THE FOURTH ANNUAL EDITION OF

MORE *TRASH* FROM

MAD IND

Our Price 50c CHEAP

A SICKENING COLLECTION OF HUMOR AND SATIRE FROM PAST ISSUES

PLUS THIS
SPECIAL
BONUS

...NG ALONG WITH MAD"

...-PAGE PARODY SONG BOOK

FOR SOLO OR GROUP PARTICIPATION (FOLLOWED BY ARREST)

HERE'S YOUR *SPECIAL* BONUS

Simply open staples, remove booklet, and you're ready to

"SING ALONG WITH MAD"

For best results, organize a group song-fest!

CAREFULLY OPEN THIS STAPLE

That way, there'll be less chance of getting hit when neighbors start throwing things at you!

CAREFULLY OPEN THIS STAPLE

PHOTO BY LESTER KNAUSS

Also, there'll be more chance you'll need extra song books for everybody to see . . . and we'll sell more copies of this Annual!

THE FOURTH ANNUAL EDITION OF

MORE TRASH FROM MAD

A Collection of Humor, Satire and Garbage from Past Issues

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

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES: Jerry DeFuccio, Nick Meglin

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The Usual Gang of Idiots

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IT CAME FROM OUTTA THE AD SPACE DEPT.

Have you noticed the rash of "Horror" movies Hollywood is turning out lately? No, we're not talking about "Technicolor-Musical" Horror movies! We're talking about "B-Picture" Horror movies with monsters in them . . . monsters like "The Fly," "The Blob" and "The Creature From The Black Lagoon!" Well anyway, these Horror movies are pretty popular. And as a result, Hollywood is turning out one after another. Which is leading to a big problem: namely, the producers of these movies are running short of new ideas for monsters! So here is MAD's answer: all Hollywood has to do is take a good look at the work Madison Avenue is doing along the same lines, and their problems are solved. Then, before long, we'll all be seeing movie posters like these . . . advertising . . .

NEW from

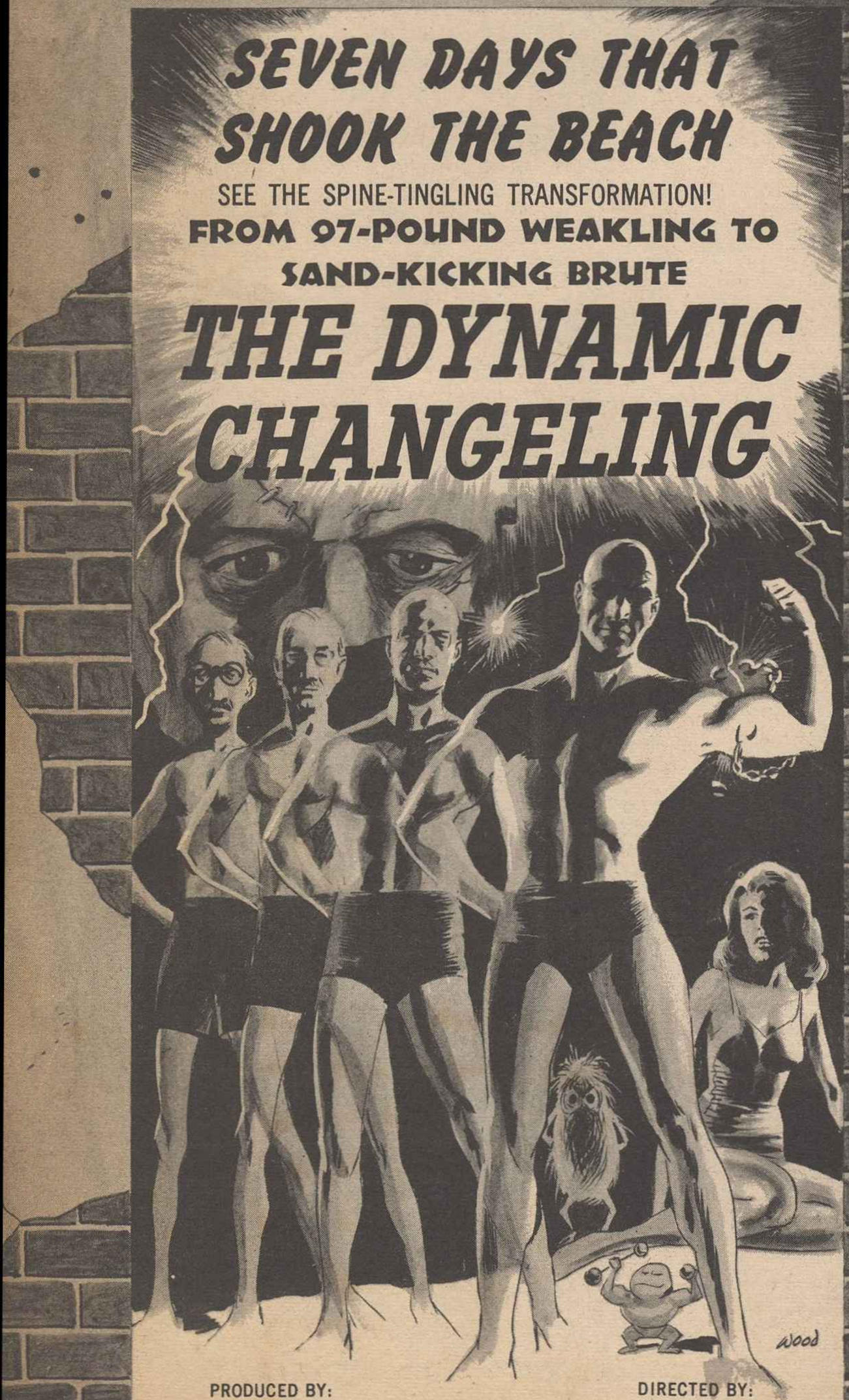
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

SEVEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE BEACH

SEE THE SPINE-TINGLING TRANSFORMATION!

FROM 97-POUND WEAKLING TO SAND-KICKING BRUTE

THE DYNAMIC CHANGELING



PRODUCED BY: CHARLES ATLAS

DIRECTED BY: VIC TANNY

STARRING:

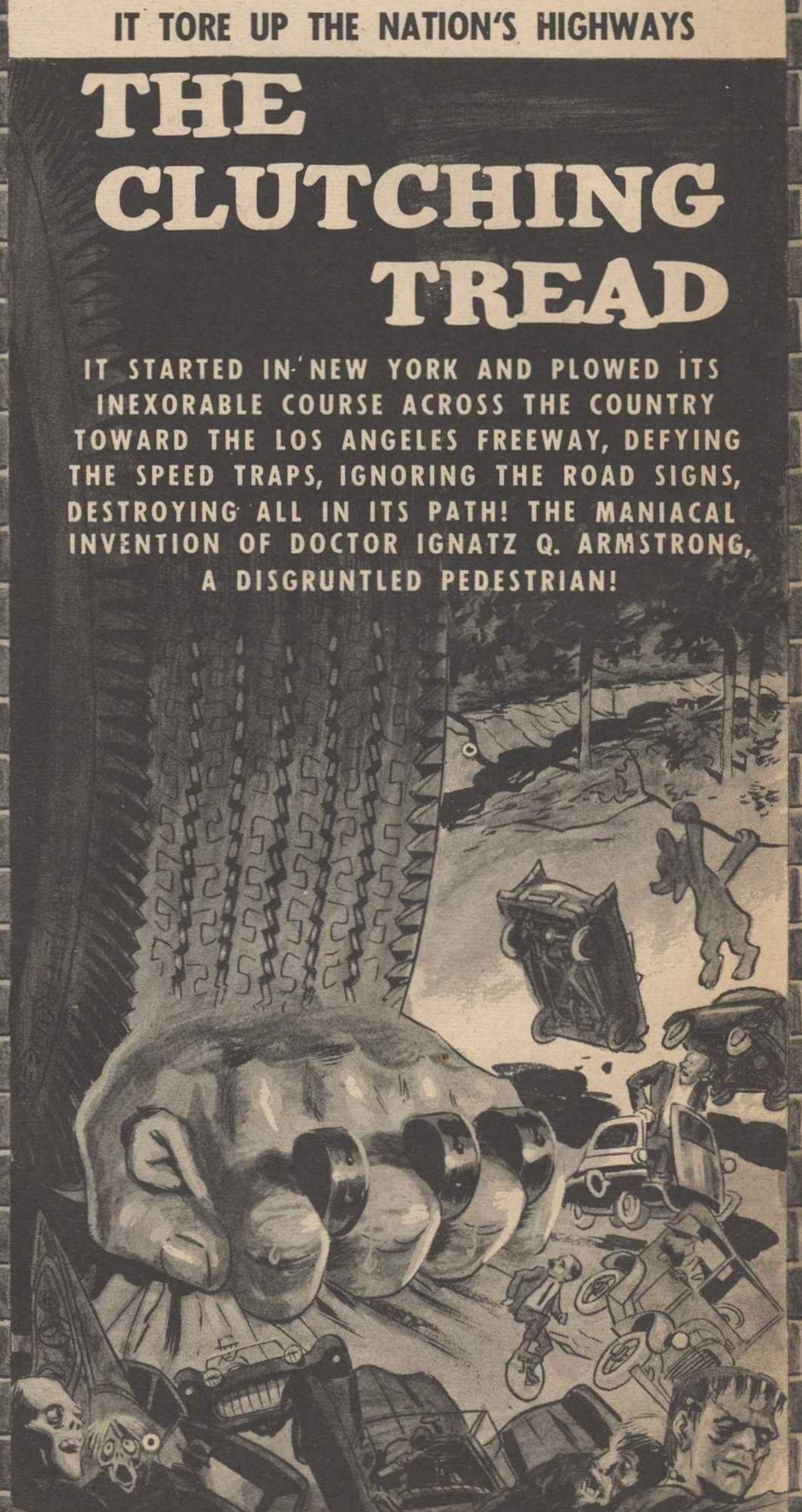
ORSON BEAN (as "The BEFORE") VICTOR MATURE (as "The AFTER")

WITH LYLE BETTGER (as "The BARBELL") AND A HARD-PRESSED CAST

IT TORE UP THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS

THE CLUTCHING TREAD

IT STARTED IN NEW YORK AND PLOWED ITS INEXORABLE COURSE ACROSS THE COUNTRY TOWARD THE LOS ANGELES FREEWAY, DEFYING THE SPEED TRAPS, IGNORING THE ROAD SIGNS, DESTROYING ALL IN ITS PATH! THE MANIACAL INVENTION OF DOCTOR IGNATZ Q. ARMSTRONG, A DISGRUNTLED PEDESTRIAN!



LEARN THE AWFUL SECRET OF THE STRANGE BLACK DISCS SEE THE AAA'S FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO HALT ITS PROGRESS THRILL TO THE EXPLOSIVE CLIMAX ON A DEAD END STREET

MORE MONSTERS ON MADISON AVENUE

500 FEET OF SLITHERING HEXACHLOROPHINE!

The Striped Monster

From The Toothpaste Tube

See!
THE HUMAN RACE TERRORIZED BY BLOOD-CURDLING **DECAY!**

See!
MANKIND'S CLOSE BRUSH WITHIN ITS **FOAMING JAWS**

See!
HORROR AFTER HORROR UNTIL **THE FINAL DISSOLVE!**

ONCE RELEASED, IT COULD NEVER BE RETURNED FROM WHENCE IT CAME!

MEN GASPED! WOMEN SCREAMED! CHILDREN WONDERED!

IT WAS THE GREATEST HORROR OF ALL TIME!

THE INCREDIBLE LIVING BRA

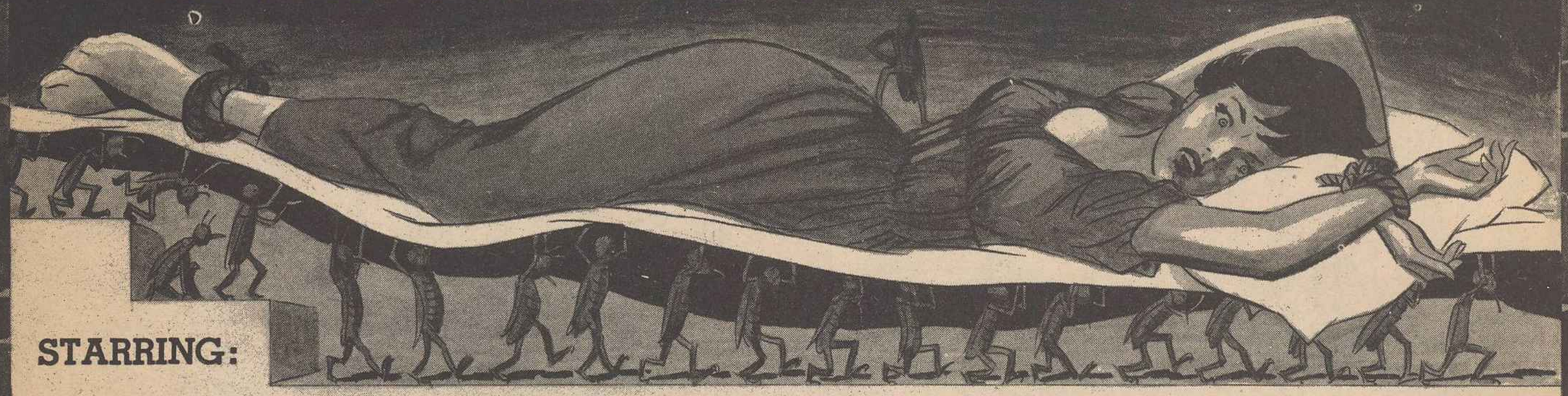
STARRING:
Selma Maidenform
Herman Questionmark
Penelope Playtex
And a firm supporting cast

"Never lets down till the final scene!"—**The News**
"A breathtaking and uplifting experience!"—**The Mirror**
"Tense . . . taut . . . gripping excitement!"—**The Times**

YOU'LL WAKE UP SCREAMING... FROM...

"THE CREATURES IN THE MATTRESS"

WHAT HIDEOUS MISSION WAS THIS ARMY OF TINY MONSTERS SENT TO CARRY OUT?



STARRING:

SPRING BYINGTON ***FIDEL CASTRO*** ***JEAN SIMMONS*** ***AND A TIRED CAST***

"I tossed and turned in my seat!"—Kravitch, STAR

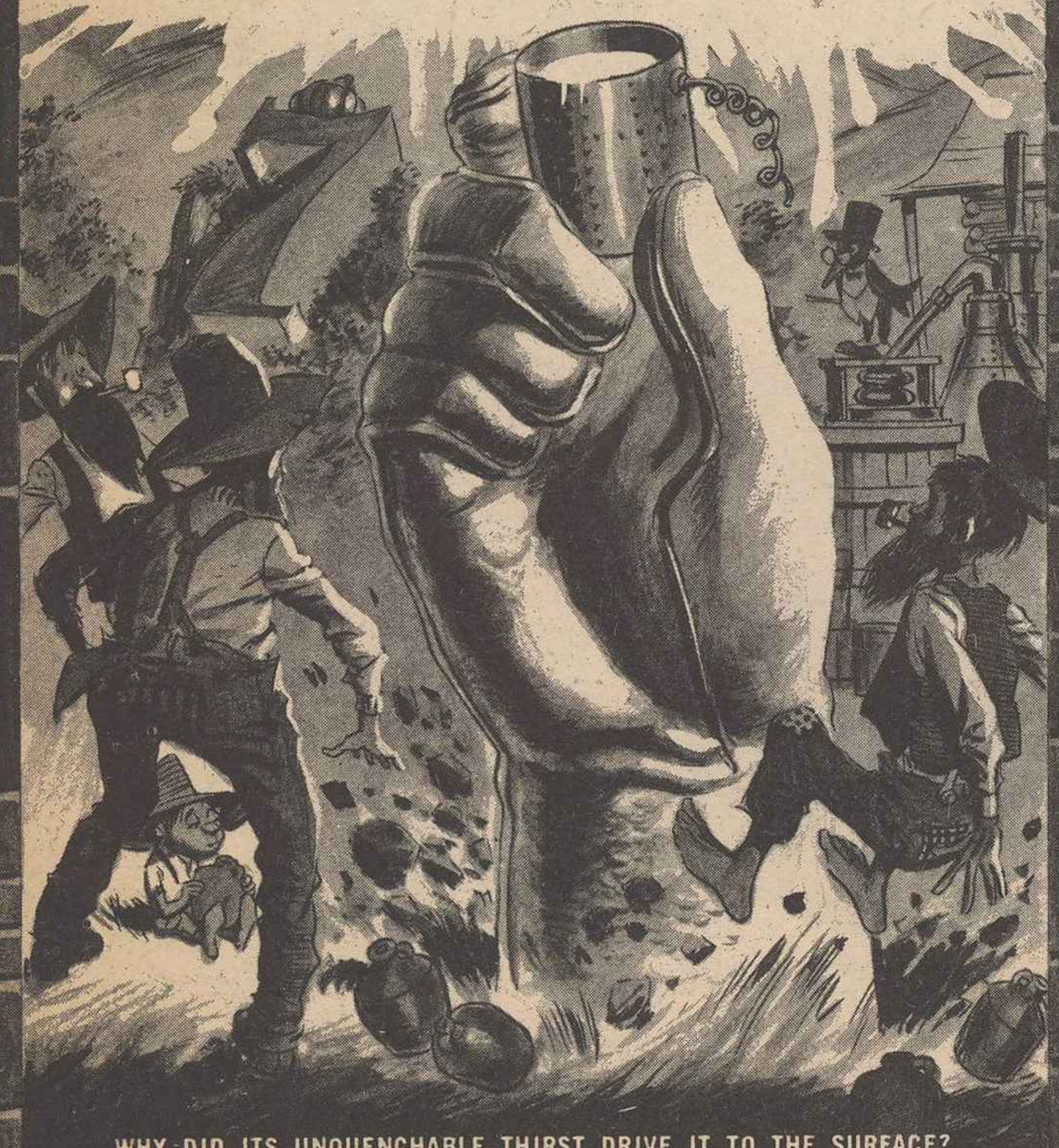
"We're bedding on this one!"—GAMBLER'S GAZETTE

"Could be a real sleeper!"—EVENING POST

"Good night!"—DAILY POOP

IT WAS DRUNK WITH POWER!

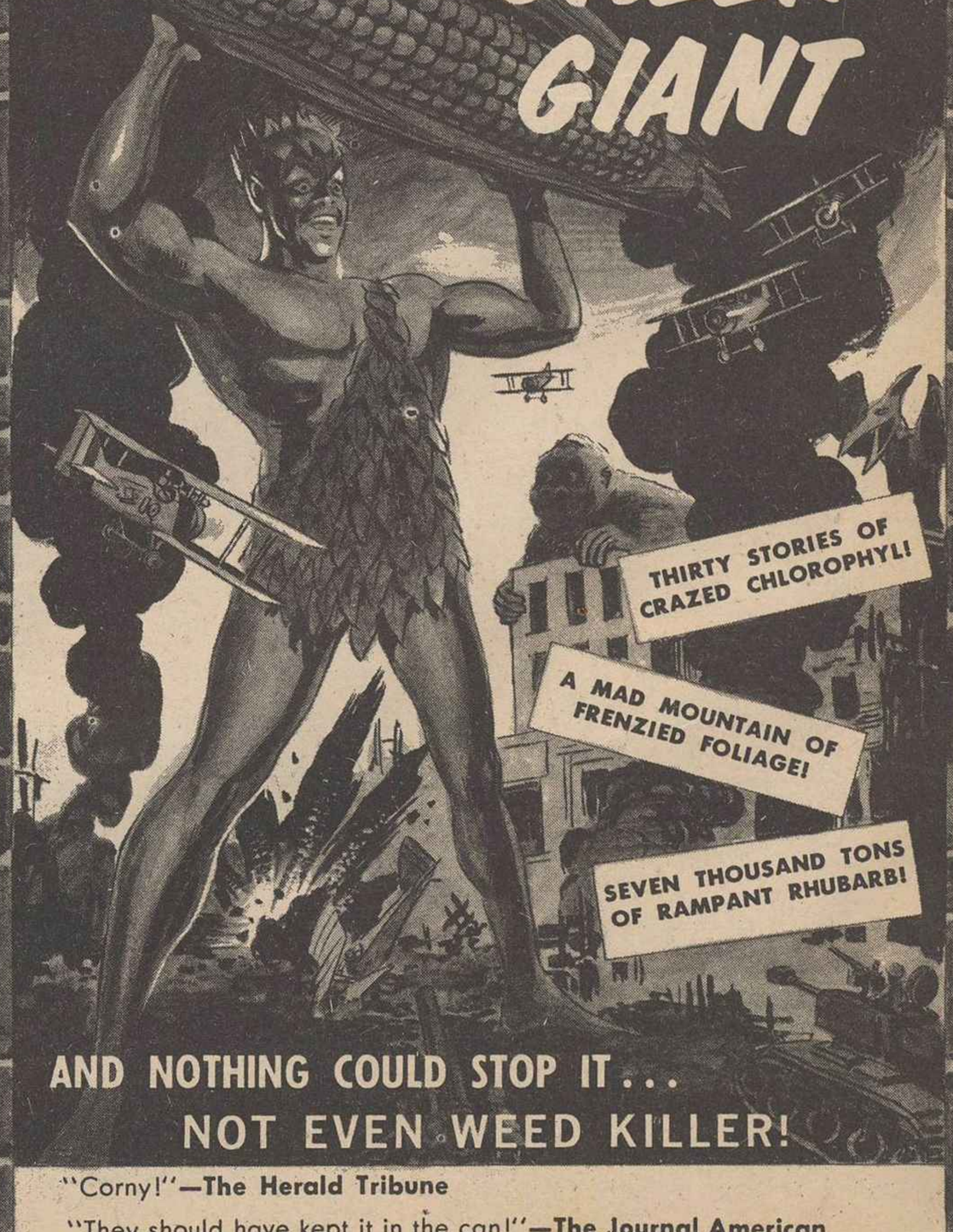
THE TERROR FROM THE EARTH'S CORE



WHY DID ITS UNQUENCHABLE THIRST DRIVE IT TO THE SURFACE?
WHY DID IT COME TO DRAIN THE EARTH OF ITS LIQUID RESERVES?
WHY DID IT CLAIM THE FIFTH WHEN IT GOT TO WASHINGTON, D.C.?
WHY WOULD YOU EVER CONSIDER PAYING TO SEE THIS AWFUL BOMB?

See the awful day TERROR stalked the earth!

THE INVASION OF THE GREEN GIANT



AND NOTHING COULD STOP IT...
NOT EVEN WEED KILLER!

"Corny!"—**The Herald Tribune**

"They should have kept it in the can!"—**The Journal American**

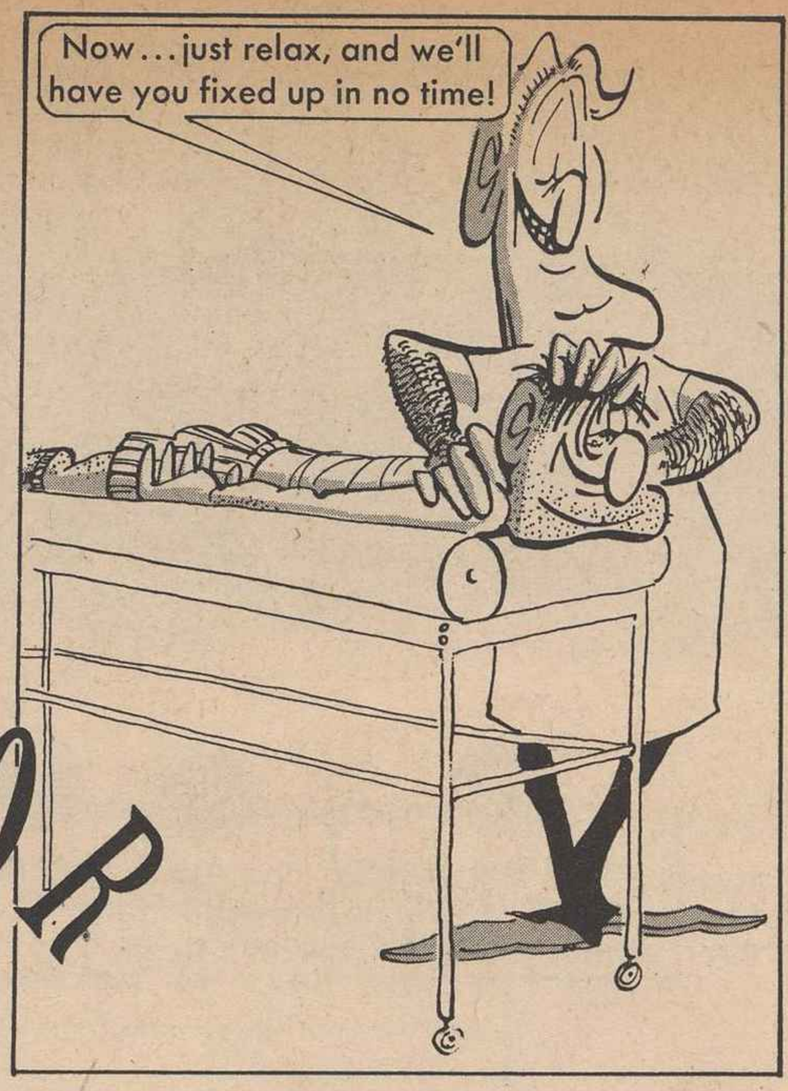
"Shrivelled on Hollywood & Vine!"—**The Chronicle**

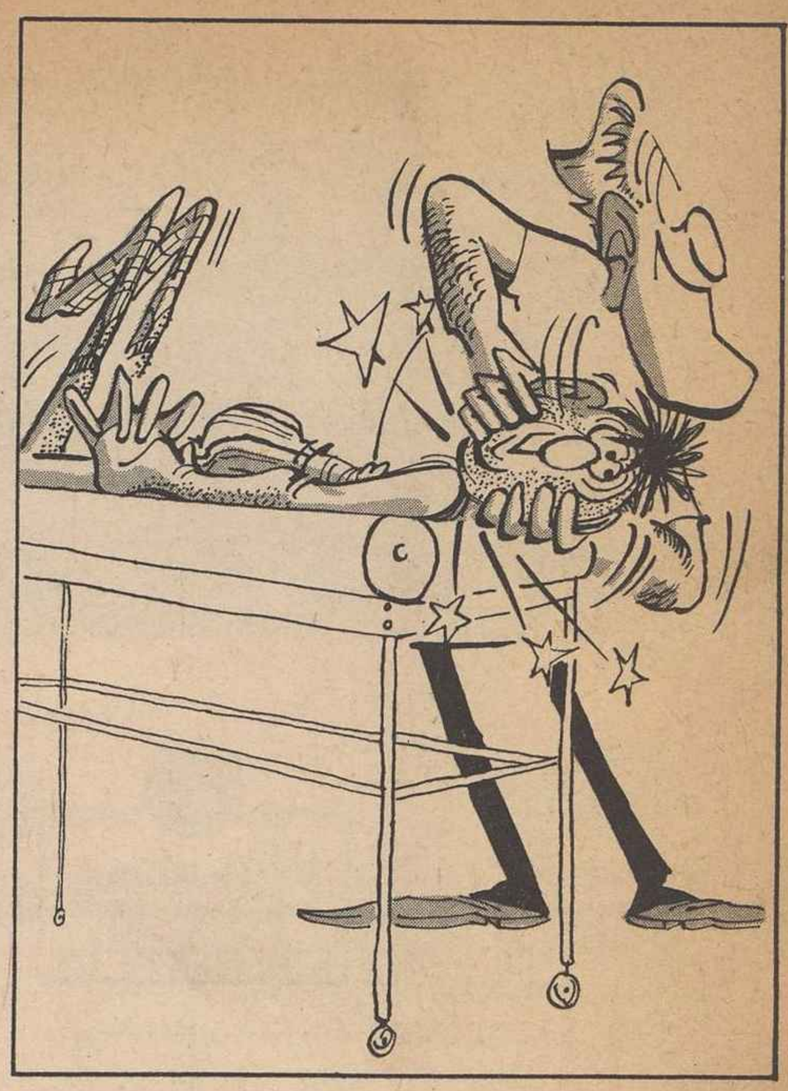
"A lot of crop!"—**Arkansas Gazette**

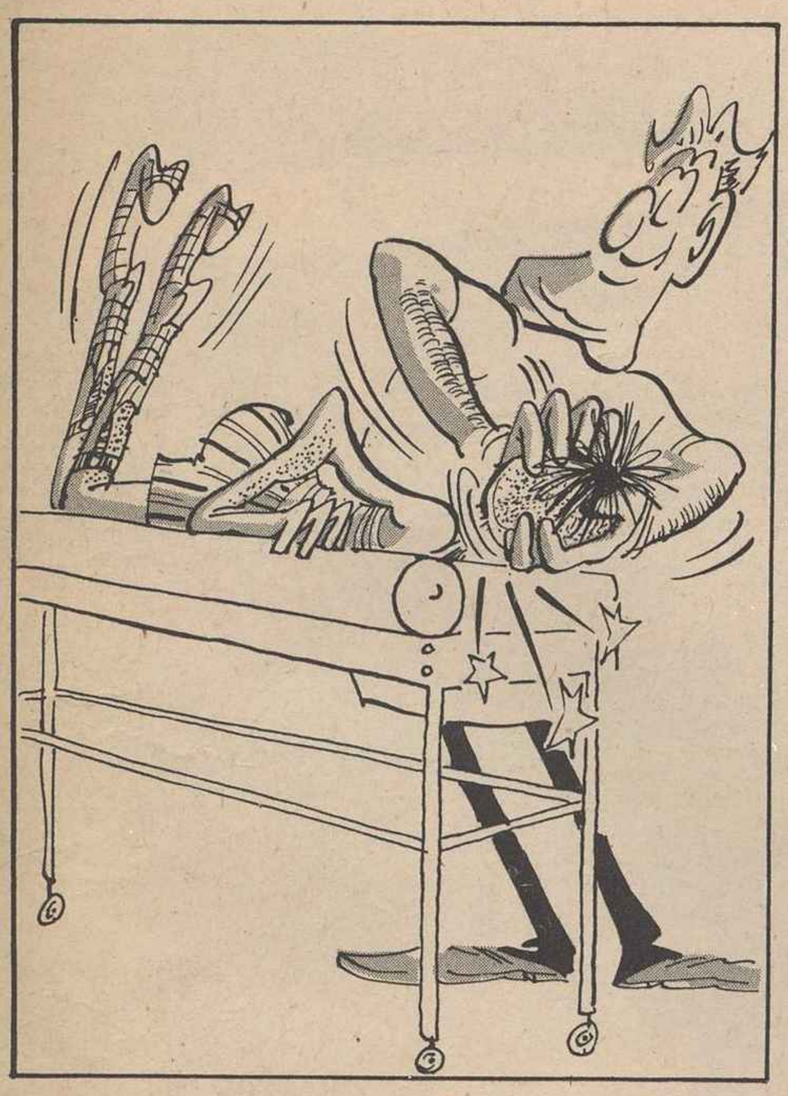
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

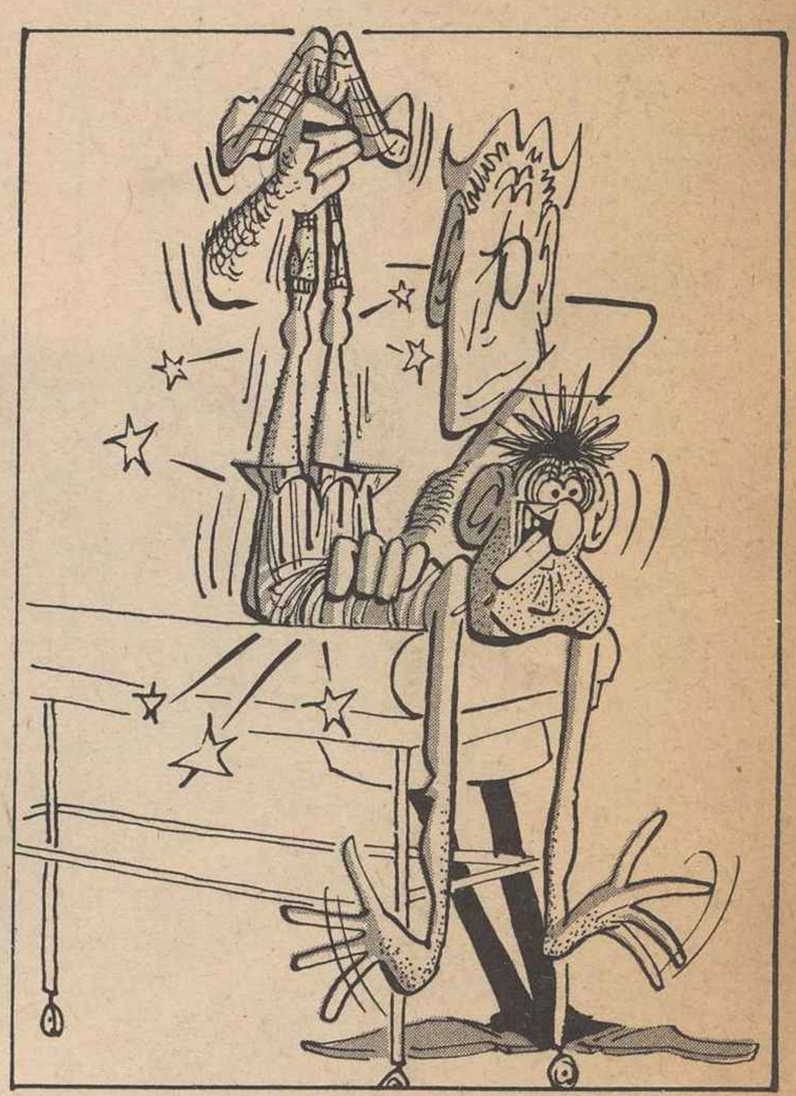
Don Martin starts off his festivities this issue by telling us about the time he pulled a big boner . . . mainly the time he visited

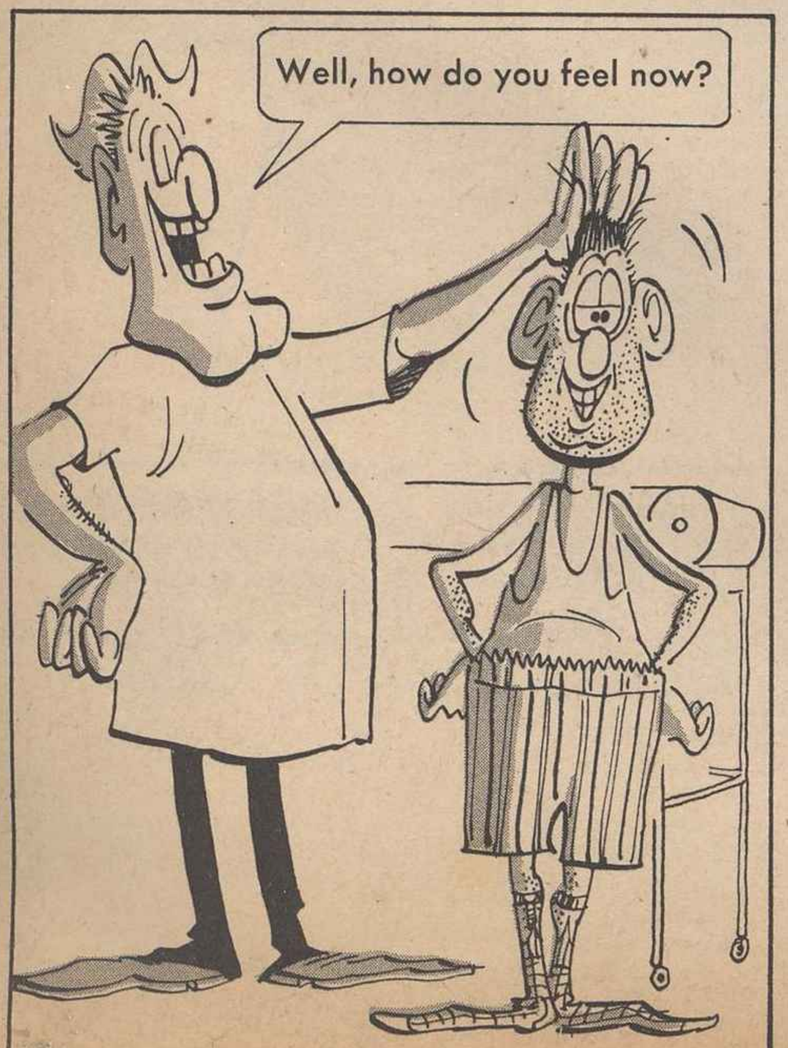
THE CHIROPRACTOR

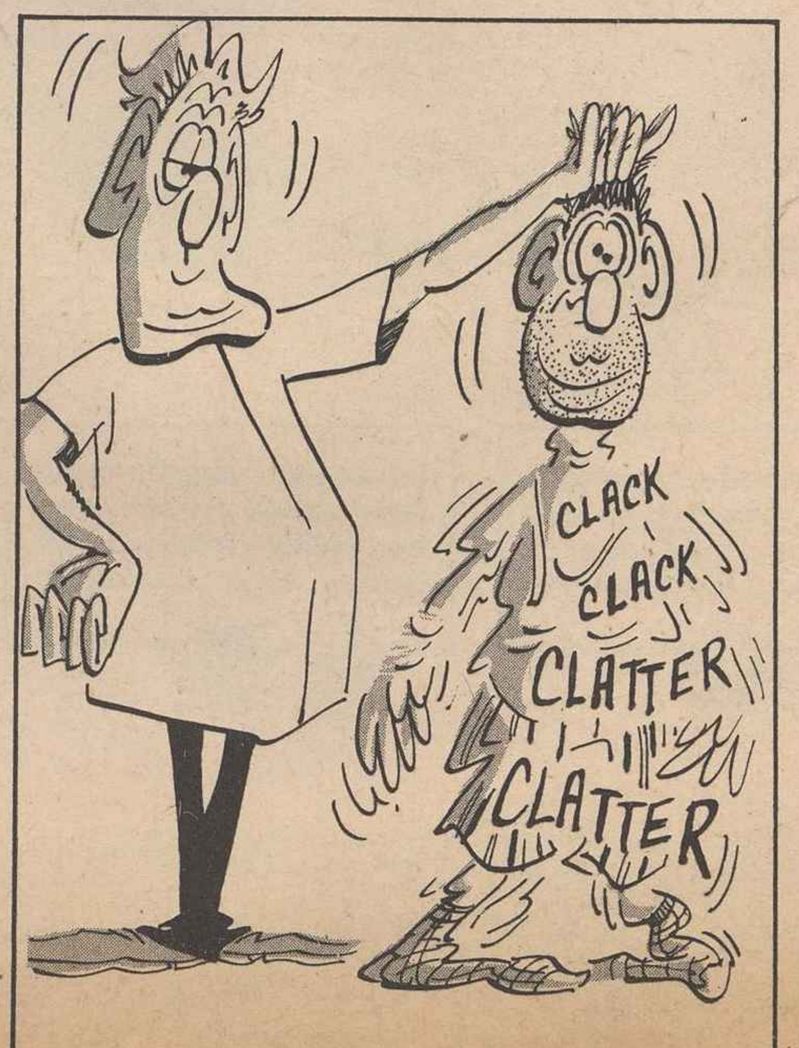


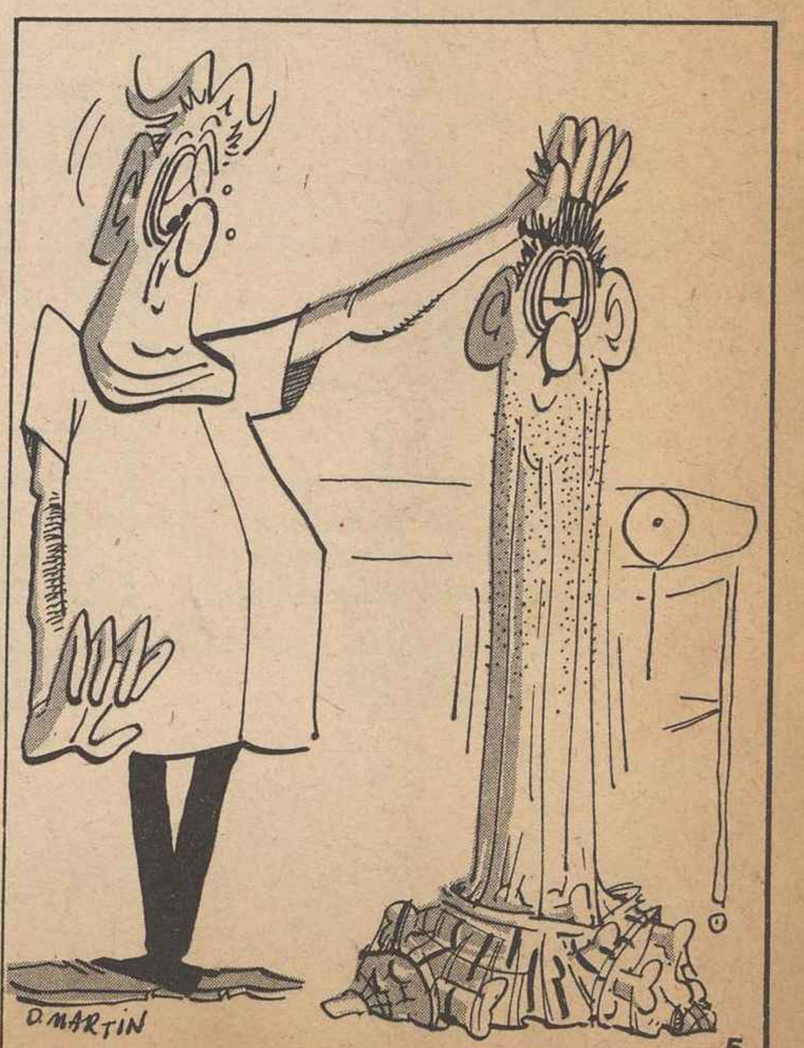




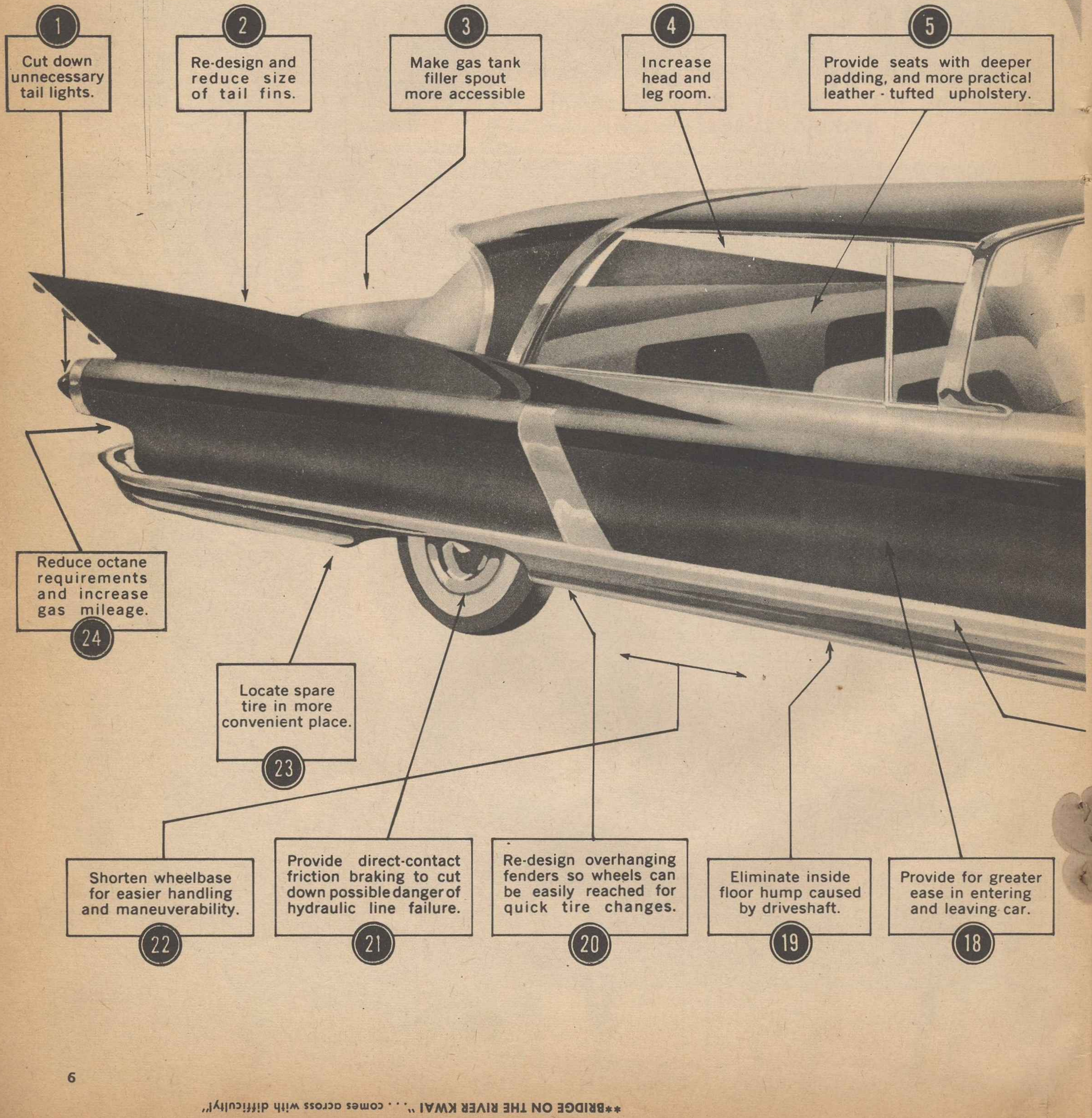








Anxious to keep our grimy thumb on the pulse of the American public, we recently took a trip around the country. And everywhere we went, we heard the same thing. Mainly, "Get outa town, yuh bums!" However, we also heard people grumbling about modern cars. Tailfins are higher, wheel bases are longer, and tempers are shorter. Hoping to be of help, MAD took a nationwide poll, asking people what changes they wanted—and here are the results of that poll. Using a composite model of typical American cars, we've indicated below what the public wants included in . . .



**BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI "... comes across with difficulty!"

MOTORVATIONAL RESEARCH DEPT.

AMERICA'S DREAM CAR

ART–BOB CLARKE STORY–SY REIT

6 Re-design windows for better thru-car ventilation.

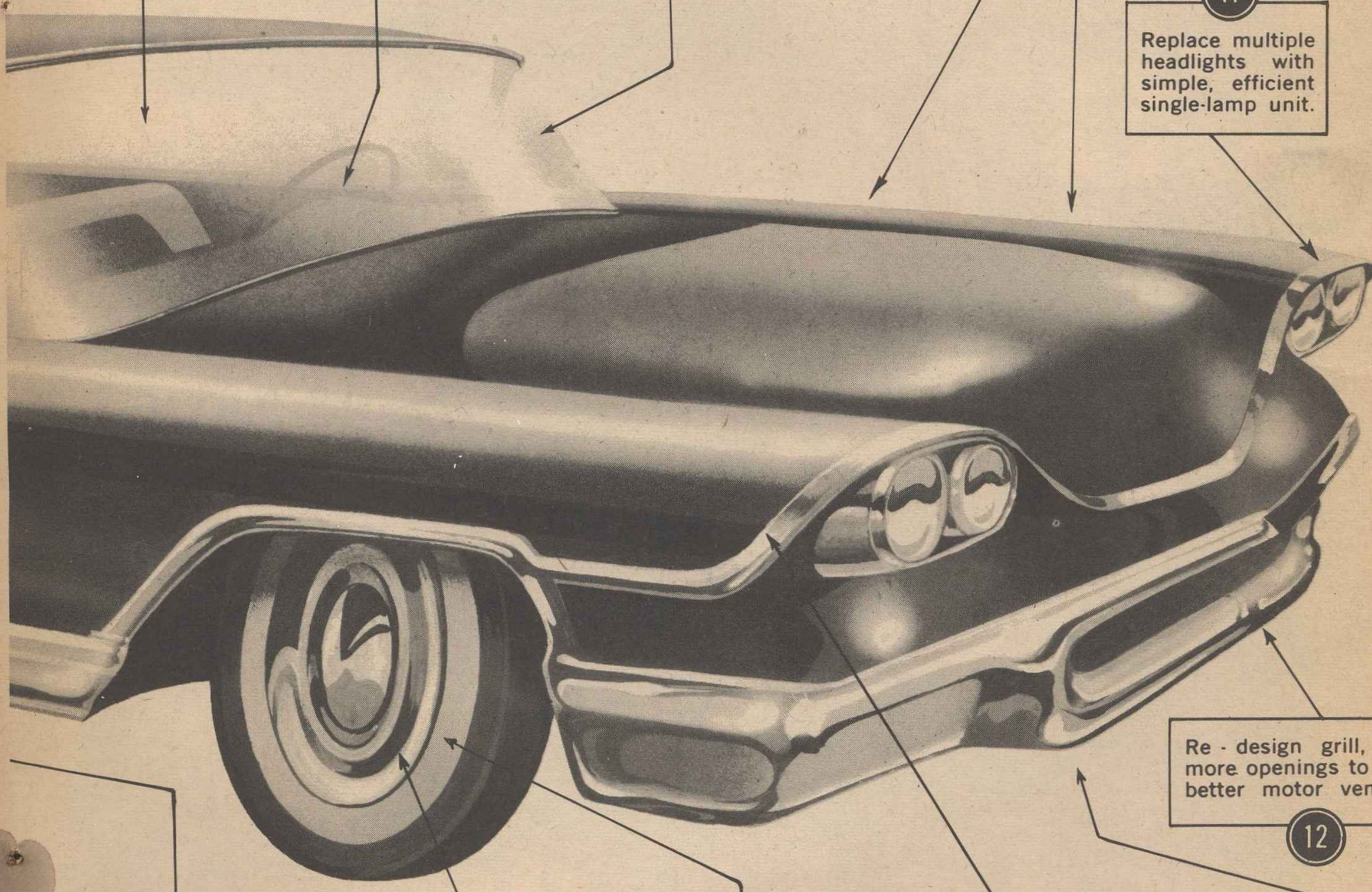
7 Simplify dashboard instruments.

8 Eliminate distortion caused by wrap-around windshields, and add height so overhead signals can be easily seen.

9 Re-design hood cover to prevent accidental fly-ups, make motor more accessible.

10 Shorten over-all hood length to improve driver's visibility.

11 Replace multiple headlights with simple, efficient single-lamp unit.



Re - design grill, adding more openings to provide better motor ventilation. 12

Eliminate excessive and gaudy chrome. 13

Separate fenders from chassis to cut down high repair costs. 14

Eliminate costly and troublesome white sidewalls. 15

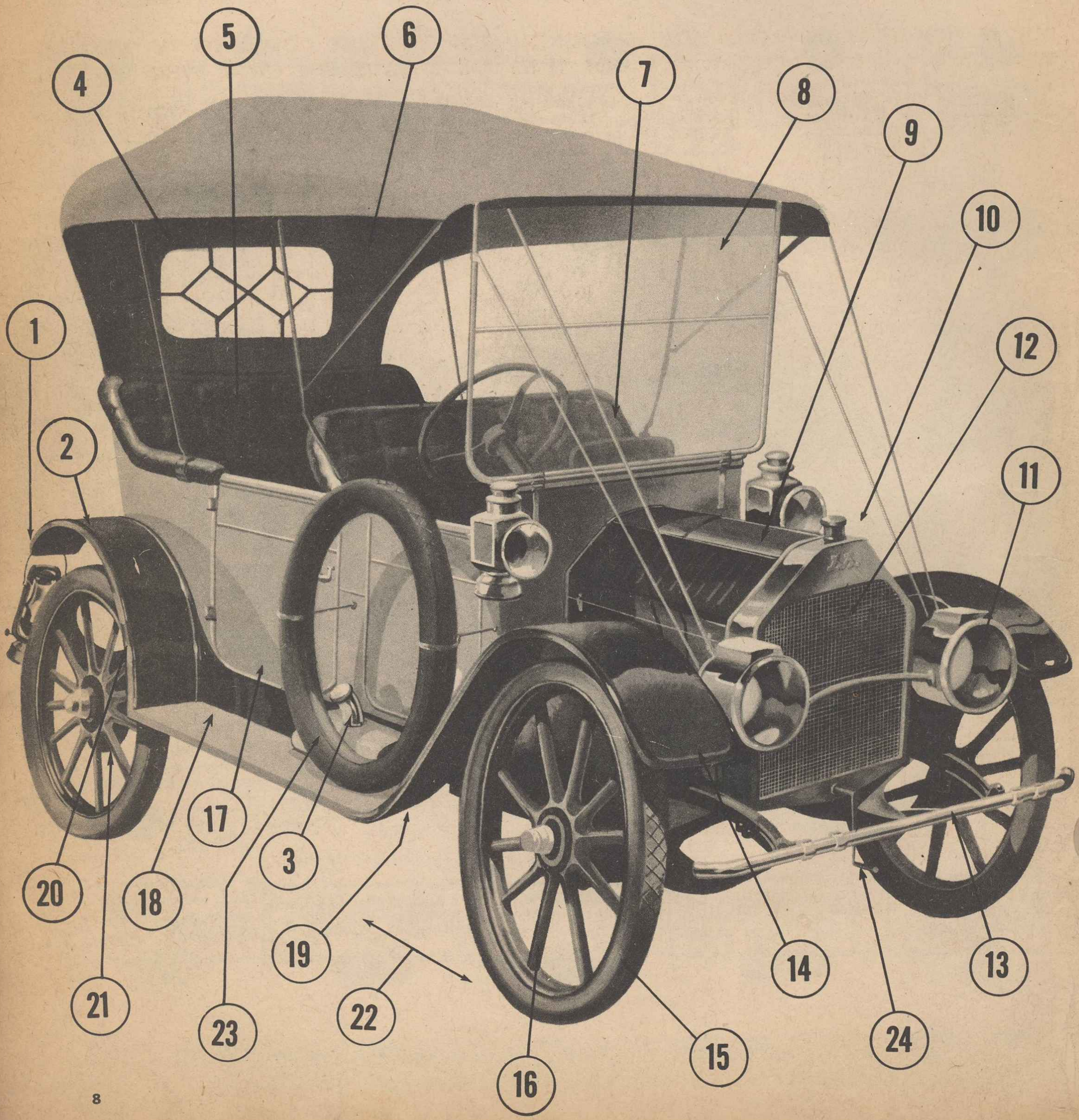
Eliminate costly hub cap replacement with spoke wheel design. 16

Re-design body shell to raise doors for better clearance at curbs. 17

But we didn't stop there! No sir! We took all these ideas, sat down at the drafting board, and went to work. And on the following page you'll find the results of our labors. Yes! Here at last—based on your suggestions—is . . .

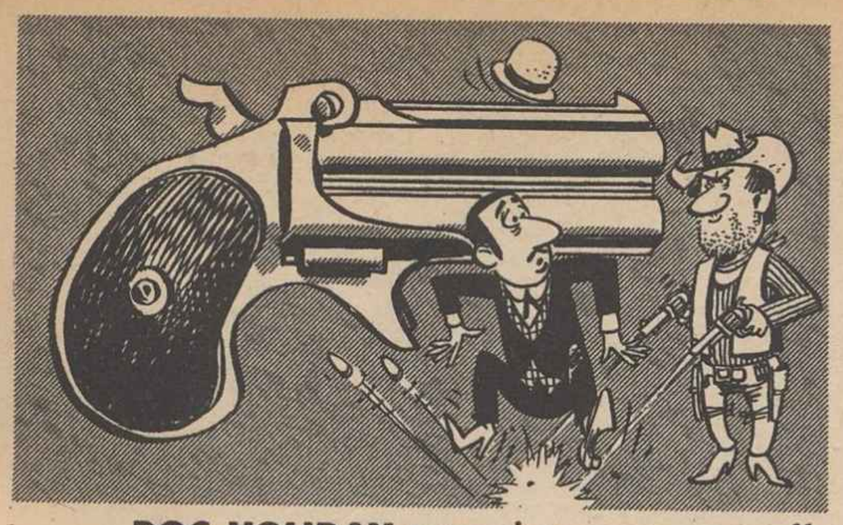
***THE GEISHA BOY "... comes up with a new slant!"

AMERICA'S DREAM CAR

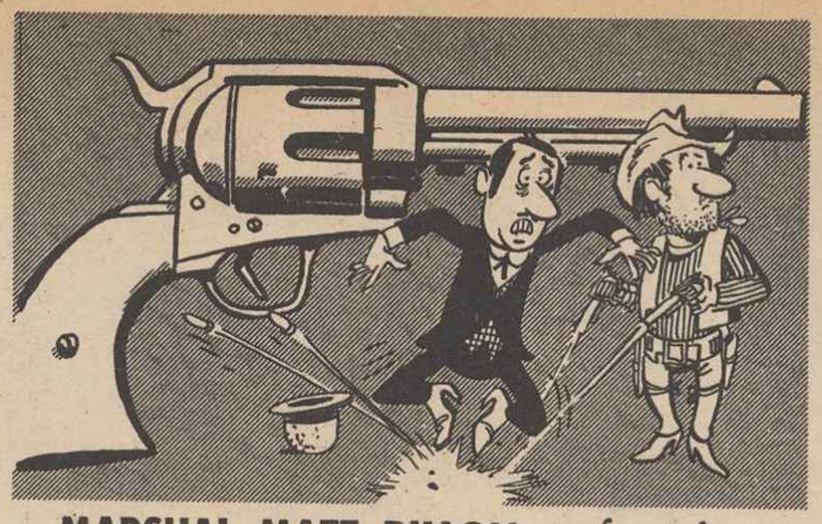


**"DUEL IN THE SUN" . . . some dazzling shots!"

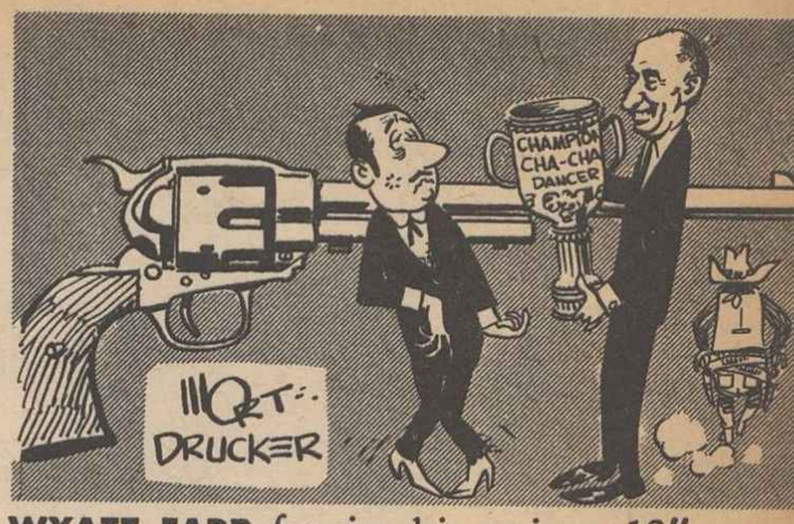
BREECH OF PREMISE DEPT.



DOC HOLIDAY sometimes uses a small Derringer which he hides in his boot!



MARSHAL MATT DILLON prefers the standard-size single-action Colt .45!

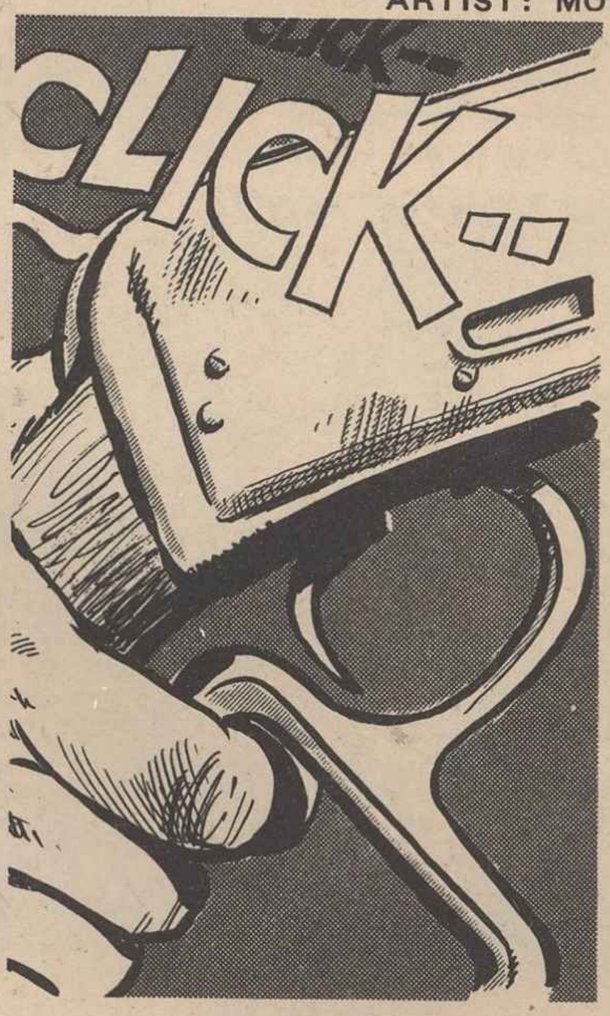


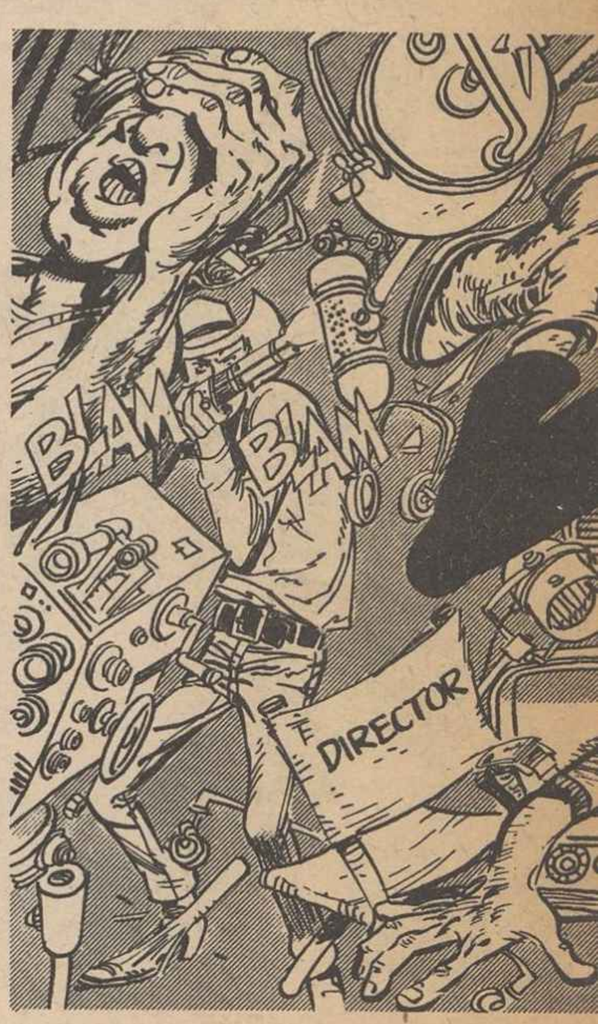
WYATT EARP fancies his unique 12" giant, the famous "Buntline Special!"

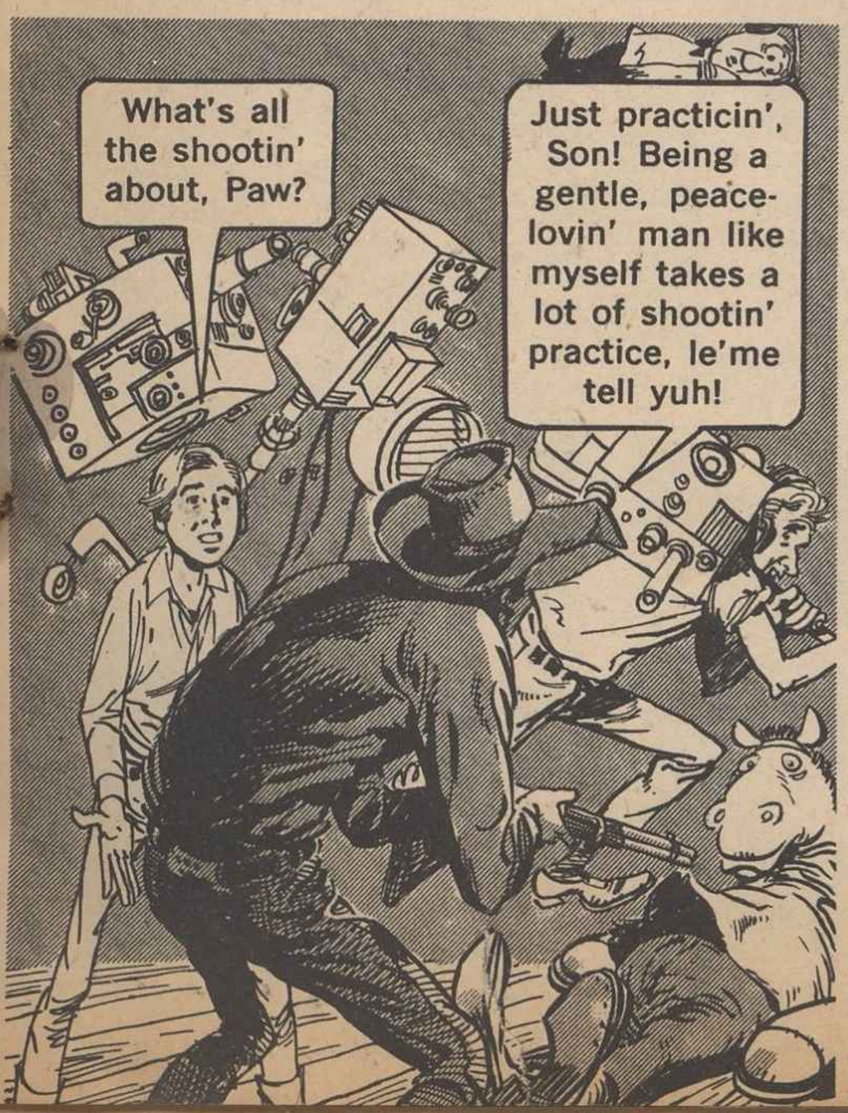
BUT IF IT'S THE RIDICULOUS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WHEN IT COMES TO TV WESTERN WEAPONS, THE CHARACTER THAT'S GOT THEM ALL BEAT IS THE IDIOT WHO USES . . .

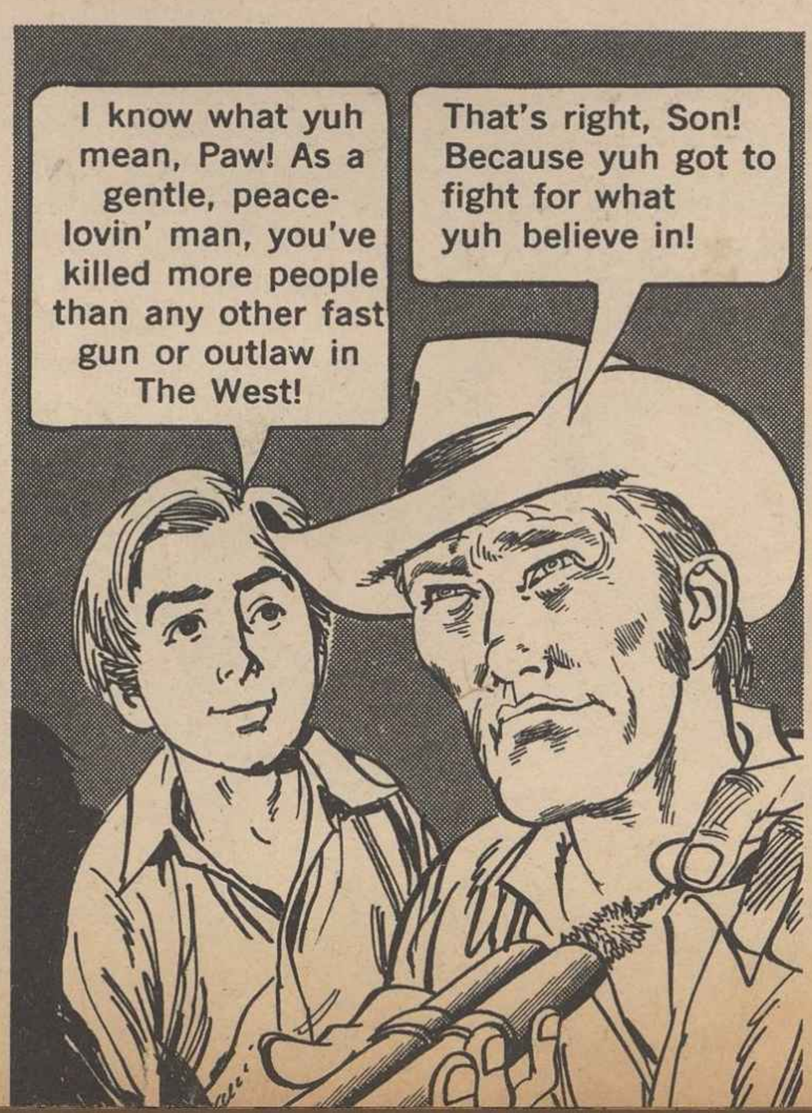
THE RIFLE, MAN!

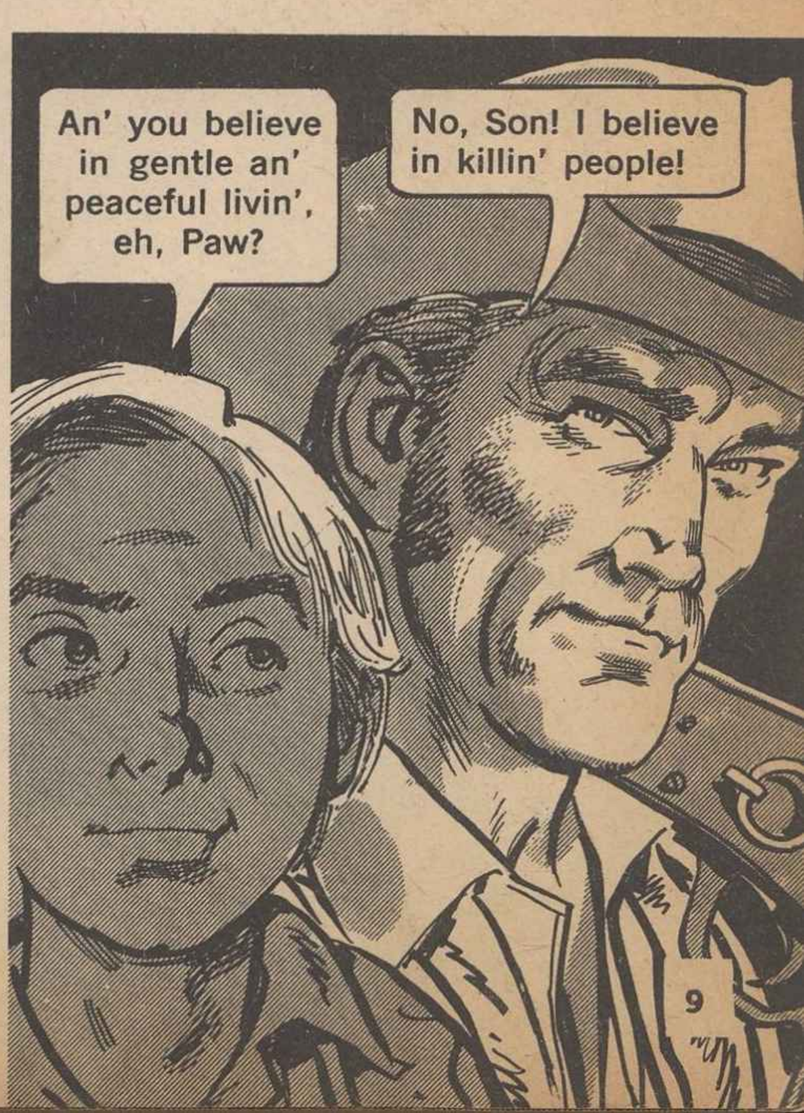
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER











How come yuh use a rifle instead of a pistol, Paw?

There's more room for notches, Son!

Paw, will yuh teach me t'shoot . . . so's I can grow up to be gentle an' peace-lovin' too!

Why, shore, Son! The first thing yuh need is a good stance! Place yer feet firmly apart, and lean in to that plate!

The plate being the one you're gonna shot at, eh, Paw?

No, stupid! The plate being the one you're gonna bat at!

Aw, Paw . . .

Grip the wood firmly near the bottom for extra power . . . keep your eyes on the pitcher . . . follow his windup . . . and . . .

Aw, Paw . . . I know you once played with the Dodgers. But that was back East a long time ago! We're out West now!

So are the Dodgers, Son! And with the right training, you can make the team! Yuh think I want yuh to end up like me? A gentle, peace-lovin' nobody!? Stick to baseball, Son! That's where the big money is!

Aw, Paw! Let's forget about baseball for a change! Let's talk about somethin' else! Like my **Maw!** How come you **never** mention anything about my Maw? Say Paw, tell me about my Maw, Paw! Haw?

Shore! But the memory of yore Maw is **painful** to me, Son! So let's forget about her too! Let's get to the chores aroun' here! Chores like choppin' wood, haulin' water, mendin' fences . . .

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

. . . an' **stackin' bodies!** Boy, that's the twelfth one this week! Don't yuh think we ought'a drop 'em off in town, Paw? Mainly . . . because the ol' ranch is beginnin' t' **smell** real powerful!

Reckon you're right, Son! Besides, a trip into town is always good for a couple of them gentle, peace-lovin' gun duels!

Hi. Lucas! Welcome t' town! Who yuh gonna shoot up **this** trip?

