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No.
92
Jan
'65

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# MAD

"If you want to know what it's going to be like being married to your girl, just watch how she treats her little brother!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

*the usual gang of idiots*

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\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

**MAD**—January 1965 Vol. 1, Number 92, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 9 issues \$2.00 or 24 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A.: 9 issues \$2.50 or 24 issues \$6.25. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright 1964 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

THE  
CARPETSWEEPERS  
or "Who Cleaned  
Up All The Dirt?"  
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THE MAD  
"IN" AND  
"OUT"  
BOOK  
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UP  
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PHONY  
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**LETTERS DEPT.**



**BLECCH AD**

I must say "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" to your fantastic back cover ad satire in issue #90. It was the funniest you've ever run. Even ardent Beatle fans (or for that matter, Breck fans) will have to admit to your genius. Congratulations.

Mark Bernhard  
Altadena, Calif.

Your October issue (#90) made me the world's happiest Beatlemaniac, mainly because my boy Ringo glorified your back cover. My congratulations to your artist on this fantastic portrait. It is magnificent. I plan to frame it and take it with me to college this fall.

Mimi McGinnis  
Narberth, Pa.

I hang around our local radio station, and when one of the announcers was doing the news, I flashed that picture of Ringo in front of him and he couldn't go any further. He really broke up. He's been a D.J. for 6 years, and it's the first time that has happened to him.

Charles King  
Belpre, Ohio

Your Blech Shampoo ad using Ringo (Yeah!) was magnificent. Your satire is to be commended (and it will be if the Beatlemaniacs with no sense of humor don't ride you out of the country on a rail or stone your office!).

Sanda Spiegel  
Reseda, Calif.

My mother is a hairdresser, and when she saw the Blech ad, she laughed for an hour.

Julie Seremeth  
Greenfield, Mass.

**SOFT-IN-THE-HEAD SELL**

I just wanted to thank you for the polite postcard you sent me, your single reminder that my subscription had expired. It was a welcome change from the usual notices from other magazines that arrive every month and keep tabs on the duration of their subscriptions. One of the nicer things about MAD is its refusal to hard-sell any of its products including itself.

Carole Nadelman  
Medford, Massachusetts

**BEATLES PLUG MAD**

I thought you might be interested to know that in the Beatles' great movie, "A Hard Day's Night," the group's general helper, Shake, is seen reading "Son of MAD".

Lauri De Vault  
Sierra Madre, Calif.

I noticed that your rubbish got a great plug in the recent Beatle movie. In fact, it got the biggest laugh of the whole show.

Danny Abbott  
Greenfield, Tenn.



MAD Scene in "A Hard Day's Night"

A picture of Beatle John Lennon's bedroom was published in a recent magazine article, and there, propped up on his window sill for all the world to see, was a MAD paperback book. Incidentally, your "Blech" ad was a scream.

Donna Wagoner  
Chalmette, La.

**STUCK FOR A Christmas Gift IDEA? GIVE A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD**

*We'll send a cheery Christmas Gift Announcement telling whom to blame!*

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**THE FUGITIVE'S KIND**



MAD is escape-proof! I even read it on the run!

David Janssen  
Hollywood, Calif.

**NOBODY WROTE**

Do you clods actually expect us, your readers, to believe that not a single person wrote a single letter for your Letters Department? Surely a magazine so capable of invoking criticism received at least enough scorches to fill them two blank pages.

Edward J. Merkner  
Chicora, Penn.

I can't stand your nauseating art work, your idiotic ideas, your infantile humor, or your disgusting magazine. But since you got no letters last month, I thought I'd write to cheer you up.

Patti Johnson  
Palm Springs, Fla.

As a faithful and devoted reader, I was pleased to see the blank "Letters Dept." of MAD #90. Mainly, I could see that you'd reprinted all the intelligent and complimentary letters you'd received.

Bradley Strickland  
New Holland, Ga.

Let's have more "Nobody Wrote" Letter Departments.

Joel Albert  
San Antonio, Texas

**FACING THE MUSIC**

I am writing concerning your recent article "MAD's Teenage Idol Promoter Of The Year". It proved itself to be a true expose of the sad state of affairs concerning teenage idols and their managers. Perhaps your teenage readers, of which I am one, will wise up and see that they are being patsied by these money-grabbing materialists.

John G. Bosco  
Jamaica, N. Y.

The piece on Teenage Idol Promoters was beyond words... truly funny!

Jeff Patton  
Canton, Ohio

**MAD IS EDUCATIONAL???**

Do you realize that some people think your magazine is educational? Well, it's true. This opinion was voiced in the June 5th issue of "Medical World News" in an article entitled, "Teen-agers Speak Their Mind On Smoking," and I quote: "Noting that unattractive anti-smoking propaganda is no match for slick advertisements, the young people called for improved pamphlets and films aimed at a teen audience. The kind of satire identified with MAD Magazine should have a place in educational programs..."

Jonathan Fuchs  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**GARBAGE-PICKER**

Every time I'm down in the dumps, I read your magazine. Mainly, that's where I find it.

David Dauster  
Abilene, Texas

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

An up-to-date supplement to "The Complete MAD Checklist", which is an index to all articles, artists and writers in issues 65-88, has just reached our desk. This invaluable guide (profusely illustrated) for collectors of trivia is available for \$1.00 from Fred von Bernewitz, 12006 Remington Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland. Those interested in the original "MAD Checklist" or his recent edition of the "Complete E.C. Checklist" may write for information. Thanks for a great job, Fred!

Please address all correspondence to:  
MAD, Dept. 92, 850 Third Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

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**Wrap up all your  
Christmas Gift  
PROBLEMS!**



Give ONE or TWO or ALL of These

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..... use coupon or duplicate .....

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| <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Strikes Back | <input type="checkbox"/> Fighting MAD            |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Utterly MAD      | <input type="checkbox"/> The Voodoo MAD          |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> The Bedside MAD  | <input type="checkbox"/> Three-Ring MAD          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Son of MAD       | <input type="checkbox"/> The Self-Made MAD       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Like MAD         | <input type="checkbox"/> Don Martin Steps Out    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Ides of MAD  | <input type="checkbox"/> Don Martin Bounces Back |

Dave Berg Looks At The U.S.A.

**I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH**

MAD in Orbit  
**FOR THIS  
ONE I  
ENCLOSE  
35¢**

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On Orders Outside the U.S.A.  
Add 10% Extra!

**MISHAP-PY HOLIDAY DEPT. PART I**

Here we go with our answer to the National Safety Council's predictions of how many people will be involved in what type major catastrophes. Mainly—

# THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS For The Upcoming Christmas Weekend

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

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: STAN HART

|                                                                                                                          | ◀ 1,700,000 | ◀ 1,800,000 | ◀ 1,900,000 | ◀ 2,000,000 | ◀ 2,100,000 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Fathers who will have fits when they discover they must assemble toys they thought came completely assembled.            |             |             |             |             |             |
| Parents who will be heartbroken when their kid ignores that expensive toy and plays all day with the carton it came in.  |             |             |             |             |             |
| People who will go insane trying to find that one defective bulb that caused all the other lights on the tree to go out. |             |             |             |             |             |
| College kids who will suffer the agonies of boredom fifteen minutes after they arrive home for the holidays.             |             |             |             |             |             |
| Department store Santa Clauses who will catch colds or worse from being kissed by drippy-nosed little kids.              |             |             |             |             |             |
| Kids who will be glad Santa got a cold or worse because he finked them with clothes or books or other useful gifts.      |             |             |             |             |             |
| Husbands who will be punched in the mouth for giving their wives a Lady's Electric Razor for Christmas.                  |             |             |             |             |             |
| Secretaries who will be trapped into listening to Accountants tell jokes at Office Parties.                              |             |             |             |             |             |
| Kids who will be rushed to doctors after playing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with their new Chemistry sets.                |             |             |             |             |             |
| Kids who will get head injuries when they discover their Flexible Flyers aren't really very flexible.                    |             |             |             |             |             |
| Three year olds who will be bitten by their new puppies.                                                                 |             |             |             |             |             |
| New puppies who will be bitten by three year olds.                                                                       |             |             |             |             |             |

**FEATHERING ROBBINS' NEST DEPT.**

Hey, gang! Remember movie producer Joseph LeVenal (MAD #66)? You know—the guy who started out producing those terrible, cheaply-made, sensational color films like “Hercules” ... and then went legit and began producing art films like “Two Women”? Well, guess what! He got homesick for the good old days...so he made:

# THE CARPETSWEEPERS

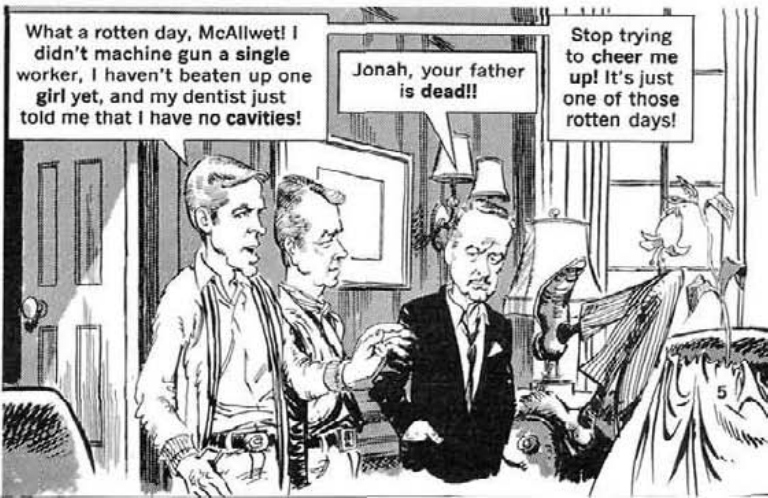
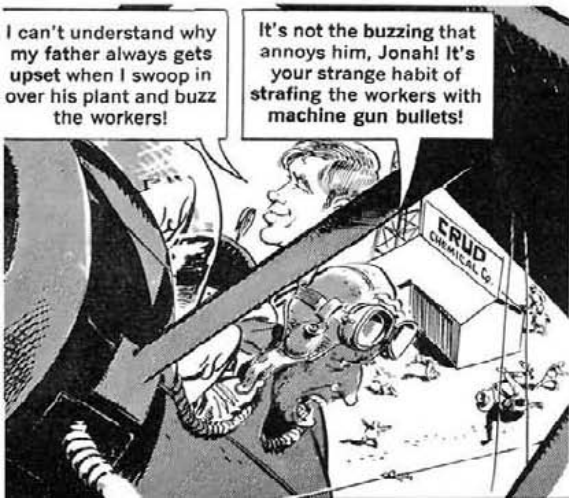
or “Who Cleaned Up All The Dirt?”

*In the early days of this rotten century, groups of rotten American men and women roamed over the rotten countryside, amassing rotten fortunes by rotten means. This is the story of one man who came out of the West and was the rottenest of them all...*



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Will you look at Jonah?  
His father dead only  
minutes and already he's  
wheeling and dealing!

Jonah was wheeling and dealing  
when he buzzed the factory! He  
knew the aggravation would kill  
the old man!

Sell  
Wyoming!

But we don't  
own Wyoming!

Well, sell North Dakota  
and use the money to buy  
Wyoming and then sell it!



Buy buy,  
McAllwet!

When you say "Buy buy",  
do you mean "goodbye"?

No, I mean buy the word  
"buy"! I don't want anyone  
else to use it again!

But Noah  
Webster  
owns it!

Then buy  
Noah Webster!

Jonah,  
Noah  
Webster is  
dead!

Stop trying to  
cheer me up!  
It's still been a  
rotten day!



What are you  
doing in your  
stepmother's  
bedroom, Jonah?

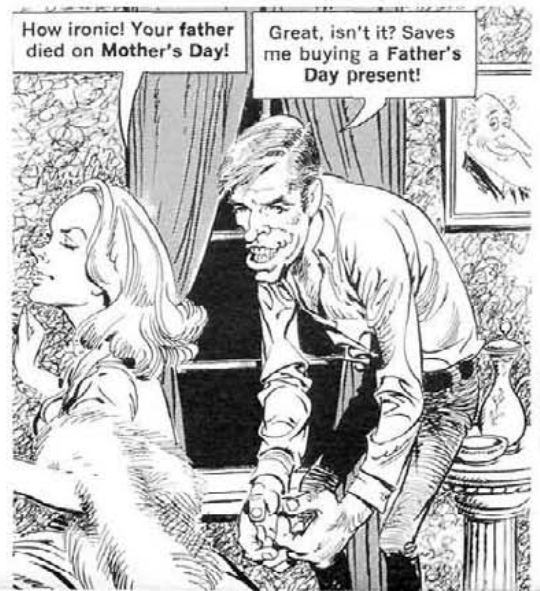
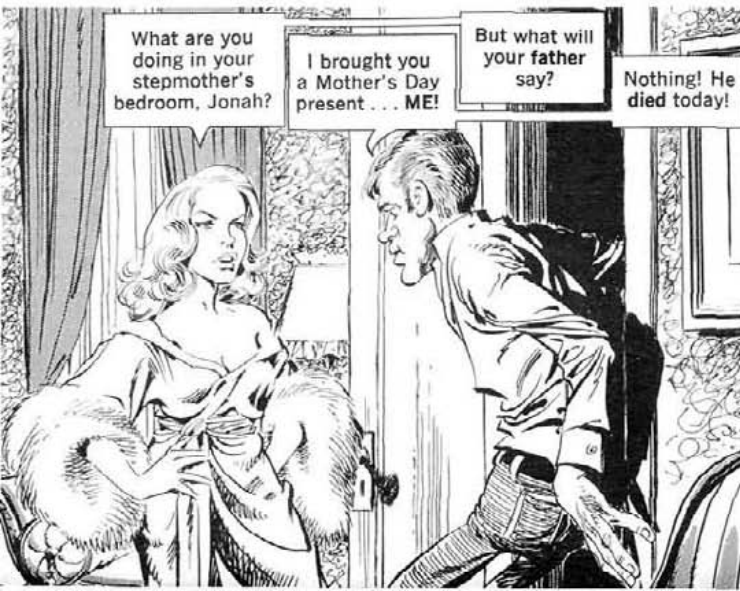
I brought you  
a Mother's Day  
present ... ME!

But what will  
your father  
say?

Nothing! He  
died today!

How ironic! Your father  
died on Mother's Day!

Great, isn't it? Saves  
me buying a Father's  
Day present!

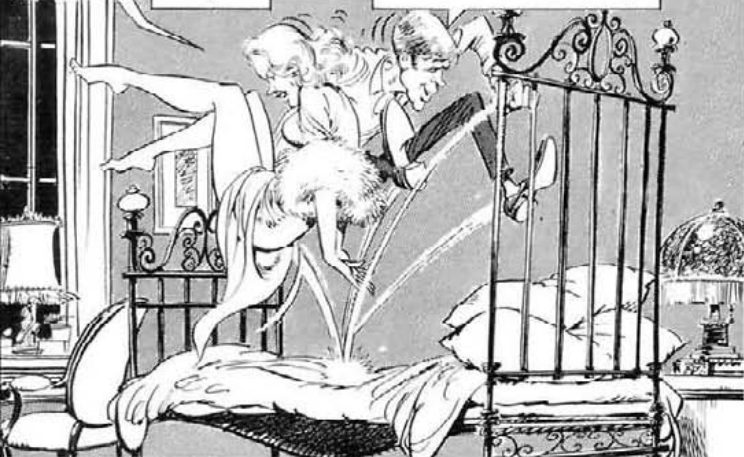


Isn't this a sexy scene we're doing, Jonah?

