

Jan.
'67

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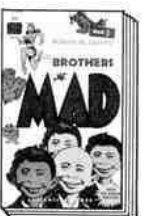
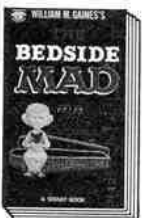
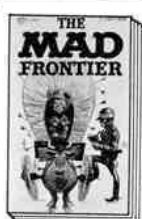
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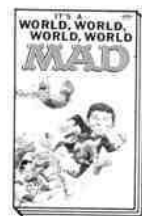
8 ITEMS OR LESS





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| ☐ The Bedside MAD | ☐ MAD in Orbit | ☐ Raving MAD | ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY |
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MAD

"A Class Reunion is when Alumni get together to find out who's too successful to show up!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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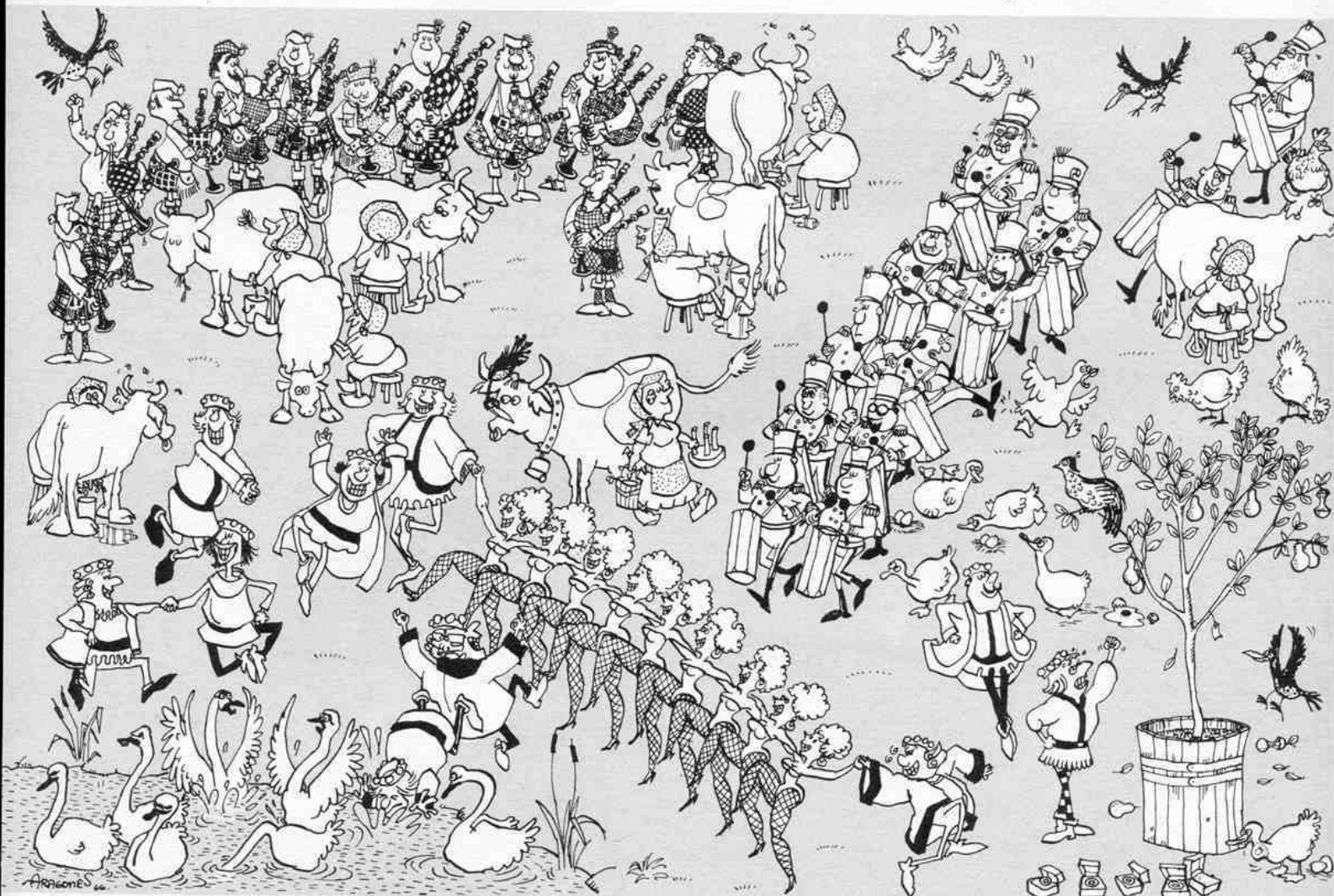
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WHY BOTHER TO GIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS LIKE

12 Drummers drumming * 11 Pipers piping * 10 Lords a-leaping * 9 Ladies dancing
8 Maids a-milking * 7 Swans a-swimming * 6 Geese a-laying * 5 Golden Rings
4 Calling Birds * 3 French Hens * 2 Turtle Doves * and a Partridge in a Pear Tree



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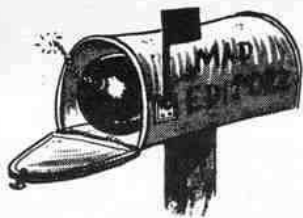
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LETTERS DEPT.



LEATHERNECK-TIE

MAD is a way of life for me, because it is the one thing I can cling to as a pleasant remembrance of the United States. I will not be back home for at least thirteen months, so you are my America while I am away. My thanks for this from the bottom of my heart.

L/Cpl. T. H. Dukes, USMC
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

JOHNSON HOWARD'S

I was shocked at your "MAD Visits a Typical Johnson Howard's Restaurant" in the October issue (#106). As a chef at a typical Howard Johnson Restaurant, I feel that you have not presented conditions as they really are. They're worse!!

S. P. (Full name withheld)
Brooklyn, N. Y.

It's all too true about the service at a "Johnson Howard's Restaurant"! As I entered one recently, I noticed a sign that said "Breakfast Served from 7:30 to 11:30" ... and I found that they meant that literally!

Edwin B. Jenkins
Raleigh, N. C.

I have traveled across our country and eaten in many Howard Johnson Restaurants. The food is good and so is the service. I usually like MAD, but I did not like this rotten satire.

Robert Solotar
San Mateo, Calif.

Your visit to a "Johnson Howard's Restaurant" was great, but you overlooked a very important point, namely that a family of three can spend ten dollars for lunch and still come away hungry.

Mildred E. Meehan
A Veteran Of The
Pennsylvania Turnpike

MAD TRADEMARKS

Your "MAD Look At Trademarks" was the greatest. Those "altered" trademarks took at least as much imagination and talent as the original designs.

Mark A. Senker
Baltimore, Maryland

AN ALL-TIME GREAT

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone responsible for putting out such a wonderful magazine. Each article is wonderfully written and illustrated, and always has a refreshing satirical point of view. To me, MAD is one of the all-time greats in the publishing field.

Mona Shafer
Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE BUNCH

The highlight of your October issue (#106) was most definitely "The Bunch." You have undoubtedly created the greatest satire (and butchery) yet. The slaughter that the movie suffered was only exceeded by the injustice which the movie dealt the novel it portrayed. I extend my most gracious appreciation to Arnie Kogen and Mort Drucker.

Terry Viets
Hampton, Virginia

Boy, did you goof on this one! I didn't get one laugh out of it! "The Bunch" was a bunch of garbage!

Howie Shattner
New York City

As a teacher, avid MAD reader, and avid movie-goer, I found your satirical look at "The Bunch" to be a perfectly horrendous blend of my main interests. I loved every minute of it! It was a punch that I'm sure Mary McCarthy will be reeling from for months to come. My condolences to everyone connected with the movie. "Who'd a thunk it could be done!"

Peter N. Fisher
Long Beach, New York

If I wanted to read the kind of trash and slop I found in "The Bunch" I could have bought a copy of True Story Magazine and probably enjoyed it more.

Becky Winkler
St. Louis, Missouri

Congratulations on your latest satire knocking the worst, fourth-rate, tasteless movie I've ever wasted my money on!

Vicki Boles
Baltimore, Maryland

Wow! I thought you guys were slipping, but after reading "The Bunch," I'm sure of it!

Scot Collins
Downers Grove, Illinois

I wish to protest the slurs on Vassar's curriculum and the assertion that the courses provided no training to be a woman or wife. I look back in gratitude to the unmatched grounding I received in such courses as "Limnology and Invertebrate Ecology," "Stellar Astrophysics," "Solar Spectroscopy" and "Techniques in Experimental Tissue Culture." And as for "Invertebrate Paleontology" ... SHA-ZAMMMMMmmmmmm!!!

Jean M. B. Squires
Vassar 1950

ZEALOUS NEW ZEALANDER

I am convinced that, among your staff, some of the sanest men in America are taking refuge. Your satires cut so deep that some of them aren't even funny after a while. In fact, lately I've given up reading Alexander Pope and have substituted MAD.

Derek R. Gordon
Wellington, New Zealand

GESTAPO TACTICS?



Through our informants, we have learned of your plans to do a "take-off" on our TV show. May I suggest that you forget this foolish idea. I should like to remind you ... We know you have relatives in Chicago! Keep that in mind!!

Col. Hogan
"Hogan's Heroes"
Hollywood, Calif.

GROWTH RECORD

At 19, I am entering my tenth year as a MAD reader. In that interval, I have watched, often amazed, always amused, the gradual transition of MAD from a rather crude, boorish comic book into the polished satiric masterpiece it is today. It seems that MAD grew up as I did, and complimented my maturing tastes. It helped me shape my attitudes and opinions, and taught me never to regard them as the only possible ones. It made me see the world in a new and different light, pointing out and exposing the absurd and ridiculous which surrounds us, and which we often take too seriously. To you, I say, thanks.

Francis J. Mills
Coplay, Pennsylvania

HIS MAINLY OBJECTION

One thing about MAD irks me, mainly your constant use of the word "mainly"!

Albert M. Sekela, Jr.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MAD OBITUARIES

Your "Obituaries For Comic Strip Characters" were so morbidly hilarious that we all died ... laughing!

Alan Buck & Bill Ziegler
Hatboro, Pennsylvania

OUR BITE IS WORSE THAN OUR BARK

With so many American magazines acting like governmental and business lap-dogs, it is a refreshing change to read a publication that is not afraid to take a nip at the master's leg. I think MAD's audacity and fine satire makes it one of the "necessary" magazines around.

Clifton Jones
Greensburg, Kentucky

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 108, 485 MADison Avenue
New York City, New York 10022



MEIN "KAMP" HUMOR DEPT.

HEY, GANG . . . JOIN US NOW AS MAD PRESENTS ITS VERSION OF THE FUNNIEST SHOW ON TELEVISION SINCE THE "APPALACHIAN POVERTY SPECIAL." WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE WEEKLY TV SITUATION COMEDY FEATURING THAT GAY, WILD, ZANY, IRREPRESSIBLE BUNCH OF WORLD WAR II PW'S . . . THOSE HAPPY INMATES OF "STALAG 14" KNOWN AS

Isn't "Stalag 14" the greatest German PW camp in all of Europe?

You bet! It's fun, fun, fun—day and night, without let-up!

I've been in some fantastic German PW camps during this war, but this one is by far the most fantastic of all!

Every night, I thank God for the pleasure He's given me in World War II! When I think of how close mankind came to remaining at peace in 1939 . . .

Bite your tongue!

Hi, men! I'm General Eisenhower! Did any of you see General Patton? He was supposed to get here before me—with the harmonicas!

Where does this secret tunnel we've built lead to, anyway?

Paris!

You mean PW's from this camp can escape from here directly to Paris?

Idiot! Nobody wants to escape from this fun prison camp! We use the tunnel to smuggle Allied soldiers IN!

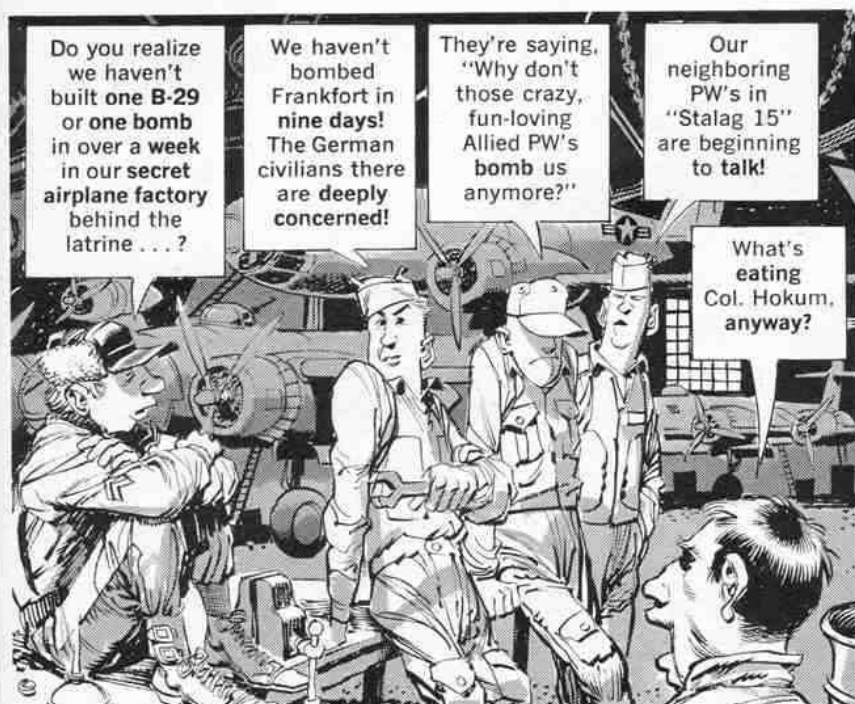
All right, you guys! Knock it off! The party's over! Lights out . . . RIGHT NOW!

Hey, what's the matter with our usually fun-loving, mischievous leader, Colonel Hokum?

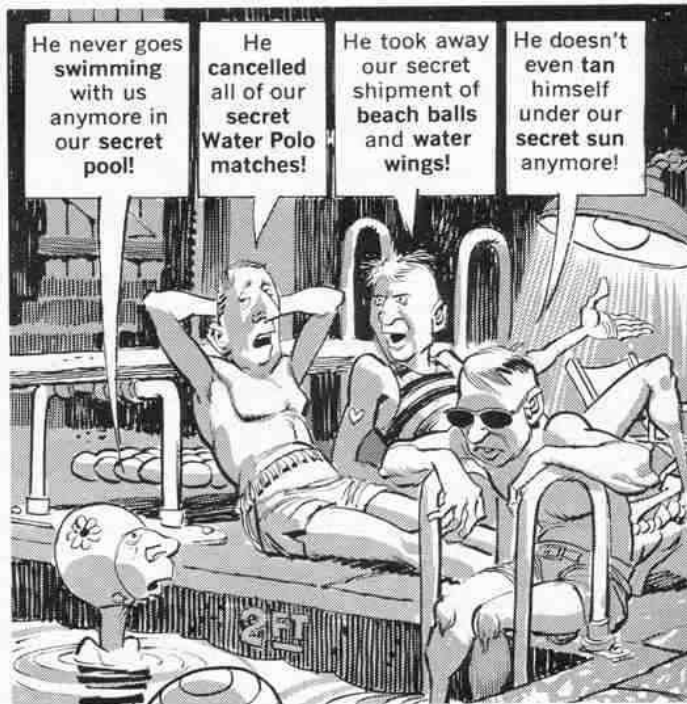
I don't know! He just hasn't been himself the past few days!



