

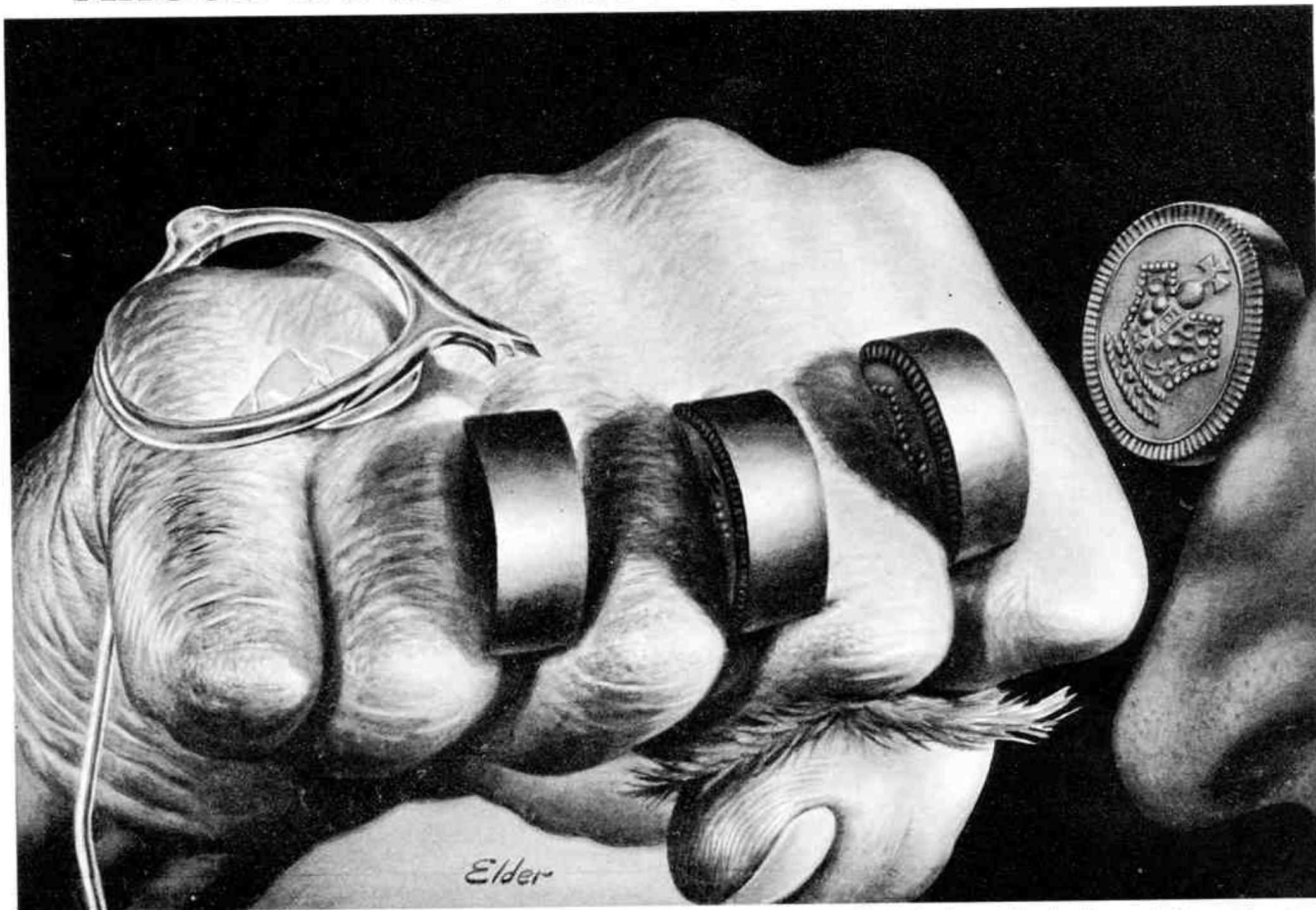
MAD

No. 26 * HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN * NOVEMBER, 1955

MAD'S VERSION OF
THE SATELLITE
THE SIZE OF A BASKETBALL

ARMSTRONGER TIRE

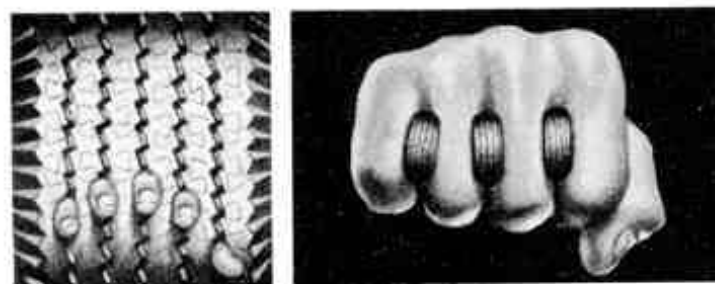
Knock-Down Punch Socko For Skids!



Armstronger Patented Safety Discs Protect You As No Other Tubeless Tire Can!



Just like the edges of your fist, tread ribs of ordinary tires tend to compress into a smooth and slippery surface under pressure. Under pressure the tread loses its vital grip . . . and you skid!



With Armstronger tires, Patented Safety Discs keep gripping edges apart! No longer do you skid as you deftly pluck Patented Safety Discs from Armstronger tires and insert them in your fist.

Photos on the left demonstrate why Armstronger Tires give you the greatest skid protection in tire history. And remember, skids are the *major* cause of accidents and lost purposes.

So today—get the world's only tire with Patented Safety Discs. They can save you plenty accidents in a fist fight. And if the discs alone don't work . . . try hitting with the whole tire.



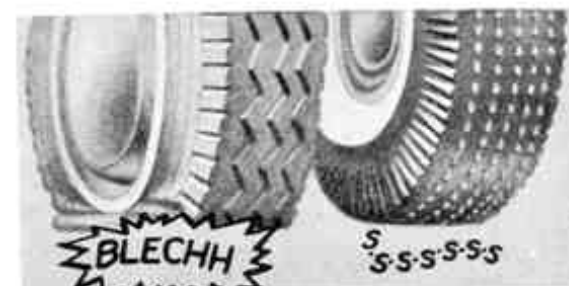
Only Armstronger gives this LIFETIME UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE—guaranteed unconditionally you will live your whole lifetime or your money back!

ARMSTRONGER

**Rhino-
ceris**



**Tireless
Tubas**



Armstronger's tire gives you straight line stop with slow and gentle musical hissing sound instead of usual ugly explosion punctured tire makes.

MAD

No. 26* HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN* NOVEMBER, 1955

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines EDITOR: Harvey Kurtzman PRODUCTION: John Putnam

STAFF ARTISTS: Jack Davis Will Elder Wallace Wood PRODUCTION ASS'T.: Ric Doonan

BUSINESS MGR.: Lyle Stuart CIRCULATION MGR.: Bob Salomon RESEARCH: Richard Smith



Adventure Department	pg. 16	Movie Department part I	pg. 30
Best Seller Department	pg. 51	Movie Department part II	pg. 35
Confidential Info. Department . .	pg. 13	Movie Department part III	pg. 37
Davy Crockett Department	pg. 12	Roger Price Department	pg. 39
Education Department	pg. 2	Sports Department part I	pg. 44
Letters Department	pg. 4	Sports Department part II	pg. 48
TV Department	pg. 6		



Well, here we go with another issue of MAD, cram-packed chuck full o' pages with a laff-a-minit for the whole gang, especially when they see what trash you're reading. We've got everything from goings-on-around-town to girls in this issue. You'll want to know about the dreaded drizzle on pg. 19



Goings on around town

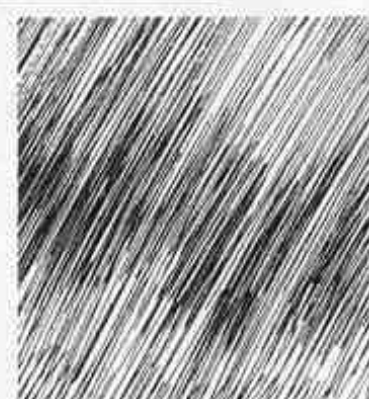
and dig the dent on pg. 45. As to our contributors, you'll want to lend an ear to advice

from Roger Price on pg. 39 and you'll want to get your ear back from ABC's Ernie Kovacs, pg.



The Dent

the usual glut of picture stories. So hold onto your hats. You may want to get out quick.



The Dreaded Drizzle

35. We also have an Ira Wallach Epic, pg. 16, a David Donaldson doggerel pg. 27 and some Harry Purvis prose, pg. 2. And on top of all this, we add



Girls

—H.K.

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SURE FIRE DIALOGUE

BY HARRY PURVIS

MYSTERIES

And just where were you when all this was taking place, Jaimeson?

You mean to seriously suggest that the dead man stabbed himself and then proceeded to wipe the dagger clean of blood stains? No, no, Sergeant Dugan, I'm afraid you'll have to do better than that.

I see. Then that makes you sole heir to this vast estate.

Whoever he is, our killer is both clever and cunning.

LOVE

Don't tell me this gorgeous creature standing before me now is the Sally Bixby I used to know years ago? Don't tell me this is the pug-nosed little tomboy with braces on her teeth whose pigtails I dipped in inkwells in old Miss Pennymire's class in the fourth grade?

You're a funny little thing. Did anyone ever mention that you have freckles on the tip of your nose?

Darling, I went to see Dr. Kent today.

You mean that you -- I mean me -- er -- us -- I mean we, we're having a --?

If he wants a divorce, I'll not stand in his way.

To think you'd take me back after all the heartache I've caused you. My God, Helen dearest, what have I ever done to deserve a wife like you?

You don't know how lonely it's been. All those months of waiting and wondering, and then --

Hear that, Darling? It's OUR SONG.

This educational piece is for people who want to learn how to write dialogue for movies and television and like that.

Writing dialogue is easy. All you have to do is see three or four pictures to know how most screen plays are made up of the same situations and sentences over and over again. The deduction is elementary. Get a collection of all the sentences they use over and over again . . . put them together different ways and presto you have a screenplay.

That's where we come in.

The following standard phrases and sentences have been collected from time-tested scripts by Mr. Harry Purvis for your convenience and use.

Mr. Purvis, to collect the material for this article has spent so much time in the movies, he can no longer walk around normally but moves in a peculiar crab-like sideways shuffle caused by moving in and out of theatre aisles.

ARMY LIFE

Ever been in Iowa, Sarge? There's a little farm back there --

Men! I know you must've wondered what all this rugged trainin' was for, and was it really necessary. Well, you're about to find out...

Here are the volunteers, sir -- Walcowski, Cohen, Jorgenson, Schultz, Minelli and O'Hara...

Wonder how the civilians back home are standing up under all this?

Padre, is everyone afraid, or is it just me?

DOGS

I'll be danged if I understand you, son. I give you your pick of the litter, and you pick the runt. He'll never make a good sheep dog. You mark my words...

Sarah, the boy thinks the world of that mutt. I don't know what he'd do if anything ever happened to it.

The farmers have been losing a lot of sheep lately, Bobby. They say it's Trusty...

It's got to be done, son. Once a sheep dog turns killer, he's no good to anyone, not even himself. Here's the rifle, boy. I figger as how you raised him from a pup you'd want to do the job yourself...

And it turned out it wasn't Trusty after all. Seems this here wolf was the guilty party right along. But old Trusty sure fixed him from stealing any more sheep. Yes sir, old Trusty fixed him good.

LETTERS DEPT.

You dirty bums! You low life! You ought to be made to cross 5th Avenue against the light! . . . when you take television's greatest star, and smear him all over five of your filthy pages, that's too much! Jackie Gleason has more talent in his thumb nail than every bum on your whole lousy staff!

Judy Wright
Portsmouth, Va.

I have just received, read and destroyed the September issue of MAD Magazine.

May I warn you at this time an army of lawyers are on their way from Philadelphia at this time to plan, plot and paralyze my attack, suit and damages against you for your accurate portrayal of my private and business life.

However, here is a way out. If you will reprint this story under my bi-line in a future issue and donate my salary (\$42,000. for 5,000 words) to the Sara Siddons Society of Montauk Point, I may reconsider my legal action.

Jackie Gleason
New York, N. Y.

In response to Mr. Gleason's letter, we, the staff of MAD, stand united, shoulders squared and answer back, "Ulp." —ed.

Thank you for sending me the issue carrying my brother's piece. I am your constant reader. Well, perhaps that's a bit strong. I have seen "MAD STRIKES BACK!" Do you realize that your magazine, spelled backwards, is a naughty word?

Pat Weaver
NBC, New York

I'm glad you think you detected a faint "whunk" when you read my latest manuscript. Let me tell you what that "whunk" was—that "whunk" was the clear bell-like tone of a pottery bell with a slight crack in it signifying that here was an article to purchase and publish.

But why do I ramble on this way when you, tired by your editorial chores, would rather rest and cease your arduous mental chores. You are tired, very tired, and you'd like nothing better than to lean back and rest and relax. Have your secretary read the rest of this letter to you in a soothing voice while you close your tired little eyes and relax.

SECRETARY (IN SOOTHING VOICE): You've had a

hard day and you're very tired.

But now you can lie back and rest and relax. Your arms are tired, your legs are tired, your whole body is tired. Your eyes are very very tired. Your eyes are so tired that they have closed themselves. Your eyes are closed because they are very very tired. You are very very tired and your eyes are closed. You are so tired that you couldn't open your eyes if you wanted to. You are going to sleep. You are going deep deep asleep. You are very tired. You are going to sleep. Deep into sleep. When you awaken you will feel alert and alive and better than you ever felt before, but you will not awaken until you hear my name. When you hear my name you will awaken slowly and gently and comfortably. You will feel very very good. And the first thing you will do after you awaken is to tell your secretary to send me a check for my manuscript because you realize that it is a good manuscript and should be printed in "MAD" without delay. You will tell your secretary to make out a check for me and mail it to me right away. And now you are preparing to wake up. In a moment you will hear my name, and when you do you will slowly awaken and you will feel better than you've ever felt before and you'll tell your secretary to mail me a check immediately. And now...

Yours truly,
Bob Drews
Chicago, Ill.

Gosh we feel good . . . better than we ever felt before. Happy and rested. I think we'll tell the secretary to mail out a check to Bob Drews. Ah—but we ask them to make out checks all the time around here but nobody ever listens—ed.

The only reason I bought MAD no. 25 was for the exposé on the "Tweed Ring." Obviously you didn't want us to know the facts about the ring Tweed left in his bath tub.

Who was covering up?
Jerry McDermott
Detroit, Mich.

I shrivelled my eyeballs trying to find the Boss Tweed Exposé and . . . I haven't found a cotton pickin' page about ol' Tweed or Gray Flannel or even Sheen Gabardine.

Joel Moser
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Regards the September issue it is good to see that you have added that promising young artist Thomas Nast to your staff. I think he has a great future ahead of him, if he will stop playing around with such trivial emblems as elephants and donkeys and settle down to such serious work as MAD illustrating.

Lee Hoffman
Savannah, Ga.

See inside back cover for more news on the Tweed ring. —ed.

. . . You wrote that Ipuna contained $C_7H_5(NO_2)_3$ (Dynamite)

This is the wrong formula for Dynamite; it should be $C_7H_5(NO_2)_3$. $C_7H_5(N)_2$ is the formula for Trinitrotoluene.

Ray Stein
San Francisco, Cal.

I noticed . . . you give the formula for dynamite as $C_7H_5(NO_2)_3$. The molecular formula for glyceryl trinitrate (nitroglycerine) is $C_3H_5(NO_2)_3$. This compound when absorbed in Kieselghur or a similar substance is called dynamite. A compound with a molecular formula similar to the one you printed would be too proton-deficient ever to exist.

Jordon L. King
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

. . . on the inside cover you use Einstein's formula first as $e=mc^2$ and then as EMC^2 . Unfortunately neither of these is correct. The "E" should always be capitalized as it is the symbol for energy. The "m" and the "c" should always be written as lower case letters since changing them around changes their meaning.

Rowland E. Burns
New Castle, Pa.

Will you please explain this picture of the little baby pulling a wagon? He is in almost all your pictures! What is his purpose?

Pam Tischer
Glen Springs, Ohio

Everybody wanting to know explanation of baby pulling wagon, write to wise-guy artist Wallace Wood. We're having enough trouble explaining Potrzebie!—ed.



Wallace Wood baby & wagon.

In your last issue (MAD #25) you used a new word: "Pastafazool." Many people have been pronouncing it "pastafazoolool," however, they might be interested in knowing this word is pronounced "pastafozzle" to rhyme with "nozzle" or "rozzle dozzle." Paula Rechler Brooklyn, N. Y.

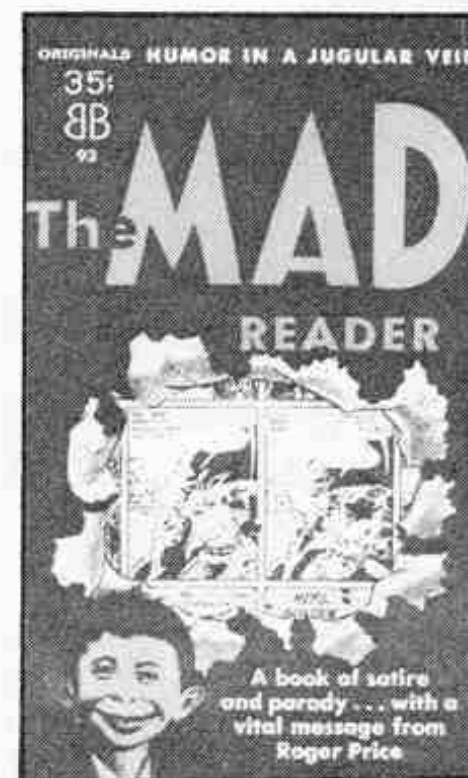
I've never written to an editorial column before; and I don't intend to start now.

Edward R. Madsen
Chicago, Ill.

A while back I sent two of my pals a copy of your book MAD STRIKES BACK! When I returned I found them both suffering from cases of Mind Rot.

Dave Thayer
Brecksville, Ohio

What better testimonial can you find for MAD STRIKES BACK! The MAD READER, sister book to MAD STRIKES BACK! is even worse. And if you can't buy them at your local newsdealer, they can be had by sending 80c to the publishers, BALLANTINE BOOKS, 404 5th Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.—ed.



The MAD READER

you read it in MAD

The original "What, me worry?" kid (picture and caption) was created some 30 years ago by an old friend of mine, the late Harry Spencer Stuff.

Harry Stuff created and copyrighted in his own name a rather large series of "Gloom Chaser" motto cards, of which the "Me worry?" number was his best seller.

Geo. Betancourt
Bremerton, Wash.

The "What, Me Worry?" boy first appeared on highway bill boards around 1915 advertising a patent medicine called "Papaya." The caption read "Have the appetite of a Country Boy."

Ike Klingman
Detroit, Mich.

My father is a district manager for Thom McAn. He said that the "What, me worry?" kid came from Thom McAn advertisements for safety shoes, 16 years ago.

Stewart Marks

The "What, me worry?" picture was, I believe, originated by Garry Moore who once had this picture made by taking bits of features from all the members of the cast and putting them together to form this photograph.

Philip Proctor
New York, N. Y.

I think (the) "What, me worry?" boy's pen name is Old Jack. He is a newspaper man.

Mrs. Lloyd R. Sutton
Tracy, Calif.

Your little mascot "What, me worry?" was a smiling egregiousness in our high school biology text, "Everyday Biology." He was an example, as I remember, of a person who lacked iodine.

-Steve Rucker
Piedmont, Calif.

I believe I know the origin of the "What, me worry?" picture. He is a Siamese boy named WATMI WORRI.

David Serls
Passaic, N. J.

As you can see, the source for the "What, me worry?" picture is becoming clearer by the hour. As a further example of our reader's assistance, here are authentic "What, me worry?" pictures we received in the mail.

What, us worry?—ed.



Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 26, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N.Y.

Dear Grandpa—

I don't know how the editors of MAD know everybody's address, but they asked that ALL correspondence be sent to them, so here goes. I had some real jolly little jokes to tell you but hesitate now that the mail must go through MAD's offices. You know how hilarious some of the tales from the phone company gals can be.

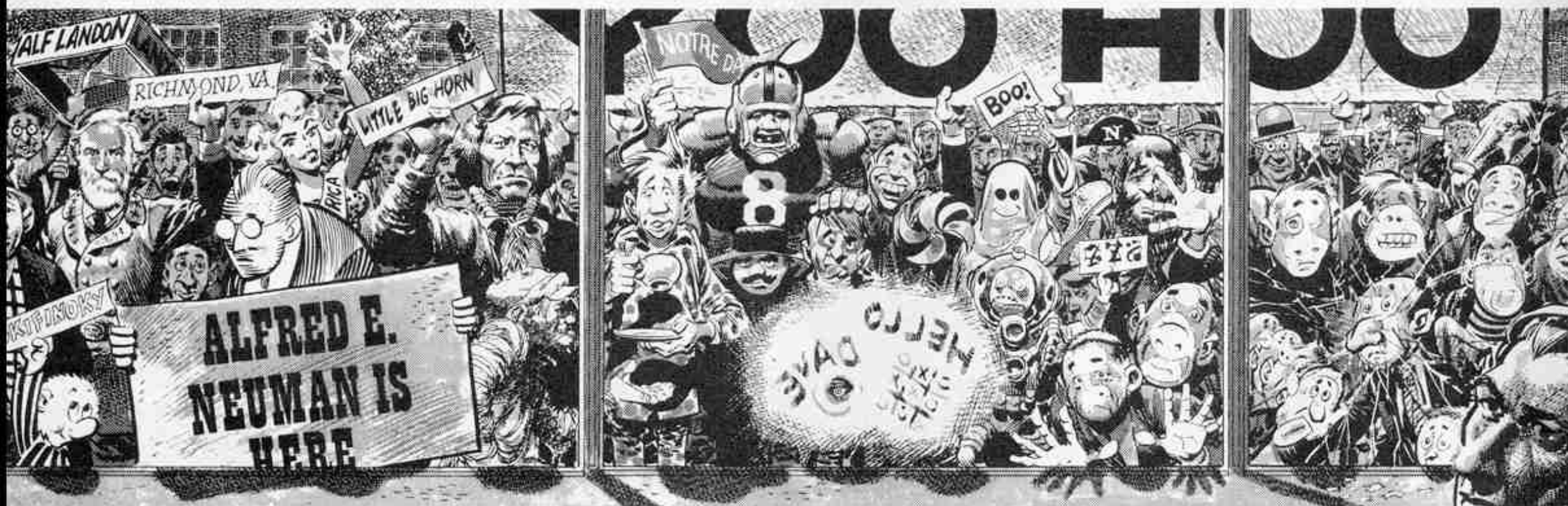
Mrs. F. L. Wiley
Haltville, Calif.

TV DEPT.



AUDIENCE GETS OUT OF BED VERY EARLY TO WATCH SHOW . . . SOME DON'T EVEN GET OUT OF BED . . . SOME HOLD UP GREAT BIG SIGNS . . .

THE SHOW THESE PEOPLE ARE WATCHING



SOME HOLD VERY BIG SIGNS, SOME HOLD BILLBOARDS! SOME BREATHE ON GLASS! FACES AGAINST WINDOW MAKE INTERESTING EFFECTS.

PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS



DAVE GARROWUNWAY as he looks to you at start of his morning show.

Blairiness is not because of TV screen but is because you're not awake yet.

GOES ON INSIDE OF A STORE WINDOW...

THE DAVE GARROWUNWAY SHOW

This early morning show which obviously broadcasts from a store, is our favorite in every way except that they don't let you into the store... which is a heck of a way to run a store. Otherwise like we said, it's our favorite show because of kindly, genial old Dave Garrowunway and because of the many interesting things that go on in the show, samples of which we shall bring you on the following pages. One of the most interesting things on the Dave Garrowunway show is this chimpanzee they have called J. Floyd Gluggs. Now we've been watching that J. Floyd Gluggs, and even

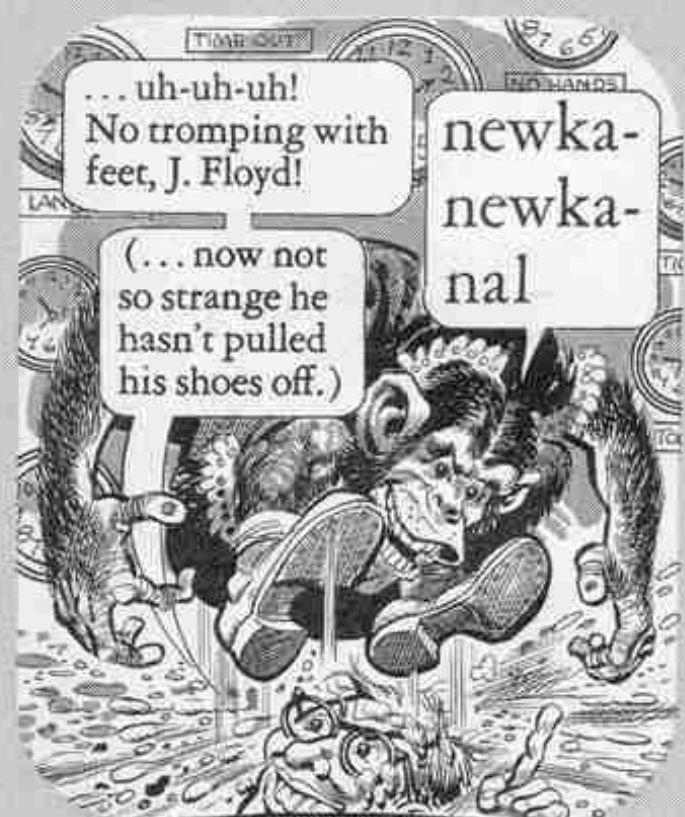
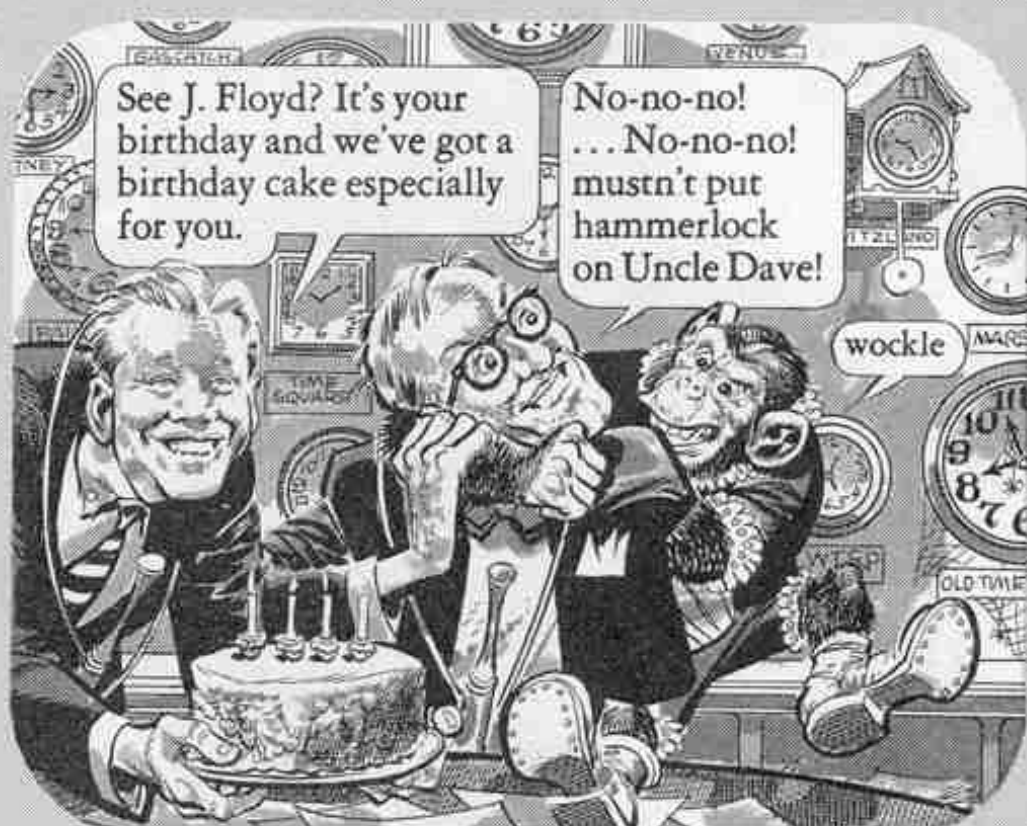
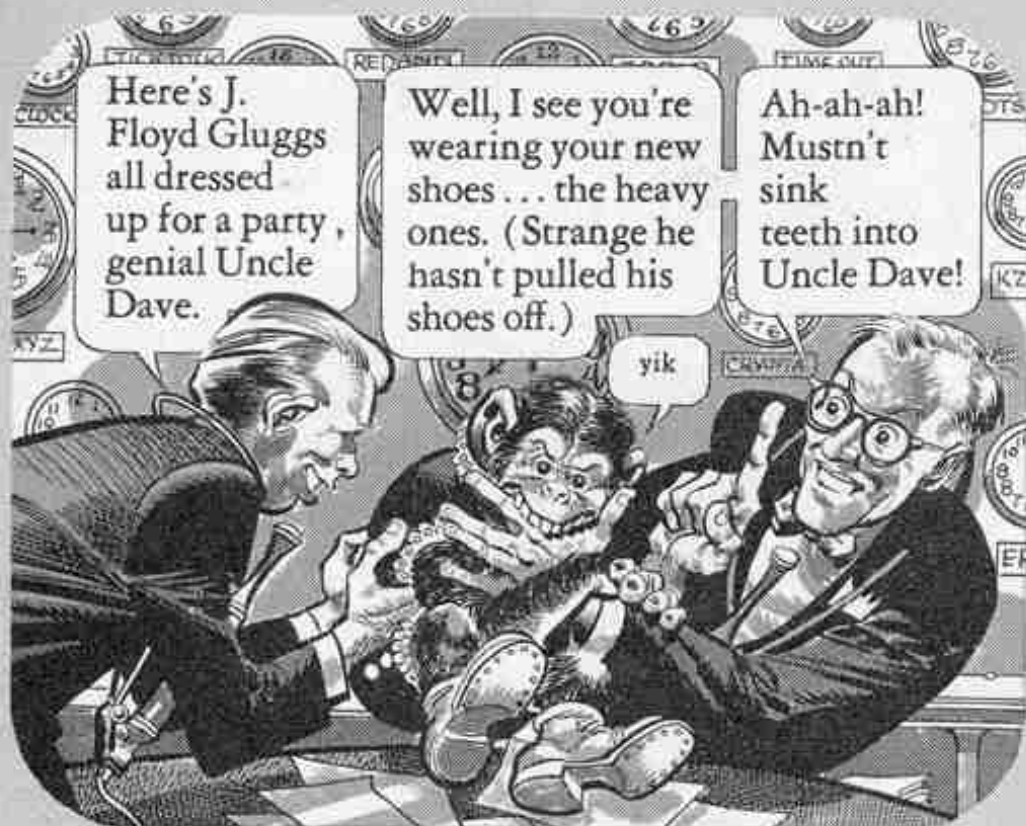
though he's just a chimpanzee, the way it looks to us is he knows what's going on. Slowly but surely, Gluggs has been working his way up towards the top position on the Dave Garrowunway show and he's been getting so popular that the way it looks to us is Gluggs gets more time on the show than Garrowunway. Garrowunway should be warned to look out or else J. Floyd Gluggs will soon be *running* the morning show. Anyhow, on the following pages are some samples of the program that illustrate the things that make the Dave Garrowunway show so popular.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

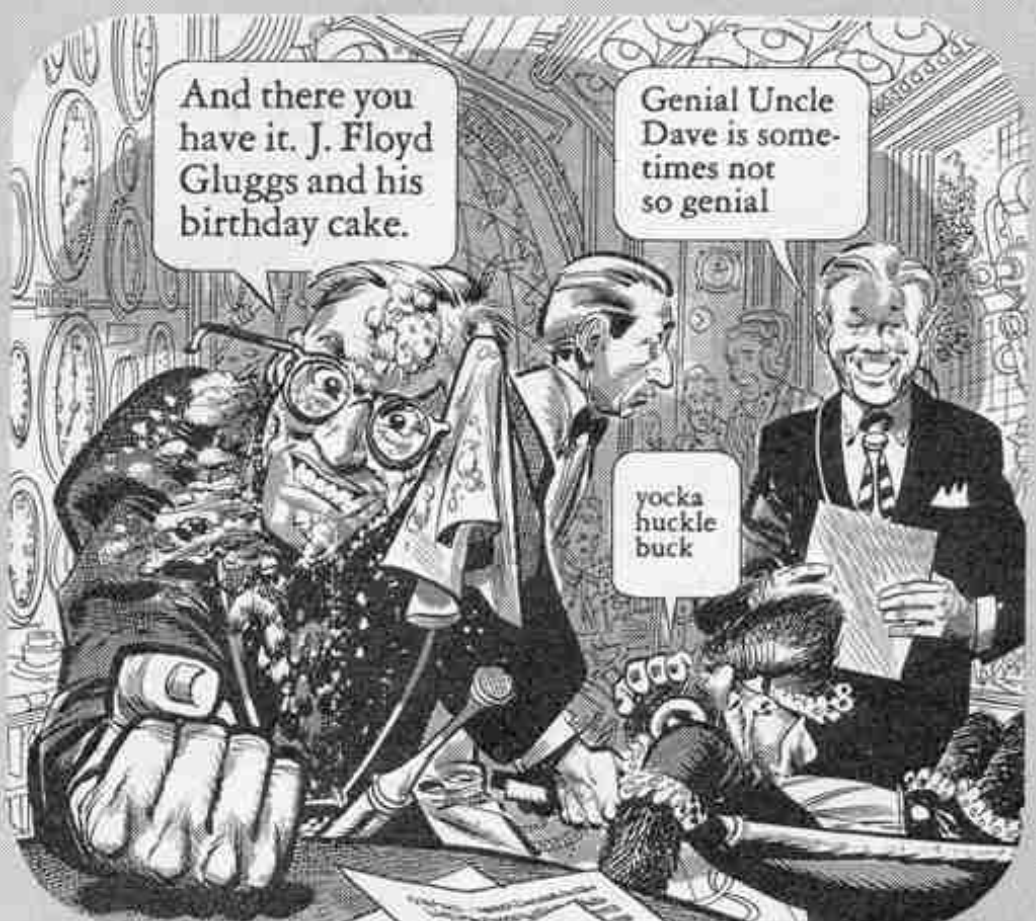
DAVE GARROWUNWAY CONTINUED

J. FLOYD GLUGGS

One of the things that makes Dave Garrowunway show so popular.