Yeah, but let's hurry up!

What's your rush?

I want to get to the really sexy scene that they'll cut over here but show in Europe!



Why is it that they always cut nude scenes for American audiences but they show them to European audiences?

Nude scenes are dirty! American audiences are only permitted to see clean things on the screen—like clean murder, clean brutality, clean violence and clean sadism!



Now that you chased Ruiner away, I guess you don't need your life-long friend, Idaho, anymore, either!

That's right! Don't call me and I won't call you! And take that kid with you—the one over there yelling "Shane! Shane!" all the time!

That kid's not yelling "Shane! Shane!" He's been watching me make this movie! He's yelling "SHAME! SHAME!"

Poor Ruiner! She came here to Paris to forget Jonah Crud...

It's the oldest love story in the world... girl meets boy, girl loses boy, girl swings on chandelier...

I've heard of carrying a torch but this is ridiculous!



Jonah you spend all your time building planes and making millions of dollars, but you ignore your wife! When you leave the house in the morning, you don't even punch me "Goodbye" anymore!

Jonah, is that blood on your fist?

Yes, Meanica—you might as well know it! I've been going out with other women!

Look, Bob—now that I'm in the Motion Picture business, I'll make movies my own way! All right, we've got just three minutes to find a new female star for this film!

Oh, look, Jonah... here comes Ruiner, who has been reduced to nothing but a poor, miserable, unknown coffee girl! What are you going to do—as if I and the whole audience don't know?





Bob! I just got a great idea! We'll make Ruiner a star!

Brilliant! The unknown coffee girl becomes a star! That bit hasn't been used in a Show Business Movie for at least six minutes now!!

Look! There goes the biggest star in Hollywood with the biggest heel in Hollywood!

She loves him!

Mark my word! He'll break her heart!

So what!? Producers are always breaking starlets' hearts!

Yeah, but with a hammer?!



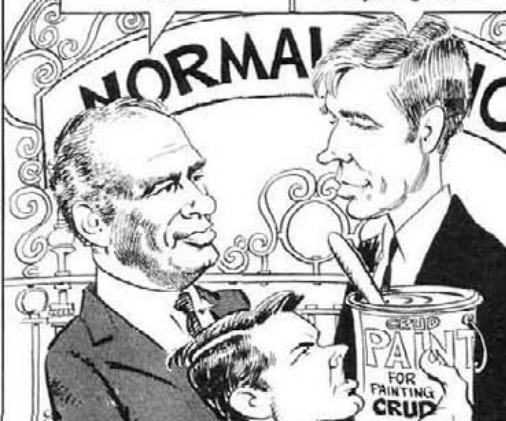
Jonah, how would you like to buy my movie studio? With Ruiner as your leading star, you'd make millions with it!

Okay, Barney! It's a deal! Now I can put my name on the roof! I always put my name on the roof of everything I own!

Jonah! That plane is writing your name in the sky! I thought you said you always put your name on everything you own!

That's right, Barney! I bought New Zealand yesterday ... and your studio today! That means I now own the WHOLE WORLD!

And if you think that's good, stick around and see what I buy tomorrow!



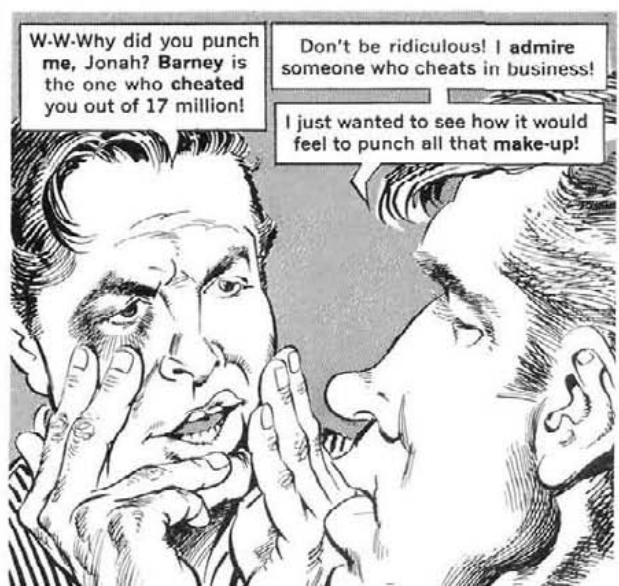
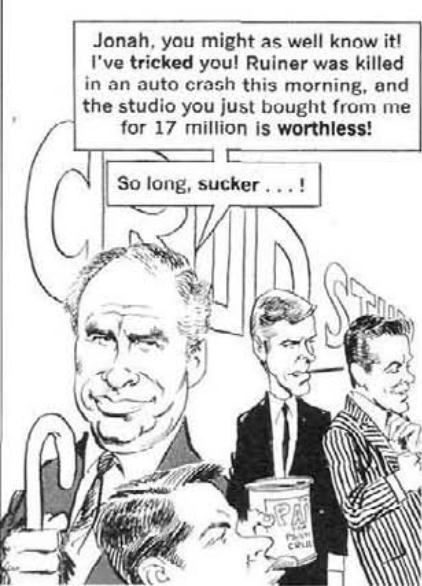
Jonah, you might as well know it! I've tricked you! Ruiner was killed in an auto crash this morning, and the studio you just bought from me for 17 million is worthless!

So long, sucker ...!

W-W-Why did you punch me, Jonah? Barney is the one who cheated you out of 17 million!

Don't be ridiculous! I admire someone who cheats in business!

I just wanted to see how it would feel to punch all that make-up!





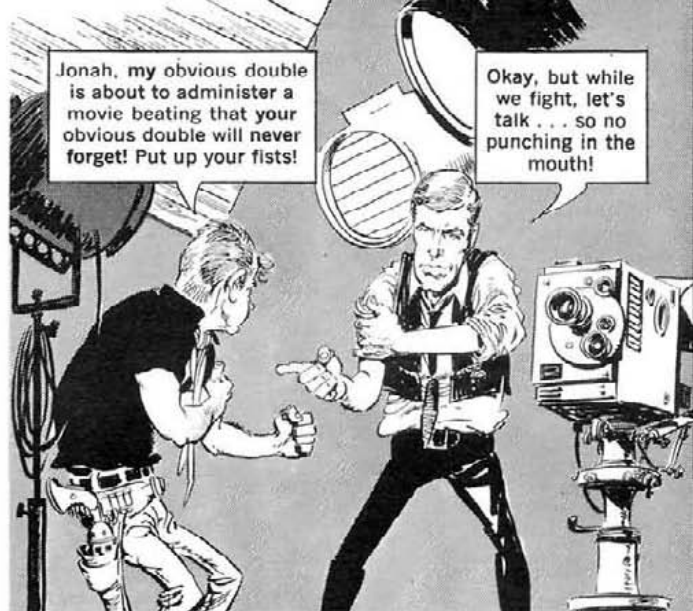


Jonah, it was your fault that Ruiner died! You despised her! You also despise me! And you also despise yourself! Don't you love anything?

Of course I do!

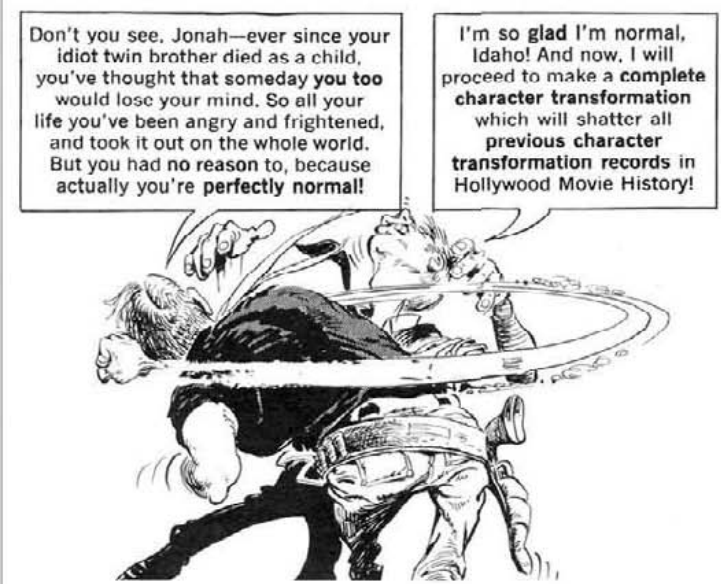
What do you love?

I love HATE!



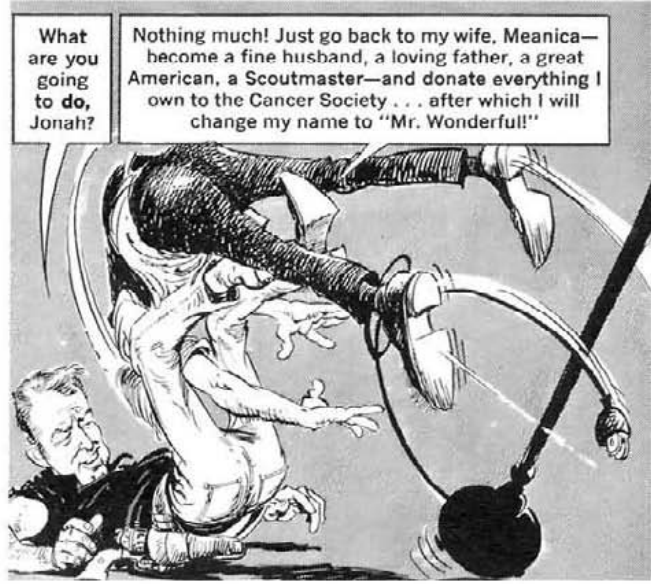
Jonah, my obvious double is about to administer a movie beating that your obvious double will never forget! Put up your fists!

Okay, but while we fight, let's talk... so no punching in the mouth!



Don't you see, Jonah—ever since your idiot twin brother died as a child, you've thought that someday you too would lose your mind. So all your life you've been angry and frightened, and took it out on the whole world. But you had no reason to, because actually you're perfectly normal!

I'm so glad I'm normal, Idaho! And now, I will proceed to make a complete character transformation which will shatter all previous character transformation records in Hollywood Movie History!



What are you going to do, Jonah?

Nothing much! Just go back to my wife, Meanica—become a fine husband, a loving father, a great American, a Scoutmaster—and donate everything I own to the Cancer Society... after which I will change my name to "Mr. Wonderful!"



I guess you're happy to know you're really not crazy, huh, Jonah?

I'll say! But now I know who really IS crazy, Idaho!

Who's that, Jonah?



They're crazy! All those millions of American movie goers who rushed to the box office and shelled out good money—thinking they'd actually see the sexy things they read in the original book transformed to the screen in this terrible movie version!

So long, suckers!!



Autumn in New York and  
Paris in the Spring are OUT.



Winter in Hoboken is IN,  
but not if you live there.

Being a high school  
drop out is OUT...  
unless you're a  
high school teacher.



### THE SWINGING DOERS DEPT.

A while back, "The IN and OUT Book" by Harvey Schmidt and Robert Benton showed us what was currently "IN" and what was "OUT". To be IN, a thing has to be either classic and great, like Barbra Streisand — or very obscure, like Lyle Bettger movies—or so far out that even the OUT people (Squares) wouldn't touch it, like Guy Lombardo records. But these were based upon the opinions of two sophisticated adults with excellent taste. We at MAD have our own standards of judgment. We therefore feel it our duty to present our own versions of what's IN and what's OUT. So here we go with

Surfing is OUT.



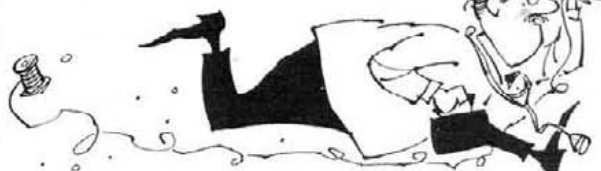
Asking the kids  
over to throw the  
javelin is IN.

Beards and goutees are OUT.



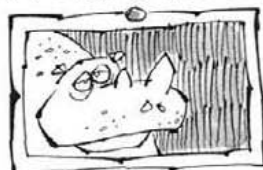
Handlebar mustaches are IN,  
but not for men.

The Twist, the Hully-Gully, the Monkey,  
the Surf, the Ska and the Frug are all OUT.



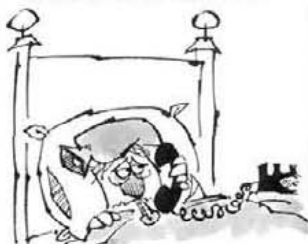
Doing the Limbo under barbed wire is IN.

"Time," "Life," "Look"  
and "Playboy" are OUT!



"Field and Stream" is IN  
... but only for pin-ups!

Having an upset stomach,  
virus or a cold is OUT.



Suffering from the Plague  
or Potato Famine is IN.  
(It is very IN to call in  
sick with Potato Famine!)

# The MAD IN and OUT Book

Written by Arnie Kogen  
Illustrated by Paul Coker, Jr.



Getting the Hiccoughs  
while making out is IN.

Going to Europe is IN  
... but only if you row there.



Going to a Drive-In Movie with your date is OUT.



It's only IN when you take her there in a Taxi Cab!

Water sports in ocean, lake or pool are OUT.



Water Skiing through a swamp is IN. Also Scuba Diving in quicksand.

Becoming an engineer, an accountant, a lawyer, or a doctor is OUT.



The new IN careers are: Gas Lamp Lighter, Ice Man, Shepherd, and Seltzer Truck Driver.

Singing along with Mitch is OUT.



Singing along with The Eleven O'Clock News is IN ... but only if you hum along with The Weather.

Walking barefoot in the rain is OUT.



Wearing golashes in the house is IN.

Shaving with Stainless Steel blades is IN.



Shaving with "Coo-Coo" Razor blades is OUT.

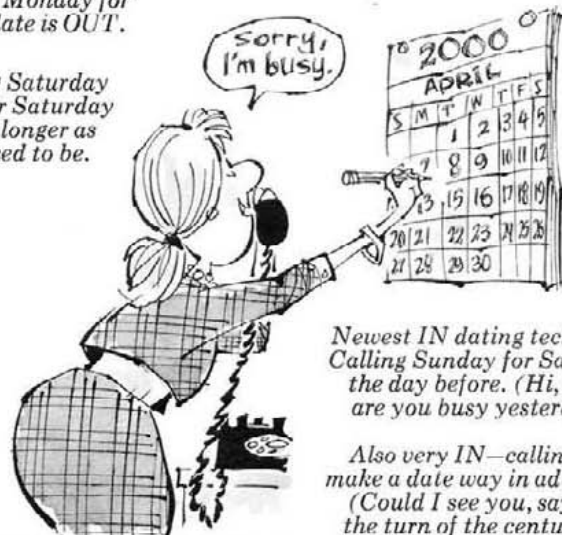
Having your first pair of baby shoes bronzed is OUT.

