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COLLECTOR'S SERIES #4

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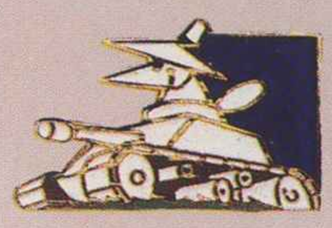

A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before *we cast these pins!*

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off **by hand!**

Each Pin is cast in Space-Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things)!

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

An Important Reminder! Each Official MAD Pin is so valuable it will be personally delivered to your home by an official United States Government Employee, dressed like a mailman!

This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

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☐ **I enclose $33.75 for a 24-Issue Subscription. I'll save $8.25 off newsstand price and get the official MAD Logo Pin absolutely free!**

☐ **I enclose $13.75 for an 8-Issue Subscription. I'll save a paltry 25¢ off newsstand price and get to look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't send me any!**

☐ **CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL**

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ADDRESS _____

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Our Pledge: MAD will not sell or give your name and address to anyone for any reason!

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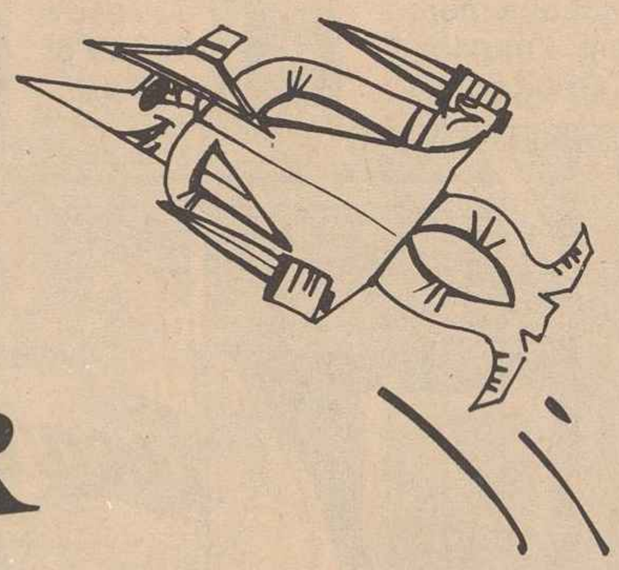
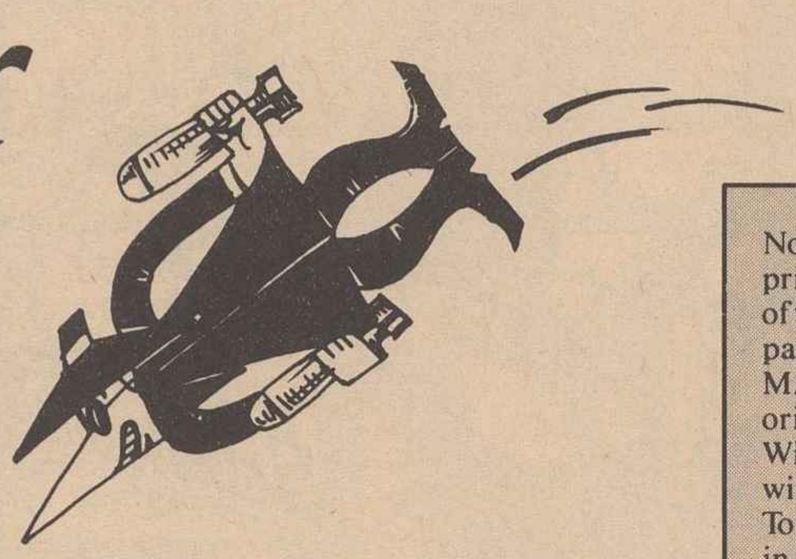
MAD COLLECTOR'S SERIES NO. 4

SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER EIGHTY-FIVE



JANUARY 1993



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**Various Places Around the Magazine

Now's it's time to play "MAD Jackpotrzebie"! If the number printed in the upper righthand corner of this copy matches one of the randomly selected numbers published on the letters page of MAD #313, you win a free one-year subscription to MAD! (We know, Big Deal!) To claim your prize, send the original Collector's Series cover (no photocopies) to: MAD Winner's Circle, 485 MADison Ave., New York, NY 10022. The winning numbers for Collector's Series #3 are reprinted below. To better your chances of winning, don't check your numbers in the dark!

Here are the Winning Numbers for MAD Collector's Series #3

0,008,280	0,228,499	0,553,695	0,709,948
0,045,390	0,237,835	0,567,284	0,758,573
0,056,516	0,272,261	0,581,494	0,761,782
0,061,528	0,291,255	0,596,983	0,774,310
0,109,129	0,297,030	0,616,159	0,792,179
0,117,264	0,298,502	0,633,402	0,800,887
0,129,199	0,352,434	0,640,135	0,812,744
0,143,726	0,396,895	0,662,103	0,832,158
0,145,130	0,398,150	0,663,512	0,844,415
0,159,970	0,434,622	0,673,702	0,848,265
0,179,711	0,441,130	0,701,563	0,866,966
0,206,408	0,500,000	0,708,654	0,907,124
	0,926,757	0,990,111	

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the usual gang of idiots

FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

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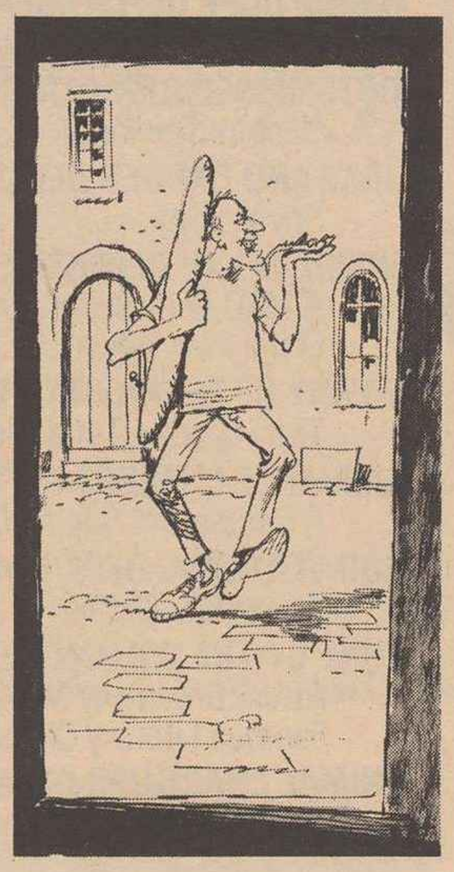
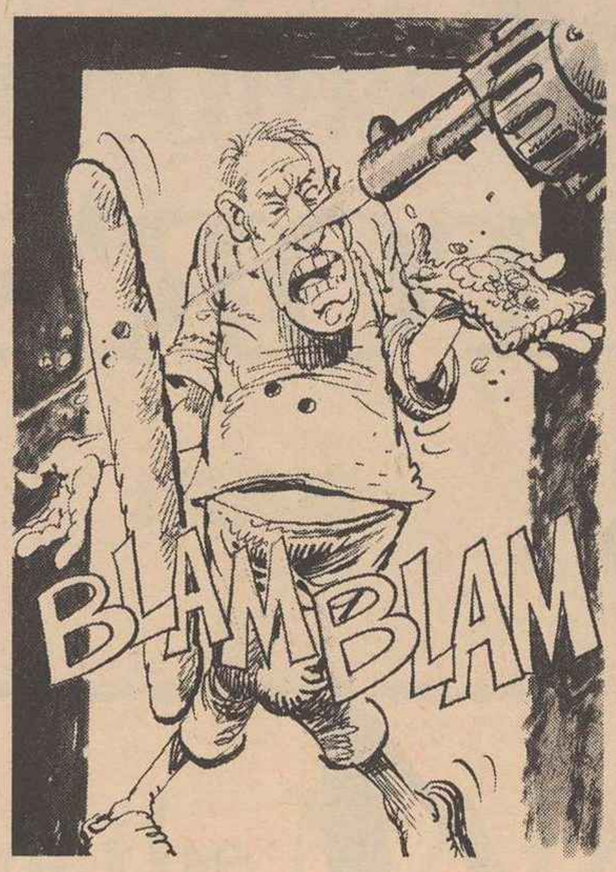
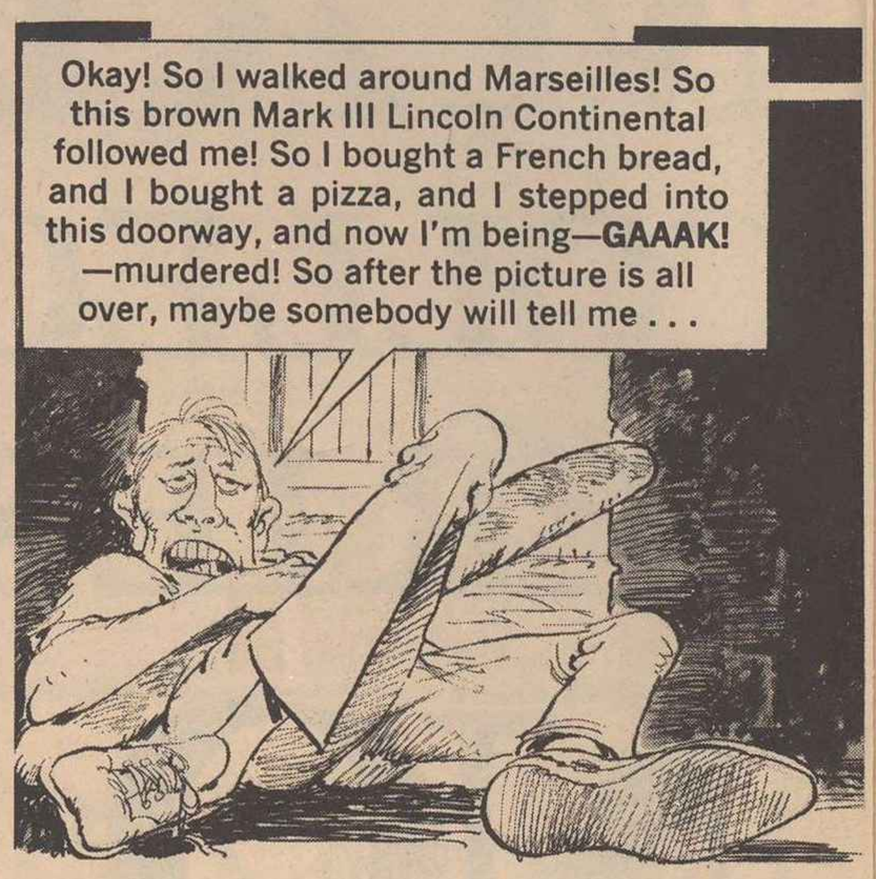
INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:







Hey, kid, tell me! Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Well, I used to . . . until you started showing up around here—in **JULY!!**

An' I never saw Santa wearing a **gun** before! I think you're a **cop!!**

Well, I'm **NOT,** you little brat! And if you say that one more time, I'm gonna **arrest** you!

I'll have a Frank with sauerkraut . . . and a bottle of Pepsi!

I don't **have** any Franks . . . sauerkraut . . . **OR** bottles of Pepsi!

Then what's in the cart?

DISGUISES!! Now . . . **beat it!!**

HOTEL

SOUL FOOD HOUSE

CHICKEN

BAR

SESAME ST. BAR

LOANS

CREDIT Co.

I WILL NOT TRADE WITH RED CHINA

PTC POST THEATRE COMPANY

DRINK Coca-Cola

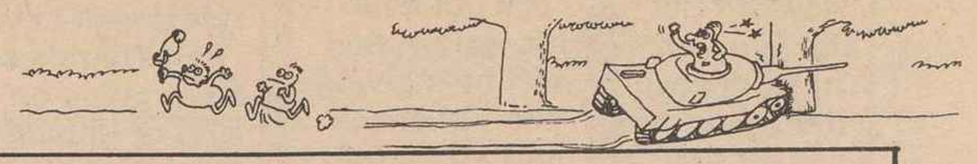
BEER

CHOPPED LIVER 25¢

QUALITY SauerKraut

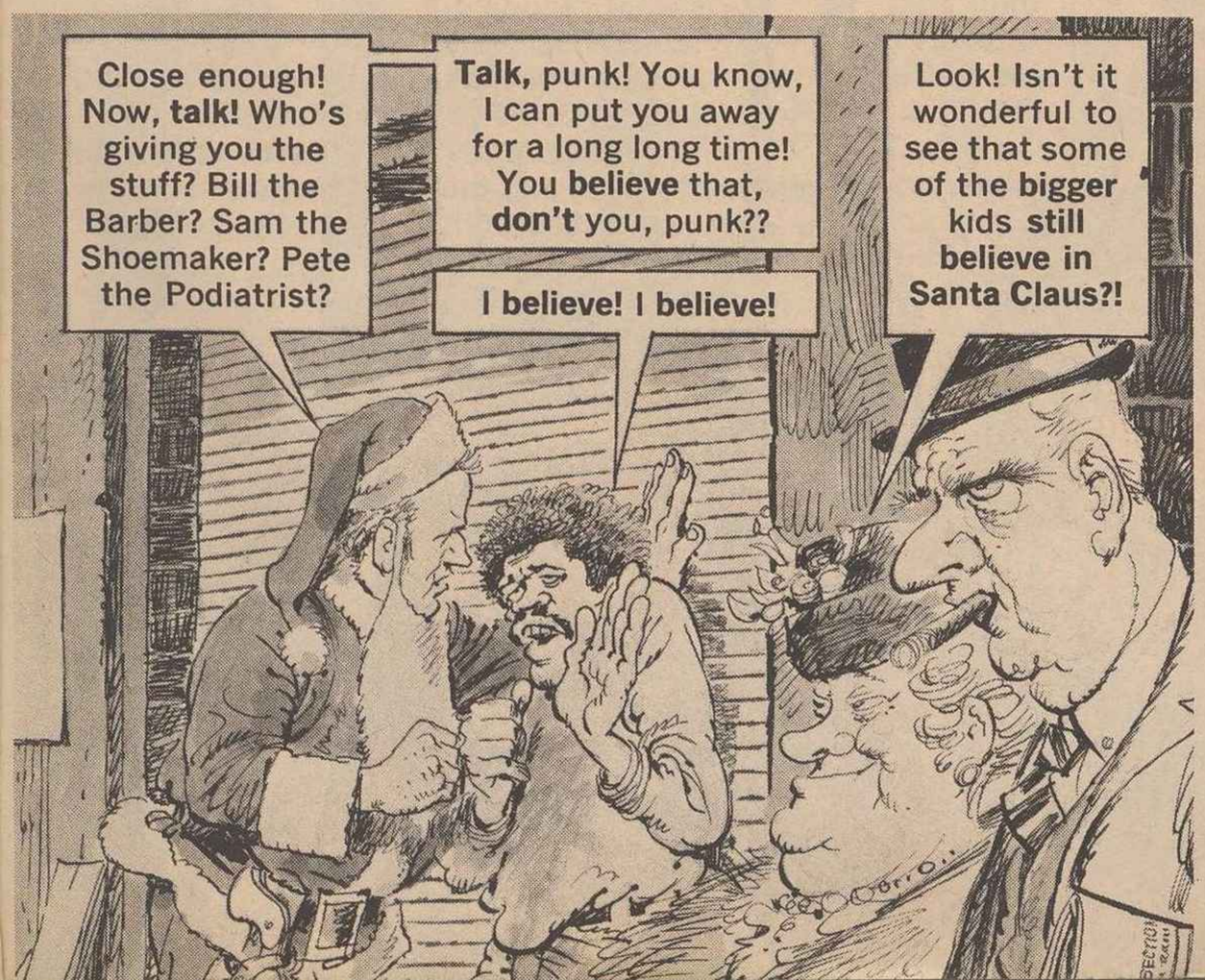
PEPSI

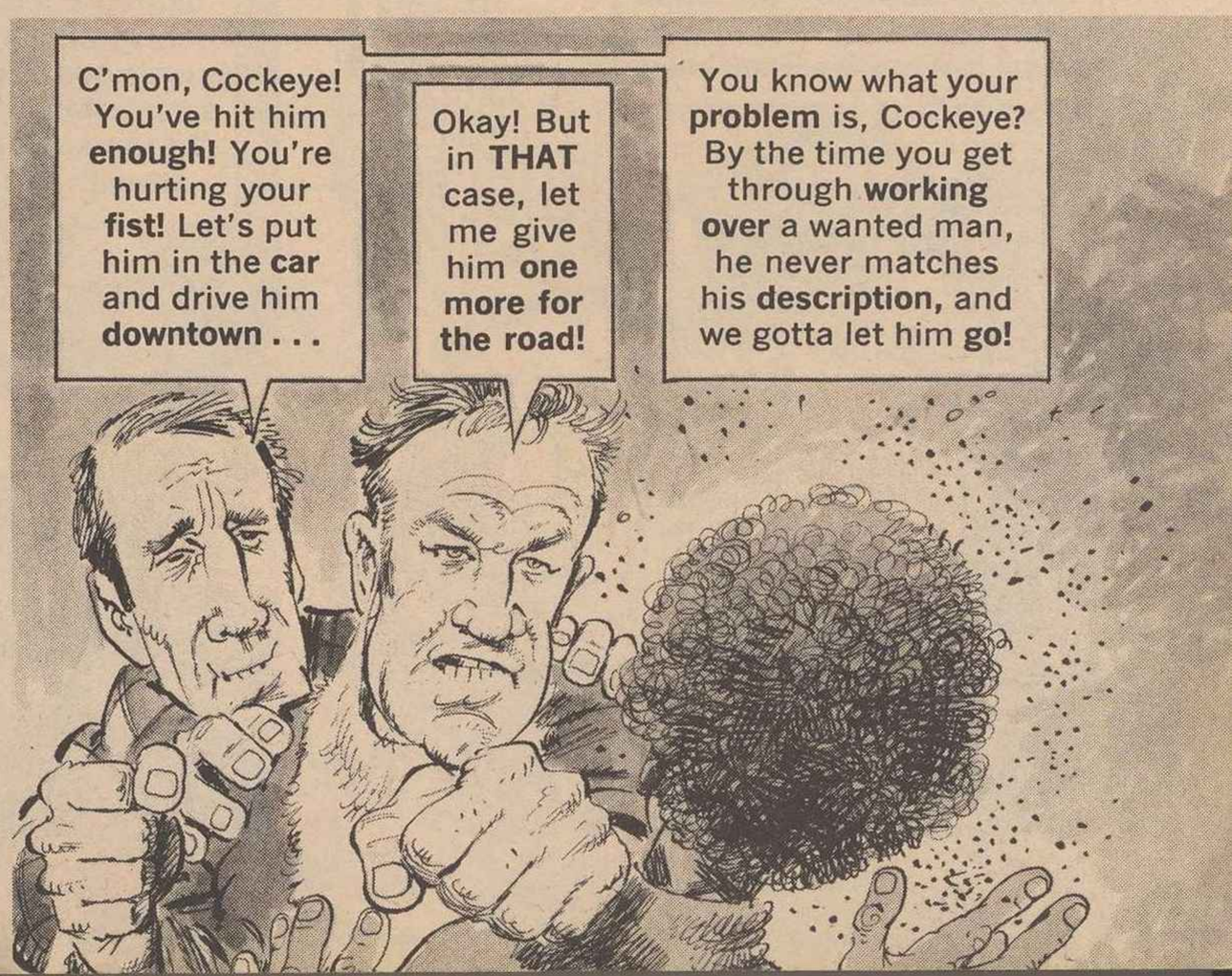
HOT FRANKS 35¢



WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Hey, Birdie! Did you **see?** That guy gave the waiter a **$100 tip!**

It's not even **his waiter!** And now he's giving the hat-check girl a **$50 tip!**

Well? What's so unusual about **that?**

Well? What's so unusual about **that?**

He doesn't even have a **hat!** There's something **fishy** going on here! That kind of tipping makes me **suspicious!** And the fact that they're all wearing **GUNS** doesn't **help!** C'mon! Let's follow 'em!

Cockeye, the **last** time we followed someone, we **stayed up** for **3 days and 3 nights,** went **48 hours without food,** and **accidentally killed a Federal Agent!**

Well . . . I can't promise it will be as much fun as **THAT—** but let's give it a whirl!

Gee, Cockeye, you're doing a **great job** of staying right on their **tail!**

No problem, Birdie! I tied our **bumpers** together!

But don't you think they'll get a **little suspicious—** seeing the **same car** behind them five hours in a row—especially in **deserted Brooklyn?!?**

Naw! I keep changing my **expression** and they think I'm **someone different** each time they look!

Hey! The guy drives a **Caddy,** his girl is loaded down with **expensive clothes** and **jewelry,** and they come home to a **dumpy little Candy Store** like **that!** What do you **think,** Cockeye?

I think that Candy Store is a **GOLD MINE!** We should open one **right across the street** and steal his **customers!**

I'm going to **New York!**

I bought you a **new camera!**

I bought you a **new coat!**

That's **great!** Now **tell** me, what's the **connection?**

I got the scoop on those **Candy Store sweeties!** His name is **Salvatore Giuseppe Bocciballo,** and his wife's name is **Angelina Bocciballo!**

Oh, they're **Italians?**

No, **Wops!**

Wasn't this a **great idea** of mine? I figured Bocciballo was getting a little suspicious of seeing a **car** behind him all the time, so I came up with **this . . .**

Yeah, but don't you think that **sitting in his BACK SEAT** is a little **dangerous?**

Not so **loud!** He'll **hear** you! Now this is what I found out so far! Bocciballo and his wife make about **$7000 a year** from the Candy Store . . . and they spend **$80,000!**

Boy, I wish **MY** wife could **stretch a buck** like **that!**

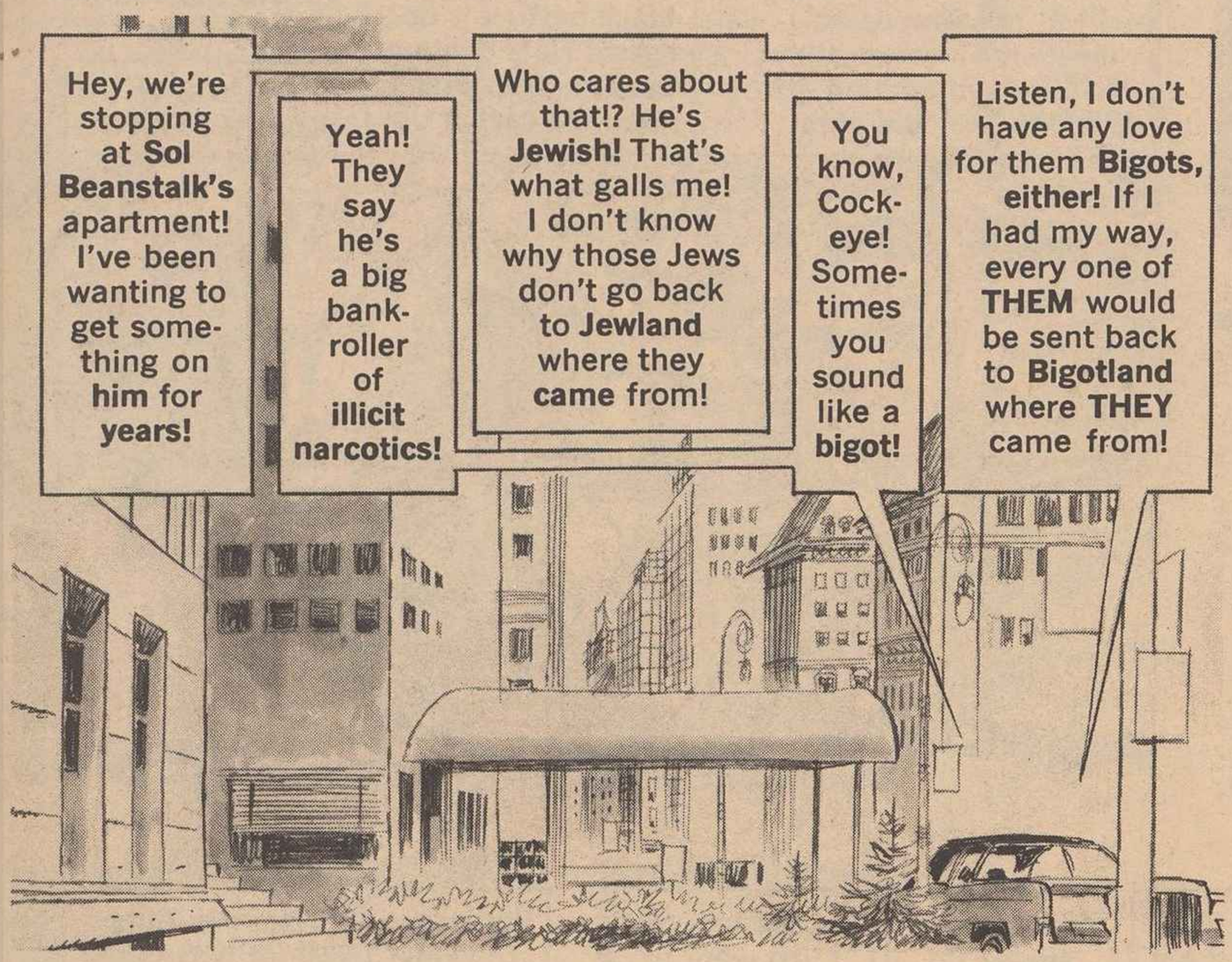
Hey, we're stopping at **Sol Beanstalk's** apartment! I've been wanting to get something on **him** for **years!**

Yeah! They say he's a big bankroller of **illicit narcotics!**

Who cares about that!? He's **Jewish!** That's what galls me! I don't know why those Jews don't go back to **Jewland** where they **came** from!

You know, Cockeye! Sometimes you sound like a **bigot!**

Listen, I don't have any love for them **Bigots, either!** If I had my way, every one of **THEM** would be sent back to **Bigotland** where **THEY** came from!



And what is the purpose of your visit to **America,** Mr. Dapperbeaux?

I have come from France to drive my custom-built **Mark III Lincoln Continental** into **Brooklyn** where I will park it in the **worst run-down section of the waterfront!**

Yes, but what's the **connection??**

Gee, I was hoping **YOU** guys would know?

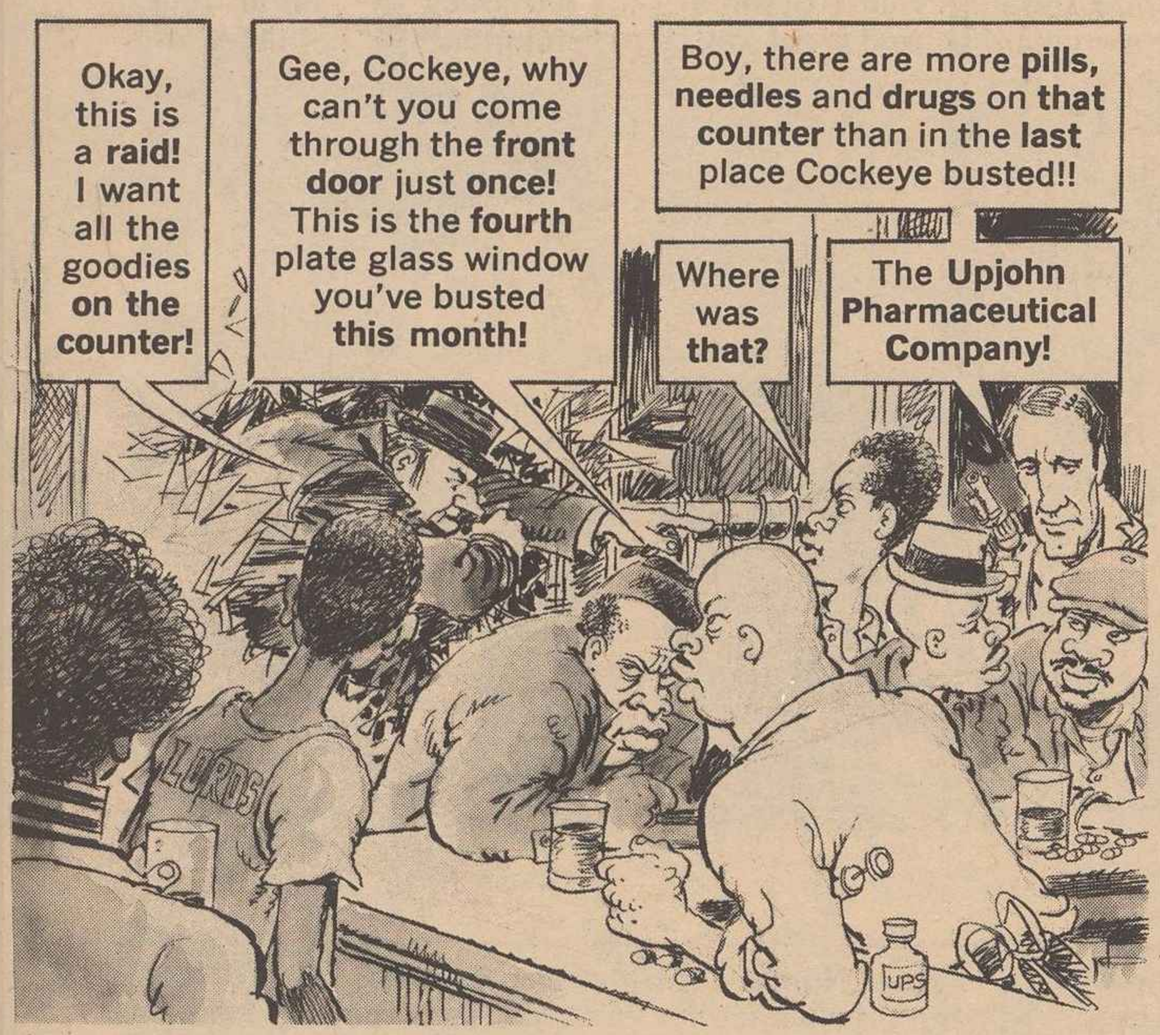
Okay, this is a **raid!** I want all the goodies **on the counter!**

Gee, Cockeye, why can't you come through the **front door** just **once!** This is the **fourth** plate glass window you've busted **this month!**

Boy, there are more **pills, needles** and **drugs** on **that counter** than in the **last** place Cockeye busted!!

Where was **that?**

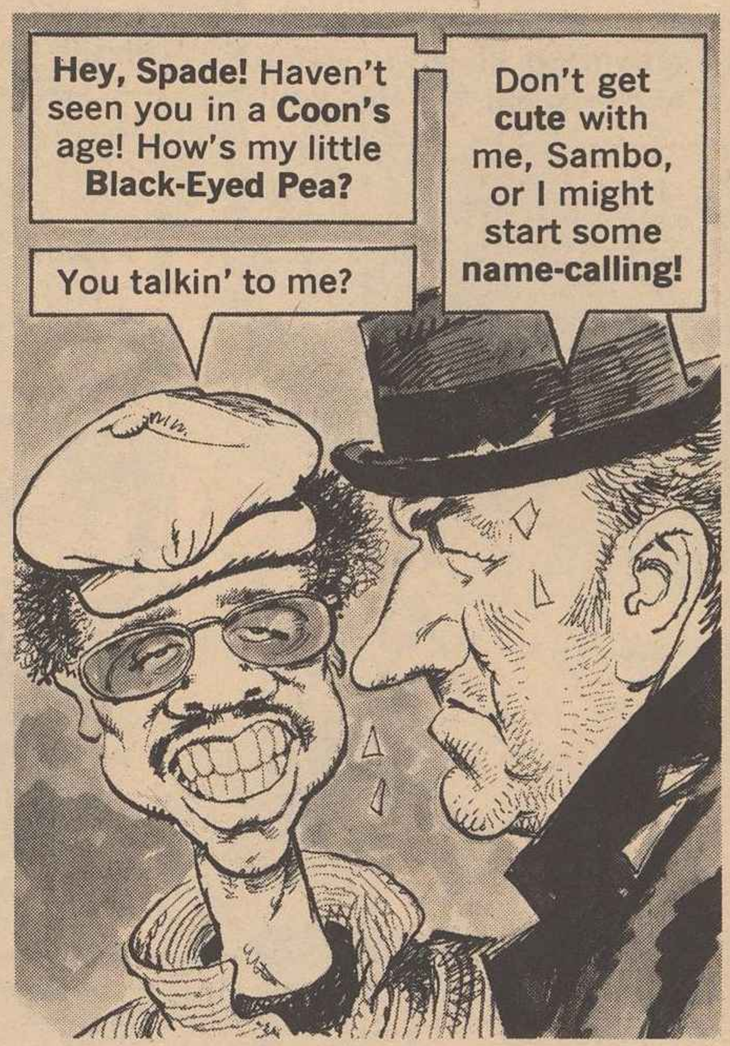
The **Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company!**



Hey, Spade! Haven't seen you in a **Coon's** age! How's my little **Black-Eyed Pea?**

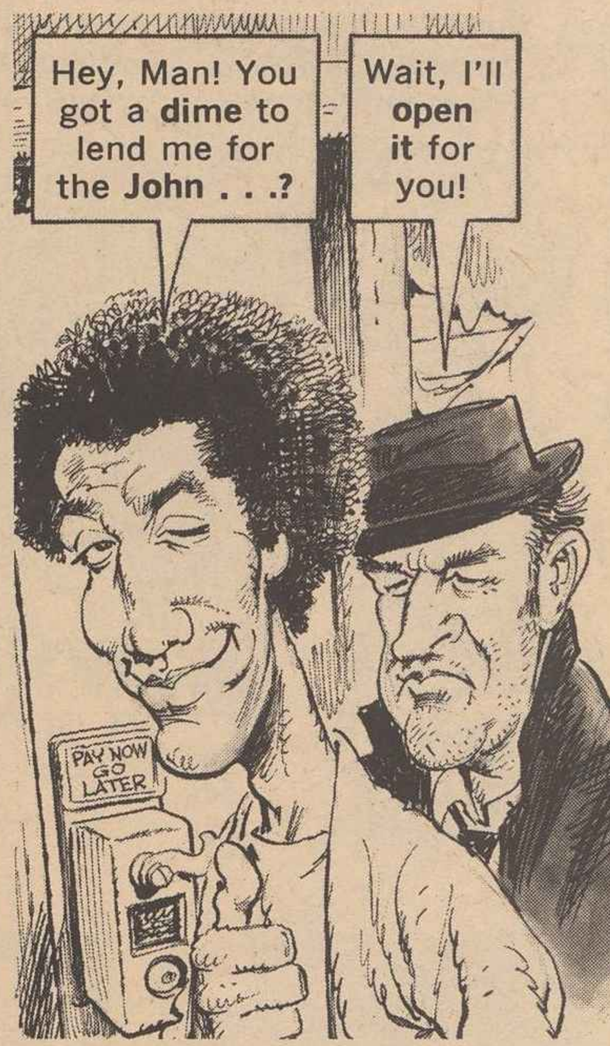
You talkin' to me?

Don't get **cute** with me, Sambo, or I might start some **name-calling!**



Hey, Man! You got a **dime** to lend me for the **John . . .?**

Wait, I'll **open it** for you!



Okay! **(SOCK!)** No one can hear us now! **(PUNCH!)** So what's the word?

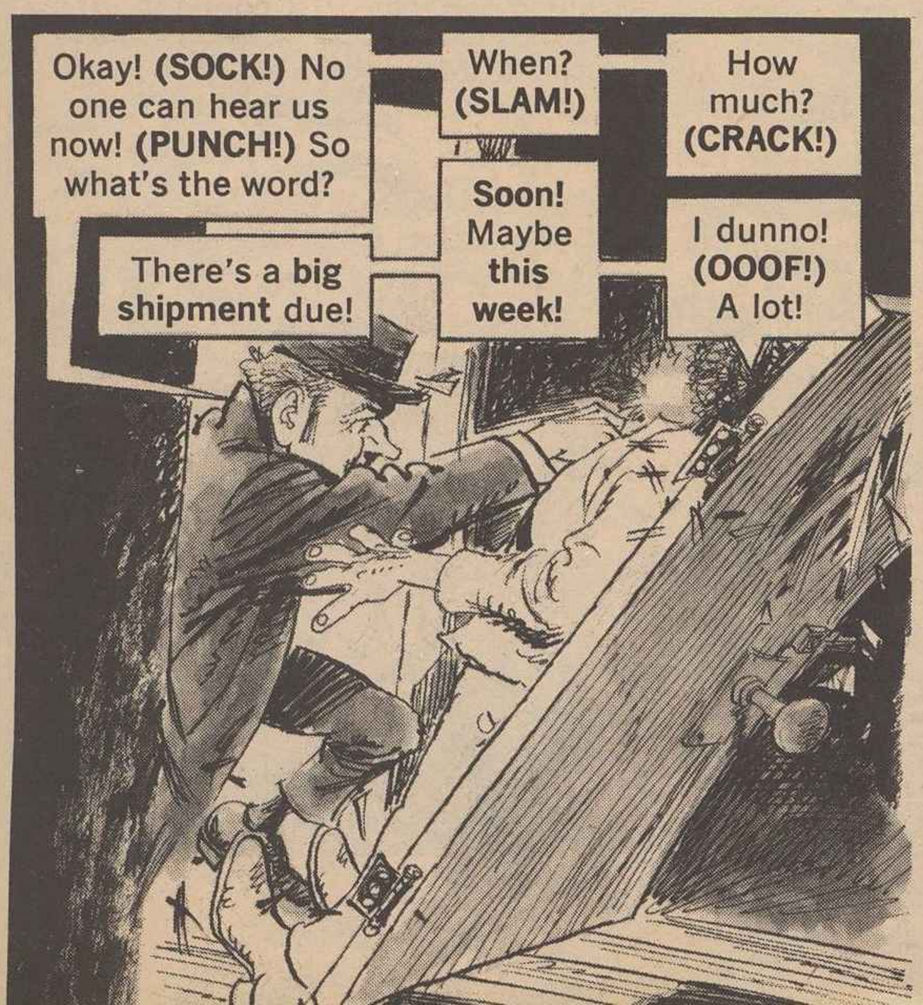
When? **(SLAM!)**

How much? **(CRACK!)**

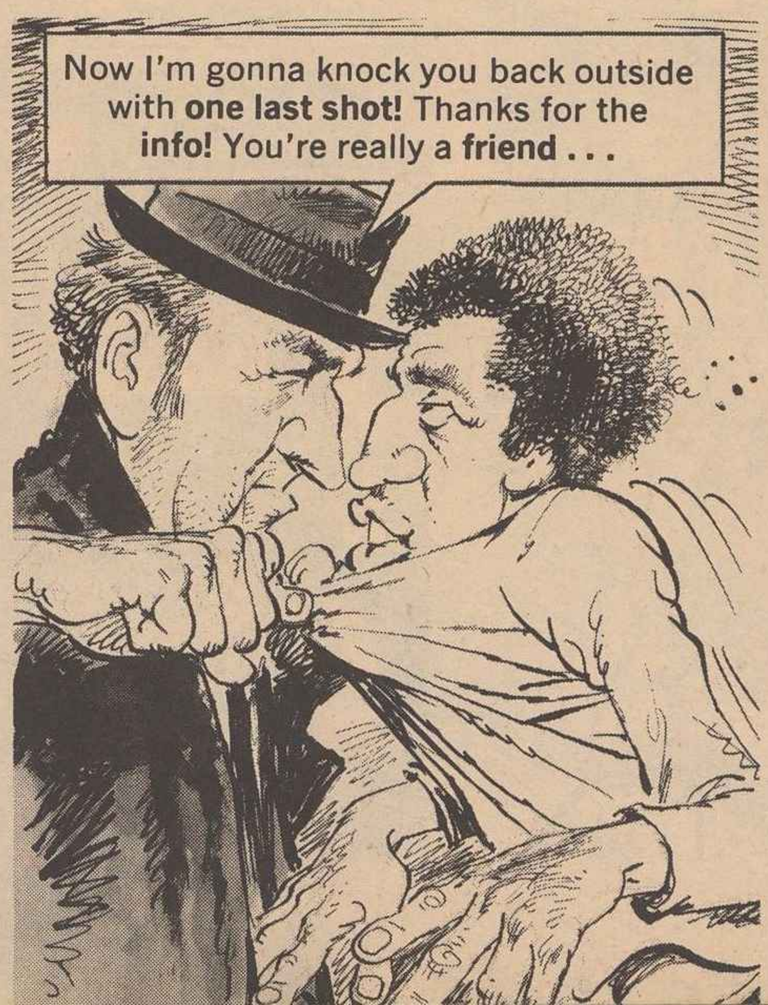
There's a **big shipment** due!

Soon! Maybe **this week!**

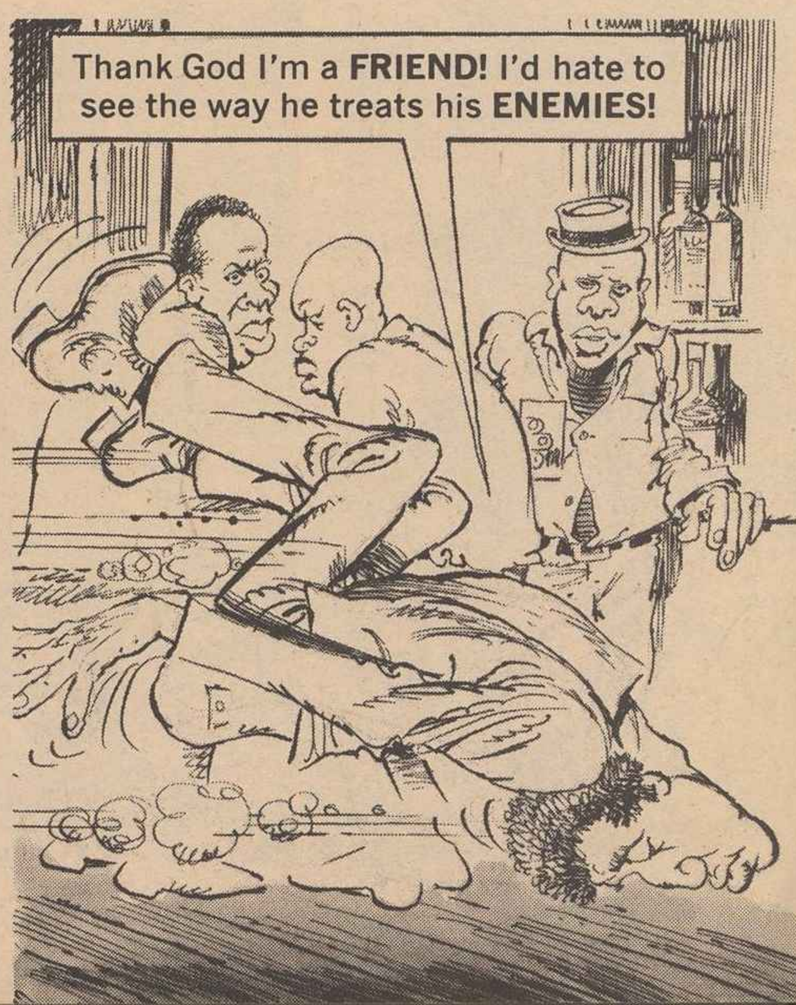
I dunno! **(OOOF!)** A lot!



Now I'm gonna knock you back outside with **one last shot!** Thanks for the **info!** You're really a **friend . . .**



Thank God I'm a **FRIEND!** I'd hate to see the way he treats his **ENEMIES!**



But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm **sure** I'm on to something **BIG!!**

Cockeye, the last **time** you were on to something big, you cost the Department **$40,000, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent . . . !**

Yeah, but last time, I just had a **"feeling"!** This time, I got a **real "HUNCH"!**

Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a **Fed** to help! Let's see, who won't I **miss** if he gets **shot** accidentally??

OUR LEADER

MOVIE CONTRACT

POPEYE

What kind of a place **is** this, **anyway?**

It's an **Auto Graveyard . . .** where they auction off **old cars!**

See that guy in the **black hat?** He's our **agent!** He's bidding on a **beat-up wreck** of an **old car** for us!

Great! Now, can I ask just **one more question?**

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???

Why'd we stop in this restaurant for a twelve course dinner? It makes **no sense at all!** The food is **lousy** here!

It's not for the **food!** It's for the **fantastic view!**

This is our **best table,** Sir . . . overlooking **Irving's TV Repair Shop,** where you can eat your dinner in **warmth** and **comfort** while you watch that **Narco agent** watch **you!**

IRVING'S TV REPAIR SHOP

PIZZA

MENU

Here! I got you some **Pizza!**

Guinea food again? I'd love some **Chink food** for a change!

Excuse me, Sir! I just want to tell you that you're doing a **real great job!**

You mean tracking down the **narcotics shipment?**

No, **insulting Minority Groups!** You're a real credit to all the Micks!

STUFF

STUFF

LECITHIN

Okay! Okay! I'm **waiting!** Is the stuff **good?**

Yeah, Man! It's like **great!**

Oh, **wow!** Who was **killed?** Cockeye? Birdie? **Someone vital to the plot!**

Naw! **Nobody!** It's just that there's been no **violence** for nearly **90 seconds,** so we just **stuck in** this plain old **bloody, gory, disgusting car wreck!**

(CHOKE!) Yeah, but what's the **connection?**

NY PD

LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY EASTBOUND

RIGHT LANE MUST TURN LEFT

NORTH

495

PICKUP ANY TIME

EEEEEK! EEEEK! Someone's **shooting** at us! Oh, my God! Look! There's a **sniper** on the roof!

Boy, I sure wish they'd go back to **Sniperland** where they **came** from . . . those lousy Snipes!

When you get finished with your **ethnic slurs,** you might **chase** him! He just ran up and got on the **Elevated Train!**

POW! POW!

Thanks for the tip . . . Kike!

STOP! POLICE EMERGENCY! I GOTTA HAVE YOUR CAR!

SCREECH

Aw, **c'mon,** guy! Take **somebody else's** car! I want to chase him!

Tough! You had your chance in **"Bullit"!** Now it's **my** turn to drive like a crazy idiot!

First ..... a short cut . . . through this building . . .

Next .... a quick run down this crowded sidewalk . . .

Next, a blind rush through this dangerous intersection . . .

WOOOSH

And a light bounce off this fruit stand, under this truck!

Now watch **this** neat maneuver! Just before I hit that **young** mother and her **baby carriage, I swerve!** Unfortunately, into a **busload of Orphans!** But that's **their** tough luck! Why don't they go back to **Orphanland** where they **came** from!?!

Hmmm! Look at that creep waving the **checkered flag!** Hasn't got the patriotism to wave an **American** flag!

Here's where you get **yours,** you crummy **Checker-lover!**

RRRRRRRR

C'mon, buddy! Put down the gun, will you! These poor people have been held up six times already . . . and we've only gone two stops!!

Don't stop at any station or I'll shoot!

Actually, I hadn't planned to! What do those dumb New Yorkers expect for 35¢ anyway?!? Scheduled stops?!!

LOCAL

What's going on???

Probably a cop after a wanted criminal!

I sure hope he catches him fast! So far, he's killed 245 innocent law-abiding-citizen bystanders!!

WHO PROMOTED PERESS & DAVID SKHINE

How'd you like that for exciting driving, eh? I sure got here before the train . . . didn't I??

You sure did! The last train station is two miles back!!

GRILL

BAR

DON'T WALK

Take that, you lousy Snipe!

Now you know what it feels like to be shot to death!

Maybe next time, you won't be so quick to try to kill somebody!

BLAM!

POLISH EMBISSY JOKE DEPT

Okay, so we sit here all night staking out the Mark III Lincoln that Dapperbeaux brought from France! So tell me . . . what's the connection?

Search me?!? But here come a gang of Spics looking to strip it! Isn't that GREAT?!?

What's so great?! It spoils the stake-out!

Yeah, but it gives us a chance to hit Spics! We haven't hit Spics once so far !

#$%¢ Spics! Why don't they go back to Spicland where they came from!?!

But you're right! The stake-out is ruined! Take the car to the station and search it, and arrest the Spics!

On what charge . . . ?

Noodling their navels in Nantucket!

Is that a crime?

It carries twice the penalty of diddling your digit in Dallas!

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!

Listen, Cockeye—

Fed, I've **had** it up to **here** with you **razzin'** me!!

But all I said was "**Listen**, Cockeye—"

Yeah, but if I let you get away with **that**, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a **sentence!** You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your **best friend!** Can't you **forget** a **petty grudge?**

Didn't find a **thing**, Cockeye! We checked the roof, the floor, the engine, the tires, the seats . . . **everything!**

Did you look in the **trunk?**

The trunk?!? No! What a **fantastic idea!** Hey, Gus! Look in the **trunk!**

Cockeye's **right!** The stuff is **here . . .!**

Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to **Mechanicland** where you **came** from! Now put the car **back together again!** Dapperbeaux's **waiting** for it!

TOW AWAY ZONE

Here you are, Mr. Dapperbeaux . . . in **perfect shape!**

Wait a minute! What's going **on** here, **anyway?**

No matter what you **say**, Dapperbeaux, we **never searched your car!**

Who said anything about **searching my car!?** I lost a **brown Lincoln Continental** and you're giving me back a **green Cadillac Eldorado!**

Phew! is **that** all?! For a minute, we thought you were **suspicious!**

JUNK

Well, **you've** got your **heroin** . . . and **I've** got my **money!** Outside of a few million **loopholes,** it was the **perfect crime!**

HOLD IT! THIS IS THE POLICE!

I GAVE ITALIAN ADL

Sorry, guys, but this **isn't** the perfect crime! And we still have **three more loopholes** to create!

I'm going to run and **hide** on this tiny, escape-proof island, and **never be found** by any of the **200 cops** you have here!

That's loophole **#1!**

And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be **accidentally shot** by **Cockeye!**

That's loophole **#2!**

MEN

And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for **"insufficient evidence"!** I thought shooting at a cop would at **least** be a **misdemeanor!**

And that's loophole **#3!**

Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to **thank** you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!

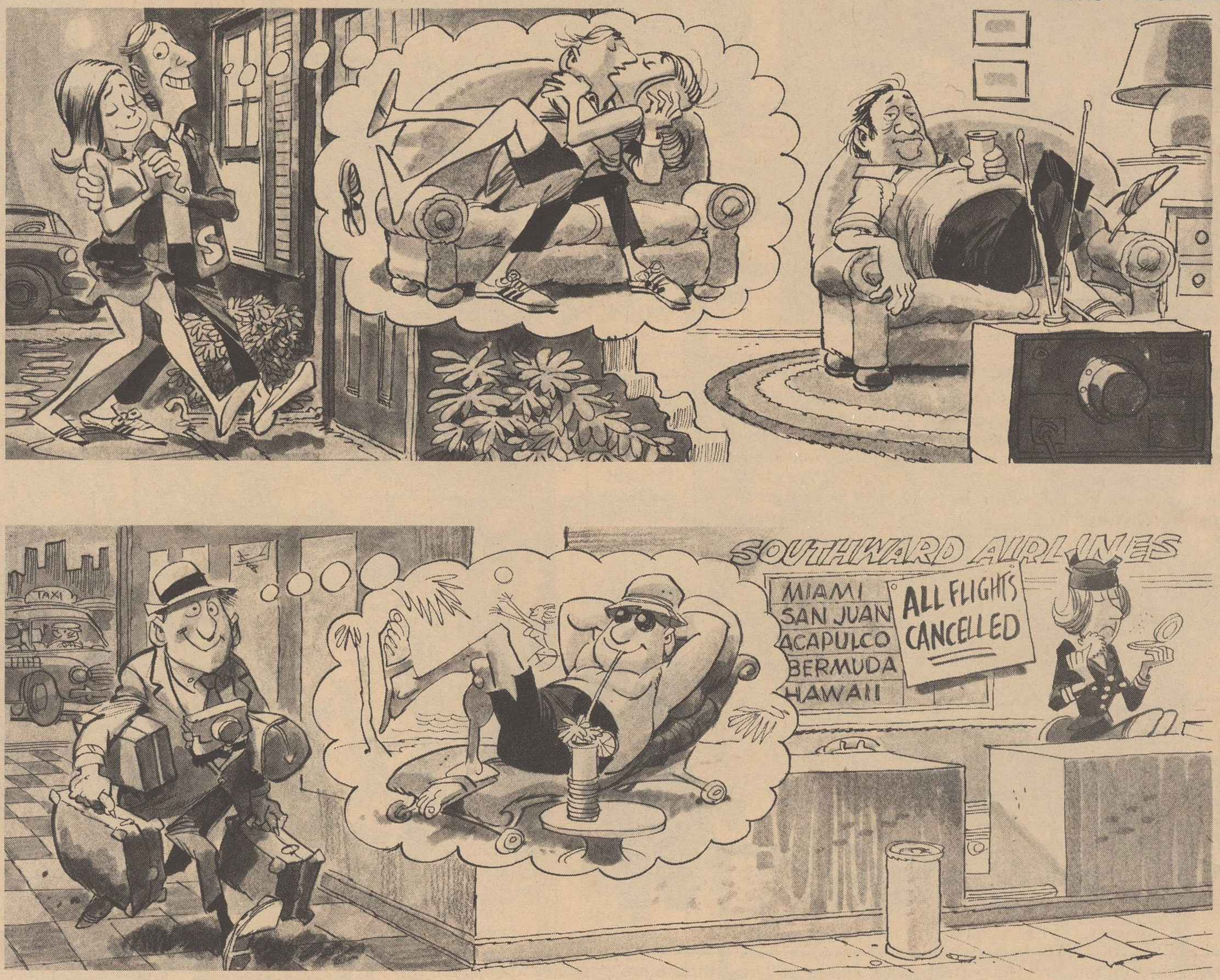
Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it **wasn't me alone!** No, sir, it was a **combination** of guys . . . a regular **potpourri** of **Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .**

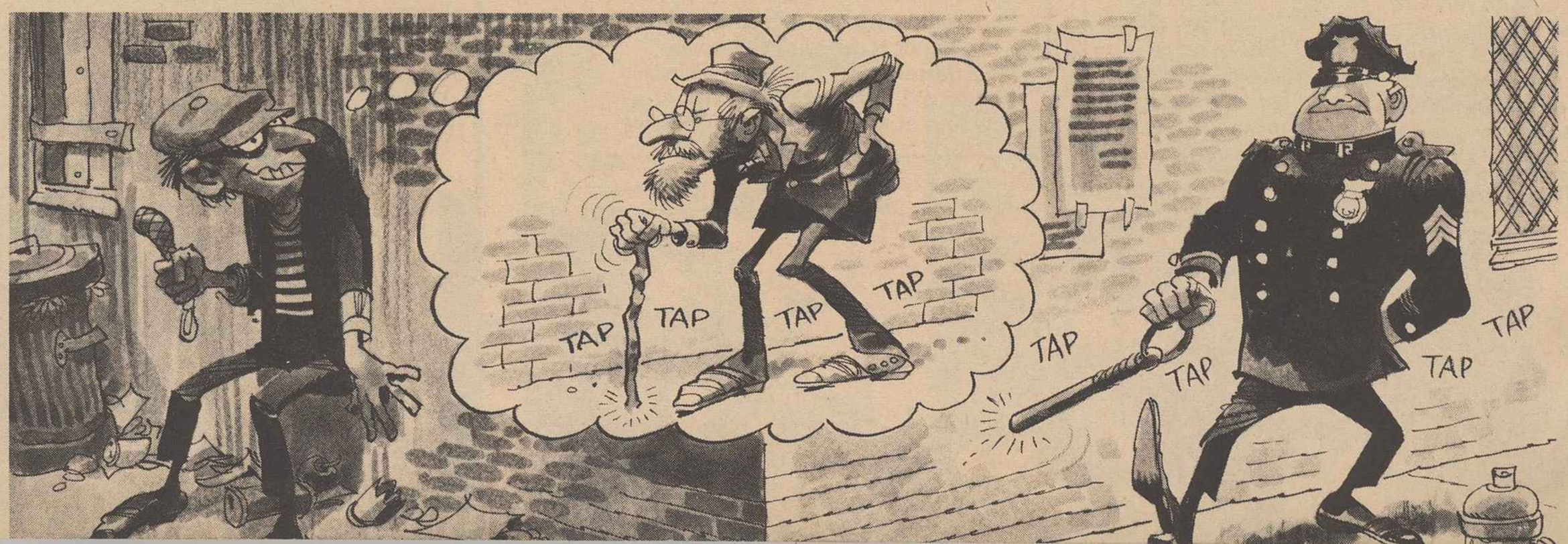
Yeah, but what's the **connection??**

OPTI-MISSED DEPT.

