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OUR PRICE
CHEAP




FIRST ISSUE

THE NEW

MAD

No. 24 * HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN * JULY 1955

This new magazine
is vital for you
to read and in-
side you will find
an extremely im-
portant message
from the editors 



HEADACHE? COLD MISERY?

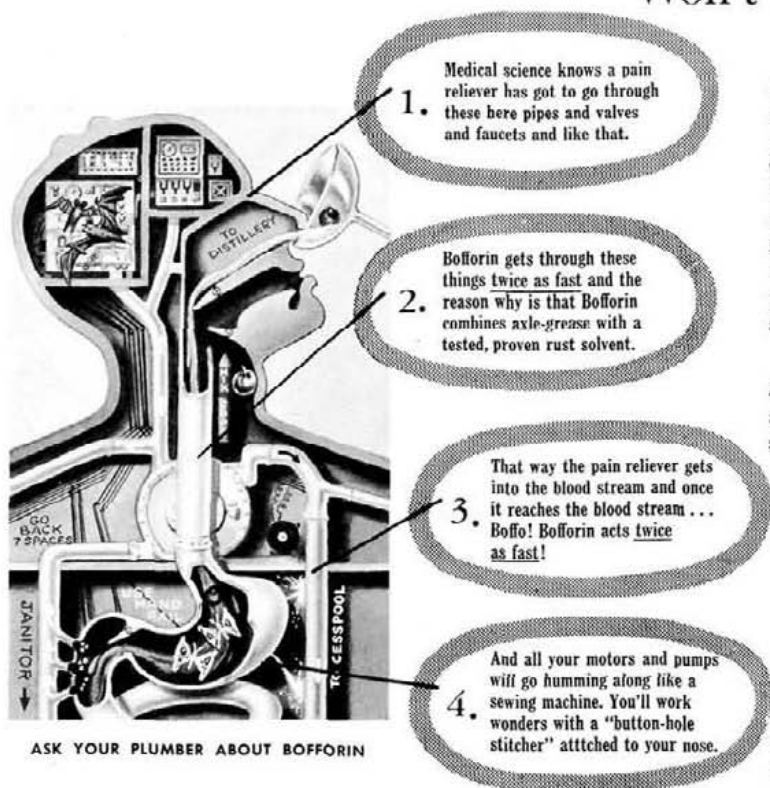
Why wait for old-fashioned cold relief? Go Kill yourself!



GET FASTER PAIN RELIEF WITH **BOFFORIN**

Acts twice as fast

Won't upset your gaskets!




ASK YOUR PLUMBER ABOUT BOFFORIN

Ask your own doctor about how Bofforin acts... how when it goes around in those pumps like in our diagram and how it goes up through them pipes to them switchboards and lights up the little lights and rings the little bells, and switches the little switches and turns the little dials (they tell you which way is North), I'll bet you never knew you had such little lights and dials and switches in your head.

Ask your own doctor about how Bofforin acts inside those pipes and valves. Better still, ask your own plumber.



NOTE: THOUSANDS have switched from rust preventer to BOFFORIN.

 extremely im-
portant message
from the editors



please buy
this magazine



She Wanted to Drown Her Troubles

PLUNGE INTO your local theatre and drink in these breathtaking scenes. You've seen pens that you can write with underwater. You've seen band-aids that you can stick on underwater and now you'll see girls that you can ogle **UNDERWATER**

A new angle to drive you
beady-eyed fans crazy
Jane Outsell, underwater!

HOWARD HUGO presents

JANE OUTSELL

IN

GLUGGLE!

It took 3 years and
\$3,000,000 to make
and Lake Erie was
moved to Hollywood!

THE NEW AQUAPHONIC PROCESS

PERI SCOPE

ON THE GIANT WATERPROOF SCREEN

FILMED IN BEAUTIFUL
WATERCOLOR

★ co-starring ★

ELI LECTRIC • MANNY TSHARK • MYRTLE TURTLE •

Directed by EBEN TIDE • Produced by TY DALWAVE



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MAD

No. 24 * HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN * JULY 1955

WILLIAM M. GAINES, PUBLISHER.

STAFF

Editor **HARVEY KURTZMAN**
 Production **JOHN PUTNAM**

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CONTRIBUTORS



PRICE



SHIR-CLIFF



KOVACS



WALLACH

Amongst our contributors in this issue are: Roger Price the man who has made "Doodles" a by-word on the American scene. As well as contributing an article, Roger has been very helpful in advising us on scatological avoidism and like that. So watch out. Bernard Shir-Cliff, (see pages 32-34) as well as being an author, is night cable editor at Ballantine Books, publishers of the MAD Reader, (35c at your neighborhood newsstand, cheap. [the whole MAD operation is one complex insidious cartel.]) Ernie Kovacs, author of our Tom Swifft piece has conducted various zany east coast television shows which we have watched faithfully in the interests of enjoyment and mainly to steal material. Readers of Ira Wallach parody will be happy to note that we're running an article of his and all we have to say is... Don't be so happy, readers, the article is a reprint and you've probably read it already. However, if you haven't seen any of Wallach's work yet, by all means turn to *Out of the Frying Pan and into the Soup*. (Pages 17-19)

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I dreamed I walked

down 5th. Avenue in my

ironmaidenfit

What a fantastic dream . . . and when I awoke . . . I dashed right downtown . . . To buy another ironmaidenfit you say? . . . No . . . I dashed right downtown to consult my psychiatrist about helping me to stop having such embarrassing dreams. Ironmaidenfit in fine mesh steel, A, B, and C cups . . . from 2.00. Saucers and spoons extra.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. . . . OR . . . REGINALD'S UNDERSTUD, PATRICK, IS OFFENSIVE.

LETTERS DEPT.

As many of you readers do not know (we trust there are many of you new readers) the original MAD started as a comic book and has had a unique kind of success leading to this present format. Therefore, we are starting our letter column right off with mail currently being received on the old and now defunct MAD.—ed.

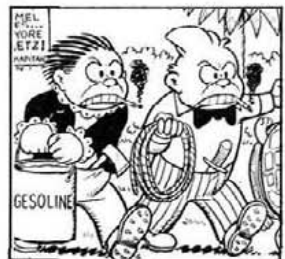
First and foremost might I say that I'm glad glad glad that MAD is expanding to an "adult magazine," as, being a young adult myself (college style) I feel . . . silly . . . pawing through Comic book departments looking for the latest MAD . . . Pat Whitney, University of Minnesota.

I am very disappointed in you. Why in the world are you stopping your publications of MAD? . . . Allen Lukacs, Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

. . . NO NONO NO NONO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO . . . FED-UP ED, N. Y., N. Y.

I always swore I would read MAD until the cows came home. Yesterday I read the latest copy. Brother, the cows came home! In the fat first place, I'm getting sick of your stupid takeoffs. A good example of my sudden cause for nausea was the satire (The Katchandhammer Kids).

For years, American youth has relied on these little devils to provide healthy material for their delinquent escapades. Our entire social structure is threatened when we laugh at the most endeared juvenile delinquents of this country. (The



Katchandhammer Kids

Katchandhammer Kids) have a place in our newspapers that is respected by some of our most notable racketeers, henchmen and criminals. They are the foundation of our underworld. Remove them and policemen, district attorneys, judges and all other men of the law would have their very jobs threatened . . . Sergeant Preston (No Address)

I dug the cover on MAD #23, and after thinking about it, I decided I'd better not waste time reading the mag. Richard Dathe, Dallas, Texas.



MAD issue 23

Stayed up all night wondering how you got the title "Gopo Gossam" (MAD Issue #23). It finally dawned on me. It's just "Mussog Opog" backwards. P. Rechler, Bklyn.



Gopo Gossam

You have gone too far. It was okay when you satirized McCarthy. It was okay when you satirized Superman and Captain Marvel. I wouldn't even mind if you wrote a story denouncing Molly Pitcher as a fifth amendment communist, or even if you wrote an editorial claiming that one of

SCIENCE DEPT.

Pilot Room. Pilot sits upright in extreme tip-top of rocket... preferably man with pointy head.

Radio Room. Completely outfitted for any emergency. Table and console models... regular and F-M, with fold-away Hi-Fi and bar.

Astronomy Room. Where stars will be observed, constellations mapped, galaxies charted horoscopes read, and fortunes told.

Television Room. Powerful television sending and receiving equipment here for receiving vital television messages like for instance Jackie Gleason Show.

Atomic Pile. On the left can be seen the pile. On the right can be seen detail of men putting pile back on shelves from where it fell into a messy old pile.

Supply Room. Supplies, spare parts, junk, trinkets to barter with alien moon life. Note stud poker game going on in the back.

Rocket tubes. Each giant tube is capable of huge thrust of incalculable millions of horsepower.

Propeller... just in case rocket tubes don't work.

Crew's Quarters. Cram-packed to save space. Scant furniture. As a matter of fact no furniture at all, just cram-packed with bodies.

Navigation Room. Completely outfitted with charts and maps, Esso road maps and a handy subway guide to New York City.

Observation Room. Has powerful optical instruments such as telescope rascally operator is training on girl's dormitory in nearby co-educational college.

Entrance. Note, behind entrance airlock, fancy reception room with receptionist, and etc. to impress visiting alien life.

Day Room. Facilities for ping-pong, Information and Education lectures, reading articles of war, and U.S.O. dances and like that.

P.X. or Post Exchange

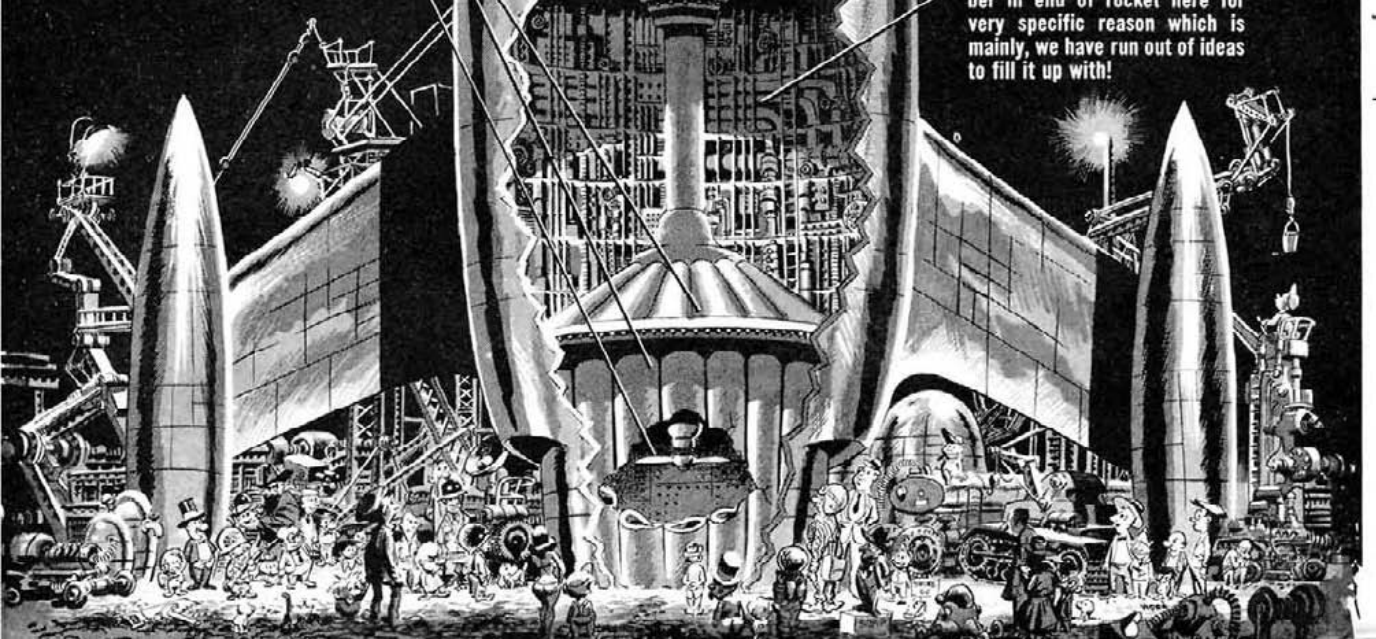
Non-Com. Officers' quarters

Commissioned Officers' quarters

Commanding Officer's quarters

Power-plant. Heart of rocket where power is supplied by simple expedient method of man energetically shovelling regular coal into furnace.

Empty Space. Large empty chamber in end of rocket here for very specific reason which is mainly, we have run out of ideas to fill it up with!



Is A Trip To The Moon Possible?



DR. X. FLINE SAUCER



CAPT. BUCK ROGER



MELVIN COZNOWSKI



COMMDR. ZORK ARGH

SCIENTISTS ANSWER IN LIGHT OF POSITIVE PROOF OF MAN'S CONQUEST OF FLIGHT AND EVIDENCE OF MAN'S ABILITY TO EXPLORE OUTER SPACE: IN OTHER WORDS... NO!

SHIP ABOUT TO BLAST OFF NOTE SLOW BURNING FUSE

No, not right this minute a trip to the moon is not possible, but sometime in the future, it is quite possible. In exploring this interesting question, MAD has brought together four of the leading authorities on space travel; authorities because they are the presidents of the largest science-fiction fan-clubs in the country. This article then, is a digest of a round table discussion they had. Naturally, a trip to the moon is quite possible, the panel of experts agreed; *not* (as we mentioned before) *right now*. The experts are not such dreamers. They realize such a stupendous feat is no simple matter, but is a slow and fantastically complex undertaking that needs incredible amounts of testing... lengthy amounts of time. A week from now would be more like it. Our experts were asked what a trip to the moon might look like. Although they could not agree whether the course would be through the 4th dimension or not, the following picture story is the way they decided a moon trip might look like. On the left is a cutaway diagram of a rocket that might take us to the moon. On the right is the rocket, about to blast off. Turn the page, dear reader, and blast off with us.





Inside the space-ship, feverish preparations are taking place right up till the very last minute. Khaki-clad attendants are busily strapping the crew into their places.

The crew needs to be strapped in because of the forces that will come into play, because of great strains their bodies must take, but mainly because they just don't want to go!



Standing on a distant hill-top, we watch the rocket take off into a darkening sky.



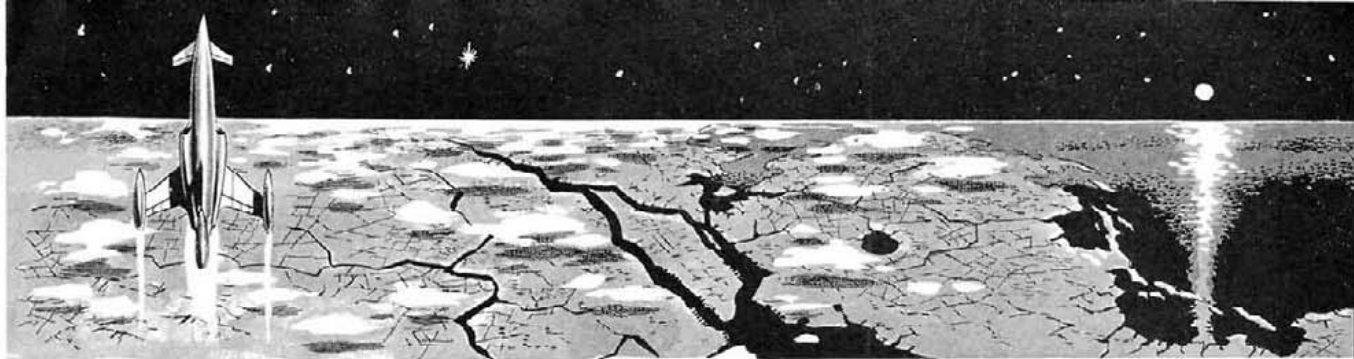
What hopes ride with this rocket; a streak of fire mounting into a purple void.



..... Oops!



Wrong rocket! Rocket is different rocket. That's 4th of July rocket, not our rocket.



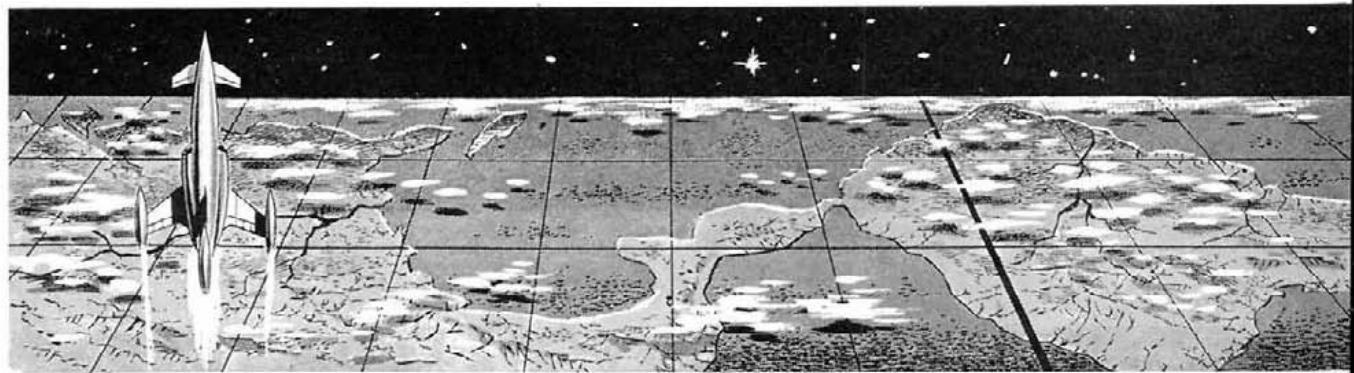
Our rocket, above, finally blasts off straight up, the terrain below rapidly shrinking to toy-like proportions. The moon sinks into the ocean as it drops over the horizon.

We'll meet it coming 'round. Below, familiar, yet strange contours take shape; the familiar contour of Manhattan... strange mainly because we blasted off from California.



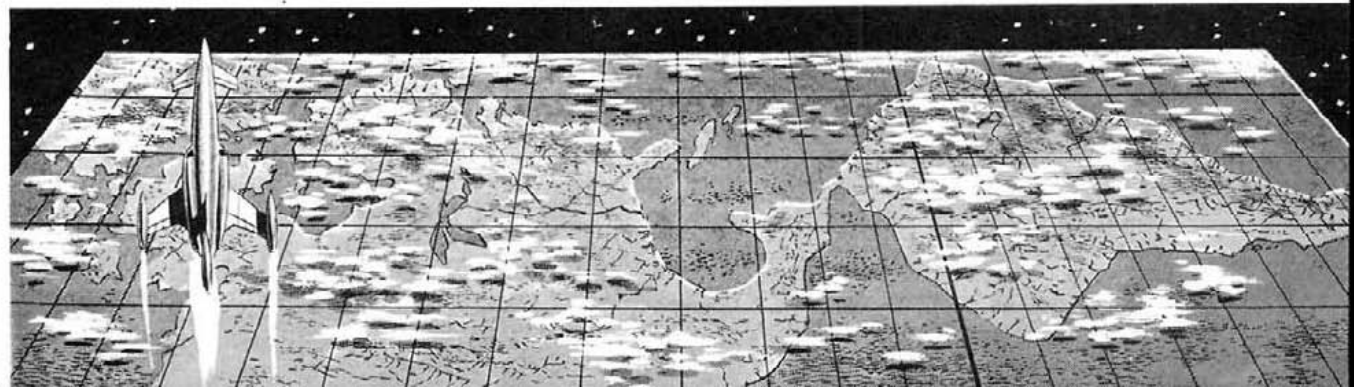
By George, we're lost! However it's not hard to take our bearings. As we rise higher, the earth looks like a huge map that you might be looking at in your geography book.