You . . . yuh loud-mouthed troublemaker!

BLAM

Yuh shot 'im because yuh want things t' be gentle an' peaceful, eh, Paw?

Right, Son! Jus' take a look at 'im, lyin' there! Yep! There ain't nothin' as gentle an' peaceful as a **dead man!**

Hi, Sheriff! What's new?

Nothin' much, Lucas! Some gunslinger rode into town this mornin' lookin' for yuh, an' swearin' you were gonna get it! So I reckon there'll be some more killin' aroun' here! That's about all! Looks like another dull day! Think I'll go fishin'!

Gunslinger? Lookin' for **me?** Wonderful! Nothin' I like better than out-drawin' a pistol-packin' gunslinger with my ol' rifle!

I know, Lucas! Only trouble is; this gunslinger ain't packin' no pistol! Uses a **rifle** . . . jus' like you do!

JUST PICK ANY CARD!

What's that? Another **rifleman?!** That's even **better!** Now's my chance t' prove once an' for all that I can draw faster, shoot quicker, an' play first base better'n any fast gun in The West! **Clear the streets! I got a terrible peace-lovin' mood comin' on!**

YOU!!

No!

NO!

AAARRRRRGH!

PAW!

BLAM!

BLAM!

What happened, Paw! You're always preachin' t' me, Paw . . . explainin' things t' me! Tell me what happened this time! I always thought you were the **fastest rifleman** in The West!

I was, Son! Unfortunately, this was a **RIFLEWOMAN!**

That's why the thought of your Maw was always so painful t' me, Son! Because she was **still alive** . . . and it was most humiliatin', knowin' that somewhere there was a gal who was **better** with a rifle than me! I . . . guess I should a' stuck . . . t' Big League Baseball . . . where there . . . **gasp** . . . ain't no . . . **gasp** . . . women . . .

But . . . why'd yuh hafta **kill** him, Maw?

Jus' had to, Son! Things had gone too far! It was **me** who taught him how t' handle a rifle . . . how t' shoot! And what does he do? He ups and leaves me! Takes you with him! Don't even send me no alimony! Starts his own TV show! Begins gettin' a **bigger Trendex** 'n me!

Bigger Trendex!? You mean . . .

That's right, Son! Your Maw is the best RIFLEWOMAN in The West! I'm **ANNIE OAKLEY!**

Now you can come live with me, Son! Never a dull moment at my place, either! Why, I'm even more gentle an' peace-lovin' than your Paw ever was!

And now, Don Martin tells us about the time he joined the Volunteer Fire Department, and was assigned to the life net brigade during . . .

THE GREAT HOTEL FIRE

We understand there's a big commotion going on in England these days—which brings us to this article. (And we're not talking about the commotion going on in England over MAD. That's another article!) We're talking about the commotion over the way writers, and particularly American adver-

MADISON AVENUE TURNS to

ART—BOB CLARKE

Here's an ad based on the works of **William Shakespeare**

When thou takest Bufferin, pain exeunts at-the-nonce

To take **B**, or not to take **B**,
That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and sorrows of outrageous cold misery,
And then, like a fool, to take aspirin against a sea of neuralgia,
And by opposing, not end it, but perhaps thyself.
To die, to sleep no more from aspirin's *acetylsalicylic acid,*
Or if thou art fortunate, at the very best to feel queasy and sick,
And with this aspirin, accelerate the muscular aches,
The nerve-jangling, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to.
Or to take Bufferin.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
For with its anti-acid Di-Alminate*
*(*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate)*
Not to die—but to sleep.
To sleep blissfully—perchance to dream,
And not have to trade in thy headache for an upset stomach,
And therefore not have to undergo unnecessary abdominal massage.
Aye, with Bufferin, there's no rub!

"When empty, this bottle may be filled with poison for application to kings' ears."

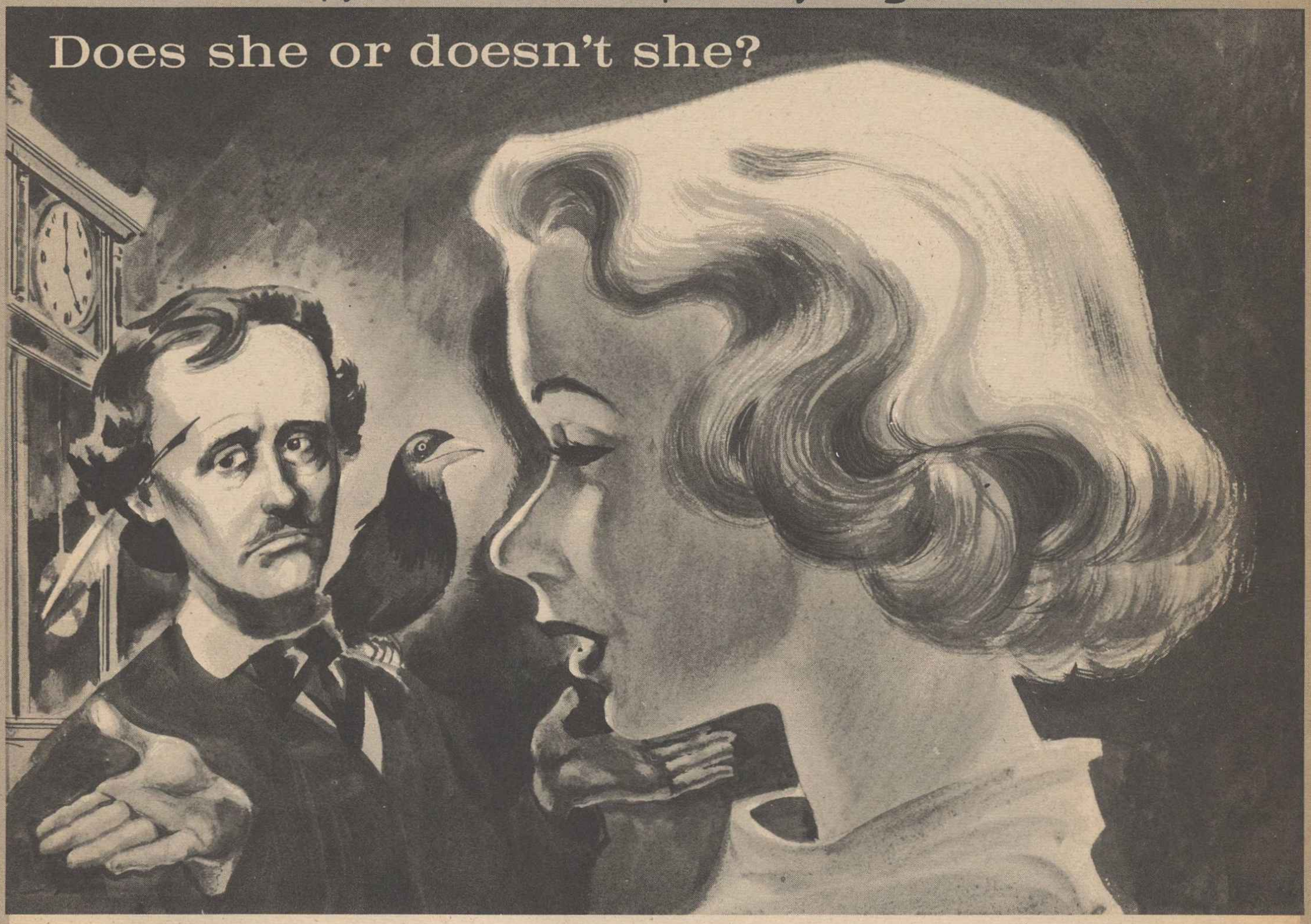
****DOCTOR, LAWYER, INDIAN CHIEF—Fred Demera**

tising agencies, are parodying and altering revered Gilbert and Sullivan operettas for personal profit. Well, we've got news for our British cousins. When American advertising agencies latch onto something, they never let go! As a matter of fact, things can only get worse. Especially when...

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

STORY–LARRY SIEGEL

This ad copy makes use of a poem by **Edgar Allan Poe**



Hair Color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

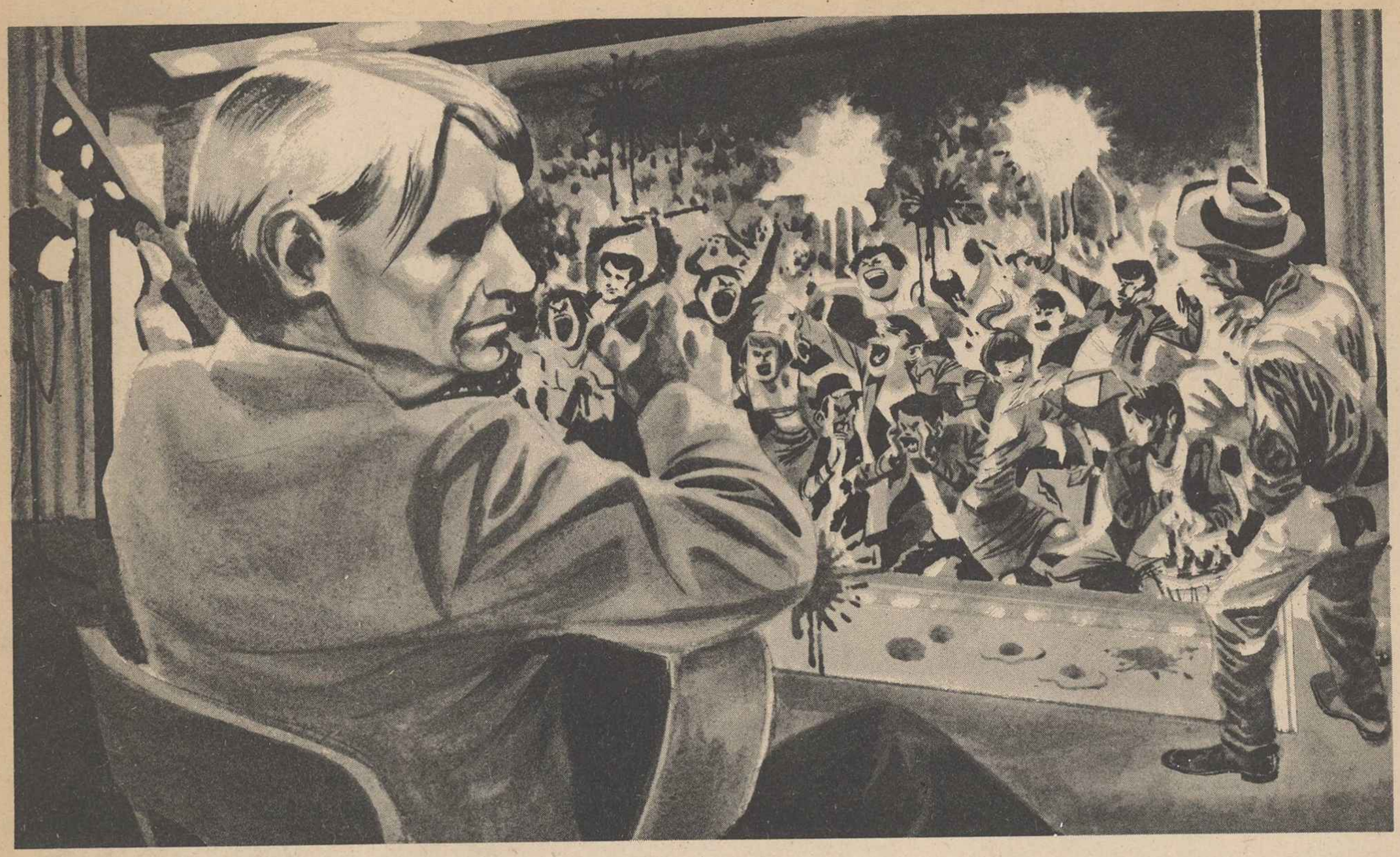
It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden with hair color natural lived
By the name of MISS CLAIROL LEE;
And I lived in those days with no other thought
Than: Does she or doesn't she?

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
And all of the children were dyeing their hair—
But what of MISS CLAIROL LEE?
And I wondered as she stroked my purple-green locks:
Does she or doesn't she?

But then one day a hairdresser came
To our kingdom by the sea;
And he marveled at the beautiful silky strands
Of my own, my MISS CLAIROL LEE.
And I said to him, "Please, Mr. Hairdresser, Sir—
Does she or doesn't she?"

Then he was gone and she was gone
From our kingdom by the sea.
And one day I heard that the angels above
Had taken my MISS CLAIROL LEE.
And now, only God and that hairdresser knows—
Did she or didn't she?

Here's an advertisement which parodies **Carl Sandburg**



TOOTHPASTE MAKER FOR THE WORLD

DECAY FIGHTER, CREATOR OF THE INVISIBLE PROTECTIVE SHIELD

Brushing...Cleaning...Sweetening...

I AM COLGATE

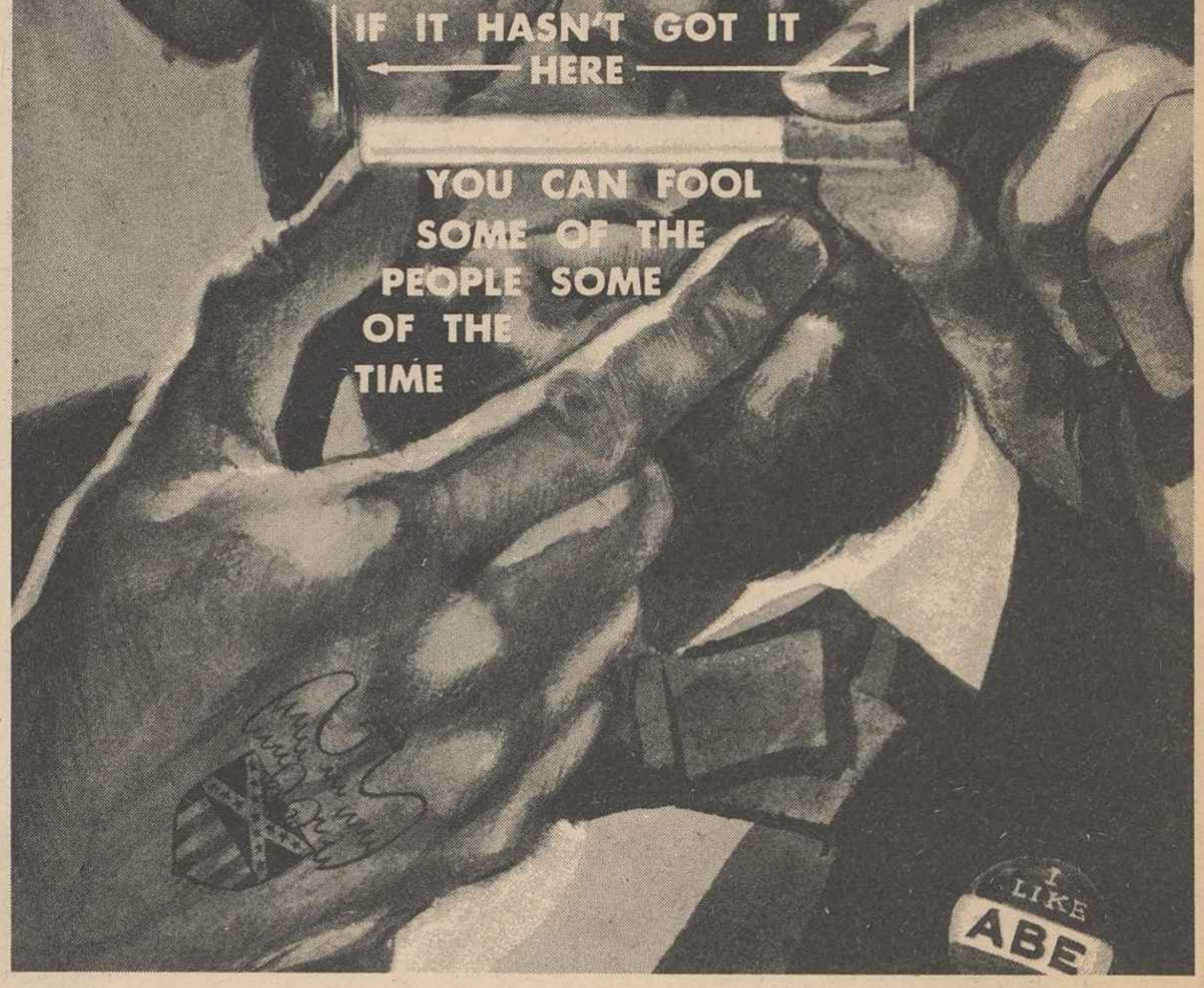
CONQUEROR OF THE NATION'S BAD BREATH!

They tell me you have mouth odor and I believe them; for I have seen your painted women laugh at you through their gas masks.
They tell me you have tooth decay, and I answer: "Yes, I have seen you visit your dentist 244 times a year."
And having answered, I say: "Lift up your head to the sun and flourish the blackness of your dentures, and accept my
Strength,
Vigor,
Stamina,
GARDOL."
Rub, scrub, scour, scrape.
Abrade, massage, rasp, draw blood.
Through the haze, under the smoke, amid the blackness, a Gardol protective shield building.
To protect you from bad breath? Perhaps! And tooth decay? I think so!
But more important, to protect you from baseballs, and golfballs, and footballs, and horseshoes, and other TV accouterments.
I AM COLGATE.
Proud to be Toothpaste Maker for the World, Decay Fighter, Creator of the Invisible Protective Shield, Conqueror of the Nation's Bad Breath, Toothpaste of the Big Stock Dividend.

This advertisement slightly alters **Abraham Lincoln**

With malice toward none With Filter-Blend for all

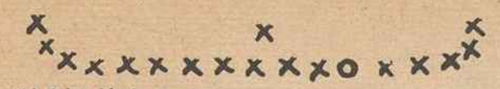
Four score and seven years ago, our company brought forth on this continent a new cigarette, conceived in choice tobaccos, and dedicated to the proposition that not all brands are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great advertising war, testing whether our wishy-washy competitors with "Thinking Man's Filters" and "Live Modern Flavor" can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war, this advertising space having cost us $45,000. We have come to dedicate a portion of our cigarette, that part which lies before our pure white filter, as a final proof that *it's what's up front that counts.* It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, for we are getting paid good money. But in a larger sense, we must now dedicate, we must now consecrate, we must now extol this cigarette more forcefully than ever. Our brave competitors, living and dead, have been feeding you a pack of lies. The world will little note, nor long remember what they've been saying, for they have lousy advertising agencies. But, we here highly resolve that this nation, under Winston, shall have a new birth of smokers, and that **FILTER-BLEND** of the cigarette, by the cigarette, and for the cigarette, shall not perish from our taste . . . *like a cigarette shouldn't!*



Winston tastes good

like you can't fool all of the people all of the time!

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, REWRITE! DEPT.



"I kin lick **any man** inna houshl"

Whenever workers go out on strike, they announce the fact to the general public by forming a picket line, and carrying around "On Strike" signs. The trouble is, there are so many strikes these days, the public doesn't really notice picket lines like they used

DISTINCTIVE

FOR RAILROAD WORKERS

The Brotherhood of RR Engineers [aa] (Local #457)

by striking against

THE B-O RAILROAD [b]

has caused the suspension of all

TRAIN SCHEDULES [bb]

because we are demanding

SHORTER HOURS [d]	ARR: 9:00 AM LV: 4:00 PM
HIGHER WAGES [f]	NOW: $1.90 PER HR WNT: $4.00 PER HR [hh]
MUCH BETTER WORKING CONDITIONS [p]	
AND OTHER IMPORTANT STUFF, [z] TOO!	

(see footnotes for explanations)

[a] A bunch of great guys!

[aa] A gangster-ridden pocket local!

[b] A cheap outfit to work for!

[d] Including a ten-minute coffee break every ten minutes!

[f] Including time-and-a-half for Columbus Day, Armistice Day, and Bastille Day!

[bb] Which were always a laugh, anyhow!

[ff] Whether we work those days or not!

[hh] It may sound like a lot, and it is, but we're willing to negotiate!

[z] Free rides in the cabs for our kids on their birthdays!

[p] No working with smelly firemen!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

FOR MOVIE USHERS

The Brotherhood of Movie Ushers LOCAL 4597 PROUDLY PRESENTS

"LOOK WHO'S STRIKING!"

Continuous Performance Daily

STARRING

Oscar, Ed, Sam, and Bernie

WITH

Tom, The Ticket-Tearer

directed by Union Boss "Big Jim" McGraw

produced by Local 4597's Strike Fund

AND INTRODUCING

14

IMPRESSIVE PROFESSIONAL PICKETS

Direct from their last strike

"A masterpiece of timing! Certain to ruin the theatre owner!" —*Throgg Usher's Weekly*

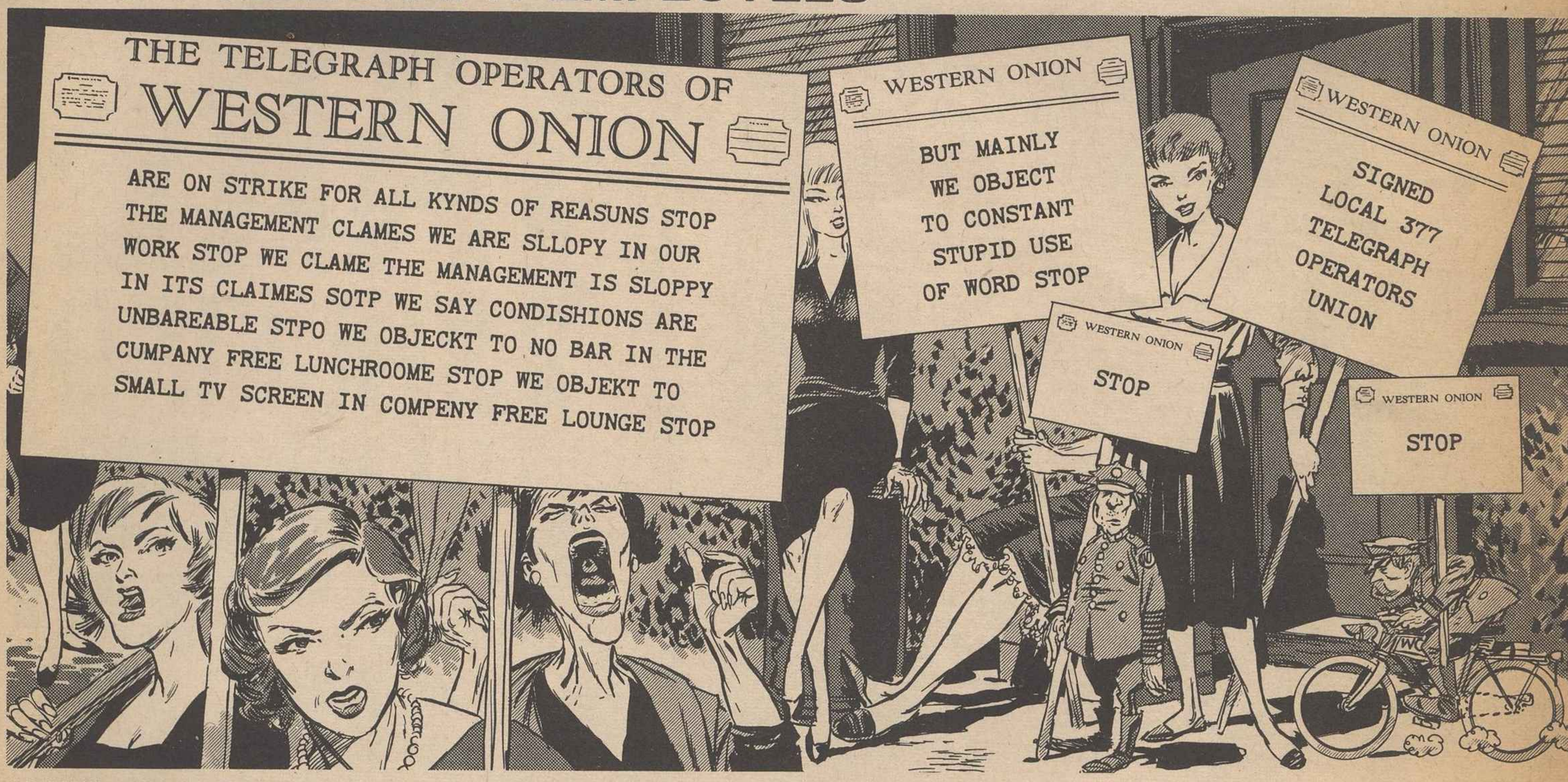
"Should run rest of year!" —*Sweeney Labor News*

"I can't understand how they seem to know every play I call!"

to! Mainly because these picket lines with their unimaginative "On Strike" signs all look alike! So MAD suggests that strikers wise up, and create entertaining "On Strike" signs that pertain to their particular trade or profession, and start forming these . . .

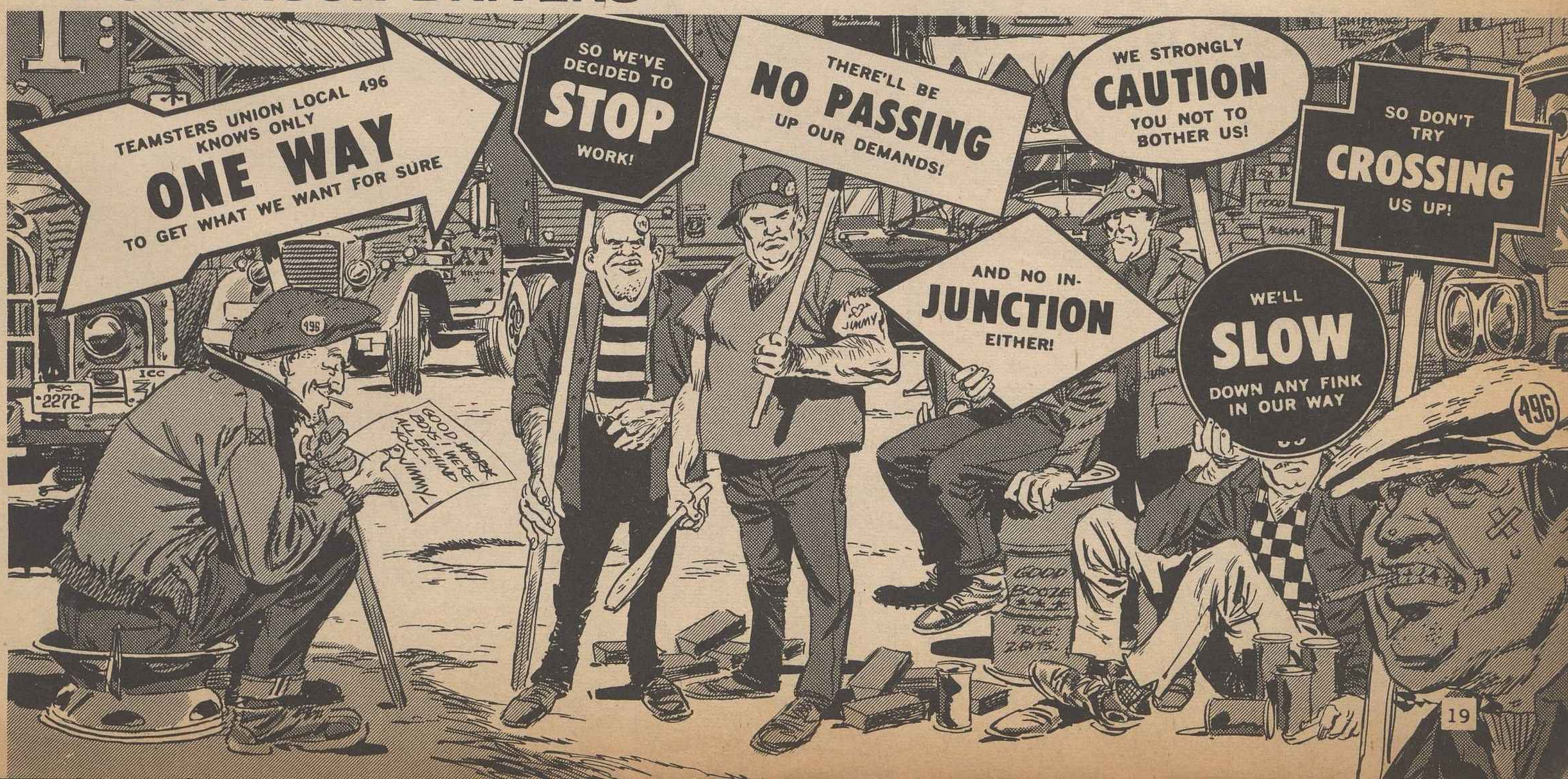
PICKET LINES

FOR TELEGRAPH EMPLOYEES



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FOR TRUCK DRIVERS



FOR CIRCUS WORKERS

THE EMPLOYEES OF

QUINCH BROS. CIRCUS

★★★★★★★★★★★★ PRESENT ★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE GREATEST STRIKE ON EARTH

THRILLS	See the Big Top Collapse on top of the Mediation Board!	THRILLS
VIOLENCE	See Hugo, The Strongman, rip apart Mr. Quinche's office!	VIOLENCE
SPECTACLES	See Leo, The Savage Lion, devour the rejected 8c package pay boost offer!	SPECTACLES

PLUS: Goons! Thugs! Finks & Scabs!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

★ A 45-Minute Mob Riot over Severance Pay in the Huge Center Ring!

SPECIAL EXTRAVAGANZA

★ A Gala Stampede of 100 Elephants in support of a longer Coffee Break!

AND FEATURING 2500 COUNT THEM 2500 NATIONAL GUARDSMEN

vainly trying to restore law and order

FOR OPTICAL WORKERS

WE ARE STRIKING

FOR MORE MONEY

PLUS SHORTER HOURS

PLUS SIX WEEKS VACATION

PLUS A CONTRACT OF FORTY-SEVEN

ABSOLUTELY OUTLANDISH DEMANDS IN SMALL TYPE

WHICH OUGHT TO FORCE THIS OUTFIT INTO BANKRUPTCY IN NO TIME!

Local #259 Optical Workers Union

FOR COLLEGE PROFESSORS

"All wish to be learned, but no one is willing to pay the price." —Juvenal

"Our praises are our wages." —Shakespeare

"Damn with faint praise." —Pope

"Without money, honor is nothing." —Racine

"Money brings honor, friends, conquest and realms." —Milton

"A fair day's wages for a fair day's work." —Carlyle

"Strike while the iron is hot." —Rabelais

"A dollar in a university is worth more than a dollar in jail." —Emerson

"Us eggheads deserve a better deal!" —Neuman

STARS AND TRIPE FOREVER DEPT.

A couple of issues back, we confessed that MAD wasn't the funniest magazine on the newsstands today. We said that those serious Teenage magazines were much funnier. Well, now we've got another confession to make: mainly, we were wrong! Those serious Teenage magazines aren't the funniest magazines on the newsstands today, either. Those serious Movie magazines are even funnier! Judge for yourself, gang, with our version of an issue of . . .

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

HE'S MIGHTIER THAN HERCULES . . .
MORE POWERFUL THAN SAMSON . . .
ALMOST AS STRONG AS VIC TANNY!!

CAST OF THOUSANDS
COST OF MILLIONS
PROFIT OF BILLIONS
3 DAYS in the MAKING
INCLUDING TRAVEL-TIME
TO AND FROM LOCATION

SEE heroic Seymour destroy the entire Chinese Army with a rusty fly-swatter!

SEE the unbelievable human sacrifice of 300 TV repair-men to the great god, Alvin!

SEE the seduction of Seymour by the bewitching Amazon, Blanche, and her 800 Mah-Jongg partners!

SEE the blood-curdling orgy of 1000 Purple Housewives in a Trading Stamp store window!

SEE grown men and women in the movie audience weep and become violently ill from the plot!

THE EARTH'S MOST POWERFUL MAN!

THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING WOMEN!

THE SCREEN'S MOST RIDICULOUS STORY!

DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT THE EXCITING ENDING OF THIS FILM TO ANY OF THE CAST MEMBERS!

SEYMOUR

STARRING
ARNOLD STANG

with ZAZU PITTS, PINKY LEE, CARMEN LOMBARDO, HAPPY CHANDLER, LYLE BETTGER, SONNY TUFTS, DEANNA DURBIN

Produced and Directed by Ira Quickbuck * Screenplay by Rocky Graziano
and introducing THE ENTIRE TURKISH ARMY as "ANDY"
Based on a Bad Dream by Yogi Berra

MY EXCLUSIVE HOLLYWOOD

By
Louella Parsnips

It's a Spring divorce for beaming Biff Bopp and lovely Kim Storch (his 18th, her 11th), shown here at Ciro's. Biff's next wife, Zelda, is waiting outside in the car.

Sharp-eyed honor students from Hollywood High School's Current Events class spot a famous world figure at the recent premier of "I Was A Teenage Chicken-Plucker."

I can't tell you how excited I am about the way lovely Dibbie Raynors has bounced back after her recent tragic divorce. Right now, Dibbie is the "dating-est" gal in town. Since 9:00 A.M. this morning, she's already dated Arnold J. Lovelace, Lyle Bettger, Georgie Jessel, Slats Fazzuli, her Laundry Man, her Gardener, and a wandering "I-Cash-Clothes" man named Irwin. And the amazing thing is: Dibbie has a whole afternoon and evening ahead of her! Good work, Dib!

Ignore all those ugly, disgraceful, and disgusting rumors that vicious people around here keep spreading about the Tab Bentleys and their two-week-old marriage. Take it from me, they're definitely getting a divorce!

Naomi Pfefferman, the fabulous 14-year old actress who has been Number-One Hollywood Screen Star for almost three years now, got the scare of her life last Wednesday. Somebody at the studio told her that she might have to make a movie! Fortunately, it was just one of those practical jokes. For which all of us who know and love Naomi are grateful.

I'm glad to see that handsome young screen sensation, Paul Umlaut, is not one to let his folks down. Paul resolved to have his elderly parents live much closer to him than they had been, just as soon as he made it big here in Hollywood. And so, last week, devoted son, Paul, moved his mother and father out of their one-room tenement flat in the Bronx, and into their brand new home . . . a one-room tenement flat in Chicago.

***"You Never Know In Show Biz" Dept.*: Only six short months ago, young hopeful, Tab Sfortz, was an usher in New York's Paramount Theater. Today, Tab is an usher in New York's Capitol Theater.**

Hats off to Edd "Kookie" Byrnes for being a great American patriot. Last week, "Kookie" bought himself the biggest swimming pool in California . . . "The Pacific Ocean." But patriotic "Kookie" is allowing the United States Navy free use of his swimming pool for naval maneuvers next summer. I'm proud of you, "Kookie."

Nobody could be happier than I to learn that Rock 'n Roll great, Frankie Avalon, has landed the starring role in the forthcoming film, "The End of the World by Atomic Radiation." Because of the serious nature of this picture, Frankie has agreed to sing only 41 songs, many of which will be in a slow, serious tempo.

Ingrate Dept.: Since I am the most important single individual here in Hollywood, and the second most important person in the whole world (I believe Hedda Hopper might outrank me by a hair!), I want to say that this is the last time I'll ever give newlyweds Piper Pepper and Pupi Pappy permission to get married. Not only did they have the gall to evict me from their honeymoon cottage after I'd spent only 13 days with them, but they had the effrontery to make me sleep in a separate room. I say: Pooh-pooh to Pupi and Piper!

There's never a dull moment in Hollywood with fun-loving playboy-actor Hugh Tsardis around. Last night, Hugh dynamited the Black Derby Restaurant, killing 234 people, many of whom were former wives of his. Hugh, when are you going to grow up?

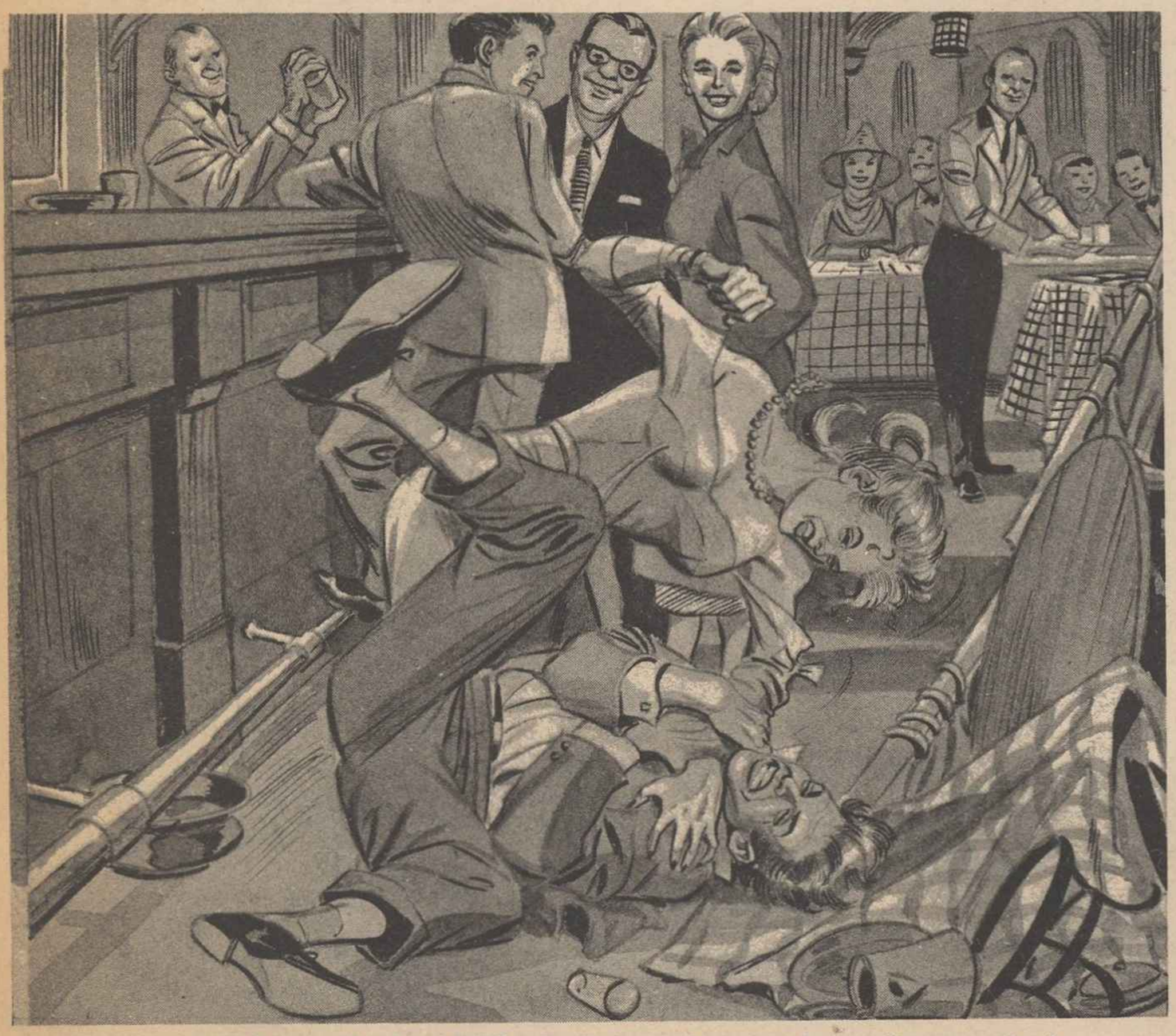
That's all for this month from My Exclusive Hollywood. Next month, the juicy details on how I didn't let 12 different Hollywood couples get married. Also, exciting photos of six of them down on their knees begging me.

The Magic Is Gone From Our Divorce

What was hailed as the most successful Hollywood divorce of the year 1957 has turned into an uncomfortable happy marriage for two warm, wonderful people who are now desperately trying to find out what went wrong and why!

by Lance Boyle

AS TOLD TO GLORIETTE DIRT



Lance Boyle and Phoebe Bebe in happier days, when everybody thought their once-in-a-lifetime divorce would last forever.

When no-talent starlet, Phoebe Bebe, and I filed suit for divorce a few years ago, you couldn't find two happier people in all of Hollywood, except maybe our Press Agents. True, both of us had been divorced from other people before, but *this* divorce, we felt, would last forever. How little we knew what the future would bring!

Everything was wonderful for a few months. Phoebe and I separated, ignored one another, and even lived in different States. If ever we did meet, we would hit, kick, curse, and throw things, just like any typical divorced Hollywood couple. Our screenland friends and movie fans were very happy for us.

And then, one day, it happened. How? Who knows? How do any of these things happen? A kind word you didn't mean to say. A laugh instead of a sneer. An accidental kiss, instead of a punch in the mouth. All that Phoebe and I knew, suddenly, to our horror, was: OUR DIVORCE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE!

Oh, we tried everything to save it. We visited Hollywood psychiatrists who specialize in breaking up marriages. We double-dated with happily-divorced Hollywood couples in their broken homes. We took comfort at their youngsters, each of whom could visit upwards of eight parents apiece on any given weekend. But it was no use. WE WERE HEADED FOR A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE, AND THERE WAS NOTHING EITHER OF US COULD DO ABOUT IT!

I don't have to go into detail about our getting back together again, our second honeymoon, and the arrival of our two children. The memory is too painful.

But now, what of the future? Phoebe and I have made up our minds. We're going to really settle down and take one more crack at a divorce. And we hope and pray that, this time, it will work.

Not so much for ourselves. But for our children's sake.

REVIEWING THE MOVIES

★★★★★ Fantastically Fabulous
★★★★ Merely Fabulous
★★★ Superb, but not Fabulous
★★ Excellent, but not Superb
★ Magnificent, but not Excellent
A—Recommended for Adults and Children
B—Recommended for Children and Adults
C—Recommended for Adults, Children, and Pets

★★★★★ **MARVIN MEETS THE ANTEATER MAN**—Fabian, a Rock 'n Roll UN Secretary General, sets out through the deadly North Bronx Swamp to build a radioactive Monopoly set. Spring Byington provides the love interest. A rollicking, romantic comedy. **(B)**

★★★★ **SOPHIE GOES TO WAR**—Based on the historical true life of the world-famous explorer-philosopher-raconteur, Tuesday Weld, this exciting drama will make you laugh, cry, and itch in spots. Starring Marjorie Main (as Tuesday), William Bendix (as Wednesday), and Arnold J. Lovelace (as himself). **(C)**

★★★★★ **THE LAST ANGRY CHICKEN-PLUCKER**—Against fearsome odds, Dr. Frankie Avalon, a Rock 'n Roll surgeon, fights to save Disneyland from the threat of a serious athlete's foot epidemic. Bette Davis plays his mixed-up teen-age daughter, Thursday. **(C)**

★★★ **THEY CAME TO THE A & P**—Civil War General Gary Crosby saves a frightened corporal (Brigitte Bardot) from a firing squad by impersonating President Eisenhower. Ulysses S. Grant plays Tommy Sands as a boy. A heart-stirring drama. **(A)**

★★★ **LADY CHATTERLEY'S ACCOUNTANT**—When an accountant named Irving (Ricky Nelson) discovers that his lovely client (Jane Darwell) owes $2.89 in back taxes on her two-million-acre ranch, the fun really begins. Ricky and Jane sing 56 hit songs, some with accompanying music. Also starring Melvin, the Wonder Horse, who sings 3 hit songs. A first class science-fiction thriller. **(A,B,C)**

DEAR SHELDON

If you have any questions about Hollywood that you'd like answered, simply address them to: *Dear Sheldon*, MOVIE LAND MAGAZINE, *Direct From The Heart Of Hollywood*, Box 12, Passaic, New Jersey. Sorry, but we only print the most interesting queries. Unless we happen to know the answers to the dull ones.

Q: What ever happened to the great character actor **Harvey Zucker?** I haven't seen him since the memorable pyramid-building scene in "The Ten Commandments," in which he carried a pebble.

J. A., DOVER, DEL.

A: *Harvey is on his way to bigger things. In "Ben Hur," he carries a rock.*

Q: My wife claims that the gruesome mechanical man who got his head torn open during the Horror Movie on The Late Show last night was **Boris Karloff.** I claim it was **Doris Day.** Who is right?

B. V., MADISON, WISC.

A: *Neither of you are right, because there was no Horror Movie on The Late Show last night. You were probably watching a Horror Headache Commercial.*

Q: I know that **Tony Curtis** is not his real name. Can you tell me what he is actually known by to his family?

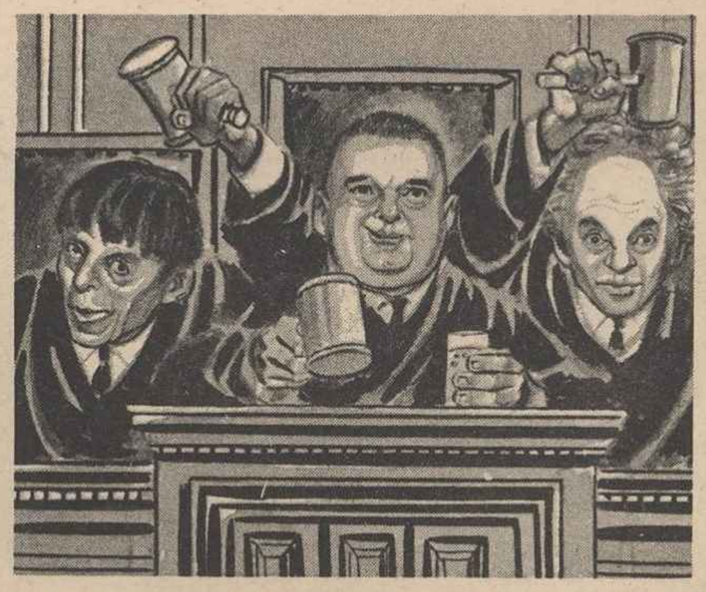
R. S., SEATTLE, WASH.

A: *His children refer to him as "Daddy."*

Q: Is it true that the forthcoming film, "The Supreme Court Story," will star the three **McGuire Sisters?** Since this movie will deal with men, this sounds hard to believe.

C.S., QUINCY, ILL

A: *It sure does. Actually, the film will star the Three Stooges.*



Q: What Academy Awards did that excellent Rock 'n Roll movie, **"You're Nuthin' But A Houn' Dog,"** win last year?

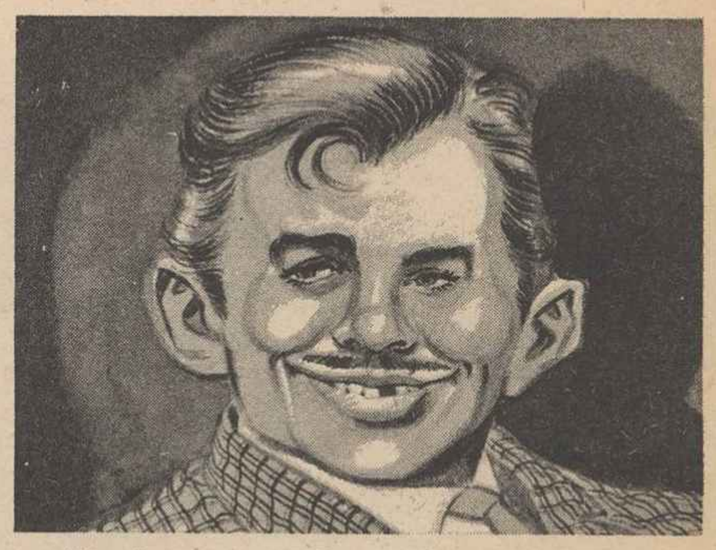
R. E., LANSING, MICH.

A: *Best Foreign Sounds In An English-Speaking Picture; Best Screenplay By A Seven-Year-Old Boy: and Best Screen Story Adaptation From A Chinese Laundry Ticket.*

Q: I am the President of an international organization of atomic scientists, physicists, physiotherapists, Nobel Prize winners, astronautical engineers, and philosophers. How can I get in touch with the Sage of Hollywood, Miss **Tuesday Weld,** so that she can lecture us on some interesting topic next month.

B. V., WASHINGTON, D. C.

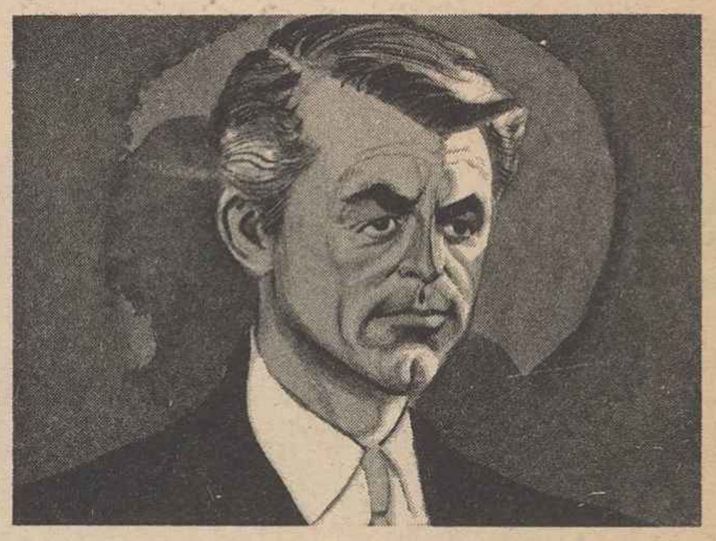
A: *Tuesday is on the East Coast now, so you're in luck. Write her c/o Department of World Enlightenment, United Nations, N.Y.C.*



Q: I'm just crazy about that dynamic new actor, **Rock Cowznofski.** Could you answer some important questions about him for me? Like; does he carry out his garbage in a paper bag? What does he like better on Pizza, anchovies or sausage? Which side of his face does he shave first? Does he ever get hay fever? Has he got an aunt named Yetta? And what's his next picture?

G. B., BATON ROUGE, LA.

A: *Honestly, the nosiness and sheer nerve of some of you movie fans simply amazes me! Why on earth could you possibly want to know something as personal as the name of his next picture?*



Q: Last month, **MOVIE LAND** Magazine actually was stupid enough to write a story about someone named **Cary Grant!** What's the idea of wasting valuable space on unknown actors, when there are so many Hollywood Stars around, like: **Ricky Nelson, Tommy Sands, Tuesday Weld, Fabian, Sandra Dee,** and **Arnold J. Lovelace?** Do you realize that an article like that could put you out of business? I think your Editor is an idiot!

B. F., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

A: *Since this is our last issue, I can safely say that I agree with you!*

ANYTHING FOR A BUCK DEPT.

TIME was when a serious writer struggled and sweated to turn out a good book, only to find when it was published that six people bought it. So the poor shnook ended up with maybe $3.00 in royalties and a dog-eared collection of mouldy reviews.

But not any more! Nowadays, a serious writer turns out a good book and – before you can say "Ernest Hemingway!" – they turn him into a "corporation." Then he has to be a play-producer, merchandiser—even a stock market operator. Because nowadays, literature is *big business!*

Take f'rinstance the current best-seller on the left – a serious-type novel about the Russian Revolution called "Doctor Zhivago." Let's follow (at a safe distance) and see what happens when . . .

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK . . .

. . . NOW SEE THE PLAY!

"Hypnotising!" *Svengali, N. Y. Times*
"A Smash!" *Butterfingers, Crockery Journal*
BORIS PASTERNAK'S NEW DRAMA
COME BACK LITTLE DOCTOR
with SHIRLEY PHONEBOOTH & SIDNEY BLACKOUT
Directed by ELIA FEELYA
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves. Orch. $6.90; Bal. $5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $7.50; Bal., $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.
ALFRED E. NEUMAN THEATRE
44 Street West Off-Broadway

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK AND SAW THE PLAY . . .

. . . NOW GO TO THE MOVIE!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, AND WATCHED THE TV SHOW . . .

. . . NOW ENJOY THE MUSICAL!

AMERICA'S HAPPIEST HIT!
"A Sheer Delight!" *Hosiery News*
"Pure Magic!" *Magician's Quarterly*
RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S New Musical Play
MY FAIR DOCTOR
Based on the novel by Boris Pasternak
Fixed up in the third act by Abe Burrows
48TH STREET THEATER
Broadway and 37th Street
TICKETS
6,395 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, AND ENJOYED THE MUSICAL . . .

. . . NOW BUY THE RECORD!

A Best Seller Hits The COMMERCIAL TRAIL

ART–WALLACE WOOD STORY–SY REIT

They said she was too young to plan the siege of Dnepropetrovsk . . .

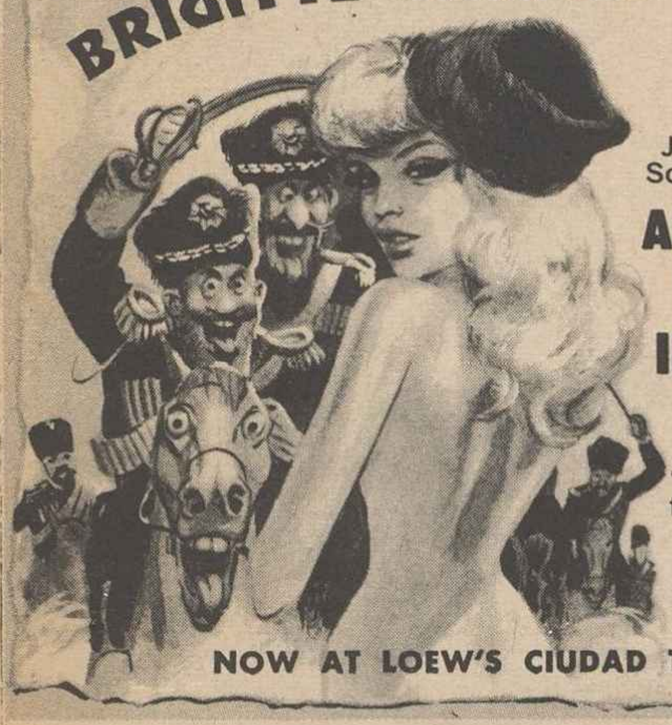
BUT HER HEART TOLD HER OTHERWISE!

SEE **BRIGITTE BARDOT** CRUSH THE COSSACK CHARGE BAREHANDED!

in JOHN HUSTON'S Screen Masterpiece

AROUND THE SAMOVAR IN 80 DAYS

Based on the famous novel "Doctor Zhivago" filmed in glowing FURD A-O & SMELL-Y-VISION



NOW AT LOEW'S CIUDAD TRUJILLO

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, AND WENT TO THE MOVIE . . .

. . . NOW WATCH THE T V SHOW!

PLAYHOUSE 90 presents

SCALPEL

Adapted especially for Television by Paddy Chayefsky

SHATTERING RECORDS presents

MUSIC, MEDIC, please!

A collection of melodies from The Hit Musical "MY FAIR DOCTOR" featuring INA RAY HUTTON and her ALL-BALALAIKA STEEL BAND

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, AND BOUGHT THE RECORD . . .

. . . NOW LISTEN TO THE RADIO SERIAL!

Will Anna Ivanova marry Colonel Kavkhaztsev? Will Pasha and Larisa Antipov find lasting happiness in Nishni-Novgorod? Tune in tomorrow . . . When **Diamond Crystal Siberian Salt** presents the next exciting episode of **"DOCTOR ZHIVAGO FACES LIFE"**

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, AND LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL . . .

. . . NOW FOLLOW THE COMIC STRIP!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, AND BOUGHT THE DOLL . . .

. . . NOW GET THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, BOUGHT THE DOLL, AND GOT THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS . . .

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, BOUGHT THE DOLL, GOT THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS, SMOKED THE CIGARETTES, AND WORKED THE JIGSAW PUZZLE . . .

. . . NOW SAVE THE BUBBLE-GUM CARDS!

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO CARD NO. 1

Taking a Tramp Through the Snow

When he was sixteen, Yura Zhivago went to Pirogen University to study medicine. In his spare time, he enjoyed taking a tramp through the snow. The tramp, whose name was Sascha, also enjoyed these romps.

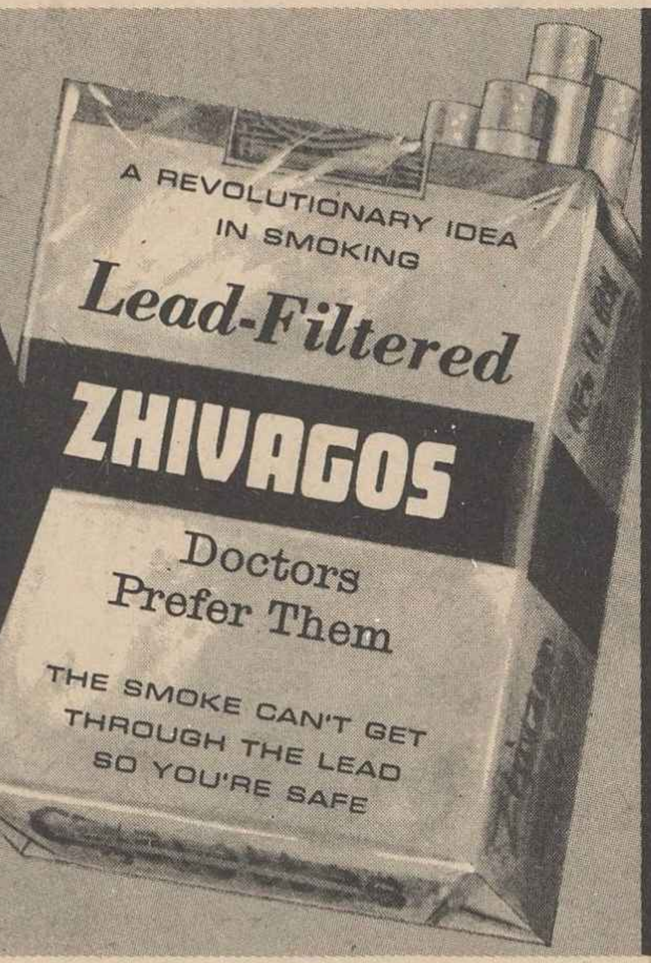
YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, AND FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP . . .

. . . NOW WEAR THE HAT!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, AND WORE THE HAT . . .

. . . NOW BUY THE DOLL!

. . . NOW SMOKE THE CIGARETTES!



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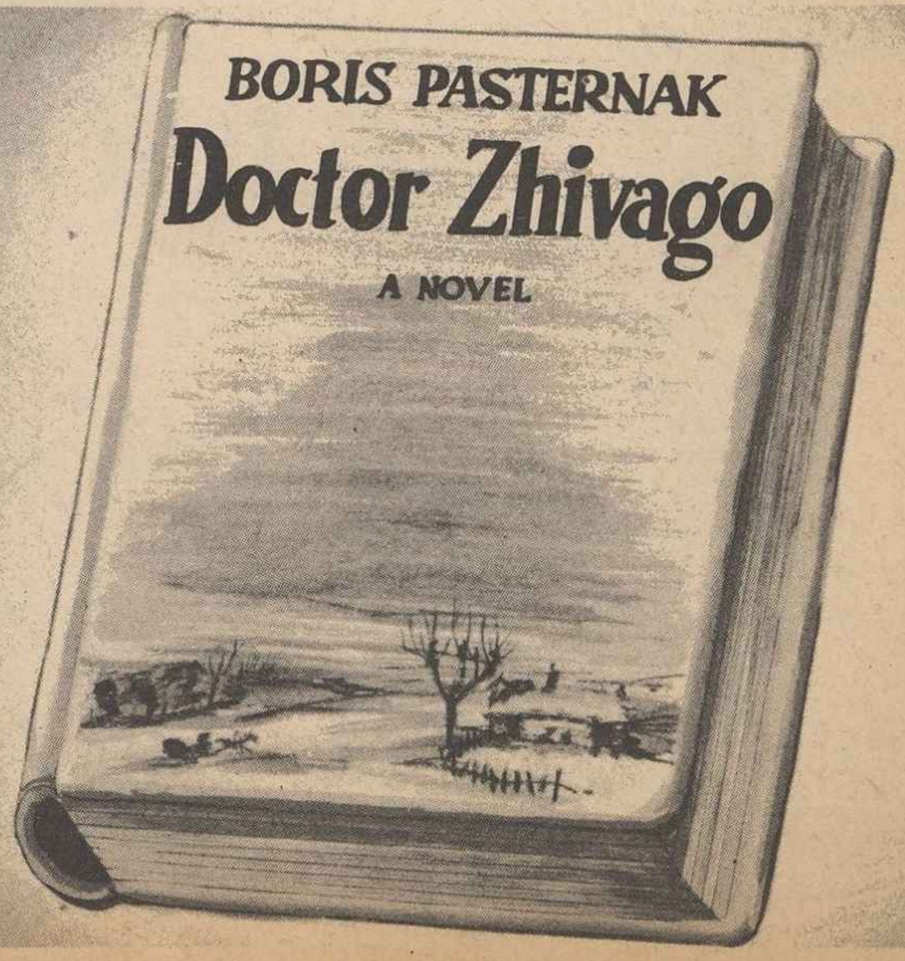
. . . NOW WORK THE JIGSAW PUZZLE!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, BOUGHT THE DOLL, GOT THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS, SMOKED THE CIGARETTES, WORKED THE JIGSAW PUZZLE, AND SAVED THE BUBBLE-GUM CARDS . . .

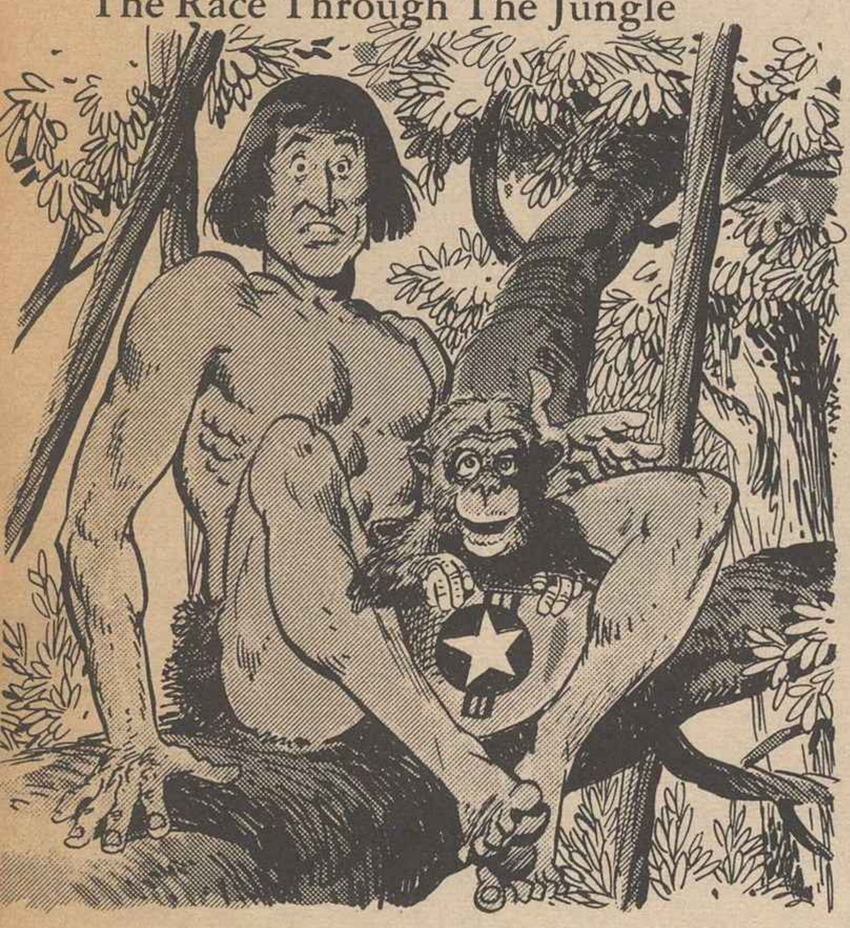
. . . NOW BUY THE BOOK AND **READ IT,** ALREADY!

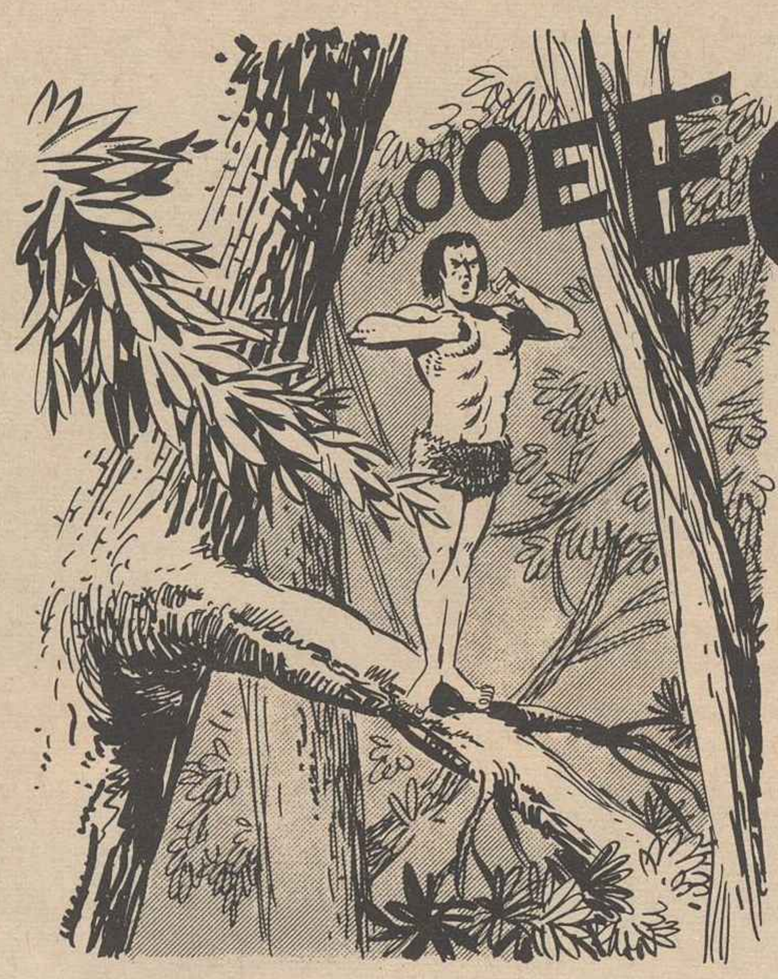


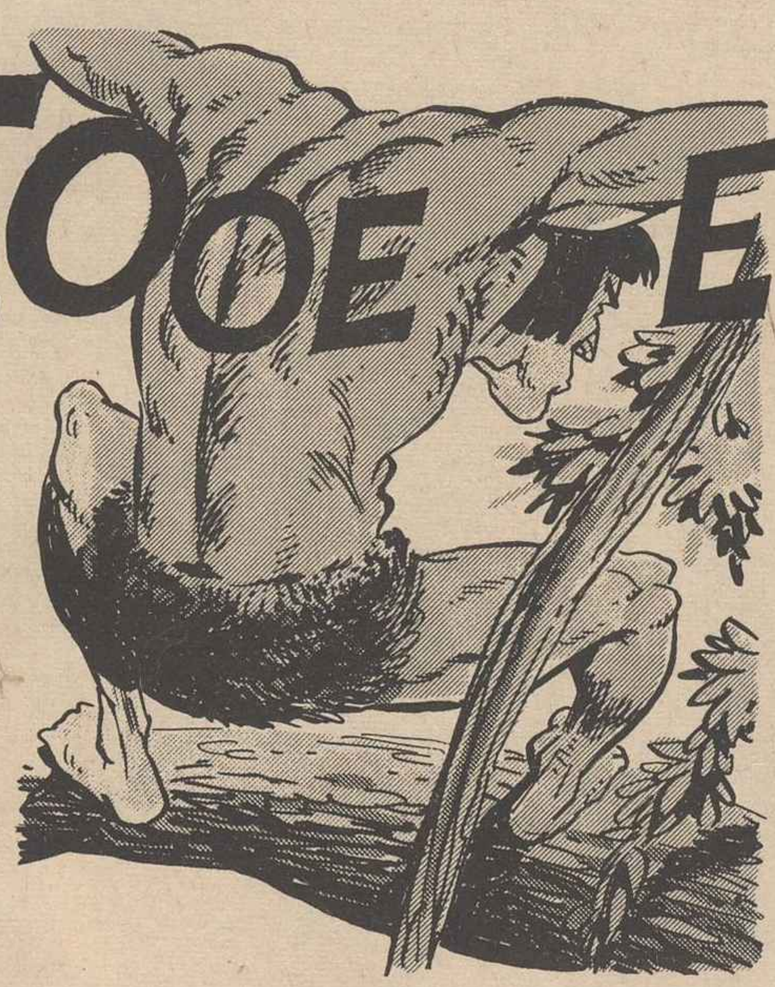
HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Race Through The Jungle







ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

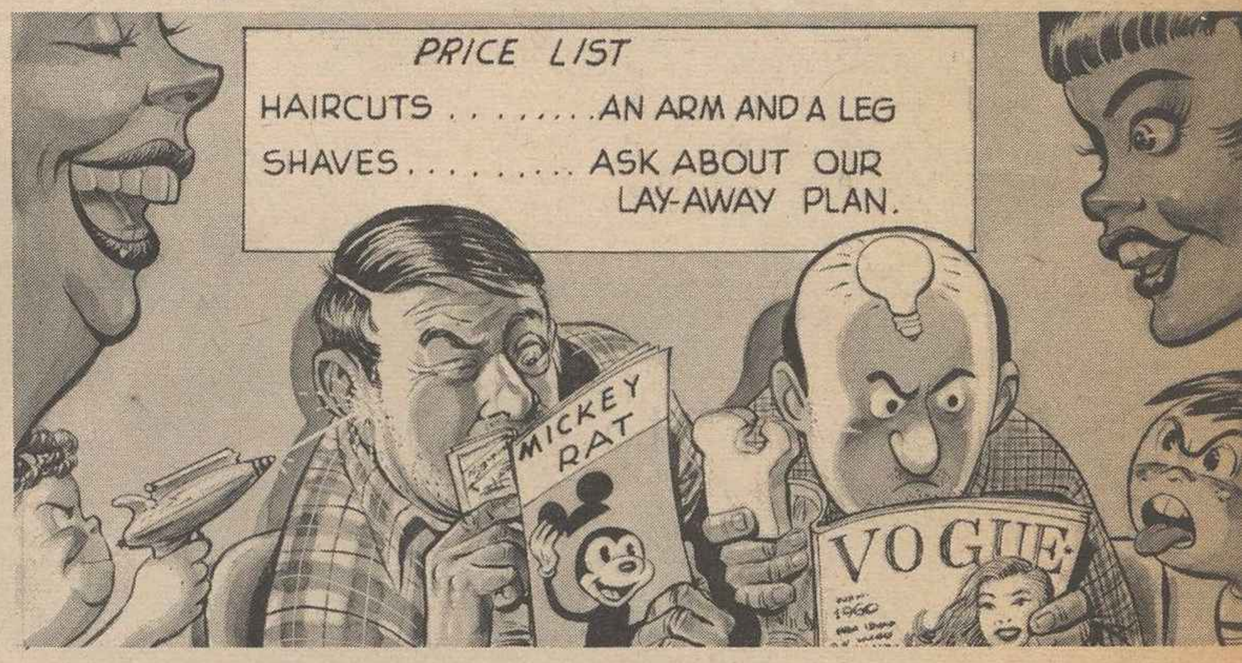
GETTING A HAIRCUT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PAIN IN THE LEFT EAR TO US, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE BARBER NICKED IT WITH HIS RAZOR. AND SO, WITH THIS ARTICLE, MAD SUGGESTS A GIMMICK FOR TURNING AN OTHERWISE UNPLEASANT TASK INTO A DELIGHTFUL INTERLUDE, MAINLY THAT VISIT TO THE LOCAL . . .

BARBER SHOP

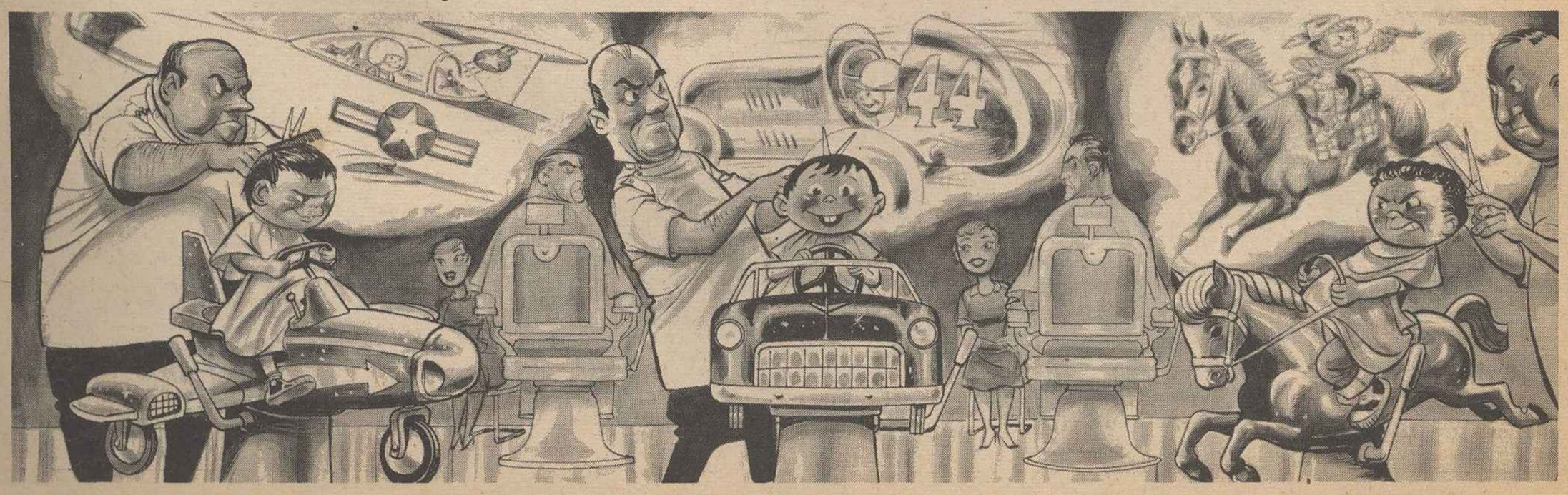
In the old days, the local barber shop was an inexpensive sanctuary for the adult male, where the bothersome necessity of getting a haircut was at least offset by offering an atmosphere free of chattering women and screaming kids.