WISHFUL

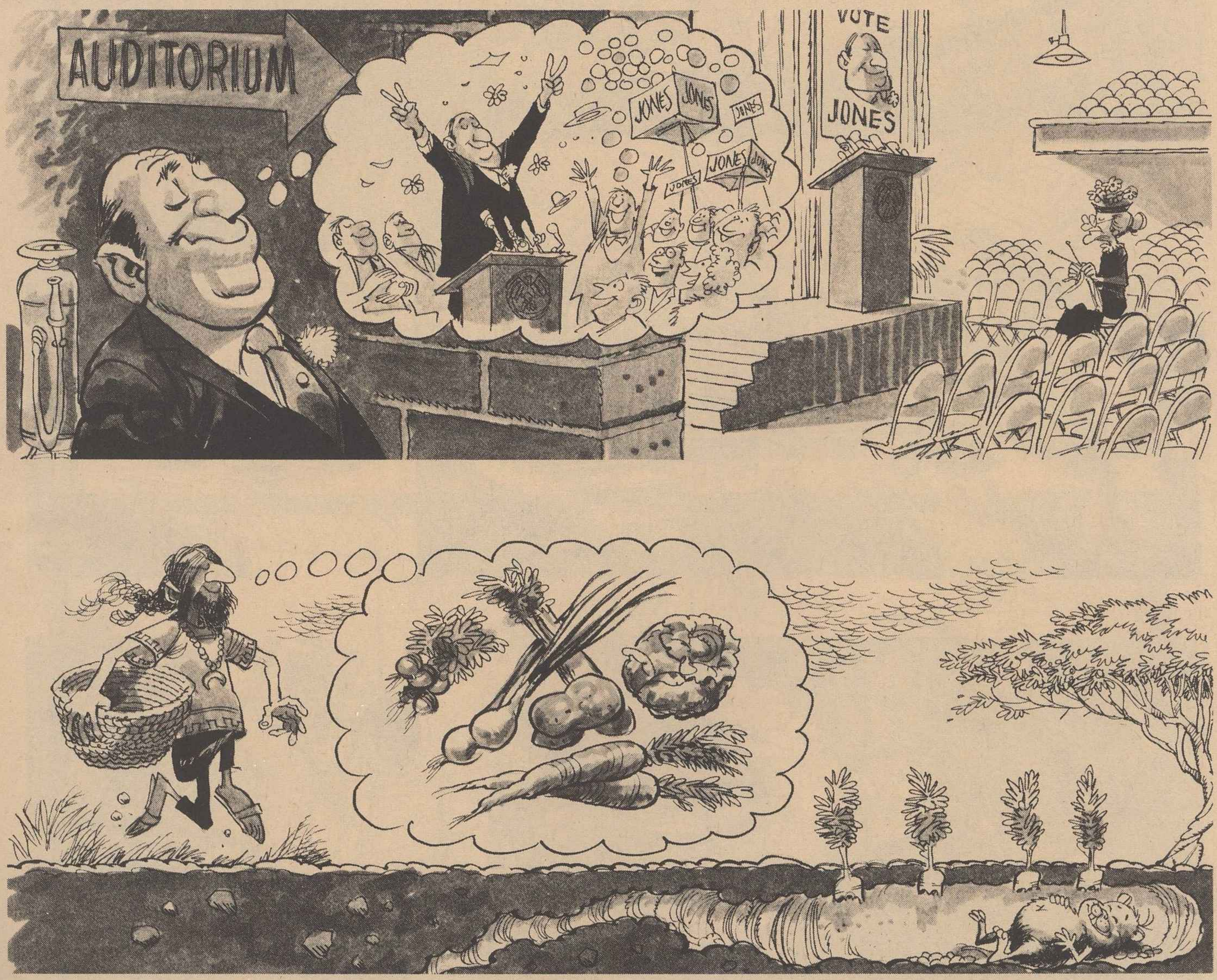
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

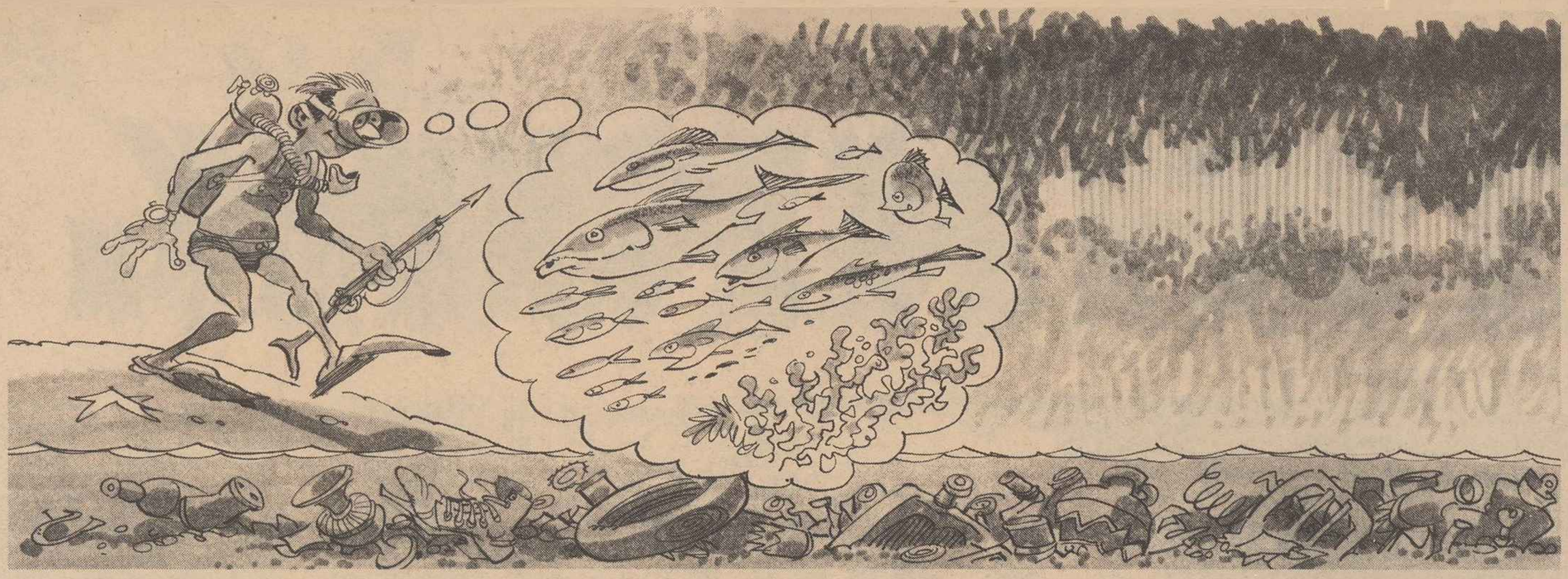


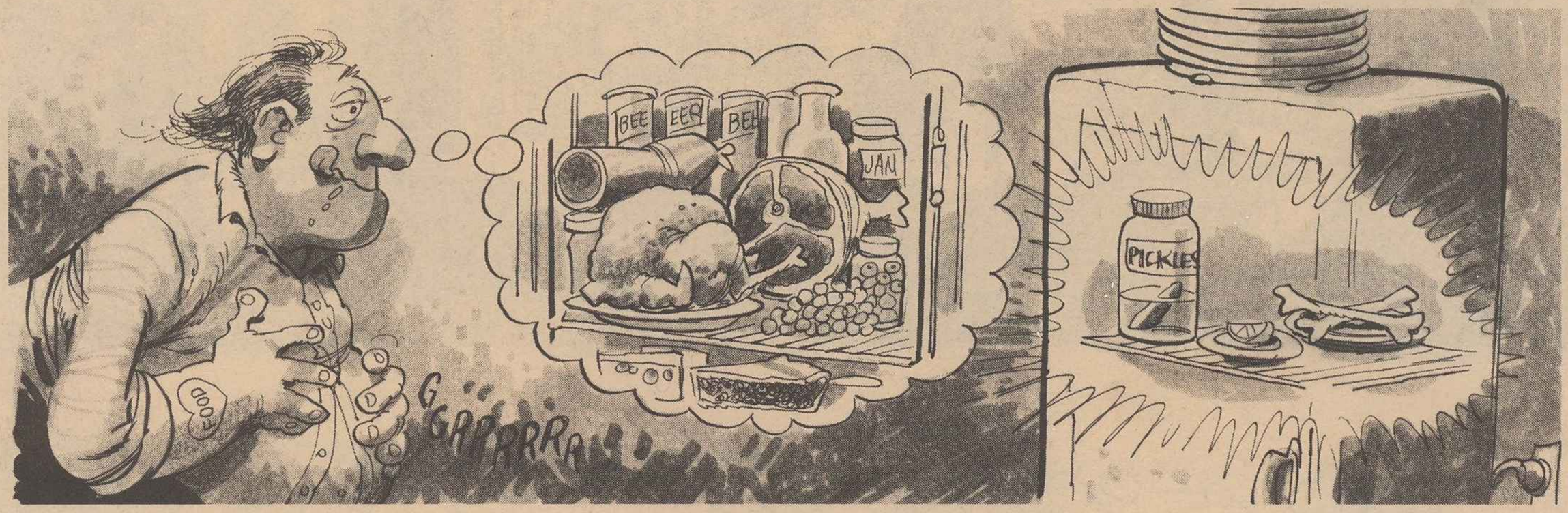


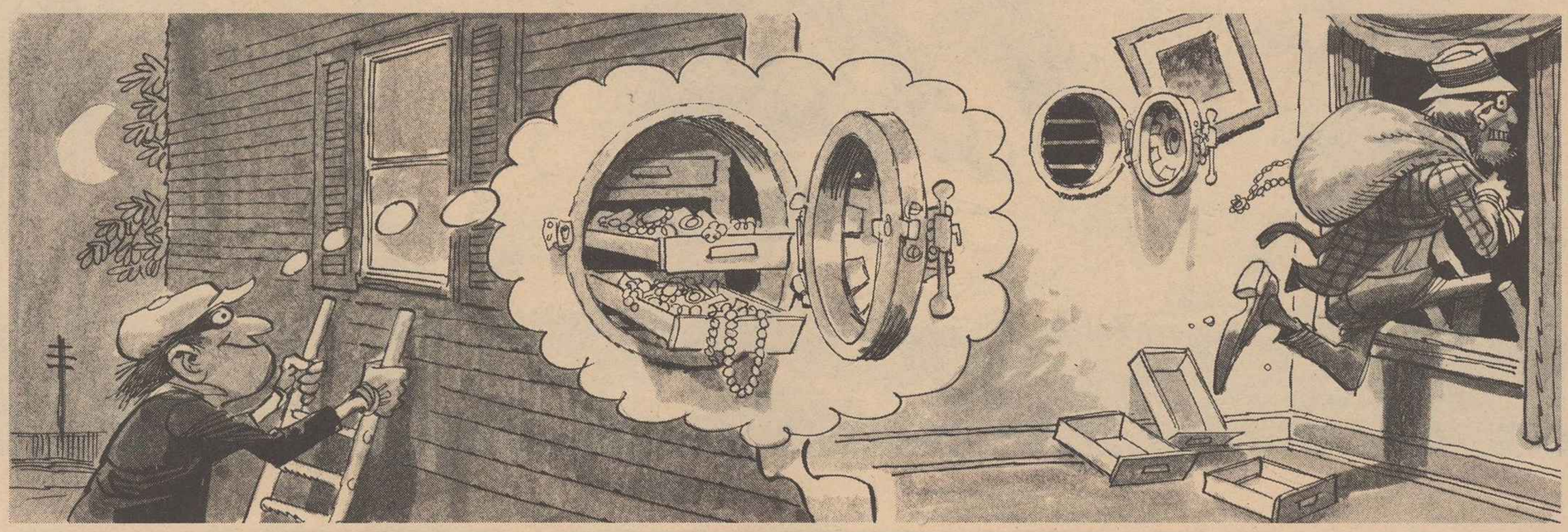
THINKING

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

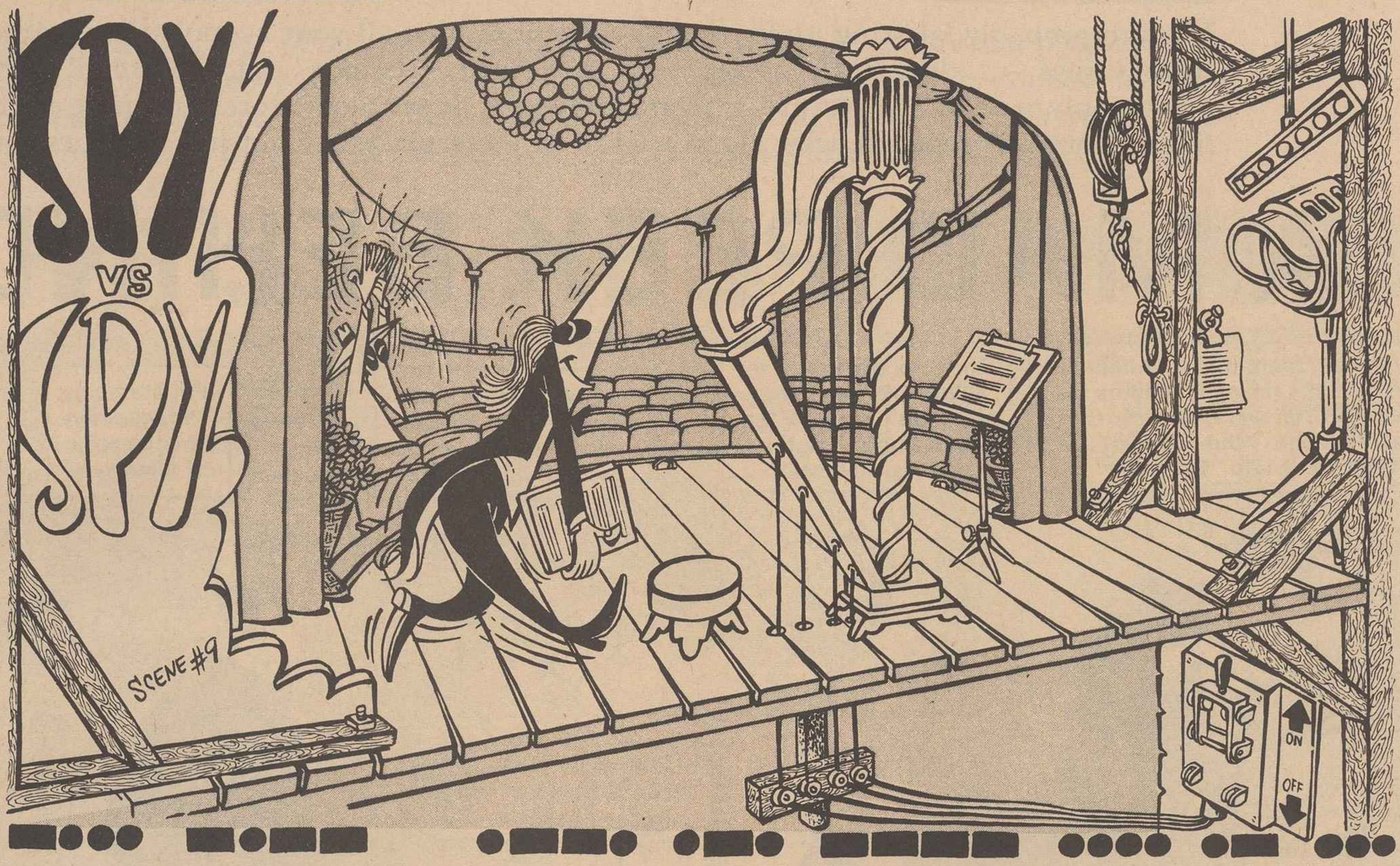


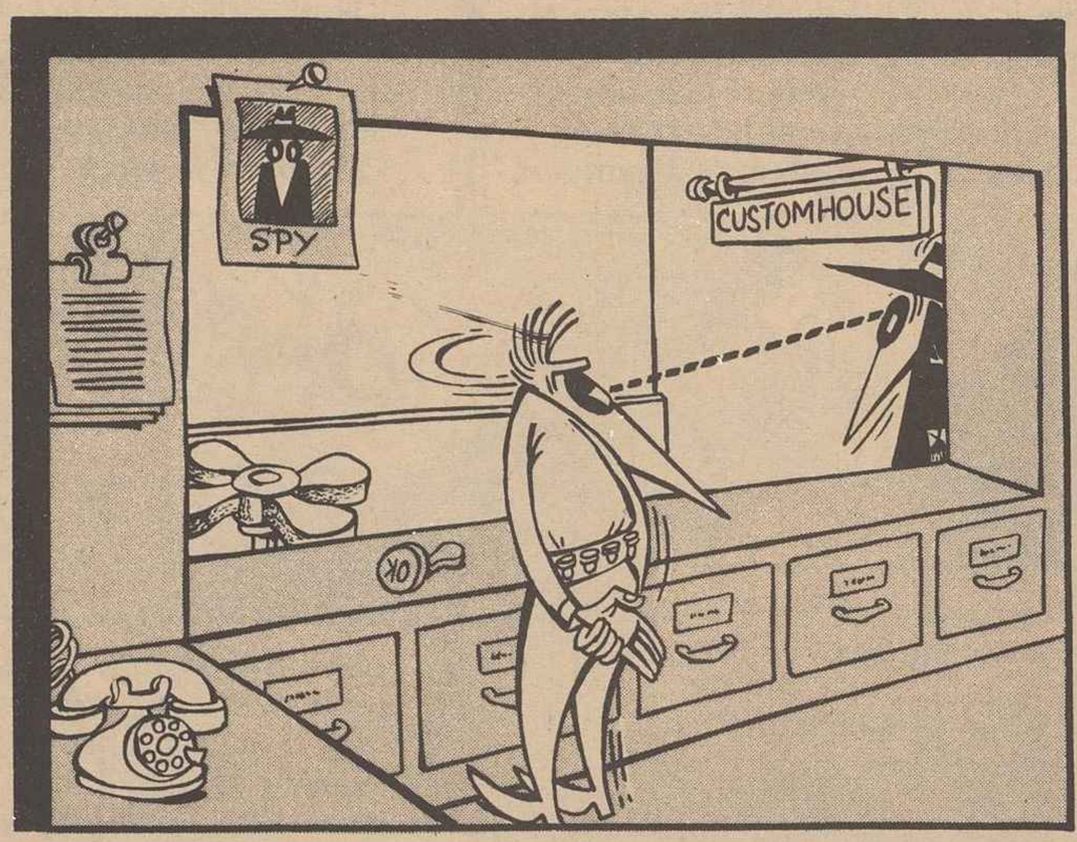


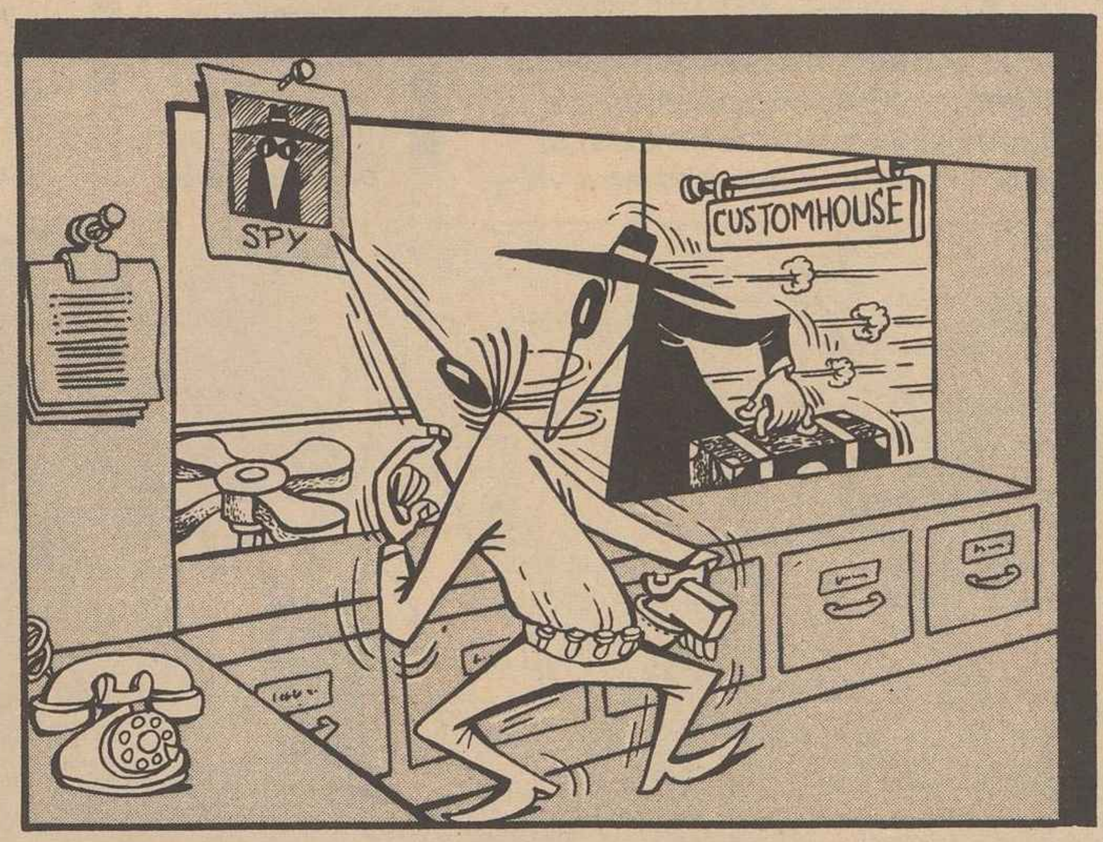

BEE
EER
BEE
JAM
GGRRRRR
PICKLES

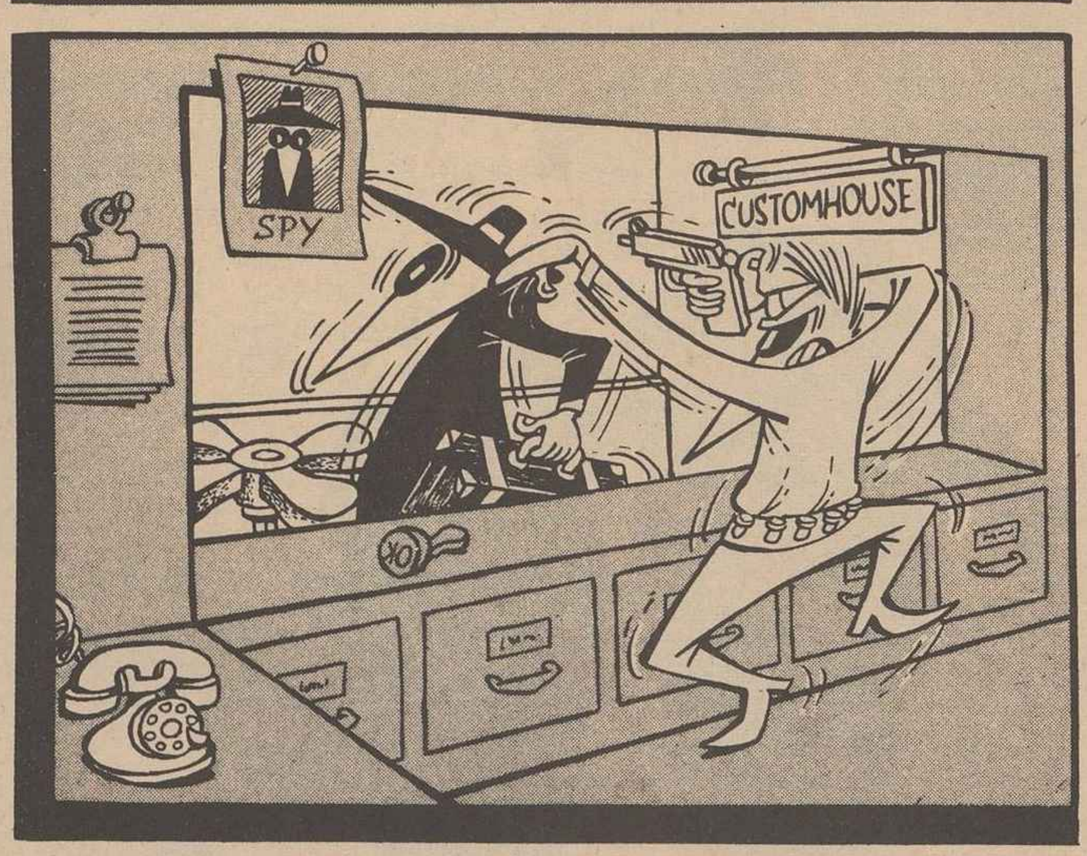


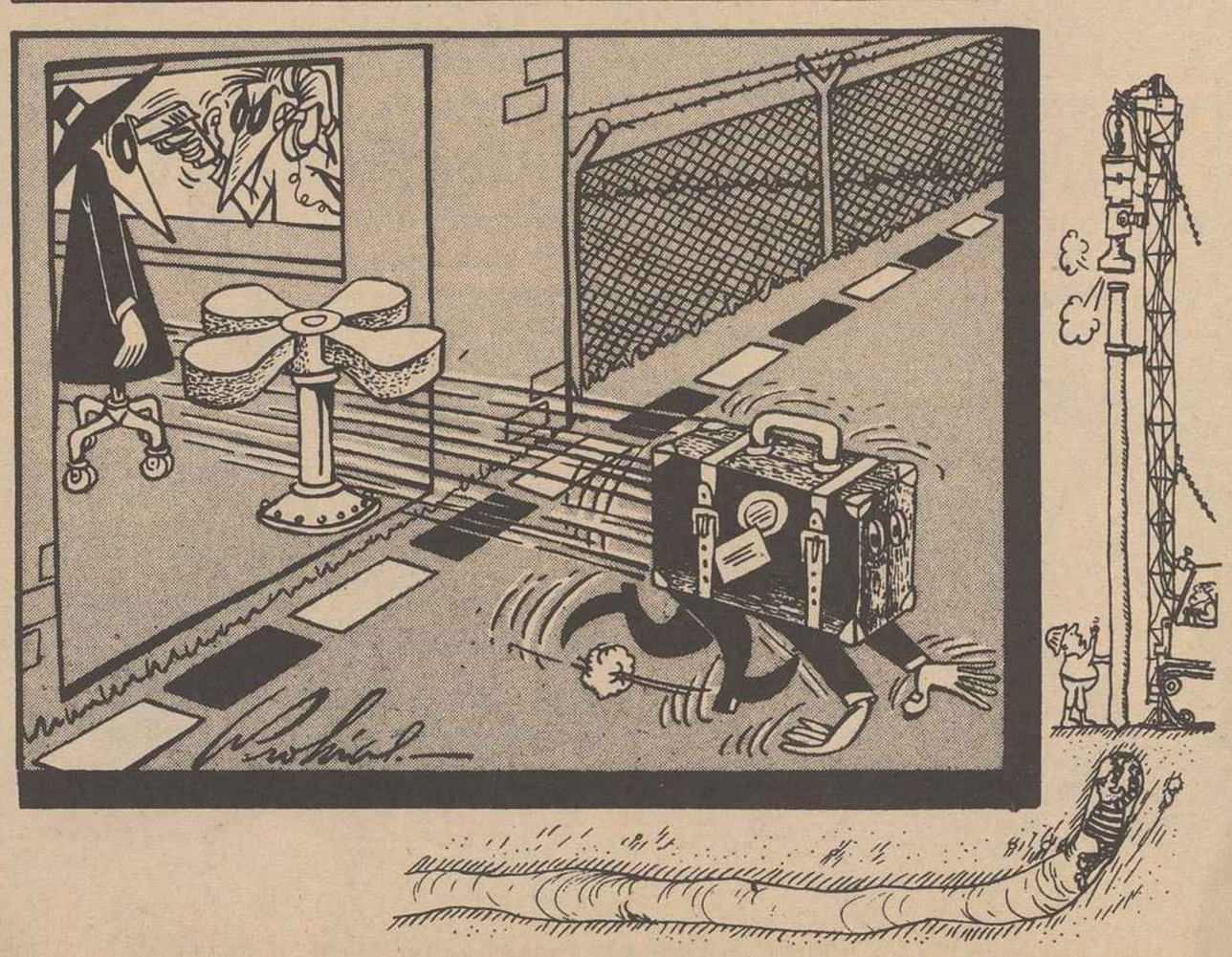
NEXT.
DENTIST


SPY VS SPY
SCENE #9
ON
OFF


SPY
CUSTOMHOUSE


SPY
CUSTOMHOUSE


SPY
CUSTOMHOUSE



INSIDE-OUCH! DEPT.

You are probably laboring under the misconception that all your aggravation is caused by little things . . . like little store clerks and little salesmen and little civil servants. That's only part of the picture. Supermarkets and department stores and post offices are like icebergs. The people who aggravate you in these places are not just the ones you see.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

There's a guy out there mailing **hundreds of letters,** and it's taking him **hours** to sort them out! You know, one into the **"Local"** slot, one into **"Out of Town",** one into **"Air Mail",** one into **"Overseas"** . . .

Oh, stop! **Stop!** You're **killing** me! You mean he doesn't know all the slots empty into this **one big mail bag!?**

There! No, that's not **clear** enough! **THERE!** No, they **still** can't read it! . . . **THERE!!**

What are you **doing?**

I'm stamping **"Fragile"** on this package of **glassware!**

". . . and so, my darling, with my wife going to her **mother's** house for the week, we can get together and do all those fantastic things we did **last month** at the motel. Remember, f'rinstance how we—"

Charlie is such a **great reader!** He should've gone on the **stage!**

This is the **best** "Hot Letter" that's come in **all year!**

I guess I'm **spoiled,** but after letters like **this,** I just don't feel like reading **postcards** anymore!

Okay, okay! Put an **Opened By Mistake** stamp on the envelope, send it off, and **let's get back to work!**

Wow! Sixty-three letters in a row into the Florida bag! That breaks **your** old record of sixty-one!

It don't count! Most of those letters aren't even **addressed** to Florida!

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a **sore loser!**

It's **unfair!** You can't arrest a guy just for taking up a **hobby** on **office time!**

I know, Willoughby, but **"Stamp-Collecting"?!**

You're **new** around here, Hendricks, so there are a few things you have to **learn!** First of all, the term **"Junk Mail"** is just an **expression . . .**

They're only about 15% of the over-all picture. Actually, there are many other people working secretly and tirelessly behind the scenes to make your lives miserable. And so, in tribute to these un-seen and un-sung heroes, MAD introduces a new feature which opens up a hidden world never before seen by the average clod. In this first installment, we present:

THE SCENES AT THE POST OFFICE

Don't you think it's about time you **delivered** that copy of **Playboy?**

Take it easy! I'm only up to Page 37!

I know . . . but it's the **March, 1962 issue!**

Hey, Mannie, we have to send some **government forms** to your home! What's your **Zip Code number?**

How in heck should I know?

Whee! There goes an **airmail** letter to **California!**

Sometimes I wish the **temporary help** here would take their jobs more **seriously!**

If I told him **once,** I told him a **thousand times . . . USE A DAMP SPONGE AT THE STAMP WINDOW . . . USE A DAMP SPONGE AT THE STAMP WINDOW . . .**

Look at this! A roll of stamps that **unwinds** and **doesn't stick together!** I haven't seen one of these in **twenty years!**

Listen . . . **mistakes can happen!** Send it back to Washington!

How come that **ambulance** has been parked outside all morning?

Today's **"Life" day** at the post office—and there's **bound** to be one or two **hernias!**

You know this Parcel Post Package marked **"Breakable"?**

What **about** it?

They were **right!**

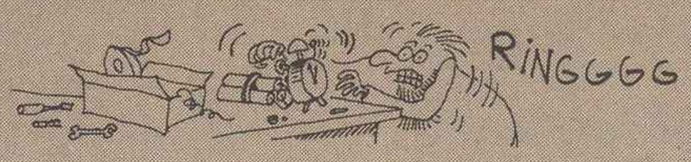
PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE!

It's a Mr. Simpkin! He hasn't had any mail in **three months!**

Listen, Finchley! You **have** to deliver his mail! You're a **Postman**—not a **waiter!** I don't care if he **DID stiff you** this past Christmas . . .

But you **GOTTA** deliver the mail, Sturdley! You **know** our motto: "Neither Rain, Nor Snow, Nor Heat, Nor Gloom of Night . . ."

It don't say nothin' about **fog**—and it's **foggy outside!**

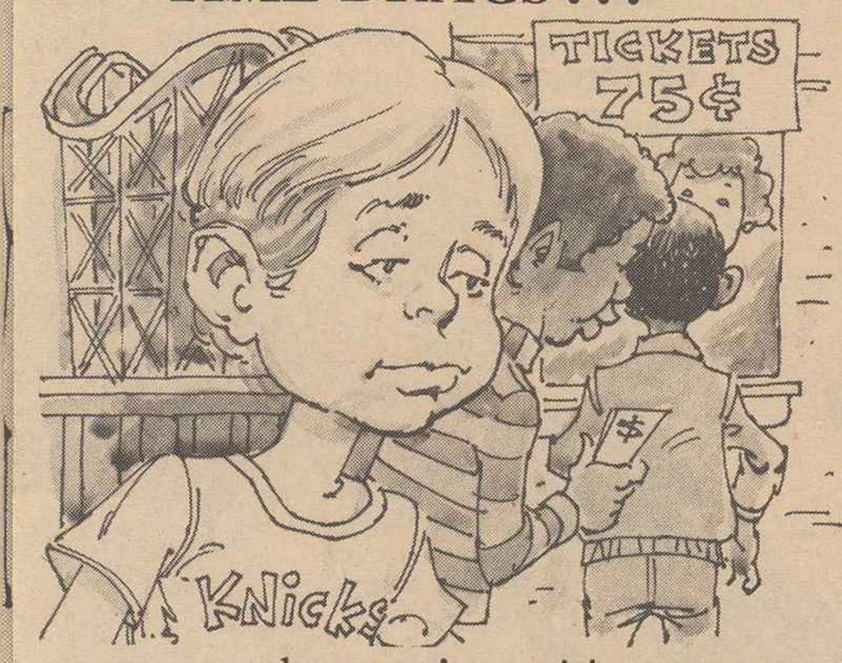


WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPT.

As Albert Einstein explained, Time is relative. Which means that, sometimes, Time passes faster or slower than other times. You find that hard to believe?

TIME DRAGS...

TIME DRAGS...



...when you're waiting your turn on the roller coaster.

TIME FLIES...

...when you're on the ride.

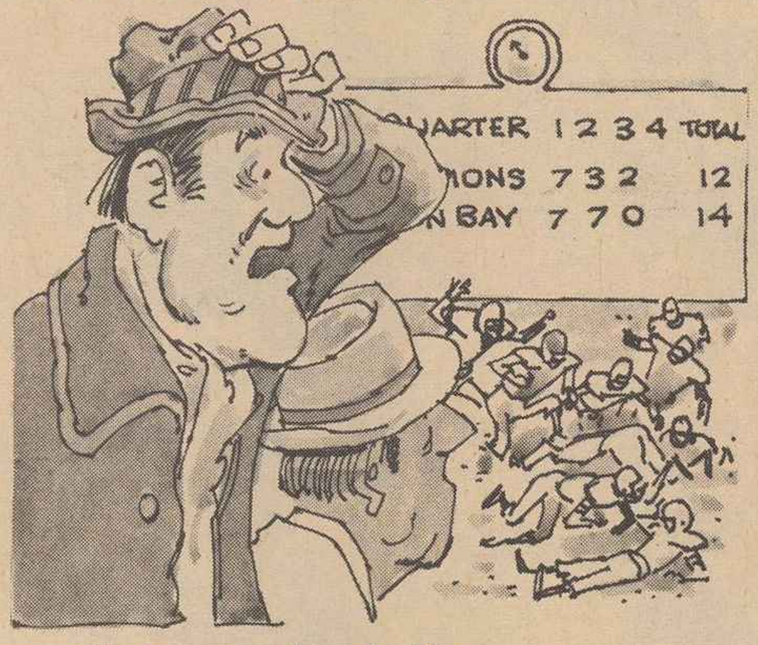
TIME DRAGS...

...when you're waiting for your Mother in the Hat Department.

TIME DRAGS...

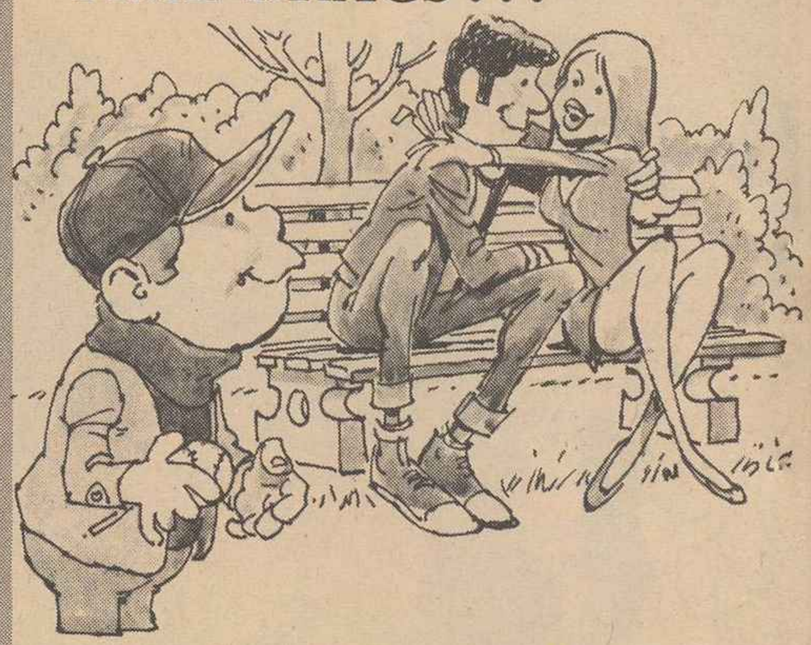
...when your football team is winning by only 2 points.

TIME FLIES...



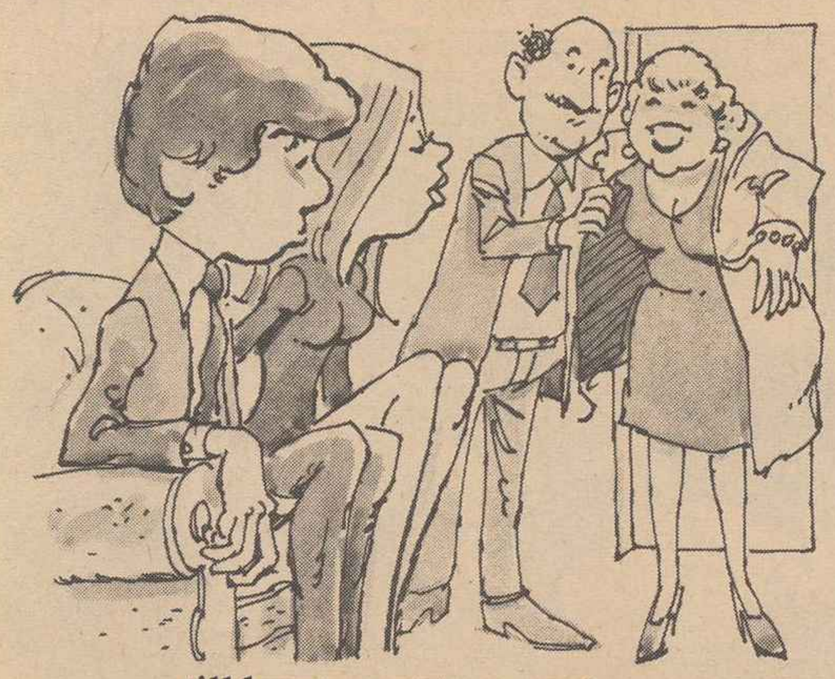
...when your football team is losing by only 2 points.

TIME DRAGS...



...between being a child... and becoming a young adult.

TIME DRAGS...

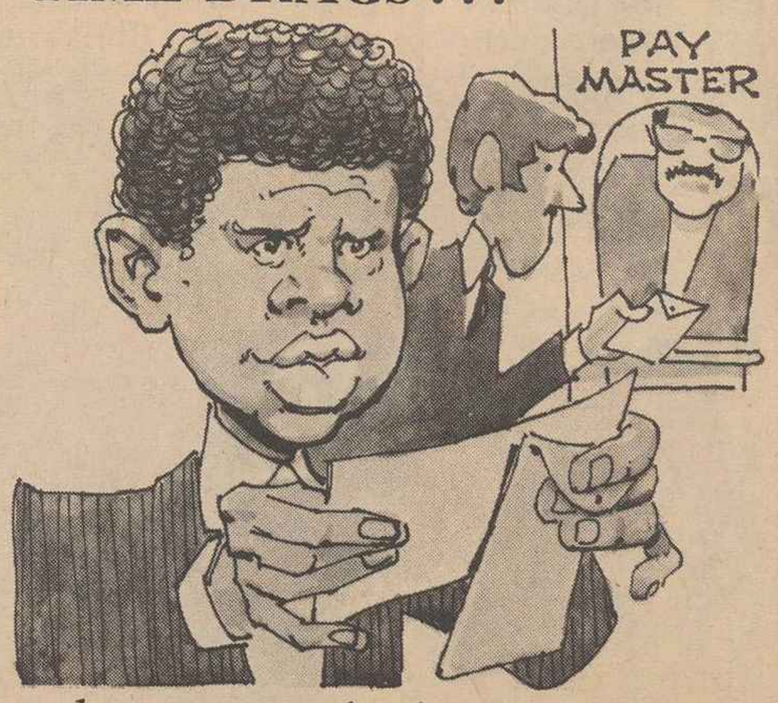


...till her parents go out.

TIME FLIES...

...before they come back.

TIME DRAGS...



...between paychecks.

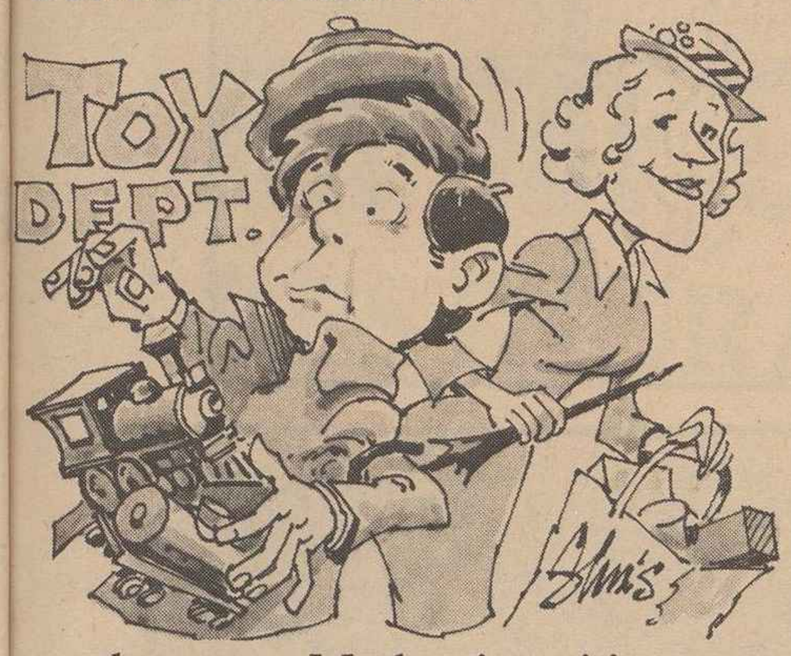
Well, notice how fast Time goes when you're enjoying yourself, as compared to how slow it passes when you're reading a dull article like this one, called . . .

TIME FLIES...

ARTIST:
JACK RICKARD

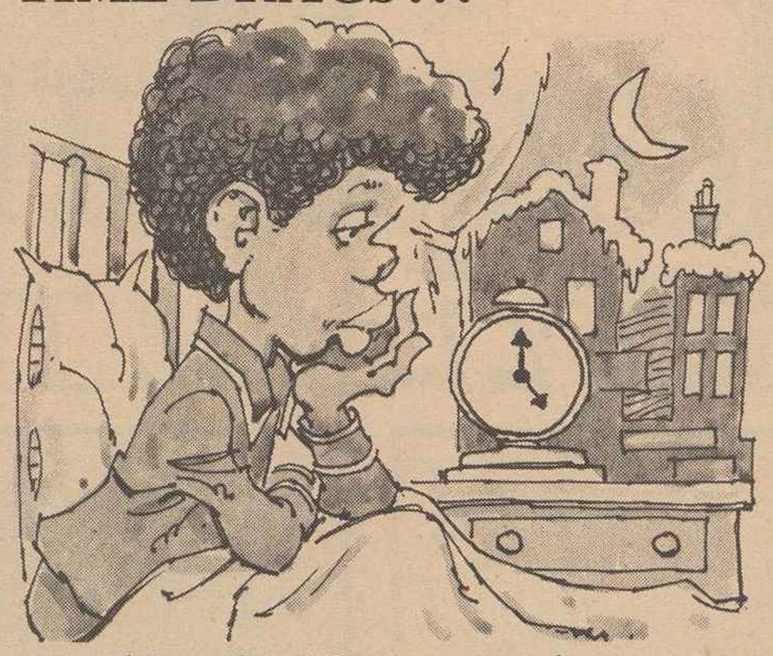
WRITER:
STAN HART

TIME FLIES...



...when your Mother is waiting for you in the Toy Department.

TIME DRAGS...

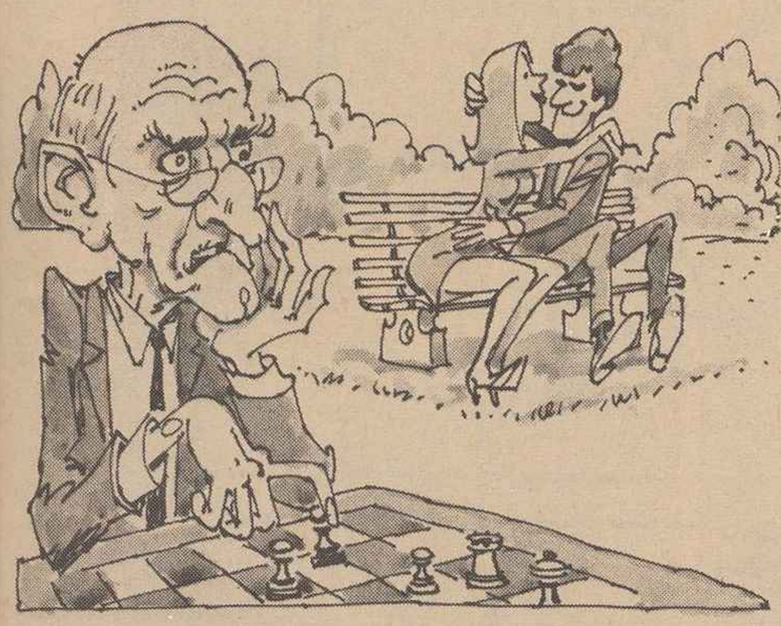


...waiting for Xmas morning, so you can open your presents.

TIME FLIES...

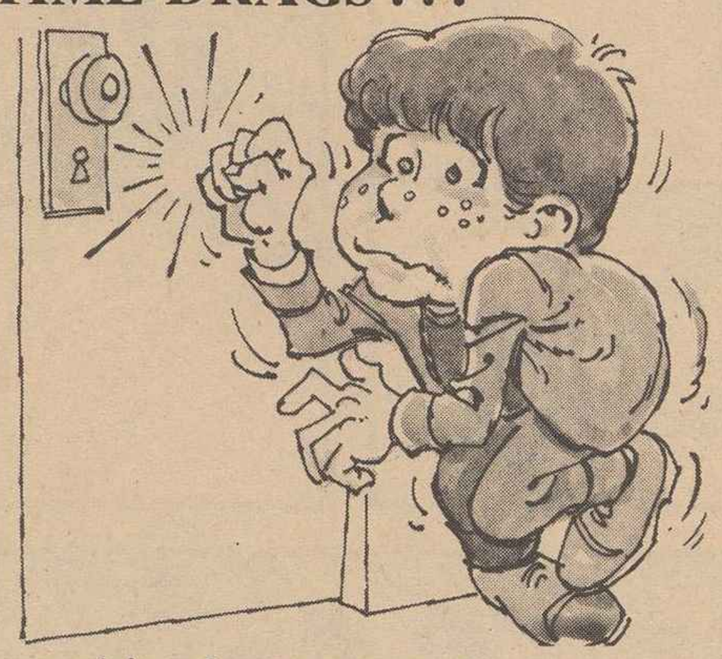
...before they're all broken.

TIME FLIES...



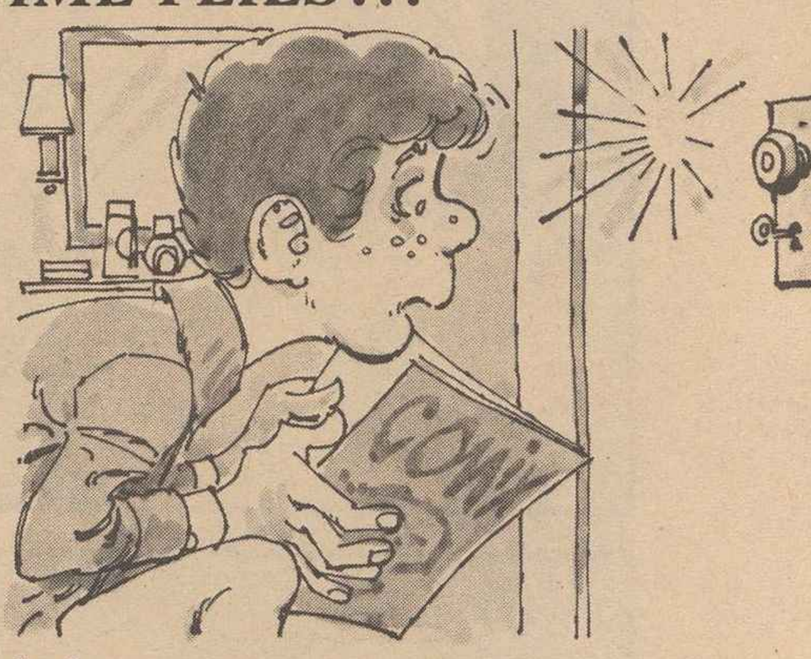
...between being a young adult ...and becoming an old adult.

TIME DRAGS...



...waiting for someone to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...

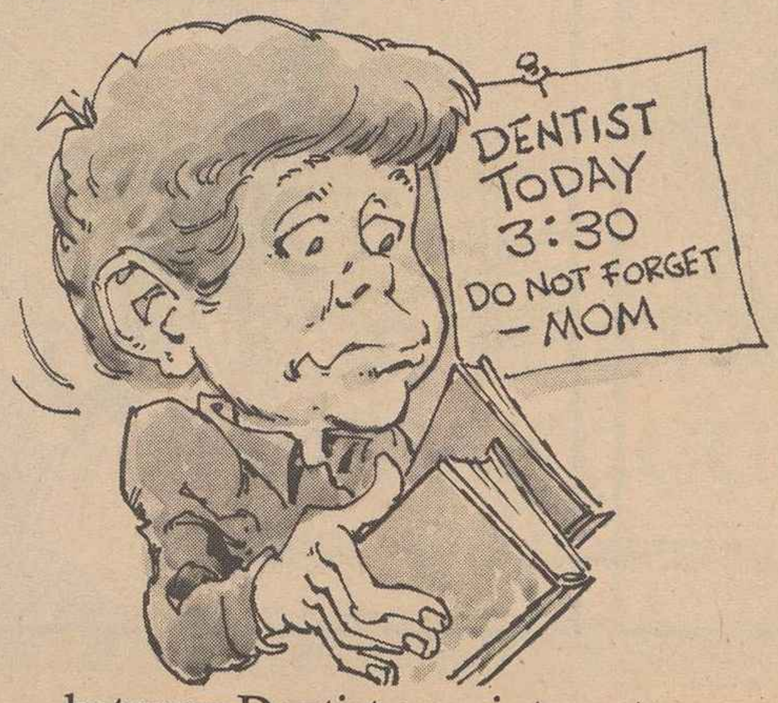


...before someone wants you to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...

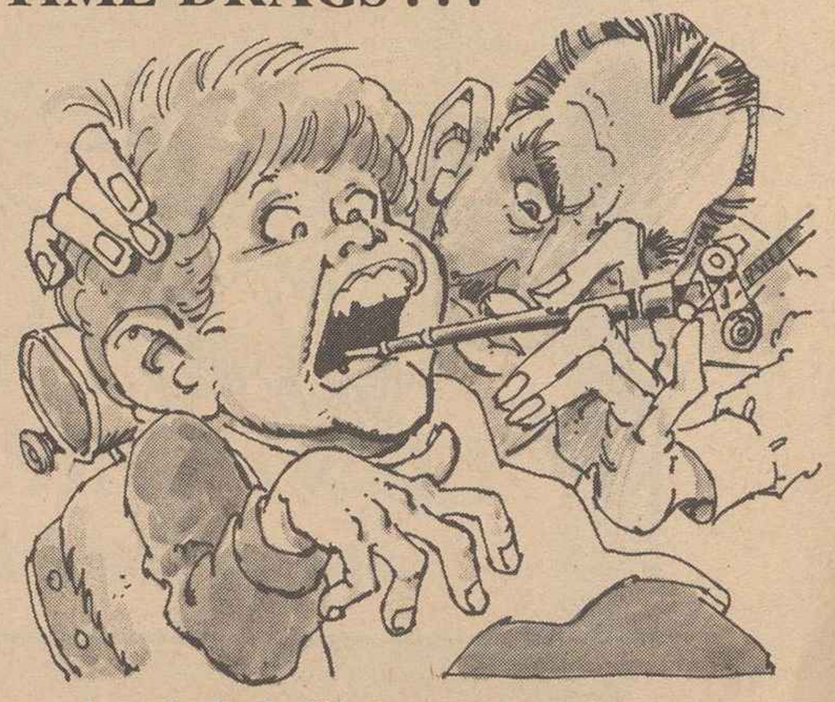
...between bills.

TIME FLIES...

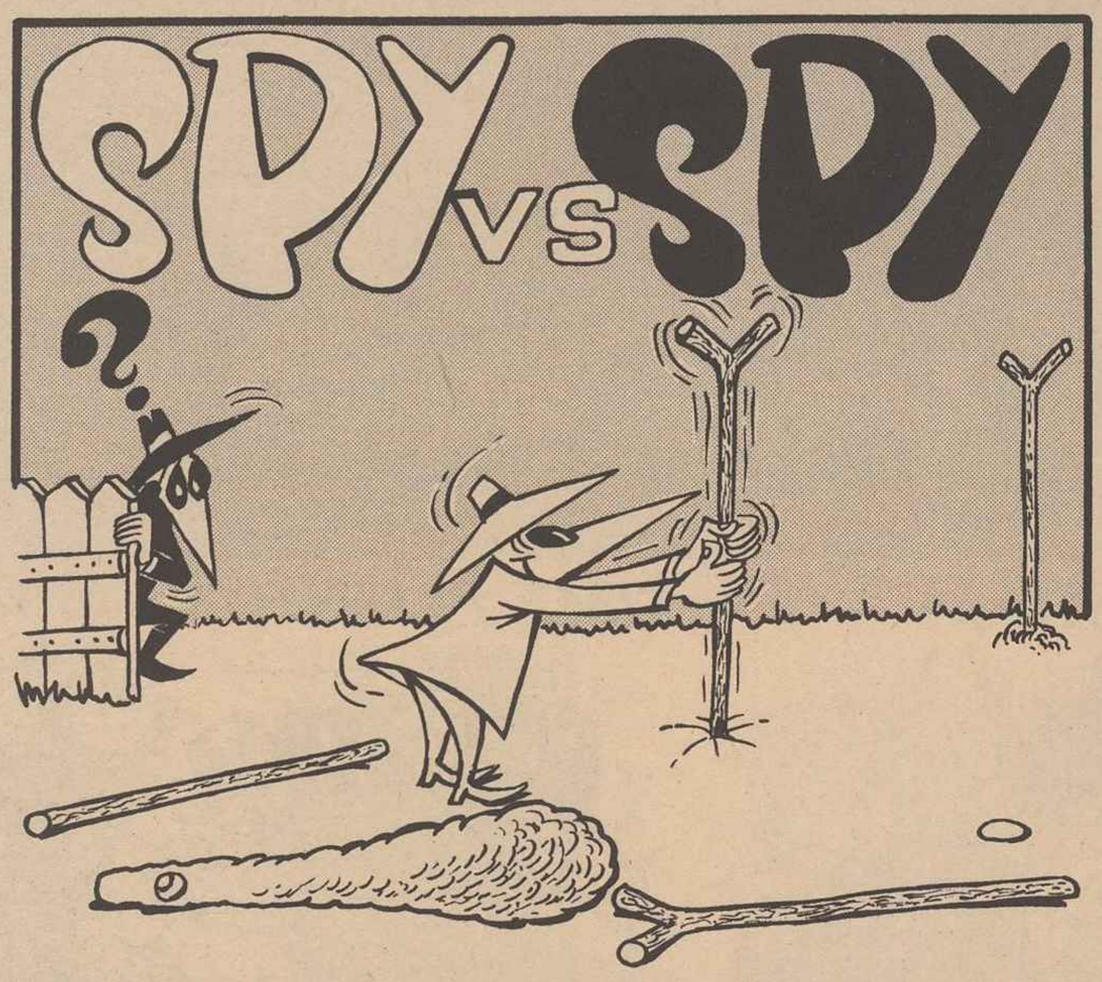


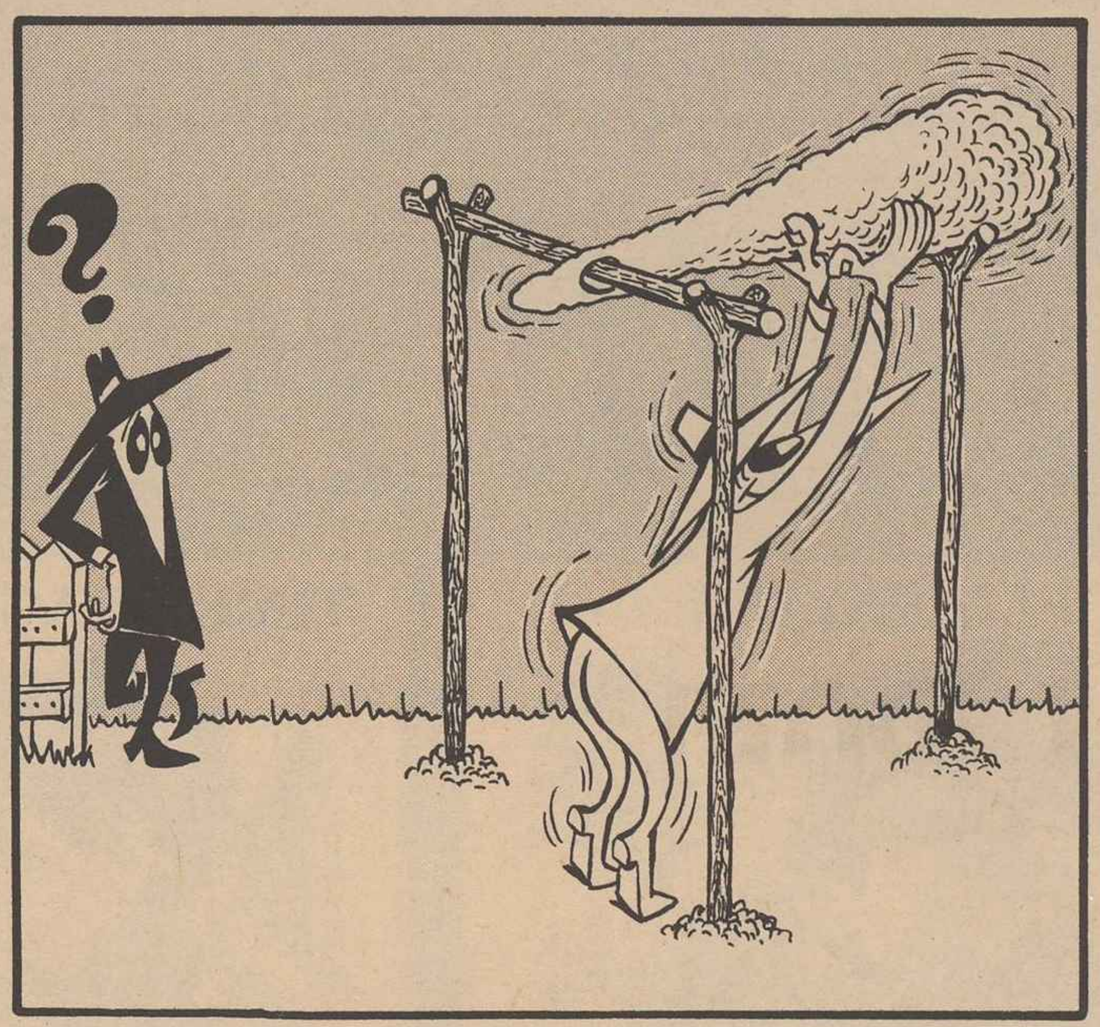
...between Dentist appointments.