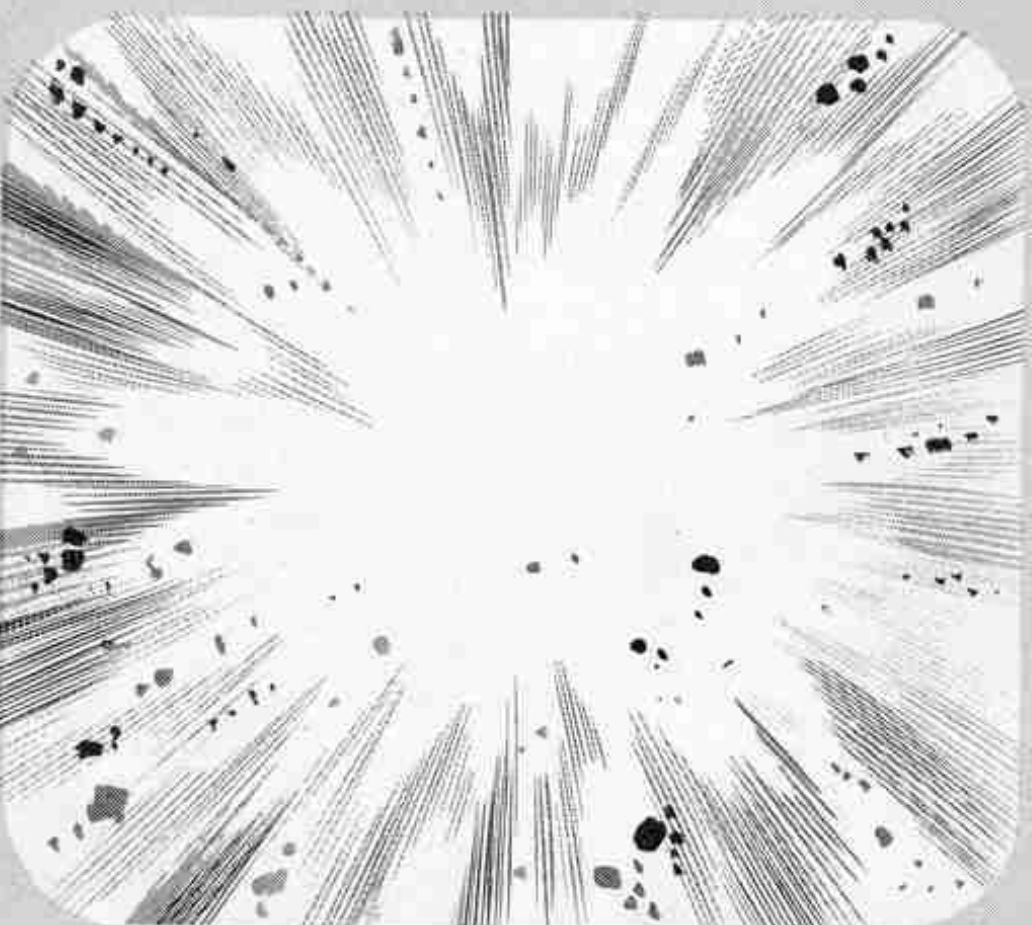
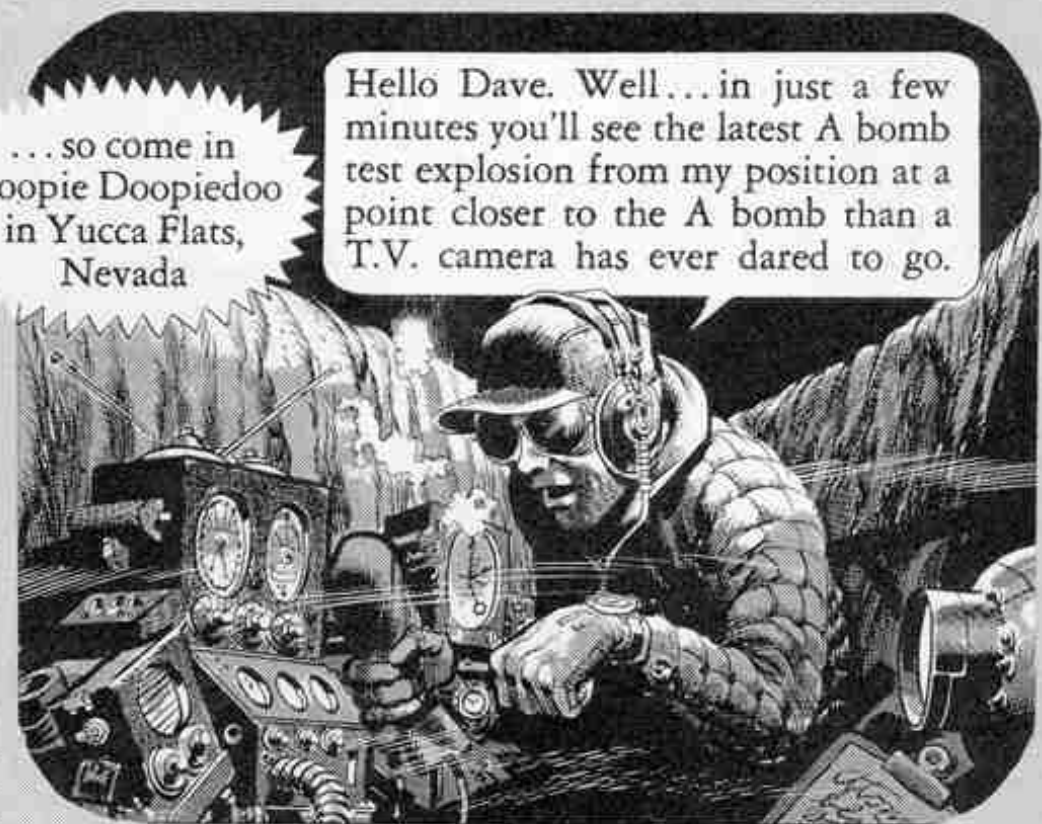
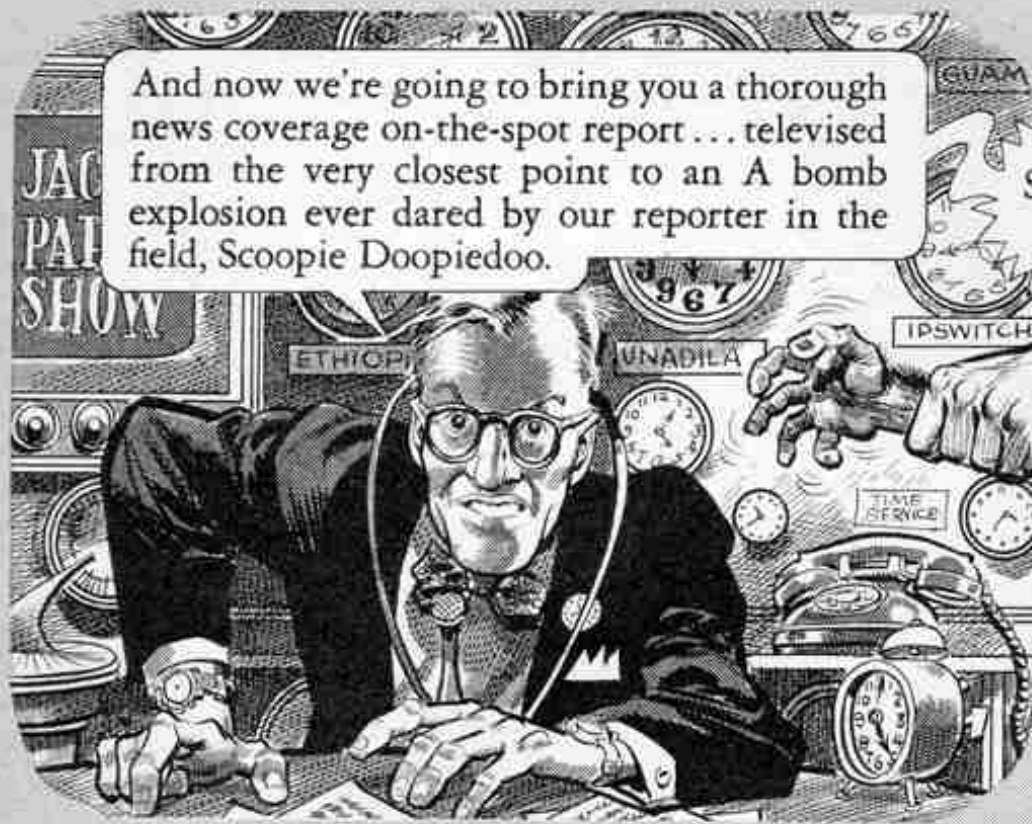


**ONE
MOMENT
PLEASE**



THOROUGH NEWS COVERAGE

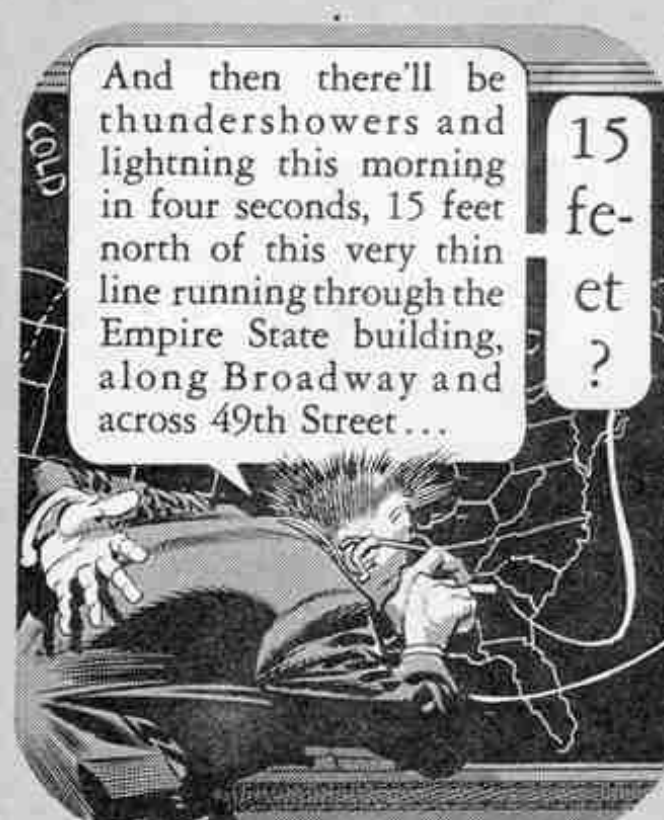
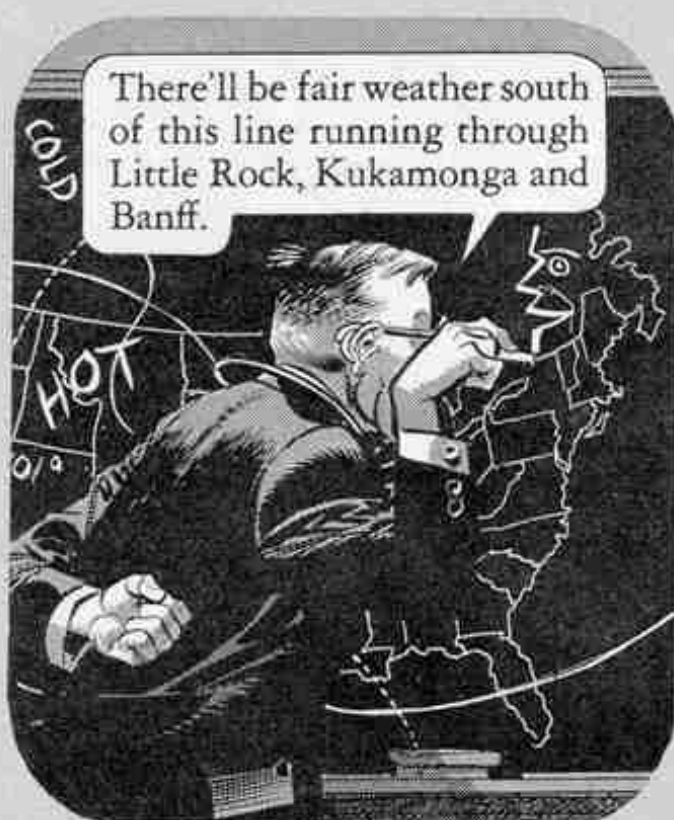
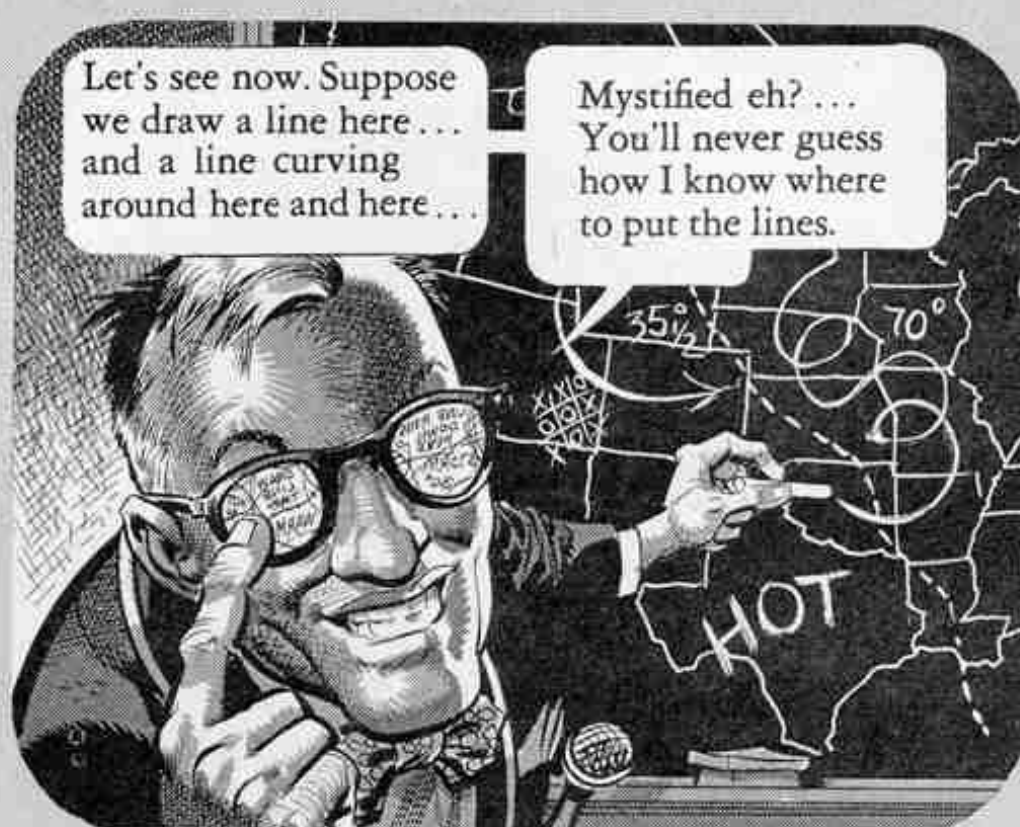
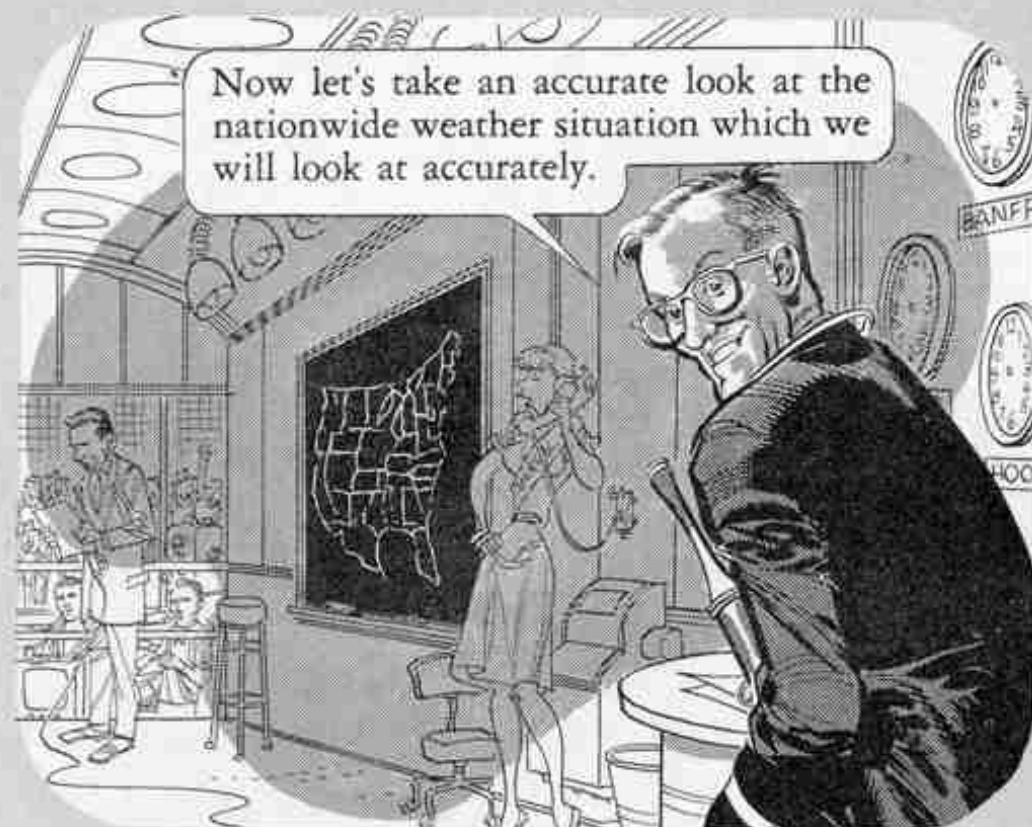
The Garrowunway show offers exciting on-the-spot news telecasts.



DAVE GARROWUNWAY CONTINUED

COMPLETE WEATHER REPORTS

Garrowunway program offers accurate, nation-wide weather picture.





AUDIENCE STILL STANDS OUTSIDE WINDOW DESPITE THUNDERSHOWERS NORTH OF THIN LINE RUNNING ACROSS FORTY-NINTH STREET ...



SOME HOLD UP SIGNS. SOME HOLD UP CLASPED HANDS. SOME RAP RUDELY ON GLASS. OOPS! IT'S DAVE GARROWUNWAY LOCKED OUT!

Yes, very often genial old Dave Garrowunway foolishly goes out and talks with ordinary people. Which makes Garrowunway's popularity even more baffling the way he wastes his time talking with ordinary people.

And there you have some samples of the program. Dave usually ends the show, palm out-thrust...peering through fingers and right-angled thumb, with the word "Peace," as in the picture on the right.

END



BY GEORGE... WE'VE WARNED
GARROWUNWAY TO LOOK OUT

DAVY CROCKETT DEPT.

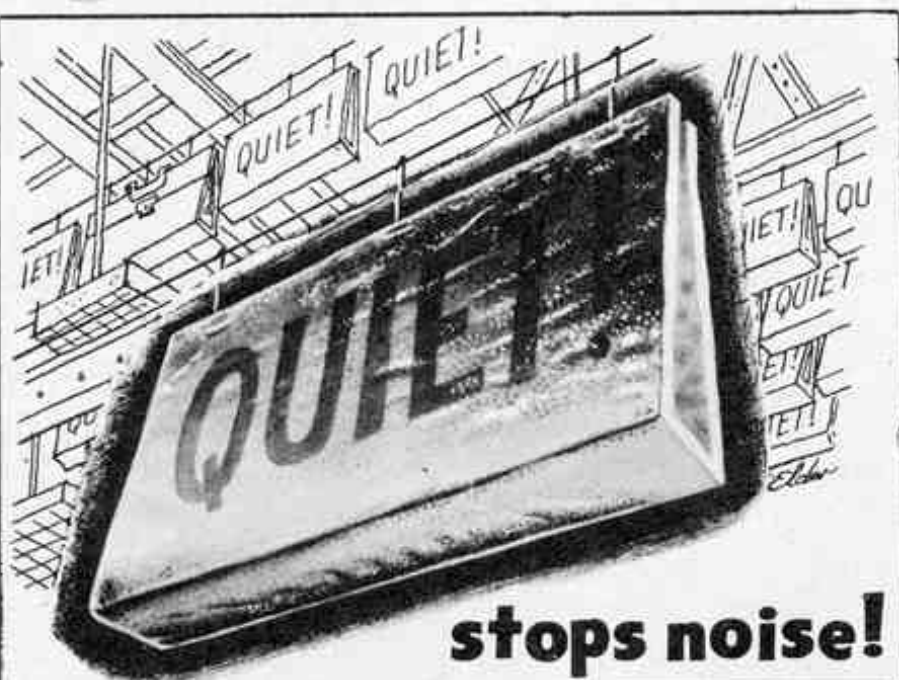
Now that the Davy Crockett craze is just about over (maybe), there's something we'd like to mention.

No doubt it seemed to you for a while, that wherever you listened you heard "Davy Crockett."

No doubt it seemed to you for a while, that wherever you looked you saw "Davy Crockett."

Well, although you might think that everybody who wanted to sell something, printed "Davy Crockett" on it, *this is not so*. Many have very foolishly missed the boat.

Like down below, we of MAD have made up some ads showing how certain products *SHOULD HAVE* exploited the Crockett trend.



stops noise!

DAVY CROCKETT WEDGE-SHAPED MICROMITE ACOUSTICAL BAFFLES

Lightweight wedge-shaped Micromite Acoustical Baffles can reduce the loudness of the most irritating sounds from 40% to 60%, just like Davy Crockett reduced bear growls by grinning 'em down.

Low installation cost—You simply hang Micromite Baffles where needed, on light gauge support wires. Your plant maintenance men can easily do the job with no loss of production time—just like Davy Crockett. For full information write

WILD FRONTIER GLASS FIBERS CO.
Geulph, North Dakota



DAVY CROCKETT TELESCOPING JAW FOLLOWER REST

Feeds automatically and travels radially from center outward or reverse; Davy Crockett was never without one. Write for bulletin, prices.

CROCKETT T. J. F. R.'S, SUQUAMISH, WASH.

DAVY CROCKETT AEOLIPILE



\$6.50

Finest professional quality at less than you'd ordinarily pay for a common AeoliPile. First grade tangential jets. Davy's favorite.

Send check, M.O.

Free AeoliPile Catalogue.

CROCKETT AEOLIPILES, INC.
Hoodoo, Tennessee

Davy Crockett GATLING GUN FRAMES



**Unused
Government Surplus**

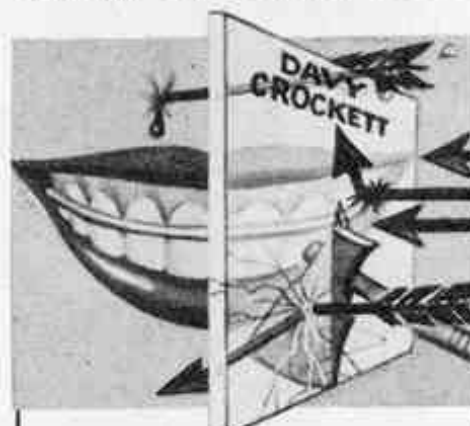
All frames manufactured to the highest Govt. specifications. Takes the standard Gatling Hand-Cranked Automatic Rapid Fire Gun, the kind Davy Crockett used at the Alamo.

Shipped K.D.—\$13.88 ea.

3 for \$35.00, our reg. \$24.00 ea. value.

DAVY CROCKETT'S GATLING GUN FRAMES
DEPT. CROCK. Taneytown, Md.

EVEN IF YOU BRUSH TEETH ONCE A DAY



Davy Crockett, Yummy's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Davy Crockett's protection won't rinse off all day. Just like when Davy Crockett himself used to guard the wagon trains against Indians.

YUMMY Dental Cream Gives Surest Protection All Day

Brushing for brushing, it's the surest protection ever offered by any tooth paste! Because only YUMMY—of all leading toothpastes—contains DAVY CROCKETT* to guard against tooth decay longer!



*Yummy's Trade-Mark For Sodium + Ground Raccoon Tails

YUMMY PATCHES CRACKS IN TEETH AND LIBERTY BELLS



INGROWN NAIL HURTING YOU?

**Immediate
Relief!**

A few drops of DAVY CROCKETT INGROWN TOENAIL DROPS bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nails. Davy Crockett used this all the time to relieve Indian torture, etc. Available at all drug counters.

man's
as
fina
are (s
whose
peopl
eye.
in l
day
Stre

Hot dog! Now, more of that literature no one wants, everyone buys . . . mainly called

Confidentially

Yes, lucky readers . . . whether in the office or at the club, you need not be ashamed to be caught reading this sleazy type article since it is cleverly concealed between the covers of MAD . . . the clean-cut humor magazine.

Anyhow . . . you know how there are so many confidential-type magazines on the stands nowadays? Who has time to read them all?

This creates a big problem, especially when they all have articles like they do nowadays, on one person. How can you get all the details on this person if you don't have the time to read all

these magazines? How can you be a well informed public? Like the other month when they picked on Mario Labonza. If you only read one Mario Labonza article, you didn't get the complete picture at all. That's where we come in.

Since MAD believes in a well informed public, a well stimulated hopped-up rockin' an' rollin' public, we have compiled all the Mario Labonza articles into a digest for your beady-eyed, wet lipped perusal.

First, from "CONFIDENTIALLY," there was an article like this . . .



the (yech) TRUTH about Mario Labonza.

by ANONYMOUS SAM.

THEY DON'T TALK about Mario Labonza's opening night in Las Vegas.

They never tell you the truth as to why Mario Labonza never showed up at the plush El Goldmine hotel the week of the 15th, on the night of his \$60,000 a week debut.

**Who is covering up?
Especially in hot weather
like this.**



Nastiest looking Photo available of Mario Labonza.

Well, hold onto your hats . . . because we've gotten the lowdown to the whole rotten mess—the truth as divulged by a close friend of Labonza's.

WHO IS COVERING UP?

The real truth (which should blow the lid off the whole filthy Las Vegas scan-

dal) as to why Mario Labonza never showed at the plush El Goldmine on the night of his opening, is—the opening was at another hotel—the plush El Rancho Fort Knox.

