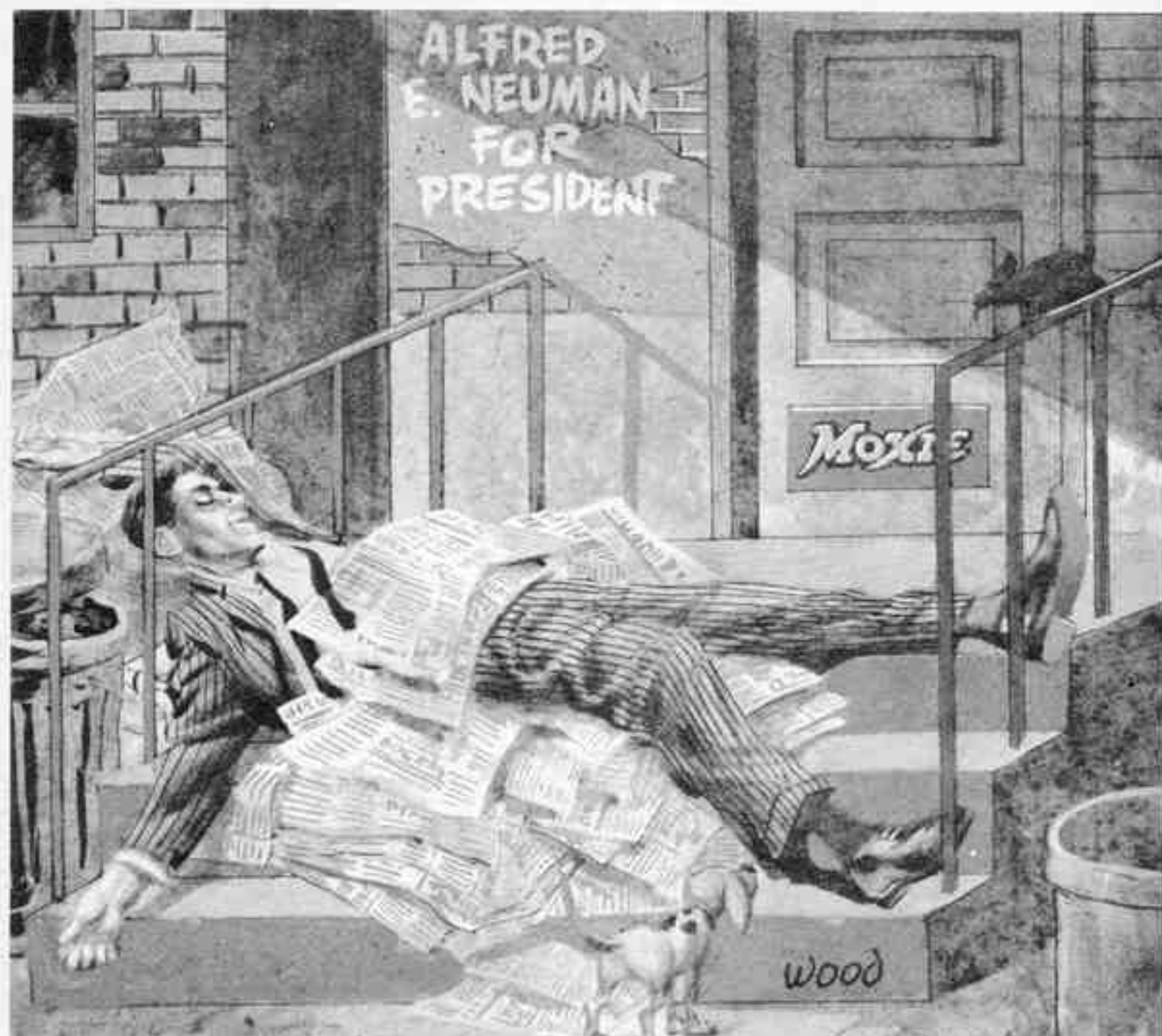
PILL AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" scene shows same man sleeping soundly. He now wears silk pajamas, bed has contour sheets, and room is refurnished in Swedish Modern. Sleeping pills' secret ingredient, "pancake make-up", has erased bags under eyes.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" scene from MAD's file shows that sleeping pills actually do work. Man fell fast asleep, missed work, got fired, lost mortgaged home, was divorced by his wife, and now spends life sleeping in skid row doorways.



