

SPECIAL "JUNE-GROOM" ISSUE

July
'66
No.
104

MAD

OUR PRICE
30¢
CHEAP



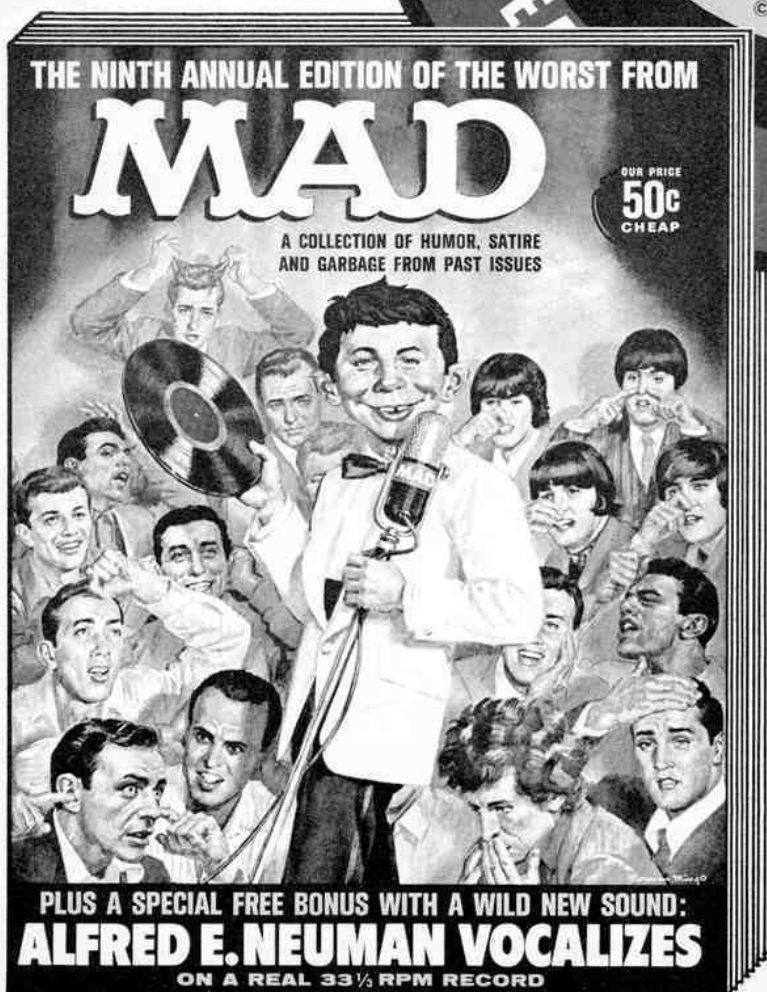
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NEUMAN
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GAS!"**

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Which also contains articles,
ad satires and other garbage
—the best from past issues!

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MAD

"There's one thing we know for sure about the speed of light:
It gets here too early in the morning!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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HEY, GANG!

If you can't get to see our HIT "OFF BROADWAY" REVIEW "THE MAD SHOW"

(Or even if you have seen it!)
you can listen to it on this

NEW COLUMBIA RECORD RELEASE!

It'll
fracture
you!



**IT'S AN
ORIGINAL CAST
ALBUM!**

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WHEREVER RECORDS ARE SOLD



CATCH 22

Yep, catch 22 people buying these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, at 25¢ (or 3 for 50¢), and you will have caught our whole year's sale. So if you'd like to make it 23, mail your money to: MAD, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



BUBBY LAKE MISSED

"Bubby Lake Missed" was a movie satire that I feel to be unequalled by all your others. I would like to extol Stan Hart for his estimable story, and commend Mort Drucker for his astounding likenesses.

Claudia Bendit
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I just read "Bubby Lake Missed—By A Mile!" I usually don't like your movie satires, but I couldn't help laughing at this one. MAD is the top humor magazine in the nation! Keep up the good work!

Lee Hendry
Savannah, Ga.

I just finished reading "Bubby Lake Missed" and I thought it stunk! It was the worst satire I've ever read in your creative magazine.

Linda Weinstein
Los Angeles, Calif.



Mort Drucker has got to be the most effective cartoonist in America today. The facial expressions he captures with pen and ink are nothing but a panic. There is never any doubt in the reader's mind as to the identity of his subjects. He is, to say the least, a very talented guy.

John A. Werner
Pittsburgh, Penna.

THE NATIONAL PERSPIRER

Thumbs Down

I was surprised to see your satire(?), "The National Perspirer" (#102). I was always under the impression that you wrote about situations in our society that demanded, so to speak, a close look with humorously raised eyebrows. A look incidentally, that usually demonstrated both insight and talent. Sensational newspapers like "The National Enquirer" have no value as far as my look goes. They seem to cater to a certain type of shock news that no amount of humor, wit or satire could comment upon, not even yours.

Joanne Marquis
Hollywood, Calif.

Not only was it degrading for you to even think of satirizing what is obviously the lowest form of print now offered to the U.S. public, but your handling of it was equally deprecating for your reputation. . . I will defend to the last your right to caricature reality; but I will never accept anything which, on the pretext of making me laugh at myself, repels me instead by overstepping the bounds of good taste, especially when those bounds have been so clearly defined by you in the past.

Leonard Shelhamer
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Your satire on the "Perspirer" was in extremely poor taste, and far below the fine standards MAD articles have supported in the past. In "over-emphasizing" the trashiness of sensational newspapers, you commit the very same "sin" in your presentation that they commit in theirs.

Janice Kaplan
University of Washington,
Seattle, Washington

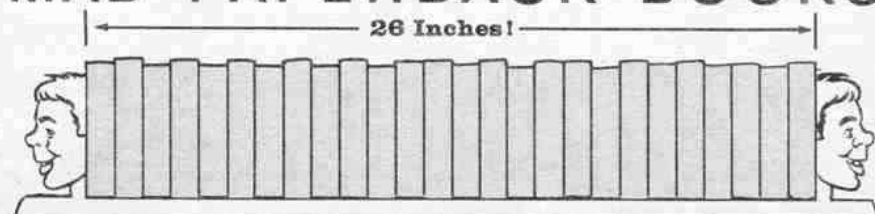
"The National Perspirer" read like "Justine" by De Sade. The newspaper you were satirizing is disgusting, true, but why publicize it?

Elan Leaman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

And have you ever wondered what happens to all the news that's not fit to print in the "New York Times" OR "The National Enquirer," for that matter? It's all gathered up in a rag called MAD!

Wm. Sloane
Carlisle, Pa.

THE ONLY EXERCISE YOU NEED DO TO HAVE A
TWENTY-SIX INCH WASTE
IS TO CUT OUT THE COUPON AT THE RIGHT AND ORDER
A Complete Collection Of The
MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS



THE NATIONAL PERSPIRER

Thumbs Up

I just finished reading your February issue. While it was, as usual, light reading and funny, your "National Perspirer" was perfectly ingenious—some of the best satire I've ever read. I just hope you are ready for the barrage of letters you are going to get. People are going to tear you apart because they'll probably think the things you printed were in bad taste. What they may not realize, though, is that such a piece of filth is actually published, distributed and read avidly. Your criticsizers will be directing their letters to the wrong people. Your article was written in the true tradition of good satire, and by calling attention to this smut through satire, has performed a service.

Mrs. John Maher
Elmhurst, N. Y.

Congratulations and thanks a million for your "National Perspirer" satire. That weekly assault on good taste and public decency, with its cover headlines about infants murdered by demented parents in novel ways, or freaks, or what-have-you, has needed a good pasting for years and richly deserved it. You rose to the occasion admirably.

Peter Shaw
Columbia University
New York City

I have been waiting for someone to attack that crop of newspapers designed for the sick and sadistic. Your satire proved to be far more effective than "Fact Magazine's" blast at "The Enquirer."

Martin Gdanski
New York City

Your satire, "The Perspirer," was superbly "gross"—yet it could never compare with the wretchedly coarse and vulgar material it was meant to satirize. Gardenias, and a can of spray deodorant to MAD's Larry Siegel and Al Jaffee.

Stan Dubroca
Metairie, La.

It's about time someone exposed that thoroughly disgusting newspaper! Now if someone would only expose MAD Magazine, the entire field of Journalism might be cleaned up.

Robert Shure
Bayside, N.Y.

LIFETIME-PEOPLE CHART

Frank Jacobs did an excellent job on "MAD's Lifetime-People Chart". It was the funniest thing in the magazine.

John Saliba
No. Tonawanda, N. Y.

DELAYED REACTION

Sometimes I read MAD without too much response. Then, maybe a week later, I'll reflect on some particle of your magazine and bust out laughing. This can be very embarrassing if you're on a bus or listening to someone's complaints at the time.

Ray A. Whitmer
Columbus, Ohio

WHO'S COVERING UP?

It has occurred to me that you have no "Real Ads" in MAD—only satires on ads for recognizable products. Either the profits you make from actual newsstand sales is enough, or you're taking "protection money" from manufacturers whose products you don't satirize!

Sue Strickler
Alexandria, Va.

BE NOT DISENCOURAGED

Don't get spooked by all the "clever" and otherwise idiotic "Letters To The Editor" that pour in monthly. Let's face it, you usually only hear from the disgruntled and the exhibitionists. There are beau-coup readers who love your magazine but don't bother to write!

Charles F. Crane
Honolulu, Hawaii

DESCRIBING MAD

This is to remind you of the definition of your magazine given by Ambrose Bierce in "The Devil's Dictionary":

MAD, adj. Affected with a high degree of intellectual independence, not conforming to the standards of thought, speech and action derived by the conformants from study of themselves; at odds with the majority; in short, unusual.

This, published in 1881.

Los Gapiros
San Francisco, Calif.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 104, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

I COULD SWEAR I JUST SAW A "MAD" FLY INTO MRS. MURPHY'S KITCHEN!

... Mainly because I just tossed her subscription copy through the window!



Photography by Irving Schild

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MAD

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(Unless you'd prefer he use the mailbox!)

-----use coupon or duplicate-----

MAD

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New York, N. Y. 10022

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- ☐ I enclose \$5.00.** Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 21 issues of MAD

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ADDRESS _____

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STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____

AN ABSOLUTE MUST

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Please allow 8 weeks for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails.
Check or Money Order preferred.

MAD

850 Third Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10022

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____

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- ☐ The MAD Reader
☐ MAD Strikes Back
☐ Inside MAD
☐ Utterly MAD
☐ The Brothers MAD
☐ The Bedside MAD
☐ Son of MAD
☐ The Organization MAD

- ☐ Like MAD
☐ The Ides of MAD
☐ Fighting MAD
☐ The MAD Frontier
☐ MAD in Orbit
☐ The Voodoo MAD
☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
☐ Three Ring MAD
☐ The Self-Made MAD
☐ The MAD Sampler

- ☐ It's A World, World, etc., MAD
☐ Raving MAD
☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The U.S.A.
☐ DAVE BERG Looks At People
☐ MAD's All-New "Spy-vs-Spy"

I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH:



We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred! On orders outside the U.S.A. be sure to add 10% extra!

Allow six weeks for delivery.



UNDERHAND PITCH DEPT.

Let's face it. Americans can be sold on anything, no matter how obnoxious or deadly it is. All it takes is the right kind of sneaky advertising. And the worst offenders are the so-called "Public Service Ad Campaigns" that make the most disgusting conditions seem glamorous, desirable, exciting and patriotic. Like f'rinstance these

ADVERTISING CAMPAIGNS WITH ULTERIOR MOTIVES



Thank You, Irving Geek!



Yes, Uncle Sam is proud of you, Irving. When you bought that new car, and that new color TV set, and all those other new appliances, you raised your standard of living and, at the same time, boosted the AMERICAN ECONOMY!

Because of you, more products will be made and sold, and our way of life will remain strong. So *keep buying*, Irving! Uncle Sam needs *more* patriotic citizens like you!

Let's Keep America's Economy Booming!

PRESENTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LOAN COMPANIES

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



* sung to the tune of "You're A Grand Old Flag!"

I couldn't sleep last night thinking about the teen-age riots in Lapland, the camel shortage in Syria, and the need for a larger YMCA in Deadwood, South Dakota.

I've been worried to death about Sukarno's peptic ulcer, which may touch off a Rice War in Malaysia and threaten our Asian defense commitments.

And let's not forget the Mafia, juvenile delinquency, the war in Kashmir, Mao-tse-Tung, Sen. Wayne Morse and the staggering problems of William A. Miller.

Gee, they make me feel like a kid. I wish I knew what they were talking about so I could share their worries!



Isn't It Time *You* Grew Up?

That's right! You are no longer a child! You are a thinking adult in a grown-up world. In these troubled times, you cannot afford to ignore the deep, weighty problems of the world. But no one

can do it for you. It's up to you to keep informed,—through newspapers and magazines, through radio and TV, through demagogues and rabble-rousers. So don't put it off! Start getting concerned—today!

"A WORRIED AMERICA IS AN INFORMED AMERICA"

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY THE TRANQUILIZER DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL DRUG MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

For it comes, you see,
From some great fac-tor-y
Where there's never an idle cog!
So...
Let's preserve our way of life
And give thanks for that Grand Old Smog!



Gee, I never thought of it that way. (sigh) I sure hope our children will have smog!



**A TELEVISION
PUBLIC SERVICE
MESSAGE
FROM THE
URBAN INDUSTRIES
OF AMERICA**

BETTY

WHY THE
SAD
FACE,
BETTY?

I'VE GOT A BIG
DATE WITH WALLY
TONIGHT, AND LOOK
AT MY FOREHEAD!
PIMPLES!

GOLLY, BUT I WISH
I WAS AS LUCKY
AS YOU!

HUH?

LOOK AT ME! I'M
NEARLY 15 AND MY
FACE IS STILL
DISGUSTINGLY
ROSY-CLEAR!

YOU
MEAN
PIMPLES
ARE
GOOD?

HE'S A FUTURE V.I.P.!



Today he's living in a tenement. Tomorrow he'll be a United States Senator, or a famous Broadway Producer, or a Heavyweight Champion Prizefighter!

Sure there are eight other people living in that one-room apartment with him. Lucky for all of us there are! That, together with the cockroaches

and the rats and the garbage in the halls will give him the ambition and drive he'll need to get out of there and attain wealth and success in later life.

So let's keep them—those historic, 100-year-old buildings that have supplied America with so many of its Statesmen, Industrialists and Celebrities.

PRESERVE OUR TENEMENTS —The Cradle of America's Greatness!

A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT PREPARED AND PAID FOR BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SLUMLORDS



What does "Living" really mean?



Join The "Active Ones"! Start *Living* Today!

THIS AD PRESENTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN UNDERTAKERS

If you think this world out here is in a pretty sorry state, take a look at the troubles besetting those residents of that world-within-a-world as we present:

ANOTHER MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: PHIL HAHN



Name your *miracle drug!*



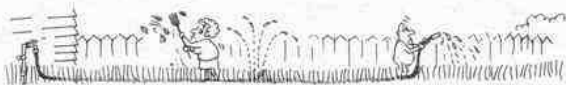
I'm collecting for Polio Research! We're trying to find a way to make it *incurable* again!



Ugly looking brute, isn't he?

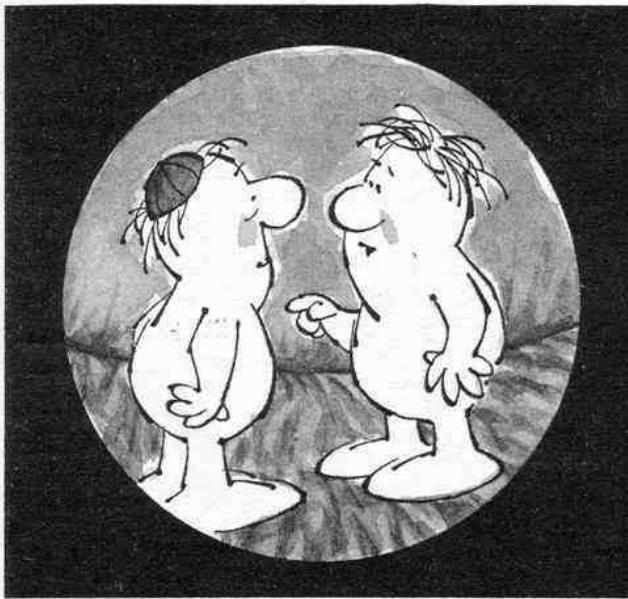


The President just appointed him as the new *Chief Of Staph!*

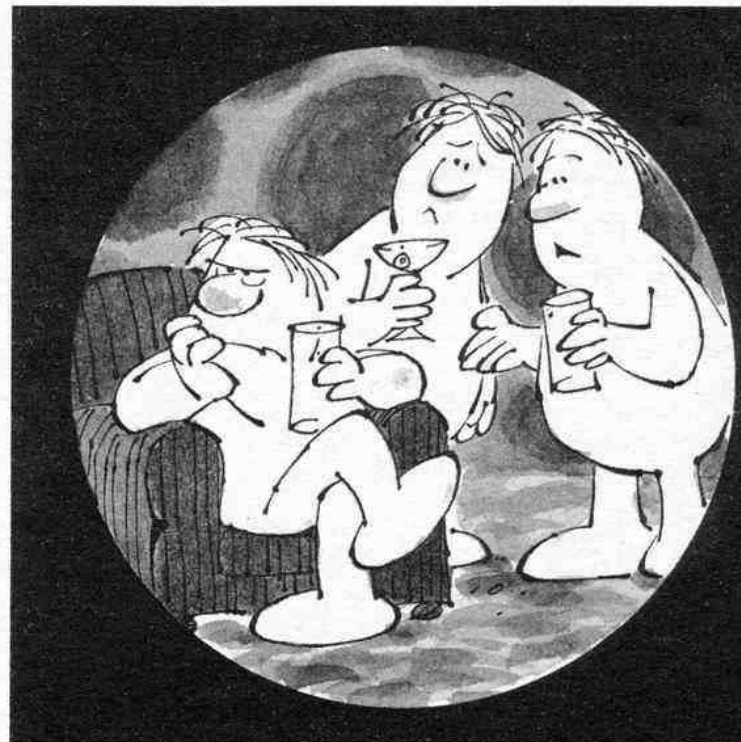




He may
look
harmless,
but he's
deteriorated
many a
brain
in his
time!