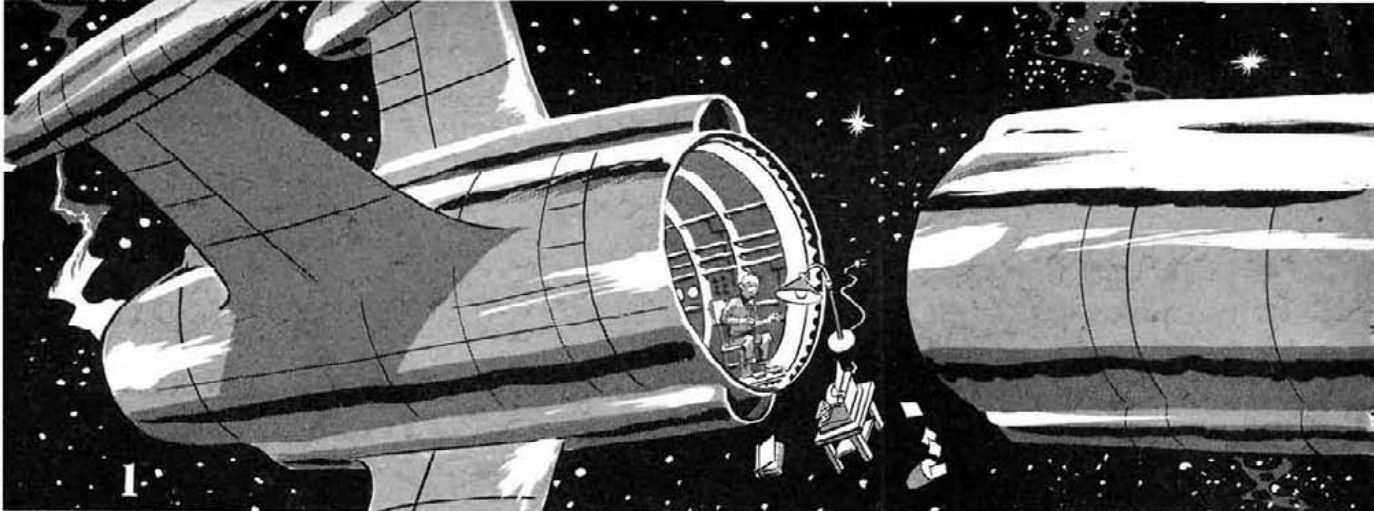
Complete in every detail... yes indeed. Why now you can see those straight latitude and longitude lines that you *always* see in your geography book. The heavy one is the equator.



Higher still; and now from a fantastic height where no bird nor airplane flies, the proportions of the earth below are so dwarfed as to give you the true shape of the horizon.

Here's proof of what they guessed back in the days of Columbus; no idle speculation, no calculation on paper here. Now you see it with your very eyes. Yes, *the earth is square*.





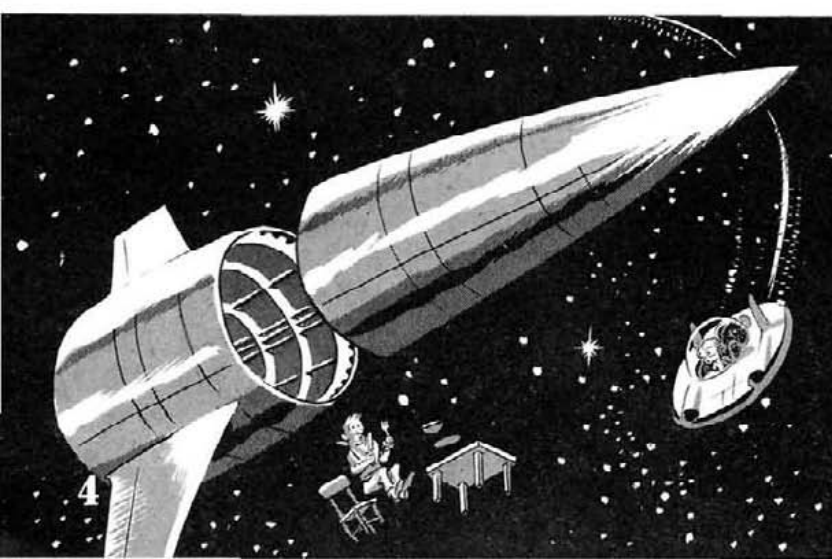
1
Now as the rocket proceeds, empty fuel tanks will only be excess weight. And so we get rid of a useless tank section (diagram 1) by pressing a button, jettisoning the section.

In a few minutes, another section (diagram 2) is emptied of fuel and now drags as excess baggage; unnecessary weight. So, with the press of a button we jettison another section.



2
Jettisoned section falls down on a new house just finished after 5 years hard work. Next guess what happens! (diagram 4) With a press of a button we jettison another section.

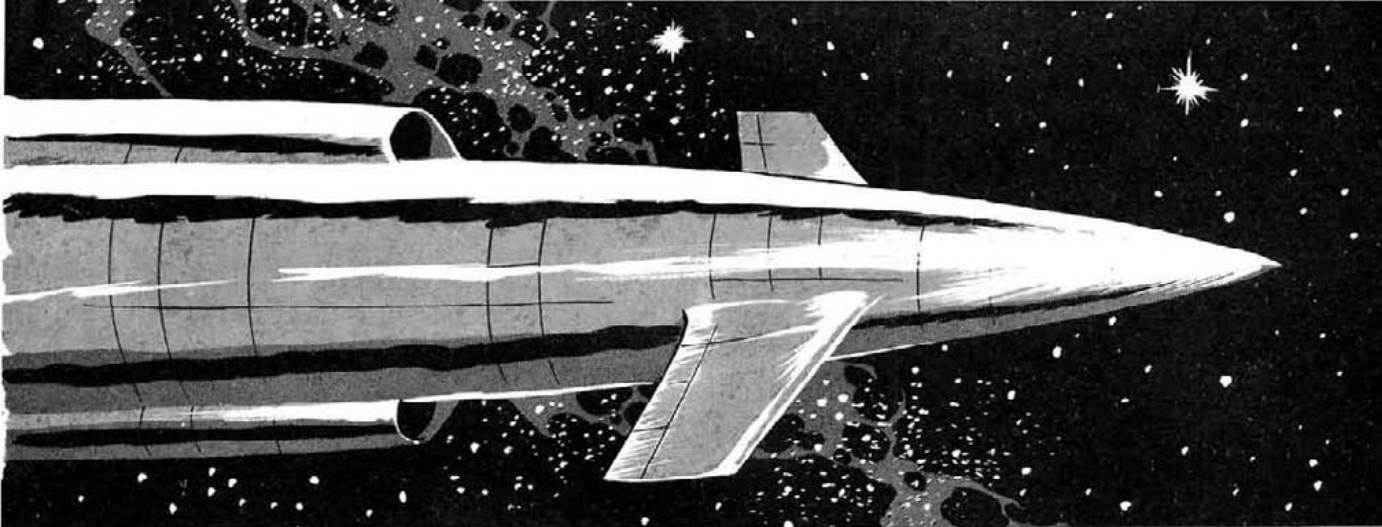
What remains of rocket is small unit packed with vital instruments and crew, plus emptying fuel tanks, so (diagram 5) with a press of a button, we jettison another section.



4

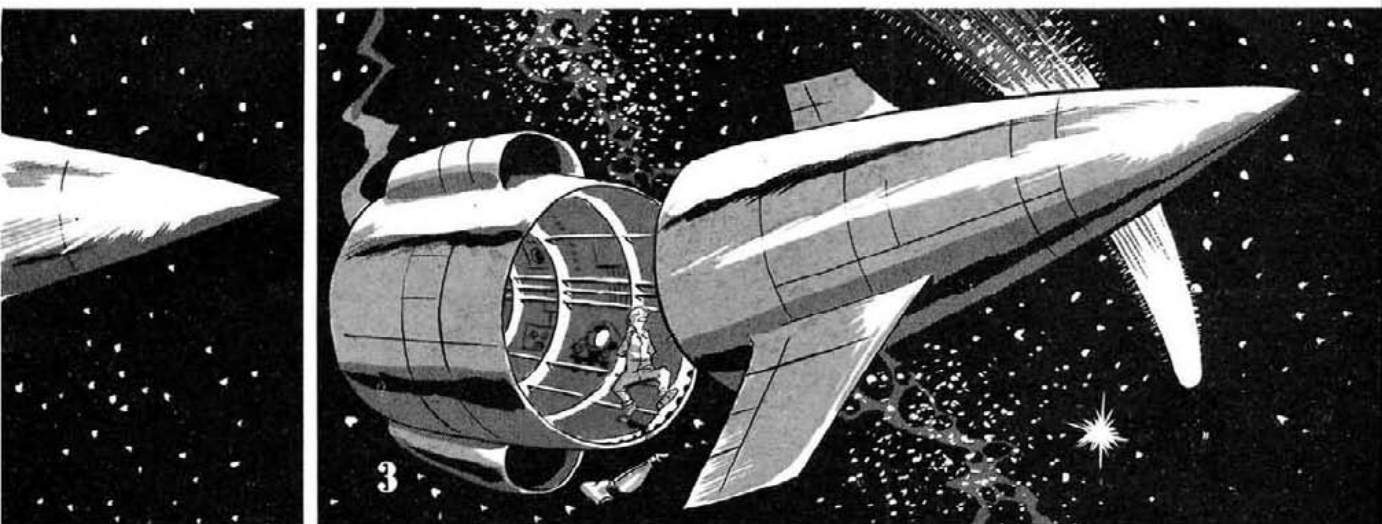


5



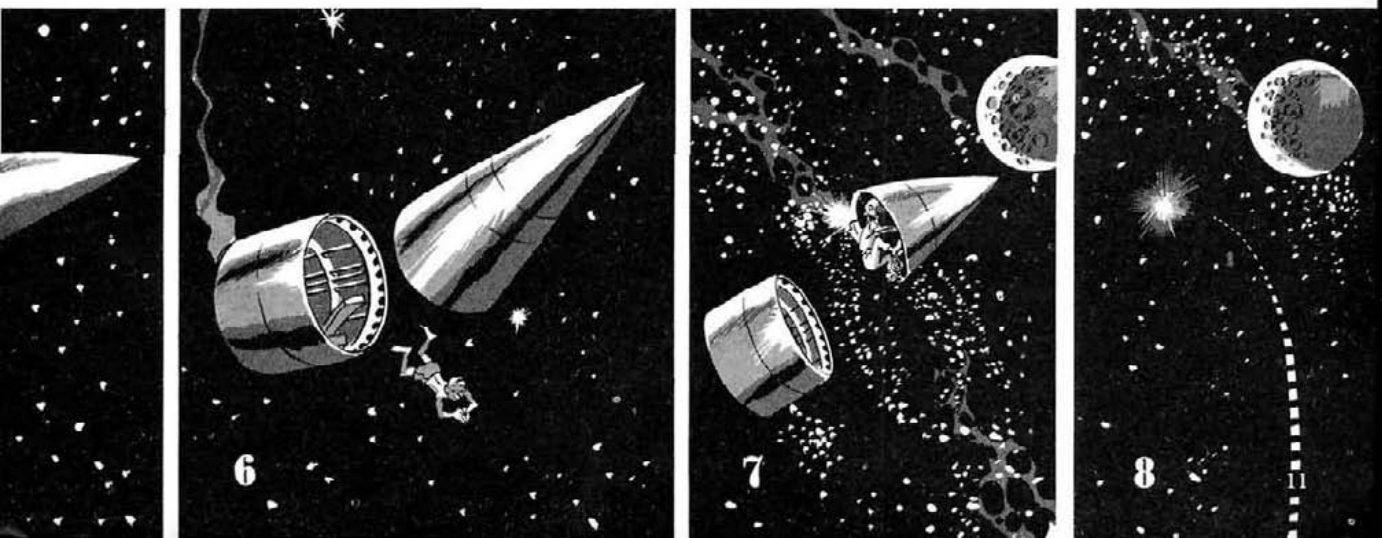
These jettisoned sections completely demolish a silo and a corn-crib down below. (Note that this is first article that has ever discussed what happens to jettisoned sections.)

Rocket leaps ahead as a new set of power units take over. But in a while, that section too is drained and (diagram 3) with a press of a button, we jettison another section.



Remaining rocket is now pure nerve-center, composed of vital intertwined pipes, wires, dials and clinging men as, (diagram 6) the press of a button jettisons another section.

Is left a tiny point with man pedalling furiously for final thrust to moon. (diagram 7) With press of button (diagram 8) we jettison another sec...oops! *No more sections!*



6

7

8

11



The space station. All kidding aside... the rocket has now freed itself of the earth's gravitational pull and is drifting in space. But the trip is halted at the half-way mark.

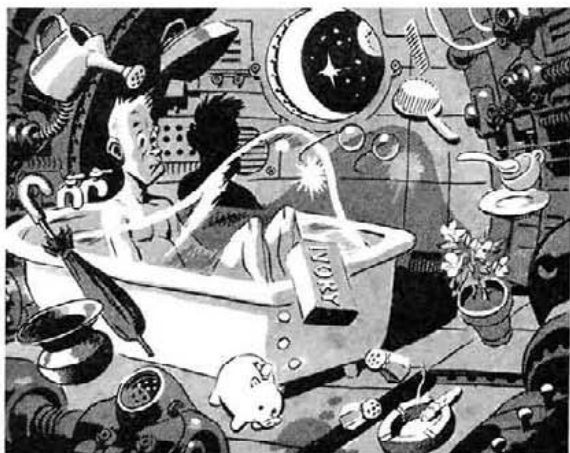
Since the rocket, packed as it is with instruments will have no room for luxuries, it is with understandable joy that the crewmen scramble towards the welcome space station.



The trip resumes. A note now on a phenomenon you will experience. As you leave gravity, you see objects rising.

You know the reason is because without gravity, everything floats. So you hasten to unfasten your safety belts.

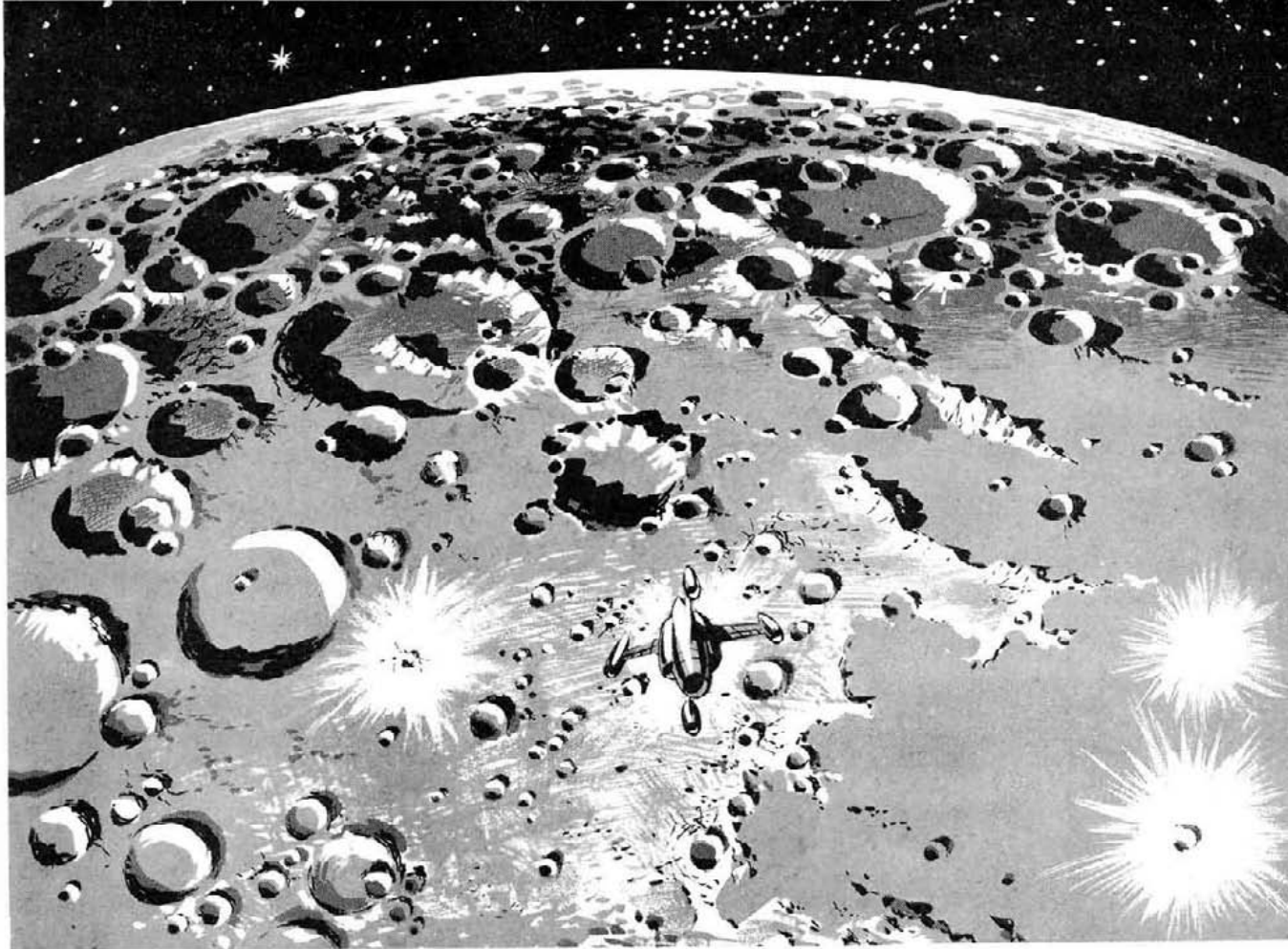
Your reason why objects rise is all wrong. Real reason is mainly because rocket ship is flying upside-down!



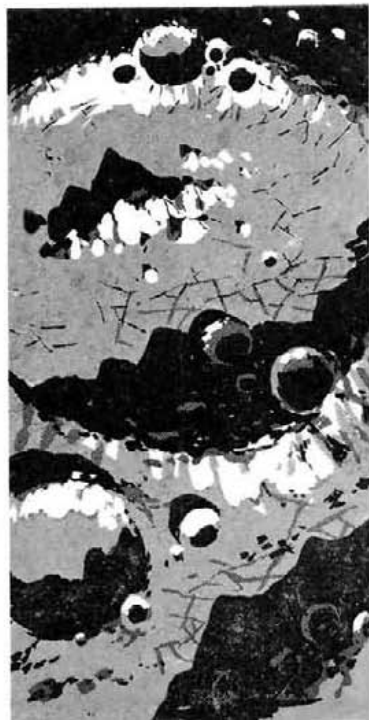
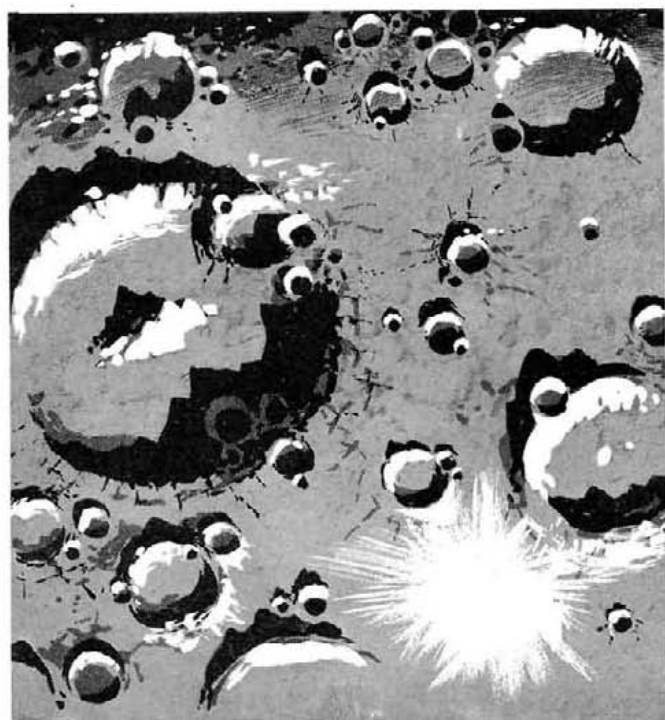
However, once you do get away from gravity, a warning. Don't have a sloppy rocket-ship with left-out tools floating all over the place, not put away. What's more, don't take baths!



