

THE SECOND ANNUAL
"YOU'LL GO 'APE' OVER THIS ISSUE OF MAD"
ISSUE OF

No.
102
April
'66

MAD

OUR PRICE

30c

CHEAP



ATTENTION, BERG-WATCHERS!

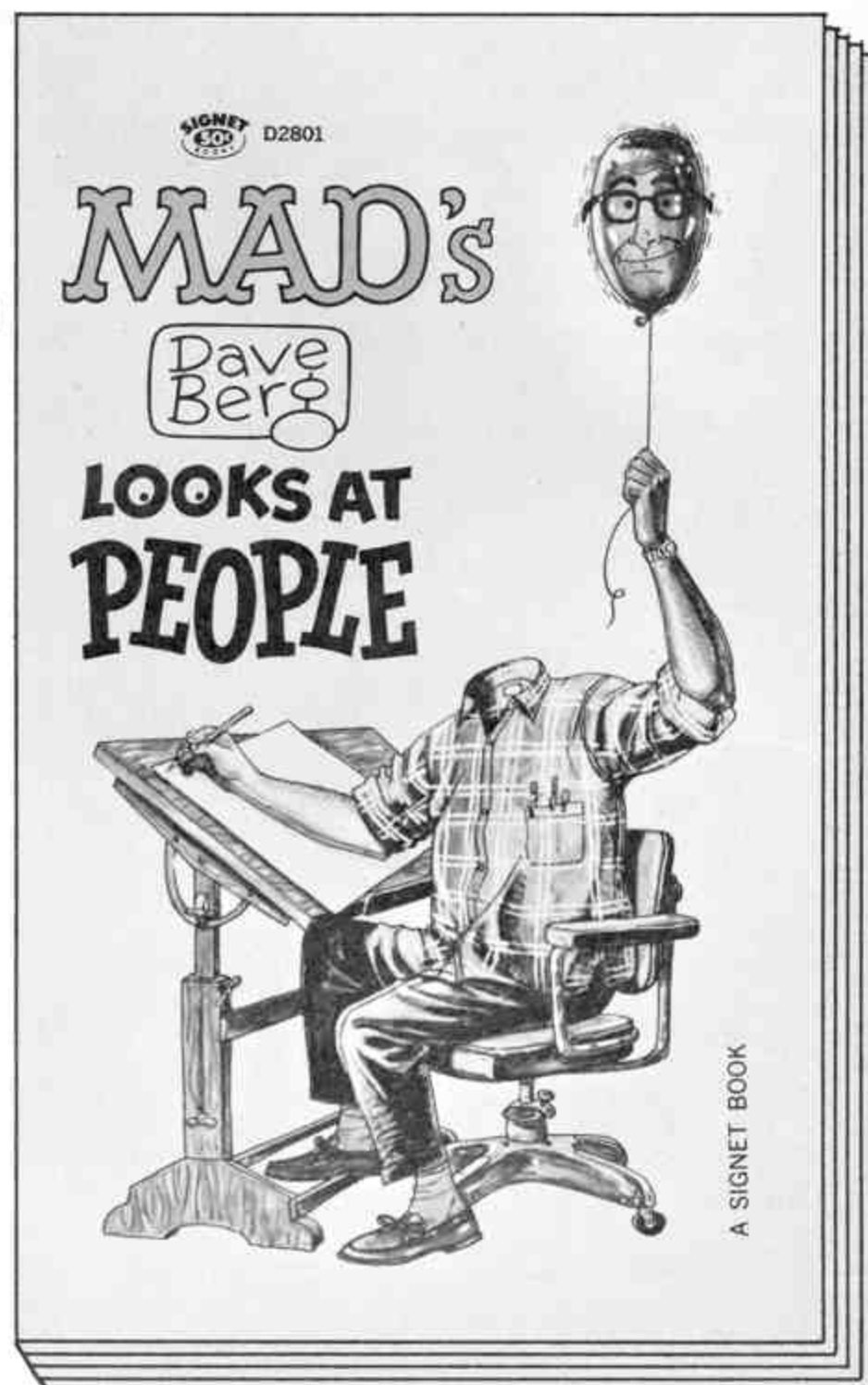
FIRST
IT WAS . . .



... NOW WE'RE HAWKING THIS
SECOND
BERG-BRAINED CREATION!



Yes, in a further effort to feather his nest, MAD'S Dave Berg has cast an eagle-eye at all the queer ducks around him and come up with another cuckoo collection of "Berg's-Eye Views". So just for a lark, buzzard down to your bookstore and take a gander at it. You'll have no egrets . . . until you take a swift look at the price. Then, you'll tern and cry fowl when you realize how we're robin all you gull-ible people blind. But that's a myna detail. You'll end up raven over this turkey! (Now isn't this pitch more than you can swallow?)



AT YOUR FAVORITE BOOKSTAND—OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 50¢

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MAD

**850 Third Avenue,
New York, N. Y.
10022**

PLEASE SEND ME:



I ENCLOSE 50¢

We cannot be responsible for cash lost
or stolen in the mails. Check or Money
Order preferred! On orders Outside
the U.S.A. add 10% Extra!

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THE BOOKS CHECKED BELOW

- ☐ The MAD Reader
- ☐ MAD Strikes Back
- ☐ Inside MAD
- ☐ Utterly MAD
- ☐ The Brothers MAD
- ☐ The Bedside MAD
- ☐ Son of MAD
- ☐ The Organization MAD

- ☐ Like MAD
- ☐ The Ides of MAD
- ☐ Fighting MAD
- ☐ The MAD Frontier
- ☐ MAD in Orbit
- ☐ The Voodoo MAD
- ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
- ☐ Three Ring MAD

- ☐ Self-Made MAD
- ☐ The MAD Sampler
- ☐ World, World, etc. MAD
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The U.S.A.
- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY

I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH BOOK CHECKED

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ Zip-Code _____

WHICH IS AN ABSOLUTE MUST!



MAD

"Some sons of brilliant fathers are such disappointments that it would seem enlightening doesn't strike in the same place twice."—Alfred E. Neuman

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

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

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

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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LAKE
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US MAD SUBSCRIBERS WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN SWITCH

... to buying each copy at a newsstand!



Photography by Irving Schild

JOIN THE MAD UNSWITCHABLES!

SUBSCRIBE TO

MAD

MAD
850 Third Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10022

☐ I enclose \$2.00.* Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 7 issues of MAD

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

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AN ABSOLUTE MUST

*Outside U.S.A., \$2.50. **Outside U.S.A., \$6.25.

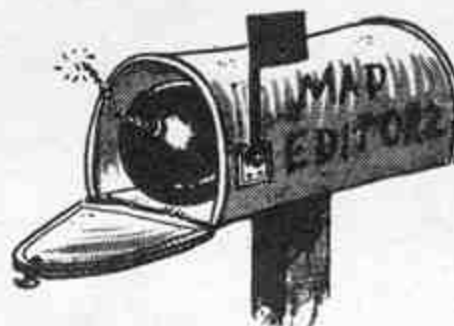
Please allow 8 weeks for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD



quickly put a match to his full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, to warm his hands. So if you want a picture to keep you warm, mail 25¢ (or 50¢ for 3) to MAD, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



WHAT IS A BLIND DATE?

I would like to congratulate Arnie Kogen on "What Is A Blind Date?" (No. 100). It was one of the funniest things I have ever read. And the drawings by Sergio Aragones were hilarious, too.

Debbie Berliner
Fort Worth, Texas



We are MAD! Why is it that it's always the girl who's the dog? Has Arnie Kogen, the writer of your biased masterpiece, ever heard what girls said about HIM when they get him for a blind date?

Cheerleader
(Who has taken Blind Dates)
Phoenix, Arizona

Congratulations on your exposé of Blind Dates. However, you included everything except that now computers are moving in on the Blind Date Field—choosing with split-second timing and unquestionable precision the same dogs we would get otherwise.

Randall H. Suslick
Charlottesville, Va.

I read with interest your article on "Blind Dates". Thanks for the warning. A Future Dater.

Drew Kaselow (Age 12)
Glen Rock, New Jersey

Your article on Blind Dates may hold true for a lot of girls, but certainly not for all of them. After all, my Mother and Father met on a blind date!

Wayne Rosenfeld
Springfield, Mass.

"What Is A Blind Date?" was a Masterpiece. In fact, I framed it and hung it on the wall ... of a condemned building!

Bill Osenger
Burlington, Wisc.

BELIEVE IT OR NUTS

It made me angry to read your snide joke about Philadelphia ("MAD's Modern Believe It or Nuts"—No. 100). Everybody picks on Philadelphia. Everybody makes the same old jokes about it being such a dull city. Well, I'm sick of it, and I protest! And tomorrow morning, just as soon as they unroll the sidewalks again, I'm rushing out and mail this letter.

P. J. Beneson
Philadelphia, Pa.

MARVELOUS MODEL-KIT

I think the Aurora "Alfred E. Neuman" model-kit is marvelous. When it is assembled and painted up, it looks exactly like Alfie himself. And the poses are hilarious. When is the model-kit of "The MAD Zeppelin" coming out?

Martin Lipsius
Ormand Beach, Fla.

THE NILSON FAMILY

Congratulations on your 100th Issue. I can honestly say that I've never seen MAD funnier. As I read through it, page by page, I kept laughing louder and louder. A special thanks for your superb satire, "The Nilson Family"—undoubtedly your most hilarious TV satire yet.

Thom. R. Pokorni
John Carroll University
Cleveland, Ohio

It's about time somebody poked fun at TV shows that have become "sickeningly sweet". Shows like these probably give people in other countries the impression that we are a nation of morons. I hope that you will continue to point out the unreality of some of our entertainment.

Tom Rechenmacher
Northfield, Ohio



I really have to hand it to you guys. You really tore apart a thoroughly—er—thoroughly—er—a real sickening TV show.

B. W. Borysyewski
SSC, USNTC
Great Lakes, Ill.

Your satire of "The Nilson Family" was surprisingly brilliant, considering that one of your staff wrote it.

Fred Paul
Fair Lawn, N. J.

A FUTURE FOR MAD?

Keep up the good work, and you could become the nation's top humor magazine.

John Buffum
Annapolis, Md.

HACK, HACK, SWEET HAS-BEEN

Recently bought your "100th Issue—Big Deal!" and thought that your satire on the rash of Bette Davis—Joan Crawford—type horror movies, "Hack, Hack, Sweet Has-Been" was absolutely great!

John Greitzer
Springfield, Pa.

I just finished reading your disgusting satire on elderly movie actresses. It was pure filth and made your 100th Issue trashy. It was a low blow.

Bob Bearden
St. Louis, Mo.



Your movie satires ("Flawrence of Arabia", "Cheyenne Awful", etc.) are usually some of the cleverest and most cutting satires you produce. That's because you stick to the plots and tear them slowly to pieces, scene by scene. But your satire of "Hack, Hack, Sweet Has-Been" was extremely disappointing, going off on its own and forgetting the film it was satirizing. It was much too contrived for MAD.

Richard Douglass
Fayette, Missouri

Chalk up another victory for Mort Drucker and Larry Siegel for "Hack, Hack, Sweet Has-Been"—one of the best satires I have ever read. How you can sum up all of these shock-type horror movies in one brilliant satire is beyond me.

Jim Carlson
Bradford, Pa.

Why pick on the great ladies of the screen?

Charles Lefebvre
Plaquemine, La.

I have never read anything as funny as your movie satire, "Hack, Hack Sweet Has-Been".

Bonnie Kraisman
Philadelphia, Pa.

A CASE FOR MAD

We never throw away a copy of MAD. We keep them in a sacred bookcase, and on rainy days, we drag out the stack and enjoy them all over again. MAD never gets old.

B. Thomas
Toledo, Ohio

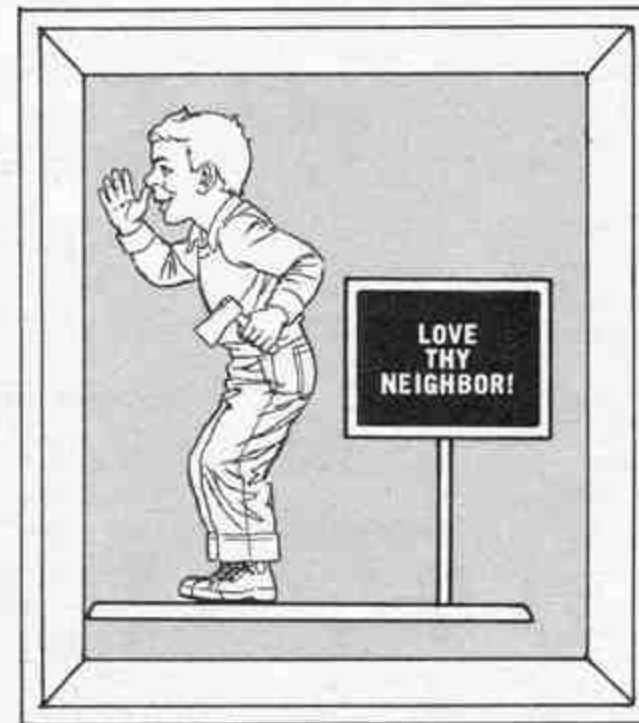
Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 102, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

NOW YOU CAN BUILD ALFRED E. NEUMAN MAD's "WHAT—ME WORRY?" KID WITH AURORA'S CRAZY NEW ALFRED E. NEUMAN WHAT—ME WORRY? KIT!



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

Extra "snap-in" arms and signs allow you to pose Alfred in various attitudes, each one sure to get you a laugh . . . or more likely, a punch in the mouth. Like f'rinstance, these four ridiculous poses:



ON SALE NOW

AT ALL HOBBY AND CHAIN STORES

PUT "CAMP" IN YOUR CAMPAIGN DEPT.

Running true to form, Madison Avenue has once again latched onto an Idea, and is currently beating it to death. It all started with "Put a *Giant* in your Washer!" and hit its stride with "Put a *Tiger* in your Tank!" (See ad below.) Where will it end, nobody knows. Hopefully, it may come to a halt with this article which offers—

SOME MAD OTHER "RID

PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK

"...OR ELSE!!"



HUMBLE **ESSO** Oil Co.

PUT A DOCTOR IN YOUR CHICKEN SOUP!



use **MAMA GOLDFARB'S**
CHICKEN FAT CONCENTRATE

PUT A SHARK IN YOUR SINK



INSTALL A
CHOMP'N'GNASH
GARBAGE DISPOSAL UNIT
TODAY!

SUGGESTIONS FOR "FICULOUS AD IMAGES"

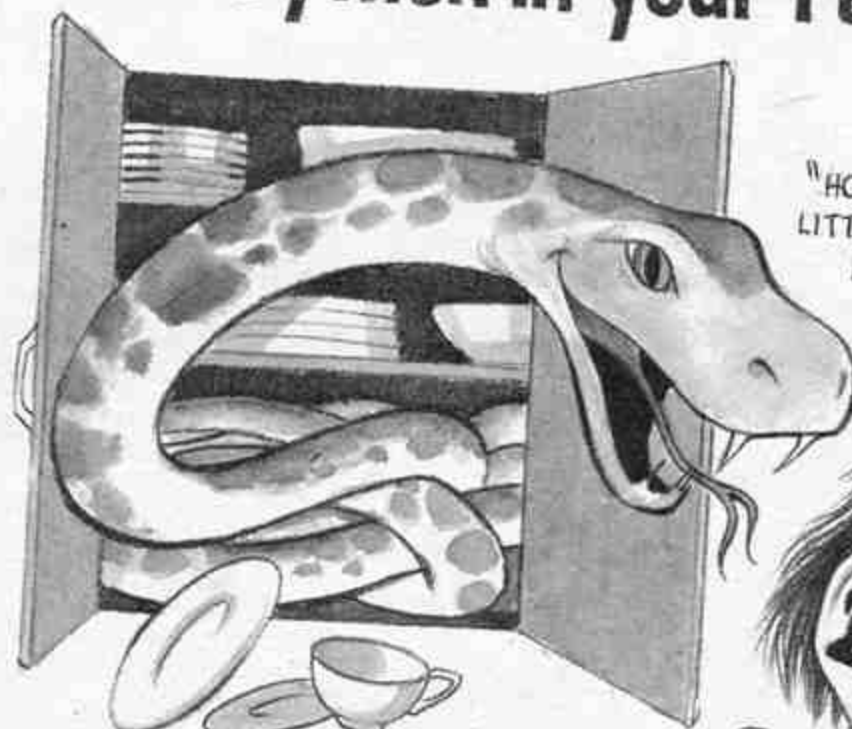
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

PUT A PINK ELEPHANT
IN YOUR
RUMPUS
ROOM!

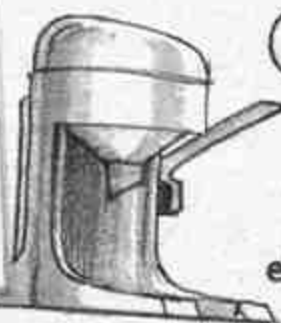


OLD BRIMSTONE
100 PROOF KENTUCKY BOURBON

Put a Python in your Pantry!



"HOW ABOUT A
LITTLE SQUEEZE,
HONEY?!!"



**CITRUS
KING**

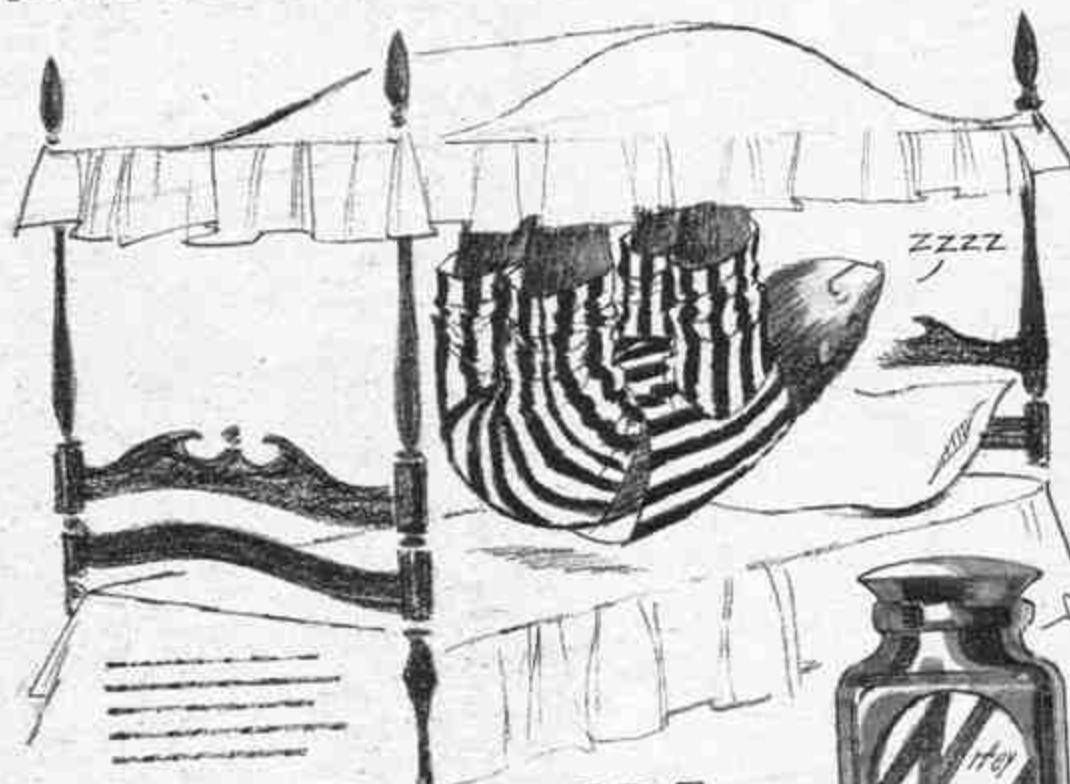
the most powerful
juice-squeezer in the
entire civilized world!*

*It will soon be available in California, too!

PUT A PROWL CAR IN YOUR PARLOR!



PUT A GIANT 3-TOED
SLOTH IN YOUR PAJAMAS!



NiteyNite
super potent sleeping pills



Protect your loved ones from Burglars,
Prowlers and International Spies with
CHEEZZITTE
AUTOMATIC BURGLAR ALARMS



IN THE DELICATESSEN



UP-CHUCK DEPT.

Every week, Chuck Conman rides across our TV screens, trying desperately to prove something. As Captain Jason McNutt, the sole survivor of the battle of Bilkers Creek, who has been found guilty of cowardice and dishonorably discharged, Chuck tries desperately to prove that he can act. Here then is:

BRAND ED

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

He was innocent...
Not a charge was tr-u-ue...

Boy! Every week the same darn thing! We gotta line up at attention out here in the hot sun and watch that McNutt character get thrown out of the U.S. Army all over again, while this idiot sings and plays the guitar! How come?

It's our subtle way of reminding the TV viewers, who would otherwise forget from week to week, that Chuck didn't do it!

Sir, I don't mind you taking away my DFC, my Purple Heart and my Congressional Medal of Honor, but I'd appreciate it if you'd let me keep my Good Conduct Medal this week!

Why, McNutt?

It's holding up my pants!



Oh, I'm back in the saddle again, Tryin' to make the Top Ten, I wuz in "Arrest an' Trial" An' I missed it by a mile— So I'm back like the ol' "Rifleman"!

Sir, I represent the Galloping Poll and I'd like to ask you a few questions. First... who is the current President of the U.S.A.?

Hmmm! Le'me think. Er— Lincoln? No! Washington? No! Grant—? Can you give me a hint?

Second question... Who is Jason McNutt?

He's the dirty rotten traitor who deserted at Bilker's Creek on September 14th, 1879!

I'll trade you two Benedict Arnolds and a Shoeless Joe Jackson for one Jason McNutt...

WELCOME TO SNAKEPIT

A FRIENDLY COMMUNITY

WARNING! THE SUN NEVER SETS ON A ~~STRANGER~~ ^{TRAITOR} IN THIS TOWN!



Sir, could you direct me to the Unemployment Office . . . ?

You lookin' for work? Maybe I can use you at the ranch. What can you do?

Well, I can ride broncos, out-draw any gunslinger and build a fire by rubbing two sticks together. I'm a Black Belt Karate expert, I dabble in psychiatry, medicine, the law—

You'll do! What's your name, stranger?

McNutt. Jason, ex-Capt., U.S. Army, D.D.—



You know what that was for, McNutt? I lost a son at Bilker's Creek!

Didn't everybody?!

Now, about that job—

You have the nerve to ask me for a job? Get out of my sight, you yellow-bellied coward!

Wait a minute, McNutt!

Maybe there is something you can do for me. I'd like you to talk to my other son. I want him to be a soldier . . . It's a family tradition with us Kilroys! . . . and he wants to be a dress designer . . .

I really don't know how I can help your son, Mr. Kilroy.

I'll level with you, McNutt. The boy is not well-liked, and I figure that a man like yourself, who is universally hated and despised, would know what to say to him. Er—would you mind going in the back way in case my neighbors are watching?

BOONDOCK RANCH



Hello, Dad—

Is that any way to talk to your father, boy?

Sorry! I forgot!

Robert E. Lee Kilroy reporting, Sir!

That's better! Son, this is Jason McNutt!

Hi, there!

I said his name was McNUTT!

Pleased to meet you, Mr. McNutt!





You idiot! He's Capt. McNutt of Bilker's Creek!

See what I mean, McNutt? After what you did to his brother, he should want to kill you!

You? You're the man responsible for my brother, Wellington's—

I'm afraid so, son!



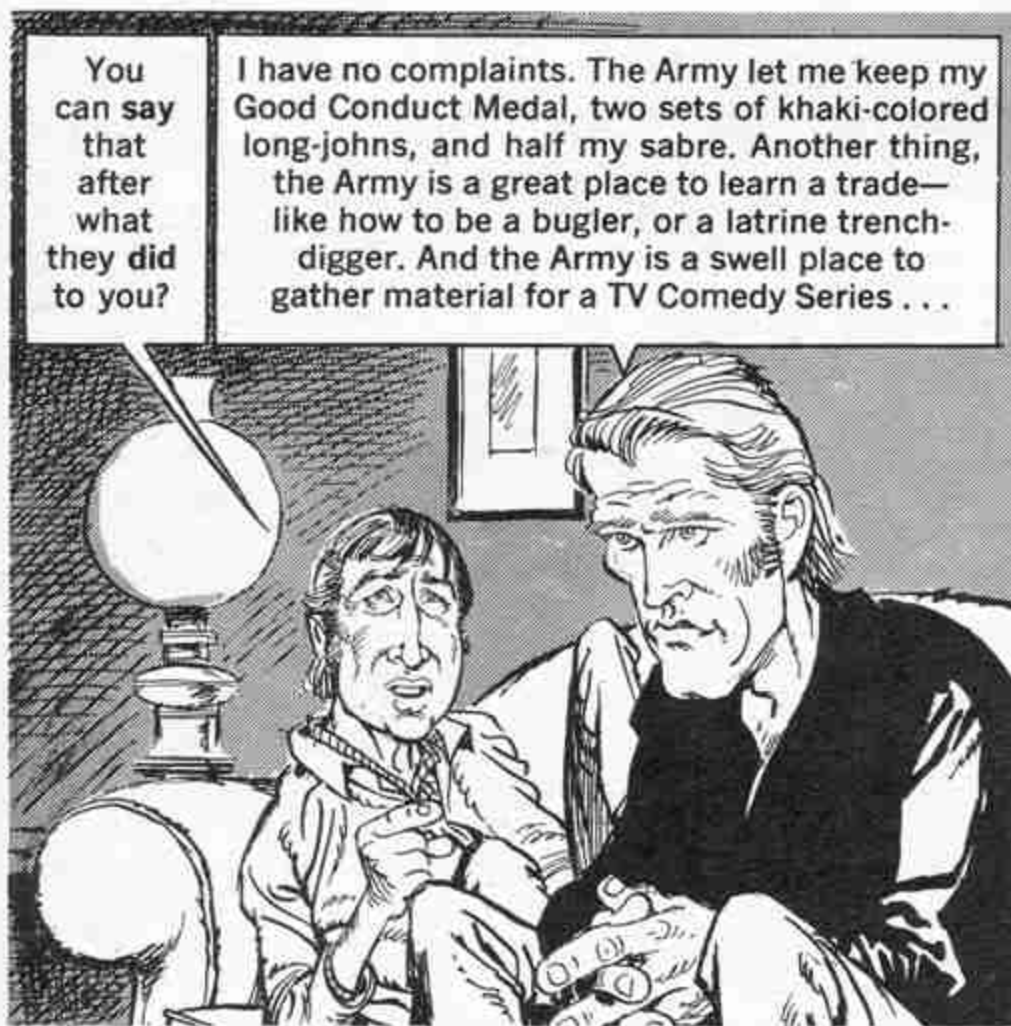
I'm VERY pleased to meet you, sir. I never could stomach that brother of mine. He was always Papa's favorite.

Tell me about it, boy—



He was mean, always breaking my knitting needles, and my dolls. I sure was glad when he went into the Army!

The Army isn't so bad!



You can say that after what they did to you?

I have no complaints. The Army let me keep my Good Conduct Medal, two sets of khaki-colored long-johns, and half my sabre. Another thing, the Army is a great place to learn a trade—like how to be a bugler, or a latrine trench-digger. And the Army is a swell place to gather material for a TV Comedy Series...



Look at it this way, son: If you enlist in the Army, you'll get away from your dear old Dad!

Where's the Recruiting Office.!



Well, Mr. Kilroy, your son is a soldier now!

Blood will tell every time, McNutt!

Telegram for Col. Irving Kilroy, Retired—



It's from The War Department!

Read it, McNutt!

McNutt? Jason McNutt??



POW! ★



That's for my second cousin, Melvin, on my wife's side! He got his—

Yeah, I know! At Bilker's Creek!

Read the telegram, McNutt—

It's your son,
Robert E. Lee!
He . . . He's—

Was
it
the
Red-
skins?

No, he was run
over by a chuck
wagon. But it
really doesn't
matter. He was
a soldier!

You're right. He died like a Kilroy,
with his boots on. I'd like to shake
your hand, McNutt, but some of
my cowpokes may be watching,
so all I can say is: Thanks . . .
and get off my ranch, you dirty,
rotten traitor!