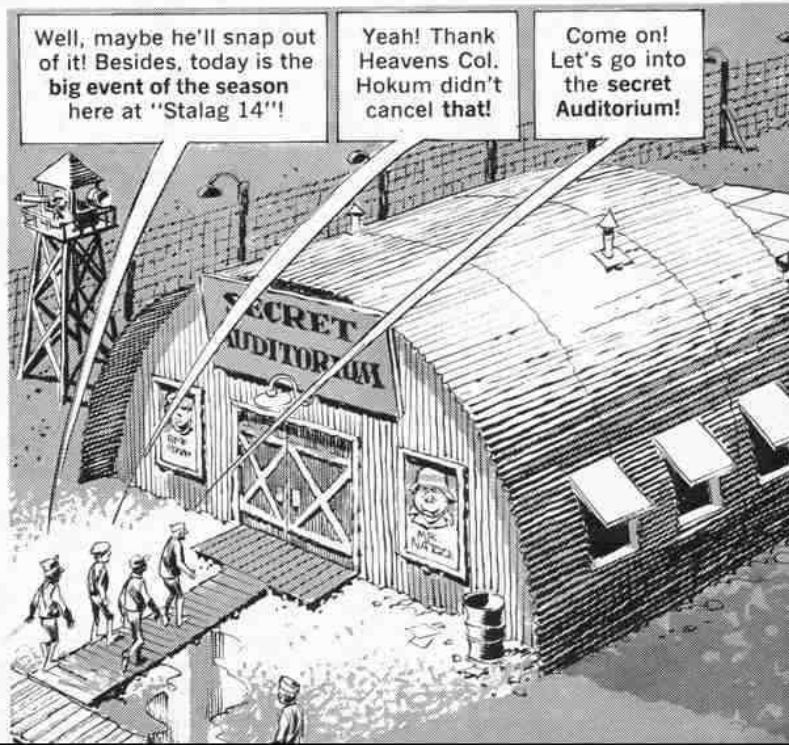
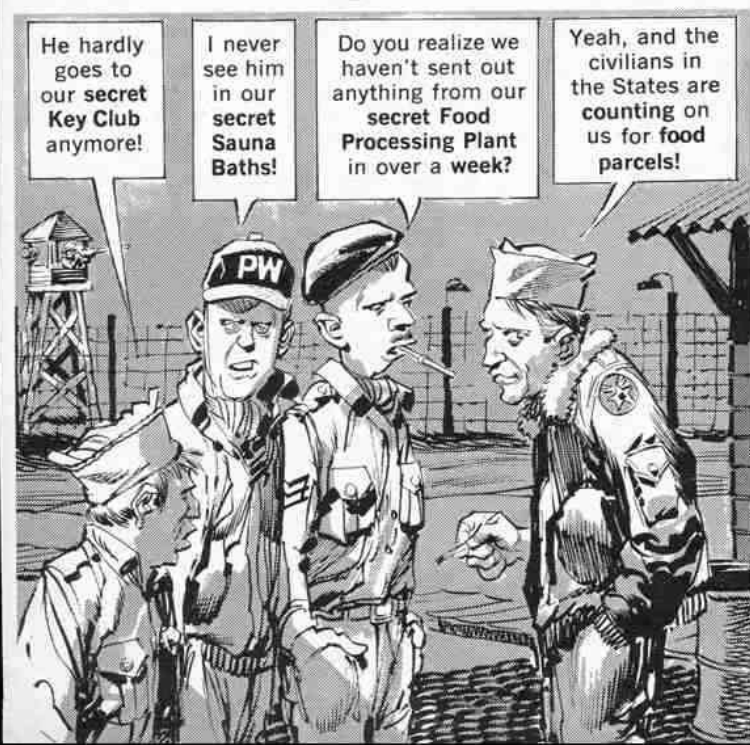
HOKUM'S HEROES



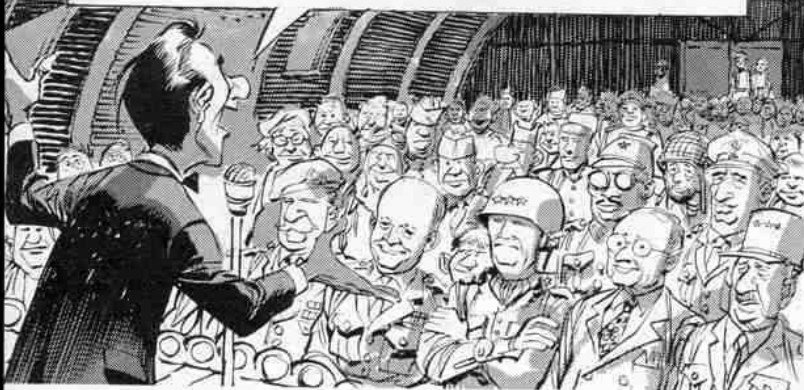
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



General Eisenhower, General Patton, Vice President Truman, and other distinguished tunnel visitors! Welcome to the finals of Stalag 14's exciting "Mr. Nazi" contest! As you know, during this wonderful war, we fortunate PW's in this camp have met and had loads of fun with many great Nazi guards and officials. And so, we thought it only proper that we select one of these men—the one we consider to be the most wonderful German of all—to reign as "Mr. Nazi"! And now, ON WITH THE SHOW! LIGHTS! MUSIC! CURTAIN ...



The-e-e-ere they are ...
"Mis-s-s-ster Nazi" men ...



Our first finalist is one of your favorites and mine ... that wonderful camp guard, Sergeant Schlitz, who plays such an important part in our daily fun here at "Stlag 14"!

Sgt. Schlitz, what are you going to show us in the way of talent ...?

Vell ... furst, I vood like to do "Cuteness"!



Aw— isn't he adorable?

Look at the way he pops his fat cheeks!

Look at how he shakes his jolly fat belly!

What a typical sweet Nazi!

You just gotta love him!



Und now, I vood like to do "Shtupidity"!

Two und two iss eight! Zere are 12 days in a month! Columbus discovered bread—

Aw— isn't he stupid!

He's the stupidest of all the stupid Nazis!

It's fantastic how he combines cuteness AND stupidity!

Let me up there! I've just gotta hold him and hug him and kiss him!



And now ... our next contestant for the title of "Mr. Nazi"! Here he is, that wonderful German official who has visited our "fun" camp from time to time ... whose warm smile and impish ways have won our hearts ... I'm talking about that kookie Kraut with the magical, dancing feet ...



All right, everybody, the "Mr. Nazi" show is cancelled! All contestants—out of the auditorium! All guests—back to Paris! And all you PW's—to your barracks, on the double!

What IS it with Col. Hokum? He seems so unhappy with everything these days!

Boy, something must really be wrong! I hear he's asked to see Col. Klunk, the Camp Commandant!

Hello, Olga. I have an appointment with Col. Klunk . . .

I'm sorry, Olga!

Vot nerve! I am ze secretary of ze Nazi Commandant, and you are a Prisoner of War! Vot is ze idea of kissing me on ze forehead?

You know you're supposed to kiss me on ze mouth! All ze PW's do! Vot's bugging you, anyway?

Ah, Col. Hokum! Come in . . .

Go ahead! Steal mein cigars ze way you always do! Go ahead! I von't look!

I don't want to steal your cigars, Klunk!

Vell, zen—tickle me! Giff me a hot foot! Do somet'ink! Vot's wrong vit you lately? You're disrupting ze morale of ze whole camp!

You wanna know what's wrong, Klunk? I'll tell you what's wrong! I'm scared! Because I know what TV Networks are like! This show is so successful that there's bound to be imitations! Soon, there'll be other funny shows about Allied soldiers in Prisoner of War Camps . . . dozens of them! And people will get sick of our show! You know how TV trends go!

Oh, so zat iss vot's bugging you!

Right! And that's why I'm getting out . . . while the getting is good!

But you can't give up Nazi humor! Ze American public loves Nazi humor! Look at our ratings! Ze vunderful t'ing about our show is zat you didn't have to be in Germany during World War II to laugh at it! As a matter of fact, it helps a lot if you veren't there!

Look, I agree with you! I love Nazi humor as much as anybody! I wouldn't star in this show in the first place if I didn't love it! I just think this Prisoner of War Camp bit has had it! So I'm taking my men and we're getting out! We're going into another show! A much funnier show!

Vait! Vait! I don't vant to die on TV either! Take me vit you! I WANT TO BE IN YOUR NEW SHOW, TOO!

AND HERE IT IS . . . THE BRAND NEW WEEKLY TV SITUATION COMEDY FEATURING THAT GAY, WILD, ZANY, IRREPRESSIBLE BUNCH OF WORLD WAR II CONCENTRATION CAMP PRISONERS . . . THOSE HAPPY INMATES OF "BUCHENWALD" KNOWN AS . . .

Hochman's Heroes



What a "fun"
Concentration Camp
this "Buchenwald" is!

You bet! It's fun,
fun, fun—day and
night, without let-up!

I've been in some fantastic German
Concentration Camps but this one is
by far the most fantastic of all!

Every night, I thank God for the pleasure
He's given Jews like me during World War
II! When I think of how close Hitler got
to being killed in that bomb plot!

Bite
your
tongue!

Herr Hochman, your Inmate's
Baseball Team iss terrible! You
know vot? I t'ink I'll send your
pitcher to ze showers! Get it?
SHOWERS? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Kommandant, you
know what? You're
a gasser! Do you
dig? **GASSER?**
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Wait'll you see the
latest gag we're
gonna pull on the
guards over at the
Crematorium! Boy,
it's a hot one!

He, hee! Oh,
the laughs
come a mile a
minute on
this show!

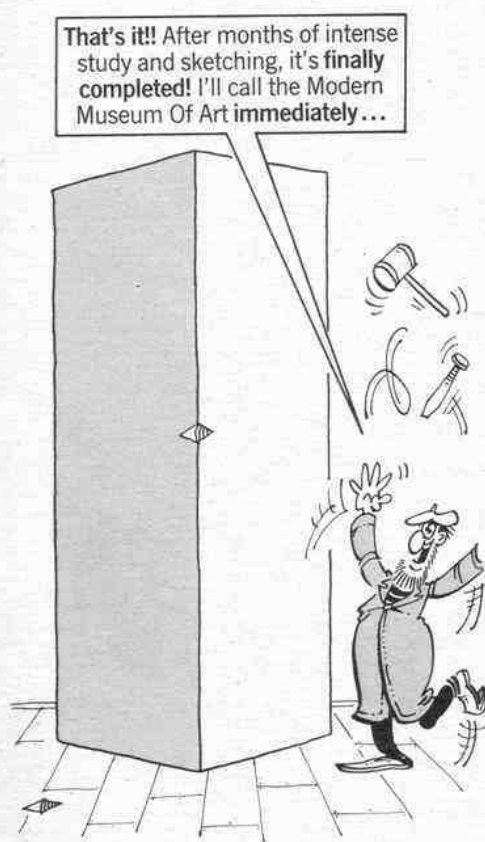
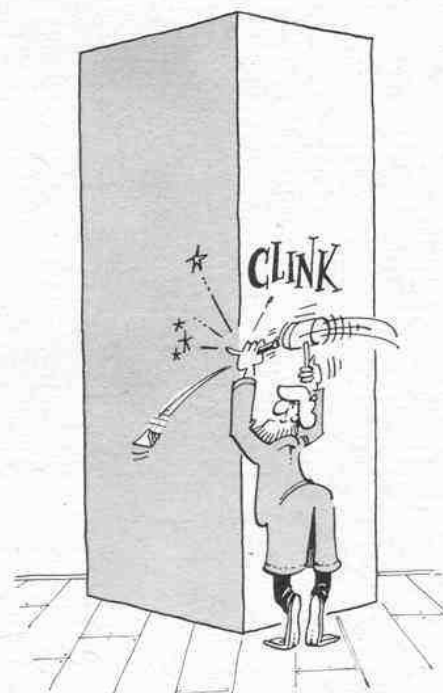
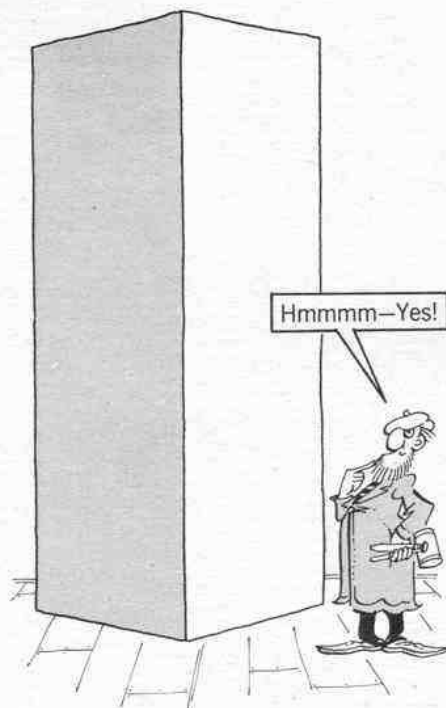
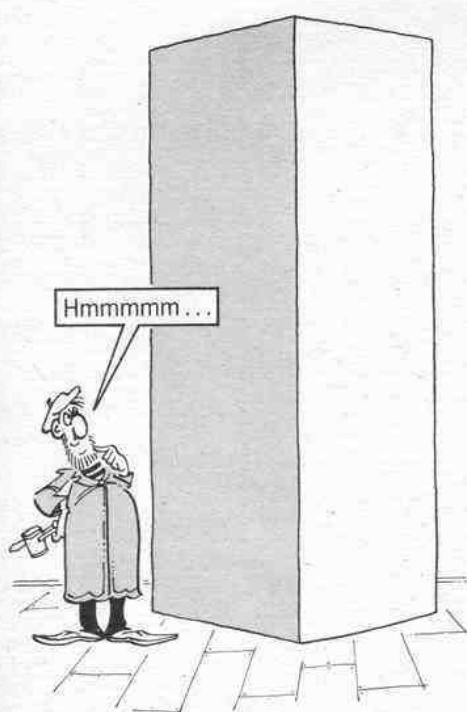
This is a much
funnier show
than "Hokum's
Heroes" ever
was!

Have you seen the latest Nielsens?
We got a higher rating than the
Pope's visit to New York last year!
And that was on every TV channel!

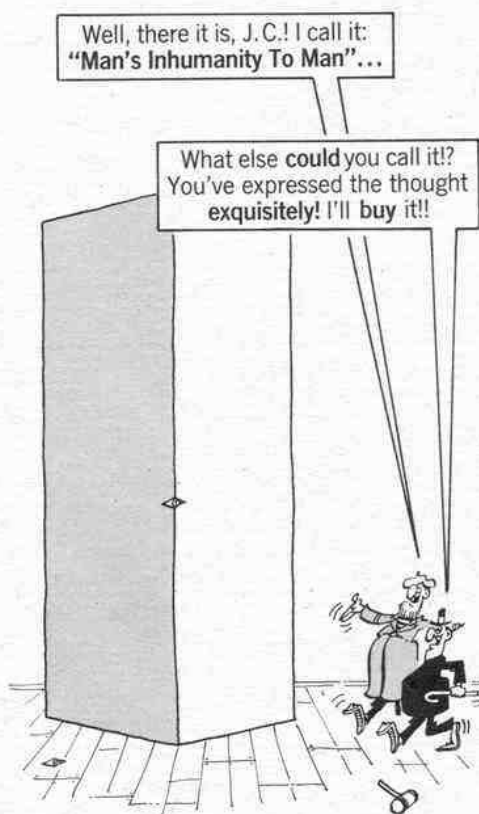
Yes, sir—this
is American
Television Humor
at its best!



