

SPECIAL HYPNOTIC ISSUE OF

MAD

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30¢

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No. 99

Dec. '65

**YOU WILL BUY THIS COPY!
YOU WILL BUY THIS COPY!
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YOU WILL BUY THIS COPY!
YOU WILL BUY THIS COPY!
YOU WILL BUY THIS COPY!**

MAD

"When it comes to absorbing information, some people are like blotters: they soak it all in, but they get it all backwards!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
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 CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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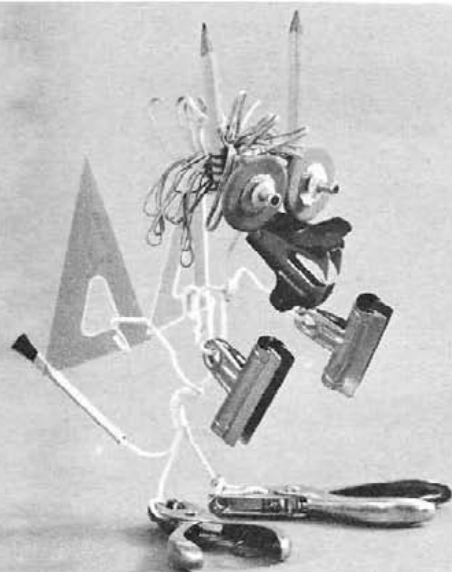
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LETTERS DEPT.



BEING RICH IS BETTER THAN A WARM PUPPY



SCHULZ

Being rich is being able to afford a lifetime subscription to MAD Magazine, and then canceling it.

Charles M. Schulz
Sebastopol, Calif.

MORE MAD RECORDING STARS



Now it's "Chad and Jeremy" reacting to your MAD-ness! Will it never end?

Gloria Stavers
Editor-in-chief
16 Magazine
New York City

MAD GOES TO VIETNAM



For the past several months, I have been serving with the American forces in South Vietnam. As you can see from the enclosed photo, I was able to infiltrate a copy of MAD into the country and introduce it to the Vietnamese. With all the fine satire that has filled each copy of MAD, they find it the perfect example of America's freedom of the press, and the ability of its people to laugh at their own foibles and idiosyncrasies.

PFC W. J. Bailey
Advisory Team 60
APO, San Francisco

MAD GOES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL

I teach in the Junior Dept. at Sunday School, and you might be interested to know that when we studied Amos, The Prophet, who stood in the market-place and decried the dishonesty going on, that I was able to utilize your extraordinary magazine. I found several issues that pointed out, in your own inimitable style, the evils of dishonest packaging, advertising, etc. and worked a display of these articles into the lessons nicely. It really grabbed the children's attention and interest, and they actually enjoyed the lesson that day. I have always gotten a big kick out of the way you satirize the sacred (and not so sacred) cows of our society, not caring whose toes you step on. You are really following in the footsteps of The Prophet Amos. Keep up the good work.

Gloria Vargas
Santa Ana, Calif.

KIND HEARTS AT CORONET

Congratulations! You have finally corrupted the minds of the magazine world. I am sure you know that the July issue of "Coronet" has actually praised you.

Marc Labinger
Westminster, Calif.

**NOW—YOU CAN BUILD
ALFRED E. NEUMAN**

MAD'S "What Me Worry" Kid

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



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

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



LOVE
THY
NEIGHBOR!



LISTEN TO
THE VOICE
OF
EXPERIENCE!

THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY POLICEMAN

Sincere congratulations on your article dealing with the John Birch Society. Undoubtedly, you will now come in for criticism from that organization, but you have shown them as many of their members truly are: more subversive than any group unfortunate enough to come under the scrutiny of their "super-patriotism." If people such as the extremists in the Birch Society were ever to come to power in this land, it would mean the end of such entities as MAD, and the freedom of minority groups would be undermined. Gentlemen, through your satire, this nation is a safer, saner place to live. My thanks.

Seth Bramson
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

Your article (?) 'MAD Interviews a "John Birch Society" Policeman' (#97) was the most revolting monstrosity you have ever written about any group. I found it most disgusting. The Presidential elections are over, and there is no longer any need for you pinko subversive undermining liberals to spread lies about Barry Goldwater and conservative America.

Den Standard, Jr.
Lawrence, Kansas

...should be read by every thinking American. The article on the Birch Society is one of the best I have ever come across. Its cutting sarcasm should turn each fanatical Bircher's face RED. You will certainly come under heavy fire from them for it, but those of us who have any sense at all will praise you highly.

Allen Reiter
Bronx, New York

Your attempt to inject humor into fuzzy-headed left-wing propaganda hit a new low, even for you.

Mrs. Loyd Scoby, Jr.
Nashville, Tenn.

Your article contained many unjust implications. True, the leaders of the organization often make questionable accusations, but we should not judge the organization by its leaders.

Bruce Arnold
Long Beach, Calif.

That's like saying we shouldn't judge Russia or Red China by its leaders.—Ed.

"Alas poor MAD, I knew it, Horatio." is probably what we'll all be saying when the John Birch Society reads your article.

Barry Rower
Union, N.J.

Your incrimination of the Birch Society smacks of the same infamous tactics of mass-denunciation that they employ. When you print this type of slanderous dirt, you succeed only in lowering an otherwise fine magazine to the level of the John Birchers themselves.

Don Peters
Houston, Texas

Congratulations on that brilliant satire, "MAD Interviews a John Birch Society Policeman." As long as we retain our precious freedoms of speech and press, and use them, we need never fear the weak-minds of any "wing."

Richard Prybyzyski
Setauket, N.Y.

It is extremely unfair to assume that all members of the John Birch Society are prejudiced bigots. It would be the same as assuming that, because some members of such organizations as the Congress of Racial Equality are supporters of Communism, or even outright members of the party, that all of the members of the organization are Communists as well.

Norman Wenneit
Bayside, New York

Okay, you've told everyone what dangerous "kooks" we of the "Right" are. Now let's see if you can be the great iconoclasts you pretend to be. Let's see you attack the "Left."

Stephen E. Temell
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

...the most absurd piece of garbage you have ever stooped to putting into your otherwise meaningful magazine. To think that you have actually fallen this far since "A MAD Guide To Russia" and "East Side Story."

Bob Dingus
Montclair, Calif.

Well, at least somebody remembers a few of our many anti-communist articles.—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 99, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early!

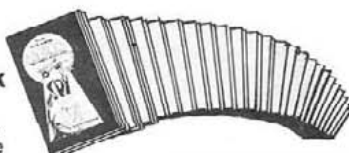
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Christmas
GRAB BAG**

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BOOKS**

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"MAD
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No. 3"**



(The Latest MAD Annual)

worth .50

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FULL-COLOR
PORTRAIT
OF
ALFRED E.
NEUMAN**



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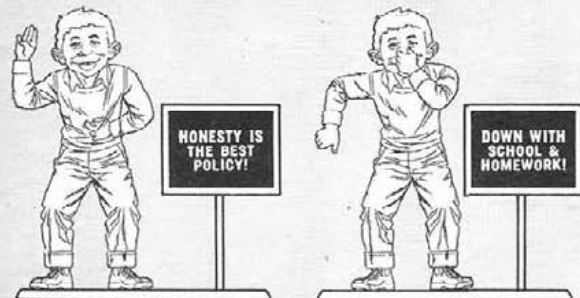
blaming: _____

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**No Orders Sent Outside The U.S.A.

FURNISHED ROOM

Yep — once again, our Publisher was idiotic enough to have furnished room for this ridiculous ad... offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What — Mc Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping fish, at 25c each (3 for 50c)... which everybody ignores anyway, and never mails money to: MAD, 850 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



**ON SALE
NOW!
AT ALL
HOBBY
AND
CHAIN
STORES**

PAID POLITICO ANNOUNCEMENTS DEPT.

Everyone who watches television knows that Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Robert Taylor are selling coffee . . . that big industrialists, sports figures and writers are "Ale Men" . . . and that Joseph Cotton is pushing a headache remedy. In other words, the *big names* are copping out

WHEN POLITICIANS

Ladies and gentlemen . . . here is former Vice-President Richard M. Nixon . . . with a word about "CLOSE SHAVING CREAM" . . .



Hi, there, Americans! You know, some things come naturally—like sacrificing principles! But other things take more time and thought . . .



And now, a message from "GUNG-HO", world's foremost makers of authentic anti-Communist Chinese foods! Here is our "GUNG-HO" spokeswoman herself—Madame Chiang Kai Shek!



Welcome to my humble home where I serve "GUNG-HO FOODS" exclusively—because all "GUNG-HO FOODS" are made from ancient recipes of the Chinese mainland . . . Formosa!



Gals, when my hubby gets home from a hard day planning an invasion, he needs lots of power-packed pick-me-up proteins! So, in addition to his traditional Mandarin Dinner of filet mignon, tossed green salad with hearts of artichokes, rissole potatoes and 1912 Napoleon Brandy, I make sure he gets the real nutrition he needs by giving him his daily supply of "GUNG-HO" Egg Rolls!



for the *big money!* And so, naturally, since no group is more experienced at selling out than Statesmen and Politicians, it's just a matter of time, MAD predicts, before the biggest big names of all will be lured into the TV advertising game . . . and we'll be seeing scenes like this on our screens—

DO TV COMMERCIALS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN



We take you now to an Emergency Meeting of "The National Security Council"! The next voice you hear will be that of The President of The United States . . .



Mah fella Americans—at tyhmes lak this . . . when Ah calls mah entire Cabinet together to face an imminent crisis which might endanger our Great Society and our Great Nayshun—



—an' tempers are reachin' fever-pitch . . . as your President, it's mah duty to keep things reasonable! An' what better way to make men feel in the mood for reasonin' together . . .



Hallo, comrades! This is your olt pal, Nikita Khrushchev! I KNOW vot bad breath can do! Mine best friends voodn't tell me—and you saw how I suddenly became socially unacceptable!



Vell, I vass invited to come to America by the makers of "TINKLE MOUTHVASH" so I could deliver this message to all bad breath bacteria: "Hey, bad breath bacteria . . . 'TINKLE' vill bury you!"



Yes, "TINKLE" takes the vorry out of beink close! And mine new job here vit "TINKLE" takes the vorry out of mine beink close to mine olt enemies in the U.S.S.R.! Dos vedanyah . . .



Hi, there, y'all! I'm George Wallace, Governor of the great State of Alabama! I'm here in the Magnolia Laundromat, where you're about to see an important, unbiased test of the new "ALL-WHITE"!



An' this fine, upstandin' beautiful example of Southern womanhood is about to he'p me with this demonstration . . .

Ma'am! I want you t' look at these two piles of sheets! One of these piles was washed in "Brand X"—a product of Elijah Muhammad, Incorporated . . .



. . . while the other pile was washed in "ALL-WHITE"—the all-white whitener for those who think white! Now which pile is the one washed in "ALL-WHITE", Ma'am?

Yuh say that one, Ma'am? Well, let's see if you picked the pile of sheets that was washed in "ALL-WHITE" . . .



... than to serve each of 'em a tall glass of "PECOS BEER"! Yup, friends, "PECOS BEER is as tall as Texas . . . and just as dry"!



Why, after jus' a few glasses of "PECOS BEER", no crisis seems quite so imminent!

She's the Yaller Rose of Tex-us . . .



But Y'ALL don't have to wait for a National Emergency in order to enjoy "PECOS BEER"! Jus' run down to your favorite store or tavern and pick up a handy six pack! Tell the man that your President sent yuh! And now, men—let us continyeh . . .



Friends—out here in Goldwater country, where a man can feel a kinship with the stars, the mesquite bushes and his ham radio, I get to do some clear, hard-nose thinking! And the best thought I can pass on to every thinking American . . . all twenty-six million of them . . . is to reach for a "MULEBURRO" . . .



Here's a typical letter selected at random from one of our satisfied smokers:

Mr. B. M. Goldwater
Muleburro Cigarette Co.
Goldwater Country, U.S.A.

Dear Barry:

I hate bleeding-hearted, United Nation-loving, left-leaning, demonstration-supporting, no-good do-gooders! And I hate Supreme Court "pinkos", left-wing former Presidents, uppity minorities and State Department wishes.

As you see, Barry, I'm not easily pleased! So if I like "Muleburro", you know they're GREAT!

Yours truly,

Saul Heller

Yes, testimonials like this are pouring in from all over, and I'm touched that my messages for "MULEBURRO" are hitting the ol' target! So be MY kind of people! Smoke MY kind of cigarette! In your lungs . . . you know they're right!



Hey! Who's this? Some Damn-Yankee Freedom Marcher? She guessed wrong! Take 'er out an lynch 'er, boys . . .



Gals, sheets take a real whippin' down our way! Beside the normal beatin' we gives 'em—demonstration-bustin' an' night-ridin', we even sleeps on 'em!



So if you're prejudiced against dirt like I am, you'll use "ALL-WHITE"! Your husbands will be proud to wear your sheets after "ALL-WHITE" has segregated the dirt from 'em! Sold in select stores for select people! A product of W.A.S.P. Enterprises!



DON MARTIN DEPT.

DON MARTIN
PROUDLY PRESENTS

THREE

HAI

STORIES

III. IN ANOTHER HOME

I. AT THE

I got my hair cut only two weeks ago,
Louis, and now look at this mess!
You'll have to cut it off again!

Yes, sir, Mr. Forebone!



BARBERSHOP

Ya'know, there's one thing I can say for this hair of yours, Mr. Fonebone—



It's the fastest growing one I've ever seen!



II. IN A HOME

Well, dear, what do you think of my new hair style?

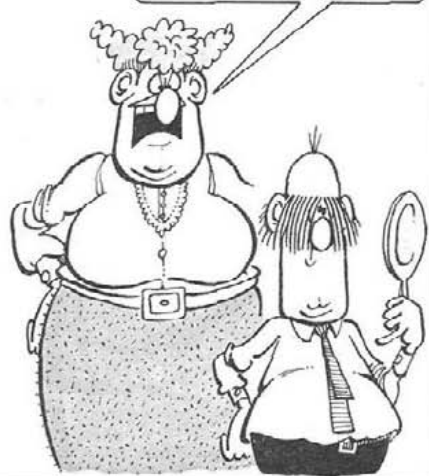
I think it's stupid!



For one thing ...



... it'll never stay in place unless you paint your head with glue!



You just can't train nose hairs!!



PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Do you worry about walking through tough, strange neighborhoods? Are you concerned that muggers may attack you? Well, let's face it . . . how many people are actually attacked by muggers these days? On the other hand, there are far more painful and insidious attacks visited upon every adult and teenager today. We're talking about the attacks

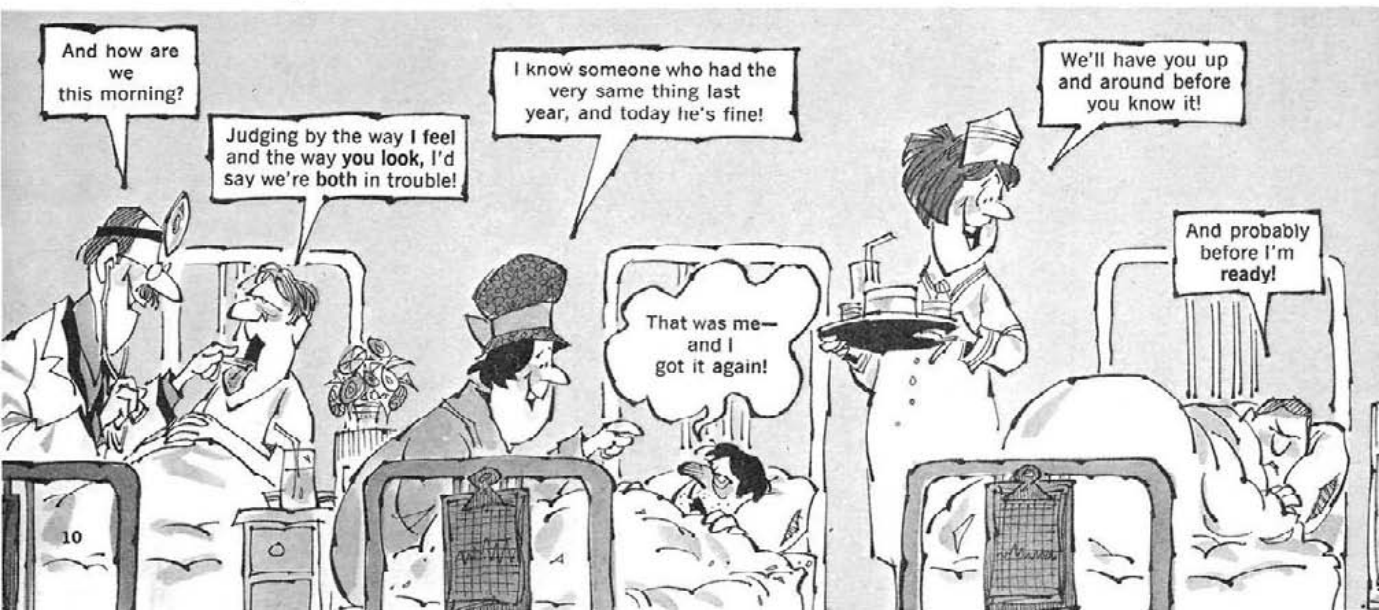
MAD'S SNAPPY ANSWERS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

At Weddings...



In Hospitals...



of The Old Clichés! Wherever people congregate, these sickening old clichés fall thick and fast. Up to now, all you could do was nod your head and say, "How true!" or something equally idiotic. But now— cliché sufferers—comes fast, fast, *fast* relief! Read on, and see how you can wage a counterattack against this menace by calling upon...

TO THOSE OLD CLICHÉS

WRITER: STAN HART



At Family Reunions...



At Funerals...





Here we go with our version of that 90-minute Commercial for Color TV Sets...

THE VIRGINIAHAM



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

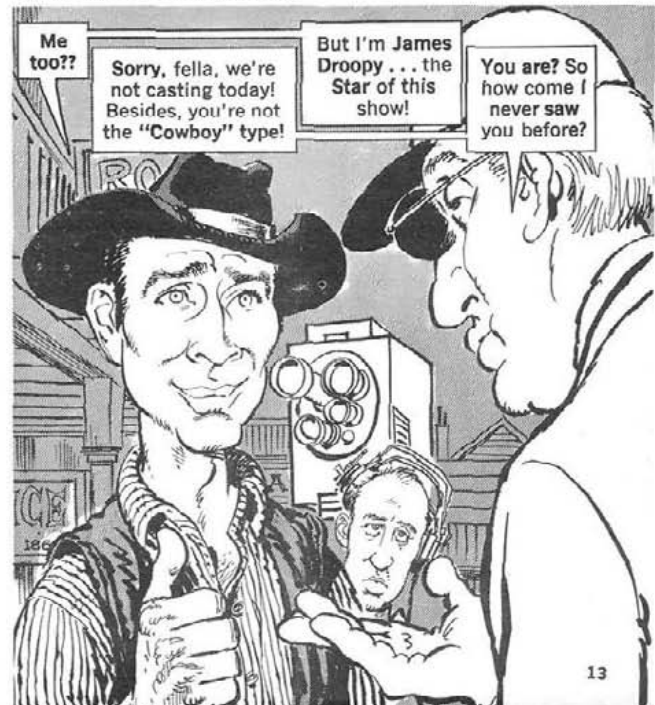
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



That's great! Now, what are we going to do for a show?

Well, we've got a captive audience of Color TV Set-owners! Let's show them scenery for an hour-and-a-half!

It'd probably be an improvement over some of the scripts we've used—but the sponsor wants live people! Scenery can't bleed! So THIS WEEK... EVERYBODY WORKS!



Me too??

Sorry, fella, we're not casting today! Besides, you're not the "Cowboy" type!

But I'm James Droopy... the Star of this show!

You are? So how come I never saw you before?

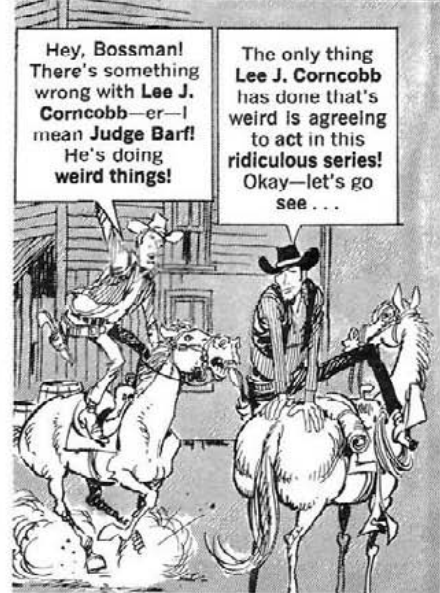


I'm always out of town on a cattle drive or something!

At least, that's what the writers say! Actually, I get saddle sores!

Well, this week, Sweetie, you're going on camera in living color with the rest of the cast—including the horses! Okay—roll 'em ...

Oh, boy! I finally get some lines to say on my own show for a change!



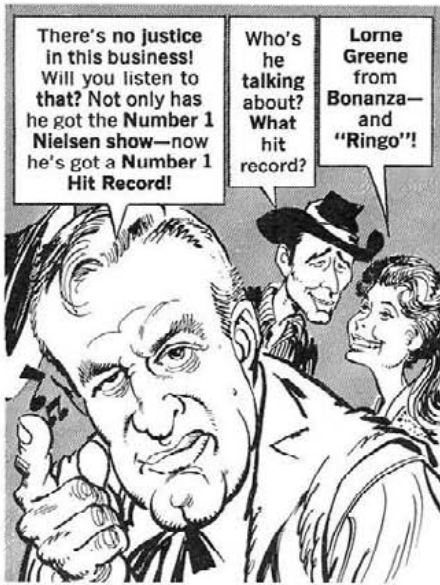
Hey, Bossman! There's something wrong with Lee J. Corncoff—er—I mean Judge Barf! He's doing weird things!

The only thing Lee J. Corncoff has done that's weird is agreeing to act in this ridiculous series! Okay—let's go see ...



Hi, Becky! What's wrong with the Judge? Why TWO gramophones? Has he gone deaf?

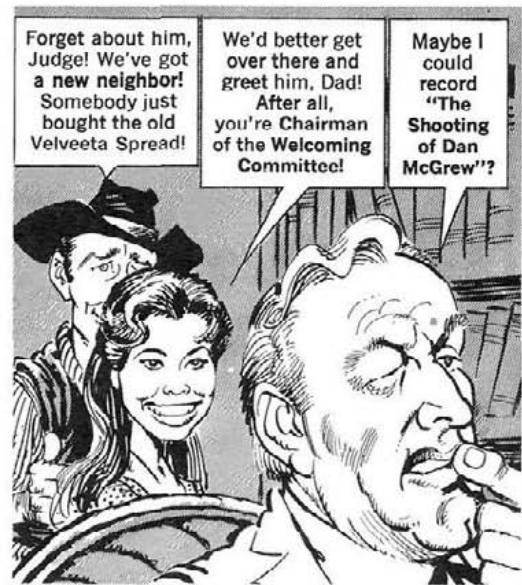
Of course not! It's some newfangled fad from back East called STEREO!



There's no justice in this business! Will you listen to that? Not only has he got the Number 1 Nielsen Show—now he's got a Number 1 Hit Record!

Who's he talking about? What hit record?

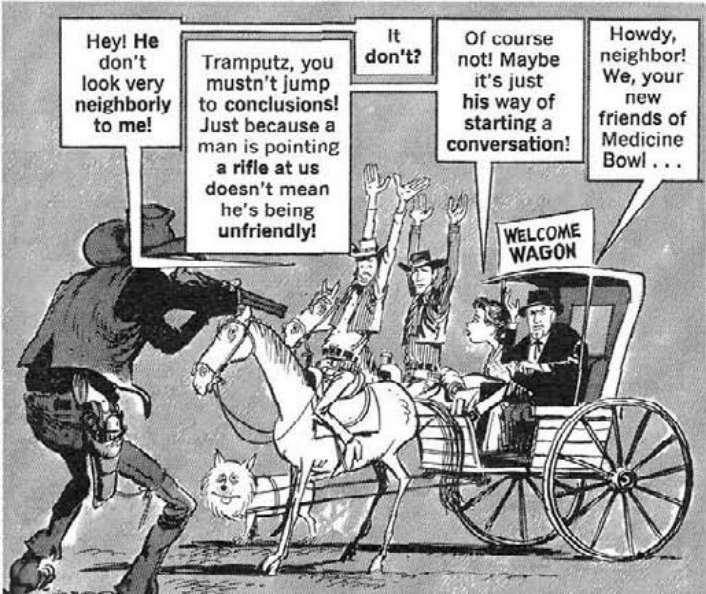
Lorne Greene from Bonanza—and "Ringo"!



Forget about him, Judge! We've got a new neighbor! Somebody just bought the old Velveeta Spread!

We'd better get over there and greet him, Dad! After all, you're Chairman of the Welcoming Committee!

Maybe I could record "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"?



Hey! He don't look very neighborly to me!

Tramputz, you mustn't jump to conclusions! Just because a man is pointing a rifle at us doesn't mean he's being unfriendly!

It don't?

Of course not! Maybe it's just his way of starting a conversation!

Howdy, neighbor! We, your new friends of Medicine Bowl ...



If you're not off my property in one minute, I'll blow your brains out!

One minute? I'm afraid my welcoming speech takes a lot longer than that! Now, where was I?

Howdy, neighbor! We, your new friends of Medicine Bowl ...

Look, Judge! He's building a fence!

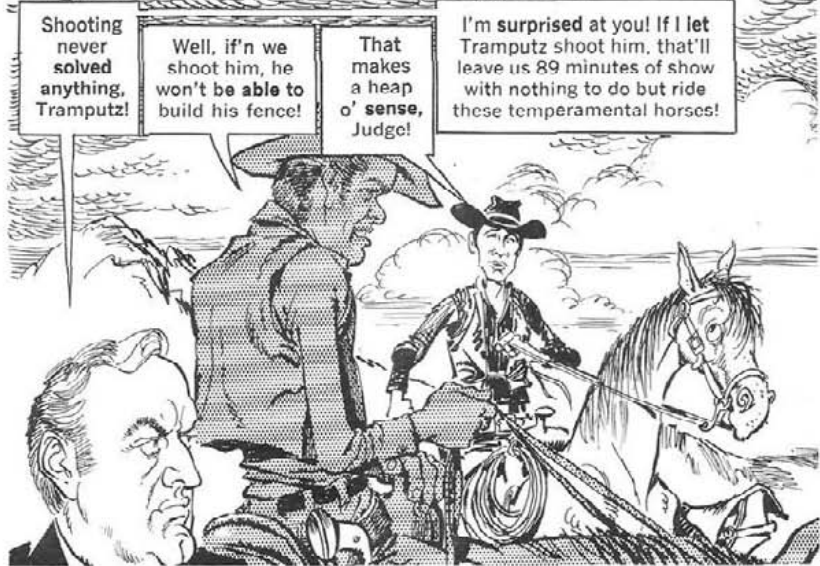


A fence!? Listen, mister! It's illegal to build a fence out here!

Yeah! Who said so?

Zane Grey . . . and every other Western Writer since!

Should I shoot him, Judge?



Shooting never solved anything, Tramputz!

Well, if'n we shoot him, he won't be able to build his fence!

That makes a heap o' sense, Judge!

I'm surprised at you! If I let Tramputz shoot him, that'll leave us 89 minutes of show with nothing to do but ride these temperamental horses!



Neighbor, why do you need a fence? My cows won't bother you!

It ain't your cows I'm worried about! It's your Cowboys! I've got a daughter to protect!

Is she purty, Mister?

Purty as a picture! She looks jus' like me!

In that case, Judge, we better let him build his fence!

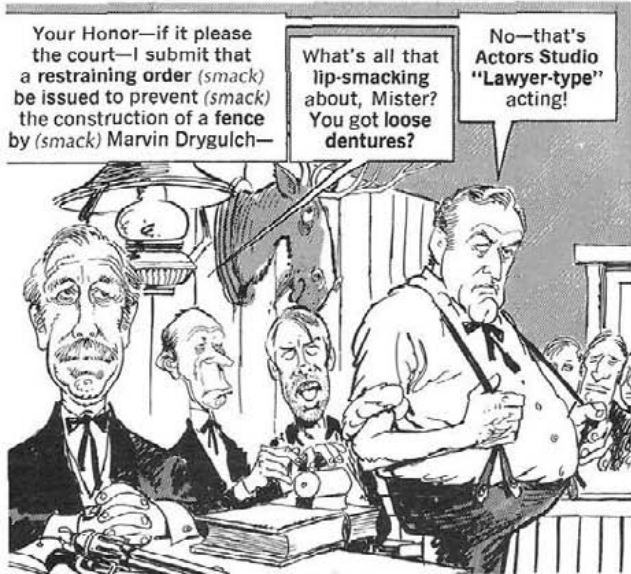


Now, you saddlebums get moving before I open fire!

There isn't going to be any shooting! We're going to handle this thing legally according to Jurisprudence!

Yup! Boy, some lines I got!

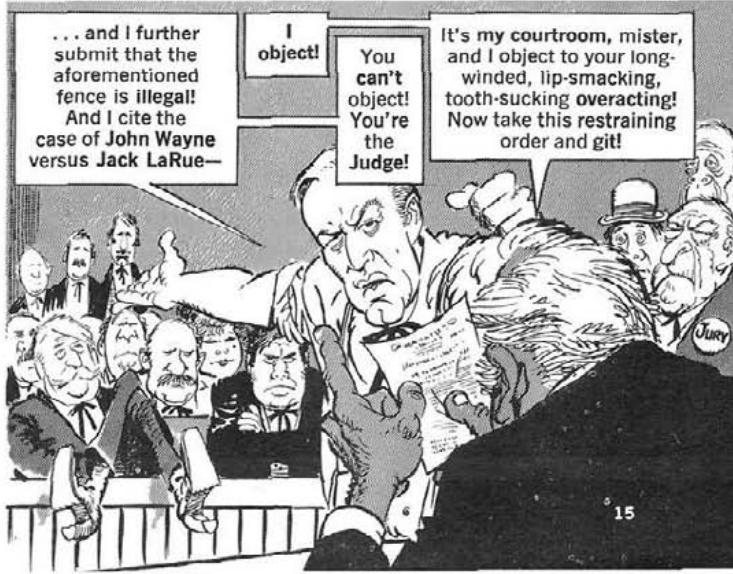
Don't knock it! Gary Cooper won an "Oscar" with lines like that!



