

SPECIAL HALLOWEEN ISSUE

Dec. '60
No. 59

MAD

OUR
PRICE
25¢
CHEAP



S'matter, can't you Dial?!

No, this isn't Irving! What number do you want? Well, that's your trouble, idiot! You got the wrong number! This is AT-7...not AT-6! Why don't you learn how to Dial? People who like people Dial correctly! Y'know, you dragged me out of a shower! Well, what's so funny about that? Listen, do me a favor! After you learn how to Dial... drop dead!



PHOTO BY LESTER KRAMER

Aren't you glad you Dial correctly?

(Don't you wish everybody did?)

We do, because every time anybody's dragged out of a shower to answer a wrong number, he stops using up soap!

Send for this free book today



HOW TO
dial
correctly

Courtesy of LUX Soap

MAD

"When adults act like children, they're called 'immature'—When children act like adults, they're called 'juvenile delinquents!'"

— Alfred E. Neuman

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The Usual Gang of Idiots

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Since America's Doctors are dedicated (to making a buck), here's how they could advertise, and become "Big-Time Operators".

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MAD discovers that some famous quotes delivered under fire are only part of what was said getting out of the line of fire.

TV'S WONDER DOG, LIZZIE 17



This article concerns a "Frisky" TV dog with a "Red Heart" who has no "Rival" — resulting in big capital "Gaines" for him.

COMMERCIAL ROULETTE 24



A MAD TV game where you switch channels to avoid being bored to death by trying to catch only them entertaining commercials.

NEW SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS 30



Today, the lazy can hire a service company to do just about anything for them. In fact, one of 'em wrote this article for us.

THE TWO FACES OF WORLD WAR II .. 35



World War II movies made during the war rallied us to our cause. World War II movies made these days rally us to THEIR cause.

PARENTS (21-60) 39



Noting all the books that advise distraught parents on Child-Rearing, we now offer distraught children advice on Parent-Rearing.

WE GUARANTEE IT'S A "SPITTIN' IMAGE"

Unless your friends find other ways
to express their opinion of this

BISQUE CHINA BUST OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN



use coupon or duplicate

MAD BUST
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK CITY 12, N. Y.

I don't care what my friends think
of my taste as long as they don't
take it out on me! That's why I am
ordering my bust(s) of Alfred E.!
—So they can take it out on him!

I ENCLOSE \$ _____ FOR:

- 5½" Bust(s) at \$2.00 each
 3¾" Bust(s) at \$1.00 each

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

FIRE SALE



That's right! If we don't sell these
full-color pictures of our "What-Me
Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman, some-
body around here's gonna get fired!
So keep unemployment down! Send 25¢
to: Dept. "What-Color", c/o MAD mag-
azine, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. C. 12

LETTERS DEPT.



SURPRISED MATHEMATICIAN

I am rather surprised that you got
the formula for a hyperbola correct in the
first panel of "Peanuts" (MAD #57). I
am more surprised that you got the com-
plicated identity in panel two correct. The
relationship among the sides and angles
of a triangle in panel three is even more
remarkable. But what really astonished
and impressed me was the fact that the
MAD editorial staff managed to print the
highly abtruse and difficult formula in
panel four correctly.

John Boardman
Syracuse University



Highly Abtruse Formula

EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

This is a genuine bottom-of-the-
heart expression of gratitude for your
magazine. I am a Catholic convent school
and Catholic college graduate who moral-
istically censors all printed matter as it
enters the house. My husband is a Stan-
ford professor of medieval literature. Our
teen-age son (IQ-160) is a fervent fol-
lower of MAD, the one magazine he can
read and re-read without misgivings on
our part. My husband says that MAD is
the only sane commentary in our corrupt,
contemporary society. I say that its satire
rings true every time and is as serious as
it seems slap-happy. Keep your quality as
high as it is now and posterity will be
quoting from your old copies.

Mary Locke
Sunnyvale, Calif.

FLY SWATTER ISSUE

Thanks for the wonderful cover on
the September issue. It actually killed flies.
Not the swatter, but the picture of Alfred
E. Neuman. They took one look at him
and dropped dead laughing.

Diane Pugh
Wheaton, Md.

I used your Special Summer Issue to
swat a fly as you recommended. The only
trouble was that the fly was on my Dad's
nose. But he punished me severely. He
bought me another copy of (ugh) MAD.

Grady Carter
Grand Prairie, Texas

After a few days, I had to burn your
latest issue and buy another. After all, 18
flies, 56 ants, 1 beetle and a roach can
really start smelling up a cover. It's too
bad I didn't figure out your dastardly plot
beforehand — getting us to destroy one
magazine so we have to replace it!

Spencer Carlsen
North Hollywood, Calif.

Putting your trashy magazine to
some practical use like a fly-swatter is a
great idea, but I have one question: mainly
how do I get the icky-sticky squashed flies
off the cover.

Gordon Bailey
Riverside, Calif.

Wipe 'em off with the next issue!—Ed.

I took your advice and used MAD as
a fly swatter. The only trouble was the red
print came off on the walls. When my
mother saw this, she had me washing
walls for thirty minutes. She told me that
any more of this "MAD" acting (I follow
all your advice!), and she would throw
out all the MAD magazines in the house.
Please tell me how to beat this rap.

Richard Goodstein
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Throw them out yourself!—Ed.

You clods! On the cover of the Sept.
issue, you tell us to go swat flies with the
magazine. So the other day, while I was
playing baseball, someone hit me a fly. I
took out the magazine, tried to swat it,
and missed. Now I have a lump on my
head. What do you say to that?

Roy Nemerson
Pt. Washington, N. Y.

Maybe it'll knock some sense in your head!
—Ed.

THERE ARE MANY GOOD REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO MAD!

(UNFORTUNATELY, WE CAN'T THINK OF ONE!)

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

There are many good reasons
why I SHOULD'N'T subscribe
to MAD, but unfortunately
I can't think of one either.
So here's \$2.00. Send me
the next nine issues—I'm
bound to come up with one!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE _____

NOTE: Allow 8 weeks for subscription to be processed

ALFRED E. NEUMAN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

Here is a great idea! Why not offer "Alfred E. Neuman Halloween Costumes" to "MAD Trick-or-Treaters" this year? Enclosed is a photo of the two types of costumes we propose. The right one is a "conventional" costume and mask, and on the left is a "Mardi Gras walk-along".

They would both come in a full range of sizes, and they would be sold throughout the country. What do you think?

Bill Wimmer
Sales Manager
Collegeville Costumes
Collegeville, Pa.



You know darn well what we think, since we signed the contract months ago! What a

sneaky way to get us to plug the costumes so readers will know they're available!—Ed.

DON MARTIN'S PORTRAITS

How come Don Martin's supposed self-portraits are all different?

Lester Sonnemark
Flushing, N. Y.

He gets better-looking all the time!—Ed.

BEAT BEATNIKS

Like I just cut out on your Special Summer issue, which was a gas. But I didn't dig that crazy lick on "Beatniks". Clue me in, Daddy-O. What's so funny?

Kenny Braun
New York City

NEW SLOGAN

Thanks for the mention of our slogan in your latest issue (The Good Humor Ice Cream Truck). Now, we've got a new slogan: "A mention in MAD means a Mohawk Rug on the Floor".

Jim Lewis
Bigelow Rug Co.
New York City

GLORIFICATION OF CRIME

You guys are absolutely the greatest. Thanks for a really funny article on "Gangster Movies". My mother is a psychiatrist and claims that a major factor in juvenile delinquency is the universal glorification of crime in the U. S.

Angela Jacobovitch
Pearl River, N. Y.

So stop lauding us, for cryin' out loud!—Ed.

SPLIT INFINITIVES

In order to properly edit your magazine, you should be careful to closely peruse the contents for any grammatical errors that may have been inadvertently made. In issue #57, on page 24 ("... in order to fully protect..."), and on page 31 ("To fully enjoy fishing..."), your proofreader should really have been sharp enough to immediately spot the split infinitives. In order to wisely insure against any such future accidents, I think it would definitely be a brilliant move to quickly hire me.

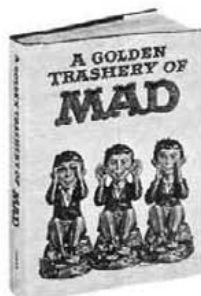
Albert S. Alexander
Malverne, N. Y.

Sorry, but to effectively keep our overhead down, we have to judiciously limit the size of our staff of idiots!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD,
Dept. 59, Room 706, 225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, New York

THIS IS THE THIRD ACT

... the third act in our comedy of errors! The plot (to get your money) thickens with the latest de luxe anthology, **THE GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD**. It makes the scene following our two previous black-outs: **MAD FOR KEEPS** and **MAD FOREVER**, to bring you 136 pages of boff humor, sock satire and hasty exits, many in vivid color—plus an opening soliloquy by Sid Caesar (who comes to bury us, not to praise us!) So if you want a permanent hard-cover collection of our past flops, order your copy today! When you receive it, it'll probably mean curtains for all of us!



MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPARTMENT
225 Lafayette Street New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose \$2.95 each. Please send the anthologies checked below . . .

- THE GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD**
 MAD FOR KEEPS **MAD FOREVER**

NAME _____

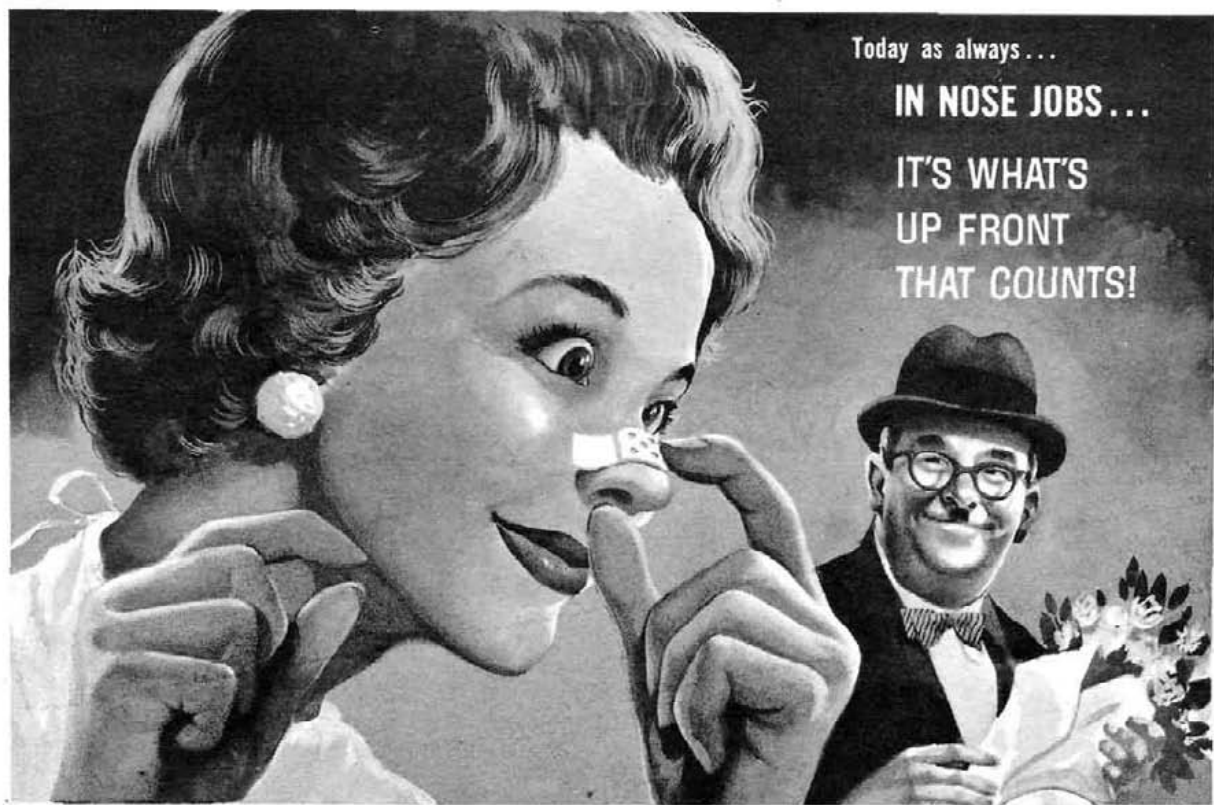
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

There are lots of things that Doctors are not supposed to do because of so-called "Professional Ethics". However, from what we have seen, they do most of these things anyway. But *one* thing they're not supposed to do, and really don't, is *advertise!* Which is pretty stupid. Mainly because if you need a Doctor, how do you know which one to go to unless you hear all their claims?

IF DOCTORS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



The big difference is

TILTED-END

and only Dr. Winston does it!

The secret of Dr. Winston's famous plastic surgery is Tilted-End, an exclusive Winston development. You see, Tilted-End is what goes up front on your face when you have a Winston nose job. With Tilted-End, you not only look better but you smell better, too! Remember, Dr. Winston's idea has always

been that the pleasure of smelling depends on the *shape* of the nose. (After all, isn't smelling the whole idea of having a nose?) Yes, that's one good reason why Dr. Winston is America's best-known plastic surgeon, year after year. Tilted-End up front is why you should try Dr. Herman T. Winston!



A WINSTON NOSE SMELLS GOOD

DR. WINSTON'S METHOD IS EXCLUSIVELY HIS. HE WISHES THERE WERE OTHER DOCTORS WHO USE IT. THEN HE, TOO, COULD HAVE TILTED-END!