If you take a bath, the water will, in all probability, float out of the bath-tub in a great big glob, and you'll float with it. And if you can't swim out, you'll drown!



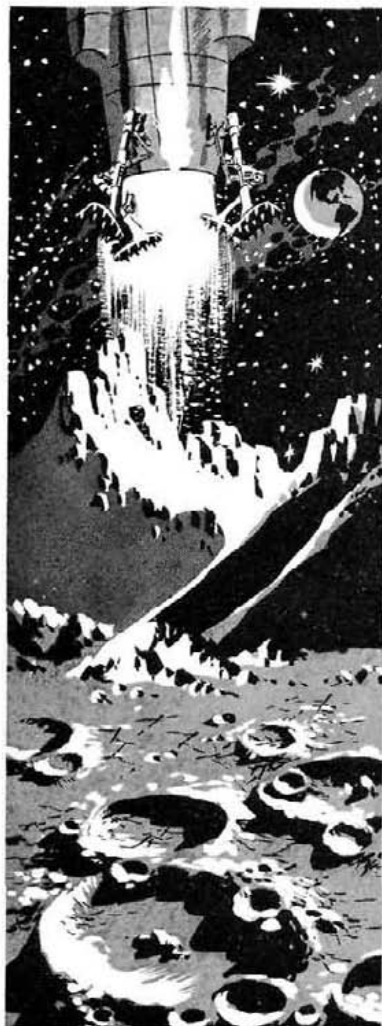
↑ Finally, the moon. This is how the moon will probably look from a thousand miles. ↓ As we approach, this is how the moon will probably look from seventy-five miles. ↓ As we come still closer... This is how the moon will probably look from 500 feet. And this is how the moon will probably look from one foot ONE FOOT? ↓





PULL UP FOOL! YOU'RE COMING IN TOO LOW!
By George, we nearly caught it then. Anyhow, now comes the biggest problem...that of successfully resisting and over-

coming a condition of inertia combined with increasing velocities that are further stimulated by the new lunar gravitational attraction...In other words we mustn't crash!



For this purpose a very clever mechanism is put into use. We reverse our position and back down slowly. Mean-

while 4 telescoping "legs" are extended. These legs terminate in swivelled feet enabling legs to rest on any surface.

This assures the rocket a firm footing, however irregular the surface is that the rocket might be coming down upon.



Miscalculated that one, eh? We'll need another arrangement for landing on a point. So there we are, our rocket crumpled up on the side of a moon mountain... a complete wreck.

It all goes to show these fancy diagrams you see printed for how rocket ships should work and how you should go to the moon... they never work out like they're supposed to!



Even if we *could* go to the moon, what scientist has solved the problem previously referred to in this article?



We ask the space scientists, what happens when, after we've reached the moon, the water rises about our feet?



What happens when the moon sinks into the ocean as it drops over the horizon (page 9)? As yet, there's no answer.

END

Report From Russia

The following exclusive report from behind the Iron Curtain is published in the hope that it will perhaps give a better insight into the strange workings of the Russian mind... a better understanding of the Russian people. Yes sir... you sure will understand Russian people much better if you read the following article.

Было когда-то на свете двадцать пять оловянных солдатиков. Все они были сыновьями одной матери — старой оловянной ложки — и, значит, приходились друг другу родными братьями. Они были очень красивы: ружьё на плече, грудь колесом, мундир красный с синим. Чудо что за солдатик!

Они лежали, все двадцать пять, в картонной коробке. В ней было темно и тесно. Но вот однажды коробка открылась.

— Ах, оловянные солдатик! — закричал маленький мальчик и от радости захлопал в ладоши.

Ему подарили оловянных солдатиков в день его рождения.

Мальчик сейчас же принялся расставлять оловянных солдатиков на столе. Двадцать четыре солдатака были совершенно одинаковые, а двадцать пятый солдатик был одноногий. Его отливали последним, и олова немножко не хватило. Впрочем, он и на одной ноге стоял так же твёрдо, как другие на двух. Вот с этим-то солдатиком и произошла замечательная история, которую я вам сейчас расскажу.

На столе, где мальчик расставил своих солдатиков, было много разных игрушек. Но лучше всех игрушек был чудесный картонный дворец. Сквозь его маленькие окна были видны все комнаты. Перед самым дворцом лежало зеркальце. Оно

было совсем как настоящее озеро, и вокруг этого зеркального озера на деревянных подставках стояли маленькие зелёные деревья. По озеру плавали восковые лебеди и, выгнув длинные шеи, любовались своим отражением.

Всё это было прекрасно, но всего милее была девушка, стоявшая на пороге в широко раскрытых дверях дворца. Она была тоже вырезана из картона; на ней была юбочка из тонкого батиста, на плече голубой шарф и на груди — блестящая брошка, такая большая, как голова самой девушки.

Красавица стояла на одной ножке, вытянув руки, — она была танцовщицей. Другую ногу она подняла так высоко, что наш оловянный солдатик совсем не заметил этой ноги и подумал, что красавица тоже одноногая, как и он сам.

“Вот бы мне такую жецу! — подумал оловянный солдатик. — Да только она, наверно, знатного ро-

да. Вон в каком прекрасном дворце живёт. А мой дом — простая коробка, да ещё набилось нас в эту коробку целых двадцать пять солдат. Нет, ей там не место! Но познакомиться с ней всё же не мешает”.

И солдатик притаился за табакеркой, которая стояла тут же на столе. Отсюда он отлично видел престелную танцовщицу.

Поздно вечером всех оловянных солдатиков, кроме одноногого — его так и не могли найти, — уложили в коробку, и все люди в доме легли спать. И вот, когда наступила тишина, игрушки сами стали играть в гости, в войну, а потом устроили бал. Оловянные солдатик стучали в стенки коробки — они тоже хотели выйти поиграть, да никак не могли приподнять крышку. Даже щелкунчик принялся кувыряться, а грифель пошёл плясать по грифельной доске. Поднялся такой шум и гам, что в клетке проснулась ка-

нарейка и тоже заговорила, да притом ещё стихами.

Только солдатик и танцовщица не двигались с места. Она по-прежнему стояла на одной ножке, вытянув руки вперёд, а он застыл с ружьём в руках, как часовой, и не сводил глаз с красавицы.

Прошло двенадцать. И вдруг — щёлк! — раскрылась табакерка.

В этой табакерке табак никогда не держали, а сидел в ней маленький чертёнок. Он выскочил из табакерки и оглянулся кругом. — Эй, оловянный солдатик — крикнул чертёнок. — Чего ты уставился на плясунью? Она слишком хороша для тебя.

Но оловянный солдатик притворился, будто ничего не слышит. — Вот ты как! — сказал чертёнок. Ну, погоди же до утра!

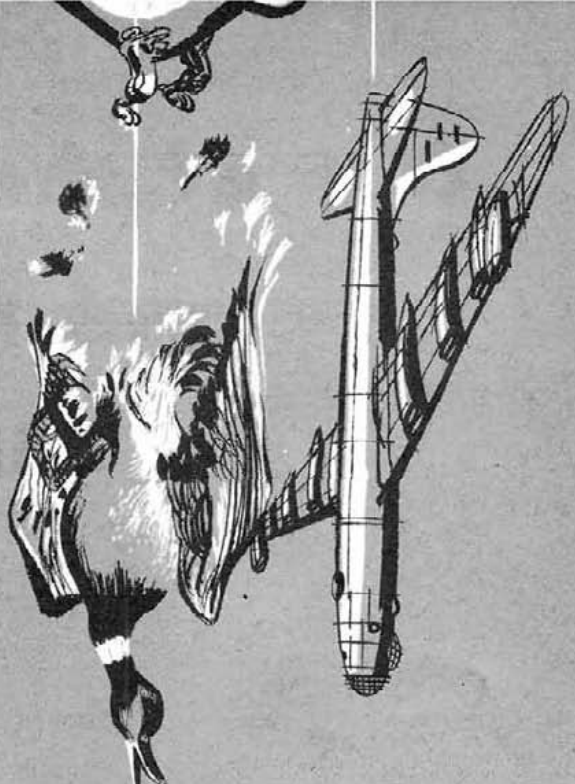


This is a tel-tapper-phonon. Tel-tapper-phoners are naughty creatures who can spoil everybody's pleasure by secretly wiring extensions onto everybody's telephones. Tel-tapper-phoners are everywhere these days it seems.

Don't be a tel-tapper-phonon. Or better still, don't be a phonon on a tel-tapper-phonon tapped telephone.

LITERATURE DEPT.

B. Krugstein



Out of the Frying Pan and into the Soup

THE FIRST PART OF

A ½ PART NOVEL

He fired. The mallard and the gabardine made a half turn, then dropped into the marsh...also..., one sparrow, one caneton, and a B-36

Out of the Frying Pan and into the Soup

THE FIRST PART OF
A 1/2 PART NOVEL



"PAPPA" HEMINGHAW

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
Ernest Hemingway, author of "For Who the Bell Tolls?" etc., is known and revered the world over for his fine writing. In the following novel, you will once more be fascinated by the fast moving Hemingway style . . . the gut-gripping Hemingway action. Only onetrouble. Following novel is written by ELI WALLACH.

He filled the mortar with grapeshot and waited in the shooting can. He could hear the whir of snipe wings in the predawn light. Then a pair of snipe came in from the ocean, one mallard and one gabardine flying in formation. He waited till they were directly overhead. His hand was steady on the mortar and he knew he was shooting as well as ever. He fired. The mallard and the gabardine made a half turn, then dropped into the marsh. He could hear the splash and he watched with satisfaction as the dog set out through the marshes to retrieve. The grapeshot had also brought down one sparrow, one *carneton*, and a B-36.

The shooter packed up the mortar. I can still shoot, he thought, and shoot like I did when I was twenty or thirty, shoot as good as any uniformed civilian in the platoon. He started to get sore at those who couldn't shoot as well, but then he said to himself, this was a wonderful shoot. I've got to keep it whole and true. I can't let anything spoil it.

He was sixty and a Private First Class in the Army of the United States, but he had been a corporal and he had had two hemispheres shot from under him, not that he didn't know he was going to lose them, but they said go in with the hemispheres, and he went in with the two hemispheres because he was a soldier and that was what he was supposed to do. And now he was sixty and a Private First Class in the Army of the United States, and it didn't look as though he would live to be a corporal again.

The driver reached the outskirts of Paris. The Pfc slumped

in the rear of the limousine, his trench coat collar high about his face as they crossed the river, blue-green as rivers are in Wisconsin.

"Here we are, sir," said the driver.

"Shut your goddam mouth and talk when you're told to talk." He was sixty and he was a Private First Class in the Army of the United States. I shouldn't have said that, he thought. I've got to hang on to my temper. "You like Toulouse-Lautrec?" he asked the driver.

"I don't like to lose anybody," said the driver.

They pulled up in front of the hotel. The Pfc dismissed the driver and walked into the bar. Pierre embraced him. Pierre wore a paper clip on his lapel.

"Brother Shifter," said the Pfc, joyfully seizing Pierre by the shoulders and shaking him. The Pfc shined his own paper clip. The Shifters were a sort of unofficial club for men who loved the infantry.

The Pfc looked out the window at the hotel's lawn. It was wide, expansive, flanked by a hedgerow, with two knolls making high points. "Pierre," he said, "If you were in command of two men charged with policing this area, what would you do?"

Pierre hesitated. He had never been a Pfc, and he was unfamiliar with military problems that encompassed more than bed-making. "I'd start on the flank and take that first knoll."

The Pfc smiled grimly. He knew that the first knoll would fall of its own weight. The way to do it was to work from the flank outward, bypass the knoll, come up around the second knoll, driving hard and true, taking the loose paper up with the butts, just as he had done when he was in Fort Bragg.

"Where's Mignonette?" he asked.

Pierre's voice softened. "Over at *La Chienne Morte*."

"Alone?"
"I'll call," said Pierre, picking up the phone. He spoke a few minutes, then hung up. "She's there," he said, "but not alone, Mon Pfc."

"Not alone?"

"No, Mon Pfc," Pierre said.

"There are people with her?"

"Yes, there are people with her," said Pierre.

"She is not alone," said the Pfc.

Copyright 1951 by Ira Wallach.

"No. She is not alone. There are people with her." Pierre looked away. He loved them both, the Pfc and Mignonette. The Pfc drank a whiskey.

"Don't be a silly," said Pierre. "She'll be alone soon."

"I'm not a silly. I'm a bitter." The hell with the sillies, he thought, and the hell with the bitters, and the alives and the stupids. He thought of the deads, and the deads, he thought, were better than the alives and the stupids, and they were every bit as good as the bitters, too.

"Bring me some Citronella '16 from the cask," he said.

"I've saved it for you, Mon Pfc," said Pierre. He went to the cellar and got it, and the Pfc sat there, waiting for Mignonette to be alone, and drinking the true Citronella, a silky wine, not a grand wine, but a good true honest wine and a brave one, and not a sniveling cowardly wine, devious and untrue.

Then the phone rang, and Pierre answered it. He turned quietly and said, "It's all right now, Mon Pfc. She is alone."

The Pfc put a cask of Citronella in his shirt and slipped away.

He walked along the streets where the rain fell always, and it was falling today like it had fallen that day when he was a corporal, and the raking fire came down, and he lost the hemisphere because somebody said go, and he went because he was a soldier and a corporal in the Army of the United States. He passed the little corner shop with the hams in the window, and the Spam, and the Wheaties, and the Brillo, and the Farina, and two mops with bright new handles, and a row of ketchup, straight-standing honest ketchup. Then he reached *La Chienne Morte* and stopped at the bar for a whiskey collins. After he took a sip he turned and saw her at a corner table.

She was tall for her age, and fresh, with a young unspoiled beauty and a hint of a bust development. She wore her confirmation bouquet boldly, and when she laughed her laughter spilled down over her pinafore and you looked at her knee-length socks and you could feel your heart breaking as you looked. The Pfc strode over. "Hello," he murmured, sitting down next to her. He took her hands in his.

"I'm sorry I'm late, grandpop," she murmured. "Tell me all about your tactical and strategic conclusions concerning the Second World War. I want to share everything with you."

Tell her what? About the deads and the alives, or the time outside Bragg he outflanked the C.O. and sneaked back after bed-check, or the bloody fight up the hill to the USO Club where he lost his whole contingent because the chaplain, who had never delivered a sermon in anger, said it would be a good show?

"Do you love me?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I love you," she said.

"Let me see your profile," he said.

"Where is it?" she asked, simply.

"On the side of your face," he said, turning her head.

"You know so much, grandpop," she whispered. "And you're so wise and kind."

"I love you true," he said. "I love you straight. I love you honest. I love you sincere."

They each had a double Martini. "It is necessary to say," he continued, "that I have seen many lovelies in my time. But you are the loveliest of the lovelies. And now, let us drink some of the true Citronella and stop this talking and love each other. Then we shall go out."

He poured two more glasses of Citronella from the cask. She lifted her glass and drank it straight and decent, without making a show of it, but putting it right into her mouth and letting it drain down to her true intestines. He watched

her.

"I love you whatever that is," he said.

"I love you whatever that is," she answered.

"You are mine whatever that is," he said. "My only mine, my real mine."

"I am your real mine and you are my real mine," she said, "whatever that is."

They walked out, taking a new cask of Citronella with them. They walked until they reached the river.

On the surface of the river an old telephone booth floated by. The Pfc took her by the arm and led her to the bank of the river. Then he retrieved the telephone booth with a long pole. He opened the door. She got in. Then he gave a strong push and jumped in after her, closing the door behind them. They floated along. They lay together under an old copy of *Le Temps*. He tucked a headline under his chin.

"You're crushing my confirmation bouquet," she whispered.

"I love you," he answered.

"You are my good, my true."

A voice said, "Five cents for the next five minutes, please."

They ignored it.

"You are my short, my tall."

"Don't let's think of anything."

"All right. Nothing. Let's not think."

The phone booth floated under a bridge. Above them the evening sun shone through the panes of the door. He put his foot through the classified ads as he writhed in sweet desperation.

"We're home, pop," she said.

The phone booth pulled up at the hotel. They got out quietly in the street where the moon shone always, and they walked hand in hand until they came to his room.

She sat on the edge of the bed. "Does your bridgework hurt now?" she asked.

"No," he lied. It always hurt, and he loved the hurt because he loved all scars and all pain and all the marks that men carry with them if they are men who have slugged it out and taken it, and given it if they had it in them to give.

"I love it," she said.

"I love it because it's yours and it hurts," she whispered. He slipped her the temporary bridge and turned away.

She sat there fondling the bridgework and holding it to her cheek. "It makes me feel sad and glad and unhappy and I love it because it's yours."

"I love you," he said, as his gums slapped. "Give me my teeth and let me go."

She kissed him true and fierce and firm and honest.

He got up and left.

The car drove out of Paris. "Take the next left turn to Pamplona," he said to the driver.

"Yes," said the driver.

"Yes, sir," said the Pfc.

"Yes, sir," amended the driver. "Would you like to lose Lautrec?"

"Don't give me any of your Fra Filippo Lippi," said the Pfc.

In the back seat the Pfc thought about the shoot. Behind him the outlines of Paris faded. Morosely, he shined his paper clip. He had handled the mortar well and although he didn't get many snipe, he got them the way he liked to get them. And he had said goodbye to Mignonette and this was his last love, and that was that.

The hell with the fats and the thins!

END

SPORTS DEPT.



BEER

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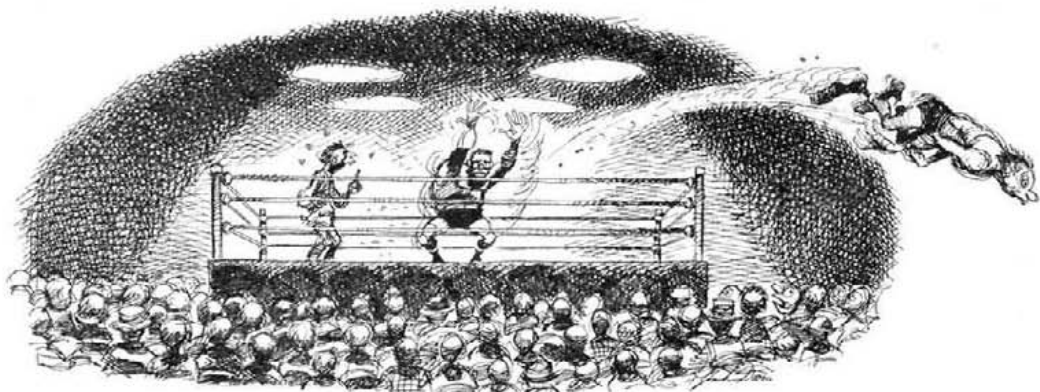
I JUST CAME FROM THE ARTHUR SHOW

VICKI VAUGHN

JERED
MIRKEY MANTLE
YOSI BERRA
PHIL RIEUDO
ED LORAT
BOBBY BROWN
JOHN SAIN
JOSE COLLINS
BOB KUZALA
FRANK BAILEY
GUS MAJELLA

MANY ARTICLES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AGAINST THIS RED BLOODED SPORT. HOWEVER WE INTEND TO SHOW THE VIRTUES OF THIS RED BLOODED SPORT...THIS GOOD AND RED BLOODED SPORT: PROFESSIONAL...

WRESTLING



You have by now no doubt read one of the many magazine articles which tell you that professional wrestling is bunk. It is with these *foul* articles that we come to *grips*, and we hope this will *break the hold* of these writings as we *pin* down our evidence. Speaking for ourselves, we have found professional wrestling to be a fine upstanding sport, ranking alongside of the most reputable of the spectator sports, with all the skill and athletic prowess present that is evinced in the more popular games. We found this out the other night when we attended our first wrestling match.