Your Honor—if it please the court—I submit that a restraining order (*smack*) be issued to prevent (*smack*) the construction of a fence by (*smack*) Marvin Drygulch—

What's all that lip-smacking about, Mister? You got loose dentures?

No—that's Actors Studio "Lawyer-type" acting!

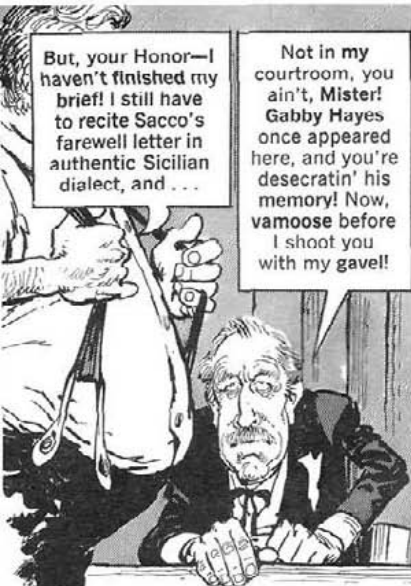


. . . and I further submit that the aforementioned fence is illegal! And I cite the case of John Wayne versus Jack LaRue—

I object!

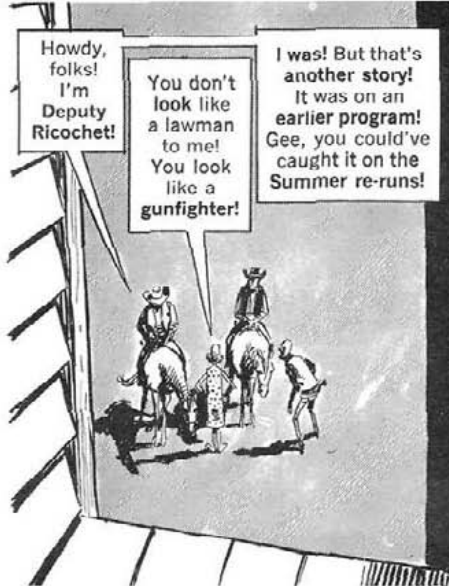
You can't object! You're the Judge!

It's my courtroom, mister, and I object to your long-winded, lip-smacking, tooth-sucking overacting! Now take this restraining order and git!



But, your Honor—I haven't finished my brief! I still have to recite Sacco's farewell letter in authentic Sicilian dialect, and ...

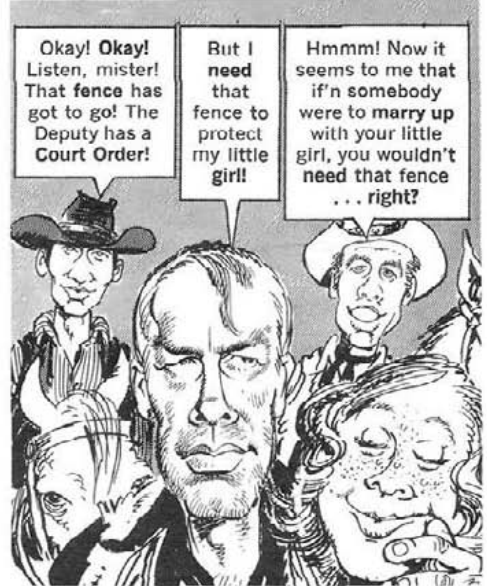
Not in my courtroom, you ain't, Mister! Gabby Hayes once appeared here, and you're desecratin' his memory! Now, vamoose before I shoot you with my gavel!



Howdy, folks! I'm Deputy Ricochet!

You don't look like a lawman to me! You look like a gunfighter!

I was! But that's another story! It was on an earlier program! Gee, you could've caught it on the Summer re-runs!



Okay! Okay! Listen, mister! That fence has got to go! The Deputy has a Court Order!

But I need that fence to protect my little girl!

Hmmm! Now it seems to me that if'n somebody were to marry up with your little girl, you wouldn't need that fence ... right?



Oh, Deputy! that sounds like a proposal! Of course I'll marry you, you shy ex-gunfighter!

Hey, you can't marry that girl, Ricochet—

Hold on! There's been a misunderstanding! I didn't mean—



Gee, Paw! They're fightin' over me!

Howdy, Judge! You're just in time for the Wedding!

Who's getting married?

Nobody, Judge! Listen, Ma'am, you know what happens to a gal who marries a Cowboy?

Don't you watch this show? She gets struck by lightning—or run over by stampeding cattle!

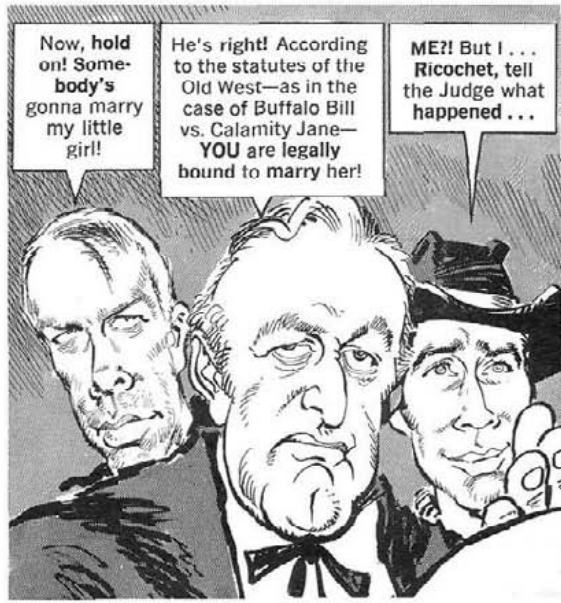


Or maybe she gets kicked by a wild horse!

Y'see, Ma'am, a TV Cowboy has to present a clean-cut unsullied, unmarried image to the public!

But if TV Cowboys never get married, where do LITTLE TV Cowboys come from?

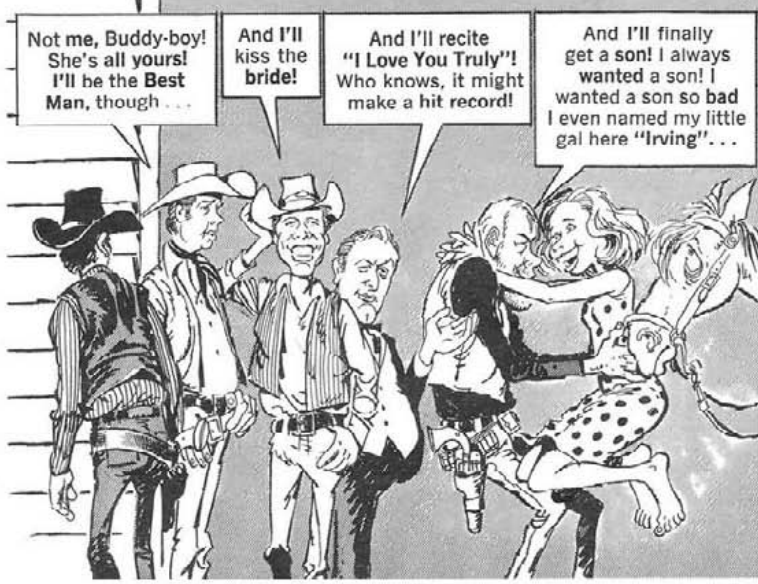
Ma'am—this may be an "Adult Western"—but it's not THAT adult!



Now, hold on! Somebody's gonna marry my little girl!

He's right! According to the statutes of the Old West—as in the case of Buffalo Bill vs. Calamity Jane—YOU are legally bound to marry her!

ME?! But I ... Ricochet, tell the Judge what happened ...

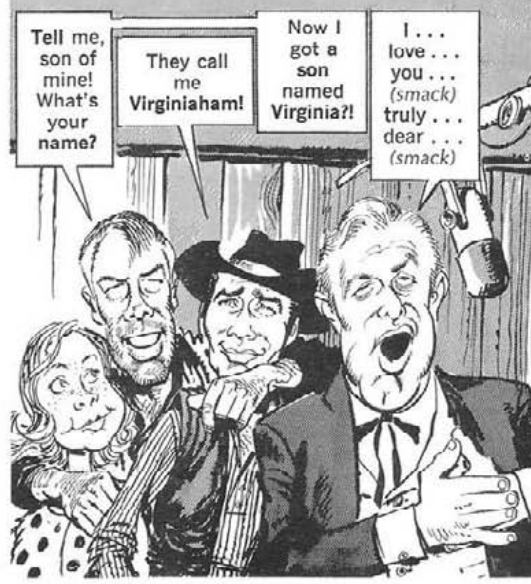


Not me, Buddy-boy! She's all yours! I'll be the Best Man, though...

And I'll kiss the bride!

And I'll recite "I Love You Truly"! Who knows, it might make a hit record!

And I'll finally get a son! I always wanted a son! I wanted a son so bad I even named my little gal here "Irving"...

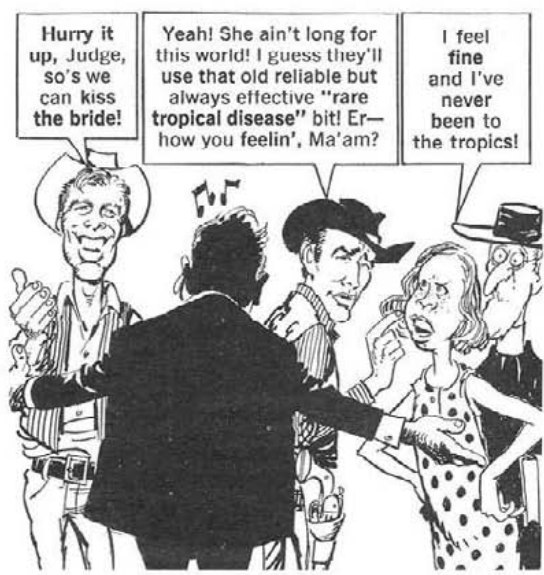


Tell me, son of mine! What's your name?

They call me Virginiaham!

Now I got a son named Virginia?!

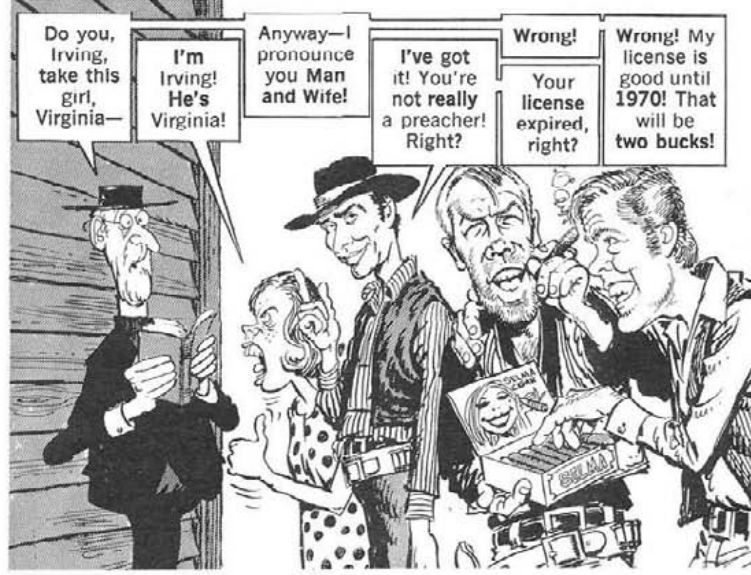
I... love... you... (smack) truly... dear... (smack)



Hurry it up, Judge, so's we can kiss the bride!

Yeah! She ain't long for this world! I guess they'll use that old reliable but always effective "rare tropical disease" bit! Er—how you feelin', Ma'am?

I feel fine and I've never been to the tropics!



Do you, Irving, take this girl, Virginia—

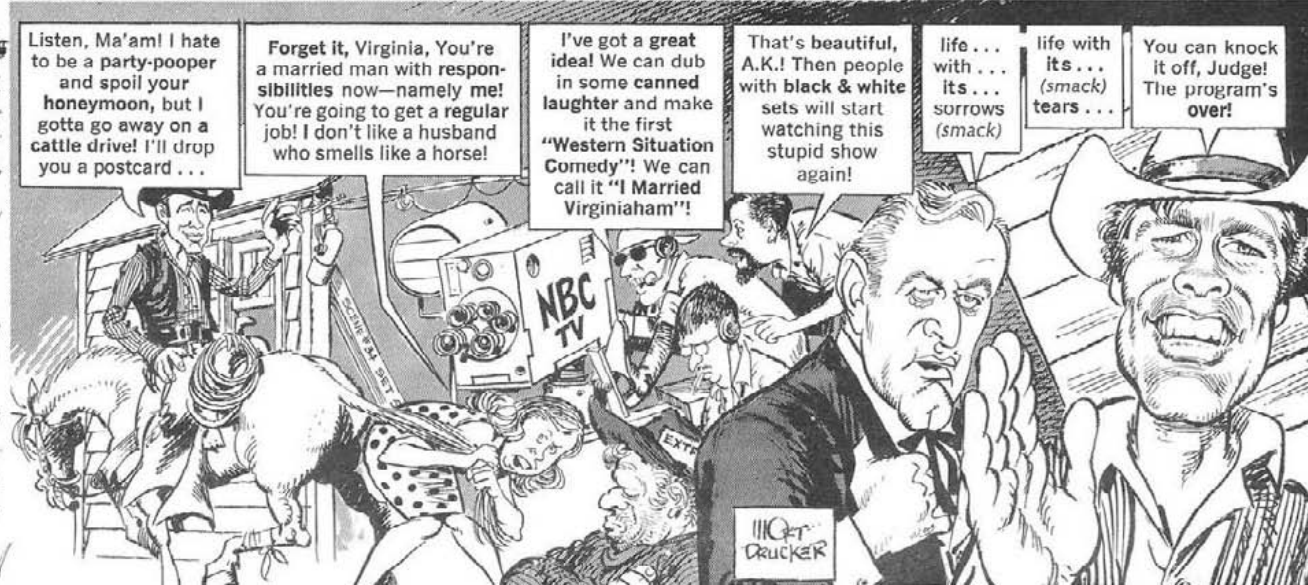
I'm Irving! He's Virginia!

Anyway—I pronounce you Man and Wife!

I've got it! You're not really a preacher! Right?

Wrong! Your license expired, right?

Wrong! My license is good until 1970! That will be two bucks!



Listen, Ma'am! I hate to be a party-pooper and spoil your honeymoon, but I gotta go away on a cattle drive! I'll drop you a postcard...

Forget it, Virginia, You're a married man with responsibilities now—namely me! You're going to get a regular job! I don't like a husband who smells like a horse!

I've got a great idea! We can dub in some canned laughter and make it the first "Western Situation Comedy"! We can call it "I Married Virginiaham"!

That's beautiful, A.K.! Then people with black & white sets will start watching this stupid show again!

life... with... its... sorrows (smack)

life with its... (smack) tears...