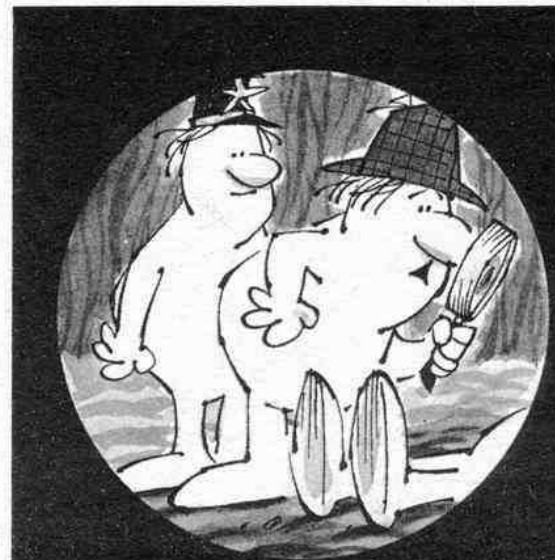
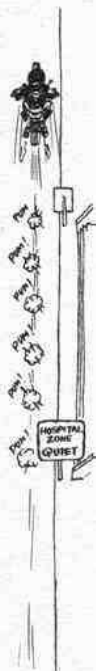
That's funny! You don't look Germish!



What's wrong with Max? He's not
very *communicable* this evening!



He refuses to go to the Halloween Party!
He's afraid the *Hemoglobins*'ll get him!



It's
a
clear
case
of
Germicide!

The Incomparable Wit Of Adolph Hitler



As Hitler entered the room, he was heard to say with a twinkle in his eye, "...so all these people went in to take their showers like they were ordered, see, but when they got inside, they found that the showerheads weren't showerheads at all, but poison gas outlets. The joke was on them! Ha, ha, ha!"

When no one laughed, the irrepressible little Chancellor looked slowly around the room and deadpanned, "Well, I guess you had to be there!"

For a topper, the next day Hitler saw to it that all those who hadn't laughed WERE there! He was noted for little touches like that.

In another lighter moment, when the witty Dictator was told of the German reversals at Stalingrad, he entered into a delightfully humorous pantomime in which he shrieked and tore his hair and fell on the floor and kicked his feet and finally took a frothing bite out of his office rug. Of course, it was just another one of those amusing comic performances he was noted for. When it was over, and the hysterical laughter had subsided, he observed with an impish grin that all the Generals in command on the Eastern Front would be stood up against a wall and

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FUNNY-BONE-HEADS DEPT.

It all started with Lincoln. Somebody discovered that there was a market for old Abe's humorous anecdotes, and so every few years a new book of Lincoln's witty sayings would appear. Then, along came Bill Adler, who could make anyone seem funny if there was a buck in it. Mr. Adler compiled "The Kennedy Wit" and "More Kennedy Wit", then branched out with "The Churchill Wit", and the bandwagon was rolling. Next, somebody

FUTURE WIT &

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

THE DISCRIMINATING HUMOR OF ROBERT SHELTON

The K.K.K.'s Imperial Wizard of Wit



and peals of laughter rippled through the throng as Shelton punctuated his remark by lighting the crude cross.

However, Klansman Shelton was at his funniest in that famous Playboy Magazine interview, when he got off such rib-ticklers as these:

"The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan is a fraternal order of real men who are 100 percent American."

"I am violently opposed to death by violence."

"Those beatniks, tennis-shoe wearers, sex perverts at Selma were carrying the United Nations flag for anybody to see."

"...the Southern people is the most discriminated against than even the nigra race."

"Our research and studies have found that there is more stirring and movement of the nigra when they have a full moon."

"You know, of course, that Hitler's grandmother was Jewish. The Police Gazette had an article showing gravestones and saying that some of his forebears were Jewish."

"...there is no such thing as mental health."

"There are several Klans, you know. That is the trouble of throwing every nut in the same bag and saying it's all the same kind of nuts."

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FUNNY SONNY THE WIT AND WISDOM OF CHARLES LISTON



One of Sonny's favorite pranks was to walk up to a complete stranger and punch him in the stomach. He used to top this off by stealing his victim's wallet. But he abandoned this gay practice when the humor of the situation seemed to be escaping the Law Enforcement people.

Liston's most hilarious line was delivered before the first Clay fight, when he jibbed, "He all talk! Sonny shut his mouf good!"

On still another occasion, Liston convulsed a crowd of reporters by announcing with his sly boyish grin that he was going to pound them all into pulps if they kept writing those "bad things" about him.

Life with Liston was a laugh-a-minute at home in Denver, where he would amuse everyone by picking up his friends by their lapels and, with an appropriate remark, throw them through the nearest wall or down the nearest flight of stairs or out the nearest open window.

One of Sonny's best-remembered laugh-getters occurred when the *Life Magazine* photographer assigned to cover his private life got under foot one day. Sonny hauled off and let him have a right cross

-79-

jumped on with "The Wit And Wisdom Of Adlai Stevenson", and one incurable optimist even tried to do a book of "The Lyndon Johnson Wit" but it turned out to be a very slim volume. In fact, the only thing funny about it was that somebody published it. However, we at MAD feel that this trend will continue, and that the "humor" of more and more unlikely celebrities from the past and present will soon be appearing in these...

WISDOM BOOKS

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN



THE SPONTANEOUS WIT OF ED SULLIVAN

but he was often funnier when he was speaking off the cuff. Few will ever forget the night Ed ad-libbed that memorable block-buster of a line, "How much time do we have?"

And on that very same show, he doubled up the studio audience with another of his better-known bon mots, "Here's a man who needs no introduction..."

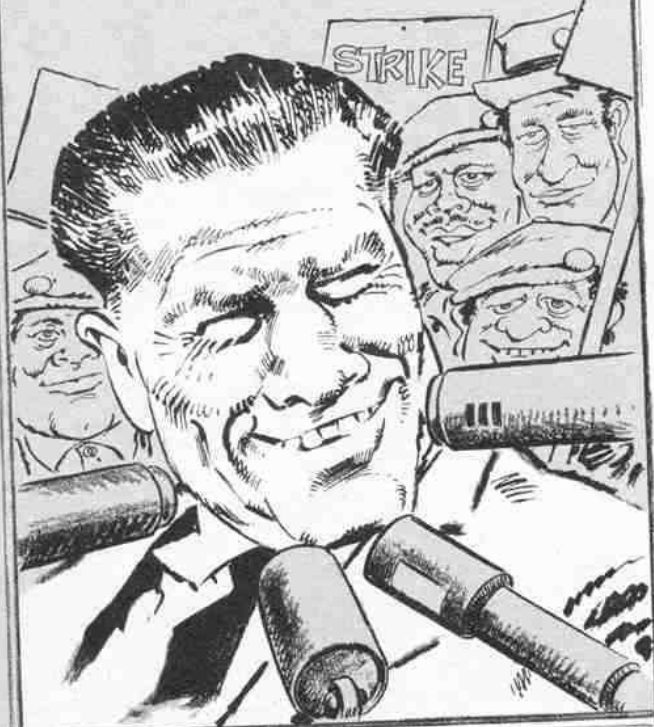
Sullivan's capacity for spontaneous quips seemed endless. Such brilliant flashes of humor as, "But first, here's an important announcement," and "We'll be right back with another great act," flashed like lightning from his quick mind.

Part of the man's talent was his keen sense of timing. He could take a familiar line and make it seem fresh by using it in a new context. Thus, his "We've got a really big shew." time and time again elicited guffaws from the very same people who had heard it over and over and over and over and over and over.

Few realize it, but Ed originated many great gags which have since become standard material on TV. One night, when his show ran a little late, he came up with, "We're a little late, so good-night!" Show Business abounds with other examples. However, we'd like to recall Sullivan's finest, funniest hour. The performer on stage at the time was up-and-coming comic, Jackie Mason. As Mason was winding up his act, the one-minute warning finger was flashed. Jackie

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THE HILARIOUS HUMOR OF JIMMY HOFFA



and the entire Convention of sedate, sober Teamsters exploded in a riot of laughter.

Jimmy was often at his funniest, however, with newsmen. In one such off-the-cuff session, after he was convicted on three counts in 1964, the questions and hilarious answers went like this (and hold on to your sides):

Q. "What do you think of the Judge's decision, Mr. Hoffa?"

A. "That dirty #\$\$%&@! had it in for me!" Jimmy quipped.

Q. "Do you hold any animosity towards the former employee of yours who turned State's evidence?"

A. "If I ever get my hands on that #\$\$%&@!, I'll wring his #\$\$%&@! neck!" Hoffa shot back with a twinkle in his eye.

Q. "Do you think Bobby Kennedy was responsible for this conviction?"

A. "You bet your #\$\$%&@! he was!" laughed Jimmy. "That lousy #\$\$%&@! has been hounding me and bugging my phone and I'll see him in #\$\$%&@! or know the reason why!"

And at this point, Hoffa gave one of the reporters a good-natured kick in the #\$\$%&@! and smashed the camera of another.

"You can all go to #\$\$%&@!" he continued, "You're all a bunch of #\$\$%&@! who can't wait to see me rotting in jail. Well, let me tell

-14-

THE BEACH BLANKET BINGO BIKINI AU GO GO HUMOR OF ANNETTE



It was during her five-year stint as an eleven-year-old on the *Mickey Mouse Club* TV Show that Annette broke up audiences with such sure-fire material as:

"Hi, boys and girls! I'm Annette!" and "Gee, thanks! I'd love to sing a song!" and "Golly, we hate to say goodbye, but the clock on the clubhouse wall says it's time to go!"

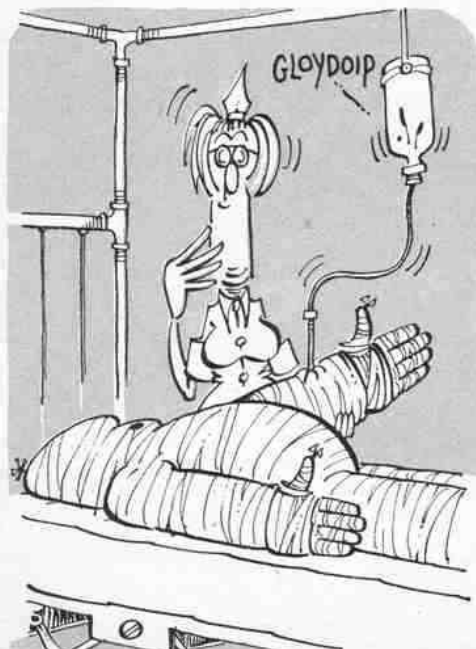
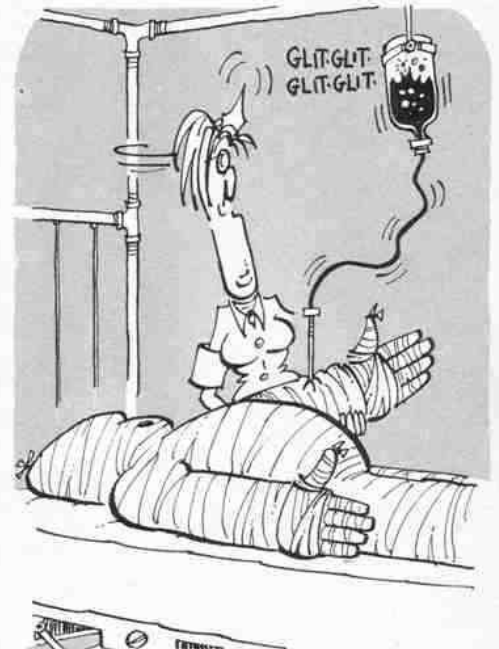
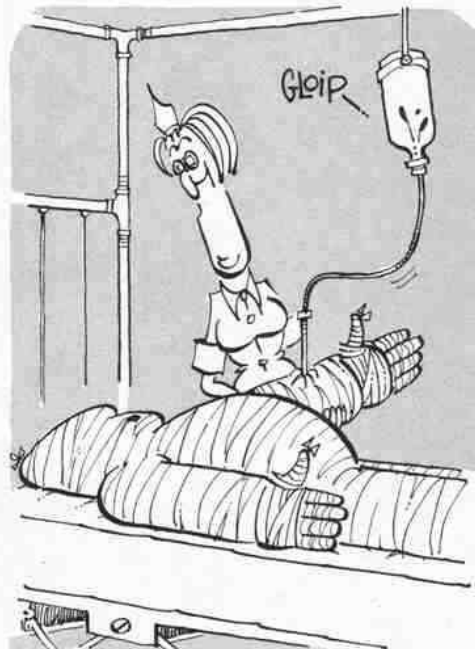
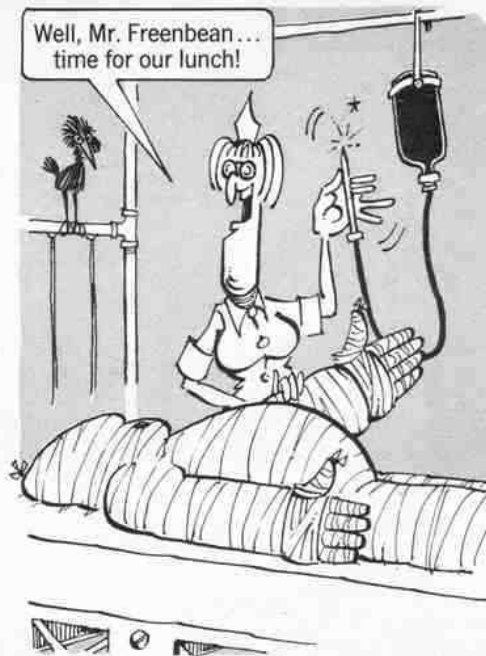
Her natural warmth and humor, coupled with the fact that she could no longer fit into a Mickey Mouse Club Sweatshirt brought her to the attention of the front office at the Disney Studios, and led to her subsequent undisputed 15-year reign as "Queen Of The Teen Flicks."

When asked by newsmen why she'd dropped her last name (Funicello) and about three-quarters of an inch of her nose, she quipped, "Golly, we hate to say goodbye, but the clock on the clubhouse wall says it's time to go!" and dismissed them with her winning smile.

Often, during the shooting of her many fabulous "Beach" movies, Annette would shun the script and improvise such wild, wacky dialogue as: "Hi, boys and girls! I'm Annette!" and "Gee, thanks! I'd love to sing a song!" and "Golly, we hate to say goodbye, but the clock

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IN THE HOSPITAL



PARTY POOPERS DEPT.

Have you noticed how more and more actors, writers, singers and others who deal with the public on one level are coming on at another level... mainly politics? What makes these people think that just because we enjoy their professional talents we're gonna enjoy their political philosophies, too? And what about other people in other professions? Suppose they followed this trend? Things could get pretty ridiculous! You'll see what we mean as MAD takes a look at...

THE DANGERS INHERENT IN MIXING PERSONAL PO

The ULTRA-LIBERAL DEMOCRAT Restaurant Owner...



The JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY Exterminator...

