

SPECIAL ALFRED OF ARABIA ISSUE

No.
86
April
'64

MAD

OUR PRICE

25¢

CHEAP





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.

MAD

"Somehow, I always get the same seat at a ball game: Between the hot dog vendor and his best customer!"—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*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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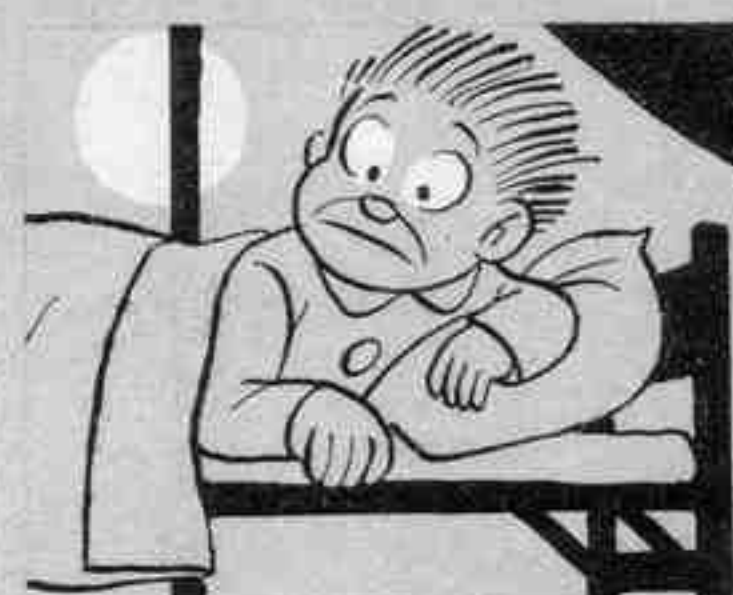
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YOU'LL LAUGH YOURSELF SILLY WHEN YOU TURN 17

Mainly the pages of these 17 MAD Paperback Books!



AT YOUR FAVORITE BOOKSTAND—OR YOURS BY MAIL

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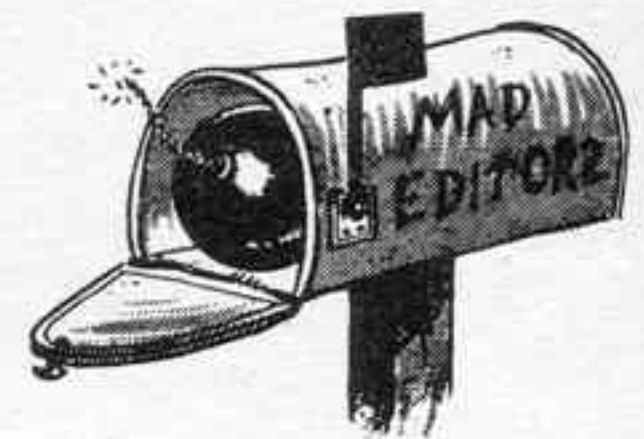
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| ☐ Utterly MAD | ☐ Like MAD |
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- ☐ Fighting MAD
- ☐ The Voodoo MAD
- ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
- ☐ Don Martin Steps Out
- ☐ Don Martin Bounces Back
- ☐ Dave Berg Looks At The USA

I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH

LETTERS DEPT.



A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

In looking over the issues of the last three years, I ran across some of the excellent satires you've written on our late President, John F. Kennedy. In retrospect of the events of November 22 and the days following, I think it would be appropriate to pay tribute to our fallen leader in your next issue.

Keith S. Armour
Stillman Valley, Ill.

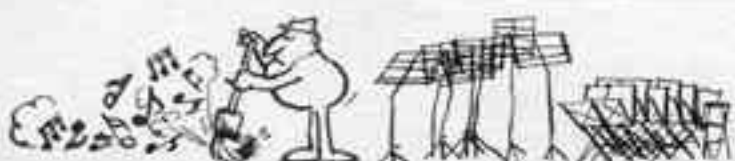
Perhaps the best tribute we can pay to President John F. Kennedy is to publish the following letters from other readers which put our thoughts and feelings into words better than we could do ourselves:

I realize that it goes without saying that MAD Magazine shared the grief of the entire nation at the tragic loss of President Kennedy. However, it is obvious to this reader that MAD's loss was a more personal one than the loss felt by millions of others. Many times did your magazine satirize JFK and poke amiable fun at him, his habits, his family, etc. The very manner of these gentle taunts only served to reflect your awareness of the exceptional human qualities the man possessed. Rarely was a President so able to communicate with the American people so well. Rarely has an official of any country permitted himself and his family to be the object of such open, good-natured humor as was evidenced in your magazine and in other media. His loss as a leader is incalculable. And yet, his loss as a symbol of changing attitudes by, and towards important individuals may eventually count for more in history's evaluation of this great and good man.

Larry Bortstein
Bronx, New York

Although MAD's satires of the Kennedy administration may have been viewed by some as poor taste, I thank you for the image of our former Chief that resulted from your policy. You placed President Kennedy in every situation imaginable. You both severely criticized him and praised him to the hilt. Yet there was no stopping of this satirical comedy, no censoring on any level. By his respect for "freedom of the press," by his non-interference, President Kennedy allowed himself to be reduced to the level of the common man, proving the greatness he so humbly possessed.

Barbara Gerbec
Buffalo, New York



MODERN TEACHER

I wanted to offer my "thanks" for a job well done. Your "Modern Teacher Magazine" in issue No. 84 really hits home. You have effectively "planted the plank" on the sluggish educational backside of America. Congratulations on an exceptionally fine piece of satire.

Will Brown
West Virginia University
Morgantown, West Virginia

Concerning your article on "The Modern Teacher," my husband, who is a teacher, and I both agree—"Many a true word is said in jest!" Good going!!

Shelley Frank
Brooklyn, New York

NO PEACE IN THE CORPS



When I was accepted for Peace Corps teaching in Malaysia—9000 miles from home—I looked forward to escaping the life of ulcers, tranquilizers, psychiatrists ... and MAD Magazine. All was true when I arrived in Sungei Patani, a small town near the Thailand border. Until last week, when my faith in the stability of these people was shattered. I discovered MAD in a local bookstore! The shopkeeper said he had ordered 50 as an experiment. When I arrived, there were only 5 remaining—4 when I left! The enclosed picture shows the progressive mental deterioration taking place among the Malays. Communism doesn't stand a chance here. The people are too busy reading MAD—thank goodness!

John Southworth
Peace Corps Volunteer
Sungei Patani, Kedah
Federation of Malaysia

IDENTIFICATION PHOTOS

Did you ever think of publishing stories about and pictures of your staff members so we fans could see who was responsible for the creation of this idiotic magazine?

Edward R. Rosenblum
University Park, Pa.

So you could recognize us and throw rocks at us on the street? Not on your life!—Ed.

MAD MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

Last Sunday, my wife and I attended a lecture at the Phillips Exeter Academy on the recent ascent of Mt. Everest by an American expedition. It was given by Barry C. Bishop of the National Geographic Society, who was one of the four to reach the summit. He told of the arduous efforts, the dangers, and the deteriorating effects of the high altitude. He also told of how, after weeks of strain, they returned to their base camp for rest, relaxation and recovery. And among the profusion of photographs he showed, Mr. Bishop displayed one of someone in their base camp reading MAD Magazine. So you see, your fame has reached to the highest summit, and perhaps you even helped to conquer it.

Herbert R. Levine
Exeter, New Hampshire

A MAD GUIDE TO HYPNOTISM

Congratulations on your article, "A MAD Guide To Hypnotism" in MAD #84. You have just set the science of Hypnotism back at least two thousand years. Seriously, though, the author of the article must know *something* about Hypnotism, as there are several important points made throughout this satirical gem. Anyhow, I have added several copies of this article to our library so students can get a good laugh (if they haven't read it already).

Ronald J. Brecknon, Director
Prescription Hypnosis Training Center
Hamilton, Ontario, Can.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF COPS

Your "Lighter Side Of Cops" in the Christmas Issue of MAD (#84) won't get many policemen "mad" at you, or the author-artist, I'm sure. Too much of it is true. Most of the staff at the Police Hall of Fame enjoys reading MAD, and in law enforcement, a little laughter—even at ourselves—doesn't hurt.

Gerald S. Arenberg, Director
National Police Hall of Fame
Venice, Florida

BUSINESS AFTER PLEASURE

My father and I have a deal. Whenever a new issue of MAD comes out, I go to the newsstand, buy it with money from my allowance, take it home, read it, and then give it to my father. If he laughs more than once, he buys that issue from me. I haven't lost a quarter yet.

Jack McNally
Harlington, Texas

A QUESTION OF NUMBERS

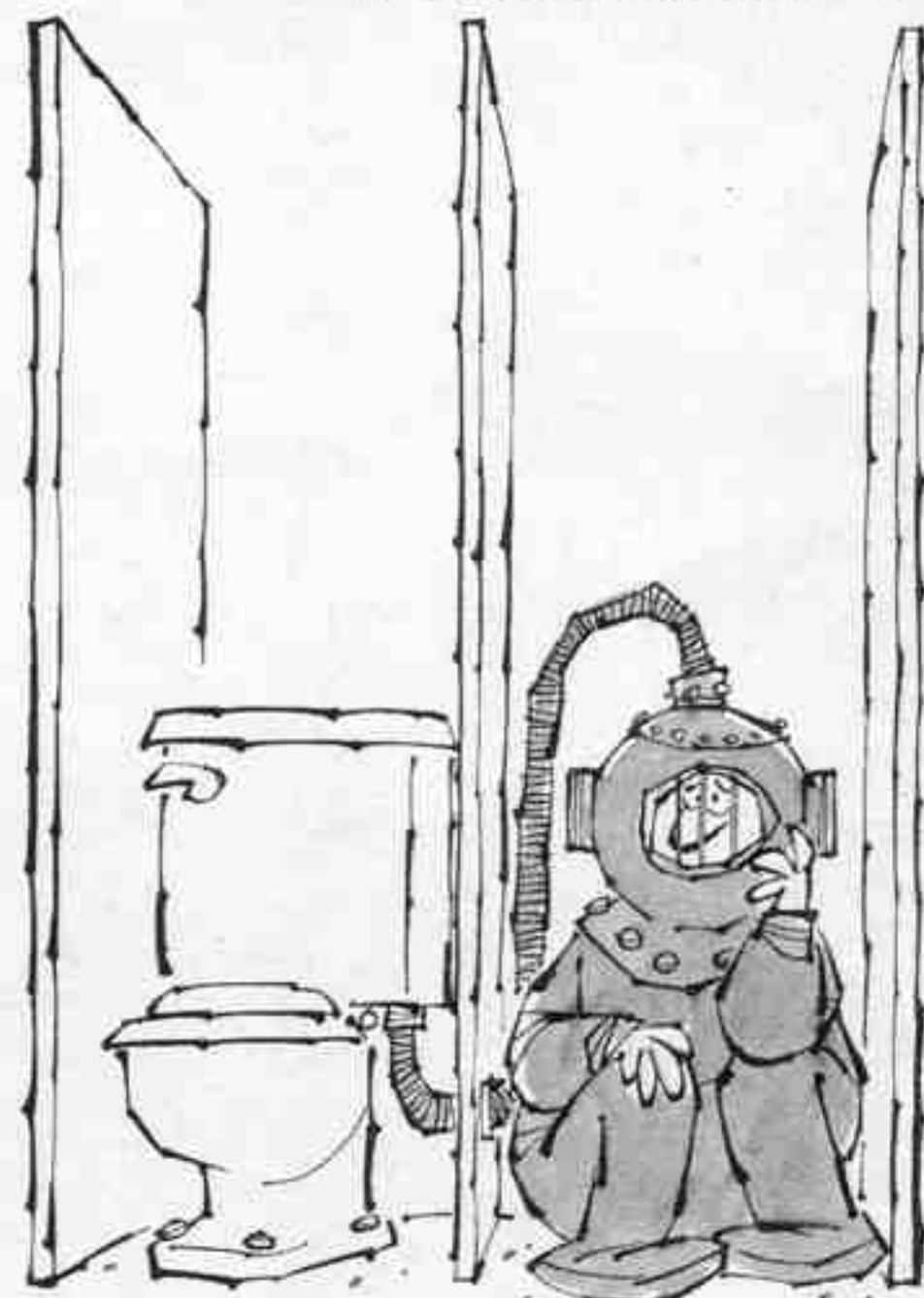
Would you please tell me the age and I.Q. of your staff?

Mark Malkoski
Paducah, Kentucky

The average age and I.Q. of the staff of MAD is coincidentally the same! 32!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 86, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

WHY KILL YOURSELF?



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NOW...AT A LOSS!



Yep, we've run out of ideas for sneaky eye-catching headlines, and we're now at a loss as to how to trick you into reading that full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman, are still available at 25¢ each. That is, we're at a loss after this idea—which worked great! Mail money to MAD, Dept. "What—Color?" 850 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022



GOOD GRIEF DEPT.

Charles M. Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts" has a warm, happy, secure way of looking at things. In his "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy", he told us about the things in childhood that make us happy. MAD, in the belief that childhood is more miserable than happy, answered Mr. Schulz with its parody, "Misery Is A Cold Hot Dog". Now, Mr. Schulz has another best-seller called, "Security Is A Thumb And A Blanket," which reveals the things in childhood that make us feel secure, like: "Security is having a big brother." and "Security is a candy bar hidden in the freezer." Once again, MAD takes exception. All we remember of childhood are the things that made us feel "INsecure", like . . .



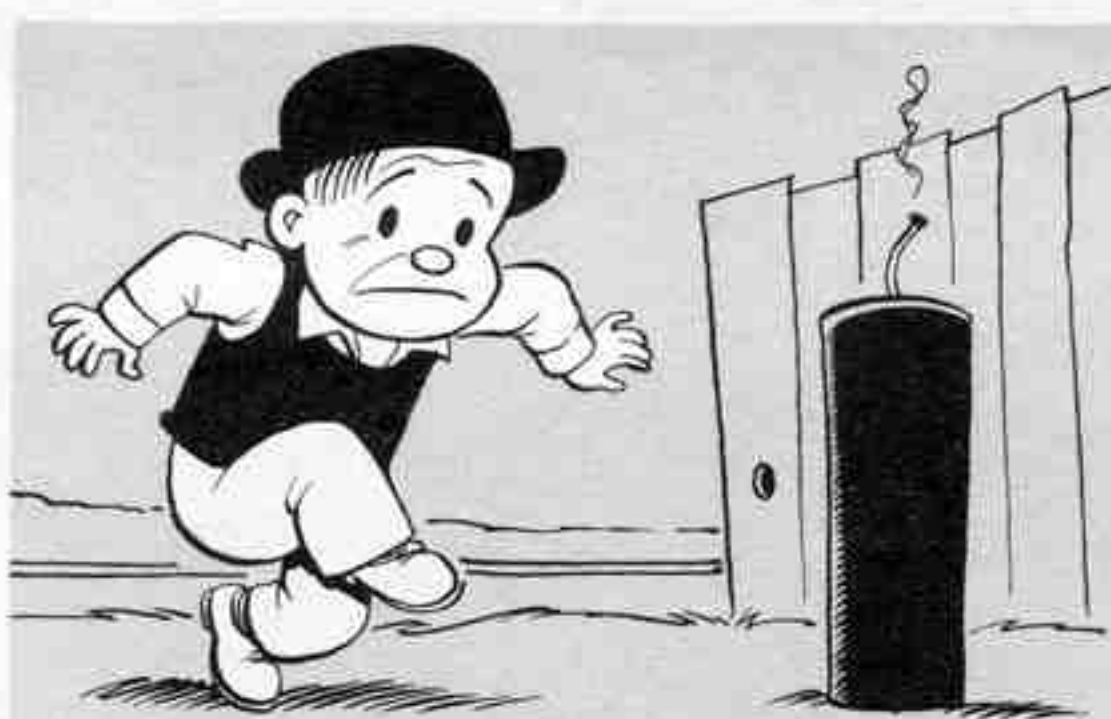
Insecurity is being a tall 11-year-old.



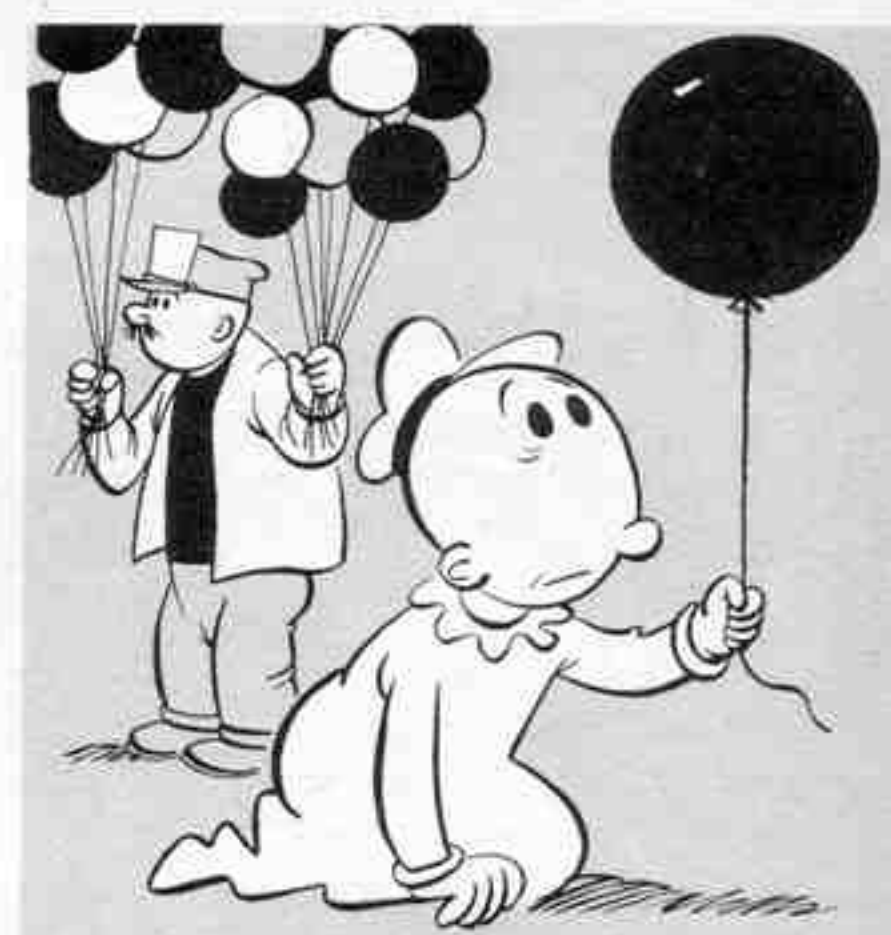
Insecurity is eating something with a big dog watching.



Insecurity is having a father who's an accountant.



Insecurity is examining a fire cracker that didn't go off.



Insecurity is a helium-filled balloon.



Insecurity is being the odd kid in a choose-up game.



Insecurity is when they start surveying your favorite vacant lot.



Insecurity is being the first to hand in a test paper.

INSECURITY

IS A PAIR OF LOOSE SWIM TRUNKS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Insecurity is a hole in both your front pockets.



Insecurity is moving into a new neighborhood.



Insecurity is coming home alone from a horror movie.



Insecurity is holding a baby.



Insecurity is bringing a sealed note home from your teacher.



Insecurity is when the ferris wheel stops and you're at the top.



Insecurity is being the last to hand in a test paper.



Insecurity is going by yourself for the first time.



Insecurity is your ball bouncing into traffic.



Insecurity is waiting for the thermometer to come out.



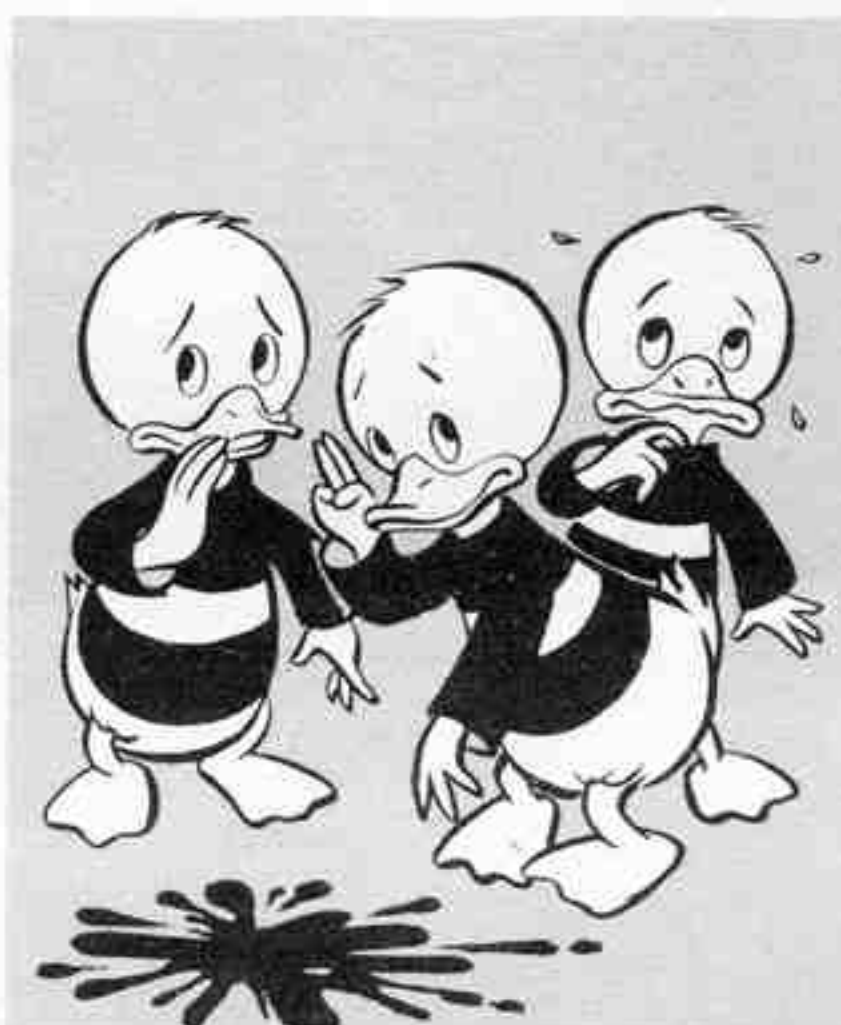
Insecurity is going into a strange store with a deposit bottle.