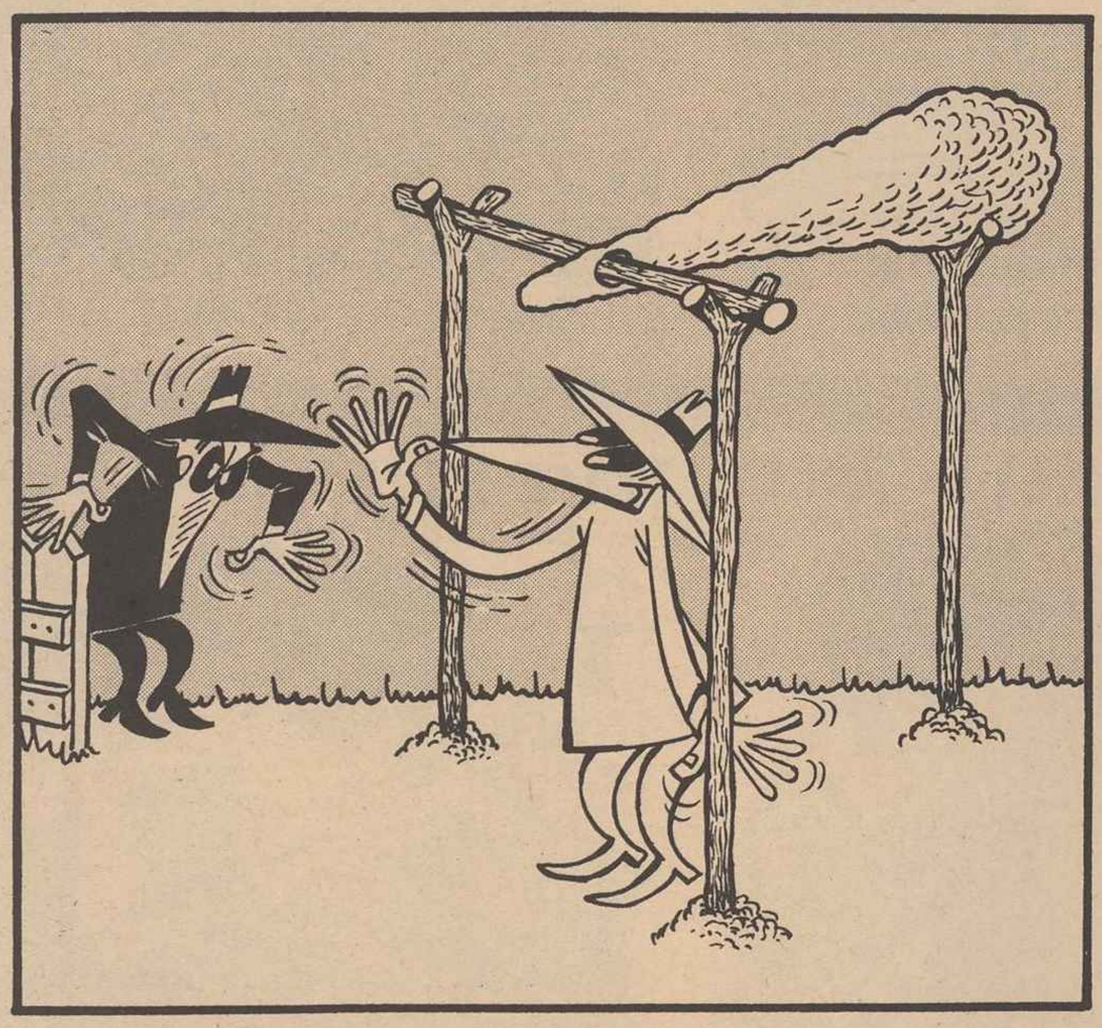
TIME DRAGS...

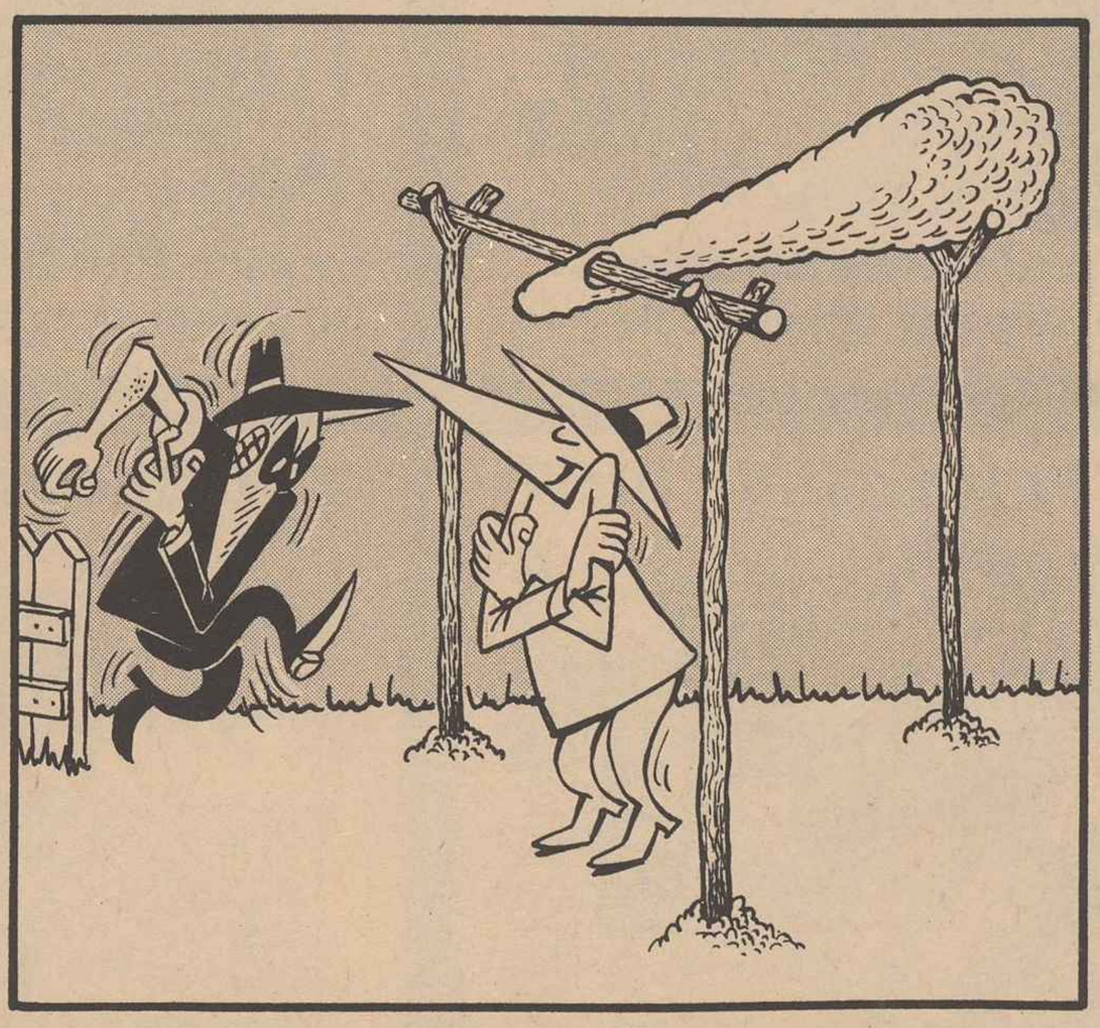


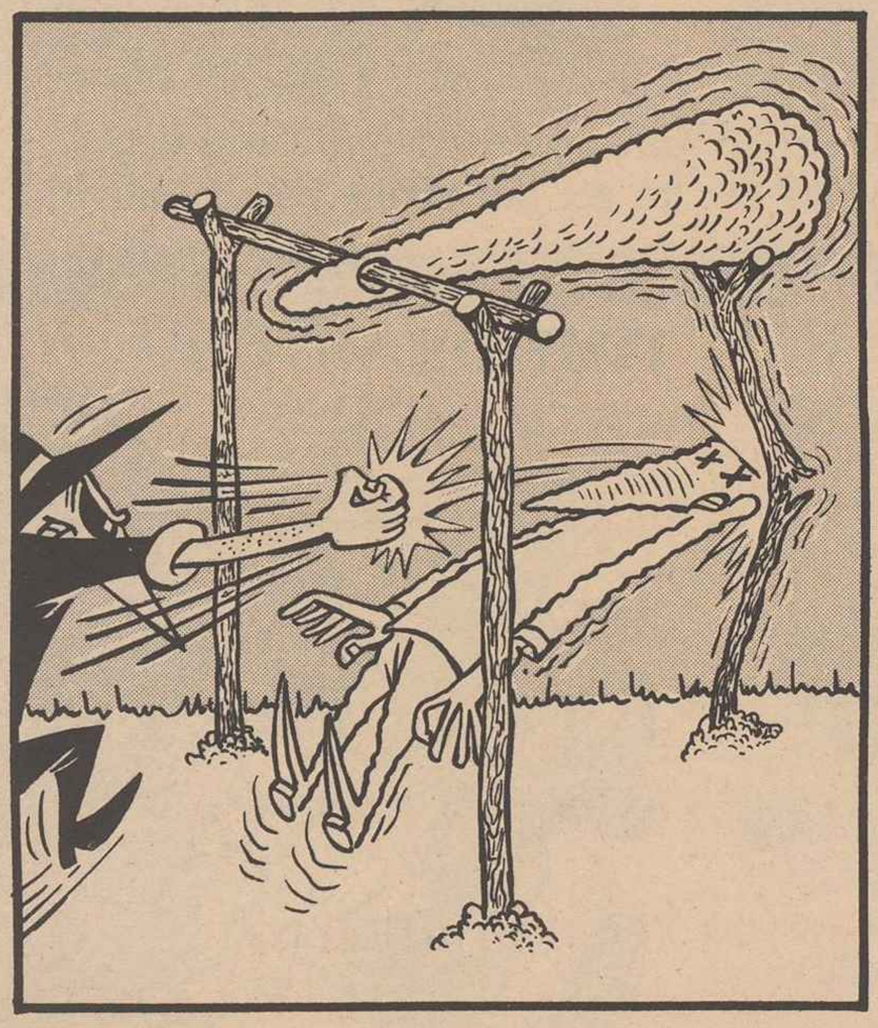
...when he's drilling your tooth.

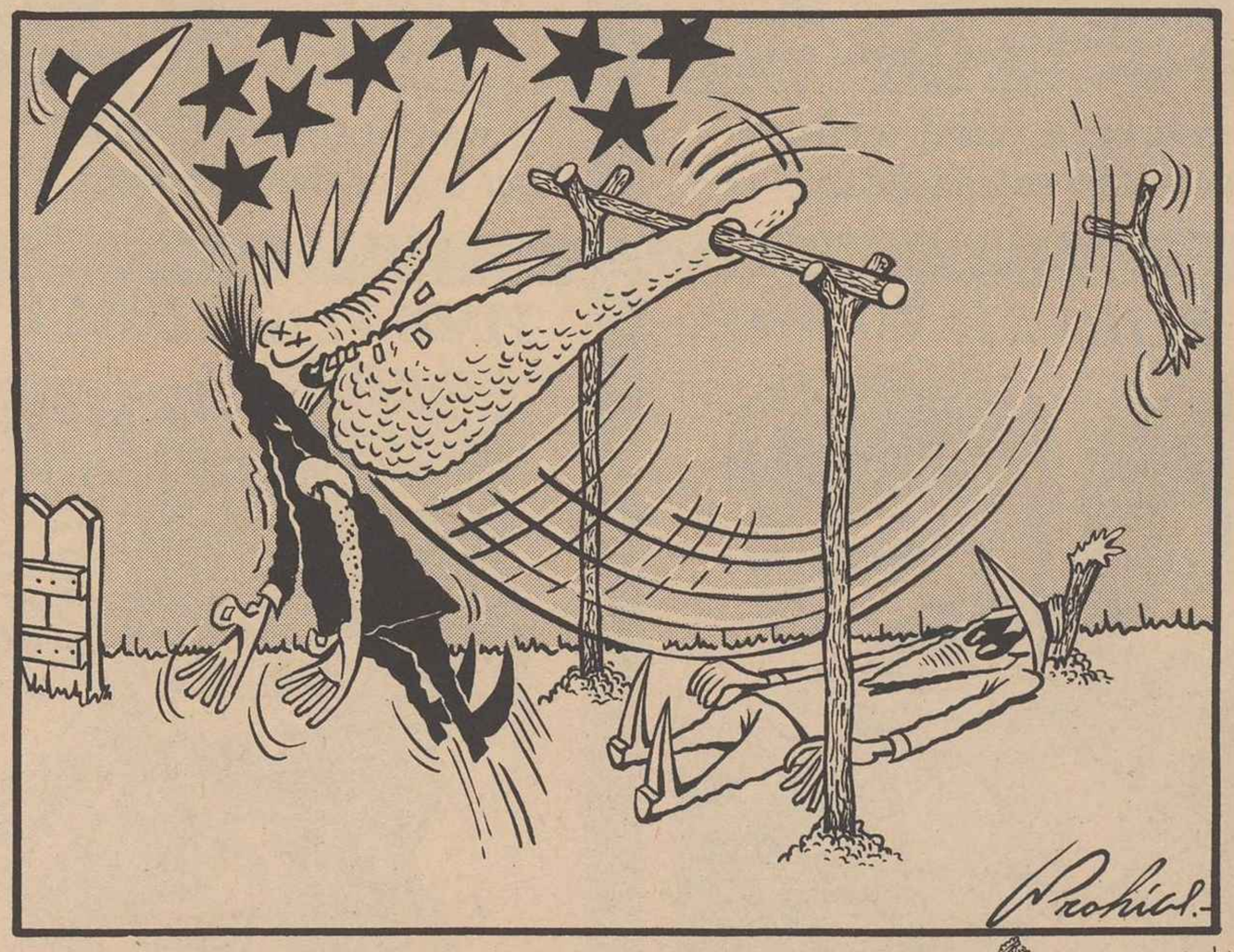

SPY vs SPY










Prohias

AMBIANCE CHASERS DEPT.

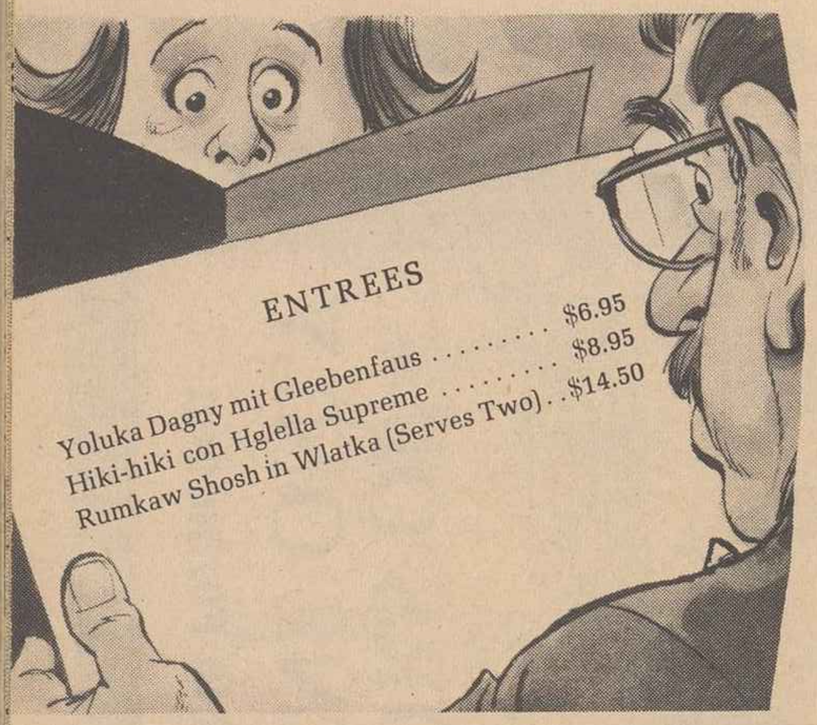
Has it ever struck you as peculiar that the restaurants which seem to be the most fashionably "in" are the very same ones that offer the shabbiest service and lousiest food at the highest conceivable prices? Well, it always struck us as peculiar, until one recent day when the mailman delivered a damaging little catalogue to the MAD office by mistake. Now, we suddenly understand how the whole beastly system works. It's all based on the assumption by owners of exclusive dining spots that we are a nation of incorrigible snobs, hopeless masochists and complete idiots. If you don't believe it, you really ought to get a look at this catalogue. Of course, you probably wouldn't be able to get one because it's full of horrifying trade secrets that laymen are never supposed to find out. So, in order to satisfy your curiosity and put you on your guard, here is . . .

RIPOFF CAFE ACCESSORIES, INC.
RESTAURANT SUPPLY CATALOGUE

FOR PURVEYORS OF GOURMET CUISINE ONLY

Sales To The Common Rabble Forbidden

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH



MENUS IN OBSCURE FOREIGN LANGUAGES silence customer complaints forever! After all, who can squawk about your rotten food, high prices and mixed-up orders when patrons don't know whether they're getting what they asked for. Listed entrées are all sheep brains or hog liver exotically described in Albanian, Navajo and Nepalese.

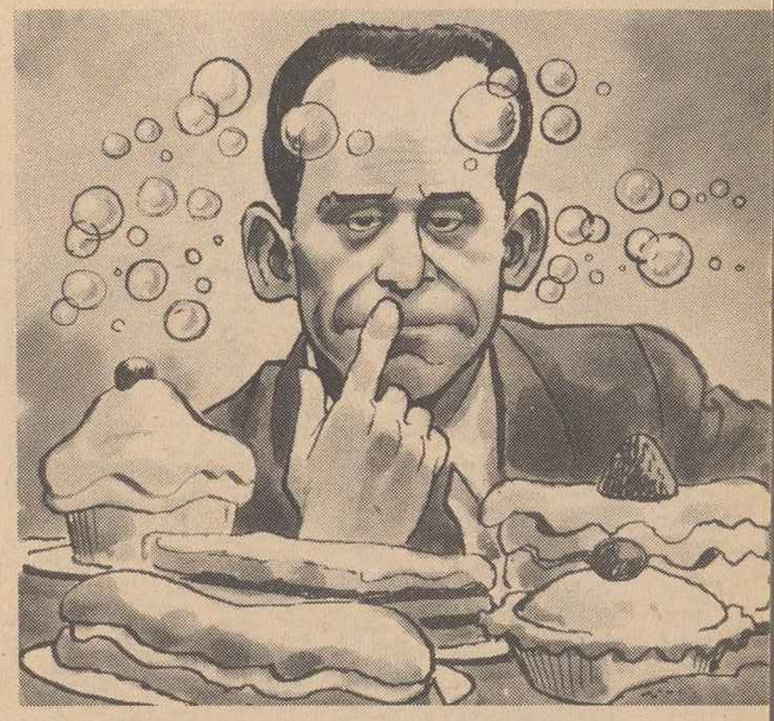
44287—GARBLED GARBAGE DINNER MENUS.....$15.25 doz.

IMPORTED WINE LABELS cost considerably less than imported wine. Yet snob appeal to customers who don't know what they're drinking anyway allows you to charge your usual exhorbitant price. Easy paste-on labels are amply large enough to cover those of any cheap domestic brand you serve. Help relieve our national balance of payments deficit while you're helping yourself to enormous profits.

5622—ASSORTED FRENCH WINE LABELS.....$6.50 per gross
5623—ASSORTED ITALIAN WINE LABELS.....$3.75 per gross
5624—ASSORTED POLISH WINE LABELS.....69¢ per gross

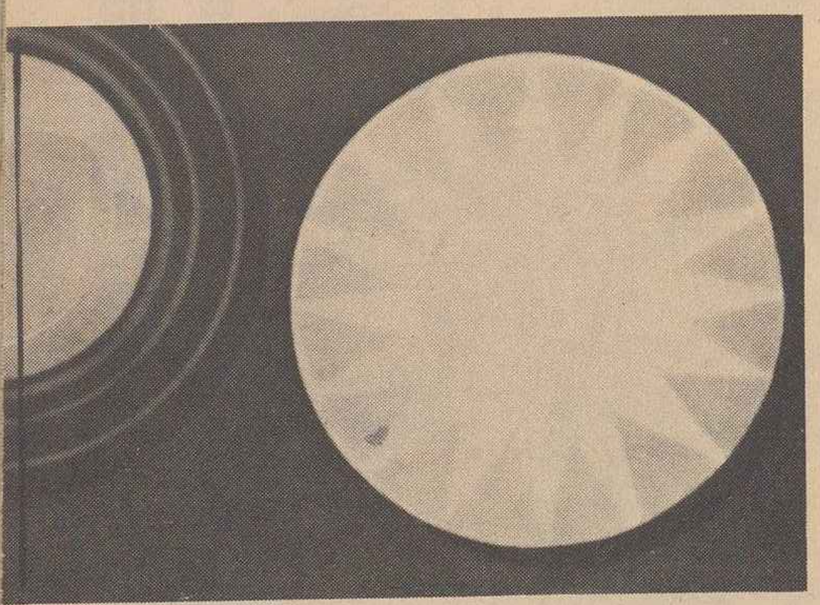
GLEAMING BRASS CHAFING DISH helps justify your $4.50 cheeseburgers by requiring three waiters to melt the cheese at patron's table. Also impressive for warming up pancakes left over from breakfast and selling them as crèpes suzettes at dinner. Heating mechanism operates on kerosene handsomely packaged in used brandy bottles. (Available at extra cost.)

56911—"PRETTY HOT STUFF" BRAND CHAFING DISH $24.95



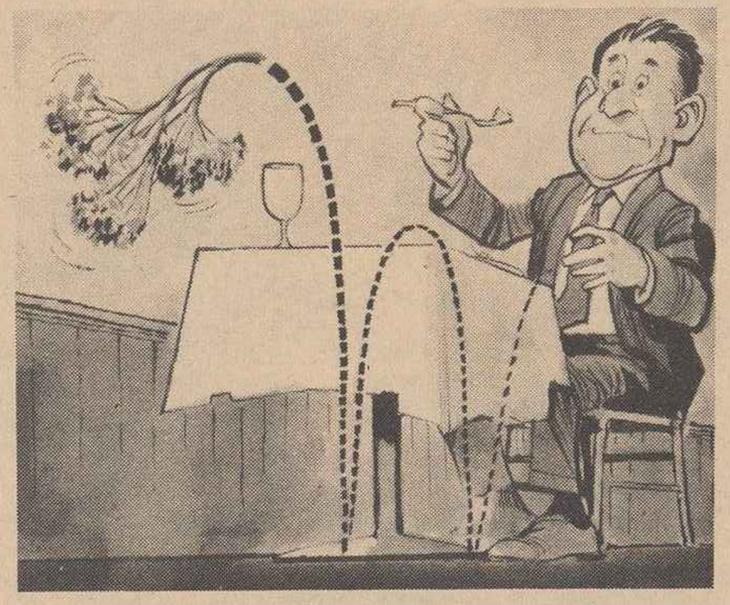
SUMPTUOUS PASTRY CART GOODIES often draws flies in restaurants lacking kitchen window screens and proper insect control. That's why we've fashioned these fake mocha tortes and éclairs from dark brown laundry soap. Let patrons make their selections from this authentic looking display before serving them chocolate Twinkies at $1.75 each. Soap can be used later for your monthly linen laundering.

4866—SUDSY SWEETS....$4.75 doz.



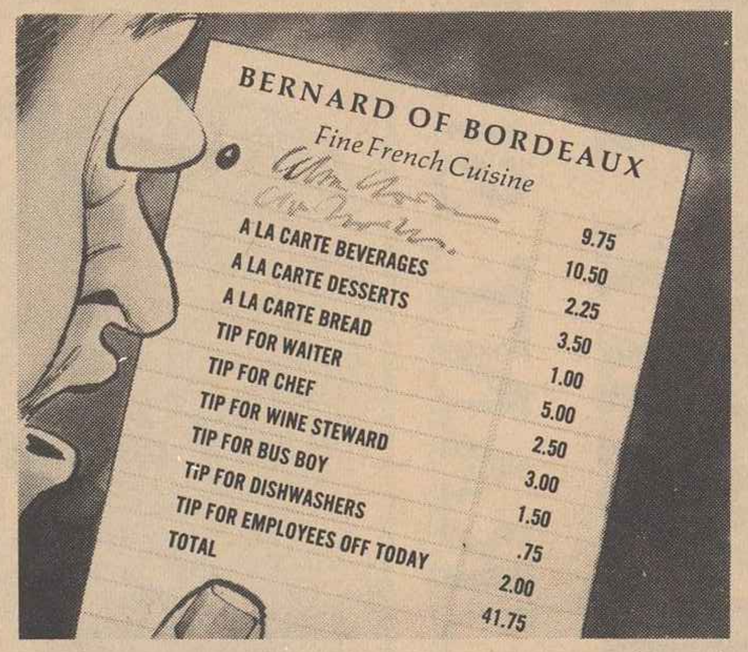
OPTICAL ILLUSION DINNER PLATES enable you to serve skimpier portions at even higher prices. Cleverly designed sunburst pattern makes smaller plates look at least as large as the old fashioned standard size, especially to customers who are half bombed. Yet new style holds 50% less food. You'll cut costs without risking howls of protest with these diminutive beauties.

47651—BIG LITTLE DINNER PLATES $17.50 doz.



STOP WASTING MONEY on parsley sprigs, frilly radishes and similar decorative food that nobody ever eats. Likelike rubber garnishes are equally effective for maintaining your ritzy reputation, yet they can be rinsed off and used again and again. (Not recommended for vegetarian restaurants catering to health freaks.)

5663—SHERWIN WILLIAM BRAND HIGH-GLOSS TABLE GARNISH $8.49 qt.

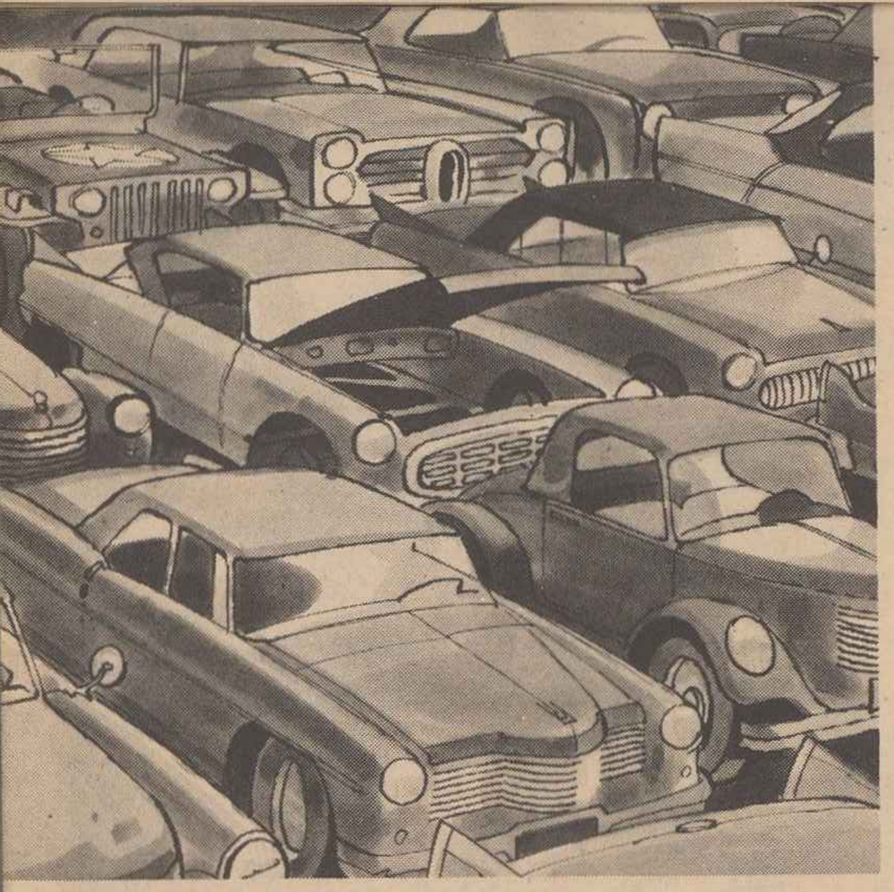


PRE-ADDED CHECKS eliminate your risk of losing money due to faulty addition. Also aids diners in remembering to tip all of your underpaid employees who need the cash badly. Checks are virtually inflation-proof as printed prices already reflect the increases you plan to make next year.

12709—"SUPERCHARGE" BRAND PRE-ADDED DINNER CHECKS $75 per 1,000

BICARBONATE OF SODA MINTS. Let after-dinner mints create a more pleasing final touch to your meals than the heartburn normally created by your greasy food. Use of sugary menthol spray has added so much phony flavoring that patrons will never dream they really eating antacid tablets. Also ideal for employees who forget to bring their lunch from home.

38117—STOMACH SAVER AFTER DINNER MINTS.....$2.69 lb.

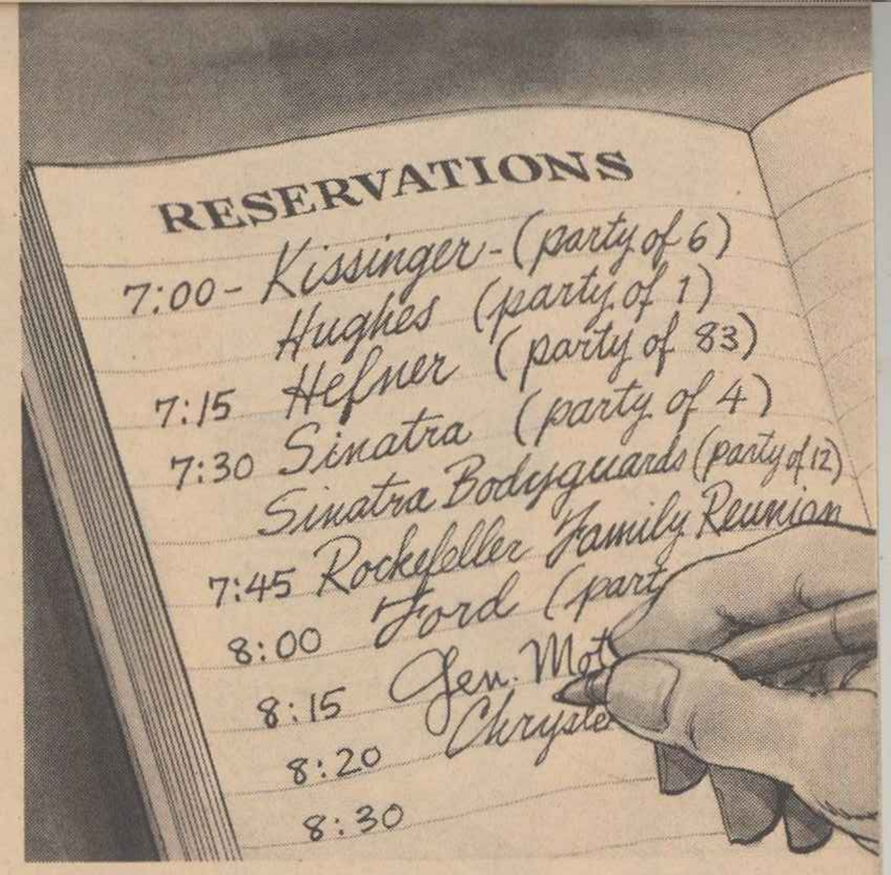


FILL YOUR PARKING LOT with abandoned cars to give the place that jam-packed look, even when there are no customers inside. These vehicles are not tell-tale total wrecks, but merely stripped down pre-1960 models with engines removed for easier towing to your location. Guaranteed to impress the few patrons you do have by making them walk several blocks to begin waiting for a table.

4793—UNRECONDITIONED BUT PARKABLE USED CARS
$695.00 doz.
(Specify type desired: Sick Studebakers, Dead DeSotos, Crippled Corvairs)

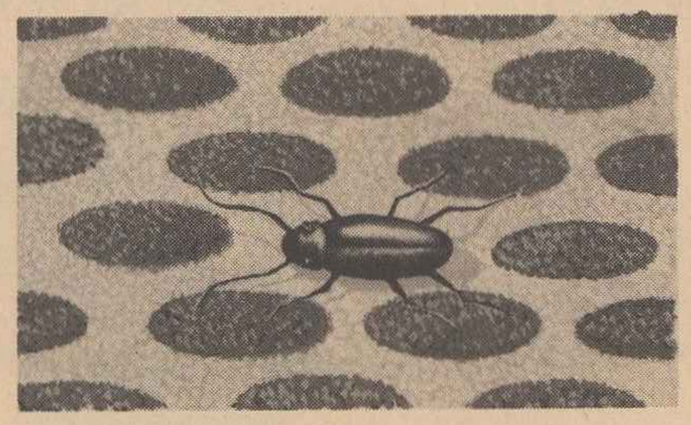
PRE-FILLED RESERVATION BOOK enables you to impress newly arrived patrons while you keep them waiting. Prominent names of your imaginary clientèle printed in large, bold script for all to see at a glance. Ideal for herding would-be diners into the bar without complaint to buy expensive drinks as they beg for one of your many empty tables.

8755—BIG NAME—BIG PROFIT RESERVATION BOOK.....$11.95



DROWN OUT NAUSEATING KITCHEN SMELLS with tempting canned aroma of better food than you serve. There's never a need to replace old cooking grease or incompetent fry cooks once you've spritzed your dining area with one of these mouth watering essences. Prompts patrons to order what they think they smell, and minimize gagging on what they actually get.

27388—"YUMMY DUMMY" BRAND FOOD SMELL (Large Cans).....$11.50 doz.
(Specify aroma desired: Hickory Smoked Ribs, Broiled Lobster, Sweet & Sour Cantonese.)

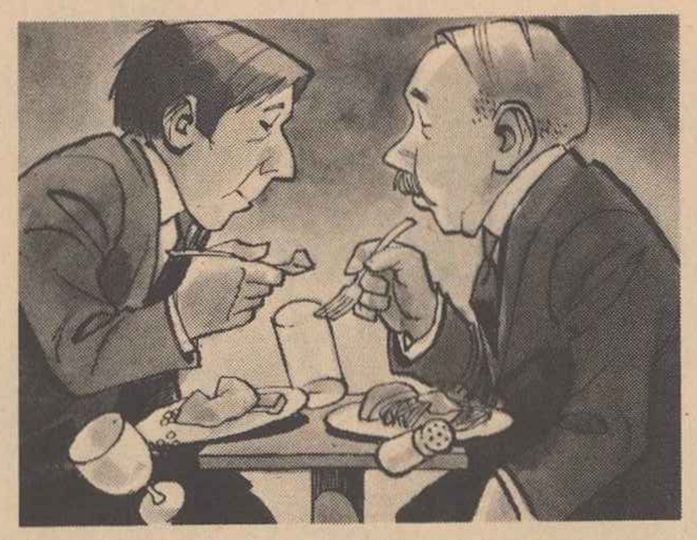


COCKROACH CAMOUFLAGE CARPET DESIGN tricks even the most eagle-eyed diner into believing that real insects are merely part of the rug pattern. Totally eliminates costly exterminator fees. May even convince Health Department inspectors to let you keep your license, assuming they never go into the kitchen.

4722—"EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS" BRAND CARPETING.....$14.50 per square yd.

TWO-WATT LIGHT BULBS save precious energy. Namely the precious energy you'd waste dusting furniture and vacuuming carpets if lights were bright enough for diners to see the filth. Dim illumination also provides more romantic atmosphere for patrons, and more hiding places for waiters.

8149—DISMAL ELECTRIC "FAINT-GLO" LIGHT BULBS.....$61.75 gross



TINY DINING TABLES let your head waiter dole out fitting punishment to those who fail to tip him. These little horrors put more money in your pocket, too, as they can easily be squeezed behind kitchen doors, into rest room alcoves and similar nooks you once considered unusable. Handy 14-square-inch size lets you seat 200 in a dining room designed for 50.

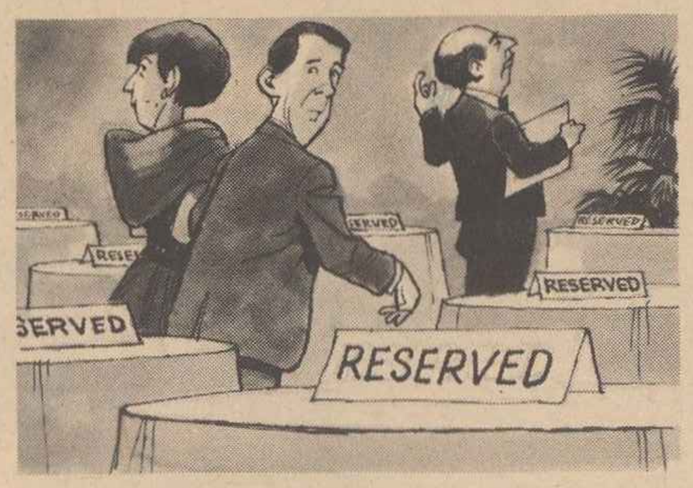
1837—ITTY-BITTY DINING TABLES $69.95 ea.

1838—ODDLY WOBBLY CHAIRS FOR ITTY-BITTY TABLES.....$49.95 pr.

PERSONALLY INSCRIBED CELEBRITY PHOTOS tell the world you cater to big shots. We supply pictures in one dozen lots to fill your walls with simulated adoration. Each photo is personally autographed by our experienced staff of forgery experts. Freedom from lawsuits guaranteed, as all dipicted celebrities have been dead for at least five years.

4756—GENUINELY PHONY AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES.....$9.75 doz.

4756-A—DE LUXE SET WITH FRAMES AND PICTURE HOOKS.....$47.50 doz.



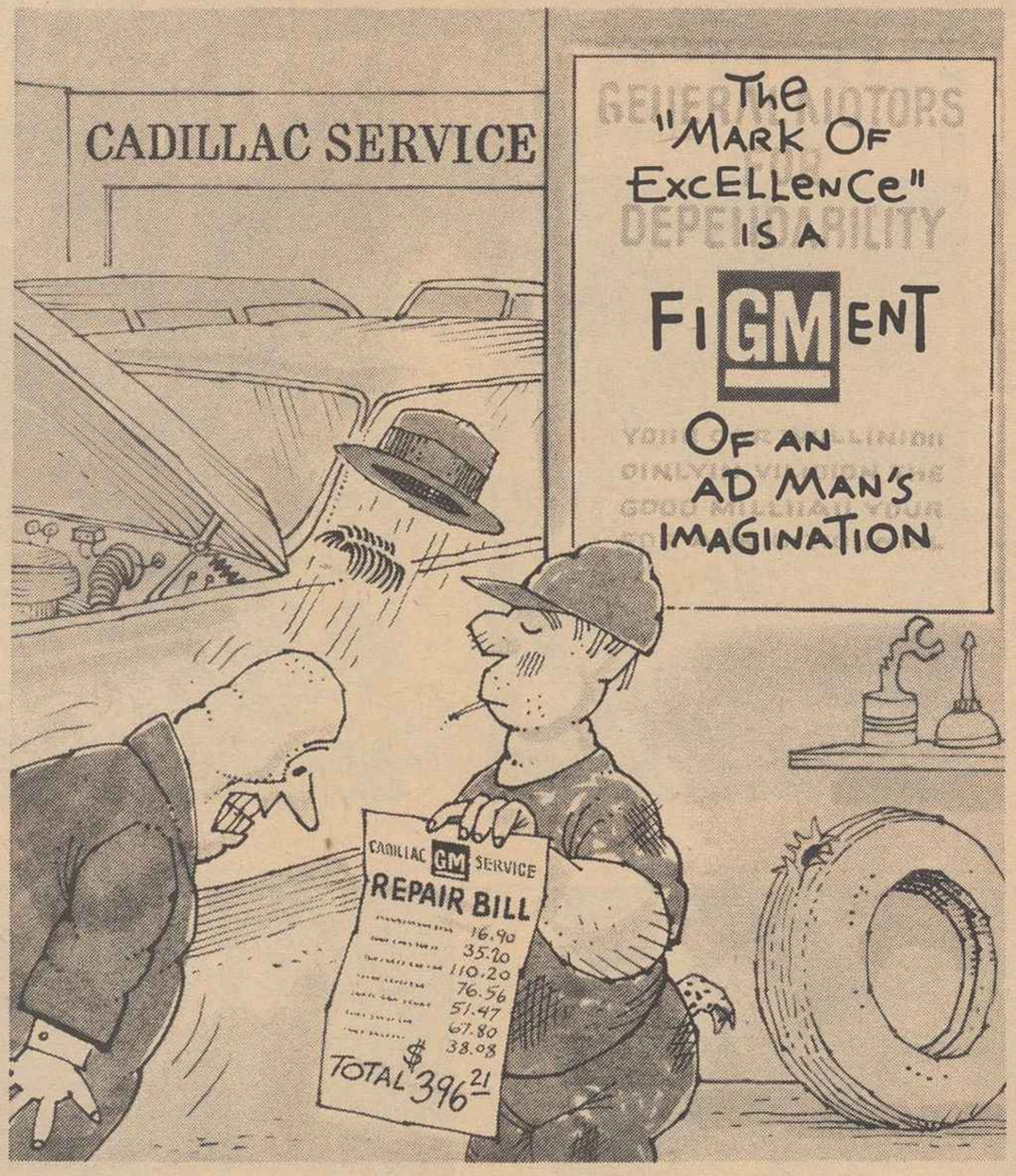
STOP PATRONS FROM WHINING when you seat them close to the kitchen for the convenience of your waiters. Boldly lettered "RESERVED" signs placed on desirable empty tables convince diners that they're lucky to be seated anywhere. High quality signs are printed in large type with luminous ink for easy visibility, even when kitchen grease fires fill the room with smoke.

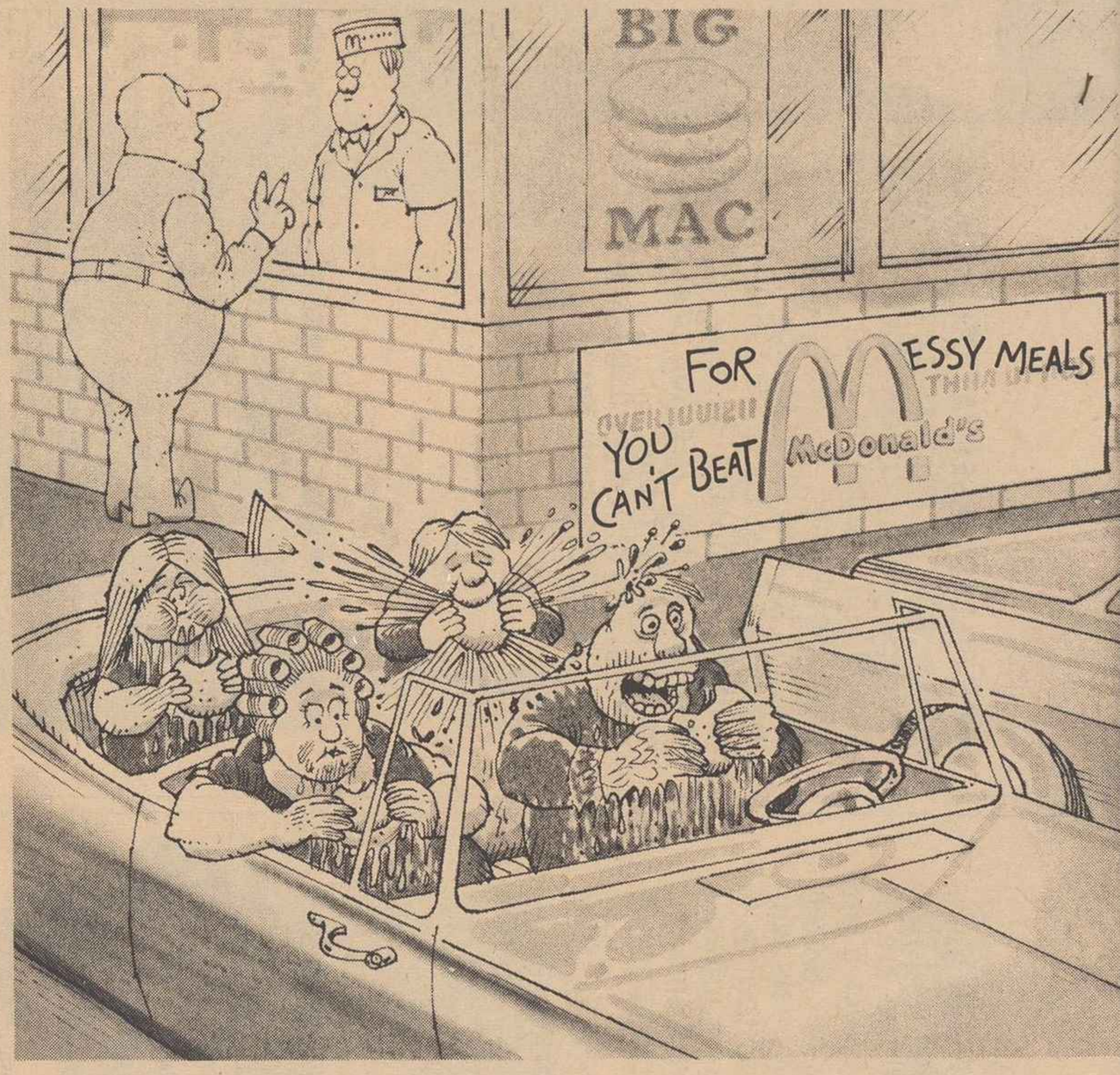
23738—ATTENTION GRABBER RESERVATION SIGNS.....$3.50 doz.

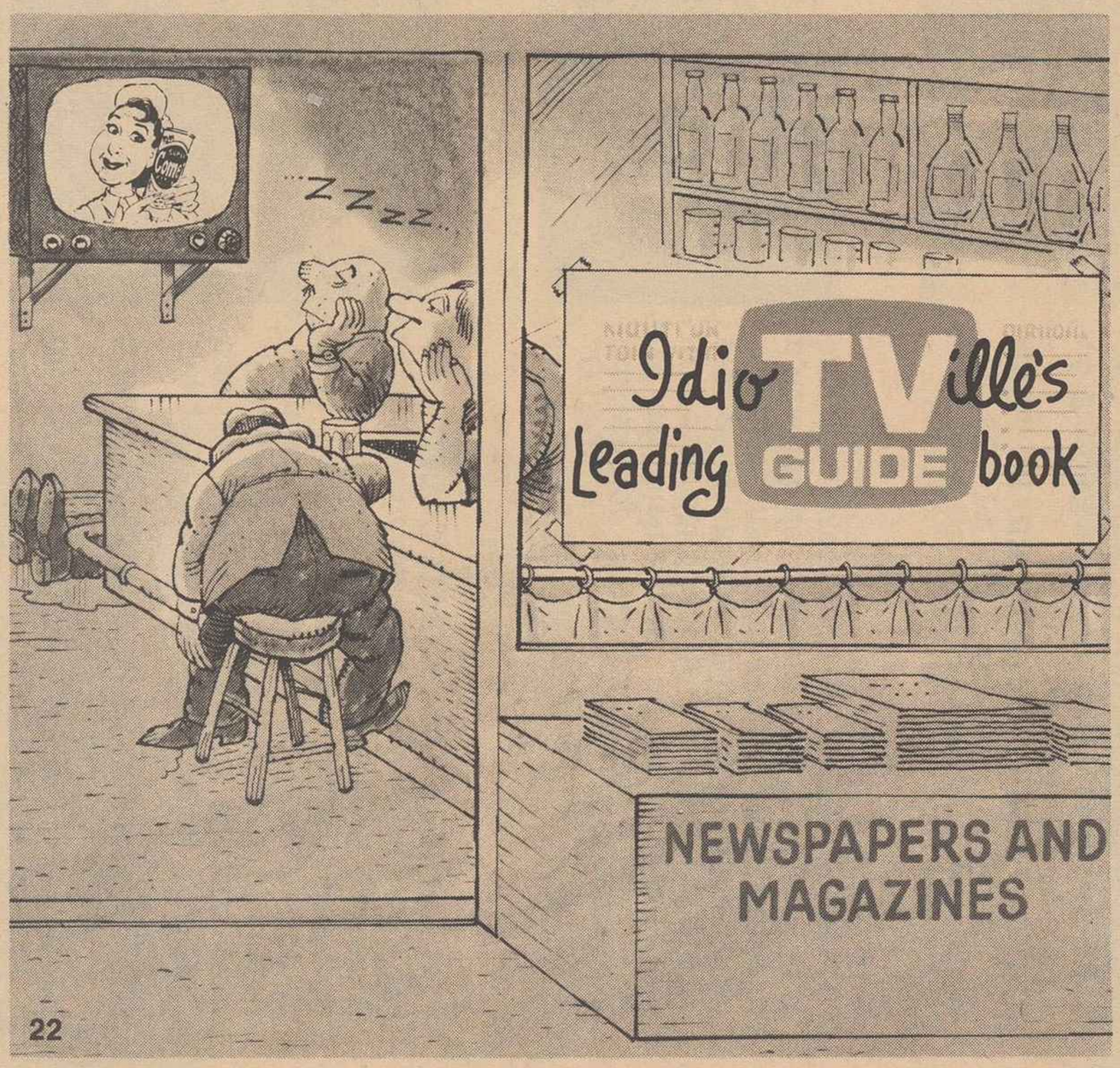
ADD-VERTISING DEPT.

