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No. 107  
Dec.'66

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# MAD

"Usually, when 'money grows on trees,' there's a lot of grafting going on!"—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*  
 GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*  
 CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

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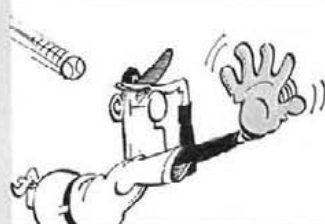


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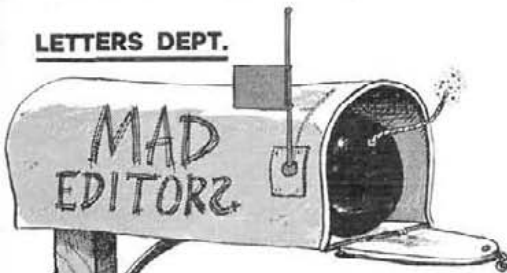
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 (A MAD  
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## BATS-MAN

I just received my September issue of MAD (#105) and I died laughing at your satire, "Bats-Man". Lou Silverstone did a superb job of showing up the ridiculous parts of that ridiculous TV show, and as usual, Mort Drucker came through with flying colors in producing some of the funniest pictures I've ever seen.

John Murphy  
Brockton, Mass.

It was the worst satire you have ever written. Mort Drucker and Lou Silverstone should be shot.

Randy Boesch  
Newark, Ohio

No "Batman" episode on TV has ever been as funny as your "Bats-Man" satire. It was one of the cleverest ever written by your staff. My hat is off to Lou Silverstone and Mort Drucker.

Steve Thode  
Las Cruces, New Mex.

"Bats-Man" was a scream. I still can't figure out how you slobs could take a dull TV show and turn it into one of the funniest articles you have ever printed.

Henry Grynner  
Hacienda Hgts., Calif.

With "Bats-Man", you did an especially fine job of carrying on the crusade against crime, evil, injustice and bad taste committed against the public by the TV industry.

Judith Johnson  
Marygrove College  
Detroit, Michigan

As to your satire of "Batman", your front cover described it perfectly—Ecch! Roger McKenzie  
Racine, Wisconsin

Superb, right down to the pot-belly hanging out over the Caped Crusader's belt.

Dave Bradley  
Gainesville, Fla.

"Then along came MAD, and Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein made a revolutionary discovery. Give the "in" group garbage—make a magazine bad enough—and they'll call it "camp" and stay glued to their copies!" Changed slightly, Bats-Man's comments on Pg. 12 in issue #105 becomes a concise description of MAD as well as its intended description of "Batman".

T. O'Brien  
Waterloo, Ohio



The face on this Etruscan cinerary urn (circa 5th century B.C.) bears a striking resemblance to a character familiar to MAD readers. The enigma surrounding the origin of Alfred E. Neuman, which has puzzled your readers for years, seems to have been resolved by this important archaeological find. The A.E.N. Cinerari

Urn, as it is called, was uncovered in the excavations in Etruria—modern Tuscany—about 1916. Why have you kept this vital information from MAD readers?

Sylvia Hyman, Instructor  
Department Of Art  
George Peabody College for Teachers  
Nashville, Tennessee

## THE DOODLETOWN PIPERS GO "MAD"

I thought you might be interested in seeing the Doodletown Pipers "singing" an excerpt from MAD during their eight-bar rest, while rehearsing for the George Burns-Lainie Kazan Show in the Circus Room of John Ascuaga's Nugget in Sparks, Nevada. The Doodletown Pipers will be appearing on two TV Specials this Fall: "Class of '67" with George Hamilton, Don Adams, Nancy

Sinatra and Peter Nero; and "The Rodgers and Hart Show" with Penula Clark, The Supremes and Bobbie Darin. They will also be seen on the first six Roger Miller TV Shows. It looks like where the Doodletown Pipers go, Alfred E. Neuman can't be far behind.

Ward Ellis;  
Producer  
Van Nuys, California





### COMMERCIALIZING JACKIE KENNEDY

I sincerely feel that if you ever printed anything worthwhile, it was in fact your "Jackie-Of-All-Trades Dept." in MAD #105. You have expressed my feelings toward the warped, distorted people who use a fine name to sell junk to a sensation-starved public.

Michael West  
Hubbard, Ohio

The mediocre qualities of your other articles was only excelled by the supreme tastelessness of your "Jackie-Of-All-Trades" piece. It made me sick to my stomach. Rest assured that I will never again squander thirty cents as foolishly as I did today when I purchased your magazine.

Judy Feldman  
Downsview, Ontario

I was deeply touched by your satire on "Deceiving Movie Magazine Articles" (#105). No one could have put the disgusting indignities suffered by Jackie Kennedy in any better way.

Cathy Collard  
Big Bend, Wisconsin

Although I have been an avid reader of MAD for some time, I must take issue with you regarding the "Sensational Movie Mag Cover Gimmicks" article. You are guilty of the very thing that you are condemning, namely the shameless commercial exploitation of Jackie Kennedy.

Larry J. Moriarty  
Madison, Wisconsin

It's about time someone raised a voice to protest the shameful exploitation of Jackie Kennedy.

Donna Ownbey  
Spearman, Texas

You printed a senseless and insulting piece which took advantage of the very situation you deplored. It was a complete waste.

Alan Carroll  
Bethesda, Md.

Your approach was pointed and humorous while at the same time keeping in the bounds of good taste, which is more than I can say for the magazines that indulge in these disgusting practices.

Jack Walkins  
Alameda, Calif.

You are really scraping the bottom of the barrel when you have to resort to articles such as these to get laughs.

David Tokary  
Chicago, Ill.

MAD has once again taken the lead in a somewhat controversial subject. Hiding behind the shield of Freedom of the Press, publishers of Movie Magazines have lured a gullible public into buying their trash by plastering their covers with "exposés" on Mrs. Kennedy. Your tacit tribute to Jackie was one of the best you've written.

John Emerling  
Hamburg, N.Y.

### EAST-WEST PHOTOS

Your "East Is East & West Is West Photos" was without compare. You have not only provided America with the best source of humor and satire extant—but now you have given us THIS! Your magazine is priceless! Someday, you will out-sell "Life", "Time", "Newsweek" and all those other magazines that couldn't say in countless issues what you have said in three pages. Hats off to God, Country and MAD!

James Mabry  
Las Vegas, N. Mexico

The differences were portrayed in a unique way without using a single printed word, and yet could not be duplicated even with a 5000 word essay. I would like to take this opportunity to extol Max Brandel as well as the rest of the MAD staff.

Claudia Bendit  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Brandel has added a new and refreshing twist to the MAD brand of satire.

Bob Jensen  
Downingtown, Pa.

### WHAT IS A PARTY-POOPER?

I enjoyed "What Is A Party-Pooper?" very much. But you forgot one definition: A Party-Pooper can also be the Host of a party who insists that all his guests spend the evening reading MAD!

William Matesa  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

You guys really out-did yourselves with "What Is A Party-Pooper?" Now I know why I'm never invited to any parties.

John Sherman  
Castro Valley, Calif.

### SICKENED SISTER

The September issue of MAD (#105) was utterly, entirely and wholly sickening. Not only that, it was also very *un*funny. It makes me real glad I don't buy your rag. I let my sister waste her money.

Kathy Patton  
Cleveland, Ohio

Next time, let your Sister write!—Ed.

### PANAMA HATS-OFF

I have always enjoyed your beautiful magazine. I think it is the best Ambassador the United States could send to any part of the world. If your magazine were to be read by people everywhere, I am sure that the world would quickly learn how to live in peace. For no one can honestly feel that another human being who reads MAD and is able to laugh at himself could possibly be his enemy.

Rogelio Lasso  
Panama, Rep. of Pma.

Please address all correspondence to:  
MAD, Dept. 107, 485 MADison Avenue  
New York City, New York 10022

Does she...  
or doesn't she...  
subscribe to MAD?  
ONLY HER MAILMAN KNOWS FOR SURE!



Photography by Irving Schild

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**MAD**

... and find out why blondes have more fun!

----- use coupon or duplicate -----

**MAD**

485 MADison Avenue,  
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose \$5.00\*. Enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 21 issues of MAD Magazine.

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**THE BATTLE  
OF  
THE BULGE**

Yep, it's an endless battle—trying to get rid of our bulging stock of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid. So if you'd like one for framing (for 25c) or three for wrapping fish (for 50c), surrender to this ad and mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. (Hey, is that a nice answer to a sincere ad: "NUTS!"?)

And now, the Editors of MAD would like to sing our praises of "The Great Society"! We'd like to, but we can't

# "HELLO, OR "MY FAIR

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



Hello, Lyndon!  
How did things  
go today?

Well, naturally I got everything I wanted! I  
always do! But let me tell you something  
—it wasn't easy! You have to know how to  
handle people! You see—it's like this:

\* The people in this land elect a Congress,  
Which is both bold and independent, too.  
They've got much courage,  
All those men in Congress... But!  
With a little twist of arm,  
With a little twist of arm,  
They will do just what I want them to!

With a little twist...  
With a little twist...  
With a little twist of arm  
I own that crew!

62%  
TO THE  
PEOPLE  
BACK  
LBJ



\*Sung to the tune of "With A Little Bit Of Luck"

It's been  
a wonderful  
three years  
so far,  
Lyndon!

I couldn't  
have done  
it without  
your help,  
Lady Bird!

Did you hear that, girls? He admitted  
it! I always told you he was nothing  
but a hick High School Teacher until  
he met me! I taught him everything he  
knows! So how about a little credit  
where credit is due? Repeat after me:

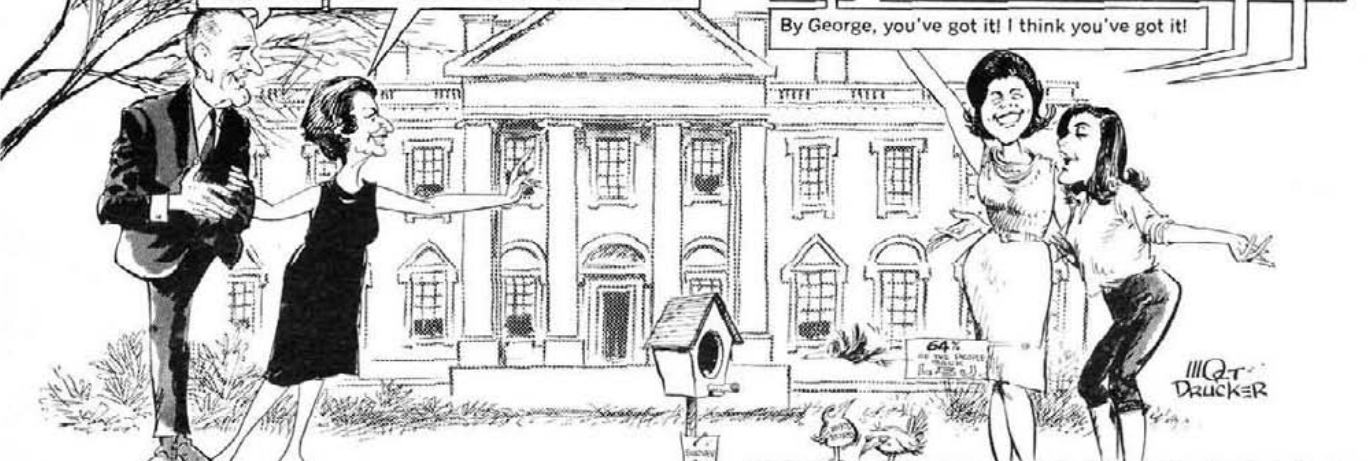
Oh—Lyndon Baines reigns mainly with my brains!

Oh, Lyndon Baines reigns mainly with your brains!

Again!

Oh—Lyndon Baines reigns mainly with your brains!

By George, you've got it! I think you've got it!



\*Sung to the tune of "The Rain In Spain"

MORT  
DRUCKER





Mr. President, the Senate wants to know if you've given any thought to replacing the Head Commissioner of the F.C.C.!

Not yet, but I'll get on it right away!

The turnover in F.C.C. Commissioners has been fantastic, Lyndon!

Well, let's face it, Lady Bird! The F.C.C. has control over Television! And with all our valuable TV holdings—which are being held in trust for us—we've got to make sure that the F.C.C. doesn't rock the TV boat and ruin that little nest egg that's waiting for us when I leave office!

And that's why you always make certain that the F.C.C. is composed of "Patsies"?



MAD EXPOSES EVERY BODY!

LESS TURN-OVER IN FCC

LESS BUGGING BY YOUR FBI

BRING OUR BOYS HOME FROM

NO CIA in the SCHOOLS!

KEEP OUT OF ATT

Correct! It's a very simple philosophy:

\*Our TV stock is held in trust! To prevent it from going bust, We play it safe and just ... Emasculate the F.C.C.!

Dole out millions for Flights in Space; Go all out for the Missile Race; But don't touch "Peyton Place"—! Emasculate the F.C.C.!

We must get a new Head Commissioner— Let's pass the word. One with more rapport with us ...

When we leave here in Sev'nty-Three, We'll collect from our dear Trustee A fat Annuity—! Emasculate the F.C.C.! F.C.C.! F.C.C.! F.C.C.! F.C.C.!

Say, how about Lynda Bird?!



\*Sung to the tune of "Wouldn't It Be Lovely?"