The day of our assignment to cover the wrestling matches had been fairly trying. We had had a minor little old silly disagreement with our publisher and boss. (of course, concerning the disagreement, our boss was absolutely in the right and we were completely and foolishly in the wrong) In any case, we were in not too good a mood at the wrestling matches, and the point of explaining all this is to show you that when we went to the wrestling matches, we were prepared to criticize and sneer at anything because of our state of mind. Well, in spite of our bad temper and all, the very first match changed our mood entirely. Our problems of the day vanished immediately as we watched in fascination the skill and athletic prowess that was evinced by the first two contestants. We found it very exciting to see the first

contestant, (who looked like Tarzan) skillfully grapple the second contestant, (who, as a point of interest, by the strangest coincidence, looked *exactly* like our boss). And what was even more thrilling was when the first contestant deftly delivered a terrific fore-arm chop to the second contestant (who sure looked exactly like our boss). He then followed up with a crushing drop kick to the back of the neck of the opponent who looked like our boss. But the best part was when he jumped up and down with both feet on the stomach of the boss opponent and then he gave that boss a kick in the head and threw that rotten no-good bum boss out of the ring.

So you see what we mean when we say professional wrestling is fine, upstanding sport? See how it's a matter of skill what you enjoy? It's all skill! ... That's all... Skill! ... Skill or be skilled! We recommend everyone should by all means go one night a week to watch this skilling.

Anyhow, back to these wrestling matches. On the following pages, we shall attempt to show you with the help of scenes from the contests, what professional wrestling is like. Picture yourself settled comfortably on your cold, small hardwood chair in Madison Square Garden... a little old man in back of you giggling quietly to himself, a skinny teenager shrieking in a falsetto on your left, a fat, turbanned woman with tiny blue eyes swinging a cowbell on your right, and an usher standing directly in front of you... all fine red-blooded, upstanding wrestling fans. The contestants thread their way through the blue cigarette haze and onto the brilliantly lit "boxing ring". And here's the way the wrestling matches go:

CONTINUED

 Here we see an usher's eye view of the good old red-blooded wrestling fans as they sit in the gallery drinking beer, blowing horns, grinding sirens, and shouting quaint folksy expressions like forinstance "Kill him!" and "Tear his arm off!"



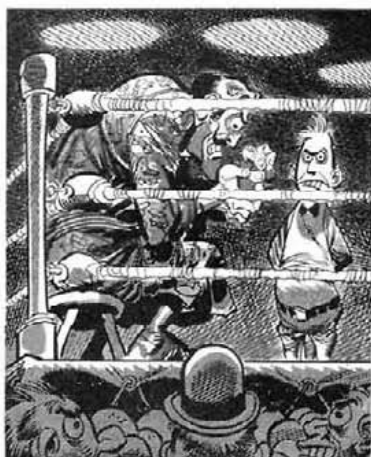
The first match, Kid Kindyouth vs. Offensive Herman, is the type where you have a good guy against this bad guy...



Wow, is he bad. Hoo boy! When he comes into the ring... before the audience can boo him...he boos the audience.



Then he sticks out his tongue, blows razzberries, and finally settles down in his corner to tear wings off flies.



Kid Kindyouth, the good guy, is handsome young typical teen ager... the resulting product of clean U.S. living.



Contrariwise to Offensive Herman, Kid Kindyouth gives out handshakes, autographs, money... a really nice guy!



He pastes the wings back on the flies. It's plain who *this* crowd roots for... That's right...for Offensive Herman.



All kidding aside, referee brings the boys together to instruct about regulations. Now comes part where Kid offers to shake hands. You know how you look at rotten bananas?



How you look at rotten bananas is how Offensive Herman looks at Kid's outstretched hand, which instead of shaking, Offensive Herman mashes out a ringside spectators lit cigar in.



The bout isn't even started. The contestants walk back to their corners. In a rapid series of actions Offensive Herman sneaks behind Kid Kindyouth and gives him a kick ...



... then gives him a trip, then while Kid removes sweater, gives him rabbit-punch, and finally picks referee's pocket. You begin to suspect that Offensive Herman may not be fair.



Next, when the bell rings, Offensive Herman rushes in throwing a quick fore-arm smash, a drop-kick, a hammer lock, a half nelson and an airplane spin ... On the referee, that is.



It's when Kid Kindyouth runs to save referee from a nasty fall giving Offensive Herman a chance to clamp on a chokehold that you really begin to dislike Offensive Herman.



Still not content, Offensive Herman in rapid succession lifts up the groggy Kid and throws him through the ropes.



Then drags him up aisle to the exit ...



where he throws him down the steps ...



Then drags him out into the hallway ... where he throws him out the window ...



Then drags him back to the ring where he starts tying a noose in the microphone cord to finish the Kid for good.



However, unfortunately for Offensive Herman, he has *somehow* antagonized the Kid who rallies back with a look that beats Herman to his knees. Which proves... crime doesn't pay!

"Or does it?" we ask, hearing the jingling cash registers as wrestling fans rush wildly to buy tickets for next week's come-back bout. The Kid ties Offensive into a pretzel.



But how Kid *really* wins is by a secret hold ... the Mongolian head-hold which he learned in the Orient. This hold, by applying simple pressure to the head paralyzes opponent.

The bout is over and the wrestlers climb out of the arena. Needless to say, the crowd has gone wild and is only appeased after falling upon the luckless Offensive Herman.



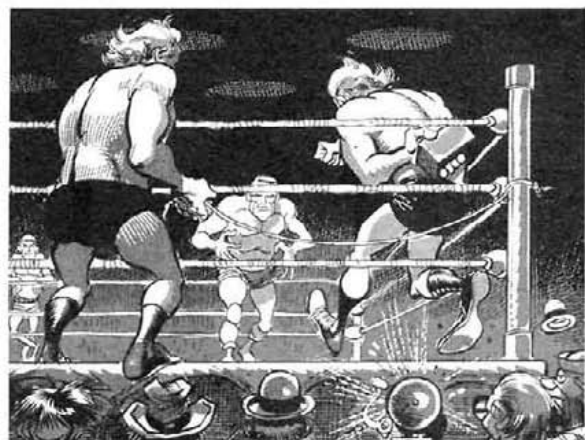
The next match is like the first match only twice as much. This is the "tag-team" type match where you have these here good guys, Tom Strongheart and Dick Stoutfellow, vs.

these here bad guys, Art Rottencore and Reggie Spoilsport. These guys are so bad, you just watch them standing around doing nothing and you already want them to get the works.



They take a half an hour to remove their fancy silk shirts with gold sequins embroidered on them and when they shake hands they have trick joy-buzzers concealed in their palms.

Now, the way a "tag-team" type match operates is, the two wrestlers go into the ring to wrestle and two stay outside the ropes, until a partner tags their hand for relief.



The match begins. Watch favorite dirty trick. Rottencore clamps headlock on Strongheart, keeping back to referee.

This is to hide foul goings on like giving blows in face, pushing fingers in eyes, giving chokes around throat.

In this case, foul goings on are mainly where Rottencore is hiding illegal hitting in the head with revolver.



It's a shame the way Rottencore uses his clears on Strongheart who pitifully reaches to tag his partner for relief. It's a shame the way people enjoy brutality and torture.



Except when brutality and torture is used on bad guys is no shame. Stoutfellow leaps into ring. (note protector over old knee injury) His ferocious expression floors Rottencore.



Rottencore runs away on his knees begging for mercy. But after all...this Rottencore is undoubtedly sadistic.

Stoutfellow should take this sadist and kick all his teeth down his throat. Meanwhile Rottencore is playing foxy.

He is shamming and at the first opportunity he throws a tooth-lock on Stoutfellow. (note knee injury protector.)



Whilst Art Rottencore clears Stoutfellow's knee injury, Reggie Spoilsport (unbeknownst to the referee) loops a throttlecord about Stoutfellow's throat. This is illegal, you know.

And whilst Rottencore smashes the referee's glasses and continues to work on Stoutfellow's knee, Spoilsport breaks a beer bottle for a weapon. However Strongheart intervenes.



Although it is illegal, everyone jumps into ring in one squirming mess... Strongheart, Spoilsport, Stoutfellow, Rottencore, the referee, and the fat lady with the cow-bell.



Ring is cleared after Strongheart clamps secret hold, the Kentucky toe-bend which he learned in the mountains. This hold, by simple pressure to the toe, paralyzes opponents.



Next match is main event. This is type match where you have fancy characters, like forinstance, Yukon Klondike.

Yukon Klondike is a lumberjack out of the Northwoods. The way he comes in is pumping rapidly along on a log.

Yukon Klondike is known for enormous physique. He is so strong, he goes through ropes by tearing them apart.



He will be pitted against Antonino Rockingchair from South America. Rockingchair is all the time bouncing.

For he is an incredible acrobat and he comes in barefoot, no shoes, no stockings. And mainly... always bouncing.

He never sits still...in the ring, in his dressing room, in the street, always bouncing, bouncing, bouncing



The bell rings. Yukon Klondike, divested of his wool-shirt, his hat with ear-flaps, his hatchet and his log... stands like Mount Everest, waiting for Antonino Rockingchair...

... who comes cartwheeling, leaping and bounding out of his corner in such a way as to build up tremendous momentum and in a final burst of speed, hurtles toward Yukon Klondike.



with a pile-driver solar-plexus-smash.

Undismayed, Rockingchair leaps about the ring again so's to build up huge force with the help of gravity for...



... a pogo-stick head-smash!

Rockingchair now prepares most famous blow, building up deadly power surge for...

...the drop-kick-bang-smash!



Now Antonino Rockingchair leaps about in wild reckless leaps like never before. Only *now* reason he is leaping is not to build up power, *now* reason he is leaping is to relieve pain.



Enough fooling around. Rockingchair goes into his most famous hold of all... the Argentine back-breaker. The way he does this is he skillfully hoists Klondike over his back.



Then he skillfully juggles Klondike's body up and down in a certain special way so as to deftly break the back. Sure enough it works! ... Antonino Rockingchair's back is broken.



JIVARO FINGERNAIL PINCH

At this point, stimulated by the sight of Rockingchair painfully trying to drag his crushed body from beneath the weight of Klondike, the crowd is going wild. Rockingchair extricates himself. Now it is obvious that he is weakened by the fact that he no longer bounces around the ring but merely dribbles. Nevertheless, he manages to end the fight with a secret hold. Antonino Rockingchair clamps on Yukon Klondike the Jivaro finger-nail pinch which Rockingchair learned in the jungles along the Amazon. This hold, by simple pressure to a finger-nail edge, paralyzes the opponent. The crowd, worked up to a fever pitch, is an undulating mass of waving fists, flying chairs and flying people. But what really drives the crowd wild is when the bout is over, Antonino Rockingchair in leaping from the ring, trips on the rope and stubs his bare toe scratching it a little. At the sight of blood, the crowd *really* goes wild, and like a rampaging river, goes streaming out of exits, windows, vents, and cracks, into street. Boy, do they go wild. And to this day, you can find them in Central Park in a large tract where the underbrush and trees grow particularly thick. There that crowd sits, perched in the tree-tops, chattering, amongst themselves and examining each other's heads for bits of salt. Boyoboy did *they* go wild.

END

NEWSPAPER COMICS DEPT.

To read following without discomfort of turning magazine sideways leave magazine stationary; merely turn body sideways.

By Bill Elder



AH... AN ADVENTURE-TYPE COMIC-STRIP SCENE! ... THAT'S MUCH BETTER!

By B. E.



STUPID BUNGLING FOOL! ... THAT IS THE WRONG LITTLE GIRL WITH DOG! THAT IS LITTLE MELVIN ROONEY!

By Elder



YOU SEE... UPWIND JOHNSON DOESN'T HAVE A FACE!

AIR MEAT!
FLYING RED HORSES IN FLYING BOXCARS SOUTH BENDS IND 5-17-65.



YOUR HUSBAND IS HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! TOO MUCH OF THE SAME ROUTINE YEAR AFTER YEAR!

WHAT HE NEEDS IS A COMPLETE CHANGE OF SCENE!



I SAID WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE LAW INTO OUR OWN HANDS! WITH DOG!

SAHIB! THERE IS THE LITTLE MISS! ... THERE IS LITTLE GIRL WITH DOG!



... IS THAT BECAUSE HE'S SO HAND-SOME YOU MUSTN'T SEE HIS FACE? ... IS THAT BECAUSE HE'S SO GOOD LOOKING? ... HAH? HAHHAH? HAH?

WHY, THE REASON NOBODY CAN SEE HIS FACE IS QUITE SIMPLE!



... THE SAME HOUSE! ... THE SAME OFFICE! ... THE SAME FAMILY! ... THE SAME POSTMAN!

FETCH THE DOCTOR, CHIL-DREN!



... BY GEORGE! ... IN THIS SITUATION, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE LAW INTO OUR OWN HANDS!

BUT SAHIB, THAT IS A DETECTIVE... THAT IS THE LAW YOU ARE CHOKING!



WELL, HOW COME NO MATTER WHAT ANGLE I LOOK AT HIM I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE... HAH SMILIN' MELVIN?... HAH?... HAH?

WHY NOBODY'S SEEN UPWIND JOHNSON'S FACE!



I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!... THE SAME THINGS DAY AFTER DAY!

DOGWOOD! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN



YOU SAY THAT THEY'RE HOLDING A LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL WITH A DOG? THAT'S LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN! LET'S RESCUE HER, BOYS!

SMILIN' MELVIN



GOSH, SMILIN' MELVIN, WHO IS THAT FELLOW OVER THERE WHO THE GIRLS ARE ALWAYS RUNNING AFTER, HAH, SMILIN' MELVIN?

WHY THAT'S MY PAL, UPWIND JOHNSON!

AIR MEET!
BUYING BOXCARS FROM MAY-18'S 6-3-65

BRUNETTE

CRIME DEPT.

EVERY ISSUE, THE EDITORS DIP INTO THE "SPICY DETECTIVE AND GORYSTORY" FILES TO BRING YOU THE TOP NOTCH CRIME-OF-THE-MONTH. THESE CRIMES ARE SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR THEIR PAINSTAKING POLICE WORK, THEIR VALUE AS SOCIOLOGICAL DOCUMENTS... BUT MAINLY FOR THEIR BLE-ECHHHH!



The ammunition in this gun matched perfectly the water in the glass.

CLASSY CRIMES #138: "Who put the

By Bernard Shir-Cliff
Special "MAD" Investigator.

FRAMISH, MASS. Chief of Detectives Francis L. Guteberger was casing the cap off another bottle of beer and examining a rare new species of orchid when the telephone rang, bringing word of the case that would rock the State of Massachusetts and propel him straight into national prominence and out again in a jiffy. It was a man's voice speaking:

"Hello. This Chief Guttberger?"
"Guteberger. Pronounce the first part like 'foot'."

"Yeah. Well look here, Footburger, this is Milo Quackenbush, prominent society doctor. I'm out here in East Framish with a nifty little case of poisoning, which I'm breaking it for the late city editions but if you hurry you can still be in for the pix. You want a

Face of boy who was heard to remark "What? Me worry?"



look-see?"

Chief Francis L. Guteberger had not spent thirty years on the force for nothing. Now his lawman's nose sensed the importance behind this seemingly routine call.

"Where did you say you are?"
"15784 1/4 Wojehowicz Drive. And step on it. I don't want to keep the press waiting."

Boston has its Back Bay, San Francisco its Nob Hill. In East Framish the mecca for those of affluence and impeccable social position is along swank Wojehowicz Drive. Half an hour later a squad car careened around the corner and drew up at 15784 1/4. Thirty-five patrolmen piled out, followed by Chief Guteberger.

Inside, all was confusion. Several hundred newsmen, photographers, sob-sisters, thrill-seekers and morticians had already arrived and were conversing in groups while servants circulated with drinks and trays of canapés. Dr. Quackenbush, a suave, dapper medico, rushed forward.

"Ah, Guttstuffer. So glad you could come. Step right this way. We're just about ready for the pictures."

As he led the way back to the library, Dr. Quackenbush paused to slip in a heavy chunk of exposition. "Seamus Murphy," he intoned, reading from his prepared script, "was a self-made man. Few will realize, seeing this tasteful palace of elegance and ritz which it is, also well-stocked with art curios from the culture spots of the world, that it all sprang from humble type beginnings. Starting in 1900 with one bar

and one boat, Seamus amassed his entire fortune (reaching well into three figures) in the South American guano trade. In 1938 he retired from business and toured the world to hunt wild game—mostly mice and the like. Next slide please. Here we see Singapore, Pearl of the Antilles. It is here that Murphy met Voona, the beautiful Eurasian girl already famed as the Belle of Borneo, and subsequently Mrs. M. Their life together has been one long bout of connubial bliss, marred only by a single interruption, (beginning in 1947 and lasting until this morning) when the lovely Voona locked herself in the bathroom with Vasily Vasevolodovitch, her faithful orang-outang hand-servant, and refused to communicate with her spouse. House lights please."

Chief Guteberger's eyes narrowed. "And what happened this morning?" he asked.

"A very shrewd question," said Dr. Quackenbush. "This morning, when the lovely Voona emerged, she found her beloved husband Seamus lying on the rug in the library with his feet sticking straight up in the air and a thoughtful expression on his face."

"Ach see?"

"Naturally, she supposed he was merely resting, and informed him jokingly that the bathroom was now free. When he made no response, she gave his legs a playful tap. With a hollow clank, Seamus Murphy fell over on his side. It was then that Mrs. M. engaged my services."

"You mean—?"

"Exactly! Seamus Murphy was dead



Dr. Milo Quackenbush, prime suspect, hides his head as he leaves police headquarters.



Voona Murphy, prime suspect, hides her head. Is O.K. long as she don't hide rest.



Vasily Orang-utang, prime suspect, hides its head as it leaves police headquarters.



Alfred E. Neuman, prime suspect, hides his head as he leaves police headquarters.

Strichnine in Mrs. Murphy's Husband?"

as a mackerel, and the dazed Voona found herself richer by fifty thousand fishkies."

"You know what I think?" Chief Guteberger asked, slowly.

"No, what?"

"I think we ought to start a new chapter." With a twinkling laugh and a merry tattoo of his heels he vanished into the library.

It was well past nine o'clock at night. The police photographer and the photographers for the various magazines, newspapers and photo-syndicates had departed to their waiting limousines, and Chief Guteberger was pacing tensely before the great fireplace in the library. The thirty-five patrolmen waited respectfully, some lounging at full length with their marshmallow sticks before the fire, others seated on the floor or ranged along the wall with their cork helmets in their hands.

"Men," said the chief, "men... for you are men in all but experience—I've purposely let you stay up late tonight because there's something I've wanted to tell you. Something you're old enough now to know."

A nervous titter ran around the room as the burly cops blushed and shuffled their feet.

"No, no," said the chief hastily, "it's not that, no, what I have to tell you tonight concerns the darker passions, the evil—so to speak—which it lurks in the hearts of men."

"Cor!" whistled Forthergill, "our chief is no slouch with words, a regular Chauncey Depew in flatfoot's guise!"

"Please," laughed the chief, "save it

for the first act curtain. But seriously, fellows—and it *is* serious, believe me—this morning, right here in this room, a fellow human bean was pushed off this mortal coil, a life was snuffed out, a great financier was made to forcibly kick the bucket with a one-way ticker from this Vale of Tears. In short, Seamus Murphy was murdered!"

There was a shocked silence, punctuated only by a snore.