ANOTHER VISIT WITH A SCULPTOR

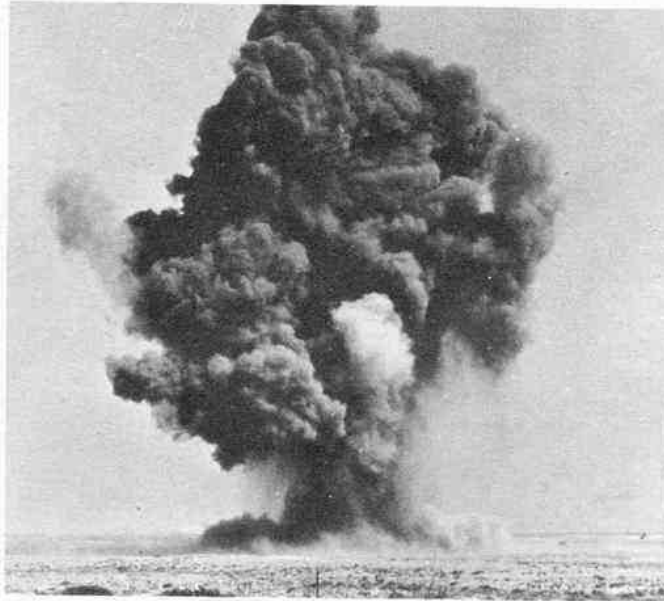


LATER...



SEASONED GREETINGS DEPT.

CHRISTMAS CARDS



Peace On Earth

Mr. & Mrs. Robert McNamara



**Hark! The Her-ald
An-gels Sing...**

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Co.



**May You Be Filled
With Christmas Spirit**

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS Co.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE



God Rest
ye MERRY
Gentlemen
Forest Lawn Cemeteries

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.



*City Sidewalks, busy sidewalks
Dressed in Holiday Style—
It's Christmas Time in the City...*

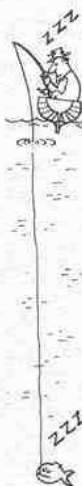
Mayor and Mrs. John V. Lindsay
Gracie Mansion, New York City



WISHING
YOU A
PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR



MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC





MAY ALL YOUR CHRISTMASSES BE WHITE...

Robert Shelton Imperial Wizard K.K.K.

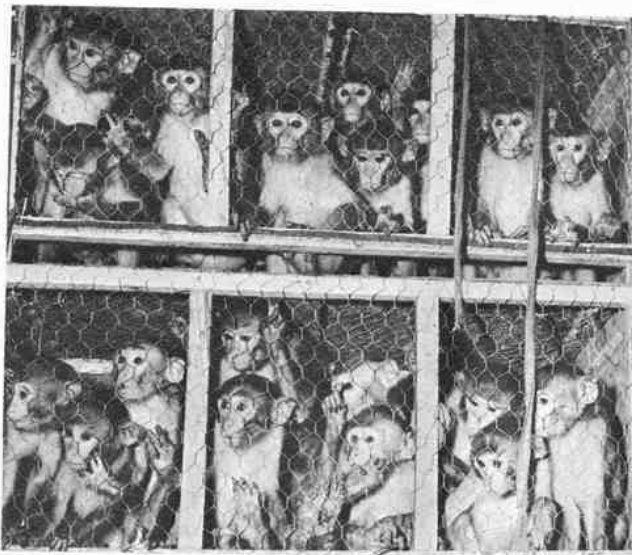


O LIT-TLE TOWN OF BETH-LE-HEM!
HOW STILL WE SEE THEE LIE...

UNITED STEEL WORKERS
OF AMERICA

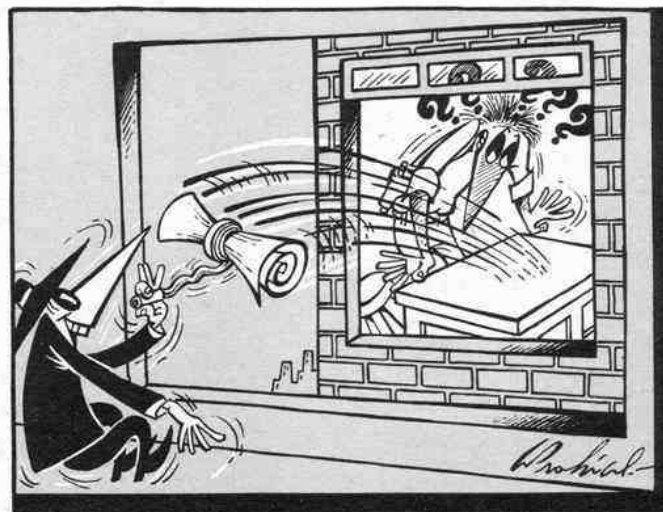
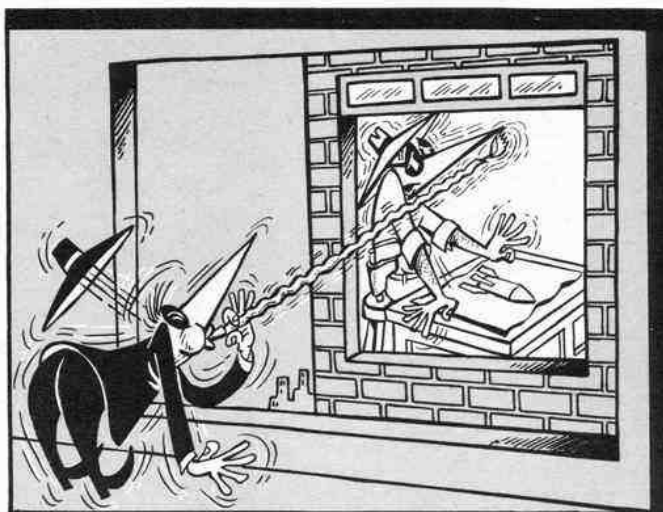
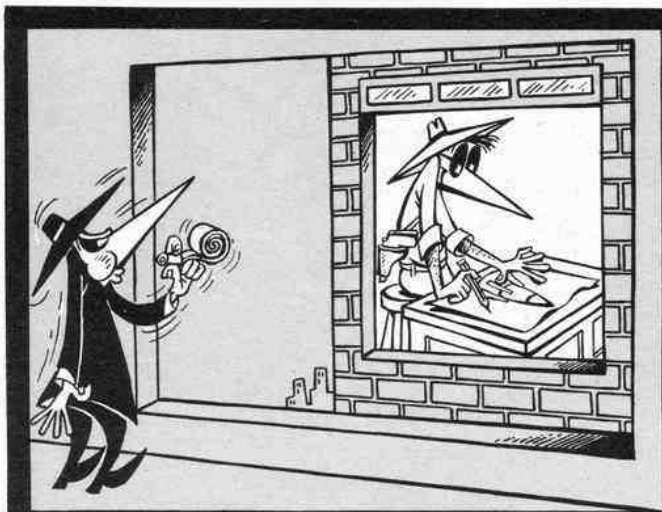
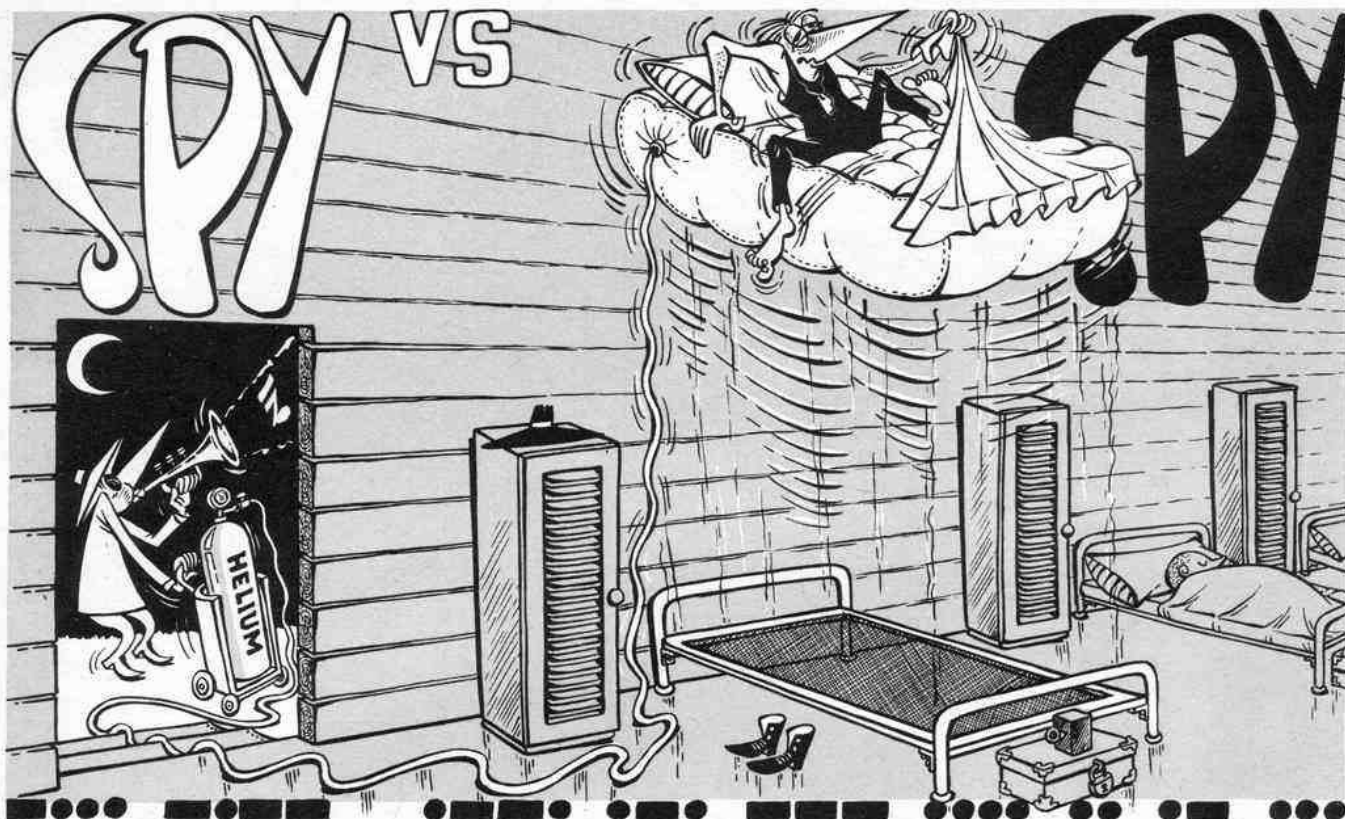
Don
We Now
Our
Gay
Apparel!

Wladziu Liberace



Joy
TO
THE WORLD...

THE EDITORS OF
MAAD



PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS! DEPT.

Christmas Shopping Time, Christmas Gift-Giving Time and Christmas Vacation Time are almost upon us . . . which means we're in for it! Namely, we're in for

MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

AT A CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTY...



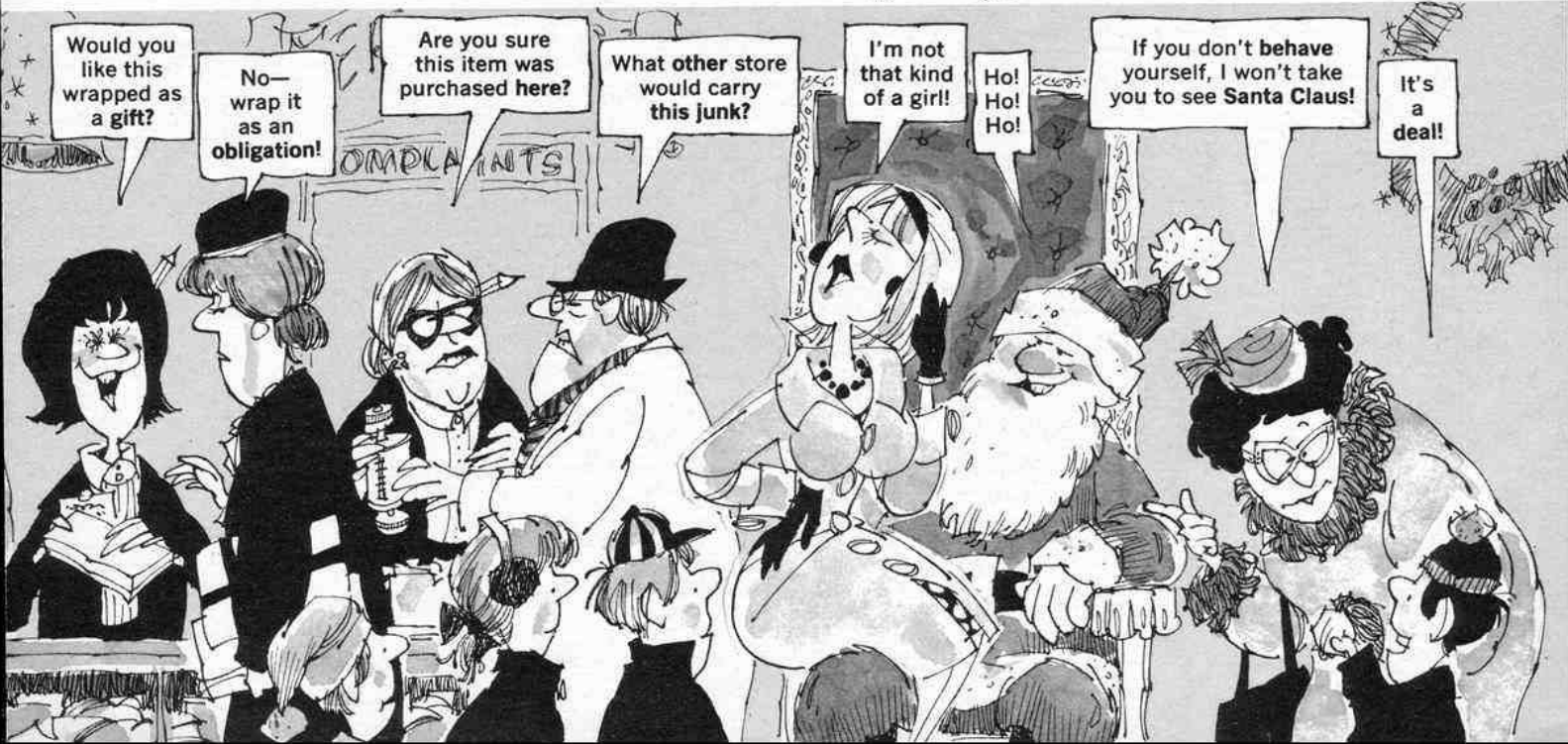
WHILE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING...



another heaping helping of those sickening "Old Clichés," And so, once again, MAD comes to the rescue of cliché-sufferers. Now you can fight back with . . .

TO THOSE OLD CLICHES

WRITER: STAN HART



AT A CHRISTMAS VACATION HOMECOMING...



AT A SOUTHERN RESORT...



WHILE OPENING CHRISTMAS GIFTS...





STATUS QUOTES DEPT.

In the old days, the auto industry spent a huge fortune in advertising—stressing the “status” angle—to con us into buying a new car each year. And they succeeded, too! A 1964 model looked like a piece of junk when the 1965 model came out. But now all that is changed. Today’s new car ads stress “safety”! But the auto industry makes vehicles other than passenger cars. They may be missing a good bet by not stressing the “status” angle in an attempt to sell more of these. For instance, take a look at the way they might go about accomplishing it in . . .

BURYING A FRIEND OR RELATIVE?

THEN THESE 2 QUESTIONS SHOULD BE UPPERMOST IN YOUR MIND: (1) IS THE PERSON DEAD? AND (2) IN THIS MOMENT OF GRIEF, AM I GOING TO LET MY LOVED ONE GO TO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE IN LAST YEAR’S HEARSE? NO, SIR! YOU’RE GOING TO DEMAND THE NEW—

1967 CADAVERLAC “BLACK BEAUTY” HEARSE



“I wouldn’t be caught dead riding in anything but a new 1967 ‘Black Beauty!’” writes Harry Hinch of Brooklyn, N. Y. And you, too, will want to include the same request in *your* will. Why die of embarrassment when you can go in style?

