

**SPECIAL ISSUE: A CHIMPANZEE  
PAINTED THIS COVER OF...**

OUR PRICE  
**25c**  
CHEAP

# MAD



WHAT, ME WORRY?

No. 38

March '58



COVER ARTIST

**ERNIE KOVACS • J. FRED MUGGS • BOB and RAY**





# THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER

(Mainly, this story is really behind the cover!)

Once again, MAD Magazine, in its ceaseless campaign to bring culture to America, scores a resounding artistic triumph with the publication of the first magazine cover ever painted by a chimpanzee. By bringing before the discerning public eye the talented work of J. Fred Muggs, MAD hopes that it has earned for him his rightful place among other truly great cover artists like Norman Rockwell, Steven Dohanos and Grandma Moses.

## J. FRED MUGGS CONTEMPLATES REQUEST BY MAD FOR COVER PAINTING



## INFORMAL PICTURES SHOW J. FRED MUGGS ACTUALLY PAINTING COVER





# MAD

NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

*"Show me a trunk murderer, and I'll show you a sloppy packer."*

Alfred E. Neuman (19?-?)

**PUBLISHER:** William M. Gaines**EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein**ART DIRECTOR:** John Putnam **SPELLING:** Jerry De Fuccio **IDEAS:** Nick Megliola**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS:** J. Fred Muggs Wallace Wood Bob Clarke Don Martin  
George Woodbridge Frank Kelly Freas Mort Drucker Joe Orlando David Berg**CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:** Ernie Kovacs Bob and Ray Frank Jacobs Tom Koch  
Albert Meglin Paul Laikin E. Nelson Bridwell Paul Krassner Alfred E. Neuman**LAW SUITS:** Martin Scheiman, Esq. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli**SPUTNIK ARTICLE REJECTER:** Melvin "Lassie" Cowznofski

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Outstanding American, Arthur A. Freen ..... 15

\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

## VITAL FEATURES

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Let the kids learn their ABC's from this modern up-to-date alphabet book, and, G's, U will C how quickly they all Y's up.

### MIKE MALICE..... 10



MAD's impression of the famous TV interview program where each guest's background seems to show up as a pretty black one.

### OUTSTANDING AMERICANS..... 15



MAD turns the spotlight on Arthur A. Freen, one of America's great unsung heroes, croons his story, and strikes a sour note.

### STRANGELY BELIEVE IT..... 19, 31



Once again, Ernie Kovacs allows us to use some of his foolishness in MAD, which is pretty foolish any way you look at it.

### BABY SITTING..... 27



Here's a business which seems ripe for racketeers to move in on, so MAD wastes no time and moves in on it with an article.

### ENDORSEMENTS..... 36



Ad-men feel a well-known person's endorsement will help sell their product. We feel an article about this will help sell MAD.

### BANNISTER SLIDING..... 38



Bob and Ray's report on this little - publicized sport shows its thrills, its spills, its chills, and mainly why it's not.

### BITTER HOMES AND GARDENS.... 43



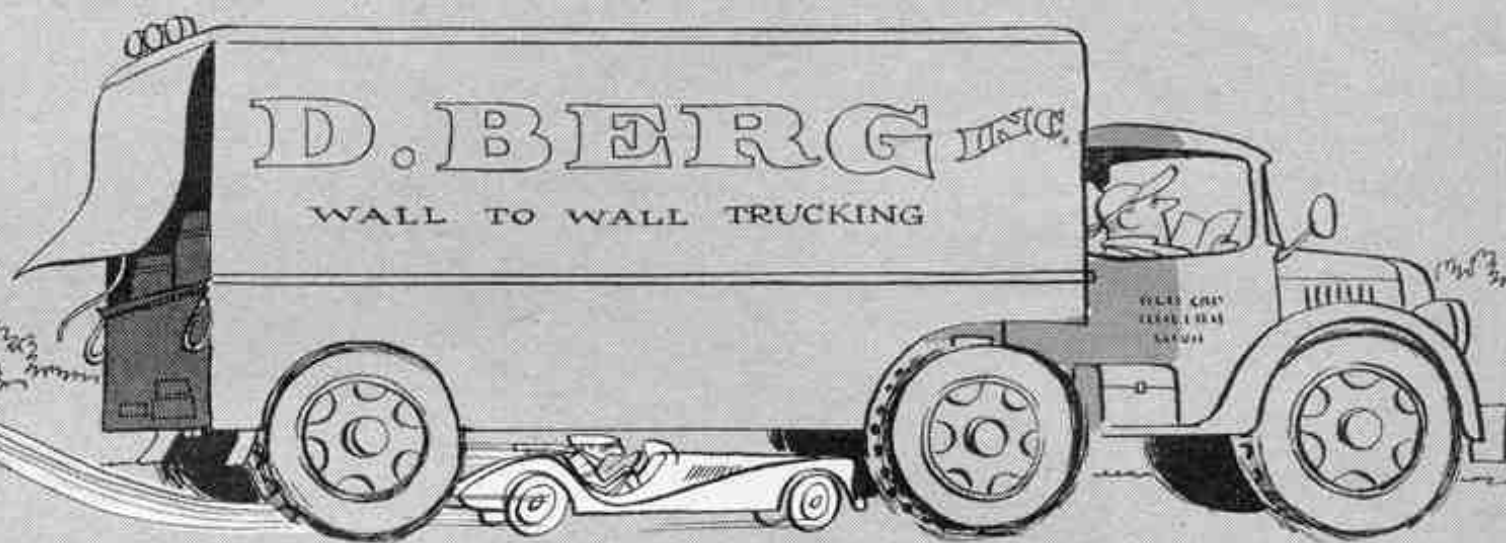
This type of magazine, which usually encourages readers to keep up with the Joneses, is usually published by the Joneses.



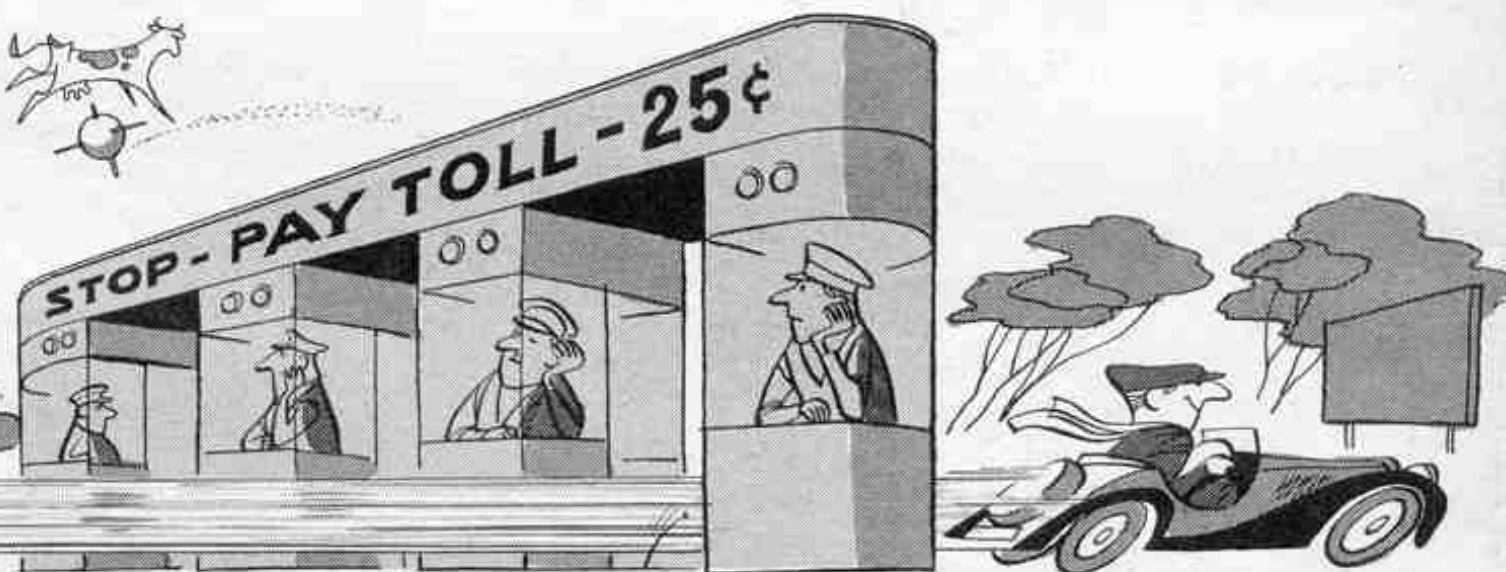
HERE IS AN ARTICLE WHICH ANSWERS THE QUESTION...

# WHA' FOR...

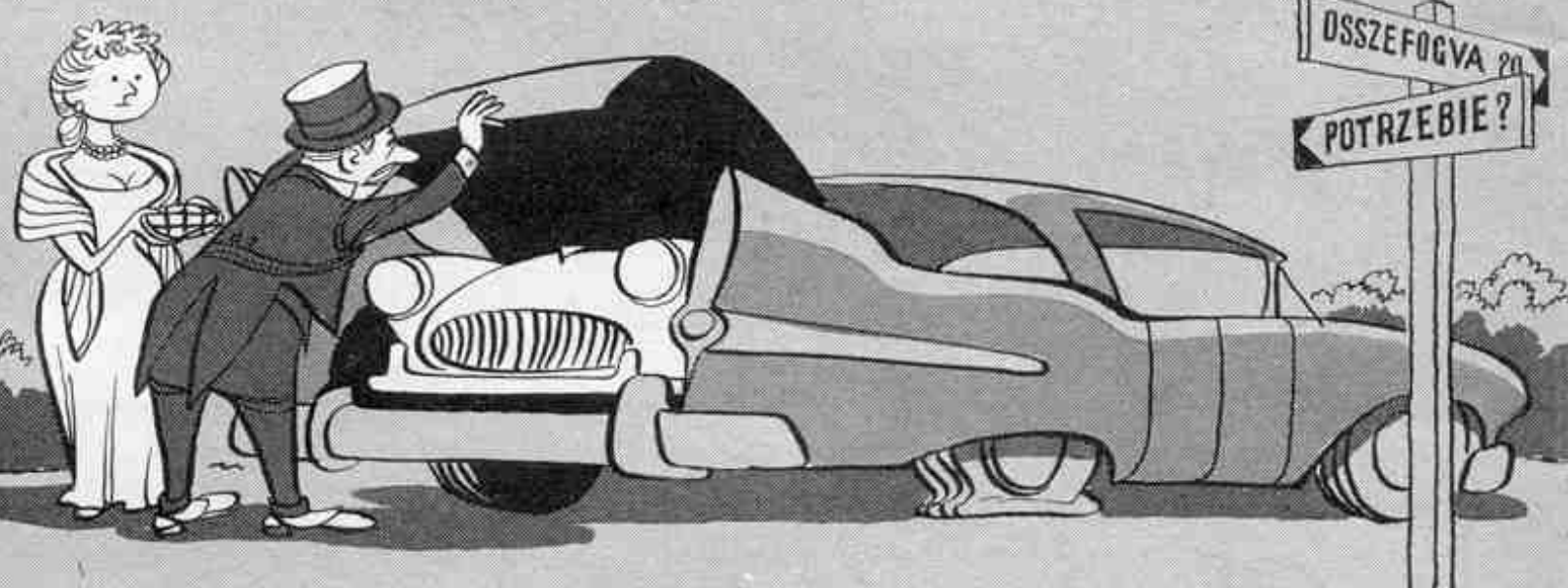
SPORT CARS ARE FOR  
WEAVING IN AND OUT  
AND UNDER TRAFFIC!



SPORT CARS ARE FOR  
SLIPPING PAST  
TOLL BOOTHS  
WITHOUT PAYING!



SPORT CARS ARE FOR  
INSTEAD OF A SPARE  
TIRE ON A CADILLAC!