It is no wonder then that Mario Labonza never showed up at the plush El Goldmine.♦♦♦

from 'HUSHED UP SECRET FACTS' magazine

the TRUTH BEHIND the TRUTH about MARIO LABONZA



Carefully chosen nasty picture.

They say they tell you
the truth . . . 'truth' spelled
p-h-o-n-u-s b-o-l-o-n-u-s

by Pseudonym Charlie

Sucker! No doubt you've
heard the rumors
about Mario Labonza and

swallowed 'em hook, line
and paragraph.

Well, hold on to your
poison pens 'cause we've
got the inside story
straight from a source

This is the real ever lovin' truth!

close to Mario Labon-
za's mother.

The story they tell you
is that Mario Labonza
didn't show up for his
debut the week of the
15th at Las Vegas plush
El Goldmine hotel be-
cause *his opening was
actually at the swank El
Fort Knox!!!*

untrue

We can safely report
without fear that this
story is absolutely and
unequivocally *untrue!*

sucker

It was the week of the
22nd. ♣♣♣



Who's cov-
ering up?

from 'MOST IMPORTANT SECRET INFORMATION' magazine

GENUINE
100%
TRUTH

the TRUTHIEST OF ALL about MARIO LABONZA

They try to sell you candy pills . . .
But here's the real dope.

We demand
to know
who they are!

They demand
to know who
they are!

You think you've read the truth.
You think you've read the truth about
the truth. But have you read the
trutheth theth tretheth thooth?

This is positively the
real real really real
truth from a source very
close to Mario Labonza's
wife . . . from Mario La-
bonza himself!

the truth

Actually, when Mario
Labonza was supposed
to be opening in Las

Vegas, Mario Labonza
was in Hoop, Tennessee
passing off counterfeit
checks.

the real truth

That is, Mario *Irving*
Labonza—not to be con-
fused with Mario *Sam* La-
bonza who was opening at
the time in Las Vegas.

They demand
to know who
you are!

WHO IS COVERING UP?

HAH?

from 'SECRETEST SECRETS OF ALL' magazine



the real reason for Mario Labonza's troubles **IT'S MENTAL**

Whatever you've read about Mario Labonza, it's the phonus bolonus. You see, we have a new angle on the Mario Labonza trouble. We have a new angle

because it's the real angle, the truthful angle, and mainly, it's the only angle left.

THE WHOLE TROUBLE

The whole trouble in the Mario Labonza

trouble is it's mental. Yes, we said mental.

The one element that has been overlooked is the psychiatric aspect of this thing.

FROM FREUD

From Freud to Menninger, one reads again and again of such cases as we have here, with their same pathological symptoms, stemming from the subconscious.

And then there is the element of sex with

sexual impulses controlling certain factors (aha . . . your interest is revived now...eh?)

IN ANY CASE

In any case, what is clearly needed here to end all the trouble and monkey business is a good capable psychiatrist.

Yes . . . go get your self a good, capable psychiatrist. Then maybe you'll stop wasting good time reading about Mario Labonza. ♣♣♣

Nastiest looking Photo available of Mario Labonza.



from 'MUCK' small pocket magazine

The real reason for Mario Labonza's troubles...

IT'S VEGETABLE

Yes! Unbeknownst to most—the real trouble is vegetable and part mineral.

A good clue is that it is no bigger than a breadbox, and some one is covering it up! Blow the lid off this

whole filthy mess and you get a chance at the \$64,000 question next week.



from 'SMUT' pocket magazine

THE REAL REASON FOR MARIO LABONZA'S TROUBLES...

IT'S PHYSICAL

In spite of all and bone—the realism of the surgeon's knife these long separating tissue radical in-tellects throw at you—the real trouble is physical.

Yes, Mario Labonza's trouble is one that neither prince nor pauper is exempted from. In other words the whole trouble is money.

TROUBLE

Yes, the trouble lies, not in phantom theories, but like in realism of flesh

psy-
chiatry!
shmy-
chiatry!



from 'BLECH' watch pocket magazine

THE REAL REASON FOR MARIO LABONZA'S TROUBLES



WHO IS COVERING UP?

IT'S POTRZ

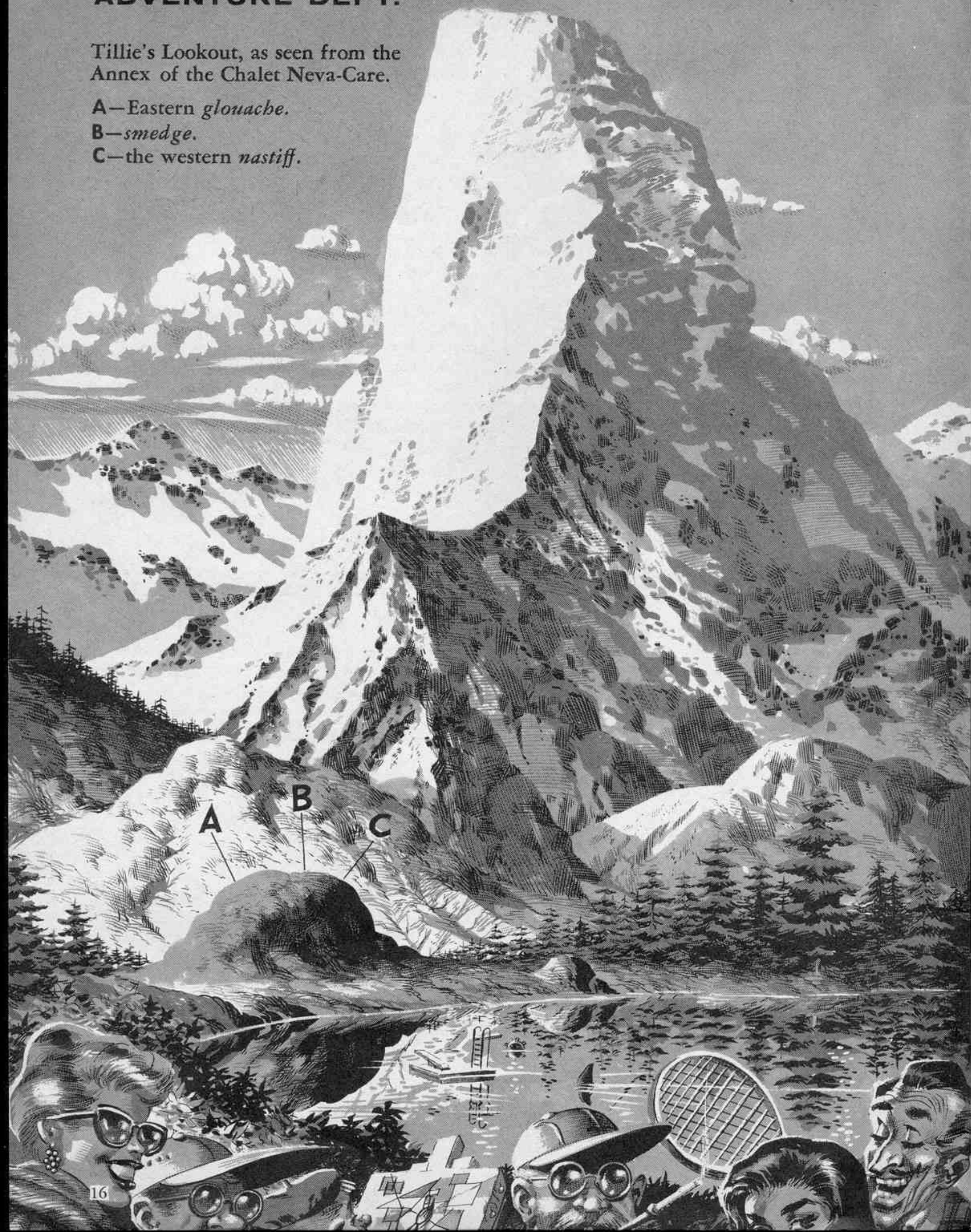
Help! We don't have any room to tell you the real reason why

END

ADVENTURE DEPT.

Tillie's Lookout, as seen from the Annex of the Chalet Neva-Care.

- A—Eastern *glouache*.
- B—*smedge*.
- C—the western *nastiff*.



THE CONQUEST

of Tillie's Lookout

as gathered from the notes of
Mitchel Hackney by

IRA WALLACH

Recent writings of heroic mountain conquests are put in the shade by this account of an epoch-making expedition that shattered the legend that Tillie's Lookout could not be climbed.

I. THE EXPEDITION

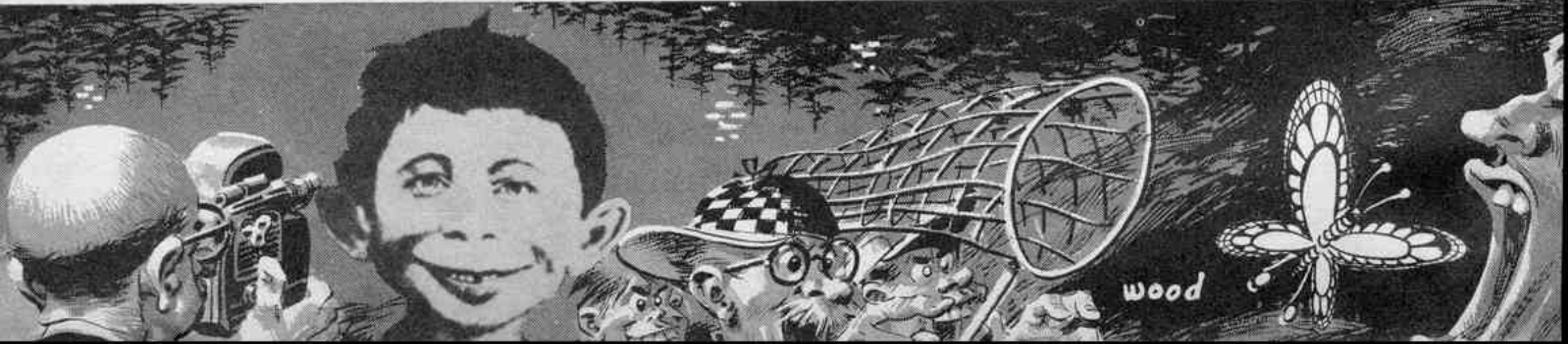
I picked Sunday, August 24th, for the beginning of our expedition. The choice was not easy but we needed at least two days for preparations. This left us only Monday and Tuesday to approach Tillie's Lookout, complete the reconnaissance, assault the peak, and return, for weather

reports sent us regularly at Chalet Neva-Care warned that by August 27th or 28th, the Drizzle would set in.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*There is a glossary at the end of this book for those readers unfamiliar with the terminology of mountaineering.

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



My team, gathered with me for final preparations in the cocktail lounge at the Chalet Neva-Care, were a splendid group. First was Peter Wheaten ("Pete"), a Social Director with years of experience on nearby summits, in dells and hollows, behind the basketball court, and in the annex to the main house.

Then there was Larry Memerson, my publisher, a veteran of the Lower Foothills, mountaineer by avocation, and the first man to cross Lake Pinetop in an inner tube.

The final member of our team was merry Will Yaeger, editor of *Fourteen—a Magazine for Men*. I found Will Yaeger at nearby Buena Vista where he had only recently led a team to the conquest of Viewtop.

That night, as we checked our equipment and reviewed the final plans, our talk drifted to the great Daniel Mackintosh who years before had led a group up Tilly's Lookout. Nothing was ever heard again of the members of that expedition, although every mountaineer cherishes the legend that they fought their way to Buena Vista where they wait on table. As we spoke, I bowed my head. Only now did the full weight of my responsibility fall suddenly upon me. How many of these splendid men would I lose on Tilly's Lookout? Their lives were in my hands. I would have to prove worthy of them.

II. RECONNAISSANCE

We departed Monday, August 25th, in the Chalet's station wagon. The entire expedition was a race against the coming of the Drizzle with its accompanying horrors. None of us could forget Hensel whose party was trapped by the Drizzle in '42 after coming within sixteen feet of the summit. The entire party was wet to the skin! These reflections spurred us on, and by 11:30 a.m. the last piece of equipment—the tinned beer taken along for its high nutritive value—was placed in the station wagon. We were ready! But it was so near lunch we decided to wait till two o'clock.

When the station wagon, with Peter Wheaten at the wheel, began rolling, the entire personnel of Chalet Neva-Care had gathered to wave us off. A quarter of a mile from the Chalet we caught our first glimpse of lordly Tilly's Lookout, its 978-foot summit standing sentinel-like among the other hummocks. The first glimpse was terrifying. I checked immediately with my map. My original plan had been to approach from the east, coming up an angled area of *smedge*, and fighting our way across an extensive *nastiff*. Once past the *nastiff*, however, the map showed an area of *plessiff* where the team could enhand despite the constant danger of enfootment. On the descent I had planned to do a *rumpage* over the *smedge*, skirting our way past a treach-



I checked immediately with my map.

erous *fluffé*.

Pete and Larry must have seen what was going through my mind, for as Pete looked at me, Larry remarked, "The *smedge* is not as shown on the map!"

I knew this only too well.

We were then passing the Moonlight Motel. I had to make an instant decision. "We'll encamp here for the night," I ordered. "In the morning, you, Larry, and you, Pete, will advance toward the east approach while I will go with Will to reconnoitre the west approach. We will meet here at 11:45. At 12:45 we will decamp and establish Camp Two."

They nodded their agreement. All of us were tense. We felt the nearness of the assault.

III. THE ROUTE

In the morning Will and I set off to scout the western *glouache*, waving a farewell to Larry and Pete as they set off to test the eastern *glouache*.

The first few hundred yards of the western *glouache* were easy. After skirting a front lawn, we enfladed a cow pasture, skirting the bull, and then came head up upon a fence. I looked at the terrain. To the east I caught sight of what looked like a breach in the fence. Then I looked at my watch. Precious time was slipping by. "Will," I said, "we'll have to climb it."



The constant danger of enfootment.

Climbing a vertical fence is a difficult job at best, but to men burdened with equipment, and threatened psychologically and physically by the coming of the Drizzle, such a climb can be an ordeal. I led off, getting a foothold on a crossbeam and then hoisting myself to the top bar. Below me Will was sweating and cursing in his anger. "Coming up," he shouted grimly. I leaned over to enhand him. For one brief second I felt his hand slip. Will braced himself and secured a new grip. The enhandment was a success!

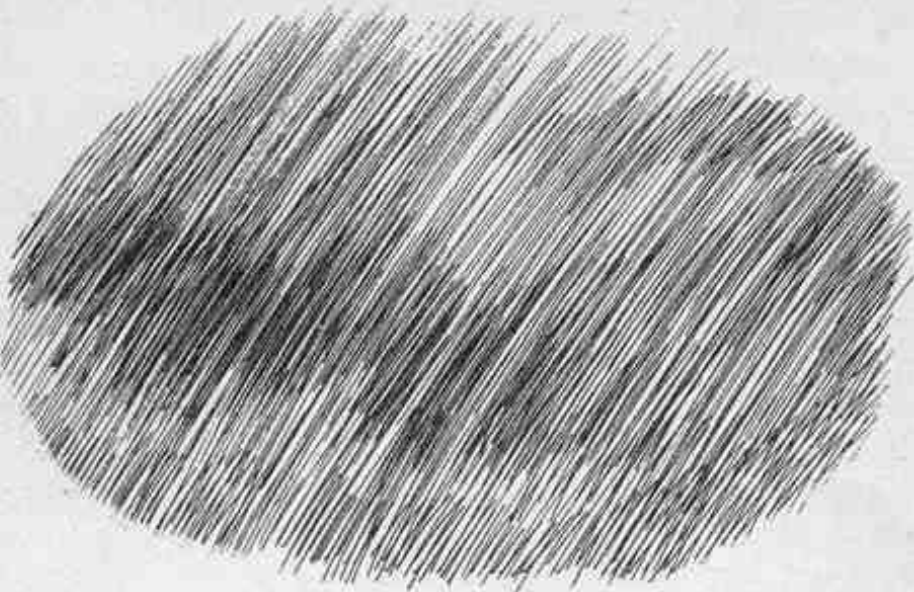
We paused a moment to look about us. Now we had a new *ingesmerzen* of Tilly's Lookout—the west *ingesmerzen*. Both of us gazed silently as the enormity of the task we had set ourselves almost shattered our courage. The west slope of Tilly's Lookout was as ominous as the east! Straight ahead lay a severe *fluffé* of no more than two feet. Beyond it, as though to give us confidence, stretched a splendid *plessiff* which gave way, as the slope bent slightly upward, to a severe *smedge* where the danger of enfootment would be critical. Beyond that was a circular *nastiff*. And then—the summit!

"What do you think, Will?" I asked.

He shook his head thoughtfully. "That *nastiff*," he muttered. "Worse than Viewpoint!"

"We could skirt the edge," I pointed out, "if we could negotiate the *smedge*."

"I'm not afraid of the *smedge* or the edge," said Will.



The Drizzle!

Young Will was not afraid of anything. "But we'll have to *rumpage* on the descent."

I shrugged. "We'd have to *rumpage* on the east slope anyway," I pointed out.

"Once we get past the *fluffé* we can do it," he said.

We looked at each other in silent agreement. Then we felt among our equipment for our *plastichières*, and began the return to Camp One.

Larry and Pete were already there. Pete was morose. "I've never seen anything like it," he muttered. "The east face is absolutely impossible!"

I turned to Larry. He nodded slowly. "I agree," he said. "Enhandments will be difficult and the *smedge* is so severe that I think it is impregnable."

Then I broke the news. "Never mind, men!" I cried. "We've scouted the west face and it can be done! Victory will be ours!"

Every man shouted with joy. Our joy increased that night when the postman brought us our long-awaited mail. The four of us broke up into four little groups, each eagerly reading whatever messages had come through from Neva-Care. I myself received a cherished card from my wife Gloria, reading:

Mitch:

Having a wonderful time.

Gloria.

Then we retired, our nerves, the expectation of the coming assault, exciting us. In the morning the attack would begin!

IV. GREAT DECISIONS

In the morning I distributed an order to all men of the expedition:

To All Men of the Expedition:

We now begin the assault on Tillie's Lookout! Speed is vital if we are to conquer the peak before the onset of the Drizzle. Members of the expedition will be prepared to leave at the crack of noon.

We will divide into two teams. Larry Memerson and myself will leave first and bring supplies to Camp Two. Peter Wheaten and Will Yaeger will follow and establish Camp Three. We will consult in Camp Two concerning the final assault.

Victory will be ours!

Hackney

By noon Larry and I were ready, and with a gay wave to the others we set off for the western *glouache* of Tillie's Lookout. At first the land was fairly flat, but as we pushed on we felt ourselves struggling against a vicious slope. After forging ahead, we were distinctly short of breath, indicating that we had achieved more altitude than latitude, as suspected.

I called a halt at 1:23 p.m. Larry was for pushing on, but since we were then in the vicinity of a ranch-type farmhouse, on one level, with twelve rooms, glass empaneled terrace, and two-car garage, I decided that we would call this Camp Two. This meant the loss of precious time, but I had no right to risk the lives of my men.

Larry and I lay down for a few hours of exhausted sleep. We were awakened by Yaeger and Wheaten who had arrived and were already preparing to push on to Camp Three. Good lads, both, whose vitality and constant humor were always a source of pleasure to the expedition!

After they left, Larry and I, conscious of the need to conserve our strength, went back to bed. At seven we awoke, and I issued an order which I distributed to Larry:

Memerson:

Hackney and Memerson (Camp Two) will stay the night in Camp Two and push on to Camp Three in the late morning or early afternoon.

Hackney

V. VICTORY

At 12:37 p.m. the next day Larry and I fought our way to Camp Three, which Pete and Will had established at the very foot of Tillie's Lookout, just under the shadow of the *smedge* and near a sinister *fluffé*. There we had a brief meeting.

Young, irrepressible Pete was for pressing on. He was joined in this by the usually conservative Larry. Will and I had our doubts, however. It was already 1:56 p.m. and even discounting the inevitable difficulties, we could not hope to achieve the summit before 2:16 p.m. Then, if we en-handled down despite the danger of enfootment, we could not hope to reach Camp Two before 4:03. But to spend the night in Camp Two, situated as it was, would be distinctly foolhardy with the threat of the Drizzle ever closer. We would have to return, practically without a nap, to Camp One.

As the leader I made the decision. We would spend the night in the little Chateau Merriweather which served as Camp Three.

Late the next morning we set off for the final stage of our assault. For sixteen yards our progress was uneventful. The *fluffé* proved to be negotiable when approached single file, and we crossed it without enhandment. In fact, we were rather pleasantly surprised by the ease of the *glouache*. But any dreams of a simple ascent were rudely shattered when we reached the *smedge*. In twenty years of mountaineering I do not recall ever having seen such a *smedge*! And when we saw that the *smedge* led directly to a brutal *nastiff*, I had to call a halt. I sent Larry ahead to scout the *bodenungerschläft*. "There's only one way through," he said on his return, "and that's to go across."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



A savage exultation suffused us.

None of us will ever forget that next fifteen minutes. We could hardly breathe. We did not speak. Our eyes fixed, we pushed silently on until we reached the torn remnants of an enslipment, mute reminder of Nora Abfel, only female member of the ill-fated Mackintosh expedition. Finally we reached the *nastiff*, where we paused for a moment's rest. Larry then expressed what must have been in the minds of others when he said, "What do you think? Shall we give it up?"

There was silence for a moment. Then, to a man, they rose and turned their faces to the summit. I was proud of my men!

Struggling silently, our eyes unmoving, we fought against the elemental strength of Tillie's Lookout whose summit mocked us. We dreamed as we fought on. Our minds played with thoughts of the gentle days in the Chalet Neva-Care. We stumbled to our knees and clutched at the cruel moss to save ourselves from an unpremeditated *rumpage*. We cursed and muttered. On the summit we could see clumps of golden-rod. By my side young Pete broke out into a heartrending series of sneezes. My blood froze. "Go back," I muttered, "go back, Pete!" He shook off my words and plunged on.

The last few steps took us to the edge of the splendid *plessiff*—and there we were, on the summit of Tillie's Lookout! A savage exultation suffused us. We flexed our muscles, and hoarse involuntary animal cries of sheer joy tore from our throats and sounded over the countryside! In this mo-

ment we lived, we knew what life was, and once having known that, all that would ever happen to us again would have a new and deeper meaning. Whether one lived or died to reach the summit was unimportant. Whether one loved or hated, wept or laughed, on Tillie's Lookout, was unimportant. As long as what one did, one did on Tillie's Lookout, that was enough for one.

Pete's piteous sneezing interrupted our joy. Will looked at him with deep compassion. Then, as I gazed around I could see in the distance a sight that froze my heart. The Drizzle!

"Down immediately!" I cried. The men dropped to sitting position for an emergency *rumpage*. We *rumpaged* through the *plessiff* and then enbanded down over the *nastiff*. Will received a painful enfootment from Pete during the enbandment, but he took it like a man.

One hour later we had crossed the *gutenungerschläft* of the *glouache* and we were all together in Camp One where arrangements had been made with the management of the Chalet Neva-Care to send us an official automobile. Exhausted by our ordeal, we dropped on our beds, awaiting the arrival of the auto.

Before I slept I thought of our great victory. How many long years had we all dreamed of Tillie's Lookout! Through many years Tillie's Lookout had been for us all that for which we strove, the reality that would make everything else more real. And the victory was ours!

END



GLOSSARY

RUMPAGE

The technique of negotiating a descent by sitting down and sliding. Mackintosh, the famous mountaineer who died in the Lower Foothills, once claimed to have rumpaged upwards, but this has never been substantiated.

GLOUACHE

An approach, usually to inanimate things, although in the language of mountaineers a young woman may be said to be "glouached."

SMEDGE

An area covered with the detritus of picnics. Some smedges are of paleolithic origin.

ENHAND

To give your hand to the man behind you, pulling him up.

ENFOOT

A common accident on the ascent occurring when the foot of the first man lands in the face of the man behind him. The man behind is said to have been "enfooted," or to have suffered "enfootment."

PLASTICHIÈRE

A can-opener.

FLUFFÉ

The space between two trees. Since this varies widely, not all *fluffés* are difficult.

NASTIFF

A particularly difficult section of terrain covered with stones and stubble.

PLESSIFF

A pleasant section of terrain.

BODENUNGERSCHLÄFT

A slope with a severe angle of incline.

GUTENUNGERSCHLÄFT

A slope with a gentle angle of incline.

EINGESMERZEN

An unobstructed view. The Chalet Neva-Care is famous among mountaineers for the fine *eingesmerzen* of the handball court from the annex.

ENSLIPMENT

A female mountaineer's undergarment. It is reported that Daniel Mackintosh's last gallant words, directed to Nora Abfel, were, "Nora, my dear, your enslipment is showing."

Copyright 1954 by Ira Wallach

SAME DEPT. AS ON PAGES 2, 43 and 50

MORE SURE FIRE DIALOGUE

MUSICALS

Look, kid, why don't you go back home? Know what your chances are? For every star, two thousand are starving.

This song seems to have been written just for you.

Sure, the kid's great, but she isn't a NAME!

That's it! That's it! That's the number we need for the second act.

I'm going back to Smith Falls where folks may not be sophisticated, but at least they're real human beings.

Why does everything happen to me? Opening night, a full house, and my leading lady walks out. All right, Freddie, get the little Bronson kid.

SOUTH SEAS

How innocent and carefree they are, dancing in the semi-nude, unhampered by the raiments and inhibitions of civilization.

Little Taloo is fast approaching womanhood. Watch how she does the Dance of the Awakening.

White god Steve angry with his Taloo? Him no like kiss Taloo any more? Him teach Taloo something better maybe, yes?

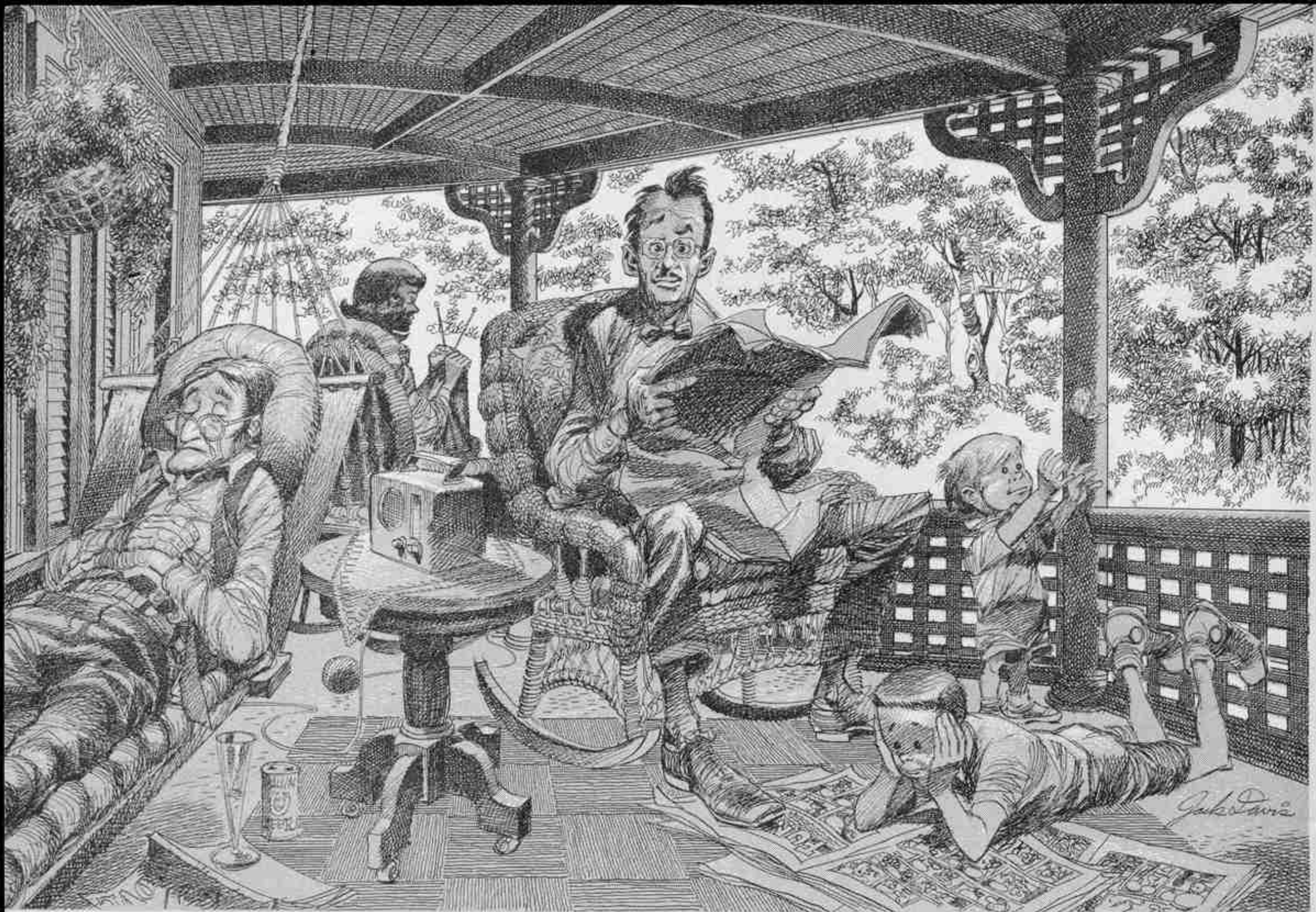
Little Paboo become strong like father Steve. See how he swim many miles from shore.

Great god MUMA MUMA filled with anger. He say white man must go forever from Isle of Mamoorra.

If husband Steve leave his Taloo and sail across great waters with pretty blonde lady, Taloo throw herself and little ones in firey mouth of MUMA MUMA.

Husband Steve has come back to his Taloo.

Taloo's heart once more sing like goona bird.



YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU SIT AROUND LIKE THIS ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON GETTING SO SICK AND TIRED FROM RESTING . . . ?



To enjoy this next article you'd probably have to have a certain amount of experience along the lines we are talking about. In other words, to enjoy this article on 'How-we-live,' you must have mainly lived. And therefore, many won't be able to enjoy this article.

Anyhow, you know how sometimes the family is sitting around on a sunny Sunday afternoon with the Sunday papers, with the baseball game, with nothing to do?

All of a sudden, Pop jumps up and says . . .