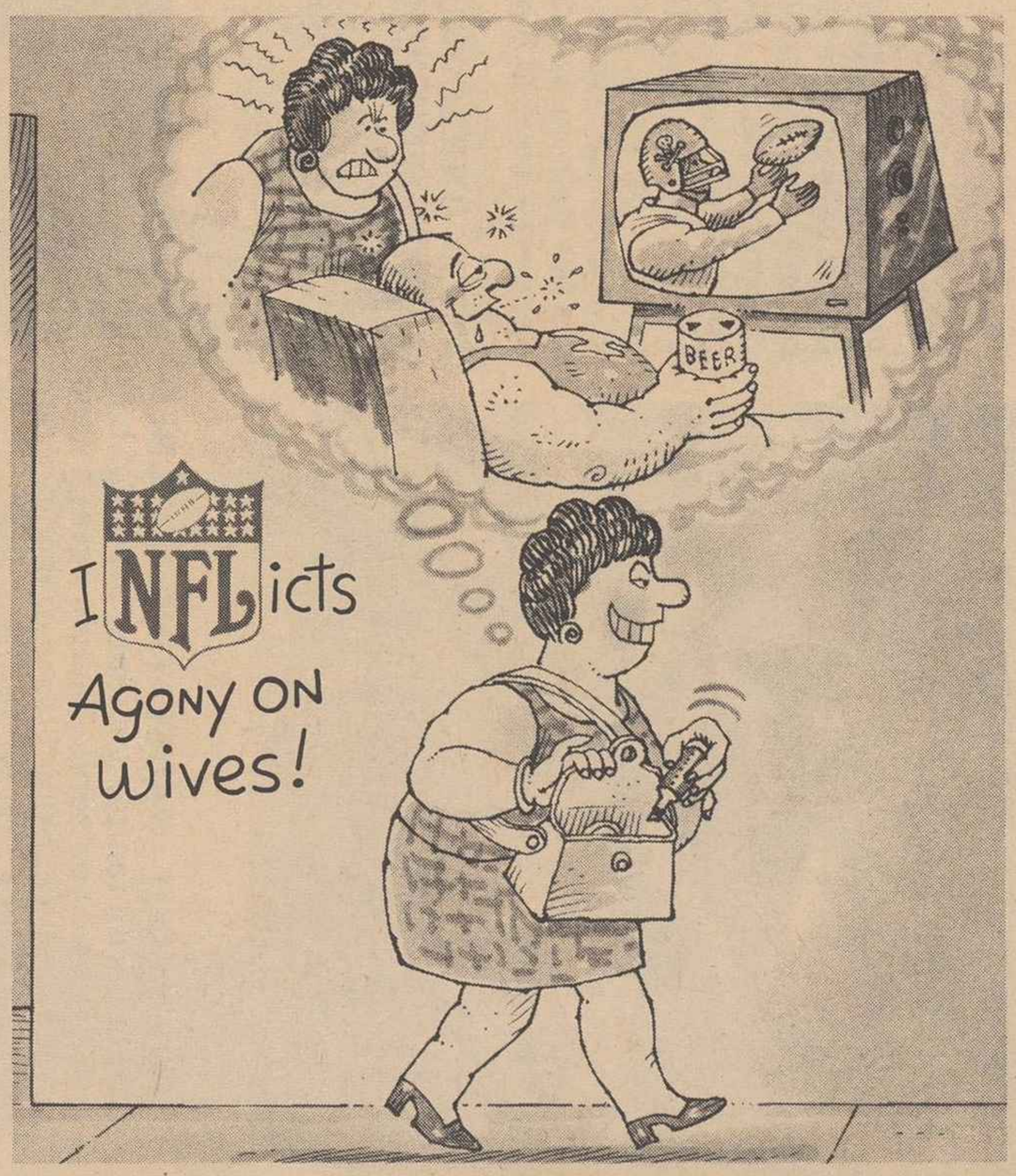
Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available public surface. We at

TRADEMARK





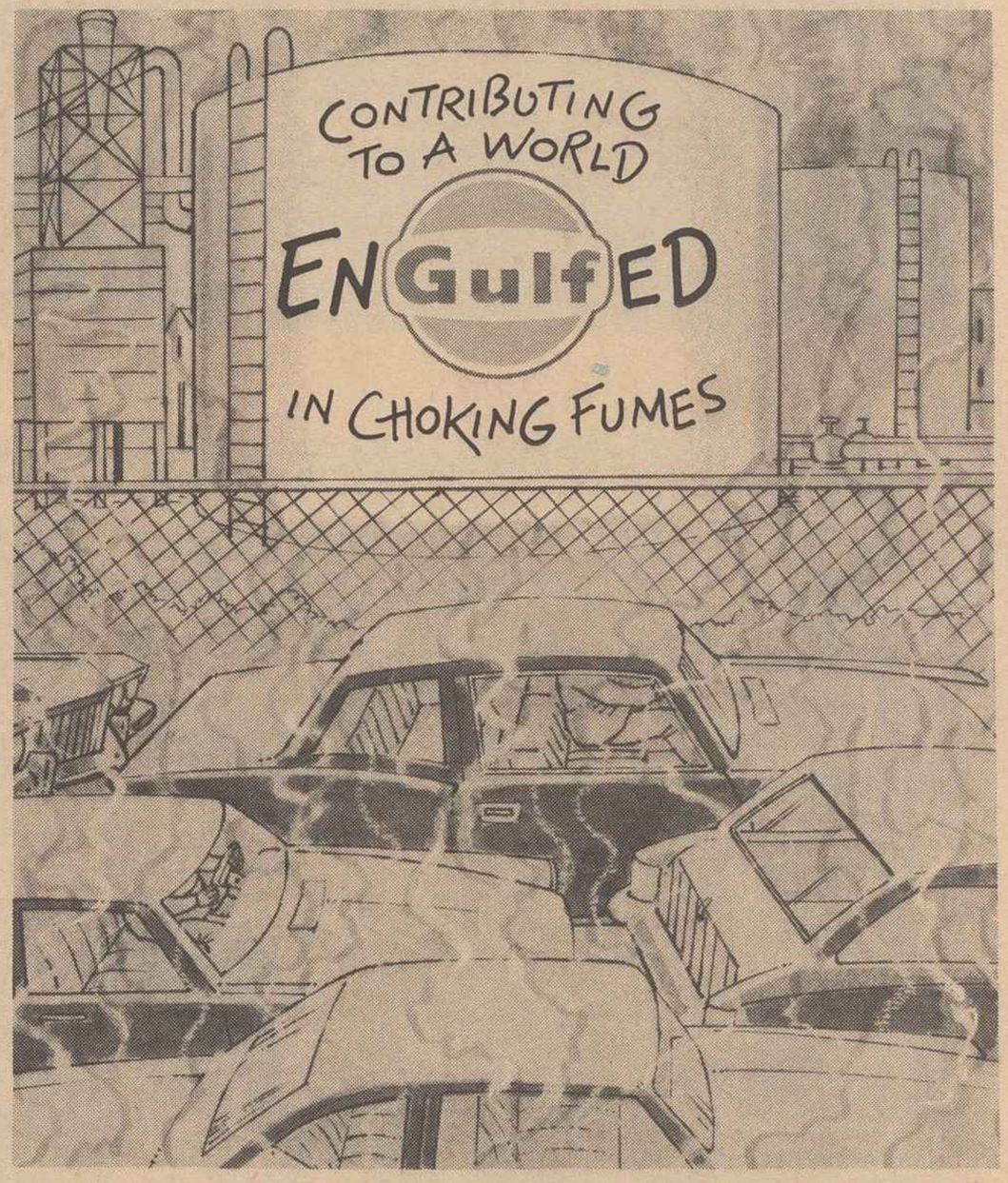


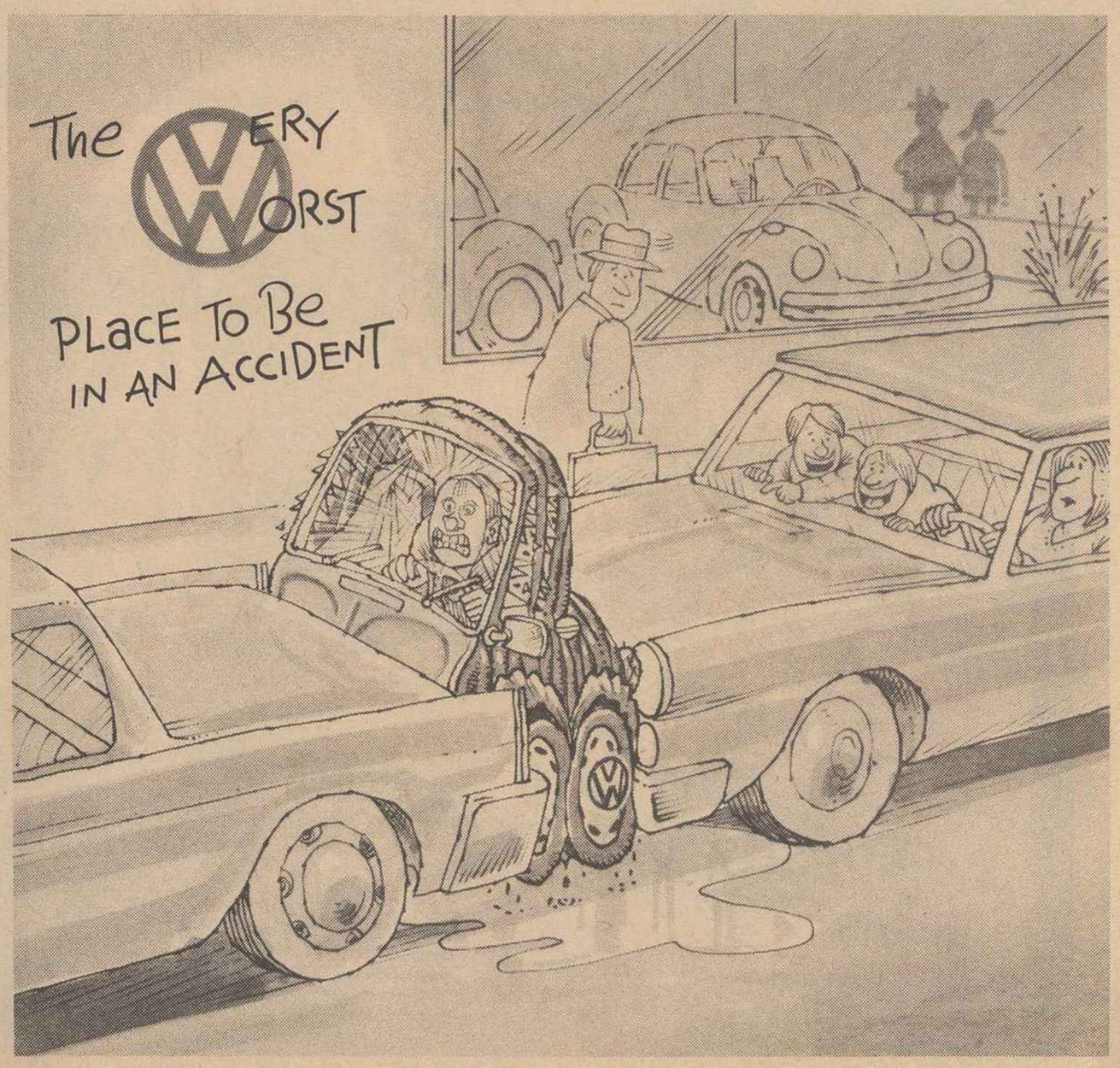


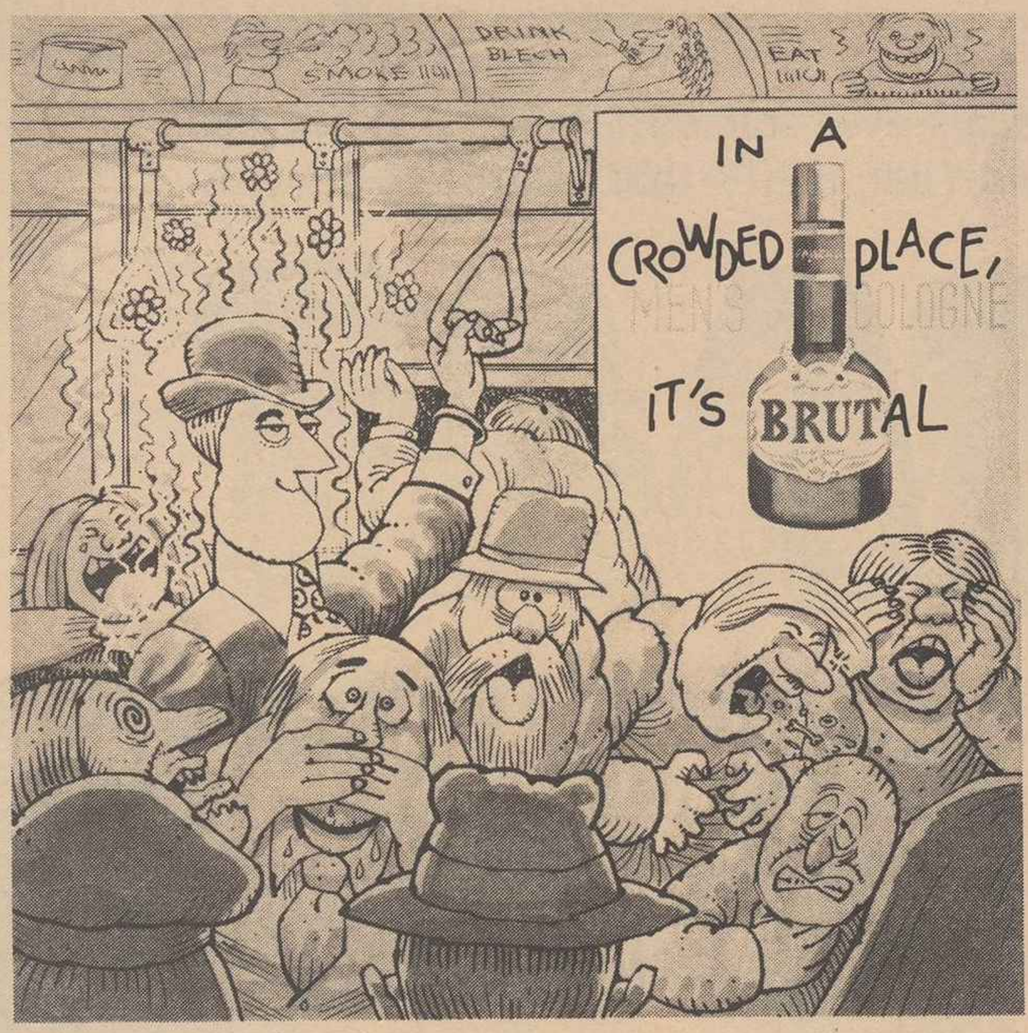
MAD shudder to think what might happen if those Graffiti Rascals ever started attacking that holy of holies, the Corporate Signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with

GRAFFITI

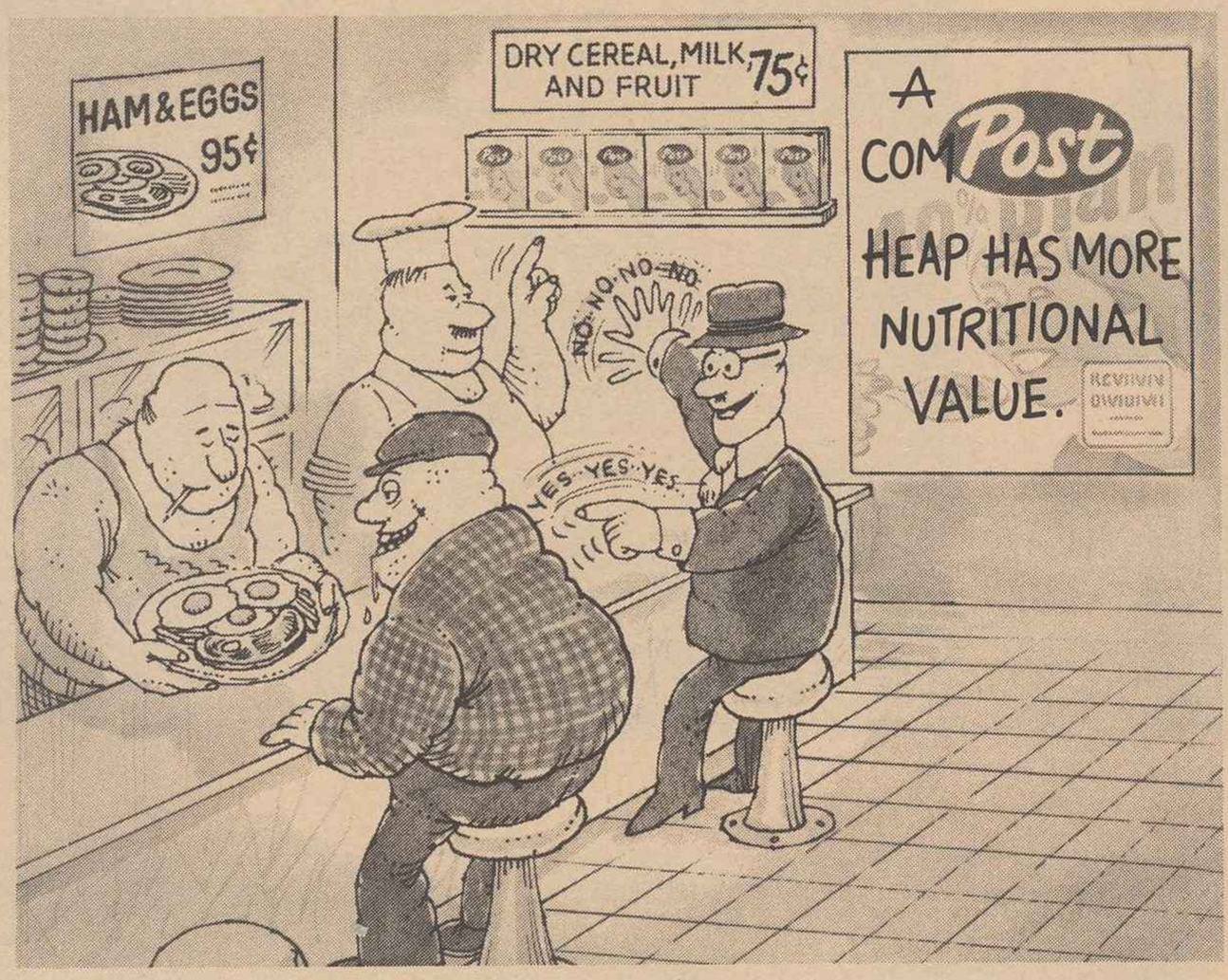
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

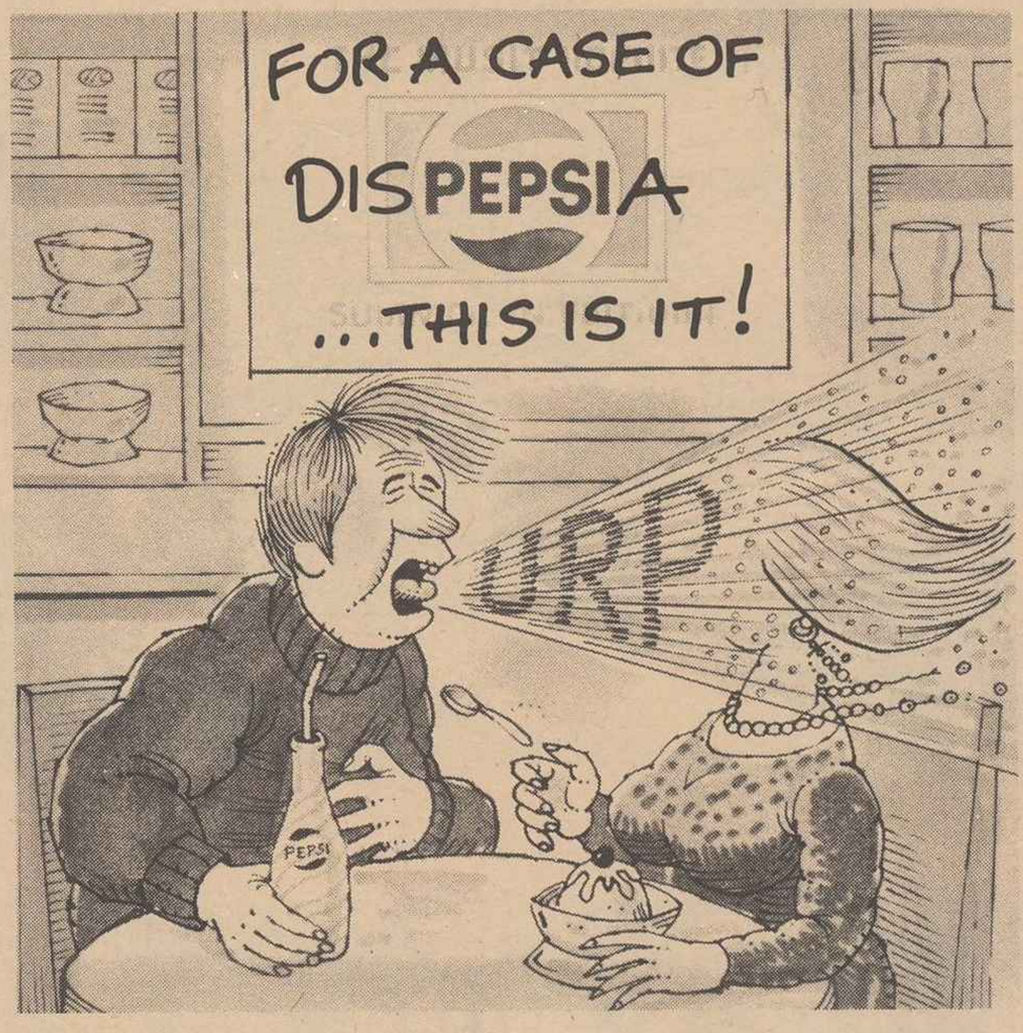




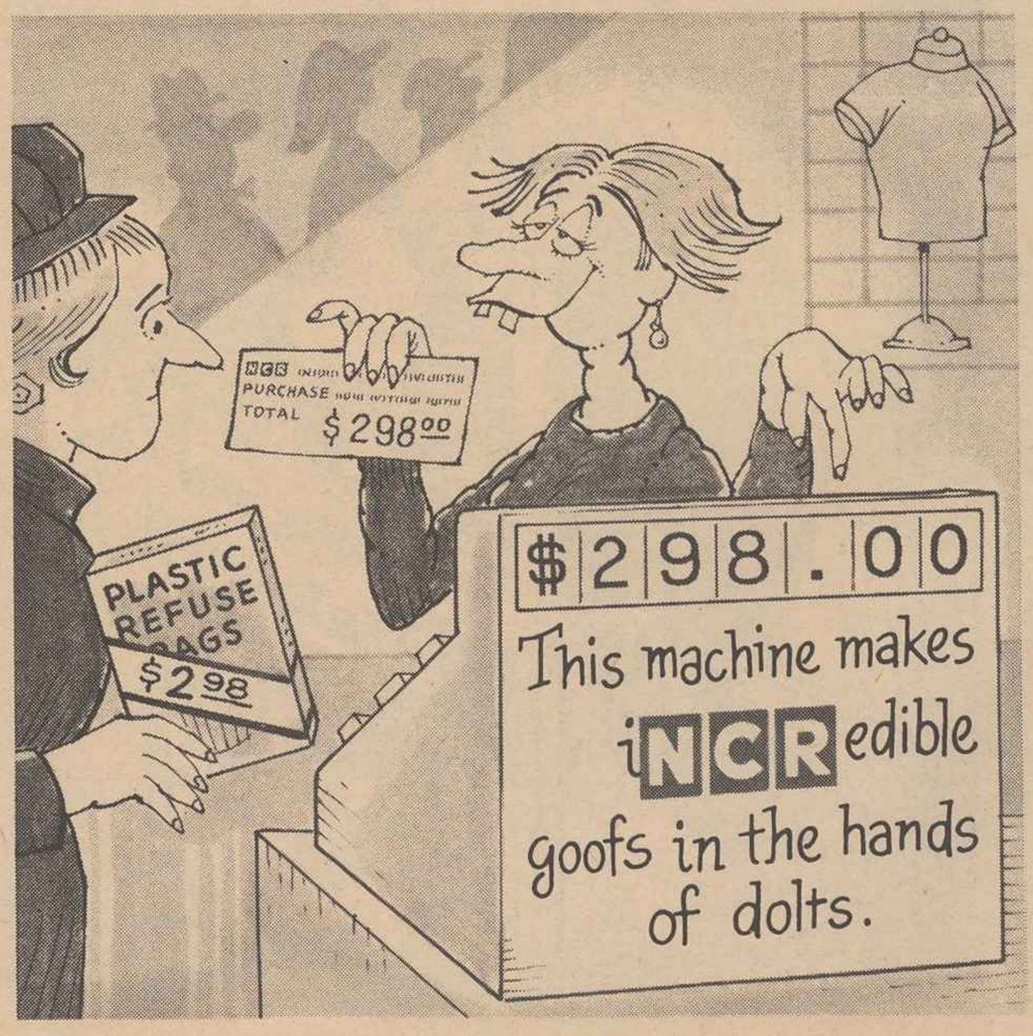

SMOKE
DRINK BLECH
EAT
IN A CROWDED PLACE,
IT'S BRUTAL

AN IRRESISTIBLE
ROLLS ROYCE
TEMPTATION TO STATUS-SEEKING SOCIAL CLIMBERS
M.D.
RICH PERSON

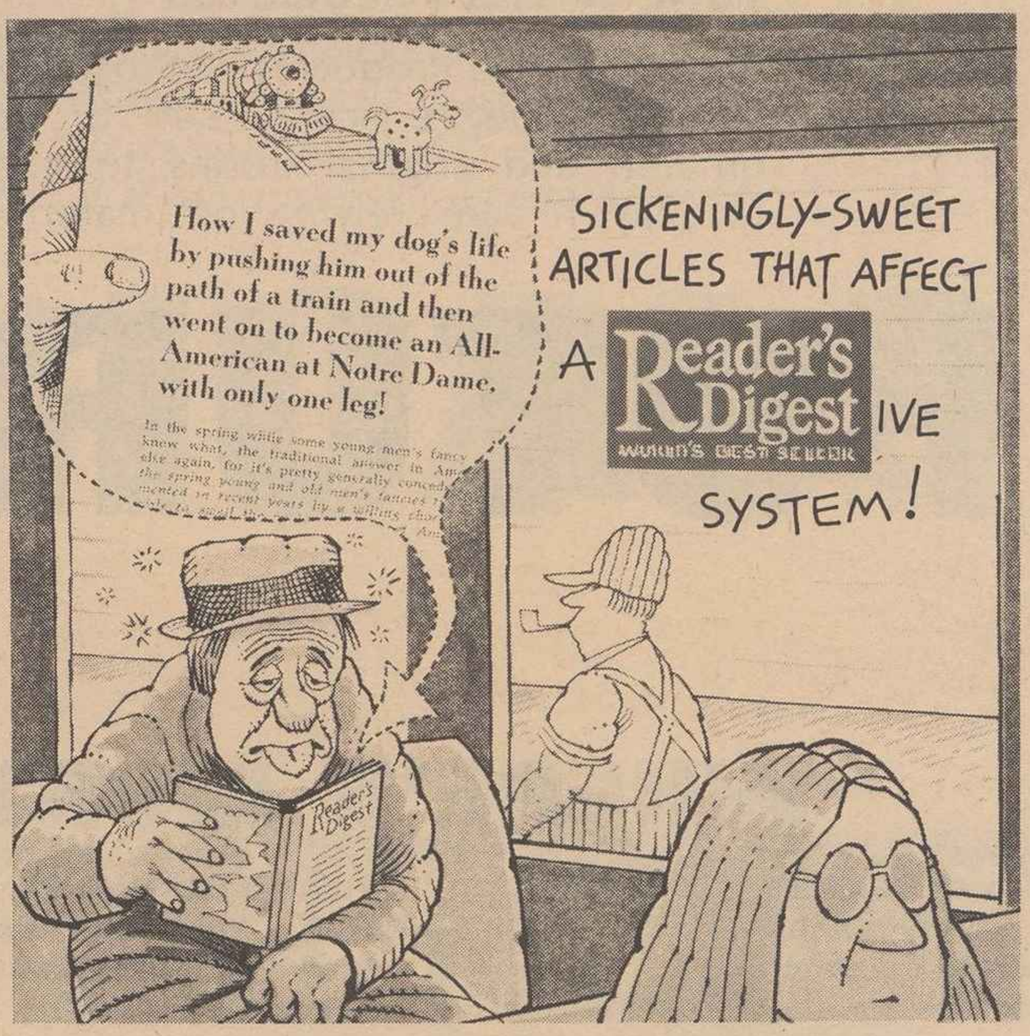

HAM & EGGS 95¢
DRY CEREAL, MILK, AND FRUIT 75¢
NO-NO-NO-NO
YES-YES-YES
A COMPost HEAP HAS MORE NUTRITIONAL VALUE.

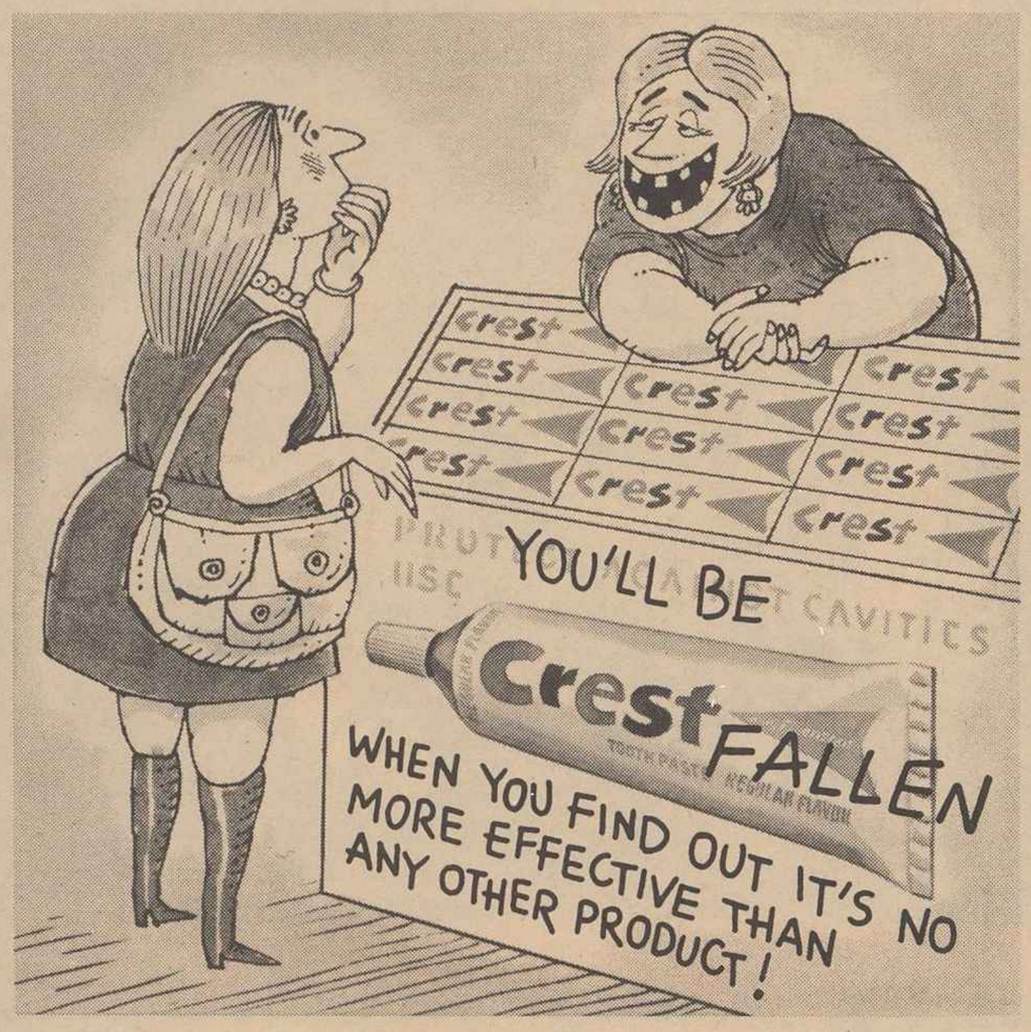

FOR A CASE OF DISPEPSIA ...THIS IS IT!
URP
PEPSI

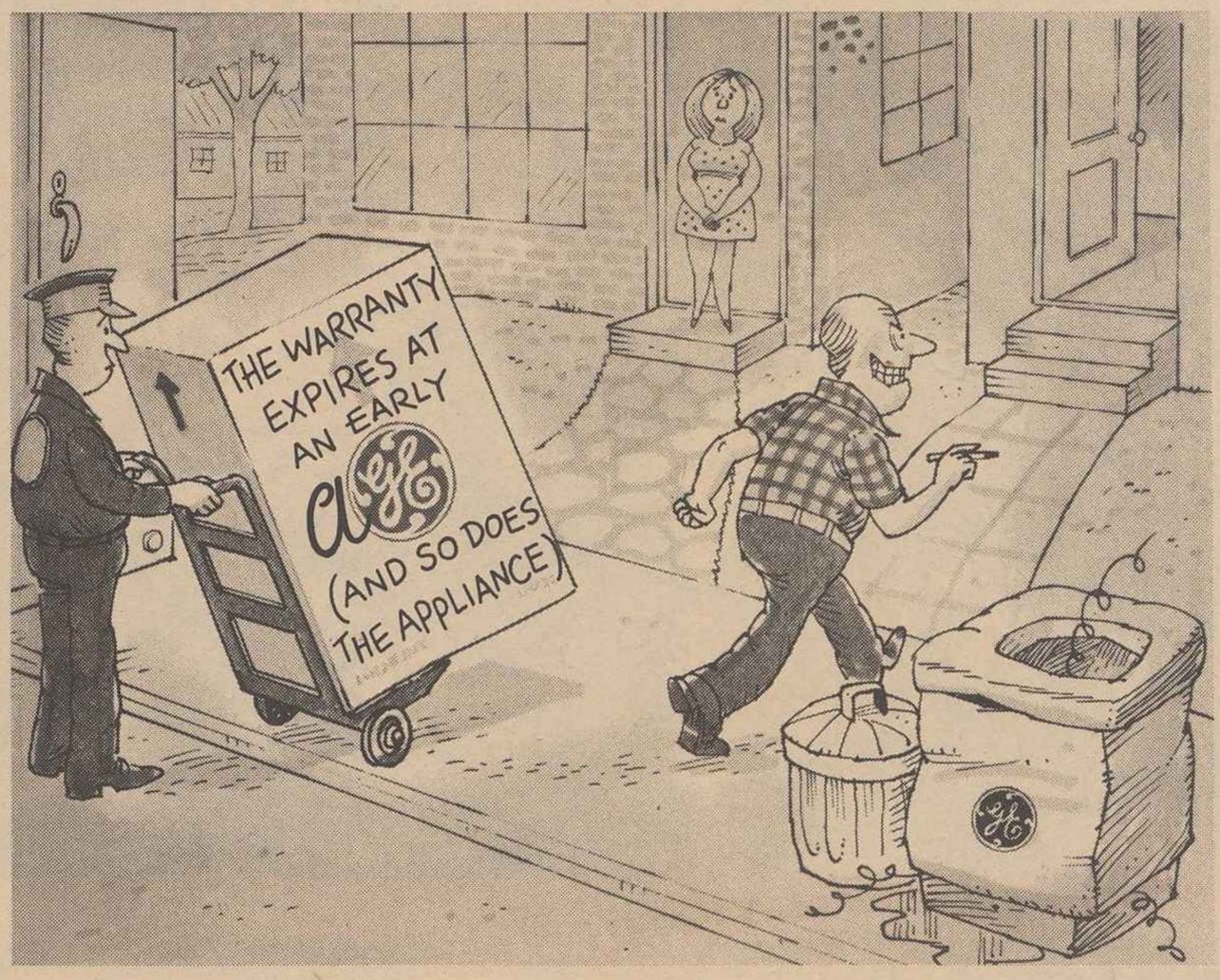
PLAYBOY
If you enjoy Self-PLAYBOY will this magazine help!

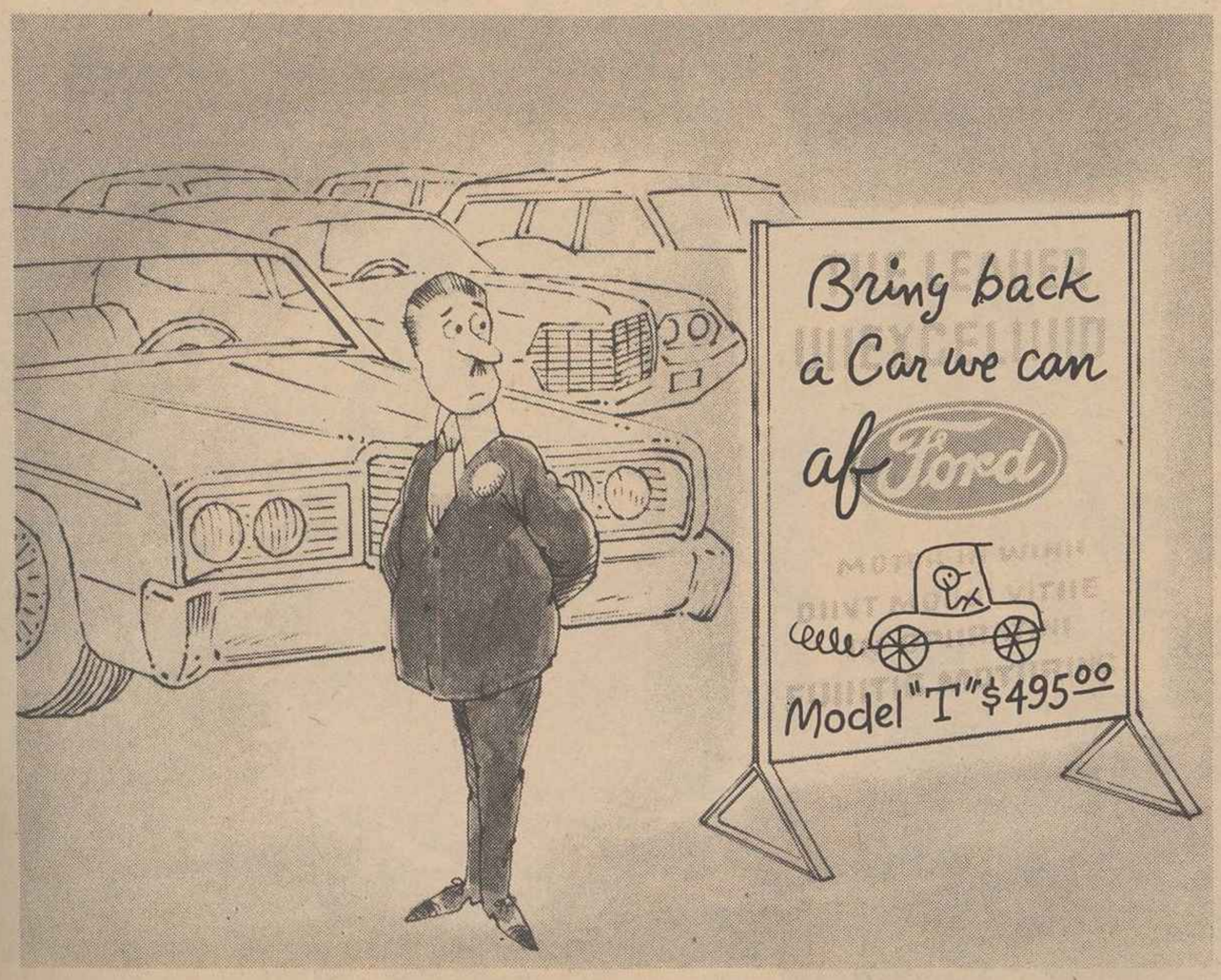

PLASTIC REFUSE BAGS $2.98
TOTAL $298.00
$298.00
This machine makes iNCRedible goofs in the hands of dolts.

Its Only
Ad VANTAGE
is... it helps keep Down the Population Explosion!
Here lies Patrick J. McLeen, his smokes were low in nicotine.
1943 – 1973


How I saved my dog's life by pushing him out of the path of a train and then went on to become an All-American at Notre Dame, with only one leg!
SICKENINGLY-SWEET ARTICLES THAT AFFECT A Reader's Digest IVE SYSTEM!
Reader's Digest


Crest
YOU'LL BE
Crest FALLEN
WHEN YOU FIND OUT IT'S NO MORE EFFECTIVE THAN ANY OTHER PRODUCT!


THE WARRANTY EXPIRES AT AN EARLY
(AND SO DOES THE APPLIANCE)


Bring back a Car we can
af Ford
Model "T" $495.00

Cheap Gift S&H igh Prices
Is what GREEN STAMPS
Are All About!
GREEN STAMPS
affee

TUNE UP THE VOLUME DEPT.

Nowadays, the Producers of Broadway Musicals are chicken! They're scared stiff of taking chances on new and original stories. Instead, they prefer to play it safe—relying on material that's been tried and proven—like adapting successful stories, novels and plays by world-famous authors. Witness such recent Musicals as "Oliver!" *(Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens), "Baker Street" *(Sherlock Holmes*

FUTURE BROAD

BASED ON FAMOUS

"WHERE'S MOBY?" Based on "*Moby Dick*" by Herman Melville

There's **Captain Ahab!** He's the **best** Captain on the **Seven Seas** . . . except for **one thing—**

What's **that?**

He's **insane!**

I HEARD THAT! And it's **TRUE!** I **am** insane! But I know you'll understand when I tell you **why!** It's this **compulsion** I have to find the **Great White Whale—Moby Dick!**

* I'm as nutty as yesterday's fruitcake!
I'm as jumpy as a fish in a pail!
If you're amazed
That my eyes are both glazed—
It's because of that giant White Whale!

I am balmy, with bats in my belfry!
Lost as a ship that is tossed in a gale!
And if I speak
In a sort of a shriek—
It's because of that giant White Whale!

* Sung to the tune of "*I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy*"

THAR SHE BLOWS! A giant White Whale—off the port bow!!

At last! We've **found Moby Dick!** Man the **boats!** Sharpen the **harpoons!** Comb your **hair!**

Comb our hair?!

Right! On **my** ship, **neatness counts!** Now, who'll volunteer to come with me?

The cowards! They're all **afraid** of Moby Dick! But it's just as well . . .

* I have tried to find
Moby Dick before—
But I quickly learned it
was no easy trick before!
Now just look at me—
In the open sea
Face to face with the whale that I lœ!

* Sung to the tune of "*On The Street Where You Live*

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), "West Side Story" (*Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare), "My Fair Lady" (*Pygmalion* by George Bernard Shaw), Hello, Dolly" (*The Matchmaker* by Thornton Wilder), and so on and on. Obviously, if this sickening trend continues, we'll be seeing Musicals based on even more unlikely classics. To illustrate, let's follow the bouncing ball as MAD presents four examples of

WAY MUSICALS

LITERARY CLASSICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

I've been driven insane
By this whale on my brain—
It's as plain as can be!

I have followed my chart,
But I've known from the start
That he's smarter than me!

I'm a screwball who's lost all his senses!
Smashed as a bug in a bucket of ale!
And if I drool
Like a stark-raving fool—
It's because . . .

It's because . . .

It's because . . .

It's because . . .

It's because of that blasted White Whale!!

Now that you've **explained** yourself, us crew-members see you **differently!**

Right! You're the **WORST** Captain on the Seven Seas!

See him swim my way!
No land-lubber he!
More than seven-hundred-thousand pounds of blubber he!
I knew all along
That he'd like this song
That I sing to the whale that I love!

And, oh—that glorious thrashing—
As across the ocean he tears!
Although, my boat he is smashing—
I know it's just his way of showing that he cares!

Now I've settled down!
I feel cheerier!
I'll be living out my life in his interior!
We will sail the brine
Till the time that I'm
Just absorbed by this whale that I love!

"CALL ME JULIUS"

Based on "*Julius Caesar*" by William Shakespeare

Oh, Julius! You've returned from Gaul where you **killed 85,000 people** and **burned their cities!** Just listen to the people cheer you for your **goodness, justice** and **love of humanity . . .**

Quiet, my dear! The people are singing the **National Anthem!**

* **Oh, Rome is our dream—**
With its wild Colosseum,
And its traffic-jammed Appian Way!
Where the pizza is best—
'Tho it's hard to digest—
And Caesar's the king we obey!

Rome! Rome, you're just fine!
With that crazy "S-P-Q-R" sign!
Where the orgies go on
From the evening till dawn,
And each Christian is fed to a lion!

* Sung to the tune of "*Home On The Range*"

Beware the "Ides of March", Caesar! **Brutus** and his gang are going to **kill you** in the **Forum!**

But Brutus is my **second in command!** Why should he want to **kill** me?

Because he's **No. 2!** He **tries harder!**

We rub Caesar out **today!** Right, Brutus?

Right! Now here's my plan! **Cassius**—you get him from the **front! Casca**—you get him from the **rear!** And I—

What about **ME,** Brutus?

You, Trebonius will drive the **Get-Away Chariot!**

* **Goodbye, Julie!**
It's goodbye, Julie!
'Cause our knives are in your back where they belong!

You bugged us all, Julie!
With your Gaul, Julie!
Your ambition kept us wishin' for this parting song!

So farewell, Julie!
It's been swell, Julie!
But we hadda take a stab at jabbin' you!
Yeah . . .

We hope your will's made up!
And you have your bills paid up!
Julie, as a big shot, you are through!

* Sung to the tune of "*Hello, Dolly*"

Oh, Marc Antony! They've **killed Caesar!** Speak to the **people!** Tell them **you'll follow** in **Caesar's footsteps!**

That's been **my idea** all along!

Friends, Romans, Country . . . I don't know what **you're** going to do now—but as for **me . . .**

* **Cle-o-patra,**
Here I come!
Caesar's dead, but
Don't be glum!

I love ya!
Think of ya!
Night-time and day!

I'll woo ya!
Sing to ya!
Hear me, Cleo, when I say—

That I would gladly walk a mile
Just for your Egyptian smile!
Open up that River Nile!
Cleopatra—here I come!

* Sung to the tune of "*California, Here I Come*"

"LOSE YOUR HEAD"

Based on *"A Tale of Two Cities"* by Charles Dickens

* Come on out to the court-yard!
Come on out with the crowd!
We'll have the best rev-o-lution yet!
We'll kill the King and Marie Antoinette!

So let's root, root, root for the Headsman!
He's got a job that is hard!
Yes, it's off—off— off with their heads
At the old court-yard!

Excuse me! I'm **Sydney Carton,** and this is **Lucie Manette!** We're just over from **London!** Could you recommend a **good restaurant?**

Are you **nuts?** We're having a **revolution!** We're **killing** people by the **thousands!**

A **revolution** did you say? **Well!!** My **travel agent** will surely hear of **this!**

Do you know where we can find my sweetheart, **Charles Darnay?**

Darnay? Why we picked him up yesterday! He's in the Bastille . . . waiting to be **guillotined!**

* Sung to the tune of *"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"*

Did you **hear that,** Sydney!? They're going to **behead Charles!**

And now I suppose you want me to make some **heroic gesture** —like **switching places** with him and **dying** so **he** can **live!**

Oh, Sydney, **would** you? It would be ever so **nice** of you!

They're going to **kill** me, Sydney!

No, they're not, Darnay! Listen—

* Picture you—
Replaced by me!
That's what we'll do
So you'll go free!
It's me for you,
And you for me,
My friend!

I'm very willing
If me they are killing
And though it seems gory
It follows the story!
Just say that you'll do it,
So we can get to
The end,
Friend!

Please agree,
And golly-gee!
I guarantee
Lucie you'll see!
And do it
just for me!

* Sung to the tune of *"Tea For Two"*

Then I'll prove
I'm kind and good,
Like Charlie Dickens
Said I should!
Oh, can't you see
How happy he would be!

Why, that's a **great** idea, Sydney! I'll be **delighted** to let you die for me!

Er . . . couldn't you object just a **little?!**

Me and my stupid heroic gestures! Still . . . it **does** make for a **rousing final chorus!**

* Guill-o-tine!
We've got the nicest little
Guill-o-tine!
It does a job that's really
Neat and clean!
Sharp and keen!
It never makes an error!
And helps our Reign of Terror!

Guill-o-tine!
Come join the mob and you will
See just what we mean!
The blade is sharp, you bet!
It even beats Gillette!
You won't forget our
Guill-o-tine!

* Sung to the tune of *"Baby Face"*

ANIMAL CRACK-UPS DEPT.

A PORTFOLIO OF MAD

SHARK

PORCUPINE

TURKEY

BEES

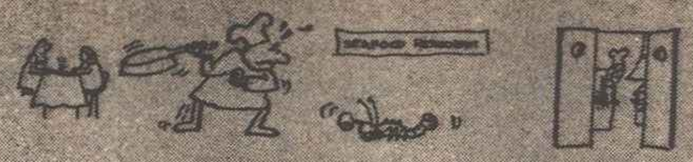
GIRAFFE

PIG

PEELE

Snail

DACHSHUND



ZOO-LULUS

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL

HOOT OWL

KANGAROO

rabbit

ANT

SNAKE

ORM

BAT

Lion

MOUSE

COW

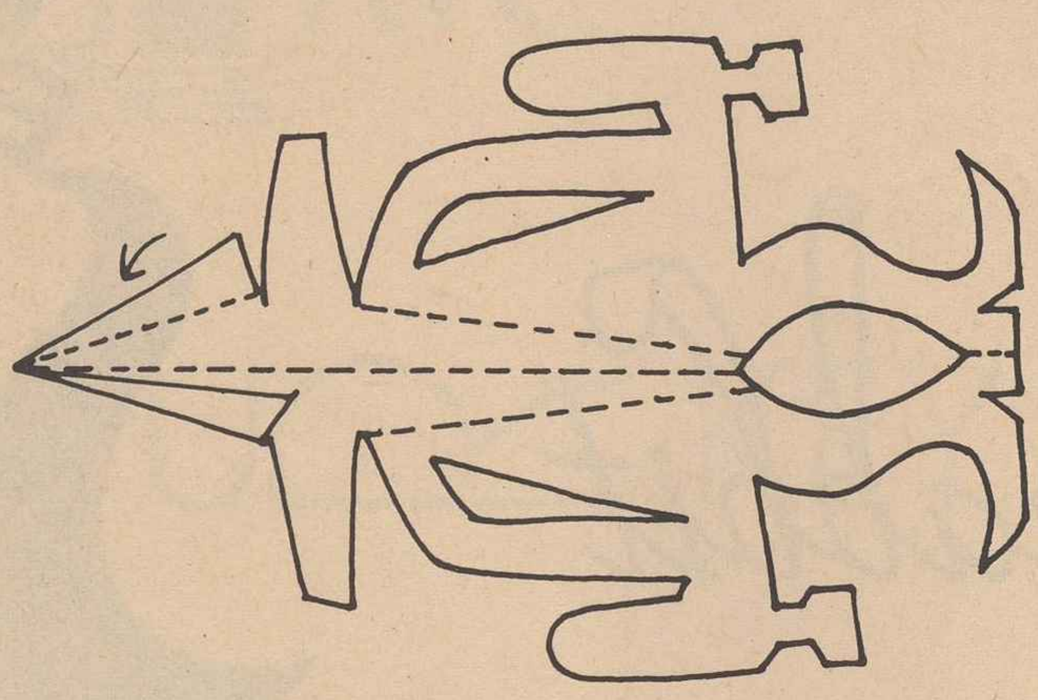
SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET

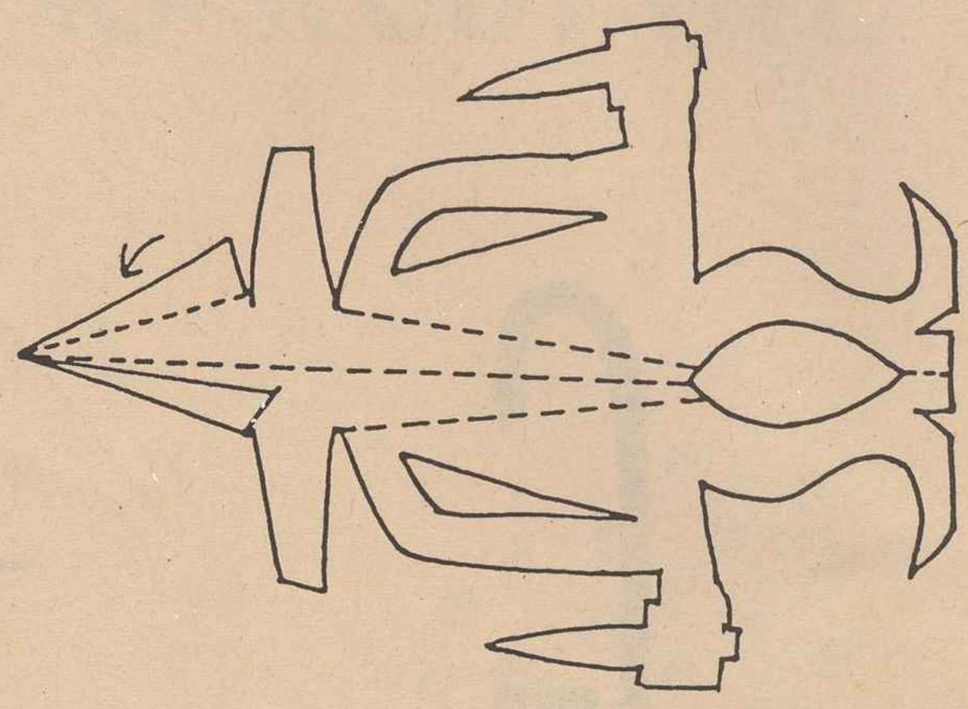
ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS FOR

MAD'S SPY VS. SPYPLANES

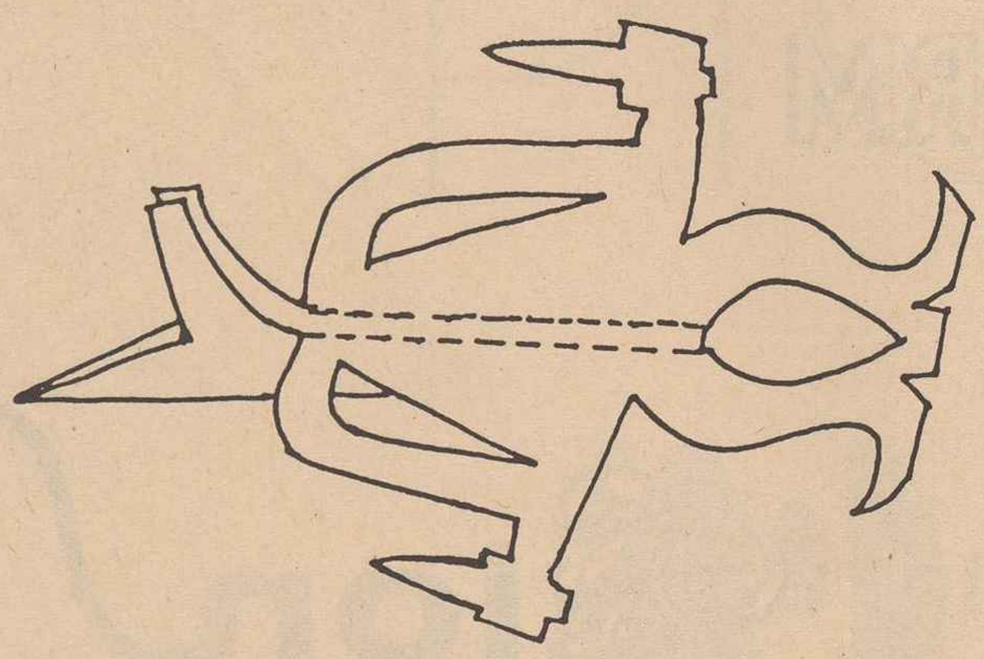
Destroy After Reading *(Not Before, Idiot!)*

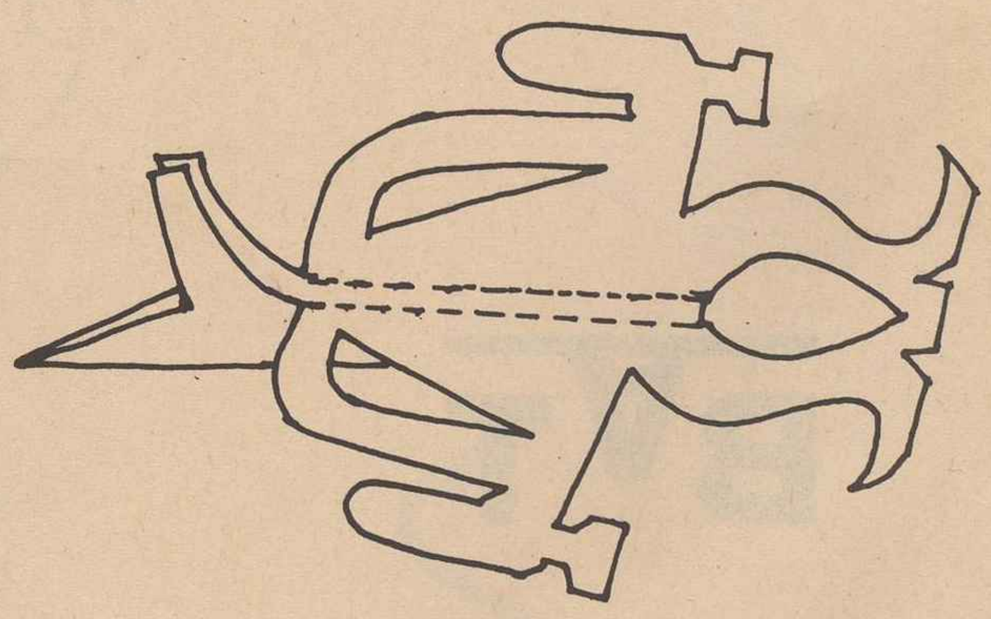
1. Very slowly and carefully punch out the perforated area marked "Cut Out This Area." Then, using scissors, carefully cut out the Spy and Hat-Brim shapes along the outlines. (If you are scissor impaired, let someone else do it for you!)





2. Fold over the nose flaps along the dotted lines, side A to A and B to B (both letters of school grades you've probably never received)! HINT: try using a ruler when folding planes to make folds straight!

