

SPECIAL "MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD" ISSUE

MAD

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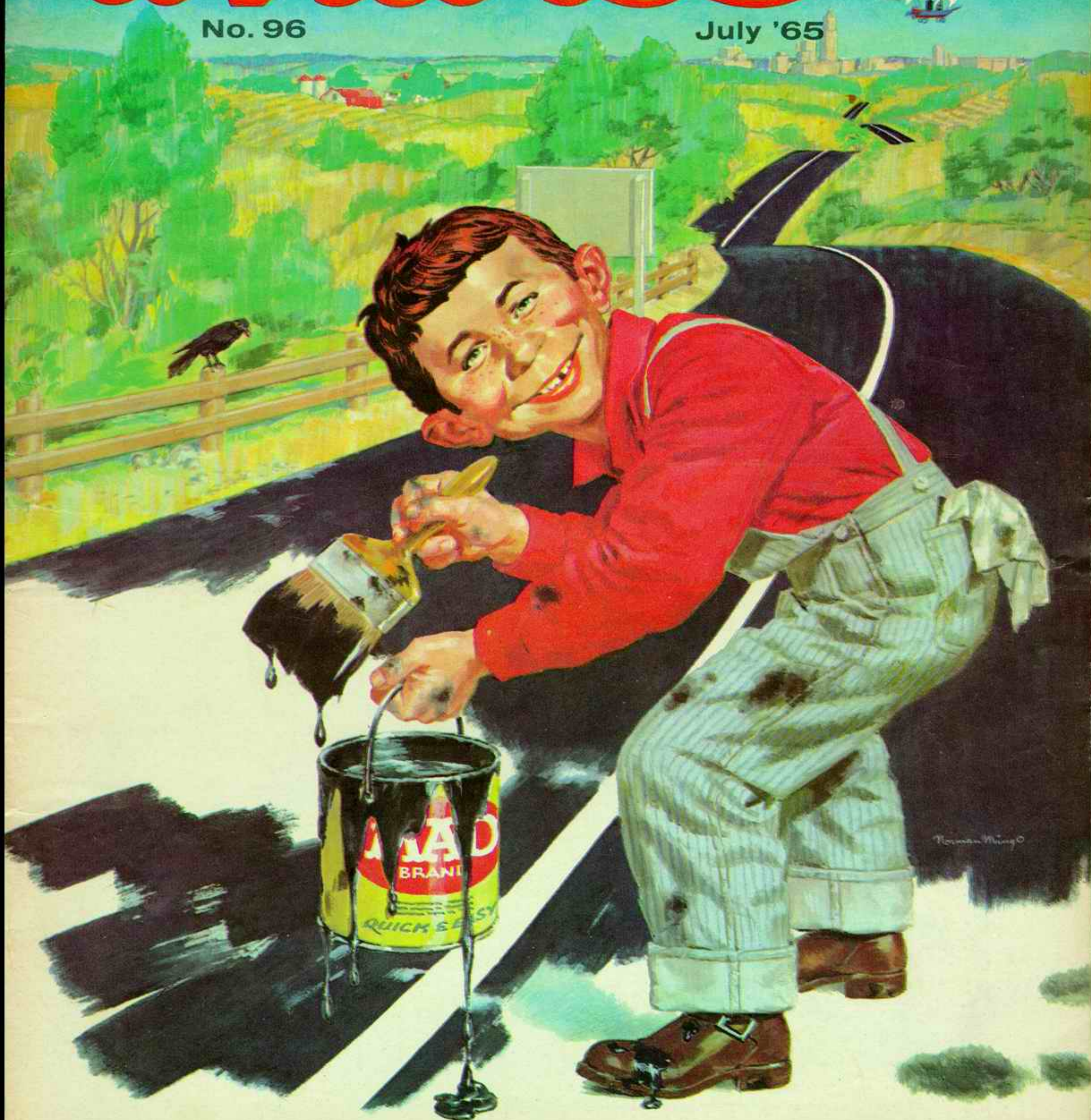
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No. 96

July '65



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IN THIS LATEST MAD ANNUAL**

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MAD

"One of the biggest improvements we could make in the American Home is to take the scale out of the bathroom and put it in front of the refrigerator!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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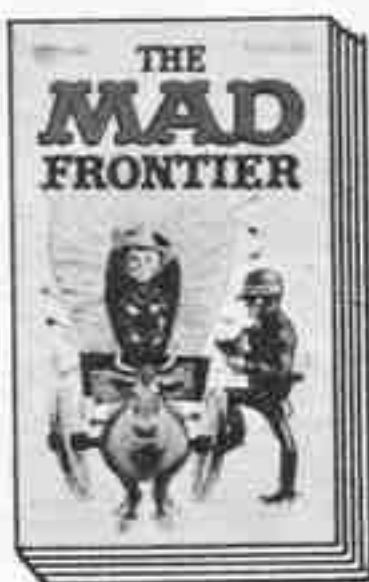


FUTURE SALES
GIMMICKS FOR
CONSERVATIVE
INSTITUTIONS
Pg. 24

WE'VE COME OF AGE!

MAINLY, WE'VE TURNED 21—

MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS, THAT IS!



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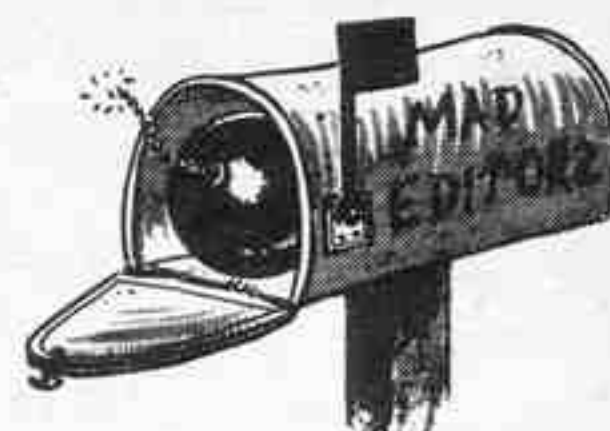
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| ☐ The Brothers MAD | ☐ The MAD Frontier | ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out |
| ☐ The Bedside MAD | ☐ MAD in Orbit | ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back |
| ☐ Son of MAD | ☐ The Voodoo MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The U.S.A. |

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LETTERS DEPT.



JAMES BOMB—007

I have, I am sorry to say, been reading your ridiculous magazine for four years. I have found many stupid articles which were, nevertheless, amusing. But, in your April issue (#94), you had the temerity to satirize the greatest of all fictional characters, James Bond. I hope you get thousands of letters reprimanding you for printing this absurd article.

Andrew Dubrovsky
New York City

"James Bomb—007" was the greatest musical satire you have ever done. Not only were Drucker's drawings unusually good, but Jacobs' musical adaptation of songs from "Oklahoma" were as great as the originals.

Jack Bourque
Florence, Mass.

You came through! Your treatment of Ian Fleming's "character," James Bond, was truly deserved. If MAD had missed the opportunity to do a parody on such a suitable topic, I would have been disappointed.

Frank W. Tushner
Winona, Minn.

Perhaps you are clairvoyant. I just read an announcement that a musical, based on the James Bond books, is going to be written by Sylvia Fine. You sure showed them how it could be done.

Bill Williams
Evanston, Ill.

As a fellow Englishman, I thoroughly enjoyed your marvelous satire on James Bond.

John Tindall
Miami, Fla.

SEASONS' GREETINGS



We love reading MAD! It adds "spice" to our life.

The Four Seasons
On Tour, U.S.A.

PLAYING FAVORITES



When I arrived at their hotel suite to interview Ray and Dave Davies, two of the "Kinks," this is what I saw! Boy, was I mad!

Gloria Stavers
Editor-In-Chief
16 Magazine
New York City

MORE MAD E.S.P.?



Are you guys some sort of prophets? Enclosed is a news photo of Ringo Starr and his bride, which appeared in every newspaper across the country on Feb. 11.



It bears a striking resemblance to the photo you envisioned he carries in his wallet (MAD #91). In fact, most of the newspapers carried the same gag line for the caption, mainly: "Find Ringo's New Bride. Hint: He's on the right."

Joan Darcy
Jersey City, N. J.

MARGINAL THINKING

Those little picture-gags you stick in the margins to take up space are funnier than the rest of your magazine!

Ricky Zamarchi
Greenlawn, N. Y.

NEUROTIC MAIL

Thank you so very much for "Neurotic Magazine" in issue #94. It really hit home. Incidentally, I'm not acquainted with the writer, Stan Hart. Who told him so much about me?

Don Z. Block
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I was always under the impression that there already *was* a magazine for Neurotics...namely MAD! However, I really enjoyed the article. In fact, I read it over and over and over and over and over and over and over and...

Steve Salo
Burbank, Calif.

DEAR "JOHN" LETTER

Just a note of thanks in grateful appreciation, and a recommendation for MAD. I await each issue eagerly. In fact, it was only their "Alfred" that held my children's interest long enough to accomplish toilet training. As a Pediatrician's wife, this victory was imperative in support of my husband's reputation.

Mrs. Ruth Weimer
Randolph, Mass.

Yeah, but what about our reputation?—Ed.

GOOD TO LAUGH AT ONE'S SELF

Your unique ability to reduce all phases of human endeavor to sparkling satire makes your publication a real milestone in literary achievement. It's good to laugh at one's self. Life is too short to spend in a state of worry or constant anxiety. Perhaps the world would be a better place if Mao and Kosygin would read and heed the philosophy of MAD.

Charles T. Joyner
Chesapeake, Va.

That'll be the day—when Mao and Kosygin can laugh at themselves!—Ed.

THAT ABOUT COVERS IT

I don't expect you to print this, because I know that the last thing you'd want to be called in public is "sentimental," but I want you to know that I think it was nice of you to change the cover on your "MAD Frontier" paperback book from one of Alfie on a rocking chair to one of him on a covered wagon. Not many magazines would go to that much trouble out of respect for the late President Kennedy.

Edith Assaff
Detroit, Michigan

PERSONNA NON GRATA

I've tried (Coo-coo) magazine and (Coo-coo) magazine, but I find that MAD gets me 25 to 30 more kicks per issue. Mainly, when I buy a copy, my Mom kicks me around the house.

Gary Eldridge
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 96, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

ARE YOU BUGGED

BY THE LITTLE MONSTERS

WHO

WEED

OUT

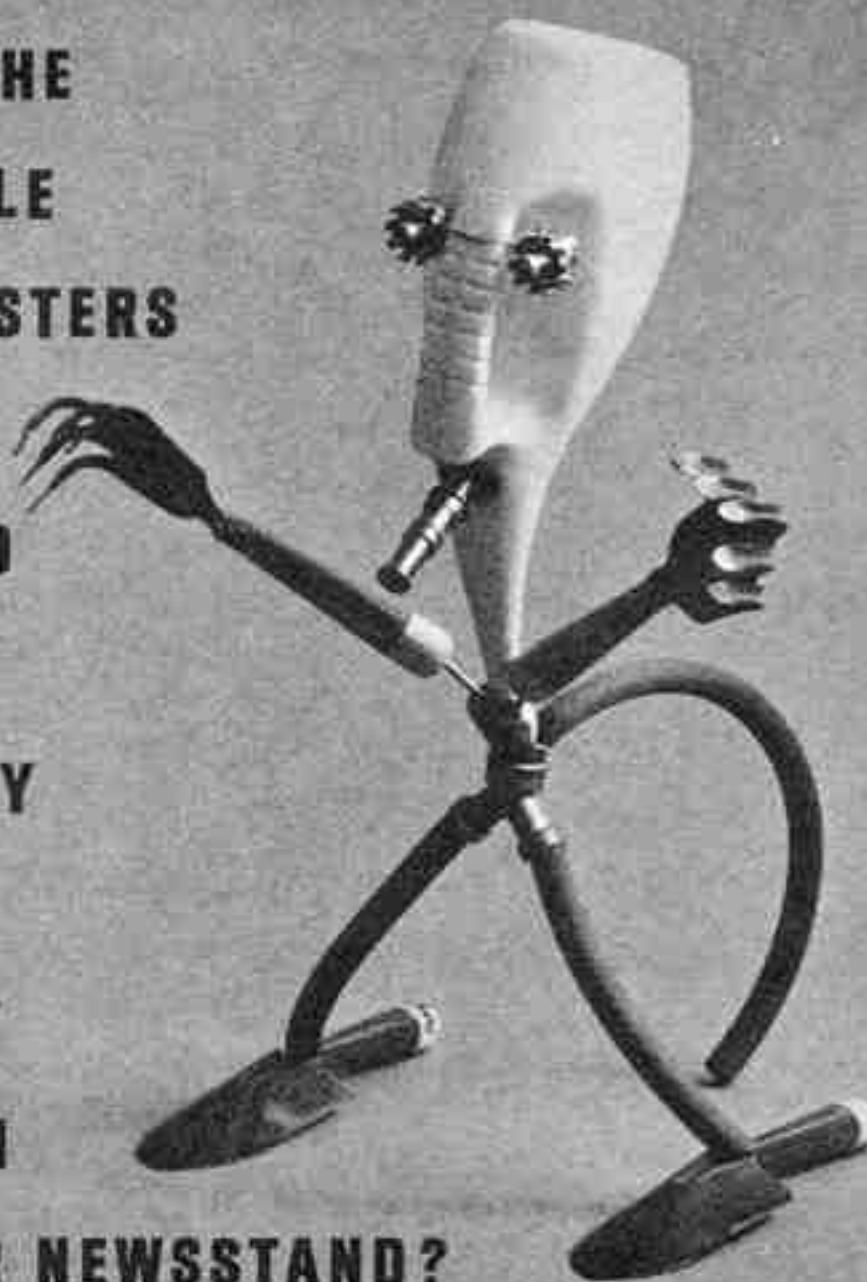
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Okay, clods...enough of this crop! You have suc-seeded in planting your suggestion in my fertile brain, so I'm throwing in the trowel and subscribing! Now, while you'll be getting a green thumb from my money, I will probably grow into a blooming idiot...and go to pot!

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BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Yep, we're taking this opportunity to give you the business again—by offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, at 25¢ each (3 for 50¢). They're suitable for framing or wrapping fish! Mail money to: MAD, Dept. "What-Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



DEPARTMENT OF THE INFERIOR DEPT.

Boy, are we sick and tired of manufacturers who keep on bragging about their dubious wares. Mainly, their products are either "the purest" or "the finest" or "the best" or some other such similar falsehood! And besides, what makes these blowhards think that the public always wants

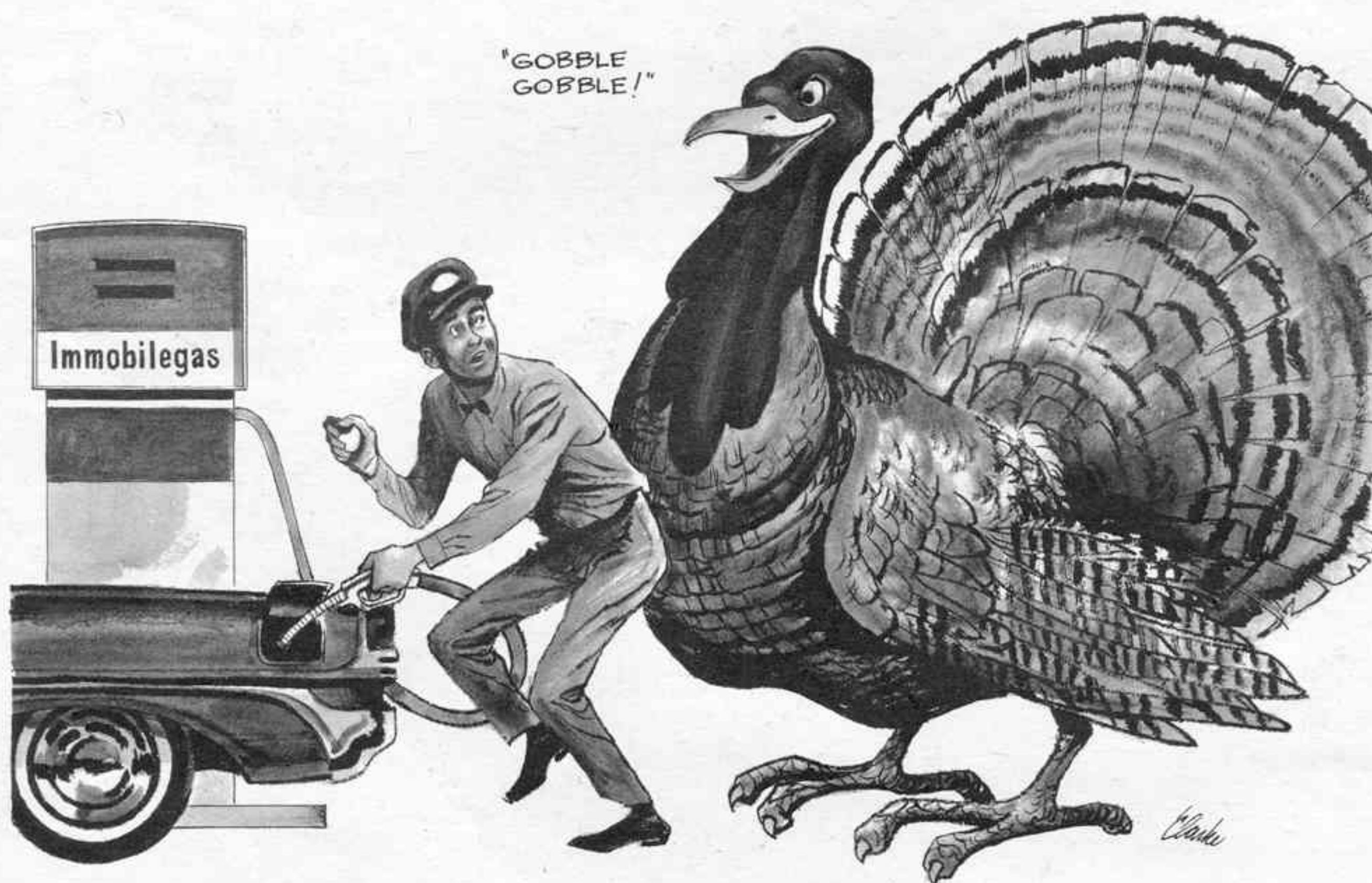
SUBSTANDARD

"You can be sure it's che

BORROWING A CAR • RENTING A CAR? • STEALING A CAR?

Then why pay premium (or even regular) prices for gasoline?

PUT A TURKEY IN YOUR TANK!



Why Worry About Piston Ping...Carburetor Cough...Blasts From The Exhaust?
FILL 'ER UP WITH THE WORLD'S CHEAPEST FUEL
IMMOBILEGAS
...AND REMEMBER...IT'S NOT YOUR CAR!

A Product of the Petroleum Division of Substandard Brands, Inc.

"Recent tests reveal that 18 out of the 21 ingredients necessary for smooth, carefree car performance are missing from **IMMOBILEGAS!**"



quality? Don't they realize that there's a vast, untapped market in this country for out-and-out junk? After exhaustive research, we've discovered that there are lots of times when people merely want to buy the cheapest possible product, regardless of quality. And so, MAD hereby launches...



BRANDS, INC.

ap...if it's Substandard!"

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITERS:

RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

IS YOUR HOUSE THE "COMMUNITY CENTER" OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD? DOES IT OVERFLOW WITH HUNGRY BRATS WHO ROB YOUR CUPBOARD AND YOUR POCKETBOOK, EATING BAG AFTER BAG OF HIGH-PRICED ADDICTIVE POTATO CHIPS? MOTHER—IT'S HIGH TIME THAT YOU SWITCHED TO

LOU'S POTATO CHIPS

"The only chip fried in crude oil—a bagful is a year's supply!"

"Bet you can't
finish even one!"



Most
Potato
Chips...

SNAP!



Lou's
Potato
Chips...



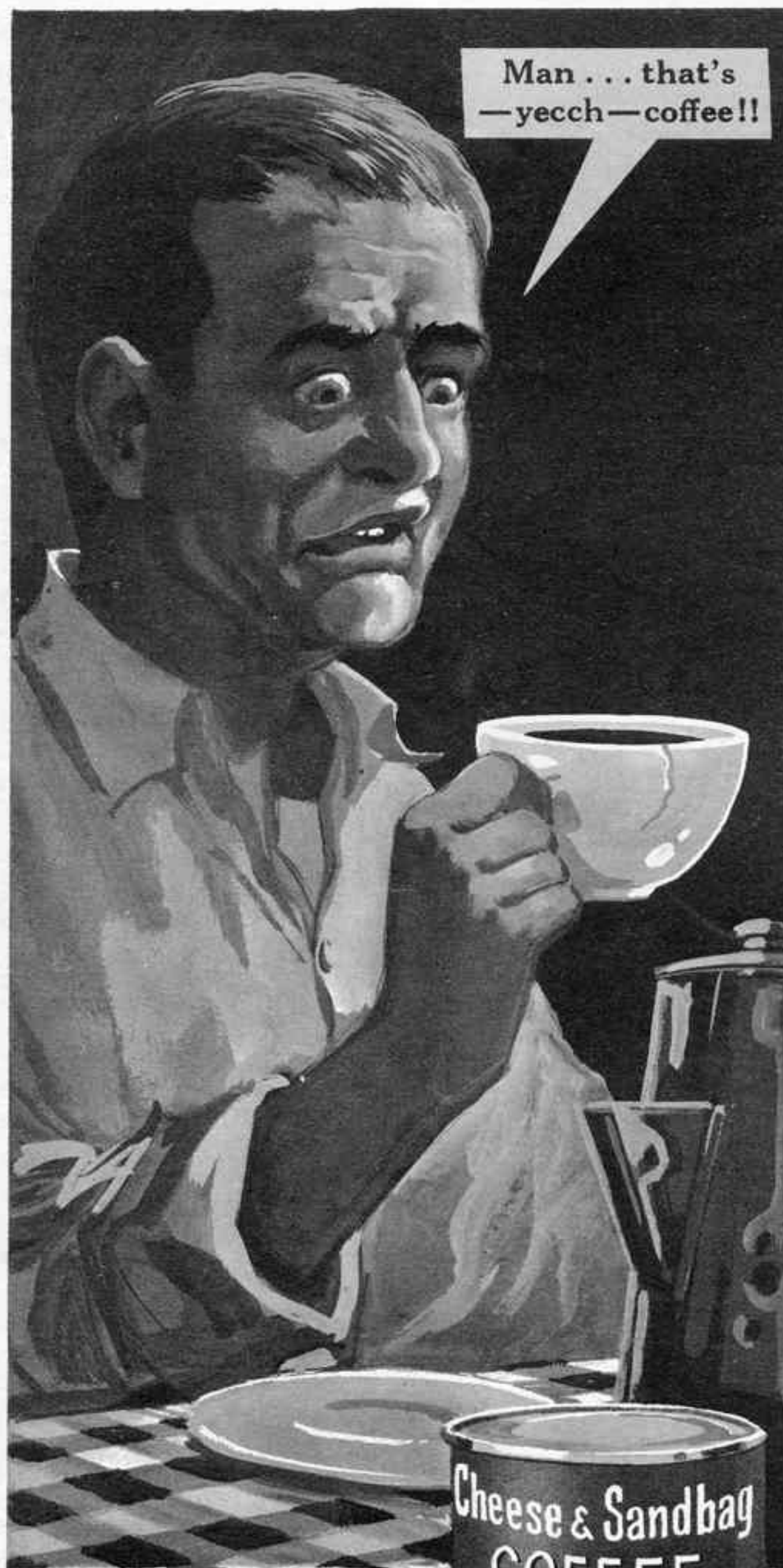
PHHHT!

A Product of Substandard Brands, Inc.

Tired of "Coffee-Clatching" with cackling hens?
Discourage their dropping in! Serve them...

CHEESE & SANDBAG Coffee

THE COFFEE SERVED AT THE BOWERY FLOPHOUSE HOTEL
"It costs a lot less—because you get a lot less!"



WHAT MR. CHEESE
DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT COFFEE...
MR. SANDBAG DIDN'T KNOW EITHER!

A Product of Substandard Brands, Inc.



Do you hate being socially obligated to send
greeting cards to all kinds of people who are
totally meaningless in your life? Is this an an-
noying expense? Then you should be sending

SCHLOCKMARK CARDS

Happy Birthday

(for 1965 through 1975)



A very special birthday wish
Is what this card inspires,
A wish to last you ten more years—
(That's when this card expires!)

*In Deepest
Sympathy*

He ☐ She ☐ It ☐ isn't dead—
He ☐ She ☐ It ☐ is just away!

When you *don't* care to send the very best
—send the very cheapest!

SCHLOCKMARK CARDS

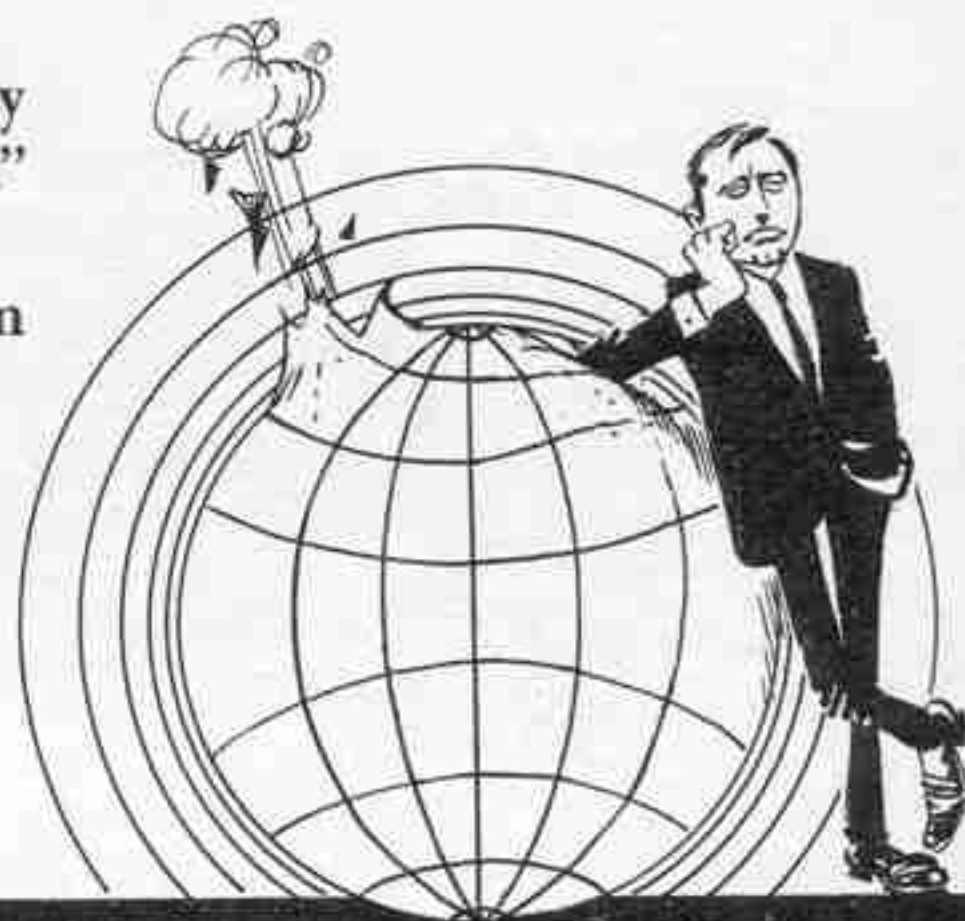
A Division of Substandard Brands, Inc.

HOLLARIN' UNCLE DEPT.

We've had preposterous "Private Eye" characters in literature (Mickey Spillane's "Mike Hammer")! And we've had preposterous "Secret Agent" characters in movies (Ian Fleming's "James Bond")! But now we've got the most preposterous "Private Eye-Secret Agent" character of them all—on the most preposterous medium of them all—television! We're talking about the guy on the weekly NBC-TV show called

THE MAN FROM

A.U.N.T.I.E.



On a street in the East 50's in New York City, there is an ordinary Tailor Shop! We entered through the Agent's Entrance...

Isn't this a clever concept—having an ordinary Tailor Shop as the secret entrance to our secret Headquarters Building?

So... if it's so clever, why is our "Nielsen Rating" only 16.8??

We passed the ordinary-looking tailor pressing ordinary-looking dresses—crossed to the back room—and pulled open the drapes!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



What's the idea of undressing in the back room of this ordinary Tailor Shop in the East 50's—which is actually the secret entrance to the secret Headquarters Building of A.U.N.T.I.E.!

Idiots! Clods! Dolts! The ordinary Tailor Shop you A.U.N.T.I.E. guys want is in the EAST 40's—not the East 50's! Everybody in New York knows that! You've got the **WRONG SHOP!**

Hey, you mashers—get out of here before I call a cop!

Hold it a minute, old man! My name is Napoleon Polo—and this is Illya Nutcrackin! We're Enforcement Agents for A.U.N.T.I.E.—an international organization for preserving law and order all over the civilized world!

So maybe you could help me! Mine partner absconded with all our cash and he's gambling it away in Las Vegas!

Las Vegas!? Are you kidding!? I said "the CIVILIZED world"!

We'd better hurry, Napoleon! They're waiting for us at Headquarters!

Just one second! I'll be right with you!

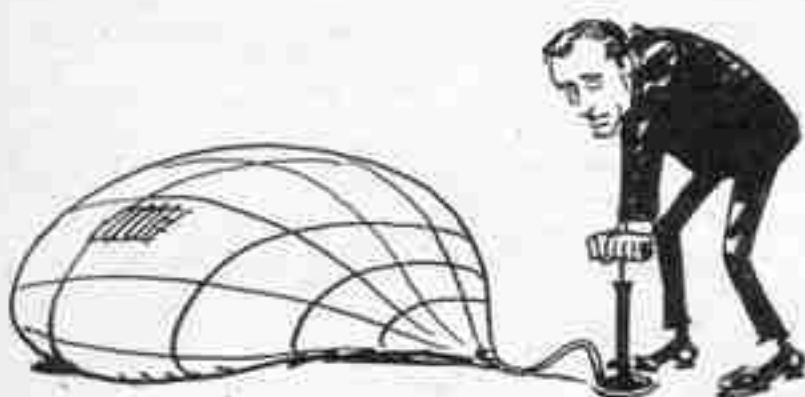
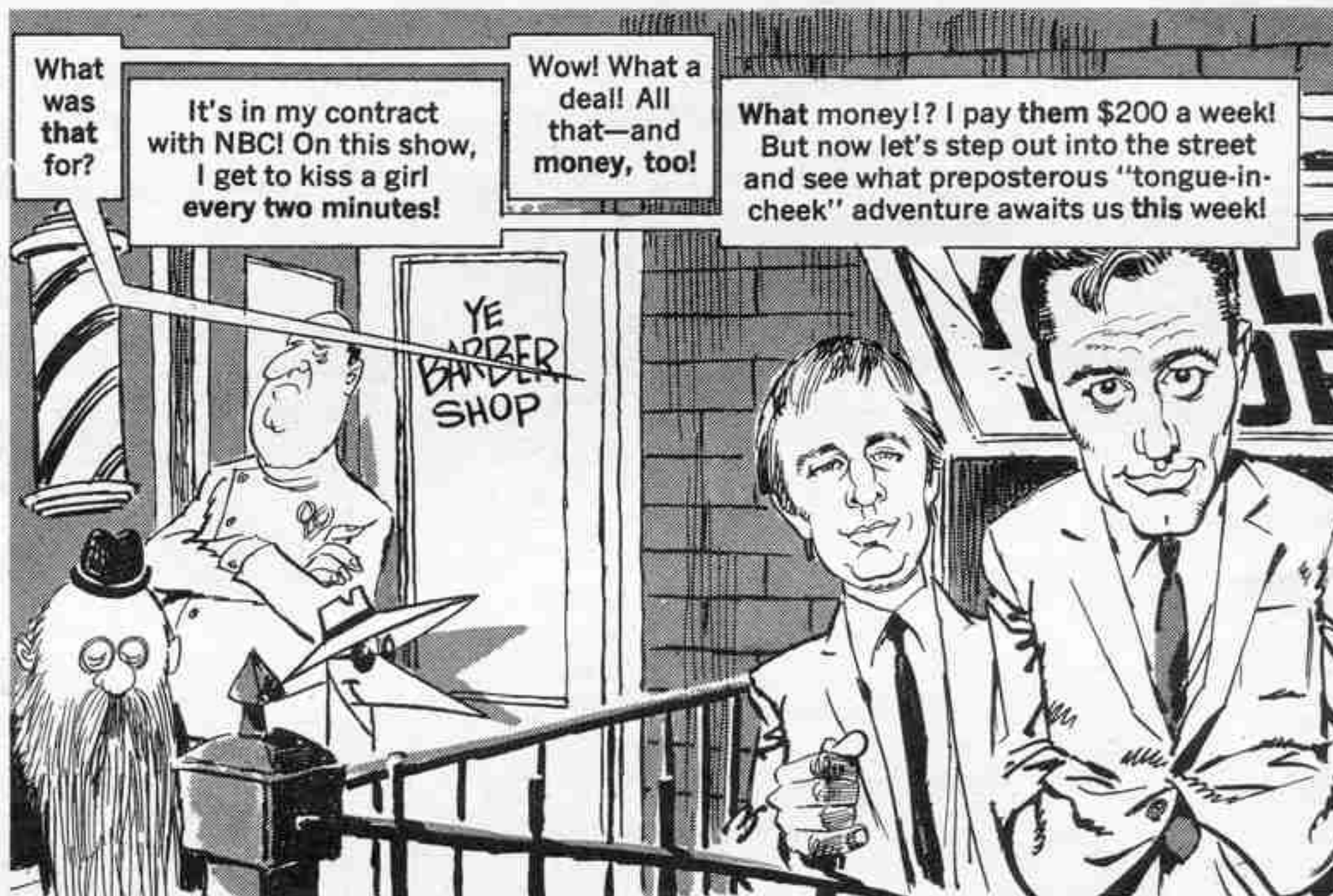


What was that for?

