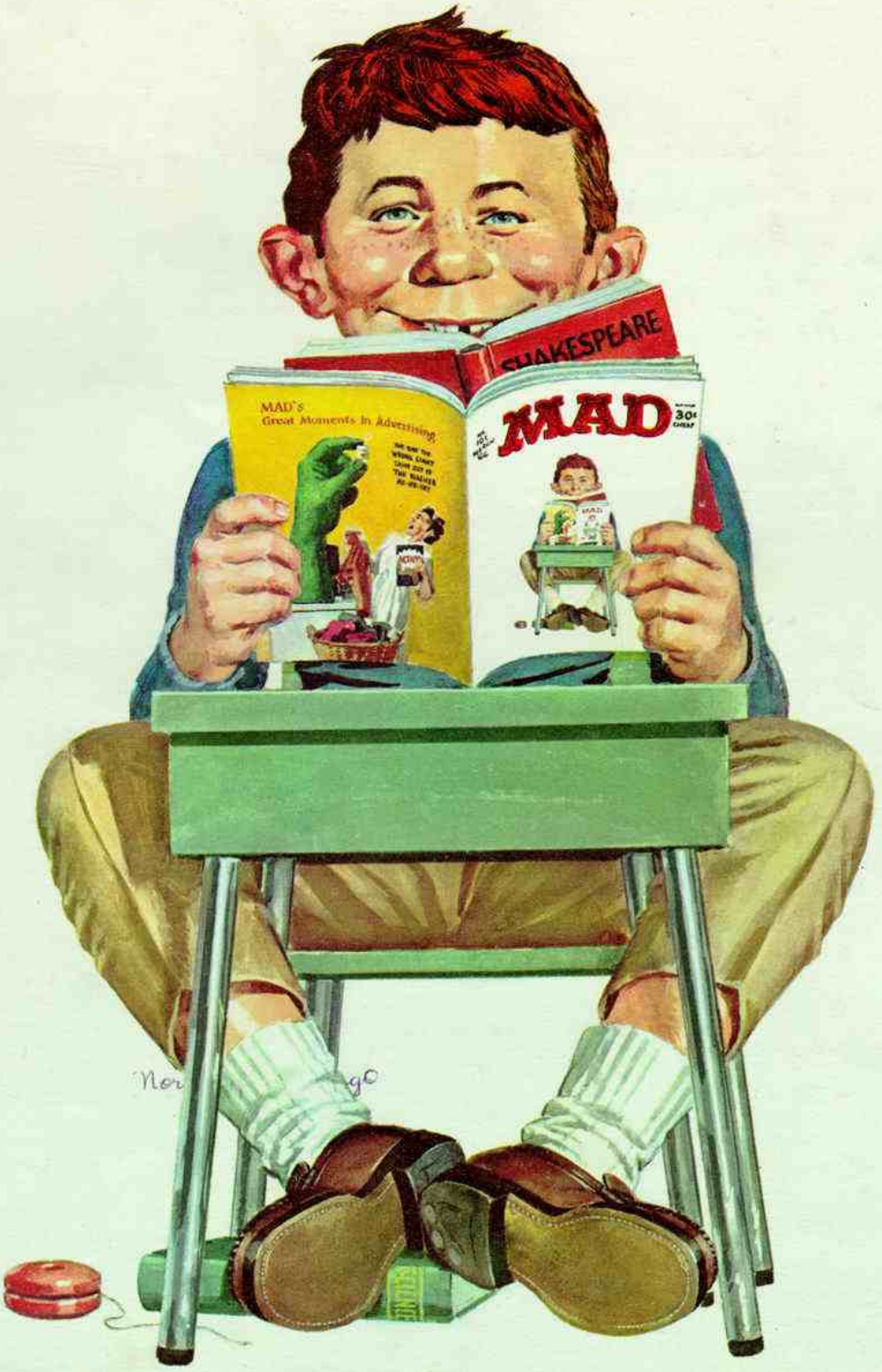
No. 101 March '66

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NUMBER 101 MARCH 1966

MAD

" 'Thinking' is what happens when you finally close your mouth and your head starts talking sense to itself!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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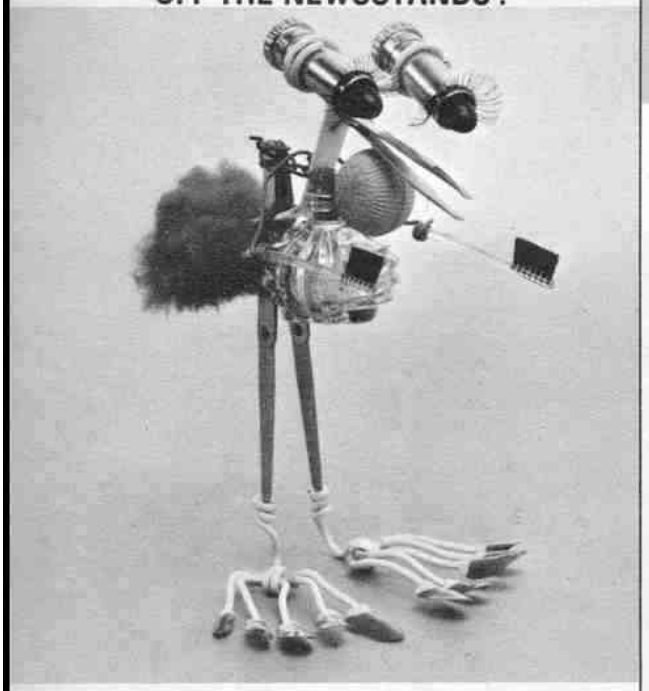
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For years, we've been getting certain types of letters. In fact, we're up to here with certain types of letters. Mainly—cute, clever, "original" letters that nobody ever thought of before, and that we'd ordinarily never print in this Letter Page. But just this once, so you can suffer with them the way we've suffered, we'd like to present some excerpts from the thousands of...

LETTERS WE COULD SURE DO WITHOUT

I bet you MAKE UP ALL THEM LETTERS YOU PRINT

What does the "E." in Alfred E. Neuman stand for?

Thought you'd like to know that your Editor was on CBS-Television last week!

THIS IS THE 17TH LETTER I HAVE WRITTEN. IF YOU DON'T PRINT THIS ONE, I'M NEVER GOING TO BUY YOUR CRUMMY MAGAZINE AGAIN.

Dear Clods, Dolts + Imbiciles:

My son likes to draw monsters. Enclosed are some samples. Don't you think he should draw for MAD?

Here is 10¢. Please have Mort Drucker draw a life-size picture of Paul McCartney for me, and autograph it: "To my

YOU guys STiNK

Enclosed is a picture of my son. Don't you think he looks like Alfred E. Neuman? If you are interested,

and my friends th ink I should be in mAD be-cause i'm so funny. How about th is idea for a n article:?

Boy, how do you guys get away with it? Do you ever get sued???

NOW—YOU CAN BUILD ALFRED E. NEUMAN

MAD'S "What Me Worry" Kid

WITH AURORA'S CRAZY NEW WHAT-ME WORRY? KIT!

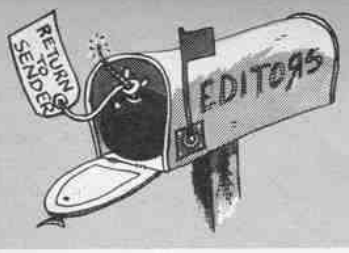


AND YOU CAN "CUSTOMIZE" HIM INTO SOME NUTTY POSES!

Extra "snap-in" arms and signs allow you to pose him in various attitudes, each one sure to get you a laugh—or more likely, a punch in the left eye. Like f'rinstance these 4:







EDITOR'S NOTE

Please don't be scared off by these. We welcome all intelligent comments, bitter criticism and genuinely humorous letters!

* * * *

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 101, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

When is the bomb in the mailbox going to go off?

and the worst thing I have ever read. I dare you to print this letter!

What's the matter? Can't you guys add? On page 17 of

PLEASE EXCUSE THE CRAYON. THEY DON'T ALLOW US TO USE ANYTHING SHARP HERE.

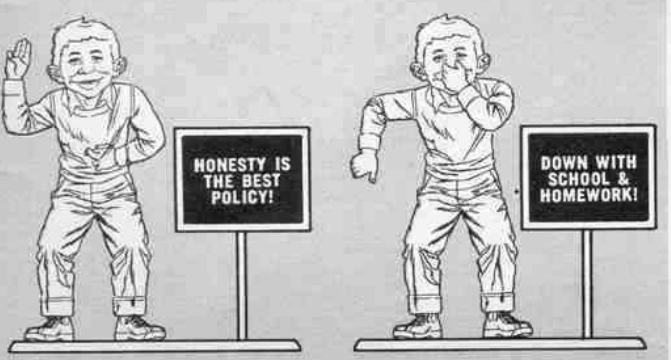
also, can you please tell me how I can get issues No.1 thru' No. 97??

and who thinks up all those crazy ideas?

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION *(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).* 1. Date of filing: Oct. 1, 1965. 2. Title of Publication: MAD. 3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly except Feb., May, August, & Nov. 4. Location of Known Office of Publication: 850 Third Ave. NYC 10022. 5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 850 Third Ave. NYC 10022. 6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: William M. Gaines—850 Third Ave. NYC 10022; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein—850 Third Ave. NYC 10022; Managing Editor: None. 7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.) E.C. Publications, Inc. 850 Third Ave. NYC 10022; National Periodical Publications, Inc., J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, Irwin Donenfeld, S. U. Sampliner, Sonia Iger, Estate of Harry Donenfeld—all of 575 Lexington Ave. NYC 10022. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as a trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

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

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USED DODGE

Yep, we've used every conceivable dodge possible to get you to read these ridiculous ads offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or training puppies, at 25¢ each (3 for 50¢)—and we're running out of gas. So, c'mon! Mail money to MAD, 850 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022

What does the term "Affluent Society" mean to you? Aw—go ahead! Take a guess! Nobody will laugh! You're among friends! What? Is that what you think it means? HA-HA! (If you learn nothing else from this article, you have just learned not to trust your friends!) Now, here is—

THE MAD SUBURBAN PRIMER

A CHILD'S-EYE VIEW OF "THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY"



Lesson 1.

THE HOUSE

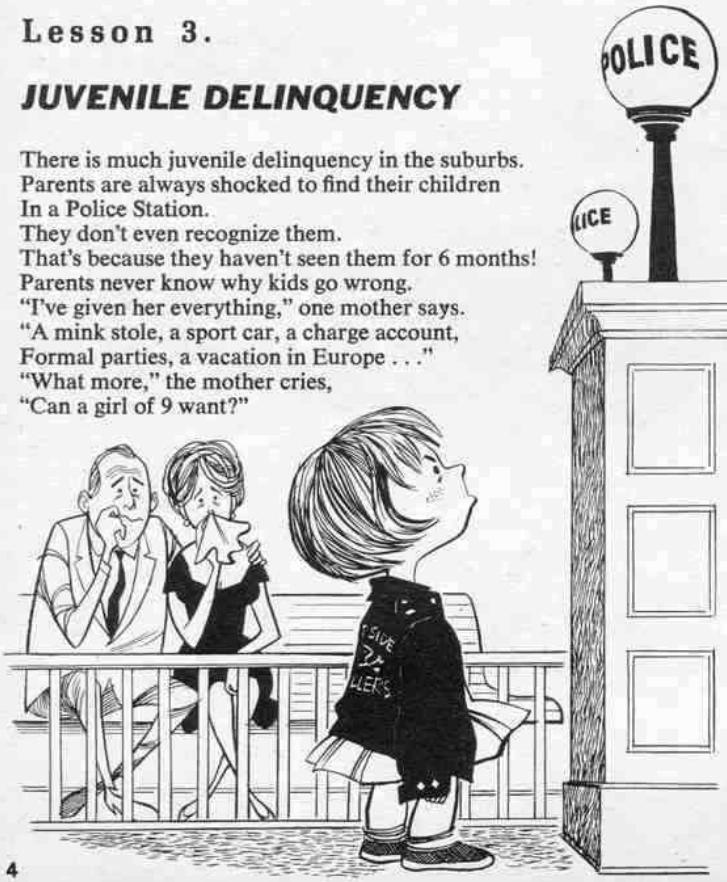
See the beautiful big house.
It is a very expensive big house.
Its owner can afford to be very proud.
In fact, pride is all that its owner can afford now!
The house is peaceful and quiet.
That's because no one in the suburbs ever stays home!
Father is out playing golf.
Mother is out playing cards.
And the children are sleeping at Grandma's house
Back in the city.
The only sound in the house
Is the pitter-patter of little feet.
The house is being robbed by a small burglar!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 3.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

There is much juvenile delinquency in the suburbs.
Parents are always shocked to find their children
In a Police Station.
They don't even recognize them.
That's because they haven't seen them for 6 months!
Parents never know why kids go wrong.
"I've given her everything," one mother says.
"A mink stole, a sport car, a charge account,
Formal parties, a vacation in Europe . . ."
"What more," the mother cries,
"Can a girl of 9 want?"





"The trouble is
Our youngsters don't do anything constructive,"
The mothers complain to each other.
The problem preys on their minds.
They discuss it every day among themselves.
Right before their Mah Jongg games.

Lesson 2.

THE LESSONS

Children in the suburbs are kept very busy.
They are forced to take many lessons.
Lessons on how to dance.
Lessons on how to act and speak.
Lessons on how to play musical instruments.
What does the suburban child learn at these lessons?
He learns that he is pleasing his parents!
Too bad he cannot take lessons
On how to be a child!



Suburban children must be a credit to their parents.
They must not lie.
They must not cheat.
They must not steal.
Poor suburban children.
They are so unprepared for the adult world!



Lesson 4.

FUN AND GAMES

In each suburban community,
There is one indispensible man.
Is it the Mayor? No! The Clergyman? No!
It is the Caterer.
Without the Caterer, there would be no parties.
Then husbands and wives
Would have to talk to each other.
They would really get to know each other.
So you see, the Caterer holds the family together!



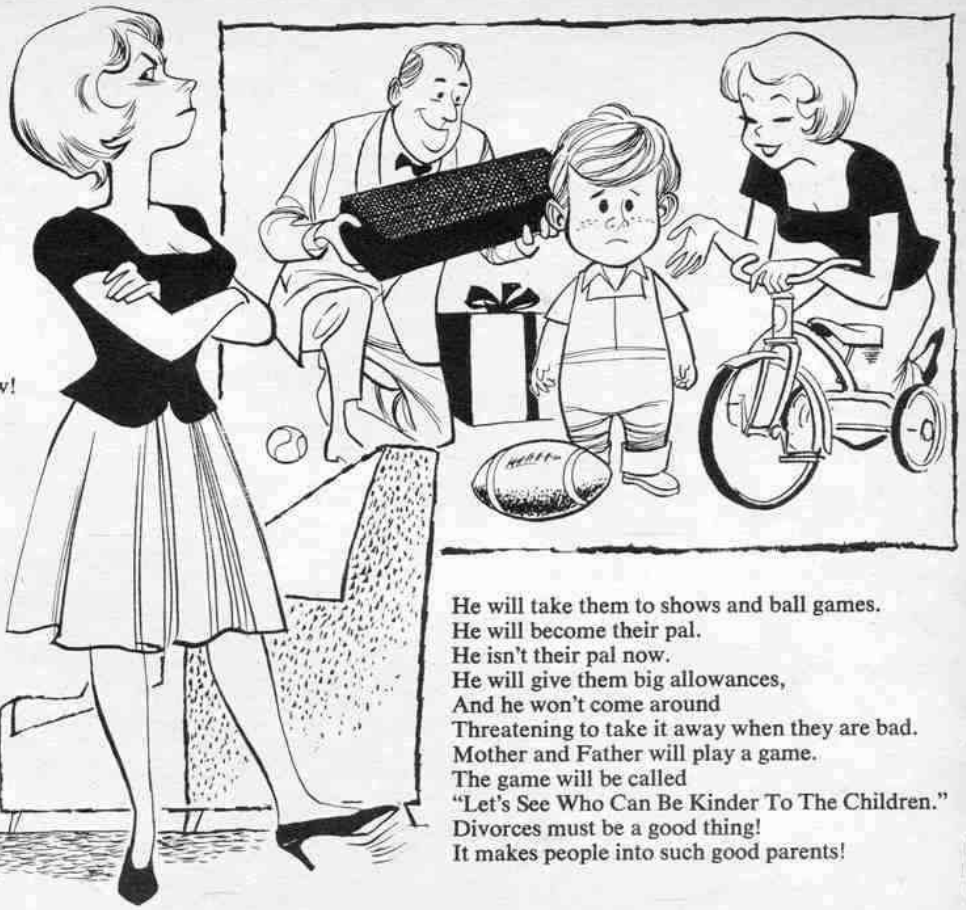
There are always parties in the suburbs.
There are teenage parties,
And there are grownup parties.
There is wild dancing and wild kissing
And plenty of liquor and plenty of drunks.
And the grownup parties are even more fun!
The grownups play games.
These games cause lots of laughs.
These games also cause lots of divorces!

Lesson 5.

DIVORCES

There is a lot of confusion in the suburbs.
Sometimes a child does not know
Where his next father is coming from.
That's because there are a lot of divorces
In the suburbs.
When parents get divorced,
They sign visitation agreements,
The Father will see the children
On Wednesdays and Saturdays.
That's one more day than he sees them now!





He will take them to shows and ball games.
He will become their pal.
He isn't their pal now.
He will give them big allowances,
And he won't come around
Threatening to take it away when they are bad.
Mother and Father will play a game.
The game will be called
"Let's See Who Can Be Kinder To The Children."
Divorces must be a good thing!
It makes people into such good parents!

Lesson 7.

HOUSEHOLD HELP

See the woman hiding in the bushes.
She is a kidnapper.
She is trying to kidnap
Her neighbor's maid.
A maid is very important in the suburbs.
She is the child's second mother.
The first mother
Is the nurse.





Some maids are a problem.
Some maids stay on the telephone for hours,
Or sleep all afternoon,
Or drink.
This keeps the woman of the house
so busy checking her maid
That the woman has no time
To stay on the telephone for hours,
Or sleep all afternoon,
Or drink.

Some people have this problem solved.
They bring a young girl over from Sweden
To be their maid.
It sounds like a very clever idea
Thought up by a very clever husband.



Lesson 6.

PARENTAL SUPERVISION

In the suburbs, some parents
Try to teach their children real values.
One youngster has a newspaper route.
His mother beams with pride
As she drives him on his rounds
In her Cadillac.





She deposits the money he makes in the bank.
Last week, he made $4.80.
Sometimes she adds to it
To make the deposit a round number.
Last week, she added $95.20.
She wants him to know what it feels like
To earn his own money.

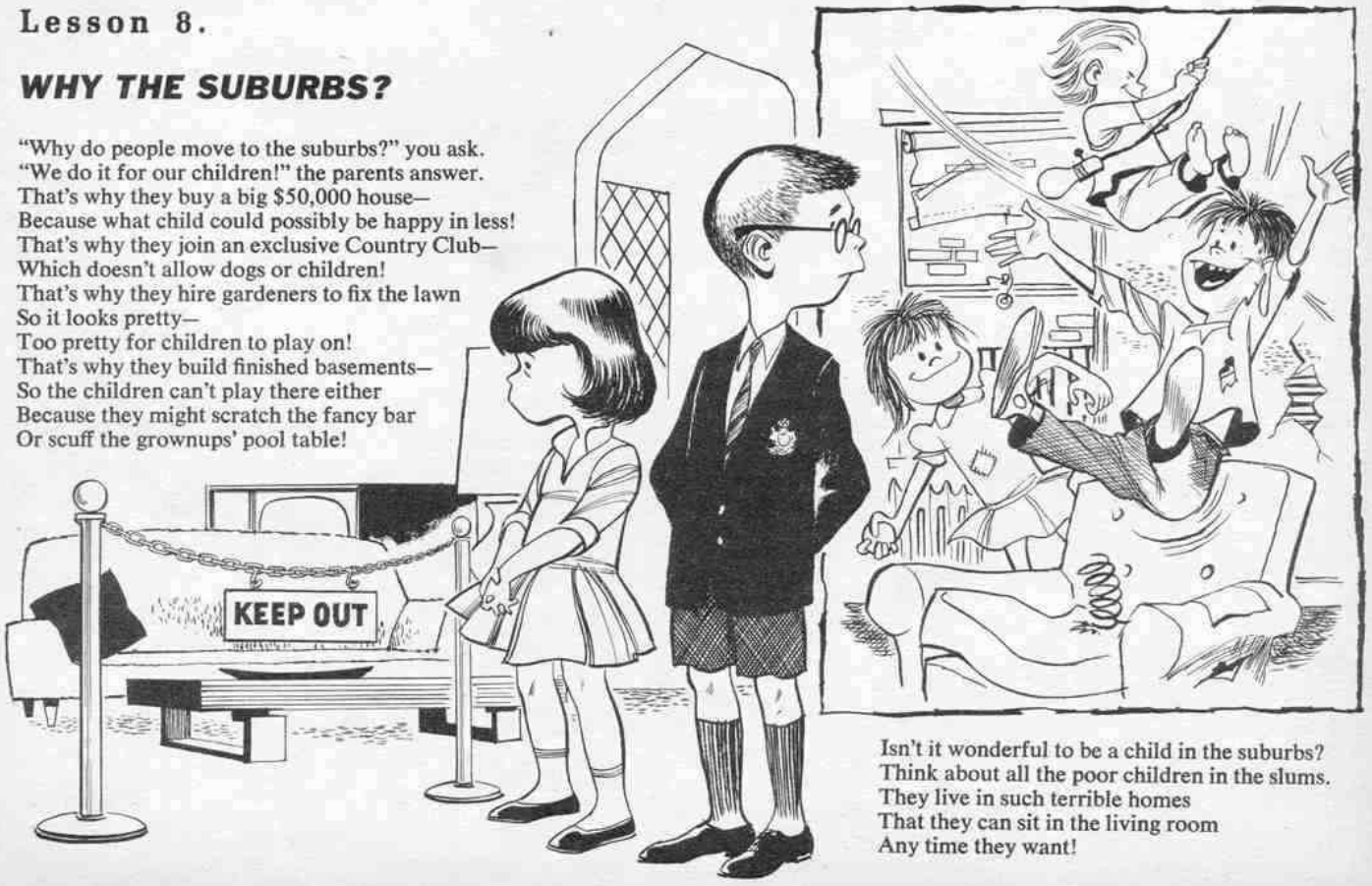
Someday, he will have enough money
To put himself through Medical School
And become a Doctor.
His mother will beam with pride
As she drives him on his rounds
In her Cadillac.