Having your current pair of sneakers bronzed is IN.



Calling a girl Monday for a Saturday date is OUT.

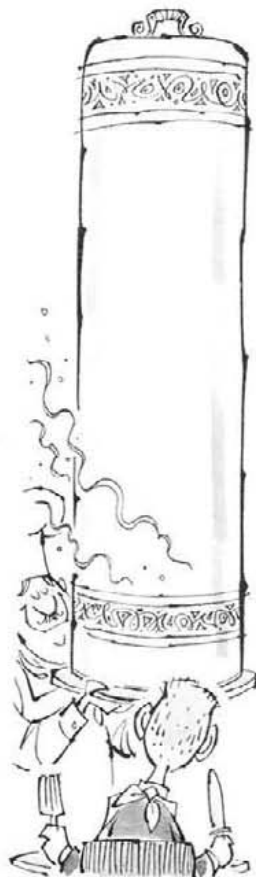
Also, calling Saturday afternoon for Saturday night is no longer as IN as it used to be.



Newest IN dating technique: Calling Sunday for Saturday, the day before. (Hi, Baby, are you busy yesterday?)

Also very IN—calling to make a date way in advance. (Could I see you, say, at the turn of the century?)

Swallowing goldfish and piling into phonebooths is OUT.



Newest IN campus craze is swallowing phonebooths.



Going to a Motel is OUT.



Going to an Inn is IN.



Hamburgers, pizzas and hot dogs are OUT. Cod liver oil, tripe and Farina are IN.



Also very IN—  
drinking hot tea through a straw.



And the most IN of all are Bread Sandwiches,  
like rye on roll with a side of whole wheat.

Calling your girl  
from home is OUT.  
Speaking to her in  
a phone booth is IN.  
(If a crowd gathers,  
however, the both of  
you should step out  
and let somebody  
else use the booth!)



When he calls, having  
your folks say you're  
in is OUT. Having them  
say you're out is IN—  
but only if you're in.

When playing Monopoly,  
owning "Boardwalk" and  
"Park Place" is OUT.

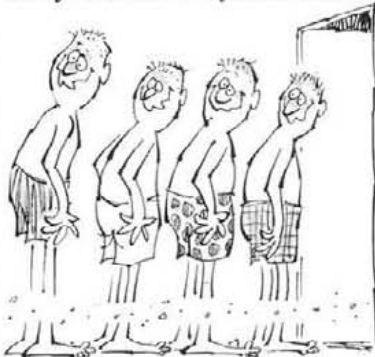


Staying in "Jail" for  
the entire game is IN.

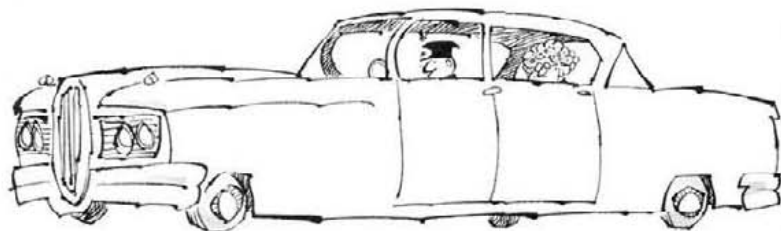


Driving sports cars like Ferraris,  
Jaguars, Maseratis and Dual Ghias are OUT.

Submitting quietly to an  
Army Induction Physical is OUT.



Being carried away screaming is  
IN. Especially if you're a girl.



Edsels are so far out, they're IN.

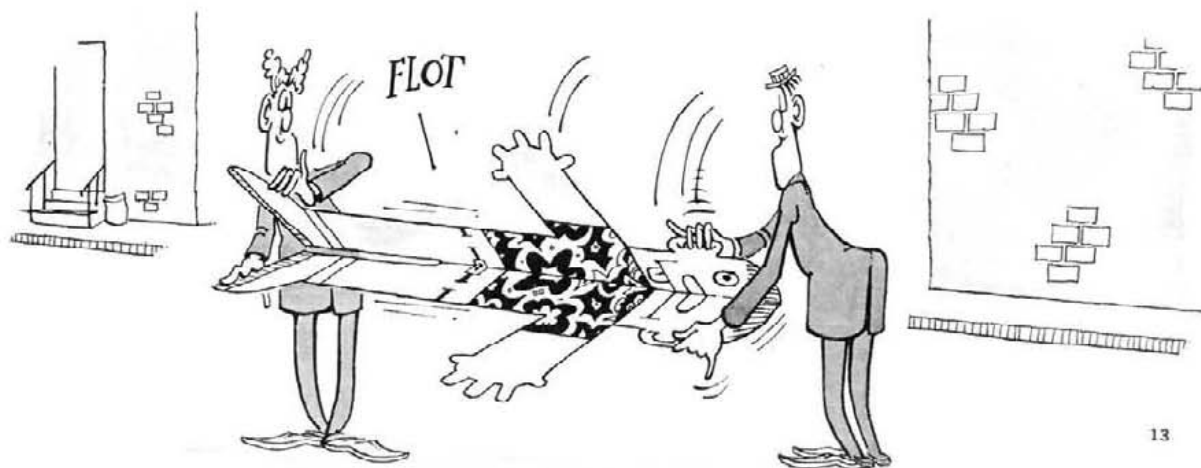
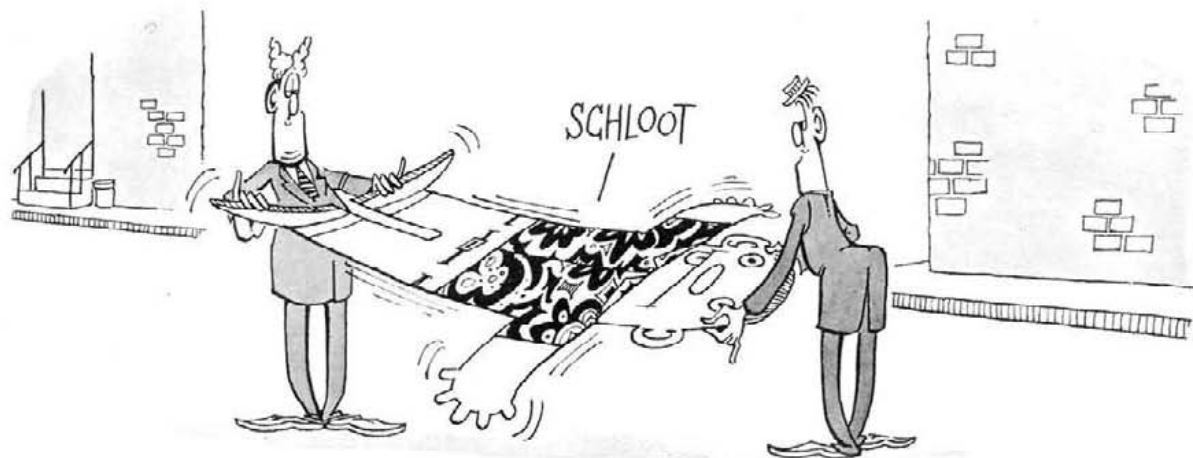


Kaiser Frazers are IN. Also picking up  
your date in a 1958 Hearse is very IN.



When the lights are low  
and she expects mood music,  
playing "The Caisson Song" is IN.

# THE ACCIDENT

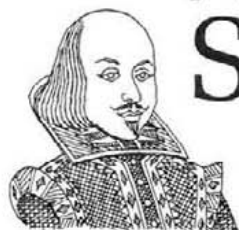






**AVON CALLING DEPT.**

Had Shakespeare known that his 400th Birthday Year would be commemorated by his work appearing in MAD, he probably would have quit writing and become a plumber. Instead, he turned out all those wonderful works filled with quotes that are as apropos today as when they were written. We can prove it, with —



# SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

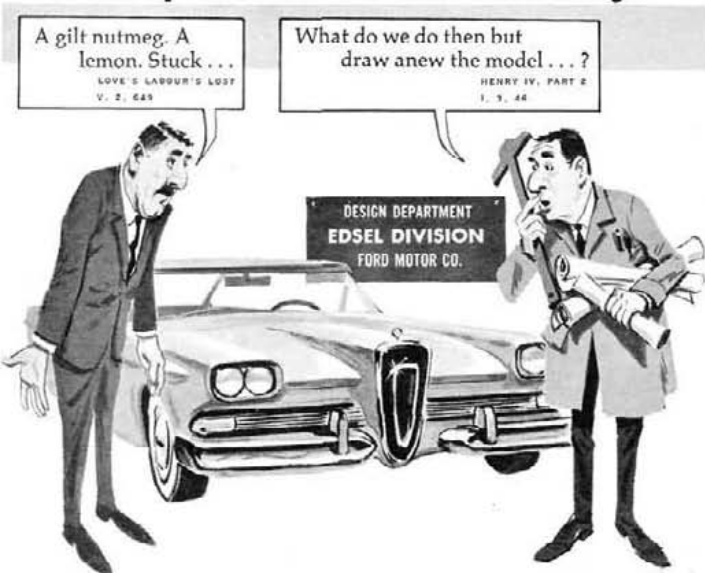
## Shakespeare on "The Beatles"

## Shakespeare on "Advertising"



## Shakespeare on "The Auto Industry"

## Shakespeare on "The Movies"



# Shakespeare on "The Clan"



# Shakespeare on "Politicians and World Leaders"

...on "Khrushchev"

...on "Goldwater"



...on "Johnson"

...on "Humphrey"



# Shakespeare on "Sports"

## ...on "Umpires"

Thou blind fool . . . what dost thou to mine eyes  
That they behold, and see not what they see?

SONNET CXXII  
LINES 1, 2

Turn out that  
eyeless villain . . .

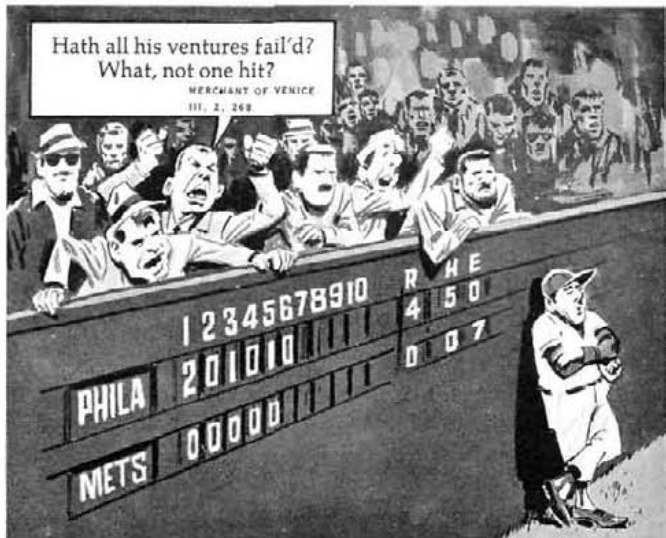
KING LEAR  
III, 7, 98



## ...on "The Mets"

Hath all his ventures fail'd?  
What, not one hit?

MERCHANT OF VENICE  
III, 2, 269



## ...on "Horse Racing"



. . . use your legs,  
take the start,  
run . . .

MERCHANT OF VENICE  
II, 2, 6

Come on, come on,  
come on . . .

HENRY IV, PART 2  
III, 4, 1

Why, one that rode to 's  
execution, man,  
Could never go so slow:

CYMBELINE  
III, 2, 70

Where's the fool now?

TIMON OF ATHENS  
II, 2, 98

I must go with you  
to Belmont.

MERCHANT OF VENICE  
II, 2, 194

Last in the field . . .

KING JOHN  
V, 5, 8

Come, come, no longer  
will I be a fool . . .

COMEDY OF ERRORS  
II, 2, 207



## Shakespeare on "The Telephone"

## Shakespeare on "Family Budgets"

## Shakespeare on "MAD"

What! . . . have you not  
done talking yet?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA  
III, 2, 107



There is money; spend it, spend it;  
spend more; spend all I have . . .

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR  
II, 2, 245



. . . Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on,  
And he that is approved in this offence . . .

OTHELLO  
II, 2, 203





**'Twas the Note Before Christmas Dept.**

Every year about this time, millions of letters are written by kids to Santa Claus. Although the newspapers think they're adorable, and publish some of these letters each December, we at MAD

# LETTERS FROM

## SANTA CLAUS North Pole

Master Mitchell Blitz  
42 Rosebud Lane  
Levittown, LI, N.Y.

Dear Mitchell:

I received your letter asking me to bring you a two-wheel bike, a sled, a talking robot, a horse, a St. Bernard dog, a regulation pool table, a set of electric train, a ping-pong table, an electric automobile and a weightlifting set. I think what you really want is that I should get a hernia! Look, kid - I'm Santa Claus, not Superman! You may think I'm just a jolly old jerk with this hokey red suit and wide black belt, but I got news for you: that's not really a belt at all - it's a truss from trying to please greedy little kids like you!

So let's be reasonable, huh?  
Yours truly,  
Santa

## SANTA CLAUS North Pole

Defense Department  
Pentagon Building  
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

This is to advise you that I will be flying in from the North Pole on Christmas Eve. Please be sure to notify your DEW Line Radar Operators, as well as your SAC and Defense Command Radar Operators that I will be the blip on their Radar Screens that night.

I would be quite chagrined if, instead of bringing the world good cheer, I brought it the start of World War III.

Respectfully yours,

*Santa Claus*  
Santa Claus

cc: Defense Minister,  
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Santa Claus  
NORTH POLL  
Dear Santa,  
Please BRING Me a BABY BRUTHER  
FOR CHRISTMAS.

YOUR friend,  
Kieth GRUBNIK  
302 Main St.  
DENVER, Colo.

## SANTA CLAUS North Pole

Mr and Mrs. Grubnik  
302 Main St.  
Denver, Colo.

Dear Mr and Mrs. Grubnik,  
I feel you should know about this letter which your son sent to me. I'd suggest he stop spending time writing me and start spending time on his education.  
In other words, folks - I'll do my job! You do yours!