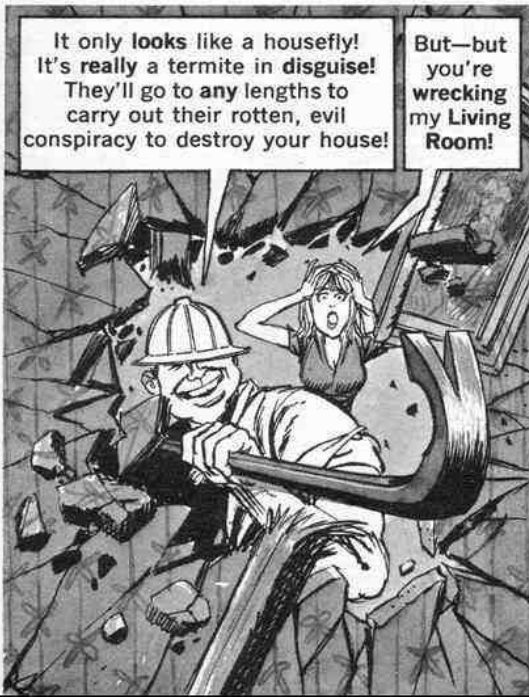
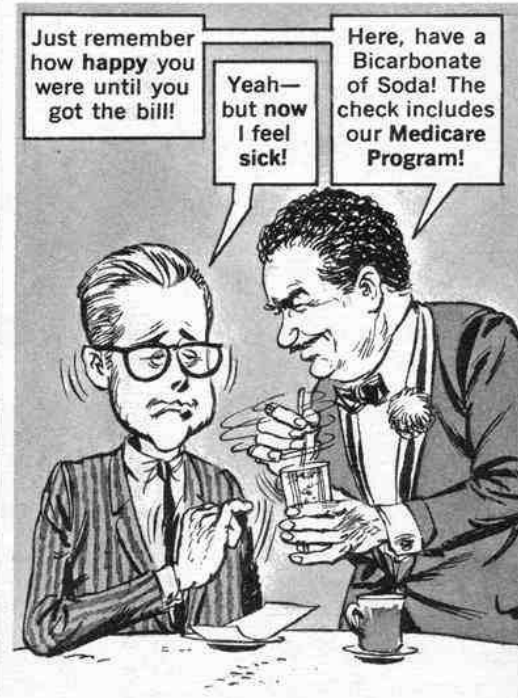
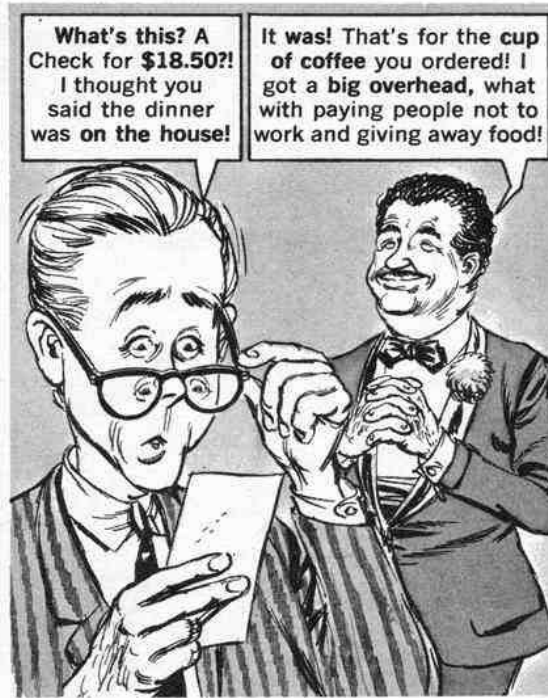




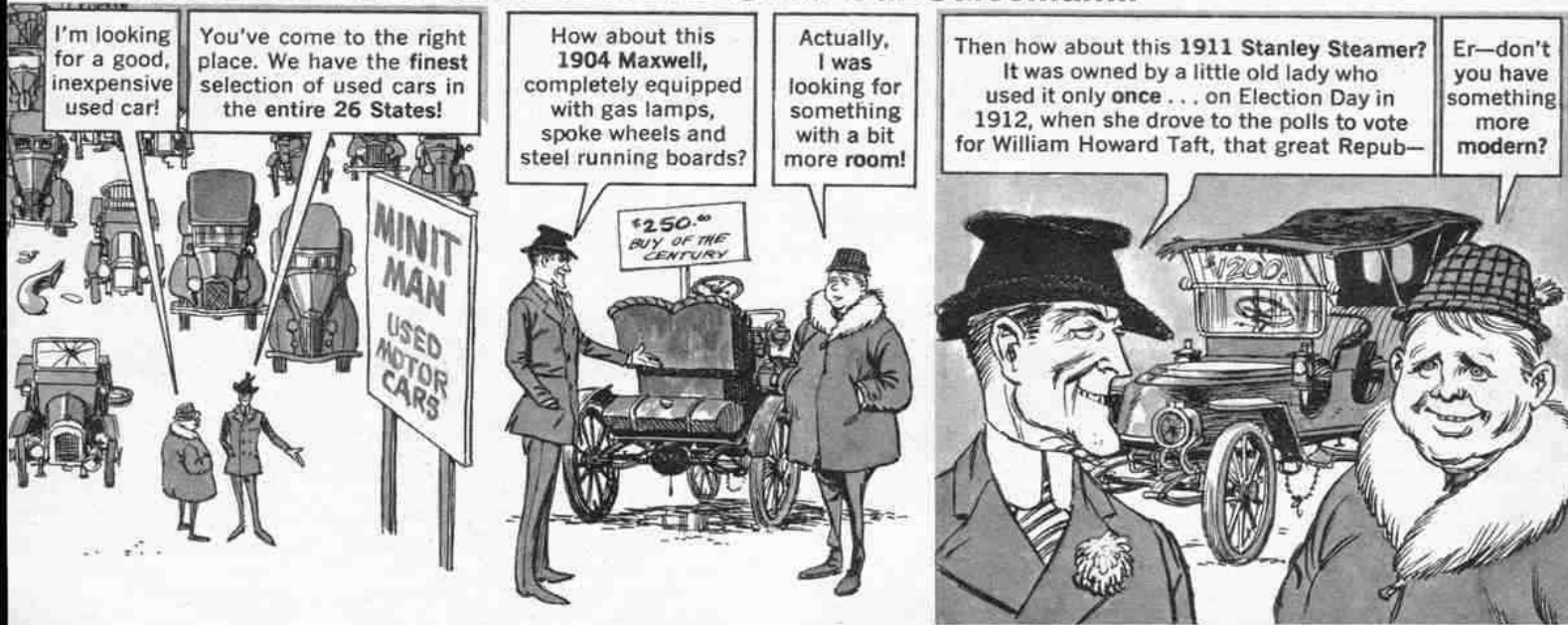
THIS TREND TOWARD... LITICS WITH CAREERS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



The **ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE** Used Car Salesman...



The **COMMUNIST** Doctor...

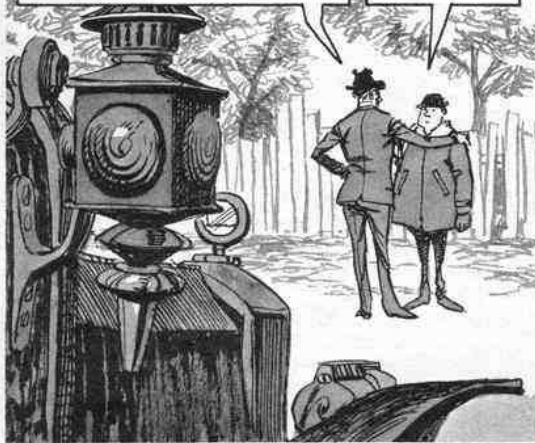


The **SOCIALIST** Laundryman...



Surely you don't want an assembly line model built by men who belong to Labor Unions!? You look like a man who appreciates traditional American craftsmanship!

Oh, I do! I was thinking about—er—something like a 1928 Plymouth?



A 1928 PLYMOUTH!! Next thing you'll be wanting a rumble seat and a radio and a heater! This is no junk shop! We sell cars built to precision by honest workmen who were proud to do an honest 14-hour-day's work for an honest dollar!

Er—how long have you lived in this town?

Two years!



Just as I thought! An immigrant! Hit the road, crumb! We don't make deals with your kind!



Comrade, the day of liberation is here! By acting now, we can free the down-trodden enslaved appendix from the decadent imperialistic intestine!

Where are you taking me?

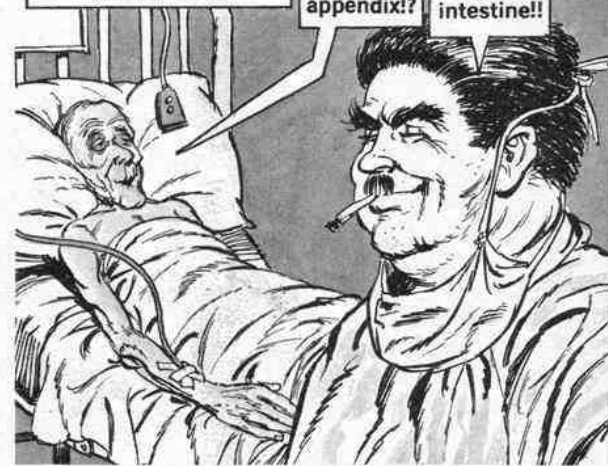
To the operating room, where we will create a glorious new digestive era!



I am happy to tell you, Comrade, that the operation was a success! Your appendix is now free!

You removed my appendix?!

Don't be foolish, Comrade! I removed your intestine!!



The ANARCHIST Pro-Football Quarterback...

Let's see—we're first and ten on their 5-yard line! There's only one play to call here! Punt Formation!

Punt now?! Don't be ridiculous! The coach will blow his top!

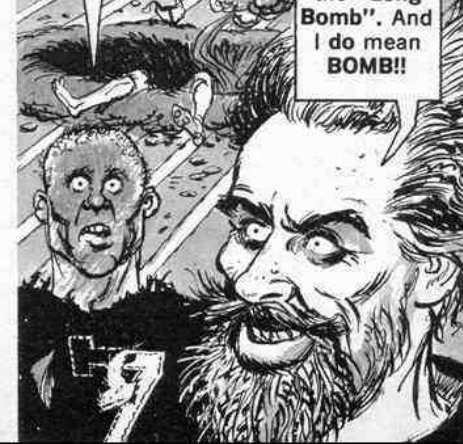
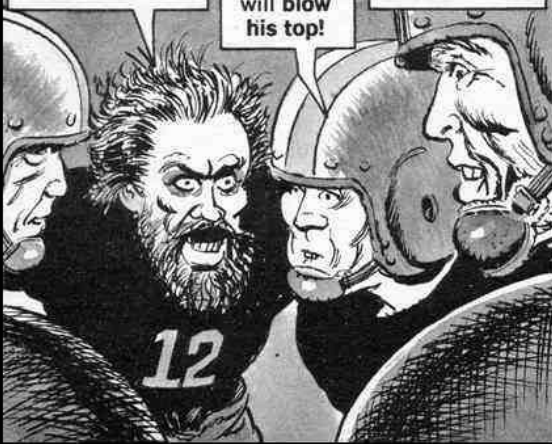
Hah! What do I care!? Down with coaches! Down with referees! Down with football!

Hey, you just carried the ball across the wrong goal line! The crowd is getting mad!

Good! Maybe they'll tear down the goalposts before the game is over! Better still, maybe they'll tear down the whole stadium!

What happened!? All the players are dead, the referee is injured, and there's a 10-foot crater in the end-zone!

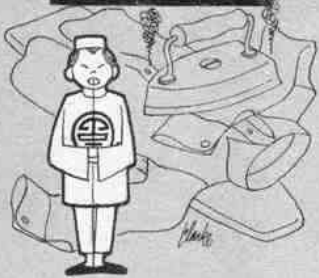
I had to take desperate measures, so I threw the "Long Bomb". And I do mean BOMB!!



THERE IS ALWAYS A TENDENCY TO GENERALIZE ABOUT MEMBERS OF SOCIAL AND

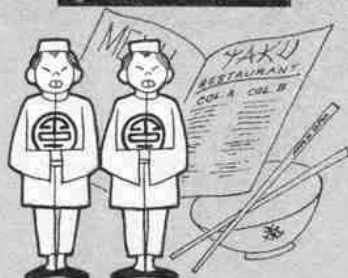
STEREOTYPE

ONE CHINESE



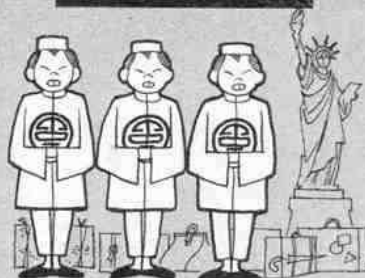
is a
LAUNDRY

TWO CHINESE



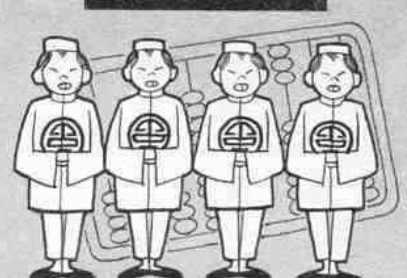
is a
RESTAURANT

THREE CHINESE



is an
IMMIGRATION QUOTA

FOUR CHINESE



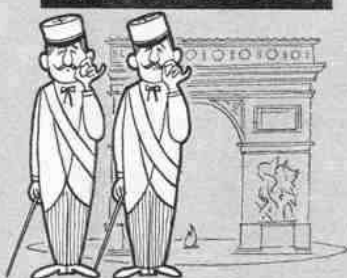
is a
POPULATION EXPLOSION

ONE FRENCHMAN



is a
CHEF

TWO FRENCHMEN



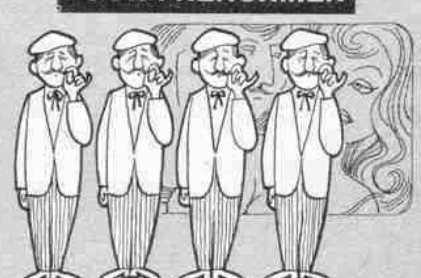
is a
POLITICAL PARTY

THREE FRENCHMEN



is a
MARRIAGE

FOUR FRENCHMEN



is a
FILM FESTIVAL

ONE SOUTH AMERICAN



is a
BULLFIGHT

TWO SOUTH AMERICANS



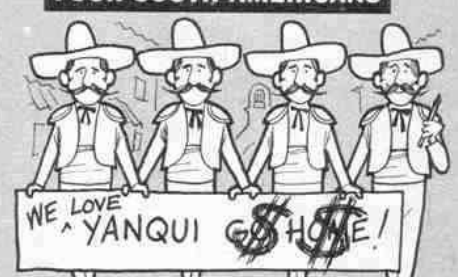
is a
NEW DANCE CRAZE

THREE SOUTH AMERICANS



is an
ANTI-U.S. MOB

FOUR SOUTH AMERICANS



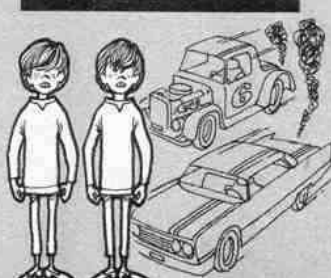
is a
FOREIGN AID PROGRAM

ONE TEENAGER



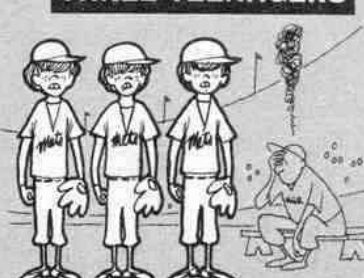
is a
TELEPHONE TIE-UP

TWO TEENAGERS



is a
DRAG RACE

THREE TEENAGERS



is a
N.Y. METS OUTFIELD

FOUR TEENAGERS



is a
BEACH MOVIE

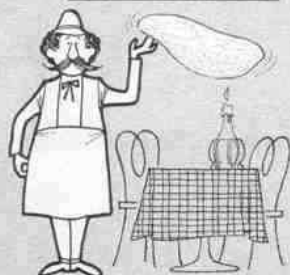
ETHNIC GROUPS. THIS NEXT ARTICLE IS CALCULATED TO SHOW THE IDIOCY OF

- CASTING

...BY THE
NUMBERS

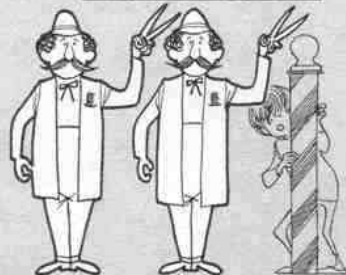
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

ONE ITALIAN



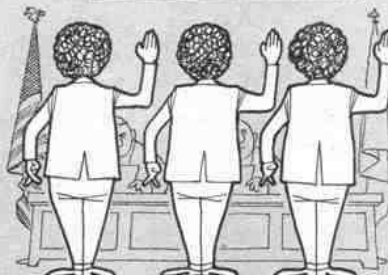
is a
PIZZA PARLOR

TWO ITALIANS



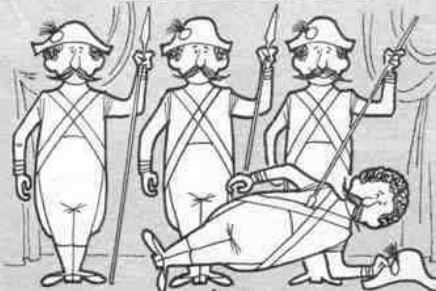
is a
BARBER SHOP

THREE ITALIANS



is a
SENATE INVESTIGATION

FOUR ITALIANS



is an
OPERA

ONE ARAB



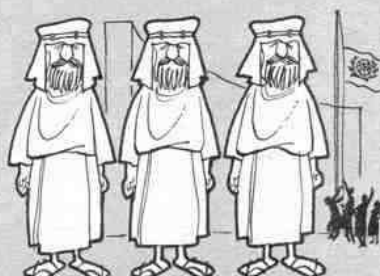
is a
BRITISH PROTECTORATE

TWO ARABS



is a
BORDER WAR

THREE ARABS



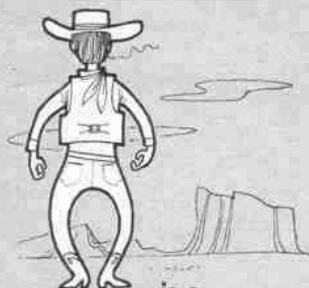
is a
U.N. CRISIS

FOUR ARABS



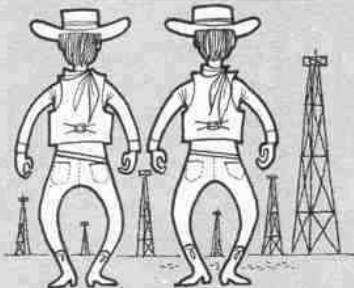
is an
OMAR SHARIF FAN CLUB

ONE TEXAN



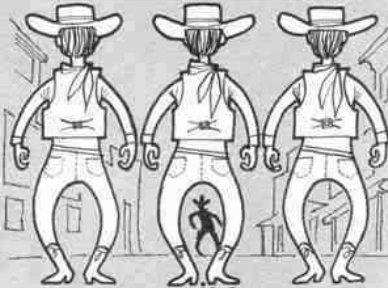
is a
MARLBORO COMMERCIAL

TWO TEXANS



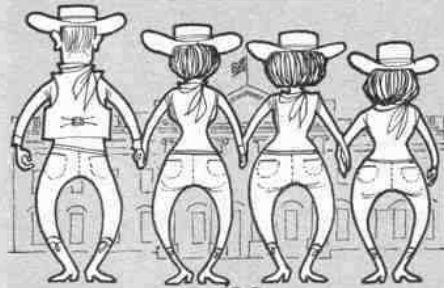
is an
OIL MONOPOLY

THREE TEXANS



is a
JOHN WAYNE MOVIE

FOUR TEXANS



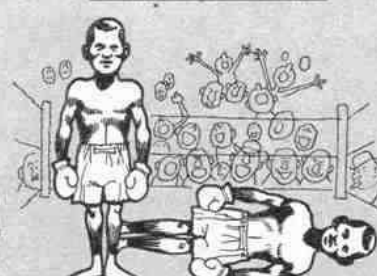
is a
"GREAT SOCIETY"