It's in my contract with NBC! On this show, I get to kiss a girl every two minutes!

Wow! What a deal! All that—and money, too!

What money!? I pay them \$200 a week! But now let's step out into the street and see what preposterous "tongue-in-cheek" adventure awaits us this week!



Boy, what a rough day I had yesterday! I was assigned the 4 P.M. to 12 shift in Asia to put down a riot and plague, and the 12 to 8 A.M. shift in Africa to put down a plot of 40,000 warped Congo scientists to blow up the world!

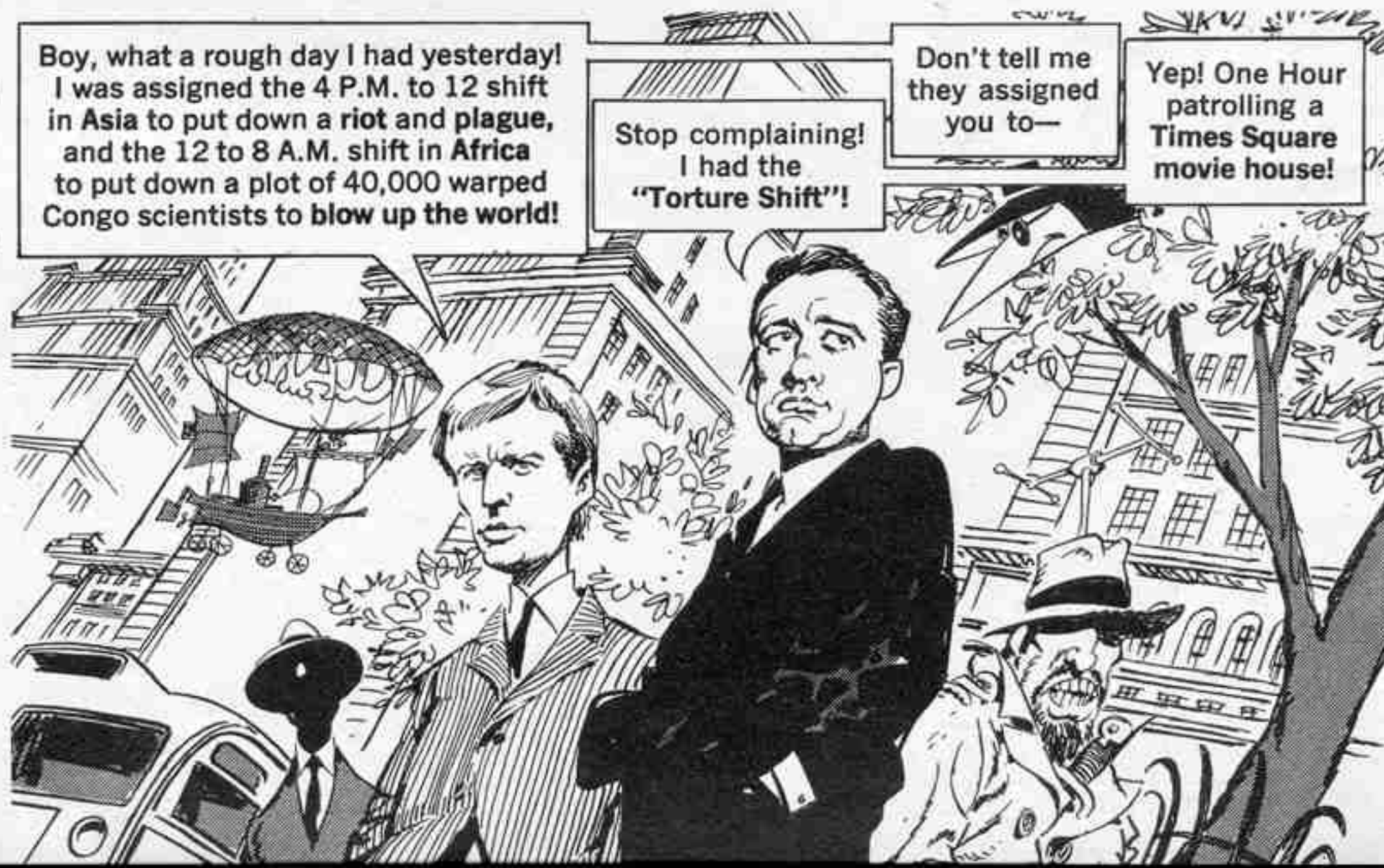
Stop complaining! I had the "Torture Shift"!

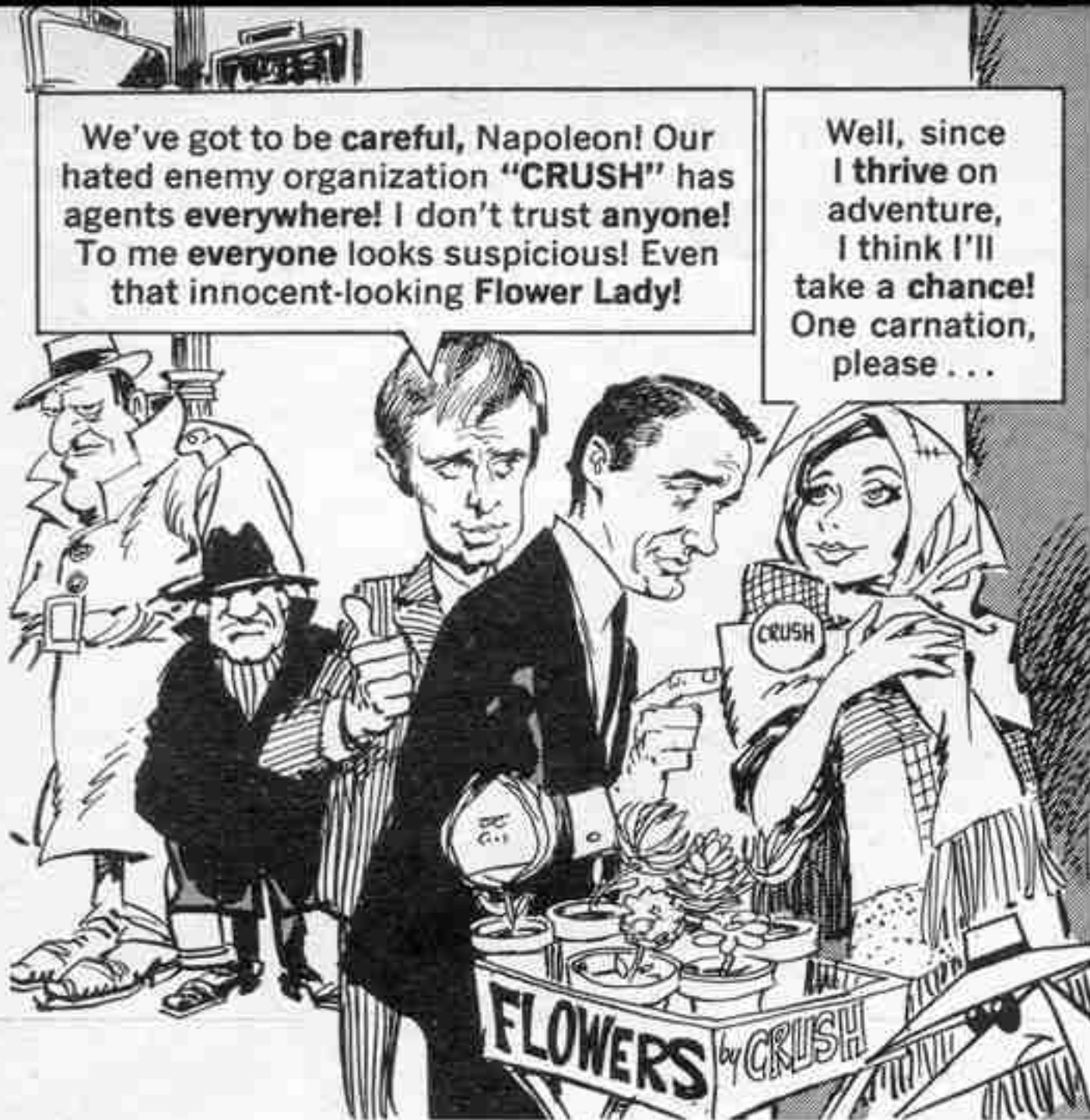
Don't tell me they assigned you to—

Yep! One Hour patrolling a Times Square movie house!

"THE SOUR GRAPES AFFAIR"

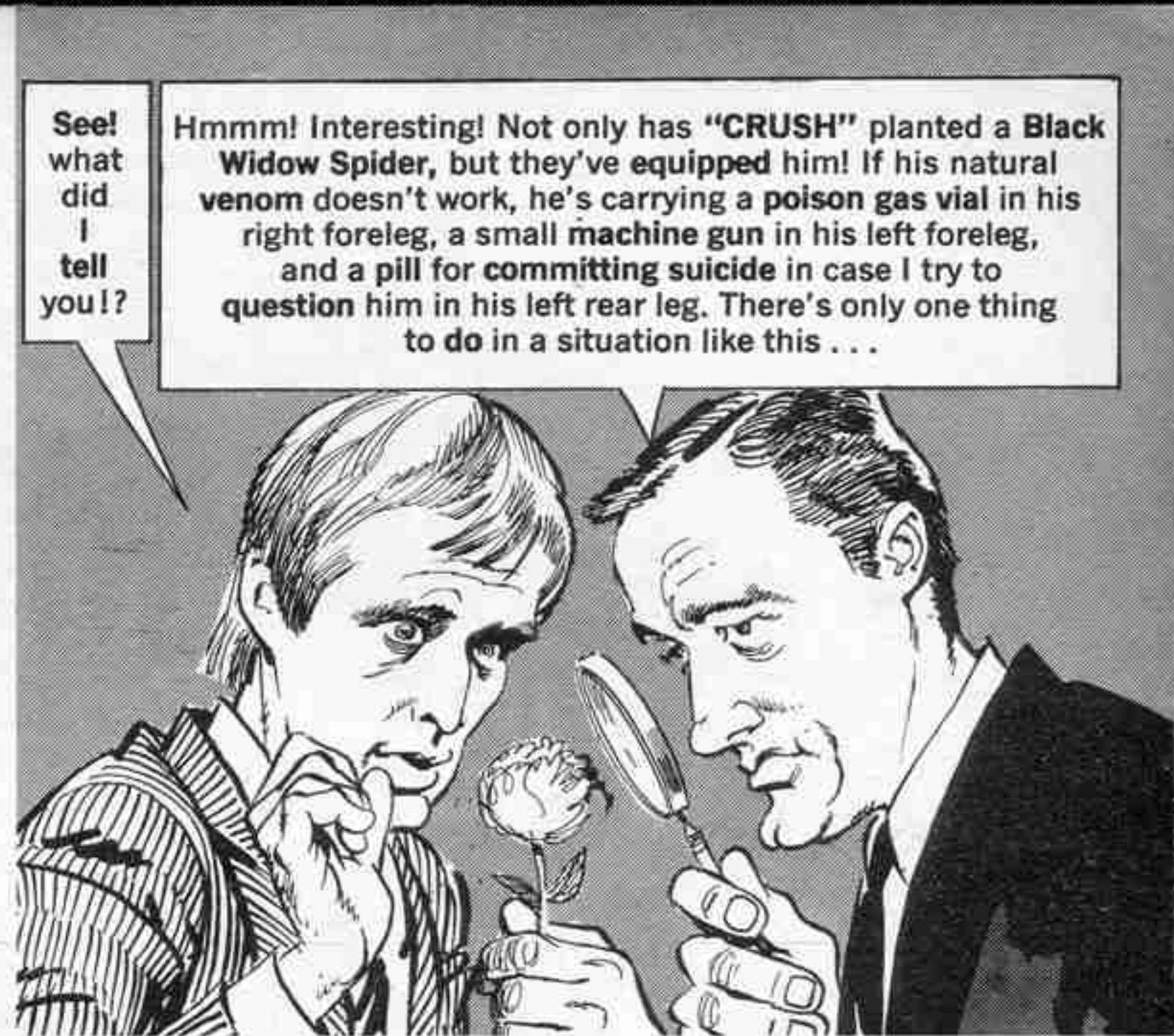
ACT ONE—
"I Think I'll Cry!"





We've got to be careful, Napoleon! Our hated enemy organization "CRUSH" has agents everywhere! I don't trust anyone! To me everyone looks suspicious! Even that innocent-looking Flower Lady!

Well, since I thrive on adventure, I think I'll take a chance! One carnation, please...



See! what did I tell you!?

Hmmm! Interesting! Not only has "CRUSH" planted a Black Widow Spider, but they've equipped him! If his natural venom doesn't work, he's carrying a poison gas vial in his right foreleg, a small machine gun in his left foreleg, and a pill for committing suicide in case I try to question him in his left rear leg. There's only one thing to do in a situation like this...



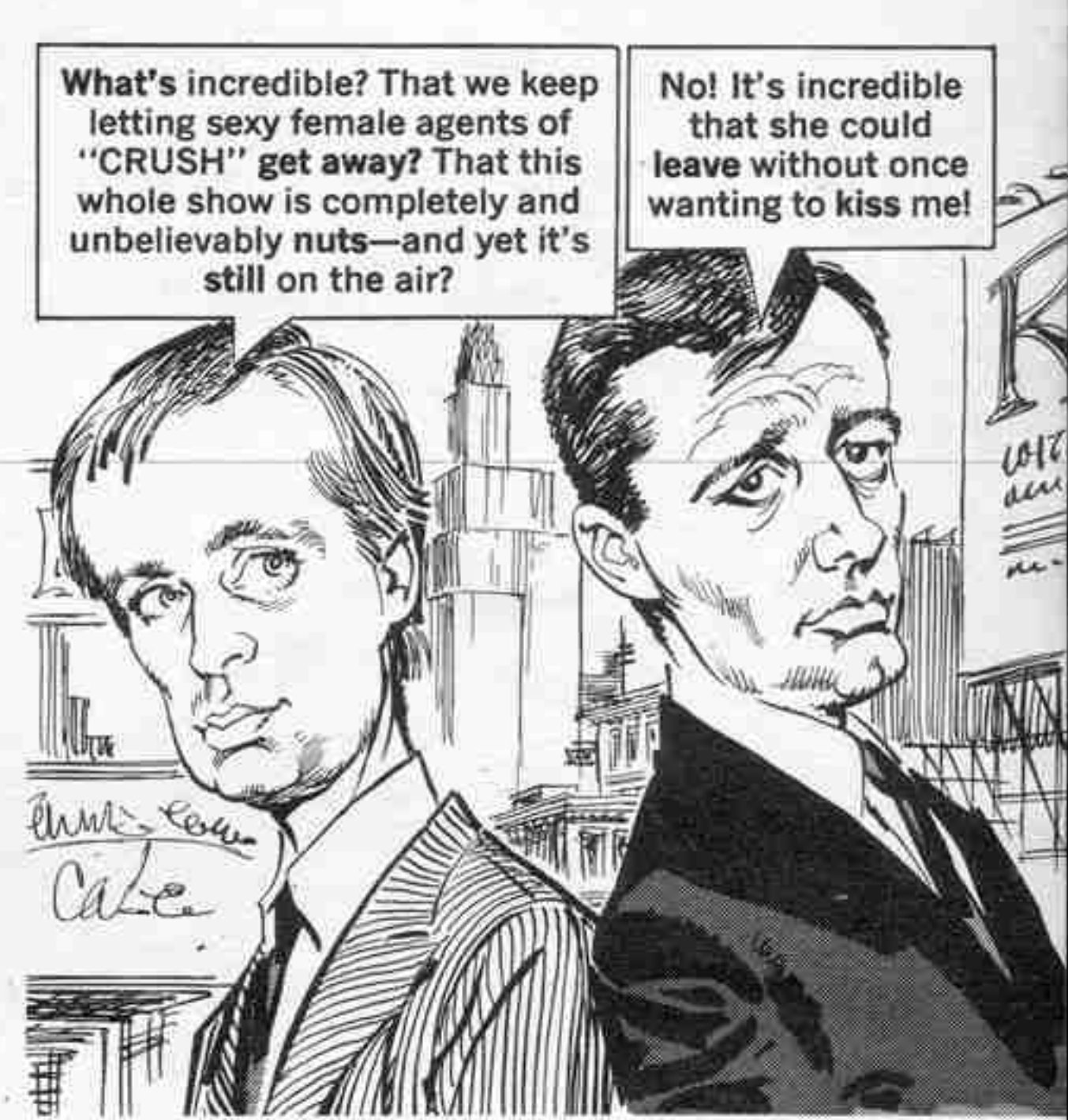
What's that, Napoleon?

I think I'll cry!



Isn't that clever—how we work the sub-title of the Act into the dialogue!? Meanwhile, we're letting the Flower Lady get away!

Incredible! Simply incredible!



What's incredible? That we keep letting sexy female agents of "CRUSH" get away? That this whole show is completely and unbelievably nuts—and yet it's still on the air?

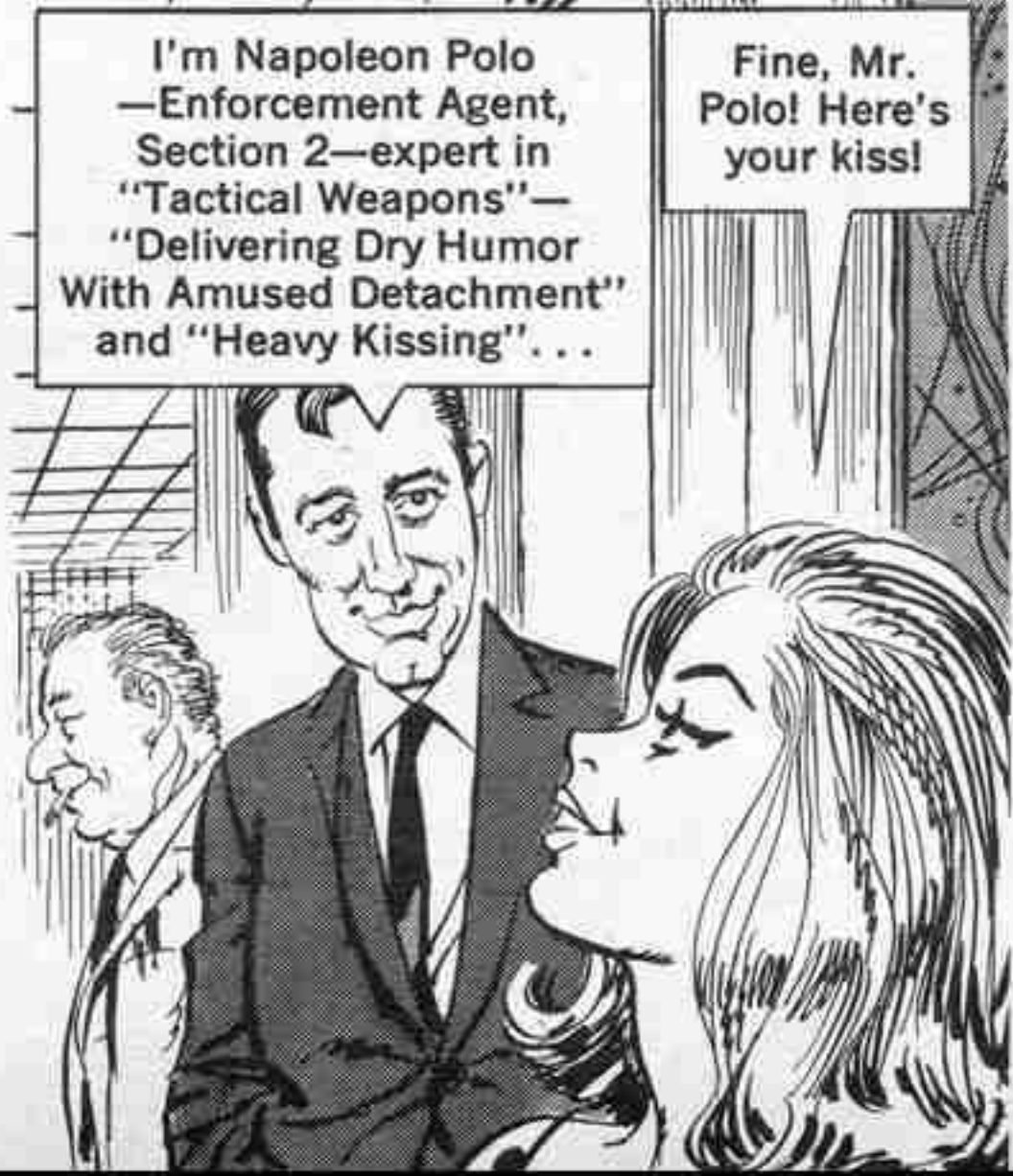
No! It's incredible that she could leave without once wanting to kiss me!

ACT TWO—"You Really Know How To Hurt A Guy, Don't You!"



I am Illya Nutcrackin—Enforcement Agent, Section 2—expert in "Bomb Detonation"—"Communications" and "Pretending to be Wounded"...

Fine, Mr. Nutcrackin! Here's your tag...



I'm Napoleon Polo—Enforcement Agent, Section 2—expert in "Tactical Weapons"—"Delivering Dry Humor With Amused Detachment" and "Heavy Kissing"...

Fine, Mr. Polo! Here's your kiss!



SMACK!

Hmmm! I can tell from your kiss that you're a Spy from "CRUSH"!

And I can tell from your kiss that you're a Lover from "Hunger"!!

You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you!

Be careful, Napoleon! If she's a spy from "CRUSH," she's probably been assigned to kill you! That kiss may be a trick!

Of course it's a trick! Her lips are tipped with a deadly poison—cynthynide of curare! But I'm way ahead of her, Chief! I'm wearing the "antidote" to cynthynide of course...

What's that?

Chapstick!

She's the most treacherous agent they have! She's tried to kill you seven times this month! She's bombed your apartment, dynamited your car, poisoned your pizza, and shot acid in your face with a water pistol! What should we do with her, Napoleon?

What else? Let her go! I'm in love with her!

Men... "CRUSH" is trying to gain control of the world by poisoning its food supply! We believe the next three spots they'll strike are: A Super-Market in Yugoslavia, a Fruit Stand in Calcutta, and an Appetizer Store in Brooklyn! They have three advantages: They have weapons, they have strength, and mainly they have better acting ability than we have! Who wants to volunteer?

Me-ME!

No! Take ME!

No, me! I'll be your best friend!

Napoleon! How about you?

How many women in Yugoslavia?

About nine million!

All right! I'll go! It'll kill an evening!

Hey, what about me?! What should I do? Why does he always get the best assignments? I'm just as bad an actor as he is! Why not give me a pressing assignment?

Nutcrackin! For you—I have the most pressing assignment we've ever had! Go over to the machine and have these pressed by 6 o'clock! It's Napoleon's wardrobe—and he has to look slick for this mission!

You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you!

Forget it, Illya! We already used the sub-title in the dialogue!

ACT THREE—"Nice Day If It Don't Rain!"

Well, here I am in Yugoslavia!
The first thing I have to do
is look for a typical, average,
run-of-the-mill citizen to help
me in my adventure! That's
become a kind of cute
trademark in this series!
Hmmm—let me see . . .

Yugoslavian
peasant
women! No—
they're not
typical . . .

Yugoslavian
farmer! No—he's not
typical!

A band of
Yugoslavian
Gypsies! No,
they're not
typical!

A French Countess posing like
an \$80-an-hour fashion model—
dressed in stretch pants and a
gold tiara, wearing a Vassar
ring, reading a book by Mailer,
and holding two poodles on a
leash! Now **SHE'S TYPICAL**. I'll
just hit her with one of my
clever, suave opening lines!



Hi, babe!
Nice day
if it
don't rain!

Boy, that's a pretty
clever, suave opening
line! Naturally, I'm
intrigued! Who are you?

I'm Napoleon Polo of A.U.N.T.I.E. !
I've got great news! You've been
selected as this week's typical
ordinary citizen to help me in my
adventure and share the "Torture
Scene" when we're captured!

What
makes you
think
we'll be
captured?

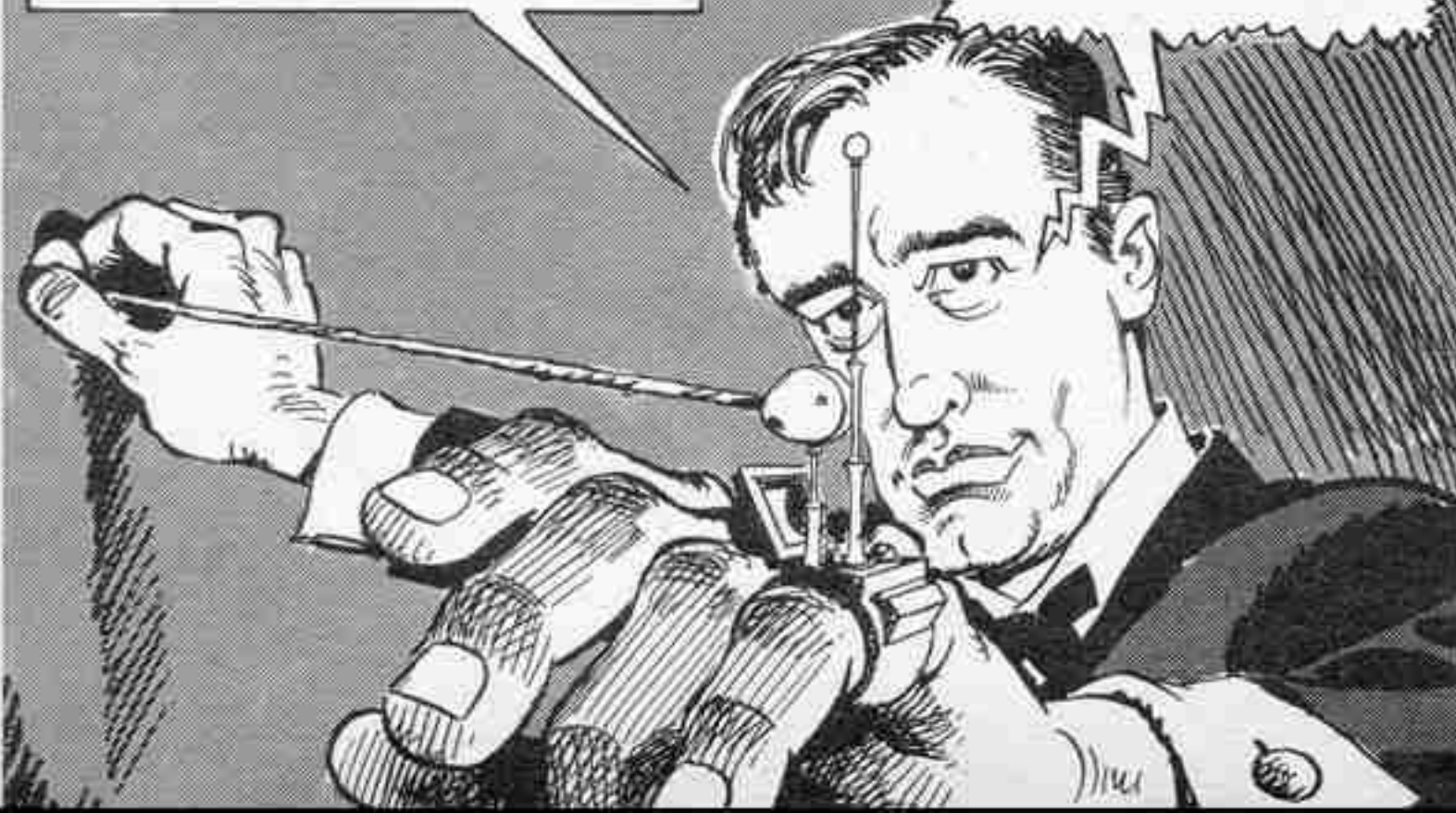
It's those subtle little things
you learn to notice when you're an
Agent! Like those nine machine guns
coming out of the cantaloupes—and
the flame-throwers aimed at us from
the Frozen Food Counter—but mainly,
it's those Communist Pygmies with
the Poison-Dart Blow-Guns hiding
in the apple sauce jars!



I'd better call A.U.N.T.I.E.
for instructions with my
Pinky-Ring World-Wide Short-
Wave Transmitter-and-Receiver!
But first, I've got to attach
the Pull-Out High-Gain Antenna
to this wall here . . .

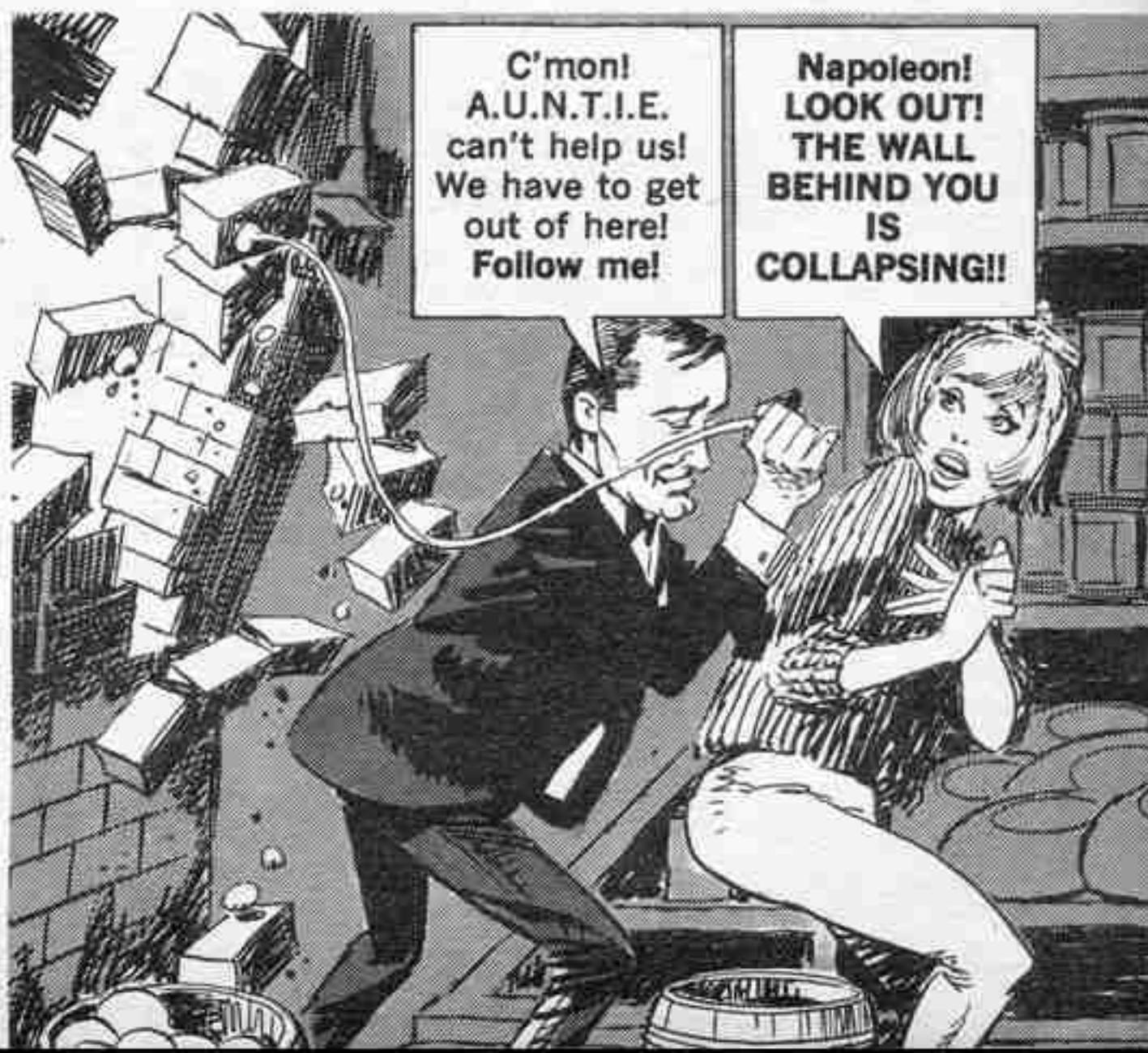
Open
Channel
"D"! Open
Channel
"D"! Open
Channel
"D"! Open
Channel
"D"!

Not on your life,
Mr. Polo! If we
open Channel "D",
the few viewers
we have will switch
to it from **THIS**
channel!



C'mon!
A.U.N.T.I.E.
can't help us!
We have to get
out of here!
Follow me!

Napoleon!
LOOK OUT!
THE WALL
BEHIND YOU
IS
COLLAPSING!!



Was that
"CRUSH" who
collapsed the wall
and trapped us?

No! That was
STUPIDITY!
I forgot to detach
the Pull-Out
High-Gain Antenna!

And what is
this? Where
are we now?

This is the big final "Torture Scene"! They get more incredible with each episode! Tonight, we are slowly being lowered into a giant bowl of oatmeal! According to that clock, we have exactly six minutes before we'll be boiled alive! You know what that means, don't you? I get to kiss you three times before we die!

You're not kissing anyone, Napoleon Polo! I'm releasing the girl and she's coming with me! You're all through kissing—and you're all through hugging—and you're all through making out like crazy on every continent while delivering trite "tongue-in-cheek" dialogue! From now on, another famous Agent is going to get his chance at all the beautiful women and wild, unbelievable adventures . . .

Ah-HA! So you're the man behind this plot! I should have known So you want to cut in on my beautiful women and wild adventures!

Me!? Are you kidding?! Who needs your women and adventures! I have more in one movie than you have in a whole TV season! No, I was merely hired to capture you by the man who's wanted your job for some time! HE's the one who needs women and wild adventures! Hoo-boy, is he frustrated!

All right, Boss!
He's ready to be
finished off!