**THE 1967 CADAVERLAC
“BLACK BEAUTY”**

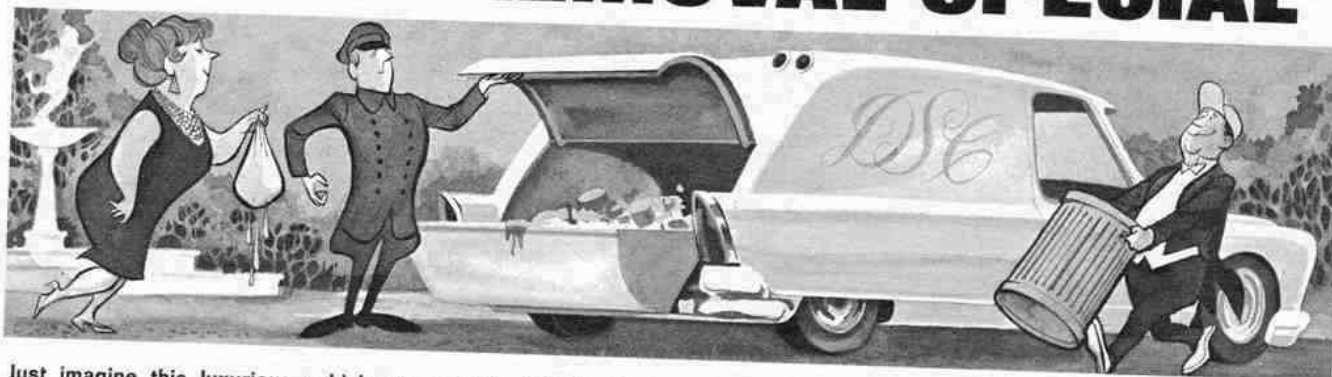
AVAILABLE NOW AT PETE’S FUNERAL PARLORS
“Let Pete put you in the finest Hearse!”

ADS FOR OTHER

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

IS YOUR PRECIOUS REFUSE STILL BEING PICKED UP BY OLD FASHIONED GARBAGE TRUCKS?
ISN’T IT TIME YOU AND THE FOLKS IN YOUR TOWN HAD YOUR TRASH REMOVED IN STYLE?
DON’T PAY ANOTHER PENNY IN TAXES UNTIL YOUR LOCAL SANITATION DEPARTMENT USES—

The 1967 Chevrolecch Town & Country WASTE-REMOVAL SPECIAL



Just imagine this luxurious vehicle turning into YOUR street, stopping in front of YOUR house, and picking up YOUR garbage? Here is magnificence never before achieved in a Garbage Truck! Have your City Council see it . . . Drive it . . . Smell it—TODAY!

A Product of General Mulchers Corp.

**COMES IN YOUR CHOICE OF COLORS INCLUDING: LEMON-RIND
YELLOW, BANANA-PEEL GOLD, GREASE-DRIP TAN, CRUST-OF-
BREAD BROWN, CHICKEN-BONE WHITE & SOUR-MILK IVORY!**

Body by Fishy

White-Walled Pick-Up Cans, Six-Way Perfume
Dispenser, Automatic Can-Smasher and Power
Steer-Bone Crusher Optional At Extra Cost.

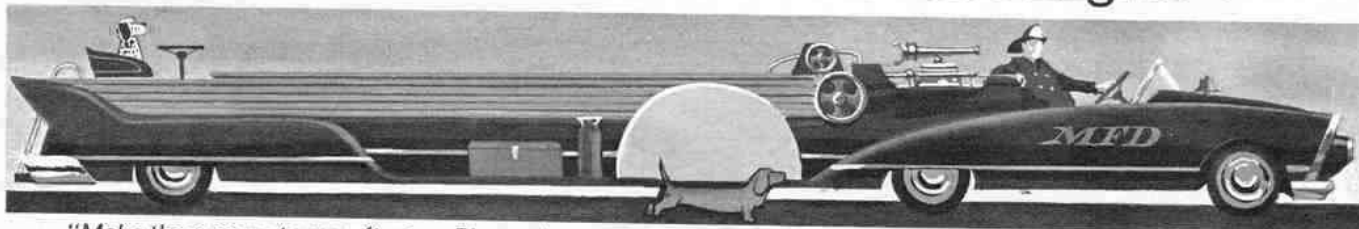
"IF THAT'S YOUR NEWEST PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, LET MY HOUSE BURN!"



Mr. Homeowner is right! He has a 1967 TV Set in his living room . . . a 1967 Refrigerator in his kitchen . . . and a 1967 Air Conditioner in his bedroom. Why should he let an old, beat-up, obsolete 1966 Fire Engine put out his modern 1967 fire?

SINCE YOUR TOWN'S FIRE EQUIPMENT COMES TO YOUR HOUSE AND STOPS ON YOUR PROPERTY TO PUT OUT YOUR FIRE, YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO DEMAND THE NEWEST, THE FINEST, THE MOST EFFICIENT FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE TODAY!

The 1967 Plumout "Inferno-X" Fire Engine



"Make them come to your fire in a Plumout Inferno-X—or go to blazes on their own!"

CHROME-PLATED BELL, SOLID TEAKWOOD LADDERS, TWO-TONE HOSES, WARBLING SIREN AND STUFFED DALMATIAN WITH NODDING HEAD OPTIONAL AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST.

1967 VEHICLES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

PAIN IS PAIN . . . AND PRIDE IS PRIDE: SHE'D RATHER DIE FIRST THAN BE RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL IN ANYTHING BUT A BRAND-NEW 1967 "SILVER FLASH" ILLSMOBILE AMBULANCE



Yes, this seriously ill lady has a point. Nothing attracts as much attention as a screaming, speeding ambulance. Is it any wonder that thousands of sick people like her are refusing to ride to hospitals in anything but the latest 1967 "Silver Flash" Illsmobile Ambulance? Remember, if you're good enough to get hurt, you're good enough to ride in a "Silver Flash"! Demand that your Local Hospital Board order one today! Tell them that you're just dying to ride in it!

Just look at all these de-luxe features:

- WRAP-AROUND PICTURE WINDOWS MAKE YOU —THE PATIENT—THE CENTER OF ATTENTION!
- COMPLETE AM/FM/TV STEREO COMBINATION SOOTHES YOUR PAIN AWAY DURING TRIP IN!
- BUILT-IN SUN LAMP RESTORES COLOR AFTER YOU TURN PALE WAITING TO BE PICKED UP!
- YEAR-ROUND AIR CONDITIONING KEEPS THE INTERIOR TEMPERATURE AT EXACTLY 98.6°!

FREE WALLET CARD.

CUT OUT AND CARRY WITH YOU AT ALL TIMES

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

Since I am a complete snob, please notify the hospital that will send for me to pick me up in nothing but a 1967 "Silver Flash" Ambulance. Then, if there is still time, notify a doctor!

MY NAME IS: _____

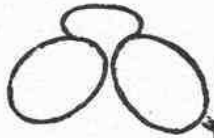
MY NEXT OF KIN'S NAME IS: _____

MY NEXT OF KIN'S PHONE NUMBER IS: _____

A PORTFOLIO OF **MAD**

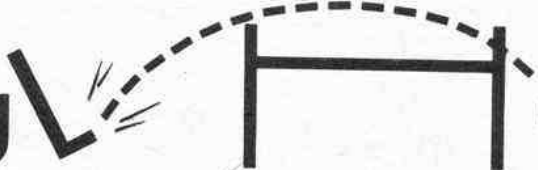
J. EDGAR H  VER

((((C)))

TEDDY R  SEVELT

MARIA  ALLAS

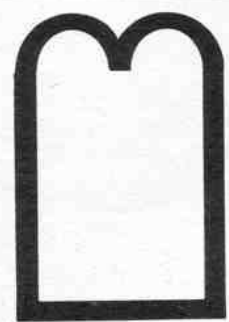
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PAUL  ORNUNG

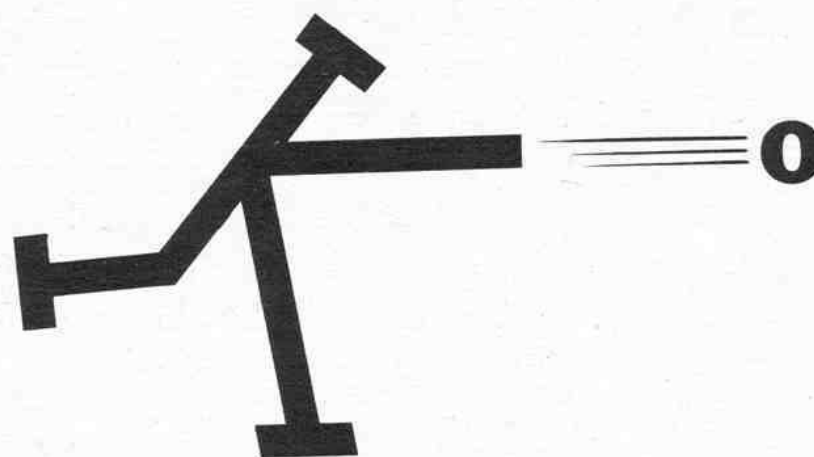


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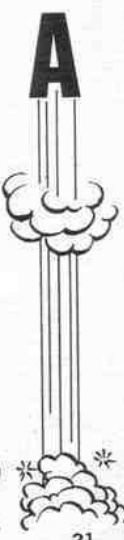
WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL

 OSES dior

SOPHIA L  REN

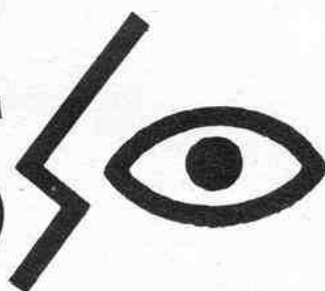
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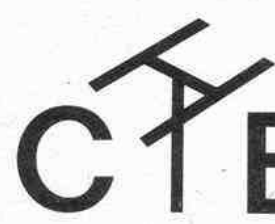
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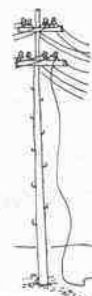
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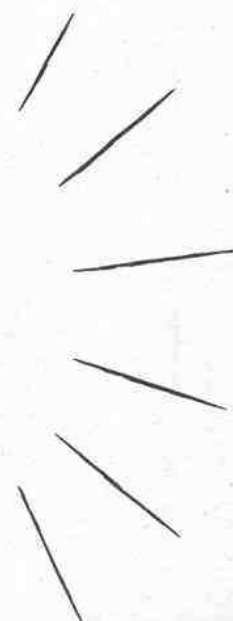
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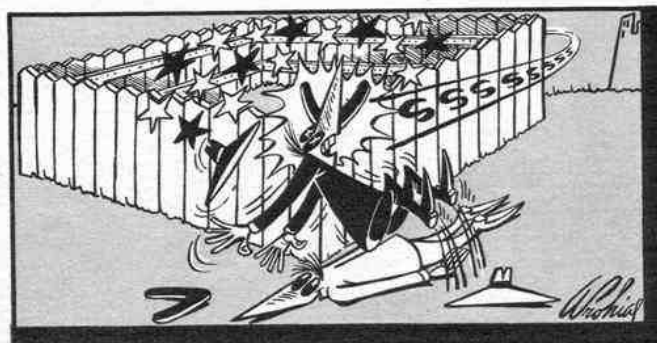
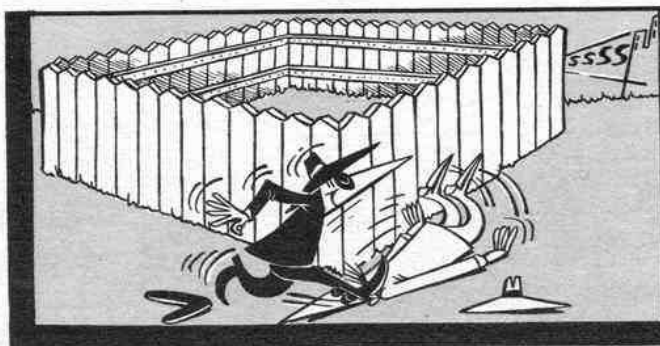
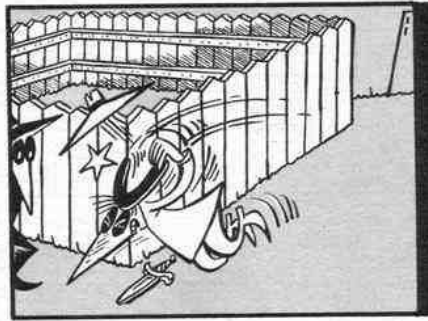
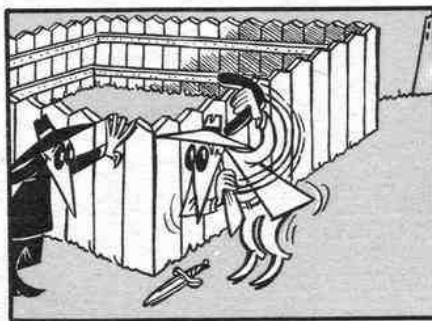
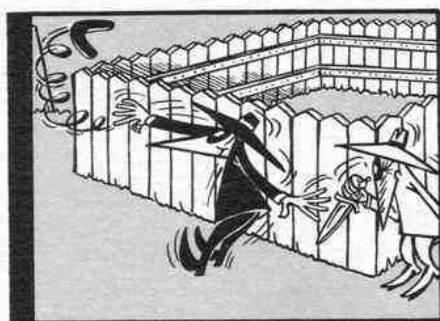
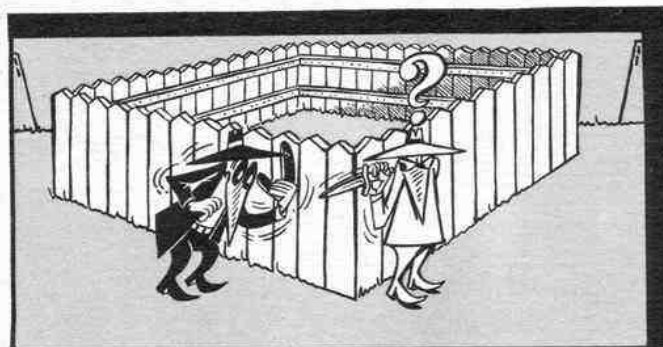
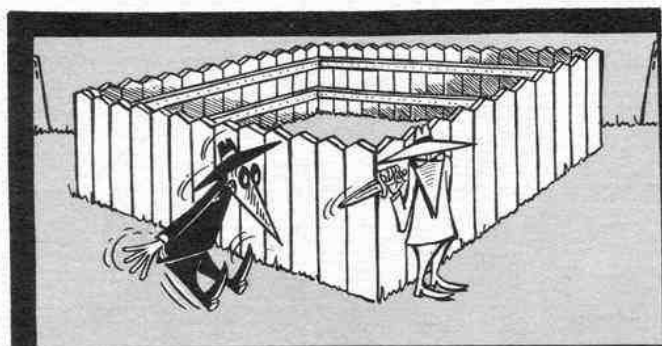
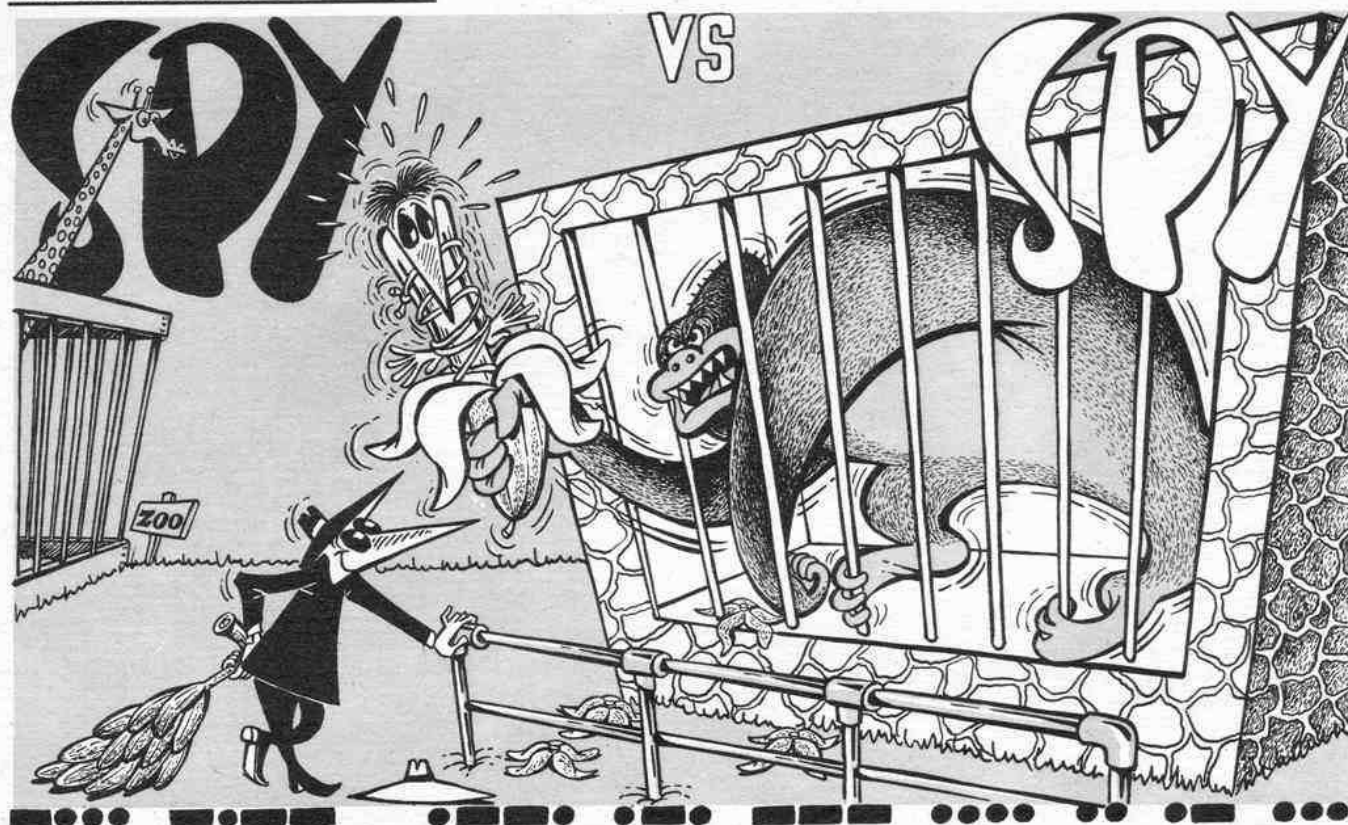
WILT CHAMBERLAIN