ONE NEGRO



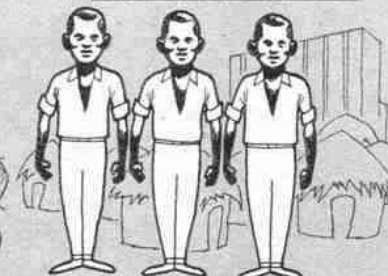
is
TOKEN INTEGRATION

TWO NEGROES



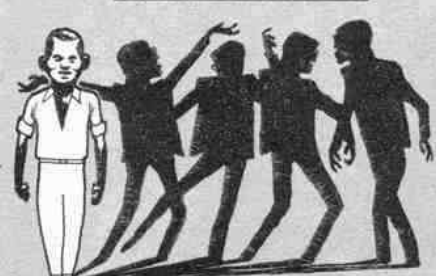
is a
CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT

THREE NEGROES



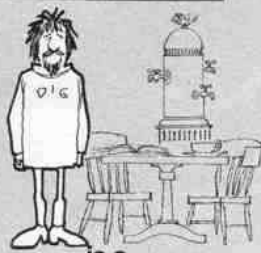
is an
EMERGING AFRICAN NATION

FOUR NEGROES



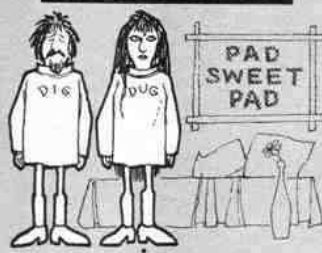
is
SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

ONE BEATNIK



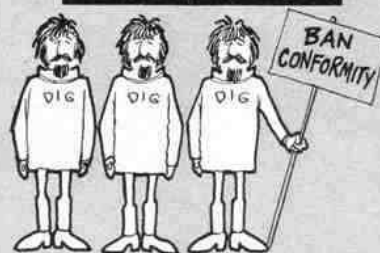
is a
POETRY READING

TWO BEATNIKS



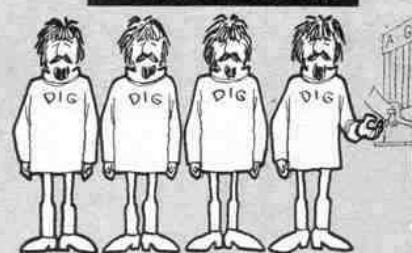
is a
TRIAL MARRIAGE

THREE BEATNIKS



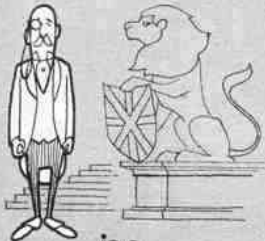
is a
PROTEST GROUP

FOUR BEATNIKS



is an
UNEMPLOYMENT LINE

ONE ENGLISHMEN



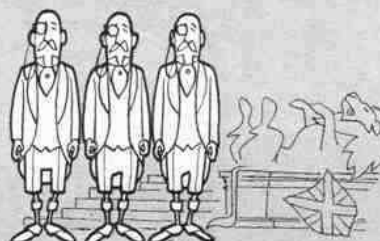
is a
PARLIAMENT MAJORITY

TWO ENGLISHMEN



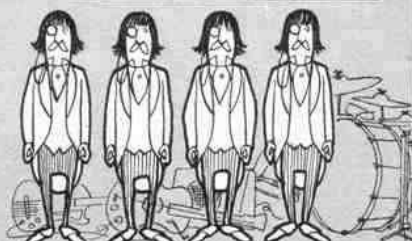
is a
BORE

THREE ENGLISHMEN



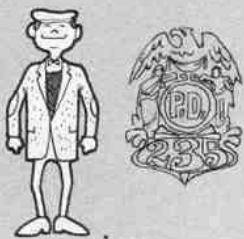
is an
EXPEDITION

FOUR ENGLISHMEN



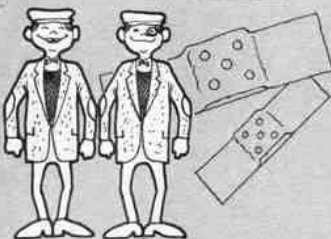
is a
NEW SINGING GROUP

ONE IRISHMAN



is a
POLICE FORCE

TWO IRISHMEN



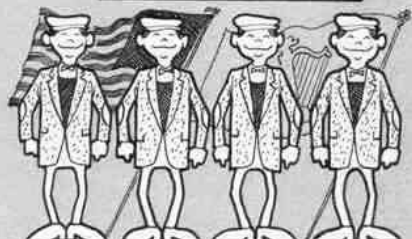
is a
FIGHT

THREE IRISHMEN



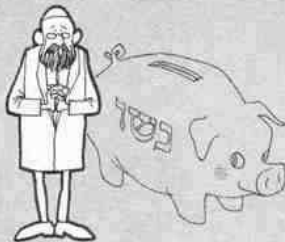
is a
WAKE

FOUR IRISHMEN



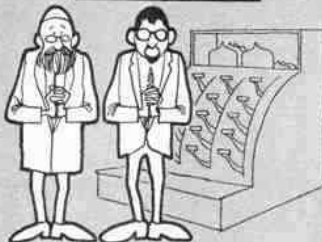
is a
PARADE

ONE JEW



is a
SMALL BUSINESS

TWO JEWS



is a
SMALL BUSINESS & SON

THREE JEWS



is a
COMEDY-WRITING TEAM

FOUR JEWS



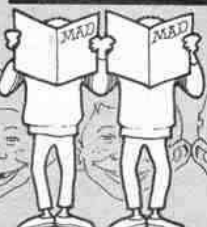
is a
CATSKILLS RESORT

ONE MAD READER



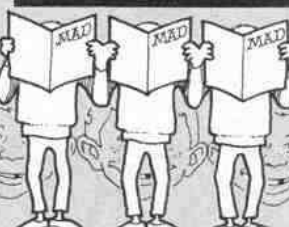
is a
DROP-OUT

TWO MAD READERS



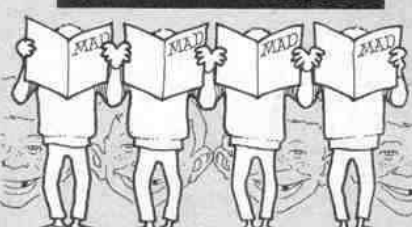
is a
LUNATIC FRINGE

THREE MAD READERS



is a
DISASTER AREA

FOUR MAD READERS



is our
TOTAL CIRCULATION



Some articles in MAD need no introductions, and this article is one of them. However, we make it a practice to always have introductions to our articles—whether they need them or not. So here goes with this introduction: Article, we'd like you to meet the Gang. Gang, we'd like to introduce the article . . .



MAD VISITS THE

American Mediocrity Academy

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hello, MAD Readers. I'm reporter Doris Fleagle—about to interview Calvin Bland, the Director of a little-known, but unique educational institution known as "The American Mediocrity Academy". . .

Tell me a little bit about the A.M.A., Mr. Bland.

Gladly. One day, a fellow named Ringo Starr walked into my office. He said, "Would you teach me how to play the drums and sing?"

I see. And you taught him, and he developed his talents, and he grew to become the most popular performer in the world. Gee, Mr. Bland, I guess that day in the past will go down in history.

What day in the past? He walked in and asked me that last week. I told him, "You learn how to play the drums and sing, and you're out of business tomorrow!" You see, Ringo is a Natural Mediocrity.

Oh—so the object of the Academy is to help the unpromising unknowns of today develop into the Mediocrities of tomorrow . . .

Exactly!



For years, the public has been worshipping people with little or no talent. But obviously, the Troy Donahues, the Sandra Dees and the Les Cranes are not going to live forever. We've got to develop new Mediocrities.

Mr. Bland. Why do people worship Mediocrity?

A good question. So, before I show you around the Academy, let's take a walk in the street and see if we can get some answers . . .

Excuse me, young man. Tell me—how do you feel about Clay Cole?

Clay Cole? I idolize him!

Why?

I can identify with him. He's like me. He's not particularly good-looking or talented, and whatever he does, I'm sure that I can do just as good or better.

Well, then . . . why don't you?

I'd like to but I still haven't figured out exactly what he does!



Now for the female side of Mediocrity-Worship. Oh, we're in luck. There's David McCallum and a bunch of his fans.

Tell us, girls—why are you so wild about David McCallum? There are so many better, more talented actors around.

I could hug him to death. He's like a wistful puppy. You see, my parents never let me have a puppy of my own.

He's like a little lost boy. I wanna mother him.

I wanna give him a bottie.

I wanna make him go "Ah-ah Baby".

Mr. Bland, this is ridiculous. You can't carry off a grown man like David McCallum and give him a bottie and then make him go "Ah-ah, Baby"!!

Of course not! One of them will have to burp him first!

Now that you've seen the male and female side of Mediocrity-Worship, Miss Fleagle, let me show you around my Academy where Future Mediocrities are born.



This is the Nick Adams Workshop for Future Actors and actresses!

No, no Fleeber. Your mouth is twitching. You're showing emotion. You'll never achieve Mediocrity that way!

Look at Bitsko over there. He's got just the right expression. It's Vince Edwards out of Gardner McKay out of John Wayne. Brilliant, Bitsko. Tell Fleeber how you do it, Bitsko—Bitsko... What's wrong with him?

He was hit on the head with a stage prop. He's been unconscious for the past hour!



The Pop Singing Class is conducted here in the Fabian Memorial Studio—

The Fabian Memorial Studio? But Fabian is still alive—I think.

See? You're not sure! And neither are we. Singers come and go so fast these days that you forget they ever existed from one minute to the next...

That's right. I used to love Chubby Checker!

Who??



To attain Mediocrity in Pop Singing today, the young artist must be in his Teens, must look ridiculous, and above all, must have a British Cockney accent...

The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain.

Wrong. Try it again!

The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain.

Wrong. Again.

The rine in Spine sties minely on the pline.

By George, he's got it. I think he's got it!



And this is the Keefe Brasselle Chapel. Non-Sectarian, of course. Whenever one of our students shows dangerous signs of talent, he comes here to meditate. Once inside, he thinks lovely, bland, mediocre thoughts, and in no time he's cleansed of sin. Would you like to go in? The subject for today's sermon is "Richard Beymer... The Man And The Myth".

Perhaps later. Right now, I'd like to see your TV Classes.



Well, well. **Durward Kirby Auditorium**, where we hold our class for **Future TV Panelists and Moderators**, is really crowded. And no wonder. We have an important guest lecturer today...

... so far today, class, you have learned the art of speaking on TV without saying anything—and also the art of projecting nauseating wholesomeness.

Now I would like to cover the all-important **TV Smile**. I want you all to stretch your lips as far as they'll go. Good. Show all your teeth. Fine. Now clear your eyes of all visible signs of intelligence. Excellent. Smile wide and empty. Smile!

Mr. Bland, who is that teenage girl immortalized in a statue over there? Is she some sort of celebrity?

In a way. On October 16th 1965, she experienced something which no **Mediocrity-Worshipper** has ever experienced before, and perhaps will never experience again—at least not in our life-time...

What was the experience?

She actually saw **Murray The K** with his hat off!



Here we are at **Ozzie Nelson Hall**, where our **TV Creative Writing Classes** are held.

So this is where all the brilliant eager writers create the **TV series of tomorrow**?

Well, they don't actually create the series. Naturally, **nobody creates on TV**. What we do is feed all of the scripts of one season's television fare into that **computer** there. The machine then feeds back thousands of tried-and-true ingredients which were used on Television before!

Then the writers **copy** them down. In that way, we **do away** with TV's greatest danger... **originality**!

What a **fantastic computer**! To think that you can feed it a whole season's **TV scripts**!

It broke down yesterday after we fed it **this year's TV scripts**!

Really? What happened?

It was the first time in history that an **IBM machine** ever threw up!



In this room, we are testing one of next season's scripts before a **panel of experts**. The student is reading an outline for an adorable new **fantasy-comedy series**.

... so **Mortimer** carries the garbage out to the can, takes the lid off, and says, "Well, I guess I'll just drop the garbage in here." And suddenly the garbage can says, "Hold on, there, Son. Don't drop that stuff on me. I'm your—yuk-yuk—**Father**! You see, Son, through reincarnation, I have come back as this can—"

Well, "**My Father, The Garbage Can**" can't miss on TV next season. It passed the test for **bad taste and inanity**.

Oh, I see. It passed because it got **no laughs** from that panel of experts?

None of these shows get laughs from people. This one passed because even the **Laugh Track Machine** refused to laugh at it!



Here in the **Andy Warhol Studio**, our Art Students learn to fulfill the need for Mediocrity in the Art World. How do you like this perfect example of **Abstract Expressionism**?

Tell me, how did you manage to achieve this fantastic effect on canvas? Did it come from your heart? Did it come from your soul?

Neither, it came from that **"Creative Writing IBM Computer"** that threw up yesterday.

Now on this wall, we have a perfect example of today's **Pop Art**. Dealers have offered us up to **\$25,000** for it since it was painted this morning. Notice the **cool simplicity**—the magnificent technique!

Oh, there's the artist.

Tell me, what do you call this?

Wet Paint. Now, if you'll excuse me, lady, I gotta go do the wall in the **Men's Room!**



This is the **Mel Allen Athletic Field**, Miss Fleagle. On this field, the **Major League Baseball Players** of tomorrow are born.

That's hard to believe. They're bumping into each other, tripping, getting hit on the head. They're terrible. Who would want them?

Are you kidding? Why, the **New York Mets**, of course!

Okay, Higgins. I saw you catch that fly ball. Hang up your spikes. You're through!



Now, Mr. Bland. You're not going to tell me that the **New York Mets** **WANT** rotten players!

Of course they do. They wouldn't make a cent if they ever had a winning team. Met fans **adore** loveable Mediocrities. And we're training enough young clods here to keep them in last place for the next 50 years.

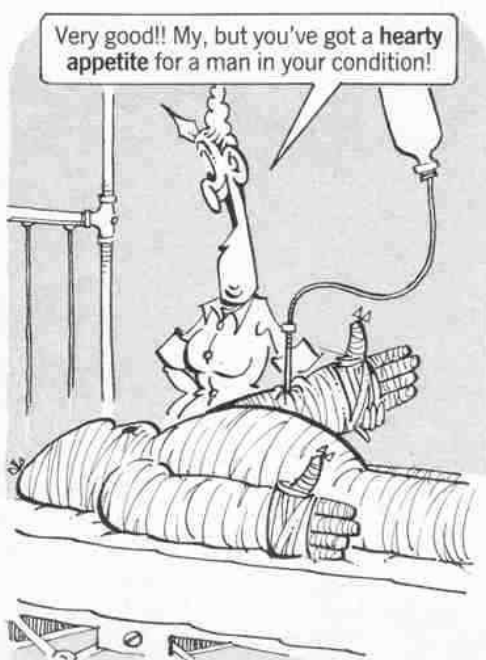
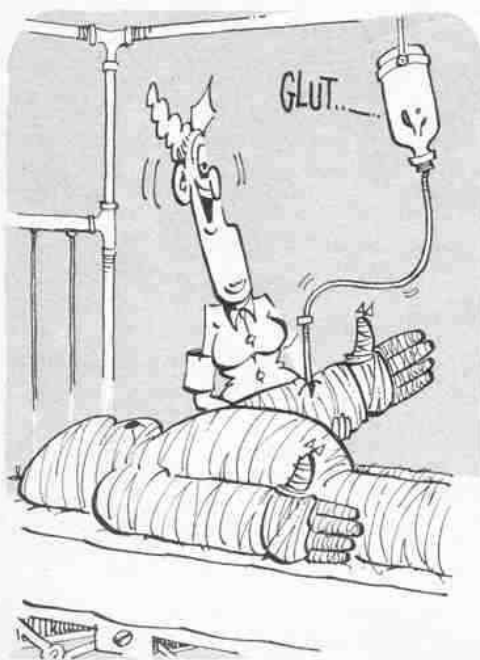
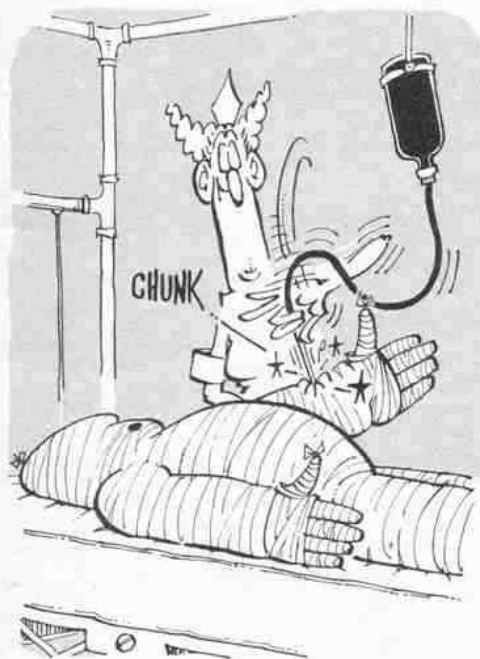
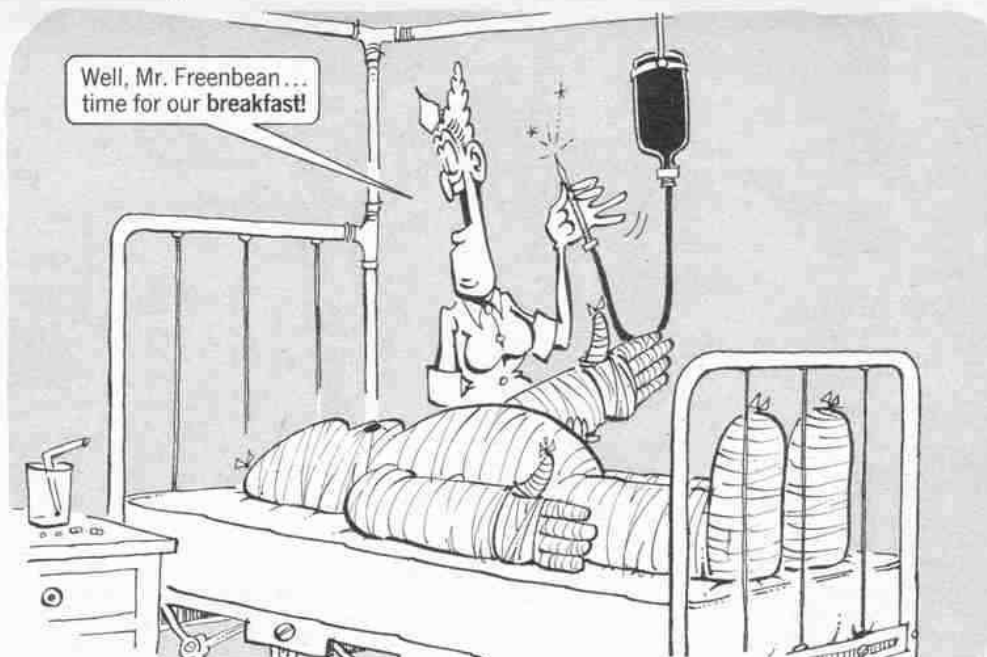
Now, I'd like to show you **Alfred E. Neuman Hall** and our classes in **Magazine Writing, Editing and Publishing**.