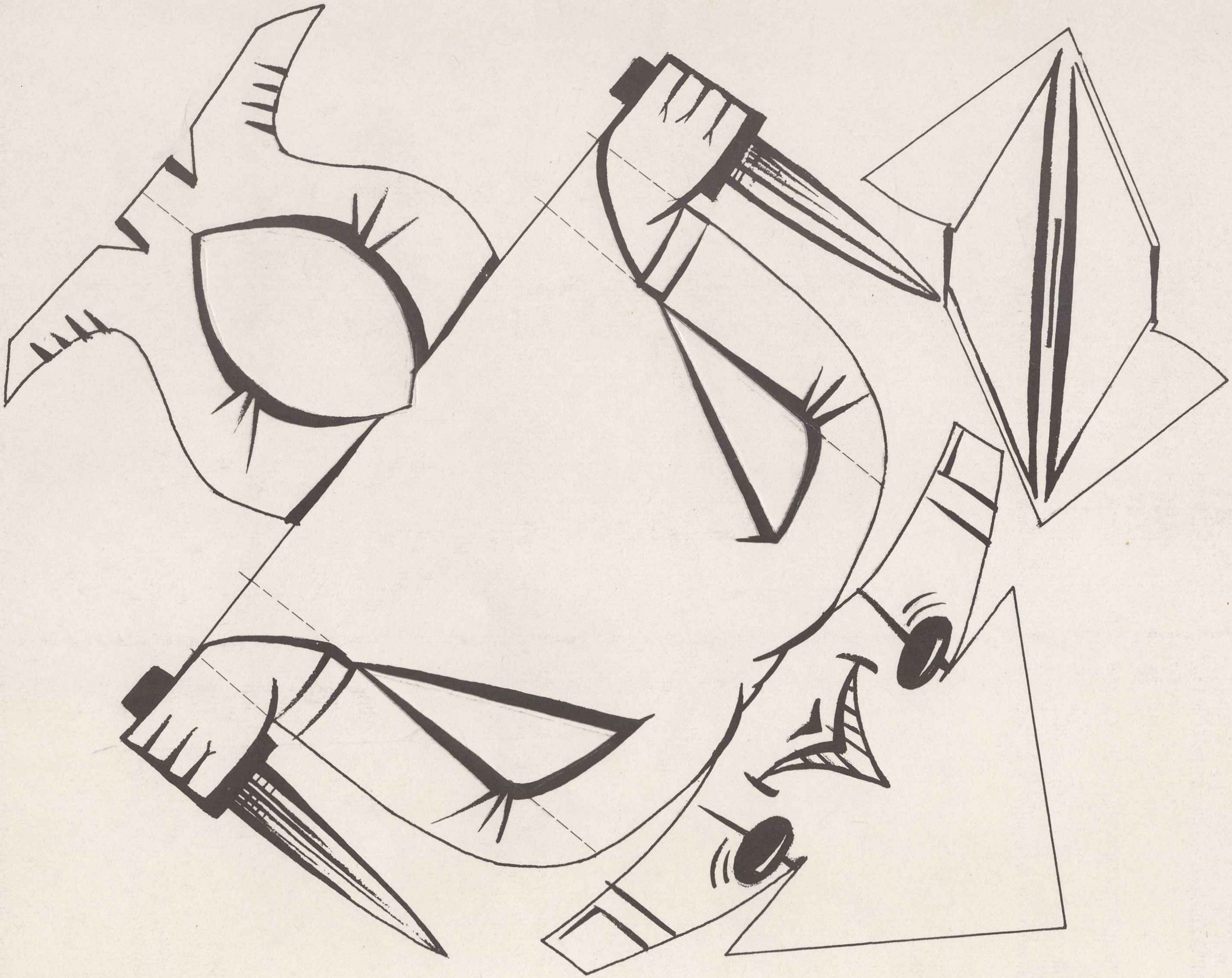


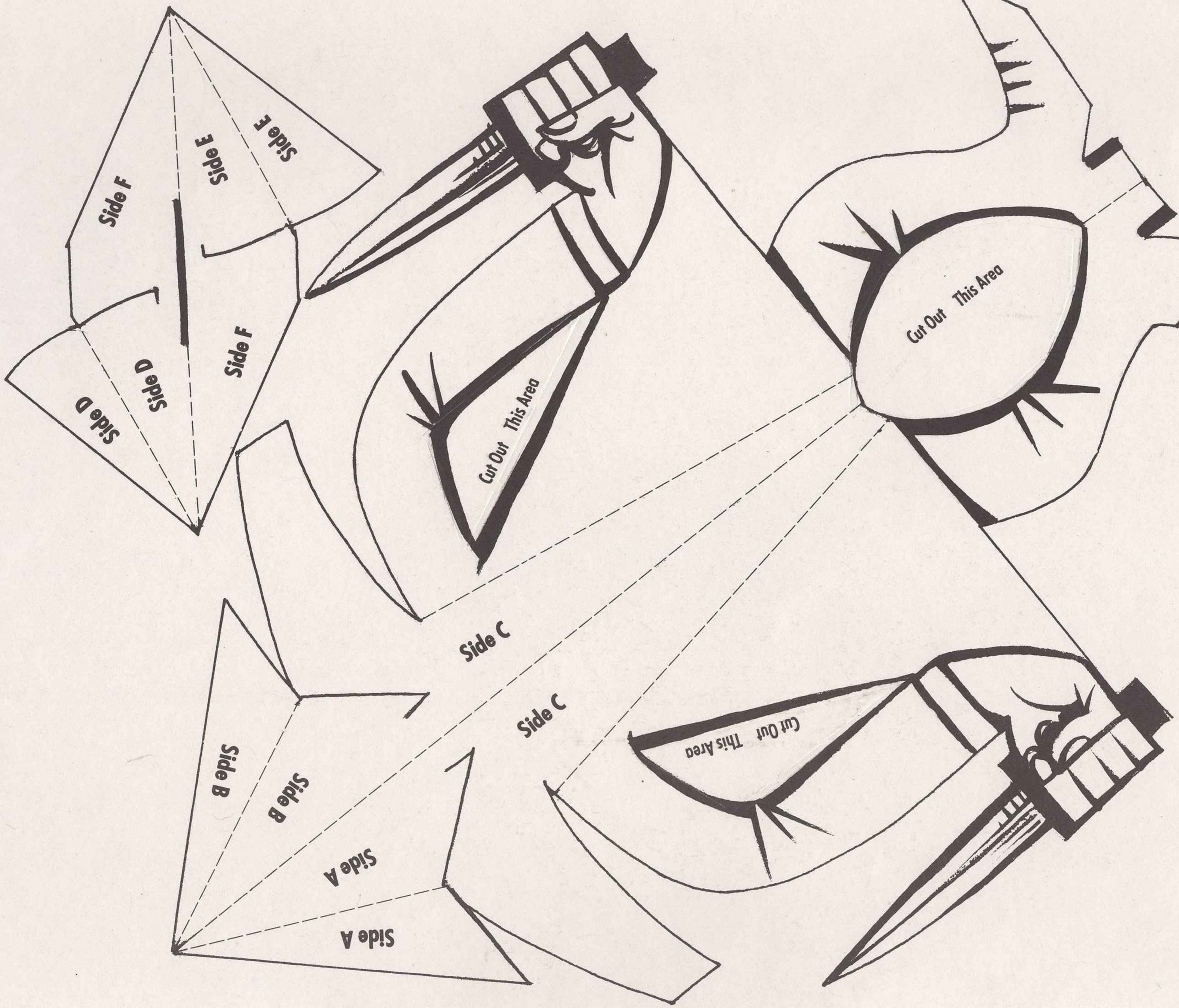


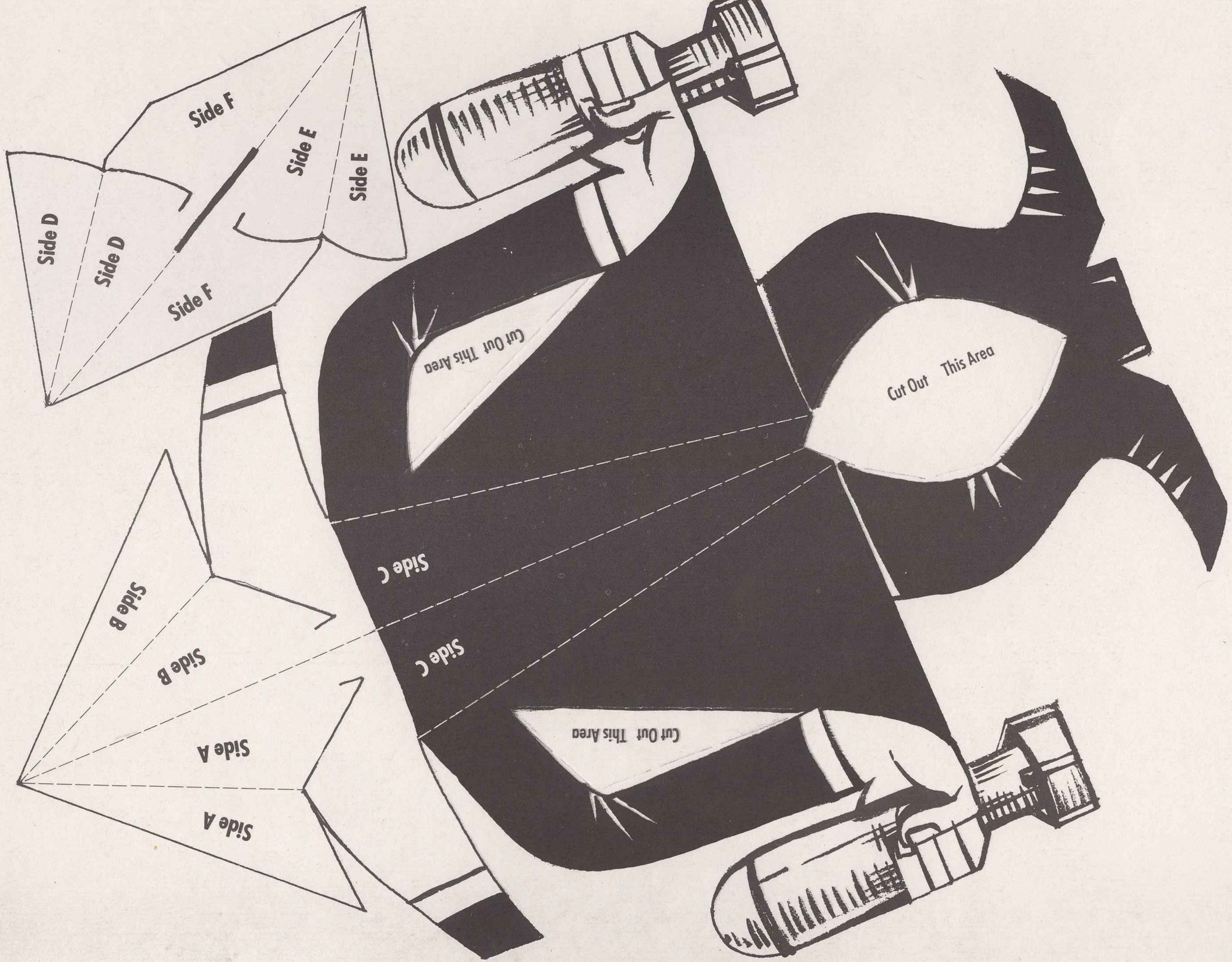
3. Fold the spy body along the center dotted line, side C to C.

4. Using scissors (though not necessarily the same scissors used in step 1!), make a slot along the thick black line on the Hat-Brim.

RET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP




Side F
Side E
Side E
Side F
Side D
Side D
Cut Out This Area
Cut Out This Area
Side C
Side C
Side B
Side B
Side A
Side A
Cut Out This Area
Cut Out This Area

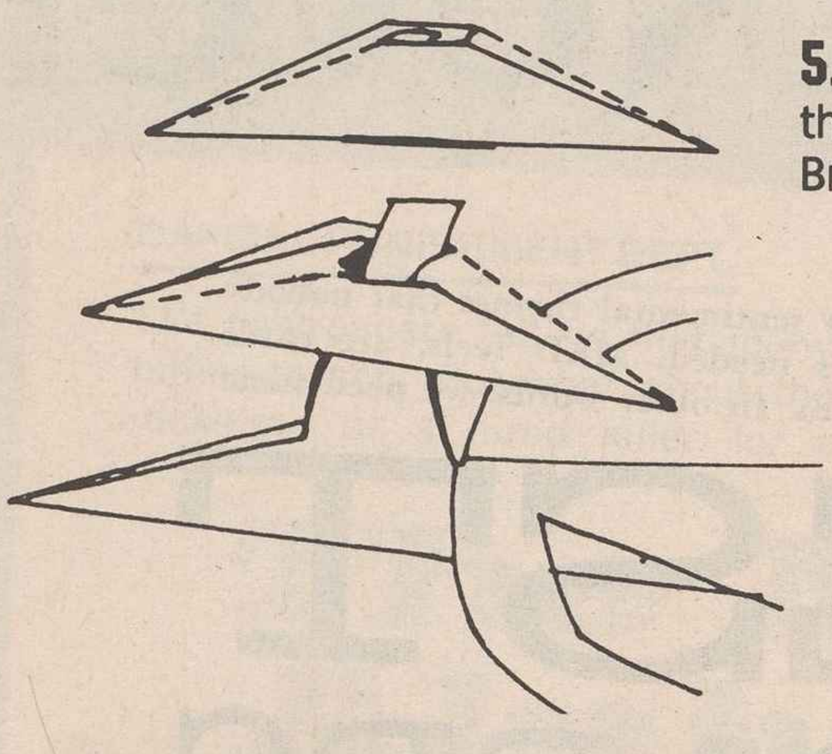

Side F
Side E
Side E
Side D
Side D
Side F
Cut Out This Area
Cut Out This Area
Side C
Side C
Side B
Side B
Side A
Side A

TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SEC

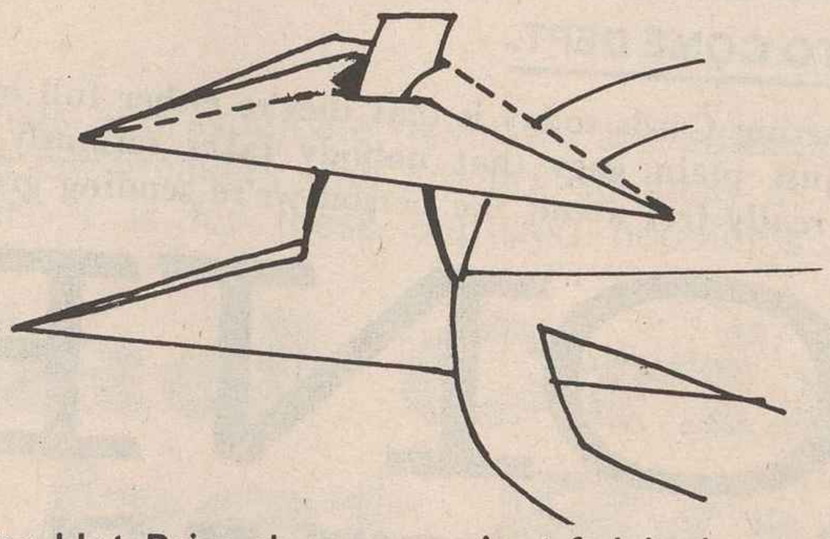
ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS FOR

MAD'S SPY VS. SPYPLANES

MAD SPY VS. SPYPLANES DESIGNED BY HUGH McMAHON



5. Fold over the hat flaps along the dotted lines, side D to D and E to E. Fold the Hat-Brim along the center dotted line, side F to F. Now try saying "Hat-Brim" five times fast as you run around a table!



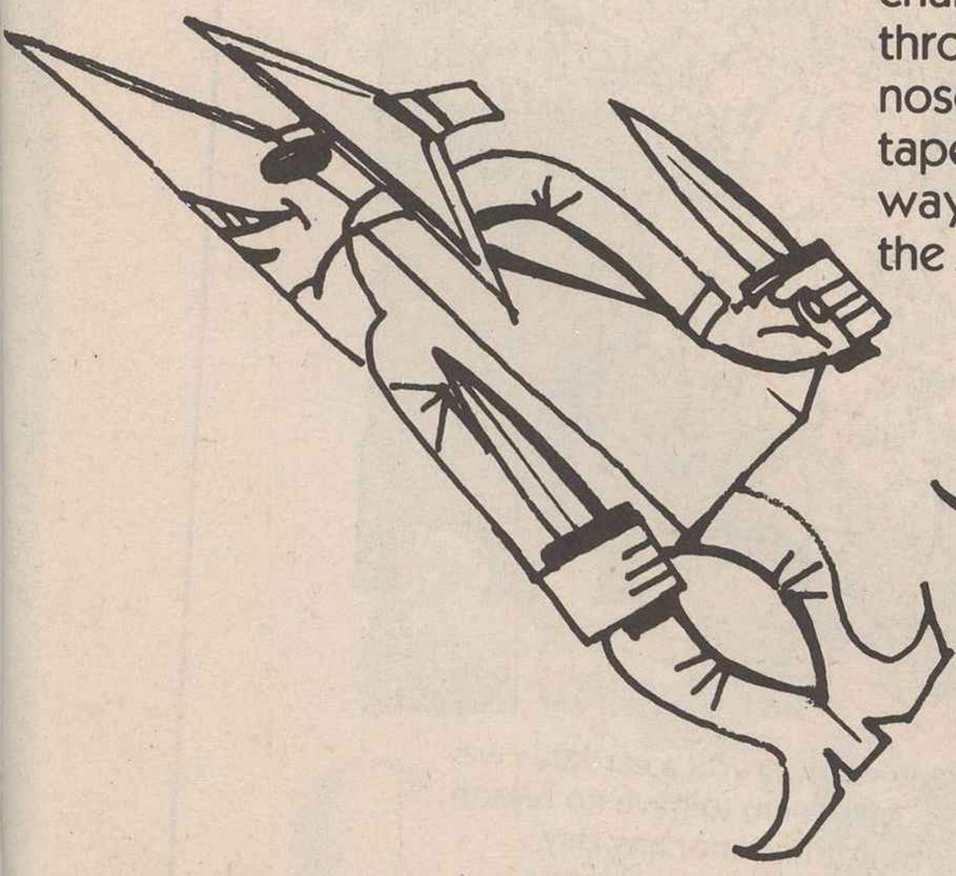
6. Slip the Hat-Brim shape you just folded over the upper hat shape already on the spy's head. Secure flaps E and D to the upper Hat Shape as sort of shown!

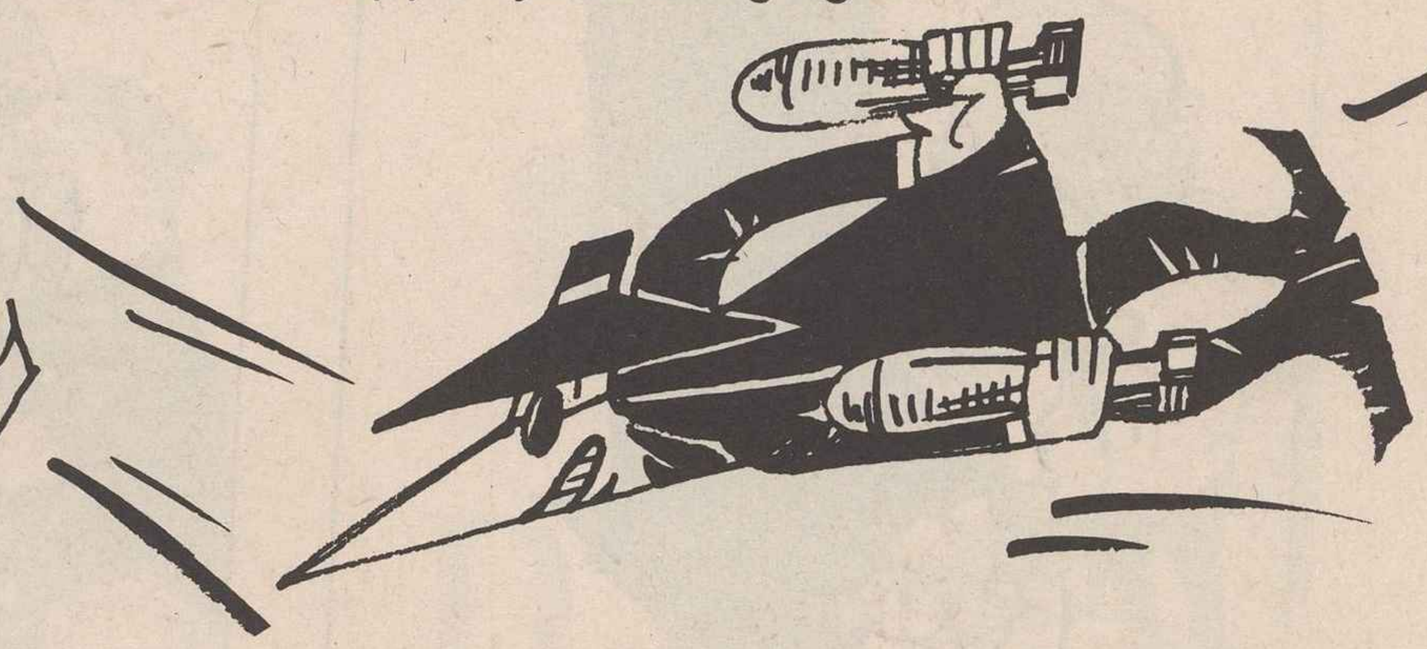
7. Fold both arms down and the bombs (or knives) up along the dotted lines. Now take a break and enjoy a nice refreshing drink... you've earned it!

8. Your **MAD SPY VS. SPYPLANE** is now ready to:

A) fly like the wind!
B) hang from your ceiling with tape and thread!
C) crumple up and toss right in the old recycling bin marked "paper"!

Flying Tips: Changing the angle of the Spyplane's arms, knives or bombs will change its flight pattern! The Spyplanes fly best in open spaces and when thrown upward during launches! A little adhesive tape on the Spyplane's nose will help protect it in case of sudden loss of altitude! A little adhesive tape on your nose will make you look very silly! If you're unhappy with the way your Spyplanes fly, contact your regional offices of the FAA, the CIA or the AMA (only if a spy is injured during flight)!





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ECCCH-TRANEOUS MATTER DEPT.

Every once in a while, MAD buys an article from a writer, puts it into the works, and then decides not to publish it for a variety of reasons . . . like f'rinstance it started off great, but ended up dull after a while . . . or the premise was valid, but the satirical point

SOME MAD You Never

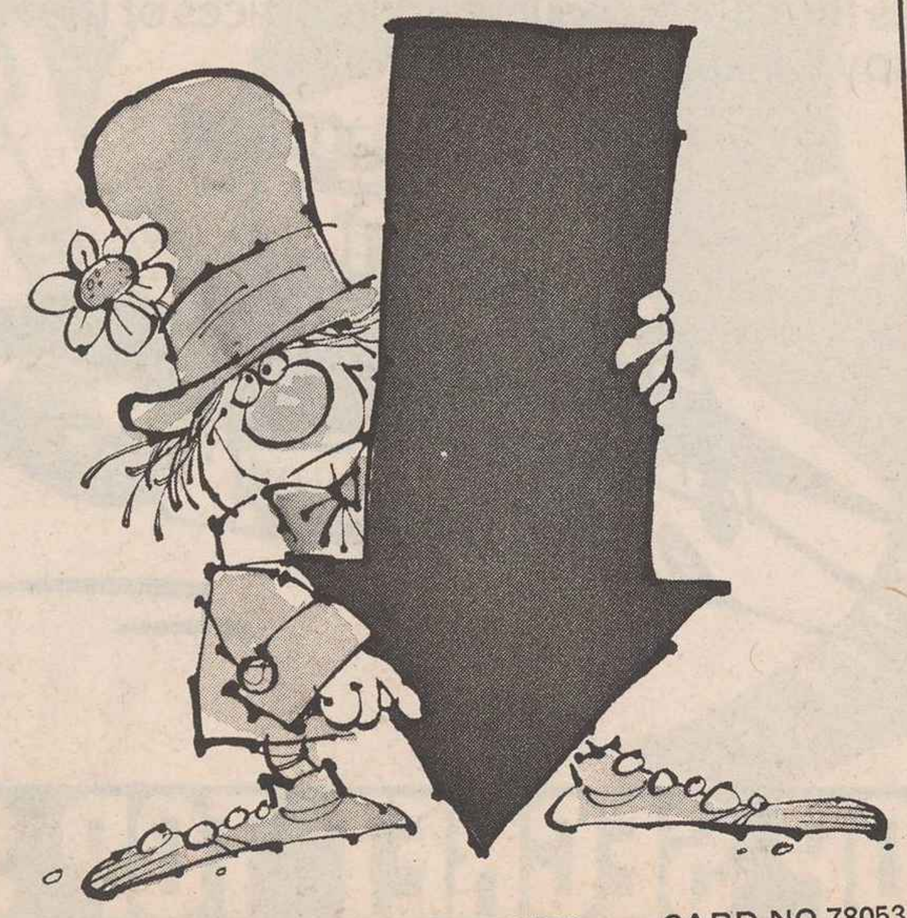
THE VERSE IS YET TO COME DEPT.

The trouble with Greeting Cards today is that they're either full of mushy sentimental rhymes that nobody believes, or they're just plain gags that nobody takes seriously. What's needed, MAD feels, are cards that express how we *really* feel about the person we're sending greetings to. In other words, we need some

HONEST GREETING CARDS

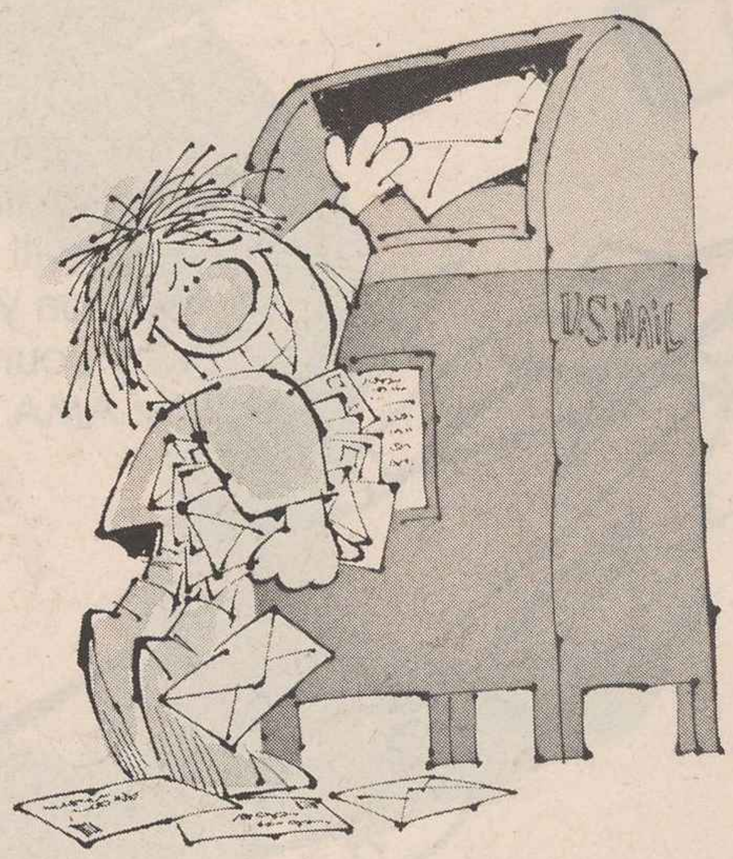
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

I could have picked a birthday card
With lines that ooze and gush—
A card to fill your heart anew
With love, delight and mush.
But sentiments in poetry
On you, my friend, are lost!
The only thing you'll want to see
Is what the darn thing costs!



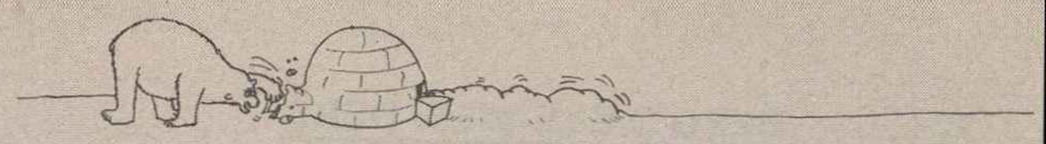
A GALLMARK CARD 25 CENTS CARD NO 78053

Just To Say "Hello"



My sending you a card this way
May seem to have no reason;
It's not to honor any day
Or celebrate a season;
The only motive that I've got
Is fear, because I lack
The strength to not send any cards
And therefore get none back.

of departure fell apart . . . or the Editor was stoned when he accepted it, and he regretted it the minute he sobered up. In any case, over the years, we've collected quite a few of these Unpublished Articles, and now we're getting rid of them by presenting this quick look at . . .



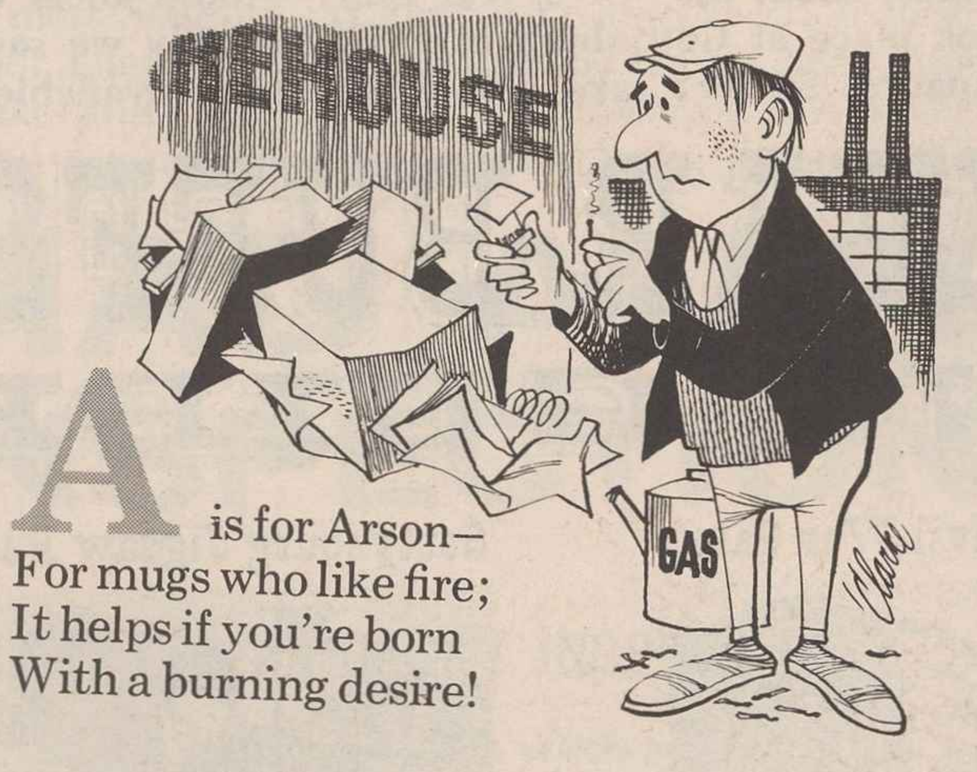
ARTICLES Got To See

WRITER:
FRANK JACOBS

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT DEPT.

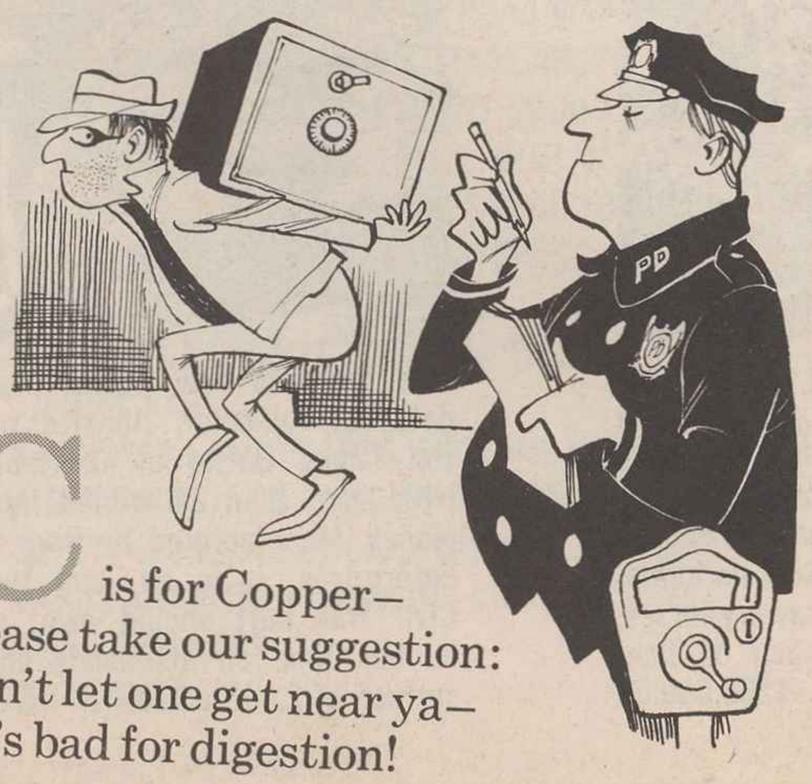
The newspapers tell us that many criminals and syndicate members are passing their knowledge from father to son. But what about the future law-breakers who are *not* so lucky as to have gangster or a racketeer or a hired killer for a father? It is for these deprived hoodlums of tomorrow that we

The Mad Crime Alphabet Book

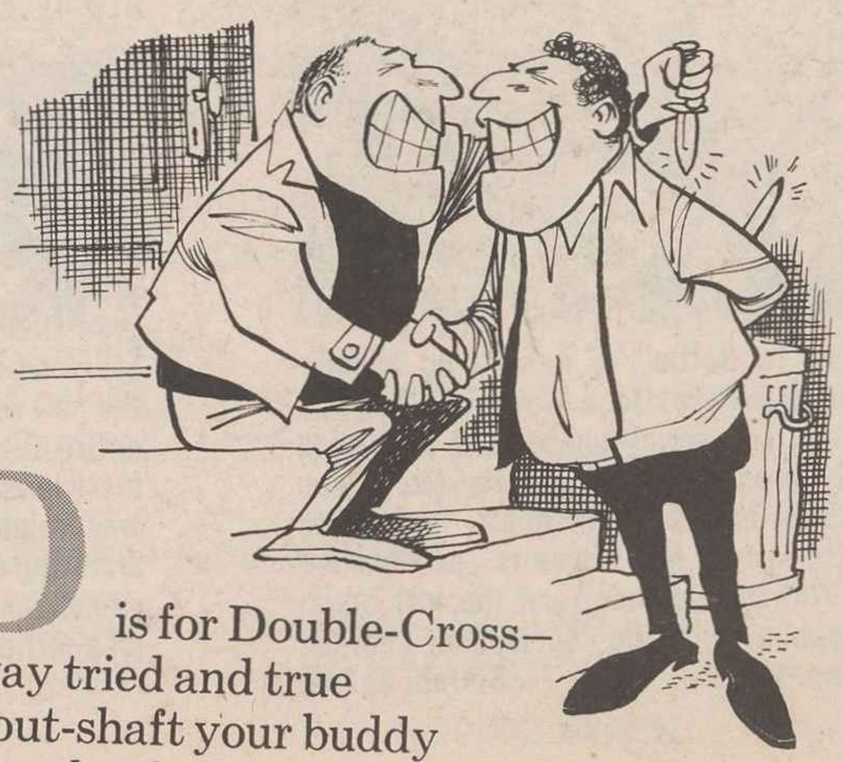


A is for Arson–
For mugs who like fire;
It helps if you're born
With a burning desire!

B is for Blackjack–
A real problem-solver–
For soft-hearted thugs
Who won't use a revolver!



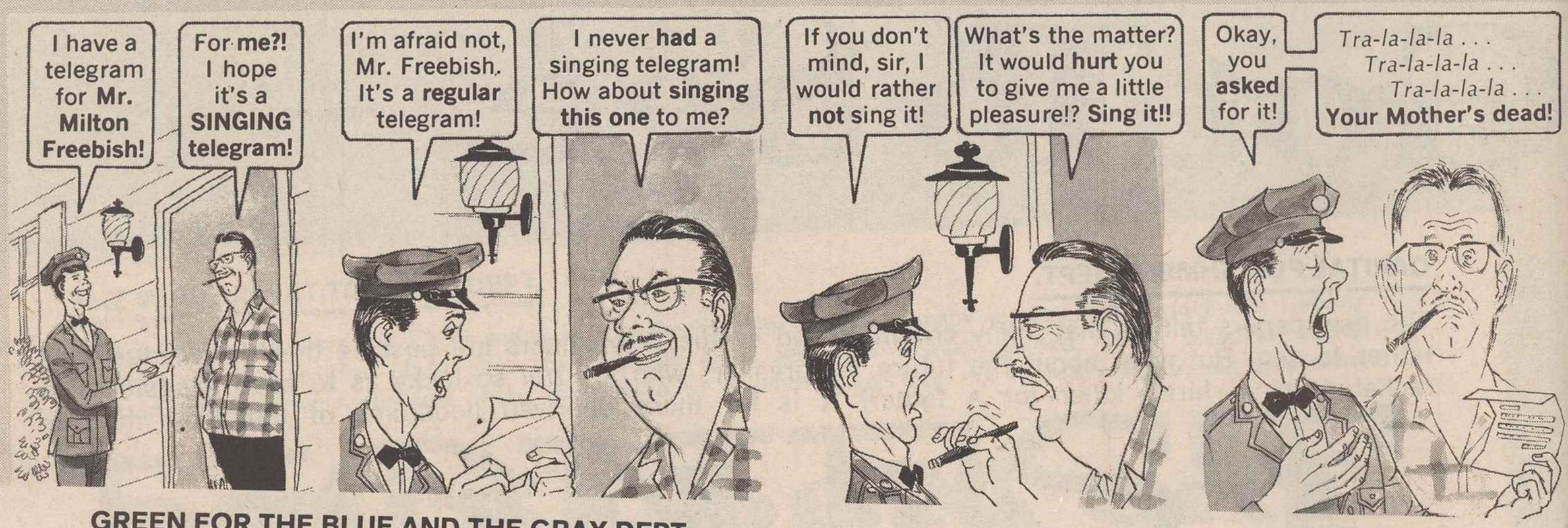
C is for Copper–
Please take our suggestion:
Don't let one get near ya–
He's bad for digestion!



D is for Double-Cross–
A way tried and true
To out-shaft your buddy
Before he shafts you!

BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



GREEN FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY DEPT.

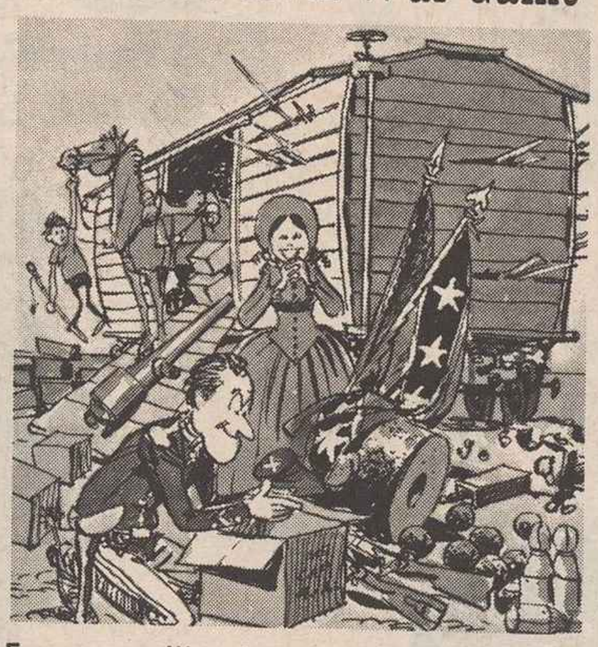
Do you know that even though there is a war in Vietnam, and fighting in the Middle East, there is a large group of people who couldn't care less. These characters are only interested in a war that was fought over 100 years ago! We're talking, of course, about the "Civil War Buffs"—those idiots who think that the last great battle of the world took place at Gettysburg in 1863. Recently we saw a brochure offering items of interest to these fanatics. So let's take a look at what's available in

THE CIVIL WAR BUFFS' SHOPPING GUIDE

An Exciting Audio Memoir

"Call To Battle"—a new Audio Memoir album, features John Wayne reciting the names and serial numbers of the Union 3rd Corps on 3 12-inch LPs. More than 11,500 names from Ahab, Horace to Zuch, Myron. Mr. Wayne is accompanied by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony, with the Robert Shaw Chorale.
Mono: $6.98 **Stereo: $17.98**

Realistic Civil War Game



Everyone will enjoy playing "Slaughter," the new realistic game that recreates the entire Civil War for the enthusiast and his friends. Handsomely boxed in a railway freight car, each set contains enough arms for a four-year war. Real uniforms, rifles, cannon, mortars and cavalry horses, plus Official Rules and a pair of dice.
$250,000.00

Gettysburg Jigsaw Puzzle

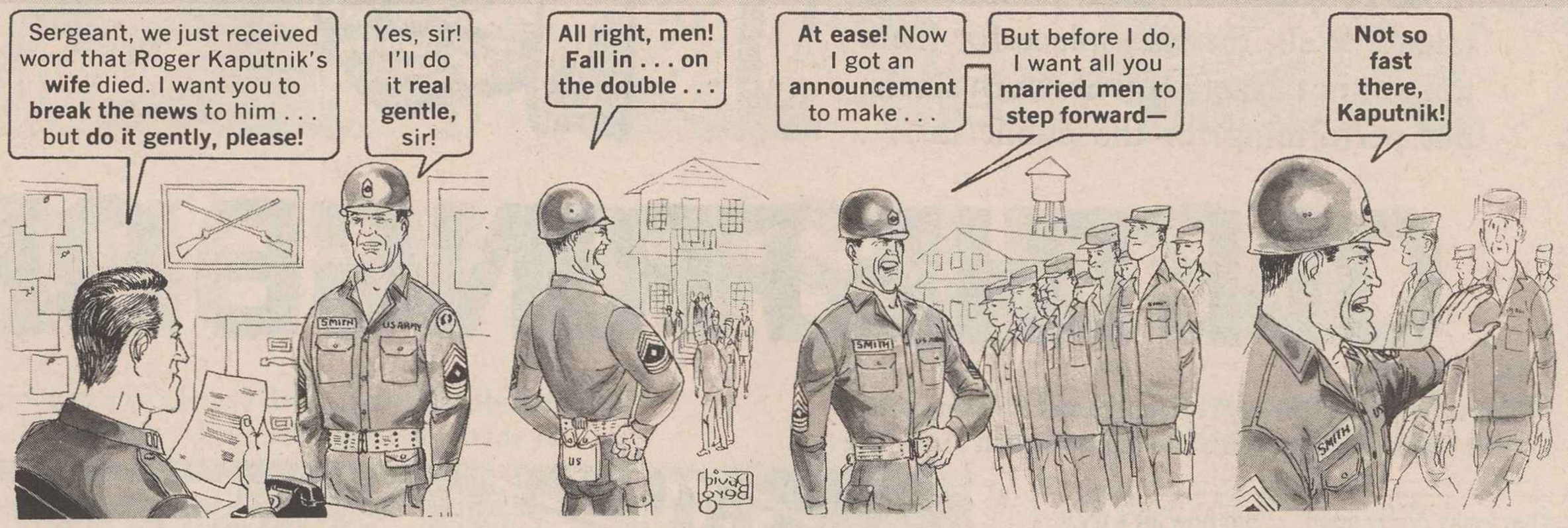
This fantastic new jigsaw puzzle is a detailed, full-color, life-size replica of the famed Battle of Gettysburg site, with more than 24 million interlocking pieces. Manufactured by Blue and Gray Enterprises, it is an item that every Civil War buff should own, providing he has time on his hands and a flat surface of 2,543 acres. **$15,000.00**

A Hair From Grant's Beard

Framed 14 K Uniform Button

A Real Civil War Veteran

DEATH



WINDSHIELD VIPERS DEPT.

In most States, a car must have an inspection sticker on its windshield before it is allowed on the road. These stickers show that the car has been inspected for such inconsequential items as effective brakes and working headlights. However, MAD feels that there are a lot more important items in cars these days, and that these should be inspected too. To show you what we're driving at, here are some

MAD AUTOMOBILE INSPECTION STICKERS

GLOVE COMPARMENT INSPECTION

The glove compartment of this vehicle has been inspected for the following required contents:

- ☐ MINIMUM OF SIX MISFOLDED ROAD MAPS
- ☑ NO ROAD MAP OF OWNER'S STATE AMONG ABOVE
- ☑ 1 KEY TO GLOVE COMPARTMENT DOOR LOCK
- ☑ 1 COIN DISPENSER FOR TOLLS, WITH NO COINS
- ☑ 1 STAINED, TORN AUTOMOBILE REGISTRATION
- ☑ 17 MATCHBOOKS WITH NO MATCHES
- ☑ 1 STALE OR MELTED CANDY BAR
- ☑ 1 KLEENEX DISPENSER WITH NO TISSUES
- ☑ 1 DIRTY RAG
- ☑ 3 CAR WASH CLUB CARDS WITH ONE PUNCH
- ☑ A MINIMUM OF 25 TIGERINOS, SUNNY DOLLARS, SAFETY SIGNS, AMERICANA BILLS, PLAYING CARDS AND OTHER GASOLINE COMPANY GIVE-AWAY GIMMICKS
- ☑ NO GLOVES

VIOLATIONS: 1 ROAD MAP FOUND PROPERLY FOLDED! OWNER ON

DASHBOARD LITTER INSPECTION

The dashboard of this vehicle has been inspected for required litter by a duly licensed State Dashboard Litter Inspector, and has been found to contain the following:

1. DANGLING ORNAMENTS:
   One pair squashed baby shoes
   One shrunken head (poor imitation)
   POINTS AWARDED . 4
2. STANDING FIGURES:
   One bust of Alfred E. Neuman (damaged)
   POINTS AWARDED . . 0
3. CONTAINERS:
   One ash tray from 1960 Nixon-For-President Campaign Headquarters
   POINTS AWARDED . . . 5
4. BANNERS and/or PENNANTS
   Fourth Prize Ribbon from 1957 Butte, Montana, Culinary Arts Exposition
   POINTS AWARDED . . 2

TOTAL POINTS REQUIRED: 9 TOTAL POINTS AWARDED: 11

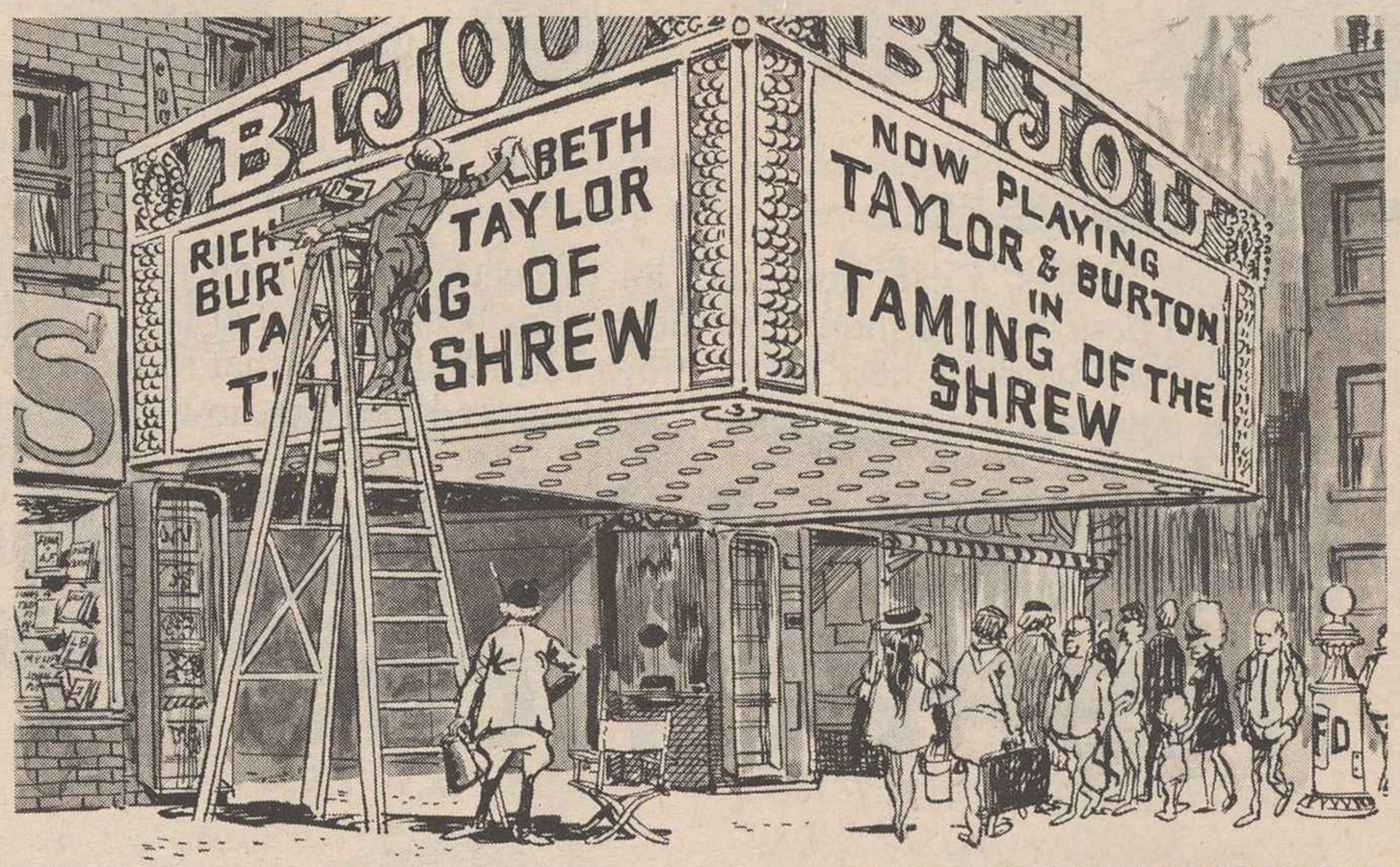
WAY OFF-BROADWAY DEPT.

Millions of people would like to make Show Business their career. Unfortunately, most of them don't have enough talent. Then again, many of them have no talent at all. Naturally, the ones with no talent at all go right to the top in Show Business. But what about those people with just a minimum of talent? Well, there's a place for them too . . . not exactly IN Show Business, but performing for the public in . . .

JOBS

ON THE FRINGE OF

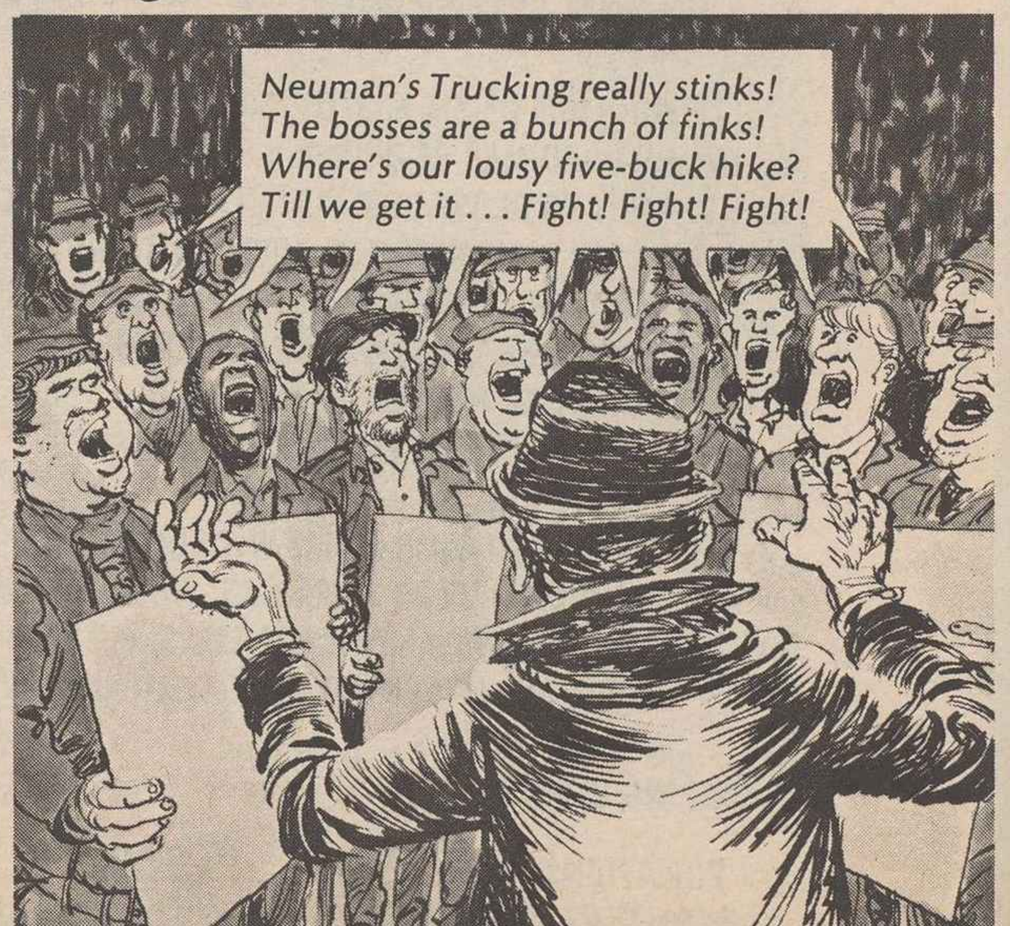
Get the picture? Okay . . . here's a job for someone who wants to work with the big names in Show Biz . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Or if you've always wanted to appear on TV . . .

Or sing in the "Chorus"...



All right, Miss Phillips, let's do another take. And **this** time, try not to show so much **sympathy.** Remember, you are **aware** of their pain and sorrow, and you **feel** for them . . . but you cannot allow yourself to get **too involved.**

I understand.

Okay, everybody! Let's have quiet in the studio! Roll the tapes! This is Take 17—

I'm sorry . . . but the number you have reached is not a working number. Please be sure to check the number carefully, and dial it again . . .

SHOW BUSINESS

And if you've always dreamed of finally arriving on "Broadway," here's the perfect job for you . . .

It's been a long, hard haul . . . but **this is it,** Ladies and Gentlemen . . . **Broadway!** Street of a million lights and a broken heart for every one!

Change here for the **B.M.T.,** the **I.R.T.** and the **shuttle to Grand Central!** All aboard! **Watch the doors . . .**

Maybe you've always dreamed of singing for the public. If so, here's the job for you...

Mrs. Irving Green, of Atlantic Avenue,
Here's a telegram that I want to sing to you:
Your nephew Joe is very sick—
So kindly telephone him quick—
Mrs. Irving Green . . .
Of At-lan-tic Av-vennn-uuuuee!

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Maybe you feel you have the voice for broadcasting the latest news...

Ladies and gentlemen, we **interrupt** our program of soft music to bring you this **special bulletin!** Mr. Russ Young has **just passed on!**

Yes, folks! Mr. Russ Young, our fabulous **Store Manager,** has just passed on some **wonderful discounts** to you lucky customers! For the next ten minutes, in the **Men's Shop,** it's a full **5% off** the regular low, low price of $14.98 for drip-dry tuxedos!

SALE

And if you've always dreamed of being funny–of being the clown . . .

If you want **honesty,** I'm your **man!** If you want **sincerity,** I'm your **man!** If you want someone who knows what **graft** and **corruption** is all about, **I'm your man . . .**

WHEEE

VOTE FOR

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... GQ

Here's your **birthday present,** Daddy . . .

Thank you!

Oh, my . . . it's a **lovely shirt** with the initials **"D.K."** on it! Er—**D.K.?!?**

But, **Sweetheart!** My name is **ROGER Kaputnik!** My initials are **R.**K.! What's the **"D"** for?

"DADDY"!!

OFS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

Vivian, I'd like you to meet my dear old friend, **Charlie McGilla!**

Excuse me, but this **"dear old friend"** of yours is **NOT** named Charlie McGilla! It's **Al Glinker!**

Er—uh . . . **of course** it is! How could **I—Marty Finster** —be so **scatter-brained?!?** Well . . . I'll see you around, Charlie . . . I mean, **AL** . . .!!

Wow! You **ARE** bad at names! You can't even remember your **OWN** name! You told him it was **Marty Finster!** Your name is **Milton Blung** . . . remember?

I know my own name!!

But I'd **much** rather he think **Marty Finster** is a klutz . . . instead of **ME!!**

O.K.! O.K.! **What happened** here?

This **lunkhead** crashed into my **rear fender** just as I was making a **right turn!!**

It was **all her fault!** She . . . **she SIGNALED!!**

Oh . . .? And she gave the **WRONG signal?**

No, she gave the **RIGHT signal . . .!!**

That's what **CONFUSED** me!

Waiter, do you have a **match . . .?**

No, sir . . . but I'll **get** one for you!

The gentle-man at table four would like a **match!**

A MATCH?! This is a **fine restaurant** with **fine patrons!** Matches are **gauche!** You should carry a **fancy lighter** so you can **service** our customers! **Here**—you can borrow **mine!**

Here you are, sir!

What good is THAT?!?

I can't pick my **TEETH** with a **LIGHTER!!**

Do you know how much of our **income taxes** goes to paying **Welfare?!** Okay, we **should** take care of our **indigent!**

But I **resent** paying for those **BROOD SOWS** who keep knocking out **one illegitimate kid** after **another!**

HOW DARE YOU CALL A WOMAN A "BROOD SOW"!! NO PERSON SHOULD BE COMPARED TO AN ANIMAL, YOU MALE CHAUVINIST—

—pig?

Hello, Mary Lou! I'm calling to invite you for a ride on my **new boat!** And you **really can't turn me down!** After all, I **did** name it **AFTER YOU!**

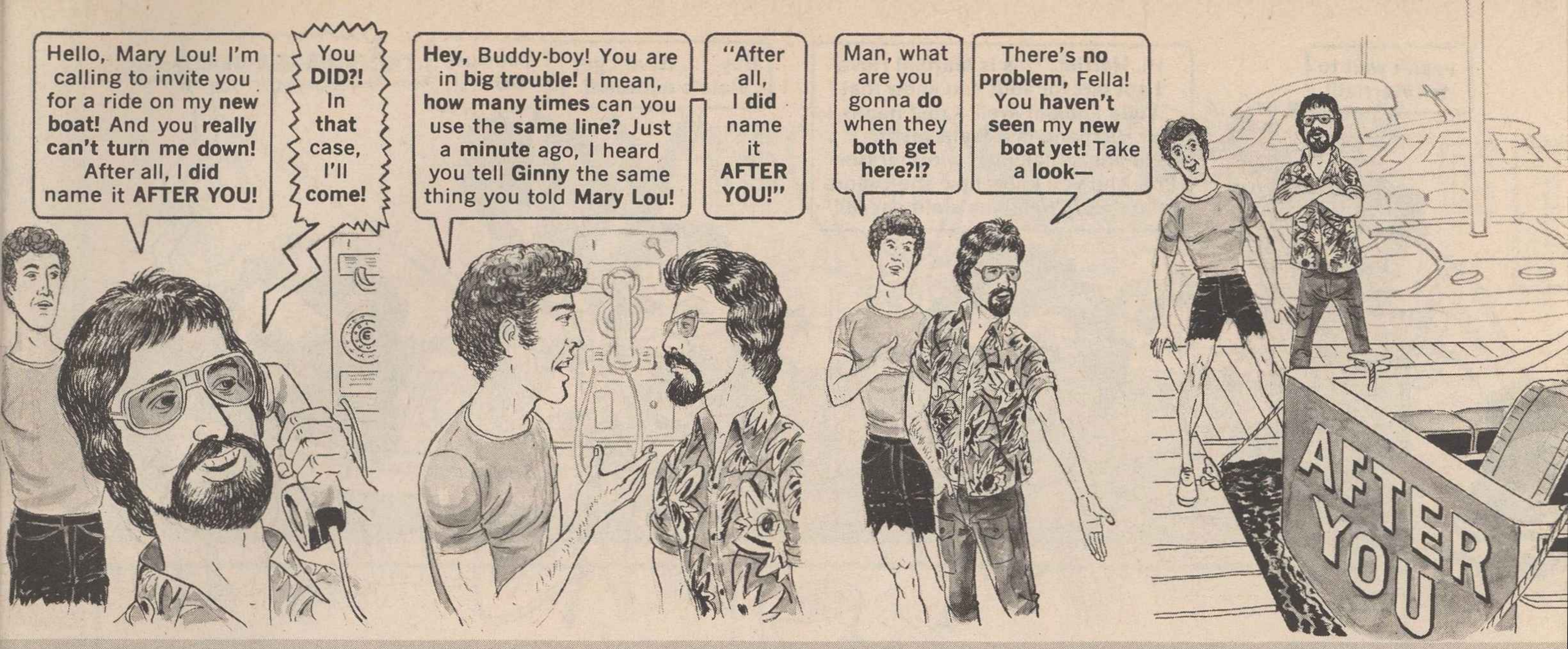
You **DID?!** In **that** case, I'll **come!**

Hey, Buddy-boy! You are in **big trouble!** I mean, **how many times** can you use the **same line?** Just a **minute** ago, I heard you tell **Ginny** the same thing you told **Mary Lou!**

"After all, **I did** name it **AFTER YOU!"**

Man, what are you gonna **do** when they **both get here?!?**

There's **no problem,** Fella! You **haven't seen** my **new boat yet!** Take a **look—**



Can I **help** you, Daddy? **Huh?** Can I **help??**

Yes, you **can!** I need a **SCREWDRIVER very badly!**

One screwdriver . . . coming up!!

What's **taking** you so long?!

I've got **problems!**

I found the **ORANGE JUICE!** But **where's** the **VODKA?!?**

WHAT DID YOU SAY?!? That was a **dirty filthy four-letter Anglo-Saxon word** you threw at me!!

It . . . it just **slipped out!**

This is a **God-fearing, law-abiding home!** I don't want to **ever** hear you use such language **again,** do you **hear!?!**

But, Mom! **Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams** and **Philip Roth** use words like that **all the time!**

I don't care!! In fact, I **forbid you** to hang around with **that gang** anymore!!

I can't **wait** to tell **Harriet!!**

Hi, **Harriet!** This is **Marion!** Have **I** got **dirt** for **you!** You know that **Viola Foogle?** Well, I just heard her **Husband** is a **Transvestite . . .** and **she's** making it with her **Golf Pro!** And you know how she claims she's **29?!** Well, she's **almost 40!**

Boy . . . have **I** got Viola's **number!!**

You **sure DO . . .!**

THIS IS VIOLA!!

I GOT IT!!

I GOT IT!!

Now, I'm gonna get it!