Today, however, what with mannish-style hairdos like the Poodle Cut and the Italian Bob, women have invaded the once-forbidden sanctuary known as The Barber Shop. And what's worse, they've brought their children in with them.

Yes, the "Police Gazette" is gone from the magazine rack, and the Pin-Up Girl calendar has been taken off the wall. Comic Books and "Vogue" have replaced them. Today, for a man, getting that haircut is a dull, boring waste of time.



The only ones who seem to be enjoying this necessary task today are the kids! In order to distract them, barbers have introduced special chairs for kids to sit in while they work . . . chairs that resemble horses, and cars, and planes.



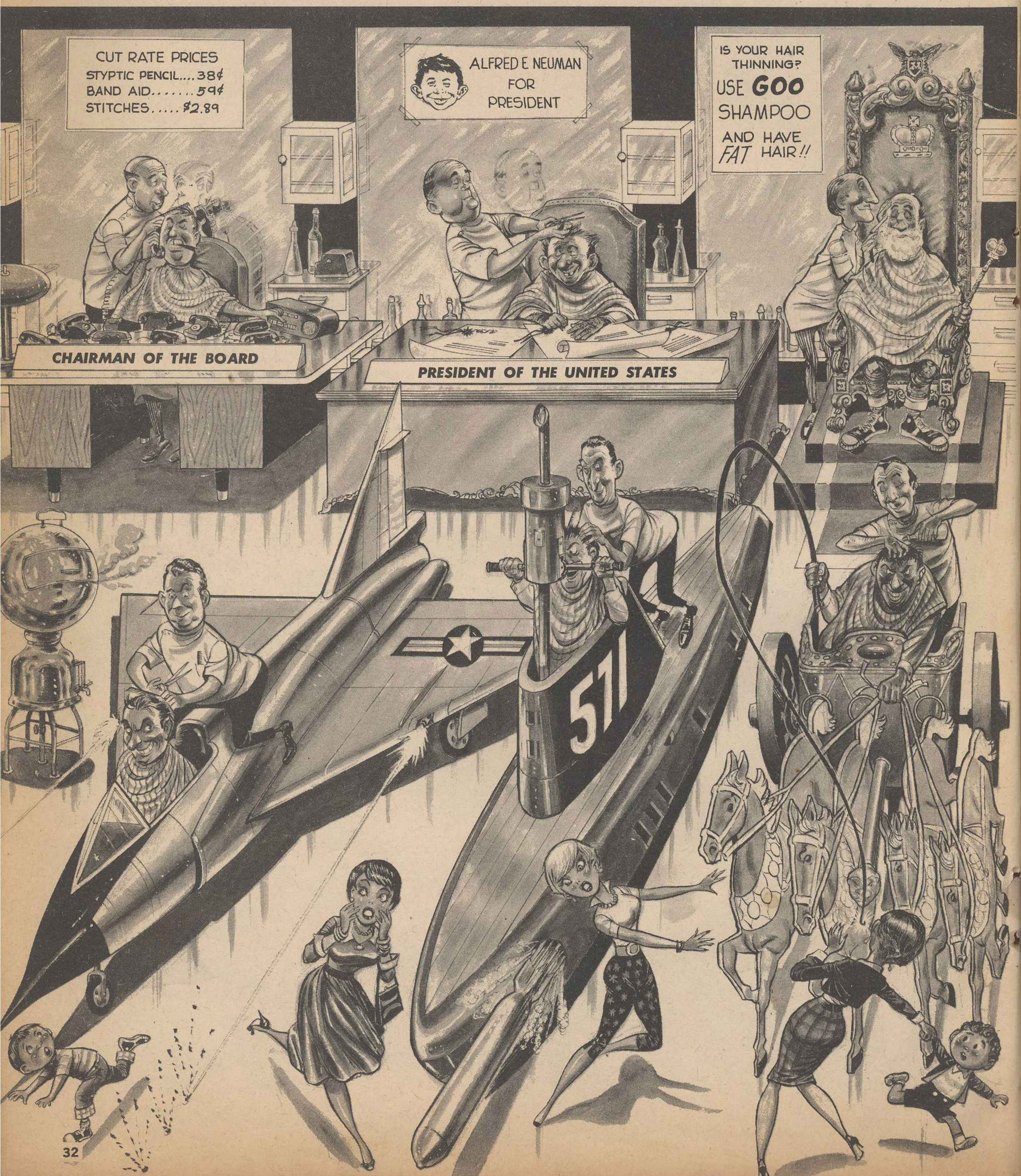
"All right, you two . . . break it up!"

Now turn page to see MAD's suggestion for making haircuts enjoyable again for the men . . .

IF IT WORKS WITH KIDS, WHY NOT HAVE

"Sorry, Mr. Furd, but you've had too much to drink already!"

MAD suggests that barbers throw out their traditional barber chairs and replace them with symbols of success, heroism and adventure. Then, getting a haircut would no



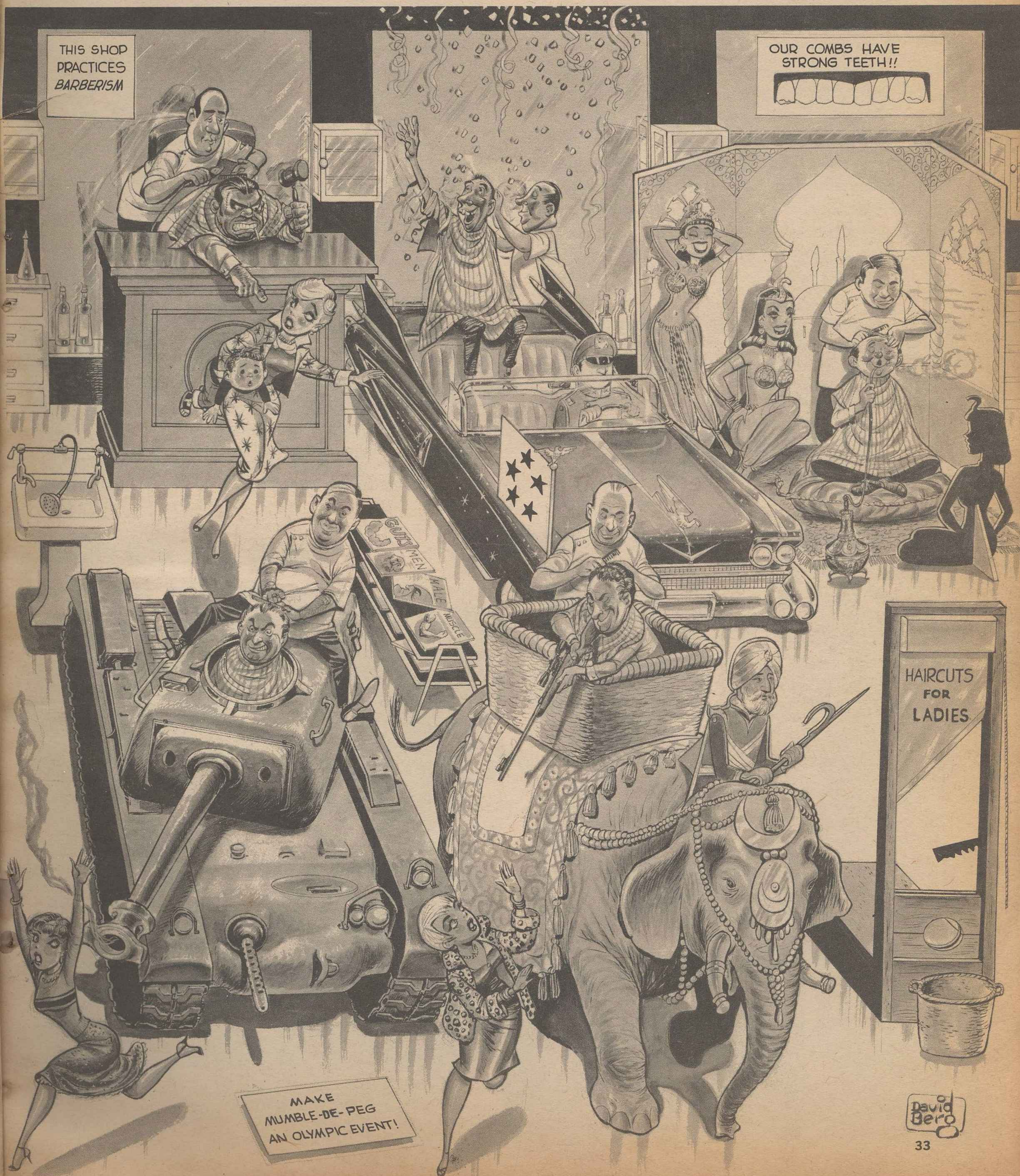
SPECIAL BARBER CHAIRS FOR THE MEN?

longer be a dull, boring waste of time — but a twenty-minute flight into adult male fantasy. And best of all, it'll get women and children out of men's barber shops!

"Stroke, you idiots! Harvard is gaining on us!"

XXXXXXXXXX O

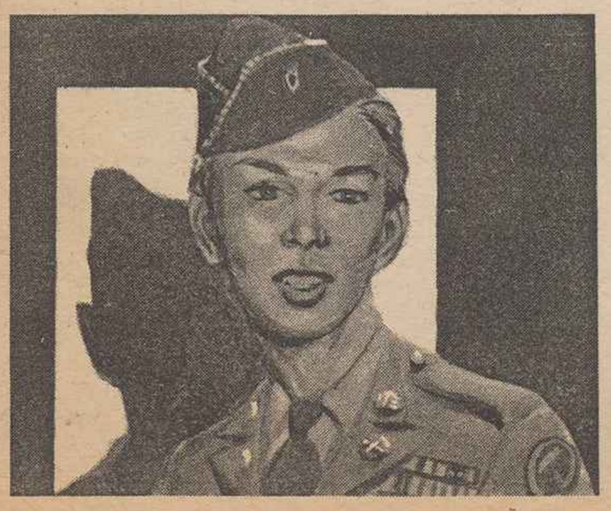
XXXXXXXXX X



DOUBLE-CROSS EXPOSURE DEPT.

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

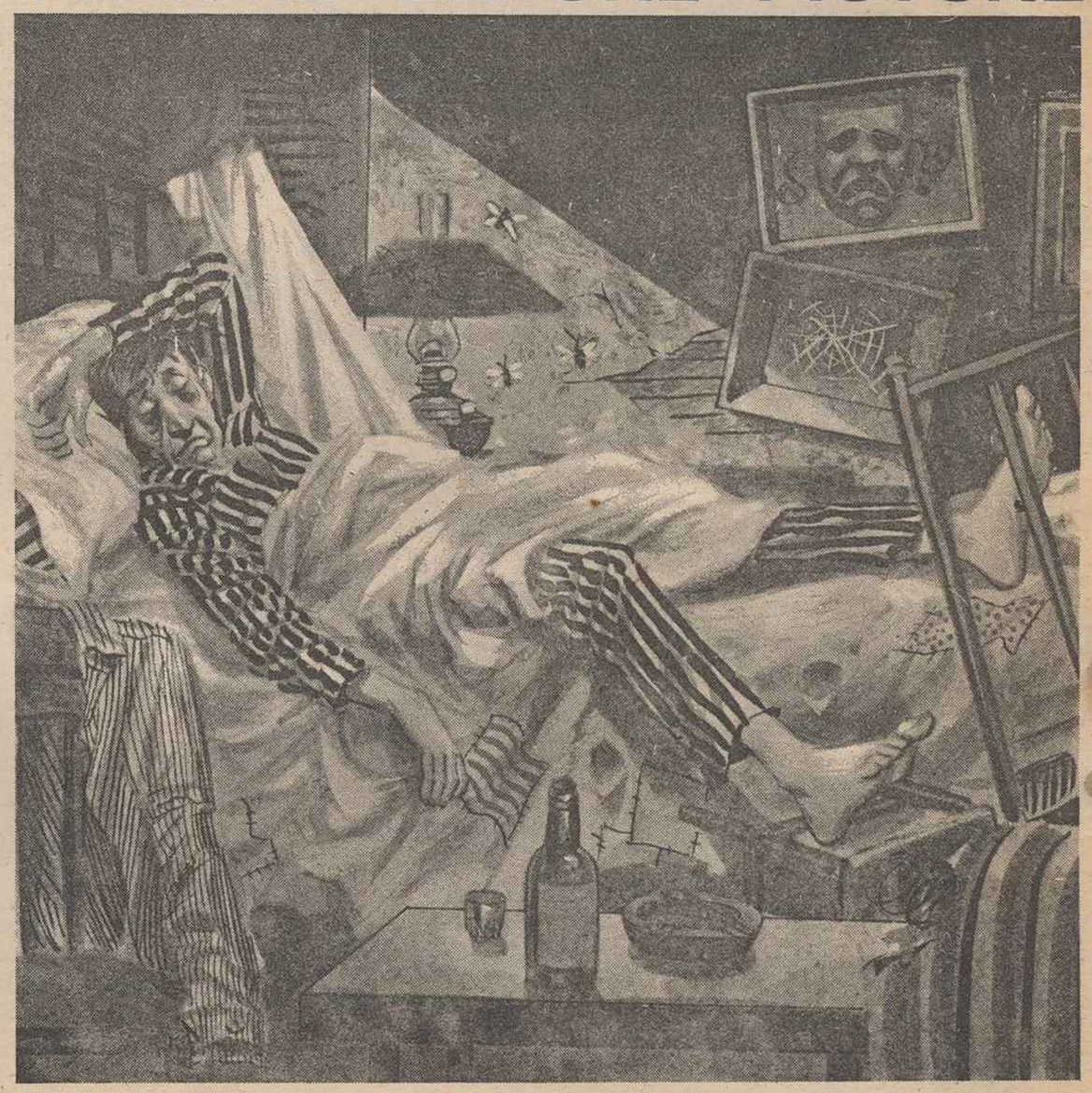
THE TRUTH ABOUT "BEFORE" AND "AFTER" ADS



THE REDUCING
TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

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

THE SLEEPING
TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



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

COURSE AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE

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

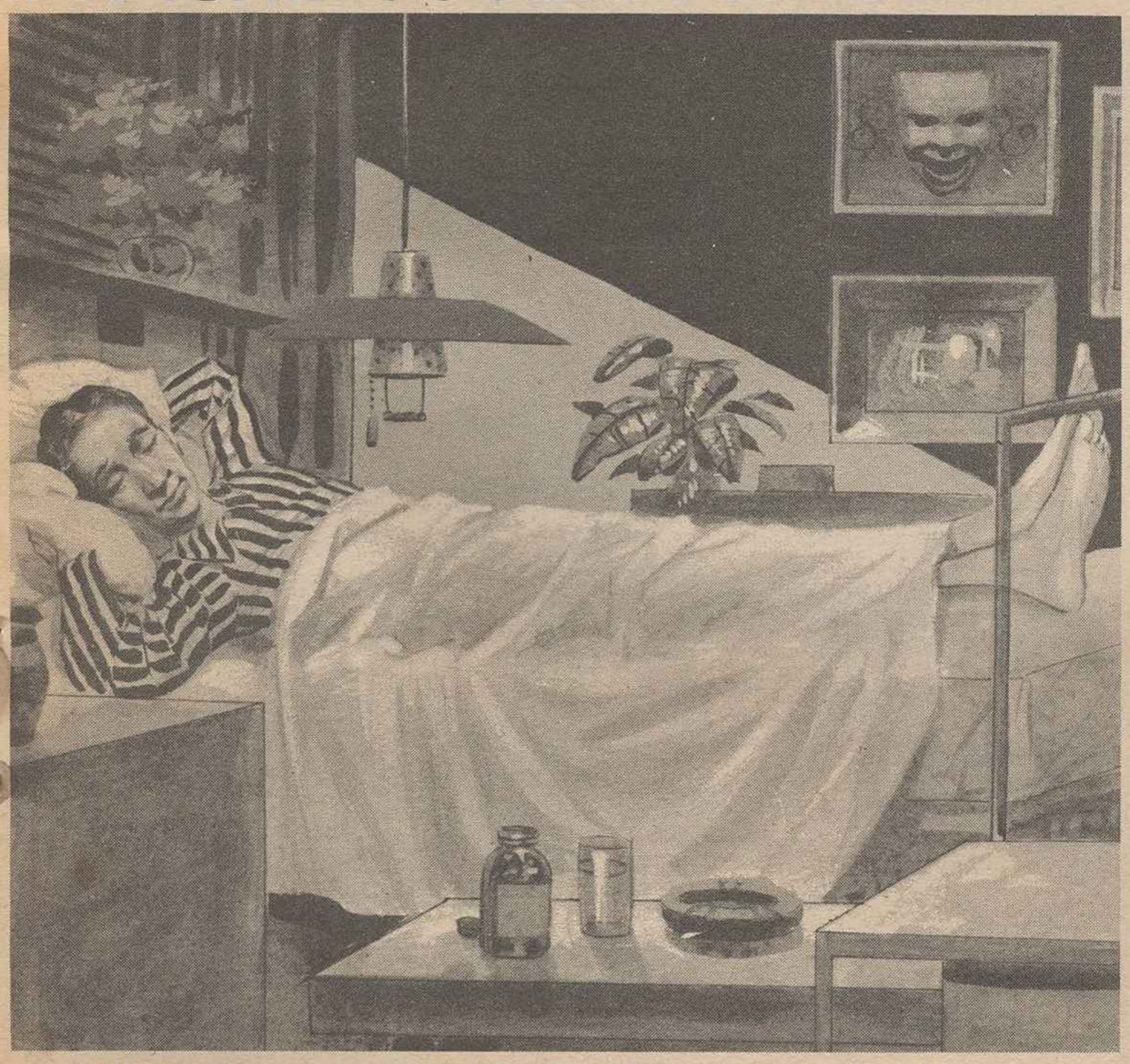
MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

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

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: SY REIT

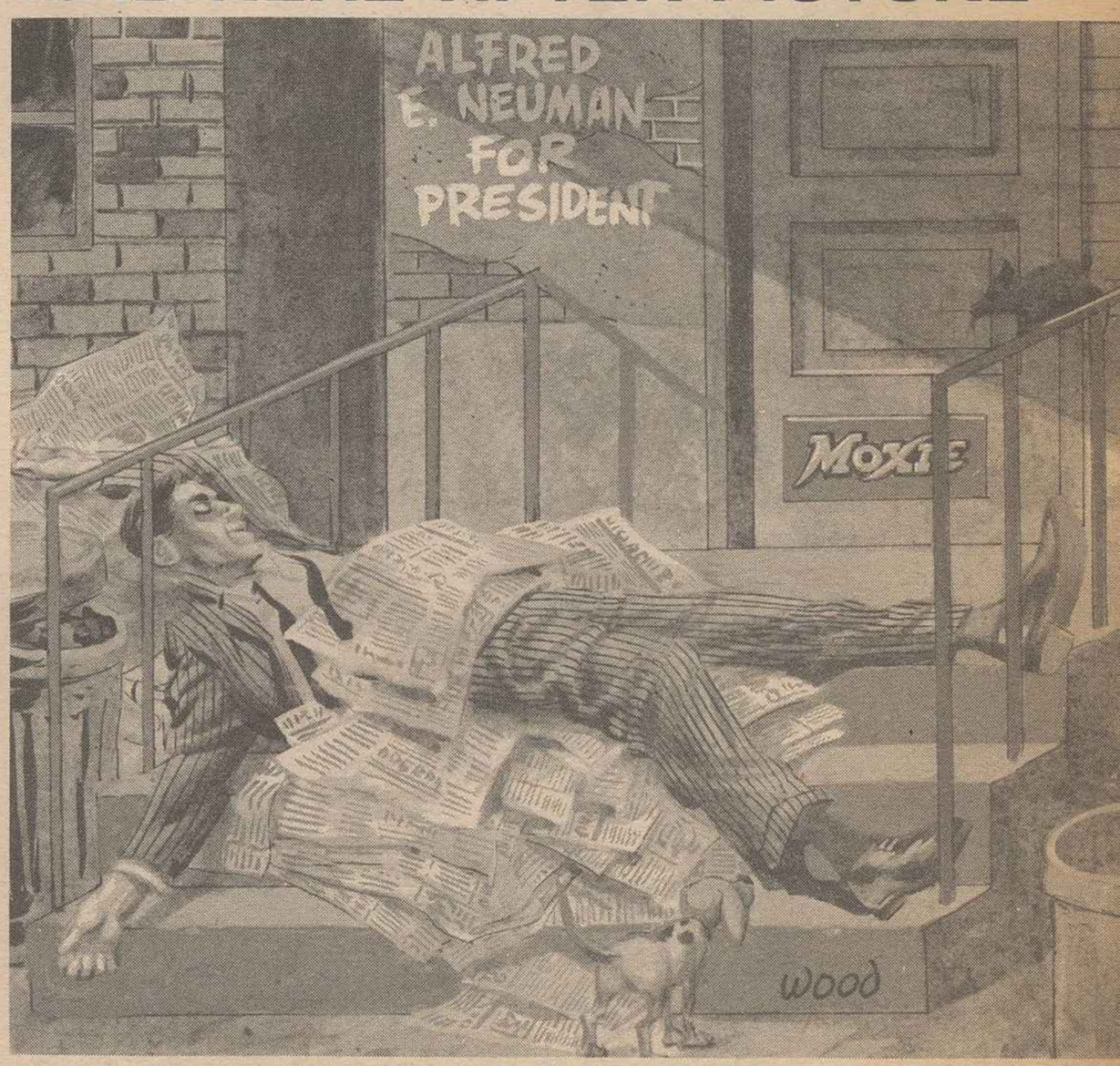
PILL AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



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

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



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

THE HOME PERMANENT AD

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

"BEFORE" picture shows seedy-looking girl wearing seedy-looking dress attending dance in seedy-looking school gym. Friends group around, laughing and jeering at her because she's got drab, lifeless hair. She's miserable and unhappy.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE

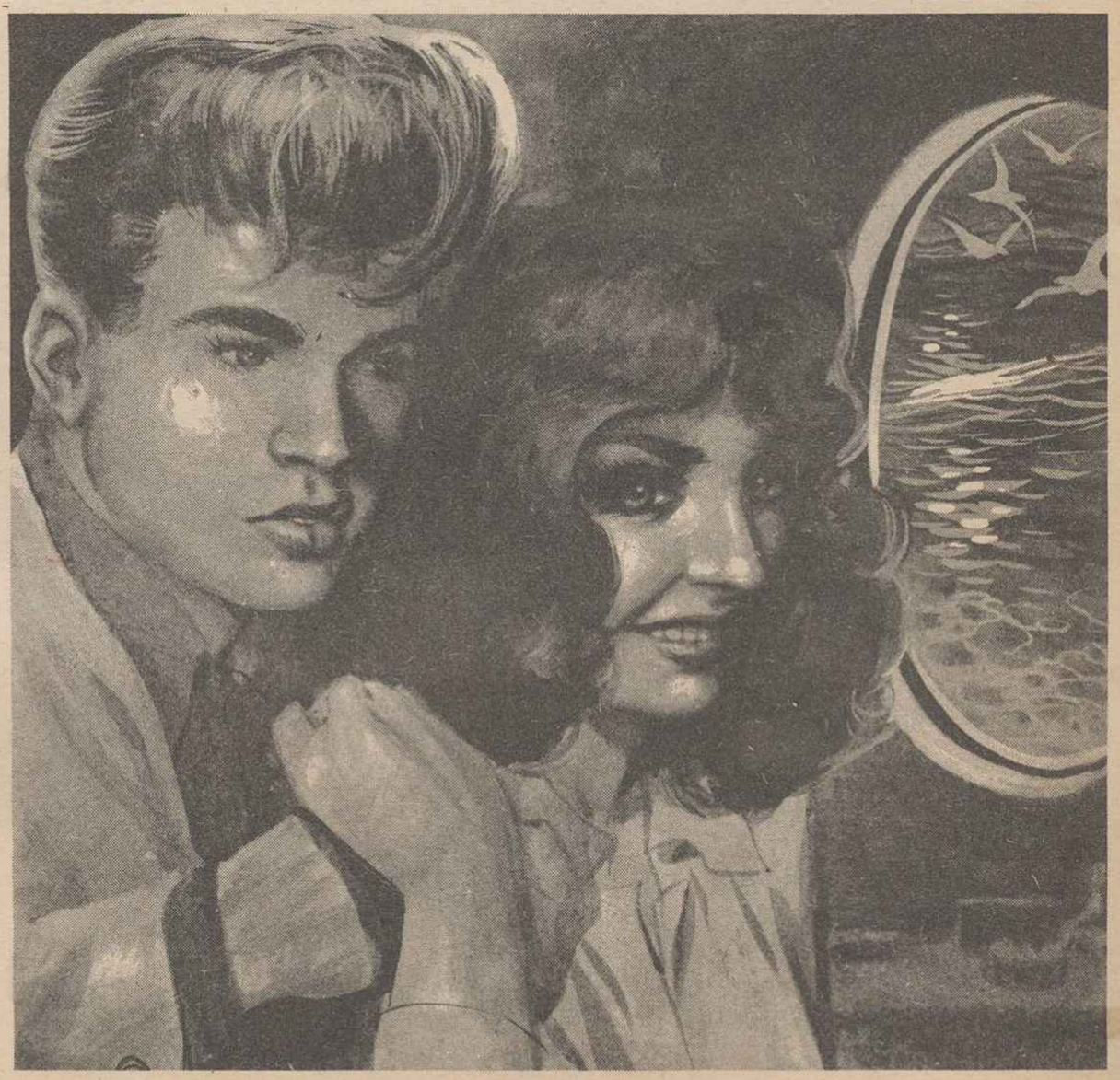
"AFTER" picture shows same girl at next dance with her new home permanent. She's now a social success. In fact, she's now Queen of England. Gym resembles Westminster Abbey. Friends, led by Sal Mineo, all kneel at her feet.

THE EYE MAKE-UP AD

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

"BEFORE" shot shows girl in rags scowling in mirror. She suffers from "no eye make-upitis". The symptoms are obvious. She has wrinkled eyes. She also has a wrinkled forehead, a wrinkled nose, and mainly wrinkled teeth.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" shot shows amazing results of eye make-up. Girl has turned into fashion model. Mirror has turned into ships porthole. Mop has turned into Ricky Nelson. Guy who makes eye make-up has turned into millionaire.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

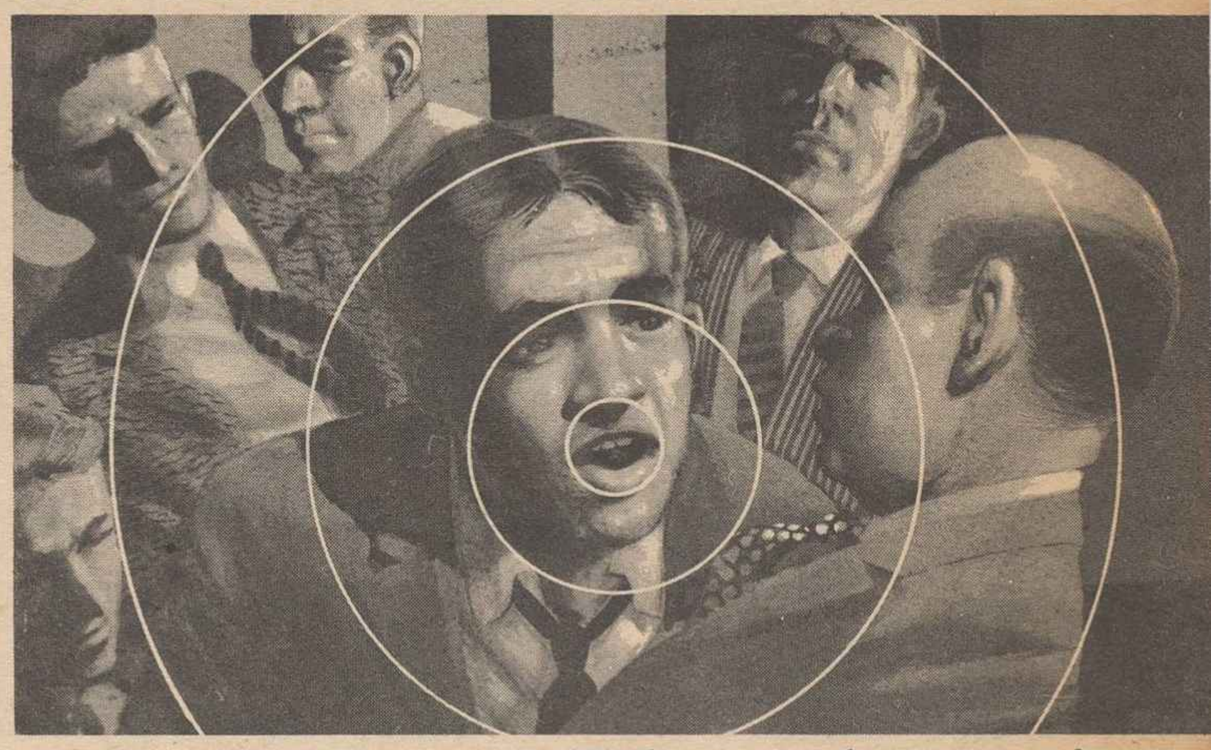
REAL "AFTER" picture, from MAD file, shows that home permanents really work. Girl now has beautiful hair. But friends still group around, laughing and jeering at her because now she's got dishpan hands from taking too many.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

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

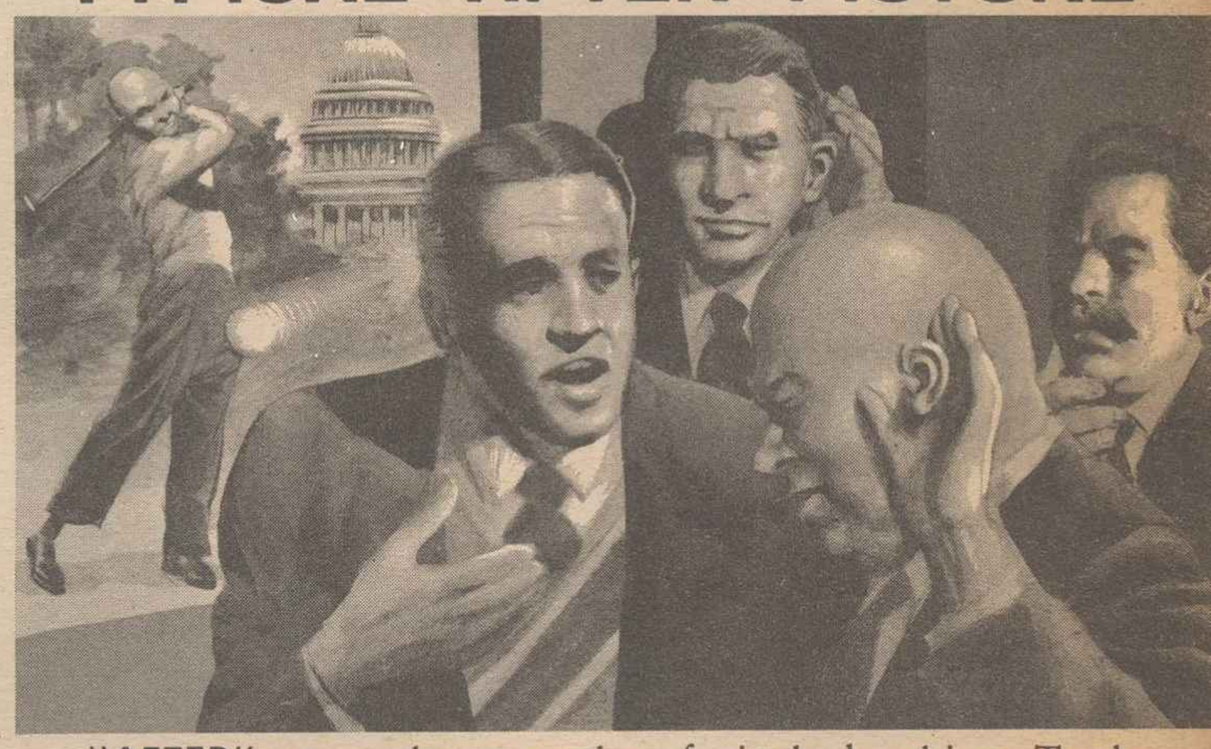
THE TOOTHPASTE AD

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



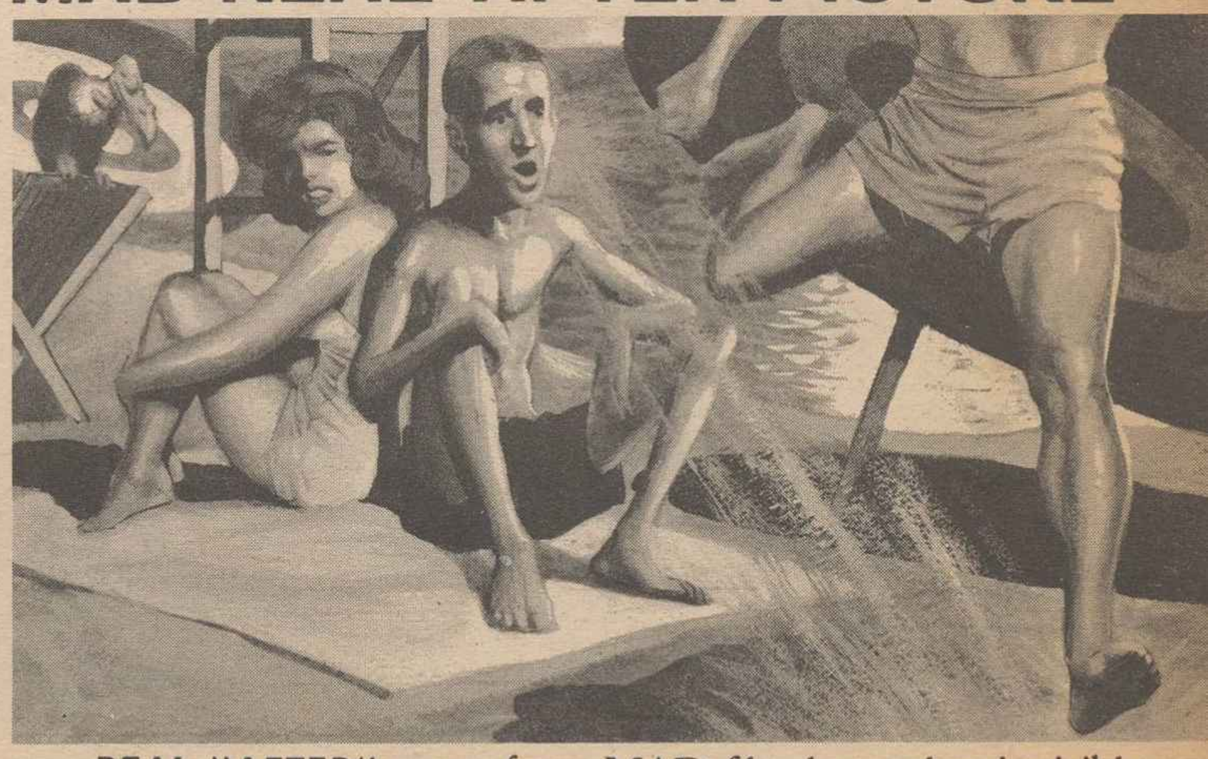
"BEFORE" scene shows shabby bum who obviously needs a job. Also a bath. Man is suffering from unsightly teeth. Man is also suffering from strange disease which causes concentric rings to emanate from his mouth as he breathes.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



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

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



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

PUNCH AND BOOTY DEPT.

With this article, MAD turns its attention to I.B.M. CARDS. An I.B.M. CARD is a card with lots of little holes punched in it. When this card is run through an I.B.M. machine, the holes tell all about the person whose name is on the card. Many nosy people, like Melvin E. Blecch, of East Limbo, Ohio, are dying to know just what the companies that use I.B.M. CARDS are finding out from those little holes. So, since Melvin included his latest electric bill, we're going to use it as an example to show

THE INFORMATION THEY'

I.B.M

HERE IS WHAT THE ELECTRIC CO.'S I. B. M.

1 BLECCH'S AGE: 42

2 BLECCH'S HEIGHT: 4′ 13″

3 BLECCH'S WEIGHT: 310

4 BLECCH'S I. Q.: 57

5 BLECCH'S OCCUPATION: Itinerant Ukulele Stringer

24 TCH! TCH! BLECCH SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF!

23 DURING SUMMER BLECCH HAS ATHLETIC AROMA

22 FARTHEST POINT NORTH REACHED BY AMUNDSEN, 1903

21 BLECCH HOME DOES NOT HAVE INSIDE PLUMBING

20 TAKE A CHANCE

19 ASK JOE IN ROOM 706 WHAT THIS MEANS

18 THIS HOLE IS 485 YARDS PAR 4

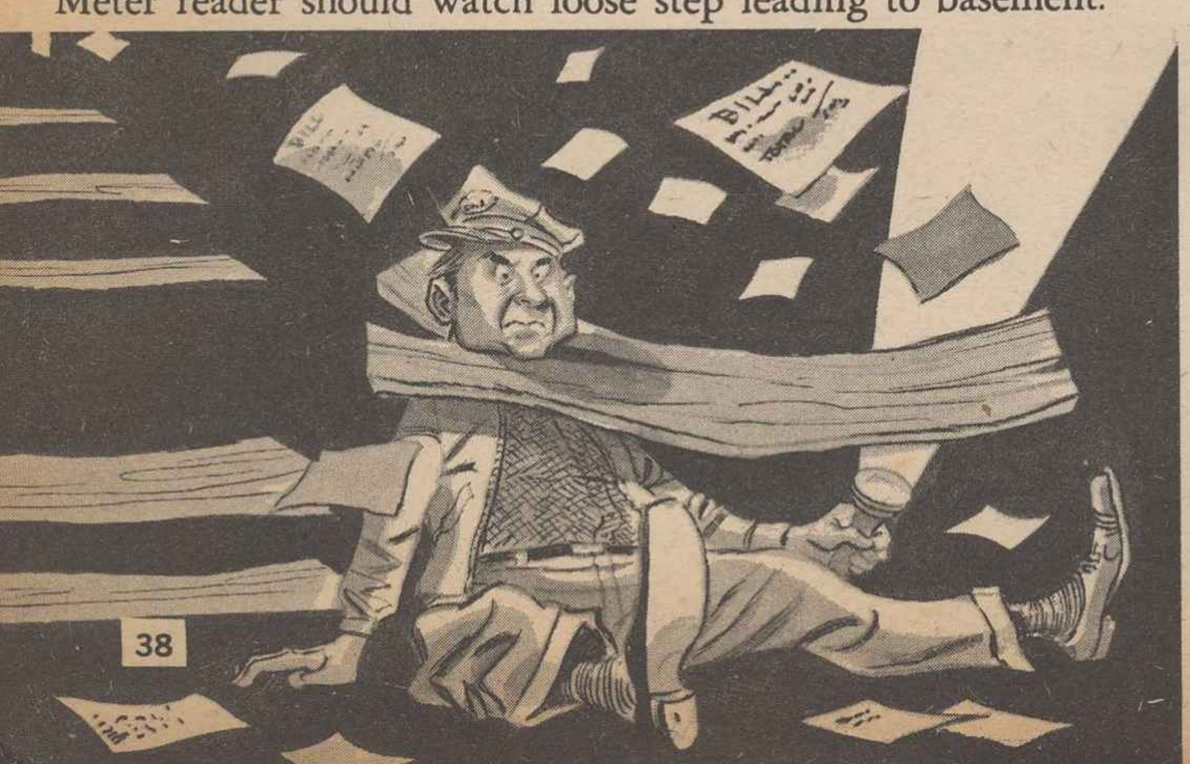
EAST LIMBO ELECTRIC

99 PRAWN LANE

	METER PERIOD
Melvin E. Blecch 140 Stumpworthy Bog East Limbo, Ohio	4/14 - 5/13

"You really break me up, Sidney!"

Meter reader should watch loose step leading to basement.



Blecch's German Shepherd trained to attack meter readers.

RE GETTING FROM...

CARDS

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

CARD REVEALS ABOUT MELVIN BLECCH...

6 BLECCH'S SALARY: 24¢ per string, when working

7 BLECCH'S WIFE'S NAME: Selma

8 SELMA'S MEASUREMENTS: 36-24-37

9 BLECCH'S SON'S NAME: Irving

10 IRVING'S MEASUREMENTS: 24-38-37

11 IRVING'S GIRL'S NAME: Gladys

12 GLADYS' MEASUREMENTS: Unavailable

13 GLADYS HATES IRVING

14 IRVING HAS WORST ATTENDANCE RECORD OF ANYONE IN SCHOOL

15 IRVING IS IN THE 4TH GRADE

16 IRVING IS 19 YEARS OLD

17 BLECCH CARRIES BLUE CROSS

COMPANY
EAST LIMBO, OHIO

	AMOUNT DUE
	$21.50

KINDLY RETURN THIS NOTICE WITH YOUR PAYMENT

MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO:

EAST LIMBO ELECTRIC COMPANY

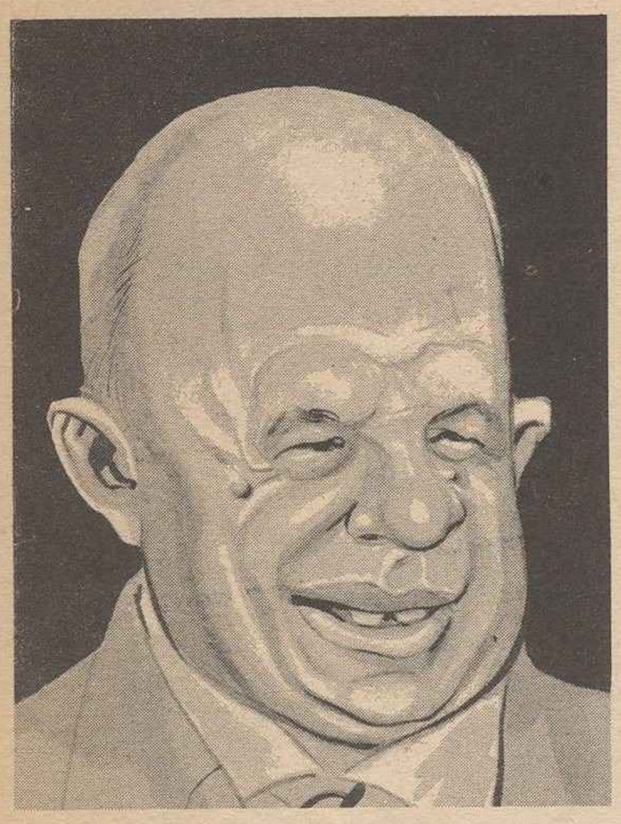
Please do not fold, tear or mutilate this card, or you're in trouble!

Train conductor Fred Ringle punched this hole by mistake.

Blecch's wife is home alone between 2 and 5 on Fridays.

I.B.M. CARDS ALSO REVEAL INTERESTING THINGS

"I love these funny amusement park mirrors, don't you, Irving?"



(1) THE *Diners'* CLUB, INC.
10 COLUMBUS CIRCLE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

AMOUNT DUE	$4176.85

(2)
(3) TERMS: Accounts are payable upon receipt of monthly statement. No discount. Charges or payments received by us after statements are prepared will be included on your next month's statement.

NAME AND ADDRESS

(4) Nikita Khrushchev
The Kremlin
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

ACCOUNT NUMBER (14)
SU7485729511

(5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13)

(1) **OCCUPATION:** Tourist
(2) **EMPLOYED BY:** Central Committee, Communist Party, Moscow, Union of Socialist Soviet Republics
(3) **ANNUAL INCOME:** 6,000,000 rubles
(4) **AGE:** 65
(5) **PERSONAL REFERENCES:** Anastas Mikoyan, Frol Koslov, Roswell Garst
(6) **RECOMMENDED FOR DINER'S CLUB MEMBERSHIP BY:** Henry Cabot Lodge, Acct. No. A22453388
(7) **CANCEL IMMEDIATELY:** Acct. No. A22453388
(8) **THIS STATEMENT** is the eighth we have sent without receiving payment
(9) **DUPLICATE STATEMENTS** sent to U.S. State Department
(10) **IF NO PAYMENT RECEIVED FOLLOWING THIS STATEMENT,** turn account over to Legal Department
(11) **IF NO PAYMENT RECEIVED FOLLOWING NEXT STATEMENT,** turn account over to United Nations
(12) **BREAKDOWN OF AMOUNT DUE:** $256.50 charged at Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N.Y.C. for 2-day stay
(13) $278.05 charged at Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Calif. for 2-day stay
(14) $3642.30 charged at Acme Liquor Shop, Washington, D. C. for 180 cases of Vodka

(1) (2) METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
NOTICE OF PREMIUM DUE

(3) (4) NAME AND ADDRESS — PREMIUM — DATE DUE — POLICY NUMBER

Jack Benny
% CBS
Hollywood, Calif.

$.79 — May 15, 1960 — B70-131585752

Return this Premium Notice with your PAYMENT in Enclosed Envelope

(5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16)

(1) **AMOUNT OF POLICY:** $50.00 Comprehensive
(2) **INSURED'S OCCUPATION:** Star of stage, screen, radio and TV
(3) **Age:** 39
(4) **AGE ATTESTED TO BY:** Don Wilson, Notary Public
(5) **HEALTH:** Excellent
(6) **EXAMINING PHYSICIAN:** Dennis Day, M.D.
(7) **INVESTIGATION SHOWS:** No Dennis Day, M.D. listed in U.S. Medical Directories
(8) **FINANCIAL RATING:** Excellent
(9) **RATING BY:** Rochester Van Jones, C.P.A.
(10) **OFF-THE-RECORD REPORT BY ABOVE ACCOUNTANT:** "Mr. Benny is a cheapskate!"
(11) **INSURED'S COMMENT:** "Hmmmm!"
(12) **INSURED REFUSES:** to pay premium until he receives our 1961 Complimentary Desk Calendar
(13) **INSURED REFUSES:** to pay his own postage when mailing premiums in our self-addressed envelope
(14) **INSURED DEMANDS:** Official receipt form for each premium payment, signed by President, and 8 Vice-Presidents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
(15) **INSURED DEMANDS:** a full accounting of our financial standing to be sent to him weekly
(16) **INSURED DEMANDS:** that policy also cover violin depreciation, loss of TV option, and poor Nielsen ratings

ABOUT OTHER CELEBRITIES AND WORLD FIGURES

"There is immediate seating in all parts of the house! . . . There is immediate . . ."

FLEAGLE FIREARMS CO.
Guns—Rifles—Ammunition
135 Ballistic Square, Fieldglop, Mass.

STATEMENT

NAME AND ADDRESS	AMOUNT DUE
Fidel Castro Presidential Palace Havana, Cuba	$257,445.10

(1) **OCCUPATION:** Revolutionist
(2) **POSITION:** Premier (Temporarily) of Cuba
(3) **BILL INCLUDES:** Shipment of 700 .30 caliber rifles; and 1 gold-plated .45 caliber automatic hand-initialed "F.C."
(4) **DO NOT FILL FURTHER ORDER:** for 24—16 mm. cannon until full payment of balance is received
(5) **CUSTOMER HAS BEEN INFORMED:** that we will no longer accept payments in Cuban Pesos
(6) **CUSTOMER HAS BEEN INFORMED:** that we do not handle nuclear weapons
(7) **LETTER HAS BEEN SENT:** demanding release as hostage of our Havana Representative
(8) **CUSTOMER HAS BEEN INFORMED:** that we protest being referred to as "Money-grubbing Gringos"
(9) **SERVICE CHARGE:** additional $3000 for running arms shipment through U.S. Coast Guard blockade
(10) **IN CASE OF EMERGENCY:** like a counter-revolution, send future statements to next of kin, Raul Castro, brother
(11) **ACTION ON THIS STATEMENT IS IMPERATIVE:** mainly, because we'll go bankrupt unless we collect this account
(12) **CUSTOMER IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED:** with Fidel Castro, Jr., who bottles No-Cal Moxie in Paramus, N. J.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

SUBSCRIPTION STATEMENT

Alfred E. Neuman 225 Lafayette St. New York 12, N. Y.	1-Year Renewal $24.00

"Men Who Get Ahead Read The Wall Street Journal"

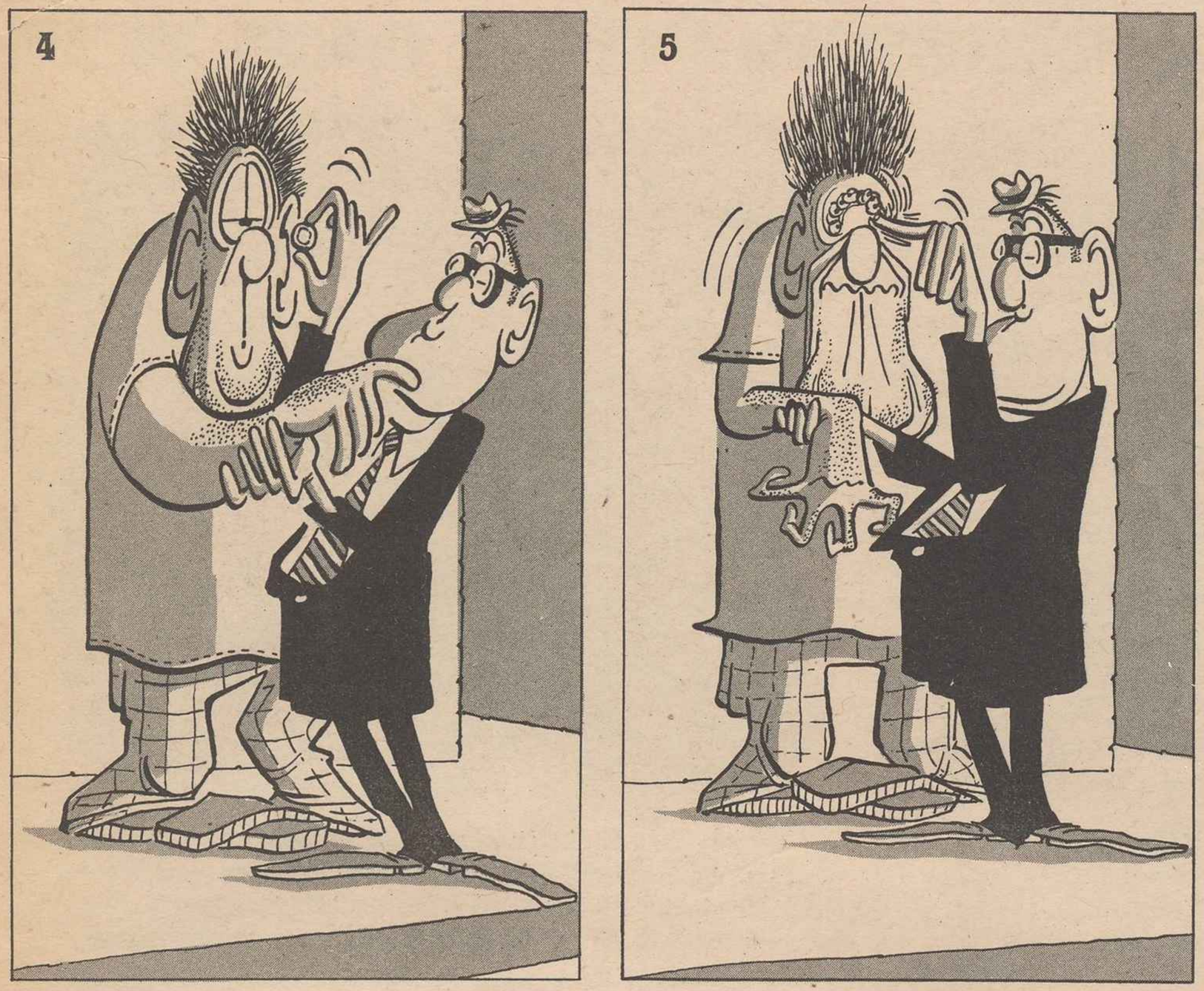
(1) **EMPLOYER:** MAD Magazine
(2) **POSITION HELD:** Blurred
(3) **AGE:** Illegible
(4) **EDUCATION:** Oklahoma A & P, Potrzebie Sub-Normal, Brooklyn College for the Innocuous
(5) **ALSO SUBSCRIBES TO:** Fortune, Business Week, U.S. News and World Report, Nation's Business, Jack and Jill
(6) **PREVIOUS POSITION HELD:** Sales Manager, Edsel Division, Ford Motor Company
(7) **OTHER POSITIONS HELD:** Havana Representative, Fleagle Firearms Co., Fieldglop, Mass.
(8) **PROPERTY OWNED BY SUBSCRIBER:** Brooklyn Bridge; Tree House in vacant lot, Keokuk, Iowa; 500-acre farm, Everglades Swamp, Florida; Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free Card
(9) **OTHER BUSINESS INTERESTS:** Good Humor Franchise for Antarctica; Uranium Rights under Times Square, New York City; Oil Rights on the Moon
(10) **ORGANIZATIONS:** Sons of the American Depression; Ramon Navarro Fan Club, C.L.O.D., Pier 46 Beach Club, Tuesday Weld Benevolent Society
(11) **STOCKS OWNED:** 100 Shares, U.S. Cranberry Growers Assn.; 200 Shares, Tucker Automobile Corp.; 250 Shares, C.B.S. Color TV Development Corp.; 150 Shares of Flair Magazine

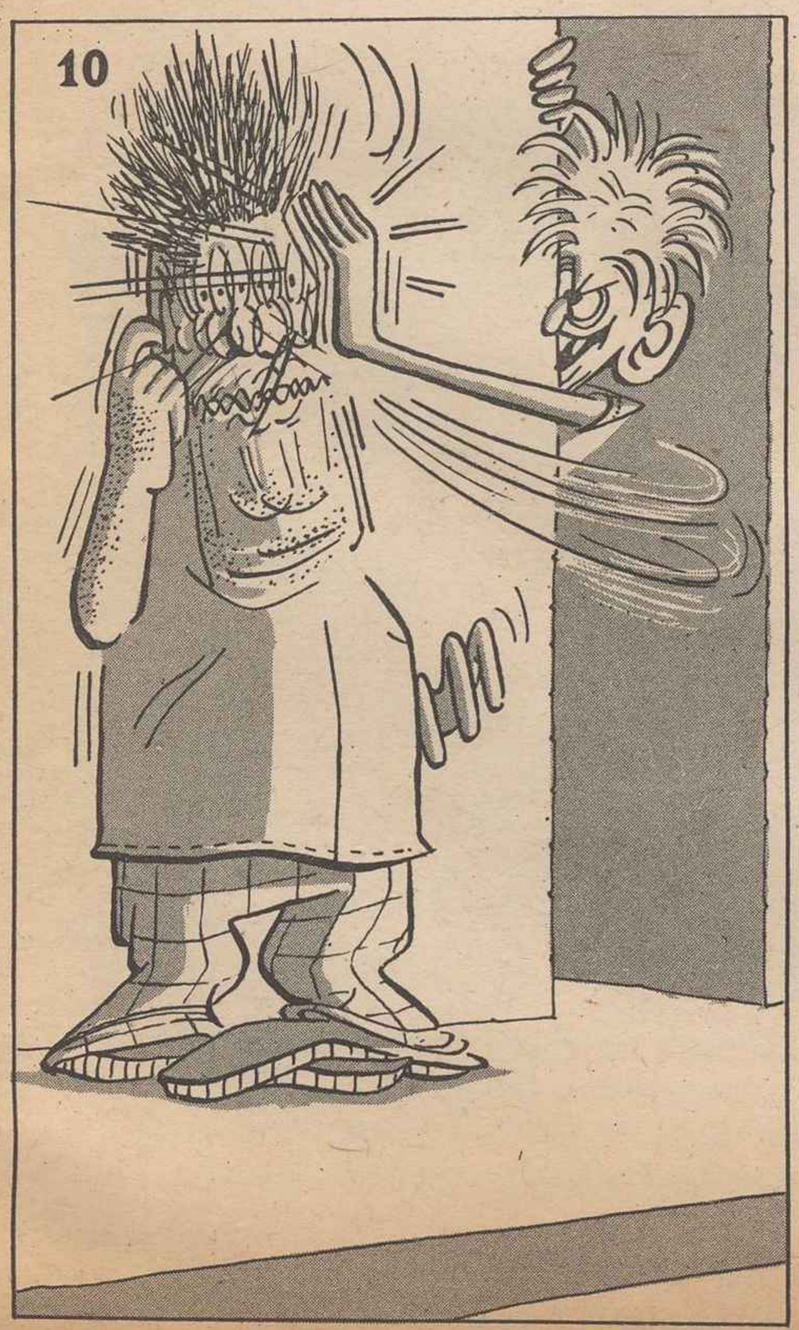
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

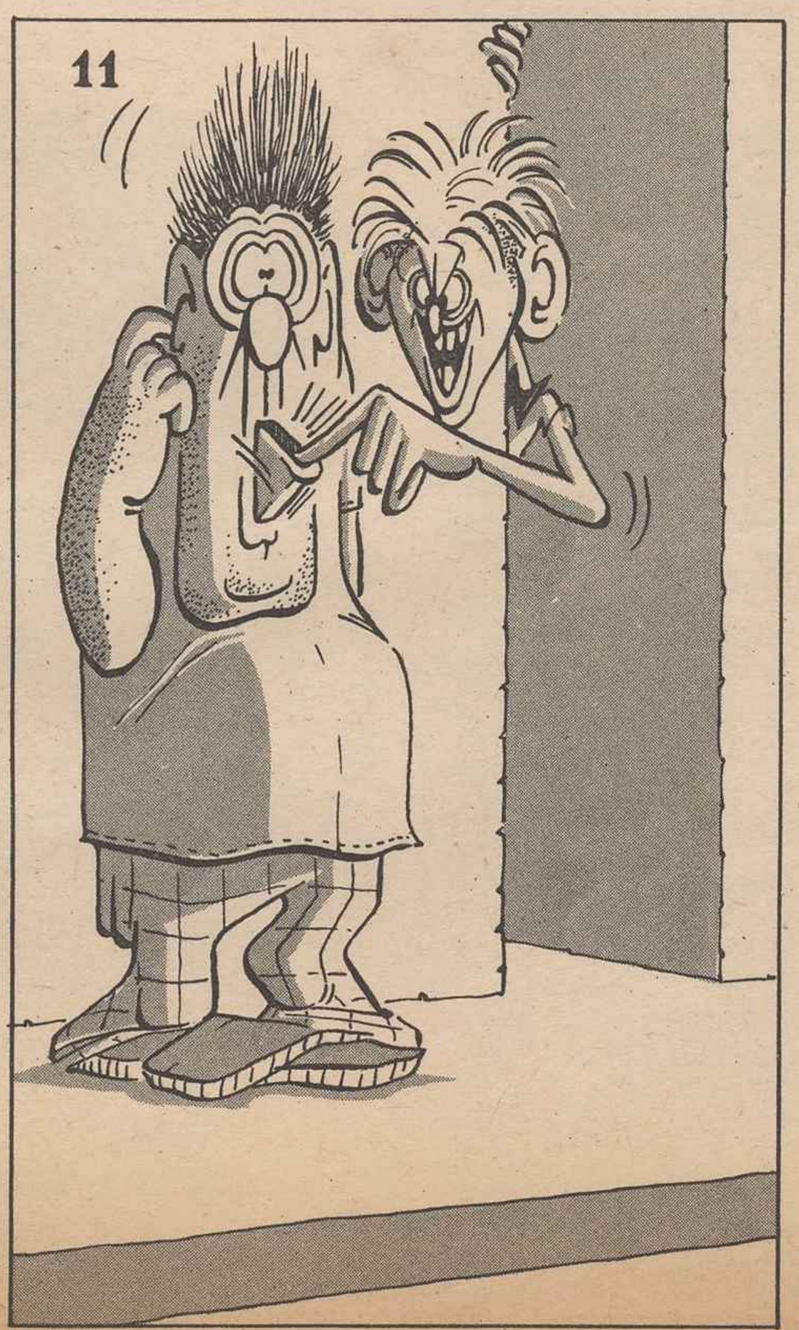
THE AND

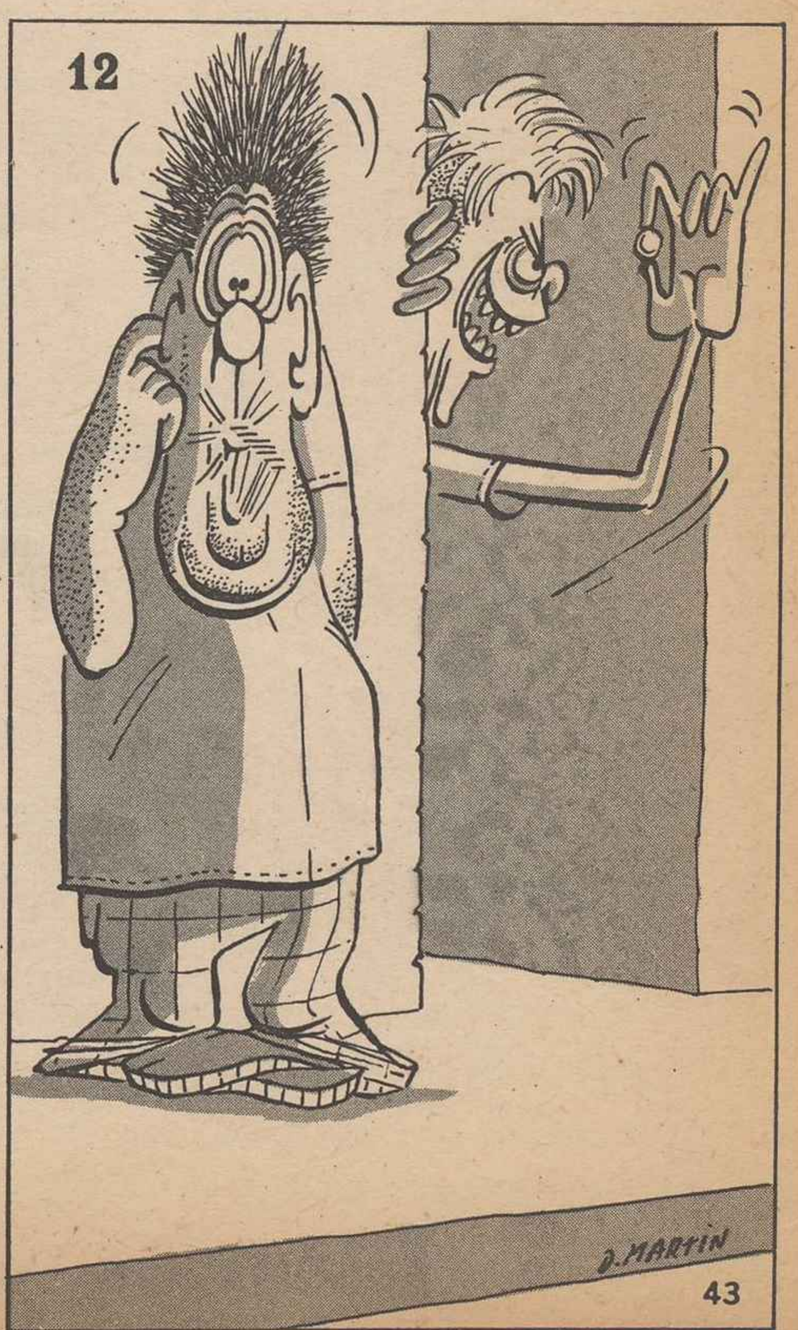
Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, who phones us regularly from Florida where he lives (demanding we send him the money we owe him for last issue), now tells us about the time he was the innocent participant in a memorable experience he calls

NEARSIGHTED MAN THE TELEPHONE









A COOL YULE DEPT.

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

MAD'S UP-The Night

OLD VERSION

A Visit From St. Nicholas

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

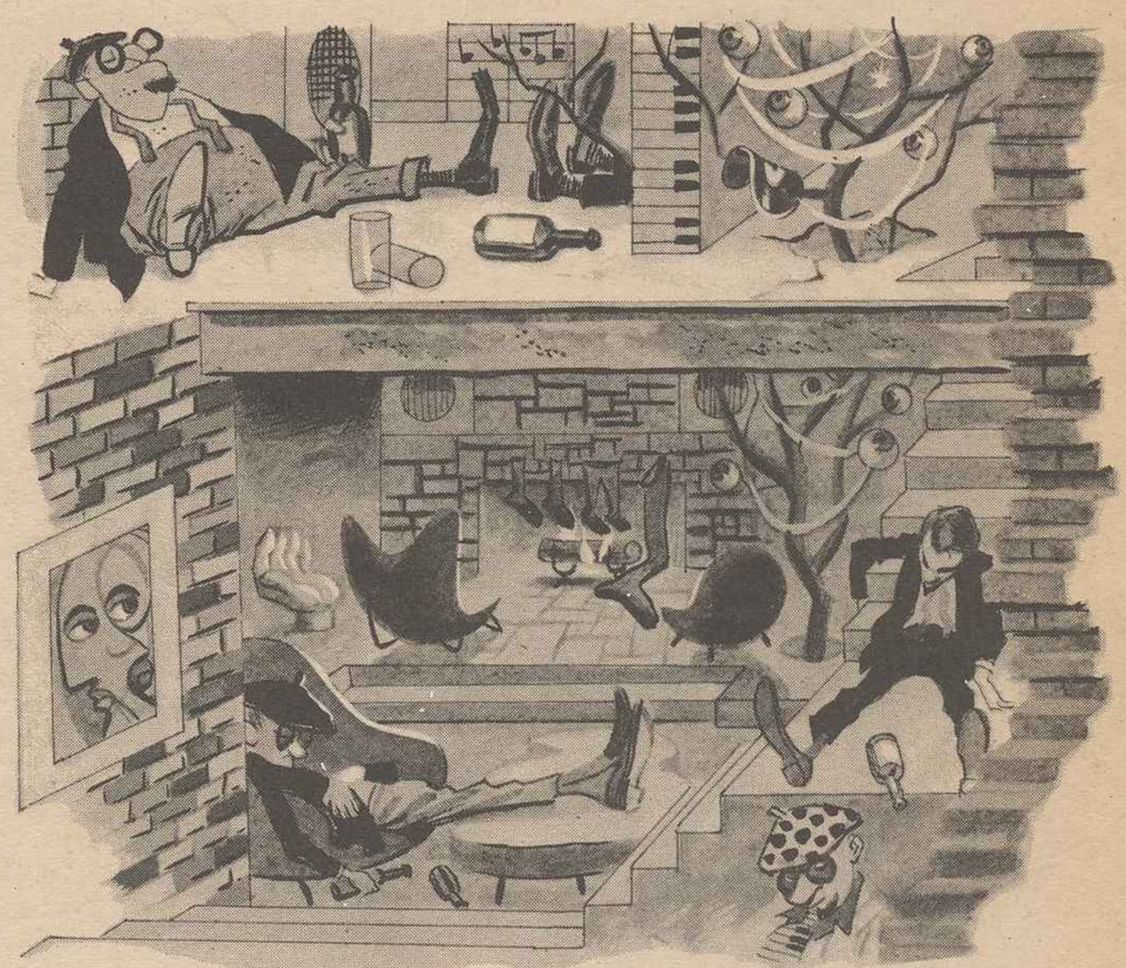
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

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

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

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

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



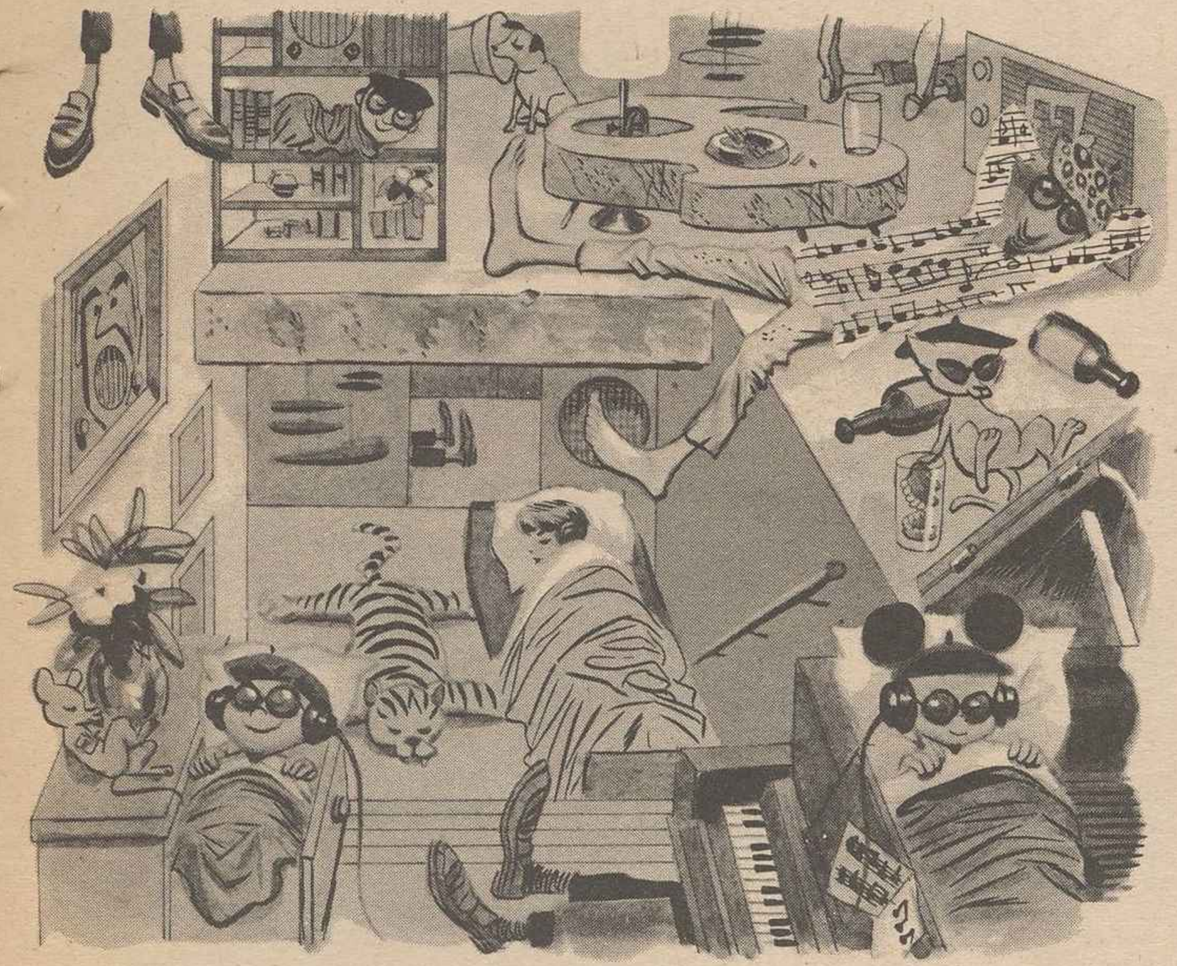
'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pad
Not a hipster was swinging, not even old Dad;
The chimney was draped in that stocking routine,
In hopes that "The Fat Man" would soon make the scene;

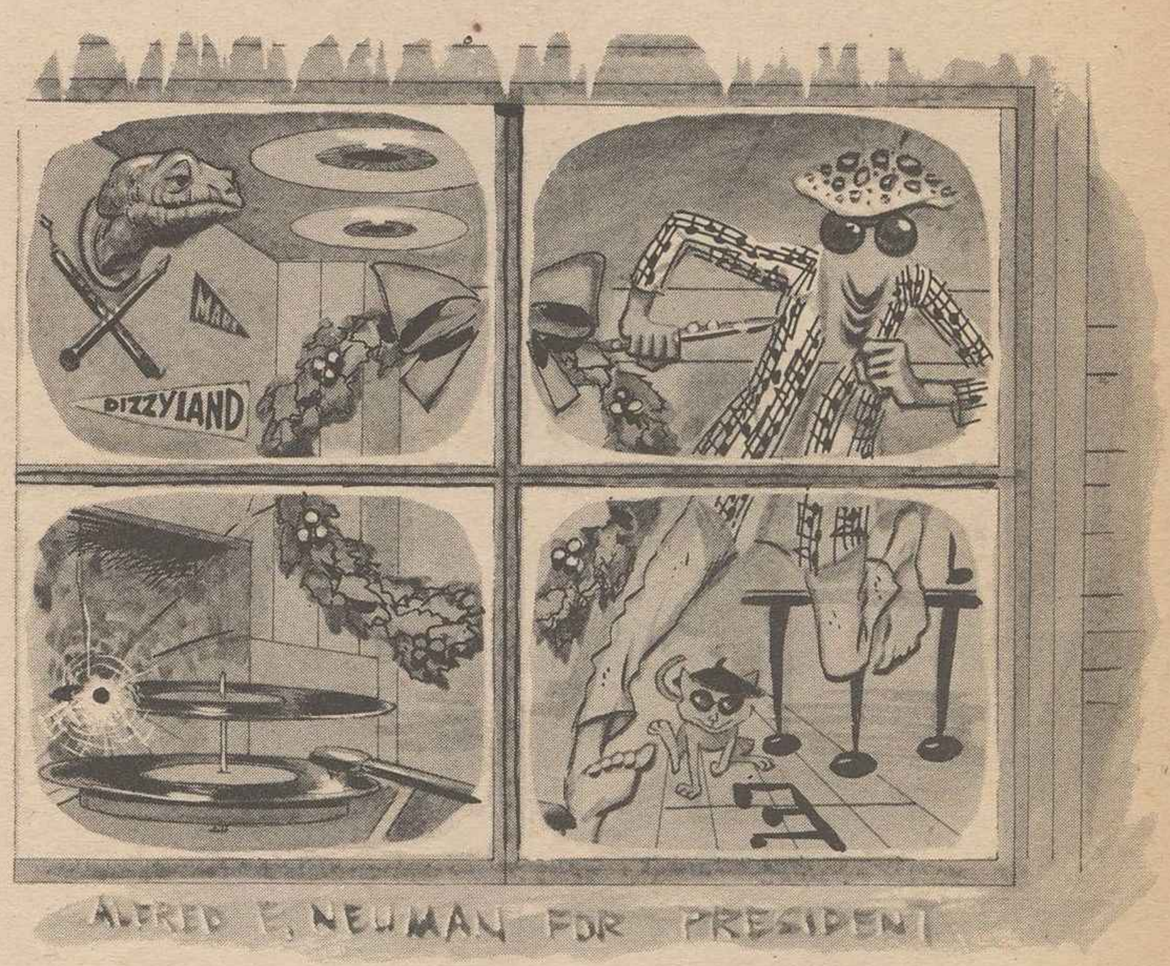
The moon and the snow were, like, faking together,
Which made the scene rock in the Day People weather,
When, what to these peepers should come on real queer,
But a real crazy sleigh, and eight swinging reindeer,

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

TO-DATE VERSION OF
Before Christmas

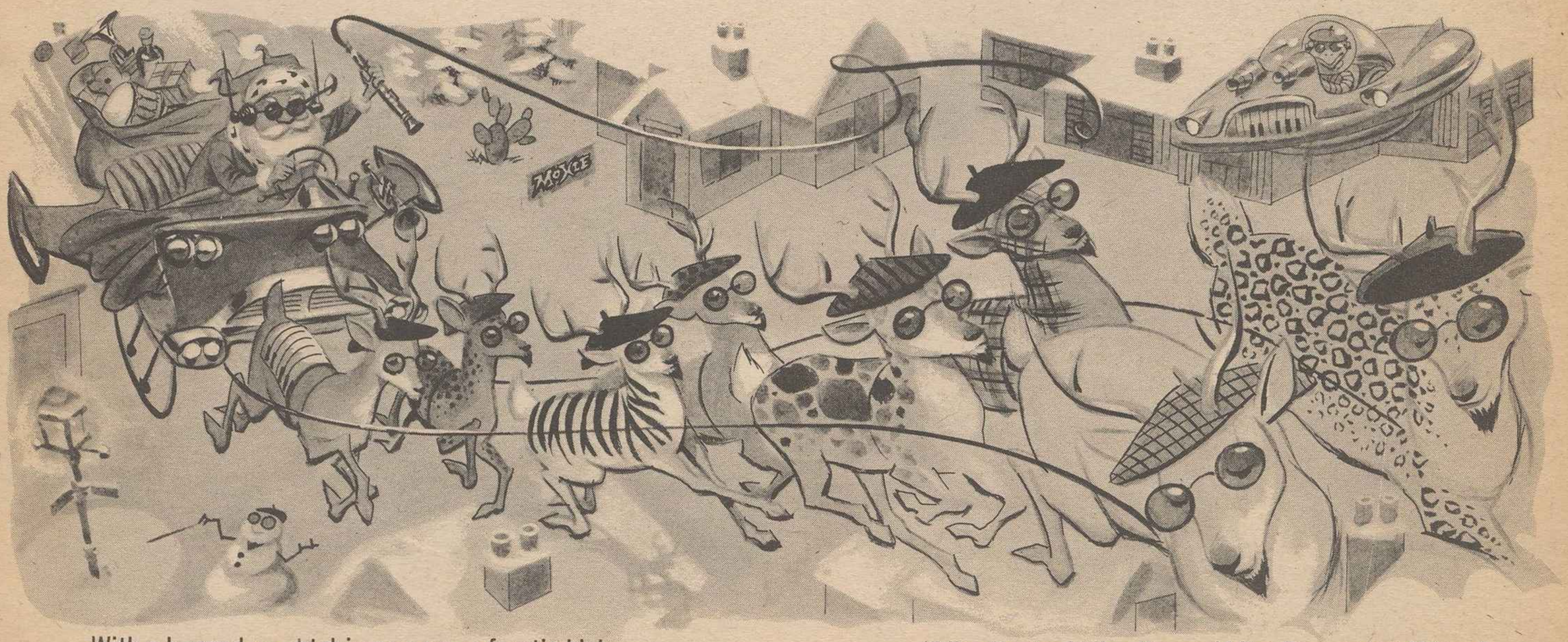
NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION





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

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



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

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

OLD VERSION

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkle, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddlar just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all! And to all a good-night!"