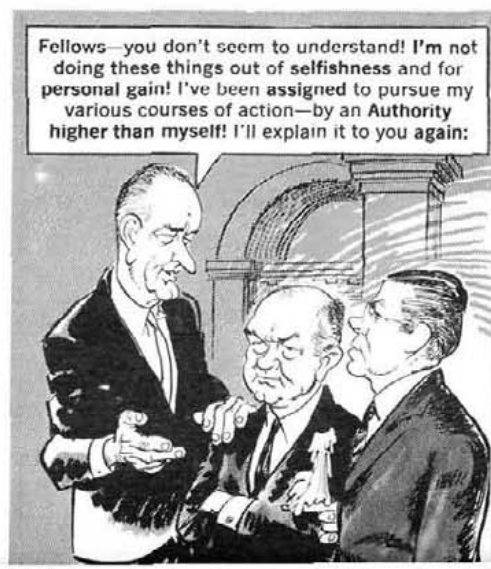
Here come Rusk and MacNamara, honey—I must talk to them! See you later ...

Hi, Dean! Hello, Bob! What's the good word?

The usual! Trouble—trouble—trouble!

With all due respect, Mr. President—do you really think that we've been pursuing a sensible Foreign Policy?? What I mean is—don't you think we might be over-extending ourselves a bit too much?

Fellows—you don't seem to understand! I'm not doing these things out of selfishness and for personal gain! I've been assigned to pursue my various courses of action—by an Authority higher than myself! I'll explain it to you again:



\*I'm here to save the Human Race!  
From up above I got the nod!  
I've been ordained with sacred plans—  
Though most Dominicans  
And South Vietnam  
Don't give a damn—

I've got to save them anyhow!  
It's just my way of helping God!  
I'm told the Swiss are independent,  
But they may be Commie dupes!  
Togoland's in trouble,  
So I'd better send in troops!  
I've got to save the Isle of Sark—  
The Zulus and Mau-Mau—  
Then save the Prince and Grace!

Well, I hope that clears  
things up. Now—did either  
of you see Vice-President  
Humphrey? We have an  
appointment . . .

The last time we saw him,  
he was in the Men's Room  
—washing his hands! He  
should be right out!

Come here! Go there! Do  
this! Do that! Look at  
you! A once flaming  
liberal—reduced to a  
miserable parrot, echoing  
his policies—even though  
in your heart you don't  
believe in many of them!  
But have patience, Hubert  
Humphrey! Play it cool . . .  
and there'll come a day:



\*Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"



\*Trust in Fate, Hubert Humphrey, trust in Fate!  
For his job in six more years he must vacate!  
Be as quiet as a mouse now;  
Build yourself a nice new house now;  
Trust in Fate, Hubert Humphrey, trust in Fate!

Trust in Fate, Hubert Humphrey, swallow pride!  
Do his bidding even though you burn inside!  
If he starts to drive you crazier,  
Ask to take a trip to A-sia;  
Trust in Fate, Hubert Humphrey, trust in Fate!

Ooooooooo, Hubert Humphrey!  
If you wait until it's Nineteen Seven-Two!  
Ooooooooo, Hubert Humphrey!  
That will be the year that's really great for you!

You will tell him, "L.B.J.—  
You can pack up right away!"  
Oh-ho-ho, Hubert Humphrey;  
Oh-ho-ho, Hubert Humphrey;  
Trust . . . in . . . Fate!



\*Sung to the tune of "Just You Wait, 'Enry 'Iggins, Just You Wait!"

That year you'll be famous! You'll be solid and hot!  
And at that great convention you will hold the top spot!  
And oh how your wife will say, "Dear Hubert, old thing,  
Watch how all the Party your praises will sing.  
That night you'll be really on your way.  
It will be Hubert Humphrey's big day.  
How the Party will celebrate the glory of you,  
And whatever you wish and want they gladly will do."

"Thanks a lot, boys," I'll say,  
as I hold back a sob;  
"But all I want is Lyndon Johnson's job!"  
"Boys!" says the Chair. "Nominate  
He who will lead our new slate."  
Then you'll stand up, Hubert Humphrey,  
in the hall;  
And you'll cry out humbly,  
"Men, who'll tote the ball?"

Then they'll chase you to the lobby  
Shouting, "Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!"  
Down you'll go! Hubert Humphrey!  
It's . . . too . . . late!







What are you doing, Lynda?

Just going through my scrapbook! Here's a picture of me and George Hamilton—taken 6 months ago!

He was so handsome in those days! I'll never forget how fond he was of you . . . for yourself and nothing else!

It seems like only yesterday the two of us were sitting in the moonlight—with twelve Secret Agents, and he said:

Lynda, I've got something very important to tell you!

Tell me, George! Tell me!

Lynda, since you and I have been going together, something wonderful has happened!

You mean . . . You mean . . .

LOUDER!



\* I got my chance, all right. My film career looks bright. I signed a new contract!

Now I can make with ease A quick five hundred G's, Although I cannot act!

I may be just Another Richard Beymer! I made "Act One"—it bombed from sight!

But since our names were linked, I got that contract inked—I got my chance, chance, chance, All right!

Oh, George, it's so wonderful to feel needed!

\*Sung to the tune of "I Could Have Danced All Night"



Mr. President—Senators Morse and Fulbright are here to see you!

Hello, Wayne! Hello, Bill! What's on your minds, fellows?

Lyndon, we'll get right down to brass tacks! Frankly, we're very worried about you . . .

It's the Vietnam thing!



Well, what about Vietnam? I remember when I was running against Goldwater, we were losing in Vietnam! And then I was elected President, and—

That's just it, Lyndon! We're not sure WHO was elected!

What are you talking about?

Just this—



\* In '64 you sneered at Barry!  
He said to bomb Reds is no crime!  
He said, "Don't wait now!"  
You escalate now!  
You're looking more  
"John Birch" with time!

In '64 you hit at Barry  
For saying "Reds are worse than slime!"  
Then—"let's destroy now!"  
You bomb Hanoi now!  
You're looking more  
"John Birch" with time!

He said, "The Viets jump  
Through Commie hoops!"  
You cried "Alarmist!"  
Then you sent more troops!

In '64 you yelled at Barry!  
To foolish heights you  
said he'd climb!  
He offered danger—  
But now you act stranger!  
You may become "John Birch"—

Leave us in the lurch!

We know you're looking  
more "John Birch"  
With ... time!



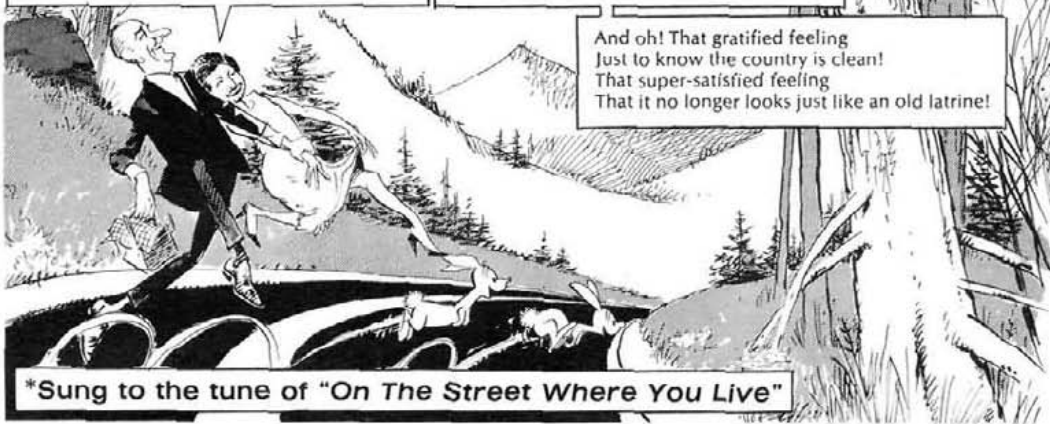
\*Sung to the tune of "But Get Me To The Church On Time!"

Fellows, I appreciate your  
advice, but believe me,  
everything will be all right!  
And now I've got to run!  
Lady Bird and I are taking  
a little trip across the  
country to inspect the  
results of her work—you  
know, her campaign to  
"Beautify America"!

\* I have often toured through this land before;  
But the land just never looked so  
clean and grand before!  
I'm so glad that I  
Thought to beautify—  
Now it's nice and it's neat where we live!

Are there auto graves by the sides of roads?  
Do the beer ads blight and  
make us terrified of roads?  
Do the refuse clumps  
Clutter garbage dumps?  
No they don't, 'cause it's neat where we live!

And oh! That gratified feeling  
Just to know the country is clean!  
That super-satisfied feeling  
That it no longer looks just like an old latrine!



\*Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"

In a little while, we will all be free  
To enjoy the vistas of our "Great Society",  
For in '68  
They'll proliferate  
All the sights of this land where we live!





Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD'S new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're

# HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. JR. WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & E. NELSON BRIDWELL



Tossing Off A COMPLIMENT



Nursing A PET PEEVE



Executing A DIFFICULT MANEUVER



Visiting OLD HAUNTS



Accepting A GRIM REALITY



Displaying A WILD ABANDON



On The Horns Of A DILEMMA



Patching Up A QUARREL



Staking Out A CLAIM



Getting Rid Of The SNIFFLES



# MAD'S PUZZLE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

## TEST PEOPLE'S LOYALTY

HERE IS A SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGICAL TEST YOU CAN USE TO DISCOVER IF YOUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES ARE PATRIOTIC AMERICANS OR DIRTY ROTTEN TRAITORS! HAVE THEM HOLD THIS PAGE AS SHOWN BELOW AND READ WHAT THEY SEE. BUT FIRST, TRY IT OUT YOURSELF TO SEE JUST HOW GREAT IT WORKS ON A LOYAL AMERICAN!



### AN ADVENTURE STORY PUZZLE

"EXPLORER MELVIN" IS HUNTING IN THE JUNGLE WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARS A LOUD ROAR. SO HE JUMPS INTO A DARK PLACE TO HIDE. BUT THE TERRIBLE ROARING CONTINUES, AND EXPLORER MELVIN DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! CAN YOU HELP HIM TO ESCAPE BY FINDING OUT EXACTLY WHERE THE TERRIBLE ROARING IS COMING FROM SO HE CAN RUN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION?

(THE SOLUTION IS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE)



## WHICH LION IS LONGER?

(AN OPTICAL ILLUSION)



(TO FIND OUT WHICH LION IS LONGER, TURN TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE)

### MAGIC COIN TRICK

CAN YOU TURN ONE COIN INTO TWO COINS? SURE YOU CAN! SIMPLY FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS, AND SEE HOW EASILY IT IS DONE!



PLACE COIN ON SHEET OF PAPER



FOLD SHEET OF PAPER IN HALF



FOLD IT IN HALF AGAIN



KEEP FOLDING UNTIL IT IS AS SMALL AS IT CAN GET



NOW, OPEN IT UP, REACH INSIDE... ...AND PULL OUT TWO COINS!



(TO SEE HOW THIS TRICK IS DONE, TURN TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE)

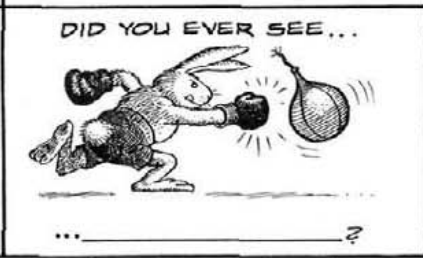
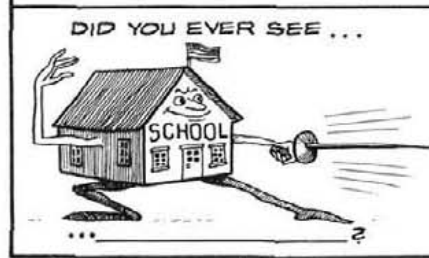
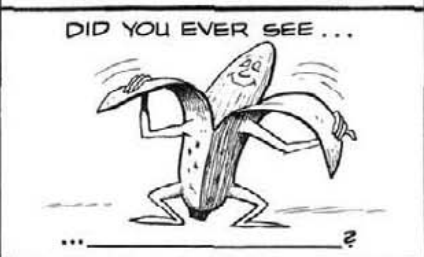
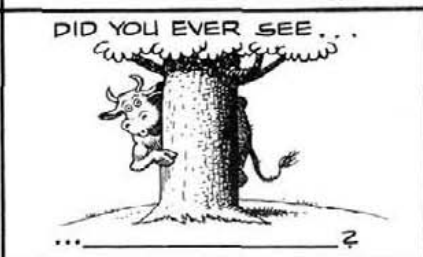
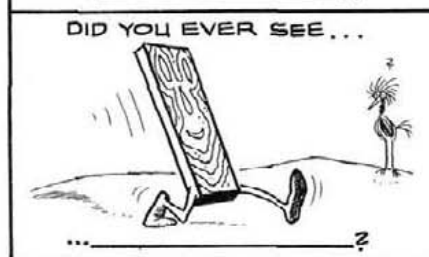
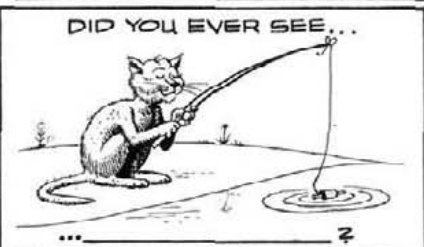
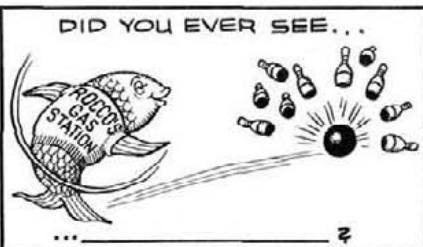
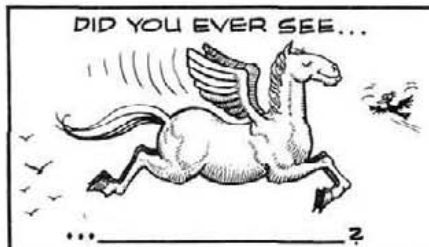
# PAGE

ONE REASON THIS NEW FEATURE WAS CREATED IS BECAUSE **MAD** READERS ARE BRILLIANT, INTELLIGENT YOUNG PEOPLE WHO MIGHT ENJOY SOMETHING CHALLENGING LIKE THIS. ANOTHER REASON IS THAT THEY ARE ALSO LAZY SLOBS, AND DOING THESE PUZZLES IS ABOUT AS EASY AS LOUNGING AROUND WATCHING TV ALL DAY.