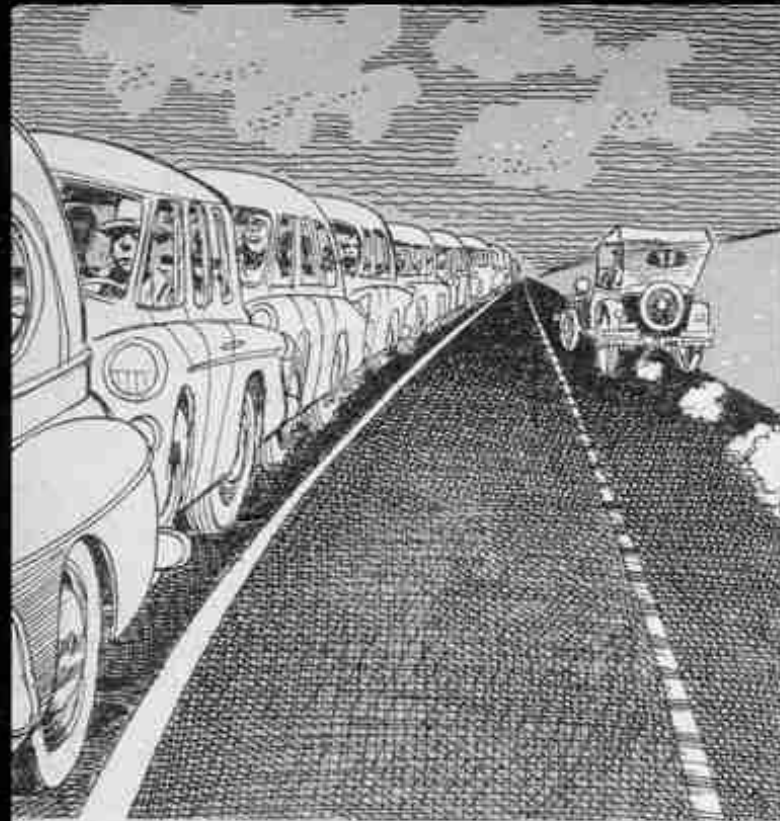
LET'S GO FOR A RIDE!

PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS

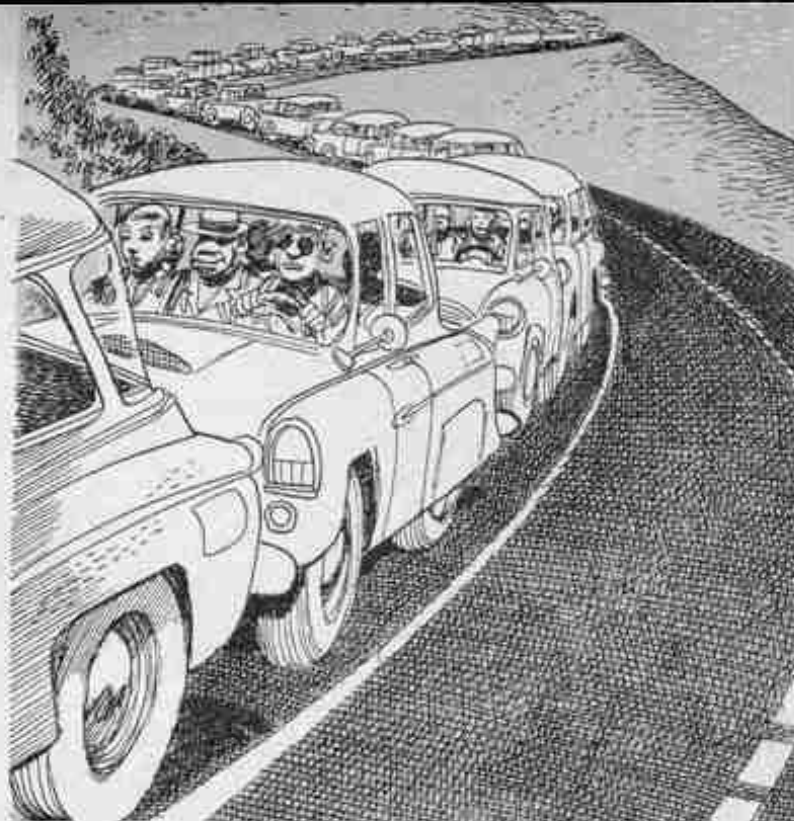


MEANWHILE, just as Pop is saying "Let's go for a ride before the mob starts," like as if you had x-ray vision to look into thousands of homes all over the country, this montage shows what thousands of other people are saying that minute.





Now, say that you are in a car traveling on the turnpike towards the city . . . here's the sight you might see . . .

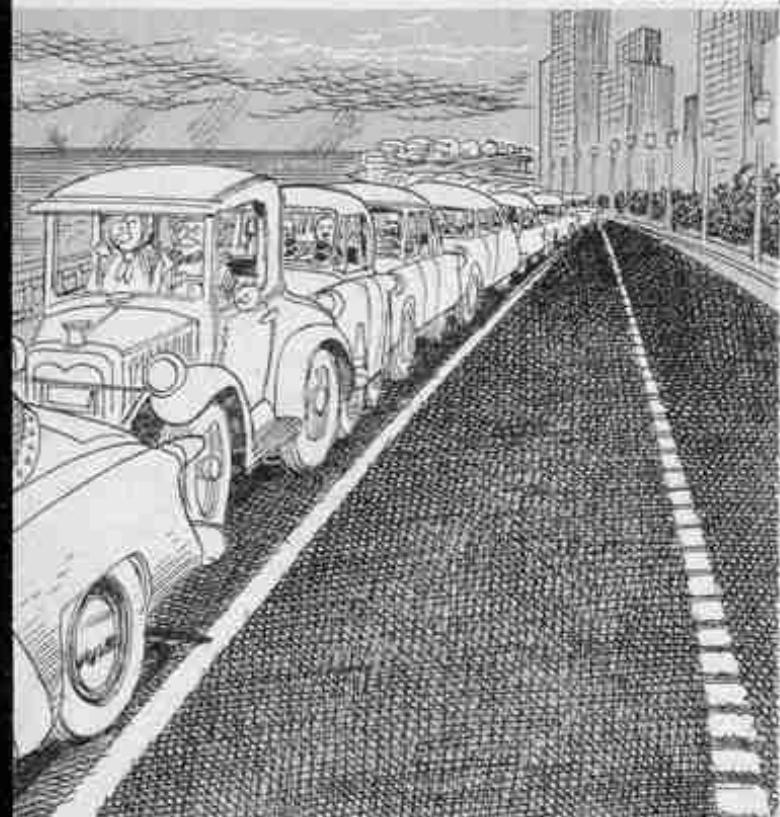


In the lane going the opposite way, the traffic is jammed up . . . back along the turnpike . . . back up the mountain side,

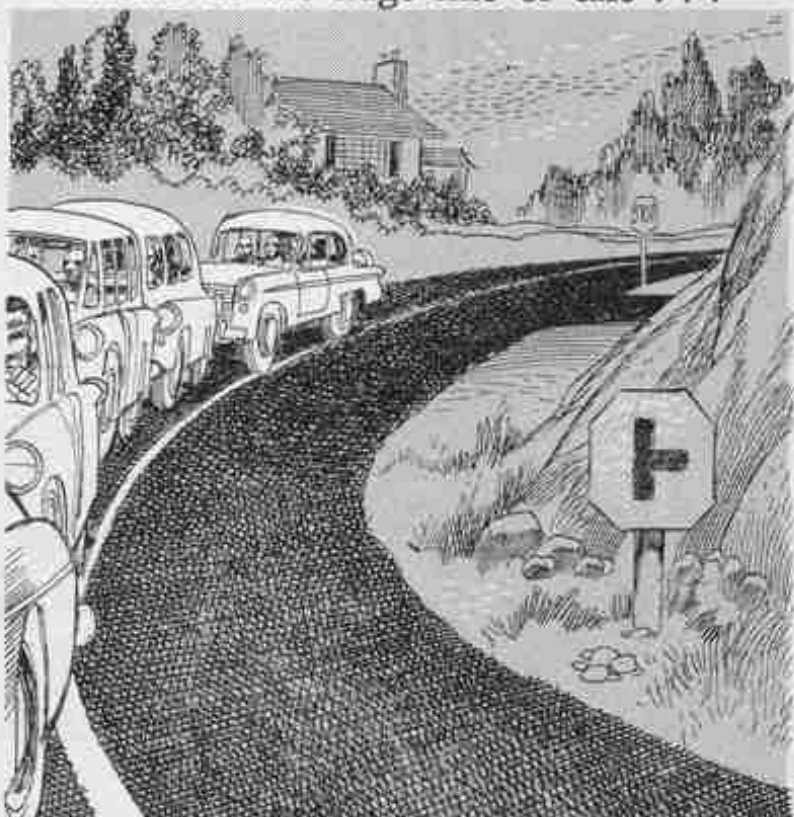


zigzagging down the other side of the mountain then snaking out across the valley . . . back up and over the bridge.

. . . thence, backed all the way to the city line . . . following a line all along the river . . . over the Riverside drive,



. . . past the suburbs and finally up to a little parkway entrance which marks the tail of the huge line of cars . . .



. . . at the ending of which comes the family finally just beginning to go for a ride and Pop says as follows:



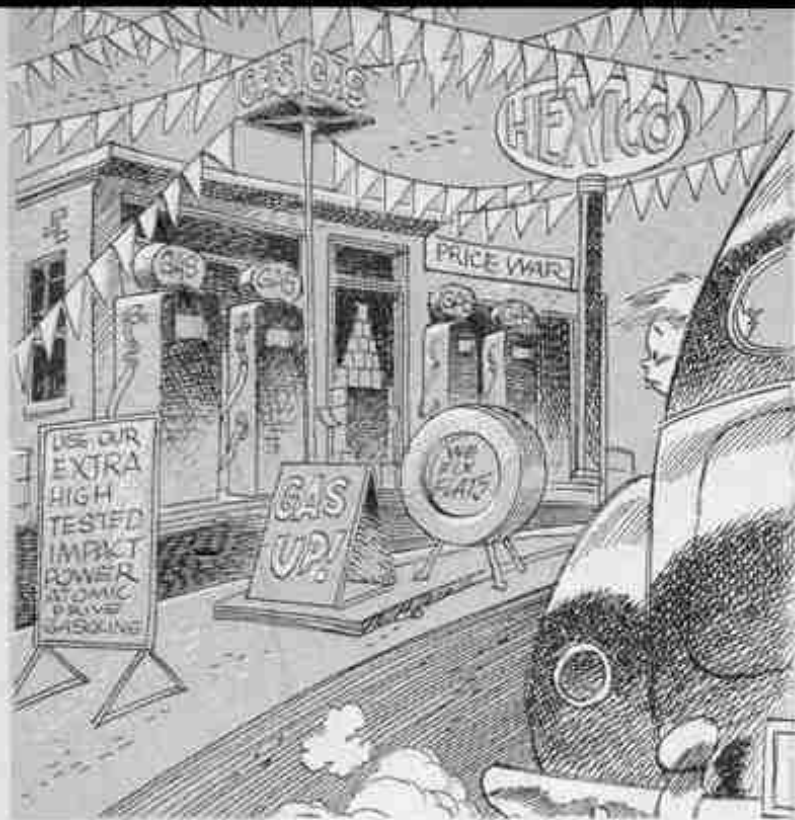
THE TENSION MOUNTS. The motor, cool and purring an hour ago is hot and choking. The faces once happy and laughing are now sneering, softly muttering oaths. The only thing that keeps the spirit strong to keep moving onward . . . onward, besides the promise of a gas station rest room up ahead, is the vision of a picnic spot like we picture here.

Now about this vision:

Always you see in pictures and movies this here vision of a picnic spot. Always you see a table-cloth spread under a nice shade-tree on a rolling hill in the country with the grass mowed.

So the minute you go on a picnic, you go looking for this type spot. You go looking. And you know what happens?





You know what visions you find? Filling stations with trick fluorescent signs that twirl around from the wind.

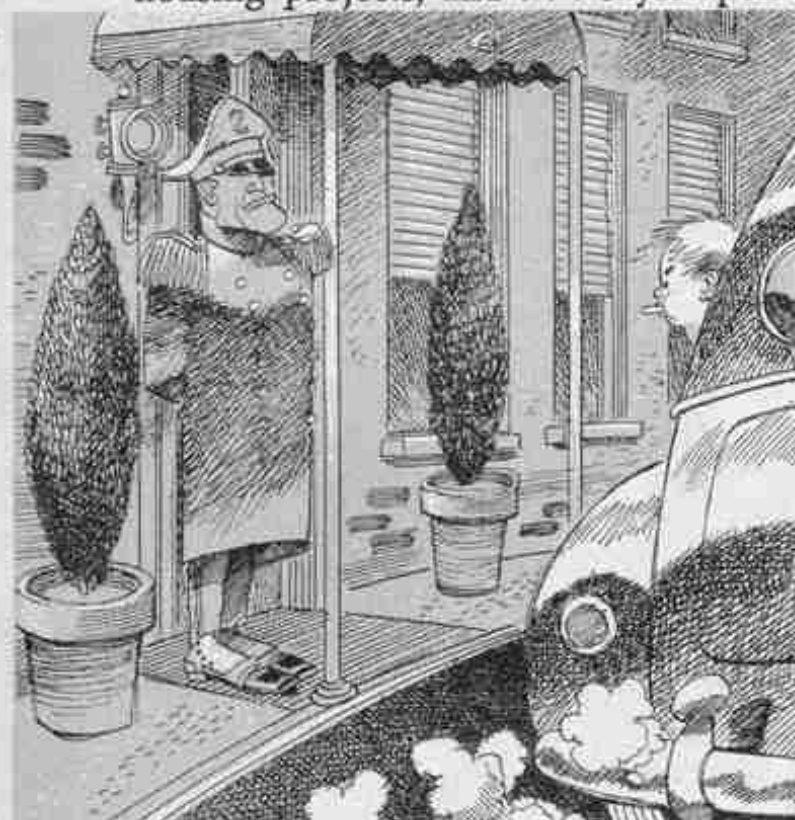


You find fruit stands with big special cut-rate bargains right off the farm! (costs just the same in the A and P!)

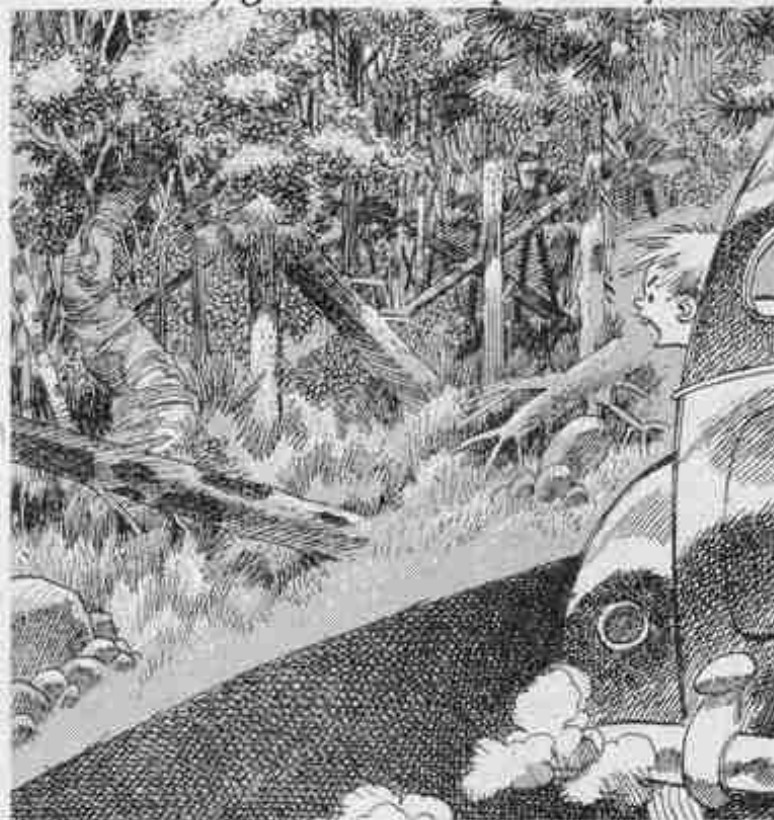


You find Howard Johnson restaurants and those crazy roadside stands with big plaster whipped-cream cones on top.

You find buildings buildings buildings, motels, shopping centers, developments, housing projects, and . . . skyscrapers.



Aha! You find some country between a couple bill-boards. Thick, impenetrable secondary growth full of poison ivy . . .



Oho! You suddenly find *exactly* the vision of the picnic spot, surrounded with barbed wire and keep out signs.



THE SITUATION DEGENERATES rapidly.

Mom gets excited because she thinks Pop doesn't know where they are.

In the back seat the children are giggling worse and worse. Although now they're hitting each other with the car pillow, you know in a minute it will be the clenched fist.

But, by George, Pop is the boss. He isn't going to take any orders which way to go from Mom or Uncle Fred. He doesn't need help from them.

He asks a policeman for directions.

Ten minutes later they arrive at this beautifully kept public picnic ground nestled in the woods with picnic tables under the trees and their surprise at what they see is clearly mirrored in the wondrous expressions on their faces.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





A BEAUTIFULLY KEPT PUBLIC PICNIC GROUND NESTLED IN THE WOODS WITH PICNIC TABLES AND FIRE PLACES UNDER THE TREES

UNFORTUNATELY the beautifully kept public picnic ground is full of people.

So you wearily climb back into your travelling snake-pit and head once more for the open road.

But don't feel too badly. The story has a happy ending.

Eventually the family finds a place to have their picnic with privacy and comforts and all the conveniences. And no trouble getting to either.

Which all goes to show that some of the best things in life are like a moustache and you sometimes overlook them even though they might be under your nose.

And as Uncle Fred snatches the last peanut butter sandwich, and as Pop leans back for a snooze, everybody agrees that here's where they should have had their picnic in the first place.



END



The Strange Cruise Of The Buttercup

By David W. Donaldson



CANTO THE FIRST

*Presenting a scene
of life aboard the ship.*

The ship was moored at the Tyneside Docks,
along the river Thames,
The Captain strode the bridge with pride;
the crew were playing games.*
The coxwain whistled a happy tune, like
the warbling of a bird,
And below in the hold where the first
mate was, his singing could be heard.

The crow was sitting on his nest, atop
the mast so high,
The binnacles were out of the bin and
lying neatly by.
The barnacles were stored in the barn,
the compass had been wound,
The crew had washed the sails that day,
and spread them all around.

Aloft on the topmast part of the ship was
a cabin, neatly made,
Built of Mahogany, Ebon and Pine; covered
with Gold and Jade.
And when the crew glanced up that way, as
they hurried-by apace,
Framed in the window they could see the
Commodore's placid face.

A tall, stern man was the Commodore, and
never known to smile.
Through storm and rain and thundering
winds, he was placid all the while.
His face never mirrored a sign of fear,
anxiety or alarm;
Whatever the circumstances might be, the
Commodore's face was calm.

The sun was shining bright this day, and
the sky was a brilliant blue.
The spindrift sparkled in white and green,
and a dazzling emerald hue.
And as the sun began to sink down into the
western sea,
The Captain clapped his hands in joy.
"We sail tonight!" said he.



CANTO THE SECOND

*In which is presented a view
of the manner in which the
crew goes about setting sail.*

The Cook jumped up from his place of rest,
the crew left off their games,
They began to rush and bustle about with
a hundred different aims.*
The Mates began to roar and curse; the
Boatswain swained the boats,
And the Cook began to boil a stew of
Parsley, Beets and Oats.

The Captain watched the toiling men with
happy, piquant eye.
They went at their work with a will and
a way, to DO, by gosh, or die.
The Engineer was the only man who loafed
among the crew,
For the boat was run by sails alone, and
he hadn't a thing to do.

At last the Mate to the Captain came,
politely touching his cap,
And remarking that they were ready to sail,
he then curled up for a nap.
And far above this hue and cry, in a
window trimmed with lace,
Overlooking this scene of frantic toil was
the Commodore's placid face.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!" The Captain cried. "Avast,
my lads! Heave Ho!"
Snap to it there, and smartly now! Look
sharp about! Let's go!"
The Boatswain ran to the Captain's side as
quick as a musket shot.
"We'll do it, sir," he said, "if you will
only tell us *what!*"

And then, as the sky above was dimmed by
the darkening shades of night,
The ship was checked and everything was
tied down snub and tight.
The Commodore's placid face stared down
on the crew lined up at the rail,
As the Captain raised his hand and gave
order, "Hoist the Sail!"



*Pronounced "Gims."

*Pronounced "Ems."

Continued



CANTO THE THIRD

*In which it is discovered
that the ship has fallen
under a curse.*



The night was dark and all was still; the
lookout manned his post,
The Captain lounged in his cabin aft,
lunching on tea and toast.
When suddenly he sprang erect; his face
was white with chill,
For the night was split by an eerie shriek
— sharp, high-pitched, and shrill.

The Captain was astounded; his perplexity
was great.
He ran around in circles and a backward
figure eight.
Then out of the night and into his room
the Navigator rushed.
His face was white with terror, and his
voice was choked and hushed.

"Oh, sir! We're doomed! We're lost!" He
said. "We all shall perish," cried he,
"A curse is on us all," he wailed. "The
Ship has sailed on Friday."
"No, no, my lad," the Captain said, "It's
quite all right, I know.
"We sailed upon a Thursday, 'cause the
calendar said so."

The Navigator fell to the floor. He wailed
and kicked his feet.
"The International Date Line, sir, we
crossed last year with the fleet.
"We gained a day when we crossed the Line
and because of that South Seas trip,
"While it's Thursday for all England, it
is *Friday for the ship!*"

The Captain's face turned white with fear;
he jerked and spilled his tea.
"The word will get around," he said. "The
crew will mutiny!"
And sure enough, as quick as light, the
word went whizzing round,
That the ship had sailed on Friday and
was cursed, and would go down.

Some of the crew were seen to blanch, and
some to grit their teeth.
Two of the crew raised up the stove and
crawled in underneath.
The frightened Cook to a lifeboat ran,
leaving the stew to burn,
When all of a sudden the Watch cried "HO!
I see a *Thing* astern!"

CANTO THE FOURTH

*In which a strange Thing is seen
behind the ship, causing
consternation among the men.*



A few of the men ran back to the stern,
but most of them ran to the bow.
And one man made a slim excuse to crawl to
the tip of the prow.
The Captain and Mates peered out abaft
and faintly could discern,
A dim, tremendous, threatening *Shape*,
looming far astern.

The Coxwain jittered, and wiggled his nose
in whitefaced, trembling fear,
While the Third Mate scrooched his mouth
around and bit his own left ear.
The Cook began to screech and wail, the
Boatswain paced the floor,
When suddenly the Captain cried, "Be calm!
Like the Commodore!"

The racket stopped; the ship was struck by
silence, still and soft,
While forty eyes turned upward to that
Cabin far aloft.
And there above them, looking down, the
men could faintly see,
The placid face of the Commodore, as calm
as he could be.

"Oh see how calm," the Captain said, "The
Commodore appears.
"He weeps not, neither does he wail; *He*
has no childish fears!
"His placid eye rebukes us all, and seems
to say 'For shame!
"You are sailors of the Buttercup; be
worthy of the name!"

"Gaze on that noble face, my men, no fear
will you detect.
"He has no craven cowardice. He's a man
of Intellect!"
A wave of courage swept the crew that
they'd never felt before,
And with one accord they gave three cheers!
Three cheers for the Commodore!

CANTO THE FIFTH

*In which the men organize
a plan of action and
put it into effect.*



The men began to laugh and talk, and some
began to sing,
And one man stuck his tongue out at the
dim and misty *Thing*.
The Captain chid them gently, and remarked
with impish rue,
That they'd better stop and think a bit;
and figure what to do.

The First Mate said in a loud, clear voice
that, as far as he could see,
It seemed to him, that is, if all was what
it seemed to be,
In case the circumstances changed, there
still remained a question.
And the Crew was lost in thought a while,
considering his suggestion.

When suddenly the Captain cried, "We're
not unarmed, you know!
"Let's load the gun and fire it at this
Thing to show it so!"
With a hearty cheer the men leaped up and
rushed to load the gun,
Happily shouting that now, by gosh, they'd
have a bit of fun.

Powder was brought; the gun was cleaned,
the primer hole was fused,
The Third Mate chuckled happily, and the
Captain was amused.
When suddenly a horrible fact was noticed
by them all.
They had forty pounds of powder, but they
didn't have a ball!

Despair set in; the men all moaned in
misery, dark and dismal.
But the Engineer shed a ray of light into
the night abysmal.
A dour Scot, MacWhack by name, the men
had always banned him,
For he spoke with such an accent, they
could hardly understand him.

But now he spoke the sentence that would
change his life forever,
For the men all changed toward him then,
and thought him wise and clever.
"Hoo weel ye ken," he started in, "A hae
na ony worrrrk,
"Gin yon vessel has hae engines; But A
didna wush tae shirrrrk,

"Sae A has spint ma worrrrkin' time
preparin fuir tha day,
"When we shud hae an engine — and on this
A spint ma pay*
"A hae a stock o' engine parrrts, and gin
ye'll but gae doon,
"An get them, ye kin load ye're gun;
they're back abaft aboon."

With another cheer the men rushed down,
and soon came running back,
With buckets full of bolts and parts, and
other engine tack.
They fetched the keg of powder out and,
pulling out the stopper,
They dumped it all into the gun, to do the
job up proper.

Then they began to fill it up with ratchets,
gears and cams,
Nuts and valves and boiler plate, with
piston rods for rams.
They packed it full and rammed it tight,
so it wouldn't spray out loose,
And the Captain struck a safety match,
and touched it to the fuse.

CANTO THE SIXTH

*In which is described the firing
of the cannon, and the strange
results of the shot.*



The men all watched as he lit the fuse,
with open admiration,
And then they stared at the sizzling fuse,
in eerie fascination.
The fuse burnt down to the primer's hold,
and then there came a roar,
A flash of light and a gout of smoke, like
they'd never seen before!
And when the smoke had blown away, the
men looked aft and cheered,
For the misty, terrifying *Thing* had
completely disappeared.
They walked off laughing happily, with
many a merry jest,
And hied themselves to the Fo'c's'l, to
get some well earned rest.

But, strange to tell, and sad to say, when
came the dim, gray dawn,
The Captain peered behind the ship with a
face both pale and drawn.
The silent men lined up beside in horrified
sickening shock,
For they'd never cast the hawsers off, and
the ship was tied to the dock!

They'd raised the sails and weighed the
anchor perfectly, it's true,
But none had thought to loose the ship,
they'd had so much to do.
And the dim, great *Thing* they'd shot at
when they thought they were at sea,
Was the handsome Brownstone building
which had housed the Admiralty!

The Captain and Crew all shivered and
shook, with a nauseating qualm,
But the Commodore, as always, was serene,
unruffled, calm.
Upon his changeless face there showed no
signs of doubts or fears,
For the crew had never noticed; he'd been
dead for fourteen years.



*This is a lie.



MONTAGE ABOVE MAKES INTERESTING COMPARISON: A SCENE AS ADVERTISED IN "THE PRODIGIOUS" SHOWING HOW LIFE WAS IN DAMASCUS IN

THE PRO

HERE IS A PICTURE YOU ABSOLUTELY WILL NOT WANT TO MISS, A PICTURE THAT IS BOTH ENTERTAINING AND AT THE SAME TIME ENTERTAINING

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

IT WAS the poster above that led MAD to see and review *The Prodigious* . . . a story which, as clearly indicated by the title, is taken from the parable of the Prodigal Son.

What intrigued us about the poster were the glimpses into historical times, a pagan temple of old, the strange costumes, the soldiers dragging away the good-lookin' girls.

And so, like the rest of the public . . . since we were vitally interested in history . . . in seeing how they worshipped in pagan temples of old . . . in observing the violence of the age and in educating ourselves as to what kind of costumes they wore . . . we bought tickets and went in.

But mainly to see what happened with the soldiers dragging away the good-lookin' girls, we went in.

Because we found this adaptation of biblical times so in-

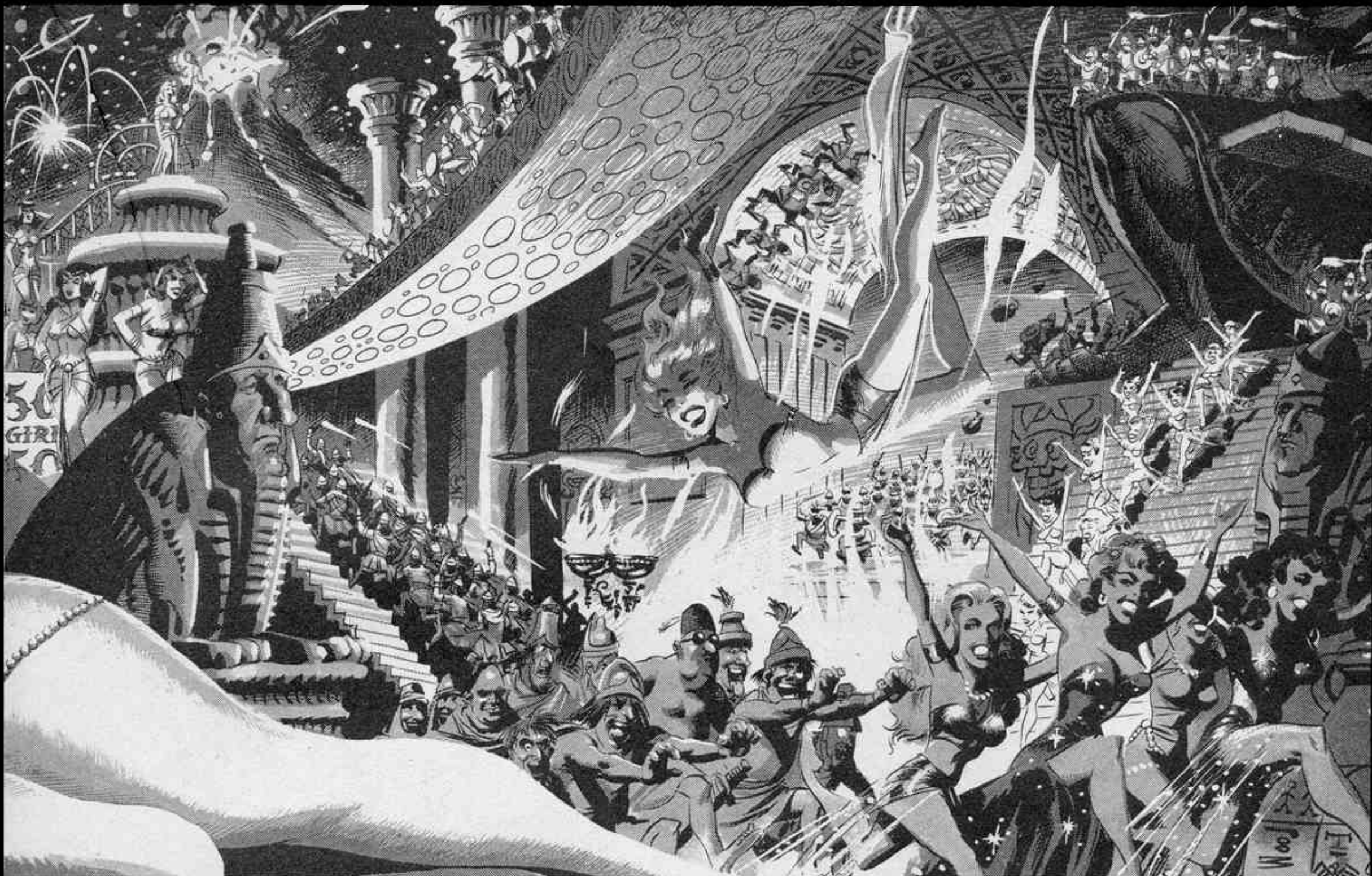
teresting and different we are going to give you a short summary of the picture on the following pages so you can see how different this adaptation of biblical times is from modern times . . . how different even this adaptation is from biblical times.