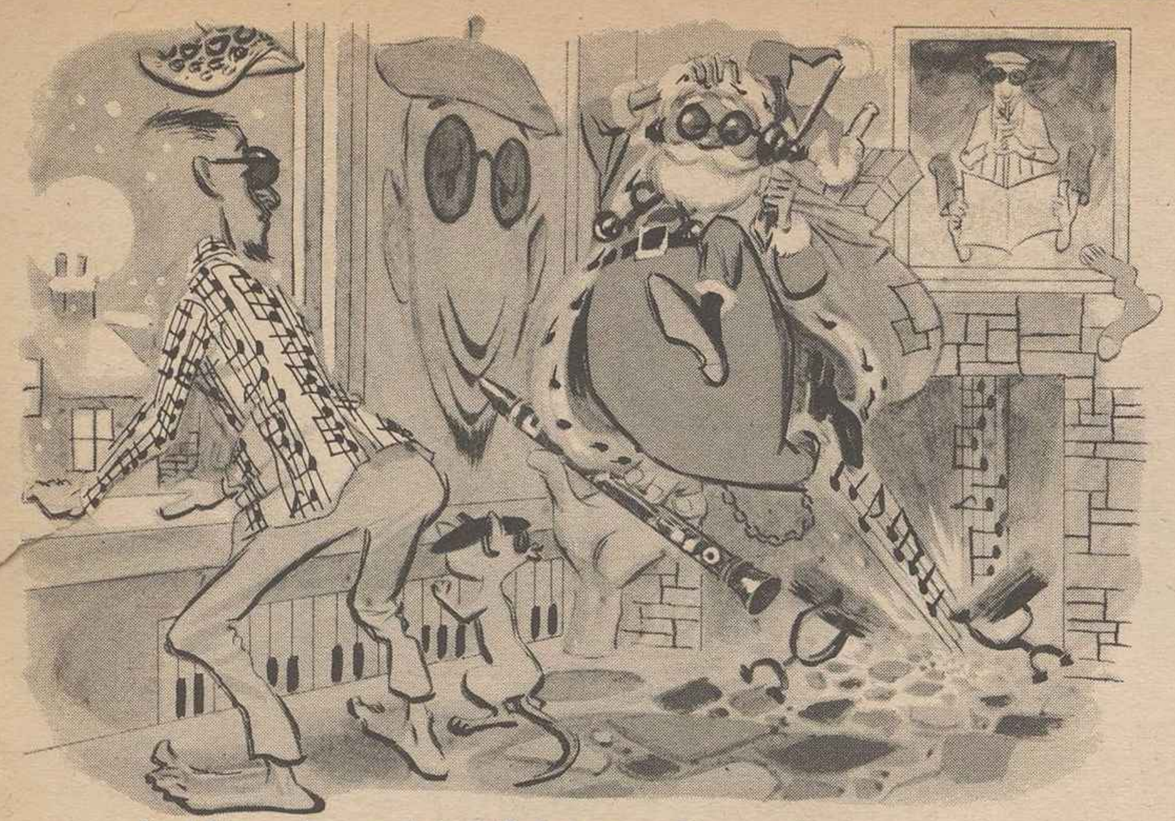
As sidemen in combos pick up as they stomp,
When they swing with the beat of a Dixieland Romp,
So up to the top of my bandstand they flew,
With the sleigh full of loot, and St. Nicholas, too.

His lids—Man, they sizzled! His dimples were smiles!
His cheeks were like "Dizzy's," his beak was like "Miles' "!
His puckered-up mouth was, like, blowing flat E,
And his chin hid behind a real crazy goatee!

He blew not a sound, but skipped right to his gig,
And stashed all the stockings, then came on real big,
And flashing a sign, like that old "Schnozzle" bit,
And playing it hip, up the chimney he split;

NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

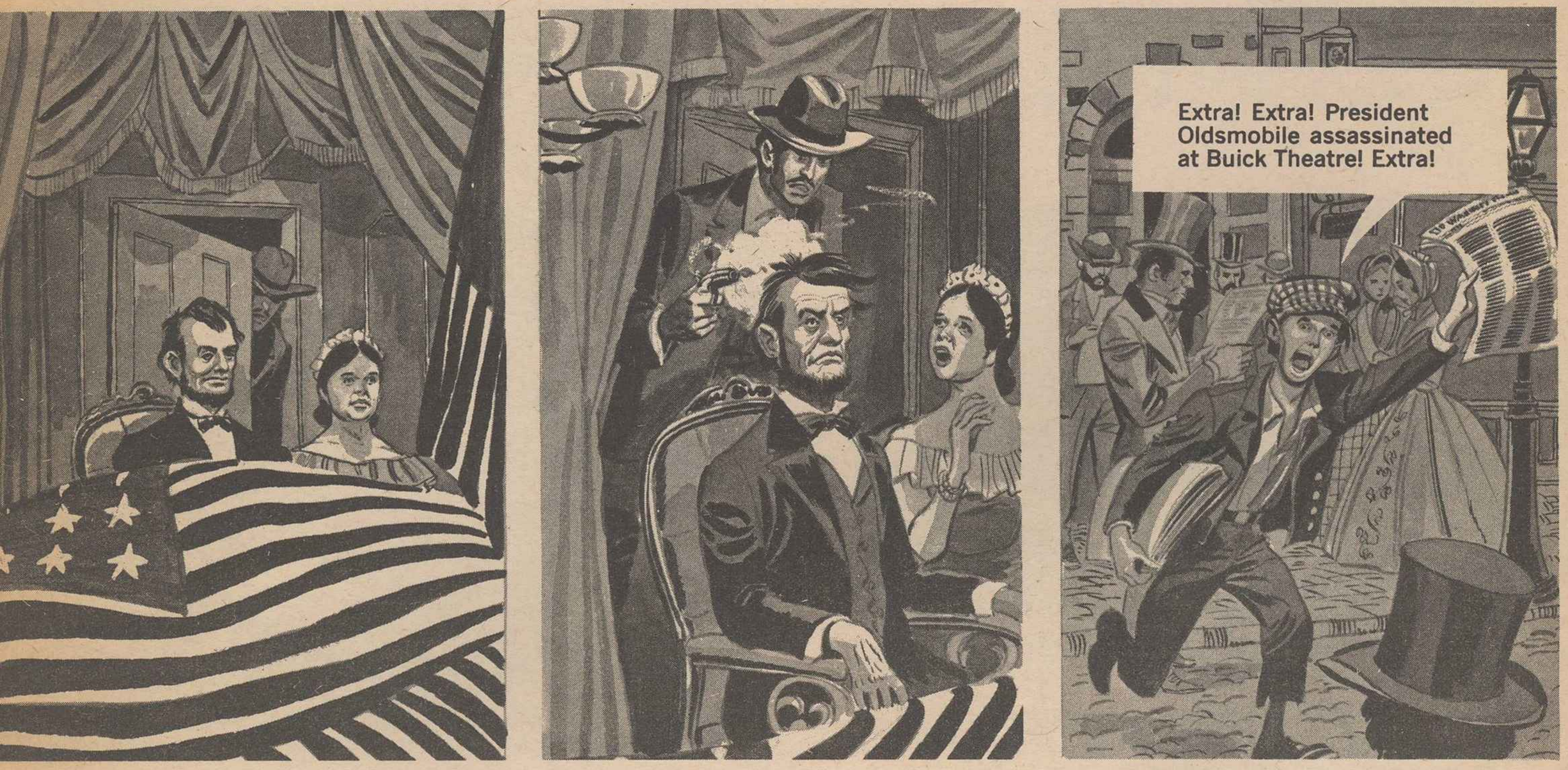
PULL THE PLUG DEPT.

You know, Television sponsors can get pretty ridiculous at times. And we're not talking about their ads. We're talking about when it comes to references to their own or competitive products on TV shows they sponsor. F'rinstance, we understand that a recent Ford Motor Company spectacular planned to open with a shot of New York City's skyline, only it almost didn't come off. Not until The Chrysler Building had been carefully painted out. And we've been told that Camel Cigarettes never lets performers use the word "lucky" on shows they sponsor. And so on. All of which can lead to rather serious abuses. Like

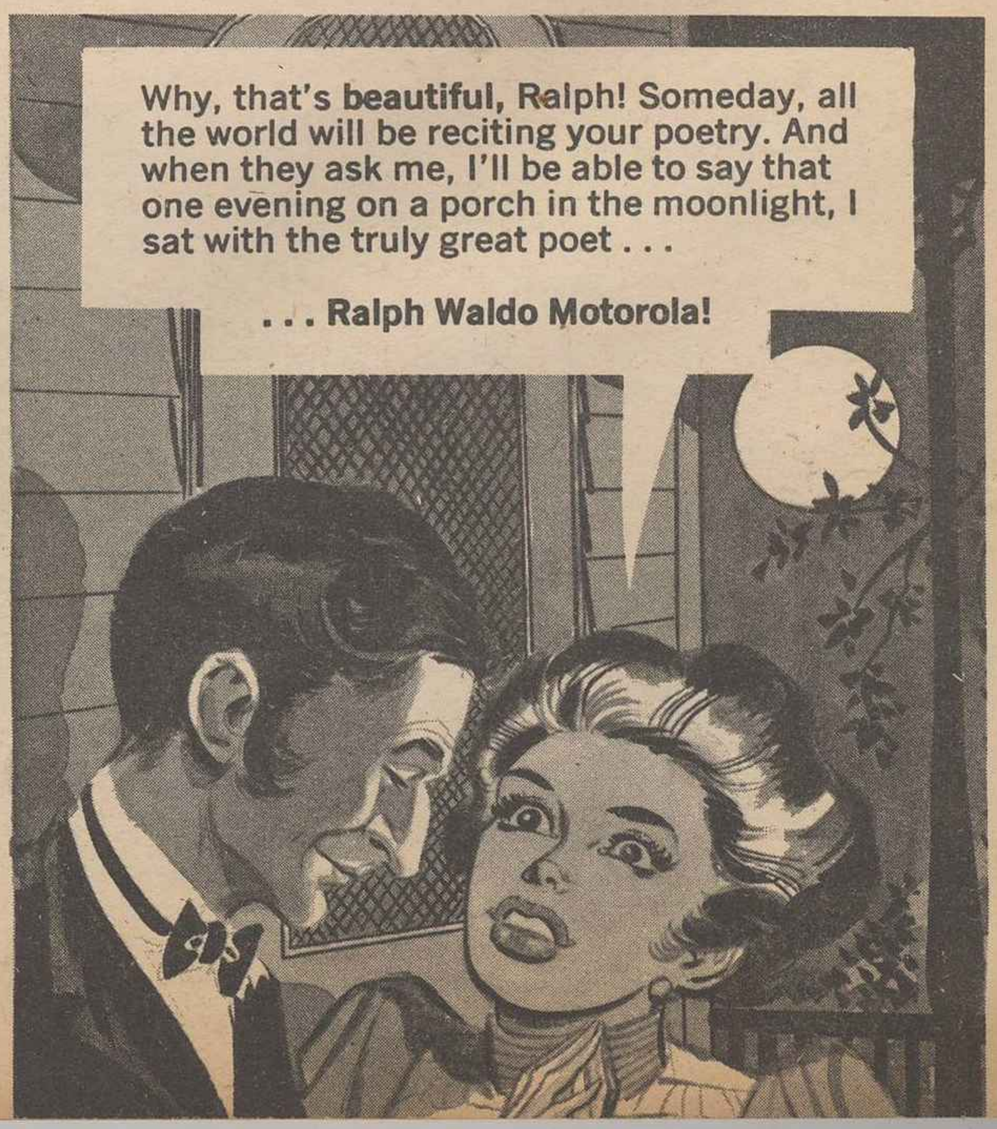
CHANGING HISTORY

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LEADING AUTOMOBILE CORPORATION



HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A WELL-KNOWN TV SET MANUFACTURER

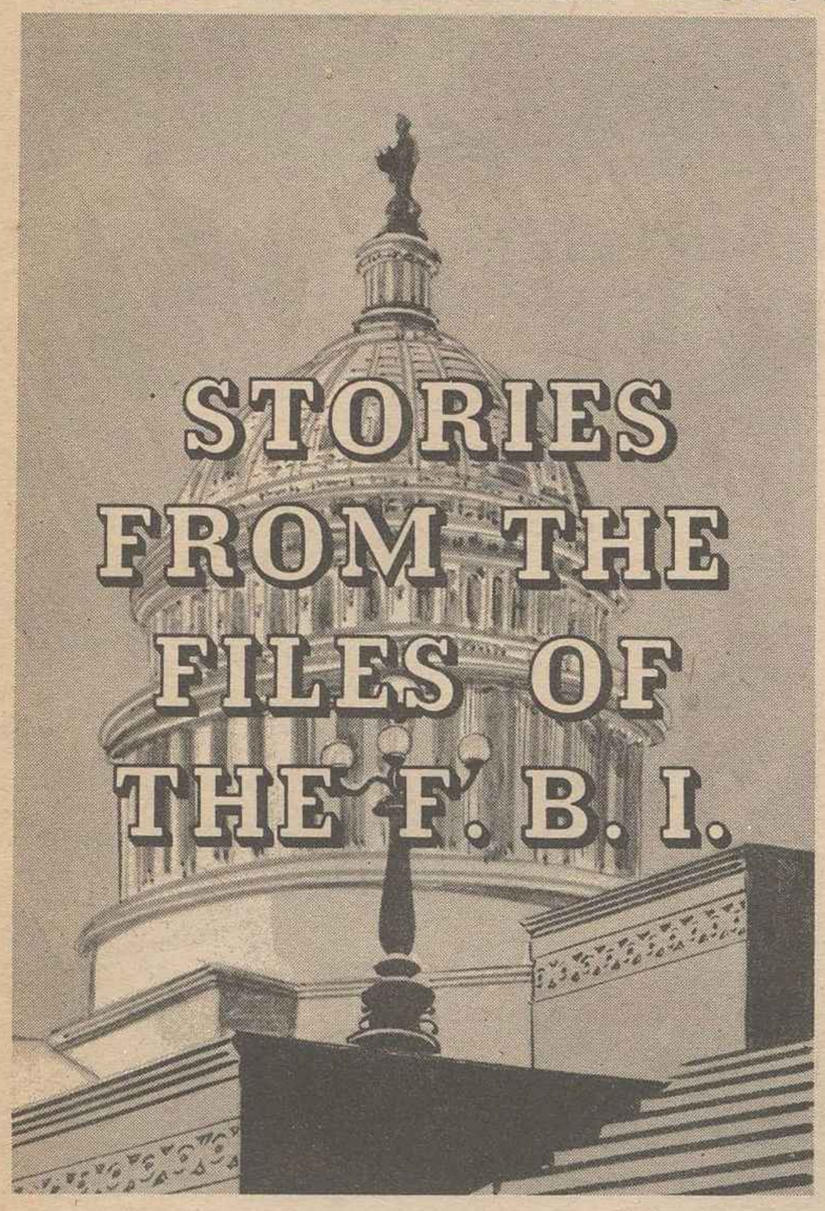


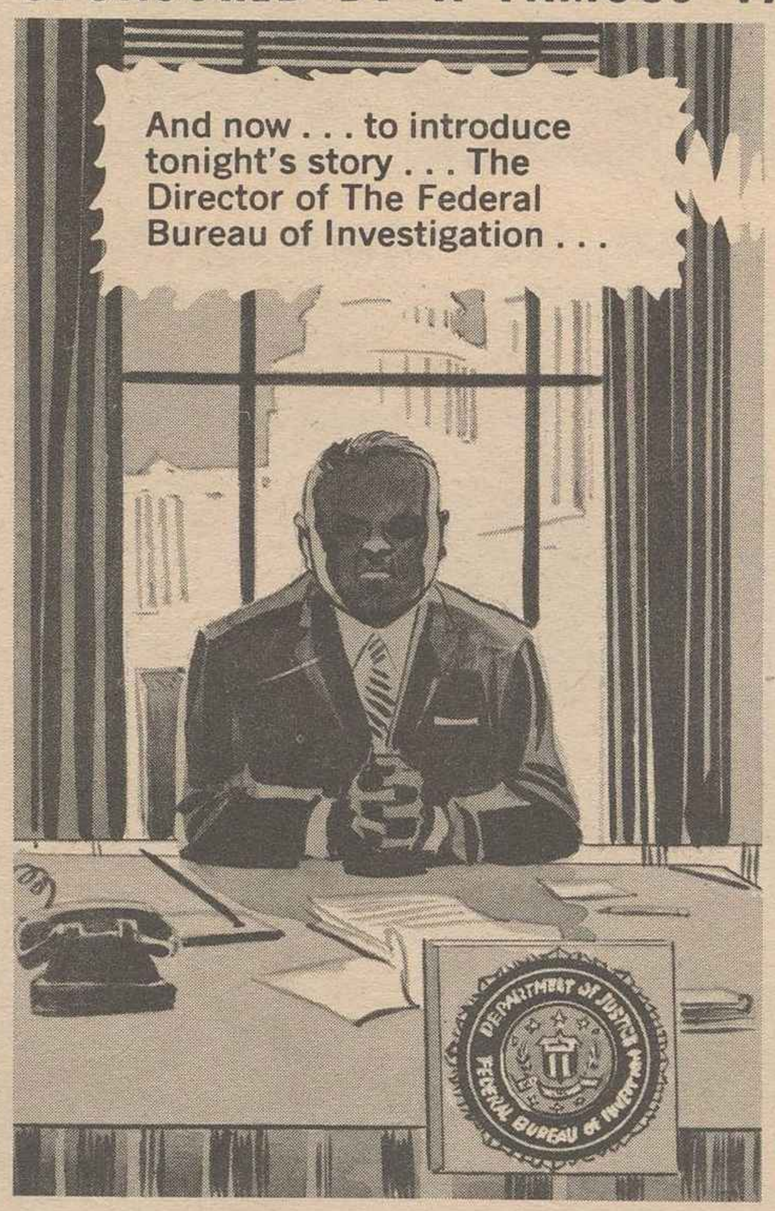
one just a few months ago: as a result of watching "The Nuremberg Trials" on "Playhouse 90," we were surprised to learn a startling new historical fact. Mainly, that the Nazi butchers never *did* slaughter millions of people in gas chambers. According to this TV show, they used just *plain* chambers. Seems the word "gas" had been erased from the sound track by The American Gas Companies, who were participating sponsors. We can imagine what historical TV shows of the future will be like as sponsors scramble to keep competitive names off their programs by cleverly substituting their own, and thereby actually . . .

FOR COMMERCIAL TV

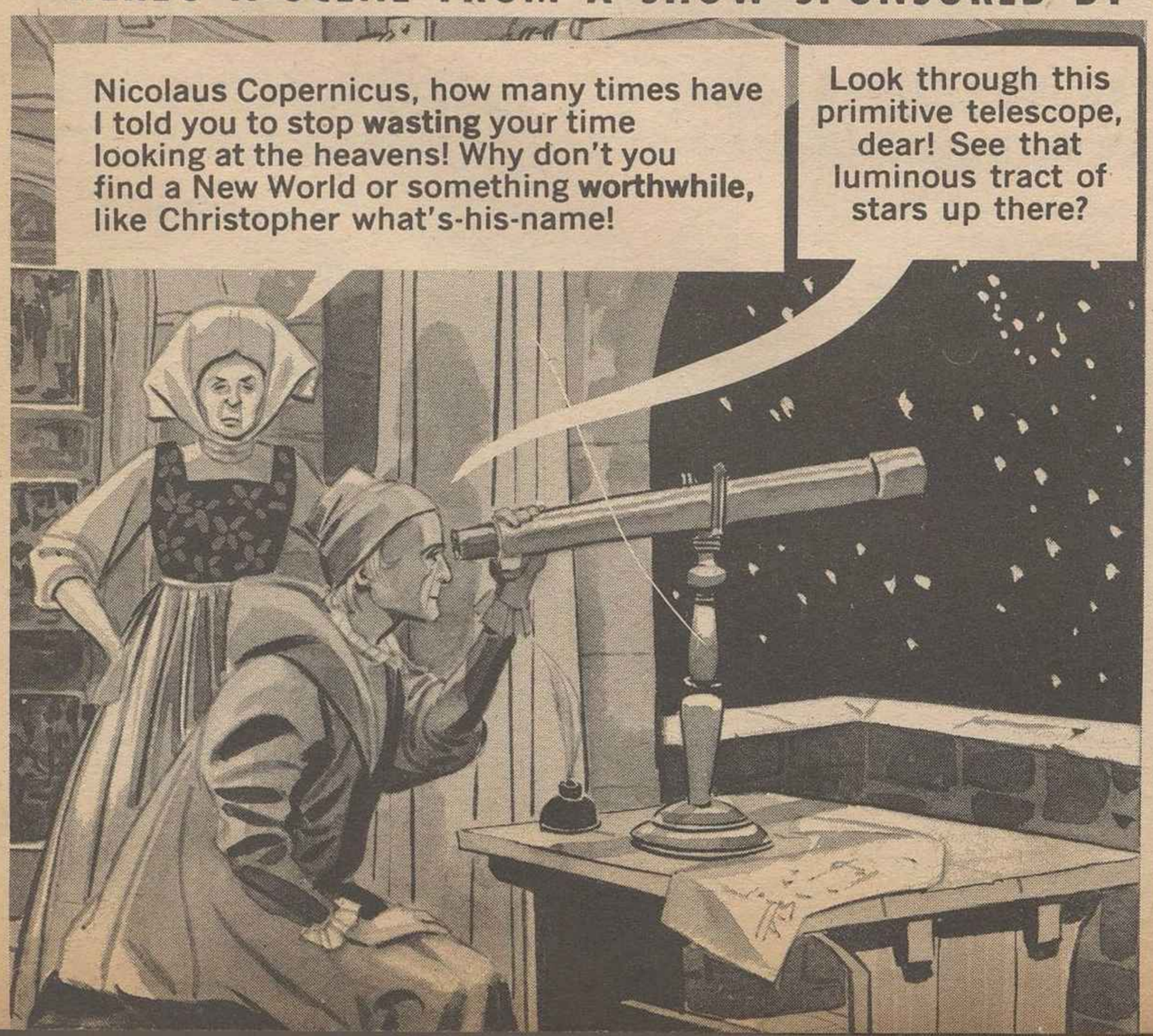
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A FAMOUS VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY



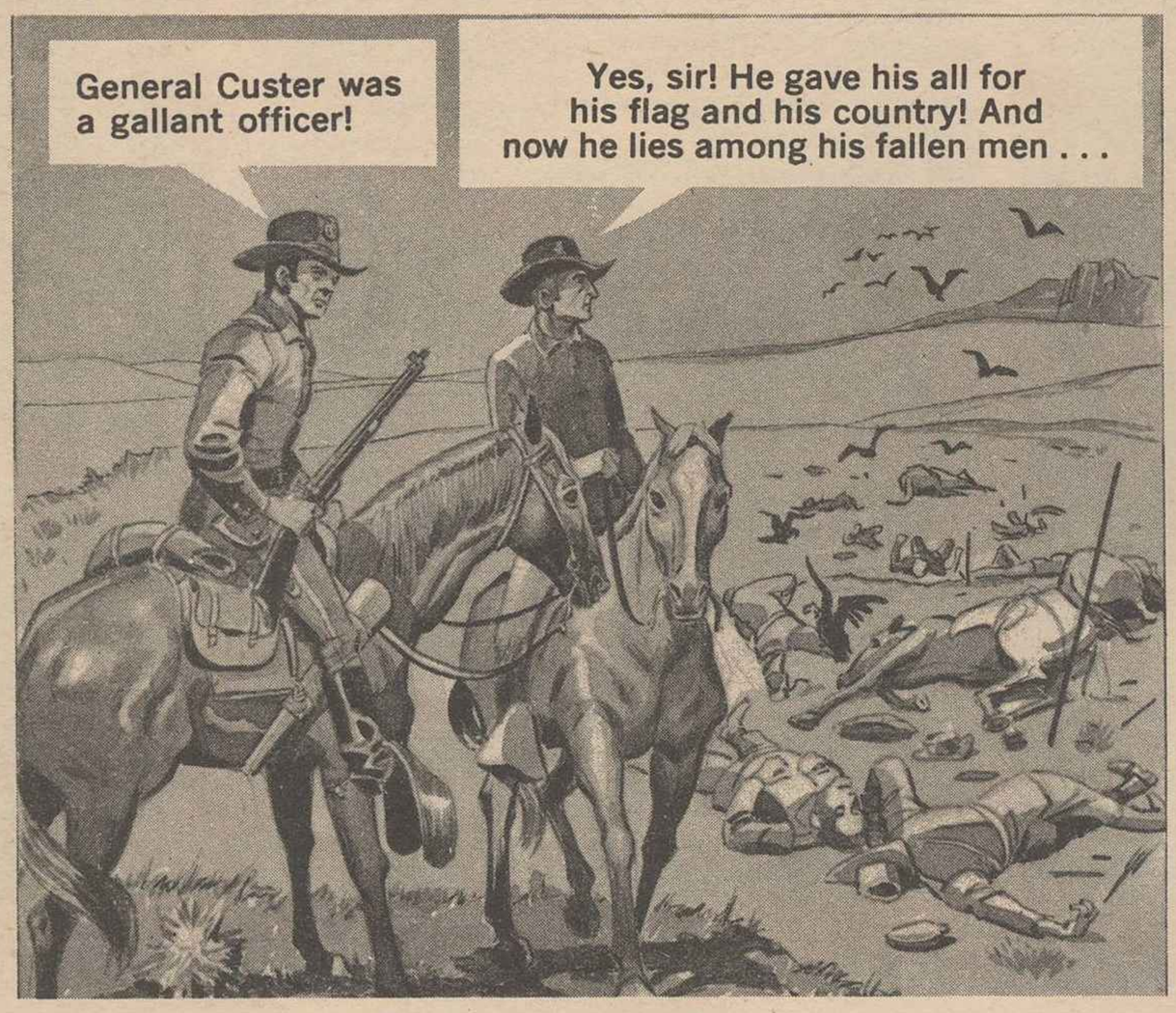


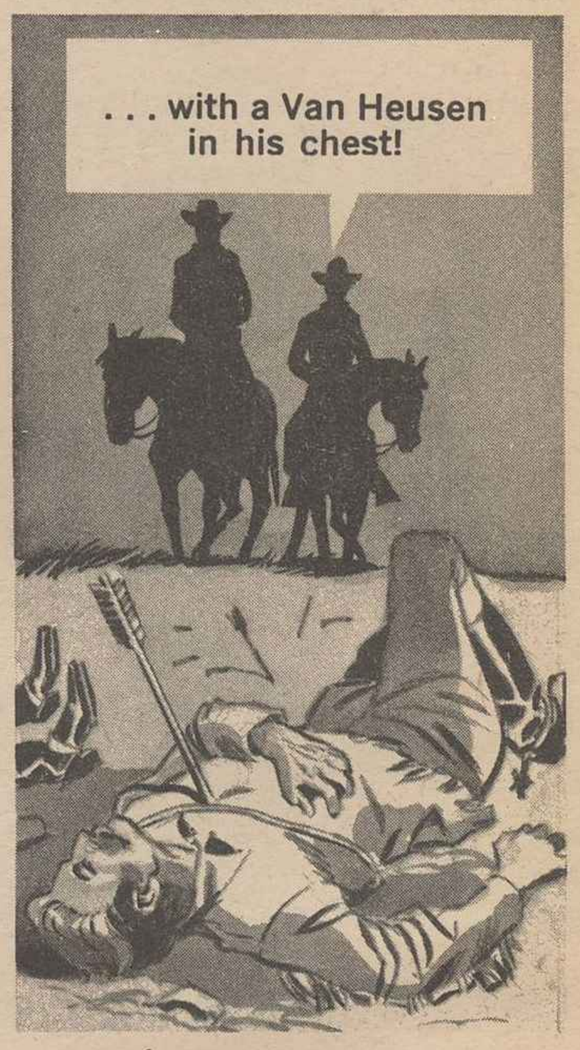
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A NATIONALLY-KNOWN CANDY COMPANY



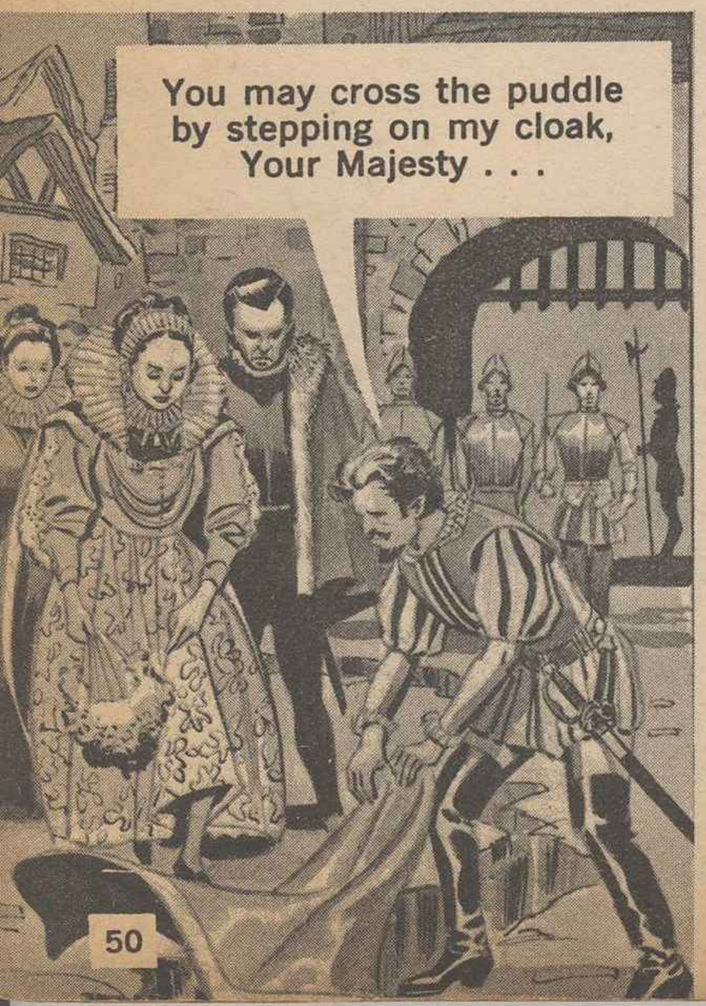
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LEADING DAIRY PRODUCTS COMPANY

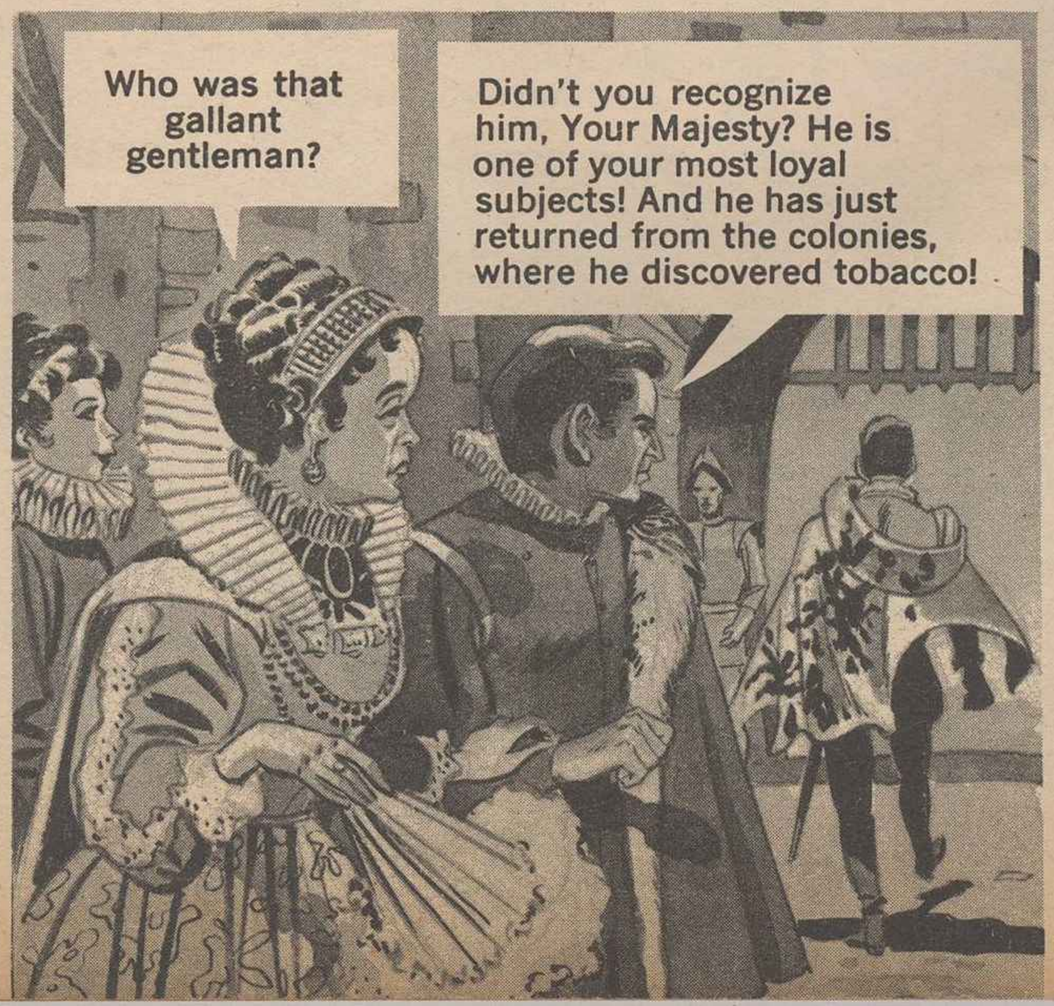
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LARGE MEN'S SHIRT MANUFACTURER



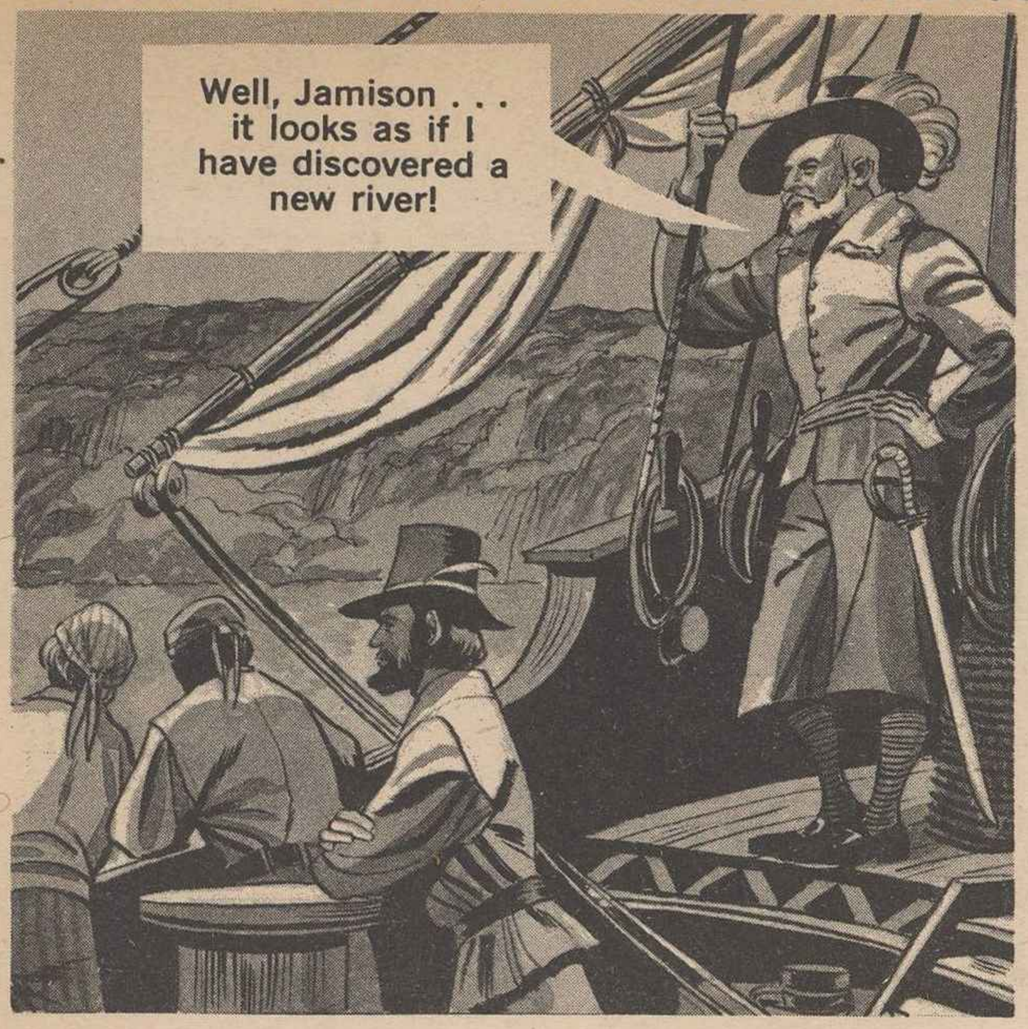


HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY ONE OF THE BIG TOBACCO COMPANIES

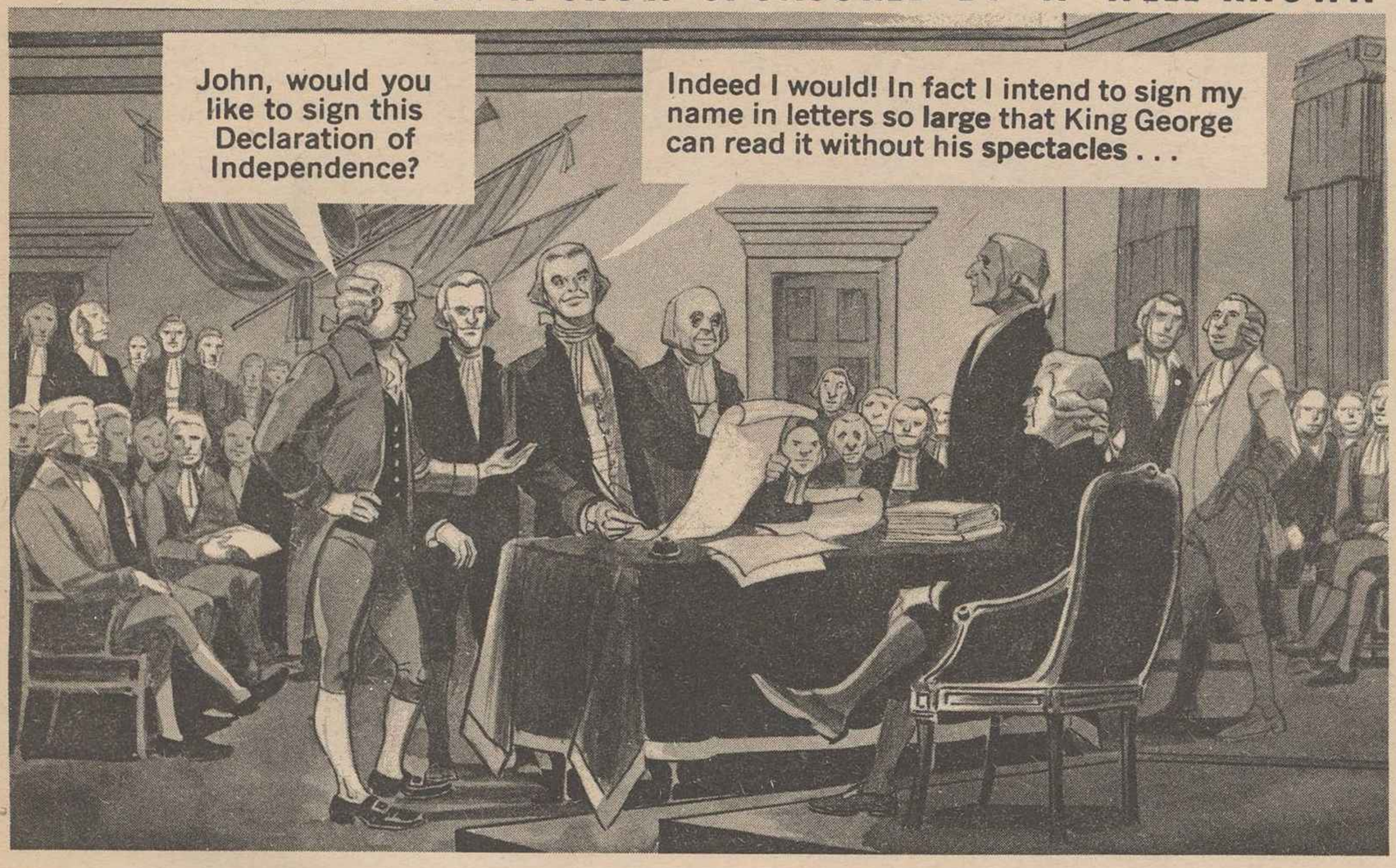


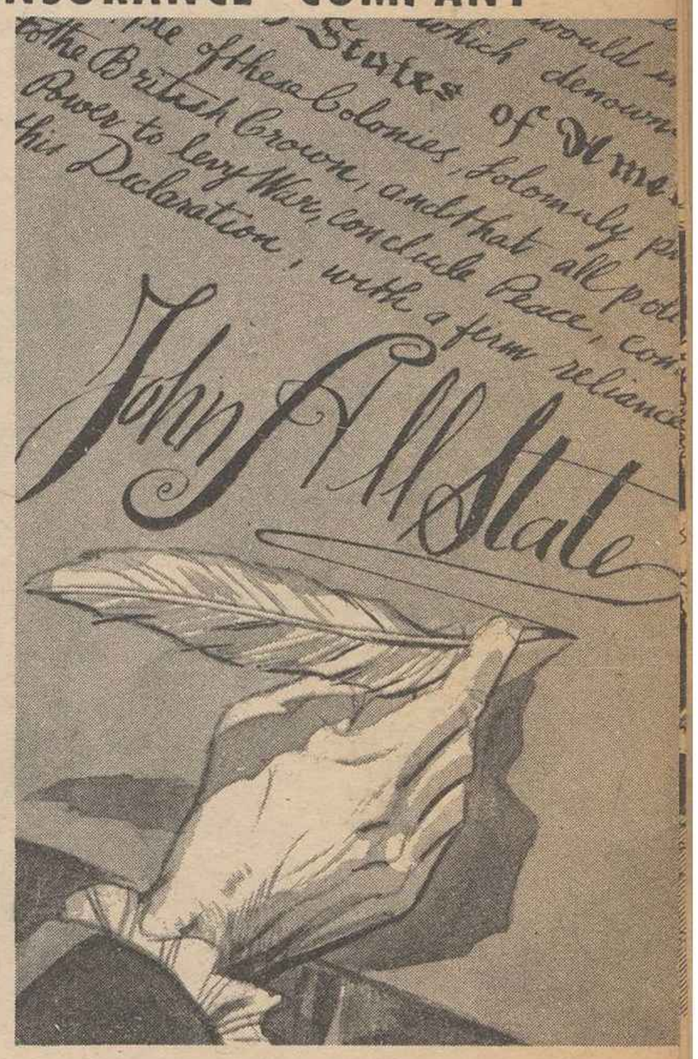


HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A LEADING PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY



HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A WELL-KNOWN INSURANCE COMPANY



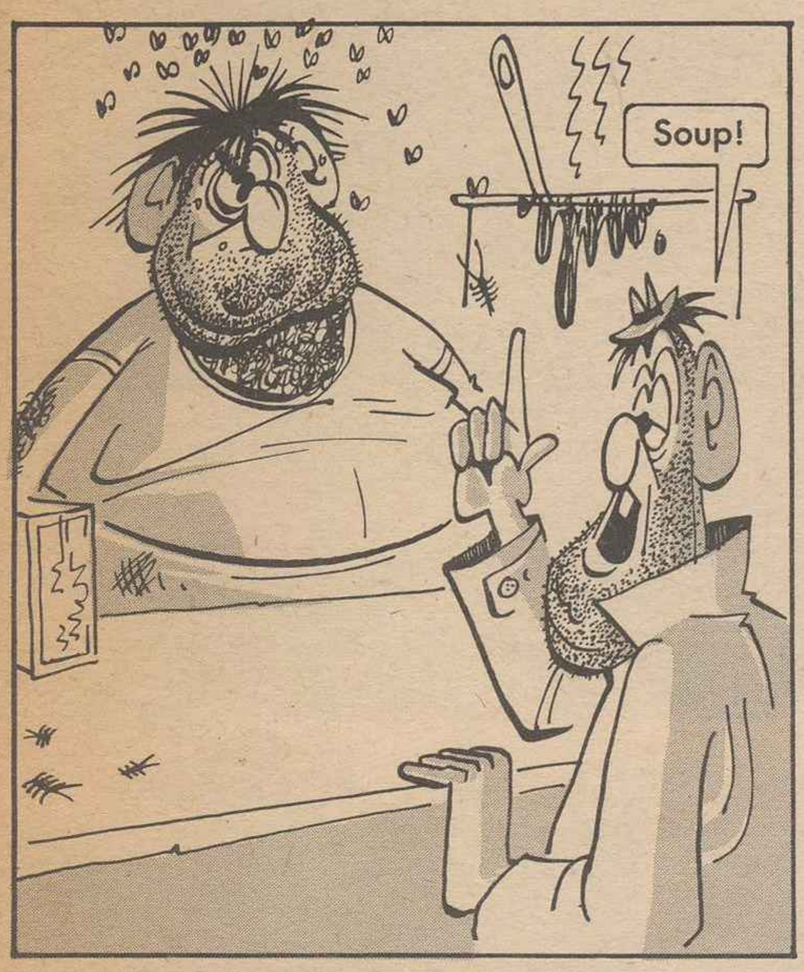


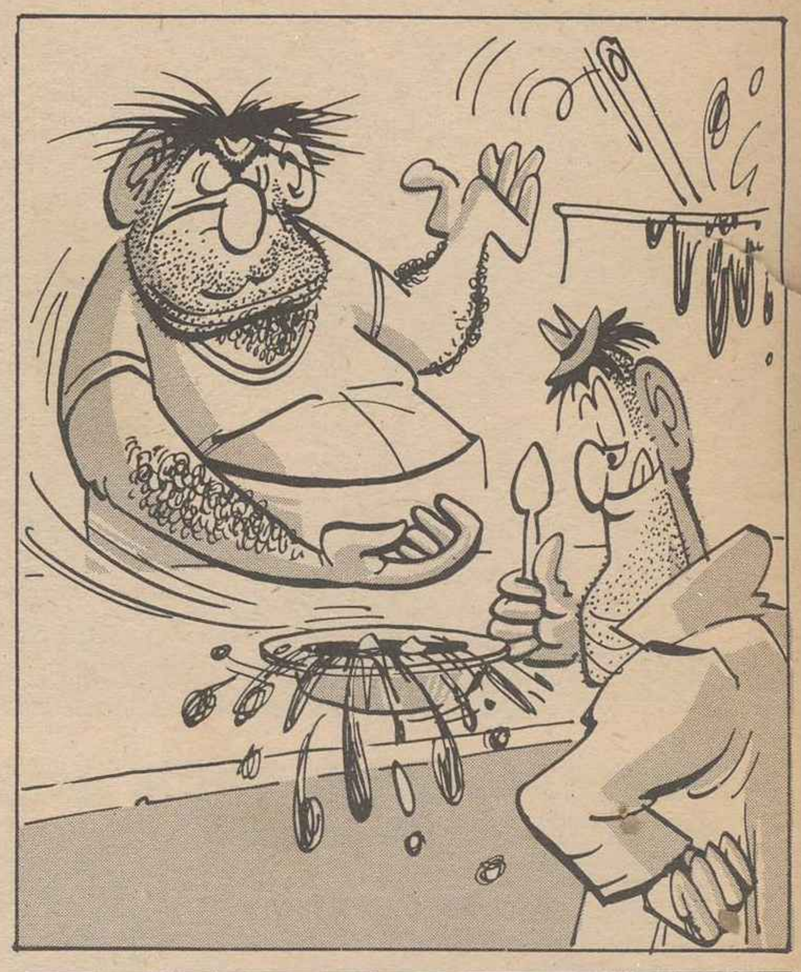
HERE'S A SCENE FROM A SHOW SPONSORED BY A NOTED TYPEWRITER MANUFACTURER

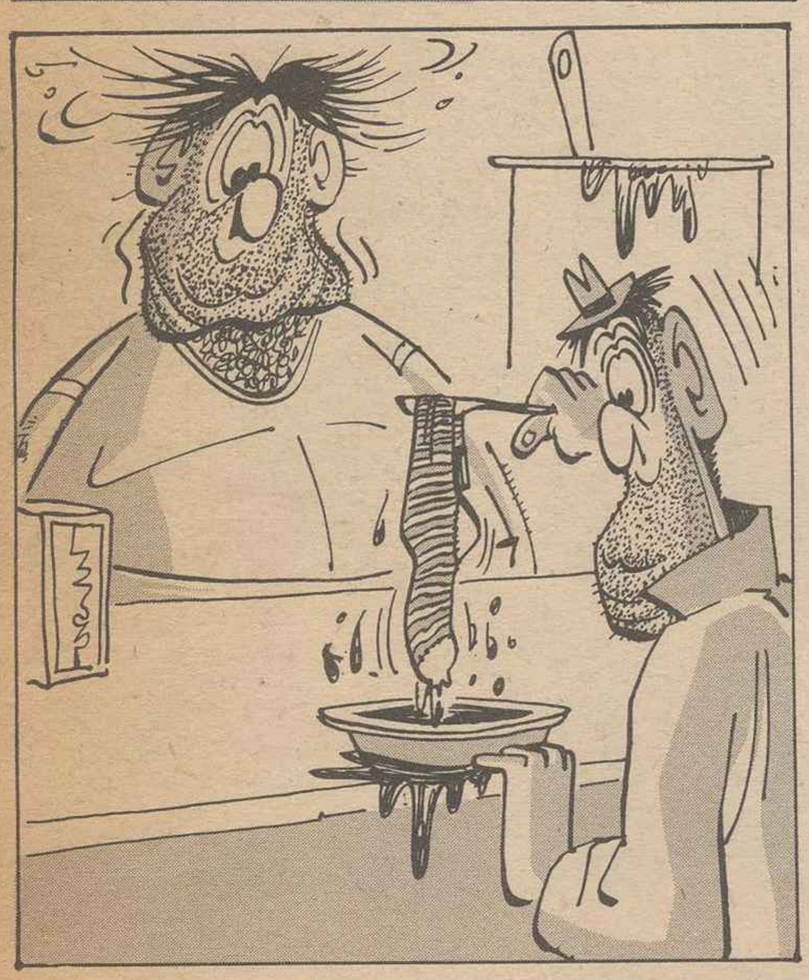
"Just relax and tell me everything that comes into your mind!"

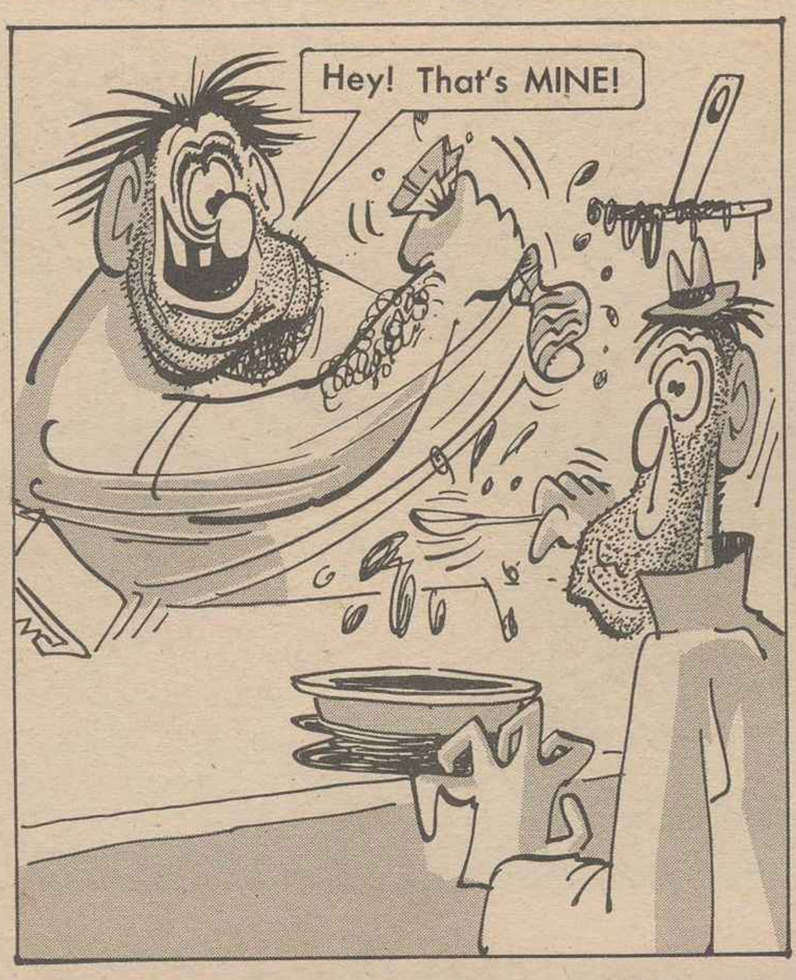
And now, Don Martin tells us a souped-up tale of his experience

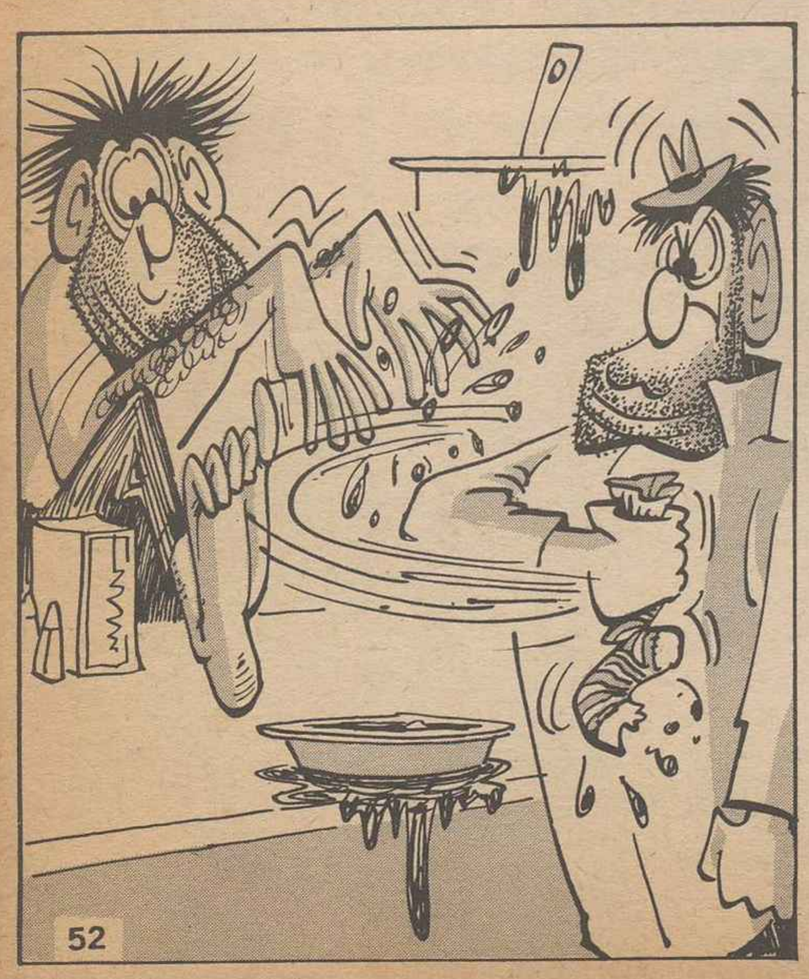
In a "GREASY SPOON" Diner

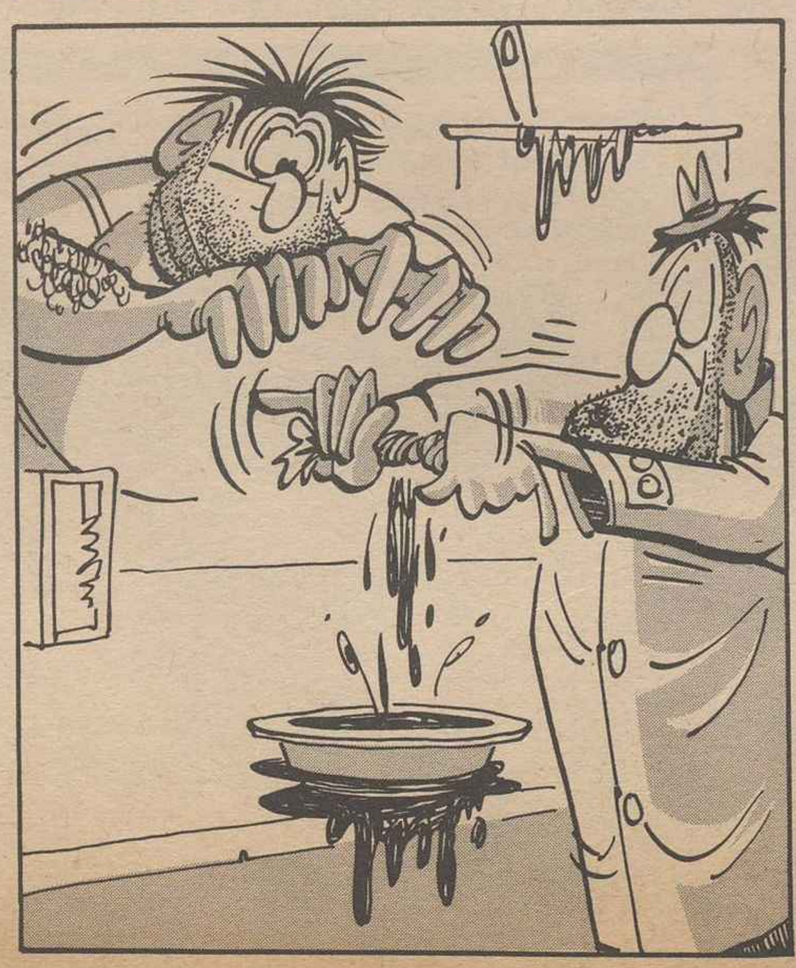


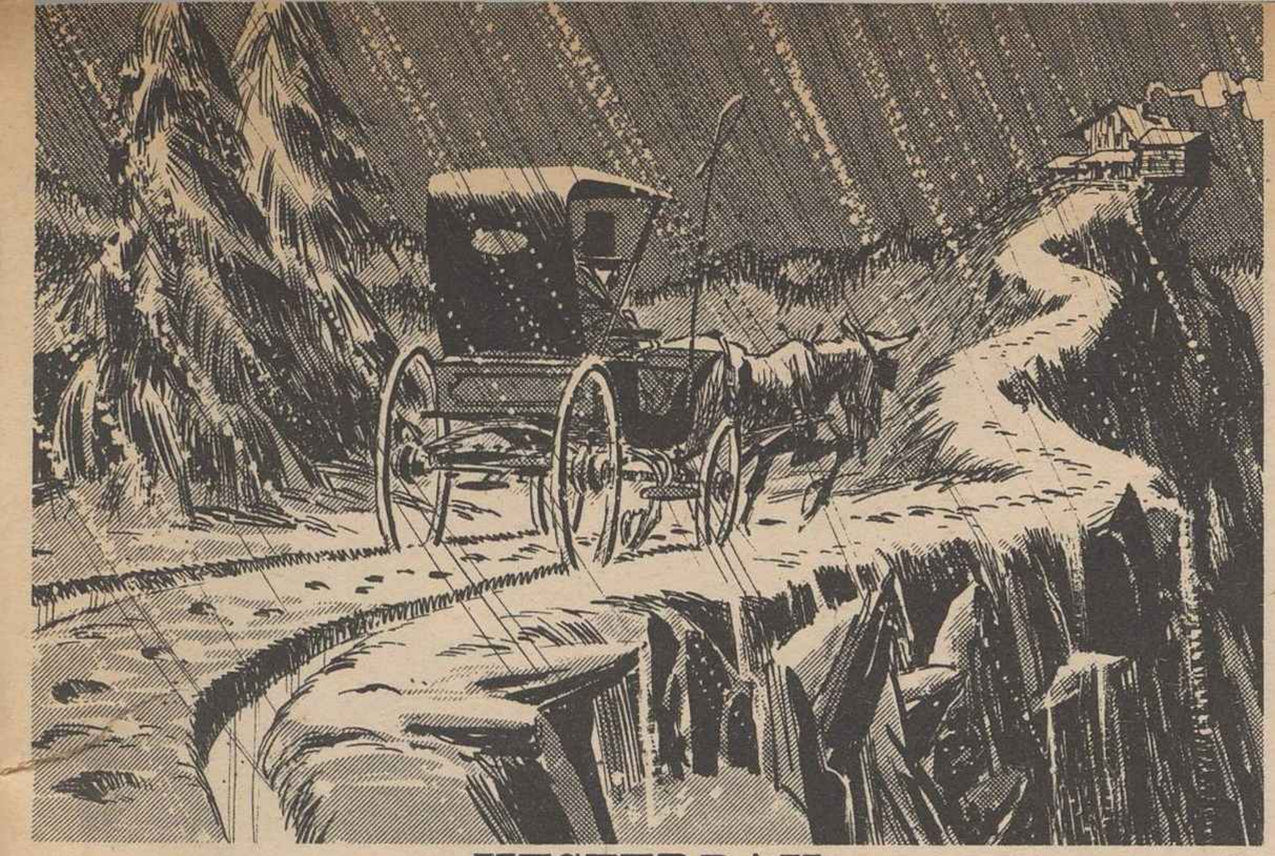




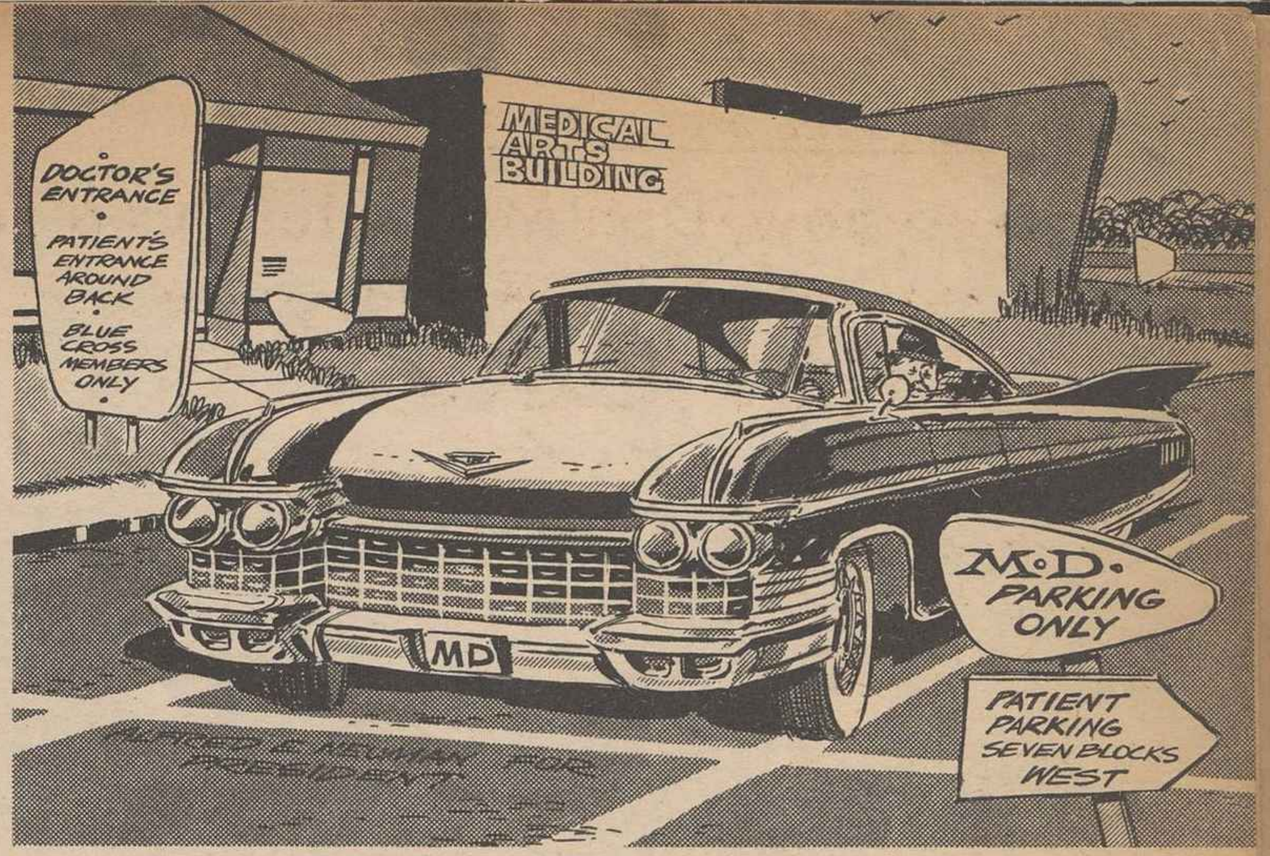








YESTERDAY



TODAY

THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR ILLS DEPT.

WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR WITH THE MARVELOUS ADVANCES THAT MEDICAL SCIENCE HAS ACHIEVED IN THE LABORATORY . . . BUT HOW MANY OF US EVER STOP TO THINK ABOUT THE MARVELOUS ADVANCES MADE BY OUR WONDERFUL FRIEND . . . THE FAMILY DOCTOR? IN THIS ARTICLE, MAD CAREFULLY EXPLORES THE . . .

DOCTORS' PROGRESS

ox

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

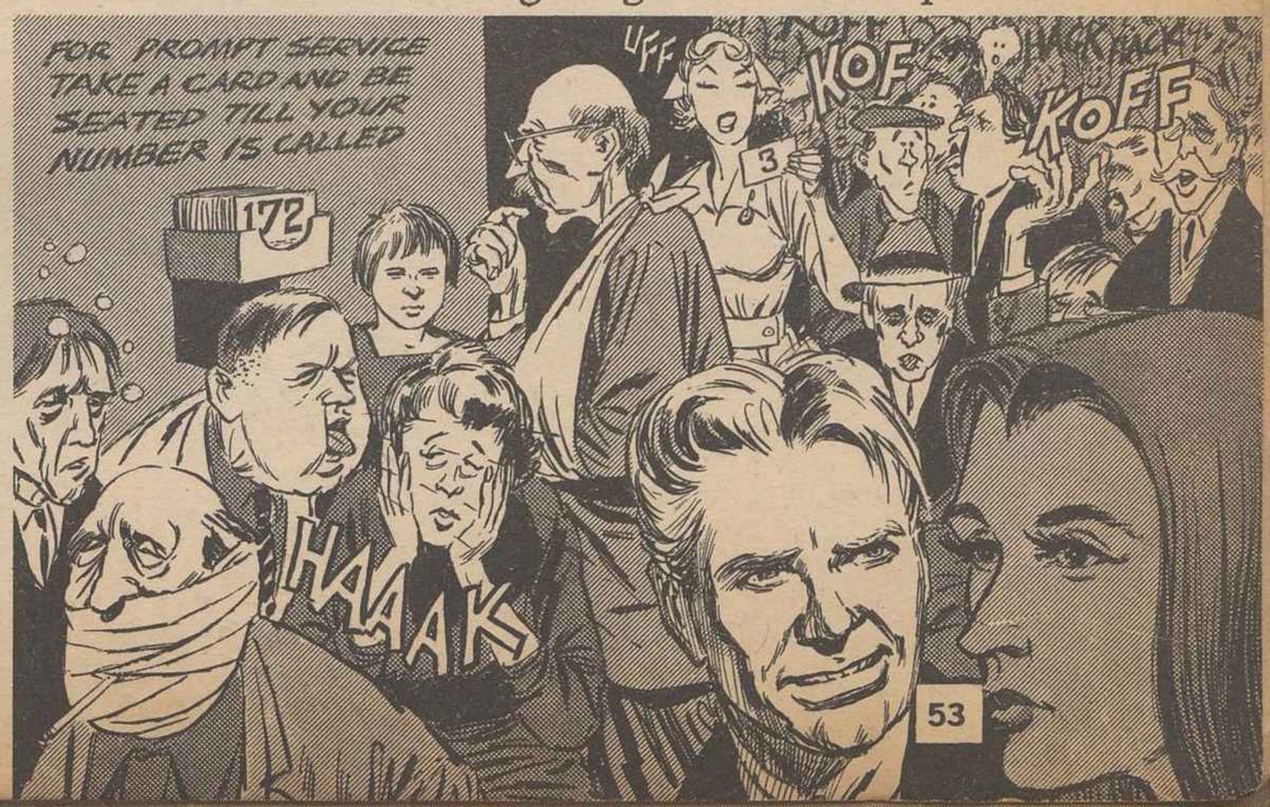
In the old days, distance was a serious problem. Patients often had to cover long miles to reach a doctor, and this resulted in many dangerous . . . and even fatal . . . delays.

In the old days, waiting rooms were small, uncomfortable, and offered no diversion, such as magazines, to quiet the nerves of the anxious patients waiting to see the doctor.

"Stop it, Henry! What **kind** of a girl do you think I am!"

Today, the telephone immediately spans long distances and reaches the doctor's office, where the nurse can tell you how many days you'll have to wait before you can see him.

