

THE TENTH ANNUAL EDITION OF MORE TRASH FROM



# MAD

OUR PRICE  
**50c**  
CHEAP



A COLLECTION OF HUMOR, SATIRE AND GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES

<b>IS A UTCHER!</b>	<b>LEFT-21 RIGHT-13</b>	<b>DEPOSIT BOTTLES!</b>	<b>AND SEE THE GORILLA!</b>	<b>THE BUS!</b> THE DRIVER STINKS!
<b>DON'T BE BARRASSED! EVEN THE PRESIDENT LOOKS RIDICULOUS IN YOUR POSITION!</b>	<b>KING KONG DIED FROM SMOG</b>	<b>IF YOU</b>	If they won't let you Pray in your School—We won't you do Homework in our Church!	
<b>SMASH the Parker Bros. Monopoly</b>	Let's spind fold mutila <b>I B M</b>			<b>BJ IS LIVE</b> AND LIVING IN WASHINGTON
<b>on't look ow—but he Pilot s putting on a parachute!</b>	<b>THIS CAB DRIVER IS A BORE!</b>	<b>Stuck Here By A Sticker- Licker!</b>	<b>DODGE REBELLION</b> BOMB A FORD TODAY!	<b>QUARANTINE</b> <b>ACNE BREAKOUT</b>

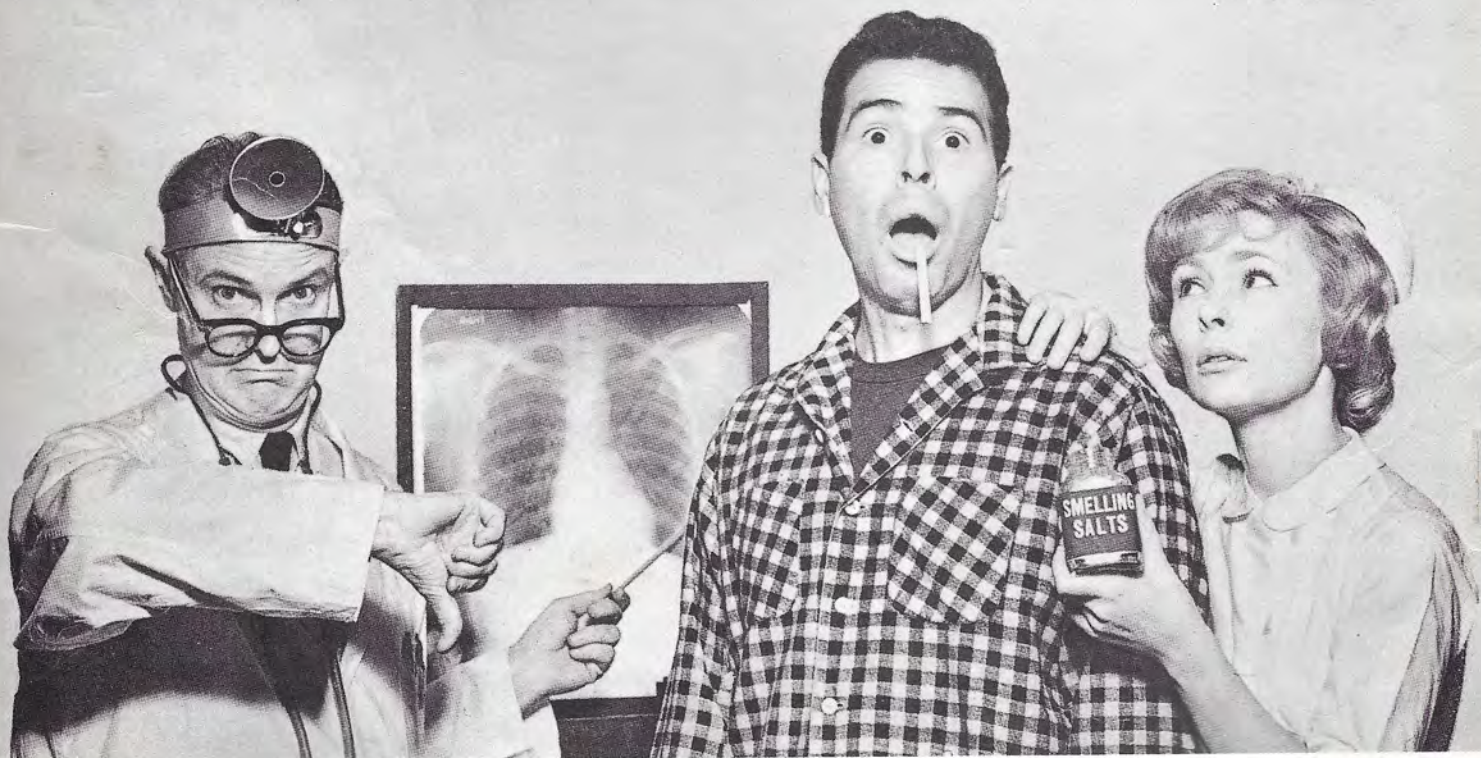
FEATURING A SPECIAL FULL-COLOR, FOLD-OUT BONUS

**STILL MORE MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS**

PRE-GLUED AND PERFORATED FOR IMMEDIATE USE, MISUSE AND ABUSE!



**Likely Strife separates the men from the boys...**



**but not from the doctors.**



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

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

THE TENTH ANNUAL EDITION OF

# MORE TRASH FROM MAD

A Collection Of Humor, Satire and Garbage From Past Issues

*"Today's 'Non-Conformists' are getting harder and harder to tell apart!"—Alfred E. Neuman*

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

**ART DIRECTOR:** John Putnam    **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner  
**EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES:** Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin

**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:**  
The Usual Gang of Idiots



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\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine



**DEPARTMENT OF THE INFERIOR DEPT.**

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

# SUBSTANDARD

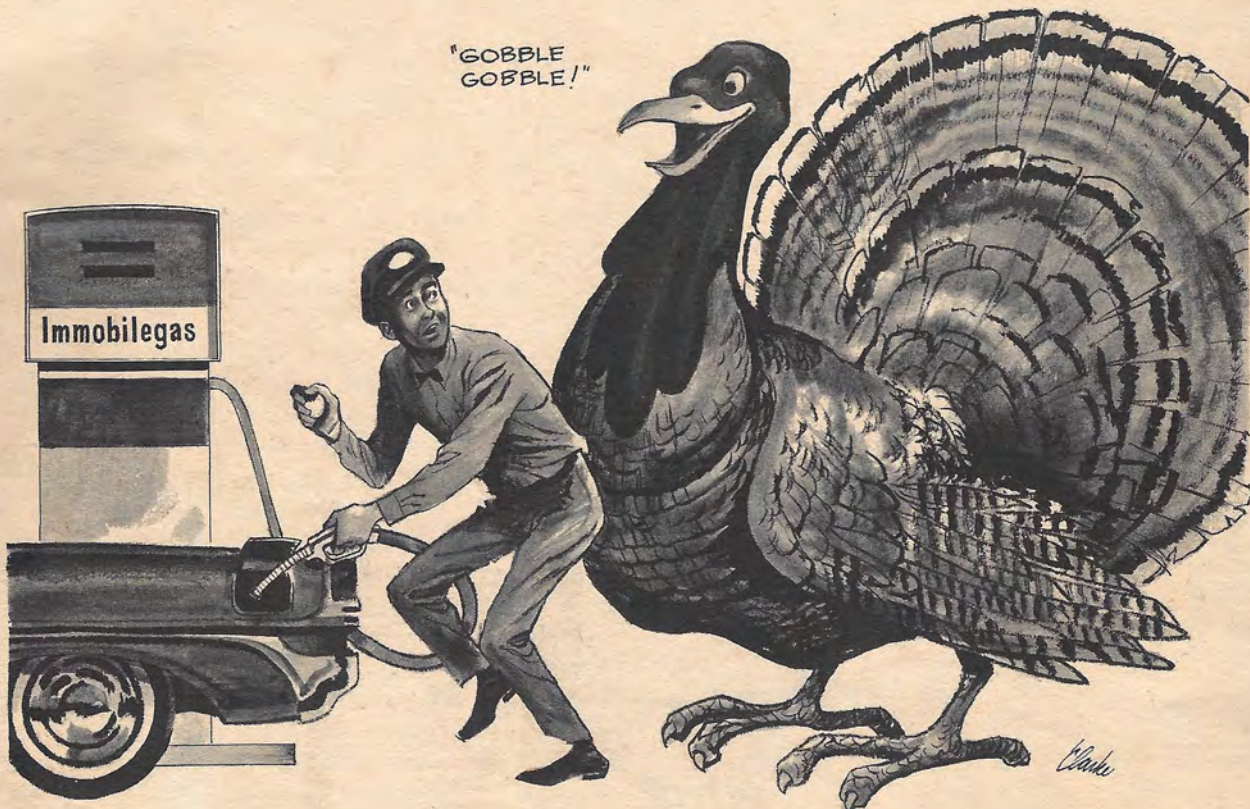
"You can be sure it's che

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

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

## PUT A TURKEY IN YOUR TANK!

"GOBBLE  
GOBBLE!"



**Why Worry About Piston Ping... Carburetor Cough... Blasts From The Exhaust?**

**FILL 'ER UP WITH THE WORLD'S CHEAPEST FUEL**

# IMMOBILEGAS

**...AND REMEMBER...IT'S NOT YOUR CAR!**

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

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



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



# BRANDS, INC.

ap...if it's Substandard!"

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

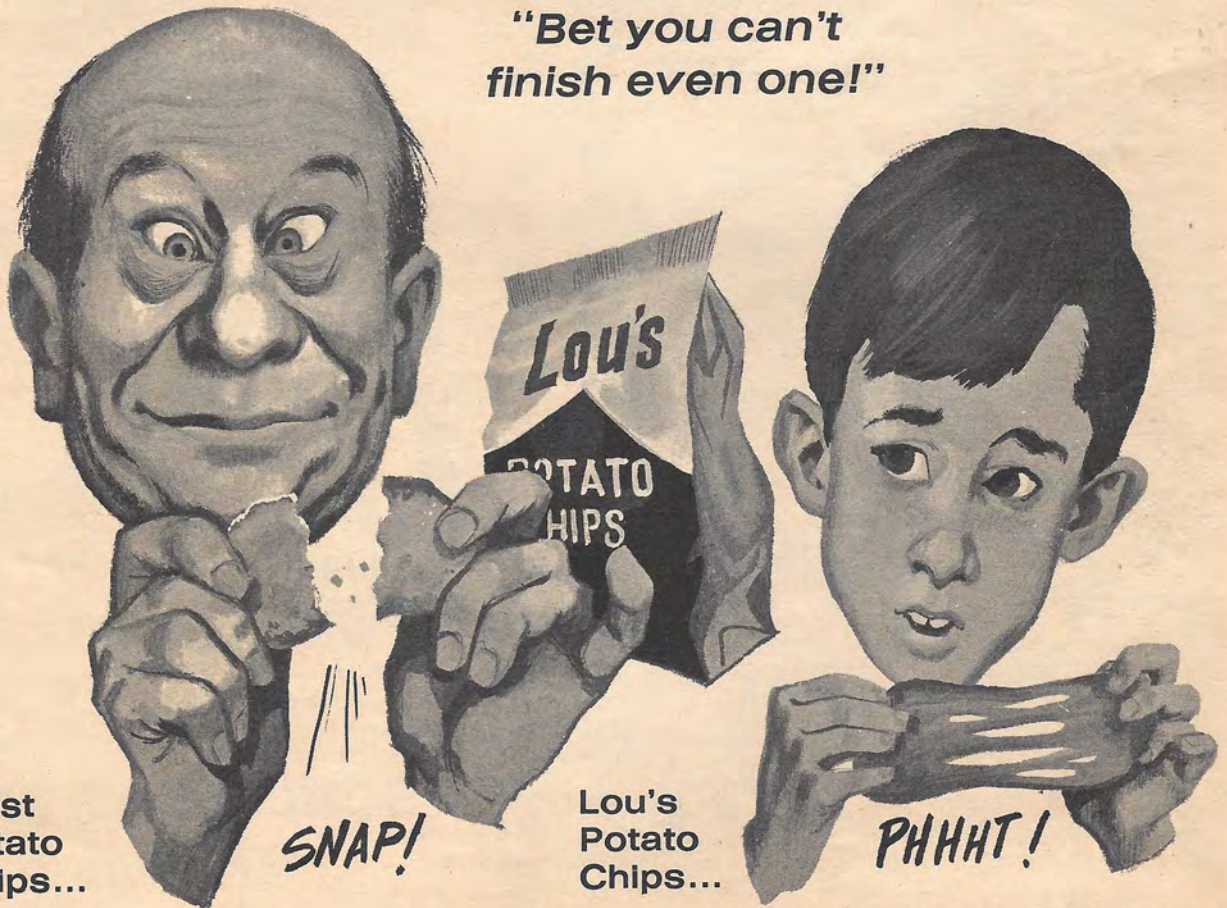
WRITERS:  
RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

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

## LOU'S POTATO CHIPS

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

"Bet you can't  
finish even one!"



Most  
Potato  
Chips...

**SNAP!**

Lou's  
Potato  
Chips...

**PHHHT!**

A Product of Substandard Brands, Inc.

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

# CHEESE & SANDBAG Coffee

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



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

A Product of Substandard Brands, Inc.

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

## SCHLOCKMARK CARDS

*Happy Birthday*

(for 1965 through 1975)



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

*In Deepest  
Sympathy*

He  She  It   
ian't dead— is just away!

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

## SCHLOCKMARK CARDS

A Division of Substandard Brands, Inc.

**IT SURFS YOU RIGHT DEPT.**

Ever since "Frankenstein" and "Dracula" were first shown, the public has been going wild over all types of horror movies. Recently, a new kind of horror movie emerged from Hollywood which well may turn out to be the most frightening and blood-curdling of all. Join us now, as...

# MAD VISITS A TYPICAL TEENAGE BEACH MOVIE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Wa-wa-wa-oooh-ah-oooh—wa... I'm a happy-go-lucky surfing teenager in love with a swinging chick, and I wanna dance and make-out on the beach and hate grownups till the day I die, and in that way help make America great... Yeah, yeah—yeah, yeah, yeah...

Oooh, those words are so beautiful, I can't stand it! Tell him to stop singing before I collapse with joy!

And that was just the title! Wait'll you hear the song!!

Hey, how does it feel to be in a new beach picture?

Is this a new one? When did we finish the last one??

Hey, gang! I just heard that World War III has started!

In respect for the casualties, let's dance slower!

Hey, everybody! SURF'S UP!!



For cryin' out loud, Dizzy! There's no surf now! What are you yelling "Surf's Up!" for?

I always come running up shouting "Surf's Up!" when the plot bogs down in a beach movie!

I know that! But this movie just started!

I got news for you! The plot's already bogged down!

Tell me, Go-Go! Are you going to surf for the rest of your life?

Like what?

Of course not, Annette! When I'm 67, I plan to settle down and do the things in life that really count!

Well for one thing ... drag-racing!



Tell me a little bit about yourself, Johnny.

What's there to tell? My mother and father were surfers and they met while surfing, and they got married on the beach, and a year later I was born on the surf, being delivered by a surfing obstetrician, and when I was ...

That's very interesting! But is there anything unusual about your background?

I love you, Egghead, but you're the laughing stock of the beach. You don't like surfing or dancing or drag-racing. You're an insult to all teenagers. Can't you do anything worthwhile?

I can't help it if I just like reading and thinking!

What's reading and thinking?



Hey, gang, we've been on this beach for nine days and there still hasn't been any surf!

Yeah! Where's the surf?

Yeah! What happened to the surf?

Kids, I just found out why there's no surf here! This is a LAKE!

Son-of-a-gun, I knew there was something wrong! Okay, gang—let's head for the ocean! It's only 124 miles from here ...

How will we get there?

It's a nice day! What do you say we dance over?!



© 1955



Go-Go . . . would you sing me a romantic teenage ballad now?

You bet, Annette . . . Wa-wa-wa . . .

Hey, little doll, I adore you;  
I said, hey, little doll, you are cool;  
I mean, hey, little doll, I live for you,  
And for you I have dropped out of school.

Hey, little doll, you're a swinger,  
And to love you I'd like to begin;  
So, hey little doll, open your teenage heart  
And let this poor drop-out drop in!



You know why these beach pictures are so popular, Go-Go? Because teenagers in the audience like to identify with us and all our dancing and making-out!

That's right! It takes their minds off the humdrum things in their own lives . . . like dancing and making-out!



That was a nasty thing to say, Go-Go! I'm leaving you, and I'm quitting beach movies! I'm going back to the part of Show Biz where I'm appreciated!

But, Annette—you're too old for the Mickey Mouse Club!!

Hey, everybody! SURF'S UP!!

Oh, shut up, Dizzy! It's four o'clock in the morning . . . and besides, the plot hasn't bogged down! It's dead!

Who's that guy over there, Go-Go?

He's the Champion Surfer of the U.S.A. His name is "Iceberg"!

Is he called "Iceberg" because he's a cold and friendless surfer who doesn't like to talk?

No, because he's a cold and friendless surfer who doesn't know HOW to talk! He was a Nursery School drop-out!



Hi, gang! I'm Big Drug! We are now going to compete for the Surfing Championship of the Whole World! Who wants to challenge Iceberg?

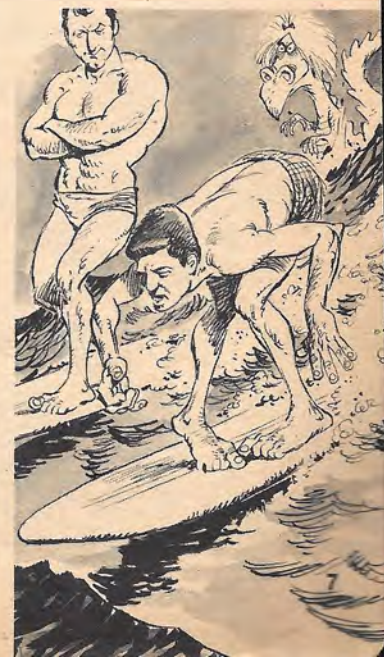
Iceberg?! What a strange name!

I'll say! Who ever heard of a Jewish surfer?

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

As the Editor, I must say—I couldn't agree with you more, Bill! Surfing is certainly controversial!

Let ME challenge Iceberg first!





Well, Egghead! Iceberg has beaten all our surfers, and it looks as if he's the Champion of the Whole World. What a Disgrace!

Wait a minute! I've suddenly seen the error of my square teenage ways! Reading and thinking are wrong! Dancing and surfing and making-out are right! Let ME challenge Iceberg!

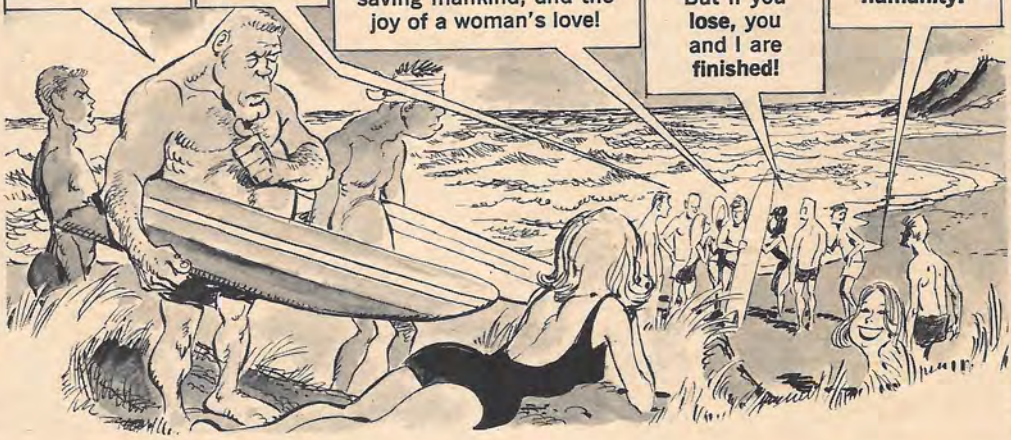
Dig that crazy Egghead! What chance does he have against Iceberg when all us great surfers have failed!

Tell us, Egghead—just why are you going out there?

Why? I'll tell you why . . . Because the ocean is wild and free, whereas the land is tame and subjugated. And if I can, in some small way, repudiate surfer's inhumanity to surfer, I will know the glory of saving mankind, and the joy of a woman's love!

Remember, Egghead—The important thing is to surf clean! Winning is really not important! But if you lose, you and I are finished!

See? Who said these so-called frivolous beach movies don't have important messages for humanity?



Look . . . Iceberg and Egghead are both riding a 20-foot wave!



Look—now they're both riding a 40-foot wave!



Look behind them! Ira is coming!

What's Ira?

Ira is the name of the legendary great wave of Malibu Beach which comes in once every seven years! They say that if an American surfer ever rides Ira successfully, all of World Communism will be destroyed!

Who says that?

No one! I just made it up!

Why does everyone call it "Ira"?

You got me! Its real name is "Manny"!

No surfer in history has ever ridden Ira before!

This is it! Everything we stand for and love is riding on Egghead's shoulders!



So this is the spot where the whole cast of them beach movies was washed out to sea?

Yeah, it was a terrible tragedy! But you know something—we can be thankful for one thing! At least those kids are out of their misery now!

Yeah, and even more important—so is the movie-going public! Well, I guess that's the end of beach movies for good!

I guess so . . . and then again, I wonder . . .



Wa-wa-wa-ooh-ah-ooh . . . I'm a happy-go-lucky teenage angel in love with a swinging angel chick, and I wanna dance and make out on the clouds and hate grownup angels forever . . . Yeah, yeah—yeah, yeah, yeah . . .

Is this our last picture, Johnny?

Are you kidding? After this, we make "Ride The Wild Cloud" and then we make "Pearly Gates Party" and then we make "Bikini Heaven", and then we make . . .

Hey, everybody! CLOUD'S UP!!



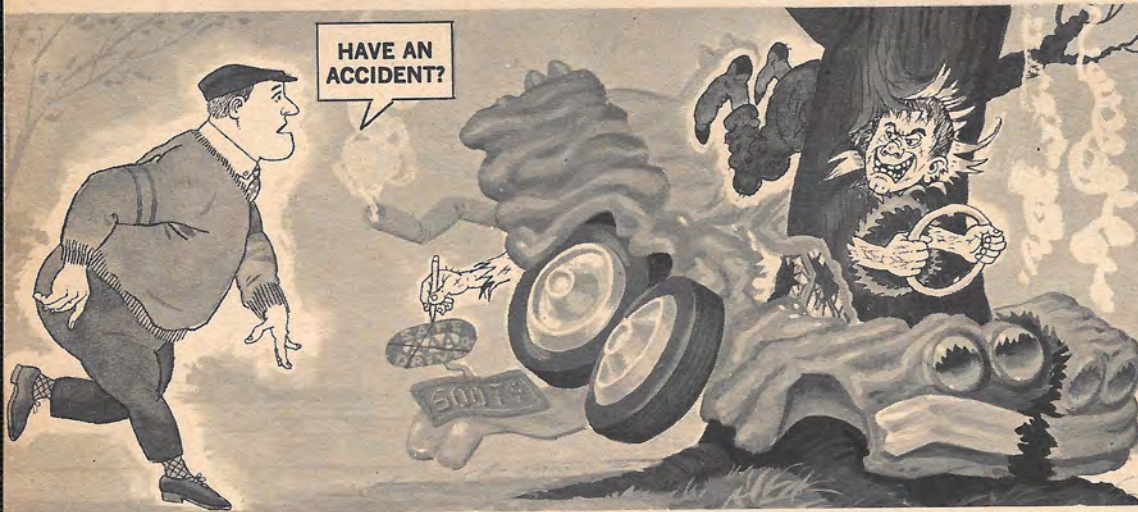
Get Drucker

**PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.**

Are you plagued by clods who ask stupid questions? We mean the kind of questions to which the answers are painfully obvious. Doesn't it drive you nuts to have to give such answers? Don't you wish you could come up with snappy

answers that would put these dolts down, like the comics on TV always do? Well, you can! All you need is a sense of humor, a little practice, and a mean, rotten disposition. You also need to convince yourself that there is

# MAD'S SNAPPY ANSWERS



No, thanks! I already have one!

No, I'm a modern sculptor!

No, I'm starting a junk yard!

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No, I'm doing The Frug!

No, I'm studying to be a kangaroo!

No, I'm hitchhiking to the bathroom!

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No, it's the beginning! We're all facing backwards!

No, it's the end of a freight train, and I'm the caboose!

No, it's a group of casual strollers, who, by some fantastic coincidence, have come to stand one behind the other at this one spot!

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nothing worse than stupid clods who ask pointless unnecessary questions. Is that clear? Do you understand what we mean? Are we getting the point of this article across to you? Isn't this the perfect time to come up with one of

them snappy answers? Okay! Study the typical situations on these pages and practice giving the snappy answers we've printed. Then start making up your own. Before long you'll see how gratifying it is to humiliate people with . . . .

# TO STUPID QUESTIONS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



No, he's resting up for his World Championship fight tonight!

No, he's rehearsing a new comedy routine!

No, he's just taking a short four-week nap!

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



No, I always shower with my clothes on before I come into the house!

No, I came home by sewer!

No, it's hot out and I'm sweating!

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_



No, we're going to fool everybody and go sideways this time!

No, we're standing still! You must be going down!

No, this is a phone booth and we're trying to see how many college students we can pack into it!

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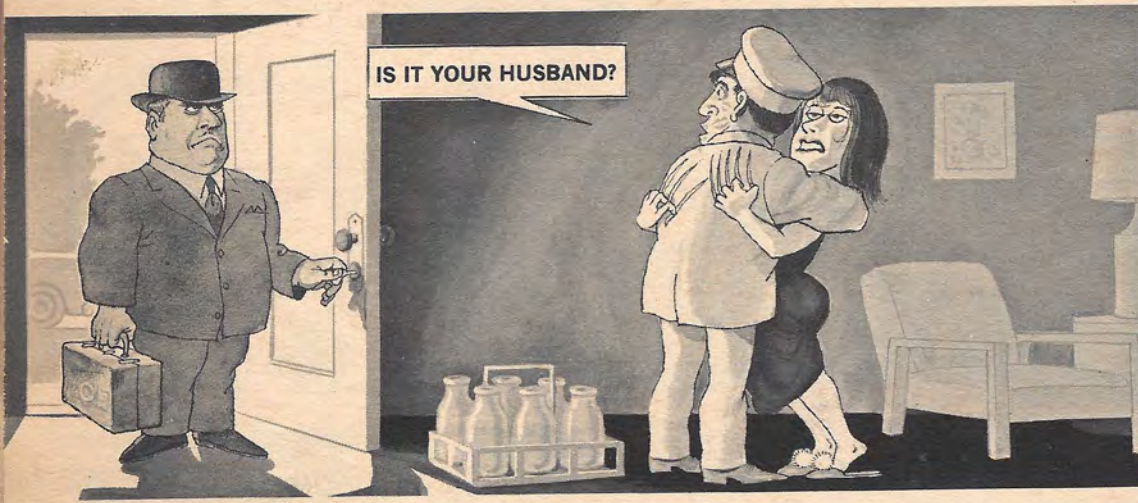


No, tomorrow I'm doing this with another girl!

No, but in time, I'm sure I can learn to!

Love—shmov—live for the moment, I always say!

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No, it's Goldilocks wondering who slept in her bed!

No, it's Alan Funt, and we're on "Candid Camera"!

No, it's some two-timed, infuriated, cuckold total stranger who's going to kill us!

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No, I'm just worn out from turning the pages of my newspaper on the ride home!

No, it's the lunchtime cavorting at the Playboy Club that does me in!

No, I'm practicing for the lead in "Death of a Salesman" —if it's ever revived!

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No, it's very well-mannered!

No, we're testing a new and improved room deodorant!

No, it's just that I don't know how to spell "ROTTEN"!

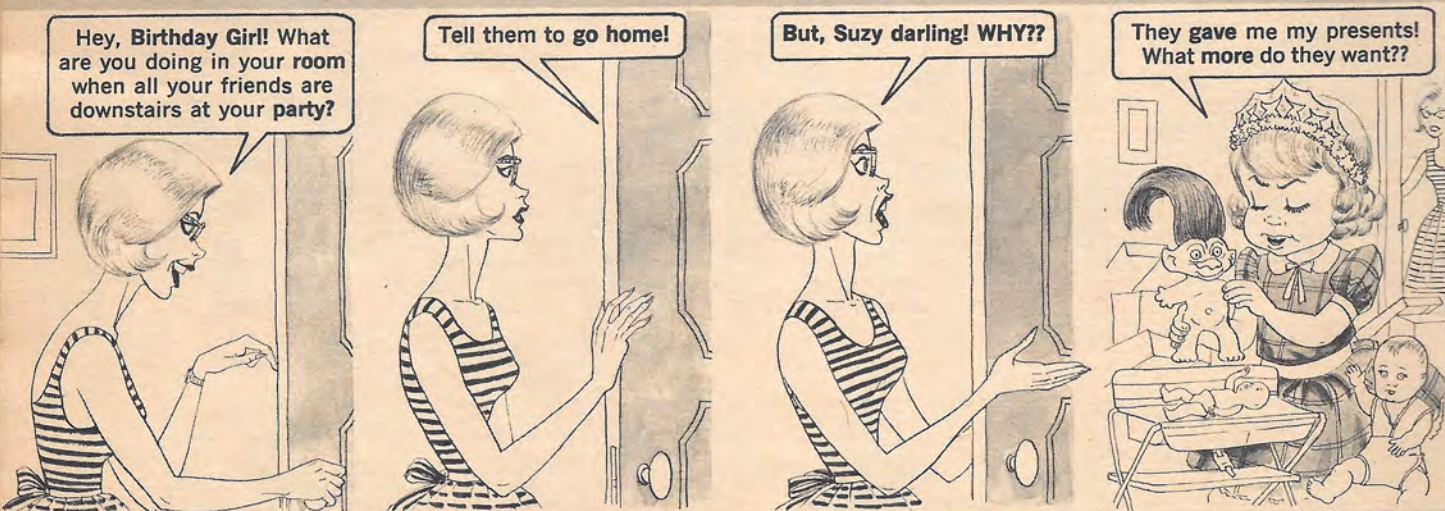
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# ON THE JOB



Here we go with the third and last installment of "Parties"— which included "Adult Parties" and "Teenage Parties"! Mainly, here is . . .

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF





# kids' parties

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU ...  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU ...



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR  
WEN-N-N-D-E-EEEE ...



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!!



I'd like a Birthday present  
for a four-year-old boy!



Well, let's see ... the young man  
might like this Tommy Gun, or this  
Fire Engine, or this big Bass Drum,  
or this ...



I'll take the  
big Bass Drum!



I can't stand his mother!!