THE "FILTER" WAS SUPPOSED
TO TRAP ALL THE HARMFUL
IRRITANTS OUT OF THE SMOKE!

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" picture, from MAD file, shows that home permanents really work. Girl now has beautiful hair. But friends still group around, laughing and jeering at her because now she's got dishpan hands from taking too many.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" shot indicates application of eye make-up has indeed caused change. Girl is still miserable—but now sports two beautiful shiners given to her by an older sister, whose mascara and eye make-up she swiped.

THE TOOTHPASTE AD TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" scene shows shabby bum who obviously needs a job. Also a bath. Man is suffering from unsightly teeth. Man is also suffering from strange disease which causes concentric rings to emanate from his mouth as he breathes.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" scene shows results of single brushing. Teeth sparkle. Man has new suit of clothes, and new job as top State Dept. official, as mouth rings are gone, and protective shield covers teeth, keeping him from talking sense.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" scene from MAD file shows that invisible protective shield really prevents decay. It also prevents food from entering mouth, so man starves to point where he ends up as "before" in "I was a 97 pound weakling!" ad.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

After Don Martin walked out on "The Brain Operation" (pg. 15), he found it increasingly difficult to keep from blowing his top . . . mainly because it wasn't nailed down! So it didn't take long before he found himself back . . .

IN SURGERY

Weak pulse . . . shallow breathing!
Hmmm! There's no doubt about it!
I'll have to use another hypo!



A COOL YULE DEPT.

Back in the 19th Century, when Clement Moore wrote "A Visit From St. Nicholas," it was very popular among the younger set. Today's younger set, unfortunately, can't appreciate it because they speak a totally different language called "Hip Talk." So, in order to revive its popularity, here's

OLD VERSION

A Visit From St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter!
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

MAD'S UP- The Night



'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pad
Not a hipster was swinging, not even old Dad;
The chimney was draped in that stocking routine,
In hopes that "The Fat Man" would soon make the scene;



The moon and the snow were, like, faking together,
Which made the scene rock in the Day People weather,
When, what to these peepers should come on real queer,
But a real crazy sleigh, and eight swinging reindeer,