SPORT CARS ARE FOR  
CONFUSED MECHANICS

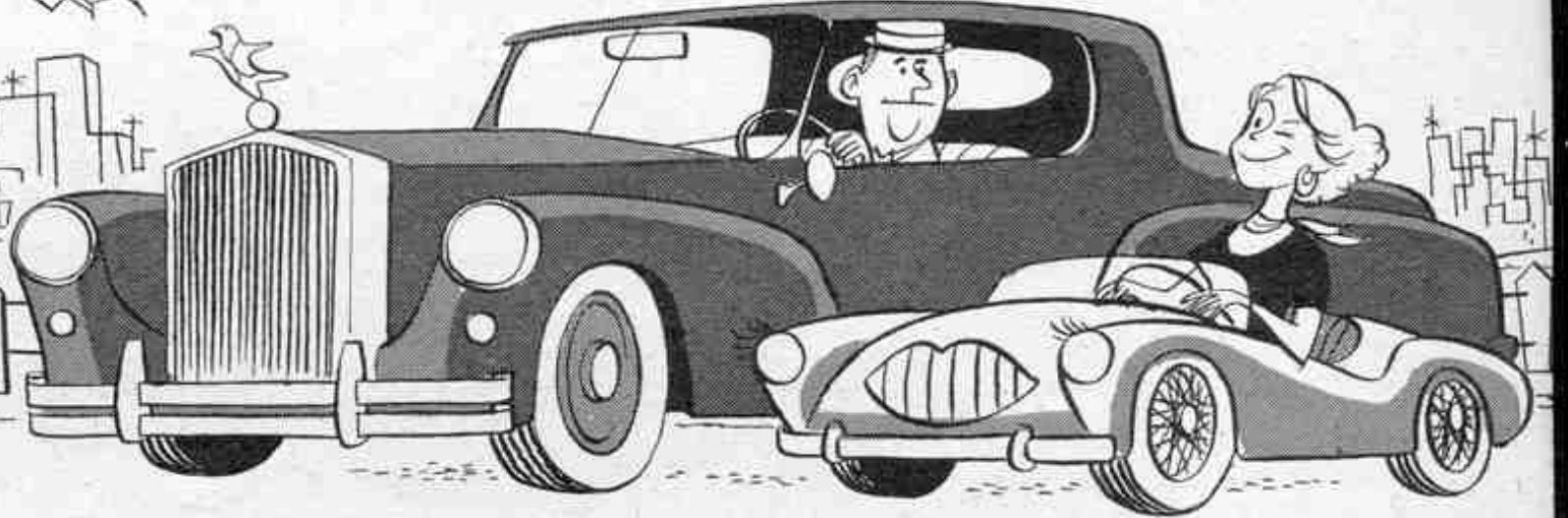




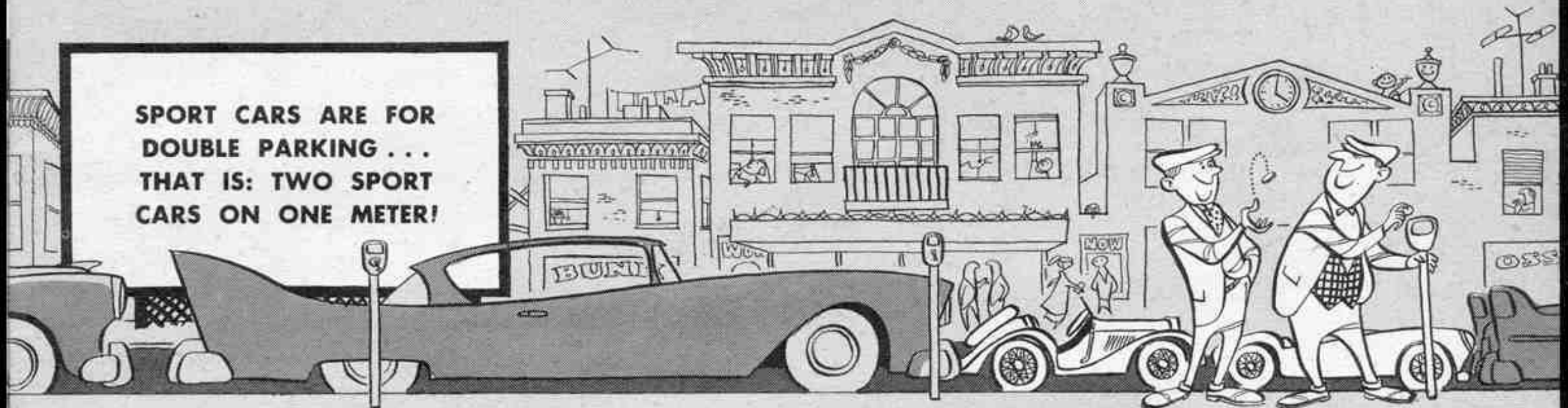
# SPORT CARS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

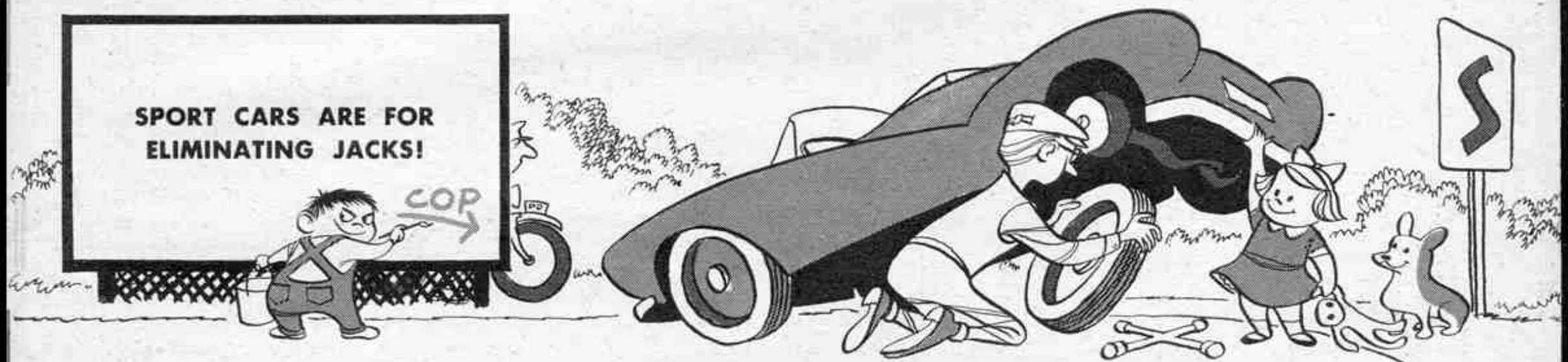
SPORT CARS ARE FOR  
GIRLS WHO WISH  
TO BE SHORTER  
THAN HE IS!



SPORT CARS ARE FOR  
DOUBLE PARKING ...  
THAT IS: TWO SPORT  
CARS ON ONE METER!



SPORT CARS ARE FOR  
ELIMINATING JACKS!



BUT  
SPORT CARS ARE  
NOT  
FOR DRIVE-IN  
MOVIES!

Do you think it'd  
help if I asked the  
lady up front to  
remove her hood?





# THESE EIGHT GREAT AMERICANS

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

BERNARD BARUCH

RALPH BUNCHE

FREDERICK MARCH

ADLAI STEVENSON

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

TED WILLIAMS

DO NOT READ MAD

# THESE EIGHT UNKNOWN AMERICANS

WILLIAM M. GAINES

ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN

JOHN PUTNAM

NICK MEGLIOLA

JERRY DE FUCCIO

WALLACE WOOD

DON MARTIN

ALFRED E. NEUMAN

DO READ MAD

What does it all mean? It means that **MAD** and only **MAD** can make you a complete, utter, worthless nonentity!

**SUBSCRIBE TO MAD  
AND REMAIN OBSCURE!**

**MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS**  
225 Lafayette Street  
New York City 12, New York

I want to remain obscure. I enclose \$2.00 for the next nine issues of **MAD**. Please enter me as a subscriber.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



## SECRET SPORTALK

In "Secret Sportalk", how did the football player with the upside-down-head ever make the team?

Lawrence Bruce Ashin  
Little Silver, N. J.



Football player?

He beat out all other candidates for the "Center" position.—Ed.

## MARGINAL THINKING

So tell me how you guys like the *unop apisdn rrrrj srrj grrrrr jo eep!* every line like I have to do if I want *punore lla stibit all eozt ppr or* the edges of the pages?

Dan Duryea  
Groton, Conn.

## WHA...? AGAIN?

In case someone else doesn't tell you, the guy who writes your "The-guy-who-writes-your 'The-guy-who-writes-your-letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!' letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the magazine!" letters should write the rest of the magazine!

Clifton Bean  
Austin, Texas

## WINSTEN AD

I must say that the *Winsten Cigarette* ad on the back cover of your January issue was one of the most delightful bits of satire on advertising that I have ever seen. Congratulations on what I'd say was a most cleverly done job.

George F. French  
Berkely, Calif.

You have never made a better satire advertisement than the *Winsten* ad. It had me in stitches for hours.

Myron Bloom  
Freeport, N. Y.

I have loved Alfred E. Neuman ever since I first saw his face in *MAD*. But now I must confess I love someone else. Two fellas, as a matter of fact! Who are the two boys in the *Winsten* ad?

Barbara S.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Who are they?

The Postman is Nick Megliola, and the guy in the sweater is Jerry De Fuccio, members of *MAD*'s editorial staff.—Ed.

What do the letters B, H, and C stand for on the guy's sweater?

J. Vogdes  
East Brunswick, N. J.

Jerry informs us that the letters stand for "Boston Hockey Club". The sweater was given to him by a girl who got it from a guy on the team.—Ed.

# only a few left!

Yes, there are only a few Spanish-American War veterans left! **WHAT—ME WORRY?** kid pictures we got plenty! These full-color reproductions of our boy are perfect for framing or gift-wrapping fish. Send 25c to: Dept. What-Color? c/o *MAD*, Room 706, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.



\*\*Television... movies where people don't step on your feet.



## REJECTION SLIPS

You published all those other Rejection Slips! What does a MAD rejection slip look like?

Daniel K. Tillmanns  
Santa Monica, Calif.

You asked for it, so here it is!—Ed.

**MAD**

Dear Contributor:

**ECH-H-H-H!**

The Editor

MAD rejection slip?

## MAD GAMES

Thanks for all the suckers who sent for a Draft Dodger Membership Card. My boys are on their way!

J. Edgar Hoover  
Washington, D. C.

## GENERAL COMMENTS

By reading MAD since its 10¢ days, I have acquired much valuable information and knowledge. Indeed, I have learned how to cope with all the problems and situations arising from life in this modern world. Only one thing still occasionally troubles me, mainly: How many issues in a volume?

Richard Skolnik  
New York, N. Y.

Your magazine has replaced the Sears Roebuck catalogue at our house.

Bill Sullivan  
Beaumont, Texas

I've been reading MAD for three years now, and I haven't yet come across anything that makes sense!

Richard Stratton  
Bayport, N. Y.

How in heck do you guys think up all them crazy names you use in the mag?

Thadeus Gontarski  
Charlestown, Mass.

Anyone who has nothing better to do than write a letter to you screwy guys must be an idiot!

Dick Manlin  
St. Louis, Mo.

I have been writing to you clods for a long time, telling you what a hopeless failure your mag is, and you've never printed my letters. So this time, I've decided to praise (ugh) you. This time, I gotta hand it (ugh) to you. The mag was (ugh) hilarious.

Guy Berry  
Havertown, Pa.

Flattery will get you somewhere!—Ed.

## LETTERS DEPT.

### IN THE NEWS

Enclosed you will find a picture of Bonnie Prince Charlie that I clipped from the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. Am I finally cracking after so many years of enduring MAD's brainwashing, or do I really detect a resemblance?

Robert Foster  
State College, Miss.

The accompanying picture, being worth a thousand words, should suffice.

Roy B. Russell  
Univ. of Kentucky

Thought the marked resemblance to someone you know might intrigue you.  
T/Sgt. Charles Meyers  
Foster AFB, Texas

Could it be...???

John Cruz  
Chicago, Ill.



Could it be?

You really go all out to publicize that rag of yours, don't you?

Harry W. Wallace  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Absolutely no comment!—Ed.