Lesson 8.

WHY THE SUBURBS?

"Why do people move to the suburbs?" you ask.
"We do it for our children!" the parents answer.
That's why they buy a big $50,000 house—
Because what child could possibly be happy in less!
That's why they join an exclusive Country Club—
Which doesn't allow dogs or children!
That's why they hire gardeners to fix the lawn
So it looks pretty—
Too pretty for children to play on!
That's why they build finished basements—
So the children can't play there either
Because they might scratch the fancy bar
Or scuff the grownups' pool table!



Isn't it wonderful to be a child in the suburbs?
Think about all the poor children in the slums.
They live in such terrible homes
That they can sit in the living room
Any time they want!

VIDEO A GO GO DEPT.

For many years, TV was geared to the 12-year-old mind. Lately, however, there's been a big change. Today, television is geared to the *13*-year-old mind. In other words, it's geared to the teenager. F'rinstance, there are shows that are *obviously* directed at teenagers, like "Shindig" and "Hulla-

When Teenagers Take

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

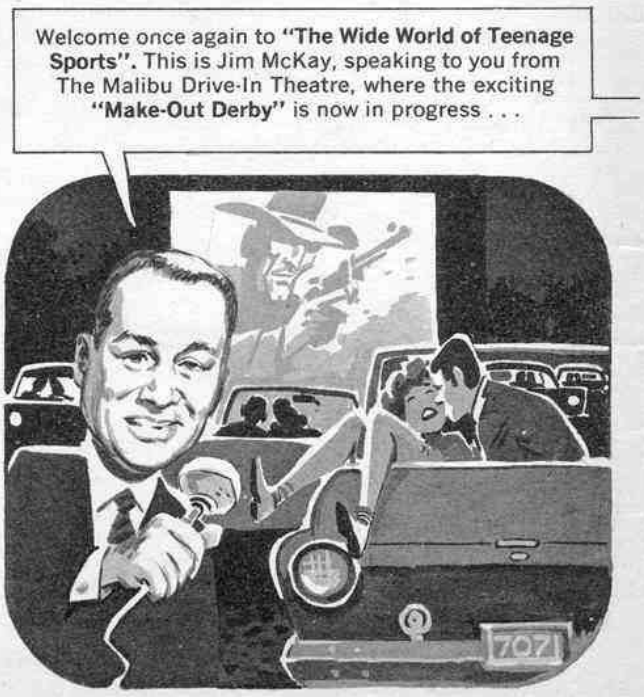
COOKING SHOWS



EVENING SERMONETTES



SPORTS SHOWS



balloo" . . . and then there are those that are *subtly* directed at teenagers, like "Prime Evening Time". However, there are still some areas of television that have not as yet been monopolized by the teenagers. But don't worry, gang, this won't last long. Because here's what we'll be seeing . . .

Over TV COMPLETELY

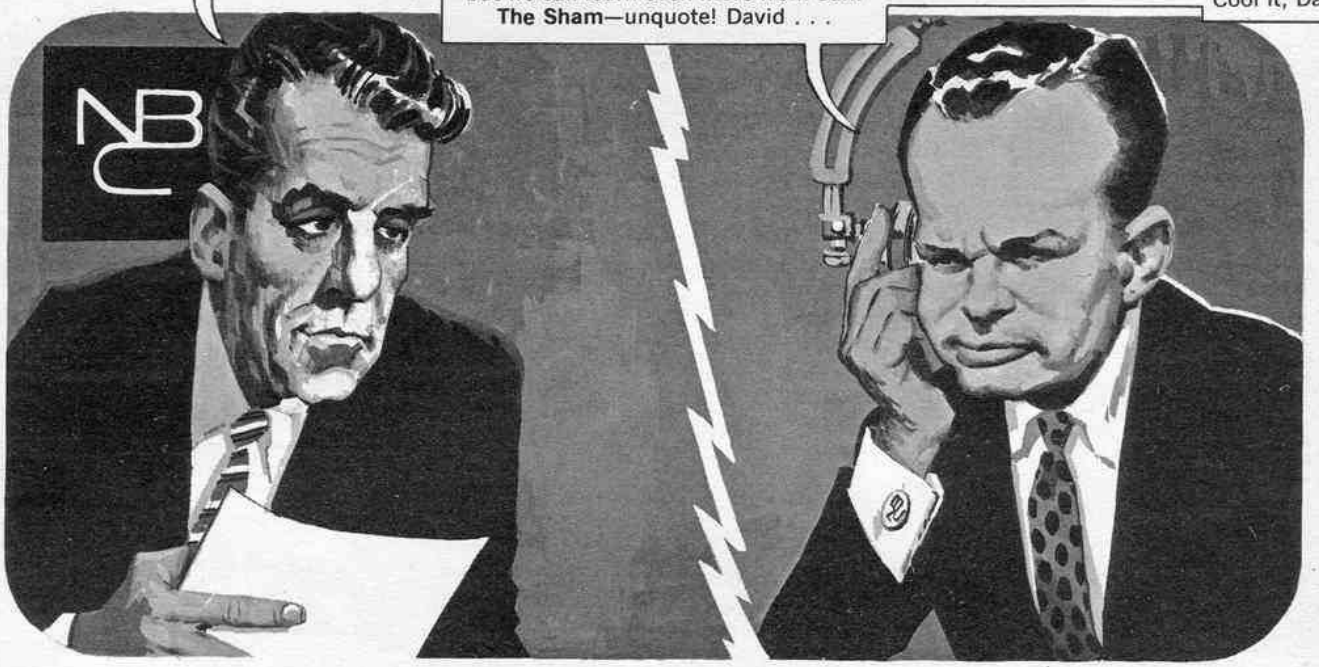
REGULAR NEWS PROGRAMS

In Washington today, the **"Medicare For Acne"** law was declared to be **Unconstitutionalsville** by **Earl Warren and The Supremes!** Chet . . .

In **Egypt** today, a famous teenage archaeologist announced—quote—We can learn a **lot** from **The Pharoahs,** but we can learn even **more** from **Sam The Sham**—unquote! David . . .

In the **"Number-One"** spot on today's **"Top-Forty-Wars" chart** is that great favorite brought to you by **Lyndon and The Dreamers!** Dig you later, Chet . . .

Cool it, David!



From here, we're going to switch you to the East and Curt Gowdy for **"The Boston LP Record-Buying Marathon"—**



And then, from there, we're going to Chicago and Bill Flemming for the **"Teenage Decathalon Championships",** in which versatile teenagers will compete in a series of ten sports including Smoking, Drinking and other Kicks. Recording stars "Sheldon and The Four Acnes" will be on hand to throw out the first Goof-Ball. And from there—



WEATHER SHOWS



SPECIAL NEWS BULLETINS

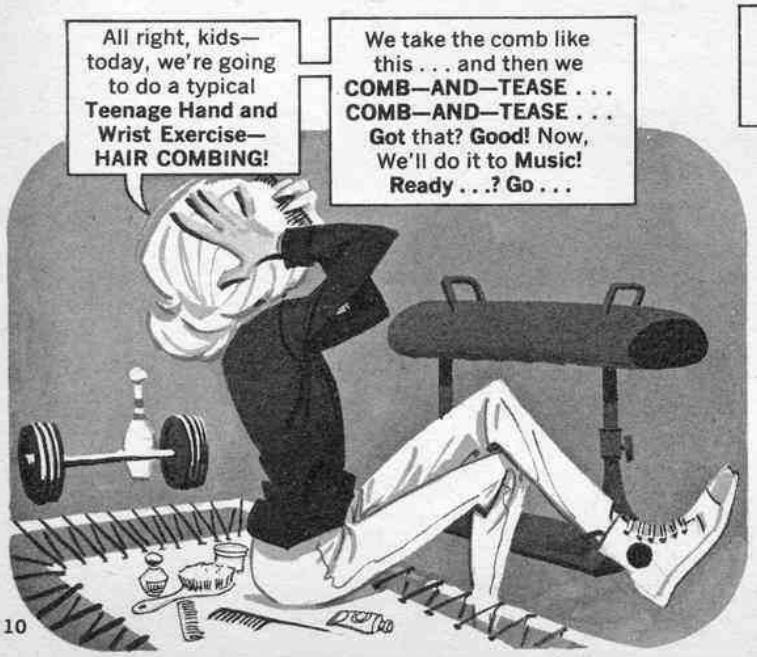


SOAP OPERAS



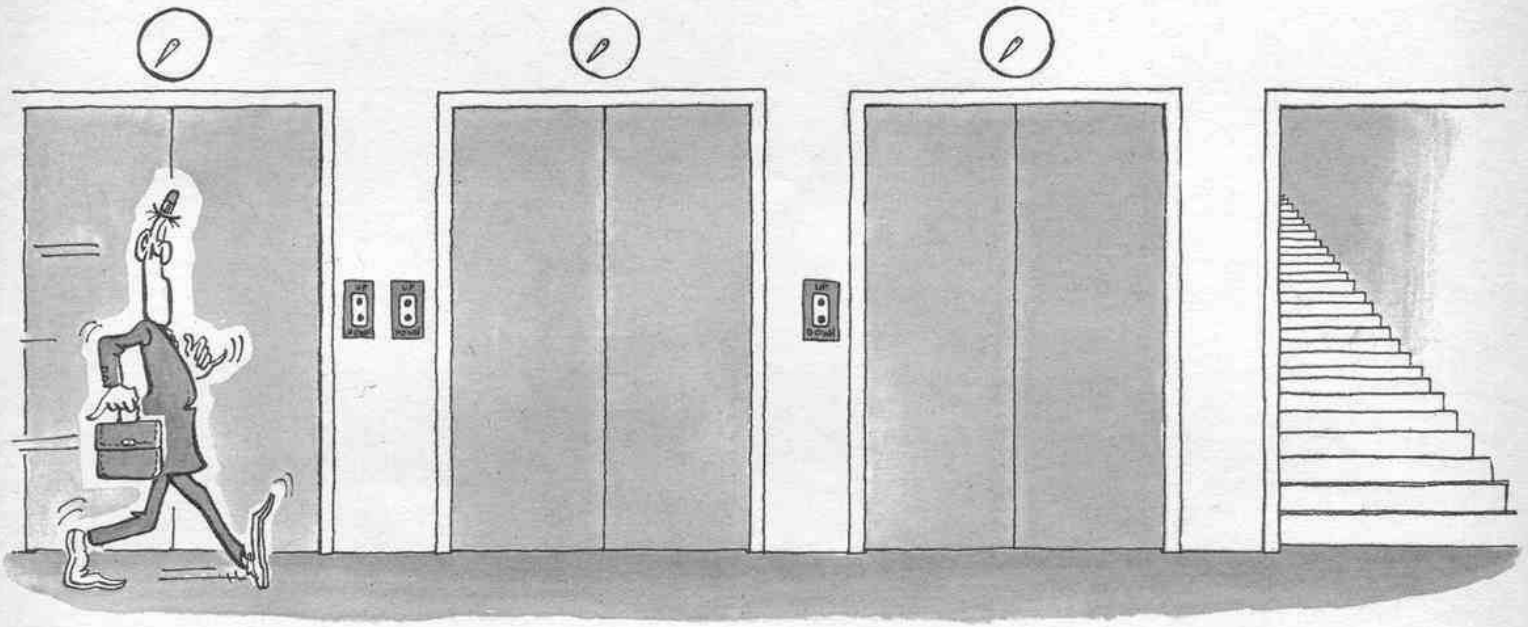


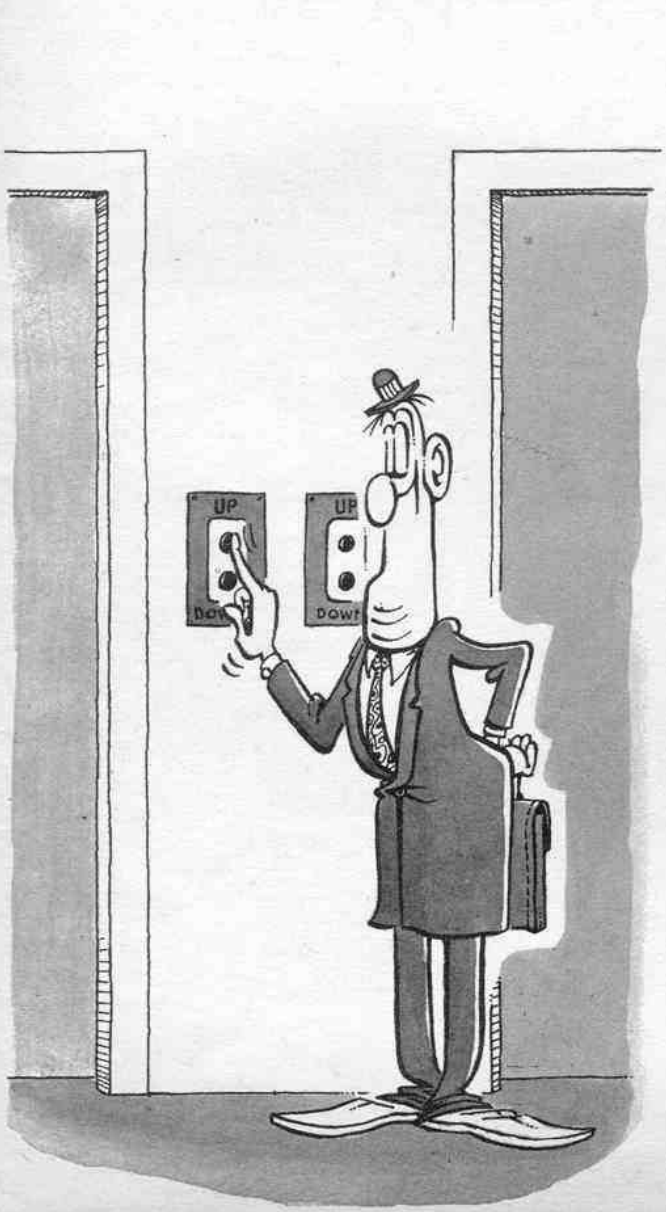
EXERCISE SHOWS



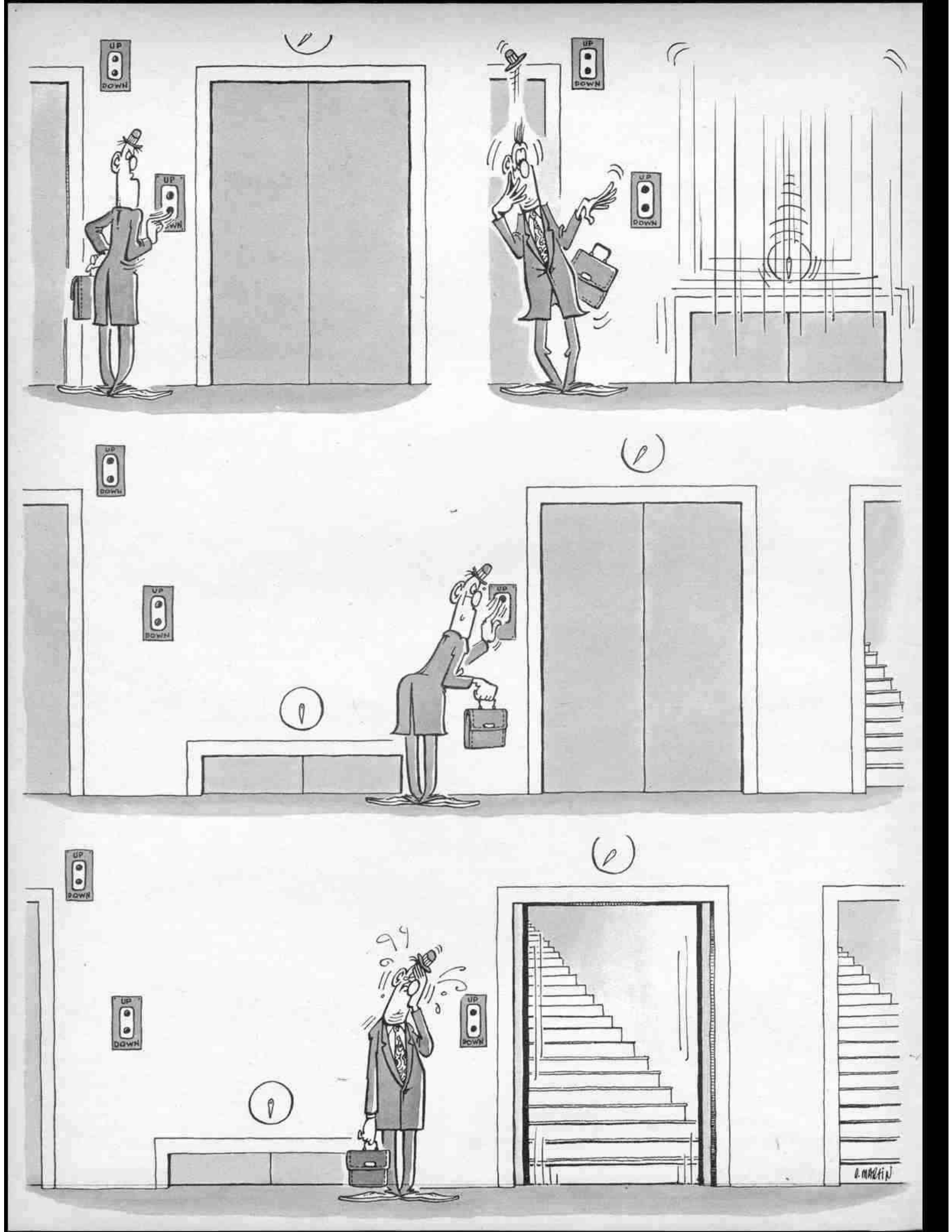


AT THE ELEVATORS







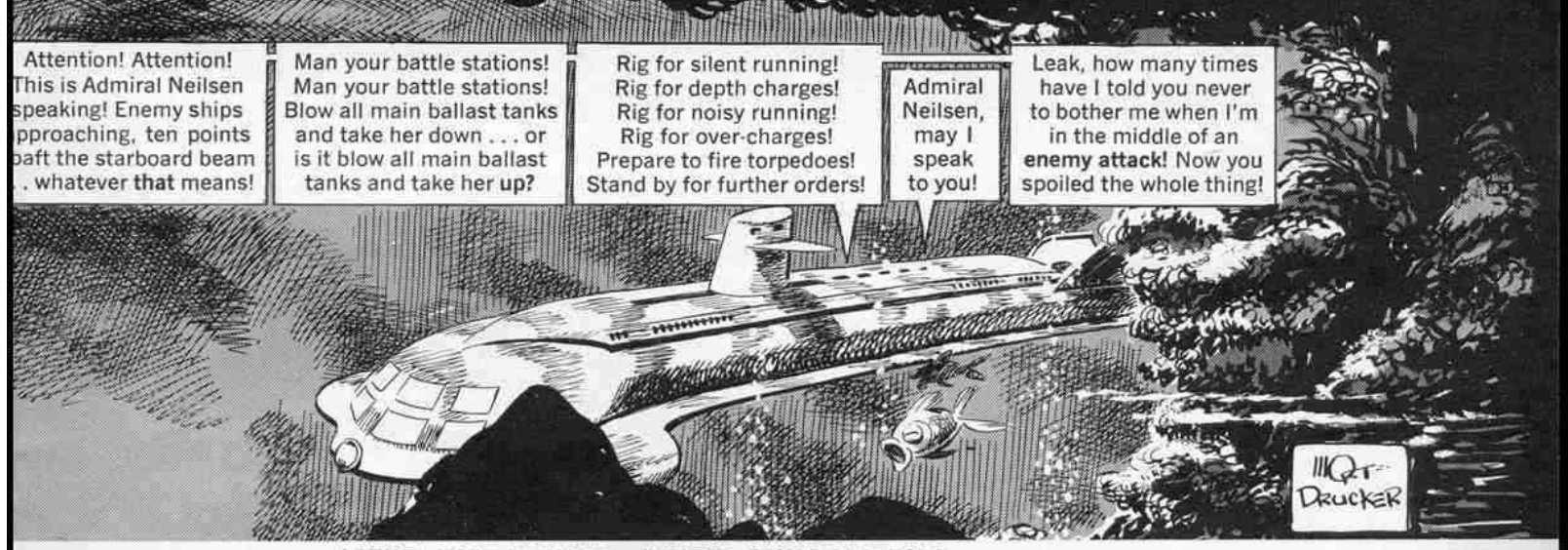

UP
DOWN
UP
DOWN
UP
DOWN

SUB-STANDARD DEPT.