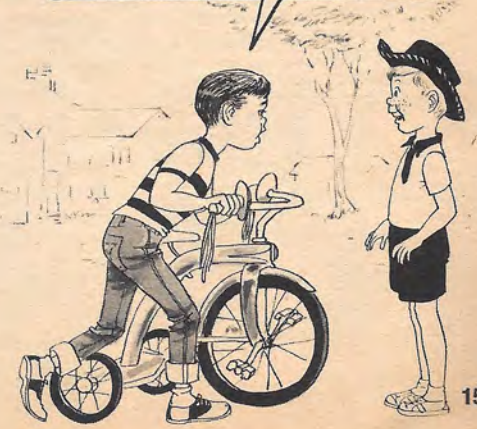
Honey, without the Braddock account,  
we're not going to make it! I'm  
afraid we'll have to pull up stakes  
and start all over somewhere else!



Sorry, dear! There's no room for it  
on the moving van, so I'm afraid  
you'll have to leave your bike behind!



Here, Jimmy! You can keep my bike!



Can I play too?

**YOU!?** Hey, fellas, look who wants to play with us—Two-Left-Feet-Kevin!

You're not even good enough to be our bat-boy!

Yeah! Beat it, punk!

Just for that, none of you can come to my Birthday Party next Saturday . . .

Atta boy, Kevin, baby! Put 'er right over the ol' plate . . .



Hey, Mom, look at all the Model Building Kits I got for my Birthday!

Aren't you lucky!

Now you've got to write a "Thank You" note to everybody who gave you one!

And while you're at it, give them a **NICE, BIG FAT THANK YOU FROM ME!**



Hold it, kids! Go outside and come in again! I want to get a shot of everybody arriving for the party . . .

Step aside, kids! I want to dolly in for a close-up of Mitch opening his presents! And Mitchel . . . close that box, and open it again while I'm shooting . . . then smile!

Nancy, put your blindfold back on for a shot of "Pin The Tail On The Donkey" . . . only this time, pin the tail on the Birthday Boy!

Hold it, kids, while I get a long-shot of this! Mitch, get in the middle, and act like you're embarrassed!



The party is in the playroom downstairs, children! As for you mothers, I have some cocktails in the living room while you're waiting! Help yourselves!

Well . . . how'd you like the Kiddie Party?

It wash shwell! HIC



Here he comes!!

Remember, children . . . when Kenny comes in, we all yell, "Surprise!!"

I can't wait to see his face!



**SURPRISE!!**



**WAAA**



How do you like the nerve of that Betty's mother—calling at the last minute to invite you to Betty's party!

So what?! I can be dressed in 15 minutes, and while you're driving me over, we can stop at the toy store for a present!

Not on your life! Don't you have any pride? This is an insult! Who does she think she is, anyway?

There are any number of good explanations! It was probably an oversight!

Oversight, my foot! You're not going, and that's final! And what's more, I'm never going to talk to that woman again!

Oh, Mom . . . please don't make a thing out of it!

What do you know?! You wouldn't understand! You're just a little girl, and I'm a grown up lady!!



All right, Mitchel! Make a wish, and blow out the candles!

Hold it! Lemme get a good tight shot of this!

Watch it, kids, you're jiggling the camera! HEY . . . WATCH IT!!



Well, what do you know?! I got my wish!



Hello, Aunt Shirley . . .

**HELLO, AUNT SHIRLEY!**

I want to thank you for the birthday present you sent me!

**I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT YOU SENT ME!**

The T-Shirts and Underwear are just what I needed! I can't wait to wear them! Thank you very much!

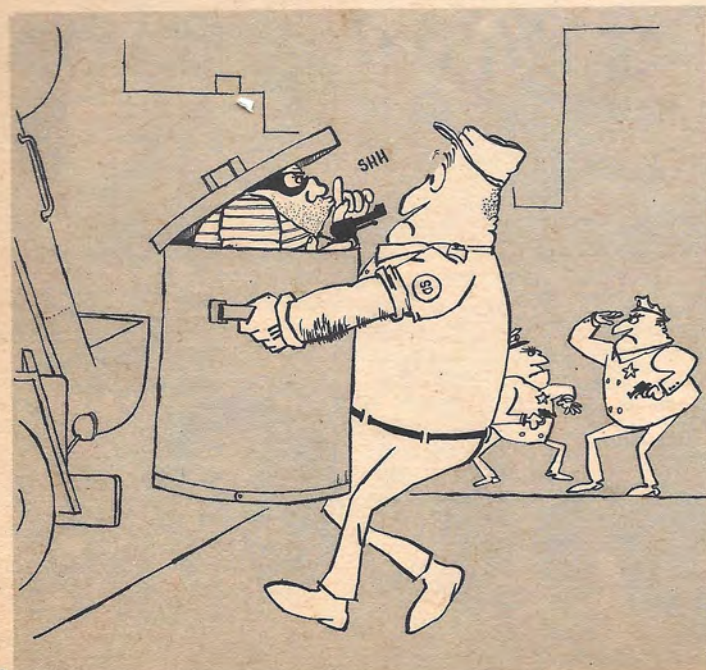
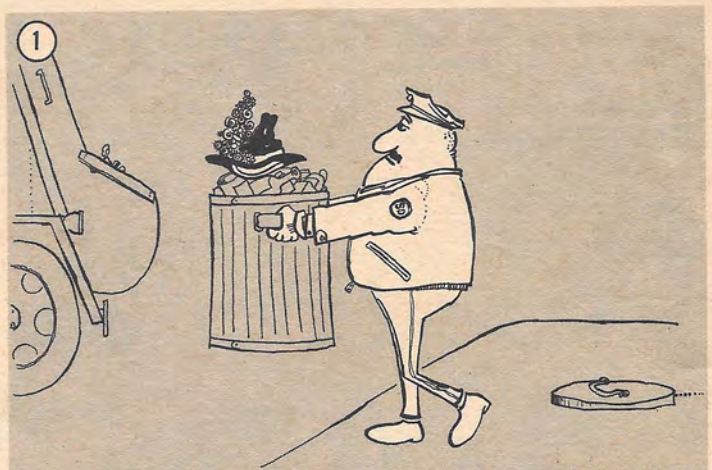
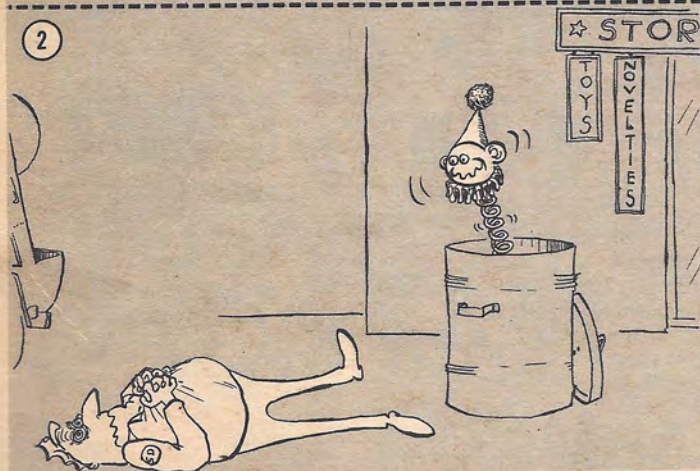
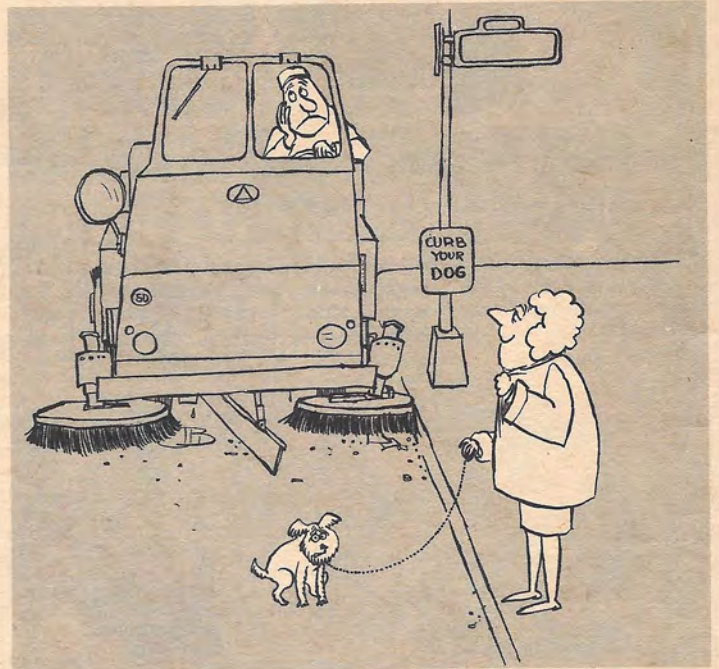
**THE T-SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR ARE JUST WHAT I NEEDED! I CAN'T WAIT TO WEAR THEM! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!**

**TELL YOUR MOTHER SHE'S WELCOME!**



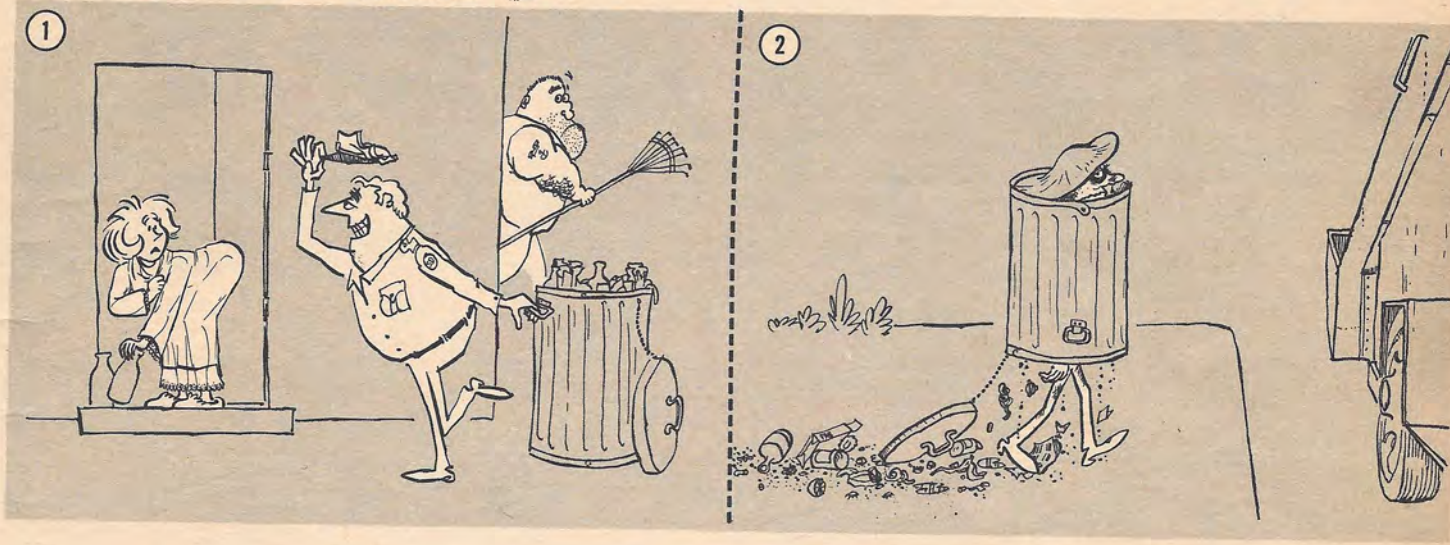
David Berg

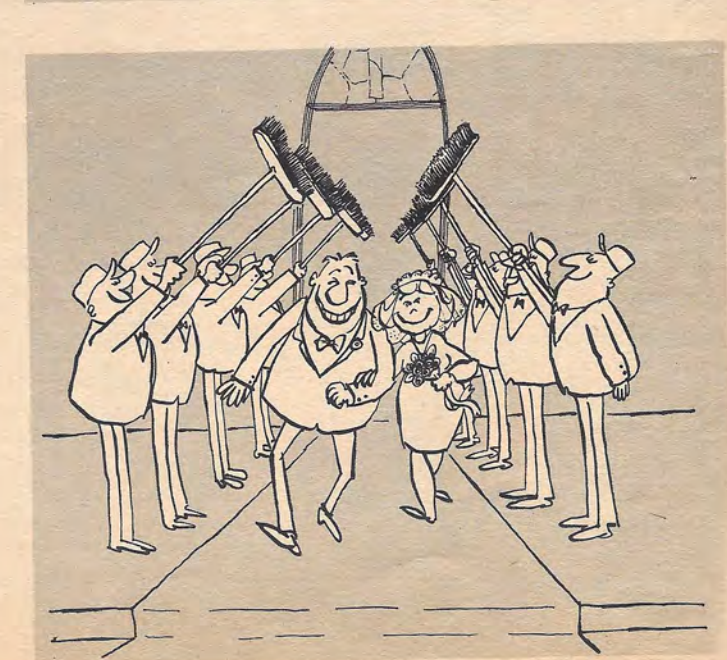
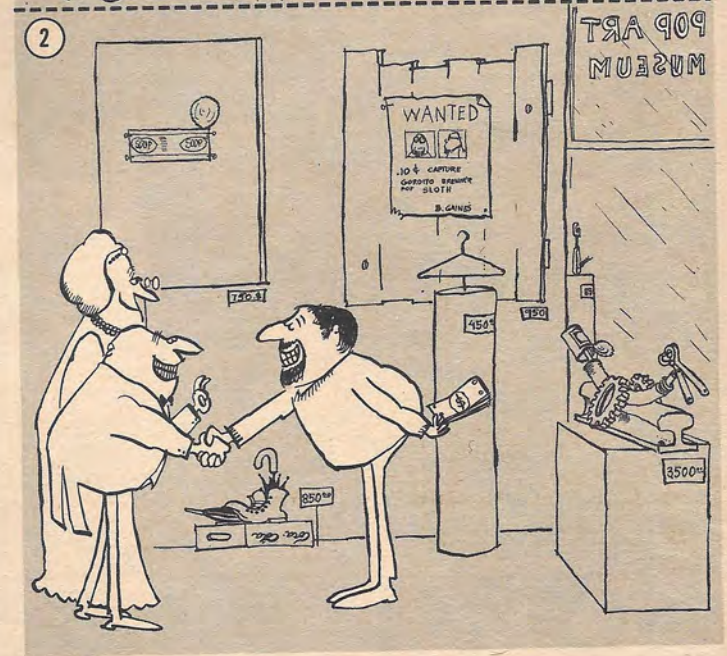
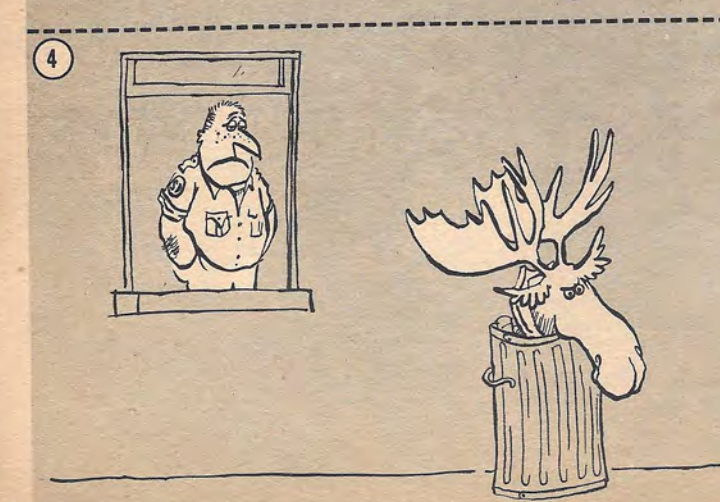
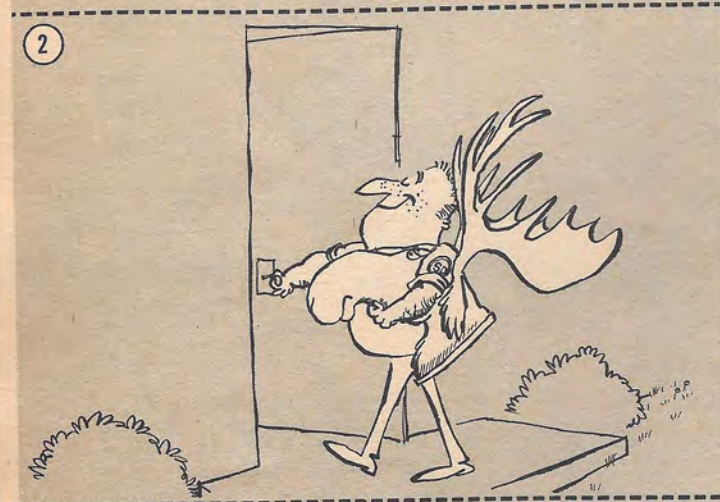
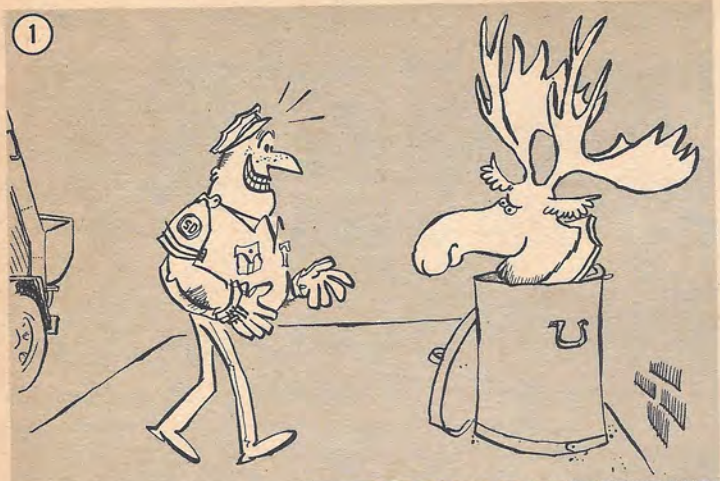
# A MAD LOOK AT

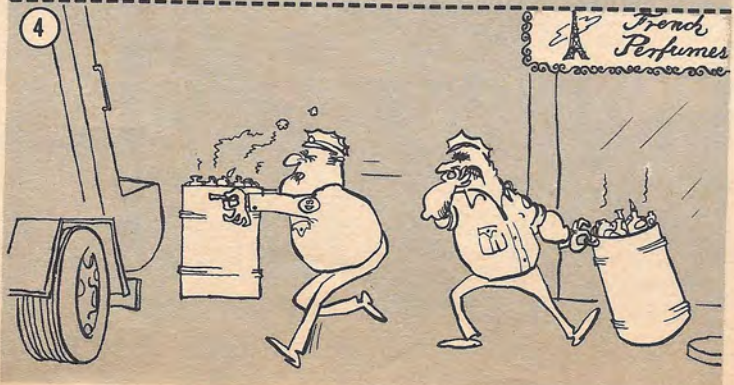
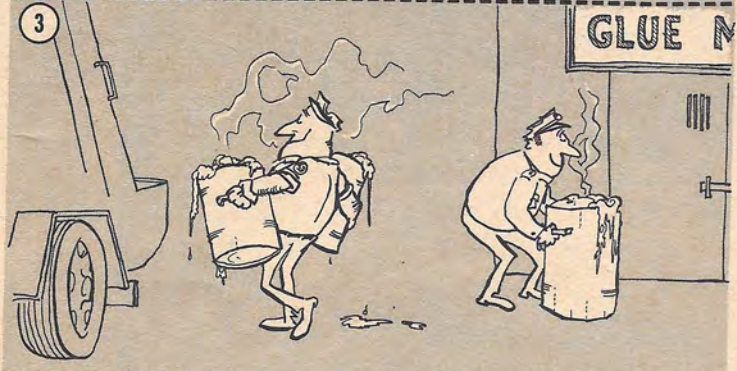
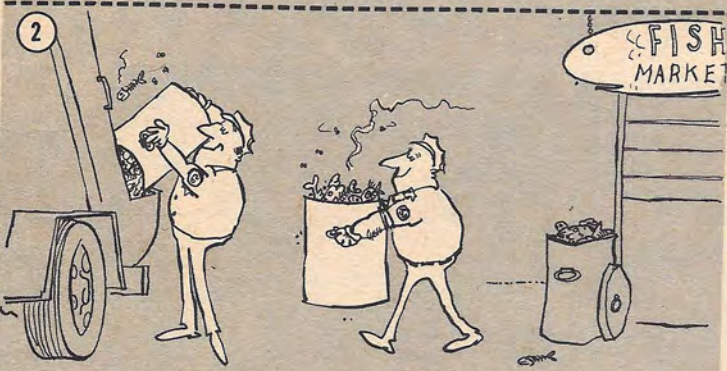
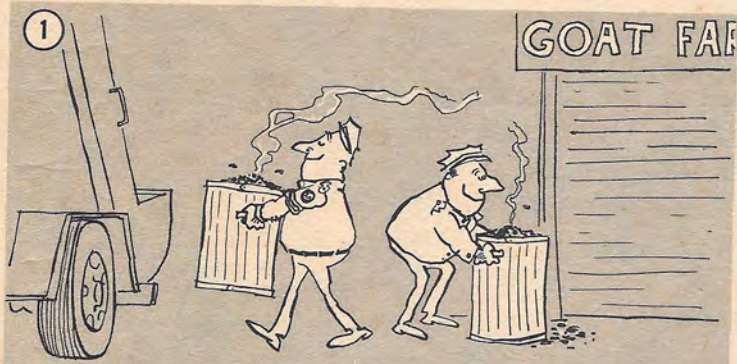
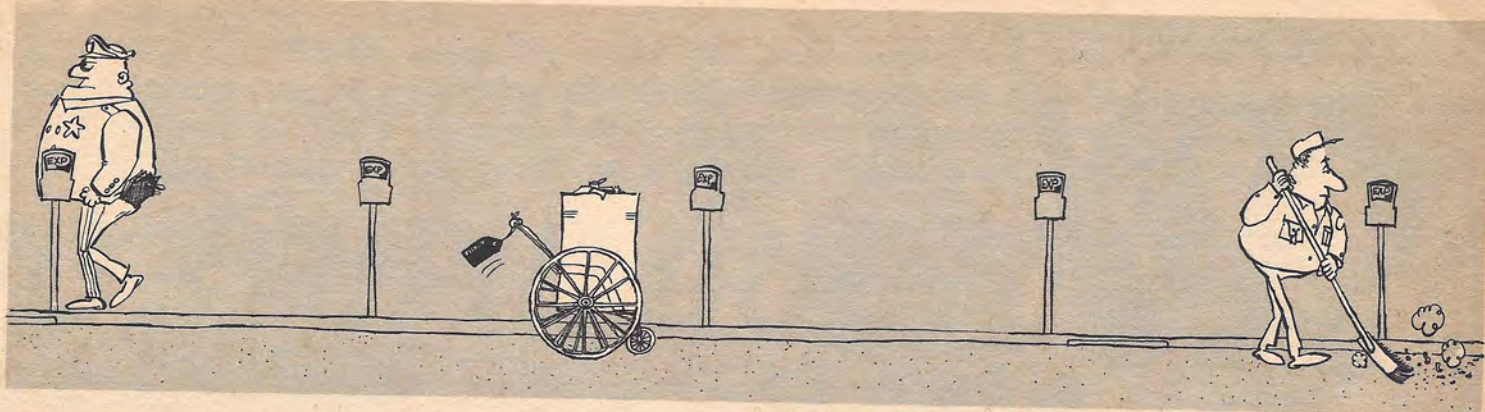


# GARBAGEMEN

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





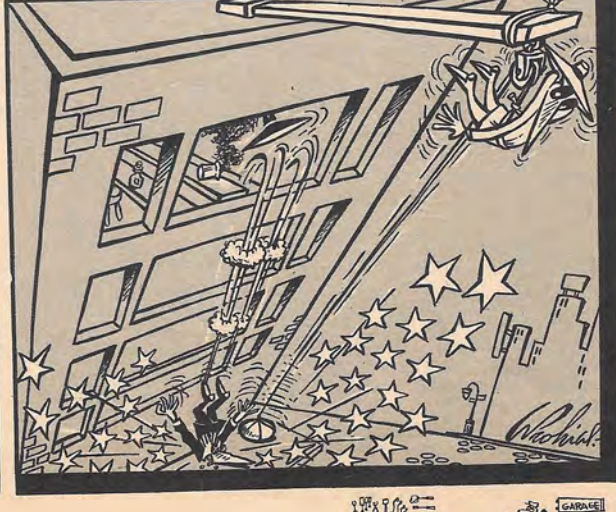
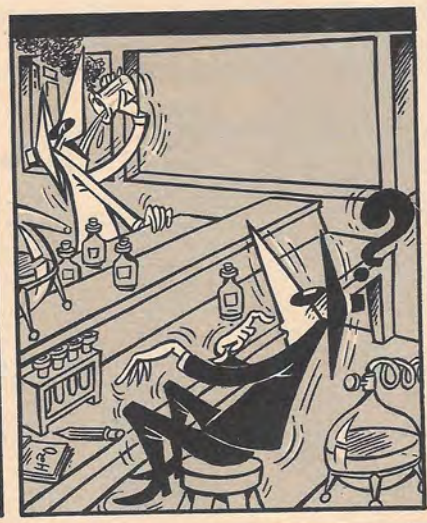




# SPY

VS

# SPY





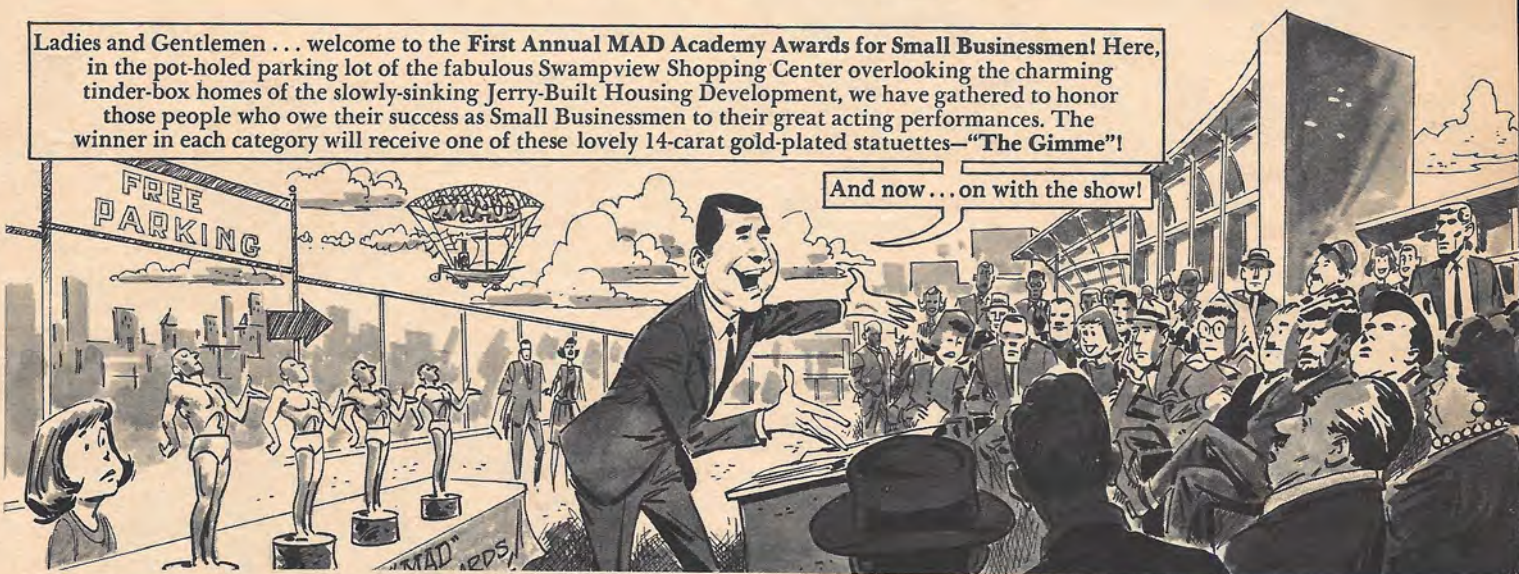


In past issues of MAD, you've been exposed to our Academy Awards for home movie buffs, and for parents who drive their kids nuts. But these idiots were strictly amateurs. How about the people who give magnificent acting performances for a living? We don't mean actors who only emote for a couple of hours a day — but the hard-core professionals who perform from 9-to-5 and even longer . . . mainly, The Small Businessman. So just relax, loosen your belts, and watch your pants fall down as we proudly present . . .

# THE MAD ACADEMY AWARDS FOR SMALL BUSINESSMEN

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: STAN HART

Ladies and Gentlemen . . . welcome to the **First Annual MAD Academy Awards for Small Businessmen!** Here, in the pot-holed parking lot of the fabulous Swampview Shopping Center overlooking the charming tinder-box homes of the slowly-sinking Jerry-Built Housing Development, we have gathered to honor those people who owe their success as Small Businessmen to their great acting performances. The winner in each category will receive one of these lovely 14-carat gold-plated statuettes—"The Gimme"!



The first category is in the field of "**CLEANING, PRESSING AND ALTERATIONS.**" The nominees are: Dry-Cleaner Abe Prokosh for his marvelous surprise performance in "Belt? What Belt?!"—



The second nominee is Tailor Miklos Mulcher for his convincing performance in his famous "Take It From Me, It Fits Like A Glove" routine . . .

Mr. Prokosh, I distinctly remember giving you a belt with this dress— You must have lost it!

My dear lady—you wound me when you accuse me of that! Did I lose the zipper? Did I lose the buttons? Did I lose the snaps? Tell me the truth—did I ever lose anything else?

Well . . . beside the belt, you just lost a customer!



Don't you think you should let it out a little in the front?

Never! Never! If I did that, it would throw a crease across the back!

But I can't breathe!

This is a Saturday Night suit! Do your breathing during the week!



The third nominee is Elmer Budd for his classic "Look, Lady, I Got My Own Problems" routine...



And the winner is Cleaner & Presser Leon Luchow—for his stirring "I Never Made Any Promises" routine...

What do you mean my gown won't be ready till Monday?! I need it for tonight's Prom!

How should I know that?

But Monday will make two months that you've had it—and I paid extra for your Special Fast Service!

Two months IS our Special Fast Service!



I tried, but it's impossible to get spots out of silk!

I think it's Orlon!

Orlon! That's the worst!!

It might be Rayon!

Rayon! That's even worse!!



Congratulations, Mr. Luchow—and here is your gold "Gimmie"!

Gold!! That's even worse!!



The second category is in the field of "SODA FOUNTAINS"—and the nominees are: Oscar Rebus for his "Haven't You Kids Got Anything Better To Do Than Annoy Me" routine...

For the millionth time... keep your hands off those magazines! Who's gonna buy them after you mess them up! This ain't the Public Library, you know!

We know! The Public Library ain't got magazines with dirty pictures!!



The second nominee is Arthur Beemish doing his familiar "Don't Forget, I'm Watching You" scene.



The third nominee is Wolfgang Kuggle for his inspiring performance in "I Don't Care—That's Not My Bottle"...

You take anything without paying and I'll call a cop! You kids are all alike... juvenile delinquents trying to rob me blind! Well, don't try to pull any of that smart-alec stuff around here...