However . . . before we launch into our favorable presentation of *The Prodigious*, we do have a word of criticism that, although subtle, we feel is quite pertinent and important.

When the picture was over, we found the story line quite satisfactory and the camera work superb. The acting too was impressive. But one thing . . . one basic thing was missing throughout the picture.

They didn't show the parts where the soldiers are dragging away the good-lookin' girls.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



THE DAYS OF 70 B.C. WHICH IS QUITE FASCINATING WHEN COMPARED WITH PICTURE BELOW OF LIFE AS IT IS IN MODERN DAMASCUS TODAY.

DIGIIOUS⁰⁰



LIFE AS IT IS IN MODERN DAMASCUS TODAY, CLEARLY INDICATES BY COMPARISON WITH ABOVE, DEGENERATION SINCE OLDEN DAYS.

The picture starts with a scene cleverly calculated to attract your attention by its emotional dramatic content and human interest.

In other words . . . picture starts with big fight scene.

Here we meet this prodigal son, Mikellah, who is the hero. Mikellah's family is rich and it's all set for him to take over the business with secure future and education guaranteed. But while everyone else is content to till the fields tending their own business . . . Mikellah runs around tending monkey business.

And now comes one of those tender situations you always see in movies . . . Mikellah catches a glimpse of Sanforized, (Lana Turnmind) the pagan priestess of love! And when Mikellah catches this glimpse . . . a little bell inside his head goes 'snap' and he falls instantly in love with Sanforized.

They don't fall in love that way any more.

What makes people fall in love today is common interests . . . money . . . convenience.

But with Mikellah it's a "glimpse."



MIKELLAH'S FIRST GLIMPSE of Sanforized, the pagan priestess of love . . . a glimpse which throws him instantly in love.

Mikellah, my brother
...have you gone mad?
You mean you would
give up for *her* the
more important
pleasures of life like
forinstance, tilling
the fields?

Yes!

You would give up
your responsibilities
to the land?

Yes!

Your friends and
relatives?

Yes!

Your family ties?

Yes!

Your share of the
estate?

I think I reconsider.

But Mikellah!
You have had
hundreds of girl
friends just as
good-lookin' as
her. Just because
she's got top
billing you
instantly fall in
love from a
"glimpse"?

Don't you see
how she is
different? As
everybody
knows, girls in
biblical times go
barefoot unless
they're extremely
rich and can
afford sandals.

She on the
other hand is
wearing those
strange but
deucedly pro-
vocative
heels with
height!

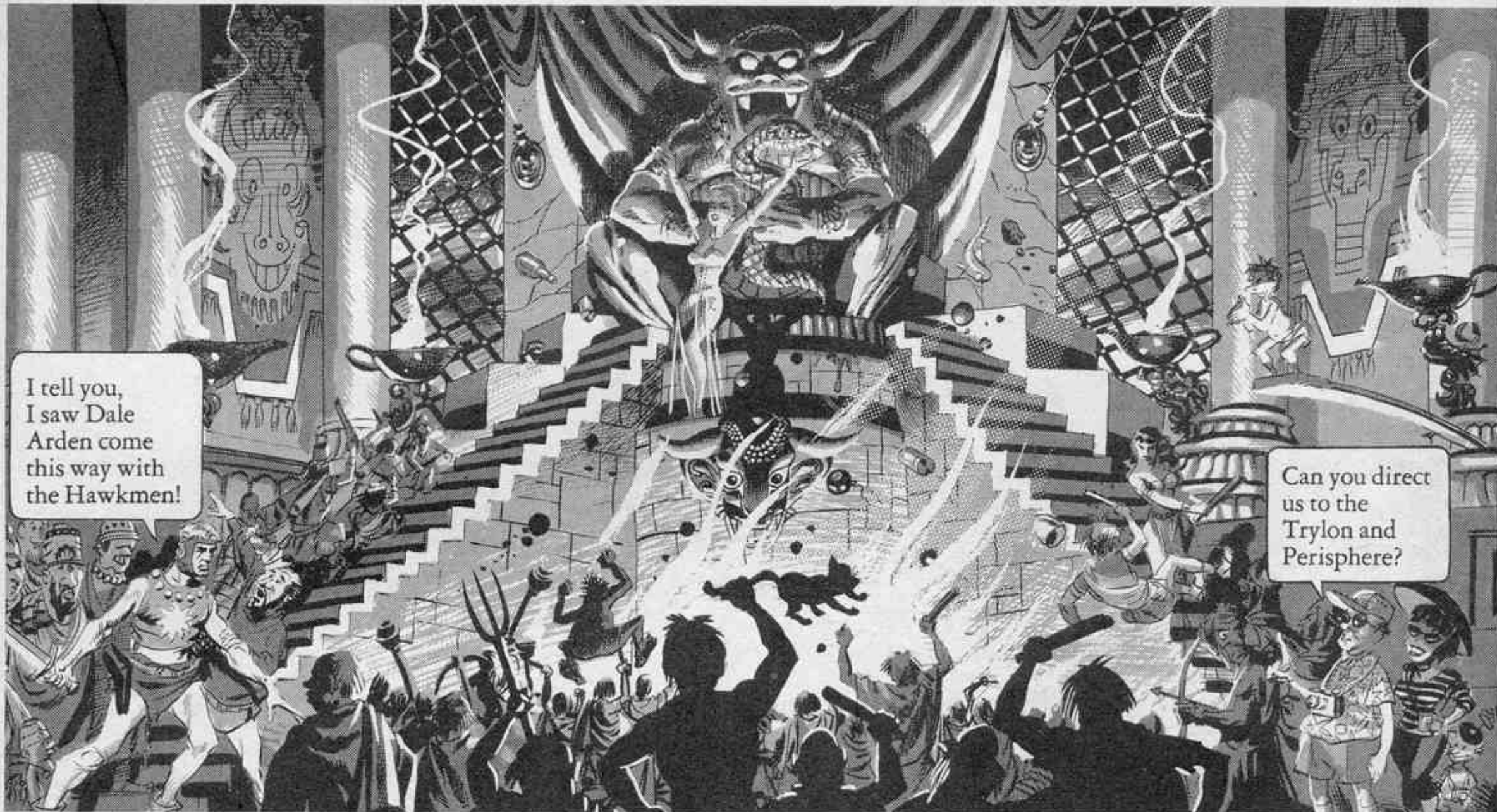
Heels hight?
Hight heels?
Wedjies?
High heels?

That's
it,
we'll call
them
High Heels!

And so, from the way this movie
looks . . . the high heel is
invented in biblical times.

THRILLING CLIMAX OF "THE PRODIGIOUS"

FINAL SCENE INSPIRED BY RECENTLY EXCAVATED RUINS OF ANCIENT PERSEPOLIS IN PERSIA AND OLD FLASH GORDON COMIC STRIPS.



I tell you,
I saw Dale
Arden come
this way with
the Hawkmen!

Can you direct
us to the
Trylon and
Perisphere?

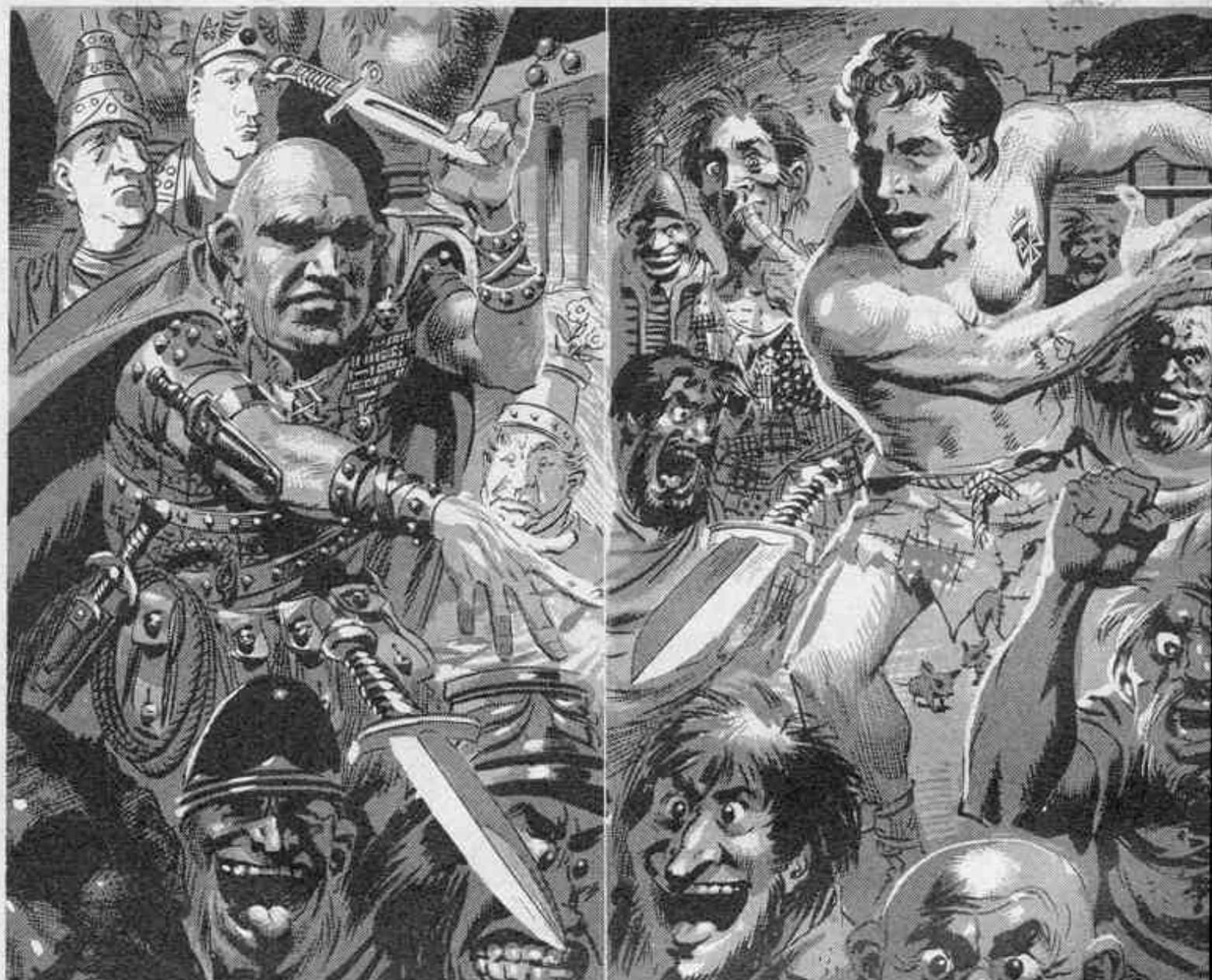
THE HIGHPOINT COMES with the type scene where evil is triumphing . . . the hero is in jail . . . the situation is totally hopeless. However, if the hero can escape, then he can free some prisoners who will free the main bunch of prisoners who will free all the people who will free everything.

So Mikellah escapes. Now he is free. On him rests the hopes of thousands of enslaved people waiting for Mikellah to set off a chain reaction that will free the whole country . . . nay . . . the whole world.

Need we be more emphatic as to the vital importance of his escaping. Tension is at a high pitch. Mikellah springs into action.

He goes youth hostelling along the Appalachian trail for a much needed rest.

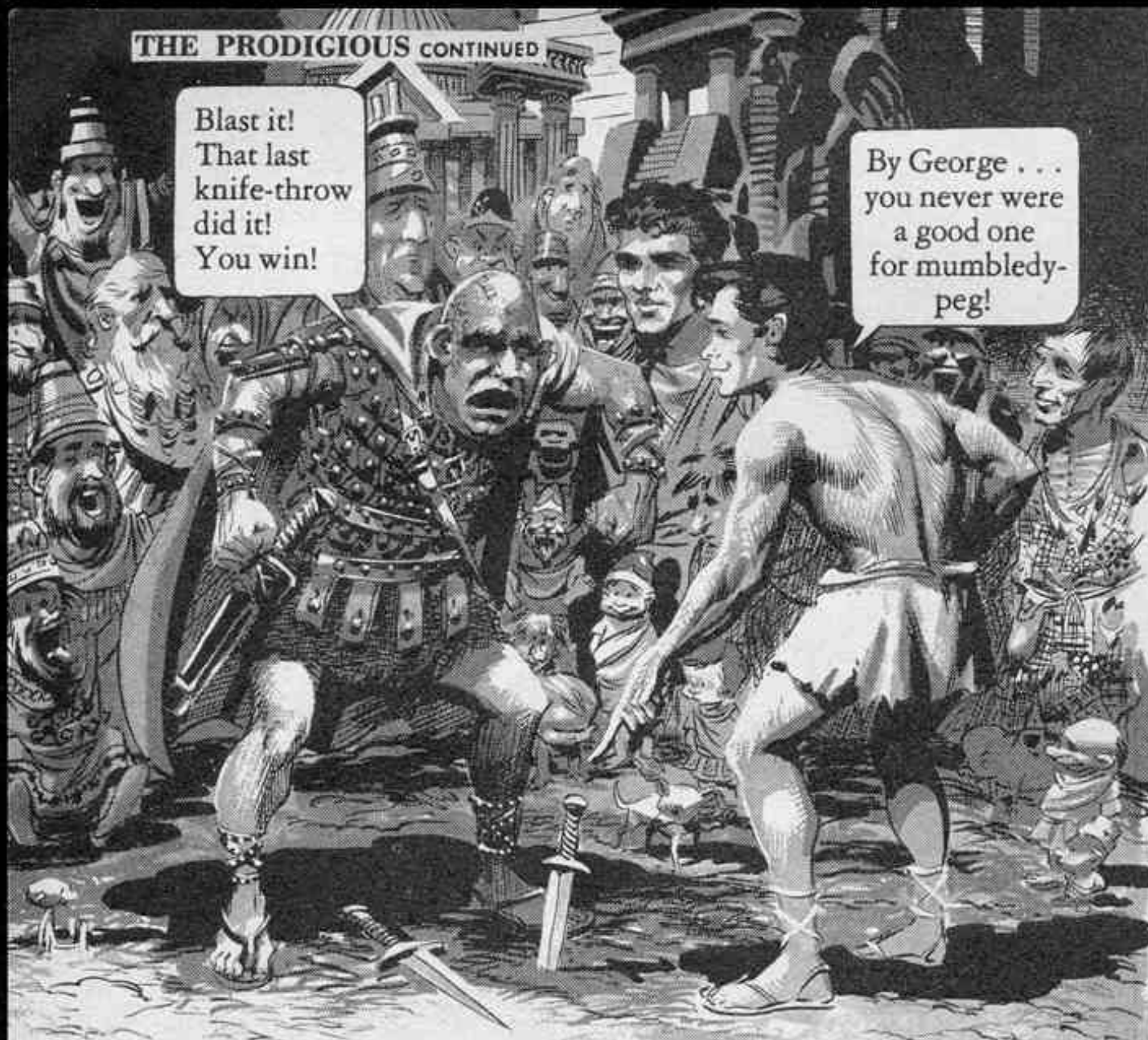
All kidding aside . . . Mikellah finally frees everybody and there's a bloody revolt with sickening knife throwing scenes. And whenever they throw knives . . . WUNK! Right in the throat! No matter how they throw . . . YAK! Right in the throat! You'd think with all the excitement . . . the knives would go in a toe or maybe the end of a nose . . . but no! Always . . . ZUNK! Right in the throat! **CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**



KNIFE THROWING scenes shown here are truly chilling as knives are thrown with deadly accuracy. To see hair raising effects of knife throwing, turn the page.

Blast it!
That last
knife-throw
did it!
You win!

By George . . .
you never were
a good one
for mumbledy-
peg!



HAIR-RAISING EFFECTS OF KNIFE-THROWING SCENES ON PREVIOUS PAGE.

A HAPPY ENDING

Now the people run through the streets destroying the old pagan temples and gods. Suddenly Mikellah, at the head of the mob, comes face to face with one whom he has to decide must live or die! Sanforized, pagan priestess of the temple of love . . . the woman he left his father, his family, his girl and his honor for . . . the woman who he was ready to die for . . . now he has to decide . . .

Naturally he does the thing you'd expect . . . the realistic thing. He decides she should die.

And that's the kind of realism that makes *The Prodigious* great.

However . . . one scene, we are unhappy to say, was sadly lacking in the element of realism. One scene towards the end of the picture when Mikellah with his faithful servant, Shazam, after his adventures in Damascus and much wandering, finally comes toiling wearily over a last hill, where he sees ahead . . . his home.

The camera then jumps to the sight he sees and what you see just isn't convincing . . . just isn't convincing at all. The following pictures will demonstrate why.



HEART-STIRRING scene at picture's end shows dramatic close up of anguished Mikellah, teary-eyed at what he sees.



SIGHT HE SEES . . . or sight he is supposed to see, is ruined by lack of realistic appearance. Can you spot the flaw?



CAMERA SWINGS BACK to Mikellah's tear-stained face, heightening absurdity of situation in face of technical flaw.



TECHNICAL FLAW as you no doubt guessed are Spotted Guernsey cows which obviously should have been Ayrshire Striped.

At Home With Lorelei Latour

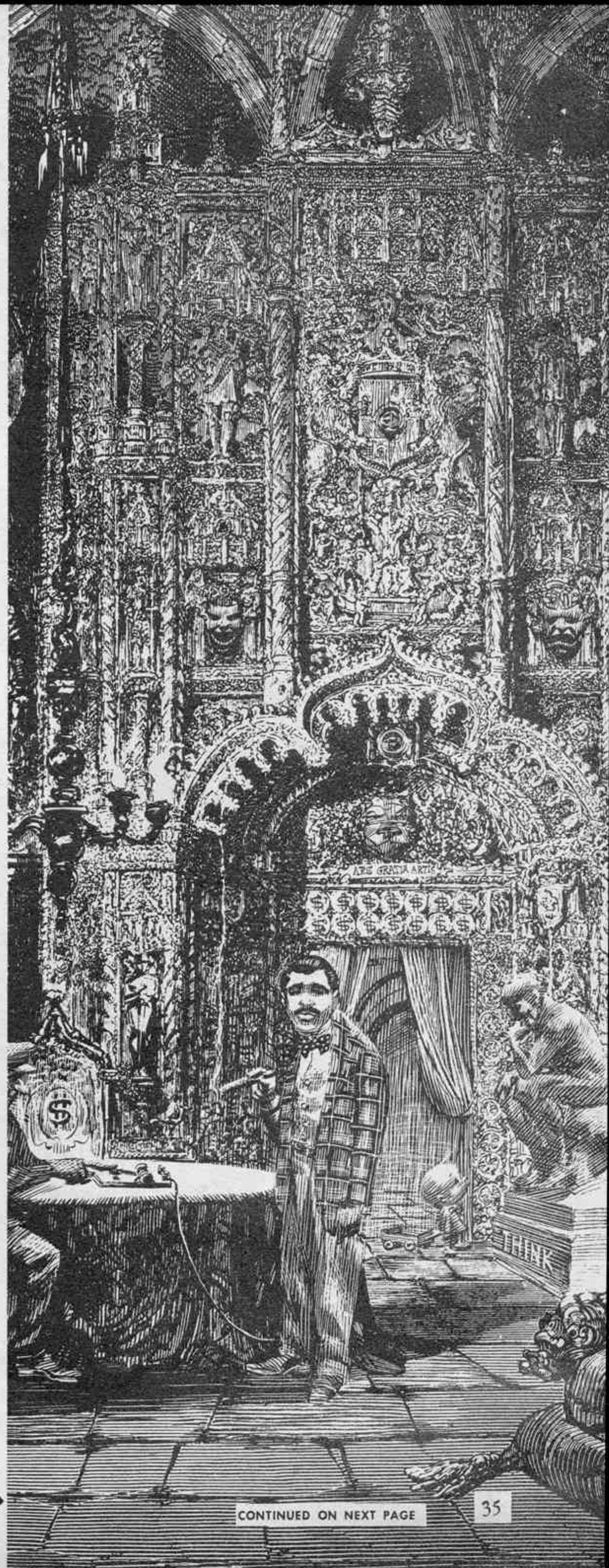


by
Ernie
Kovacs

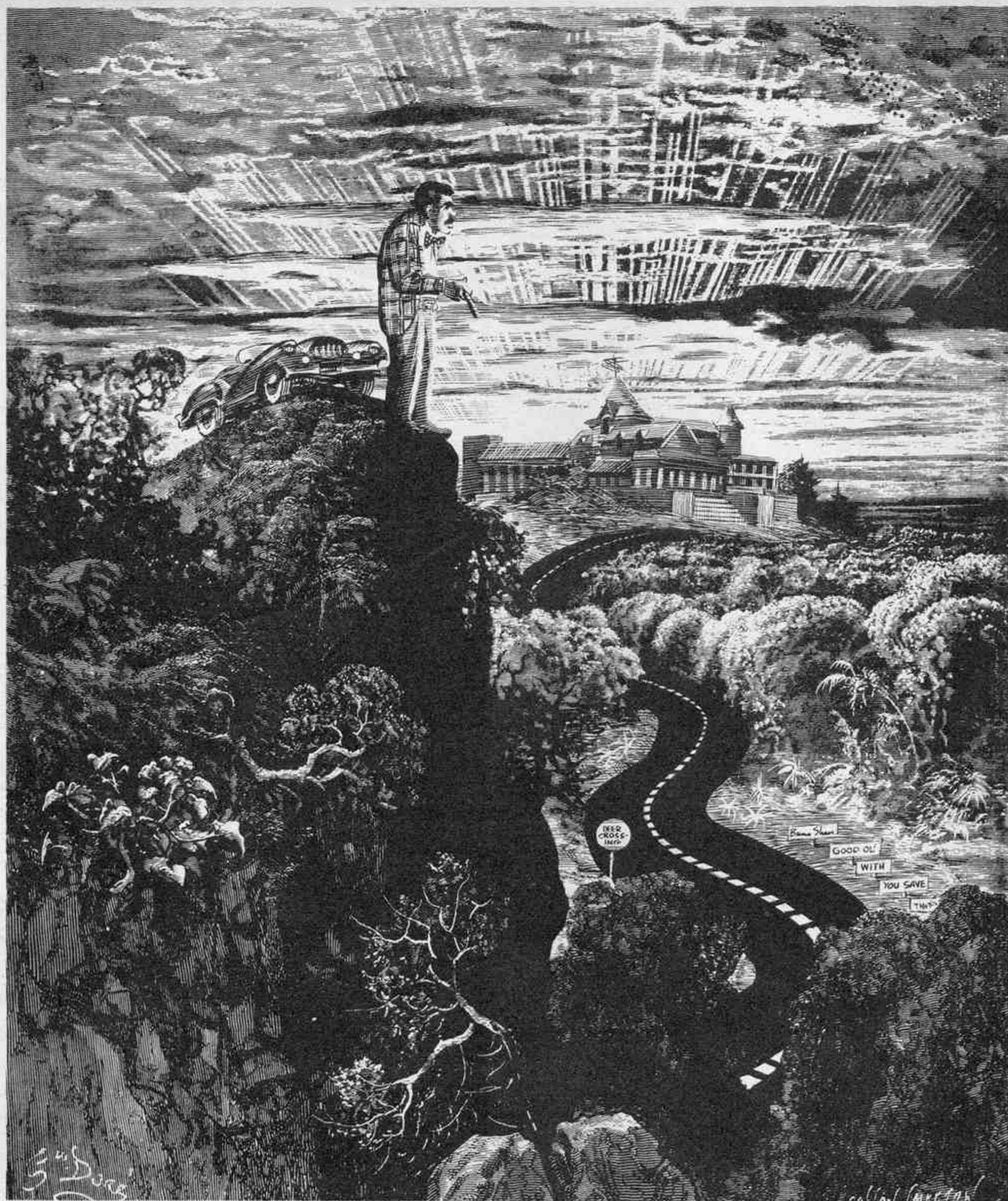
Before my visit with Lorelei Latour, I, too, was of the opinion that Hollywood stars lived lavishly... A few brief moments after meeting Lorelei Latour, I was determined to show the moviegoer how wrong his impression of Hollywood stars is. Miss Latour's private train dropped me at Latour Junction precisely at noon. The simple touch of having pastel jaguars spell out my initials in formation when I arrived, impressed me as plain good taste. It took a scant hour and a quarter to drive from the gates to the house itself and the Ciel Chapman uniforms on the chauffeurs did much to occupy conversation as we traveled... When we pulled up to the main door of Miss Latour's humble cottage, I was somewhat surprised not to see fancy gilt doors, being as you, sceptical of taste with Hollywood stars. Instead, I was impressed with the plainness of the simple uranium slabs serving as doors. There were 365 steps leading up to the doors and one of the butlers on the lower fifties told me that Miss Lorelei had a servant shot on a different step each day to commemorate the date of the Emancipation Proclamation, as she is a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, (so much in fact, she seemed rather surprised when I told her of Mr. Lincoln's untimely death). The brief ten or so minutes occupied in the opening of the uranium slabs I spent in silent retrospect of the simplicity of the grounds. The natives on the various safaris wore nothing more than Irish linen loin-cloths. When we entered, a Western Union teletype booth at the door had a wire quickly dispatched upstairs to inform Miss Latour that I had arrived... By early evening, I reached the end of the hall... actually, it would have been sooner, but

A WESTERN UNION TELETYPE booth at the door had a wire dispatched upstairs to inform Miss Latour that I had arrived.

remember! November 1955



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



IT TOOK A SCANT hour and a quarter to drive from the gates to the house itself.

one of her crosstown escalators had mechanical difficulties . . . The cozy living room was about the size of the State of Maryland, give or take a few acres, and I was loathe to interrupt Miss Latour who was watching a jet plane race in the kitchen. Being the gracious host for which she is known, she quickly had the planes shot down and joined me on the terrace which was lighted in dignified intimate glow by servants who were dipped in wax and had lighted wicks stuck in their mouths . . . I expected the ostentatious Hollywood swimming pool, but again I was abashed by the theme

of simplicity of the Latour children playing in a roped-off rented section of the Pacific with some obsolete battleships . . . Our modest luncheon was served with quiet grace by two Supreme Court judges who do odd jobs for Miss Latour . . . some egret's tongues . . . pickled Australian azalea . . . caviar (one egg only from each fish) . . . chinchilla pie . . . bald eagle's third claw and some brick ice cream . . . Our interview ended, Mr. Latour politely flew me by Piper cub to the front door and I hastened to my typewriter to correct the impression that Hollywood stars have gone Hollywood.

END



MOVIE DEPT. PART III ☺☺

Now, in competition
with cheapskate imitation
MAD magazines, we
announce bargain value!
Two, for price of one!
A second movie review!
A review of...

the seven itchy years

PICTURES BY WILL ELDER

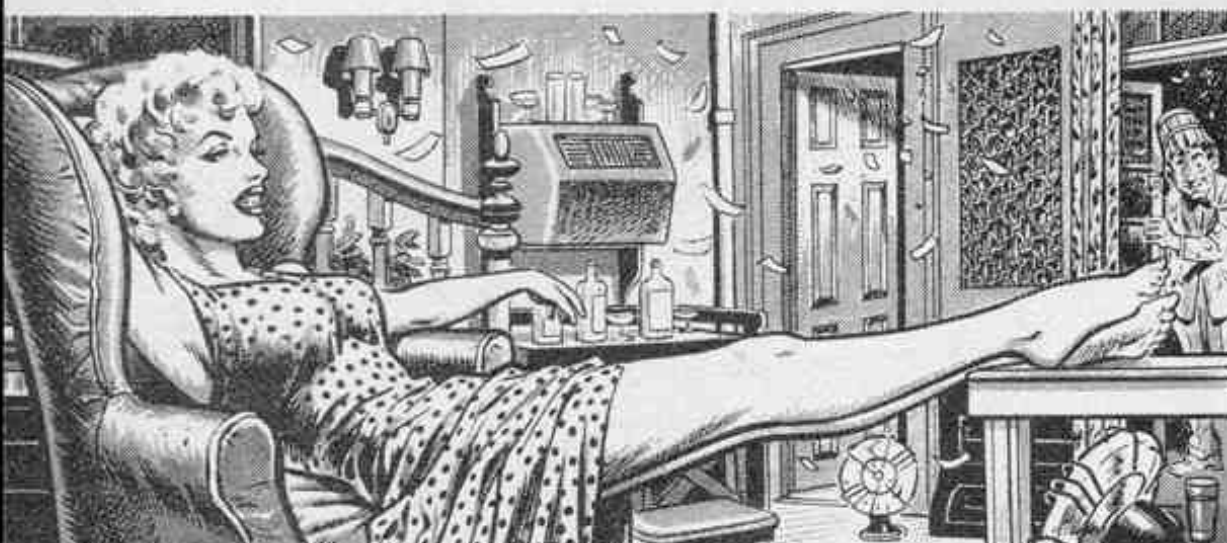


PICTURE OF EDITORS going into theatre to
see preview of "The Seven Itchy Years."