Today, the busy physician includes a large, comfortably-furnished, modern waiting room as a part of his offices. which makes the ordeal of getting sick almost a pleasure.

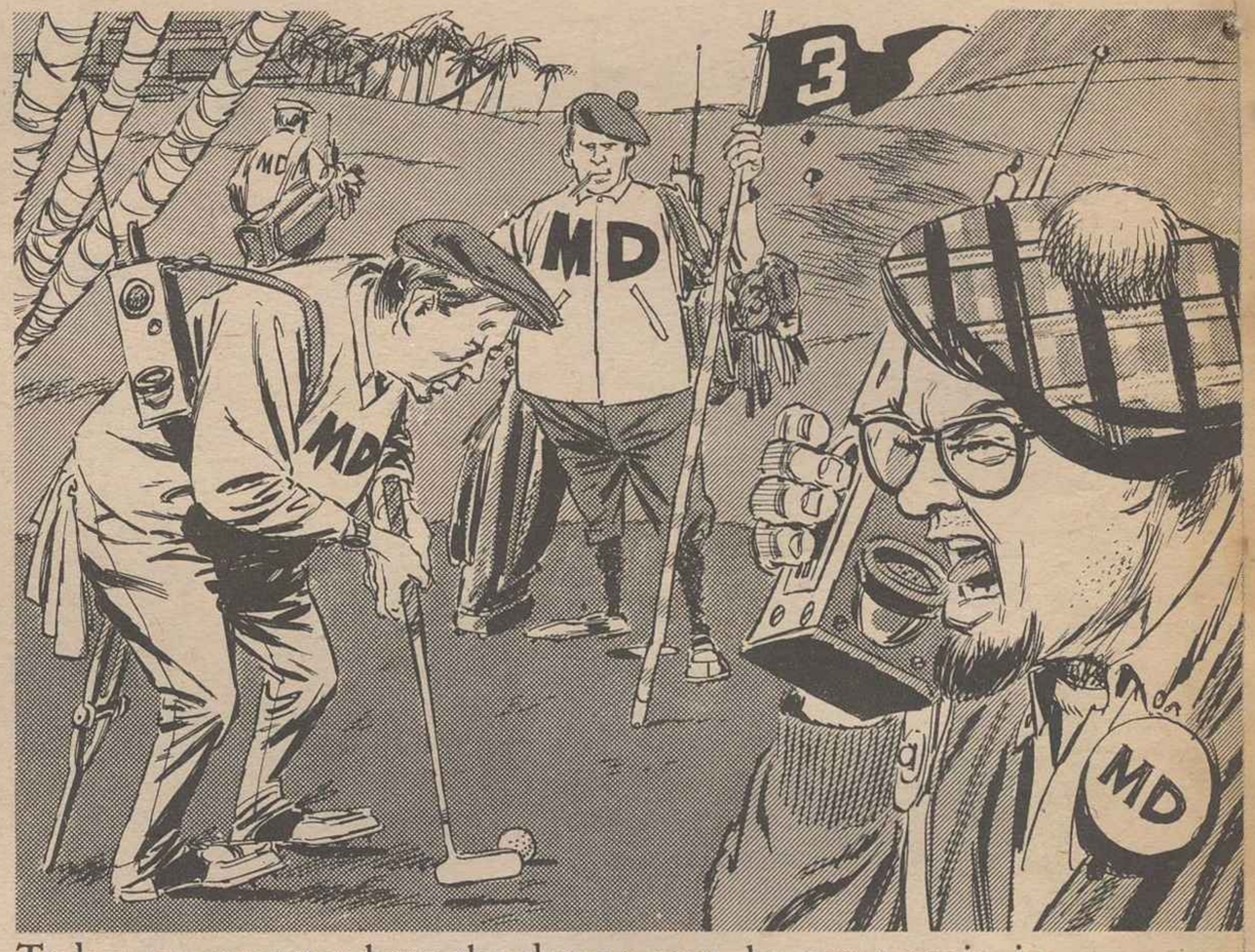


In the old days, the lack of up-to-date medical equipment made it difficult for the doctor to administer properly to the patient who came to him with any serious problem.

Nowadays, excellent equipment is available to the General Practitioner, only he doesn't have it! Instead, he sends his patients to the guys who do . . . THE SPECIALISTS!

In the old days, a day off for a doctor was rare, and if it was taken, was particularly rough on his patients who had no way of reaching him should an emergency case arise.

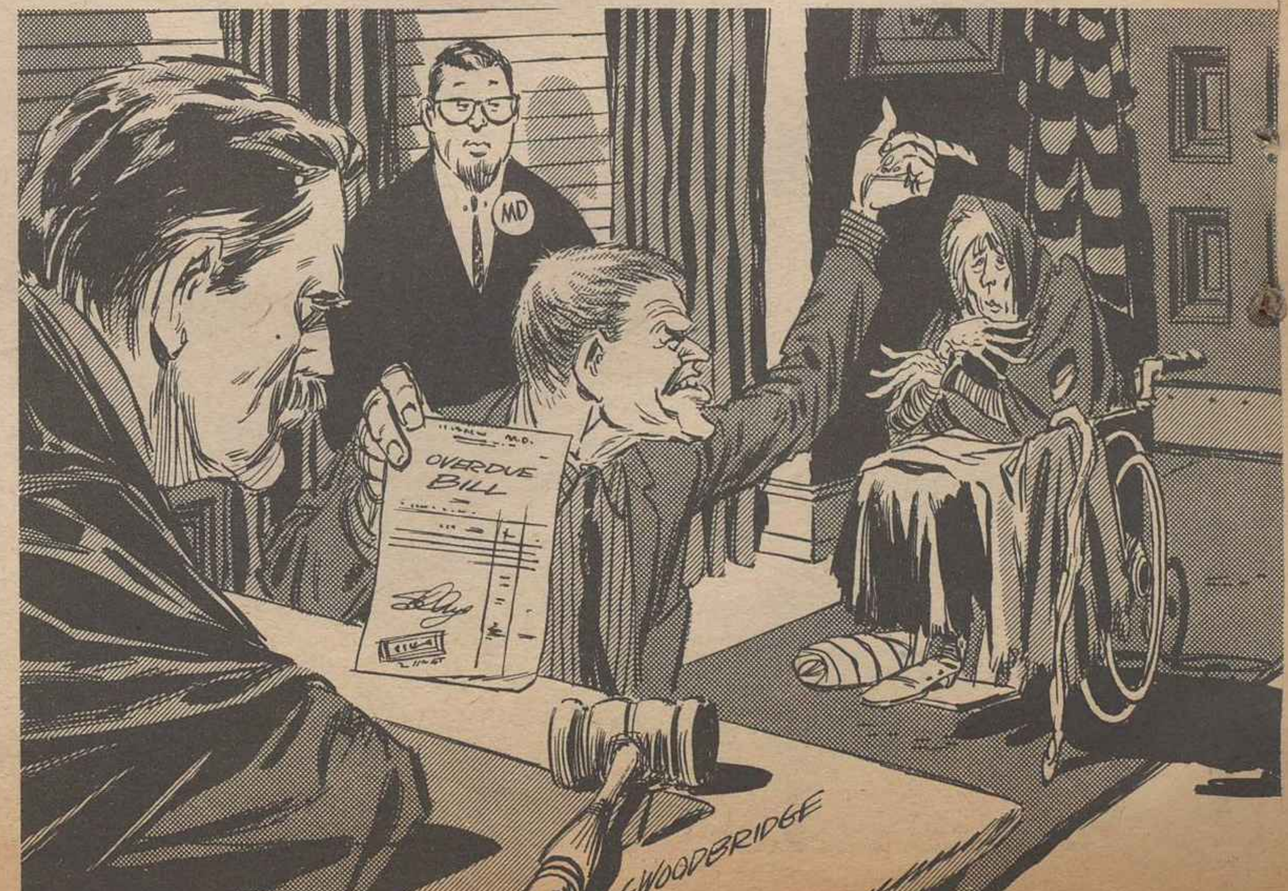
In the old days, the doctor's bill took a long time to be settled. Mail was slow, and often he forgot to send one, so the patient usually had to remember to pay it himself.



Today, no matter where the doctor goes, he can remain in constant touch with his office to advise emergency cases which arise that he's operating, and find another doctor!

Today, our modern billing methods, fast mail service, and mainly collection agencies, lawyers, and courts make this, the doctor's most important activity, quick and efficient.

"I wonder if getting into a fraternity is worth all this?"



BLEATING HEARTS DEPT.

And now, MAD turns its attentions to newsstands (like the kind you just swiped this copy from), and takes a beady-eyed look at the magazines that publish true confession stories (written by professional authors). We've noticed that these "true" confession stories always have provocative titles. We've also noticed that these titles are always more provocative than the actual stories. But mainly we've noticed that we always fall for this trick. The trick being that the editors of these "true" confession magazines list these provocative titles on their covers, and keep fooling people into thinking they're buying . . .

HERE ARE SOME "TRUE" CONFESSION STORIES WITH

I'll spend my whole life regretting that . . .

I Married Beneath My Station!

I knew that Irving came from a poor family, but I never realized what a difference it would mean to our marriage!

Because when it came time to make the arrangements, he was too broke to hire a hall!

And if you think it's a pleasure getting married under the platform of an I.R.T. Subway Station, you should try it some time. Whenever an express would come in, we'd have to stop the ceremony and wait for *(Continued)*

I tried to fight him, but I was too weak . . . and . . .

He Forced Me To Live In Shame

I will always love Sidney, even after what he made me do. And maybe, someday, my love for him will let me forget . . . and forgive. But not now. Not when the memory is so vivid. So awful.

The memory of those horrible days when Sidney forced me to live in Shame!

Because Shame, Mississippi, is the one town I can't stand. There's the glue factory down by the river, and the Moxie bottling plant over on the North side *(Continued)*

I knew he would never marry me, even though . . .

HE WORSHIPPED EVERY HAIR ON MY HEAD

It was an impossible situation, and it was driving me out of my mind. Yet, there was nothing I could do about it. I knew that Herman would never marry me, even though he worshipped every hair on my head!

Because the rest of me, he hated! He used to get nauseous every time he came near me! And who's gonna marry a girl he can't stand, just because she's got a healthy head of hair.

I remember how Herman's bald head would shine as he ran the fingers of one hand through my hair, while he held his nose with the fingers of the other. *(Continued)*

TYPICAL PROVOCATIVE TITLES THAT WE FELL FOR

I can look back over our life together, and say . .

Our Marriage Is A Honeymoon After 35 Years

I am writing my story in hopes that it will serve as an inspiration to all young married couples. Because my marriage is a honeymoon after 35 years!

Which is about time!

I mean, during those *first* thirty-four years, it was one big battle after another! And between battles, it was nothing but aggravation, aggravation, aggravation!

What happened to make Herbert change his mind about me, I'll never know. But on our 35th Anniversary, he came home with flowers, and gave me a big kiss *(Continued)*

It didn't take me very long to discover . . .

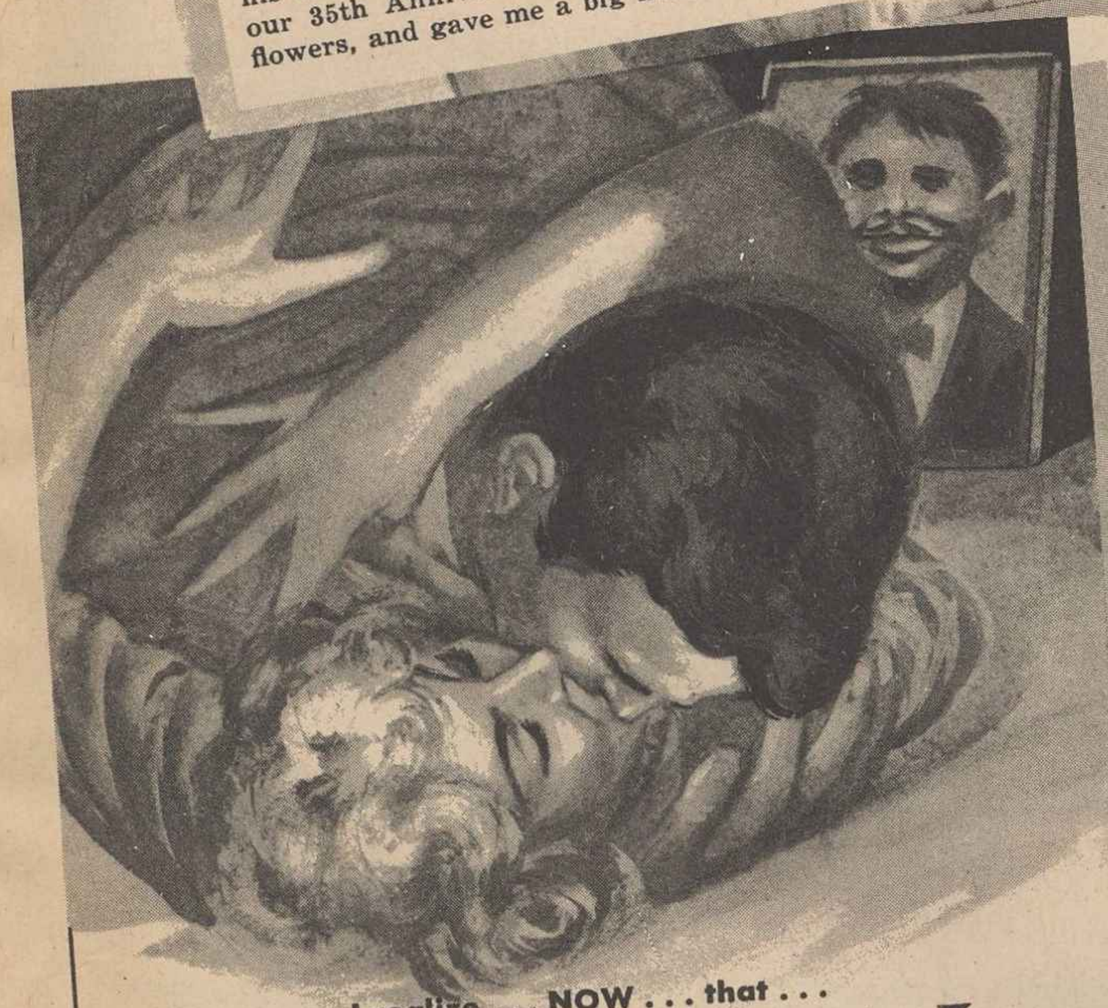
Our Marriage Was A Mistake From The Beginning

Before I married Emile, I was blindly in love with him. The fact that he was always forgetting things didn't seem important. It was only afterwards that I discovered our marriage was a mistake from the beginning!

Mainly, because Emile had forgotten to take out a marriage license!

After that, things got progressively worse. On our honeymoon, he forgot to buy a plane ticket for me. When he finally got back from Niagara Falls, he even forgot who I was. And when I stabbed him, he actually forgot to bleed!

(Continued)



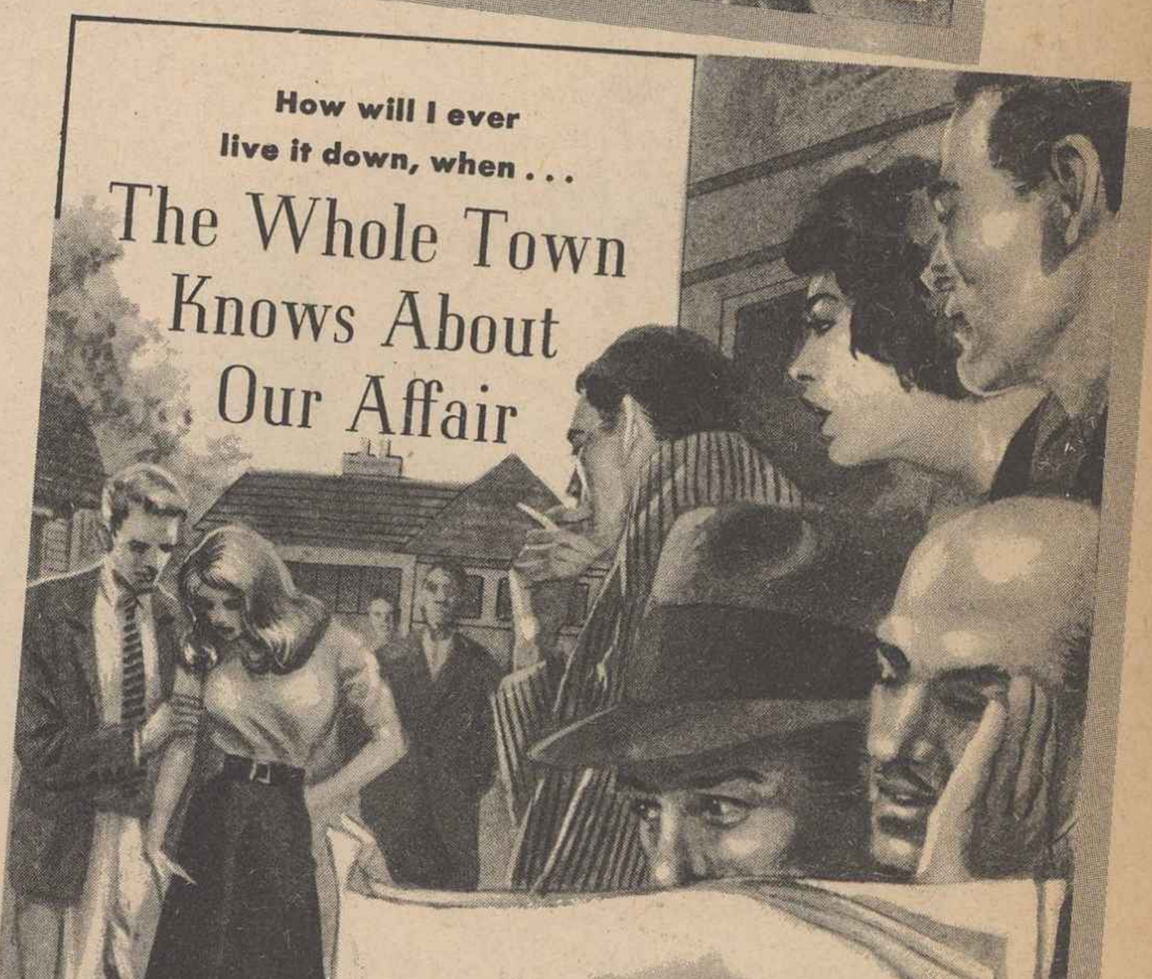
I realize . . . NOW . . . that . . .

Happiness Is Just A Guy Named "JOE"

The whole trouble is: my husband's name is "Sol"! Joe is the name of the guy I was going with before I married Sol. Joe is the guy I *should* have married! I know that now!

Ever since Joe won the Irish Sweepstakes, I've known it!

If I'd only waited another three weeks before saying "yes" to that no-good bum, Sol, I'd be rolling in dough *(Contd.)*



How will I ever live it down, when . . .

The Whole Town Knows About Our Affair

I can't walk down the streets of our town these days. Because I can't bear to face people . . . to see them turn away . . . to hear them whisper.

Yes, the whole town knows about our affair. It was in all the papers. The whole ugly mess, described right down to the last ugly detail.

And the funny thing is: if it hadn't rained that day, it probably would have been the best doggone Picnic-Barbecue the Ladies Auxiliary ever ran!

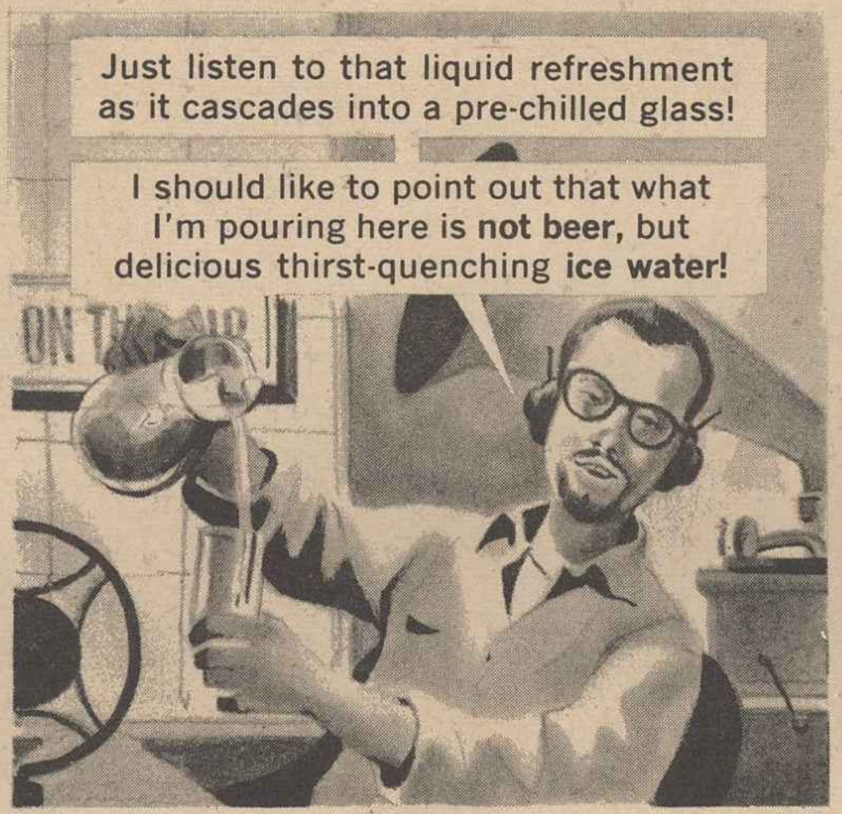
But since I was President, they blame the whole thing on me. You'd think that I ordered the rain personally *(Continued)*

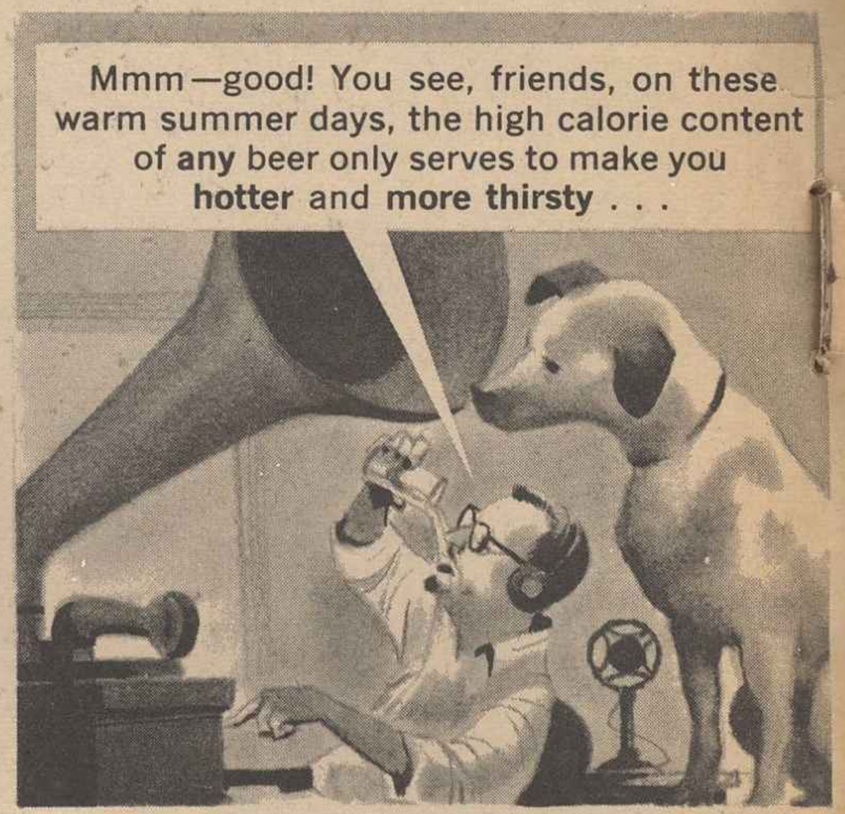
THE TRUTH BLURTS DEPT.

Pressured by recent Congressional Investigations into abuses in TV advertising, Madison Avenue has promised to clean house, and attempt to eliminate any duplicity and dishonesty in their commercial claims. Frankly, we think they'll fail miserably in this attempt, because the only way they could succeed would be to go all the way! And then we would all be seeing these sickening examples of

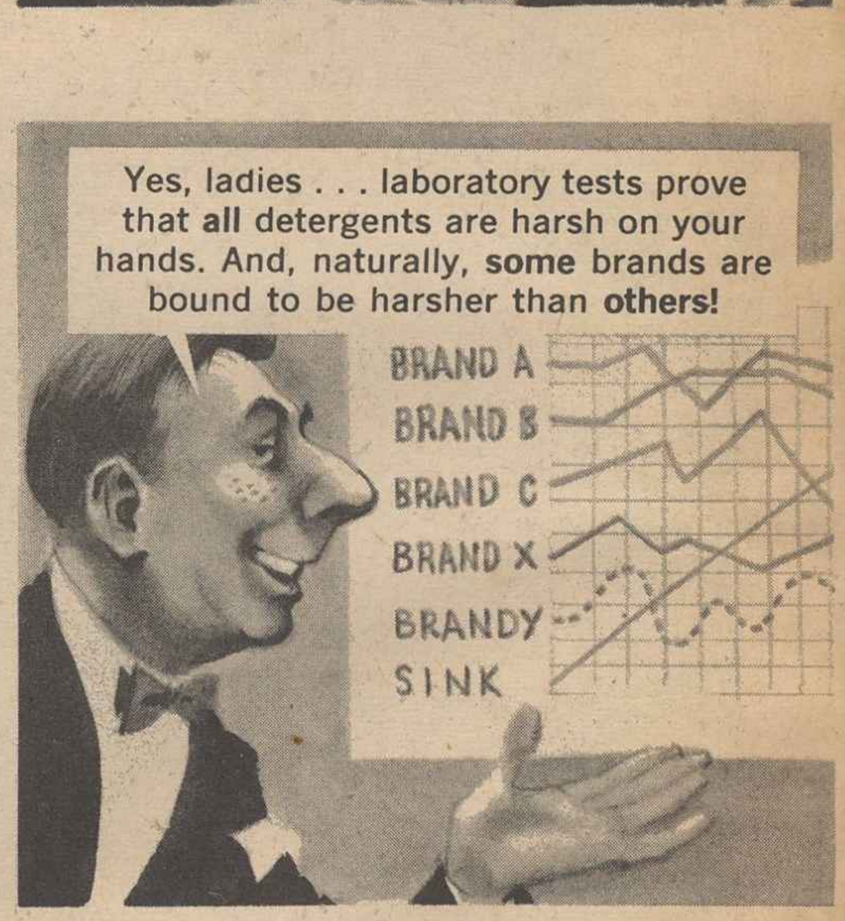
HONEST

Radio Commercials



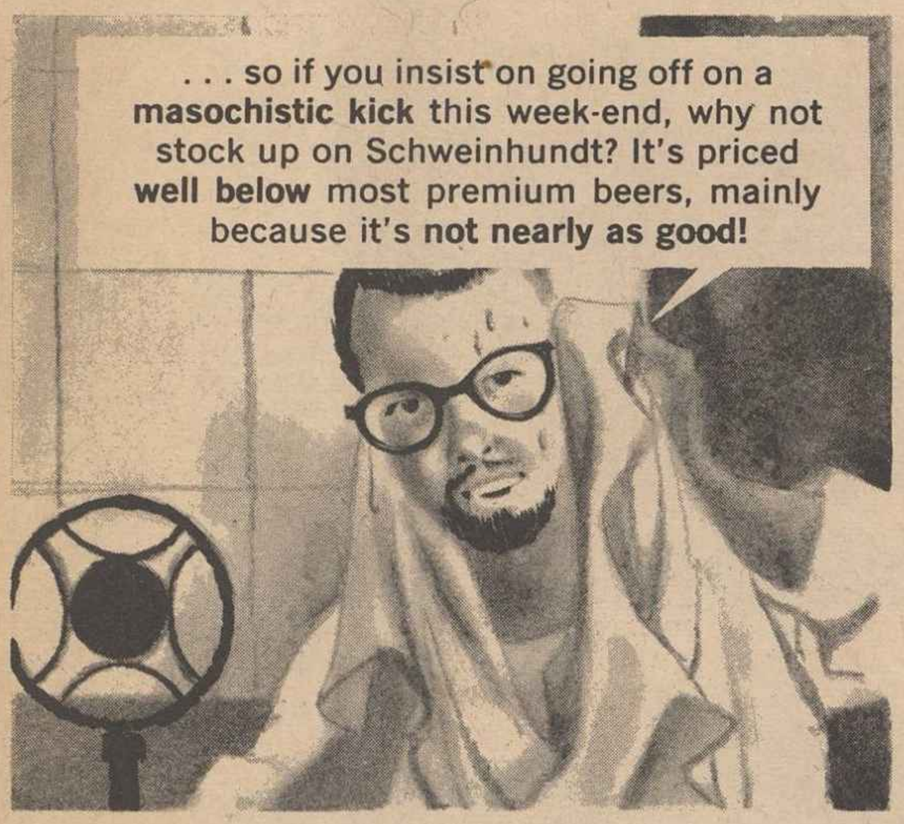


TV Commercials



Roadside Signs

ADS



Yellow Page Listings

673
TELEVISION REPAIR (CONT.)

NANCY & BILL'S FIX-IT HEAVEN
1325 N. Mz.....**SN**aver 7-0000

NOT QUITE A-1 TV REPAIR
***INADEQUATELY TRAINED TECHNICIANS**
***NIGHT CALLS GENERALLY IGNORED**
***INFERIOR PARTS USED EXCLUSIVELY**
***RIDICULOUSLY PADDED PRICES**
1566 E. Cwznfsk.....**OD**mont 8-5999
"We take your set, then we take you!"

NUFSKY'S TV & STALL SHOWER DOOR REPAIR
RFD 4, PO Bx 367.....**YO**kel O-ring 2

"I've been paid to say . . .

I Like the New 1960 FIREBIRD

FOUR DOOR HARD TOP"

—CONFESSES

"SLAMMIN' SAMMY" GETZOFF

Natn'l. U.S. Open
Golf Caddy Champ

"IF YOU DRIVE A CAR AS HARD AS I DO, HERE ARE SOME FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE NEW 1960 FIREBIRD:

1. The **FIREBIRD** makes no fantastic economy claims. 8 miles a gallon is all you'll get with this baby, even with a stiff tail wind. In fact, a **1960 FIREBIRD** finished dead last in the recent Mobilgas Economy Run, averaging a little better than 7.3 mpg, with cheating. **2. FIREBIRD's** patented **finger-tip** steering, **float-o-matic** drive, and **feather-touch** brakes were all given their fancy copyright names by an ad man who has never even driven a **1960 FIREBIRD. 3.** You can own a **FIREBIRD** for as little as $395 down and $97 a month (for 36 months, after which all you will owe is the small sum of $4,978 in interest and net carrying charges). **4.** Driving over 20,000 miles a year in all kinds of weather over all kinds of roads, my last five cars have all been **FIREBIRDS.** I'm trapped good, because no one but a **FIREBIRD** dealer will take my old car on a trade-in.

SO IF YOU WANT TO ENJOY ROOMINESS, LOW MAINTENANCE AND ECONOMY, GET A RAMBLER!"

The New 1960 FIREBIRD **FOUR DOOR HARDTOP**

PRICES START AT $3995

That is, the list price FOB Detroit. It doesn't include state and local taxes, freight charges (which are plenty) and normal cost-padding by unscrupulous dealers. It also doesn't include any optional equipment, without which, the car won't go. All told, the very cheapest stripped down model will run well over $5000 any way you look at it.

Newspaper Ads

STOREWIDE CLEARANCE SALE!

MINK-DYED Simulated MUSKRAT FUR COATS

Actually Field Mouse with a bad dye job. Cheaper than Mink, but still more expensive than a lot better stuff available elsewhere. We originally planned on charging $179.95 for them. Now, because we're hoping to make an even more ridiculous profit, they're only

$239.95

Men's White Broadcloth Shirts

$4.95 EACH

At least the manufacturer told us they were broadcloth. However, he also told us they were Sanforized, and we know that's a lie, because they've shrunk since they came in. Our price is no bargain, either, unless you're a hard-to-fit midget!

UNIQUE BUY IN TOTS' SNOWSUITS

The unique part is that our buyer was the only one in town idiot enough to load up on these lemons!
*UN-REINFORCED KNEES AND ELBOWS
*ASSORTED DIRT-CATCHING COLORS
Buy several! One won't last even a lethargic kid through the winter!

$14.95

NEUMAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

OPEN AFTERNOONS FROM NOON — 3 PM FOR OUR OWN CONVENIENCE
UNCOMFORTABLY NOT AIR-CONDITIONED

NOTICE: We are not responsible if our underpaid clerks attempt to short-change customers.

Workers with pneumatic drills often have impaired hearing. | have shown that typists in noisy surroundings lose [illegible] of | world to-day, it is small wonder that,

Outdoor Billboards

WHEN COLD WEATHER STRIKES...

Bet you won't get started with

FURDICO

LOW OCTANE SUPREME

"THE REGULAR GAS AT A PREMIUM PRICE"

Junk Mail

MUTUAL OF MUNCIE

"Serving the Nation Since Early 1959"

HOME OFFICE
Drawer "J"
General Delivery
Muncie, Indiana

TELEPHONE
Ace Cafe
QX-8-0099
Ask for Sam

Dear Friend:—
Congratulations on your recent decision not to return the prepaid post card we sent you some time back. This post card, as you may recall, ostensibly would have resulted in your receiving more information about our **Health & Accident Insurance** without cost or obligation to you.

As you apparently had the good sense to realize, returning that post card would have placed you under plenty obligation. In fact, rather than free information, we would have sent out a high-pressure salesman who would have informed you that signing that card was a legal commitment to buy a policy.

We feel that you exhibited excellent judgment and insight in neglecting to take any action on our offer. Frankly, ours is a pretty shaky firm with a long record of disreputable dealings.

Even at best, in these days of inflation, insurance is one of the worst investments you could make.

Sincerely,
Y. Otis Wuber
President

Monthly Newsletters

TELEPHONE TID-BITS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY THE GREATER MUDVILLE TELEPHONE CO.

VOL. 4 APRIL-MAY-JUNE 1960 NO. 2

YOUR PHONE BILL STILL INCLUDES 10% FEDERAL TAX!

Yes, more than 14 years after the end of World War II, your phone bill remains your only utility expense on which you still pay a 10% "Wartime Emergency" tax.

Your telephone company, in defense of your interests, is spending a great deal of money working for repeal of this inequitable levy. You will note (by your bill) that we are attempting to recoup this ill-advised expense through an increased rate on your local calls beginning this month.

We shall, of course, continue to fight against this 10% Federal tax. The way your phone company looks at it, repeal of the tax would result in such unbridled joy on your part that we would be able to slip through another good-sized general rate increase without you noticing it. Either way, it's coming out of your pocket, and we feel that it would be nicer for us to get the money rather than the government. So please write your congressman urging repeal of this tax, since we find that public pressure is more economical for us than direct bribery.

"Show me a man who knows how to spend a penny, waste a penny, give away a penny, and save a penny, and I'll show you a clod!"—Voltaire

Movie Posters

LESS DRAMATIC THAN "HIGH NOON"!
NOT AS GOOD AS "CIMARRON"!
DULLER THAN "SHANE"!

"Bad Day At Dry Creek"

starring

RUD WINGATE
In his worst performance since "Teen-Age Weirdy"!

DEBBY IVAR
In her first starring role which just didn't work out!

TAB LUDLOW
Who looks like Gary Cooper but can't even act as good!

Filmed In
TECHNICOLOR
But Processed Poorly

Not Photographed In
CINEMASCOPE
'Cause It Costs Too Much

STEREOPHONIC SOUND
But Not Synchronized With The Picture

Produced By Xxxx Xxxxxxx* **Directed By Yyy Yyyyyyyy***
Screen Play By Zz Zzzzzzz* **Based On A Novel By Ooo Ooo***

*Actual Names Withheld by Request

ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT

WAY OFF-SIDE DEPT.

This is the time of year when thousands of loyal fans stream into hundreds of stadiums all over the country on Saturday afternoons. There, amid pennants and cheers, they scream, yell, and generally behave like idiots for close to three

GRANDSTAND

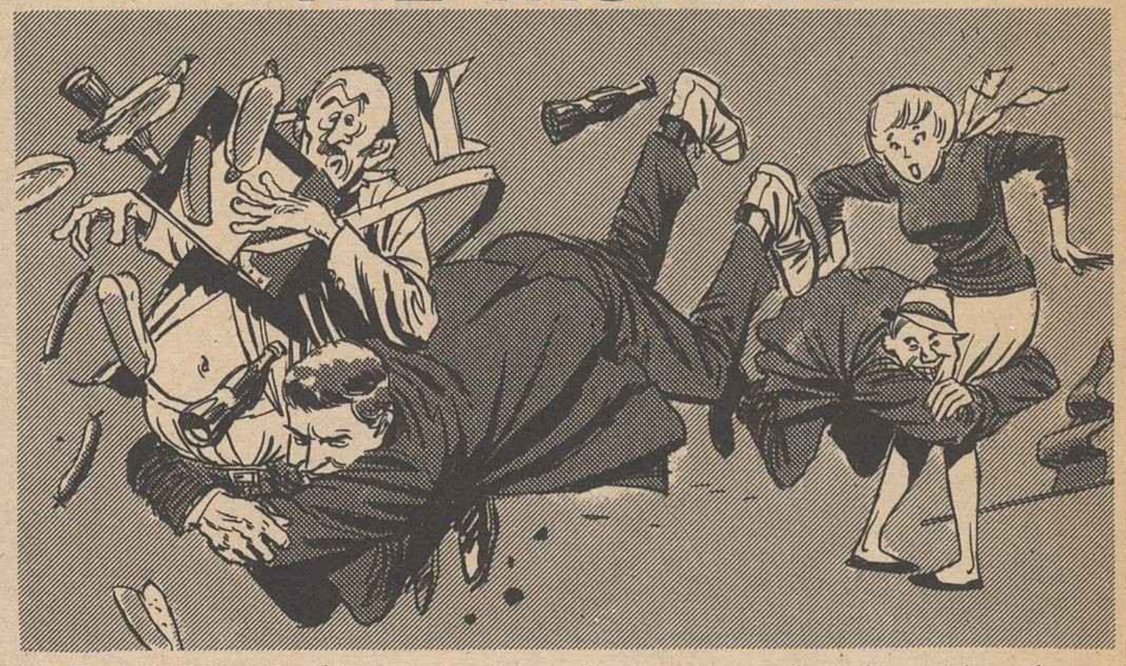
ART—GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

GRANDSTAND FOOTBALL PLAYER POSITIONS

THE ENDS

THE ENDS are first to arrive at the game. It's their job to protect the line until their teammates arrive by preventing opposition players from grabbing any of the seats in that line.

THE TACKLES



THE TACKLES do just what their name implies. As the game progresses, they lunge out and tackle passing hot dog vendors, souvenir hawkers, and unescorted blondes.

THE GUARDS

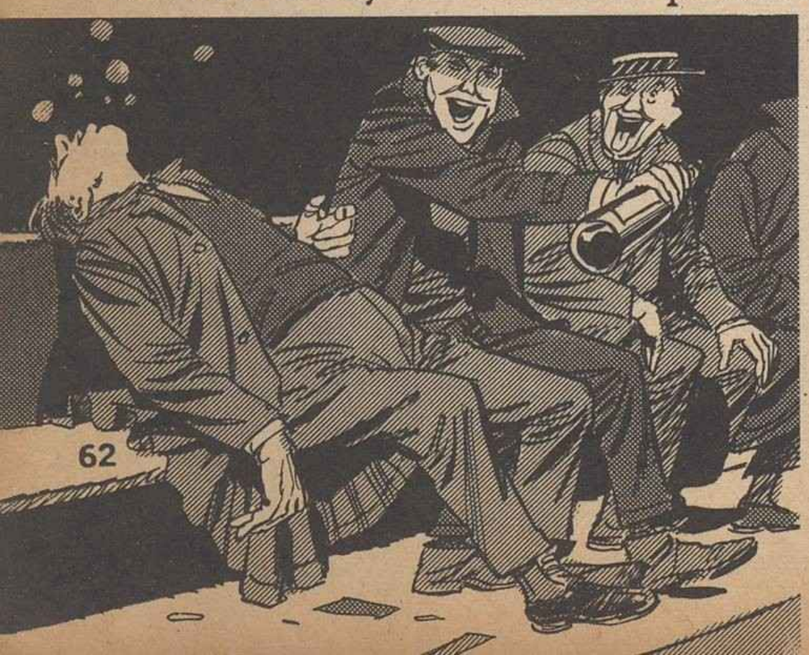
THE GUARDS have the important job of guarding the seat of the Center, who somehow always manages to be the last player to arrive, making everybody else in the line stand.

THE CENTER

THE CENTER always arrives late because he has been sent out to buy the liquor. He's called the Center because all the action centers around him, as he controls the bottle.

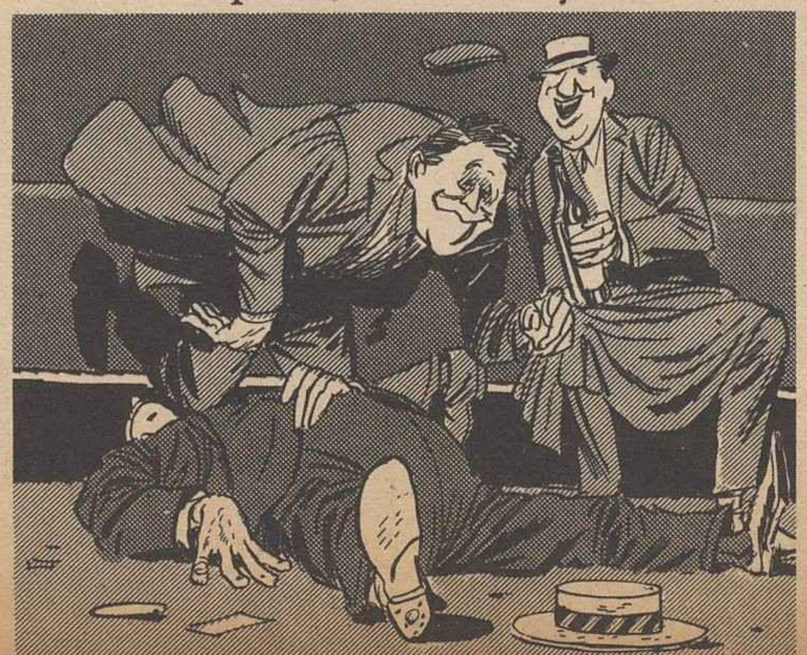
THE QUARTERBACK

THE QUARTERBACK takes the bottle directly from the Center, and ends up on his back by the end of a quarter.



THE HALFBACKS

THE HALFBACKS do a little better. They take the bottle when it's passed, and end up on their backs by the half.



THE FULLBACK

THE FULLBACK is a 60 minute man. He usually manages to play out the full game before landing flat on his back.

hours. Unfortunately, most of these people watch the field! We say "unfortunately" because they miss the best action . . . namely the action going on around them in the stands. Here, then, is an article explaining how you can enjoy the game of

FOOTBALL

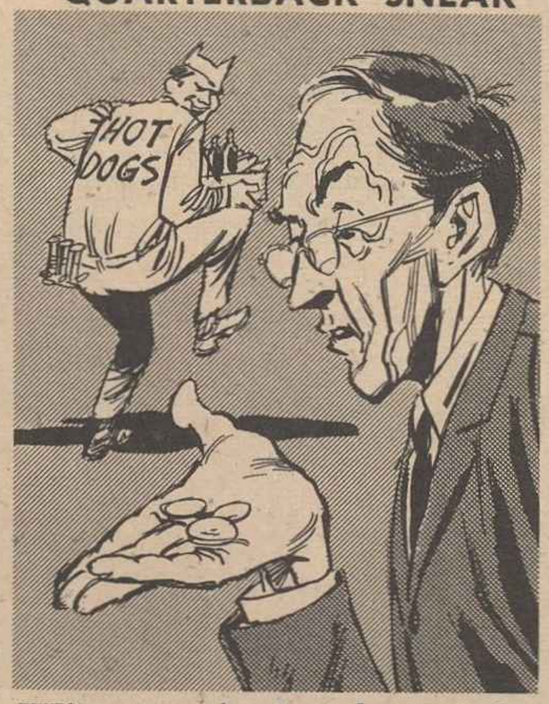
STORY—FRANK JACOBS

GLOSSARY OF GRANDSTAND FOOTBALL TERMS

CLIPPING

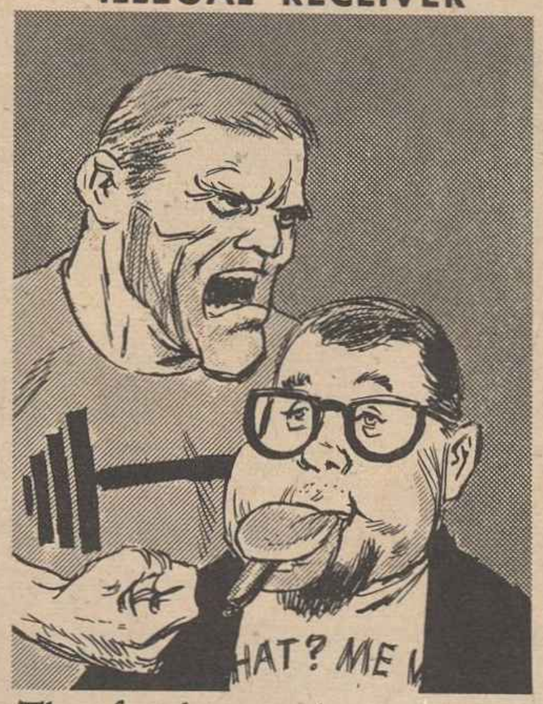
What fan gets from a ticket scalper outside the stadium.

QUARTERBACK SNEAK



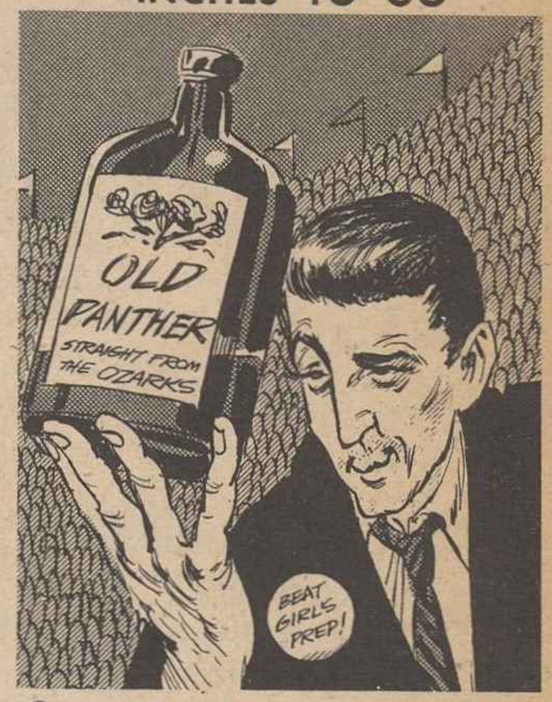
When sneaky hot dog vendor short changes you two-bits.

ILLEGAL RECEIVER



The frank you just ate was meant for guy next to you.

INCHES TO GO



One more stiff drink, and you've killed that bottle.

BACKFIELD IN MOTION

Noticed when a well-shaped cheerleader walks by stands.

FORWARD PASS

Trying to make out with the blonde in the row in front.

FUMBLE

Term which describes result of a clumsy "forward pass."

LINE-BACKER

A friend eggs you on when the blonde downs your pass.

HOLDING

Blonde shares blanket with you after completed pass.

HUDDLE

Term which describes result of a completed forward pass.

PASS INTERFERENCE

Guy sitting next to blonde turns out to be her husband.

FOOTBALL

Whatever those 22 clods on the playing field are doing.

HAS ANYONE HERE SEEN KELLY—Prince Ranier

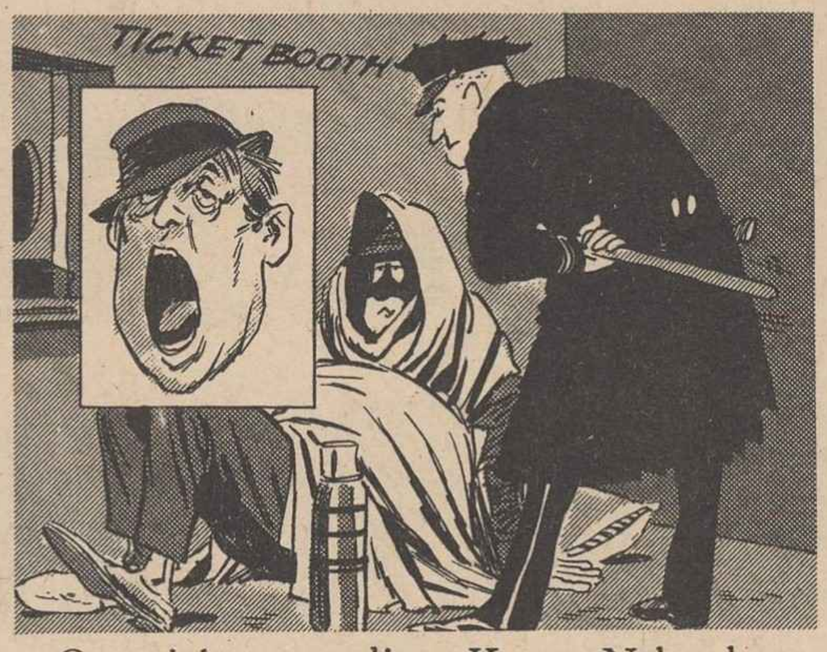
ALL-TIME GRANDSTAND FOOTBALL GREATS

A GALLERY OF GRANDSTAND FOOTBALL HEROES WHO HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES DURING PAST FALL CLASSICS BY THEIR COURAGE, STAMINA, AND ALCOHOLIC CONTENT

MONROE FERNFEATHER
Army '39

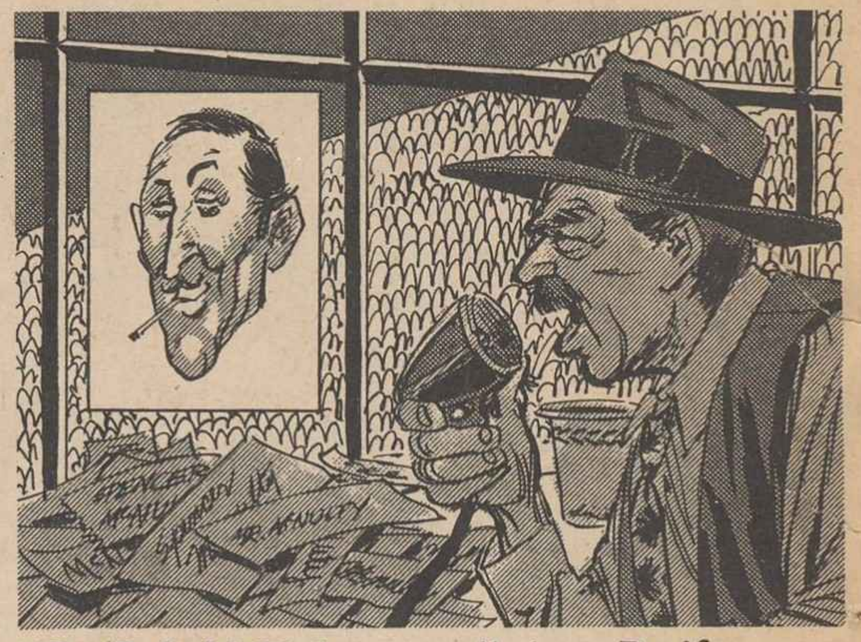
During Army-Navy game in 1938, Cadet Fernfeather became first Army man to sit through both halfs in Navy cheering section. Was given full Military Funeral, and graduated posthumously.

DELBERT (BIFF) SMEED
Nebraska '51



On night preceding Kansas-Nebraska game, Smeed slept outside Nebraska stadium, waiting for ticket booth to open, only to discover next morning that game was being played at Kansas.

SPENCER (GO-GO) McNULTY
UCLA '46

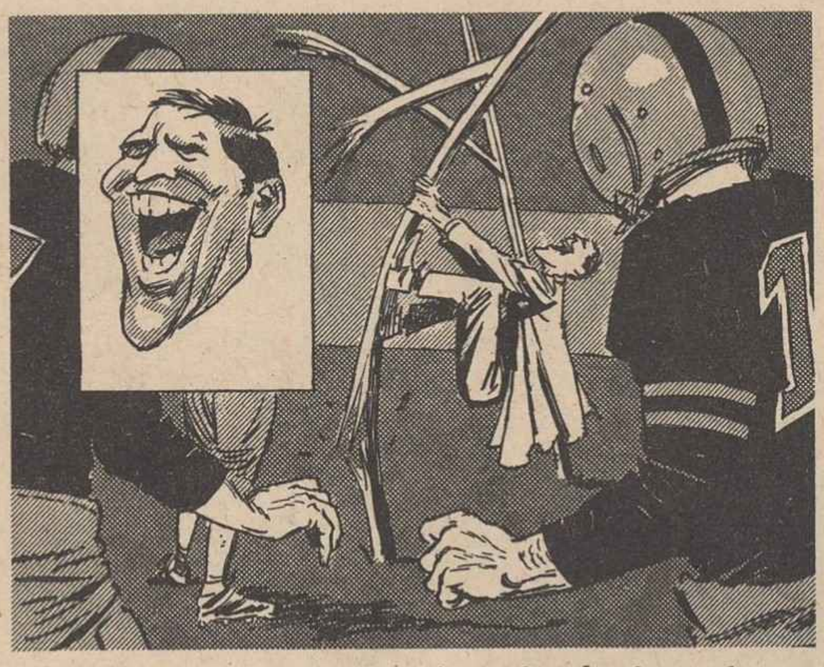


"Go-Go" McNulty set all-time Pacific Coast Conference record during the UCLA-Southern California game back in 1944 by having himself paged 47 times over the public address system.

BEAUREGARD FINSTER
Tulane '45

Finster set Southeastern Conference record during Georgia Tech—Tulane game in 1944 by stomping down on 74 consecutive empty Coca-Cola cups, producing a loud "POP" every time.

ARDSLEY WAXWING
SMU '53

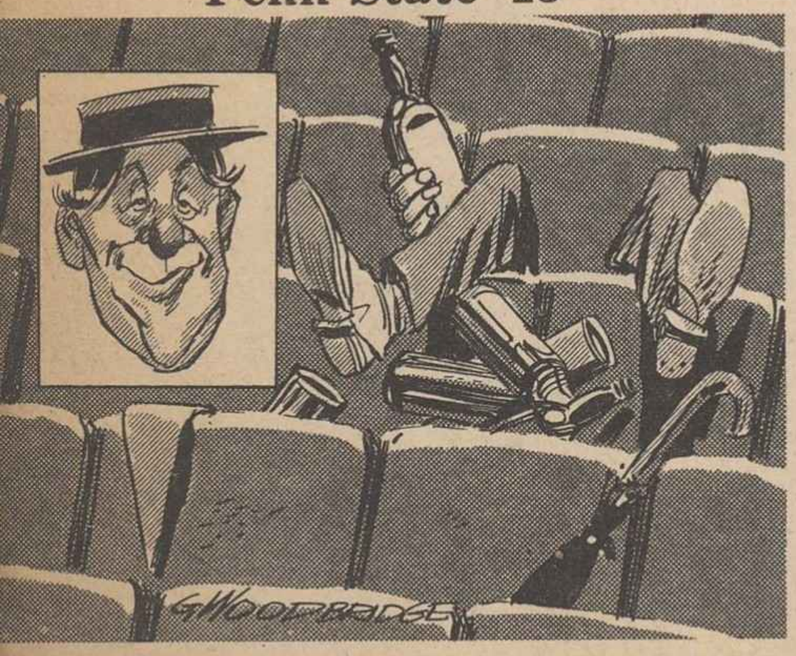


Waxwing won his laurels during the Texas Christian—Southern Methodist game in 1952 when he tore down the TCU goalposts singlehanded, before learning the game was only half over.

BARNEY (RAH-RAH) WINDLASS
Iowa '55

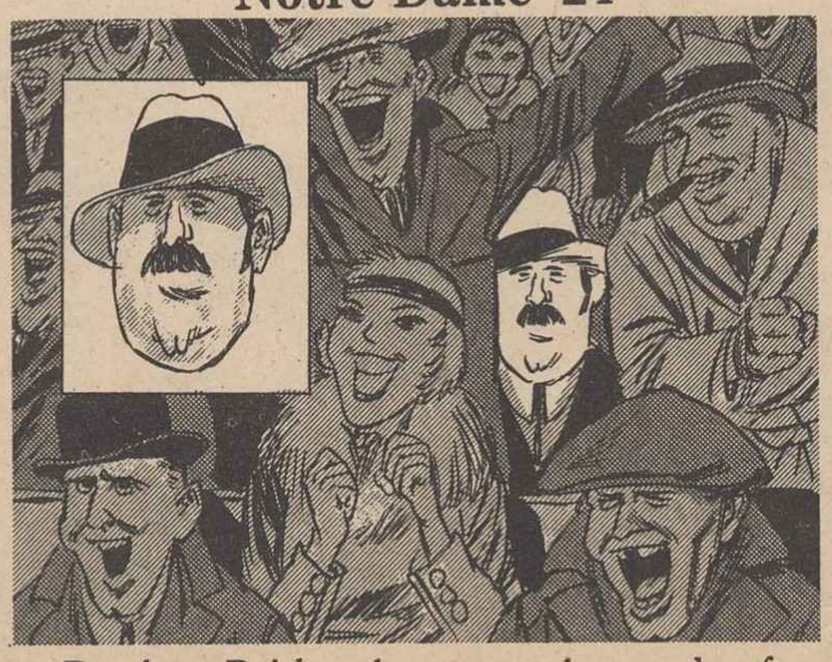
Windlass became a Grandstand Great when he was barred from all scheduled Iowa games during 1953 for burning the Iowa coach in Effigy, which is a small town just outside Iowa City.

KYLE ESTERHAZY
Penn State '13



Esterhazy sat in the same seat in the same row in the same section of the stadium for 211 consecutive Penn State home games without once being sober enough to see what was going on.

BARCLAY BRISK
Notre Dame '24



Barclay Brisk, the most honored of Grandstand Football Greats, earned his reputation by attending nearly 100 Notre Dame games without once ever yelling, "We want a touchdown!"

JASPER C. VAN FLICK
Harvard '47

Van Flick was banned from attending Ivy League football contests after it was discovered that he'd actually raised his voice during a cheer at the 1946 Harvard—Princeton classic.

BIG BUILD-UP DEPT.

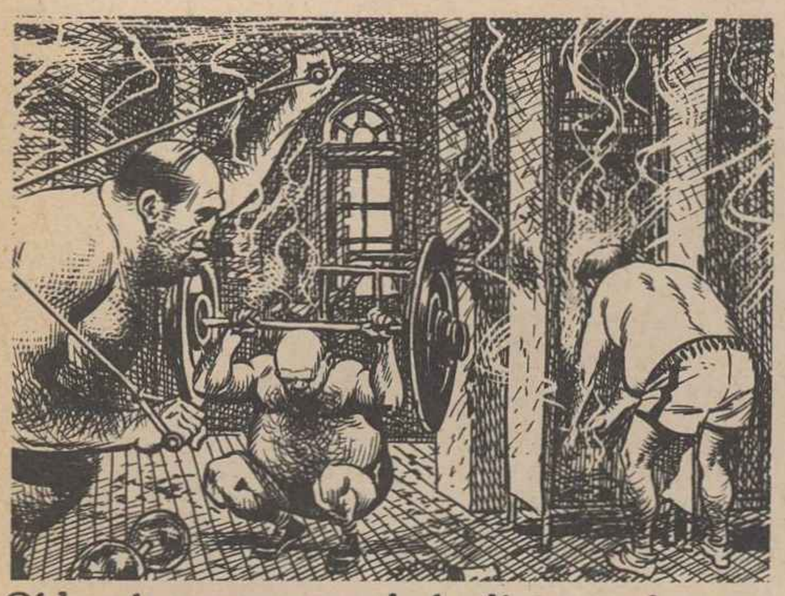
In a recent MAD article (*Body-Building & Weight Lifting*, No. 45.), valuable information was given on a program for keeping fit through exercise. Unfortunately, the average person has neither the equipment, knowledge, nor incentive to carry through such a program. Today, all these objections are being solved by a dedicated young health expert. This young health expert is dedicated to making Americans healthy. The money he's making ($15,000,000 a year) is of secondary importance to him. He's only interested (he says!) in getting every single man, woman and child into

VIC TINNY GYMS

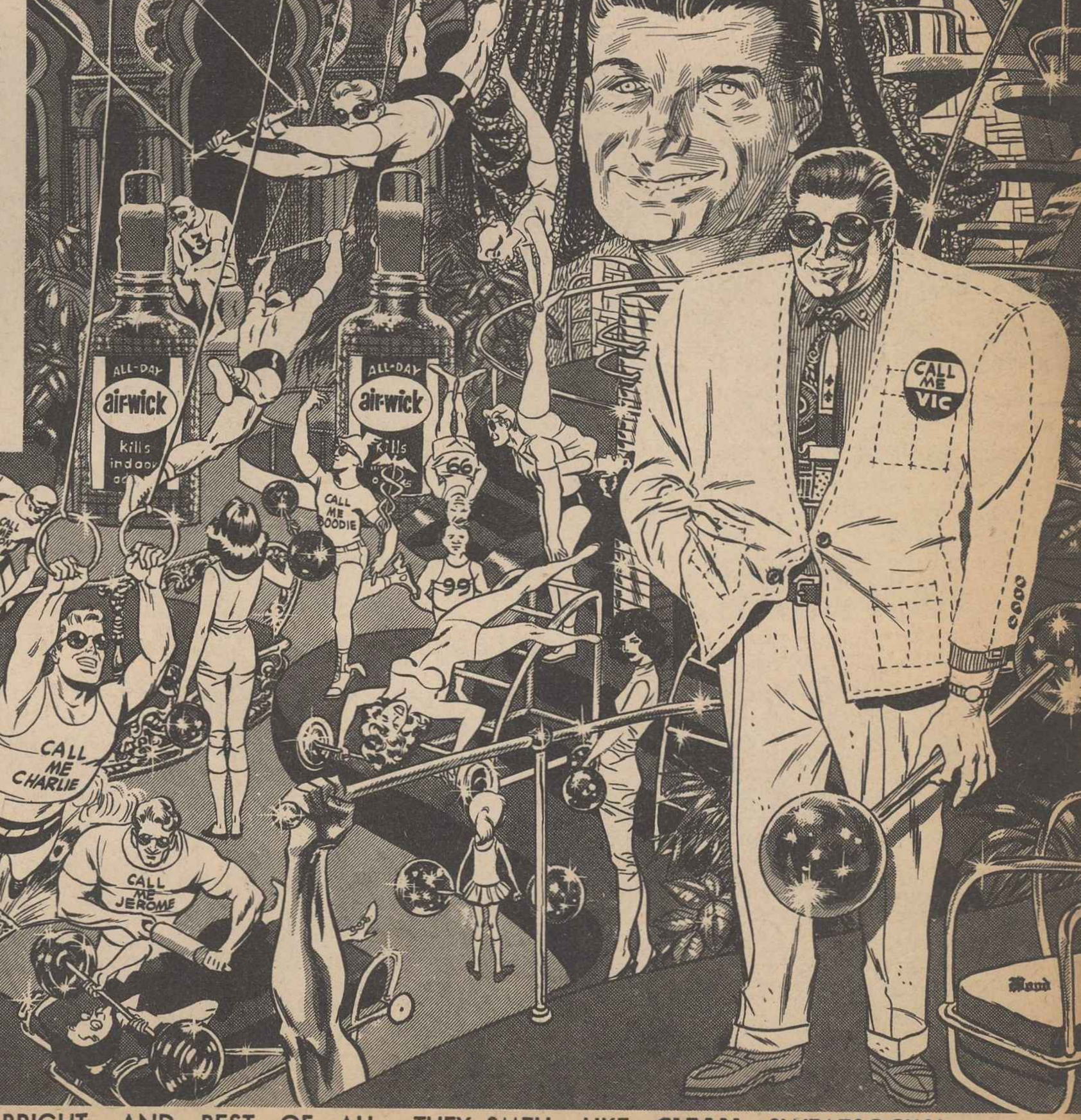
A PUBLIC SERVICE TO IMPROVE AMERICA'S HEALTH

ART–WALLACE WOOD STORY–AL JAFFEE

When Vic Tinny started his dedicated campaign to make all America healthy, he was faced with a huge problem: how to get people into a gym? Old-style gyms were unappealing! Vic's answer: The completely-redesigned "Vic Tinny Gym."



Old-style gyms were dark, dingy, and worst of all, they smelled like dirty sweatsocks!



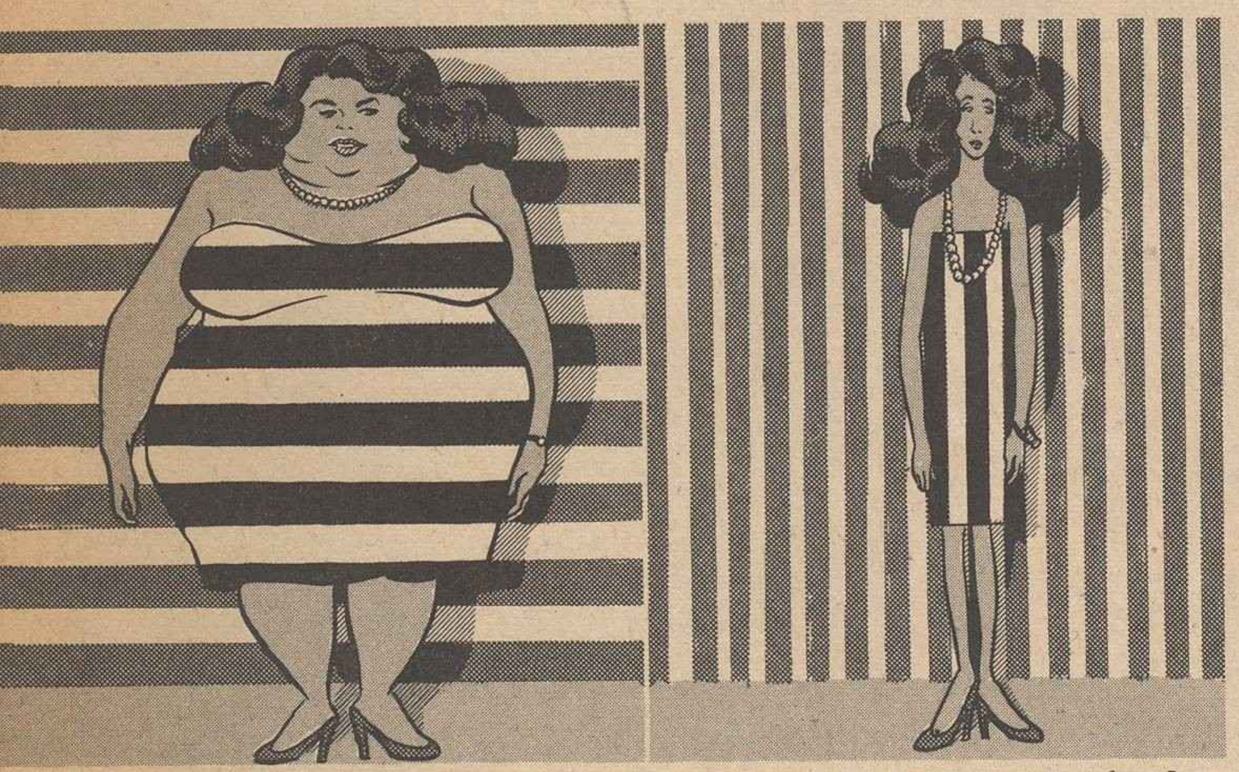
VIC TINNY GYMS ARE SHINY, BRIGHT, AND BEST OF ALL, THEY SMELL LIKE **CLEAN** SWEATSOCKS!

THE NEW VIC

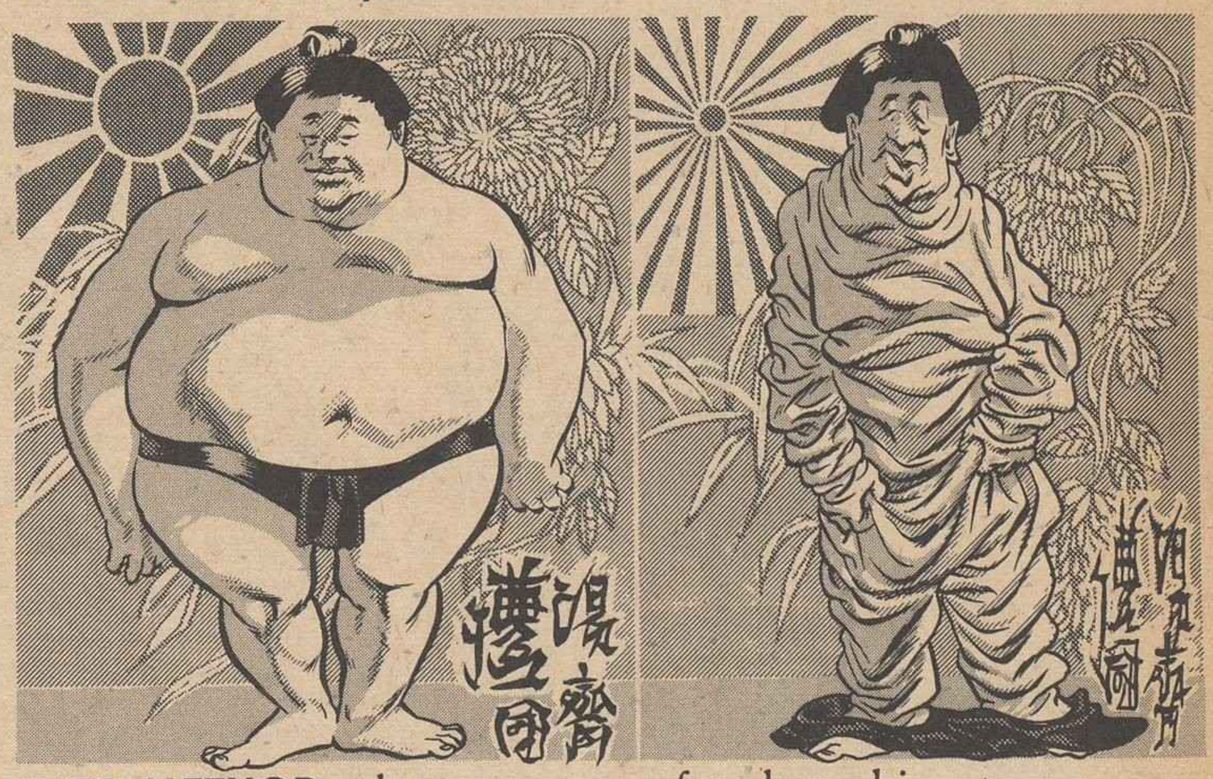
Before going ahead with his dedicated campaign, Vic Tinny examined many other "health methods." He discovered that people needed three things to successfully complete them: (1) Instruction, (2) Equipment, and (3) Incentive. After

POPULAR HEALTH METHODS WHICH VIC TINNY FOUND INADEQUATE

DIET METHOD found inadequate

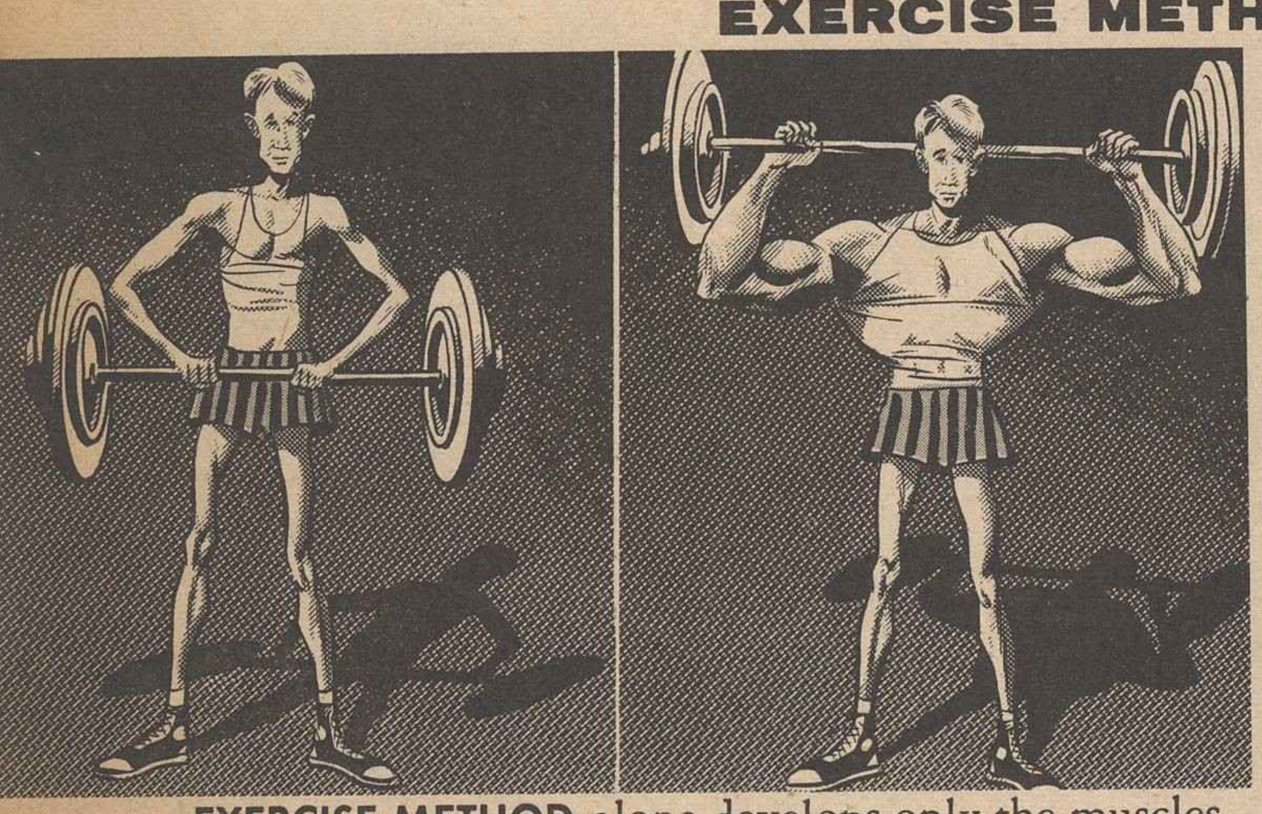


DIET METHOD alone loses weight all over body, even in places that were all right as they were.