Gee—I just came in to tell you that Mom said you should come home for dinner, Pop!

Don't you try and return that deposit bottle here! I'm not taking any old bottle you just happen to dig up! Besides, I don't carry that brand of soda, so don't you try fooling me—

But I'm not trying to return it! I'm trying to buy it!





And the winner is Renfrew Glown for his masterful "Whatsa Matter—You Ain't Got Water At Home?"...

Mr. Glown, can we have some water because...

Water!? Listen, I'm not in business for my health! If you kids want a drink, buy a soda! No free water!!

Aw, the heck with it! Don't tell him the front of his store's on fire!



And here, Mr. Glown, is your "Gimmee" for that outstanding performance! Never—in all my years...

Stop trying to butter me up! I'm not giving you no free glass of water either!



We now come to the "PHARMACY" category. The first nominee in this field is Rudolph Phlabb in "Doctor Knows Best"...



The second nominee is Alvin Krabb for his brilliant rendition of that old act "Pharmacy Is A Science"...

\$7.50 for ten pills?! Isn't there anything else I could use that would be cheaper??

There might be, but the doctor's prescription specifically calls for this brand of pill... and I know your doctor is excellent because he's also my doctor!

Yes... and he's also your brother!!

Frankly, Mrs. Peevish I'm surprised—buying in the discount store instead of my pharmacy!

They charge half of what you charge!

But I'm a professional! I spent two years in a Pharmaceutical College! How can you entrust your family's health and well-being to laymen? What pharmaceutical experience do they have?

What experience do they need to sell hair sprays?!



The third nominee is Franklin Fontana delivering his memorable "I'm A Dedicated Public Servant" speech...



And the winner of this category is Paul Knitzer for his brilliant performance as "The Thoughtful One"...

I just moved into the neighborhood and I'm looking for a good drug store!

We are more than a drug store! Consider us your partners in health! We pride ourselves in ethical products and in unwavering service. "Devotion to your needs" is our motto!

Great! When I need medicine, I'll call you!

Fine... except after 7 P.M. on weekdays, noon on Saturday, or all day Sunday! We're closed then!!

Tut, tut, my dear! Let ol' Doc Knitzer help you lick that nasty complexion problem! First, my special skin cream—only \$4.95 a bottle. Next, my special soap—only 98¢ a bar. And finally, my special medicated cosmetic base—only \$3.50 a jar...

Thank you so much! I've been so upset!

Well, then—take your mind off your problems! How about some chocolate ice cream—special today, only \$2.50 a gallon?



You were brilliant, Mr. Knitzer!

If you give people what they want, they'll keep coming back!

You mean like that girl?

As long as she keeps eating that chocolate ice cream, she'll keep coming back!



In the field of "TV REPAIR," the single nominee and winner is Stan Rapiro as "The Very Soul Of Honesty."

You thief! Do you think you can put one over on me? I wasn't born yesterday!

Control yourself! How can you accuse me of dishonesty? Don't you see my "TV Repairman's Association Seal" in the window? Doesn't that motto mean anything? I have a code of ethics to maintain!

But you took out all my new tubes and replaced them with old ones!

Naturally! Everyone in the business knows that they don't make tubes like they used to!



Congratulations on a great performance, Stan! And here's what you've won! Aren't you delighted?

Can't tell yet! Gotta take it back to the shop first!



In the category of "AUTO MECHANICS," the sole nominee and winner is Melvin Twirpp as "The Professional"...

You can see for yourself—the differential needs work! Er—you know anything about cars?

Very little, I'm afraid!

Really? And not only the differential, but the transmission, brake drums and cylinder tappets need replacements. The front-end suspension is shot and the points and plugs have had it! It'll take about \$250—and I won't be making a dime on the deal!



Here's your "Gimmie", Mel...

I don't want to touch it! My hands are dirty! I've been outside working on some parked cars!

You never stop, eh, Mel! And when the people get into their cars, they'll find that their troubles are over...?

No—they'll find their troubles are just starting!



The next category is "THE LADIES SHOE SALESMAN." The single nominee and winner is Barry Frain for his plaintive "Just A Moment, I'll Be Right With You"...

Sorry to keep you waiting, dear, but this is our busy day. Just give me a few more minutes and I'll be right with you! Oh—if I only had more customers as understanding as you! By the way... what did you have in mind?

When I came in I was looking for white shoes, but the season is over now!



Congratulations, Mr. Frain... and here is your gold "Gimmie"...

Oh, dear... everything I've ever won has been in silver! Is it possible to have this dyed to match?



The next category is "THE BOWLING ALLEY" and the single nominee and winner is Stu Grabinsky doing his fabulous "I Tell You, It's A Perfect Fit" routine...

Too big? Wouldn't I know if those shoes were too big? I've been in this business for 20 years, and this is the first complaint I ever got. If they were any smaller, you'd get a blister! Ever hear of Don Carter, the Bowling Champ? He's about your height and that's the size he wears!

Oh, really? In that case...

And he also insists on using a chipped ball... like this one! I'll let you use it, but if Don shows up, you gotta give it back!



In accepting this award, I'd like to announce that our 1965 Open Bowling Tourney begins next week! First prize will be a month's supply of our famous hamburgers!

Oh, really? And what's the second prize?

Two months' supply!



And the last category is "THE PIZZA STAND." The winner is Tony Ricco in "How To Profit By Your Mistakes"...

What's this?! I call for a \$1.25 pie and you come an hour late with a \$2.50 pie!

Pleeza excusa. I no unnerstan. I taka back an I bringa you da righta one, hokay?

Oh, never mind! My guests are too hungry to wait! Here's your \$2.50!!



An' here is prize, Tony! This for you! You did good—very original—nice—kapish??

Please do not patronize me, Sir! I merely applied a few rules of retailing I learned at the Wharton School of Business in a most judicious manner!

Well, that's it folks! As the ceremonies marking the First Annual MAD Academy Awards For Small Businessmen draws to a close, and the recipients and hopefuls rush back to their shops and stores to carry on their great performances in hopes of capturing next year's awards, let me invite all of you to keep your eyes and ears open for possible nominees. Just send their names to your nearest Better Business Bureau or Police Station!

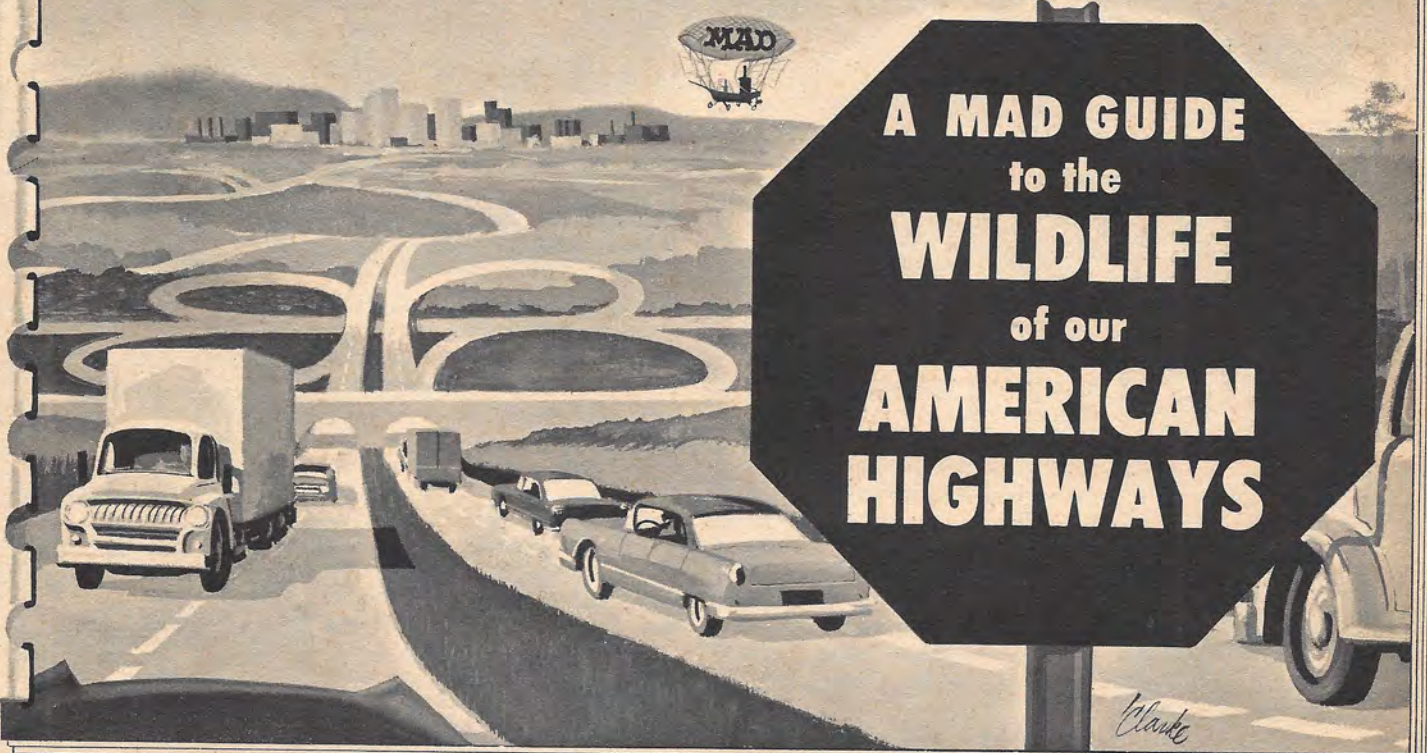


# IN INJUN TERRITORY



## ASPHALT JUNGLE-ANIMALS DEPT.

When people want to look at strange creatures, they usually go to the animal cages at the zoo. Actually, this is ridiculous. Why go to a zoo when there are millions of strange creatures running wild around us. F'rinstance, there are the many species of wildlife that roam our nation's highways. It might be much safer for mankind to cage them instead of the animals. But, till we do, here is



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

### THE GREAT SMOKY MAMMOTH

(*motorus tremendus*)

Habitat: Well-Traveled Highways



This huge slow creature spends his entire life wandering from place to place. He is a born leader, which explains why great numbers of smaller species can be seen as they're

#### LOOK FOR:



#### MATING CALL:

"Brrm-brrm-brrm-pfsssh!"

following him faithfully up steep hills and grades. However, they quickly tire of him, which means that a Mammoth must seek out the company of other Mammoths. This is done at garishly-lit feeding areas known as "Truck Stops". Despite his size, a Smoky Mammoth is a gentle beast and will never charge, except going downhill. At such times, he can work up great speed and become uncontrollable, crushing any object in his path.

### THE NOISY UPSTART

(*Blastus Obnoxious*)

Habitat: Quiet Thoroughfares



There must be a reason for the Upstart's existence, but thus far, no one seems to have discovered it. He is most frequently observed on Saturdays and Sundays with other

members of his species, charging wildly through the countryside. These creatures rarely stop, but even when they do, they continue to emit loud, ear-splitting cries. When two Upstarts meet, they may want to prove their courage by racing toward each other at high speed. Occasionally they collide, which is the signal for a great celebration among the Upstart's enemies, namely all the other species of our highway wildlife.

#### LOOK FOR:



#### MATING CALL:

"Vrap-cough-vhap-ap-ap!"

## THE DULL-EYED PLODDER

(*commuterus interminus*)

Habitat: Clogged Thruways



From his outlying nest, this creature performs a weird ritual, migrating once a day to his urban nest... then returning promptly eight hours later. It is rumored that the Dull-Eyed Plodder is capable of great speed but this is unproven as he has never been observed to move more than twelve miles per hour. The main reason for this is that this creature dislikes traveling all alone, preferring instead to join long lines of other Plodders who can be seen creeping faithfully along each week-day morning and evening.

### LOOK FOR:

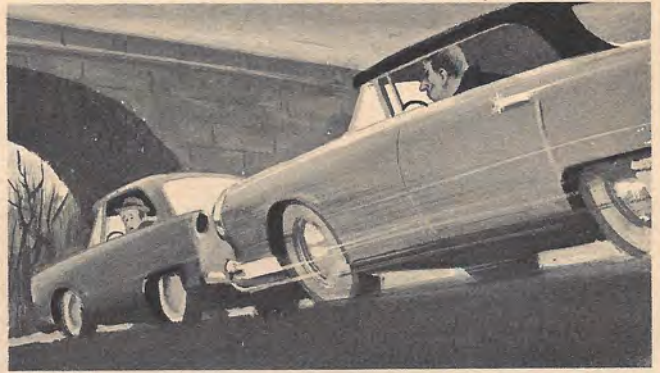


**MATING CALL:**  
"Honk-honk-honk-honk!"

## THE INFERNAL TAILGATER

(*perpetualis behindus*)

Habitat: Directly In Back Of You



No matter how desolate the area, you can always be sure of encountering this remarkable creature on the road. The Infernal Tailgater is a born follower, and will patiently hug your tail whether your speed be 10 or 100 miles per hour. Oddly enough, the Tailgater is neither hostile nor friendly. He is just insecure. If you try to lose him, by stopping on the side of the road, you will fail—because the Tailgater will also stop on the side of the road, wait patiently for you to start moving again, and pull out right behind you.

### LOOK FOR:



**MATING CALL:**  
"Mmmmmmm—bump!"

## THE OLD HEAP

(*jalopius endurus*)

Habitat: Emergency Parking Area



The Old Heap is an unhappy creature who feels that the world is passing him by. Actually, everything is passing him by—including horses, dogs and hitchhikers. Once, he was a thriving species and was admired by millions. 20 years ago, in fact, great herds were seen throughout the nation. Today, he is a vanishing species on the verge of extinction. Only a few still run wild. Most Old Heaps are spending their last days protected within preserves known as junkyards. Many Highway Wildlife lovers argue that this creature can never be replaced. They may be right, for as any mechanic will tell you, there're no replacements for an Old Heap.

### LOOK FOR:



**MATING CALL:**  
"Chug-chug-cough-hiss-boom!"

## THE SUDDEN TURN

(*signalus oblivious*)

Habitat: Directly In Front Of You



Of all the examples of Wildlife found on the American Highway, the Sudden Turn is the deadliest of creatures, especially the female of the species (although many of the males are equally as dangerous). She can be found traveling at a remarkably slow pace in the left lane of almost any crowded highway or street. Then, suddenly, for no apparent reason, she will decide to turn right. Unfortunately, because of her unusually small brain, she lacks the ability to alert the species in back of her, who must stop quickly in order to avoid her. Most often, they cannot—which results in the phenomenon of nature known as "The Pile-Up".

### LOOK FOR:



**MATING CALL:**  
"Scree-e-e-e-ch!"



## THE LIGHT-HEADED VEERER

(*alcoholus perilus*)

Habitat: Oncoming Lanes



This species is best observed on holiday week-ends in the early morning hours. It is then that he departs his favorite watering place so that he can carry out his weird sacrificial rite of destroying himself on the highway. Because he is a convivial creature, he is often attracted to other, more sober species, usually at great speeds and head-on. Unfortunately, there is no chance of the Light-Headed Veerer becoming extinct. Although thousands perish each year, they are immediately replaced by new, younger members of the species.

### LOOK FOR:



### MATING CALL:

"Gra-a-a-(hic)-a-sh!"

## THE KEEN-EYED FUZZ

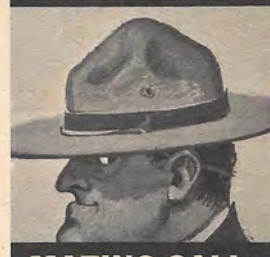
(*unrelentus shamus*)

Habitat: Where Least Expected



The Keen-Eyed Fuzz is the most despised of our highway species. From his lair behind billboards or shrubs, he lies in wait for his prey. When a victim passes, the Fuzz darts swiftly out, following for miles before going in for the kill. A Fuzz is a crafty creature, often disguising himself like his prey so that he won't be recognized. When seized, most Fuzz victims invariably try to reason with him, but this is always useless. Unless, of course, the victim is wise enough to satisfy a Fuzz's appetite for ten-dollar bills.

### LOOK FOR:



### MATING CALL:

"RRRRrrRRRRrrRRRRrrrrrr!"

## THE DOUBLE-TAILED FLASH

(*dementus acceleratus*)

Habitat: Blind Curves and Hills



This species is hardly ever observed standing still. He has one ambition in life, which is to pass every other creature that he encounters. He usually does this with great ease...unless, of course, he encounters another Double-Tailed Flash coming the other way with the same object in mind. In such a case, the two creatures will cooperate, with one passing on the left, and the other passing on the right—and the two meeting soon after with great abandon in the middle of the road. This action invariably attracts another species—the White-Coated Coverer (*ambulances morticianus*) who then delivers them to their final destination.

### LOOK FOR:



### MATING CALL:

"Zoo-o-o-o-o-mmm!"

## THE FRUSTRATED PARKER

(*circulus interminus*)

Habitat: Any Crowded Shopping Area



The Frustrated Parker is a common species, abounding in large cities. He can be observed circling other roosted members of his species, trying to find a place of his own to settle down in. Sometimes he is lucky and spies a place recently vacated, swooping in eagerly. But most times, he can spend hours and even days hovering and circling and never finding a spot to rest. And when this occurs, a Frustrated Parker will usually do something stupid, like dropping into an area where roosting is forbidden. Then, the Keen-Eyed Fuzz will move in and tag him for later identification before another species, a Black-Robed Magistrate (*judgus fnum*).

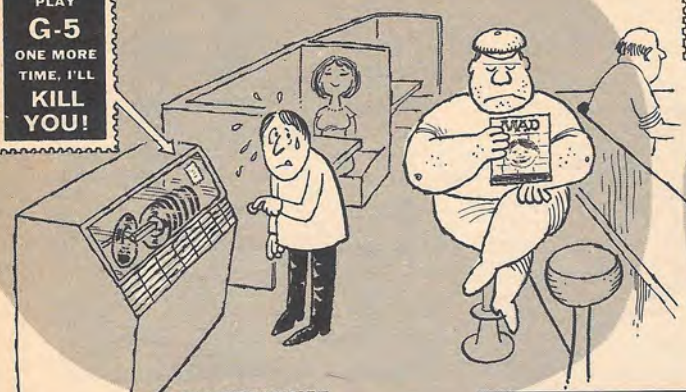
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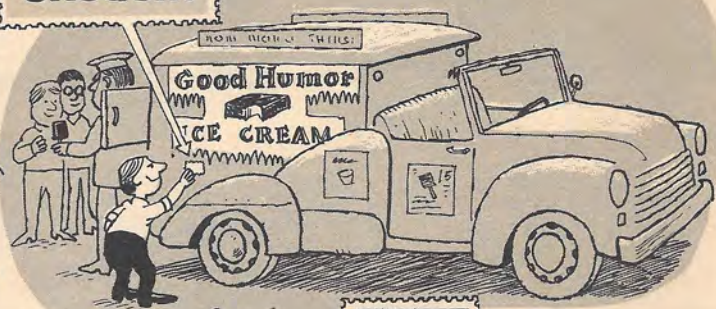
### MATING CALL:

"Pay the two dollars!"

IF YOU  
PLAY  
**G-5**  
ONE MORE  
TIME, I'LL  
KILL YOU!



**WARNING:  
GROUCH!**

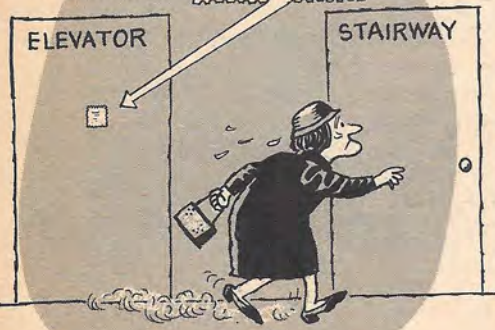


**THIS  
BARBER  
IS A  
BUTCHER!**



**FLIGHT  
INSURANCE**  
For This  
**ELEVATOR**  
On Sale  
In The Lobby

**89<sup>th</sup>  
FLOOR**



# HERE IS YOUR FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT BONUS

Have you suffered indignities?  
Now you can take your revenge,  
or voice your angry protests,  
or tell 'em where to get off,  
or just have some fun—with—

# MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS PRE-GLUED AND PERFORATED FOR IMMEDIATE USE, MISUSE & ABUSE!

**UNDER  
NEW  
MISMANAGEMENT**



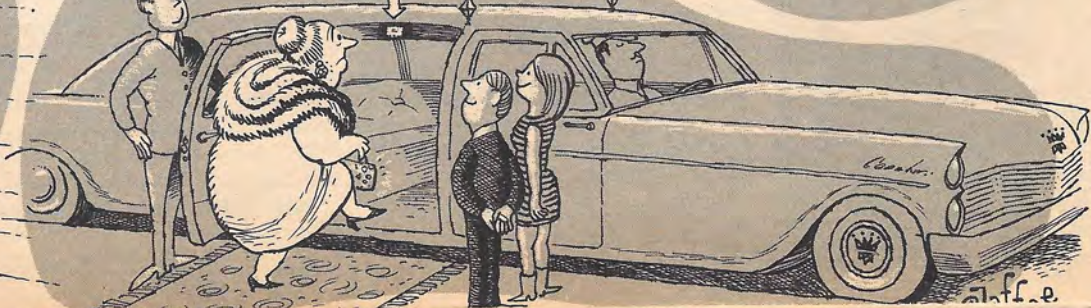
**HEY,  
STUPID!**  
GLAD TO SEE YOU  
KNOW WHAT YOU ARE!



**PRESS THIS  
DOORBELL  
AND SEE THE  
GORILLA!**



**DON'T BE  
IMPRESSED**  
THIS IS A RENTED CAR!



**SQUADS RIGHT DEPT.**

Recently, bleeding-heart liberal newspapers kicked up quite a fuss when it was learned that, in several cities throughout the United States, some members of the local Police Force are also members of the super-patriotic "John Birch Society". And so, in order to clear the air and assure everyone concerned that a Law Enforcement Officer, dedicated to "The Birch Society" can also do his job and protect members of "The Great Society"

# MAD INTERVIEWS A "JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY" POLICEMAN

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

Good morning, Officer Wright! I'm Bob Ross from MAD Magazine! I understand that, besides being a Policeman, you are also a member of The John Birch Society."

Wha'd you say your name was?

Ross—Bob Ross! and I'd like to know—

Ross . . . Ross . . . I wonder what that's short for?

I'd like to know—do you think that your membership in "The John Birch Society" in any way interferes with your work as a Policeman?

Are you kidding? If anything, my Birch Society membership helps me do my duty better than ever!

And what do you consider the primary duty of a Policeman to be?

Why . . . to fight Communism, of course! What else?

PARKING  
TOW AWAY  
ZONE  
NO  
PARKING  
BY ORDER  
POLICE DEPT.



Boy—did you see that? It's gettin' so, those guys just don't know their place!

He didn't even salute me!

Why should he salute you? You're just a Patrolman—and he's a Lieutenant!

Er . . . wha'd you say your name was again? Rossellini? Rossokovski? What country you from, anyway?



Joe Orlando



Butte, Montana!  
And the name is  
**Ross!** You seem  
to place a rather  
undue emphasis on  
a man's background!

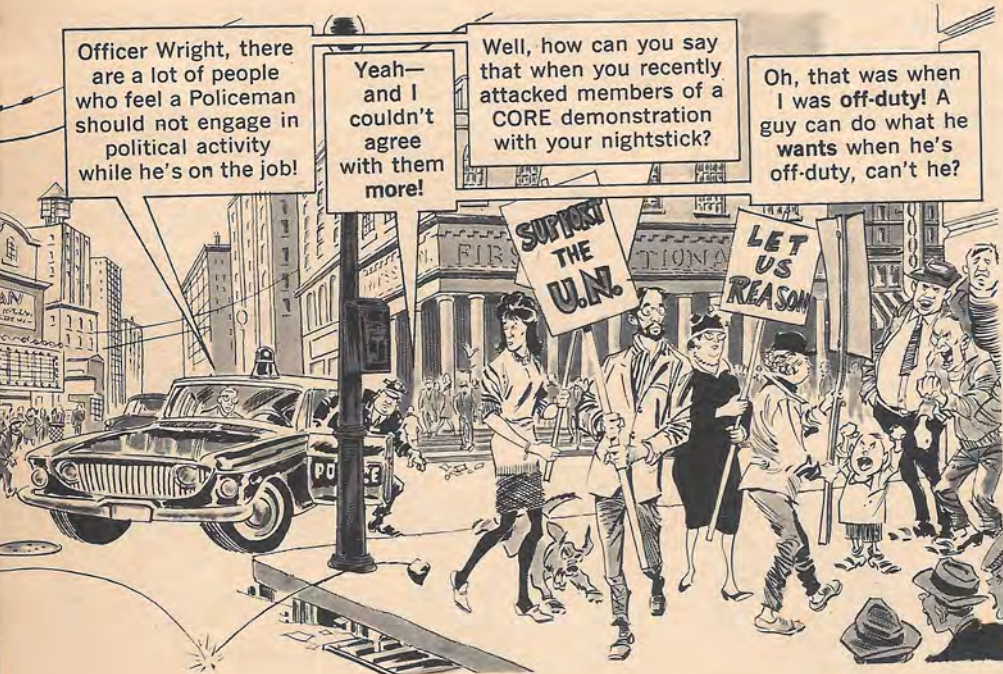
That's not true, Mr.—uh—Ross! To  
me, a person is a person! And that  
goes double for anybody of an  
inferior race or creed! Remember . . .  
in the last Presidential election,  
I **VOTED** for a guy who was  
half-Jewish!!



Excuse me while  
I stop the car  
at this telephone  
pole, Rosskrantz!

Oh—are you  
going to  
phone into  
headquarters?

No, I'm gonna  
put up this  
"Impeach Earl  
Warren" sign!



Officer Wright, there  
are a lot of people  
who feel a Policeman  
should not engage in  
political activity  
while he's on the job!

Yeah—  
and I  
couldn't  
agree with  
them  
more!

Well, how can you say  
that when you recently  
attacked members of a  
CORE demonstration  
with your nightstick?

Oh, that was when  
I was off-duty! A  
guy can do what he  
wants when he's  
off-duty, can't he?



All right . . . break it  
up! Break it up . . .

THE U.N.  
IS THE  
ONLY  
ALTERNATIVE  
TO  
WAR



I don't  
understand!  
What were  
they doing  
wrong?

If there's one thing  
I can't stand, it's  
violence in the  
streets—especially  
from "Pinkos"!

Er—how  
do you  
know  
they're  
"Pinkos"?

That's my "Birch Society"  
training, Mr. Rossiwicz!  
After a while, you get so  
you can smell those types  
out with your eyes closed!



HELP! POLICE  
HELP!

KEEP OFF  
CITY

Officer Wright! That old woman was screaming for help, and you drove right by! Isn't it your duty to arrest those hoodlums? I thought you were against violence in the streets!

Don't jump to conclusions, there—Rossenescu! There's a world of difference between violence in the streets and a few wholesome American kids lettin' off a little steam! Especially when it's against some old bag passing out subversive pamphlets in favor of fluoridation!

And what about that car with the "Goldwater For President" sticker there—

He's passing a red light! Aren't you going to give him a ticket?

Awww—sometimes you gotta temper justice with mercy, Mr.—uh—Rossevitch! A man's entitled to make a mistake!



We've been crouching here for 20 minutes! What's going on, anyway?

This is what we call a "stake-out"! That's what we do when we have a dangerous guy under surveillance! In this case, it's a rat-fink who's making things rough for the few guys on the Force who are real patriots!

Oh...? And who is this dangerous guy?

The Chief of Police! But he'll be taken care of—just as soon as the rest of the guys show up. Oh, here they come now—right on time! Hi, gang!!

This is terrible! Just what are you trying to do?

Oh, we're just harassing The Chief! You know—dumping coal on his lawn, calling stores and ordering things in his name, listing his house "For Sale" with real estate brokers, and generally smearing his good name so he'll be forced to quit his job!



But isn't this a rather extreme way of expressing your dissatisfaction with The Chief!?

Shows how much you know! We're the "Moderates"! The "EXTREMISTS" want to SHOOT him!!

I see... and I'm also beginning to understand the charges of Police Brutality pending against you!

Well, don't believe it! That's nuthin' but a pack of lies started by some criminal jay-walker from one of them hyphenated minority groups! Incidentally, what'd you say your mother's maiden name was, Rossinsky?

The house with the coal on the lawn, fellers!



Forget my mother's maiden name! What about this criminal jay-walker's charges against you? What really happened?

All I did was follow accepted Police Procedure! When I spotted this crumb jay-walking. I yelled, "Halt!" and fired three warning shots—into his legs! To hear those bleeding hearts tell it, you'd think I killed him!



Car 21— Signal One-Seven  
Car 21— Signal One-Seven!

Okay, Duke! See you at the meeting later!

What's a "Signal One-Seven," Officer Wright?

Nuthin' important! Just some Moderate Republican assaulting a Humphrey Democrat in an integrated neighborhood! But I'm not gettin' involved in that! Those people take care of their own! Besides, I can't afford to be late for the Birch meeting! A good Policeman is always punctual, right, Rosenberg?



Well, I gotta be gettin' backstage! I'm part of the entertainment to-night! But you'll be okay in here! They're not our kind of people!

Butte, Montana, eh?

What's a decent guy doing on West doing on THAT magazine? See ya later, Roosevelt!



**The John Birch Society**  
MEETING TONIGHT  
7:00 P.M.  
Tonight's Topic:  
"BETTER POLICEMEN  
for a  
BETTER POLICE STATE"

and when the Police— and by that, ha-ha, I mean **OUR** Police, take their rightful place in Society, then we'll quickly attain that noble vision of America as outlined by Mr. Robert Welch in his immortal "Blue Book"!

And what better words could describe the American dream—and by that, I mean **OUR** American dream, than the words inscribed on the Statue of Liberty and slightly revised in this version sung by our John Birch Society Glee Club led by that great Policeman and great Bircher and soon-to-be our great new Police Chief . . . Jim Wright!



Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,  
Send those, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me . . .

And I'll . . .  
Send 'em right back!  
I'll send 'em right back!  
I'll send 'em right back!  
to you—ooo-ooo!

