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No.
88
JULY
'64

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Norman MacLug

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MAD

"Everybody's looking for less to do, more time to do it in,
and more pay for not doing it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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Why Kill Yourself?



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*Outside U.S.A., \$2.50. **Outside U.S.A., \$6.25. Please allow 8 weeks for your subscription to be processed. Check or Money Order only—no cash accepted.

If you're wondering where to find our usual clever ad offering a 4-color picture of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid for which you mail in 25c to "What-Color," c/o MAD, 850 Third Ave., New York City, N. Y. 10022, well, we're not running it this issue!

LETTERS DEPT.



A WORD FROM THE WISE

I am a Catholic priest who does a great deal of work with teenagers. Through them I have become acquainted with MAD Magazine. I've travelled all over the country talking to them and in the process have acquired quite a collection of your magazine. I want you to know that I think your manner of satire on the modern condition of ordinary life is both refreshing and valuable. It's healthy when you can make people laugh at themselves. There are so many cheap ideals loose in today's world that it's almost discouraging to try to explode all of them. You have been more successful in one issue than I could ever be in any series of talks. I also want you to know that all the priests here thoroughly enjoy what issues we have on hand. This reaction has prompted this letter.

Fr. Terrence Dougherty, OC
Disalced Carmelite Fathers
Brookline, Massachusetts

ANOTHER FLOP FOR DON

Please don't ever, ever run another cartoon like the one on page 26 in issue #86. I refer of course to the Don Martin masterpiece "In The Acme Ritz Central Arms Waldorf Plaza Hotel". It was so ridiculously funny that I fell off my chair, laughing.

Dick Spargur
Kettering, Ohio

WARM RECEPTION

I thought it was time someone told you that when your magazine arrives up here in cold Iceland, it gives us a warm feeling all over. Mainly, we throw it in the stove.
Birgir Bragason
Reykjavik, Iceland

JUNK MAIL AMMO

The MAD Plan for combatting junk mail has given me a new lease on life. I can hardly wait until the next batch arrives, and I only wish I'd had this ammunition earlier.

Annabelle Sudduth
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BEATLE-MANIA CONTEST

"Beatle-Mania" has hit the U.S.A. At station WMCA—New York, we asked our listeners, in a mail competition, to "put a Beatle wig on anyone." The "anyones" came pouring in in the form of "Nikita Beatle", "Mona Lisa Beatle", "Y. A. Beatle" and "Alfred E. Beatle"—none other than Alfred E. Neuman, your MAD kid in a Beatle wig (see enclosed pictures). MAD readers, I'm sure, will be delighted to read that their mentor is held in such high esteem by so many WMCA listeners. Alfred E. Beatele weighed in at 11 pounds or approximately 1,000 entries.

Franz Allina
Director of Information
WMCA Radio, New York City



1000 Entries

ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT

In 1960, I was a part of the "Seattle Committee For Alfred E. Neuman For President." We still feel that Alfie is our "man"! Let's get the show on the road! Are the campaign kits ready? Sound the clarion and we'll be off and running.

Herbert Shannon
Medina, Washington

Toot-da-toot! Mainly, see ad below!—Ed.

AW, GOWANDA!

This letter offers no suggestions, nor does it contain any criticisms. It's just to thank you for the moments of enjoyment I have received from your magazine.

Mary Jo Studley
Gowanda, New York

HAVE YOURSELF A
**POLITICAL
PARTY**
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**"ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT"
CAMPAIGN KIT**

HERE'S
WHAT
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ALL
FOR
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BUMPER STICKER

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MAD



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FOR
PRESIDENT

A 2½"
FULL
COLOR
CAMPAIGN
BUTTON



SIX
LAPEL
TABS



FLAWRENCE OF ARABIA

Congratulations! I think "Flawrence of Arabia" was tremendous! Incredible! I've always wanted to write and tell you what I think of your work, such as "East Side Story" and "Hood"—but this outdid them all.

Tom Burns
Office of Signal Officer
H.Q. V Corps
Germany

Your supposed satire on the movie "Lawrence of Arabia" was revolting to say the least. Your imbecilic portrayal of Lawrence just plain muck! It wasn't even funny!

Laura Sara Wells
Albuquerque, N.M.



An Enigma

"Flawrence of Arabia" was the best thing you've printed. I congratulate you on a fine piece of work.

Irving Schenkler
Dover, New Jersey

"Flawrence of Arabia" was the worst satire I have ever seen. I can see nothing funny about a brilliant young man exploited and ruined by circumstances and artful people.

A. Toombs
Miami, Florida

I cannot congratulate you enough for the accuracy of your dig at "Lawrence of Arabia" in the February issue. Please accept the thanks of a graceful convert. Through your satire, more people may come to realize that this movie was one of the greatest unintentionally comic pieces in film history.

Sarah Braddock
Haddonfield, N.J.

Even the reaction was an enigma!—Ed.

MAD FOLD-IN

I think your "MAD Fold-In" on the inside back cover of issue #86 was hilarious. I hope you keep this feature coming in future issues. Congratulations on a fine piece of satire and a clever presentation. Why not do something with the "Beatles" in this department?

Frank Pistone, Jr.
Albertson, New York

No sooner said than done! See this issue's inside back cover!—Ed.

I must congratulate you on your "MAD Fold-In" (#86). It was brilliant, a stroke of genius. When I followed your directions and folded the whole magazine that way, it fit perfectly into my garbage disposal. As I said before, you guys are brilliant!

Glenn Kantor
Plainview, Long Island

LIKELY STRIFE

Yaay for you guys and your "Likely Strife" ad satire. You have now produced at least one barb that is unquestionably justifiable, strikes at the heart of the matter, and is of real social value. All that, and funny, too!

Thomas J. Maciolek
Thomas J. Maynard
William C. Roach
Yale University, '67

DISCOVERY AND APPRECIATION

Because I have young sons, copies of MAD Magazine have been lying around our house for a long time which I have been foolishly ignoring. Recently, I picked up a copy to quickly discover that I held in my hands a masterpiece of contemporary social insight, revealing with profound perception most of the idiocy, self-deception and shameless craft of advertising in its various forms. And in all of its erudition, MAD is exceedingly clever and apt. In addition to that, it is obvious that someone is having fun doing it, which elevates it to a high art. I am also astounded at the multiple and complex drawings used in many of the ideas. Only dedication to a cause could bring this about. The light touch is also most refreshing. Of course, I am telling you nothing new, but I am expressing my appreciation—which is what I set out to do.

Warner Williams NSS
Culver, Indiana

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 88, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

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PAST ACTS OF IDIOCY, YOU
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Our "Clowning Achievement"
in MAD Paperback Books!

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New York City, N. Y. 10022

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ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> The MAD Reader | <input type="checkbox"/> Like MAD |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Inside MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Fighting MAD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Utterly MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> The Voodoo MAD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Brothers MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Greasy MAD Stuff |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Bedside MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Don Martin Steps Out |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Son Of MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Don Martin Bounces Back |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Organization MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Dave Berg Looks At The USA |

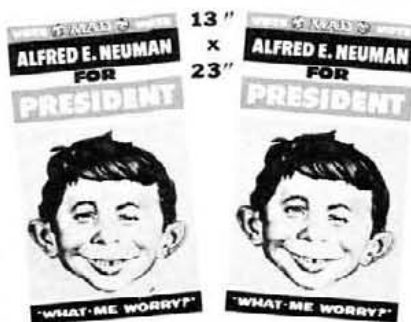
I ENCLOSE 50c FOR EACH

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME: MAD In Orbit
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Check or money order only—NO CASH accepted
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TWO FULL-COLOR CAMPAIGN POSTERS



MAD CAMPAIGN KIT

850 Third Avenue,
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I enclose \$1.00. Please send me my "Alfred E. Neuman For President" kit. People all over are talking about the idea of running Alfie for President—mainly what a stupid idea it is—and I want to prove that they're right!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Check or Money Order—No Cash Accepted
No Orders Outside The U.S.A.

HOLLYWOOD BILGE-BOARD DEPT.

Everyone loves to read gossip... especially about Movie Stars. In fact, the Movie Studios are just as anxious to supply gossip and scandal as the public is eager to read it, because it's great publicity and terrific box office. But the usual outlets for such sordid information are dying out. Scandal magazines have just about faded, gossip columns have become trite and hackneyed, and movie fan magazines are only read by fat freckle-faced 14-year-old girls. So if the studios want to reach the multitude of gossip-hungry movie-goers, they are going to have to take over the responsibility of spreading the gossip themselves. One really effective way they can do this is to use the outlet that every movie fan reads — the Movie Ad itself. Can't you see just these...

MOVIE ADS WITH BEHIND THE SCENES GOSSIP

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

FINALLY, AFTER ALL THE AGGRAVATION AND TEMPER-
20th CENTURY-FARCE resents

CLEAV

THE SPECTACLE THAT TOOK 10 YEARS TO MAKE, 28 BANKS

ELIZABETH TAYLORMADE RICHARD BU
(as Cleopatra) (as Antony)



FEATURING

Antony and Cleopatra fleeing up the Nile on a secluded barge!
Passionately embracing in a romantic Tyrrhenian fishing village!
Making love in the Colosseum while thousands of Romans cheer!
And every so often, agreeing to come back to work on the picture!

WITH SPECTACULAR DISPLAYS OF EMOTION,
JEALOUSY, RAGE, TEMPERAMENT AND RUDENESS

Like when real-life husband and wife of stars (Eddie Fishcake and Sybil Burnedup) visit set and watch Elizabeth and Richard in a record-breaking 40 minute love scene—which ends when the Director taps them on shoulder and says, "Okay, break it up, you two! We're ready to start filming now!"

20th Century-Farce gratefully acknowledges

TANTRUMS AND AFFAIRS AND SCANDALS AND NAKED RUNNING AROUND ...

AGEPATRA

TO FINANCE, AND LEFT US HOPELESSLY IN THE RED FOR 40 MILLION BUCKS TO START OUT WITH!

starring

RNEDUP REX HARRASMENT RODDY McTOWEL DURWARD KIRBY
(as Caesar) (as Octavius) (as the Asp)



PRODUCED BY WALTER WAGER

DIRECTED BY JOSEPH L. MAKEAWISH

Formerly directed by:

Sidney Luma (1960-62) Fired by Wager for ridiculing final shooting script
Stanley Boyd (1957-59) Fired by Wager for talking back to Miss Taylormade
Louis B. Cordaro (1955-56) Fired by Wager for exhibiting too much talent
Julius LaRosa ('54) Fired by Godfrey. Not this film, but can we ever forget?

AND INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING BREAKDOWNS:

Salary Breakdowns: *Miss Taylormade* — \$1,000,000 plus \$50,000 a week overtime, plus 10% of distributor's gross, plus 50% of local theaters' gross, plus 60% of candy counters' gross, plus 15% of ushers' salaries, plus 10% of Alice Faye's 20th Century-Farce TV movie residuals.
Everyone else in the cast: Divvy up the deposit bottles. **Gown Breakdowns:** Hundreds during the filming. A few are even sneaked past censors and appear on the screen. **Nervous Breakdowns:** The Producer, the Director, the Accounting Staff, the Distributors, and Alice Faye.

the cooperation of Charlton Heston for giving us his permission to use Israel for some of the film sequences.

A GANG OF MODERN DESPERADOES — DRINKING, PILLAGING, CAROUSING, RUNNING WILD THRU THE COUNTRYSIDE, ABDUCTING WOMEN, STEALING FROM THE RICH AND KEEPING IT FOR KICKS! AND ALL THIS OFF CAMERA IN THEIR SPARE TIME WHILE FILMING ...

ROBIN AND THE 7 CLYDES

Nominated By The Motion Picture Academy For 5 Academy Awards

Nominated By The Local Cops For 31 Disorderly Conduct Charges

STARRING...

FRANK SINGATRA • DEAN MARTINI • SAMMY DAHVIN, JR. • JOEY PUSHUP
DRINKING...

8 QUARTS BOURBON • 17 QUARTS SOUR MASH • 19 BOTTLES MANISCHEWITZ • 1 GLASS OF SCHAV



Being Egged On By Nutty Clan Members Visiting The Set, Like:

Shirley McLooney • Peter Loudmouth • Judy Gargland

And Introducing The Surprise Drunk Of Rehearsals, Songwriter Sammy Con

(Who doesn't even have anything to do with the picture!)

FEATURING THESE EXCITING LAW SUITS.

AGAINST DEAN MARTINI

By Mrs. Agatha Frimp, a housewife, who claims that Dino had wrecked her magnolia garden when he staggered drunk across it while trying to use her sprinkler system as a "chaser."

AGAINST FRANK SINGATRA

By Terrence Greps, a local barber, who claims Frankie called his daughter Frankie a "Broad." Daughter Margo is exactly 3½ years old!

AGAINST JOEY PUSHUP

By Vincent McFump, the 12-year-old boy who fell from the rafters and through the set floor after sneaking in to watch the shooting. As the entire cast ran toward the kid, Joey ad-libbed: "It's all right! Every boy goes through a stage!"

Don't breathe a word about the embarrassing incident at rehearsal when a skinny kid obviously suffering from M-D was dragged from the set screaming "I like it! I like it!" after heckling Dean Martini.

BITS! LINES! GAGS! SHTICKS! UNBELIEVABLE AD-LIBBING!

It's The Clan At Their Wildest—And It's All Cut From The Film!

(It may be cleaned up and released at a future Friars Club Stag Party!)

MIS-HAPPY HOLIDAY DEPT.