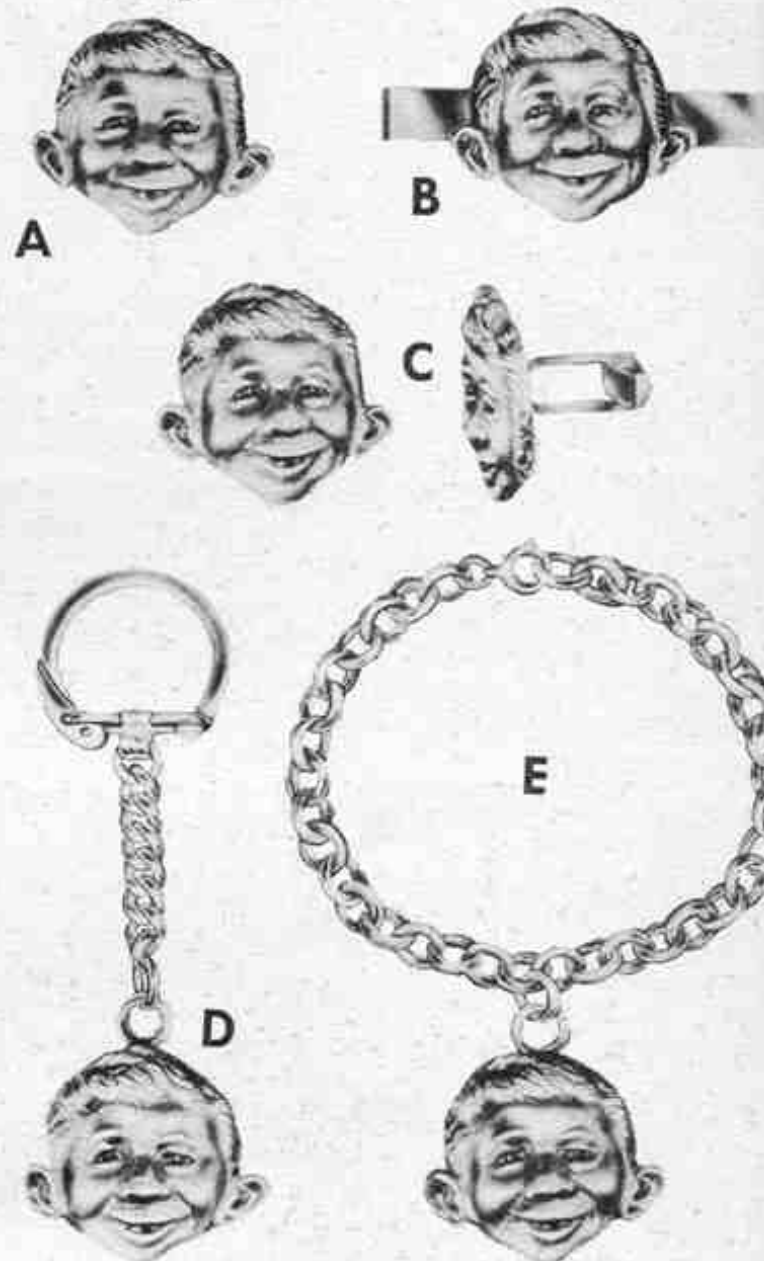
Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 38, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12, New York.

Every year, we are required by the Post Office to publish the following information which mainly tells you who to sue!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC. OF MAD  
Published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1957. Required by the Act of Congress, August 24, 1912, March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946. Publisher:—William M. Gaines, New York, N. Y. Editor:—Albert B. Feldstein, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: None. Owners:—E. C. Publications, Inc., William M. Gaines, V. E. McArdie, J. K. Gaines, all of New York, N. Y. There are no bondholders, mortgages or other security holders. (Signed) William M. Gaines. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of September 1957. (Signed) Ettore de Stefano, Notary Public 24-6001 500 (My commission expires March 30, 1958)

# WHY BE OBSCURE? if you're MAD IDENTIFY YOURSELF! WEAR MAD JEWELRY

Featuring MAD's "What... Me Worry?" Kid.



Styled exclusively for MAD Magazine by  
**ASTRAHAN OF NEW YORK**  
in gleaming silver plate. All prices include Federal Excise Taxes, boxing, shipping and postage prepaid.

**MAD JEWELRY**  
225 Lafayette Street  
New York City 12, N. Y.

I don't want to be obscure!  
I'm MAD, and I want to  
identify myself!

Send me the pieces of MAD Jewelry  
I have indicated in the boxes below:

- A MAD LAPEL/SCATTER PIN.....\$2.00 ☐
- B MAD TIE PIN.....\$2.00 ☐
- C MAD CUFF LINKS.....\$3.00 ☐
- D MAD KEY CHAIN.....\$2.00 ☐
- E MAD CHARM BRACELET.....\$2.00 ☐

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



NOW JOHNNY CAN READ DEPT.

The way we figure it, the reason why Johnny can't read these days is: he's got nothing interesting to learn from! Like, f'rinstance, them old fashioned alphabet books. It stands to reason kids would learn their ABC's a lot better and faster with something like ...

# MAD'S REVISED

# A

*is for atom*

Which scientists contend  
Will either make a better world,  
Or bring it to an end.



# ALPH

# BO

# C

*is for commercials*

In which ad men mislead.  
They snow you under all day, till  
You buy what you don't need.



# D

*is for divorce*

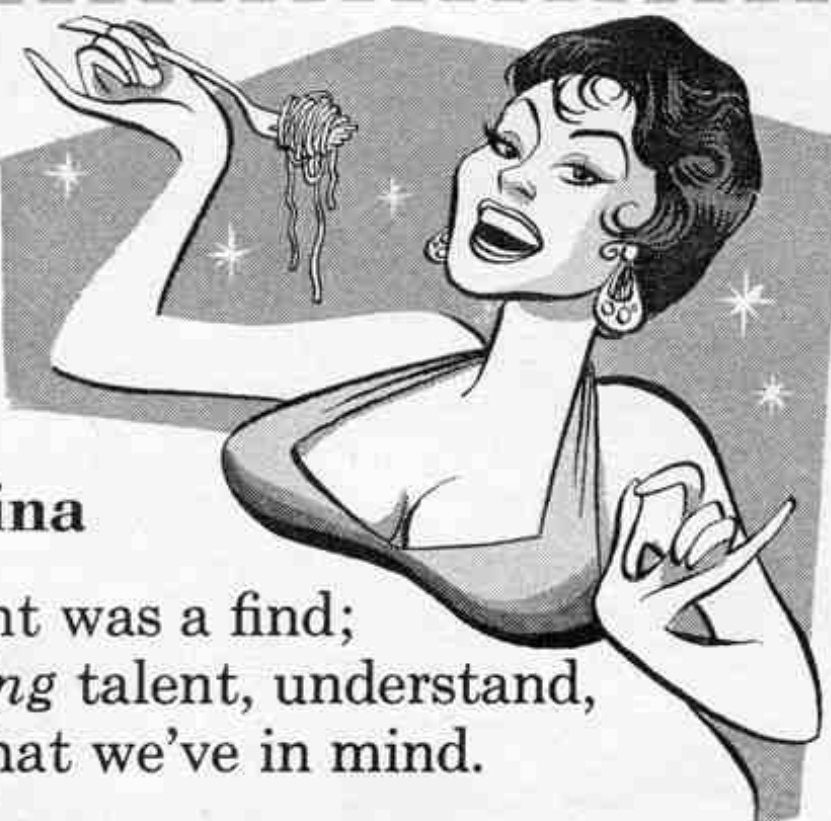
Which couples quickly file  
The moment marriage has problems  
They can't solve grown-up style.



# G

*is for Gina*

6 Her talent was a find;  
And *acting* talent, understand,  
Is not what we've in mind.



# H

*is for Hi-Fi*

Reproduction so true;  
You hear not only every note,  
But each mistake made, too.





PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

# NEW UP-TO-DATE

## ABET OK

# B

*is for breakfast*



A meal we used to take,  
Which in our times has given way  
To ye old coffee break.

# E

*is for . . . oh, must we!*

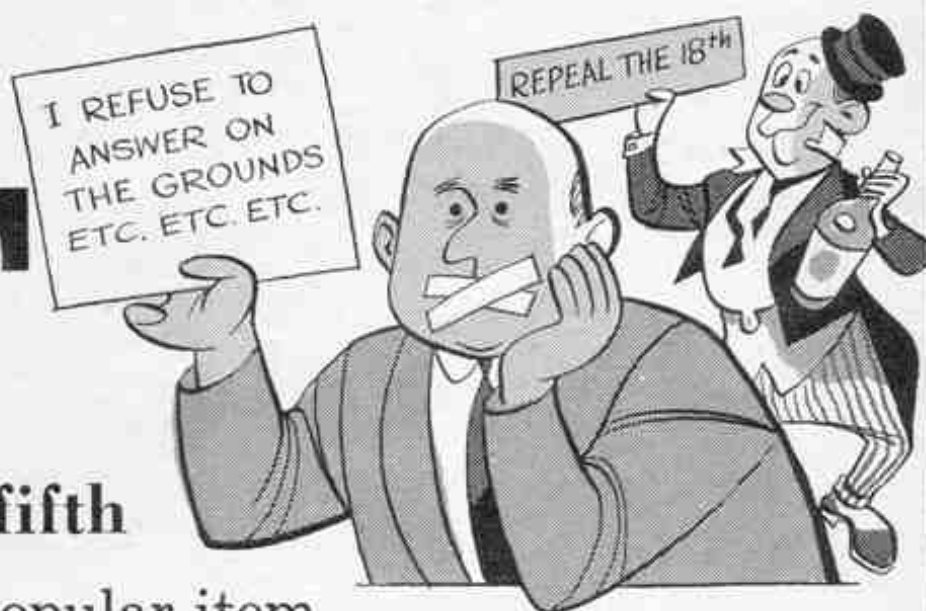
It's bad enough to know  
His sickening gyrations are  
Still making so much dough.



# F

*is for fifth*

That popular item.  
Some guys drink it; some guys plead it  
*Ad infinitum.*



# I

*is for ivy*

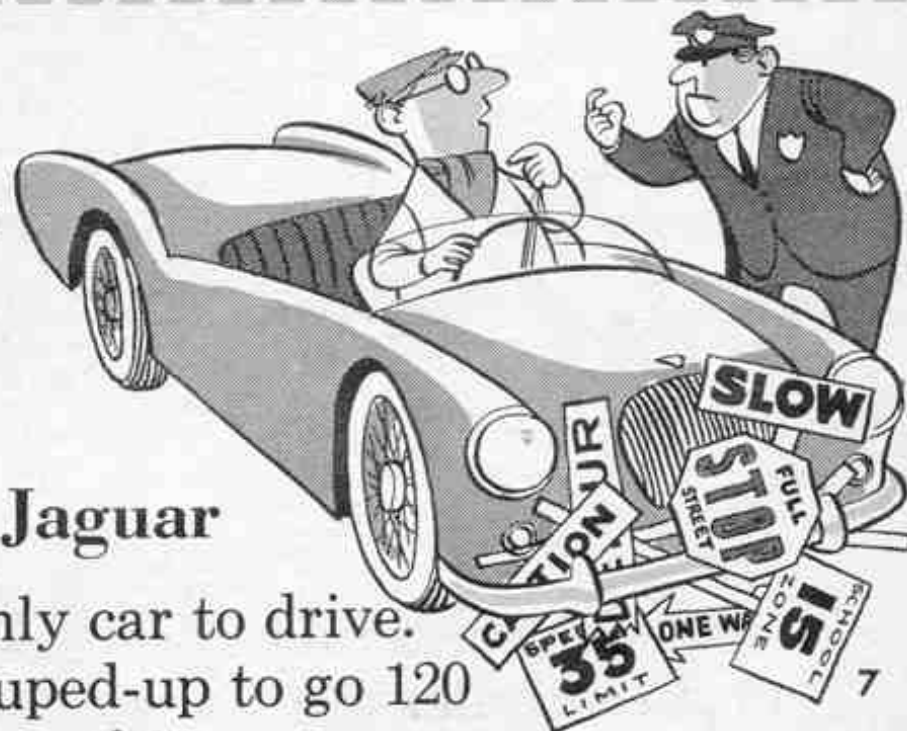
The league that's on the track  
Of sound functional thinking like...  
Pants with buckles in back?!



# J

*is for Jaguar*

The only car to drive.  
It's souped-up to go 120  
In zones of 35.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



# K

*is for king-size*

A bargain smoke by far.  
You get more for your money, sure...  
More nicotine and tar.



# L

*is for libel*

Big cases that now pend  
Against those scandal magazines  
May bring their welcome end.



# O

*is for octane*

It's now getting so high,  
That modern cars with huge tail fins  
Will soon begin to fly.