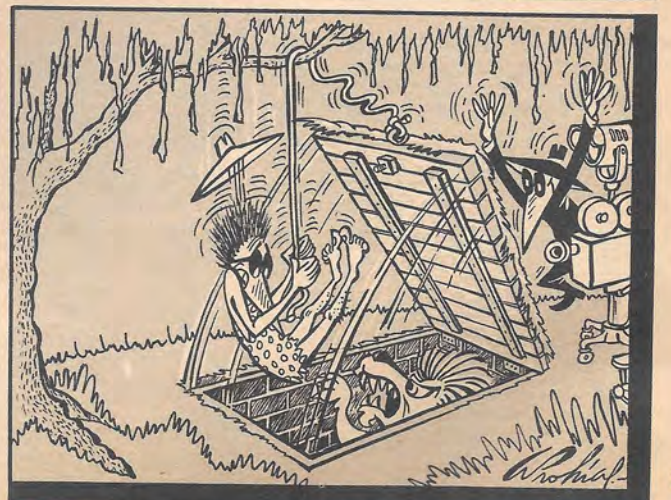
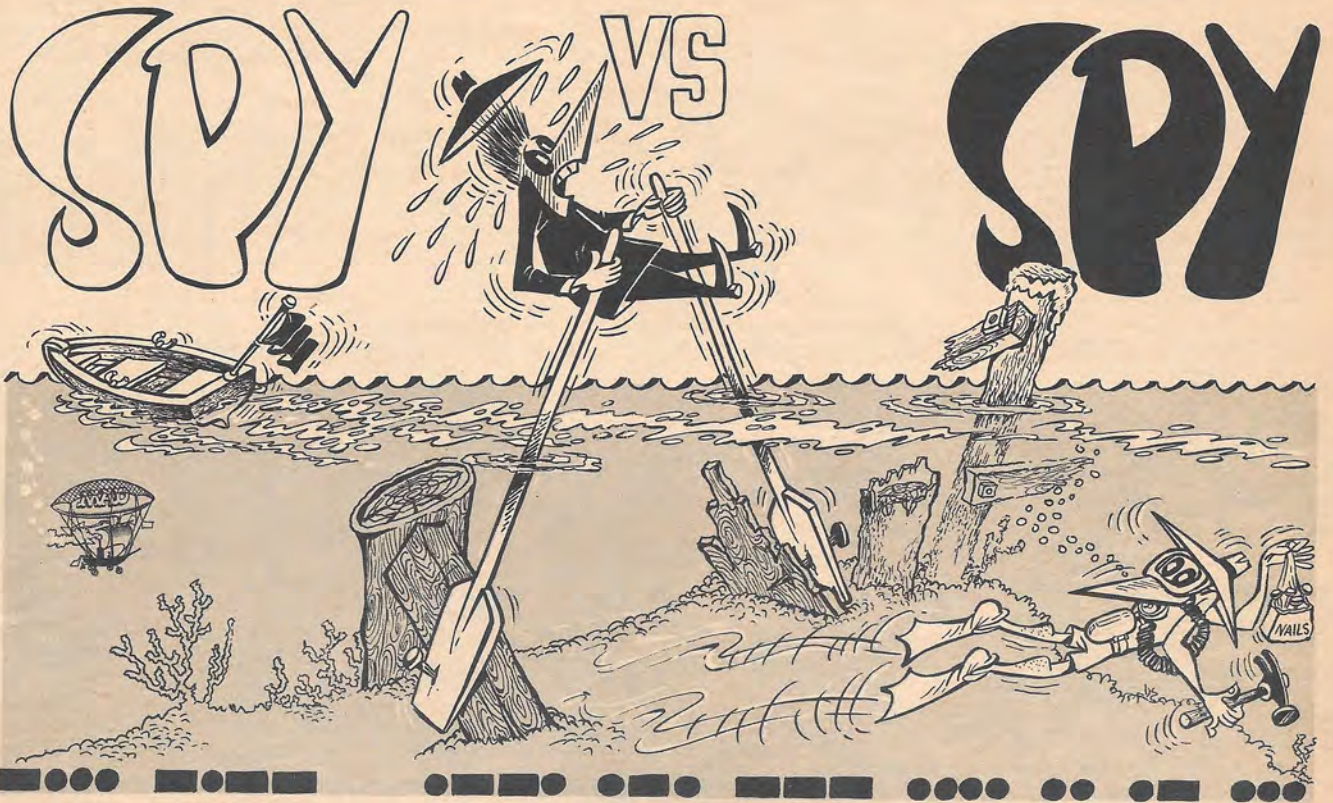
You wretched refuse

You foreign garbage!

You dirty Commies!

Yes, we'll . . .  
Send 'em right back  
to you—ooo-ooo!





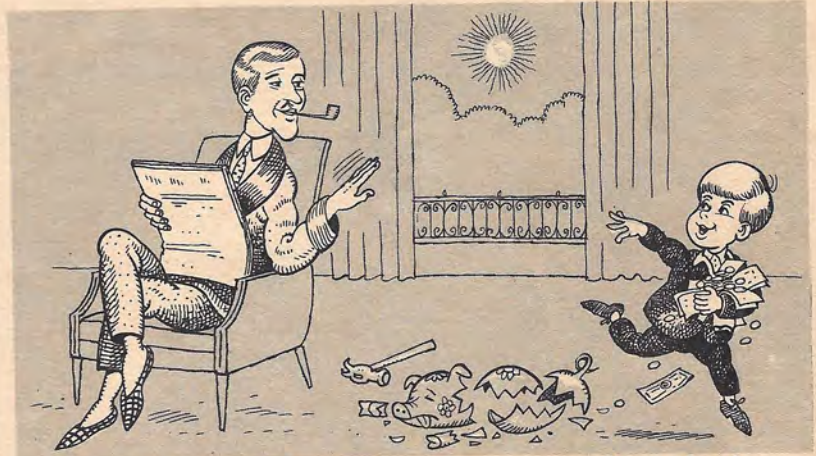
**BLUE CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK DEPT.**

MAD, consumed with guilt, feels that it owes something to lovable ol' Charlie Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts". Two of his very successful books: "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy" and "I Can Use All The Friends I Can Get" were the inspiration for two very successful MAD satires: "Misery Is A Cold Hot Dog" and "I Got All The Finks I Need". So now, by way of returning the favor, and since turnabout is fair play, we are publishing the following article in hopes that it will inspire Mr. Schulz to write another successful book.

# BEING THAN



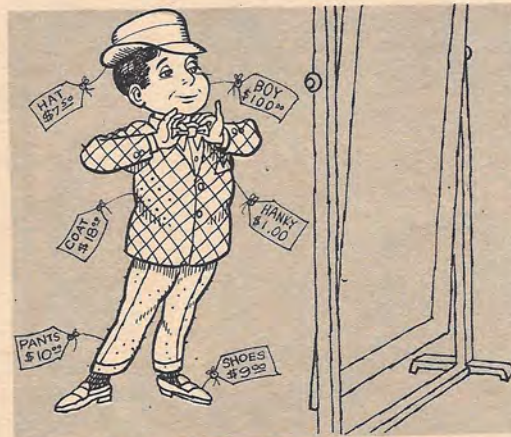
Being rich is having someone else put things back where you got them from.



Being rich is never being told to save your money for a rainy day.



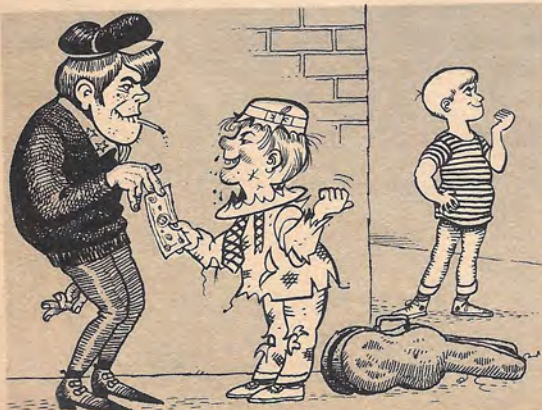
Being rich is being able to buy all the Bubble Gum you want just to get the Trading Cards.



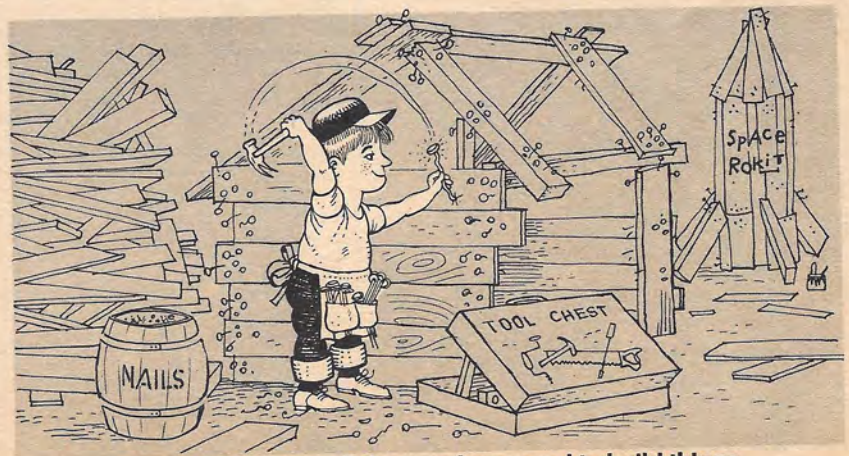
Being rich is getting clothes you don't have to grow into.



Being rich is not having to sneak food to your dog.



Being rich is being able to afford to have your neighborhood bully taken care of.

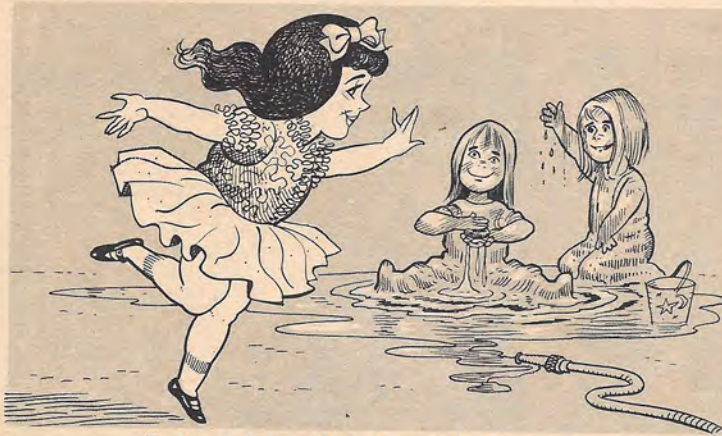


Being rich is having all the wood you need to build things.

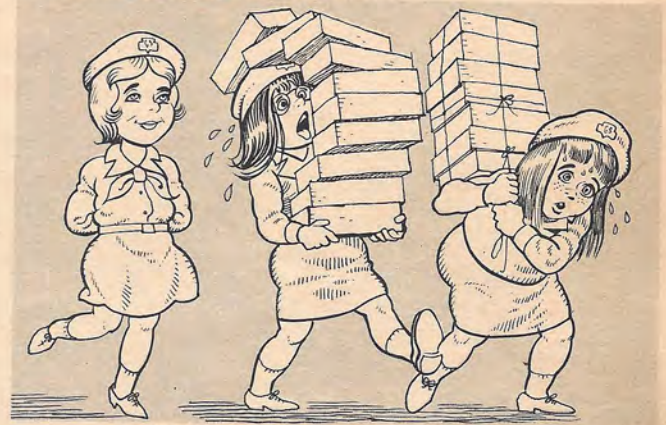


# RICH IS BETTER A WARM PUPPY

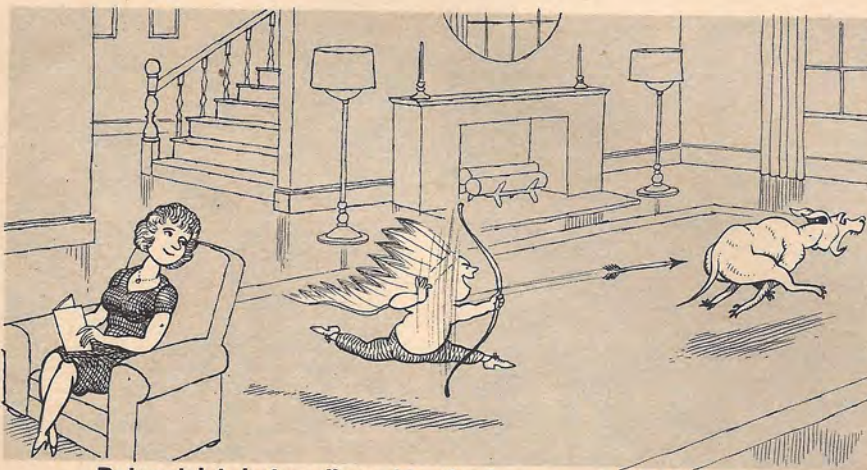
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



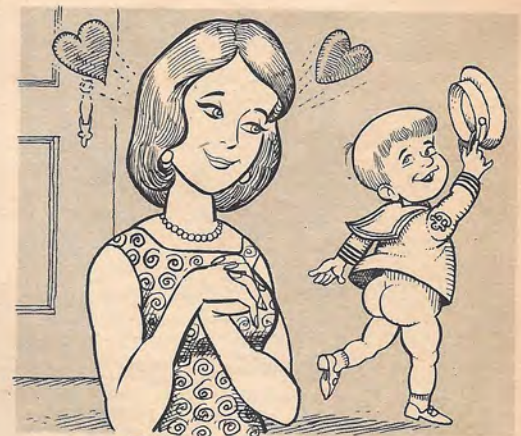
Being rich is not having to change your clothes before you can go out and play.



Being rich is having parents who buy all your Girl Scout Cookies.



Being rich is being allowed to play in any room of the house.



Being rich is not getting scolded for losing things.



Being rich is not getting one single useful or practical gift for Christmas or your birthday.



Being rich is getting a reward for doing something that every other kid has to do for nothing.



Being rich is having a Daddy who can take you places, even during the day in the middle of the week.



**Being rich is getting brand new clothes when you need them, even though you have lots of older sisters.**



**Being rich is always getting sandwiches with the crusts cut away.**



**Being rich is having your own room, even though you have brothers.**



**Being rich is being able to lend money to all your pals without worrying about getting it back.**



**Being rich is not worrying about over-due Library books.**



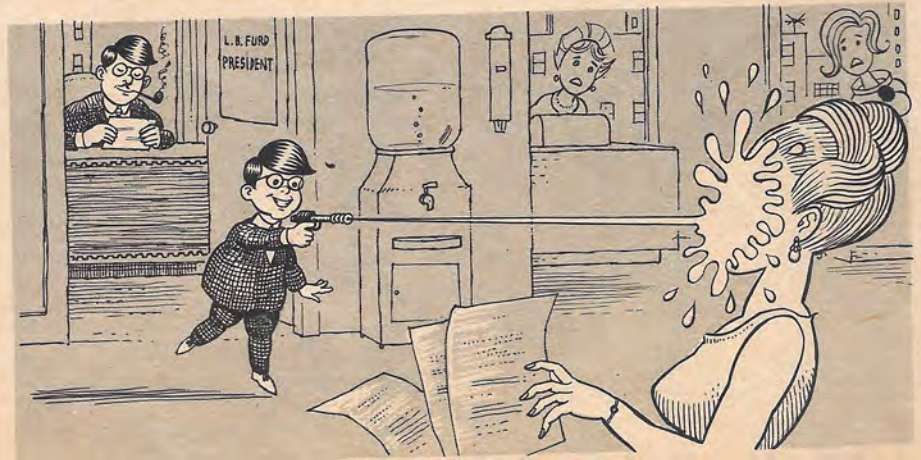
**Being rich is having someone to take care of your kid sister.**



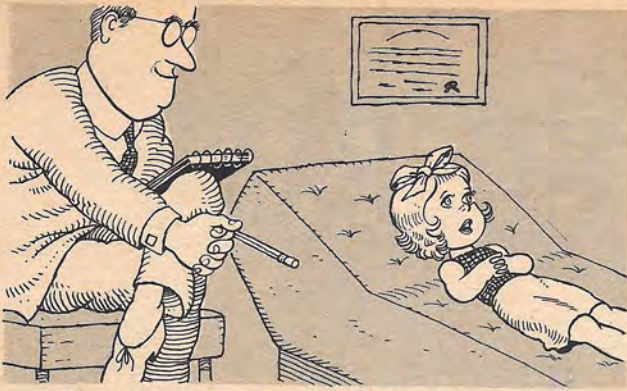
**Being rich is owning a ball for every kind of game so you won't be left out.**



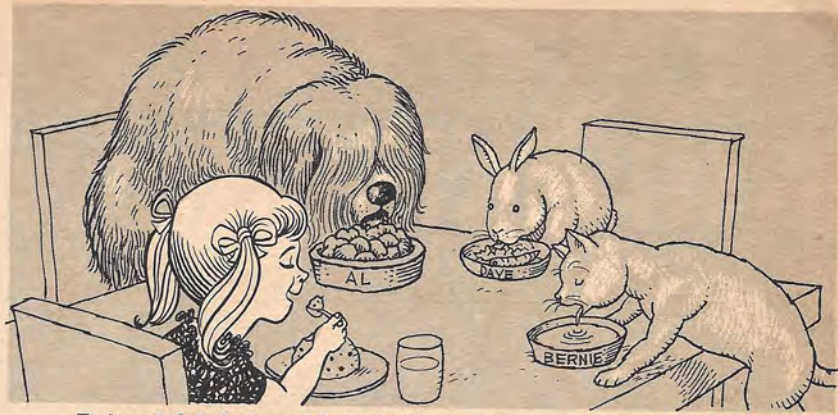
**Being rich is getting every Sunday Newspaper that has Color Comics.**



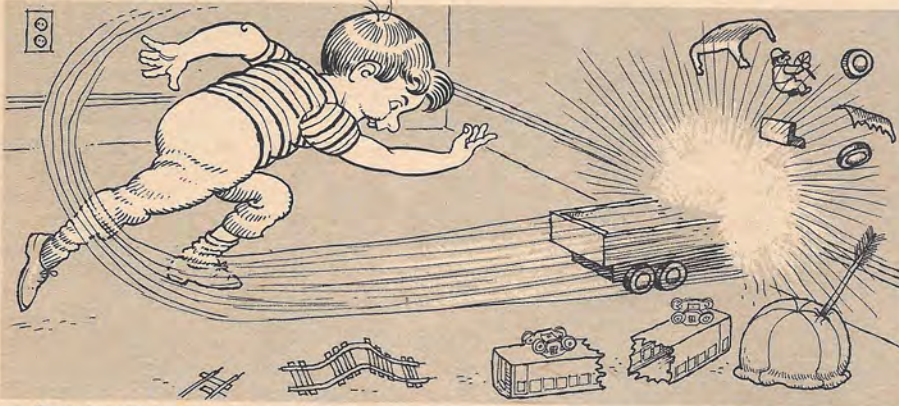
**Being rich is visiting your Father's office and not worrying how you behave.**



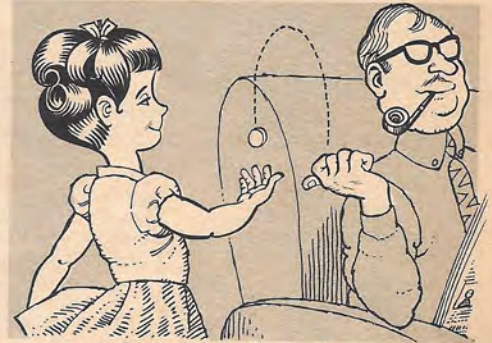
Being rich is knowing at least one grown-up who doesn't treat you like a stupid kid.



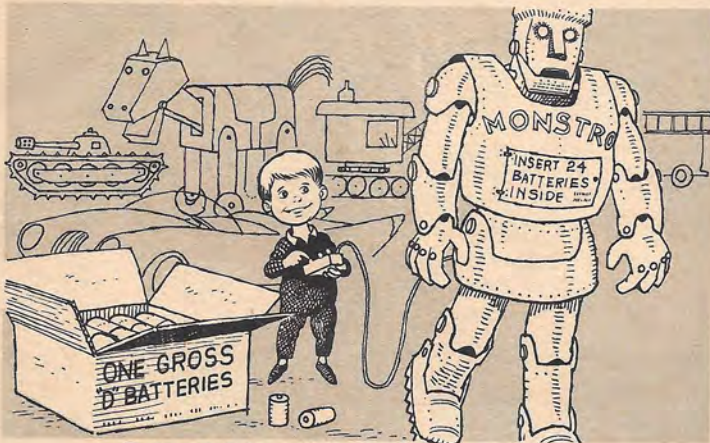
Being rich is being able to invite anyone you want to eat over.



Being rich is breaking all your toys right after Christmas, and no one caring.



Being rich is borrowing on next week's allowance and your parents never remembering it.



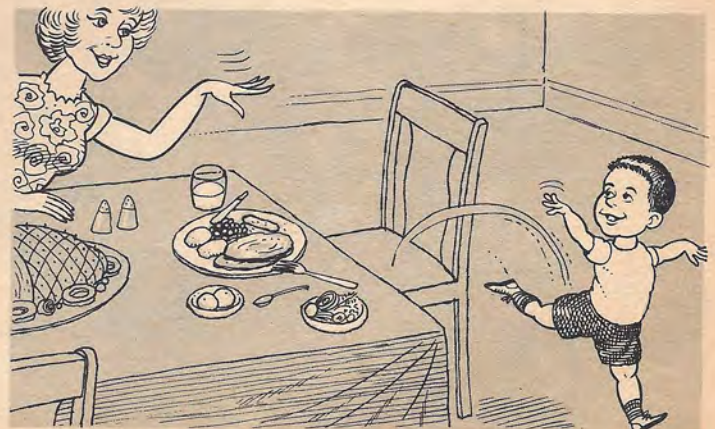
Being rich is getting new batteries for all your toys as soon as you need them.



Being rich is having all the pets you want and not having to take care of them.

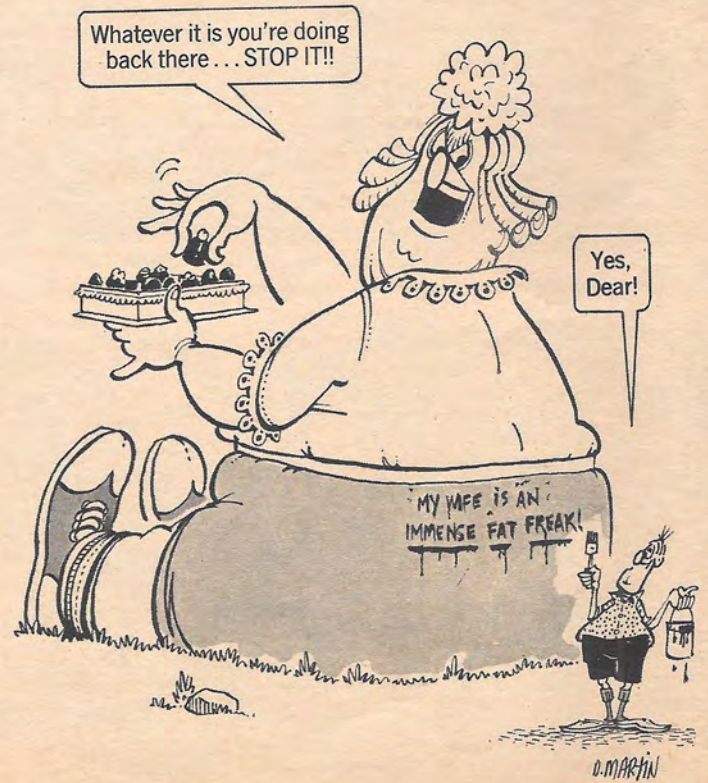
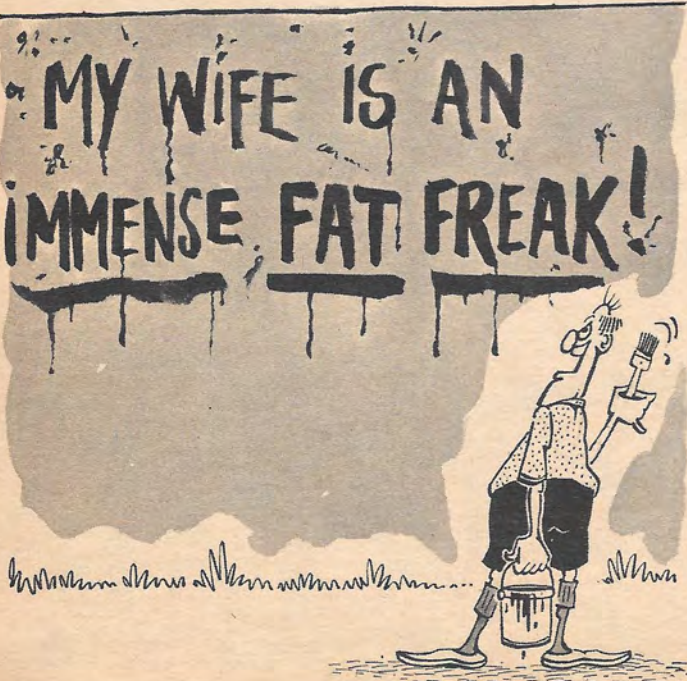
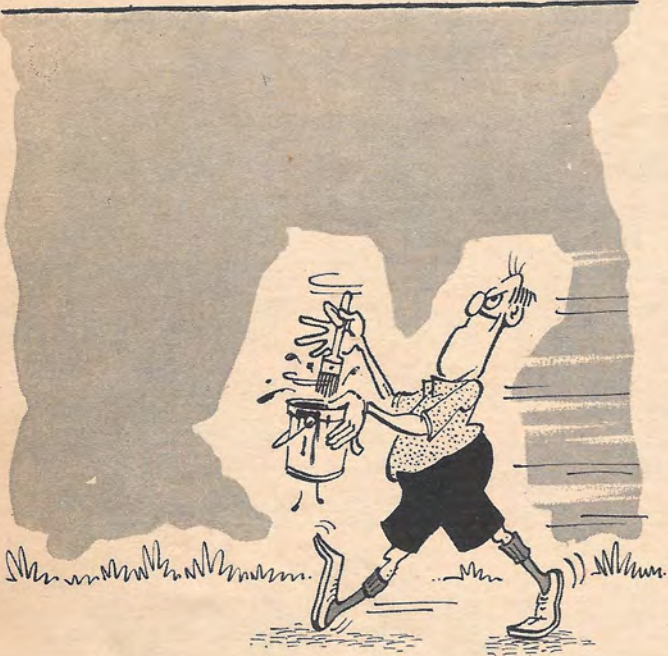


Being rich is having parents who worry if you got hurt even when you accidentally break something expensive.



Being rich is leaving food on your plate and not getting a lecture about how people are starving in Europe.

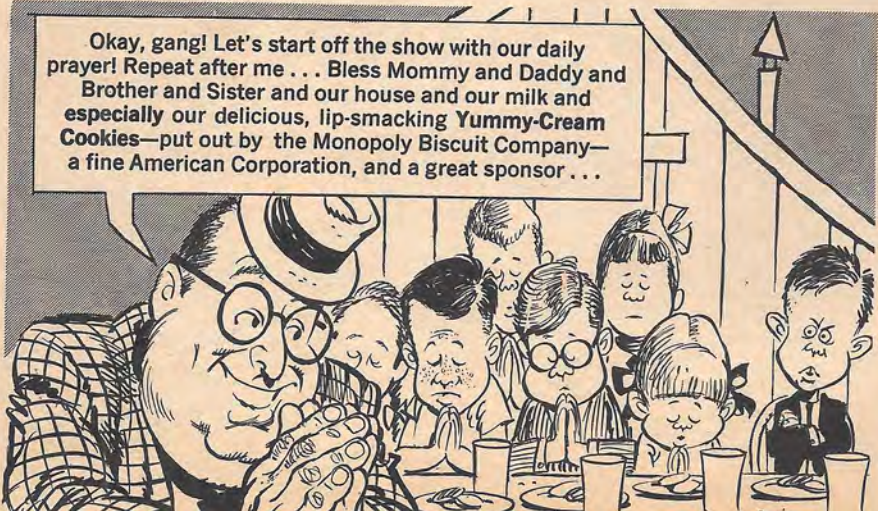
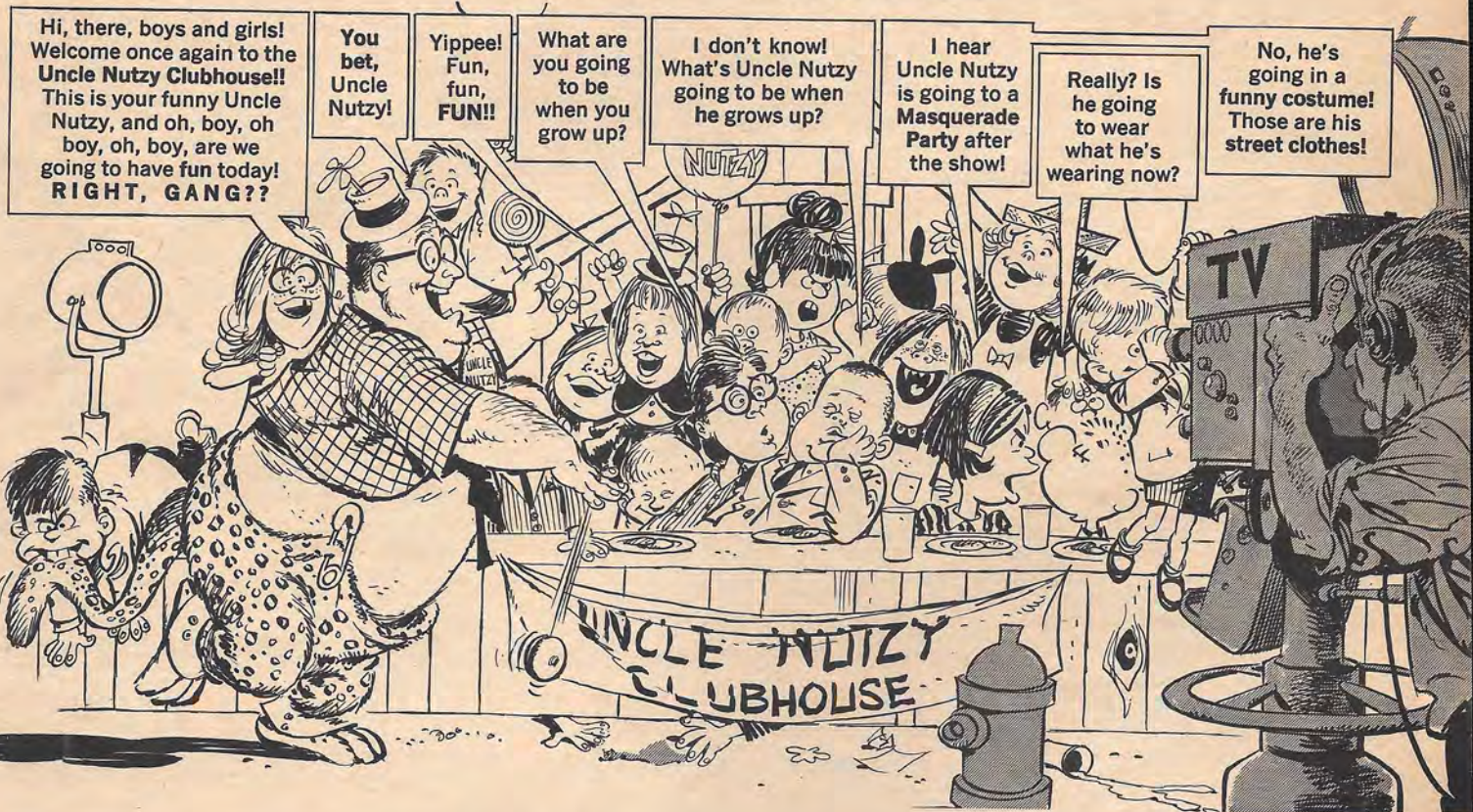
# THE INDIGNANT HUSBAND



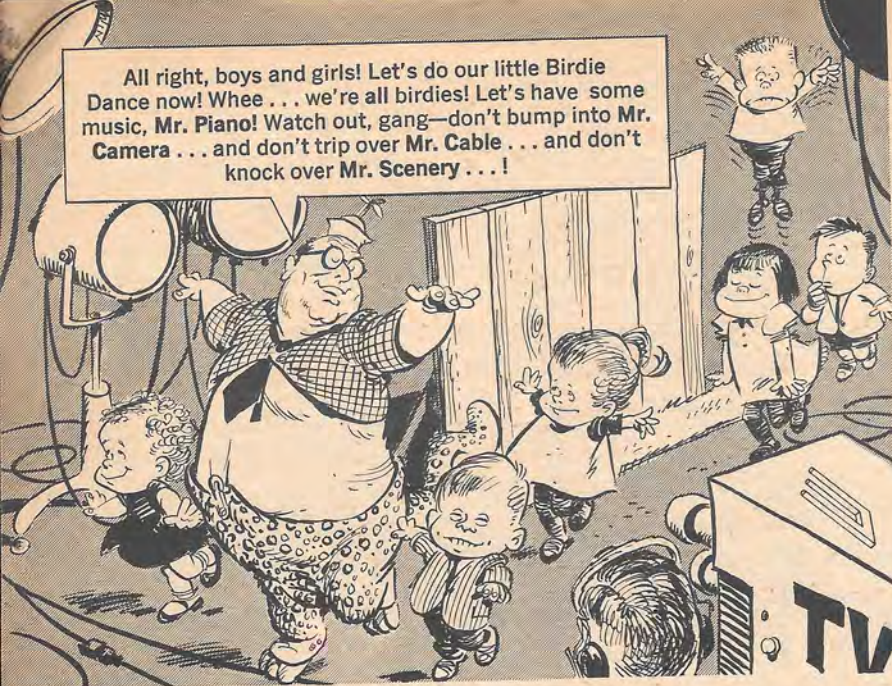
Since MAD's Official Article-Introduction Writer is ill this month, we've assigned Sidney Gwartzman, MAD's Accountant, to serve as Guest Introduction Writer for the following article. Here is Mr. Gwartzman's Introduction: "The law provides a credit against tax dividends received from qualifying domestic corporations. This credit is equal to 4 percent of these dividends in excess of those which you may exclude from your income. The credit may not exceed: (a) the total income tax reduced by foreign tax credit; or (b) 4 percent of the..." But enough of this hilarity. Let's save the jokes for the story as

# MAD LOOKS AT A TYPICAL KIDDIE TV SHOW

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



All right, boys and girls! Let's do our little Birdie Dance now! Whee . . . we're all birdies! Let's have some music, Mr. Piano! Watch out, gang—don't bump into Mr. Camera . . . and don't trip over Mr. Cable . . . and don't knock over Mr. Scenery . . . !