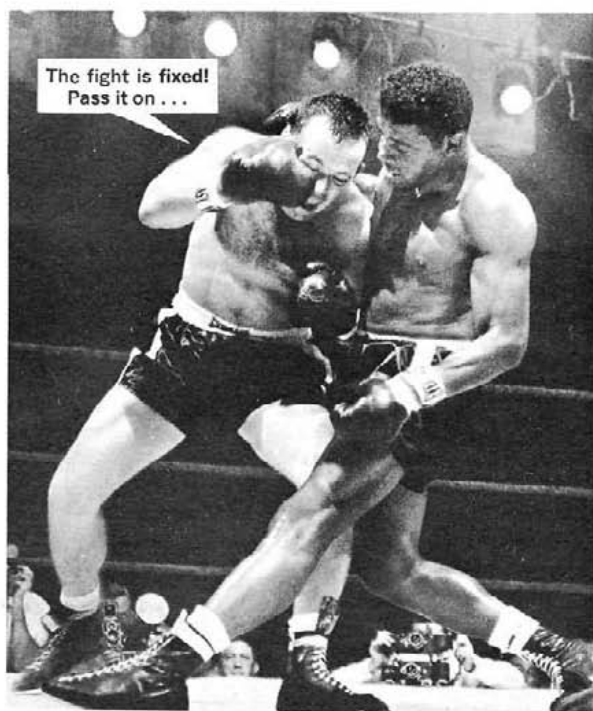
You can knock it off, Judge! The program's over!

III GET DRUCKER

PUNCH LINES DEPT.

Many people are saying that Professional Prize Fighting should be outlawed . . . that it is already finished as a Sport! Well, all we can say is: if it isn't finished up to now, it will be with . . .

BOXING



WRITER:
ARNIE
KOGEN

PHOTOS BY
WIDE WORLD
AND
U.P.I.

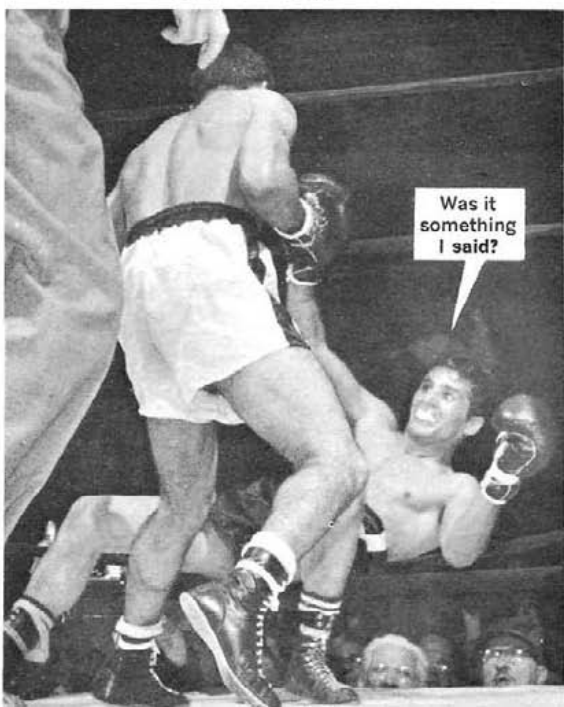
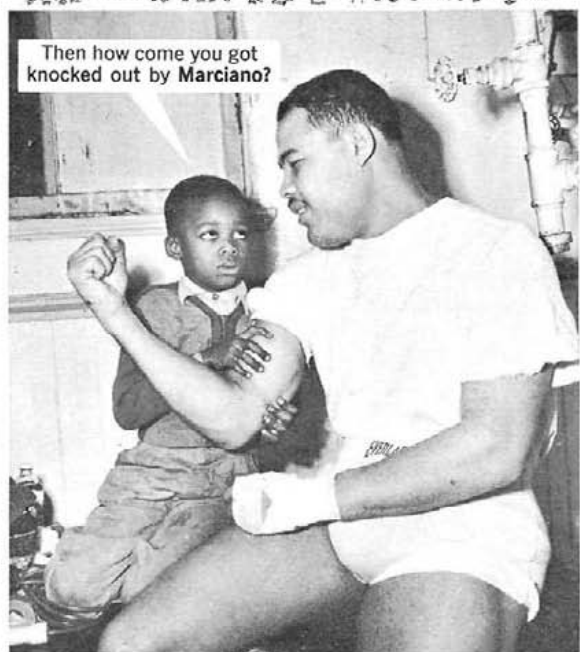
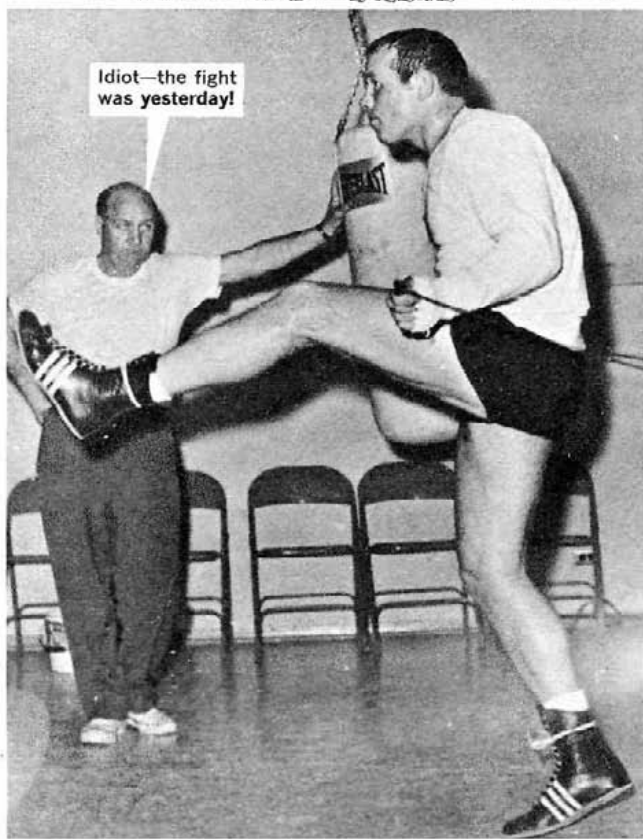
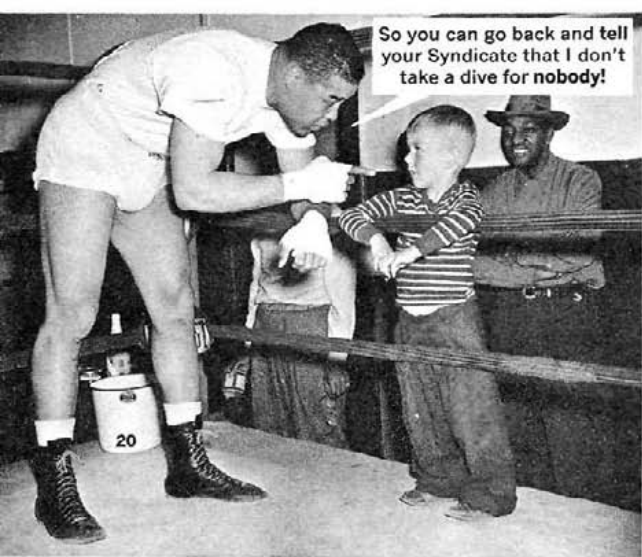
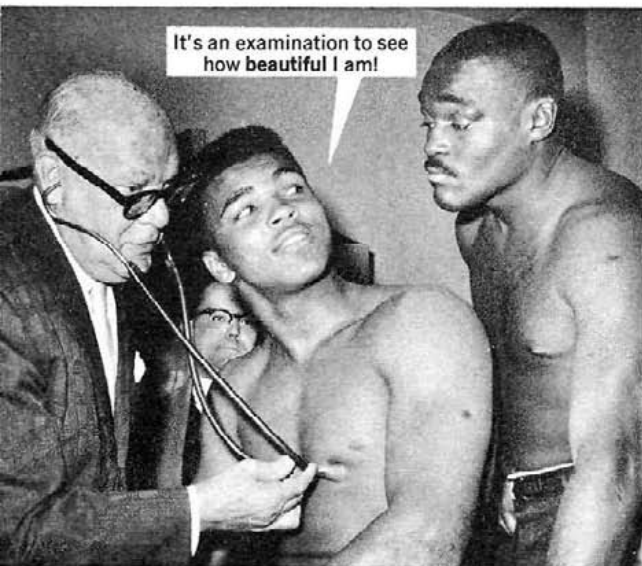
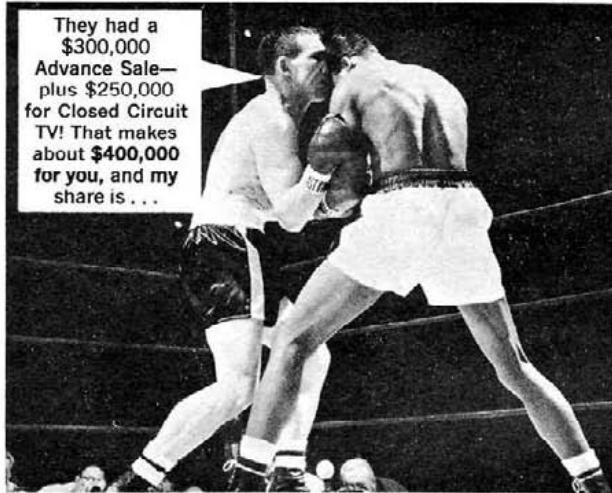


FOTO-PLAYS







There is a new retail shop that is beginning to blight our landscape—the Greeting Card Store. Inside, you can pick out all sorts of messages to send. However, you'll have to search long and hard to find the corny, sentimental cards of yesteryear. Today, the Greeting Card Industry has gone "clever". Who is the diabolical genius behind this movement? Well, let's drop in on the biggest "Card Shark" of 'em all as

MAD INTERVIEWS THE GREETING CARD MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: STAN HART



Hi, MAD fans. I'm Frank Giffurd, talking with Mr. Konrad Kupid—President of the "Kleвер Kard Company"! Tell me, Mr. Kupid, what are the distinguishing features of the modern greeting card?

Lousy art, infantile hand-lettering, and ridiculously high prices!

And this makes you angry?

No—this makes me rich! That's the kind I put out!

See that sign? In making our Klever Kards, I always keep those two things in mind!

"Good Taste" and "Sentiment"! Are those your guiding principles?

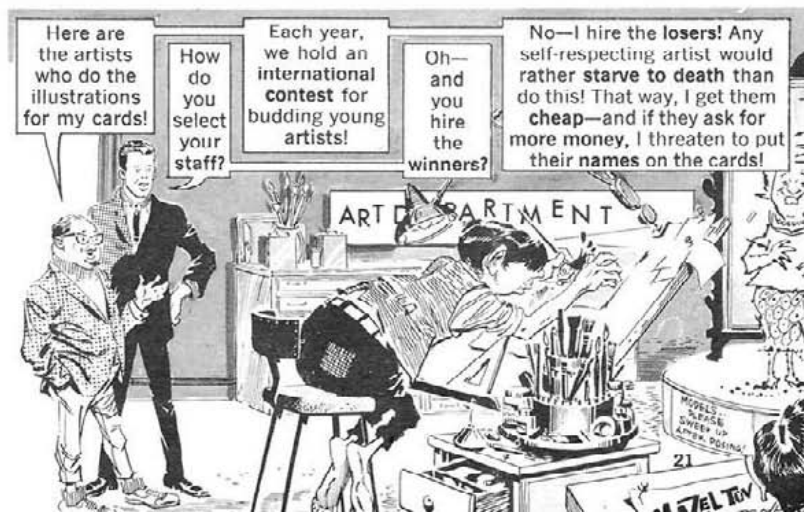
Right! I make sure that neither ever appears in any of my cards! To be successful today, you gotta give the public nastiness!

"GOOD TASTE" and "SENTIMENT"



I don't understand! Don't people send cards to express affection?

Silly boy! People send cards because they're coerced into it! Therefore, they begin to dislike the people they HAVE to send cards to! Klever Kards kill two birds with one stone! They discharge obligations and hostilities at the same time!



Here are the artists who do the illustrations for my cards!

How do you select your staff?

Each year, we hold an international contest for budding young artists!

Oh—and you hire the winners?

No—I hire the losers! Any self-respecting artist would rather starve to death than do this! That way, I get them cheap—and if they ask for more money, I threaten to put their names on the cards!

Joe Orlando

In here, we have my writers! I see we're in luck! They're just about to test a new card idea on our One-Woman Panel of Experts!



I've never been so insulted in all my life!

Oh-oh! I guess that one didn't quite make it!



Are you crazy? It passed with flying colors! Congratulations, Comstock! You did it again!

It was all right—but I must be slipping! She only broke my tooth! Last month, she fractured my jaw! Oh, well—I guess you can't win 'em all!



YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO MatERNAL iNSTINCT!



I guess mothers today don't expect something warm and loving!

Mothers today don't even deserve something warm and loving!

What other cards do you make?

Well, we've just finished printing our "Thank You" Cards—and now we're starting our "You're Welcome" Cards!

And after that?

We'll do our "Thank You For Your 'You're Welcome'" Cards! We cover all bases!



Here's a little sales aid I send to the shops to promote Christmas Cards!

And I guess the day after Christmas they all come down!

Are you kidding? That's the day they all go UP!



I see you're admiring our "Long John" Card—a \$2.50 retailer which is actually good for TWO sales!

Two sales?! How come?

Well, first we advise the buyer to "allow ten days for delivery"! Then, when it's crushed and torn by the Post Office and **RETURNED TO SENDER**, he's got the time to get himself another regular-size card! Not bad, eh?



Here is our "St. Valentine's Day Practical Joke Box-Card"! Hear it ticking . . . ?

Oh-ho! And the person who receives it thinks it's a bomb, eh? That's very funny! What happens when they open it up?

What else? It explodes!



This is an unusual card! What is it?

That's one of our "Construction Cards"! Remember—years ago when you opened a card and a charming little cottage scene would pop up? Now try this modern adaptation!



Here we have our "Wedding Congratulation Cards"! We turn out a complete line—from the slightly suggestive to the downright smutty! And next to them—we have our "Divorce Congratulation Cards"! And next to them—to show how modern we are—we have the display where they're packaged together!

WEDDING CARDS **DIVORCE CARDS** **TWO-IN-ONE PACKAGE**



Years ago, there were only traditional cards . . . birthdays, anniversaries, etc. But today, Card Manufacturing is highly specialized! We produce a card for every occasion! Got an occasion? Just try me—

Let's see . . . Oh, this is silly, but my niece got bitten by a dog last week! That's easy! What color dog?



That's amazing!

Today, people have become so compulsive about sending cards that they can't even wait for a special occasion. In fact, it's kind of an "In" thing to find a new clever card to send! So we have to keep coming up with them—like this one!

I HAD A SPARE MINUTE
...SO I THOUGHT ABOUT ALL YOUR GOOD QUALITIES!

So for a quarter, a person can feel clever! Of course, if he were really clever, he wouldn't have to spend a quarter on a card to come up with something smart!

"Graduation Cards", eh? I guess these are seasonal—only sold at Graduation time in June!

Nonsense! There are Graduation Days every day of the year—like these...

Congratulations
On Graduation From Your
CHA-CHA LESSONS!

Now... Watch Your Step!

Congratulations
On Your Graduation

From... A Chevy
to A Buick!

It looks like you cover every achievement or happy event!

We also cover every failure or unhappy event! Let's not forget the losers! They're a big market!

So You Didn't Get A Raise!

So who needs a Tax Problem!