LIKE A CUTE LITTLE NORMAL NOSE SHOULD

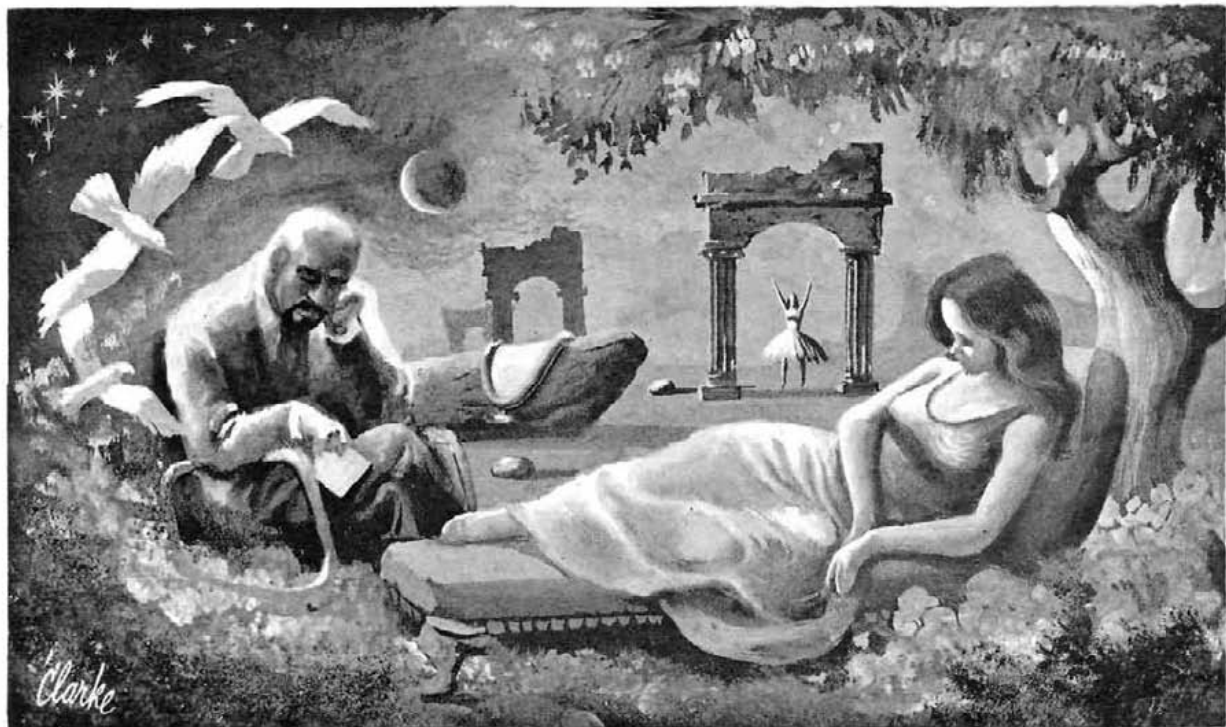
F'rinstance, what if you need an elbow specialist, and you visit a plastic surgeon by mistake? You end up with a shorter, cuter, turned-up elbow — only it still hurts! So, for this, and seven other reasons, MAD feels that Doctors should be permitted to publicize themselves. The seven other reasons being the following ads... which are the kind of things we'd be seeing...

ADVERTISED

WRITER: GARY BELKIN

Memories... long forgotten

RECALLED UPON A COUCH



Memories... painted for Dr. De Beer's Collection by a patient who ran out of money

In fleeting minutes sweetly shared, you relate the story of your life to willing, nay, anxious ears. Yes, during each 50-minute session, you talk on and on and on and on, as only the truly neurotic can. Here is Psychology's greatest treasure, given to you alone... the rapturous delight of being able to tell people you go to a Psychiatrist. Mainly me! Dr. Sigmund De Beers, 845 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Your analysis may be deep — or shallow. But rest assured it will be long! So choose your Psychiatrist with care, because you're gonna be lying on his couch for many years to come. You may even go the rest of your life — if you can afford it! Remember...



(SLIGHTLY NEUROTIC) \$20 an hour



(REALLY NEUROTIC) \$25 an hour



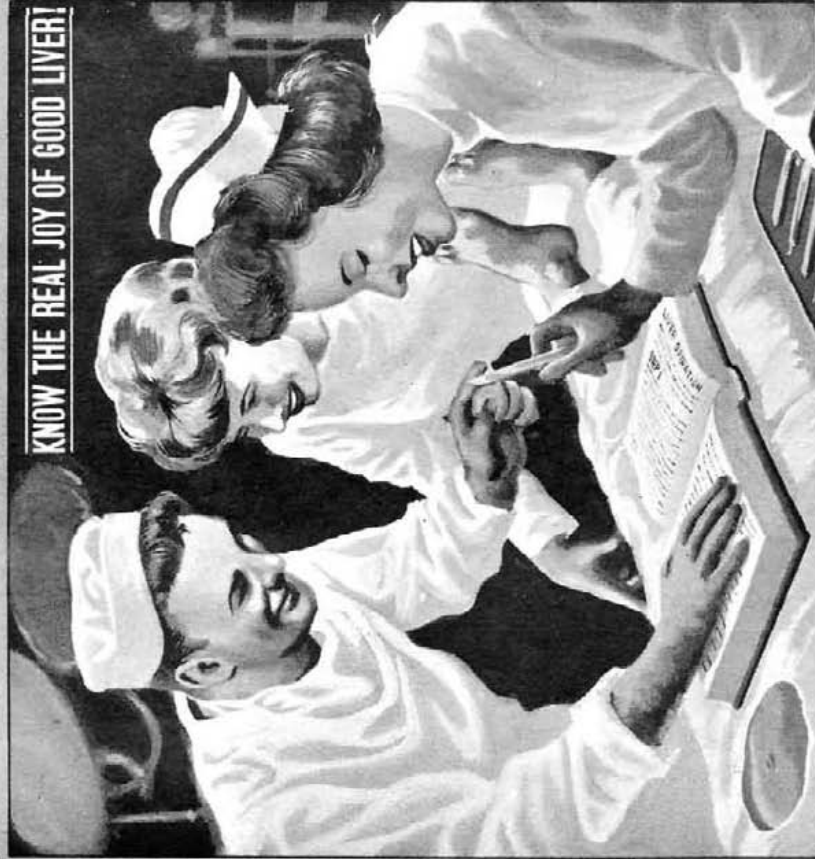
(TERRIBLY NEUROTIC) \$40 an hour



(KOOKIE) \$50 an hour and up

Going To A Psychiatrist Is Forever

KNOW THE REAL JOY OF GOOD LIVER!



"Hand me my scalpel, Shirley!"

Good operations don't just happen, you've got to make them! That goes for liver operations as well as any other kind. The same scalpels are available to all surgeons. What makes Schlitz stand out is the way he uses that scalpel. He gets the most out of every golden flourish. One flick of that Schlitz wrist, and your liver is as good as new. So next time you need a liver operation, go to Sam Schlitz, M.D. He may cost an extra hundred dollars but he's worth it!



move up to

THE DOC THAT MADE MILWAUKEE HOSPITAL FAMOUS



MRS. IRMA KRONKITE of Tumere, Va., is shown in her attractive home which contains many gifts obtained with H&S Green Stamps. With her are her two allergic sons, Steve and Allen. Mr. Kronkite is in the hospital.

"I furnished my home with sickness - thanks to H&S Green Stamps!"

says MRS. IRMA KRONKITE
Tumere, Va. Housewife

— AND OVER 27,000,000 OTHER SICK, THRIFTY WOMEN AGREE ...

As Mrs. Kronkite says about her own experiences with H&S (Hospitalization and Sickness) Green Stamps, "Whenever I go to Doctors and Hospitals that give Green Stamps, I know I'm dollars ahead. Because I can redeem H&S Green Stamps for lovely gifts—or more medical care!" H&S is America's oldest Hospitalization and Sickness Stamp Plan. With H&S Green Stamps you get what you want—when you're well enough to use it. As Mrs. Kronkite puts it, "H&S Green Stamps makes being sick worth it!"



You can be dollars ahead, too! Be operated on where you get

H&S Green Stamps

Where there's life... there's Bud ^{MD}

Bud Weiser ^{MD}

BABY ON THE WAY? Have it brought into the world the best way--the Weiser way! Use Charles (Bud) Weiser, M.D. As an Obstetrician, he really delivers!



"I never give
more than
20 stitches
per gash!"

SAYS:
DR. HUGO QUACKENBUSH
STARRING IN
THE OPERATING ROOM
AT GROUCHO-MARX HOSPITAL

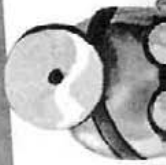
Did she... or didn't she?



A hairline so natural only her lobotomist knows for sure!

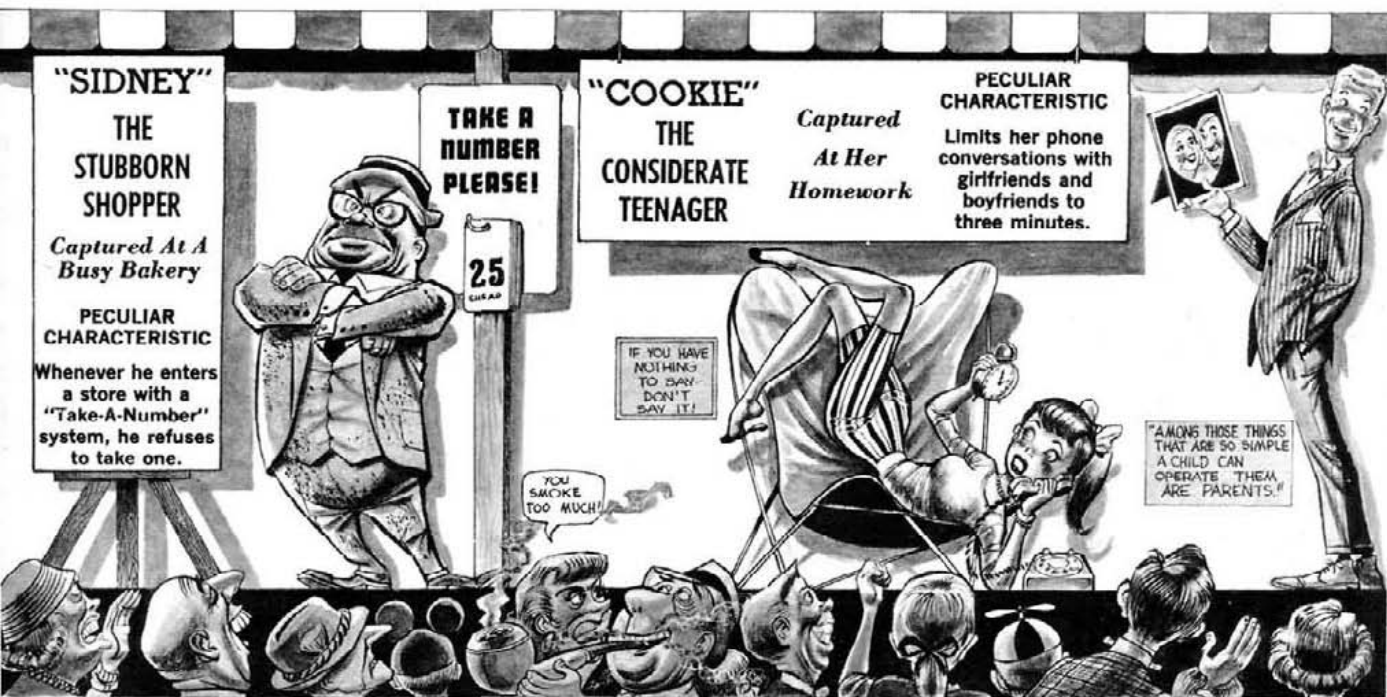
...is that what's
...the lobotomist
...the product of a man?
...especially for
...of 10

ASK FOR SPECIAL
RATES ON OUR
NEW 'TWIN-PACK'

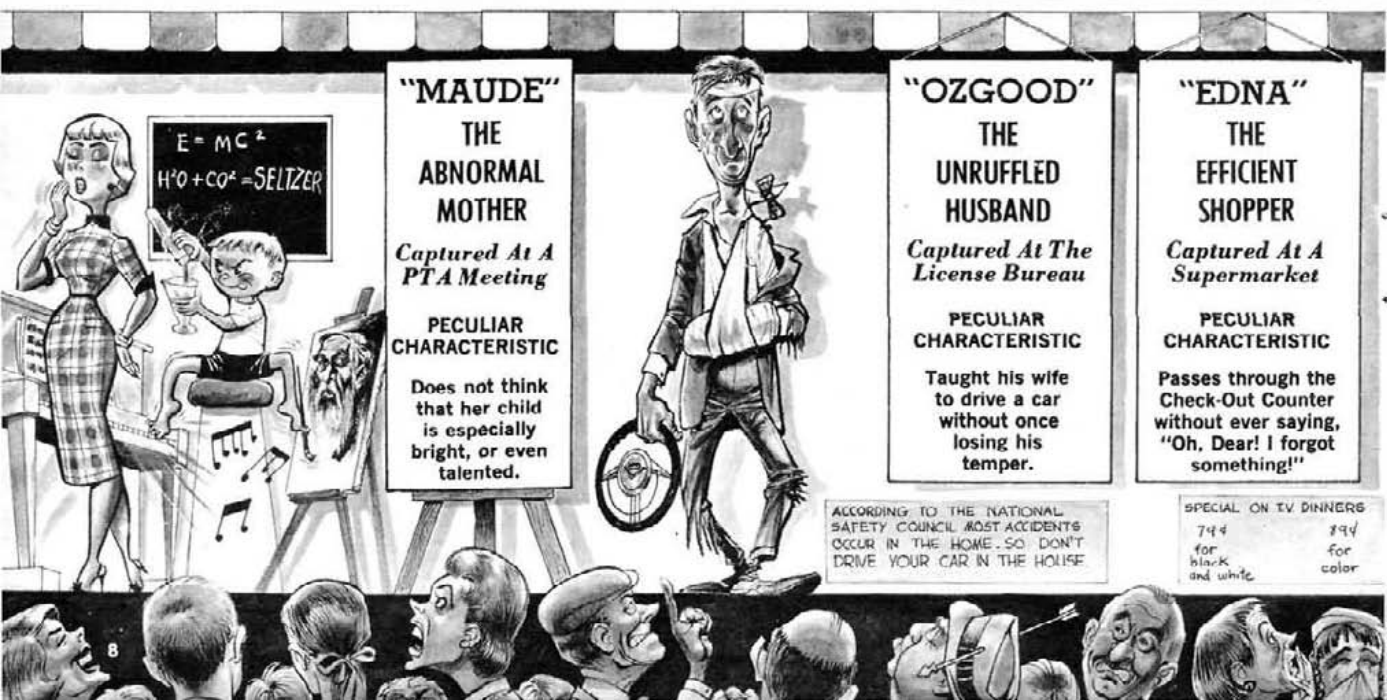


There is always a certain fascination to a Side-Show that exhibits "Freaks" because these unfortunate people are so different from what we consider the "Normal Physical Stand-

THE MAD SIDE-SHOW



**AD INFINITUM—This TV commercial is too long.



"MAUDE"
THE
ABNORMAL
MOTHER

*Captured At A
PTA Meeting*

**PECULIAR
CHARACTERISTIC**

Does not think
that her child
is especially
bright, or even
talented.