What's the matter, Freddie?

I just threw up on Mr. Floor!

Careful, boys and girls! Don't step on Mr. Vomit!!



Well, that was fun, right Gang? Now for a little "Simon Says"! Ready . . . ? Simon says hands on hips! Simon says hands down! Simon says hands on head!

Oh-oh! There's a fire in the Control Room! Bruceie, grab a fire extinguisher and put it out!

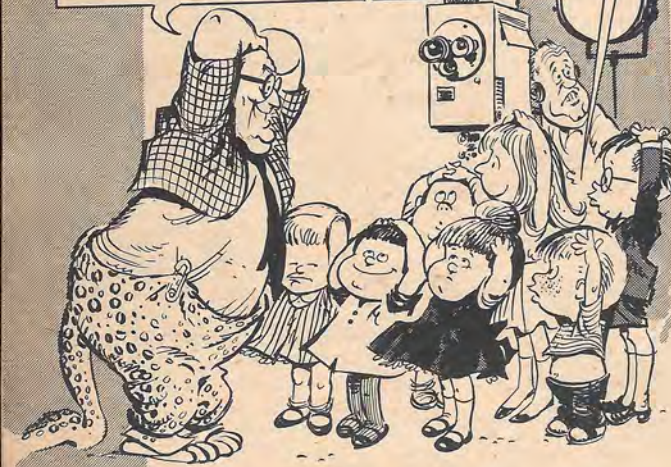
Okay, Uncle Nutzy!

Bruceie, come back here and sit down!

But you said grab a fire extinguisher and put out the fire!

Ha-ha! I caught you! I caught you! I didn't say "Simon Says"! So—you're out!!

Now—Simon says Tommy grab a fire extinguisher and put out the . . . Oh-oh! Simon Says it looks pretty bad in the Control Room! Simon Says it's too late for a fire extinguisher! Simon says Mr. Piano—play "Taps"!



How about it, kids? Wasn't that a great game—and a great fire? You bet!! And now for an important message: Gang, remember how we got Daddy to shell out \$84.00 for this beautiful "Bubbie Doll" and her boy friend doll "Ben"?? And then we got Daddy to shell out \$128.00 for scrumptious wardrobes for both? Well, guess what? The fashions have changed again . . . and Bubbie and Ben now need complete new Spring Outfits! Isn't that wonderful news? Especially for Daddy who'll have to come up with 148 more bucks?

Now, our guests in the studio are going to show our friends at home how we're going to get Daddy to give us the money—

That's right, Lisa! We're going to have convulsions!

Very good, Sally! We're going to hold our breath till our face turns blue!

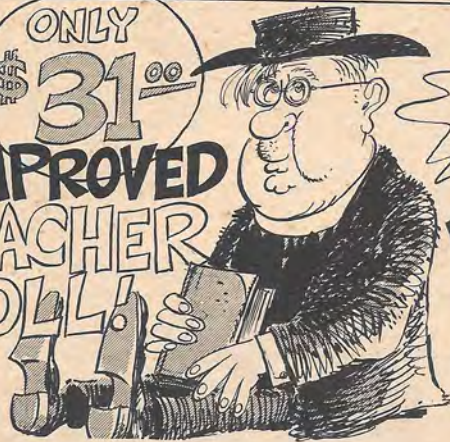
And if all that fails, you know what we're going to do? We're going to pick Daddy's pockets! Right, kids? Won't that be fun?



Oh, say, kids! There have been some complaints from various "square" parent groups about us selling you "Teeny"—the little baby doll that belongs to Bubbie and her boy-friend doll, Ben. You know . . . they think it's a rather unhealthy arrangement! So guess what the Bubbie Doll Company is going to do in order to make everything wonderful and decent again? For just \$31.00, you can get Daddy to buy you a "Preacher Doll" and you can stage your very own wedding for Bubbie and Ben! Better late than never, we always say! Ha-ha!

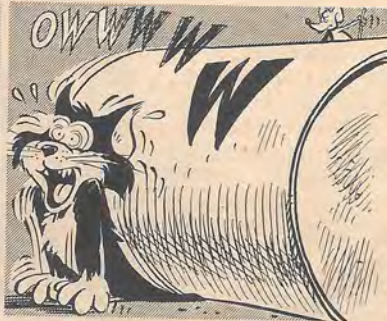
**NOW** ONLY **\$31.00**  
 THE **NEW IMPROVED**  
**PREACHER**  
**DOLL!**

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK!



**ALSO**  
 FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!  
**WITNESS DOLLS ONLY**  
 # 27.99 EACH!

And now, guess what, boys and girls? Time for a cartoon! I'm sure you're going to like this one! You know how I know? Because you liked it yesterday, and you liked it the day before yesterday, and you liked it last week, and last month, and 212 times last year! Okay—here we go!



Hey, wasn't that a great cartoon, boys and girls? It's the newest one we've ever shown! It was made in 1928—but very, very late in the year! Didn't you learn a lot about life from this adorable cartoon??

I sure did, Uncle Nutzy! I want to play just like that with my little baby brother!

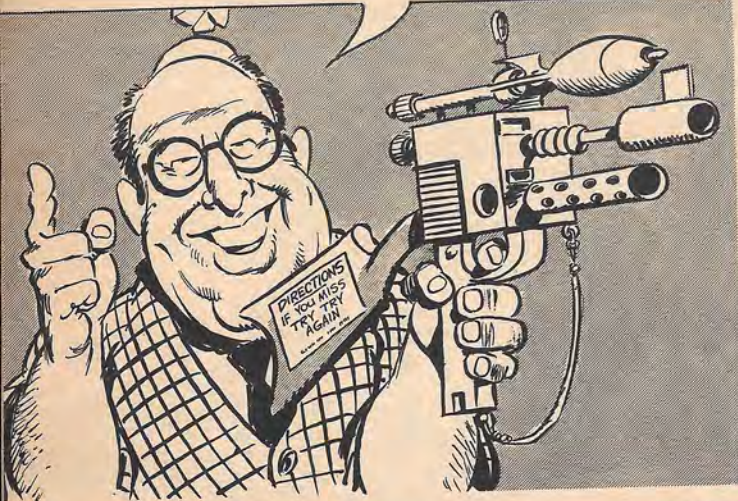
Very good, Herbie, and what else did you learn from this adorable cartoon—and from all the other adorable cartoons we show . . . Nancy?

I learned that cats are ugly and bad, and mice are cute and good, and mice always win in the end, and I'm going to bring lots of mice into my house, and I'm going to feed them and take them to bed with me, and I'm going to kill Mommy's Siamese cats, and—

Wonderful, Nancy! And now, another important message from one of our sponsors . . .



**IT'S HERE, Boys and girls!!** The great new fun-toy you've been waiting for! **"DEATH-26"!!** Yes, kids, **"Death-26"** is 26 real fun-weapons combined into one magnificent toy! It's a combination rifle, machine gun, rocket-launcher, grenade-thrower, bazooka, mortar, H-bomb detonator, and so much more!



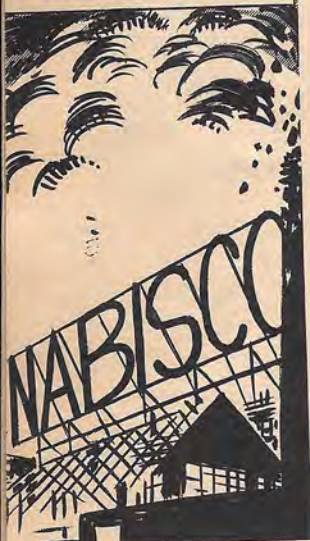
Can't you just picture yourself destroying the entire Russian Army with your "Death-26"?



... and laying to waste 3/4 of the world ... ?



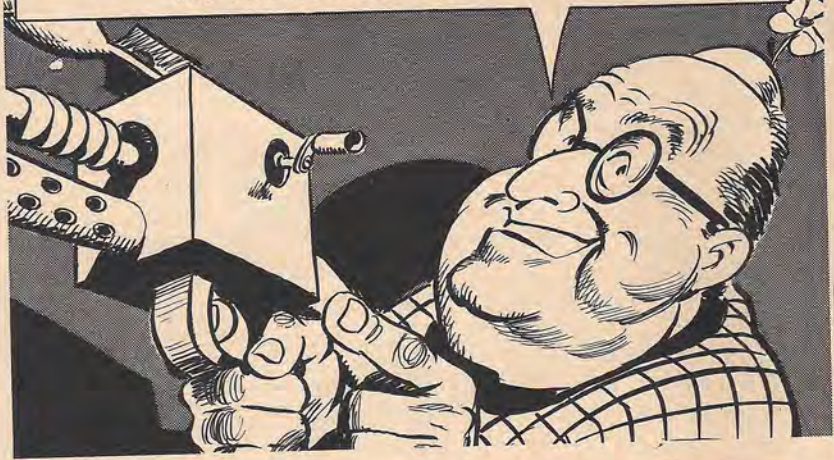
... and eliminating all the competitors of Yummy Cream Cookies ... ?



... and all the other Kiddie Show Emcees except your Uncle Nutzy? You bet you can!!



**"Death-26"** is a product of Educational Toys Corporation and costs just \$212.00 wherever all fine toys are sold! And, kids, remember our sensational **"Free Trial Offer"!!** We'll send you a **"Death-26"** at no charge for one whole week! Think of what you can do with it: Frighten your friends, scare shell-shocked war veterans ... and even make Daddy come across with \$212.00 so you can keep your **"Death-26"** toy after the free trial week is over ... **OR ELSE!!**



Well, that's it for today, boys and girls! Remember ... buy **"Death-26"** for \$212 ... and buy the whole **Bubbie Doll Family** for \$391 ... and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Hat** for \$18 ... and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Suit** for \$43 ... and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Mask** for \$14 ... and make Mommy take you downtown to the **Tip-Top Theater** on Main Street tomorrow afternoon where Uncle Nutzy will be making a **Personal Appearance** at \$2.50 a head! Goodbye, out there!!



Great show, Uncle Nutzy! Er—your wife is on the phone!

Hello, dear ... How are the kids? They what! Look, how many times have I told you not to let them watch my show!? What do you want to do—ruin them? Now tomorrow at this time, have them watch **"The Untouchables"** instead! Yeah—that's a lot safer and healthier for them! Bye!

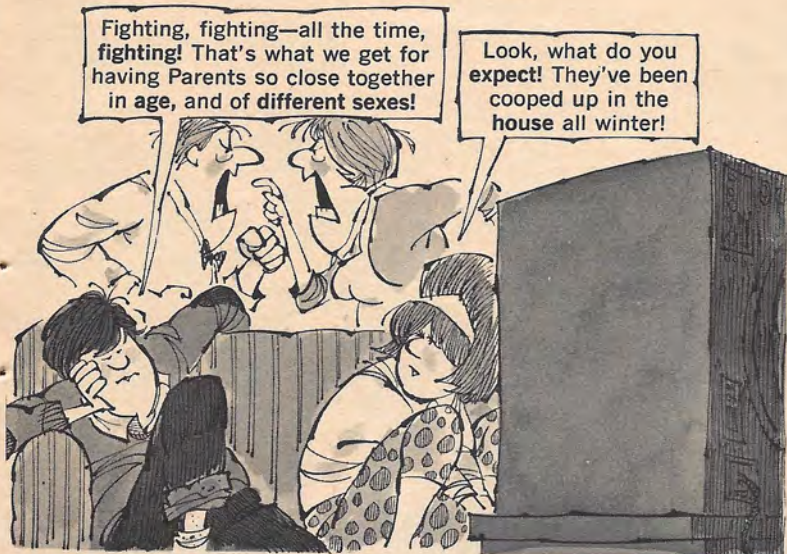




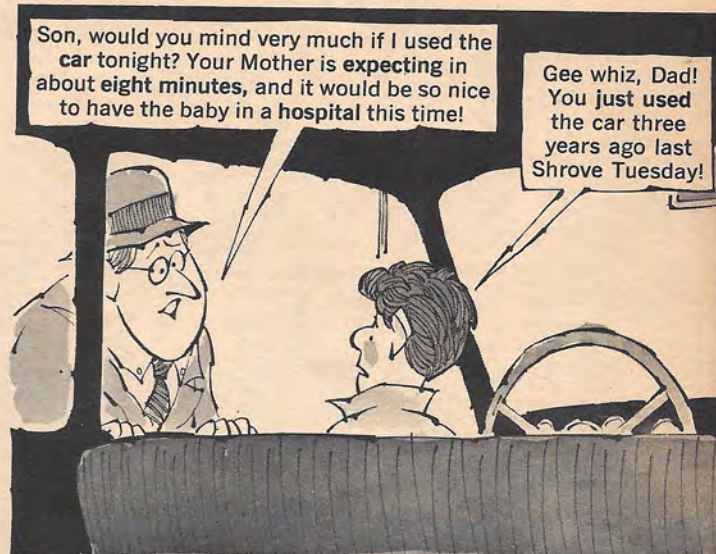
**FUDDY-DUDDY BUDDY SYSTEM DEPT.**

**HEY, KIDS! EVERY YEAR, ALONG ABOUT SPRINGTIME, DO YOUR PARENTS . . .**

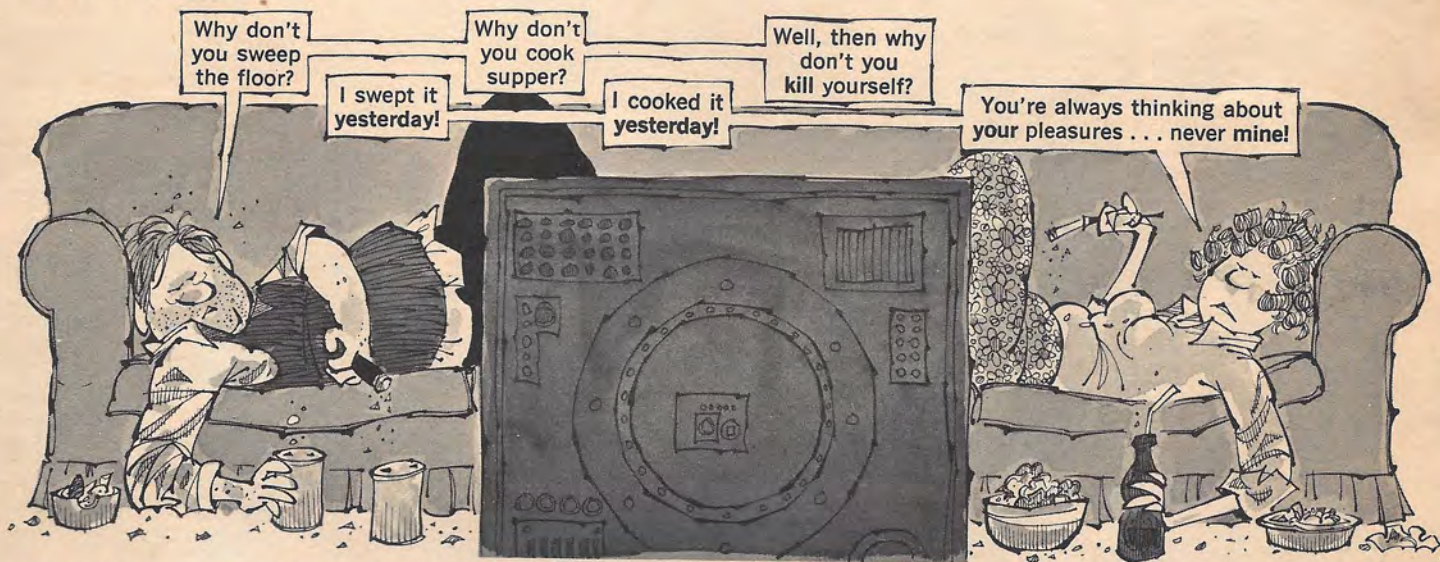
**. . . start getting on your nerves?**



**. . . make impossible demands?**



**. . . and act bored?**



**WHY NOT GET RID OF YOUR PARENTS NEXT SUMMER? PACK THEM OFF TO . . .**

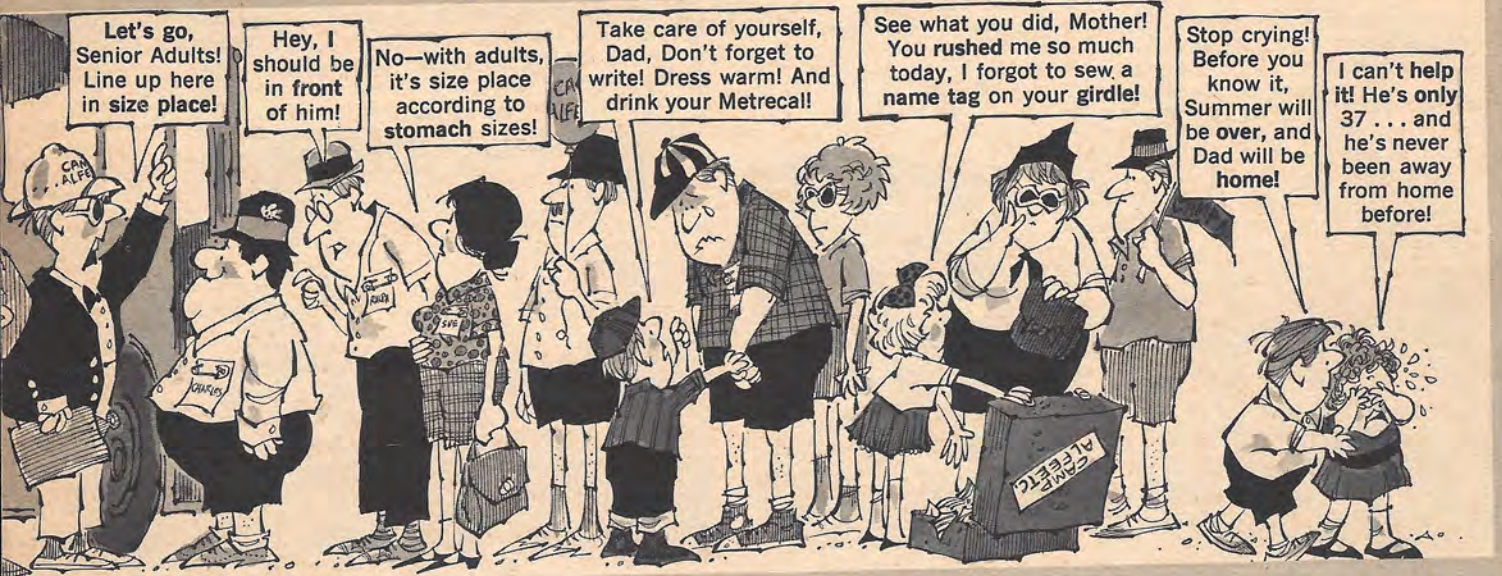
**"CAMP ALFEENEUMAHAHA"**

**MAD'S  
Summer Camp  
For Adults**



# HERE ARE SOME OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS THAT

## Transportation To and From The Camp



## All Kinds Of Competitive Sports



## A Well-Equipped Infirmary



# MAD'S SUMMER CAMP FOR ADULTS HAS TO OFFER:

## A Magnificent Lake



Congratulations, Mr. Filbert! You passed your swimming test, and you'll be getting a certificate from The Red Cross!

What's that? Wha...? The Red Cross?? Tell 'em I gave at the office!

Hey, is there a "Sister Camp" across the lake? You know—with breads...?

No, our Wives' Camp is across the lake and we can see them whenever we want!

Thanks! You just ruined my whole summer!

Hey, whattya say we raid our wives' bunks? We'll mess 'em up—throw things on the floor....

Naw! The way they keep house, they'd never know it!

## Arts and Crafts



Harriet, that's the most horrible-looking wallet I've ever seen! What on earth are you going to do with it?

Well, for one thing—frighten pickpockets!

Bert, did you see the ridiculous wallet your wife just made?

She may not be good at making wallets—but you should see her empty one!

What are you doing, Melvin?

Drinking! What else?

But this is "Arts and Crafts"!

Well, to me, boozing is an Art!

## A Camp-Reunion at a Mid-Town Hotel Next Winter



It's so great to see you gorgeous creatures again! Remember the fun we had at the lake? And remember that wild hay-ride? And—

Sheilah, who is this guy? He wasn't at our camp last Summer!

I know that! But if you tell him—I'll kill you!

You promised to wear your blue dress, and now you're wearing my red dress!

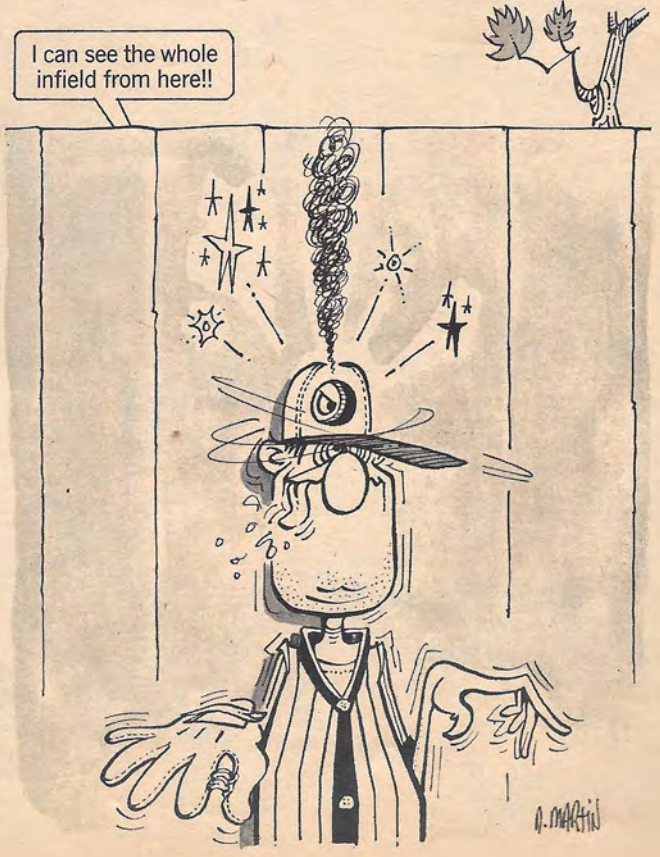
You said you'd wear your blue dress! That's why I'm wearing my red dress!

Isn't this a rather late date for a Color War?

This camp did my parents absolutely no good! They came back more impossible, more unreasonable and more unruly than ever! What can I possibly do with them now?

Well, I hear they just opened a new place in Nebraska for Problem Adults! It's called "Parents Town"!

# THE SPECTATOR



SIGNS



SIGNS

A  
MAD  
LOOK AT  
SIGNS  
OF THE  
TIMES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

SIGNS

S  
IGNS



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SIGNS

SIGN

S

SIGNS  
\*\*\*\*\*



Clarke

Today's road signs are very often confusing, illegible, or just plain hard to understand. On the theory that a picture is worth a thousand words (Especially for clods who can't read!), we offer the following MAD suggestion for improving road safety: Mainly, make use of more—

# PICTURE ROAD SIGNS

WRITER: AL JAFFEE



**LOW BRIDGE**



**MEN WORKING**



**SOFT SHOULDER**



**FALLEN ROCK ZONE**



**PAY TOLL**

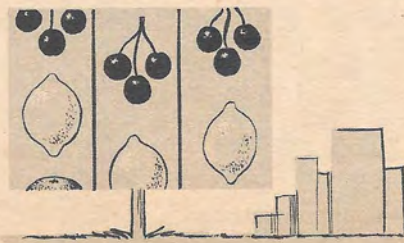


**FLOOD AREA**

**THERE IS STILL ANOTHER AREA WHERE "PICTURE SIGNS" CAN BE HELPFUL: IT IS BECOMING MORE DIFFICULT TO TELL WHEN YOU LEAVE ONE AND ENTER**



**52 MIAMI BEACH**



**LAS VEGAS**



**WASHINGTON, D.C.**

**HARD to understand WORD SIGNS**

**EASY to understand PICTURE SIGNS**



Does this sign indicate that the bus stops over it—in mid-air? Or does it mean that the bus is going up after it stops?

**NO  
HEAVY  
TRUCKS**

Does this mean that light trucks are okay? And how light? How about a heavy truck transporting lights? That's sure a light truck!



This sign is instantly understood by anyone who drives by. It indicates School Children in the area—so drive carefully.



This sign is immediately understood by Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, etc. Used in Europe, it means a Service Station ahead.



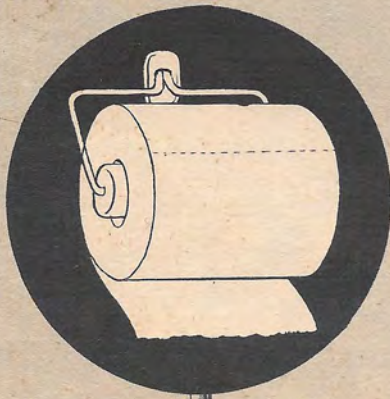
**NO RIGHT  
TURN**



**DEER  
CROSSING**



**DEAD  
END**



**REST ROOMS  
AHEAD**

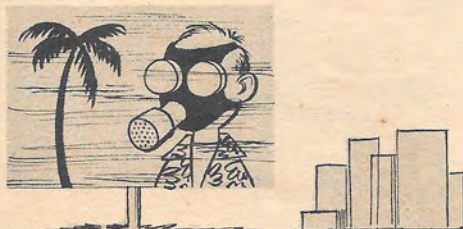


**BUMPY  
ROAD**



**LOW FLYING  
PLANES**

**WITH CITIES AND TOWNS GROWING TO THE POINT OF TOUCHING EACH OTHER, ANOTHER. A "PICTURE SIGN" WOULD INSTANTLY SHOW YOU WHERE YOU ARE.**



**LOS ANGELES**



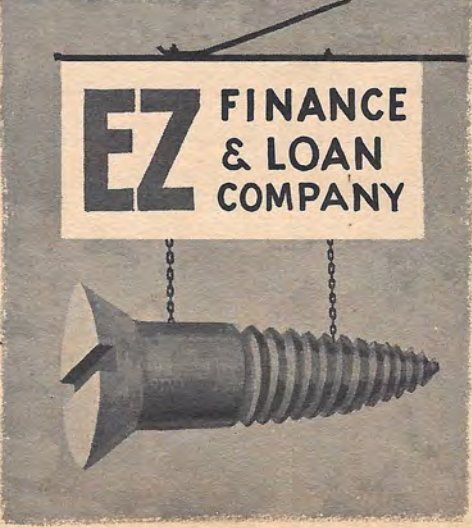
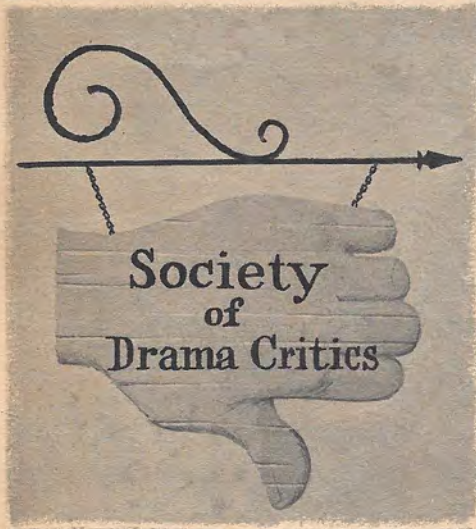
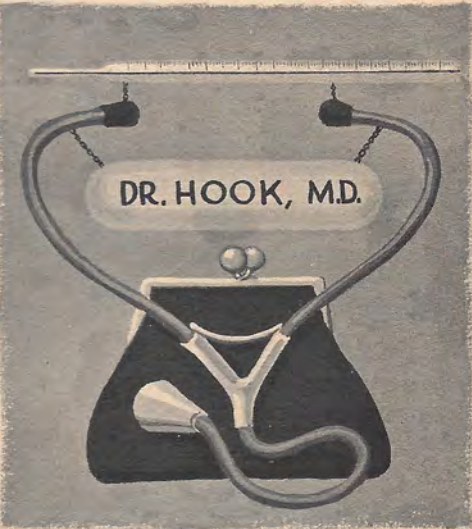
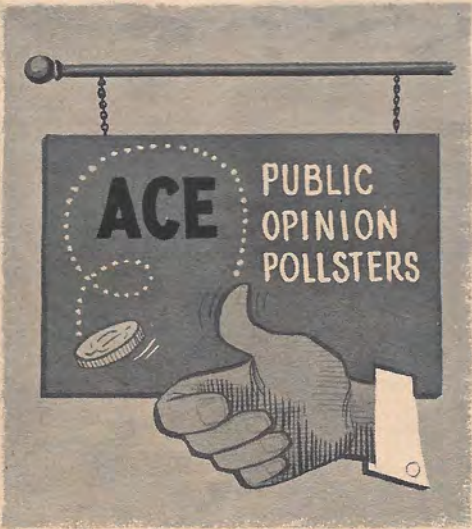
**RENO**



**HOUSTON 53**

In days gone by, merchants and craftsmen used to hang out signs depicting symbolic objects that quickly identified the nature of their business. The cobbler hung out a shoe, the oculist—a pair of glasses, the watchmaker—a clock, etc. Nearly all of these types of signs are gone now, but we'd like to bring them back and up-date them to cover some of the rackets that have sprung up since those good old days. Here, then, are a few MAD suggestions for . . .