**PUZZLES @ RIDDLES**  
**\*BRAIN-TWISTERS\***  
**REBUSES @ POSERS**  
**@ CROSSWORDS @**  
**INANITIES @ AND**  
**OTHER TIMEWASTERS**

## DID YOU EVER SEE?

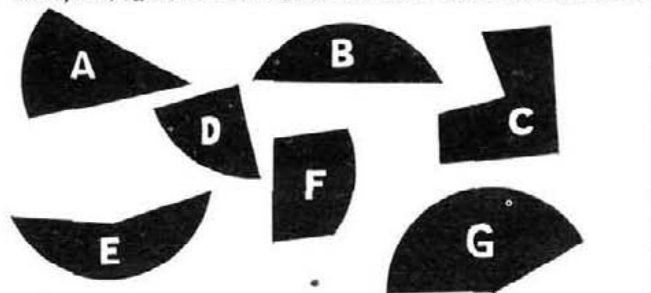
HERE IS A VERY SIMPLE VISUAL GAME. LET'S SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, AND HOW GOOD YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IS. A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR IS AN ABSOLUTE "MUST" IN ORDER TO PLAY THIS GAME. YOU HAVE TO BE ABLE TO COME UP WITH THE "FUNNY" ANSWERS. THE EXAMPLE AT THE RIGHT WILL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS AND HOW FUNNY THE ANSWERS MUST BE.



(FOR THE "FUNNY ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE, TURN TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE")

## MAKE A CIRCLE!

CAN YOU CUT OUT THE SIX PIECES BELOW AND FORM A PERFECT CIRCLE WITH THEM? WE DID IT, SO YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO IT, TOO! TURN TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE TO SEE HOW IT IS DONE!



## THE AMAZING AMAZON FLATBUG

THE INSECTS BELOW ARE REAL INSECTS--THEY ARE NOT DRAWN! THEY WERE RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE UNEXPLORED AMAZON RIVER INTERIOR REGION, AND ARE KNOWN AS "FLATBUGS". THEY HAVE THREE FASCINATING CHARACTERISTICS: (1) IF EXPOSED TO LIGHT THEY FREEZE MOTIONLESS! (2) IF THEY ARE TOUCHED THEY BECOME ABSOLUTELY FLAT AND CLING TO WHATEVER SURFACE THEY ARE ON SO THAT THEY CANNOT BE BUDGED! SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHAT THE **THIRD** CHARACTERISTIC IS! STUDY THE **TWO MALES** BELOW AND TURN PAGE FOR THE ANSWER!



# MAD'S PUZZLE PAGE ANSWER PAGE

## ANSWER TO AN ADVENTURE STORY PUZZLE



THE ROAR IS COMING FROM EXACTLY WHERE "EXPLORER MELVIN" IS! UNFORTUNATELY, THE DARK PLACE "EXPLORER MELVIN" JUMPED INTO TO HIDE WAS ACTUALLY THE MOUTH OF THE BIGGEST DARN TIGER YOU EVER SAW.

\*\*\*\*\*

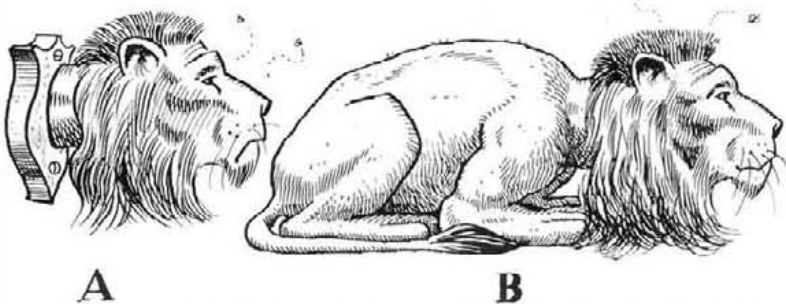
## SOLUTION TO MAGIC COIN TRICK



ON THE LAST FOLD, WHEN THE PAPER IS REAL SMALL, THE COIN IS FOLDED IN HALF ALONG WITH IT. THEN, WHEN YOU REACH IN AND SHOW IT, YOU ARE ACTUALLY SHOWING ONLY THE TWO EDGES OF THE SAME FOLDED COIN! SIMPLE?? SOMETIMES THE EASIEST OF TRICKS ARE THE HARDEST TO GUESS!

## ANSWER TO "WHICH LION IS LONGER?"

A SIDE VIEW OF BOTH LIONS SHOWS THAT "B" IS MUCH LONGER THAN "A"!



## ANSWERS TO "DID YOU EVER SEE?"

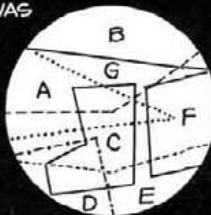
A HORSE WITH WINGS ?	A FISH GET A "STRIKE" ?	A CAT WITH A ROD AND REEL ?
A BOARD TAKE A STROLL ?	A COW LURK BEHIND A TREE ?	A BANANA UNDRRESS ?
A SCHOOL WITH A SWORD ?	A RABBIT TRAIN FOR A FIGHT ?	A CLOCK MARCHING ON A PICKET LINE ?

## ANSWER TO "THE AMAZING AMAZON FLATBUG"

THE THIRD FASCINATING CHARACTERISTIC OF THE AMAZING AMAZON "FLATBUG" IS THAT IT BEGINS TO MULTIPLY IN FANTASTIC QUANTITIES WHENEVER A MALE AND FEMALE ARE PLACED ON A PIECE OF PAPER, PASSING THEIR DISEASE-CARRYING YOUNG RIGHT THROUGH THE PAPER. THAT'S WHY WE WOULDN'T DARE INCLUDE ANYTHING BUT TWO MALE FLATBUGS!

## SOLUTION TO "MAKE A CIRCLE"

IF YOU COULDN'T DO THIS, IT WAS PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T OVERLAP THE PIECES. BUT NOBODY SAID YOU COULDN'T, YOU DOLT!





## EMOTE CONTROL DEPT.

If you will recall, we have already run articles presenting "MAD's Academy Awards For Home Movies" and "MAD's Academy Awards For Small Businessmen" and "MAD's Academy Awards For Parents". Well, gang, it's that time of year again... not the time when they give out Academy Awards, but that time of year when we run out of fresh ideas. And so, here we go again with

# MAD'S ACADEMY AWARDS FOR TEENAGERS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: STAN HART

Ladies and gentlemen, from the fabulously furnished South Side Cellar Club, overlooking the sparkling garbage pails spilling out into McDougal's Alley... The MAD Academy Of Teenage Acting presents its "First Annual Awards Ceremony"...

Here, in these hallowed make-out halls, we have gathered together the greats and near-greats of Teenagerdom... the unsung heroes in the never-ending "War With Parentdom" who have done battle and lost, as usual, but not without displaying excellence in Teenage Acting Performances!

To the winning performers nominated for the various categories, who have given out with the dramatics, rather than give in to the enemy, we say, "Congratulations" and award each of you this simulated solid gold-filled statuette, "The Sullen"! And now... on with the show...



In our first category, "THERE'S NO TOMORROW", the nominees are: Laurie Binkerdink for her stirring "Girl In Retirement" Routine...



Did I get any mail from the Convents I wrote to?

You wrote to Convents? For Heaven's sake, WHY?

Well, you won't let me go out with boys in cars! I might as well join a Convent! What else is left for me but to forget boys and dedicate my life to the service of God?

Don't you think you might be overdoing it, dear?

No! In a Convent, I won't have to talk to anyone, or see anyone! You should be happy! It's the kind of life you want me to lead!

I don't think Convent life is for you!

Why not?

We're not Catholic!



In the category of "THERE'S NO TOMORROW", the second nominee is Doree Schiffman for her outstanding performance in "The Drudge"...

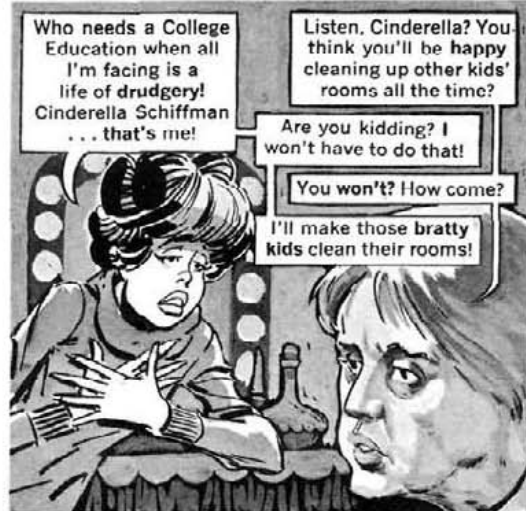


You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna quit school and get a job, that's what I'm gonna do! Here's one... "Mother's Helper, 3 small children, gen. h'sw'k, \$35"

You're going to be a maid?

Well, you've certainly trained me for the job! All I ever hear is "Clean your room! Clean your room!" I might as well make some money out of it!

Young lady, you are going to College!



Who needs a College Education when all I'm facing is a life of drudgery! Cinderella Schiffman... that's me!

Listen, Cinderella? You think you'll be happy cleaning up other kids' rooms all the time?

Are you kidding? I won't have to do that!

You won't? How come?

I'll make those bratty kids clean their rooms!

And the winner is Vicki Feldspar in her plaintive "Farewell, Cruel World"...



If you won't let me go skiing this weekend, I'll kill myself. I'll starve myself to death before your eyes. How will you like it when you see my bloated stomach and my ribs sticking through my flesh? It won't be a pretty sight! And all the neighbors will say, "There goes Mrs. Feldspar! She drove her daughter to suicide!" Then you'll be sorry, but it will be too late!

Tell me, didn't I drive you to suicide last week when I wouldn't let you stay out until 2:00 in the morning?

See? Once you get used to murder, it gets easier and easier!



Congratulations, Vicki! Here is your "Sullen"! And I'm glad to see you changed your mind about committing suicide!

Actually, I DID jump out of a window!

What could happen? We live in a Ranch House!

What happened?



In the category of "CAN'T I HAVE ANY PRIVACY?", the first nominee is Elaine Cornblatt for her tragic plea in "I Want My Own Telephone"...



I can't stand it any longer! Daddy, I need my own private telephone!

You should live so long!

But Dad, you're always tying up the phone!

Yeah, if I'm not calling to find out the correct time, I'm calling to get the weather report! I'm just never off that phone!



Well, I have very personal things to say to my friends! Out here, everyone can listen to my every word!

Like the milkman, and the laundry man and your mother!

It's exactly like having our phone tapped! How would you like it if some stranger was listening to your daughter's intimate phone conversations?

It would serve him right!

And the winner in the category: "CAN'T I HAVE ANY PRIVACY?" is Janet Green for her exciting performance in "Who's That Knocking?"...

Congratulations, Janet! Your performance was marvelous! Here is your "Sullen"! It there anything you'd like to say to our audience...?

Audience! You mean there are people out there? Can't I have any privacy... even when I'm getting an award?!

Mother! How can you just barge in here like this? Go ahead, just open my door and walk in without knocking! Isn't there any place in this house where I can be alone? Do I open your door like that and barge right in?

But, dear, your door was open! I was just closing it for you!

Well, from now on—don't close my door without knocking!



The next category is "LET ME INTIMIDATE YOU" and the first nominee is Betty Norstadt in her memorable rendition of "Think Of My Future"...

These marks are terrible! From now on, young lady, you are really going to knuckle down and study!

You want me to be miserable, that's what you want! You want to destroy my future!

What does that mean?

I'll wind up an Old Maid! You know how boys hate smart girls!

You want me to be happily married, don't you? Well, you don't want me to be smarter than my husband, do you?

Now hold on just one minute!

You're a happy husband, aren't you? You know why? Because you're much smarter than your wife!

Study, dear! I'm also a happy father—because I'm much smarter than my daughter!



In the category of "LET ME INTIMIDATE YOU", the second nominee is Jason Stevenson for his convincing performance in "So What Else Is New?"...

Dad, can I have the car tonight?

Did you finish your homework?

No, I'm hung up on it, unless you can help me!

Well, I can try? What's the problem?

Can you give me a hand with the "New Math"...?

The "New Math"? Gee, I'm afraid not!

How about the "New History"? Do you know that?

The "New History"? I haven't any idea!

How about the "New Economics" or the "New Social Studies"?

You see? You can't help me with those "New" subjects, so can I have the car?

Sorry, but I can't help you out there either!

Gee, Dad, why not?

It's the "New Car"!

I'm afraid not, son!





And the winner in the "LET ME INTIMIDATE YOU" category is Felicia Fabula for her fine performance in "It's Not Me I'm Thinking About!"...

Congratulations, Felicia... and tell me. Did your friend Cathy ever go to that Midnight Bar-B-Que...?

Who's got a friend named Cathy?!

Oh, No! Over my dead body will you go to a Midnight Bar-B-Que!

But, Mom! Cathy's mother said she could go if you let me go! It's one thing to rob your own daughter of a good time, but how can you do this to my best friend?! What will Cathy think of me when she learns that my mother ruined her evening?

You're right, I can't do that! I'll call Cathy's mother and ask her to let Cathy go, even though you can't!



In the next category, "I'M NOT A BABY ANYMORE", the nominees are: Deedee Ross, for her outstanding performance in "That Sudden Silence"...

So I said to him—

Er—uh—yes, Deedee?