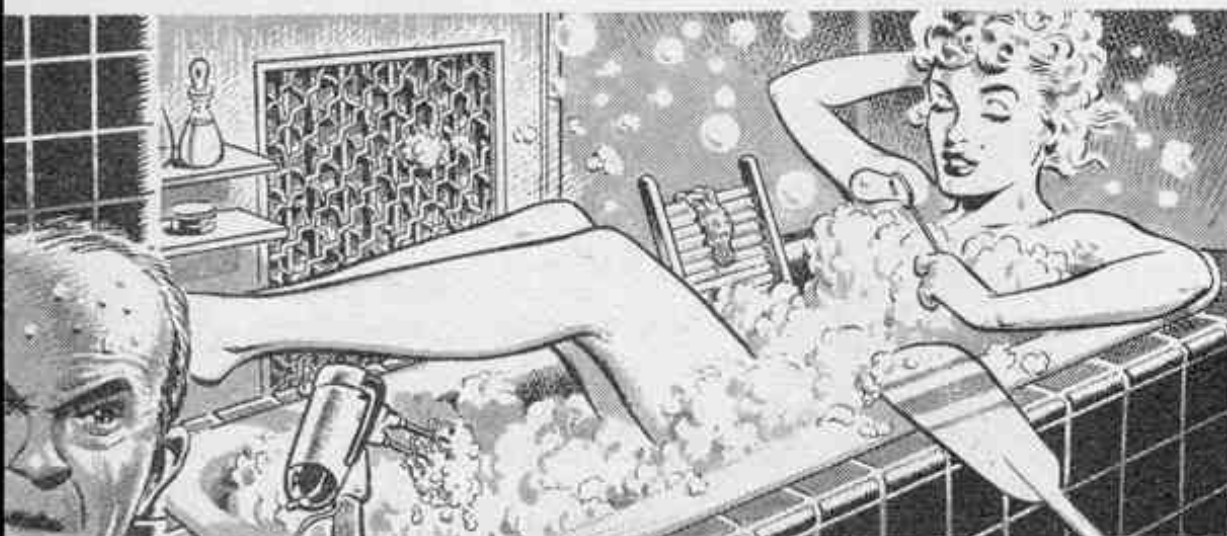
Famous picture of
Marilyn Marone being caught
by gust of wind from subway grating
with fascinating results in "The Seven Itchy Years."



YOU'LL WATCH THE STORY UNFOLD IN AUTHENTIC NEW YORK APARTMENT



YOU'LL ENJOY WATCHING LEAD MAN THOMAS EAWRL, SEEN ON RIGHT



WATCHING VICTOR MOO AS THE PLUMBER (LOWER LEFT), IS A HOWL



ROBERT ANIMAL (ABOVE) SUNNY TUFFY (BELOW) ARE FUN TO WATCH



"The Seven Itchy Years" is a catchy title that should perhaps be explained before we go any farther.

You see . . . when a man is married for seven years and the only woman he is familiar with is his wife . . . he may sometimes see a pretty girl and all of a sudden get very itchy. To put it very simply . . . the seven year itch is this:

Ring worm.

Some types of ring worm rashes have been known to incubate for seven year periods and longer.

To get on with our story . . . originally "The Seven Itchy Years" was produced as a play on Broadway. Comparing the play to the movie, there were very marked differences. Very marked.

The play's admission price was higher, for one thing. Then they didn't have air-conditioning in the play theatre.

And the play was itchier.

Much itchier.

Let it suffice to say that you will enjoy watching Marilyn Marone, Thomas Eawrl, Marilyn Marone, Sunny Tuffy, Marilyn Marone and others in this picture which is photographed in flawless cinemascope with stereophonic sound which made it seem that the sound was coming from all directions . . . In front of us . . . from the side of us . . . and in back of us.

Imagine our surprise when we discovered the sound really *was* coming from in back of us . . .

This bum in the next row talking out loud to his wife through the *whole* picture.

END



PICTURE OF EDITORS swarming out of the atre after seeing "The Seven Itchy Years."



Roger Price

Mr. Price's opinions and ideas do not necessarily reflect the opinions and ideas of this Magazine. They may possibly reflect the opinions and ideas (especially the ideas) of other people. If so, don't blame us. Serves you right for leaving them around loose!

I understand that nowhere in this copy of MAD is there a report on how the second issue did. I don't know for sure because no one has offered to let me check over the proof sheets. In fact, Mr. Kurtzman not only didn't offer, but he refused outright to even let me in the editorial office. Several times. I can't understand this rather churlish attitude, especially in view of the fact that I went out of my way to give him a good deal of free advice on the first two issues. I not only pointed out innumerable errors in the text and original drawings, but took the trouble to correct them with a large blue pencil which I carry about for that purpose.

Oh well, my experience in the Show Business has taught me to be tolerant of Eccentrics.

Anyway, the last issue of MAD was a very large success, judged from the standpoint of both sales and public reaction. The reaction to MAD in the trade can be deduced from the fact that several inane and desperately dismal Imitations have already hit the news stands (and bounced back with a limp thud).

Various reasons have been advanced for MAD'S huge sales so far. The publisher, William Gaines says that sun spots are responsible.

I attribute it to the high intelligence of the reading public (remember I had an article in each issue).

Bernie Shir-Cliff says it is because this is "precisely the right psychological time for a satirical magazine, as we have reached a critical point on the exponential curve of our cultural advance from agrarianism." (Bernie is a college man).

Other reasons advanced include (1) MAD'S liberal political viewpoint, (2) MAD'S reactionary political viewpoint, and (3) The fact that MAD'S cheap paper makes excellent Kleenex when varnished and kalsomined.

The only thing that MAD'S success hasn't been attributed to is the 80 hours a week that Harvey Kurtzman spends singlehandedly writing and laying out the thing (with advice, of course, from me on the *previous* issues).

However—enough of this intramural gossip. In line with my policy of keeping you informed, I've decided to do a piece this month presenting the true facts about today's Criminal Investigating Game.

Many people have an erroneous impression of Detectives and Investigators gained from lurid story-book characters such as Dick Tracy, Sam Spade, Senator Kefauver and Tallulah Bankhead. In reality, crime detection is a plodding, unromantic business which depends upon footwork and patience rather than upon derringdo and bravado.

Several years ago I became interested in criminology (it

was in 1951 right after somebody stole my good, green flannel shirt and a pair of sneakers out of the back of my car—and I took the time to study at first hand the scientific methods used by the Clay County (West Virginia) Bureau of Investigation.

Originally the C.C.B.I. was merely an adjunct to the Sheriff's Office consisting of two men, Elton Parsons,—the Sheriff's brother-in-law—and my Uncle Frank, who had a wide knowledge of criminal activities in and around Charleston gained from first hand experience. This was in 1949.

But today, only six years later, the C.C.B.I. has two offices, its own scientific lavatory* and a technical expert (myself, although I am listed on the payroll in the ex-officio capacity of nephew). Elton Parsons and Uncle Frank have also built up a record of 24 arrests and 9 convictions. In spite of the fact that 11 of the arrests and 6 of the convictions involved Uncle Frank, I still consider this record imposing.

Using excerpts from the secret files of the C.C.B.I., I should like to show you how this organization built its reputation on the solid rock of *performance*.

THE SISSONVILLE FIEND CASE (File No. 488-C)

The Sissonville Case began one Monday morning about ten A.M. Uncle Frank had just come into the office and was fixing some coffee on the hotplate when the telephone rang. A thin, falsetto voice informed him that a man was lying behind the coal-shed of Clendenin's Boarding House in nearby Sissonville. The anonymous caller added that the man had been decapitated.

Now a storybook Detective would have immediately grabbed his gun and a bottle of bourbon from his desk drawer and raced off half-cocked to the scene of the crime. But not Uncle Frank. He went into action the modern scientific way.

First he finished his coffee. Then he went next door and borrowed a dictionary from old Mrs. Waller and looked up the word "decapitated."

Then he began laying plans for the Investigation which would eventually crack the Sissonville Case wide open.

The following Thursday Uncle Frank arrived at Clendenin's Boarding House and, cleverly timing his entrance to coincide with lunch, he strode into the dining-room and fixing the Boarders with a steely glance, he said quietly, "Who done it?"

No one answered. Uncle Frank realized that he had reached an *impasse*. He then began the Second Phase of the

*They intended to build a scientific *LAB*oratory, but there was a typographical error in the architect's plans. But Uncle Frank says that by and large it turned out better this way.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Investigation. He telephoned Elton Parsons back at the office and got him to look up "impasse" in the Dictionary which, always planning ahead, Uncle Frank had not returned.

He was writing down the definition in his notebook (a handy notebook is a "must" for every C.C.B.I. Operative) when Mrs. Clendenin's ten year old son, Jerome, came into the hall and began telephoning numbers at random. Whenever he got anyone he would inform them that a man was lying in back of his Mother's coal-shed. Then he would add that the man had been decapitated, and hang up and roll on the floor laughing hysterically. Uncle Frank made notes of Jerome's actions and entered the Third Phase of his Investigation. He went out and looked behind the coal-shed.

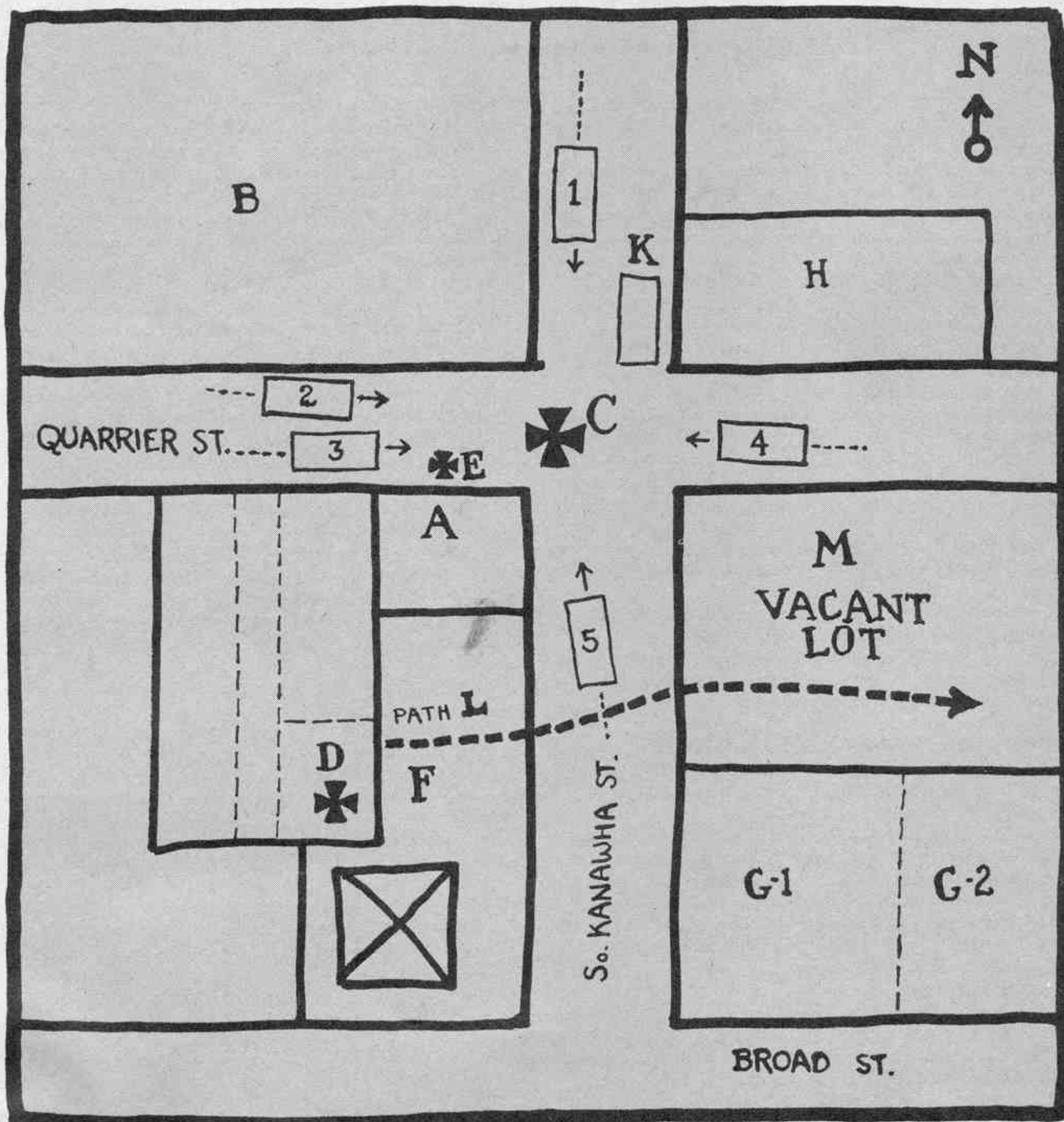
There was nothing there. So Uncle Frank went back into the house, carefully stepped on Jerome's Electric Train and took the rest of the afternoon off.

It's easy to see why the Sissonville case is thought of in Detecting Circles as a Model of Scientific Criminology. Although it presented a simple problem, the Method used: (1) Psychological *tour de force*, followed by (2) Inductive Reasoning, and (3) Direct Action and Retribution, leaving no loose ends, no unexplored possibilities, and no electric train, can be applied successfully to the most complicated assignments.

THE CAPTURE

The C.C.B.I. Staff are basically Investigators and leave the

Figure 1.



more spectacular aspects of the actual capture of criminals to Other Departments. However, their motto is "Be Prepared!" (This wasn't originally their motto but once when they arrested a Boy Scout and an elderly lady for jay-walking, Uncle Frank confiscated the Boy Scout's T-shirt which had this phrase stenciled on it and it seemed so apt that he and Elton adopted it then and there).

And in line with this motto, Uncle Frank has worked out a brilliant method of surrounding and guaranteeing the capture of any criminal whose whereabouts is known.

To illustrate—let us take a hypothetical situation. (See Diagram Fig. 1.) We will assume that a Criminal is known to be hiding out in an apartment at (D) with a front entrance on Quarrier St. and a side entrance at (F) opening onto a Gasoline Station. Elsewhere in the Diagram we see a Candy Store (A), the Lewis and Hubbard Wholesale Grocery Co. (B), a row of houses on Broad Street (G-1) and (G-2), and Polan's 5 & 10c Store (H).

Now for the actual carrying out of the Capture. When Zero Hour is reached, Squad cars from the Sheriff's Office begin to converge scientifically toward the corner of So. Kanawha; Car No. 5 races north on So. Kanawha. Cars Nos. 2 and 3 both rush east on Quarrier, and Car No. 4 speeds west on Quarrier.

The criminal then will be surprised into running out onto the street when he hears the tremendous crash at (C). He will stand at point (E) to observe the wounded being placed in the Ambulance, which has been strategically located at (K).

At this moment Elton Parsons, who has been waiting on the roof of the Candy Store (A) drops a rock on the criminal's head (BOP).

This is the Master Plan but no eventualities have been overlooked. In case the criminal becomes suspicious (because of perhaps being captured in this way previously) he will attempt to fool the C.C.B.I. and escape through the side entrance (F) and will follow path (L) running full speed across the street and through the Vacant Lot (M). Once again he will find himself out-smarted. Because there is no Vacant Lot at (M). Locating it there on the Diagram is merely another clever stratagem. Actually there is a large stone Bank Building at (M) and the criminal in following path (L) will rush head on into the building and will knock himself unconscious.

The lone Criminal has no chance when he is faced with scientific planning and Organization.

OBTAINING INFORMATION (THIRD DEGREE)

Uncle Frank and Elton Parsons make it a rule never under any circumstances to maltreat or use physical violence on their prisoners unless it's necessary. When they want to obtain confession or information from a recalcitrant prisoner, they rely on psychological methods.

Last spring they arrested a notorious Clay County Troublemaker, Rachel, "Hoghead" Skinner on the charge of drunkenness and suspicion of stealing a green flannel shirt and a pair of sneakers from my car. She professed no knowledge of the shirt and sneakers and refused to divulge the location of her husband's Still. So Uncle Frank determined to make her talk by using psychology. He decided to make Rachel think she was getting the DT's so she would become frightened and confess.

That night he put a quart of gin into her stew to make her sleepy and then later he slipped into her cell and laced her shoes up on her hands. Then he took her gloves and put the gloves on Rachel's feet. Then he rang a bell and woke her up.

At first Rachel didn't pay any attention to the gloves on her feet—she noticed them but thought that they were

her hands. But then she got an itch and started to scratch herself behind the left ear. When this happened, Uncle Frank forgot the confession. He put up bleachers outside her cell and began selling rickets.

IDENTIFYING CRIMINAL TYPES.

There are certain tell-tale signs by which the trained C.C.B.I. man can distinguish the congenital Wrong-Doer. By merely observing the way a person wears his shoulder holster or jimmies open a window, Uncle Frank can tell immediately whether that person has criminal tendencies.

By far the most accurate guide to sure-fire and immediate recognition of these types is the ear. Doctor Albert Schwine and Dr. O. Kitzenger spent years analyzing and correlating the relation of ear structure to personality traits, working in conjunction with the French *Sûreté*, and they have evolved a number of excellent theories, all of which are identical with those evolved years previously by other Students of the Ear. I have their permission to illustrate here a few of the Standard Ear Types that indicate anti-social traits. (Fig. 2.)

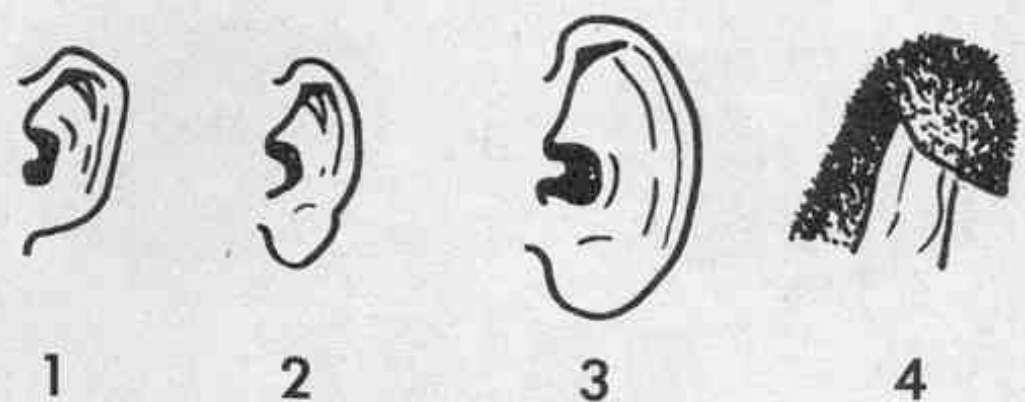
THE "STAKE OUT"

Frequently in cracking a difficult case, the thorough Investigator will find it necessary to keep a building or a suspicious person under surveillance for days, or even months, at a time. This is called a "Stake Out."

Uncle Frank and Elton Parsons have had a Stake Out on a building at 412 Broad Street. (See G-6-2 on Diagram, Fig. 1.) For the past seven months they've kept a close watch through the windows of this building noting what goes on inside. Hardly a night goes by but what one of them does not keep this building under surveillance, in spite of the repeated complaints of the occupant, Mrs. Agnes Svenson, an attractive young widow.*

This lonely, unexciting work is never mentioned in the headlines but it is absolutely necessary in Modern Police work.

Figure 2.



FINGERPRINTS

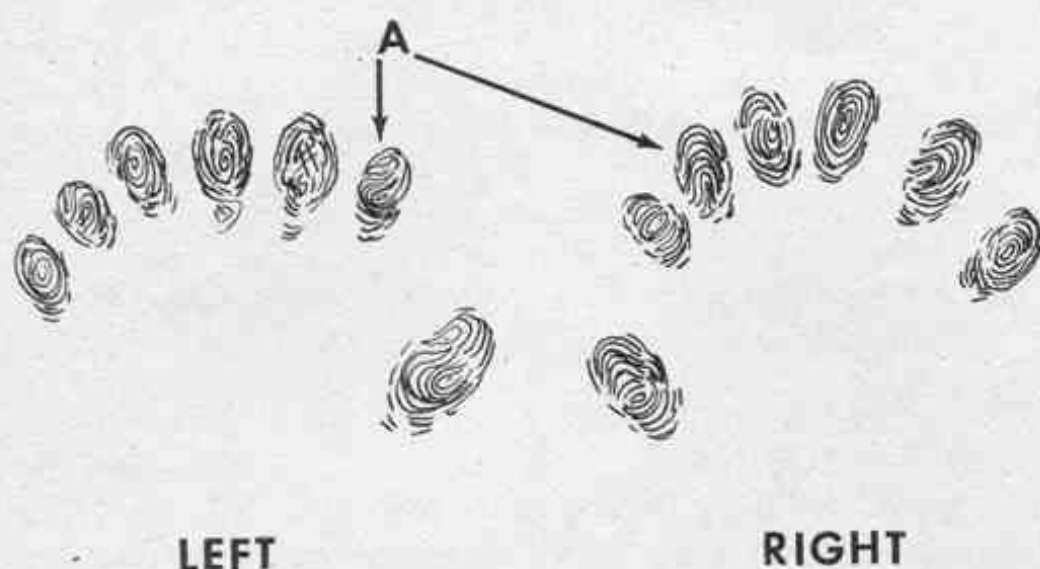
More criminals have been trapped by their fingerprints than by any other facet of Scientific Investigation. Everyone has a distinct set of fingerprints and whenever you touch anything with a smooth surface, you leave an impression that the Trained Detective can remove and use as evidence.

Here we have reproduced two typical sets of fingerprints from the C.C.B.I. secret files. First we see the official prints taken of my Cousin Clayton (Fig. 3). **CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**

*Although she's been putting on a little too much weight recently in my opinion.

To the untrained eye these prints might seem like any of a thousand others. But to the experienced C.C.B.I. Expert (me) the distinctive whorls (A) and ridges at the thumb and fourth finger make them immediately unique and identifiable.

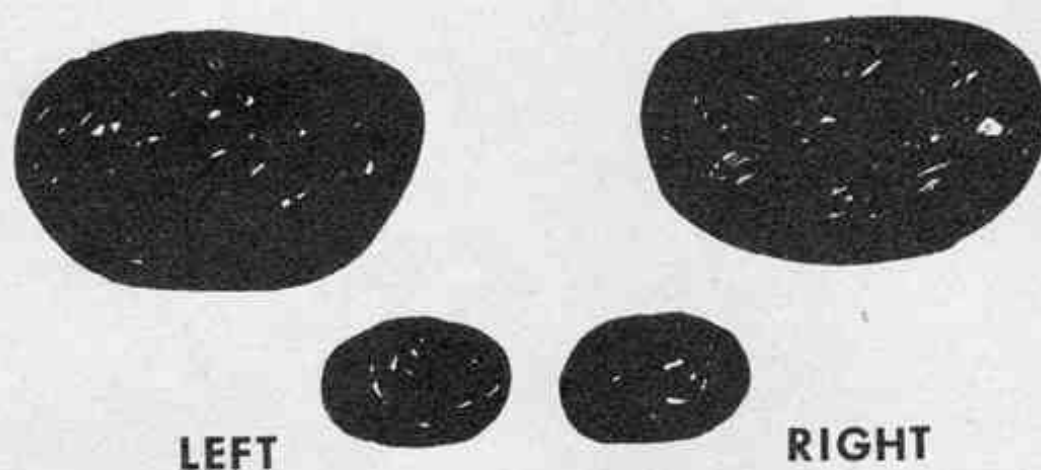
Figure 3.



Next we have a set of prints taken by Uncle Frank, which belong to the notorious bank robber, "Big Red" Mulcay. (Fig. 4.)

They are somewhat less distinct than the first set of prints due to the fact that "Big Red" insisted on wearing boxing gloves at the time. But if he ever pulls a job in Clay County wearing boxing gloves, Uncle Frank will be on his trail in a flash.

Figure 4.



MARKSMANSHIP

The C.C.B.I. Staff make a point of following a rigid progress of preparedness by holding regular target practice every Friday night. At least they used to. Uncle Frank and Elton Parsons started out a year ago holding their target practice in an empty warehouse near the Big Ace Bar and Grill on the Beckley Road. They would draw a bull's eye with chalk on one of the walls and then stand back and shoot at it with the Sheriff's Shot Gun. However, they had

to discontinue the sessions after the fourth week when the ceiling fell on them and gave Elton a bad concussion.

In spite of this both Uncle Frank and Elton qualified for Marksman Ratings. During the four weeks they practiced neither of them missed the wall once.

(BIG UNCLE MOVEMENT)

Uncle Frank has always been a believer in stopping crime before it gets started by combatting Juvenile Delinquency. Over 70% of juvenile delinquents in Clay County are just kids, young kids, and these youngsters who are considered "wild" today are the same boys who in a few years will be prowling the streets, committing murder and arson, holding up banks and stealing things from cars (such as flannel shirts and sneakers—the sneakers, incidentally, had my initials printed in ink on the insole and were size 11. If you happen to have any knowledge of them, please contact me or the C.C.B.I.).

In 1953 Uncle Frank and Elton Parsons began their program of assistance to teen-agers designed to show them that the Officers of the Law were their friends. They called it the BIG UNCLE MOVEMENT (B.U.M.).

They had noticed that many Clay County youngsters were becoming delinquent and were cutting school and spending their time on street corners and in alleys shooting craps and playing Black Jack with greasy cards. They realized that this was not a healthy environment and decided to do something about it. They got a Real Estate Agent to donate an empty store on South Kanawha Street and turned it into a Club Room for the Boys where they could enjoy a more wholesome environment.

At first the youngsters were hostile but Uncle Frank and Elton managed to win their confidence and within a month all of those so-called "tough kids" had stopped hanging around on street corners and in alleys and were spending all of their time at their Club shooting craps and playing Black Jack on special tables that Uncle Frank had helped them build.

This not only kept them out of mischief but the House Cut provided Uncle Frank with a moderate income, part of which he unselfishly used to purchase new athletic equipment such as dice and plastic-coated cards for His Boys.

CONCLUSION

I trust that this exposé of the secret inside workings of the C.C.B.I. dissuade any of you who have thought of becoming criminals from doing so. Remember—if you are guilty of Wrong-Doing you will be caught and have to pay the penalty. You will, if you Wrong-Do in Clay County anyway.

I also hope that this article will serve as a small tribute to all of the unsung heroes without uniform in the investigating game who protect you from harm. Sometimes I think that these fearless men who make heroism a day-to-day business are typified by Uncle Frank, whose steely glance and shifty chin are known the length and breadth of Clay County. Whenever Uncle Frank comes into sight, wearing his usual plain clothes outfit, a badly fitting green flannel shirt and a pair of sneakers, he is always greeted by peaceful law abiding citizens with the same remark: "Whatta you want?"

Uncle Frank never tells them. He may be a cop, but he's no stool pigeon.

END

SAME DEPT. AS ON PAGES 2, 21 and 50

MORE SURE FIRE DIALOGUE

PUGILISM

The kid's gotta lot to learn, but he's a natural-born fighter, and that right of his is gonna bring us the champeenship.

Look, Ruby, stay away from my boy. Your kind ain't no good for him. He's a sweet kid, and I wouldn't wanta see him get hurt.

What's the matter with the kid? He's leavin' himself wide open. The champ'll slaughter him, if he don't snap out of it.

Kid! Kid! Snap out of it! Ruby's here and she says everything's okay. Cardonna gave her the letters. Now go in there, kid, and take him.

SWASHBUCKLING

You would be wise to keep one eye on Sarnoff. He's cunning that one, and not to be trusted.

So, Major Steinzruten, we meet again.

One day I shall return to Fort Lutznau, and when I do, I shall have a legion in back of me. THIS I PROMISE YOU.

Retrieve thy blade, Ratznoff. It is not of my nature to take unfair advantage of an opponent, not even so despicable a one as thyself.

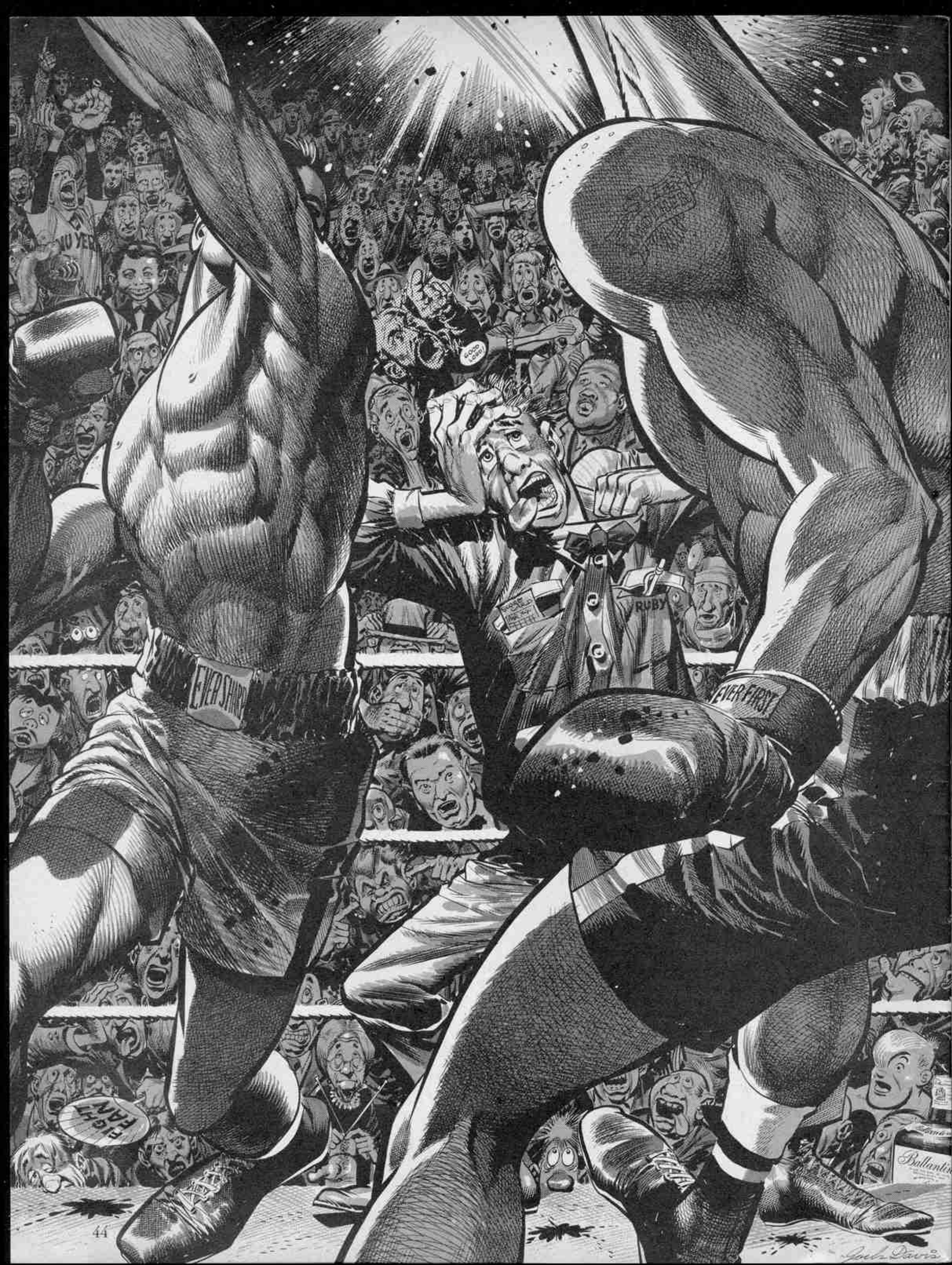
Look closely, my dear Count de Roquefort. Do you still not recognize the man standing before you in noble raiment as the humble stable-boy whose mother was flogged for stealing a miserable crust from the slop troughs of the swineherd of a vast estate belonging to one whose self-same countenance you see every morning in the gilded mirrors of your luxurious boudoir?