# Up-To-Date Symbolic BUSINESS SIGNS





PART III

You think you gotta be on your guard because Madison Avenue is sneaky when it comes to commercials and ads? Well, next time you're out shopping, take a closer look at those signs in store windows. If necessary, have someone read them to you. Or better yet, just let whoever is reading this article to you continue, and you'll see that your local merchant is pulling some sneaky tricks on his own. Mainly, he's faking you out with these

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

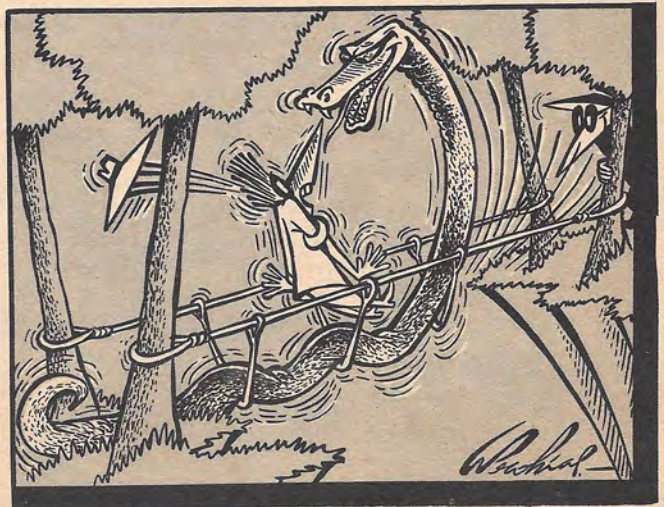
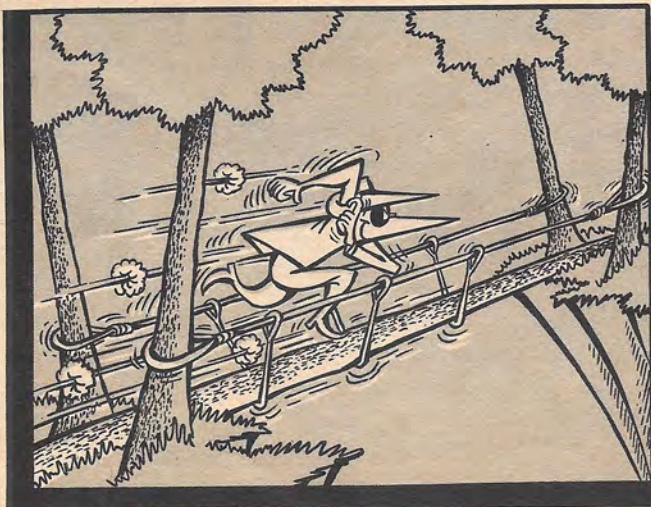
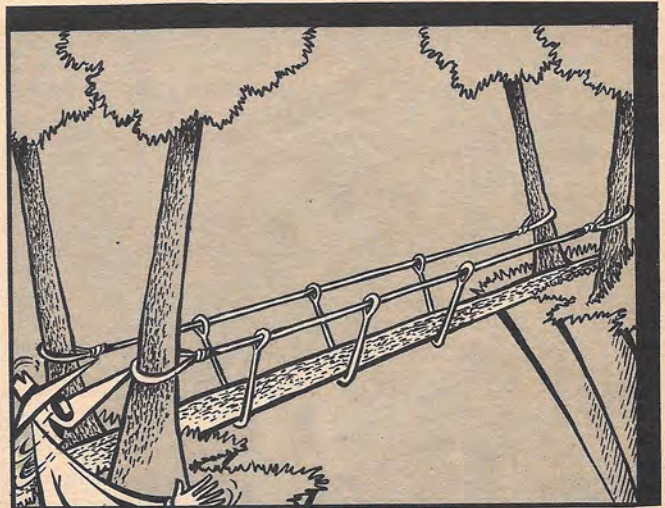
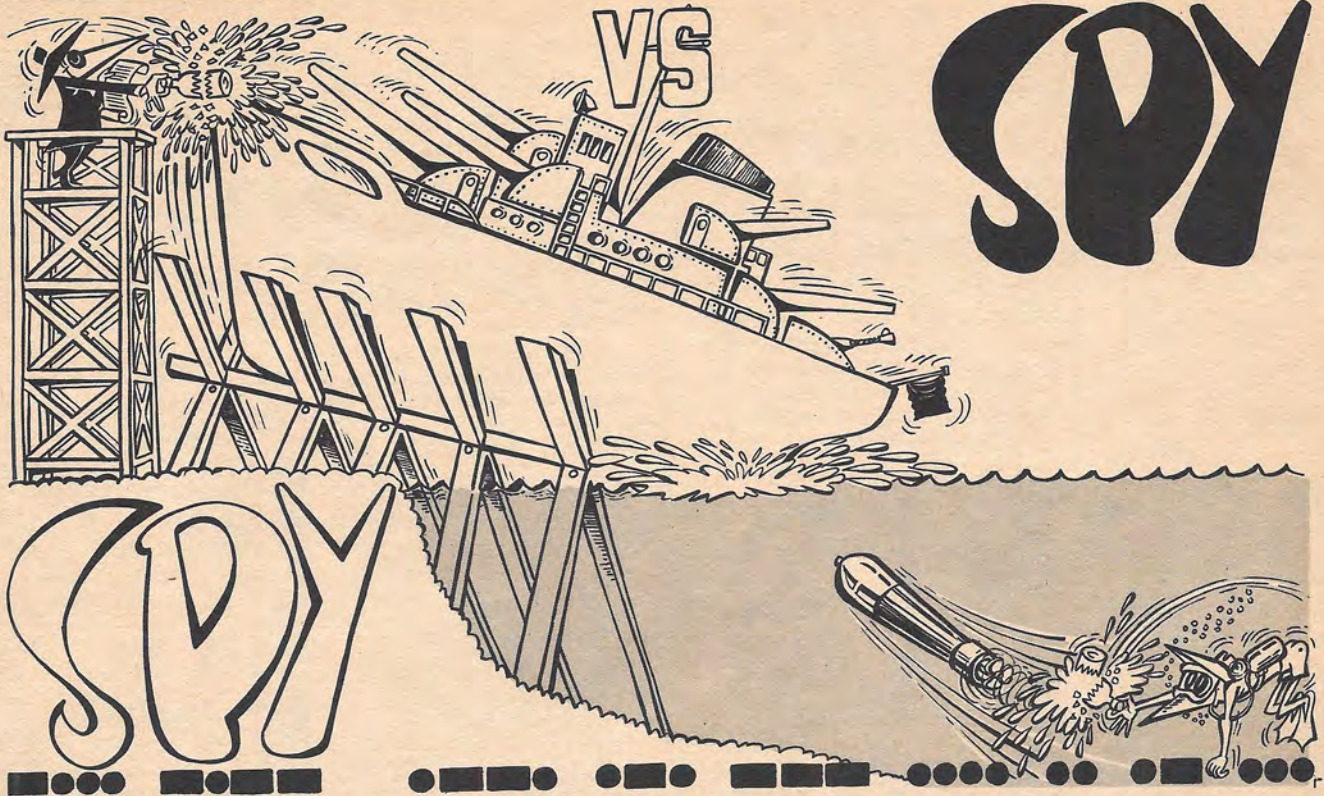


Over the years, Man has relied on signs for important information. However, today, America has become a "Sign-Happy" nation. For instance, would we be any less-informed if we were to do away with these...

# USELESS SIGNS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

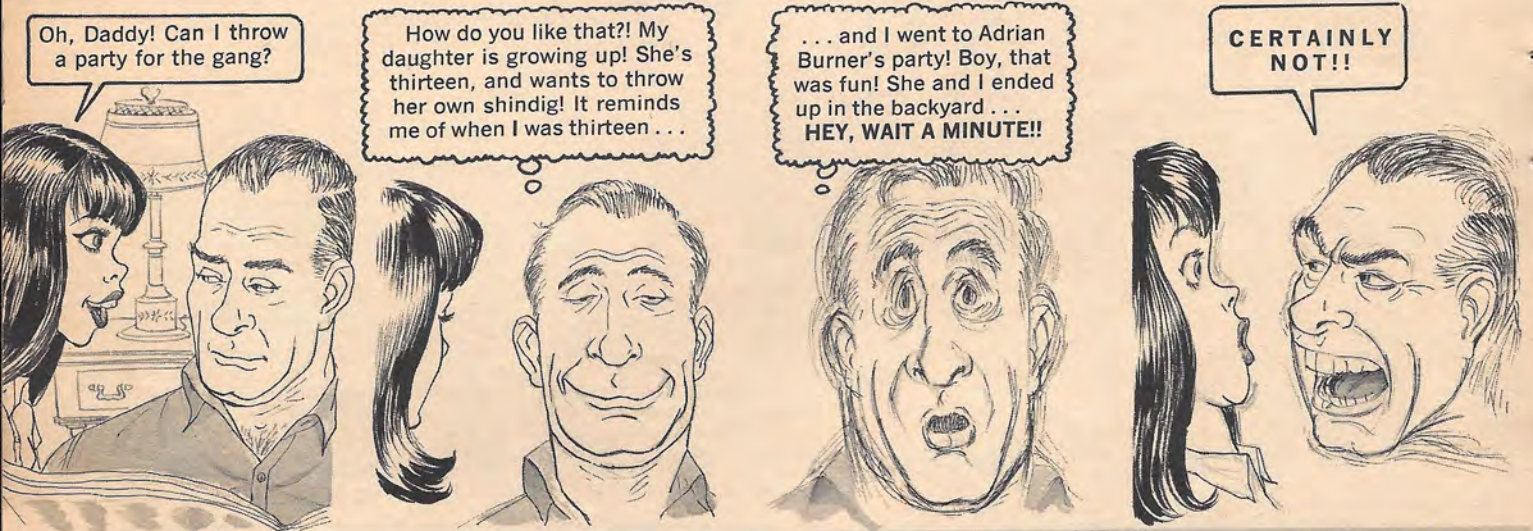




**BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.**

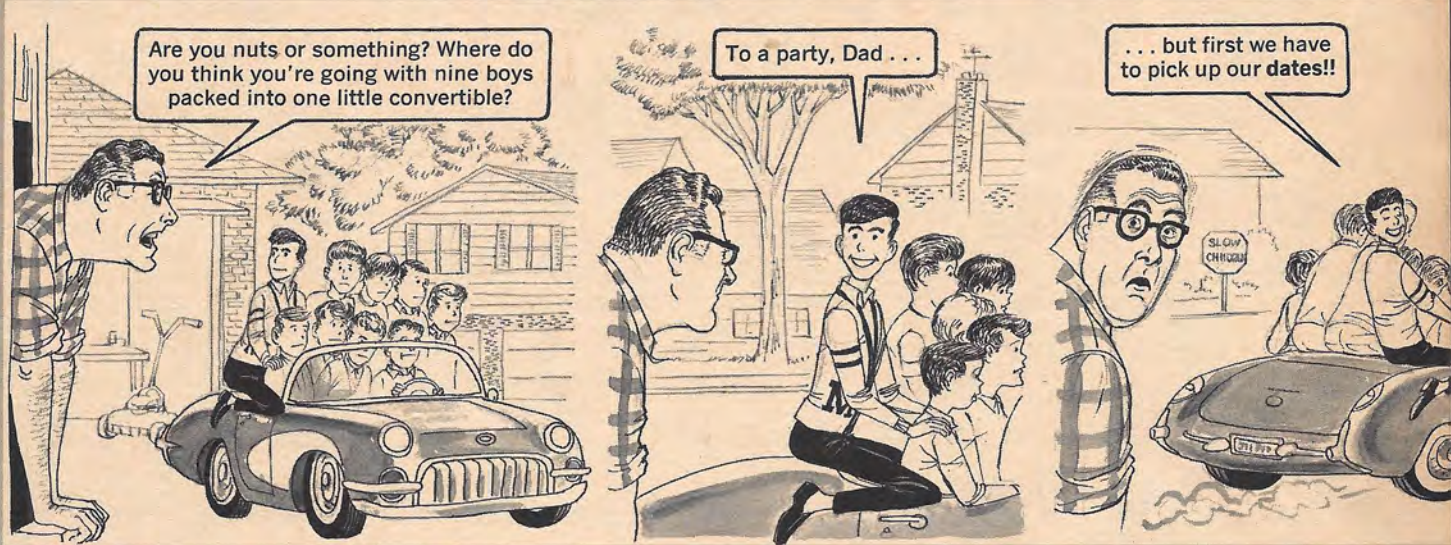
Here we go with the 2nd of a three-part series on "Parties." Last issue we looked at "Adult Parties." Next issue we will cover "Kids' Parties." But this time, it's—

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THEMEN



# AGE PARTIES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Gee, Roberta, you sure have swell parents!



They're footing the bill for this party—they're serving the food and drinks personally—



—and they're such good sports, they're even joining in the fun by dancing with the kids! Gee, Roberta, you sure have swell parents...



... BUT I WISH THEY'D GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE!



May I have this dance?

Okay!



We dance very well together!



Nancy's having a party! I sure would like to crash it! But I haven't got the nerve!

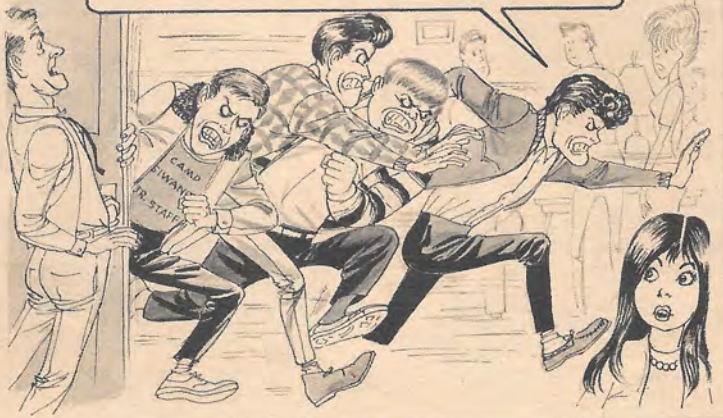
Me neither!

Same here!

Let's face it! Individually, we're all "chicken"...



... but collectively we've got the courage of a lion!



Jill, it's time to go home! I promised your parents I'd get you in by twelve o'clock!

Jill, I also promised your folks I wouldn't try to kiss you or get fresh in any way, and I think I've kept my end of the bargain! I've acted like a perfect gentleman throughout the evening!

Jill, it's a quarter to twelve! We can just about make it to your house in time if we leave here right now!

Really, Jill, the least you can do is stop when I'm talking to you!!



Hey, gang! How about playing some party games like "Charades" or "Pass The Grapefruit" or ...



What d'y say, gang? How about we play some party games just for kicks? Huh? What d'y say?



Ahh, what a bunch of squares! You don't know how to have fun at parties!!



What's all that singing coming from your house?



It's my daughter! She's having a "Hootenany Party"!



Listen to her . . . singing about pulling barges on the Erie Canal—and following the weavers' trade—and rowing boats ashore—and hammering all over this land . . .



. . . but just ask her to clean up her room!!



Short straw wins . . .



Too bad, ol' boy!



It has to be done!

After all, she is our hostess!!

A human sacrifice . . . that's what I am!!



May I have this dance, Agatha . . .



OH, MY GOODNESS! LOOK AT THIS MESS! LAMPS overturned! Windows smashed! A chair broken! My new coffee table scratched! The dining room set has cigarette burns! The rug is stained! Coke bottles and empty beer cans scattered all over the place! It looks like World War III took place in this house! THIS IS HORRIBLE!!



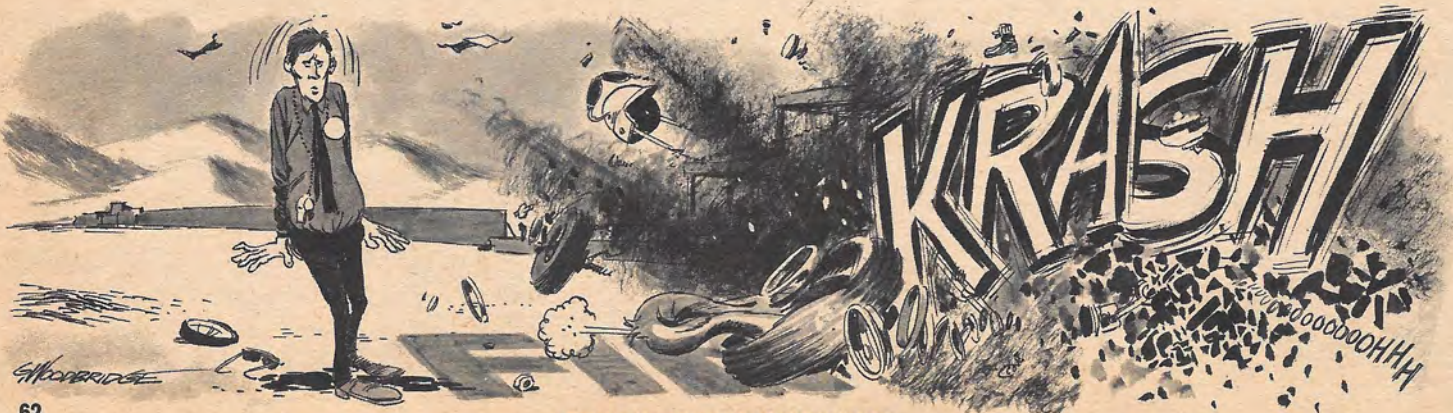
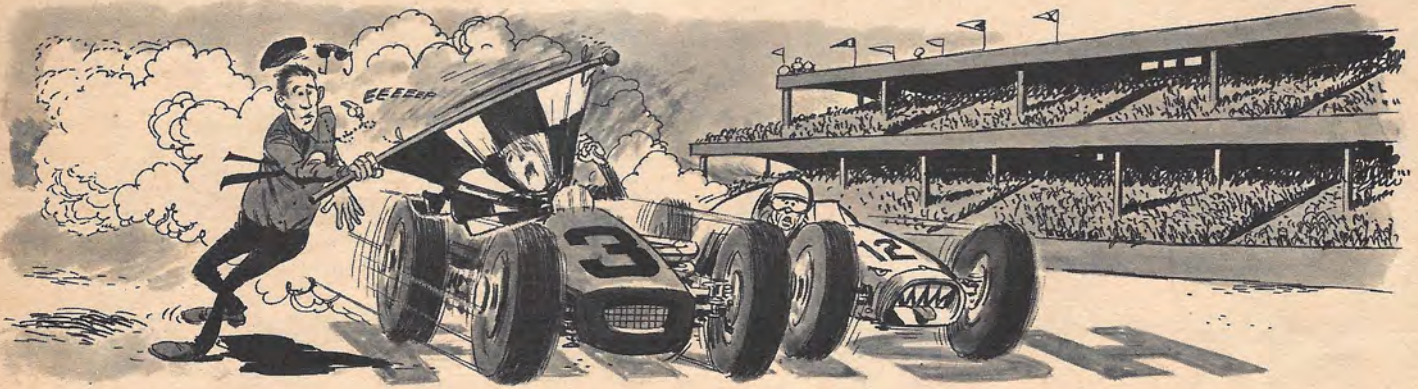
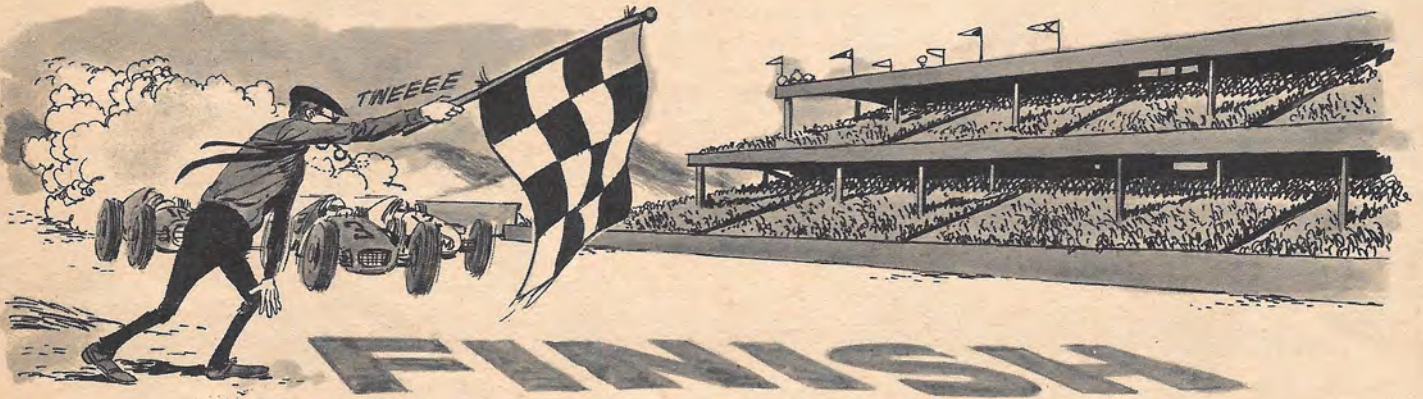
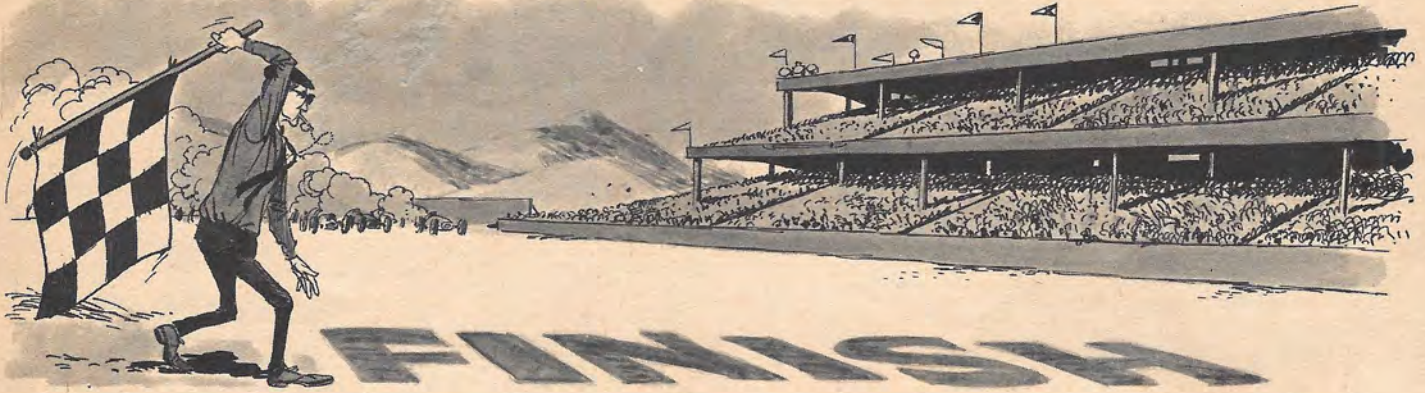
You're so right! It WAS horrible! It was the dulllest party I've ever been to!!



DAVID BERG



# THE FINISH



WOODBRIDGE

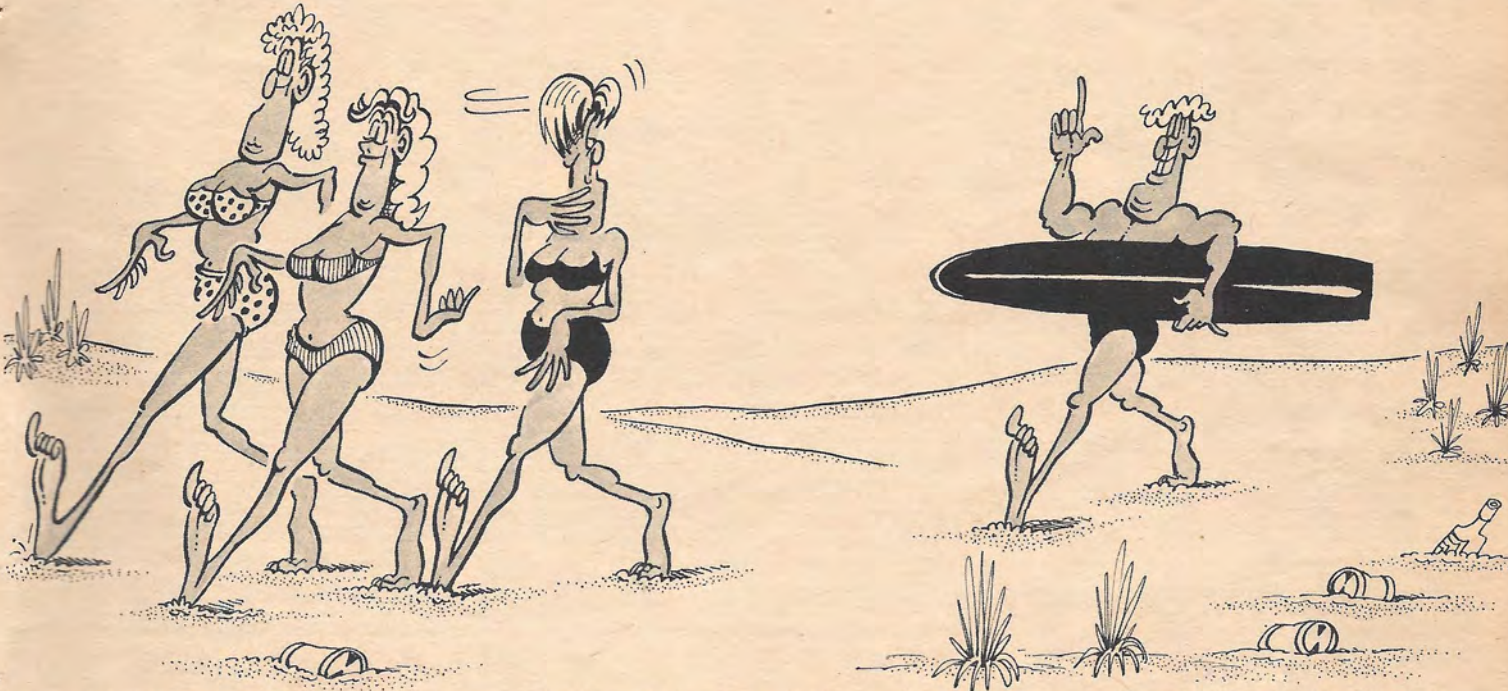


# THE RIME OF THE MODERN SURFER

(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner")

Written by Tom Koch

Illustrated by Don Martin



He was a bleached blond surfing man;  
He stoppeth one of three.

"Upon my soul," she coyly drawled,  
"How come you-all stopped me?"

His biceps glistened in the sun.  
"I rode a wave," he said,

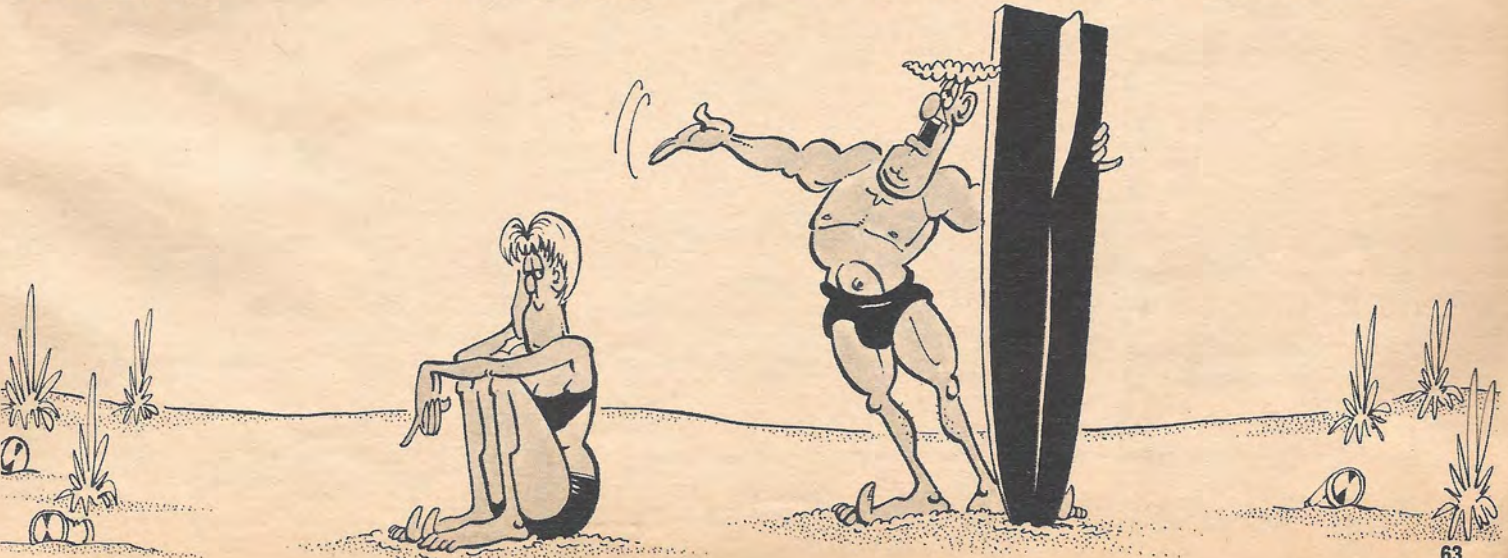
"From Malibu to hell and back."  
Quoth she: "You're nuts! Drop dead!"

He gazed at her with limpid eyes;  
A trick not off to fail

When he sought out a willing ear  
To bore with his long tale.

She sat upon the sandy beach;  
There languidly she posed;

And he poured forth his eerie yarn  
While frequently she dozed.



"One summer day at Malibu,"  
He spoke both dull and slow,  
"Rock, Tab and I did mount the surf  
To stage our wondrous show.



On but one board we'd pyramid,  
And ride the frothy whirls;  
A stunt so perilous we hoped  
It might attract some girls.