"And here to tell you how it was done we're very fortunate in having with us

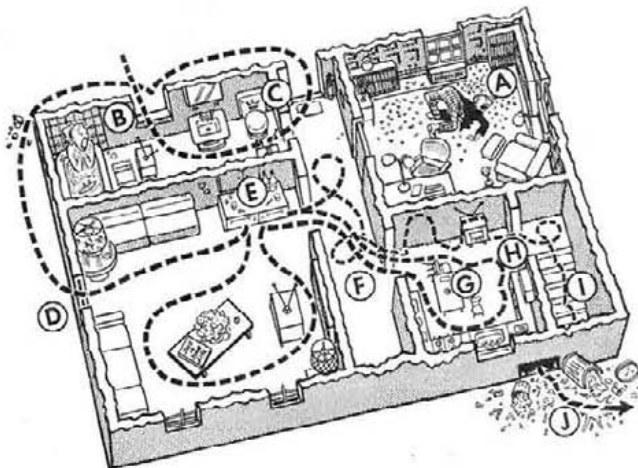
By careful deduction, here is diagram of path Murderer took. (A) is victim found dead in study. (B) Murderer enters house, is surprised by girl taking bath, dashes out of door (C) sneaks back to (B). Re-enters through livingroom window (D) stops at sideboard (E). Takes drink. Examines room, stopping again at

tonight none other than that prince of society doctors, that Hawkshaw of the medical world—Doctor Milo Quackenbush!"

Dr. Quackenbush bounced out of the wings to a thunderous burst of whistles, cat calls and applause. "Thank you, thank you and good evening coppers! Cop—that's a mother-in-law with a badge!" (*Laughter*) And speaking of cops, did you hear the one about the two polis-men from the ould sod..."

"Dr. Quackenbush..." Chief Gute-

sideboard (E). Takes a drink. Crosses hall (F) into kitchen (G). After search returns to (E). Takes drink. Stumbles back to kitchen (G) through door to cellar (H). Falls down cellar steps (I), exits through basement window (J) which is all very strange since how in world did he ever commit the murder in the first place?





Police photo of Dr. Quackenbush showing front view and profile to illustrate the extraordinary contrasting features.



Police photo of Alfred E. Neuman. Note more violently contrasting view and profile than Dr. Quackenbush.



Police photo of Voona, beautiful Eurasian girl, showing most interestingest front view and profile of everybody.



berger cut in feebly.

"...were these two Irishmen and the first one says, Phathrick, it's..."

"Dr. Quackenbush!"

"...that pore convict so hard?" and Muldoon says, "Convict! Sure an' I thought it was my..."

"Dr. Quackenbush!"

When the pandemonium had died down, Dr. Quackenbush concluded: "But you don't want to hear any more of my old jokes (*groans, cries of 'Yes, we do!'* 'Deed we do!') so I'll just turn the show back to that pride of the farce, your friend and mine—Chief Guttbuster!" Leaning close to the chief he hissed, "That'll teach you to step on my jokes!"

"Dr. Quackenbush," said the portly chief when he had stopped laughing, which was pretty quick you may be sure, "Dr. Quackenbush, what was it first gave you the idea of poison anent this case?"

"Just a hunch, I guess. Yeah, I guess you could call it that. A hunch and this bottle marked 'Quick-acting poison' I found in the dead man's ear."

"And what was in the bottle?"

"Nothing. It was empty. The poison was all in Seamus Murphy. You might say that shamus was loaded."

"So what did you do?" asked the Chief.

"What did I do?"

"Yes."

"What did I do?" Dr. Quackenbush flipped through his script. "Just a hunch I guess...you might say... nothing to hide... Oh! What I do? I got a bicycle pump and bailed him out."

"And you found?"

"I found a boiled egg with cup, one beer opener, a life pass on the Seaboard Railway, a rubber cigar and a pair of galoshes."

"Is that all?"

"... paint brush, one boat hook, one hockey puck, a boy scout compass and a No. 10 can of Essolube # 30 Motor Oil."

"Is that all?"

"... pair of oarlocks, bones of a full-grown boa constrictor, one dozen vulcanizing patches and a stuffed owl."

"And that was all!"

"No, I also found 1/10 grain of pure strychnine. That did it."

The cheer that arose from the thirty-five breathless patrolmen shook the rafters, thereby dislodging Voona and her pet orang-outang, both of whom had been hanging upside down in the chandelier.

Pausing only to readjust her sarong, the sloe-eyed temptress drop-kicked the orang-outang back into the chandelier and strode forward.

"Me Voona," she intoned, her eyes narrowed to slits. "Me big ham!" Aside, she muttered, "Dig these pear-shaped cops!"

"Patience, my pet," hissed Dr. Quackenbush. "Soon these oafs will depart and it will be you and me, flitting through the treetops."

"Not so fast, Quackenbush!" It was Chief of Detectives Francis L. Guteberger, his chest heaving and the veins standing out like grapes on his temples. "Not so fast! Murder has been done and Justice must be served."

Voona swayed across the room and came to a stop before Chief Guteberger, undulating gently. Regarding him through half-closed lids, she produced a gunnysack labeled "Fast-acting Papaya" and extracted a fruit stamped with skull and crossbones.

"Here," she murmured, emitting a slight puff of steam, "for you, fat boy."

"Thank you, my dear. As I was saying, the murderer of Seamus Murphy is right in this room and must be brought to Justice... Mmmm, delicious fruit... and the murderer is—is—" The rotund

lawman's face turned a ghastly green. "The name of the murderer is—" Sweat was standing out on Chief Guteberger's brow. Suddenly he was seen to assume an angle of 45 degrees from the perpendicular, scuttle sideways with rapid little steps, and flip over onto his back. When the dust had settled, he was discovered lying flat on the carpet with his feet sticking straight up into the air and a thoughtful expression on his face.

The anxious patrolmen gathered

around. "I grannies," chortled one, brighter than the rest, "he must have dozed off!"

"Dozed off, my foot! A five year old child could see he's deader than a mackerel," said Frobisher, a five year old child brought in specially for the occasion.

"Right, little nipper! From my vantage point in yonder chandelier I saw it all."

Dr. Quackenbush blanched. "That voice, issuing from the habiliments of an ape! It could only belong to that nemesis of all us crimesters—"

"At your service." Doffing the mask of an intelligent orang-outang, Inspector Moriarity sprang forth. I've been onto you since 1947, Voona Murphy. You thought to slip the old goof ball to your erstwhile spouse and escape back to the Straits Settlements with the fortune in gems known as the Murphy Rocks. And you, Milo Quackenbush, you realized that sooner or later someone would read the fine print on your diploma and discover that a certificate from a third-rate veterinary school did not entitle you to continue your lucrative practice in brain surgery! Well, thanks to me, the State now has enough evidence to put the both of yez in pokey for the rest of the week, begorrah! Put the manacles on 'em, boys."

"Crimementalies!" breathed Rosenkrantz, a policeman. "What a whirlwind finale. Did you ever hear the like of it even in *Classy Crimes*, a regular monthly feature of *Real Goro Crimo & Spicy Detective*?"

"Gleeps, no!" echoed Guildenstern, another policeman. "In fact, I would say this case offered the fan everything in the way of painstaking police work and sociological value with one exception."

"And that is—?"

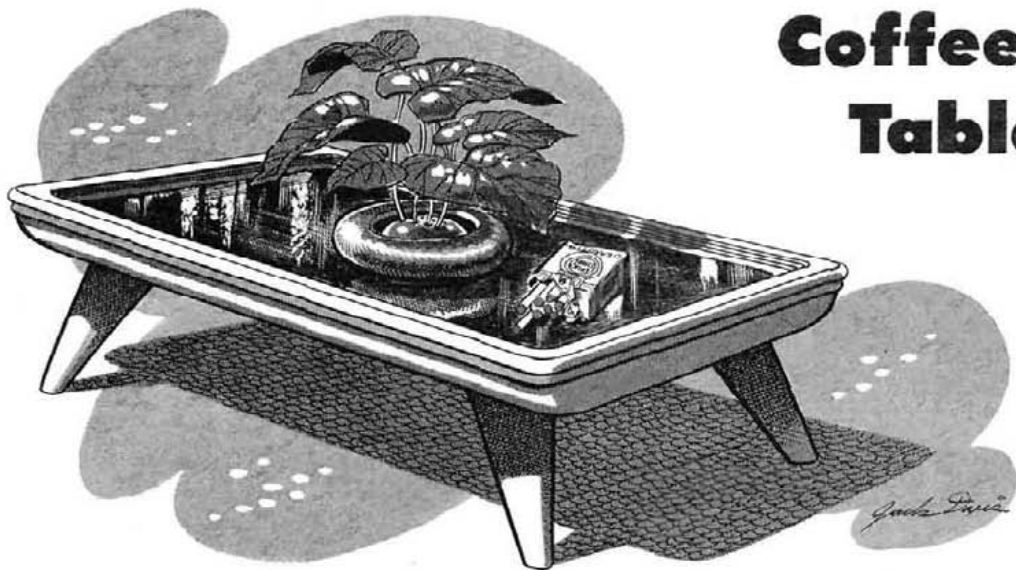
"Pie!"

Suddenly the air was filled with whizzing globs of chocolate custard and whipped cream as the entire cast burst out of the door belaboring each other about the ears with their nightsticks and vanished over the horizon.

DO IT YOURSELF DEPT.

Anyone can build this

Coffee Table

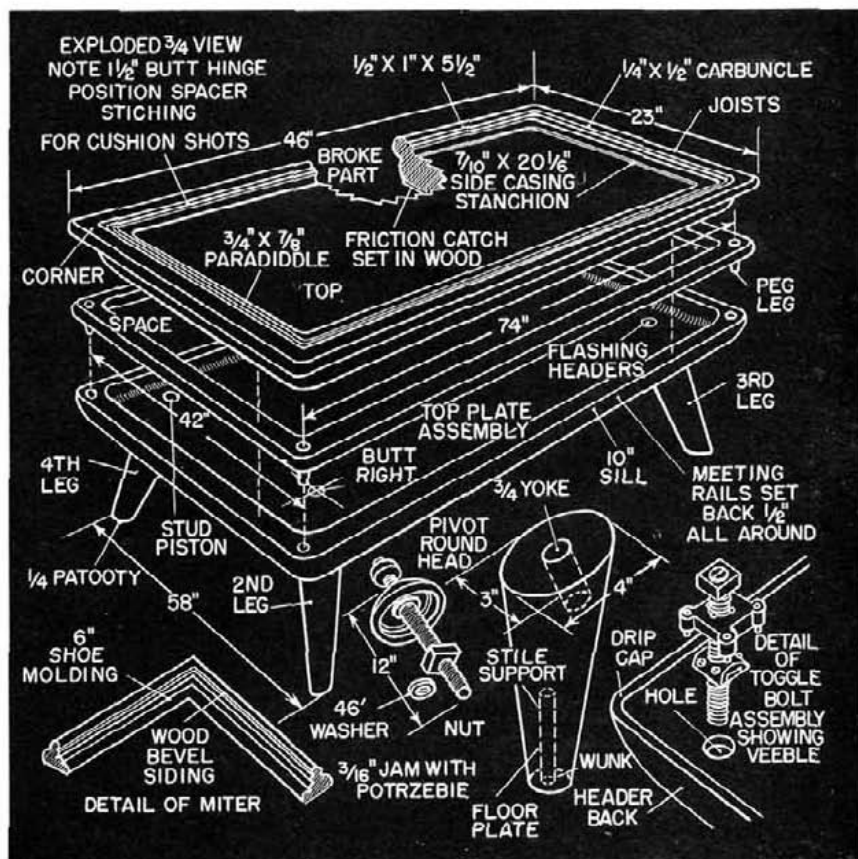


With comparatively little trouble, the useful and attractive coffee-table pictured here, complete, can be yours or anybody else's if you're willing to take the time to build it yourself... if you're willing to get a few callouses on your hands... if you're willing to get a little sawdust in your hair... if you're willing to lose a couple of fingers.

There's no trick to building a coffee table, complete, like this. All you need is a few fundamental tools, some odds and ends from the hardware store, a good right arm, the will to work, and mainly, coffee. Check on the coffee first since if nobody in your house drinks coffee, there's no sense building this coffee table.

Now... the initial step in building this coffee table, then, is to arrange for time to build this thing. If you can't find time during the evenings or the weekends... quit work. A week or two will do it. Remember... you'll be saving money by building this table. If you can't leave your job you might hire a contractor to come in and build the coffee table. Don't be afraid to go out and get this thing done.

However you decide, on the following pages are twelve basic steps to follow to build this coffee table, complete. So roll up your sleeves, get out your nails, your hammers, and your band aids... and go watch television.



CONTINUED





1. Lumber. Select your lumber with a careful eye for imperfections such as checks, bows and knots. If you can't get well seasoned, finishing grade basswood, mahogany or teak at your lumber yard, you will find that cheese-boxes and orange-crate ends will do very nicely as a substitute.



2. Sandpapering. The success or failure of a piece very often depends on the sanding. In order to work gradually up to the smoothest finish, start with grit size No. 1/0 and work up to grit size No. 2/0. Then go to next finer grit size No. 3/0 and thence to an even finer grit size of 4/0.



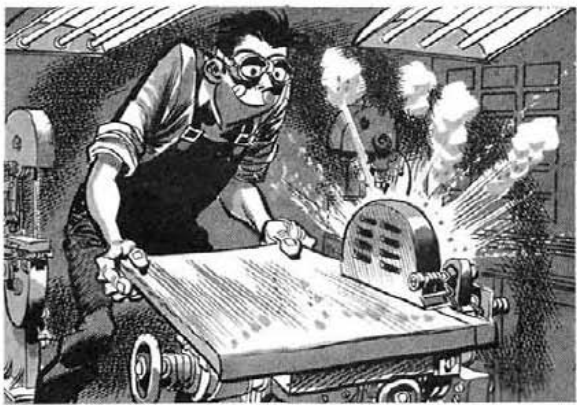
3. More Sandpapering. You can't do enough sanding. You are up to very fine grit of 5/0... go to finer grit of 6/0... then to grit 6/0.5 and on to grit 6/0.05 and on to 6/0.005. Then comes very teenchy-weenchy grit, 6/0.6x, and after sanding with that, use teenchyest grit, 6/0 $\sqrt{005}$.



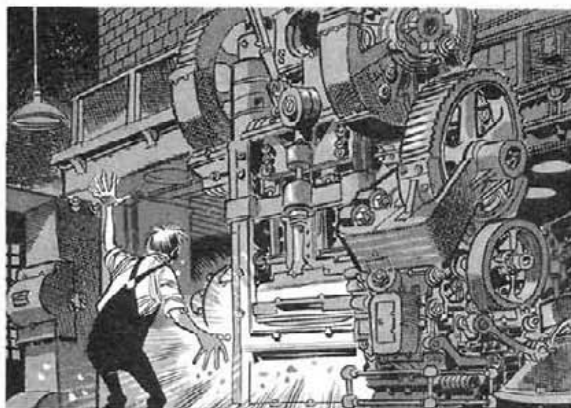
4. Nailing. Now, back to our tools... (remember, all you need to build this coffee table, complete, are simple basic tools usually found in the average home) We assemble the main-brace cantilever carefully with our finishing nails and hammer. (a rock can be substituted for hammer)



5. Fastening. When the main-brace cantilever is assembled, we then bore $\frac{1}{2}$ " countersunk dowel pockets in each corner with our automatic drill. (surprisingly, an automatic drill is really a simple basic tool that should be in every average home) When dowel pocket is mortised properly... tenon.



6. Trim. Now take up the lumber for the table top and set it on your circular-saw power-tool top. (a *must* for every average home... I mean, let's face it! If you want to do things right, you can't be a cheap skate) Set miter gauge and select dado head to make self-aligning ogival rabbet.



7. Final Assembly. Your most important step is to then stamp the table-top support out of $\frac{1}{8}$ " steel sheet on your sheet-metal press. This done, fit toggle-bolts to butt-hinges bevelled to corrugated fasteners. Clinch core with trunnions and hoist the mizzenmast to the starboard tack.



8. Sandpapering. When the toggle-bolts are fitted, the job is completed. Back to sanding. Start with the last fine grit size you used and work back down, to coarsest grit size, No. 1/0. You can never do enough sanding. Success or failure depends on sanding. Don't forget, plenty of sanding!



9. More Sandpapering. Keep sanding! Get right back there and keep on sanding! There's never enough sanding! Stay in there and keep sanding. Don't stop sanding!



10. Keep Sanding!



11. Finishing. And now, to give final touches to finish the coffee table, complete, pictured on page 35, we varnish, steel wool, and pumice all surfaces... bury a caladium bulb in soil, which we can make by decaying leaves for no less than a year and fashion a clay pot while bulb takes root.



12. *Pièce de Résistance*. We pot the full grown caladium plant and place it on the table and there we have our coffee table, complete, pictured on page 35 with exception of pack of cigarettes you see on the table. We will show you how to make the pack of cigarettes in the next issue.

END

TELEVISION DEPT.

AIR SHAFT

EXIT



SOMEWHERE IN THIS PLAIN OLD REGULAR EVERY-DAY ORDINARY T.V. AUDIENCE IS SITTING AN IMPORTANT PERSONALITY WHO WILL BE THE STAR ON . . .

Is This Your Life?



FURD ROASTS PEANUTS ON CORNER



FURD'S WIFE ROASTING ON CORNER



FURD TO RESCUE, SAVES PEANUTS

Yes . . . commonplace as the audience on the left might seem . . . somewhere, somebody, someplace, sometime, somehow, something, somehow, somewhat . . . is an important personality, who in a moment . . . unbeknownst to them . . . will be identified by Master of Ceremonies Raoul Phedwards, as the star on "Is This Your Life?". Perhaps you have already identified the important personality who will be chosen for "Is This Your Life?" inside the studio. If you have, you are indeed observant, mainly since the important personality who will be chosen is not *inside* the studio but is *outside* the studio. This then is the story of that famous television show "Is This Your Life?" and in case you don't already know, here's the way it goes. In this instance, the popular personality was that very well known gentleman . . . who you never heard of . . . Melvin Furd. Now the trick was to trick Melvin to come onto the show without him knowing anything about it. So here's the way they worked it. The first problem was to lure Melvin Furd into the vicinity of the T.V. studio. This was particularly difficult since

Melvin lived in a hard-to-reach suburb of New York while the studio, of course was downtown . . . downtown Los Angeles, that is. A tough problem you say? Not so for the ol' "Is This Your Life?" research staff. First they contacted Melvin's boss and had him fire Furd. (Not for real of course.) Then after arranging it so that he would get no other job on the East coast, the research staff cleverly blew up his house and made it look as if the family funds had been stolen. After that it was comparatively easy to lure Melvin to Los Angeles by offering him a job there. Then on the night of the program, as Melvin stood in the street on a specially arranged corner, innocently vending his peanuts, the deception was completed by having Melvin's wife lean screaming out of a special window across the street with fake smoke and fire billowing around her. And as Melvin Furd dashed up a specially planted ladder and through the specially prepared smoke-filled window, the following was the sight that greeted his little red eyes as he found himself the important personality on "Is This Your Life?"

CONTINUED



RAOUL: And here he is, folks . . . Melvin Furd. Welcome!
MUSIC: *(theme song loud, fades, continues in background)*
RAOUL: Welcome Melvin Furd, to "Is This Your Life?"
FURD: Wha? Wha? Hah? Wha? Hah?

RAOUL: Never thought you'd be on "Is This Your Life?" Eh?
FURD: Hoh? Wha? Hah? Hoh? Hoo? Hoohah?
RAOUL: Well, sit down because *you* are the featured guest on "Is This Your Life?" How do you like that, eh?



FURD: *(leaps up and runs around waving fire axe)* HELP!
HELP! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
FIRE! HELP! FIRE! HELP!

RAOUL: *(calming Furd down)* Haha! No, Mr. Furd, you are merely the featured guest on "Is This Your Life?" Understand now?

FURD: *(leaps up and runs around again waving fire axe)* GET OUT, FOOLS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! HELP! FIRE!