Why do you always stop talking when I come into a room? Just because you're speaking about someone I might know, you both clam up? It's an insult to my intelligence! I'm old enough to know what's going on! I'm old enough to know what to repeat, or what not to!

All right, Harold! Go on with what you were saying.

Well, okay—if that's the way she wants it!... So I said to him, "It would be nice if your son, Chuck, took my daughter out!" And he said to me, "I think so, too, but Chuck thinks she's a child!"

In the future, please have the common decency to talk behind my back!



And the winner is Sandra Dietz for her memorable interpretation of "I Could Die of Shame!"...

It must make you happy to humiliate me this way! Every party I go to, you have to wait around to drive me home!

But Sandra, dear—you're only 13!

Sure! Show the boys my father still treats me like a baby! Oh, I can hear them laughing now!

Would you rather I let a friend's father pick you up instead?

What?! And let the boys think my father can't afford a car?!

Congratulations, Sandra, and here is your "Sullen"!

Give it to me, quick! My father is waiting outside to drive me home!





In the final category, "YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND!", the first nominee is Richie Seiler for his fantastic "Clothes Make The Man"...

That's how you're going out with a girl? Guess again, Marlon Brando!

But I'm doing this to save money, Pop!

See, if I get all dressed up, she'll expect me to spend lots of money on her! But if I'm dressed like this, she'll think I'm too poor! Pretty shrewd, eh?

If you really want to impress her with your poverty, you'll do as I say...

What's that, Pop!

Stay home! Then she'll think you don't even have enough money for carfare!



The second nominee in the category, "YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND" is Gig Yamolinsky for her outstanding performance in "Hurry, Hurry!"...

Where are you going at this hour?

I don't want to be late for the "Rock 'n Roll" show! I'd simply die if I missed it!

But it's six o'clock in the morning! What time does it start?

At twelve noon!

But if I'm not first in line, I'll perish! Mom, can I have a dollar for the show?

All right, just wait and I'll get it!

Wait! Wait! Wait! Boy, you need the patience of a Saint to live in this house!



And the winner is Ronnie Ziegler in his unforgettable "Scuba Dubba Doo"...

What in the world is that?

My new SCUBA outfit! Everybody's got one! Haven't you seen those Beach Movies? Just wait till I'm battling that crashing surf and riding those killer waves and exploring those ocean depths...

What a waste of money! Aren't you forgetting one little thing?

What's that, Dad?

We live in Nebraska!

Thanks so much for wearing your SCUBA outfit to the Award Ceremonies, Ronnie!

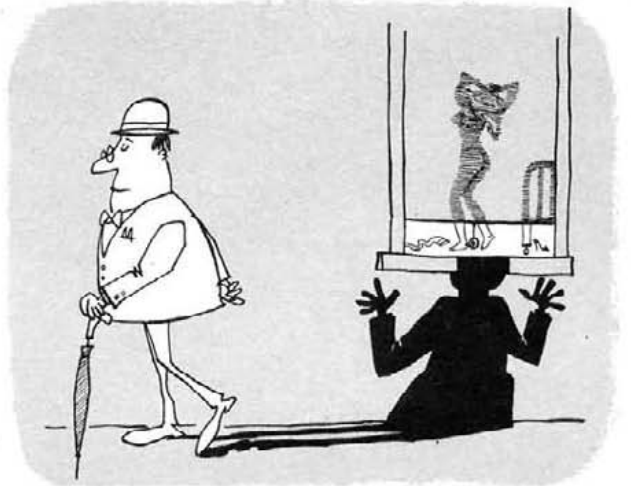
Actually, I couldn't help it!

Really? How come?

The zipper's been rusted solid ever since I wore it to go diving in our backyard wading pool!



# Who Knows What Evils Lurk In THE SHADOW

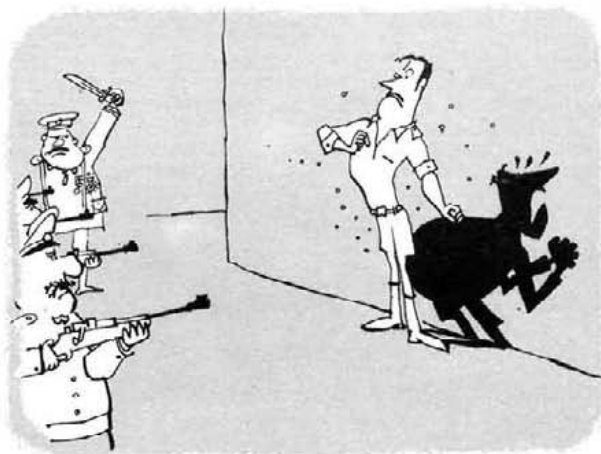
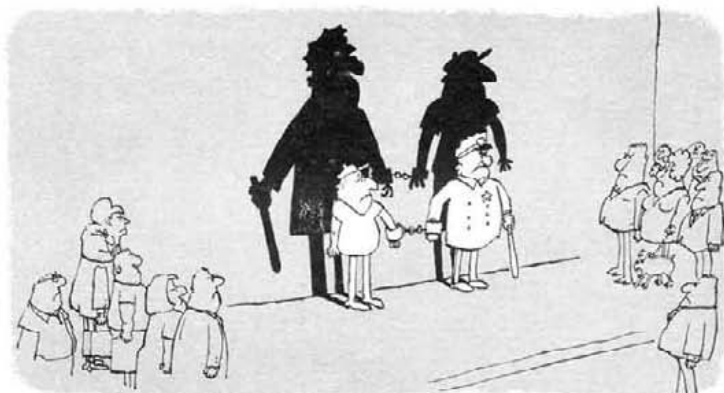




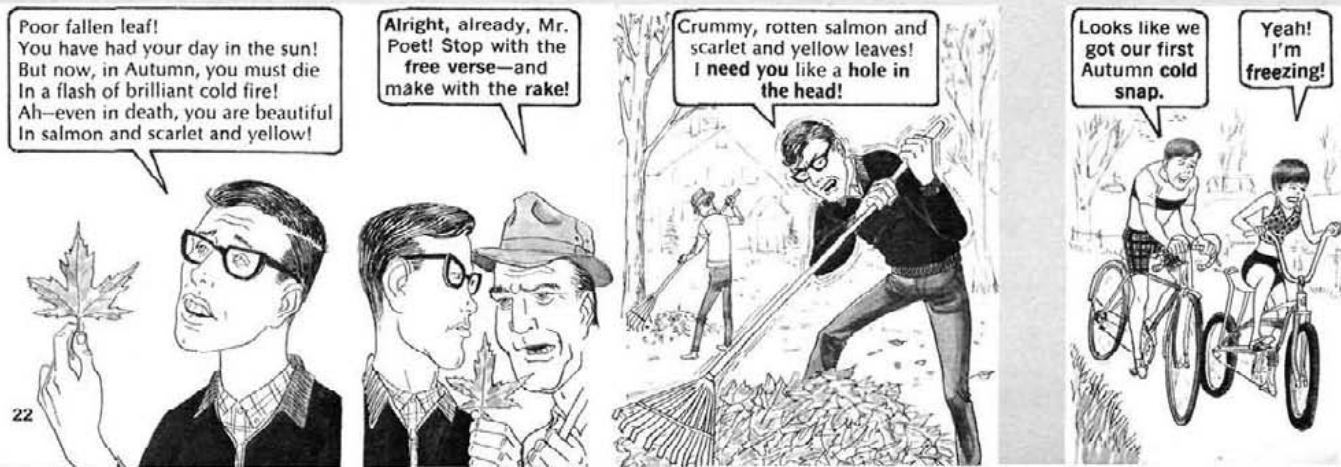
# The Hearts Of Men?

# KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES



# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF





# AUTUMN

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG







Autumn is the time for burning leaves!



Mmmm—I just love the smell of it!



How many times have I told you not to smoke that foul-smelling pipe in the house!!



But I thought you loved the smell of burning leaves!?



Who you voting for?

Stanley Muggwump!



Ahh, he's a bum! I'm voting for Alvin A. Bushkin!

What are you, some kind of ignoramus? Bushkin is a Republican!



Well, so am I —just like my father—and his father before him! My family's always voted Republican!

That's typical, conservative, "status quo" thinking! I'm for progress! That's why I vote Democratic!



Oh, yeah! You think you know everything, just because you go to school!

Oh, yeah! Well, I know a heckuva lot more than you! Wanna make something out of it?



Look at that Roger Kaputnik! Here it is—Autumn . . . he's just brought his wife back from their Summer Vacation . . . and already, he's getting set for their next trip!



And look at you! You never take me any place! It's like we're stuck here, with our roots down so deep, they'll never come out! I feel that life is passing me by!



Are you putting up the Ski Racks already?! We haven't unpacked from our Summer Vacation yet! Why can't we stay put for a change—like the Bookbinders over there!?



We're always going someplace! We're always running—running—running! We're never in any one place long enough to grow roots and take hold! I feel that life is passing me by!



Mmmm! I love Autumn—because that's when I go shopping for Winter Clothes!



I got three dresses and a Winter coat!

As a friend, George—tell the truth! How do you like them?



I would say they are absolutely gorgeous! They are tasteful, stylish, and expensive-looking!



SO DO ME A FAVOR! DON'T SHOW THEM TO MY WIFE!!

Look at that long line of idiots—waiting for us to Winterize their cars!

People! I swear, there's nobody dumber than people! They never think ahead!

Here we are, two months into Autumn! That's two months when they could've had their cars Winterized! But, no! It's always tomorrow! But, no! It's always tomorrow! I'll do it tomorrow!

Then comes the first freezing day, and every car for miles around charges in for Anti-Freeze, all at the same time! And they want it done right away... if not sooner!

So—er—after you're finished with them, you can put some Anti-Freeze in my car, too!

Gee! It's Indian Summer!

Yeah! Just yesterday, I was freezing—and today, it's so warm, I feel like going in for a swim!

SCORE HIGH OR DIE!

BAN THE BOMB

BAN THE BOMB

TODAY THE WORLD TOMORROW NOTHING

I wonder why we call it "Indian Summer"?

That's a good question! It's probably due to our collective guilty consciences!

First we pushed the Indian off his land! Then, we slaughtered him! Then, we broke every treaty we ever made with him! And now, we call him the "Noble Redman"!

What's that got to do with Indian Summer?

How should I know? I'm no philosopher!

Gee, I love Autumn—when School starts and I buy all new pens and pencils and notebooks and looseleaf books and reams of nice clean spotless looseleaf paper!

Hey, Mom! Doesn't that look boss?

Yes, but didn't you tell me you have homework?

Yup!

Then why aren't you doing it?

WHAT!? AND MESS UP ALL THIS NICE CLEAN SPOTLESS PAPER?!!

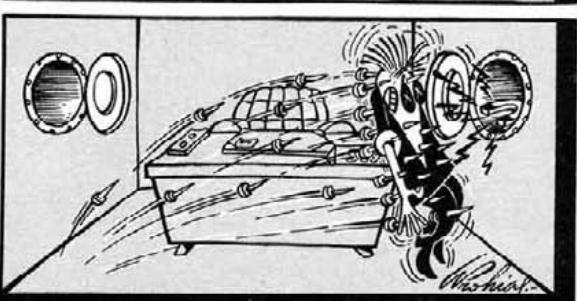
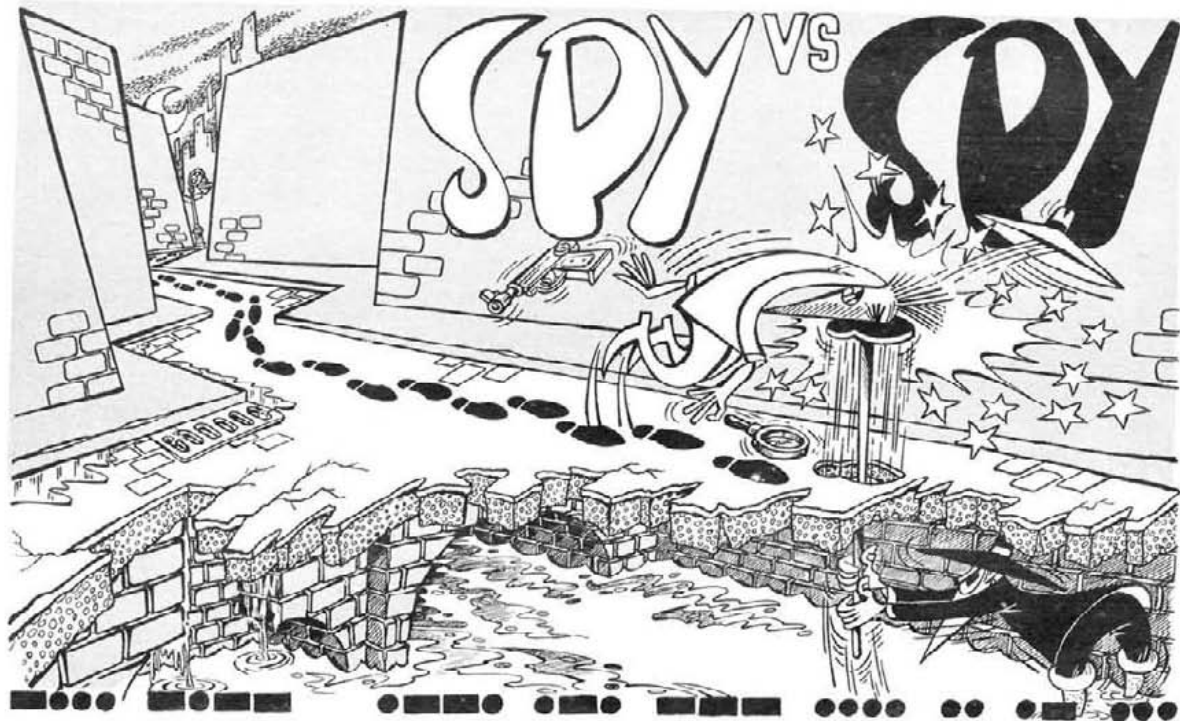
C'mon! Summer's over! It's Autumn—time to meet new girls!