I don't know if I can take any more of this, Mr. Bland. Can't you show it to me tomorrow?

Sorry—No. The Academy is closed tomorrow. It's **Ed Sullivan's BIRTHDAY!**



LATER ON IN THE HOSPITAL



A PORTFOLIO OF...

SHAPE-LY

Heave Ho!

*Whenever o'er the waves I sail,
Going down, then going up;
You'll always find me at the rail,
Getting sick and throwing up.*

Gentleman In Waiting

At
bank
or
post
office,
I'm
easy
to
spot:

The
line
that
moves
quickest
is
right
where
I'm
not!

Spring's Labor's Lost

I
RAKE
AND SEED,
WATER and WEED,
SPADE AND HOE.
WHAT WILL GROW
AFTER THIS TOIL
IN VIRGIN SOIL?
KENTUCKY BLUE?
NOT IN VIEW.
FESCUE? BENT?
BOTH ABSENT.
WHAT KIND
OF GREEN,
THEN,

WILL BE SEEN? JUST ALAS, LUSH CRABGRASS

Foul-Up

There's one in every big parade: the guy with lots of pep
Who struts so proud, but, stupidly, is always out of step.

Wedding Reception, Catered

*The champagne flows like water,
And Daddy takes some pills.
He's losing a dear daughter,
but gain-
ing
lots of bills.*

Profile Of A Dieter

**When
I started
to diet, I
had me a plan:
To cut down my
weight and to get
me a man. So I gave
up potatoes and ice
cream and cake, and
I dogged through
the days when
my stomach
would
ache.**

Now my
flabby
old fat
is the
thing
that I
miss—
For I
ended
up
looking
exactly
like
THIS!



MAD VERSE

WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

Wheel Economy

The "Compact" car that would surpass
Is one whose price tag fits its class

Code In My Head

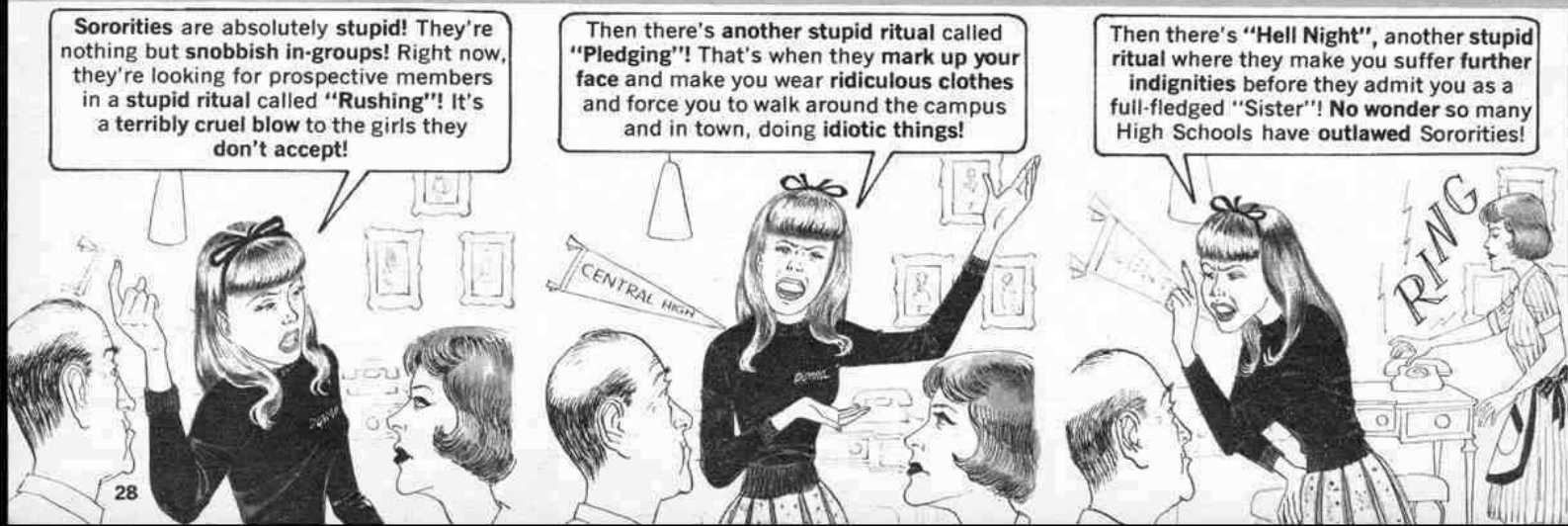
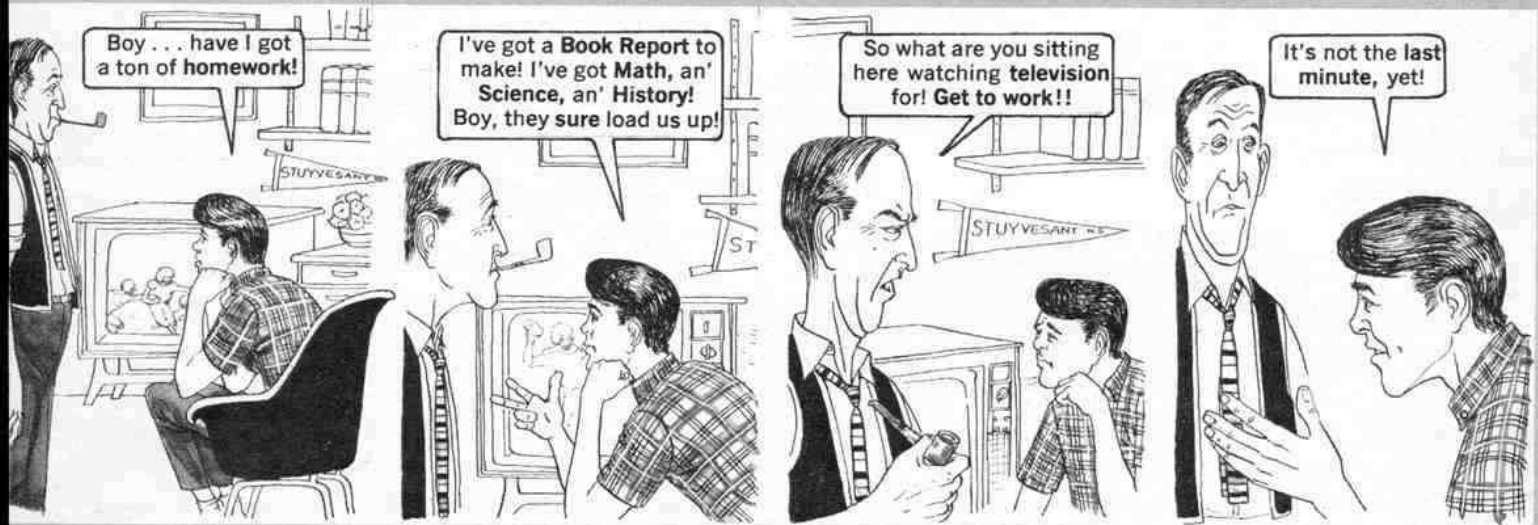
When it comes to code numbers I'm not very hip:
I keep getting my Area confused with my Zip!

Survival Test

I RATE A COMPLICATED TOY
AS A "BUY" WHEN I SEE WHETHER
LASTS AS LONG AROUND OUR BOY
AS IT TOOK TO PUT TOGETHER!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

HIGH



SCHOOL

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

LUNCH ROOM

NURSE'S ROOM

Let's see! You're a straight-A student and you did well on your College Entrance Exams. Therefore, as your Guidance Counselor, I'd advise you to try for a top-rated school like Harvard or Princeton or Yale. You'd make out beautifully in one of those fine schools!

But I was thinking of applying to the State College of Technology!

Why there? That's one of the lowest rated schools!

Because I feel I'd make out much better there! Did you see the ratio?

1,150 girls to 325 boys!!



Hi, girls! What did you think of the game?

TERRIBLE!!

Whaddya mean "terrible"? Our school won 36 to 0!

Big deal! We walked back and forth in front of the grandstand for the whole game, and not one boy tried to pick us up!



Why, I wouldn't join one of those stupid Sororities if they begged me!!

That's exactly what I told the Sorority that just called!

MOTHER!! HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID!?



Those darn teachers! All they can think of is Homework... Homework... Homework!! They never let us have any time for ourselves!



And each teacher thinks that his darn subject is the most important subject we've got, so he just keeps piling it on! Like, have a heart, already!!



Then there's our darn parents who keep telling us we gotta do our Homework so's we can get better marks so's we can get into college! Sure, it's easy for them to say it! But we have to do all the work!



Whew! Well, thank goodness I finally finished the homework!

Great! Now I gotta knock my brains out copying it!



Hey, Lion-in-a-Cage! What's with you? All evening long, you've been pacing up and down, up and down...



It's that exam I'm having tomorrow! I'm really worried about it!



If you spent as much time studying for it as you spend worrying about it, you'd be much better off!



Studying for it?! How can I study for it when I'm so upset?!



I just can't understand how you, my father, could have lived so long and yet know nothin'! That's what you know, you know! Nothin'!



In my lousy seventeen years, you know what I know? I know a heck of a lot more than you know! That's what I know!



How could you just sit there and take all that sass from a punk kid?



Because he's right! I don't know nothin'!

But it took me till now to find it out! And I was much smarter than he is when I was his age!



I was just thinking: Remember how, when the kids were young and they'd have a party down in the playroom, they'd get so noisy we'd have to yell, "HEY, YOU, DOWN THERE! CUT OUT THAT NOISE!"?



But now that they're older and going to High School, their parties are so nice and quiet...



NICE AND QUIET???



HEY, YOU, DOWN THERE! LET'S HEAR A LITTLE NOISE!!



See, Mother? That's what I've been telling you! Straight hair is "In" this year, and curly hair is "Out"...

That's why I have to do what I do! All of the other girls in school have such naturally lovely long straight hair... but I have to IRON my hair to make it straight!

And all because you hadda go and marry HIM!!



Beverly, darling! I've met him! Mr. Right! It was one of those magical things that happens only once in a lifetime, and it took place right in my own Homeroom! I'll never forget it if I live forever... even longer!!

We were passing out IBM cards and our hands touched. It was like electricity. We both knew instantly. Now, we're going steady, and it's all figured out. The day he graduates from college, we'll be married!

I know! I know! You told me all about this last week!

Last week?! Oh, that was Bob Green! I'm talking about Martin Drabb! That's this week!



I don't know why you're always hanging around with that Lillian Furd! She's from Dullsville!

You can't judge people from the surface!

Aw, c'mon! She's a real nothing!

Don't say that! Lillian has some wonderful assets!

Like what, f'rinstance?

Like she has a cute brother—and he's going to Med School!



I know it! I just know it! When I get up to get my diploma, I just know I'm gonna trip in front of everybody and make a fool of myself!

I can bet the minute they hand me my diploma, Mother is going to start crying! She always cries at the darndest times! I'm sure glad I don't—sniff—take after—sniff—her—sob...

When I get my diploma, I'll finally be able to go to college and fulfill my parents'—and also MY greatest dream—I'll meet a fella!!

When they hand me my diploma, I can just hear my kid brother saying, "Now that she's going off to college, I'll finally have the bathroom all to myself!"

For three years, I've worked like a son-of-a-gun to graduate! Now, in just a very short time, they're going to hand me the thing I've slaved for... the keys to the car my folks promised me!



**REDUCE
SPEED**



INCOMPETENTLY
ENGINEERED
CURVE AHEAD



**DANGER
CONSTRUCTION**
WORKERS GOOFING OFF
AHEAD



SLOW DOWN
AND FAKE A

**FULL
STOP**



HIGHWAY RIBBERY DEPT.

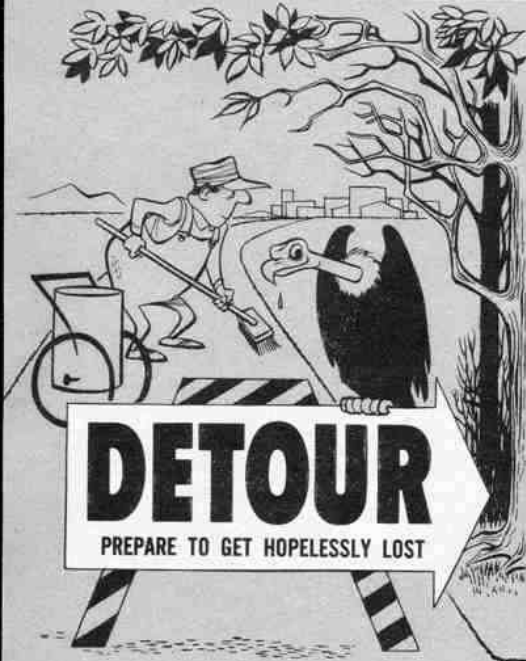
THE TROUBLE WITH ROAD SIGNS IS: THEY NEVER TELL THE

ROAD WE'D REALLY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

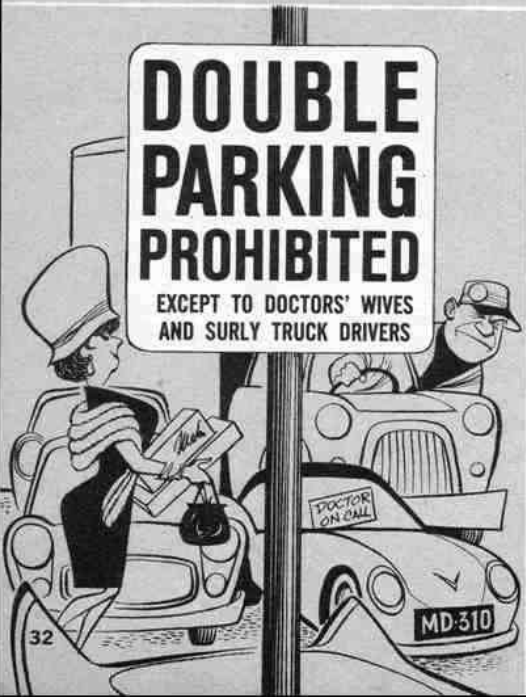
DETOUR

PREPARE TO GET HOPELESSLY LOST



**DOUBLE
PARKING
PROHIBITED**

EXCEPT TO DOCTORS' WIVES
AND SURLY TRUCK DRIVERS



**PROCEED
WITH
CAUTION**

PAVEMENT CRACKED AND BUCKLING
DUE TO FAULTY CONSTRUCTION AND
INFERIOR MATERIALS USED BY
CONTRACTOR WHO PAID OFF



**ENTERING
FREEWAY**

MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL



ENTERING METROPOLITAN AREA

BUMPER-TO-BUMPER TRAFFIC
FROM HERE ON IN

SLOW DOWN

SPEED TRAP AHEAD
POLICEMEN WORKING ON
THE QUOTA SYSTEM

CITY HALL PARKING RESTRICTED

... MAINLY TO POLITICAL HACKS.
FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF THE MAYOR
AND THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM

SPEED LIMIT 15 M.P.H.

STRICTLY ENFORCED UPON
OUT-OF-STATE VEHICLES

SIGNS LIKE TO SEE

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

SPEED CHECKED BY RADAR

TICKET CHECKED BY BRIBE

ROAD ENDS HERE

MAINLY BECAUSE SO DID
FEDERAL APPROPRIATIONS

CHAOS AHEAD

TRAFFIC COP ON DUTY

LICKING THE PROBLEM DEPT.