Every holiday weekend—like for instance this Memorial Day—just when we're all set to have a wonderful time, The National Safety Council puts a damper on the whole thing by predicting how many people will be involved in fatal accidents, drownings, and other major calamities. Actually, all these catastrophes only involve about .0005% of our

population. How about the other 99.9995% of us who suffer small accidents, minor catastrophes and annoying inconveniences? Don't we deserve any recognition for our pain and suffering? You bet we do! Therefore, after much careful research, compilations, projections, and flipping of coins, as a public service we proudly present...

THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS

For The Upcoming July 4th Weekend

(How many people will be involved in what-type minor catastrophes)

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: STAN HART

PREDICTION	◀1,700,000	◀1,800,000	◀1,900,000	◀2,000,000	◀2,100,000
People who will scream when friends greet them with slaps on their sunburned backs.					
Parents who will end up searching for their lost children at public beaches.					
Parents who won't bother searching for their lost children at public beaches.					
Kids who will be scraped raw when mothers pull their bathing suits off at public beaches.					
Kids who will suffer serious traumas when the towels come off with bathing suits at public beaches.					
People who will starve to death at Howard Johnson's while they waited to be served.					
People who will be served at Howard Johnson's and will still end up starved to death.					
People who will receive the new mouth-to-mouth resuscitation at the beach.					
People who will look like they are receiving the new mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.					
People who will get second degree burns on their shoulders while searching for their cars in parking fields.					
People who will get third degree burns on their hands when they finally find their parked cars.					

DON MARTIN IN AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT









Okay, Gang! It's time for another MAD version of a popular movie. Lean back, relax, take your shoes off, notice that the people sitting next to you are running for other seats, put your shoes back on, and join us as

MAD VISITS THE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR OF "CHARADES"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hello, there! I'm Stanley Done-In, the Producer-Director of the film "CHARADES"! I'd like to show you—Hey! Stop the projector! Have you gone out of your mind?!

What's the matter, S.D.? Aren't the opening titles modernistic enough? Isn't the opening musical score jazzy enough?

They're both fine—but who starts a movie nowadays with opening titles? First you get in drama—then plot-development—then the climax—then the words "The End" ... THEN the opening titles! !

CARY GRAND and AUDREY HEARTBURN



There—that's a much better opening ... a dead body being thrown from a train!

In a horrible comedy like this—I mean a horror-comedy like this, you must shock the audience immediately ...



This may come as a shock to Mr. Done-In, but I'm not a dead body! We commuters on the Long Island Railroad always get tossed off the train at our stops like this!

The dead body was gently lifted off a mile back!





Now cut to an Alpine ski resort. Those people who weren't shocked by the dead body will be shocked by the live Cary Grand without make-up!

Dialogue in any Cary Grand movie is always the same as dialogue in real life. Richard Burton's real life!

Cary, what happened? You look like you're 60 years old!

I AM 60 years old!

But you're supposed to look 35... for at least 60 more years!

I know, but I've been worrying a lot lately!

What have you been worrying about?

How I'm going to look 35 for 60 more years!

I'm Peter Joshier! I'm witty, suave, sophisticated, a fabulous dresser, and unemployed!

I'm Rigid Lambone! We've known each other for two minutes and five seconds now... so naturally I've fallen in love with you!

As usual, I act cute and coy, so you'll have to chase me for 10 reels!

I don't mind! —How fast can an old man run!?



Now we cut to the exciting suspense-filled scene when Rigid arrives at her apartment in Paris and finds it stripped bare. She rushes from room to room opening closets—

Injecting humor into morbid scenes is a prerequisite of a horror-comedy like this one. Take this scene at the funeral, where we meet three murder suspects:

What a shock! What an awful disappointment! You must feel terrible not finding any clothes in your closets!

I don't feel half as bad as the audience! They're shocked and disappointed because I didn't find any bodies in my closets!

I'm Leopold Giddyman! I'm sneezing in the corpse's face to see if he's really dead!

I'm Kentuck Pentup! I'm pushing a mirror under the corpse's nose... to see if he's really dead!

I'm Herman Scuba! I'm sticking a pin into the corpse's hand to see if he's really dead!

Well, the way you three all stormed in here, if he was faking up to now, you probably scared him to death!



Note the injection of humor in this next gripping scene of intrigue at the U.S. Embassy...

Next, the hero takes the heroine to a Paris night club, and being so debonair and sophisticated, they naturally play "pass the orange" on the dance floor.

... so anyway, your husband was murdered and his body thrown from that train. The three main suspects are old army buddies of his. They're after \$250,000 the four of them stole from the U.S. Government during the war. Your husband is believed to have hidden it somewhere...

Why is a distinguished Ambassador like you telling me this horrible news while wearing those ridiculous shorts?

The writer couldn't think of any witty remarks I could make to get laughs!

What's this got to do with the plot?

Not a thing! It just gives me a chance to act cute and coy with this fat lady—so all the fat ladies in the audience can identify with her!





Suddenly, Rigid finds herself passing the orange to Giddyman, one of the murder suspects. He threatens to torture her . . .

The second suspect, Kentuck, threatens Rigid with lighted matches in a phone booth . . .



But I swear I don't know where my husband's money is!

You better tell me or I'll make you play this game the hard way!

How do you play this game the hard way!

You have to pass cans of frozen orange juice!



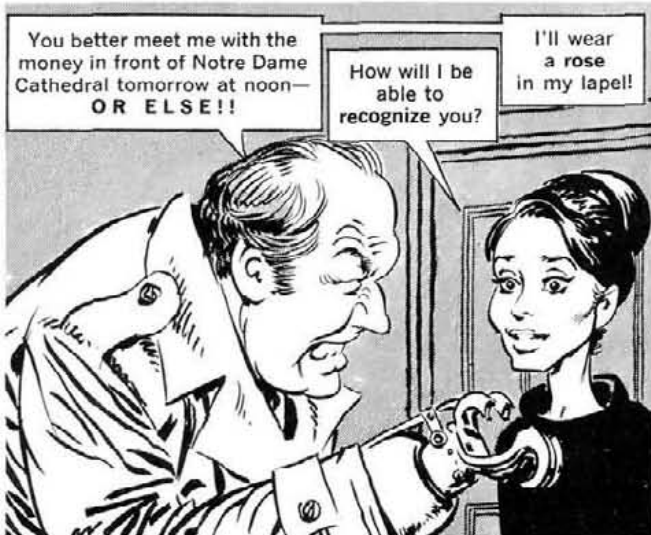
I swear, Kentuck, I don't know where the money is!

You better tell me or I'll set your dress on fire! Or maybe I'll set your hair on fire! Or maybe I'll make you die the most horrible death of all! —I'll make you smoke a cigarette!!



The third suspect, Scuba—a big, fat, grotesque slobbering hulk with an artificial hand—waits for Rigid and threatens her in her hotel room.

And then, a hysterical new development! The hero, Peter Joshier, becomes a fourth suspect!



You better meet me with the money in front of Notre Dame Cathedral tomorrow at noon—OR ELSE!!

How will I be able to recognize you?

I'll wear a rose in my lapel!



Scuba just phoned to tell me you're not really Peter Joshier—and that you're after the money too!

That's right! Now the plot starts to get complicated! You see, for the rest of the movie, I'll pretend to be many different people! That's why the picture is called "Charades"! Get it?



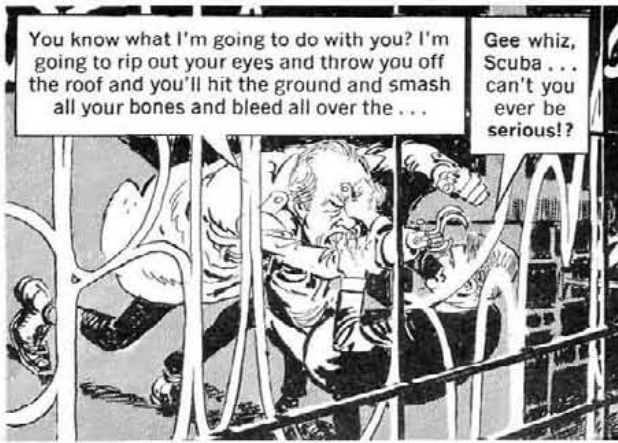
F'rinstance, now that I'm no longer Peter Joshier, I'll be Alex Dial! And when you find out I'm not Alex Dial, I'll be Adam Caulfield . . . then Mike Stokie . . . then Hans Corried . . .

Well, after you pretend to be all those people, who will you turn out to be—really and truly?

Let's save that for the big climax scene! Meanwhile, just to inject a serious note into all this hilarious horror . . . I'm taking a shower with all my clothes on!



Now for the scene that's a "must" for every horror-comedy movie like this one—the thrilling but frightening fight on the rooftop—with witty remarks to take the edge off—



You know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to rip out your eyes and throw you off the roof and you'll hit the ground and smash all your bones and bleed all over the . . .

Gee whiz, Scuba . . . can't you ever be serious!?

And now for some really funny scenes:
Scuba is found drowned in a bathtub.



Next, Giddyman's throat is slit in an elevator...

And finally, Kentuck is found with a vinyl plastic bag tied over his head.

This calls for some witty bathtub remark!
How about: 'Too bad he died before he had a chance to COME CLEAN!'

That's clever! How about: 'This crime has a familiar RING to it!'

I got one—
'Looks like somebody gave him the SHAFT!'

Not bad! Here's a better one!—'The murderer really showed him WHERE TO GET OFF!'

How's this?—
'Obviously the murderer didn't want to let the cat out of the BAG!'

Better still!—'That WRAPS UP the last of the suspects! ... which means I'm in plenty trouble!'



Why are you running away from me, Rigid?

Because no more suspects leaves only YOU! Besides, in horror-comedies, there's always a big chase leading to a fantastic climax scene at a world-famous geographical landmark!

I know that! But our big climax takes place in that French theatre we just passed!

A theater!? What a dull place for an exciting climax scene! Keep running!

How's this place for a climax?

It was used before in "Man On The Eiffel Tower"!



How about the Empire State Building?

It was used before in "King Kong"!

What about the Statue Of Liberty?

Nope! It was used in "Espionage"!

Mount Rushmore?

Nope! "North By Northwest"!

Cowznofski's East Bronx Butcher Shop?

"Marty"!



I guess there are no more original world landmarks left to stage an exciting climax scene! Besides, I frankly don't care where the money is—or who the murderer is! But there's one thing I must know! You've played so many different people in this movie, tell me! Who are you really? I mean really!

I'm glad you asked! Let's play "Charades" from the picture of the same name! Ready for the first clue?



Little word—
a!—an!—the!
The first word
is "THE"...!

Tall!—Large!—
Big!—Bigger!—
Biggest! The
second word is
"BIGGEST"...!
"THE BIGGEST—"

Third word—
Star!—STAR!
Fourth word—
Square!—Box!
Box top!—Box
Score!—Box
Office!—BOX
OFFICE...!

"THE BIGGEST
BOX OFFICE
STAR—IN—
THE—WHOLE
WORLD...!"



Let's see...
you acted out
that you are—

"THE BIGGEST
BOX OFFICE
STAR IN THE
WHOLE WORLD—

WHO IS ALWAYS
ACTING
NAUSEATINGLY
COY WITH THE
OPPOSITE SEX—

INSTEAD OF PLAYING
MORE APPROPRIATE
GROWN-UP ROLES—

FOR SOMEONE
WAY PAST
MIDDLE-AGE!"

I got it! You're
really yourself!
CARY GRAND!

Wrong! I'm
really
DORIS DAYE!!



Then if you're
Doris Daye...
The murderer
must be...

STOP THE PROJECTOR!
THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S
NOT GIVE AWAY THE
BIG SURPRISE!!!

Anyway, that's "Charades"—folks! A picture full of murder, suspense, shock, chases, tongue-in-cheek dialogue and sex! Which brings us to another surprise! I'm really playing Charades myself! You see—I'm not really Stanley Done-In!

I'm really
ALFRED HATCHPLOT!
Who else could've
made this picture?



Like other forms of life, Primitive Man adapted to his environment and was sometimes changed by it. Today, Modern Man's environment includes a fantastic array of commercial

The Long Range Effects

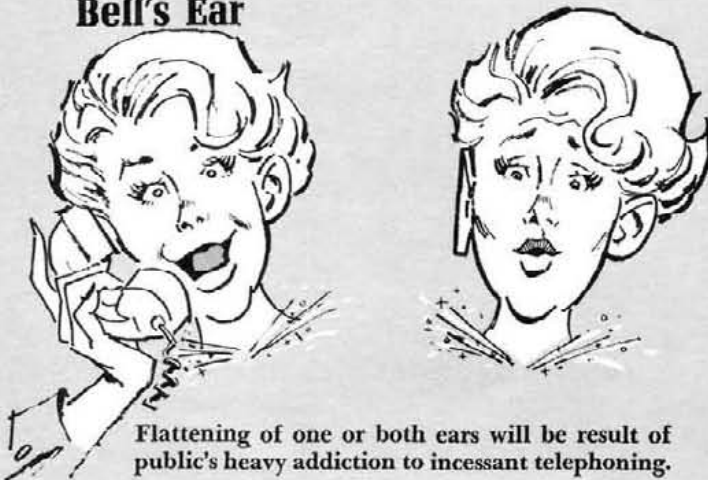
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

TV Learners' Leer



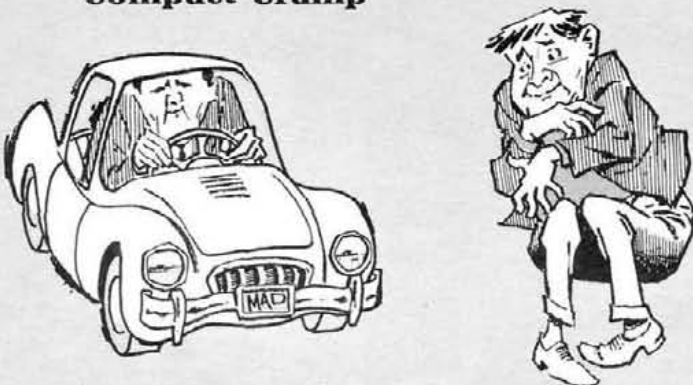
Continuous resting of chins on palms by younger TV viewers who lie prone before sets will bring on changes in facial structure.