Insecurity is your sister getting chicken pox before Christmas vacation, and you never had it.



Insecurity is sleeping in the upper bunk the first night at camp.



Insecurity is trying not to look guilty when accused of something you didn't do.



Insecurity is your mother and father arguing downstairs.



Insecurity is going downtown and seeing two Santa Clauses.

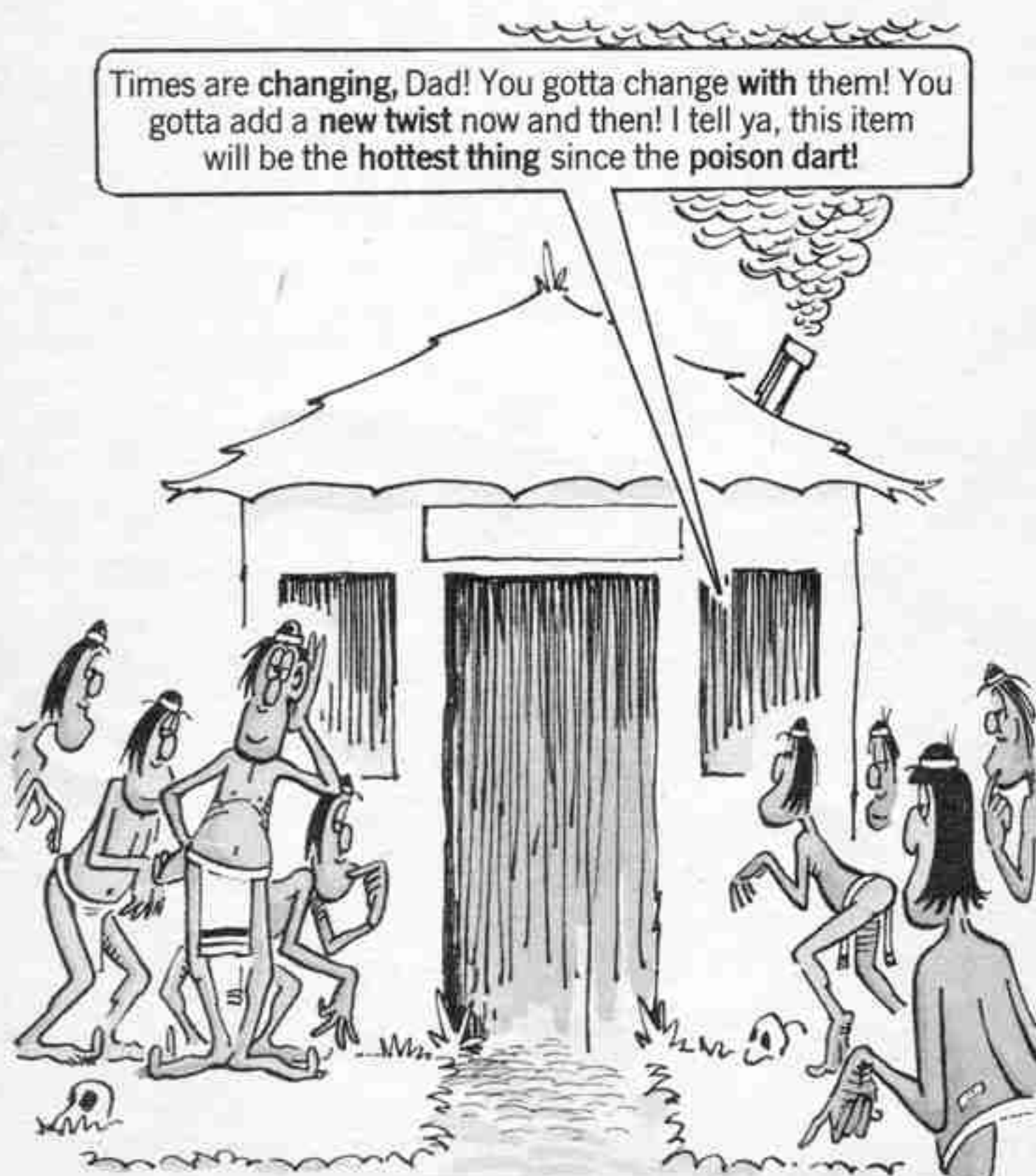
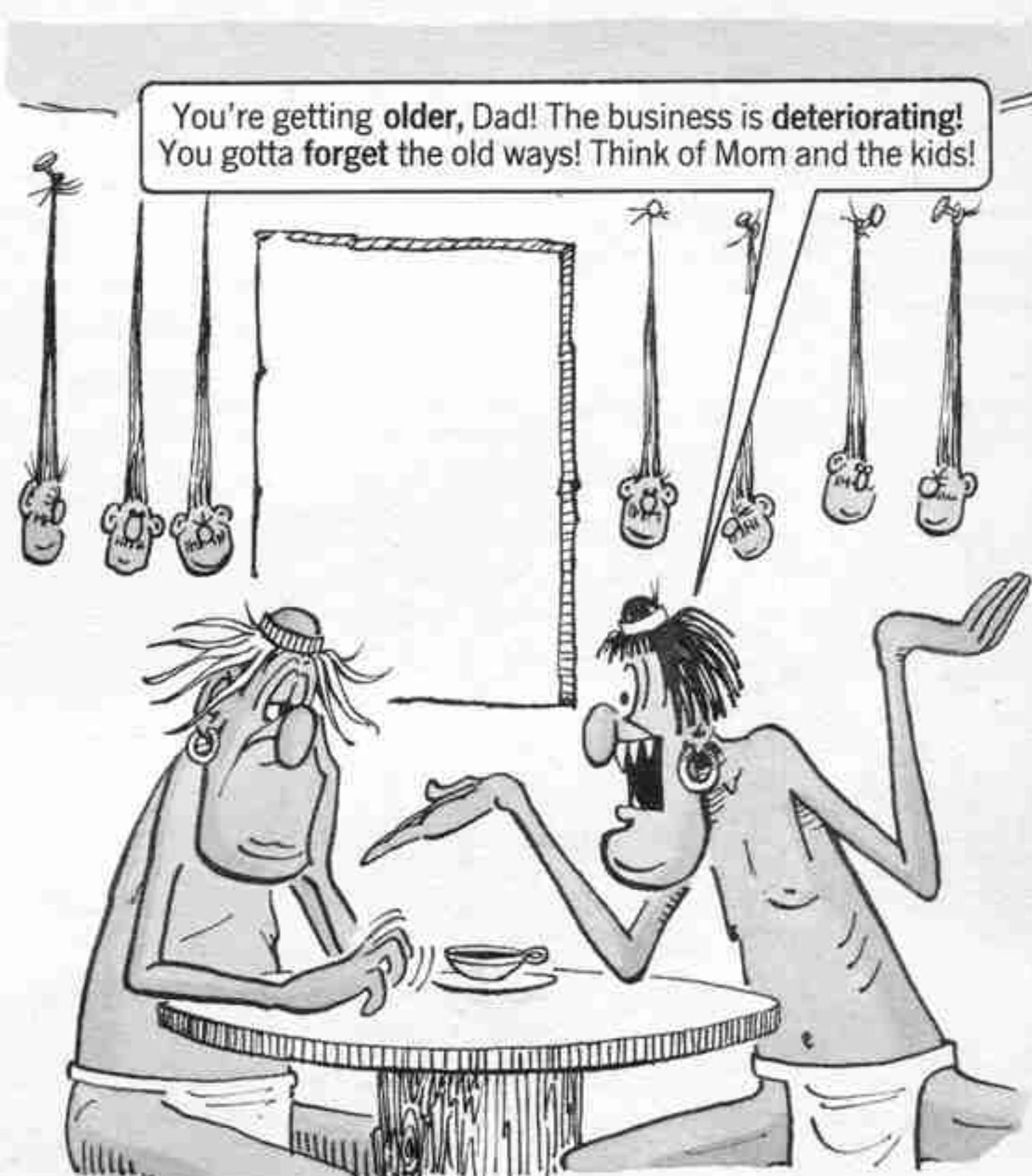


Insecurity is running an errand with a 10-dollar bill.



Insecurity is a tough kid approaching your sand castle.

THE SMALL BUSINESSMAN IN THE AMAZON



YOU'RE SURE TO

FIRST ON LINE FOR WORLD SERIES OPENER



Camped outside ballpark since Jan. 3rd, Fenwick Knobble is first on line for 1964 World Series opener tomorrow. This is the 328th event in the past 5 years at which Knobble has been Number One in line. They include openings for new tunnels, supermarkets, amusement parks, theaters, throughways and assorted manholes.

AUTO SHOW OPENS AT N.Y. COLISEUM



Lovely model, Pepper Pott, adorns a new car in the Furd Motor exhibit at the N.Y. Coliseum where the National Automobile Show opened today. Standing nearby is Furd Motors President, Phineas T. Furd III, who admires the smooth lines, the sleek chassis, and the all-round maneuverability. He also likes the many features of the automobile.

POLAR BEAR CLUB HOLDS ANOTHER GET-TOGETHER



It's 24 below zero, so the lovable Polar Bear Club is out again enjoying a refreshing dip in the ocean. After that, it's a snowball fight on the beach. Then it's off to the neighborhood butcher shop to warm up in the meat refrigerator. And that's why we're proud to be Americans!

FIREMAN CLIMBS TREE TO RESCUE CAT



Poor Tabby got himself out on a limb, so Fireman Ernie Hicks climbs up the tree to rescue him. This is the 212th photo we've run of Hicks rescuing cats from trees. During that time, 212 houses have burned to the ground because the Fire Department was short-handed with Hicks busy elsewhere.

PHOTOS

A COLLECTION OF TYPICAL CLICHE PHOTOS LIKE THE ONES YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER IS SURE TO RUN THIS YEAR

SEE THIS YEAR

GOVERNOR DEDICATES NEW BRIDGE



Gov. Anschloss Fogg prepares to cut the ribbon officially opening the new John Boles Bridge over Turhan Bay. While an anxious state awaits the results of the Governor's monumental task, those who know and love him wish him God speed, and pray that his trick right thumb holds up under this grueling man-killing assignment.

Senator Gasbag is Made Indian Chief



Sen. Roscoe Gasbag, campaigning in Wyoming, was made a Chief of the Wattaguchi Indian Tribe today. "I'll do anything to get votes," said the Senator, "as long as it's in keeping with the dignity of my office." Sen. Gasbag, in full headdress, will be introduced from the audience of the Ed Sullivan Show Sunday night, after which he will do a Rain Dance in the aisle.

WHEW! IT WAS A SIZZLER TODAY!



The temperature hit 114 degrees today. It was so hot that 12-year-old Mickey Plottznik fried an egg on the sidewalk. If the current heat wave continues, you'll be seeing other brilliantly creative hot weather photos in this paper, like a shot of last winter's snowstorm, a guy sitting on a cake of ice, and a bunch of kids cavorting under an open fire hydrant. (So pray for a break in the weather!).

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT



Klutz, a Great Dane, and Itsy, a Pekingese, are two of the many entrants in the Dog Show opening today. Somehow, to us, there is a profoundly symbolic and beautiful message for all Mankind in this scene. Namely, why can't the big nations of the world get together with the small nations of the world at a Dog Show somewhere, and rub noses instead of fighting all the time?

WE'D LIKE TO

FIRST ON LINE FOR WORLD SERIES OPENER



First on line for 1964 World Series opener today was Fenwick Knobble. But because he got such little sleep since his vigil began on Jan. 3rd, he couldn't stay awake when the gates opened. However, all is not lost for Fenwick. As Police officers prepare to pick him up and book him on a vagrancy charge (*above*) his prospects for being the Number One prisoner in the newly constructed wing of the City Jail look pretty good.

AUTO SHOW OPENS AT N.Y. COLISEUM



Ugly Birdie Furd adorns a new car in the Furd Motor exhibit at the N.Y. Coliseum where the National Automobile Show opened today. Standing nearby is her husband, Furd Motors President, Phineas T. Furd III, who for reasons of his health (Mainly a punch in the mouth he got at home this morning!) has decided to stop using pretty models to help sell cars.

POLAR BEAR CLUB HOLDS ANOTHER GET-TOGETHER



It's 24 below zero, so the lovable Polar Bear Club was out again enjoying a refreshing dip in the ocean, a snowball fight on the beach, and a visit to the neighborhood butcher shop's meat refrigerator. Here, they are seen at the get-together that always follows their idiotic antics—the one held in the Pneumonia Ward of the City Hospital.

FIREMAN CLIMBS TREE TO RESCUE CAT



Poor Tabby got himself out on a limb, so Fireman Ernest Hicks climbs up the tree to rescue him, while people in the neighborhood pelt Hicks with rocks, shoes and anything else they can find to throw. Seems this particular cat howls all night in the alley, and folks aren't too anxious to see him rescued. In fact, they were hoping he'd starve to death up there.

PHOTOS

A COLLECTION OF SWITCHES
ON CLICHE PHOTOS THAT WE'D
LIKE TO SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER
RUN THIS YEAR FOR A CHANGE

SEE THIS YEAR

GOVERNOR DEDICATES NEW BRIDGE



Gov. Anschloss Fogg cuts ribbon officially opening new John Boles Bridge over Turhan Bay. At Governor's right is the bridge's architect, his son-in-law, Ollie Yumman. "Boy, did I goof!" exclaimed Yumman, a former shoemaker, as the structure collapsed into the scenic bay. "I forgot to tell him that the ribbon is what held the bridge up!"

Senator Gasbag is Made Indian Chief



Sen. Roscoe Gasbag, who was made an Indian Chief of the Wattaguchi Tribe yesterday, has just learned that his house and land in Washington, D.C., have been confiscated by the Government as part of the U.S. policy toward American Indians. The Senator is shown here being chased out of the nation's capital and back to the Wattaguchi reservation where he belongs.

WHEW! IT WAS A SIZZLER TODAY!



The temperature hit 114 degrees today. It was so hot that 12-year-old Mickey Plottznik fried an egg on the sidewalk. This is the 48th egg he's wasted for our cameramen over the past five summers, and his mother is steaming even more than the weather. "People overseas are starving," she screamed at him as this picture was taken, "and you're throwing away eggs on the sidewalk! EAT!"

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT



Klutz, a Great Dane, and Itsy, a Pekingese (not shown in this picture) were two of the many entrants in the Dog Show opening today. Unfortunately, the late Itsy never made it past the picture-taking ceremonies. Shortly after this photo was taken, Klutz's owner was heard to remark, "An hour after he eats a Pekingese, he's hungry again!"

WORD GAME PRESERVE DEPT.

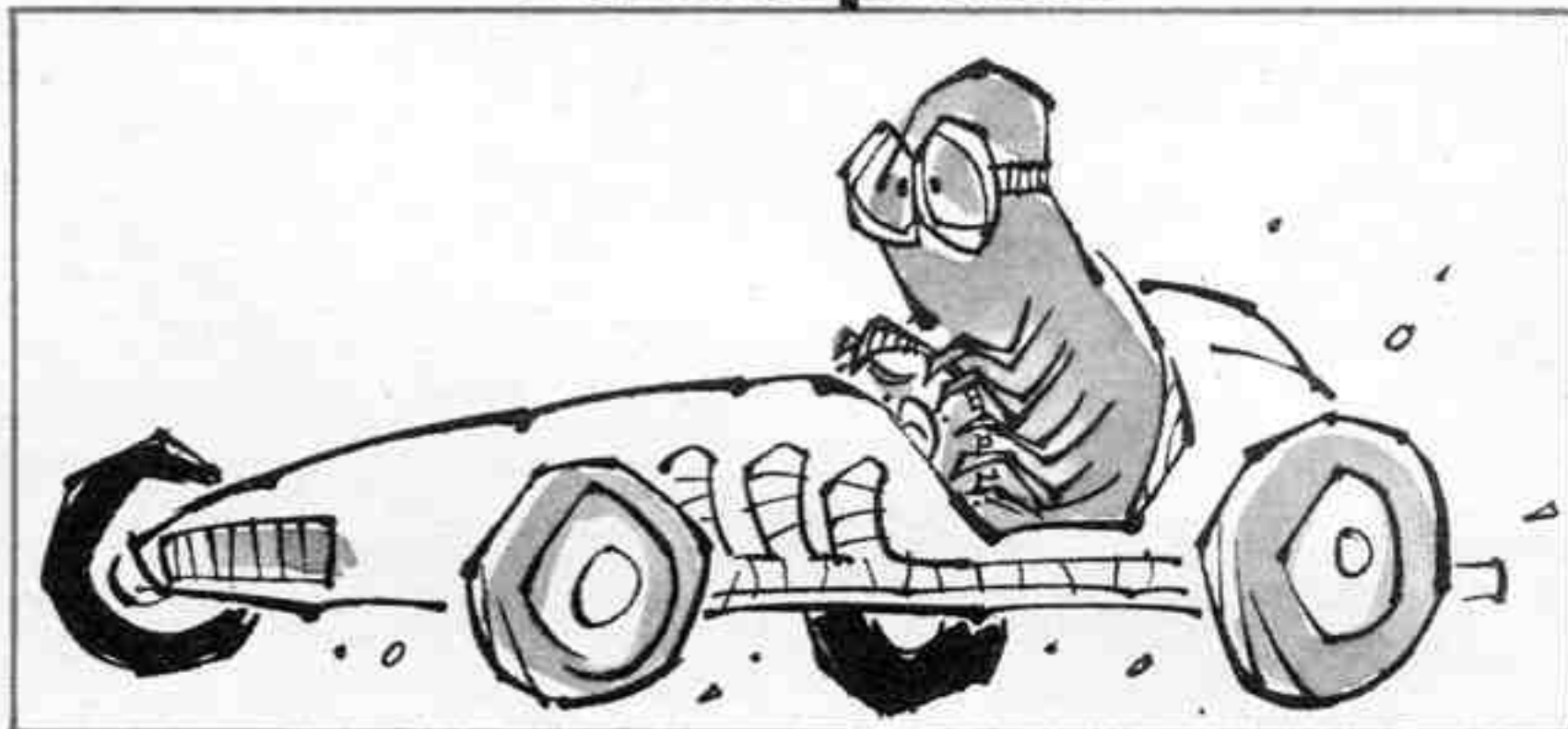
Writer Phil Hahn joins with artist Paul Coker, Jr. to bring us another set of examples of their new game in which they take ordinary dictionary words and dream up kookie "animals" these words suggest. It's fun! Try some yourself—like the following—

MAD

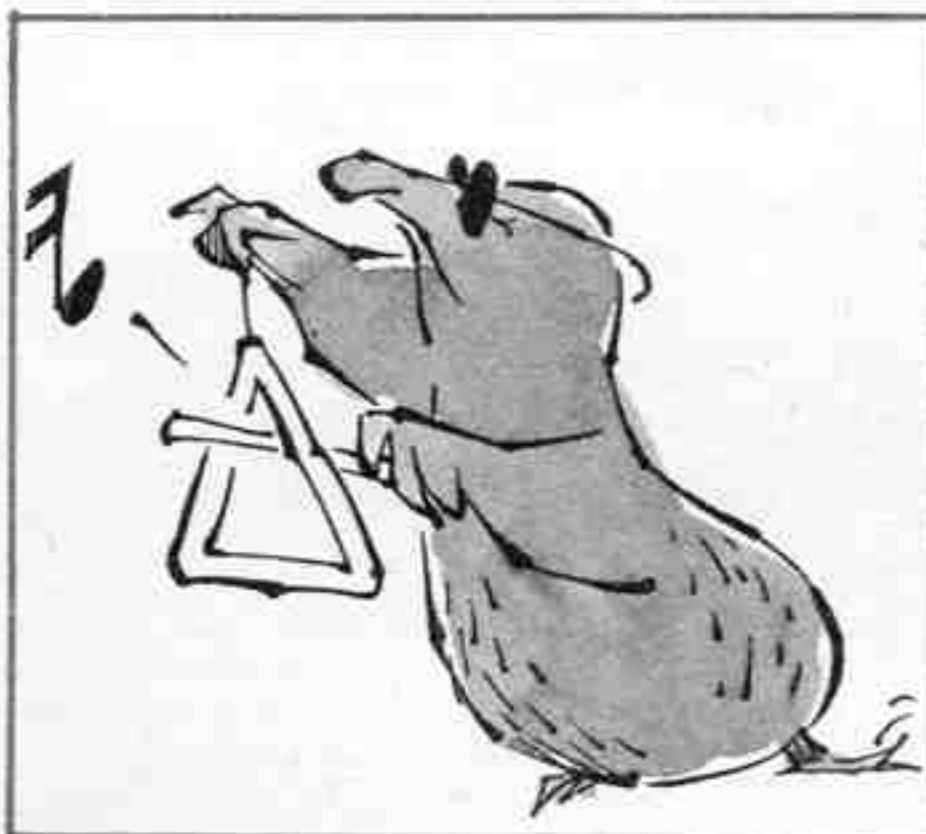
dandelion



velocipede



molding



hootenanny



pontificate



dullard



THE ERROR OF GOOD FEELING DEPT.

Once upon a time—like about 20 years ago—life was a lot simpler. Mainly because everybody knew exactly where he stood. If a fella was okay, he was a “good guy”. If he acted like a crumb, he was a “bad guy”. Today, however, all that has changed. You’re not supposed to call a “bad guy” a “crumb” or a “rat-fink” or any other name he deserves. You’re supposed to consider the things that happened in his childhood, the

WHEN THIS TREND TOWARD “UNDERS

IN MAJOR POLICE WORK...



WANTED

For Murder, Armed Robbery & Other Anti-Social Behavior

SEYMOUR LASAGNA



On August 12, 1963, Seymour Lasagna committed a thoughtless act. He shot and killed two bank guards, three tellers, and an innocent bystander while robbing the Pittsburgh City Bank of \$25,000. Seymour should not have done this. After all, murder is not nice. Neither is taking money that does not belong to us. Sooner or later, Seymour will be caught, tried, and convicted and executed for his impulsive actions. But, alas...is Seymour Lasagna the *real* guilty party? Aren't we—the people who rejected and ignored him—the ones who *should* be put on trial? Throughout his short, unhappy life, Seymour craved friendship and understanding. But how did we react? Did we give him what he needed? No! We shunned him, rejected him, and drove him from one anti-social deed to another. And now, this poor boy is in trouble!