Everyone profits by using the U.S. Mails. Everyone, that is, except the U.S. Post Office Department, as their yearly deficit will attest. So we here at MAD have come up with a solution to this problem—mainly, *advertising!* Stamps are seen by millions of people daily, and the only messages that come through are things like “It’s the 100th Anniversary of Groundhog Day” or “Celebrating the Bicentennial of the Founding of the U.S. Fertilizer Industry.” These ridiculous “Commemoratives” bring nothing but the few pennies that the public pays for these stamps. What we suggest is that the Post Office Department get out of the red and into the long green by selling space for

POSTAGE STAMP ADVERTISING

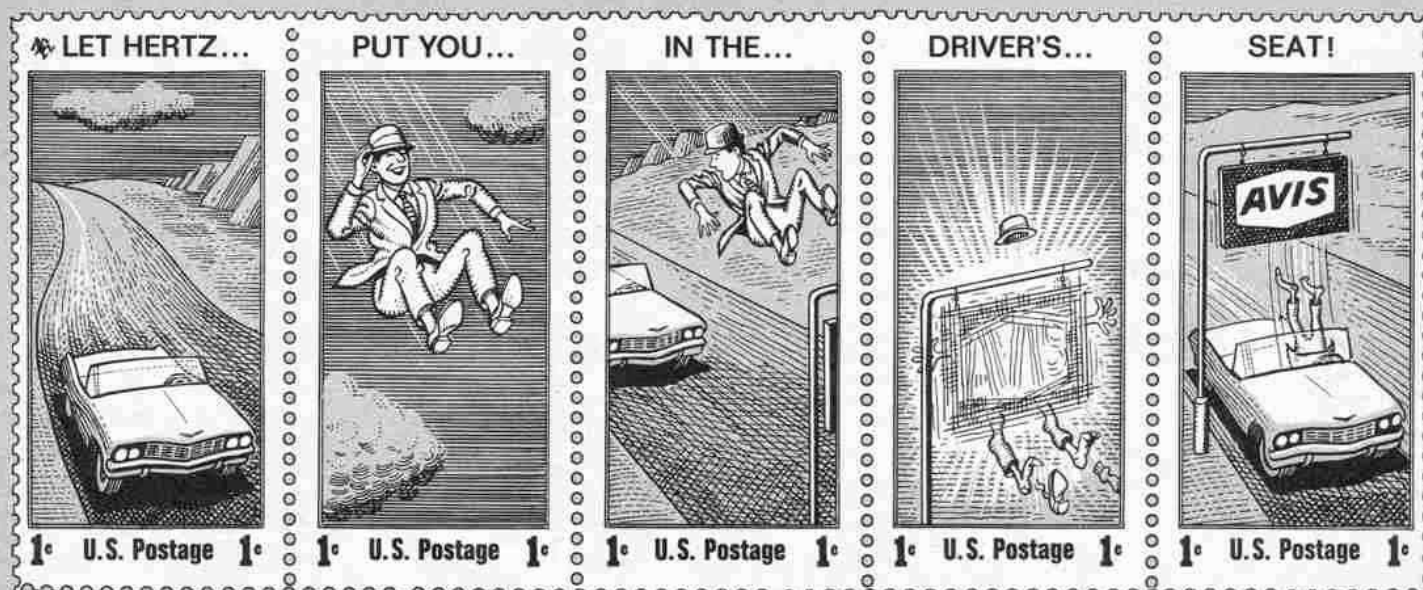
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

STAMP ADS COULD BE US

Standard Post Office Dept. stamps could become highly desirable advertising spaces for certain companies because of their clever “message tie-in” value:



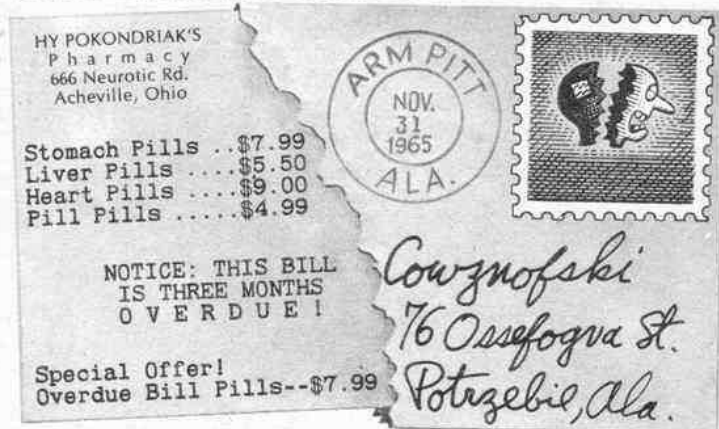
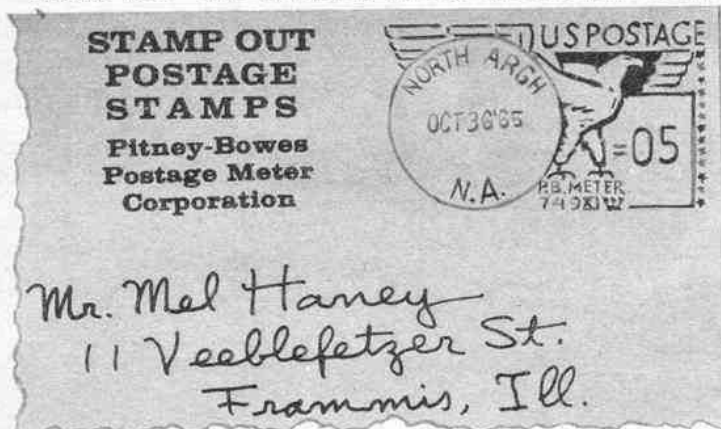
For some advertisers, the “TV Story-Board” technique could be particularly appealing. Here’s an example of an effective “TV Story-Board” stamp strip:





"STAMP ADS" ARE ALREADY IN USE ON A SMALL SCALE

FUTURE "STAMP ADS" COULD ATTRACT BIG ADVERTISERS



Some "stamp advertising messages" already appear on mail. They are the messages printed by Postage Meters. But the profits from these all go to the Independent Meter-Maker.

With ads printed directly on stamps, the U.S. Government would reap huge profits, and public would be treated to a respite from those idiotic, meaningless commemoratives.

ED IN MANY EXCITING WAYS

Advertisers could split the costs by participating in sheets of stamps the way sponsors do with "Special TV Shows." This would be especially effective when the products relate well to each other.

Happy Hunting Lodge

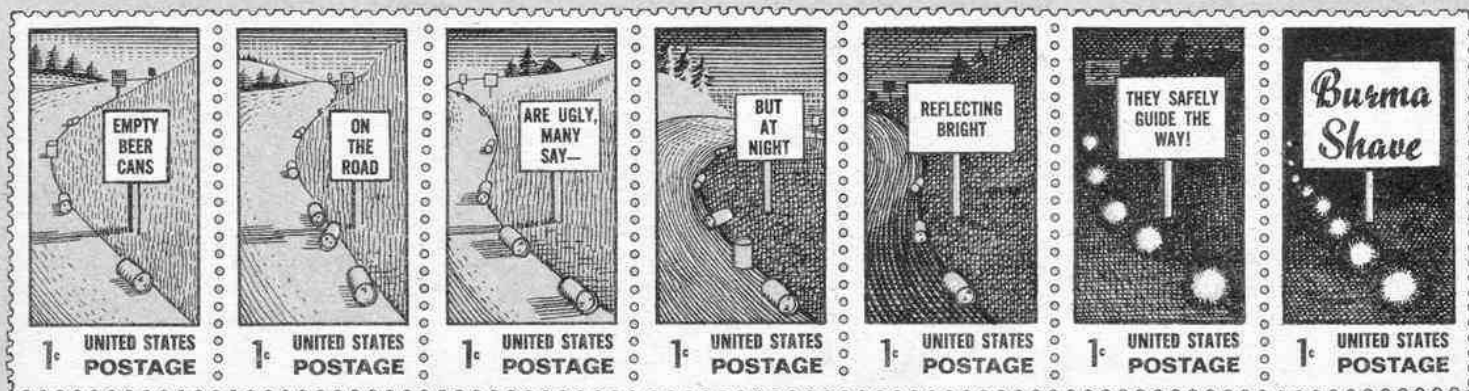


MOOSEDROPPING, VT.



Myron Bloodthirsty,
27 Blastum Place,
Catskill, Ga. 67890

Other stamps, sold on rolls, could be used one at a time . . . or all at once to create amusing "teaser" effect that their road-sign counterparts produce:



Everyone would collect odd-shaped stamps. A double-purpose could be served by producing them, since it is an ideal way to promote company trade-marks:



The largest volume of mail sent out by business organizations contains bad news for the public . . . mainly bills. To offset the bad feeling created by this necessary evil, bill-senders could use special stamps like these, that feature fun and entertainment, and make the recipient forget his troubles:

THE SYNDICATED CARTOON STAMP

Famous Comic Characters could be used on stamps to get laughs. Value of such Public Relations to Bill-Mailers would be so great, they'd willingly use costly denominations for ordinary 5¢ letters.



THE ONE-PANEL GAG CARTOON STAMP

Popular magazine cartoonists would submit fresh gags for each month's new issue of these hilarious stamps.



THE CONTINUITY SERIAL-STORY STAMP

Customers would look forward to each month's installment, and might even make unwanted purchases just to be sure of having a bill mailed to them.



On the local level, Postmasters would be authorized to accept small orders for special printings of stamps containing personal messages. For example:



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Stamps like these could be used as extra reminders of gifts due, etc. Excellent for notices of Engagements, Marriages, Births, Deaths, Divorces, Re-Marriages, etc.

ELECTIONEERING

Politicians couldn't resist this publicity gimmick, and P.O. Dept. would make money instead of losing it on all these free-loaders who can now mail their letters free.

SALES GIMMICKS

Small "Mail-Order" outfits would find the personalized stamp a real boon with its easily-clipped-out coupon. (Note: Coupon is glueless on back for easy removal.)

FUN AND GAMES

Huge teenage market could be created with personal "Do-it-yourself" gag-type stamps. Besides profit for P.O. Dept., kids would also be forced to learn to write.

Today, automation is invading almost every job area. Thousands are being thrown out of work in offices and factories, and there's no telling where it will end. Recently, it was announced that among those slated for obsolescence are the "Office Secretaries". It seems that they will soon be replaced by something called "The Voice-Typewriter" . . . a computer device that will type a letter as you talk into it, translating voice signals into typewriter-key combinations. And so, because we'd hate to see the "Secretary" disappear from the office scene (It won't be much fun chasing a computer around the desk!), we offer this article in which

MAD Looks At The "Voice-Typewriter"

THIS IS WHAT IT'S LIKE TODAY: THE BOSS CALLS IN HIS SECRETARY AND ATTEMPTS TO DICTATE A COHERENT LETTER

My Dear Mr. Manville . . . er . . . make that Dear Mr. Manville . . . Thank you for your letter . . . or should that be Thank you for your inquiry . . . let's see . . . we are happy . . . no, make that We are gratified . . .

THE SECRETARY THEN GOES AHEAD AND MAKES SENSE OUT OF THIS GIBBERISH, AND THE LETTER COMES OUT LIKE THIS:

FINSTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
43 West 43rd Street, New York City

January 7, 1966

R. J. Manville
Acme Veeblefetzers, Inc.
235 Potrzebie Street
Holyoke, Mass.

Dear Mr. Manville:

We appreciate your interest in our new manufacturing process. May I suggest that you call my office when you are in town so that we can set up an appointment for a demonstration.

I am looking forward to meeting you.

Sincerely yours,

Martin Finster
President

"You Can Be Sure If It's A Finster"

HOWEVER, WITH THE "VOICE-TYPEWRITER" THE SECRETARY IS ELIMINATED AND THE MACHINE TYPES THE LETTER EXACTLY AS DICTATED. IN OTHER WORDS, STOP WORRYING, OFFICE SECRETARIES! THEY'LL NEVER REPLACE YOU WITH THIS IDIOTIC GADGET! BECAUSE THE LETTERS WILL PROBABLY LOOK LIKE THESE 

OFFICE OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES
PENTAGON, WASHINGTON, D.C.

January 14, 1966

The President of the United States
White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:--

In reference to your recent Executive Order #55-998L, please be advised that I am now in possession of the revised Defense Plan For the Continental United States. I am aware that this Top Secret Plan has the highest security rating possible, and that I am the only one, aside from yourself, authorized to possess and have knowledge of this Classified Information. At present, the document is under lock and key in the top drawer of my desk and-- Let's just check to make sure. Oh, my gosh, I don't have my desk keys! I left them on the ring with my car keys, and my son has the car today. Wait a minute. If I can just use this paper clip to pick that lock...uhhh...hmmph...Come on. Come on. Ahhh! There, that does it Easy as pie. Er--so rest assured, Mr. President. At present, the document is as secure as human ingenuity can devise.

Respectfully

Gen. Melvin T. Chicken
Chairman
Joint Chiefs Of Staff
Now where the heck can I
hide this blasted thing...?



JONES and SMITH

Public Relations Counselors

655 Madison Avenue New York City N Y

January 14, 1966

Mr Kassim Hassim
Arabian Oil Company
10 Rockefeller Plaza
New York City, N Y

Mine Dear Mr. Kassim:

I am readink in da papers da odder day dat you pipples are lookink for a new image. Nacherly, I am disgusting this mit mine partner, Mr. Jones, and ve are comink to da conclusion dat ve are da vuns for you. Experience, ve got lots, and fine accounts, ve got planty. Ask anyvun in da business about Jones and Smith, and such tings dey'll tell you, you'll never believe. So to make a long story short already, please consider us ven you are decidink on a new Public Relations outfit. Ve will be glad to come up and make a presentation.

Hey, Jonsela! Dey'll drop dead ven dey find out who Jones and Smith really are, hah, bubballa?

Cordially yours,

Christopher Smith



MAD

850 THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. 10022

January whatever the date is

Mr. Ronald Pitt
Get his address
Off his submission:

Dear Mr. Pitt:--

Thank you for your suggestions for improving our magazine. Unfortunately, although your ideas are interesting, and if Bill Gaines ever saw them, I'd be out of a job, they really are not practical for reasons too numerous to go into. Like I'm not too keen on finding myself back selling hosiery. However, we do appreciate your interest, and I thought I was doing a pretty good job until this big-mouth comes up with some really great ideas. We hope that you will continue to read MAD. I'll just burn this letter before it falls into the wrong hands.

Cordially,

Al Feldstein
Editor

After I memorize his suggestions!