Bell's Ear



Flattening of one or both ears will be result of public's heavy addiction to incessant telephoning.

Compact Cramp



Years of squeezing and squashing into gnome-tailored foreign and domestic economy autos will result in a severe loss of limb-joint mobility and flexibility

Wallet Waddle



Permanent limp caused by years of lugging around fat wallets stuffed with plastic credit cards, laundry slips, photos, money, etc.—all the items necessary in order for modern citizens to function in our society.

products and services that must, in time, have their effect on the millions who use them. Carrying this premise to its ridiculous extreme, here is how we at MAD envision:



Of Products On People

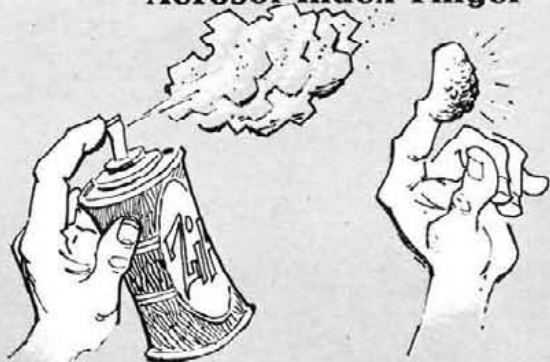
WRITER: DON REILLY

Stretch-Pants Stance



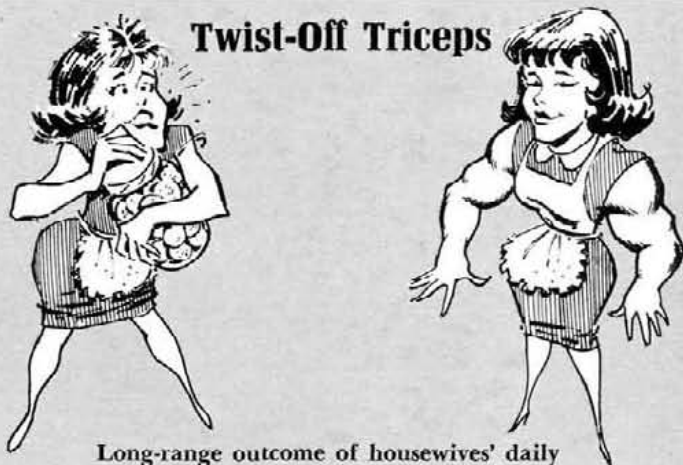
Spindly look will result from prolonged use of tight stretch pants, compressing muscles, flesh and bones into atrophied masses of what were once legs and hips.

Aerosol Index Finger



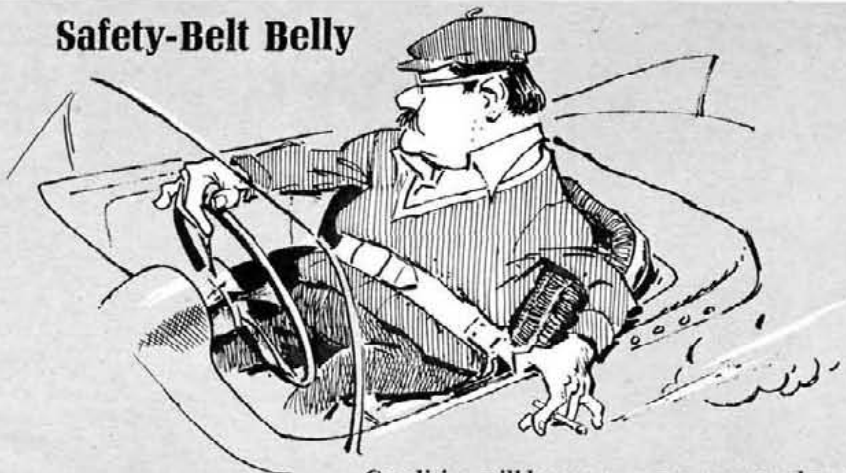
Increased application of pressure-can-packing will result in over-development of the activating digit.

Twist-Off Triceps



Long-range outcome of housewives' daily struggle with them easy, twist-off tops.

Safety-Belt Belly

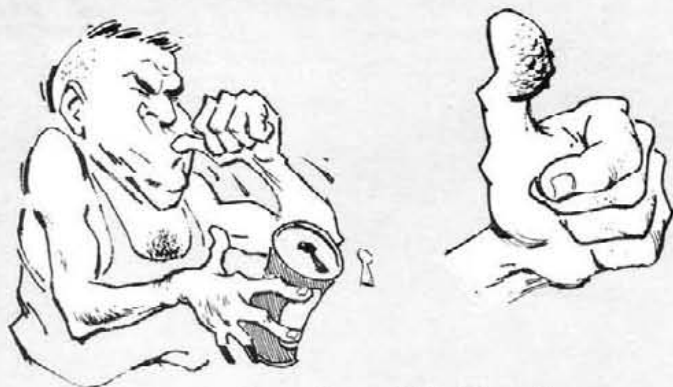


Condition will become more pronounced as generations of drivers survive head-on collisions at high speeds.



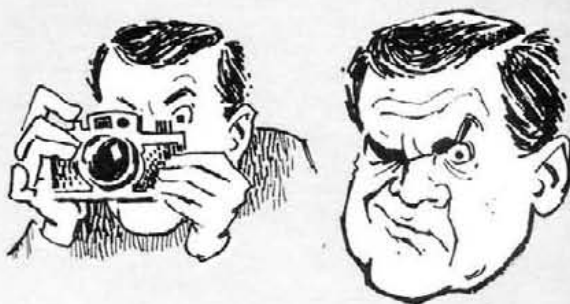
RICKARD

Pop-Top Thumb



Layers of scar tissue will build up from constant cutting on fiendish pop-top cans.

Shutterbug Squint



Camera fanatics will develop permanent wink from incessant snap-snap-snapping.

Wildroot Cream Head



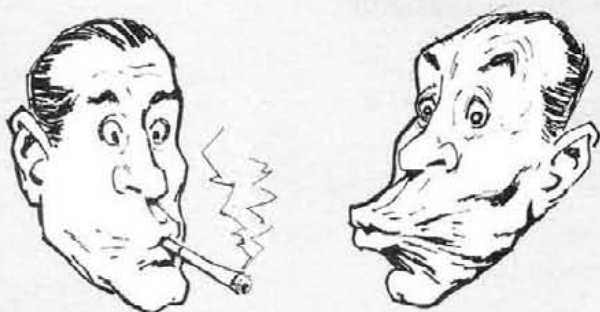
Prolonged application of various chemicals to make hair manageable will result in a decalcifying of the skull, making the head itself soft and floppy and easy to manage.

Housewives' Arm



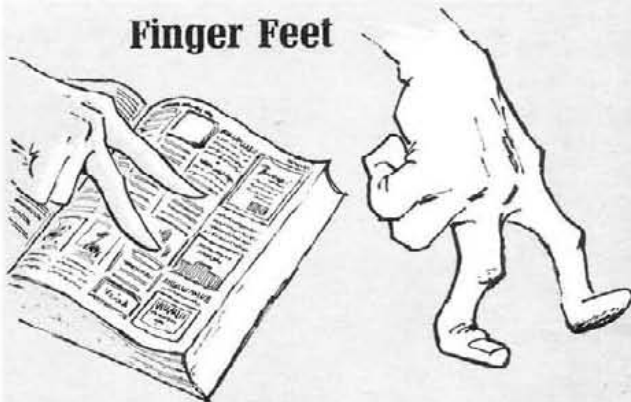
Continuous stretching into top-loading automatic washers and deep freezes will cause this eventual physiological oddity: mainly the shorter the woman, the longer the arm.

Filter Face

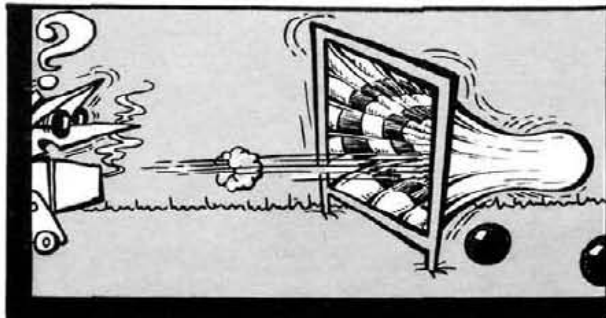
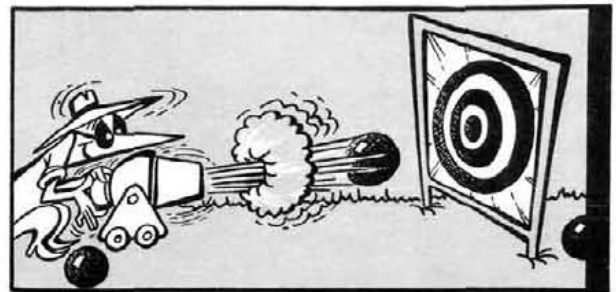
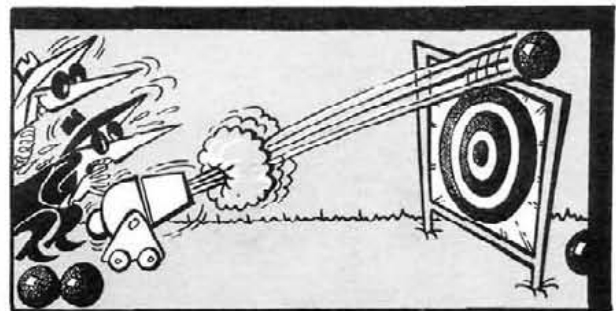
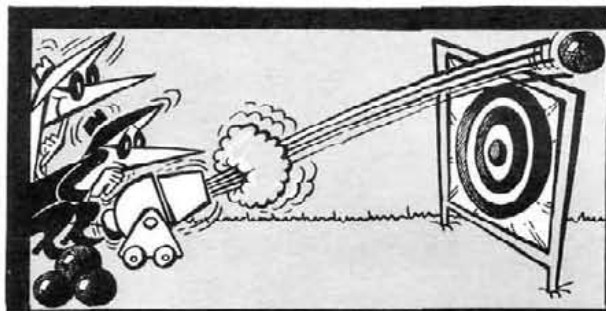
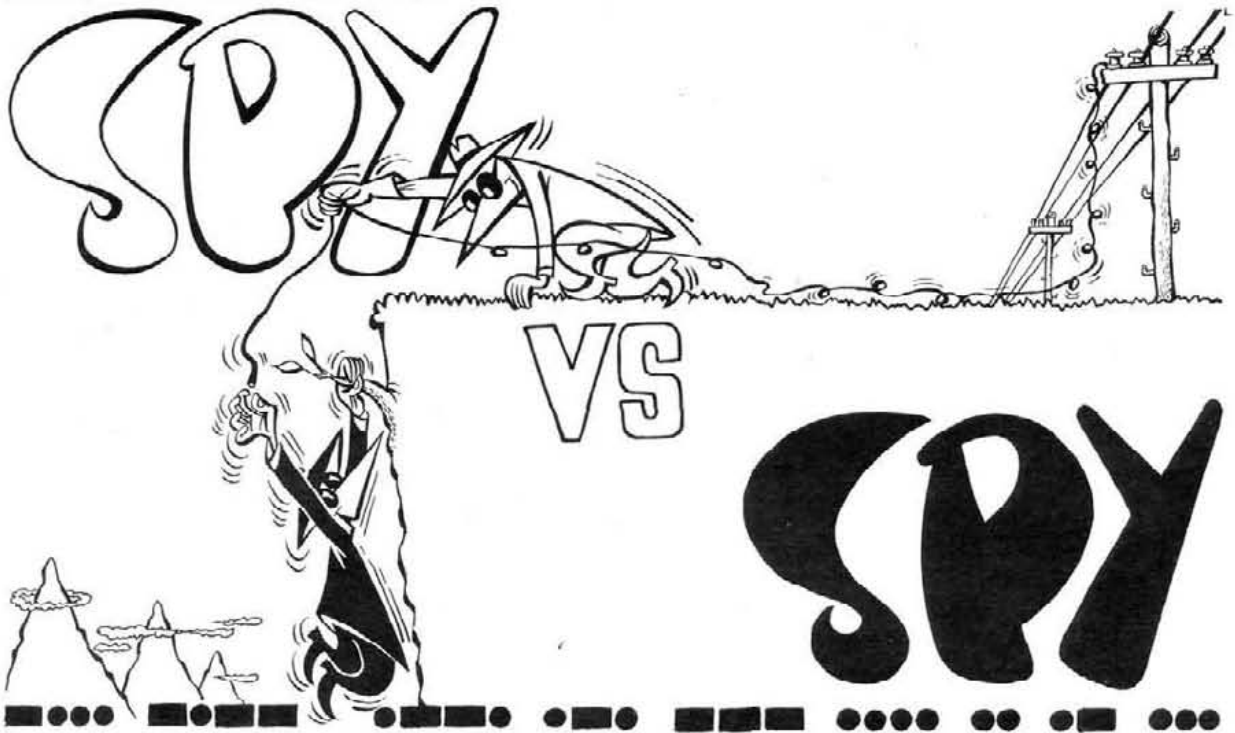


Prolonged sucking on more and more efficient filters will finally result in a permanent adaptation of the effects: Pucker lips and hollowed cheeks.