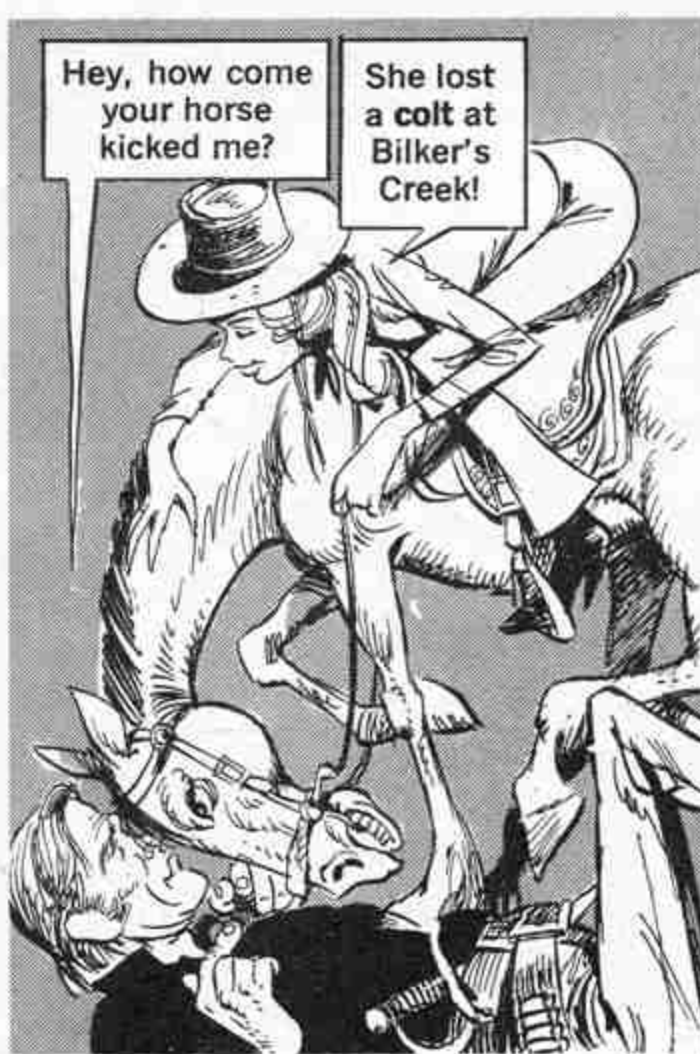
Hi! I'm Mary McCall from "Reader's Digest."
I've been assigned to do a story on you for
our new series, "Profiles in Cowardice," so
if you don't mind, I'll just tag along and
make notes. You won't even know I'm around.

Be
my
guest,
Ma'am,
and—



Hey, how come
your horse
kicked me?

She lost
a colt at
Bilker's
Creek!



Run for your lives!
It's El Baccala and
his band of hairy men!

Why are you
running? Call
the Sheriff!

I AM
the
Sheriff!



What's the matter
with your men? Stand
up to this outlaw!

You stand up to him,
McNutt! You've got
nothing to lose! You're
now a Deputy!

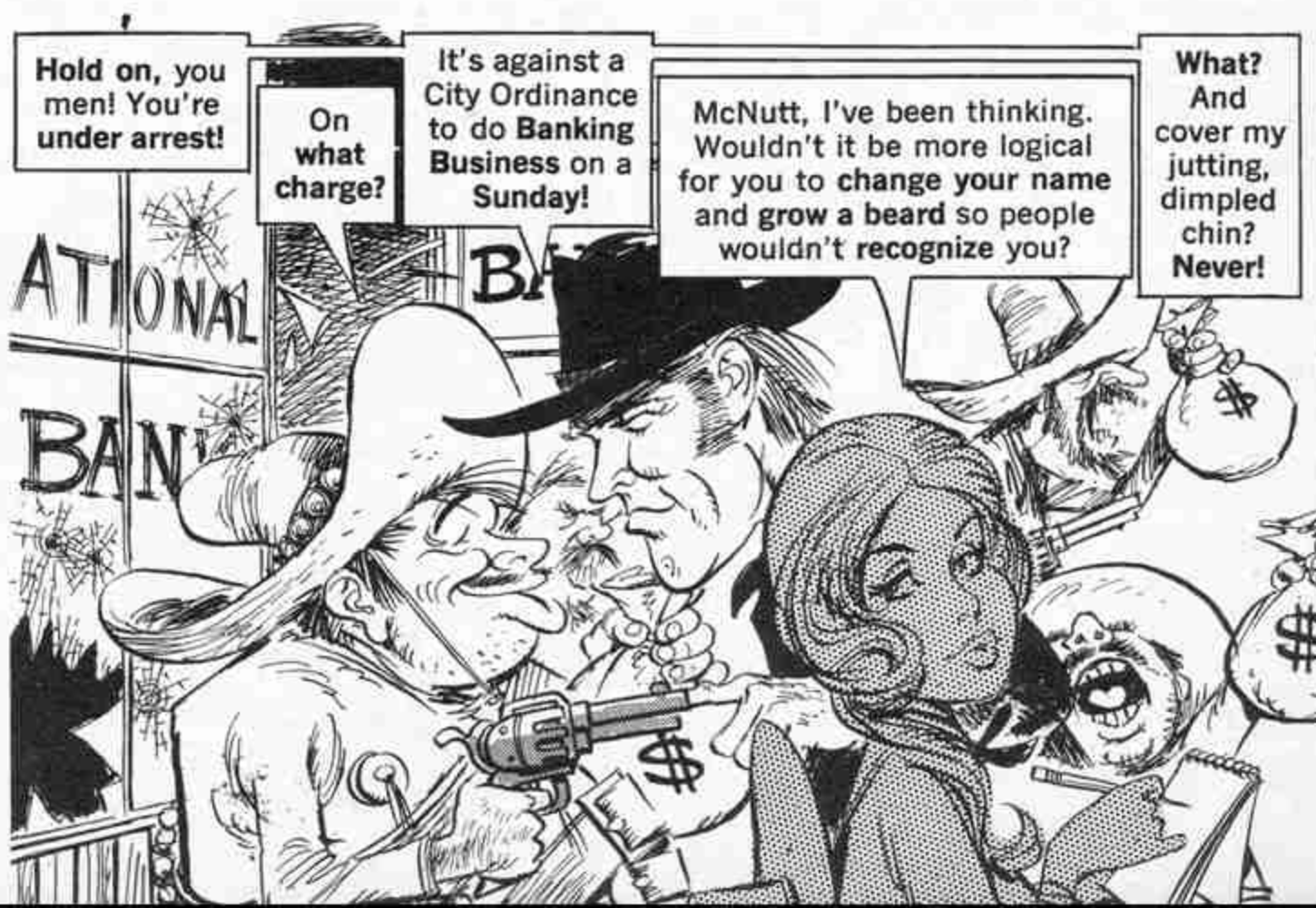
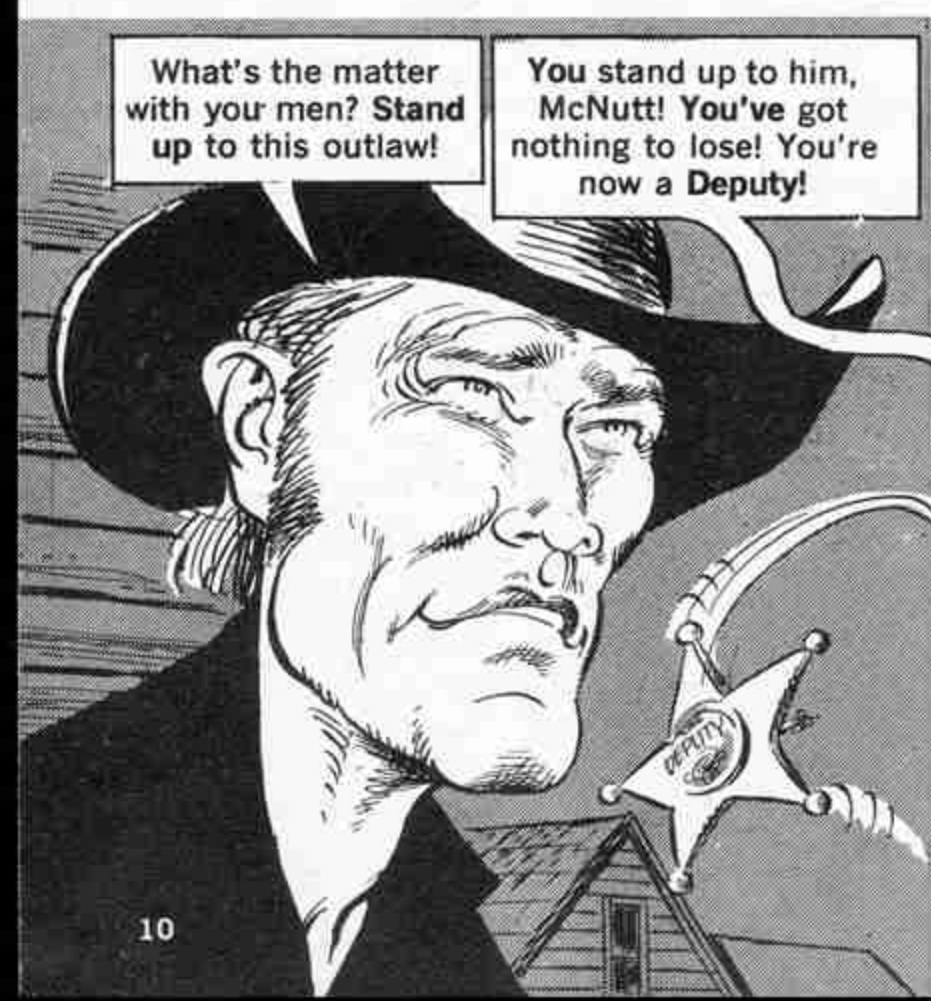
Hold on, you
men! You're
under arrest!

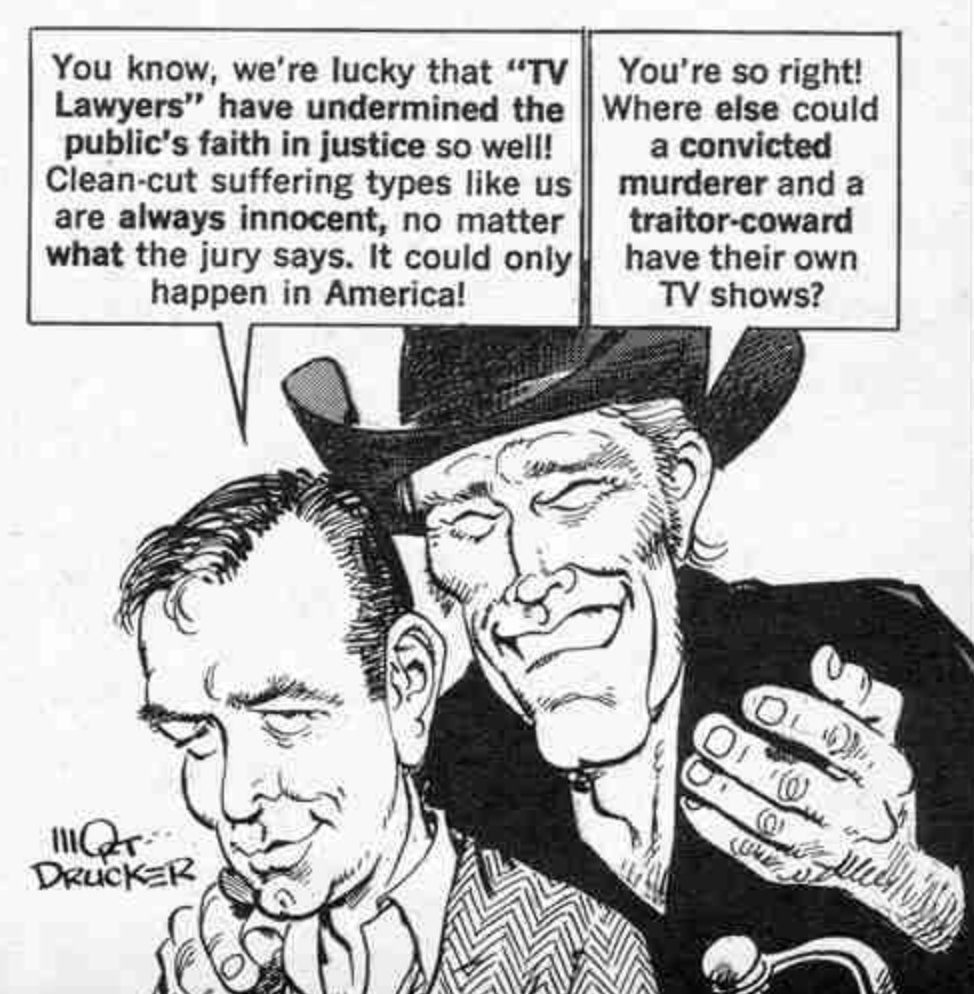
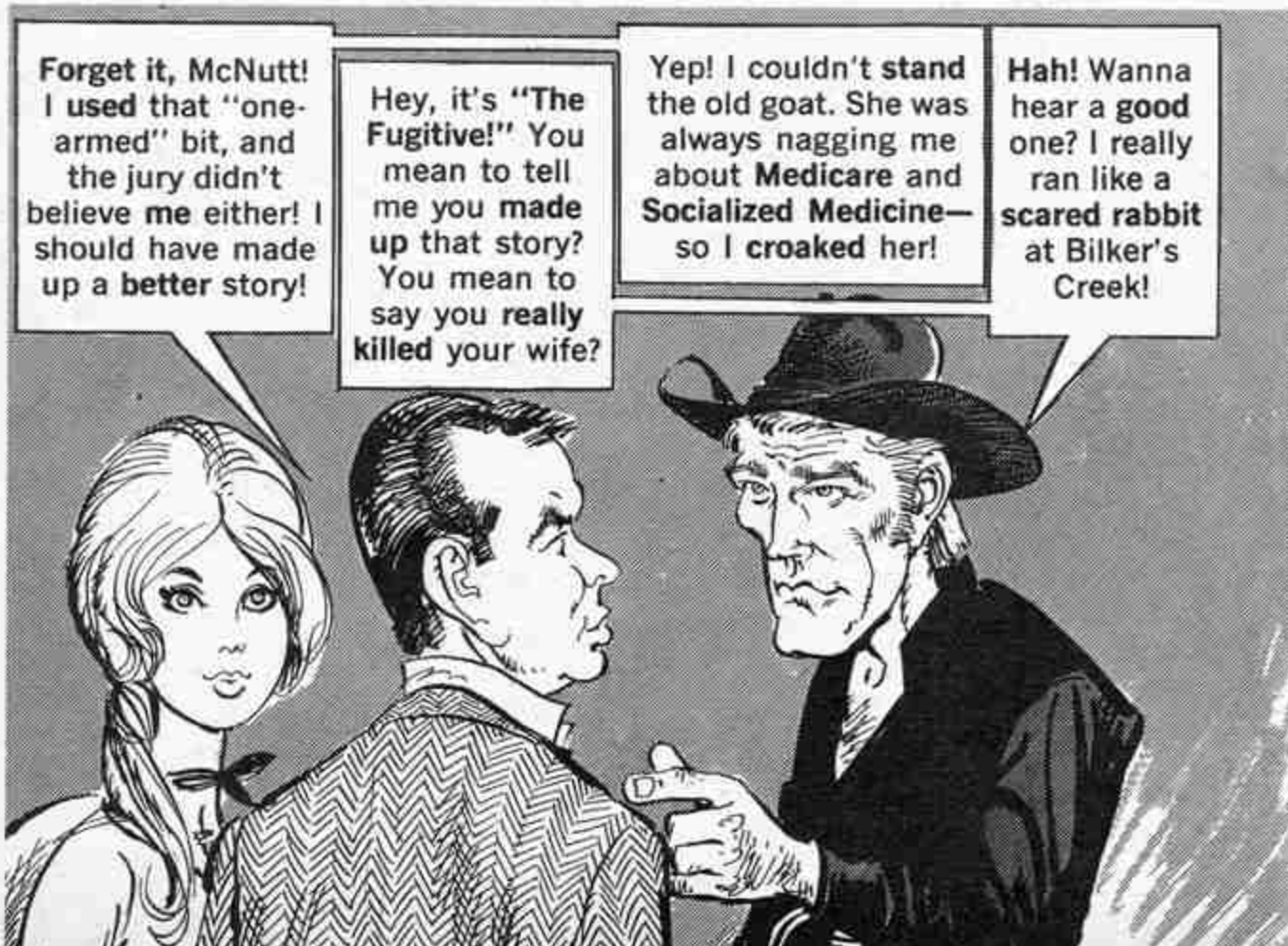
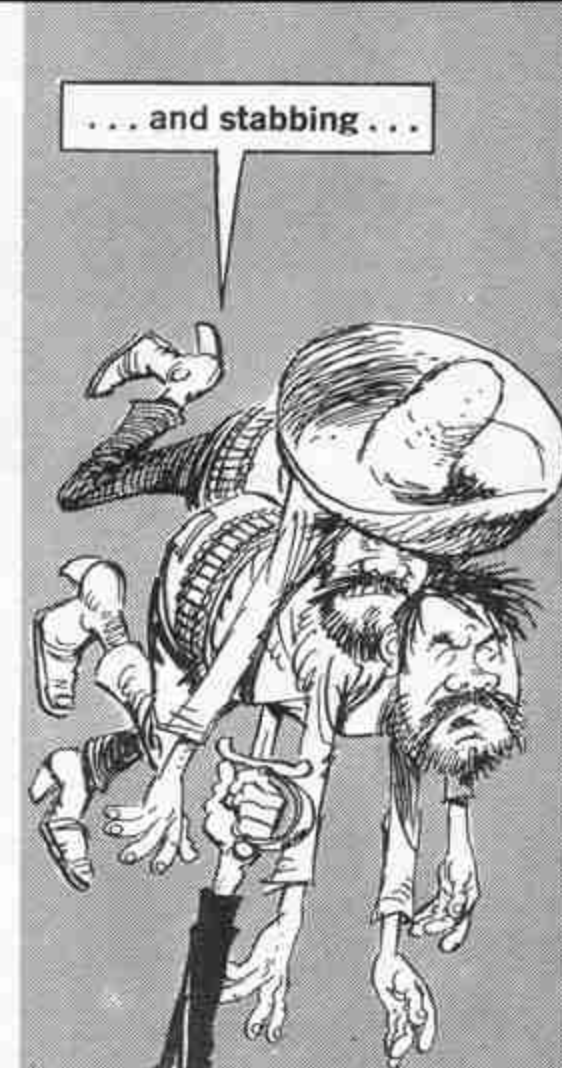
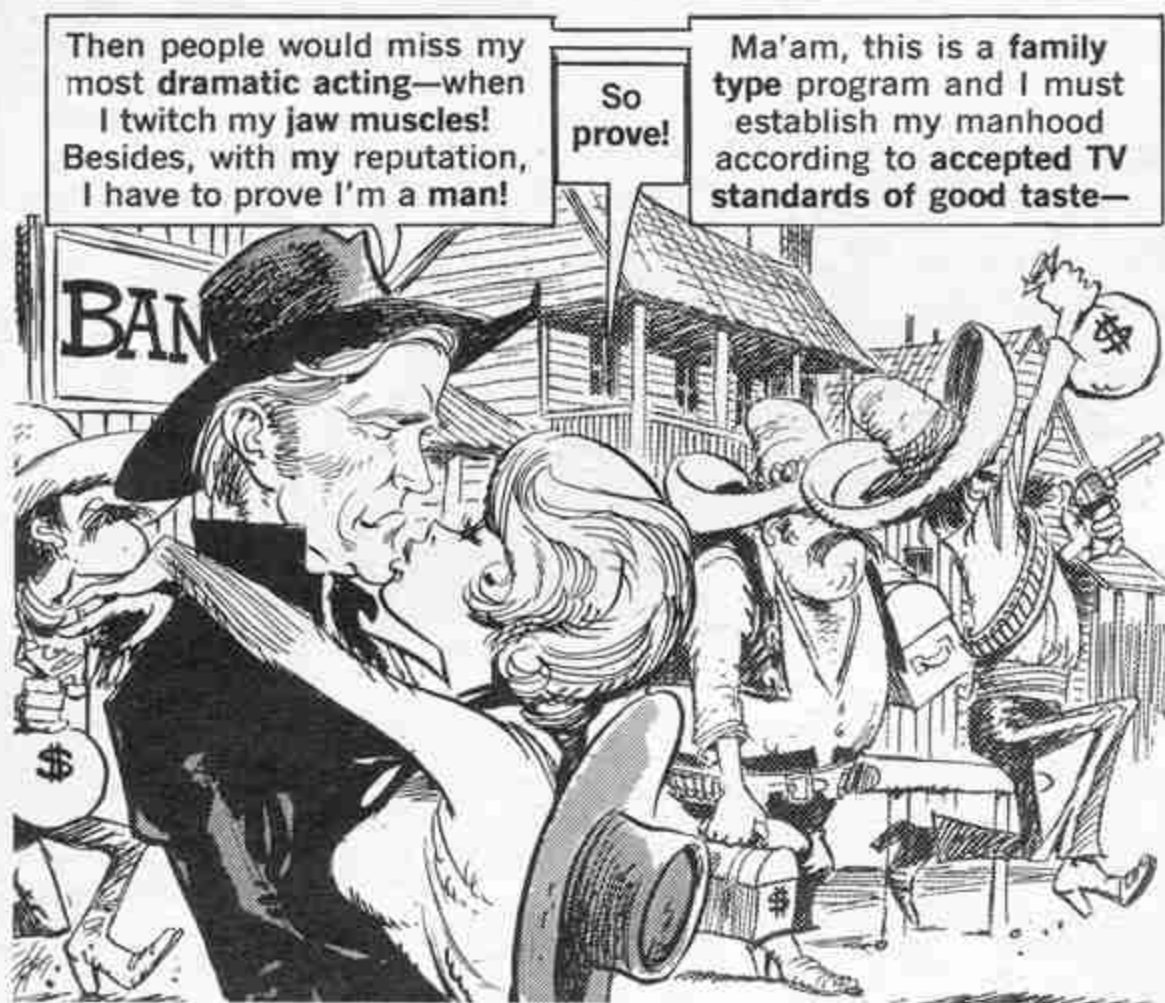
On
what
charge?

It's against a
City Ordinance
to do Banking
Business on a
Sunday!

McNutt, I've been thinking.
Wouldn't it be more logical
for you to change your name
and grow a beard so people
wouldn't recognize you?

What?
And
cover my
jutting,
dimpled
chin? Never!





THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY DEPT.

Back in the good old days, when the human herd was still headed in the right direction, winning friends was considered a downright nuisance, and influencing people was recognized as a sure-fire short-cut into an even worse mess. Dale Carnegie changed all that by convincing us that we had to do both at the same time if we expected to rise above the plodding, slovenly, unrecognized finks and enter the ranks of the dynamic, yet beloved executive finks. Today, home study self-improvement courses are available to the aspiring clod in almost every field of endeavor. We say "almost" because it has been left to MAD to fill the most crying need . . . with this home study guide offering vital tips to those who have their hearts set on

ACHIEVING PERSONAL SUCCESS IN CRIME

ANOTHER MAD HOME-STUDY COURSE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH



Lesson I.

Making That Indelible First Impression



All too often, the aspiring young criminal fails to realize the importance of making a dynamic, positive impression during his initial call on a victim. Idle dreams of a profitable career in bank robbery rarely achieve fruition for those unwilling to put forth the extra effort needed to build up a regular territory of cooperative tellers who always remember to set aside a few dollars for you on collection day.

Many elderly failures still follow the time-worn procedure of slinking into a bank armed only with a grubby anonymous note demanding cash and an unimpressive .32 calibre automatic. Small wonder that they are not even recognized when they call again hoping for repeat business. How much more forward-looking it is on that initial visit to flash a winning smile, offer your hand in a warm, firm clasp, and make a lasting impression with some heartfelt greeting such as, "How do you do. I'm awfully glad to know you! My name is Raunchy L. Fagin, and I'd like to take just a moment of your time to rob your bank."

Lesson IV.

Prepare For That Big Appointment In Advance



An hour spent in research before keeping an important appointment with a victim may spell the difference between success and failure. On occasion, it may even save you from spending the next 20 years in stir.

In this era of specialization, a mere working knowledge of the basic fundamentals is not enough to insure your rise to the top. Today's astute crime-victim rightfully expects you to know the specifics of your chosen branch of the industry before he will regard you as a professional.

Quite often, adequate preparation in even so complex a field as counterfeiting may be achieved with surprising ease. A few moments of research in any bank or branch library is sufficient to familiarize you with the facts that you shouldn't have put Harold Stassen's picture on the \$10 bill, and that green would have been a better choice of ink color. The more technical aspects of the subject, such as how your activities will throw the national economy out of whack, can, of course, wait until you have put several billion dollars into circulation.

However, even as a trainee seeking to pass the stuff on the local level, you will find there is no substitute for advance preparation when you are confronted with embarrassing interview questions posed by neighborhood merchants with whom you hope to establish a business relationship.

Lesson II.

The Vital Role Of A Neat Personal Appearance



Certainly, there is more truth than poetry in the old saying, "Clothes make the crook." Unfortunately, many beginners hoping to reach the top in cat burglary and allied professions fail to realize the importance of neat, conservative attire in making a favorable impression on their victims.

This factor is especially vital in the early stages of your career when clumsiness on the job still creates sufficient racket to awaken most householders, and a personal interview results. Needless to say, no business prospect likes to switch on the lights at 3 A.M. and be confronted by a sloppy burglar.

The initial meeting will be far more successful if you select a conservative business suit, a sincere necktie and well-polished sneakers for the caper. With luck, your appearance may even be sufficiently professional to convince the gullible victim that you're a doctor making a house call in the wrong apartment.



Lesson III.

Your Telephone Personality



With more and more busy underworld figures relying upon the telephone for urgent transactions, the development of an effective phone personality has become of increasing importance to the ambitious young hood. Bookies and protection collectors have found that the ability to project the proper image by phone is often as satisfactory as a personal call, or even going for a little ride when it comes to handling over-due accounts.

Perhaps no branch of the criminal industry has come to depend upon proper telephone techniques more than kidnapping. The old-fashioned ransom note laboriously composed of words clipped from newspapers is now a virtually forgotten legend of the past, and the young punk who can only handle a pair of scissors may well find himself being laughed out of the business.

In greatest demand today is the contact man possessing a well modulated telephone voice which clearly implies that he means business, but which need not rise to the level of a maniacal screech to emphasize the point. The ability to deliver an ominous warning without sounding so psycho that the kidnap victim is immediately given up for lost may prove invaluable in closing a profitable deal.

Practice achieving this technique by calling your friends and making ominous demands for ransom payment. They may be confused, since no one they know has been kidnapped, but the training will enable you to develop a telephone voice that will sound a little less panic-stricken later on when you're asking for \$250,000 and expecting to get the hot seat instead.

Lesson V.

The Importance Of Punctuality



No prospective business associate is inclined to look with favor upon an aspiring crook who lacks the trait of punctuality. Keep your appointments! Get there on time! Without complete mastery of this simplest of self-disciplines, all of your technical skills and general qualities of leadership may go for naught.

Needless to say, a lackadaisical attitude toward the keeping of appointments is felt most keenly in cooperative group endeavors where any deviation from precision timing may result in a monumental loss of productive man-hours, even with time off for good behavior. As your colleagues undoubtedly will inform you later, it just isn't good business for a getaway car driver to arrive for a 3:17 appointment at a little after 5.

Work hard to develop the habit of punctuality which your profession demands. If need be, don't hesitate to venture outside your specific branch of the criminal field to seek help. Go steal an alarm clock.

Lesson VI.

Voice Projection



In any branch of the business world, nothing marks a man for failure more rapidly than a weak, indecisive, hesitant manner of speech. The ability to project your voice reflects a dynamic inner conviction which causes the listener to accept even the most ridiculous things you say as proven fact.

Perhaps nowhere is the talent for projecting the voice with authority more vital to success than in the field of crime. Many young punks still in the process of saving up for their first roscoe have pulled off successful jobs merely by shouting, "Stick 'em up!" loud enough while waving a pipe cleaner, a swizzle stick, or even a wet strand of spaghetti under the victim's nose. By the same token, police records in Winona, Minn., cite the case of a hold-up man armed with a 50-megaton bomb who failed to get a peanut-vending machine to surrender its day's receipts simply because he mumbled unconvincingly.

Surely, the importance of authoritative voice projection is self evident. An hour a day spent practice-screaming at friends will prove well worth your time. However, if you already are a member of an organized mob, don't try it on the boss. Keeping you around may not prove well worth his time.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

élé·mē sch

MOMMY, MOMMY! You know what? I'm goin' t' school for the first time, and MOMMY, MOMMY! I can't wait till we get there...

An' MOMMY, MOMMY! I'm gonna be in Kindergarten, an' I'm not a baby anymore, Mommy, I'm a big boy, an' MOMMY, MOMMY! Hurray for me, 'an—

MOMMY!
MOMMY!

Today, for "Show-And-Tell", I've brought my Daddy's favorite literature...

My Daddy says that it's got short stories and articles by some of the best authors in the world today...

My Daddy says that it contains valuable information on Men's Fashions and Gourmet-Cooking and Jazz and Sports Cars...

But I like the pictures!

I got promoted.

I did, too!

You DID? I didn't think you'd make it!

Neither did I!

Gee, the way you were failing all term, I thought for sure they'd leave you back. What do you suppose happened?

I guess they just kicked me upstairs!

n't a-r-y ool

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

ONE MORE DAY
AND WE'LL BE FREE
FROM TH/2 SCHOOL
OF MISERY!
NO MORE PENCILZ!
NO MORE BOOKZ!
NO MORE TEACHER'S
DIRTY LOOKZ!



Well, little lady?
What did you do
in school today?

Nuthin'!



What do you
mean,
"Nuthin'"?
A whole day in
school and you
did "Nuthin'"?!

Well, if you must
know, the teacher
singled me out
and made a real
big fuss over me!



Really? She made a big
fuss over my little girl?
What did she say? Tell
me! What? What...?



She said, "NANCY, IF YOU
DON'T STOP TALKING IN
CLASS, I'M GOING TO SEND
YOU TO THE PRINCIPAL!!!"



Oh, how cute! You've put up
your son's 100% Test Papers
and "A" Compositions from
the Second Grade on your
Kitchen wall there...



Yes, I'm very
proud of them!