TRACK & FIELD

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

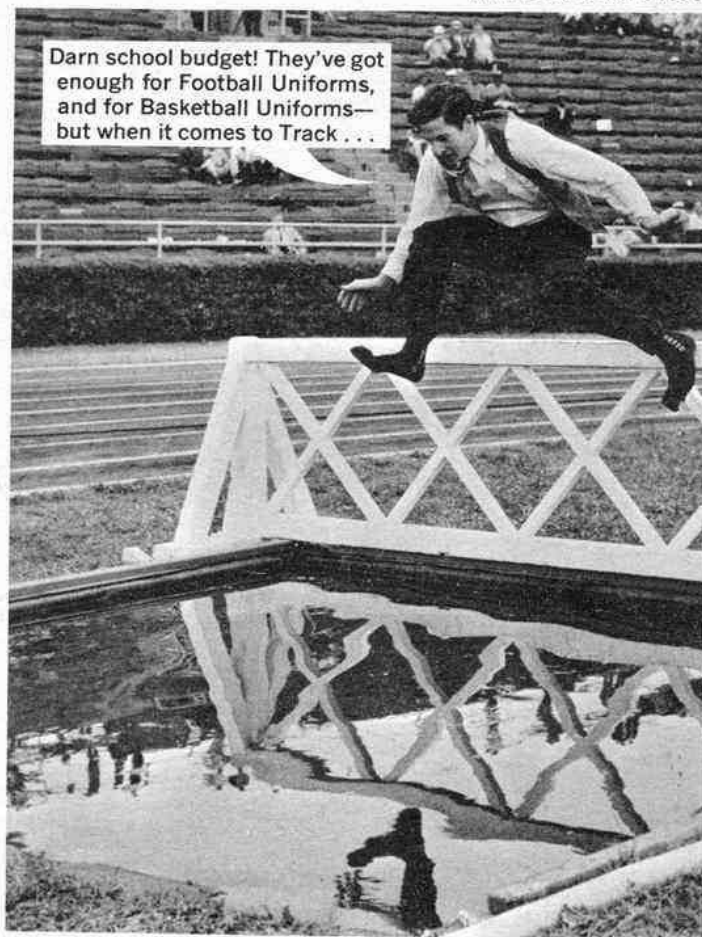
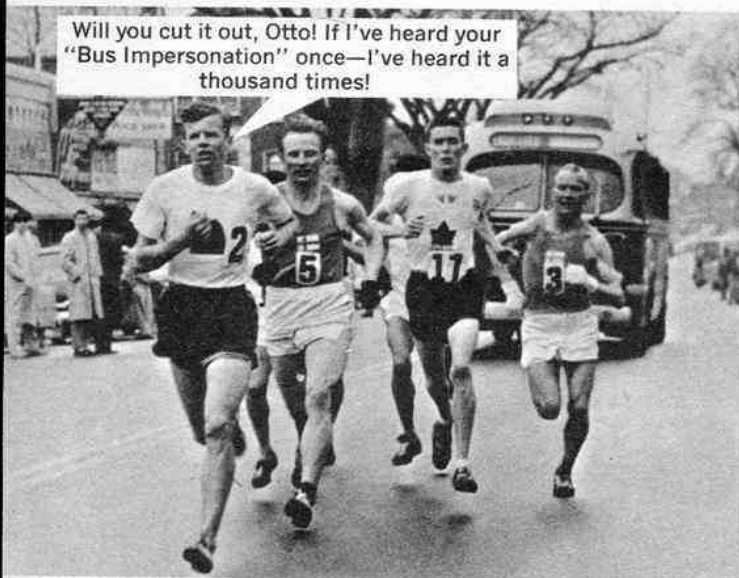
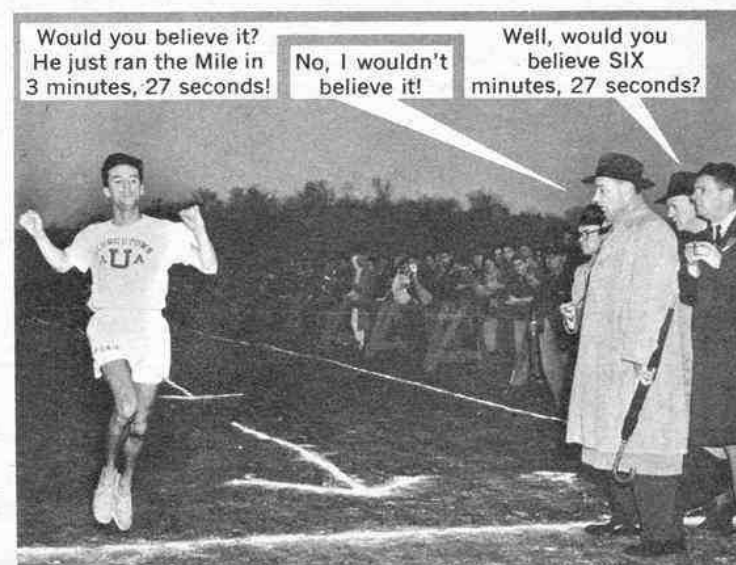
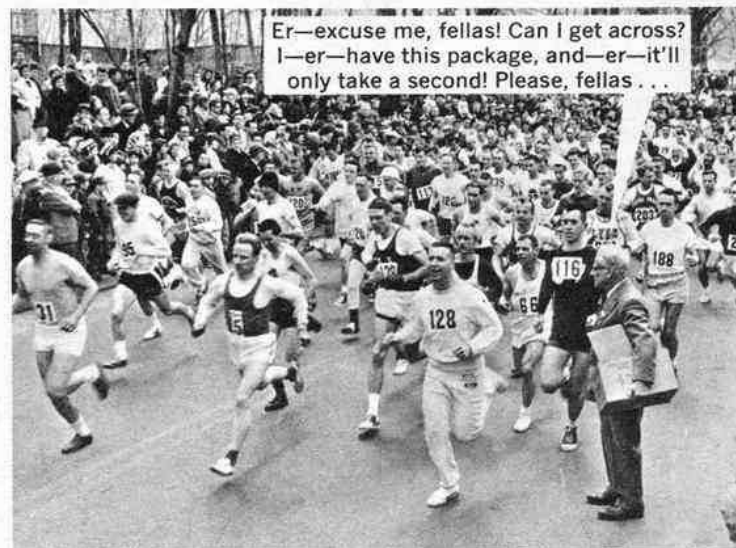
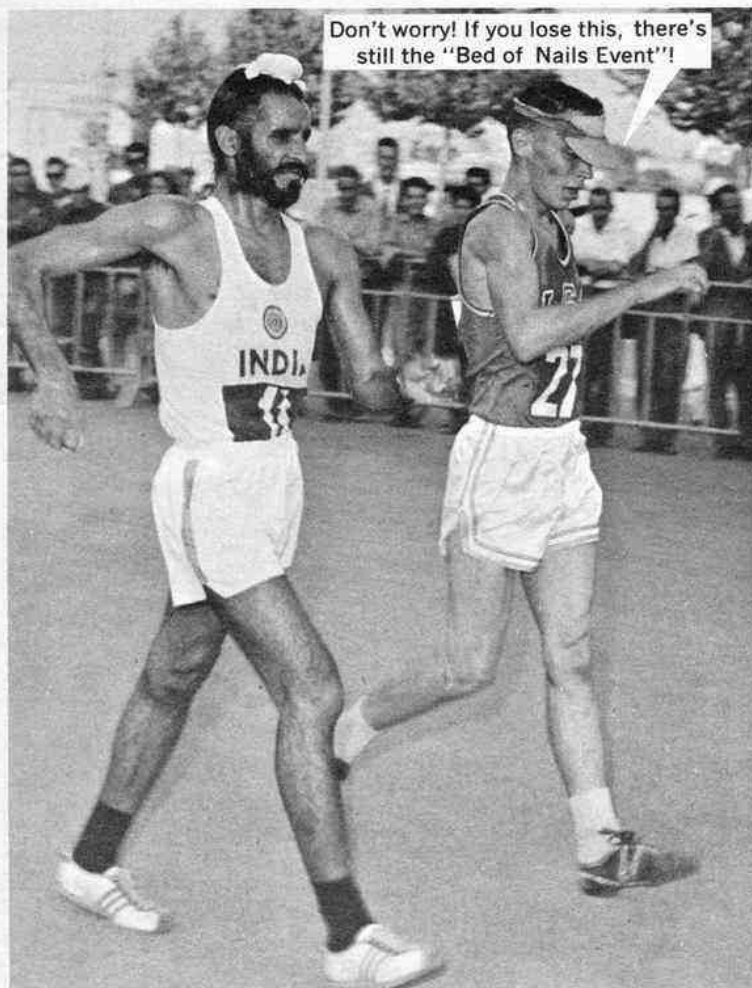
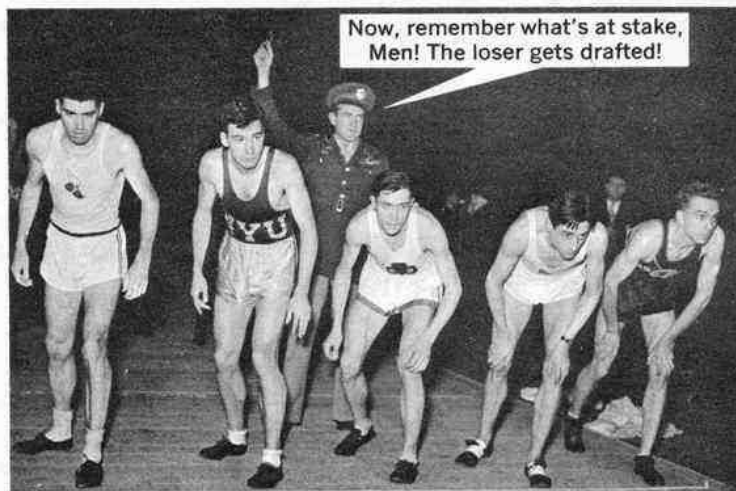
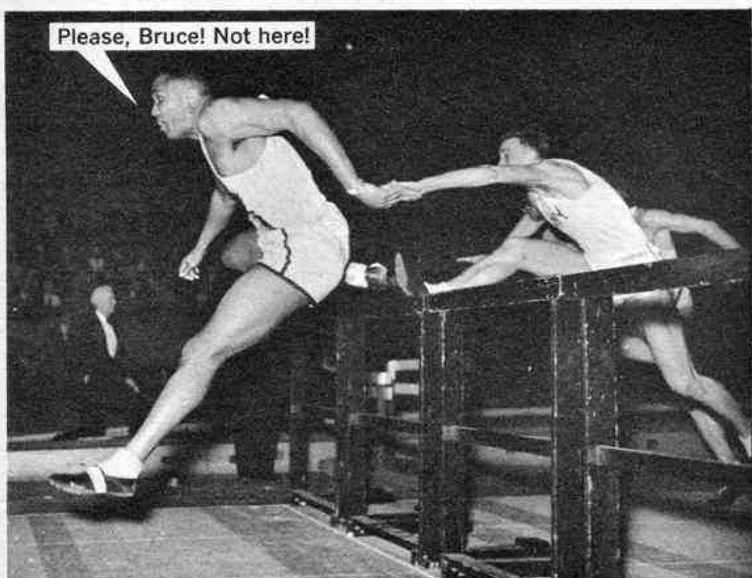


FOTO-PLAYS



PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD AND U.P.I.

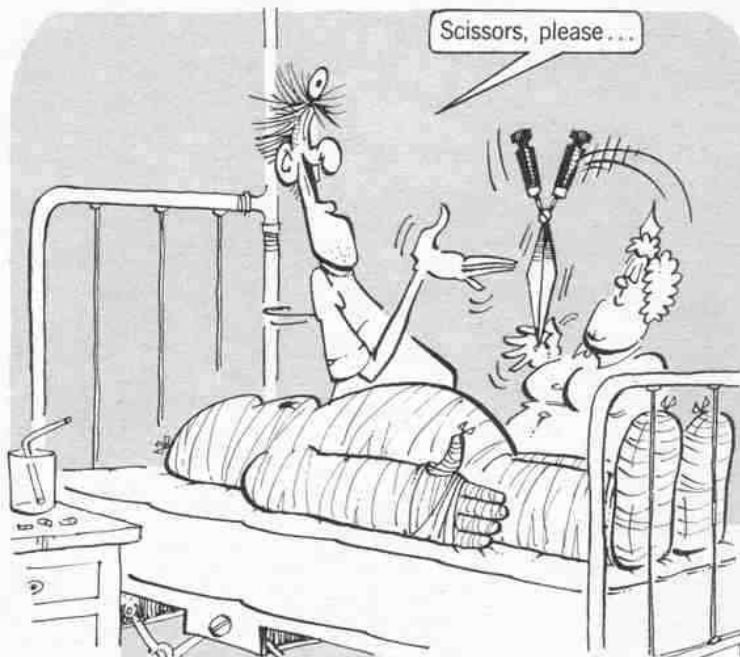


STILL LATER ON IN THE HOSPITAL

Well, Nurse, I guess it's about time we cut away those bandages and see how Mr. Freenbean is getting on in there!



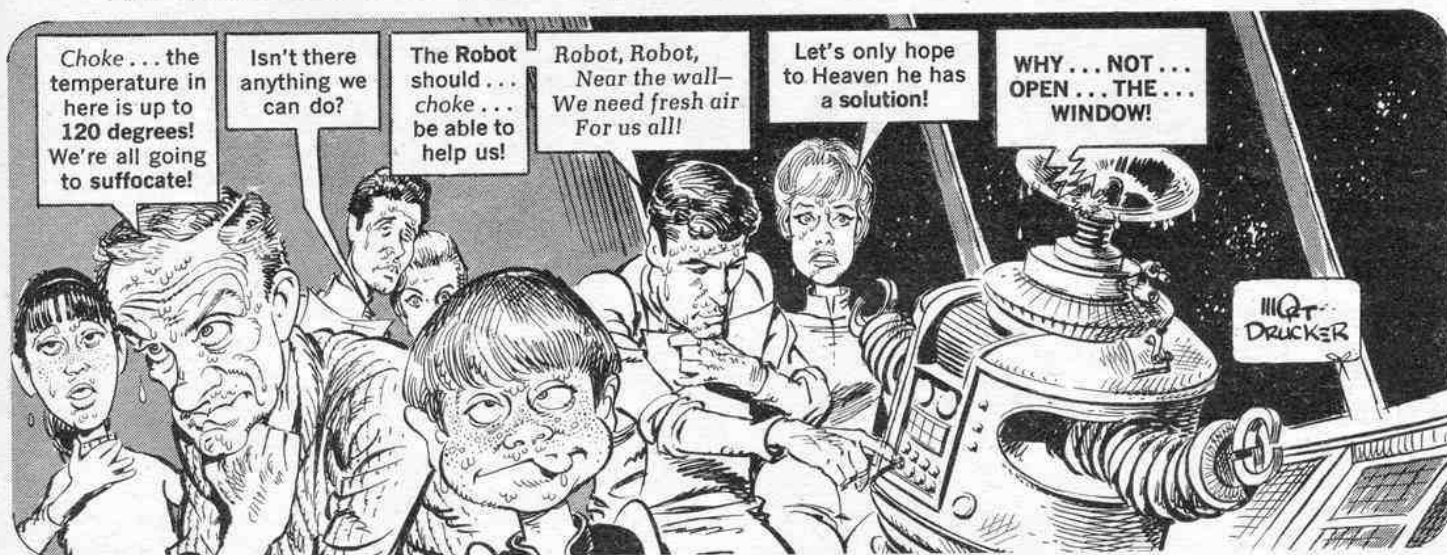
Scissors, please...



SHNIP
SHNIP
SHNIP
SHNIP

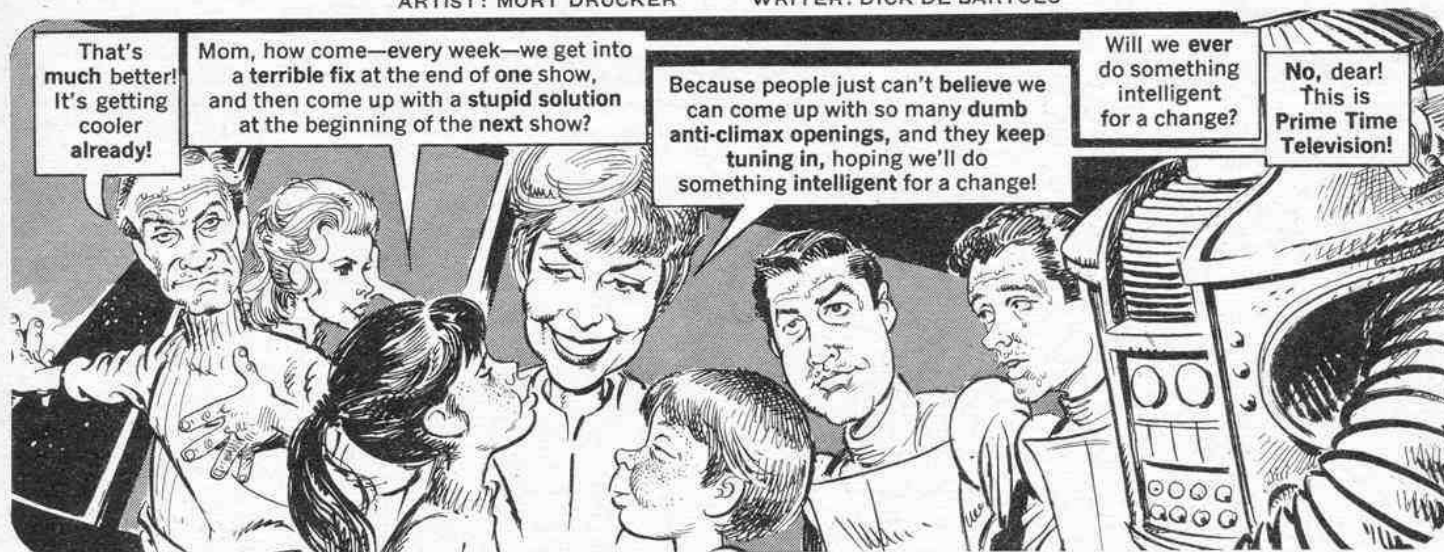


A few issues back, we offered MAD's version of ABC-TV's weekly "Soap Opera" serial for grown-up idiots, "Passion Place." Now, we'd like to present MAD's version of CBS-TV's weekly "Space Opera" serial for juvenile idiots, which always opens with a complete recap of the previous week's "cliff-hanger" ending:



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



LOUSED UP IN SPACE

PROLOGUE

This is the story of the Boobinsons, a typical American family exactly like every other American family that is fired off into space. Except that a malfunction in the Boobinson's rocket guidance system forces them to land on a strange planet. There, they are doomed to rely upon their own resourcefulness (and about as much specialized electronic equipment as is presently at the Houston Space Center) to survive the coming months—or even years—depending on how their ratings hold up.

TONIGHT'S EPISODE

"A Canyon of Precious Stones" or "The Ruby Valley Story"

Mmmm! Uh-hmm! Hmm!
These figures are
fantastic! Absolutely
unbelievable!

When you're through looking
at my "Playboy" collection, will you
check out this soil sample, Donce? I
have reason to believe it's totally
different from the soil we have
back on Earth!

What makes
you say so?

Because of
its "growing"
characteristics!
Look at that!

Wow! That's
the biggest
watermelon I've
ever seen!

That happens to be a
grape! We're using a
hollowed-out watermelon
for a swimming pool!

Hey,
where are
you guys
going?

To take a closer look at the
soil around here. You can
join us if you're through
playing with that basketball!

What
basketball?
This is a pea
I just found!

Boy, this is really
something! I'm going
to get my camera! I
want pictures of this!

Great idea, but who's gonna
develop 'em? The nearest
Drug Store is over forty
million light years away!

Mind
if I
join
you?

Professor, you've asked to join us
on the last 38 missions, and every
one of those times, you've tried to
kill us! Do you really expect us to
trust you 39 times in a row?

Aw, c'mon!
Can't you
give a guy
a second
chance?

Well—okay! But just
this once. And if you
try to kill us again,
I'm going to be very
angry! Especially if
you succeed!

Let's take the Space Mobile
and examine the surrounding
ten miles! Oh, Mauronne . . .
would you like to join us?

No, I'll
stay
here
with
Lassie!

This is a
different
series, dear!
Remember?

Did you ever see such vegetation! Why, that corn is as high as an elephant's eye!

And it looks like it's climbing clear up to the sky!

Dad, I have to go to the bathroom! Can you stop at the next gas station?

The nearest gas station is forty million light years away!

Gee, I don't think I can hold it that long!

Let's stop here and take a closer look at those plants!

LET ME OUT FIRST!

LET ME OUT FIRST!

I'm going to play it safe! I'll put on my super-sonic disintegrator gun, my laser-beam knife, my radiation-proof jacket, my Mickey Mouse watch...



... my sun-resistant hat, my emergency water supply, my K-ration kit and my trusty compass! Hmmm... better make that my rusty compass. I forgot to dry it off last time...

Well, come on out already! You're wearing all of your safety devices!

I know! Only now I can't get through the door!



Mom, look what I just found!

Why it looks like an incredibly large ruby! What is it?

An incredibly large ruby!

No wonder it looks like one!

Do you realize that if this dirt here can produce rubies that big, it also may be able to produce...

Hey, gang, how about—?



... HUGE DIAMONDS! I knew it! What a specimen!

What... diamonds?! Haven't you ever seen a block of ice before? I thought we'd all have cold drinks...

You idiot! You're fooling around with ice when this soil is probably chock-full of huge precious jewels! Have you any idea what a real diamond that size would bring?