Okay, TV fans, sit back and get ready for MAD's version of that weekly underwater adventure series, complete with sea thrills, sea sights, sea monsters, and plenty of "C" dialogue:

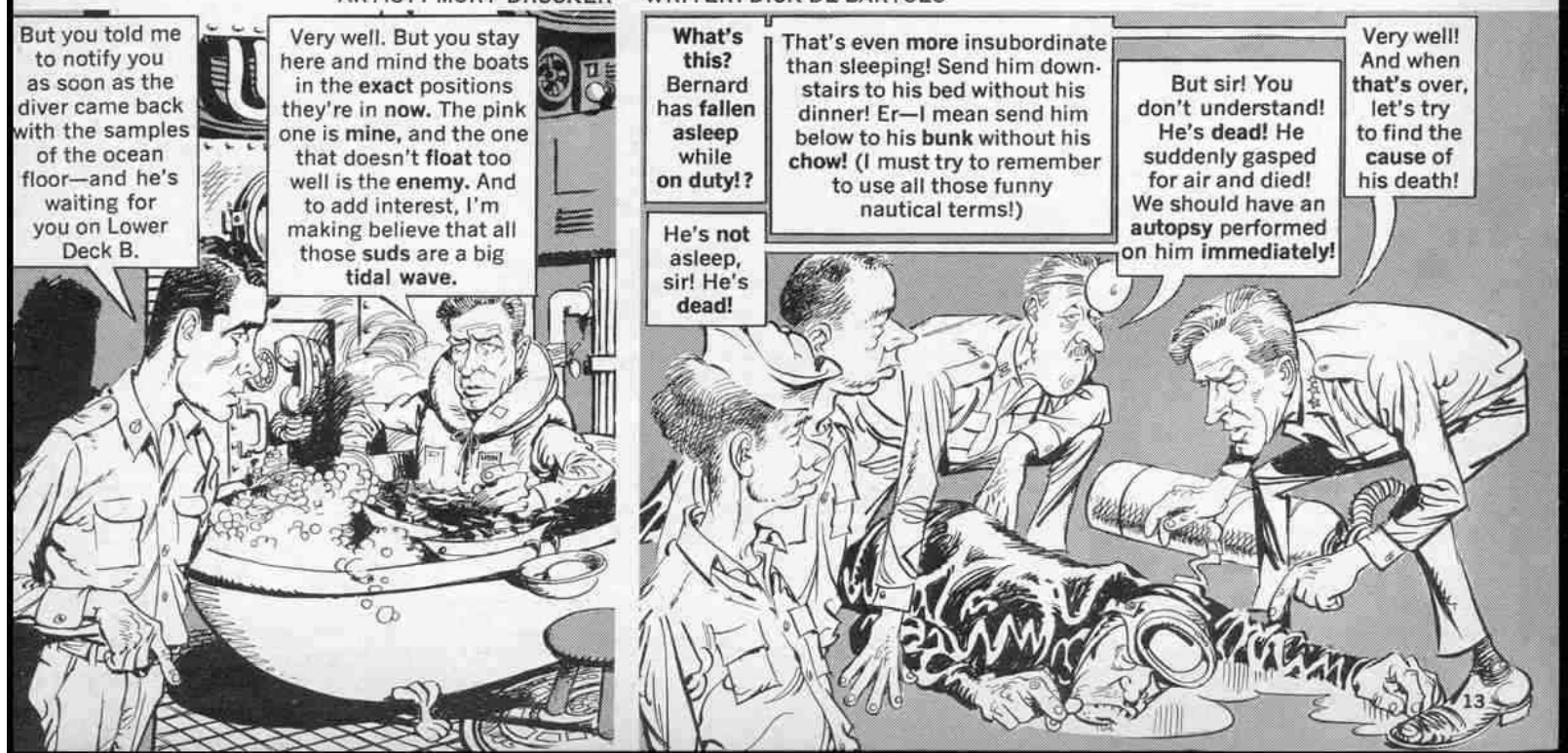
VOYAGE TO SEE WHAT'S ON THE BOTTOM

THIS WEEK'S EPISODE: "THE ATTACK OF THE 1000 FOOT GLOP"



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO




Admiral, sit down! This is the most **unusual** case I've ever worked on! Bernard was going to have a **baby!**
A baby!? That's ridiculous! We have been at sea for **eleven months!** There's got to be some mistake!
Here is his X-ray! See for yourself! Mrs. Rose—Oops! Sorry, Admiral! You must forgive me. A doctor friend of mine sent me some sexy X-rays to hang in my locker, and I must have gotten them mixed up.
This is **still** a strange case, sir! Look—his **skin** has turned a **rubbery black!**
That's just his **diving suit!**
Keen observation, sir. No wonder you're an Admiral! However, a Lab Test **did** detect some **poison** in his bloodstream!
Well, that's only natural! He's been **eating** in the Sea Pew's **Mess!**
No, I've never come across **this** type of poison before! He **couldn't** have gotten it from anything on **this** sub!
Which means that while Bernard was **outside** the sub, **diving—**
. . . some mysterious **thing,** or **creature** poisoned him!
. . . and that leaves only **one course of action!**
Hunt down the **awful villain?**
No, pull down the **window shades!** I don't want to see any mysterious things or creatures! Why do you think I have an **inside cabin?**
Admiral, we're going to have to pinpoint the **exact spot** where Bernard met with disaster!
And that's not going to be easy, Leak! That's going to take some **hard thinking.** But . . . the **machine** can help. **—Scrambler section, ON! —Feed-back Modulator, GREEN! —All Circuitry Systems, GO! —SRM Control, FULL! —Service Window, UP!**
And there, Leak, we have **two cups of coffee** so we can **think** better!
Sir, how about the **Fail Safe Memory Tape Device?** That's kept track of **every command** you've given since the Sea Pew was put into commission. It **must** have a record of the course you set when Bernard left the escape hatch!
Good idea, Leak! This Fail Safe Memory Tape Device is the most **complex** system ever installed on any U.S. Navy vessel! I'll turn it on . . .
Happy Birthday to you . . . Happy Birthday to you . . . Happy Birthday dear . . .
Shut that thing **off!**
Now hear this! This is the Admiral! If I told you **once,** I told you a **thousand times,** no one is to play with the Fail-Safe Memory Device! Didn't we get into **enough** trouble last month when the **President** asked to hear a recording of a nuclear sub in action, and we sent him a **four-hour version of "SWEET VIOLETS"?**

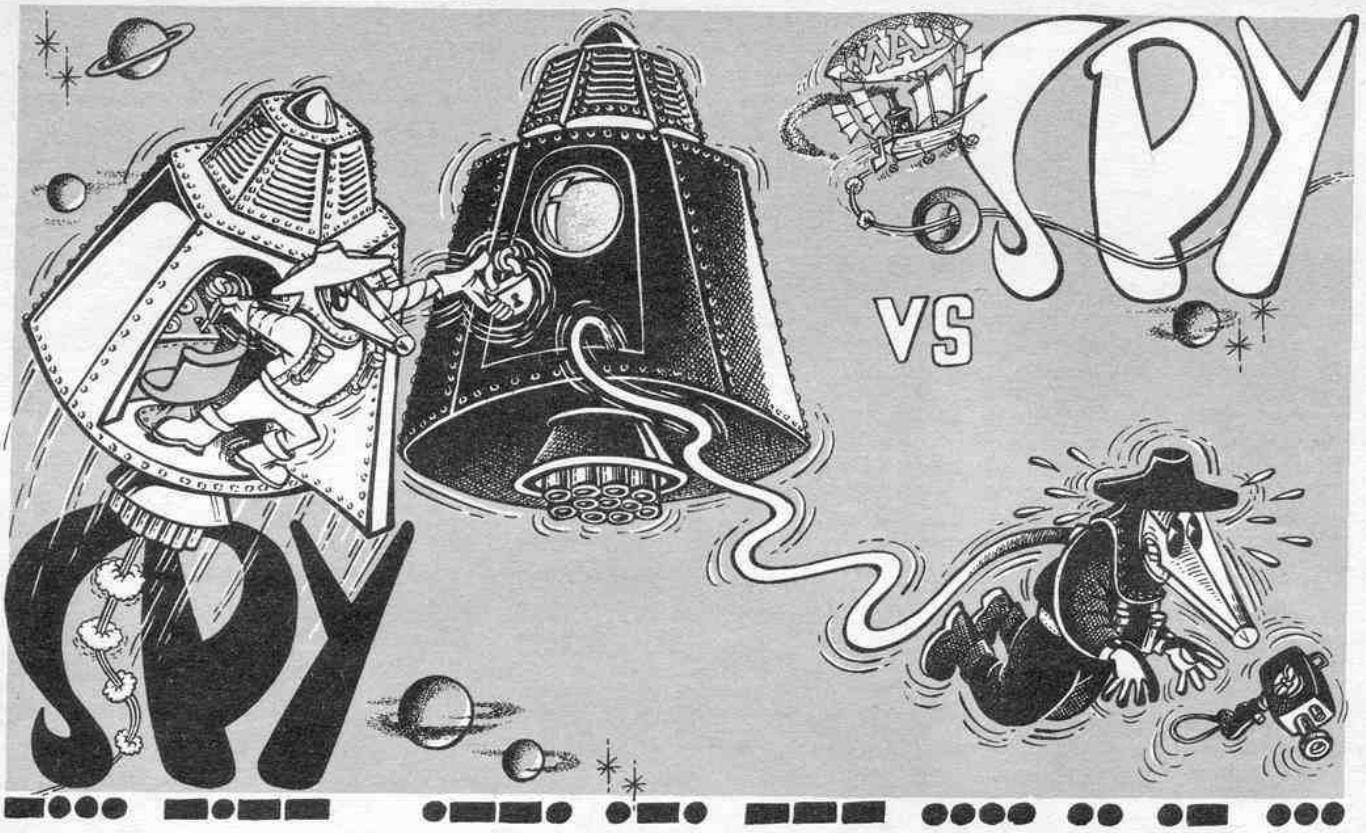

Admiral, if we are going to **find** something out there, I suggest we go out and **look for ourselves!**
Why look for **ourselves? We're** not lost! We're right **here! There's you—** and **here's me!**
The **enemy,** Admiral! Let's look for the **enemy!** You're not **"chicken"**, are you?
Don't be ridiculous! Let's put on our feathers—I mean our **SCUBA** gear **—and go!**
Lieutenant, if we're not back here by **Ten Hundred precisely,** send out a team to look for us. Now, let's synchronize our watches. I have 0900 . . .
I have 0630!
I have 0725!
Close enough! Let's go!
Look! A giant **Jellyfish!!** And it's **devouring** the **Sea Pew . . .**
We've got to do something **—before it's too late!**
It's already too late! What can we do to save the men **now?**
Who's talking about the **men?** I'm talking about **us!** Let's get **out** of here . . .
I've never seen anything so **horrible** in my **life!**
Evidently you **missed Kim Novak** in **"Moll Flanders"!**
The entire Sea Pew, **trapped** by a giant Jellyfish—and **we're** 500 miles from land!
I'm afraid I'm going to scream— **HELP! HELP!**
Pull yourself together, Leak. First we must **assess** the situation. We're 500 miles from land. We have no food, no water, no means of communication. We're in shark-infested waters. And hardly any ship passes this area. So—with the situation **clearly defined— NOW WE SCREAM . . . HELP! HELP!**
I do have an **emergency life raft** in my pack, Sir—but I feel ashamed to use it!
Don't be ridiculous, Leak! You're **no less a man** if you use your emergency equipment! **Inflate it!**
FFSSSS
I changed my mind! Get **rid** of that idiotic thing, Leak! I'd rather **drown!**
Listen, for a guy who plays with **boats** in a bathtub, you're **pretty intolerant!**


How long can a man go without food or water, Sir?
Well, there's a case on record of picking up a man who had gone 14 days without food or water!
That's amazing!
Unfortunately, he'd been dead since the fifth day!
Sir, would it help any if we had a sail?
I doubt it! What could we sell? And who would come all the way out here to shop, anyway?
Not an S-A-L-E, Admiral! I mean an S-I-A-L!
Oh, I got you! Good idea!
On second thought, it won't be . . .
Now you just sit there and watch your Admiral's ingenuity at work. First I rip the shirt off my back for the sail itself . . . then I pull some hairs from my chest and knot them together for thread . . . Oooh! Owww! Ouch . . . ! !
That's very clever, Sir, but—
Now I break the end of this paddle to make a mast—
Sir, if you'll just—
Now, I unwind some of the wire that holds my upper plate in position—and use it to attach the sail to the mast! I may slobber a bit, Leak—but have you ever seen anything that gave you more confidence?
Yes, Sir! That rescue ship behind you!
207
I tell you, Captain, that our sub was swallowed up whole by a 1000 foot Jellyfish—a monstrous purple thing!
Purple, eh? Hmmmmm! Evidently a GRAPE Jellyfish!
We've got to catch it so we can get the Sea Pew back!
But how in the world does one go about catching a 1000 foot Jellyfish?
What about using a 100 foot worm?
Sir, this radiogram just came in from SubCom-H.Q.!
What does that mean?
Submarine Command Headquarters Admiral!
Admiral Knucklehead—er—Neilsen and Commander Leak have been ordered home to pick up their new sub, "Son of Sea Pew". Their mission: to destroy the Jellyfish and get their old sub back.
ZENITH
Well, Leak! Here we are on the "Son of Sea Pew"—and if my calculations are correct, we're back in the area where we lost our old sub . . .
Well, your calculations are a bit off, Sir, because we're still in drydock!
Still in drydock? Then how come I see water out of that porthole?
Because you're looking at the Crew's front-loading washing-machine!

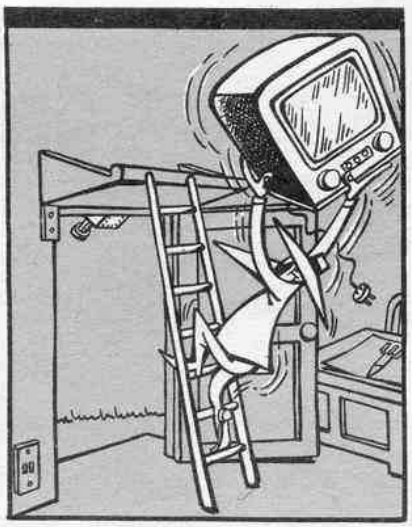

Oh! Well, you take command and call me when we get there! I'm going to my cabin!
I understand, sir. I'll try not to disturb you until it's necessary. I know you'll want to play with your boats.
You're **wrong**, Leak—I've **outgrown** playing with toy boats! It was just a phase!
Yes, my boy, you were **wise** in coming to me for advice. I can fully understand your feelings toward the young lady, and I'll help in any way—
Sir! We're in the area of the lost sub, and—Oh, **I'm** sorry! I'm **interrupting** something . . .
No, Leak! It can wait. As **master** of this sub, I was about to **marry** my **Ken** and **Barbie dolls**—but business before pleasure. Let's go to the back of the boat where all the knobs and things are—I mean, let's go **aft** to **Master Control . . .**
Turn on the Forward Peek-a-tron!
Turn on the Forward Peek-a-tron!
Turn on the Forward Peek-a-tron!
Boy, the **echo** in here is **incredible!** I wish I knew how to **yodel!**
There it is! And there's only **one** way to get **rid** of that **Jellyfish!** I want **full atomic power!** Give me the **red phone** to the **atomic reactor room!!**
You **took** the red phone for your **cabin,** sir! You said it **matched the bedspread!**
Well, give me the **emergency phone . . .** Hello, Atomic Reactor Room? We're going to **ram that Jellyfish!** I want **full power!**
FULL POWER!? But that's **dangerous,** Admiral!
I don't **care** how dangerous it is! Those are your **orders!**
Yes, Sir! I only hope the machinery can **stand** it!
REACTOR ROOM
DANGER
KEEP OUT
Hey, you guys! I want **TWO HAMSTERS in every treadmill cage!** We need **all the power** we can **get!**
You know what happened the **last** time we put two hamsters in every cage, Chief!
Yes, we ended up with **hundreds of hamsters!** But this time, put **males** with **males** and **females** with **females!**

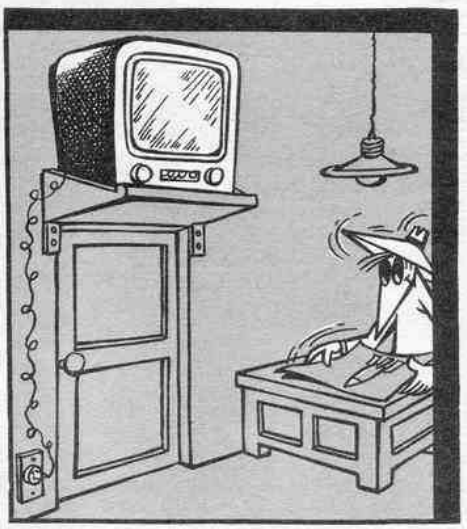

Collision Stations! Collision Stations! I'm aiming right for the center of its Nervous System! Come to course 279!
Admiral, how come you always assume the correct course without consulting any charts or instruments or stars?
Leak! I know every square inch of this ocean like I know the back of this left hand of mine!
I got news for you Admiral! That's your RIGHT hand!
We're about to hit the Jellyfish, Sir!
Good! If anyone needs me, I'll be right here . . . in the Captain's Closet! You can call me when it's over!
MOPS AND BROOMS
SQUISH!
You can come out now, Admiral! We made a direct hit, and the old "Sea Pew" has been freed! Just look at that mutiliated Jellyfish!
Yecchh! I'll never eat another bowl of "Jello" as long as I live!
Well, Leak—how does it feel to be back aboard the Sea Pew?
Just fine, sir! We'd better head for home, now! Shall I take her down?
No, Leak! It feels so good to be back, I'll take her down myself!
Diving stations, everyone! Prepare to submerge. All ahead, one-third! Flood bow tanks. Flood stern tanks. Flood main tanks. Diving planes, down! Stabilizer planes, level. Come to course 095. Level off at 150 feet!
Well, Leak! How was that?!
Excellent, sir! But it would've been nice if you'd added "Secure All Hatches"!
–gurgle!–
18

JOKE-AND-DAGGER DEPT. PART I

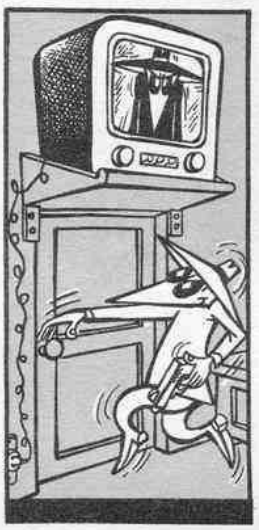


















VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

Once again, MAD opens its pages to struggling young poets whose work shows merit, but who might forever remain in obscurity were it not for dedicated publications like this one that'll print any kind of trash, regardless of the consequences. Thus, without copping any further pleas, we present the latest edition of...