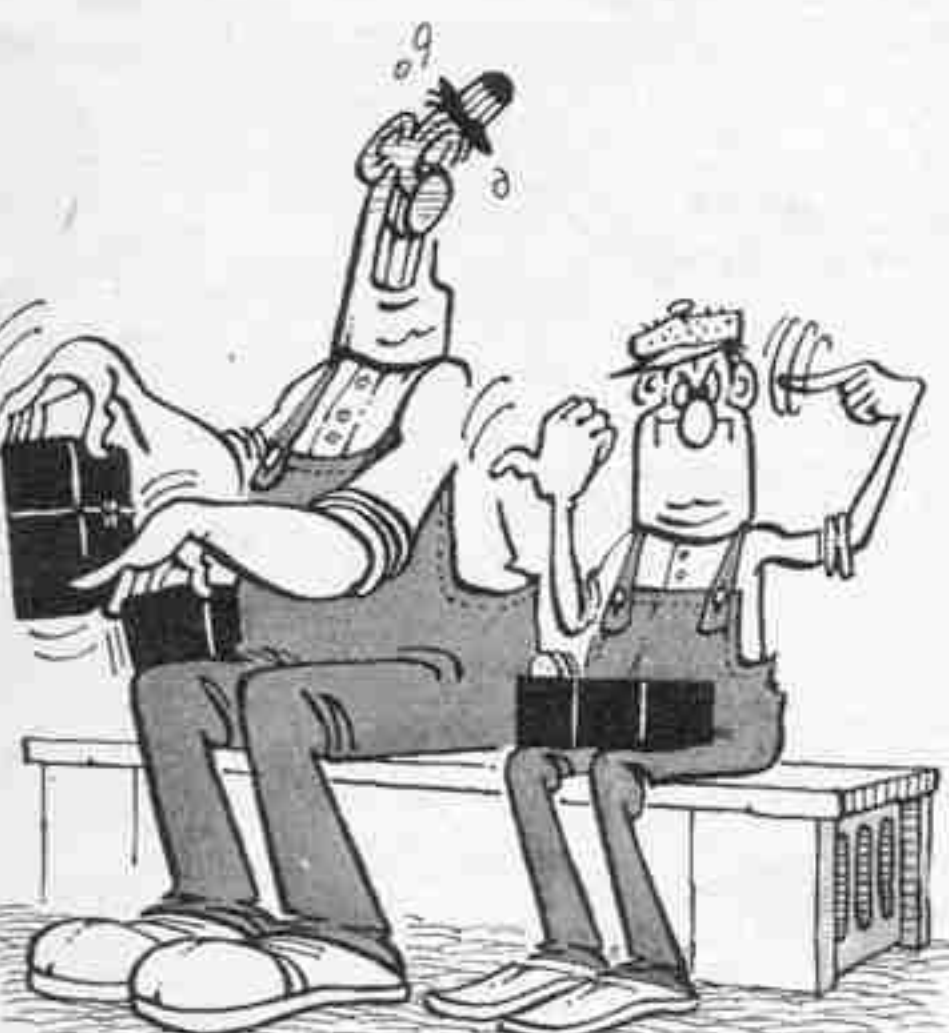
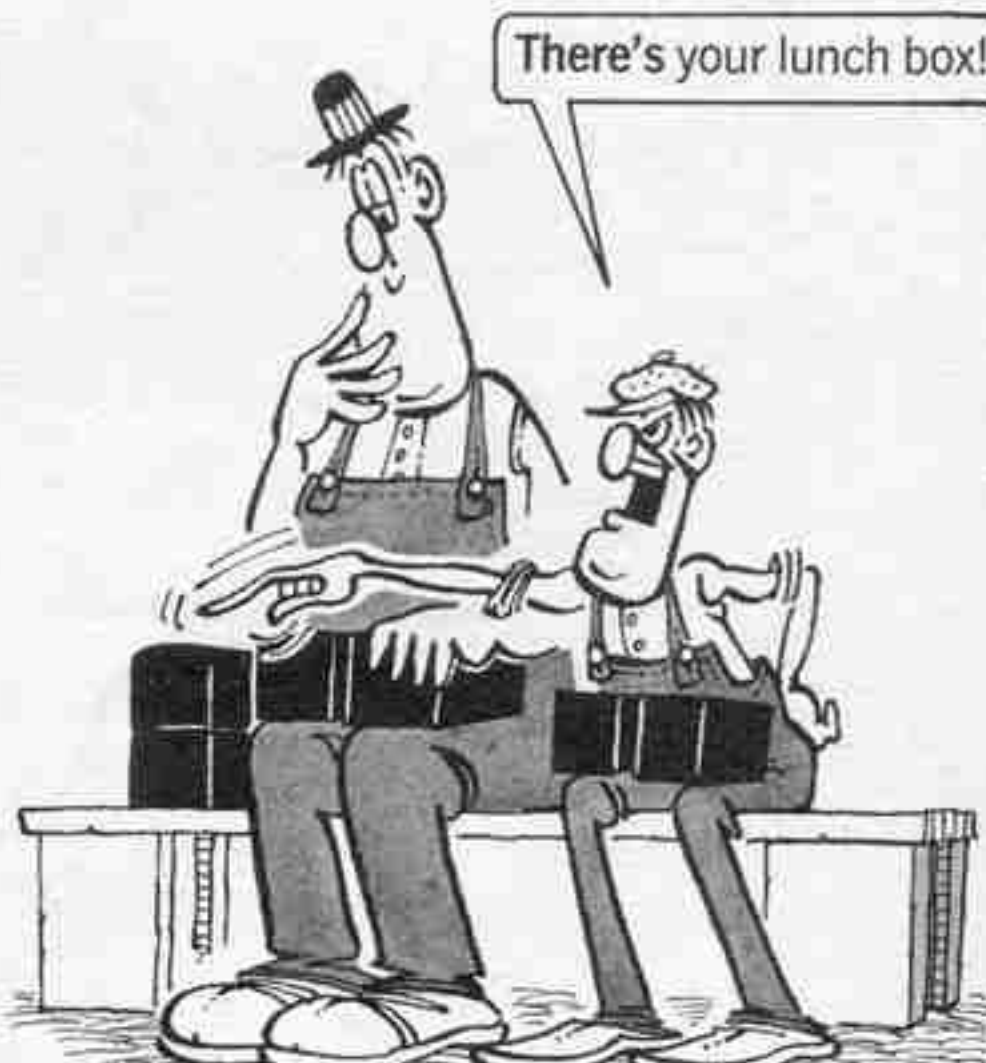
Illya! ILLYA
NUTCRAKIN!

That's right, Napoleon!
And now, I'll be The Man
From A.U.N.T.I.E.!

Tell me, Napoleon, before
I drop you into the giant
bowl of boiling oatmeal—
what does A.U.N.T.I.E.
stand for . . .?

**ASSOCIATION for UNBELIEVABLY
NAUSEATING TELEVISION and
IDIOTIC ENTERTAINMENT . . .** and
thank God I'm through with it!

ON THE JOB

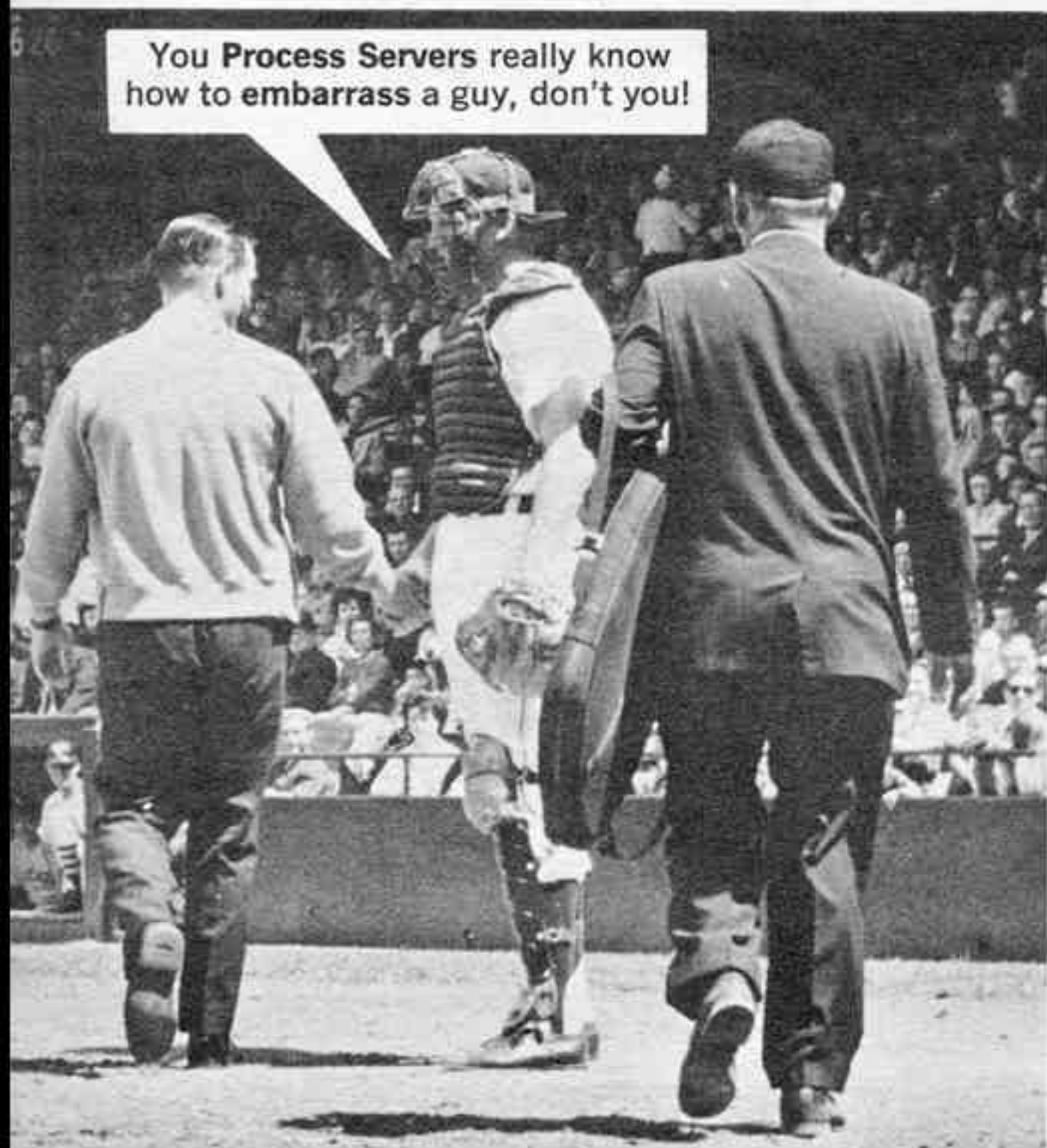


OUT OF LEFT FIELD DEPT.

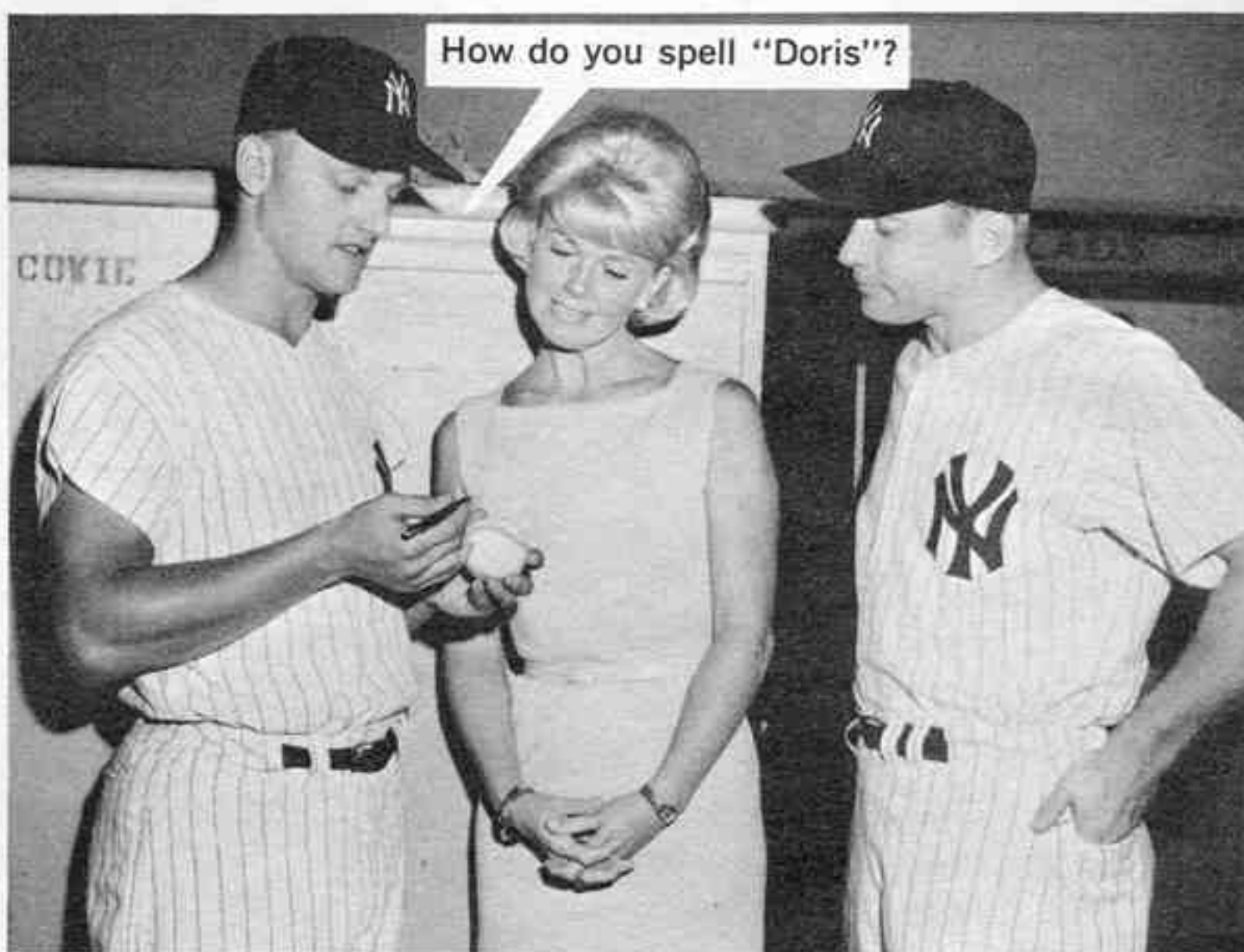
Here we go again with MAD's little game which consists of taking typical action sports shots—like the kind we've been subjected to in newspapers and magazines—and captioning them with appropriate idiotic remarks. Like f'rinstance these

BASEBALL FO

You Process Servers really know how to embarrass a guy, don't you!



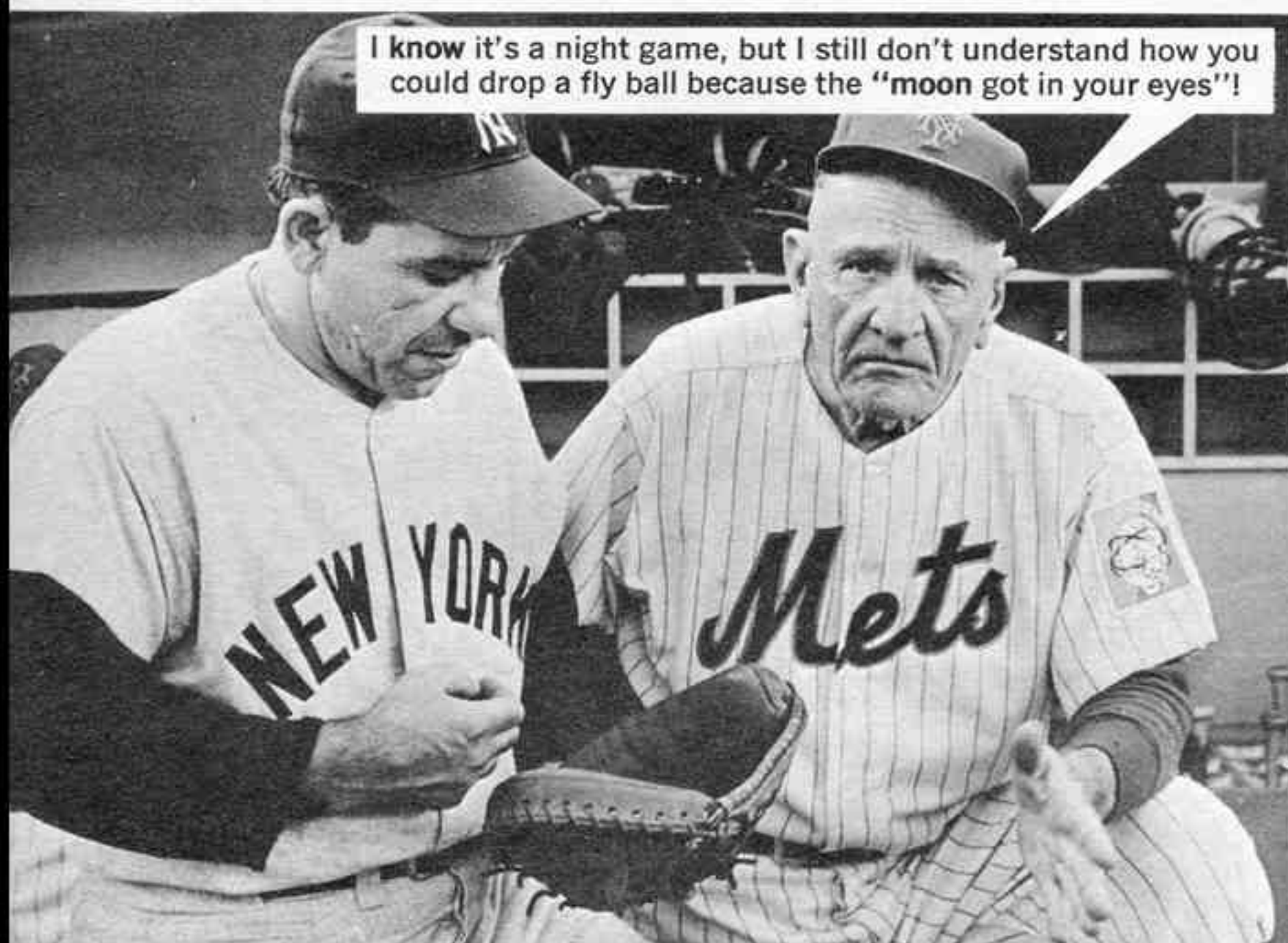
How do you spell "Doris"?



WRITER:
ARNIE
KOGEN

PHOTOS BY
WIDE WORLD
AND
U.P.I.

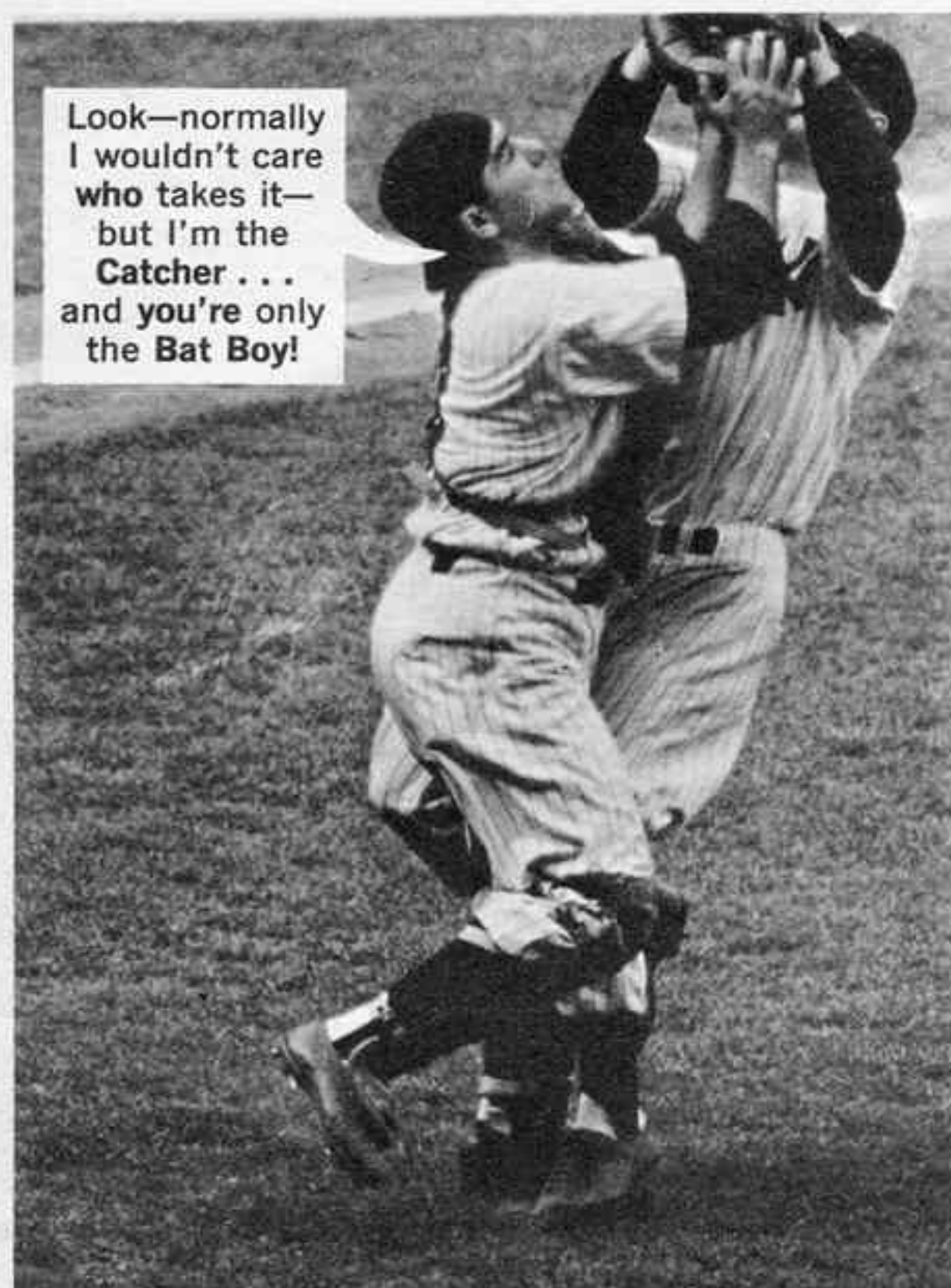
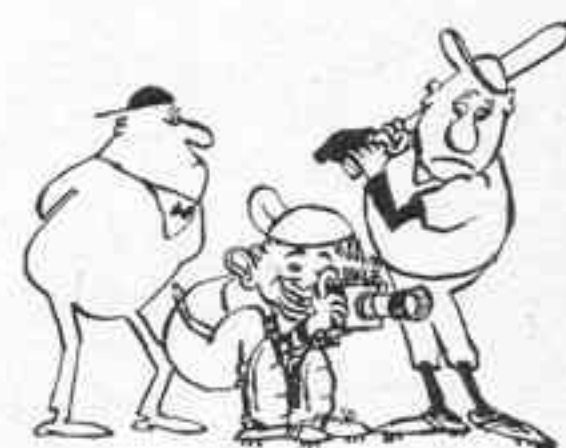
I know it's a night game, but I still don't understand how you could drop a fly ball because the "moon got in your eyes"!



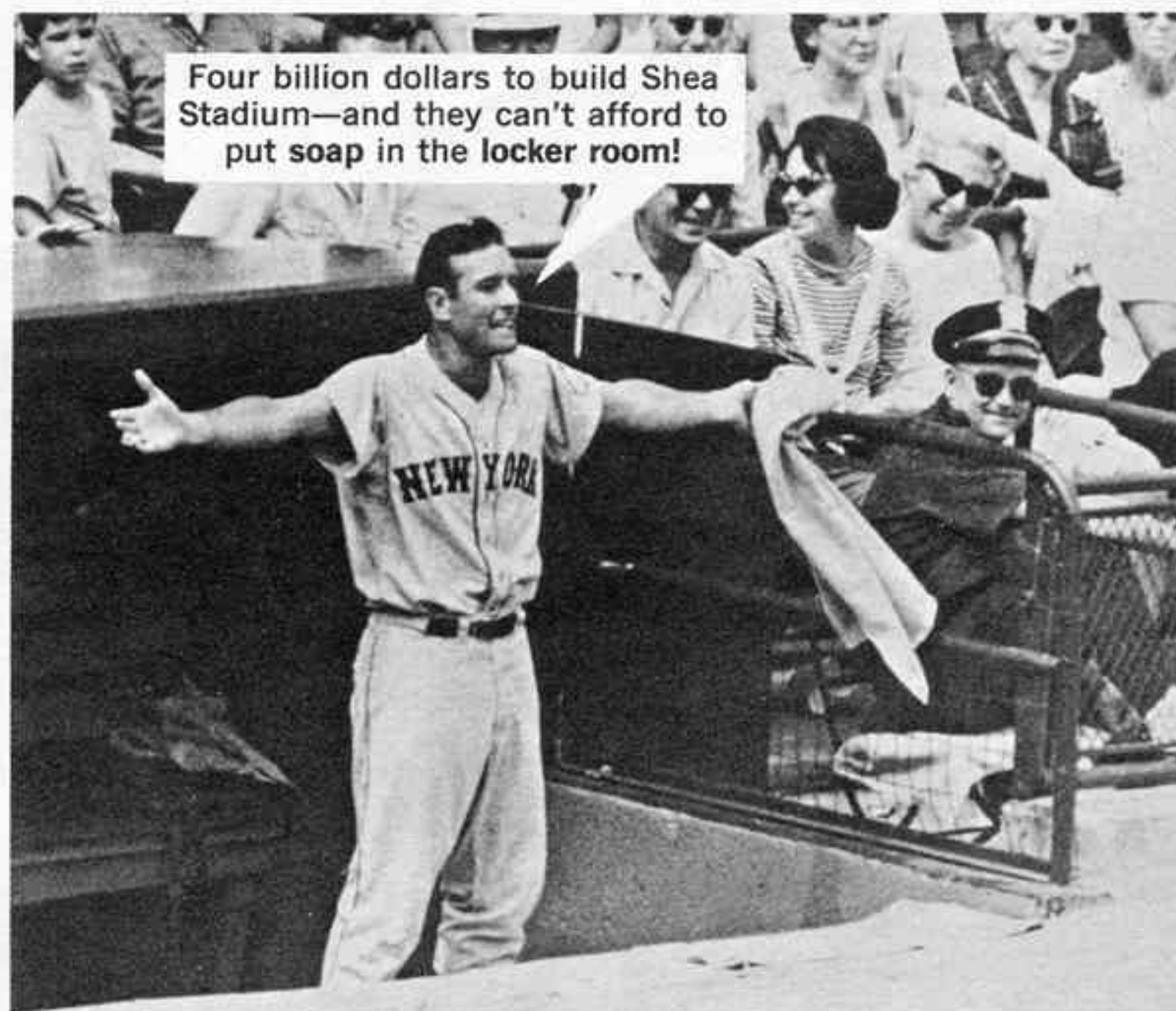
It says in my contract that I'm entitled to a 7th inning stretch!



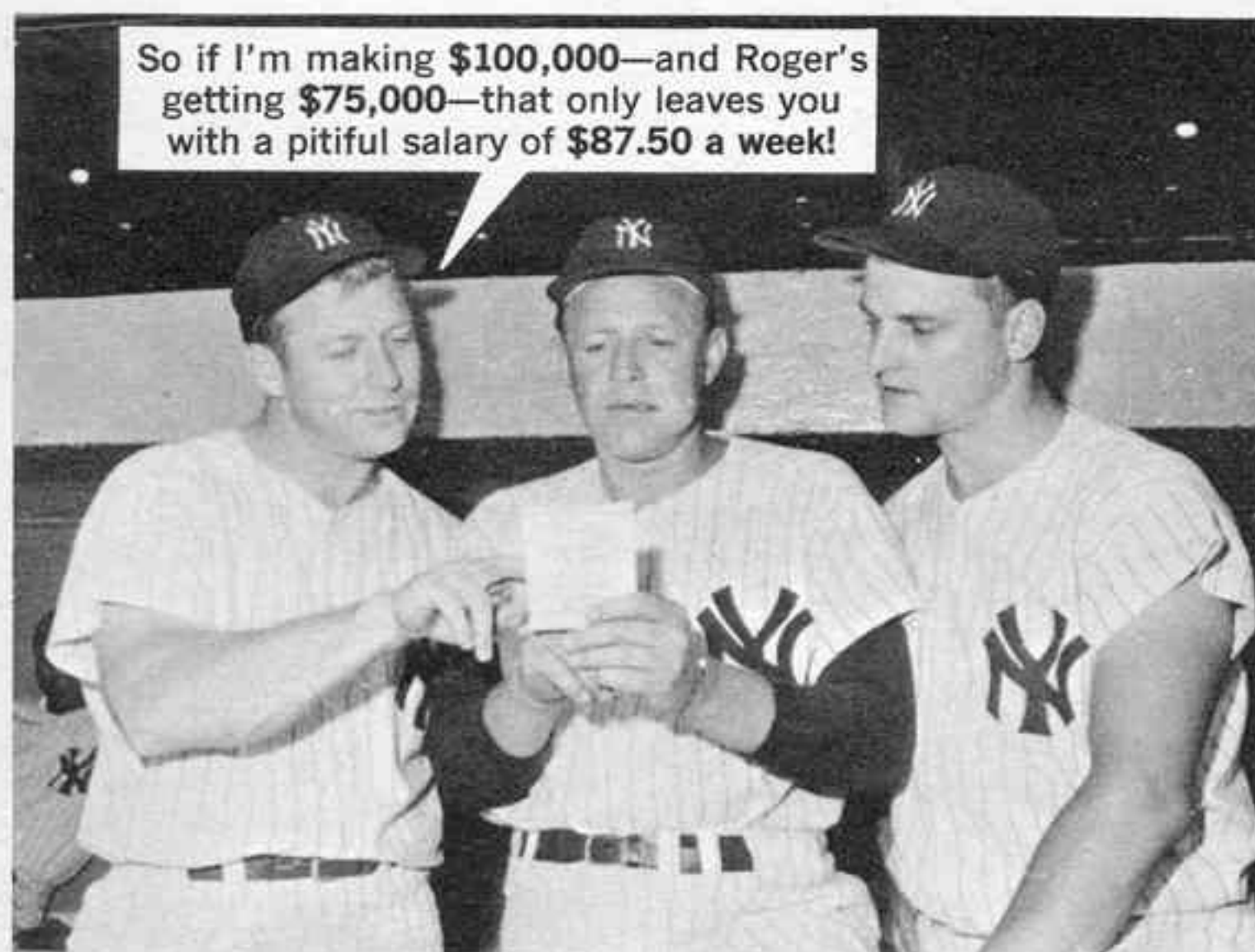
TO-PLAYS



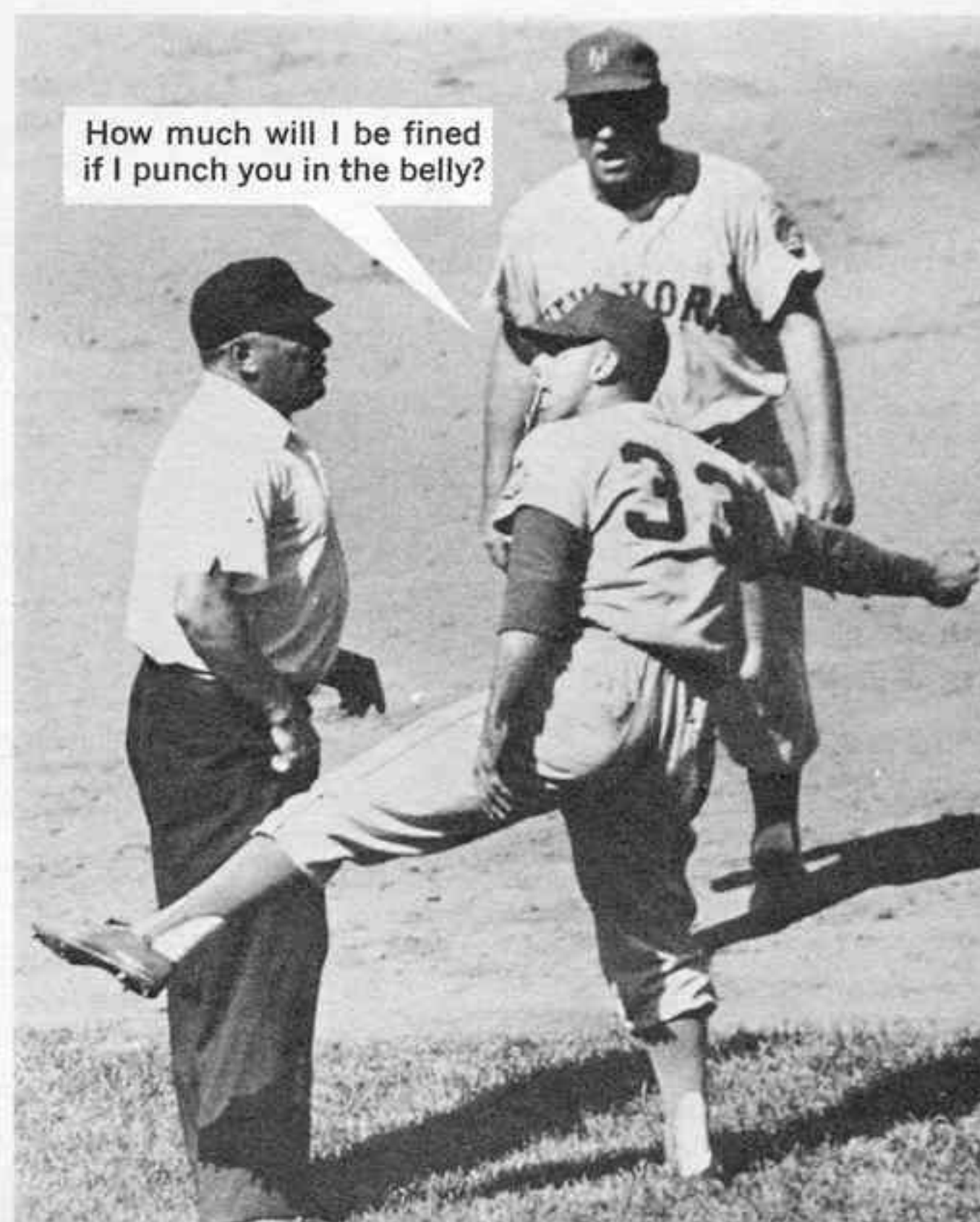
Look—normally I wouldn't care who takes it—but I'm the **Catcher . . .** and you're only the **Bat Boy!**



Four billion dollars to build Shea Stadium—and they can't afford to put soap in the locker room!