 ET & DAVID



Louis
ARMSTRON





SUMMA CUM LOUDMOUTH DEPT.

WHAT IS A

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

BETWEEN the time you enter college and the time you graduate, you're guaranteed to come across a creature known as a "B.-M.-O.-C.". A "Big Man On Campus" is really not so different from ordinary people on campus—except that gorgeous blondes research his term papers, fraternity brothers write his book reports, drum majorettes hold his place in cafeteria lines, and Homecoming Queens wash his socks. While all this is taking place, the B.M.O.C. is keeping busy enhancing his prestige, solidifying his position, and becoming absolutely insufferable.

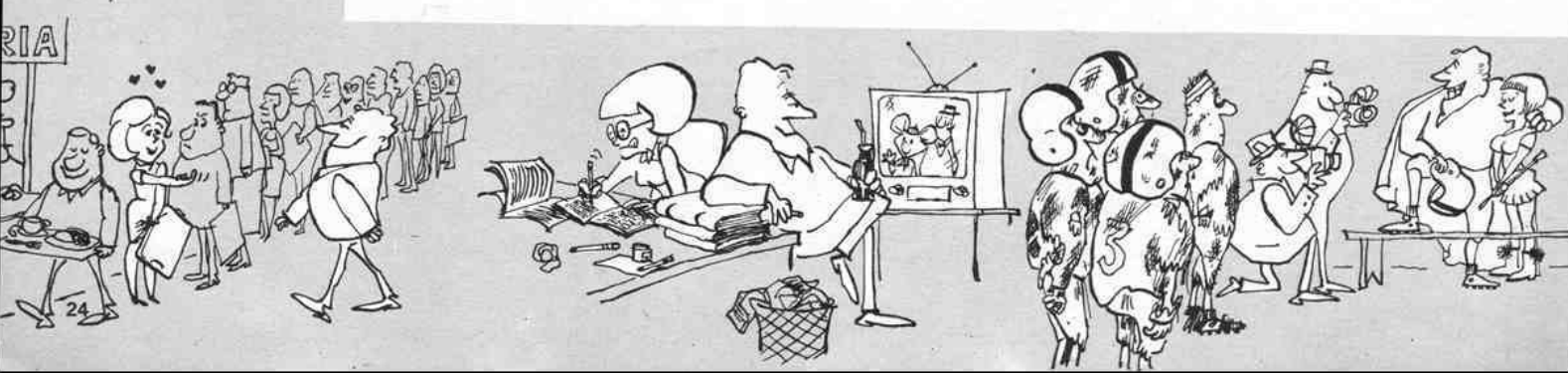
BIG MEN ON CAMPUS are natural-born leaders. They lead co-eds to dark country roads, faculty members to distraction, Student Councils to anarchy, credit jewelers to repossession, and roommates to transfer to the University of Hawaii.

A B.M.O.C. stands out from the crowd. He's the one who asks the questions in class and then interrupts the Prof to answer them himself. He's the one who appears in yearbook pictures with groups he doesn't even belong to. He's the one in R.O.T.C. who carries a riding crop. He's the one who sends press releases to the school paper about his social life. And he's the one member of the class of '62 who still hasn't graduated.

B. M.O.C.'s ARE VERY seldom concert violinists, Fulbright Fellows, Animal Husbandry Majors, or exchange students from Pakistan. More often, they are former All-Yonkers quarterbacks, devoted admirers of Billy Sol Estes, the offsprings of pushy mothers and needling fathers, or the products of broken homes—which probably got broken because they were in them to begin with.

DOWN DEEP inside, a B.M.O.C. is many people. He is his older brother's I.D. card, his roommate's best clothes, his girl friend's convertible, his best friend's charge-a-plate, his debating coach's diction, and his football coach's vocabulary.

HE IS Cold Calculation with a warm handshake, Sincerity passing out rhinestone frat pins, Tone Deafness with a guitar, Scholastic Achievement with a crib sheet, and Thoughtfulness that mails his dirty laundry home—gift-wrapped for Mother's Day.



B.M.O.C.?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

A B.M.O.C. HAS ALL the qualities that make men rich and famous: The quiet charm of Jack Paar, the boyish innocence of Bobby Baker, the humility of Cassius Clay, the tact of Jimmy Hoffa, the emotional stability of Fidel Castro, the simple tastes of Jackie Gleason, the patience of Leo Durocher, and the morals of Hugh Hefner.

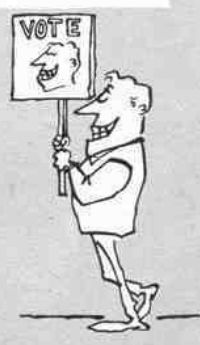
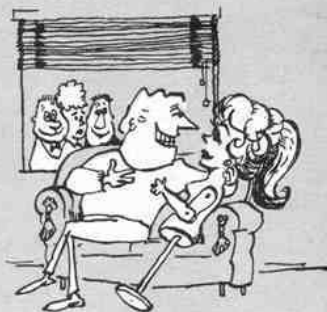
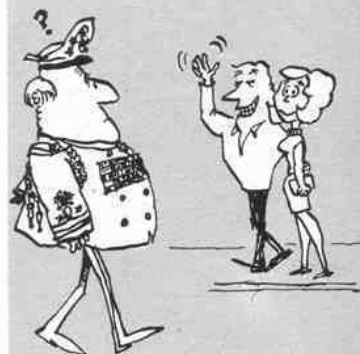
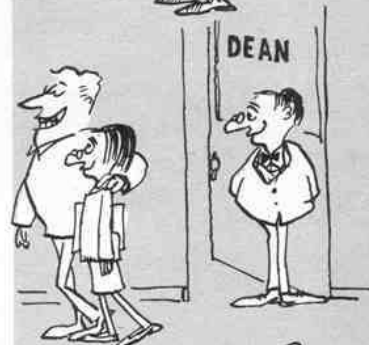
ABOVE ALL, the B.M.O.C. possesses the gift of Ingenuity. Who else gets stuck for the week-end with a cousin from Peoria and passes her off as a debutante from Vassar? Who else hocks his roommate's watch and then raffles off the pawn ticket? Who else makes one girl jealous by being seen with a second in a sports car he borrowed from a third? Who else polls 3,000 votes in an election for Class President—at a school with 1,200 students?

A B.M.O.C. IS WELL LIKED because he knows how to do the right thing at the right time. He always: Flirts with sorority house mothers; quotes from the writings of faculty advisers; sings "We Shall Overcome" at coffee houses; whistles "The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi" at Sigma Chi meetings; and hums "God Bless America" while trying desperately to flunk his pre-induction physical. He never: Agrees with the new restrictions posted by the Dean of Students; argues with the Captain of the Wrestling Team; falls asleep at pep rallies; risks marching in protest parades he's organized; or lets the other guys in his dorm catch him cuddling up to his teddy bear.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT . . . it costs a fellow a fortune to be a B.M.O.C. His lunch money goes to the pawn shop so he can add to his display of second-hand trophies, his loose change goes to the phone company so he can make important-sounding calls to the lady who gives the correct time, and his weekly allowance goes to renting a car every Saturday night so he can pick up his date if he has one—or get out of town and hide if he doesn't.

BUT ALL THE GRIM, tedious drudgery that goes into the making of a B.M.O.C. is well worthwhile. Along the rocky road, he learns to influence and persuade; to plan and to see those plans blossom into reality; to sway the masses with his oratory; and to savor the triumph of having his viewpoint prevail. By Graduation Day, he is confidently prepared to step forth into the outside world . . .

TO WORK FOR HIS FATHER!



—ARAGONE'S—



NATIONAL "HANG-UP" DEPT.

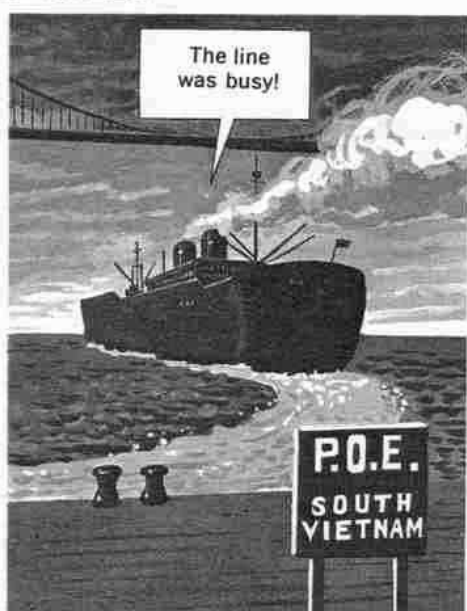
The Bell Telephone System once made a policy statement which went like this (and this is a legitimate quote): "A home phone is a doorway to a family's private life. It must not be invaded!" As we all know, the Telephone Company never veers from that policy . . . except in dire emergencies. And one of those dire emergencies is when it comes to Phone Company profits. So now,

TELEPHONE

THE ABUSES ... UNWANTED CALLS CAN BE CRUEL



UNWANTED CALLS CAN INTERFERE WITH MORE IMPORTANT CALLS



YOUR LEISURE TIME? WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A PLACE TO GO WHERE THERE IS PLENTY OF ACTIVITY MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT? LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT OUR WONDERFUL BEACH CLUB.

Americans are all in a constant state of dire emergency, due to the fact that the Telephone Company not only ignores its policy, but even encourages others to do likewise, so long as they rent phones to do it. We're talking, of course, about that sleazy crowd of ex-door-to-door salesmen who've given up "walking" and taken up "talking" to become the latest plague known as...

SOLICITORS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

UNWANTED CALLS ALWAYS SEEM TO COME AT THE WORST TIMES



THE REACTIONS ...HOW SOME PEOPLE FIGHT BACK



HOW PHONE COMPANY SCIENCE HELPS OVERCOME PUBLIC RESISTANCE TO TELEPHONE SOLICITORS

The people who slam phones, put babies on, fire guns etc., have only themselves to blame for what has followed. Naturally, Telephone Company scientific ingenuity wasn't going to take this kind of reaction lying down. Here are two remarkable weapons now in use in this war for people's ears:

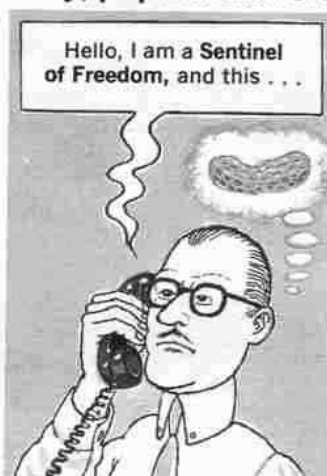
THE AUTOMATIC DIALER until recently, popular and effective



Program card with phone list is fed into Automatic Dialer.



It dials each number, eliminating costly human operators.



Angered listener may want to slam receiver down violently



... but is frustrated, and solicitor has the last laugh.

THE NEW IMPROVED AUTOMATIC DIALER slam-proof and then some!



Phone card list is fed into Improved Automatic Dialer—



—which dials automatically.



Angered listener hangs up—



but it rings telephone again!



He hangs up again...



it rings again...



He hangs up...



It rings...



until message is completed.

THE CULPRITS AND THEIR PLOYS

In all fairness, before we go any further, we feel that it would be only right to include some of the "good" that Telephone Soliciting brings. The box at right was left for this purpose. Unfortunately, as of press-time for this issue, not a single person we interviewed could come up with anything nice to say about it. They did, however, come up with some pretty nasty, unprintable things to say about it.



SOME OF THE ROTTEN SNEAKY TRICKS THEY PULL



The prize is always a cheap trinket, and if you let the "representative" deliver it, you'll find that he is also delivering a powerful sales pitch for something or other.



This bum leads you to think he's from an "Official Govt. Outfit," scares hell out of you, and then installs \$950 worth of "doubtful quality" Fire Alarms in your home.



If more folks fell for this ruse, there'd be 100 "Model Homes" on every block. The only thing anyone gets out of this "Home Improvement" scheme is a whopping bill.



They really do, too! They send the kids of the people who work for this telephone sales outfit to camp. We'd like to send the solicitors to camp—Concentration Camp!

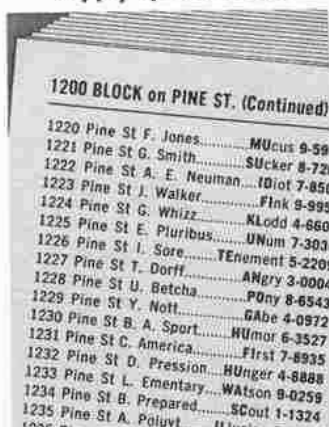
BUT THE BIGGEST CULPRIT OF ALL IS STILL



By consistently ignoring the public's violent objections, by always favoring businessmen over private citizens, and by hoodwinking Public Service Commissions through lobbies, Phone Companies have helped all these abuses to remain.

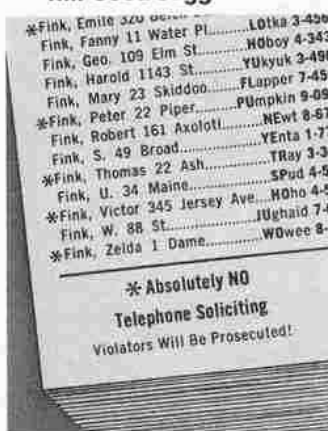
HOW PHONE COMPANIES PLAY FOOTSY WITH SOLICITORS AND SUBSCRIBERS

Supply Special Books



Phone Co.'s print and sell special phone books listing their subscribers according to addresses . . . a boon to Solicitors who want to cover a specific neighborhood.