So He Left You Standing At The Altar!

Better now than after you really get involved!

GIFT WRAPPING PAPER

Oh, is Gift Wrapping Paper a sideline with you?

Sideline!
It's the biggest money-maker we have! Take this 6-inch-in-diameter roll of wrapping paper for 35¢...

That seems like a big bargain! How can you make money on that?

Just unroll it...

Remember... I said the roll was 6 inches in diameter... not the paper! If you can't make money selling a few feet of paper for 35¢, you're in real trouble!

How do you like these "Get-Well" Cards?

I Hope Your Broken Leg Heals Fast!
But not so fast that you can't build a Big Case against the Insurance Company!

Heard About Your Incurable Illness!

Well at least now you won't have to Run from Doctor to Doctor any more!

Yes—very nice! Well, you certainly showed us that the Card Business is BIG Business!

The way I look at it, Frank, we're rapidly eliminating the need for anyone to write a letter! Every conceivable human situation will soon be covered by Greeting Cards!

I'd like to thank you, Mr. Kupid—it's been a most interesting interview...

Er—uh—What's that?

Aisle 5, Row 7, Rack 3!

That's where you'll find our "I'd Like To Thank You For A Most Interesting Interview" Cards! Just give the lady a quarter, sign it and send it!

SWEET TORQUE DEPT.

Hooray for the 20th century. Automation has made Man obsolete. What service can a human being perform that can't be done better today by a machine (and don't get smutty, buster!)? But despite the cool efficiency of modern automated machines, there seems to be something missing—mainly, the

LET'S *HUMANIZE* THOSE

HUMANIZING THE CANDY MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE COLORFUL CANDY STORE OWNER

Don't lean against the glass! Who's supposed to wipe off your greasy fingerprints? How much money have you got? Show me! Okay, hurry up, make your selection, and get out! I haven't got all day! Come in here with a lousy dime and think you own the place. And don't think I'm not wise to your tricks! If you want something to steal, steal it from someplace else . . . like the cigarette machine!



THE AIRPORT INSURANCE MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE MAUDLIN INSURANCE AGENT

Congratulations! Obviously, you are a person who takes his responsibilities to his family seriously. If, God forbid, something should happen to you, your loved ones are now protected. And if, God forbid, something should happen to you, your children's college tuition will be provided. We must look upon insurance as a positive thing. No one knows what the future has in store. If, God forbid, something happened to you without insurance, how could you, God forbid, go someplace, God forbid, knowing that you had, God forbid, failed those who depend upon you?



HUMANIZING THE AUTOMATIC PILOT THAT REPLACES THE LIVE PILOT

Listen, baby, flying this bird is a piece of cake. When I was in the "Big Show"—that's what we fly- guys called World War II—I flew B-29's held together with chicken wire and spit. That was flying—with Jerries throwing up ack-ack and Messerschmidts coming in at 6 o'clock. But flying an airliner like this is kids' stuff. Even you could do it. Wanna try? Just sit down and put your cheek against the speaker. Comfy? Now, just keep the plane between those lights on either wingtip . . . and not one of the 198 passengers will ever suspect that a stewardess is flying this crate! Say, when we get to Paris, what hotel are you stopping at? Mine is real cozy and quiet. You'd love it!

This is better than a live pilot! A smoother line . . . and no hands!!



warmth and personality of the individual who once performed these services. When we step into an automatic self-service elevator, somehow we miss the dull conversation of the chatty elevator man who once ran it. Why not bring all that back? For instance, let's install tape recorders, and . . .



THE AUTOMATED MACHINES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: STAN HART

THE HOT SOUP MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE OVERPROTECTIVE MOTHER

That's a good boy! You need something hot in your stomach on a cold day like this! Don't gobble your food! Drink it slowly, or you'll get cramps. And don't forget to drink every last drop. I hope you dressed warm! There's a lot of flu going around. I know you don't like me to nag, but I worry about the way you neglect your health. And before you leave, I want you to go over to the other machine and take a piece of fruit!

I'm through!
Let's go!

Okay, but first I
have to kiss the
machine goodbye!



THE HOME HAIR DRYER THAT HAS REPLACED THE GOSSIPY BEAUTICIAN

Honey, you're going to look like a dream when you're done! Your husband won't be able to keep his eyes, much less his hands off you. And let me tell you, that's important in this day and age—what with all the scandals and divorces! We girls have to fight to hold our men—know what I mean? Just the other day, a customer, I won't mention her name—told me she caught her husband with another woman. I was shocked. I would never believe the Principal of our local high school—I won't mention his name—would do a thing like that! Oh, when you're in this line, you hear all kinds of stories. I tell you, I could write a book . . .

Well, let me tell you
about my husband . . .



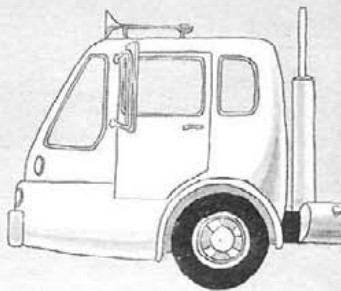
THE SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR THAT HAS REPLACED THE CHATTY ELEVATOR MAN

Hot enough for you? It's not bad in here with the air conditioning, huh? But between you and me, I could live without air conditioning. It gives me colds. Hey, how about those Dodgers? Can you imagine paying Sandy Koufax a measly \$40,000 a year? Say, how old do you think I am? Take a guess! 35, 40, 50? Go ahead, guess! Well, I'm 53 years old. I swear it. You wouldn't think so, would you? Well, here's something else you won't believe. I never went to college! Not even high school! I swear—

Oops! I slept right
past my floor!



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



The closets are nice and big! And we could put the Stereo over here!

And the Color TV over here, with the piano by that big picture window!

Our bed would look beautiful against that wall, with the chest over here!

And the taxes are low! And there's a bus stop at the corner!

The kitchen is darling! Let me measure—yes, the dining room set could go right here!

And this room would be perfect for my den!

Well, I see you folks like the house! Would you care to sign the binder and leave us the deposit?

No, thanks . . . We're just looking!



Look, the children are married and away! What do we need this big empty house for? Let's sell it and move into a small apartment!

Over my dead body you'll sell this house! Not after all I put into it!

We've finally paid off the mortgage and the house is free and clear! No! NO! NO! WE WILL NOT SELL THIS HOUSE!

Calm yourself and answer the phone!

Hello, Mother? John and I were just talking! You've got that big empty house, so we thought it would be far more practical if we moved in with you! John loves your cooking, and we'd have a free Baby-Sitter, and—

SELL THE HOUSE!



I hear this joker who moved into the Harris house is an ignorant lout who hit it lucky! He just isn't one of our kind, so you know what we can expect!

Sure! The slob will neglect his investment! His house will become an eye-sore, ruining the neighborhood—and our property values will go down!

I vote that we pay him a visit and lay it on the line to him—face to face!

We'll put him in his place!

We'll make him toe the line!

Sir . . . we represent The Mockingbird Lane Home-Owners Association, and—

Hey, you're just the guys I wanna see!



MOVING

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Hey! Wait! That doesn't go! That's my garbage!



Now that you've become a Department Head, I think we should move into a new apartment! Something more suitable to your position!



Unfortunately all I got was the title with very little increase in salary!



But dear! It's a matter of status! I'm ashamed to tell people how little rent we pay for this dump!

This may interest you! I just got our new lease in the mail! The landlord has raised our rent 15 percent!



Oh, goody! Now, we don't have to move!



We're moving to a smaller place, so I've got to get rid of some of our furniture! We've been giving stuff away to the good friends we've made while living here!



Ruthy, darling—we've saved this lovely lamp just for you!



Oh, thank you! I know the very place I can put it!



Look, I sunk a lot of dough into this house, an' I don't wanna see the neighborhood run down because you guys are a bunch of lazy, cheap slobs. Take a look at them houses of yours! Then, get the lead out of your pants, and get to work!



SLAM!



I guess my house can use a new paint job!

Maybe my front lawn has gotten a little weedy!

That fence of mine really does need replacing!





What the heck is going on here? We've got all this packing to do and you're sitting around!

I found this old photo album while I was cleaning out the bookcase, and I'm fascinated with it! Look, here's me when I had hair!

Lemme see! Hey, look at me when I was thin!

What the heck is going on here? We've got all this packing to do and you two are just sitting around!

Hey, lemme see! That's me when I was a baby!

WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON HERE? WE'VE GOT ALL THIS PACKING TO DO AND YOU TWO ARE JUST SITTING AROUND!!



We moved into this area because my husband switched jobs! And I just love it here!

The house is very comfortable! It's beautifully situated near schools and shopping! The taxes are low and the neighbors are nice! All in all, it's the best place we've ever lived!

Here comes my husband! It was his first day at the new plant, so I've been working like a dog to get everything cleaned and put away before he got home! Now, at last we're settled!

I HATE THE JOB!



We're Kevin and Dorothy Shorten! We live next door and we're here to welcome you to your new neighborhood! We realize what a hectic time you're going through, so we'll only stay a minute!

Come in! Only you must forgive the mess!

Mess? If you hadn't said anything we wouldn't have even noticed!

You know how it is! The movers just left and we haven't had time to make order out of this chaos!

Of course we understand! We went through the same thing ourselves! It takes a couple of weeks to get settled down!

Thank you for coming, and for being so understanding!

How do you like that! They didn't even offer us a cup of coffee!!



Okay! The van just left! We'll meet them at the new place!

Hooray for Daddy for buying us a new house!

I'm so glad you decided to get out of that darn ol' dump! I don't even want to take a last look!

Me neither!

The rotten old roof leaked, and the basement flooded regularly, and we didn't have enough closet space, and there weren't enough bedrooms for the children—

Yeah, an' I was always tripping on the door jambs!

Yeah, an' I was always bumping my head in that low-slung attic!

Although—we did have fun-parties in that old house... with all our fun-neighbors! Like the one last New Year's Eve!

You the new kid?

Yeah!

Wanna fight?

Yeah!



Hey, Ma! I made friends already!



OH, MY GOODNESS! IT'S RITA AND AL!

What's it been—two, three years since you moved away? My, how the children have grown! You look great! It's so good to see you again!

Sniff... Don't BE SUCH STRANGERS... sniff! COME SEE US AGAIN... sniff... SOON!

What are you blubbering about? You couldn't stand them when they lived next door!

True! But there's something so sentimental about seeing old, gossipy, back-biting, vicious, trouble-making neighbors again! Sob!



Oh, so that's where it is! Look what I just found while I was packing! I've been looking high and low for this thing for the past two years!

Remember how I was rummaging through the closets and the drawers and the garbage for it?

And all the time it was right here under my nose!

Okay, so now that you've found it, what are you going to do with it?

Throw it out! We won't need it in the new house!



And—the children were born in that old house! They learned to walk on those old creaky floors!

An' my sweet lil' hamster is still loose somewhere in the basement!

And the kitchen wall still has the marks of the children's—sniff—growth record!

Sob! It's the only home I ever knew! My roots are there—an' they're being torn up! That ol' house meant Security to me! Sob!

I want my darling little old house back!

WAAA! I don't want to move!

You mean old Daddy!



DEVID BERS

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH OUR FICTIONALIZED VERSION OF THINGS WE'D PROBABLY FIND IF WE WERE TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS OF

IDENTIFICATION CARD

NAME: Soupy Sales

ADDRESS: WXYZ-TV Detroit

KABC-TV Los Angeles, WNEW-TV New York

OCCUPATION: "Hip" Kiddie Show M.C., Pie-thrower, "Mouse"-Dancer and Nut

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:

White Fang, Black Tooth, Pookie, Hippy, Philo Kretch
 (or if they don't answer - Norman Mailer, William F. Buckley,
Cleveland Amory, Walter Lippman and Steve Reeves
 -- they all watch my Kiddie Show!)

TELEPHONE: certainly--you can even write!



MY FAVORITE WEDDING PICTURE

TAPPS BUBBLE GUM

ON THE WATERFRONT
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Sales:-

Although we feel that we have as much of a sense of humor as the next guy, and we like the idea of putting out a set of your pictures on cards, we are afraid that we cannot agree to your terms. We are in the "Bubble Gum" business, Mr. Sales, and we usually offer these cards in a package with a slab of bubble gum. It would be out of the question entirely to do as you have insisted and wrap your cards along with a "small whipped cream pie"!

Very truly yours,

Stan Heartburn

Stanley Heartburn,
 Creative Director.

METROMEDIA, INC.

WNEW-TV CHANNEL 5 NEW YORK CITY

Dear Soupy:-

In reference to your recent suggestion, I am afraid that we cannot take the "Soupy Sales Show" tape-rejects and censored clips over the past year--package them as "The Soupy Sales Stag Show"--and sell it to colleges. I agree with you that we could get a "top price" for it, but I don't think the F.C.C. would approve.

Sincerely,

Darrow Clearance
 Darrow Clearance,
 Legal Department

Mr. Soupy Sales
 WNEW-TV,
 New York City

Dear Mr. Sales:-

I would like to appear as a guest on your TV Show.

I understand that a great deal of publicity is usually given to the person hit with a "pie in the face". Of course, I'd be doing it for the fun of it --but if newspaper photographers happened to be there, you would have my permission to take any photos you wanted.

I did have the opportunity to appear on your show when I lived in California a few years back, and perhaps it would have been better if I had visited your show at that time, as things might have turned out a little different.

Anyway, I'd appreciate an appointment at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,

Richard M. Nixon
 Richard M. Nixon

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM
 Franklinton, North Carolina
 Draft Board No. 18

NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION

NAME: Milton Soupy Sales Hines
 DATE: 1/7/51

CLASSIFICATION: 4F

Reason: Registrant indulged in utterly ridiculous dance--waving hands, shaking back and forth, and sticking out his teeth--while being interviewed by Medical (Psychologist) Examiner.

A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

THE SOUPY SALES SHOW

PROGRAM AIR TIME: 7/12/65

RUN-DOWN APPROVAL SHEET

SEGMENT:	SUBJECT OR "BIT"	PRODUCER'S COMMENTS:
1.	Opening Joke Monologue	<i>In poor taste!</i>
2.	"Philo Kvetch (James Bond)" Bit	<i>Over the kids' heads!</i>
3.	Guy At The Door Bit	<i>Ridiculous!</i>
4.	Radio Station-Switching Bit	<i>Libelous!</i>
5.	Educational Film "The U.N."	<i>Intelligent, bright and informative.</i>
6.	New Dance Shtick	<i>Obscene!</i>
7.	Words Of Wisdom	<i>Stupid!</i>
8.	Knock-Knock Jokes	<i>Frite and corny!</i>
9.	Pie-in-the-face Wind-up	<i>Overdone!</i>

CHANGES TO BE MADE:
*Okay Gang! Everything goes as is except Segment #5!
 It's not up to our usual standards! - Soupy*

WNEW-TV CHANNEL 5 NEW YORK

INTER-OFFICE MEMO

FROM: Prop Department

TO: Soupy Sales Show

Soupy baby--We've gone along with you on all your other "pie" requests, but this last one is too much! We've supplied you with lemon meringue, custard, pineapple cheese, apple and pumpkin--but just where in heck do you expect us to find you a "Four-And-Twenty Blackbird Pie"??

Manny X

DEPARTMENT OF STATE FEDERAL BUILDING New York City, N. Y.