We found a wave of monstrous height  
On that momentous day;  
But when we poised to ride it in,  
It went the other way!



With Rock upon my shoulders broad,  
And Tab on top of Rock,  
We hurtled toward the open sea;  
No beach our path to block.

Nine weeks no food did pass our lips;  
We were like men deprived.  
Yet as we skimmed past Waikiki,  
The folk just stood and waved.



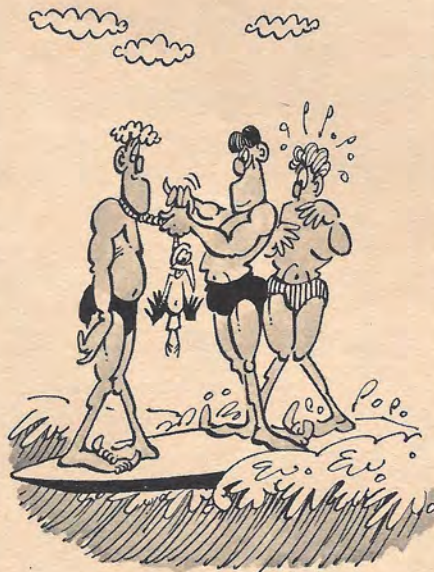
Our lips grew parched; our throats burned dry,  
We surfed in mortal dread.  
Then all at once, a sea gull came  
And perched upon my head.

'A lucky omen!' cried out Tab,  
And Rock, he thought so, too.  
They meant good luck 'twas on my head;  
They knew what birds can do!



We surfed past Wake and Midway Isles,  
The bird still on my skull.  
What peril to my golden locks!  
Half-crazed, I killed the gull.

'You've just rubbed out our good luck charm!'  
Wailed Tab, a nervous wreck,  
While Rock, more prone to action, tied  
The gull around my neck.



A dead bird seldom flatters one—  
Worn casually and loose.  
My lavalier less stunning still;  
Rock tied a hangman's noose.

Both, fearful that our board was cursed,  
Jumped in the briny swell.  
I can't say that I blame them much;  
Dead birds soon start to smell!



Alone, I oiled my gorgeous frame  
And sunned as oft before.  
But somehow, beach bum life's no fun  
Three thousand miles from shore.

Then there appeared a phantom yacht  
 With old and rotting hull.  
 'What's up?' I asked the creep in charge.  
 Said he, 'You killed my gull!'



I cursed myself with nasty words.  
 Oh, how could I forget  
 The warning: Never kill a gull;  
 It might be someone's pet!

The Phantom paced the ghostly deck,  
 His eyes alive with flame.  
 'Dern surfing crowd!' he cried at last;  
 'You bums are all the same!'



Six thousand years ago last week,  
 I touched Phoenician shores,  
 And found blond idlers on the beach.  
 They, too, were crashing bores!

I wanted to defend the gang  
 Against that creep on deck.  
 Why blame us all just 'cause I wore  
 His bird around my neck?



Said he, 'I've seen those surfing films  
 Through spy glass from this hull.  
 No movie fan would spare your kind.  
 Then, too, you killed my gull!'

And so it was my doom was sealed  
 To surf upon that sea  
 Through endless time without one dame  
 To laud my gallantry.



Not even could my sun-tan bronze;  
 (Oh, cruel throw of dice!)  
 The vengeful wave I rode shot north!  
 Who lolls and suns on ice?

Through silent worlds of white I surfed  
 Where naught it seemed could dwell.  
 The only real advantage was  
 That frozen birds don't smell.



I hoped some day, my penance done,  
 The surf would take me home.  
 There really isn't much to see  
 Between Murmansk and Nome.

I smoothed the feathers on the gull,  
 And tended other chores;  
 And time weighed heavy 'til one day  
 I heard the splash of oars.



'Mid shrouds of fog, I dared not hope;  
 For though I'd heard a yell,  
 A Coast Guard bellow sounds much like  
 A demon's cry in hell.

At last I spied the rescue boat.  
Its captain asked his mate,  
'Do our reports show anything  
This strange as lost of late?'



The Coast Guard mate brought forth his log  
And curtly said, 'I'll check.  
Is this one on a surf board with  
A gull around his neck?'

The men leaned forward in the boat,  
Their vision best to clear.  
'He is,' quoth one. The other said,  
'I thought so! Leave him here!'



'Our orders come from Washington,'  
The captain told me true,  
'To rescue crooks and drunks adrift;  
Not surfing bums like you.'

'You twang guitars, drive beat-up cars,  
Hold luaus by the sea.  
To save your kind would just louse up  
The Great Society!'



So be a pal,' the captain said,  
'And just stay here and drown.  
We'll notify your next of kin  
When we get back to town.'

Thus having spoke, he put about  
And vanished in the mist,  
Erasing me, per orders, from  
The Coast Guard rescue list.



Yet I am not a ghostly thing  
That's speaking now to you.  
By chance, the trade winds blew me south,  
Back here to Malibu.

Though I survive, I'm still accursed;  
My life more grim than good.  
I can't dispel the dream to sell  
My yarn to Hollywood.



From studio to studio,  
I roam and tell my tale.  
They threw me out at M-G-M;  
At Fox, they said, 'No sale!'

So now I wander down the beach  
And hope I yet may sell  
'The Longest Surf-Tale Ever Told'...  
That title fits it well!"



With voice now hoarse, the surfer brought  
His story to a close,  
And left his audience of one  
Alone in peace to doze.



The fiercest struggle in the world today is not taking place in Vietnam or Cyprus or the Congo. It is taking place on our TV sets every weekday evening. That's when Walter Cronkite of CBS locks horns with NBC's Huntley and Brinkley in "The Battle of the Newscasters." It's been an uphill fight for Cronkite. Huntley and Brinkley throw in lots of quips and funny observations, and this makes the Cronkite show seem dull. Obviously, Walt should make his news shows more entertaining. If he were smart, he'd borrow the style of the greatest TV Showman of them all—Ed Sullivan. Let's take a look at what might happen if Walter Cronkite were to follow the Sullivan approach as MAD presents...

# THE WALT CRONKITE SHOW

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Tonight—live from New York—**THE WALT CRONKITE SHOW!** And here he is—Walt Cronkite!!

Hello there, my little chickadees! We have a really big shew on our stage tonight: That great comedy team from Havana, the **Castro Brothers**—the **Security Council Singers** from the U.N.—**Three acrobatic defectors** from Bulgaria—and—please hold your applause—making their debut on our really big stage—**six new African Nations!** But first—let's open our show with "**TODAY'S HEADLINES**", presented by the **CBS Singing Newsboys** . . . **Harry Reasoner, Bob Trout, Roger Mudd and Mike Wallace!**

\* **Doctors say Nasser's insane!**  
**Six Germans crawl through a hole in The Wall!**  
**An earthquake's destroying Peru!**  
**Yes, we've got the Big News for you!**

**Khrushchev is hiding in Spain!**  
**Eight Vietnamese catch a jungle disease**  
**When they seize a Chinese passing through!**  
**Yes, we've got the Big News for you!**

And here they are . . .



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

We've got the news about **L.B.J.**  
And all the things that puzzle 'im!  
We've got the news about **Cassius Clay**  
And why he's now a **Black Muslim!**

**Russia unveils a new plane!**  
We say it spies as it flies through the skies,  
But the **Kremlin** denies that it's true!  
**Yes, we've got the Big News for you!**

And now, let's welcome that musical trio who have kept the **Republicans rocking** for the past twenty years—a big hand for **The G.O.P. Three—Tom, Dick and Barry!**



\* Those Democrats win  
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)  
While we can't get in!  
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)  
You're lookin' at  
Three Sad Losers!

We hoped to possess  
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)  
A White House address!  
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)  
Instead we're now  
Three Sad Losers!

It's tough to lose  
When voters choose  
The one they like!

We'd win, you see,  
If only we  
Could run with Ike!

Tom Dewey and me!  
And Barry makes three!

Together we're  
Three Sad Losers!



\*Sung to the tune of "My Blue Heaven"

Thank you! Thank you! The G.O.P. will be back again in 4 years with the same old song!

First, let's have a hand for that colorful dictator who's knocking 'em dead every day in his native Spain... Generalissimo Franco! Stand up and take a bow, Frankie...

Next, let's hear it for King Feisal of Saudi Arabia, who's here with 58 wives, 12 bodyguards and 3 vice-presidents of Standard Oil! Hi, Fi...

And finally, let's all welcome those two funny comics without whom this program would never have come about—Chet Huntley and Dave Brinkley! Nice to have you here tonight, fellows...

We've been getting a lot of letters asking us to bring back President Johnson and his little friend, Hubert! Well, tonight, you're in luck! So let's switch to Washington, D.C.—and take it away, President Johnson—

In our audience tonight are many celebrities...



Say hello to the people, Hubert!

Hello!

How is everything on Capitol Hill?

All right!

All right?

All right!

All right!!

Now that you are Vice-President, how do you like presiding over the Senate?

I do just like you tell me!  
I sit in the big chair...

Yes!

And I pound the big gavel...

Yes!

And I recognize all the Democrats!

Yes!

And I ignore all the Republicans!

Very good!



Today, Mr. President, I bring you a gift from the Senate! Open the box!

I should open the box . . . ?

Open the box!



Ah, Senator Dirksen is in the box! You bring me a nice gift, Hübert!

Gift is all right?

All right!

All right!

All right!!



It is good to be out of the box!

I want you to do me a favor, Senator!

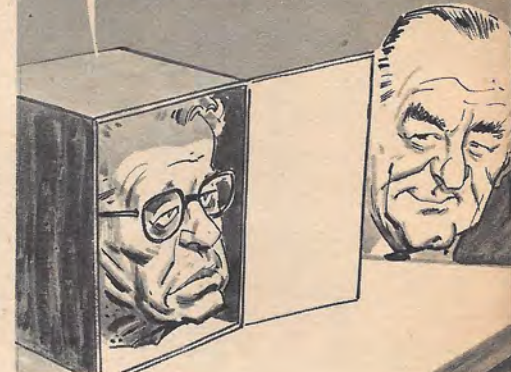
What kind of a favor?

I want you to vote for the housing bill!

Is it a Republican housing bill?

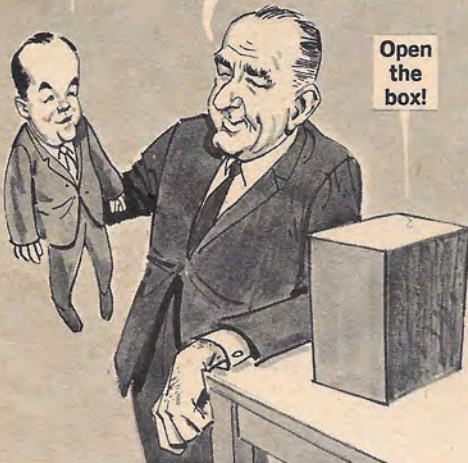
No, it is a Democratic housing bill!

Close the box!



It is too bad that Senator Dirksen won't come out of the box!

Yes, especially since if he votes for the housing bill, the Government will give his State ten billion dollars in defense contracts!



Open the box!

It looks like Senator Dirksen will vote for the housing bill after all! Shall I take him back to the Senate?

No, Hubert, leave him here! He will make a nice playmate for Luci and Linda Bird! All right?

All right!

All right!!



And now, let's turn to the world of Sports! This year, Baseball has a brand new act! Yogi Berra has left the Yankees and is back with his old buddy, Casey Stengel! So let's give a really big welcome to that Dazzling Diamond Duet—Casey Stengel and Yogi Berra!



\* I was hired by the Yankee team! I made sure the ballclub reigned supreme! Now I find that it was all a dream! I wonder why? I wonder why?

I had pitching that was no darn good! Still we topped the league like Yankees should! Then they told me I was not their guy! I got the Big Goodbye! I wonder why!

Though the Yanks Pulled the rug out, You've a place In our dugout! Over here, Baseball's fun to play!

Years ago, I was back there! And I, too, Got the sack there! 'Cause they said I was old and gray!

It's a shame You were fired! But relax— You've been hired! And this year, Ulcers you won't get!

Though we're in no pennant race; Though we're always in last place; You won't care— You're just a MET!



\* Sung to the tune of "You're Just In Love"

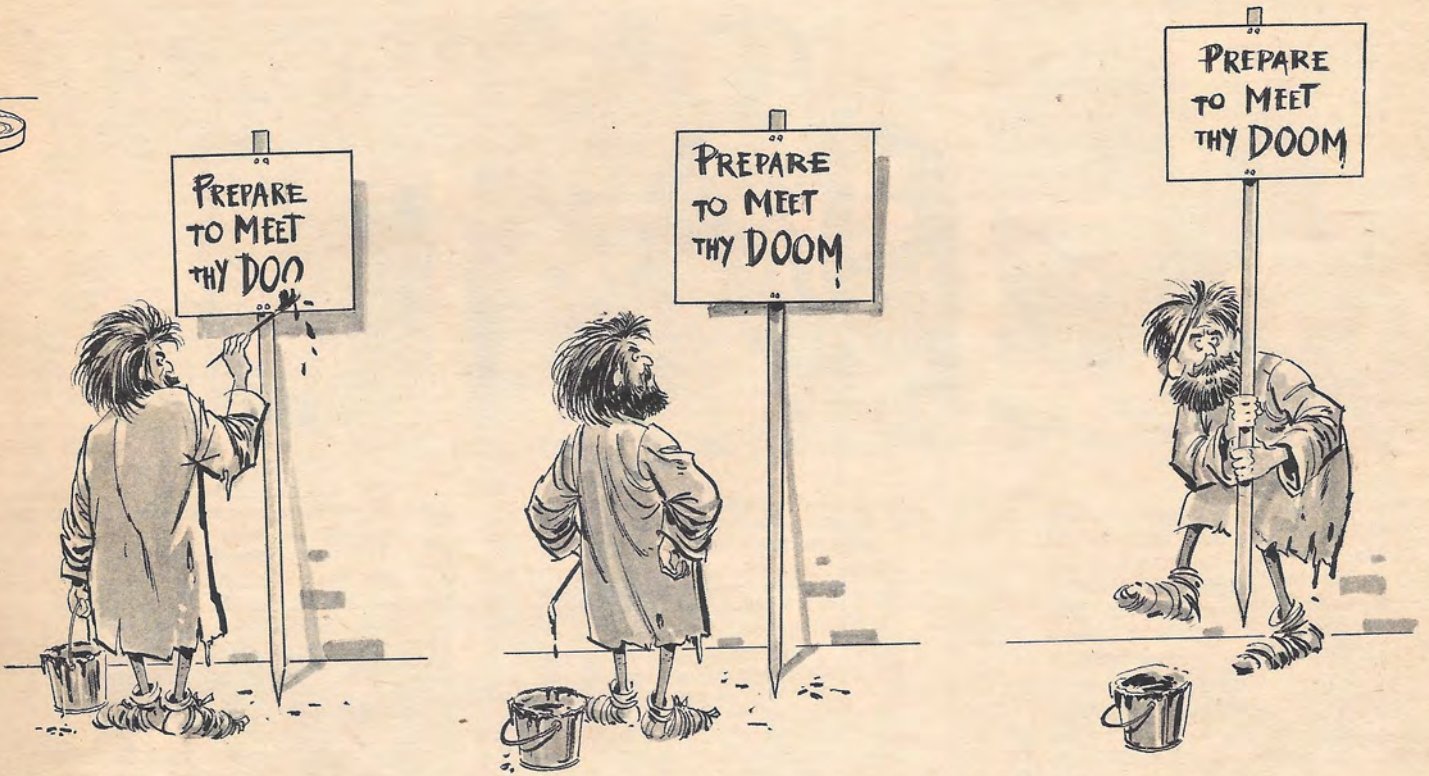
Well, that's it for tonight, ladies and gentlemen! Tomorrow night, we'll have another r-r-really big show! Col. Nasser will be on our stage with his trained camel, Omar . . .

Then, that famous escape-artist, Jimmy Hoffa, will work his way out of twelve Federal Indictments . . . while handcuffed . . .

Juan Peron will introduce a new Argentine tango . . . and finally, for the first time on any stage . . . Pakistan!



# THE PROPHET





**DOUBLE-TALK DEPT.**

Politicians, celebrities, teachers, parents, businessmen . . . they're all making important statements these days. The trouble is, they usually say one thing, and mean another. And there's nobody around to translate for you ordinary clods! Except maybe us, the fearless men of MAD! (Who's around to translate the statements WE make that say one thing and mean something else is another problem!) Anyway, all this brings us to this next article, which offers examples to help you differentiate between—

# WHAT THEY SAY ... AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN



## WHEN THEY SAY...



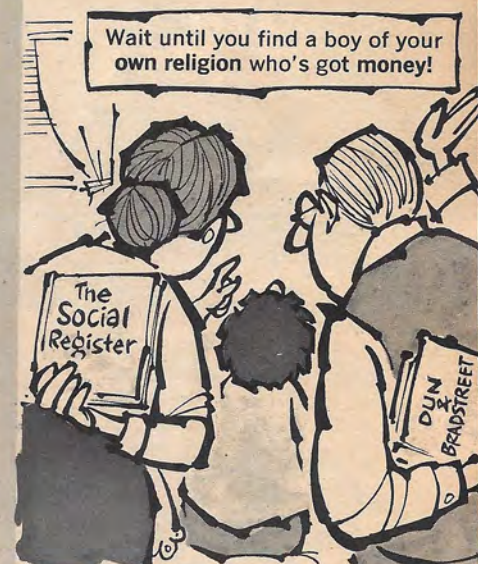
## IT REALLY MEANS...



## WHEN THEY SAY...



## IT REALLY MEANS...



## WHEN THEY SAY...



## IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



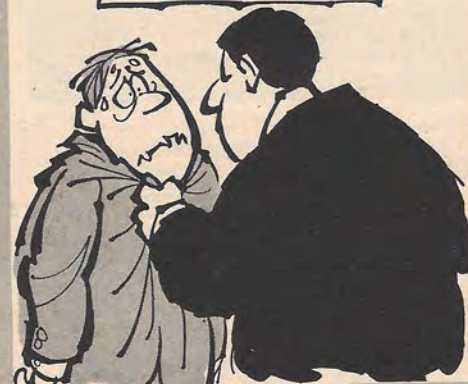
WHEN THEY SAY...



It's not the lousy five dollars you owe me—it's the principle of the thing!



It's the lousy five dollars!



The public loved my book!



DIAMON I just love pets! RY



I hate people!



What an unbelievable coincidence! I had that very same idea recently!



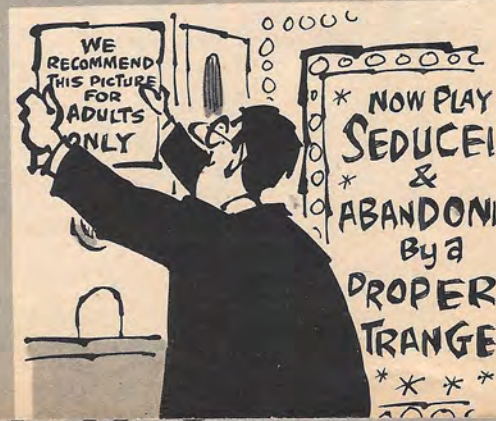
I don't believe in Public Opinion Polls!



I'm trailing by 35%!



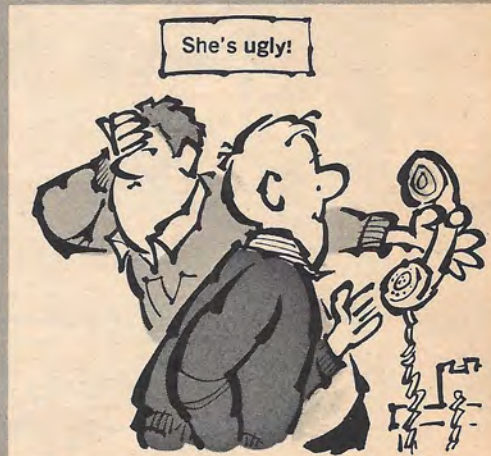
WE RECOMMEND THIS PICTURE FOR ADULTS ONLY

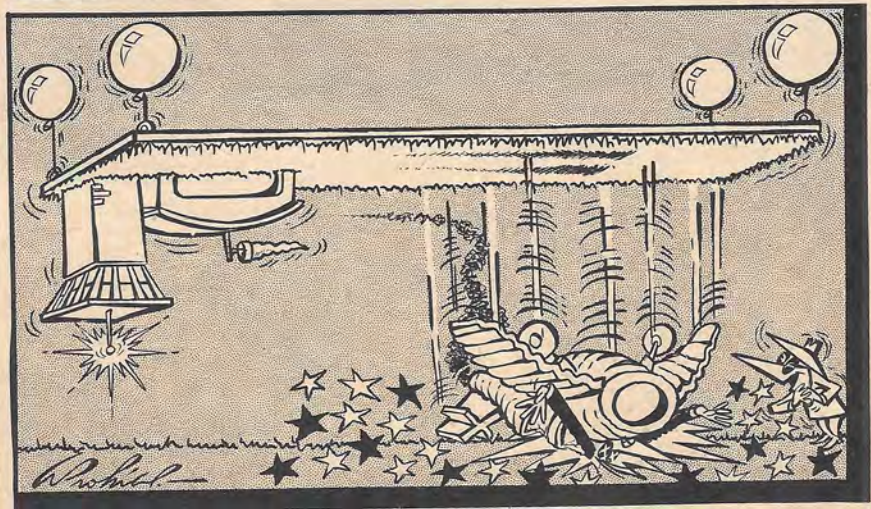
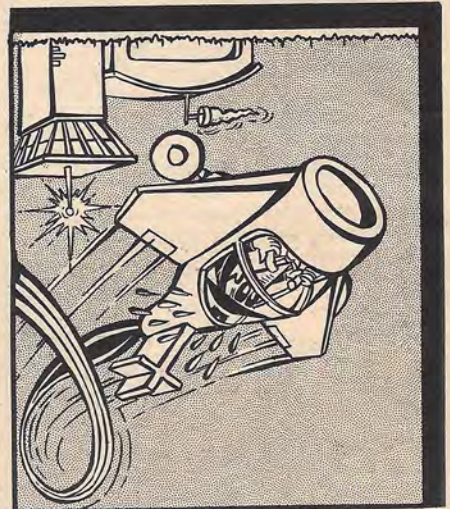
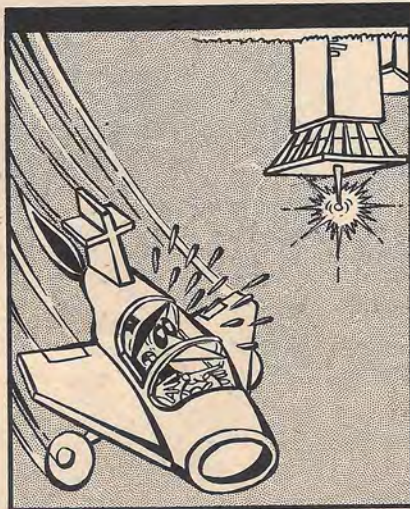
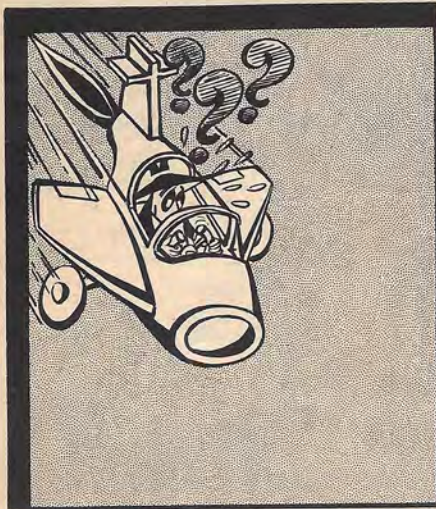
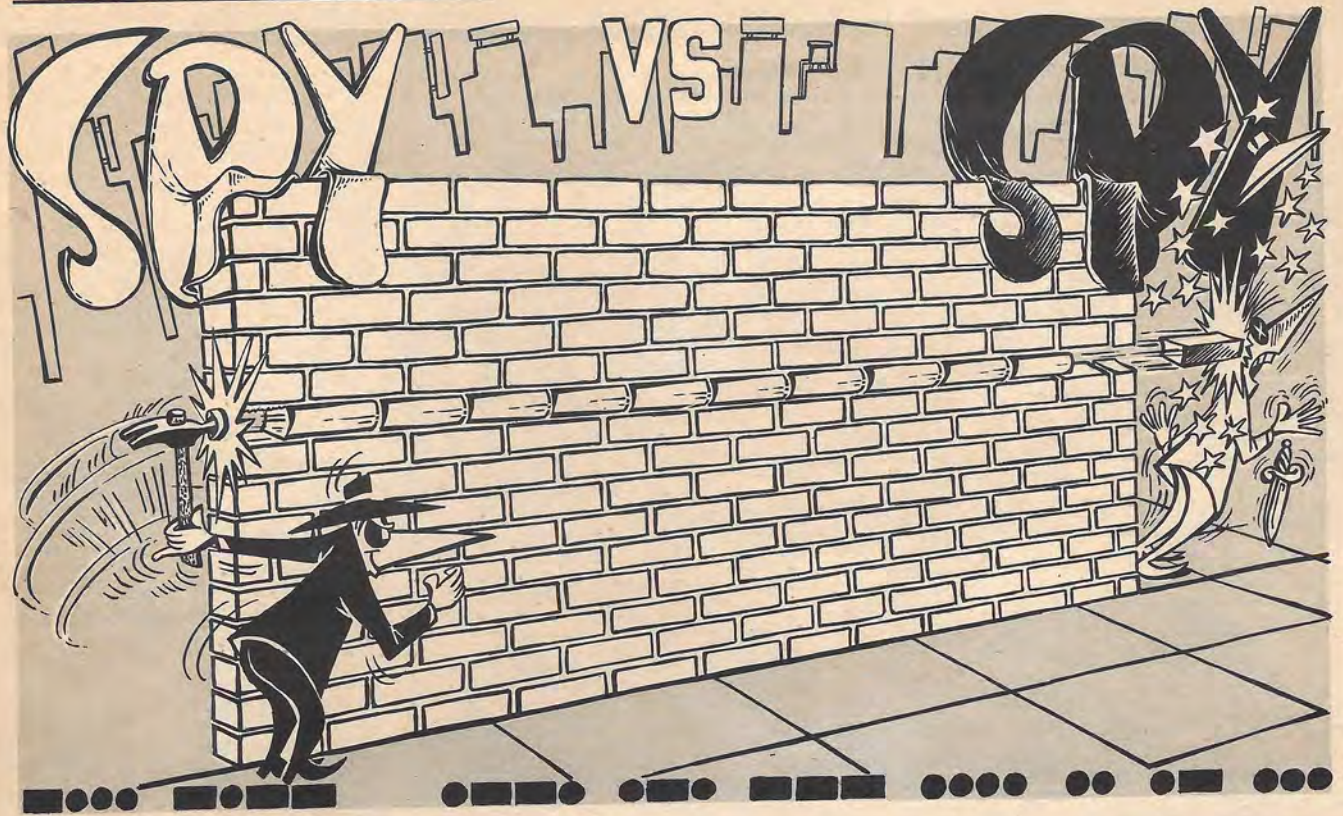


IT REALLY MEANS...

WHEN THEY SAY...

IT REALLY MEANS...





It takes thousands of nuts to put a car together, but it only takes one nut to scatter a car all over the road. This article is dedicated to the thousands of nuts who put cars together—and then scatter them all over the road. Mainly, here is our version of the type of magazines they read:

CUSTOMIZE YOUR '65 MUSTANG INTO A '39 DODGE FOR LESS THAN \$16,000

# LOAD & CRASH

THE HIGH INSURANCE RISK'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1965

3/6 IN ENGLAND

60¢ IN CANADA

\$145 INCLUDING FUNERAL AT FORESTLAWN



**Tooling Through Mexico in the new Finsta Potra Z-B**

9.716 M.P.H. AT SEBRING ON A SOUPED-UP MASSEY-FERGUSON TRACTOR

**SHORT-SHORT FEATURE: THE KAISER-FRAZER ERA IN AMERICAN MOTORING**

**I Flunked My Driver's Test In a 340 HP Ferrari**

**EXTREMELY SHORT-SHORT FEATURE: THE EDSSEL ERA IN AMERICAN MOTORING**

**THINGS TO COME: A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE 1966 CADILLAC MAIL TRUCK**

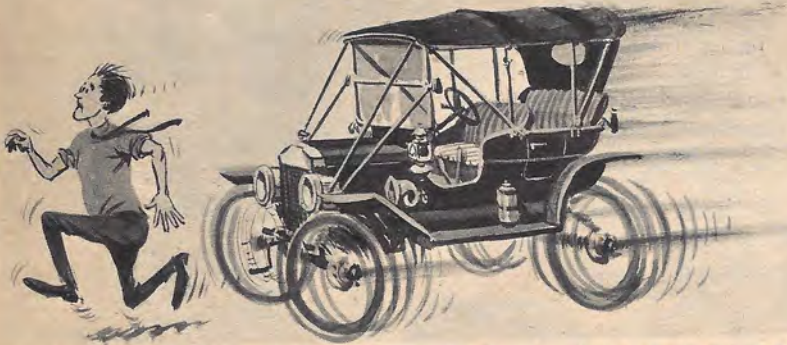
**Is The '29 Essex A True Classic? \* Getting Car Sick In An Alfa-Romeo**

# WHAT'S NEW

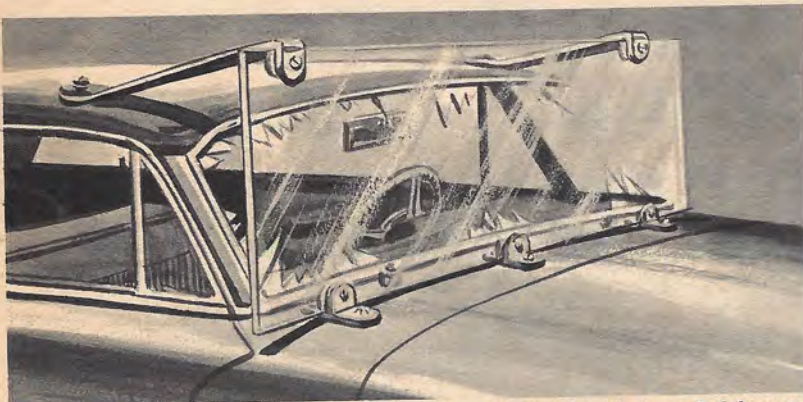
THE LATEST FROM MOTORDOM'S MARKETPLACE



The Classic Marmon V-16 in kit form is the latest offering of Monstrous Motor Models, Racine, Wis. No auto enthusiast will want to pass up the chance to create his own replica of this famous vintage machine. Scaled down to parts too small to be grasped by human fingers, it's the ideal gift for driving Dad or other annoying relatives out of their minds. Price \$4.98



The Copy Cat Manufacturing Co. of Sarasota, Fla., has begun production of authentic full size replicas of the fabulous Model T. An ideal attention-getter for all business and promotional purposes, the modern version is an exact copy of its famed great-granddaddy, even down to such details as the unperfected transmission which caused the original to slip into high gear while unoccupied. Henry Ford sold 15,000,000 of these durable cars for \$290. Now a sparkling new replica can be yours for \$2,250 F.O.B. Sarasota, Florida.