Sincerely,  
*Santa Claus*

Dear Daving..... - Santa Claus

I will do my best to bring you the toy you saw advertised on TV. However, Santa does not take any responsibility for the claims made for the toy by the manufacturer. Please do not blame me if it does not fly.....! The tiny type on the TV screen that you couldn't read said it wasn't a flying toy. Also, please do not hate Santa if it comes unassembled, even though they did not mention this in the TV ad. And when you get it, be careful. It may be expensive, but it is very fragile - not nearly as strong as those cheap Japanese toys you're used to.

think they are overlooking the really interesting Christmas mail . . . mainly the letters Santa Claus sends to people! Haven't you ever wondered just what's on the old boy's mind? If so, read

# SANTA CLAUS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: STAN HART

| DOMESTIC SERVICE                                                                           |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Check the class of service desired, otherwise this message will be sent as a fast telegram | \$ |
| TELEGRAM                                                                                   | \$ |
| DAY LETTER                                                                                 | \$ |
| NIGHT LETTER                                                                               | \$ |

## WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

1205 (4-55)

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

| INTERNATIONAL SERVICE                                                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Check the class of service desired, otherwise the message will be sent at the full rate |  |
| FULL RATE                                                                               |  |
| LETTER TELEGRAM                                                                         |  |
| SHORE SHIP                                                                              |  |

SEYMOUR KREEVICH

158 HIGH STREET

DAYTON, OHIO, 555890-NORTH POLE-PD-DEL ON RCT-45-KD

10-12 AM

PLEASE STOP TELLING YOUR SCHOOLMATES THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SANTA CLAUS. I RESENT THIS. IF YOU CONTINUE, I WILL BE FORCED TO START TELLING PEOPLE THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SEYMOUR KREEVICH. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THAT

S. CLAUS  
NORTH POLE

34L-GH-11-15 PM

### SANTA CLAUS North Pole

Mr. Joseph Pflinster  
73 Collins Drive  
Duluth, Minn.

Dear Mr. Pflinster:

Recently, your son wrote to me that you told him Santa doesn't love him when he misbehaves. Look, Joe, let's talk man-to-man. What do I care how your kid acts? I got enough troubles with those crazy reindeer running all over my house. The smell's enough to kill you. And when they're not running, they're flying around! Ever had your house buzzed by reindeer? On the inside? Compared to them, pigeons are a pleasure! So between making toys and shoveling out my house, I'm a pretty busy guy. If you can't handle your kid, don't make it my problem.

Cordially,  
S. Claus

### SANTA CLAUS North Pole

Al Beemish  
4 Laurel St.  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Al,

Aw, c'mon! You gotta be kidding when you ask me to bring you Brigitte Bardot for Christmas. If you're old enough to use a Brigitte Bardot, you're old enough to know I don't handle that type of merchandise. And if I did, do you think I'd be flying around on December 24th? Not on your life! I'd be having my own Christmas party right here!

Yours truly,  
Santa Claus

### From The Desk Of SANTA CLAUS

#### MEMORANDUM

TO: Volunteer Santa Clauses

It has come to my attention that some of you Santa Clauses who stand on cold street corners and collect money have been keeping warm by taking a nip or two.

In fact, I've learned that some of you get quite stoned on the job. Which means you're giving me a pretty lousy reputation.

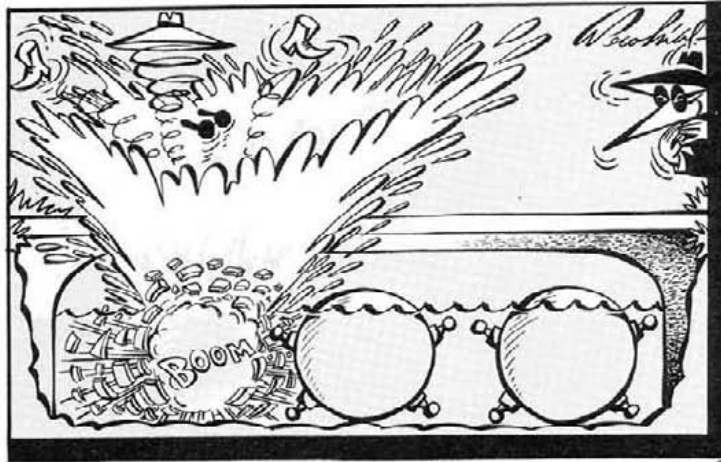
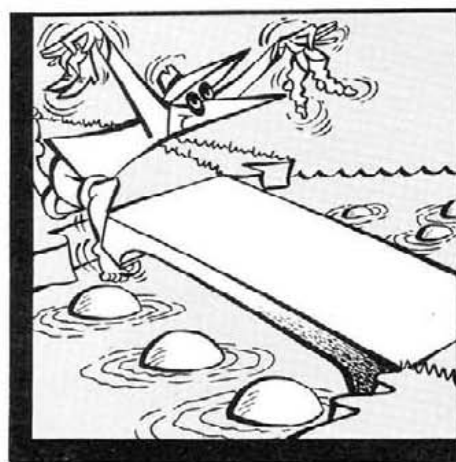
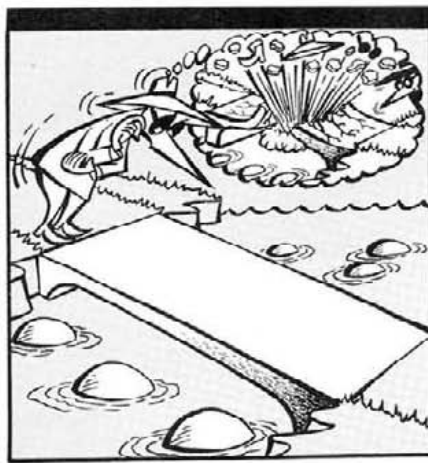
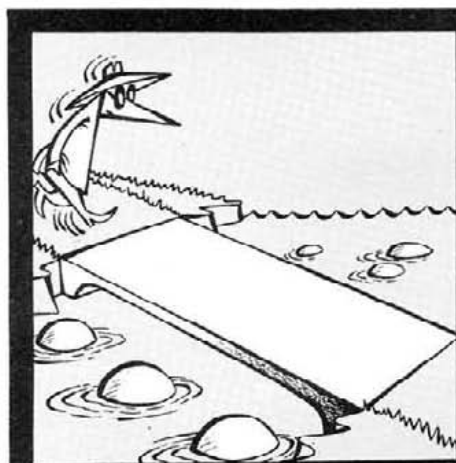
How much faith can a kid have in me when he sees one of you singing "Sweet Ad-o-line" instead of "Silent Night". I don't mind that some of you are skinny and your beards hang down under your shins, but I don't like the insinuation that I got my red nose because I'm a "wino". So cut it out!

SC



.....

.....





## TUNES OF GORY DEPT.

As long as we can remember, Safety Songs have always played an important part in the education of children. Grammar school teachers are constantly leading their classes in the singing of tunes which tell kids how to live safely amidst the many and varied pitfalls of life. However, a thought recently occurred to us : mainly

# CHILDREN'S SAFETY SONGS ARE USUALLY BASED ON OLD-FASHIONED SUBJECTS

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

...like playing with matches:

### **BAD, BAD MATCHES**

(to the tune of "Frère Jacques")



Bad, bad matches,  
Bad, bad matches,  
I touched you,  
I touched you.  
You made quite a fire,  
There goes brother Meyer ...  
Toodle-ooo,  
Toodle-oo.

...and touching nasty plants:

### **MY BODY HAS CALAMINE LOTION**

(to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")



My body has Calamine Lotion,  
My body's as sore as can be,  
The flowers I gathered for Granny  
Turned out to be Poison I-vee!  
Don't touch, don't touch,  
You'll get a rash from I-vee! (I-vee!)  
It will ... Itch bad ...  
And it looks worse than ac-nee!

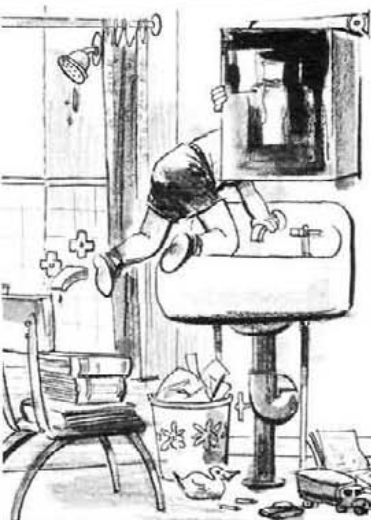
...and fooling around in medicine cabinets:

### **YOU FUNNY IODINE**

(to the tune of "My Darling Clementine")

In the chest there, in the bathroom,  
O'er the sink whose faucets shine,  
Stands a funny little bottle,  
And we call it iodine.

Oh you funny, oh you funny,  
Oh, you funny iodine.  
You don't taste good with a cookie  
But for booboos you're just fine.



Now we realize, of course, that playing with matches and drinking iodine and touching poison ivy and crossing in the middle of the block always have been and always will be dangerous. But we feel that,

# UP-TO-DATE SAFETY

## WHEN THE BOMB COMES FALLING DOWN

(to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down")



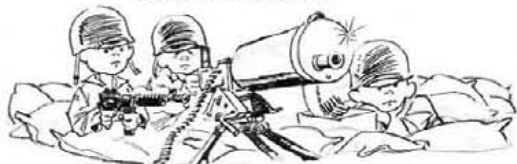
When the Bomb comes falling down,  
Falling down, falling down,  
When the Bomb comes falling down,  
There'll be fallout.



Cover up your face and head,  
Face and head, face and head,  
Then put on your suit of lead,  
'Cause there's fallout.



Do not stop to talk or play,  
Talk or play, talk or play,  
Find your shelter right away,  
'Cause there's fallout.



Just admit your nearest kin,  
Nearest kin, nearest kin,  
Shoot down neighbors who want in,  
'Cause there's fallout.



Wait until they sound All Clear,  
Sound All Clear, sound All Clear,  
Don't drink milk till late next year,  
'Cause there's fallout.

## IT'S A GRAND OLD BAG

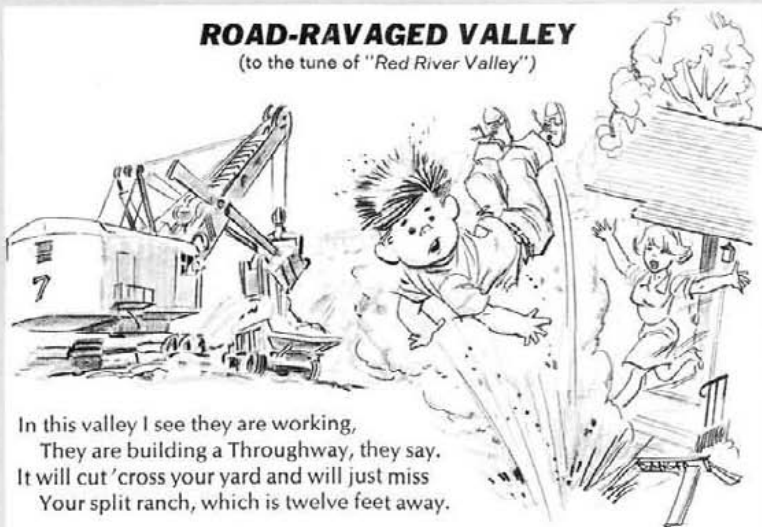
(to the tune of "You're A Grand Old Flag")



It's a grand old bag,  
It's a nice plastic bag,  
And we find them on all of our clothes.  
Oh a kid can play  
The livelong day  
With them everywhere that he goes.  
They are lots more fun  
Than a doll or a gun,  
You can wave them around like flags.  
But should old acquaintance be forgot,  
Keep your head out of plastic bags.

## ROAD-RAVAGED VALLEY

(to the tune of "Red River Valley")



In this valley I see they are working,  
They are building a Throughway, they say.  
It will cut 'cross your yard and will just miss  
Your split ranch, which is twelve feet away.

Do not play by the craters they're digging,  
For the craters are big and they're deep.  
If you fall into one you'll be buried,  
And you don't really need all that sleep.

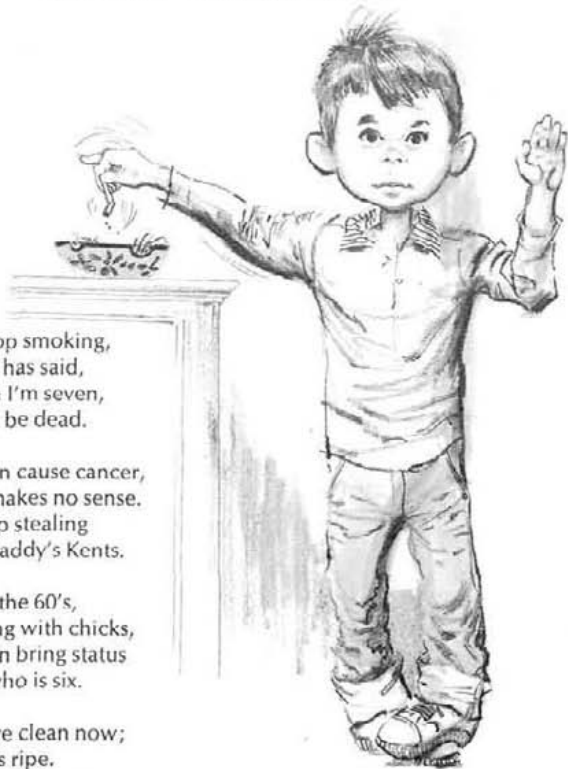
Do not touch all those funny explosives,  
Do not play with that dynamite cap.  
Otherwise you will find, like the Throughway,  
You'll be spread out all over the map.

as times change, we should add **new** Safety Songs to Grammar school repertoires. Songs which are in keeping with more **modern** safety problems in the Soaring Sixties. And so here are some suggested . . .

# SONGS FOR CHILDREN

## I'VE GOT TO STOP SMOKING

(to the tune of "On Top Of Old Smoky")



I've got to stop smoking,  
My doctor has said,  
Or else when I'm seven,  
I'm sure to be dead.

Cigarettes can cause cancer,  
And that makes no sense.  
So I must stop stealing  
My dear Daddy's Kents.

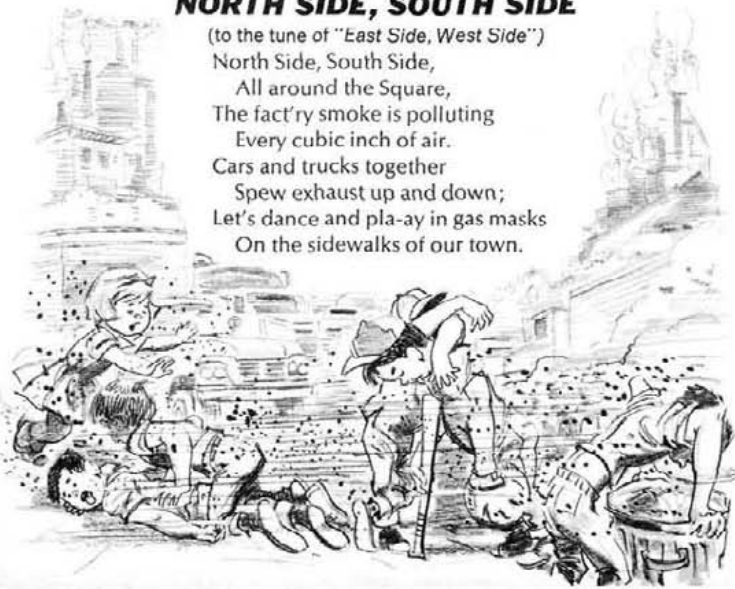
Now here in the 60's,  
When going with chicks,  
Cigarettes can bring status  
To a boy who is six.

But I must live clean now;  
At six life is ripe.  
Cigarettes I will give up—  
And switch to a pipe!