Finger Feet



A physical result of generations of lazy slobbs letting their fingers do the walking through *The Yellow Pages*.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

Dave Berg once coached a Little League team, so he knows something about the subject. He may even agree with the critics of this Junior Sport who say, "Get the parents out of Little League and give it back to the kids!" Certainly all the players on the Little League team Dave coached will agree! They lost every game!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

little

Son, I've waited years for this day! Now you are old enough to join that great American Institution—**LITTLE LEAGUE!** Now you can officially play that great American game—**BASEBALL!**



Your teammates will be other **All-American boys!** You'll be participating in a clean healthy sport—helping to make America a stronger, more physically-fit nation.



But, Daddy—I don't like to play Baseball!



The kid's a **COMMUNIST!!**



What's the run-down on adult leadership on a little league team?

Well, let's see! There's one team manager . . . two team coaches . . .



and **EIGHTY THIRD BASE COACHES!**



Take a lead!

Keep your foot on the bag!

RUN!

Stay put!

Head for Home Plate!

Go back to Second!



That's Russ Smith's kid! Look at that clumsy oaf! He couldn't catch a dead fly without its wings!

That's Joe Edwards' kid! A real stumble bum!

That's my kid! Watch him make this easy catch . . .

NICE TRY, ANDY BABY!!



league

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

I gotta say this for Little League!
It keeps the kids off the streets
where they could get into trouble!

Instead, it brings them into the
Little League Ball Park... where
their parents get into trouble!



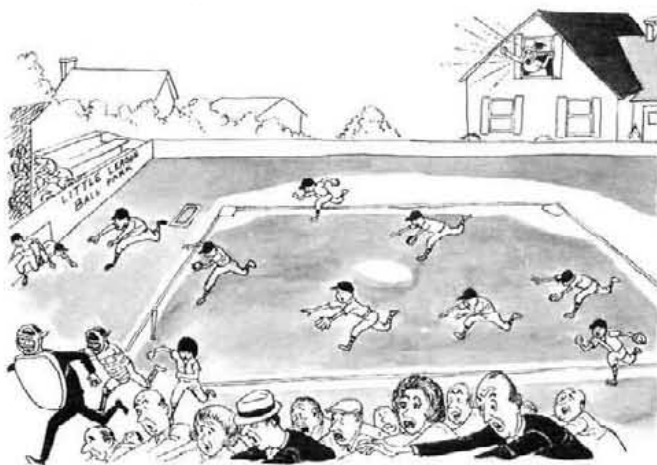
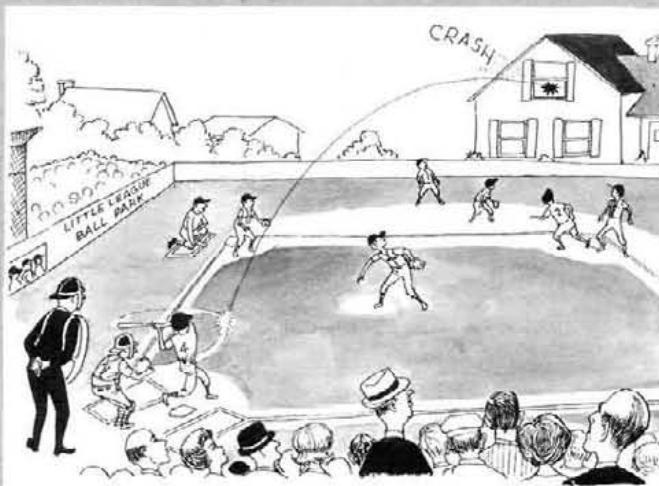
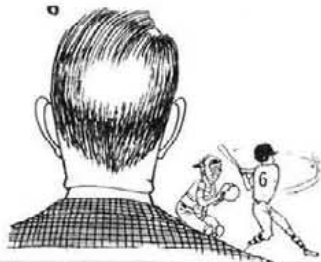
Al Buffington, ol' boy! That's
your son up there at bat! Now
let's try not to act like those
other over-emotional parents
who so strongly identify with
their children that they make
fools of themselves whenever
their kids get up to the plate!

Pretend to be nonchalant!
Show no emotion! Don't let
anyone see how you're dying
inside because there are
two strikes on your boy!

THANK
GOODNESS!!
HE GOT
A HIT!

Watch it, Mr.
Buffington!
Remember...
no emotion!!

I must say, Al ol' boy,
you carried that off
rather well!!!

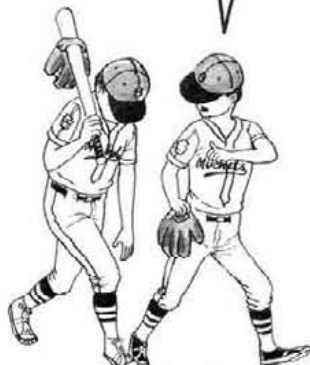


When a Little League team
loses, it's a traumatic
experience giving rise to
inferiority complexes...

... bruised egos, shattered
self-confidences, shame, and
permanent mental scar tissues!

Yeah, it's pretty tough on
us kids when we lose a
game!

Who's talking about
us kids!? I'm talking
about our parents!!



My son has an I.Q. of 130!

That's nothing! My son has an I.Q. of 140!!

Big deal! My son has a **BATTING AVERAGE** of .440!!!

Hold it, son! Let me show you how to hit the ball! You're standing in the bucket...

But, Daddy! It's the middle of the game!



Hold it! I'm calling this game on account of darkness!

WHAT!? It's the fifth inning! That means it's an **official game!** And it also means my team loses! There's plenty of light left to play! Give my boys a chance to catch up!

It's dangerous for kids to play when they can't see a pitched ball!!

Who can't see a pitched ball! The sun's still shining!

G'wan. The sun set at 7:22—and it's eight o'clock now!

Eight o'clock? You're out of your ever-lovin' mind! Le'me see that watch...

Okay! So it's eight o'clock! I still say there's plenty of light left to play...

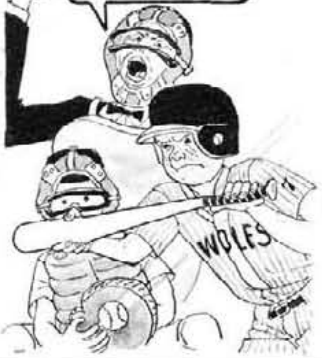


STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!! That's one away!

STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!! That's two away!

STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT—AND THE GAME IS OVER!!

YOU LOST THE GAME FOR US!!



He was SAFE!

He was OUT!

He was SAFE!

He was OUT!

He was SAFE!

He was OUT!



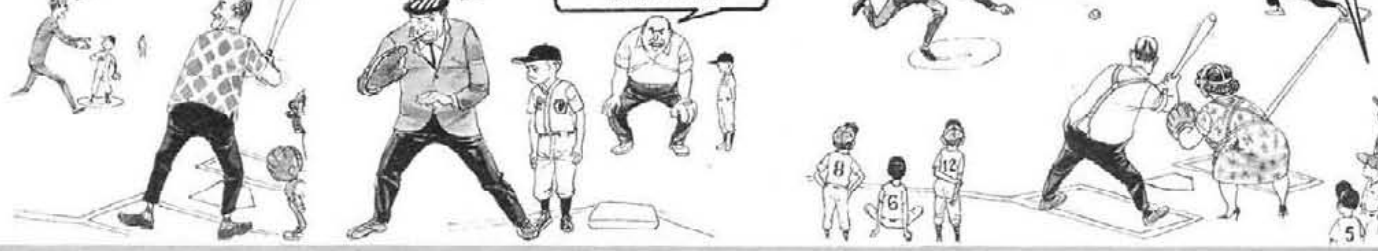
As long as he's showing his kid how to hit, I'll show you how to pitch . . .

Just put it over the plate!

Let me give you some tips on how to play Second Base! Don't stand on top of it! Play to the left of it . . .

When you're playing Centerfield, you gotta play deep! And stand with your hands on your knees ready to run in . . .

Who's winning? The parents of your team . . . or the parents of my team?



How come my son is only a substitute? Are you afraid he's going to show up your son? Aren't you showing prejudice? My son should be the star pitcher!!

Your boy pitches very well for his age! His curve ball really curves, and his slow ball actually seems to hang in mid-air! The trouble is, no one can hit his pitches!

SEE!? SEE!? YOU ADMIT IT YOURSELF! IF NO ONE CAN HIT HIS PITCHES, WHY DON'T YOU LET HIM PITCH?

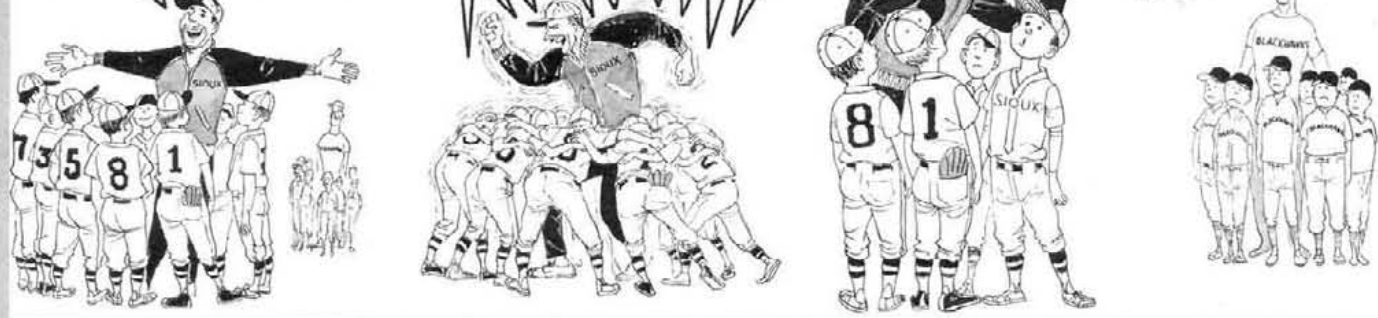
Because his pitches still don't reach home plate!



Okay, team! Let's show what good sports we are! Let's give a cheer for the losing team . . . the Blackhawks!!

TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRECIATE? BLACKHAWKS! BLACKHAWKS! YAAAAYYYYYYY . . . TEAM!

RAPAZZZ



He was SAFE!

He was OUT!

He was SAFE!

He was OUT!

Will you two forget it already? It's been TWO YEARS!!



We've often heard about all you people who live in apartment houses for 10 or 15 years and never get to meet your next door neighbors. Well, we have a suggestion for you: Move to a private house! However, if you still insist upon living in an apartment house and

ALL THE NEWS THAT
SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE
THROUGH THE BUILDING
WE ALSO PRINT HERE

The Swampview

WEEK OF APRIL 17, 1964

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Mrs. Sprintzer (4-A) To Finally Get Paint Job

After a wait of 8½ years and 12 rent increases, the Landlord has finally come to terms and agreed to have Mrs. Ethel Sprintzer's 3½ room apartment painted, the terms being that she come across with another \$45-a-month rent increase.

Mrs. Sprintzer was so surprised when she heard the news that she nearly fell off her knees in the Landlord's office, where she had gone to beg for the 429th time.

"I just can't understand his sudden generosity," she exclaimed happily. "Imagine, last year, a new refrigerator for a \$7-a-month increase . . . last month, a new door bell for a \$5-a-month increase . . . and now this! Who knows? Next, they may come through with the windows they've been promising me!"

Mrs. Sprintzer will be given her choice of the usual "Standard Decorator Colors" offered by the Swampview Terrace: "Moose Brown", "Battle-ship Gray", "World War II Olive Drab", and the popular "Foxhole Yellow". If she wants white, pink, blue, or any other sensible color, it will cost her an additional \$175 per room.

Moe "Painter" Funk will be awarded the contract for the job. Moe is well-known in this area for his sensitive performances, such as painting every steel beam on the Newkirk Avenue subway station without

once dripping on the platform, and doing the entire Hudde Junior High School Gym without once using a brush. When asked to comment on the upcoming Sprintzer contract, Funk shrugged, "Look, to me it's a paint job like any other paint job — a dab here, a smear there! If she expects two coats, she can forget it!"

Funk's work has been seen frequently in some of the finer magazines, such as "Better Homes & Gardens" and "House Beautiful". When asked about this, Funk shook his head and smiled, "For this job, I'm gonna forget about them class magazines! I'm gonna lay out a whole mess of newspapers and let my work drip on them instead! It's cheaper, and just as neat!"

The painter is scheduled to show up Monday morning at 8:00 . . . which means that Mrs. Sprintzer can expect him Thursday at Noon.



Mrs. Sprintzer in her soon-to-be-painted 4th floor apartment.

The Swampview Terrace's "Angry Note Of The Week"

Every week, numerous angry notes are written by tenants and spotted around the building—in the elevators, on the incinerators, in the lobby, under apartment doors, etc. And every week, your editors sort through these to select the best one so that all you readers can have a chance to see what some of your fellow-tenants are steamed up over. This week's *Angry Note* was found posted on the 4th floor incinerator:

TO THE FIG WHO HASN'T BEEN
PUSHING HIS GARBAGE DOWN!

Will the disgusting 4th floor person who has been leaving his Garbage inside the incinerator chute without pushing it all the way down, please see to it that in the Future he pushes his Garbage all the way down instead of leaving it inside the chute. Do you really expect decent clean tenants like myself to come out here every night and push your garbage all the way down for you?? Do you think it is a pleasure to come out here and have to push TWO garbage all the way down? How would you like it? You don't even like to push ONE garbage all the way down—so you can imagine how disgusting it is to push TWO all the way down! I am not going to mention names. I do not believe in being Nasty or embarrassing to fellow tenants. But you know who you are! So let this be a final Warning! Push your garbage all the way down, Mr. Getzlaff...or I'll push YOU all the way down!

Signed
An Anonymous Neighbor



would like to know more about your next door neighbor without getting to meet him, we know just the way: Why not print an "Apartment House Newspaper" which informs all the tenants about what all the other tenants and staff are up to. Something like this . . .