After all, it isn't every
child that brings home such
good marks. That's why I want
whoever comes into my Kitchen
to see how well he did!



All right! All right,
already! Don't you think
it's about time you took
them down... now that he's
dropped out of High School?!



I just had a conference
with Robert's teacher—
but I don't want to talk
about it in front of him.
I'll tell you later...

Oh—
just
spell
it
out!



S-h-e-s-a-y-s-h-e-d-o-e-s-n't
—p-a-y-a-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n-a-n-d
—h-e-l-i-v-e-s-i-n-a-w-o-r-l-d
—o-f-h-i-s-o-w-n-a-n-d-h-e's
—a-n-u-n-d-e-r-a-c-h-i-e-v-e-r!



I'm worried! Maybe
he's i-n-f-e-r-i-o-r
i-n-t-e-l-l-e-c-t-u-a-l-y!



That's i-n-t-e-l-l-e-c-t-u-a-DOUBLE-L-y!!



You're wrong, Daddy! The new Farm Bill that's up before the Senate calls for a 10% higher Parity!

And you're also wrong about the Non-Aligned Nations! Red China is exerting pressure on them in order to win them over to Dialectic Materialism.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself that a fourth-grade kid is better-informed on World Affairs than you are!

That's because she cuts up the newspapers for her Current Events Reports before I ever get a chance to read about those things!



Oh, I know the answer to that one! Please, Mrs. Malcome—please call on me! Please! Please...

Every other time you called on me, I didn't know the answer and I made a fool of myself and all the kids laughed. But this time, I know the correct answer, so—

Please, Mrs. Malcome! Please call on me! Please call on...

All right, can you tell us the answer, Linda?

Huh? I... I... I FORGOT IT!



Hmmph! I'd like to know how come my son never gets the lead role!

Hmmph! I'd like to know why my son always gets the lead role so he can mess up his lines and embarrass me!

Oh, dear. The costume I made doesn't measure up to the ones the other mothers made. I'll bet everybody is snickering at me.

I could die. Look how well-dressed the other mothers are. I should have had my hair done, and bought a new coat.

This reminds me of when I was in my Elementary School play and my pants fell down while I was on stage. I still wince when I think about it.

Look at that daughter of mine! What a mess! Her costume sloppy—her hair all stringy—her posture awful... Just wait until I get her home!

Where in heck is my boy? I can't— Oh, there he is, in the back row! Always in the back row!



SO YOU'VE BEEN SENT TO ME FOR MISBEHAVING IN CLASS! WELL, I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE TROUBLE-MAKERS LIKE YOU!

What a fine-looking boy. He's a natural-born winner. Now let's see—what's my next line? Oh, yes—

WE'VE GOT PLACES TO PUT BOYS LIKE YOU! REFORM SCHOOLS! AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL GO IF YOU'RE EVER SENT DOWN TO ME AGAIN!

Well, I guess I laid it on thick enough.

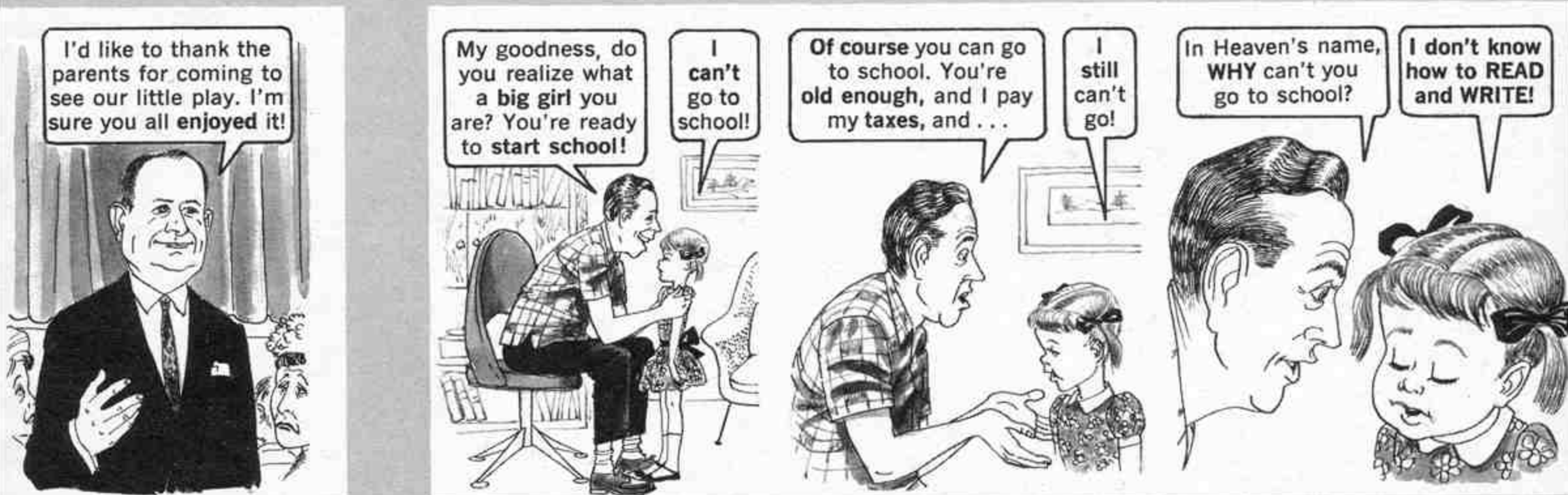
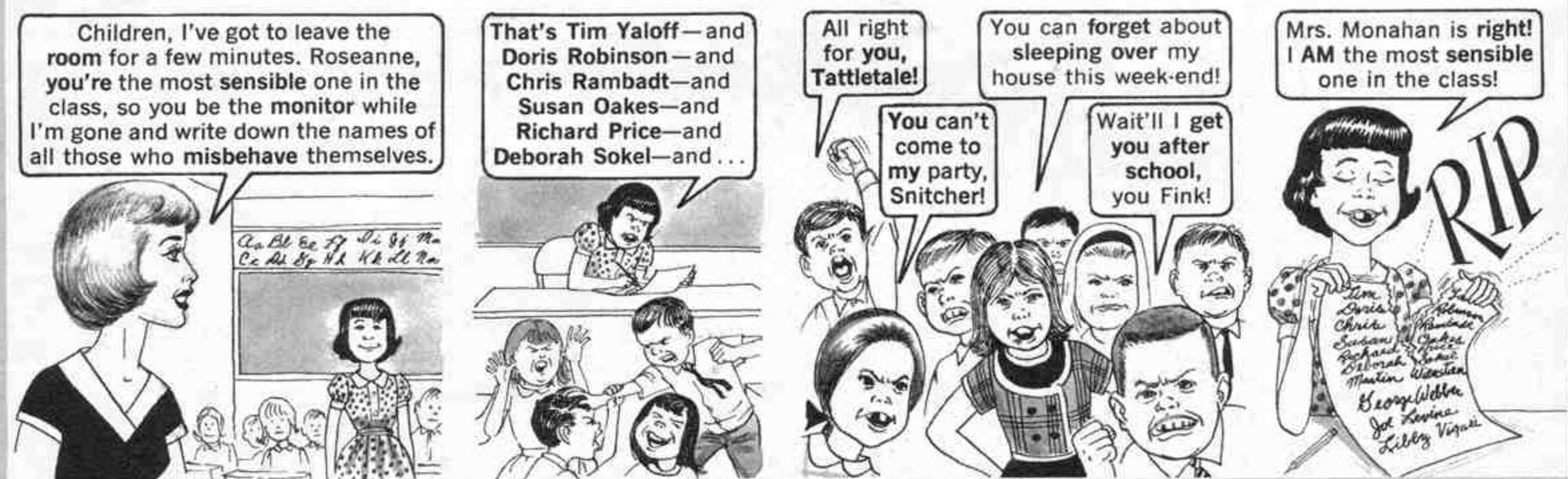
Gee, what did the Principal do to you?

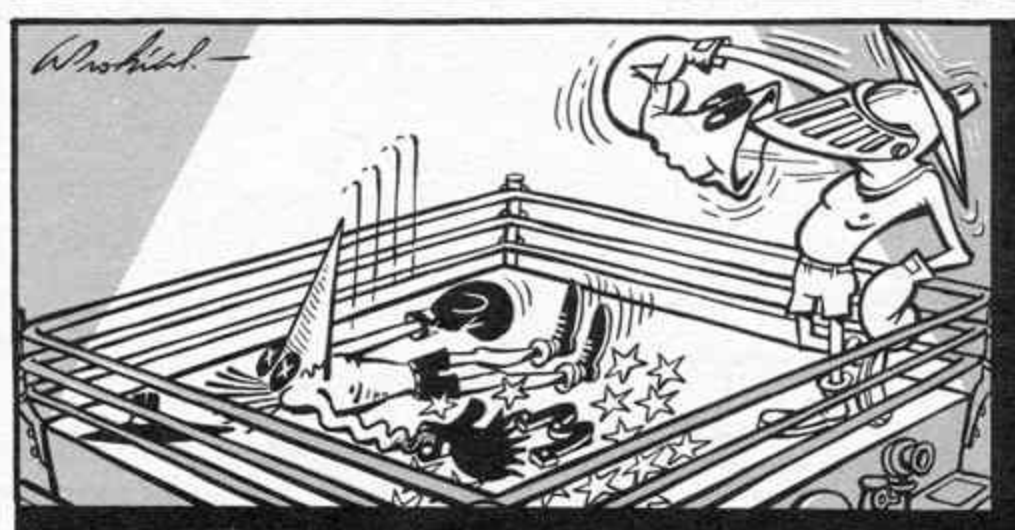
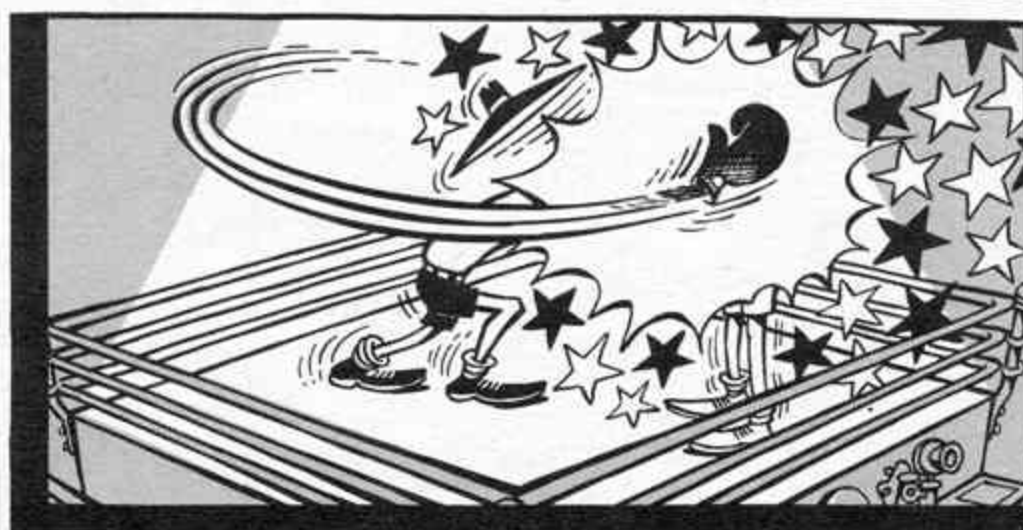
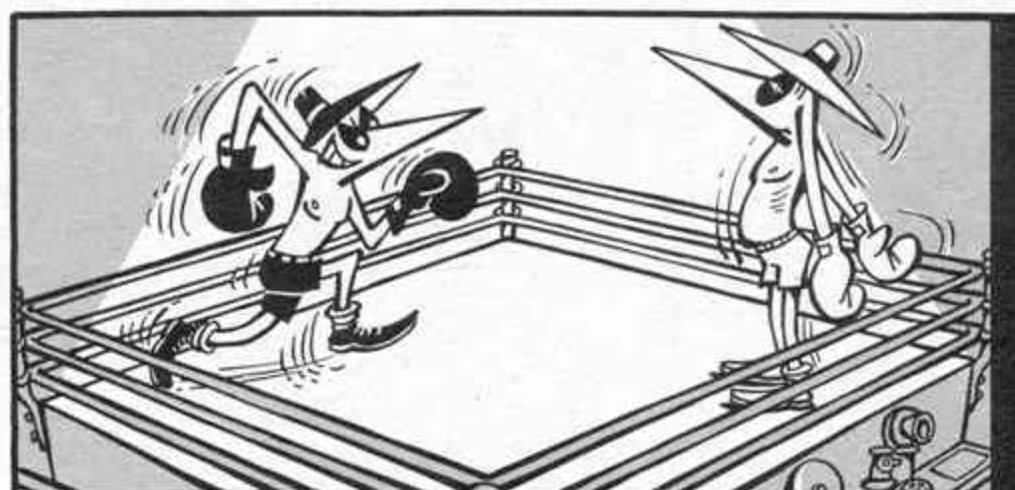
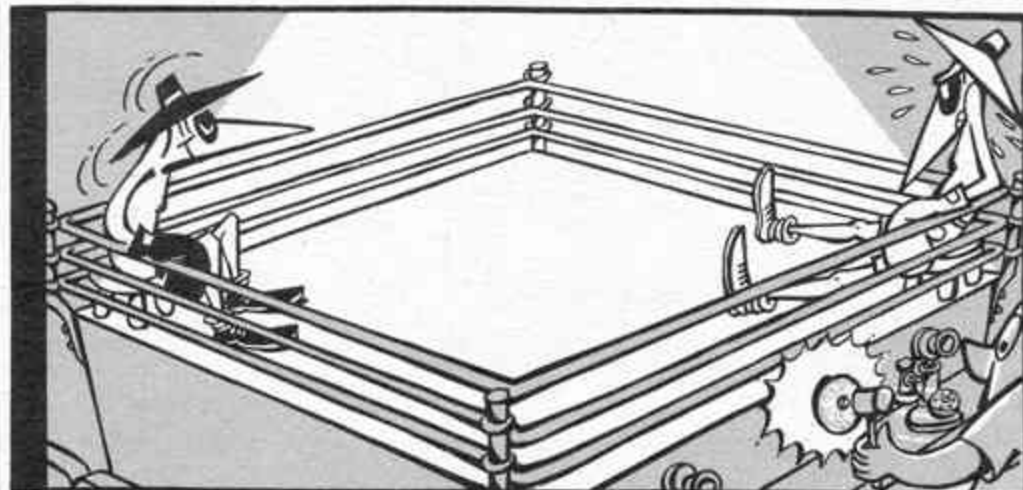
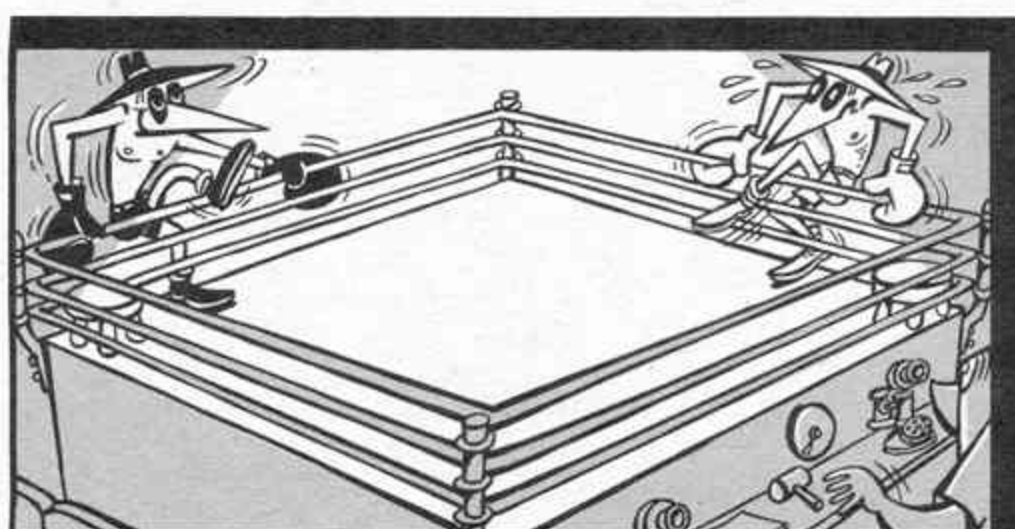
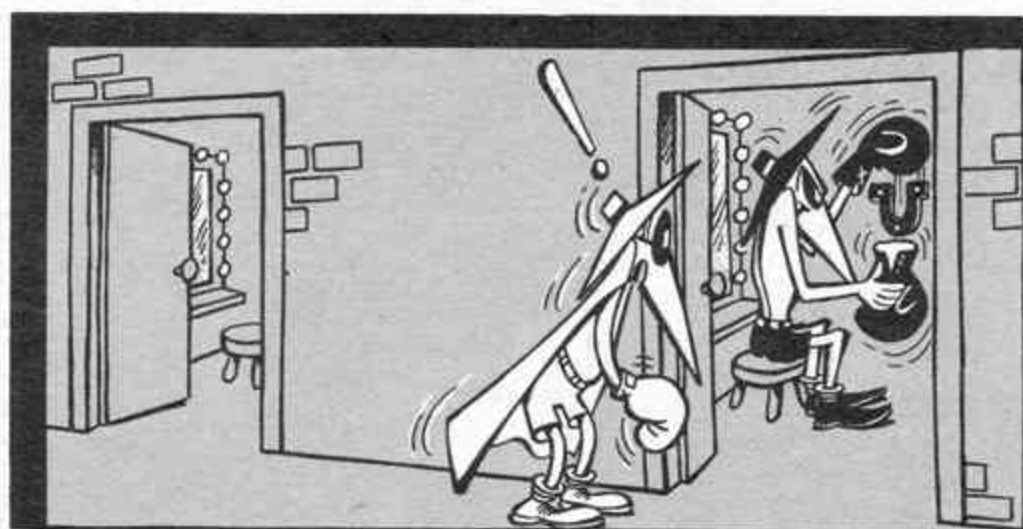
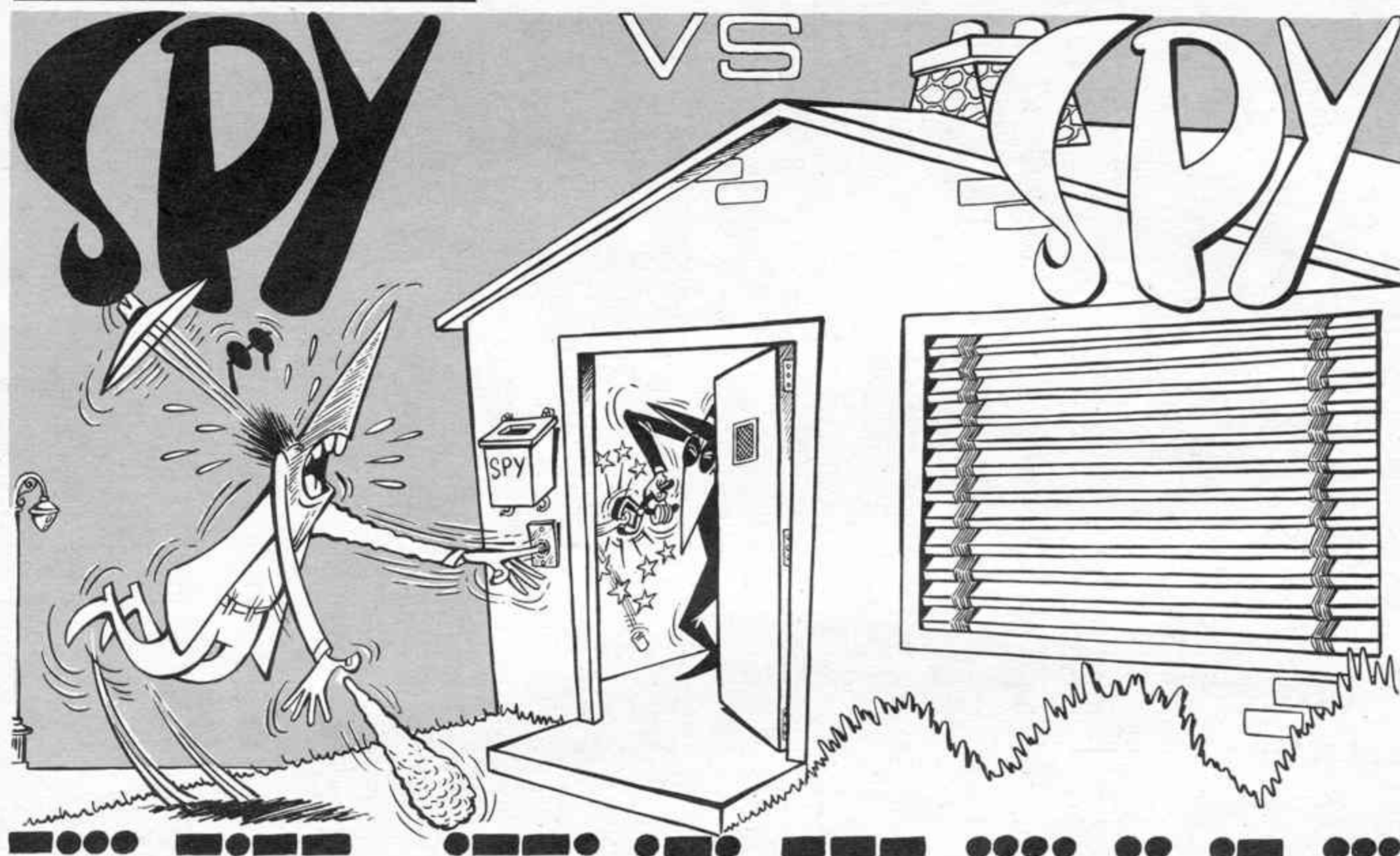
He screamed... and he yelled... It was TERRIBLE!

No Kiddin'? You mean his punishment was that bad?

No, his delivery was that bad! An actor he'll never be!









Have you ever wondered what happens to all the news that's *not* fit to print in The New York Times...or any other decent newspaper, for that matter? Well, it's all gathered up weekly in a rag called

NATIONAL PERSPIRER

THE WORLD'S SLIMIEST PAPER

★\$%&?! **15c**
FEATURE

Vol. Yecch, No. Gaakkk, June 5, 1966

BLONDE BOMBSHELL REVEALS:

**I WAS
TORTURED FOR
EIGHT YEARS
BY A DEMENTED
HUNCHBACK
WITH BAD
BREATH NAMED HAROLD, BUT
WE'RE NOT GETTING MARRIED
...WE'RE JUST GOOD FRIENDS**



Man Beats Wife To Death With Cooked Cauliflower

For sixteen weeks, Herbert Woodward, of Zanesville, Ohio, had been savagely beating his wife, Gloria, with a cooked cauliflower. And last Tuesday, he finally succeeded in killing her.

"It was a very slow, painful, brutal death," confessed Woodward when they found him with the still warm, but soft and crumbling cauliflower in his trembling hand. "I swear I'll never do anything like that again!"

Next week, Woodward plans to start beating his new wife, Selma, with a raw cauliflower.



SHOW-OFF: Herbert Woodward holds weapon with which he brutally murdered his wife.

Chops Off His Fiancee's Head Because She Was Taller Than He



CHOP LOUIE: Louis Ebbs demonstrates how he found the answer to his height problem.

Five-foot-three-inch Louis Ebbs, of Duluth, Minnesota, had always been annoyed by the fact that his girl, Cynthia Jukes, was taller than he. So last week, Louie decided to do something about it. He chopped her head off.

When he was finished, the blushing Ebbs, whose nickname is "Clumsy," said, "Oops, that's one on me. I really meant to chop off her legs, but I guess my aim was bad."

(If any of you readers have had an experience like this, send it to: "Embarrassing Moments" c/o the PERSPIRER.)

Father Not Concerned About Caterpillar Son

Relatives and friends of 4-year-old David Alvin Zibindin, of Ottawa, Canada, are upset because the boy was born with all the features of a caterpillar. But the child's father, Selig, is not the least bit worried.

"It's nothing to be concerned about," Selig Zibindin told a reporter from the PERSPIRER in

an exclusive interview. "He'll outgrow it, just as I did when I was his age!" And then, to signify that the interview was at an end, Selig flapped his butterfly wings and flew away.

Puts TV Dinner To Bed And Then Eats His Son

Professor Henry Peckle, of Southwestern Azalea College, in Terre Haute, Indiana, is so wrapped up in his life's study, Medieval Plumbing, that he often does not know what he's doing around the house.

Last Friday evening, Professor Peckle absent-mindedly tucked his TV Dinner into bed, and then ate his son, Lance.

When Professor Peckle and his wife, Dill, went to church on Sunday to

light a candle for their late son, the distraught Professor sobbed, "Now, all I have is you, my dear."

Whereupon he kissed the candle tenderly, and then set fire to the top of his wife's head.

8-Year-Old Girl Gives Birth To 14-Year-Old Boy

At Westland General Hospital in Yellowfoot, North Dakota, last Saturday, 8-year-old Joannie Pfeffer gave birth to a 14-year-old boy.

When asked by the PERSPIRER to explain how it is possible for a 14-year-old boy to be born, obstetrician John

Philips Suett shrugged his shoulders and said, "You never know what these teenagers today are going to do next!"



EXTRA SPECIAL DELIVERY: Joannie Pfeffer proudly feeds her new 14-year-old baby boy.

President Johnson Expects Balanced Budget In 1966

President Lyndon B. Johnson announced in Washington today that—

Thus ran the headline and first three lines of the last news story ever written by PERSPIRER reporter Elwood Gibbons, who was brutally hacked to bits by PERSPIRER Managing Editor, Arnold Schlock this morning.

"That's the last time Gibbons will ever try to sneak a legitimate news story into this paper!" Schlock told the staff.

NATIONAL PERSPIRER

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SELFISHIO POOP, Publisher.
ARNOLD SCHLOCK, Managing Editor.
ED FLAGELL, Executive Whipping Editor.
AL GORE, Bad Taste Editor.
VINCENT SIMMS, Dismembered Body
(Below the Waist) Photographer.
HERMAN GROGG, Dismembered Body
(Above the Waist) Photographer.
SAM HIMPEY, Dismembered Waist Photographer.
STEVE CRAW, Technical Advisor For Freak Stories.
ZIPPY, Resident Freak.

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National Perspirer "Victim of the Year" Tells How:

I Was Flogged For 912 Straight Hours By A Crazy Albanian Dwarf—Setting A New NATIONAL PERSPIRER Record

By PHOEBE OSTERMEYER

As a Free-Lance Torture Victim for the NATIONAL PERSPIRER, I must admit that, at the beginning, everything seemed to go wrong on the morning of February 11th. As I was taking out the garbage from my home in Provo, Utah, I was kidnapped by a sandy-haired, unemployed Employment Office clerk named Irwin, who took me to a cave.

"I'm going to do you a favor," said Irwin, breaking eight bones in my wrist. "I'm going to torture you—and then you can sell the exclusive story to the PERSPIRER and make a bundle of cash."

"Do you think that for one moment the PERSPIRER would buy this story?" I laughed. "Look at you. Why, you're nothing but a sandy-haired unemployed Employment Office clerk."

"So what's wrong with that?" he asked, setting fire to the straws jammed under my fingernails.

"Don't you see, you fool?" I explained. "You're too normal! The PERSPIRER reader only likes to read stories about freaks!"

"Look, look," Irwin cried desperately, bending his right thumb all the way back to his wrist. "I'm double-jointed!"

"And you think that makes you a freak?" I laughed again. "Forget it, Mac. The PERSPIRER won't buy this story no matter what you do to me!"

But talking to Irwin was like talking to a wall. Here's what he did to me in that cave:

- He broke 272 bones in my body in alphabetical order, starting with my coccyx and working his way down to my tibia.

- He played touch football with a hibernating bear who had insomnia, using me as the playing field.

- He replaced my brain with a rotten cabbage.

- He hollered on me.

While I am not normally a rude person, when Irwin was finished torturing me 24 hours later, I yawned in his face. "Sorry," I told him. "The PERSPIRER still won't buy it."

"Okay, you win," he shrugged. "I'll get my friend, Mr. Doppelkov."

He left the cave and returned a short while later with his friend, who was a crazy Albanian dwarf.



HISTORIC MOMENT: Selfishio Poop, Publisher of the NATIONAL PERSPIRER, presents Phoebe Ostermeyer with coveted "Torture Victim of the Year" Award at the 12th Annual PERSPIRER Dinner.

"Now you're on the right track," I cried when I saw the dwarf. "But I've got news for you. I've already been tortured by a crazy Albanian dwarf. You can check the PERSPIRER of December 18th if you don't believe me."

"I believe you," pouted Irwin. "Why should you lie to me? I mean, after all, if you can't trust your own torture victim, who can you trust?" And then his face brightened. "But did that other Albanian dwarf have a hair-lip?" he grinned. "This one does!"

Naturally, the other dwarf had a hair-lip also—as a matter of fact, a much better one—but Irwin had gone to so much trouble, I just couldn't hurt his feelings any more. So I didn't mention it.

Well, that crazy Albanian dwarf began flogging me at 2:00 A.M. on February 13th, and I must admit that, at the beginning, he was a big nothing. I mean, I'd been flogged plenty of times before by much better floggers in incidents that never even made the PERSPIRER. But then, suddenly, along about March 4th, the three of us began to sense something big was happening. This flogging might just set a brand new non-stop PERSPIRER record! So we called up the PERSPIRER, and they sent over their Whipping Editor who personally witnessed the remaining eight days of my flogging. And the rest, as you know, is history.