But I don't feel like it! I told you! I still got it bad for that Dorothy Richards I met this past Summer! That was no kid stuff like going steady! That was the genuine article—the real McCoy—the once-in-a-lifetime explosion called Love!

So what if she lives way the heck up in New Rochelle! Distance doesn't make any difference when Love slugs you in the gut! So, you see! I just... can't... get...

... my ... mind ... off ...

... whatever the heck her name was!



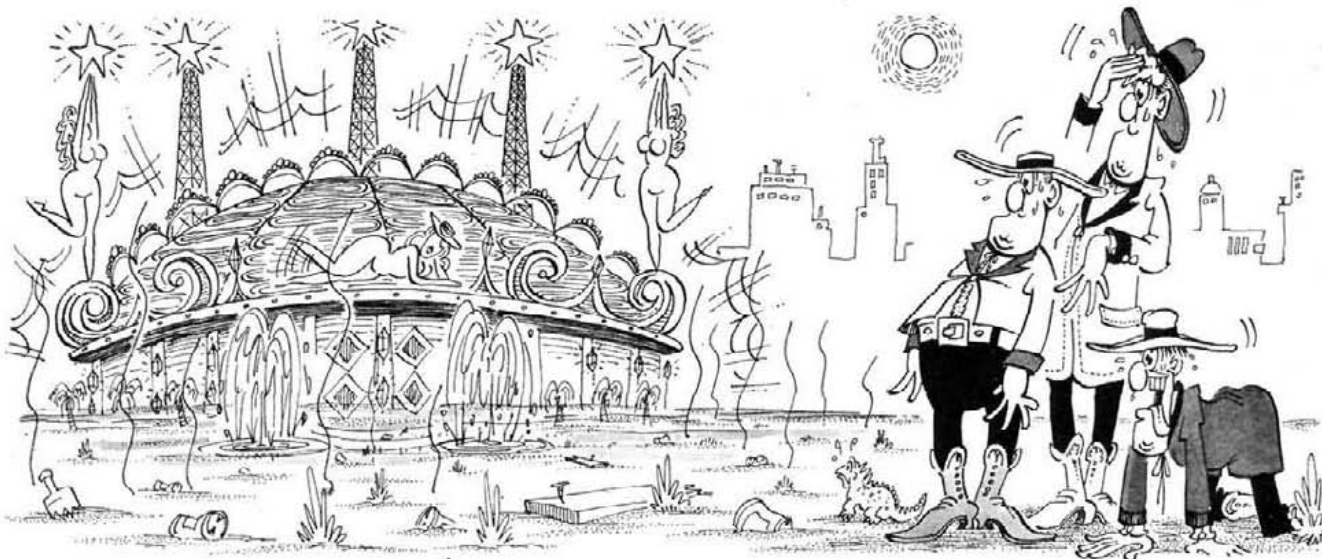




# THE ASTRODOME

(With apologies to "Kubla Khan" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

WRITTEN BY TOM KOCH AND MAY SAKAMI ILLUSTRATED BY DON MARTIN



On Houston's soil did millionaires  
A garish Astrodome foresee:  
A palace where the baseball fan,  
'Mid climate hideous to man,  
Might loll more pleasantly.

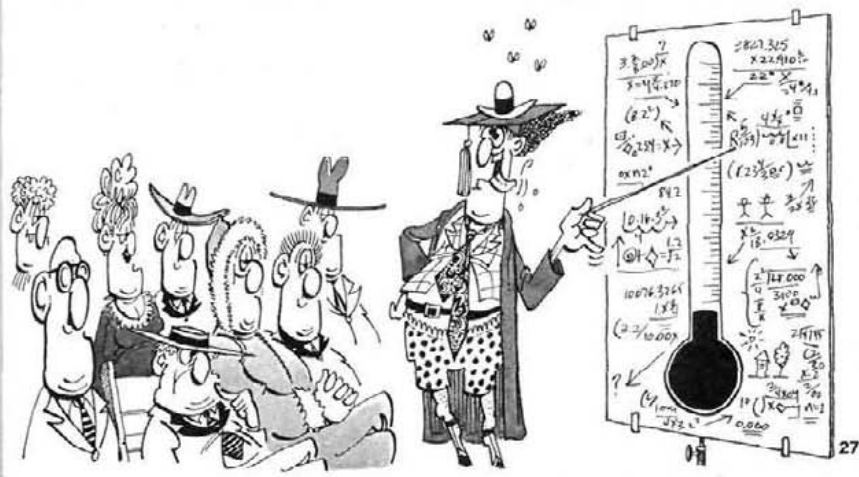
Said one: "We goofed when we assumed  
A big league team would bring us fame.  
In this infernal Houston heat,  
No matter what great foes we meet,  
Who'd come to watch the game?"

One Texan, wiser than the rest,  
Asserted firmly, "I've no doubt,  
Though our fair city's blessed indeed,  
There still exists a crying need  
To keep the climate out."

For help in such a crisis grave,  
To learned men went out a plea.  
Then experts rushed there by the score  
To make a buck and plot the war  
Against humidity.



A Ph.D. from M.I.T.  
Spoke up and said, "I've found one rule  
That's never failed to check out right:  
When heat's expressed in Fahrenheit,  
The number three means cool.



So I say build an earthen wall  
To girdle land for miles around;  
Then hire some stupid Eskimo  
To dump in all his surplus snow.  
That plan, to me, seems sound."



A city father then arose  
And said, "If you'll take my advice,  
Our Texas image seems to call  
For something like the Taj Mahal.  
And neon trim is nice."

The other millionaires concurred;  
Such style befit the city's grace.  
So never mind what might befit  
A team that couldn't field or hit  
Or rise to seventh place.

A thousand workmen soon began  
To bring to life the garish dream.  
And townsfolk marveled that they'd build  
A baseball palace, all air-chilled,  
To house so bad a team.



But once the Muzak was installed,  
And fountains gushed forth costly booze,  
Then soon, the grandeur helped distract  
The fans' attention from the fact  
The Astros often lose.



For in such splendor, who would note  
The team was seldom near the top?  
Who'd even boo a fielder's goof  
When fly balls caromed off the roof  
Before they'd finally drop?



To keep the fans still more content,  
The dome was made a prisms shield,  
Reflecting glare so none could see  
The Astro-type atrocity  
That took place on the field.



Then chrome was added; floodlights, too;  
All fashioned to enhance the claim  
That fans who came and paid their dough  
Just sat there in a gaudy glow,  
And never saw the game.



The Houston players viewed the spot  
As baseball's greatest place to play.  
Said one: "The light that blinds our eyes  
Gives all of us fine alibis  
For losing every day."



'Mid all the wonders 'neath that dome,  
The scoreboard left the fans most awed.  
For though the game might get absurd,  
It always flashed the cheery word:  
"Best Wishes, Flo and Claude."

For every homer Houston hit,  
The board shot rockets in the sky.  
Of course, the way the Astros played,  
The first shot had to be delayed  
'Til sometime in July.

The Dome a landmark soon became  
To show to folks from out of town.  
In truth, it seemed a paradise,  
Though in the men's room once or twice,  
The plumbing all broke down.



Of course, some pointed out the cost  
Of keeping air both cool and pure  
Must mean the owner monthly pays  
Enough to buy six Willie Mays  
And win the flag for sure.



But pennant talk's deemed radical  
By Houston students of the game.  
Growled one: "This comfort's worth my dough;  
If you ain't happy here, then go  
To Russia whence you came."



Thus, Houston management has found  
The answer to an owner's dream:  
Give fans an air cooled Astrodome  
With comfy seats and lots of chrome.  
And they'll ignore the team.





**SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY WHITE PAPERS DEPT.**

Wherever you turn — Television, Radio, Newspapers, College Campuses, Espresso Coffee Houses or Street Corners — people are shooting off their mouths about the burning issues of the day. It seems that everybody has an opinion, whether he's a United States Senator, a TV Commentator or a White House Picket. Unfortunately, however, MAD feels that these self-appointed spokesmen do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the public-at-large on the various issues. If we had our way, we'd have these important problems discussed by the folks who have had their fingers on the pulse of the people for years — namely the folks in our popular daily comic strips. So join us now as we present our version of the opinions expressed in

**THE  
MAD  
COMIC  
STRIP  
CHARACTERS'  
FORUM  
ON  
CURRENT  
AFFAIRS**

WRITTEN BY FRANK JACOBS FROM AN IDEA BY DOTTY BROOKS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

**The Problem of RED CHINA... as  
PEANUTS**

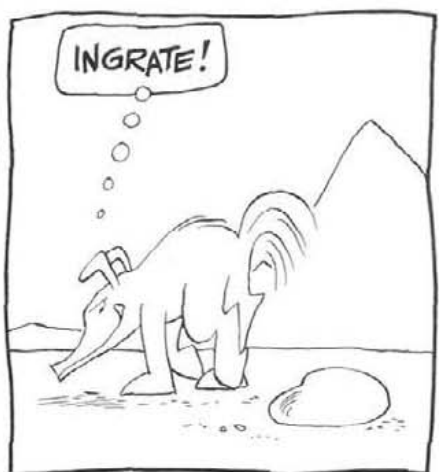
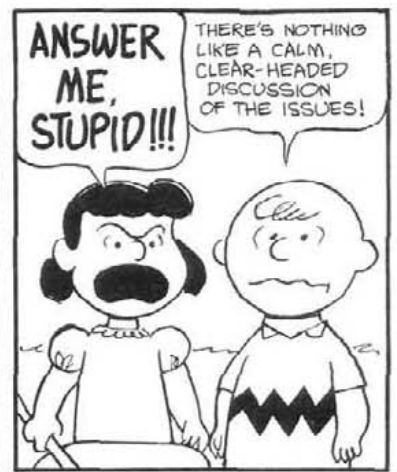
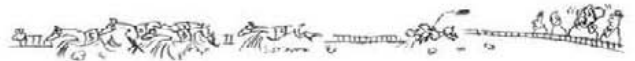


**The VIETNAM SITUATION... as  
MARY WORTH**



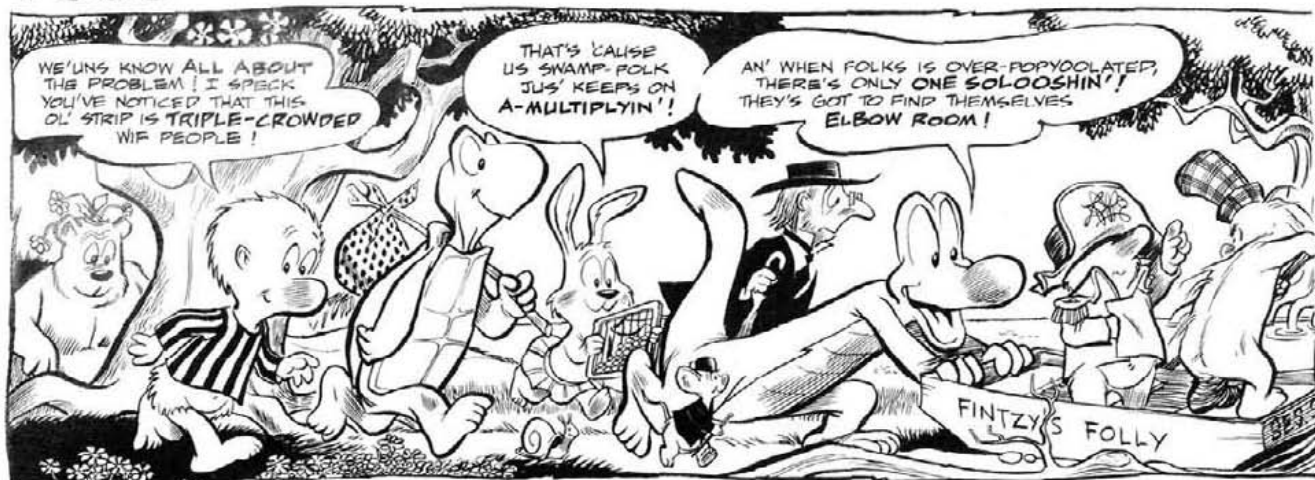
**FOREIGN AID... as discussed in  
B. C.**





The Problem of OVERPOPULATION ... as discussed by ...

# POGO



The WAR ON POVERTY ... as discussed by ...

# LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



EXTREMIST GROUPS ... as discussed in ...