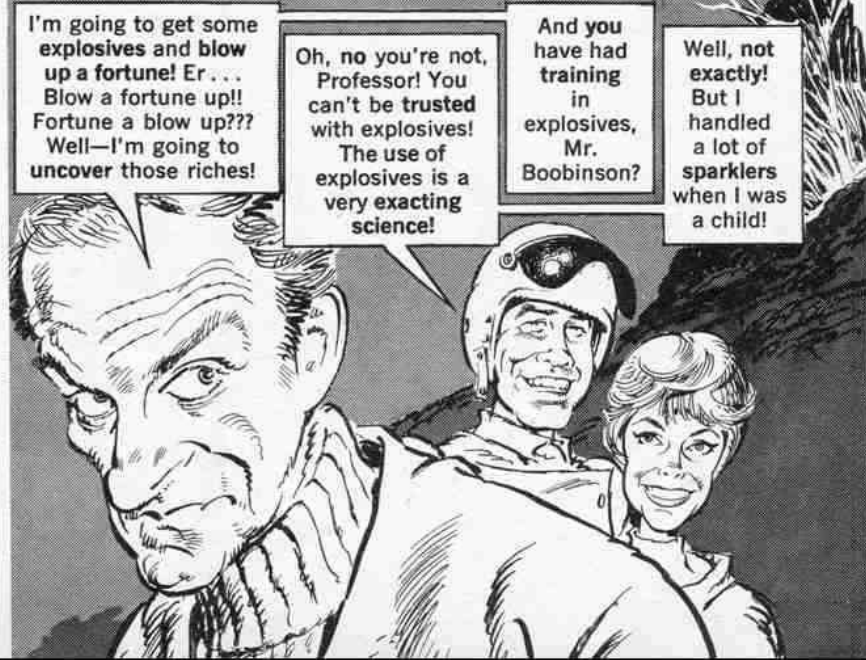
Yes!! A fantastic hernia!!

I'm going to get some explosives and blow up a fortune! Er... Blow a fortune up!! Fortune a blow up??? Well—I'm going to uncover those riches!

Oh, no you're not, Professor! You can't be trusted with explosives! The use of explosives is a very exacting science!

And you have had training in explosives, Mr. Boobinson?

Well, not exactly! But I handled a lot of sparklers when I was a child!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE ROCKETSHIP...

Maybe we ought to take the Robot and look for the folks. They've been gone for over an hour!

Are you kidding! Do you have any idea what it's like out there? Massive hurtling objects crushing you to death without warning! The very air you breathe, polluted! Danger lurking at every corner! Why, a human life is worth nothing!

Punny, how many times do I have to remind you... We're not on Earth!

Well, we still might find some real danger on this planet! I know! I'll ask the Robot...

Robot, Robot, Over there; Is there danger Anywhere?

The... only... danger... on... this... particular... planet... is... from... tripping... over... one... of... the... papier... maché... sets!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SPACE MOBILE...

Okay, I've set a charge of trinitrotoluene mixed with glycerin that I've treated with nitric and sulfuric acid along with sodium nitrate, and I've attached a quick-detonating sulphur fuse. Now, when I light it, you're gonna hear the biggest biggy-boom-boom you ever heard. It'll be a real zinger of a noisy-noise! KA-PLOO-EE!

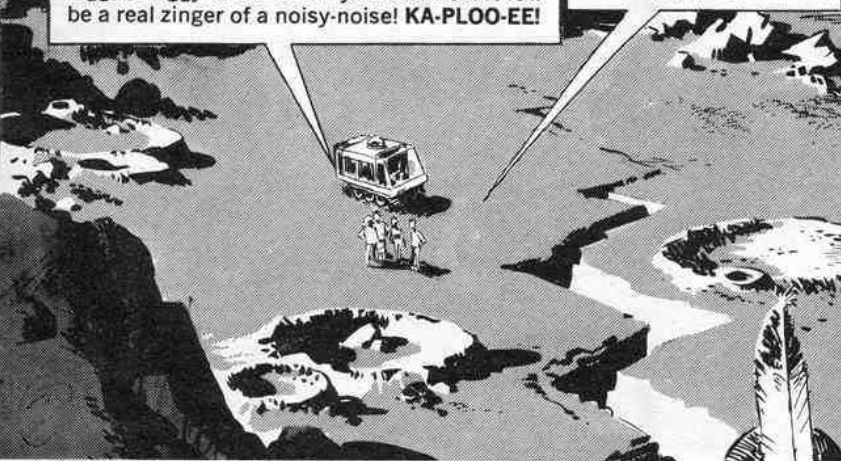
Can we have the real explosion now, and the re-creation from you a little closer to Emmy time, if you don't mind...

Okay, I'll light the fuse and—

Wait! Look! Over there in the explosives area! It's Punny, Suet and the Robot!

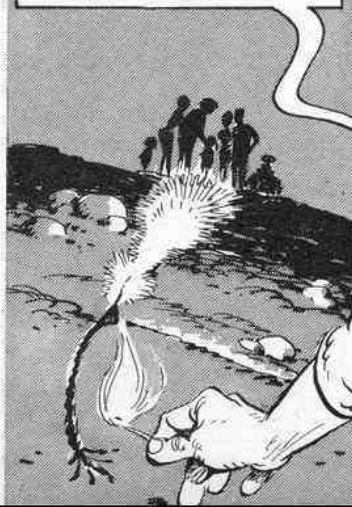
Sounds like a Rock 'n' Roll singing group!

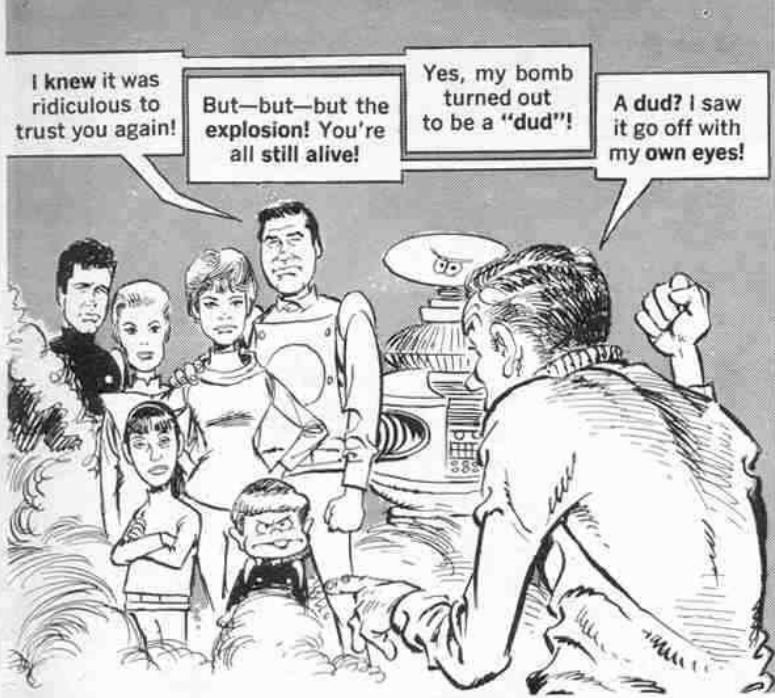
We've got to get them out of there!!



What a wonderful sight! ALL of them over there in the explosives area, and me here! It would be such a shame if someone lit this fuse! So I'll remove that hazard by setting fire to it...

... and once they're out of the way, I can take all the diamonds and rubies I find for myself... and return to Earth a rich man...



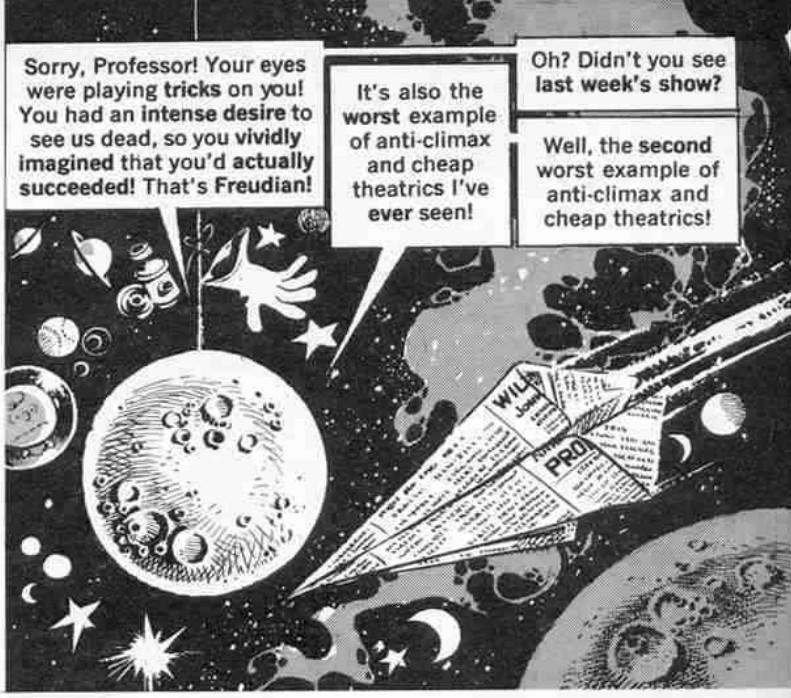


I knew it was ridiculous to trust you again!

But—but—but the explosion! You're all still alive!

Yes, my bomb turned out to be a "dud"!

A dud? I saw it go off with my own eyes!

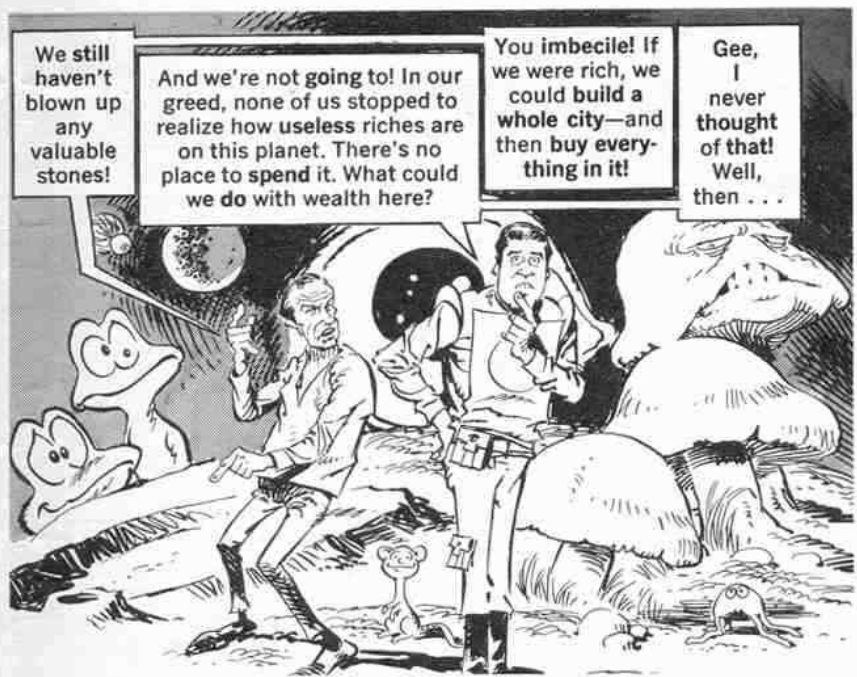


Sorry, Professor! Your eyes were playing tricks on you! You had an intense desire to see us dead, so you vividly imagined that you'd actually succeeded! That's Freudian!

It's also the worst example of anti-climax and cheap theatrics I've ever seen!

Oh? Didn't you see last week's show?

Well, the second worst example of anti-climax and cheap theatrics!



We still haven't blown up any valuable stones!

And we're not going to! In our greed, none of us stopped to realize how useless riches are on this planet. There's no place to spend it. What could we do with wealth here?

You imbecile! If we were rich, we could build a whole city—and then buy everything in it!

Gee, I never thought of that! Well, then . . .



Wait! Look! Up there! Something is coming at us! It looks like a flock of birds!

Birds? They look like comets!

That reminds me! What happened to Bill Haley?

Good Lord! They ARE comets! They're getting closer! They're heading right FOR us! They spell certain death!

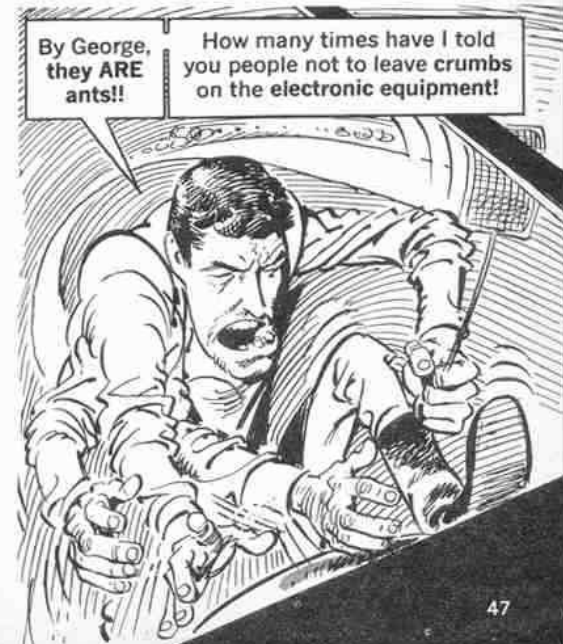


Gee, that must have taken years of rehearsing!

I'm going to look at them on the Radar Scope in the Space Mobile!



Look at them! Millions of little "blips" . . . covering the screen like ants . . .



By George, they ARE ants!!

How many times have I told you people not to leave crumbs on the electronic equipment!



Never mind about the ants! What about the comets?

Oh... they're gone!

Gone? Just like that?

Well—easy come, easy go!

RUMBLE-RUMBLE



What's that rumbling sound?

I think it's my stomach! Anybody got a Tums?

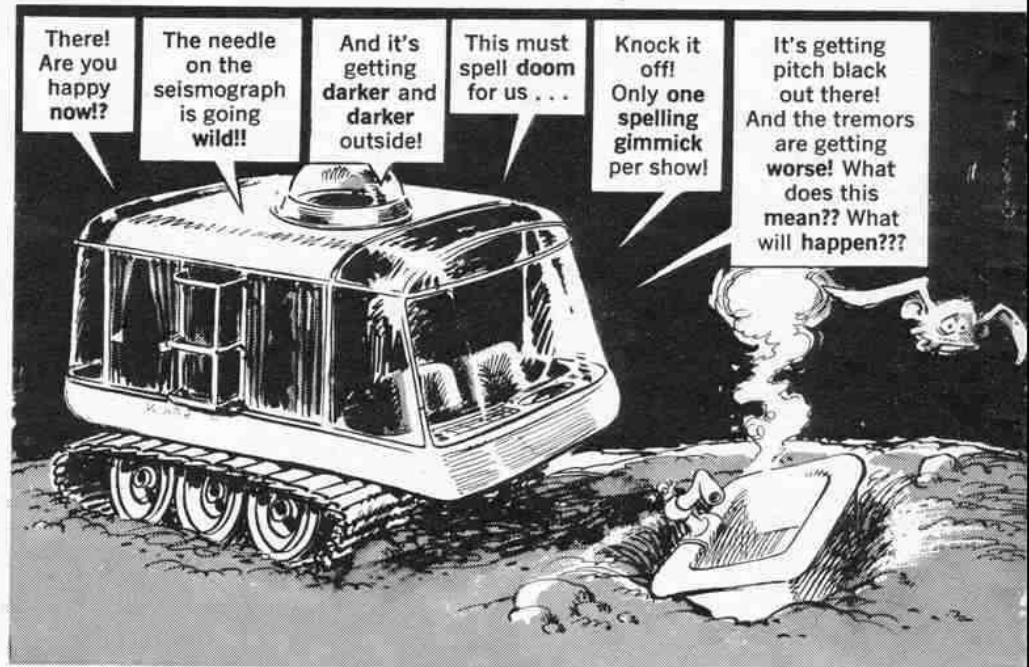
That—rumbling—sound—not—your—stomach—STOP—that—noise—of—volcanic—tremor—caused—by—comets—passing—overhead—STOP—planet—about—to—blow—itself up!

Golly, Gee! This one episode has everything in it but the kitchen sink!

RUMBLE-RUMBLE



CRASH!



There! Are you happy now?!

The needle on the seismograph is going wild!!

And it's getting darker and darker outside!

This must spell doom for us...

Knock it off! Only one spelling gimmick per show!

It's getting pitch black out there! And the tremors are getting worse! What does this mean?? What will happen???



EDITOR'S NOTE:

For those of you viewers who cannot stand the anxiety of waiting an entire week to discover new abuses of the "anti-climax" gimmick, here is your preview of the next show's opening re-cap (and cop-out) scenes:

- (1) The Boobinsons will discover that the reason the seismograph is going wild is not due to any tremors, but, instead, to driving with a flat tire!
- (2) The Boobinsons will discover that the reason it is getting pitch black outside is that on this planet, like Earth, it always does when night comes!

TO BE CONTINUED

**THE
KIND
OF
FIREWORKS
SOME
PEOPLE
WOULD
LIKE
TO
SEE**

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

There are many Americans who think that celebrating "The 4th Of July" with fireworks is a dangerous and needless frivolity. But on the other hand, there are some childish, super-patriotic Americans who would like to see even bigger and better firework displays so we can impress people everywhere and proclaim our spirit of Independence. In fact, to see the kind of thing these idiots would really love, fold page in.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

B▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀A FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**A NUMBER OF AMERICAN FAMILIES WILL ENJOY THE WARM, CLEAR
FOURTH OF JULY NIGHT AHEAD WITH A DISPLAY OF
BLAZING FIREWORKS TO COMMEMORATE OUR GLORIOUS PAST**

B▶

◀A



Photography by Irving Schild

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY A GENTLEMAN FINALLY OFFERED A LADY A TIPARILLO

THE LADY IS JO ANNE WORLEY, STARRING IN "THE MAD SHOW"