THE MAD TREASURY OF UNKNOWN POETRY

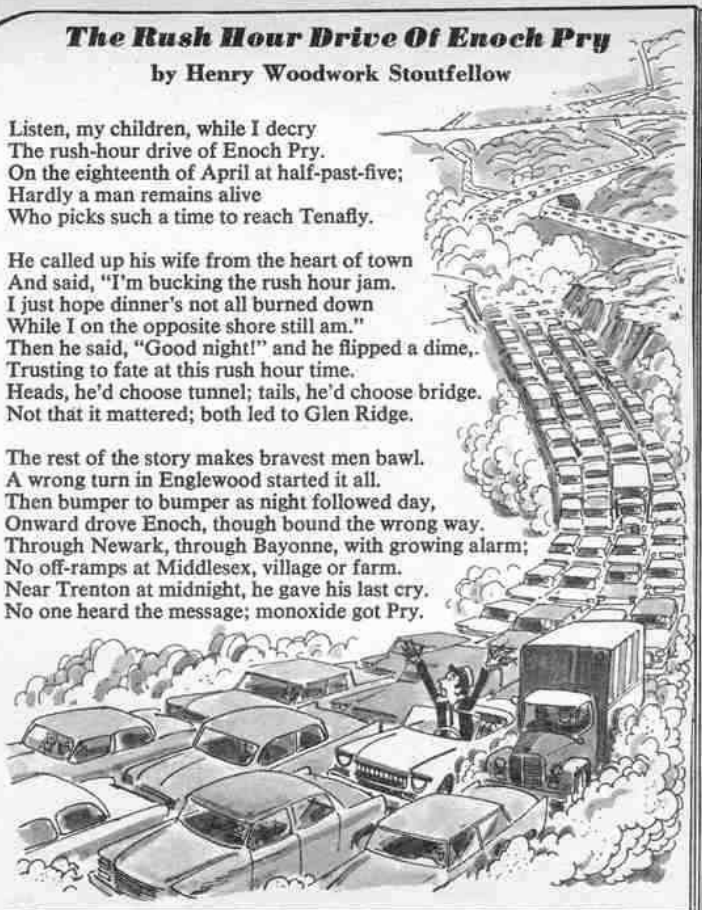
Volume IV

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: TOM KOCH

The Rush Hour Drive Of Enoch Pry

by Henry Woodwork Stoutfellow



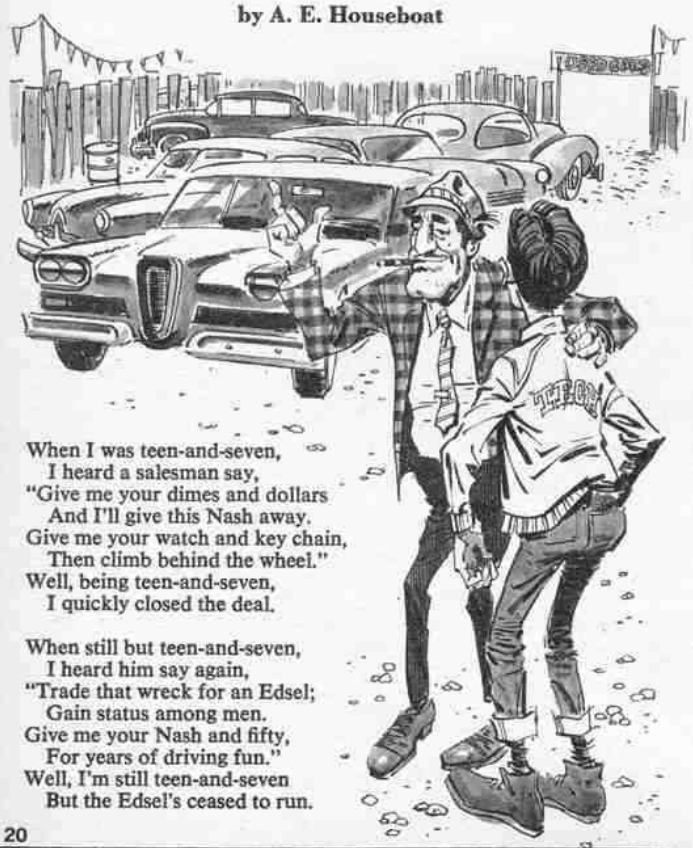
Listen, my children, while I decry
The rush-hour drive of Enoch Pry.
On the eighteenth of April at half-past-five;
Hardly a man remains alive
Who picks such a time to reach Tenafly.

He called up his wife from the heart of town
And said, "I'm bucking the rush hour jam.
I just hope dinner's not all burned down
While I on the opposite shore still am."
Then he said, "Good night!" and he flipped a dime,
Trusting to fate at this rush hour time.
Heads, he'd choose tunnel; tails, he'd choose bridge.
Not that it mattered; both led to Glen Ridge.

The rest of the story makes bravest men bawl.
A wrong turn in Englewood started it all.
Then bumper to bumper as night followed day,
Onward drove Enoch, though bound the wrong way.
Through Newark, through Bayonne, with growing alarm;
No off-ramps at Middlesex, village or farm.
Near Trenton at midnight, he gave his last cry.
No one heard the message; monoxide got Pry.

When I Was Teen-And-Seven

by A. E. Houseboat



When I was teen-and-seven,
I heard a salesman say,
"Give me your dimes and dollars
And I'll give this Nash away.
Give me your watch and key chain,
Then climb behind the wheel."
Well, being teen-and-seven,
I quickly closed the deal.

When still but teen-and-seven,
I heard him say again,
"Trade that wreck for an Edsel;
Gain status among men.
Give me your Nash and fifty,
For years of driving fun."
Well, I'm still teen-and-seven
But the Edsel's ceased to run.

My Son, The Fugitive

by Mrs. David Janssen, Senior



"O where ha'e ye been, Dave Janssen, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I've been out on location; I star on TV;
But I'm weary wi' running, and fain wald lie down."

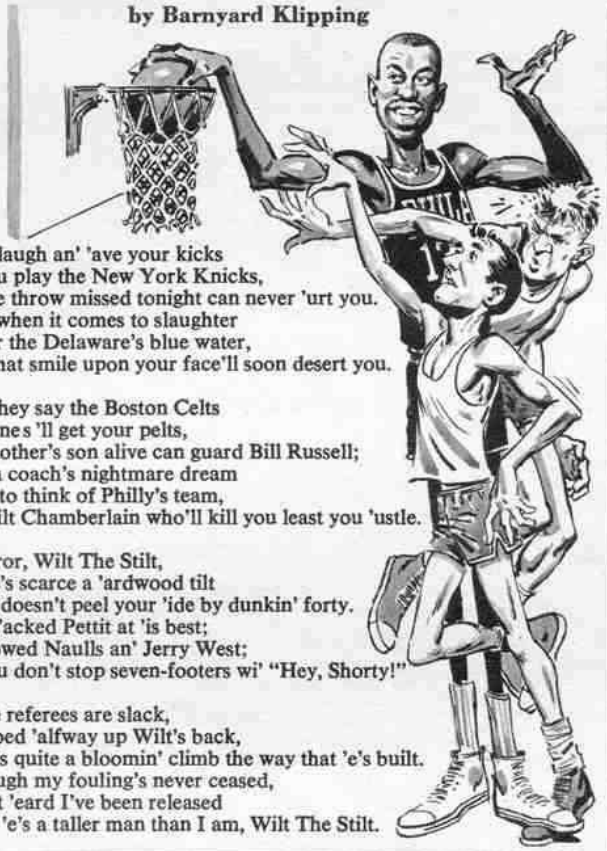
"In the script you're a runner, Dave Janssen, my son?
'Tis the tale of a track meet, my handsome young man?"
"No, Ma. I'm no track star. I'm just on the lam,
But I'm weary wi' running, and fain wald lie down."

"You're fleeing from justice, Dave Janssen, my son?
'Tis the fuzz that pursues thee, my handsome young man?"
"It's just part of the story; a bum rap besides,
But I'm weary wi' running, and fain wald lie down."

"All crooks plead not guilty, Dave Janssen, my son.
So I'm phoning the sheriff, my handsome young man."
"Drop that phone or I'll plug you; you'll wreck my career.
You'll just never dig Show Biz, so go and lie down."

Wilt The Stilt

by Barnyard Klipping



You can laugh an' 'ave your kicks
When you play the New York Knicks,
For a free throw missed tonight can never 'urt you.
But when it comes to slaughter
Near the Delaware's blue water,
Then that smile upon your face'll soon desert you.

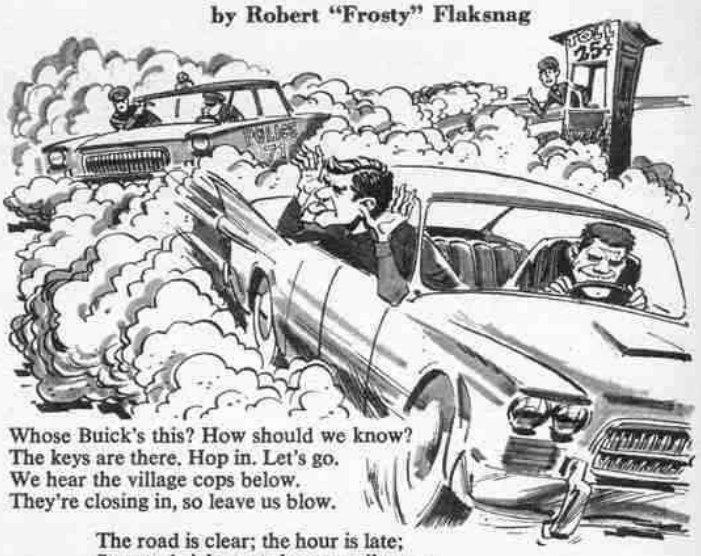
Though they say the Boston Celts
Are the ones 'll get your pelts,
An' no mother's son alive can guard Bill Russell;
It's a coach's nightmare dream
Just to think of Philly's team,
An' Wilt Chamberlain who'll kill you least you 'ustle.

'E's a terror, Wilt The Stilt,
For there's scarce a 'ardwood tilt
Where 'e doesn't peel your 'ide by dunkin' forty.
I've 'acked Pettit at 'is best;
Elbowed Naulls an' Jerry West;
But you don't stop seven-footers wi' "Hey, Shorty!"

When the referees are slack,
I've climbed 'alfway up Wilt's back,
And that's quite a bloomin' climb the way that 'e's built.
Though my fouling's never ceased,
I just 'eard I've been released
'Cause 'e's a taller man than I am, Wilt The Stilt.

Frosty Reflections On A Winter's Evening

by Robert "Frosty" Flaksnag



Whose Buick's this? How should we know?
The keys are there. Hop in. Let's go.
We hear the village cops below.
They're closing in, so leave us blow.

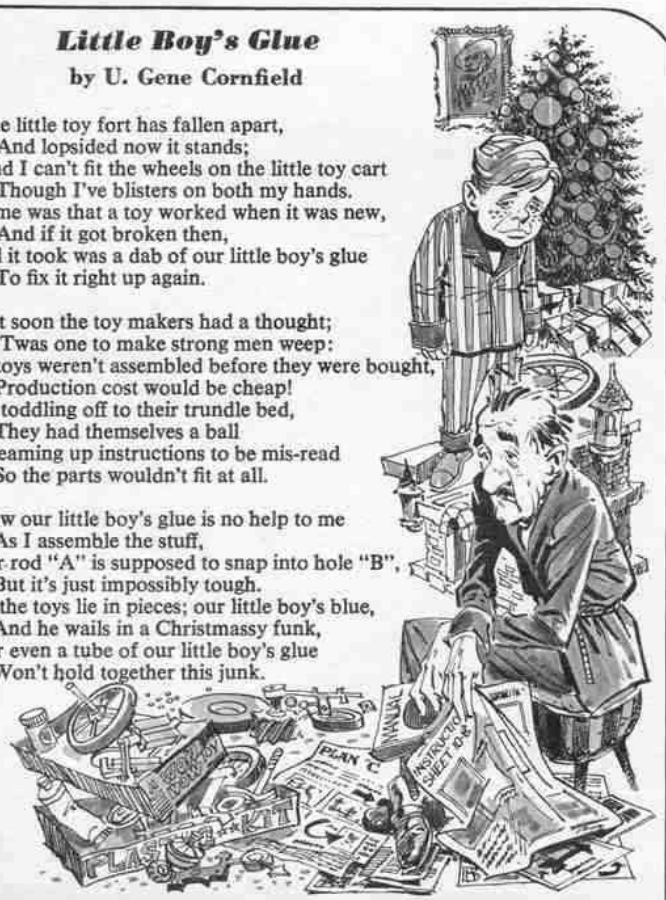
The road is clear; the hour is late;
So speed right past that turnpike gate.
They may jot down the license plate,
But what care we? It's not our crate.

This heap's got pickup. Man alive!
It cruises at ninety-five.
Got tinted glass and power drive;
Electric ash trays, all that jive.

The seats are comfy, soft and deep,
But we've a zig-zag course to keep.
To shake the cops before we sleep.
To shake the cops before we sleep.

Little Boy's Glue

by U. Gene Cornfield



The little toy fort has fallen apart,
And lopsided now it stands;
And I can't fit the wheels on the little toy cart
Though I've blisters on both my hands.
Time was that a toy worked when it was new,
And if it got broken then,
All it took was a dab of our little boy's glue
To fix it right up again.

But soon the toy makers had a thought;
'Twas one to make strong men weep:
If toys weren't assembled before they were bought,
Production cost would be cheap!
So toddling off to their trundle bed,
They had themselves a ball
Dreaming up instructions to be mis-read
So the parts wouldn't fit at all.

Now our little boy's glue is no help to me
As I assemble the stuff,
For rod "A" is supposed to snap into hole "B",
But it's just impossibly tough.
So the toys lie in pieces; our little boy's blue,
And he wails in a Christmassy funk,
For even a tube of our little boy's glue
Won't hold together this junk.

The Cremation Of Irving Baum

by Secret W. Service



There are strange things done in the noonday sun
By those all smeared with oil.
To Miami Beach, skin pale as bleach,
They come from Northern soil.
The mid-day sun sees queer things done
To some from frigid clime;
Like the torrid day when the tropic ray
Fried Irving Baum one time.

Now Irving Baum was from Levittown, where the weather's nice and cool;
But within his reach lay Miami Beach, and Irving was a fool.
So he packed his trunk and some other junk, including one fat wife;
And he Southward flew for what friends knew was the blistering of his life.
As the hot sun shone, he used Coppertone to produce a golden hue.
Then he plunked his hide by the oceanside; 'twas the worst thing he could do.
For he didn't think that he'd just turn pink, and then red, but never brown;
Lying in repose, deadly blisters rose, and cremated Irving Baum.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF























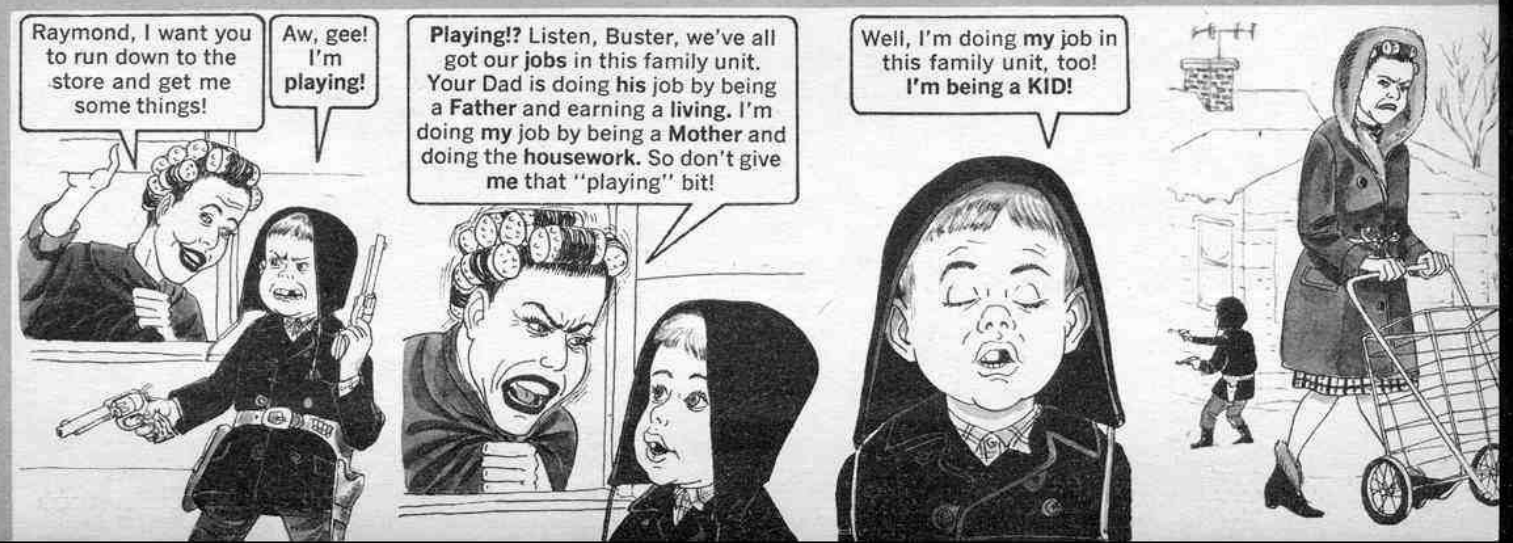


SHOPPING



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG






Boy, I sure am a **smart shopper!** The Department Store advertised a **floor waxer,** and I spotted it as a **"loss leader"**—you know, an item they sell at a **loss** just to get the suckers into the store so they can rook 'em on **other** items.
Well, I was at the store this morning before it even **opened.** And when it did, I **fought** my way to the counter and bought the floor waxer for—get this—**$13.95,** saving at least **$4.00.** How's **that** for smart buying?
That's **great,** honey! I'm **proud** of you. You're an **economical wife.** But—er—what's in the **other** packages.
Well, after getting a **bargain** like that, I just couldn't **walk out** without buying a few **other** things, could I?
HEY! THAT'S NOT FAIR!
You bought **Sis** somethin', an' you di'n't buy **me** nuthin'!
But you don't **need** anything!
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT? I WANT SOMETHIN', TOO!
All right! All right! I'll **buy** you something and **even the score!**
HEY! THAT'S NOT FAIR!
. . . and I need one of these . . .
Hey, Mom! According to these labels, the **small size,** which sells for **23 cents,** contains **16 ounces,** and the **large size,** which sells for **47 cents,** contains **30 ounces.** So actually, if you bought **two small sizes** you'd **get more** and **pay less!**
Stop trying to show off! I can read labels just as good as you . . .
. . . and it says right here: **"LARGE ECONOMY SIZE"** . . . so that's what I'm getting!
HA-HA! Look at **this.** I bought a lot of items at the store today . . . and they **forgot** to charge me $7.95 for the slacks.
Well, they can go **whistle** for their money! Tough luck on **them!** They should be **more careful!**
HOLD IT! What's **this?** They charged me for **SIX shirts** . . . and I only bought **FIVE!!**
Why, the **dirty, rotten crooks!** Nobody takes advantage of **me!** I'm going over there and **scream the place down!**

The canned rhubarb isn't moving at all!

So put up the sign!

MANAGER T. JANWITH

Sorry ONLY ONE CAN TO A CUSTOMER

Sorry ONLY ONE CAN TO A CUSTOMER

Miss, I ought to **warn** you. I think that woman coming this way is a **"Shopper"!**

Oh, you mean she's a **spy** for the **store,** checking the **help?** Thanks for the tip.

Yes, Ma'am? What can I do for you, Ma'am? Would you like a chair. Perhaps I can send out for coffee for you while I'm waiting on you?

I'm so glad you liked what I just sold you, Ma'am. Would you like it delivered? I'll take it to the other counter personally. No trouble, Ma'am. Come again . . .

See what I mean? That's the **only** way to get courteous service around here. Just let the sales clerk **think** you're a store "shopper"!

Oh, Miss—I'm having trouble getting into this dress. Can you help me, please . . .

That's a **size 12,** Ma'am, and you're at **least** a size **16** . . .

Don't be **ridiculous!** I've been a size 12 since I was **18.** Just **pull** . . .

I'm **sure** you were, Ma'am—*grunt*—but sooner or later, we **all** have to face up to the **ravages** and the **truth** of **time.**

Really, Miss! I might **remind** you—*grunt*—that the customer is always right! **I** ought to know my own si——

RIP!

HMMPH! SHODDY MERCHANDISE!