Last week, along with 112 other "Victim Nominees," I was flown to the Dachau Mess Hall in Germany for the 11th Annual PERSPIRER Awards Dinner, where I was chosen "Torture Victim Of The Year."

There were tears in my eyes as I made my simple, yet effective acceptance speech: "I want to say that I couldn't have done all this alone. So I'd like to thank Irwin, and particularly Mr. Doppelkov, for working so tirelessly behind the scenes, mainly with that whip on my back. Thank you all, and bless you."

It was a beautiful ceremony, and afterwards, all



YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAGELLANT: Mr. Doppelkov, crazy Albanian dwarf, who was instrumental in setting a brand new PERSPIRER record.

the guests and nominees went up onto the stage. And with the Official Awards Orchestra, led by Rudolph Hess, playing in the background, we all flogged and clouted each other until dawn.

**SEE FOLLOW-UP STORY
WITH BLOODY FOLLOW-
UP PICTURES, PG. 28.**

**NATIONAL
PERSPIRER Page 3**



FLUKIE FOOTBALL: Phoebe's original abductor, Irwin, and unidentified insomniac bear play touch tackle on back of kidnapped girl, a torture device that wasn't counted in judges' "Victim Of The Year" decision.

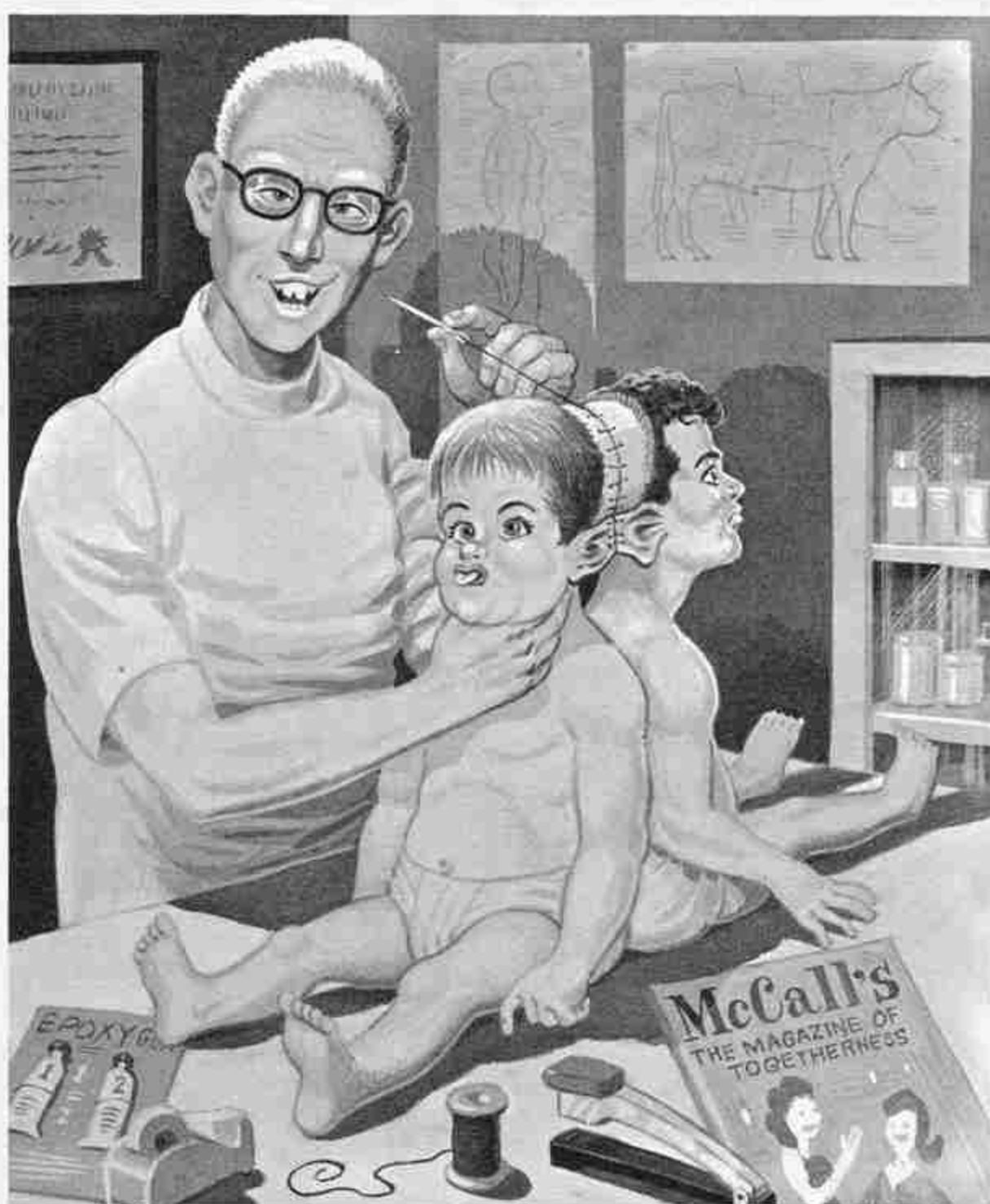
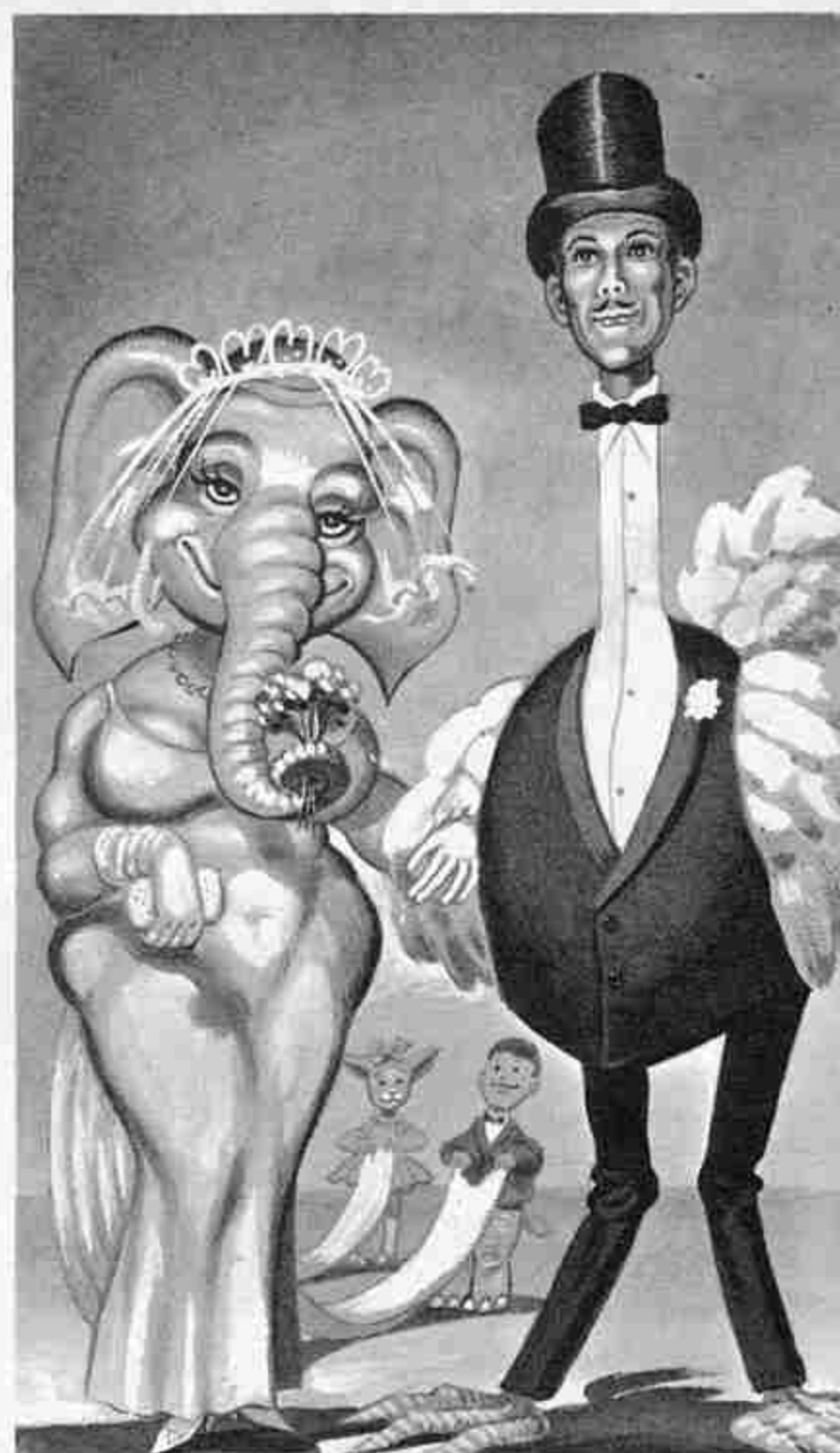
News Photo Of The Week

In keeping with our policy of presenting our readers with all the vital news in these troubled times, here is an exciting photograph of a jackal retching.



And So They Were Married

Chic freak Muriel Demmish marries sleek freak Ralph Gibson in Santa Fe, N.M. When asked what he thought would be the major adjustment they would have to make during the marriage, Gibson replied, "Resolving our religious differences."



Operates On Siamese Twins

Dr. Milton Gritz operates on Siamese twins, Donald and Ronald Arbutnut. Actually, Donald and Ronald were not Siamese twins before the operation, but had merely come to Dr. Gritz for Tonsillectomies and he had mistakenly sewn them together. A recent high school graduate, thanks to an ad he answered on a matchbook cover, Dr. Gritz was heard to chuckle after the operation: "I still can't get the hang of this profession."

You Name It

We don't know what this unrecognizable, disgusting, messy blob is, but when our photographer spied it in a cow pasture the other day, he just knew it was for the News Photo Page of the PERSPIRER. Any of you readers know what it is? We can assure you of one thing: It smells something awful!



MAILBOX

Letters to the Mailbox should be addressed to: Mailbox, NATIONAL PERSPIRER, Five-Star Flea Circus Building, Times Square, New York City, New York, and should be written in English. If you cannot write English, get somebody to write your letter for you. Letters made from type cut from this paper will be given special consideration.

Inquisitive

Can anyone tell me where I can get a small photograph of a rotting dog pancreas like the one I saw in last week's issue of the PERSPIRER. I'd like it for my wallet.—J. G., New Hyde Park, New York.

Holiday Spirit

I plan on indulging in a big three-hour Thanksgiving Day dinner come this November, and to insure my fully enjoying it, I would like to make arrangements with one of you PERSPIRER readers to come right over after it and give me a hard punch in the stomach.—A.B., Waco, Texas

A Friend In Need

Can anyone tell me what to do for a cleft palate. I don't have one now, but I'd sure like to have one.—Barney Judd, Tacoma, Washington

Blind Date, Anyone

I am a very lonely, midget-cretin, tattooed, bearded lady who would like to meet a nice PERSPIRER reader. I'll be standing under the clock in Grand Central Station in New York on Tuesday night at 9:30 P.M. You can't miss me. I'll be wearing a rose pinned to the empty sleeve of my blouse.—Y.L., Hoboken, New Jersey

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You only lose \$8.60 over the regular newsstand price when you accept this subscription offer, but since most of you readers never got as far as the multiplication tables in school, you'll never realize it. Mail this coupon with \$12.50 to:

NATIONAL PERSPIRER
Five-Star Flea Circus Building
Times Square, New York City

PLEASE PRINT (or draw primitive pictures)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NAME OF GUARDIAN OR ATTENDANT: _____

MY I.Q. IS: (check one) 31 ☐ 19 ☐ 8 ☐

0 ☐ Lower ☐

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP Gun Owner? ☐

LOWDOWN & DIRTY

By Alex Finkman

Italian actress Maria Cacciatore punched director Vito Fazzuli in the mouth because he made a pass at her . . . TV star John Kibosch doesn't know this yet, and neither do his doctors, but he's dying of cancer . . .

Italian actress Maria Cacciatore punched director Vito Fazzuli in the mouth because he didn't make a pass at her . . . Producer Ed McKay may deny this, but he's in the last stages of insanity and he has hemorrhoids . . . Italian actress



FINKMAN

Maria Cacciatore punched director Vito Fazzuli in the mouth because he likes to get punched in the mouth . . . I hate to get personal but I just heard that band-leader George Caldwell has no navel . . . Director Vito Fazzuli punched Italian

actress Maria Cacciatore in the mouth because she punched him in the nose even though he told her he likes to get punched in the mouth. As we are going to press, actor Bill Adair is murdering his wife, Beatrice . . . Broadway playboy Mickey Eckerman may deny this, but he's going to have a massive coronary attack next



FAZZULI and CACCIATORE

week . . . Debutante Diane LaFarge told me on Fifth Avenue that she hasn't been feeling well lately, so she hasn't punched anybody in the mouth for over a week now. She was naked at the time, and her



DON SIMPKINS

closest friend, pianist Bob O'Donnell, thanked me the other day for never saying a nasty thing about him in print. He was picking his nose at the time . . . Actor Don Simpkins has a

drinking problem. He got such a hard punch in the mouth last week that he can't drink . . . Nightclub songstress Jane Burley may deny this, but she's moonlighting as an axe murderer and she recently gave birth to a kangaroo . . . Actress Fran Conolly is a two-faced fink . . . Dancer Greg Farnum



FRAN CONOLLY

punched actress Fran Conolly in both her mouths last night . . . Degenerate actor Frank Gibbons may deny this, but he was picked up by the New York City police

the other day for making love to the Statue of Liberty. I understand the George Washington Bridge is suing him for a divorce . . . Socialite Charles Drummond has a big mouth . . . It took eight punches for actress Nan Barnes to punch socialite Charles Drummond's whole mouth yesterday . . . Riverboat captain Ted

Lovelace punched the Mississippi River in the mouth . . . Lassie pawed Flipper in the mouth . . .

Sonny Liston wanted to punch a heckler in the mouth, but he didn't know how . . . While lip-synching a song at a party, Rock 'n' Roll singer Bobby Davis was thrown into the punch bowl. He mouthed the song in the punch.

I just carefully re-read this column with all the lies and things I made up to fill it. So I went and punched myself in the mouth.






















































































* * *
And HOW was YOUR week?



FLIPPER

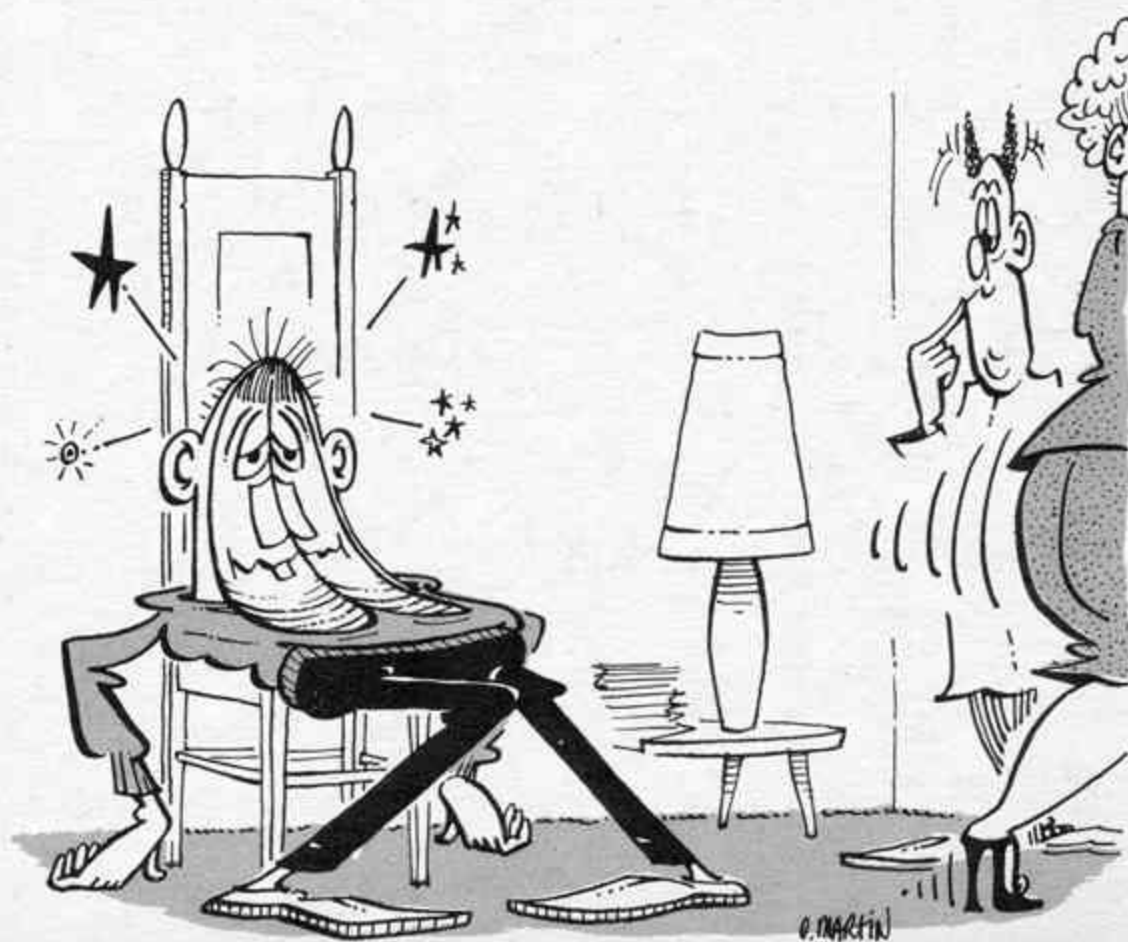
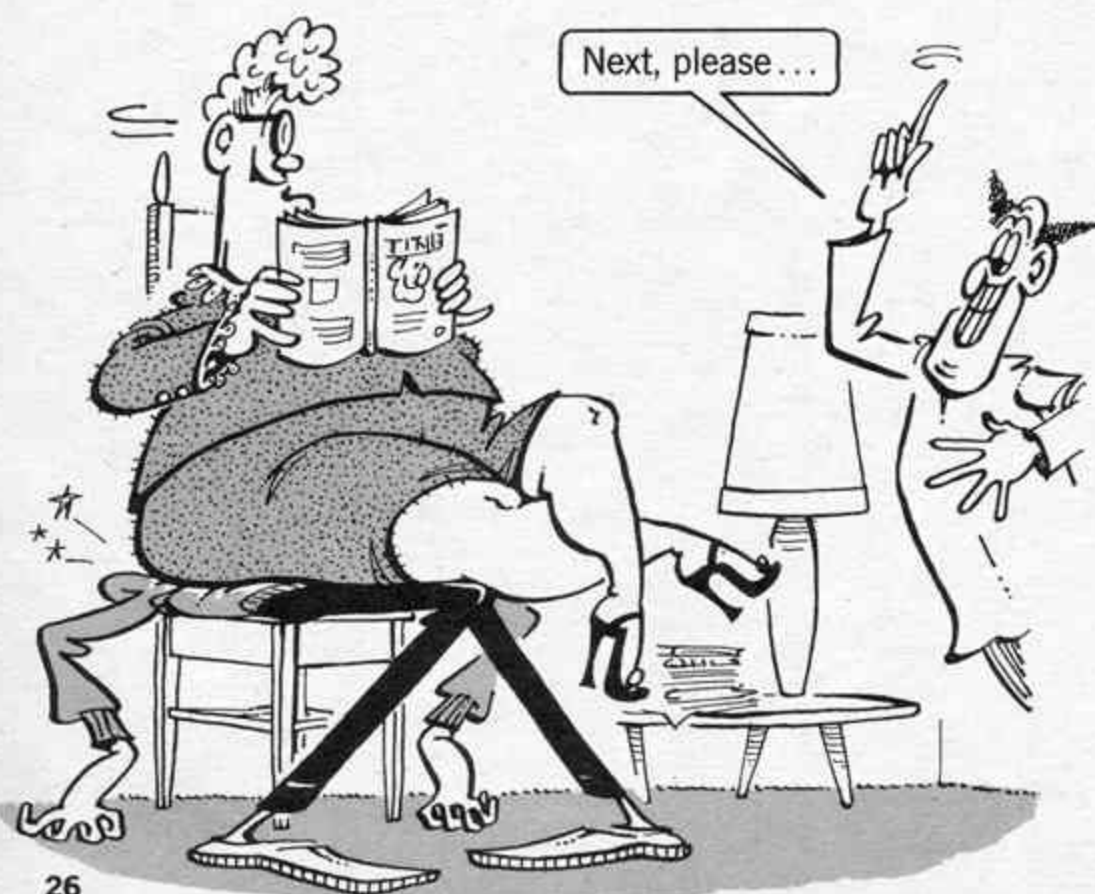
MAD'S "LIFETIME-PEOPLE" CHART

AGE SEX PEOPLE WHO AFFECT OUR LIVES (IN ORDER OF IMPORTANCE!)

0 TO 2 YEARS OLD	FEMALES																
	MALES																
3 TO 4 YEARS OLD	FEMALES																
	MALES																
5 TO 8 YEARS OLD	FEMALES																
	MALES																
9 TO 11 YEARS OLD	FEMALES																
	MALES																
12 TO 14 YEARS OLD	FEMALES																
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IN THE OPTOMETRIST'S WAITING ROOM



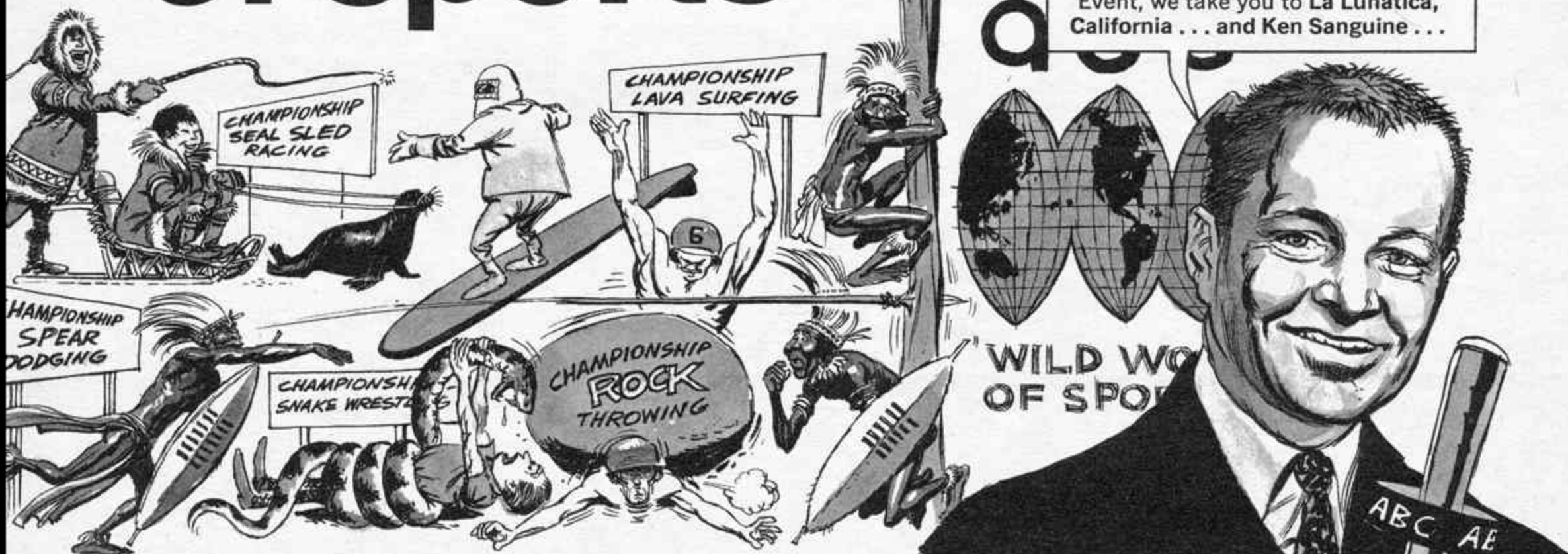
ATHLETE'S FEAT DEPT.

Every Saturday throughout the year, ABC-TV brings us some amazing televised Sports Events. What's amazing is why they bother to bring some of them to us in the first place. There are just so many "Championship" events during any one year, and since ABC-TV needs at least two each week, along about the end of the season, like f'rinstance in the dead of Winter, the pickings get to be pretty slim. So here we go with MAD's own version of a typical Mid-Winter, "slim-picking" edition of . . .

abc-tv's wild world of sports

Hi, sports fans. Jim McKook speaking. Welcome to ABC's "WILD WORLD OF SPORTS". Every week, we bring you two outstanding Championship Sports Events. We know how anxious you sports fans are to see these events, and we're just as anxious to bring them to you—mainly because it isn't easy to maintain enthusiasm over sporting events that were filmed nearly a year ago. However, fortunately for us, these great events were never mentioned in the sports pages, and that helps a lot. And now . . .

. . . for our first World Championship Event, we take you to La Lunatica, California . . . and Ken Sanguine . . .



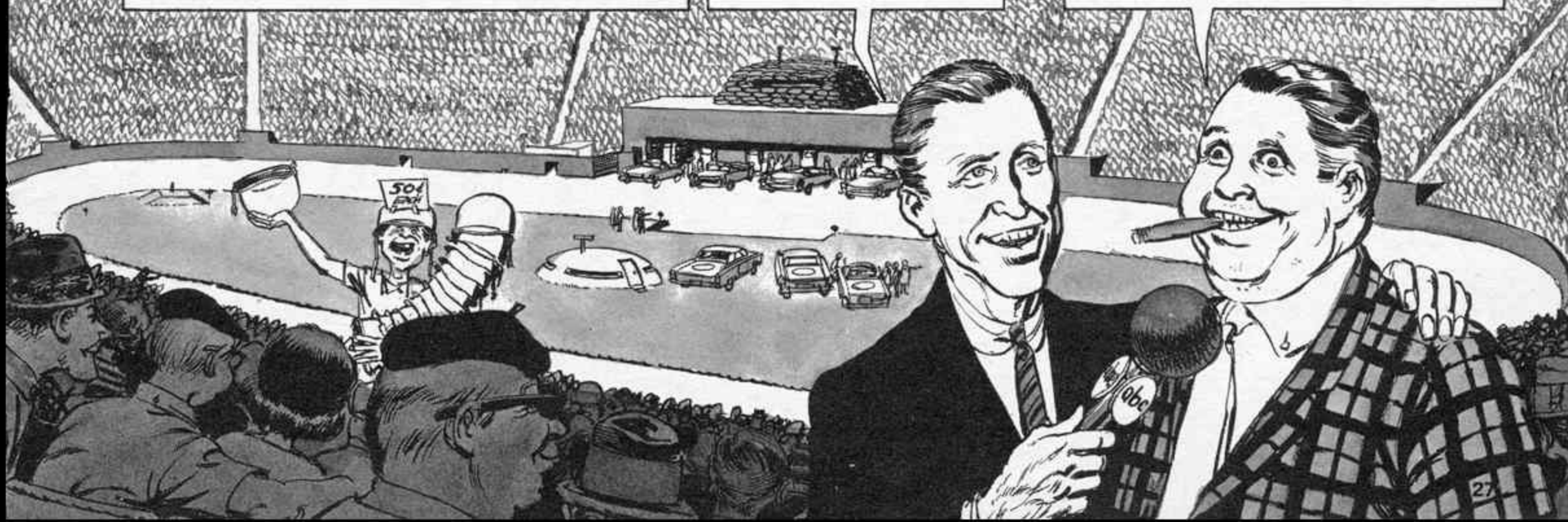
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

Hi, there, sports fans. We know how anxious you TV fans will be next Winter to find out just who won this great Championship Event, so let's get right to it. Today, we're going to see the world's most challenging stock car race. The track down there looks like a typical one—designed for maximum safety and skillful driving—but don't let that fool you. We wouldn't pull a rotten trick like that on our loyal "Wild World of Sports" viewers. No, sir. That's no ordinary racetrack . . .

It's a **MINEFIELD!** And standing next to me is the inventor of "Stock Car Minefield Racing"—the guy who started this whole thing—Mr. Frank Bloodletter. Tell us, Frank. Just where did you get the idea for this thrilling sport?

Well, Ken, it all started back during **World War II** while I was sitting in a foxhole, watching tanks go through a minefield. To while away the time, I used to try and guess which tanks would blow up. Years later, recalling how much fun it was, I decided to bring the same kind of thrill to the American public. And here it is . . . sort of a G.I.'s "Dream-Come-True" . . .



And only in exciting California could that dream come true. These "young-in-heart" people really go for thrilling sports. Here's where we've seen events like "Championship Surfing Through Barnacle-Encrusted Pilings," "Diving Into Shark-Infested Waters," and the ever-popular "Motorcycling Up a 90° Hill Of Jagged Rock." But now, let's go down to the pit, and Marty Fiend—

This is Marty Fiend, in the pit along with the twenty-odd drivers who'll be competing today. And they really are "odd," folks. But I guess you have to be for this sport...

By the way, there's been a new rule added this year. It was put in to improve the contest. Mainly because no driver would agree to compete if it wasn't. This year, drivers will get a quick look at a map locating the 1,500 land mines buried in the track. And there's the look...



...and there goes the Starter's gun...

OOPS! We mean, there goes the Starter! Poor fellow... stepped on one of those mines...

While we're waiting for them to drag over another Starter—and they have plenty of them standing by for just such an emergency—let's go back to Jim McKook...