## NORTH SIDE, SOUTH SIDE

(to the tune of "East Side, West Side")

North Side, South Side,  
All around the Square,  
The fact'ry smoke is polluting  
Every cubic inch of air.  
Cars and trucks together  
Spew exhaust up and down;  
Let's dance and pla-ay in gas masks  
On the sidewalks of our town.



## BUCKLE UP YOUR HELMET STRAP

(to the tune of "Button Up Your Overcoat")



Buckle up your helmet strap,  
Hide behind a tree;  
There's a riot again  
Down at P.S. 3.



Don't go near the picket line,  
That's no place to be;  
They may fracture your skull  
Down at P.S. 3.



Beware of roughneck nuts (mmm-mmm)  
Switchblade cuts (mmm-mmm)  
Trooper's mutts (mmm-mmm)  
You'll get a bite in your tummy-tum-tum . . .



Keep away from flying rocks,  
They may break your knee;  
Life at school nowadays  
Is like World War III.



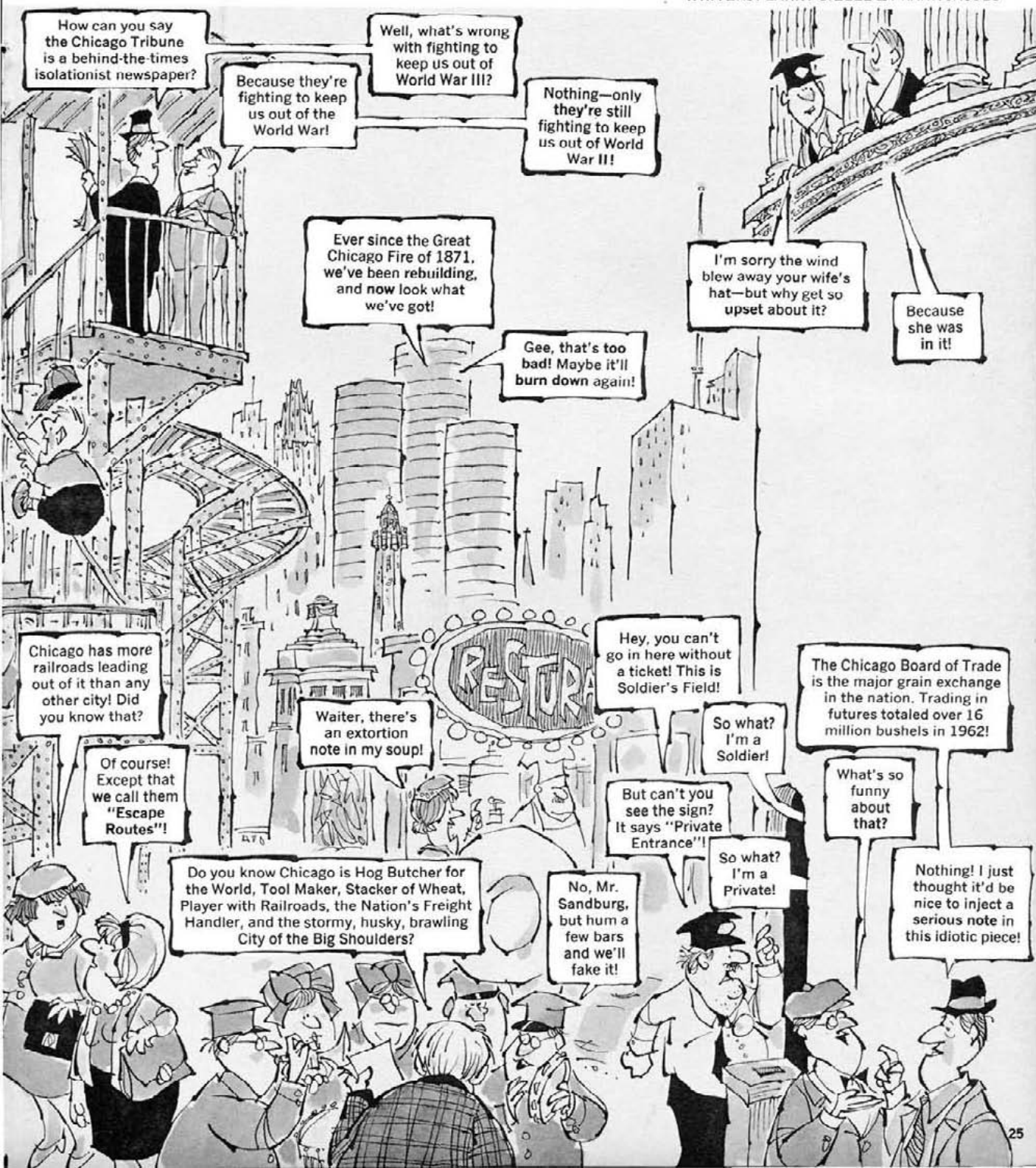


# and sounds U.S.a.

THIS ISSUE—SPOTLIGHTING  
**CHICAGO**  
Illinois

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS



How can you say the Chicago Tribune is a behind-the-times isolationist newspaper?

Because they're fighting to keep us out of the World War!

Well, what's wrong with fighting to keep us out of World War III?

Nothing—they're still fighting to keep us out of World War II!

Ever since the Great Chicago Fire of 1871, we've been rebuilding, and now look what we've got!

Gee, that's too bad! Maybe it'll burn down again!

I'm sorry the wind blew away your wife's hat—but why get so upset about it?

Because she was in it!

Chicago has more railroads leading out of it than any other city! Did you know that?

Of course! Except that we call them "Escape Routes"!

Waiter, there's an extortion note in my soup!

Hey, you can't go in here without a ticket! This is Soldier's Field!

So what? I'm a Soldier!

The Chicago Board of Trade is the major grain exchange in the nation. Trading in futures totaled over 16 million bushels in 1962!

What's so funny about that?

Do you know Chicago is Hog Butcher for the World, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads, the Nation's Freight Handler, and the stormy, husky, brawling City of the Big Shoulders?

But can't you see the sign? It says "Private Entrance"!

So what? I'm a Private!

No, Mr. Sandburg, but hum a few bars and we'll fake it!

Nothing! I just thought it'd be nice to inject a serious note in this idiotic piece!

After taking a MAD look at the Summer Olympic Games (MAD #91), it occurred to us that participation in these classic competitions every four years is limited . . . mainly to athletes. What about all of us non-athletic clods who

# EVERYDAY LIFE

## School Events

**THE TRIPLE HIGH "C" EARDRUM-SHATTERING  
TEETH-GRITTING ENDURANCE CONTEST**



**THE MOST CONVINCING FIRST-TO-BE CALLED-ON  
"MAY I LEAVE THE ROOM?" HAND-RAISING CHAMPIONSHIP**



**THE INCREDIBLY SWEATY, SMELLY, MIDDLE-OF-  
THE-TERM GYM SNEAKER-WEARING SPECTACULAR**



**THE GREAT BETWEEN-CLASSES LOCKER-  
SCRAMBLE AND DOOR-BANGING JOUST**



**THE NECK-STRETCHING, BACK-BENDING,  
EYE-STRAINING FINAL EXAM ANSWER-GETTING CLASSIC**



**THE SCHOOL DISMISSAL SNEAKY "LAST TAG"  
NO BACKS—NO RETURNS FINALS**







participate in far more exhausting competitions every day of our lives? MAD demands that recognition and laurel wreaths be awarded to the champions among us who triumph over the strains, hurdles, conflicts and rivalries found in

ARTIST:  
JOE ORLANDO

# OLYMPIC GAMES

## Household Events

THE RAISING AND HOLDING HORIZONTAL  
STIFF LEGS ENDURANCE CONTEST



THE PAYDAY SUPERMARKET-PILGRIMAGE  
WEIGHT-LIFTING-AND-CARRYING MATCH



THE QUARTER-MILE LEAPING, HOPPING,  
SKIPPING AND JUMPING DASH TO THE BUS MEET



THE KITCHEN KNIFE DUEL-TO-SUBMISSION-  
FOR-THE-LAST-PAT-OF-BUTTER FINALS



THE DARING OFF-BALANCE SEMI-DARK  
TIPPY-TOE OBSTACLE COURSE EVENT



THE "3-O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING" LEAPING  
ARCHED-BACK FLYSWATTING SMASH CLASSIC

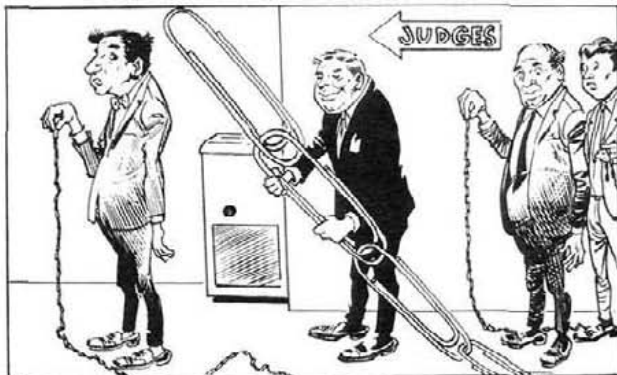


# Office Events

THE RUNNING, LEAPING, OVERHANDED, ONE-ARM WASTEPAPER BASKET TOSS



THE LONGEST PAPER CLIP CHAIN-MAKING, BETWEEN COFFEE BREAK AND LUNCH, CONTEST



THE LEFT-HANDED KARATE CHOP CARRIAGE RETURN FINALS



THE MOVING SECRETARY RUBBER BAND SHOOT



THE ANTI-GRAVITY WATER COOLER ELBOW-LEANING ENDURANCE CONTEST



THE INTRAMURAL INCONSPICUOUS LAST MINUTE CLOCK-GLANCING MEET



THE FOUR-WHEELED DESK CHAIR RACING CLASSIC



THE 15-YARD FIRST TO THE DOOR 5 O'CLOCK DASH



# IN A DEPARTMENT STORE







There are millions of repulsive "Get-Well" Cards on the market for sending to the physically sick. But what about people who are mentally sick? Don't they deserve

# MAD "GET-WELL" CARDS FOR PEOPLE WITH EM

## Some Good Advice For A SOMNAMBULIST



The penalties, my friend, are steep,  
For always walking in your sleep;  
Some night while wand'ring fro and to,  
You're bound to fall and injure you!  
So, till you're well, please use your head—  
And "Safety Belt" yourself in bed!

## Good News— AMNESIA VICTIM



I've found out who you are at last!  
You're someone after all!  
'Twas on the label of your suit—  
Your name is "Robert Hall"!

## TO A PYROMANIAC



This verse proclaims my heart's desires  
To see you cured of starting fires;  
But if a firebug you must be,  
'Then burn this card—while thinking of me!

repulsive "Get-Well" Cards, too? A quick poll of the mentally sick staff here at MAD revealed nothing—as usual—so we decided to go ahead anyhow, and present—

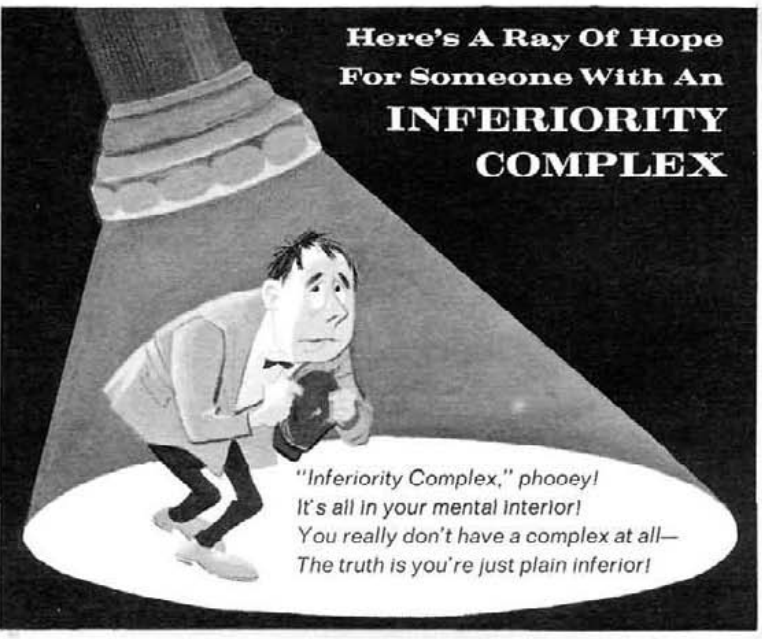


# ELL" CARDS

## OTIONAL AILMENTS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PHIL HAHN

Here's A Ray Of Hope  
For Someone With An  
**INFERIORITY  
COMPLEX**

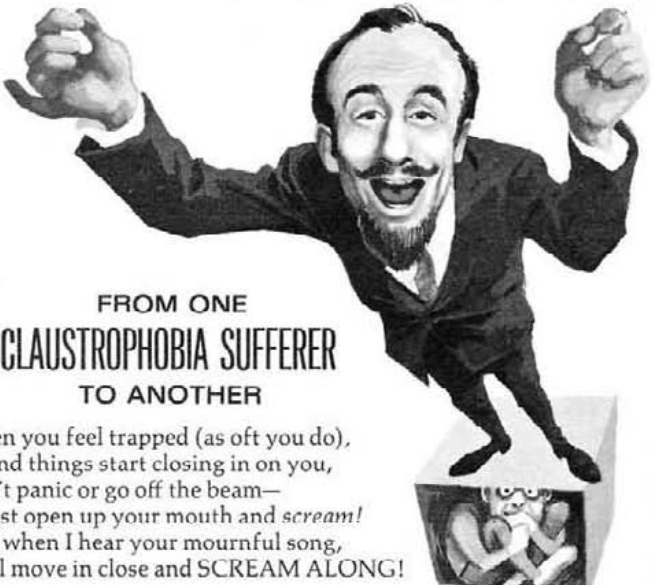


"Inferiory Complex," phooey!  
It's all in your mental interior!  
You really don't have a complex at all—  
The truth is you're just plain inferior!

A Qualified Get-Well Wish To A  
**COMPULSIVE  
EXHIBITIONIST**  
From Her Friendly Neighborhood  
**VOYEUR**



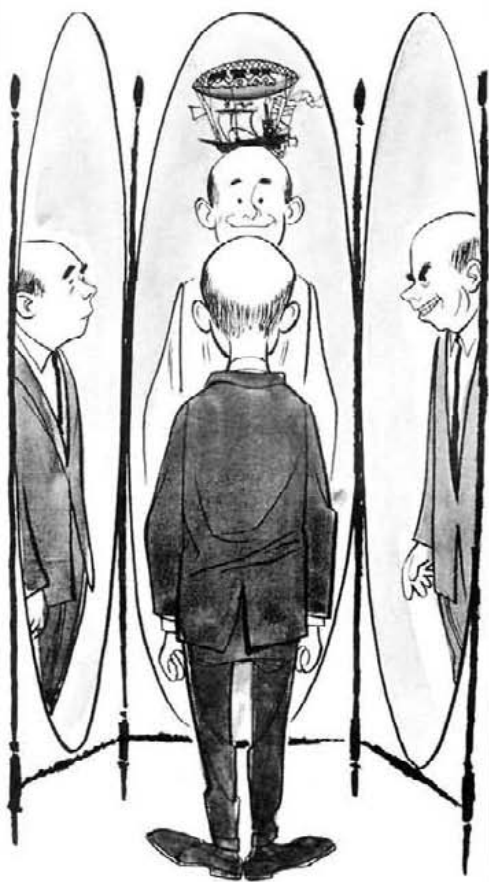
FROM ONE  
**CLAUSTROPHOBIA SUFFERER**  
TO ANOTHER



When you feel trapped (as oft you do),  
And things start closing in on you,  
Don't panic or go off the beam—  
Just open up your mouth and *scream!*  
And when I hear your mournful song,  
I'll move in close and **SCREAM ALONG!**

Your sickness, neighbor, is my boon!  
It fits with mine like "lune" and "moon."  
Yet fair play bids me wish you well;  
May you escape your private hell!  
But, please, until your problem's gone—  
Feed mine—and let the show go on!