They sure design these shopping centers **cleverly.** Everything is so **carefully planned.**

Super MARKET

Ro

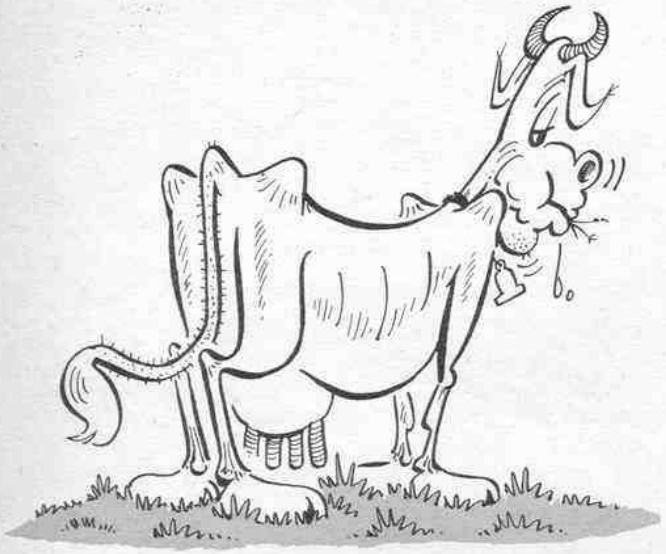
You start off at the **Supermarket,** where you get the **food** you need—move on to the **Haberdasher,** where you get the **clothes** you need—then to the **Hardware Store,** where you get the **household items** you need—

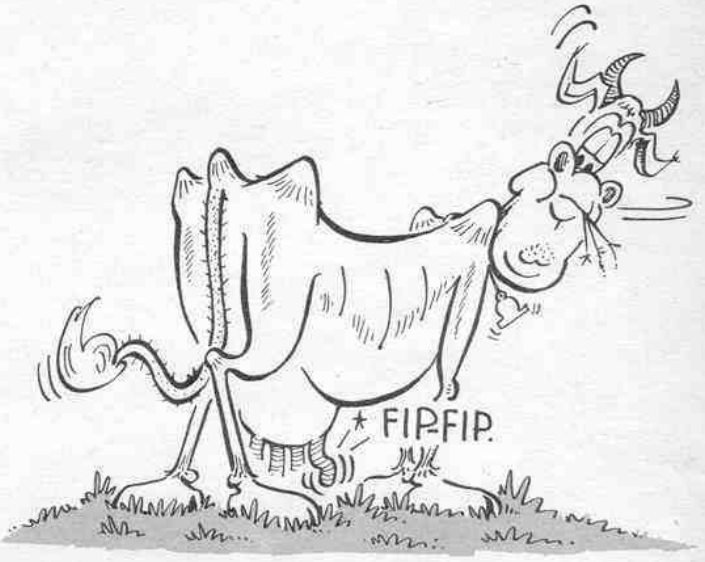
—then to the **Drug Store,** where you get the **sundries** you need, then on to the **Furniture Store,** the **Shoe Store,** the **TV and Stereo Store**—and finally you **end up** at precisely the **right place . . .**

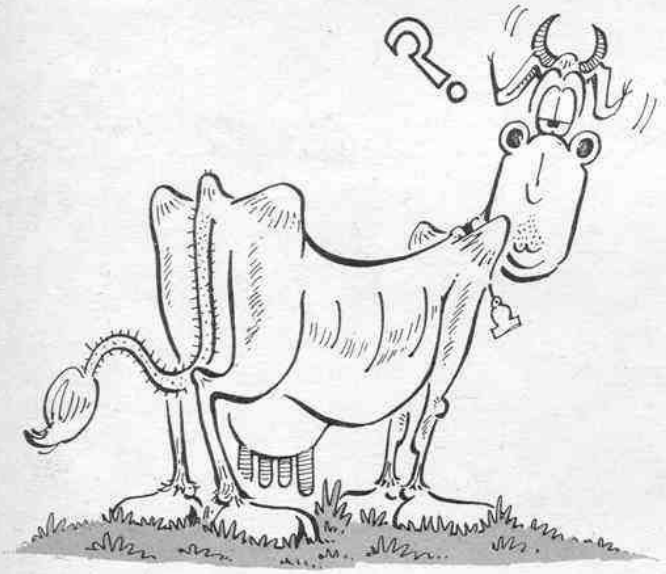
David Berg

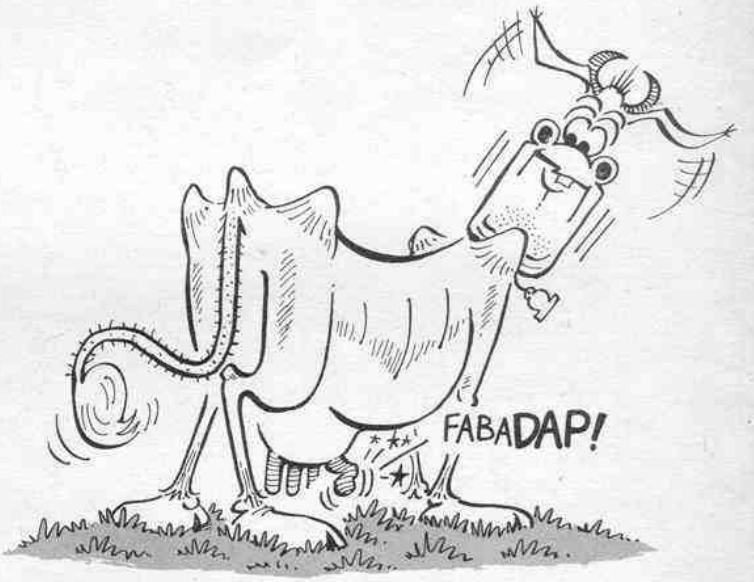
. . . the **Bank,** where you borrow the **money** you need for **next week's trip** through the Shopping Center.

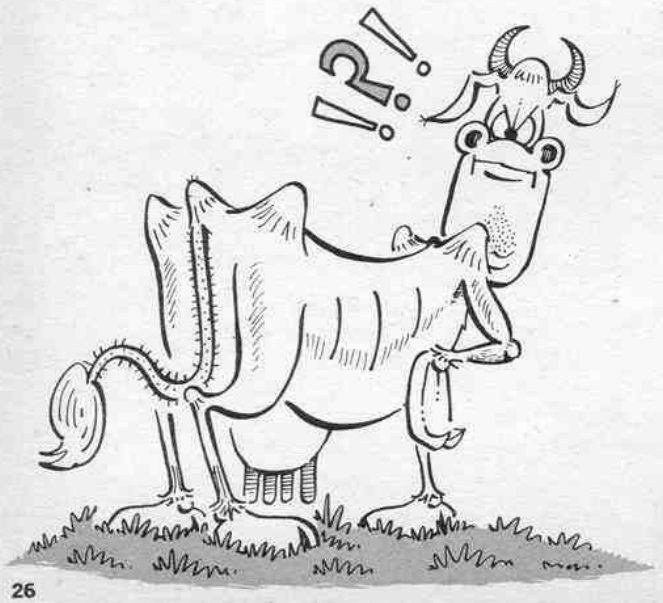
One Day In The Pasture

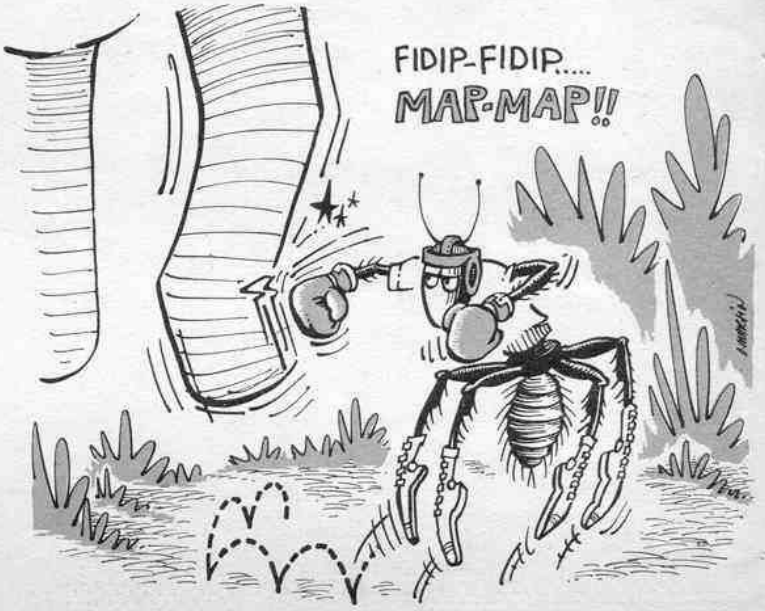












LAW ENFARCEMENT DEPT.

Some time ago (MAD #73), we presented our version of a publication dealing with Organized Crime called "Racketeer Illustrated." Ever since then, we've been under strong pressure to grant equal time to Law Enforcement. Actually, all this pressure has been coming from Organized Crime! Well, by George, we know what's good for us, so here we go with MAD's version of:

BADGE & BILLY

The Magazine For Law Enforcement Officers

DECEMBER 1965

On Sale Now For The Same Price You Pay For Fruit And Bus Rides . . . Mainly

F R E E



WE USE POLICE DOGS TO GUARD OUR STORE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY *THEY* STEAL!
by R. H. Macy

* * *

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU CALL ME A TRIGGER-HAPPY COP!
by Ptl. Hank Godoy
as told to the late
Ralph Daly

* * *

A Message of Hope From A Shea Stadium Cop:

I WATCHED THE N.Y. METS PLAY A DOUBLE-HEADER—AND DIDN'T THROW UP ONCE!

* * *

A Fruit Store Owner Turns The Tables On Free-Loading Policemen:

EVERY TIME I PASS THE 17th PRECINCT, I SQUEEZE A FEW COPS AND BITE ONE!

* * *

I JOINED THE POLICE FORCE AND GOT CLOSER TO GOD!
by Ptl. Jerome Vickers,
of the Empire State
Building Tower Patrol

* * *

A Courageous Merchant Speaks Out:

I REFUSED TO BUY A TICKET TO THE POLICEMEN'S BALL . . . AND LIVED!



A TYPICAL NEIGHBORHOOD DEMONSTRATION AGAINST POLICE BRUTALITY

Special In This Issue: **THE BADGE & BILLY FORUM**
A Discussion of the Growing Public Apathy towards Crime by 10 Prominent Citizens, None of Whom Bothered To Show Up.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

BORED WITH YOUR PRESENT ASSIGNMENT?

Become A

TUNNEL COP

And Step Up To Excitement!



Don't take our word for it. Ask men from other walks of life who have become Tunnel Cops and who agree that it is the most exciting thing that has ever happened to them.*

(*Men like former Forest Rangers, former Lighthouse Keepers and former Desert Island Castaways)

But don't approach this wonderful career unprepared. Study now at our school You'll learn such important arts as:

TRAFFIC WAVING

We have special classes for southpaws.

RAMP WALKING

Ask about our advanced courses in "backward walking" for show-offs.

TILE COUNTING

Learn the fascinating art of counting tunnel tiles to pass away those interminable hours. Find out how you can practice counting tiles at home in your very own kitchen or bathroom.

SELF-CONVERSATION

Learn how to talk to yourself properly. Find out how to break the ice when you don't feel at ease with your company. Discover how to avoid listening when you find that you are not interested in what you're saying.

WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE TODAY!

The Tunnelhanty Institute

Box 321 Underwatertown, New York

IT'S OUT NOW!

THE LATEST LP OF THOSE

SWINGIN' COPS

The Four Fuzz LP 22862

WALKIN' THE BIG BEAT



SINGING SUCH GREAT TUNES AS:

"You're Confessin' As I Club You"
"Shamus These Days"
"You're The Cop"
"On The Grill In The Night"
"Flatfoot Floogie"
"Mrs. Brown, You've Gotten In Hot Water"
"Summons Time, And The Livin' Is Easy"
"Police Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone"

AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES

Ask Captain O'Malley

Each month, Captain O'Malley of the 98th Precinct answers questions submitted by Law Enforcement Officers. If you have any questions you'd like answered, send them to Captain O'Malley in care of this magazine. However, please make your questions brief. Remember, for every long letter you write, you could be filling out five or six parking tickets.

Dear Captain O'Malley:

Here in the 98th Precinct, we have orders to issue tickets to all illegally parked cars, regardless of whom they belong to. So far, I have tagged Cadillacs belonging to the Mayor and the Governor, and a Lincoln belonging to President Johnson. This made my Sergeant very happy. But last week, I tagged a beat-up green Oldsmobile, and I was suspended indefinitely. How come?

Ex-Ptl. D. Grebbs
New York City

Idiot! That was my car!!

Dear Captain O'Malley:

What ever happened to Herman Trent, the famous citizen who—over a period of two months—witnessed six muggings, four robberies and seven murders, but never reported one of these incidents to the Police?

Ptl. H. Ferkle
Detroit, Mich.

He has been missing since October 6th. On that day, he was supposed to marry rich and beautiful heiress, Diane Greymoor, but he walked out in the middle of the ceremony, because he didn't want to get involved.

Dear Captain O'Malley:

Please excuse my penmanship, but as I am writing this, a hoodlum is shooting at me. I believe I can pick him off with my revolver, but here is my problem. In my town, Policemen earn $73 a week. So far this week, my family's living expenses have come to $72.96. Now, since the Department charges me 6¢ for every bullet I fire, if I shoot one shot at this hoodlum, I'll go 2¢ over my weekly living budget. What should I do?

Ptl. Fred Wiggings
Redwood City, Ohio

A new Police Ordinance has just been passed in your city which may help you. Fire one shot and then return what's left of the used cartridge to your Sergeant. He will give you 2¢ for your "Empty Deposit-Shell" and you'll break even for the week.

Dear Captain O'Malley:

If a crook is escaping from the scene of a crime high overhead in a helicopter, what is the proper way to order him to stop?

Sgt. Mike Quincy
Cicero, Illinois

Simple. You fire a warning shot at him, into a crowd.

Dear Captain O'Malley:

I am a member of your own precinct, and as you know, you have given each Patrolman orders to issue a quota of tickets per day. Last Wednesday, I just managed to give out my last required ticket at 11:55 P.M., and now I hear that the guy is going to plead "Not Guilty" in court. Why is he doing this to me? I caught him red-handed going the wrong way down a "One-Way Street"?

Ptl. Amos Noonan
New York City

He may be a little upset because he was walking at the time.

Dear Captain O'Malley:

I am a big movie fan, and I have been dying to do something exciting on my dull beat like the things I see in the movies. Last week, I finally got the chance. I spotted three bank robbers driving away from the scene of a crime. So I flagged down a car, hopped on the running board, and said, "Follow that car!" Now I'm in the hospital. What happened?

Ptl. Daniel Krueger
San Francisco, Calif.

You've obviously been watching a lot of old movies on TV! Nowadays, cars don't have running boards!

Dear Captain O'Malley:

I am a former Mounted Policeman who was fired from the force just because I rode side-saddle. What was so terrible about that?

Ex-Ptl. M. Gubrik
Chicago, Illinois

I am informed by your Precinct that they didn't mind the side-saddle riding so much. What they did object to was the fact that you also played the guitar, sang songs, kissed your horse, and rode with a civilian sidekick named "Fuzzy."

Dear Captain O'Malley:

I am a dead ringer for Commander Whitehead, the "Schweppes Man." My Precinct has just assigned me to act as a decoy for muggers, and I have to dress like a teenage girl. Can you give me some beauty and fashion tips?

Ptl. D. Vecchi
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wear a simple dress and high heels, use eye makeup liberally but carefully, use face powder but no lipstick, carry a transistor radio next to your ear, and make sure you wear rollers in your hair and beard.

BADGE & BILLY'S

Fashion Page

Featuring

THIS MONTH:

The Latest in Fashions and Accessories for the Smart, Well-Dressed, Small Town Sheriff or Police Chief.*

(1) Genuine plastic, all-weather shock-proof crash helmet, stretch-fits perfectly over all heads with Small to Extra Small brain sizes — by Powerdrunk Creations, $6.50 ea.

(2) Bold imported sun goggles with one dark lens for seeing Black and one light lens for seeing White — by Segregation Sun Glasses, $15.00

(3) Never-washed, always-worn nylon wash-and-wear uniform, self-starched automatically by miracle ingredient, "Sweat" — from Ego Attire Co. $39.95

(4) Genuine, all-flesh, overhanging belly with built-in navel, designed by Schlitz of Milwaukee—11,795 cans.

(5) Imported Argentine-leather Jack Boots—from A. Hitler & Sons, $19.95

(6) Official Colt .45 Service Pistol — from a Mail Order ad, about $1.98

(7) Tear Gas Cannister—by Johnson & Smith (Lethal Products Div.), $12.50

(8) Imported Doberman Pinscher with solid ivory fangs, and a preference for dark meat—by Destroyer, out of Ripper, out of Killer, out of Spot (a rotten pacifist ancestor), $175

(9) 1965-model steel Schoolchildren's Cattle Prod—by Goose Bay Co. $18.50

(10) 100% Cowhide Prisoner-Cat-O'-Nine-Tails with separate, but equal tails—by De Sade Products, Ltd., $12

(11)200-Proof Moonshine Bourbon—by Hiram Wilkin's Illegal Still, 12¢ qt.

(12) Oafy Comics, for the probing 6-year-old mind, with large type geared for those who move their lips while they read—by Moronic Pub. Co., 10¢

(13) All-Pima Cotton White-On-White Evening Wear for night-rides and cook-outs—by Cannon Sheets, Inc., $3.98



*Posed by Sheriff Willie Biggit, of Friendly County, Star of Setting Up Speed-Traps, Staging Terror Raids, Screening Skin Pigmentation, Clubbing Freedom Marchers, Ignoring Lynchings and Tirading Against Outsiders on TV.



Goings On Along The Beats

WHAT'S NEW AMONG GUYS AND GALS IN LAW ENFORCEMENT BIZ

By Sgt. Sherman Shamus

The town is still buzzing about that incident that took place on the 18th story ledge of the Farnsworth Building last week. When Ptl. Ed Welles climbed out on the ledge to try and stop a citizen, James Zuber, from committing suicide, Zuber cried, "What's the good of living if you're a lousy underpaid City employee, and nobody respects you?" So Zuber and Ptl. Welles jumped together! We'll miss you, Ed. . . . With so many stories about Patrolmen performing emergency deliveries of babies in the newspapers these days, it's a real pleasure to report what happened on Sycamore Street last night. Dr. Charles Davis, an Obstetrician, was walking along when he suddenly spotted an illegally parked car. Seeing no Policeman around, and realizing that there wasn't a moment to spare, Dr. Davis wrote out an Emergency Parking Ticket! Good thinking, Doc!!

• • • • •

BAD NEWS DEPARTMENT: Mollie Gibbons, wife of Ptl. Mike Gibbons, was visibly shocked last Tuesday night as she watched Mike administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to model Doll Flanders. Unfortunately, Miss Flanders was not unconscious at the time. Mollie will get custody of the three children. . . . Sorry to hear about Mel Frick, guard at State Prison, getting fired last week. The Warden was furious when he discovered that pampered Mafioso prisoner, Tony Verelli, had been supplying Mel with cigarettes, whiskey and women—from his cell!

• • • • •

Hats off to that clever, quick-witted State Trooper stationed outside Speed Trap, Georgia, who stopped a Northern Motorist for doing 75 last week. When the motorist snidely boasted that he could prove he was only doing 25, and pointed to a nearby "Speed Checked by Radar" sign, the Trooper guffawed, "Tha's right! I'm HIM—Max Radar! An' I checked you at 75!" We understand that business is booming down there, and that Max is planning to retire soon and buy the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Good luck, fellah!

• • • • •



Gangster-Thug "Shemp" Fogarth being beaten up in broad daylight by Patrolman Vince Eckers, despite Shemp's urgent cries for help from fellow gang members. "It never fails," said Shemp as they carted him off in the patrol wagon. "When you really need one, there's never a crook around!"



You have to hand it to those resourceful cops at the 73rd Precinct. When they couldn't get a confession out of Bugsy McCoy after grilling him under the third degree lights for six hours, they charged him $25.00 for a sun-tan treatment.

Captain Ernest Rupp raided a wild East Side Bachelor Party last week, and confiscated 7 reels of dirty movies that were being shown there. This tireless public servant deserves a word of praise for staging his one-man battle against pornography. Captain Rupp is now studying those vile, filthy films for court action. All Police Officers interested in studying those vile, filthy films with Captain Rupp can attend daily showings at his house at 6:00 P.M., 8:00 P.M., and 10.00 P.M. There will be a small admission charge.

• • • • •

STREET SCENE: Twelve tough kids playing "Cops and Robbers" on the rough West Side of town: Six kids playing the Cops, and the other six playing the Good Guys. . . . Ptl. Nat Young and his lovely wife, Doris, were pleased as punch when their 18-month-old-son, Brucie, said his very first word the other day. Little Brucie waddled into a Bookie Parlor, stuck out his hand, and cooed, "Payola!". . . Officers of the 76th Precinct are concerned over the growing leniency of the Courts toward young punks. Last week, 17-year-old "Go-Go" Fallek, who committed Grand Larceny, Kidnap and Murder on Oct. 11th, was let off with a suspended sentence because it was his first offense.