For our second World Championship Event, ABC's "WILD WORLD OF SPORTS" now takes you to Kopfsplatten, Austria, and the "Summer Skiing Championships," with Bill Violence. Take it away, Bill...



"Danke," Jim, as they say over here in Kopfsplatten. And hi, sports fans. Let me tell you about this great sport of "Summer Skiing"...

It started about a year ago. Since skiing is Kopfsplatten's only industry, the local businessmen hated to see the Summers wasted. So they came up with this brilliant idea...

As you can see, "Summer Skiing" is really catching on—judging by the nice turnout we've got today...

Pssst! Not here, you fool! This is our "Wild World of Sports" camera crew! The crowd is over there on the right...



As the first contestant steps to the starting ramp, you will notice several exciting differences between Winter and Summer Skiing. For example, in Winter jumping, the Starter signals "ready to go"—and the skier shoves off. But in Summer jumping, the skier signals "ready to go," and the Starter has to shove HIM off—because what the skier really means is: he's ready to go home after seeing what he's expected to jump INTO . . .



There goes the first contestant! He's off!

OOPS! Sorry, folks. That's not the first contestant—that's the Starter! This sure has been a rough day for Starters! Oh, well, there's plenty more where he came from . . .



Now they've brought up another Starter, and he's taken a crack at shoving the first skier off. And although he's seriously scratched and clawed, he's managed to push the first contestant into a nice "Shrecklich" or "Take-off."

We'd like to point out, right about now, that in Winter, everything here in Kopfshplatten is covered with a nice, soft, thick blanket of snow . . . and it's really amazing how much of the scenery one misses because of it . . .



. . . and also, right about now, we'd like to bet that our first contestant wishes he could miss some of that scenery as he goes into his breathtaking "Luchinkopf" or "Touchdown" approach . . .



HE'S DOWN!
Now, his only concern is to keep on going!

Remember that in Summer Jumping, only distance counts. It doesn't matter if the skis—or anything else—stay on the contestant!

Look at him go!
He's getting some nice breaks as he bounces!

Well, folks, it looks like our first contestant's jump has finally come to a stop. And now, while the officials check the distance, and the doctors check the contestant, (and remember that dying means a loss of 30 points!.) let's switch back to Ken Sanguine in La Lunatica, California—and the start of the "Championship Stock Car Minefield Race"!



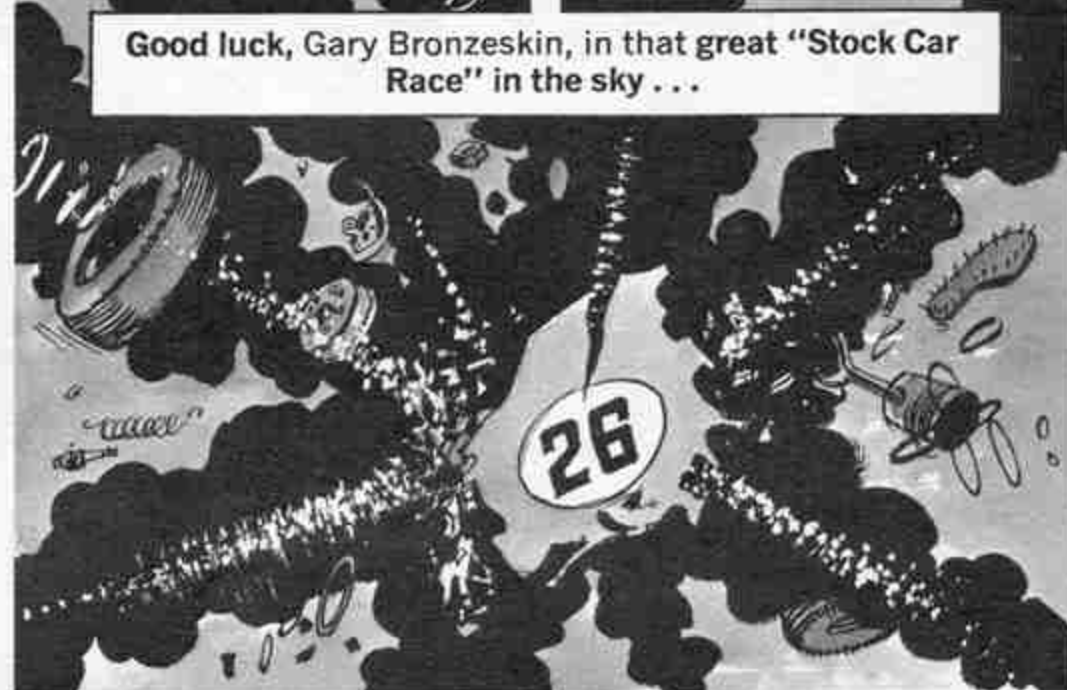
Thank you, Bill Violence—
AND THERE'S THE GUN...

THEY'RE OFF! Number 26
edges into lead, burning
up this booby-trapped
track at the astounding
speed of 2 and 8/10ths
miles per hour...

By the way, folks, notice the new
and exciting wrinkle that's been
added this year. Those little round
buttons on the front and back bumpers
of each car are actually **detonators**—
and each car is loaded with **22 sticks**
of dynamite! So that should liven
things up a bit...

At the first turn, it's **Number 26**—still in the lead—
driven by **Gary Bronzeskin** of Glendale, California. And
if Gary can keep this lead, he'll make a wonderful
dream come true. Gary is a handsome, blond, 23-year-old
Freshman at Glendale High School who's been itching
to **drop out** and make racing his career. A victory here
could really help Gary make up his mi — —

Good luck, Gary Bronzeskin, in that great "Stock Car
Race" in the sky...

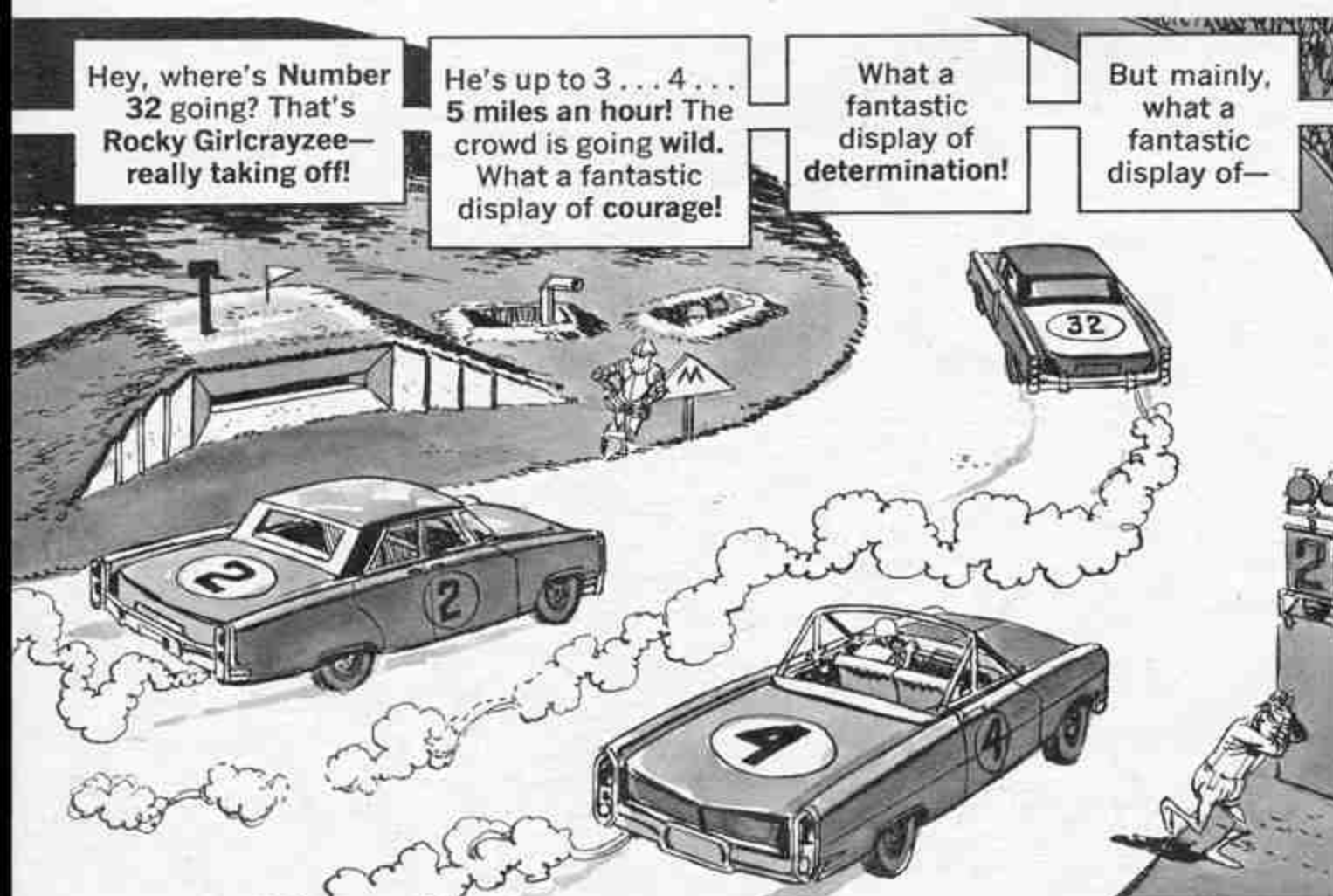


Hey, where's Number
32 going? That's
Rocky Girlcrayzee—
really taking off!

He's up to 3...4...
5 miles an hour! The
crowd is going wild.
What a fantastic
display of courage!

What a
fantastic
display of
determination!

But mainly,
what a
fantastic
display of—



GUTS!
(YECCH!)

Take it away,
Bill Violence!
(choke)



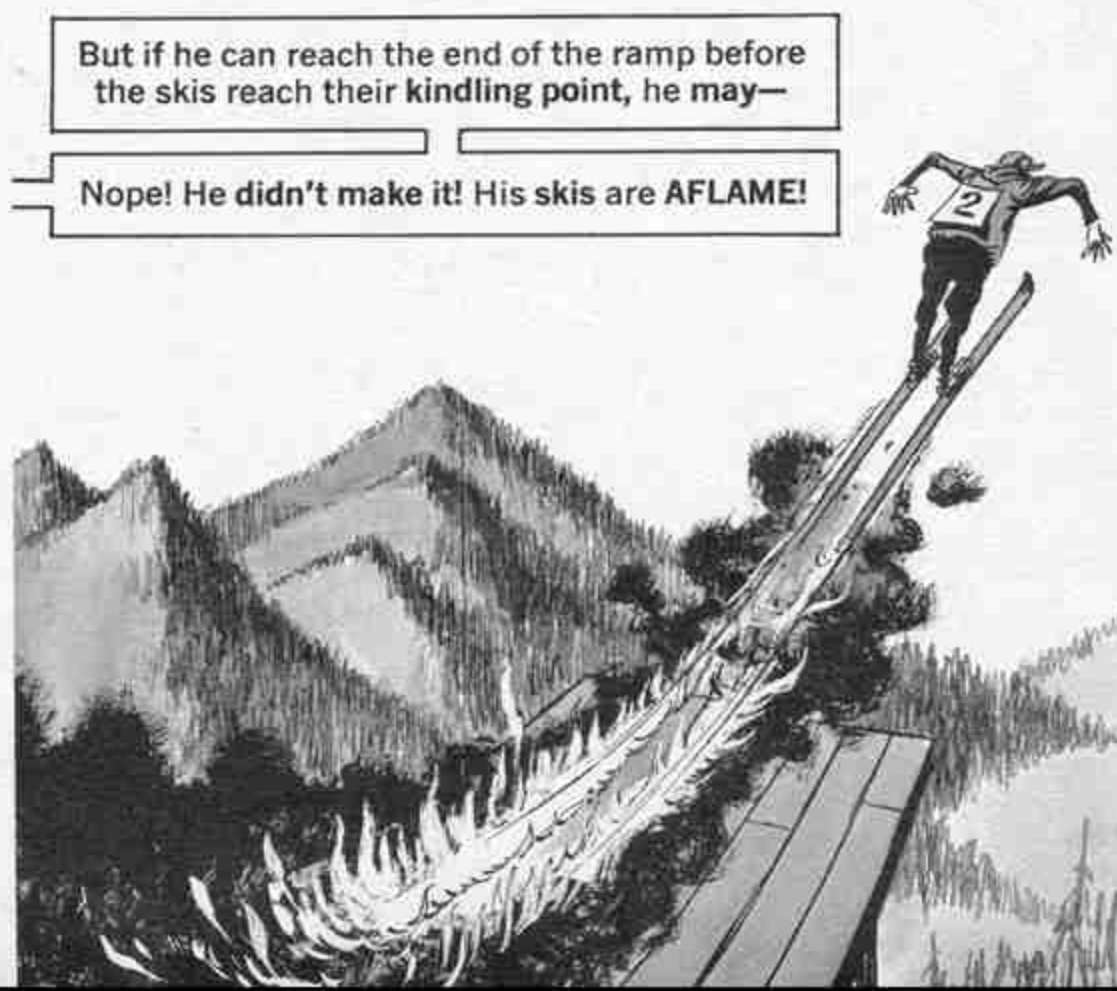
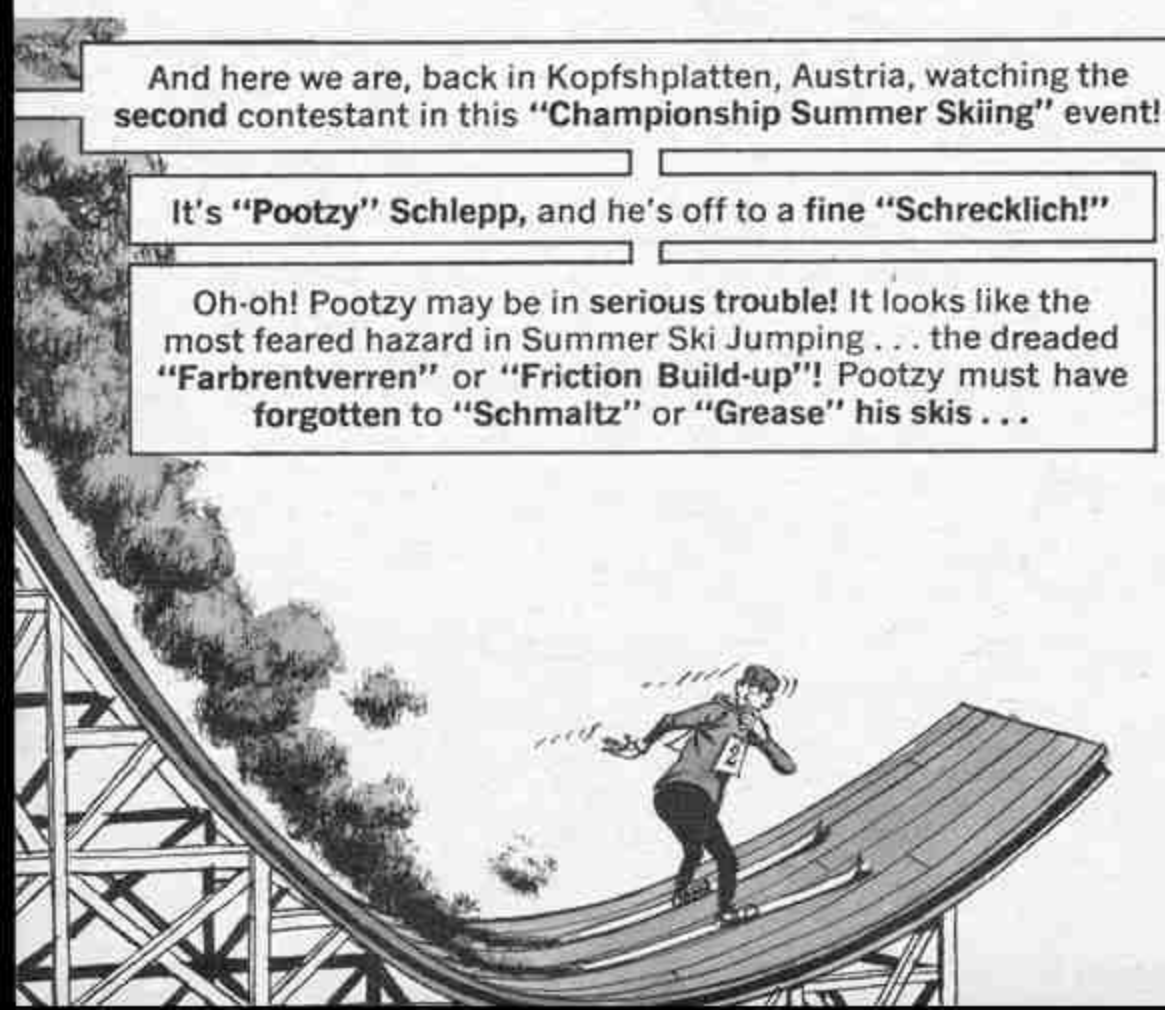
And here we are, back in Kopfshplatten, Austria, watching the
second contestant in this "Championship Summer Skiing" event!

It's "**Pootzy**" Schlepp, and he's off to a fine "**Schrecklich!**"

Oh-oh! Pootzy may be in serious trouble! It looks like the
most feared hazard in Summer Ski Jumping... the dreaded
"**Farbrentverren**" or "**Friction Build-up!**" Pootzy must have
forgotten to "**Schmaltz**" or "**Grease**" his skis...

But if he can reach the end of the ramp before
the skis reach their kindling point, he may—

Nope! He didn't make it! His skis are **AFLAME!**



He's losing control! The wind is catching him and whipping him off-course! He's being carried toward the tinder-dry woods that line the slope! And I might point out that there's been quite a drought this Summer here in Kopfshplatten . . .



Well, folks, it now looks like our first and only qualifying contestant will be the winner, if they can evacuate him from the hospital before the flames reach it. The other contestants seem to be finking out . . .



And so, that's it from Kopfshplatten, and "Championship Summer Skiing"! We'll be moving on to New Caledonia and "Championship Head-Hunting" for next week's show just as soon as this fire is brought under control. Now—back to Jim McKook . . .

Actually, Bill Violence was being just a wee bit optimistic, there. His "Wild World Of Sports" camera crew never got to New Caledonia! But they didn't forget us, either. So next week, you'll be seeing the great "Championship Fire-Fighting" event from Kopfshplatten, Austria, (Bill and the boys thoughtfully left the film in fire-proof cans for us before they were wiped out!)—along with "Championship Molten-Lava-Surfing" from Hawaii. And now, back to "Championship Stock Car Minefield Racing" . . .



While the race moves along, we'd like you to meet some of the nice folks in this gay, festive crowd. How do you like the race so far, Sir?



It's great! I used to be crazy about the Indianapolis 500 . . . you know, the one they call the "Classic of Auto Racing"! Well, no more! It's too tame! Why, with them bums, you're lucky to get one lousy serious injury! But here, Man, you can count on not only plenty of injuries, but at least two or three fatalities!

Thank you, Sir. And now, back to the ra . . .



Well, folks, we've just learned that the race has been postponed until tomorrow. It seems that it's not even safe to tailgate at 2 miles-an-hour in "Championship Stock Car Minefield Racing." The lead car stopped short, there was a twenty-car-pile-up, bumpers touched . . . and . . . well, that's the way she blows here in La Lunatica, California. And that's it for this week from "WILD WORLD OF SPORTS." See you next Saturday . . .



MOVE AHEAD 3 PAGES DEPT.

The board game, MONOPOLY, is still the most popular one around today. Aside from the relaxation it affords adults, it teaches children the elements of success in our capitalistic society, namely greed, acquisition and ruthlessness. But there are other areas in our society not now covered by board games. And so, to educate our children and amuse adults, MAD offers, free of charge or royalty to game board manufacturers, the following

NEW WE'D

NIelsen RATING

Each player receives a TV Network and sets out to shape a brand new Autumn Programming Schedule. Players draw cards which outline program formats for Westerns, Situation Comedies, Old Movies, Sports Events, Documentaries, etc., and can either retain the cards or reject them. Object of game is to try to accumulate the most innocuous, ridiculous, stupid, inane, improbable, idiotic and preposterous programs, as those are the kind that usually score the highest Nielsen ratings. Winner of game is chosen by any 8-year-old child or adult-imbecile available who merely reads over cards of each player and picks the most appealing schedule.

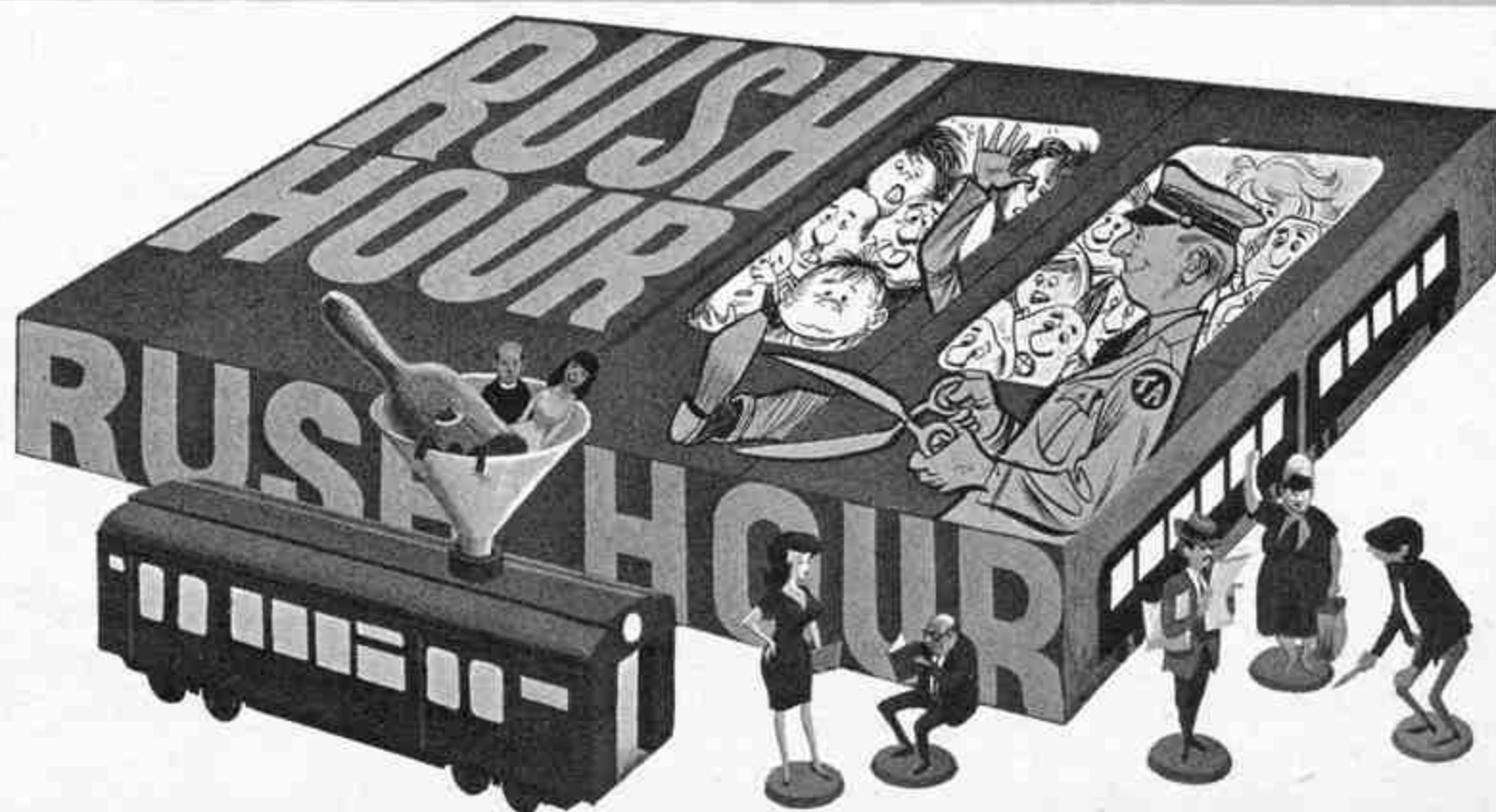


PLANNED OBsolescence

Each player starts out with a 2-year-old Detroit car. Object of game is to drive car as far as possible without making any repairs — until car completely demolishes itself. Players all begin in New York and head west to California. Winner usually has to go no further than Ohio, but a really cautious player might make it to the Rockies.

RUSH HOUR

Each player gets a subway car of the New York City Transit System during the evening rush hour. Object is to crowd the most people-pieces into the car without actually suffocating them or crushing them. Players use various people-pieces to try to empty out an opponent's car. "The Garlic-Breath Passenger" piece can clean out five people, "The Sleeping Drunk" piece gets rid of ten, and "The Hood With A Switchblade" piece empties half a car. There are also counter-pieces, like "The Transit Cop" piece, "The Ex-Marine With A Sense Of Justice" piece, and "The Beautiful" piece—which draw passengers into your car.



BOARD GAMES

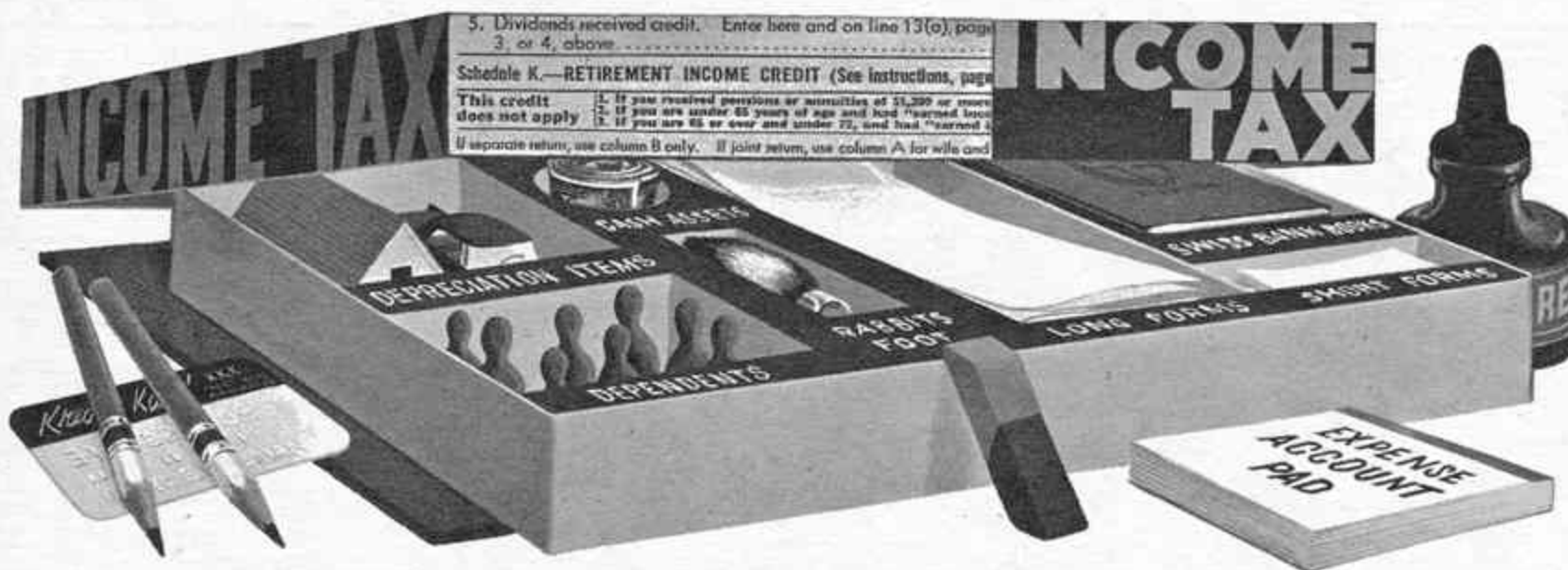
REALLY LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: PATRICK McGIVERN

PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN

Each player begins the game with ten golden pieces which represent various Principles, Virtues and Ideals. The object of the game is for each player to vie with his opponents to see who can discard most Principles, Virtues and Ideals in order to gain Political Advantage. Whenever a player discards a Principle, he draws a "Constituent Card". This card tells him just how many Constituents he has betrayed by discarding that Principle. The player who betrays the most Constituents and has the fewest Principles, Virtues and Ideals left at the end of play wins the game . . . by being elected a United States Senator by a landslide.



INCOME TAX

Each player starts out with a gross income of \$20,000 for a given year. The winner is the player who, by lying, cheating, or any other forms of cunning—including marriage, children, joint returns, padded expenses, capital gains, tax-loss carry-overs and other manipulations—manages to pay least amount of State and Federal Income Taxes.