Terrace Weekly

WEATHER
Ridiculously hot due to the incompetence of our Super, who set the furnace for 112° on Friday, and hasn't been able to readjust it since!

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

PRICE: 10 CENTS

ANOTHER COMMOTION IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM

by Nancy "Nosey" Noonan

Witnesses say that the commotion which took place in the Swampview Terrace laundry room last Thursday was the biggest battle they had ever seen there that week. A number of tenants were involved. Here is the story as it was told to this reporter by Mrs. Irma Bombard (5-D), who sits by the laundry room all day long and thrives on such incidents:

It all started when Mrs. Ada Popovitch (3-A) came down and noticed that her bundle of wet wash had been removed from the dryer before it was done, and another put in . . . *and on her time!* Mrs. Popovitch immediately accused Mrs. Prissy "Big-Mouth" Ogilvy (5-L) of the deed, and proceeded to put her own wash back into the dryer, remove the other wash, and bring it up to the fifth floor and leave it in front of Mrs. Ogilvy's door.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lillian Umbrage (2-H) arrived, and although all washing machines were occupied, proceeded to take Anne (2-C) De Lomo's wash out of the No. 2 machine and put hers in. (Mrs. Umbrage later explained that she was late for a beauty parlor appointment.) When Dede Potlatch (6-C) came down and found that her wash (the bundle erroneously left in front of Mrs. Ogilvy's apartment door by Mrs. Popovitch) was missing from the dryer, she screamed and called the police. At the same time, Anne DeLomo returned for her wash, saw that it was lying on the floor, and immediately started having words with Dede Potlatch. Meanwhile, word got back to Mrs. Ogilvy concerning Mrs. Popovitch's accusation, and she in turn came storming into the laundry room in a rage, flinging Dede's wet bundle at Mrs. Popovitch, but hitting Mrs. Bombard instead, who was sitting by the laundry room, thriving on the incident. It took the police 40 minutes to quell the riot.

This is the seventh time this month that an argument has ensued over the use of the washing machines. When asked to comment, Mr. Emil Lump-rack growled, "I cannot understand all these spats. Certainly, the 600 families in the Swampview Terrace can learn to cooperate in the use of the two washing machines and dryer I've supplied them with!"



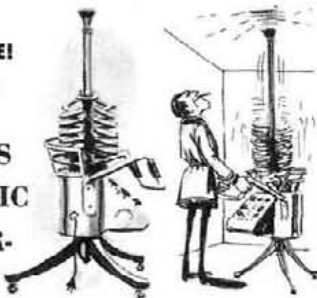
Police lead away participants in recent laundry room commotion.

NEW! SENSATIONAL!

DO YOUR UPSTAIRS NEIGHBORS THROW WILD, NOISY PARTIES? DO THEY CLOMP AROUND ALL NIGHT? DO THEY WALK BACK AND FORTH IN HEELS, AND THEY HAVEN'T GOT CARPETING?

WHY WASTE TIME AND ENERGY BANGING WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED BROOM HANDLE?

GET WISE!
MODERNIZE!
TERRORIZE!
USE
BENJIE'S
ELECTRIC
BANGER-
UPPER



BANGS UP REPEATEDLY FOR HOURS! (LONGER ON WEEK-ENDS!) WILL NOT SCUFF YOUR CEILING! GUARANTEED TO PRODUCE RESULTS!

PLANNING TO POST AN ANGRY LETTER

IN THE ELEVATOR, IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM, ON THE INCINERATOR, ON YOUR WIFE'S BUREAU? WHY WRITE IN AN ILLEGIBLE SCRAWL THAT NO ONE WILL UNDERSTAND? WHY NOT LET US TYPE IT UP FOR YOU IN A LEGIBLE FORM THAT NO ONE WILL UNDERSTAND?



GET YOUR MESSAGE ACROSS WITH
**PHILBERT'S ANGRY LETTER
TYPING SERVICE**

EXPRESSING TENANTS' ANGER SINCE 1947

(Of as long as Lumprack The Landlord has been putting up these apartment buildings which make tenants angry)

Specialists in phrasing and typing up
"Angry Letters" - "Threats" - "Petitions"

ALL WORK DONE ON AUTHENTIC BUTCHER PAPER

WHAT'S HAPPENING... AND IN WHOSE APARTMENT

Schedule Of Activities This Week

- MON. 18th— BRIDGE GAME** at the Cooper's. Pearl and Fred Glop (from the rear courtyard) vs. Blanche and Iggy Cooper. Kibbitzers invited. Apt. 4-M.
- MON. 18th— MAH JONGG** at Sylvia Kelly's. The regular Monday night girls: Sylvia, Betty, Lottie and Wilhelmina. They'd love a 5th. \$2.50 pie. Apt. 7-J.
- MON. 18th— POKER GAME** at Wally Furman's. The regular Monday night boys: Wally, Turk, Harry and Selma. Selma supplies the eyeshields this week. \$5 and \$10, Jacks or better to open. Suckers invited. Bring money. Apt. 5-J.
- TUES. 19th— PISHA PASHA TOURNAMENT** at the Freebish's. An irregular Tuesday night conglomeration with Willy and Victoria Buddle. Harriet and Mel Freebish and Milton-somebody-from-downstairs-somewhere. Learn this fascinating game from experts. Then join this ridiculous group. Apt. 6-L.
- TUES. 19th— CANASTA** at Celia Grupp's. So far, only Celia Grupp. She needs three more people. Bring cake. Also a second deck of cards. Apt. 3-T.
- TUES. 19th— STEAL THE OLD MAN'S BUNDLE** at "Pop" Finley's. An actual burglary attempt will be made on Old Man Finley's apartment. Those interested in joining Larry, George, Bish and Tony with Yetta as lookout, meet at Larry's. Apt. 2-X.
- WED. 20th— LOVE AFFAIR** (No Longer Secret) at Corinne VaVoom's, with Murray, the quiet guy from Apt. 3-N sneaking down to Miss VaVoom's, and Murray's wife sneaking down a little later. Apt. 2-G.
- WED. 20th— STAG MOVIES** at Artie (The Bachelor) Multrayne's. Lennie, Dick, Jerry, Howie, Nino, Warren, the entire third floor, Detective Lt. John Schweep and the 23rd Precinct Emergency Squad join Artie (in that order).
- THUR. 21st SHALLOW CONVERSATION.** Agnes, Sylvia, Dora, Rose, Maxine, and laVerne will take the elevator to the 6th floor to call for Myrna, Gertrude and Sam. They will all ride down to the lobby where they will meet Shirlee, Cathy, Pauline and Victoria, who will lead them out to the front of the building where Louella and Helen have been waiting with the chairs. They will then proceed to talk about Henrietta and Hortense who used to sit with them in the front but have now switched allegiance and sit with the girls in the back of the building. They will sit there and gab through the day, into the night, and on until dawn—when they will be swept away by the Department of Sanitation.
- FRI. 22nd— INTELLECTUAL DISCUSSION** with the only people in the apartment either interested in or capable of having one. Henry The Porter and his assistants, Morty, Chester and Clem, will discuss "Postwar Swedish Monetary Reform" and how it has affected their menial salaries of \$22.68 a week each.

SUPER-MAN Another Episode In The Series Based On The True-Life Adventures Of Our Superintendent

FEBRUARY, 1963

WOULD YOU PLEASE HAVE THE SUPER RUSH UP TO MY APARTMENT--6-L! IT'S AN EMERGENCY! THERE'S A LEAK IN MY BATHROOM SINK!

I'LL GIVE HIM THE MESSAGE, MRS. CLYDE!



JUNE, 1963

THAT CLYDE WOMAN ON THE 6TH FLOOR MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT AN EMERGENCY LEAK IN THE BATHROOM SINK!

YEAH, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF IT SOMEDAY!



JANUARY, 1964

WELL, I THINK IT'S TIME TO CHANGE OUT OF MY LOUNGING APPAREL AND INTO MY WORK CLOTHES TO DO A JOB AS THE SUPER!

LET'S SEE, DO I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED... WALLET, MONEY CLIP, CHANGE OF \$50, FOUR SINGLES AND SOME LOOSE CHANGE?



Know Your SWAMPVIEW TERRACE Staff

This Week's Spotlight: **HARRY THE DOORMAN**

All of you who live in the Swampview Terrace have no doubt had occasion to approach the front entrance door burdened with packages... and while other men sat idly in the lobby, laughing at your difficulty, you've noticed a smiling well-groomed gentleman courteously tip his cap, say "Mornin', Ma'am!" and politely open the door for you while bowing. When this happened, you've probably wondered to yourself: "Who is that nice man? It certainly is pleasant having him around! I'd like to know more about him!"

Well, we would, too... because it sure ain't Harry The Doorman! It's most likely a burglar getting familiar with the tenants and the building layout. If you want to know who Harry is, he's the man who sits idly in the lobby, laughing at your difficulty.

Short (5'5 1/2"), balding, 48-year-old Harry came to the Swampview Terrace last year after the tenants petitioned for

a doorman. If you remember, the Landlord held two weeks of "doorman try-outs"... and Harry came in last. But he was hired anyway because of his qualifying experience. Previous to his position here, Harry served as taxi door opener at the Bayonne Bowling Center, was an usher at Loew's Potrzebie, and served four terms as a freelance school crossing guard at the Erem Zimbalist, Jr. Junior High School.

Harry's career here at Swampview has been spotted with occasional blunders and incidents. Although he has meant well, things haven't always worked out. He has been known to chase tough delinquent gangs off the sidewalk—which is fine, except that he chases them *into* the building. He has also unknowingly allowed burglars to filter in and out without being questioned. But worst of all, he has allowed those annoying solicitors like the "Hoover Vacuum Cleaner Salesmen,"



"Your Avon Representatives" and those ridiculous "Tupperware Ladies" to enter Swampview and hawk their wares.

Last Thursday, however, after numerous complaints from tenants about solicitors, Harry finally clamped down. He detained a group of "strange-looking characters" for 7 hours, asking for identification, refusing to let them up, and eventually throwing them bodily from the building. This is Harry's last week on the job, because those strange-looking characters turned out to be close relatives of the Plattfalls (4-J) who were just visiting.

Next Week's Spotlight: **LOU, THE NEW DOORMAN**

WHO'S COLLECTING...AND FOR WHAT CHARITY.

A Schedule Of Solicitations This Week

Every issue, as a service to the tenants of Swampview Terrace, we publish this list of "Who-Will-Be-Coming-Around-The-Building-Ringing-Doorbells-And-Asking-For-Donations-To-Ridiculous-And-Often-Phony-Causes"... so you will know well in advance when not to be home!

DAY	HOUR	COLLECTOR AND CAUSE
Tues. 19th	11:00 A.M.	Mrs. Sfortz—collecting for "The United Fund To Aid Victims Of Water On The Knee"
Tues. 19th	8:30 P.M.	Mrs. Goorp—collecting for "The Grippe"
Wed. 20th	6:15 A.M.	Miss Vloom—collecting for "The National Foundation Against Sniffles"
Thurs. 21st	11:30 P.M.	Mrs. Stallcup—collecting for "Victims Of The Potato Famine"
Fri. 22nd	4:50 A.M.	Mrs. Buncher—collecting for "The Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Overly Ticklish Children"
Sat. 23rd	12 Noon	The Landlord—collecting for "The Rent"

SWAMPVIEW TERRACE CLASSIFIED ADS

Help Wanted

MAN, handy, to help out doing simple odd jobs around my apartment, like putting up light bulbs, tightening faucets, adjusting gas stove pilot light, turning on steam. I am ill, and my husband doesn't have the slightest idea of how to do these things. See: Wife of Superintendent, Lobby Floor Apt.

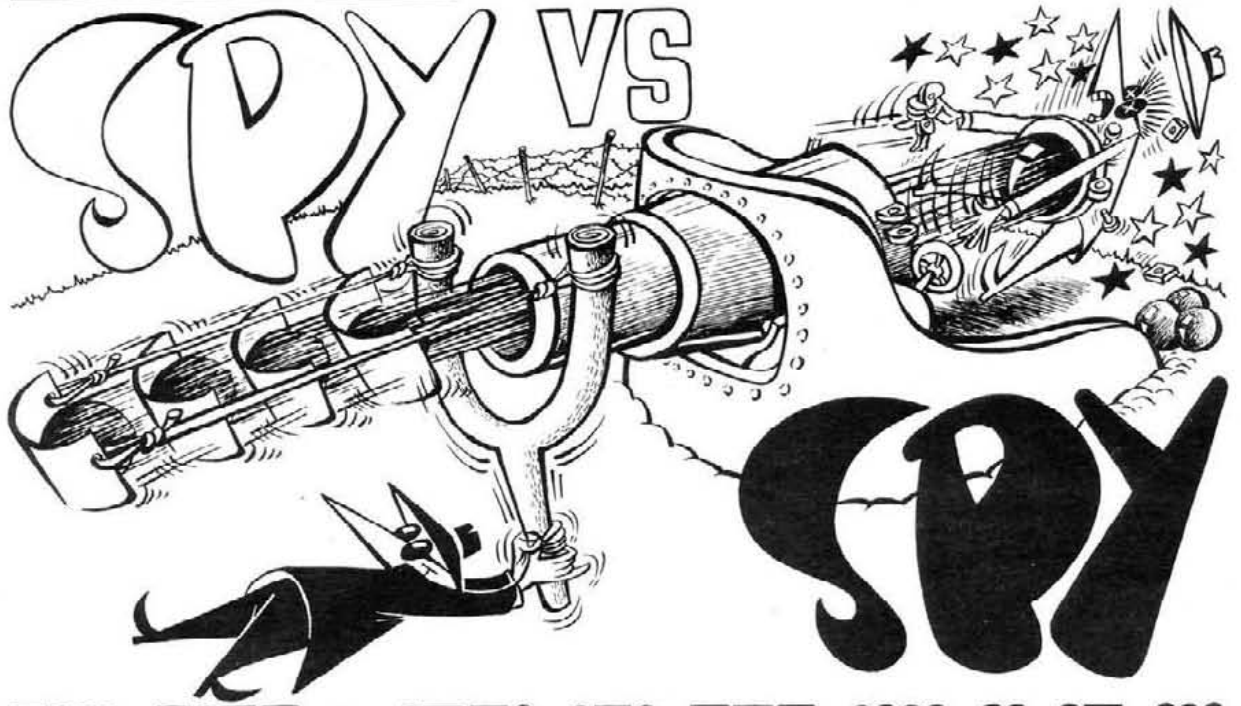
Personals

I AM NO LONGER responsible for the actions of my wife and/or her personality since she bleached her hair and started running around with that ridiculous Mah Jongg crowd from the 3rd floor. Hymie Vedula, Apt. 6-D.