• • • • •

AN OPEN LETTER TO PTL. RICKY HERMAN: It's okay for Police Officers to help themselves to free merchandise at Fruit Stands, but in the future watch yourself at Jewelry Stores! You're ruining it for the rest of us! . . . We just heard from Central Park Ptl. Phil Burns. He tells us the park is so dangerous after dark now that on Thursday evening, his Police Dog was mugged by a Squirrel. We certainly were surprised to learn that Ptl. Burns had even resorted to walking his park beat with a Police Dog, but Phil informed us that his Police Lion was sick that night. But don't get me wrong. I love Law Enforcement!

The Correct Thing

Every issue, BADGE & BILLY *presents a series of Proper Behavior Tips for Law Enforcement Officers. This month, we present tips for Officers in Patrol Cars. If you are an Officer in a Patrol Car, you will learn a valuable lesson from reading these tips, especially if you are the Officer in the Patrol Car who is driving at the time. Valuable lesson being, if you read and drive at the same time, you may smash into a pedestrian or a civilian car, sure—but what is really bad is you may strain your eyesight.*



Always stop for coffee breaks at unexpected places like in tunnels or on bridges. Preferably on Sunday afternoons. If your coffee should happen to get cold, you can always get out of your Patrol Car and politely ask any of the motorists jammed up behind you if you can re-warm it on the over-heated radiator of his car.



Only blast your siren at night. In this way, you are being courteous to night workers who sleep during the day. Try to sound your siren between the hours of 2 A.M. and 5 A.M. but only on important jobs—like going out to apprehend holders of overdue library books. SPECIAL NOTE: The building here was a Convalescent Home until the earth-shattering blast shown in picture. Now it is a Home for the Deaf.



Always keep your roof blinker light on, even when you're not chasing anyone and just cruising aimlessly. This is a wonderful method for frightening motorists in front of you. You'd be amazed at how many innocent motorists will immediately feel guilty. Some will foolishly speed up to get out of your way, in which case you can stay right behind them until they exceed the speed limit and then pull them over and give them tickets. Or else, just the sight of your blinker will be enough. And remember this: a patrol car which is functioning properly should be able to cause twelve heart attacks or deliver twelve tickets per gallon of gas.

BADGE & BILLY
Classified Ads

LOST AND FOUND

LOST, in the vicinity of Broadway, a small white Bookie, answers to the name of Hymie, has tiny mole on left cheek and large yellow streak down back. Broken hearted Police Lieutenant desperately wants him back. No sentimental value, but he has been paying me off to the tune of $200 a week. Reward. Box 146, B & B.

RIDES TO SHARE

FRIGHTENED POLICEMAN, recently assigned to N. Y. Subway Train to protect passengers from assault, looking for companion to share ride and protect *him.* Must be someone who knows his way around Subways and is afraid of nothing. Prefer a retired mugger. Box 148, B & B.

PERSONALS

39-YEAR-OLD COP—thank you—anxious to meet respectable young lady— thank you—with object of matrimony—thank you. Am tall, good looking, with no faults—thank you—except for slight speech defect—thank you—which came about because of my 15 years as a Bridge Toll Collector—thank you—but most people hardly notice it—thank you. Box 151, B & B.

LOOKING FOR perfect speed trap hiding place? I know a great sign, vicinity of Route 9, Hoboken, N.J. Will trade for a hiding place of equal value, vicinity of Route 17, West Orange, N.J., where I am being transferred. Box 154, B & B.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

TWENTY-SEVEN F.B.I. MEN, anxious to form Communist Party Cell, desperately need a Communist. Willing to waive initiation fees, dues, hazing, etc., for right man. In emergency, will consider, Pinko, Titoist, or Eisenhower Republican. Box 156, B & B.

HOME EDUCATION

LOSING YOUR IMAGE as a lovable cop? Maybe your Irish accent is going bad. This could happen to any cop, especially a Jewish one. Why not improve your Irish accent at home, while you sleep, with this amazing educational instrument. Simply plug it into your ears before retiring, and listen to the sound-tracks of 14 Barry Fitzgerald movies. FREE with each course, a special make-up kit to convert tired, sad eyes into twinkling, smiling Irish ones. EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER to the first 100 applicants: a 74 page pamphlet which tells you exactly how things are in Glocca Mora. Box 890, B & B.

BUSINESS INVESTMENTS

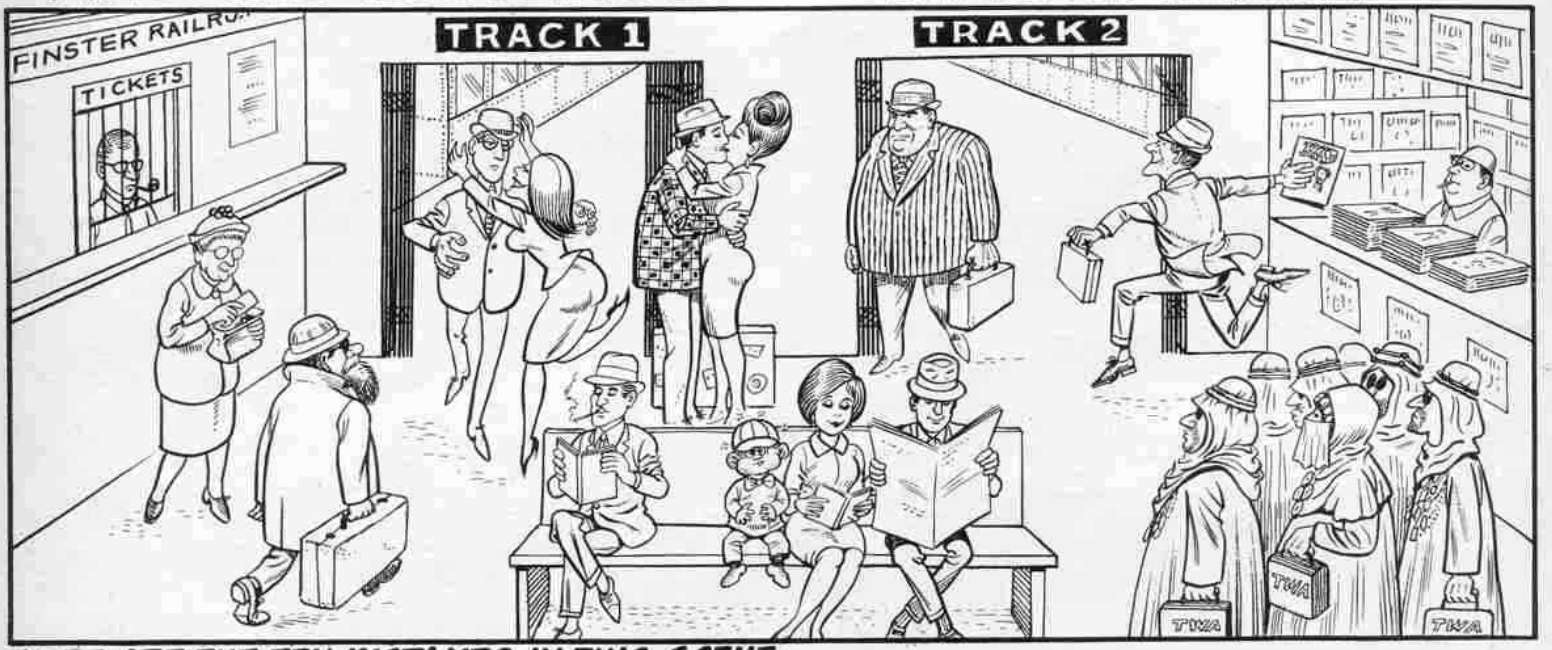
FORMER HERO-COP, who single-handedly captured kidnap gang, would like to go into interesting business enterprise. Have available for investment purposes about $200,000 in small, unmarked bills. Box 177, B & B.

LAME-BRAIN GAMES DEPT.

MAD'S PUZZLE

FIND THE MISTAKES

THERE ARE TEN MISTAKES IN THIS SCENE. CAN YOU FIND THEM ALL ?



HERE ARE THE TEN MISTAKES IN THIS SCENE:

1. TICKET SELLER GAVE LADY A TICKET TO TORONTO. SHE ASKED FOR ONE TO MIAMI.
2. TRAIN ON TRACK 2 SHOULD HAVE COME IN ON TRACK 17, LOWER LEVEL.
3. MAN IN CHECKED COAT IS KISSING WIFE OF MAN IN STRIPED COAT "GOODBYE"-- UNAWARE THAT HER HUSBAND HAS ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY ON TRACK 2.
4. INTELLIGENT MAN, HURRYING TO CATCH TRAIN ON TRACK 1, HAS ACCIDENTALLY PICKED UP COPY OF "MAD" INSTEAD OF "THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE".
5. BEARDED MAN IS A FLEEING EMBEZZLER WHO HAS GRABBED THE WRONG SUITCASE. THIS ONE CONTAINS ONLY BLANKETS AND MOTHBALLS. THE ONE WITH THE MONEY IS STILL AT HOME.
6. LADY RUSHING TO EMBRACE HER HUSBAND IS SHOUTING, "WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN, IRVING DARLING!" ONLY TROUBLE IS, HIS NAME IS PAUL.
7. MAN ON BENCH IS HALF-WAY THROUGH A FRENCH NOVEL. HE DOES NOT KNOW A SINGLE WORD OF FRENCH.
8. FAMILY ON BENCH IS LOOKING FORWARD TO HAPPY, CAREFREE VACATION. THEY CAN FORGET IT. THE KID HAS EATEN THE TRAIN TICKETS.
9. GROUP OF EAST KHURDIAN TOURISTS THINK THIS IS KENNEDY AIRPORT, AND ARE GOING TO MISS THEIR PLANE. THE NEXT ONE DOESN'T LEAVE FOR THREE MONTHS.
10. BIGGEST MISTAKE OF ALL, MAINLY THAT YOU TRIED TO SPOT THE OTHER NINE.

WIN

$10,000.00

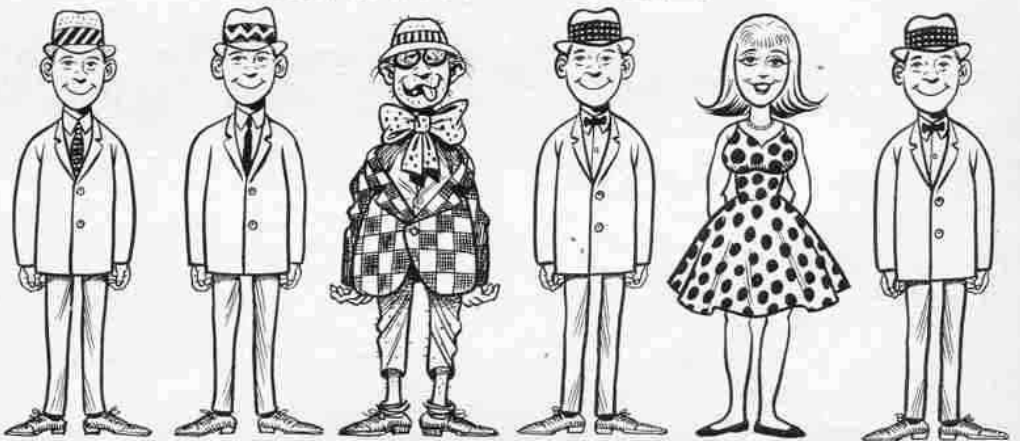
MERELY FILL IN THE FINAL RHYMING WORD TO THIS POEM:

The sun shines brightly,
And the birds sing [illegible];
The stars shine nightly,
And the world is_____.

32

MATCH THE TWINS

TWO OF THE SIX PEOPLE PICTURED HERE ARE TWINS. CAN YOU PICK THEM OUT ?



ANSWER

THE BOY IN THE CHECKED COAT AND GIRL IN THE POLKA DOT DRESS ARE TWINS. THE OTHER FOUR ARE QUADRUPLETS.

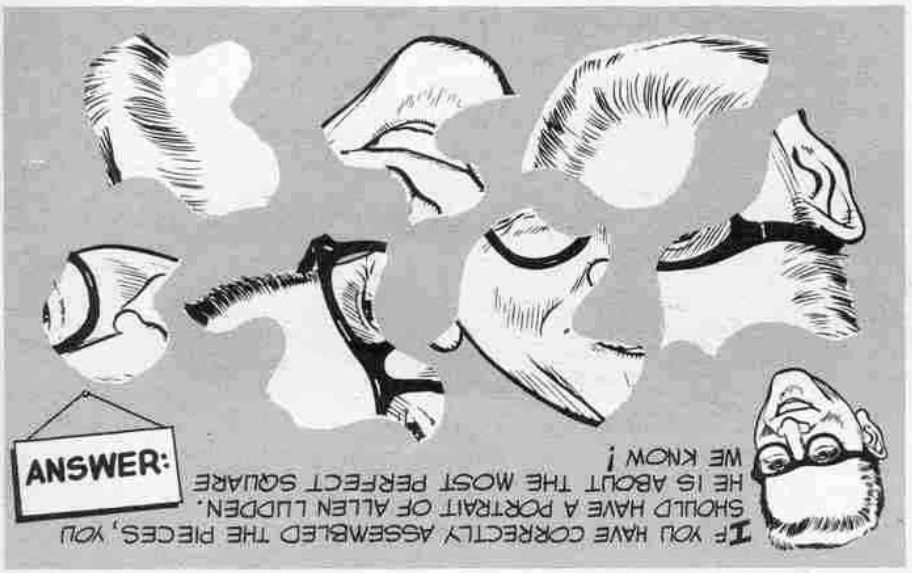
PAGE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH THIS CHALLENGING FEATURE ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE TYPICAL *MAD* READER -- THAT BRILLIANT AND INTELLIGENT, BUT BASICALLY LAZY SLOB-- WHO'LL FIND THESE PUZZLES ABOUT AS EASY AS LOUNGING AROUND WATCHING TV ALL DAY.

PUZZLES RIDDLES BRAIN-TWISTERS REBUSES POSERS CROSSWORDS INANITIES AND OTHER TIMEWASTERS

CAN YOU CUT OUT THESE PIECES AND PUT THEM TOGETHER TO FORM A PERFECT SQUARE?



ANSWER:

IF YOU HAVE CORRECTLY ASSEMBLED THE PIECES, YOU SHOULD HAVE A PORTRAIT OF ALLEN LUDDEN. HE IS ABOUT THE MOST PERFECT SQUARE WE KNOW !

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS SOMETHING YOU SELDOM SEE WITH YOUR NAKED EYE, BUT IT IS ALL AROUND JUST THE SAME. YOU FIND IT IN POLICE STATIONS AND BANKS. IT IS ALSO IN RESTAURANTS AND HOMES. IT IS EVEN ON FURNITURE, BOOKS AND FOOD. IT IS ON *EVERYTHING* ! CAN YOU TELL WHAT IT IS?

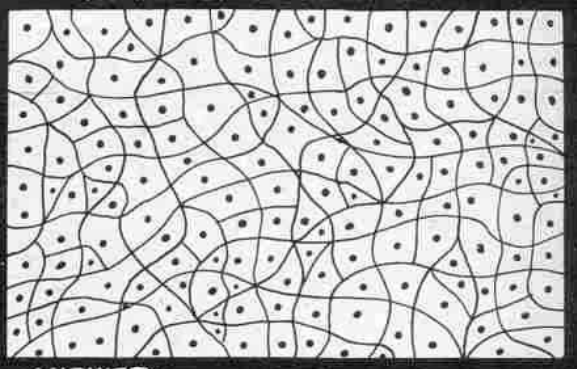


ANSWER:

IF YOU ANSWERED: "BLATTIDAE ORTHOPTERA", YOU WERE CORRECT. NO, THAT'S NOT LATIN FOR "FINGERPRINT". IT'S LATIN FOR "COCKROACH" -- WHICH IS WHAT'S SQUASHED *UNDER* THE FINGERPRINT.

TRAVEL TRICK

BLACK IN EVERY SPACE WITH A DOT, AND YOU WILL VISIT A VERY FAMOUS INDIAN LANDMARK.

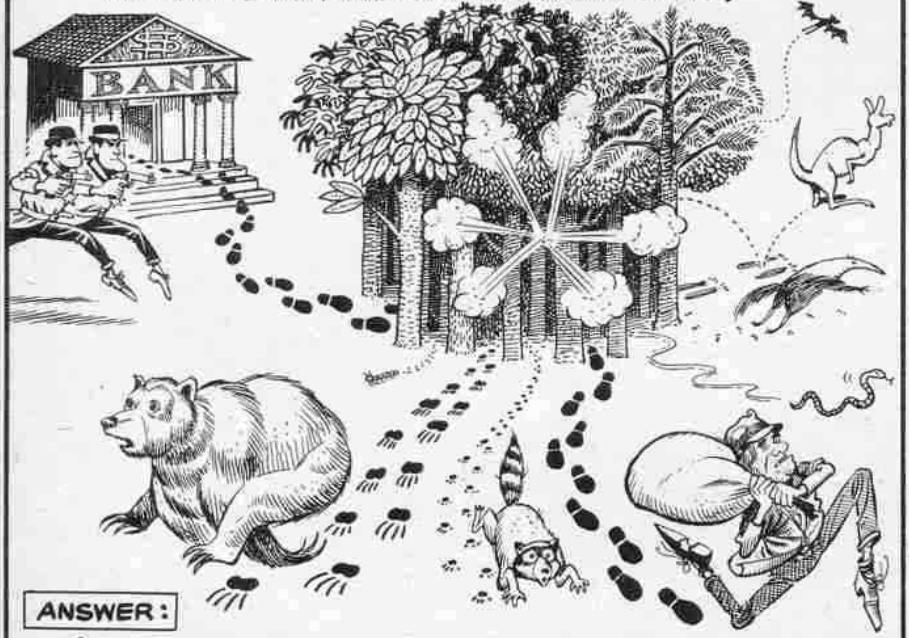


ANSWER:

"THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA"

DETECTIVE GAME

THE BANK HAS BEEN ROBBED OF $500,000 AND THE CROOK HAS ESCAPED INTO THE WOODS. CAN YOU HELP THE DETECTIVES PICK UP HIS TRAIL AND GET THE MONEY BACK?



ANSWER:

IF YOU FOLLOWED THE BEAR, YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK. THE CROOK AND THE $500,000 WAS THE FIRST MEAL THE BEAR HAD EATEN IN WEEKS. (IF YOU FOLLOWED THE MAN WITH THE SACK, YOU ARE MERELY TRAILING A POOR BUM WHO WAS SLEEPING IN THE WOODS WHEN ALL THE COMMOTION STARTED.)

SECRET MESSAGE

CAREFULLY RUB GENUINE WHALE OIL INTO THE BLANK SPACE BELOW AND A SECRET MESSAGE WILL MAGICALLY APPEAR. REMEMBER, ONLY GENUINE WHALE OIL WILL BRING OUT THE MESSAGE. IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY GENUINE WHALE OIL AROUND THE HOUSE, SEND $25.00 TO THIS MAGAZINE, AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL THE WHALE OIL YOU NEED TO DO THE TRICK. GOLLY! AREN'T YOU JUST DYING TO KNOW WHAT THE MESSAGE SAYS?

SUCKER

Jaffee

THE PLOY'S THE THING DEPT.

Tell the truth—aren't you enjoying this wonderful, witty and clever magazine? Of course you are! Most intelligent people who have well-developed senses of humor enjoy MAD. Now really be honest—at this point, aren't you ashamed to admit you don't enjoy MAD!? That's because you've just been intimidated! Do you realize how many times a day you

Intimidations..

You can be intimidated by a Door-to-Door Salesman—like this...



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: STAN HART



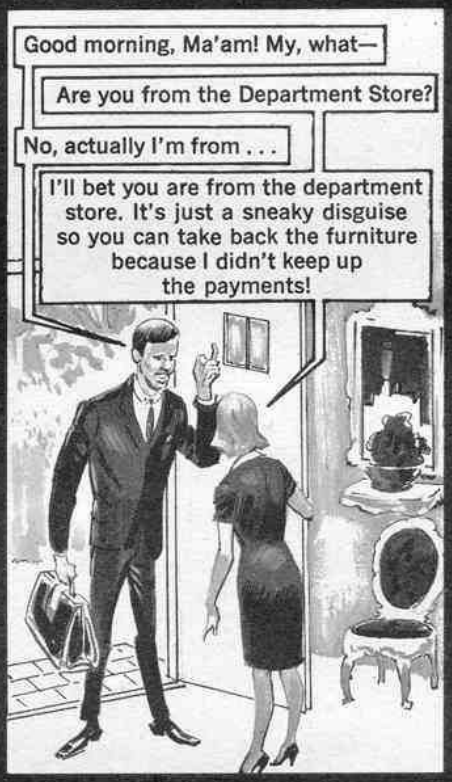


are intimidated into buying something you don't want, or doing something you really don't care to do? Well, take heart, faithful MAD fans. If the Editor has any brains at all, he'll buy this article which shows how you people can fight back against that vast army of intimidators who are out there ready to devour you alive. Mainly, here are

....and Antidotes

...or—you can do THIS...