Mr. Soupy Sales,
 WNEW-TV, New York City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Sales:-

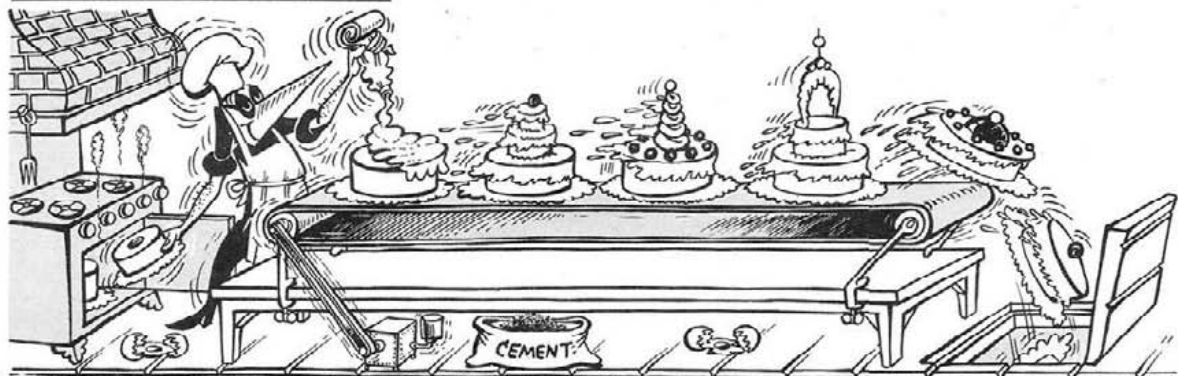
We are returning these pictures you sent us. We are sorry to inform you that none of them is acceptable as a Passport Photo.

Sincerely yours,

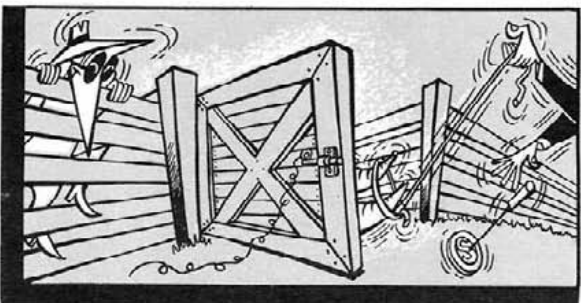
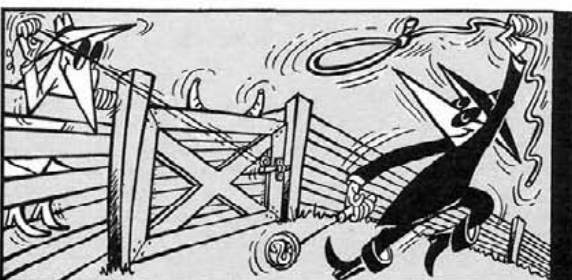
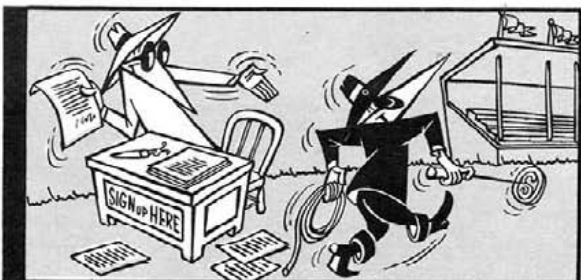
Gordon Colony

Gordon Colony, Passport Division



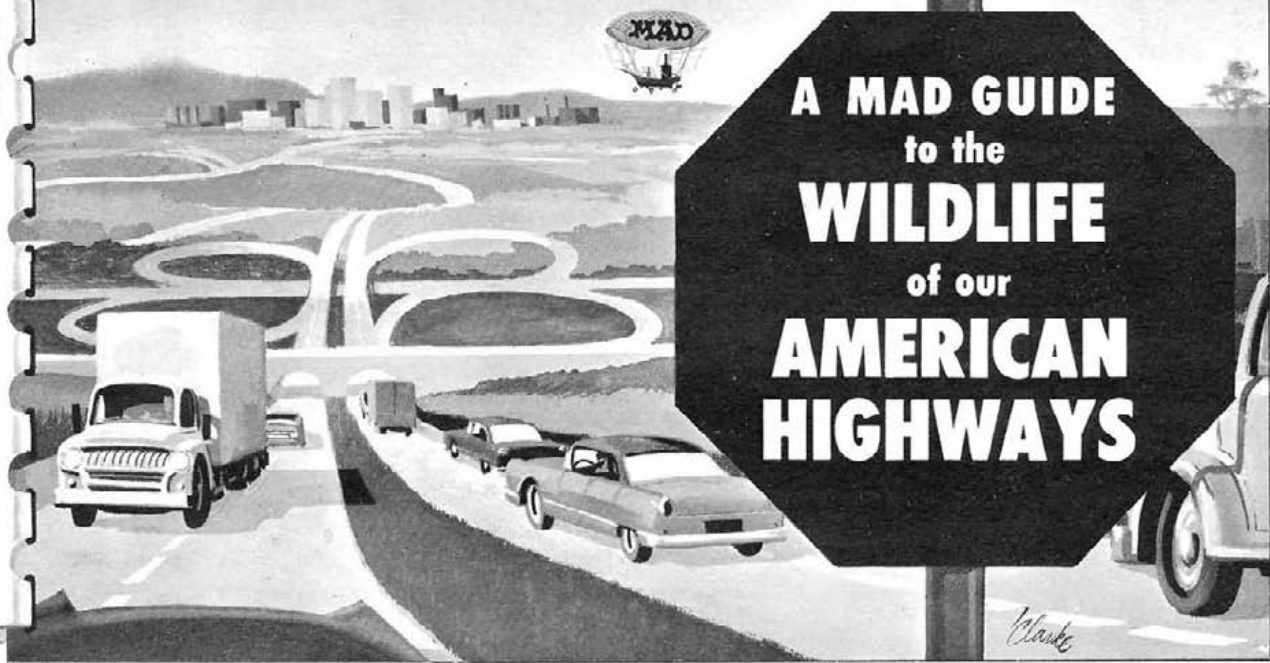


SPY VS SPY



ASPHALT JUNGLE-ANIMALS DEPT.

When people want to look at strange creatures, they usually go to the animal cages at the zoo. Actually, this is ridiculous. Why go to a zoo when there are millions of strange creatures running wild around us. For instance, there are the many species of wildlife that roam our nation's highways. It might be much safer for mankind to cage them instead of the animals. But, till we do, here is



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE GREAT SMOKY MAMMOTH

(*motorus tremendus*)

Habitat: Well-Traveled Highways



This huge slow creature spends his entire life wandering from place to place. He is a born leader, which explains why great numbers of smaller species can be seen as they're

LOOK FOR:



MATING CALL:

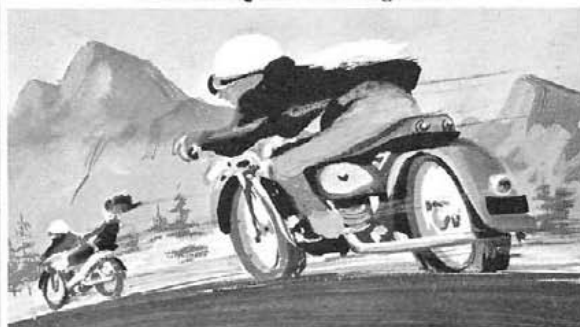
"Brrm-brrm-brrm-pfsssh!"

following him faithfully up steep hills and grades. However, they quickly tire of him, which means that a Mammoth must seek out the company of other Mammoths. This is done at garishly-lit feeding areas known as "Truck Stops". Despite his size, a Smoky Mammoth is a gentle beast and will never charge, except going downhill. At such times, he can work up great speed and become uncontrollable, crushing any object in his path.

THE NOISY UPSTART

(*Blastus Obnoxious*)

Habitat: Quiet Thoroughfares



There must be a reason for the Upstart's existence, but thus far, no one seems to have discovered it. He is most frequently observed on Saturdays and Sundays with other members of his species, charging wildly through the countryside. These creatures rarely stop, but even when they do, they continue to emit loud, ear-splitting cries. When two Upstarts meet, they may want to prove their courage by racing toward each other at high speed. Occasionally they collide, which is the signal for a great celebration among the Upstart's enemies, namely all the other species of our highway wildlife.

LOOK FOR:



MATING CALL:

"Wrap-cough-vhap-ap-ap!"

THE DULL-EYED PLODDER

(*commuterus interminus*)

Habitat: Clogged Thruways



From his outlying nest, this creature performs a weird ritual, migrating once a day to his urban nest... then

returning promptly eight hours later. It is rumored that the Dull-Eyed Plodder is capable of great speed but this is unproven as he has never been observed to move more than twelve miles per hour. The main reason for this is that this creature dislikes traveling all alone, preferring instead to join long lines of other Plodders who can be seen creeping faithfully along each week-day morning and evening.

LOOK FOR:



MATING CALL:

"Honk-honk-honk-honk!"

THE INFERNAL TAILGATER

(*perpetualis behindus*)

Habitat: Directly In Back Of You



No matter how desolate the area, you can always be sure of encountering this remarkable creature on the road.

The Infernal Tailgater is a born follower, and will patiently hug your tail whether your speed be 10 or 100 miles per hour. Oddly enough, the Tailgater is neither hostile nor friendly. He is just insecure. If you try to lose him, by stopping on the side of the road, you will fail—because the Tailgater will also stop on the side of the road, wait patiently for you to start moving again, and pull out right behind you.

LOOK FOR:



MATING CALL:

"Mmmmmmm-bump!"

THE OLD HEAP

(*jalopus endurus*)

Habitat: Emergency Parking Area



The Old Heap is an unhappy creature who feels that the world is passing him by. Actually, everything is passing him by—including horses, dogs and hitchhikers. Once, he was a thriving species and was admired by millions. 20

years ago, in fact, great herds were seen throughout the nation. Today, he is a vanishing species on the verge of extinction. Only a few still run wild. Most Old Heaps are spending their last days protected within preserves known as junkyards. Many Highway Wildlife lovers argue that this creature can never be replaced. They may be right, for as any mechanic will tell you, there're no replacements for an Old Heap.

LOOK FOR:



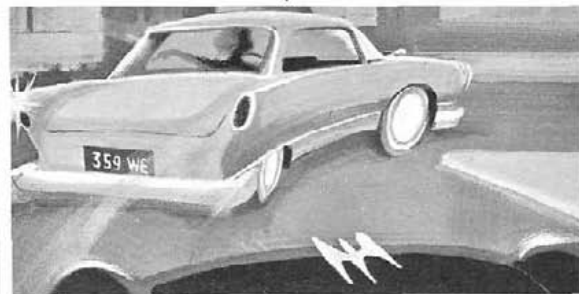
MATING CALL:

"Chug-chug-tough-hiss-boom!"

THE SUDDEN TURN

(*signalus oblivious*)

Habitat: Directly In Front Of You



Of all the examples of Wildlife found on the American Highway, the Sudden Turn is the deadliest of creatures, especially the female of the species (although many of the males are equally as dangerous). She can be found traveling at a remarkably slow pace in the left lane of almost any crowded highway or street. Then, suddenly, for no apparent reason, she will decide to turn right. Unfortunately, because of her unusually small brain, she lacks the ability to alert the species in back of her, who must stop quickly in order to avoid her. Most often, they cannot—which results in the phenomenon of nature known as "The Pile-Up".

LOOK FOR:



MATING CALL:

"Scree-o-o-o-oh!"

THE LIGHT-HEADED VEERER

(*alcoholus perilus*)

Habitat: Oncoming Lanes



This species is best observed on holiday week-ends in the early morning hours. It is then that he departs his favorite watering place so that he can carry out his weird sacrificial rite of destroying himself on the highway. Because he is a convivial creature, he is often attracted to other, more sober species, usually at great speeds and head-on. Unfortunately, there is no chance of the Light-Headed Veerer becoming extinct. Although thousands perish each year, they are immediately replaced by new, younger members of the species.

LOOK FOR:



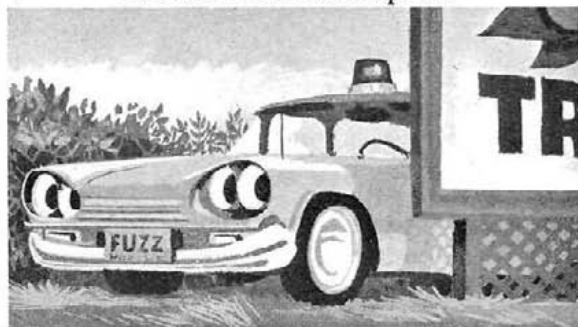
MATING CALL:

"Cra-a-a-(hic)-a-sh!"

THE KEEN-EYED FUZZ

(*unrelentus shamus*)

Habitat: Where Least Expected



The Keen-Eyed Fuzz is the most despised of our highway species. From his lair behind billboards or shrubs, he lies in wait for his prey. When a victim passes, the Fuzz darts swiftly out, following for miles before going in for the kill. A Fuzz is a crafty creature, often disguising himself like his prey so that he won't be recognized. When seized, most Fuzz victims invariably try to reason with him, but this is always useless. Unless, of course, the victim is wise enough to satisfy a Fuzz's appetite for ten-dollar bills.

LOOK FOR:



MATING CALL:

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

THE DOUBLE-TAILED FLASH

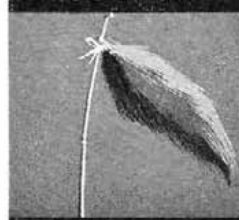
(*dementus acceleratus*)

Habitat: Blind Curves and Hills



This species is hardly ever observed standing still. He has one ambition in life, which is to pass every other creature that he encounters. He usually does this with great ease... unless, of course, he encounters another Double-Tailed Flash coming the other way with the same object in mind. In such a case, the two creatures will cooperate, with one passing on the left, and the other passing on the right—and the two meeting soon after with great abandon in the middle of the road. This action invariably attracts another species—the White-Coated Coverer (*ambulances morticianus*) who then delivers them to their final destination.

LOOK FOR:



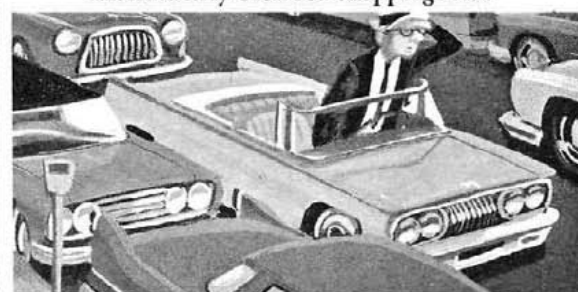
MATING CALL:

"Zoo-o-o-o-mmm!"

THE FRUSTRATED PARKER

(*circulus interminus*)

Habitat: Any Crowded Shopping Area



The Frustrated Parker is a common species, abounding in large cities. He can be observed circling other roosted members of his species, trying to find a place of his own to settle down in. Sometimes he is lucky and spies a place recently vacated, swooping in eagerly. But most times, he can spend hours and even days hovering and circling and never finding a spot to rest. And when this occurs, a Frustrated Parker will usually do something stupid, like dropping into an area where roosting is forbidden. Then, the Keen-Eyed Fuzz will move in and tag him for later identification before another species, a Black-Robed Magistrate (*judgus finum*).