# MISS PEACH



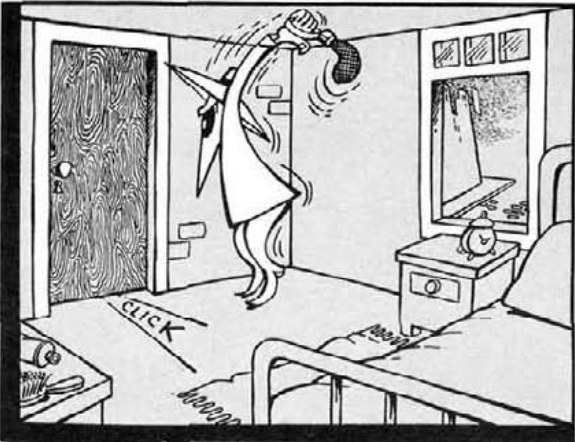
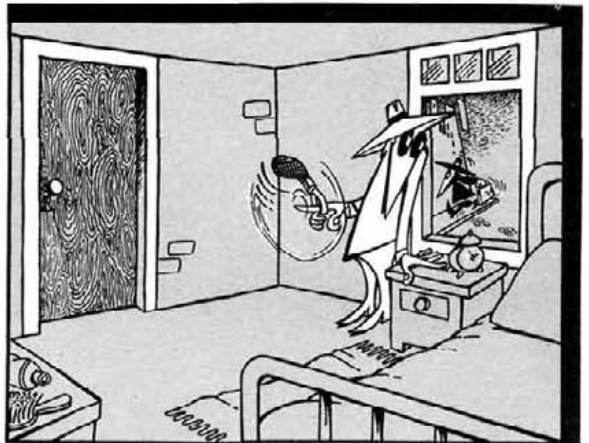
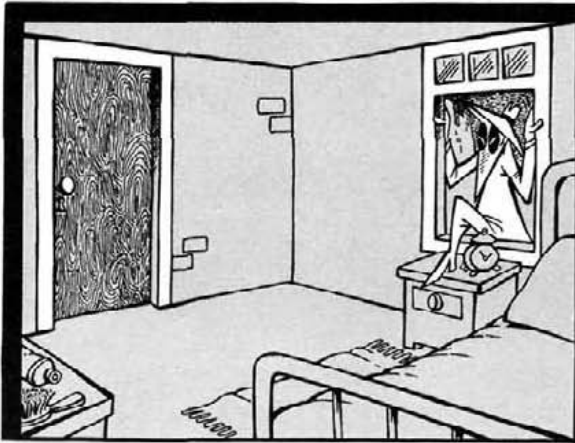


# NANCY



## AUTOMATION... as discussed in... BLONDIE





The article originally scheduled for this spot will not be seen in order that we may bring you the following "TV SPECIAL" satire article—mainly, MAD's version of...

# THE MISS AMERICAN BEAUTY PAGEANT

And here is your host for the "Miss American Pageant"... lovely Bert Teeth...

Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen! Yes—tonight is the night... the culmination of weeks and months of frantic searching and auditioning and eliminating... to find "Miss American of 1966"! Ah—there's something stirring in the air tonight! But, then, there always is when you have an auditorium full of nervous people!

I'm Bert Teeth, your "Miss American Pageant-Master"! It will be my job to introduce you to your Network Hostess for this evening, lovely ex-"Miss American", Bess Myerling—who will introduce you to our Announcer, lovely Cameron Sneezey—who will introduce you to our sponsor, lovely "Clairvoyant Products"—then turn you back to lovely me!

And then, I'll introduce you to the lovely "Award Handlers" and the lovely "Award Presenters" and the lovely "Award Moderators" and the lovely "Members Of The Orchestra" and the lovely "Stage Hands" and the lovely "Cleaning Ladies" and... let's see... Is that everyone? I forgot WHO??

Oh, yes! The lovely Girls who will be competing for "Miss American"! You'll also meet them!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

But first, let me introduce you to our lovely Judges! From the world of "High Fashion"—The President of the "BBD Jockey Shorts Company"—Mr. Thomas Alger!

Thank you, Bert! I'd just like to say that the "BBD Company" will be awarding TWO coveted prizes to tonight's winner... A \$7.50 Scholarship—and \$1000 worth of BBD Jockey Shorts!

Thank you, Mr. Alger! For our second Judge... from the world of "Charm and Poise"... here is the President of the Lady Sabrina Finishing School... Lady Sabrina Finishing herself! Er—Lady...?

Oh, my goodness! That's me! Thank you, Bert, and good luck to all of our lovely, lovely contestants! May the best broad win! And, oh yes, tonight's winner will be invited to attend the Lady Sabrina Finishing School—where we will finish her!

And finally—from the world of "Motion Pictures", here is our third Judge... the famous acclaimed Producer—Mr. Otto Pluminger!





Tenk you! I vant to say dot I vill personally audition tonight's winner for a possible part in my next possible picture—a sequel to my last two big hits . . . "UNTAMED FLESH" . . . und "SON OF UNTAMED FLESH"!

Thank you, Otto, and congratulations for winning TWO Academy Awards for "Filth"—one for color, and one for black & white!



And now, Ladies and Gentlemen . . . the moment you've been waiting for! It's time to bring on the broa—GIRLS!

First—here is "MISS EASTERN UNITED STATES"!

There she is, she represents the East! Just a glance tells you she's no beast! She stole my heart with all her kissing, But my wrist watch is also missing! So if any cops out there are listening—Keep your eye on the girl from the East!



And here's "MISS WESTERN UNITED STATES"!

There she is, she represents the West! Take your pick, is this sweet doll the best? She is the one girl that caught my eye . . . She's also the one that got me high! So if her parents are standing by—Keep your eye on your girl from the West!



And finally, "MISS MIDDLE UNITED STATES"!

There she is, she represents the Middle! Will she win, that's really the big riddle? She is the beauty that gets my vote . . . Mainly 'cause she's been out on my boat! So if the Coast Guard is still afloat—Keep your eye on the girl from the Middle!



And now, while we wait for the next step in our "Miss American Pageant"—the Personal Interview, here's Bess Myerling with a word from our sponsors—Clairvoyant Hair Products!

Girls, do you have a problem like this poor child here? If so, you probably haven't taken off your hat! Er—take off your hat, idiot!

There! See that mess! If you're like her, you should try Clairvoyant's new "Dozen Eggs Shampoo" . . . the shampoo that contains one dozen eggs in every bottle! It's made for dry hair, oily hair, scrambled hair, sunnyside-up hair and once-over-easy hair! Look for Clairvoyant's "Dozen Eggs Shampoo" at your grocer's dairy counter tomorrow!

By the way, tonight's winner will be flown to Paris FREE on a world-famous T.W.A. Jet . . . provided, of course, she boards the plane after midnight on any Monday-thru-Thursday, and returns within 14 days! PLUS—a 1966 Chauffeur-Driven Cadillac Limousine will be placed at her disposal for a full two weeks right here in the U.S.A.! Unfortunately, it's the same two weeks our winner will be in Europe! Now, let's go down to Bert . . .



Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time now to meet our lovely contestants individually! But first... let's meet them one at a time!

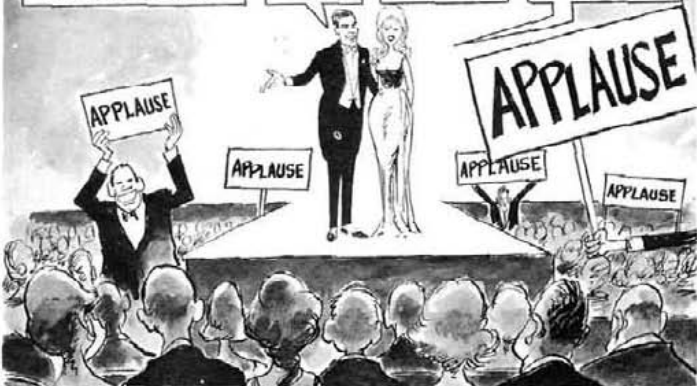
Here is beautiful "MISS EAST"—Dianne Ringer!

Just listen to that spontaneous applause, Dianne!

It's wonderful, just wonderful, Bert! It's the most wonderful thing I've ever heard!

Tell us something about yourself, Dianne!

Well, Bert, I'm just like any other ordinary, well-built, sexy, girl! I love life and I love animals and I love children, and I want to be a nurse, and then a doctor, and then an atomic scientist—unless, of course, I lose tonight, in which case I'll probably be a Belly Dancer!



Beautiful sentiments, Dianne! And now we turn to the Talent portion of the competition! I understand you have a very Special Talent!

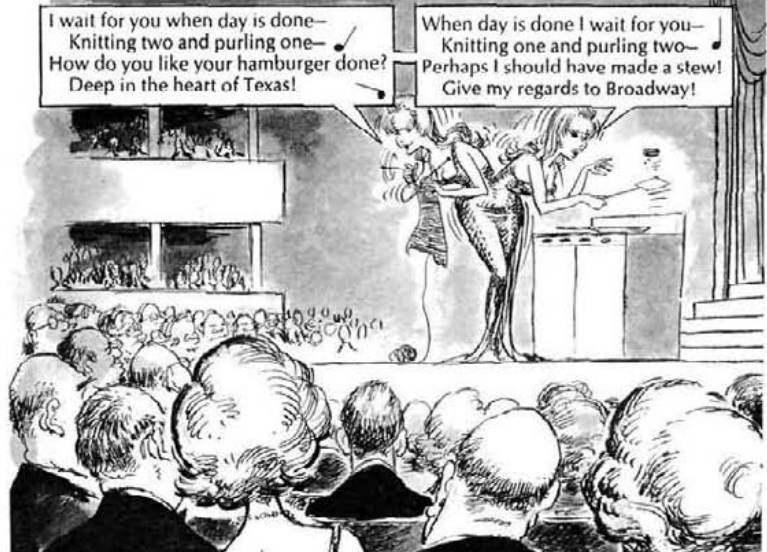
Yes, Bert! I cook and I knit and I sing!

Yes, but I do them all at the same time! Watch!

That's not so unusual!

I wait for you when day is done—Knitting two and purling one—How do you like your hamburger done? Deep in the heart of Texas!

When day is done I wait for you—Knitting one and purling two—Perhaps I should have made a stew! Give my regards to Broadway!



Gee... that certainly was wonderful, Dianne!

Yes, but you'll have to forgive me for being so nervous! I just knitted you a hamburger!

Well, that's nothing to be embarrassed about!

How do you like your sweater—Well-done, Medium, or Rare?

Hey... what about me? Am I supposed to rot back here?

The golden voice of impetuous youth, folks! Now, it's time to say "Good-bye" to Miss East—

... and good riddance, too!

... and "Hello" to "MISS WEST"!

Are you calling li'l ol' ME??



Ladies and Gentlemen, let's meet "Miss West"—lovely Betty Booze! Tell us something about yourself, Betty!

Well, I'd just like to say that I love life and I love animals and I love children! But I REALLY love them! Not that cheap kind of love like the dizzy broad who went before me has for them!



I mean, I love Humanity! And if I win tonight, I'm going to take the prize money and buy all the Humanity I can lay my hands on! That's how much I love Humanity! Sob... I only wish... sob-sob—

There, there! Here's my hanky! Now, what about your Special Talent, Betty?

This—sob-sob—is it! I CRY! I—sob—can cry at a moment's notice! Sob-sob! Boo-hoo-hoo...

Well... if you'll cry off-stage, we can meet our final contestant—



Here she is—"MISS MIDDLE"—lovely Lydia Lush! Lydia tell us about yourself...

Well, I love all the poor people, and I love all the sick people... and nothing makes me happier than seeing a whole bunch of poor, sick people! I mean, I feel so—so above them! And I also love sports—all sports—even the sports who aren't exactly millionaires!



And how about your Special Talent, Lydia?

My Special Talent is deep within me! It's a "Suicide Complex"! I can't take any kind of disappointment! I mean, let's just say, for example, I lose tonight! My suicide would be on your conscience! Boy, I'm glad I'm not in your shoes—I'd be in trouble!

That works both ways! If I were in your shoes, I'd also be in trouble!



Well, folks, it's Judging Time! While the Judges are making up their minds which lucky girl will be asked to come up with a small deposit in order to wear the diamond "Miss American" crown, here is Bess Myerling—with a word from Clairvoyant!



Is it true blondes have more fun? Listen to Mrs. Selma Howzfrow—

Last month, I had dull, dingy, grey hair! Then one night, my husband came home and was he surprised! I mean, he was really shocked!



Since then, he's taken me dining and dancing almost every night! And he's given me jewelry and a fur coat and a new car! And it's all because I found out about that fabulous blonde he was seeing on the side! Yep, it's true blondes have more fun! But we girls with dull, dingy grey hair still manage to end up with the husbands!





So don't let that happen to you, Girls! Get Clairvoyant "Dull and Dingy"—the hair coloring product for the woman with marriage on her mind! Forget about being a blonde and having all that fun! Be a "Dull and Dingy"—have all that security! And now, let's go down to Bert . . .



Here it is, folks—that fabulous moment we've all been waiting for! May I have the envelope, please!

The Winner for the Best Supporting Actress in a Terrible Musical is—

Hey, this is the wrong envelope! The RIGHT envelope, please . . .



The Winner, and the new "Miss American of 1967" is . . . MISS WEST . . . Betty Booze . . .



This is a wonderful moment for you, Betty! Do you—er—have the small deposit with you?

Yes, I do, Bert! Here it is . . . \$10,000.00!

Then I officially crown you "Miss American" . . .

Golly, gee, this is such an honor! I can hardly believe it! And I can hardly wait to see all my old friends, so I can lord it over them!



The Runner-Up, by the way, is "Miss East"—lovely Dianne Ringer . . .

Thank you, Bert! I just want to say, from the bottom of my heart, it's better than nothing!!

And now, just to wrap things up, let's bring on the Loser, Lydia Lush, "Miss Middle" . . .



You thought I was kidding about committing suicide!

!!HIDE!!



And that's typical of all the contestants in the Annual "Miss American Pageant" folks! She was not only a "Good Loser" . . . but she was also a "Woman Of Her Word"!!

Well, that about wraps it up for this year, Ladies and Gentlemen! If you can take this kind of slush and phony sentiment again, tune us in next year! Till then, this is Mrs. Teeth's boy, Bert, saying "Nighty-night . . ."



DOUBLE EXPOSURE DEPT.