Look at me! I'm—I'm **FAT! F-A-T—FAT!!** For the **life** of me, I **can't lose weight!**

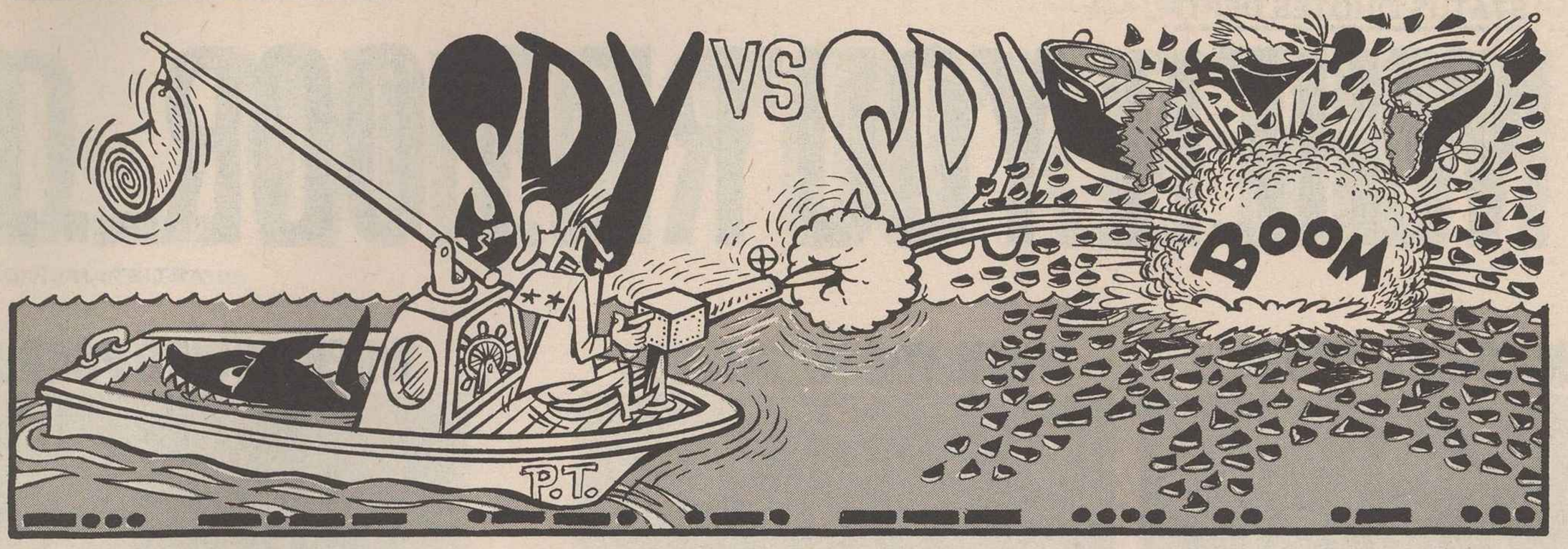
I **go** on **diets! Regularly!** But after a **day** of **starving,** I get so **darn hungry,** I start **stuffing myself!**

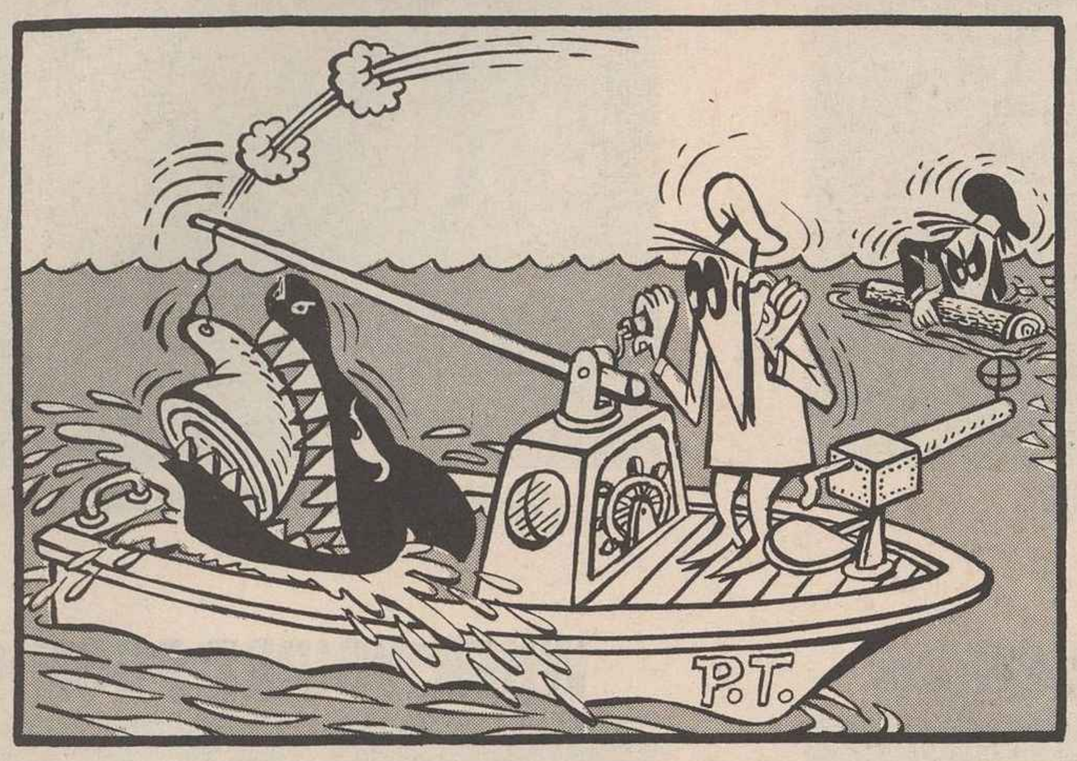
Excuse me, Lady . . . but I haven't eaten in **two days!**

Oh, that's **marvelous!**

I **admire** your **will-power!**

David Berg


SPY VS SPY
BOOM
P.T.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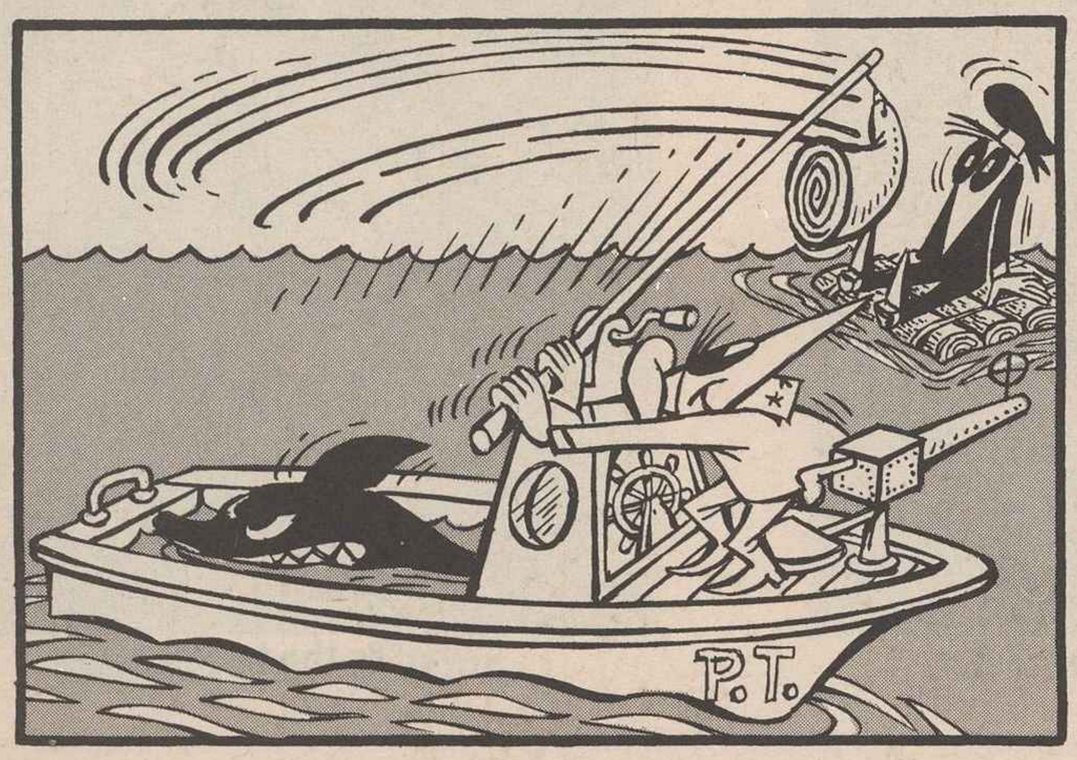
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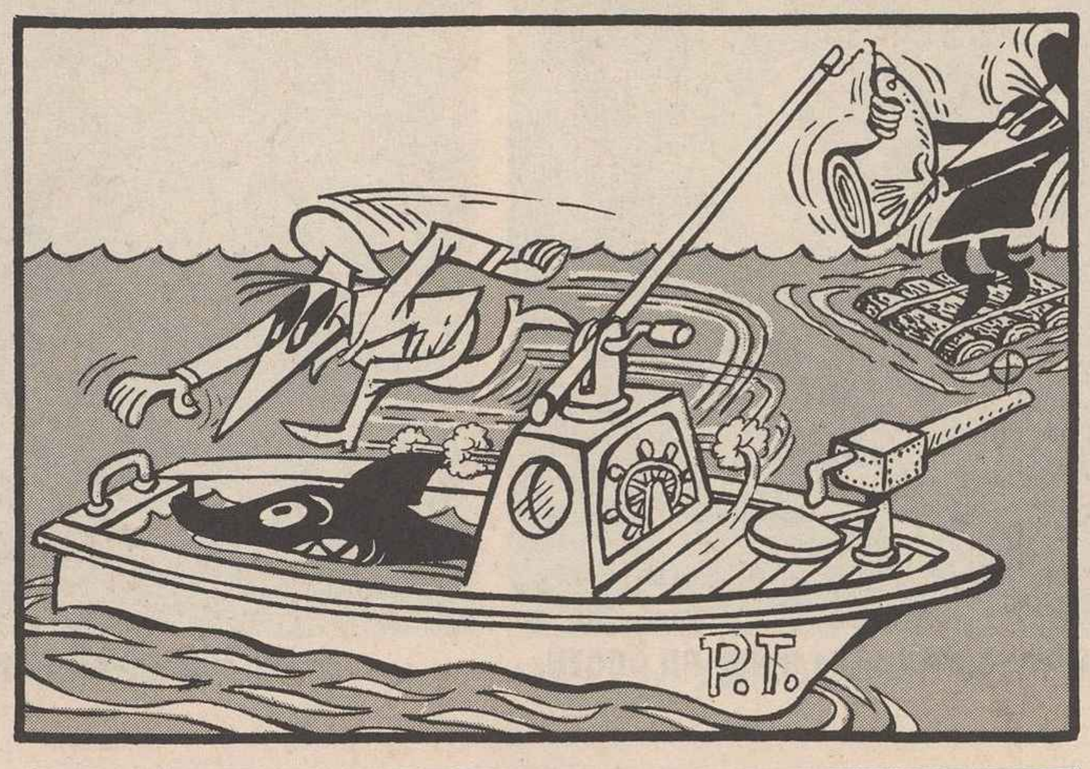
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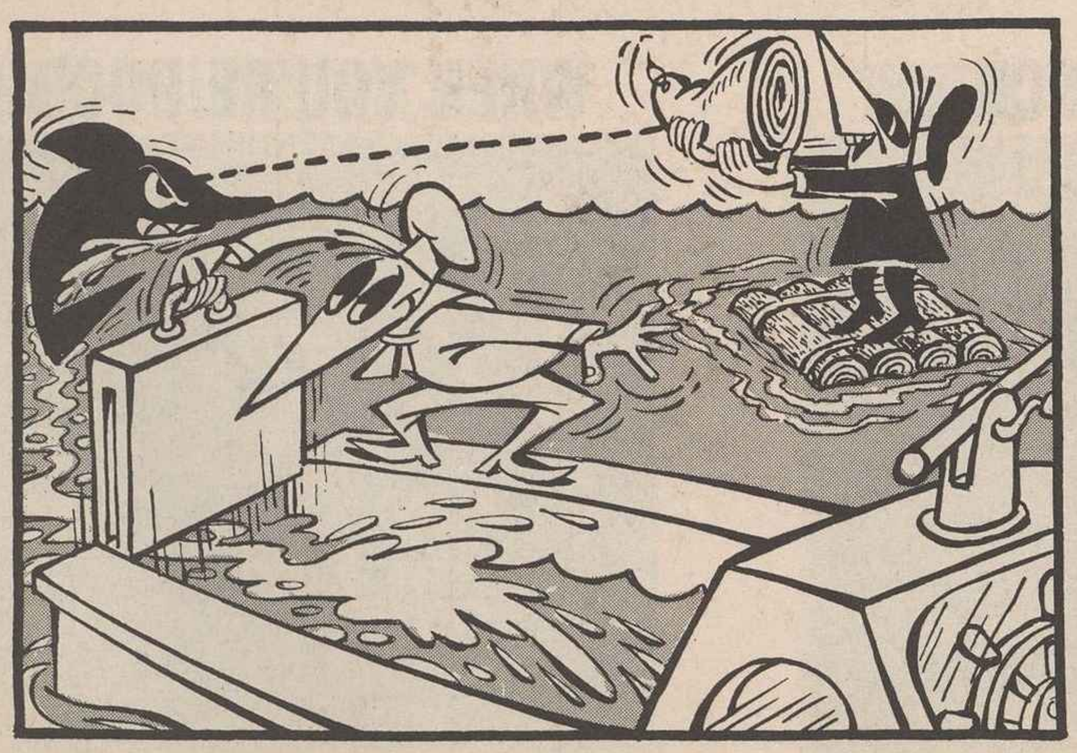
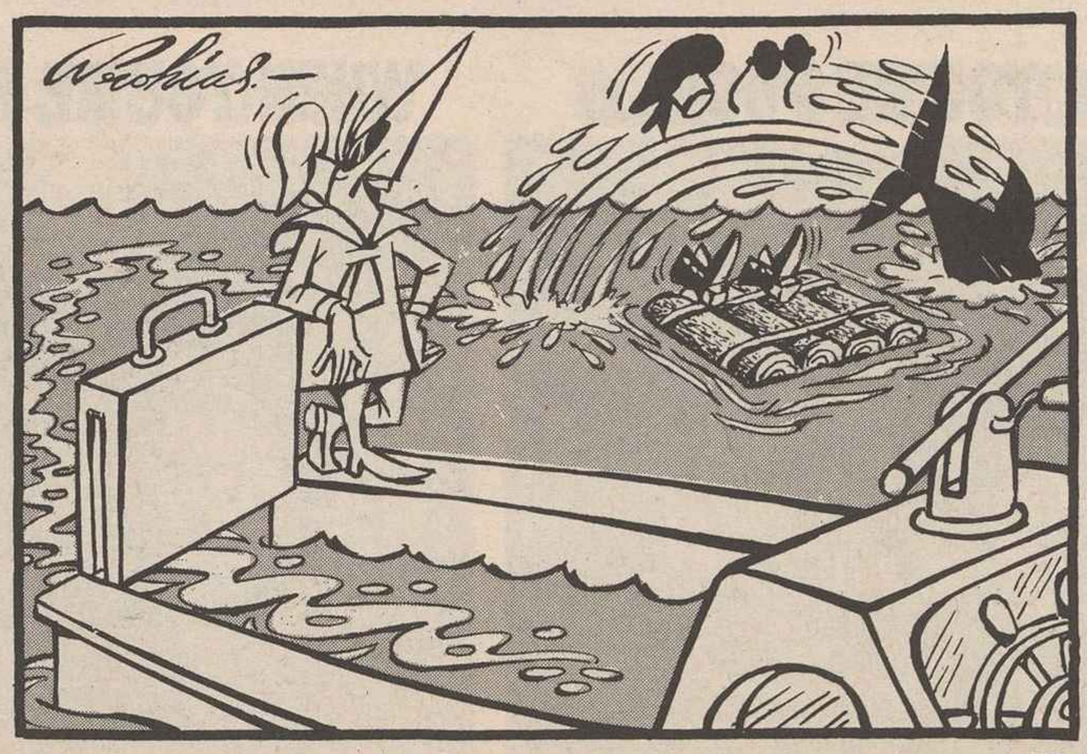


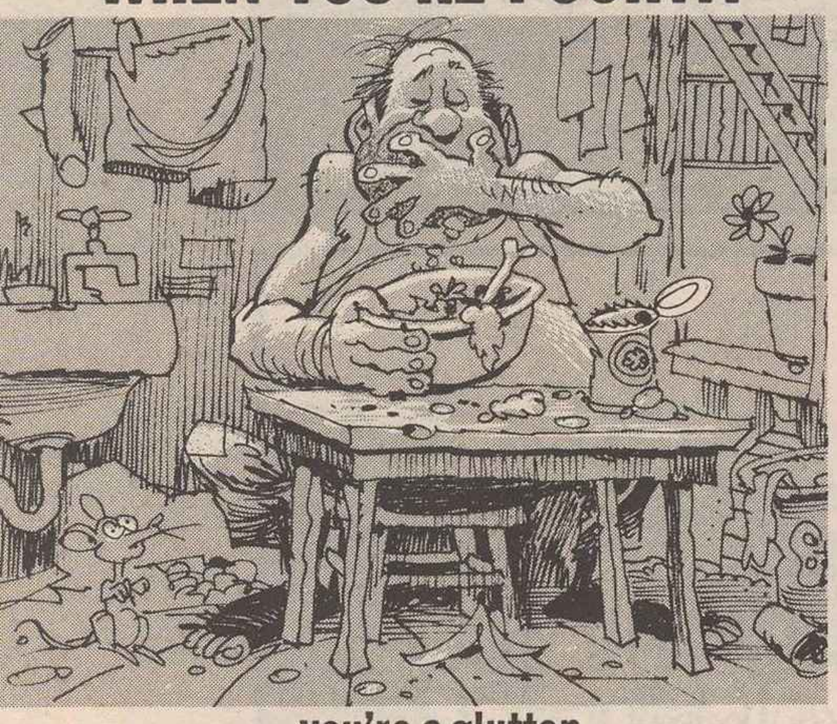


STATUS QUOTES DEPT.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

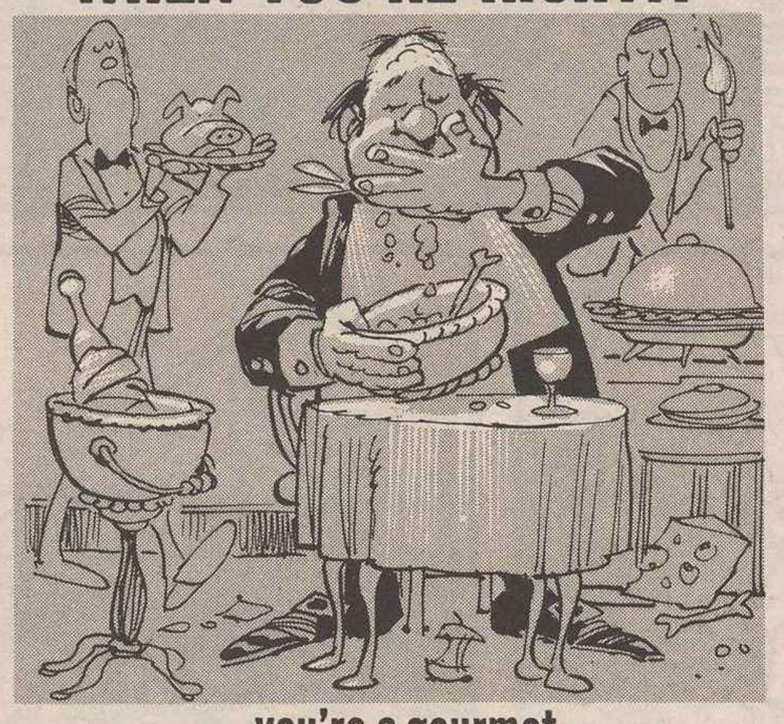
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



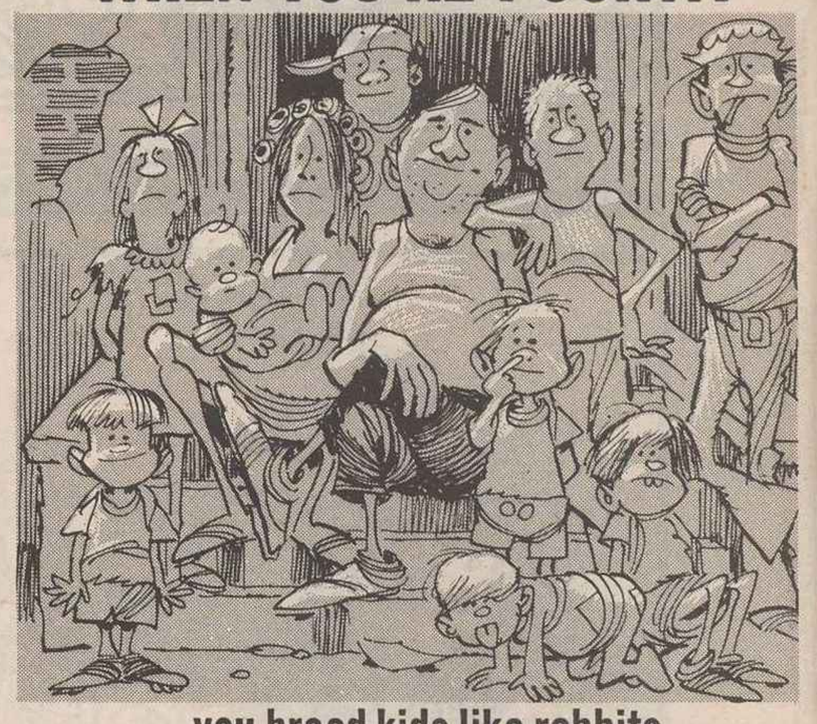
...you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



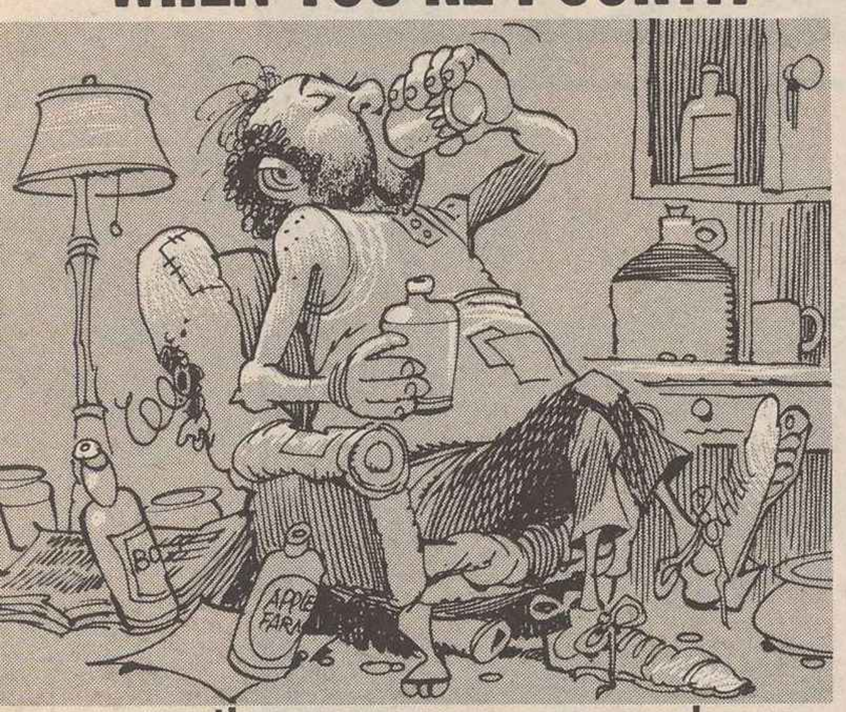
...you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you breed kids like rabbits.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

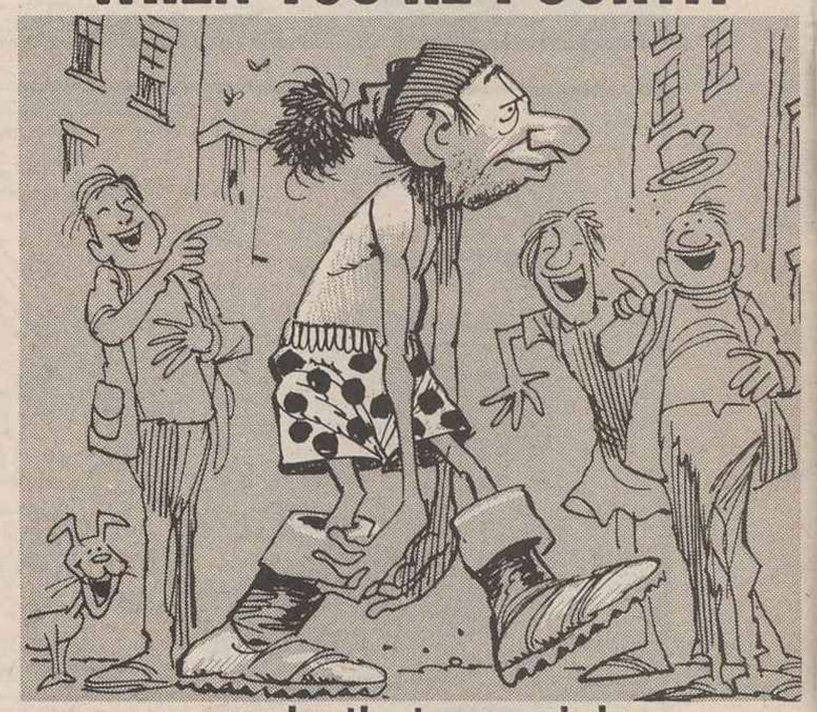


...you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

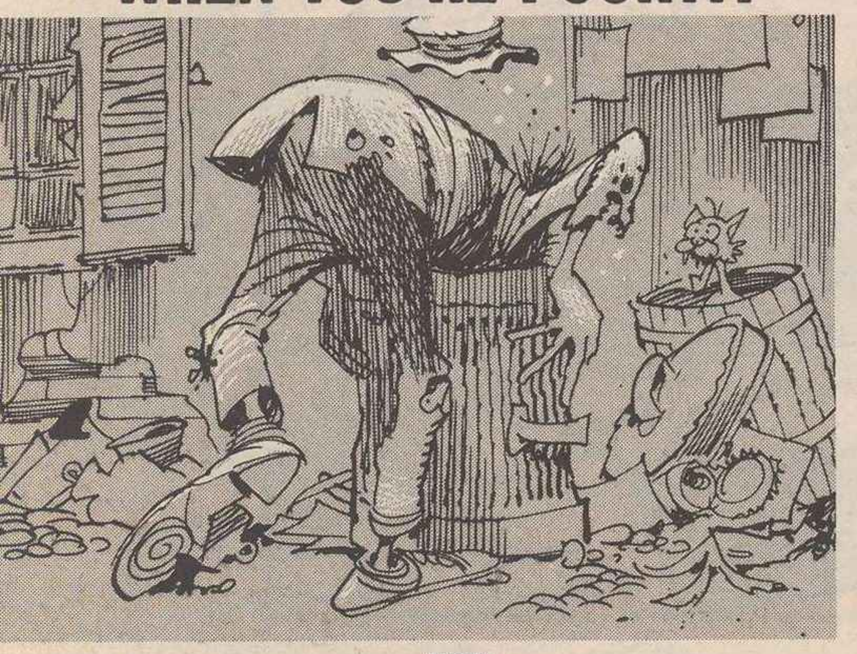
...you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



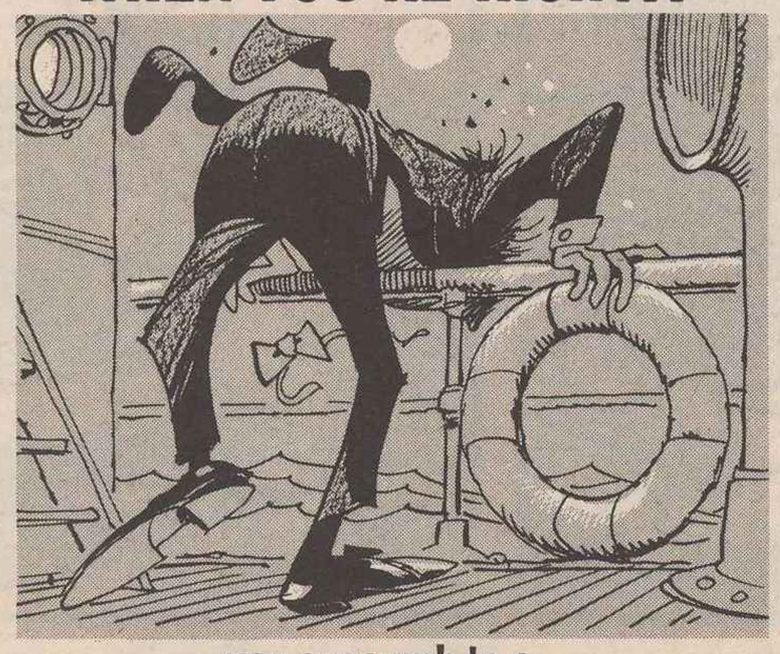
...you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a sudden attack of nausea.

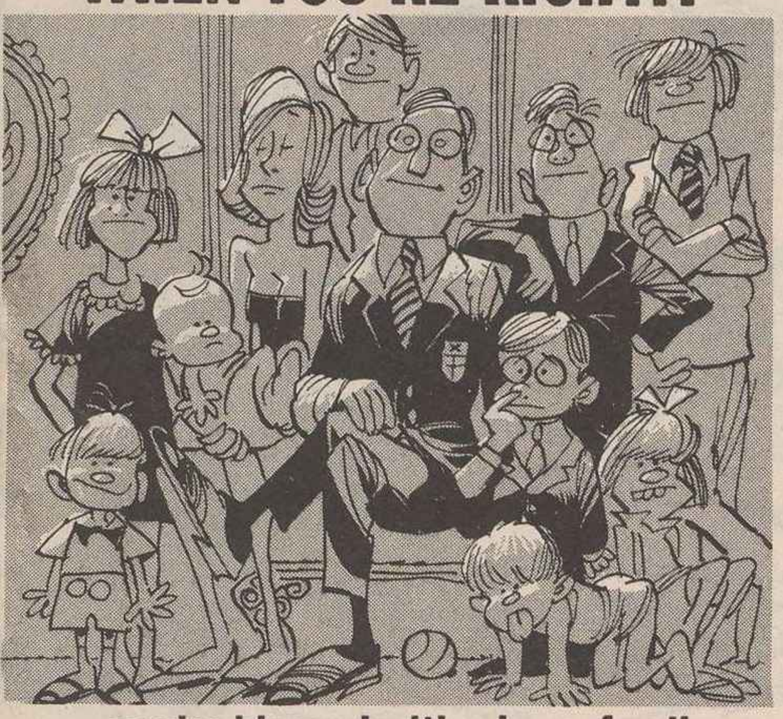
WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

...you gamble away your salary at the track.

ND...WHEN YOU'RE RICH

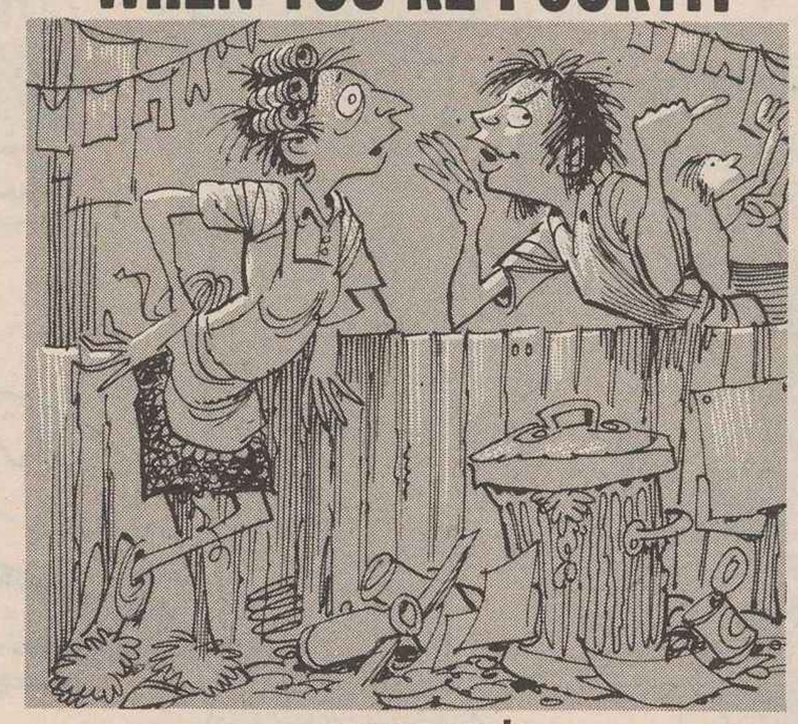
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



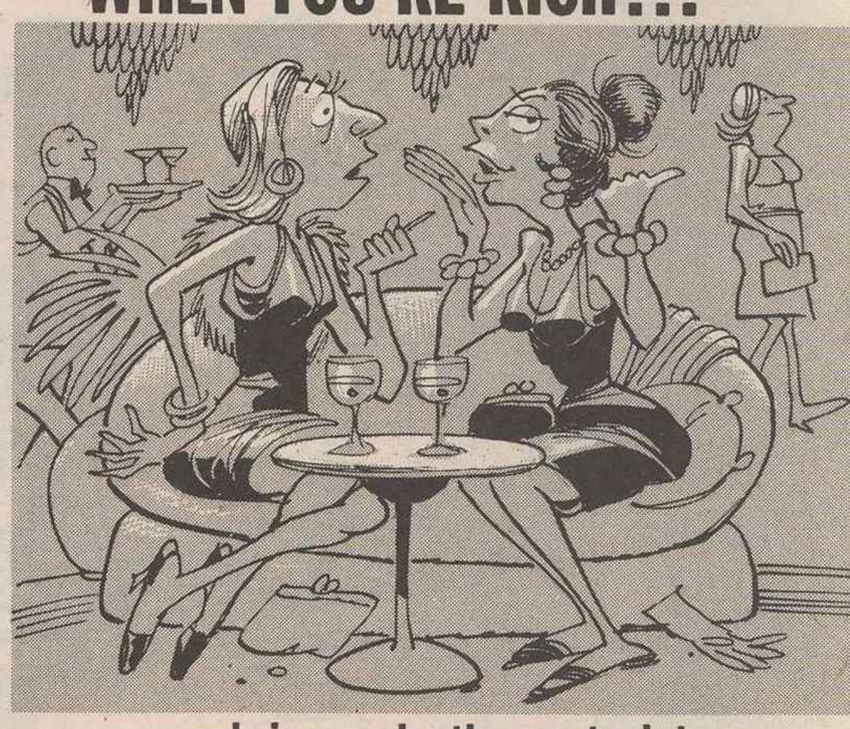
...you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



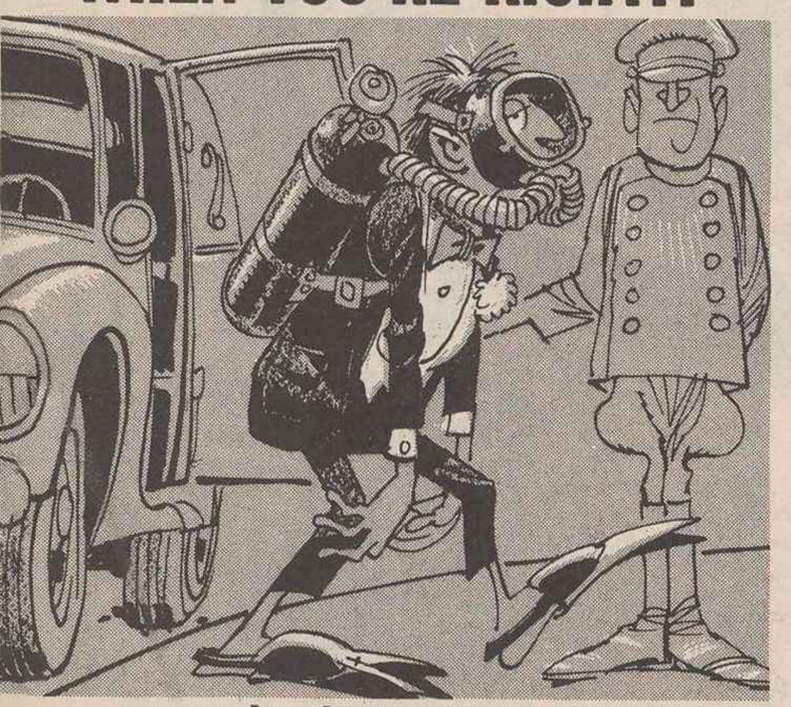
...you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



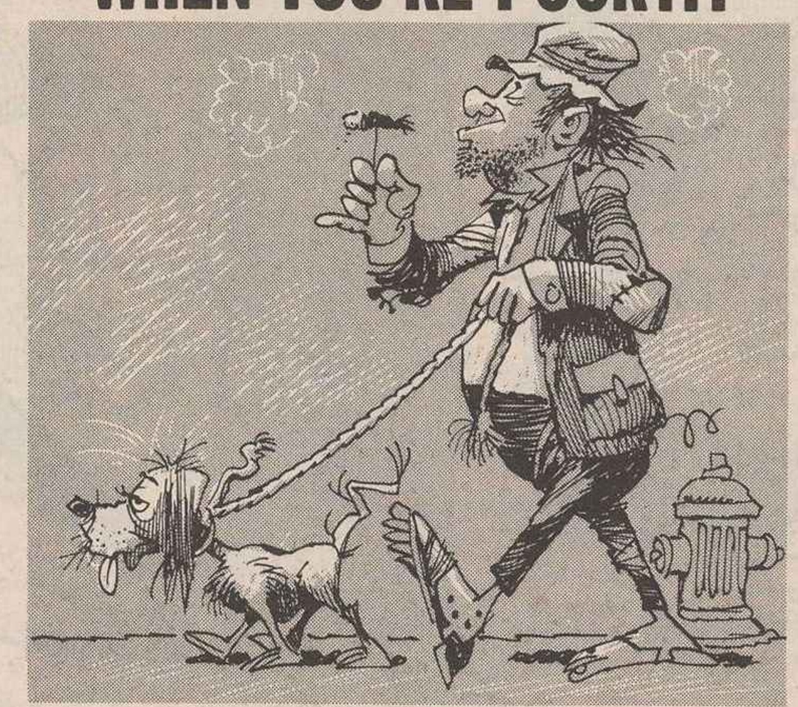
...you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



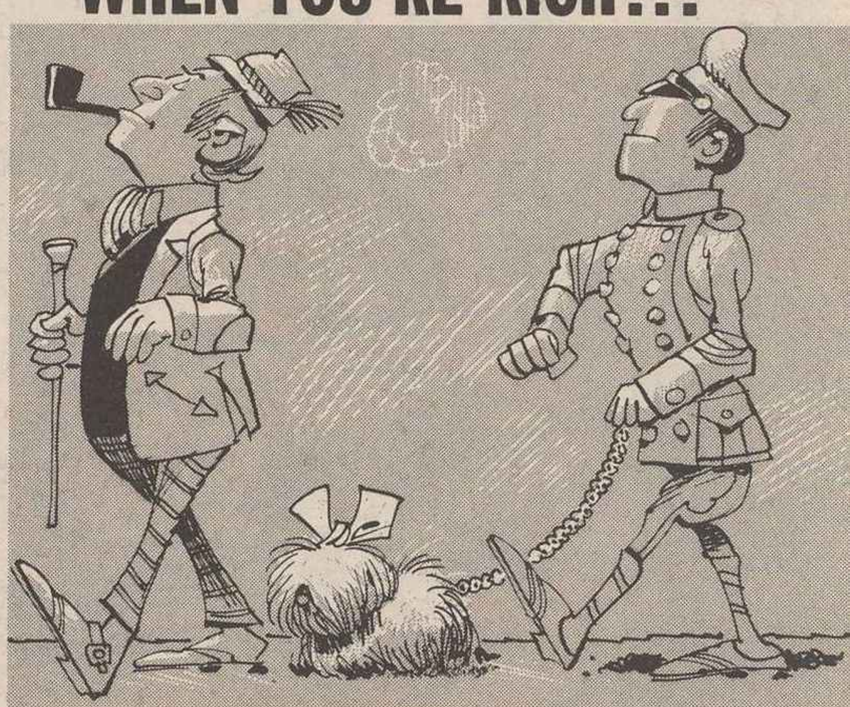
...you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

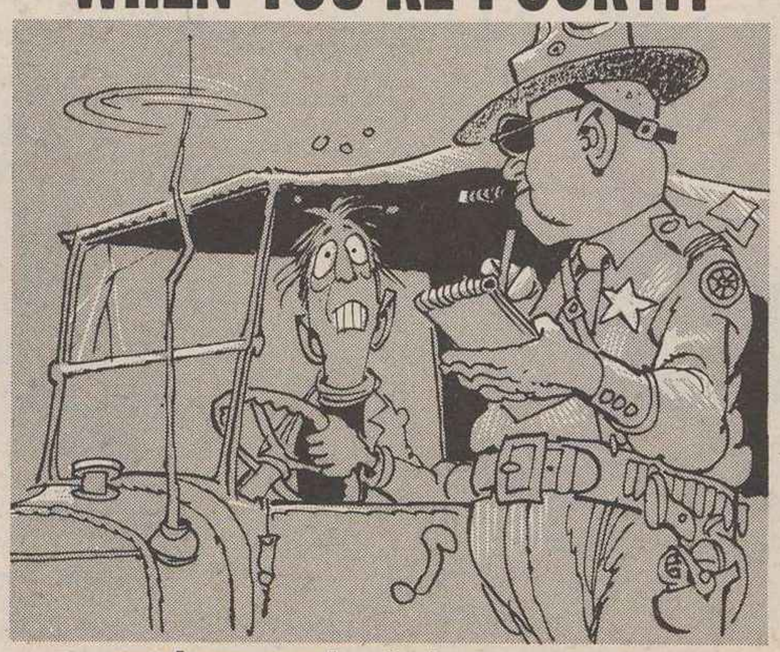


...you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

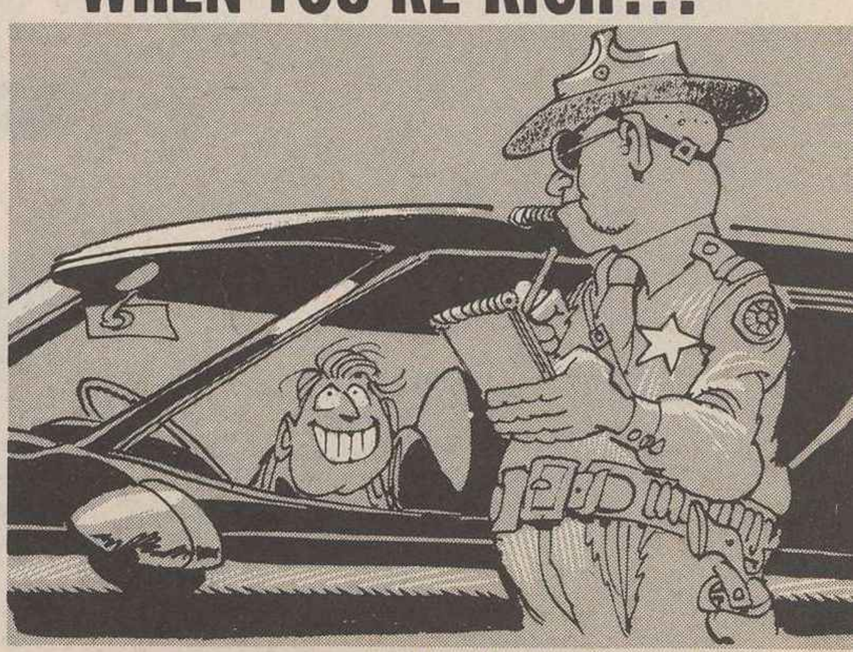
...you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

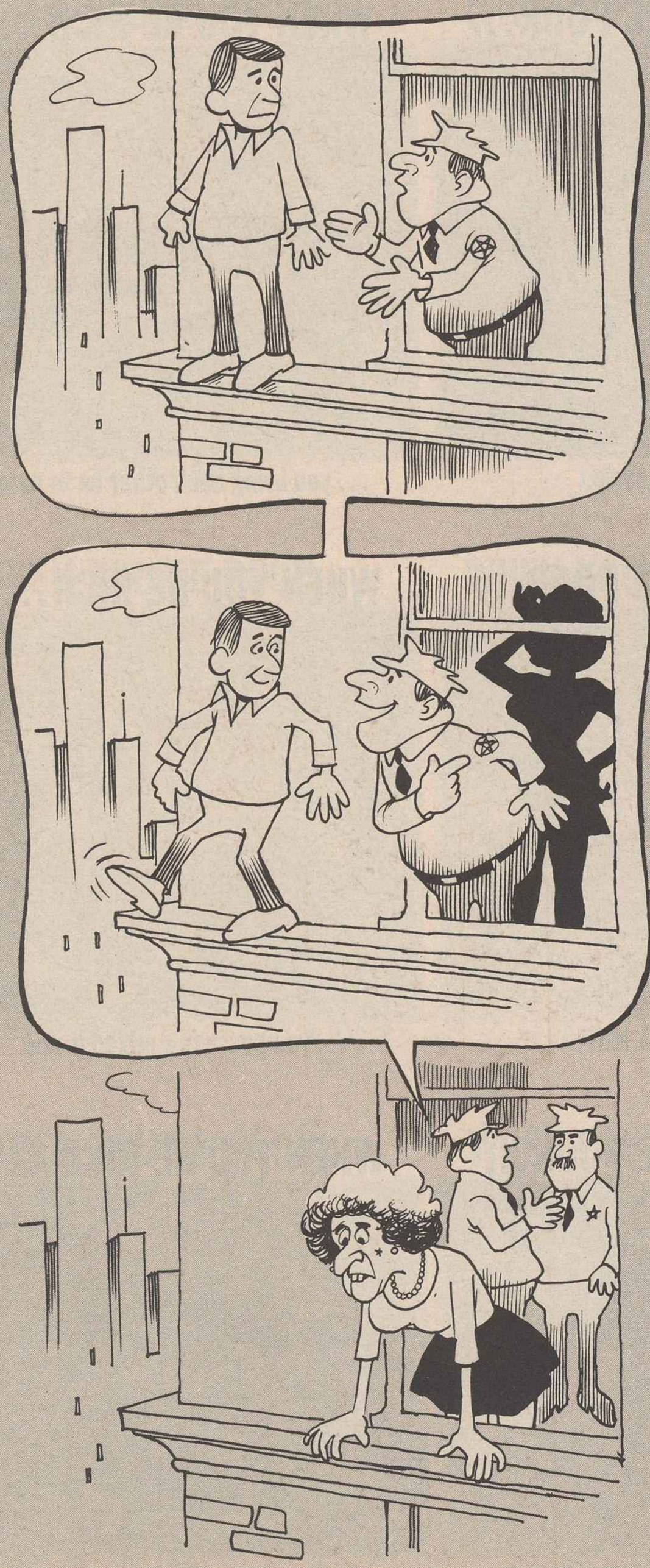


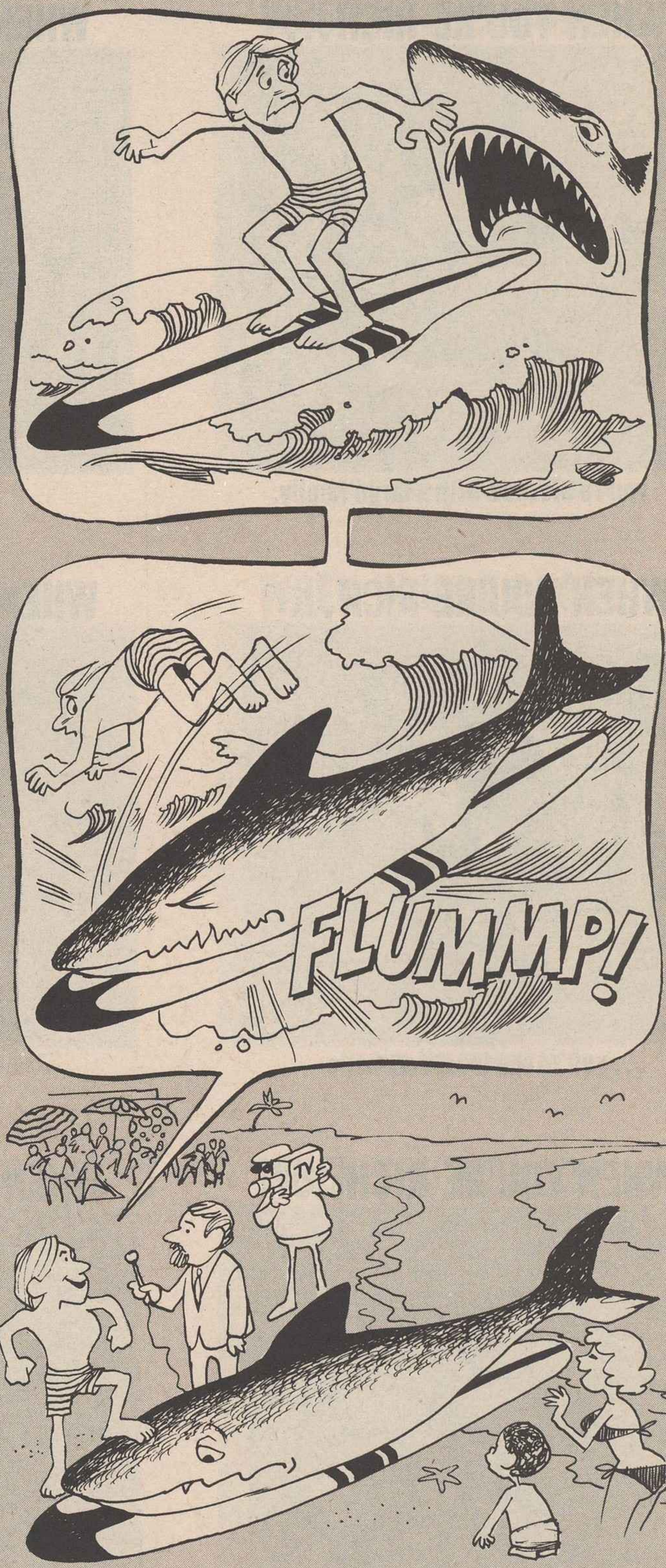
...you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

INCIDENT REPLAY DEPT.

WHAT'S TH

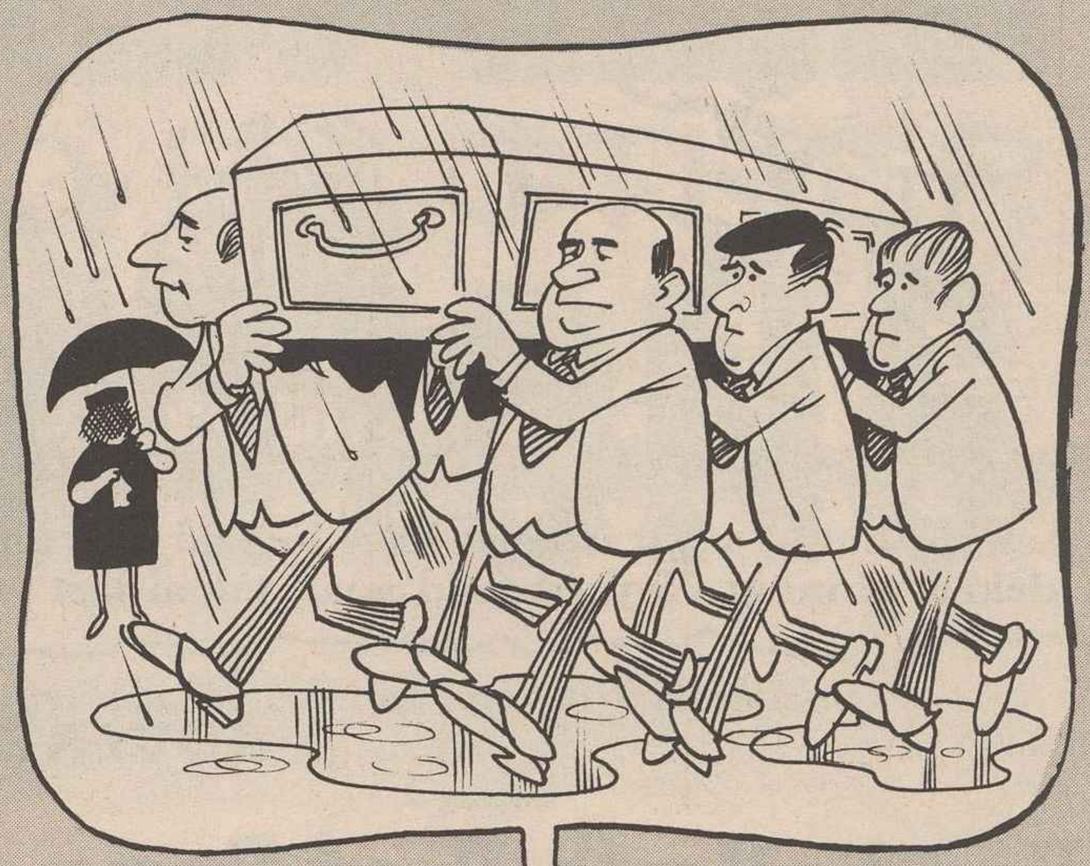
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

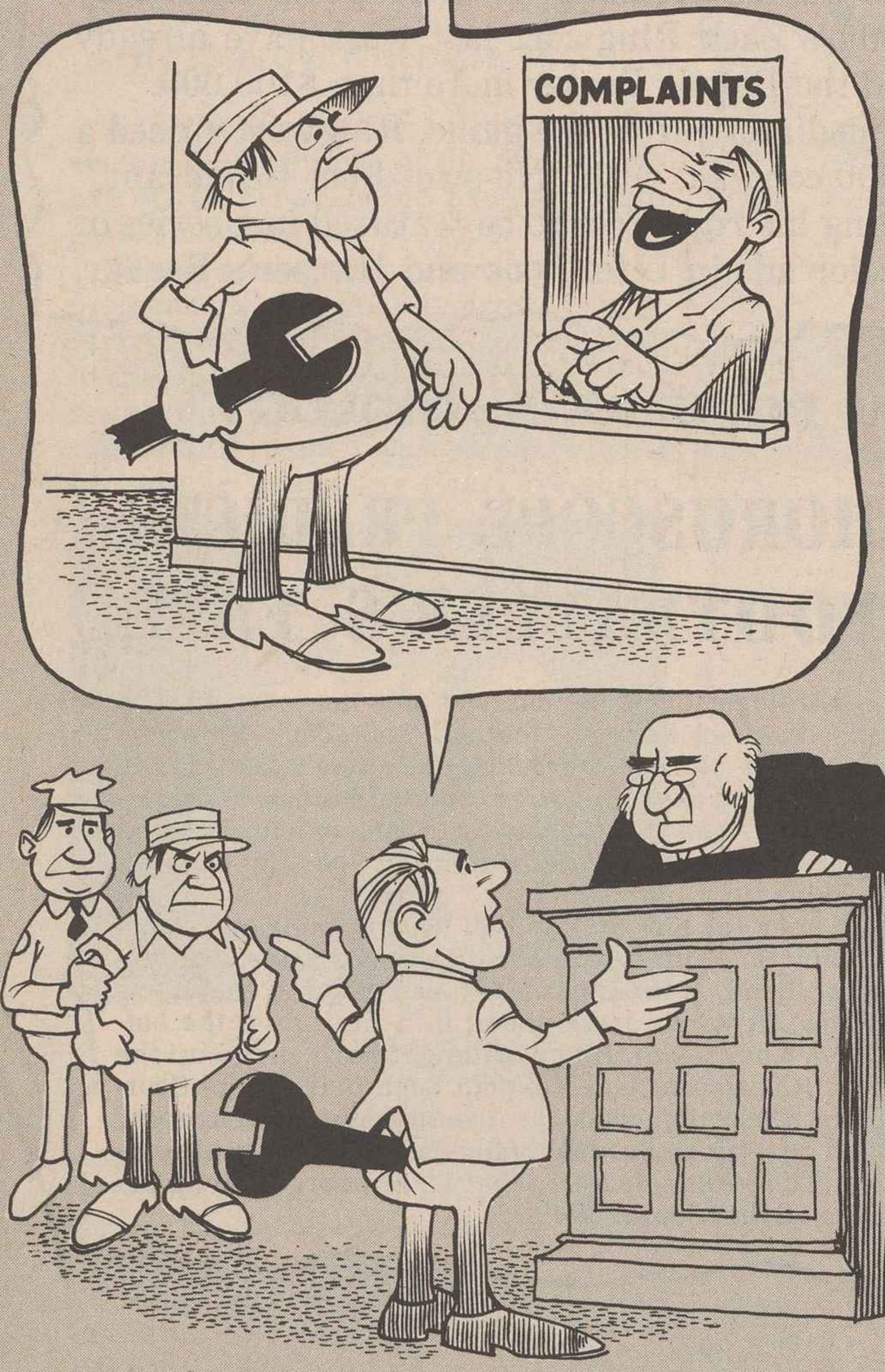


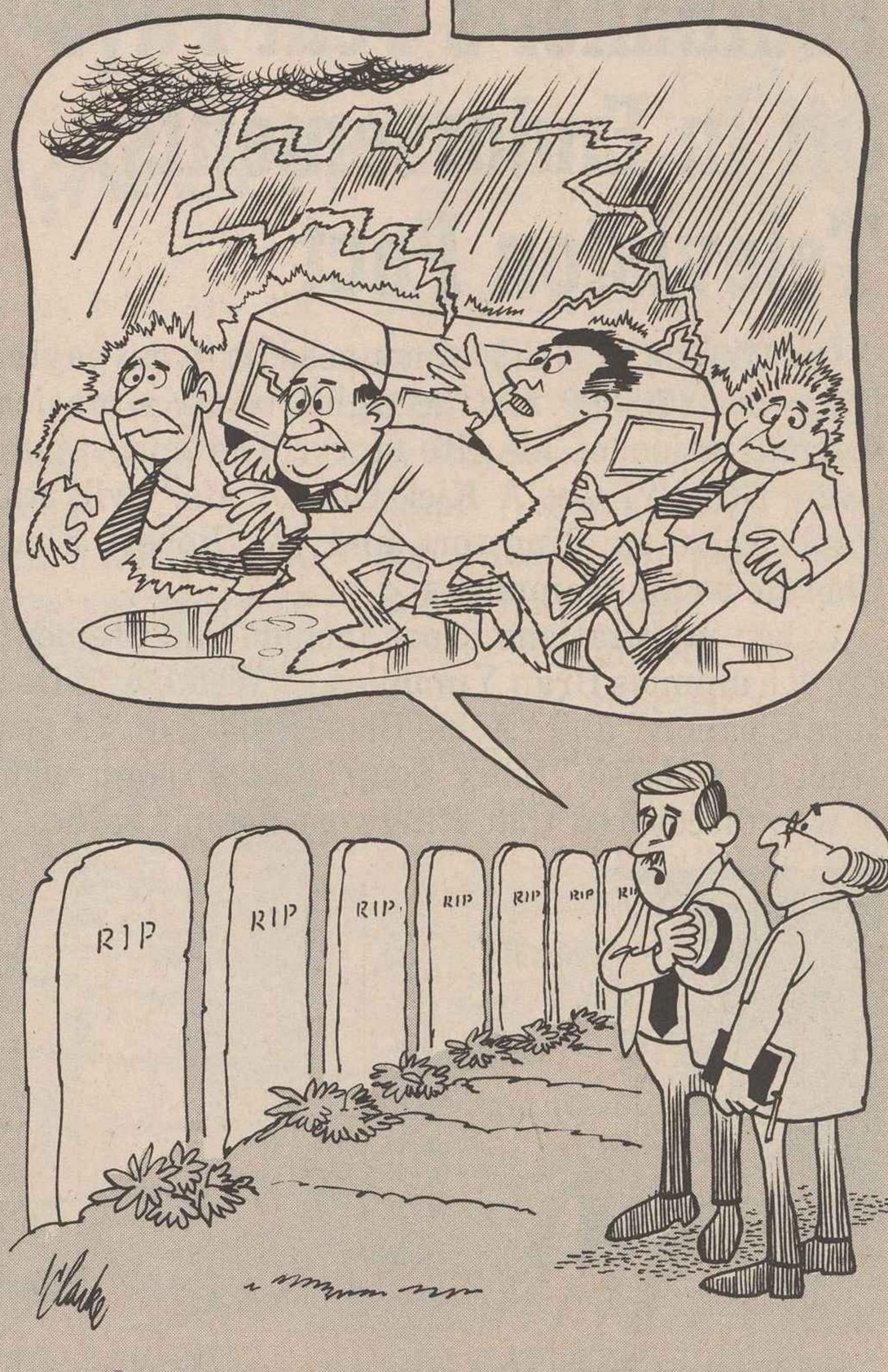


E STORY...?