"OZGOOD"
THE
UNRUFFLED
HUSBAND

*Captured At The
License Bureau*

**PECULIAR
CHARACTERISTIC**

Taught his wife
to drive a car
without once
losing his
temper.

"EDNA"
THE
EFFICIENT
SHOPPER

*Captured At A
Supermarket*

**PECULIAR
CHARACTERISTIC**

Passes through the
Check-Out Counter
without ever saying,
"Oh, Dear! I forgot
something!"

ACCORDING TO THE NATIONAL
SAFETY COUNCIL MOST ACCIDENTS
OCCUR IN THE HOME...SO DON'T
DRIVE YOUR CAR IN THE HOUSE

SPECIAL ON TV DINNERS
79¢ for black and white
89¢ for color

Several issues back (MAD #50, to be exact), we pointed out how sneaky producers turn critical reviews into rave reviews by omitting important words from the original panning. Thus, a sentence in the *N.Y. Times* which reads "If you want to be bored stiff, you must see this play!" becomes, for advertising purposes: "YOU MUST SEE THIS

COMPLETE HISTOR INCLUDING FAMOUS

GENERAL SHERMAN
did not exactly say:

WAR IS
HELL!



What he really said came about like this...



...TOUT DE SUITE—There's a drunk in my hotel room.

AL SMITH
did not exactly say:

LET'S LOOK
AT THE
RECORD!



What he really said came about like this...



PLAY!"—*N.Y. Times*. Recently, we discovered that something along the same lines has occurred with many of our great historical quotations, and as a result, they have come down to us "out of context". Namely, important words have been accidentally (or deliberately) omitted from the original statement. Here then, is MAD's collection of

ICAL QUOTATIONS THOSE LOST WORDS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: GARY BELKIN

COMMANDER LAWRENCE
did not exactly say:

DON'T GIVE UP
THE SHIP!



What he really said came about like this...



TEDDY ROOSEVELT
did not exactly say:

SPEAK SOFTLY
AND CARRY A
BIG STICK!



What he really said came about like this...



© "CHARGE D'AFFAIRES—Love on a Diner's Club Card."

JOHN PAUL JONES
did not exactly say:

I HAVE NOT YET
BEGUN TO FIGHT!



What he really said came about like this...



SIR HENRY M. STANLEY
did not exactly say:

DOCTOR
LIVINGSTONE,
I PRESUME,



What he really said came about like this...



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
did not exactly say:

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO
WAS WON ON THE PLAYING
FIELDS OF ETON!



What he really said came about like this...



KING RICHARD, III
did not exactly say:

A HORSE! A HORSE!
MY KINGDOM FOR
A HORSE!



What he really said came about like this...



GENERAL MACARTHUR
did not exactly say:

I SHALL
RETURN!



What he really said came about like this...



ADMIRAL DEWEY
did not exactly say:

FIRE WHEN YOU
ARE READY,
GRIDLEY!



What he really said came about like this...



TV ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

TELEVISION DEPT.

The Polydent Commercial

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

Denture wearers . . . there's no longer any need to fear offensive denture breath!



POLYDENT

New Polydent Denture Cleanser kills odor-causing bacteria on contact!

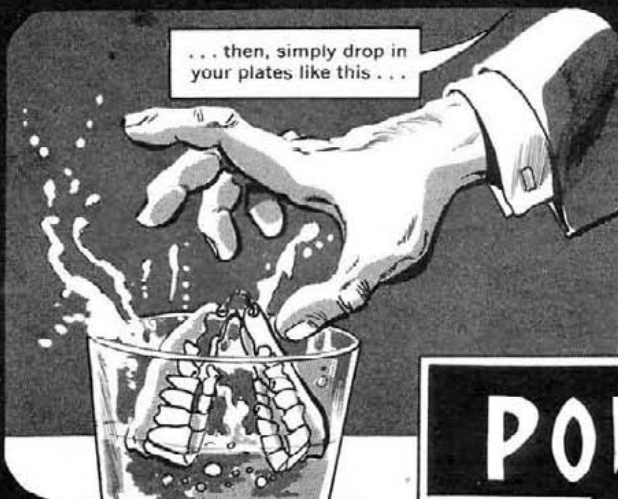


POLYDENT

Just place a heaping teaspoon of new Polydent into a glass of water . . .



. . . then, simply drop in your plates like this . . .



PO

. . . ang rem gnoo fnuss gang blingell oggen gennung blide noom pung gloph . . .



Idiot! You're supposed to drop these two plastic discs into the glass— not your own plates!

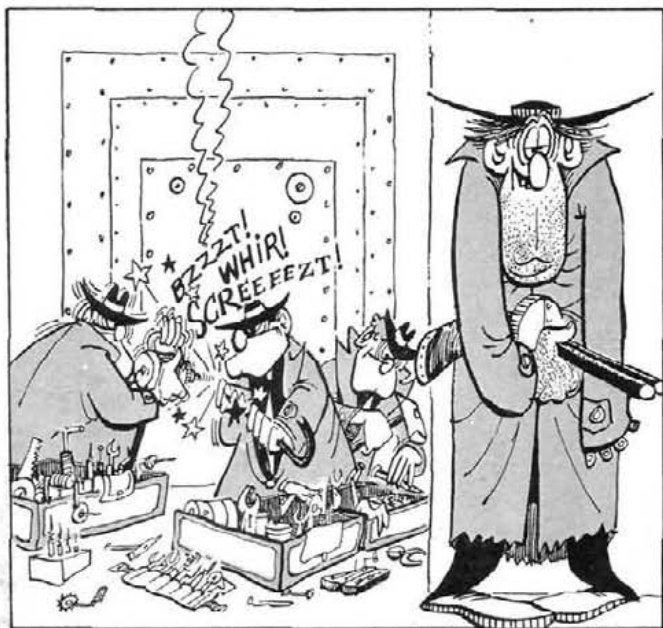


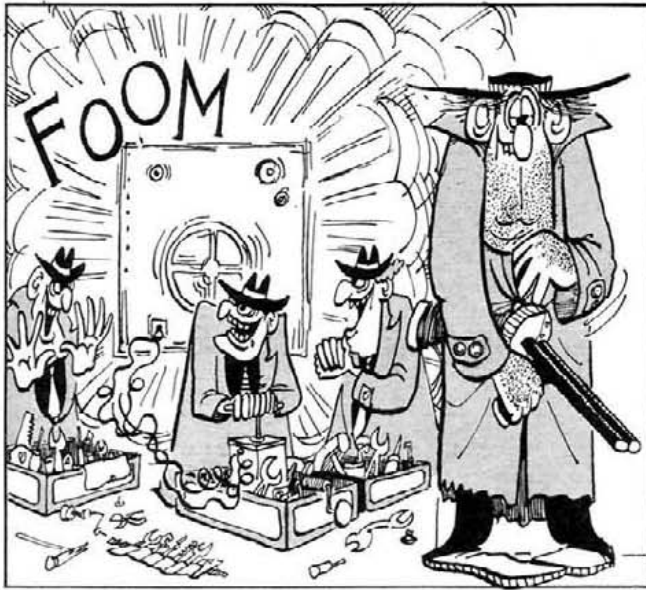
PO

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

For his first offering, MAD's maddest artist, Don Martin, tells us about the time he needed money, so he adopted an alias and joined —

THE SAFECRACKERS





Now that Albert Einstein has gone to his Reward, and Charles Van Doren was caught accepting his, probably the most popular intelligent American today is television's canine star, Lizzie. Every week, millions of kids watch with awe as this fantastic Collie performs unbelievable feats of brilliance. And so, in fairness to all these gullible youngsters, we here at MAD now present the real truth about...

TV'S WONDER DOG LIZZIE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Well, here we go again, still trying to answer that age-old question, namely: can America's wholesomest TV family find happiness owning a plain, average 9-year-old Collie with the intelligence of a plain, average 40-year-old college professor?

And now, so much for our typical, idiotic, heart-warming opening shot! Off we go into our sunny, spotless farm house for a wholesome man-sized TV farm meal of milk and cookies!

After which, Lizzie and I will be off for a typical boy-and-dog day of fun... like capturing an escaped lion, or putting out a million-dollar forest fire!



Mmmm! Honey, this man-sized milk and cookie lunch is even better than our milk and cookie breakfast, or last night's milk and cookie dinner!

Well, Tommy? Are you and Lizzie all set for another exciting day?

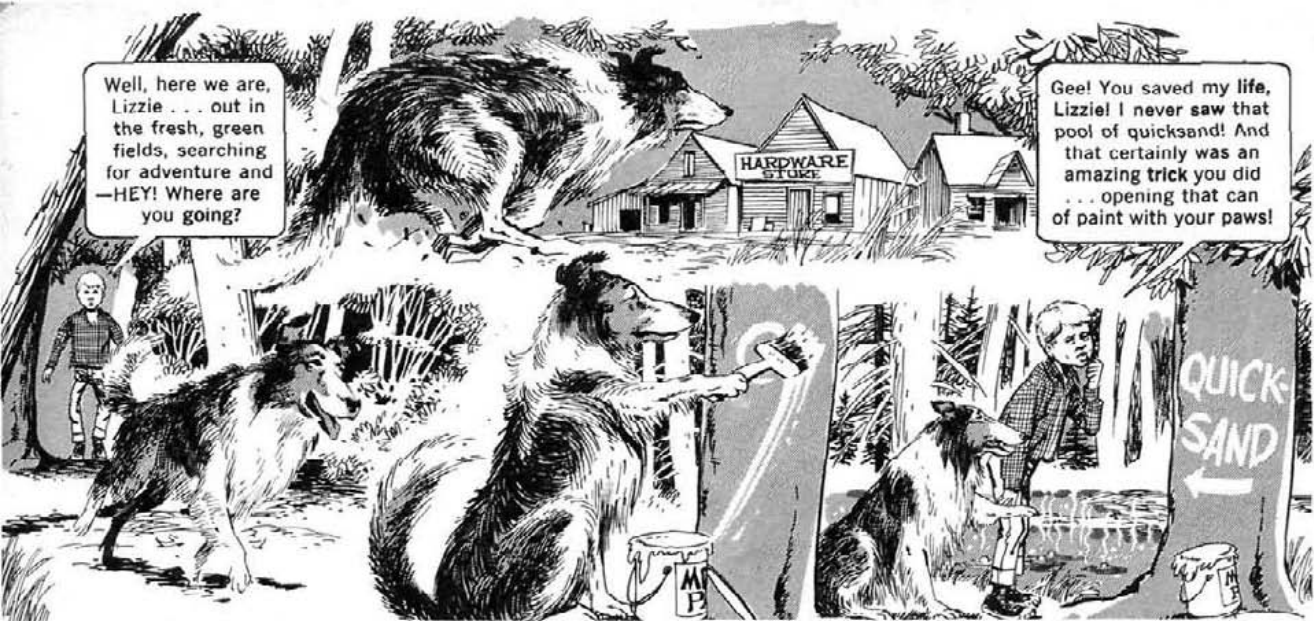
Yes, sir! You bet! Did you know that Lizzie caught 11 chicken thieves, saved 14 cows from a burning barn, and helped me to solve 22 long-division problems yesterday?

There, there, Tommy! Don't fret! Lizzie's had slow days before! I'm sure she'll make up for it today!

Well, 'bye, Mom and Dad! Lizzie and I are off to the fields. Do I look presentable?

Presentable?! Land sakes, Tommy! You're a mess! Look at your hair! It's all combed and neat! Will you please rumple it up and push it down over your eyes... like a typical, wholesome TV farm boy! What'll the neighbors say?

EUREKA—You don't smell very good.



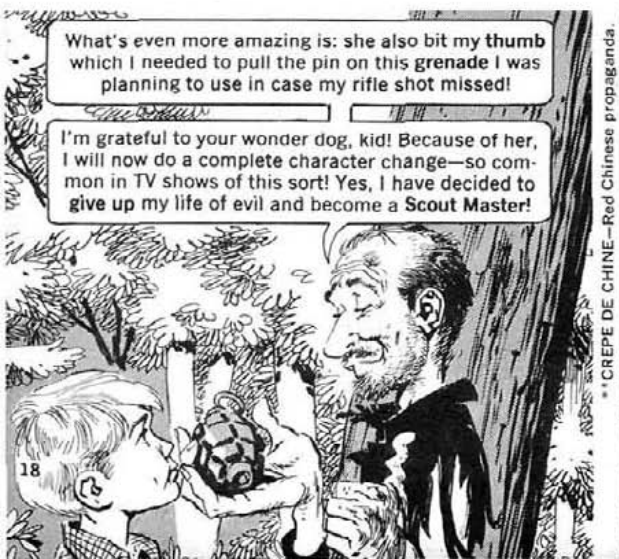
Well, here we are, Lizzie . . . out in the fresh, green fields, searching for adventure and —HEY! Where are you going?