# A MAD PORTFOLIO OF THE SAVAGE SOCIETY

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL

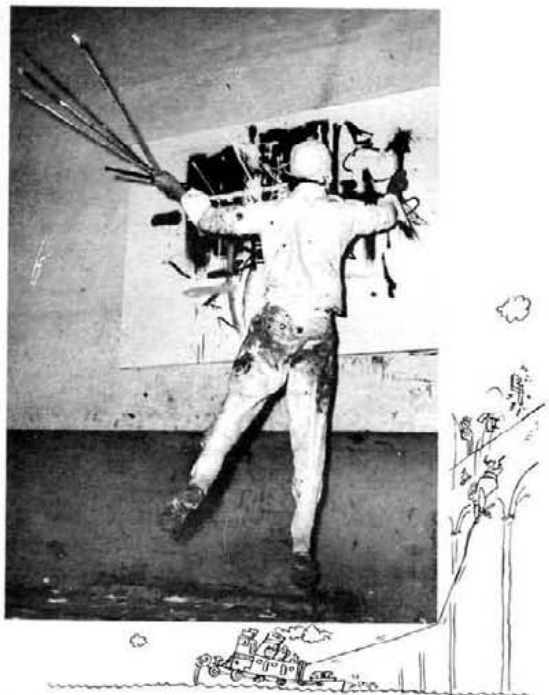


# FOTOS THAT COMPARE & THE GREAT & SOCIETY

PHOTOS BY: U.P.I. & WORLD WIDE









Nowadays, a certain segment of America's Youth is against just about everything. This includes War, Peace, Government, Parents, Conformity, Tradition, Law Enforcement, Censorship and the possibility that they might be exposed with something like . . . .

# PROTEST Magazine

OCTOBER 1966  
\$3.00 per copy  
(Which is a pretty unfair price, so don't buy the magazine . . . picket the newsstand!)

THE PUBLICATION FOR EVERYONE AGAINST EVERYTHING

**POLICE BRUTALITY  
AND TEN SURE WAYS TO INCITE IT**

**THIRTY DAYS TO A  
MORE POWERFUL  
DIRTY VOCABULARY**  
For Better Filthy Speech  
Movements

**LET'S INTIMIDATE MINORITY GROUPS  
OUT OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT**

**THE NEW PROTEST  
TECHNIQUE:**  
"Non-Violent Killing"

**OUR ROMANCE ENDED WHEN I  
LEARNED HER NAME WAS SELMA!**

**HOW I TURNED ATHEIST  
... AND FOUND GOD!**

**AN AMERICAN STUDENT  
GOURMET SPECIAL:**

"Fifteen Exciting Dishes To Cook  
Over Burning Draft Cards"

**A VIETNAMESE STUDENT  
GOURMET SPECIAL:**

"Fifteen Exciting Dishes To Cook  
Over Burning Buddhist Priests"

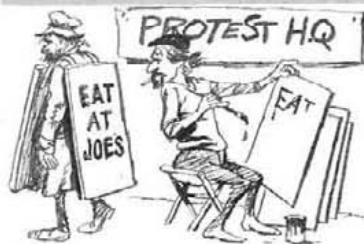
**SPECIAL: IN THIS ISSUE**

25 New Ways To Punish Your Parents  
When They Get Too Old To Beat Up



THE UPPER BRONX PEACENIKS TAKE A DAY OFF FROM CITY PROTESTING TO SPEND A PLEASANT DAY RELAXING IN THE COUNTRY

# THE CAUSE OF THE MONTH CLUB



Are you afraid of losing your leadership over the mob because you can't think up new injustices to protest against as fast as your followers tire of the old ones? Let THE CAUSE OF THE MONTH CLUB take the worry out of rabble-rousing for you!

Join now and receive complete instructions and paraphernalia for waging spectacular fights against a new common enemy each and every month. Select any one of the popular hopeless "Causes" listed below, and we'll include ABSOLUTELY FREE a special "Bonus Beef"—LET'S END THE BANNING OF GIRLIE MAGAZINES FROM PUBLIC LIBRARIES—with kit containing a listing of Public Libraries in your area, waiting to be harassed in protest.

## SELECTION #38

### The American Citizen's Freedom to Litter

Sick and tired of Police State Tyranny in our National Parks—parks that really belong to you? Then assert your Constitutional Rights to dump refuse in Public Recreation Areas NOW! Protest kit includes empty beer cans, candy wrappers, used sandwich bags, rancid picnic left-overs and other supplies needed for staging a mass "Litter-In" ..... \$8.95

## SELECTION #39

### Defiance Against Communist Speaker Ban

Frustrated because your community has banned Communist Speakers from public places, and every supposed Commie you locate turns out to be an under-cover F.B.I. agent? Now at last you can stage an Open Show Of Defiance with one of our life-like Communist Dummies. Comes with built-in tape recorder that plays back 40-minute harangue on popular controversial issues ..... \$24.95\*

\*Tape Recorder not included!

THE CAUSE OF THE MONTH CLUB  
BOX 4 PROTEST MAGAZINE  
1234 MALCONTENT DRIVE, RADA, CAL.

Enroll me in The Cause Of The Month Club for life. I promise to take a new "Cause" each month, and I agree that outgrowing my desire to take part in this kind of idiocy will not let me off the hook in future years. I also agree that, because of my unsavory reputation, I must enclose cash in advance. For my first monthly selection, please send me (check one):

SELECTION #38  SELECTION #39

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Name and Address of Responsible Relative We Can Find After We Lose Track Of You \_\_\_\_\_

# Ask Auntie Establishment

Dear Auntie:

As a protest against Segregation in The Building Trade Unions, my girl and I plan to lie down in front of a bulldozer at an excavation site next week. Would you please give me the proper Etiquette Rules to follow in a matter like this?

R. R.  
Tacoma, Washington

*Certainly! When lying in front of a bulldozer, the female should lie at the male's left. If, however, the couple is lying parallel to the curb on a sidewalk, the male should always lie on the outside, or between the female and the street. When being dragged into a Paddy Wagon, the female always precedes the male. At the Police Station, it is proper for the male to pay all costs for both of them, unless, of course, it has been previously agreed upon beforehand that this was to be a "Dutch Demonstration." In the event of a possible squabble among the people involved, it is not frowned upon if the female caustic carries "Mad-Bail-Money."*

Dear Auntie:

I've heard a lot about TSA (Teenage Squares Anonymous). Could you tell me something about how it works?

C. V.  
Salem, Oregon

*Teenage Squares Anonymous is an organization that works like this: If, during the course of a day, one of the member teenagers weakens and is overcome by a feeling of love and respect for, or mild rapport with his parents, he calls another teenager member who rushes over and talks him out of it.*

Dear Auntie:

Ever since I was classified 1A, I have felt a strong conscientious objection to bloodshed, mainly mine. Naturally, I want to demonstrate against whatever Foreign Policy got me into this mess in the strongest ways possible. However, I understand that the strongest ways possible are all illegal. What positive action can I take that will jar every thinking American out of his lethargy? Something must be done before it is too late, and with my induction scheduled for a week from Thursday, it's getting pretty late right now.

J. L.  
Boston, Mass.

*In these troubled times, many of us feel the need to call attention to the wanton inhumanity all around us. Recently, several others sharing your deep emotional disturbances during their Pre-Induction Army Physical Exams, thus pointing up the incompetence of Army Psychiatrists. This may not lead to an immediate overhaul of our entire Mili-*

*tary Structure, but once you're re-classified 4-F, what in hell do you care how long it takes?*

Dear Auntie:

I just saw the last copy of your magazine, and was greatly disturbed by the article urging readers to arm themselves and open fire on the Lyle Talbot Medical College to punctuate demands for the admission of Negro students. Writing on behalf of the 43 Negro Medical Students now enrolled at Talbot, I fear that such action might lead to unpleasantness. Personally, I am content to continue enjoying the warm friendship of my White classmates without assistance from off-campus groups.

W. S.  
Macon, Georgia

*We find your "Uncle Tomism" downright nauseating. You are a disgrace to your race. And if you're too chicken to stand up and fight, we know others who will. Bigots have long contended that the American Negro is a born coward, and since you seem to possess this inherent racial weakness, all we can suggest is that you stop trying to infect the Anglo-Saxon majority with it.*

Dear Auntie:

I am a salesman with the Imperial Bridge Table Co. of Chicago, Illinois. Recently, I set up a sample of our Model #27 Vinyl-Covered Deluxe job in the Student Union Building of Seattle University with the idea of demonstrating my new telescoping legs. (Or, to be more accurate, the new telescoping legs on the Card Table.) Anyway, there seems to have been some misunderstanding among the students as to my intent, because, while sitting at the table, I collected 395 signatures on my dickey, and \$83.77 in cash contributions. Who did they think I was? I enclose a photo of myself for whatever assistance it may offer.

L. O.  
Denver, Colo.

*Sorry! Neither your account nor the photo is of any help in clearing up this case of mistaken identity. With that unkempt beard, matted hair, torn surplus pea jacket, denim pants and sandals, you look like any typical Joe-College to us.*

Dear Auntie:

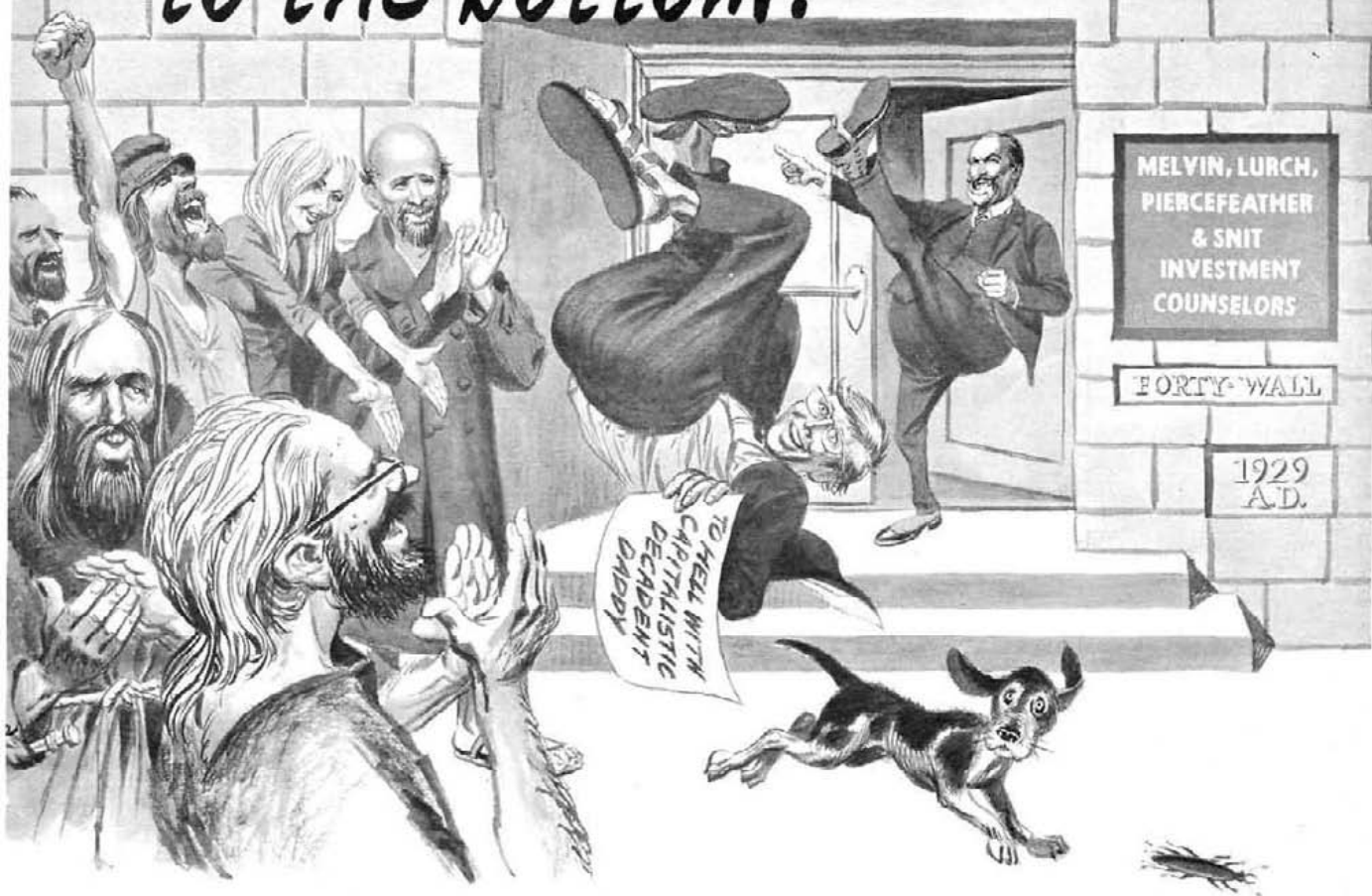
I recently met a man with whom I fell madly in love with, but he doesn't give me a tumble. He refuses to picket with me or protest with me, and he was recently very upset over a speech I gave against Organized Religion. What's wrong? I just know he's my type. He lives in Greenwich Village, and he has a beard!

D. R.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Forget your young man. He's a Rabbit!*



# I had to fight my way to the bottom!



BY WEDGEWOOD PIERCEFEATHER III

Looking back, I find it hard to believe that I actually entered college so totally unaware of the crying need for violent social reform in the rotten decadent world I'd always held so dear. True, I had seen drunks and derelicts sprawled in the gutters of the Bowery during Sunday morning walks with my father, and I remember vaguely sensing that these poor unfortunates were not reaping their per capita share of the Gross National Product . . . but Dad, whom I had neurotically taken as a father-figure, had filled my childish mind with the stereotyped reactionary alibi that one must work in order to enjoy the fruits of his labor. He'd quickly glossed over the obvious fact that many of these sodden lumps we stepped on were victims of minority group prejudices: Baptists, Immigrants from the Midwest, Political Middle-Of-The-Roaders . . . everything my father feared and hated.

Still, my thinking remained muddled until I was well into my sophomore year at Dartmouth. In my own defense, I can only say that I was lulled into a sense of false security and complacency. My Uncle owned the University, and this may have resulted in my receiving preferential treatment from the faculty . . . I can't be

sure. Perhaps my Sociology Professor would have assigned his son to be my valet anyway. But it was Tanya who planted the seeds of doubt in my mind.