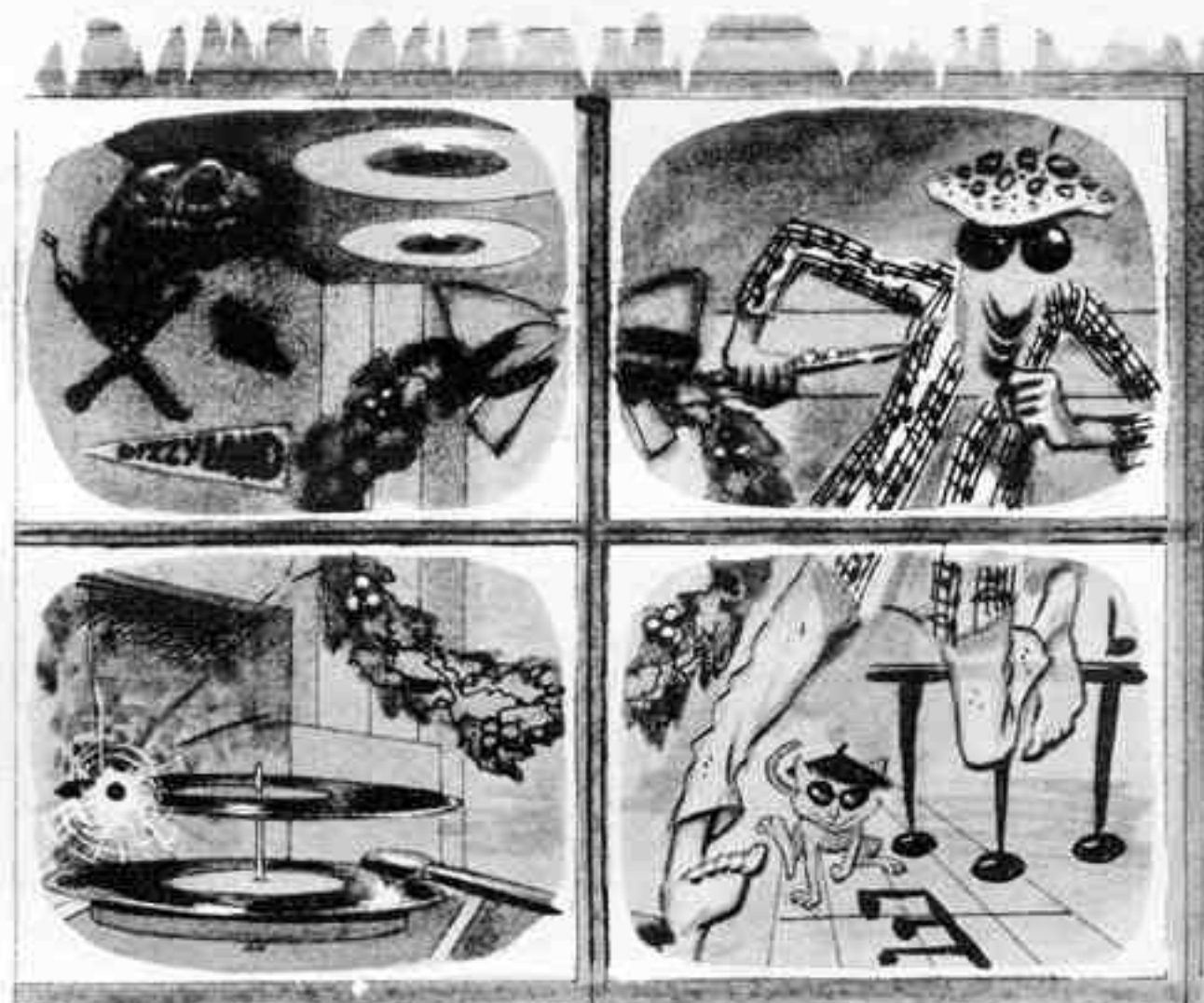
... AND JUST A TOUCH
OF MILD MENTHOL ...

TO-DATE VERSION OF Before Christmas

NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION



The wee cats were laid out all cool in their beds,
While sounds of the "Sugar Blues" wailed through their heads;
And my chick in her "Castro," and me on the floor,
Had just conked out cold for a forty-wink snore,



ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT

When out of left field there came on such a ribble,
I broke from my sack to see what was this dribble!
To the glasspane I cut like a B-Western movie,
Tuned in on the action, and, Man, was it groovy!