So if I'm making **\$100,000**—and Roger's getting **\$75,000**—that only leaves you with a pitiful salary of **\$87.50** a week!

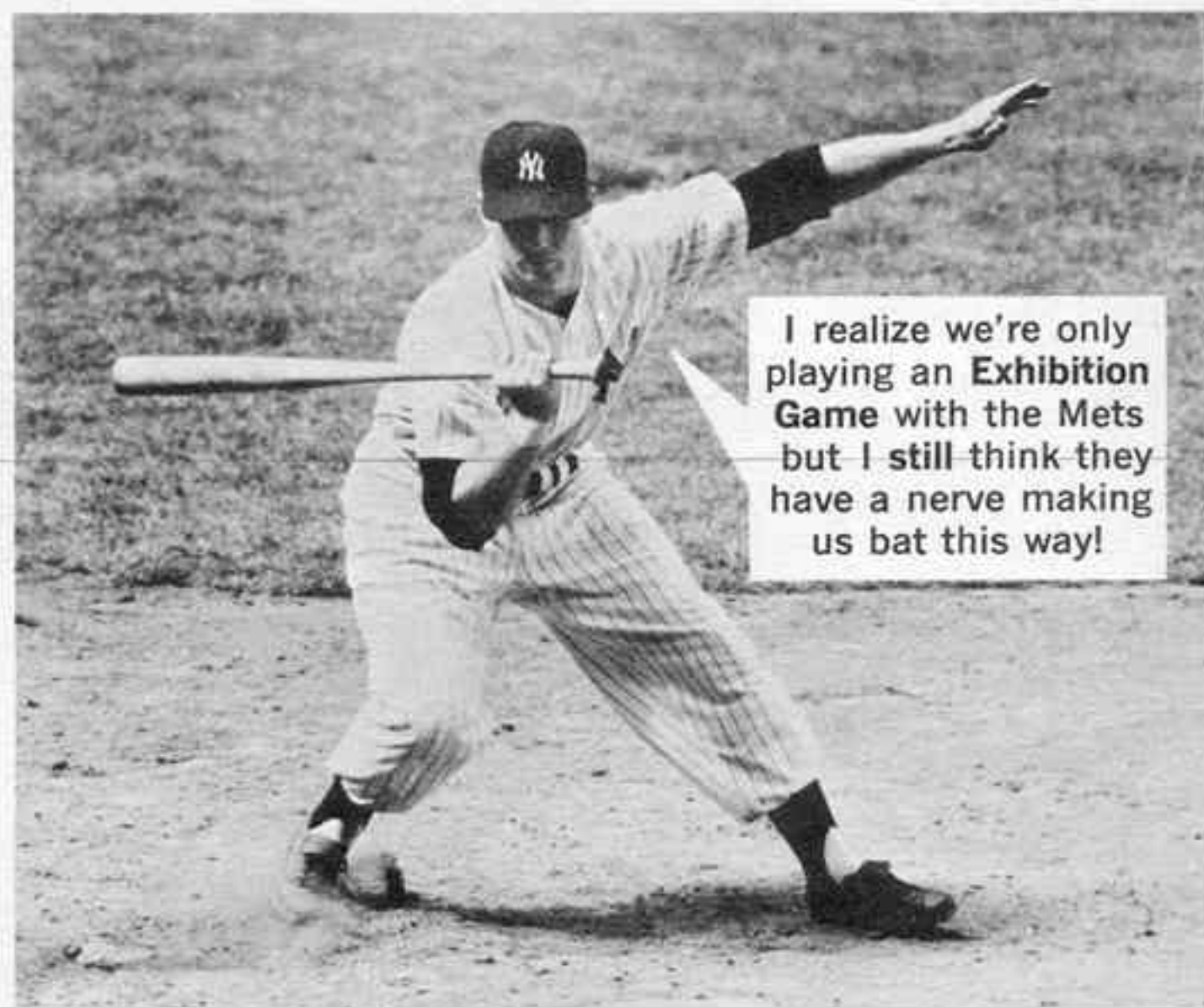


How much will I be fined if I punch you in the belly?

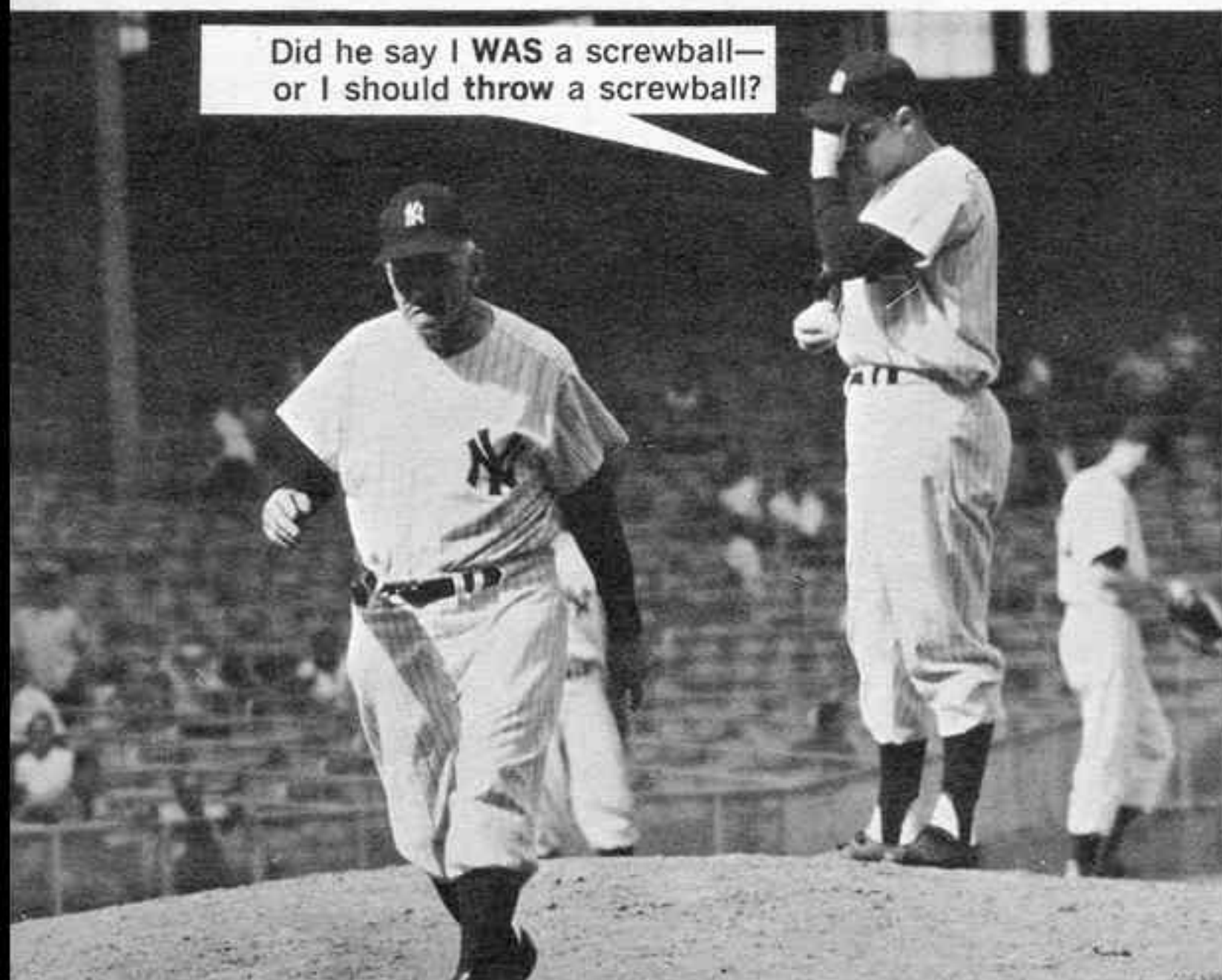




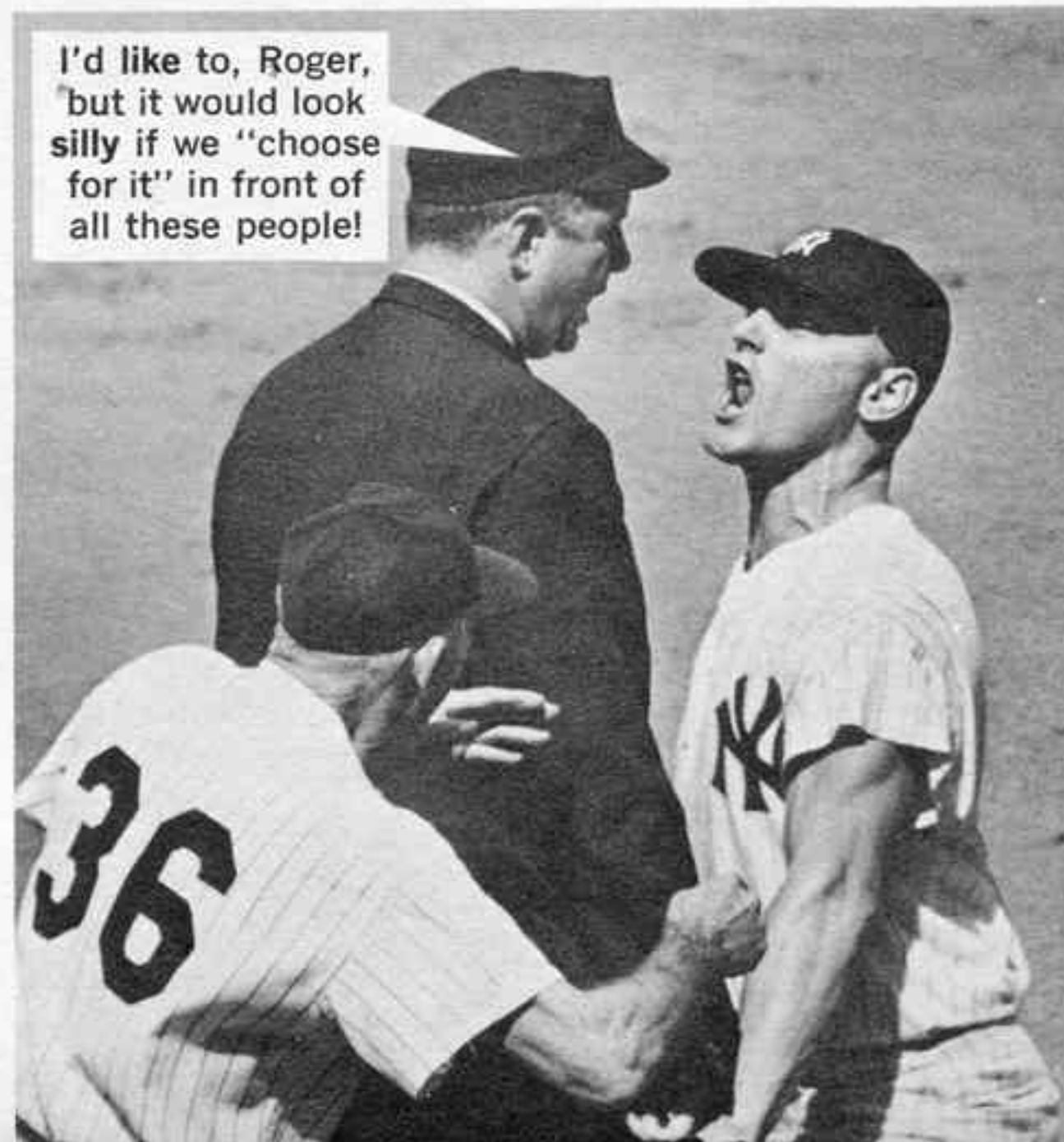
That's the 16th base he's stolen this season!



Did he say I **WAS** a screwball—or I should throw a screwball?



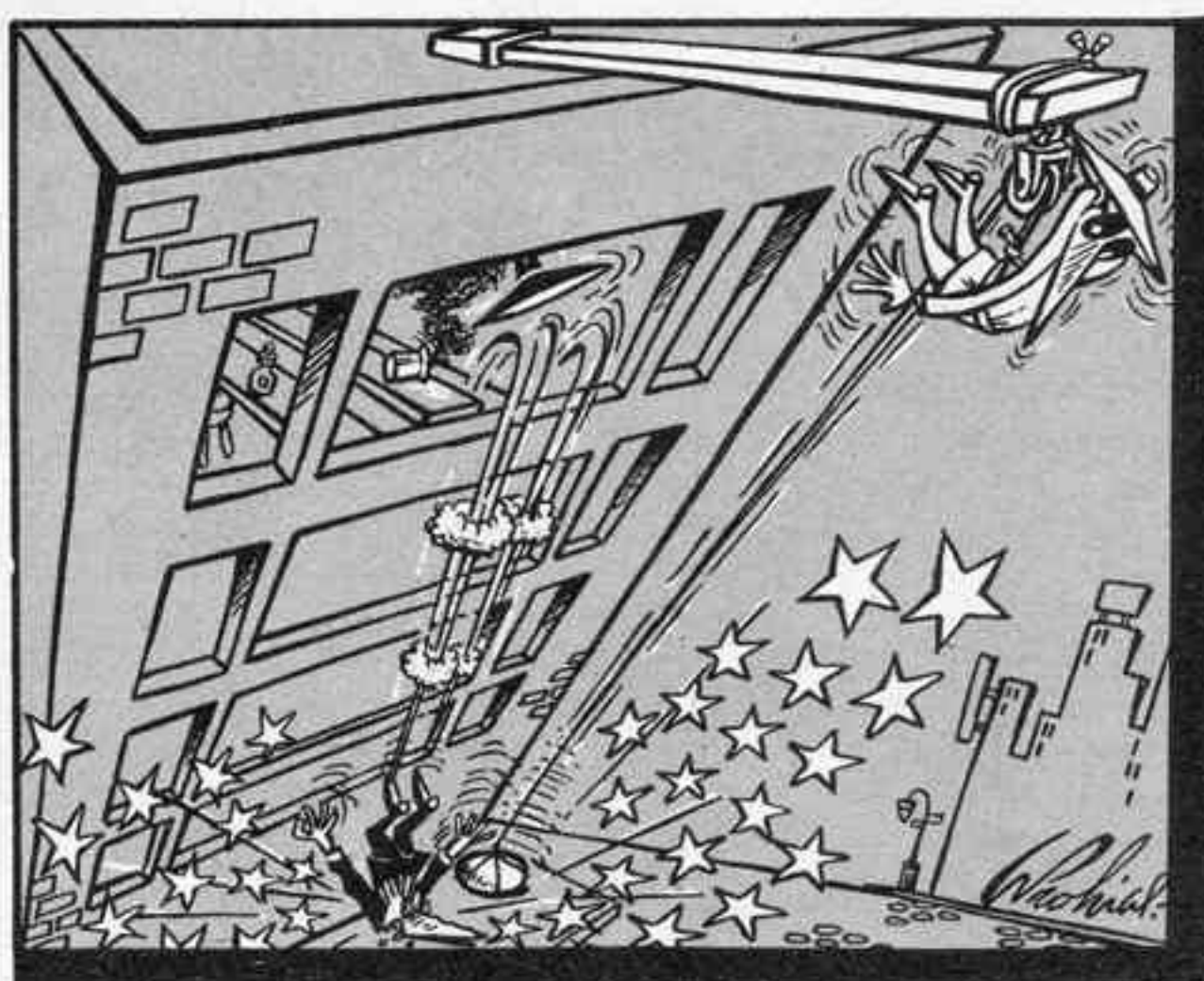
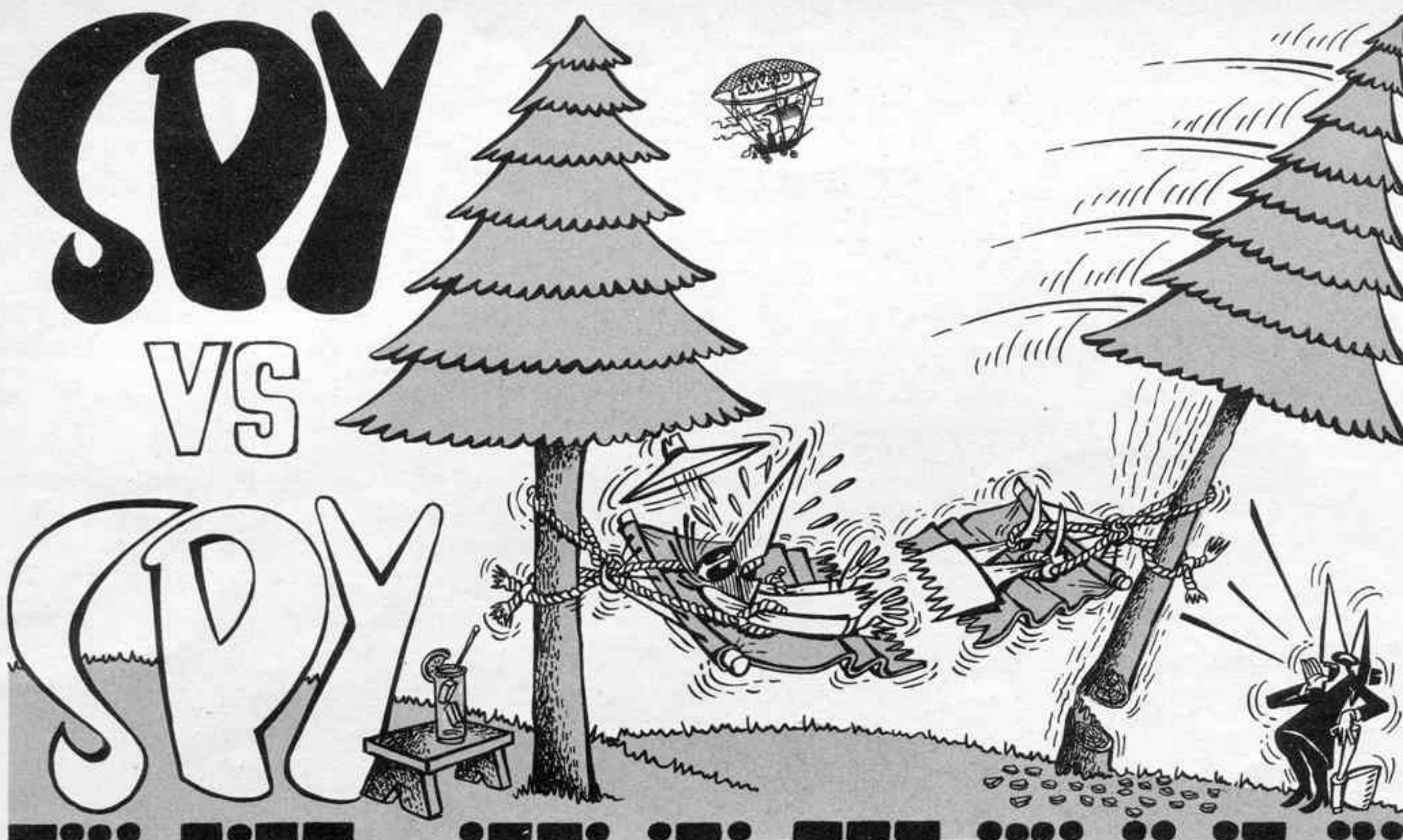
I'd like to, Roger, but it would look silly if we "choose for it" in front of all these people!



SPY

VS

SPY



SPONSOR SPEAK WITH FORKED TONGUE DEPT.

Do you listen closely to TV commercials? Of course not! That's what the sponsors and their flunkies at the advertising agencies count on when they plan their messages—that you won't

UNSPOKEN MESSAGES

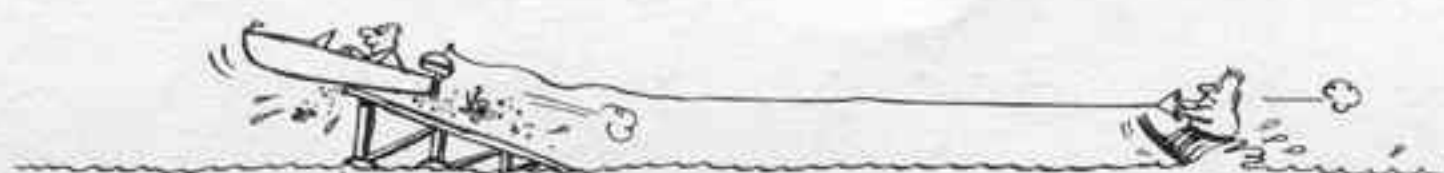
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO



- 1—My Briggs & Stratton power lawn mower.
- 2—My oldest son's Boy Scout axe.
- 3—A picture post-card of Yellowstone Park.
- 4—A small bag of licorice jelly beans.
- 5—Just as long as whatever you think is better isn't a competitive stainless steel razor blade.



- 1—Before he retired as a starting lineman with the Green Bay Packers to take up a career in accounting.
- 2—Which consisted of beating the stuff with a stick on a flat rock down by the creek behind our house.
- 3—Including the ones that were supposed to stay Navy Blue.



really be paying attention. Because they fill their sales pitches with cleverly worded phrases and facts that sound like one thing, but actually mean another. Watch now, as MAD exposes...

IN TV COMMERCIALS

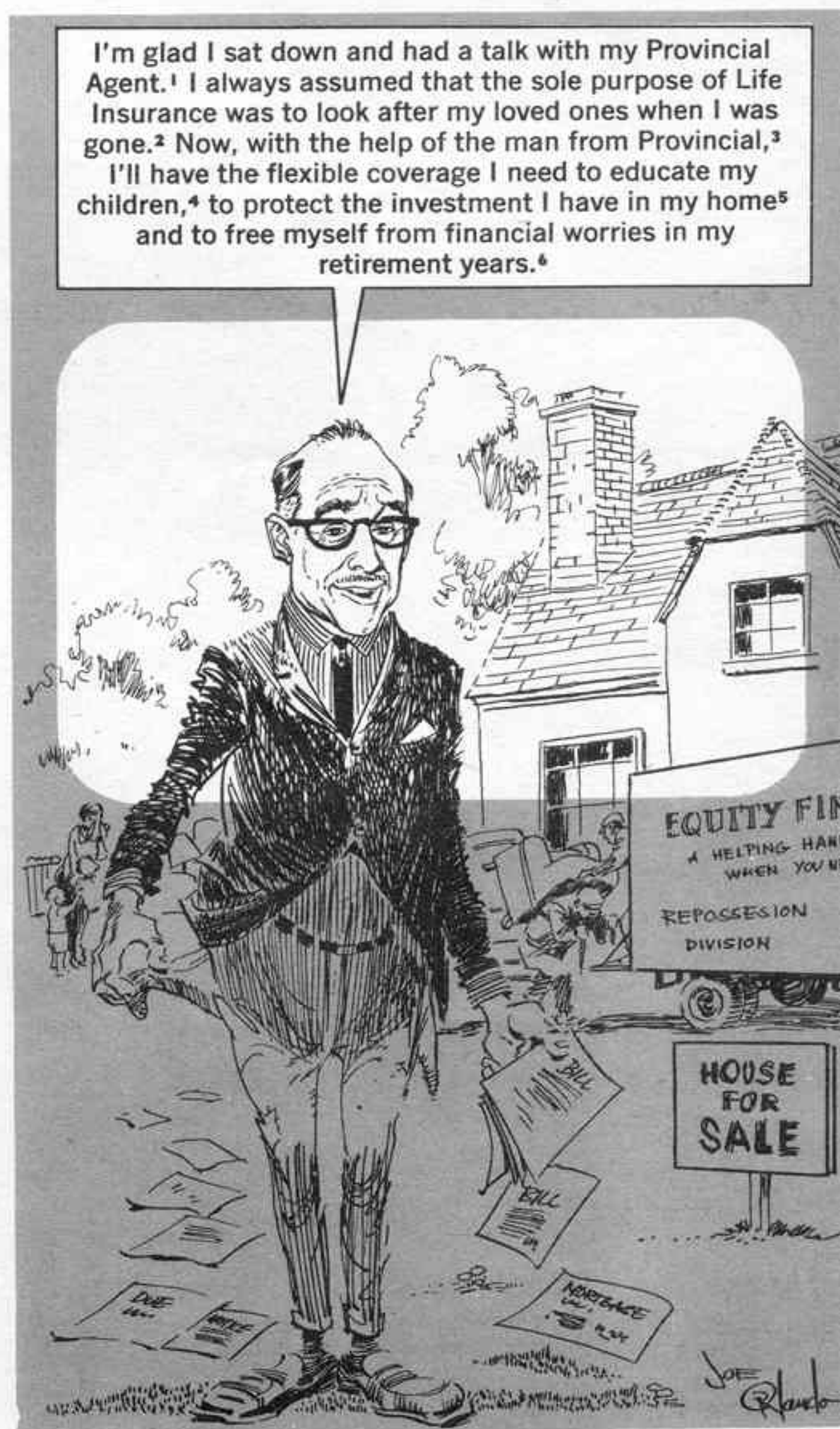
WRITER: TOM KOCH



Here's Booby Wintershaw of Los Angeles, California—rushing home from school¹ to tell his parents some wonderful news.² You took part in an unusual test recently, didn't you, Booby?

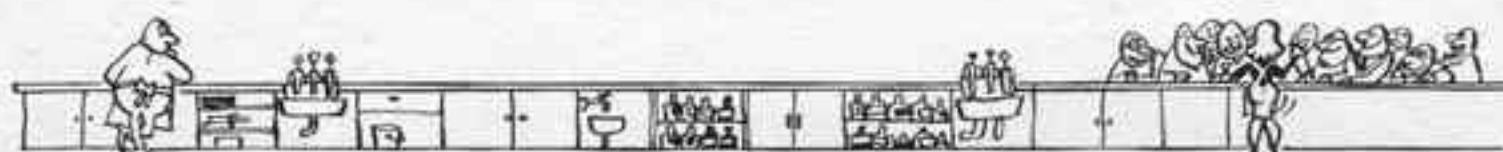
Yes I did, Mr. Reimers!³ Half of my class brushed regularly with Grepse Toothpaste while the other half used a brand without fluoride.⁴ I was in the Grepse group, and after six months, I had 43% fewer cavities.⁵

- 1—The Hollywood Training School for Child Actors.
- 2—He'd receive an A+ in "Product-Testimonial Sincerity".
- 3—For the usual fee, of course.
- 4—Or any other normal toothpaste ingredients. In fact, I think it was airplane glue in unmarked tubes.
- 5—Which is what was expected, since I had 43% fewer teeth.



I'm glad I sat down and had a talk with my Provincial Agent.¹ I always assumed that the sole purpose of Life Insurance was to look after my loved ones when I was gone.² Now, with the help of the man from Provincial,³ I'll have the flexible coverage I need to educate my children,⁴ to protect the investment I have in my home⁵ and to free myself from financial worries in my retirement years.⁶

- 1—Because if I'd had to stand after seeing how long he talked, my feet would've given out.
- 2—But I was wrong about that. With the fat commission the Agent collects, I've also looked after his loved ones when he's gone.
- 3—Plus the help of all the money I could borrow to take out these new policies.
- 4—If my children ever get flexible enough to be educated.
- 5—Which would've been nice, except that I had to sell my home to buy the policies to protect the investment I don't have any more.
- 6—Now the only financial worries I'll have in my retirement years is where to get money to pay my insurance premiums.



OFF BUT STILL "ON" DEPT.

After watching Show Biz Celebrities chatting on TV, after seeing them table hop at fancy restaurants, and after reading those ridiculous things about them in the gossip columns, we started to wonder: Just where does the Unreal Celebrity end, and where does the Real Person begin? And then a horrible thought occurred to us, mainly: What if one doesn't end, and what if one doesn't begin? In other words, what if Celebrities always talk and act the same, whether they're in the spotlight or out of it? Here, then, is how we at MAD picture

SHOW BIZ CELEBRITIES IN ORDINARY LIFE SITUATIONS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

The Guest Garbage Dumper



The Table-Hopper In His Own



The Mystery Guest Relative

All right, members of the Daly family, you've been wearing your blindfolds all day now... waiting for the arrival of our famous relative! And here he is! Won't you come in, Mystery Guest Relative... and SIGN IN PLEASE!?



We'll start the questioning with my wife...

Are you now appearing in a bread box on Broadway?

Uh-uh!



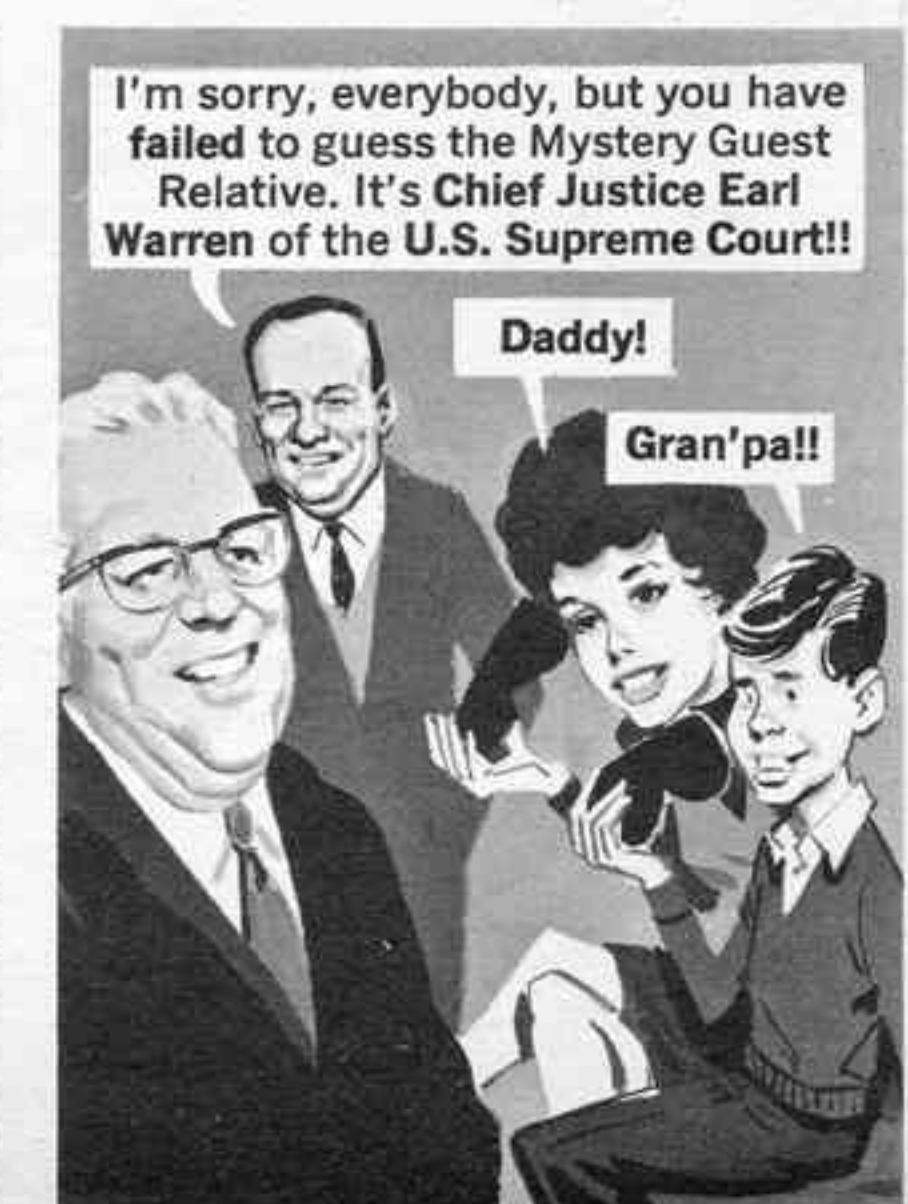
Are you going to appear at any family functions in the next month?

Uh-uh!





Kitchen



A Medley Of Clichés From A Great Old Aunt

Folks, let's hear it for the pride of the Tucker family—a "living legend" in Family Biz who's visiting us tonight! She is one of the warmest, most emotional people I know! What clichés are you going to do for us tonight, Aunt Sophie?

(SOB) Well, Marvin, I'd like to start off my performance as usual by sobbing for a few hours! And then, I'd like to say . . . (SOB) . . . Is that my little nephew Westbrook sitting over there? I just can't get over how he's grown!

Beautiful, Aunt Sophie! They don't write clichés like that any more!

(SOB) For my next remark, I'd like to say . . . (SOB) My, my, how time flies!

And finally, I'd like to say . . . (SOB) Thank you, and God bless you!

Whattya say, folks? Are we going to let her go off without doing another cliché? More . . . more . . . !



Aunt Sophie! How about your all-time favorite: "We should see more of each other!"?

Aunt Sophie, how about: "We should all live and be well!"?

Thank you! You're a wonderful, wonderful family! And now . . . for my encore, I'd like to introduce a cliché written by my own Aunt, back in 1896. I hope you like it!

Westbrook, my boy . . . remember . . . it's just as easy to marry a rich girl as a poor one!

Thank you . . . and God bless you!

Hey, Mom . . . how come Aunt Sophie is smiling now? How come she suddenly stopped crying?

A lamp just fell on her toe, dear . . . and she's in great pain! She only cries when she's happy!!



The Beverly Hills Mourners

Folks, we're going to have a real fun-burial today! Help yourselves to the hors d'oeuvres! The ones with the black toothpicks are for the immediate family!