WRITER: DON EDWING





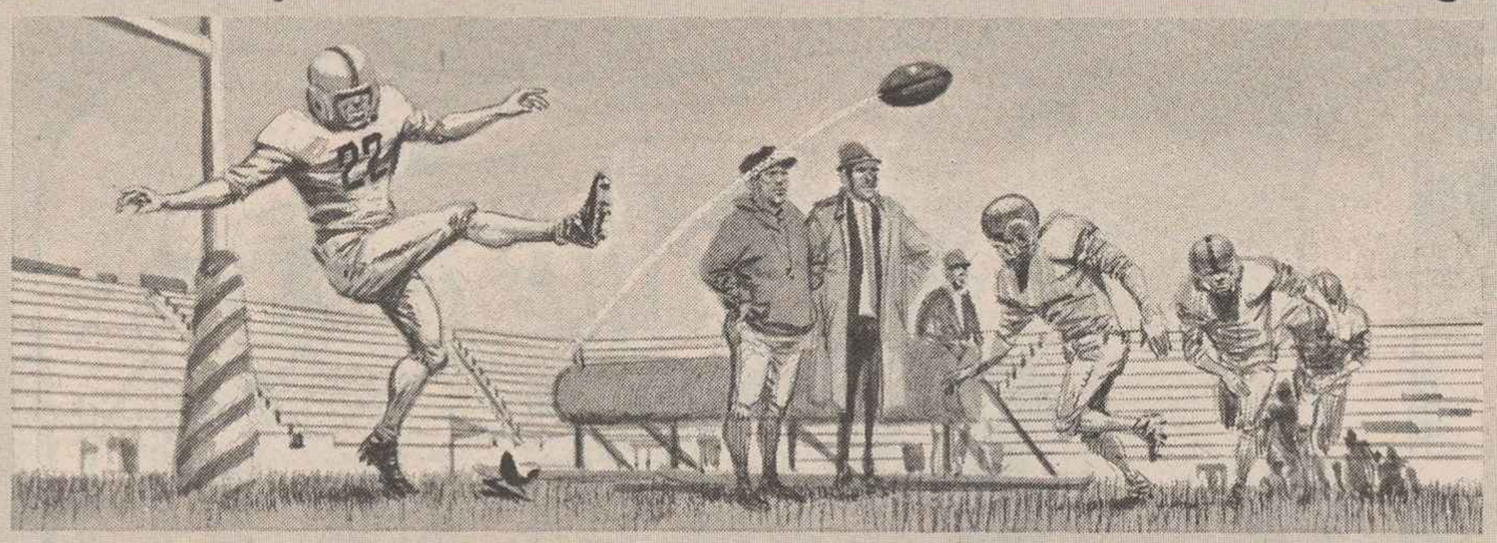


PUNT OF VIEW DEPT.

When a sports reporter covers a football game, he doesn't mess around. He watches all the action, keeps track of all the plays, then steals the notes of another sports reporter and writes up the game in typical newspaper sports section style:

KOKOMO WHIPS MUNCIE 68-67 BEHIND KICKING OF RINGWORT

KOKOMO, Ind. (*AP*)—The educated toe of Zack Ringwort today gave the Kokomo Kangaroos a 68 to 67 victory over the Muncie Mincers. The win assured the Kangaroos undisputed possession of fifth place in the North Central Indiana Pro Football League.



Action shot of what it must have looked like today as Ringwort kicked winning 75-yard field goal, taken last week at practice.

In a record-breaking performance, the Blonde Booter amazed the 85,000 onlookers and the national TV audience by kicking 17 field goals, the last one with but five seconds remaining in the final quarter.

Trailing 67 to 65 on their own 10-yard line, the Kangaroos appeared to have lost the game. Then came the key play of the afternoon, a personal foul called against Muncie linebacker Gus Faversham for kneeing the referee, who was taking a yardage measurement.

The 15-yard penalty brought Kokomo to its own 25 and set the stage for Ringwort's final kick, a mighty 75-yarder that split the uprights.

ADVERTISING AGE

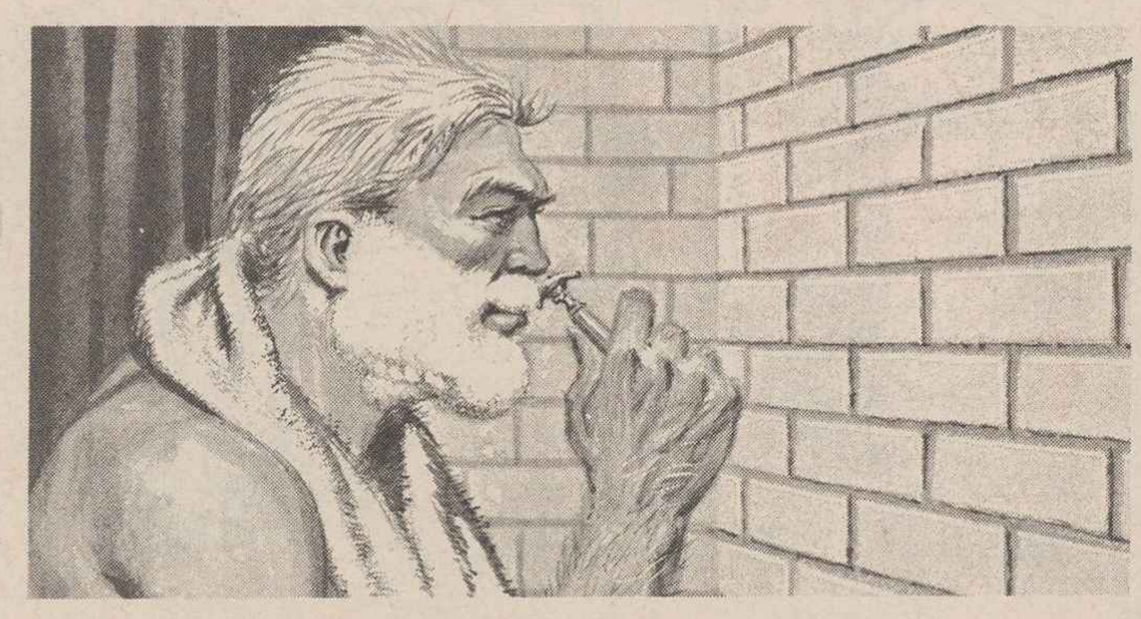
Footballer's Feat Pays Off In Endorsements, Television Pact

The record-breaking 17 field goals kicked by Kokomo's Zack Ringwort last week have already netted the Blonde Booter more than $100,000.

Immediately after the game, Ringwort signed a $35,000 contract with "No-swet Foot Deodorant," allowing his right foot to be featured in a series of full-color ads in Life, Look and Harper's Bazaar.

On Monday, NBC announced it was paying Ringwort $70,000 for the rights to air a musical dramatization of his life story. The epic, tentatively titled "I Get A Kick Out Of Me," will star Paul Anka as Ringwort and the Robert Shaw Chorale as his teammates.

Other negotiations afoot include endorsements for "Crummies Bran Yummies," "Wembley's Denture Cleaner," and "Acme Blast Furnaces." A contract to endorse "Ivory Soap" fell through when it was discovered that Ringwort doesn't bathe.



Zack Ringwort shaves after game. Like other "Commercial-Making" athletes, Ringwort does not need to use a mirror any more, due to having shaved before TV cameras so often.

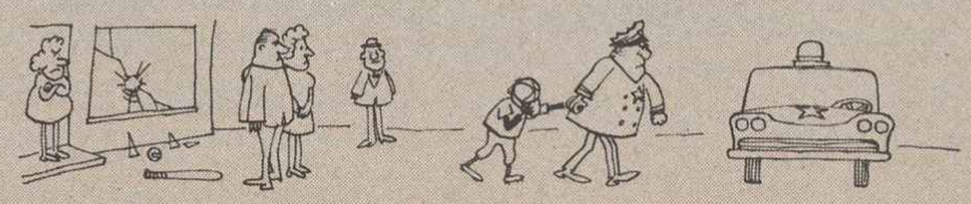
POPULAR ASTROLOGY

HOROSCOPE PREDICTS FOOTBALLER'S FATE

Astrologer Omar Pincus was not the least bit surprised when Kokomo football star Zack Ringwort kicked his 17 record-breaking field goals last month.

"I've been expecting it," explained Pincus. "You see, Ringwort is a *Sagittarius* with his moon rising in *Pisces* while *Mars* is descending in *Leo* and *Venus* is marking time in *Cancer*."

"Lucky for him the football used in the game was a *Gemini* and the goal-posts were *Aquarius*. On the other hand, if Kokomo had been playing the Rams *(Aries)*, it would have ended in a tie *(Libra, the balance)*. Then again, Ringwort might have ended up the goat *(Capricorn)* had Kokomo been playing the Scorpions *(Scorpio)*, since he would have missed every field goal try and probably finished as the team *Aquarius (The Water Bearer)*. That is, of course, if you believe all this *Taurus (Bull)*!"



The story at the left, of course, is aimed at sports fans who read the sports sections of newspapers. But what about publications that appeal to other kinds of readers? How do they manage to scrounge up a story from the same football game which will interest their readership? You don't know? You'd like us to show you! What a coincidence! We just happen to have, as this next article...

FOOTBALL AS COVERED BY OTHER PUBLICATIONS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

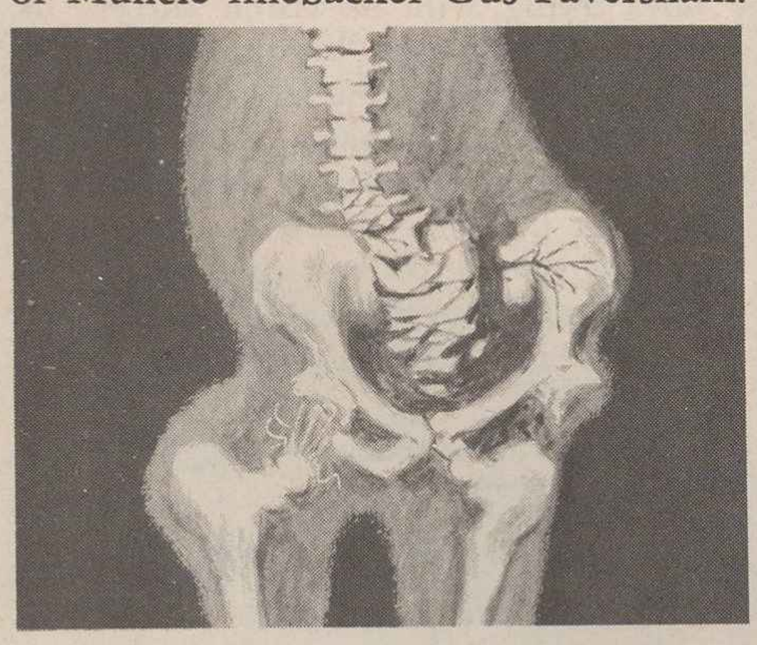
MODERN MEDICINE

Medical Musings

BY HARLOW WOLFRAM, M.D.

A classic example of a dislocated pelvis was the highlight of the recent football game between the Kokomo Kangaroos and Muncie Mincers.

While attempting a yardage measurement in the final quarter, referee Melvin Mishkin received a sharp blow in the *ilium* of his *ossa innominata*. The strength of the blow was attributed to the well-developed *quadriceps femoris* of Muncie linebacker Gus Faversham.



X-RAY OF REFEREE MISHKIN SHOWING DISLOCATED PELVIS.

The extent of Mishkin's injury was suspected immediately when he was observed lying on the field, in a state of severe shock, unable to rise and his face contorted in marked pain.

Happily, it was announced the next day that he had, indeed, suffered a dislocated pelvis, which confirmed my earlier diagnosis.

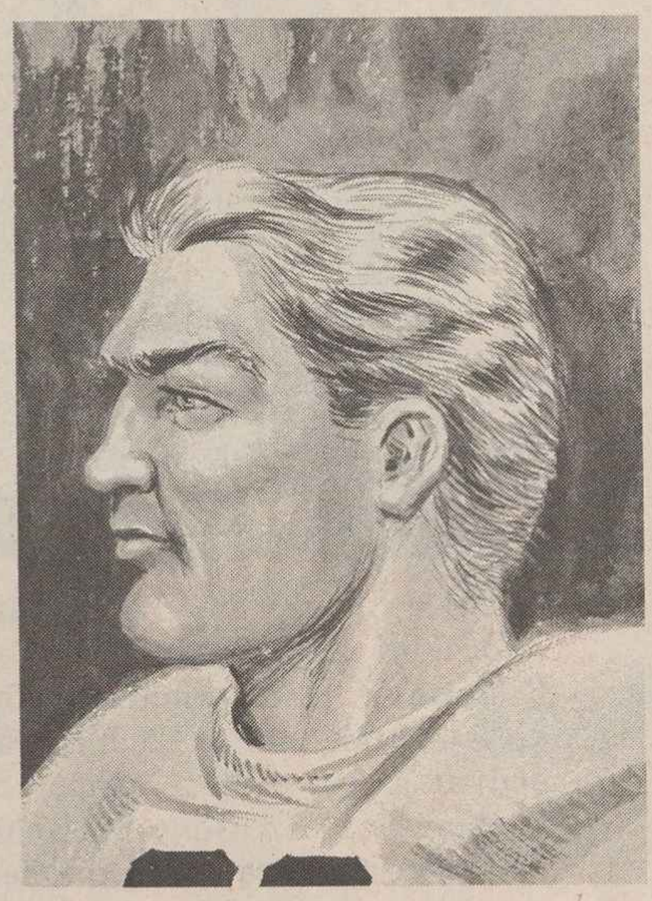
HAIRDRESSERS WEEKLY

Oooooooh, That Ringwort!

by Charles of The Ritzy

Those of us who saw the Kokomo-Muncie pro football game in color went simply wild over Zack Ringwort's adorable new hair styling.

What a treat it was when his helmet was knocked off by those nasty fellows on the other team. His wavy coiffure, set off by that *stunning* cowlick, was simply breath-taking. They don't call him the Blonde Booter for nothing!



Ravishing Ringwort

And his uniform was too much to be believed, the way it complemented his hair coloring. I mean, when he trotted onto the field wearing that *gorgeous* chartreuse jersey and those honey-gold pants, we were all *tingling* with excitement.

I can't for the life of me remember which team won the game, but who cares about a *silly* old score when there's somebody like the Blonde Booter to look at. *Yummy!!*

ELECTRICAL WORKERS WORLD

THE CLARION
OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CENTRAL INDIANA STATE REFORMATORY

MAN OF THE WEEK

This week's honors go to Harry Snavely (local 592), scoreboard supervisor at Kokomo Stadium. During last week's Kokomo-Muncie game, won by Kokomo, 68 to 67, Harry was kept mighty busy changing the scoreboard lights for the 85,000 spectators.

"I never seen such a high-scoring game," commented Harry. "In the second quarter, when it was 33 to 31, I could see it was gonna be a real hard day's work. But I had a responsibility to all those fans. So I did the only thing I thought fair—I threatened to walk out unless they paid me double time plus a $50 bonus for hazard work."

Thanks to Harry's initiative, he was granted his request, plus extra sick leave, a three-month paid vacation, and $500 in fringe benefits. We know all of our readers will applaud Harry's efforts, which are in the highest tradition of honest and fair Unionism.

"MAN OF THE WEEK" SNAVELY

BIG DAY FOR OUR GUS AT BIG FOOTBALL GAME

Inmates will be pleased to hear that recent parolee Gus Faversham (3 to 10, armed robbery) was prominently involved in last week's Kokomo-Muncie football game.

Although Faversham's Muncie squad was nosed out, 68 to 67, our Gus did his part for the Mincers when he kneed the referee with only five seconds left in the game.

Those of you who know Gus will not be surprised to hear that the referee had to be carried off the field.

GUS FAVERSHAM

HIS FAMOUS KNEE

Gus is having a ~~turr~~ ~~terri~~ terrific year in pro football. Not only is he leading his team in personal fouls, but there is a good chance he will be thrown out of the league.

NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Wife Feeds Kids To Tropical Fish While Hubby Watches Football Game

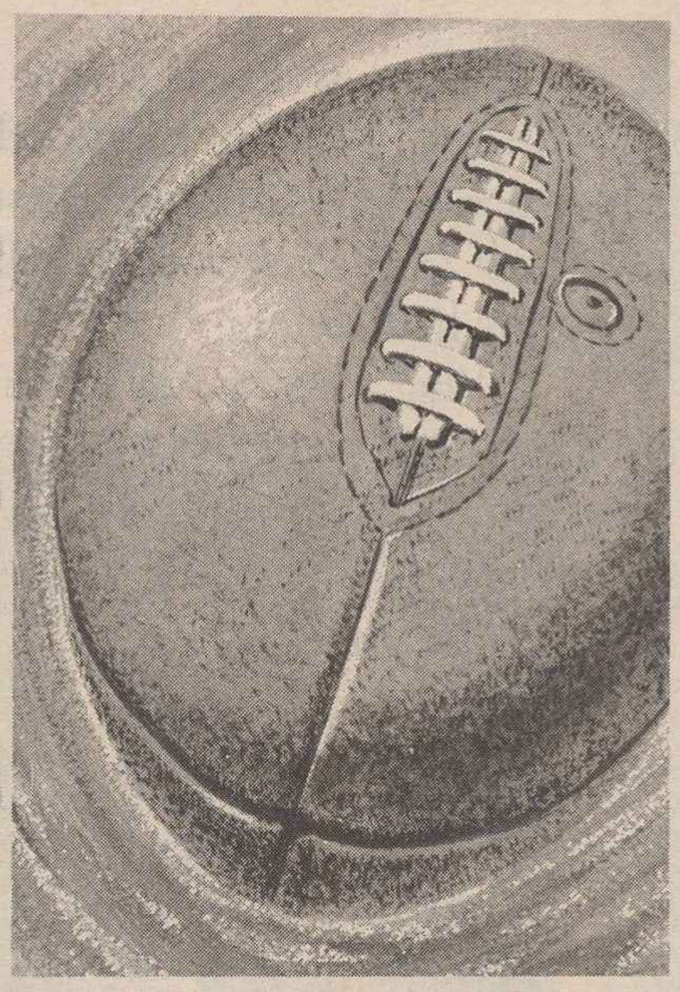
While football fan Louis Ebbenfletzer was watching the Kokomo Kangaroos edge out the Muncie Mincers, 68 to 67, on television, his wife, Margo, was dropping their three children in Ebbenfletzer's tropical fish tank full of man-eating Piranhas.

"I was so thrilled by Zack Ringwort's record-breaking 17 field goals that I didn't pay any attention to the screams coming from the other room," said Ebbenfletzer.

"Actually, it was a mean thing for my wife to do," he explained. "My kids were all football fans and they would have gotten a big kick out of watching Ringwort's fantastic performance."

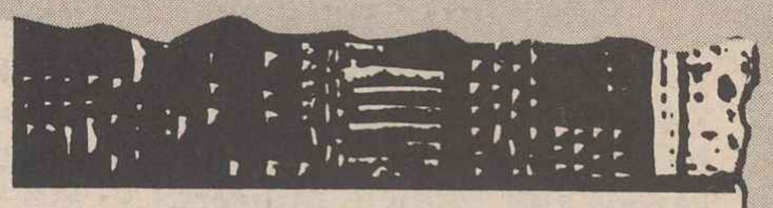
POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY

ACTION SHOT OF THE ISSUE



Titled "Poetry in Flight," this exposure of Kokomo footballer Zack Ringwort's game-winning 75-yard kick was taken at 1/1200th of a second at *f.* 1.2 with a 305mm Spitz-Grommish lens, using Schlachrome film. The angle captured the ball on its downward flight, just before it shattered the photographer's Lummox X-14 Super-Speed Duoflex.

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Pièce de Resistance: An observer at the Kokomo-Muncie pro football game reports watching a grandstand Casanova trying, with no visible success, to embrace his shapely, but uncooperative, companion. After one especially ardent attempt, the obstinate lass responded with a resounding slap to the Lothario's face. At the same moment, the public address system, commenting on a particular play on the field, blared out: "Penalty of fifteen yards for pass interference."

CASKET & SUNNYSIDE
THE UNDERTAKER'S MONTHLY

Editor's Note:

We regret to inform our readers that we can no longer report on professional football games. Due to the lack of fatal injuries, as witnessed in the recent Kokomo-Muncie game, our athletic correspondents have been instructed to restrict their reporting to the only interesting sport left in America—boxing.

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

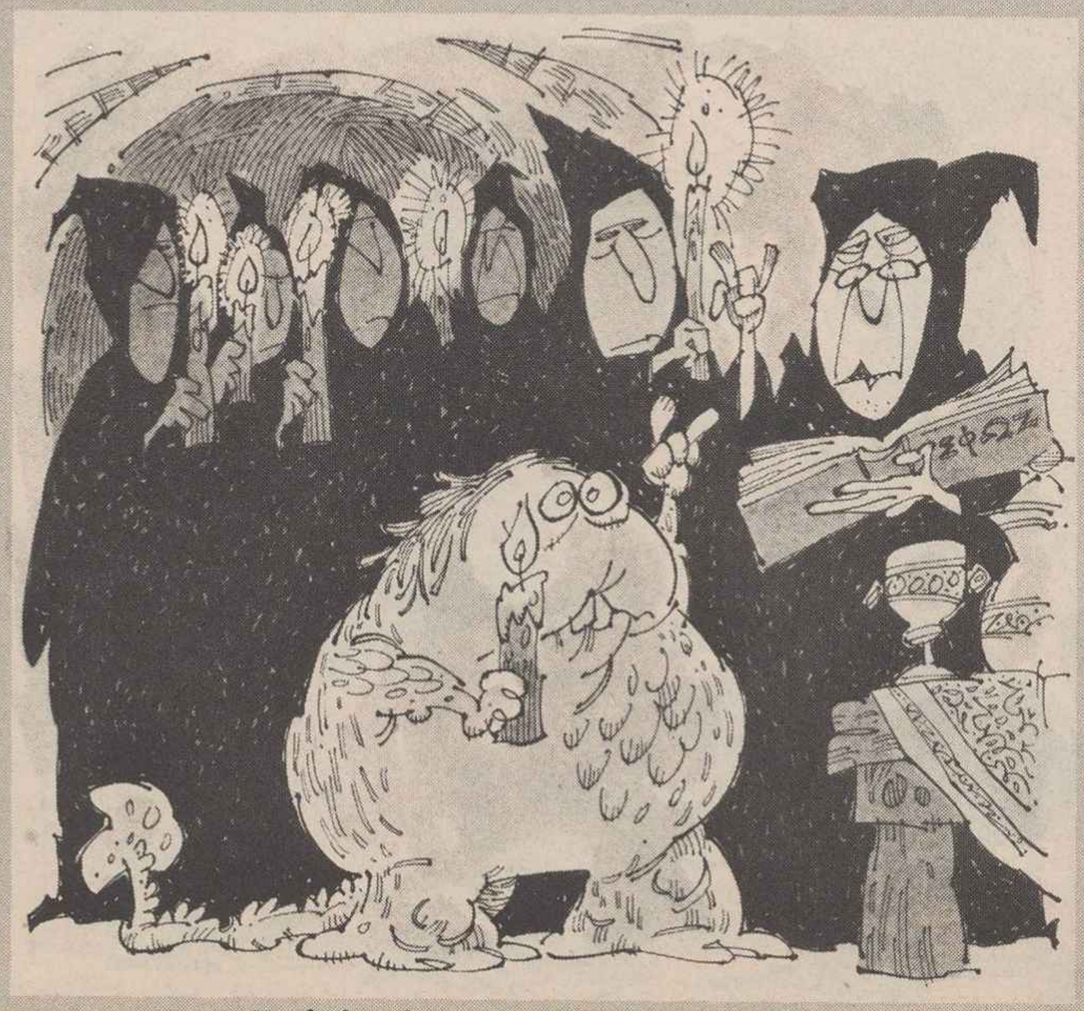
Hey, gang, it's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're . . .

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: MAY SAKAMI

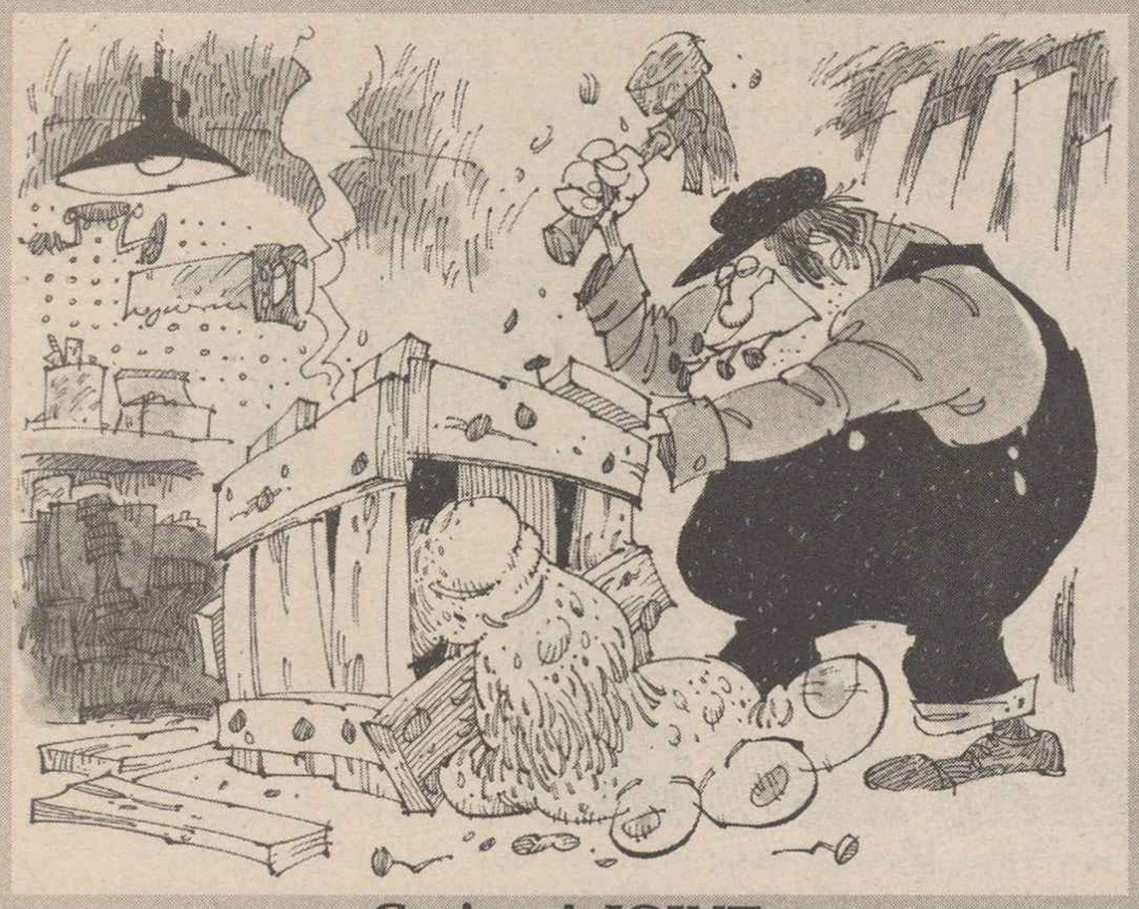
Reviving an OLD CUSTOM

Cooking Up A ALIBI

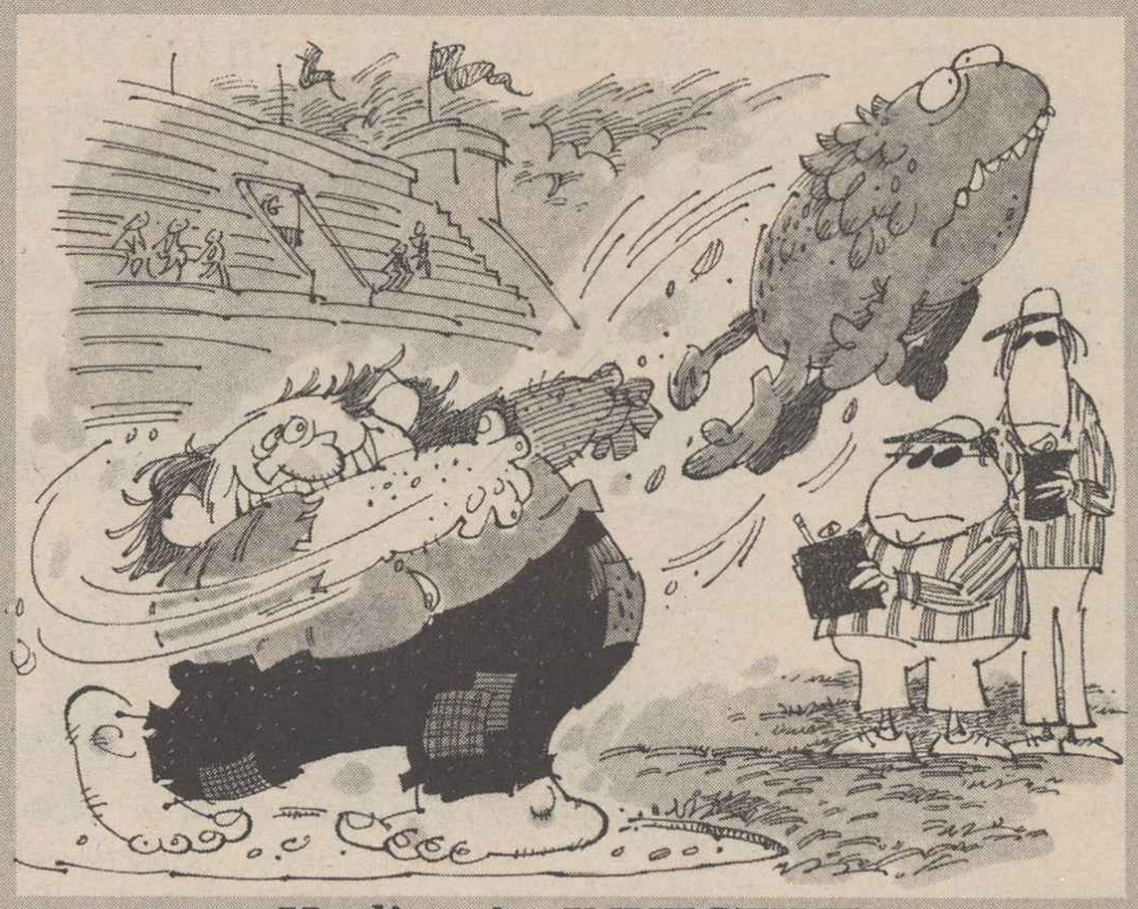


Initiating A PROGRAM

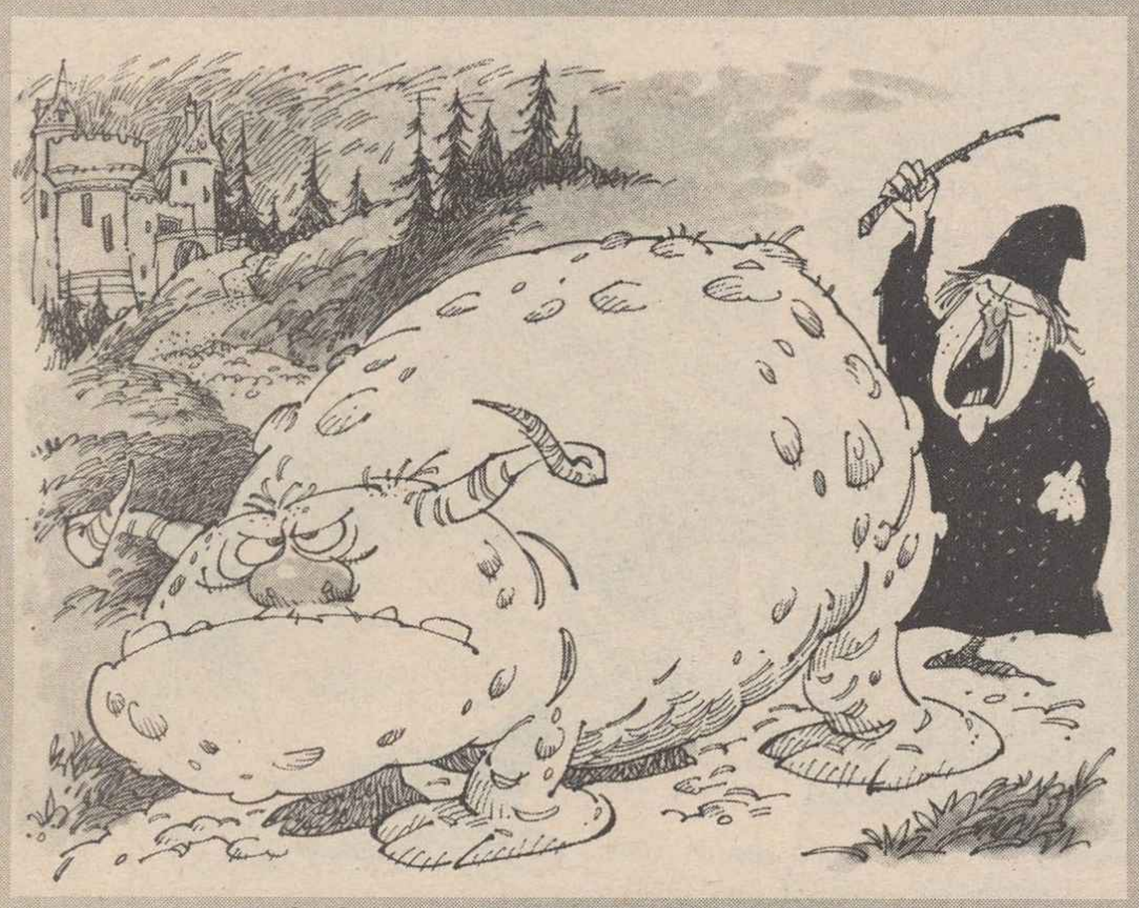
Batting An IDEA Around



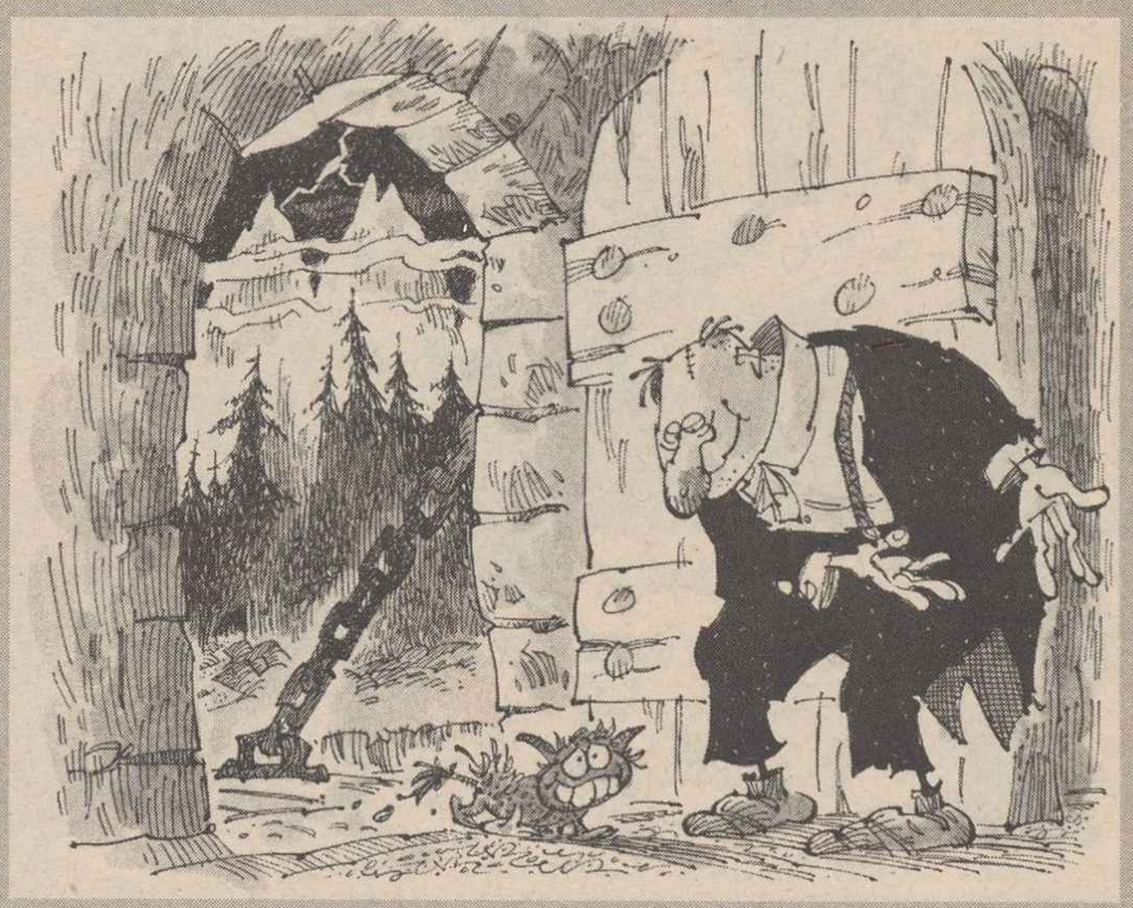
Casing A JOINT



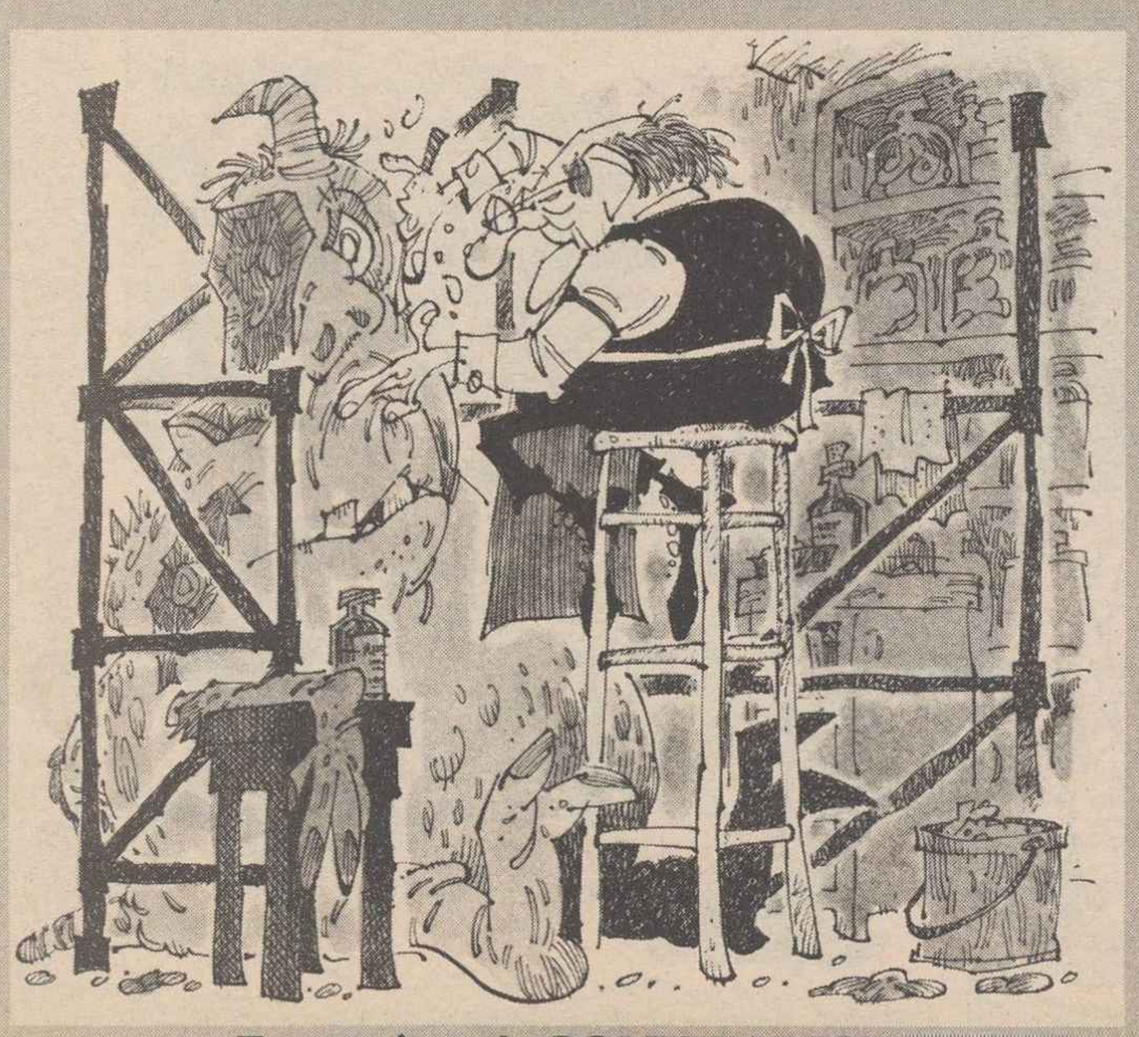
Hurling An INVECTIVE



Driving A MEAN BARGAIN

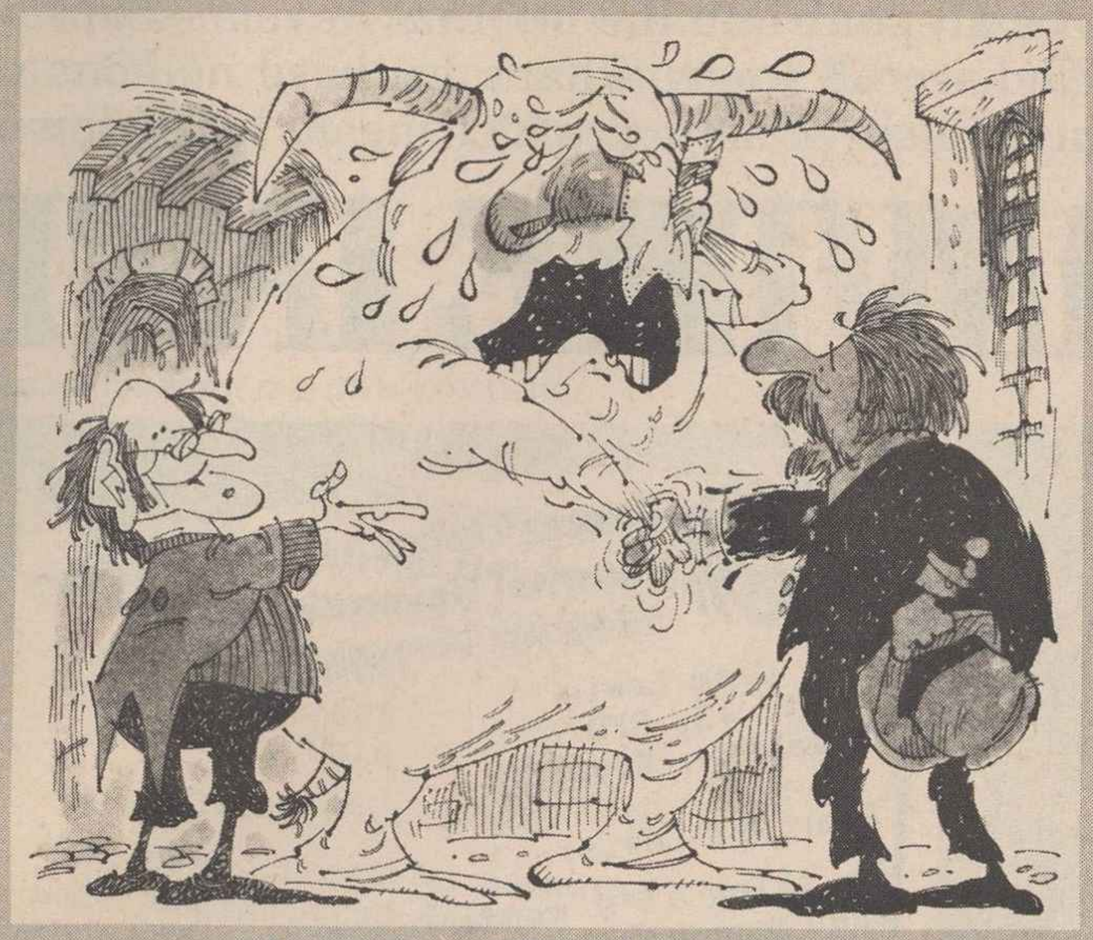


Ushering In An ERA

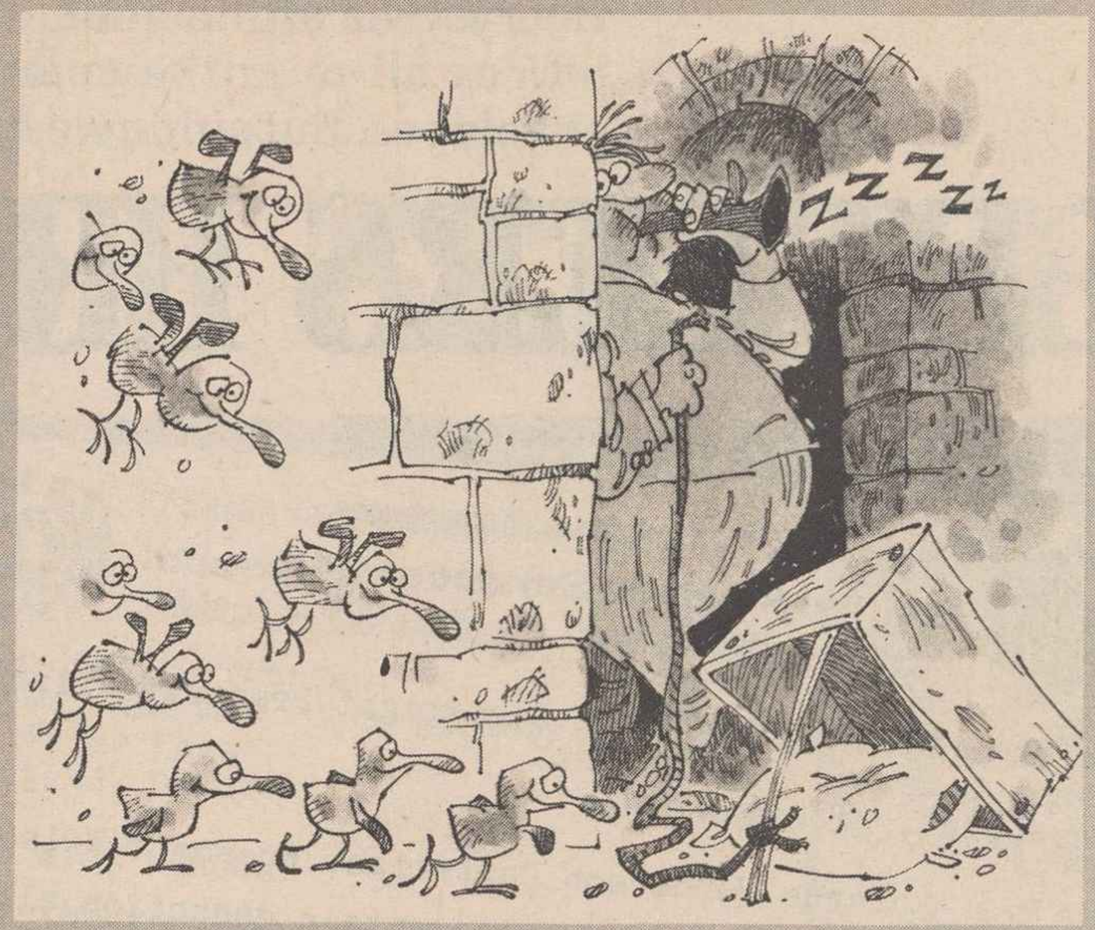


Restoring A CONFIDENCE

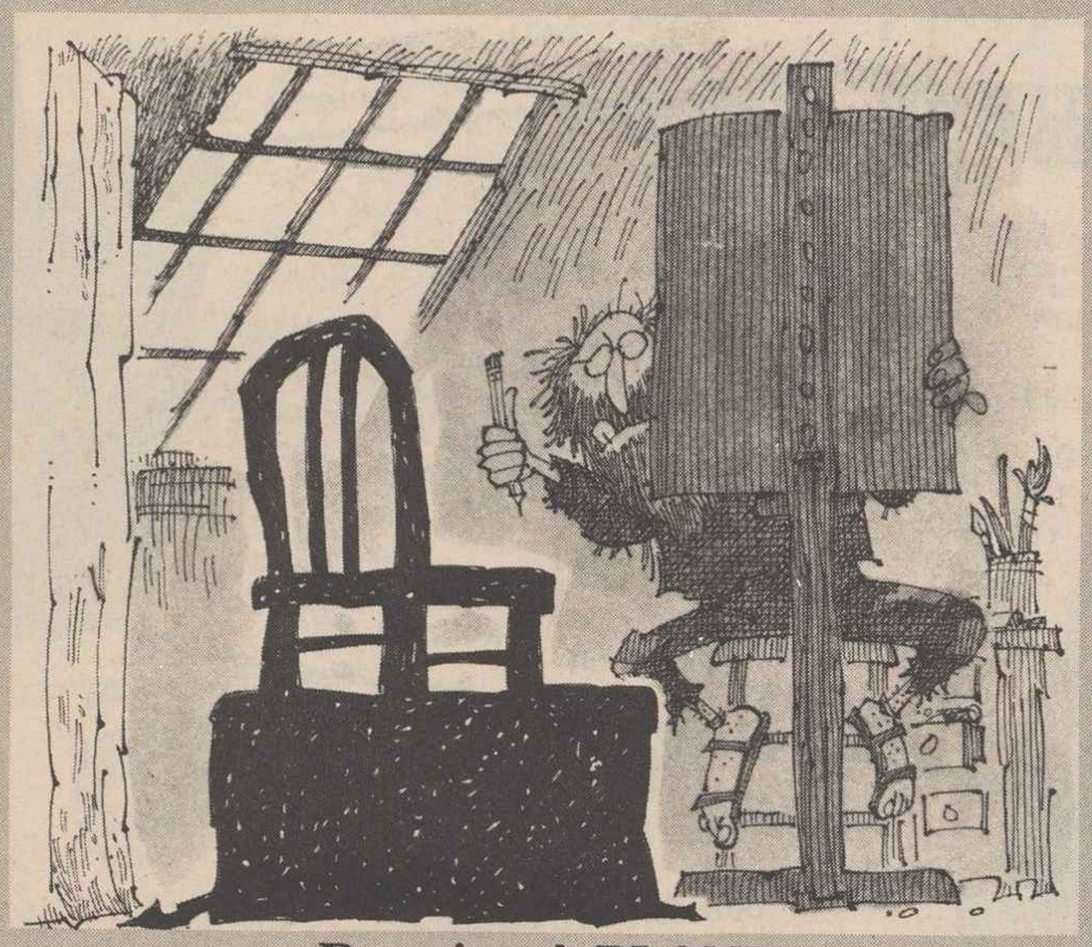
Chalking Up A VICTORY



Meeting a CRYING NEED



Catching FORTY WINKS



Drawing A BLANK

Dangling A PARTICIPLE

Going Through A PHASE

Redressing A WRONG

THE EYES OF TAXES ARE UPON YOU DEPT.

Every year at this time, tons of mail pour into the Internal Revenue Service offices all over the country. And we all know what's in **those** millions of envelopes. But since we have an inquisitive nature (which means we're down-

LETTERS FROM THE INTE

WRITTEN BY:

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mrs. Mimi Lafarge Henderson Cartwright Prescott Wilson Roberts
66 Vamp Lane
Grossepoint, Michigan

Dear Mrs. Lafarge Henderson Cartwright Prescott Wilson Roberts:

Yes, the Government does permit certain deduction allowances for uniforms. But it is our opinion that your Wedding Gown does not qualify, even though you use it periodically.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Clem Lewis
Route #3, RFD
Tomahawk, Wyoming

Dear Mr. Lewis:

We think it's wonderful that you have been married to Mrs. Lewis for 47 years. Unfortunately, a wife does not qualify for a depreciation allowance.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. John McGurk
c/o Kelsey's Bar & Grill
13344 Borax Street
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Mr. McGurk:

We are sorry to inform you that a joint return does not mean you may deduct everyone in the joint.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Webber and Webber
12385 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Messrs. Webber:

Of course business lunches are deductible for Income Tax purposes. But one partner taking the other out to lunch on alternating days throughout the year is not allowable.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Harris Maryland
6108 Pennsylvania Road
Kansas, Rhode Island

Dear Mr. Maryland:

We are sorry to inform you that we must disallow your deduction of $688.99 for a new 23" Color TV set to replace your old 12" Black-and-White set because your Doctor advised you to avoid eyestrain.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Jerome Batchler
30 Lincoln Road
Miami Beach, Florida

Dear Mr. Batchler:

We will need a fuller explanation regarding your relationship with Miss Zelda Funzie. There is no regulation that allows you to deduct someone who is "just like a wife to you."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Grandma Mosey
Wilkins Farm
Wilkins, Vermont

Dear Grandma Mosey:

Thank you for the apple pie, the cookies, and the strawberry preserves. But we still would like a check. After all, you DID earn $264,329.00 from those "little paintings you do."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Norman Bubblebrook
100 Steinmetz Street
Gluckstern, Iowa

Dear Mr. Bubblebrook:

We are disallowing your Medical Expense deduction of $8,759.22. We appreciate the fact that your slipped disc causes you some pain from time to time. Nevertheless, we do think that you should be able to find a qualified Doctor closer to your home than San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

right nosey), we've often wondered what's in the millions of envelopes that pour **OUT** of the Internal Revenue Service offices all over the country. We imagine that this is just about what we'd find if we could examine the . . .

RNAL REVENUE SERVICE

DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Miss Viola Messy
21 Idiot Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Miss Messy:

You are correct in assuming that gifts are exempt from Federal Income Taxes. However, we do not agree that the check you receive from your employer every Friday for $131.72 is a gift, even though he always says it is.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Miss Jennifer Hansen
c/o Mr. and Mrs. John Hansen
265 Gripe Road
Portland, Ohio

Dear Miss Hansen:

Even though your Daddy claims that we take away every penny we can get our hands on, we are happy to inform you that we do not want any part of the $11.75 you earned last year baby sitting.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Dr. George Buttkvetch
Professor of Anatomy
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illionis

Dear Professor Buttkvetch:

We realize that there are certain educational materials which you must have in order to teach Anatomy. But we do not feel that subscriptions to Playboy, Penthouse, Dude and Gent are among them.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Lucky Franzetti
Gauche Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Mr. Franzetti:

We are sorry, but you will have to send us a check for the full amount. We are not permitted to "roll you for it, double or nothing."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Guiseppi Spaggatini
Boss of the Brooklyn Waterfront
Pier 6
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Spaggatini:

We suspect that there is an error in your recent Tax Return, since you indicate that you only earn $2,000 per annum. We would like to point out that "per annum" means "per year" . . . not "per DAY!"