HOSS OP'RA

It's high time this town was made safe for decent citizens.

That's Bat Masterson. They say he cleaned up Tombstone singlehanded.

Why wait for the law? Let's string 'em up now.



A GUIDE TO BETTER UNDERSTANDING THE FINE OLD ART OF BOXING

The big Marciano Moore battle is ended. Another grand chapter has been added to the ring's history. Two valiant gladiators have emerged and none can say they gave short measure to their art. These fistic greats have added new meaning to the word courage. They have earned the right to take with them an everlasting memory of this glorious encounter. It will not be who won or lost...it will not be the shattered dreams nor the answered prayers. Rather, it will be the terrible, terrible beating they absorbed.

Most readers may be surprised to learn that prizefighters are really very gentle folk. You'll never hear of a fighter getting involved in a brawl outside of the ring. In fact he'll go out of his way to avoid such a fight because a) he's afraid he'll kill the guy... and b) who wants to work for free.



Mom gives her mental support



Wife gives her loving reward

All fighters love their mothers. Everyone knows that the first thing a boxer does at the end of a fight is grab the "mike" and shout "Hello Ma!—I won!" He knows how anxious the dear little lady is to hear that he isn't hurt... after all, he does cut very easily, especially around the eyes. Last time it kept him from working for three months and she was worried that she might have to dip into her own savings.

Many fighters lead simple ordinary lives like any other average citizen. They have families, own homes, TV sets, and dogs. It's a common everyday sight to see a fighter return home after a hard day's work to be greeted by his wife with a tender kiss on the lips... er, nose... er, ear... well somewhere around there.

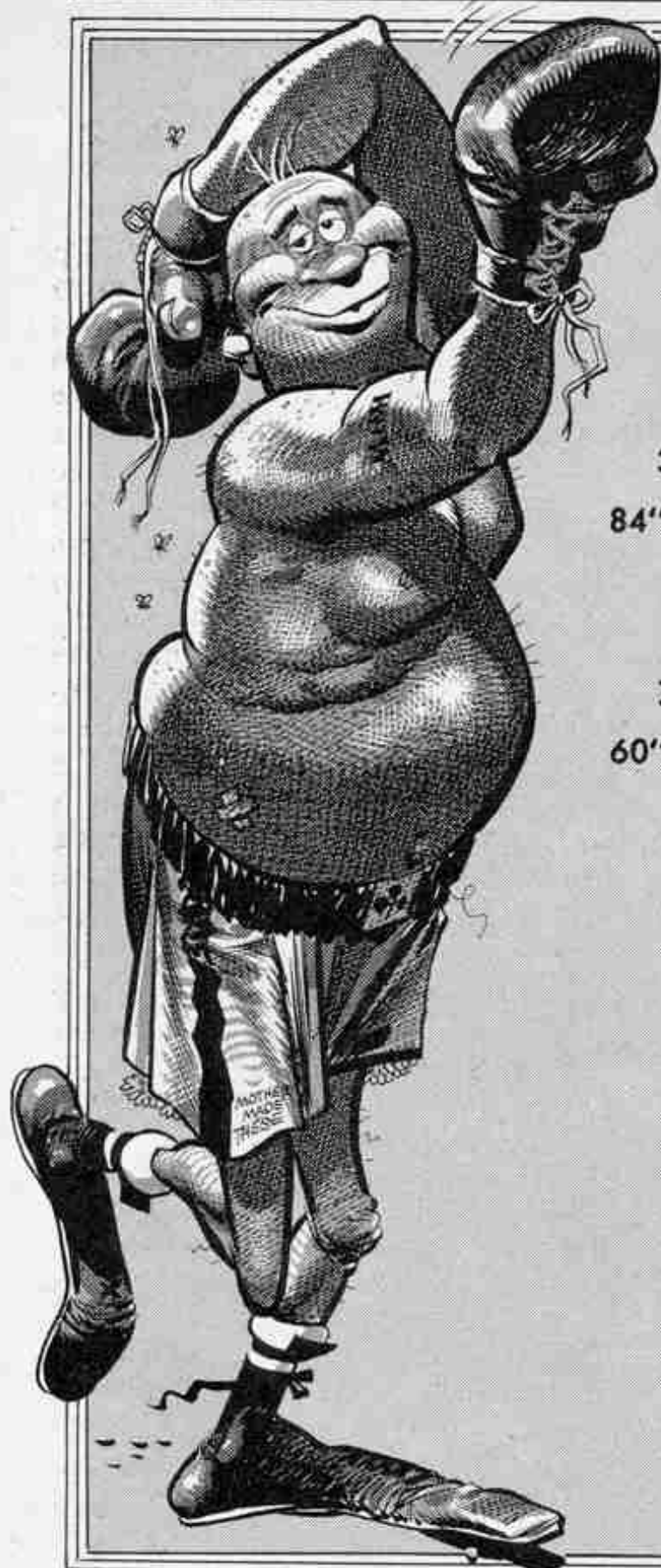
About the best and worst you can say for boxing is... "It's a living???"

PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS

PRE-FIGHT WEIGHING IN CEREMONIES ARE IMPORTANT BECAUSE IT TELLS HOW MUCH EACH BOXER WEIGHS



A good clean fight evokes admiration from fans and brings out emotions they never even knew they had.



blue	EYES	one blue one red
broken	NOSE	bent
two	EARS	two and a half
31" normal/ 84" expanded	CHEST	{ normal 52" expanded 54"
30¢ lb.	RIBS	29¢ lb.
73" normal/ 60" expanded	STOMACH	{ normal 30" expanded 34"
white	TRUNKS	black
tholid	THIGH	thoft
dimpled	KNEES	knock
two	FEET	two
eleven	TOES	nine



CHAMPS ARE MADE NOT BORN

To rise to the highest place in fistiana requires more than exceptional boxing ability. Gone are the days when you could challenge the top man by slapping his face with your glove or by knocking a chip off his shoulder. In boxing nowadays, like in other professions, you must begin at the beginning and work your way up. The very first thing you must do is get a shrewd manager. He'll know just the right way to bring you along. He'll plan every detail of your career. He'll see to it that you fight the right guy at the right time at the right place. The right guy is a bum your manager knows you can easily beat. The right time is when the public starts to believe that this will be a truly great fight. The right place is where you can get the biggest gate and the best publicity. So you get into the ring with this once great has-been and proceed to make mince-meat of him. The crowd eats it up. T.V. brings this bloodbath into living rooms every where and newspaper sport pages are drenched with gory details. You're on your way now, boy. Your manager quickly sets up another job to catch the fans while they're still breathing hard and drooling. Eventually, you reach the point where you are considered a "contender." This means you are one of a number of pugilists who are deemed worthy challengers for

the champ's crown.

But getting a crack at the champ is still a long way off. The champ doesn't fight any more often than he has to, which is usually once a year. It isn't that he is afraid or lazy, it's just that a second fight would put him in such a tax bracket that he'd wind up taking all the chances while Uncle Sam took all the loot.

So let's say you're strong, lucky, and live long enough to finally get a date with the champ. You're in the big time at last. Having a shrewd manager has paid off. But now you find out why the champ got where he is—boy has *he* got a shrewd manager. For the great opportunity of being allowed in the ring with the champ you sign a contract which nets you not much more than the great opportunity of being allowed in the ring with the champ. But if you happen to win you can start pulling the same deal on everyone else.

Now and then Boxing is attacked and charges of gangsterism, brutality, and corruption are hurled at it. In all fairness, is professional boxing really so terribly unlike other sports? After all, doesn't the prizefighter have a lot in common with his colleagues in baseball, football, and basketball? Of course he does—why the first thing a boxer learns is how to *play ball*.

A GOOD HOUR'S WORK

Prizefighters fight to make money. But don't get the idea that every boxer staggers home soothing his wounds with thousand dollar bills. From his early prelim fights he's lucky if he makes enough to pay his tab at the local beanery. In fact the going gets so rough at times that he tells himself only a punch-drunk idiot belongs in a business like this. He becomes even more upset when he realizes that he's in the right business. At times like these the manager again plays an important role. He must lend moral support and encourage the boy. It's the manager's job to keep his fighter's flagging spirits up by constantly telling him of the big payday in the not too distant future. He must do this at least until the early sensitivity gives way to later numbness. Then in time, after lots of hard work and some lucky breaks, our boy gets into the big time.

After the big fight the newspapers publish a financial statement which tells among other things, the amount of each boxer's share. It's usually quite a shock to us average slobs to see that two gorillas have earned in one hour more money than many of us will earn in a lifetime. But then we realize that these poor guys have made it the hard way and they deserve to enjoy every bloody cent *after* a few expenses, of course . . .

END



Manager gets percentage



Fight permit, locker fees.



First aid



Plastic surgery



Training expenses



Medical Supplies.



Trainer's salary



Trainer's wife



Federal Income Tax



State tax



House tax



County tax



City tax



Room tax



Tax tax



Assorted charities, relatives, leeches, spongers

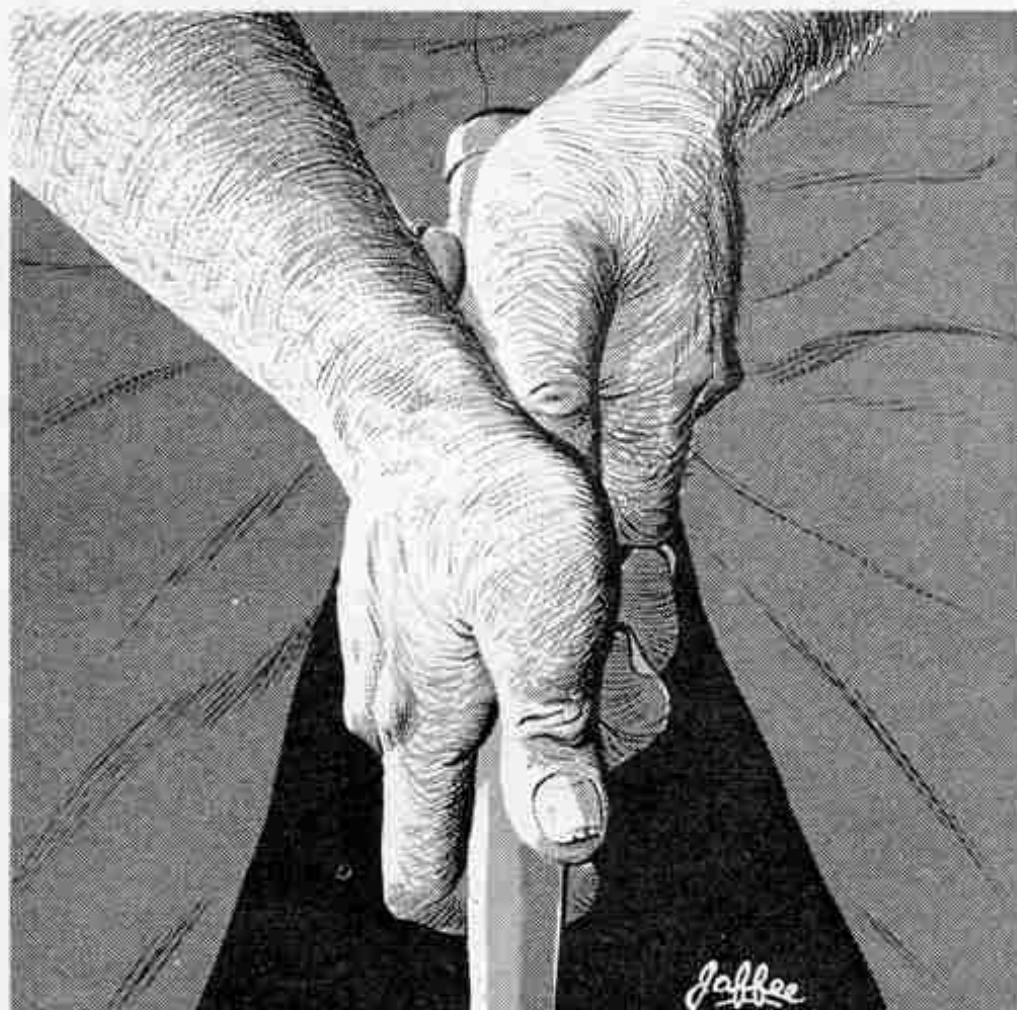
WHAT'S LEFT



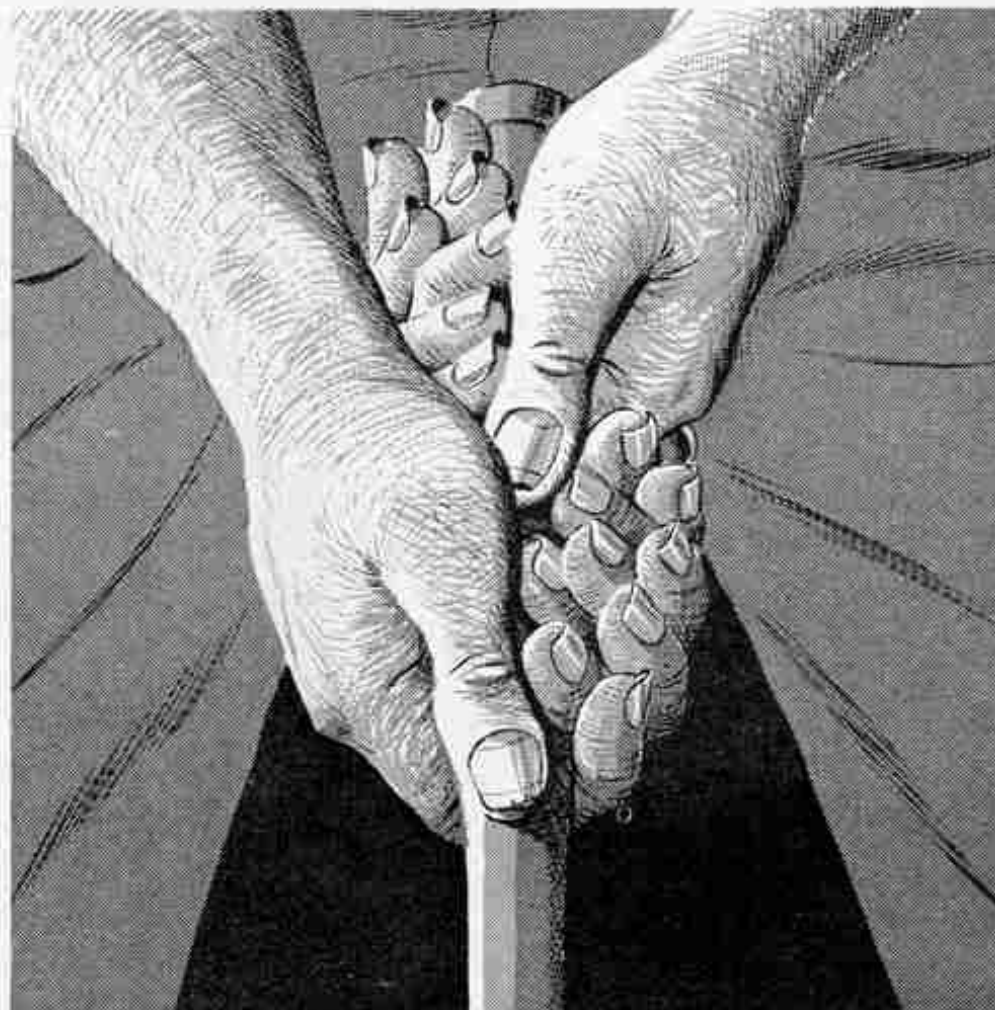
Not bad for an hour's work, eh?

MY SECRET

Benn Ogen reveals mystery gimmick that made him rich and famous



WITHOUT SECRET Ogen's conventional grip is exactly the same one he has used for years with unspectacular results.



WITH SECRET Ogen shifts his fingers ever so slightly which is the main reason why his opponents could not detect it.

by **BENN OGEN**

PICTURES BY AL JAFFEE

The better golfer you become the more trouble you'll have with the hook. A hook is the natural outgrowth of a more powerful swing. It'd be almost funny if it weren't so pathetic to see the ridiculous lengths that some famous tournament players have gone to to get rid of this terrible problem. Take the case of my old friend Sam Snood. Sam approached the problem with calm logic. He figured that since a hook veers off to the left he could solve it by standing a little further over to the right. Little by little he edged further and further over to the right and when the ball was almost landing just right he suddenly developed a terrible slice. Since a slice veers off in the opposite direction of a hook, poor old Sam could do nothing else but start working his way back in the other direction. Just as the slice was about to disappear guess what? . . . that's right . . . the hook returned and with calm logic Sam proceeded to smash every club over his caddie's head. Mang Lloydrum tried various methods of licking the demon hook including a special set of anti-hook clubs with built in battery-operated swivel heads. A mid-game short circuit ended that idea. Alfred E. Neuman tried the most audacious experiment of all . . . he gave up golf. Oh these poor, poor deluded



"Tricky lil' Devil, ain't I?"

boys. I just couldn't help chuckling to myself as I watched their pitiful efforts when all the while (chuckle chuckle) I had the *real* secret. Boy, I just hated myself for laughing at their (HA, HA) expense, but with my secret I was (HO, HO) beating the pants off 'em. They were (HOO, HAH-HA) starving. But now that I'm load—er—now that I've decided to retire I'd like to share my secret with them.

What makes the whole thing so very interesting is the utter simplicity of my secret. I can't understand why no one ever noticed it. You start by simply gripping your club in the usual manner . . . then with a simple motion you start to pronate the right hand till a

small "V" is formed between the wrists. Apply the rule about isosceles triangles to this "V" then go on to figure out the distance from angle "A" to angle "B." If it exceeds 11½ degrees, compensate with a simple reverse pronation until left thumb comes right under the middle knuckle of left forefinger. Simple, hey? But wait—that's not the secret yet. You will notice that after all this maneuvering that there's no place to put the right pinky. Well, just point it towards where you'd like the ball to go, then try to hit the ball there. If it happens—man! *You've got the secret!*



THE SECRET BEGINS when Ogen goes into his backswing. He starts his



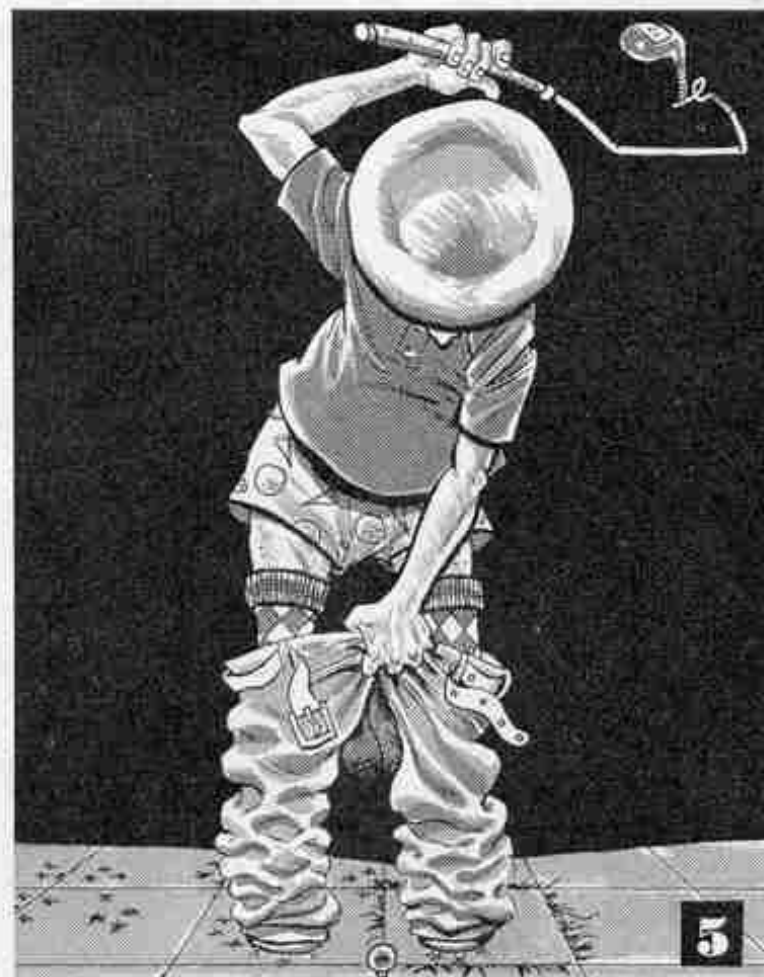
loosening up as shown in picture 2 and continues until he reaches critical moment. (3)



Whereupon his left hand pronates downwards (4) with great speed (5)



SECRET CONCLUDES with reverse pronation upwards (see 6) and a firm



tightening grip (7) Downswing continues till the moment of contact (as in 8) resulting in



follow-thru' and right pinky pointing to spot ball should light (9)



SAME DEPT. AS ON PAGES 2, 21 and 43

MORE SURE FIRE DIALOGUE

HORSE SENSE

Carrie! Carrie! Come quick! The new colt's here!
The sweetest little brown-eyed filly you ever laid
eyes on...

Steady there, Sunny Gal, steady. You don't like that
saddle nohow, do you? Steady baby.

Mister Sam! Mister Sam! Did you all see that? 'Cor-
din to this heah stopwatch that li'l ol' horse done
just set a new record for the mile 'n' a quarter!

Now, boy, I want you to take it easy until you get
to the last turn. THEN GIVE 'ER HER HEAD!

How bad is it, Doc? Will she ever run again?

Your daddy was a real champion, little girl. Now go
out there and prove to those folks you're his
daughter.

We's done it! Sunny Gal's done win the derby!

MONSTERS!

Think me a superstitious old fool if you wish, but
certain events have occurred which lead me to be-
lieve we are dealing with someone--or something
not of this world...

The villagers will not venture near the castle,
Sire. They say it's inhabited--by creatures of
the devil!

Darling, I don't like this Count of yours. Something
about his manner makes my blood run cold...

You must not be frightened, my dear. The pain will
be over with quickly, and then--ETERNAL LIFE!...

Look! The castle--it's burning! The fiend is in
there!

Thus ends an experiment that never should have begun.
Man was not meant to tamper with the unknown. There
is a higher power.

That's strange. Except for these two tiny puncture
marks on the throat, the body bears not a single
sign of violence...

BEST SELLER DEPT.

Tense Tycoons and Lucky Bucks

MAD'S OWN BUSINESS NOVEL 'CRASH McCool'
REAFFIRMS SPIRITUAL VALUES OF COOL CASH

Alert, money-wise, ever quick to spot a trend, MAD takes you this month into the world of business—Big Business. Hard on the heels of successful businessagas (*Executive Suite*, *Cash McCall*) comes MAD's business best-seller, the terse epic of another steel-eyed, trigger-witted executive—*Crash McCool*.

Unlike early titans of finance (Diamond Jim Brady, Diamond Jim Fiske, Alfred "Paste" Neuman) Crash McCool makes his millions rapidly buying and selling companies in the shrewd (but legal) pursuit of quick profits. Under present tax laws, it is possible to buy a

corporation, keep it for six months, then sell out and pay only a 26% Capital Gains tax on the profit. Simple, isn't it? And *fun*, too.*

This is the pulse-tingling situation which the novel explores. Winsome, poised, equally at home in a discussion of Debussy or debentures, Crash McCool is typical of thousands of boyish, greying-at-the-temples young American executives. For them, as for MAD's millions of well-heeled readers, *Crash McCool* (a novel) poses a fascinating question: In these times of high taxes and creeping socialism, can a millionaire boy still make good?



CRASH McCool



AUSTIN GRANT



LARRAINE GRANT
(Torn between loyalties)



PHIL SHERIDAN

CRASH McCool, a dealer in second-hand corporations, has made quick millions merging run-down little companies into shiny big companies which he sells for thumping profits (Capital Gains Play) or thumping losses (Tax Loss Merger). Either way, Crash can't lose. Yet now, in the midst of his biggest deal, Crash is assailed by doubts: Is it legal? Is it worth the effort? Is it—deep down inside—is it *fun*?

AUSTIN GRANT, round-shouldered, pasty-faced boss of a company Crash McCool is about to devour, faces a different sort of problem. After forty-three years' laborious effort building the Grant Gramophone Co. to its present level of mediocrity, is it time to quit?

LARRAINE GRANT, Austin's devoted daughter, has always helped her father through business crises with shrewd

advice. Now, torn between loyalty to her father and her secret love for Crash, she stands on the threshold of thirty in flat-heeled shoes. Will cosmetics help?

PHIL SHERIDAN, keen young executive consultant, has always despised "speculators" like Crash for their lapses of grammar, poor choice of ancestors. McCool's poised mastery of cash and culture poses a new question: Is money "correct"?

WALDON CONMAN (not shown), suave corporation "mouthpiece," covers Crash McCool's tracks with legal red herrings. A fast talker, nimble, balding Conman can make any case look good in court. Is he honest?

MALT MOULTON, staid Main Line banker, has always admired McCool's impetuous way with a million, asks only that venture be "sufficiently risky." Is he crazy?

All of these people, and all of these questions, are caught up in the great game of Finance as Crash McCool masses his forces for the biggest coup of his career—his raid on the tottering Grant Gramophone Company, cornerstone in a gigantic scheme of mergers and stock manipulations that will give him virtual control of the entire home phonograph industry. But as his plans develop, Crash finds that behind the

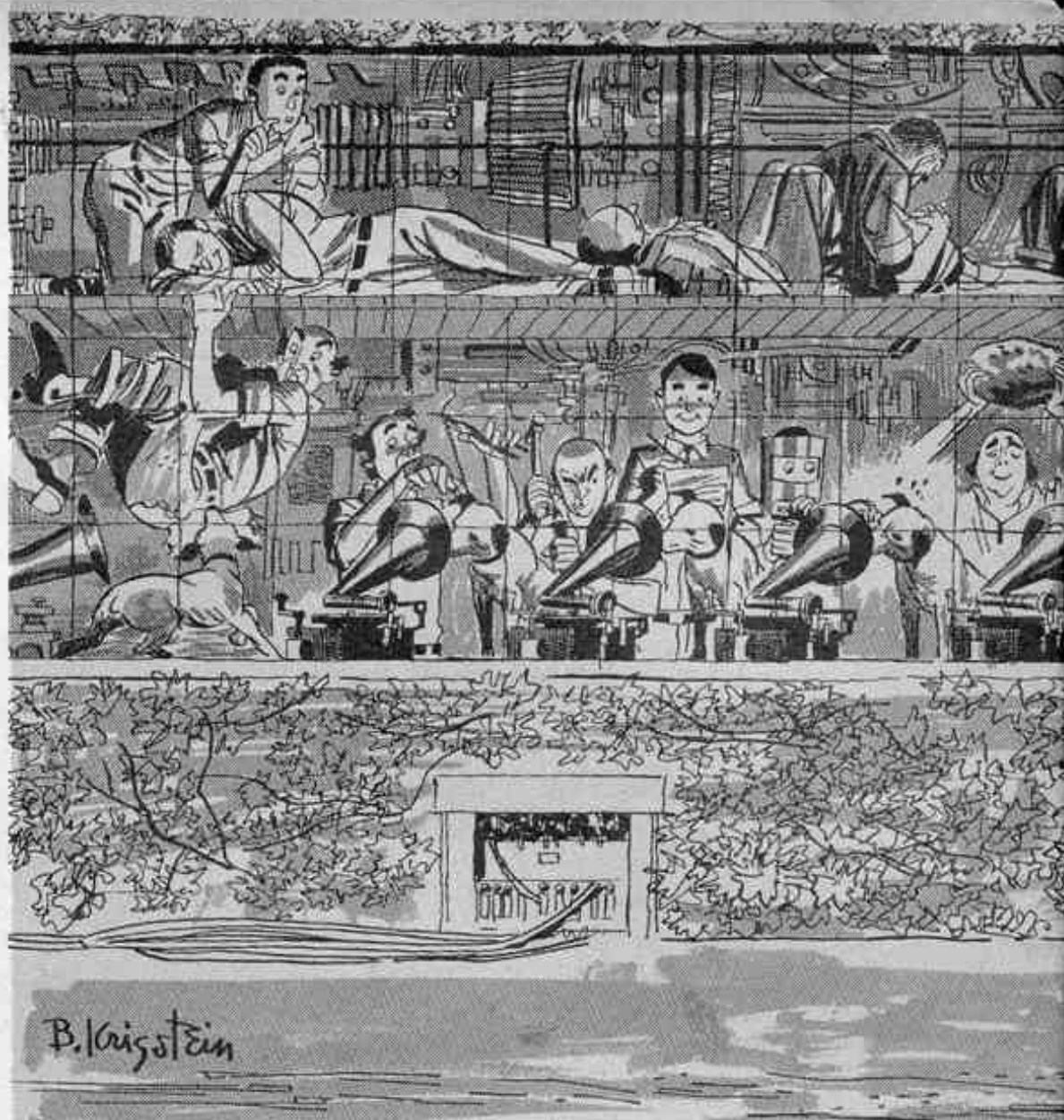
financial reports and organizational charts there are (surprise!) people. Some are big people whose wishes must be respected; others are little people (workers, etc.) hardly visible to the naked eye. Big or little, their lives—their destinies—are in his hands. For this is a story of America today (condensed), from the dictaphone of Wall Street's foremost tycoonovelist (in abridged form)—the story of Crash McCool.