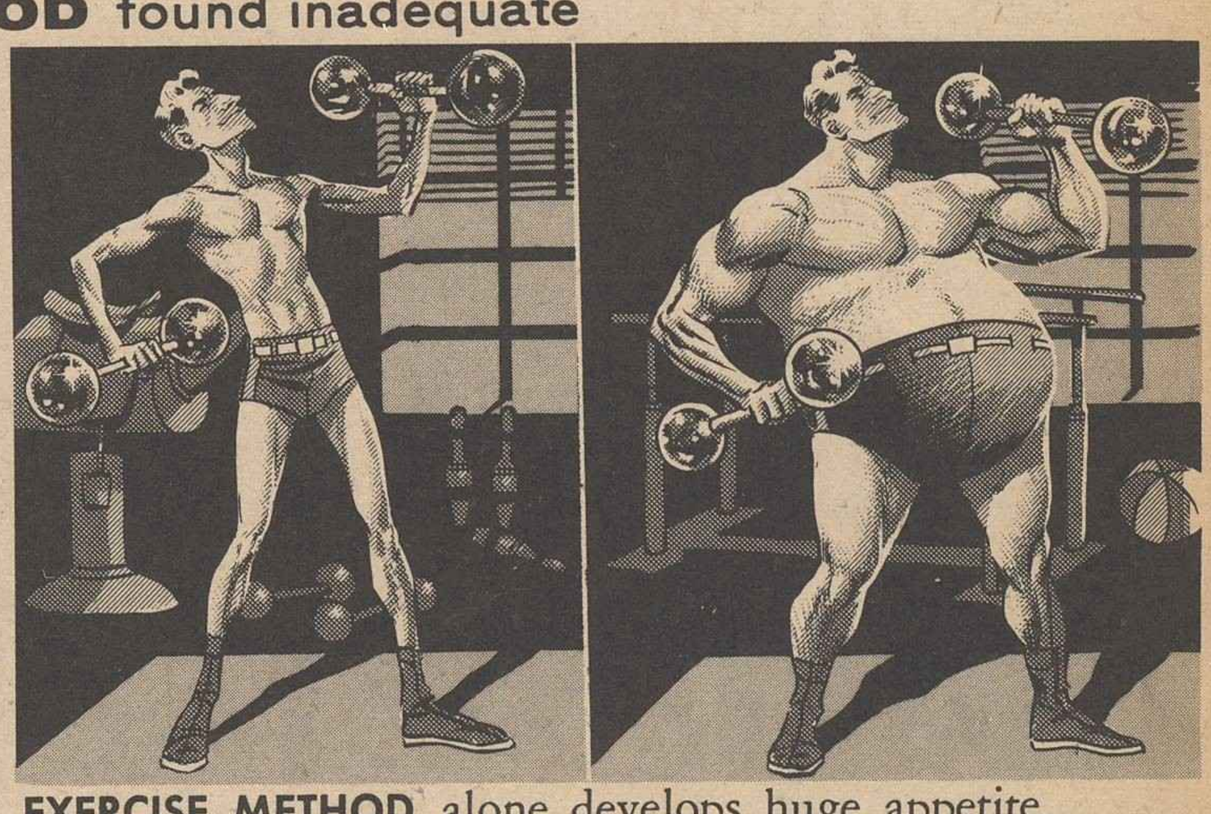


DIET METHOD alone removes fat, but skin stays same size, and with no fat below, sags all over.

EXERCISE METHOD found inadequate



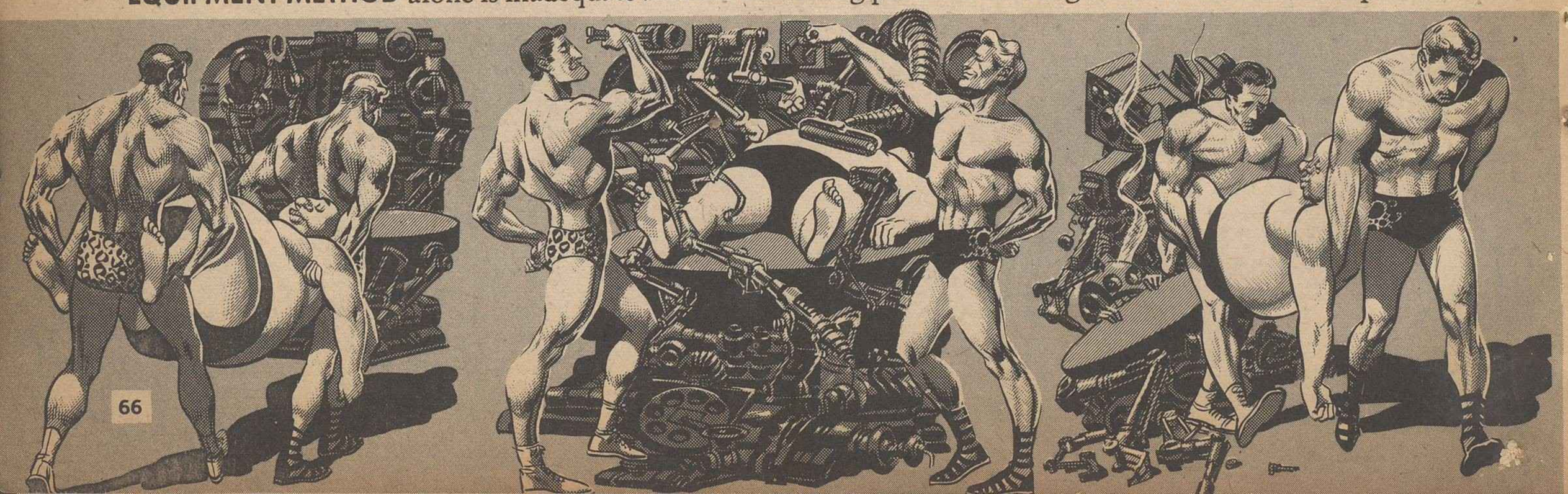
EXERCISE METHOD alone develops only the muscles that are exercised, often with very weird results.



EXERCISE METHOD alone develops huge appetite, subsequent over-eating, and unwanted new muscles.

EQUIPMENT METHOD found inadequate

EQUIPMENT METHOD alone is inadequate because soft-living public is too far gone for machines to help.



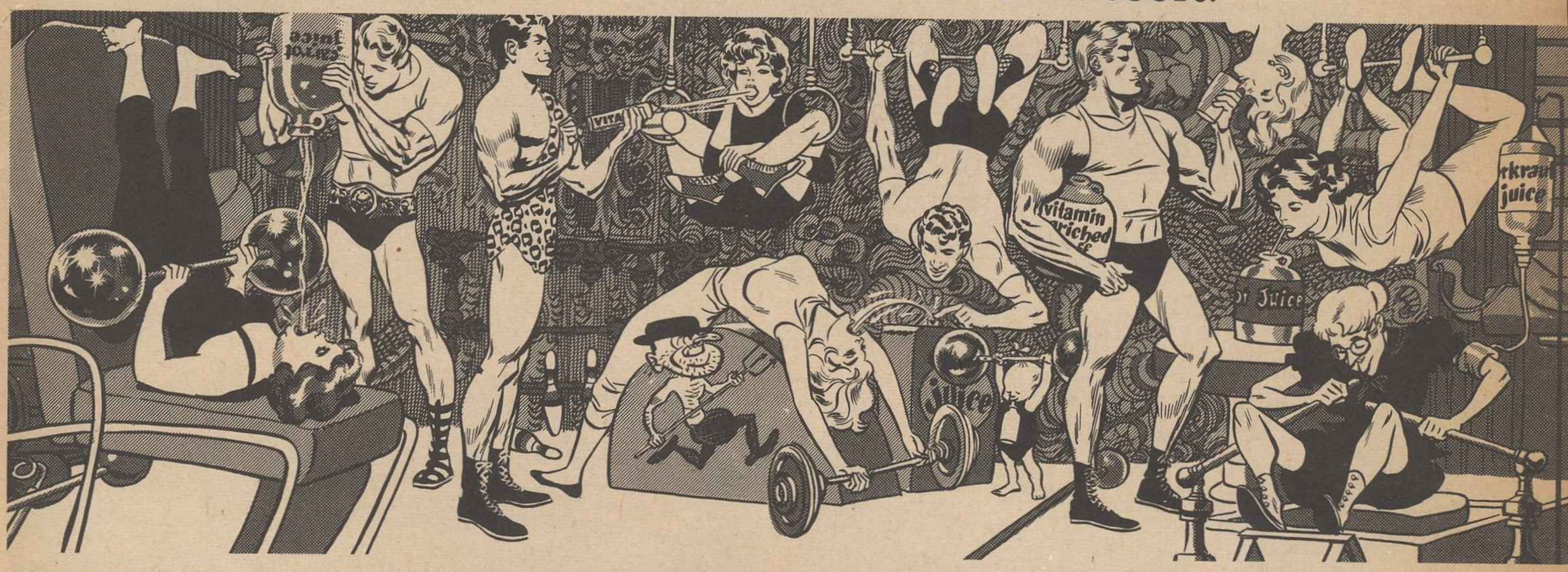
TINNY METHOD

months of planning, Vic came up with the "Tinny Method": (1) Instruction, (2) Equipment, and (3) Iron-clad Contract.

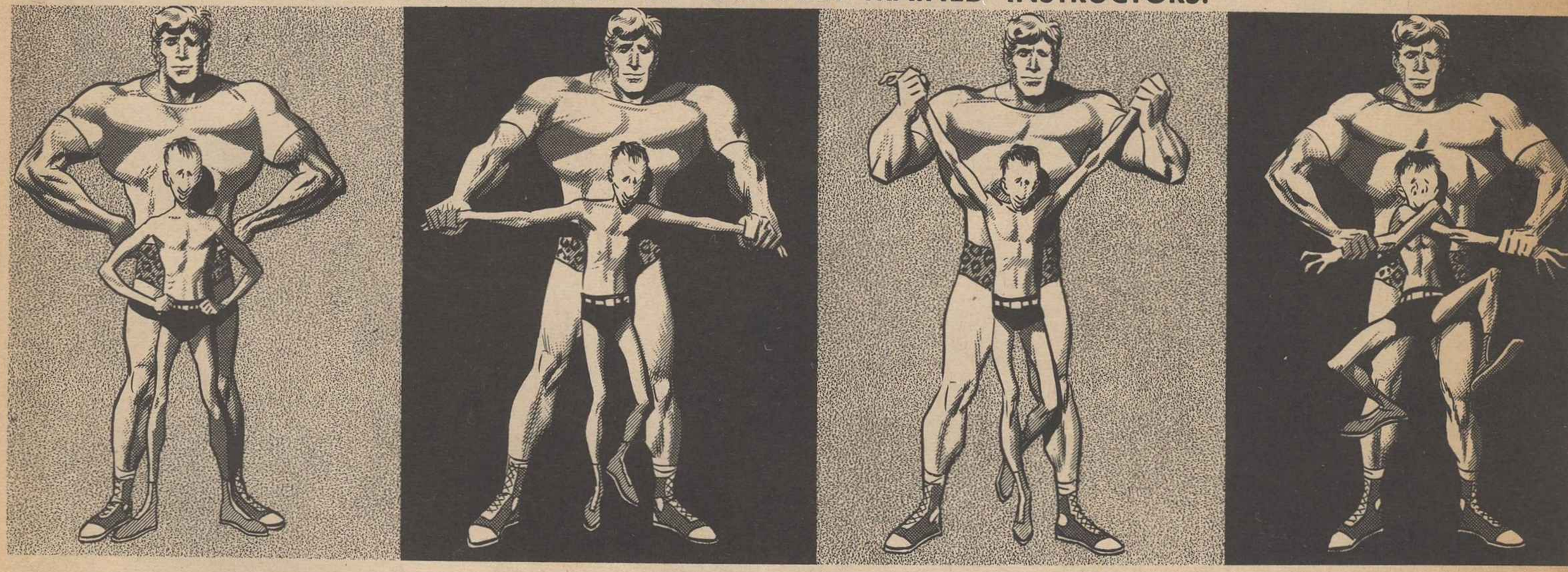
When a Vic Tinny student realizes how much it is costing for every minute he's in the gym, he exercises like crazy!

VIC TINNY'S HEALTH METHOD COMBINES BEST FEATURES OF ALL

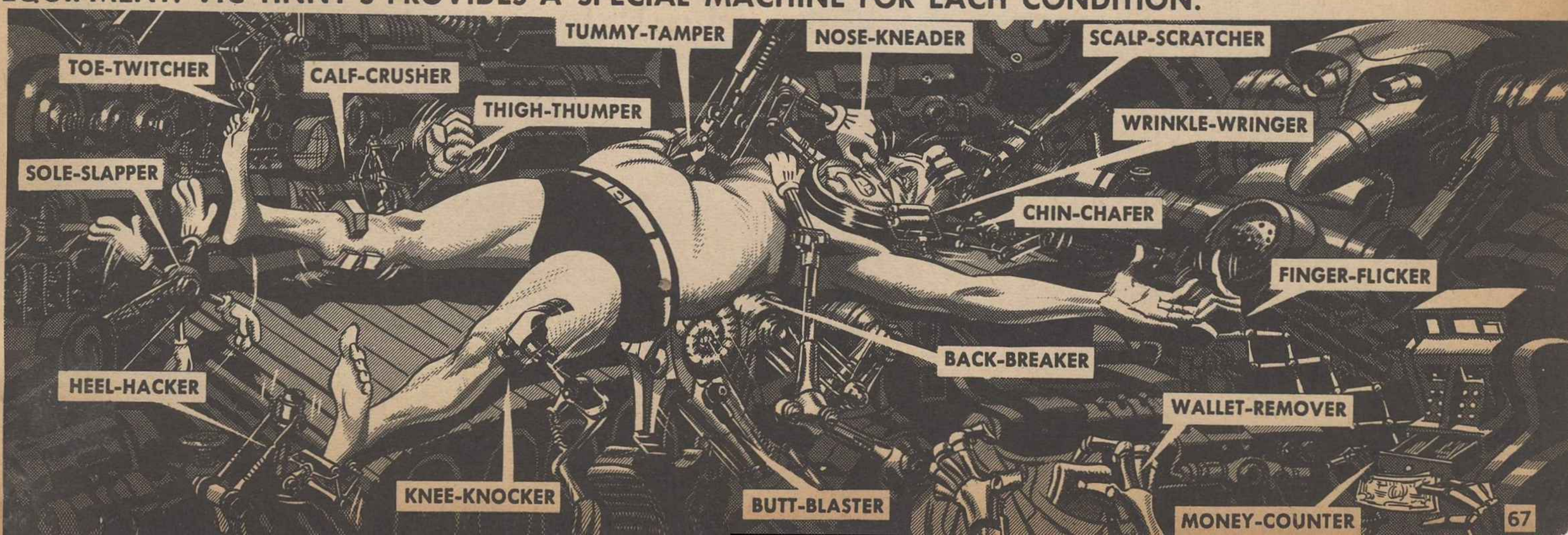
DIET: VIC TINNY'S PROVIDES FACILITIES DISPENSING SPECIAL HEALTH FOODS.



EXERCISE: VIC TINNY'S PROVIDES STAFF OF SPECIALLY-TRAINED INSTRUCTORS.

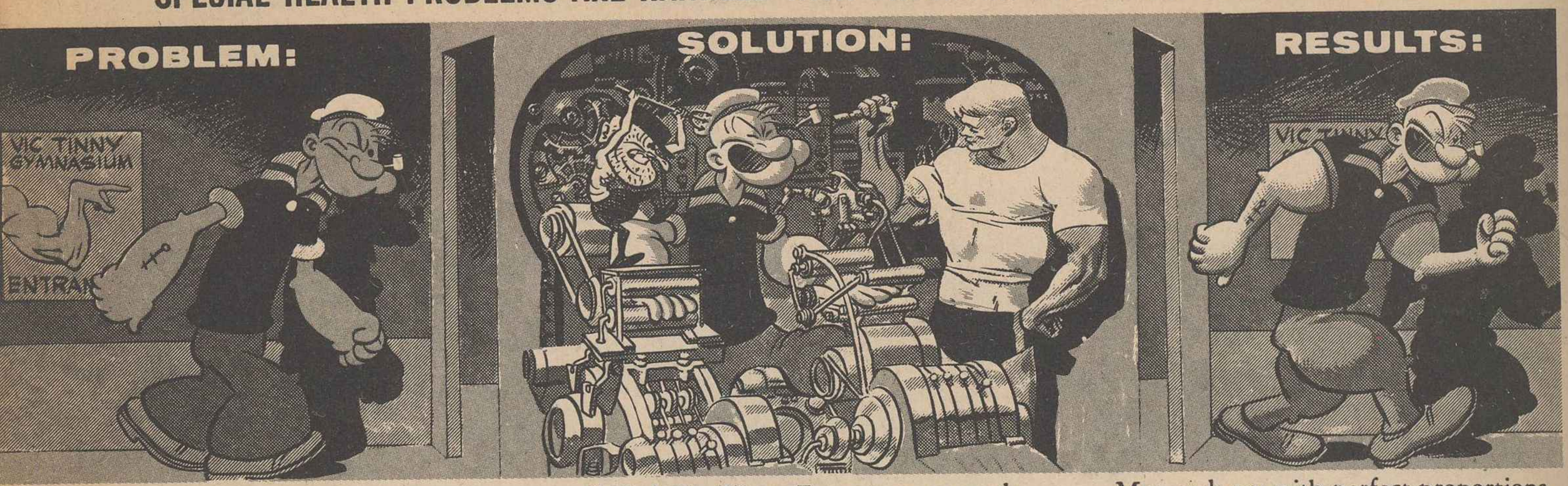


EQUIPMENT: VIC TINNY'S PROVIDES A SPECIAL MACHINE FOR EACH CONDITION.



SPECIAL PROBLEMS

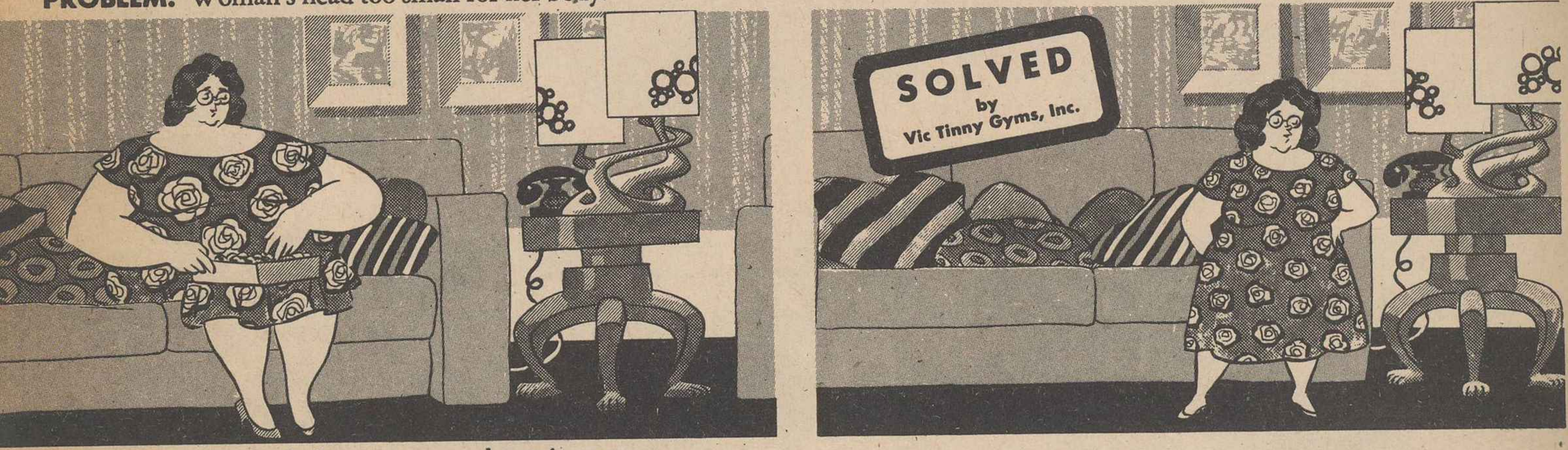
SPECIAL HEALTH PROBLEMS ARE HANDLED WITH PRECISION AND KNOW-HOW AT VIC TINNY'S



Man has special arms and legs problem. Skilled Vic Tinny Experts go to work. Man ends up with perfect proportions.

SOME OTHER REMARKABLE CASE HISTORIES, ANALYZED AND SOLVED BY VIC TINNY EXPERTS

PROBLEM: Woman's head too small for her body.



PROBLEM: Woman's figure prevented movie career.

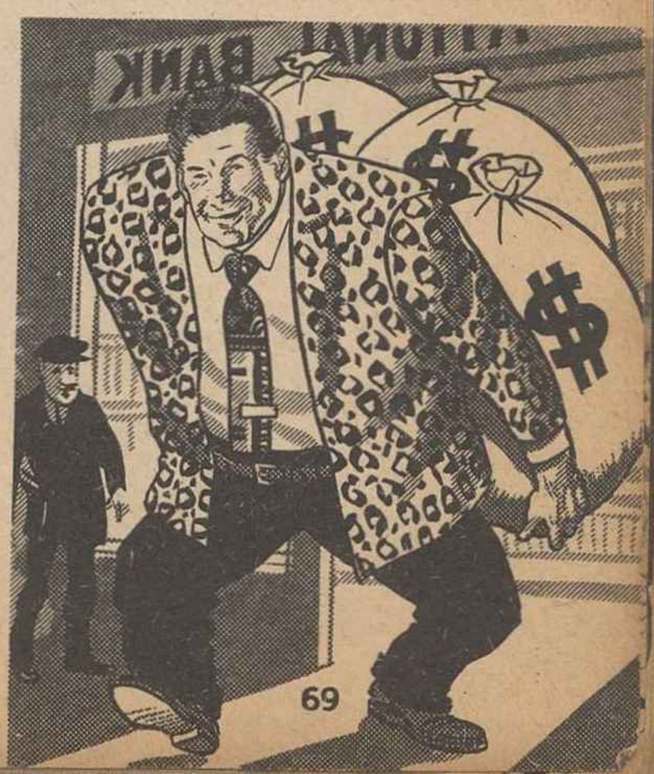
PROBLEM: Woman's husband refused to be seen with her.

THE BUSINESS END

EFFICIENCY KEYNOTES VIC TINNY'S OPERATION AS A NEW GYM OPENS EVERY 13 MINUTES

One word describes the Vic Tinny operation: "efficiency". As soon as a person steps into a Vic Tinny Gym, he is immediately impressed with this efficiency. Before he has a chance to say "I came in for a free figure analysis like you advertised!" he has signed a 12-year contract, had his clothes removed, and is flying up and down on a power-driven see-saw. It's this kind of efficiency that has brought 180,000 signed-up customers into Vic Tinny Gyms, even some they never expected, like little old ladies asking directions or looking for rest rooms. Yes, efficiency has created a nation-wide chain of successful Vic Tinny Gyms. Work to improve this efficiency never ends. In fact, it is hoped that someday it may reach the "Health Improvement" Department.

THE ULTIMATE DREAM



Vic Tinny says:

"Someday, I hope to see every man, woman, and child on this great big wonderful world of ours enjoying all the benefits and advantages of good health that the Vic Tinny Method of exercise can bring to them!"

Vic Tinny's own "method" of exercising for his health.

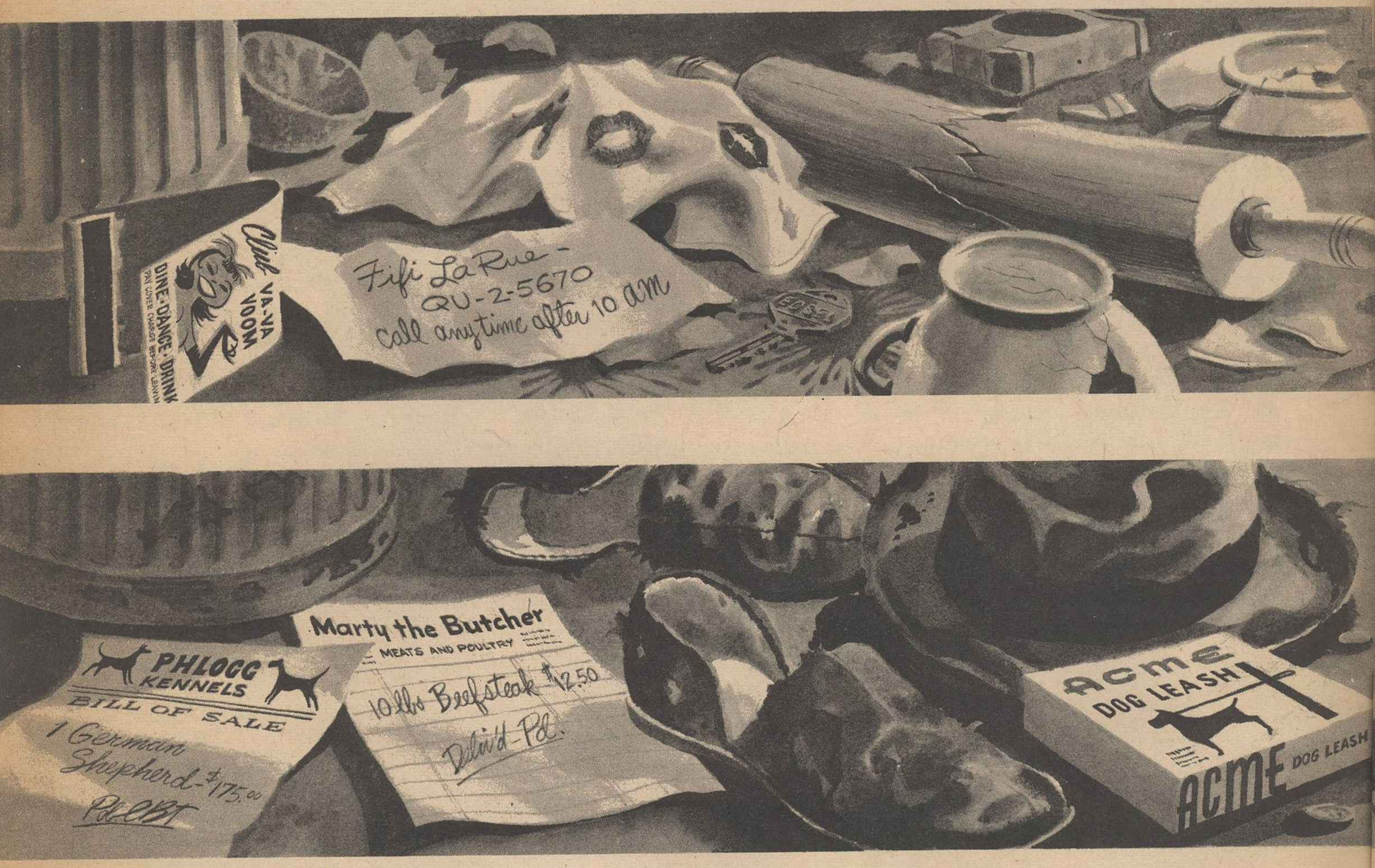
**IMITATION GENERAL "... no stars!"

A HEAP 'O LIVIN' DEPT.

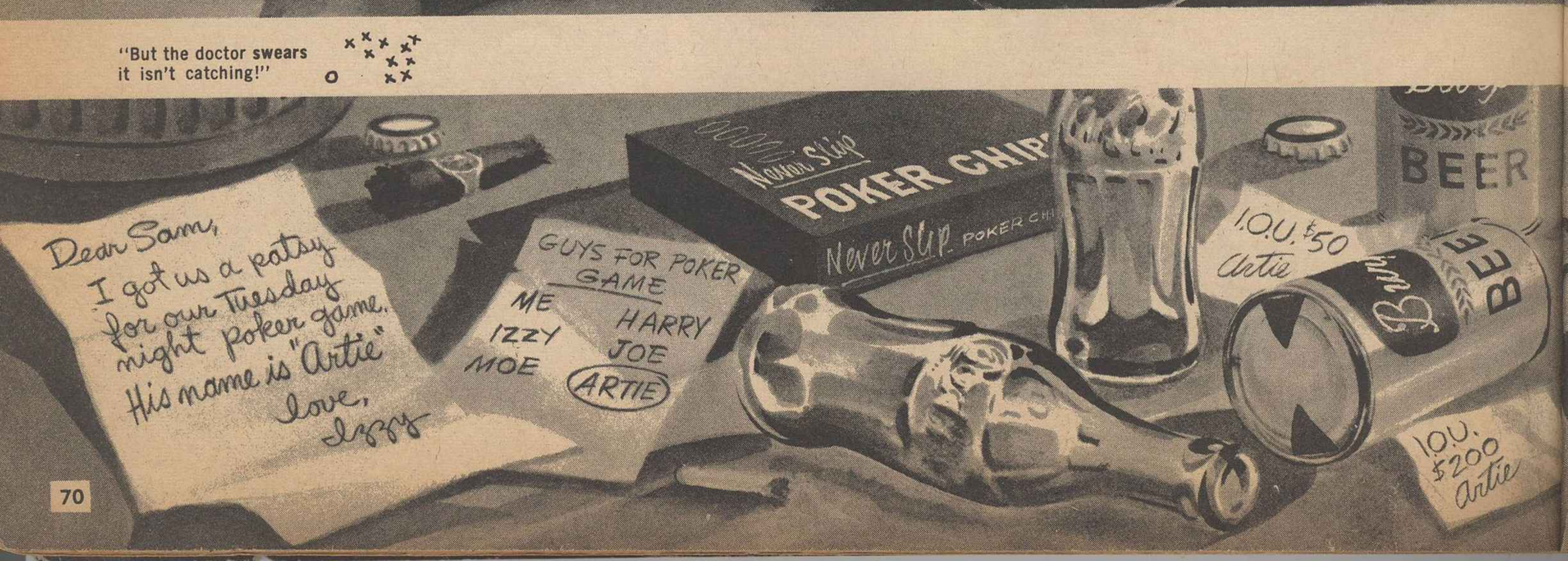
Do you want to know the guy who has the real inside information on what's going on in your neighborhood? Well, it's not the postman who gets to see all of your mail! And it's not the delivery boy who gets to stand in your foyer so he hears what's going on in your house! Nosiree! It's the garbage man who gets to haul away your trash! This guy really picks up the dirt! Since we at MAD know all about trash (because we publish so much of it), we can't help but agree that . . .

YOU CAN LEARN A LOT WHEN YOU GO THROUGH PEOPLE'S . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



"But the doctor swears it isn't catching!"

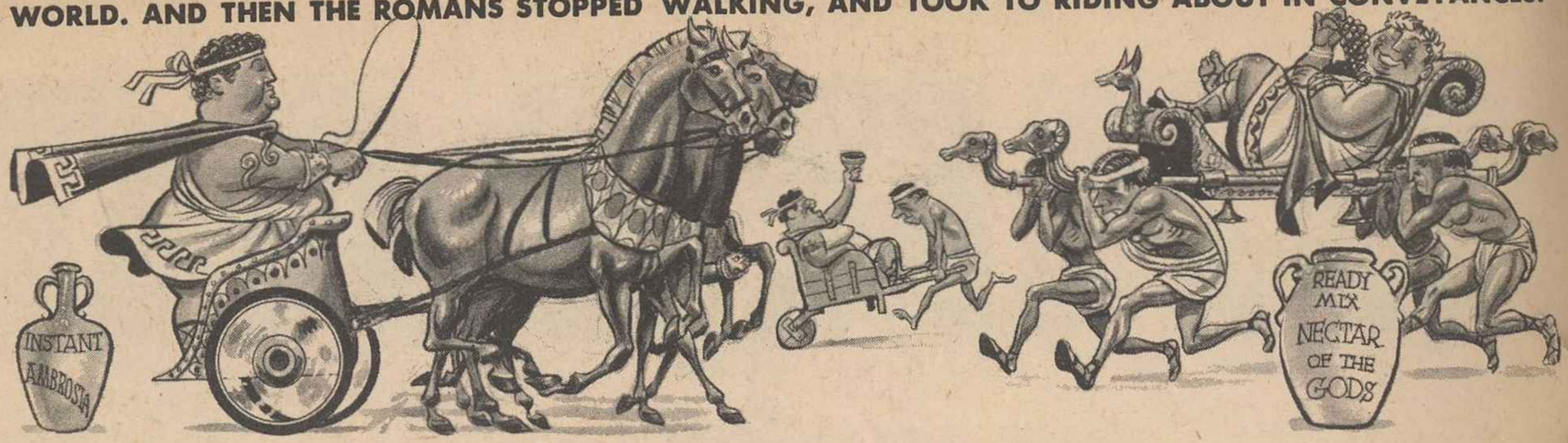


GARBAGE

"Irving, this ferris wheel
is making me very nauseous!"

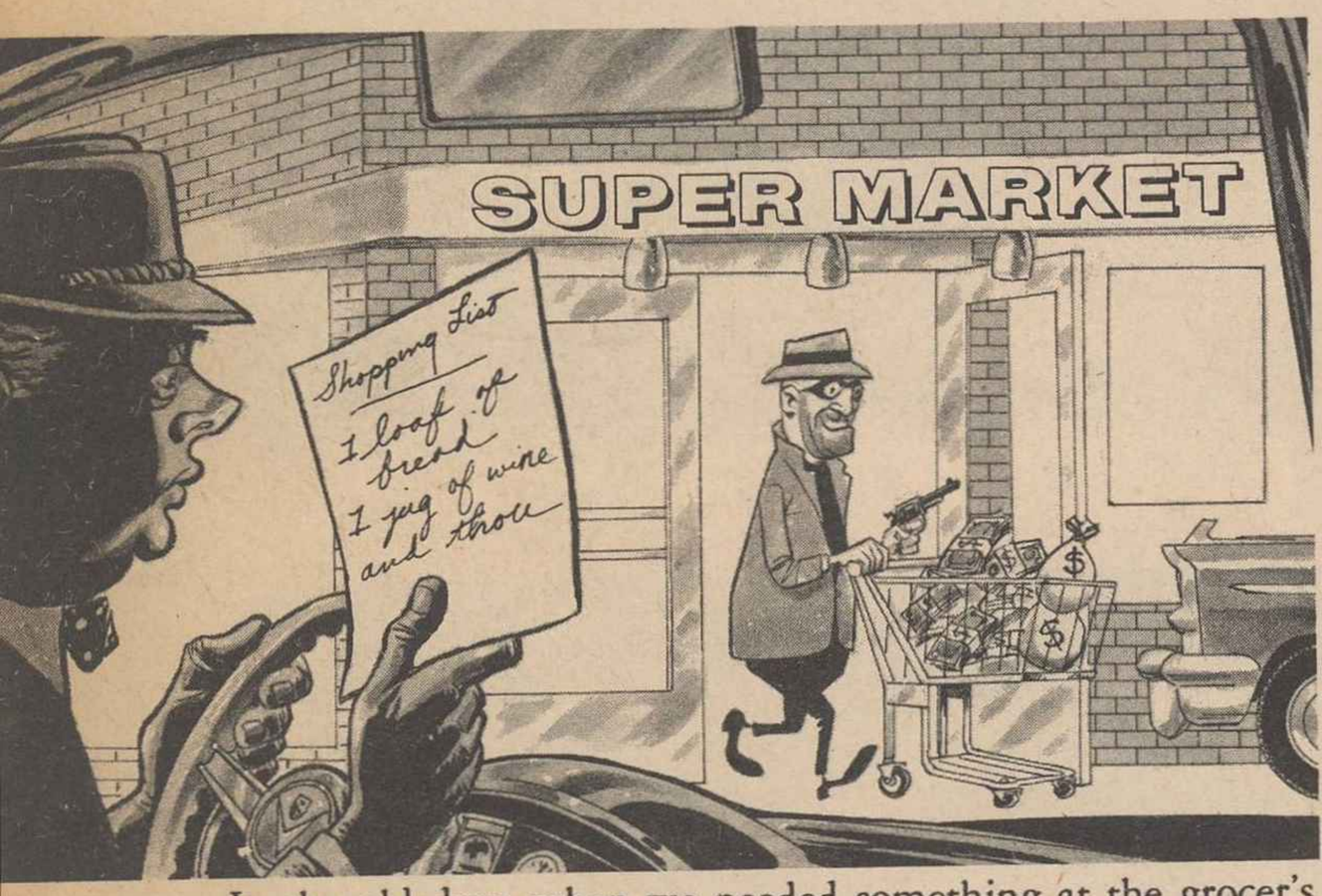
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ANCIENT HISTORY TELLS US THAT ROME BECAME THE MOST POWERFUL EMPIRE IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD. AND THEN THE ROMANS STOPPED WALKING, AND TOOK TO RIDING ABOUT IN CONVEYANCES.

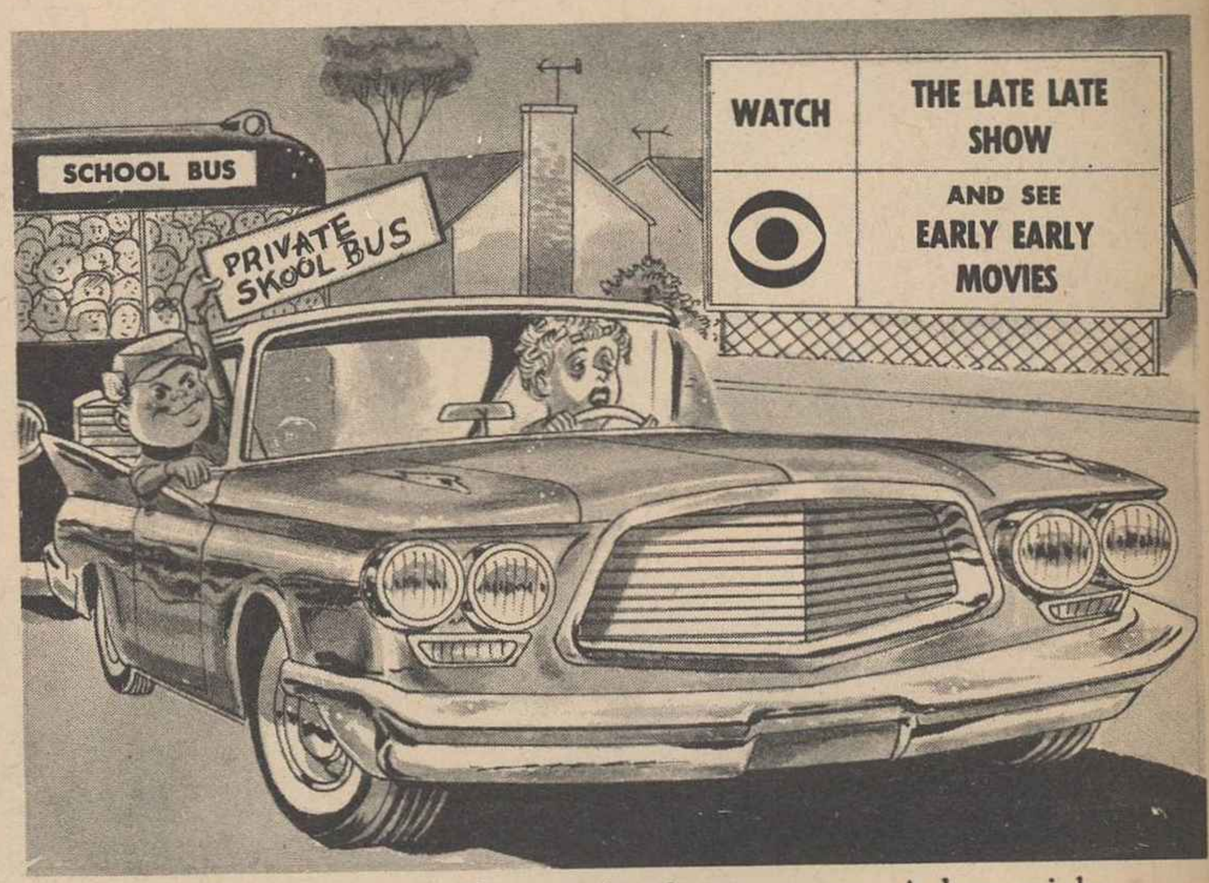


TODAY, THE UNITED STATES HAS BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL NATION IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD. AND LIKE THE ROMANS, WE ARE BECOMING SELF-INDULGENT.

AMERICA IS



In the old days, when we needed something at the grocer's we walked. Today, we drive to the supermarket in our cars.

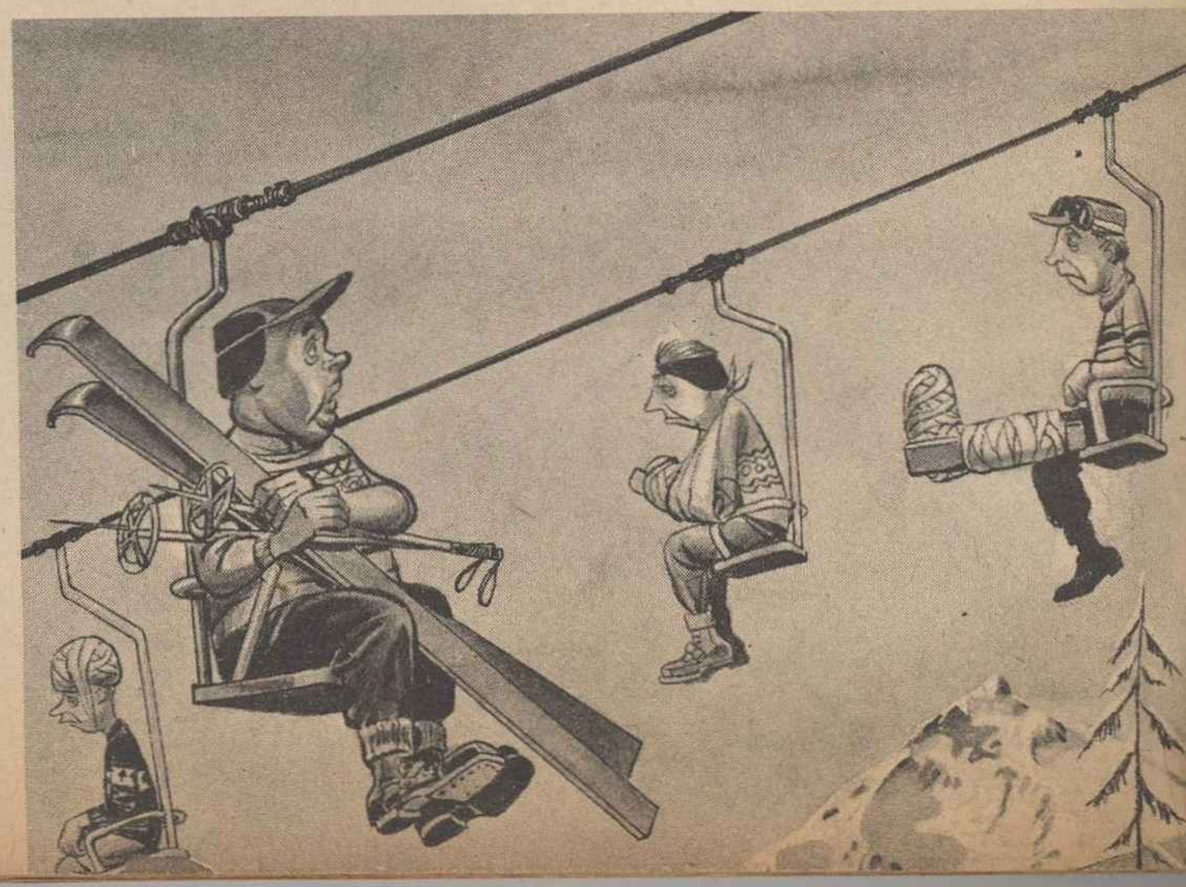


Our kids don't even walk to school any more. A bus picks them up at the corner, or Mom drives them the two blocks.

LITTLE BY LITTLE, CONVEYANCES ARE

There was a time when the average, inactive businessman got his exercise out on the golf course, walking around the 18 holes. Today, he rides around in a "Golfmobile".

The necessity of walking is being eliminated from other sports, too. F'rinstance, skiing. A skier once got good exercise climbing them ski hills. Now, he uses ski lifts.



AS A RESULT OF SELF-INDULGENCES SUCH AS THIS, THE ROMANS BECAME SOFT AND FAT. AND SO THEY WERE EASY PUSH-OVERS FOR THE LEAN AND HUNGRY BARBARIAN INVADERS FROM THE NORTH.

F'RINSTANCE, LITTLE BY LITTLE, WE HAVE STOPPED WALKING, AND TAKEN TO RIDING ABOUT IN CONVEYANCES. AND SO, AS A RESULT, MAD FEELS THAT . . .

GETTING SOFT

Climbing stairs was once good exercise. Today, the only stair-climbing we do is when the elevator's out of order.

And in places where elevators would make no sense, like a two-story building, we've replaced stairs with escalators.

ELIMINATING THE NEED FOR WALKING

The inactive man also used to get exercise pushing a lawn mower. Today, the gadget is mechanized. Now, he sits at a desk all week, and sits at the lawn mower on the weekend.

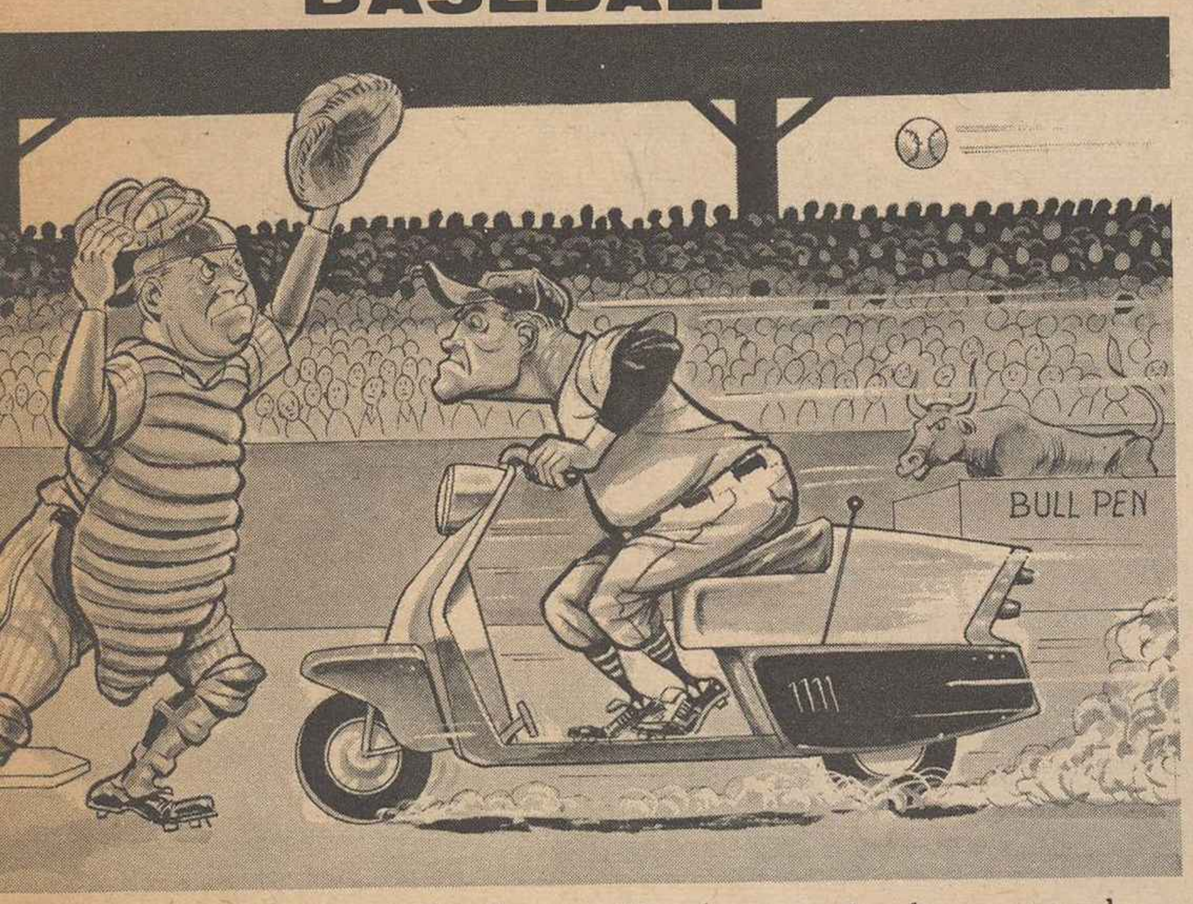
Recently, the greatest threat of all, mainly the one that threatens to eliminate walking entirely, made its appearance. THE MOTOR SCOOTER! To see its effect, turn page:

"Sidney, are you **sure** it's all right bringing me to this Greenwich Village party?"

THE MOTOR SCOOTER WILL

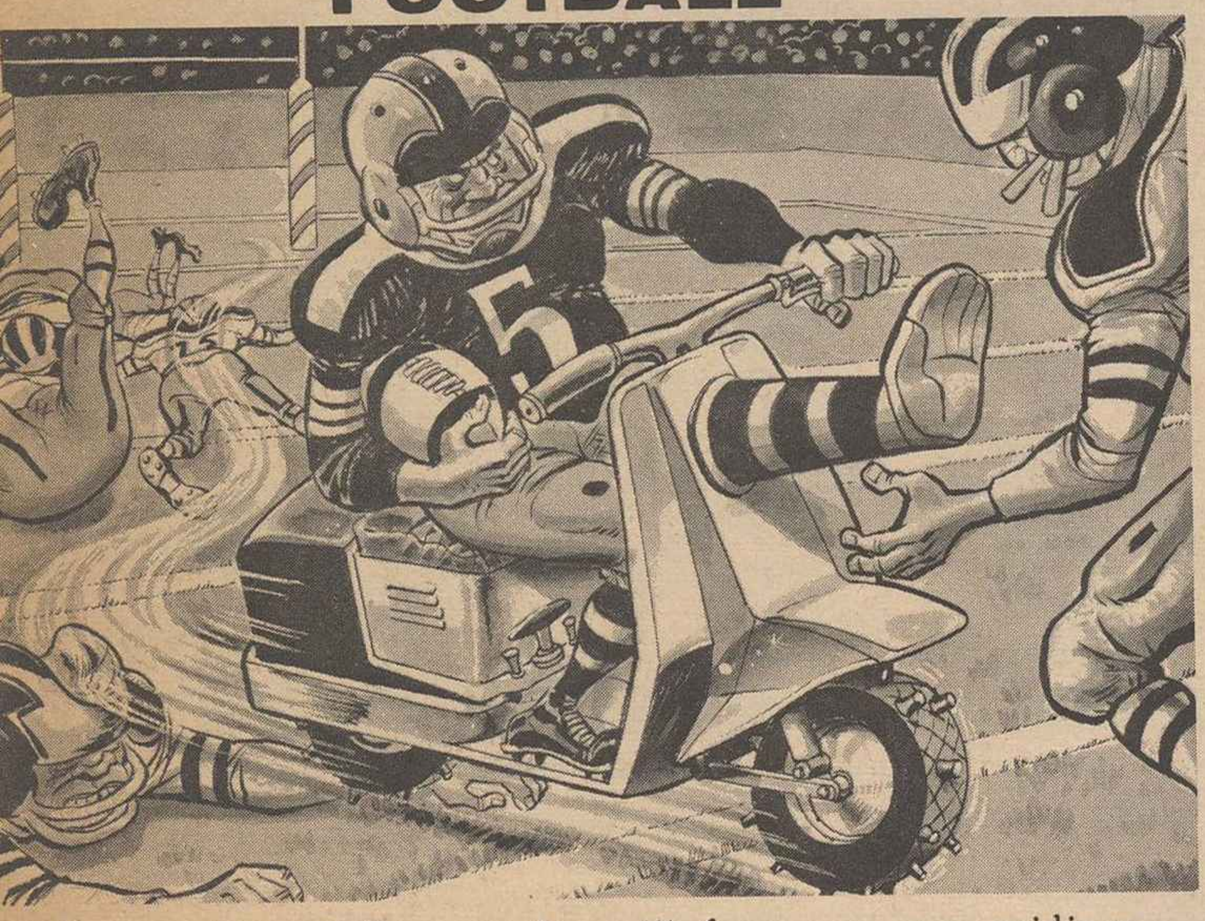
IN OUR SPORTS

BASEBALL



America's National Pastime will take to wheels as crowds cheer a new version of the home run . . . the "home drive".

FOOTBALL

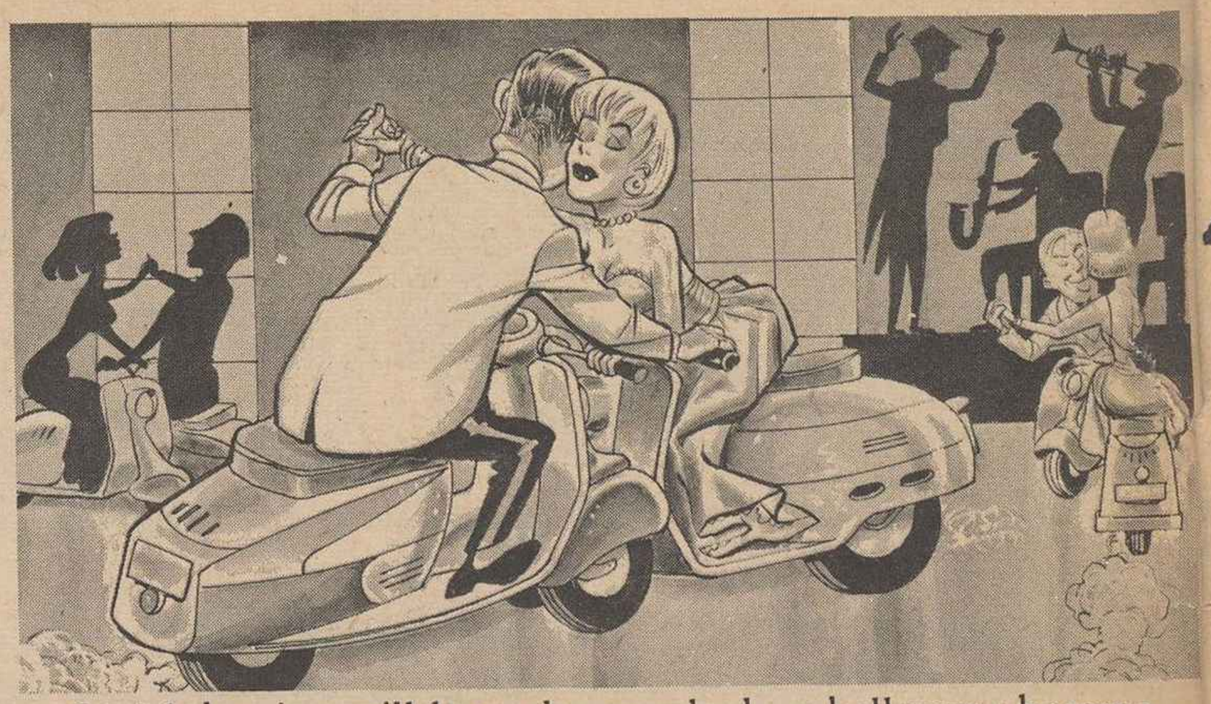


Our exciting Fall spectacles will feature a new gridiron star, the Quarterback affectionately called "snake axles".

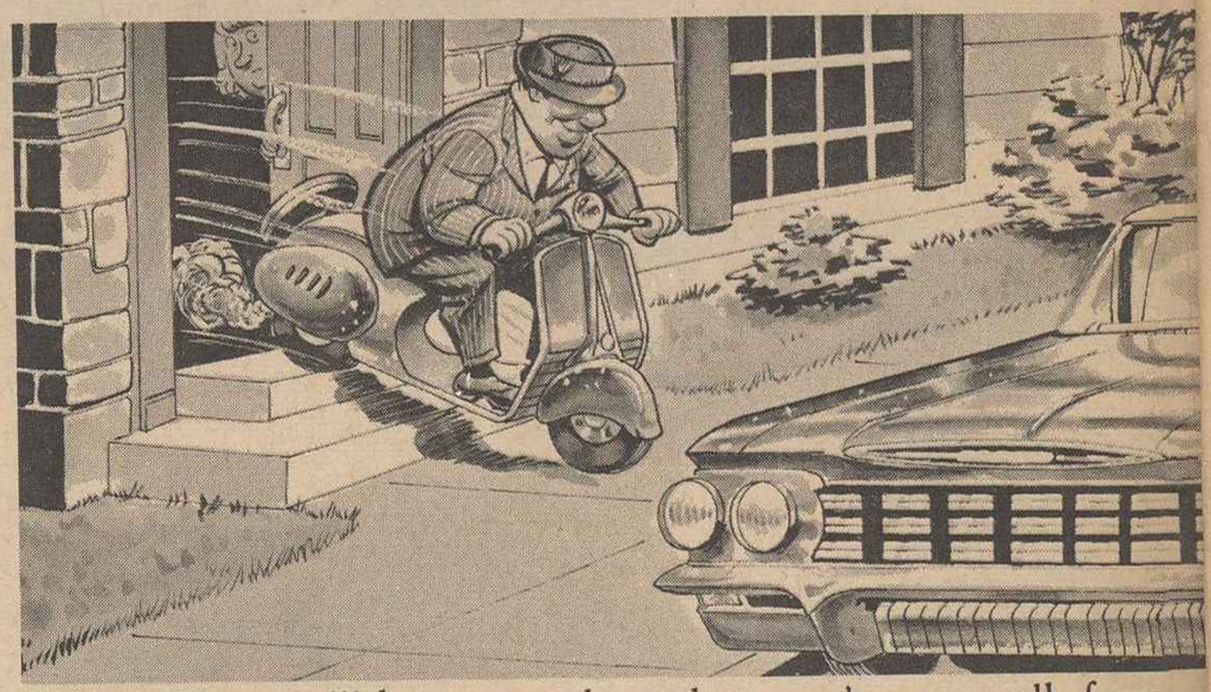
BASKETBALL

College and Professional Coaches will search the country for men who can shoot baskets while driving tall scooters.

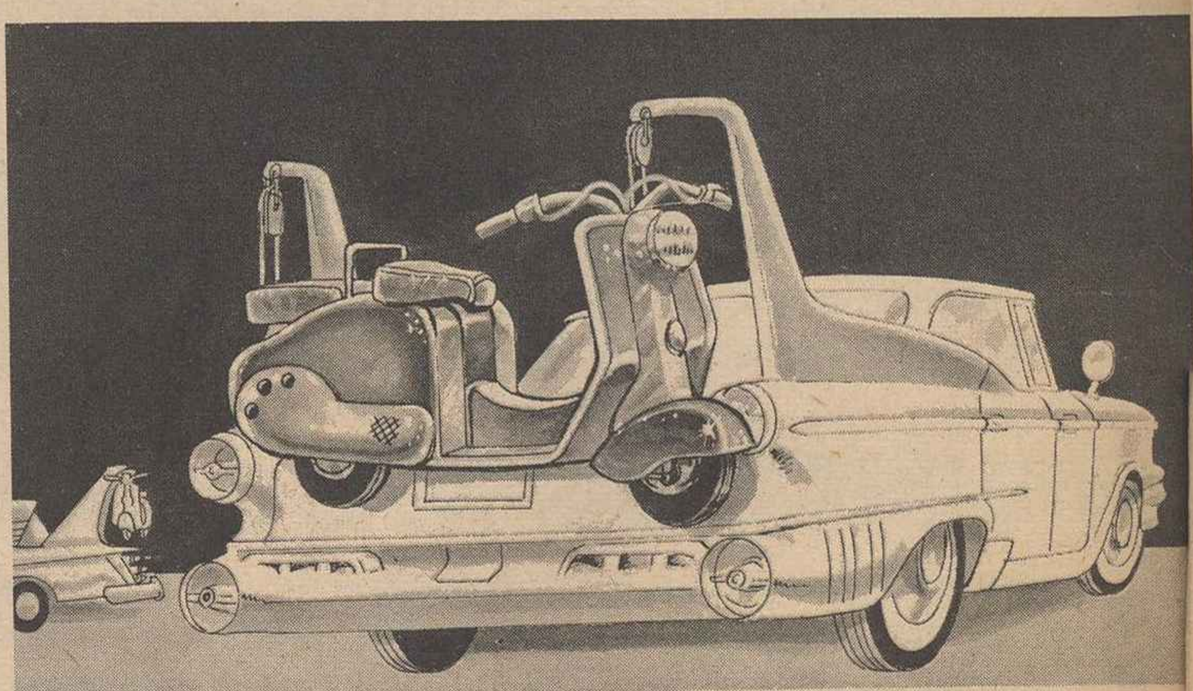
IN OUR



Social dancing will have the new look as ballrooms become death traps for couples who aren't light on their wheels.

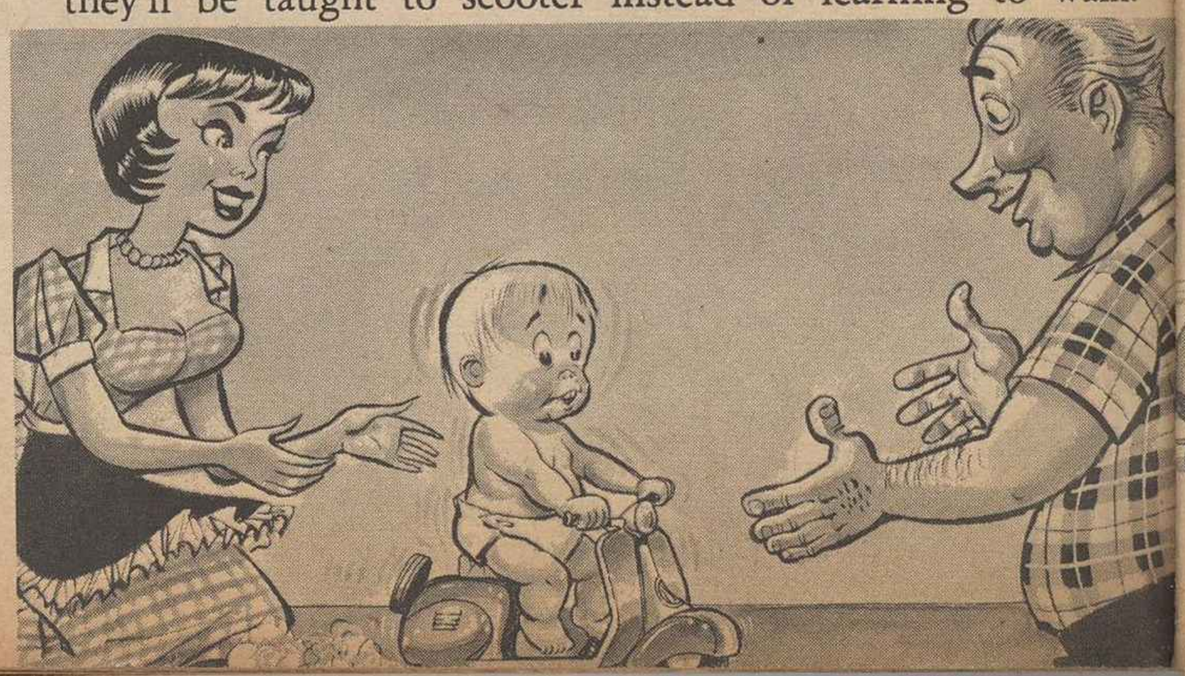


Americans will become so lazy, they won't even walk from the front door to the garage for the car; they'll scooter.



Motor scooters will be carried everywhere, hanging from the back of the family car like a dinghy on a motor yacht.

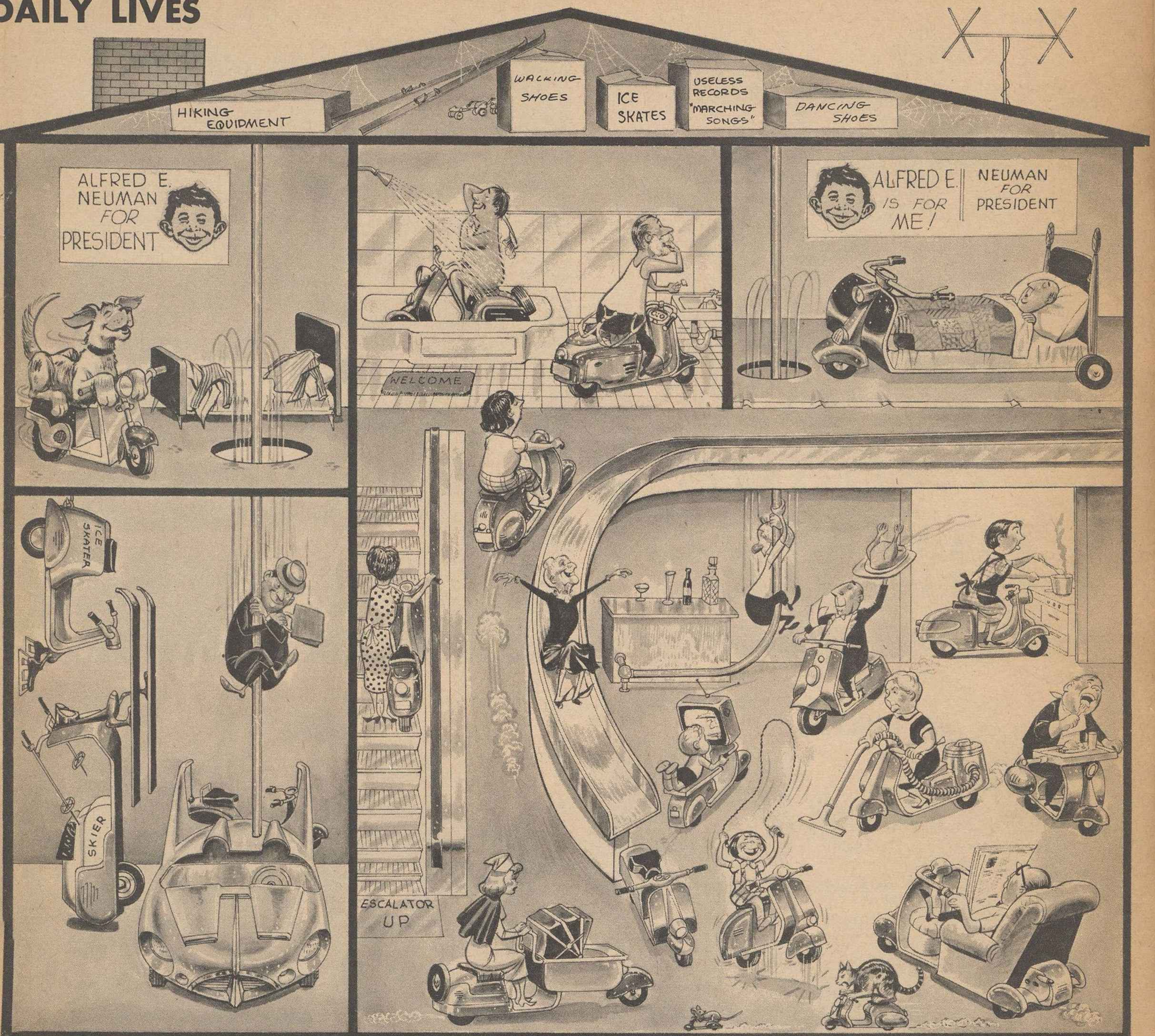
And as infants grow up in this lazy, self-indulgent world, they'll be taught to scooter instead of learning to walk.



ELIMINATE ALL LEG-WORK

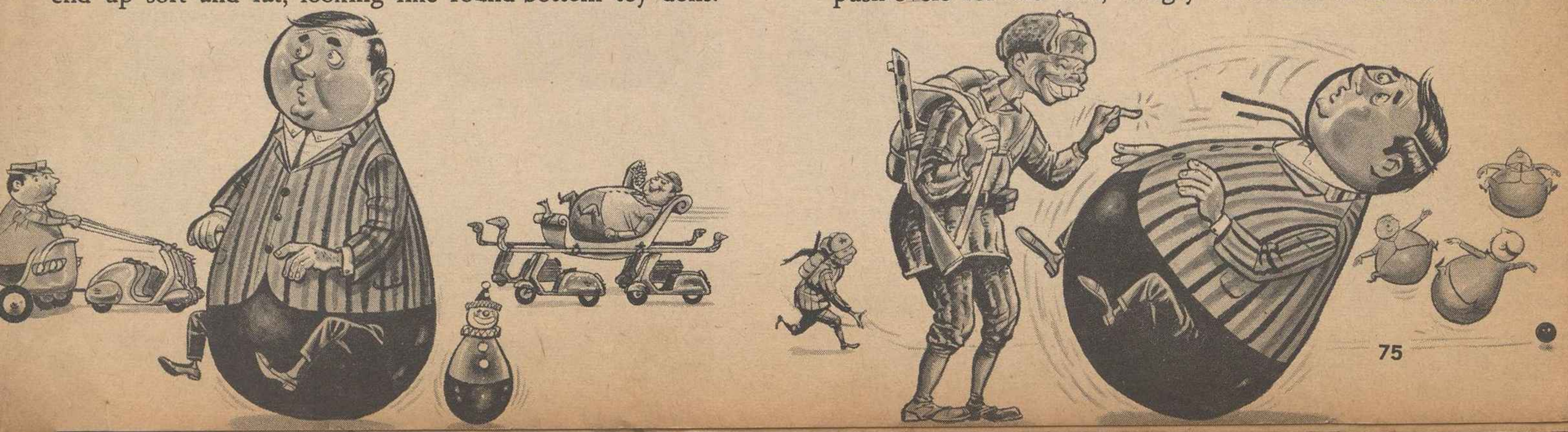
DAILY LIVES

"Have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence on you?



The American home will be re-designed for the family on wheels. The patter of little feet will no longer be heard around the house. Instead, we'll hear the screeching of brakes and the clatter of engines as walking disappears.

In time, our legs will become vestigial organs, and we'll end up soft and fat, looking like round-bottom toy dolls. And round-bottom toy dolls, like the Romans, will be easy push-overs for the lean, hungry barbarians from the East.



HARD SPELL DEPT

"The MAD Horror Primer" (Issue #49) received such a GREAT response from our readers (i.e. *"A GREAT disappointment!"*—B.F., Phila., Pa.; *"It would be GREAT if you discontinued this type feature!"*—L.D., Dallas, Tex.; *"Articles like that GRATE on my nerves!"*—F.H., Fresno, Calif.) that we've decided to present another primer. This one is for the benefit of any children under seven (in other words, ALL of our readers) who may possibly be interested in working in the advertising field when they grow up.

THE MAD MADISON AVENUE PRIMER

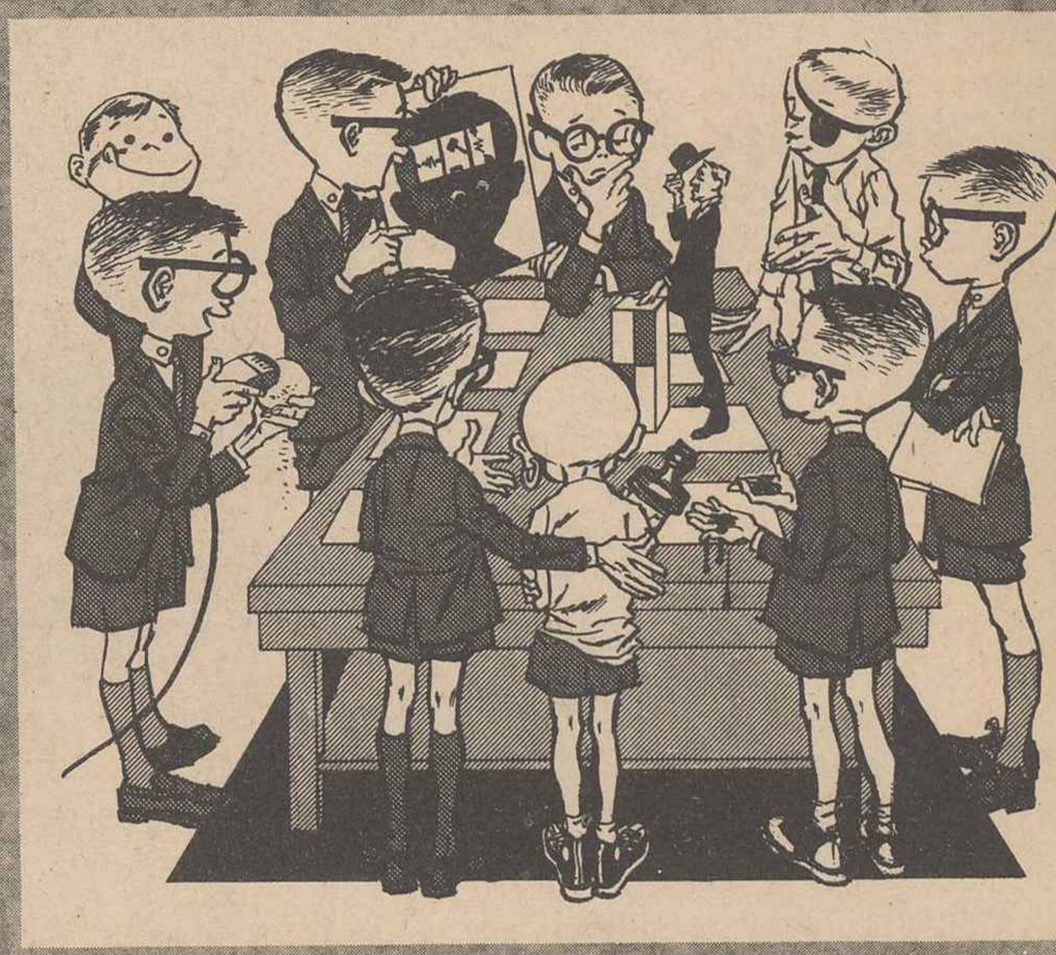
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

"Take the turnpike, and you'll avoid traffic, you said. Hah!"