LOOK FOR:

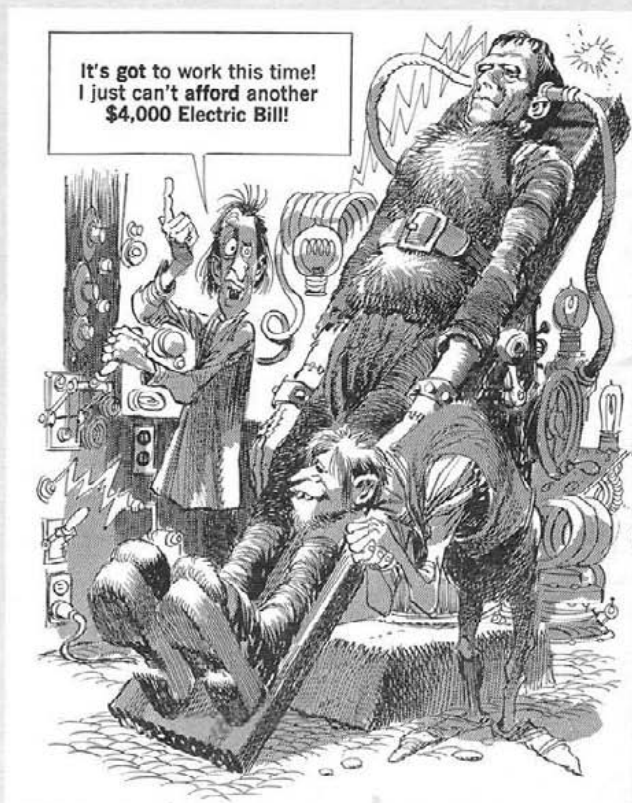


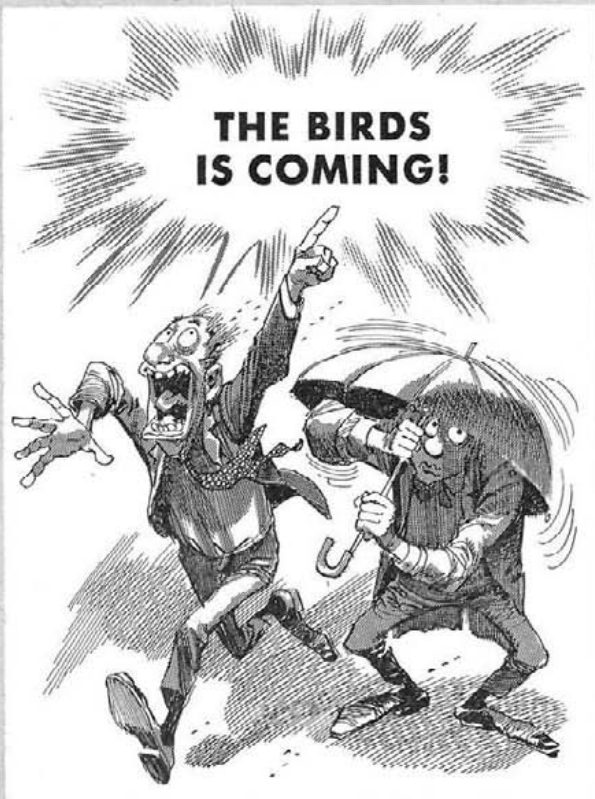
MATING CALL:

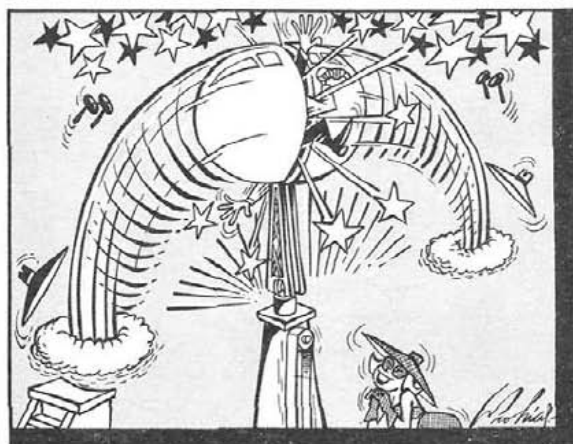
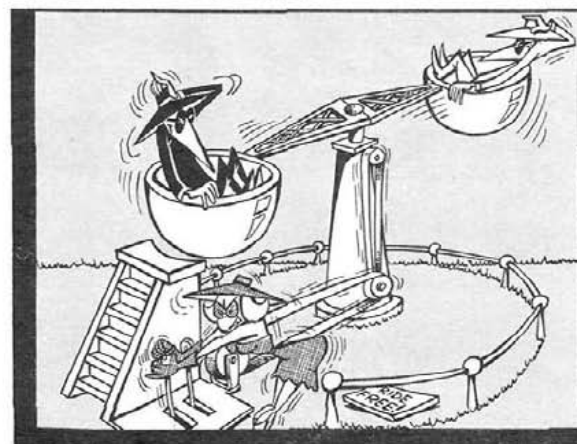
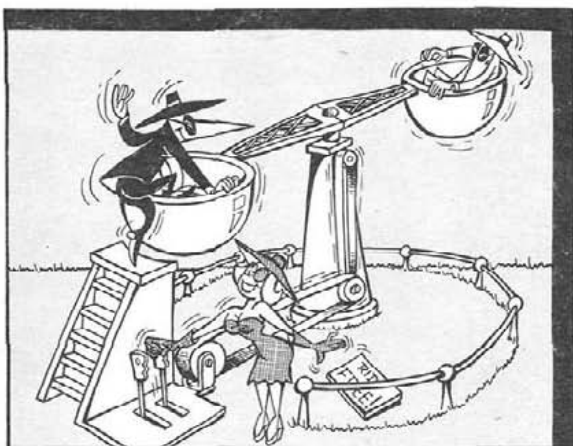
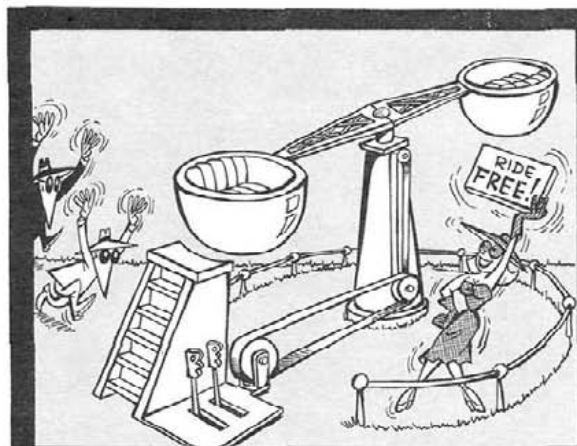
"Pay the two dollars!"

HORROR Movie Scenes We'd Like To See

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DON EDWING





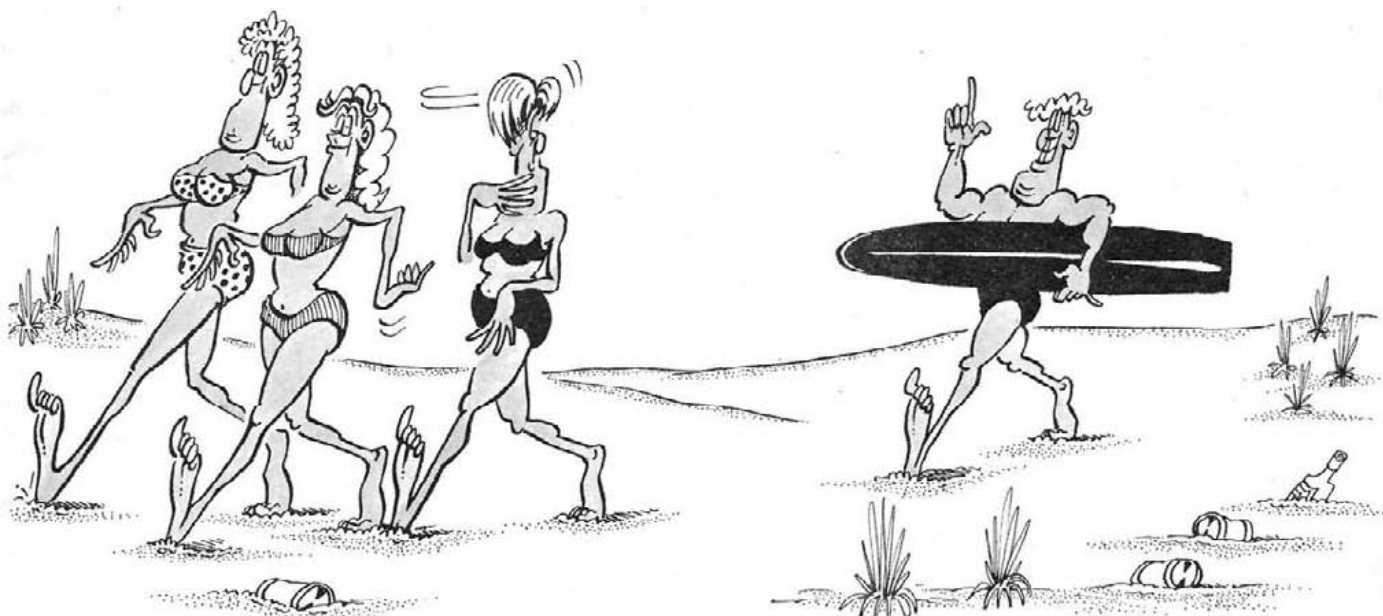


THE RIME OF THE MODERN SURFER

(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner")

Written by Tom Koch

Illustrated by Don Martin



He was a bleached blond surfing man;
He stoppeth one of three.

"Upon my soul," she coyly drawled,
"How come you-all stopped me?"

His biceps glistened in the sun.
"I rode a wave," he said,

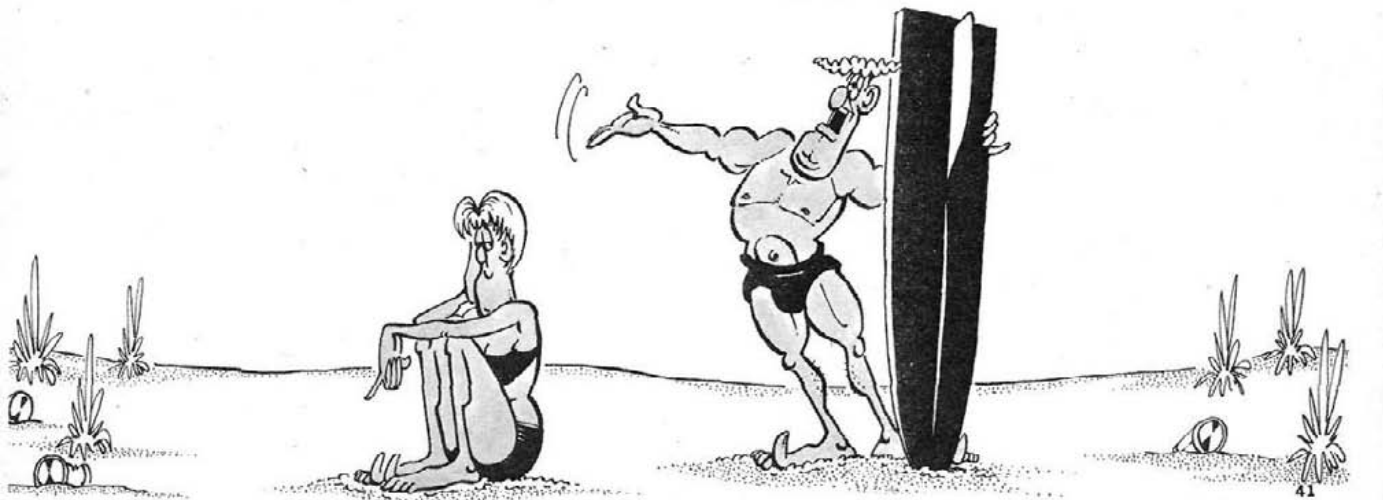
"From Malibu to hell and back."
Quoth she: "You're nuts! Drop dead!"

He gazed at her with limpid eyes;
A trick not oft to fail

When he sought out a willing ear
To bore with his long tale.

She sat upon the sandy beach;
There languidly she posed;

And he poured forth his eerie yarn
While frequently she dozed.



"One summer day at Malibu,"
He spoke both dull and slow,
"Rock, Tab and I did mount the surf
To stage our wondrous show.



On but one board we'd pyramid,
And ride the frothy whirls;
A stunt so perilous we hoped
It might attract some girls.

We found a wave of monstrous height
On that momentous day;
But when we poised to ride it in,
It went the other way!



With Rock upon my shoulders broad,
And Tab on top of Rock,
We hurtled toward the open sea;
No beach our path to block.

Nine weeks no food did pass our lips;
We were like men deprived.
Yet as we skimmed past Waikiki,
The folk just stood and waved.



Our lips grew parched; our throats burned dry,
We surfed in mortal dread.
Then all at once, a sea gull came
And perched upon my head.

'A lucky omen!' cried out Tab,
And Rock, he thought so, too.
They meant good luck 'twas on my head;
They knew what birds can do!



'You've just rubbed out our good luck charm!'
Wailed Tab, a nervous wreck,
While Rock, more prone to action, tied
The gull around my neck.



A dead bird seldom flatters one—
Worn casually and loose.
My lavalier less stunning still;
Rock tied a hangman's noose.

Both, fearful that our board was cursed,
Jumped in the briny swell.
I can't say that I blame them much;
Dead birds soon start to smell!



We surfed past Wake and Midway Isles,
The bird still on my skull.
What peril to my golden locks!
Half-crazed, I killed the gull.

Alone, I oiled my gorgeous frame
And sunned as oft before.
But somehow, beach bum life's no fun
Three thousand miles from shore.

Then there appeared a phantom yacht
With old and rotting hull.
'What's up?' I asked the creep in charge.
Said he, 'You killed my gull!'



I cursed myself with nasty words.
Oh, how could I forget
The warning: Never kill a gull;
It might be someone's pet!

The Phantom paced the ghostly deck,
His eyes alive with flame.
'Dern surfing crowd!' he cried at last;
'You bums are all the same!'



Six thousand years ago last week,
I touched Phoenician shores,
And found blond idlers on the beach.
They, too, were crashing bores!

I wanted to defend the gang
Against that creep on deck.
Why blame us all just 'cause I wore
His bird around my neck?



Said he, 'I've seen those surfing films
Through spy glass from this hull.
No movie fan would spare your kind.
Then, too, you killed my gull!'

And so it was my doom was sealed
To surf upon that sea
Through endless time without one dame
To laud my gallantry.



Not even could my sun-tan bronze;
(Oh, cruel throw of dice!)
The vengeful wave I rode shot north!
Who lolls and suns on ice?

Through silent worlds of white I surfed
Where naught it seemed could dwell.
The only real advantage was
That frozen birds don't smell.



I hoped some day, my penance done,
The surf would take me home.
There really isn't much to see
Between Murmansk and Nome.

I smoothed the feathers on the gull,
And tended other chores;
And time weighed heavy 'til one day
I heard the splash of oars.



'Mid shrouds of fog, I dared not hope;
For though I'd heard a yell,
A Coast Guard bellow sounds much like
A demon's cry in hell.