Gee! You saved my life, Lizzie! I never saw that pool of quicksand! And that certainly was an amazing trick you did . . . opening that can of paint with your paws!



Well, Lizzie! What do you say we . . . HEY! Where are you going now?

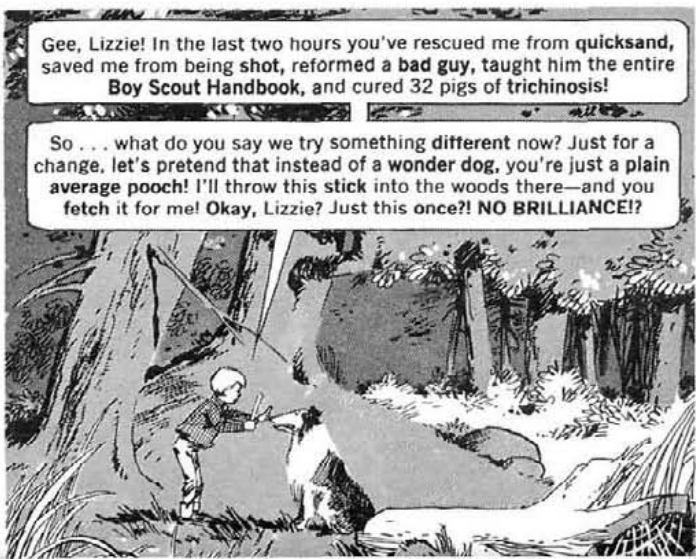
Gee! You saved my life again, Lizzie! I never saw that bad guy aiming a rifle at me! And that certainly was an amazing trick you did . . . biting his trigger finger so he couldn't fire!



What's even more amazing is: she also bit my thumb which I needed to pull the pin on this grenade I was planning to use in case my rifle shot missed!

I'm grateful to your wonder dog, kid! Because of her, I will now do a complete character change—so common in TV shows of this sort! Yes, I have decided to give up my life of evil and become a Scout Master!

•• CREPE DE CHINE—Red Chinese propaganda.



Gee, Lizzie! In the last two hours you've rescued me from quicksand, saved me from being shot, reformed a bad guy, taught him the entire Boy Scout Handbook, and cured 32 pigs of trichinosis!

So . . . what do you say we try something different now? Just for a change, let's pretend that instead of a wonder dog, you're just a plain average pooch! I'll throw this stick into the woods there—and you fetch it for me! Okay, Lizzie? Just this once?! NO BRILLIANCE!?



Gee! It worked! Lizzie ran into the woods where I threw the stick, and she's actually fetched it for . . . me . . . up!

Oh, what's the use! She's also fetched 112 lost people!

She's gotta do something intelligent and heroic—even when she's not trying!

Could you tell me how I can get to Radio City?

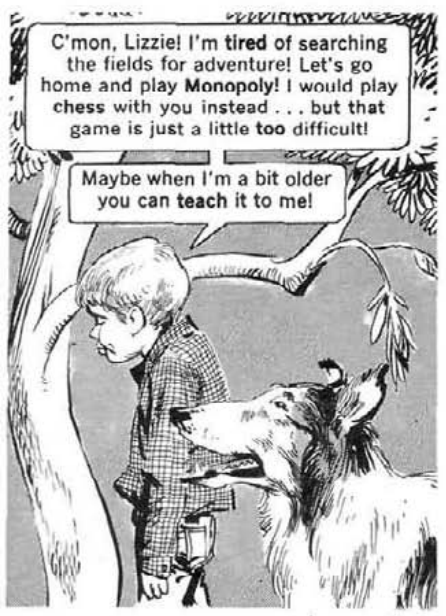
I say! Is this the way to the elephant's graveyard?

Banzai! Has Honorable Emperor taken over New York yet?

Anybody looking for me? My name is Judge Crater!

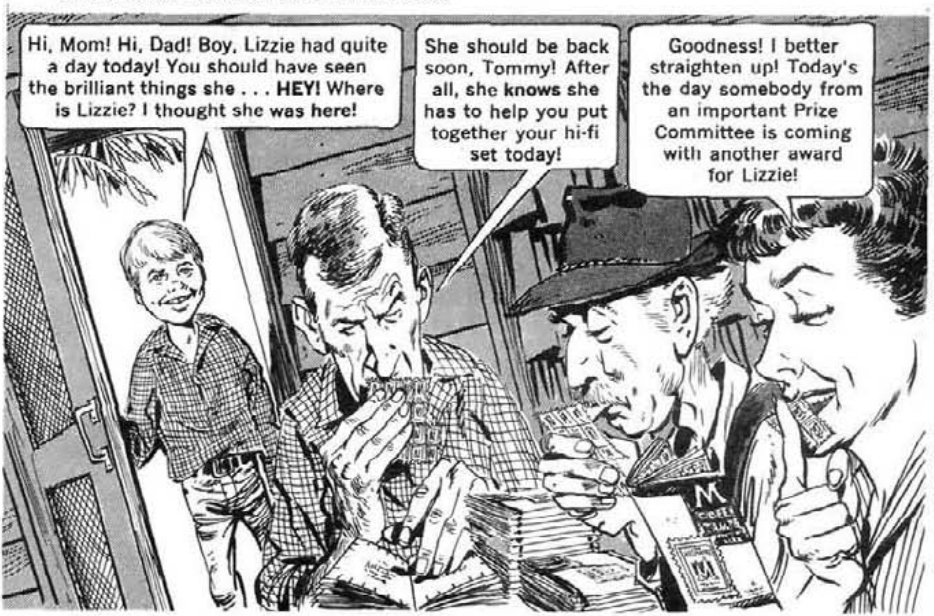
Dr. Livingstone, I presume . . .

**AIDE-DE-CAMP—I donated to the Fresh Air Fund.



C'mon, Lizzie! I'm tired of searching the fields for adventure! Let's go home and play Monopoly! I would play chess with you instead . . . but that game is just a little too difficult!

Maybe when I'm a bit older you can teach it to me!



Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad! Boy, Lizzie had quite a day today! You should have seen the brilliant things she . . . HEY! Where is Lizzie? I thought she was here!

She should be back soon, Tommy! After all, she knows she has to help you put together your hi-fi set today!

Goodness! I better straighten up! Today's the day somebody has to help you with an important Prize Committee is coming with another award for Lizzie!



Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Morton. It's me—the Nobel Prize man, again—and here is Lizzie's regular award of \$25,000 for "Exceptional Canine Brilliance"!

Oh, it's you! I thought you were the Pulitzer Prize man. He comes by here quite often, too! Thanks anyway, and we'll see you again soon!



Oh boy! I have to tell Lizzie the wonderful news! What a day this has been for her!

Hold it, Tommy! There you go—out with your hair combed again! If you don't muss it up this instant, you'll go up to your room without your milk and cookie Sunday supper!

And when's that kid gonna grow freckles already!? The neighbors are starting to talk!



Golly! The Nobel Prize man is back! It must be time for another award for Lizzie!

Not this time, kid! I've just made a discovery that will rock the foundation of all that's fine and good on TV! It's so horrible, it sickens me when I think about it!

Imagine! Trying to pass off Lizzie as an intelligent dog!

What are you talking about? Why of course Lizzie is an intelligent dog! She's as intelligent as any 40-year-old man!



Yeah! Well I just discovered her behind the barn! And she was smoking this cigar!

Lizzie... smoking a cigar? Never! I admit she's brilliant—but she's only a dog! How could she possibly smoke a cigar? A pipe, maybe! But smoke a cigar? Impossible!



Listen, kid! I hate to tell you this—but your parents have been deceiving you for years! You see—the reason Lizzie is as intelligent as a 40-year-old man is...

She... I mean HE—IS a 40-year-old man!

Yes, Tommy! TV's lovable wonder dog is actually a 40-year-old midget in a DOG SUIT!

No! No! I don't believe it! It's a trick! A lie! I'll stick by Lizzie and Mom and Dad! I trust them!

Of course, to protect my TV future, first thing in the morning I'll ask "The Real McCoys" if they can use another adorable towhead farm boy!



** FAUX PAS—My father's enemy.

I guess your Dad and I owe you an explanation, Tommy! You see, when we first got the real Lizzie as a pup years ago, she wasn't too bright! In fact, she was downright stupid! She couldn't do the simplest tricks... like barking or panting or scratching behind the ear. So we decided we had to do something!



We knew you had your heart set on a smart dog, Tommy... and we knew the real Lizzie would break your heart! So we hired this nice circus midget to wear a dog suit and pretend he was Lizzie. You must admit he imitates a good bark!

And the money was good, too! That Pulitzer and Nobel Prize money really adds up! But I'm glad it's over! It ain't been easy, runnin' on all fours for eight years! And that tail-wagging bit was murder!



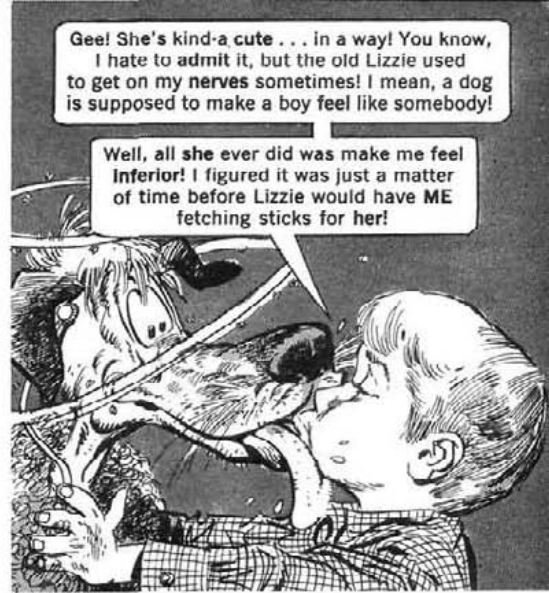
Tommy! I've got a surprise for you! Meet the REAL Lizzie... whom your Mom and Dad have been hiding in a deserted shack deep in the woods!





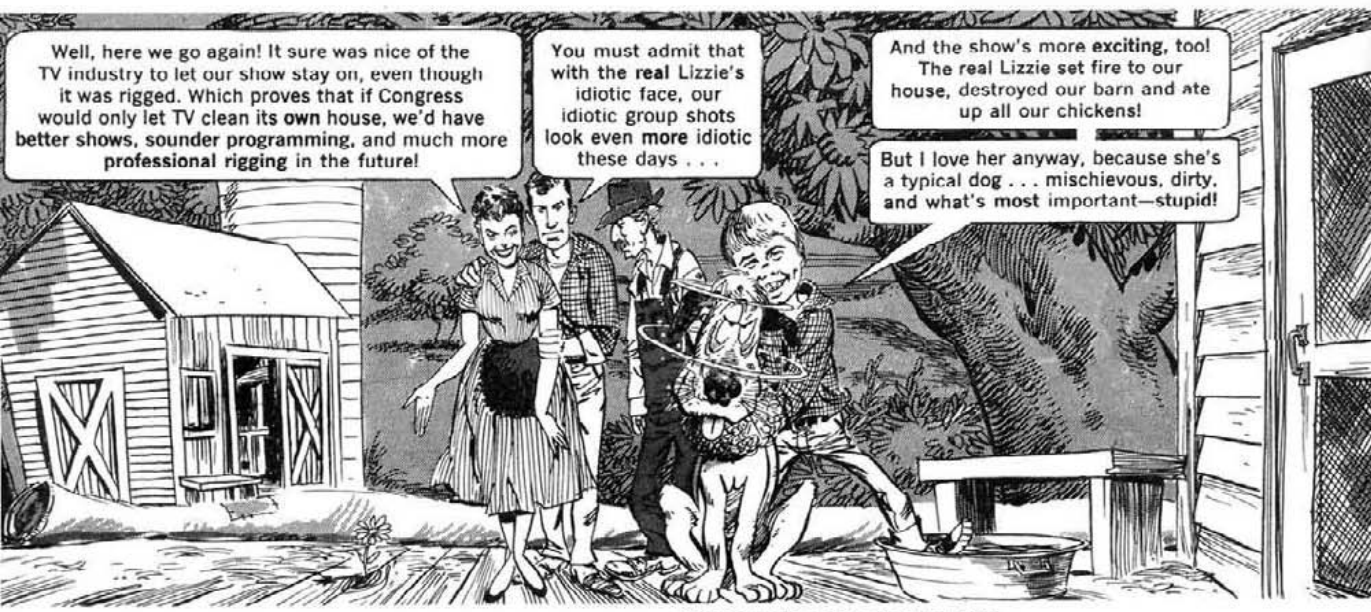
No! No! That couldn't be the real Lizzie! Lizzie is supposed to be a COLLIE!

She IS a Collie: kid! She's also Spaniel, Terrier, Dachshund, Poodle, Spitz, and part Alley-Cat . . .



Gee! She's kind-a cute . . . in a way! You know, I hate to admit it, but the old Lizzie used to get on my nerves sometimes! I mean, a dog is supposed to make a boy feel like somebody!

Well, all she ever did was make me feel inferior! I figured it was just a matter of time before Lizzie would have ME fetching sticks for her!



Well, here we go again! It sure was nice of the TV industry to let our show stay on, even though it was rigged. Which proves that if Congress would only let TV clean its own house, we'd have better shows, sounder programming, and much more professional rigging in the future!

You must admit that with the real Lizzie's idiotic face, our idiotic group shots look even more idiotic these days . . .

And the show's more exciting, too! The real Lizzie set fire to our house, destroyed our barn and ate up all our chickens!