MY FIRST READER

(EDUCATION-WISE)

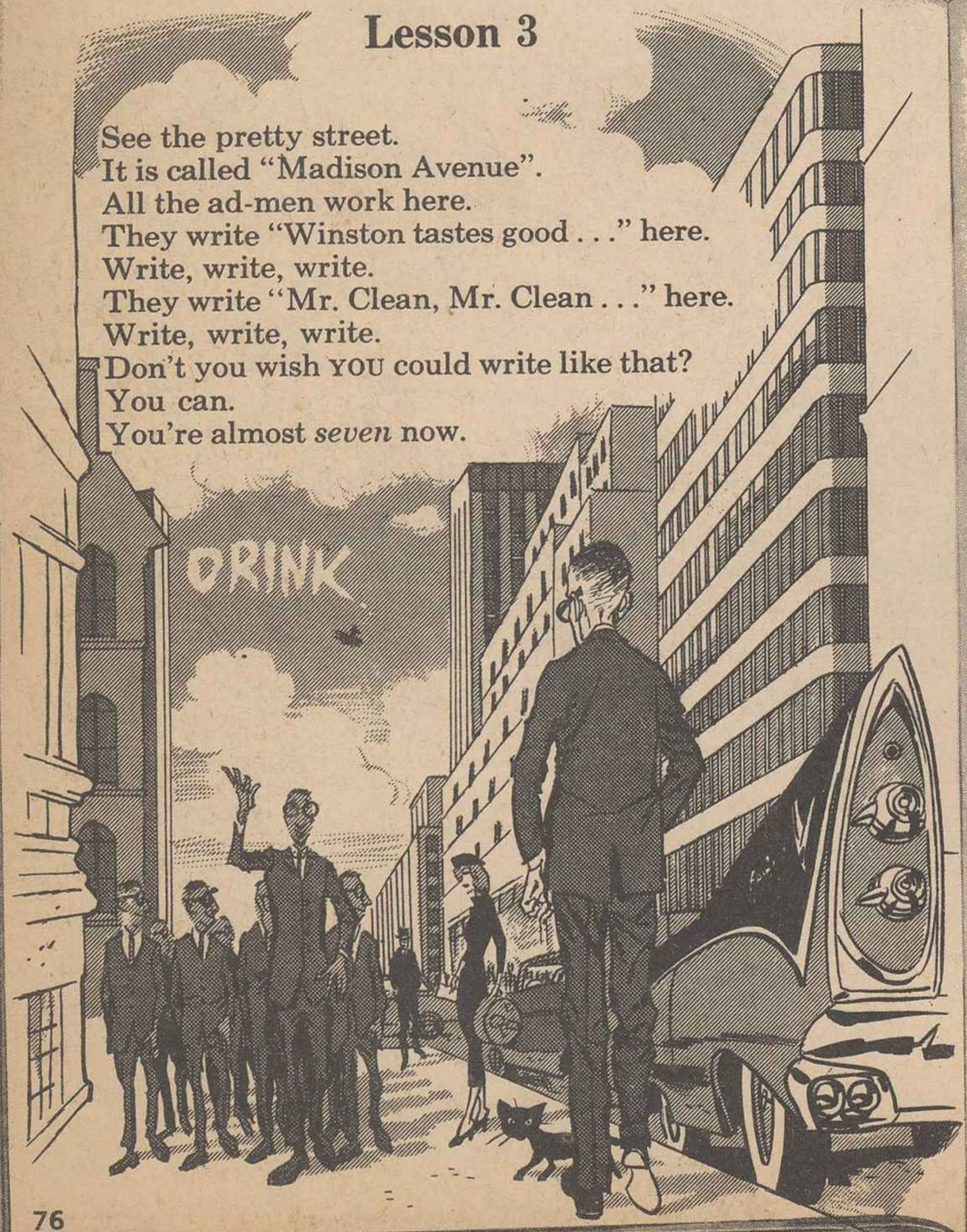
Rock-Bottom Slants for Little Group-Noodlers



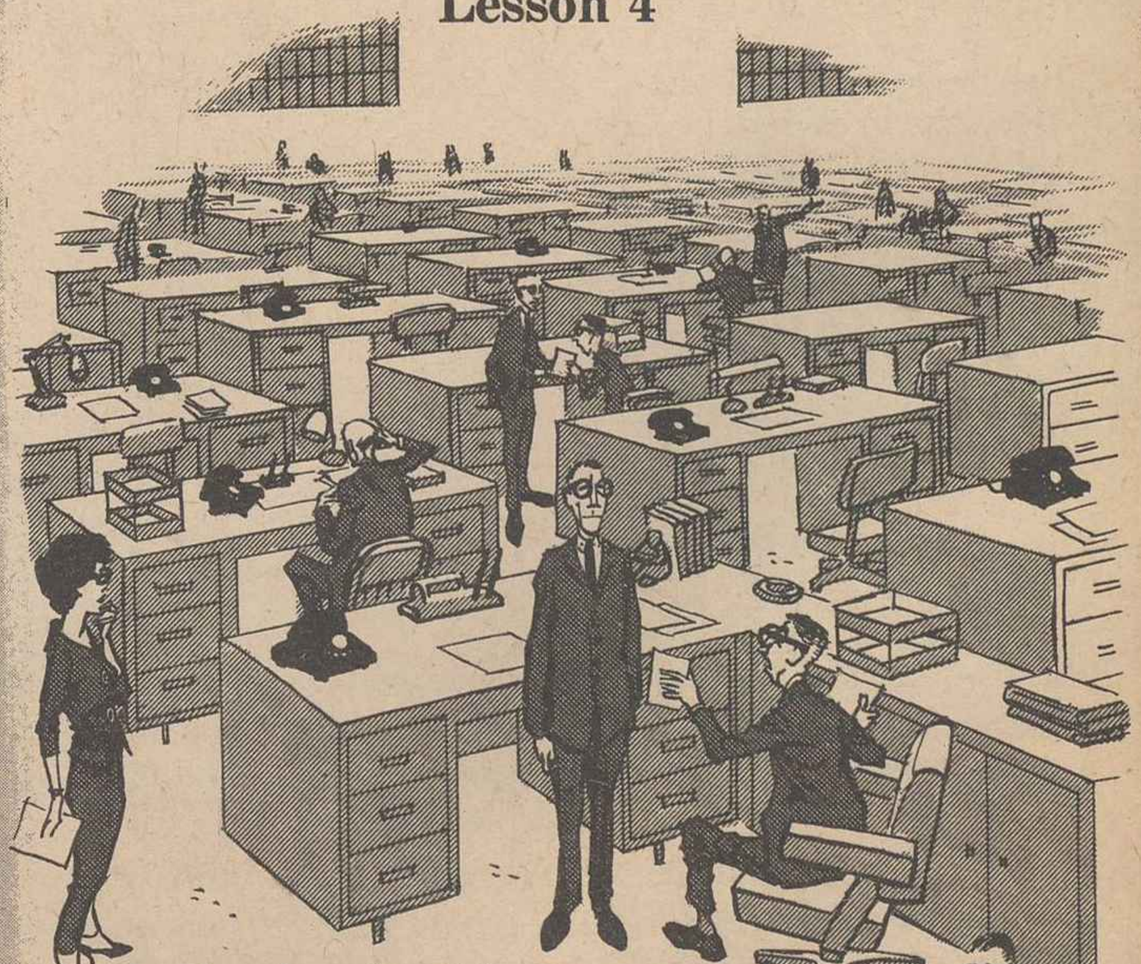
By Batton, Barton, Durstine & Cowznofsky

Lesson 3

See the pretty street.
It is called "Madison Avenue".
All the ad-men work here.
They write "Winston tastes good . . ." here.
Write, write, write.
They write "Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean . . ." here.
Write, write, write.
Don't you wish YOU could write like that?
You can.
You're almost *seven* now.



Lesson 4

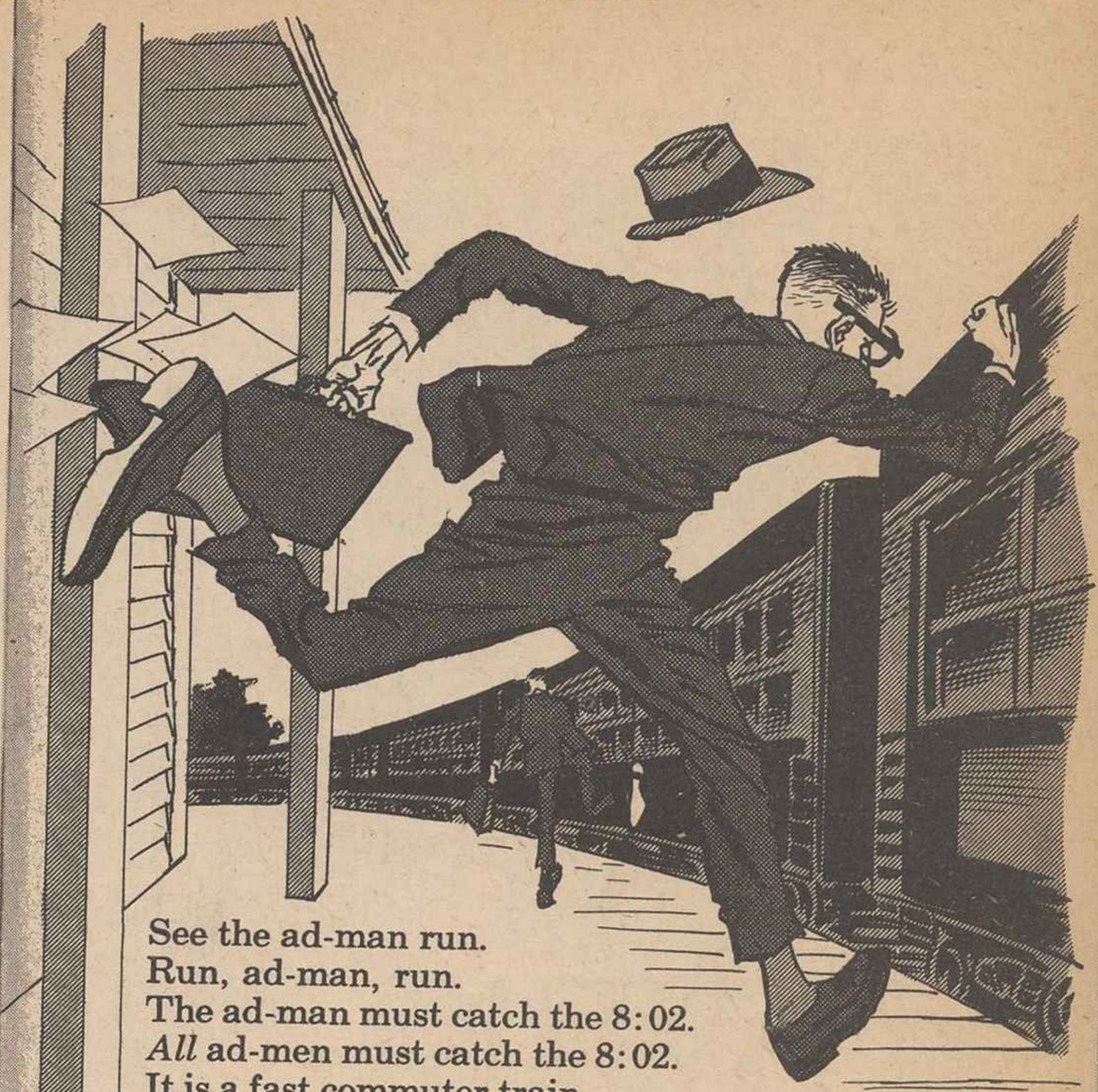


See the nice advertising agency.
400 nice people work here.
Let us count the 400 nice people.
Count, count, count.
Hmmm! 300 nice people are missing.
The nice advertising agency must have
lost another nice $4-million account.
Dear, dear, dear.
Where are the 300 nice people now?
At the nice Unemployment Insurance office.
Sign, sign, sign.
Isn't job security nice on Madison Avenue?

Lesson 1

See the man.
He does advertising work.
He is called an "ad-man".
See his funny tight suit.
See his funny haircut.
Hear his funny stomach churn.
Churn, churn, churn.
The ad-man has a funny ulcer.
Most ad-men have funny ulcers.
But, then, some ad-men are lucky.
They do *not* have funny ulcers.
They have funny high blood pressure.

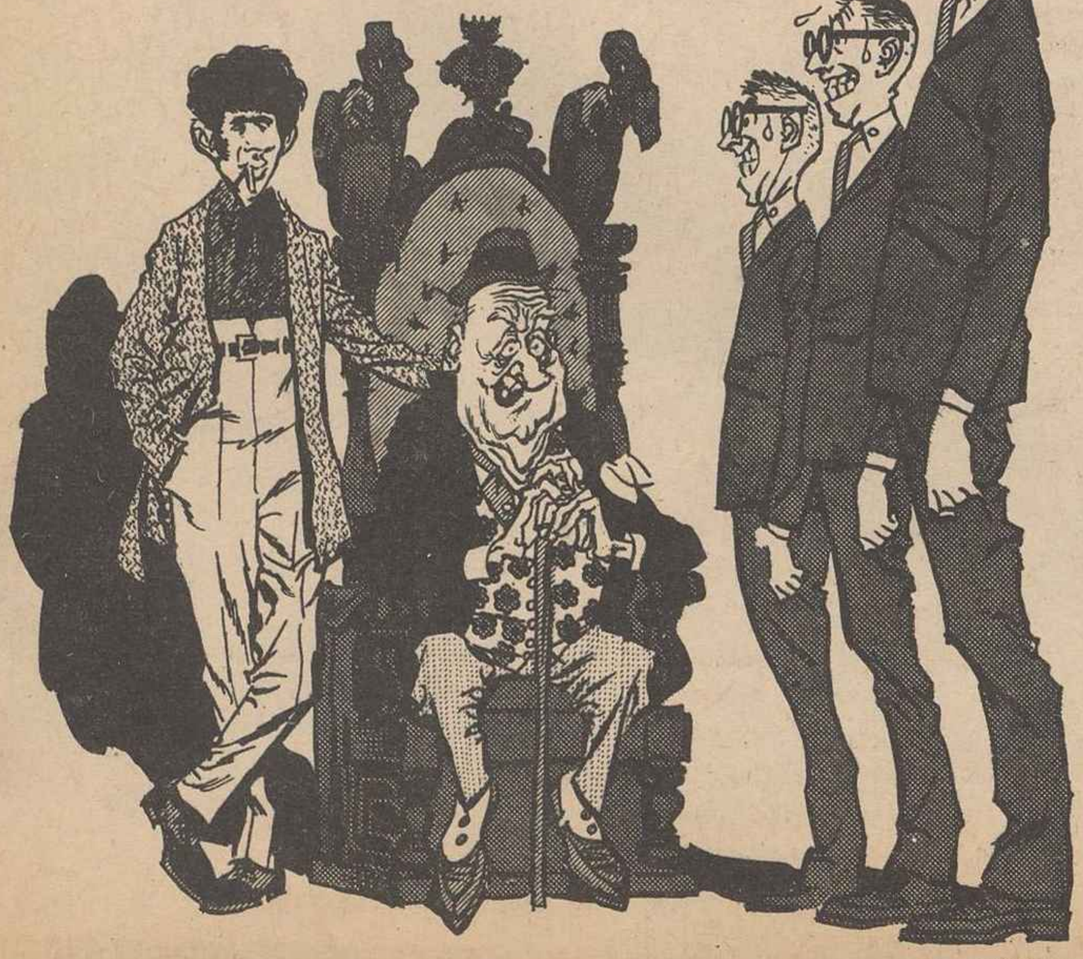
Lesson 2



See the ad-man run.
Run, ad-man, run.
The ad-man must catch the 8:02.
All ad-men must catch the 8:02.
It is a fast commuter train.
It is never more than two hours late.
And it has a club car.
"All aboard!" says the conductor.
"Chug, chug!" says the train.
"Gulp, gulp!" says the ad-man.
Wouldn't *you* like Bourbon for breakfast, too?

Lesson 5

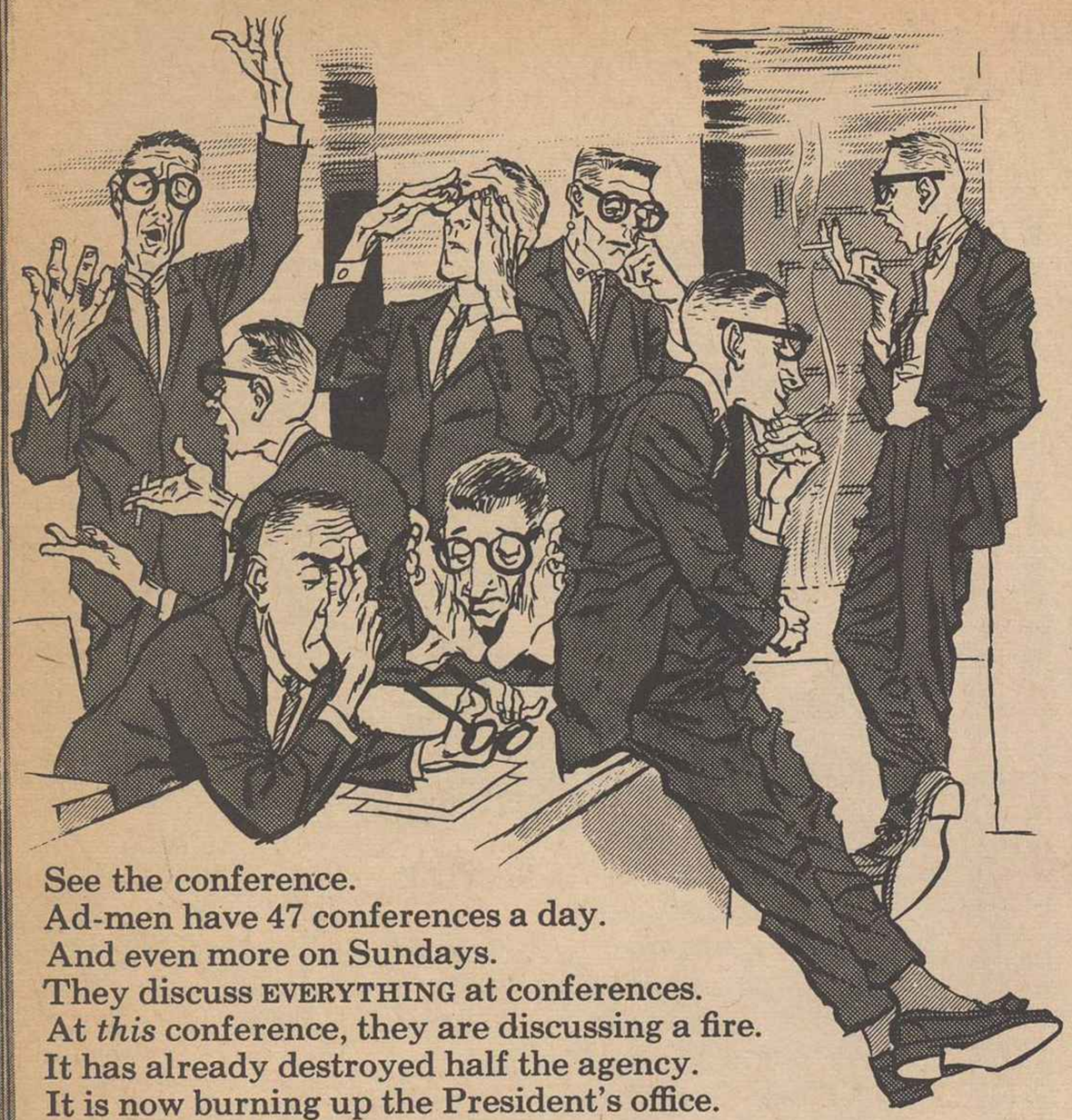
See the kindly old man.
He is the President of the agency.
He has fired 132 people today.
And it isn't even lunch time yet.
Fire, fire, fire.
See the fine young man with him.
He will not be fired, today.
He is a fine ad-man.
He is a fine Vice-President of the agency.
He is a fine son of the President of the agency.



Lesson 6

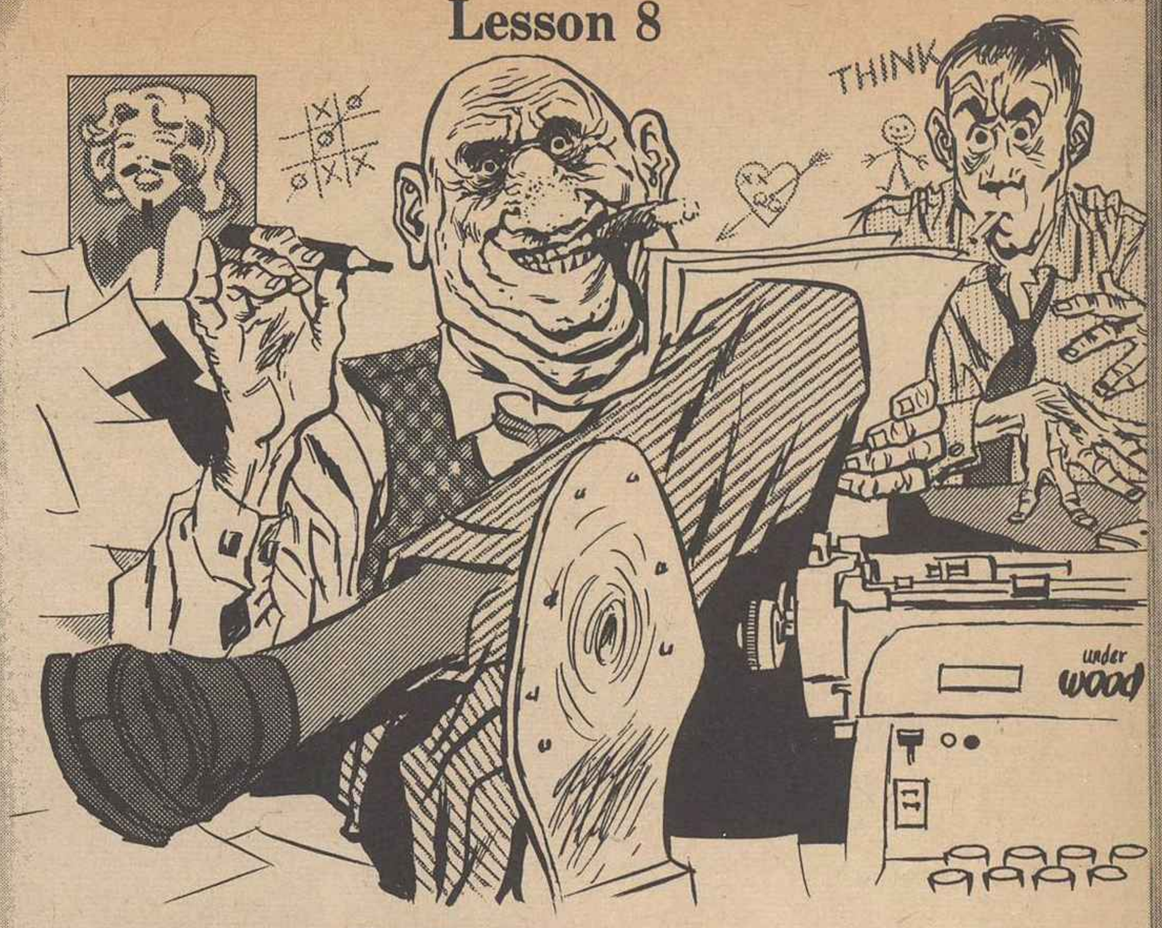
See the Account Executive.
His accounts are Puffo Cigarettes,
Bubble Soap, and Flaky Cereal.
The agency loves and trusts him.
Kiss, kiss, kiss.
Trust, trust, trust.
Next week he will resign.
He will form his own agency.
He will have three accounts in his agency.
They will be Puffo Cigarettes,
Bubble Soap, and Flaky Cereal.
Bounce, bounce, bounce.
That's the way the ball bounces on Madison Avenue.

Lesson 7



See the conference.
Ad-men have 47 conferences a day.
And even more on Sundays.
They discuss EVERYTHING at conferences.
At *this* conference, they are discussing a fire.
It has already destroyed half the agency.
It is now burning up the President's office.
Crackle, crackle, crackle.
What will the ad-men do about the fire?
Soon they will make a BIG decision.
But not at *this* conference.
Perhaps at the *next* conference.

Lesson 8

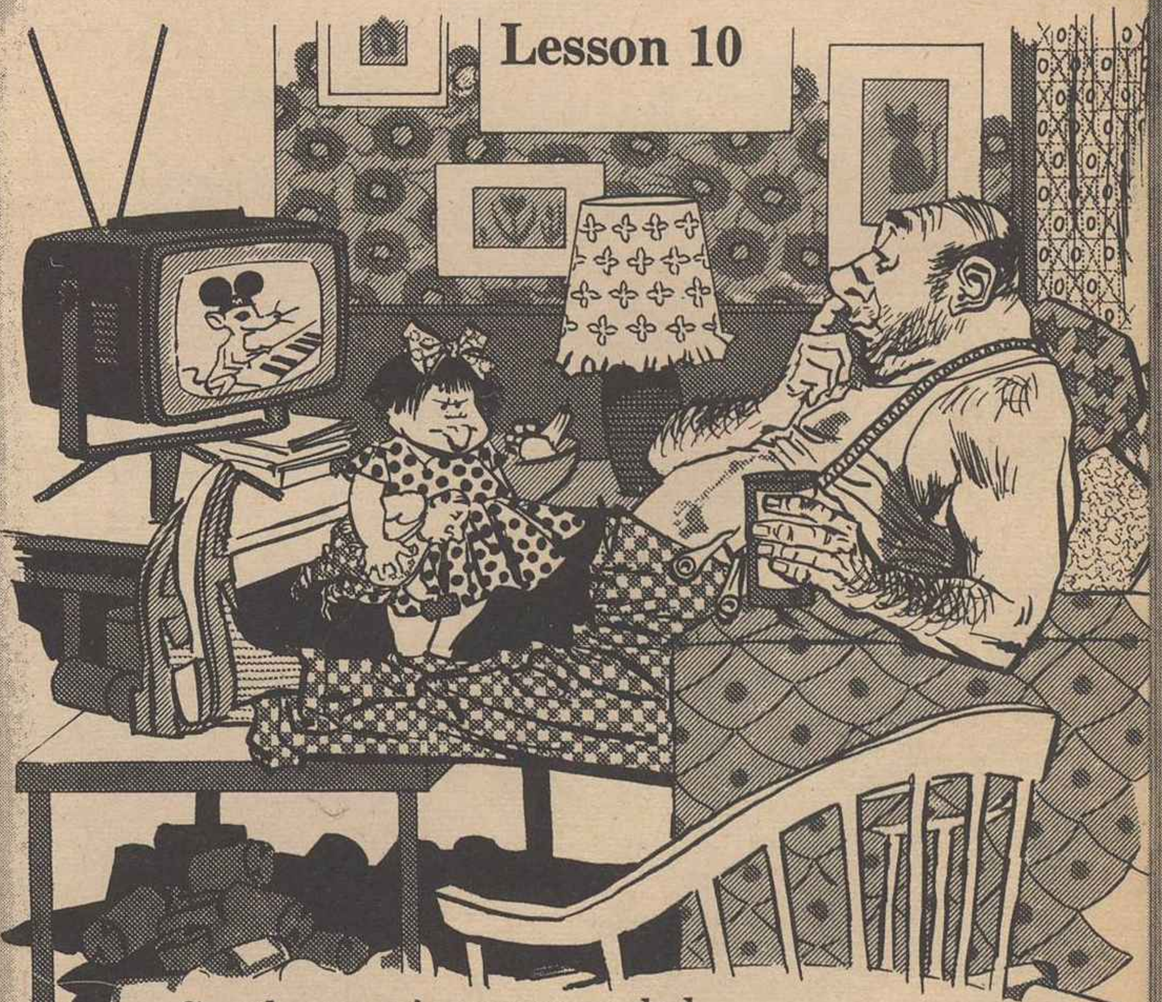


See the jolly client.
He sponsors a TV dramatic show.
He never finished the 6th Grade.
He can hardly speak English.
He can hardly write his name.
Yet, he re-writes TV scripts.
Re-write, re-write, re-write.
Why do you re-write TV scripts, jolly client?
"Because I do not like sad endings;
Because I only like happy endings."
Someday, a TV writer will shoot the jolly client.
Right in his jolly gut.
What a happy ending THAT will be!

Lesson 9

See the man rate a TV show.
See how he arrives at a scientific rating.
First he makes 10 phone calls.
Then he puts 10 numbers in his hat.
Then he closes his eyes tight.
Then he picks the scientific rating out of his hat.
Oh-oh! This TV show's rating is 6⅜.
Ho-ho! He has made a scientific mistake.
He has picked out his scientific *hat size*.
But it is too late.
It was such a nice TV show, too.
It cost three million dollars, too.
It might have remained on the air, too.
If the man had a bigger head.

Lesson 10



See the amazing average clod.
He is the Eighth Wonder of the World.
He has a 40-year-old body and a 10-year-old mind.
According to Madison Avenue.
So they write TV commercials especially for him.
And they write magazine ads especially for him.
If this keeps up, the amazing average clod will become even more amazing.
He will no longer have a 40-year-old body and a 10-year-old mind.
He will have a 40-year-old body and a FIVE-year-old mind.

BILKING IT DRY DEPT.

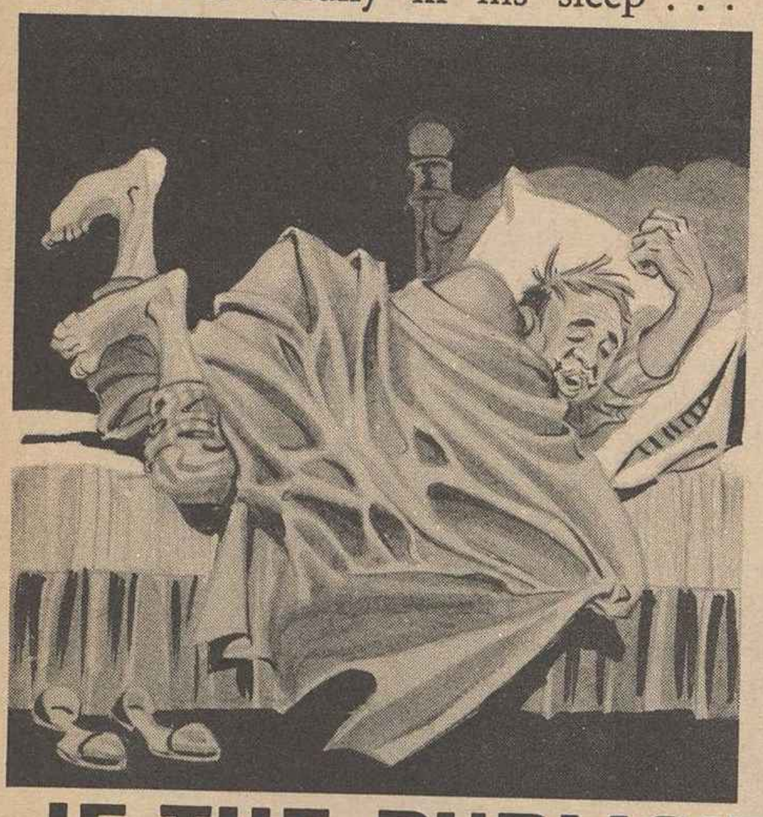
One hundred years ago, there was no such thing as a Publicity Man. Today, however, nobody who is *anybody* can afford to be without one. That goes for stars of stage, screen and television — and especially Presidential candidates in this election year. It's the Publicity Man's job to get his client's name before the public as much as he possibly can. Here, then, is an article which clearly shows you . . .

HOW PUBLICITY WORKS

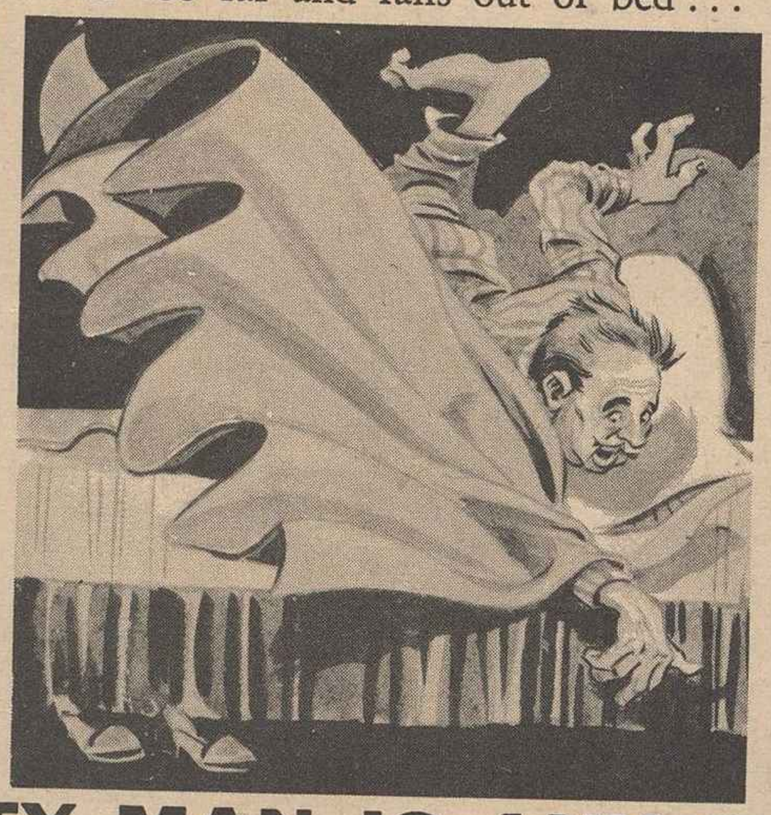
x
∞

"We're from Siam, and we've got a great Sister Act!"

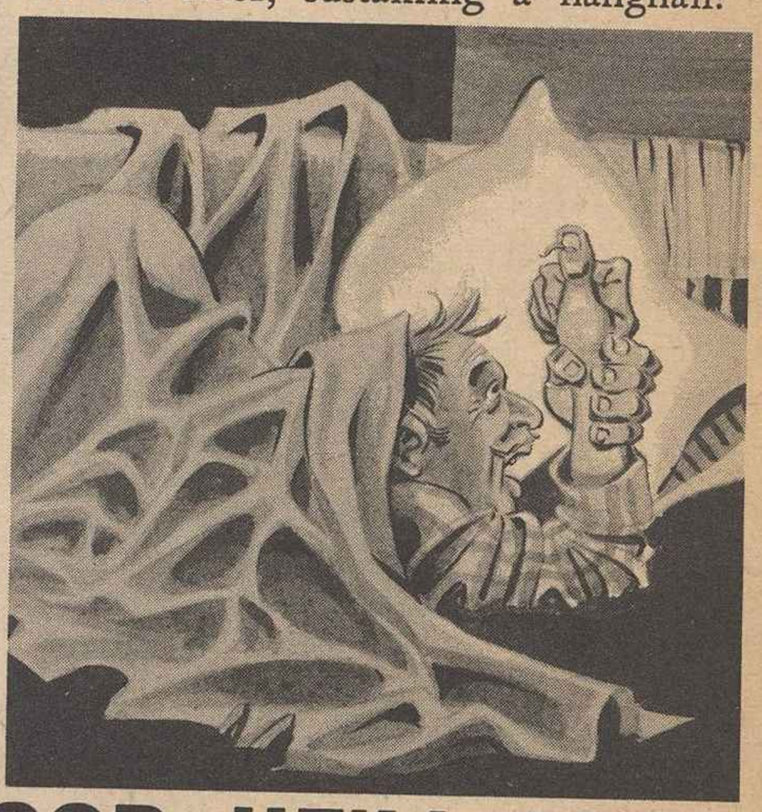
One night, Sen. Ardsley T. Stonehenge turns over fitfully in his sleep . . .



Unfortunately, Sen. Stonehenge turns over too far and falls out of bed . . .



And the Presidential candidate lands on the floor, sustaining a hangnail!



IF THE PUBLICITY MAN IS ANY GOOD, HE'LL GET THE FOLLOWING STORY INTO THE NEWSPAPERS . . .

SENATOR INJURED IN FALL FROM BED

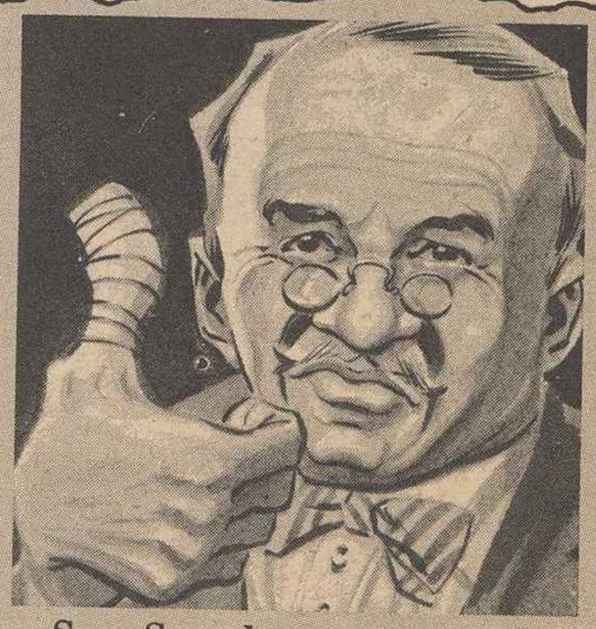
Presidential Candidate Stonehenge Sustains Hangnail of Right Thumb

By Jacob Franks

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, June 4 — Senator Ardsley T. Stonehenge sustained a hangnail of his right thumb last night after falling out of bed in his sleep. Stonehenge, an avowed Presidential candidate, said today that he put out his hand to break his fall which resulted in the hangnail.

The injury was treated early this morning by Stonehenge's physician. The Senator revealed that he has suffered from hangnail conditions for more than 20 years. According to a medical report issued by the Senator's office, his latest hangnail will be bandaged for at least two weeks.



Sen. Stonehenge after fall.

BUT A PUBLICITY MAN WHO IS *REALLY* GOOD WON'T STOP HERE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

A REALLY GOOD PUBLICITY MAN CAN

THE CARPET WORKERS GAZETTE

Senator Owes Life To Carpet Workers

"I owe my life to the skilled workers who made my bedroom carpet!" Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge stated immediately after his accident early this month. The Senator, who sustained a hangnail of his right thumb when he fell out of bed, landed on his Mohack Wall-to-Wall, Sink-In, Multi-Lint Bedroom Carpet. "I'm sure that the resiliency of this finely-made carpet minimized my injuries," he added.

An ardent champion of carpeting, Stonehenge recently had his entire house recovered. Every carpet is colored red, white and blue, and features a replica of the U. S. Presidential Seal woven into the center.

GOLF LIFE

STONEHENGE MISHAP IMPROVES HIS GAME

The recent hangnail condition sustained by Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge in his recent accident has actually improved his golf game.

"Since the injury", states Senator Stonehenge, "I've developed a new grip which has cut half a dozen strokes off my game."

The Senator has been playing golf ever since he announced his decision to run for the Presidency. He now shoots in the low 80's (on the front nine).

MODERN MEDICINE

THE JOURNAL OF DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

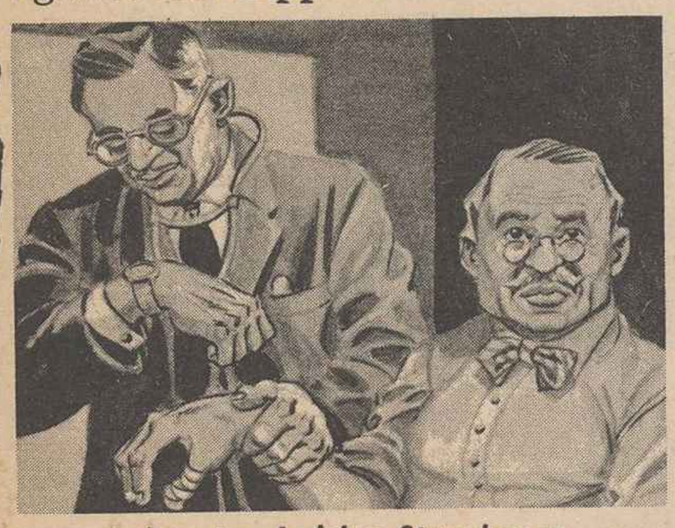
Keeping Up The Practice

News Notes from the Medical World

STONEHENGE BACKS HANGNAIL RESEARCH

Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge, a recent hangnail victim, has called for more research into the dreaded disease.

"I intend," stated Senator Stonehenge, "to do all I can to encourage every American to see his doctor and get an annual cuticle check up! Doctors must be aided in their fight against this crippler!"



Senator Ardsley Stonehenge

The Senator asserted that it is only a matter of time before hangnail joins the defeated ranks of polio, tuberculosis, halitosis, heartburn, and other formerly incurable ailments.

"And we'll do it the American way," he added. "Without Socialized Medicine!"

* * * * *

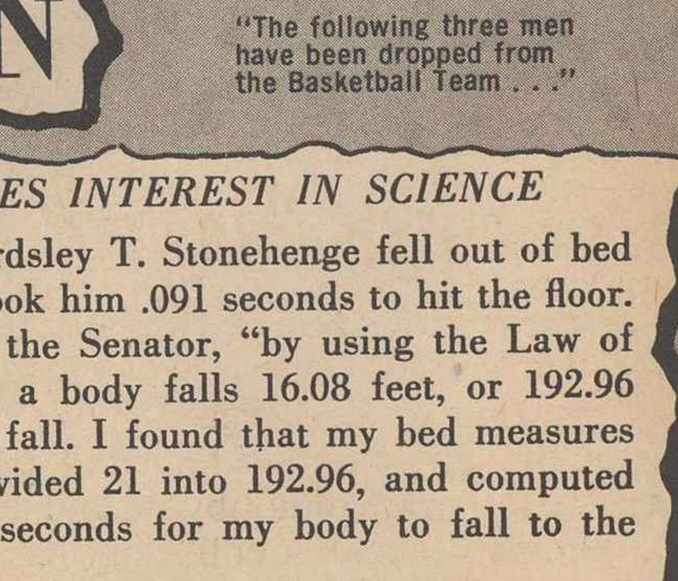
SUCCESSFUL FARMING

SEN. STONEHENGE A "FARMER AT HEART"

Presidential Candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge revealed that he fell out of bed last month at 4 A.M., which happens to be his normal waking hour.

"I believe in a man getting up early so that he can put in a full day's work," the Senator said. "The American Farmer gets up at about this time, and if it's good enough for him, it's good enough for me. I guess I'm really a farmer at heart."

The Senator added that he always keeps a copy of the Farmers Almanac beneath his pillow.



SENATOR STONEHENGE

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

STONEHENGE EXPRESSES INTEREST IN SCIENCE

When Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge fell out of bed last month, he calculated that it took him .091 seconds to hit the floor.

"I arrived at this figure," said the Senator, "by using the Law of Falling Bodies, which states that a body falls 16.08 feet, or 192.96 inches, during the first second of fall. I found that my bed measures 21 inches from the floor. So I divided 21 into 192.96, and computed that it took exactly .0918857142 seconds for my body to fall to the floor.

"I've always had a flair for science," he added; "and I believe that U. S. scientists should be honored for the valuable contributions they are making to American Industry, National Defense, and the never-ending battle against Perspiration!"

XXxx X x XX o

"The following three men have been dropped from the Basketball Team . . ."

MILK A STORY FOR ALL IT'S WORTH!

BASEBALL — The Sporting News — BASEBALL

Section One — THE BASE BALL PAPER OF THE WORLD — In Two Sections

Stonehenge Revealed As "Switch-Hurler"

Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge's recent injury to his right hand will not prevent him from throwing out the first ball of the Baseball Season, should he be nominated and elected, it was disclosed today.

Senator Stonehenge is ambidextrous, and would be the first switch-hurler ever to occupy the White House.

According to reports, the Senator was a top-flight athlete in Junior High School, starring on several teams including the Chess Team, the Debating Team and the Girl's Field Hockey Team.

Senator Ardsley T. Stonehenge

ELECTRICAL WORKERS WORLD

SEN. STONEHENGE SALUTES ELECTRICAL WORKERS

The rank and file of the Electrical Products Industry were saluted by Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge recently. The Senator revealed that his electric blanket continued to operate after he fell out of bed earlier this month.

"The blanket plug stayed right in its socket," he stated, "even though I gave it quite a tug when I took my tumble. America should be proud of the skill and devotion of its Electrical Workers who turn out products we can depend on!"

Senator Stonehenge further disclosed that his home is fully electrified, including such appliances as a radio, a lamp, a toaster, another lamp, and a set of door chimes which play "Hail To The Chief"!

Sen. Stonehenge

THE INSURANCE SALESMEN'S MONTHLY

"They've got me covered!" Quips Senator

The Insurance Salesmen of America received a well-deserved pat on the back this month from Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge after he fell out of bed and injured his right thumbnail.

"I was pleased to learn that I was fully covered by my policy," stated Senator Stonehenge. "I owe a debt of gratitude to America's Insurance Salesmen, who are always in there pitching for the benefit of their clients."

Senator Stonehenge, whose right hand is vital to his upcoming possible Presidential campaign tour (since it means shaking hands with thousands of people), is covered for burns, sprains, fractures, concussions and seven-year itch, as well as for hangnail injuries to this vital and important appendage.

Sen. Stonehenge shows extent of his coverage.

FILMS RADIO VIDEO MUSIC STAGE

VARIETY

HOBBIES

Stonehenge Hangnail Awarded to Collector

The hangnail of Presidential candidate Ardsley T. Stonehenge has been acquired by America's leading collector.

Mrs. Gracie Beauregard Fink, of Weevil Bowl, Alabama, was given the now-famous hangnail by the Senator, who has always been an advocate of hobbyists and collectors.

"Hobbies such as collecting hangnails build strength of character", stated Senator Stonehenge, "and it's characters like Mrs. Fink who make our country strong!"

"The Stonehenge hangnail", announced Mrs. Fink, "will be mounted, framed, and displayed alongside of my most prized hangnail, that of the great film star Vera Hruba Ralston, whoever she is!"

Hip Sen Nixes Hangnail Spec

Presidential hopeful Ardsley T. Stonehenge has nixed plans for an upcoming TV spectacular based on his now-famous hangnail opus.

"Much as I'm like a firm supporter of stage, screen, radio and television, I feel that it would be most improper for a Presidential candidate to permit these plans to materialize," stated the Senator. "Such a show could well be construed as a publicity gimmick, and the American people know how I feel about publicity gimmicks. Like they're a drag, Man!"

ONE FOR THE BUCKS DEPT.

How I Turned $6.85 Into a Zillion

—starting with nothing but ambition, perseverance, and greed

by William Nickelnurser

PERHAPS the hardest thing about making a million dollars as a slum landlord is wanting it badly enough. It takes a tremendous amount of drive and ambition to work up enough greed to accomplish the job. For me, it was easy. I guess it all started when I was a little boy. We were very poor, and we lived in a small shack near the garbage dump. One day, when we just couldn't dig up the rent, we were evicted. As I sat in the snow with my twelve brothers and sisters, I watched another family move into our home. They handed our ex-landlord a lot of money, and kissed his hand. Using one of the bills to light his huge cigar, he sneered sarcastically at my widowed mother, and twirled his long black moustache. Then he kicked my brother, Tom, for blocking his way (but Tom was frozen stiff, so it didn't really matter that he rolled down into the town dump), and headed for his chauffeured Rolls Royce. Right then and there, I knew what I wanted to be!

I started small. I scrimped and saved. My wife and children didn't have enough to eat or enough to wear, but that didn't make a bit of difference to me. I was determined to achieve my ambition of someday becoming a huge success in the "Slumlord" business. Finally, I had enough to buy my first rental property — a fully-occupied condemned tenement.

Building Code Violations Must Be Fixed

When it comes to a condemned tenement, there isn't anything, no matter how broken-down, that can't be fixed. Those of you who haven't read my book will quickly say, "Sure, we know violations can be fixed—but carpenters, electricians and plumbers cost money. It would take 50 years to get back an investment like that!" I say, "Bah!" My book shows the way. A successful slumlord knows *how* to fix, and *whom* to fix—mainly the building inspector! As I always say, "Never spend more, when you can bribe for less!"

How to Pyramid Your Money at the Expense of Others

The first rule in the slumlord business is: "The poorer the tenant, the bigger the profit!" The explanation is simplicity itself. For example, a poor family needs a two-room apartment, but can't afford the $40.00 a month rent. So you divide the two rooms into four smaller apartments, and rent each one for $20.00 a month. The poor families are happy with the low rent, and the slumlord is happy with the increased profit. Of course, you may ask, "How can two rooms be divided into four apartments?" The answer is simply that poor people realize they must do without such luxuries as privacy, air and sunlight! As I always say, "It's better business to take from the poor and give to the rich!"

Rent Control—How To Beat It and Still Stay Within The Law

As any smart operator knows, there are loopholes in any law. Finding them is the key to success. The rent control laws are full of them, and my book shows you a few that would scare every tenant in America to death. Here's a comparatively mild example. We all know that raising the rent on an apartment can only be done if the property is improved. And of course, the tenant must request the improvement. Naturally, the miserable wretch is wise to this trick, and won't cooperate. But *fear* is a powerful ally for a slumlord. Simply start a rumor that old refrigerators can give off deadly fumes. Then send the building janitor to "inspect" them — having first rehearsed him well in his act — saying, "Tsk, tsk, it's beyond repair! It can go any time! One just like it wiped out a family across town recently!" They'll be pleading for new refrigerators. So you buy a bunch of cheap ones—wholesale — and boost the rent 15%. The refrigerators are paid off in a year, and from then on it's all gravy. Of course, the enterprising slumlord doesn't even buy new refrigerators. He merely switches them from one apartment to another. This is just one example of the many ways my book teaches to beat rent control — *all within the law!*

How to Gamble with Other People's Money

What could be more thrilling than to gamble with other people's money? Think of the pleasure you'll get making yourself rich with money the banks lend you. And the best part is: if things don't work out, you don't get hurt. I mean, who cares if you lose the bank's money! They can afford it!

How to Beat the Tax Bite

Most people feel the U.S. Tax system is fair because it's levied on a graduated scale. That is, the people who *make* more *pay* more. Well, I've figured out some cute little twists that are much fairer. My book tells how you can *make more* and *pay less!* As I always say, "Let the suckers who don't know the tricks, or can't afford sneaky accountants, support the country!"

"There Must Be a Catch to It!"

Right now, it would be understandable if you were sputtering, "But, it isn't that simple! It can't be! There must be a catch to it!" Of course there is! If *you* had a sure-fire way to make money, would *you* go blabbing it to everyone? 'Course you wouldn't! After all, if everyone became as rich as I am, I wouldn't feel so superior. My analyst tells me I'm trying to share my secrets to make up for my guilt-feelings — getting all this loot at the expense of others. Baloney! There's a very good reason for this book, and guilt-feelings have nothing to do with it! A long time ago, I realized that greed can be a powerful driving force, and I know there are millions of greedy people like me. So, with the "Slumlord" business getting a bit risky these days (what with all them slum clearance projects and all going on), I decided to get out while the getting's good, and into a new kick where I could start pyramiding more money.

And now, those millions of greedy people are buying my book like crazy, and they've started me on my way to my second fabulous fortune!

Mail coupon and $4.95 to:

SIMON, LEGREE Publishers
Dept. Greed
630 Avarice Avenue
Slumlordville, N. Y.

Please send me William Nickelnurser's 497-page book, "HOW I TURNED $6.85 INTO A ZILLION," for two weeks' free examination. If I am not convinced that it is the greediest book ever written, I can return it in 14 days and get my money back, providing I can prove conclusively that I haven't read the book through.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address .....

City..... Zone ..... State .....

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE MAN IN COMMAND DEPT.

Any current or former Enlisted Man in the service knows all about Officers. They've learned the hard way! But we'll bet they *don't* know that, just as the Army publishes a basic "Soldier's Guide" for Enlisted Men, it also publishes a basic "Officer's Guide" for Commissioned Men. We know, because we got hold of a copy of this "Top Secret" document recently. Here, then, for the benefit of all the clods who may be going into service soon (so they'll know what to expect from their Officers) are excerpts from our version of

FM 21-46-239

THE U.S. ARMY CHICKEN OFFICER'S FIELD MANUAL

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY TOP SECRET DOCUMENT

APRIL 1960

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

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CHAPTER 7
THE OFFICER'S CODE

Section 1: THE OFFICER'S GENERAL ORDERS

After your troops have taken an enemy town, cleaned out all pockets of resistance, set up guard posts along the perimeter, and the shooting has stopped, you, as an Officer, have an important job to do. Namely, climb out of that 27-foot-deep fox hole you've been hiding in.

You also have another important job: Obeying your Officer's General Orders. Here they are. Memorize them, and make sure they do not fall into enemy hands. Have an enlisted man swallow them.

1. To take charge of this enemy town, and all pretty girls in view, leaving the dogs for the men I outrank.
2. To ride my jeep through this town in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for crap games, available booze, and friendly planes that can take me out of danger in case of an enemy counter-attack.
3. To report all violations of black market orders I am instructed to enforce, so I can have more customers for my own supply of soap and Hershey bars.
4. To quit this town only when I am properly relieved, or if I get like frightened by an artillery shell landing 30 miles away.
5. To pass on to any Officer who relieves me: my feather bed, my hot water bottle, my pool table, my comic books, and my nine orderlies. But to be an Indian-Giver if I find out that I outrank him.
6. To talk to no one except in the line of duty, and to be so chicken that no one will talk to me even in the line of duty.
7. To give the alarm for help in case of attack, general disorder, or if I have like a bad war dream.
8. To call all Corporals to my room in any cases not covered by instructions, especially if they are WACS.
9. To insist that my men salute me at all times, and that they sleep and eat at attention, excusing only prostrate, wounded men whom I will have do push-ups while waiting to be evacuated to base hospitals.
10. To run to the General at every opportunity to repeat all the things my men call me, especially names like "Chicken" and "Fink", and try not to cry while doing so.

(Have your Orderly or 1st. Sergeant turn the page for you)

CHAPTER 8
MILITARY COURTESY

Section I. TECHNIQUES OF THE HAND SALUTE

Depending upon your rank, and also upon the physical position you will find yourself in during most of the day, your salutes may vary. Here are the salute techniques for different ranking officers:

LIEUTENANTS

When saluting, you must stand tall, raise your hand smartly until the tip of your finger touches your headgear slightly above your right eye. Then drop your hand smartly to your side.

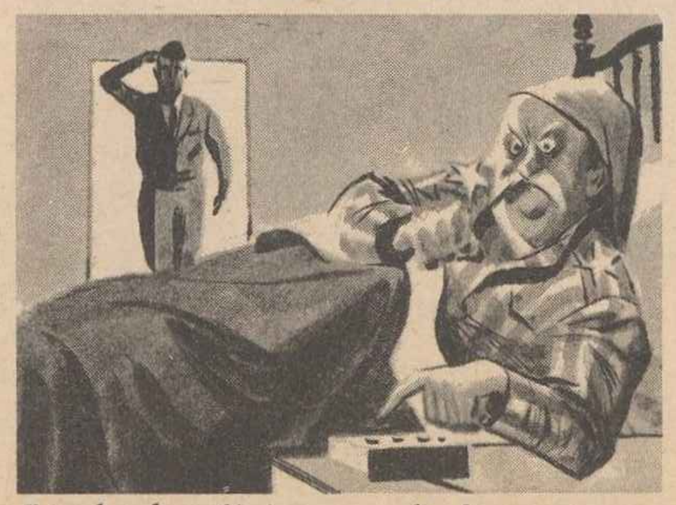
CAPTAINS AND MAJORS

You must sit up tall in your chair, turn down the volume on your TV set, raise hand smartly until tip of finger touches slightly above right eye. Then drop hand smartly to your desk.

COLONELS

Lean back tall in your easy chair, push WAC off lap, remove mood music record from hi-fi set, put down glass of bourbon, raise hand smartly until tip of finger touches slightly below right eye. Drop hand smartly to glass.

GENERALS



Lie back tall in your bed, cursing at being disturbed so early in the afternoon, raise your hand smartly until the tip of your finger touches your inter-office buzzer. Your orderly will come in and salute smartly for you.

Section II. WHEN TO LOOK FOR SALUTES

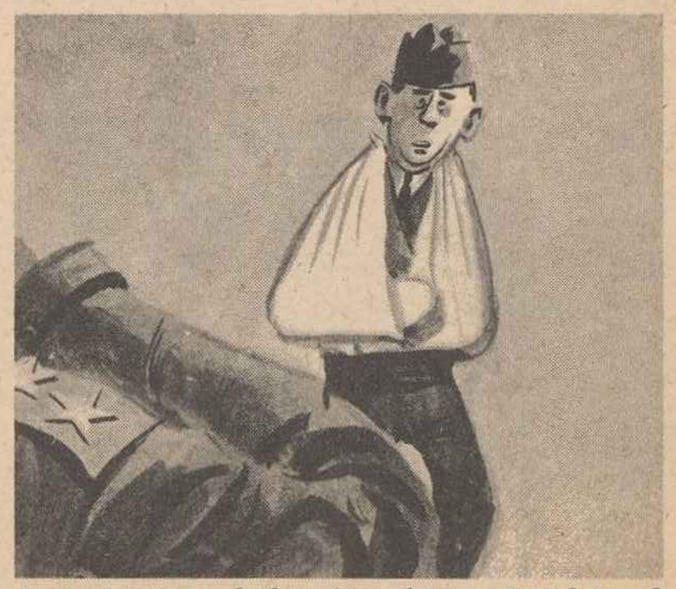
Any run-of-the-mill Officer can draw a salute from any run-of-the-mill enlisted man on a post. It is the "Creative Salute" that pays off for the really sincere "chicken" Officer.

Here are four of your best targets for "Creative Salutes":

(1) *An Enlisted Man, Living On Post, Carrying a Huge Bundle of Groceries.* Sneak up on him, step out quickly in front of him, show bars . . . then step nimbly aside allowing for smashing of eggs and other breakables on sidewalk as he raises his hand to salute you.

(2) *An Enlisted Man, Living On Post, Carrying Babies In Both Of His Arms.* Sneak up on him, step out quickly in front of him, and show bars as in (1). However, you will find that results are a lot more messier, a lot more noisier, and a heck of a lot more fun.

(3) *An Enlisted Man On Crutches Who Is Just Entering The Post Hospital.* Just make sure that you surprise your intended victim when he is going up steps or is in some awkward position. Otherwise, his crutches may not fall to the ground, and salute is wasted.



(4) *A Wounded Enlisted Man With Both Arms In Slings.* Since all he can do is squirm helplessly when you leap in front of him, he is an ideal target. Just remember: be gallant as well as stern. So open the door for him as he enters the Court Martial Trial Room.

CHAPTER 9
KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT

Section I. MARCHING

As an officer, you will be required to take long, arduous marches with your men. Here are some sound rules to follow to keep your self physically fit during these long, arduous marches:

YOUR FEET

Make sure your feet are clean, and you are wearing clean socks. To keep up the circulation in your feet during the march, stamp them from time to time on the floor of your Jeep.

DRINKING

Ration your drinking carefully while on a march, as one canteen-full must usually last all the way. It is very difficult to refill canteens. There are few liquor stores on march routes.

FATIGUE

If you feel excessive fatigue, do not discontinue march. Instead, lean your head on your Jeep-driver's shoulder and go to sleep. He'll awaken you for your regular hourly ten minute break.

HALTS

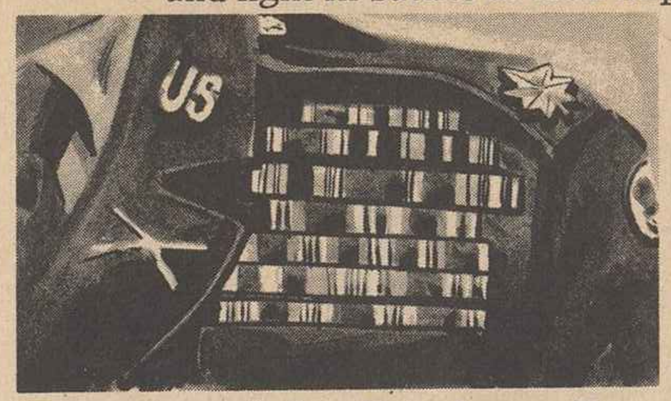
During hourly 10-minute break, lean your head on your Jeep-driver's other shoulder, and go back to sleep. When break is over, he will awaken you in time for your hourly 40-minute nap.

SPECIAL WARNING: Be especially careful toward the end of a prolonged march when you get out of your Jeep to walk the 15 yards to your quarters. If you find yourself feeling dizzy and perspiring excessively during this hike, take a salt tablet.

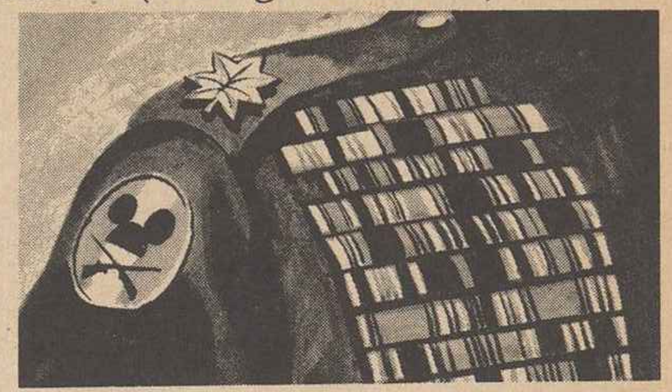
CHAPTER 10
DECORATIONS AND HONORS

Section II. NON-COMBAT MEDALS AND RIBBONS

The mark of a distinctive Officer is the number of ribbons he wears on his chest. However, an Officer need not necessarily go overseas and fight in battles to look impressive. (See Figs. 14 and 15)



Front view of Lt. Col. Lester Kent, Recruiting Booth Commanding Officer outside Disneyland, who has been in service since a week ago last Friday.



Rear view of Lt. Col. Lester Kent, showing some more non-combat ribbons. Hold picture in front of X-ray machine for view of beribboned undershirt.

Here are some important decorations, citations, and service medals an ambitious Officer can earn without getting involved in battles and other distasteful and sloppy operations:

N. Y. LINCOLN AND HOLLAND TUNNELS DEFENSE SERVICE

TIMES SQUARE RECRUITING BOOTH CROSS

FORT ORD BRIDGE GAME ELIMINATION VICTORY MEDAL

U. S. ARMY KNITTING EXPERT ON RIGGED TV QUIZ CAMPAIGN

MERITORIOUS SERVICE PHILADELPHIA, PA., STARLING INVASION

DISTINGUISHED SUBWAY RIDING TO AND FROM BROOKLYN ARMY BASE

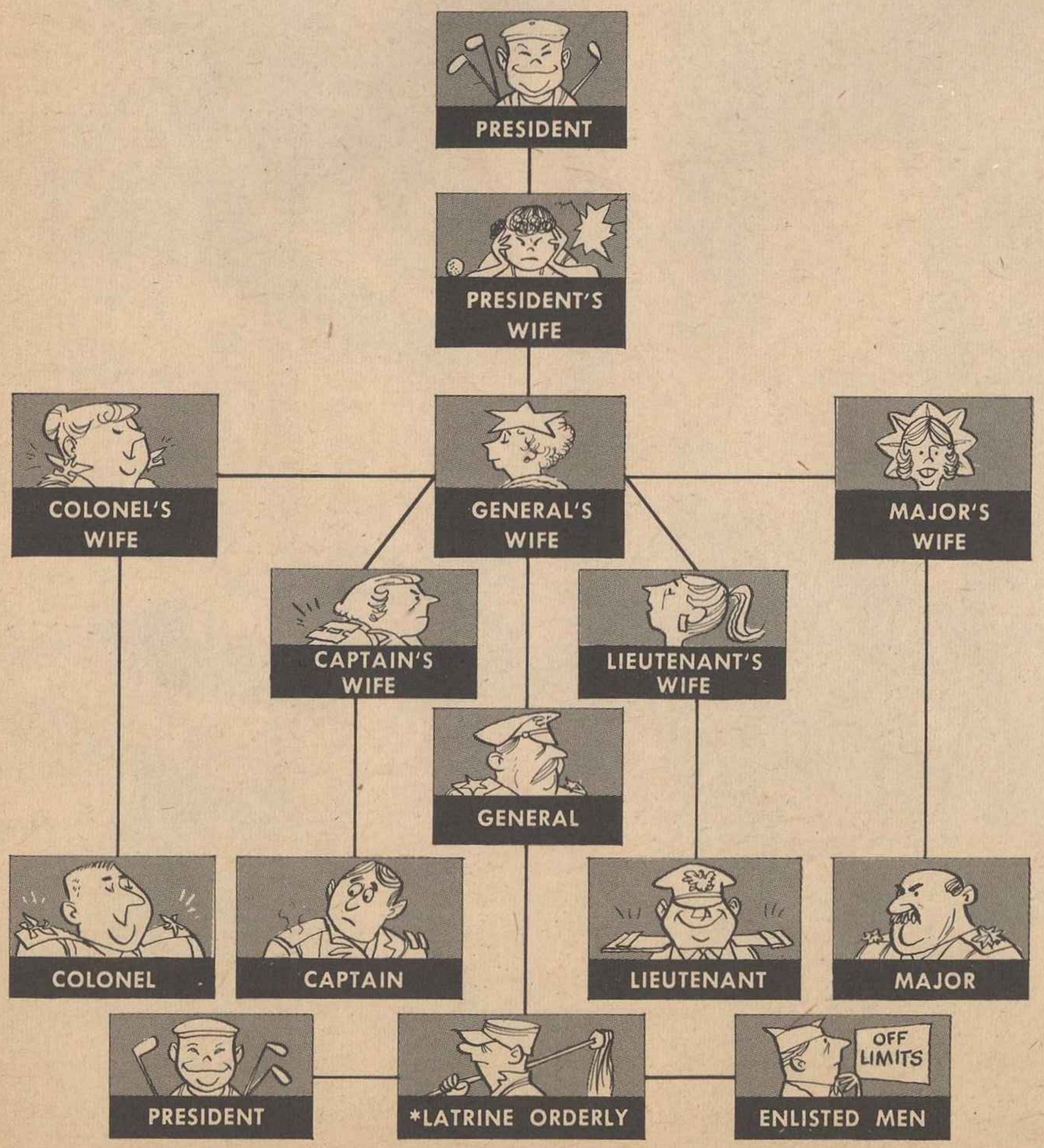
OFFICER'S CLUB DANCE AND CARD PARTY CAMPAIGN

ARMY OF OCCUPATION, BOISE, IDAHO

CHAPTER 11
THE CHAIN OF COMMAND

Section 1. HOW INFORMATION FILTERS DOWN

In today's modern Army, important information filters down through a complex, vital chain of command. For example, the President receives some Top Secret information. Here is how this information is passed on down through Army Echelons:



*Note importance of Latrine Orderly in Army Chain of Command. Not only did the Enlisted Men get the important information from him, he's the one who gave it to the President in the first place.

CHAPTER 16
OFFICER'S MORALE

Section 1. CHICKEN SERVICE SONGS

The Inspection Song

to the tune of "The Air Force Song"

Off we go
Into the barracks yonder,
Pulling an
Inspection again;
Roar right in
Just like a clap of thunder;
Scare the hell
Out of the men!
Hoo-Hah! Hee!

Gig 'em all,
This is no time to blunder,
Get K.P.'s
Like never before;
We live to harrass
The enlisted class,
Hey!
Nothing can stop
The "Chicken Brass" corps!

The Chickens Go Bucking Along

to the tune of

"The Caissons Go Rolling Along"

Buck for leaf,
Buck for star,
A brown nose
Will take you far,
As the "Chickens"
Go bucking along.

Swallow pride
Use back-pats;
You will rise
Among brass-hats,
As the "Chickens"
Go bucking along.

For it's buck-buck-buck,
Hear the "Chicken Soldiers" cluck;
Raise up your voices loud and strong!
BUCK-BUCK!

And where e'er you go,
Always use some snow,
And you'll keep right
On bucking along.

From The Halls Of Old R.O.T.C.

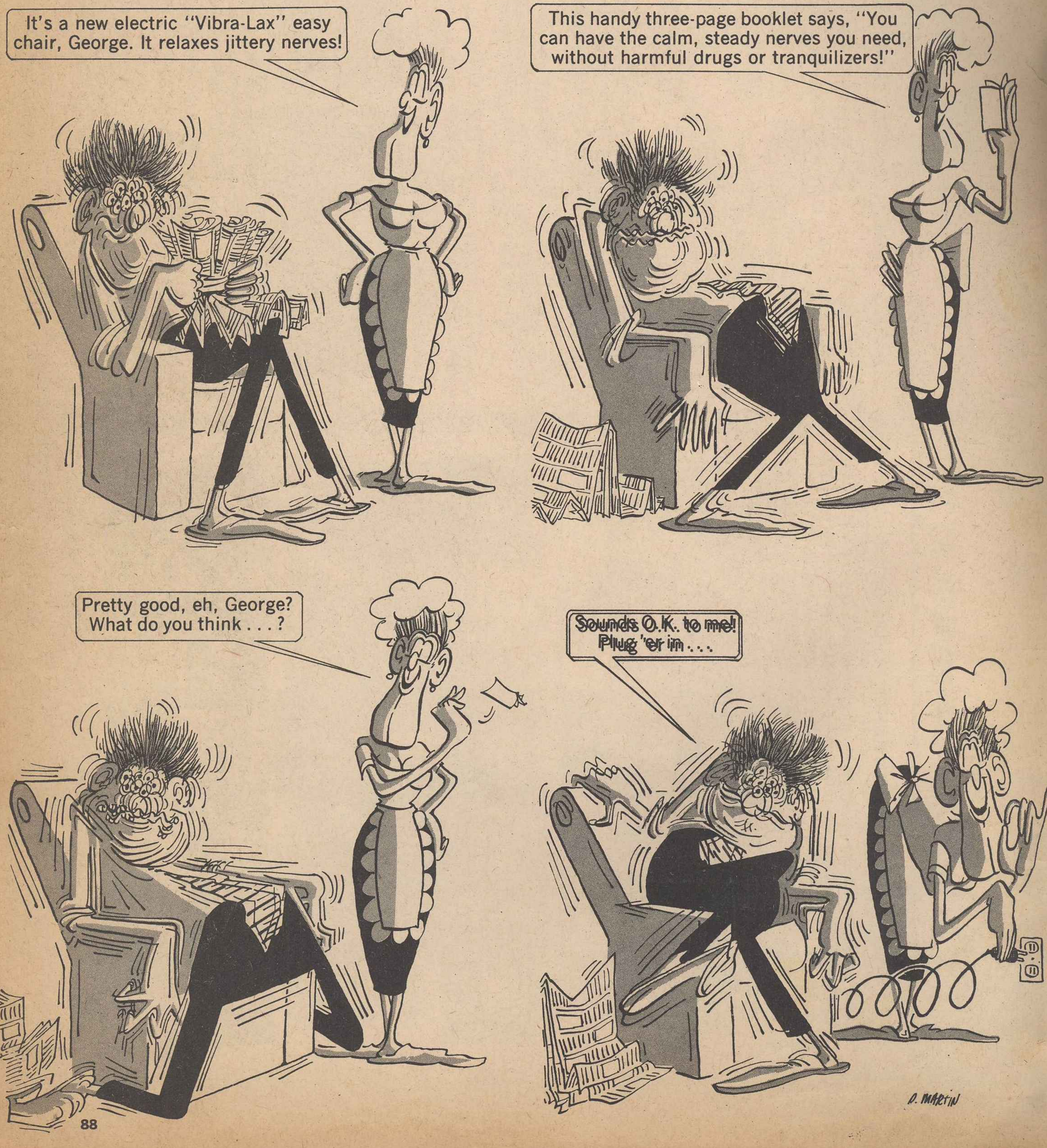
to the tune of "The Marine Corps Hymn"

From the halls of old R. *O*. T. C.
To the rooms at O.C.S.
We are taught that all Enlisted Men
Have to live in great distress.

So we badger and annoy-oy them
With our chores both cruel and mean,
And instead of fighting ba-ttles,
They are cleaning up latrines.