DESCRIPTION		TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCES	CRIMINAL RECORD
AGE: 22—but looks much older due to constant harrassment by police.	HEIGHT: 6'2"—but he usually slouches from fear of being caught.	August 9, 1963 Applied for a \$25,000 loan at the Pittsburgh City Bank, and was immediately refused.	August 10, 1963 Killed 6 persons during armed robbery of Pittsburgh City Bank, escaping with \$25,000.
WEIGHT: 218 lbs.—due to compulsive overeating, trying to make up for lack of love by his family and friends.	HAIR:—Prematurely grey from the worries of a lonely, unhappy life.	February 4, 1957 Was rebuked in front of class by Principal of High School.	February 5, 1957 Burned down High School with Principal locked in basement.
EYES: Blue—troubled.	SCARS:—None that show, but many buried deep within his sick mind.	October 15, 1955 Received no votes in election of Freshman Class President.	October 16, 1955 Ran amuck during assembly and beat up entire Freshman Class.
		June 28, 1949 After altercation, was banned from using the tree house that belonged to the boy next door.	June 29, 1949 Chopped down tree-house, chopped down tree, and luckily was stopped from chopping down boy.

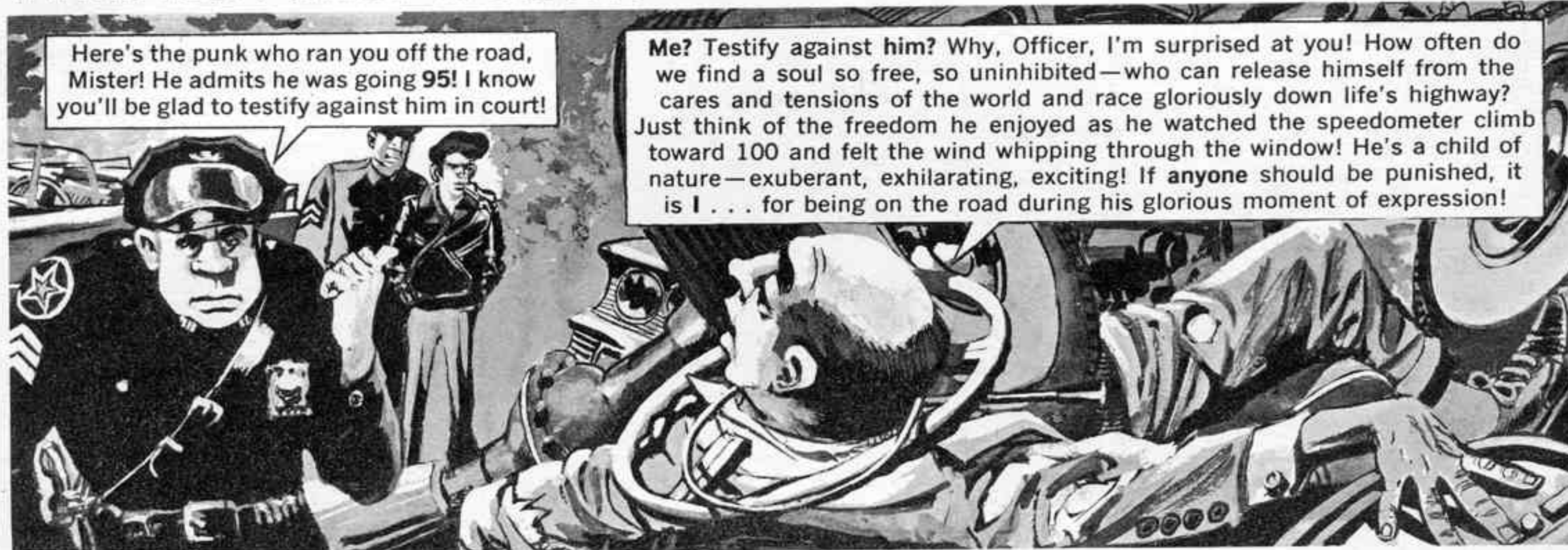
IF YOU SEE THIS MAN, TALK TO HIM—TRY TO GET HIS MIND OFF HIS PROBLEMS

environment he grew up in, his parents and their problems, and anything else that might have contributed toward making him act the way he does. In other words, you're supposed to try and understand him. Now, we're all for understanding and forgiveness and like that . . . up to a point. Because this kind of thing can get pretty ridiculous if it's overdone. So why not join us now as MAD shows what can happen . . .

"TANDING" GETS OUT OF HAND

IN MINOR POLICE WORK...

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



IN PUBLISHING...

IN MEDICINE...

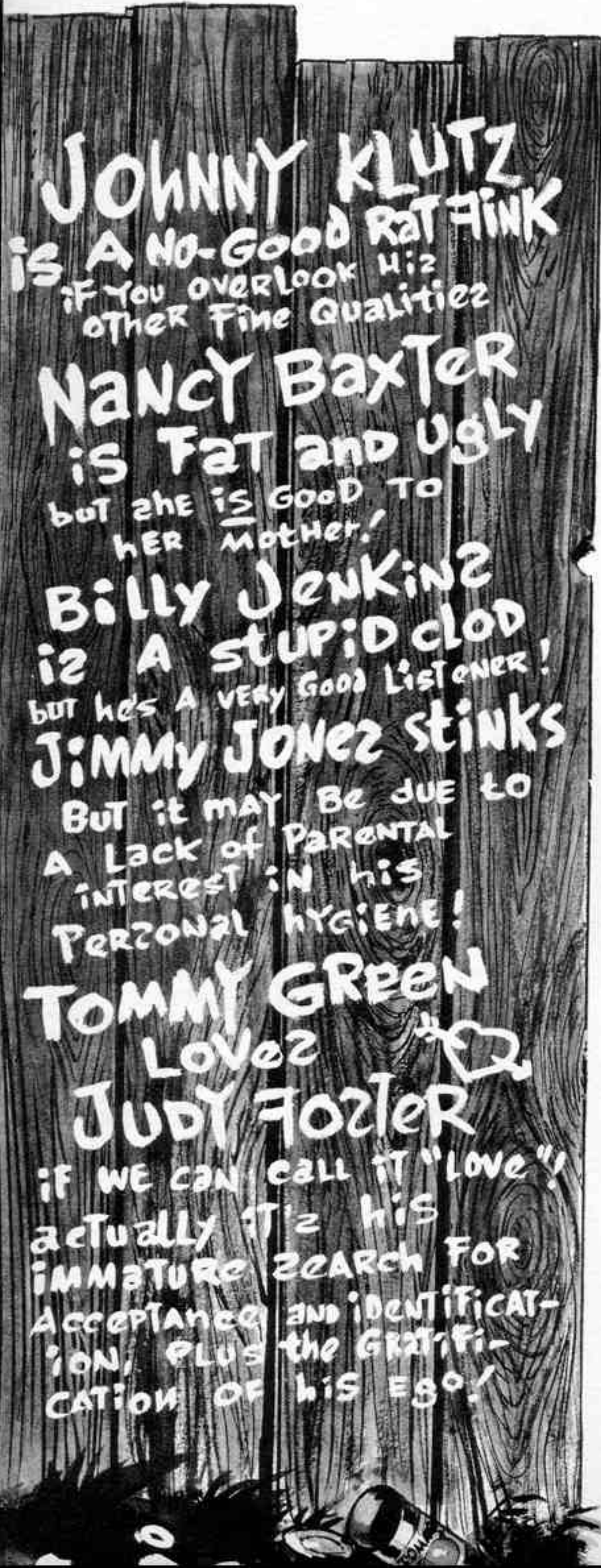


IF YOU FIND THAT YOU ARE UNABLE TO READ THIS LINE FROM A DISTANCE OF TWENTY FEET, THEN WE ARE SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU NEED GLASSES WHICH IS A SHAME SINCE YOU UNDOUBTEDLY LOOK MUCH BETTER WITHOUT THEM

IN LABOR RELATIONS...



IN JUVENILE EXPRESSION...



IN FINANCE...

ACME FINANCE & LOAN CO. 805 Beelzebub Drive Wombat Heights, Ohio

Mr. Edward Stagmire
551 Mysenthe Dr.
Wombat Heights, Ohio

Dear Mr. Stagmire:--

As of today, your monthly loan repayment of \$55.00 is three weeks overdue. According to the irrevocable terms of our iron-clad contract, this means that we now have the right to take possession of your refrigerator, your house, your car, and 40% of your salary for the rest of your life.

However, after careful investigation, we can well understand how you might be pressed for cash just now. When we found out about your losing your job, and the baby's illness, and your wife's accident, we took up a collection here at the office to cover your overdue payment. Actually, everybody was so generous that there was \$10.33 left over, which you will find enclosed. Use it to buy your missus a nice gift.

Sincerely yours,

Conway Finwecky

Conway Finwecky
Vice-President

CF/bp

P.S. If you have already sent a check, please don't ignore this letter. We'll credit it to your next month's payment and you can still keep the \$10.33.

ON THE ROAD...

WE CAN UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU DON'T LIKE BEING
ORDERED AROUND, BUT YOU
WILL JUST HAVE TO COME TO A

STOP

OR ELSE, MUCH AS WE DISLIKE
IT, WE MAY HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING THAT WE
DON'T LIKE DOING!

WE KNOW YOU'RE IN A HURRY
AND YOU'LL PROBABLY END
UP HATING US, BUT THERE'S

NO PASSING

ON THIS ROAD TILL YOU REACH
THE TOP OF THIS HILL! IT'S
REALLY FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

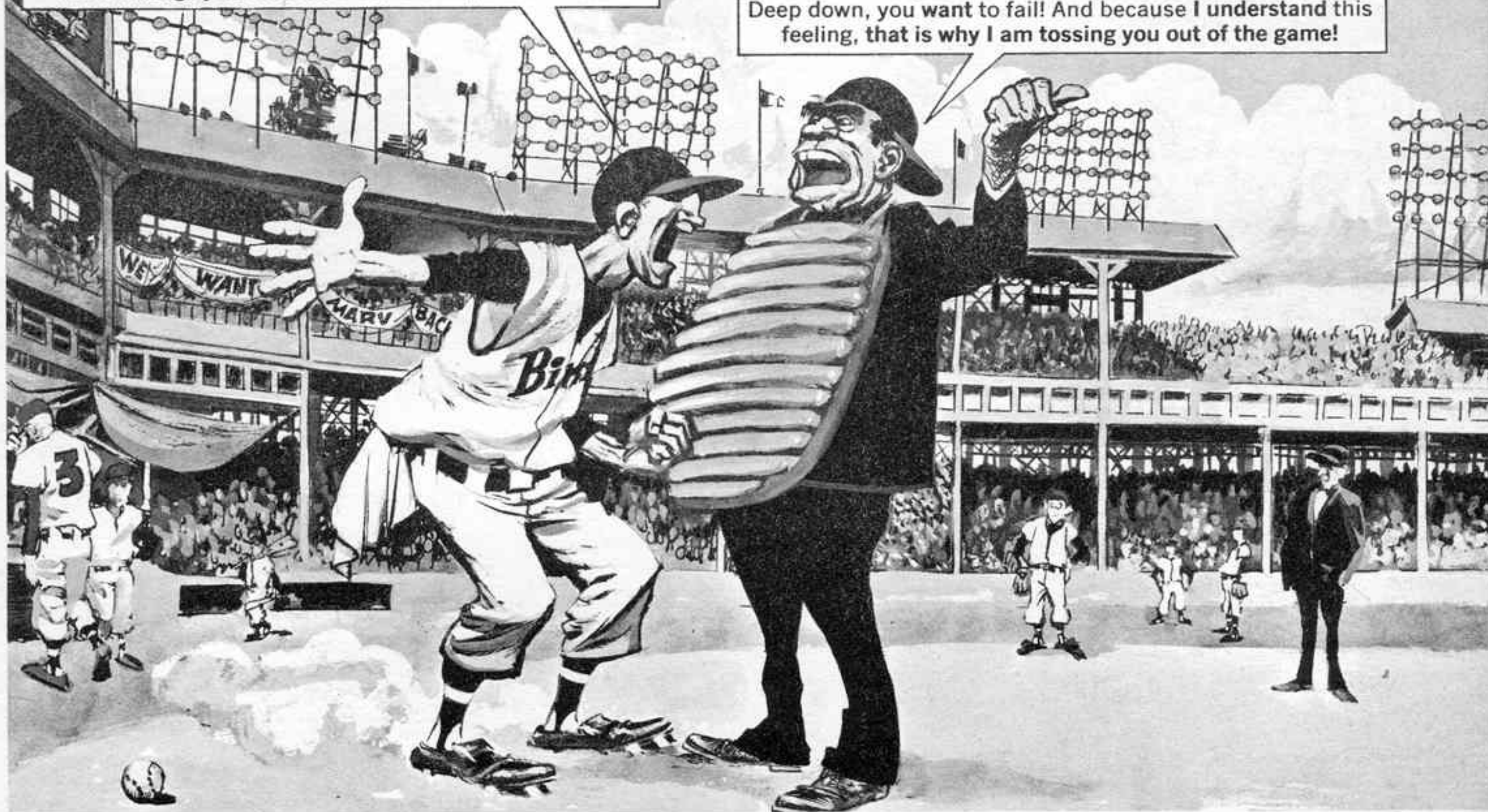


IN SPORTS...



Whaddya mean—he's out!? What terrible incident occurred in your childhood to force you to seek a scapegoat for your repressed hostilities in my innocent base-runner? Tell me the truth! Doesn't this player represent your father? Isn't it your father you are actually calling "out"? Change your decision! Believe me, I'll understand!

No, your base-runner does not represent my father to me! It is not as simple as that! Actually, he represents my mother! So you see, my problem is deeper than you think! However, what about your problem? I'm talking about your unconscious fear of success, which led you to challenge my decision when you knew full-well I would never change it? Deep down, you want to fail! And because I understand this feeling, that is why I am tossing you out of the game!



IF YOU ARE CONFUSED THIS SYMBOL

MEANS THERE'S A DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD, BUT DON'T WORRY! IT'S REALLY NOT AS BAD AS YOU MIGHT THINK!

NOW PLEASE DON'T GET UPSET, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO

PAY TOLL AHEAD

WHICH IS A NUISANCE, WE ADMIT, BUT NEVERTHELESS A CONDITION OF CROSS-COUNTRY DRIVING YOU WILL JUST HAVE TO ADJUST TO!

NEXT GAS STOP 37 MILES

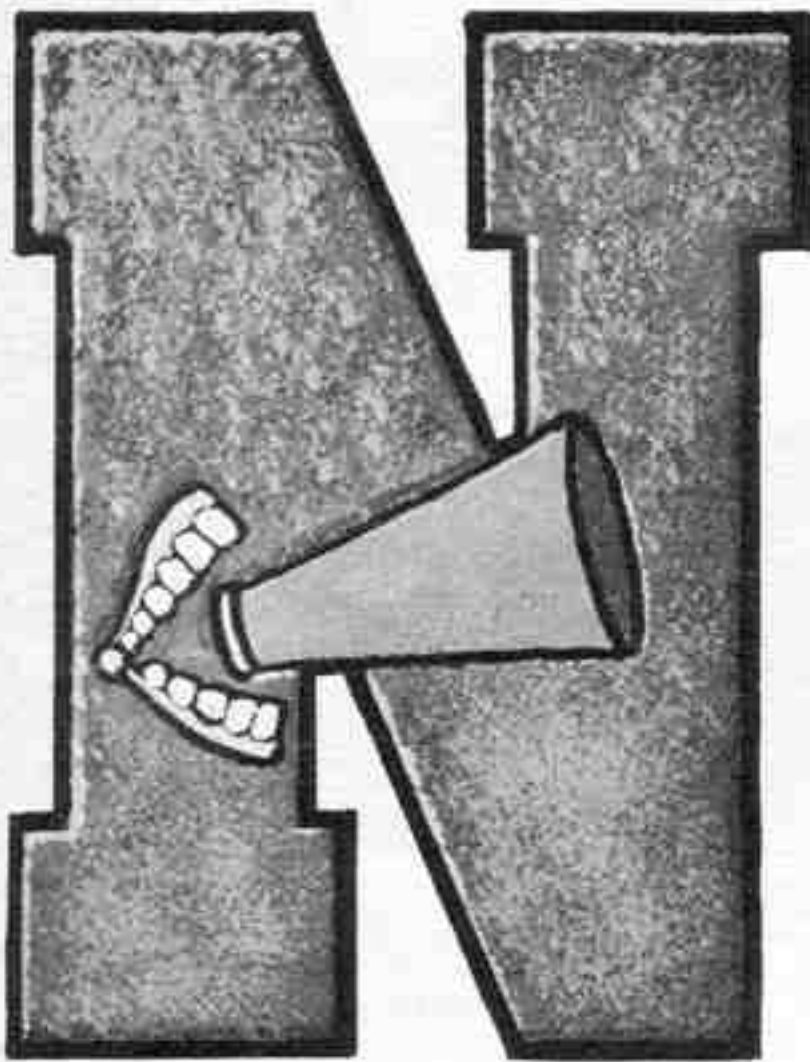
AND THE HOPES OF ALL OF US WILL BE RIDING WITH YOU UNTIL THEN!

AWARD TO THE WISEGUYS DEPT.

We recently read that a number of high schools, in order to reward outstanding students and encourage higher grades, are now awarding school letters for Scholastic Achievements in addition to the usual letters for Baseball, Football, Basketball, etc. Now we at MAD think this is a fine idea, but it still leaves out the students who are not particularly gifted in either Athletics or Scholastics, but do excel in other school activities. Mainly, those accomplishments that may not seem important to school officials, but are highly respected by the student body. So we suggest that educators begin honoring these skills by awarding...

NEW SCHOOL LETTERS FOR

INFORMATION SPREADING



REQUIREMENTS:

1. Before a Final Exam, the candidate must have run into the classroom and shouted, "They're gonna be multiple choice!" or "The first part is True-False!" or "Start Shaking! Thirteen failed it in her first period class!"
2. On two occasions, must have been the first to inform students as to a faculty change—like, "Old Kvetch is out with a cold!" or "A new guy just took over Eco 17, and is *he* a creep!"
3. Must have carried a portable radio into school during an entire "World Series," reporting to students what the score was, who hit home runs, and who was doing the shaving commercials.

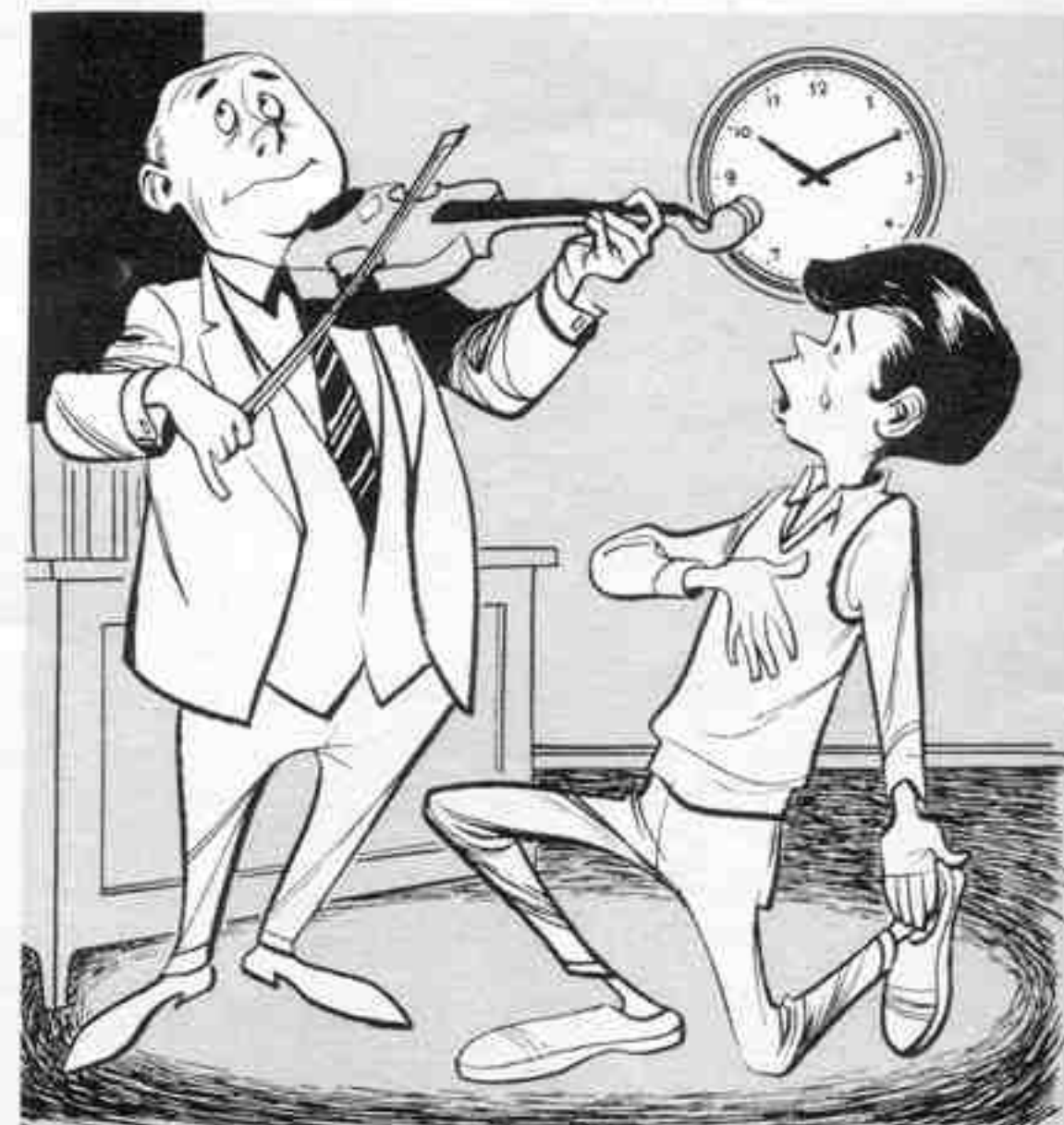


EXCUSE GIVING



REQUIREMENTS:

1. Candidate must have come up with 3 original excuses for not handing in a homework assignment—like "I was mugged on the way to school, and they took my notebook!" or "My puppy tore up my textbook!" or "Whaa homework?"
2. Must have created 1 new excuse for tardiness like "I'm late 'cause I saw this sign saying 'School—Go Slow!'"
3. Must have gotten out of dull class by showing note which says that he is needed on a Field Trip—and when it is discovered there was no trip, come up with brilliant excuse like, "Well, I really went down to City Hall to picket for higher wages for teachers!"