# P

*is for Picasso*

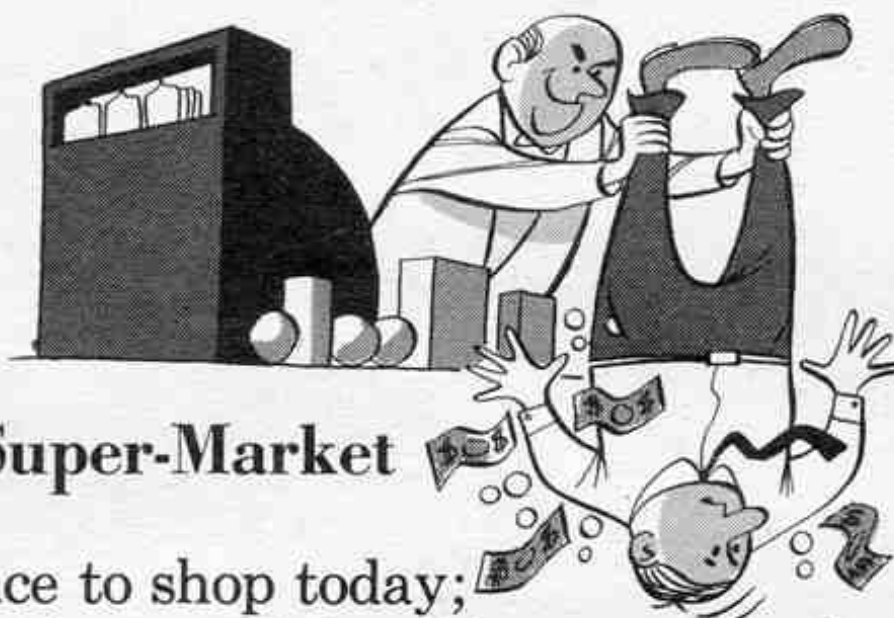
The King of Modern Art.  
Put his work next to J. Fred Muggs':  
You can't tell them apart!



# S

*is for Super-Market*

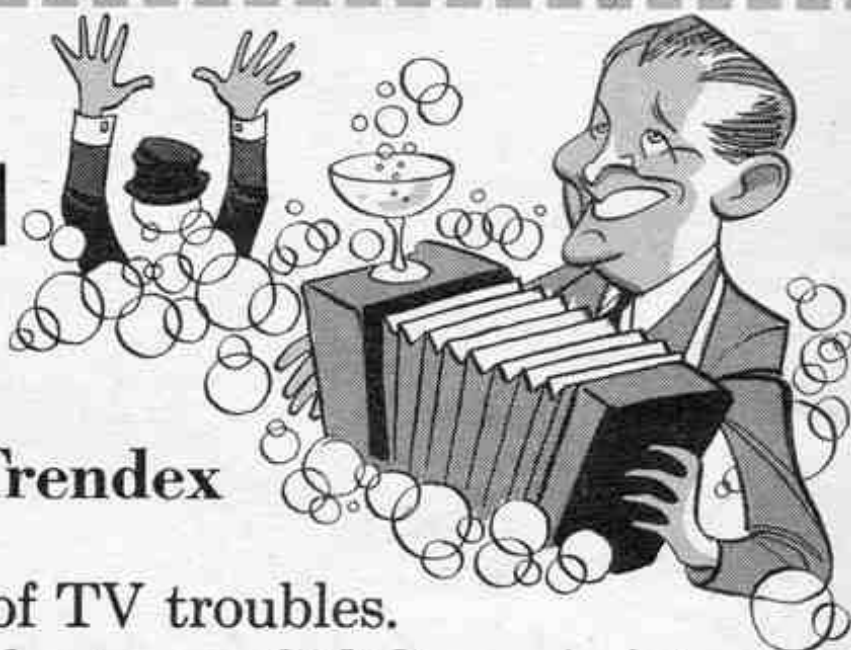
The place to shop today;  
You take home all the things you need,  
But leave your whole week's pay.



# T

*is for Trendex*

Source of TV troubles.  
Just look at poor Sid Caesar's fate:  
Drowned in "champagne bubbles"!



# W

*is for western*

There's now an avalanche  
Of "adult" types, but we sure miss  
"Meanwhile, back at the ranch..."



# X

*is for X-pense account*

We've cheated on this rhyme  
To show what guys who keep them do;  
They pad them all the time!

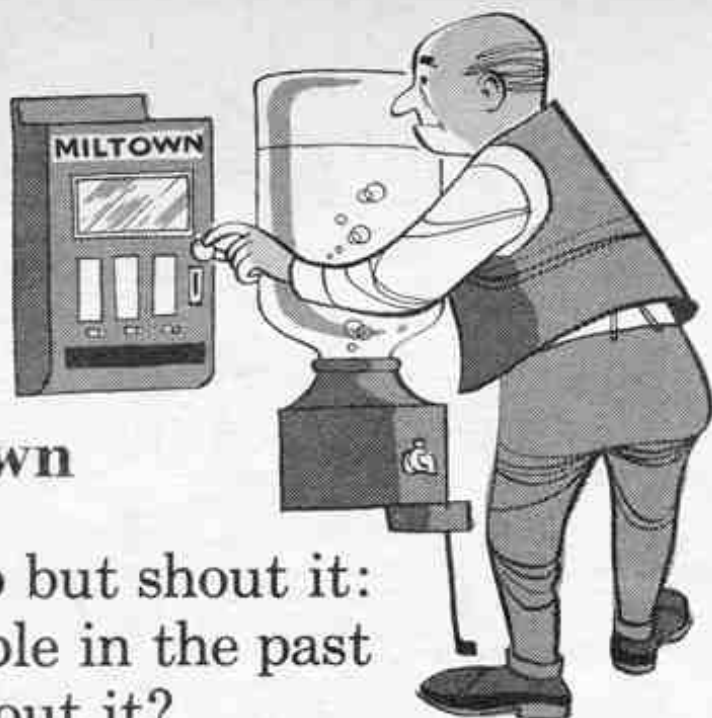




# M

*is for Miltown*

We can't help but shout it:  
How did people in the past  
Ever do without it?



# N

*is for neurotic*

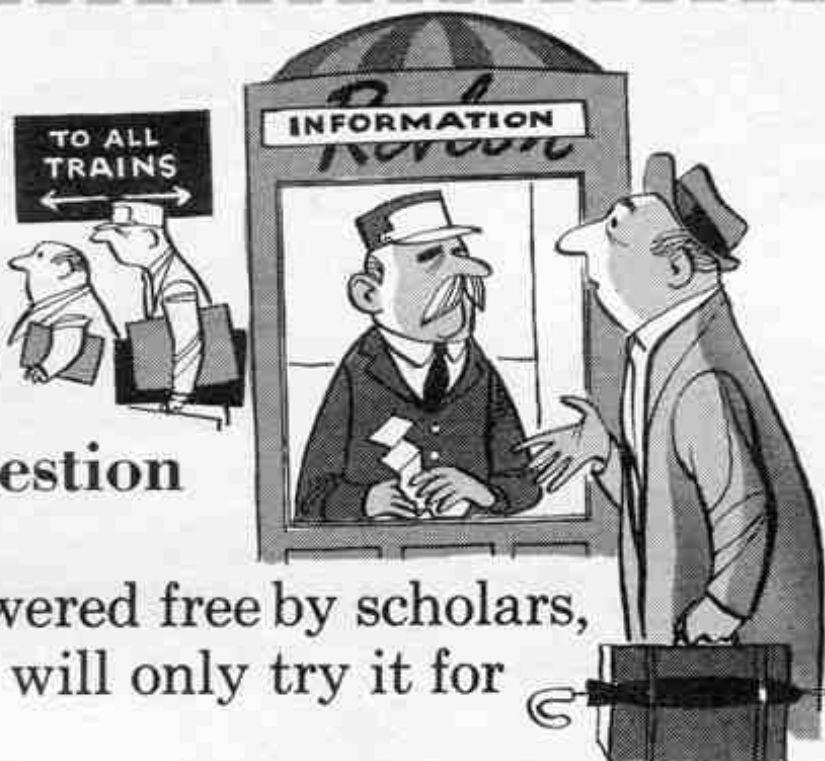
An hour, he'll insist,  
Is only fifty minutes long  
With his psychiatrist.



# Q

*is for question*

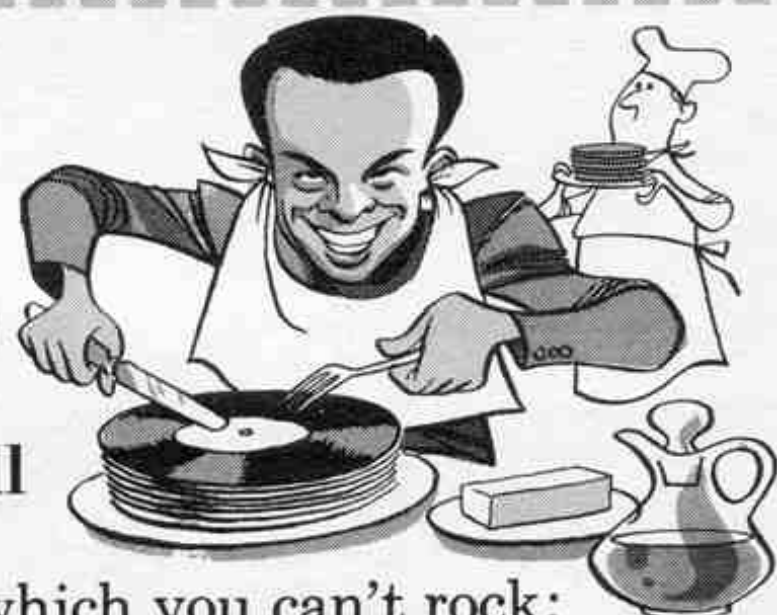
Once answered free by scholars,  
Who now will only try it for  
\$64,000.



# R

*is for roll*

Without which you can't rock;  
Without which dear ol' Alan Freed  
Might now be deep in hock.



# U

*is for Union*

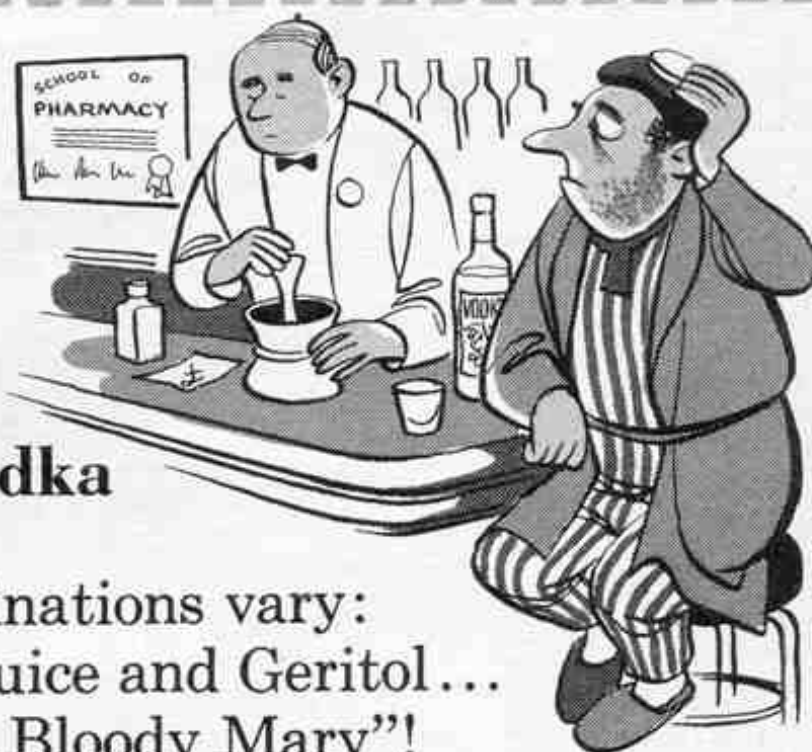
Of late, they're in the news;  
The rank and file *strike* for a raise,  
The "Boss" *takes* his from dues.