You can be intimidated by a match-making mother like this...

I don't know if you ever met my daughter! She's a lovely girl!

I'm sure she is, but I don't—

She's a straight "A" student . . . bright as a whip!

Yes, well, I'm only a "C-plus" student myself!

But you'd never know she was bright! Every fellow feels comfortable with her!

She must be very popular!

Popular!? I never see her! She's always out on dates! Of course, she has a free Saturday night occasionally—like **this** Saturday night . . .

Yeah, well, if I weren't **busy** this Saturday—

There's a Saturday in the **next** week, too—and the **week after**—

But my folks insist I get home early!

Such fine people! I'd be proud to have my daughter going with a handsome boy from such good stock!

But—

I knew it the minute I met you! You're not one of those that goes only for looks! You're sensible—you know beauty is only skin deep!

Er—I really don't—

Since you can't stay out late on Saturday night, you can come a little **earlier.** She'll expect you at **12:30** in the afternoon! See you Saturday!





...or—you can do THIS...

I don't know if you ever met my daughter! She's—

Look, lady! A girl's a girl with me!

But she's a lovely girl—a straight "A" student—

It's a **date!** I'll pick her up tonight at 8:30! Don't wait up for her! She may not be home until Monday!

What?

See, there's this party at my friend's place! He lives out of town—in this cabin in the woods! Tell her not to fuss—my pal's making the booze!

Booze?! But I disapprove of young people drinking—

Don't worry! We won't touch a drop until after the drag race we're having down U.S. 101!

Drag race!? But I don't like too much driving—

Oh, we won't be driving all the time! We'll park by the side of the road for a while—to get acquainted!

She's not that type of girl!

Oh? What type is she?!

She's cultured, refined, well-mannered and moral!

Leave her to me! I'll break her of those bad habits!

Young man—leave immediately or I'll call the police!

Yeah! Call them! I'd like to find out how the girl I had out last Saturday night is doing!

You fiend!! Good-bye!!



You can even intimidate yourself in a restaurant... like this...

I wonder what I should tip the waiter?

I think 15% is right—but he looks so important!

In fact, he looks a lot more important than I do!

If I give him too little, and he says something—I'll die!

But if I overtip, and he thanks me, I'll feel like a fool!

Wish he wouldn't stand over me while I'm figuring the tip!

It makes me so nervous, I'm sure I'll make a mistake!

Let's see—was the service good? No, it was bad! Then why should I leave as much for bad service as for good service?

Because I'm **chicken** . . . that's why!

So he's **not** a good waiter! I'll bet he's got a wife and kids to support! He's probably upset by troubles at home!

It's really not **his** fault if he brought the wrong main course

And why should **he** suffer just for spilling coffee on me! Anyone can make a mistake!

I know what I'll do! I'll compromise! The check is $12.00 I'll pay with a $20 bill!

And let him **keep the change!**





...or—you can do THIS...

Er—would you call our waiter, please!? I'd like the check!

But—I **AM** your waiter!!

Oh, really! Gee, I didn't recognize you! But then, I haven't **seen** you for so long!

Why, I've been here all the time!

Oh!? Even when I found that dirty silverware? And the soup that was spilled in my saucer?

I'm sorry about that! But if you'd told me—

If I could have **found** you, I could have **told** you!

Sir—I've been a waiter for over **20 years!**

Well, I guess you need **ability** to advance yourself!

Sir—I **resent** that!

You're entitled. I imagine you have a wife and children to support, so they let you stay on!

Listen, I don't need charity from anyone!

Oh, no? Tell me—don't you expect me to leave a tip?

That is the customary practice, Sir!

For doing **nothing?** Don't you call **that** charity?

Look, punk! I don't **need** your lousy money!

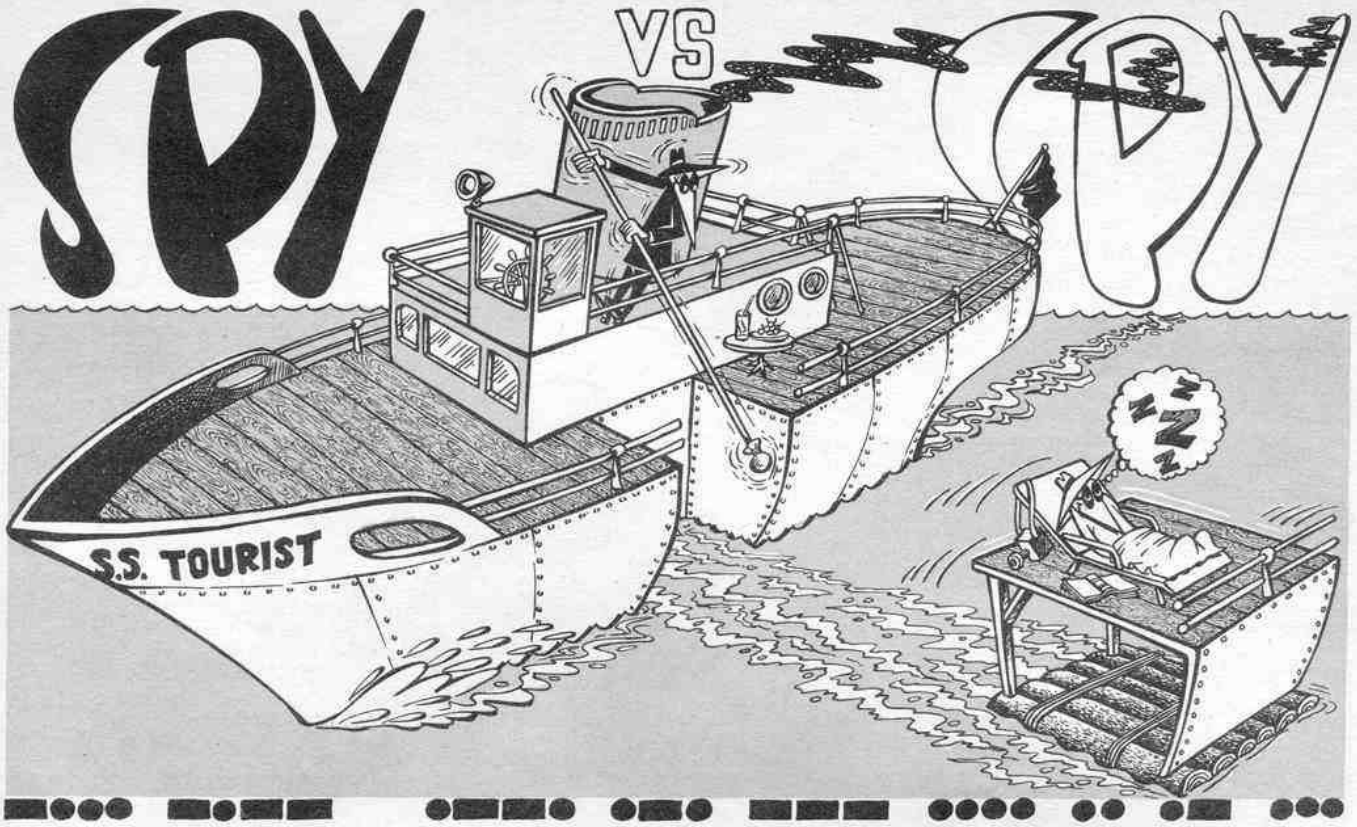
Let's see—I usually leave 20%, but in this case—

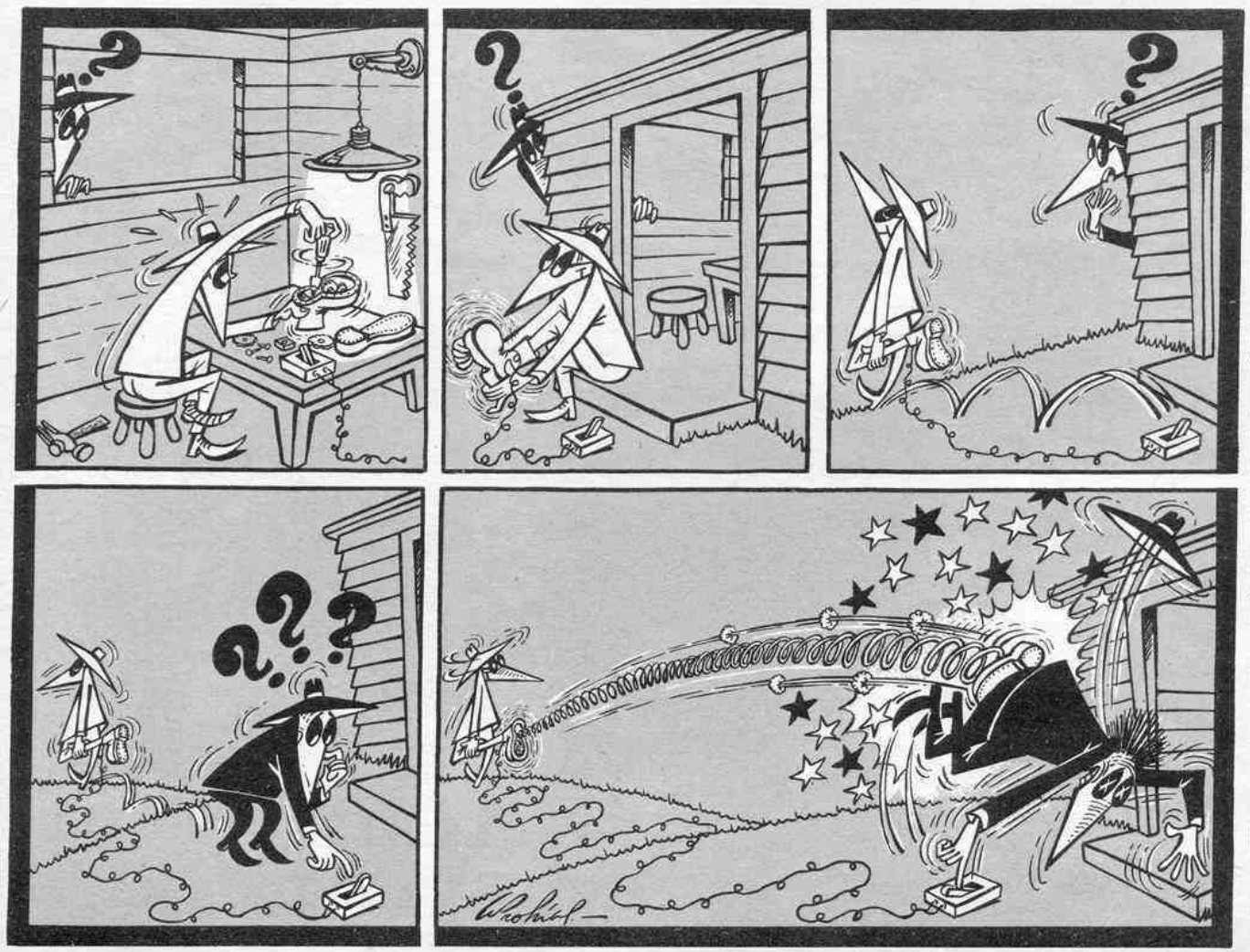
You know what you can **do** with your tip, crum!

Come, dear! You can't talk to an irrational man!



JOKE-AND-DAGGER DEPT. PART II





SUMMA CUM LAZY DEPT.

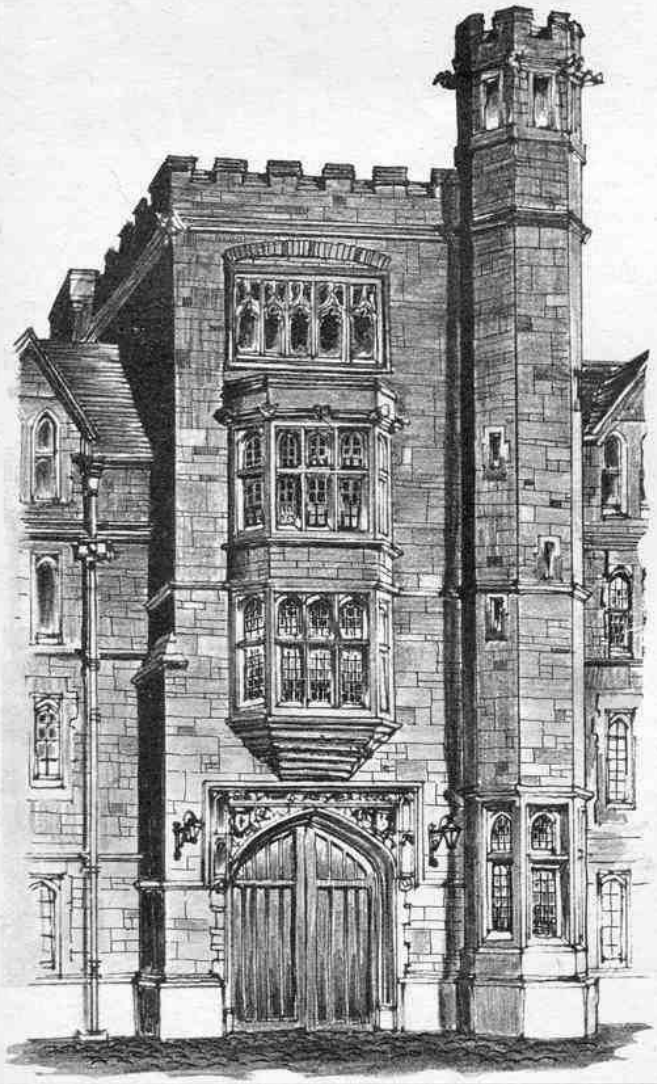
All around the country, college students are revolting (in more ways than usual) against what they consider to be an assembly-line educational system that grinds out graduates without teaching them anything. Yet, despite these protests, it is obvious that Higher Education will continue to reflect our nation's adult society . . . that more and more, college students will be trained to appreciate the positive aspects of getting lost in the shuffle and staying there . . . and that someday, we will be preparing our young people for an anonymous lifetime in a conforming apathetic world with . . .



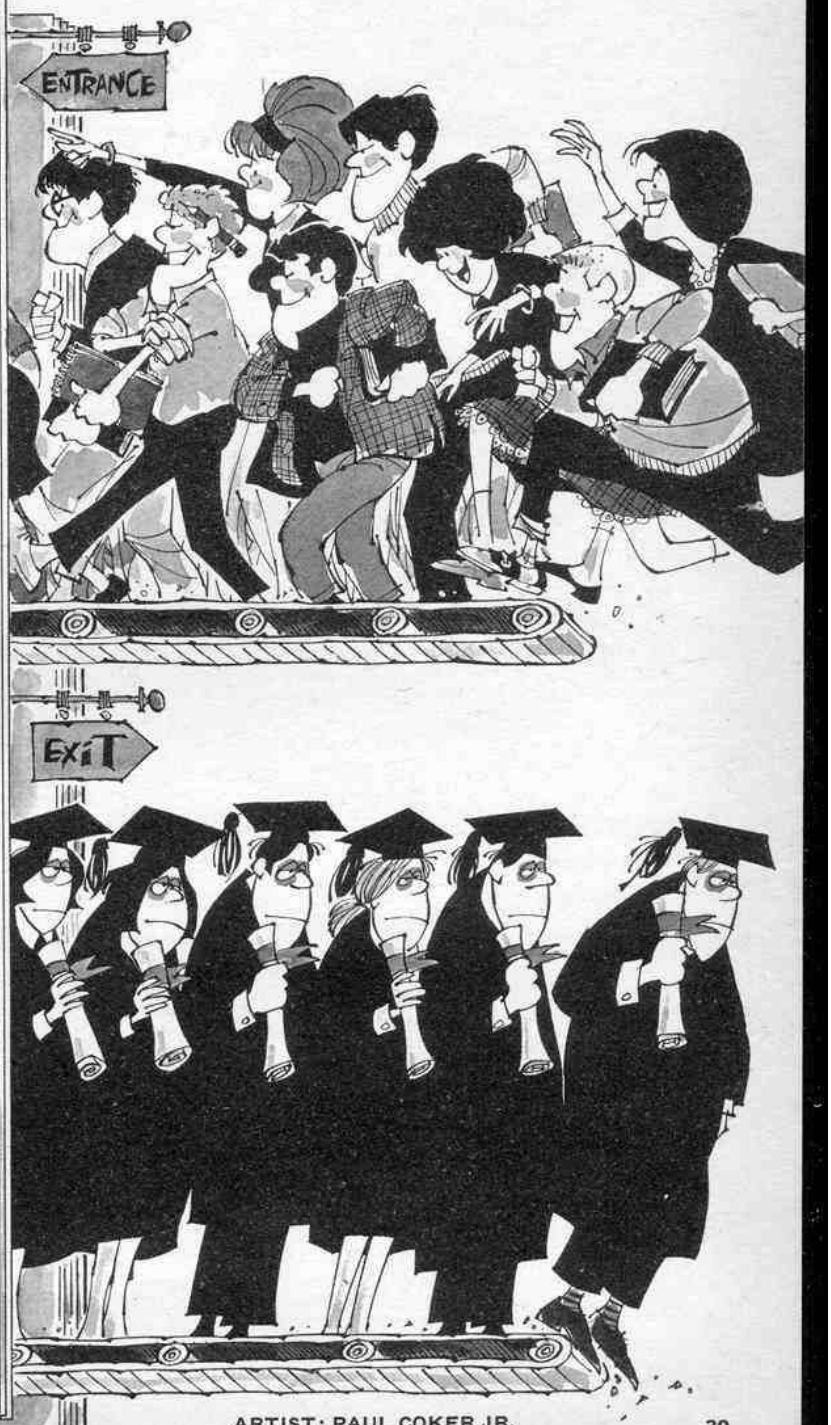
COLLEGE PROGRAMS TO DEVELOP MASTERS OF MEDIOCRITY

Megalopolis State University

COLLEGE OF DISILLUSION



CATALOGUE OF COURSES
FALL SEMESTER 1966



ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.
WRITTEN BY: DONALD D. SHANDLER



FRESHMAN COURSES

100A. INTRODUCTION TO APATHY

3 Credits M-W-F
Room 2931 Chuckit Hall Mr. D. Moralize

This survey course is geared to help the over-zealous freshman achieve the degree of apathy required on the college level. Lectures will concentrate on the futility of retaining such immature traits as ambition, ideals and a sense of school spirit.

100B. REMEDIAL INDIFFERENCE

2 Credits Sat-Sun
Room 857 Over Hall Mr. Whippinline

Prerequisite to INTRODUCTION TO APATHY for unusually difficult students who refuse to accept the status quo even after they have gained a fuller understanding of it.

101. BEGINNING DISILLUSION

3 Credits M-T-Th
Room 77 Nohohpat Hall Mr. C. Black

Designed to imbue the incoming student with a feeling of basic helplessness in regard to the more pressing problems confronting the world he lives in. Discussions will cover such topics as the inevitability of the Rotten Society, the insignificance of the individual in world affairs and the adoption of a realistic attitude that everything is bound to get a lot worse before it gets better, if ever.

102. UMBILICAL COORDINATION

3 Credits T-W-F
Room 666 Navel Academy Mother Wylie

This course will help to prevent the severing of the silver cord between a mother and her pampered child. It enables the overly-dependent freshman, away from home for the first time, to learn the advantages of continuing to lean on Mom throughout college, job-placement and marriage.

104. PARENTAL PRESSURE OPPOSITION

0 Credits F-Sat-Sun
Room 803 Sickovit Hall Mr. Offyurback

Students will learn to help their parents mature, by acquiring an over-all knowledge of methods helpful in decreasing family emphasis on academic success, choice of a career and general personality adjustment. Students will apply what they learn on weekends at home.

105. INTRODUCTORY NON-PARTICIPATION

3 Credits M-W-Th
Room 1181 Rejectit Hall Miss DeFunn

Especially designed to assist the naive freshman in conquering his immature desire to become involved in normal extra-curricular activities. Discussions will concentrate on loss of prestige, useless expenditure of energy and the lack of meaning in later life inherent in non-compulsory campus affairs. (Note: This course not open to students attending the University on athletic scholarships.)

106. FUNDAMENTALS OF KILLING LEISURE TIME

3 Credits T-Th-F
Students Lounge Downthe Hall Mr. Goldbrick

Although specifically designed to assist the incoming student (who worked hard in high school preparing for college acceptance) to adjust to goofing off now that he's here, this course also lays the foundation for apathetic lolling after graduation. All aspects of unproductive leisure time activity will be examined with special emphasis on prolonged day dreaming.