To A  
SPLIT PERSONALITY



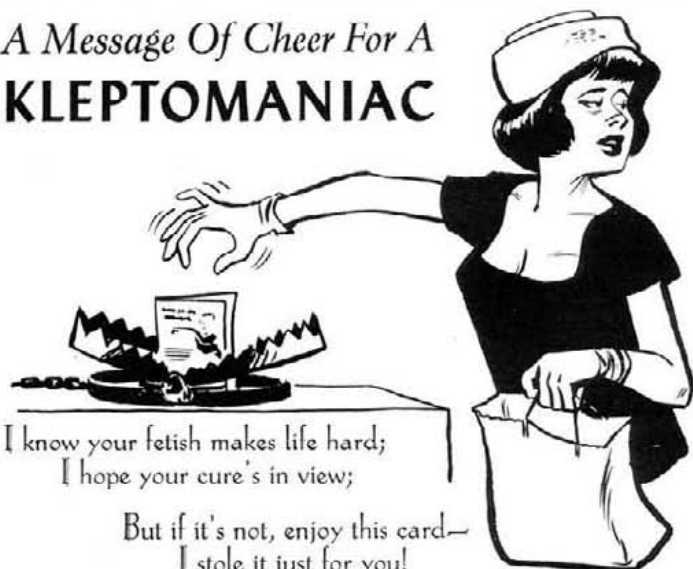
Old pal, you've reached a crucial phase;  
Your psyche's split at least 3 ways!  
So here's a wish that's more than due:  
Full cure for you—and you—and you!

TO A  
*Narcissist*



Try Doctor's cots, or Rorschach blots  
If necessary, voodoo;  
But please get well—I love you lots—  
*Almost as much as you do!*

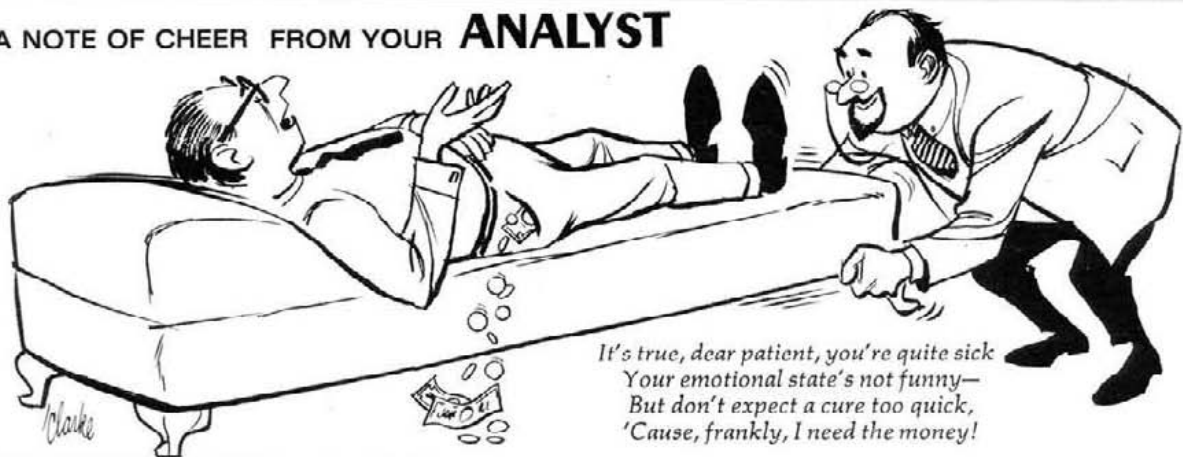
A Message Of Cheer For A  
KLEPTOMANIAC



I know your fetish makes life hard;  
I hope your cure's in view;

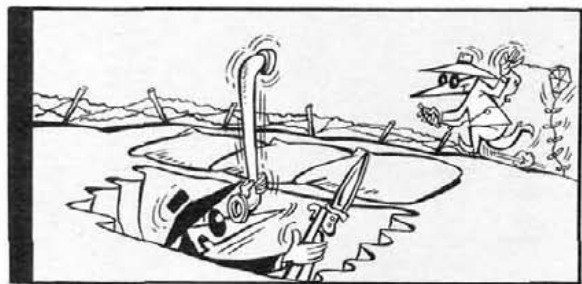
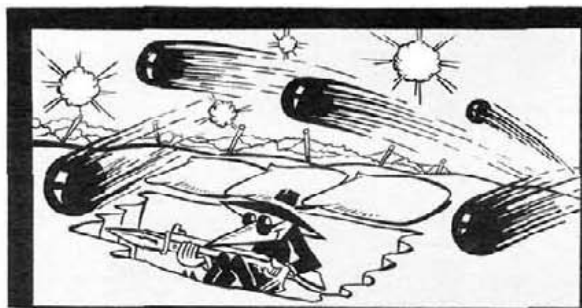
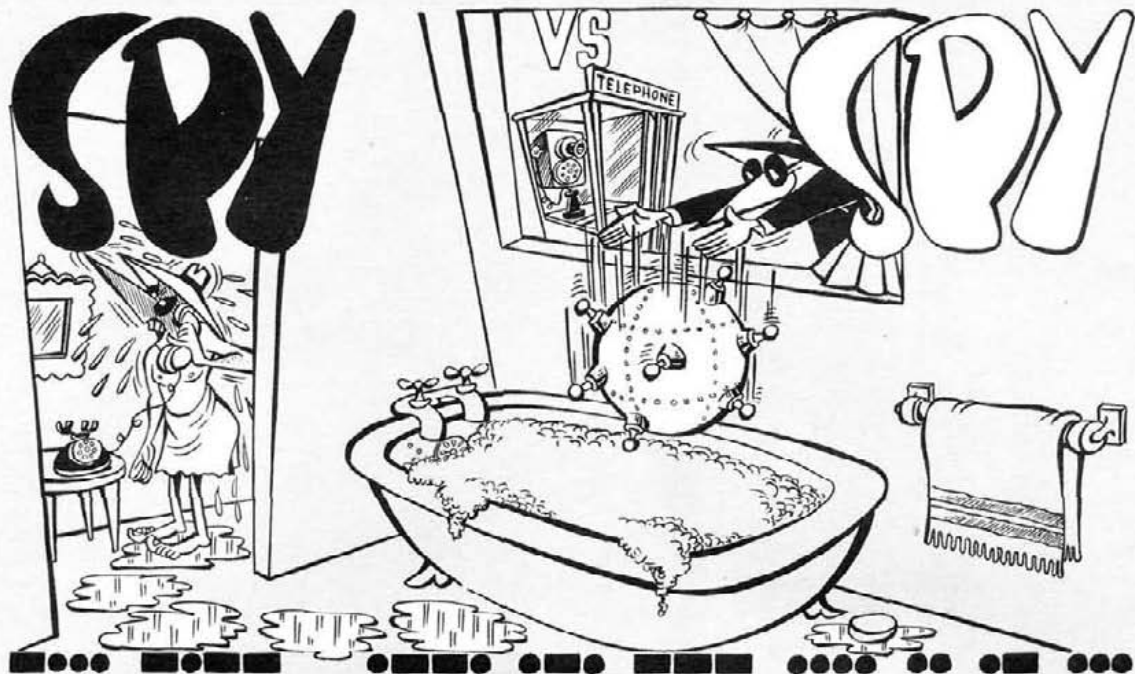
But if it's not, enjoy this card—  
I stole it just for you!

A NOTE OF CHEER FROM YOUR ANALYST



*It's true, dear patient, you're quite sick  
Your emotional state's not funny—  
But don't expect a cure too quick,  
'Cause, frankly, I need the money!*





### IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS DEPT.

In Hollywood, civic-minded folks are proud of the celebrities that live in their community. They immortalize them by putting their hand and foot prints in cement outside Grauman's Chinese Theater. But how about ordinary folks who aren't movie

# NEIGHBORHOOD



During a six-hour baseball argument with friends, Benny never once said, "Put your money where your mouth is!"



The day that Archie the Window Washer made his big mistake by showing up to wash windows when it wasn't raining.



Mrs. Kreevich completes a "Grand Slam" when she marries off her last daughter and gains her 4th "Doctor-Son-In-Law".



Emma demonstrates the courage of her convictions in the face of adversity by uttering her now immortal opinion: "That Durward Kirby is so talented, he can do almost anything and be great!"

Archie Blooth  
7-11-62  
THANKS TO ALL  
MY CLEANLIVING  
FRIENDS!

Benny Poodel  
APRIL 27, 1963  
PEACE!

Mrs. Gladys  
Kreevich  
O-O-thank  
O-O God!  
JUNE 8, 1962

CARL DUNKUM  
7-7 '63  
THANKS FOR ALL  
THE HITCHES  
DOWNTOWN!

Jimmy Freeman  
JUNE 14, 1963  
GEE-  
FAME  
AT LAST!

Emma Gasso  
JAN - 12 - 1964  
THANKS  
FOR  
EVERYTHING!  
X XXX



Remarkably lucky, Carl finds parking spot right in front of his house. To take full advantage of his good fortune, Carl hasn't used his car since.



Jimmy becomes first Delivery Boy in history of neighborhood to admit that no beautiful woman ever invited him into her apartment for a drink, etc.

stars, but lead dull humdrum lives veiled in anonymity? They deserve recognition for their accomplishments, too! Therefore we propose that every neighborhood set aside a square of wet cement to record and immortalize the achievements of their

# CELEBRITIES

ARTIST:  
GEORGE WOODBRIDGE  
WRITER:  
STAN HART



Fanny becomes neighborhood's first TV star when she appears on a Ban ad and tells the world how much she sweats.

Fanny Felice

SEPTEMBER 23, 1963



DR. HAROLD KNOCKER

12-14-1961



MELVIN FRUMP

JUNE 17, 1961



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!

STINKY LOVEZ POTSZY

Ed. FRITZ

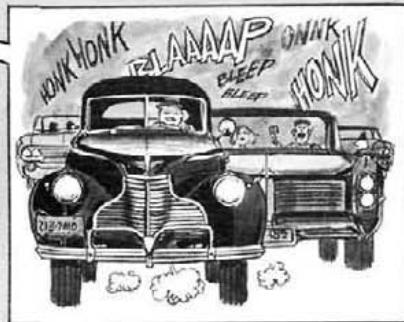
OCT. 5-1963

EAT HEARTY!!

Michael Cooley

NOV. 1962

GOODBYE TO THE FOLKS I LOVE



Dr. Knocker celebrates his 25th year as a doctor by finally consenting to make his first night call this date.



Just one of them smart aleck kids in the neighborhood who couldn't keep his lousy fingers out of wet cement.



On this date, Melvin graduated as the only Economics Major the neighborhood ever produced. So far, no neighbor's asked him a question about Economics.



Police Officer Cooley ends a wave of extortion that has been plaguing the neighborhood merchants. Mainly, he is suddenly transferred to another beat.



Ed opens new neighborhood diner, but refuses to cheapen the area by naming his place 'Food-o-rama' or 'Sandwich City'. Instead, he puts up 6-foot red neon sign which simply says "EATS".



**BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.**

Here we go with the first of a three-part series on "Parties" — in which we'll also look at "Kids' Parties" and "Teenage Parties." But first, we cover . . .

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



Why are you getting all dressed up?

We're supposed to go to a party at the Rovingers' house tonight!

Tonight? I'm exhausted! I don't feel like going!

Never mind! We **HAVE** to go!

Why in heck do we **HAVE** to go?

If we don't, they'll talk about **US** all night!!



I'm surprised at you, Charlie! I thought you had better taste than this! What a motley crew you invited over! (Here, fill me up again with some of your watered-down whiskey!)

Look at that idiot over there, making with the old "lamp-shade-on-the-head" routine. That gag went out with "23—skidoo"! (Pass the mustard, please!)

And dig that dame over there acting like she's crocked to the gills when all she's been drinking is water on the rocks. (Boy, these hors d'oeuvres are the worst I've ever tasted!)

Yep, it's a pretty motley crew you got here, Charlie! Remind me never to crash one of your parties again!



Happy Anniversary, dear!

Same to you, darling! And I ask you, isn't this quiet dinner by ourselves much better than having a party?

I'll say it is! Last year we almost got a divorce because of a party we threw. Frankly, I can't stand the way you behave at shindigs!

Look who's talking! You embarrass me to death the way you carry on every time!

Yeah—well, I felt that one more party with you and we'd both be drinking a new concoction . . . "Marriage on the Rocks . . ."

I got news for you, Buster—I felt exactly the same way!



# ADULT PARTIES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



What's this?! I haven't even got my coat off—and already I'm involved in some stupid kids' game like "Charades"! Now I gotta be polite and play along with it!

If I knew it was gonna be this kind of party, I wouldn't have come! Why do adults have to play party games? What's the matter with just plain old-fashioned conversation?

Who needs this dumb dame! If she's got something to say, why doesn't she come out and say it instead of making a complete fool of herself!

... LARYNGITIS !!

First word . . . Me? Er . . . I? Okay, the first word is "I"!

Second word: Am? Got? Have? The second word is "have"!

Third word: Mouth? Neck . . . ?



You drink too much!

Yeah, I know! But it helps me to forget my problem!

What's your problem?

I drink too much!



Just listen to that wild party the Ritters are having!

Every screech of laughter means some poor woman is being mauled!

Imagine all that good liquor and food being wasted on such a boorish, ill-mannered crowd!

That must be Harry Ginko telling one of his filthy jokes again!

Somebody ought to call the cops and complain!

It's nothing but a disgusting, drunken, brawling orgy, that's what it is!

... and I can't understand why they didn't invite us!!



Good night everybody! Thank you for coming!

You lecherous dirty old man! I saw you pinch Marcia!

I did no such thing, you suspicious old bag! I never touched Marcia! I was flirting with Rosie all night!

I could have fallen through the floor when you told everybody I was thirty-two!

So what did you want me to do—tell 'em the truth . . . that you're really thirty-eight?!





Boy—one thing I hate about parties is coming into the bathroom to wash your hands.

... and finding the only thing to wipe 'em on are some fancy expensive embroidered guest towels!