# V

*is for vodka*

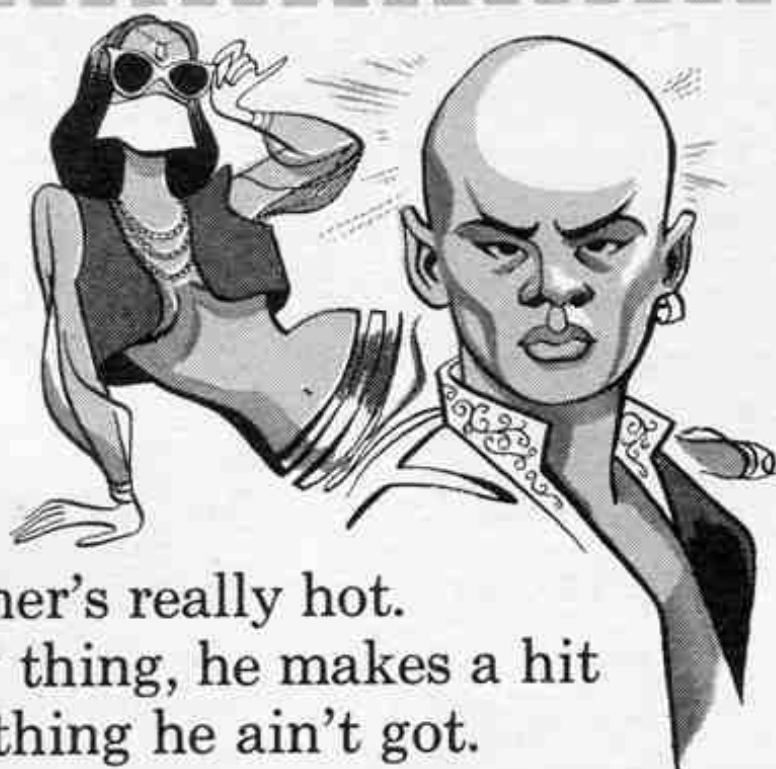
Its combinations vary:  
Tomato juice and Geritol...  
A "Tired Bloody Mary"!



# Y

*is for Yul*

That Brynner's really hot.  
And, funny thing, he makes a hit  
With something he ain't got.



# Z

*is for zip-gun*

The world would be real cool  
If guys who make 'em used their brains  
For better grades in school.





## MIKE FRIGHT DEPT.

\*\* Divorcee . . . post-graduate in the School of Love.

There had been hard-hitting television interviewers before, but when this new one appeared on the scene, he put them all to shame. He's Mike Malice, and his technique seems to be to disarm his guests with unexpected and shockingly personal questions while the TV camera moves in for a tight close-up, picking up every wrinkle, blemish, pimple, pore, bead of sweat and nervous twitch of his uncomfortable victim. Now, this makes for great television. Trouble is, the viewer is so fascinated by these revealing close-ups, he doesn't hear one word of them shocking questions and answers. So this article will let you study the close-ups, and still give you a chance to concentrate on them questions, as...

# MIKE



Good evening, Mrs. Goose!

Good evening, Mike!

Thank you for coming!

It's my pleasure!

Shall we get down to business?

All right! Let's . . .

It has been alleged, Mrs. Goose, that under the guise of being a children's nursery rhyme writer, you are, among other things, a propagandist for the Communists?

HAH?

Are you evading the question?

I'm a . . . HAH?

All right! Let's go on to the next question!

It has been charged, Mrs. Goose, that when you wrote . . . and I quote: "The cow jumped over the moon . . .", you really were inferring that inflation and price-gouging in our democratic country has sent meat prices sky-high? Isn't that true?

Land sakes . . . I . . .

When you wrote, "Jack, jump over the candlestick!", weren't you really implying that people are so poor in this country, they can't even pay their electric bills, and are forced to use candles. Isn't that so?

My stars, I . . . I . . .

Talking about stars, Mrs. Goose, when you wrote, "Twinkle-twinkle, little star . . . how I wonder what you are?", wasn't that your way of teasing the administration about Russia's winning the satellite race with SPUTNIK?

I was only trying to entertain children . . .

Do you call this entertaining children? "Tom, Tom, the piper's son, stole a pig!" or "The knave of hearts, he stole those tarts!" or "Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber . . ."? Wouldn't it be closer to the truth to call it "contributing to the delinquency of minors"? "Undermining America's youth"? "Disloyalty"? "Treason"?



# MALICE

## INTERVIEWS MOTHER GOOSE

What you are about to witness is a completely unrehearsed, completely uncensored, completely unbiased, and completely unnecessary interview! My name is Mike Malice. The cigarette is named Morris Philip. The program is named in a law suit!



All right! Let's go on! I quote: "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. When she got there, the cupboard was bare..." Now isn't that a thinly disguised way of saying that old people in this country are left to starve? That nobody cares about them? That Social Security is a complete and utter failure?

Sufferin' catfish! I...

Let me read you this! Again I quote your own words! "See-Saw, Marjorie Daw, Jack shall have a new master. He shall earn a penny a day, because he can't work faster!" Wouldn't you agree that this is a slur on working conditions in this country, Mrs. Goose?

Well, I really...

Oh, come now, Mrs. Goose...

Well, won't you even admit that you have made insidious comments about housing conditions in the U.S.? I mean... people living in old shoes and pumpkin shells...

Heavenly day, I just...

Really, Mrs. Goose! Own up!

When I wrote those, I...

Mrs. Goose, you haven't answered my questions! Do I take this as an admission of guilt...?

I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me!

Thank you, Mother Goose, for coming and talking to us!

Thank you, Mr. Malice!

It was a pleasure having you.

The pleasure... choke... was all mine!

Tonight, we have spoken with Mother Goose, whose poems are undeniably woven into the fabric of our childhood ideas. Fortright in her opinions, Mrs. Goose proved to be a generous, kind, sweet, harmless, gentle soul, whose one purpose in life seems to be a forthright determination to entertain our young people... and maybe wreck our nation. This is Mike Malice. Goodnight.

WE PUSH DISCUSSION-- NOT CONTROVERSY!



## THE "EYES" HAVE HAD IT DEPT.

This article is in answer to an urgent appeal sent us by the "National Foundation of Real Life Day-In-and-Day-Out Private Eyes" to clear up the *misconceptions* about the profession that current Detective Fiction is creating. The president of the NFRDLIDOPE (whose signature looks like Gmmmn W. Egmmmn) is particularly upset about novels like Mickey Spitoon's best sellers,

"Gore Me Sexy," "Sex Me Gory," etc. . . . According to Mr. Egmmmn, this kind of writing, though technically accurate, tends to conjure up pictures in the reader's mind which are *very far afield* from the *real* daily life of a *real* Private Eye. So, as a public service, we here at MAD herewith present the text of Mr. Spitoon's latest novel, along with the mental images you *should* be getting as you read

This is a big town. There are a lot of cruds in this town. Guys who'll lie and cheat and even kill for a fast buck. And I'm one of them!

Mike Chisel is the monicker. I'm a Private Eye.

There was still a muscle-hard 200 pounds of me left as I caught my first winks of sleep in 17 days, shaved, dressed, showered, stowed away a meal, and checked back in at the office after wrapping up the Shackelford caper.



My head felt like a wet sandbag from the diet of Dry Bourbon Stingers I'd been on for the past two weeks. Thoughts of the little hat check girl at "21" and that night on the davenport in Davenport kept pushing their way up out of the fog in my brain and into my conscious. But I shook them off.

I sat down at my desk and started cleaning my heater for action.



Her name was Diane Wilkinson, a handle that fit her as snugly as the sweater she wore. She told me that her husband had hired a torpedo named "Snake" del Rocco to do away with her. She'd already had one close brush with never-never land when "Snake" tried to run her down in the street outside her swanky mansion. I felt my heart do handsprings in my chest when Diane lifted her skirt to show me the marks left from the first run-in with "Snake."

A buzz saw was still ripping away at my brain from the 34 Creme de Menthe Old Fashioneds I'd poured into my lower recesses the night before.

"Sorry, Baby," I snapped. "I'm in no shape for another caper!"

"You look in pretty good shape to me," Diane whispered.

She came real close and reached into her purse. My head started to whirl as she counted out a retainer.





# BLOOD, GUTS, A ROSCOE & YOU

by Mickey Spitzo

I didn't have to wait long for trouble to beat a path to my door. Sexina, my girl Friday, oozed into the room, her lips slightly parted in an "I-want-to-be-wanted" look. She mumbled incoherently, and I finally figured out she was trying to tell me that a client was waiting in the outer office. I guess it's pretty hard to talk with your lips slightly parted. I made a mental note to see a lot more of Sexina and told her to send the sucker in.

Little men with trip-hammers were still pounding on my temples from the 26—or was it 27—Vermouth Boxcars I'd put away the night before, and the idea of starting out on another caper didn't appeal to me. But I gave the thing some fast reconsideration when I glanced up.

She was very tall, and very blonde. And she gave off a scent of perfume that I didn't have to identify to know the reason for.



PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

After she drifted out, leaving behind a fragrance of bruised roses, I checked the name Wilkinson in the phone book, and found it to be a fashionable East Side address.

I downed a straight shot of Irish to quiet the 41 Curacao Frappés of the night before that were still churning around inside me, and headed over that way.

I knew from the start it was going to be a rough case. The driver eyed me suspiciously as I handed him a twenty.

The Wilkinson town house was one of those places that oozed money, a stately old mansion that reminded you of what this town must have been like before the grafters and the hoods and the cops took over.

I edged up to what I thought was a bedroom window, and caught sight of a half-clothed figure that made me forget the 54 shots of Kummel-on-the-rocks from the night before that were still doing bumps and grinds in my belly.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



I was soaking up an eyeful when a chill ran up my spine as if somebody'd just dropped a Popsicle down my shirt. A figure was moving in the shrubbery not ten feet away! Still nursing one lump on my noggin from the Shackelford caper, and not anxious to pick up another one, I whipped out my roscoe and fired at the shadowy form...

*Kazowie... Kazowie... Kazowie...*

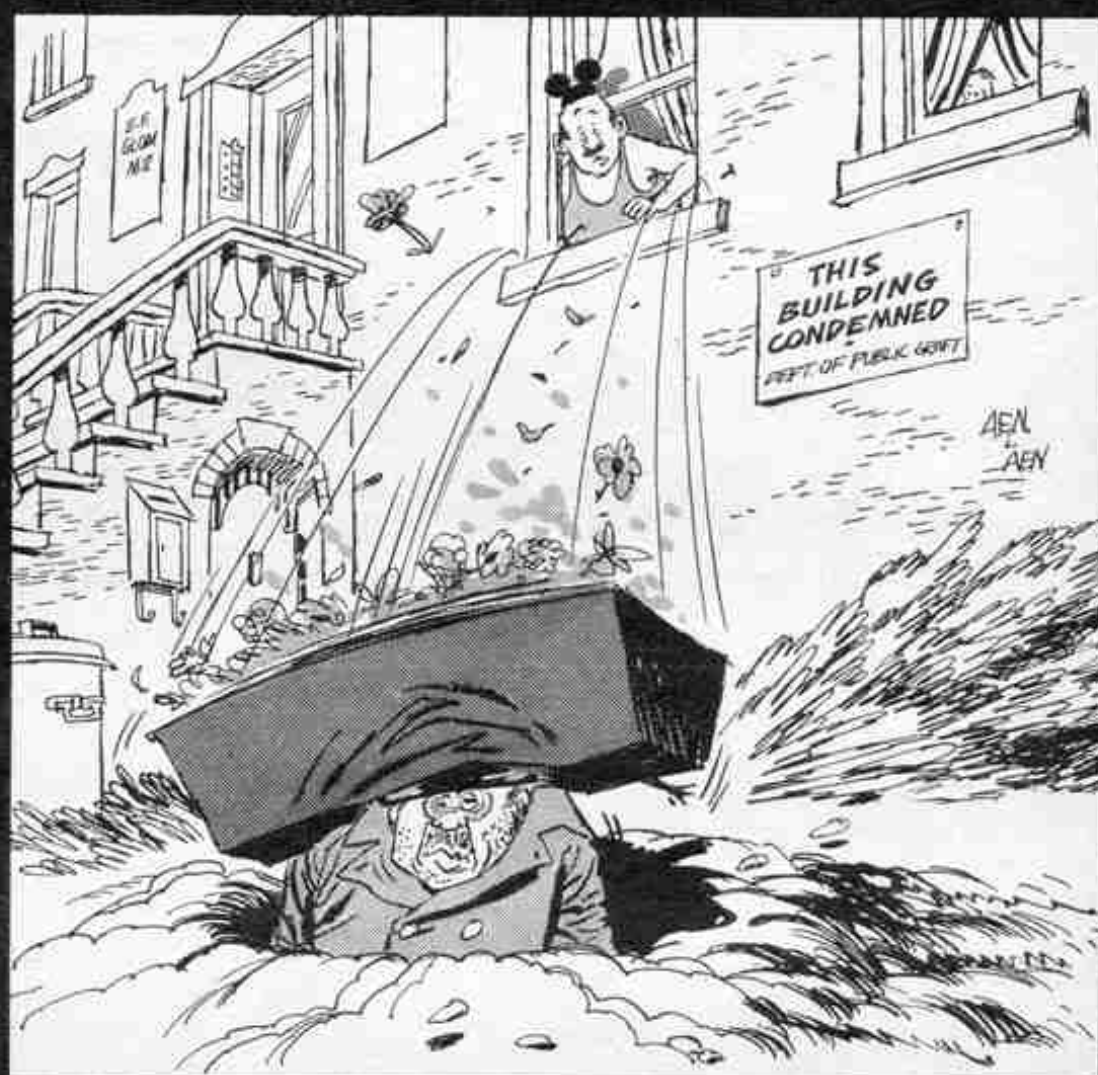
He let out one short cry and fell dead at my feet.