SOPHOMORE COURSES

200. TECHNIQUES OF SCAPEGOATING

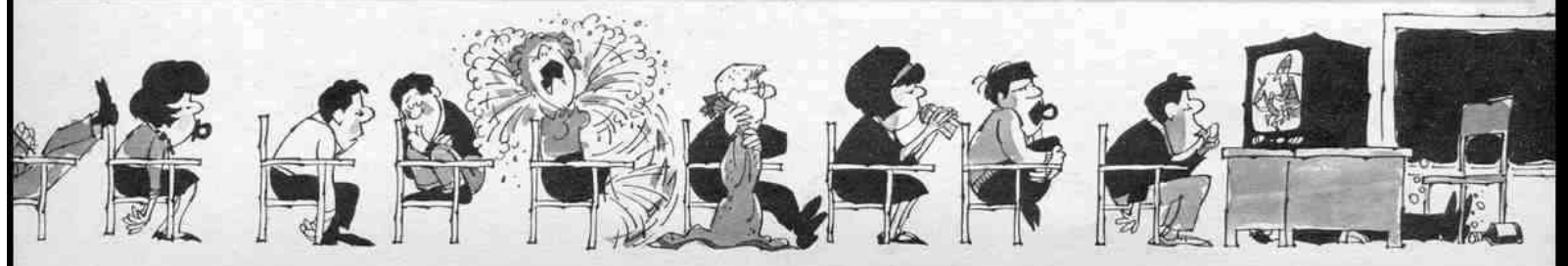
3 Credits M-W-F
Room 701 Duckett Hall Pastor Buck

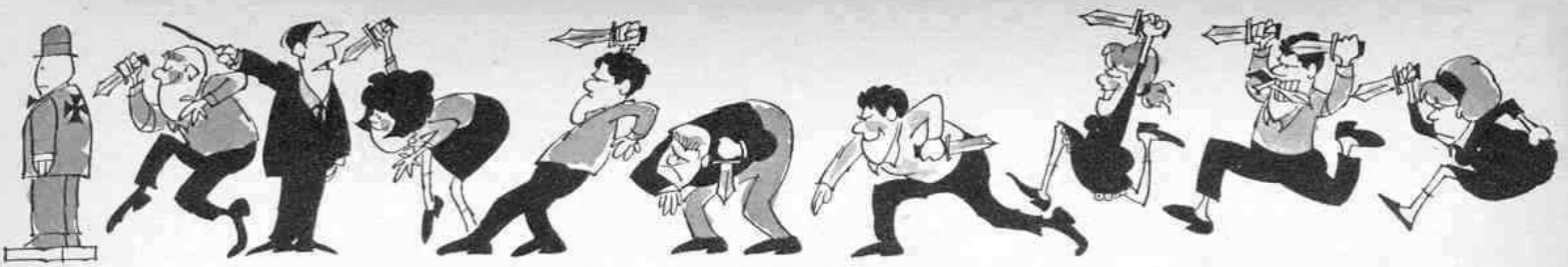
Learning to blame teachers, parents, employers and society in general for personal shortcomings will be the student's objective in this course. Guest lecturers from the Department of Speech will assist with instruction in whining.

201. CONTEMPORARY SELF-ACCEPTANCE

3 Credits T-W-Th
Room 59 Acceptit Hall Mr. D. Lusion

For the second year student who has mastered the fundamentals of apathy, including the avoidance of responsibility and constructive participation, but who still experiences twinges of anxiety as to where his emerging lack of identity may lead him. This course enables the individual to drift with renewed confidence by pointing up how the growth of automation makes him increasingly unnecessary; the disintegrating world situation makes his future increasingly improbable, and the population explosion makes his inability to produce increasingly desirable.





202. PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF CHEATING

3 Credits M-Th-F

Room 81 Cribbing Hall Miss DeMeanor

Areas covered to help students achieve better grades without studying or learning are microfilming techniques, trends in infra-red printing, skillful plagiarism and beating around the bush on final exams in 2,000 words or more.

202B. MEANINGLESS VOCABULARY-BUILDING

2 Credits T-F

Room 7922 Faykit Hall Dr. Papers

Vital to the student whose incompetence has developed to the point where he can't even learn to cheat. This course enables such individuals to prepare acceptable term and examination papers through the frequent insertion of impressive but meaningless words and phrases.

204. PRACTICAL MATERIALISM

3 Credits T-Th-F

Room 101 Amasset Hall Substitute Teachers

Naive college students will learn to replace love, faith, happiness and similar unprofitable emotions with chromium worldly goods: large homes, high-powered sports cars, color television sets, yachts, jewelry, self-defrosting refrigerators that make round ice cubes, etc.

205. HUMAN SELECTIVITY

3 Credits M-W-Th

Room 268 Contact Building Mr. Hooyuno

This course is constructed to teach the student to lean on others in order to survive. Experienced faculty members, long familiar with the cultivation of useful connections as opposed to meaningful relationships, will conduct seminars to assist under-graduates in the selection of rich, brainy, influential acquaintances who will do the student the most good after graduation.

205B. MARRYING FOR MONEY

3 Credits M-W-F

Room 242 Loveless Union Miss Alliance

Open only to students who have exhibited sufficient cunning to by-pass HUMAN SELECTIVITY. Instruction will concentrate on the choosing of a single member of the opposite sex to fulfill lifetime needs for wealth, job security, family position and a head start in career after graduation.

206. INTERMEDIATE DIS-ORIENTATION

2 Credits M-F

Room 187 Forgetit Hall Miss A. Ply

Now required of all sophomores. This course is designed to meet the needs of the second year student who, inadvertently, has seen a relationship between two or more facts he learned as a freshman and finds himself unable to be totally apathetic about it.

JUNIOR COURSES

301. DEVELOPMENT OF AESTHETIC DEPRECIATION

3 Credits T-Th-F

Room 111 DeBaysette Hall Miss Gyde

Students with little or no aesthetic awareness will receive guidance in producing a comfortable environment where their deficiencies can be maintained in later life. Instruction will include lectures in national park deforestation, rural stream pollution, proper placement of highway billboards, suburban split-level home selection, trashy book and motion picture enjoyment, and approved methodology in general littering.

302. PROGRESSIVE UNDERACHIEVEMENT

2 Credits W-F

Room 219 Connem Hall Miss Leed

Creating the impression that you are not performing up to capacity, and mistakenly leading professors to believe that you are an intelligent and worldly individual is the basis of this course. Emphasis will be placed on obscure name-dropping, thought-provoking question-asking, feigned appreciation of professorial witticisms, and carrying books above your class and age level.

303. UNPROGRESSIVE OVERACHIEVEMENT

2 Credits T-Th

Room 181 Impressum Hall Mr. Snow

Invaluable to the student who seeks a passing grade without ever completing a homework assignment. This course offers guidance in skimming through unassigned reading material to create the assumption that you are engrossed in the subject and are pursuing it beyond established requirements. Instruction also is given in embarrassing professors through the memorization and use of foreign phrases with no particular meaning, frequent reference to non-existent theorems, and scoring academic points by citing analogies that don't apply to the discussion topic.





304. BASIC HYPOCRISY

3 Credits T-W-Th
Room 180 Justifyette Hall Mr. Lippservis

The advanced study of communicating on two levels is the core of this course. Students will learn that words and actions do not have to be consistent. Guest lecturers will include businessmen, politicians and educators who will demonstrate how their superficial ideas have not interfered with making a living.

305. ALL-PURPOSE OPINION FORMULATION

3 Credits M-Th-F
Room 215 Patronizem Hall Mr. Brownoze

Through concentrated training in the development of a total lack of enlightened opinion, firm conviction and ethical principles as they relate to the pressing issues of our time, this course is designed to pave the way for rapid advancement in later life by enabling the student to voice wholehearted agreement with all lunatic fringe views held by employers, wealthy prospective in-laws and other individuals who have something the student wants.

SENIOR COURSES

400. ADVANCED DISILLUSION

3 Credits T-W-Th
Room 829 Faicet Hall Dr. Know

A refresher course for the senior about to enter the cold, hard world. In addition to consoling the fourth year student for failing either to prepare himself for adult life or to drop out of school and get started on it, the course will help him develop the skills of goldbricking, social parasitism, ingratiating conformity, financial credit manipulation and income tax evasion.

401. CONTACT MAINTENANCE

3 Credits M-W-F
Room 177 Potential Building Miss Hughes

A frank seminar discussion of the importance of rekindling and capitalizing on tenuous college relationships in later life. Emphasis will be placed on the selection of casual acquaintances most likely to succeed in order to weed out and discard potentially meaningless friends before it's too late. Attention also will be focused on the future fabricating of college reminiscences for the purpose of securing employment from and/or selling insurance to classmates you never actually met.

402. STUDIES IN EGOCENTRICITY

3 Credits T-Th-F
Room 112 Ego Building Prof. LeGate

Business administration students will find this course particularly advantageous in bulldozing their way into profitable endeavors for which they are unqualified. They will learn to overlook their inadequacies by becoming self-centered individuals with little regard for the person, dignity and property of others. Strong emphasis will be placed on the rude and the vulgar as a means of dominating those with less self-assurance.

404. PREPARATION FOR POST-GRADUATE APATHY

3 Credits M-W-F
Room 390 Avoidit Hall Mr. E. Lood

Offered for the first time during the present academic year, this course will aid the graduate in maintaining a solid foundation of self-centered dis-interest when confronted with the pressure to participate in suburban civic endeavors. Students will be taught the basic principles of begging off, indefinite postponement, quarrelsome behavior at planning sessions, and negative arguments against Little League baseball, the preservation of historical landmarks, the need for additional school crossing guards and expansion of facilities for anything.

405 FLAUNTING

2 Credits W-F
Room 219 Regalem Hall Mr. Bragg

Students will be encouraged to utilize their college degrees as symbols of superiority over more capable individuals who have been exposed to fewer years of formal schooling. Techniques will be stressed for dropping references to college days into conversations, for terminating arguments with inferiors by mis-quoting former professors, and for utilizing your educational background as an offsetting factor to explain away goofs on the job, all out of context.

406. INDEPENDENT STUDY

3 Credits M-W-F
Room 300 Jon Hall Miss Montez

Inserted into the curriculum for the benefit of seniors who otherwise would fall three units short of meeting the requirements for graduation. Special fee: $175, but well worth it to avoid being stuck here for another whole semester.



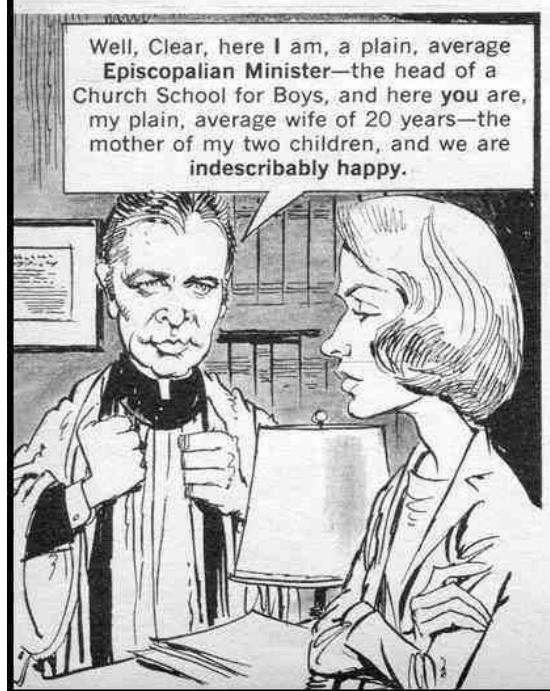
DIRTY BIRDS DEPT.

Once upon a time, there was a "Piper" who lured mice and rats with his playing, and . . . well, you all know the story of the "Pied Piper." Now there's another kind of "Piper" who is luring a different kind of following with its playing. We happen to be talking about

the Sinpiper

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL










Dr. Hooey, the Court has ordered me to enroll my son, Denny, in your Church School.
He'll get a fine **religious education** here, Miss Reynard. I am a devout Christian Minister who has devoted 40 years of my life to my Church. I will defend to the death the validity of every sentence, word and punctuation mark in the Bible, and furthermore . . .
I think religion is **icky.**
But in the light of your keen theological insight, I must admit there's a lot to be said for **atheism,** too.
The kid was **right!** "Jack And The Beanstalk" **IS more believable!**
FAIRY TALES
GIVE
I didn't think it was **possible,** Dick, but you are a **bigger nebbish** in **THIS** film than you were as **Marc Antony.**
Liz, for $2 million, I'll do **anything.** Wish me luck in our next movie, in which I play a **singing cowboy.**
There's nothing like spending a nice, average evening at home in quiet, suburban Big Sewer, California, and inviting two plain, average suburban friends over to sculpture me in the nude.
It's amazing how just one hunk of wood can help turn a **dirty** scene into an **artistic** one!
Hello, Miss Reynard. I just dropped in to tell you that your son got a "C-minus" in penmanship today—and I'm not wearing my clerical collar.
That's great news about the penmanship, Dr. Hooey, but couldn't you have **phoned** me about it?
No, I **always** travel 312 miles at 1 A.M. to speak about marks to mothers who live in breathtaking homes, overlooking the ocean, they can't afford.
Er—who are you two fellows?
I'm an angry, intellectual **beatnik-sculptor.** I believe in **anarchy, free love, free thought, world peace** and **dirt.**
And I'm the film's **token Negro.**
What's a "token Negro"?
Well, with Civil Rights moving ahead these days, film-makers are now putting **one educated Negro** into **each movie.** There's just **one catch:** We **never** have anything to do with the **plot.** We're just **there.** In my **next** picture, **"Apache Uprising,"** I play **Louis Armstrong**—as a **boy.**
And what do **you** believe in?
I believe I'd rather play a **Pullman Porter.** At least it's an **honest role.**

Well, here we are alone at last—just a plain, average, lecherous **Minister-teacher** and a plain, average, **unmarried parent**—ready to discuss penmanship. I hate **crowded** PTA meetings, don't you?

I'll be right with you. I'm just going to shrink my slacks in hot water and then walk around in them. It's the **least** I can do for the **intellectuals** in the movie audience.

Egbert, darling, perhaps you can answer a question for me. Why have men always failed to appreciate my **intelligence** and **sensitivity?** Why have men always wanted to **hold** me and **kiss** me and **hug** me? I just can't **understand** it.

When does this **happen?**

Every time I walk into a store, naked.

How **different** our lives are, Egbert. Look what **I've** got: A disturbed son with a father who never married me, 38 unwashed beatnik friends, 71 Henry Miller books and 112 Lenny Bruce records. Meanwhile, what have **you** got? A wife who loves you, two well-adjusted children, a fine home, a good income, a respectable calling and a two thousand year old religion

You're **right,** Lurid. I never **realized** my life was so **empty!**

I envy the **fulfillment** in your life, Lurid. I want to be free, **too! FREE . . .**

You mean, free like this wounded **Sinpiper bird.** He wants to be free, **too.** Come, let's operate on his broken wing and **set him free.**

I get it. He's a **symbol.** I **love** symbols. They make things seem so **intellectual.**

That's right. Look what **Alfred E. Neuman** has done for **MAD!**

Scissors.

Scissors.

Scotch tape.

Scotch tape.

Airplane glue.

Airplane glue.

Lift my robe a bit so the audience can see my legs.

Lift your robe a bit so the audience can see your legs.

There, little Sinpiper bird, You're **free.** And you're **flying—FLYING—**

He's got a **broken wing.** He's **not** flying. He's just **sitting there,** looking a little **dizzy.**

Of course he's flying. What do you think the **airplane glue** was for? He's been **sniffing it!**

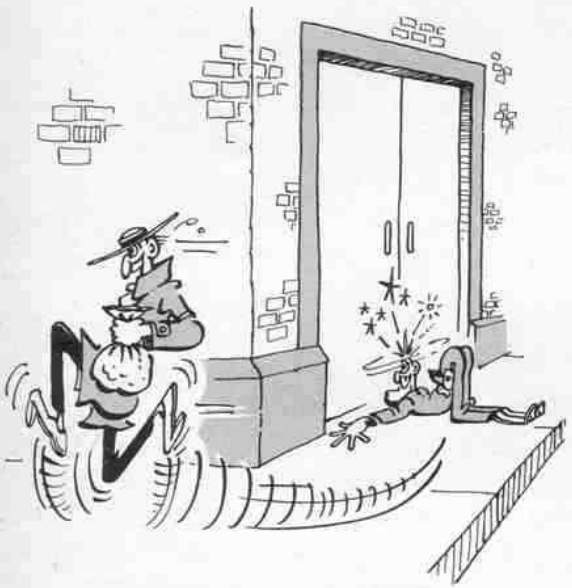

Welcome back home, Egbert, dear. I missed you. Did you miss me?
All right, Clear. You might as well say it. You suspect there's something wrong between us.
What could be wrong? What's there to suspect? Just because you were gone for 12 days without a word? Now you just relax and I'll clean all the lipstick off your clothes . . .
. . . and then I'll polish your new ankle slave bracelet, and then I'll wash out your new "Big Sewer" T-shirt, and then I'll iron your new perfumed handkerchief with the initials "L.R." on it, and then I'll fold up your new tie that says, "Won't You Kiss Me In The Dark, Lurid, Baby?", and then I'll give you dinner, and . . .
Clear, I was with Lurid Reynard. I love her. But I also love you. You see, I love her for her beauty and passion, and I love you for your intelligence and awareness.
Isn't it exciting and inspiring to be here on the beach—singing, dancing and engaging in important, scintillating conversation.
Henry Miller . . . Existentialism . . . Free Love . . . Dirt . . .
Jackson Pollack . . . Zen Buddhism . . . Bertrand Russell . . . Ferlinghetti . . . Beards . . .
Sit-ins . . . Teach-ins . . . Chain-ins . . . Retch-ins . . .
Something about this scene seems vaguely familiar to me. The singing and dancing, the ridiculous dialogue . . . it's as if I've seen it all somewhere before.
You have, idiot. Don't you get it. This is an "Adult" Beach Movie!
Lurid, there's someone here to see you. He says that because he's loved you, his life is ruined.
Honey, because I've loved you, my life is ruined.
Look, Eddie, I've nothing against "cameo roles," but this one seems strangely inappropriate. Now, get lost and let me take that line.
Lurid, because I've loved you, my life is ruined.
But I can't explain it to you here, in front of all these coarse oafs who could never understand. I'll explain it to you and my wife, Clear, during my Church Sermon on Sunday—in front of hundreds of good, clean-living people who will understand. Mainly because they've all dreamed about getting into a situation like this.


For my sermon today, I would like to talk about "Good" and "Evil"—and how sometimes "Evil" can be "Good" and "Good" can be "Evil"—and how good "Good-Evil" can be, and how evil "Evil-Good" can be—and how I was once "Evil-Good" until I discovered "Good-Evil". . .
Er . . . Pardon me—
pssst pssst pssst
Ladies and gentlemen, my sermon has just been cancelled. Instead, I am to receive some sort of important Religious Award . . .
I am Father Patrick O'Connor— and this is Rabbi Samuel Greenberg . . .
On behalf of our respective faiths, we would like to present you with this Award. Because of your role as a defrocked Minister in "The Night Of The Banana" and your role as a ridiculously unreal Episcopalian Minister in this movie, you—single-handedly—have been responsible for the conversion of more than 3,000,000 Protestants to Catholicism and Judaism to date . . .
And with this Award, we'd like to thank you for what you've been doing for us and say "Keep up the good work."
Well, I guess that's that. She goes back to her painting. He goes back to wherever he goes. And that's the picture.
Look! Up there! It's the Sinpiper bird! The symbol of this whole movie!
Does anybody here understand the real, underlying meaning of the Sinpiper bird—and us?
Well, here's the way I see it: The Sinpiper bird up there actually represents Liz and Dick, see . . . and we beatniks symbolize the movie-goers of America who are paying good money to see this film, see . . . and—
SPLAT!
SPLAT!
SPLAT!
SPLAT!

ANOTHER GREAT BANK ROBBERY















HOW DO BOSSES PLAN TO CELEBRATE FUTURE OFFICE XMAS PARTIES?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

Office Christmas Parties this past season reached a new high in uninhibited drinking, singing, secretary-grabbing, boss-insulting and other carryings-on . . . all in the spirit of good clean idiotic fun. As a result, many Employers are already planning ahead. If you fold page in as shown, you will see how they plan to celebrate Xmas in the years to come.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

B ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀A FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WITH XMAS SPIRITS OVERFLOWING, NORMALLY SEDATE EMPLOYEES TURN INTO UNINHIBITED COMPULSIVE DRUNKS, LIBERTINES AND BOSS-HATERS

B ▶ ◀A

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising



THE DAY THE WRONG GIANT CAME OUT OF THE WASHER— *HO-HO-HO!*