How come there are two caskets, Bobby?

We're in luck, Sandra! Right after the scheduled funeral, they're throwing a Sneak Burial for a famous show biz personality!

Listen, darling . . . They're playing our song . . . "The Rock of Ages Bossa Nova"!

Dino is especially well-plastered today, Sammy! Who's the ugly broad he's dancing with?

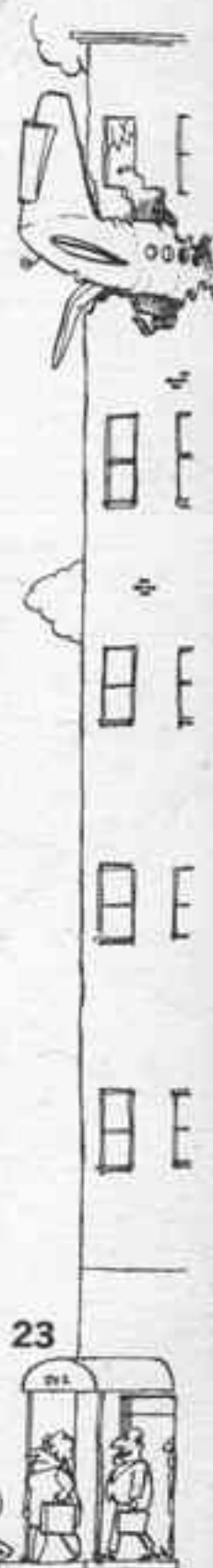
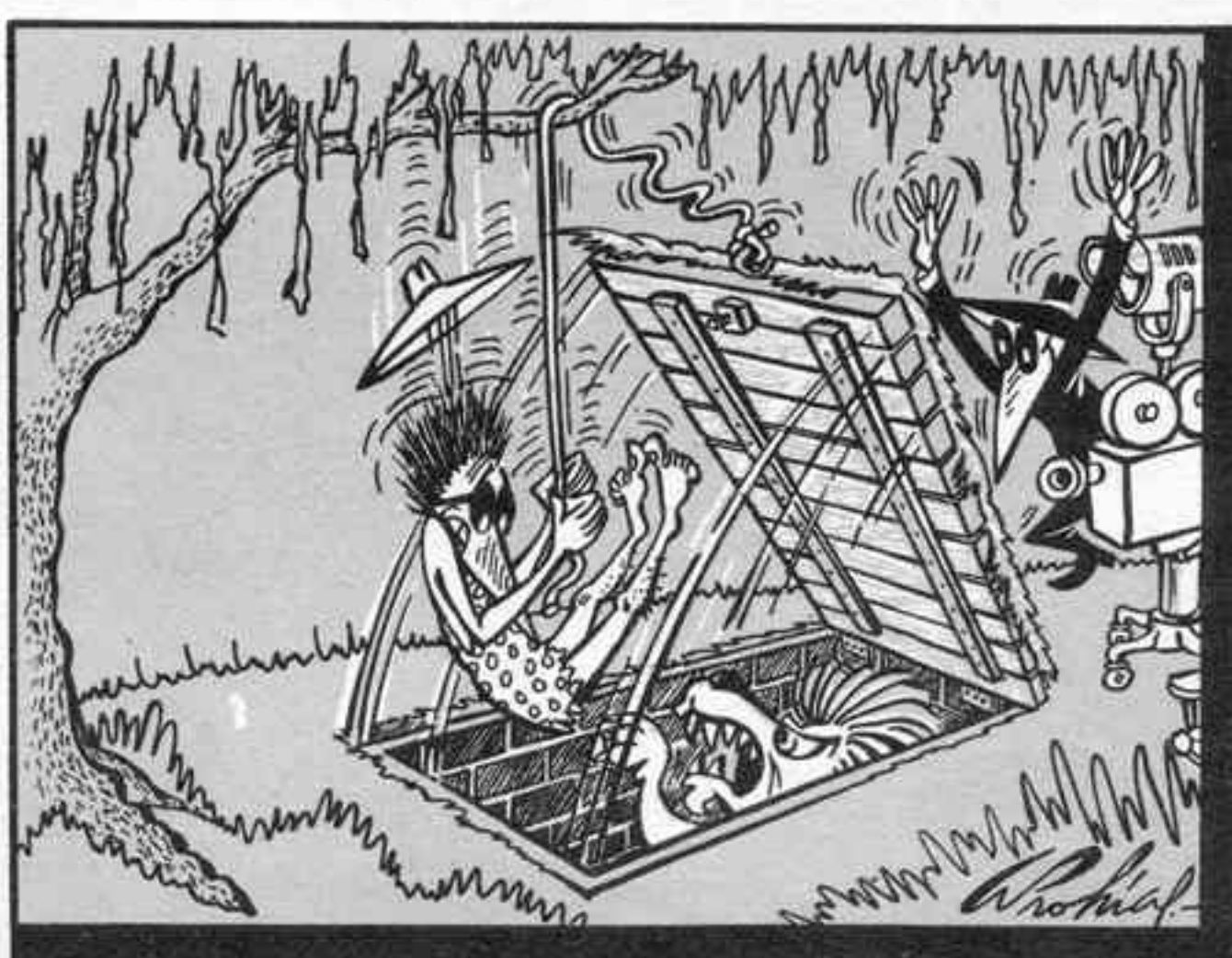
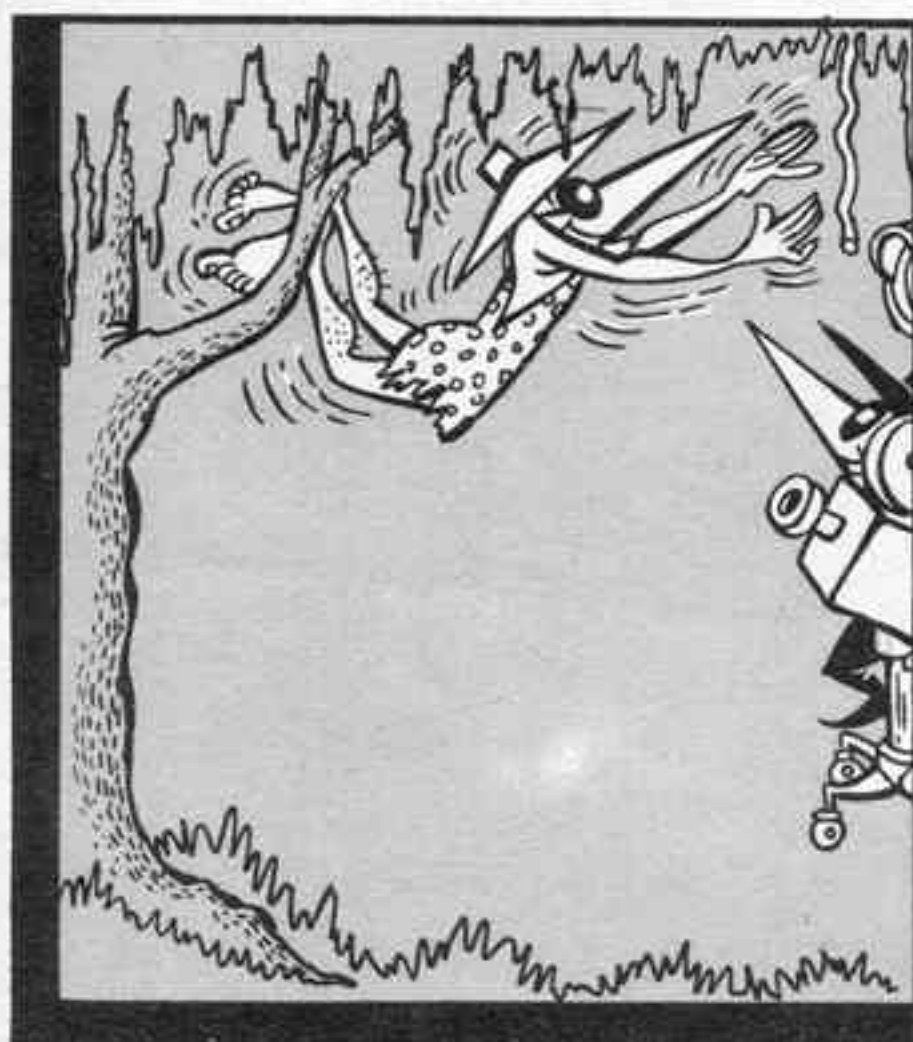
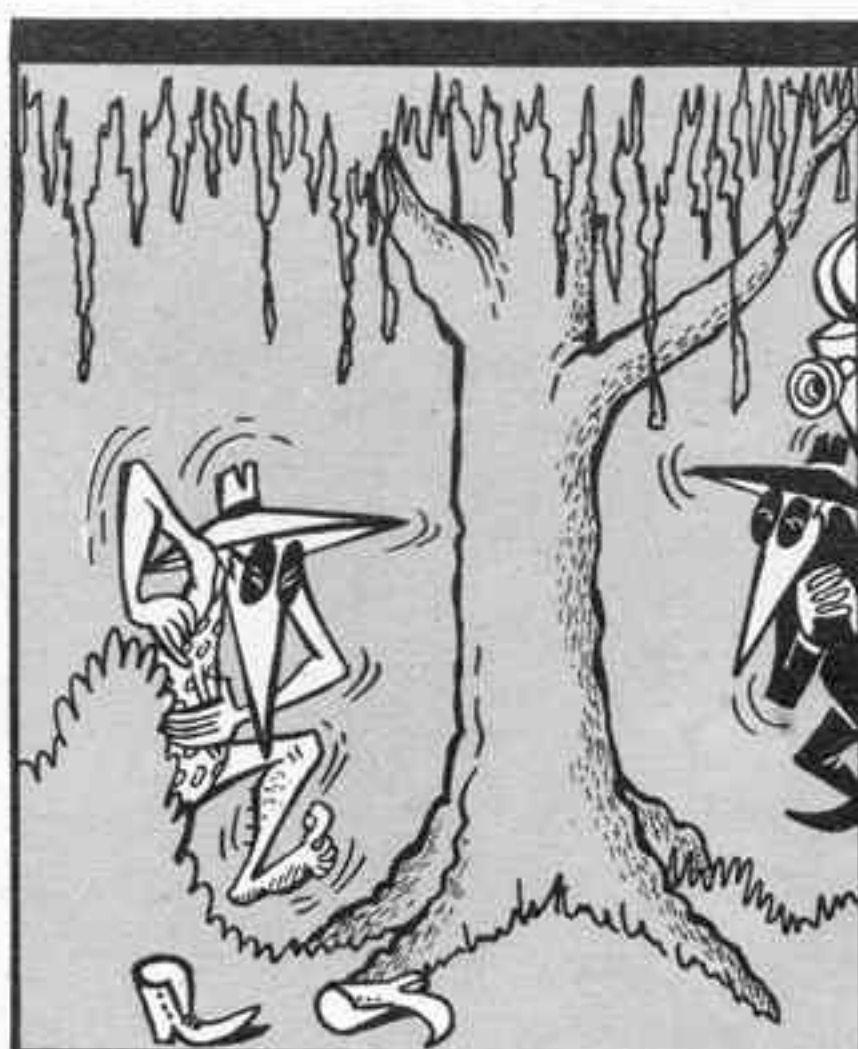
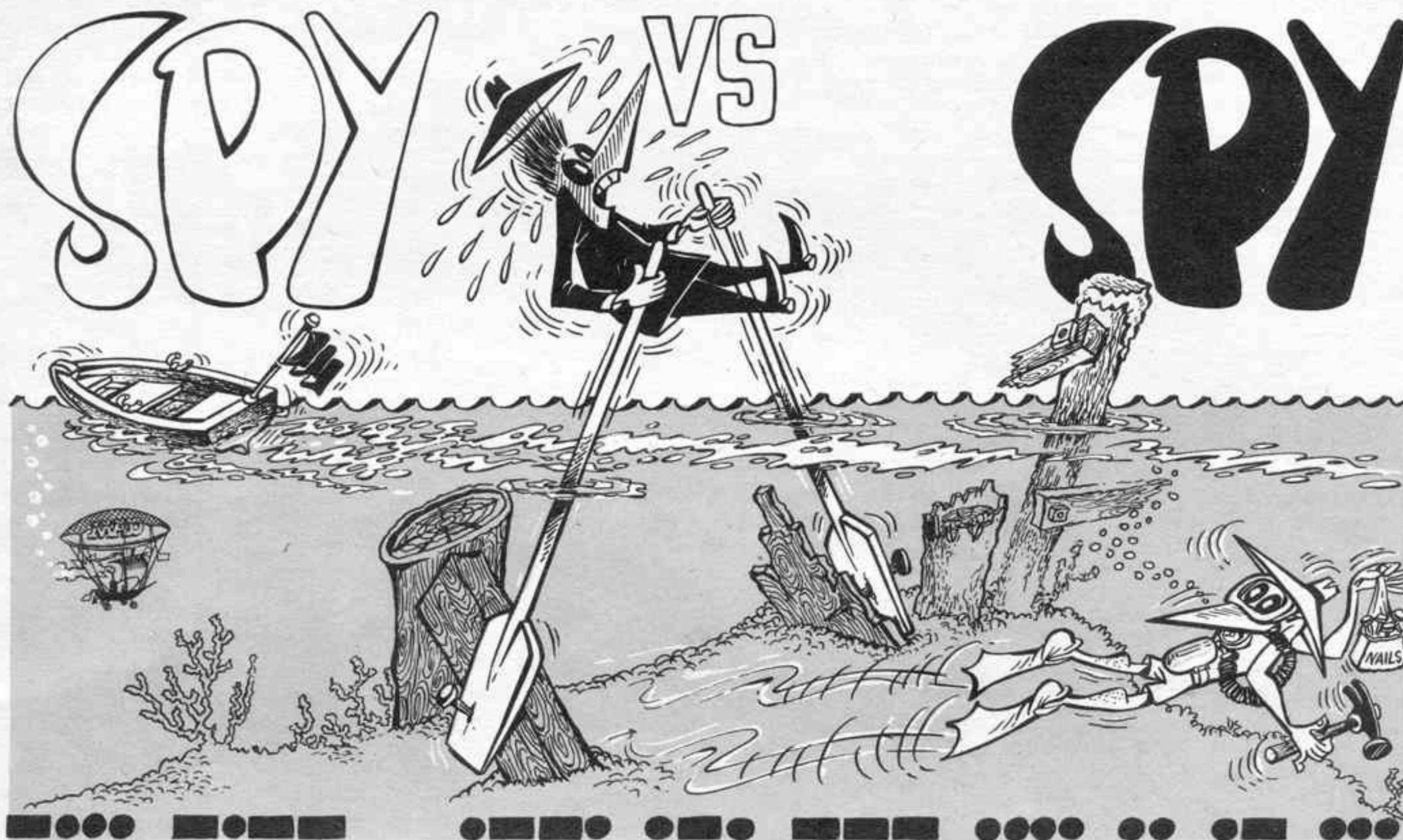
I'm sorry you lost your Aunt, dolling! I'd cry with you, but our hankies clash!

George, you go on right after "Selma and her Talking Dogs". Is your eulogy ready?

Almost! I need one or two more gags!

Don't you know her, Frankie? That's the deceased!





With all the supermarkets and discount centers being erected across the country in recent years, competition among these businesses has increased to a point where they have had to resort to some

TODAY'S TYPICAL "SALES"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

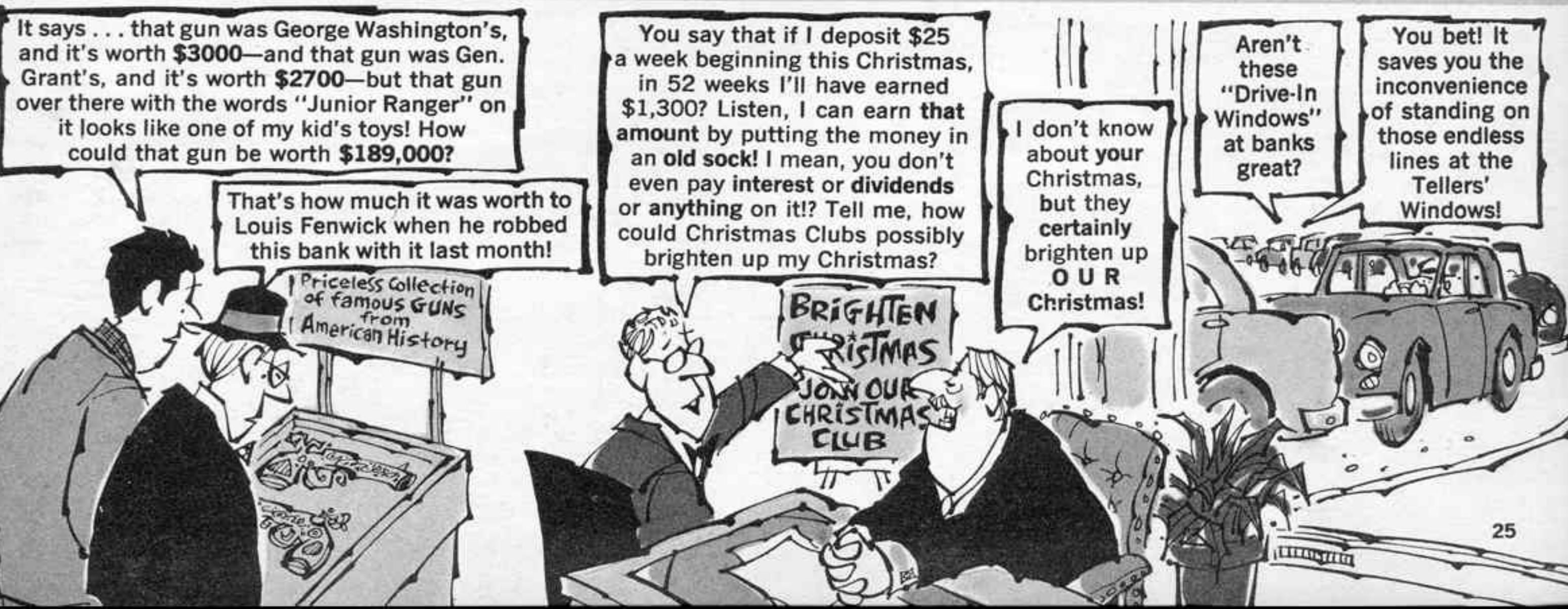
For "Shopping Centers"...



For "Banks"...



& PROMOTIONAL" GIMMICKS



Naturally, it follows that with competition getting rougher and rougher in other fields every day, it's only a matter of time

FUTURE "SALES & PRO FOR EVEN MORE CONS

For "Hospitals"...



For "Museums"...



before even less likely conservative institutions like banks will start using "Shopping Center" tricks. For example, here are



MOTIONAL" GIMMICKS ERVATIVE INSTITUTIONS



For "Churches"...



SPECIAL CONTEST

Guess what hymn our congregation is singing while our organist is playing "ROCK OF AGES" and win a FREE

All-Expense-Paid Trip To

BILLY GRAHAM

ATTENTION PLEASE! ANNOUNCING A FANTASTIC SAVINGS OPPORTUNITY IN OUR "BUY-A-BRICK FOR THE BUILDING FUND" DRIVE! FOR THE NEXT 15 MINUTES ONLY, DONATIONS FOR EACH BRICK—USUALLY \$5.00—HAVE BEEN MARKED DOWN TO A LOW, LOW \$3.98! SO HURRY...

YES
We ARE
Open for
Business
ON
SUNDAYS

Announcing the
GRAND OPENING
of this ULTRA-MODERN Religious Center
TO HANDLE ALL your Spiritual NEEDS!
SPECIAL OPENING DAY ACTIVITIES
featuring
SULLIVAN & TOP SHOW BIZ ACTS

... Great! R-really great! What do you say, folks—let's hear it for that exciting new singing group, "The 28 Crusaders"! And that's our shew for today! Now... everybody PRAY... or play "Bingo"....!

Well, Reverend, we've done all the merchandising we can do! Now it's up to you! We're all counting on you... so go on in there and GIVE 'EM HEAVEN!!

How come they need two guys for the "Collection"?

Wilson passes the plate—and Miller gives out the Green Stamps!

Here's how it works, Mr. Flanders—you pledge to give \$5 to our collection plate every Sunday, and we guarantee you your own family pew for next year!

That sounds like a wonderful idea! Do you have a slogan for it?

Yes...
"Buy now—
Pray Later"

As the Publisher, I must say—what a wonderful, witty way for MAD to break into a new controversial area!

As the Editor, I must say—I couldn't agree with you more! Green Stamps certainly are controversial!

JOIN OUR
CHRISTMAS
Club
NOW!



In the Spring, millions of Americans leave the comfort of their homes to rush outside and plow up tons of dirt. This peculiar season ritual is known as "Gardening". This year, in order to help these vast numbers of outdoorsmen rediscover the wonders of crab grass, Japanese beetles, weeds and fertilizer --and also show them what ridiculous idiots they are--we now proudly present the new Nineteen-Sixty-Five Edition of

MAD'S SEED & GARDEN CATALOG



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SEEDS 25¢ Per Pack

The sale of these seeds in no way expresses or implies any guarantee that something will come up once you've planted them. And try to get your money back if nothing does. We can always cop out by saying that you didn't follow the directions carefully. Some neat racket this is, eh?!

**MAD's
GIANT
REDWOOD TREE
Seeds**



Plant in warm, moist soil, wait about 750 years or so, and then--stand back!

**MAD's
PANSY
Seeds**



Heavens to Betsy, plant all these darling seeds carefully, and for Goodness sakes, be sure and water 'em well, Sweetie!

**MAD's
CHINESE
CABBAGE
Seeds**



Plant in two rows in late May. Beginning in early August, pick one from row A, then one from row B!

**MAD's
STEWED
TOMATO
Seeds**



Plant in early Spring and nourish with equal amounts of rye, scotch and bourbon!

**MAD's
LADY'S-SLIPPER
Seeds**



Plant in March, letting flowers grow until July for smaller feet; until August for larger feet!

**MAD's
CRISANTHAMUM
CRESANTHEMUM
CRUSANTHIMUM
DAISY
Seeds**



**MAD's
FORGET-ME-NOT
Seeds**



Plant in 8 inches of--er--5 inches of dry--er--damp soil in late--er--early--Darn it! We've forgotten!

**MAD's
BLACK-EYED
SUSAN
Seeds**



In order for flowers to attain desired appearance, punch each seed with fist real hard before planting!

**MAD's
PICKLED
BEETS
Seeds**



Follow directions for Stewed Tomatoes above!

**MAD's
NIGHT-BLOOMING
SPURIOUS
Seeds**



Plant in exactly 3 inches of soil on the morning of May 17. Water every hour. Flower will bloom promptly at 11:47 P.M., August 24, and then immediately die!

GARDEN EQUIPMENT

Siamese Lawn Sprinkler



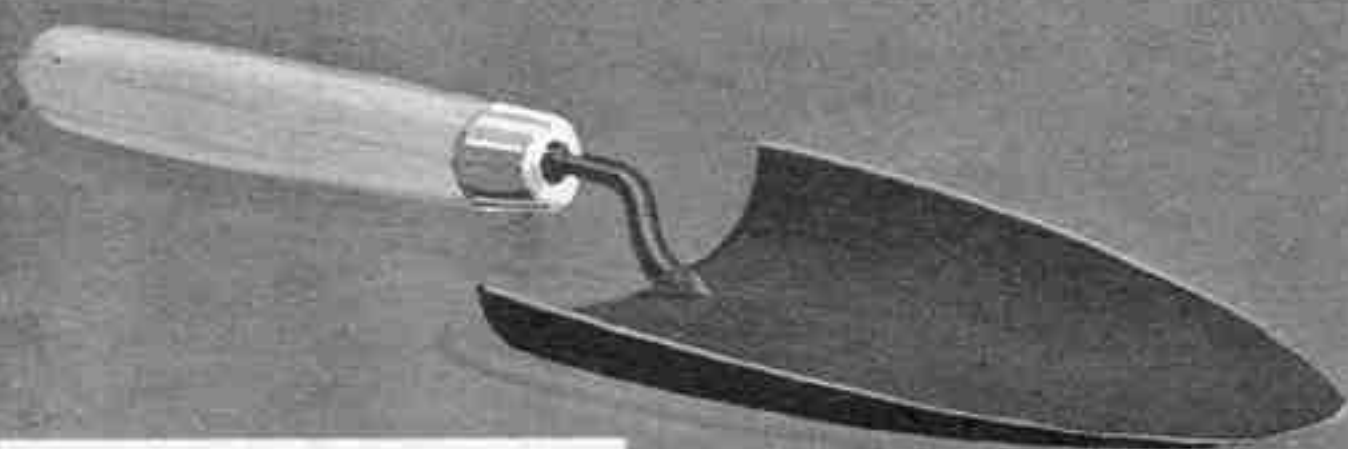
Let Vranga, the ancient Siamese Rain Goddess, soak your garden—while scaring off rodents and birds at the same time. \$21.95

Dependable Manure Spreader



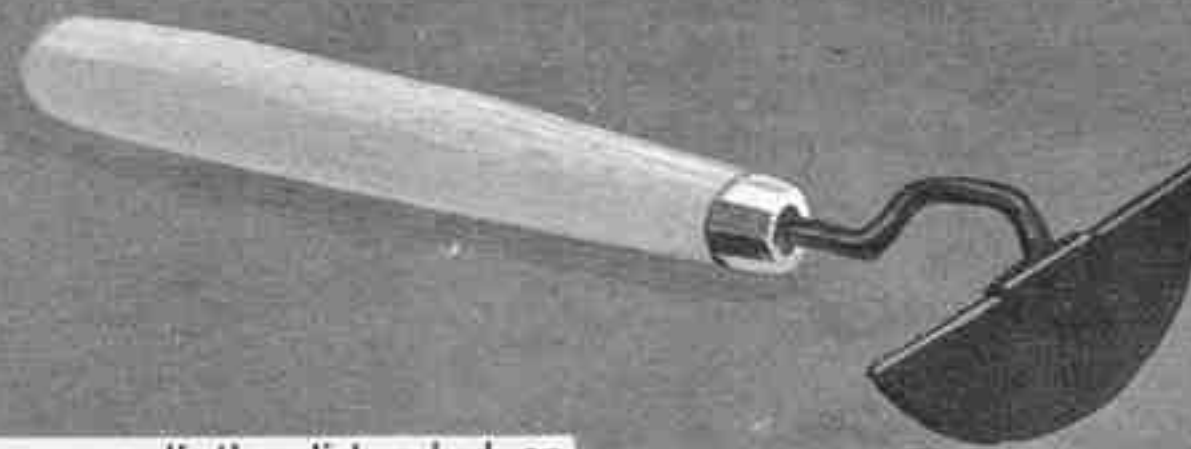
Our famous Manure Spreader has never been equaled for performance and efficiency. Reliable and time-tested, it costs only a few cents a day to feed. Will do the job when other spreaders break down. Hay extra. \$99.95

Garden Trowel



An essential and useful tool for the serious gardener. \$1.

Garden Trowel Scraper



Removes all the dirt caked on your new Garden Trowel. \$1.50

GARDEN PROVEN

The Richard Nixon



Though never a Prize-Winner, this hardy variety is always available. It will root anywhere, and change its colors to adapt to new surroundings.

The Mao-Tse Tung



This rapid-growing yellow hybrid is almost guaranteed to increase its size until it dominates your entire garden. The plant must be pruned often, or it will encroach on borders of other flowers.

The Dean Martin



This cheerful variety requires a great deal of liquid nourishment. It usually has a mellow look, and performs best when it is potted.

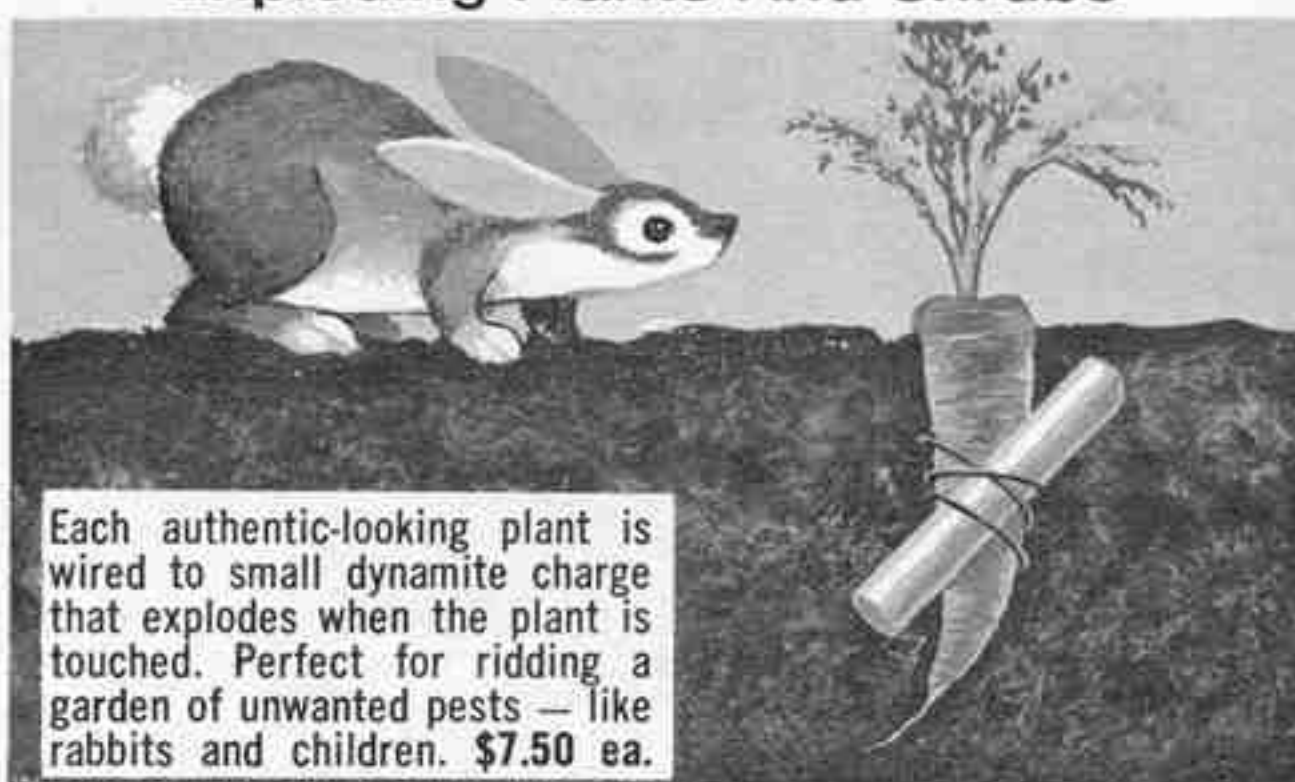
GARDEN EQUIPMENT

Decoy Ants



Ant trouble? Our plastic Decoy Ants are so incredibly lovely, curvacious and sexy that they are guaranteed to lure all the red-blooded real ants from any flower bed. \$5.95 per dozen.

Exploding Plants And Shrubs



Each authentic-looking plant is wired to small dynamite charge that explodes when the plant is touched. Perfect for ridding a garden of unwanted pests — like rabbits and children. \$7.50 ea.

Garden Trowel Scraper-Knife



Removes all dirt caked on your Garden Trowel Scraper. \$2.00

Garden Trowel Scraper-Knife Trowel



Picks up all dirt you spilled from using the others. \$3.95

HYBRID ROSES

\$4.95
SIX FOR \$34.95

The Jayne Mansfield



This unusually robust variety develops attractive blossoms noted for their remarkable size.

The Robert Kennedy



Because it is easily transplanted, this variety will grow in any location. However, once it has established roots, it may prove very difficult to remove.

The Ringo Starr



This immensely popular variety is actually a wild plant that has been domesticated. Unlike other types, thrives best when scraggly and undernourished. Caution: Should not be trimmed.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

I may be just a **Stock Room Boy** now—but one of these days, I'm gonna work my way up and grab that **Shipping Clerk's** job!



I may be just a **Shipping Clerk** now—but one of these days I'll make that **Chief Clerk** move over and I'll grab his job!



I may be just a **Chief Clerk** now—but one of these days I'm gonna show up that **Office Manager** and grab his job!



Gee, Boss, you look better than ever since you went on that diet!

Will you listen to that? Did you ever hear anything more disgusting!? What an apple polisher!

My kid was saying just last night, "Gee, Uncle Boss is nice! When I see him again, I'm gonna give him a big kiss!"

I swear! Any second, I think I'll throw up!

I love your new suit! You sure do have good taste in clothes!

How much longer is that "Brass-Kisser" going to stay in there? I've been waiting to talk to the Boss all morning—

I've had a lot of **Bosses** in my time, but you're the fairest and the most understanding!

—and that dirty fink has said practically everything I planned to say!



Good bye, Dear!

Don't kiss me! I've got a terrible cold! You don't want your whole office to catch it, do you?

Hmmph! I didn't notice she had a cold! Who's she kidding? She just didn't want to kiss me, that's all! She rejected me, that's what she did! And I'm hurt! And when I get hurt, I get mad! Real mad!!

What's going on here!? Just what in heck do you think I pay you for . . . to drink coffee? Get back to work . . . all of you!



THE BOSS

OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER

MEMO TO:

The Editor--

Just saw this article.

Fire Dave Berg!

Bill Gaines

I may be just an Office Manager now—but one of these days I'm gonna convince them I deserve the Vice President's job!



I may be just the Vice President now—but one of these days, he'll make a mistake, and I'll be President of this firm!



All this responsibility and aggravation and headaches and heartaches! Who needs it! I wish I were a Stock Room Boy again!



What a day I had at the office—buying, selling, maneuvering, wheeling and dealing! Boy, my nerves are all tied up in knots!