Thank goodness this party is over. I couldn't go through with another one like it for a whole year!

But look at all the good food and drinks that are left over. What are we going to do with all that?

Well, tomorrow night we could invite in the Millers and the Reillys and the Finns. They'll help us get rid of the stuff!

And while we're at it, we owe invitations to the Wagners and the Smiths and the Dunns and the Formans. So we might as well make a party of it!

Well... that was the shortest year on record!!



Gee, I can't wait to grow up so I can go to "Big People" parties ...

... and act like a kid!!



How many times have I told you—if you can't hold your liquor, don't drink!

Nag! Nag! Nag! All I had was one little Martoony ... I mean Mortony ... I mean—er—one little Scotch and Soldier ...

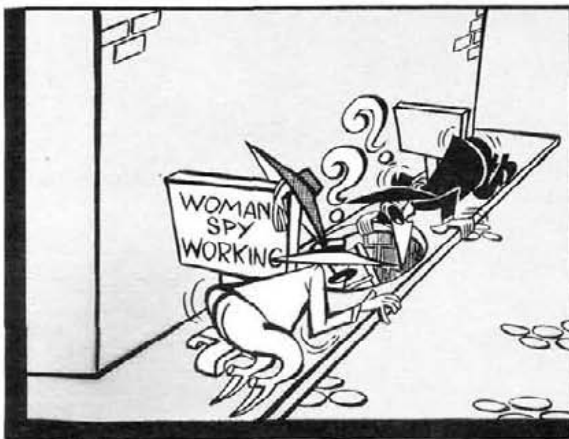
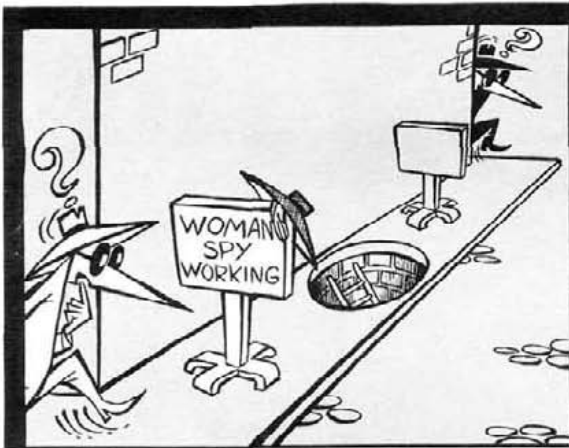
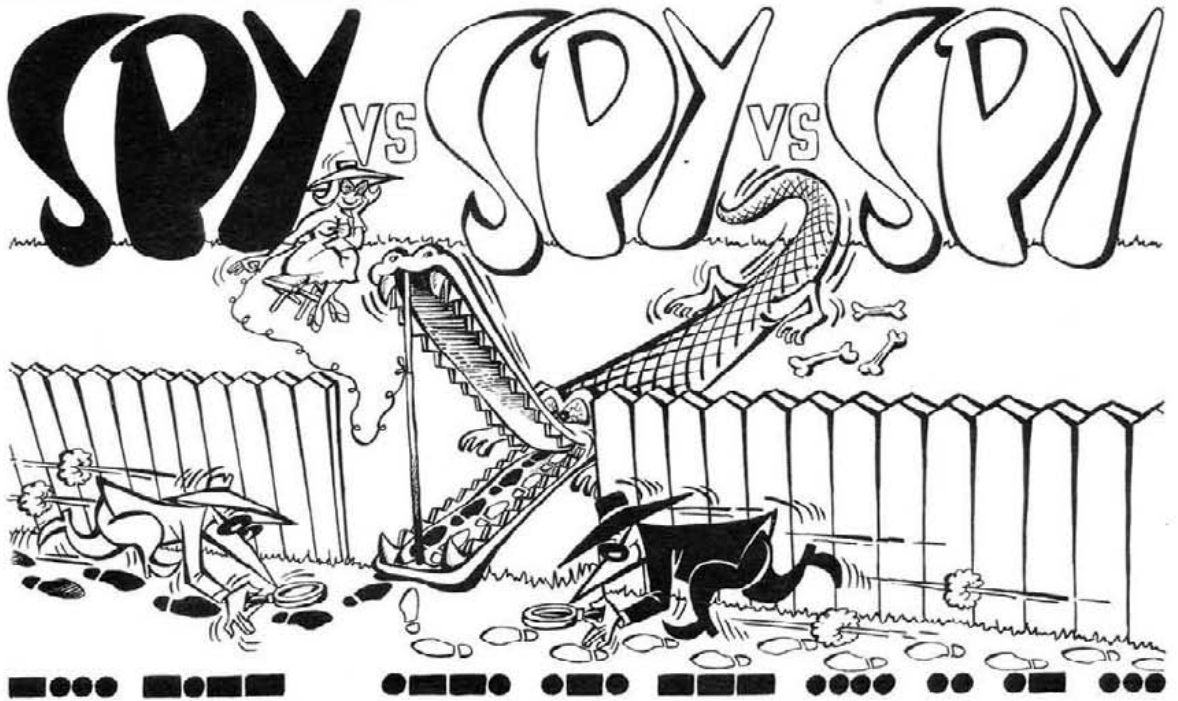
Bragging, bragging—always bragging! I heard you telling those other dames I ran a Surplus Produce Processing Service ...

Yeah—well it sounds better than telling 'em you clean cesspools!!

Boy—do you hear what's going on in those cars?

Yes ... and I'm so happy! It means we had a successful party!





## SHAM-POOH DEPT.

Today is the era of the "Specialized Magazine." For the man who wishes he were the outdoor type, there's "Field & Stream"; for the guy who would love to be a swinging bachelor, there's "Playboy"; for the gal who wants to stay young and alluring, there's "Seventeen." All these magazines have one thing in common: They offer vicarious wish-fulfillments to their readers. In other words, they appeal to people who wish to be someone they're not. (For instance, if you already were a swinging bachelor, you wouldn't have to read "Playboy." You wouldn't even have time for it!) Which brings us to the premise of this here article: Why not put out a magazine to appeal to all the people who are trying desperately to be someone they're not . . . or to put it more earthy, the phonies? Here then is the ultimate in "Specialized Magazines"—the one with mass appeal because it hits everybody . . .

# PHONY

**MAGAZINE**  
JANUARY 1965

**PRICE**  
Give the man a  
**\$5.00**  
bill and he'll  
give you \$4.75  
change, but it'll  
sure impress the  
other customers!

### IN THIS FABULOUS ISSUE

\*\*\*

**25**

Sure-Fire Names  
To Drop At Parties

\*\*\*

**PHONY'S**  
Checklist Of

Obscure Authors Worth  
Mentioning—But Not  
Worth Reading

\*\*\*

**50 INCONSPICUOUS**  
THINGS TO DO TO  
ATTRACT ATTENTION

\*\*\*

Those Ridiculously  
**PHONY**

Hollywood-Type Parties  
—And How To Throw One

\*\*\*

**HOW TO TELL IF A**  
**'TOM SWIFTY'**  
IS MERELY 'GREAT' OR  
REALLY 'BEAUTIFUL!'

\*\*\*

### SPECIAL FEATURE

Full-Color Fold-Out Picture Of  
"The Phony Of The Month"  
Trying To Impress People  
That He's Ignoring **PLAYBOY'S**  
Full-Color Fold-Out Picture Of  
"The Playmate Of The Month"

\*\*\*

### EXCLUSIVE

**PHONY MAGAZINE**  
INTERVIEWS **CASSIUS CLAY**  
and even we can't take it!



"How To Turn Your Disgusting Hovel  
Into A Pop Art Museum"—See page 59



# PHONY LABELS

Ten for \$1<sup>00</sup>



Want a reputation as the "Smartest Dressed Woman" in your group? It's simple and costs so little. Just send \$1.00 to PHONY, Box 7, and we will supply you with 10 labels from exclusive shops like "Balmain," "Givenchy" and "St. Laurent." Sew them inside any old rag and this subtle play will make you a "Fashion Plate." Or — if you feel subtlety is wasted on your group, you can always sew the labels on the outside of your clothes!

# Phonies Around Town

by Lovely Persons

Friends of Doris Dean say she looks absolutely marvelous. Seems she recently dyed her hair silver blue, and now looks like a mature 30-year-old. Since darling Doris is only 18, that's about as "Phony" as you can get . . . Did you see the wonderfully shocked look on Sid Carom's face when he walked into his "Surprise Party" last Saturday night? Well, Sid was even more shocked when he suddenly realized that his best pal, Joe Kornblatt, wasn't there. Seems Sid had forgotten to invite him . . . The Rock Rodneys (He's the up-and-coming film star) have decided on a reconciliation. It appears their impending divorce didn't get enough publicity in the press.

Silly Kid Dept.: Gossip columnist Earl Witless was fired last week for printing an item in his column that he *didn't* make up. If we want facts, Earl, we'll read them in the front pages . . . What's with Mac Ludwig? She was seen in church last Sunday—praying, instead of comparing hats! Just a phase, we hope, Mac... Talk about class, catch Ginny Gan doing her morning shopping at the A & P in her treader pants, spike heels and mink stole.

Headscratcher Dept.: What was Phyllis Duncan thinking of when she actually looked at her partner while dancing a Cha-Cha? . . . Rita Martin gets our vote for the "Hostess-With-The-Mostess." She had 18 people for a 12 course dinner last Thursday, and told them, "Oh, it's just something I whipped up!" Stu Betts wins admiring glances from his fellow passengers whenever he flies jet. As the plane takes off, he always pretends he's napping instead of praying . . . Talk about "chic"! For three straight weeks, Pauline Fields has had a token representative from a different minority group at her Friday night parties.

Starting Young Dept.: Hats off to the gang of 12-year-olds of the Yonkers Bears Little League Team who lost 110-0 and then gave a team cheer for their opponents after the game instead of hating their guts . . . Kudos for funeral director Fred Graham, whose observation, "He died so young!" comforted the family at the funeral of 95-year-old Asa Kreevich last week . . . Phil Lorn has left his position as "Communications Specialist" (messenger boy) for a post as "Information Promulgator" (messenger boy).

Best Laid Plans, Etc. Dept.: Starlet Vivian Smooch was frustrated in her attempt to sneak out of New York unnoticed. Seems her helicopter developed engine trouble and was unable to take off from Times Square during the Rush Hour . . . Debbie Fleischer has put an end to the rumor that she'll star in a Broadway play this fall. She stopped spreading it . . . Dolph Colon, the movie censor, has decided to ban "Pasta La Vita", the new Italian film import. "After seeing it 11 times, I feel that it is pornographic and offensive to decent people," Dolph told me in an exclusive interview. "But I want to see it 5 or 6 more times to make sure!"

An inspiration to phony tots everywhere is the 6-year-old who told Macy's Department Store Santa Claus, "All I want for Christmas is World Peace and good health for my family!" . . . Hats off to filmland phony, Steve Ripple, who says he would gladly scrap his new \$250,000 movie contract to do a worthwhile Off-Broadway Show. Atta boy, Steve . . . And now, in the sincere and immortal words of Red Skelton, after he has finished a bad taste TV sketch—"Thanks for inviting me into your living room, good-night and God bless . . ."

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPORTANT,  
IT'S HOW YOU SAY IT!



Wouldn't you like to be the center of attention at the next party? Does the fact that you dropped out of grade school make you feel inadequate? You can change all that in only six minutes a day with—

## PHONY ACCENT LESSONS

Yessiree, it's not *what* you say that's important, it's *how* you say it. With a Phony British Accent, for example, what was once scorned as grossly ignorant opinions becomes words of wisdom. Remember, someone with a British Accent sounds better reading a Phone Book than an American reading the Gettysburg Address!

SEND \$5.00 TO "PHONY ACCENT LESSONS," BOX 9



Arthur  
Glusky

# THE PHONY OF THE MONTH

PHONY MAGAZINE follows Arthur Glusky,  
winner of "The Phony Of The Month" Award,  
through a typical day in his phony life.



"Phony Of The  
Month" Award



Arthur starts his day off right with a phrase like, "You're beautiful! You're a beautiful guy!"—said to the mirror.



At work, he walks past the secretary, saying loud enough for all to hear, "Hold all calls, Miss Smerch!" before Miss Smerch can say, "Arthur, will you stop walking through the Boss's office to get to your job in the mailroom?"



At lunchtime, Arthur quickly gobbles the egg salad sandwiches his mother's made for him. Then he leaves the stockroom and spends the remaining 50 minutes in front of a fancy restaurant, casually picking his teeth. Naturally, people who pass think he ate in *there*.



On the way home, Arthur hides behind his paper and plays "The Rush Game" or "If I don't see you, Old Lady, you're really not there!" But, 3 stops before his, Arthur lowers his paper, spots the old lady, and gives her his seat. Then, he promptly gets lost in the crowd and gets off unnoticed... a real fine boy.



That night, when Arthur calls for his date, he immediately ingratiates himself with the girl's parents—telling the girl's mother, "I can see where Irene gets her good looks!"... this after having just finished telling the exact same thing to the girl's father.



After Arthur strikes out with his date, he meets the boys at the Diner. When they ask what happened, he grins while replying, "Hold on, fellas—don't ask for details! There's a reputation at stake here!" Mainly *his*, if they found out that absolutely nothing happened.

# HOW BIG A PHONY ARE YOU?

TEST YOURSELF WITH THIS "PHONY QUIZ", AND SEE HOW YOU RATE. SCORE 10 POINTS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER

- 0-20 You are a real, down-to-earth, sincere, honest failure.  
20-40 Promising, but your faith in phoniness needs strengthening.  
40-60 You're a sweetie-beauty phony through and through, baby!

(1) When you are in a French Restaurant for the first time and you can't read the menu, you should **A.** Ask the waiter to translate, **B.** Order something and hope for the best, or **C.** Tell the waiter, "I'll leave it up to you, Pierre—you always know what I like!"



(2) If you are chosen as the Editor of the Class Yearbook, you should dedicate it to **A.** Some famous alumnus of your school, **B.** The outstanding member of your class, or **C.** The teacher who is about to flunk you in a tough subject.

(3) When you are at a wedding of people you actually hardly even know, you should say **A.** "Which one is Sandra and which one is Melvin?", **B.** "I really don't know either one of them!"—or **C.** "That marriage was made in heaven—they're two great kids!"



(4) When you take a date to a Modern Art Museum, you should say, "These paintings are **A.** Idiotic!", **B.** Far beyond my understanding!" or **C.** Hmm—Interesting, very interesting!"

(5) When you have no date on a Saturday night, you should **A.** Go to the movies with your best girlfriend, **B.** Go to the movies with your mother, or **C.** Go with either one... only talk loudly during the show about how your career leaves you absolutely no time for any kind of social life.



(6) While vacationing at a fancy Resort Hotel, you should **A.** Try to make friends, **B.** Enjoy all of the hotel facilities, or **C.** Have yourself paged every half hour.

We're not bothering to publish the correct answers since a true Phony would cheat anyhow!