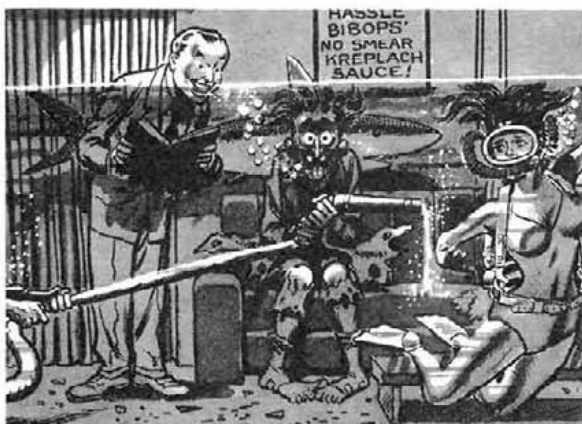
RAOUL: Ah haha no no! I can't blame you for being confused, Mr. Furd, but you just sit down and relax.
FURD: *(drenching room with fire hose which he has pulled off the wall)* GET OUT! HELP! FIRE!

RAOUL: *(bissing through clenched teeth)* There there . . . just sssit down on thiss cotton-pickin' chair for you are the guesst on "Iss Thiss Your Life?"
FURD: *(astounded)* Me? . . . Me me? . . . Gowan! Me?



RAOUL: To start your story Melvin Furd, we go way back in-
to the past. Way way way back. You are a young
man way way back then . . .

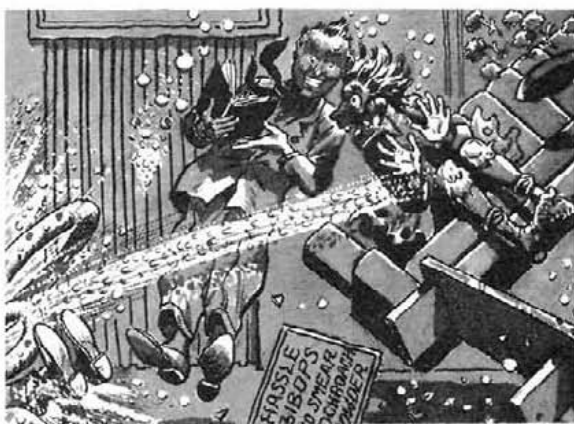
FURD: (still astonished and in higher pitch) . . . Meee?



RAOUL: This is way way way back . . . you were in the Army
way back then. Do you remember this voice?

VOICE: Melvin and I were Army buddies way back then!

FURD: (still astonished, still higher pitch) Meeeeeeeeee?



RAOUL: Recognize this first voice
from way back in your past?

VOICE: It sure was way way back!

FURD: That's from way way back!

RAOUL: You shared the same tent to-
gether way way way way back.

FURD: Oh my gosh! It can't be! You
didn't go *that* way far back!

RAOUL: It is! Your old mess-mate
from way way way way back
. . . *Shiloh Culpepper!*

MUSIC: (theme song blasts up, down)



SHILO: Hi, Melvin! Remember how we fought together at
Gettysburg? Remember they fired on Ft. Sumter?

FURD: I told you they shouldn't have fired that first shot!
Did you ever trade in that Confederate money?

SHILO: Ain't been the same since Lincoln's administration.

FURD: Boy! This here program sure takes you *way* back!

RAOUL: Haha it's just the beginning. Now the next voice . . .

SHILO: Dadblamed Copperheads and Carpetbaggers . . .



RAOUL: You made many friends in your younger days, Melvin Furd. Do you recognize this voice?

VOICE: Melvin had a crush on me when we were little kids.

FURD: Shucks! Criminetalties! Don't tell me that's...

RAOUL: It is! Your childhood sweetheart, Sabrina Voom!

MUSIC: *(theme bursts forth, more plaintive than before)*

VOOM: Melvin! Remember what a crazy crush you had then?

FURD: Haha, Sabrina, we were pretty silly children then.



RAOUL: Later you'll have a chance to discuss old times. This way...

VOOM: Surely, Raoul. Let go Melvin.

FURD: ...Imagine me having a crush.

RAOUL: Just step this way and we'll bring on the next voice...

VOOM: Yes indeed Raoul. Let go Mel.

FURD: Imagine! Boy was I silly then.

RAOUL: We'll bring on the next voice as soon as you step this way.

VOOM: Yes. Now let go, Melvin Furd.

FURD: ... What a foolish crush I had.



RAOUL: You'll have a chance to talk at a party we usually throw after the show. NOW LET GO, MELVIN!

VOOM: Yes... please... let go, Melvin.

FURD: I really can't imagine how I had such a silly crush.

RAOUL: Yes, you made many hundreds of friends, and here is one who was very close to you in your youth.

VOICE: Young Melvin and I were inseparable playmates.

FURD: *(visibly shaken emotionally, leaps to his feet)*



RAOUL: Yes! It's your childhood friend, Sheldon Scrounge!
MUSIC: *(theme up... musicians all wailing for effect)*
SHEL: Melvin Furd, you old son-of-a-gun how are you?
FURD: *(rushes forward with arms flung open to embrace)*



RAOUL: Please Melvin! For goodness sake! You'll have a chance to talk to Sabrina Voom after the show!
VOOM: Please let go, Melvin!
FURD: Sure was funny... me having a silly crush on you.



RAOUL: Look! Your childhood friend!
SHEL: Remember how we'd play marbles after school let out, Mel?
SHEL: Gosh, yes. We sure were goofy!

SHEL: Remember we would play for the championship and you never could stand to lose.
FURD: Hahaha. Good old silly days.

SHEL: Yep, good ol' Melvin had one fault. He was a sore-loser. Last time we played, I won the game and he ran away sore.



SHEL: But we've lost our petty values by now, eh Mel?
FURD: *(springing on Sheldon)* DIRTY RAT! BUM!
YOU DIDN'T NEITHER HIT THAT IMMIE!
GIMME BACK THEM MARBLES!

RAOUL: All right now, gentlemen... sit down. You'll all have a chance to get together after the show!
FURD: HE NEVER WON THE CLOB-BONE FAIR!
HE OWES ME TWO REELIES AND A PUREY!



RAOUL: Time marches on, Melvin Furd. You grew up and went into business. Now do you recognize *this* voice?

VOICE: Remember me, Melvin? We went through pretty rough times together and were like brothers.



RAOUL: Come on now, Melvin Furd certainly you recall that voice. Tell us his name. You know it. Go ahead and tell us. Come on! It's... it's... it's...

FURD: Gee... I'm afraid I don't recognize...



RAOUL: Sure you do! Come on! It's... it's... it's... it's...

FURD: Gee... I... I'm really afraid I don't recognize that...

RAOUL: Sure you do. It's... it's... it's... it's... it's...

FURD: Gee no... I really don't recognize that voice...

RAOUL: IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND ... ALFRED L. NEUMAN!

MUSIC: (theme up, shakes the room)
ALF: Melvin! My old buddy!



FURD: Gee... I... I really truly don't recognize nothing.



FURD: Never saw him before in my life.
RAOUL: Well anyhow, now a voice that you know and love.
VOICE: Hello, dear. Isn't this all just too wonderful?
RAOUL: A love light in your eye shows you know who *that* is.



FURD: *(leaps quickly across the stage to embrace.)*
 RAOUL: That's right! It's your beloved wife, Brunhilda!
 MUSIC: *(theme comes up again relentlessly, nauseatingly)*
 VOOM: Please! Please let go, Melvin!



RAOUL: Just sit there Melvin. Now you recognize these?
 VOICES: Hiya Pop! Greetings Pop! Waaah! Galusha hit me!
 FURD: *(leaps across the stage again hands outstretched)*
 RAOUL: STOP HIM! HE'S LEAPING FOR THE EXIT!



FURD: It... it's my kids together? let me outta here!
 RAOUL: That's right... it's your boys, all ten of them.
 MUSIC: *(theme is drowned out by mighty trampling of feet)*
 BOYS: Pop! Take me piggy-back Pop! Let's wrassle, Pop!



RAOUL: Now boys, go fight on the other side of the stage.
 Can you recognize this next beloved voice, Melvin?
 VOICE: ГОСТИННОЙ ПРИНИМАЮТ ГОСТЕЙ. ПОЛ ЕЯ
 FURD: My mother, all the way from СПАЛЬНИ! *(Gasp.)*



RAOUL: Yes, we've flown your mother
 from СПАЛЬНИ to be together
 with you here tonight.
 FURD: All the way from СПАЛЬНИ!

RAOUL: And here's another voice you
 cherished in your youth.
 VOICE: HELP! HELP!
 FURD: My father from ОКОЛО!

RAOUL: Yes, we've dragged your father
 all the way back from ОКОЛО
 where he ran away from your
 mother thirty years ago.



RAOUL: And we've flown your beloved sister, the one who got married to an Eskimo, all the way up from the South Pole.



RAOUL: And we've flown your younger brother from Tibet where he was just about to reach the summit of Mount Annapurna!



RAOUL: We've flown your older brother from outer space where he was just about to reach the moon on a guided missile.



RAOUL: Hahaha, I'll bet this all has stunned you, eh? Is this your life, Melvin Furd? ... Melvin! Speak!

FURD: *(lies flat upon his back clutching at his heart)*

RAOUL: Yes indeed, Melvin Furd, this WAS your life!



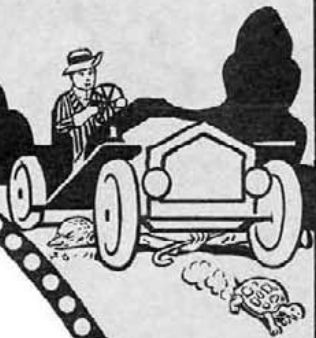
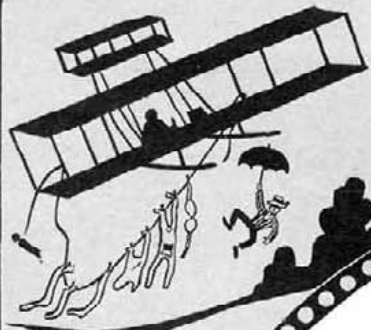
At this point everyone has to stop crying for the end commercial. Then everyone resumes crying. And so, the program ends with all his friends, relatives, wife and fighting children gathered about the prostrate figure of Melvin Furd. Which quickly snaps to life at the approach of Miss Sabrina Voom. (Gee, but he had a silly crush on her when they were kids!)

Next come gifts where Melvin Furd gets a script of the show... a movie of the show... some packaged smell of the show... a wrist watch and bracelet set... a moving picture camera... an automobile... and Miss Voom.

And as the T.V. camera trucks away from the whole squirming, wailing, hugging, kicking group, the orchestra blares the theme song, triumphantly this time, the musicians huzzahing and waving flags for effect. Just before the scene ends, Melvin Furd is seen to leap up, a startled expression on his face as he remembers his original purpose in being there. Fadeout shows Furd running around waving fire axe yelling HELP! FIRE! HELP! HELP! GET

OUT YOU FOOLS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

END



TOM SWIFFFT

AND HIS

ELECTRIC PING PONG BALL

BY VICTOR APPLESAUCE

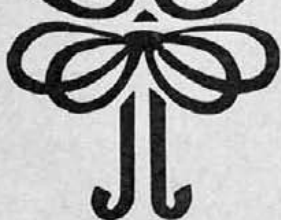
HOW MANY OF YOU OLDTIMERS RECOGNIZE THIS OLD BOOK TITLE? WE DO NOW PRESENT THAT SAME FAVORITE CLASSIC SKILLFULLY DIGESTED INTO A CONDENSED, SIMPLE, HARD-TO-READ VERSION BY MR. ERNIE KOVACS... (WRITER, LECTURER AND T. V. COMIC)

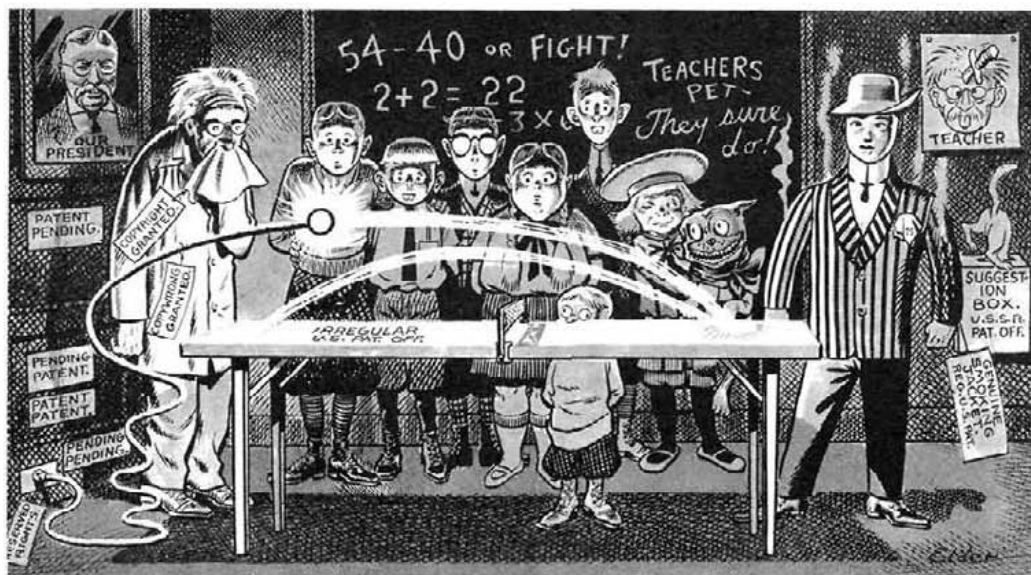


Professor Harding darted his mauve eyes nervously about the heavily-panelled conference room at Clugston Institute, anxiously folding and refolding his coveted Cowsnofski award for vigilance in the classroom as he awaited the expected entrance of Tom Swiffft, sophomore at Clugston and captain of intramural pettipoint at that same renowned institute of learning. A quick glance at his pocket-watch with its mother-of-pearl fob enlightened

Professor Harding as to the mounting of the dwindling minutes. Young Tom Swiffft, were he not to make his scheduled entrance within the next three minutes and seven seconds, would sacrifice eligibility to matriculation in the Electric Awards Contest. Suddenly the firm and sophomoric knock of Young Tom Swiffft rang through the room. A chorus of intaken breaths preceded Professor Harding's terse "Come in." The door swung to and Young

CONTINUED





"Bless me" expostulated Professor Harding. "Gezundheit" said Young Tom simply.

Tom stood upon the threshold. Head back, much of his chest forward, cleft chin jutting, Young Tom sneered, in an all-American manner at the final ticking second which had been beaten.

"Bless me," expostulated Professor Harding, "you've chastised Father Time again with your rapier-like thrust at the gauche dripping of sand in our period of existence."

"Duh," said Young Tom.

"I say you've done it again, lad; and what perforce, have you invented this time!", queried the benevolent professor.

"I have an invention that will put to shame all those which I have had by chance circumstance to pass in my daily comings and goings about Clugston Campus. "I," continued Young Tom with a soft quality in his voice (for he revered the elder gentleman) "have had the happy fortune to invent the"... (and here Young Tom, master at the art of debate, paused for due effect) "*Electric Ping Pong Ball.*"

"Bless me," expostulated Professor Harding, "the *Electric Ping Pong Ball!* An incipient boon, indeed to mankind and other kinds."

"Thank you, sir," said Young Tom simply.

"This... this *Electric Ping Pong Ball*, as you call it, how does it function, Young Tom?"

"Well sir," said Young Tom with great respect, for he revered the older gentleman, "you see this electric cord which dangles from the ball?"

"Why bless me," expostulated the professor, "indeed I do."

"This," continued Tom in eagerness "is the source of the energy and/or the source of fuel."

"What is the little slanted line between 'and' and 'or'?" asked Professor Harding.

"HMMMMM BOYYY!" ejaculated Young Tom with a certain lack of respect as he no longer was sure he

revered the elder gentleman.

"What, Young Tom,... what is done with the dangling cord?" axiomated Professor Harding.

"It is plugged into the baseboard," volunteered Young Tom.

"Baseboard!" expostulated Professor Harding.

"Indeed, Sir, thus removing the factor of arduosity from the game."

"And far better off without it, Young Tom," agreed the Professor.

At that moment, Professor Harding's secretary and Tom Swifft's fiancée, Ramona Popkin, lept to her feet and removed her long black hair with one parabolic sweep of her hand.

"Bless me," expostulated Professor Harding, "my confidential secretary has been wearing a wig and is, in reality and unbeknownst to us until this very inopportune moment, 'Six-Torso' the infamous Russian Spy."

"Da," ejaculated the erstwhile secretary, and leaping to her twelve feet, she grasped the *Electric Ping Pong Ball* (recorded as 'Project 7' in Stalingrad files) and readied herself into starting position to make off with the valuable device.

At this moment, Tom Swifft busied himself momentarily with swift, sure movements and as 'Six-Torso' fled, Young Tom said to Professor Harding: "Your fears are quite groundless, sir, as I have taken precautions to thwart the infamous Russian Spy."

"But how, Young Tom, how have you managed to do this?"

"By the simple device of fastening the end of the dangling cord to your neck."

"Bless me," said Professor Harding's head as it jogged erratically behind the twelve heels of the unsuspecting, subversive, 'Six-Torso.'

END

EDUCATION DEPT.

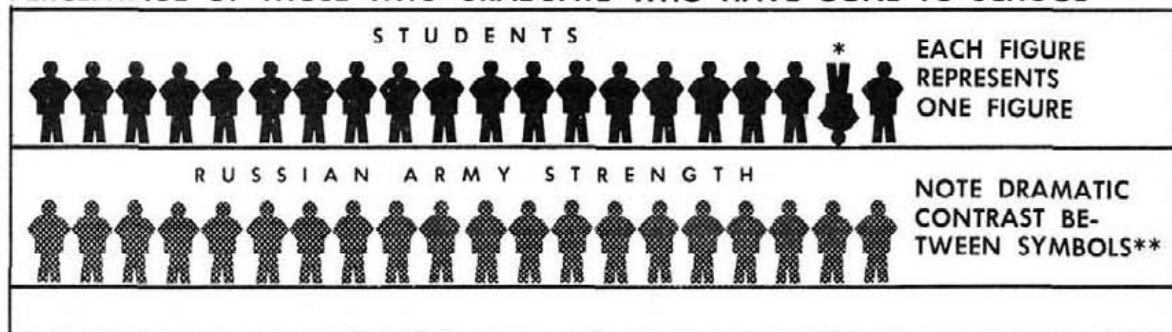
A GUIDE FOR FUTURE JOB HUNTERS

This article will help you if you are a college graduate faced with finding a job.

Many students are today faced with the prospect of finishing school and having to go out and work. If you are one of these, a careful study of the following can be very helpful. Yes, a careful study of the following will confuse you so thoroughly that Pop will have to send you back to school for

another year to set you right again. Study the following charts. Read them twice. Learn to read them backwards and upside down. Chew them over. Swallow them. Then read pages 50-51, where Roger Price tells you how to get a job...Which just goes to show how some jobs can be gotten at a Price.

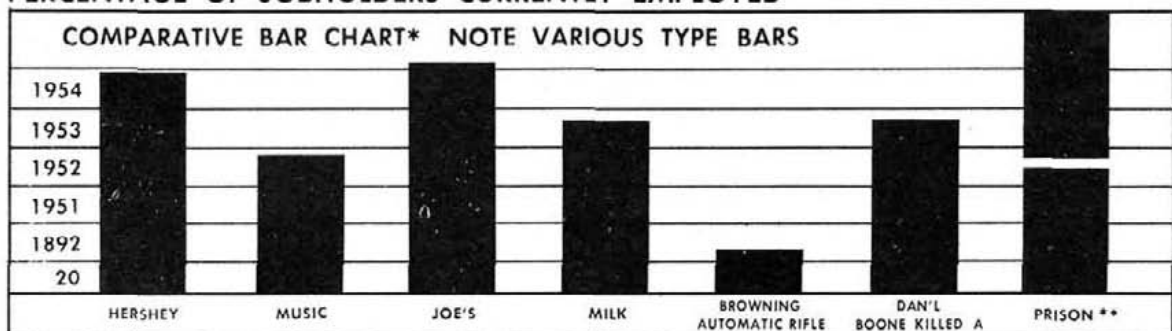
PERCENTAGE OF THOSE WHO GRADUATE WHO HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL



*SAME WISE GUY AS ON PAGE 59.