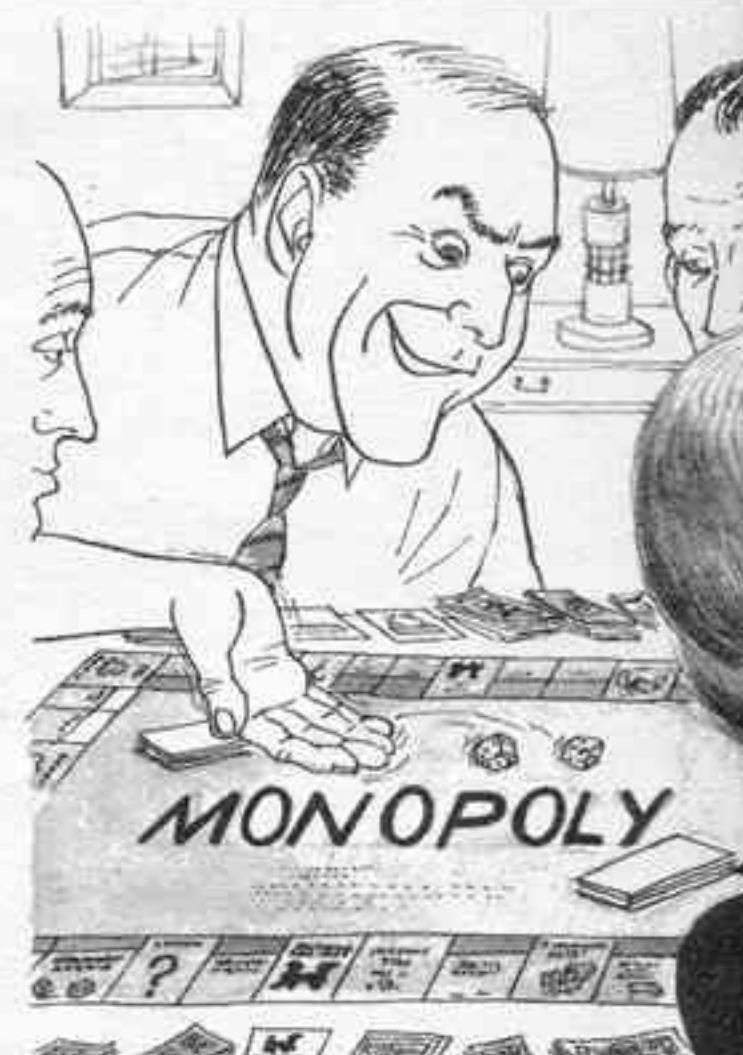
I've got to unwind! I need a change of pace! Tonight, let's have an evening of fun and games so I can get my mind off business completely!



Is everything set up?



Yes, dear!



You call this a letter? With two erasures? Why don't you learn to type? That's not typing you're doing, that's hunt-and-pecking!



Listen, Sturdley, I'll have no more of your stupid mistakes! Remember, you can be replaced easily—by an I.B.M. machine!

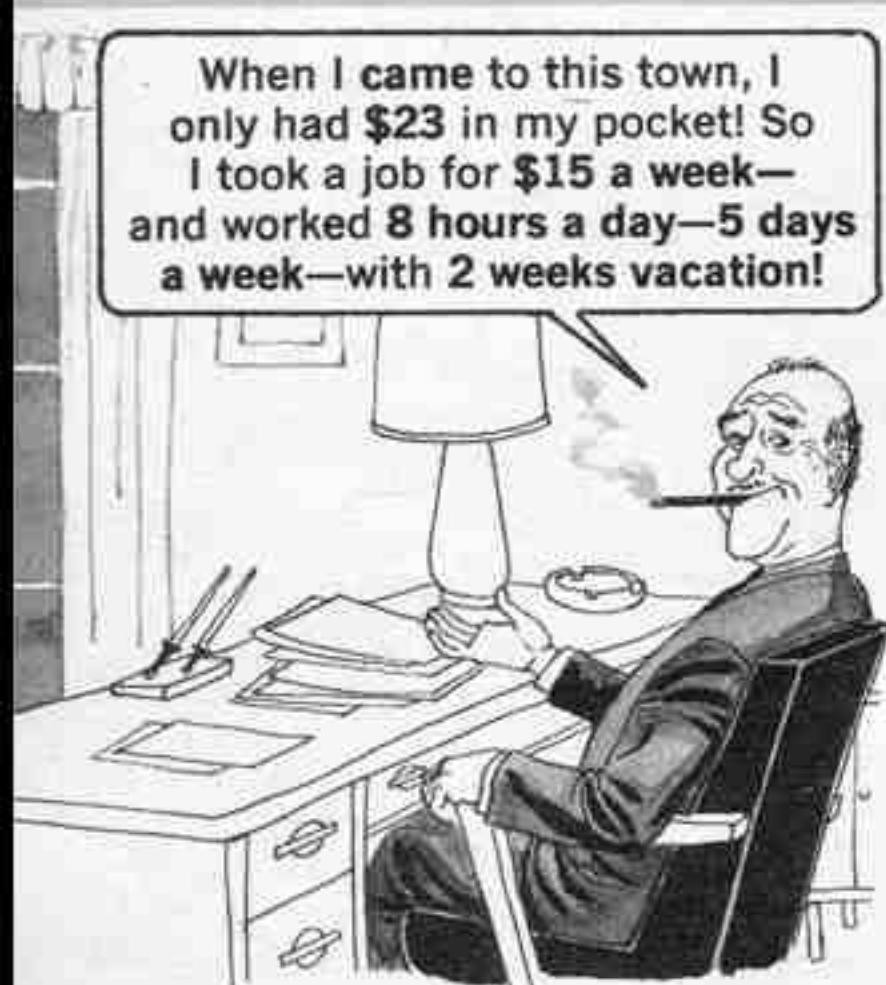
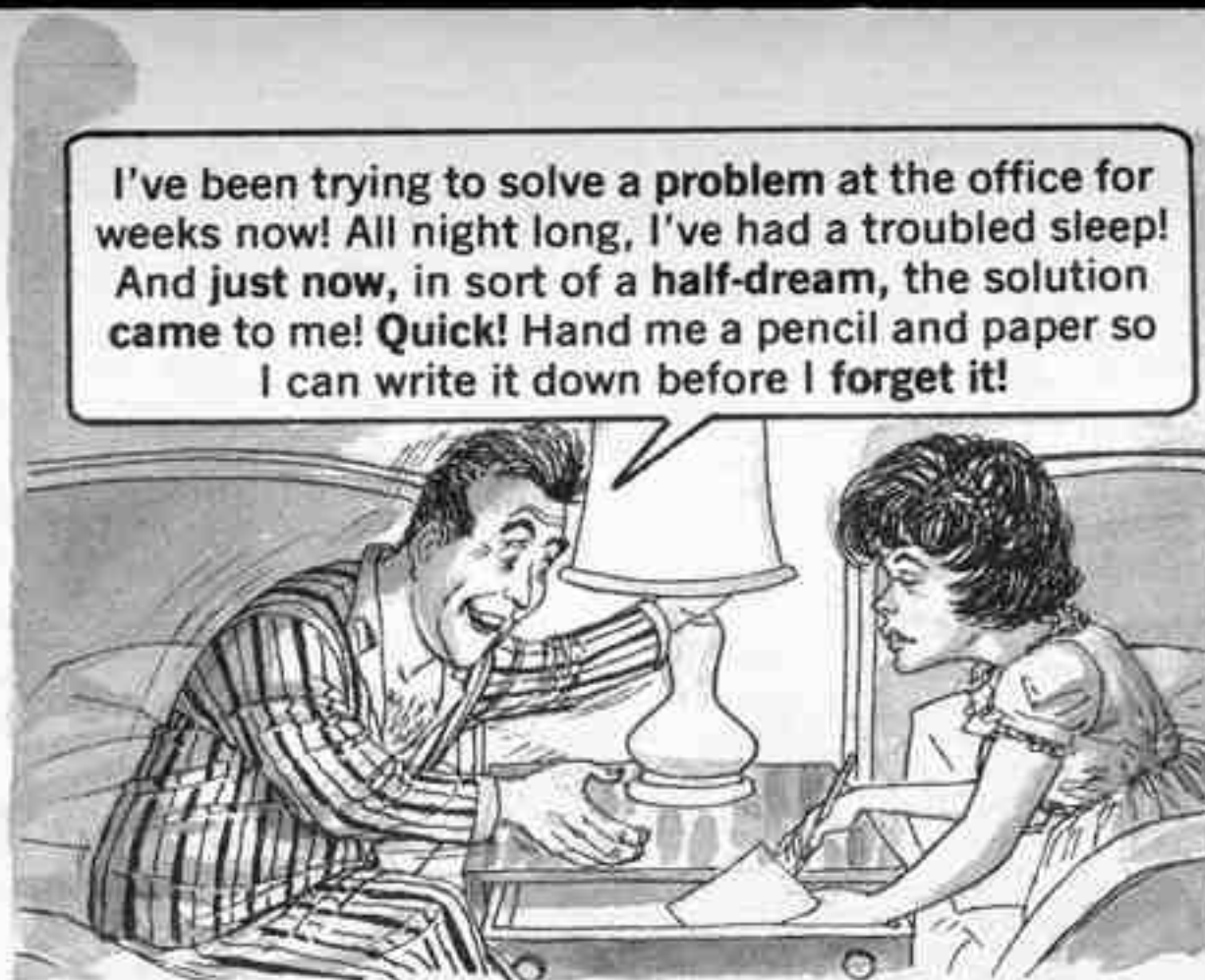


Hello, dear! I've been thinking! Wasn't that considerate of me not to kiss you this morning so your office wouldn't catch?



They caught it anyhow!







Ahhhh! The sun's in its heaven, my problem is solved, and all's right with the world! Where's that idea I wrote down?

Right where you left it!

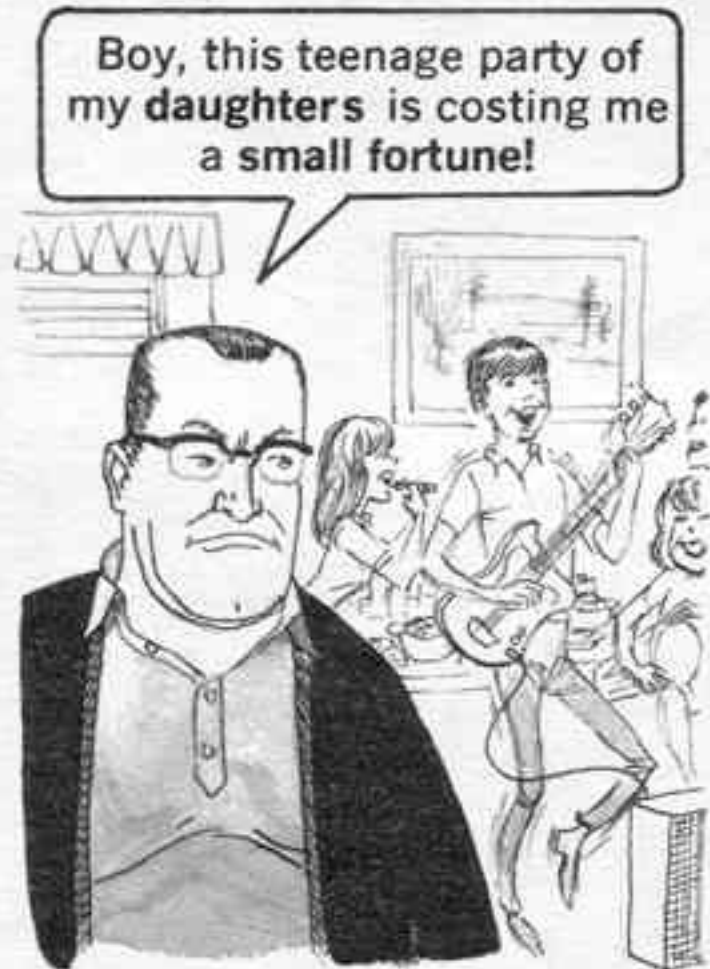


YAAAAHHHH!

Now what's wrong!?



"In regard to inventory build-up and rising labor costs, siggle the mpfh and muggle all cobsko uggplhmps."???



Boy, this teenage party of my daughters is costing me a small fortune!



Hey, kid! Ask me how business is!

Sure . . .

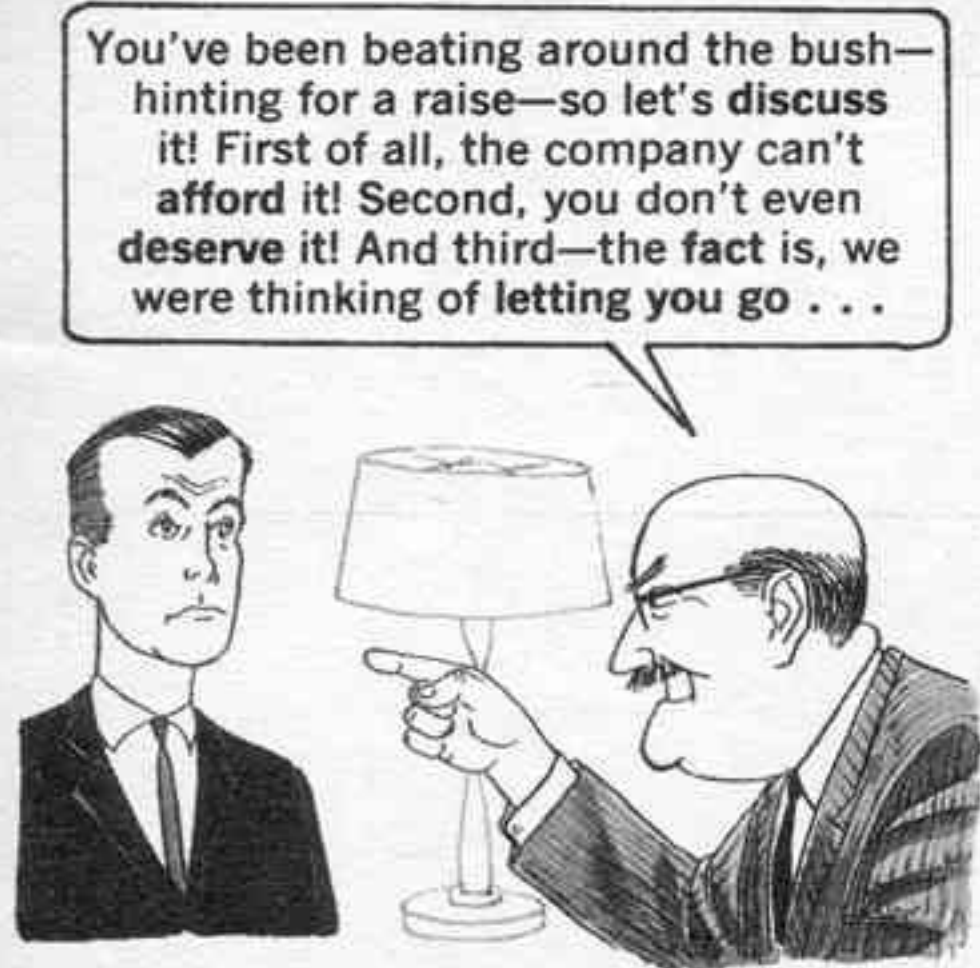


How's business?

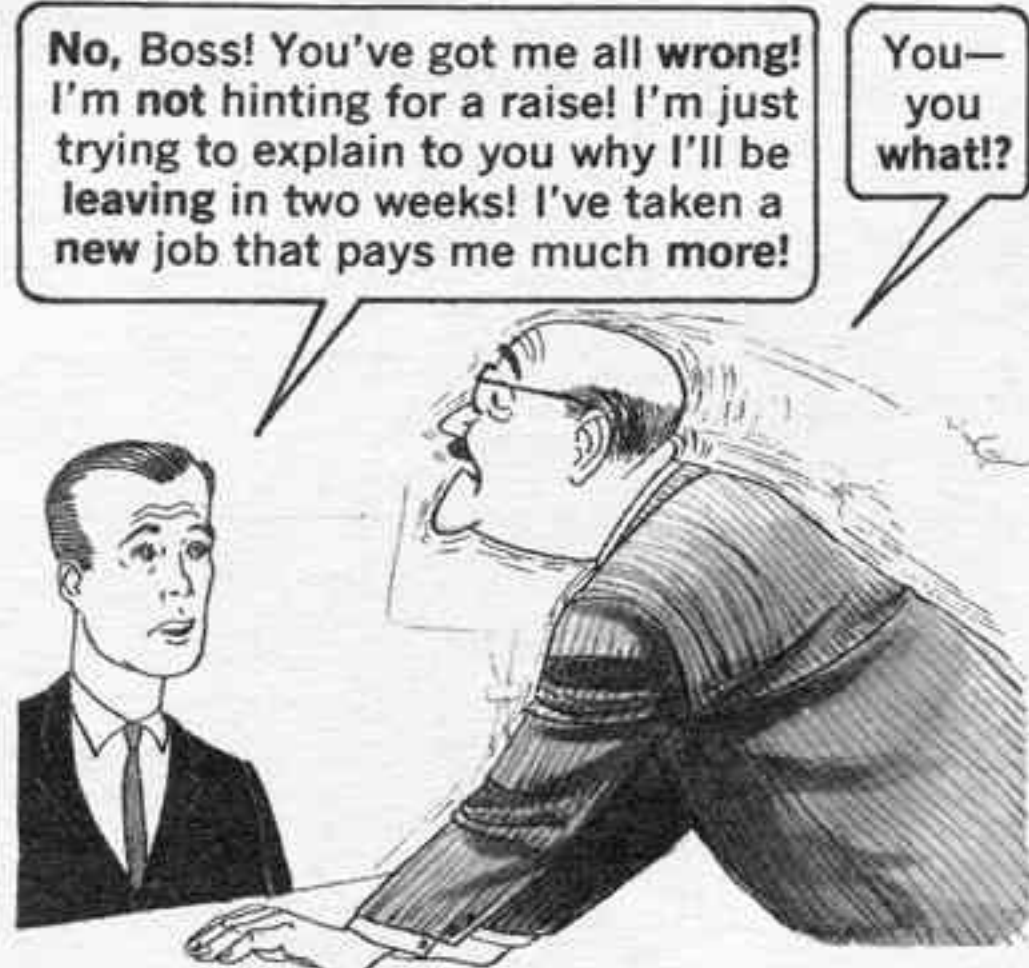
Ecccchhh!



Okay! Now I can write this whole party off as a "Business Conference"!



You've been beating around the bush—hinting for a raise—so let's discuss it! First of all, the company can't afford it! Second, you don't even deserve it! And third—the fact is, we were thinking of letting you go . . .

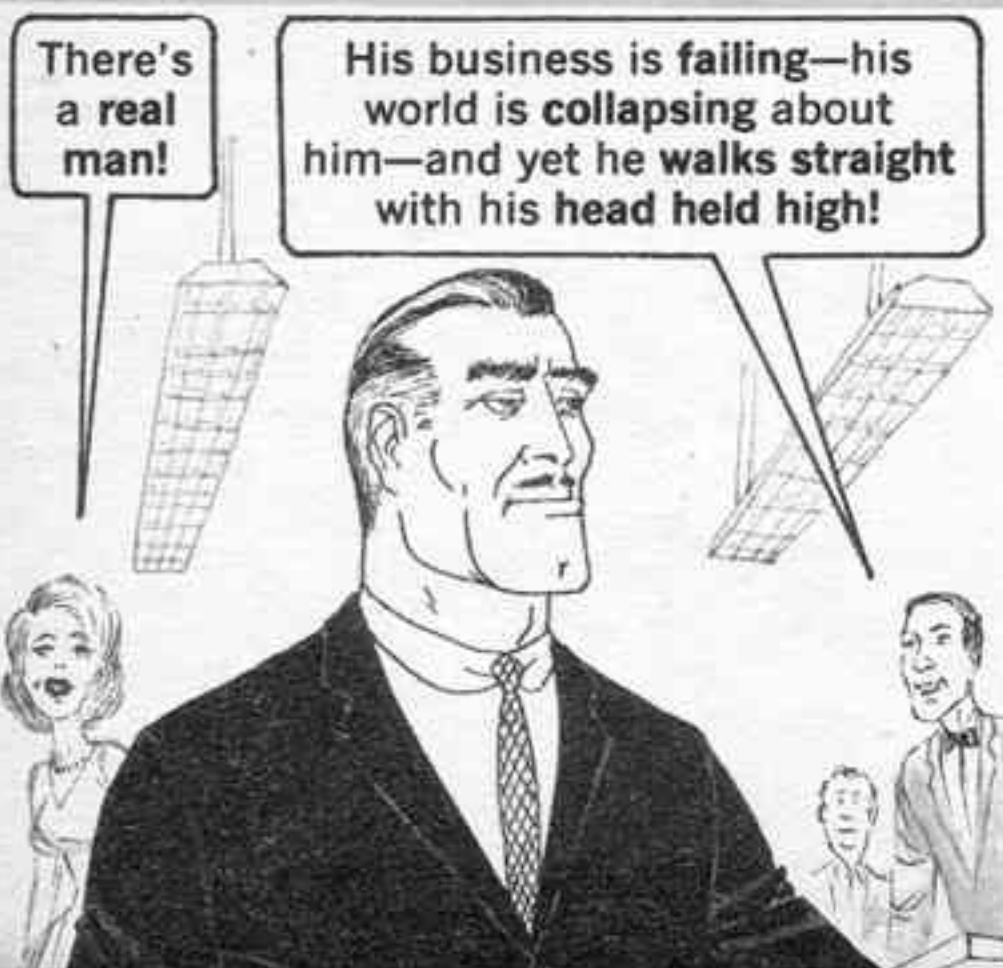


No, Boss! You've got me all wrong! I'm not hinting for a raise! I'm just trying to explain to you why I'll be leaving in two weeks! I've taken a new job that pays me much more!

You—you what!?

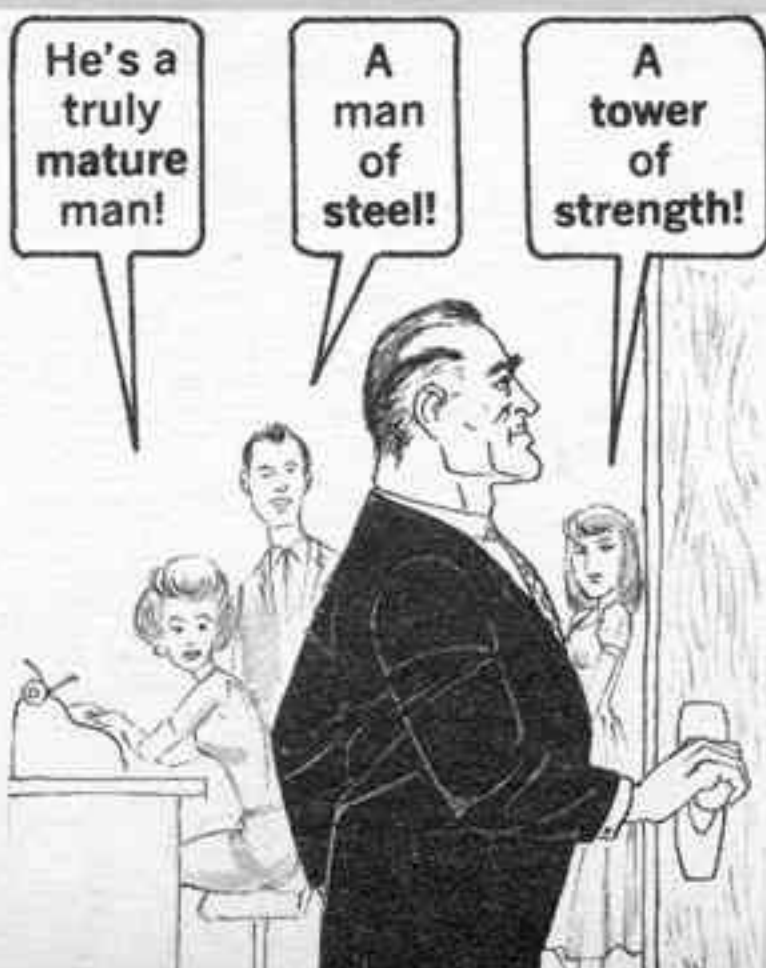


Now let's not get excited, Gormley! We need you here! I'll meet their price! In fact, I'll give you ten dollars more! No, twenty! Er—thirty?



There's a real man!

His business is failing—his world is collapsing about him—and yet he walks straight with his head held high!



He's a truly mature man!

A man of steel!

A tower of strength!

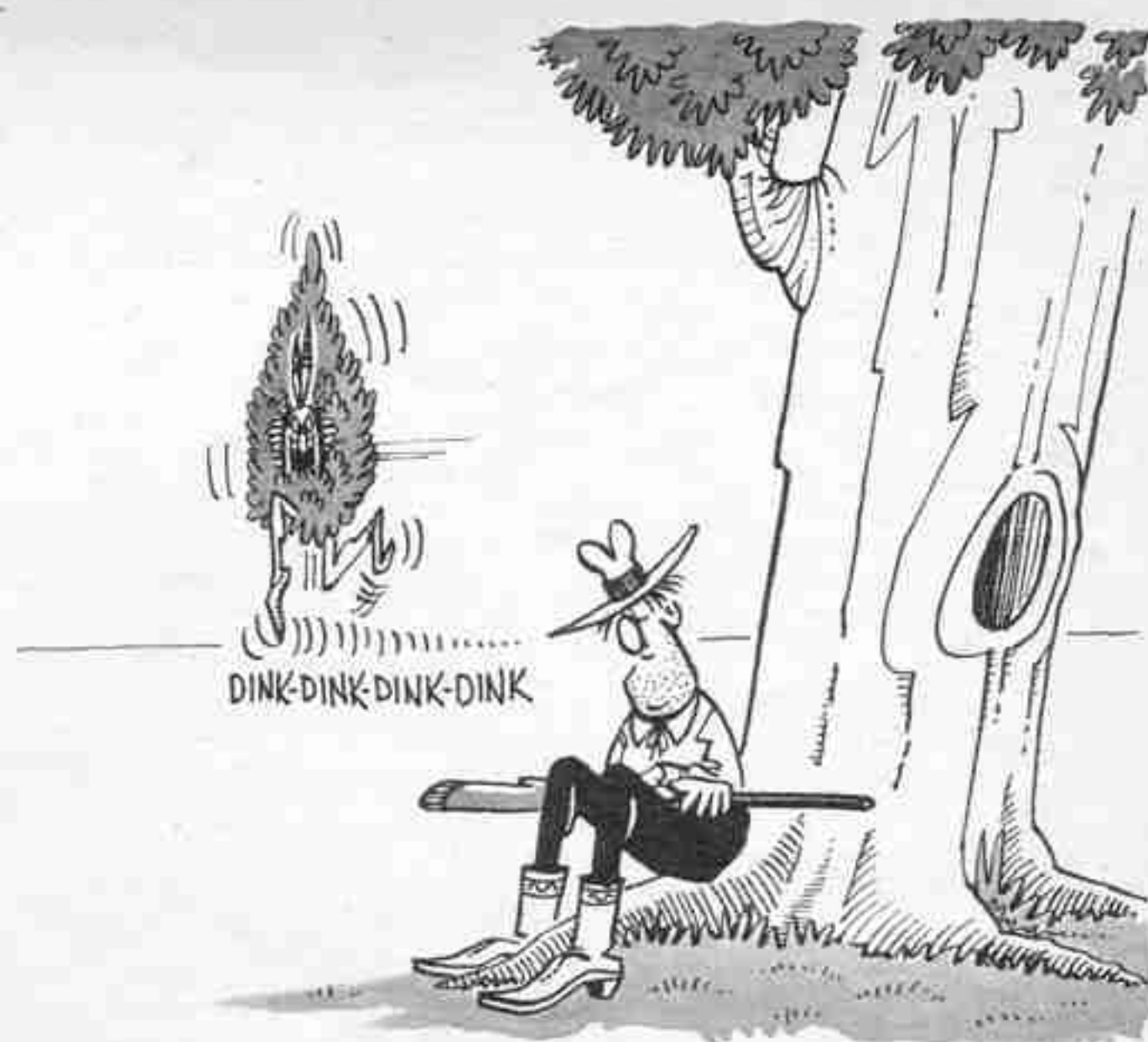


SLAM



Mommy!

IN INJUN TERRITORY



OUT, DAMNED SPOT! DEPT.



Some time back (MAD #81), we published "The MAD Plan For Beating TV Commercial Breaks" which offered suggestions and methods for effectively, productively and enjoyably filling the valuable time taken up by idiotic TV ads. Now, MAD offers the following article for those lazy slobs who just cannot bring themselves to leave their TV set for something constructive... who just sit there, enduring the pain of those ridiculous commercials. For you, MAD has created these

TV-COMMERCIAL AIDS

OR, HOW TO LIVE WITH TELEVISION COMMERCIALS— AND STILL NOT GO OUT OF YOUR EVER-LOVIN' MIND

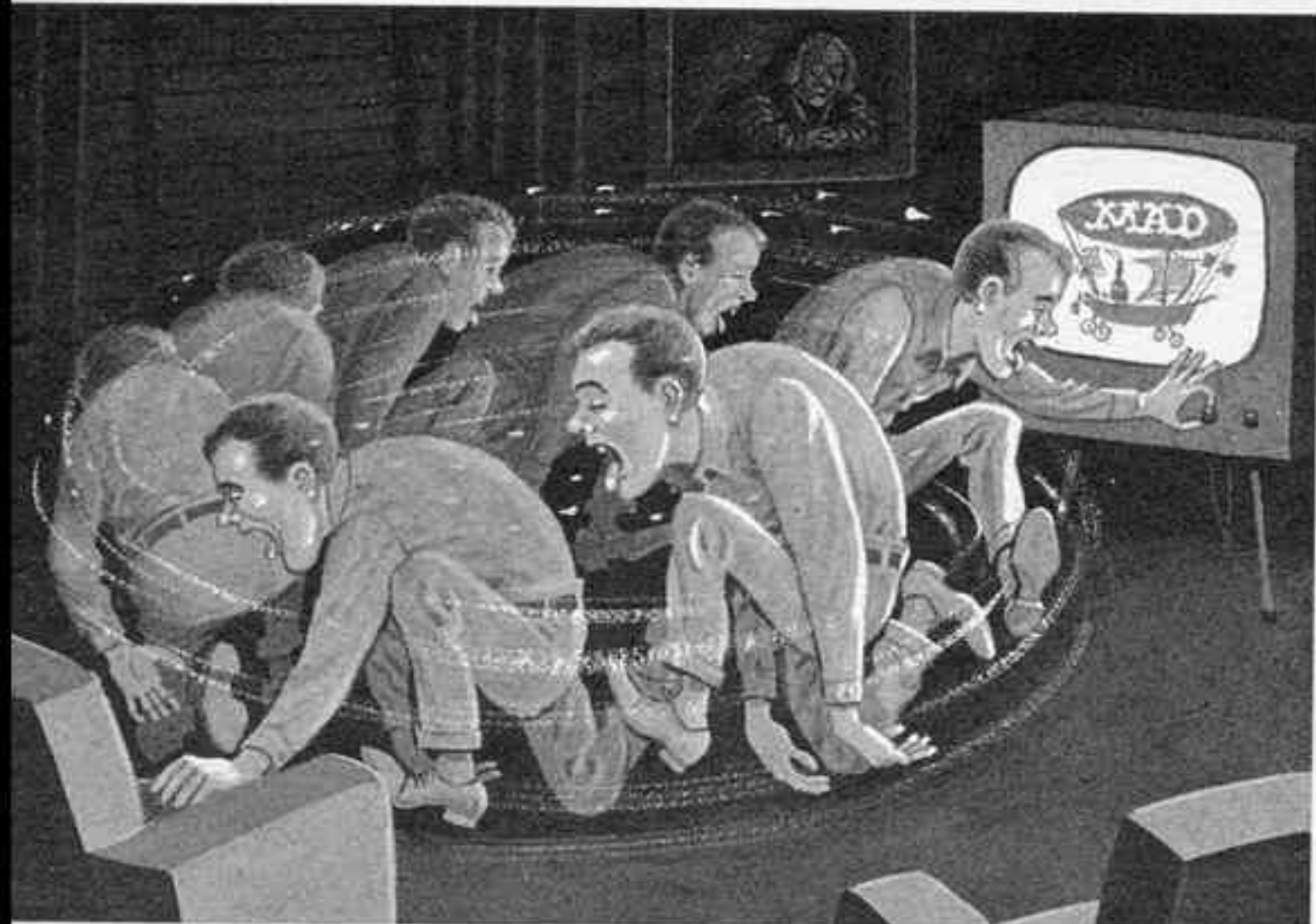
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



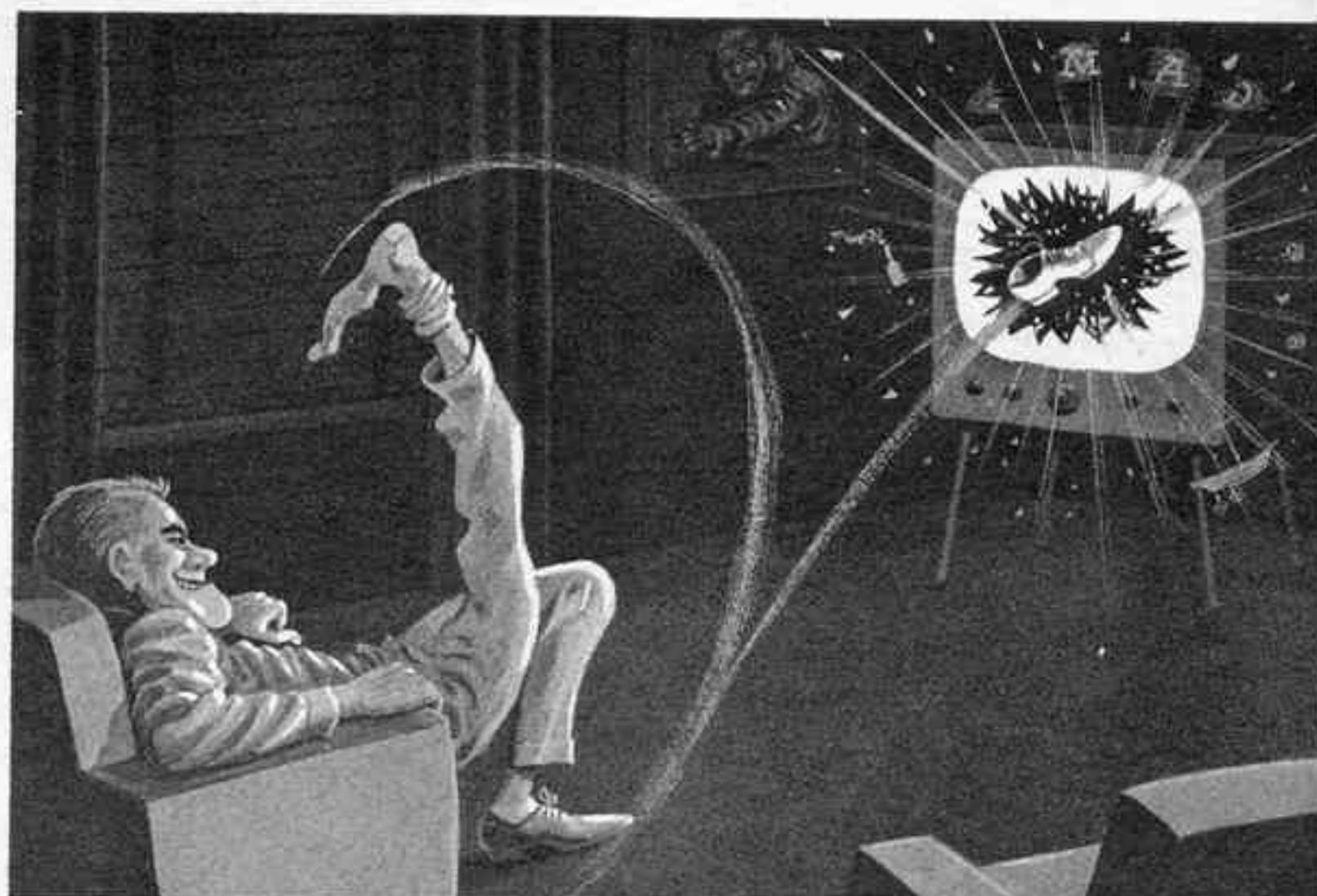
Aside from appealing to the moronic, the neurotic and the just-plain-sick, there's another irritating aspect to all TV commercials. This is especially apparent during late evening hours when the typical TV viewer is straining to catch the sound that has been purposely tuned very low so as not to disturb sleeping children or crabby neighbors.