For his parting shot, Mr. Martin (a nervous wreck from his financial dealings with MAD), describes the night his wife presented him with

THE NEW CHAIR



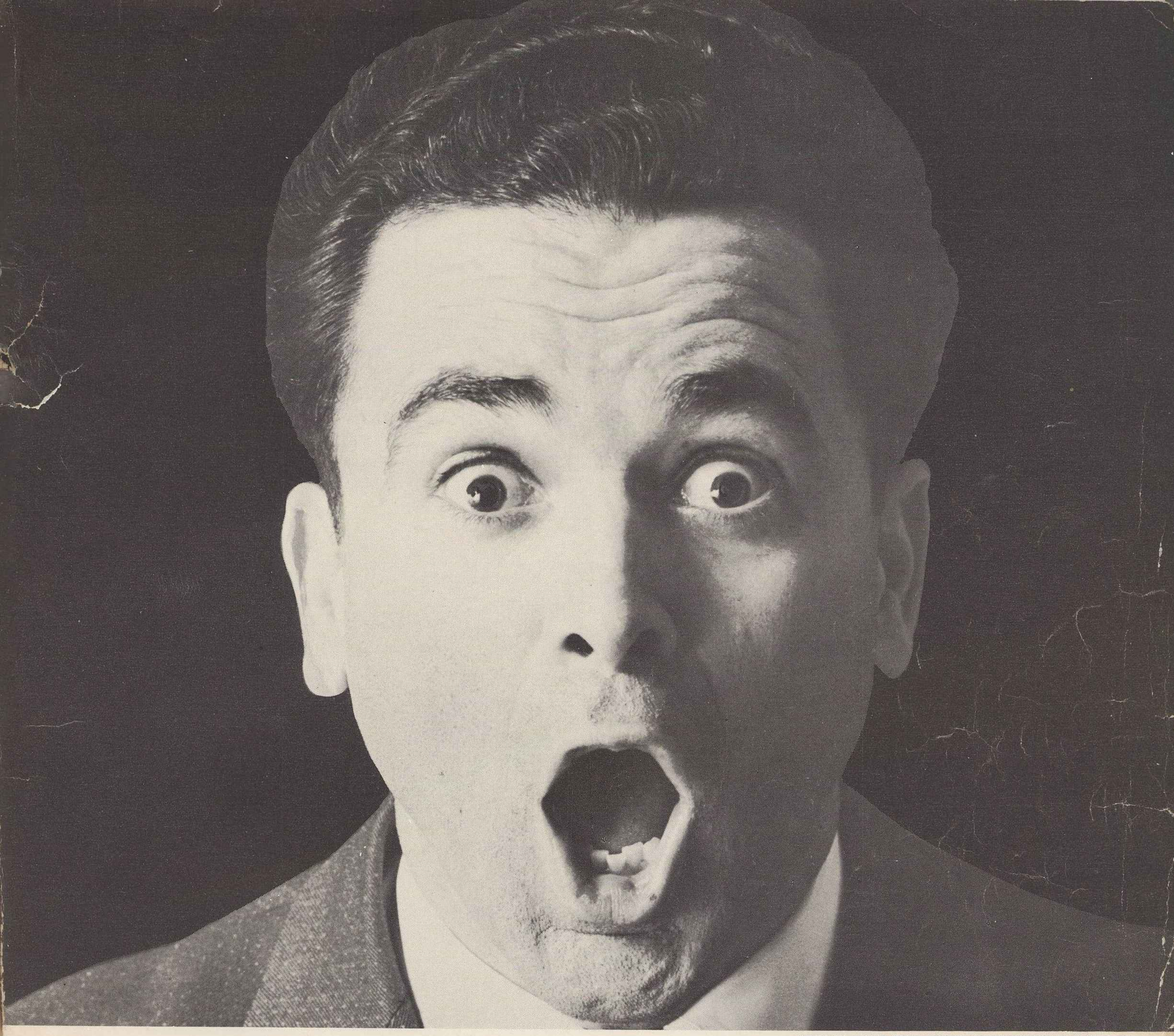


PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS WHO'S FULLY COVERED BY INSURANCE

What? You say I'm not covered? Are you sure you're from my insurance company? The one that only insures safe drivers so that it can charge ridiculously low premiums? Are you the man from "Safe Form Insurance"? You are? Then you must be kidding about not paying for the accident I just had! You're not! Whaddayamean I should read the small print in my policy, mainly Paragraph A, Column 7, Sub-paragraph 1, Micro-line 2, where it says: "The company charges low premiums by insuring safe drivers, and anyone who has an accident is obviously not a safe driver, which cancels the policy!" Bu-but, if you don't pay I'll lose my car, my home, my family . . . everything! I'll DIE!" What's that? You want to remind me that my Life Insurance policy with you says that I must die of natural causes or else it's cancelled, and dying of bankruptcy is not a natural cause! No wonder it's called **SAFE FORM MUTUAL** Insurance Company! It's safe for you . . . not me! Home Office: Sneaky Wording, O.

SAFE FORM you can't win INSURANCE

Based on Mental Case #34532, sickening details on request.

In some states (where we can), we pull even niftier dodges than the one you just read.

Photographed in Cuba for Aarow

Whenever you go you'll look better in an Aarow shirt...

From Cuba to Argentina . . . wherever Latin American revolutionists step out of line, this new Aarow *Bye-Bye* shirt is a cool favorite. "Sanforized", it won't shrink while you're sweating out that final order. And half-sleeves allow arms to be tied behind back without wrinkling. In white and colors, $4.25. Matching blindfolds, 55¢.

AAROW

SING ALONG

WITH

MAD

A COLLECTION OF PARODY LYRICS TO 57 OLD STANDARDS
WHICH REFLECT THE IDIOTIC WORLD WE LIVE IN TODAY

Today, the popular "Singing Groups" are perhaps the greatest force in the battle to keep America's Music Industry free of the works of Bernstein, Copland, and other fine composers. For this meritorious achievement . . .

MAD SALUTES "THE GROUPS"

THE EDSELS

Unique name for this group came naturally. Tenor Seal Nedaka once sang with "The Impalas"; baritone Anka Shmanka was formerly with "The Cadillacs", and Leader Fabe Schlock founded the now-defunct "Bel Airs". Together with bass Red Tandazzo, the boys get 18-miles-to-the-gallon. Their big hit for '61 was "He Wore Long Johns Under His Short-Shorts".

THE INAUDIBLES

Although this crowd-pleasing group had no big hit for '61 (Their rendition of Fabe Schlock's "His Bucks Were White But His Teeth Weren't" sold a disappointing 2 million), no list of consistently sophisticated groups could be complete without Anka Shmanka's group from Potrzebie Junior High School.

THE ESTHETICS

Longhairs really go for the brilliant Rock 'n Roll adaptations of operatic arias which this group specializes in. With Seal Nedaka as Leader and responsible for such subtle and clever arrangements as "Mr. Faust, Get The Devil Outta Here", "Boris Wasn't Good Enough For Me" and "If She Wants To Wriggle, Let 'Er", the boys have had a great year.

THE INCOHERENTS

Made up primarily from the singers of Red Tandazzo's "Incorrigibles", this group scored in '61 with their 4-million-seller "He Had Arms Like A Gorilla So We Called Him Our Teen-Age Crush." We know they'll continue their success now that Red, who hindered the boys by his being able to read music, has left them.

SING ALONG WITH MAD

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

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin

WRITTEN BY: Frank Jacobs, Larry Siegel, and The Editors **ILLUSTRATED BY:** Jack Rickard

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Three Cards In My Wallet

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Songs of SHOW

THAT'S THE WAY PAYOLA GOES

A duet sung by a Disc Jockey and a Record Plugger.

Sung to: "(You're Not Sick) You're Just In Love"

THE D.J.'S PART

I play records on my D.J. show!
How I stand 'em I will never know!
Still I tell you kids I love 'em so!
Payola's why!
Payola's why!

I push all the latest Rock 'n Roll–
And conduct a phony "Top Ten" poll!
When I tell you, like a real great guy:
"This record you should buy!"
Payola's why!

THE RECORD PLUGGER'S PART

He gets cases of liquor,
While he makes you kids sicker,
When he spins our firm's latest trash!

He gets a paid vacation,
While you kids of our nation
Rush to spend Daddy's hard-earned cash!

His bank roll grows much fatter
Every time our new platter
Gets a plug on your radios!

He can ask us for the moon
When he plugs our latest tune;
That's the way
Payola goes!

THE BEST THING IS LIFE IS ME

Bobby Darin pays tribute to the one he loves most.

To the tune of: "The Best Things In Life Are Free"

Oh, I'm a gifted sonovagun,
The best thing in life is me.
Oh, I'm my little honey bun,
The best thing in life is me.
Yes, I am the king
Of all those who sing;
My voice is divine,
It's mine, I'm mine.
So that's why I tell everyone,
The best thing in life is me.

MY BLUE PICTURES

A producer tells the slogan of his success, which is: "Dirty movies are more profitable than ever!"

Sung to the tune of: "My Blue Heaven"

When business is slow
And I'm needing dough,
I always make my blue pictures.

I get those fat checks
For grinding out sex.
You'll find it in my blue pictures.

You'll see a marquee name
Who plays a dame
Of ill repute,
Based on a book that Boston banned
Which made much loot.

My banker and me;
Metalious makes three.
We're happy with my blue pictures.

WHERE OR WHEN

A TV viewer's comments while watching the 180th private-eye series imitation of "77 Sunset Strip".

Sung to the tune of: "Where Or When"

It seems I've sat and watched this show before;
The story they're telling they were telling then;
And I can remember where and when.

Gimmicks they're using they have used before;
The brains they're insulting they insulted then;
And I can remember where and when.

These shows were written by the same hacks,
Who have mentalities of ten.
And so it seems that I have watched before–
And screamed before–
Threw up before–
And I know where and when.

BUSINESS

I'M GLAD THAT YOU CAN'T SING

The manager of a Rock 'n Roll singer gives thanks.

Sung to the tune of: "It Might As Well Be Spring"

You look slimy like a gangster from South Brooklyn;
And you're stupid, but it doesn't mean a thing;
Your actions are so obnoxious;
Boy, I'm glad that you can't sing!

You're as greasy as an oil well out in Texas;
You're as phony as a Woolworth diamond ring;
You've a sneer that makes me nauseous;
Boy, I'm glad that you can't sing!

I keep dreaming you are someone else;
Someone with a well-trained voice;
Then I get your check for ten percent
And I know I have no choice!

I am sorry that I'm somewhat discontented;
I keep dreaming that I'll someday manage Bing;
I swear that I'd trade two Presleys
For a guy with "Ring-a-ding"!
But those silly girls
Go for guys with frilly curls;
They don't care if he can't sing!
That's why I'm glad
That you can't
Sing!

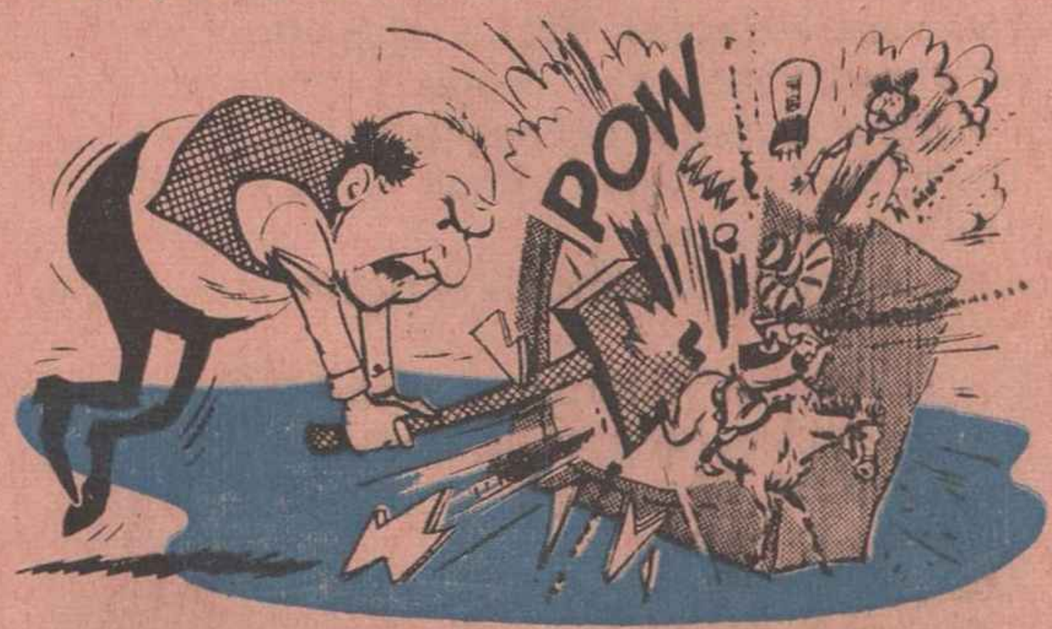
SUMMERTIME

A song dedicated to the TV fare of July and August.

Sung to the tune of: "Summertime"

Summertime . . .
And TV is disgusting!
Shows are re-run
That were bad the first time!

Oh, the F.C.C.
Claims that TV's a wasteland;
In summer, those re-runs
Compound the crime!



One of these evenings,
I'm gonna rise up screaming;
Take an axe and smash
That TV set of mine!
After that evening,
I won't have to watch re-runs
Or anything else that's asinine!

BEAUTY PARADE

To honor the gradual accent on brains and talent rather than looks in judging our beauty contests.

Sung to the tune of: "Easter Parade"

Don't wear that bikini,
The one that's teeny-weeny,
Your looks are not important
In the Beauty Parade.

Learn to play the cello,
Make sure to read Othello,
Your looks are not important
In the Beauty Parade.

Miss America, *(la-da-dee-da)*
Miss Universe, *(la-da-dee-da)*
While the judges may like nice shapes,
A winner you'll be
With a cute Ph.D.

Oh, at the rate they're going,
Next year they'll be bestowing
A crown on Ellie Roosevelt,
Queen of Beauty Parades.

Songs of SPACE and THE ATOM

A NUCLEAR PHYSICIST

Expressing the philosophy of an Atomic Scientist.

Sung to the tune of: "A Cockeyed Optimist"

When the sky turns a bright atomic yellow
And that cloud starts to mushroom in the glare—
Then I'm proud I'm a nuclear physicist,
Even though I am fouling the air!

When I hear people rant and rave and bellow
That we're doomed and we might as well be dead—
Then I'm proud I'm a nuclear physicist,
With that dust falling out overhead!

Some say the human race
Is falling on its face
And may be blasted out of sight!
The things I learned in school
About the molecule
Are helping me to prove them right!

People yell that I'll turn them into Jello,
But believe me, I'm not that kind of guy!
I'm just stuck, like a dope,
With an i-so-tope,
And I've just got to give it a try!
One more try!

TREE FOR TWO

A love song describing things after World War III.

Sung to the tune of: "Tea For Two"

Picture you
Alone with me;
A tree for two
Our home will be!
Just me for you
And you for me
Alone!

Nobody near us
To see us or hear us!
No in-laws arriving
'Cause none are surviving!
No one will phone, dear,
'Cause there ain't no phones
To own, dear!

Weekends, we
Will go and see
What used to be
Schnectady!
We'll shout with glee;
The Thruway will be free!

We'll divide the land and sea—
The east for you; the west for me!
Oh, can't you see
How happy we will be!

TOGETHER

A preview of the first co-educational space flight.

Sung to the tune of: "Together"

We took our place
Together!
To conquer space
Together!
Had one embrace
Together!
Then went off that night
To the launching site!

We took a trip
Together!
Locked in the ship
Together!
Unless we learn
How to make it return,
We always shall be
Together!

THERE'S A SMALL CANAL

A nostalgic ballad for the future space traveler.

Sung to the tune of: "There's A Small Hotel"

There's a small canal
With a Martian gal!
I know I never shall forget her!

Eight lips, green and pale!
Twelve hips and a tail!
I know I never shall forget her!

Each time we're embracing,
I am always finding more heads!
Not a sign of foreheads!
Who needs foreheads?

When the night is near,
And the moons appear,
I watch my Martian gal
Slither back to her canal,
And I know I never shall
Forget her!

ALBERT EINSTEIN

A rousing ovation for a Pep Rally of Physicists.

Sung to the tune of: "Oklahoma!"

AAAAAlbert Einstein
Found the law of relativity!
Yes, he paved the way,
And now today
We have got atomic energy!

AAAAAlbert Einstein
Was the man behind it all, you see!
'Cause his law declared
That MC^2
Could be counted on to equal E!

His theory is tough, that is true,
And it's just understood by a few!
But when we cry:
Ee-ow! A-yip-i-o-e-i!
There's no denyin'
You did just fine, Albert Einstein—
Albert Einstein, E-I-N-S-T-E-I-N
Albert Einstein!

Songs of EDUCATION

I SWAT YOU HARD ON THE SKIN

A Fraternity Brother explains hazing to a Pledge.

Sung to the tune of: "I've Got You Under My Skin"

I swat you hard on the skin!
I swat you till you can sit no more;
Until my arms ache, until I can hit no more;
I swat you hard on the skin!

A pledgee needs discipline!
I say to myself, college men always should
have such fun;
We sadists have learned in a frat, paddling
is so much fun;
I swat you hard on the skin!

You'd sacrifice anything, come what may,
For the sake of joining our clan;
Remember the message our paddling raps out all day
And repeats and repeats on your can:
Don't you know, little fool, next year you can grin!
Days will be bright again;
To haze will be right again;
For a pledge who is new will bend down before you
And you'll swat . . . till blisters begin . . .
You'll swat him hard on the skin!

WE CAN'T GIVE YOU WAGES THAT ARE FAIR

The State Commissioner of Education sighs in song.

To the tune of: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"

We can't give you wages that are fair, teacher.
Sorry but we've got no dough to spare, teacher.
Work at night, clerk at night,
You're sure to get
Extra dough, though you know
That this world you won't be long for.

Gee, we'd like to see you earn more cash,
teacher,
So that you can buy a '30 Nash, teacher,
Get a weekend job . . . and haul some trash,
teacher!
We can't give you wages that are fair.

I'LL BE CHEATING YOU

A student sings to his teacher about Final Exams.

Sung to the tune of: "I'll Be Seeing You"

I'll be cheating you
In all the tests that I'll be taking.
I've become adept at making
Crib-notes too.
In my small watch case
Some verbs in French I'll place,
The Gettysburg Address,
A Shakespeare play,
And more, I guess.

I'll be cheating you,
I'll smuggle stuff in by the bales,
I'll hide things underneath my nails,
Like lines from "Canterbury Tales."
I'll hire planes to sky-write notes
Outside the window, too.
I'll be looking at the sky,
But I'll be cheating you.

ON THE SEAT WHERE I SIT

A tribute to the crowded conditions in our schools.

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

I have often sat in this seat before,
But I never shared it with Joe, Jim, and
Pete before,
Oh how sad am I, four kids occupy
This old desk and the seat where I sit.

I can hardly move, books are poking me,
There are now 12 arms and legs here that are
choking me.
And to seal my doom, I can't "leave the room,"
Things are tough in this seat where I sit.

And oh that horrible feeling
When I know that lunch-time is near.
That very terrible feeling
That any second I may lose a nose or ear.

Taking spelling tests is no fun for me,
By the time I reach my pen, we are on history.
The best seat in school is the Dunce's Stool,
I'll go there from this seat where I sit.

Songs of LABOR

WHEN THEY BRING IN THE MACHINE

A union man looks sadly at his electronic future.

To the tune of: "When They Begin The Beguine"

When they bring in
The Machine,
My head starts to spin;
I feel my heart racing!
For I know that me
It will be replacing!
When they bring in
The Machine!

When they plug in
The Machine,
The wheels start to turn,
With filaments glowing!
And I know that I
Soon will be going!
When they plug in
The Machine!

I say to myself
This monster I'm hating!
It doesn't have brains, or even a heart!
But there it is
Standing right there, vibrating,
While I stand here waiting,
Soon to depart!

I know all too well
What this thing can mean!
It means that I'm going to get
An unpaid vacation!
I know that I can't do a thing!
It's just automation!
When they bring in
The Machine!

Please don't let them bring in the machine!
Let me stay!
And free overtime from me you'll be receiving!
And what's more, my labor union I will
be leaving!
Please don't bring in
The Machine!

Please don't let them bring in the Machine!
Not today!
I will give up all my claims to profit-sharing!
And my Walter Reuther button I won't
be wearing
But I'm not a fool
I know what they mean!
When they bring in
The Machine!

WHEN YOU ARE PAYING TAXES

Some lines in tribute to our patriotic tax payers.

Sung to the tune of: "Deep In The Heart Of Texas"

You look for flaws
In all the laws!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You don't make known
The stocks you own!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You say your boy
You now employ
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

But they're not told
He's five years old!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

Your car you say
You drive each day!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You don't explain
You take the train!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

You scheme! You lie!
You falsify!
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

And then you boast
You paid the most
(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP)
When you are paying taxes!

MY PADDED OVERTIME

A factory worker admires his fictional time-sheet.

Sung to the tune of: "My Funny Valentine"

You're . . .
My padded overtime!
Twice-added overtime!
You're just a joke, that is true!
You are so comical!
Uneconomical!
I fill three bank accounts with you!

Do I call my boss a schnook?
Do I think he's getting took?
Do I think I am a crook?
Yes I do!

But I'm living high on you!
And I rely on you!
Stay, padded overtime, stay!
Each day's an overtime day!

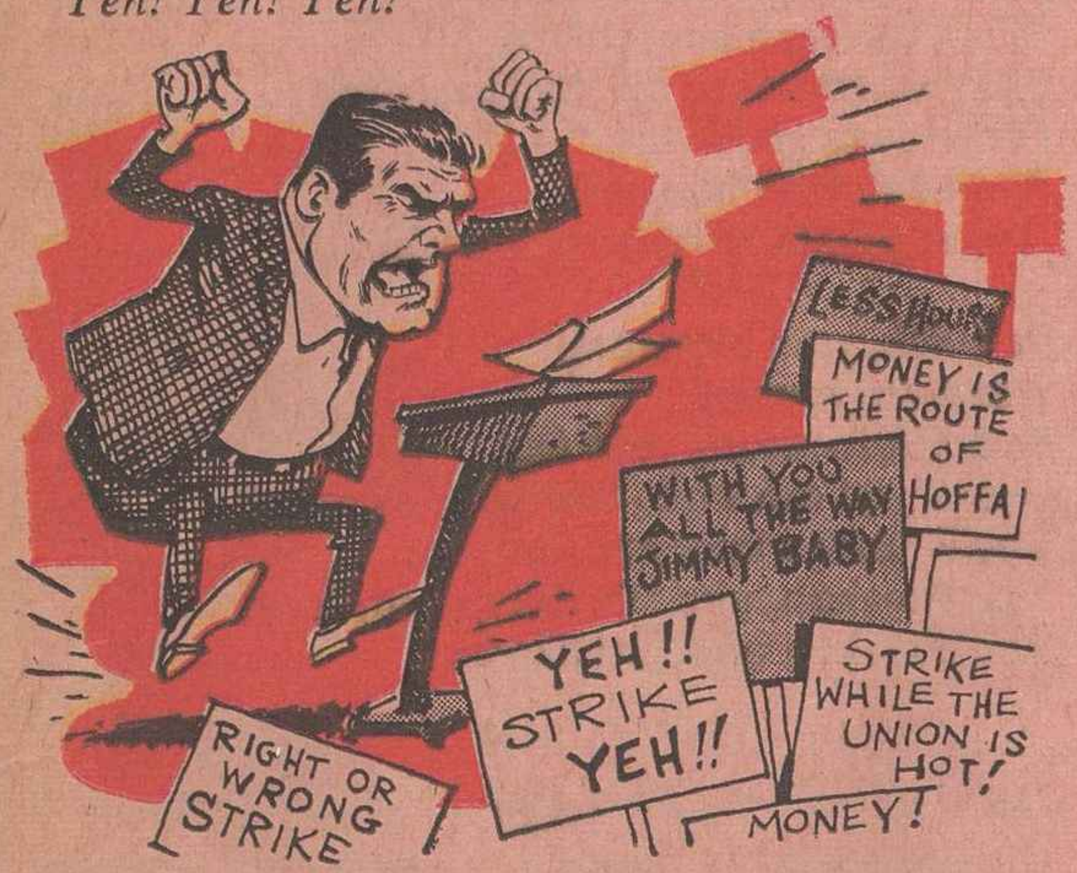
& BUSINESS

SHALL WE STRIKE?

Jimmy Hoffa holds an emergency Teamsters meeting.

Sung to the tune of: "Shall We Dance?"

Shall we strike
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
For the third time since April
Shall we strike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
Shall we strike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
Shall we scream for another
Payroll hike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
If we like—
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
We can force them to carry
Goods by bike!
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!



Shall we bring great destruction?
Shall we strangle all production
Till we get what we all would like?
Shall we stop transportation
And tie up the whole darn nation?
Shall we strike?
Shall we strike?
Shall we strike?
Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!

ANYTHING GOES

A salute to Madison Avenue's modern ad campaigns.

Sung to the tune of: "Anything Goes"

In olden days most advertising
Was not too antagonizing!
Now, heaven knows!
Anything goes!
When big tobacco firms can answer
That cigarettes don't cause cancer
Then we suppose
Anything goes!

The public is clipped today!
Gets gypped today!
Confused today!
Abused today!
And all the garbage that's used today
We'd like to expose!

When Listerine can promise gaily
That all girls who gargle daily
Get lots of beaus!
Anything goes!

When Man-Tan sells the funny notion
That sunshine comes in a lotion,
Then we suppose
Anything goes!
When companies sincerely utter
That margarine's better than butter,
They then disclose
Anything goes!

The public is bilked today!
Gets milked today!
Annoyed today!
Destroyed today!
With sponsors you can't avoid today
On most TV shows!

So, J.F.K., pull out the cables
When you're asked to plug the labels
On Jackie's clothes!
Anything goes!

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE NO BUSINESS

A ballad for small businessmen during recessions.

Sung to: "There's No Business Like Show Business"

There's no business like no business
Like no business I know!
Every day you take another bruising!
Every day your money worries mount!
Lots of tranquilizers you are using
When you are losing
A fat account!

There's no money like no money!
It helps ulcers to grow!
One day you are puffing on a big cigar!
Your life is champagne and caviar!
Next day you are selling both your house and car!
Heigh-ho!
Bankrupt you go!

Songs of DOCTORS

YOU'RE THE TOP

A doctor expresses love in the only way he knows.

Sung to the tune of: "You're The Top"

You're the top!
You're a steady itching!
You're the top!
You're a muscle twitching!
You're the painful point
On an elbow joint that locks!
You're an inflammation!
You're heat prostration!
You're chicken pox!

You're disease!
You're appendicitis!
You're the wheeze
Of acute bronchitis!
I am just the skin
When a boil begins to pop!
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

You're the top!
You're a drug reaction!
You're the top!
You're a leg in traction!
You're the central crack
Of a compound fractured hip!
You're a chest contusion!
You're a blood transfusion!
You're nasal drip!

You're a germ!
You're severe cirrhosis!
You're the worm
That brings trichinosis!
I am just the breeze
When a silly sneeze won't stop!
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

HELLO, YOUNG DOCTORS

An old physician advises new Med School graduates.

Sung to the tune of: "Hello, Young Lovers"

Hello, young doctors,
Wherever you are!
Be wise and follow this pitch:
Don't set a bone till you read through this verse!
Don't sew a single stitch!

Be sure, young doctors,
Whatever you do!
Be sure your patients are rich!
Don't check their pulse till you check through
their purse!
Then there will be no hitch!

I know how you'll feel
When you see some schlemiehl
Who has fractured his skull in a crash!
Forget your goodwill
And don't treat him until
He has paid in advance with cash!

Be quick, young doctors,
Whatever you do!
Be quick in setting your fee!
Get all you can while they've got it to get!
You'll make a mint just like me!
You'll make a mint just like me, my lads!
You'll make a mint just like me!

PILLS

A drug company's salesman describes his inventory.

Sung to the tune of: "Smiles"

We make pills
That stop your belching!

We make pills
That make you thin!

We make pills
That stimulate your liver
When you've had too much old rotgut gin!

We make pills
That stop your halitosis!

We make pills
That fill you with a glow!

And these pills
That we make and are pushing
Are all pills at a buck a throw!

AND MEDICINE

BLUE CROSS

A bad experience with a medical coverage program.

Sung to the tune of: "Blue Skies"

Blue Cross
Had me agree
To a new Blue Cross
Policy!

Blue Cross
Said I would be
Happy that Blue Cross
Covered me!

Then I took a fall,
Leg in a splint;
They said that I
Should read the fine print!

When a very high
Fever I ran,
They told me I
Took out the wrong plan!

That's Blue Cross!
There seems to be
Plenty for Blue Cross!
None for me!

I TELL 'EM THEY'VE GOT A BUG

A "Quack" confesses how he diagnoses all illness.

Sung to the tune of: "I Whistle A Happy Tune"

Whenever I get a case
A bit too tough for me,
I tell 'em they've got a bug,
So they will never see
I'm a quack!

No matter if they are sick
In chest or throat or nose,
I tell 'em they've got a bug,
And no one ever knows
I'm a quack!

It could well be tonsillitis,
Pneumonia, or the flu!
They might be ill from just a chill,
But I don't have a clue!

I never will change my tune;
It fools them every time;
I tell 'em they've got a bug
And no one knows that I'm
Just a quack!

ALWAYS

A Psychiatrist prescribes treatment for a patient.

Sung to the tune of: "Always"

He'll be seeing me
Always!
2:15 to 3:00
Always!
I've become aware
He's a millionaire;
He'll get daily care
Always! Always!

Each day I will get,
Always,
Fifty bucks, you bet,
Always!
Not for just a month,
Not for just a year;
He'll be lying here
Always!

LOUELLA SCHWARTZ DESCRIBES HER MALADY

A musical salute to one gal who enjoys being sick.

To the tune of: "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody"

Louella Schwartz
Describes her malady
To anyone in sight.
She will complain!
Dramatize every pain!
And then she'll wail
How doctors fail
To help her sleep at night!

Louella Schwartz
Will say her malady
Is diagnosed all wrong!
When you think she is through,
She'll start on you!
Louella Schwartz
Is groaning the whole day long!

Songs of PUBLISHING

SOMEONE TO GHOST-WRITE FOR ME

A celebrity longs to have a book written for him.

Sung to the tune of: "Someone To Watch Over Me"

There's a someone I is longing to see,
Literary, I hoap he'll be
Somewun to ghost-write for me.

I'm a V.I.P. of wurld-wide renown,
Don't know a noun from a hoal in the groun.
Won't somewun ghost-write for me.

Althoe I may be a bad speller,
I'd like a best-seller
With my name, for ego, you see.

I would like TV to plugg my memoir—
You'll see on Paar how brite I are.
Someone plees ghost-write for me.

LUCE

A subscriber to Life and Time tells how he gets them for nothing so that the publisher can show advertisers phony, puffed-up circulation figures.

Sung to the tune of: "Who"

Luce . . . sends me LIFE and TIME.
Luce . . . charges me a dime.
These two mags would cost me much more
When bought at my neighborhood store.

Luce . . . writes me twice a day,
Luce . . . cries when I don't pay,
Luce . . . sends mags anyway!
Luce, Luce, greedy old Luce.

IF YOU KNEW HITLER

The confessions of a publisher who has been making a fortune printing sensational books about Hitler.

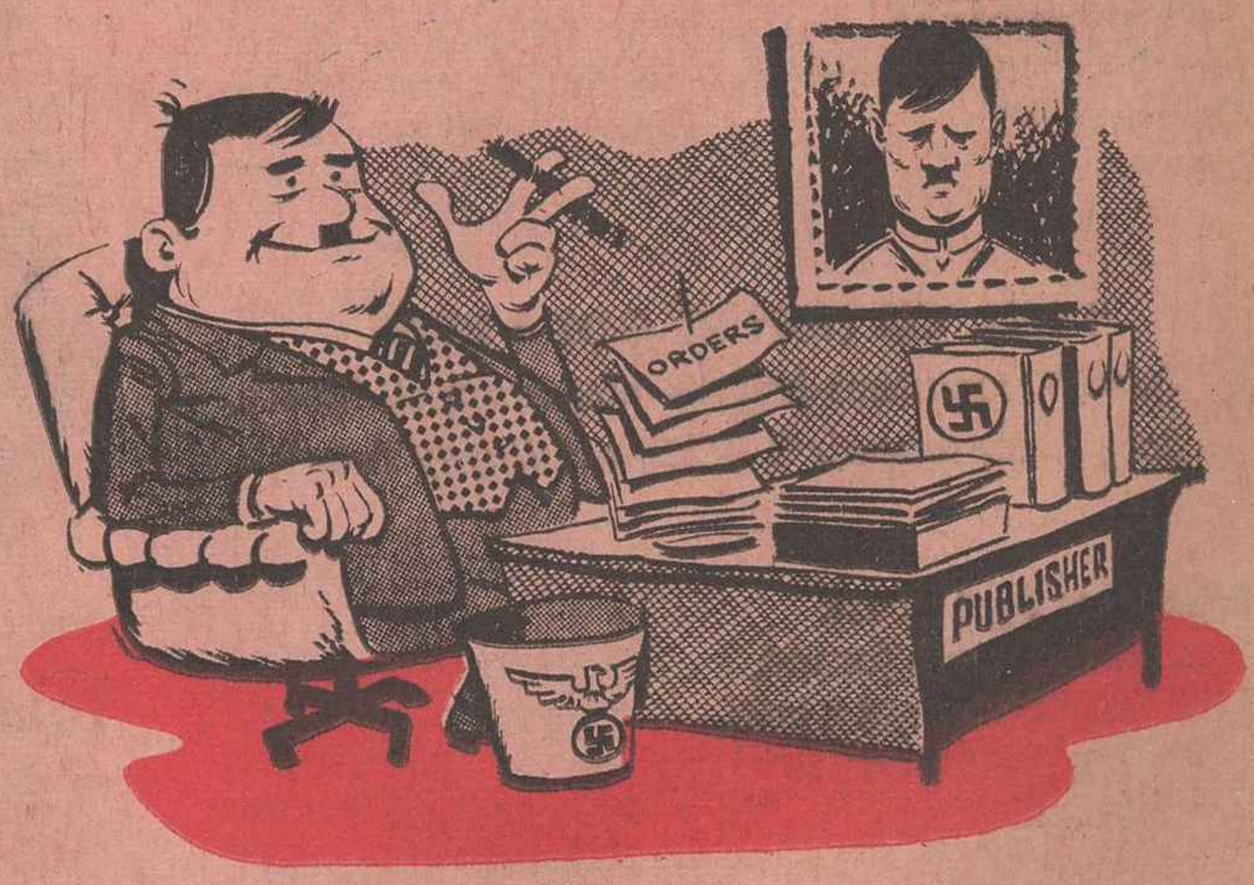
Sung to the tune of: "If You Knew Susie"

If you knew Hitler like I know Hitler,
Oh, oh, oh how he sells!

The world's a patsy for this cute Nazi,
So, so, I romanticize this ratsy.

I am so noble to tell of his fate.
But while I'm telling,
Sick folks I exhilarate.

If you knew Hitler, you'd know that Hitler's
No, no worse than I.



I SPECIALIZE IN MUD

A publisher of movie fan magazines speaks frankly.

Sung to the tune of: "I'm In The Mood For Love"

I specialize in mud
Simply because fans love it,
Funny but since fans love it
I specialize in mud.

Covers are filled with lies:
"Eddie and Liz Are Breaking!"—
"Sammy and May Are Faking!"—
I specialize in mud.

Why stop to think, or worry
If what we print is "bull" . . .
Our fans are in a hurry
To eat it up; they're never full!

If anyone should sue
Our noble publications;
Suits help our circulations—
I specialize in mud.

Songs of SPORTS

NOVEMBER SONG

A lament intoned by many college football coaches.

Sung to the tune of: "September Song"

Oh, it's a long, long pull
From June to September;
But I tear my hair
In early November!
Then those bush professors
Give their first exams,
And I wish I was coach
Of the L.A. Rams!

'Cause my line dwindles down
To a guard or two—
No players!
Just prayers!

If athletes passed exams
Like they pass the ball—
I'd have my hair
And we'd win 'em all!

HOW ARE THINGS IN PHILADELPHIA

A tribute to the doormat of the National League.

To the tune of: "How Are Things In Glocca Morra?"

How are things in Philadelphia?
Did those Phillies lose again today?
Do they still drop games to all the clubs?
The Cards and Cubs?
Milwaukee and L. A.?

How are things in Philadelphia?
Did the outfield get a hit today?
Did the infield leave an empty space
Near second base
And miss a double play
And throw the game away
Same as yesterday?

How were things with all the pitchers?
Did their fast balls go astray?
Did the catcher let a curve ball get away?
How are things in Philadelphia this fine day?

LET'S DO IT

Today's youngsters are inspired by the sport news.

Sung to the tune of: "Let's Do It"

Gamblers and thugs do it!
Trainers giving horses drugs do it!
Let's do it!
Let's make a buck!

We've seen those clods at St. Nick's do it!
Punchy boxers on the fix do it!
Let's do it!
Let's make a buck!

We read that basketball stars do it!
See them shaving the score!
Halfbacks in cars do it!
They were car-less before!

Small punks that dig the intrigue do it!
Pretty soon we'll see the Little League do it!
Let's do it!
Let's make a buck!

THE HORSE THAT I'M BETTING

A horseplayer sings a hymn to The Sport of Kings.

Sung to the tune of: "The Girl That I Marry"

The horse that I'm betting will have to be
A sprinter that wins with consistency!
The colt I pick to win
Will streak like a comet and always come in!

He'll be a first cousin of Whirlaway!
Arcaro will ride him! Oh, happy day!
See him going!
See him slowing!
See the 500 bucks I am blowing!

A choice I'm regretting
The horse that I'm betting will be!

THE FIRST TIME I SAW MARIS

A song outlining the greater rewards of baseball.

Sung to the tune of: "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

The first time I saw Maris
He'd signed up with the A's!
He slugged the ball but never found
How big league baseball pays!

The next time I saw Maris
A Yankee he'd become!
And now endorsements earn for him
A most substantial sum!

He signed a contract with Gillette
To plug their razor blades!
And when he found he cut himself,
He went and plugged Band-Aids!

The last time I saw Maris
He plugged six brands of beer!
The Democrats should pay him
To plug the New Frontier!

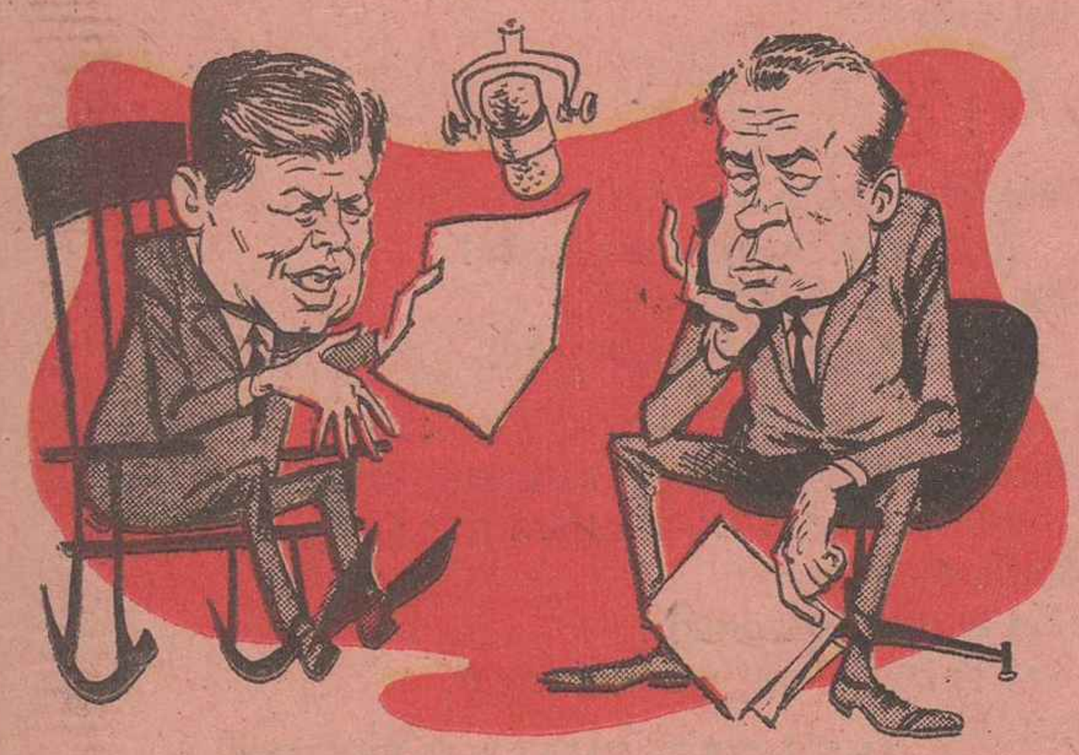
Songs of NATIONAL

MY DREAMS WERE KILLED

Dick Nixon reminisces over the famous TV debates.

Sung to the tune of: "My Heart Stood Still"

I took one look at you
  There in your shirt of blue,
And then my dreams were killed.
  My face was drawn and white,
You were a handsome sight,
  And so my dreams were killed.



Though many, many words were spoken
  While the mike was there,
I craved a miracle—
  If only Ike was there.

Checkers', not Caroline's, face could have filled—
    Those mag covers,
But my dreams were killed.

I GET A KICK-BACK FROM YOU

A small-town politician explains the procedure to a group of shady, fast-dealing business operators.

Sung to the tune of: "I Get A Kick Out Of You"

You'd like to tear up this town,
Let it make way for a jetport some day,
I tell you that it can go through,
  If I get a kick-back from you.

You want our hospital down,
You want that land for a hamburger stand.
I can take care of that for you too,
  If I get a kick-back from you.

I get a kick-back each time you try
To pull off something shady.
You can erect a burlesque if I
Take over the leading lady.

I want a yacht painted brown.
Just make a note that I'd like such a boat
And I'll let you run gambling here too—
  If I get a kick-back from you.

THE BIRCH HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

The theme song of the fanatic John Birch Society.

Sung to: "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the horror of the coming
    of the Reds;
They are tearing up Old Glory into 60 million
    shreds;
They are standing in our closets, they are
    hiding 'neath our beds!
Let's fight until they're gone!

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
    Don't let Commies here subdue ya!
Let's fight until they're gone!

They are peeking through my window late at night
    when I watch Paar;
I have seen them in the glove compartment of
    my family car;
They are hiding in the tree-tops, they control
    the D.A.R.!
Let's fight until they're gone!

(Repeat Chorus)

They are running through my kitchen, and that
    really makes me mad;
I have counted four this morning, that's including
    Mom and Dad;
They will soon take over Pittsburgh, and re-name
    it Stalingrad!
Let's fight until they're gone!

(Repeat Chorus)

I have seen them in the cages of the park
    menagerie;
I have learned that all but one are in the Birch
    Society;
Right now I'm in the process of investigating
    me!
Let's fight until they're gone!

I'D LOVE TO WORK A NEW THREE-MAN TROIKA

Khrushchev croons why he wants the UN Secretary-General replaced by a three-man Ruling Committee.

Sung to: "I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover"

I'd like to work a new three man troika
  To head up the U.N. floor.
One man's a Commie,
  The other's the West.
The third one is neutral,
  A Cuban is best.
No need explaining; the chaos reigning
  Is something that I'd adore.
If three we're using is not confusing,
  Then maybe we'll make it four.

& WORLD POLITICS

I'LL HAVE NAIROBI

Conrad Hilton looks ahead to his own "One World"

Sung to the tune of: "We'll Have Manhattan"

I'll have Nairobi
And then the Gobi
Desert, too!
And then I'll travel to
Taegu!

I'm sure that Greenland
Would be a keenland,
Oh, so nice!
A Hilton paradise!
And there'd be lots of ice,
For a price!

In Tanganyika
I then would seek a
Spot, you bet!
And when the deal is set,
Tibet!

The great big world will be really
swell
When it's one big hotel!
I'll have Nairobi
And Timbuktu as well!

SHEIK TO SHEIK

A song for Arabian sheiks, drowning in oil wealth.

Sung to the tune of: "Cheek To Cheek"

Heaven, we're in heaven, and our earth with rich
black oil just seems to leak,
And we always find the happiness we seek
When we're talking dough together sheik to sheik.

Heaven, this is heaven, and we're such a fine
and merry little clique,
We can always find the happiness we seek,
When we're talking oil together sheik to sheik.

Oh, we love to go out riding
in a Cadillac that's sleek,
And we do enjoy it side by side there,
sitting sheik to sheik.
Oh, we love to buy a navy from a
rich ship-owning Greek,
But we all enjoy dough twice as much that's
passing sheik to sheik.

Gush for us, we want our oil around us.
The soil around us is our omnibus
To heaven, we're in heaven, and our modest goal's
a million barrels a week.
All our subjects beg, and they are up the creek,
While we're talking dough together sheik to sheik.

CASTRO TOLD US LIES

The lament of a disillusioned Cuban revolutionist.

Sung to the tune of: "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"

He . . . cried dictators should
Be removed for good!
I, of course agreed:
Cuba must be freed;
I followed his lead!

He . . . promised we would be
Absolutely free!
I felt he was right;
Joined him in his fight;
Now I see the light!

So we fought,
And some of us got caught
While we were reaching for the moon.
Took Havana
Early one mañana;
Then he changed his tune!

Now . . . there's a firing squad
Outside in the yard!
I just smile and say
As another friend dies:
Castro told us lies!

MONEY

The neutral nations sing this as they play East against West, and cash in at the expense of both.

Sung to the tune of: "Swanee"

Mo-ney, how we love ya, how we love ya,
Yank and Red money!
The neutral world must get . . .
A lot of good, green
M-O-N-E-Why are we so loud-ly
Askin' for it, beggin' for it,
Yank and Red money?
The two big pow'rs need help if there's war,
And that's what they give money for!

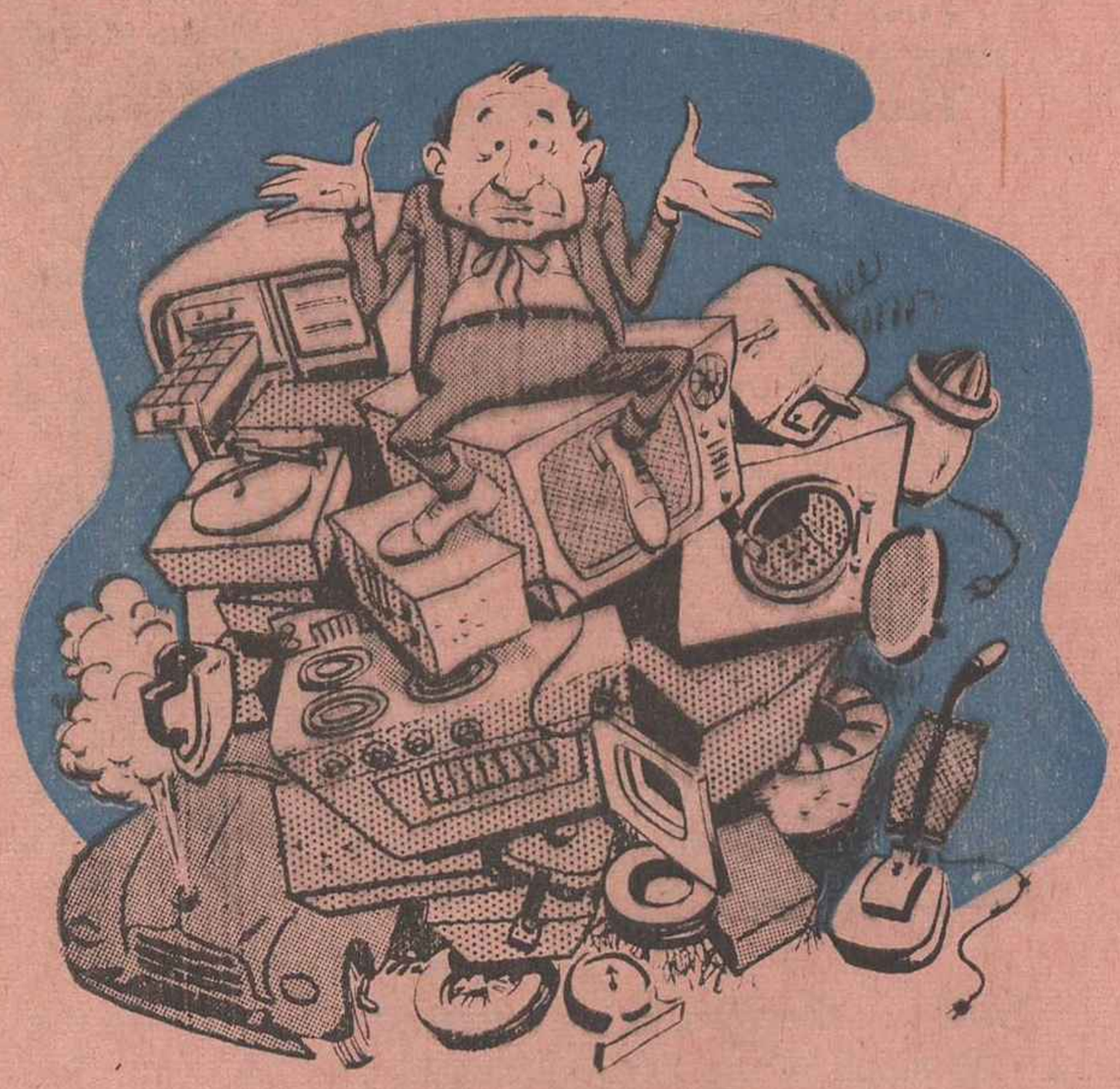
Songs of MODERN

THOSE BRAND NEW GADGETS

A musical salute to "Planned Obsolescence", which is the key to America's modern-day business boom.

Sung to the tune of: "That Old Black Magic"

Those brand new gadgets have me in a spell;
'Cause things they sell today are not made well;
The gears wear quickly, and the wheels don't
turn;
The timers jam up, and the motors burn;
I feel so nauseous when I have to get
A new appliance or a TV set;
For as the switch is thrown
I see fuses blown;
Times are past
When they made things to last;
Nowadays all new gadgets
Are junk!



I would do without, but I'm really stuck:
My washer's old;
My dryer's cold;
My kitchen stove no longer gets hot;
And as for my car . . . car . . . car . . .
It's totally shot.

I long to see the day when it's the style
To make new gadgets that will last awhile,
Like fifteen years—
Or maybe more—
But, I . . .
Know it makes no sense.
"Planned Ob-so-lescence"
Is the key
To our economy;
That's why today's new gadgets
Are junk!

OH, GIVE ME A PHONE

A telephone subscriber attempts to reach his home.

Sung to the tune of: "Oh Give Me A Home"

Oh, give me a phone
Where there's no "busy" tone;
Where my teenagers don't talk all day;
Where my wife doesn't spend
Lengthy hours on end
With my Mother-In-Law far away.

Phone . . . I'd like a phone
That will ring every time that I dial;
If I could but lose
These damn "Busy-Tone" Blues . . .
Then I'd pay my huge bills with a smile!

BABY SIT

A Baby Sitter explains how she's making a fortune.

Sung to the tune of: "Baby Face"

Baby sit—
I make a bundle when I
Baby sit!
About their kids I do not
Care a bit!
Not a whit!
But folks who want to stay out
Learn that they have to pay out!

Baby sit—
If they don't like my rates,
Then I just up and quit!
My nightly price is high,
Because I know that I
Can bleed them dry to
Baby sit!

THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR

A musical salute to that fine old American custom.

Sung to the tune of: "The Girl Next Door"

How can we ignore
The folks next door;
They bought a four-
Door Chevrolet.
Though we can't afford 'er—
Though we shouldn't oughta—
Still we've got to order
One today.

Since we can't ignore
The folks next door,
We're spending more
Than we can pay!
Though bills may heap up,
Still we've got to keep up
With the folks next door.

DAY LIVING

THE ANNIVERSARY SONG

After one year, the husband re-appraises marriage.

Sung to the tune of: "The Anniversary Song"

Oh, how we danced
On the night we were wed;
I needed a wife
Like a hole in the head!

I used to have fun
With the boys every night;
Now evenings are spent
Having some sort of fight!

When are you going to re-paint the hall?
Why do you let the front lawn grow so tall?
Take out the garbage and clean up your mess!
I need a new cocktail dress!

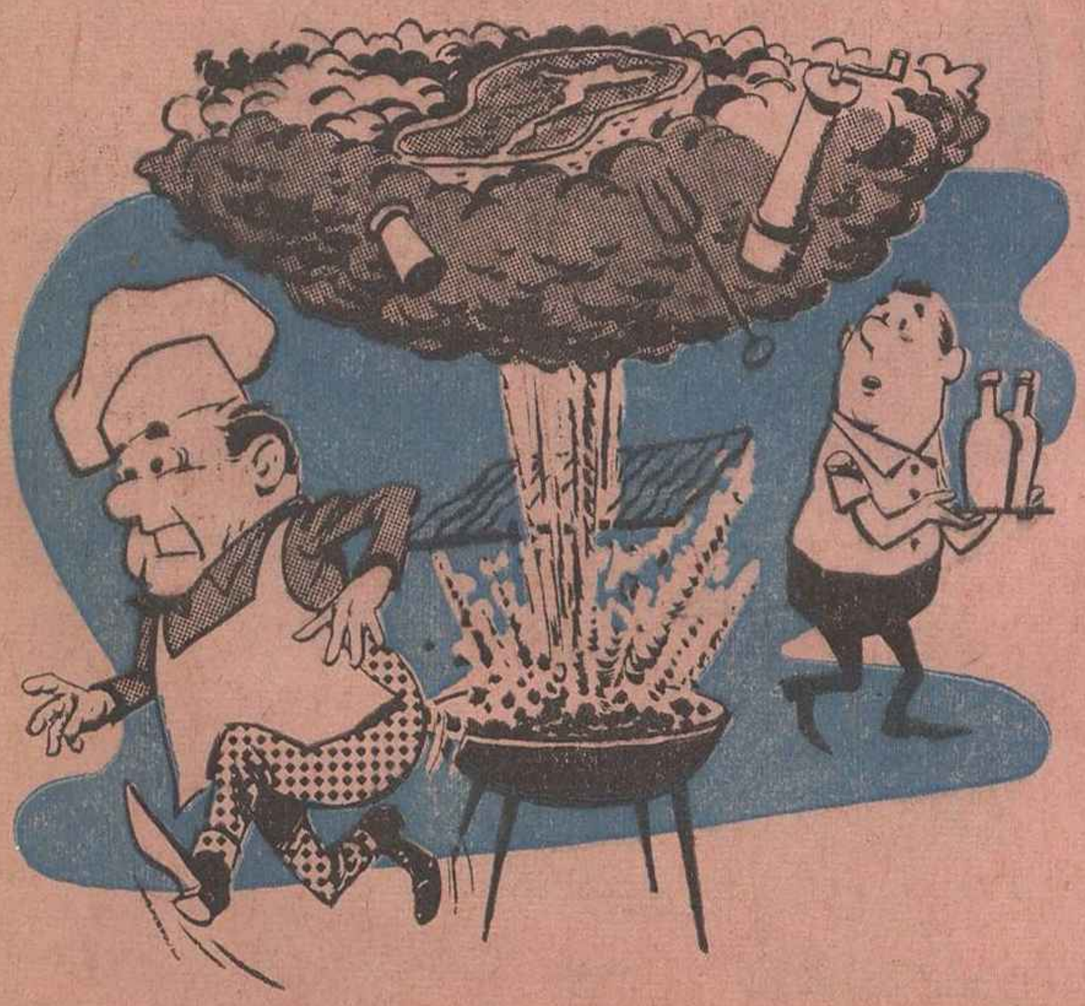
To meet her demands
I must work like a horse!
I wish she would ask
For a quiet divorce!

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BEEFSTEAK

A hungry youngster laments the cooking-out craze.

Sung to the tune of: "Oh What A Beautiful Morning"

There's a huge mushroom cloud drifting upward;
There's a smell of charred meat drifting upward;
The scene may appear
Like an A- Bomb dropped here,
But it's only our barbecue out in the rear!



Oh, what a beautiful beef steak!
Oh, what a thick tenderloin!
Too bad that Pop likes to cook out!
Black, to a crisp, it'll boin!

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

A tribute to our greatest transportation problem.

Sung to the tune of: "East Side, West Side'

East Side. West Side,
All around the clock:
Cars are bumper to bumper
Crawling up and down each block.

Folks in Fords and Caddies,
Creep from morning til dark;
They circle, honking and cursing—
But—
There ain't no place to park!

TO GET MORE SALARY

One of the dangers of having your boss for dinner.

Sung to the tune of: "It's All Right With Me"

It's the right time
And the right place;
Yes, I've asked the boss to dine at our place;
It's not *his* place, but such a timely place
To get more sal-ary!

It's the right meat
And the right wine;
And my wife is handing "Boss" the right line;
It's not my line, but such a socko line;
It should get dough for me!

I really can't tell you
How proud I am, Pet;
The boss seems attracted to you!
I'm someone who's trying
To get out of debt,
And I know you love money, too!

(Two Weeks Later)

'Twas the right time
And the right place;
But the boss took you away from our place
To his own place, his great big office place;
Now I'm "at lib-erty"!
Yes, I'm fired!
'Cause he hired . . .
Hired you, Dear, for me!

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

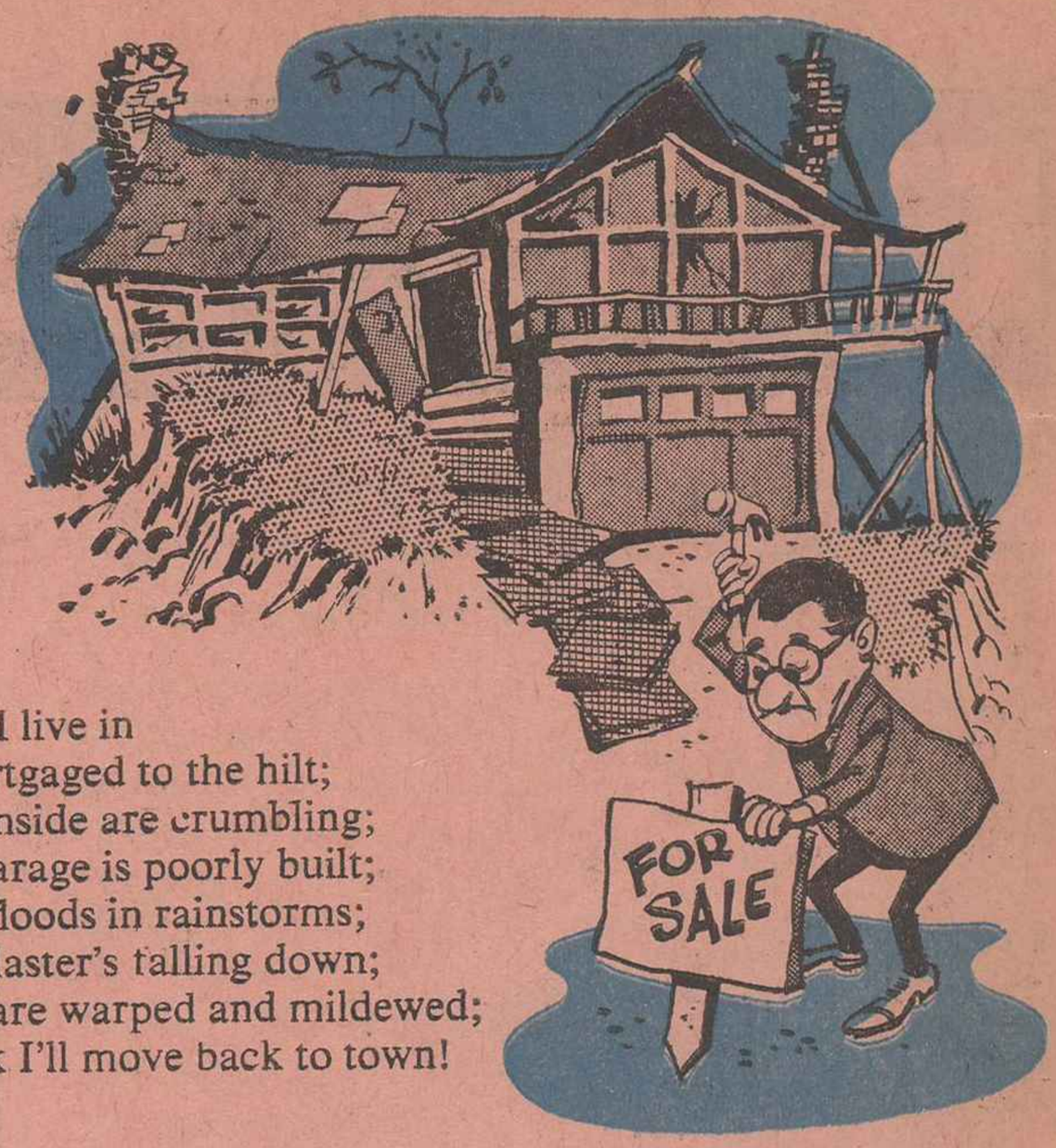
An Ex-Urbanite laments his Exodus into "Suburbia".

Sung to the tune of: "The House I Live In"

The house I live in
Is on a plot of land
That's sixty-by-a-hundred
And it's mostly builder's sand.
The foundation is sinking;
The roof leans crazily;
The plumbing knocks at midnight–
That's "Suburban Life" to me!

The crabgrass has invaded;
The termites are at work;
The neighbors are obnoxious;
Gee, I must have been a jerk
To leave my snug apartment
For this life of misery!
I'll kill that guy who promised
That "Suburbia" was for me!

The house I live in
Is mortgaged to the hilt;
The walls inside are crumbling;
The garage is poorly built;
The cellar floods in rainstorms;
The plaster's falling down;
The floors are warped and mildewed;
I think I'll move back to town!



THERE'S A RUMBLE DOWN THE NEXT STREET

A Street Gang Leader advises members of his Club.

To the tune of: "On The Sunny Side Of The Street"

Grab your brass knuckles and bat;
Wear your new black leather jacket;
You're in for a treat;
There's a rumble down the next street.

Can't you hear the heads go "splatt"?
Boy, they sure can make a racket;
Crazy, man! Let's meet
At that rumble down the next street.

Be sure you've got your switch blade
And that zip gun you made,
'Cause, before the cops raid,
You oughta
Try slaughter.

If you follow my advice
You will surely end up, feller,
Fried in the "hot seat"
From that rumble down the next street.

THREE CARDS IN MY WALLET

A song that preaches: "Live high now—pay later!"

Sung to the tune of: "Three Coins In The Fountain"

Three cards in my wallet;
Each one lets me charge a bill;
One reads "Diner's Club Credit";
That one lets me eat my fill.

Three cards in my wallet
Makes it fun to be alive;
This card gives me "Gulf Credit";
Fills my tank up when I drive.

Which one shall I use today?
Which shall I abuse today?

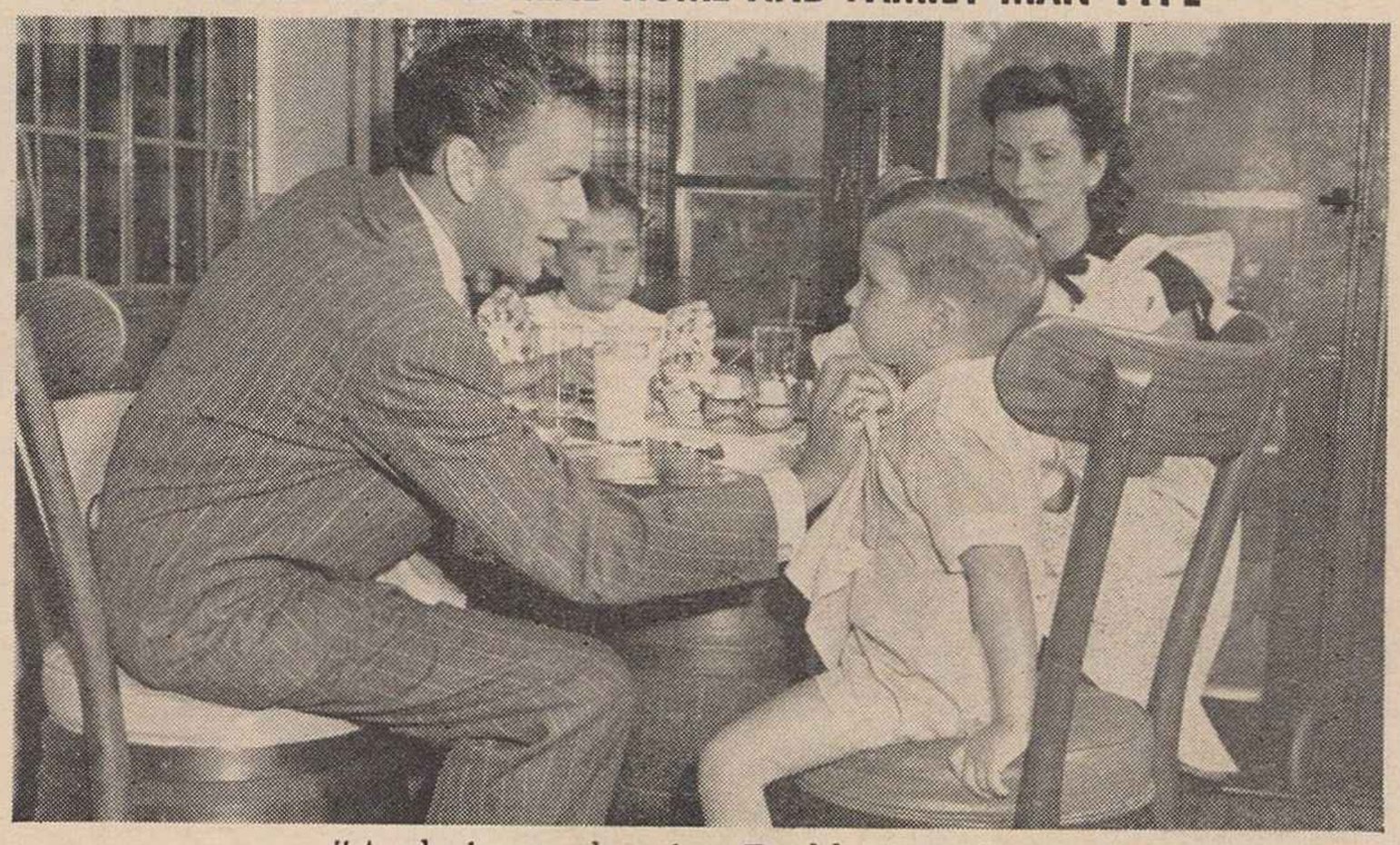
Three cards in my wallet
Means there's never need to pay;
Here's one called "Hilton Credit";
This one's for my hotel stay.

On a spree
Things can be
All for free!

MAD DISCOVERS... A NEW SINGING SENSATION FRANKIE GASSER

Teenage girls are screaming and fainting over a young new singing sensation from New Jersey named Frankie Gasser. Originally a member of one of the lesser known "Groups", Frankie is now on his way as a "single" with a distinctive style and delivery. Frankie's career began when he won a talent show at the Wheaties plant where he worked. Yet, despite his phenomenal rise, Frankie remains shy, modest, and unassuming – a devoted home-loving family man who refuses to be caught up in the crazy world of Show Biz.

FRANKIE IS THE REAL HOME-AND-FAMILY-MAN TYPE



"And always do what Daddy says, Son! Remember, I'm the *head* of this Clan!"

FRANKIE HAS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

"Honey, if ever I make the big time, you're coming with me *'all the way'!*"

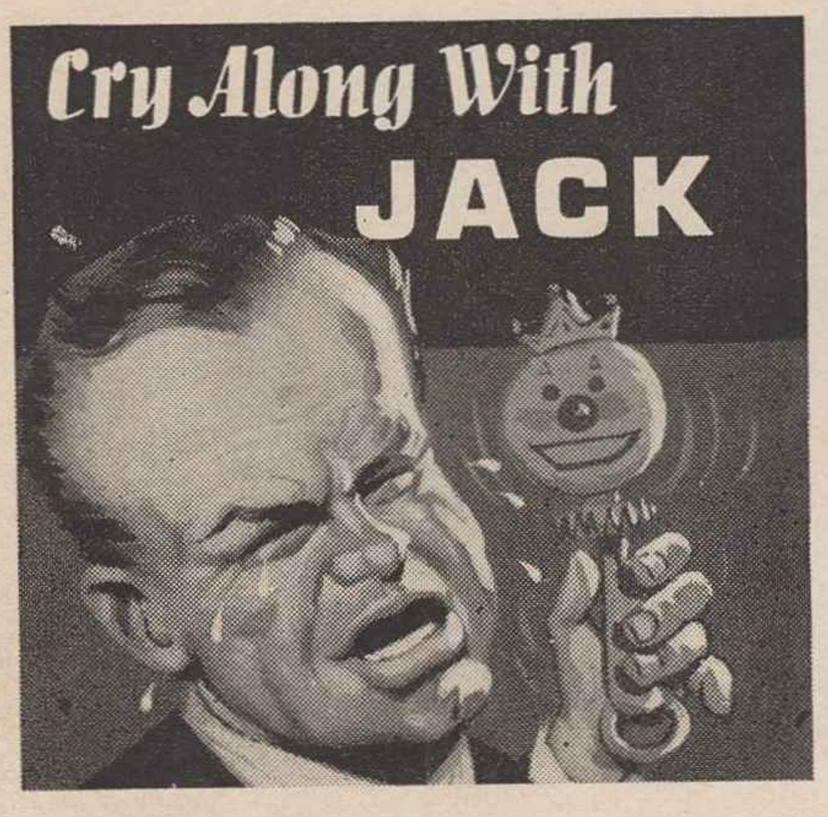
FRANKIE IS MODEST AND UNASSUMING

"Gee, I'd rather sing the song *straight,* Miss Langford. People will think I'm a *wiseguy* if I add that 'Ring-a-ding-ding'!"

COMING SOON!

OTHER MAD "PARTICIPATION" ITEMS

The phenomenal success of the "Sing Along With MITCH" album series revealed that the American public wants to "participate"! Which is what prompted this "Sing Along With **MAD**" song book. Now **MAD** fans can "participate", too . . . in tearing copies to shreds. These other **MAD** "Participation" Items are now being considered—but not seriously . . .



JOIN JACK PAAR ON THE "TONIGHT" SHOW IN:

. . . A garbled commercial for Supphose Stockings, read from a jerky Teleprompter, with asides by Jack Leonard.

. . . A tearful announcement that he's quitting the show.

. . . A tearful announcement when he returns to the show.

. . . An exchange of dull banter, old jokes and ancient wheezes with glassy-eyed members of the studio audience.*

*See tie-in album "Idolize Along With MRS. MILLER"

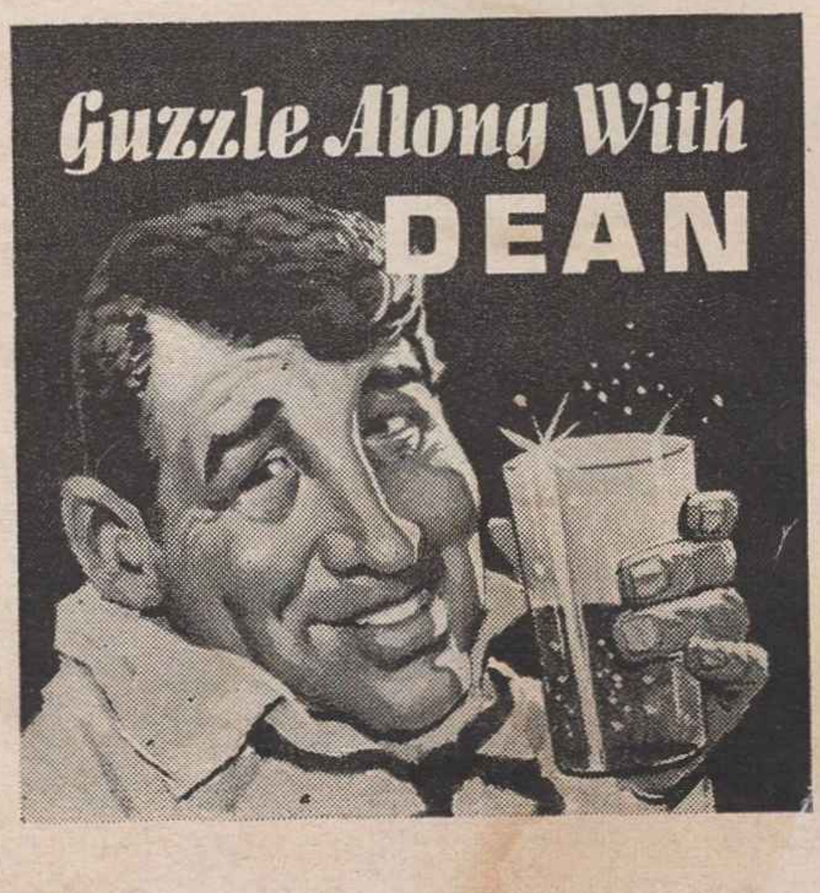
JOIN CUBA'S BEARDED STRONGMAN IN:

. . . An 18-hour harangue explaining Cuba's position on Pakistan, Ghana, Laos, Saudi Arabia, and Miami Beach.

. . . A 12-hour technical dissertation on the care and maintenance of farm tractors and stolen jet planes.

. . . A six-hour diatribe against President John Kennedy, the C.I.A., and the Management of N. Y.'s Hotel Theresa.

. . . A 14-hour diatribe against almost everyone else.



JOIN THE ONE AND ONLY "DINO" MARTIN IN:

. . . A 3-way phone call between Dean in his Karmann-Ghia, Sammy in his Austin-Healey, and Frankie in his Aston-Martin, all doing 85 mph on the Hollywood Freeway.

. . . A chance meeting on Sunset Blvd. with Jerry Lewis.

. . . A chance meeting on Vine St. with his own family.

. . . An all-night poker game with Sammy, Frankie, Joey, Tony, Peter, and someone who sounds like Jackie Kennedy.

. . . A 6 AM sobering-up plunge in the Beverly Hilton pool.