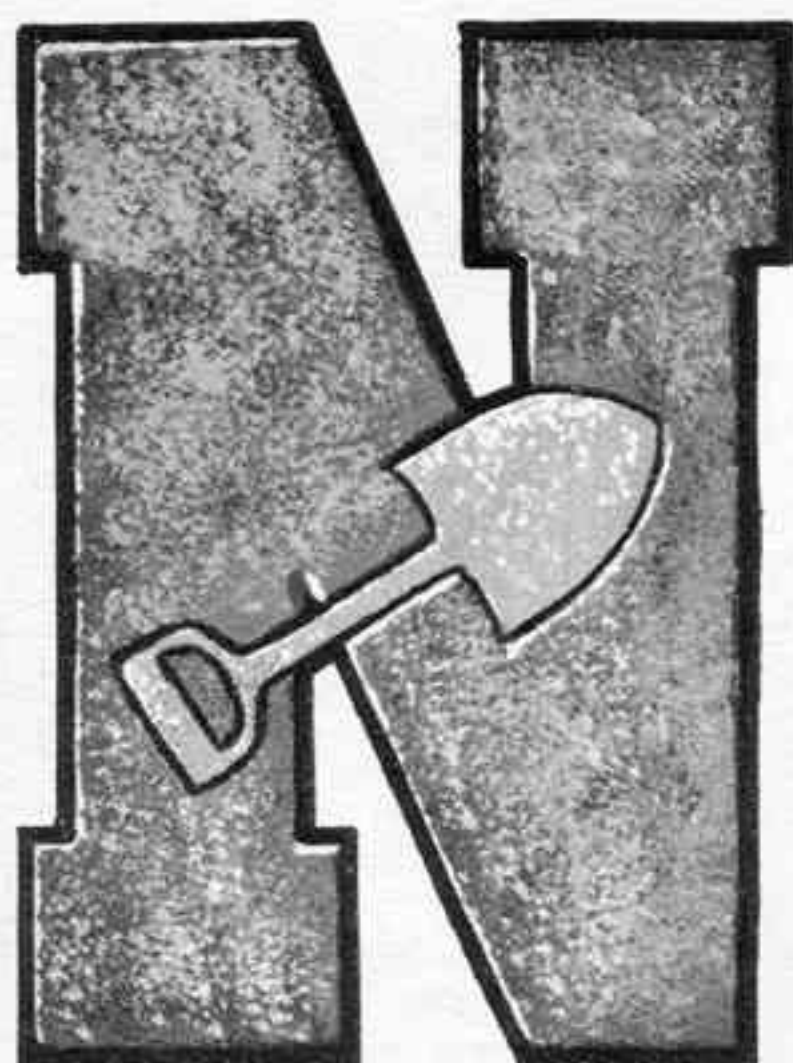
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

UNHERALDED ACHIEVEMENTS



THROWING IT



REQUIREMENTS:

1. On an important written exam, the candidate must have written a 5-page treatise on a subject about which he knew absolutely nothing — and passed.
2. On an important oral exam, he must have successfully "hemmed and hawed" and "coughed" through it, then passed by successfully changing the subject.
3. At least once during the term, the candidate must have come up with a "ridiculous" answer which gave the impression he did not understand the question — like, "Sheldon, who wrote the Declaration of Independence?" — "Don't blame *me!* I didn't do it!" or maybe "Oh wouldn't *you* like to know!"

Assignment:
Write Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
 Well, since Lincoln was born in a little log cabin he didn't have an address as such, but later on when he grew up and started to receive mail, he found it necessary to have an address so he became President and moved into the White House, which is at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington.



PRANK PULLING



REQUIREMENTS:

1. During first week of new term, the candidate must have sold fake elevator passes to 15 unknowing students, 3 new teachers and 1 naive Principal.
2. He must have created confusion and panic by arranging for the boys' track team to march thru the girls' locker room at least once during fire drill.
3. Must have caused at least one big commotion in auditorium by spreading rumor—like "Mrs. Vonk (the 80-year-old English teacher) eloped with Mr. Gomp (the 22-year-old Math teacher)!" Also followed thru by leading a cheer for surprised couple when Principal congratulates them over P.A. System.



PROGRAM FIXING

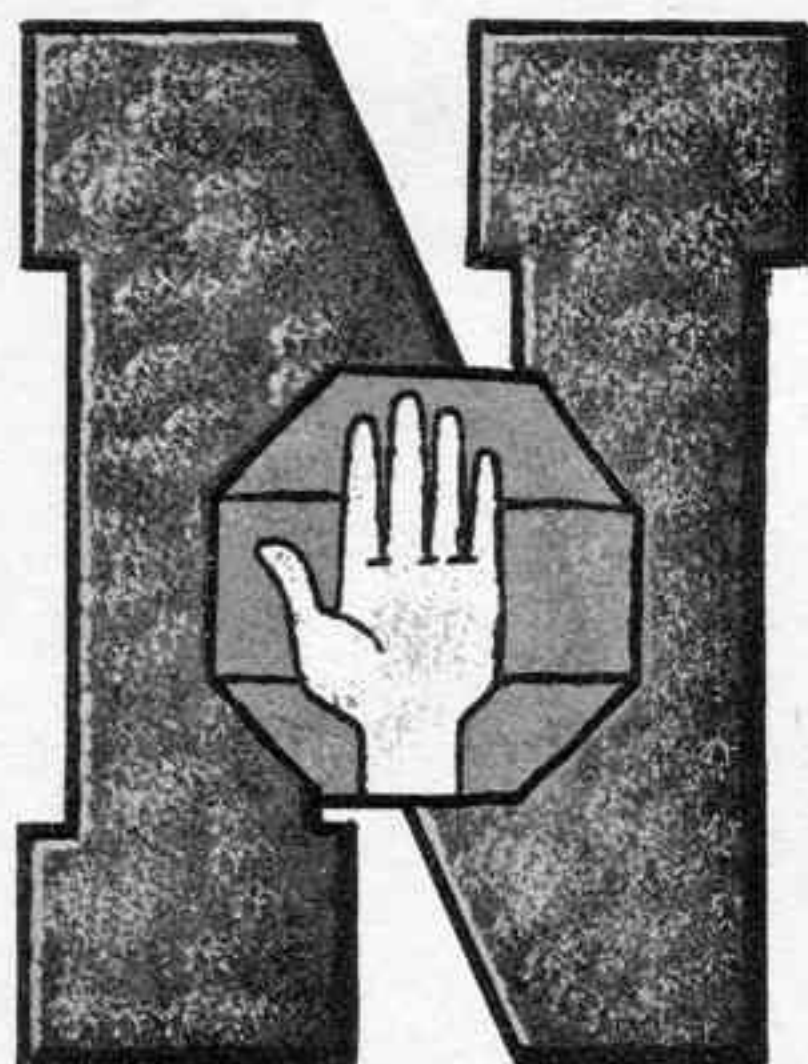


REQUIREMENTS:

1. During Senior year, candidate must have scheduled an entire program of "nothing" subjects, including Music, Art, Gym, Shop, Driver's Ed., Typing, 2 Study periods and 3 Lunch periods.
2. Candidate must have arranged to be in all the same classes as the smartest girl in school, and to sit behind her in each one of them. (Letter will be awarded immediately if candidate arranges for her to share same desk!)
3. Candidate must have successfully worked out a program whereby one day a week he doesn't even have to go to school at all . . . and he can legally thumb his nose at the truant officer.



CLASS INTERRUPTING



REQUIREMENTS:

1. Candidate must have come up with 3 new interruptions to enliven a boring class — such as: Falling asleep and collapsing onto floor, or Hiccoughing loudly through entire period, or Passing around copy of MAD and giggling.
2. Must have walked out of classroom with pass to washroom at least twice during same period, and slammed door or stamped feet loudly while leaving.
3. When someone made mistake, pointed at him and shouted current expression like "Smock! Smock!", causing rest of class to join in and shout same thing in unison. (Letter given immediately if teacher is one who made mistake!)

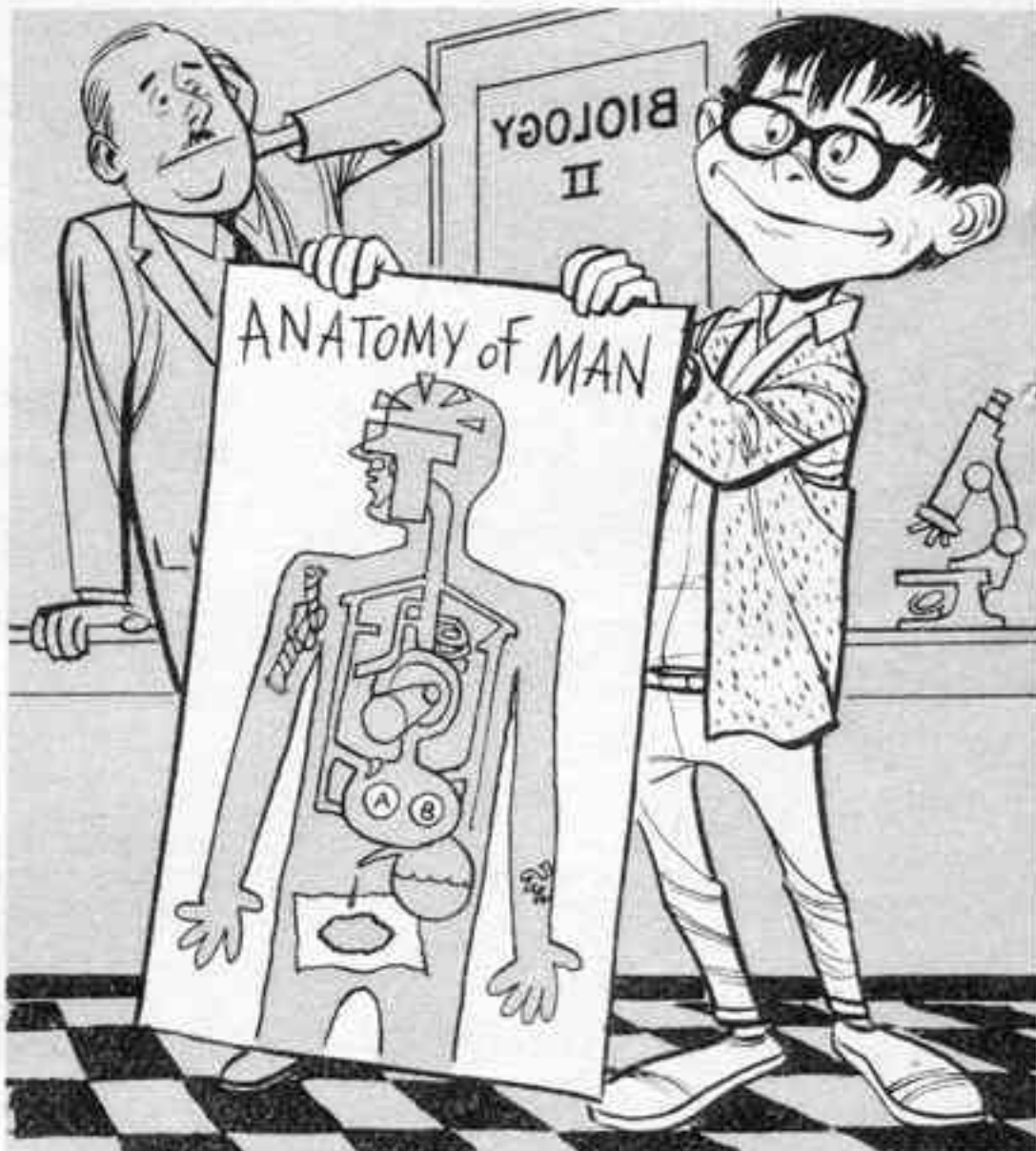


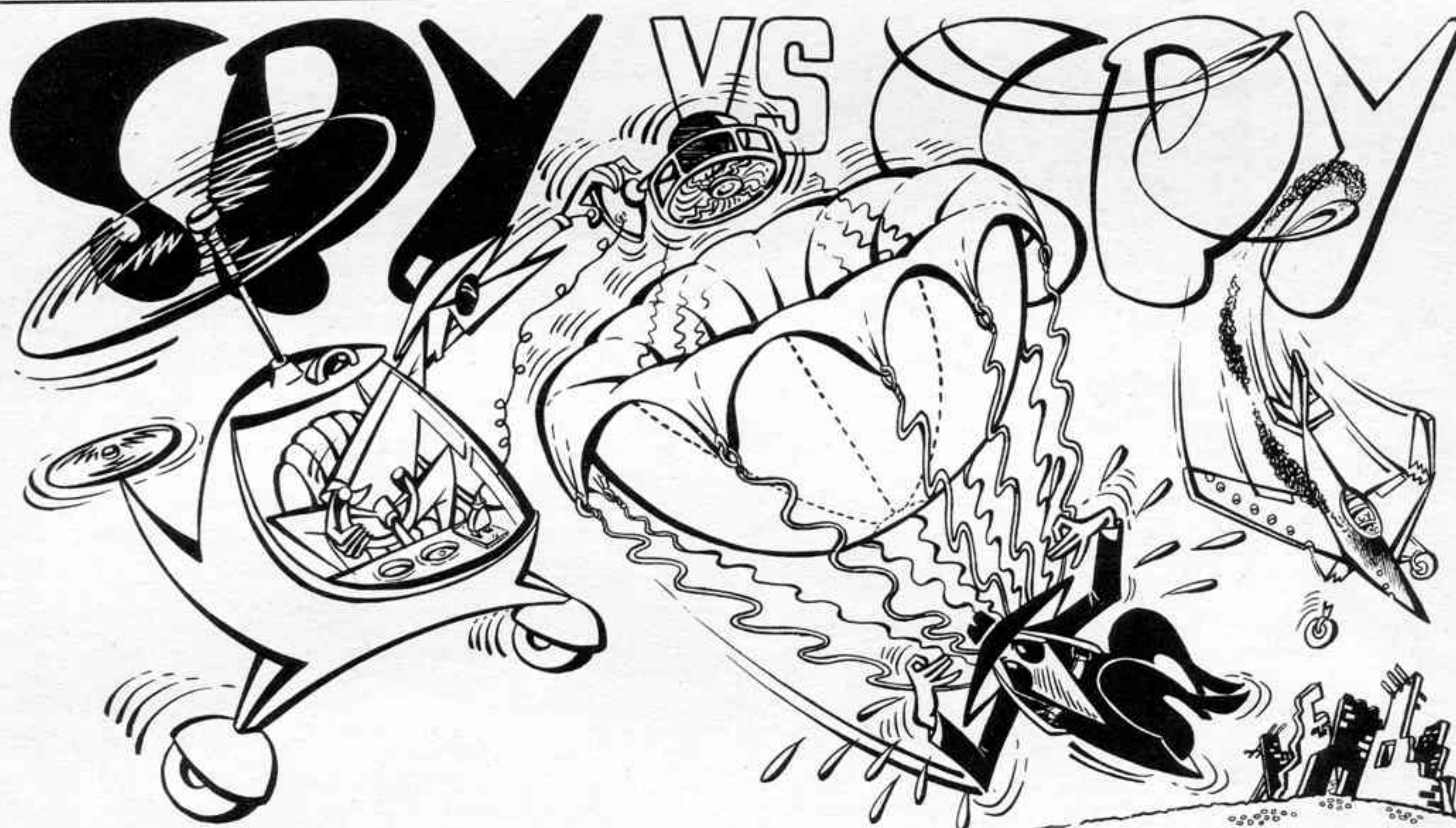
FAKING IT



REQUIREMENTS:

1. In any English Literature course, candidate must have refrained from reading all assigned texts, creating book reports, essays and exam answers from Classic Comics equivalents only.
2. When assigned to do a special term report, must have known at least two students who had same assignment last term and who let him copy their notes.
3. Must have passed at least one exam in Ancient History by answering questions with information gathered from the movies—like "Charlton Heston led the Israelites out of Egypt!" or "The Roman Empire was destroyed by moral decay which started with Liz Taylor!"





.....



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

MARRIED

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

You never say it anymore!
After only a few years of
marriage, the thrill is
gone! All you do is practice
"putting" on the new rug!



It's just like all those
"B" movie cliches! You
take me for granted!



Where are all the sweet
nothings you used to
whisper in my ear? Where
are all those tender,
romantic words?



FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, GET
OFF MY BACK! AND ONCE AND
FOR ALL, GET IT THROUGH
THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS,
I LOVE YOU ... STUPID!!



Can I have some
money? I've got
to go shopping
for some food!

WHAT!? AGAIN!?
Can't you stick
to a budget!?



The trouble with you women is you don't
know how to shop! You make out long
lists and you dawdle over every item!
A man makes fast buying decisions!
Today, I'LL DO THE SHOPPING!



What's with the hair curlers?!
When I come home, I want
my wife to look like a woman,
not like a radar antenna!



But I've got to
put my hair in
curlers so it
will look nice—



For who? For
some stranger
we might see
tonight? How
about looking
nice for me
for a change!?

If that's the way he wants
it, I'll comb out my hair
and put on a new dress and
look nice for him at supper!



MEN



I'm pooped!
It's been one of those days!

Every day is one of those with you! Well, I'm rarin' to go!

But I'm tired! All I wanna do is relax in my recliner chair and watch TV!

I'm sick of sitting home every night and being a stick-in-the-mud! We're going over to Marty and Veronica's and be sociable!



CHOCOLATE SPRINKLES? ESKIMO PIE SANDWICHES? HYDROX COOKIES? MINT JELLY? MALTED BALLS? GOOBERS? MALLOMARS? HERSHEY KISSES? LADY FINGERS? EGG ROLLS? FROZEN PIZZA?



CAN I HAVE SOME MONEY? I'VE GOT TO GO SHOPPING FOR SOME FOOD!!



I swear, that's all I ever do is follow you around and pick up after you!



I have to pick up your jacket, your shirt, your socks, your shoes...



...your pants, your keys, your handkerchief, your wal-



What's that you said?



Never mind!



CRITICIZE! CRITICIZE! That's all you ever do is CRITICIZE! Can't you ever say anything NICE about me?

Well...?

I'm thinking...

About the only nice thing I can say about you is that your "In-Laws" are nicer than my "In-Laws"!

Okay! At least you admit it!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!!!... WHAT DID YOU SAY...??



Honey, hurry up and get dressed! Let's not be the last ones to get there this time!



I'm ready! Let's get a move on!



Hey, Sylvia! Come on, already! I've been waiting for hours!!



What's the matter?

I got insomnia! I can't fall asleep!



Take a glass of warm milk! It works every time!

Yeah—I'll try it!



But this time, wash out the pot and the glass and put them back where they belong! And put the milk back in the refrigerator! And wipe the table... and clean the sink... and...



Forget it! I'd rather have insomnia!



Ever since we got married, I feel like I've lost my freedom! I'd like to get out on the town by myself once in a while!

So, go!

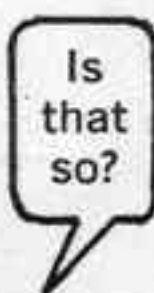
Sure, you say it, but you don't mean it! You're afraid I'd call up one of my old girlfriends!

You...? You're too chicken!

CHICKEN!? Me... too chicken!? Is that so! Well, we'll see about that! I'm going!

CHICKEN am I...?





In The Acme Ritz Central Arms Waldorf Plaza Hotel



AD-ITORIAL DEPT.

Pick up most any magazine these days, and what do you see? The same dull ads, that's what you see! And it makes no difference what kind of readers, or what kind of appeal a magazine has—you'll see the same dreary ads over and over in each of them. Now this is downright stupid! Since advertisers are paying as much as \$30,000 for full-page ads, you'd think they'd want to make sure their messages were read! They could improve their chances by gearing their copy to the readers of each type of magazine. F'rinstance, take a look at this recent ad for that well-known hair-coloring outfit:



This exact same ad was run in dozens of different magazines! But with just a little effort, the Clairol people could make a few changes so their ad would suit each publication. To see MAD's version of the result of such an effort, turn the page and discover what would happen

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

Marvelous how she always finds time to listen—and just—look wonderful too! Not long ago, her cheerful manner had that first gray hair so prominent in my hair, tell her to try Miss Clairol. Well, she must be! Then a week, some way to stay young looking, fresh and attractive... to keep hair color radiant... and gray from ever showing! And this is why most women use it than all other haircoloring outfits!

Hairdressers everywhere prefer Miss Clairol and always recommend it because it truly lives up to its promise. Naturally, it is the most beautiful, most effective way to cover gray hair. Miss Clairol keeps hair in splendid condition—soft as a whisper, silky, as natural looking. Its automatic color fading is most desirable. Try Miss Clairol yourself today. Take only minutes. Creme Formula or Regular.



MISS CLAIROL® HAIR COLOR BATH: THE NATURAL-LOOKING HAIRCOLORING

if magazine ads spoke the language of the magazines

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

AND SETTING THE TITLE LIKE THIS WAS OUR SNEAKY WAY OF MAKING YOU TURN THE MAGAZINE SIDEWAYS SO YOU'RE LINED UP FOR THE REST OF THE ARTICLE!

IN "OFFICIAL DETECTIVE"

Did she...or didn't she?



Only the dead man knew for sure!

We thought we had the case solved! A man had been killed and, when we bent over the body, we found a red-hot clue, namely a long strand of blazing red hair. Our chief suspect was this good-looker who'd been the girl-friend of the corpse. Sure enough, when we picked her up, her coat had blood on it, she had a revolver in her purse, and she couldn't account for her movements at the time of the murder. But her hair was blonde! At first, we figured she might have had a rinse, but this was hair color so natural, so full of true lively sparkle, that it just had to be her own real color. It just didn't add up. So we were forced to let her go and rule the case a suicide.

MISS CLAIROL

THE HAIR RINSE THAT LETS YOU GET AWAY WITH MURDER!



IN "MCCALL'S"

Will we...or won't we?



Only our marriage counselor knows for sure!