Suddenly, the commercial comes on like a 21-gun salute—and the viewer must make a mad dash to the set in order to turn down the volume. Then he's got to stand there for three or four minutes while five or six commercials are run off and the program resumes. Only then can he dare to turn the volume up again and return wearily to his seat.

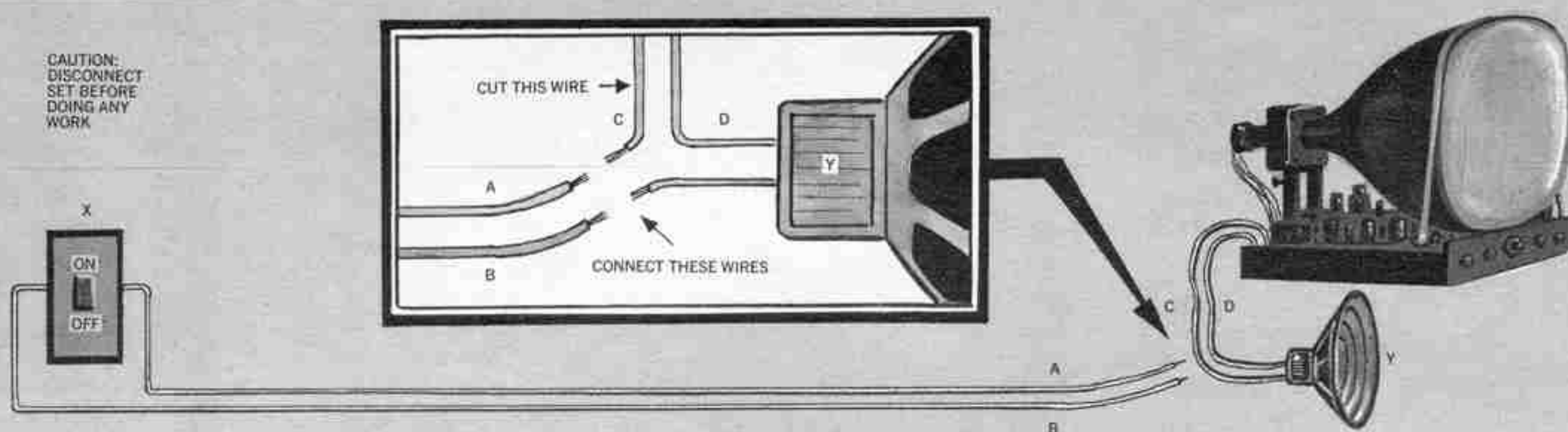


Some lucky set owners have remote control units that can turn sound down from across the room. But vast majority of viewers do not own them, and must run back and forth 20 or 30 times an hour to control commercial nuisance.



Many ingenious TV viewers, when they can no longer stand it, have spontaneously created a primitive form of remote control like the one shown above. Unfortunately, this has its limitations since it can only be used once an evening.

A SIMPLE REMOTE SOUND-CONTROL DEVICE THAT ANYONE CAN MAKE



This is a simple Remote Control unit which any idiot can assemble and install, so ask an idiot to help you. Wires A and B lead from ordinary "On-Off" switch X (purchased at any hardware store) to TV set speaker Y. Note that TV

speaker has two wires C and D which come from TV chassis. Cut one of these and connect ends of A and B to cut ends of speaker wire as shown in close-up drawing. Tape bare splices, and your Remote Control is ready for operation.

ADDITIONAL COMPONENTS THAT COULD MAKE

For the really dedicated TV-Commercial hater, the simple Remote Control "Sound-Off" Unit may not be

enough. So here are more sophisticated approaches to the problem. These can be assembled and instal-

FUNNY MOUTHINGS UNIT



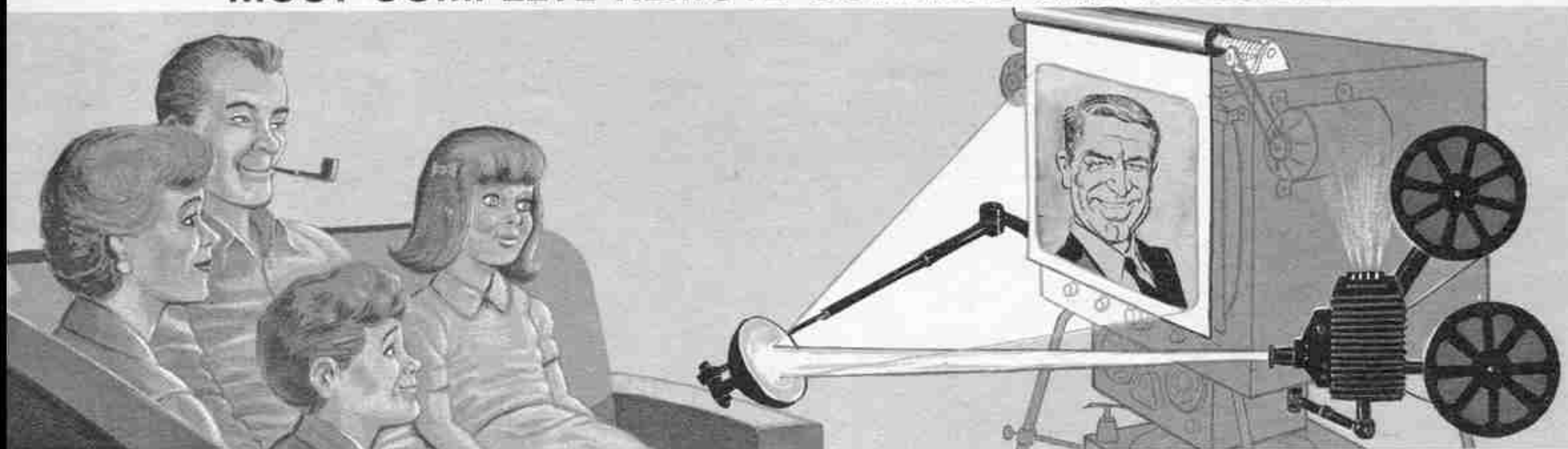
For many, a silent picture on TV may seem out of place, so this light-hearted device can be fun. It consists of pre-taped hilarious dialogue which replaces the words of the commercial announcer when his sound is knocked off, and makes his pitch even more idiotic than it actually is.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE UNIT



For those who may find ridiculous dialogue synchronized with a TV-commercial equally boring, this simple unit can be employed. It consists of recorded musical selections which start playing automatically when sound is knocked off. You listen to soothing melody while announcer mimes.

MOST COMPLETE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT POSSIBLE



Since a still picture is a poor substitute for live TV, this all-in-one unit will solve every problem. A motion picture projector unit is coupled with all the others to go on when sound is knocked off. Along with pre-selected

travel pictures or action shots, the viewer can employ funny mouthings, or musical accompaniment or combination of both. In fact, when TV programs themselves are bad, it provides good uninterrupted feature-length entertainment.

VIEWER ENJOYING HOMEMADE "TV-COMMERCIAL SOUND-OFF" DEVICE



Imagine! Now—with this simple Remote Control Unit—just a flick of your finger and you've knocked off the sound and rendered ineffective an offensive TV commercial! And

what fun it is, when you realize that you're destroying a commercial that cost a sponsor maybe \$50,000 or more to produce with a switch that cost you maybe 50¢ to produce!

TELEVISION VIEWING ALMOST WORTHWHILE

led in one or more units, depending upon how much time and money one wants to waste on this silly

business. Just look how much of it has been spent already just to bring you this ridiculous article.

DRAW CURTAIN UNIT



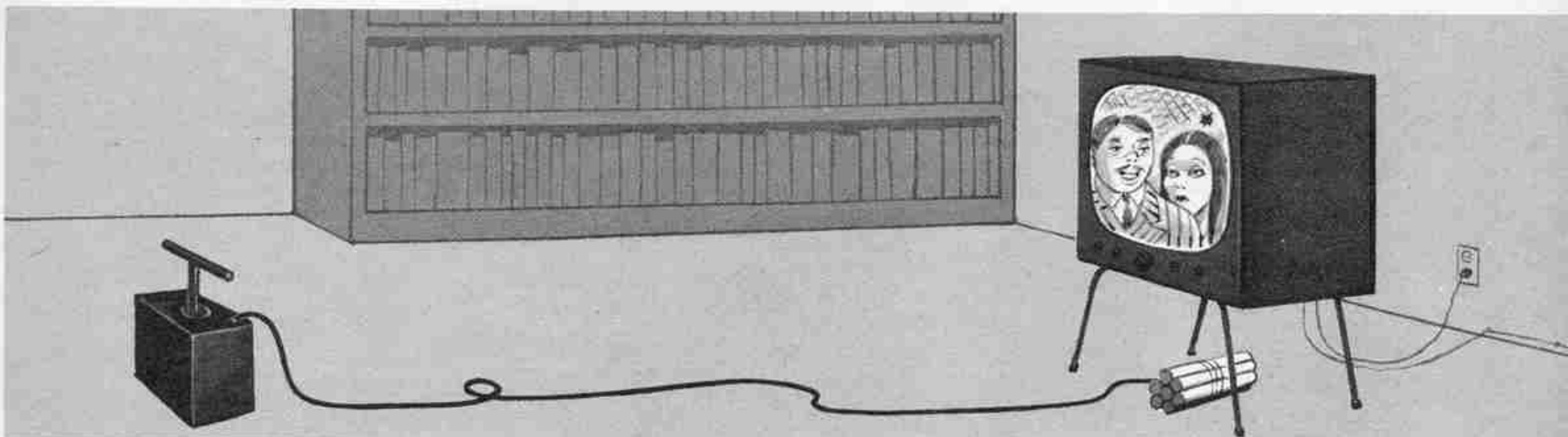
This component is designed for those viewers who prefer not to have their musical interludes marred by repugnant pictures. It automatically closes curtain over TV screen when music comes on, eliminating disgusting views of bad breath, gassy stomachs, etc., so viewer can eat a snack.

STILL PICTURE UNIT



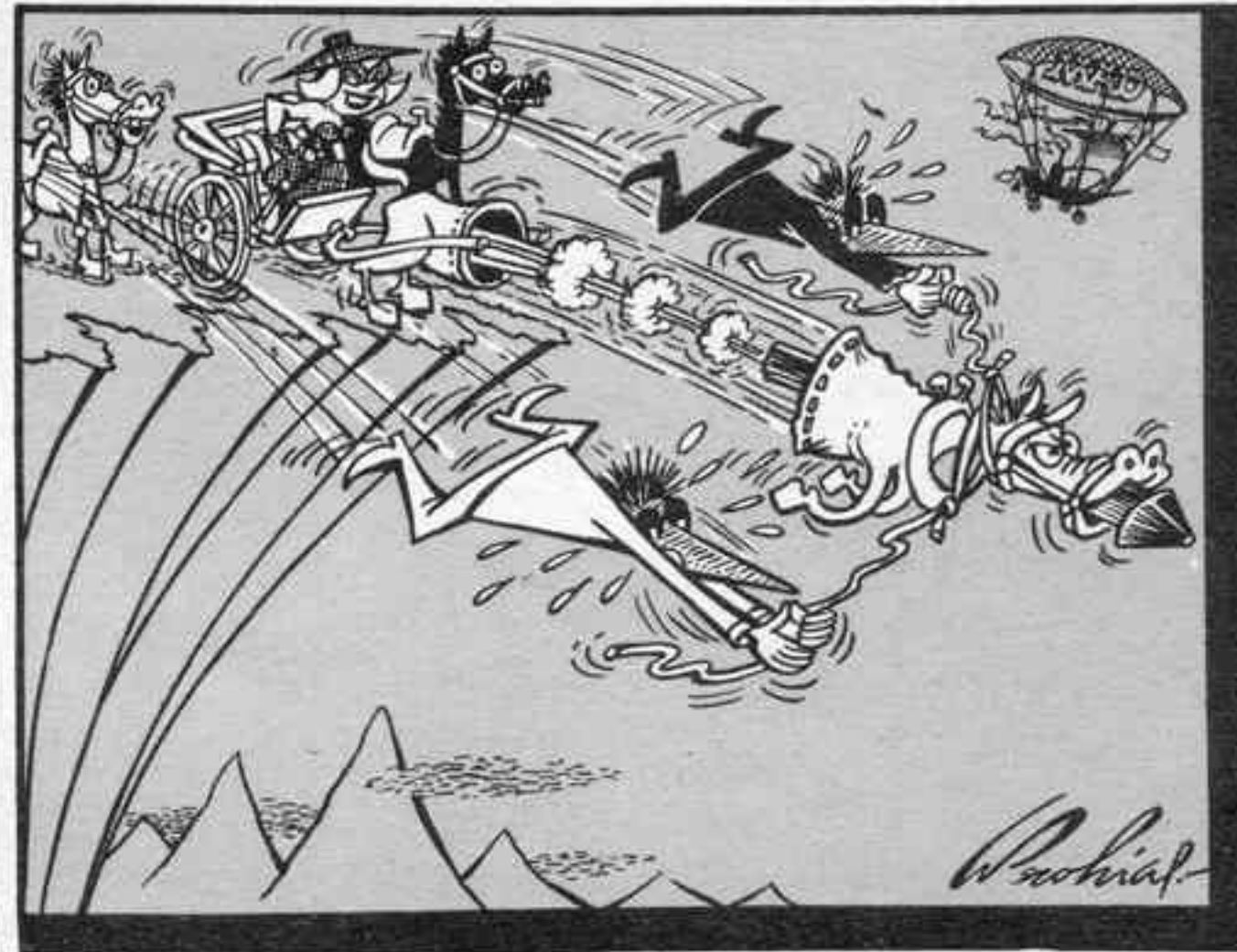
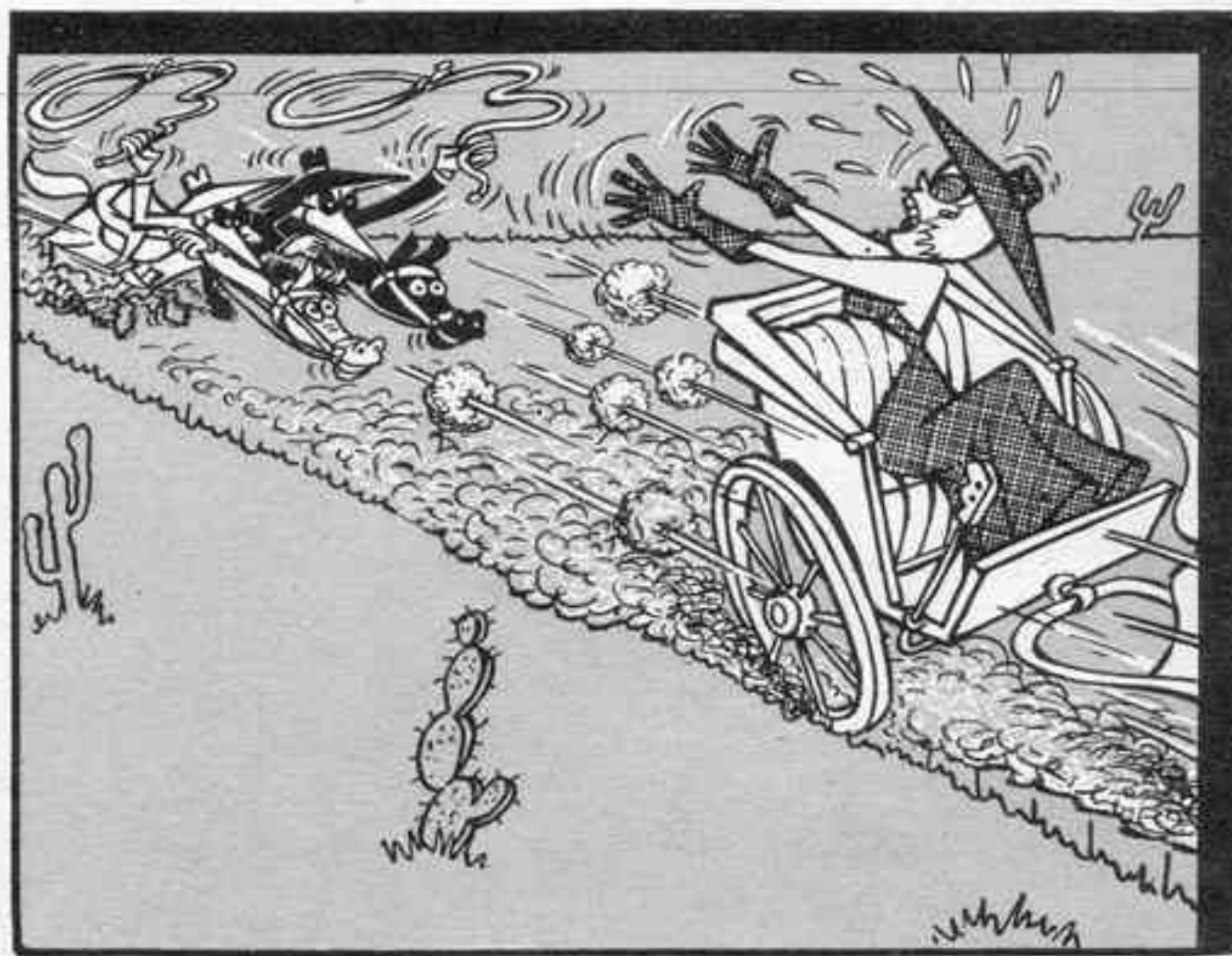
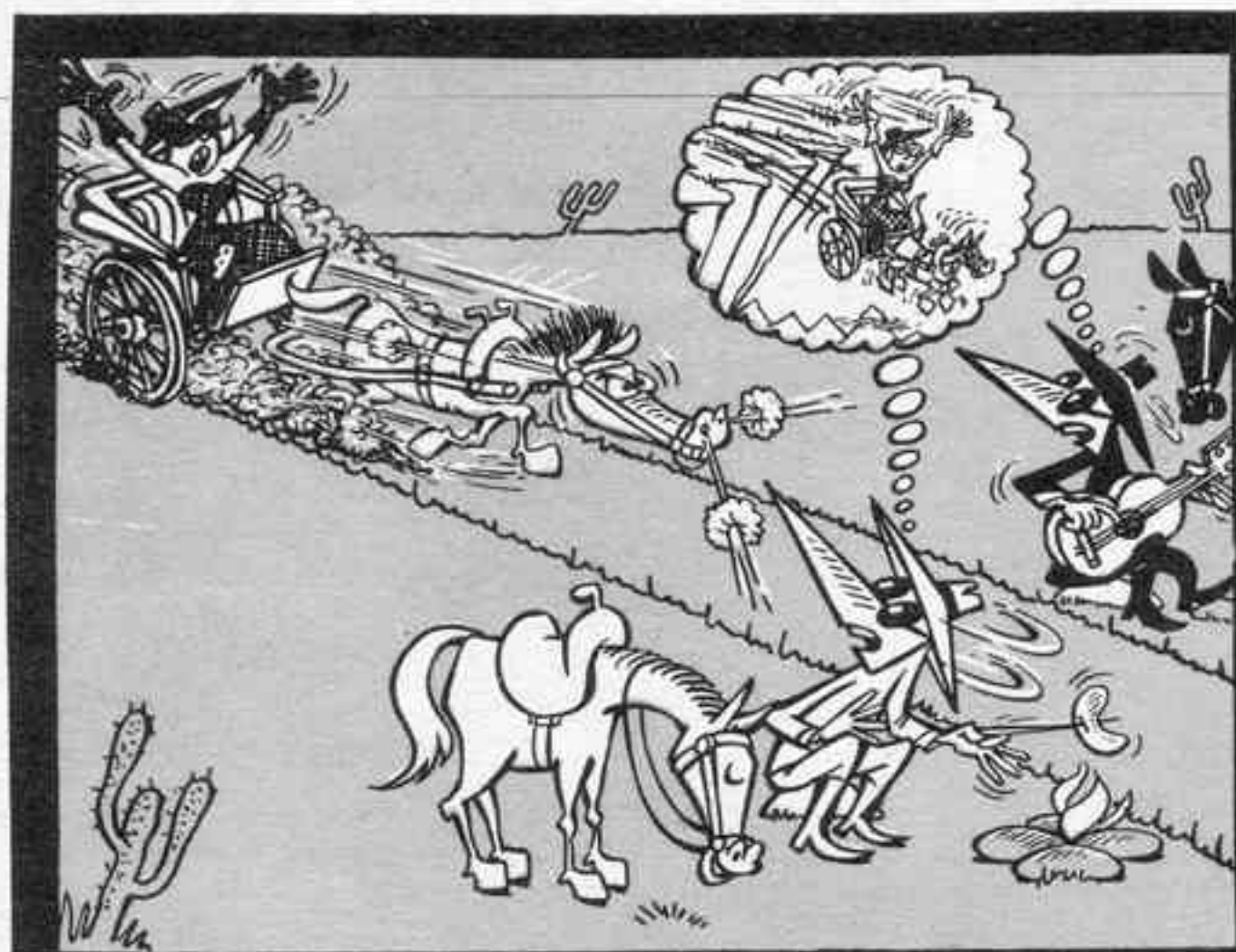
For those viewers who would not be satisfied to stare at a blank curtain while listening to a musical interlude, this component can be added. It automatically unrolls a full-color photo that is both pleasant and inspirational to look at while listening to music and eating a snack.

MOST EFFECTIVE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT POSSIBLE



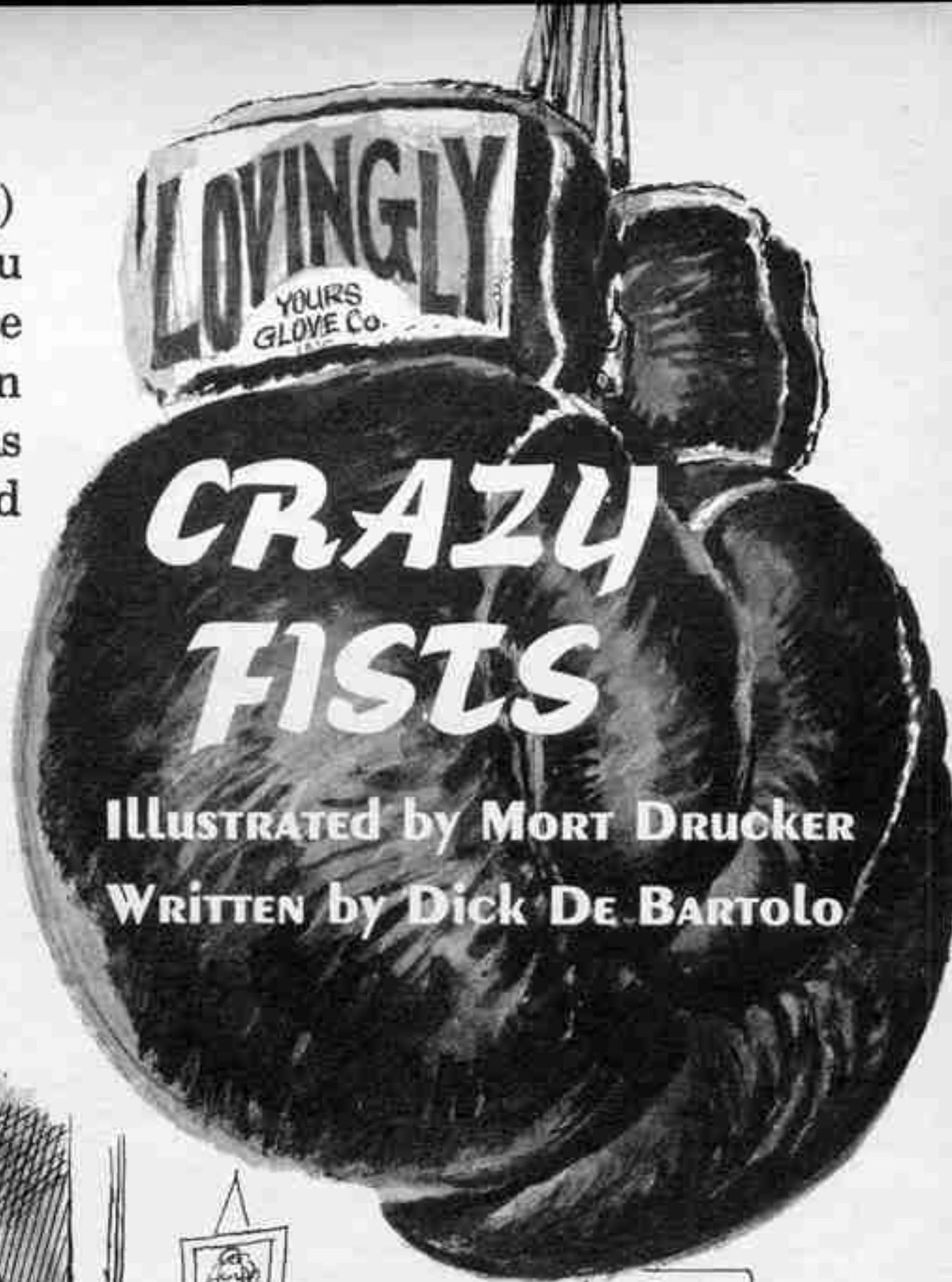
However, after carefully checking out this season's TV offerings, we've come to the conclusion that the programs are just as irritating as the commercials, and that this is the best remote control unit you can use. Now, instead

of exposing yourself to television brain-rot, your mind can be elevated and nurtured by more worthwhile pursuits. Like reading, f'rinstance. And we're not talking about reading this rag, you clod! Try something constructive!



SOCKO B.O. DEPT.

And now, in the tradition of "Flying Ace" (MAD #93) and "Son Of Mighty Joe Kong" (MAD #94) which you all loved . . . er—liked . . . well—*tolerated* . . . MAD once again returns to the era of "Gutsy Movies" when men were men, women were women, and would-be musicians preferred to become Prize Fighters because they had



Frankie! What happened to you?

I was playing Tiddly-Winks—and I lost!

You don't fool me! You been inna fight! Why you get inna fight? You a good boy!

That's **why** I get inna fight! **Because** I'm a good boy! **Nobody** picks on a bad boy! Bad boys know how to use their fists! So I'm gonna learn how to use my fists—an' no girl will ever beat me up again . . . like today!



Frankie, don't talk like that! You break a mother's heart! And you don't exactly do wonders for the liver! You forget about fighting and go upstairs and practice your Ocarina! Someday, you're gonna play in Carnegie Hall! Besides, it'll give us a chance to use that corny old "transition scene"—where we see a little boy playing an Ocarina badly, growing up into a handsome young man, still playing an Ocarina badly!



Ma! MA-A-A-A-A!! Somebody goofed! It's the wrong "Transition Scene"!

Ahh, that's better!
Hey, Ma! Look what
a handsome guy I
grew up into while
playing my Ocarina!

Oh, these "Special Effects" guys
can do anything! Would you believe
it—I'm really Tab Hunter!? But,
NOW where are you going, Frankie?

It's no use, Ma! I've made up my mind! The Ocarina
isn't for me! I've gotta learn how to fight! I got
CRAZY FISTS! I know it doesn't make any sense,
but it's the title of this farce! I'm leavin', Ma!
I'm goin' to the Gym . . . !

No,
you're
NOT,
Frankie!

No son of mine is gonna learn to be
a stumble-bumble fighter—always
hitting people . . .

. . . and punching people! And knocking
people down! How do you think I'd feel
knowing my son is beating up people?

How do you think I feel?
First a girl beats me up,
and now an old lady beats me
up! I'm goin' to the Gym,
Mom—and you can't stop me!

Why should I
stop you? If
I stopped you,
the picture
would end
right here!

Hello, kid! The
fellers in the
neighborhood give
you a going-over?

No—this
my
mother
did!

It's about time you
learned to defend
yourself, kid! But
it'll take money!

I got
money!
I . . . I
hocked
my
Ocarina!

Okay, let's see
where we stand!
Put on these
gloves and spar
a couple of
rounds with
Bruiser Cowalsky
over there . . . !

Gus—why are
you letting a
kid like that
go up against
the Bruiser?

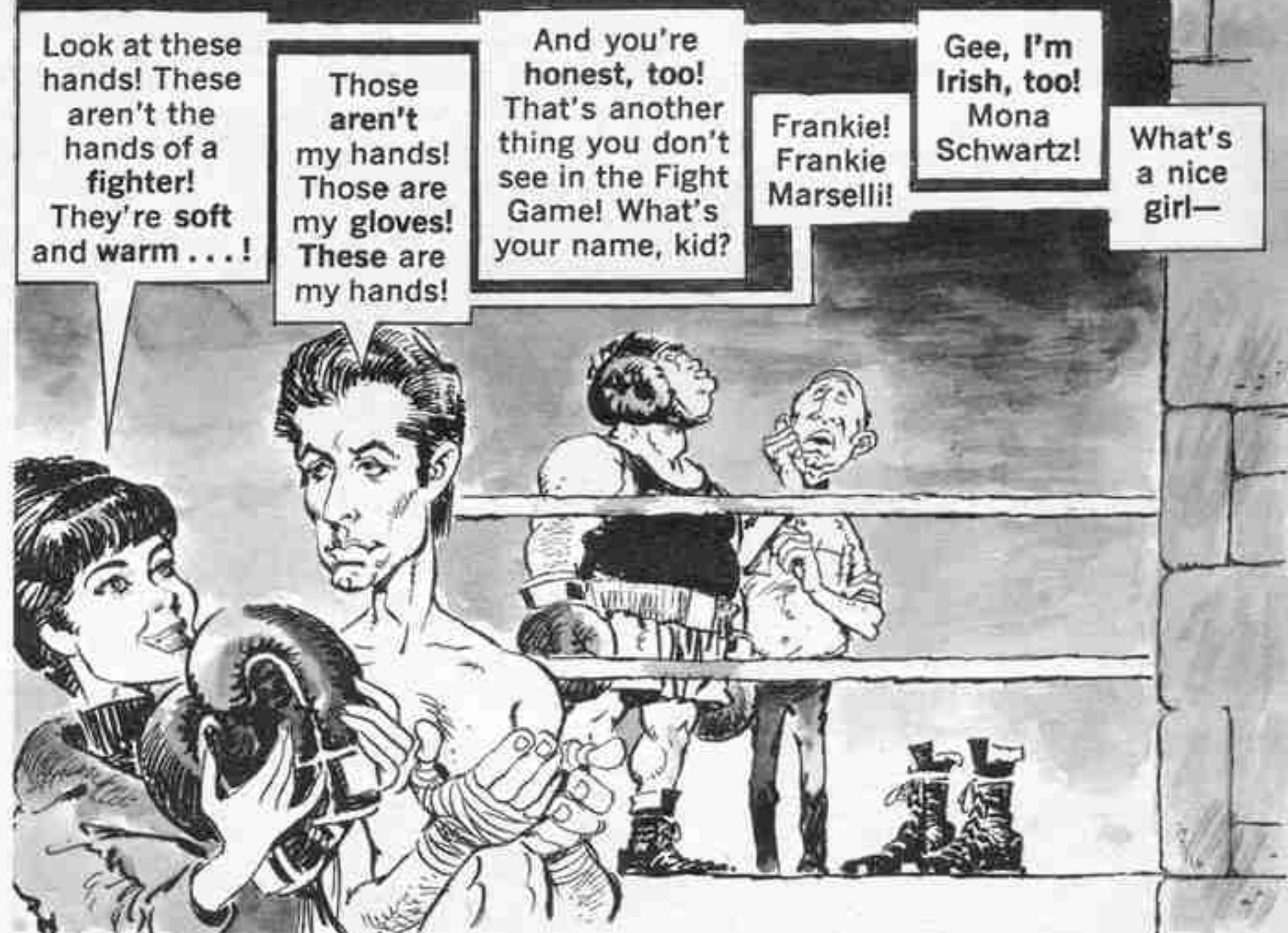
Because it'll give me
a chance to deliver all
them clichés about the
Fight Game being tough
at first—and an up-
hill battle—and a road
paved with hard knocks!