* An even more exciting game is Tax-Loss Merger. Under the rules of T.L.M., companies are dealt out to all the players and the object is to win—or lose—all the money. The player winning all the money knocks "High" and takes the companies from the "Low" players to give to the "house" (in this case, The White House) in lieu of "taxes." Any number can play, but since the game is played for real money, readers are advised to try out a few hands at home before venturing forth in tournament competition.

Five exciting pages from the new
business thriller CRASH McCOOL

Illustrated for MAD by B. KRIGSTEIN

MONEY, MONEY, who's got the MONEY?



'Before you close with anybody, call Crash McCool

PERCHED crazily in the high, square-backed Pierce-Arrow, Austin Grant coasted downhill into the parking place reserved for him as president of the Grant Gramophone Company, Inc. For a moment he paused, one foot on the running board, to survey the weed-choked lot. The workmen's bicycles were piled haphazardly in the grass—mute symbols of the respect for tradition, the pride of craftsmanship and the miserable wages that had made the Grant Gramophone great.

Today, however, his spirits flagged. He felt no zest. Somewhere in the long years—was it 1921?—the tang of competition had drained away. At sixty-three, Austin Grant was a putty-faced, pouch-eyed failure in a baggy sack suit. He'd gone to the Mayo Clinic last November, but they'd been no help. Examined him thoroughly, called in consultants . . . wanted to make sure. Then they told him. Said, "Grant, we can't help you. Like to, but we can't." Shook their heads, marvelling. Added: "You're already dead."

It was true . . . had been true for years. Picking his way among stagnant puddles toward the factory, Austin Grant's mind lashed back to another day—was it only thirty years ago?—when he'd come bounding into the factory at 6:15 a.m. shouting the company slogan and shaking his fist at late-coming workers. Now, his hand on the factory door, he felt the familiar clawing, stabbing, knifing, twisting agony in his rib cage and wondered: Am I still worth my managerial salt?

He belched dimly and went in.

"You called, sir?" Miss Vorple stood before him, prim in her grey middie blouse, grey skirt, and neatly-buttoned black patent-leather shoes. He put down the speaking tube.

"Send in Bessemer." He barked sharply, "Run!"

His eye raced down a column of figures. Production of finished gramophones in March: 36. A drop of close to 1600 units. He had spotted the trouble instantly. After forty years in the business a man developed an eye for reading numbers. He rolled the thought around in his

mind, but there was no tang in it. No zest, either.

Bessemer slouched in, a puffy, red-faced youth of forty-three. He was picking his teeth with a screwdriver.

"What's up, Chief?"

"Production. It's not up. It's down. Why?"

"Oh *that*," Bessemer shrugged. "We ran out of paper for the horns. Frankly, Chief, I don't know why we go on making sets with these big horns on top. You look around—Philco, Zenith, them other big outfits—they don't mess around with horns. They got like tubes and wires and little magnet speakers inside their gramophones."

Austin Grant straightened crisply.

"Don't be a fool, Bessemer. You know our trademark. We've got to have horns. Dogs too."

Bessemer eyed him narrowly. "Crazy as a tick," he muttered. He spun on his heel and marched out.

Alone in his office, Austin Grant let his mind lash back over the interview. Bessemer was just a boy . . . didn't guess the significance . . . but that bit about "tubes" and "wires" . . . So it was true! Somewhere in the long years the competition had switched over to electronics! When . . . 1921? . . . 1948? . . . 1896? Austin sighed. Always the rat-race of competition, the fierce fight to stay ahead.

He picked up the newspaper, leafed through the job opportunities, and turned to the financial page. SEVEN COMPANY MERGER . . . PLAN THREE BILLION PLANT EXPANSION . . . SELL NOW! I CASH COMPANIES . . . 100 MILLION R.F.C. LOAN TO . . .

I cash companies! Austin Grant's gaze lashed back. Yes, there it was in bold 72-point type.

SELL NOW!

I CASH COMPANIES!!!

That's right! Mfr's, Indst'l's—I pay TOP DOLLAR for your old company! Am I crazy—You Bet! But show me no mercy! Before you close with anybody, call Crash McCool at HI \$-5000. Crazy Crash has got the cash!

Sell the company? During the war Alderson & Grimm had sounded him out on the possibility, and the clawing,



Austin Grant, president of the Grant Gramophone Co. wearily arrives at his plant on a gray March morning.

— Crazy Crash has got the cash!

stabbing, knifing, twisting agony in his chest box had left him weak and gasping for hours. Now he cringed, waited for the whiplash backthrust of resistance to vise his thorax . . . felt instead only a slight tweak from his coat, which tended to bind under the arms. Grinning his relief, he barked into the speaking tube: "Send him in."

"Send who in?" Miss Vorple's voice was faint, perplexed.

"Don Walling, of course!" He could hear Miss Vorple's shocked intake of breath.

"Mr. Grant, you must be mistaken. There is no one by that name in this book."

No one . . . what was happening? Thoughts raced tumbling through his brain bin. One minute he was fumbling for the name and then he had it.

"Send in Phil Sheridan."

"Yes sir. He's been waiting."

Phil Sheridan entered with a firm step and a poised smile, brushing aside Austin Grant's apologies. "Quite all right. Most of our clients can't keep appointments. Maybe that's why they need us." He drew forth a thin sheaf of papers in the leather-text folder of Corp-Aid. "Now about this recession plan—"

Austin Grant gripped the arms of his chair and hurtled forward, his face a stone mask concealing his excitement. "There's something else I'd like to discuss first. This is confidential."

"Of course, sir." Phil Sheridan strolled to the window and turned his back.

"Very confidential."

"I understand, sir." With swift precision Sheridan whipped out two tiny balls of cotton and stuffed them in his ears. "Please continue."

Austin Grant marvelled at this unobtrusive display of business tact. "I've been thinking of selling the company." He could discern no sign of rejection or approval.

"I said, I'd like to sell the company."

Sheridan picked up a magazine and began to riffle through the pages.

"I'm going to SELL!" Austin shouted.

The younger man frowned and tucked a protruding wisp of cotton into his left ear.

**'I'm not in this for the loot.
I'm in it to play the game.'**

(Guessing that Austin Grant may someday consider selling his company, Phil Sheridan chokes down his revulsion for speculators and hustles across town to see Crash McCool. As the two men talk, Sheridan is amazed to discover that Crash McCool—unlike fictional stereotypes—is a man of impeccable taste whose conversation betrays a staggering range of interests, from Al Capp to Hemingway, from fishing to golf, from Paul de Kruif's medical discoveries to the latest philosophy of Will Durant.)

"I'm . . . you're . . ." Phil Sheridan stammered his embarrassment. The poised, flawlessly attired young executive before him, eyes crinkling amiably beneath hair slightly greyed at the temples—could this be Crash McCool?

"I'm Crash McCool. You wanted to see me, isn't that right?" Phil Sheridan tightened at this revelation of his innermost thoughts. The man's powers of clairvoyance were uncanny.

"Yes," he tensed. "I'm Phil Sheridan."

"Of course you are. It says so right here on your briefcase."

Speechless, Philmore Sheridan surrendered his portfolio and followed Crash McCool into a room that was a precise duplication of his imaginary dream suite. Blonde book-cases filled with Classics Club editions of Al Capp and Ernest Hemingway in rich duoprene bindings . . . a teakwood coffee table styled by Tredway, with genuine formica top . . . on the walls, signed originals by Michel-

angelo, Monet, Manet, Matisse and Milt Caniff. Crash McCool was a speculator, yet the man who had assembled these treasures was a person of impeccable taste . . .

"Don't be surprised at the décor," Crash McCool smiled at Phil Sheridan's obvious confusion. "I've found that it doesn't pay to underestimate these artist fellows. Most of them sharp as a whip, money-wise." Settling himself on a gigantic kidney-shaped sofa, Crash McCool let a narrow-eyed smile play across his features. "Tell me about yourself."

Phil Sheridan could have kicked himself for having chosen a low, wrought-iron magazine rack to sit on. He felt nervous and vaguely uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid there isn't much to tell. I'm just a keen young executive consultant working my way through Wall Street."

"Family?"

"We're one of America's foremost families, of course."

"Money?"

"Not right now, thanks—Oh, you mean do *they* have money? Yes, I suppose you could say our people have always been affluent, well-heeled."

Sheridan found himself flinching under the poised speculator's barrage. He drew forth a worn platinum case and shot out a cigaret.

"Match?"

Phil Sheridan started. McCool had read his thoughts again. Such prescience smacked of the occult, almost. Weird.

Smiling faintly, Crash McCool bored in. "You're with Corp-Aid. You're getting—?" It was not quite a question.

"Thirty thousand."

"A week?"

"A year." Phil Sheridan smiled boyishly. "I'm only forty-two, you know."

Crash McCool settled back, his face shadowed. "Funny thing about Americans . . . money. It's almost as if we were ashamed to make a really decent living. We pay lip service to the profit system, a man's right to take all he can get—it's the very cornerstone of democracy. But just let him sock away a little profit, maybe only a few million, and we're all out to make him feel ashamed."

"Not me. I *like* money." Instantly Phil Sheridan felt the fool. He should never have said that.

"Money?" Crash yawned, a veil of cigaret smoke clouding his half-opened eyes. "Anybody can make money. It's easy, *too* easy. Why I could pick up the phone right now, make three calls and turn a million dollars profit. That reminds me—" he picked up the phone, made three calls. "No, Phil, I'm not in this for the loot. I'm in it to play the game." Suddenly, "Ever read any Al Capp?"

Phil Sheridan laughed. "What with tax law and corporate finance, I'm afraid I haven't had time."

"Well you should." Crash McCool leaned forward, serious. "Doesn't pay to get too narrow. Al Capp, Hemingway, de Kruif, Will Durant, I've got 'em all right here—the complete works." He laughed his embarrassment. "I don't mean to go high-brow but they've enriched my life. Take Hemingway—ever think when you're landing a big deal it's just like landing a trout? I do, I often think just that."

For a moment he was silent, when he spoke again his voice was low, vibrant with emotion. "You're all alone there in the board room with the directors dappled in the afternoon sun. The cigar smoke is clean and sharp because it comes from the true fifty-cent cigars and you breathe the sharp cleanness of them, all the time remembering to bait the hook truly and with skill because the proxies may not be heavy enough—"

Phil Sheridan glanced at his watch. It was 5:30 but still

nothing had been said about Grant Gramophone. Half an hour passed and Crash was still talking.

"—leaping and thrashing until you gaff him with the financial reorganization and he lies gasping on the table, pale and silvery green the way a Chairman of the Board always looks after you have done it properly and—" Crash broke off abruptly.

Eyes closed, chin resting on his chest, Phil Sheridan was falling slowly forward. Now, in the abrupt silence, he jerked himself straight, his face a picture of boyish chagrin.

"You'll have to excuse me. It's the game, the excitement. Always puts me right to sleep." Sheridan laughed nervously. "In fact that's what I came to see you about—the game, that is." He winked slowly. "Austin Grant wants to sell his company."

"Yes, I know." Crash McCool settled back into the shadows, his face a mask. "My men went through your portfolio while we were talking. I bought Grant Gramophone thirty minutes ago. Now suppose you get out of here and let me work."

'I guess you've been trying to contact me about future plans.'

(Crash McCool did not buy Grant Gramophone blindly. Phil Sheridan's portfolio had revealed much about the company's prospects. But to learn the exact situation, Crash used every trick he knew, gleaning his information from stockholders' reports, outgoing freight invoices, and messages written in invisible ink from a secret spy in the plant—a man known only as "Bessemer." Marshalling his facts, Crash is able to establish that Grant Gramophone will lose more than



Alone in his office, Austin Grant wonders if it wasn't right to

CRASH McCool

four million dollars. With this information, he is in a position to make a killing in the exciting game of Tax Loss Merger. In a previous chapter, omitted for dullness, Crash bought controlling interest in Dumphy Discs, a record company specializing in inspirational songs with banjo accompaniment. In the same year that Grant Gramophone is losing four million dollars, Dumphy Discs will make four million. By combining the two companies, Crash can cook the books so that it looks like the newly-merged company made no profit for the year. With Dumphy Disc's four million still safe in the vaults, he can then sell the new company for five million dollars—three of which will be sheer profit for Crash McCool. Now, mindful that it was he who first put Crash McCool on the track of Grant Gramophone, Phil Sheridan comes to discuss future plans. The chapter is reprinted in its entirety for its valuable insights into the mind of a successful American businessman.)

Phil Sheridan knocked timidly and waited. The door opened suddenly. Crash McCool stood before him, poised, gracious, a veil of cigaret smoke shrouding his features. Phil's tone was forceful but not accusing.

"I guess you've been trying to contact me about consolidating our future plans."

"Get lost," Crash said.

The door slammed.

Standard & Poore, (Vol. IV) in the limp leather edition

(Many readers will now be thinking, "That Crash McCool, he's always thinking about business, business, business. Phooey!" Not so. Like many another

successful, greying-at-the-temples young businessman, Crash McCool makes time for many outside interests—including Lorraine Grant. At one time these two were childhood sweethearts, but they have not seen each other in years. Now Crash has gone to see Lorraine in her father's house, because he finds he is powerfully drawn to the plain girl whose father has threatened to bring suit against Crash for fraud in the purchase arrangements of the Grant Gramophone Co. It is late at night. Austin Grant has gone off to the drugstore to lay in a stock of Serutan, and we find the two lovers alone in Grant's dimly lit library. Crash has picked out a book and begins to read. It is Standard & Poore's Corporation Records (Vol. IV) in the limp leather edition.)

"Garfoltz Flange & Valve Co., Inc. Muncie, Ind. General pipe-fittings and plumber's supplies. Est. 1902 with an initial capitalization of \$114,050. Annual gross revenue (1954): \$1,097,445.67. Net profit before taxes: \$233,982.13. Officers: Grafton B. Garfoltz III—"

"Read that again." Lorraine snuggled closer and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Grafton B. Garfoltz—"

"No, I mean about net profit before taxes."

"Net profit before taxes: \$233,982.13"

"Mmmmm. That *does* something to me." She wriggled fascinatingly. "Don't you just love *Standard & Poore*?"

"Some of the most moving passages in the language."

"Crash, are you religious?"

"I play the game. I get a wallop out of finance."

"No, I mean *deep down* religious. Are you a company man?"

"Do I believe in the sacredness of the company?" Crash frowned his spiritual struggle. "I don't know, Lorraine. I—I'd like to believe. Oh, sure, the free-enterprise system has made America the greatest nation on earth and given us the best way of life the world has ever known. I'd go to war for the profit system at the drop of a hat—don't get me wrong on that. But somehow—for me—it isn't enough."

"Me too, Crash." Lorraine giggled her confession. "I'm not a company woman."

"You!" Crash McCool's eyes flashed incredulity—and a wild hope.

"Daddy'll be furious, but he's got to be told. He's hopping mad at you already for swindling him out of the business. The company was always like"—she blushed—"like a woman to him. He's going to bring suit against you at 10:00 a.m. tomorrow in the Fourth District Court, but maybe I could talk him out of it."

"Lorraine," Crash breathed. "You know I've always been bullish where you're concerned. You've never been common stock in my book."

"Daddy's lawyer says he's got an awfully good case."

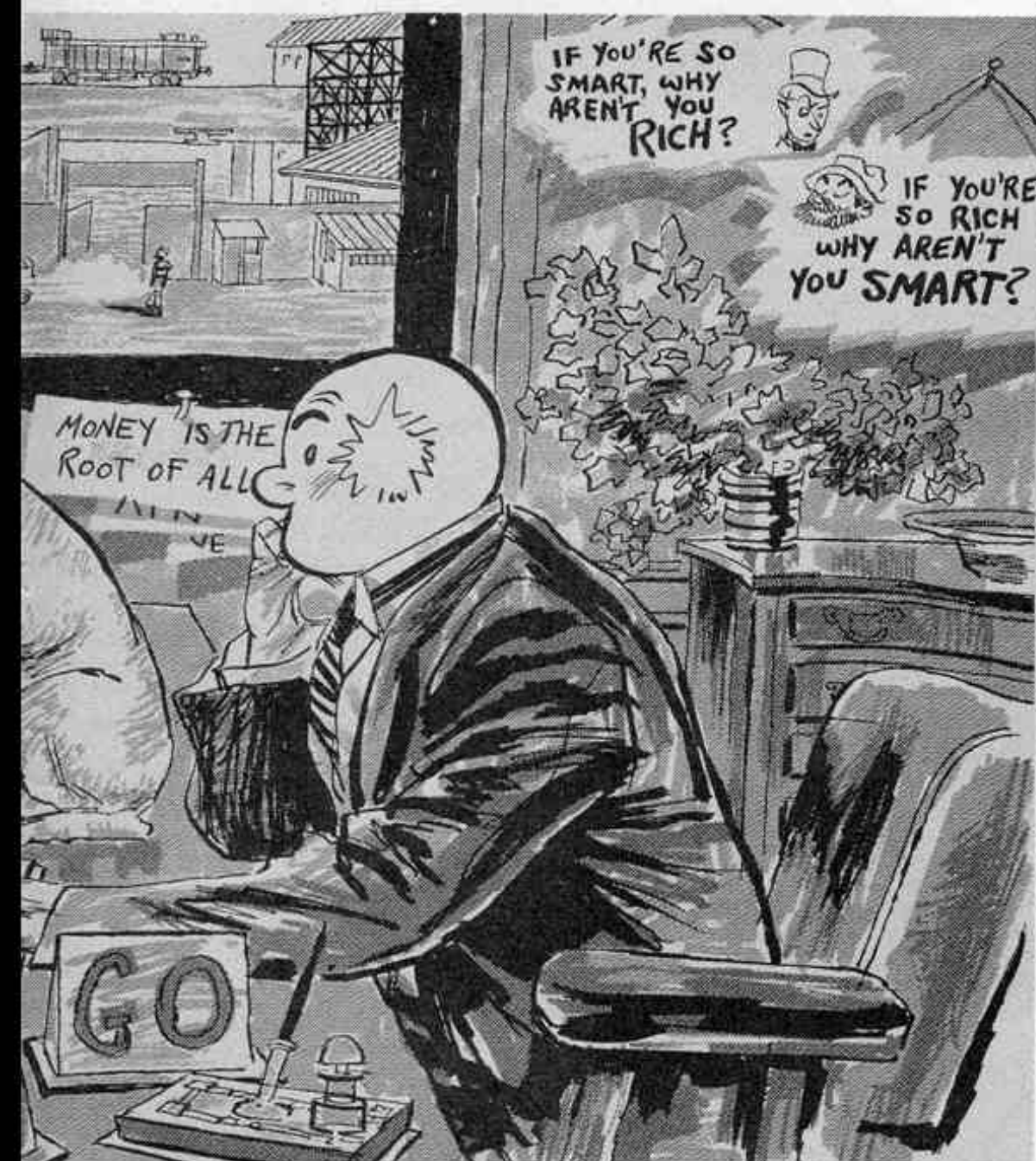
"Lorraine, we could merge tomorrow. Will you be my minority share-holder?" Acquiescence gleamed in her eyes as Crash McCool swept Lorraine Grant into his hungry embrace. *Standard & Poore* (Vol. IV) had slipped unnoticed to the floor before she pushed him away.

"Crash, please—you're crushing my debentures."

'Don't worry about Daddy— he's starting a new business.'

(It is 9:55 on the morning of the following day. Crowded around a table are lawyer Waldon Conman, Malt Moulton of the Merchant Embezzler's Trust, Phil Sheridan, Lorraine Grant, Austin's secretary, Miss Vorple, a portly stranger with a mid-western accent, and Bessemer, the spy.)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



switch over to a more up-to-date product when the others did.

"I've called you here," Crash McCool began forcefully, "to clear up any misgivings in your minds—and in the minds of our readers—as to the ethics, if not the legality of a new kind of American businessman."

"Now Crash," Waldon Conman soothed. "We have no misgivings."

"Well I do," Crash emphasized. "That's why I wanted to lay the deal out, put all the cards on the table. So that when I pick up the chips there won't be any blood on them." Moulton blanched.

"Of course not. No blood. I can't stand blood."

"Exactly. Now then—you, Sheridan. You were paid by Corp-Aid to give Austin Grant confidential advice. But I owned Corp-Aid—secretly, of course—and so I had access to all the inside facts about Grant Gramophone. Was that ethical? Was that even legal? How about it, Phil?"

"Well, I—I hardly know—"

"Think carefully, Phil. Would you want to work for a dishonest man?"

"No, Crash. Such a course would be unthinkable. In my opinion, though—and mind you I'm just a keen young executive consultant—everything you did is in keeping with the highest standards of business."

Crash smiled. "Thank you, Phil. I was worried about that."

"How about you, Malt?" He turned to the progressive banker. "Are our noses clean banking-wise?"

"Your word is our security, Crash. You practically guaranteed the deal would be risky."

"And you, Bessemer? Anything about your position as my personal spy in the Grant factory that strikes you as tricky?" Bessemer shrugged.

"It worked, didn't it? So how could it be wrong?"

"Why they haven't proved a thing, Crash," Waldon Conman boomed heartily. "If Grant thinks he can start trouble—say, where is he anyway?"

"Don't worry about Daddy." It was Lorraine Grant who spoke. "He's happy as a clam."

"Lorraine, I thought—"

"You thought just what I wanted you to, Crash. You'd never have bought if you knew how badly Daddy wanted to unload that company. He's already starting a new business, though he wouldn't tell me what it is."

"That's fine, Lorraine." Crash's face was ashen. "And now if there are no more questions—" The door cracked open and a little man carrying a box peeked in. "Yes? You have a question?" The little man darted a quick look around the room and nodded.

"Shine?"

"Daddy!" shrilled Lorraine Grant.

"Daddy?" queried Malt Moulton.

"Daddy!" echoed Crash McCool.

"Wh?" said Miss Vorple.

Pandemonium broke out as Lorraine rushed across the room and Crash strode forward to shake Austin Grant's hand. "I knew he could do it!" Malt Moulton was shouting, while Miss Vorple breathed, "Cripes, he's made a comeback!" and Waldon Conman's voice boomed above them all, "Let's go out and have a drink!"

"Wait, wait!" A portly gentleman with a Hoosier accent struggled from his seat.

"And who are you?" Crash McCool shouted.

"I'm Grafton Garfoltz—Garfoltz Flange & Valve. I've come here to buy your newly-merged Grant-Dumphy Corporation. Here is my check for \$5,000,000—post-dated six months!"

"Oh, Crash!" Lorraine Grant rushed to the side of the surprised speculator. "You've won—you've scored a Capital Gains and a Tax Loss Merger." Even Austin Grant came over to tug shyly at Crash McCool's sleeve.

"Shine? Shine 'em up? Shine?"

"I'm sorry, Lorraine, I just can't go through with it."

"But Crash, *why*?" Suddenly the air was filled with questions.

"Why not, Crash?"

"Don't you want it?"

"Is it honest?"

"Is it legal?"

"Shine?"

"It's—deep down inside, Lorraine—it's not *fun* any more!"

"Crash—Crash, you mustn't feel that way. You're tired now from all these searching questions, but they need you, Crash, they need you."

"Need me? Who needs me?"

Instantly a hush fell over the room. Malt Moulton shot a glance at Waldon Conman. Phil Sheridan strolled to the window. Miss Vorple took out her knitting.

"They need you, Crash." Lorraine Grant's voice was husky with emotion. "All the little people of the world. They're depending on you to speculate profitably on the companies where they work."

"I'm not a company man, Lorraine."

"But it's not for the company, Crash." Tears stood in Lorraine Grant's eyes. "It's for the *game*!"

"The game . . . Yes, I suppose you're right . . . for the game." Turning slowly to Grafton Garfoltz, Crash McCool extended his hand, a suspicious mistiness in his eyes—already he could feel the first twinge of claws in his rib cage.

Austin Grant beamed happily around the room.

"Shine?" he asked. "Shine 'em up?"

END





"It's so funny the way poppa's eyes bug out because he doesn't have the Sanofranized label."



"It's so funny the way poppa's eyes bug out because she doesn't have the Sanofranized label."



Dropping the pilot because he doesn't have the Sanofranized label.



Sam Tvedt: "Let us pray our shirts are Sanofranized."

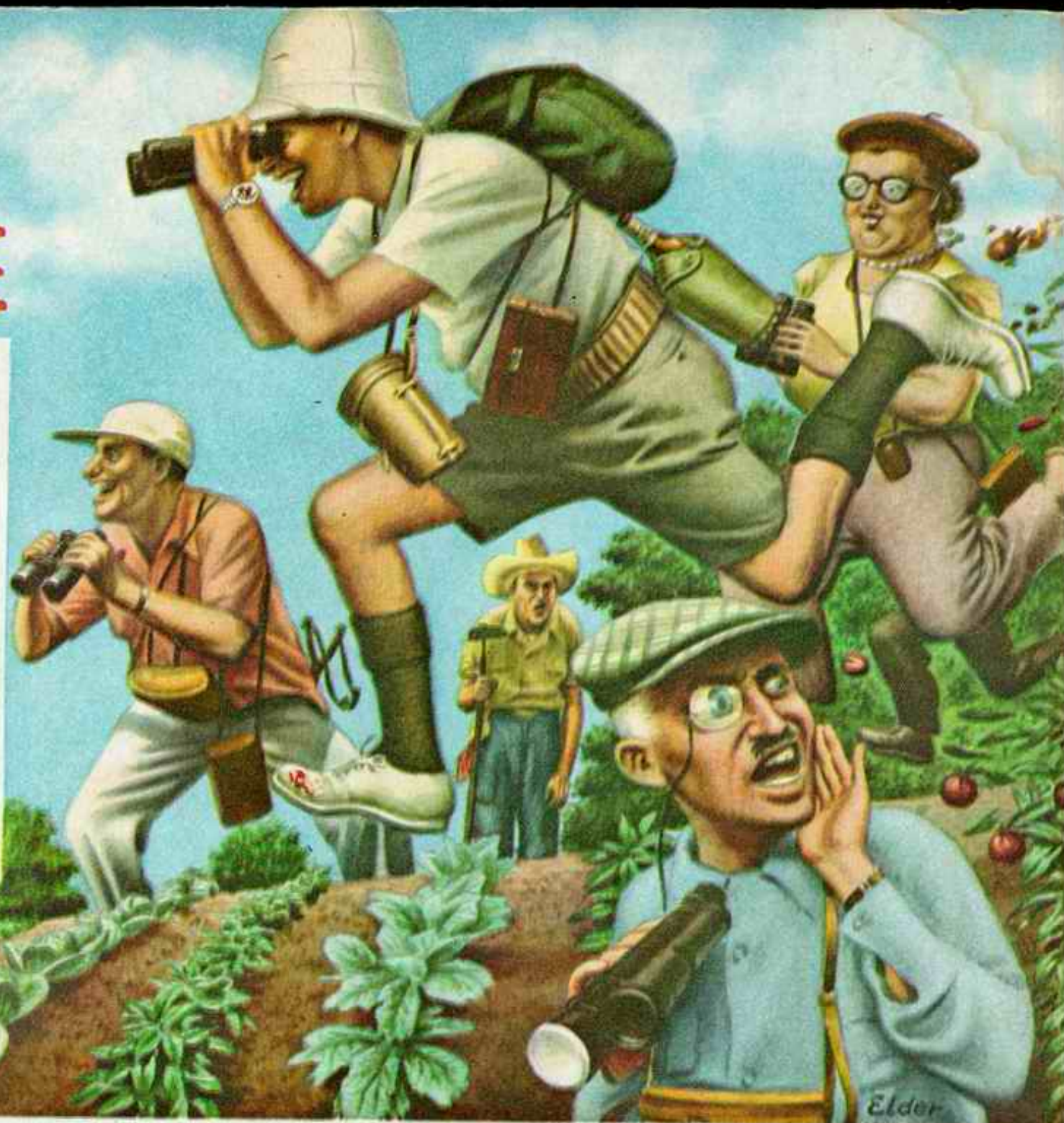
AVOID buying products that shrink out of fit. DON'T make the mistake of the artist who drew this. MAKE SURE that your drawing ink has "SANOFRANIZED" on the label.

The use of the trade-mark "Sanofranized" is only permitted on materials which meet rigid shrinkage requirements and will not shrink more than 1% by official tests. Stretch, yes . . . but will not shrink.

it's HIGH ADVENTURE

When you bird watch for the Pipit!

1 "It is not without danger to birdwatch for the Meadow Pipit!" writes an American friend of Canadian Clubbed. "Many's the time one blunders and stumbles through the dense underbrush in pursuit of what he thinks to be the Meadow Pipit only to discover he has been following the Tree Pipit. We had been crashing through the dense underbrush of the Bronx Botanical Gardens all day on the trail of the wily Meadow Pipit. My host, Sir Covert Scapular who was in the lead of our party from the Concourse Manor was suddenly observed to stiffen, his eyes riveted directly ahead of him. With joyous cries, we all rushed forward to share his discovery . . . a Planter's Peanut wrapper you can send away for premiums."



2 "I acted quickly shouting 'halfies!' before the others could gather wits. We resumed our birdwatch. It was here Sir Covert Scapular showed his birdwatch prowess indicating what seemed to be a daub of mud, or an insect construction, which was in reality the nest of the Meadow Pipit!"

3 "Joyously tootling our bird whistles we rushed forward. For there is nothing like delicious Pipit eggs. You can whip a Pipit egg or even dip it, or dip a whipped Pipit egg for the dipped whippit is pipped, or rather dipped whippit, but I digress. So there we were, crashing towards the nest of the Meadow Pipit which looked like a daub of mud or an insect construction. Imagine our surprise when we found that it really was an insect construction."

4 "In no time flat we were back at the Manor sipping Canadian Clubbed to mainly kill pain of stings. After the 12th drink imagine my surprise to find my host, Sir Covert Scapular was in reality . . . a Meadow Pipit!"

5 Which all goes to show that whatever part of the world you visit, whether it be Timbuktu or the Bronx Botanical Gardens . . . you will always find that drink that has been a popular favorite amongst connoisseurs for generations,

you will find that ever popular drink, Coca Cola. Canadian Clubbed too, is famous all over because it is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon with distinctive character and flavor and like that. And mainly you get tight.

IN 87 LANDS . . . THE BEST IN THE IGLOO

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IMPORTED WHISKEY MADE BY JEETER LESTER

IMPORTED FROM CANADA. OUR MOTTO: DRINK ENOUGH CANADIAN CLUBBED AND YOU'LL DRINK CANADA DRY.