Kill Good Suggestions



A Phone Co. fought and beat a suit by one of its fed-up subscribers to have asterisk placed next to his name to indicate he did not want to be bothered by Solicitors.

Charge Extra For Help



Telephone Solicitors can be thwarted by merely having your phone number removed from phone book. But Phone Co. charges extra for this, calling it Unlisted Number.

Give Solicitors \$ Break



Private subscribers actually support Telephone Soliciting business by paying the same rate for "Unlimited Service" . . . and not making anywhere near as much use of service.



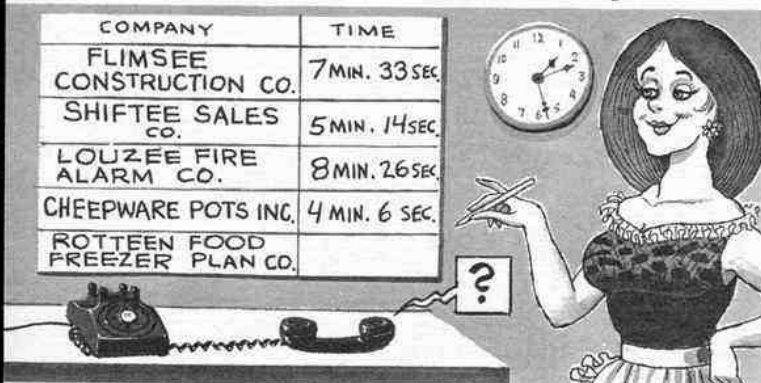
HOW CAN WE THINGS WE CAN DO TO

The Wrong Address Play



When Telephone Solicitor gives you a number to call, do so, and act anxious to buy product they are selling. Then give phony name and address where they should deliver it.

The "Hold The Phone" Play



When Solicitor calls, say "Hold on a second while I shut off the oven." Then put phone down and forget it till you hear the hang-up click. For extra fun, keep score to see which Telephone Soliciting Co. sets "Time-Wasting Record".

The Poison Gas Play



Invite Telephone Solicitor to your house, then eat garlic-onion-limburger cheese sandwich. Be sure to ask a zillion questions, always leaning in close and breathing heavily.

The Mysterious Woman Play



Find out name of owner of Phone Soliciting Co. Call their number, and using sexy voice, leave message for him like: "Miss Kitten Kuddly called. She will meet Mr. — at the Motel at the usual time." This will stir things up a bit.

THINGS WE CAN DO TO

The Switcheroo Play



Since Phone Co. Officials think so highly of Telephone Solicitors, we should help them get together more often. Next time Solicitor calls, order whatever they're selling sent, and give name and address of a Phone Co. Official.

The Keep 'Em Busy Play



Make list of Official Phone Co. Numbers (found in front section of phone book). Call one and say, "To get your free prize, call . . ." and give another number on your list. Repeat until everyone is involved in this Fun Game.

FIGHT BACK?

TELEPHONE SOLICITORS

The Old "Any Message?" Ploy



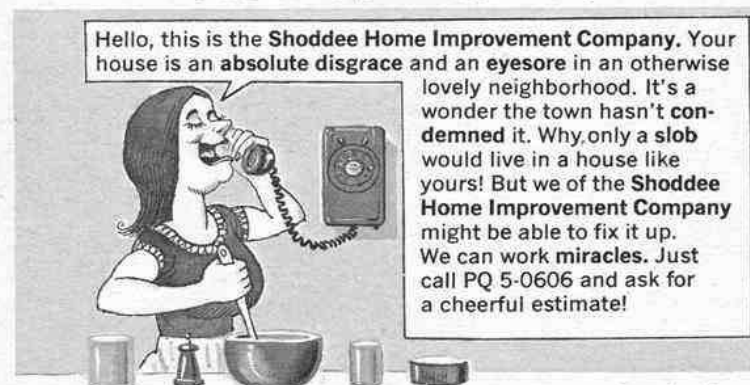
When Solicitor calls, act interested and get phone number to call back. Dial it ten times and ask for "Herbie"! On eleventh time, say, "This is Herbie... any calls for me?"

The Bad Publicity Ploy



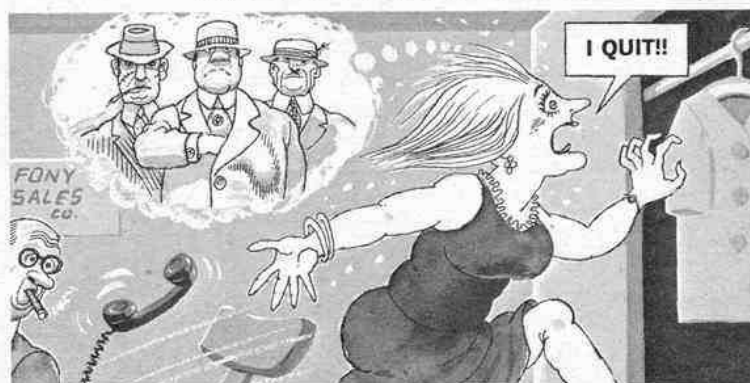
Make up stickers and paste them everywhere: in rest rooms, phone booths, bus terminals, etc. Any message will do as long as it gets people to call Solicitor and tie up lines.

The Nasty Image Ploy



For Phone Solicitors you really hate, this can be deadly. Make insulting phone calls to everyone in the local phone book, pretending that you're the aforementioned Solicitor. Just be sure you have a good lawyer in case you get caught.

The Cosa Nostra Ploy



When Telephone Solicitor calls, say this in a convincing Movie-Gangster voice: "De Boss don' like havin' a meetin' interrupted, an' he wants t' send a couple of his boys aroun' t' have a li'l chat wit' whoever is responsible!"

THE TELEPHONE COMPANY



The Emergency Repair Ploy



The Phone Company has radio-dispatched trucks ready for any emergency, so never hesitate to call for a repair, or let them know about something that needs their attention. Even if it turns out to be a mistake, they'll be grateful.

The Turnabout-Is-Fair-Ploy



Automatic Dialing equipment is available to subscribers as well as Solicitors. For those who care to spend the money (a group could chip in!), this is a great way to let Phone Co. Officials enjoy the fun Soliciting brings.

AN ADORABLE PUPPY



What person wouldn't just love to get this adorable "Ball of Wool?" No need to tell the Fink recipient that it's a St. Bernard puppy. He'll find out in due time. Have you any idea how much it costs to feed a St. Bernard?

ONE TICKET TO THE CIRCUS



This is a "must" gift for a Fink with a family of three or more kids. Merely buy one ticket to the circus for one of the kids. This means that the Fink must buy at least two more kid tickets and one adult ticket to keep the peace.

A FIVE-DOLLAR GIFT CERTIFICATE



This "\$5 Gift Certificate Towards The Purchase of a Cadillac" will either force the fink to spend a fortune on a car he can't afford, or drive him nuts because he can't afford to use it. For \$5.00, you get miles of satisfaction.

GIFT TILL IT HURTS DEPT.

How do you vent your hostilities and take your revenge? By hitting? By writing nasty anonymous letters? By defacing property? Yecch, are you crude! There's a much more subtle way of getting even with people you hate. Instead of outright punishment, you seemingly reward them. Mainly, you kill the Finks with kindness—by giving them gifts that will either cost them money, or cause them discomfort. To this end, we now present

A MAD SHOPPING GIFTS FOR

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

A PRINCESS PHONE



The telephone company tells us that a Princess Phone is a perfect gift; and they're right—perfect for Fink Gift-Giving! While the "Initial Fee" costs you only \$5, it costs the recipient a \$5 "Installation Charge" and \$1.85 "Rental Charge" per month thereafter.

A MOVIE OF THE FINK'S KIDS



This gift is recommended only for the Fink who has kids, but does not have a movie projector. Take pictures of his brats and send him the reel. This will cost Fink \$75 and up for a projector.

SIX STEREO LP SYMPHONIES



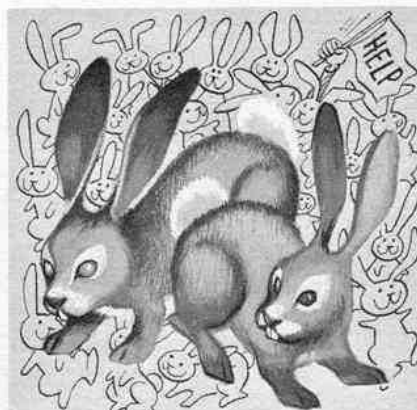
This marvelous gift for a Music-Lover-Fink costs you only \$1.98. Just don't mention that you have enrolled him in a Record Club. He is now forced to buy an additional six records per year at \$5.98 each. And if he does not have a Stereo Player—well, that's a "Bonus".

\$5.00 CHIP FROM SANDS HOTEL



This "Vacation Special" is best used when Fink friend is discussing where he should spend his two weeks. A \$5.00 chip will be motive enough to make the cheap crumb choose Las Vegas, where he will promptly lose a fortune gambling.

PETS FOR FINK'S KIDS



Give a male rabbit to the Fink's boy, and a female rabbit to the Fink's girl. In a very short time — voila! Bunnies as far as the eye can see! Then, just let your Fink friend try to get rid of any! Over his kids' dead bodies, maybe!

A MONOGRAMMED GOLF BAG



The perfect gift for the non-golfing Fink. The bag must be monogrammed so that it cannot be returned. Now Fink must fill it with \$100 worth of golf clubs, and engage in endless fights with wife about playing on weekends.



GUIDE TO FINKS

WRITER: STAN HART

FUCHSIA-COLORED SUEDE HANDBAG



A wonderful gift for that lady-friend-Fink! What woman has shoes, hat, coat or dress to go with a fuchsia-colored suede handbag—or could resist rushing right out to buy them, for that matter?

UNPAINTED FURNITURE



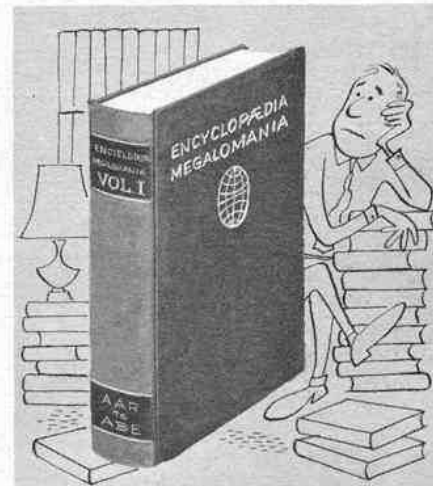
Items must be bought on "Final Sale—No Return" basis. When Fink realizes he's stuck with it, he'll have to buy paint or stain and varnish, and spend endless hours doing and re-doing job.

A BARBIE DOLL



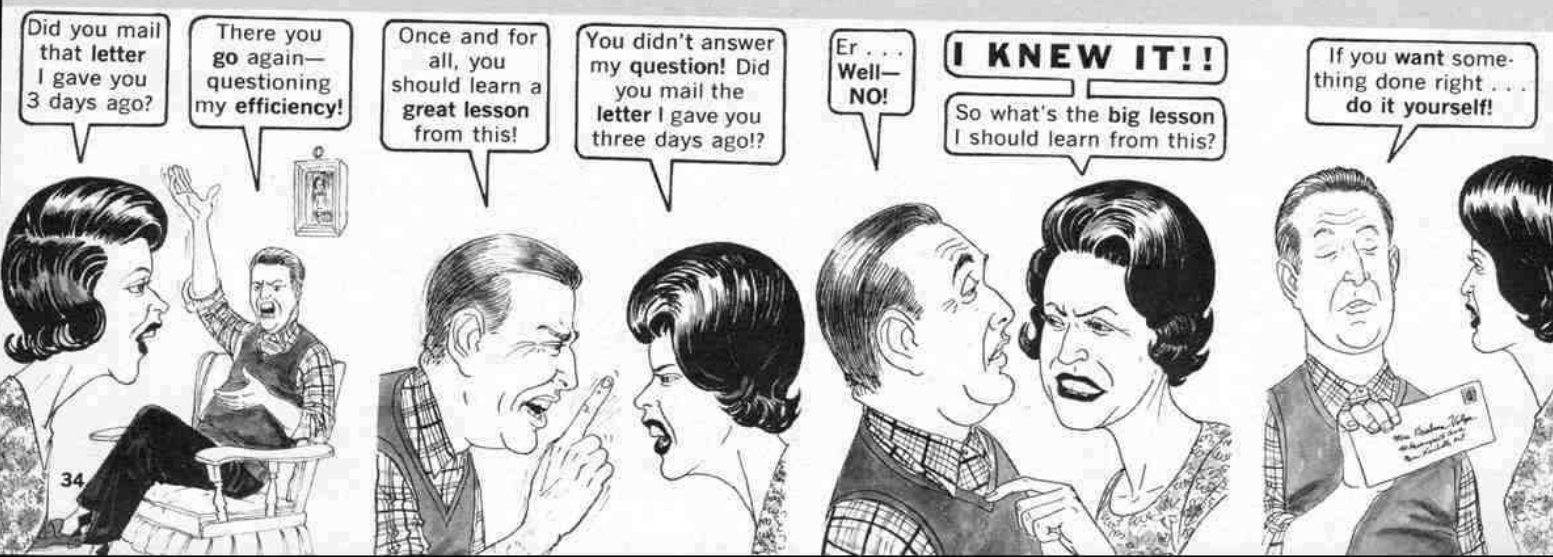
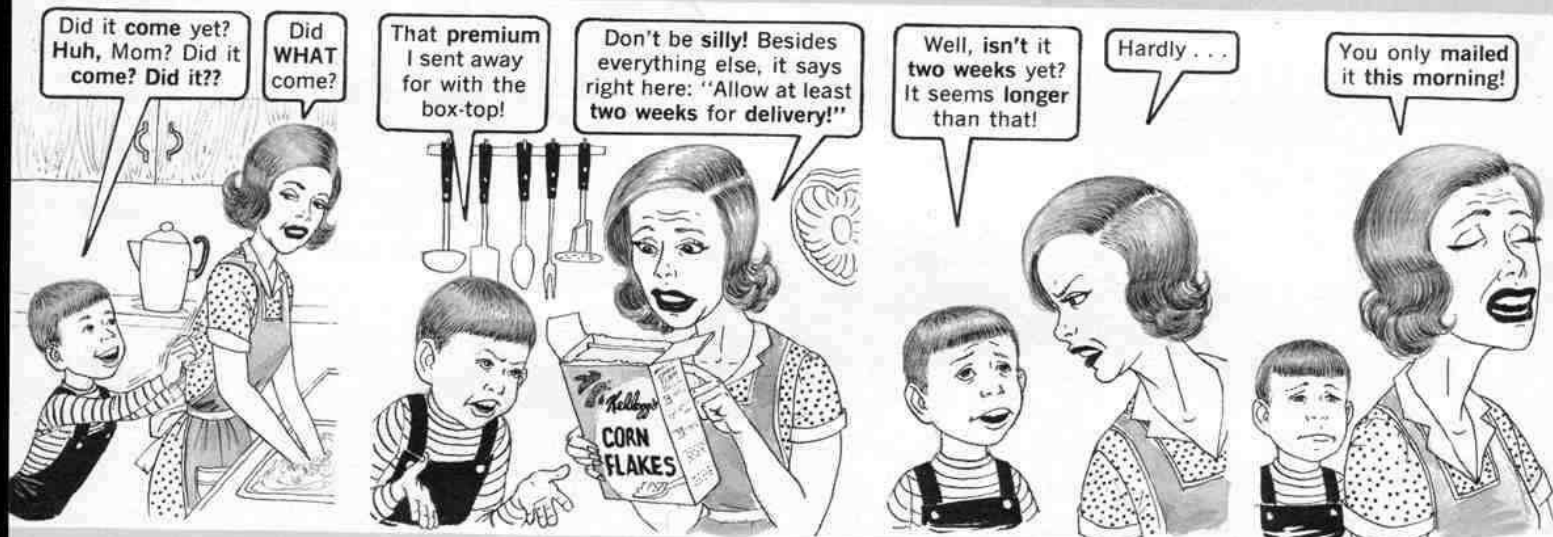
This gift really needs no explanation. For only a couple of bucks, you make the Fink's kid happy while burdening the Fink with endless costs — like for Barbie's summer and winter wardrobes, her house and car, and her hundreds of friends who also need wardrobes, etc.