I glanced down at the blood-spattered corpse with the hole where his guts used to be, and my heart was a 50¢ block of ice. There's no room for emotion in my racket. Once you let it in, you're all washed up.

The racket I'd stirred up with my busy .45 brought quick action from somewhere behind me.

I felt the crunch of raw metal bury itself into my scalp, and then everything went black.



When the lights flickered on again, I felt as if the Army-Navy game was being played between my ears.

I staggered to my feet and looked around. There was a dingy bar down the street. I slammed in, braced myself with more Rum Sours than I should have had, and headed back to the office.

What I found when I arrived told me again that there was more to this caper than I'd bargained for:



I marked the case closed, and went out into the cool night air.

There's something lonely about a city at night, when the streets are deserted and a stillness hangs over everything except for the occasional far away cry of a baby with a soiled diaper.

I tried hard to put Diane Wilkinson out of my mind, and started concentrating on my next assignment.





**UNHUNG HEROES DEPT.**

# OUTSTANDING AMERICANS

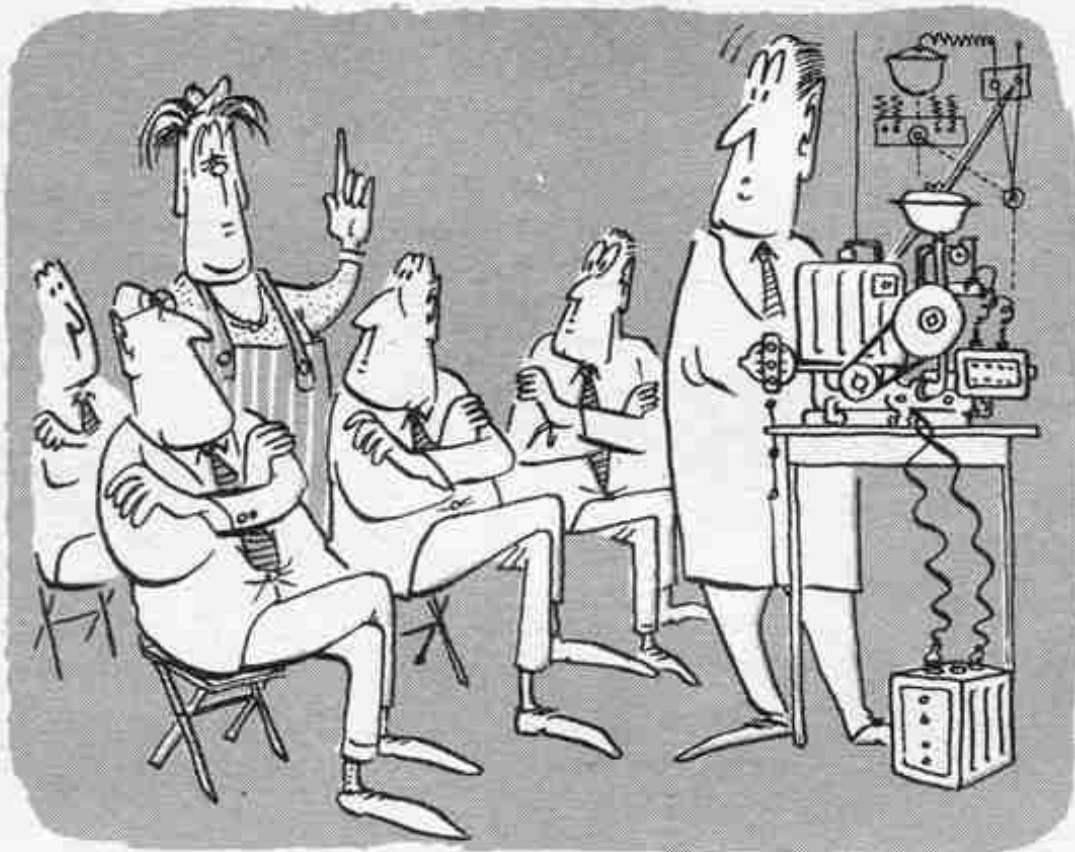
*The First In A Series*

## ARTHUR A. FREEN

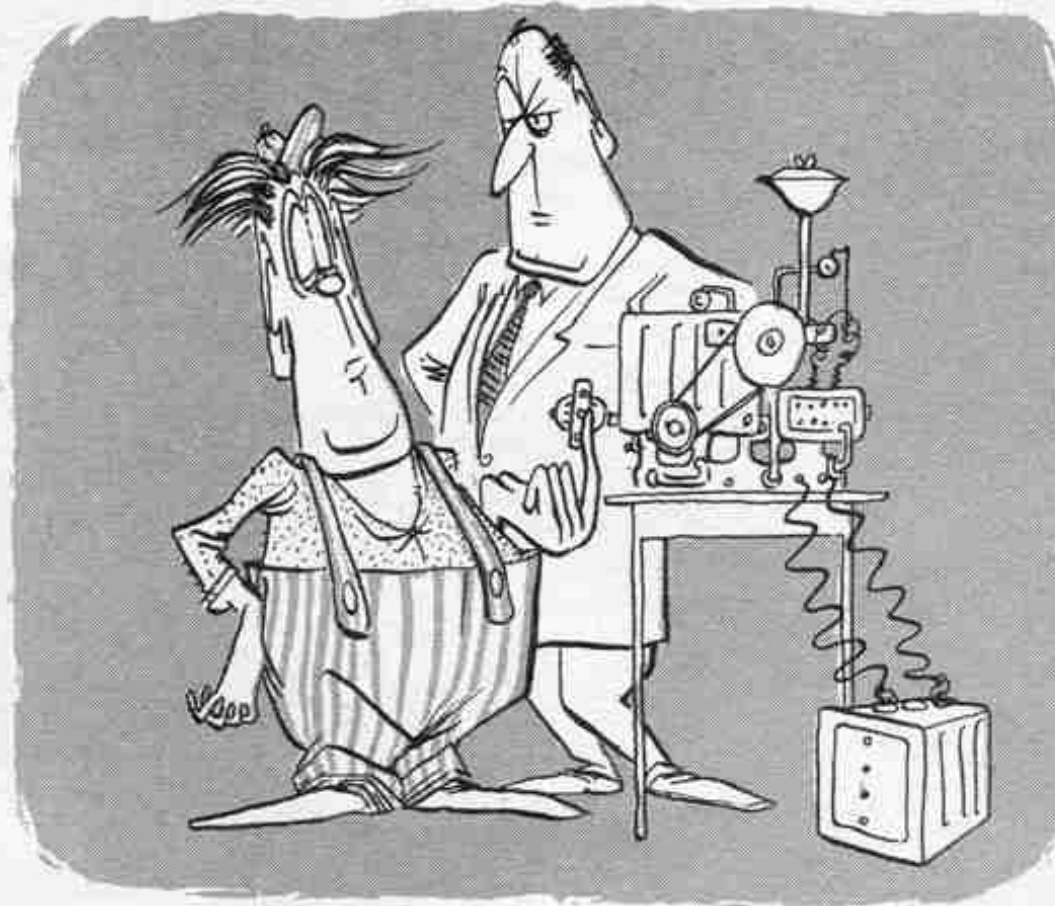
### From Garage Mechanic to Automotive Genius

STORY AND PICTURES BY DON MARTIN

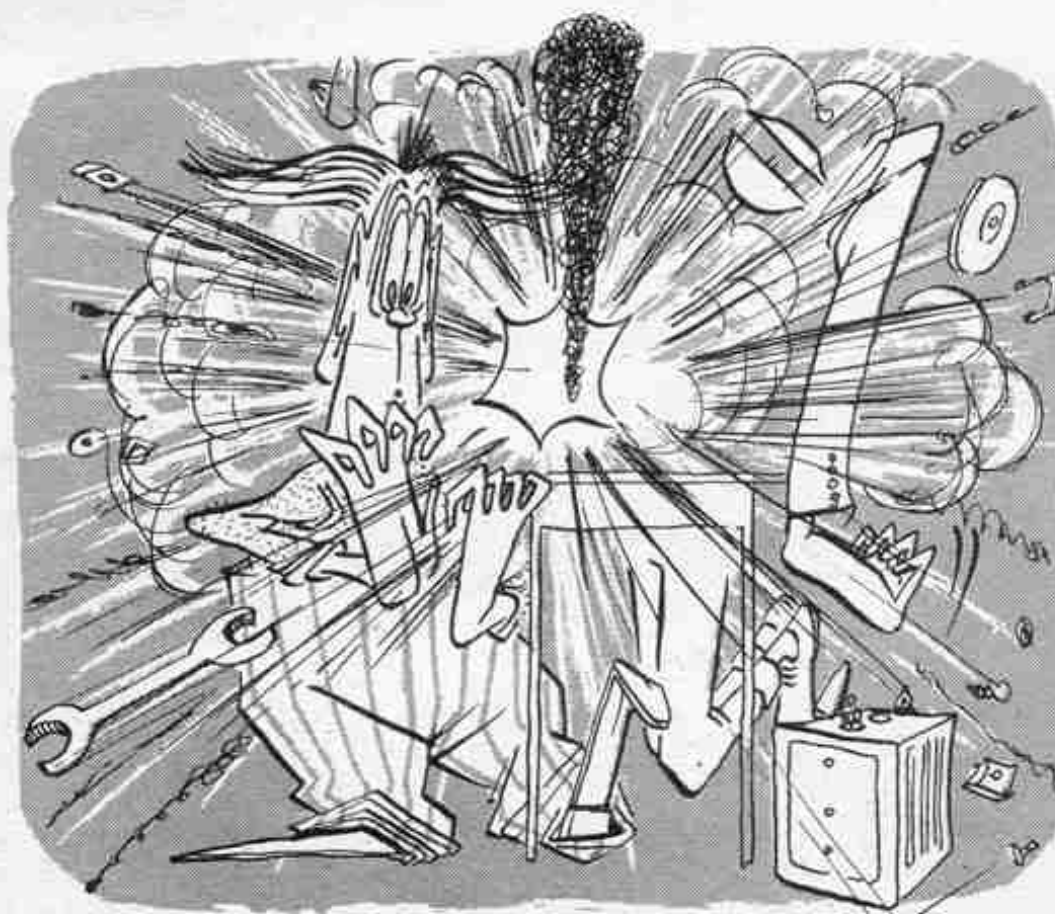
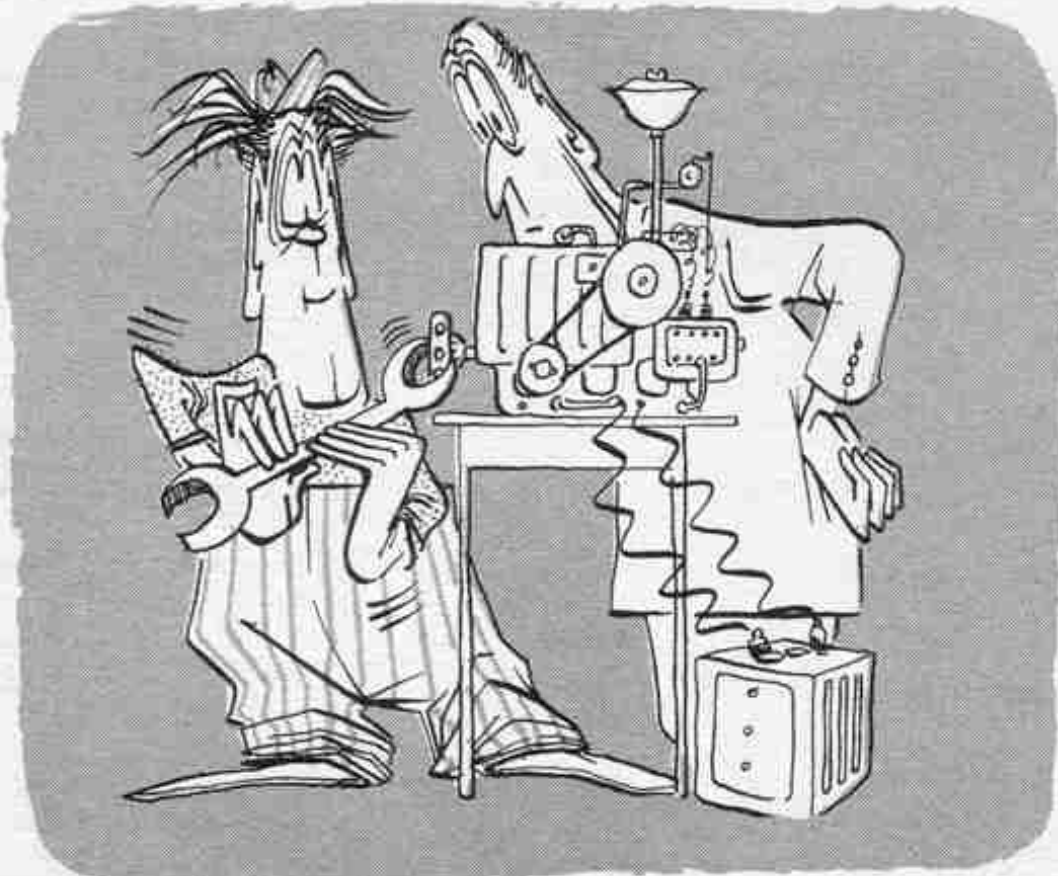
Young "Art" first came before the public eye in 1934 during a demonstration of the new Packard H-47 engine.