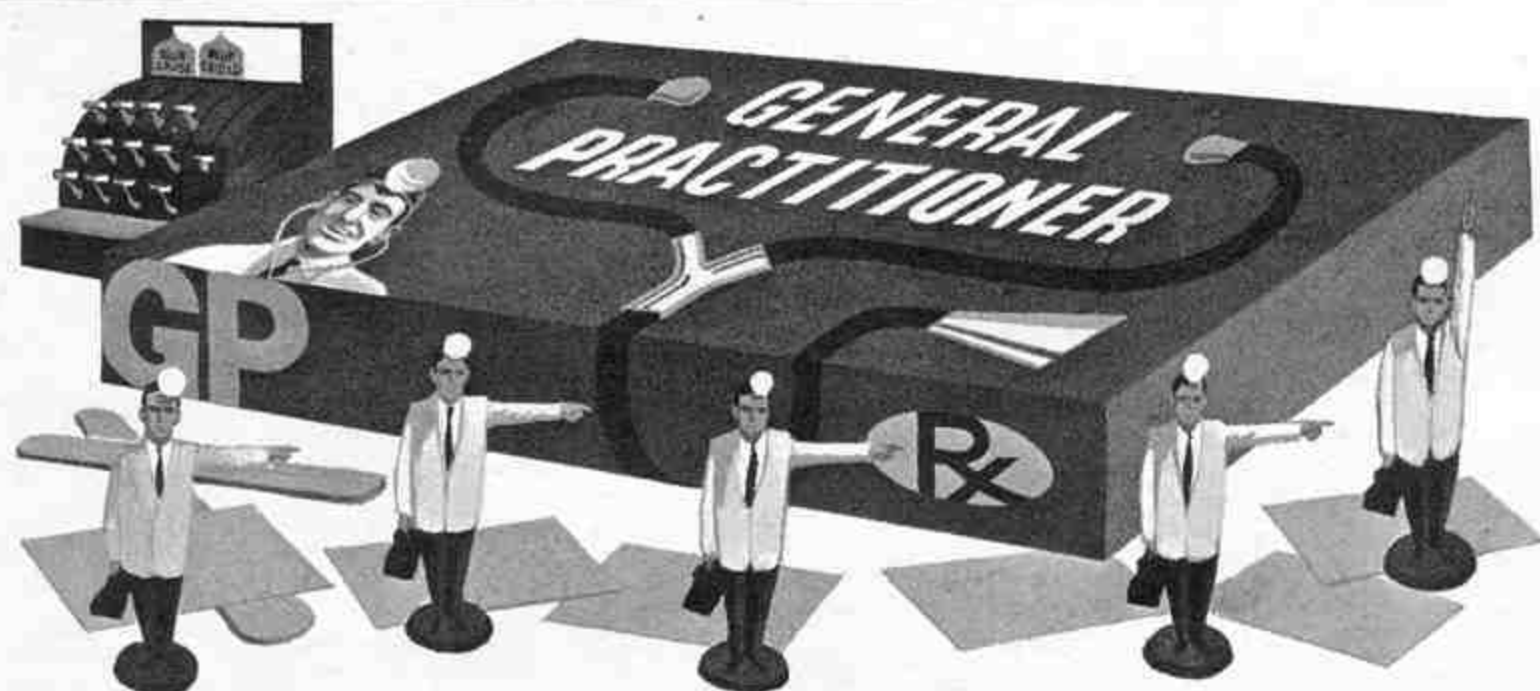
UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

Game begins with each player losing his job. All players then begin to collect Unemployment Insurance checks. The winner is the one who can collect the most checks before benefits run out, successfully fending off any and all offers of work. As they roll dice, the players move from weekly check to weekly check, encountering obstacles like "You Are Offered A Job In Your Field" or "You Showed Up Late—Go To Line C" or "They Found Out You Turned A Job Down" and so forth. When game is concluded, players may turn over the "UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE" board and play another, more advanced game on the other side . . . "WELFARE CHECK".



AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

Each player starts out with a lovely rural community and immediately opens it to commercial development. Using model factories, gas stations, motels, driving ranges, custard stands, signs, etc., players vie with each other to pollute the most rivers, bulldoze the most woodlands, and destroy the most scenic wonders—those not obscured by his signs. In general, the object of the game is to duplicate the disgusting vistas now blossoming outside all of our country's Population Centers.



GENERAL PRACTITIONER

As game begins, each player finishes his Internship and becomes a Doctor. All Doctor-Players then take turns drawing cards representing patients. The object of the game is to refer the most patients to specialists or hospitals without actually having to lay a hand upon anyone's diseased anatomy. Winner of game is one who has retained most number of patients after giving them such short shrift.

SERVICE STATION

Each player starts out with a fully-equipped Service Station and five customers with cars in need of repairs. The player who can charge his car-owner customers the highest prices for the least amount of actual repair wins the game. Points are awarded for charging for new spark plugs without having replaced them and other tricks.



BUTTON DOWN!



BUTTON DOWN

All players start out with sound health, alert minds and creative imaginations. The first move each player makes is to obtain a job in a Madison Ave. Ad Agency. The next move is to lose self respect. Object of game is to sell ideas to Agency clients—each sale earning player an ulcer. Winner is first player to accumulate 10 ulcers, or die at 45 of a heart attack.



IN THE HABERDASHERY

I tell you, you couldn't find a better fit in an overcoat. All that's necessary is to take it up a little in the length, and it will be perfect!



Hmmmm!



Well... if you really think so...



I'll take it!



D. MARTIN

A NEW LEASE ON STRIFE DEPT.

With the population explosion rapidly engulfing all available land, today's builders have decided that the only way to get as many people as possible on as little land as possible is to build *up*. So, in cities and suburbs all over the country, huge luxury apartment buildings are rising. If you look through the Real Estate section of your newspaper, you'll find any number of examples of...

THE TYPICAL LUXURY APARTMENT HOUSE AD

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

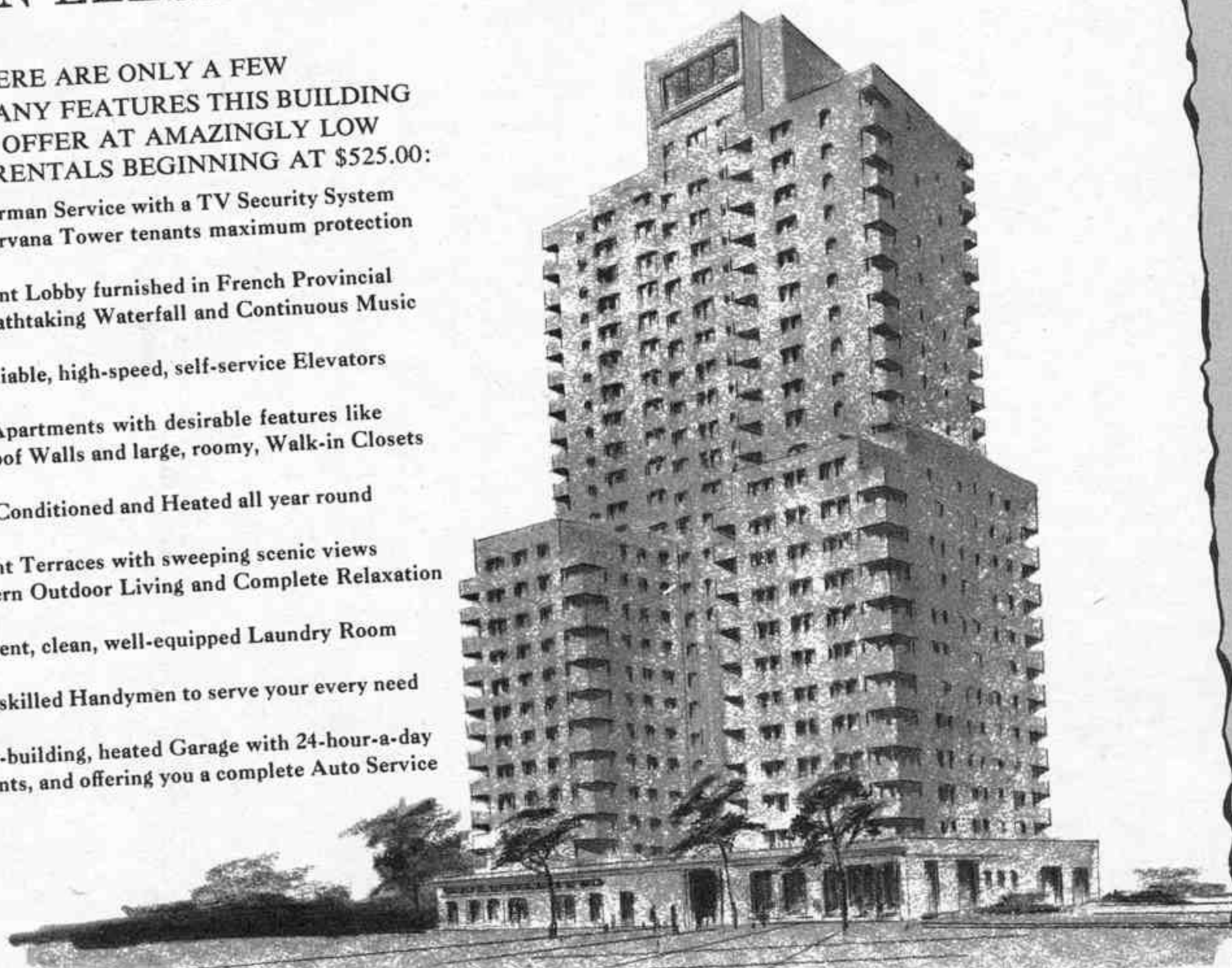
Nirvana Towers

at 1234 East 69th Street

AN ELEGANT APARTMENT RESIDENCE

HERE ARE ONLY A FEW
OF THE MANY FEATURES THIS BUILDING
HAS TO OFFER AT AMAZINGLY LOW
MONTHLY RENTALS BEGINNING AT \$525.00:

- * 24-hour Doorman Service with a TV Security System offering Nirvana Tower tenants maximum protection
- * A magnificent Lobby furnished in French Provincial with a breathtaking Waterfall and Continuous Music
- * Modern, reliable, high-speed, self-service Elevators
- * Fabulous Apartments with desirable features like Sound-proof Walls and large, roomy, Walk-in Closets
- * 100% Air-Conditioned and Heated all year round
- * Magnificent Terraces with sweeping scenic views for Modern Outdoor Living and Complete Relaxation
- * A convenient, clean, well-equipped Laundry Room
- * A staff of skilled Handymen to serve your every need
- * An in-the-building, heated Garage with 24-hour-a-day Attendants, and offering you a complete Auto Service



Live in a quality neighborhood on the fashionable East Side

ANOTHER APARTMENT RESIDENCE BY KWIKILLING CONSTRUCTION CO.

If you're wondering where the jokes are in the ad on the left, all you have to do is fall for it. Because when you move in, you will discover—as the writer of this article discovered when he fell for it and moved in—that the whole ad is one big joke. You'll see what he means as he takes excerpts from the advertisement and then compares them to what it's really like living in . . .

THE TYPICAL LUXURY APARTMENT HOUSE

WHAT THE AD SAID:

*24-hour Doorman Service with a TV Security System offering Nirvana Tower tenants maximum protection

AND THE REAL STORY:



WHAT THE AD SAID:

*A magnificent Lobby furnished in French Provincial with a breathtaking Waterfall and Continuous Music

AND THE REAL STORY:



**WHAT
THE AD
SAID:**

*Modern, reliable, high-speed, self-service Elevators

**AND THE
REAL
STORY:**

Good luck, Irving, dear—and safe landing.

They can't send a kid up in a crate like that!

The way I look at it, if your number's up, your number's up. It's Fate.

Where's the kid going?

To the second floor.

What ever became of the other elevator? I haven't seen it in over a week now.

It's eight days overdue, and is missing with all passengers.

Really? What happened to it?

They believe it's lost in a storm.

A storm? In an elevator shaft?

In these elevator shafts they have storms.



**WHAT
THE AD
SAID:**

*Fabulous Apartments with desirable features like Sound-proof Walls and large, roomy, Walk-in Closets

**AND THE
REAL
STORY:**

My, what a lovely, roomy, walk-in closet!

This is our Living Room.

Hey, there's a guy stuck in your walk-in closet.

I know. it's my Brother-in-law. He's been in there since Wednesday

Well, why don't you tell the Building Manager?

I did. He claims he's not responsible. The lease says "Walk-in Closet"—it doesn't say anything about "Walking-out."

What was that noise? World War III?

No... somebody in the building flushed a toilet.

But I thought the walls here on the Twelfth Floor are supposed to be Sound-Proof.

They are. It's the ceilings that are thin. That was a Ground Floor bathroom.



**WHAT
THE AD
SAID:**

*100% Air-Conditioned and Heated all year round
*Magnificent Terraces with sweeping scenic views for Modern Outdoor Living and Complete Relaxation

**AND THE
REAL
STORY:**

I thought you're supposed to get 6 months of heat and 6 months of cool air. So how come it's so hot in the apartment in August?

In the lease, they didn't specify which six months you get what.

What a magnificent sweeping, scenic view.

Yeah, on a clear day you can see the terrace next door.

What's that crack on the side of the building?

The Super said it's just the building settling.

That's some settling. The bottom 3 floors just disappeared.

Boy, this outdoor living is great. Those charcoal broiled steaks are done to perfection.

I haven't even lit the barbecue yet. Those are raw steaks. They're just covered with soot and dirt from the incinerator.



WHAT THE AD SAID:

- * A convenient, clean, well-equipped Laundry Room
- * A staff of skilled Handymen to serve your every need

**AND THE
REAL
STORY:**



WHAT THE AD SAID:

***An in-the-building, heated Garage with 24-hour-a-day Attendants, and offering you a complete Auto Service**

**AND THE
REAL
STORY:**



WHAT THE AD SAID:

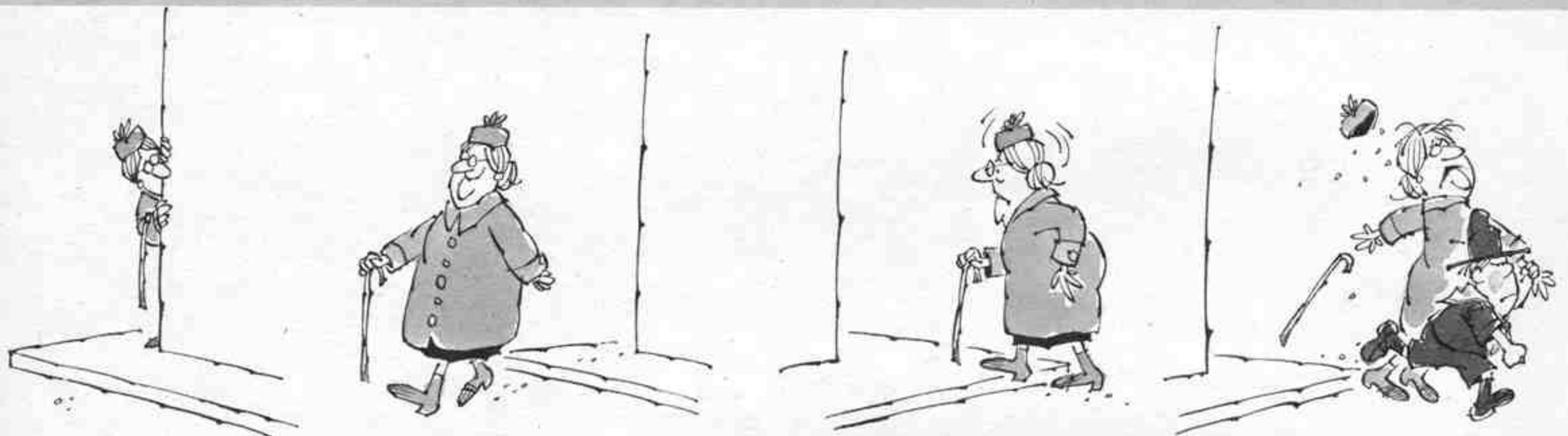
Live in a quality neighborhood
on the fashionable East Side

**AND THE
REAL
STORY:**

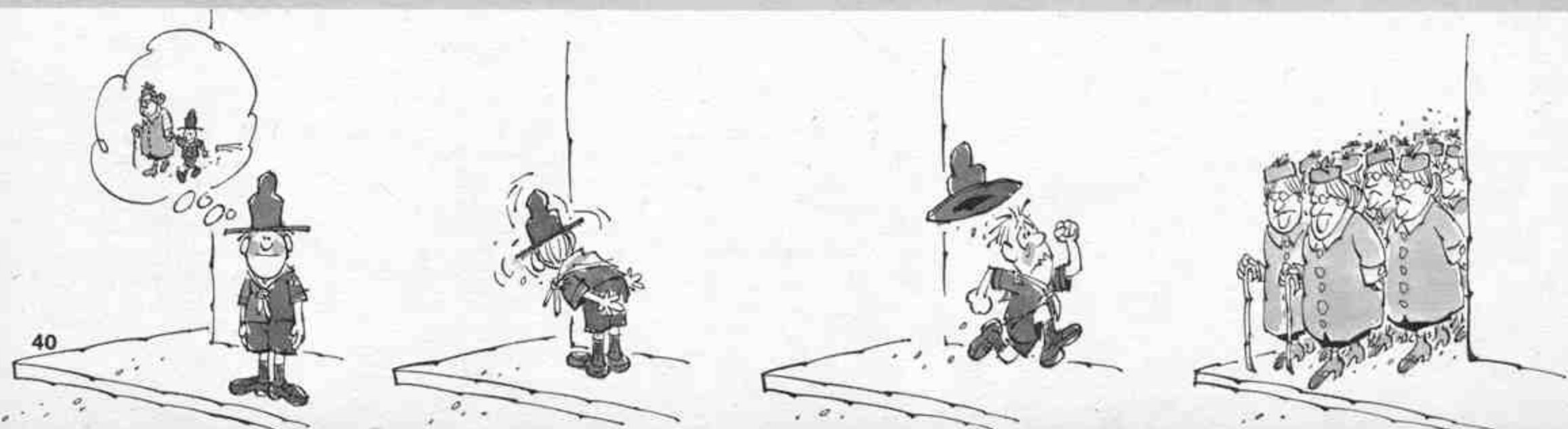


ON MY HONOR, I WILL BE A PEST DEPT.

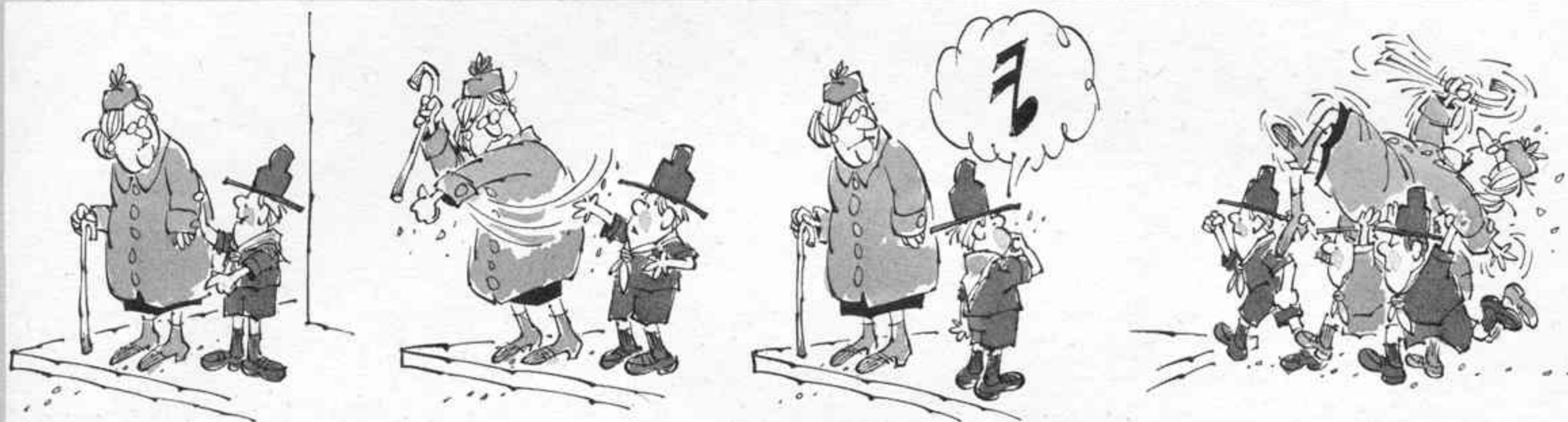
BOY SCOUTS vs.



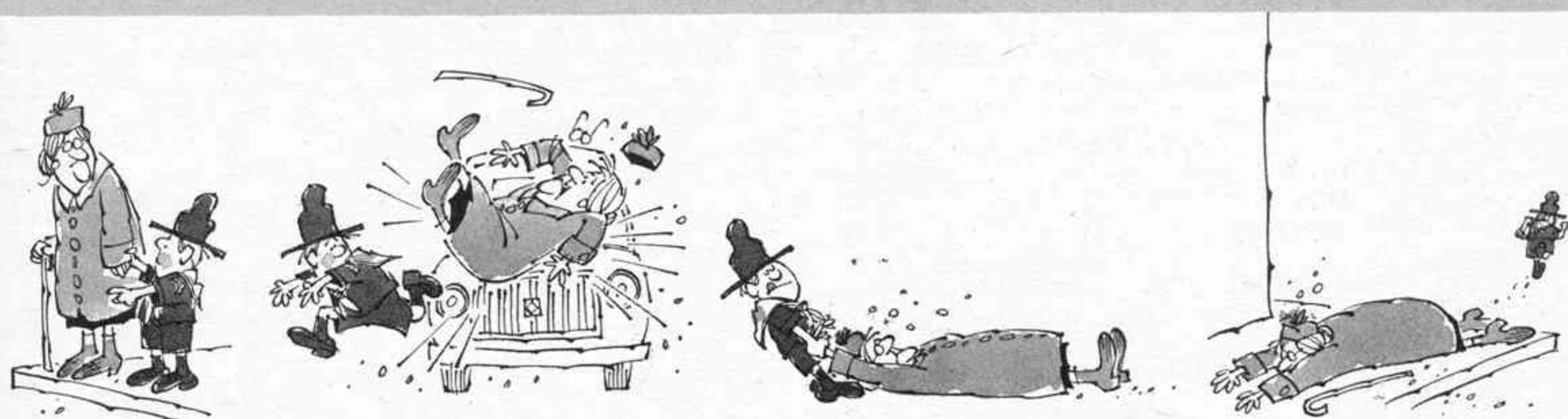
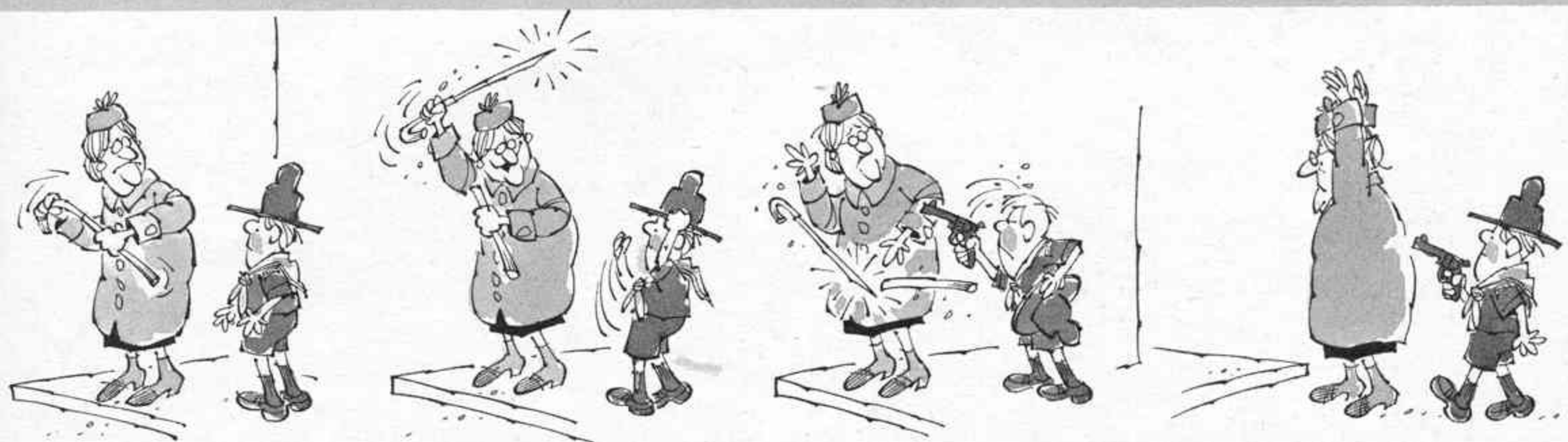
ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

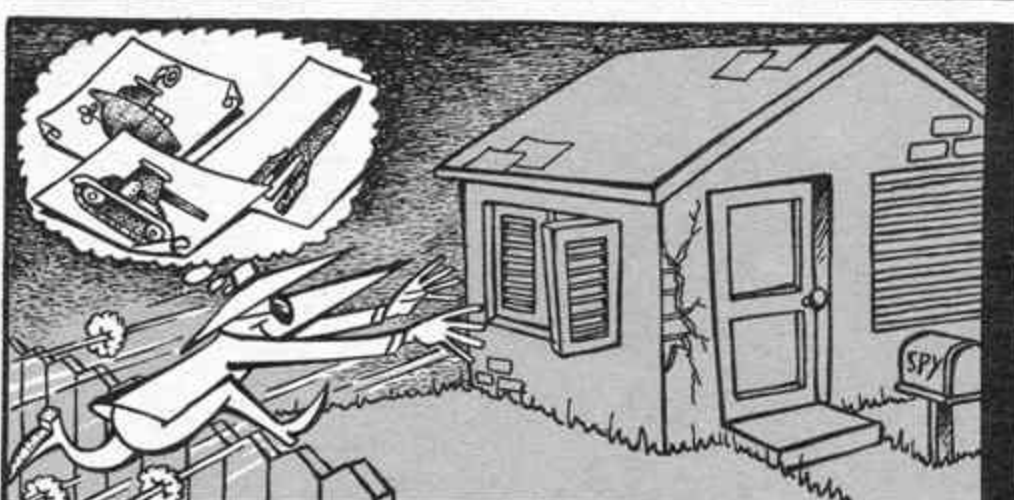
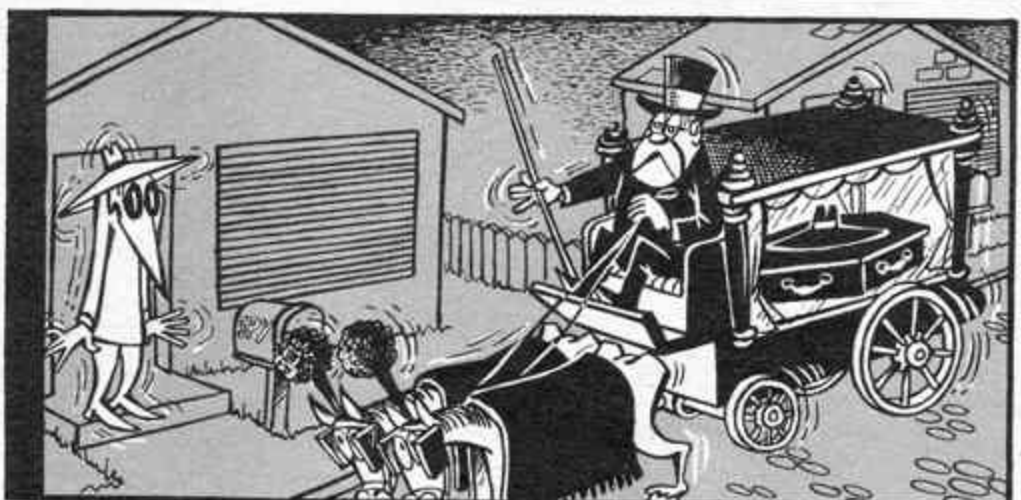
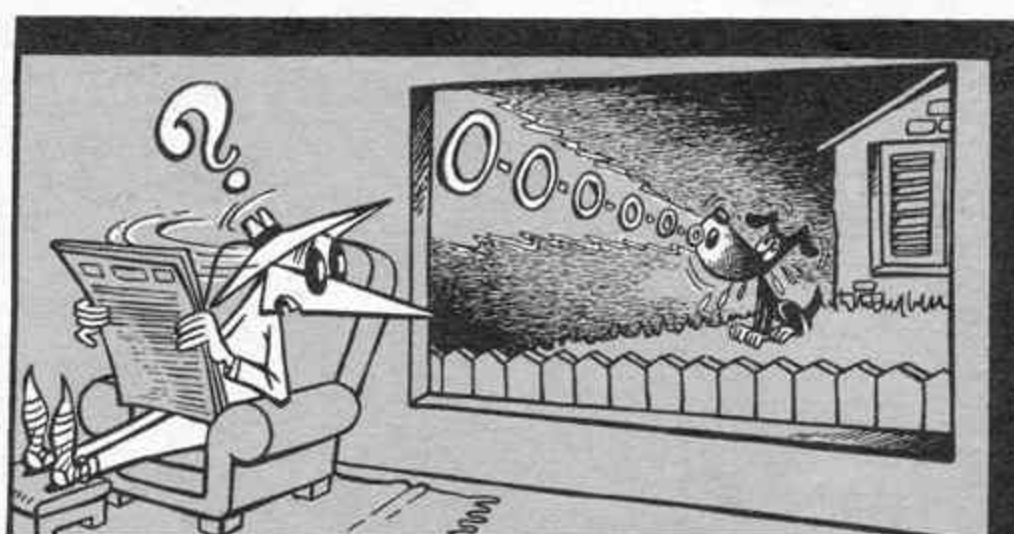
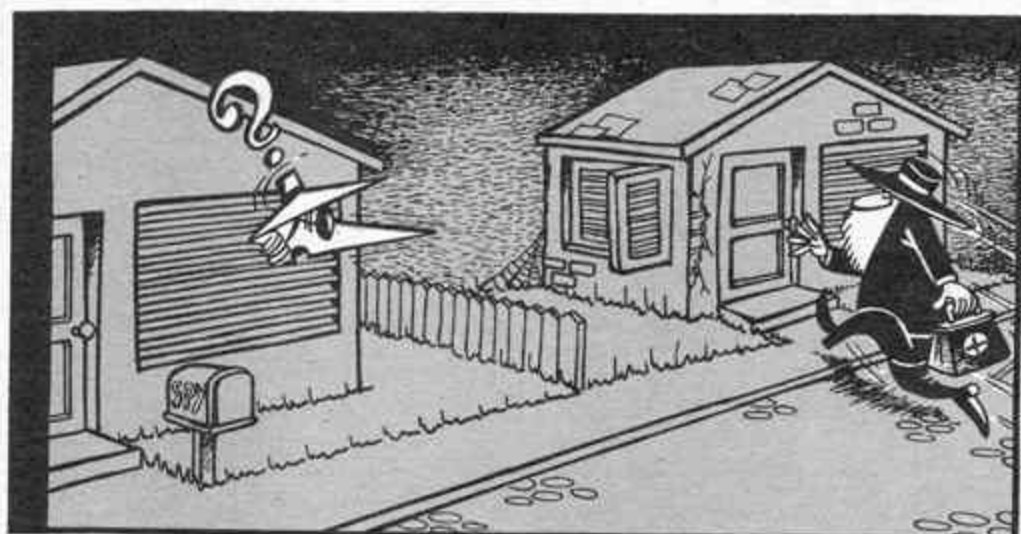
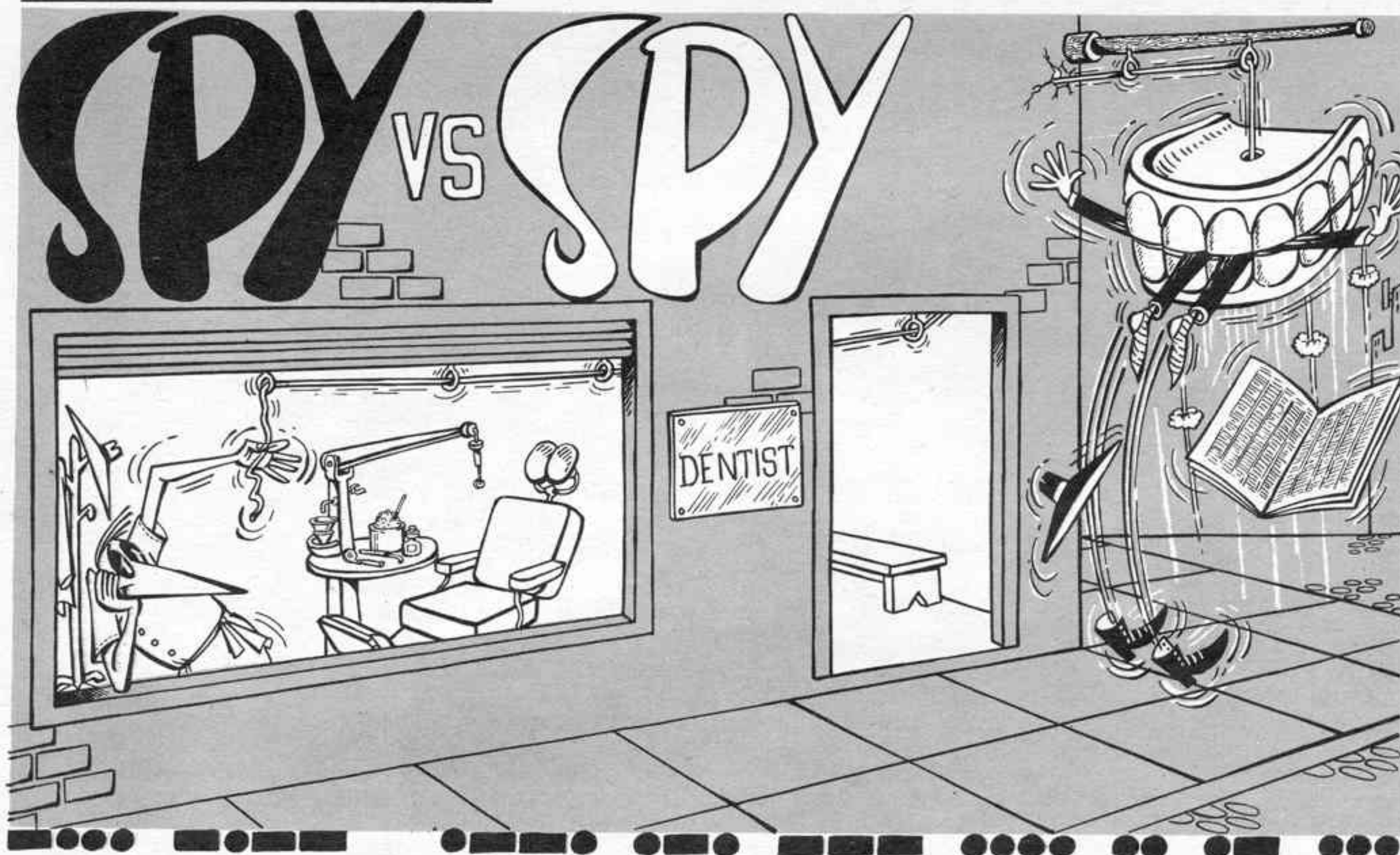