**DRAMATIC CONTRAST FROM DOTS ON RUSSIANS CAUSED BY MEASLES.

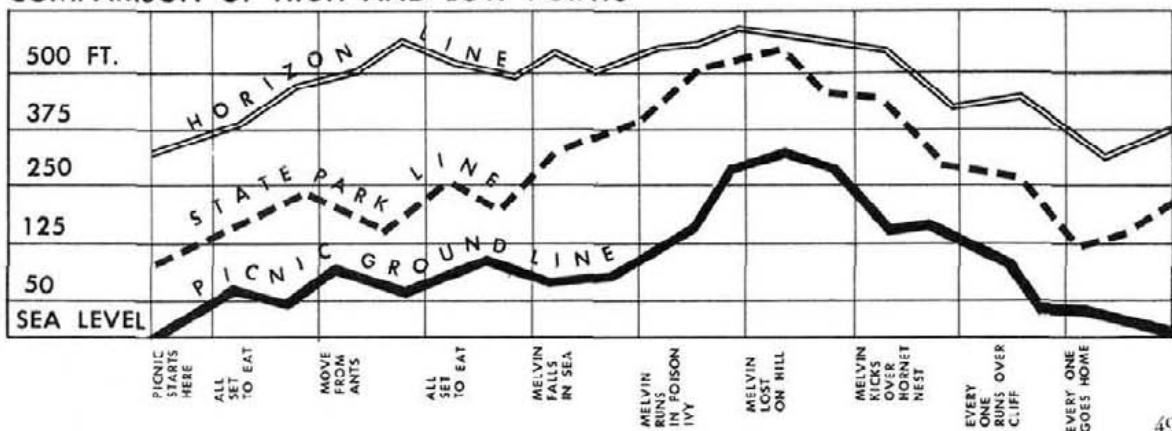
PERCENTAGE OF JOBHOLDERS CURRENTLY EMPLOYED



*SOURCE: "HOW TO LIE WITH STATISTICS."

**BY GEORGE... SOME ONE SAWED THROUGH THAT BAR.

COMPARISON OF HIGH AND LOW POINTS



HOW TO GET THE JOB YOU TIVELY AND ALSO GET AHEAD THAT WILL GIVE YOU A NEW PERSONALITY AND HELP

by ROGER

These days too many Young Men feel that once they get their Doctorate at Harvard and put in a few short years of study at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Research, they'll immediately be besieged by Employers eager to offer them lucrative positions as T.V. Repair Men or District Political Leaders. Not so! Competition in all fields has never been keener. Good intentions are not enough. The key to Success in both the business and the social world is *Self Confidence!*

Did you know that millions of people realize only 10% of their capacity for Leadership and Business Success because they're shy and lack Self Confidence? Does this mean you? Do you cringe and snivel and have silly feelings of "inferiority" when you meet people merely because they are physically and mentally superior to you.

Of course you do! If you had anything on the ball you wouldn't be reading this type of article.

I can help you.

I can show you how to get rid of the lousy personality you now have and build a new, dominating, magnetic personality that will change your whole life.

A few years ago I met a Young Man who was so shy that whenever he had a business meeting with an Important Bank President or a date with a glamorous Movie Star he would be unable to think of anything to say and would sit nervously twisting buttons off his clothing (or theirs) and chipping pieces from the furniture with a small hatchet which he carried about for that purpose.

This Young Man *did not* make a Good Impression!

I invited him to my office, made sure that he was standing a safe distance from my mahogany desk, and had a Talk with him. I convinced this Young Man that he should apply my "Five Rules for Building a Positive Personality." Today that Young Man is successfully holding down an important job as a free-lance Uranium Prospector.

You can do the same by following the "Five Rules"—five logical, common sense suggestions that will work Personality Magic. Here they are:

RULE 1. Eliminate all signs of self doubt.

Rule 1 is the Basic Rule. Once you have mastered it the others will come easy. And you *can* master it by applying POSITIVISTIC PSYCHOLOGY. Start now by saying to yourself (no matter how ridiculous it may seem at first): "I am just as good as the next fellow. I am just as good as the

next fellow." After saying it to yourself for a while start saying it to the Next Fellow. And if possible, to the fellow next to the Next Fellow. This will not only bolster your ego but will also help you make many valuable "contacts."

Constantly tell yourself (and the Next Fellow) that you are (a) brainy (b) witty (c) virile (d) rich (e) Napoleon Bonaparte*

This will help you acquire the art of POSITIVE CONVERSATION and enable you to talk interminably about what *YOU* did today, what *YOU* had for lunch, how *YOUR* car runs, etc. etc. Remember you cannot convince yourself that you're Important unless you convince other people first.

If, in the beginning, you have trouble finding anyone who will listen to you, frequent public conveyances such as busses and elevators which afford less chance of escape.

RULE 2. Radiate energy and vitality.

No one responds to a negative idea. Always think and ACT positively. When you enter a room—move fast. Slap people on the back unexpectedly. Pummel them with your elbows, grip their lapels, poke them forcefully with your forefinger to emphasize points. If you have no point to emphasize poke them anyway. **LET THEM KNOW YOU'RE THERE!**

The type of Positive Activism is most important when you are meeting new people. First Impressions will last for years and the quickest way to make a First Impression (i.e. to impress the other party *first* before he impresses you) is to develop a Dynamic Handshake. One that people will remember. If you're so feeble your normal grip feels like a half pound of beef liver, be ingenious. An electric buzzer or a warm chocolate cream concealed in the palm of the hand will often be more effective than a purely muscular clutch.

RULE 3. Always talk down to people.

Talking down to people puts them in their place. It is a Must for the truly Self Confident person. It's a cinch that you don't have enough knowledge or wit to talk down to people intellectually, so talk down to them physically. When you get into a conversation—stand on a chair.

You'd be surprised how this simple device will give you a

*Regarding (e) you'll avoid complications if you tell *this* only to yourself.

WANT BY THINKING POSI- BY LEARNING MY FIVE RULES AND UNBELIEVABLE POSITIVE YOU ACHIEVE SUCCESS

PRICE

sense of power and authority. Especially if you punctuate your monologue with Dynamic expressions such as: "Get it!" "Don't interrupt!", "Pay attention!" and "Paste that in your hat and smoke it!"

Practice this method of Positive speaking constantly. It will develop your self assurance, your vocabulary and your sense of balance. It may also get you elected to the State Legislature.

RULE 4. Convince yourself that you are irresistible to the Opposite Sex.

Considering the way you probably look, this will take some doing. So until you're firmly convinced it's a good idea to turn all the mirrors in your home to the wall. I, personally, have found this simple device an invaluable aid in making Rule 4 a Way of Life. A few treatments by a reputable hypnotist may also be helpful. In extreme cases it may even be necessary to lace your morning breakfast cereal with a tablespoon of mescaline. This may seem like a lot of trouble but *Results* are what count! And you will find that Rule 4, once mastered, will do wonders for your self esteem. In no time at all you'll find yourself spontaneously jostling and pinching and making worth while Rude Remarks whenever a female appears.

(NOTE: If you are a Female you may ignore Rule 4 as no matter what they look like all Females from the age of six on automatically consider themselves to be irresistible to the Opposite Sex. Unfortunately they are correct in this assumption.)

RULE 5. Curing yourself of shyness is not enough. To achieve top results you must succeed in making other people feel insecure.

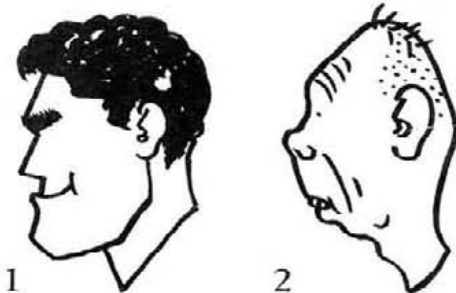
This may seem like a difficult problem in human relations but it's actually child's play if you concentrate and apply the basic principles of Social Engineering. First, study everyone with whom you come in contact and then point out their weaknesses, frankly and honestly. An attitude of unmitigated Sincerity is essential to Rule 5. You may find that squinting the left eye and curling the right side of the upper lip will be helpful. Vice-versa if you are left handed.

For instance, here is how Rule 5 works. Before getting down to business with that Prospect you're trying to clinch

a Big Deal with—*SET THE STAGE!* Tell the Prospect that he should do something about the unsightly hair on his ears. Point out that his tattersal vest is in bad taste and mention that wearing a tight belt merely emphasizes his protruding stomach instead of concealing it. Suggest a Dentist who can certainly make him a set of more natural looking bridge-work. Make a joke about the amount of dandruff you can see on his head from your vantage point (you, of course, are standing on your chair. *Rule 3*).

By this time he will be so nervous that *by comparison* you will seem to be a veritable mountain of pulsating Self Confidence.

He may throw you out of his office but he will *admire your poise and self assurance.*



1. This man is Self-Confident. He has learned the "Five Rules" that work Personality Magic. 2. This man has not developed his Personal Magnetism by Thinking Positively. He has *not* learned the "Five Rules".

CONCLUSION: You now have the secrets that will give you access to untapped reservoirs of vitality and self-reliance. Until today you have been worried because you were unsuccessful and had no friends and didn't know why. Put these Five Rules to work and this will all be changed.

You may still be unsuccessful and have no friends but from now on—you'll *know why!*

Carry on.

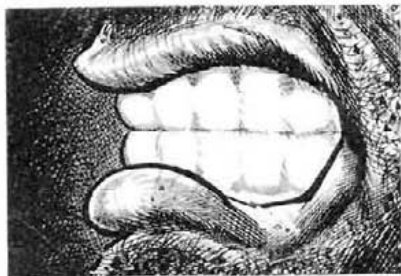
END

MOVIE DEPT





Here is Burt Lambaster and Gary Chickencooper in one of the quieter scenes out of VERA'S CRUZ during a quiet lull in one of the less active scenes showing one of the quieter scenes of the picture.



LAMBASTER, THE VILLAIN



CHICKENCOOPER

THERE WAS THIS COUNTRY THEY DISCOVERED AND THE RULER NAMED IT AFTER HIS DAUGHTER NAMED VERA WHO WAS TAKING AN OCEAN TRIP. SO THIS PICTURE IS NAMED FOR COUNTRY NAMED FOR DAUGHTER'S OCEAN TRIP SO WHAT THIS NAME IS IS ...

"VERA'S CRUZ"

And now MAD reviews a movie picture which we believe you will want to see very much. You will want to see it because it has a message...because it has history of the making of the Southern Hemisphere...because it has a fine message about political ideologies...because it is educational...and mainly because it has good lookin' dames. Anyhow, to get back to the main part...the way this picture begins is, it tells how after the Civil War, soldiers-of Fortune come into Mexico looking for loot. Some come in

gangs and some...come...alone. So at this point you get this shot of ol' Gary Chickencooper slowly riding from away in the distance across the plains...and from the way he rides, you know he's a good guy and is not riding for mercenary reasons like the other soldiers-of-fortune. And from the way he looks, you know he is riding alone because he is not afraid and he is quick on the draw...and from the way he smells you know he is riding alone because somewhere along the way he has had a run-in with a pole-cat.



He finally reaches this cantina full of this messy bunch of American soldiers-of-fortune. They think he's wearing perfume. By contrast to *them*, polecat smell is perfume!



They try to cut his face with the end of a bottle, but can't. Says one: "Never saw a man couldn't be cut with a broken bottle!" Says other: "Oh *ba?* it's gotta be broken?"



Meanwhile, Burt Lambaster, smashing a soldier-of-fortune in the teeth just for fun, walks in. Boy is he dirty!



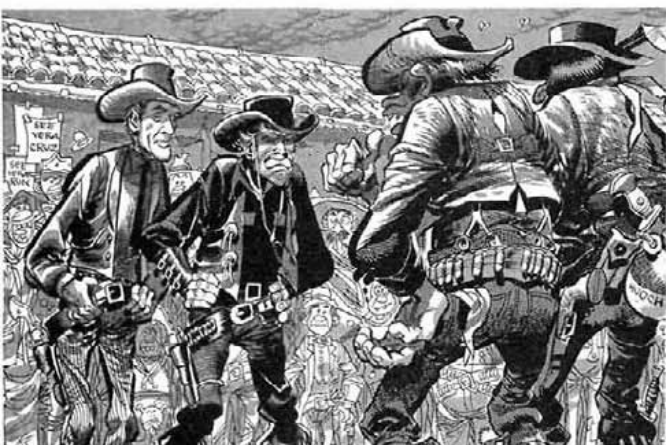
He's grimy from head to toe, and has a dazzling white sneer. He don't wash but, **WOW!** does he brush teeth!



Lamb. means *business*. He needs gun-slingers so he talks *business*. They discuss latest Dow-Jones averages.



Chickencooper joins Lambaster's gang but outside in the square there is a big argument who's leader of the gang. No wonder they don't like Americans in other countries!



No wonder they say "Yankee go home!" Anyhow now comes a terrific scene where Lambaster, with back turned, draws his gun fast as lightning and shoots from *behind his back!*



See how terrific he is? The two guys he shot at didn't even see him draw that way and before they knew what was happening, Burt Lambaster whipped off two shots behind his back.



Naturally he misses! . . . as if anybody could shoot a pistol behind their back without lining up sights. Lambaster makes a deal with Seezer Romeo, Emperor Maxamillion's agent.



Romeo takes Lambaster's gang to meet Emperor. Amidst the court, the Americans by their dress are very apparent.

You can spot them every time with the cameras and loud ties. "What have you got to help us?" asks Maxamillion.

"These!" answers Lamb., holding up his shiny, lever-action rifle! "You have the new Winchester?" Exclaims Maxamil.



"No!" we have the new Daisy!" exclaims Lambaster, "the 100 shot BB gun." "What can it do?" exclaims Max. "Watch that line of torches being held by servants!" exclaims Lamb.

With that, Lambaster and Chickencoop start blazing away in the direction of the long row of dancing elusive flames at the tops of the torches being held by the attendants.



The eyes of the noblemen and women open in astonishment at the most remarkable display of marksmanship they've ever seen as each shot strikes its dancing target unerringly.



By George, they don't miss a single one, and when the firing is over every one of the dancing attendants lie still on the marble patio. That's proof enough for Maxamillion.



He hires Americans as bodyguard to escort Denice Parcel through rebel territory... when they see her *body* three Americans get trampled rushing to *guard*. The caravan starts.

Chickencooper notices carriage Denice Parcel rides in sinks exceptionally deep into the mud. "She *is* a trifal plump." Gary Chickencooper muses as carriage sinks out of sight.



Lambaster's animal cunning leads to stable that night where he finds gold coin.

... under the carriage floor. That's why carriage was heavy. A noise! He hides.

And Chickencooper's animal cunning leads *him* to stable where *he* finds gold coin.

Only two such heroes could have such animal powers of deduction. A noise! He hides.



By George, Denice Parcel too has made subtle discovery about gold coin. She hides.

Next comes Seezer Romeo who has also figured out about gold coin. Romeo too hides.

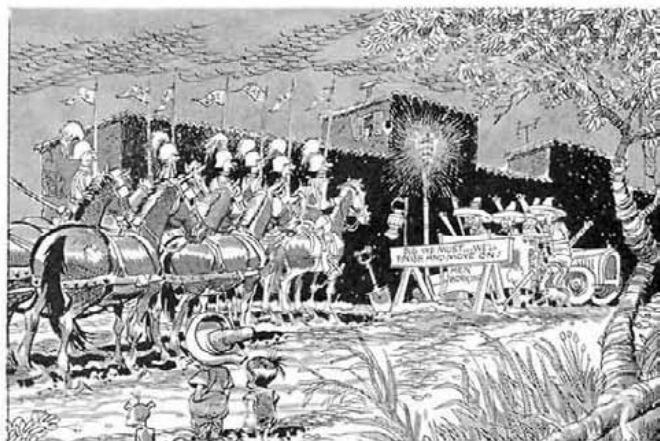
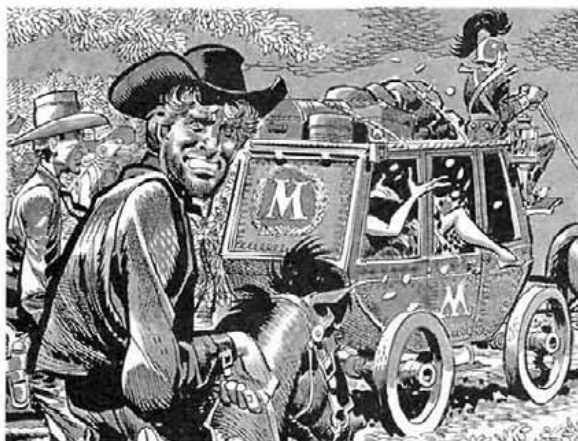
Next comes general of whole brigade of Emperor's Royal Lancers . . . General hides.

Next, the whole furshlugginer brigade of Emperor's Royal Lancers. *Everybody* hides!



The caravan rolls again. Larceny rides with it. Lambaster is afraid Miss Parcel will divulge gold secret; her voice from the carriage, counting, giggling, counting again.

Suddenly, as they pass through a narrow village street, they see a road-block ahead. It is hard to tell whether it is the rebel force or the Con Edison Electric Company.



Rifles suddenly appear in windows and on rooftops! The enemy! A rebel upon roof draws a bead on Lambaster. Chickencoooper fires and rebel collapses and topples off parapet.

Horses and men mill about trying to break through trap. A rebel upon roof draws a bead on Chickencoooper. Lambaster fires and the rebel collapses and topples off the parapet.



A rebel on the ground draws a bead on Lambaster. Chick-cooper fires and the rebel...

staggers through doorway...

climbs up ladder to roof...

and... topples off parapet.



After all, toppling off parapets is much more entertaining than when they just lay down and die... Anyhow Lambaster and Chickcooper get past road block with the carriage.

Justice triumphs. Right conquers. When robbers who'd rob treasure are left far enough behind, our heroes halt in order to rob carriage themselves. The carriage is... empty!

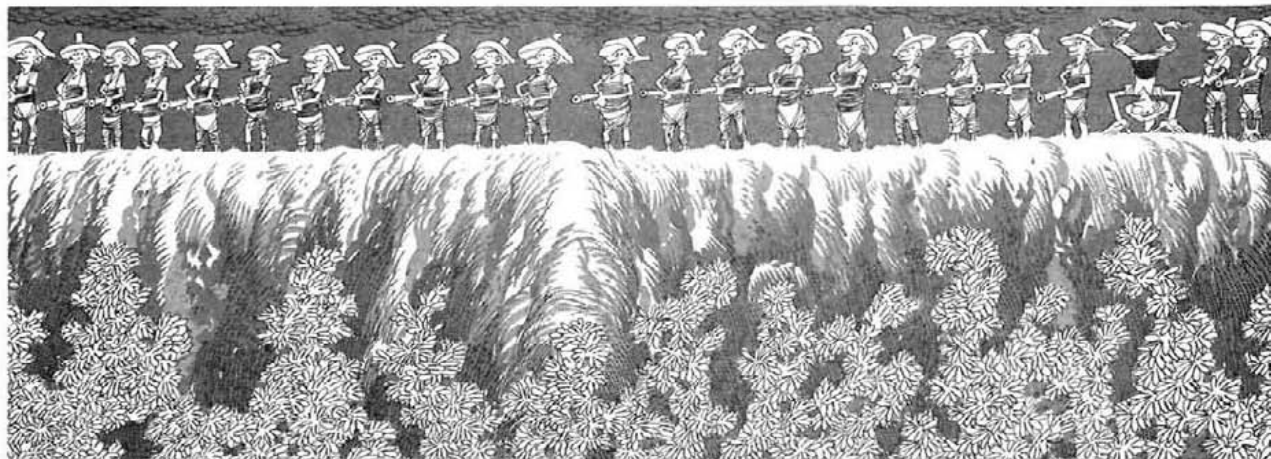


They have been tricked! As Chickcooper and Lambaster turn, they find themselves staring into the guns of the rebel soldiers. Chickcooper is a former army officer...

by force of habit always stares into guns... to inspect for lint. Anyhow, here comes most breath taking scene of picture where Chicken. and Lamb. look up on the hills around.