Dangerous distortion created by modern curved windshields is ended forever with this flat, perpendicular replacement recently put on the market by the Eagle-Eye Glass Co. of Latrobe, Pa. A leading producer of auto windshields, until the invention of safety glass forced the firm to the brink of bankruptcy, Eagle-Eye now bounces back stronger than ever to correct the bungles of larger manufacturers. Guaranteed to provide normal road vision through the clever use of uncurved, untinted plate glass, Eagle-Eye windshields can be easily installed by the do-it-yourselfer once the hazardous original equipment on late model cars had been smashed and disposed of. Price \$35.98

## TECHNICAL TALKS



by Edith Barnstable

I have done a thorough job of souping up my '24 Stearns-Knight with dual carbs, a full-blown house, Smitty muffler, etc. However at the same time I was overhauling the engine, I installed square wheels. I figured that the finished product would do at least 110 M.P.H. But for some reason, it won't move at all. What do you think my trouble might be?

—M.M.C., Salt Lake City

*The '24 Stearns-Knight was a straight six with overhead cams. It was never meant to be equipped with dual carbs. The trouble may be there, or it may that the car is moving but that all the scenery around Salt Lake City looks so much alike that you have the illusion of standing still.*

I have had a tappet noise in my head for almost 10,000,000 miles now. The head of my car, I mean. It is a '51 Blewitt, a make which never got into full production for a number of reasons, mostly legal. I have rebored the head, stymied the valve sleeves, grannished the crankcase, unduffered the pistons and shuffled the rods. However, I still have the tappet noise. Is this possible?

—W.S.P., Loon Lake, Ore.

Yes.

The instruction manual that came with my '54 Chevy says that the windshield should be washed occasionally. What does this mean?

—L.C.F., Akron, Ohio

*Auto instruction manuals often use terms which apply to one make or year, but not to others. A qualified mechanic may be able to help you with this problem, but I doubt it.*

Is it true that '65 Paisano-Lasagna has gauges registering ergs per RPM, AC-DC voltage, foot-pounds per man-hours, and minutes left to play?

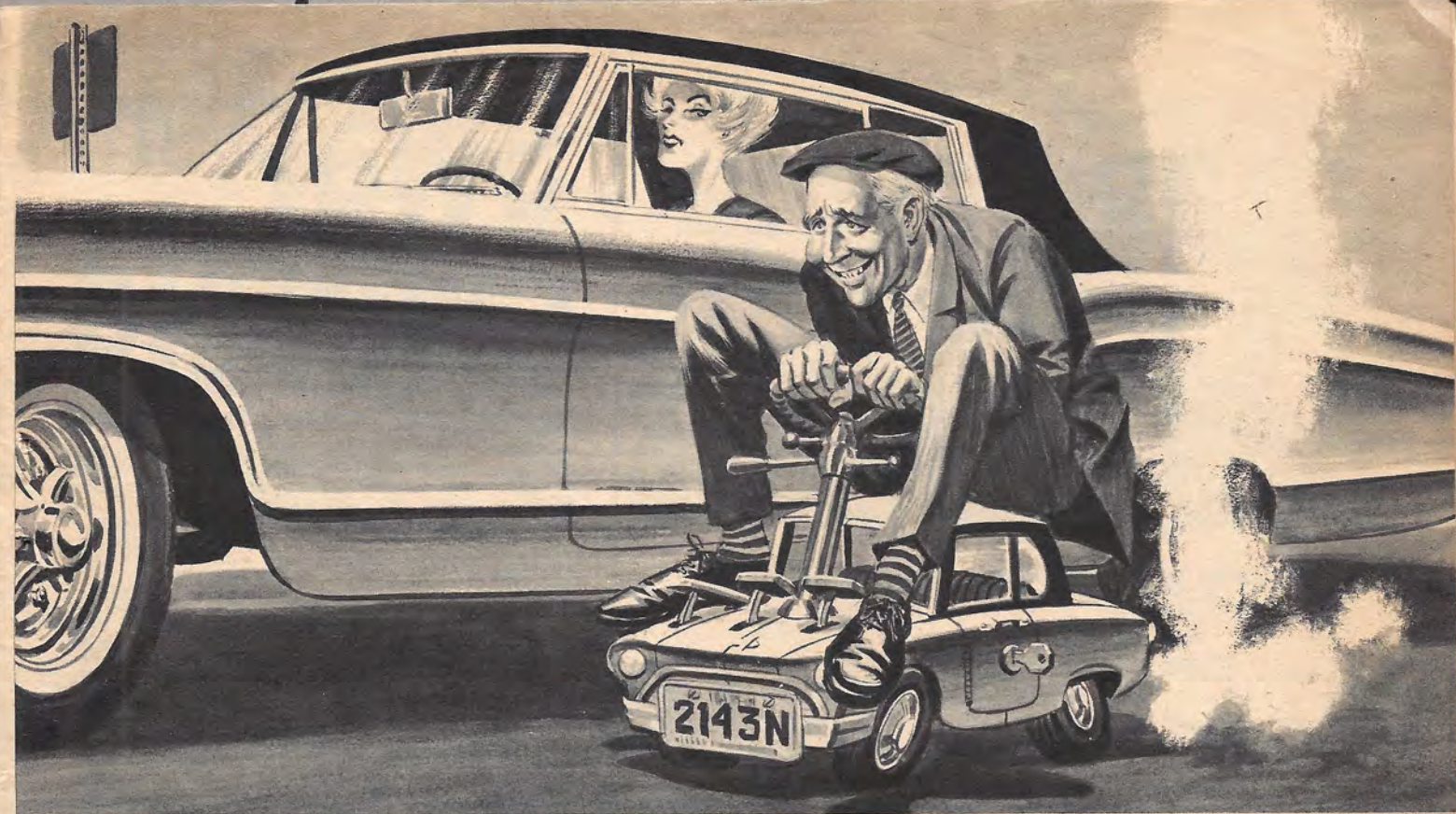
—C.C.D., Kansas City, Kan.

*Only the J-660 and X-K-L models, neither of which are available in this country.*

I have been itching to get behind the wheel of the new 400 HP Maserati Runabout to see what those 400 horses can really do. Can you give me any advice before I buy it?

—D.A.F., St. Louis, Mo.

*You will find that scratching without bumping into the Overdrive Switch on the 400 HP Maserati Runabout is a factor that any potential buyer with a skin irritation should give more than passing consideration.*



## Test Driving The All-New Shakibutsu Micro-Mini-Midget V-Zero

By Len Furdy

**I**T WOULD APPEAR that Shakibutsu's incredible engineering team of Wun-Cheep Nip and O. So-Slik has done it again. Placing an easily-broken coil spring power plant inside a flimsy rolled-tin body, the pair has come up with an economical run-about that combines the easy maneuverability of a compact with the type of unbelievable workmanship that American motorists have come to expect from Shakibutsu.

The author went through the unique experience of piloting the Far Eastern firm's entry in the 1964 Mobilgas Economy Run. Finishing the cross-country jaunt less than a year later, I felt that I had given the Micro-Mini-Midget a fair trial under all types of driving conditions, and found it a car that defies description in virtually every category. The Mobilgas people apparently shared my opinion after discovering that the wind-up motor has propelled the trim little V-Zero 3,261 miles on no gasoline at all. The result of the record smashing performance was federal legislation jammed through Congress by the oil lobby which places a \$1,700 import tax on every Micro-Mini-Midget carried into this country.

The new tax added to the factory's suggested P.O.E. retail price of \$7.98 places Shakibutsu's stripped down model in the ridiculous position of competing with the Volkswagen and a handful of domestic compacts. Officials of the Tokyo based firm frankly admit that their sole hope of gaining a foothold in the U.S. market is to push the V-Zero as a third car for American families with two-car garages.

In design, the V-Zero has undergone only a minor face-lifting since the Christmas season of 1963 when a pedal-driven version was introduced as a gift item for the 3-to-8-year-old group. The interior remains starkly simple. The author found the instrument panel easy to read, but this

convenience is somewhat diminished by the fact that the gauges are merely printed on cardboard, glued to the metal dash, and otherwise not connected to anything.

Trunk space is described by the manufacturer in cubic millimeters, creating the illusion that something larger than a box of cough drops can be carried in it. However, careful

(cont. on page 97)

### Road Test Results

#### GENERAL

Curb weight .....6 lbs. 11 oz.  
Wheelbase .....19½ in.  
Over-all length .....23 in.  
Height .....14½ in.  
Steering type .....Piano wire &  
chewing gum.  
Turning radius .....2¼ ft.

#### SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type ..... wind-up, utilizing  
standard skate key.  
Arrangement .....36 mos. to pay.  
Horsepower .....7/100 @ 6 rpm.  
Mantle .....310.  
Torque @ rpm lb-ft .....  
Howzzat again?  
Bore .....utter

#### PRICE

Basic list at P.O.E. ....\$7.98  
Delivered price including taxes,  
accessories, etc. ....\$2,007.98

#### PERFORMANCE

Top speed .....4½ mph.  
Acceleration:  
0-1 mph..58 sec.  
0-2 mph..3 min., 44 sec.  
0-3 mph..49 min., 12 sec.  
0-4 mph..3 hrs., 6 min., 23 sec.  
0-top speed .....About 2 days.

#### SPEEDOMETER ERROR

40 mph indicated, Actual 1.7 mph.  
90 mph indicated, Actual 3.1 mph.

# DRIVE FROM DETROIT



## Forecasts And Facts From The Motor Capital

### A TOURING CAR BY KAISER-WILLYS FOR '66?

A survey by the firm's History Department, designed to discover which of the company's failures had been longest endured by the public before going bloeey, arouses industry speculation that the 1920 Overland may be put back into production for the 1966 model year. With such notable fiascoes as the *Frazer*, the *Americar* and the sporty *Jeepster* ranking high on the list of all-time automotive blunders, the sturdy *Overland* shapes up as the company's best hope for the future. Executives remain mum, and the inside word is that leaders of the firm are split over the issue of isinglass curtains for the new entry in the medium priced field.

### BUGS REMAIN IN PIERCE-ARROW'S JET.

Word from the supposedly-abandoned *Pierce-Arrow* proving ground has it that the company's bid for a comeback with a jet-propelled sportster may be delayed until 1973 or 1974. Whispers emanating from the rumor mill indicate that a few bugs have yet to be worked out of the engine, and that the first jet test-car incinerated four mechanics standing behind it and caused the whole east wing of the factory to be destroyed by flames.

### DO TIRE MANUFACTURERS KNOW MORE THAN THEY'RE LETTING ON?

According to the most reliable reports filtering into the motor capital from Akron, probably not.

### VOLKSWAGEN MAY MOVE TO DETROIT.

At least, so goes the story making the rounds in the motor capital. Probable reason: VW plans to scrap its beetle design after almost 20 years in favor of an updated version replete with massive chrome, high tail fins and power extras, all set on a frame approximately four feet longer than that of the current model. With American motorists shaping up as the only potential buyers in the world, VW brass may well close down the German plant completely and move all operations to the U.S.A.

### A CHEVIAC BY G.M. FOR 1967?

General Motors officials reportedly have found a small hole in their present price line which may be filled in '67 with the introduction of a new car to plug the gap between the Chevrolet Impala (top price \$2,980.50) and the standard Pontiac (base price \$2,983.75) With Corvaire, Chevelle and Chevy II already overlapping nicely to the complete bewilderment of the public, the new line, tentatively labelled the Cheviac, appears a natural for the shopping motorist with \$2,982.12½ to spend.

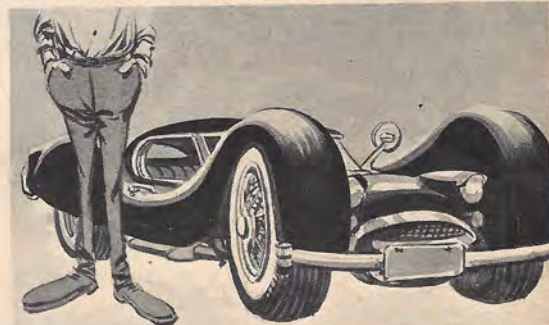
# SWAP 'N' SWINDLE

ADVERTISING RATES: 90¢ per line, except that 1 line in 3 issues is 50% more than 3 lines in 1 issue. However, there is a 10% discount for 3 lines in 3 issues, based on the triple insertion cost of 3 lines in 1 issue, and a 10% surcharge for 1 line in 1 issue, whichever occurs first. We are not responsible for the honesty of any ad, or for anyone understanding our advertising rates.

### FOR SALE

'27 WILLS ST. CLAIRE 3-dr. ambulance. Only one of its kind ever built due to failure of small engine to propel oversized body. Parts impossible to buy, but makes wonderful sleep-out shelter for the kiddies. Terrible condition, but easily restored by any one crazy enough to want it. \$800. L. L. Schlep, 484 Rolling Meadow Lane, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'65 ROCCO-BAMBINI Super Sport Fastback. Never driven by present owner. In fact, physical proportions of previous owner are inconceivable. Speedometer reads 500 miles, all clocked under



careful supervision at Indianapolis Speedway. Original cost \$22,000. Sacrifice for \$21,995. Leadfoot Lindstrom, Box 7, Bonnevile, Utah.

1837 FRONTIER LANDAU CONVERTIBLE. Believed to be the oldest classic auto in existence. Complete, except for the two horses apparently used by the original owner to pull it. Ideal for display use or helping other classic car owners form a circle in case of an Indian attack. \$1,975. Rufe Strettlemyer c/o Bunt Farm. P.O. 47, Upper Gulch, Wyo.

### WANTED

LEFT HEADLIGHT for '31 Hudson. No owners of right headlight need apply. Please do not send me any more right ones as this type can only be fitted into left bracket by reverse placement causing beam to shine toward rear of car. I am sick and tired of receiving right headlights, many arriving with postage due. I already have a right headlight, and as a taxpaying American, resent this indifference of the general public toward my previous ads. Disgusted, Box 779, West Covina, Calif.

BATTERY CHARGER suitable for use with either Model 550 Detroit Electric Phaeton, or Model 3-D Eveready Flashlight. Newby, 217 Warren Hull Memorial Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

### WILL SWAP

CLASSIC '41 CHEVY—4 Dr. Sedan. Faded maroon, loose connecting rods, shot transmission and many other extras. Will trade this dandy collectors item for any common '63 or '64 convertible. Lucas Fribble, State Unemployment Office, Waiting Line 6, Chicago, Ill.

LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP IN DANCE STUDIO. Original cost \$17,000. Will trade for any kind of car. I gotta get away from these crooks. I. M. Schlemiel, Cha-Cha Drive, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

RARE BACK NUMBERS OF EARLY AUTO MAGAZINES, recently found in my waiting room under later issues of *Colliers*. Will swap for X-Ray Outfit or impressively-framed Medical School Diploma. Dr. Nimble Kwaque, Suite 557, Peddlers of Mercy Building, Dayton, Ohio.



# THREE YEARS WORK RESTORING AN APPERSON JACK RABBIT

by *Waldo Boomschlager*

I GUESS I'LL NEVER FORGET Aug. 23, 1955. That was the date I stumbled across my big find, a 1916 Apperson Jack Rabbit in restorable condition sitting quietly in a barn lot near Neenah, Wis.

Evelyn, whom I had planned at the time to marry but later didn't, was with me as we made our way unsuspectingly down the back country road. We were really in search of milk glass, which Evelyn collects and which still abounds in that part of the country.

Evelyn already had 700 pieces of the beautiful glass, most of which she had inherited from her late aunt who had resided in Elkhart, Ind. The aunt, whose name, as I recall, was either Birdie Wingate or Esther Agnew, had never married, but rather had devoted her life to the milk glass collection.

Miss Wingate (or Miss Agnew) had been engaged at one time to a Cpl. Wilfred Hungerford who lived just outside of Elkhart on one of the major inter-urban lines. But Cpl. Hungerford became a mail handler on the old South Bend, Toledo and Spokane Railroad and ultimately married a girl half his age.

In time, the South Bend, Toledo and Spokane merged with the Pere Marquette to become the Southern Pacific in one of the more bold strokes of finance put over by Jay Hannah.

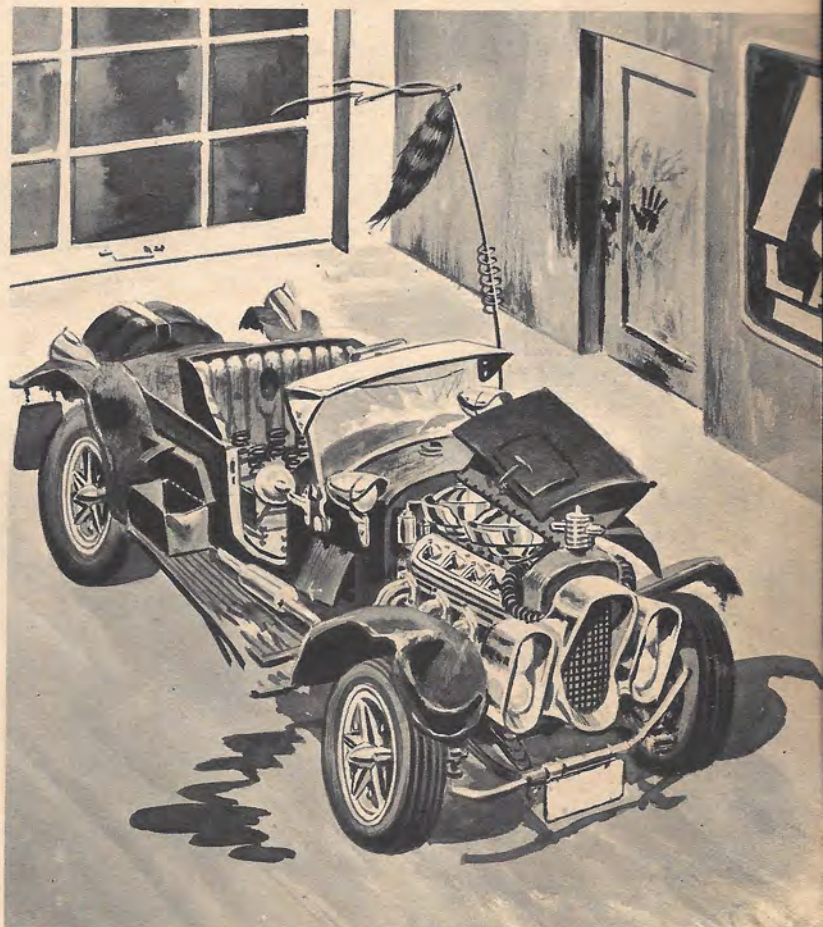
Hannah's original plan had merely been to extend the lines of the Baltimore and Ohio to Honolulu. But before the track laying had progressed more than 200 miles west of San Francisco, the entire venture was abandoned as impractical.

Hannah's decision to give up the Honolulu branch was thought to be directly responsible for the suicide of Romney L. Gruber, who had been selected to head that division. Gruber mentioned only poor health in the note he left, and it is true that he had been suffering from hemorrhoids since shortly after the Spanish-American war. But those who knew

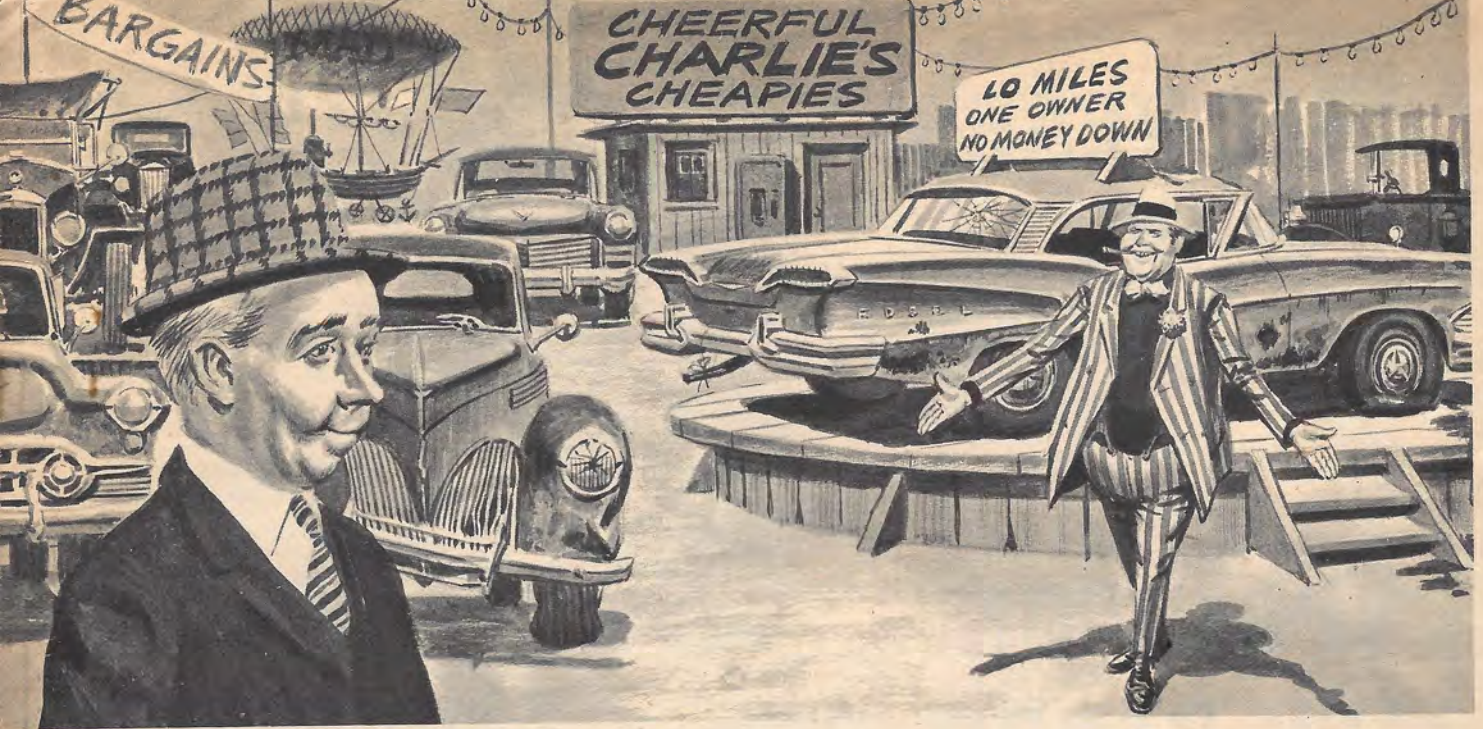
(cont. on page 97)



BEFORE



AFTER



"CLASSIC SALON"

# EDSEL

A NIGHTMARE RE-LIVED

STORY AND PHOTOS BY CHARLES L. SWINDLEMIRE



**N**OT HARDLY WHATSOEVER did I realize that I was becoming a vintage, classic automobile collector when I hung a \$175 price tag on the '58 bilious blue clunk you sees pictures of on this here page. Depending on a fast turnover the way I got to if I'm going to make a buck on the kind of scrap iron I handle, I confined my early restoration work to putting enough sawdust in the crankcase to quiet down the motor so's the salesmen wouldn't be drowned out complete while they was giving their pitch.

Needlessly to say, I figured the rad., htr., w.s.w. and aut. trans. would nail us a pigeon before I had the misfortunate experience of getting too attached to this fat-headed example of Detroit know-how. Whatsoever, my perfunctional feelings about the heap was destined to underwent a change as the Fall of 1963 drifted like usual into Winter. Despite the factor that by which time I had reductioned the price to \$99 and figured to add on the balance of the \$175 as carrying charges, my efforts met with growing public heedlessness.

On either hand, presumptuously hot sales prospects who turned out to be smarter than I thought, filled my noggin with a fund of lore about the Edsel, none of which I had previously knew before. I come to find out that the car, originally designed to meet a demand of which there wasn't any, had surpassed the exceptions of all in such performance cataclisms as guzzling gas, putting up wind resistance which resulted in a funny whistling noise and being too big to fit in most garages. After cutting the price to where the heap eventual became a free door prize nobody would take, it come to dawn inside my head that I had unwittingly got to be an Edsel collector.

I learnt to my surprise that I was not the only dealer in town what had got interested on the subject in such a way, and together with others who was situated similarly like I was, we formed the first chapter of E.O.A. (Edsel Owners Anonymous). Today, we can boast of having saved innumerable dealers from knocking themselves off by arranging for our members to rush over and get drunk with them whenever they think of the dough they got tied up in Edsels.

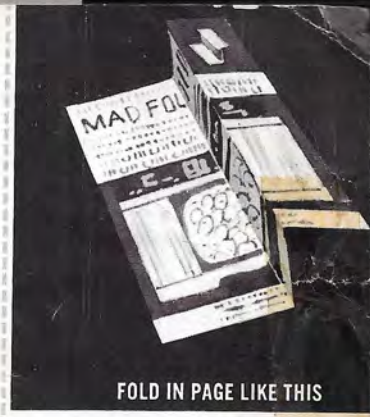
Truly an example of automobile history we should forget,

(cont. on page 97)

THIS ISSUE'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE PAGE

# MAD FOLD-IN

Now that the 1964-65 TV season is in full swing, and we've seen all of the latest shows, it's time to pause and evaluate the new and exciting things this marvelous medium is bringing us. So fold the page as shown, and discover the answer to the question . . .

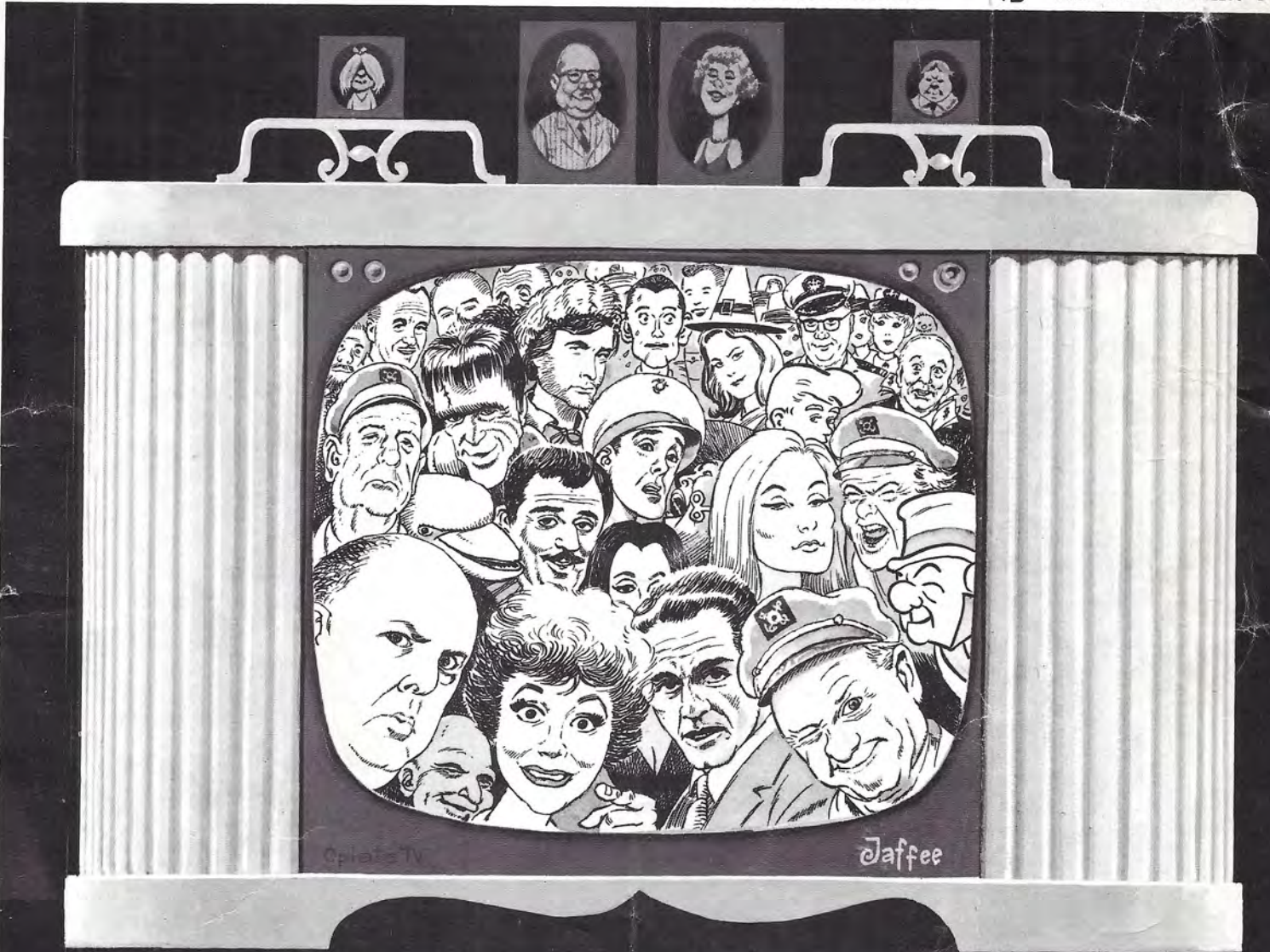


## WHAT BRILLIANT NEW IDEAS HAS THE CURRENT TV SEASON PRODUCED?

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE SAGES OF NETWORK TELEVISION PROGRAMMING HAVE COME UP WITH SOME GREAT SHOWS THIS SEASON. THEIR BOLD TRIUMPHS OF PAST YEARS ARE FAR OUTDONE BY THIS RASH OF BRILLIANT NEW TV IDEAS AND FORMATS.



Photography by (hic) Leshter Krauss 'n' "D.T.'s" by (hic) good ol' Bob Clarke

## After the most hair-raising adventure of my life, I took the pledge and swore off booze!

**1** "They were all around me!" writes Sid Tippler, an ex-friend of Canadian Club. "I could see them so clearly—bats and mice and pink elephants and blue alligators and green snakes and a million cockroaches—all laughing, shrieking and dancing the cha-cha."



**2** "I started my weekend as usual by hocking my trusty typewriter. That gave me all the loot I needed."



**3** "Back in my room, I settled down to some serious boozing with the 4-day supply I'd bought."



**4** "After my wild adventure, I rushed down to my local A.A. Chapter—and swore off!"

Do yourself a favor! Take the pledge now—today! Swear off . . .

# Canadian Club

. . . or **Four Roses** or **Cutty Sark** or any other brand! They're all the same! Mainly, if you drink enough whiskey, you could end up like Sid Tippler—an Alcoholic with the "D.T.'s"!

### THE PLEDGE

I, *Sidney Tippler*, do solemnly swear to abstain from partaking of any and all alcoholic beverages, including **Whiskey, Wine, Beer, Vitis, Shaving Lotion, Sterno, etc.** ever again, so help me!