Listening to Tanya, one could not fail to be swept up in the tide of hatred that engulfed her. She was vengeful and she was all woman and I wanted her. Driven first by lust and then by the realization that our two lives were welded into one by the common bond of righteous anger, I repudiated my family (choosing to make do solely on the dividends from the A.T.&T. shares I held in my own name) and I joined Tanya in her great crusades to (1) Have all 8 million New Yorkers lie down in front of the U.N. Building to protest the War in Vietnam, (2) Organize a giant cross-country sit-in demonstration at every Howard Johnson Restaurant to protest the destruction of America's scenic beauty by the construction of super-highways, and (3) Kick the Oklahoma Aggies out of the Missouri Valley Conference.

Much remains to be done, but through Tanya I have learned anti-social behavior, and now feel secure in the knowledge that when there are new bridges to cross, I will not hesitate to burn them behind me and strike out against injustice (Continued on page 119)

# THE BLEEDING HEART BEAT

## Pertinent Poop On Protesting People

by Ann Arky



Greenwich Village residents are buzzing about the unusual marriage of Ella Harington to Tom Hinkle. They're both white . . . It's all over between Free-Thinkers Paul Scratcher and his Idabelle. She will get custody of their 6 children. Ironically, the bust-up took place just 3 days before they were scheduled to get married . . . Congrats to Fred Wortflanger LSU—ex-'67) and Myra Schriber (CCNY—ex-'69) who decided to tie the Matrimonial Knot as long as they were staging a "Sit-In" at the New Orleans License Bureau anyway . . . Hats off to the courageous gang at Walla Walla Normal. Terminating a Fire Department ordinance that prohibited occupancy of a local dance hall by more than 180 persons as "an infringement on freedom of assembly", the Walla Walla kids jammed 497 demonstrators into the place. The all-night "Dance-In" put the Big Lie label on authoritarian warnings of a Fire Hazard, and most of the members of the crowd are expected to recover from injuries sustained when the floor collapsed.



Bowing to psychopathic pressure from prudish school authorities in Brookline, Mass., Yetta (Get Mt. Rushmore Out Of South Dakota) Pitch (ABOVE) has finally agreed to go to school in tight slacks. For the past three months, Yetta has been attending classes naked. They may have won the battle, Yetta, but they haven't won the war!

**GOOD NEWS DEPARTMENT:** Boycotters of The Berlitz School of Language have finally come out on top in their long struggle at its Berkeley Campus. The school finally agreed to offer Profanity Lessons in Kurdish, Hindustani and Navajo. Could be the biggest break yet for Filthy Speech Campaigners. . . . On The Ailing List: Talented Abstract Artist and "Boys' and Girls' Integrated Rest Rooms" Crusader, Shelby Featherwing. Shelby's suffering from emotional fatigue brought on by contemplation of someday starting to paint his first picture. . . . Newest hand-holding twosome at Oklahoma Western: Cliff (Stop Nuclear Testing) Brashwick and Rhoda (Get The United Fruit

Company Out Of Honduras) Gristmiller. Rumor has it that the dreamy-eyed duo will merge causes in an all out fight to Stop Nuclear Testing By The United Fruit Company in Honduras. Close friends are already making plans to picket the wedding.



Congrats to Peaceniks Doug (Foo-Foo) Floy and Ralph (Honey) Goombah who recently discovered a brilliant way to flunk an Army Draft Exam.

**SHOCKER OF THE MONTH:** The parents of Sterling Zetz have cut off all of his financial support as long as he insists upon continuing to audit courses and agitate at the U. of Nebraska. Sterling, who turned 65 last month, hopes to get by on Social Security Benefits until he completes his education. We're pulling for you, Sterl. . . . Freddy Drekk had to bow out of the upcoming "Retch-In" at Harvard. It seems that Freddy, who has been fasting for the past 45 days to protest against the United States' Participation In The War Of 1812, feels he just couldn't deliver the goods at a "Retch-In". . . . Orchids to the Campaign, Illinois, mob for wrecking the stand of that blind news vendor who stubbornly continued to sell Time Magazine despite repeated warnings that the rag once ran an item favorable to Richard Nixon.

**LET'S GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE DEPT:** Probers of last year's big New England Black-Out still refuse to say so publicly, but long-time foe of the Utilities Monopoly, Charlotte Vetcher, was influential in causing the havoc. She'd always hoped something like that might happen. . . . The students at Fungston Tech have just come up with a great new cause: Protesting Against Cause Names Spelled Out By The First Letter In Each Word Of The Cause. They call their organization SAN FRANCISCO, which stands for Students Against Nuts Fostering Recognition And Naming Causes (by the) Initials (that) Spell (the) Cause Out. . . . Frankly, we've always been opposed to ending this column cleverly with a concluding thought and then a period or exclamation point, and so this month in protest against this ridiculous practice, we've decided to . . .

# MEET THE PROS

Every month, *PROTEST* Magazine honors outstanding protesters in various fields. This month, we pay tribute to three "Champions" whose posture and form while being carried from demonstration scenes, is the talk of the National Protest Movement.

## RICHARD LIMMP



A master of the "Dishrag Technique," Richie is supreme in the art of loosening every part of his body and relaxing all of his muscles while being dragged off by police. Limmp is an advocate of the theory that the more relaxed and loose you are, the more dead weight you become and the harder you are to carry. To date, Champion Limmp has given cops and other law enforcement officers: 57 regular hernias; 22 double hernias; and last August, Richie was responsible for causing the first triple hernia in medical history.

## SELMA FLOPP



Famous for "The Australian Sprawl," Selma is without peer in the art of flinging her arms, legs, head and body in all different directions while being carried away. During her long and brilliant protesting career, Selma has never been dragged from a demonstration scene by less than ten officers... five dragging her and five more dragging the officers dragging her.

## BERNARD STIFF



Bernie, the innovator of the famed "Rigor Mortis Technique," has the fantastic ability to stiffen his entire body and hold his breath while being carried off. To date, Stiff has given 28 heart attacks to policemen carrying him who thought he was dead. Amazingly, this is only two heart attacks less than the all-time record established by the legendary Frank Fish, who is still being brought to demonstration scenes by loyal members of his protest group, even though he actually is dead.

# PROTEST

## Classified Ads

### CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

**MEMBERS URGENTLY NEEDED** for brand new protest group. Object of group: To "Sit-In" at desegregated lunchcounters, order food, nibble at it, and then walk out without paying. Name of new group: SNACK. Contact Box 45, P.M.

### HELP WANTED

**200 COCKROACHES** needed at The Putrid Pumpernickel Coffee House and Abattoir to add color to protest meetings. Must like dirty cracked floors and hot candle wax. Immediate openings in all tables, chairs, and baseboards. Also, tarantula wanted as hostess. Write Box 47 P.M.

### SWAP SHOP

**DART BOARD** with face of Robert McNamara, Sec'y of Defense, in bull's eye. Willing to swap for parakeet cage with picture of Lewis Hershey, *Selective Service Director*, on cage floor. Desperate. Box 53 P.M.

### TOURS

**RESERVATIONS** still open for passengers on rowboat, S.S. Norman Mailer, which sails for Tokyo on September 9th. Tour Highlight: Members will hurl themselves into the crater of Mt. Fujiyama to protest selling of scrap iron to Japan in 1937. Apply Box 57 P.M.

### CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

**UPSET** because you may be graduating from High School next term? Embarrassed because all the other members of your protest group are High School Drop-Outs? Why not become a High School Drop-Out right in your own home in your spare time. Our Home Study Course will not only confuse you at Final Exam time, but it will help you forget things you even learned in Elementary and Junior High School. Write: Home Study High School Drop-Out Course, Box P.M., Detroit, Illinois (See what we're doing to your geography already?)

### APARTMENTS TO LET

Ideal apartment for young crusader couple. Three rooms, no windows, no bathroom, no running water and no heat. On the sixth floor of a five-story walk-up. (Sixth floor will appear after dose of LSD) Apply Landlord, 22 Finster St., Greenwich Village, N. Y. (He'll sell you the LSD)

### PUBLIC NOTICES

**ZELDA TSUMMIS**, having left my White House gate demonstration in the midst of a Vietnam "Chain-In", I am no longer responsible for any future bail expenses incurred by her. Milton Tsummis.

### PERSONALS

**IDEALISTIC YOUNG FEMALE** Causist, bright, mature, practical, is anxious to meet, marry and settle down with kind, considerate, thoughtful, wealthy Viet Cong Accountant. Write Box 64, P.M.

### RIDES TO SHARE

**I AM LOOKING** for someone to keep me company in my car during my planned 17-day "Stall-In" on the Golden Gate Bridge this October. Willing to trade transportation, gas and food for the right protester who can supply any reasonable "Cause". Send details to Box 67, P.M.

### BUSINESSES AND SERVICES

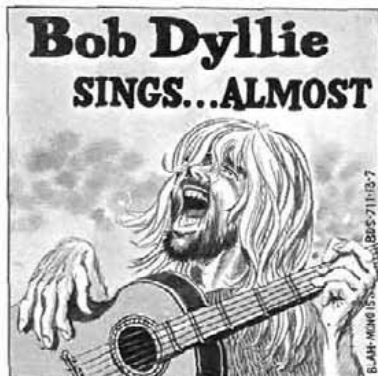
**EXHAUSTED** by all that protesting? Having trouble getting up in the mornings for important demonstrations? Why not let "AMOS RENT-A-PICKET" solve your problems. Our trained pickets come in black leather jackets and all have strong lungs. They will curse, shout and make a terrible racket, all in your name. And you can count on "AMOS RENT-A-PICKET" to try harder. After all, AMOS is only Number 2 in the Rent-A-Picket business. Telephone QU 8-8998.



# THE PROTESTER'S SHOPPING GUIDE

NEW LP'S FOR SWINGING PROTESTERS

NEW FALL FASHIONS FOR THE PROPERLY DRESSED YOUNG PROTESTER



America's "Number-One Folk-Rock-Poet" performs a batch of his own songs, and actually hits 3 true musical notes (two on the flip side). This new album includes "I Prayed For An End To War But The Man Upstairs Is A Fink," "Support Peace Or I'll Kill Ya, Baby" and "The Adult World Is A Rotten Place So I'm Gonna Be A Kid All My Life."

ICONOCLAST RECORDS . . . . . \$4.98



Crying out for all the persecuted teenagers in the land, this exciting new group sings: "Dean Rusk Is Aiming That H-Bomb At Me," "If I Ever Get Hold Of That Doctor That Slapped Me At Birth, I'll Kill Him," "Why Did My Mom And Pop Stop Kissing Me—Just Because I Quit Taking A Bath" and twelve other tear-jerkers.

LETHARGY RECORDS . . . . . \$3.98



An exciting young folk singer laments about all the things that other folk singers haven't complained about yet, including "Bring Our Boys Home From Boys Town," "Down With All Them Up Escalators," "Oh, Them Mother Taxes," "The Pill Has Removed My Fears And Guilt, But Nobody Wants Me Anyhow" and "Yankee, Go Homo."

SICK-KEY RECORDS . . . . . \$4.95



Now you can face a tear gas attack from the fuzz without fear of losing your feminine charm, thanks to this stunning "Petite Masquette," featured by Sacks Fifth Avenue (Irving Sacks Repellent Co., 327 Fifth Avenue, Hastings, Nebraska). Despite dainty appearance, Masquette is so sturdy it even resists the only fumes stronger than tear gas, namely those encountered at protest meetings where most others in attendance don't wash very often . . . . . \$12.95



Phony cap and gown looks like the real thing until examined closely when it looks like what it is: crepe paper. However, this won't show up in out-of-focus snapshots taken with Mom and Dad on Graduation Day. And Mom and Dad won't care that you lacked the credits to graduate so long as they have out-of-focus snapshots to make their friends think you did. Noodnick Novelty Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. \$2.98



Memories! Memories! Why not perpetuate important events in your life with this lovely, 14 carat gold charm bracelet. Memories of that last bath you took many months ago; the unforgettable hosing you received from Sheriff Jim Clark in Selma, Alabama; the troop train you lay down in front of which was trying to bring Army dentists to Ft. Dix, N. J.; that horse that supplied the pile of manure you slept on during your illegal visit to Red China, etc. Comes with unbreakable chain that can double as shackling device for your next "Chain-In." Stiffany's of N. Y. . . . . \$17.50

## EDITORIAL NOTE:

Because so many of our readers have been out in the street lately, protesting against magazine titles which too clearly describe the contents of the magazine, beginning with our next issue the title of this magazine will be changed to PEPPERMAN'S TOOL AND DIE QUARTERLY.

# WHAT'S THE DIRTIEST PLAY IN MODERN FOOTBALL?

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING MAD FOLD-IN

A dirty rotten vicious play has been introduced into Modern Football, and many players, coaches and fans would like to see it banned. But there is little chance of that, now. It's here to stay! Fold page in as shown, and you'll see what it is:



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



COUNT ON SEEING THIS DIRTY PLAY OFTEN DURING THE SEASON — UNLESS OFFICIALS DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. BUT THEY'RE HELPLESS. SO EACH TIME OUTSTANDING TEAMS START SUSTAINED DRIVES DOWN-FIELD, LOOK FOR TELEGRAPHED SIGNS OF THE DIRTY PLAY THAT STOPS 'EM, AND ENVISION WHAT MIGHT'VE HAPPENED IF REFS HADN'T TURNED THEIR HEADS!

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

A

B





Photography by Irving Schild

If ever you're on the outskirts of Laredo,  
Or any such town like that here in the West,  
You'll see all the places we've planted young cowboys  
Who died from those cigarette slugs in the chest!

# Famous Marble-Row Funereal Black

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from headstones to our  
famous "flip-top box"



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