VOLUME I OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA



For less than \$10, many Encyclopedia Publishers offer the first volume as an incentive to continue purchasing the complete 20-volume set. This will cost your Fink an additional 190 bucks.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



MAIL

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



I told you and I told you!
Buy our Christmas Cards
early! Don't wait until
the last minute!



What do you want
from me? I bought
them this morning!



Great! Christmas
is tomorrow! It's
too late, idiot!

Okay! Okay! So
it's too late
for this year!



But for next year . . .
Boy, are we early!!



Wow, they sure jam
the mail into these boxes!



There's "Look
Magazine"! I
wanna
see it first!

No, I
wanna
see it
first!



You only wanna
see it first
because I wanna
see it first!

I do not! I wanna
see it first
because I wanna
see it first!



Here! Both of you
can see it first!



Wouldn't you know it! I got
this thick letter from your
brother . . . and there's
five cents postage due on it!



The cheap-skate! Afraid
to shell out an extra
nickel for over-weight!



After all, the guy
makes a good living!
Why should I have to
pay the postage when
he mails me a letter?

All right,
already!
So what
did he
send you?



A Fifty-Dollar
Gift Certificate
for my birthday.

Oh, Boy! Look what Aunt Vivian sent me for my birthday . . . a box of **personalized stationery**, with my name printed on every sheet and on the envelopes, too!

I can't wait to use it! Let's see—who can I write to?

Well, you could write to Aunt Vivian and thank her for sending you the lovely personalized stationery!

Are you outta your mind!? What good will that do? She already knows I've got the stationery! I want to write a letter to someone I can impress!

Are you going to send it just like that?

Sure! What's wrong with it?

They'll never accept it! It doesn't have the **Zip Code Number**!

Zip Code Number!? Who needs a Zip Code Number? What more does that crummy Postal System need besides the person, his house, his city and state?

See, wise guy! Here's that letter back! I told you they wouldn't accept it without a Zip Code Number!



Darn it! It's raining again! How am I going to get this letter into the mail box without getting it wet?

Tell you what—you open the slot and I'll take the letter out of my purse real quick and slip it into the box!

Ready? One . . . Two . . . Three!!

WAIT, MA!

Wait, nothing! I did it—and I didn't get one drop on it!

That's great, Ma! But what will the Post Office do with a dry Shopping List?

Oh-oh! Here comes that big blabbermouth, Mrs. Kaputnik! If she sees me home, she'll know I'm out of a job, and she'll tell the whole block!

I'll hide—and you answer the door!

Hello, Mrs. Kaputnik! How nice to see you!

You're pretty happy for a woman whose husband is out of a job!

B-but, how did you know?

Here! The Postman delivered his Un-employment Check to my house by mistake!

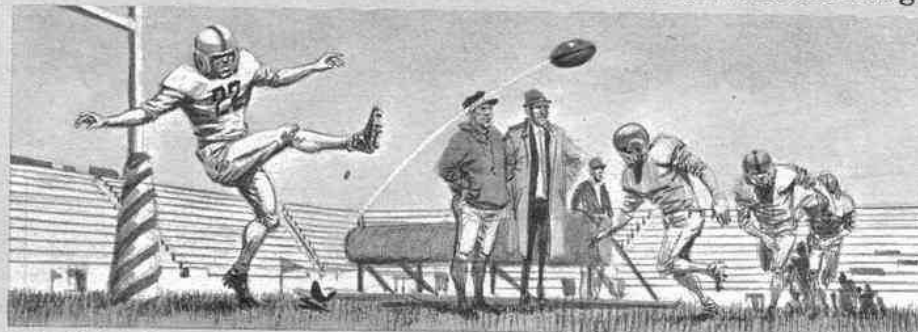


A black and white illustration of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a patterned shirt. She has a very angry expression, with furrowed brows and a wide-open mouth showing her teeth. She is holding a white envelope or letter. To her right is a black mailbox with two legs. A speech bubble is visible above her head, but it is empty.

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

KOKOMO WHIPS MUNCIE 68-67 BEHIND KICKING OF RINGWORT

KOKOMO, Ind. (AP)—The educated toe of Zack Ringwort today gave the Kokomo Kangaroos a 68 to 67 victory over the Muncie Mincers. The win assured the Kangaroos undisputed possession of fifth



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

place in the North Central Indiana Pro Football League.

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

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

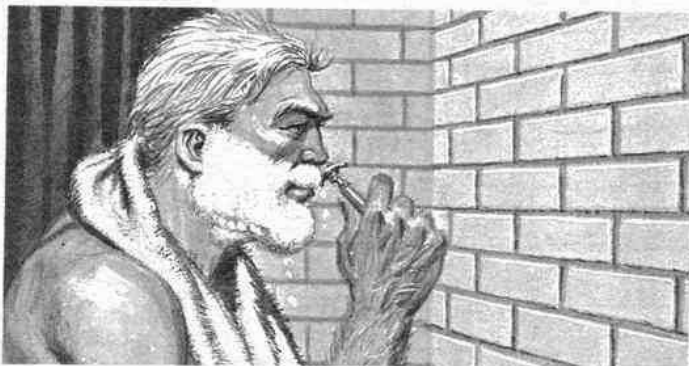
The 15-yard penalty brought Kokomo to its own 25 and set the stage for Ringwort's final kick, a mighty 75-yarder that split the uprights.

ADVERTISING AGE

Footballer's Feat Pays Off In Endorsements, Television Pact

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

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



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

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

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

POPULAR ASTROLOGY

HOROSCOPE PREDICTS FOOTBALLER'S FATE

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

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

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



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

FOOTBALL AS COVERED BY OTHER PUBLICATIONS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

MODERN MEDICINE

Medical Musings

BY HARLOW WOLFRAM, M.D.

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

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



X-RAY OF REFEREE MISHKIN
SHOWING DISLOCATED PELVIS.

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

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

HAIRDRESSERS WEEKLY

Oooooooh, That Ringwort!

by Charles
of The Ritzy



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

What a treat it was when his



Ravishing Ringwort

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

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

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

MAN OF THE WEEK

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

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

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



"MAN OF THE WEEK" SNAVELY

NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Wife Feeds Kids To Tropical Fish While Hubby Watches Football Game

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

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

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

BIG DAY FOR OUR GUS AT BIG FOOTBALL GAME

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

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

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



GUS FAVERSHAM

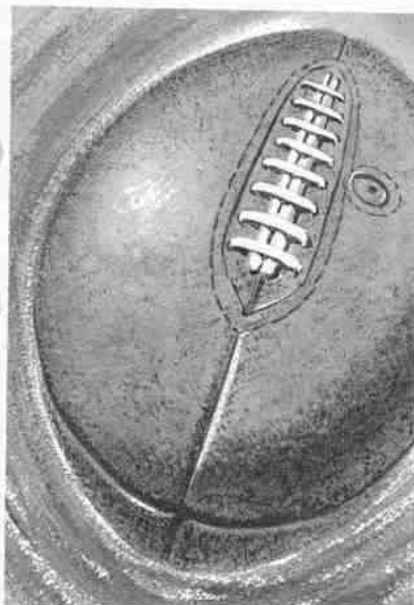


HIS FAMOUS KNEE

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

POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY

ACTION SHOT OF THE ISSUE



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

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY

AFTER HOURS

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

CASKET & SUNNYSIDE THE UNDERTAKER'S MONTHLY

Editor's Note:

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

BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPT.

In times past, Hollywood has turned out some big, corny movie musicals. But the biggest, corniest movie musical of all is now playing. Sure, the songs are lovely, but take them away and what have you got? Nothing but a collection of the same old dull clichés and boring tear-jerker gimmicks that you've been seeing in movie musicals for years. (We're even falling asleep writing this introduction about it!) It's obvious that this motion picture was made with only one goal in mind: Mainly to hear

THE \$OUND OF MONEY

* How come I'm alone, and there's so much music?
High up on a hill, with no one in view?
So how do they get all this sound and music?
A musical quiz I now pose to you.

Just see how I race up this steep mountainside
Without ever losing a beat!
You'd think that my lungs would give out up here
Over ten thousand feet!

To do all these things
with a wide-mouthed grin
Really should not amaze;
I've had lots of rest,
'Cause they filmed it on five different days!

I'm not singing now; I am pre-recorded!
I'm just mouthing words I have sung before!
And how does it feel to be singing nothing?
It's an aw-ful bore!

IIIQT
DRUCKER



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: STAN HART

*Sung to the tune of "The Sound of Music"

Mother Obsess, we really must do something about Mitzia! You should see how she's conducting the choir at Vespers!

Now, now! She's just a little high-spirited!



And now . . . direct from three smash years in a convent in the Belgian Congo . . . the "Sisters Four"! They'll sing their way into your hearts with a little hymn called—

Mitzia!! Come into my office at once!

Take five, girls!



Mitzia! You are quite a problem! I do not think that you belong in a Convent!

You mean, I belong in the outside world??

No, not there, either! That's the problem!!

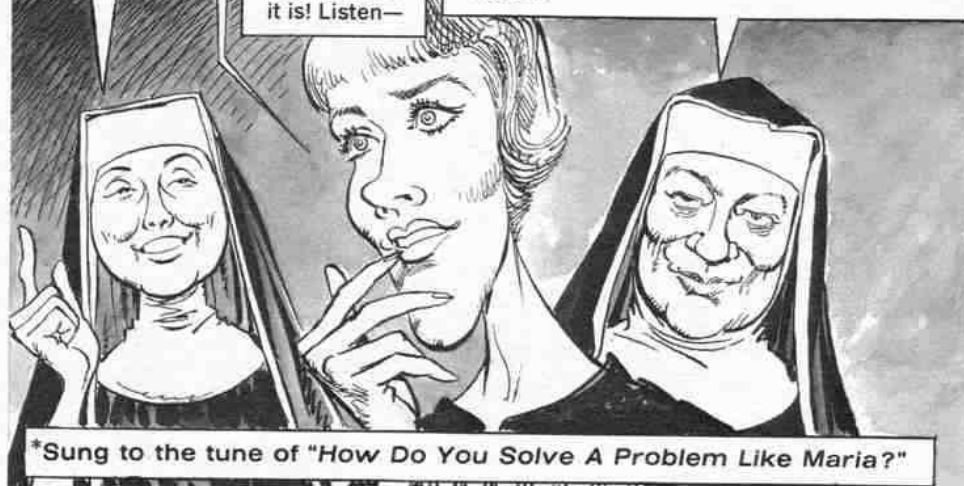


Well, at least we've solved **ONE** problem! The problem of religion!

Really? Is it a problem?

When you're making movies about Nuns it is! Listen—

* How do you solve the problem of religion? How do you handle Nuns and not offend? Just simply have them doing things they wouldn't! Don't follow the norm, Or stay true to form . . . Pretend!



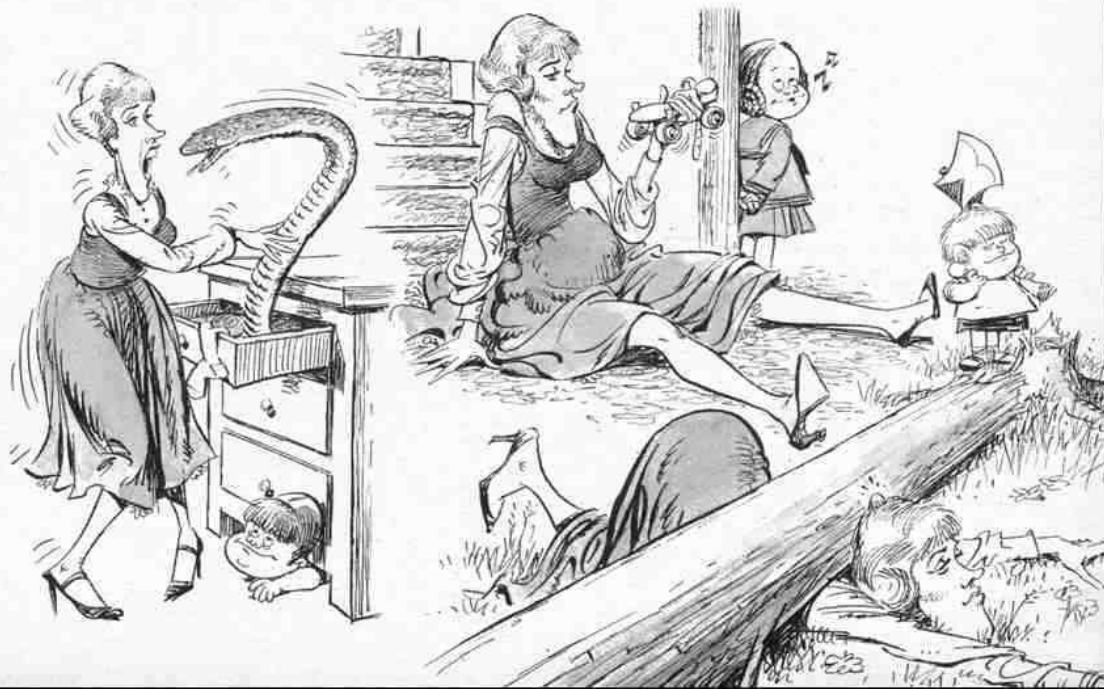
*Sung to the tune of "How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria?"