Tom and I always believed in "Togetherness." We lived together, we ate together, we drove together, we bowled together, we birdwatched together, we got bored together—there was practically nothing we didn't do together. And then, last week, I found Tom giving himself a hair rinse with my bottle of Miss Clairol. So now, in addition to everything else, we're blondes together. I just love "Togetherness," but this time Tom went too far! His hair was so soft and lovely and natural-looking that when we walked down the street together, he got more attention than I did. Fortunately, I've come up with a perfect solution to the whole problem. We're going to get divorced together!

MISS CLAIROL

PUTS COLOR INTO YOUR HAIR AND TAKES IT OUT OF YOUR MARRIAGE!



IN "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN"

Is it...or isn't it?



Only extended cranial analysis can determine absolutely!

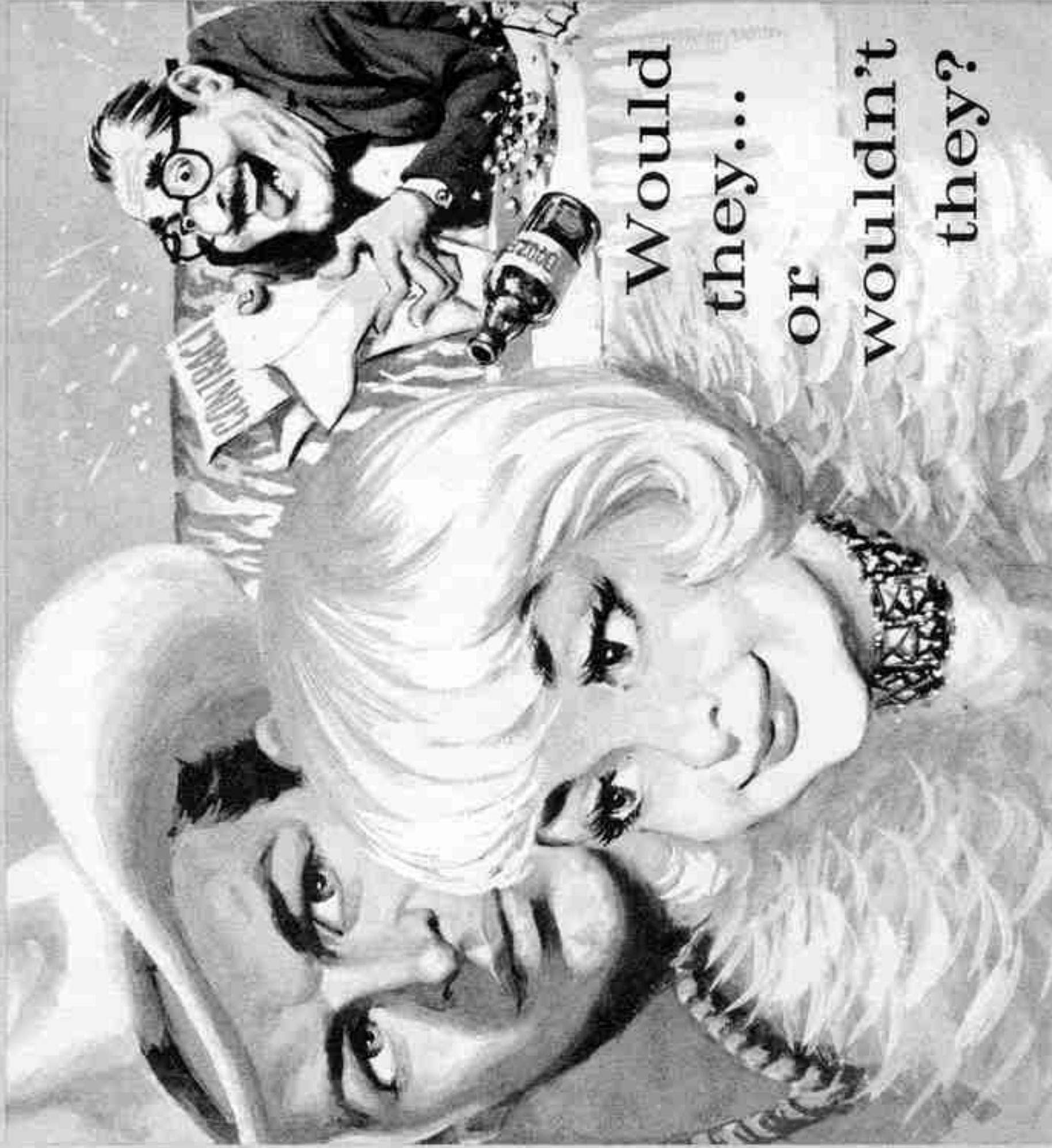
The use of the liquid preparation "Miss Clairol" by the female *homo sapiens* presents a temporary obstacle in determining the natural pigmentation of the cranial hair of the species. Nevertheless, an objective analysis can effectively indicate the true pigmentation. Of the techniques available, the most reliable is to count the number of individual shafts rising from the scalp. Studies have shown that the number of hair shafts varies with the shade of hair. The scalp of a red-haired individual holds approximately 90,000 shafts. For a brunette, the figure increases to 105,000. And for a blonde, 140,000. Thus, by counting each hair, a reliable projection of the true coloration may be obtained. The subject illustrated above, who appears to be a brunette, actually isn't! She isn't a blonde or a red-head, either! She's bald! However, her wig, which appears to be brunette is actually blonde, its hair shafts numbering 140,551!



MISS CLAIROL

COLOR SO AUTHENTIC IT CHALLENGES THE WORLD OF SCIENCE!

IN "BUSINESS WEEK"



Would
they...
or
wouldn't
they?

Not even her tycoon husband knew for sure!

It was the biggest business deal of his career, and Jim Baxter had it clinched. All that remained was for J. T. Funkhauser, the Texas oil magnate, to put up the last \$50,000 to cover the debentures, agree to the 3-for-1 stock split, and mortgage his land holdings to finance the merger. But when Funkhauser arrived in town, Baxter found he had a new problem. Funkhauser was a "Ladies' Man," and he wouldn't finalize the deal until Baxter introduced him to a shapely blonde. Baxter was stumped. He didn't know any shapely blondes. And then he remembered Miss Clairol! Quickly, he phoned his wife—a dull brunette — and persuaded her to change herself into a radiant, lovely, ever-so-natural Clairol blonde. It worked! Funkhauser signed! He also ran off with Baxter's wife! But Baxter didn't care. Thanks to Miss Clairol, he'd clinched the biggest business deal of his career!



MISS CLAIROL

BRINGING BUSINESS A NEW KIND OF CORPORATE IMAGE!

IN "MODERN ROMANCES"

Should I...or shouldn't I?



Only my conscience knew for sure!

He was the President of six corporations. He was filthy rich, and I knew he was crazy about me. Already, he had given me a mink coat, a diamond necklace, and \$3000 dollars a week in "mad money." But he thought I was a pure sweet innocent girl of 19, when actually I was 55! I merely looked 19—thanks to a face-lifting job that removed my wrinkles, and Miss Clairol, which turned my hair from grey to a bright, lively, youthful shade of brown. Now, the time has come! I had to choose! Should I reveal my true age to him? Or should I keep on tapping him until I get his oil holdings? Day after day I struggled with my conscience. Finally, my conscience won! It was the only thing to do! I'd keep on tapping him until I get his oil holdings!

MISS CLAIROL

HELPING YOU TO FACE LIFE AND FIND TRUE HAPPINESS!



IN "THE READER'S DIGEST"

Was I...or wasn't I?



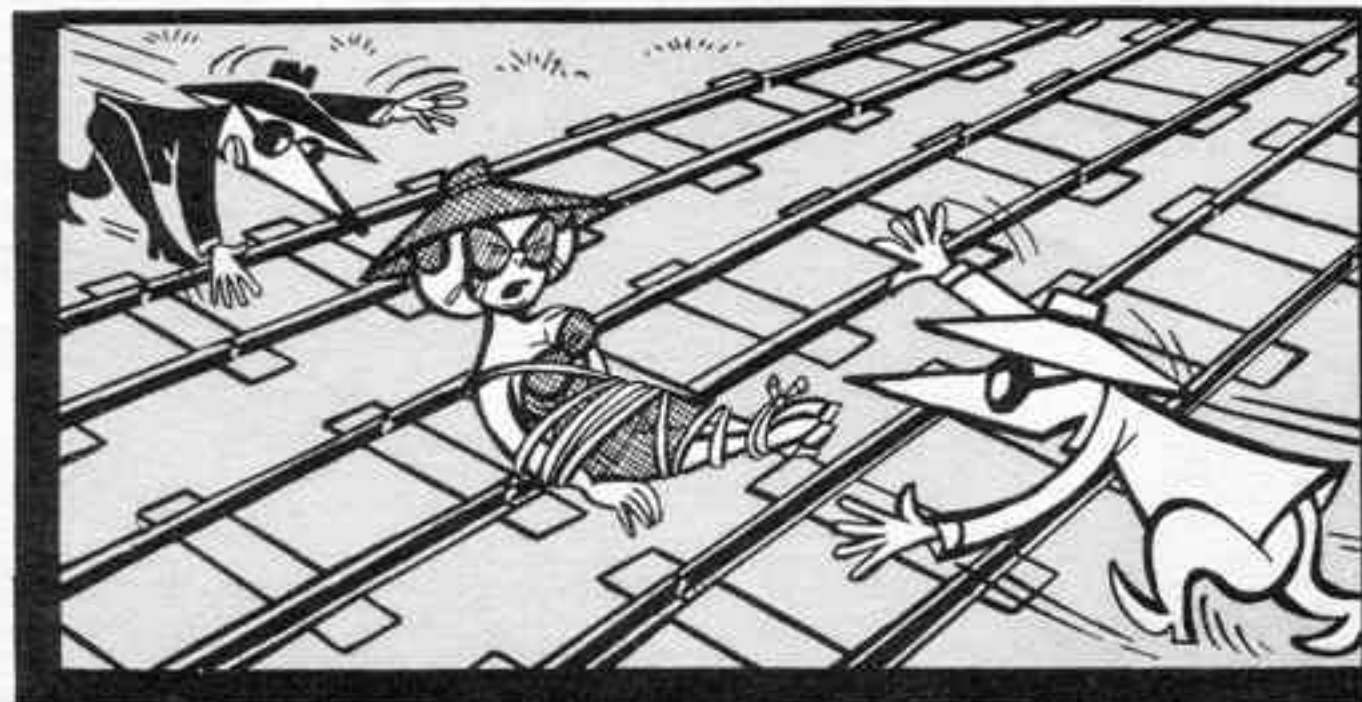
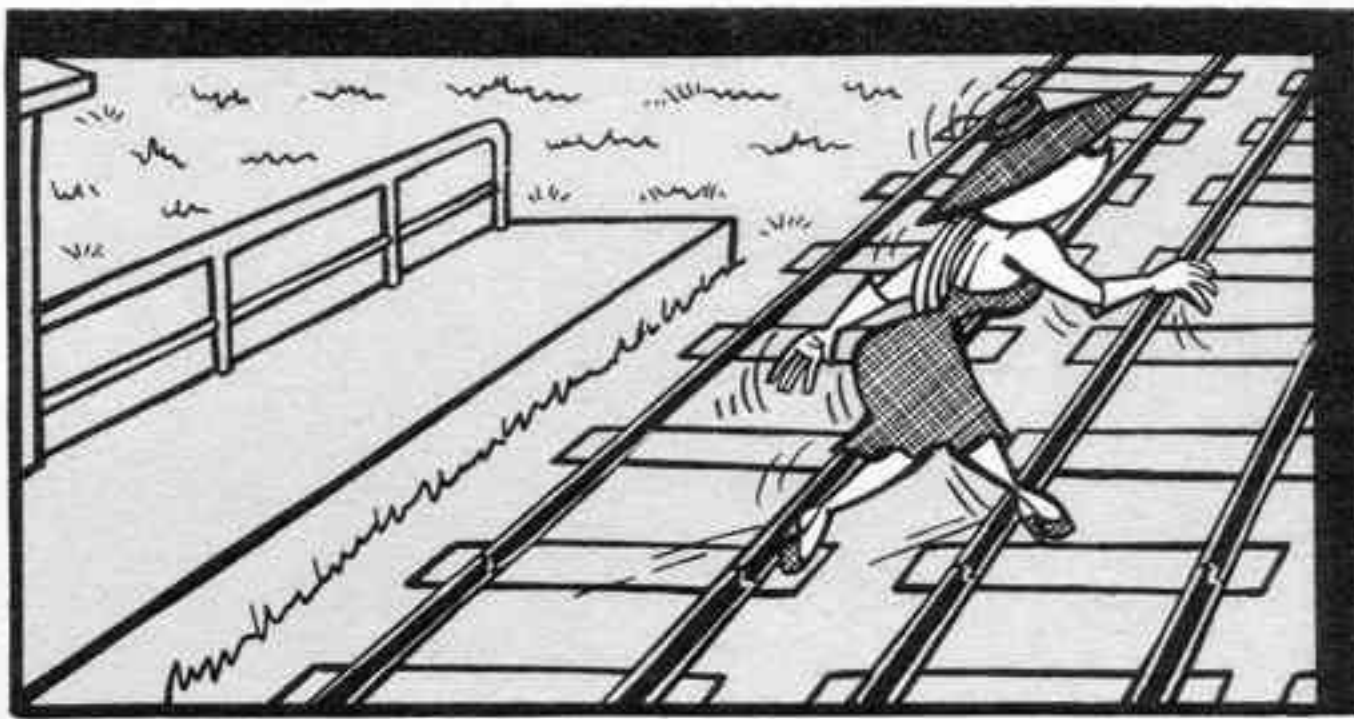
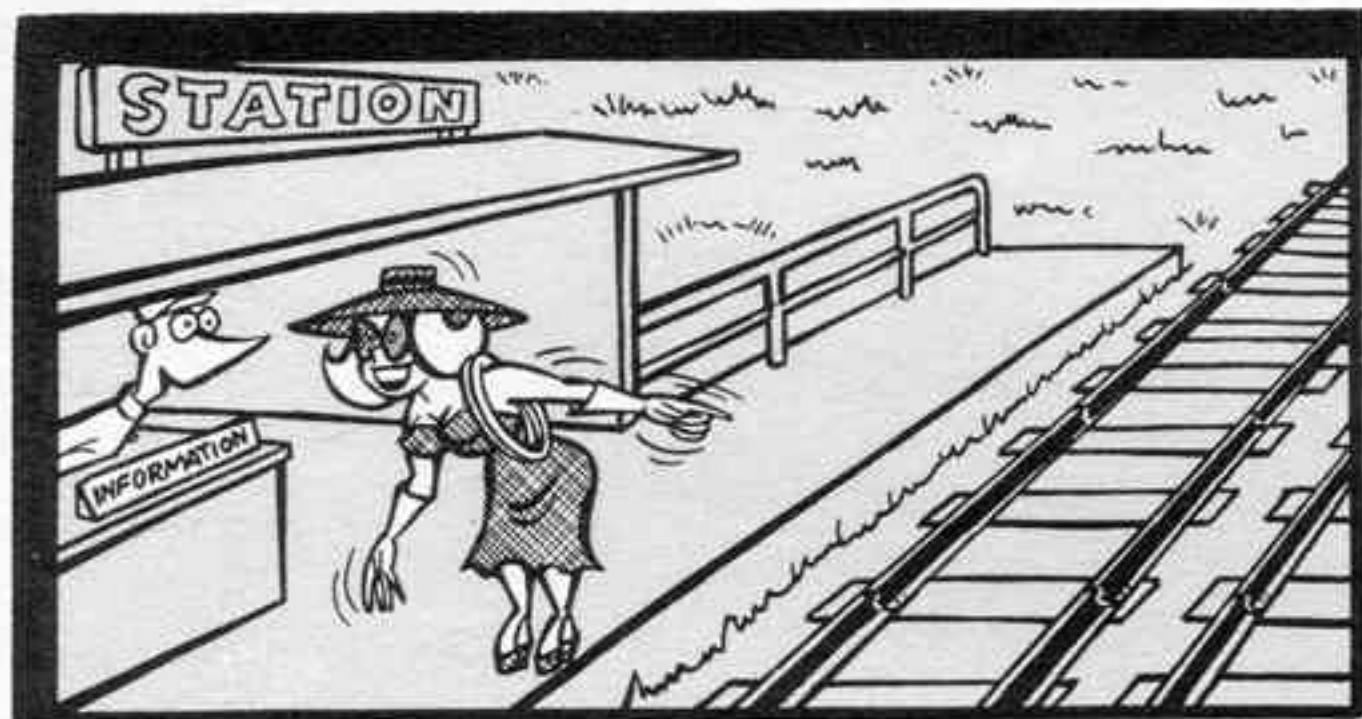
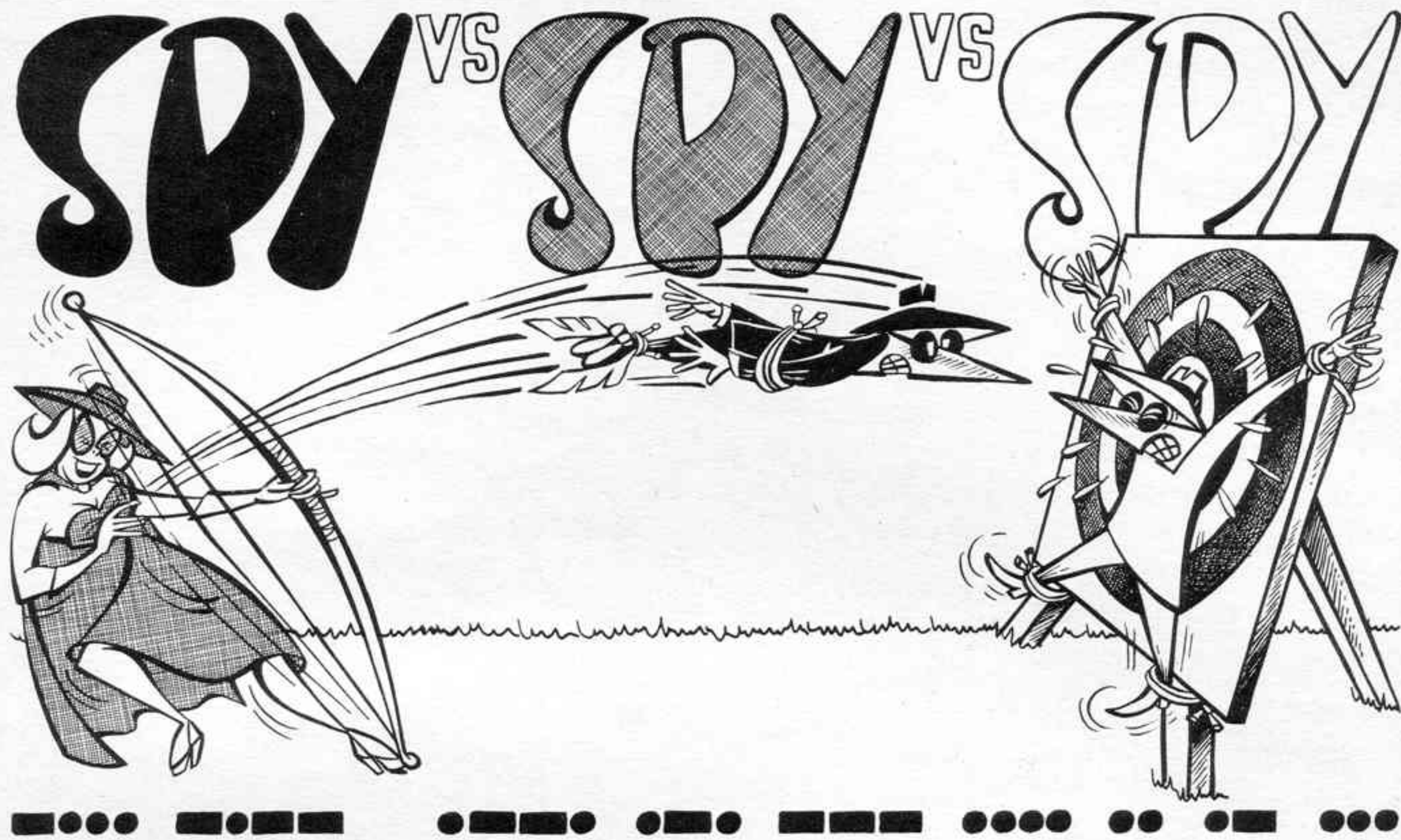
Only my most unforgettable character knew for sure!

The snow had stopped falling that Christmas Eve when I met her. I'd been waiting for a bus, and I'd looked down to see a kindly-faced old woman smiling up at me. "Cathrine!" she'd cried. "My long-lost daughter! I'd have known you anywhere—with that beautiful, bright, shiny ever-so-natural red hair!" What could I do? Could I disappoint this poor old lady on Christmas Eve? Could I tell her that my name was Sylvia, that I was actually a brunette, and that my wonderful, glorious, unbelievably natural-looking red hair was due to my Miss Clairol rinse? No, I couldn't break her kind old heart! I went home with her instead. I spent that Christmas Eve with her...and every day after that, too. I cooked for her, and cared for her for nearly 27 years. And it was only on the day she died that I discovered the real truth. She looked up from her death-bed and whispered softly, "I knew all along you weren't my real daughter! But how else could I get a cook and housekeeper—free?!" And with that, she smiled and passed away, leaving me a stack of unpaid bills totaling over \$700.

MISS CLAIROL

THE RINSE THAT GETS TO THE ROOTS OF THE AMERICA WE LOVE!





THE MALADY LINGERS ON DEPT.

In recent years, scholars have been frittering away more and more time, trying to learn how our present-day forms of popular music evolved from the different rhythms and structures of the past. In the course of their studies, they've stumbled across the startling fact that many of today's biggest hits aren't really new tunes at all, but are actually modernized versions of earlier classics. Well, if MAD had had any scholars on its staff, it might've added meaningful data to this fascinating discovery. However, by being forced to make do with only the idiots available, we were merely able to bungle our way through this attempt to trace . . .