At last I spied the rescue boat.
Its captain asked his mate,
'Do our reports show anything
This strange as lost of late?'



The Coast Guard mate brought forth his log
And curtly said, 'I'll check.
Is this one on a surf board with
A gull around his neck?'

The men leaned forward in the boat,
Their vision best to clear.
'He is,' quoth one. The other said,
'I thought so! Leave him here!'



'Our orders come from Washington,'
The captain told me true,
'To rescue crooks and drunks adrift;
Not surfing bums like you.'

'You twang guitars, drive beat-up cars,
Hold luaus by the sea.
To save your kind would just louse up
The Great Society!'



So be a pal,' the captain said,
'And just stay here and drown.
We'll notify your next of kin
When we get back to town.'

Thus having spoke, he put about
And vanished in the mist,
Erasing me, per orders, from
The Coast Guard rescue list.



Yet I am not a ghostly thing
That's speaking now to you.
By chance, the trade winds blew me south,
Back here to Malibu.

Though I survive, I'm still accursed;
My life more grim than good.
I can't dispel the dream to sell
My yarn to Hollywood.



From studio to studio,
I roam and tell my tale.
They threw me out at M-G-M;
At Fox, they said, 'No sale!'

So now I wander down the beach,
And hope I yet may sell
'The Longest Surf-Tale Ever Told'...
That title fits it well!"



With voice now hoarse, the surfer brought
His story to a close,
And left his audience of one
Alone in peace to doze.

THE PLAY BY-PLAY'S THE THING DEPT.

The latest trend in TV coverage is known as "In Depth" reporting. Those who followed the 1964 Political Conventions know what that means . . . armies of "Anchor Men", "Floor Men", "Local Color Men", and "That's-The-Story-As-It-Looks-From-Here Men" interviewing everyone in sight to get the "Full Story". Because this type of coverage proved successful, it won't be long before unimaginative network big-wigs decide to turn these squads of reporters loose in other areas of television. F'rinstance, MAD now presents a preview of what to expect in one of the many areas that does *not* need this type of coverage, and so *will* probably get it! Mainly, here is . . .

FOOTBALL "IN DEPTH"

Good afternoon, football fans! This is Mel Hyndsité, coming to you from the broadcasting booth high atop jam-packed Rocket Stadium! It's a beautiful, crisp, cool day today . . . really great weather for a great football game! What do you say, Charlie Ditto . . . ?

Mel, I couldn't have said it better myself! It certainly is a beautiful, crisp, cool day here at Rocket Stadium . . . really great football weather! But let's see what it looks like to John Hunt down on the playing field . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

This is John Hunt, your 10-to-20 Yardline Reporter! Just seconds ago, I asked coach Albie Vermin what kind of a football day it looked like to him! And here's his answer . . . recorded just moments ago—thanks to the miracle of video tape . . .



It seems we're having a little technical difficulty down there, but we'll bring you that tape as soon as our engineers have it cleared up. Charlie?

Well, Mel, it looks to me as though we've had a little technical difficulty! Interestingly enough, while we were trying to show you that tape, the Hawks kicked off to the Rockets! But for that story let's switch to Ward Ellis down on the playing field . . .



Fans, as Charlie Dittoe just reported, and I can confirm it from here, the Hawks have kicked off! The ball was taken at the Rocket five yard line! But the unusual thing was the height of that kick! I don't believe I've seen a football go so high in my fifteen years of announcing this great game of pro football! Anyhow, that's the way the kickoff looked from here! Now, back to the booth . . .



Thanks for that penetrating analysis of Groza Spinoza's kick, Ward!

That sure was a high kick by Number 88, Groza Spinoza. Incidentally, while Ward was bringing that report to us, Rocket halfback Max Shnell ran the kickoff back for a touchdown! Joe "the Toe" Williams then failed to kick the extra point—the first time that's happened in his career!



And what a career it's been for Joe! All-State at Ridley High, 3 years All-American at I.C.U. and 7 years a great star for the Rockets . . .

Mel, pardon me for interrupting this interesting sidelight on Joe "the Toe", but there seems to be some excitement down on the field! To sum it up, Jim Ozi threw a 90 yard pass to Frank Guffaw who made a sensational catch to tie up the game! Then, Paul Hornmeister's conversion kick gave the Hawks the lead . . . sorry to cut in, Mel!



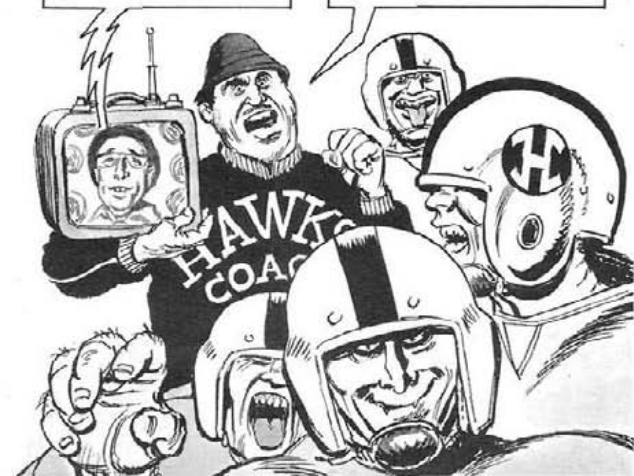
That's okay, Charlie! I see that the Rockets are now in their huddle with fourth down and 3 yards to go for a score! So let's go to our Huddle Man, Jim Sony, for that story . . .

I'm down here in the Rocket huddle where they've just called a "Quarterback Sneak"! This could really catch the Hawks off guard . . .



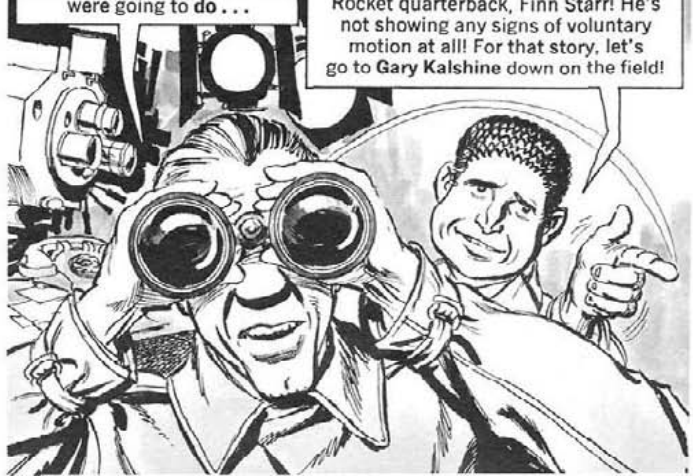
" . . . could really catch the Hawks off guard . . .

You heard it, guys—**QUARTERBACK SNEAK!!** Let's **KILL 'EM!!**



Wow! Look at that pileup! You'd almost swear that the Hawks knew what the Rockets were going to do . . .

I agree, Mel! That "Quarterback Sneak" didn't seem to surprise the Hawks one bit! But it seems to have stunned Rocket quarterback, Finn Starr! He's not showing any signs of voluntary motion at all! For that story, let's go to Gary Kalshine down on the field!



Gary Kalshine here at the side of Finn Starr, who seems to be regaining consciousness after being tackled by the entire Hawk line! How do you feel, Finn??



Well, Gary, I would guess this is about the worst injury I've ever sustained!

Would you care to tell our viewing audience if you mean "physically" or "emotionally", Finn?



Mainly physically, Gary! Both my legs are broken!!

Well, that's the word from here, folks! Later on, Ron Freedman, our Man-At-The-Hospital, will be on hand to continue the interview just as soon as Finn arrives at the Emergency Room! Meanwhile—back to the booth . . .



Well, Finn Starr has just worked his way into the record books! This is only the third time in a Hawk-Rocket game that a quarterback has broken both legs on a 4th down, 3 yards-to-go situation! If Finn were conscious now, he'd be a very proud young man!



Hate to change the subject, Mel, but during the past few minutes there's been a lot of scoring down there by both sides! And if I'm not mistaken, this is the kind of thing that may well decide the outcome of this game—not to mention the championship! With just seconds left to play, let's go down to Hank Wilson . . .



Hi! Hank Wilson here . . .



I'm trying to get a few words from half Hawkback, er, Hawk halfback Biff Shlubb as . . . puff . . . he races towards . . . puff . . . the goal line . . .



With this game all knotted up at 33-33 . . . puff . . . and you in the clear . . . and just 12 seconds to go . . . puff . . . do you think you'll go all the way, Biff?

I'm glad you asked me that question, Hank . . .

Well, Charlie, if Biff goes all the way, that'll be the ballgame . . .

He's down to the 20 . . . the 15 . . . here comes a tackler . . . he's down to the 10 . . .



BLIZZARD

John, in answer to that question, I just want to say that, in my personal opinion, it looks like a beautiful crisp, cool, great day for a football game . . .

Well, that was the interview we tried to bring you earlier when we developed technical difficulties! But now, thanks to the miracle of video tape, you finally saw it!

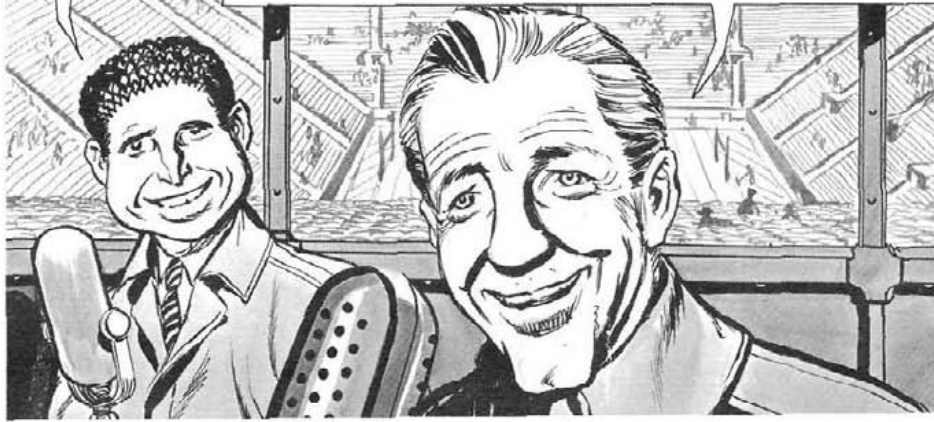
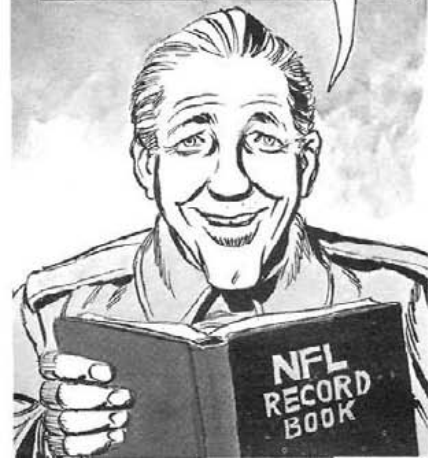
That's right, Mel! And incidentally, while you were watching it, the last play of this crucial Championship game was concluded! Biff Shlubb, charging toward the goal line . . .

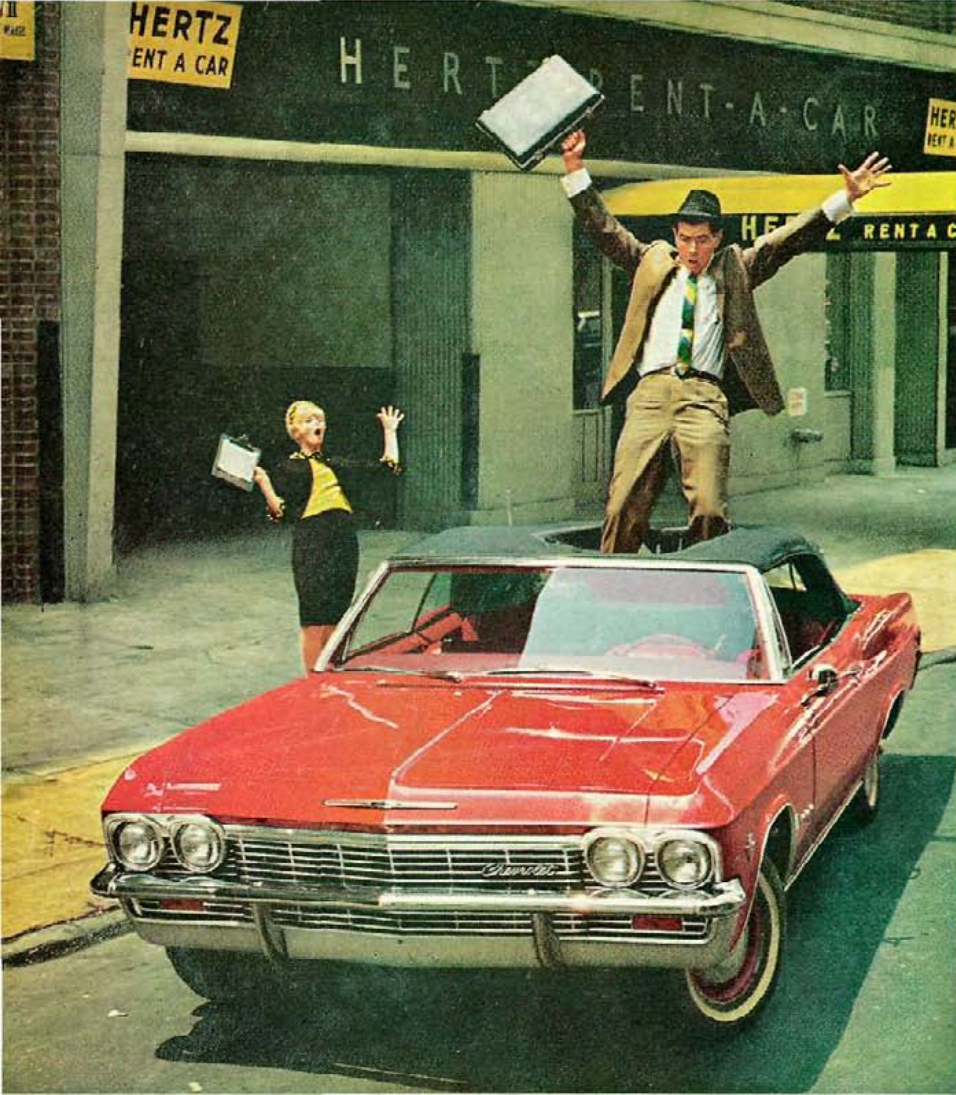


And, I should add right now, Charlie, that this was only the fourth time in the history of this league that a 175-pound halfback of Polish extraction . . .

Gee, Mel, I hate to interrupt, but do we have time for the final score?

I'm afraid not, Charlie! There's just enough time to tell our listeners that this "Football In Depth" Presentation featured Anchor Men Charlie Dittoe and yours-truly Mel Hyndsite—Produced by Howard Cunningham—Directed by Nigel Evans—Statistical Research by Jethro Abney—our Men-On-The-Field were John Hunt at the 10 yard line, Ward Ellis at the 20, Arnold Stone at the 30, Kenny Levitz at the . . .





MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE
DAY
THEY
FORGOT
TO
PUT
THE
TOP
DOWN
FOR
THE
HERTZ
COMMERCIAL



Photography by Irving "Avis" Schild