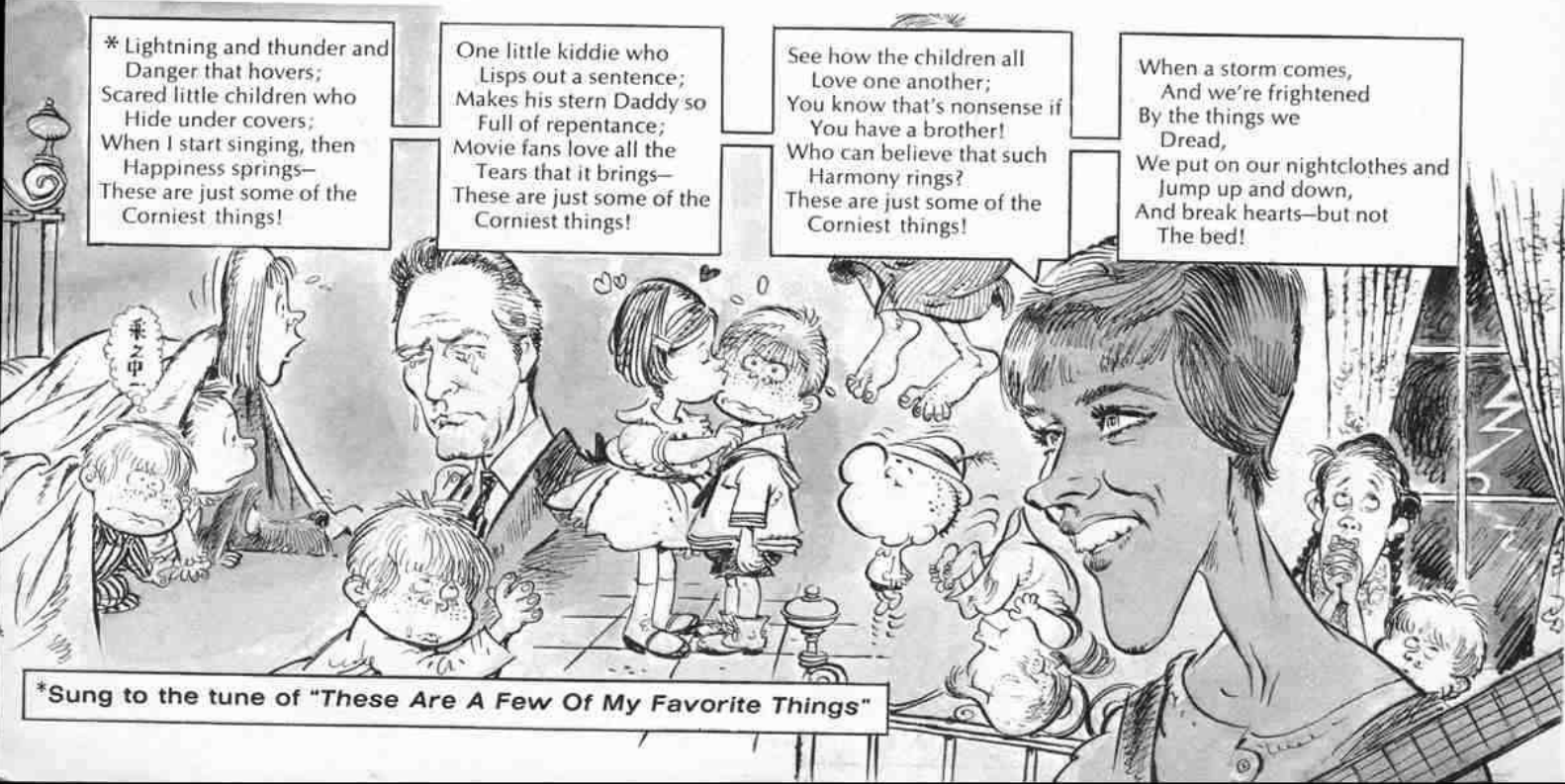
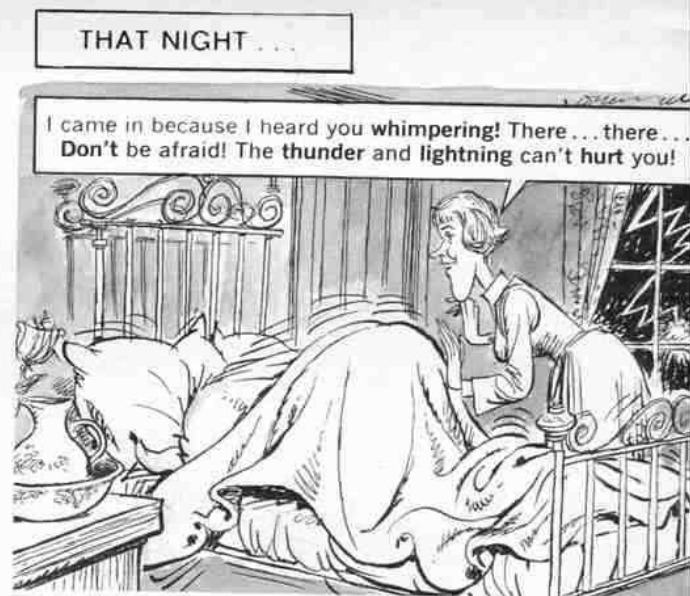
Just show a kookie Nun who rides a scooter; Or show a Sister try to fly a kite. The movies can make folks feel That all these events are real, And being a Nun is fun from morn' till night! People will eat up films about religion! Just keep them cor-ny, sacch-ar-in and trite!

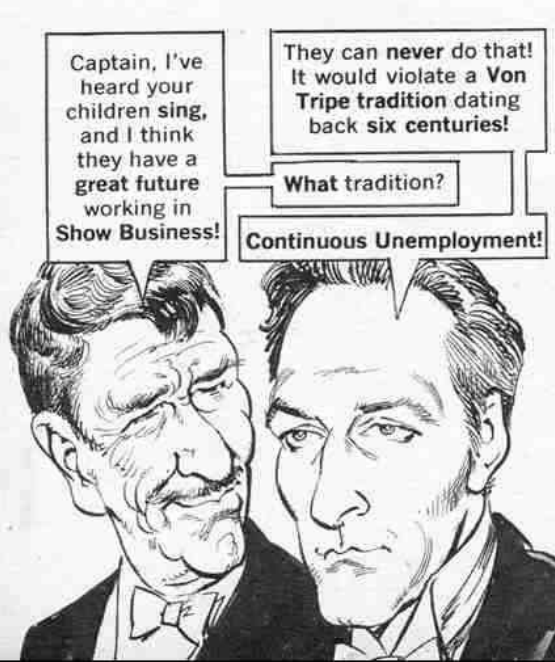
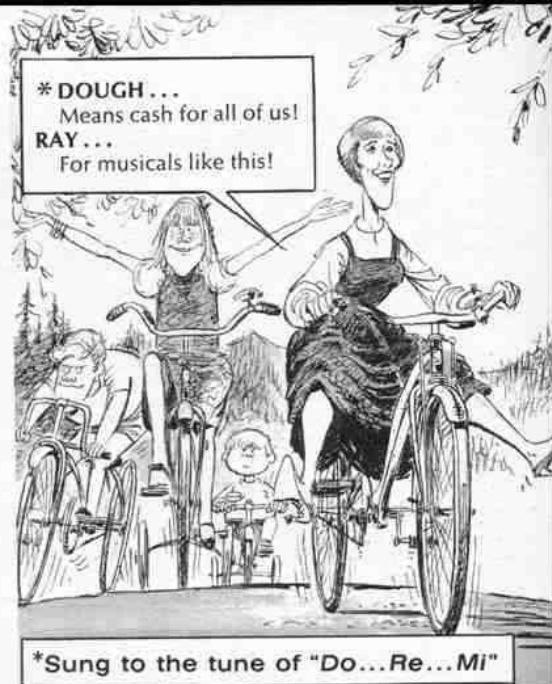
Ingrid Bergman, you'll recall, As a Nun would play baseball; And sweet Audrey Hepburn, Convent life forswore; Sister Debbie was so swinging On her motorbike, while singing; Old Roz Russell, Donna Reed, and many more.

All the Nuns sang a lament While they mixed up their cement, Playing "Lilies Of The Field" with so much zeal; Deborah Kerr was quite specific On that spot in the Pacific; Celeste Holm, Loretta Young all had appeal. Yes . . . everyone loves a picture on religion— Long as the Nuns and Priests are so unreal!









Countess, I cannot marry you I am in love with someone else!

You didn't have to tell me! I am a woman, and a woman's heart knows! It's that Dancer in Vienna!

No, it isn't her!

It's that Nurse in Salzburg!

Not her, either!

That waitress in Carlsbad?

No, not her either!

Well, who is it, then?

Guess!

All right, I'll tell you! It's ... it's ... I'm so bad at remembering names ...

Mitzia??

You are so wise!

Are you sure it's love, Captain? Or could it just be the fascination of saving money on a Governess?

If you really knew me, you wouldn't ask that question! Actually, it's a little of both!!





Stop them! Stop them!

From doing an encore?

No, idiot! From escaping!



You can hide here, Mitzia, but you must not make a sound!

Why? Are you afraid we'll get caught?

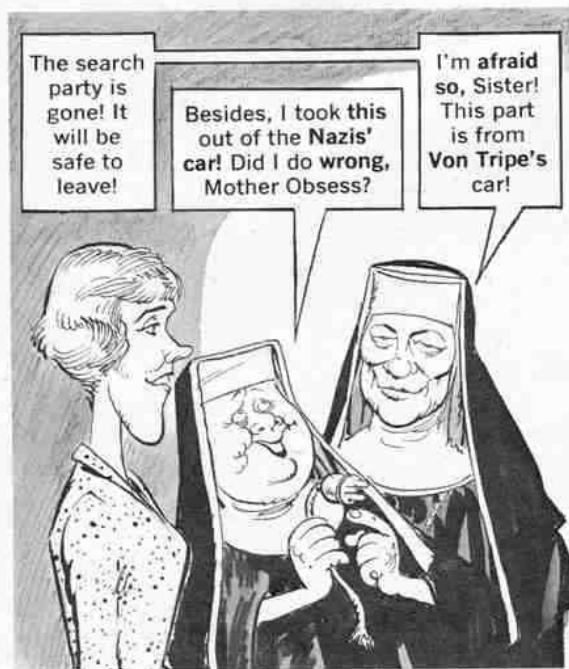
No! I'm afraid you'll start singing! Then I'll give myself up!!



Children, you must be very brave!

Why, Mitzia?

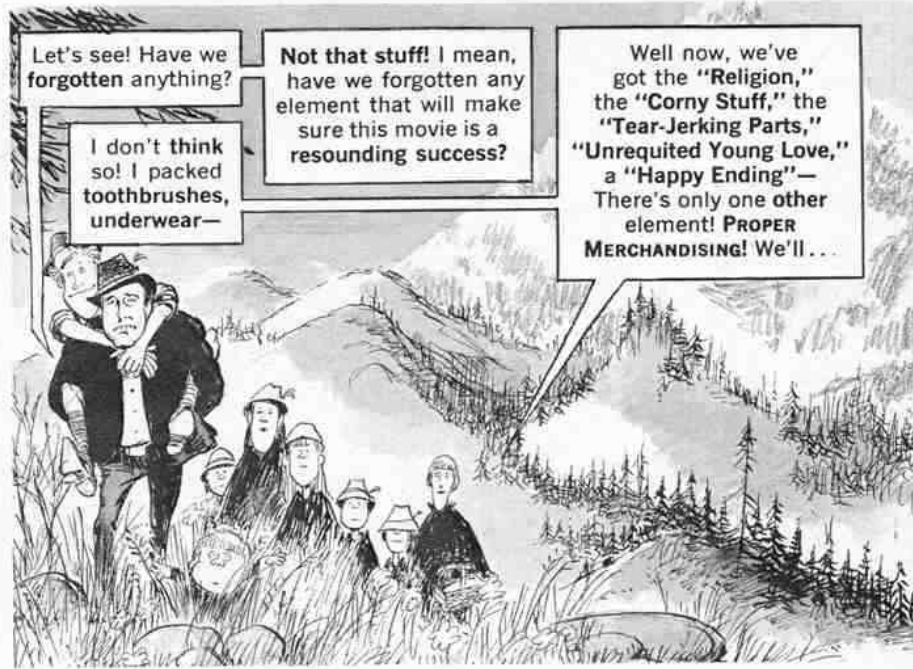
So you can set a good example for your father!



The search party is gone! It will be safe to leave!

Besides, I took this out of the Nazis' car! Did I do wrong, Mother Obsess?

I'm afraid so, Sister! This part is from Von Tripe's car!

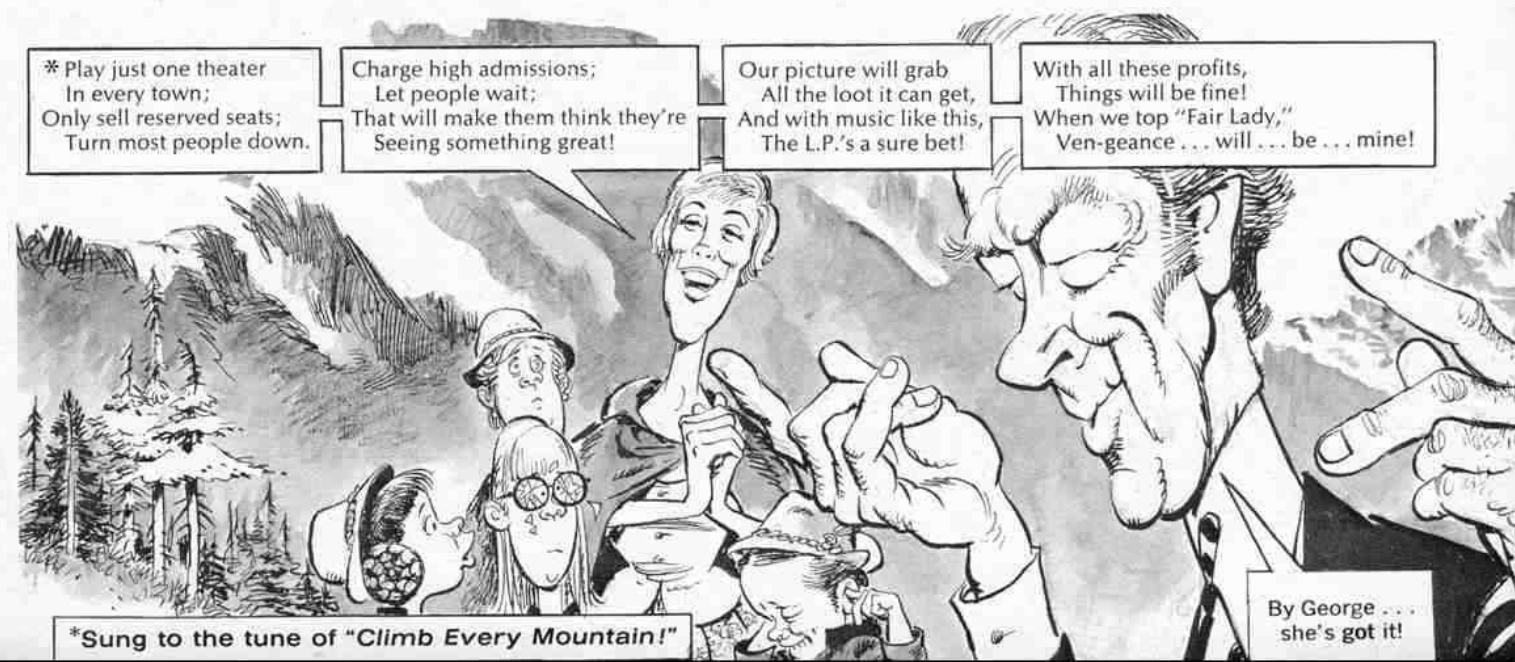


Let's see! Have we forgotten anything?

Not that stuff! I mean, have we forgotten any element that will make sure this movie is a resounding success?

Well now, we've got the "Religion," the "Corny Stuff," the "Tear-Jerking Parts," "Unrequited Young Love," a "Happy Ending"— There's only one other element! PROPER MERCHANDISING! We'll ...

I don't think so! I packed toothbrushes, underwear—



* Play just one theater In every town; Only sell reserved seats; Turn most people down.

Charge high admissions; Let people wait; That will make them think they're Seeing something great!

Our picture will grab All the loot it can get, And with music like this, The L.P.'s a sure bet!

With all these profits, Things will be fine! When we top "Fair Lady," Ven-geance ... will ... be ... mine!

* Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain!"

By George ... she's got it!

ONCE AGAIN IN THE LABORATORY



At last I've got it, Sidney! My formula for "Instant Height"! Do you realize what this means to me?

Yes, Doctor!

All my life, I've been a little man! Now, with one dram of this formula, I can be eight feet tall—instantly!

But don't you think it might be a terrible jolt to your system, Doctor? Perhaps you should only drink half of it at a time!!

Maybe you're right, Sidney! I'll only drink half of it!

BWEEP



A Christmas Message from **SANTA CLAUS**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

Don't let the Peddlers of Fear and Pessimism tell you that our wonderful world is Doomed!

Using my wisdom and experience, I can assure you that a Glorious, Resplendant Future will still belong to you if you will but aspire to achieve it. All Hate, War, Greed, Suffering and Sin will soon vanish from the earth, and man will find Peace. Yes, a Golden World is coming your way ...take it from wise old

*Santa
Claus*



Jaffee

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A

For MAD's Comment On This
Message, Fold Page In As Shown Above

B

MAD's GREAT MOMENTS IN ADVERTISING

the day no one was left up
to get him a Grant's