Like so many of today's "smash hits," the selection MAD traced first saw the light of day in early England where the downtrodden dolt sought to lighten his burden by lifting his voice in song. The original composer is unknown, except for indications that his name was "Anonymous." It has been substantiated that the song enjoyed wide popularity after it was adopted as a theme by the Four Churls:



Me Loche'N Beastie

When Aye gae to sae mae killy kairn,
'Tis the fol' o' dew a charnie bairn;
Tu lookie, tu loodie, tu wipple;
An' the auld man flipt an' diede.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

THE EVOLUTION OF A POPULA

IV

With the ending of the Civil War, the bottom mysteriously dropped out of the marching song market, and in the dark days of the Reconstruction Era that followed, inspiring tunes of battle gave way to the more mournful laments of work gangs and chain gangs:



Nobody Knows

The Bollix I've Made

Nobody knows the bollix I've made;
Nobody knows my bungle.
Nobody knows the bollix I've made;
Why did I trust Emmie?

She was my love through thick and through thin;
Then she turned fink against me.
When I get hold of Emmie agin'—
Scream! Eccch! Hallelujah!

Naturally, the incessant repetition of this chanty forced otherwise docile English peasants to flee the country and seek a new and better life in America. Bringing their music with them, they soon discovered that the song under study made even less sense over here than it had back at home. So it was revised to blend in with the new surroundings, and thus became the first-known American Folk Song:



The Yokel's Lament

My true love, Emmie, lives up on the hill;
Tu loodie, tu loodie, tu lai.
My true love, Emmie, lives up on the hill,
But I can't go to court her 'cause
it's too far to walk,
And the mule is sick,
So I think I'll find me a pretty little girl
in the valley 'cause it's downhill all the way;
Tu loodie, tu loodie, tu wipple.

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Though the song had been converted into the more familiar "love ballad" form, the retention of the meaningless "tu loodie, tu loodie" business called for further revisions to cope with the ever-changing times. Thus, when it next cropped up during the Civil War, it had become an inspirational marching song for the fighting men of the South:



The Battle Hymn Of The Confederacy

Oh, we're gwyna hang mah true love
from a sour apple tree;
Then we're gwyna all dance 'round her
and we'll holler loud with glee;
But we'd best get goin' soon
or thar won't be no time, you see:
We're gwyna lose the war!

Glory, glory, Emmie Botsford.
Glory, glory, Emmie Botsford.
Glory, glory, Emmie Botsford.
Her feet go stumblin' on!

R S O N G



V

And it required only a short step for the prison lament to evolve into the mournful blues that echoed along the Mississippi River before the turn of the century. Quite naturally, the song under study remained alive, only with minor but significant changes through the period:



I Got A Right To Rub Her Out

I got a right to rub her out;
She's got a right to moan and sigh;
I got a right to wave bye-bye,
And dump her in the river.

She was my true love, Emmie Lou;
I thought she walked with style and grace.
But anyone with such a face
Belongs down in the river.

VI

But such earthy lyrics could scarcely be expected to find acceptance in those genteel, conservative drawing rooms of the early 1900's. And so once again, the song underwent a revamping in order to gain new approval and enjoy a new surge of popularity...



Go, Little Emmie

Go, little Emmie, quickly, quickly;
When you are near, I'm sickly, sickly;
Go to Seattle, Butte or Nutley;
I don't care where, but leave abruptly;
Please hop a freight, be it fast or slow;
But go, little Emmie, go.

VII

With the outbreak of World War I, many things changed in America, including the music. Men like Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan set the pace, and vibrant patriotic tunes suddenly came into vogue. Somehow, the song under study managed to survive—with a little fixing here and there:



You're A Fat Old Hag

You're a fat old hag,
You're an unsightly bag,
But you're still my true love, Emmie Lou;
You're the emblem of
The land I love;
Your complexion is red, white and blue.
Overweight and big
In your ill-fitting wig,
Oh, forever in peace may it wag;
And should old acquaintance be forgot,
I'll escape from that fat old hag.

VIII

Came the roaring twenties, and jazz burst forth from New Orleans to engulf the nation. Song writers, hard-pressed to meet the musical demands of the era, dug back into the sure-fire repertoires of the past to find their jazz-age inspirations. And so the tune under study was modified:



Bye-Bye, Emmie

Pack up all your clothes and junk;
Fill your grip and steamer trunk;
Bye-bye, Emmie!
Go to Flint or Battle Creek;
Just don't stay, that's all I seek;
Bye-bye, Emmie!
No one here can stand or comprehend you;
That's the reason we all want to send you;
Lock the door, turn out the light;
Then take off by late tonight;
Emmie, bye-bye!

IX

Maybe it was the general lethargy of the Depression; maybe it was the coming of those gosh-awful movie musicals—whatever it was, it had to be something pretty ghastly to do what it did to song-writers of the era. Miraculously, our melody came through the horror of it all with no more a mangle job than what the public taste then demanded . . .



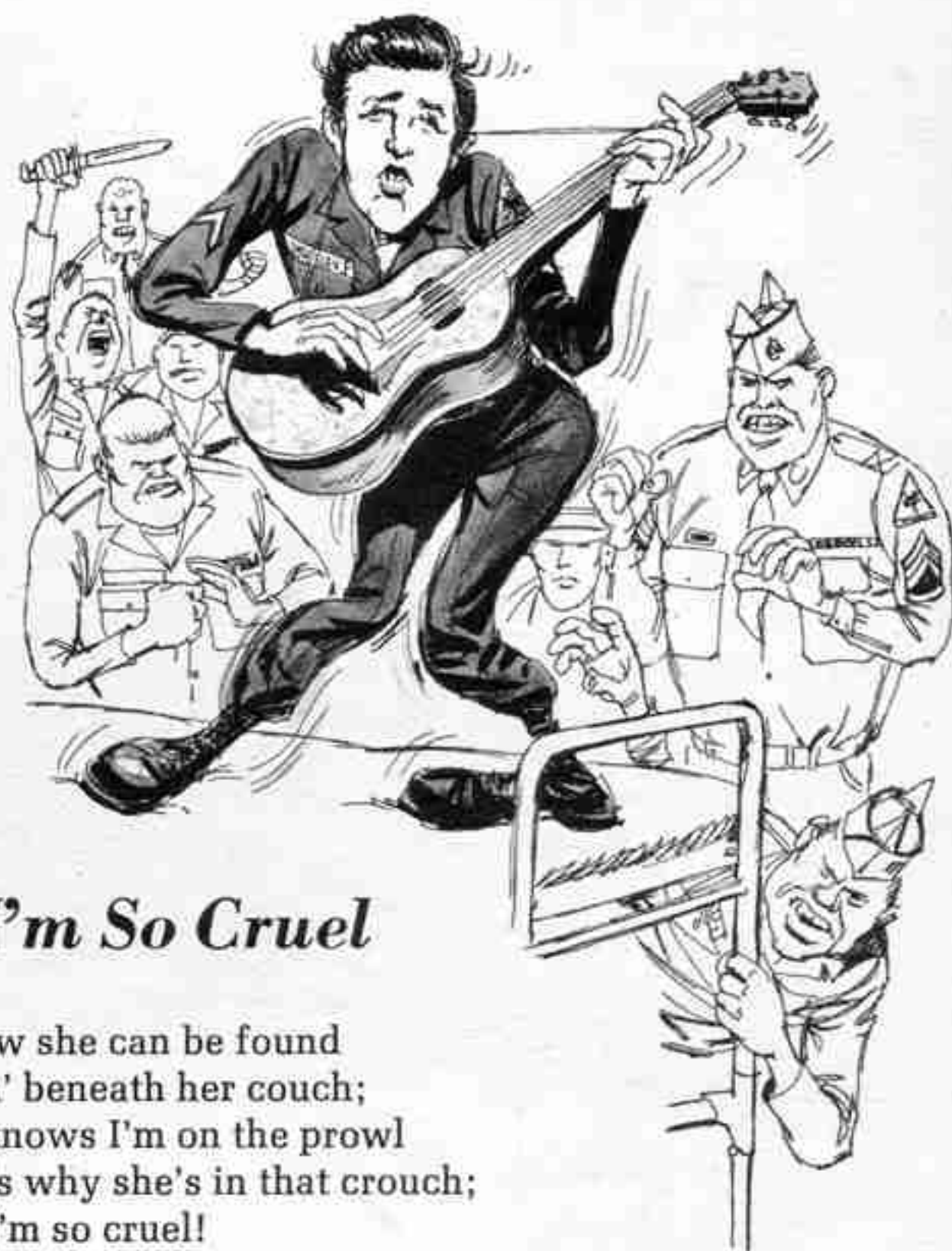
Moon Over Sioux City

Moon over Sioux City,
Shine on my Emmie Lou;
In June I swoon,
Just like a goon,
When I croon for you.

Moon over Sioux City,
Why won't you dim your light?
Your glaring beam
Just makes me scream,
'Cause it's too bright
To sleep
At night!

X

As the nation belatedly was to learn, the ending of World War II had an unexplained tendency to drive the younger people of the U.S. stark staring mad. There seems to be no other explanation for the birth of Rock 'n' Roll. This catastrophe called for a major overhaul to keep our song alive and it was done as masterfully as could be expected:



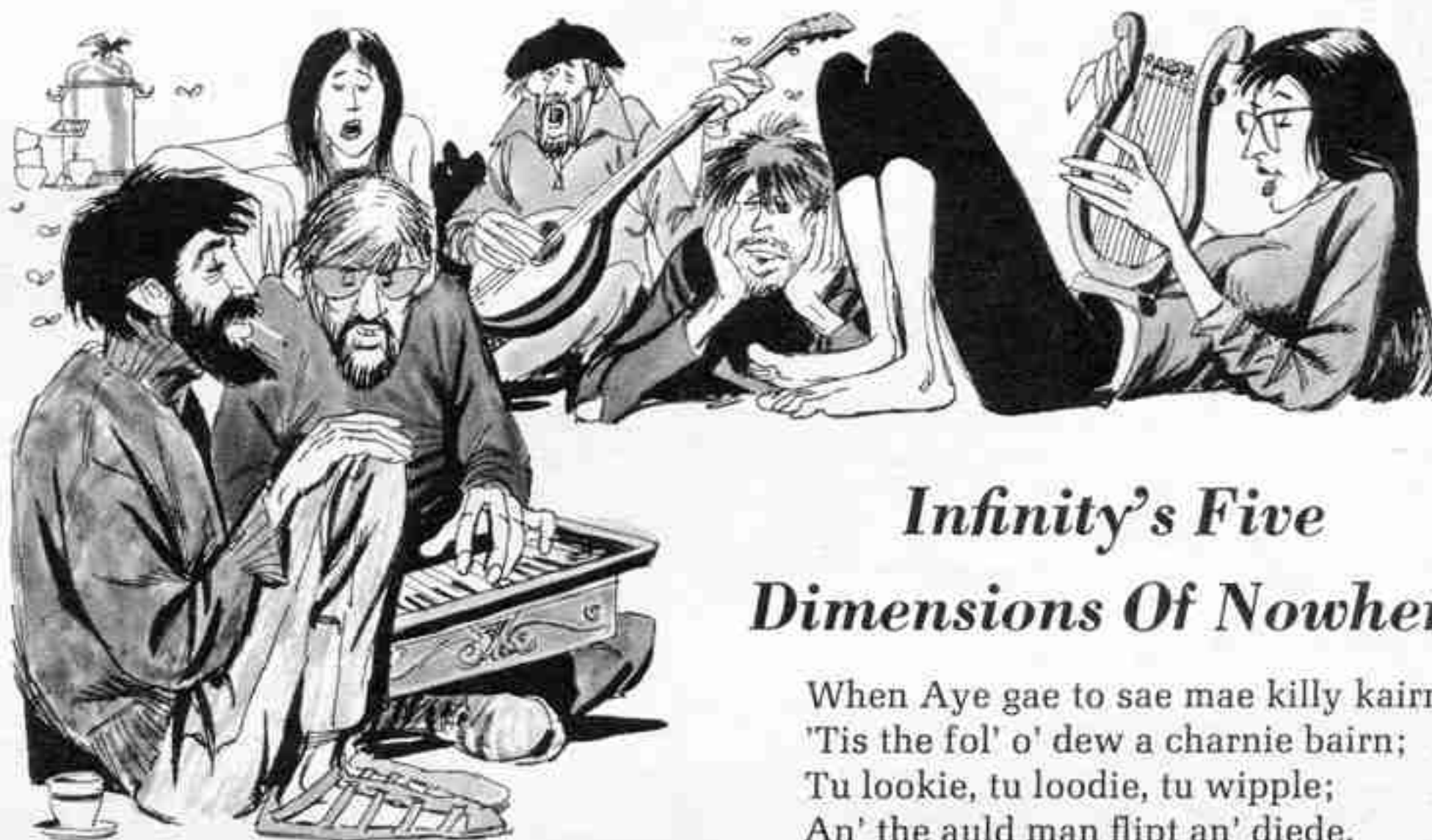
I'm So Cruel

I know she can be found
Hidin' beneath her couch;
She knows I'm on the prowl
That's why she's in that crouch;
I'm so cruel!
And Emmie Lou's a fool.

She's
Got lots of other loves,
But I'm the only one she's frightened of.
Be a pal;
Help me kill my gal!

XI

In defiance of all logic, Rock 'n' Roll is still with us. But its hold on the nation's youth is weakening. In coffee houses and similar dens of the spiritually pooped, a new generation nurtures an even stranger style of music. Whether these weird avant garde rhythms of the coffee houses will ever be understood by the general public, and whether the centuries-old song under study can survive this most radical of changes, only time will tell. But this is what the "beatniks" have done to it in their frenzied effort to produce something that is new and different . . .



Infinity's Five Dimensions Of Nowhere

When Aye gae to sae mae killy kairn,
'Tis the fol' o' dew a charnie bairn;
Tu lookie, tu loodie, tu wipple;
An' the auld man flipt an' diede.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE DENTIST

It's my front tooth, Doctor! It seems to have grown a lot longer than the others...



Hmmmm! It's just a little loose, that's all!

I'll simply knock it back into place!



By golly, you did it! I'm normal again! Now I can go to parties!! Have fun!!!



I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, Doctor! You're a credit to your profession!



MISSIVE RETALIATION DEPT.

Ever since the first atomic bomb was exploded, the world has lived in mortal fear of nuclear annihilation. Well, we've got news for you! If the bomb don't destroy us first, something even more horrible will! We're referring to the deadliest scourge of all . . . "Junk Mail"—those circulars, form-letters and pamphlets that fill our mail boxes daily, gradually smothering us with their paralyzingly dull contents. Yes, MAD believes that the time has come for Mankind to strike back . . . before it's too late. Here, then, is

THE MAD PLAN FOR FIGHTING THE WAR AGAINST JUNK MAIL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

THE FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE APPROACH

This method works most effectively when you've received a tear-jerking letter from an obviously phony charity organization . . . or even from an obnoxious legitimate one . . . asking for a donation. Like this, for example:

All you do is send a letter like this in reply, and we assure you that you'll never hear from them again!

The National Athlete's Feet Foundation

BOX 143

FUNGUS, NORTH DAKOTA

"Give Generously, So That Others May Walk
Without Itching Something Awful"

Dear Friend:

Well, here it is--almost Arbor Day again, and time for our Annual Drive to collect funds so that we can continue our fight against one of mankind's most dreaded afflictions--Athlete's Foot. Have you ever seen a child with Athlete's Foot? It's not a pretty sight. Have you ever seen an adult with Athlete's Foot? It's even messier. Wouldn't you like to bring a fresh sparkle to their tired eyes, a bright smile to their wan lips, and a healthy glow to the spaces between their toes?

Thanks to donations in the past from thousands of kind and generous Americans like yourself, we are rapidly approaching the day when Athlete's Foot will be forever wiped from the feet of the earth. Already our competent staff of medical research experts has initiated a dramatic breakthrough in this fight. We have discovered that Athlete's Foot (or Shreddus Gunkus) is not limited to athletes. Anybody can get it! Even you!! But why waste time on involved laboratory terminology designed to scare you. There is still a great deal of ground to cover, and time is growing short.

On Arbor Day, we will stage our Annual "Athlete's Foot Sufferers' March on Washington". Your generous check can aid immeasurably in financing this worthy procession. Remember, we stage only one annual donations drive each Arbor Day. So help us make this year's drive an even bigger one than our one annual drive last Groundhog Day, or our one annual drive last Shrove Tuesday.

Gentlemen:

All I can say is "Thank Heavens!" Thank Heavens there are wonderful organizations like yours around to bring Athlete's Foot out into the open, instead of having it discussed behind closed doors as it has been in the past.

Take me, for example, I've had Athlete's Foot for years, but I was afraid to talk about it. Now I'm no longer afraid. I realize that at last I have someone to discuss it with--someone who will sympathize with my terrible problem.

You think your people got Athlete's Foot? Believe me, they don't know what Athlete's Foot is! Now, I've got Athlete's Foot. I've not only got it on my feet, I've got it on my hands--between my fingers! Yes, I've got Athlete's Hand!

And as long as we're discussing interesting physical ailments, I've also got this gnawing pain in my chest when I get up in the morning. Well, it's not really in my chest, it's more like near my stomach, but it starts like in my knee. It doesn't really hurt all the time--just when I breathe.

Of course it's not nearly as bad as this terrible throbbing I get in the bridge of my nose every time I eat ice cream or drink something cold. Wowee! You talk about pain!

Ordinarily, I'm not the type of person who complains, but it isn't often I can find a sympathetic ear.

Let me tell you how it all began. (Besides, it will help me take my mind off these dizzy spells I always get whenever I write letters.)

About six years ago, I suddenly came down with a rare tropical disease, unheard of in this part of

HOW TO HANDLE THOSE TRICKY ENCLOSURES

One of the sneakier tricks used by Junk Mailers is their attempt at putting you under an obligation to them. This is done by sending you something of minor value, like . . .

You'll have the last laugh on Junk Mailers who send you pennies if you send a letter of reply like the following:



The Reader's Digest

MISERABLEVILLE, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

Enclosed is a shiny new penny. You are now indebted to us for life, and you would be the world's biggest ingrate if you didn't take out a subscription to the Reader's Digest. Now you can learn what's going on in the world by reading our condensed versions of

Another gimmick used by Junk Mailers to put you under an obligation to them is to send samples of their products:



THE
SICK
RAZOR COMPANY

BOX 542
OGLETHORPE,
MICHIGAN

Dear Friend,

Enclosed is a free sample of our new stainless steel razor blade. This new blade is so sharp that all 322 of our male employees have already shaved with the very same blade that we are sending you, and yet there are still at least 63 shaves left in it.

Since we have been kind enough to send you this wonderful free gift, you would have to be a real fink not to become one of our steady customers and

And then there's the insidious method Junk Mailers use to extract information they need—by making you feel guilty for accepting something that you don't even need or want:

Metropolis Life Insurance Company

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Friend:-

Enclosed is one of our typical calendars which you didn't request and have no use for, since you've probably received 150 other calendars like it from 150 other insurance companies like ours.

However, since we did give you something for nothing, the least you can do is to thank us by sending us the date of your birth. Then we can really go to work on you, trying to sell our fantastically low rate life insurance policy to you, which you need about as much as you needed the calendar which it was our pleasure to

Gentlemen:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the rare penny you sent me last week. The "E", the "R" and the "T" in LIBERTY were upside down, and Lincoln was clean shaven.

I have just sold the penny to a coin collector for \$40,000, and I am now so wealthy that I can afford to buy all the original publications from which you condense your articles, so you can see that I really do not need a subscription to your magazine which I think is

But a letter of reply like this will create quite a stir:

Gentlemen:

Unfortunately, when sending me that sample of your new stainless steel blade, somebody neglected to close the box in which the blade was enclosed. Your new blade certainly is sharp. So sharp, in fact, that when delivering it to me, my postman accidentally severed his pinky with it.

Now, my postman is planning to institute a negligence suit for \$375,000 and he wants to know who is responsible for the accident—you or I. So would you please check through your files to see if I formally requested the sample blade, or if you people just took it upon yourselves to send it to me without even asking.

There's only one way to keep this Junk Mailer from hounding you. Send the information in a letter like this one:

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the wonderful calendar which you sent to my home. It was forwarded to me here at Sunnydale General Hospital, and I can't tell you how many hours of pleasure I've gotten thumbing through it.

It is awfully nice of you to want to go through the trouble of sending me a fantastically low-rate life insurance policy. I would be delighted to learn the facts. As one who has been given no more than three weeks to live, I welcome any form of diversion which can take my mind off my troubles. At any rate, my date of birth is

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THOSE ANNOYING "FREE TRIAL" OFFERS

Many Junk Mailers flood us with all kinds of "Free Trial" offers—their psychology being, of course, that once some-

one accepts something, he's too embarrassed to return it. For instance, you must have received Junk Mail like this:



Enclosed find sample swatches of Tuttlebaub's new "Miracle Tuxedo for Evening Wear". Choose the shade that you want, send us your suit size, and we'll send you a Tuttlebaub Miracle Tux. Wear it for 10 days. If you are not completely satisfied with it, you may return it

AND PAY NOTHING! THAT'S RIGHT!

Pay no money for the next three weeks and if



Order your brand new stereophonic, three-dimensional 60-inch RCE Color TV set today! Keep it for 30 days! If you're not delighted with it, return it to us at **NO CHARGE!** Now, can anything be simpler? Just fill out the coupon

**NOW... YOURS FREE!
TO ENJOY AGAIN AND
AGAIN AND AGAIN...!
FOR 14 FULL DAYS!**

A Brand New

FORBLEFARB

**Combination Washer-Dryer-Air Con-
ditioner-Heater-Power Mower-Can-
Opener-Baby-Sitter Walkie-Talkie!**

*If this isn't the most exciting
appliance you've ever owned, you
may return it to us and*

PAY NO MONEY!

There's only one way to stop these pests from bothering you in the future! What you do is **ABUSE THOSE FREE**

TRIAL OFFERS TO DEATH! Yes, accept every free trial offer they send you . . . like this "In-The-Know" family:

Bernice, I've decided that I'm not satisfied with my Tuttlebaub Miracle Tuxedo. Since my 10-day free trial period is up on Wednesday, I'll return the tux and pick up some Glugg Scuba Diving Gear for a two-week trial period. That should be fun wearing when I'm cleaning out the garage . . .

I think I'll return my Free Trial Moskowitz Mink Stole, too, Herman! It sorts of pulls on my shoulders when I bend over to pick up the garbage pail . . . !

I got a pick-up order for 8 free trial TV sets, an air-conditioner, 27 sets of encyclopedias, 150 books, 19 stereo sets and a garbage disposal unit—which you are returning. Where do you want my men to install your 30-day free-trial Minchwell Swimming Pool?