Here . . .
let me
help you,
kid!

No, please!
I don't
like anyone
to see me
when I'm
down!

Down!? You crazy kid!
Do you know what it
took to go up against
Bruiser Cowalsky? It
took guts! Guts and
STUPIDITY!



Look at these
hands! These
aren't the
hands of a
fighter!
They're soft
and warm . . . !

Those
aren't
my hands!
Those are
my gloves!
These are
my hands!

And you're
honest, too!
That's another
thing you don't
see in the Fight
Game! What's
your name, kid?

Frankie!
Frankie
Marselli!

Gee, I'm
Irish, too!
Mona
Schwartz!

What's
a nice
girl—



You're probably
wondering what
a nice girl like
me is doing in a
place like this!

Hey—I
wanted
to say
that
line!

I know!
Anyway—I'm with
The Bugle!



I play
the
Ocarina
myself—

No, silly! The Bugle is
a newspaper! I'm a Cub
Reporter—and when I'm
not writing about baby
bears, I come here . . .

It
seems
strange—

You probably think
it's strange that a
girl would come to
a Training Gym!

If I could only
fight, you wouldn't
be doing all the
good lines!

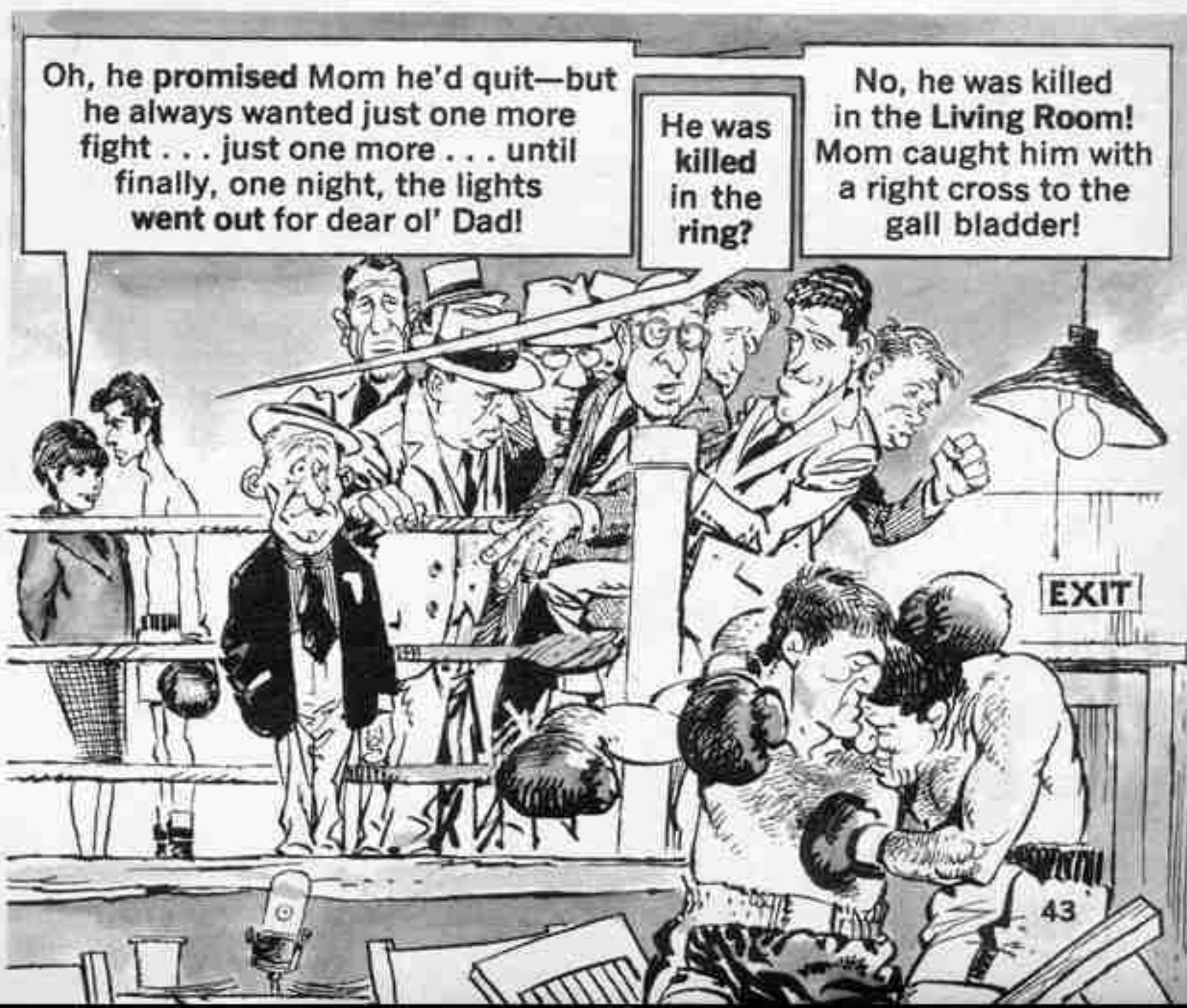


My father was a fighter! You have
no idea what it was like—night
after night—listening to the
audience screaming for blood—
the dull sound of leather hitting
flesh—the crunching of bones . . .
These were the best years of my
life! But my mother hated it!

Then why didn't
your father . . .

You're probably
wondering why my
father didn't quit!

Aw—c'mon, already!



Oh, he promised Mom he'd quit—but
he always wanted just one more
fight . . . just one more . . . until
finally, one night, the lights
went out for dear ol' Dad!

He was
killed
in the
ring?

No, he was killed
in the Living Room!
Mom caught him with
a right cross to the
gall bladder!

EXIT

But now—
let's talk
about you!

It's
about
time!

Get out of the Fight
Game—before it's
too late, Frankie!

But I've only
been in it for
twenty minutes!

Don't let the fight
game—with all of its
corruption and
gambling and crime
and athlete's foot
claim another victim.
Frankie . . .

It's no use, Mona!
I'm going through
with it and no one
can stop me!

Why should we stop
you? If we stopped
you, we wouldn't get
to see those typical
scenes of the "Young
Fighter In Training"—



That's what you
get for showing
off in those
last four panels!

Hey,
kid!
C'mere!

Careful, Frankie! That's Blackie
Finster—head of the Underworld
Prize Fight Syndicate . . .

I jus' seen you
fight, kid! You
got talent! I
wanna buy a
piece of you!

Which piece do you want?
I can let you have a
ruptured spleen cheap?
How about a crushed
pancreas? A busted nose?
A cauliflower ear . . . ?

Cut out the
clowning, kid!
I'm offering
you a fortune!

Don't do it,
son! Don't
break a
mother's
heart!



And your Mother will get \$1000 a week while you're under contract to me!

Do you think you can mend a broken heart with \$1000 a week? Why it wouldn't even begin to mend for less than \$1500 . . . !

Okay! It's a deal! \$1500 a week!

It's a deal on one condition, Mr. Finster!

You name it, kid!

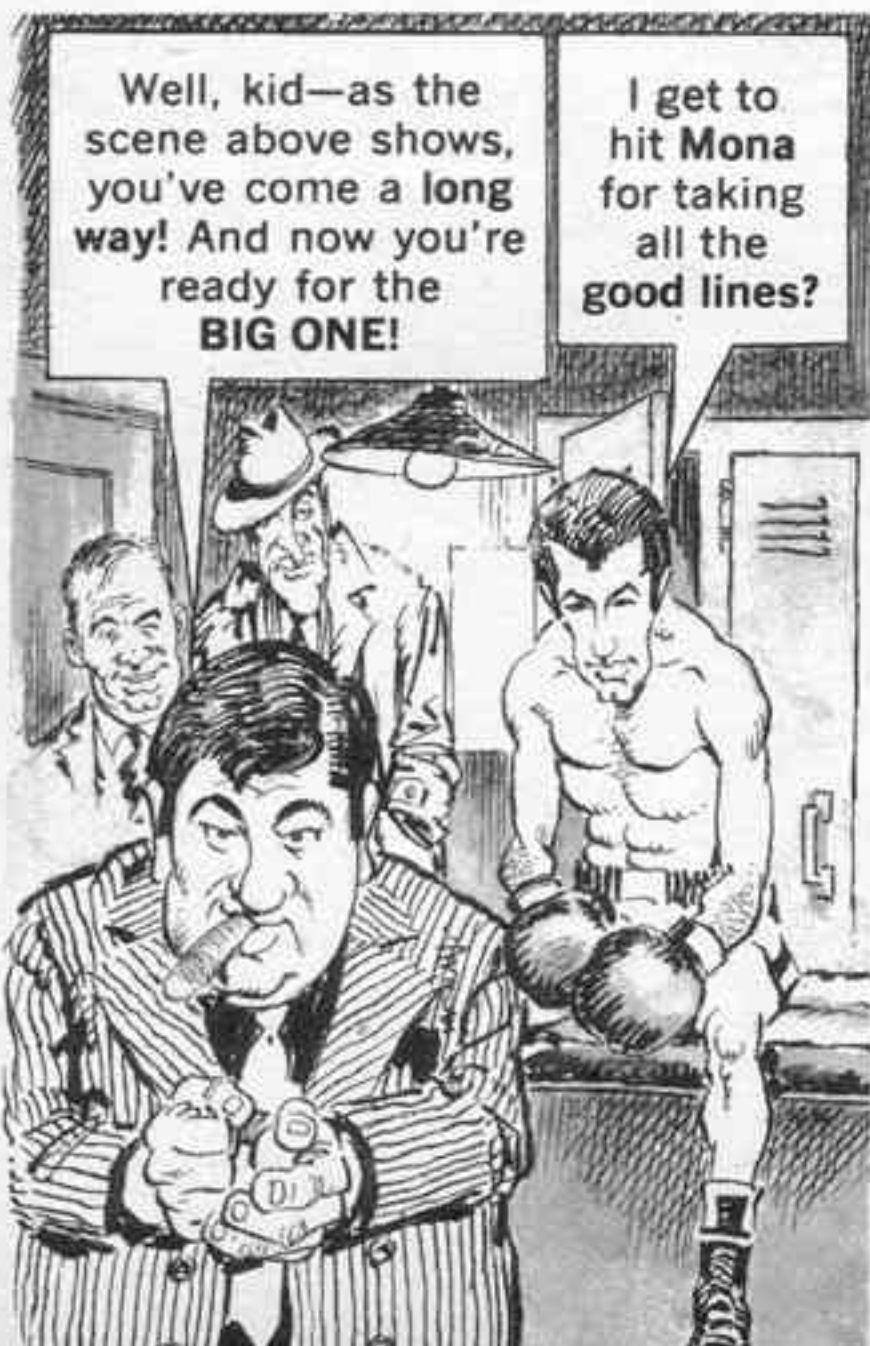
Now we show the typical montage sequence of me fighting my way up to a crack at the title!



. . . Los Angeles, 12—Mets, 2! And here's a flash! Frankie "The Kid" has just knocked out Lew Eskin in the second round!

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! FRANKIE "THE KID" FLATTENS ROCKY MOZZARELLA IN THE FIRST ROUND! GREEN HORNET STILL AT LARGE . . .

. . . and in the shortest bout in ring history, Frankie "The Kid" has KO'd Red Muggendorf during the Referee's instructions . . .



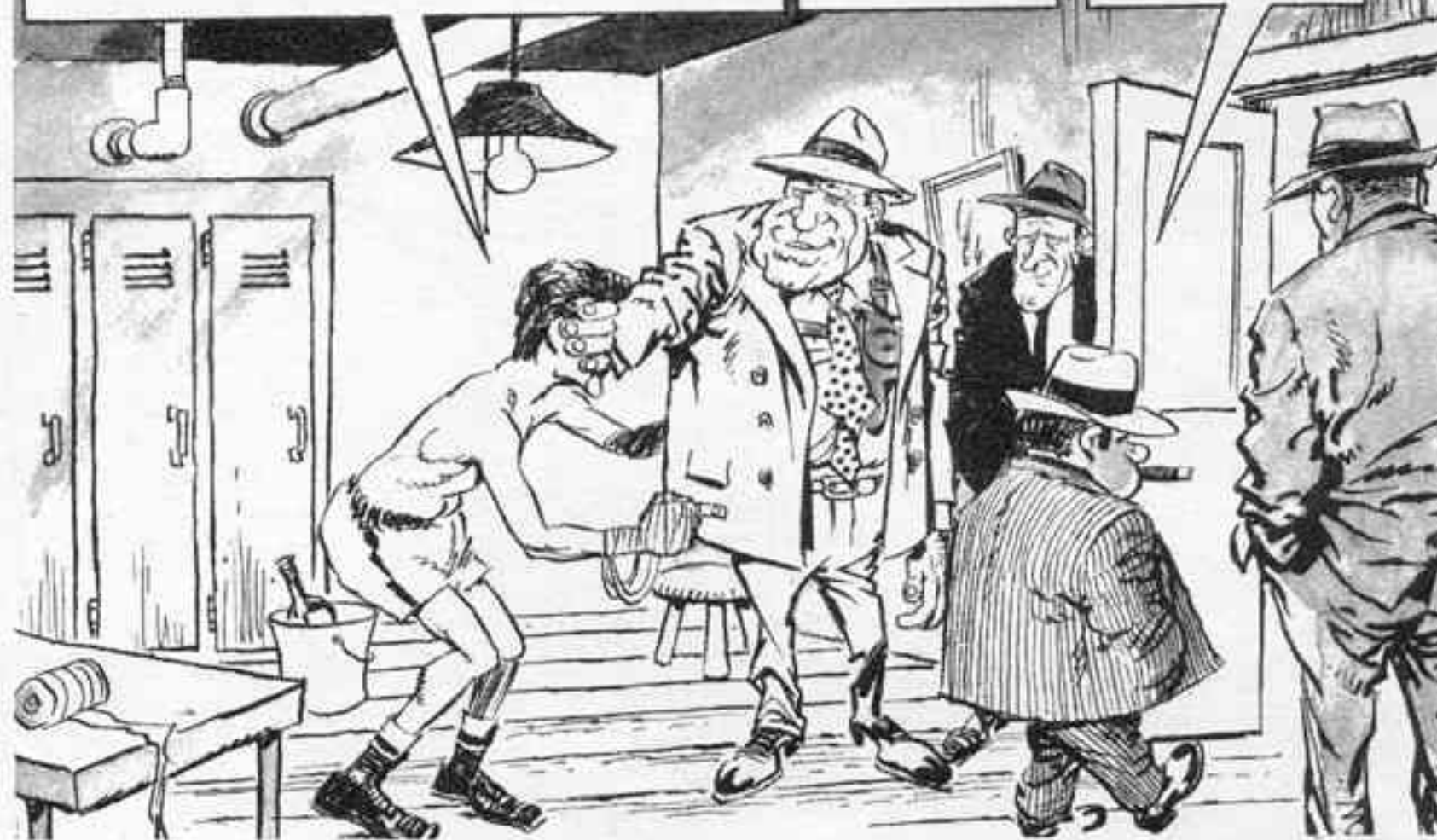
Me!? LOSE?
That's
RIDICULOUS!

Me and the boys have six hundred
grand bet on the fight—and it says
you're gonna lose!

Just one minute, Finster! I've
lied and cheated for you! I've beaten
up innocent people for you! I've signed
phony contracts for you! I've even paid
my Mom her \$1500 in your syndicate's
counterfeit money for you!

But . . .
losing
a fight
on purpose?
That's
dishonest!

Don't cross
me, Frankie!
You lose
that fight—
OR ELSE!
So long, kid!



I couldn't help overhearing the conversation,
Frankie! I was standing outside with my ear
to the keyhole . . .

What am I
gonna do,
Mona?

Could you ever
look at yourself
in a mirror again
if you threw
that fight, kid?

Gee,
no!

Then you'll either
have to play it
fair . . . or stop
shaving!

Think it over
as we fade out
and into the big
Ringside scene!

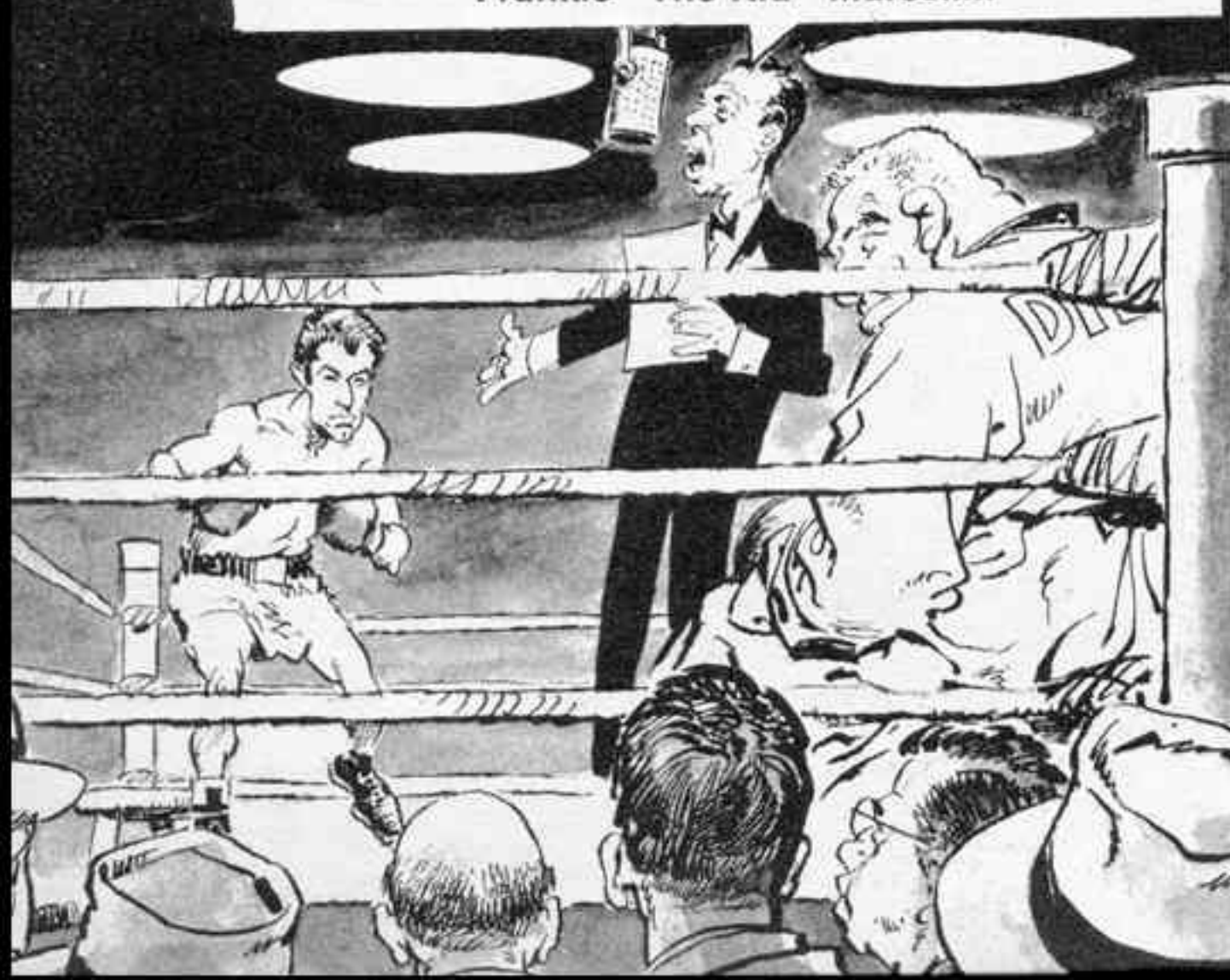
JUST GET ME A
REMATCH AND I'LL
SLAUGHTER YA!

I KEEP TELLIN'
YA -- YOU'RE NOT
TRAININ' ENOUGH!



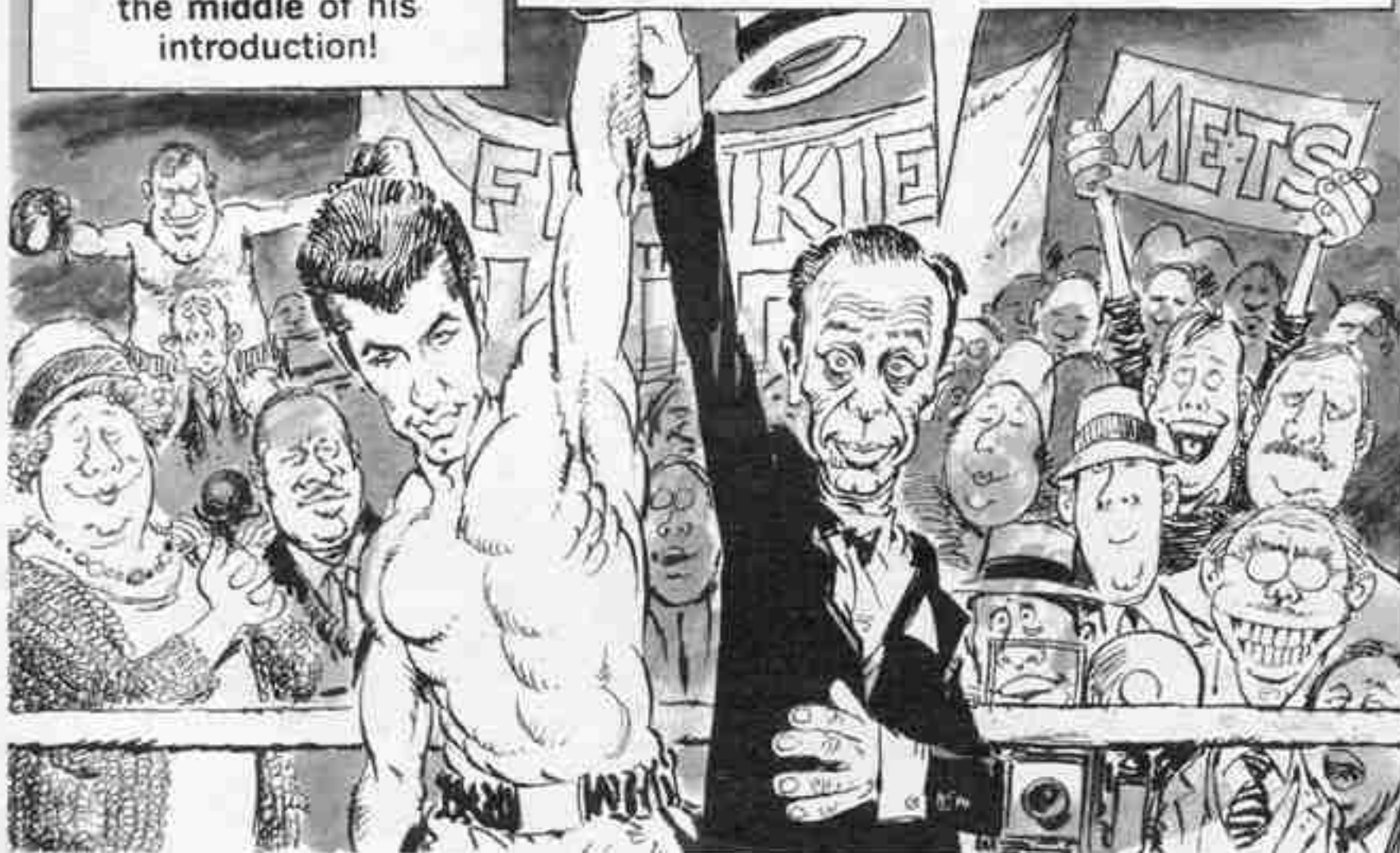
And in this corner . . . the up-and-coming contender
who has pulled so many surprises in the fight ring:
Frankie "The Kid" Marselli!!

And in this corner . . . the current champ—OOPS!



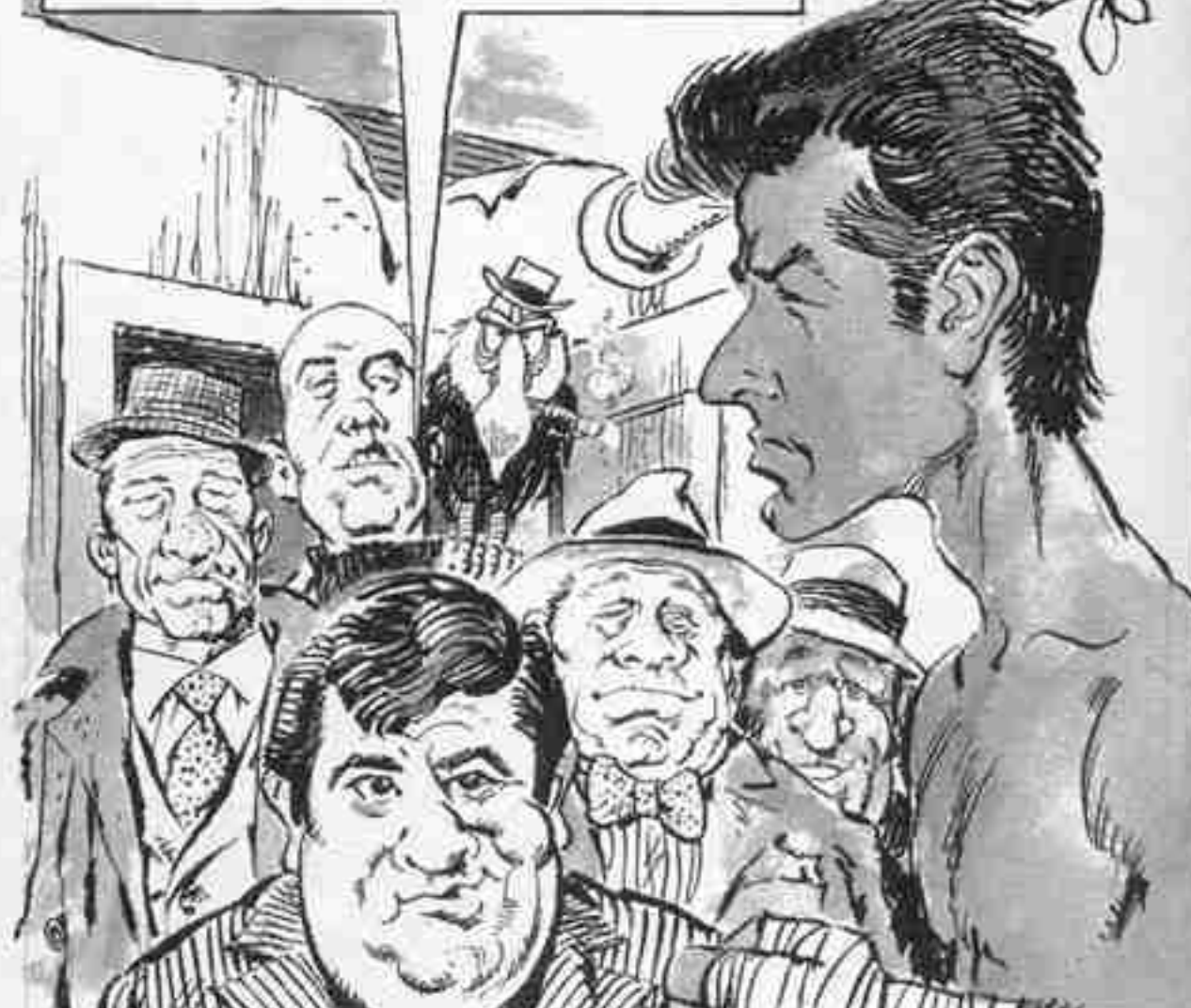
Well, he did it again, Folks! A surprise punch where "Detestible" least expected it! Right in the middle of his introduction!

The win-nah, and new cham-peen—Frankie "The Kid" . . . and folks, please cheer loud and long so we can move our cameras back into Frankie's dressing room for the big final scene!



You crossed me, Frankie! Now I'm gonna fix you good! You'll never play the Ocarina again! Okay, boys, **BREAK HIS LIPS!!**

Oh, yeah?



I'll help you, Frankie!

And I'll help you too, Frankie! You know how I can't stand fighting! If God wanted man to fight, he would have given him clubs instead of hands . . . !



Mamma . . . Mona . . . I've had enough! I'm quitting the Fight Game!

That's music to my ears, son . . . and speaking of music—

My old Ocarina! Gee, thanks, Ma! And Mona—I was wondering . . .



You're probably wondering about asking me to marry you!

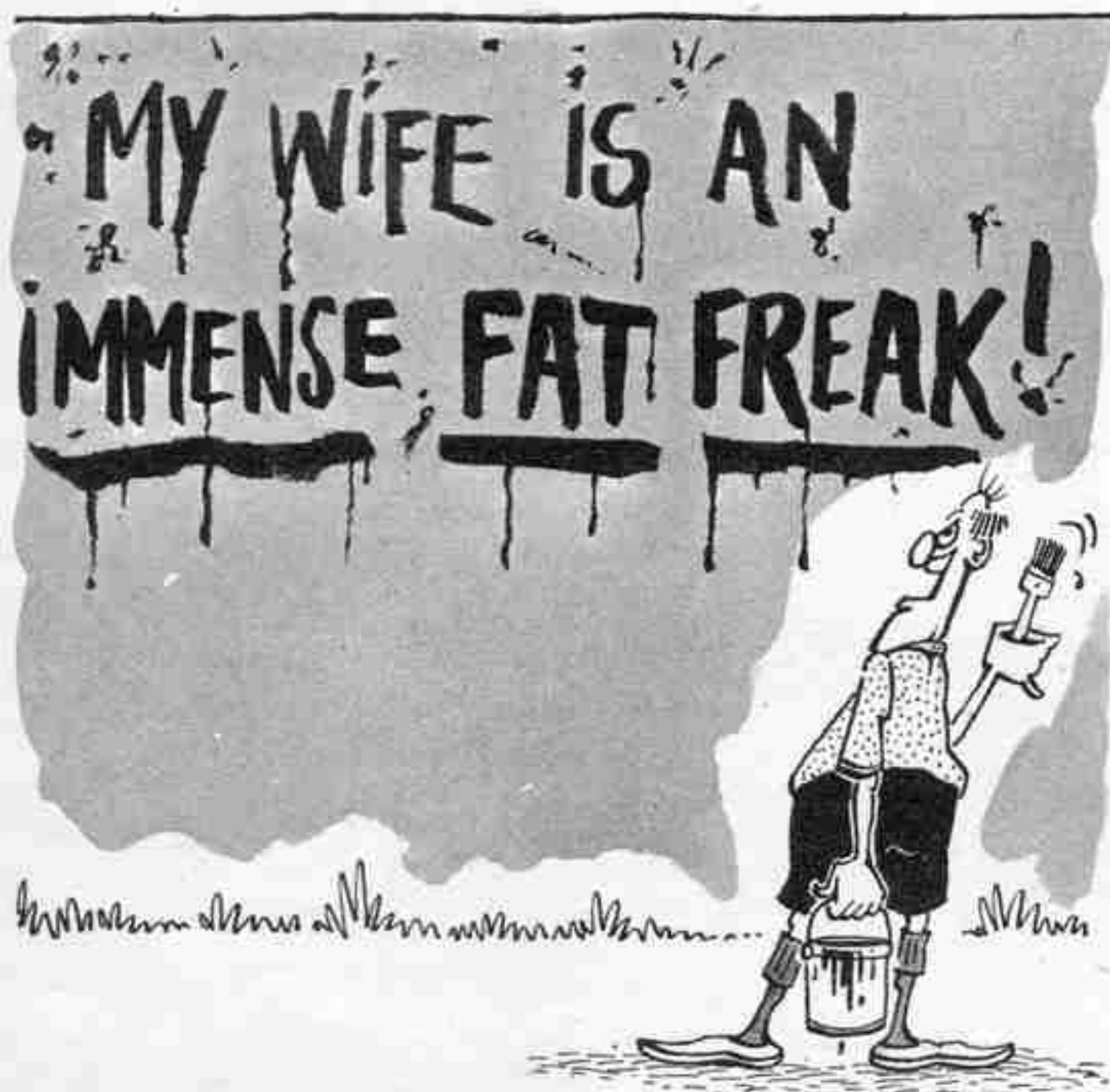
Yes, but first—



My son, the Ocarina Player!!



THE INDIGNANT HUSBAND



WE TAKE A STAND ON THE EXTREME RIGHT WITH THIS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Super-Patriotic Groups throughout our land are warning us that America is doomed unless we take drastic measures to preserve our freedom now—before it is too late. If you fold in the page as shown (right), you will discover...



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

THE HARVEST WE SHALL REAP FROM THE SUPER-PATRIOTS' METHODS OF EXPOSING "COMMUNIST PLOTTERS" IN AMERICA

A→

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

←B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE SUPER-PATRIOTS SEE "COMMUNISM" AS AN EVIL DANGEROUS TREND OF LIBERAL THINKERS AND BLEEDING HEARTS. THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY AS WE KNOW IS A GROUP OF "100% AMERICANS", TRYING TO DO THEIR BIT!

Artist and Writer:
AL JAFFEE

A→

←B

Let's

Kill off

RIDICULOUS AD CAMPAIGNS

Before Our Minds Go SNAP! CRACKLE & OOM-PAH-POP!

If you advertisers have to blow your own horns, why tie your products to unrelated activities? Mainly, what's eating a Breakfast Cereal got to do with playing a musical instrument. Boy... we just can't swallow that!

"Nuts to you each morning"