Get Those  
Trouble-Makers  
Out Of Hollywood!  
This Month's PHONY EDITORIAL

Just as that fearless journalist Emile Zola felt compelled to restore the reputation of Capt. Dreyfus, so your Editor feels compelled to protect the image of that land we phonies love so dearly... Hollywood. For years, we have looked for inspiration to the movie folk who have contributed so much toward making "Phonyism" a way of life. Yet there are those among them who would destroy this gilt and lamé edifice of Phonydom. This attack on Hollywood is subtle, but make no mistake—this attack is in deadly earnest. J'accuse—MR. & MRS. FREDRIC MARCH!

\*\*\*\*\*

Recently, a newspaper reported that the Marches have been happily married for 30 years! What's the meaning of this? Is this any way for a movie actor's name to appear in print—involved in a normal, happy marriage? This is an out-and-out betrayal of the Phony Hollywood Way Of Life—and to make it even worse, it comes from an Academy Award Winner!!

Let us further examine how Mr. March is defacing the hard-won Hollywood image: First, there is no record in any column, news story or fan mag that the Marches have ever considered a divorce! No one has ever seen them quarrel in public! Now what kind of Hollywood people are these? And what's more, Mr. March always displays humility and even sincerity when being interviewed! He has never once hit a photographer or reporter! He has never once had a fist fight in a night club! He has never once walked off a movie set in a fit of rage! And the home-life of the Marches is even worse—a positive insult to the Hollywood mentality! They've never had a single wild party! Some of their friends are actually not in show biz! They never plot against other stars or even start ugly rumors about them!

It all adds up to a scathing indictment of these two irresponsible people who are single-handedly destroying the image built by such Hollywood greats as Fatty Arbuckle and Errol Flynn. Let's keep Hollywood the Paradise of Phonies we love so well! Let's give our Stars, Starlets, Directors and Producers the freedom to be the phonies we've come to respect and admire. People like Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March are a menace!

We won't be happy until we've seen the first sly innuendo or unfounded item about them in some gossip column.



# PHONY'S NEWS PHOTOS

Candid Studies Of "Phoniness" From The Newsfronts Around The World

## NEW MISS AMERICA CROWNED



Laura Lee Lutz, the new "Miss America", shown here being congratulated by Sarah Sue Svett, the girl she defeated for the title. "I really don't deserve this. There were much prettier girls," said Miss America. "She deserved it. I'm glad she won. She's a great kid," said the runner-up.

## CHIANG KAI-SHEK DELIVERS ANNUAL MESSAGE TO TROOPS



Chiang Kai-shek delivering his annual morale message to his troops. "We will return to the Chinese mainland, and we will destroy the Reds!" Chiang promised his troops for the 19th straight year.

## SENATOR GOLDWATER EXPLAINS VIEWS ON POVERTY

Senator Barry Goldwater as he explained his views on poverty at a Press Interview recently. "It's the individual's fault if he's poor," stated the Senator. "All you need to be successful is ambition and initiative!" The remarks were made before the multi-million dollar Department Store started by his grandfather years ago, and inherited by Sen. Goldwater.



## DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL LECTURES A M A CONVENTION



Dr. Michael Smith, Dean of Yvard Medical School, as he delivered his lecture, "America's Crying Need For More Doctors." Dr. Smith had to cut his speech short in order to return to Yvard for a meeting to set their religious quotas for the coming term.

# THE INQUIRING PHONY PHOTOGRAPHER

This Month's Question:

"What Do You Like Most About Your Work?"

**RICHARD CARVER**  
New York City, N.Y.



I love the salesmanship involved in my work, and the pleasure I get from giving people the old soft soap and playing on their weaknesses. But nothing compares to the big thrill I get when I finally persuade some confused person to take something they really don't need. Yes, that's what I love best about being a fashionable Park Avenue Surgeon.

**LEFTY GORKIN**  
Detroit, Michigan



It's the feeling of being a kid again. When you belt one out of the park or make a difficult running one-handed catch—that's living! Yes, I really love baseball, and I just can't wait until my team comes across with that one hundred thousand dollar contract that I am holding out for, so I can report to the training camp in Miami Beach.

**KIM ZOFTIC**  
Hollywood, California



I adore my position as a "Starlet." Every night, I go to some fabulous party, meet terribly exciting people and have a ball. They say I have a wonderful future ahead of me. I just hope the studio doesn't get any idiotic ideas—like putting me into a movie. Golly, that would just about ruin my whole career.

# Dear Sweetie



by Sweetie Claghorn,  
Phony Editor,  
—and a Beautiful  
Human Being

## ADVICE TO THE PHONIES

Dear Sweetie:

I'm tired of having the "right kind of job" and wearing the "right kind of Ivy League clothes" and being seen in the "right kind of places"! In other words, I'm sick of being a "Phony Conformist"! What can I do?

E.G.

Dear E.G.:

*I suggest you quit your job and buy yourself some dungarees and start being seen in Greenwich Village Coffee Houses. In other words, you can become a "Phony NON-Conformist"!*

Dear Sweetie:

Whenever I see an Ingmar Bergman movie, I never know what's going on. Afterwards, all my friends analyze and discuss it, but when they ask for my opinion, I just stand there looking like an idiot. Help me!

M.O.

Dear M.O.:

*Next time they ask, look misty-eyed, sigh and say, "It was such a deep, meaningful, personal experience that I'd rather not discuss it!"*

Dear Sweetie:

I have a problem. I am the mother of an 18 year old girl, and I've given her all the better things in life—a mink stole, a red M.G., charge accounts and vacations in Miami Beach. But no matter how hard I try, she persists in wasting hour after hour studying. she is an honor student, and she wants to become a teacher. Where have I failed her as a Mother?

Mrs. A.B.

Dear Mrs. A.B.:

*Don't blame yourself. You did the best you could, and that's all that counts. If she wants to ruin her life, let her.*

Dear Sweetie:

When is it proper to shake with the right hand, and when

is it proper to shake—Hollywood Style—with the left hand?

R.Z.

Dear R.Z.:

*Although the left hand shake is the traditional phony greeting, you are mistaken in calling it the "Hollywood Style." The Hollywood Style Greeting—for friends and total strangers alike—is a hug and a kiss.*

Dear Sweetie:

Last week, I took a date to a fancy restaurant. When the check came, I pulled out a huge roll of bills, peeled off a fifty and paid it. She's refused to go out with me since. Do you think I was too obvious in trying to impress her?

N.M.

Dear N.M.:

*The trouble is—you didn't impress her at all. Anyone who pays cash in a restaurant must be on the verge of bankruptcy. When you take out your next date, use a credit card.*

Dear Sweetie:

Your column irritates me. Why should people want to be phonies? They should be real and honest—like me. I don't want to be something I'm not. Nor do I desire things I cannot have. I have found true happiness in my wife and 8 kids, and great satisfaction in my job as a simple Janitor.

W.L.

Dear W.L.:

*I admire you very much. Your argument shows that you are one of the biggest phonies who ever wrote to us. Congrats!*

Dear Sweetie:

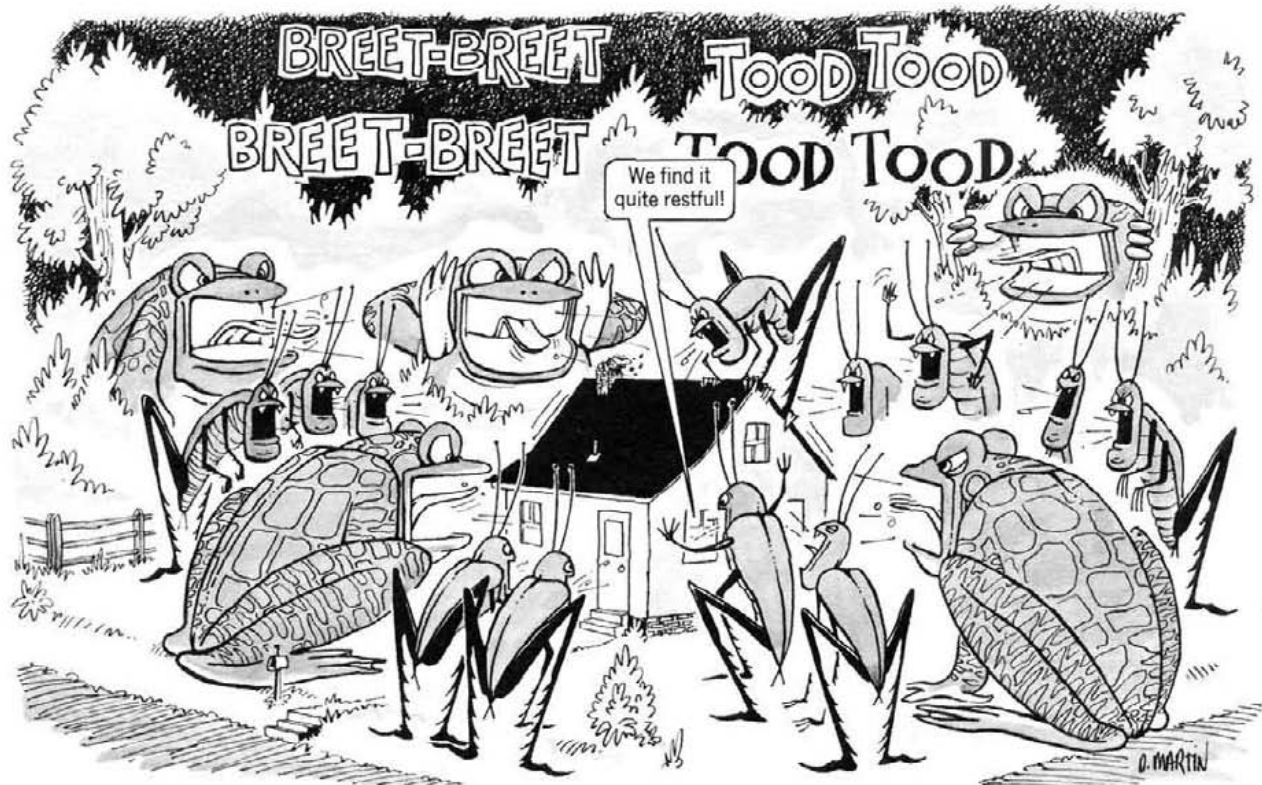
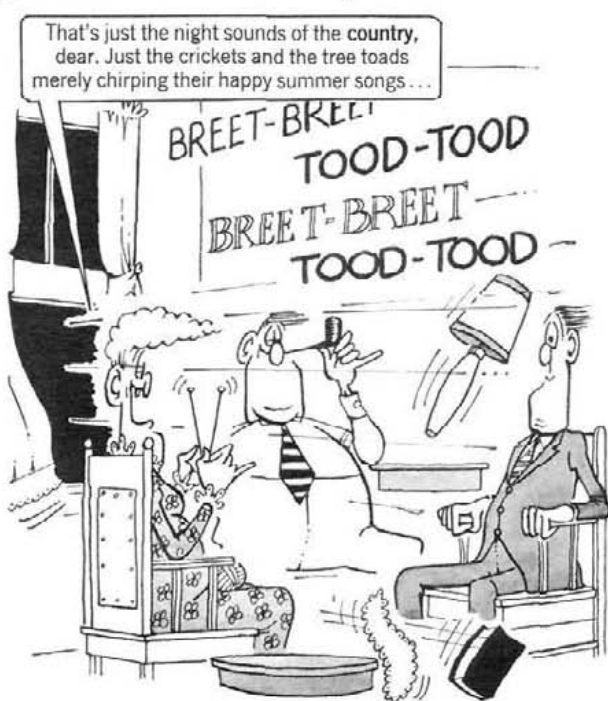
I am engaged to a boy who is a phony through-and-through. I can't believe a word he tells me, and his promises are worthless. What should I do?

P.L.

Dear P.L.:

*Marry the boy immediately! He has the makings of a great Business Executive!*

# A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY





**MISHAP-PY HOLIDAY DEPT. PART II**

Here we go with our answer to the National Safety Council's predictions of how many people will be involved in what type major catastrophes. Mainly—

# THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS

## For The Upcoming New Year's 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 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Teenage party-givers who will want to die because their parents insist on "joining in the fun."                                            |           |           |           |           |           |
| Girls who will be shocked to discover that the wild party planned by their boyfriend is actually at their house.                           |           |           |           |           |           |
| Boys who will be frustrated to learn that the phrase, "Aw, c'mon, it's New Year's Eve!" doesn't get them any further than any other night. |           |           |           |           |           |
| Old people who will be moved when Guy Lombardo plays "Auld Lang Syne" on TV                                                                |           |           |           |           |           |
| Young people who will be moved when Guy Lombardo plays "Auld Lang Syne," on TV.                                                            |           |           |           |           |           |
| Men who will go crazy trying to figure out a Night Club bill for a party of 24 people.                                                     |           |           |           |           |           |
| Women who will suddenly faint when they hear an off-color joke at a New Year's Eve party.                                                  |           |           |           |           |           |
| Women who will become hysterical when they hear the same off-color joke from the woman who made believe she fainted.                       |           |           |           |           |           |
| Husbands at parties who will put a lampshade on their head while the plug is still in the socket.                                          |           |           |           |           |           |
| Humiliated wives at parties who will be arrested for electrocuting husbands who put lampshades on their head.                              |           |           |           |           |           |
| Boys who will be lonely because they "had the nerve" to ask a girl to a party at the last minute.                                          |           |           |           |           |           |
| Girls who will be lonely because a boy "had the nerve" to ask them to a party at the last minute.                                          |           |           |           |           |           |

THIS ISSUE'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE PAGE

# MAD FOLD-IN

The United States spends billions of dollars annually, trying to show the emerging nations of the world why Democracy is superior to Communism. But many Americans are wondering just how effective all this propoganda is. Fold page in as shown, and discover . . .

## THE IMAGE OF U.S. JUSTICE THAT THE REST OF THE WORLD SEES



FOLD IN PAGE LIKE THIS

A)

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE TRUE HEART OF DEMOCRACY IS EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL. THE REST OF THE WORLD'S EMERGING NATIONS—PEOPLE OF ALL RACES—YEARN FOR THIS IDEA OF REAL FREEDOM, AND LOOK FOR INSPIRATION TO THIS PICTURE OF U.S. LAW

# I JUST PUT A GAS STATION ATTENDANT IN MY TANK!



## MAINLY BECAUSE I GOT SICK AND TIRED OF BEING EXPLOITED!

**1** First there was that idiotic Tiger on all them boxes of Sugar Frosted Flakes—used by

**Kellogg's**

**2** Then came them ads for those Tiger paw tires on Pontiac's GTO Tiger to sell you

**U.S. Royals**

**3** Then there's that ridiculous broad lying all over the Tiger skin on TV for

**'TOP BRASS'**

**4** And finally there's this stupid idea of putting a Tiger in your car's tank by using

**HUMBLE ESSO**

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! HONESTLY, I'M JUST FED UP WITH MADISON AVENUE'S PREOCCUPATION WITH TIGERS! NOW, MAYBE THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY COME OUT WITH ANOTHER ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FEATURING ME!