Gee, Bernice, I'm sorry our dog, Blackie, chewed up your rug, tore your wallpaper, and clawed your new living room couch to shreds!

Think nothing of it, Alice. We were planning to return all those things on Monday, anyway . . . !

Oh, Charlie, the thirty days are up on our new fireplace, and the men are here to take it back! What do you want to do with the hole in the den wall?

Forget it, Bernice! We're sending the house back on Monday, too!

Bernice, have we had this miserable kid for 30 days?

No, today is our 29th day!

Good! Let's return him to the hospital in the morning and get our money back!



THE STRICTLY-FOR-MISCHIEF APPROACH

Remember, you don't have to be shrewd and calculating all the time when fighting Junk Mailers. Sometimes plain out-

and-out malicious mischief works just as well. Here are only two of the many rotten tricks you can play on them.

Chain-Letter Writers

Chances are you receive Junk Mail like this quite often:

Dear Friend:-

This is a chain letter. It was started by a man like yourself in hopes that it might bring relief and happiness to tired businessmen. Unlike most chain letters, this one does not involve money. Simply send a copy of this letter to three of your friends who are equally tired. Then, bundle up your wife and send her to the man whose name is at the top of the list, and add Your name to the bottom. When your name comes to the top of the list, you will have received 4,789 women--and some of them will be dandies. Have faith. Do not break the chain! One man did, and he got his own wife back!

Arnold Mednicov
230 Vladin Street,
Canton, Ohio

Daniel Frumm
45 Yorkel Avenue
Takoma, Washington

Elbert Glommp
601 Herkimer Drive
Hobart, Texas.

As you may know, sending chain letters through the mail is illegal. So what you do is make two more exact copies of the chain letter you received. Then, making sure you do not include your name and address anywhere, send one copy of the letter to each of your 3 following friends:

John A. Gronouski
U.S. Postmaster General,
Washington, D.C.

Robert Kennedy
U.S. Attorney General,
Washington, D.C.

J. Edgar Hoover,
Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

Photo Re-Touchers

Here's another example of Junk Mail you may have received:

What you do is get hold of an old news photo of Coney Island on July 4th, and send it along with this letter:

Dear Friend:-

Do you have any battered photographs of yourself or your loved ones which you'd like touched-up and restored? Also, are there any other people in the photograph whom you'd like erased so that only you or your loved one remains in the picture alone?

We have an exciting **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED** offer which we'd like to make. Just

BEFORE



AFTER



Gentlemen:

Here is an old photograph which has great sentimental value for me. My beloved Uncle Sigmund is in the 219,426th row up, 3487 people from the left (not counting the ice cream vendor). You can't miss Uncle Sigmund. He's wearing a bathing suit. Kindly erase the other 1,326,287 people and make me a clean 8x10 blow up of my Uncle. If I am satisfied, I'll be happy to send you



FAST GETAWAY DEPT.

WE LIVE in a vacation-minded nation. Every worker gets an annual vacation these days. Almost everyone goes away for week-ends. If a holiday falls in the middle of the week, millions of people go away for the day. And still the trend is toward more vacation fun. Which brings us to this next article. With the continued improvements in the speed of modern transportation, whole new vistas are constantly opening up for the travel agents, and it won't be long before we'll be seeing these . . .

FUTURE QUICKIE VACATIONS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE OVERNIGHT VACATION

And how long
a vacation
do you plan?

Well, I'll be off work at
5:00 tonight, and I don't
have to be back until
9:00 tomorrow morning!

That's 16 hours off!
Wonderful! Have you
seen Europe?

As a matter
of fact, I
haven't!

Well, I could book you on a helicopter
flight that leaves the roof of this
building at 5:01, puts you on a jet at
5:20, and with the time difference,
you'll be in Rome yesterday!

Sounds
exciting!

You'll have 45 minutes in Rome—an
hour in Paris—20 minutes in London
—and Madrid is beautiful at that
time of night . . .

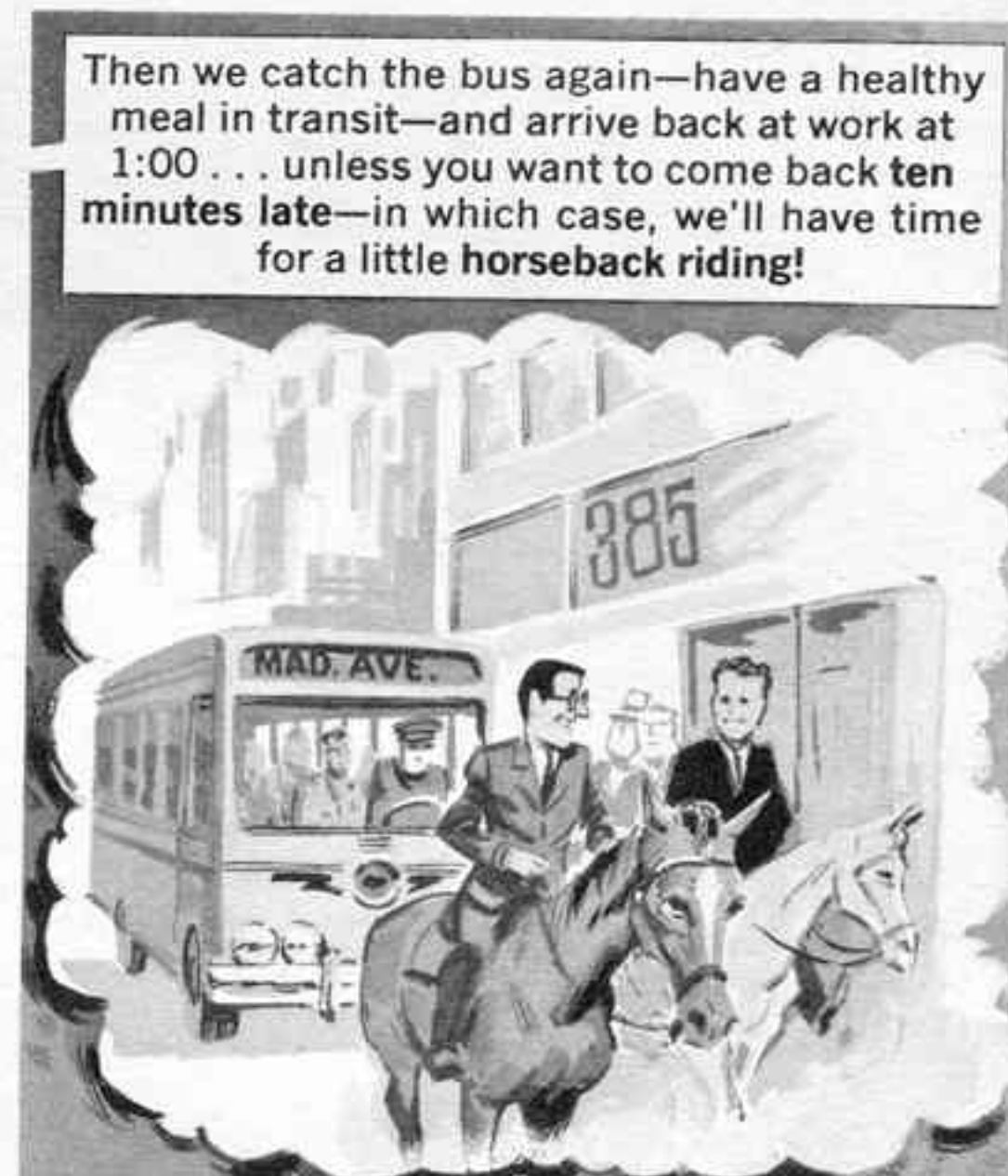
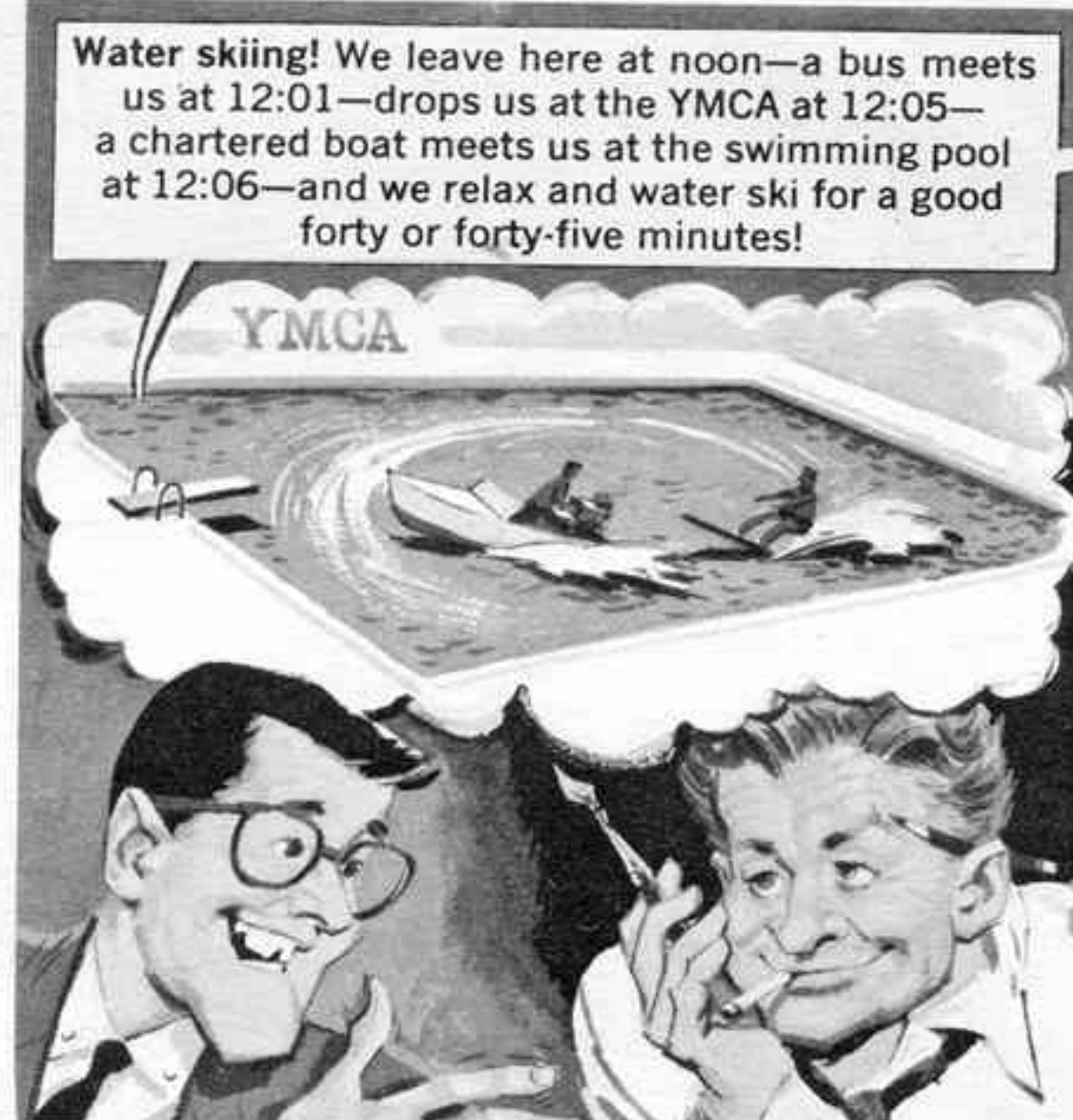
Great! Book me
on that tour!

You wouldn't be willing to show
up for work, say, 2 hours late,
tomorrow, would you?

Why?

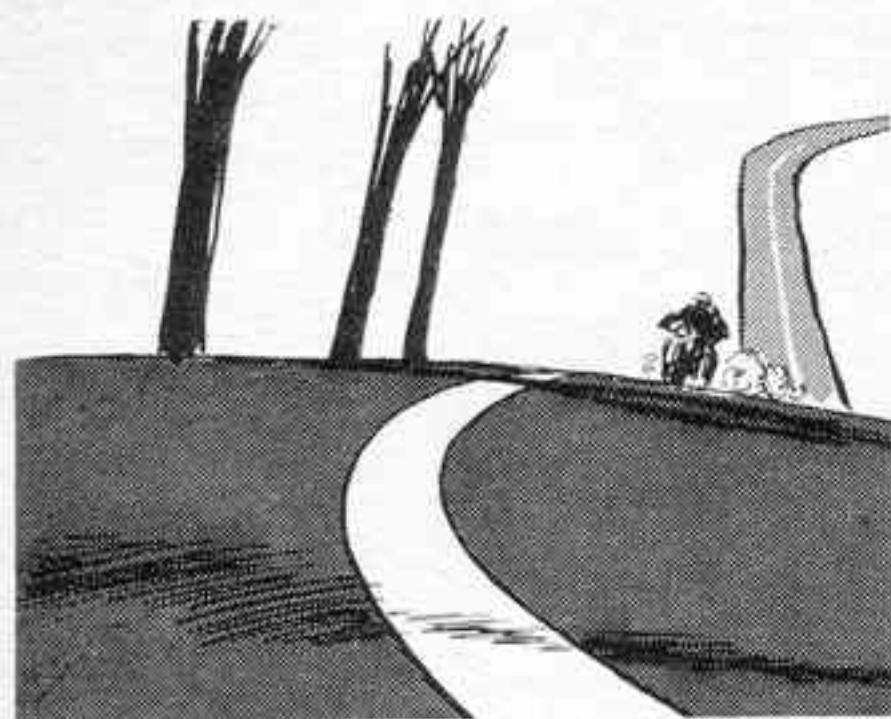
I could book you on
a side tour to Africa!

THE LUNCH HOUR VACATION



And finally...THE COFFEE BREAK VACATION





Here is MAD's version of the Academy Award-winning movie that opens with a wild motorcycle ride taken by one of the most mysterious and confusing personalities in world history . . .



This motorcycle rider had once been a rough-and-tumble soldier, despite the fact that he was well-educated, well-mannered, dressed immaculately, and spoke with perfect diction . . .



Ooops!—Wrong motorcycle rider! Hey, you guys up in the projection booth! That's Marlon Brando in the opening scene from "The Wild One!" That was a character we understood! Not like

FLAWRENCE OF ARABIA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Have you heard? Flawrence of Arabia is dead! Tell me . . . what was he really like?

He was one of the greatest men in history!

He was a military genius!

He was beautiful, sweetie!

He led a charmed life! He was indestructible!

All right, already! So let's make with the flashbacks! Like to British H.Q.—Cairo, Egypt—1917!

He was a cad—a bounder—a fink!

He was a nut!

He was sick!

So how come he got killed in a motorcycle crash?

AND WHAT IS YOUR LAST NAME, MY DEAR? CHRISTINE---

MORT DRUCKER

Lieutenant Flawrence, I understand you wish to go to Arabia to find Prince Fizzle and see how the Arab revolt against the Turks is going! I also understand that you are brilliant, stupid, gentle, vicious, humble, arrogant, compassionate, cold, happy, sad and farmisht!

I am also a bit conceited, sir!

He'll find Prince Fizzle, General! He's a genius, even though he's very confused!

There's something that bothers me, Drydune. The real Flawrence was 5'5" tall. This guy is over 6 feet. The real Flawrence was ugly. This guy is handsome . . .

See, I told you he was confused!

Tell me, Lt. Flawrence! What do you think of all this breathtaking splendor?

Well, the beach is great, but it's a little too far to the ocean!

412 ULTRA-MODERN SPLIT-LEVEL HOMES

WILL BE ERECTED SHORTLY ON THIS CHOICE SITE
We Guarantee No Water In The Basement!
Arab G.I. Mortgages Available

Look! Turkish planes . . . attacking Prince Fizzle's troops!

I'll drive them off—but **without bloodshed!** I hate bloodshed! It's gruesome and gory and horrible! And I'll **slaughter** anybody who says different!

My people and I owe you a debt of gratitude, English. You are a military genius! How did you manage to drive off those planes?

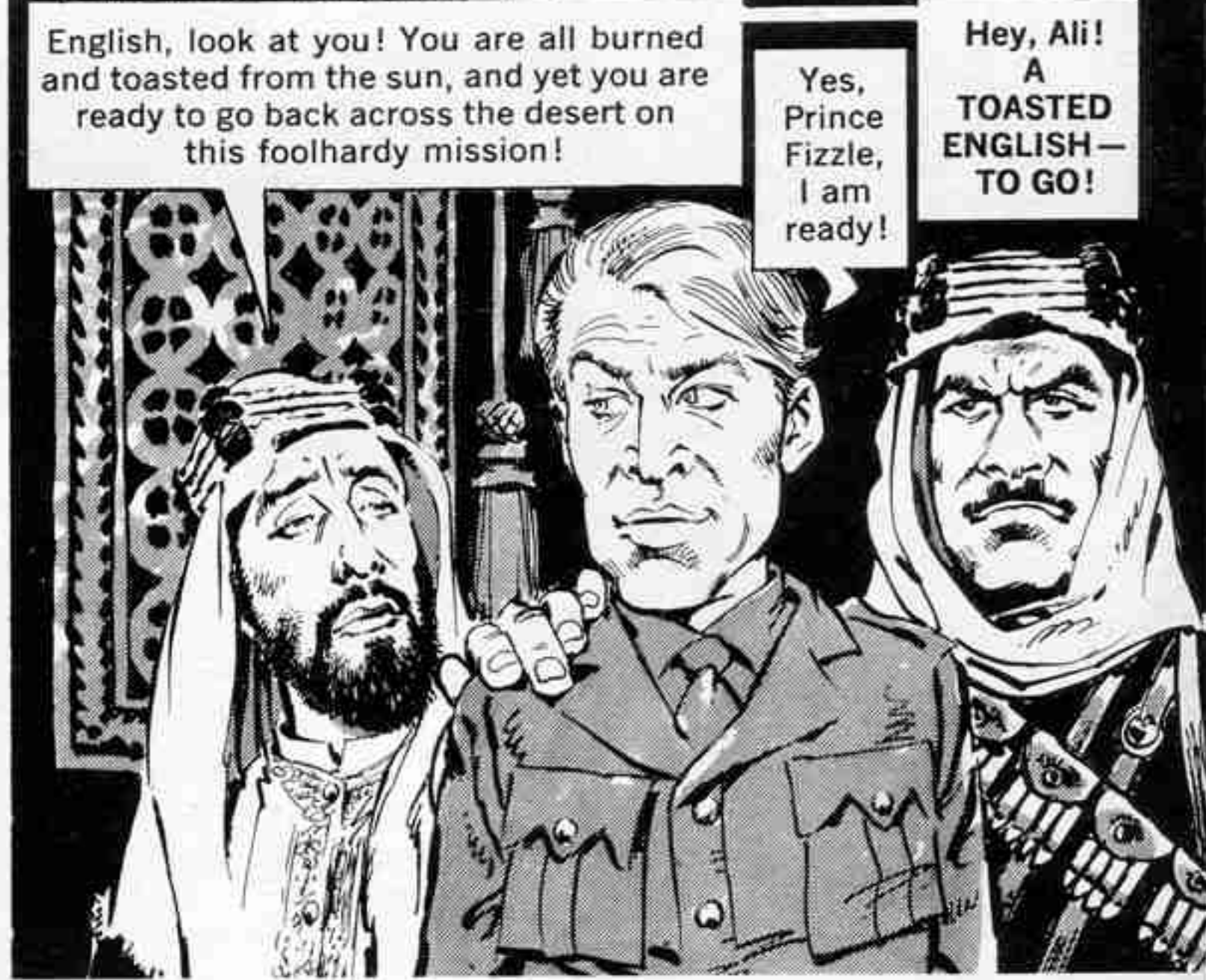
Simple, Prince Fizzle! I told the pilots that there was a huge ape perched on the tower of the Empire State Building in New York! No World War I plane can resist a target like that!



Now here is my battle plan, Prince. The guns at the Turkish garrison at Aquba face the sea. So I'll take 50 men across the desert, and attack the Turks from the rear!

Attack from the rear? That's Un-American!

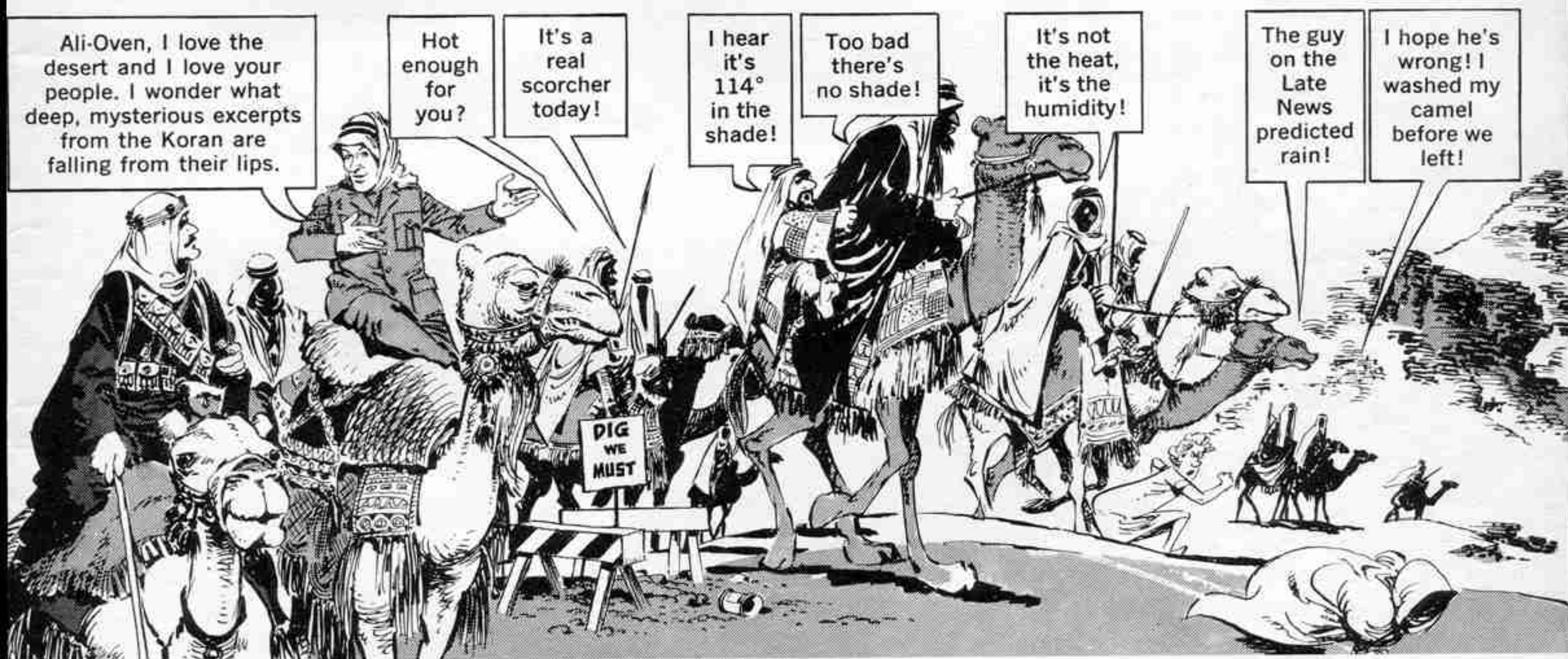
That's okay! None of us here are Americans!