But I love her anyway, because she's a typical dog . . . mischievous, dirty, and what's most important—stupid!

••ET CETERA—He chewed up the scenery.



Hey, Morton! That mutt of yours killed my prize cow!

Hey, Morton! Your nitwit mongrel has swallowed my watch!

Hey, Morton! That darn fool dog of yours tore up my rhubarb patch!

Isn't she wonderful!

The two best-known newspapers in the U.S. are the NEW YORK TIMES and the DAILY NEWS. And yet, both of them are falling down on the job by failing to provide *all the news!* The "high brow" TIMES only covers dry, scholarly happenings, while the "low brow" DAILY NEWS fills its pages

HOW TO GET COMPLETE

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

THIS TYPICAL DULL
N.Y. TIMES STORY ...

WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS IN THE
SENSATIONAL DAILY NEWS

TOMB DISCOVERED BY ARCHAEOLOGIST

Mesopotamian Mausoleum
Recently Uncovered
By Yale Expert

By ARDSLEY PIPPIT

The remains of two ancient Mesopotamians in a mummified condition have been uncovered by one of the nation's most highly-regarded archaeologists. The discovery took place in a mausoleum recently excavated near Karplunget, a village in the western foothills of Iraq.

An investigation of the ancient edifice was undertaken by Professor Arthur T. Cartright, of the Yale University School of Archaeology. Dr. Cartright delivered a discourse on his findings yesterday evening before the semi-annual meeting of the members of the American Archaeological Society.

Dr. Cartright informed the Society's members that it was probable that one of the mummies was Mumaturhuophon IV, a Mesopotamian ruler who is believed to have lived between 2980 and 2900 B.C. The other mummy appears to have been a female Mesopotamian who lived in approximately the same period.

In addition to the remains of the two individuals, the Professor also discovered other significant relics. Among these were an unspecified number of eating and drinking implements and a stone carved "uz", which experts identified as an early Mesopotamian weapon.

Professor Cartright's discoveries were received with credibility and scholarly interest by the Society's members.

OUTDOOR CULTURE
THRIVING ON COAST

Hot Time In Old Tomb Tonight, Says Egghead Who Dug Up Dirt

By HANK DREGS and BILL FLOTSAM

A lurid death pact between a sex-crazed king and his luscious B. C. sweetie has been dug up by an Ivy League egghead. According to Prof. Art Cartright, a Yale spade-man the big boys really had it "made" in old Mesopotamia.

The Prof's startling exposé was revealed last night before a wild-eyed crowd of fossil buffs who drooled with delight as he spilled the soup about his friend. Cartright told his pals that the Mesopotamian VIPs kept their tombs stocked with food, drink, and other goodies with an eye to the day they'd be put away for good.

One of these goodies was a mummy (36-24-34) which the Prof hinted was the former girlfriend of Mumaturhuophon IV, a well-known B. C. playboy. If the Prof can be believed, then its odds-on that Mumaturhuophon and his shapely tombmate had been a steady twosome around the palace.

The Prof wouldn't come right out and say the king killed his sweetie just before his own death, but all the dirt uncovered points to a torrid lovetangle followed by a passion death-pact. Among the evidence was a 15-inch suicide knife, most likely used by the king after stabbing his curvacious cutie in one of the passages.

The Prof's find is rated as one of the top sexological discoveries of all time.



Jayne Mansfield as "Cleopatra"

Billy (The Kid) Yields

with violence, sex, and sensationalism. So the daily readers of each paper are being cheated. To meet their full responsibilities, the TIMES should start covering sex and violence, and the NEWS should begin reporting on dull scholarly events. If this happened, we'd solve the problem of . . .

NEWSPAPER COVERAGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

**THIS DAILY NEWS STORY OF
DRUNKEN VIOLENCE AND DEATH . . .**

Bottle-Swinging Brawler Slays Buddy In Bloody Bar Murder

By AL ZINK

Two drunks, stewed to the gills, battled it out before the paying customers at Duffy's Bar today. When the dust cleared, Ed McSweeney was laid out for good, his skull mashed to a bloody mess. His slayer, Bill O'Toole, was dragged off to jail where he's even money to sober up in time for tomorrow's hearing.

The brawl began when McSweeney, already half-blind, decided that he knew more about "Old Rotgut", a cheap bourbon, than any mug in the house. O'Toole, an ex-con with a record longer than his arm, wouldn't buy the story. Picking up his bottle of "Old Rotgut", he smashed the fifth over McSweeney's skull, giving his hair a new part.

McSweeney, his head resembling a five-and-ten jigsaw puzzle, dropped to the sawdust floor, his drinking days ended forever. When the cops came to pick up O'Toole, he was buying drinks for the house to celebrate his drunk-crazed blood bath.

O'Toole will be hauled into court tomorrow to face Judge Al (No-Mercy) Abernathy on the manslaughter rap.



Battered body of victim in barroom brawl is carried to Morgue Wagon.

**WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS
IN THE N.Y. TIMES**

ALCOHOLIC DEBATE CAUSES FATALITY

Alleged Incident Occurs
In Public Drinking
Establishment

By FINLEY FERNFEATHER

A momentary lapse in good social conduct caused Edward J. McSweeney to suffer a fractured skull at the hands of William O'Toole today. The incident occurred in the interior of Duffy's Bar, an establishment managed by Michael Monaghan.

The cause of Mr. McSweeney's untimely demise was attributed to a discussion between the deceased and Mr. O'Toole as to the alcoholic content of an economy priced bottle product. It is reliably reported that Mr. McSweeney maintained that the product contained less than seventy percent alcohol. Mr. O'Toole, in opposition, forcibly suggested that the product contained more than seventy percent alcohol.

Mr. McSweeney requested that he be shown the label of the product. Whereupon it is alleged that Mr. O'Toole complied with the request by maneuvering the bottle, with more than usual force, into Mr. McSweeney's line of sight, and thence onto his skull.

At this juncture, Mr. McSweeney declined to continue the discussion and assumed a horizontal position on the floor of the establishment.

Mr. O'Toole is scheduled to be arranged before Justice Alfred Abernathy in Magistrates Court tomorrow on a charge of willful manslaughter.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

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A TURN FOR THE WORSE DEPT.

We know about "Russian Roulette" . . . the game where you have a six-shooter with one bullet and you keep pulling the trigger until somebody loses by getting killed. And we know about "Magazine Roulette" . . . the game where you have six magazines and you keep choosing one until somebody loses by picking MAD. But the most vicious game we know is the one that millions of Americans play every

COMMERCIAL

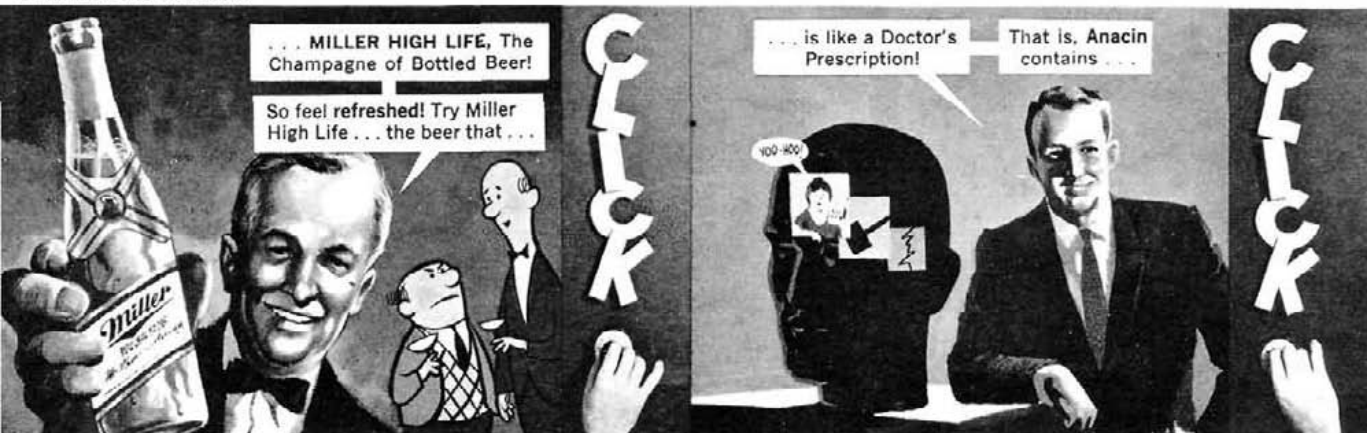
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



day. That's the game where you have six TV channels and you keep turning to each, trying to find some entertainment. The game starts when it's time for the commercial. Mainly, when you decide to switch it off. Because the TV networks are wise to this sneaky maneuver, and they've all scheduled their ads to come on at the same time. Here, then, is what it's like . . . when you're playing . . .

ROULETTE

WRITER: GARY BELKIN



©CHAMPS-ELYSEES—Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson are lazy.



... GILLETTE
SUPER-SPEED!

So look sharp, feel sharp,
be sharp! Next time you
shave, try the new Gillette
Super-Speed Adjustable
Razor! You'll discover it
really ...



CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

... HERTZ!

Let Hertz put in the
driver's seat. Next time
you need a car, rent a
car! It takes only ...



CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

... THE UNTOUCHABLES!

Tonight, Elliot Ness and his men
fight Organized Crime in another
exciting hour-long adventure ...



CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



Written

by

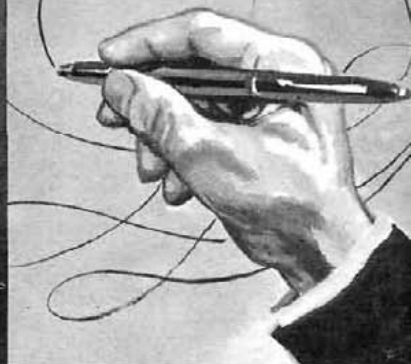
WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARE

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

... with a
Paper-Mate
Pen!

Notice how the Paper-Mate
"Capri" even writes over ...



So ... promise her anything
... but give her ...



CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

... JACK PAAR!

Jack's special guests
tonight include ...





... \$10,000 IN CASH!

Or you may be one of the lucky people to win a year's supply of mouth-watering . . .

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



... DASH!

Madam, just put Dash in your washing machine, and your dainty underthings will be . . .

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



... this invisible protective shield!

And just as this invisible shield protected me, so Colgate with Gardol will protect you from . . .

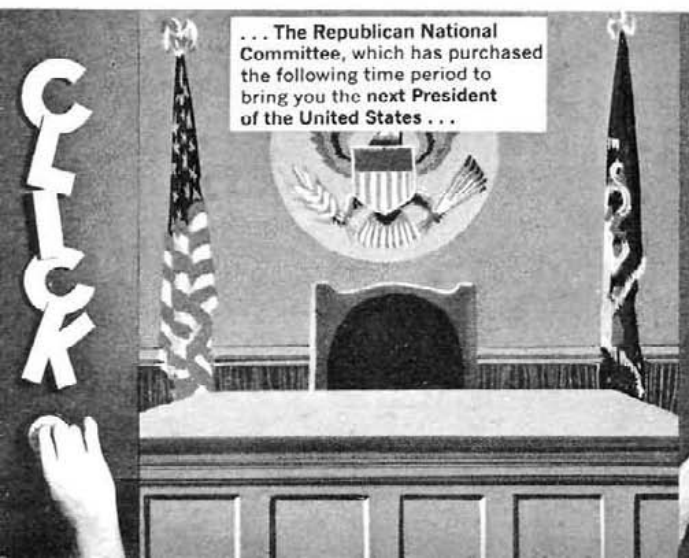
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



... The Mature Female . . .

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

«LA PLUME DE MA TANTE—There's a plum in my tent.



... The Republican National Committee, which has purchased the following time period to bring you the next President of the United States . . .

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



MR. CLEAN . . .
MR. CLEAN . . .
MR. CLEAN . . .

AND THEN I WROTE DEPT.

EVERY YEAR WHEN SCHOOL STARTS AGAIN, TEACHERS ALWAYS ASK THEIR PUPILS TO WRITE COMPOSITIONS ON WHAT THEY DID OVER THE SUMMER. IT HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY WHO EVER WENT TO SCHOOL. AND THAT MEANS IT HAPPENED TO CELEBRITIES WHEN THEY WERE KIDS, TOO. HERE, THEN, ARE SOME ENLIGHTENING COMPOSITIONS BY FAMOUS PEOPLE ON

Ogden Nash

September 15, 1910

How Did I Spend My Summer?

I spent my summer doing the things which children often can't do
And had more fun than any other kid you've ever known in your
whole life because I visited my cousin and we did what we
saw my Aunt do.
We fished and swam and played and ran
and kicked the can
And had more fun than we would have if we'd planned it.
But just as we got into the swing of things
It ended.

FRANK COSTELLO

SEPTEMBER 2, 1909

I REFUSE TO RITE THIS COMPIZITION
ON THE GROUNDS THAT IT MIGHT TENDER
TO INCINERATE ME.

HOW THEY SPENT

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Sidney Skolsky

Sept. 10, 1919

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

When I rite about summer I always try to remember that it is not only my summer but it is also your summer. Summer is a time when children play stick ball and go swimming and ride bikes. I do not play stick ball and I do not swim and I do not ride a bike. I watch.

I saw Tab McInerney and Lance Levy in the corner candy store where they hang out with Rock Huntschlager. And they told me that the reason they won't let me play with them is because of my size which is too small.

But I don't mind. If they will not let me play with them I can always watch them. I like watching things that happen even though I cannot do them. Which is what I did all during July and August.

But don't get me rong, I love summer vacation.

Oscar Hammerstein, Jr.

September 14, 1903

The Sound of Summer

I spent most of my summer in corny old Kansas where I climbed every mountain which was pretty easy because there aren't any. One enchanted evening I met a strange girl. Boy there is nothing like a ~~game~~ girl to make a gentleman feel like a dope. We kissed in the shadows and people there said we're in love. I was reely embarrassed but I enjoyed being with a girl.