Freen suggested that greater speed could be attained by simply connecting the cam toggle to the litter bolt-head.



Packard engineers watched in awe as the young mechanic made the proper adjustments for his revolutionary idea.



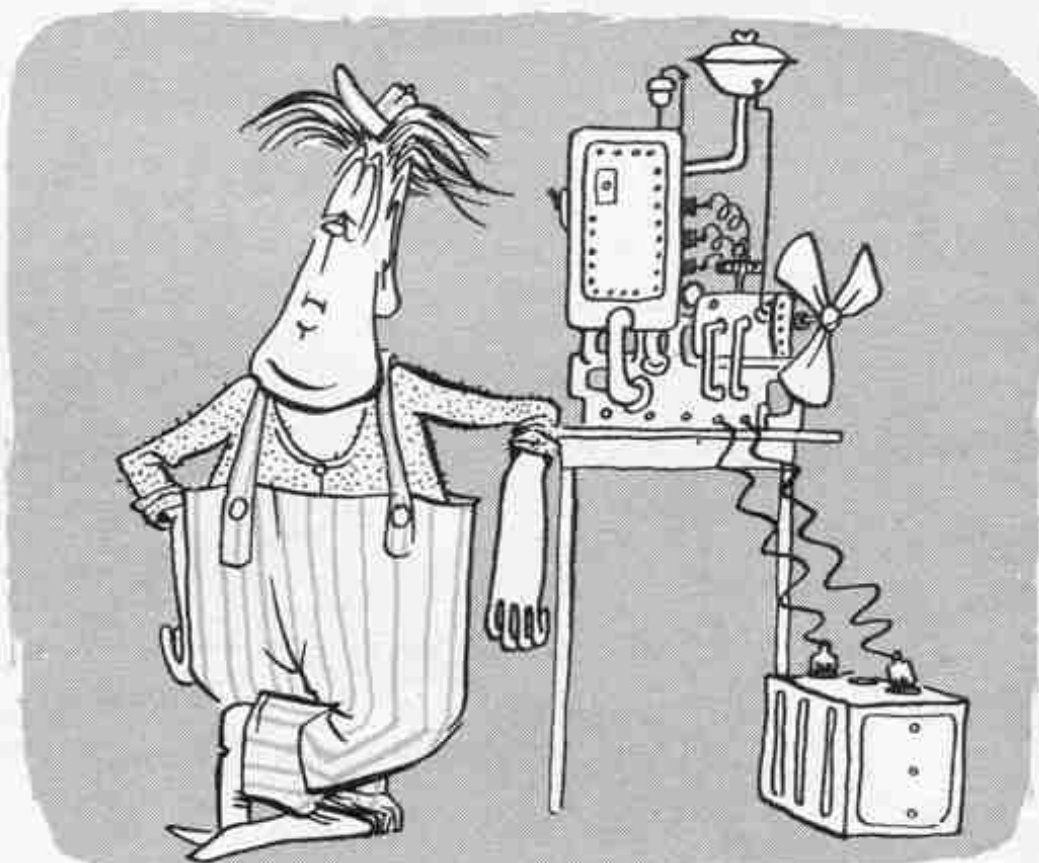
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Any other man would have been discouraged by this sound defeat . . . but not Freen. To him, this was a challenge!

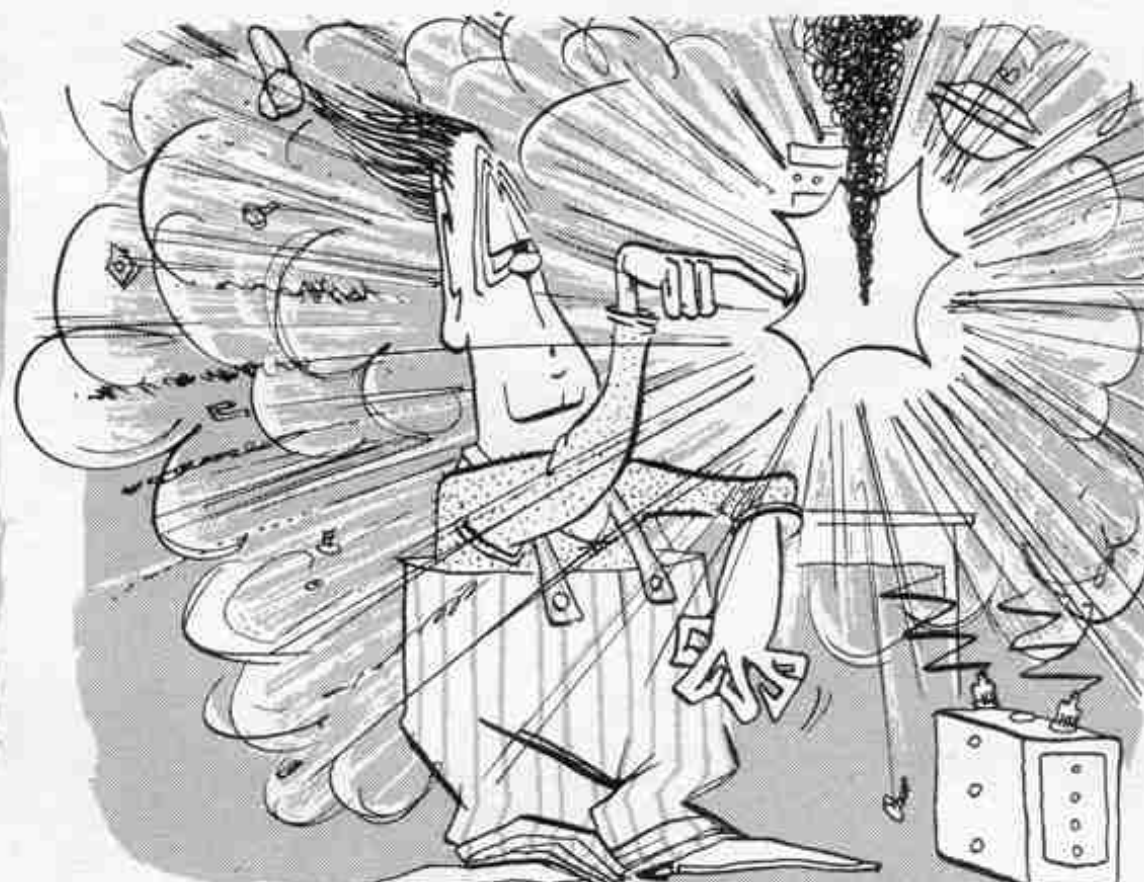
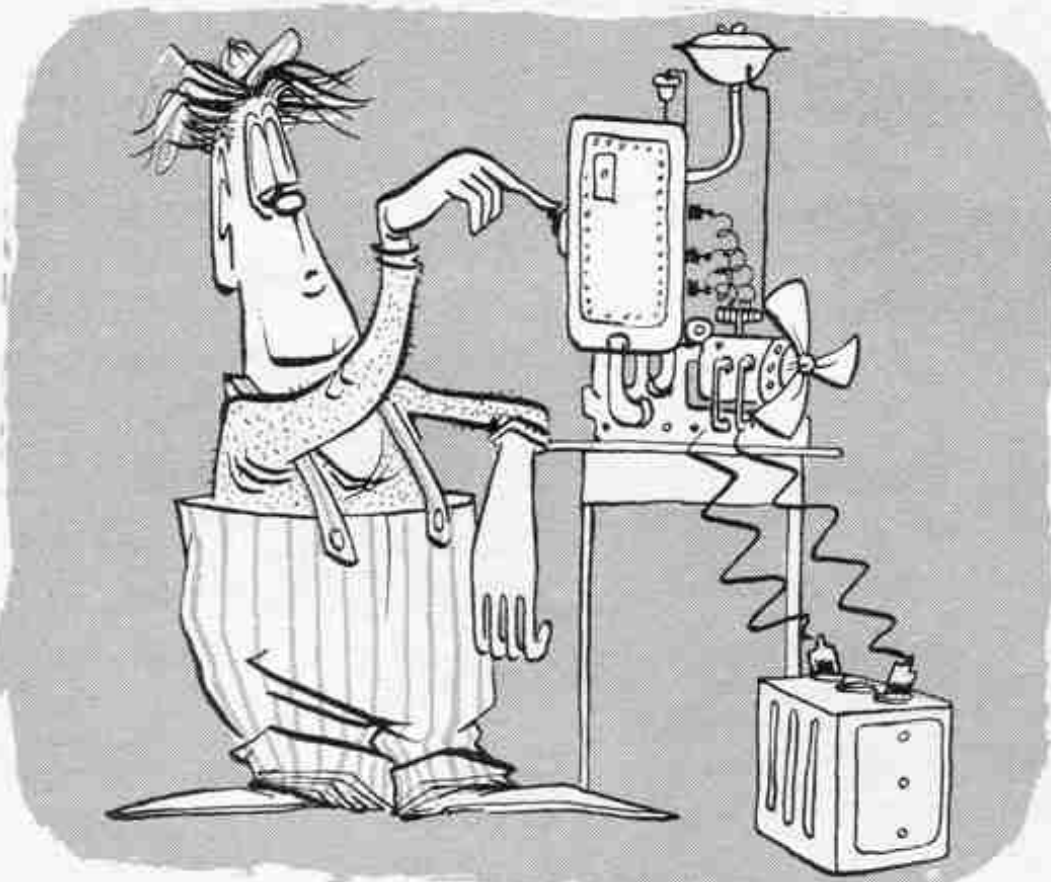


Only a few months later, Arthur Freen came forth with a plan for hooking a Biddle stabilizer to the axle stead.