Lost and Found

FOUND, 3 odd sweatsocks belonging to some other tenant, in my wash last Monday, 10:30 A.M. Come and pick them up. If I'm not home, leave reward with my son, Grunch, Apt. 2-N.





AFFAIRS OF STATUS DEPT.

Years ago, when someone wanted to celebrate an occasion, he threw a party in his home. It was warm and friendly, and everyone had a good time. But today, you can't have a simple party at home! What's so impressive about a party at home? And you run the risk of people enjoying themselves! No, today, you turn the whole deal over to a person known as a "Caterer." He arranges the party at a special place known as a "Catering Hall," and takes everything out of your hands, including the money. To show you how this vital member of our society operates, we bring you:

MAD'S CATERER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: STAN HART



Hello! I'm David Binkley, here to interview Mr. Orville Lavish, who has just been selected "MAD's Caterer Of The Year"! This is quite an establishment you have here, Mr. Lavish!

When I first bought it, the place had stately columns, gracefully arched windows and delicate wall trimmings!

Really? It must have been decorated in very good taste!

Yes, that was a problem! It cost me \$150,000 to re-decorate it in very bad taste!

Ahh, I see some customers coming! Now you can watch me in action!

Mr. Lavish? I'm Henry Muckluck—this is my wife—and this is my daughter and her fiancé! We're looking for a nice wedding for about \$3000.

\$3000 is a sensible sum to spend on an Arbor Day Party! But a WEDDING?? Well, I'm sure your business associates will understand that you're in financial collapse! And of course, your family will realize that you don't love your daughter enough to give her what she deserves! After all, Mr. Muckluck, who says a father has to love his daughter?

But I do love my daughter!

Then you must decide, Mr. Muckluck! It's either your daughter's happiness—or your insane penny-pinching!!





Well, I would want something nice!

Good! Then I'll take care of everything! Now, you'll want flowers! Orchids are lovely, but since this is not the season, we'll charter a plane and fly them in from Argentina! Next, you'll want a nice meal! Steak is great, but when you hear the price, you'll take chicken! Next . . .



You'll want movies! I have a great cameraman! He'll give you arty shots like the cold-cuts dissolving into a picture of the groom's mother, which fades into the bride dancing with her father, which changes into the groom dancing with his grandfather!

These films will have an enduring place of honor in the newlyweds' storage closet!



H-how much will all this cost me?

Oh—\$15,000, tops! Plus a small charge for the extras . . . like a cake, a band, and the guests!

The guests??

Only if you want them! If you do, it will cost you—with chicken—\$50 a couple! I'd suggest an intimate wedding—shall we say 500 people? How's Saturday, June 6th?



Honey, would June 6th be all right?

What does she know? She's just a dopey kid! See you in June! Leave a \$14,500 deposit and trust me!



A June Wedding is so nice! Is that why you chose the date?

No, I have another wedding the day before on June 5th, so I can use the same flowers and any left-over food! Let's go in here—my training school for waiters is in session!

PRIVATE
KEEP OUT



Here's where I train my fine staff of surly waiters. Each chair represents a group of guests. Watch how cleverly the waiters avoid them! That way I get by with \$20 worth of hors d'oeuvres for a party of six hundred people!

Why are all those men gathered around that waiter?

He has the more expensive hors d'oeuvres: shrivelled little hot dogs, greasy tiny meatballs, and some sickening seafood glop in a shell! The people around him are all ex-football players in my employ. They escort the waiter from one end of the room to the other, making sure that none of the guests breaks through to get any hors d'oeuvres!



Now, here's a real wedding in action! Watch how my photographers shine powerful klieg lights on the Wedding Party throughout the ceremony! The lights blind them so they cannot notice that all the flowers they've paid for aren't here!

Watch how my photographers also cleverly block the view of the audience! Why, I sell over \$300 worth of pictures to guests who want to know what the ceremony looked like!

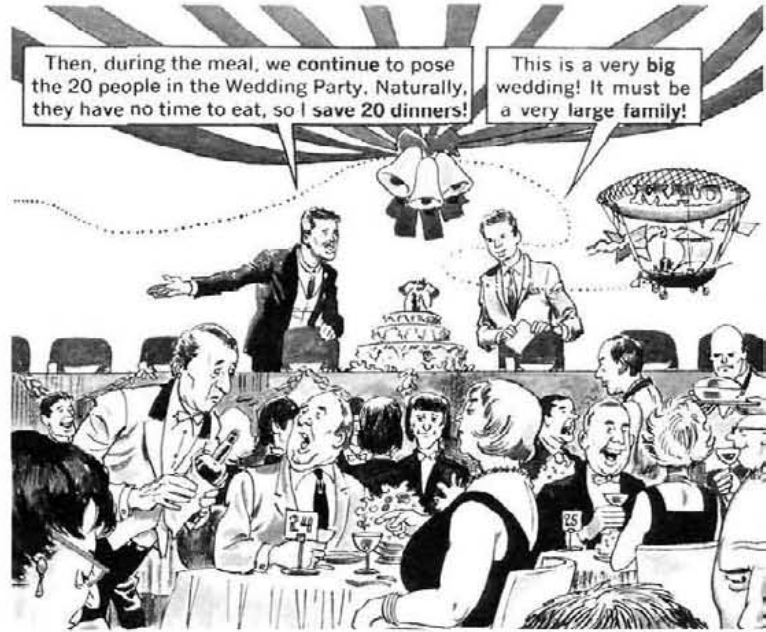


As you can see, during the reception we whisk the members of the Wedding Party into another room to take more pictures! In this way, they can't see that we're scrimping on the hors d'oeuvres... and that imported champagne they ordered was "imported" from New York State!



Then, during the meal, we continue to pose the 20 people in the Wedding Party. Naturally, they have no time to eat, so I save 20 dinners!

This is a very big wedding! It must be a very large family!



Not really! Actually, only half the people here are invited guests! The others came for the "Over Twenty Eight Club" dance I'm running in this room at the same time! Since everyone is always too busy talking to listen to anyone at these affairs, no one ever catches on!

Whose side are you on?

The Democrats!

I'm the Best Man!

I hate conceited people!

I'm so glad you could come!

What's your phone number? Do you live alone? Got a car? Like art movies? Are you doing anything later tonight?

Is there a doctor in the house? An unmarried doctor?





You'll notice I have a revolving bandstand!

Is that to add class?

No, I have another ballroom right behind this one—so the band plays for both affairs at the same time! That way, I hire one band, and charge for two!

Why don't you dance with your cousin?

Aw, he never lets me lead!

Why did you say the band doesn't know 'Embraceable You'?

'Cause I just heard them play it!

So you're Charlie Fump's son? Why, I knew your father when he was this high . . . !

He still is! He's a midget!



How many weddings do you have in each hall on a single day?

Six or seven! Of course, that creates a problem in clearing the hall for the next affair, but I've got a special system for doing that? Care to see?



Here's my system in operation. See, under one of the plates at each table, there's supposed to be a blue card. The person who gets it is entitled to take home the flower centerpiece. So I put a blue card under two plates at the same table—and naturally, this causes a big fight!

Give it to me, you miserable selfish clod! I never liked you! Never!

No, I won't give it to you—and I never liked you either, Mother!

It's my turn! You took the flowers home from the last family affair!

That funeral was months ago!



It's mine! I want to have something to remember my wedding with! I was posing for pictures all day and missed it all!

All right! You take the flowers, but give me back the envelope my husband slipped you while you were walking down the aisle!

Then I call the police and report a riot! The place gets cleared out and washed down at the same time!



Do you always do this?

Oh, no! I have a more dignified and civilized way of clearing the halls! I'll show you—next door!

As you know, Mr. Binkley, most old people do not know modern dances! So I have my handleader give them loads of dances they love from the "Old Country". This drives them wild—and naturally, their systems can't take such strenuous excitement! So—

Out of respect for those no longer with us, I believe it would be in poor taste to continue with the festivities. And I think I speak for all in suggesting that everyone leave quietly . . .

Do you only have weddings here, Mr. Lavish?

Oh, no! Here's a different type of party . . . a group of former G.I.'s holding a reunion!



How long have they been out of the army?

They were discharged the day before yesterday! I encouraged them not to lose touch with each other!

Is that an "Engagement Shower" they're having for that girl in there?

Not really! I sold them a "Pre-Shower Shower"!

You mean they're holding an affair just because she MET someone?

Well, she didn't actually meet someone! Her mother met someone whose son is an unmarried accountant!



Who's the lucky boy the girl hasn't met yet?

My son Wendell! I just can't sit around here and wait for business! My wife gets a commission on every "Pre-Shower Shower" she brings in!

Well, I hate to cut this short, David, but I must run! I promised the car to my daughter and her fiance! They're getting married today . . .!

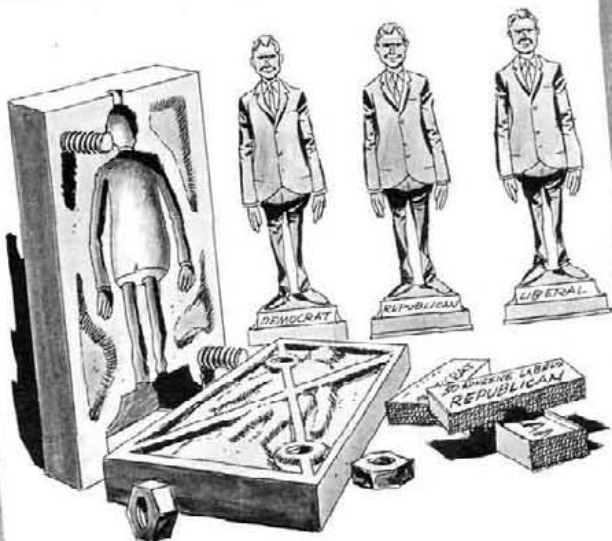
So you're going to have a wedding yourself!

Not on your life! I'm helping them to elope! A WEDDING? You think I got rocks in my head?



One of the most interesting species of wildlife found on the American scene is that strange creature known as "The Politician". He conveniently changes color to match his surroundings, he's friendly to his opponent's face—then attacks him when his back is turned, and he scratches for votes at election time—then hibernates for his term of office. Since "The Politician" is such a strange creature who speaks a strange language, we present a simple primer to help explain him to you when he appears again during this campaign year.

THE MAD POLITICIAN'S PRIMER



Lesson 2. THE CANDIDATE

See the popular candidate.
See him say, "Some of my best friends are Italian,
And Irish,
And German, and Polish, and Puerto Rican."
The candidate has no Gypsy friends.
There is no Gypsy vote.



The candidate is very interested in charity work.
He has been Chairman of Protestant Relief,
Catholic Charities, and United Jewish Appeal...
All at the same time.
Every four years, he hates discrimination.
See his liberal, open-minded family.
See them mingle with everyone.
See if you can spot the candidate's daughter.
You can't. She isn't here.
That's because she has been disinherited—
She married outside her religion.

Lesson 1. THE OFFICE SEEKER

See the politician.
He is making an announcement.
It is three months before elections.
He is announcing that he is not a candidate.
The timing is very important.
He must announce that he is not a candidate
Before the opposing candidate
Announces that *he* is not a candidate.



See the politician talking to the Party big shots.
He is talking to them about the nomination.
In politics, this is known as "sampling opinion".
Outside of politics, this is known as "begging".
The Party big shots ask him about foreign policy.
The Party big shots ask him about domestic policy.
The Party big shots ask him about economic policy.
The Party big shots ask him if he wants the nomination.
The politician answers "Yes!".
They have finally asked him a question he can answer.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 3. THE CANDIDATE'S FAMILY

See the candidate with his wife.
She is so happy.
It's the first time he's taken her out in 4 years.
If he wins the election
She will go to Washington.
If he loses the election
She will go back in the closet.
She is a dedicated woman.
She stands by him in city after city.
She doesn't trust him out of her sight.
See the candidate's children posing for pictures.
They are very photogenic.
They are also very stupid.
They haven't been in school since the campaign started.



Lesson 4. THE POLL

See the busy man.
He is working on a pre-election poll.
It is easy to check the accuracy of the poll.
If his candidate is ahead,
The poll is very scientific.
If his candidate is behind,
He feeds the results into a big machine.
The machine is called a garbage disposal unit.

The pollster questions a select group.
This is known as a representative sample.
Are you now, or have you ever been a representative sample?
Do you know anyone who has ever been a representative sample?
We do.
The candidate. His mother. His barber. His bookie . . .

Lesson 5.

THE PUBLICITY MEN

See the publicity men.
They will give the candidate a new image.
They will teach him how to talk.
They will teach him how to smile.
They will make him popular.
If he doesn't get elected Congressman,
He might get elected "Miss Rheingold".