Did I enjoy my summer because it was beutyful? Or was it beutyful because I enjoyed it?

Oh what a beutyful Summer. Each was a beutyful day. I had a wonderful Summer! Because everyone gave me my way.

P.S. Don't give good marks to me. Don't praise my work too much. More than a "B" will be much too much. People will say I'm your pet.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES, INC.
421 N. Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Shirley Temple September 12, 1936

How I Spent My Summer

I spent my summer working as usual. I worked in ~~the top~~ 2 pictures in which I ~~starred~~ starred. I worked hard. It is hard work to be a starr like I am and dance and sing and smile with dimples and be cute so I can be the countrys ~~number one~~ # one Box Office.

I guess all my summers will be like this until I grow up which they won't let me do because it isn't in my contract.

Actchually, I did not have a vacation this summer because I still had to go to school kind of. I had to keep taking my dancing lessons and singing lessons and outeness lessons.

Robert Hope

September 12, 1916

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

A funny thing happened to me on the way to my summer vacation. I told a friend that I was going away for a month, and he said "July?", and I said "Of course not! I never lie!"

These are the sentences, Teach.

But serially, peepul should take pride in their summer vacation, Because pride goes before a Fall.

I know your out there, Teach, I can hear you marking.

But serially, I don't have to take a summer vacation you know, only I'm to nervous to take a winter one.

But now that school has started, I have a problem. Take my report card. - Please.

In closing, I'd just like to say, if your going to have a summer vacation the best time is July and August.

THEIR SUMMER

WRITER: GARY DELKIN

HENRY R. LUCE SEPT. 9, 1907

MY SUMMER

Fun-Filled Days

This July, as it must come to all school boys, summer came to me (my 10th). And I had the good Fortune to enjoy the Time of my Life on this one. I spent a fun-filled, care-free, homework-less vacation. It was more fun than any other I'd ever had (see COMPOSITION: Jan. 4, "How I Spent My Winter Vacation"). I really enjoyed myself (swimming, playing, eating, sleeping, talking, lazying), as I was away from my child-rearing, apron-stringing, daily-lecturing, pain-in-the-necking parents (see COMPOSITION: May 10, "The Man-Of-The-Year And His Wife"). Being away from them was more fun than any previous mosquito-slapping, rash-scratching, Luce-living vacation.

Jayne Mansfield

Sept 23, 1940

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

I had a wonderful fabulous summer vacation. Of course I had to take my violin lessons because I am going to be a concert violineist someday.

But most of the time we had a Brownie Cammer and I posed for pictures a lot. It was fabulous. Really fabulous. Because my skimmering black hair fotografs so good.

The only one bad thing all summer was my mother. She made me ware a sweater all the time. No matter how hot it was. My mother is fabulous. Really. When I don't eat she says, "Eat! Peopul in Europe are starving!" And when I don't ware my sweater she says, "Ware! Peopul in Europe are freezing!"

When I grow up I am going to do what I want all summer. I am going to have lots of pictures taken without a sweater.

TAKE IT LYING DOWN DEPT.

If you're a shiftless clod (which is likely, or you wouldn't be reading this magazine), then you probably know about Service Organizations. These are businesses which perform some kind of service for a fee. Today, there are services that will answer your phone, walk your dog, make your baby's formula, feed your guests . . . in fact,

NEW SERVICE FOR A LAZY

Friends, here is a question for all you viewers watching this commercial. Don't you wish you had the energy to get up from your chair and switch it off? Sure you do, but like most TV viewers, you'd rather just sit there and suffer, watching whatever comes on . . . like this couple . . .

Oh my gosh, I seen this pi'tcher! Henry, go change the channel!

Ecch!

That woman hasn't heard about OTTO'S CHANNEL-CHANGING SERVICE! She should call LEthargy 3-5599, and ask Otto to send out one of his congenial channel-changers! Then her evenings would be like this:

"I Got No Problems With My Wife Since I Called"

GRIBLEY'S

He's a smart husband! He knows better than to argue with his wife! He knows he'd only exert himself unnecessarily! He knows he'd end up an exhausted, ulcer-ridden wreck! And mainly, he knows he'd lose! That's why he's called in Gribley's Wife-Arguing Service!

ONLY GRIBLEY SERVICEMEN POSSESS THESE QUALIFICATIONS:

- 1 A set of lungs guaranteed and certified by the Mayo Clinic.
- 2 A minimum of 20 years service as a U.S. Marine Top Sergeant.
- 3 Membership in CLASH (Cooperative League Aiding Spineless Husbands)

When your wife starts yapping, you can start napping. Just call GRIBLEY'S. Within minutes, one of our Servicemen will be at your house to take over. He'll match her insult for insult, and won't leave until she shuts up!

GRIBLEY'S

WIFE-ARGUING SERVICE
"The Strife You Save May Be Your Own"



do just about anything for you if you can afford it. The way MAD sees it, this frightening trend will continue into other areas until we won't have to do a thing for ourselves. So, if you haven't the energy to read on . . . for an outrageous fee, the MAD Readers Service will send out a man to read you this article called . . .

ORGANIZATIONS AMERICA

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



TO CLOSE COVER BEFORE SIGNING
CALL BRINFF'S MATCHBOOK SERVICE
TOPS IN FANTASTIC FEES
TOPS IN FANTASTIC EXCUSES
TOPS IN FANTASTIC ALIBIS
SERVICE
BRINFF'S GOOF-OFF

We pose as your doctor, your wife, at the track or the ballpark, we call your office and give your boss a guaranteed believable sob story!

Phone: INdolent 6-6666

ATTENTION LAZY SLOBS!

FEEL LIKE
GOOFING OFF
FOR A DAY, A
WEEK OR A
MONTH?

Then Let BRINFF'S Make Your
EXCUSES!

ARE YOU LIKE MOST MOTHERS?

Are Your Children Just
TOO MUCH TROUBLE?

NOW...

YOU CAN HAVE MORE TIME
FOR GOSSIPING, TV WATCH-
ING, MAH JONGG PLAYING,
AND OTHER VITAL HOUSE-
WIFE ACTIVITIES!



LET

THROGG'S DISCIPLINE YOUR KIDS!

While You Sit On Your Fat Veranda

Within a few weeks, your children won't be causing you any trouble whatsoever. In fact, they will have forgotten you even exist, which should suit you just fine. Then you can devote every hour of every day to gabbing and pampering yourself and getting fat.

OUR SERVICES INCLUDE

- Scolding • Room-Confining
- Spanking • Phone-Call-Restricting
- Slapping • Allowance-Cutting
- Throttling • Hot-Rod-Confiscating



THROGG'S

Child-Chastizing Service

"Less Work for Mother"



TOO TIRED TO HATE? ...THEN CALL MULVANEY'S

We Make Life Miserable For Your Enemies

OUR SERVICES INCLUDE:

Name-Calling — Anonymous Letter-Writing
Telephone-Threatening — False Accusing

ALL TYPES VENDETTAS PLANNED AND EXECUTED

Try Our Guaranteed Six-Week Whispering Campaign

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL:

The Neighbor of Your Choice Burned in Effigy!

MULVANEY'S HATE SERVICE

"You Do The Resting . . . We Do Your Detesting!"



TIRED OF USING YOUR HEAD?

Then Call...

ESTERHAZY'S

Are you sick and tired of having to *think* when people ask you questions like "What's today's date?" or "How old are you?" Then let ESTERHAZY'S MEMORY SERVICE do your remembering! We will provide you with a well-qualified, skilled field man! He will stick by your side and DO YOUR THINKING FOR YOU!

WE REMEMBER:

Your Name · Your Address · Your Phone Number
What Day It Is · What Month It Is · What Year It Is · How Many Children You Have · What You Had For Breakfast · Where You Misaid Your False Teeth · How Much You Owe Us For This Necessary Valuable Service And The Check

ESTERHAZY'S MEMORY SERVICE

"To Think Is To Be Full Of Sorrow"—Keats

When Letter-Writing Gets You Down . . .



... Let RAPPAPORT'S Pick You Up!

Perhaps you've just gotten married. Or maybe you've just had a birthday. Or could it be the week after Christmas. In any case, you've received dozens of gifts . . . and now you've got to sit down and write all those miserable "Thank You" notes.

OR DO YOU?

Not if you call Rappaport's Thank-You Note Service!

Here is the service used by some of America's laziest, but socially correct ingrates. All you do is supply us with the names and addresses of people who have sent you gifts, plus a sample of your handwriting. One of our skilled forgers will go to work, and write as many innocuous, slushy, gooshy thank-you notes as you need. It makes no difference what the gift was, since most "thank you" letters don't really say anything anyway. What is important is; you'll have more time to do nothing.

RAPPAPORT'S

THANK YOU NOTE SERVICE

A Division of "Rappaport's Condolence Card and Vacation Postcard Writing Service"

BOX 10

Halfpast, Tenn.

Inquire about our Diary-Keeping Service

WHY STRAIN YOURSELF?



It's fun attending football games . . . but let's face it! It's no fun cheering yourself hoarse, and yelling till you're blue in the face, and generally exerting yourself. You're not getting any younger, you know. So why not do what so many

other disgustingly lazy Alumni and Undergraduate football fans are doing these days? Simply hire one of YULVEY'S SPIRITED SPECTATORS. He'll take care of your cheering . . . while you behave like the lazy clod that you really are.

YULVEY'S SPIRITED SPECTATOR SERVICE

BOOING—HECKLING—YELLING—SCREAMING—SOBBING

"USE YOUR HEAD . . . SAVE YOUR AIR!"

"Yulvey's Spirited Spectators" are also available for Baseball Games, Political Rallies, Congressional Hearings, Traffic Jams and Bridge Tournaments. Money back guarantee in case of collapse.

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7:15—WOR
WAB

FINSTER'S

FOOD-CHEWING SERVICE

"No Job Is Too Tough"

Dear Rich, Lazy Slob,

If you can put forth the effort to read this letter, you will discover a delightful new way to pamper yourself. We refer to our exclusive Food-Chewing Service, which has been set up to make your life even more useless than it is now, if that's possible.

As a rich, lazy slob, you naturally employ servants to dress you, tuck you in at night, and perform all those other services which are beneath you. However, we can understand how distressed you must feel each day when you are forced to exert the unnecessary effort of chewing your own food.

For the ridiculously reasonable fee of one hundred dollars per week, we will send to your home one of our laboratory-tested-food chewers. Each is a Harvard graduate, under thirty, and fully endorsed by the American Dental Association. He will sit by your side at breakfast, lunch and dinner. And we can assure you that his teeth are equal to even the toughest pheasant-under-glass.

Why not contact us today and make your life a total waste? Our fee, by the way, is tax-deductible as a Medical expense, and high enough for you to boast about at the next board meeting.

Digestively yours,

Philo Finster

Philo Finster
President
Finster's Food-Chewing Service



BF

Dear Mr. Gaines, the publisher,
Please excuse my son, the editor,
for not putting anything on
this page, but he was
home sick today!

Sincerely
Mrs Feldstein

MINE ENEMY GROWS NICER DEPT.

If you've been watching those World War II movies on TV's Late Show that were made in the early 40's . . . and if you've also been seeing those World War II movies in your local theatres that were made in recent years, you've probably come to the same conclusion we have: mainly, that there must have been TWO World War II's! Well, we've done some research, and discovered this is not true! The reason one group of films is so different from the other is that our enemies *during* the war became our friends afterwards. Because of this fact, today's movie producers are doing the only imaginative, sensible, and patriotic thing . . . namely, *changing the pages of history!* Won't you join us now as MAD reviews past and present Hollywood Movies to explore . . .

THE TWO FACES OF WORLD WAR II

**TYPICAL CHARACTERS IN
WORLD WAR II MOVIES
MADE DURING THE WAR**

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

**TYPICAL CHARACTERS IN
WORLD WAR II MOVIES
MADE AFTER THE WAR**



The Japanese Officer is sadistic and brutal. He jabbars and screams in Pidgin English. He has ugly buck teeth. He is short, fat and bowlegged, and looks like a monkey.

The German Officer is evil and sinister. He shouts "Heil Hitler!" and "Schvienstunde!" He usually wears a monocle, and keeps vowing to destroy decadent American Democracy.



The Japanese Officer is kind, but misunderstood. He is neat and civilized, and talks impeccable English. His teeth are capped and straight. He looks like Keye Luke.

The German Officer is honest and sincere, but confused. He says things like "Vere haf ve failed as human beinks?" He keeps vowing to destroy decadent Hitler-type fascism.



TYPICAL SCENES IN

THE GERMAN STORM TROOPERS ROUND UP SLAVE LABORERS

... IN A FILM MADE DURING THE WAR

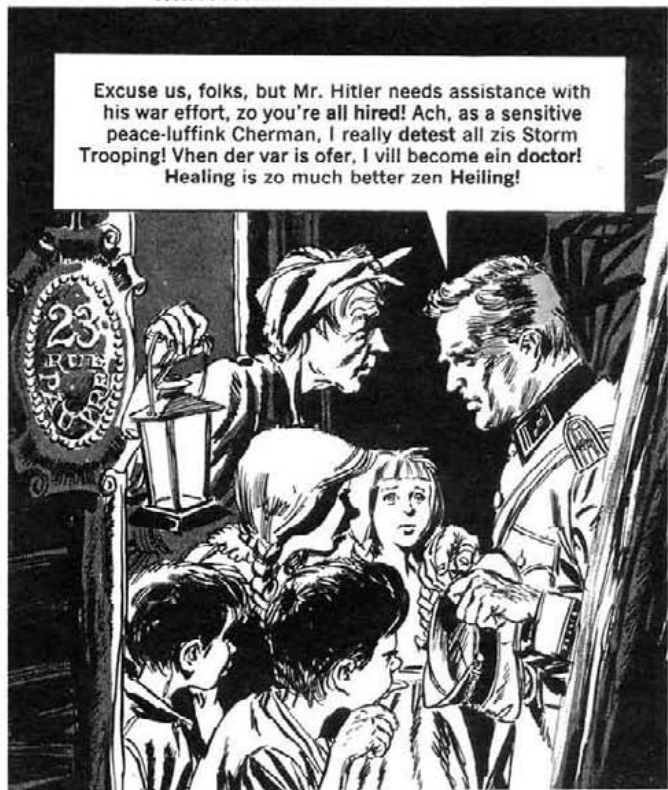
All right, you svinel! Der Fuhrer needs Slave Laborers, so let's go! But first ve vill torture you a little for beink anti-Nazi, for beink non-Aryan, and mainly for keeping der door open so ve sadistic Storm Troopers did not haff der pleasure of smashink it down!