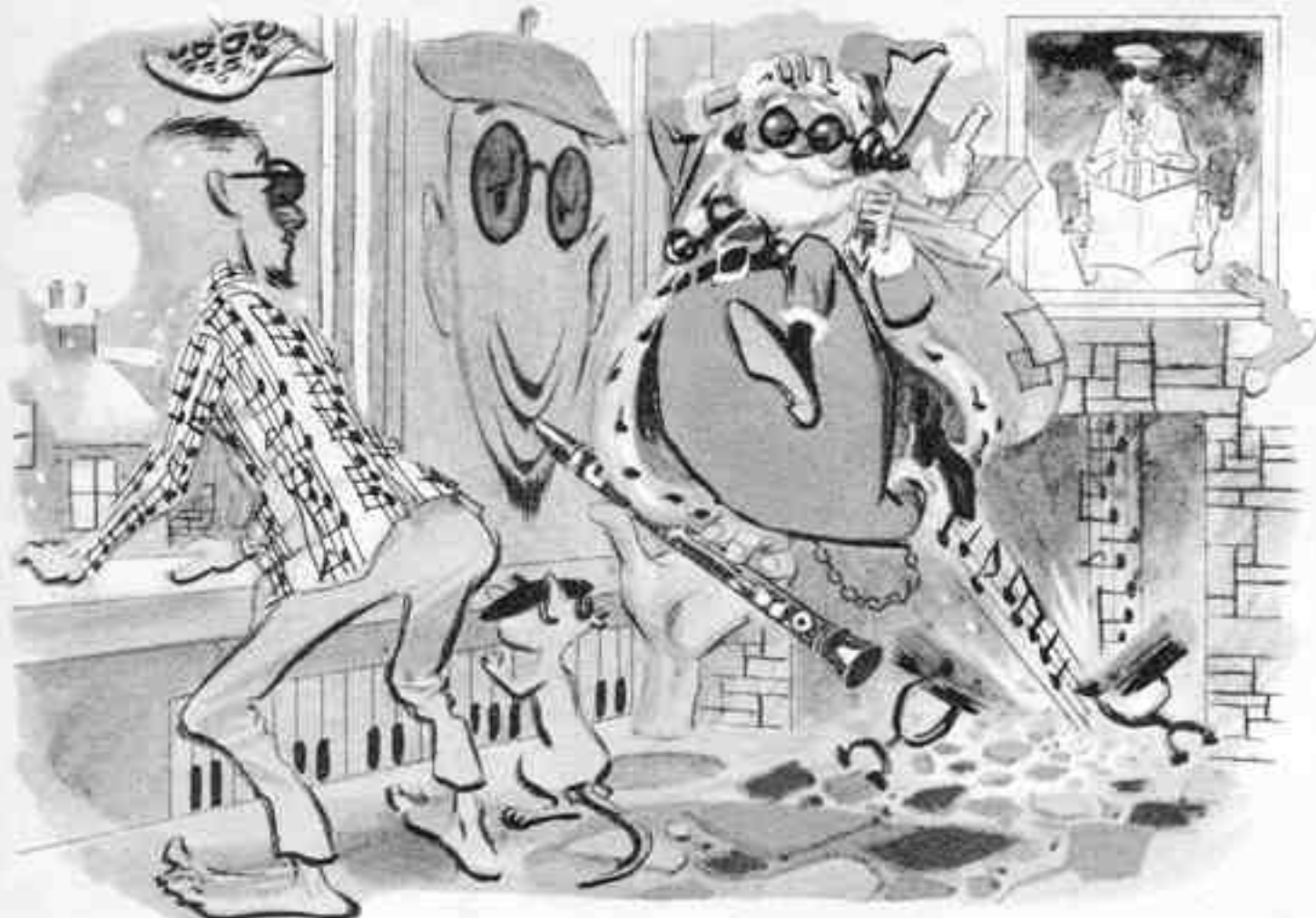
With a hopped-up old driver on some frantic kick,
I was hip in a flash that it must be St. Nick.
Much faster than "Bird" blew, this group was no drag,
And he rocked, and he rolled, and he pegged them by tag:

"Like, Dasher! Like, Dancer! Like, Prancer and Vixen!
Go, Comet! Go, Cupid! Go, Donner and Blitzen!
Fly over the shack! Make it over the pad!
Now cut out, Man! Cut out, Man! Cut out like mad!"

NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION



THEY'RE EVEN POKING MILLIONS OF HOLES IN THE CIGARETTE PAPER SO YOU SHOULD INHALE AIR . . .



And then, in a quick riff, I dug on the roof
The jumpin' and jivin' of each swinging hoof.
As I pulled in my noggin, and turned around fast,
Down the chimney came Nick like a hot trumpet blast.



He was wrapped up to kill, Man, a real kookie dresser!
And his rags were, like, way out! Pops! He was a gasser!
A sack full of goodies hung down to his tail,
And he looked like a postman with "Basie's" fan mail.



The tip of a butt he had snagged in his choppers,
And he took a few drags just like all cool be-boppers;
He had a weird face, and a solid reet middle
That bounced when he cracked, like a gutbucket fiddle!



He was shaking with meat, meaning he was no square,
And I flipped, 'cause I'd always thought he was "longhair"!
But the glint in his eye and the beat in his touch
Soon gave me the message this cat was "too much"!



He flew to his skids, to his group blew a lick,
And they cut out real cool, on a wild frenzied kick.

But I heard him sound off, with a razz-a-ma-tazz:
"A cool Christmas to all, and, like, all of that jazz!"



And now, for his parting shot, Don Martin tells what it feels like to be . . .

THE EARLY RISER