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Mark David Nietsdlef
Apt. H-15
71 East 200th Street
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Nietsdlef:

It is true that every year, the Government pays millions of dollars to farmers for not growing wheat. However, it is not possible for you to deduct $250 for not growing it in your window box.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Herb Wolffe
Swinging Singles Apartments
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Wolffe:

Whatever you spend on Doctors in hospitals is deductible. But whatever you spend on Nurses visiting your "pad" is not.

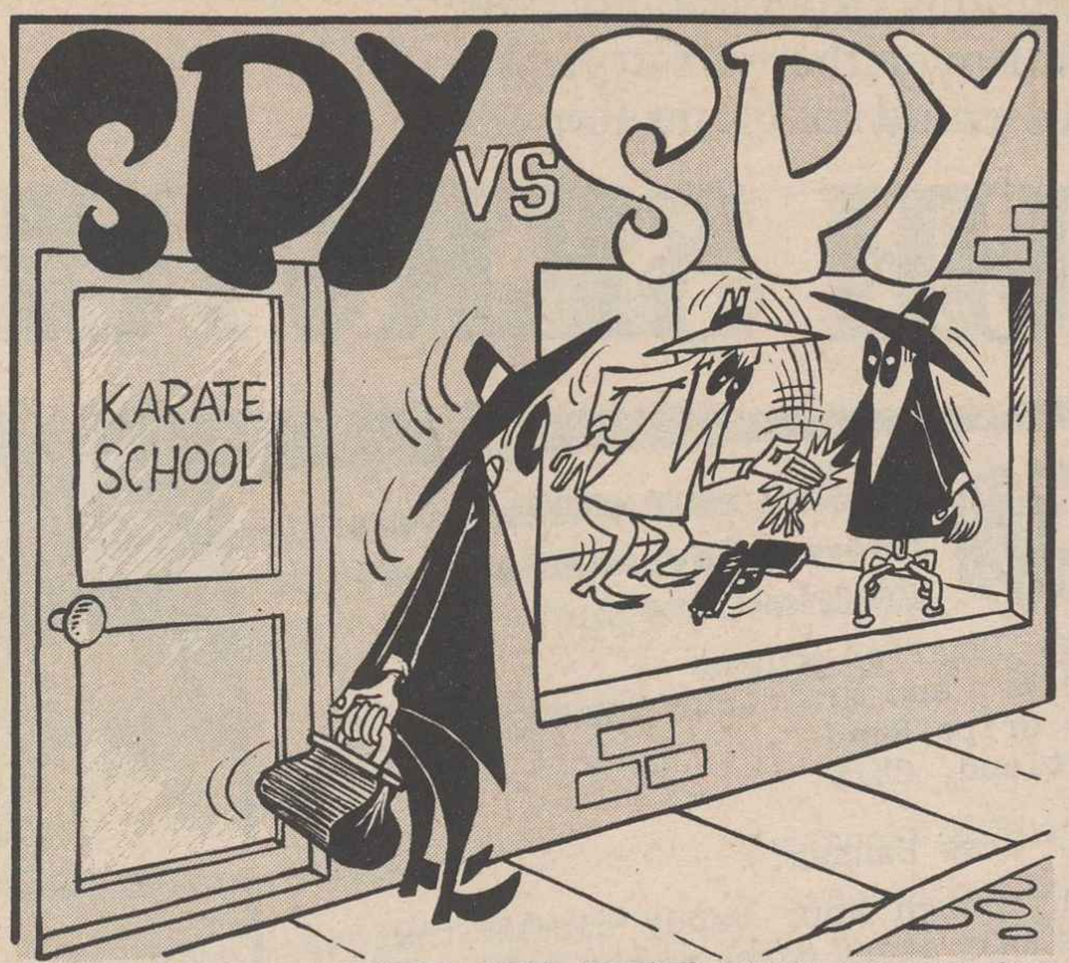
Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Miss Joyce Bergenklein
Kindergarten Class 102
Finster School
Gurney, New York

Dear Miss Bergenklein:

You will have to revise your list of deductions. We realize that 26 youngsters can give you one big headache, but $831.52 for aspirin, icebags and tranquilizers cannot be considered a legitimate Professional expense.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service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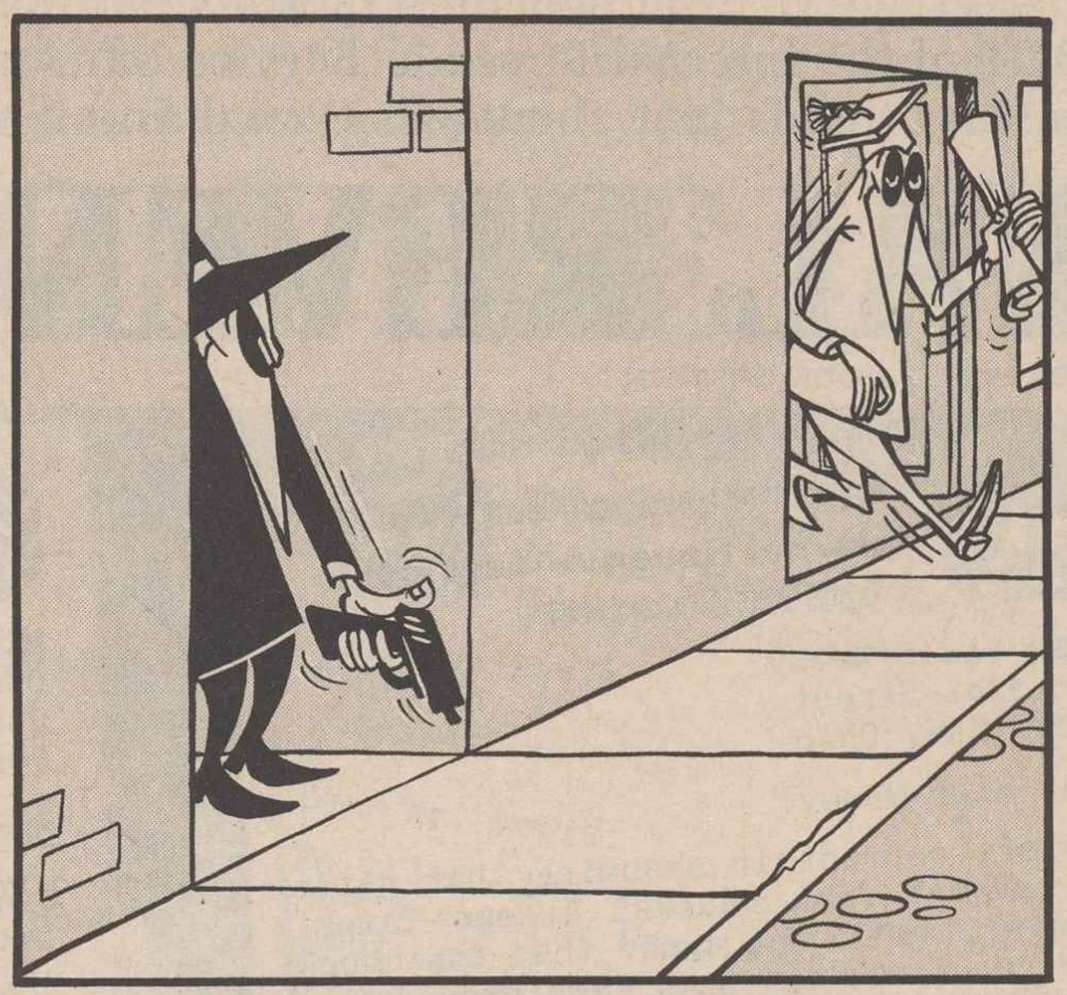
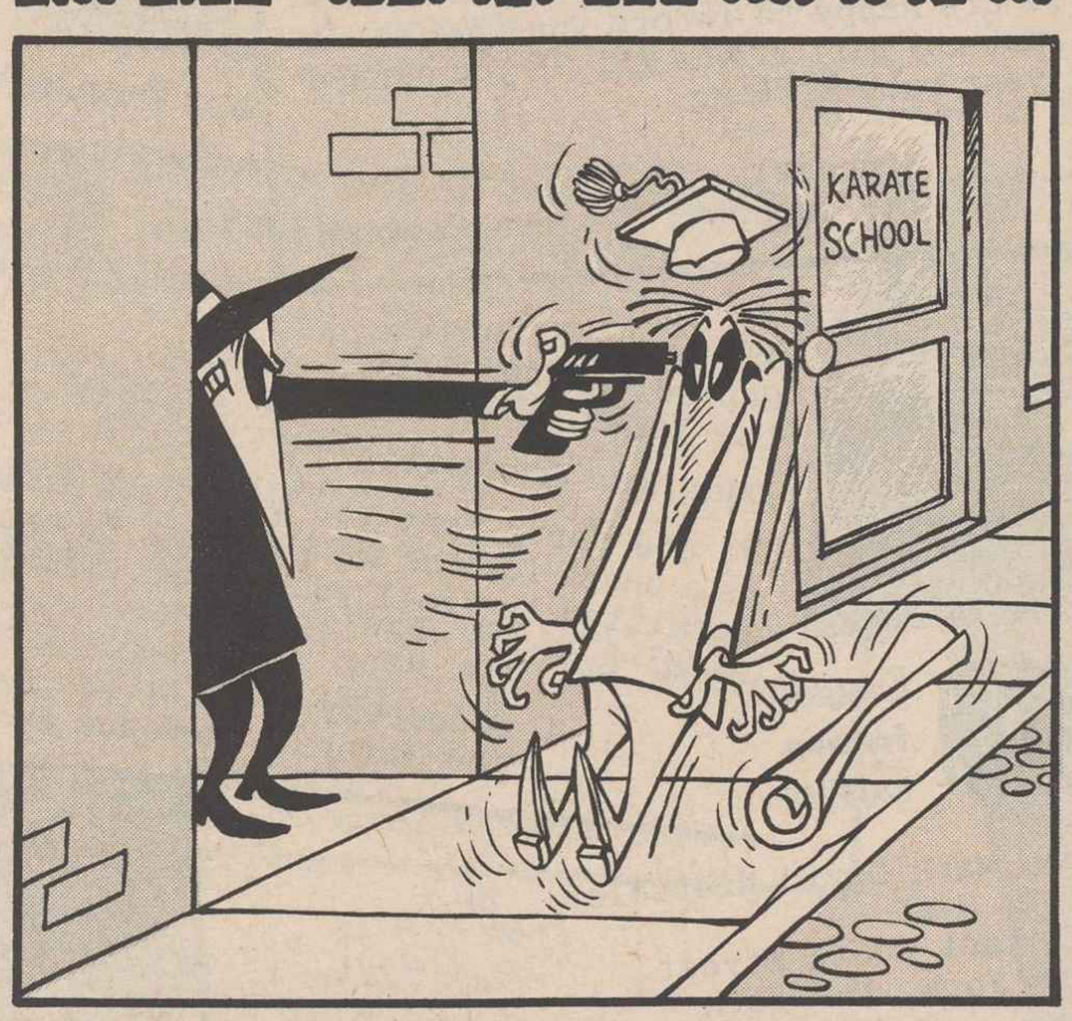
KARATE SCHOOL

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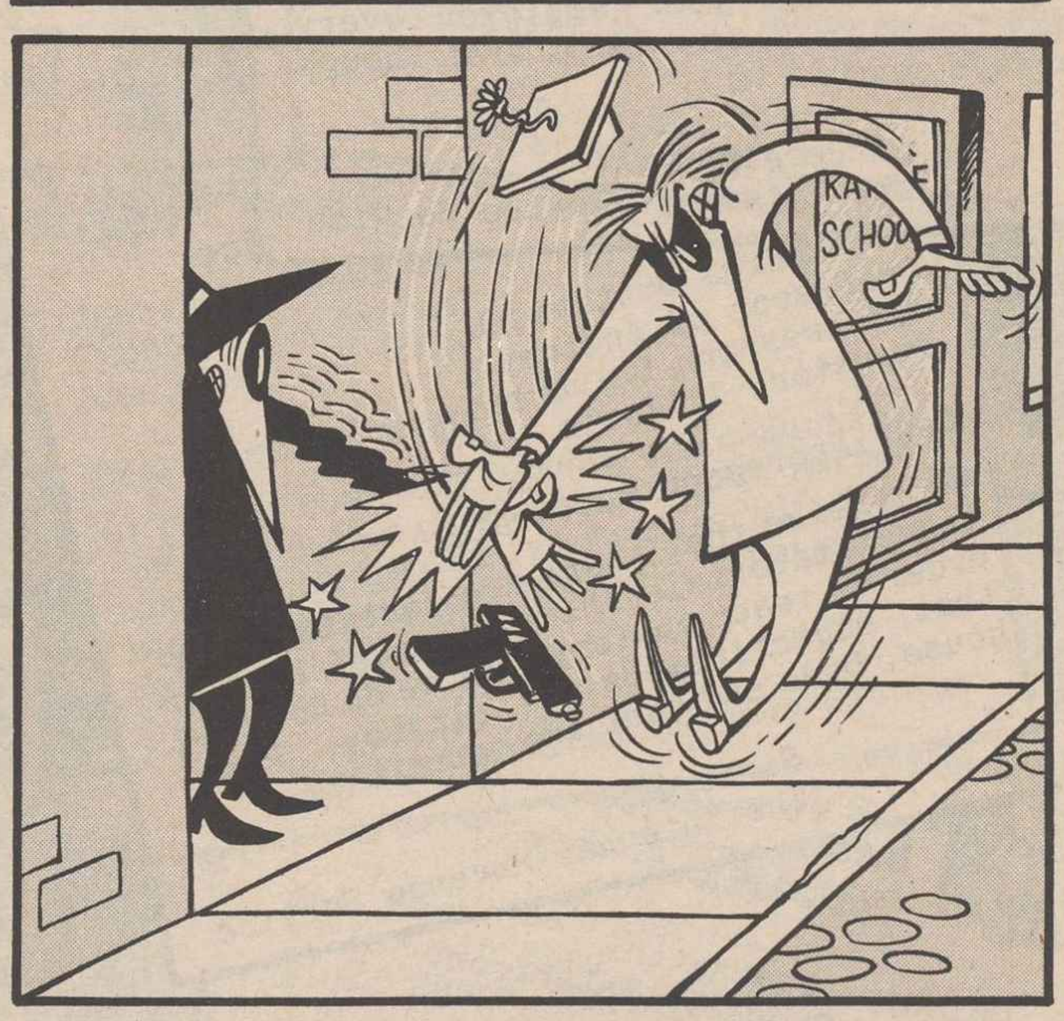
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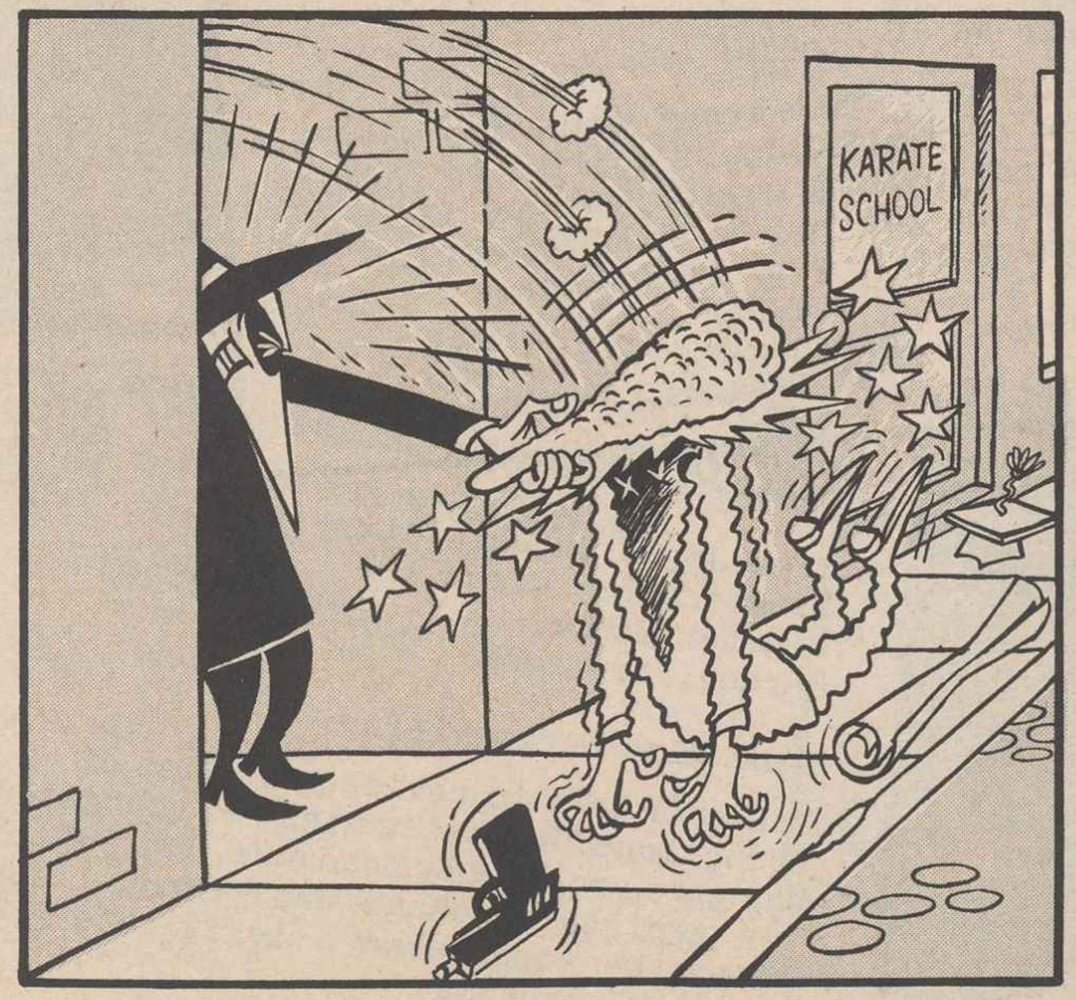
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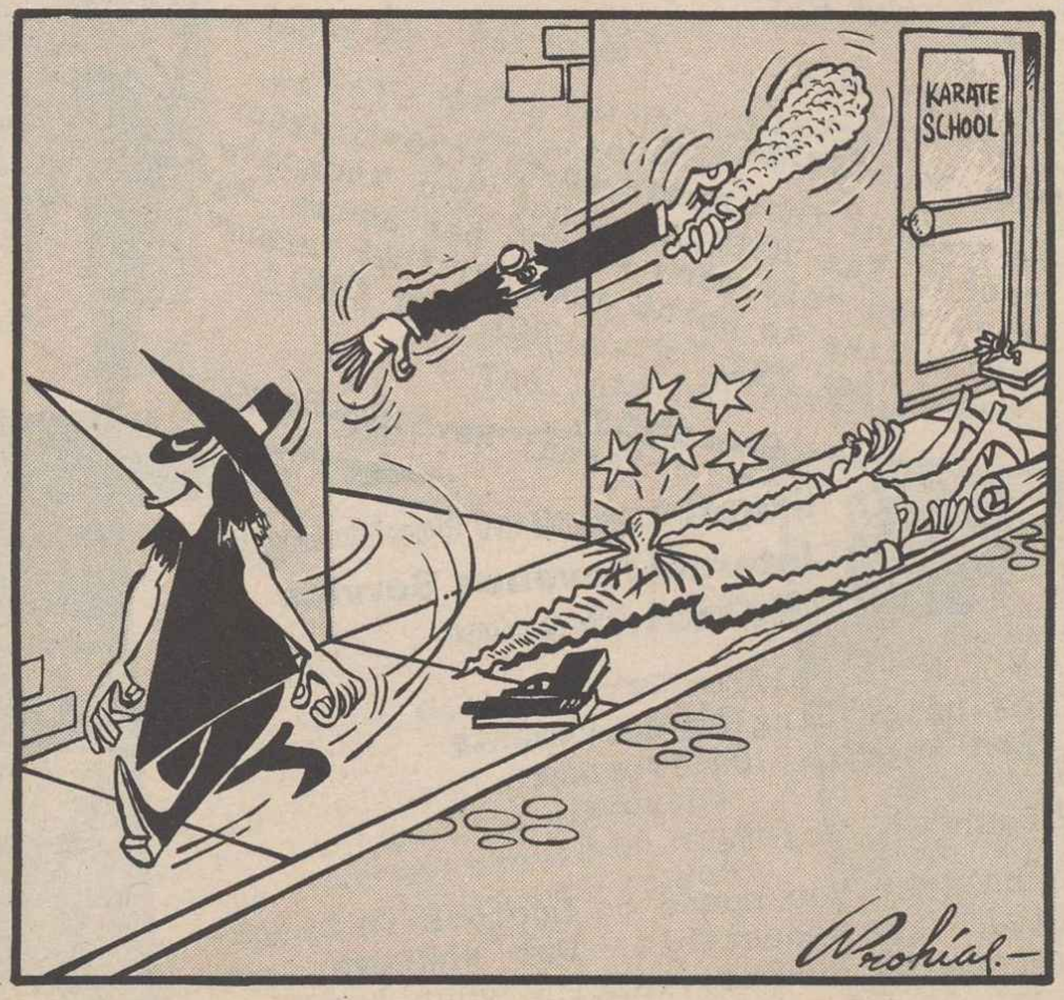
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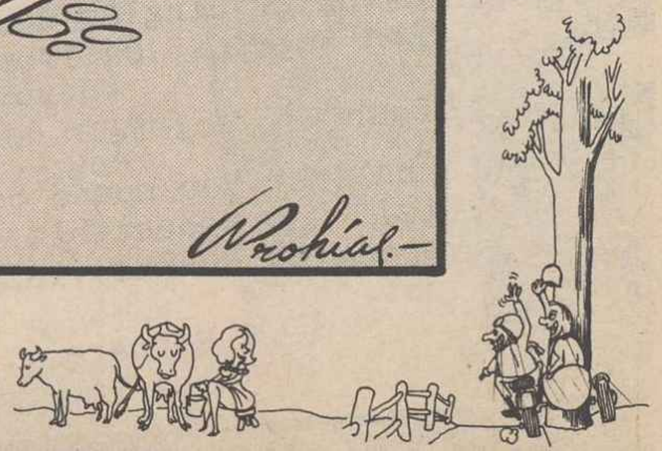


THE FATUOUS FIFTIES DEPT.

Have you noticed that people seem to get disgustingly nostalgic about things they weren't really very crazy about in the first place? Like the 50's? We figure that any decade that had the Korean War, the Edsel, Senator Joseph McCarthy, Davy Crockett hats, the Hula-Hoop and Pat Boone wearing fruit boots can't be ALL GOOD! And yet, the hottest show on TV these days is about this very bland, very silly decade where the biggest problem seemed to be *who* was making out with *whom*, and how fast your *face* would clear up. So, okay nerds. Go put on your blue suede shoes, your pedal pushers, your ankle slave bracelets and your leather jackets and get yourselves arrested for committing an idiocy while reading

CRAPPY DAYS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Anything **wrong,** Itchie? How come you're **still moping around here?**

Dad . . . can I **speak** to you about a **problem?**

Is it **serious?**

Not very! It—it's just that I don't have a **DATE** for the **"SOCK HOP COSTUME BALL"!**

On **THIS** show, **that's SERIOUS!!**

I don't know, Dad! Something **weird** is happening to me . . . **career-wise!** In every '50's film, I used to be the most **popular** teen-age symbol **around!** And **now,** I seem to be **losing** it all!

Nonsense, Itchie! **We** all love you . . . **even more than ever!**

YOU do! But the **girls** in **school** . . . and the **audience out there . . . THEY DON'T!** Someone **ELSE** is **taking my place!!**

Itchie, the audience out there watches this show because they **like to live in the past!** They **DIG NOSTALGIA!**

So do I! Boy, am **I nostalgic** for the **"good old days"!!**

When were the "good old days"?

About **two years ago** . . .when I was the **Star** of **this show!**

Well, whoever this person **is,** if he's **more popular** than **YOU,** he must be **very well-mannered, articulate** and **intelligent!**

HEY-YAYYYYY!! It's the FUNZ!!

Then again, maybe I could be **wrong!!**

Sorry the Funz is **late** . . . but I was having my **hair styled** down at the **Texaco Station!**

At the **Texaco** Station?!

Yeah! They move my **head** up and down under the **grease rack! HEY-YAYYYY!! WOAH-OHHHH!!**

What are you doing with all your **suitcases,** Funzie??

HEY-YAYY! Funny, you should **ask!** Since **I'M** the **STAR** of the show now, I'm movin' into **Itchie's room!** Let **HIM** sleep over the garage!

This **fugitive** from a **leather factory** is America's new **"Cult Hero"!?!** Tell me, **WHY** is the Funz **so popular?!?**

Because he's **pure 1950!** He represents the **sex appeal** of **Elvis Presley,** the **charisma** of **Marlon Brando** . . . and, in all probability, the **staying power** of **Snooky Lanson!**

I **still** don't get what all the **fuss** is about! To **me,** he looks like the **fashion coordinator** for a **rumble!**

HEY-YAYY! WOAH-OHH!

The Funz'll pretend he **didn't hear** that remark!

Say, Funz! What's with the **"Hey-yayy"** and the **"Woah-ohh"?**

The **Funz** is the **coolest,** and **that's HIS SOUND!** That shows he's **cool** and **tough!**

On the **other** hand . . . it could be **gas!** That shows he **drinks** lots of **Cokes!**

How would you like a **knuckle sandwich,** Cullingham?!?

Come on, now! **Relax,** Funzie! Why don't you take off your **jacket** and make yourself at **home?**

HEY-YAYY!! Easy, Mrs. C! The jacket **STAYS ON!!** Where the **Funz** goes, the **threads** go! The Funz has worn this **same outfit** for over **three years** now!

We KNOW, Funz! We've been meaning to **TALK** to you about that! It's starting to get a little—shall we say—**GAMEY!**

And how would **YOU** like a **knuckle sandwich,** Mrs. C?!?

I hope I'm not interrupting something **important,** Funz!

WHAT TV Show? **WHAT** crucial turning point?

Be with you in a **second,** Itchie! I just wanna **catch this!** One of the **great TV Shows** of the **1950's** is reaching a **crucial turning point!**

It's the **"Mickey Mouse Club"** . . . and I just noticed that **Annette Funicello's BRA SIZE** is **now** a **lot bigger** than her **MOUSE EARS!**

Gee, Funzie, I'm in a **bind!** I don't have a **date** for the **Sock Hop Costume Ball,** and I **really** want to **go!**

Cool it, Cullingham! The **Funz'll** get you one of **HIS chicks!!**

How do you **do** it, Funz? What's your **secret . . . ?**

Le'me tell you the **Funz's philosophy about women!** A **woman** is like a **car!** Check 'er **out** frequently, **kick** 'er once in a while, and keep 'er **locked** in a **garage!**

Wow! What **wisdom!!** And they say **Adlai Stevenson** is the **egghead** of the **fifties!**

Right now, I need some **action!** I'll see you **later** at **Arnerd's Malt Shop!**

How come you're **always on the move** . . . always **going** somewhere on your **bike?**

Man, I wanna make **every second count!** I hear that in **20 years,** there is gonna be a **terrific GAS SHORTAGE**

VROOM

Look! All the **nerds** are here!

Hi, Putzie! **Hi,** Riff!

Hi, fellas! I was just telling **Putzie** about this **chick** I picked up at the **movies!** I took her up to **Inspiration Point** . . . and had a **"perfect night"!**

Yeah! A **"perfect night"!** He went **0** for **9** in **makeout attempts!**

Oh, **yeah!** And I'll bet **YOU'RE some smooth operator!**

Hey . . . are you **cruisin'** for a **bruisin'?!**

Ahh, drink your **soup** before it **clots!**

Har de har har har!

I wish the decade would **end** already! I can't stand any more of this **insane 1950's lingo!**

MANDUCK

WONTON

Hey, who wants a Coke?

I do!

Me too! But I **don't** have the **money!!**

You don't need any **money!** You're with the **FUNZ!!**

DRINK Coca-Cola

KLONG

CLUNK CLANK

Here ya are! Live it up!!

Y'know, if I didn't have a **shoe repair shop** on the **side,** I'd go **bankrupt!!**

Wow! Look! Arnerd's cheeseburgers are now up to **18 cents!** Maybe we ought to try a hangout that doesn't have such **"ritzy" prices!**

I noticed this **new hamburger joint** that just opened up down the road! It's got a sign . . . **"Over 920 sold"**

Ahh! Sounds like another of those **fly-by-night '50's "gimmick" places!!** What's it called?

McDonald's!!

ALFRED U.

STATE

MENU

Tell me **honestly,** Cullingham . . . what do you think of the **Funz's "D.A."??**

Gee, I'm kinda **square,** Funz! What does **"D.A." stand for?**

DON'T ASK . . . !!

I—I gotta **talk** to you, Funz . . . !

Sure! That's why I brought you back here to my **office!**

Y'know, I never **DID** understand why you always use **Arnerd's back washroom** as your office!

Because this washroom is the **Funz's domain!** This is where the Funz has room to **comb his pompadour!** And mainly, this is where the Funz gets to use his **NUMBER ONE EXPRESSION!**

What's that?

SIT ON IT!!

But, Funz! I don't even have to **GO!!**

HEY-YAYYY!!

CUSTOMS

GESUNDHEIT!

Sorry! I didn't mean to be a nerd! Okay, I'll just sit here and we'll chat! I—I was wondering if you got me a date for the Sock Hop Costume Ball?

SIT ON IT!!!

PUCHI LOVES WANDA

KILROY WAS HERE

Just leave it to the Funz, Itchie! You got it made in the shade!

Funz, you're the King of the Cool!

Oh, yeah?! Well, if I'm the King, how come YOU'RE on the THRONE?!

Well, here we are . . . chaperoning the Sock Hop Costume Ball!

Yeah! I just LOVE getting out of the house and into some silly costume! Have you noticed . . . they DO this to us every three or four shows?!

Are you embarrassed?

Don't be ridiculous! I ENJOY going down to the Paramount Wardrobe Department and ordering a "44 STOUT BUNNY SUIT"!

♩♩ Splish, splash, I was taking a bath, long about Saturday night— ♪♪

It's a good thing we're here! There's no telling WHAT they'd be doing if we weren't watching!

What a generation! Making out after only three dates! Wearing hip-huggers! Sneaking off and smoking king-size cigarettes . . . !!

Teenagers will NEVER get any wilder than they are now!

Why can't they be honest, upstanding citizens like Vice President NIXON?!

It's those "Esquire Magazines" and those controversial Beach Movies! They should be BANNED!!

♩ When your sweetheart sends a letter of good-bye— ♩

Say! In what EXACT year is this show taking place . . .?!

Whatever is convenient for the show! Why?

Because I'm all mixed up! They just played "Splish Splash". . . a hit from 1958! And now they're playing "Cry". . . a hit from six years EARLIER in the '50's!!

Okay, so we'll dance backwards!

Hi, Itchie! You having fun?!?

Not really, Dad! Funzie hasn't shown up with my date yet, and I've been dancing alone all evening!

Well . . . don't blame the Funz! It's hard getting a partner when you're dressed as a PORCUPINE!!

It's about time you showed up, Funzie! Where's my date . . .?!?

She'll be right in!

I can't wait!! Is she really keen-looking?!

Itch, she's the most sensational thing in a dress in the entire decade! She's the RAGE of the '50's! When she walks in, you won't be able to take your eyes off her! You won't be able to CONTROL yourself!!

I **thwear**... I'll **kiwwl** you a **miwwlion times**...

Uncle MILTY is my **date** for the **Sock Hop Costume Ball ?!?** Why, Funzie? **WHY?**

'Cause that's the **Funz's JOB** on this show, you nerd, you!

WHAT?!? To bring on some **Comedian** in **DRAG?!**

No, clod, to **pull in the RATINGS!!** And in the '50's, **Uncle Milty** is **NUMBER ONE** in **the RATINGS!!**

Well, I gotta be **going** now! I'm off to my new '50's job: **"Valet Car Stripping!"**

Funz, why don't you **settle down** and **straighten out?!?** You know . . . America is the land of **opportunity** for the right kind of men!!

I know! That's why I'm staying **EXACTLY** where **I am,** Mr. C.!!

How come . . . ?!?

In what **other** country can a **man** like **me** . . . in his **30's** . . . make a **million bucks** playing the part of a **19-year-old** . . . giving everyone **"The Finger"?!?**

HEY-YAYYY!!

WOAH-OHHH!!

Holy cow!! Look what just walked into our **show!** A—a **BLACK kid!**

Not yet!! I'm still a NEGRO! I won't be a **BLACK** for **another ten years!** In fact, it's been only **five** years since I was **COLORED!**

LAS VEGAS PREP

There **must be some mistake! Blacks** aren't on television in the **'50's!**

I KNOW!! But I think I'll just wait around here at the dance!!

Wait?!? For **what . . . ?!**

For the **'70's,** you **jive turkey!!**

That's when **ME** and **my FRIENDS take over!**

Hey, **Sanford!** Is it **okay** to **come in?**

Sure thing, **Jefferson!** And bring **Florida** and the **rest!!!**

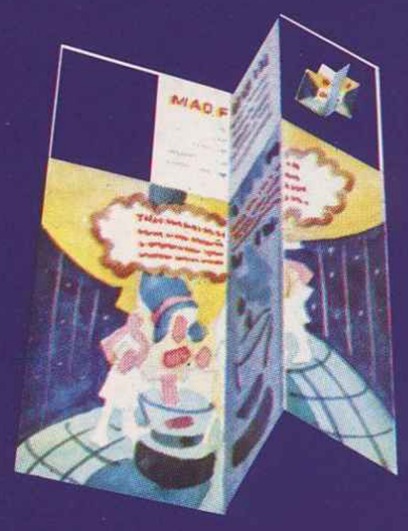
LAS VEGAS PREP

WHAT IS THE ONLY THING THAT COMPLETELY IGNORES THE LAW OF GRAVITY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Nothing on earth has ever defied the "Law of Gravity." Until recently, that is! Now, an amazing new development has clearly demonstrated that the "Law of Gravity" can not only be broken, it can be completely ignored as well. To find out what is doing this, fold in page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THAT WHICH GOES UP...MUST OF COURSE COME DOWN! THIS FIRST AND GREATEST OF EARTH'S NATURAL LAWS GOVERNS ALL LIFE, AND NEEDS NO SCIENTIFIC PROVING

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

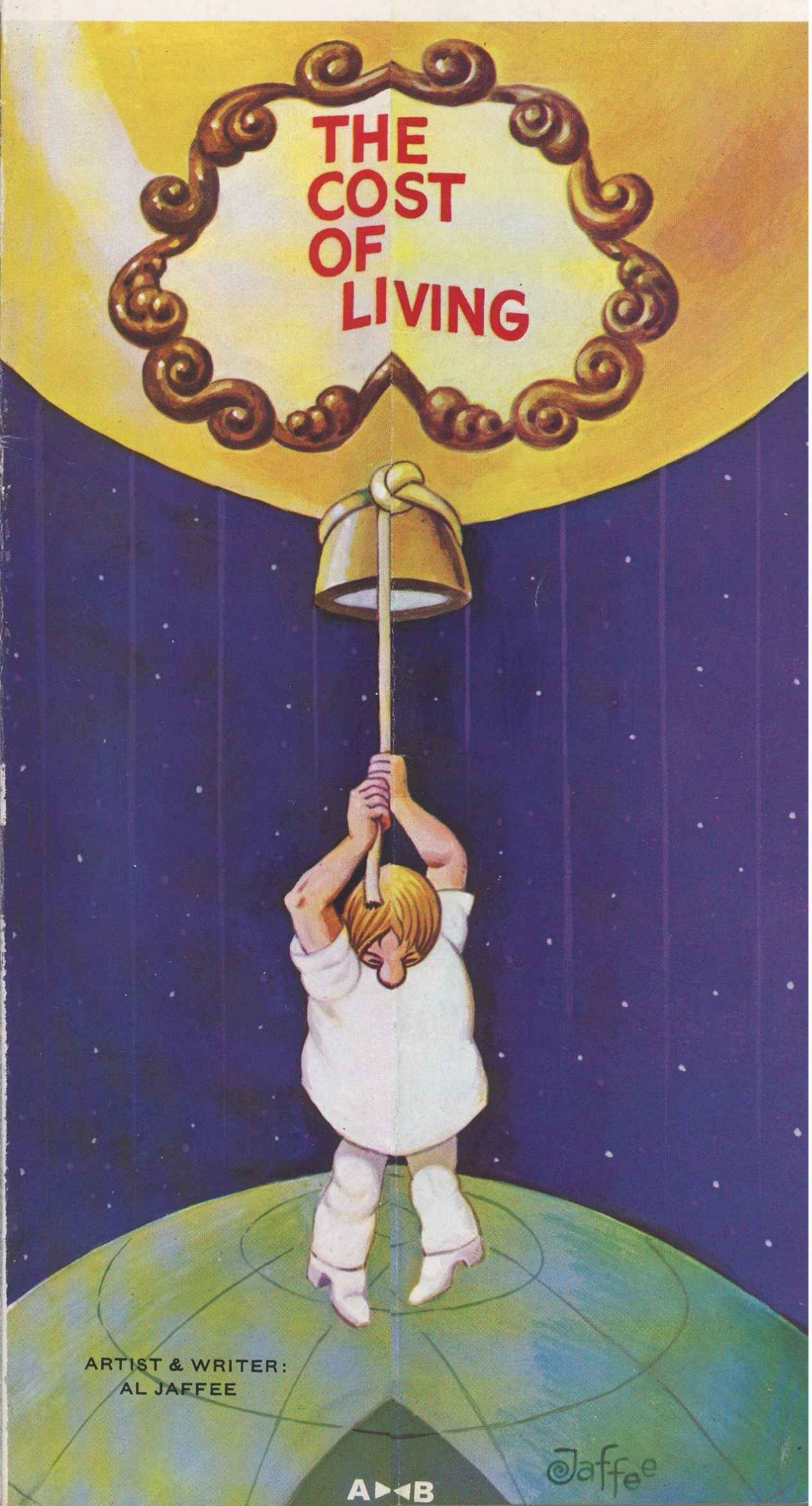
Jaffee

A► ◄B

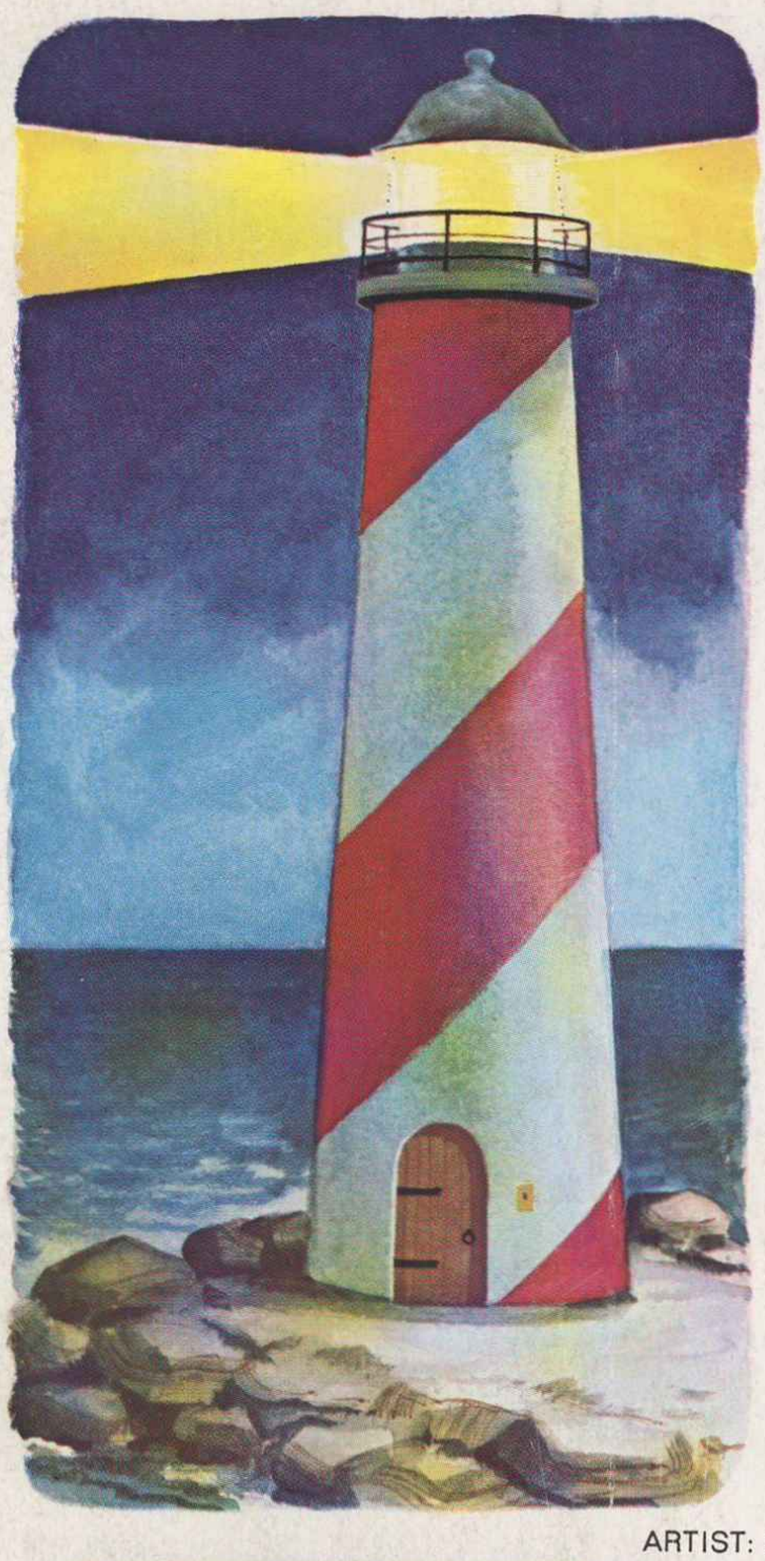
WHAT IS THE ONLY THING THAT COMPLETELY IGNORES THE LAW OF GRAVITY?

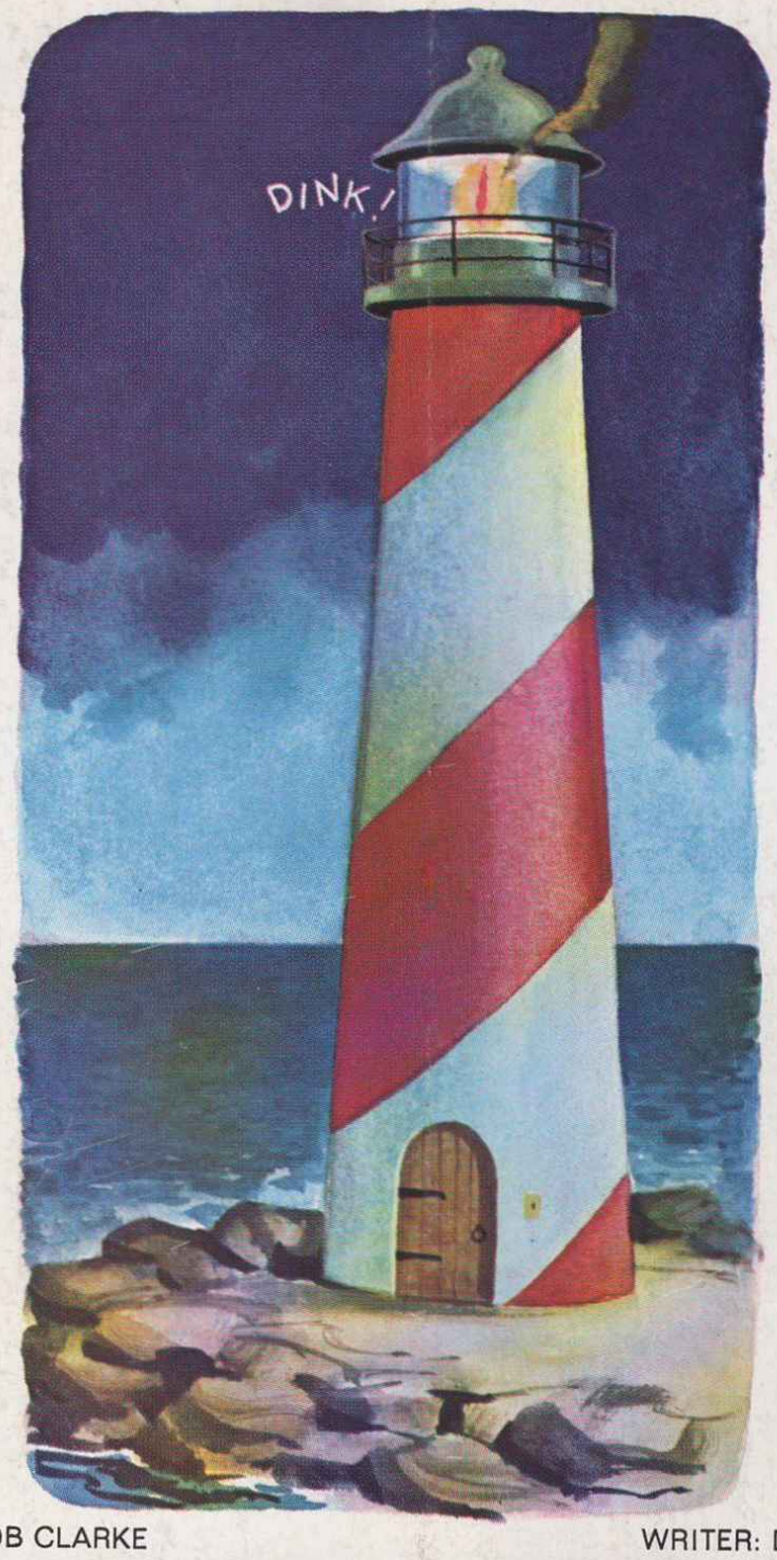
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

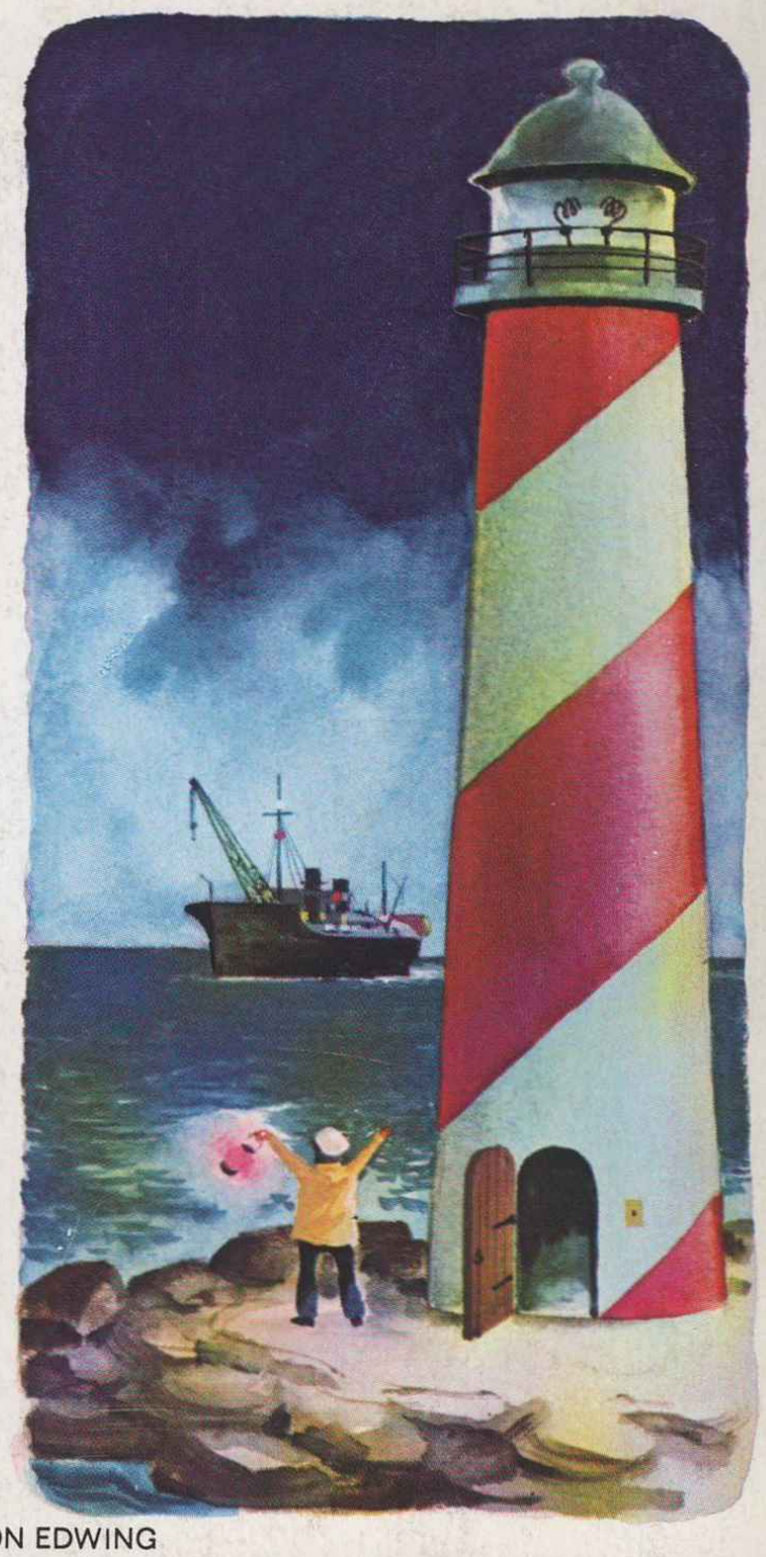
A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE REPLACEMENT

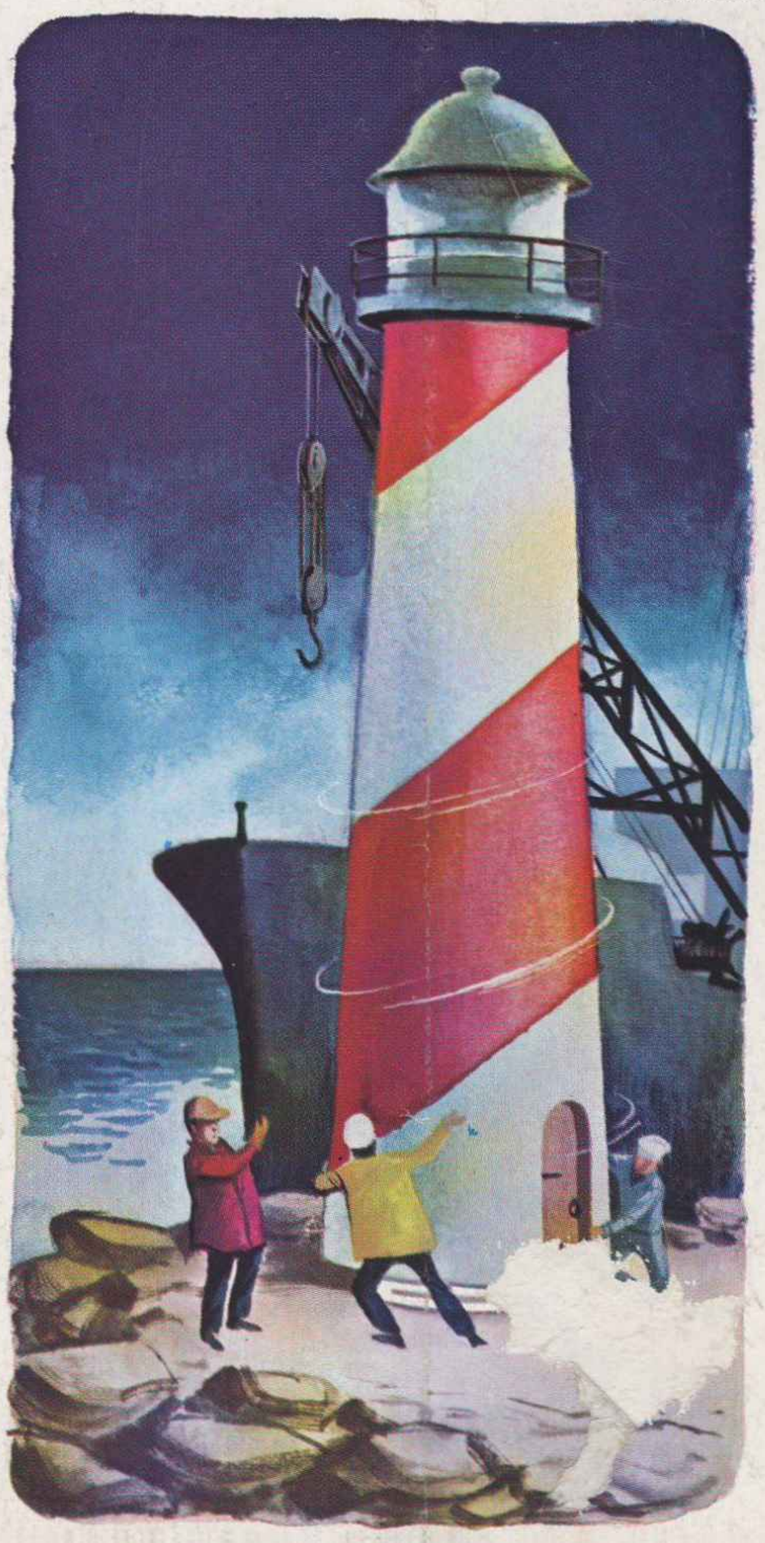


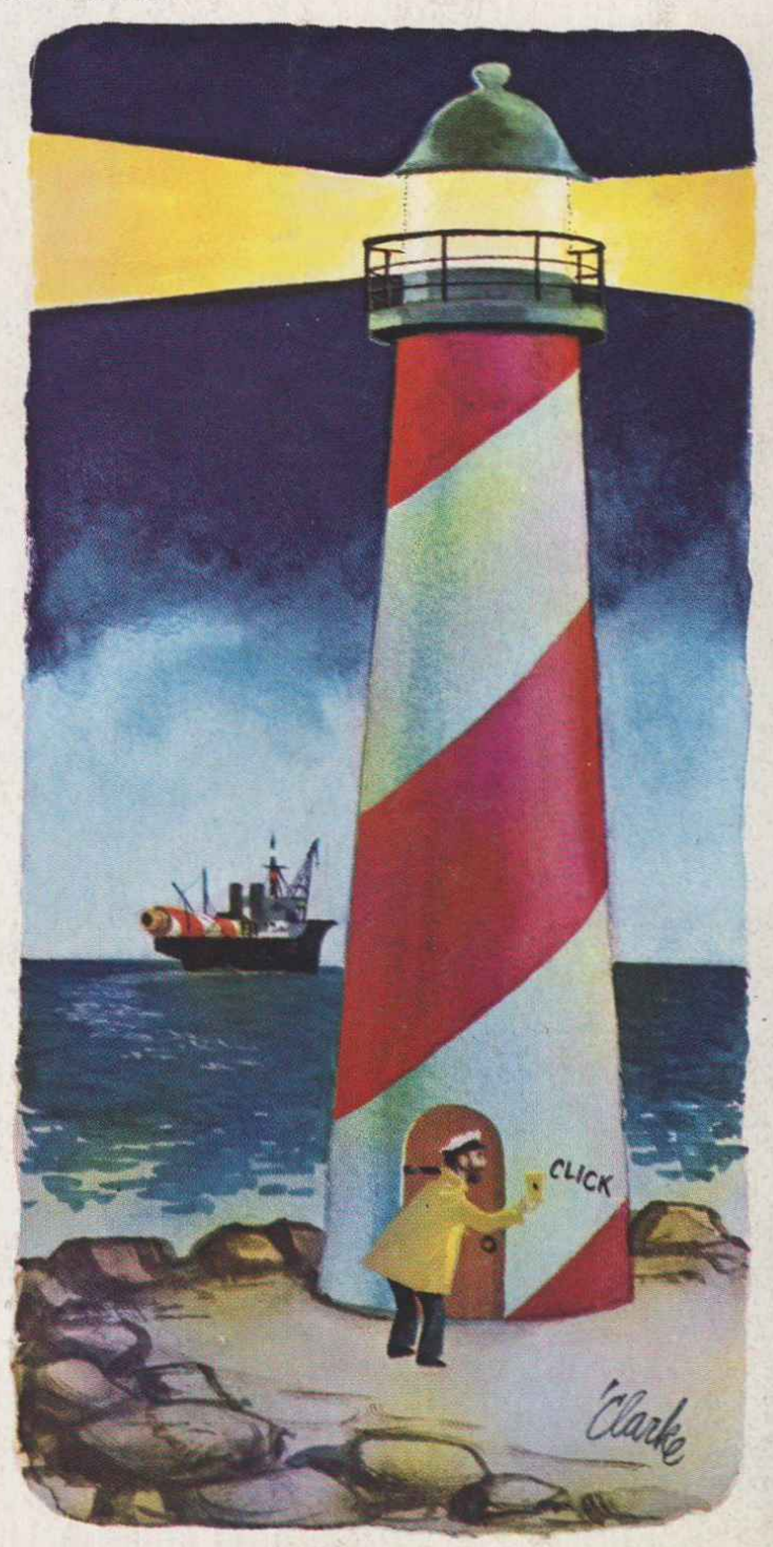




ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON EDWING





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