...CAVEAT EMPTOR—Feed her caviar and you'll make out.

... IN A FILM MADE AFTER THE WAR

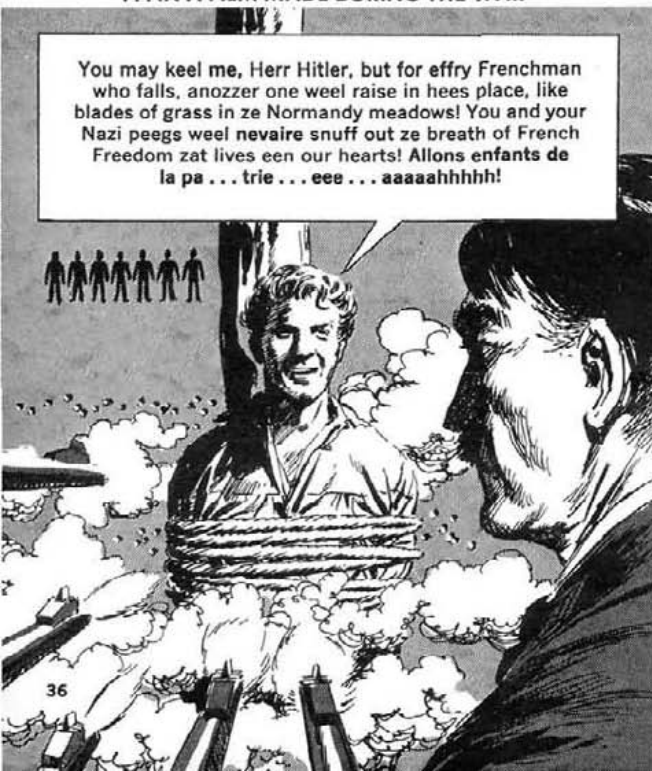
Excuse us, folks, but Mr. Hitler needs assistance with his war effort, so you're all hired! Ach, as a sensitive peace-luffink Cherman, I really detest all zis Storm Trooping! Vhen der var is ofer, I vill become ein doctor! Healing is zo much better zen Heiling!



THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND PATRIOT FACES A FIRING SQUAD

... IN A FILM MADE DURING THE WAR

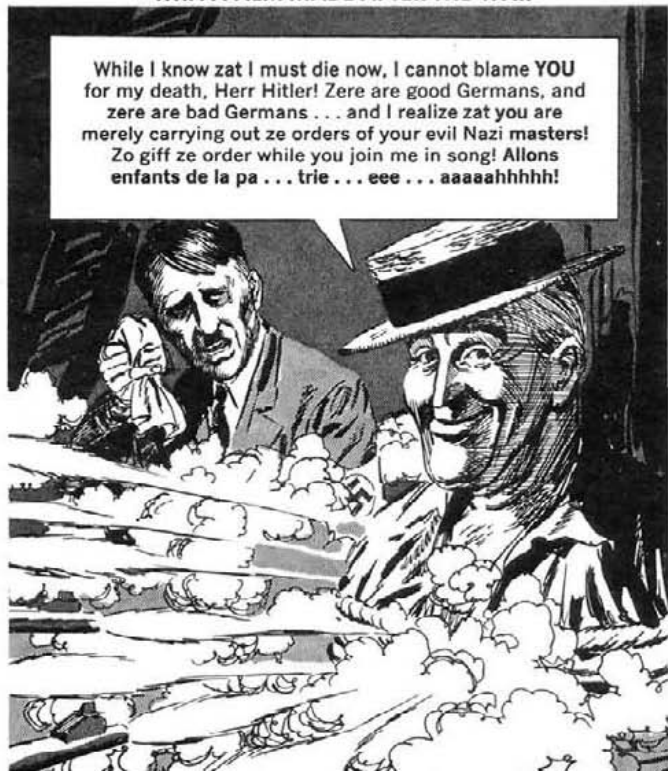
You may keel me, Herr Hitler, but for effry Frenchman who falls, anoZZer one weel raise in hees place, like blades of grass in ze Normandy meadows! You and your Nazi peeGs weel nevaire snuff out ze breath of French Freedom zat lives een our hearts! Allons enfants de la pa ... trie ... eee ... aaaaahhhhh!



36

... IN A FILM MADE AFTER THE WAR

While I know zat I must die now, I cannot blame YOU for my death, Herr Hitler! Zere are good Germans, and zere are bad Germans ... and I realize zat you are merely carrying out ze orders of your evil Nazi masters! Zo giff ze order while you join me in song! Allons enfants de la pa ... trie ... eee ... aaaaahhhhh!



WORLD WAR II MOVIES

THE AMERICAN MAJOR SURVEYS THE DAMAGE AT PEARL HARBOR

... IN A FILM MADE DURING THE WAR

Those dirty, lousy inhuman Nip rats! They'll pay for their treachery here! I won't rest until every Jap soldier, every Jap beetle, and every Jap cherry blossom tree is wiped from the face of the earth!



... IN A FILM MADE AFTER THE WAR

It was a terrible thing that the Japanese did here! But look how we treat our Indians! There are good and evil in all countries! I can't believe that a nation that stabs you in the back, sinks your ships and kills your men without warning can be ALL bad!



THE GERMAN U-BOAT COMMANDER SINKS AN AMERICAN TROOPSHIP

... IN A FILM MADE DURING THE WAR

Achtung! Torpedo room! Fire 19 more torpedoes into der remaining hulk of zat ship! Zen ve vill surface to destroy all zere lifeboats und machine gun all der survivors und dynamite all der floating bodies!



... IN A FILM MADE AFTER THE WAR

Ach, anudder beautiful Allied ship sunk in ziz stupid senseless var. Achtung! Ve vill now surface und pick up all der survivors! I vill put zem all in mein own cabin, und I vill sleep in der head!

Ach, how I miss Greta und der children!



THE JAPANESE PRISON CAMP COMMANDANT SEEKS INFORMATION

... IN A FILM MADE DURING THE WAR

Ah, so! Stupid Blitish Captain refruses to talk, eh? Verry well! First, we set fire to bamboo shoots under your fingernails! Then we stretch your body on rack and leave you out in slun for six days without food or water! And if that not work, we try torturing you!



... IN A FILM MADE AFTER THE WAR

Ah, so! Honorable British Captain refruses to talk, eh? Verry well! First, please, we have cool glass of Saki together. Then we have Sukiyaki dinner together—please choose one from column A, two from column B. Then we go outside and build nice big bridge together. Ah, sol You get to like me . . . you talk to me!



IN FACT, IF WE CONTINUE GETTING FRIENDLIER AND FRIENDLIER WITH OUR OLD ENEMIES, HERE IS WHAT WE MAY BE SEEING IN...

FUTURE WORLD WAR II FILMS



The Japanese Officer will look like Tab Hunter, but with straighter teeth. He will no longer be misunderstood. We will know him for what he really is... America's most loyal World War II ally, except maybe for the British.

The German Officer will look like Perry Como, only he'll be much nicer. And he'll no longer be confused. Mainly about which side he's on. He'll know for sure. Because Germany's an even more loyal ally of America than Japan.



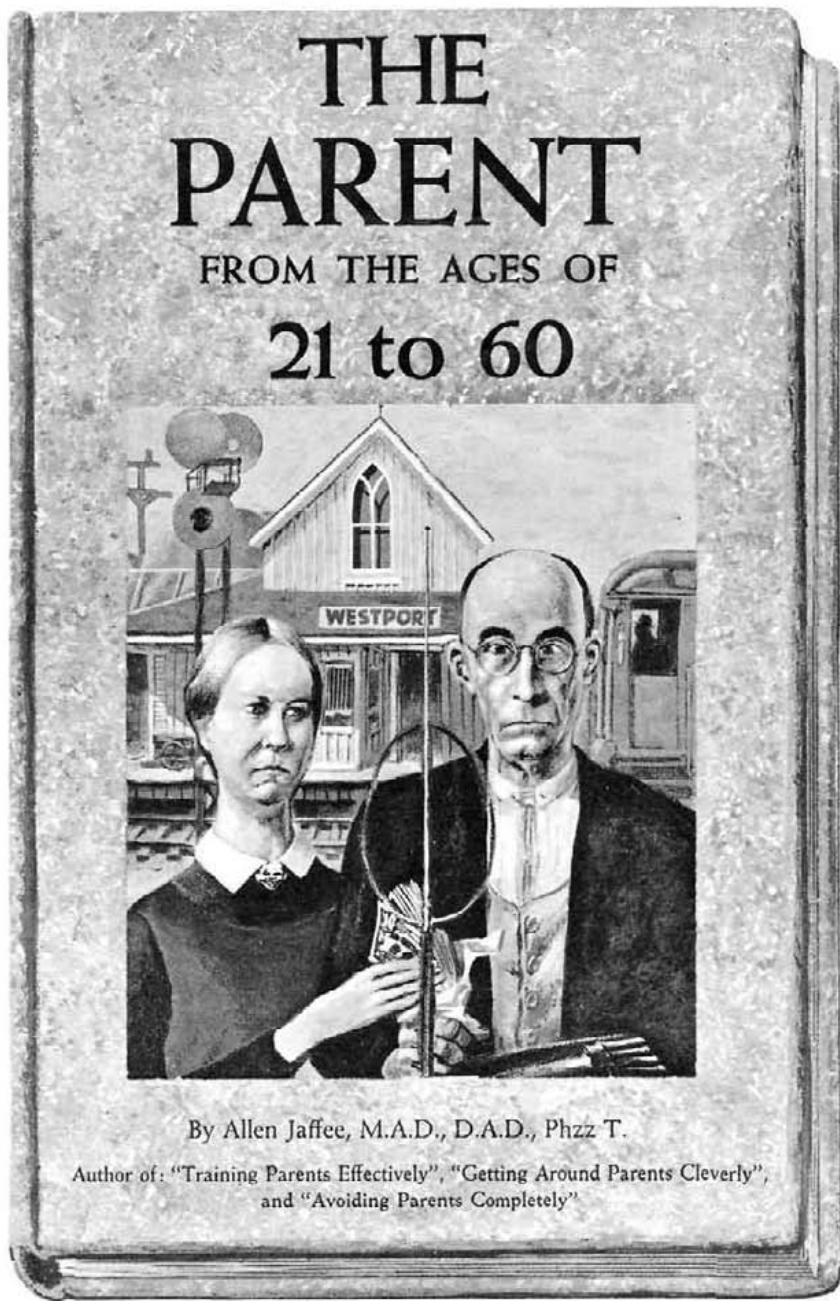
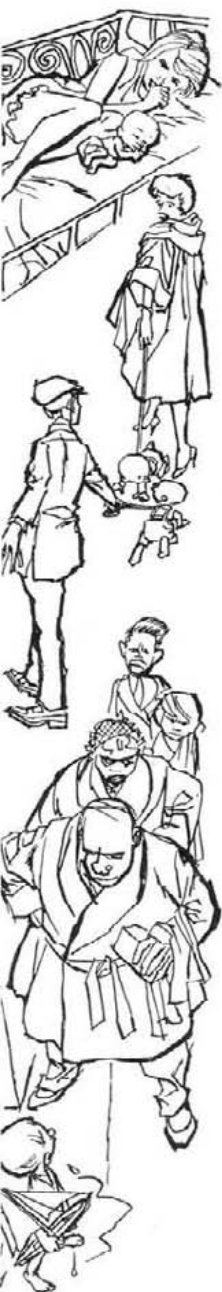
The events of Dec. 7th, 1941 will be pictured as purely accidental, and Pres. Roosevelt will be shown apologizing to Emperor Hirohito because exploding U.S. warships at Pearl Harbor gave Japanese pilots headaches and earaches.

The German army will be pictured kind and considerate as it overruns nasty countries like Poland and Austria. The Gestapo will be shown as a special branch, organized to help minorities rebuild their churches and synagogues.



"DALAI LAMA—Salvador skipped the country."

Millions of words have been written on the subject of child psychology. There's hardly a parent today who is not familiar with the "baby bibles" of Doctors Spock, Gesell, etc. These books explain every facet of child behavior and child upbringing, and millions of parents turn to them for help whenever a problem arises. In other words, today, kids are literally being "raised by the book". Now, **MAD** feels it's time we saw the other side of the coin. Namely, how about a book for kids which explains every facet of **parent** behavior and **parent** upbringing? Then, whenever a problem arises, the kids can turn for help to . . .