LITTLE OLD LADIES



WRITER: DON EDWING





CRAZY OTTO DEPT.

OTTO PREMATURE PRESENTS

FIVE MINUTES OF CLEVER TITLES FOLLOWED BY TWO
HOURS OF INCREDIBLE BOREDOM ENTITLED...

BUBBY LAKE MISSED ... BY A MILE!

STARRING

CAROL LIMPLY —whose haunting portrayal of a grieving Mother leaves much to be desired

KIER DULLARD —who will deadpan his way into your hearts

NOEL COWHEAD —triumphantly demonstrating that some people will do anything for a fast buck

AND SPECIAL GUEST STAR

LAURENCE OF OLIVIER —if you loved him in his role as Hamlet, you'll cringe with embarrassment at his role as Superintendent Nuthouse

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

Hey, idiot! Watch those arty titles already! You're ripping the magazine!

Oops! Sorry!

I'm terribly upset!
I brought my daughter
Bubby here this morning
and now I can't find her!

Perhaps
she's one
of these
children?

If she were, do
you think I'd
be upset that I
lost her?

Is this any
way to run a
school? Don't
you keep track
of the children?

We try . . . but we can't be
burdened with details. Come around
at the end of the term. We always
have a child or two left over.
You can have first pick!



There's something under this blanket! I've got to see—Ohhh! Thank goodness it's not Bubby!

Mrs. Lake, I will thank you not to come in here and disturb our children during their Creative Free Play period!

I heard the dreadful news. I'm glad to see that you're not getting all upset and acting too emotional.

I would if I knew how!

You're right! I saw you in "The Cardinal"!



How do you do? I am the retired Founder of this school. Now, I am making a study of "Childhood Fantasies". Listen to this bit of foolishness:

Let's make a movie about a child who is supposed to be kidnapped, only no one knows if she really exists or not...

Isn't that too idiotic for words? Who but a child could take such an idea seriously?

I am Supt. Nuthouse of Scotland Yard—

Will you do something to help me find my daughter?

Probably not. I'll just stand around looking grim, and say profound things.

And is that all?

Think it's easy without moving my mouth?!

OFFICE



Mrs. Lake, where is your husband?

I'm not married. I'm an unwed mother!

I see. Well, we live in an enlightened age. We can understand such modern problems. Permit me to make one comment?

Of course.

Shame, Shame on you!

Is that any way for an intelligent person to behave?

Hah! You should talk!

When did you arrive in England?

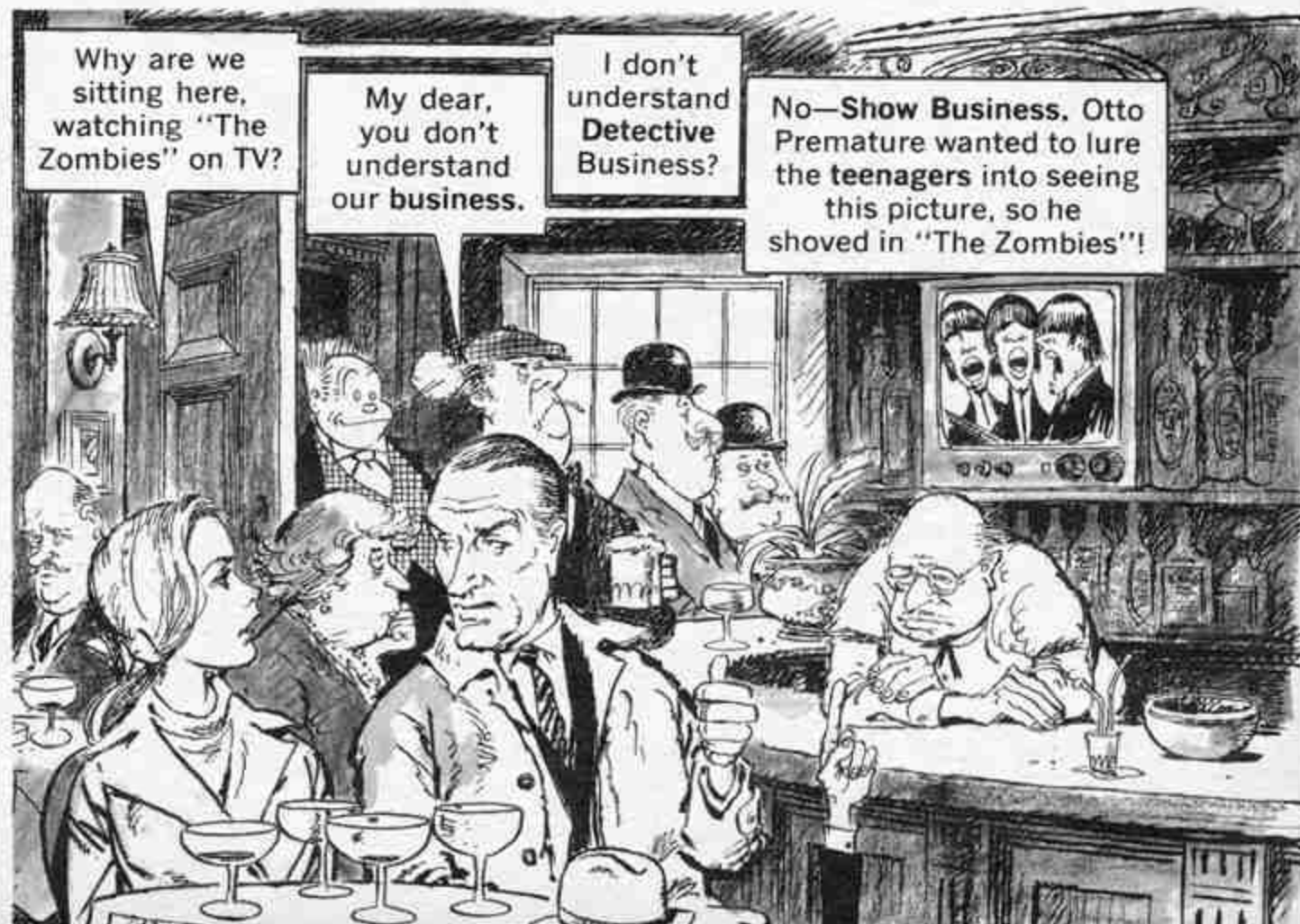
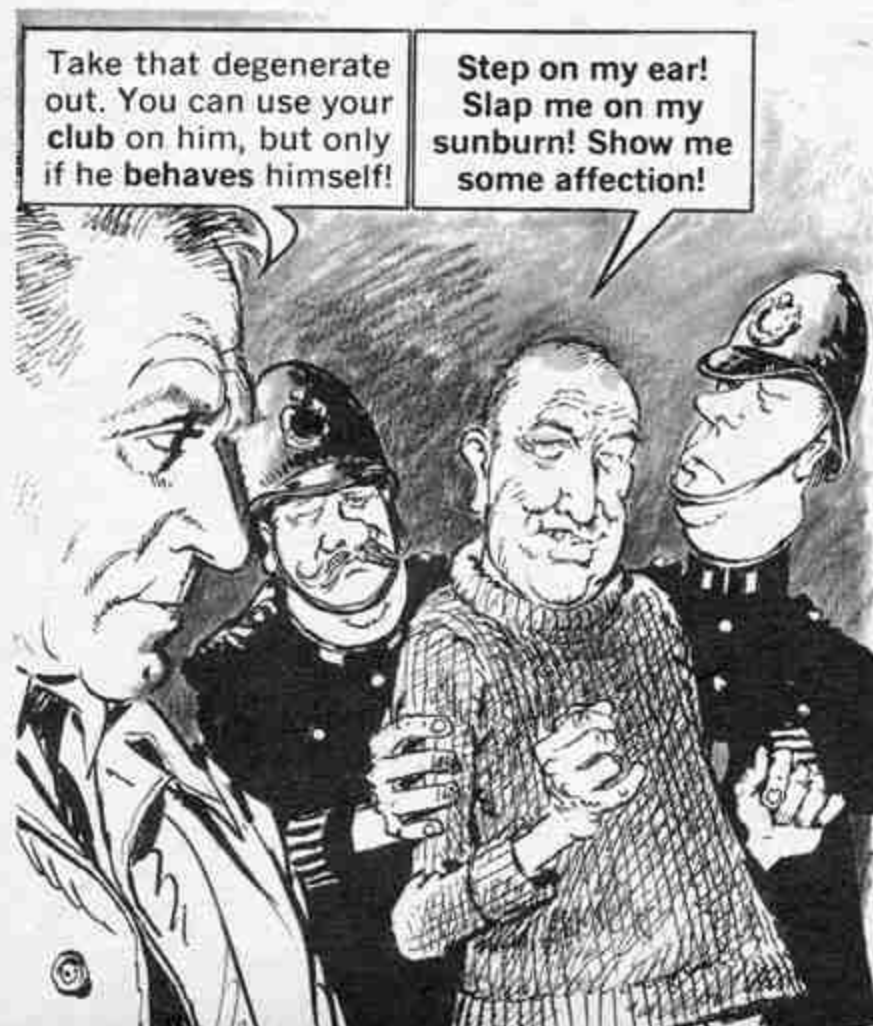
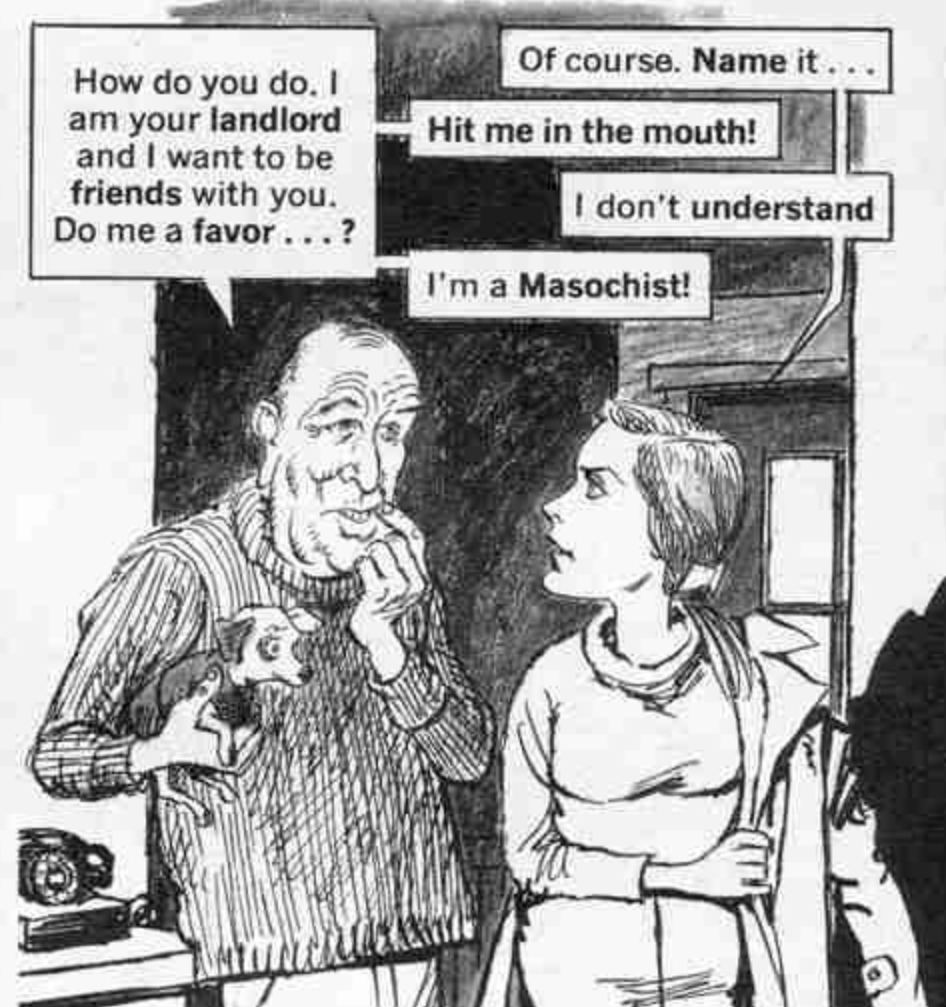
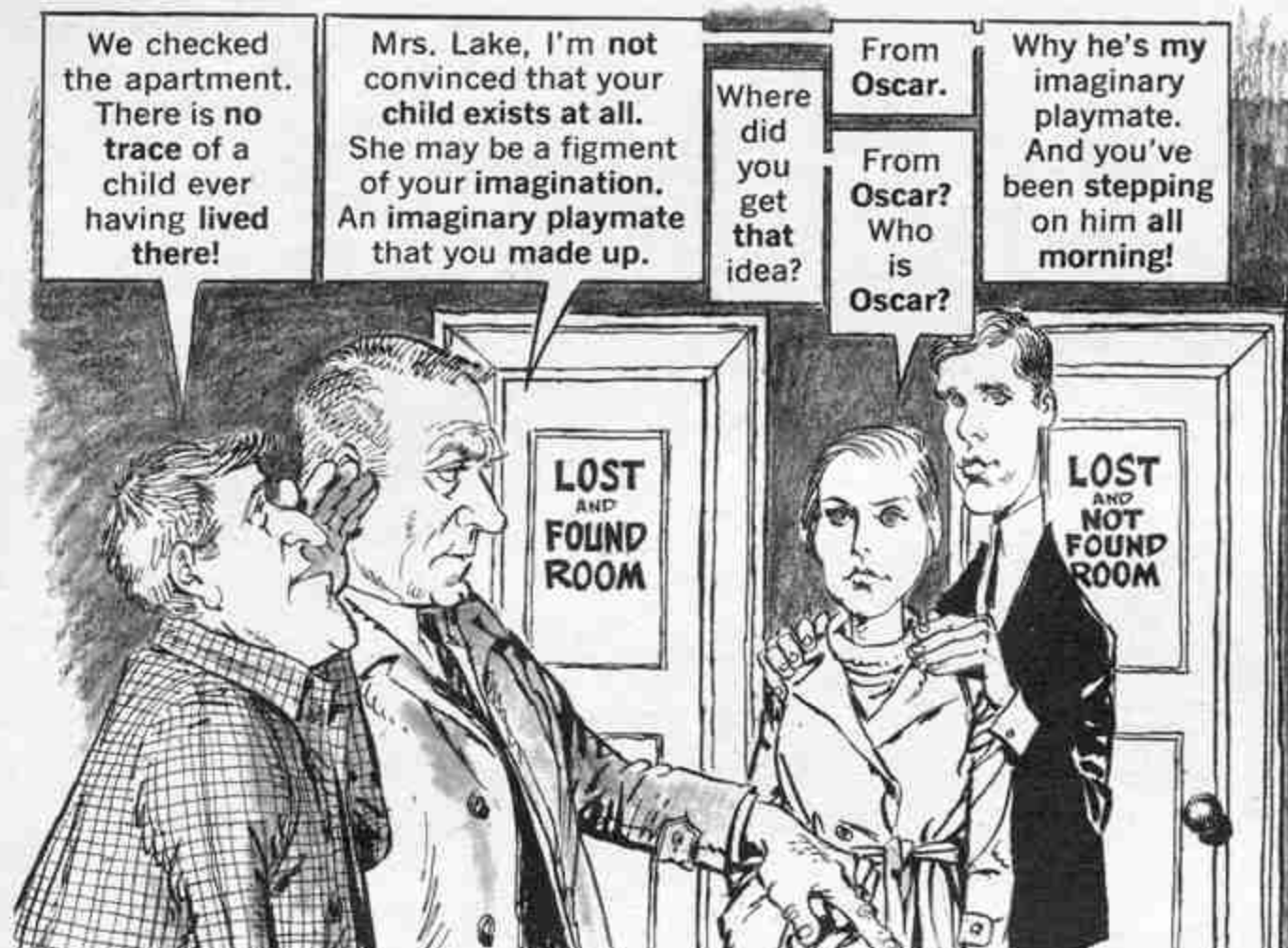
Four days ago!

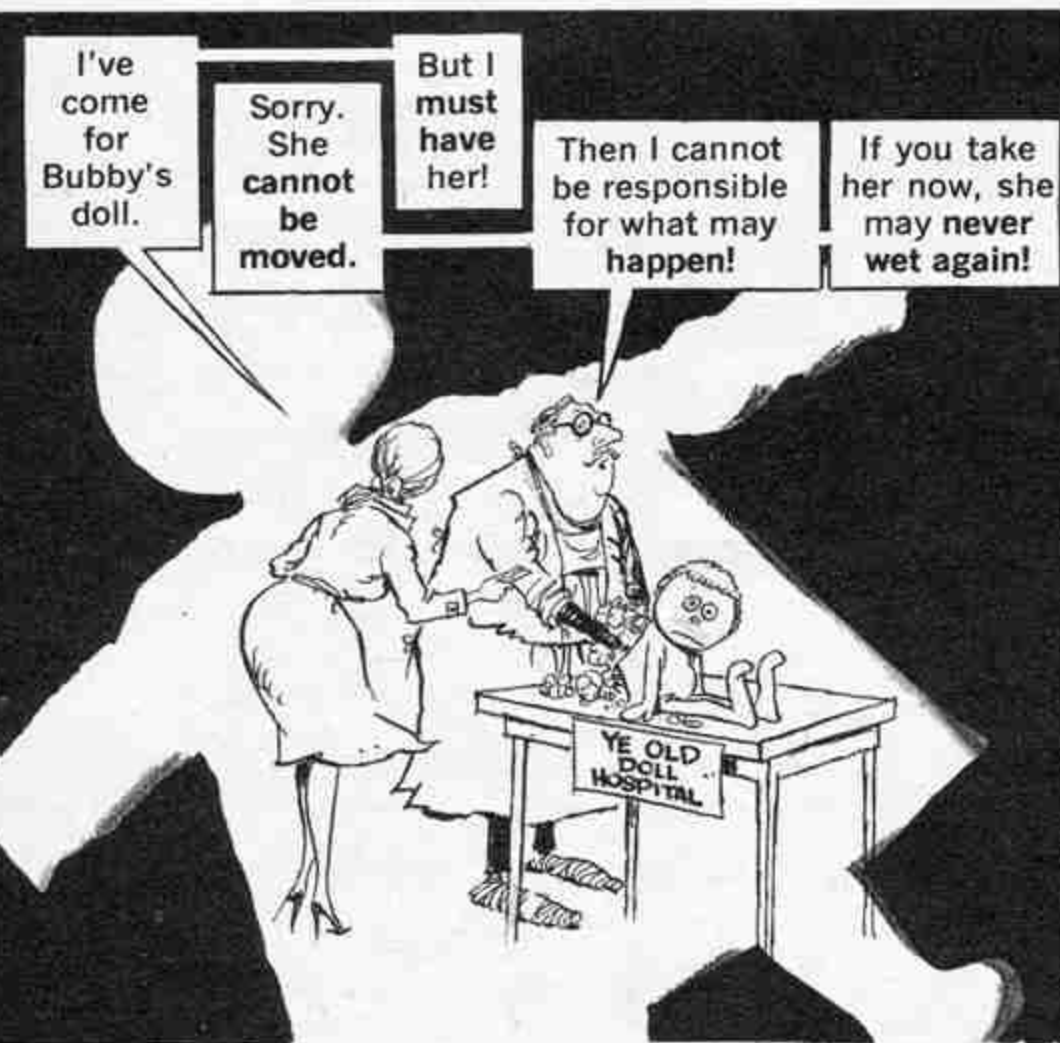
Five days ago!

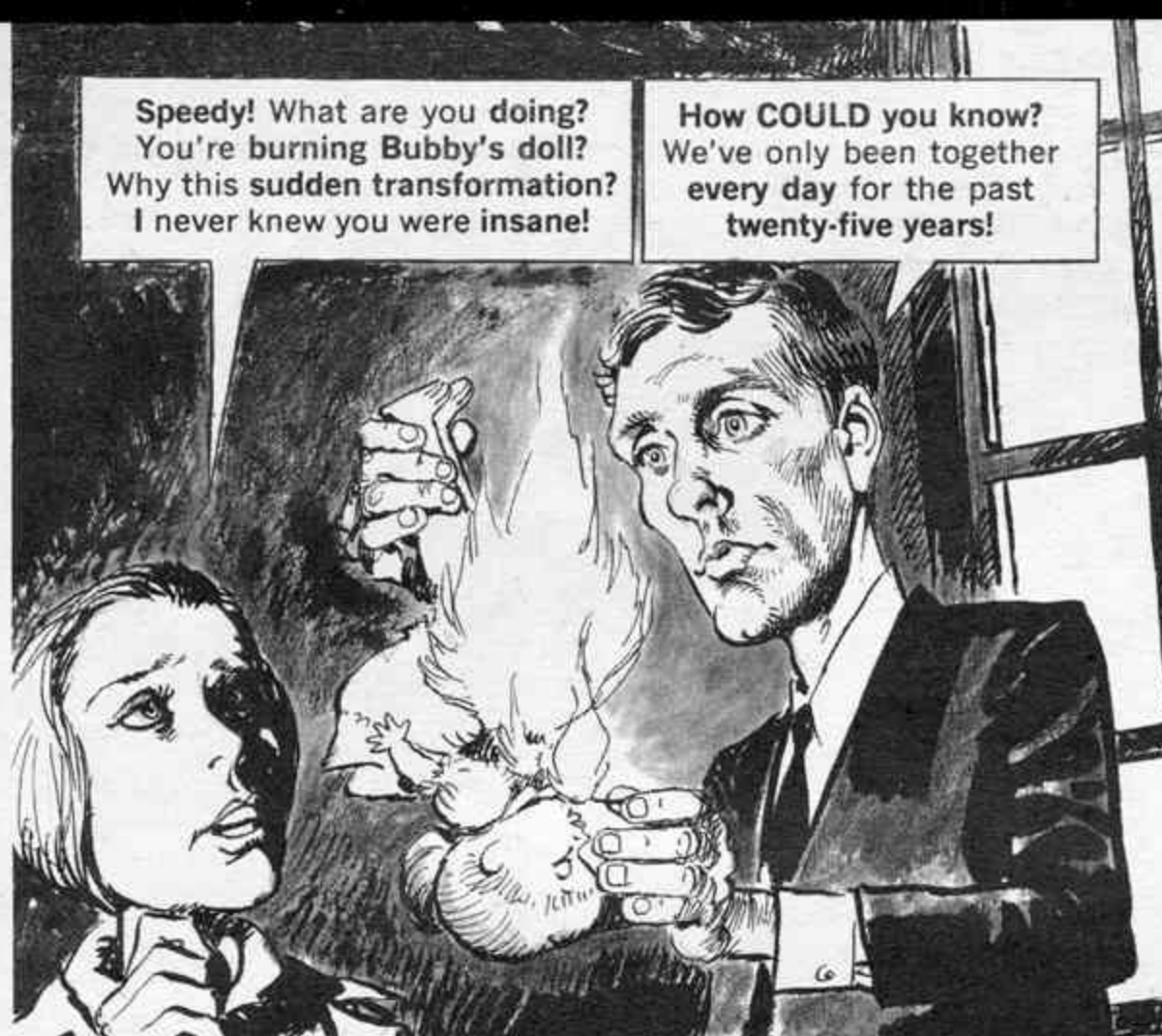
That's a clue! They don't agree on the day of arrival!

Shut up! You want to give the ending away?