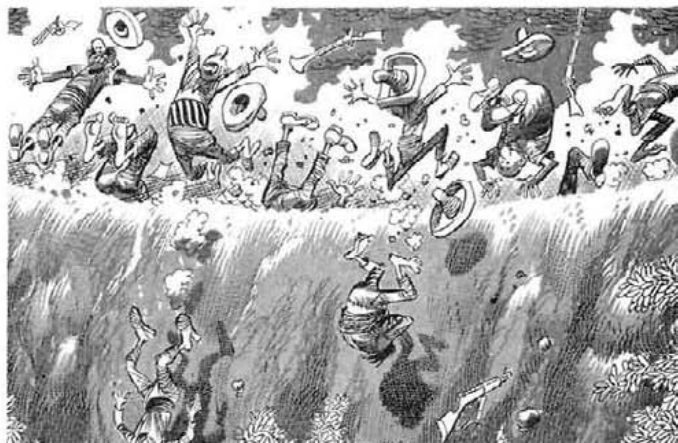


And, looking down on them, a grim unbroken rank of thousands of rebels standing on their feet... Hu oh! What's this?



One rebel stands on his head. Scene is ruined. Tense scene ensues. Rebels know if Lambaster and Chickencooper choose to fight, they, rebels, might well lose. Lambaster acts!

He barks out short, quick "Boo." Trick works. Rebels are thrown into confusion. Five rebels collapse and topple off parapet. They know who's got top billing in this picture!



Chickencooper, in order to get the gold, doublecrosses the Emperor and joins rebels.

Lambaster joins the rebels but to get gold, plans to doublecross Chickencooper.

Denice Parcel (where's she come from?), to get gold, plans to doublecross Lamb.

Melvin Coznowski plans to doublecross everybody, but was killed in first reel.



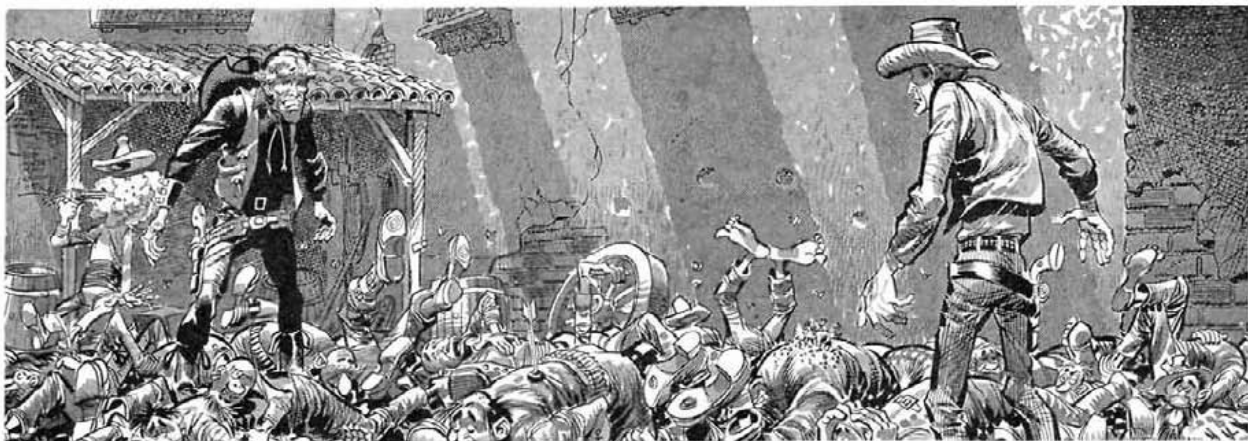
Next comes big fight scene climax where Americans help rebels storm fort inside which Seezer Romeo is holed up with gold. What a scene... men falling off parapets like rain!

Scene fixes all troubles of picture. All bad guys get killed. Where girl has two lovers, one gets killed. Good guy who committed crime and has to pay, gracefully gets killed.



The good guys win. All is still except for one bad guy who missed getting killed, has to kill himself. Now comes the tensest part: Lambaster and Chickencooper must fight it out.

Though they're both good guys, Lambaster is *bad* good guy. However they're both the quickest and the bestest on the draw. Now comes big question... who's the *mostest* bestest?



Naturally, you hope Chicken-cooper wins... so they show Lambaster blasting away...

with a smile on his face...

he twirls and holsters gun.

... turns and walks away...



Goes upstairs to wash up ... shaves...dresses...and as ... you're convinced he won ... he falls on his face dead!



Pretty good, hah? You thought it's Chickencooper who was shot but actually it was Lambaster who was shot. Don't it make you feel good all over?

Anyhow, that's the way it ends. Chickencooper gets everything... The treasure, top billing, and the girl... by George, we forgot all about the girl, Sarita Vavavoom. She is a beautiful peasant girl who battles for the rebel cause. Unlike most, she is not interested in personal motive and profit. Her morals transcend these petty things and seek the higher ideals that make people do noble and fine things. Therefore it is easy to see Chickencooper's attraction to her... that's right: sex!

As we were saying, Chickencooper gets gold coins and in the last scene we see him and Miss Vavavoom together and alone at last in the most passionate scene of the whole movie. We see them passionately, madly, tearing the gilt-tinfoil wrappers off of these gold coins and devouring the milk chocolate contents. For these gold-covered chocolate coins are Gary Chickencooper's favorite type of candy!

Chickencooper then gets up, goes upstairs to wash, shaves, dresses, and falls on his face dead. For you see, it's really Chickencooper who's shot.

END

IF YOU SUFFER
PAIN
of
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
NEURALGIA
get
FAST
RELIEF



the way thousands of
physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY. Anasprin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anasprin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven ingredients... and by George, if you had to read the advertisement this far, take something for your memory too 'cause we've told this message so many times, you should know it by heart.

PICTOQUIZ ANSWERS.

No looking till you finish!

A blessed thing on, by George! the rest of the picture. Didn't have 16—Nothing! You should've seen boat. 15—(d) Alfred E. Neuman. kin. 13—(a) a horse. 14—(b) a sail. Alfred E. Neuman. 12—(c) pump. a fushhuggin' vreebie. 11—(d) —(d) Wanda Furd. 10—(c) (d) E. Neuman. 8—(a) zorchtron. 9 E. Neuman. 7—(d) Alfred E. Neuman. 4—(c) hol pdrvos. He's pushing. 3—(d) Alfred E. the plumbers. 2—He isn't pulling. He's smoking old lead pipe from (See page 62) 1—(a) A pipe.

**WHEN THE TALK
TURNS TO BOOKS
DO YOU FIND
YOURSELF SAYING:**

"HOO HAH?"

Then you need **THE MAD READER!** Made by the same crazed minds that produce **MAD** (the bible of the financial world) **THE MAD READER** is a book to read and treasure as a keepsake. Afterwards it can be used for wrapping fish.

THE MAD READER
35¢ takes one home

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404 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

P I C T O Q U I Z



1 This gentleman is puffing upon:
(a) a pipe (c) a cigarette
(b) a cigar (d) a hookah



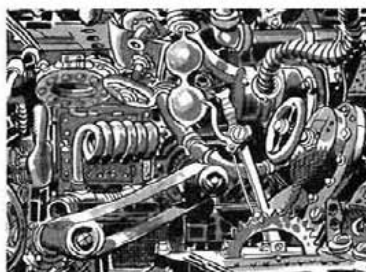
2 Here we have a man pulling on a:
(a) quircitron (c) zygodactyl
(b) xiphisternum (d) potrzebie



3 This notorious face belongs to:
(a) Joseph Stalin (c) Pablo Picasso
(b) King Farouk (d) Alfred E. Neuman



4 This game is popularly known as:
(a) δὴ λέγεται (c) μοὶ πάντως
(b) τεθεραπεύσθαι (d) ἀποβέβηκε



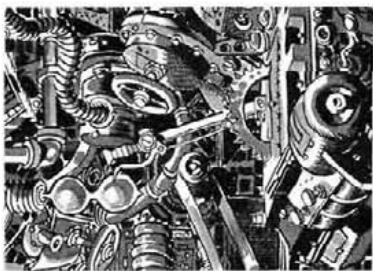
5 You would refer to this machine as:
(a) zorchtron (c) veeblefetzter
(b) right-handed blinz (d) fortney



6 A familiar face to all is this man:
(a) Lafayette (c) Winston Churchill
(b) Eliot Coznowski (d) Simon Bolivar



7 Do you recognize this view of:
(a) a dark night (c) spilt ink
(b) an unlit tunnel (d) The Taj Mahal



8 You would refer to this machine as a:
(a) zorchtron (c) veeblefetzter
(b) right-handed blinz (d) fortney

To test your skill at recognizing pictures of people places and things, and mainly to make you feel extra smart, try this Pictoquiz. Score 25 for each correct answer. Divide total by 7; add square root of 3 minus squared. A score of $\frac{1}{2}$ is passing; 65^2 is good, $\sqrt{183}$ or above is excellent.



9 Very popular in face and figure is:
 (a) Cleopatra (c) Marylin Monroe
 (b) Kate Smith (d) Wanda Furd



10 You'd refer to this machine as a:
 (a) zorchtron (c) veeblefetzter
 (b) right-handed blinz (d) fortney



11 How many recognize the child:
 (a) W. A. Mozart (c) Nap. Bonaparte
 (b) Isaac Newton (d) Melvin Sturdley



12 We all eat this vegetable called:
 (a) radish (c) pumpkin
 (b) lettuce (d) sweat-socks



13 This farm animal is always called:
 (a) a horse (c) a fish
 (b) a chicken (d) a tarantula



14 How many of you have ridden in a:
 (a) droshky (c) elevator
 (b) sail-boat (d) electric chair



15 Some of you will recognize this:
 (a) Martian (c) Jupiterian
 (b) Saturnian (d) Earthian



16 This beautiful model is wearing a:
 (a) chignon (c) pien forte et dure
 (b) tout va bien (d) e pluribus unum

Are you walking around like a HUMAN QUESTION MARK?



BEFORE: This woman felt tired, looked unattractive, wore old wrinkled foundation garments... and stood bent and soggy, especially while this candid picture was taken.

AFTER: Then she got a Rubbaban foundation garment and now it's full of pep, girldie garments... and stood shoulders back while posing for this portrait picture.

It all goes to prove what we're trying to prove and what we're trying to prove is very simply that... a carefully retouched, posed portrait is much better than a candid picture.

Yes... your Rubbaban Foundation will solve your every figure problem whether it be sags, bulges or income tax. You'll feel wonderfully poised, confident, rich, successful, famous.

mail coupon today for your **FREE** booklet.

How to make the most of your figure. This booklet tells you simply how to get fat. Remember, you can squeeze back those unsightly bulges with your RUBBABAN.



Mark your figure problem on the coupon below and send it in to us.

123

I have marked my figure problem. Checked figure on right is me (if no figure is checked, enclosed is [ugh]rough sketch of me)

Mrs. Miss. It.

Address _____

City _____ Planet. _____

MAIL TO RUBBABAN
 2 Waystretch St., Whalebo, N. D.

RUBBABAN

In these danger periods YOUR SKIN "DIES" A LITTLE

There are periods, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores...coarsened texture...cracking, "shriveling." These

danger signals of "skin unbalance" are immediately after you wash your face or take an overdose of sleeping tablets. Your defenseless skin "dies" a little...

Read how great beauties of the social world prevent the damaging effects of skin "un-balance"

After each washing— "re-balance"

Whether you're in your teens or your forties, you can notice these little warning signals of skin "un-balance" after washing your face—

- Flakiness... a blotchy look
- your skin "burns"... feels dry, stretched tight.
- skin dies a little... a whitish-green color.

What do skin specialists advise? Should you stop washing your face? Not at all. "Wash your face, of course," they say—"only when you do...use water. And after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly..."

No woman can afford to ignore this vital after-washing skin care with the excuse: "Just too busy" or "It's too late for results to show" or "the house is on fire." A "re-balancing" application of Pund's Cold Cream will take you only a few seconds—far less time than "re-balancing" your mind.

And always—a deep clearing at Bedtime

Besides "re-balancing" after each washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing with cream each night. A deep Pund's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt and rocks from the pores.

Start now! Begin this wonderfully simple, effective beauty care with Pund's Cold Cream today. After each washing—a quick "re-balancing." After dinner, an "un-balancing" and then a clearing. At bed-time—a deep "re-balancing" and finally into a bathtub full of Pund's for a deep "un-balancing" "re-balancing" clearing.



The world's most famous beauty formula... never duplicated, never equalled. And what that formula is, is good-looks. Get a large jar or tank-car size of Pund's.

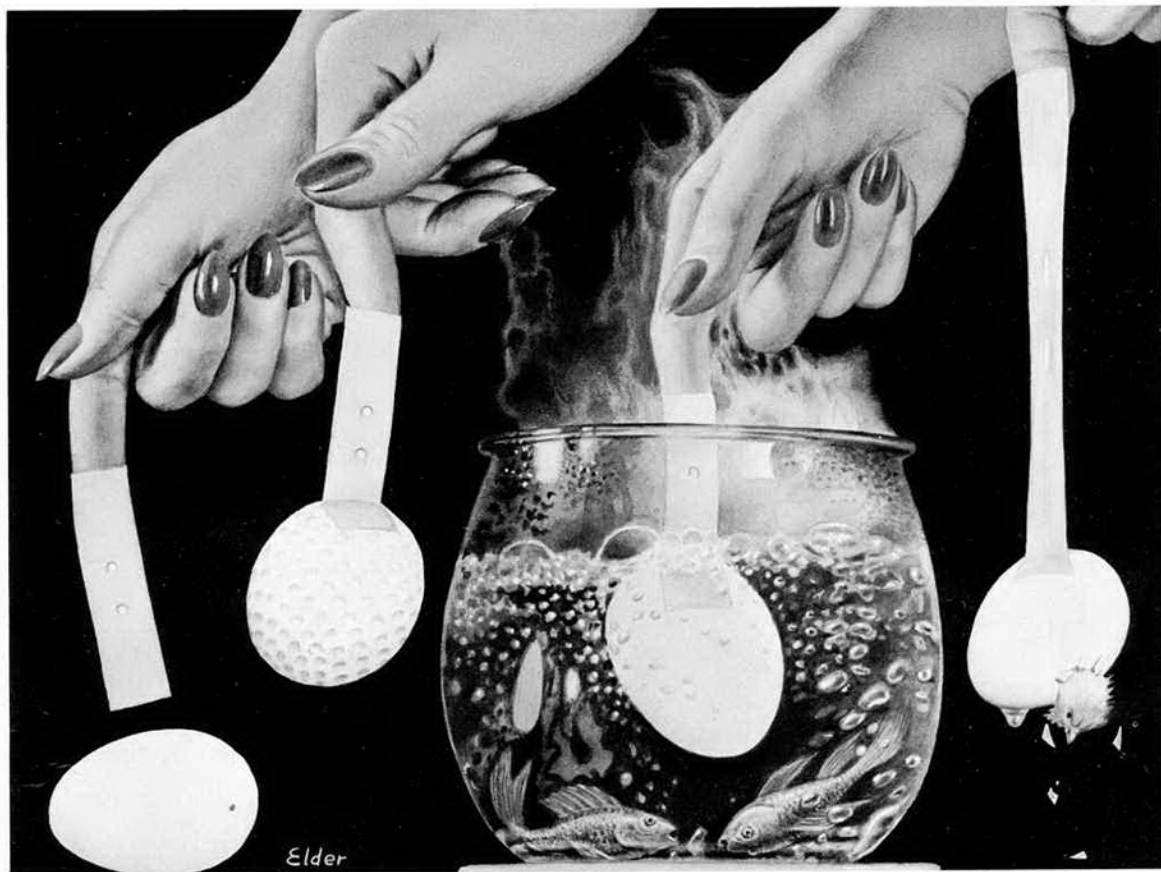


Camembert, Duchess of Fromage

The Duchess, photographed in her charming Riviera penthouse, is noted for her exquisite complexion. About her skin care, she says, "I always use Pund's. I am careful to give myself a good 're-balancing' of Pund's after washing and a deep 'un-balancing' 're-balancing' cleansing at bed-time and I sleep all night in a large vat of Pund's."

Never before a bandage that sticks like this!

(just like woolen underwear)



Merely touch our plastic strip to a dry egg without pressure, it sticks so firmly you can lift the egg. It stays on even when you plunge the egg into boiling water and lift it out again.

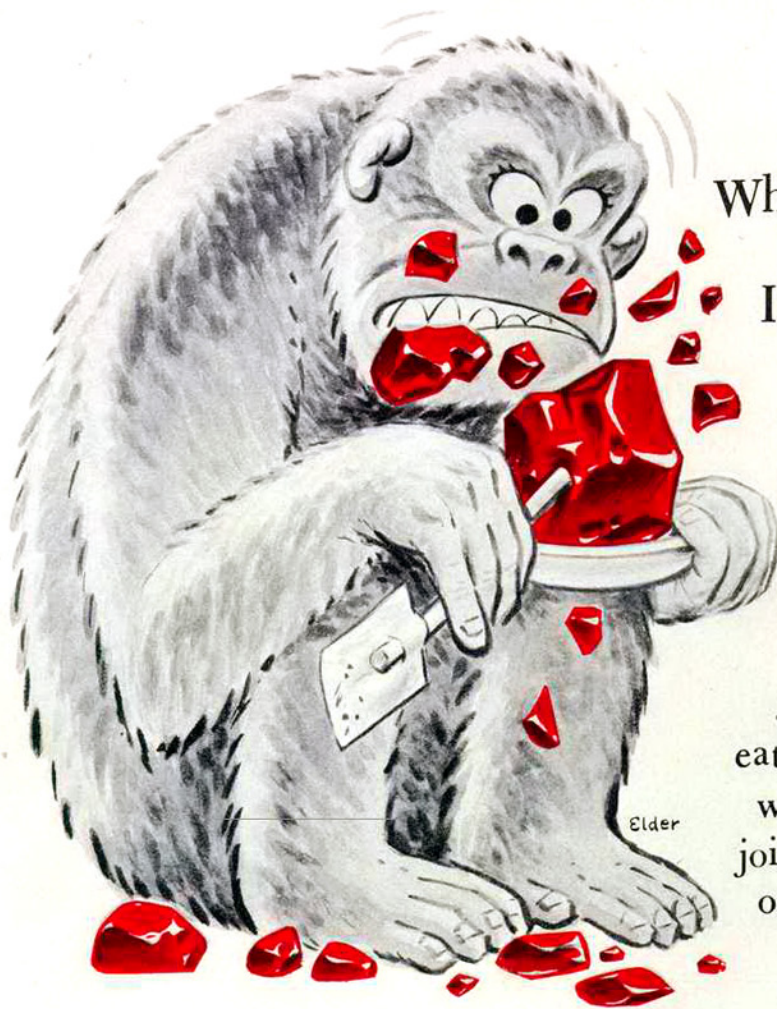
Even when you plunge your finger into boiling water and lift it out again, it stays on. Most marvelous discovery for boiling eggs. No more cracked shells and boiling-over egg white scum.



with **Super-Sticky**

No other bandage sticks to dry eggs so well.





When I'm eating Jell-y
I wish I were a
human being

...because apes don't
eat Jell-y, specially
with spoons. Apes eat
joints of bamboo-shoot
or insects. Jell-y! ...Yarrgh!

Now's the time for