The publicity men take his picture wherever he goes.
And wherever he goes, the candidate eats.
One picture of him eating is worth a thousand words.
He eats a hot dog.
And it means "I am a typical American".
He eats a knish,
And it means "We are all God's children".
He eats a pizza,
And it means "Each minority group has contributed
to make our country great".
The candidate needs a strong stomach to run for office.
Almost as strong a stomach as the people who vote for him.

Lesson 7.

THE CAMPAIGN TEAM

See the loyal campaign workers.
Half of them dig up damaging facts
About the candidate's opponent.
The other half do a more creative job:
They *manufacture* damaging facts
About the candidate's opponent.



The candidate has promised each campaign worker
That he is on a winning team.
The candidate has also promised each campaign worker
That he will be the next Ambassador to England.
Actually, the Ambassador will be
Someone who is distinguished,
Someone who is dependable,
Someone who is mature,
Someone who is the candidate's uncle.

Lesson 6.

THE CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION

See the rich man.
 He contributes to the campaign fund.
 He likes the candidate's platform.
 The rich man is against giving government
 money to education.
 The rich man is against giving government
 money to senior citizens.
 The rich man is for "free enterprise".
 Which means he's for giving government
 money to his missile factory.

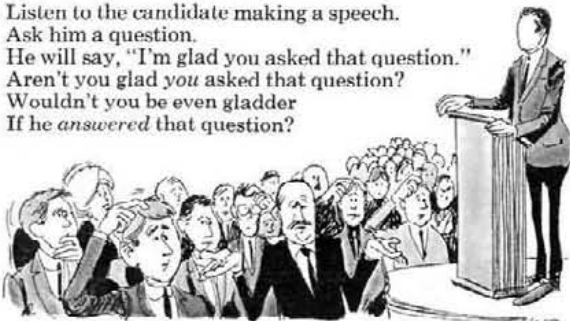


The rich man owns many other things
 Beside his missiles factory:
 50 supermarkets, 10 liquor stores,
 And a chain of department stores.
 But he is not satisfied.
 He has a dream.
 This year his dream will come true.
 He will own a Congressman.

Lesson 8.

THE CAMPAIGN SPEECH

Listen to the candidate making a speech.
 Ask him a question.
 He will say, "I'm glad you asked that question."
 Aren't you glad you asked that question?
 Wouldn't you be even gladder
 If he answered that question?"

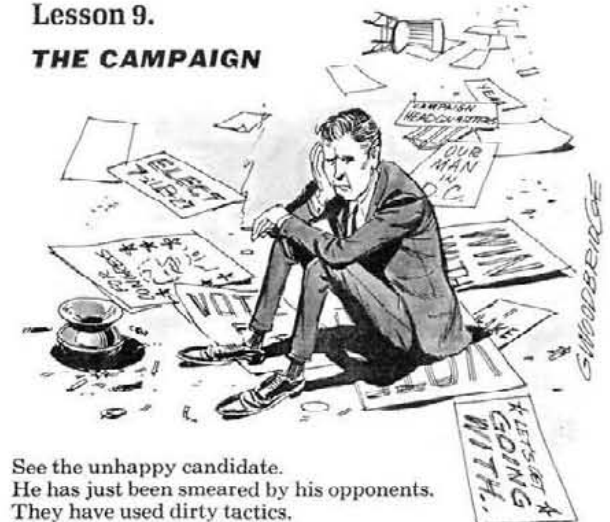


When the candidate talks to Union groups,
 He criticizes Management.
 When he talks to Management groups,
 He criticizes Unions.
 At mixed rallies,
 He develops laryngitis.



Lesson 9.

THE CAMPAIGN



See the unhappy candidate.
 He has just been smeared by his opponents.
 They have used dirty tactics.
 They have said terrible things.
 They have just recited his past record in Congress.

They claim he took six trips to Europe.
 He claims they were Government business—
 Like his official tour of NATO installations on the Riviera.
 To get the woman's point of view,
 He took along his pretty secretary.
 His opponents ask what he has done for his constituents.
 They claim he has been absent from Congress 90% of the time.
 Probably that is the best thing he has done for his constituents.

SOMEDAY SUPPLEMENT DEPT.

The other day, we came upon a small boy sitting on a curb, reading **The New York Times**, and crying. "Why are you crying, little boy?" we asked. "Because," he sobbed, "there ain't no comics in this newspaper!" This started us thinking. Practically everybody loves comics — and yet there are lots of publications that don't run them! How awful! How deplorable! But mainly, how wonderful! Because it gives us this opportunity to fill up four ridiculous pages with these:

COMICS FOR PUBLICATIONS THAT DON'T HAVE COMICS



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BRAINY



PITCHOUTS



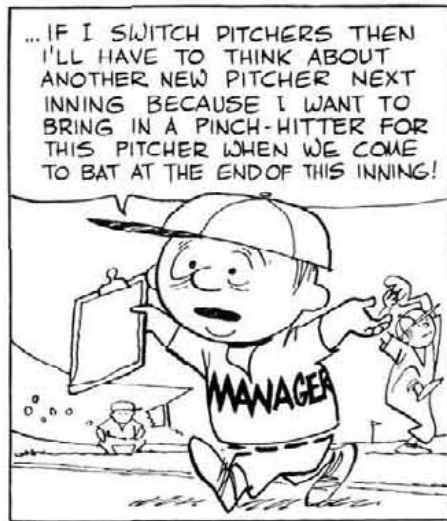
SENATOR DUCK



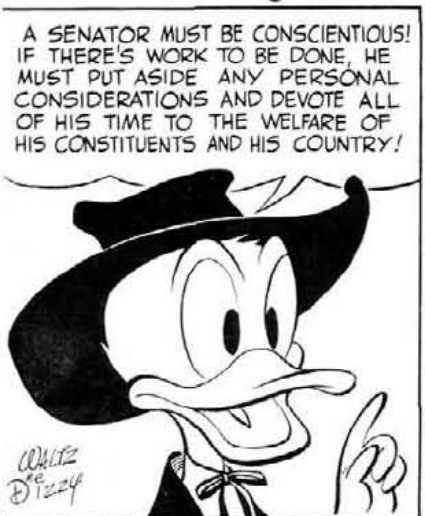
— for The New York Times



— for The Sporting News



— for The Congressional Record



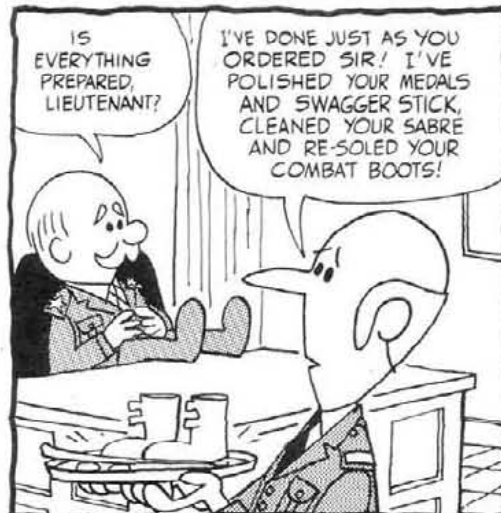
DADDY-O — for Variety



HY FASHION — for Women's Wear Daily



GEN. ABERCROMBIE — for The Army Times



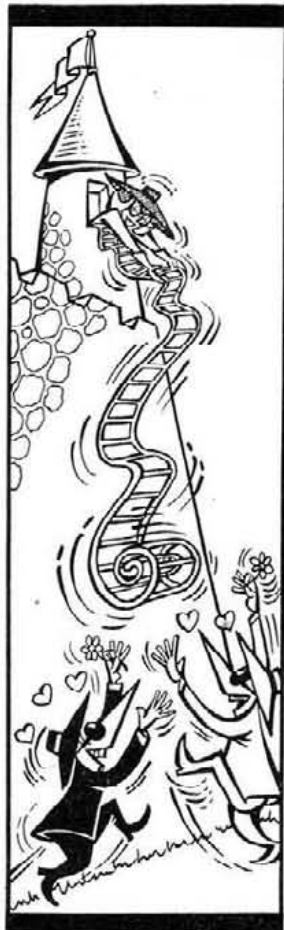
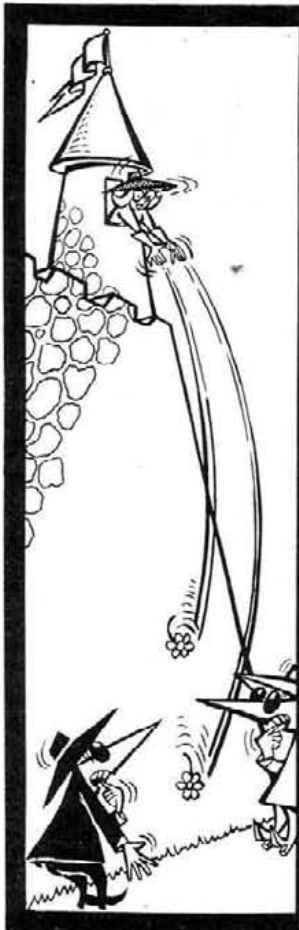
TY COON — for The Wall Street Journal



COOKIE THE BOOKIE — for The Morning Telegraph



"Okay, Jimmy! You've bet three popsicles on Flying Flash to win! Marvin, I've got you down for six bubble-gum cards on Rose Petal to place! Sorry, Eddie, but I'm not taking any frogs, unless they're alive! If ya wanna bet on Dish Water, ya gotta put up something valuable, like an alarm clock spring... or your baby sister!

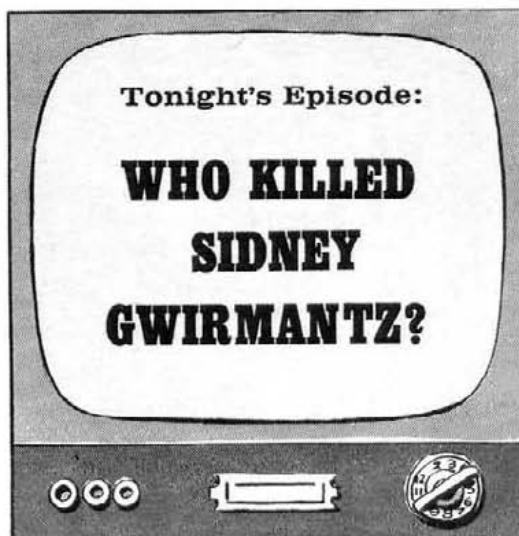


GOLD-PLATED COPPER DEPT.

Not too many years ago, when a boy was born rich, he had one of two alternatives to choose from. He could go into his father's business, or he could become a bum and stay home. Today, when a boy is born rich, he has two other alternatives to choose from. He can run for President of the United States, or he can become the biggest bum of all—a TV Detective. Something like Amos Buck, the rich bum on

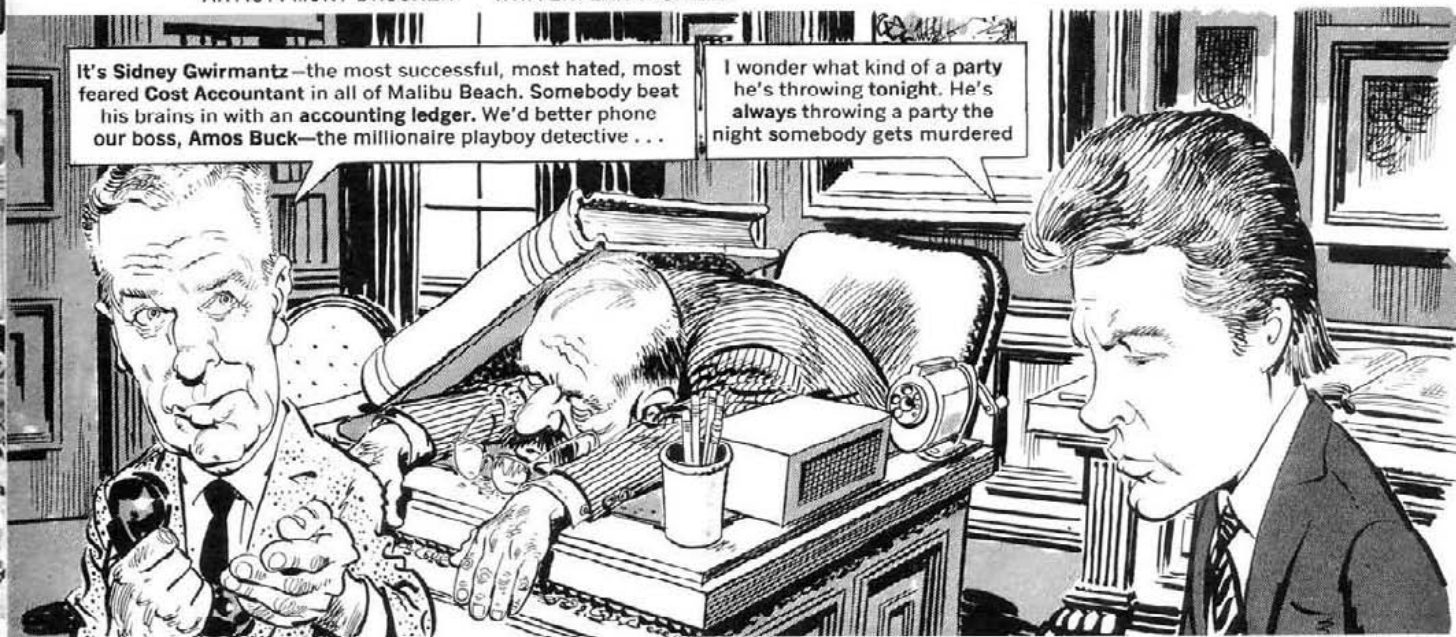
BUCK'S LAW

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



It's Sidney Gwirmantz—the most successful, most hated, most feared Cost Accountant in all of Malibu Beach. Somebody beat his brains in with an accounting ledger. We'd better phone our boss, Amos Buck—the millionaire playboy detective . . .