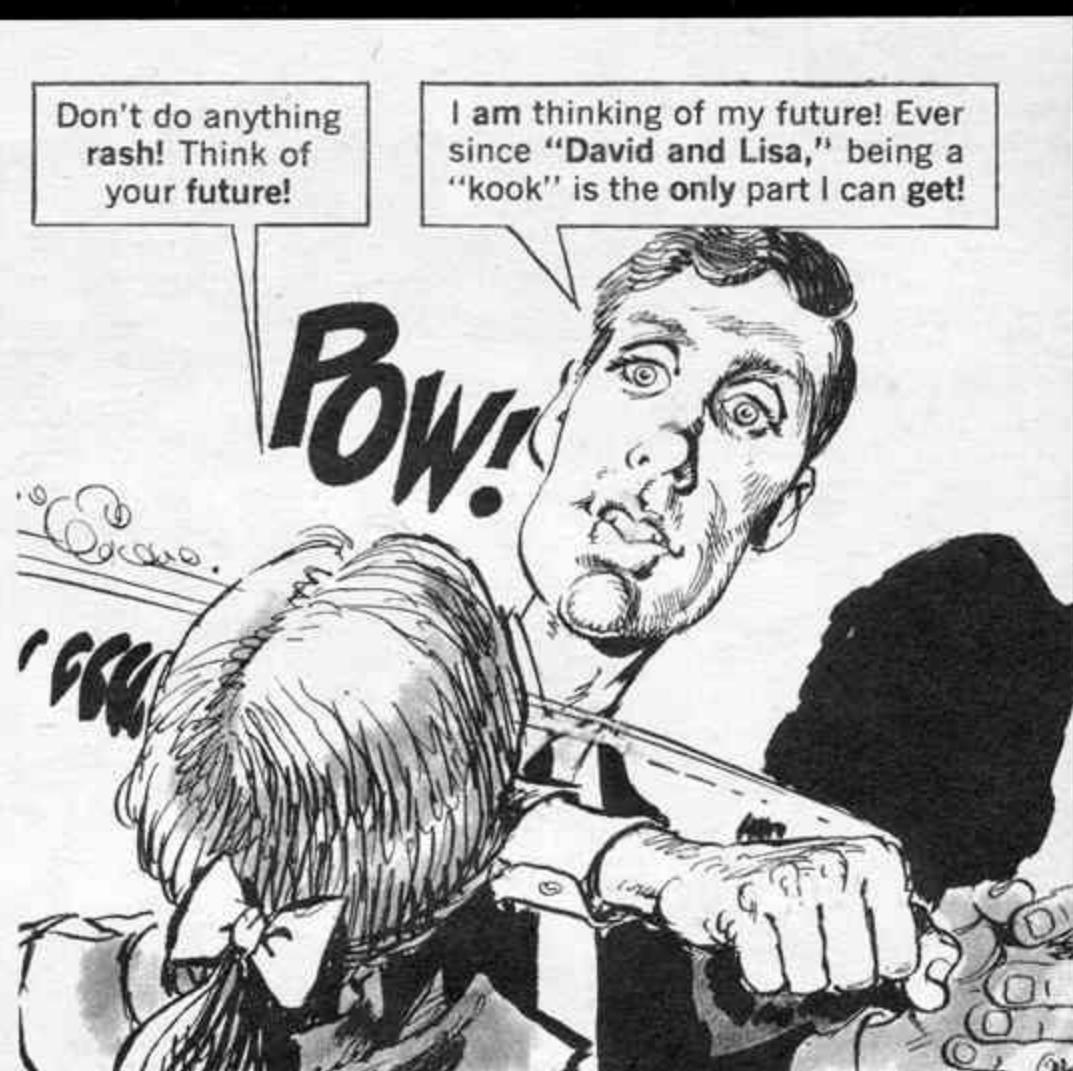






Speedy! What are you doing?
You're burning Bubby's doll!
Why this sudden transformation?
I never knew you were insane!

How COULD you know?
We've only been together
every day for the past
twenty-five years!



Don't do anything
rash! Think of
your future!

I am thinking of my future! Ever
since "David and Lisa," being a
"kook" is the only part I can get!



Hmmm. A very bad case.
When I push her stomach,
she doesn't say "Ma-ma."
Nurse, remove her stuffing!

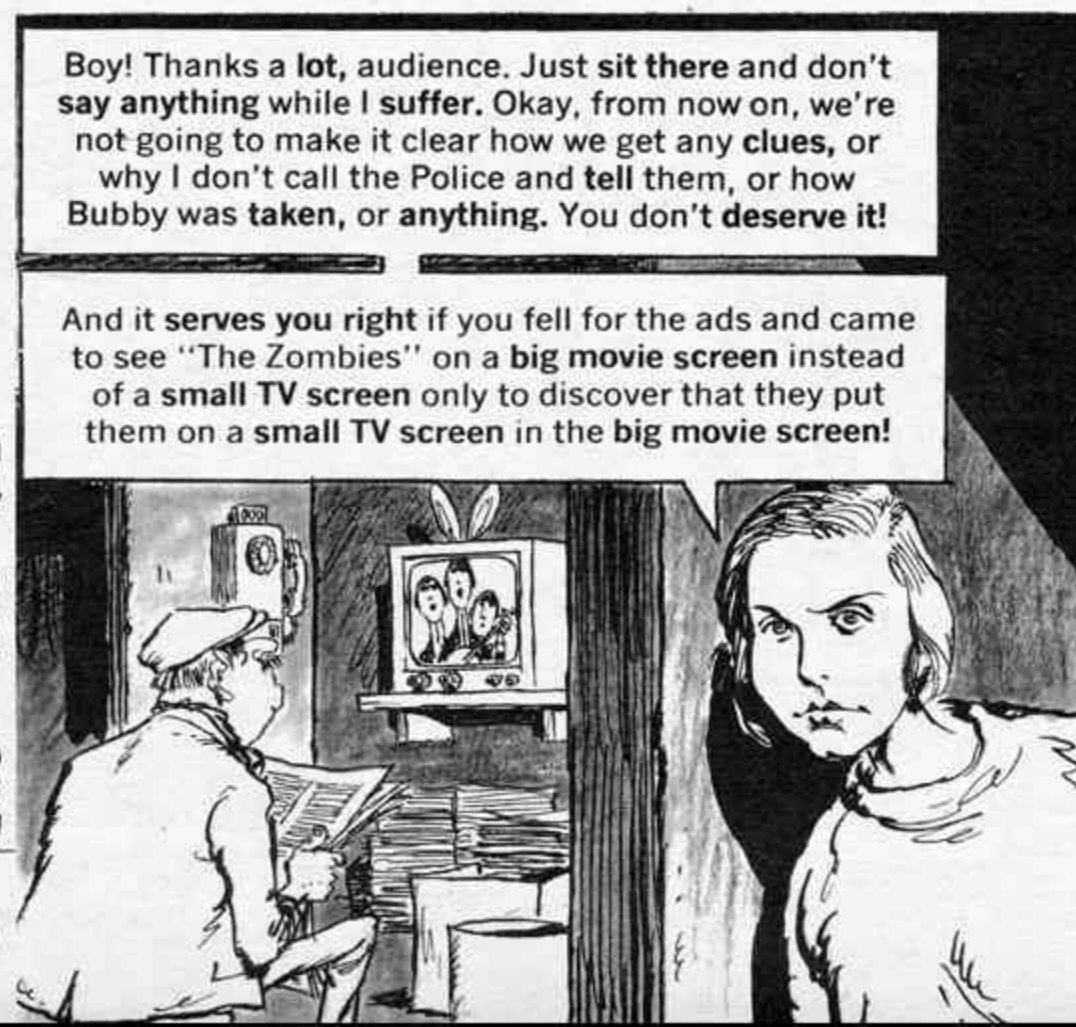
See? This is what we get
in England ever since
the Physicians boycotted
Socialized Medicine.



I must escape! I just
realized that my nutty
brother is the one who
kidnapped my daughter!

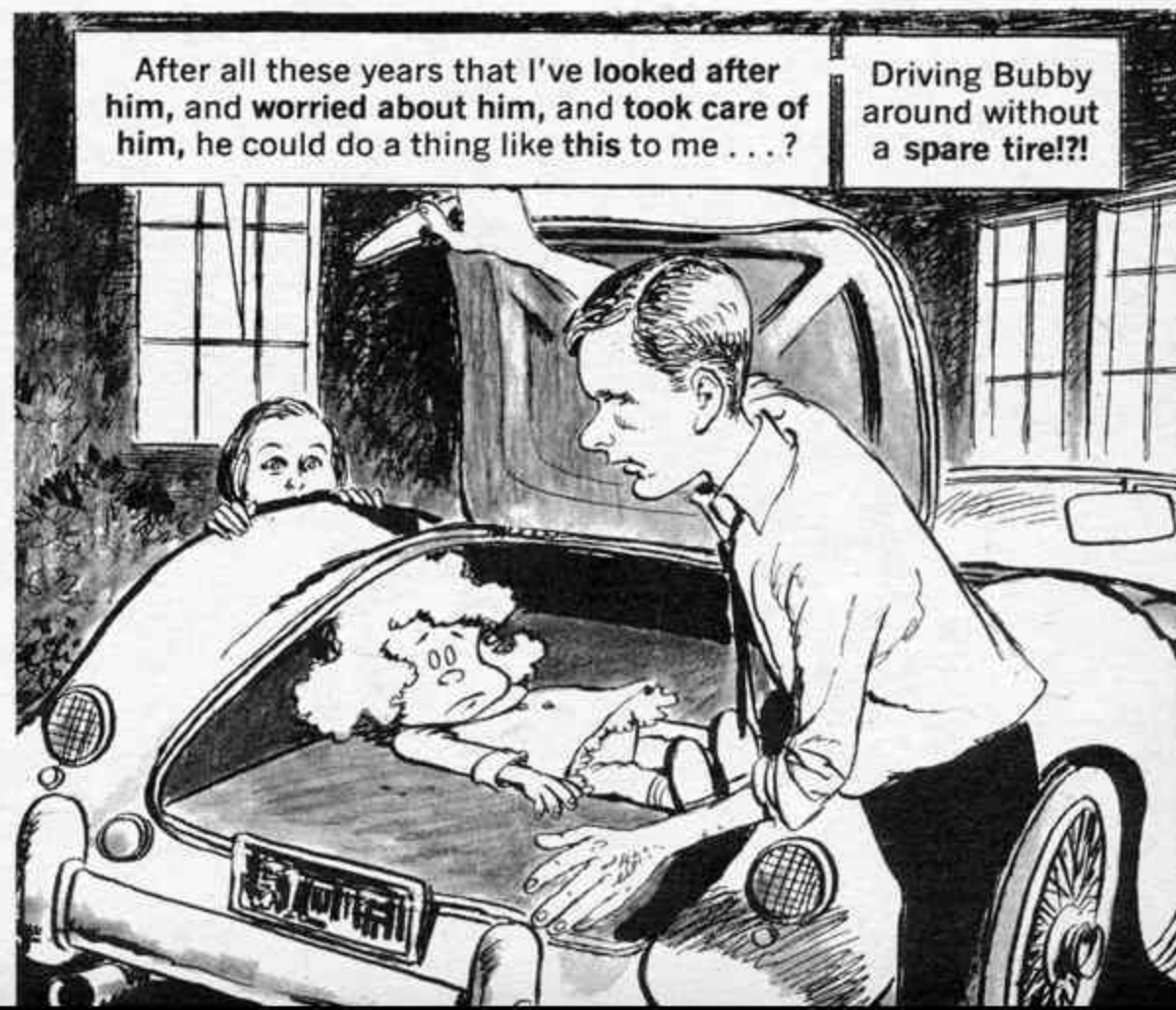
You just realized it? The
audience knew it all along!

They did!?!?



Boy! Thanks a lot, audience. Just sit there and don't
say anything while I suffer. Okay, from now on, we're
not going to make it clear how we get any clues, or
why I don't call the Police and tell them, or how
Bubby was taken, or anything. You don't deserve it!

And it serves you right if you fell for the ads and came
to see "The Zombies" on a big movie screen instead
of a small TV screen only to discover that they put
them on a small TV screen in the big movie screen!



After all these years that I've looked after
him, and worried about him, and took care of
him, he could do a thing like this to me . . . ?

Driving Bubby
around without
a spare tire!?!?

There's only one thing to do. I'll regress to childhood and play games with him. But only . . . only if . . . only if he'll give me "Last Licks"!

Speedy, honey! I got a wonderful idea. Let's play "Doctor" . . .

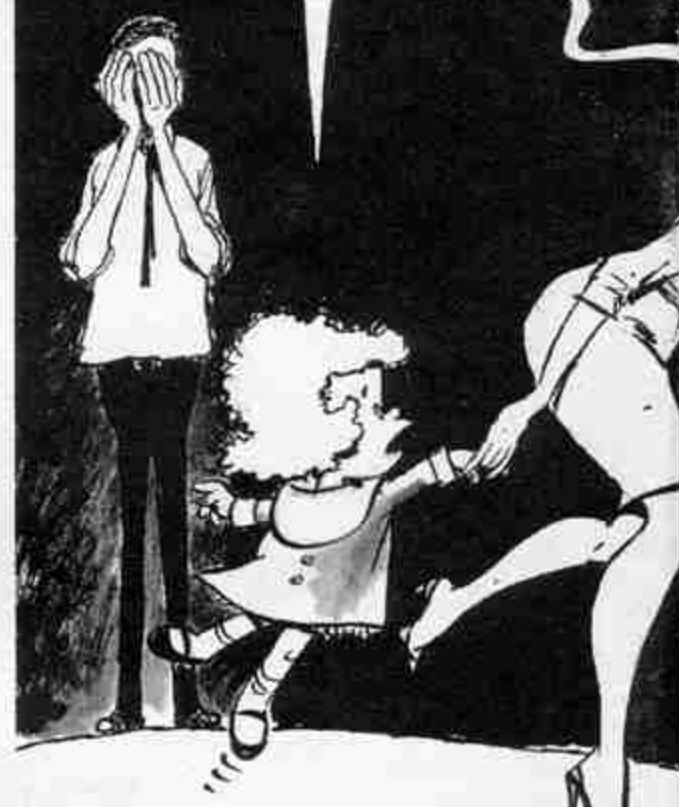
Ooh! Ooh! I got a better idea! Let's play "Hide n' Seek" . . .

Isn't this chilling . . . juxtaposing the innocence of children's games with the depravity of a maniac? Too bad Mr. Premature hasn't seen the seven other horror movies that used the same gimmick before he did!

One—
two—
three—

Mommy! Let's escape while he's not looking!

Are you kidding? That would be cheating!!



Wheee! Up and down—up and down!

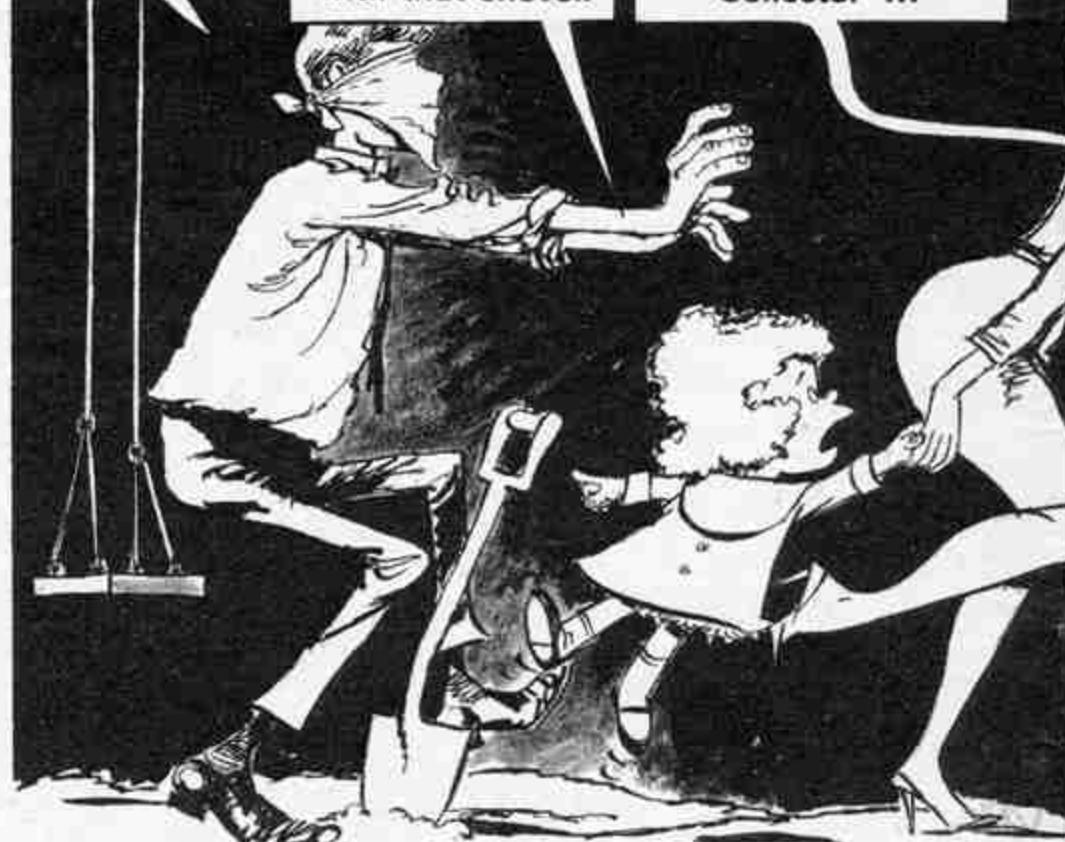
Quick, Mommy! Push the trampoline out from under him so he'll fall and smash his skull!

Don't be ridiculous, Bubby! That's what the audience expects. Besides, it would introduce a note of violence into the movie, and Mr. Premature wouldn't like that. Heck, he hasn't even introduced a note of action into the picture up to now!

Let's play "Blindman's Buff"!

Mommy! His eyes are covered! Now you can hit him with that shovel!

And end up like Samantha Eggcream ended up in "The Collector"???



Gee, I'm so glad you're here, Superintendent Nuthouse! I must tell you something surprising! My Uncle Speedy is the one who kidnapped me!

That so? And now I'll tell you something surprising! I'm not really a Superintendent! I just like to play "Cops and Robbers"!

You what??

And incidentally . . . Bang-bang! You're dead!



Oh, what fun! Somebody bury me in the Sand Box—head down!

This is MY swing, and MY trampoline, and MY movie set, and MY picture, and if I can't play, you can't play either, so there!!

Mr. Premature, if you ever remake this picture, let me stay missing!

Aren't you glad they didn't let you into the theater "While The Clock Was Ticking"? Otherwise, you would've enjoyed this sickening ending twice!



**HOW
YOU TOO
CAN MAKE
A FORTUNE
IN THE
BOOMING
SKI
BUSINESS**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Thousands of enterprising businessmen are making a killing in this popular Winter Sport. To find out how you can get in on more of the gravy than anyone else, just fold in the page as shown above.

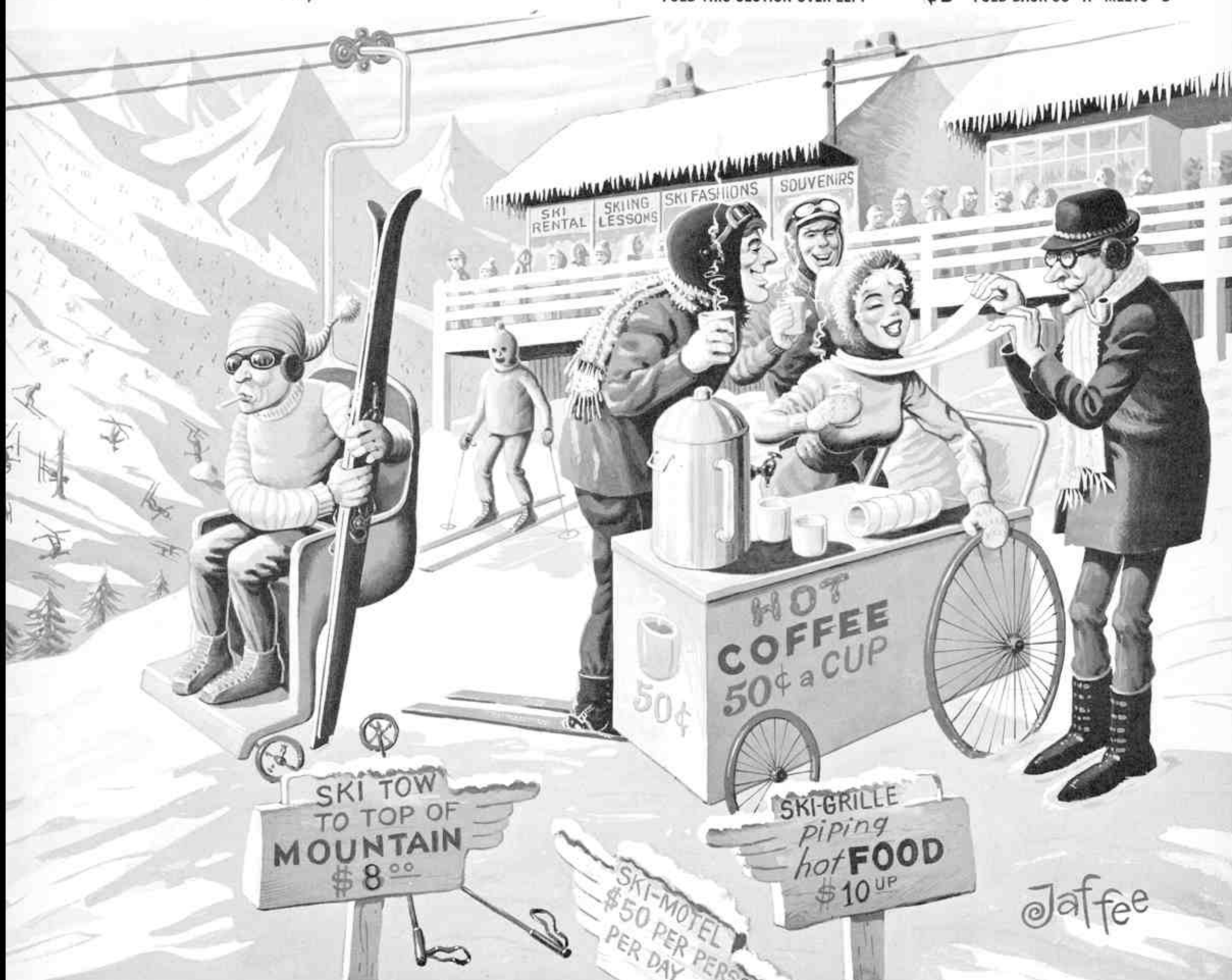


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**BECAUSE SKIING HAS BEEN SO PROFITABLE FOR SOME
BUSINESSMEN, OTHERS ARE LOOKING TO MAKE
A DOLLAR FROM THIS POPULAR WINTERTIME BENEFACITOR**

A

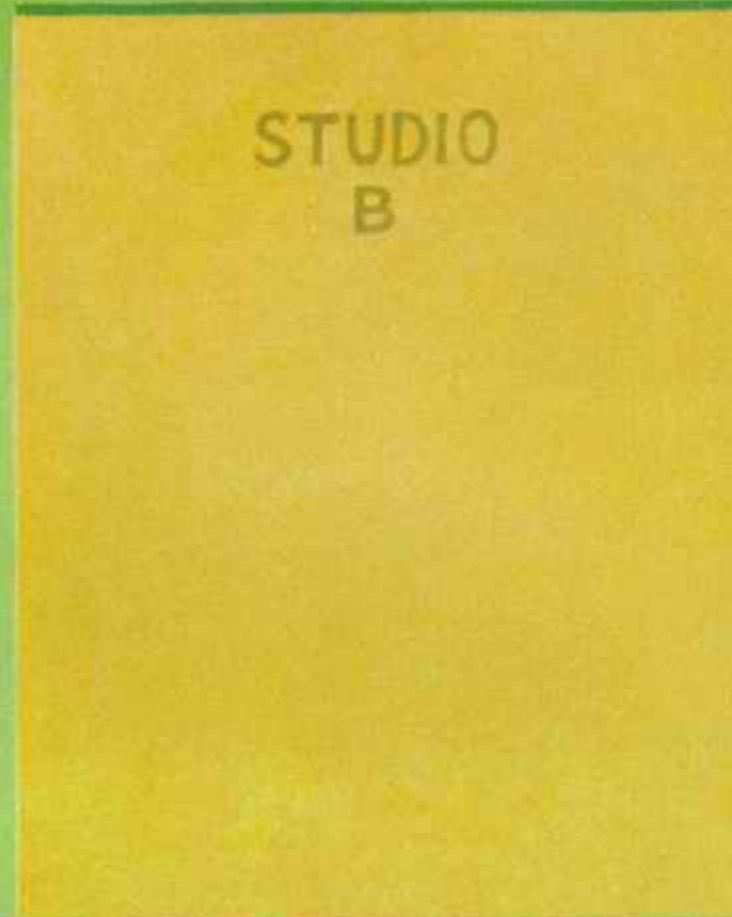
B

THE TELEVISION STUDIO

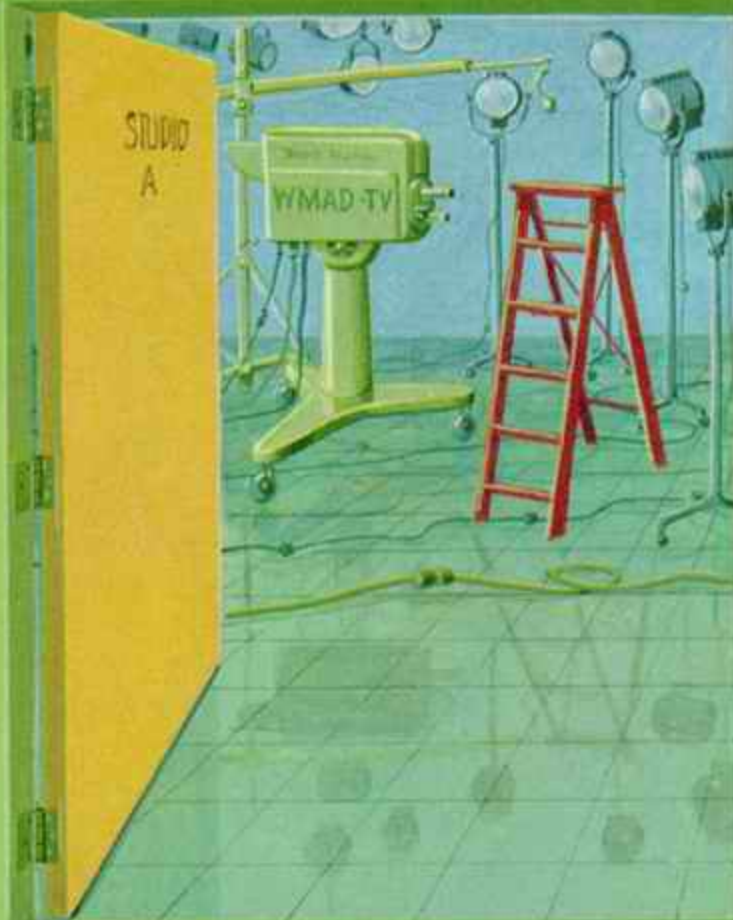
COLOR TV STUDIO



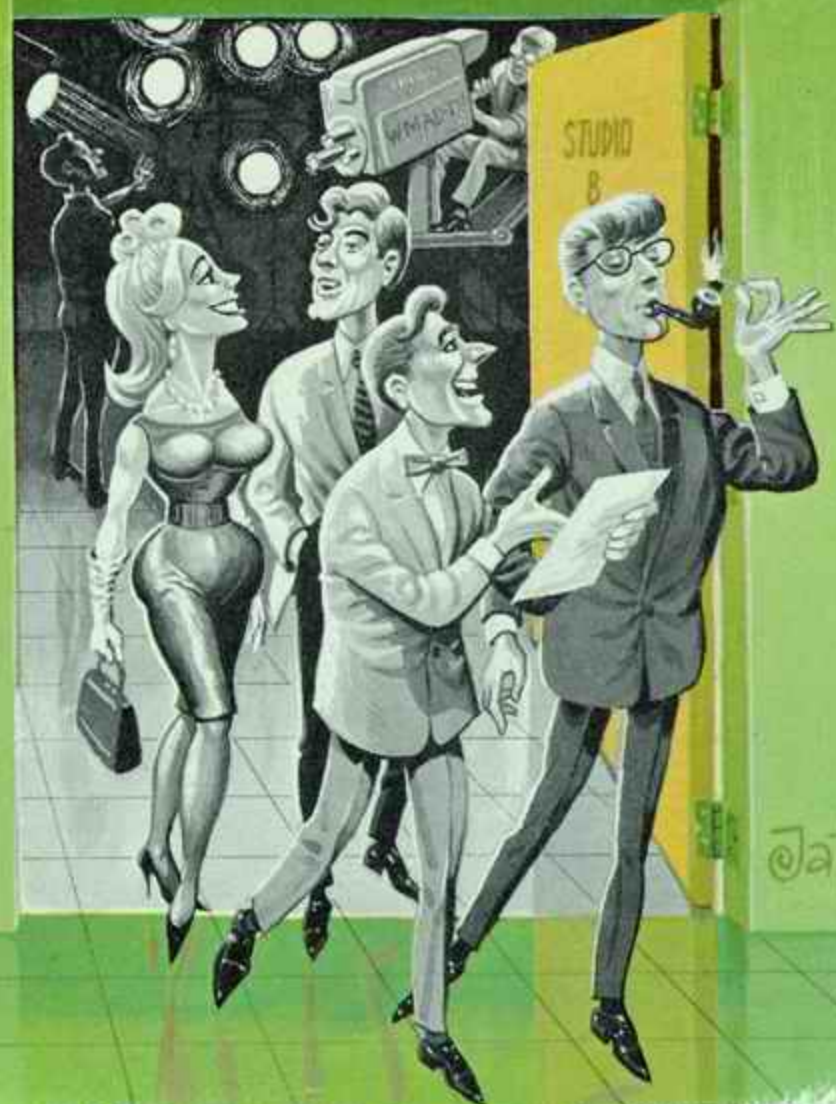
BLACK & WHITE TV STUDIO



COLOR TV STUDIO



BLACK & WHITE TV STUDIO



Jaffee