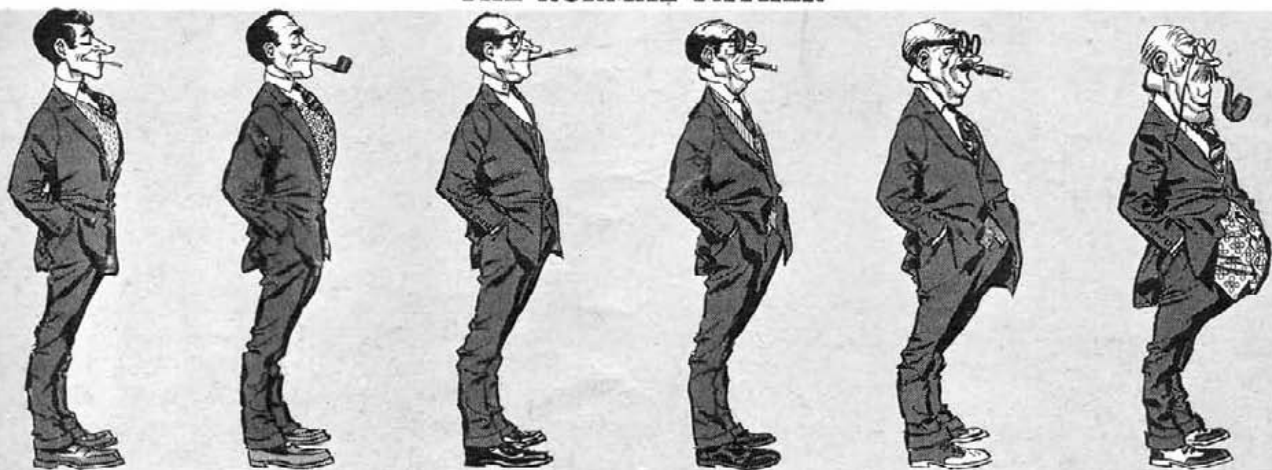
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: AL JAFFEE

The following **MAD** article is based on the soon-to-be-released book (above), which traces the development of Parental Behavior in the normal environments of the home, the office, the commuter train, the bridge club, the bar, the racetrack, the supermarket, the psychiatrist's couch, etc. By analyzing and interpreting these behavior patterns, the psychology of parents becomes more understandable . . . and more pitiable!

No two parents are exactly alike. On the contrary, parents are actually highly-complex individual mechanisms. Some of you children may tend to forget this at times (and this book is written primarily for you forgetful slobs), but parents have just as many problems as ordinary people.

Of course, their extreme emotional natures may cause them to exaggerate and blow up some of their fears until they are completely out of proportion, but that does not mean that these fears and anxieties are any the less real to them. A father-parent's fear of losing his job is just as

BASIC PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE THE NORMAL FATHER



CHAPTER 1—THE INFANT'S

If you are an infant, and your parents are in this category, then how come you're able to read this? Cut out the faking, and get somebody to read it to you, wise guy! Okay! Parents of infants are classified

DOTING PARENTS — THE FIRST WEEK...

6 P.M. BOTTLE



11 P.M. BOTTLE



2 A.M. BOTTLE



6 A.M. BOTTLE



THE THIRD WEEK...

6 P.M. BOTTLE



11 P.M. BOTTLE



2 A.M. BOTTLE



6 A.M. BOTTLE



AVANT-GARDE—I want Police protection.

WORD

serious to him as the very real problem of whom to take to the Prom might be to a normal boy. And a mother-parent's concern over a pending operation could conceivably cause her just as much anxiety as the real calamity of losing one's Elvis Presley record collection might cause a nor-

mal girl. We hope this article will help children toward a better understanding of their parents during their difficult years. Remember, parents need not be a necessary evil, or a burden. With proper tolerance, anyone can learn to enjoy these wonderful childhood years with his parents.

NORMAL PARENT FROM AGES 21 TO 60

THE NORMAL MOTHER



PARENTS (0 to 2 YEARS OLD)

into one common group known as "Doters". This is because they are so proud of their new baby, all they do is "dote" on it every single minute. They think of practically nothing else morning, noon or night.

THE SECOND WEEK . . .

6 P.M. BOTTLE

11 P.M. BOTTLE

2 A.M. BOTTLE

6 A.M. BOTTLE



== MEA CULPA—I'm a hip father.

THE FOURTH WEEK . . .



THE TODDLER'S PAREN

When the infant reaches the toddler stage, the parents gradually adopt strange new behavior patterns. Because of these strange new behavior patterns, parents of tod-

THE TODDLER'S "INDULGENT" MOTHER PARENT



The "indulgent" mother finds that she is sometimes tired.



And there are times when she finds that she is very tired.



While other times she finds that she is absolutely tired.



But she stops that indulging when she gets good and tired!

THE PRE-TEEN'S PAREN

When the toddler reaches the pre-teen stage, the parents suddenly become obsessed with the notion that they have been chosen by some divine power to change little animals into human beings. Because of

"NAGGER" PARENTS ARE BUGS ON CLEANLINESS



"NAGGER" PARENTS WON'T TOLERATE DISORDER



"NAGGER" PARENTS CAN'T STAND SLOPPINESS



"NAGGER" PARENTS JUST ABHOR BAD HABITS



TS (2 to 4 YEARS OLD)

lders are classified into one common group known as "Indulgents". This is because the mother-parent "indulges" the toddler, and the father-parent indulges himself.

THE TODDLER'S "INDULGENT" FATHER PARENT



The "indulgent" father of a toddler usually develops an obsession for taking movies.



If he has a son, interest in sports and other Manly Arts usually takes a big upswing.



If it's a girl, interest in those pretty feminine things usually takes a big upswing.



And if he's not careful, his wife'll catch him, and she'll probably take a big upswing.

TS (5 to 12 YEARS OLD)

this notion, they are classified into one common group known as "Naggers". This is because they seem to go into a kind of trance in which all they can say is "Don't do this!" and "Don't do that!"

"NAGGER" PARENTS ARE CULTURE-SENSITIVE



"NAGGER" PARENTS ARE HEALTH FOOD FIENDS



"NAGGER" PARENTS FOSTER HEALTHY EXERCISE



"NAGGER" PARENTS EXPECT TO BE RESPECTED



THE TEENAGER'S PARENTS

When the pre-teen reaches the teenager stage, the parents enter the most difficult period of their lives. It is a time when they become extremely sensitive and emotional. It is a time when their imaginations seem to get the best of them, and they begin to labor under the illusion that their children are "growing up too fast".

"LECTURER" PARENTS EXPERIENCE AN UNCONTROLLABLE



HERE ARE A FEW OF THE MANY SUBJECTS THAT CAUSE TEENAGERS' LOW MORAL STANDARDS



TEENAGERS' LACK OF WORLD INTEREST



TS (13 to 19 YEARS OLD)

But mainly, it is the time when they experience a sudden overpowering impulse to lecture on any and every subject, anytime, anyplace. Because of this overpowering impulse, the parents of teenagers are classified into one common group known as "Lecturers". Members of this group must be handled with extreme care and delicacy.

DESIRE TO COMPARE THE "PRESENT" WITH THE "PAST"



"In our day, teenagers indulged in sensible dancing!"

"The crazy dancing you kids do today is positively insane!"



HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE—Honey, why did you sweat Malcolm in the pants?



"In our day, kids were trained to converse in good English!"

"And it's so ridiculous the silly way kids talk these days!"



"LECTURER" TYPE PARENTS OF TEENAGERS TO SEE RED

TEENAGERS' MATERIALISTIC ATTITUDES



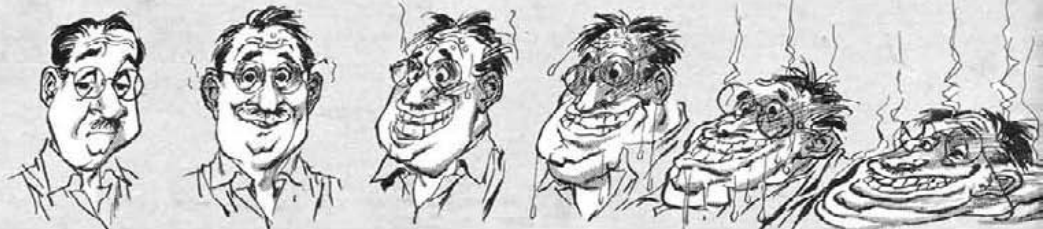
TEENAGERS' JUVENILE DELINQUENCY



THE TEENAGER'S PARENTS (Continued)

During the "Lecturer" phase, parents of teenagers will often go through some weird and frightening physical changes. Here are some interesting ones to look out for:

Dad, I've got a serious problem. Can we have a man-to-man talk about it?



Daddy, I had a little accident with the car!



Ma, I've decided to start smoking!



Ma, I've decided to quit Medical School and be a clamdigger!



Mother and Dad, we're married!



... and we're coming to live with YOU!

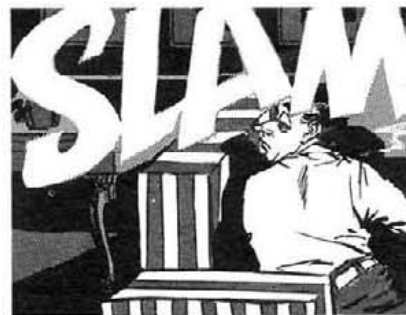


THE YOUNG ADULT'S PARENTS (20 to 29 YEARS)

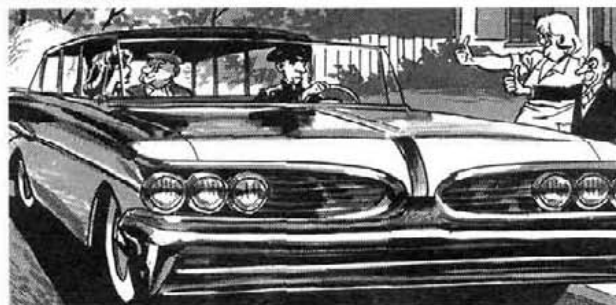
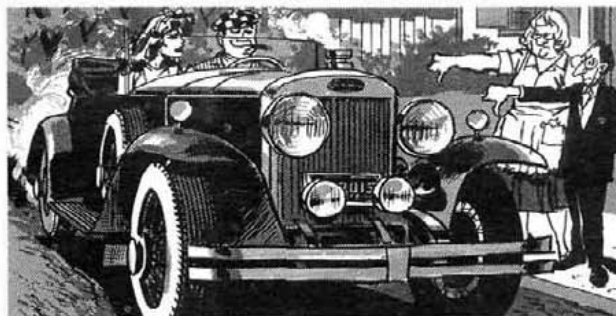
When the teenager passes into the young adult stage, the parents undergo a radical departure from the "Lecturer" phase. Now that their child is of legal age, and in some cases financially independent, they can no longer tell him what to do. So they begin to treat him as a friend

and equal. Because of this new attitude, parents of the young adult are classified into one common group known as "Meddlers". As a result, Love and Marriage become a fixation with "Meddler" parents. Namely, they constantly try to get their son or daughter happily married off.

BEHAVIOR OF "MEDDLER" PARENTS TOWARD A SON



BEHAVIOR OF "MEDDLER" PARENTS TOWARD A DAUGHTER



We hope that this article has helped all you young perplexed readers to better understand the intricate creatures known as parents. Above all, remember that parents are human beings, too. They have feelings, desires and frustrations just as you have. It's just that they're not as well-equipped physically and emotionally to cope with these many serious problems as you are.

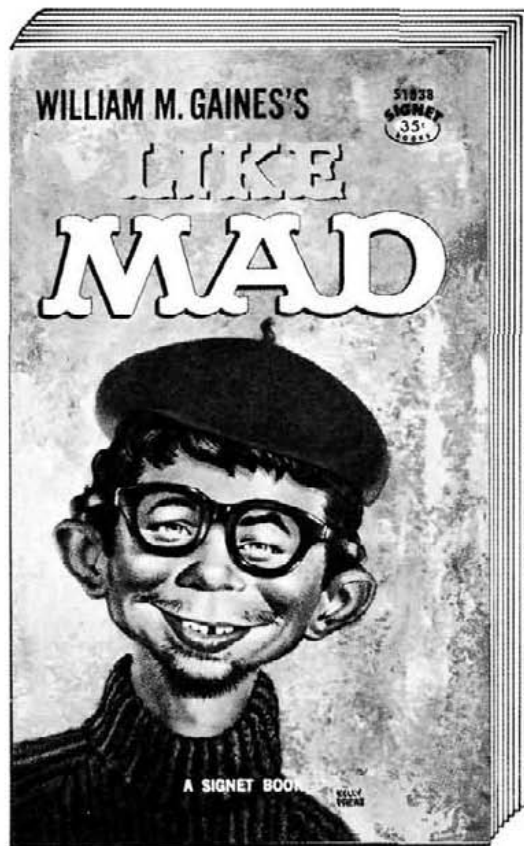
For his parting shot, Don Martin recalls a fond memory of his early childhood (He's still in his late childhood!), and the time he owned

THE WONDERFUL NEW DART SET



HERE'S A SHOT FROM THE "HIP"!!

...THAT GIVES T.V., MOVIES AND MADISON AVENUE A SHOT IN THE HEAD!



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IS NOT SO MUCH FOR
"THE BEAT GENERATION"

(which has given up completely)

IT'S MORE FOR RELIEF OF
"THE BRUISED GENERATION"

(which is still in there fighting)

This ninth collection of way-out humor, far-out satire, and thrown-out garbage joins "The MAD Reader", "MAD Strikes Back", "Inside MAD", "Utterly MAD", "The Brothers MAD", "The Bedside MAD", "Son of MAD", and "The Organization MAD" to bring you more "swinging" material in our "cool" campaign against "square" thinking. Yes, once you read it, you'll "dig" *Like, MAD*. Mainly, you'll dig a hole and bury it!

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Photographed in Cuba for Aarow

Whenever you go  you'll look better in an Aarow shirt...

From Cuba to Argentina . . . wherever Latin American revolutionists step out of line, this new Aarow *Bye-Bye* shirt is a cool favorite. "Sanforized", it won't shrink while you're sweating out that final order. And half-sleeves allow arms to be tied behind back without wrinkling. In white and colors, \$4.25. Matching blindfolds, 55¢.

 **AAROW** 