English, look at you! You are all burned and toasted from the sun, and yet you are ready to go back across the desert on this foolhardy mission!

Yes, Prince Fizzle, I am ready!

Hey, Ali! A TOASTED ENGLISH—TO GO!



Ali-Oven, I love the desert and I love your people. I wonder what deep, mysterious excerpts from the Koran are falling from their lips.

Hot enough for you?

It's a real scorcher today!

I hear it's 114° in the shade!

Too bad there's no shade!

It's not the heat, it's the humidity!

The guy on the Late News predicted rain!

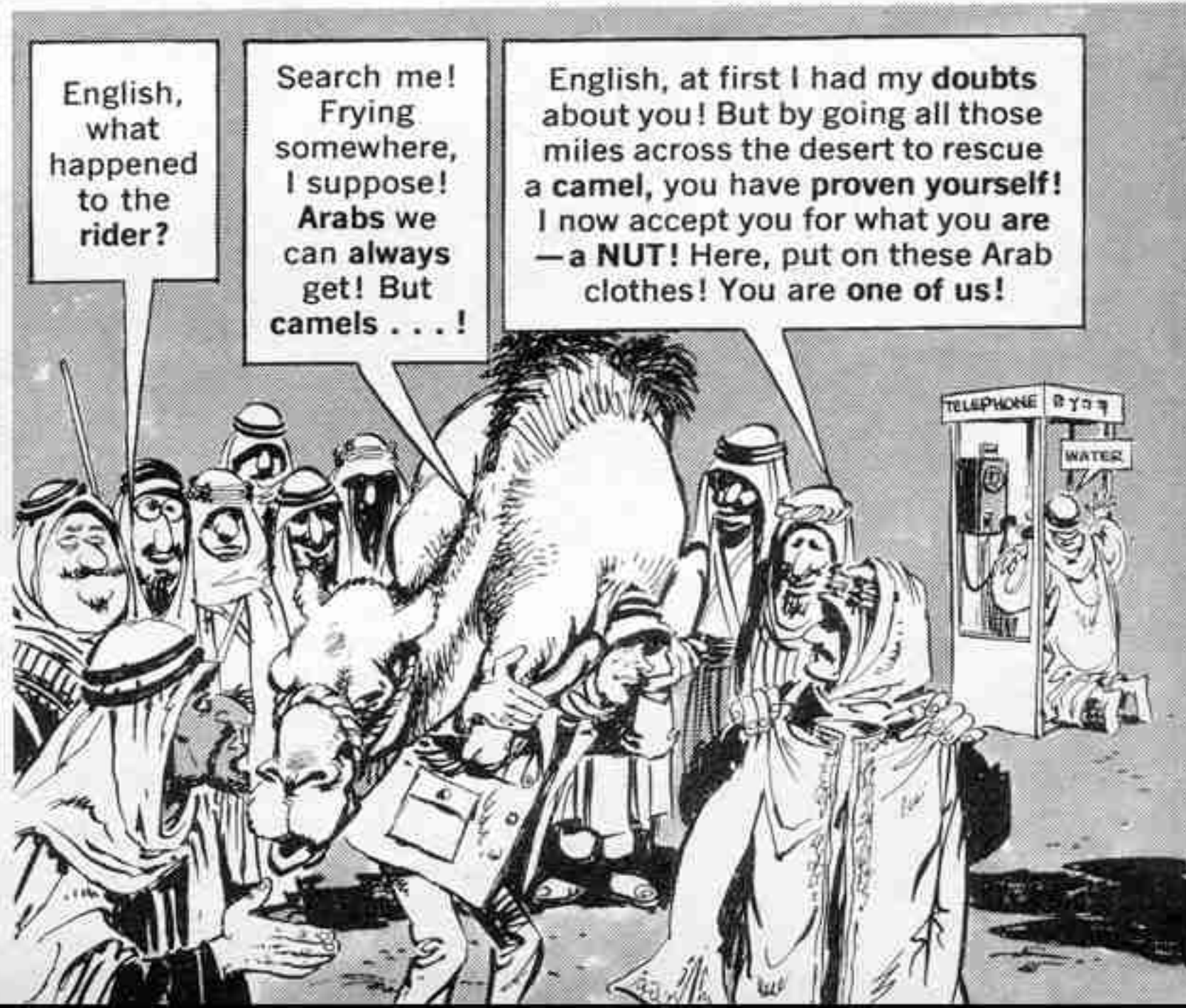
I hope he's wrong! I washed my camel before we left!



What happened to English?

One of our party disappeared 50 miles back, and English went to rescue him!

LOOK! HERE COMES ENGLISH NOW—CARRYING HIM ON HIS BACK!

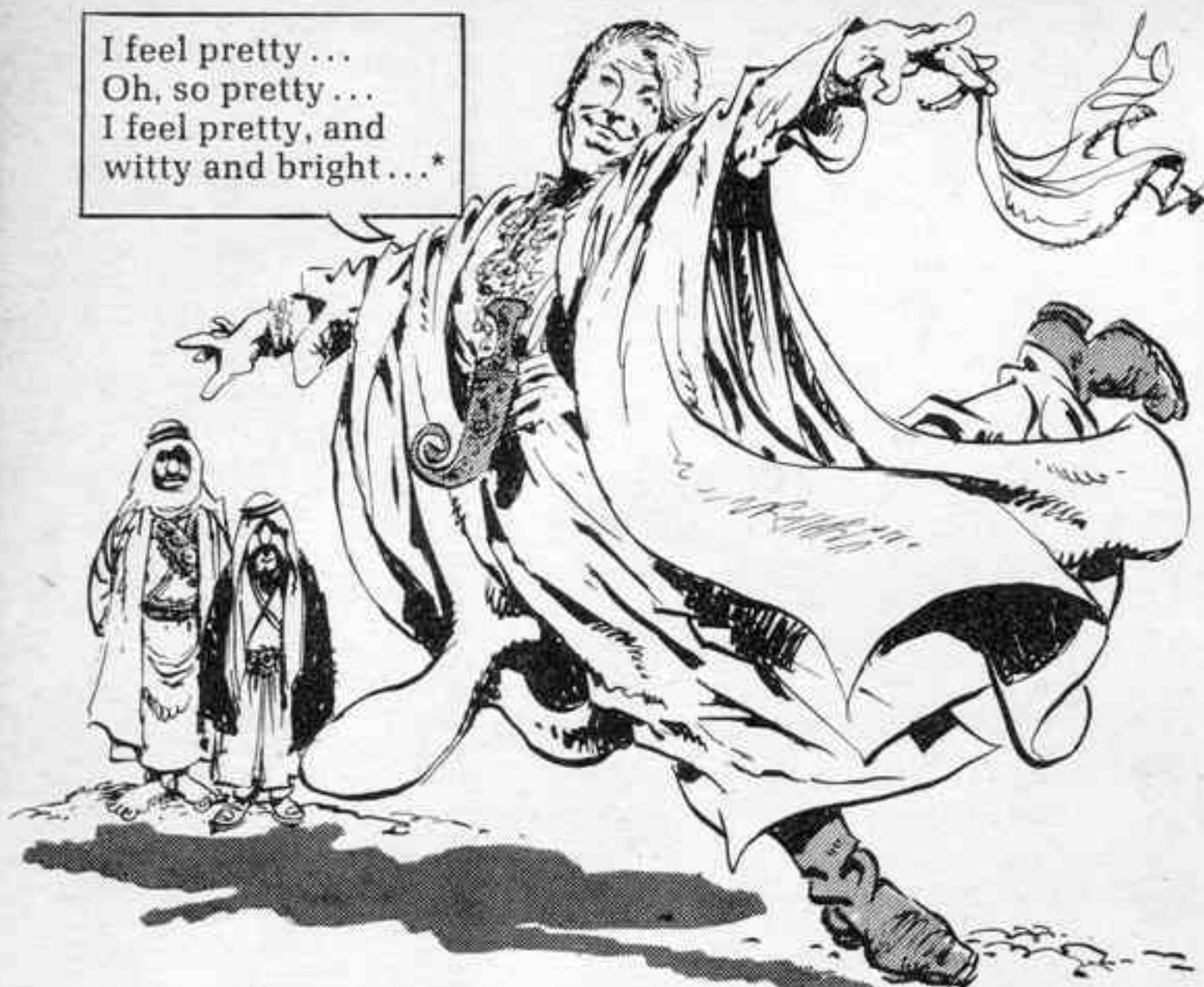


English, what happened to the rider?

Search me! Frying somewhere, I suppose! Arabs we can always get! But camels . . . !

English, at first I had my doubts about you! But by going all those miles across the desert to rescue a camel, you have proven yourself! I now accept you for what you are—a NUT! Here, put on these Arab clothes! You are one of us!

I feel pretty ...
Oh, so pretty ...
I feel pretty, and
witty and bright ...*



Go ahead, Kahlil!
Don't be bashful!
Ask him to dance
with you!

I don't know! I
think he's a little
too tall for me!

Listen,
you're just
going to
dance with
him! You're
not going
to marry him!



* ©MCMLVII by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim

Everybody stop drinking, stop
moving, stop breathing! I am
Auda Bul! I own this oasis,
most of this desert, and
8000 square miles of sky!

Auda Bul, I would like you and your people
to join us in an attack on the Turkish
garrison at Aqaba! We need all the patriots
we can get!

I'll join you ... for \$106,000,000 in
gold! I'm what's known as a **greedy patriot!**
Besides, I need the **money!** I'm saving up
for a nose job!



AQABA!
AQABA!

DOWN
WITH
THE
TURKS!

Say, Auda, how come the Turks
are wearing gas masks? We're
not using poison gas!

They wish we would! Actually,
we have a weapon more deadly
to the senses than poison gas!
CAMELS!!

Ever smell a camel
after a long trek
across the desert?



Flawrence, you must be sick! We've captured Aqaba and we've earned ourselves a rest! Why are you going out into the desert again?

Because it's there! Because it's a dramatic thing to do! Because it's in keeping with my bewildering personality! And mainly because it's "Intermission" time—and a fade-out on a hot, broiling sun is a good business move for all theater owners around the country.



Water!

Soda!

a 2¢ plain!

Anything!

Intermission



That train was scheduled to pass here 40 minutes ago! They know we're waiting to blow them up! What's keeping them!

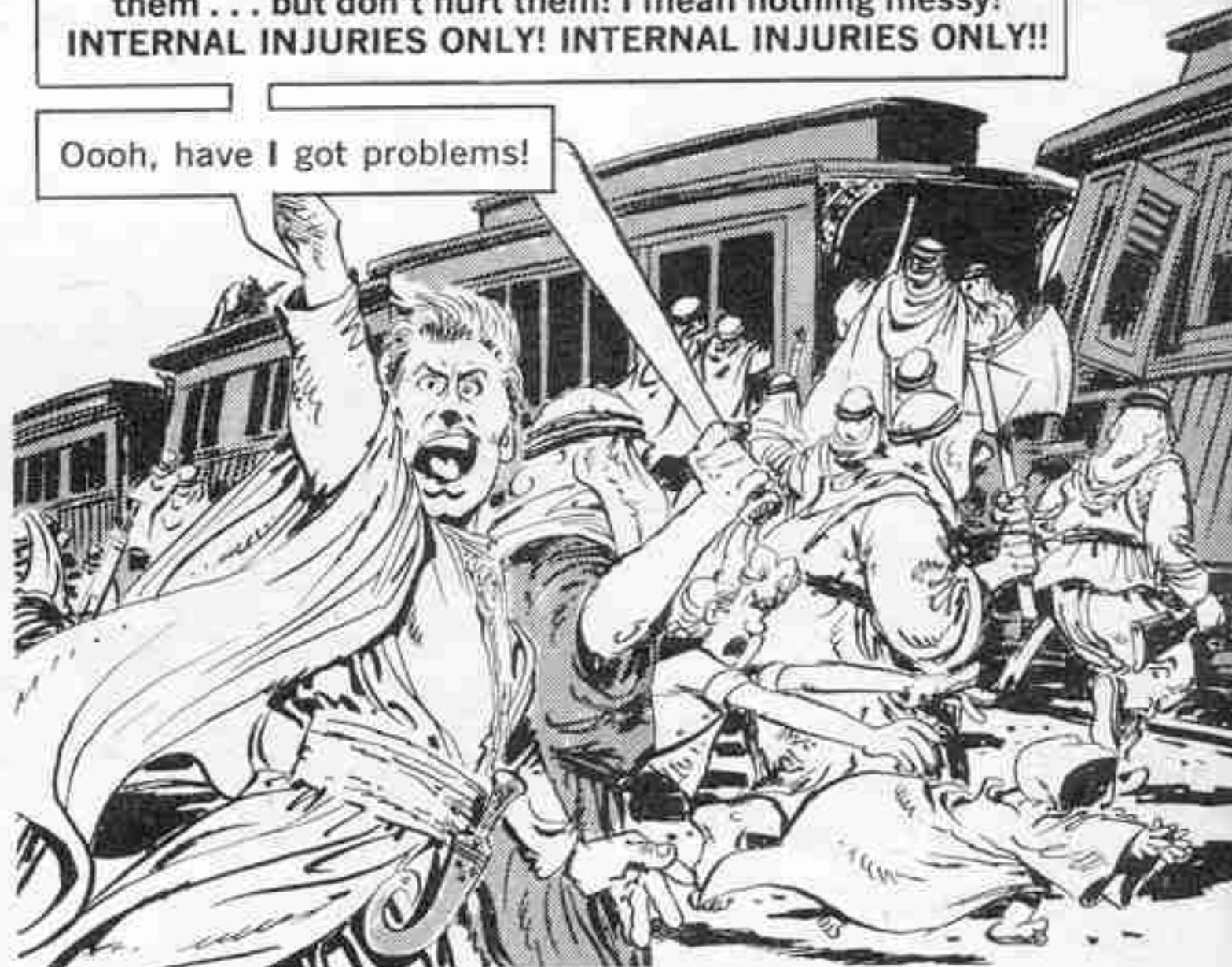
You can go out of your mind waiting for Locals! Can't we just once blow up an Express!?

Maybe there's another Turkish conductors' strike!

Boy, I feel sorry for those poor desert commuters!

Charge, men! But try to avoid bloodshed! I mean, kill them . . . but don't hurt them! I mean nothing messy! INTERNAL INJURIES ONLY! INTERNAL INJURIES ONLY!!

Oooh, have I got problems!



Flawrence, I'm a newspaper man from the States. I wonder if you'd answer a question for me: Why do you like the desert?

Because it's clean!



Hoo-boy! Again with the dancing!

Who does he think he is—Fred Astaire?

No—Ginger Rogers!!



Men! The Turkish Army is finished! Now, on to Damascus! You'll form an Arab Peace Council, and I'll open an Arthur Murray Studio!

What's going on here?

This is an Arab Peace Council!

I'd hate to see them at war!

Why are the camels walking out?

They can't stand the smell!

So this is how the Arabs settle problems in 1918?

I got news for you! This is how they'll settle them in 1964!

LOUDER!

REMEMBER SEPARATE CHECKS!

General Allenbuzz, I want to leave the desert forever! I'm all mixed up! I mean, I know I'm great—but I think I'm a fraud! I like killing—but then again I hate it! I'm a show-off—but I'm really shy! What should I do?

I don't know! Try sending a letter to "Dear Abu" in the Arab Gazette!

... and that's the whole story, Doctor! As you can see, I'm very confused!

Flawrence, you've been under a tremendous strain. Forget war and fighting and bloodshed and fancy costumes and dancing! If you really like this country, if you're fond of Arabs, why don't you find yourself a nice Egyptian girl and settle down?

This is the nice Egyptian girl he decided to settle down with?

Tell me, Doctor! Don't you sort of get the feeling his troubles are only beginning?

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

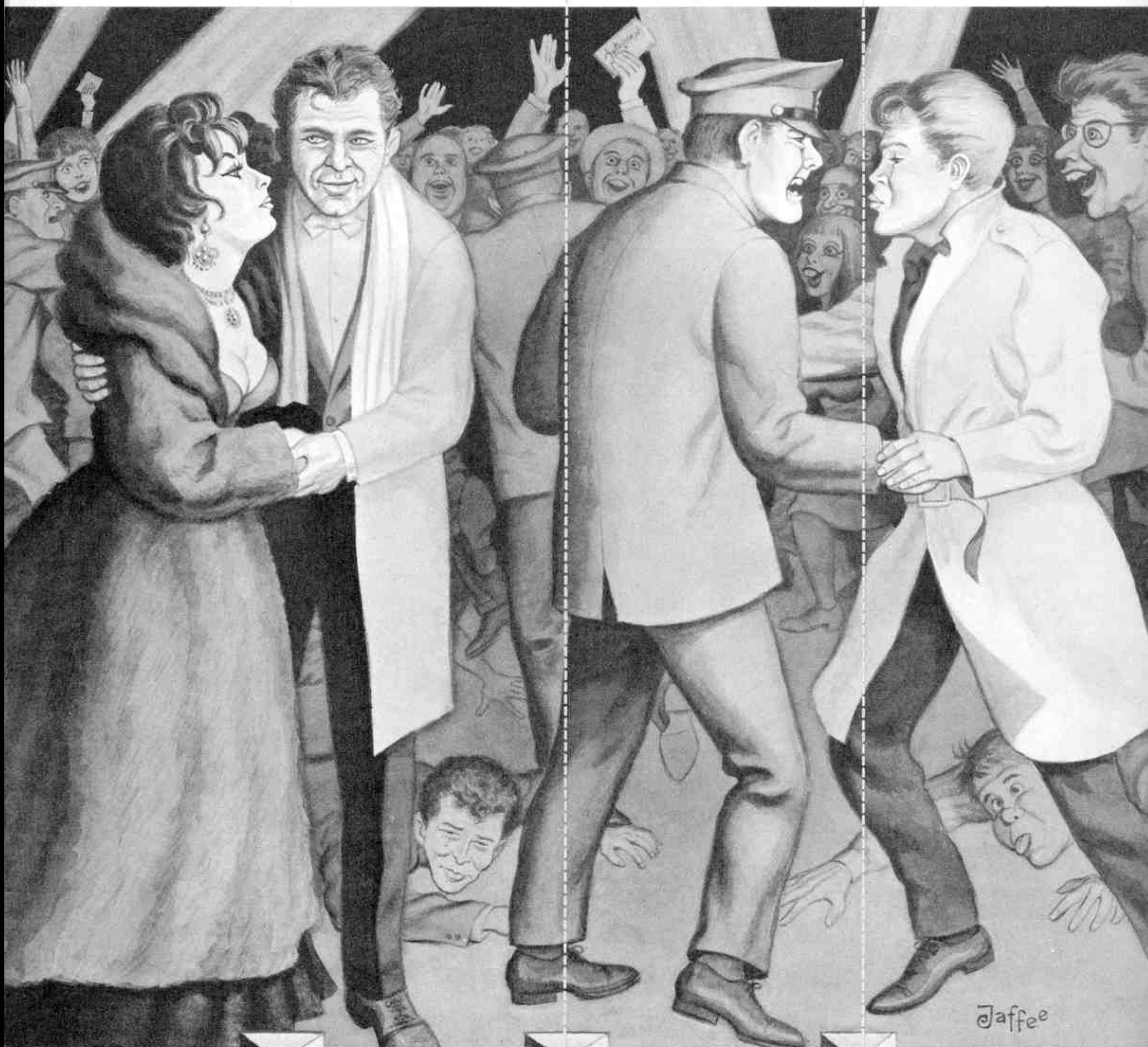
MAD FOLD-IN



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT

FOLD THIS SECTION BACK TO RIGHT



Jaffee

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

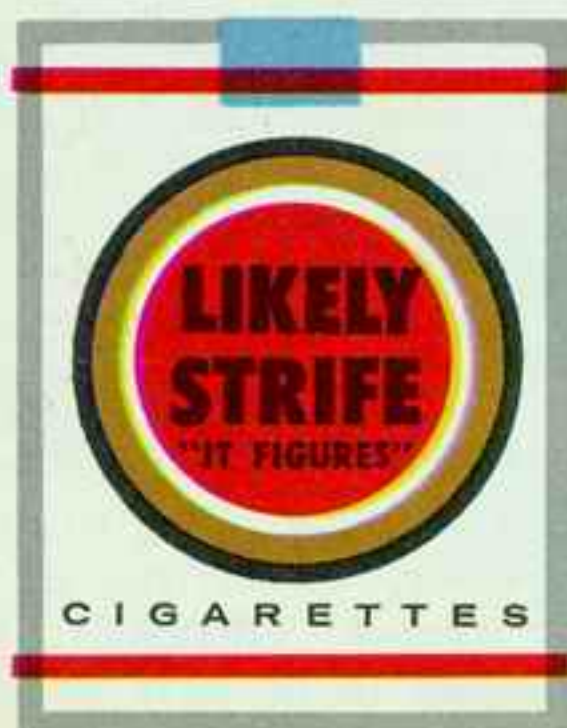
the handsome young stranger in the crowd moving in for his chance. Obviously, he's destined to be next in line.



Likely Strife separates the men from the boys...



but not from the doctors.



Smoking is a habit we'd like to get all you kids hooked on. Hey, kids! Wanna feel grown up? Wanna feel like a man? Wanna be separated from the boys—but not from the girls? Smoke Likely Strife—and you'll discover one other thing: You'll also be separated from your health!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER (L.S./M.F.T.) KRAUSS