I wonder what kind of a party he's throwing tonight. He's always throwing a party the night somebody gets murdered



Hug me, Amos!

Kiss me, Amos!

Love me, Amos!

Hit me in the face with a rotten orange, Amos! I got problems!

"The trouble with girls is they're all worth the trouble!"—Buck's Law!

Wow! Did you catch that witty, sophisticated proverb Amos just recited? He makes those things up all the time on this show!

Yeah, except that I heard that one before . . . on the recent "Jerry Lewis TV Show"!



Phone call for you, Boss!

Since I've got phones all over the estate, I'd better take this call where I can't be bothered. Meanwhile, you wanna hose down these girls with cold water, kick them out, and bring in the next batch . . .

Chew on my ear lobe, Amos!

Lick my eyeball, Amos!

Bite my neck, Amos!

Carry my books home from school, Amos! I want our love to grow naturally!

Nuts! I can't even escape from them at the bottom of my swimming pool . . . Hello! Yes, this is Amos Buck . . . What's that? . . . Sidney Gwirmantz dead? I'll be right over!

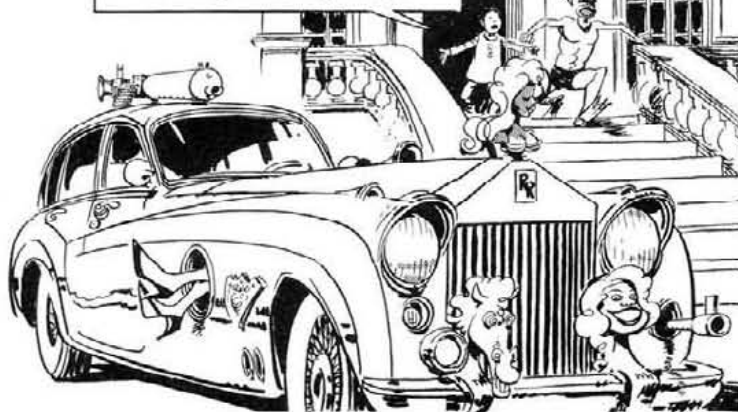


You'd better hurry, Boss! You can shower in the car, and dress in the car, and have dinner in the car, and listen to stereo in the car, and go bowling in the car, and . . .

Again with the tiny sports car? When is the big car coming back from the mechanic?

Hi, there! I'm the first of many stars who will appear tonight in cameo roles! I just fell madly in love with you when I stopped for a light and looked into your car. I'd like to make your trip to the murder scene just a bit more pleasant!

Okay! Give it a try! But I warn you—you can be replaced! I've got a spare girl in the trunk!



This is the part of the show where somebody always says, "You know, Amos Buck doesn't look like an ordinary cop!" So I'll say it . . . You know, Amos Buck doesn't look like an ordinary cop!

You're right! With that car and those clothes and those girls of his, he looks like an ordinary cop who takes payola!

Officer, arrest that woman!

Did Amos Buck solve the case already?

Naw, he just can't stand ugly women on his show!



... so anyway, sir—I've figured out exactly what time Sidney Gwirmantz was killed. I've discovered what the motive was, I know who the murderer is, and I've also solved four other minor crimes in the building while waiting for you!

Shut up and let me handle this case! What a disgusting gimmick for a young, second banana detective to have in a TV series—**INTELLIGENCE!** Can't you just talk hip and comb your hair or something instead?!

Hello? Here's a piece of paper with the murder suspects on it! Let's see. John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Gregory Peck, Debbie Reynolds, Ray—

Sorry, sir! You're looking at an ad for "How The West Was Won"! That cast is peanuts compared to ours! We've got some rrrreally big suspects on our shew tonight...

Ed Sullivan imitations, too! Smart aleck punk! Why can't you just talk with an idiotic Western twang and walk with a limp or something—instead?!



Mrs. Gwirmantz, you're my first suspect. Tell me, why aren't you in mourning over the death of your husband?

Oh, but I am! You can't see it, but I'm wearing a black girdle!

Do you kiss all your murder suspects, Amos?

Of course not, silly! Last week, William Bendix and I merely held hands!!!

Oh, here's another suspect—the maid! I guess I'll talk to her, too...

I warn you, Amos! She doesn't understand the language!

This language she'll understand!



Sir Laurence, Amos Buck wants to speak to you as soon as he finishes with the maid. But first, I'd like to ask you an important question regarding this case: Namely, what is a distinguished actor like you doing playing a lousy plumber on this show?

What could I do? Jack Lemmon got the part I really wanted—the garbage man!

Garbage! Garbage! Anyone want some garbage?

No, no, Jack! You take it out! You don't bring it in! Now get in line. Amos wants to speak to you as soon as he finishes with the maid!

PROGRAM!
PROGRAM!
YOU CAN'T TELL A SUSPECT WITHOUT A PROGRAM!



QUIT SHOVIN'!

Interview me, Amos! I'm the freckle-faced-kid-from-next-door suspect!

Me! Me, Amos, I play the victim's strange brother, Murray!

I play the victim's butcher! I also play understudy to the corpse!

I play the most unusual off-beat role of my career: A comedian!

The gang and I play a bunch of tired old men! In other words, we play ourselves!

Sorry to interrupt while you're grilling a suspect, sir, but the house is so jam-packed with stars, we've got no more room. So I got a bright idea! I rented the Los Angeles Coliseum for the big "Showdown Scene"!

You clever second banana fink! Why can't you become a doctor, talk with an accent, look very old, and grow bushy hair on both sides of your head or something—instead?!



Ladies and gentlemen suspects! I've gathered all 71,000 of you show biz greats together here to tell you that I have solved the case! I know which one of you killed Sidney Gwirmantz! The murderer is . . .

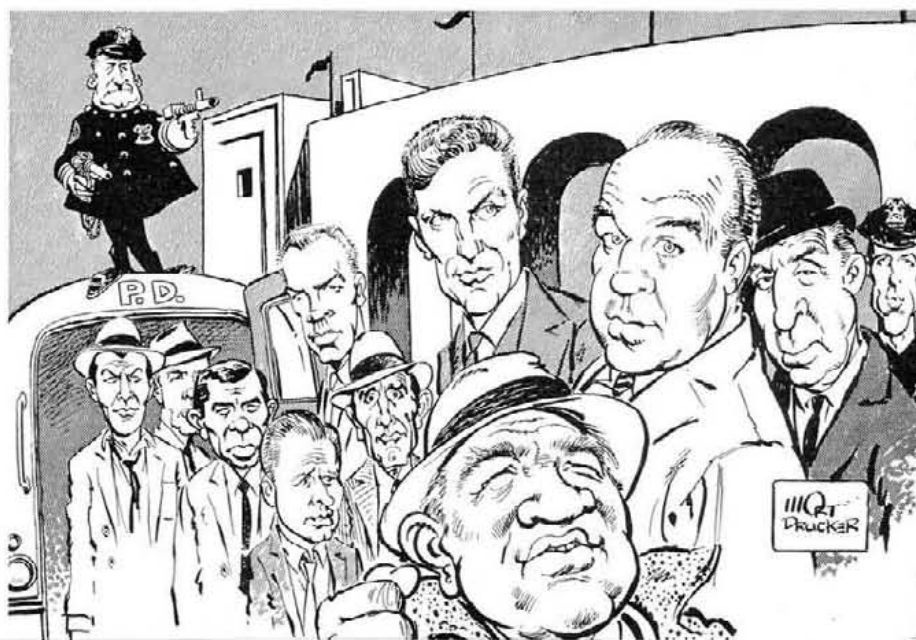


Who killed Sidney Gwirmantz? Who killed Sidney Gwirmantz?

Forget about who killed Sidney Gwirmantz! The question now is . . . Who killed Amos Buck?!



Ches. I know who killed Amos Buck! In fact, I've got them all in custody now! Actually, they're a bunch of guys who were jealous of Amos's great wealth—his success with women. Even when these guys were famous, they never had a penny in their pockets—never kissed a girl in their lives. I guess being unemployed and bitter—and seeing him like this every week—well, they just cracked!!



DRUCKER

A FOLD "A" OVER TO MEET "B"

THIS MONTH'S ECONOMY-MINDED,
BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE-PAGE
MAD
FOLD-IN



THE PREMATURE
DEPARTURE OF THE BEATLES
TEMPORARILY ENDS THIS
CURRENT MADNESS

RETURN TO ENGLAND MEANS
LOSS OF THE BOYS WITH THE DISTINCTIVE
HAIR STYLE - BUT POPULARITY OF
WILD SINGING GROUP REMAINS

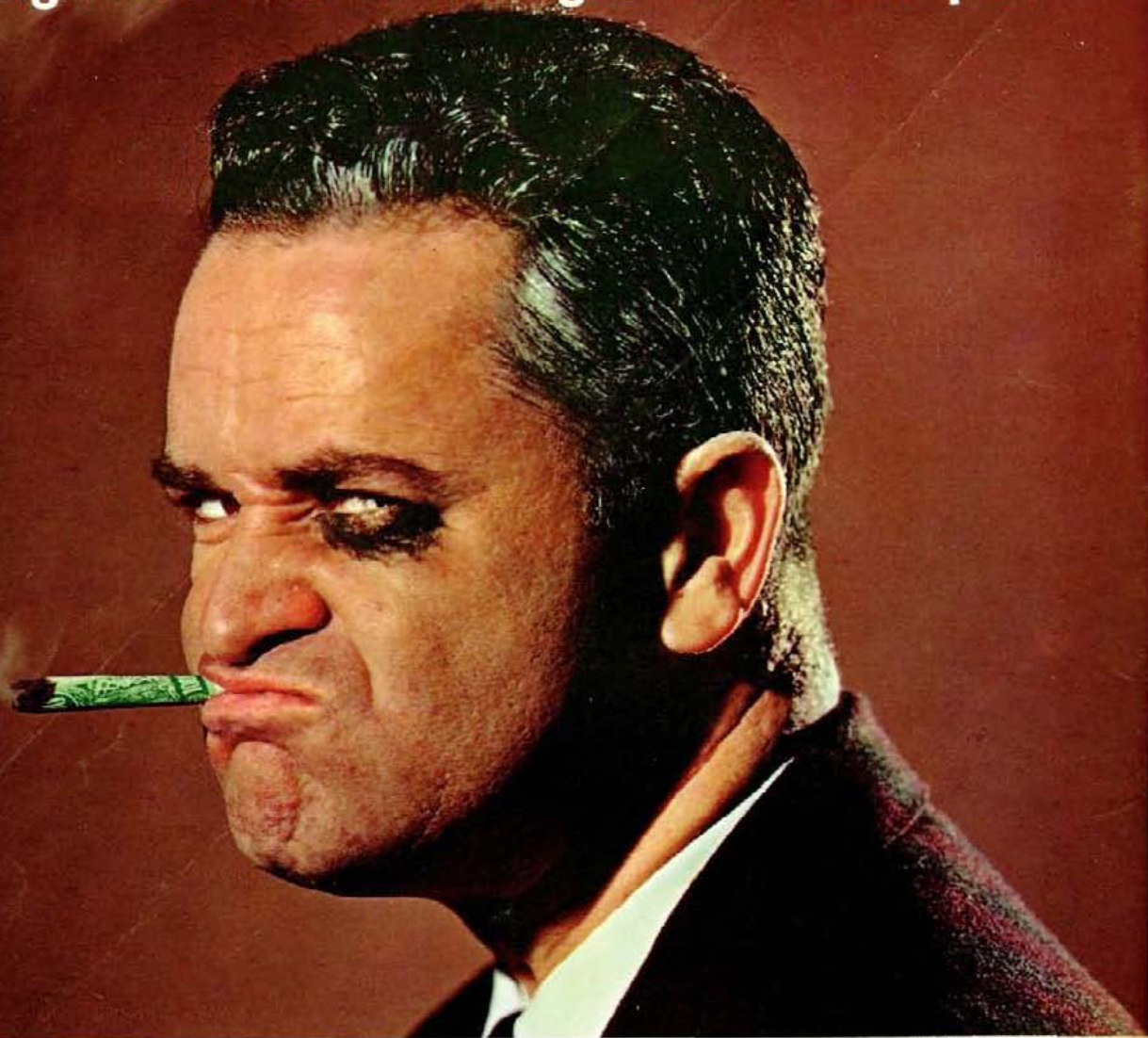
THE ONLY HOPE FOR CURING "BEATLE-MANIA"!

Revealed by the MAD FOLD-IN

The Beatles came and went, leaving the U.S.A. a shambles. Now they're back in England, making movies...while grave concern grips both nations and the rest of the world. But there's still hope! To find out what can save us all from this "Beatle-Mania," merely fold page in diagonally as shown in the box on the right.



"Us Cigarette-Makers will fight rather than quit!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER KRAUSS

Watch the Unquittables overcome the "black eye" of the U.S. Government's latest cancer reports.

You think we're gonna let our billion dollar industry go up in smoke? Sure those Govt. reports linking smoking and cancer gave us a black eye! But just you wait! Our own scientists and public relations men are hard at work and we'll be fighting back with our own reports pretty soon!

COMING SOON!

SELF-SERVING REPORTS TO HELP THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY

Carry-on

1964 SALES 1965 SALES



Higher Sales through STATISTICAL

DOUBLE-TALK

LOBBYING RESEARCH MAGAZINE, RADIO, TELEVISION ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY



Breakdown of expenditures* planned for 1965 so
THE CIGARETTE INDUSTRY CAN CARRY ON

**Notice we don't plan to spend a dime to improve the cigarettes!*