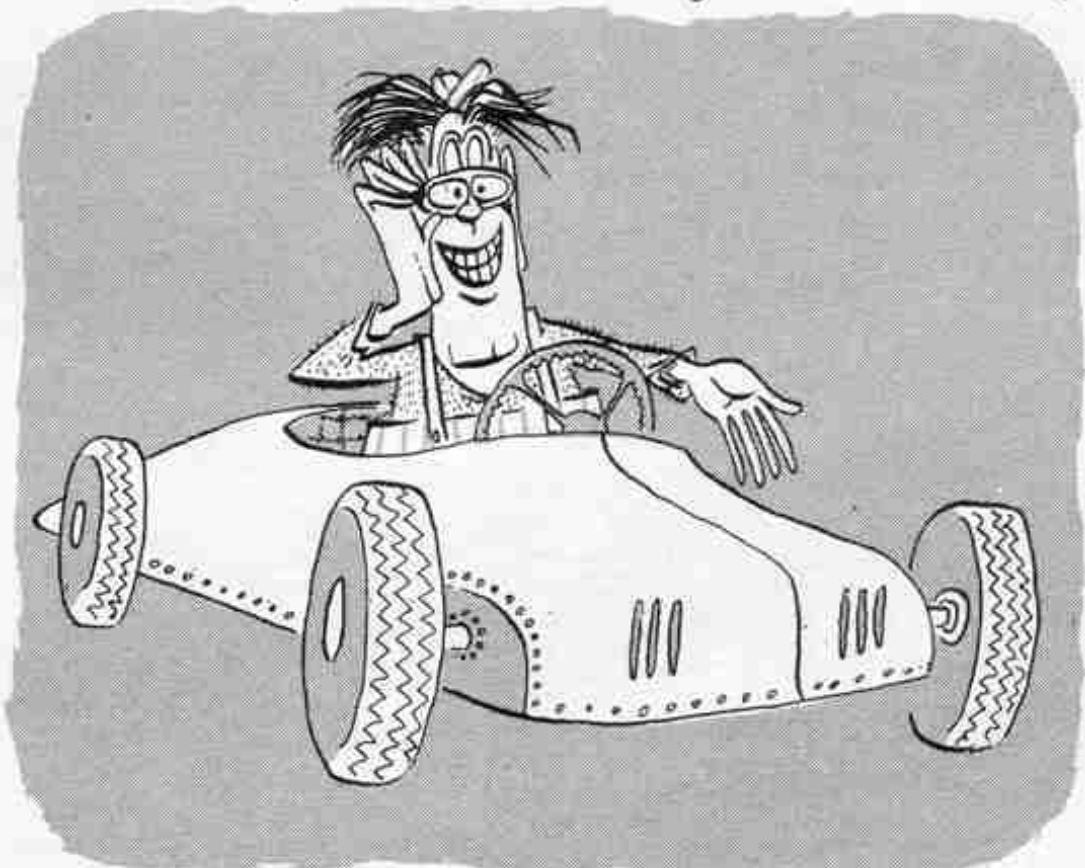
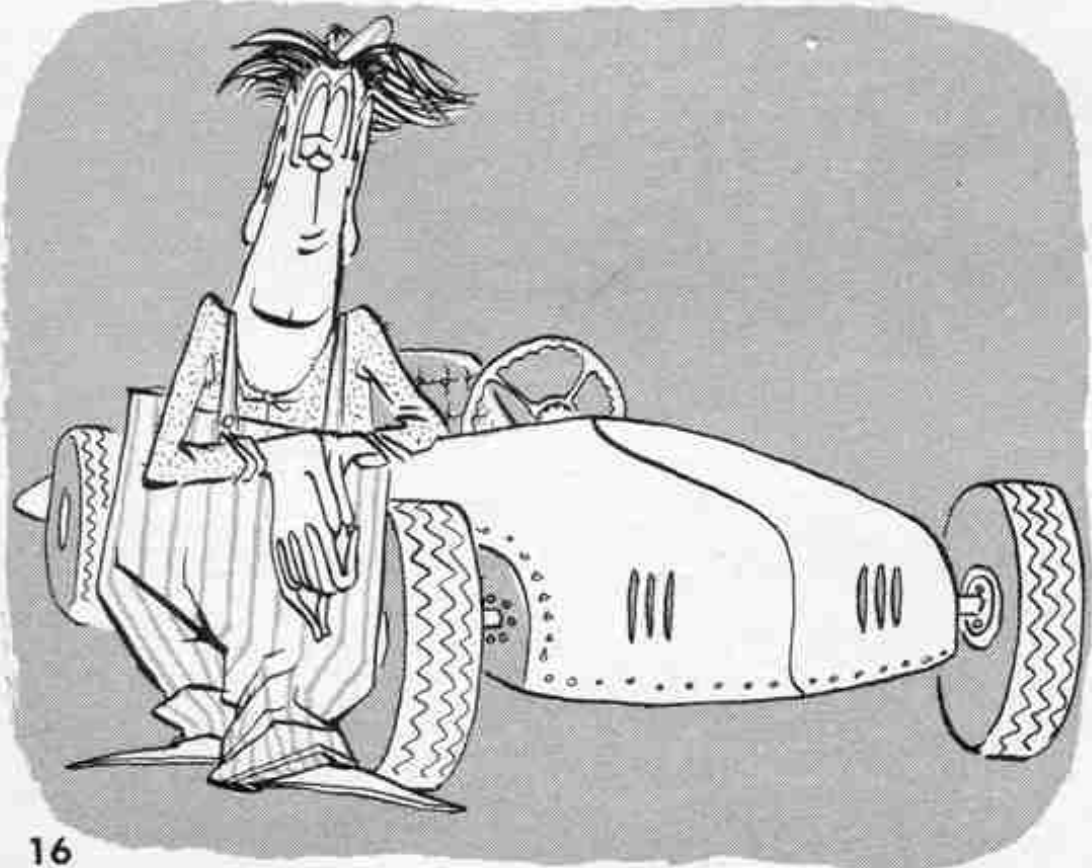
It was because of Arthur Freen's startling demonstration of this revolutionary new idea on September 28, 1934 . . .

. . . that Studebaker discarded the idea once and for all.



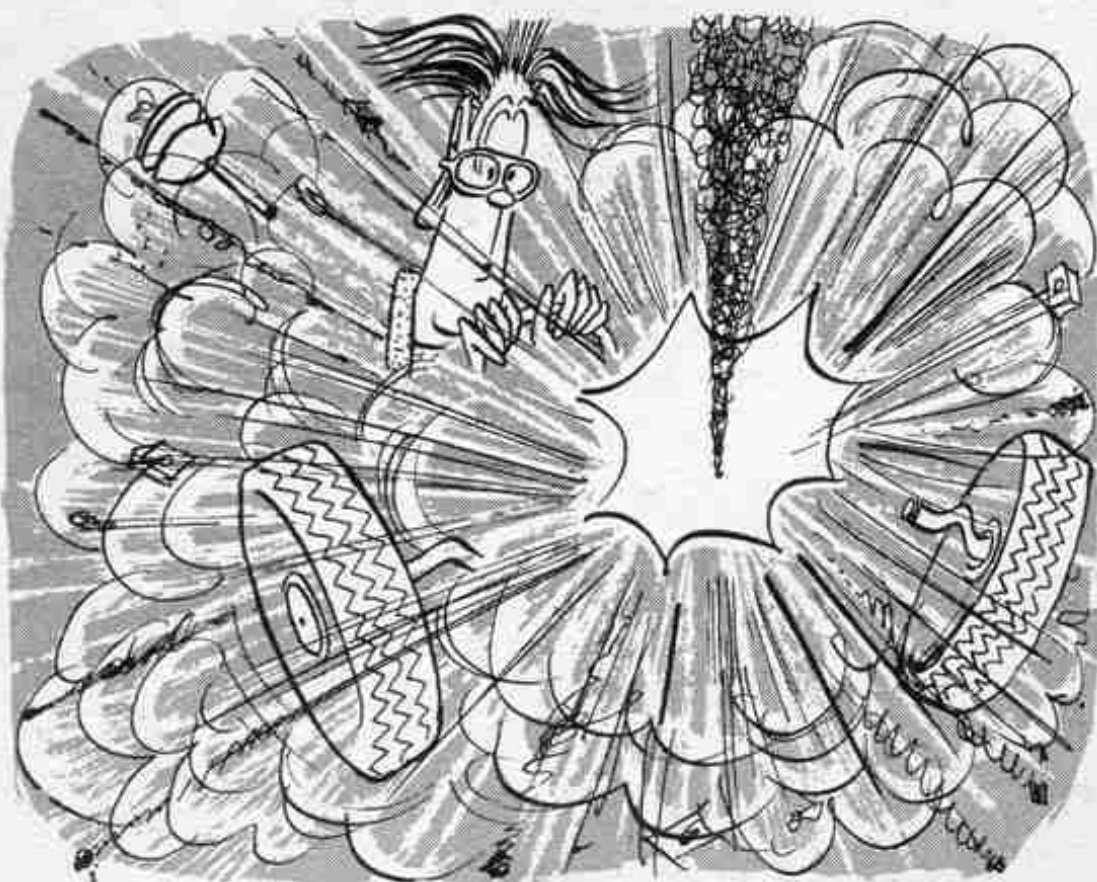
Two years later, Arthur Freen returned to the limelight, this time with a car which he claimed would do 180 MPH.

"All I did was widen the spindle shaft," announced Freen. (An idea Chrysler had been working on for six months!!)





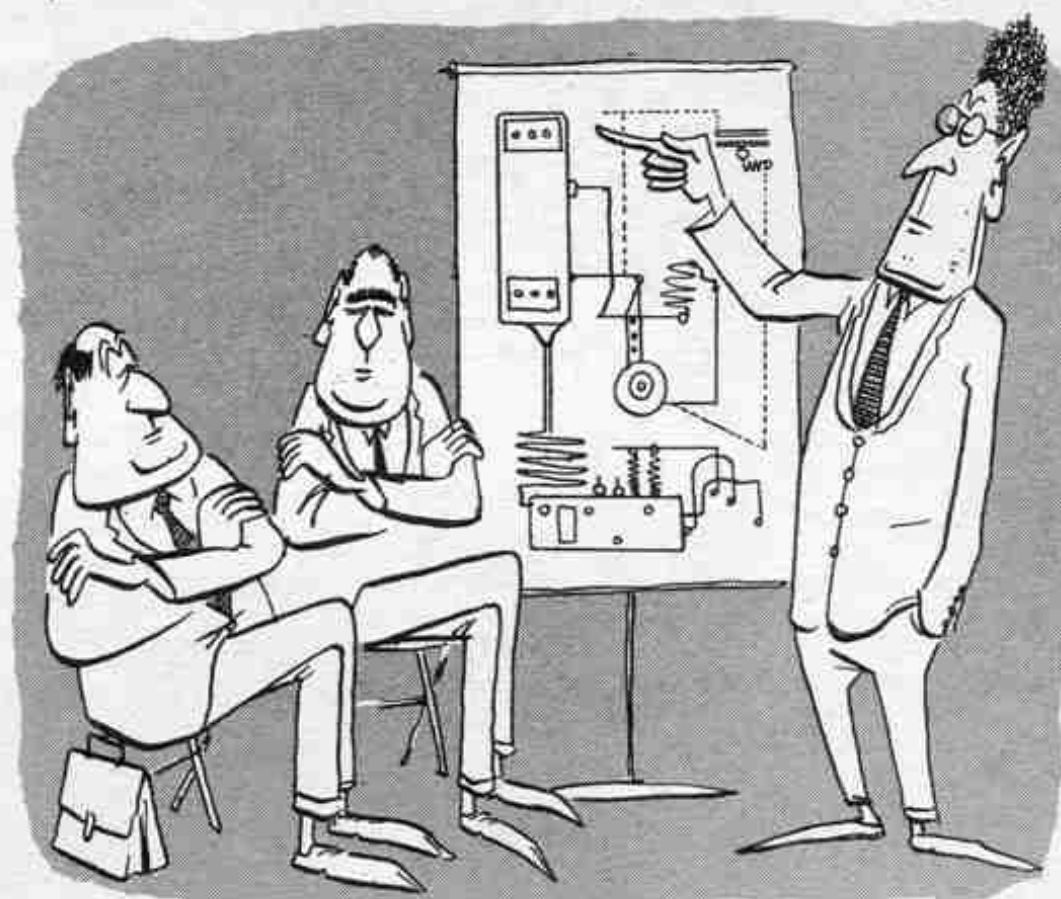
Needless to say, Chrysler immediately gave up the idea!



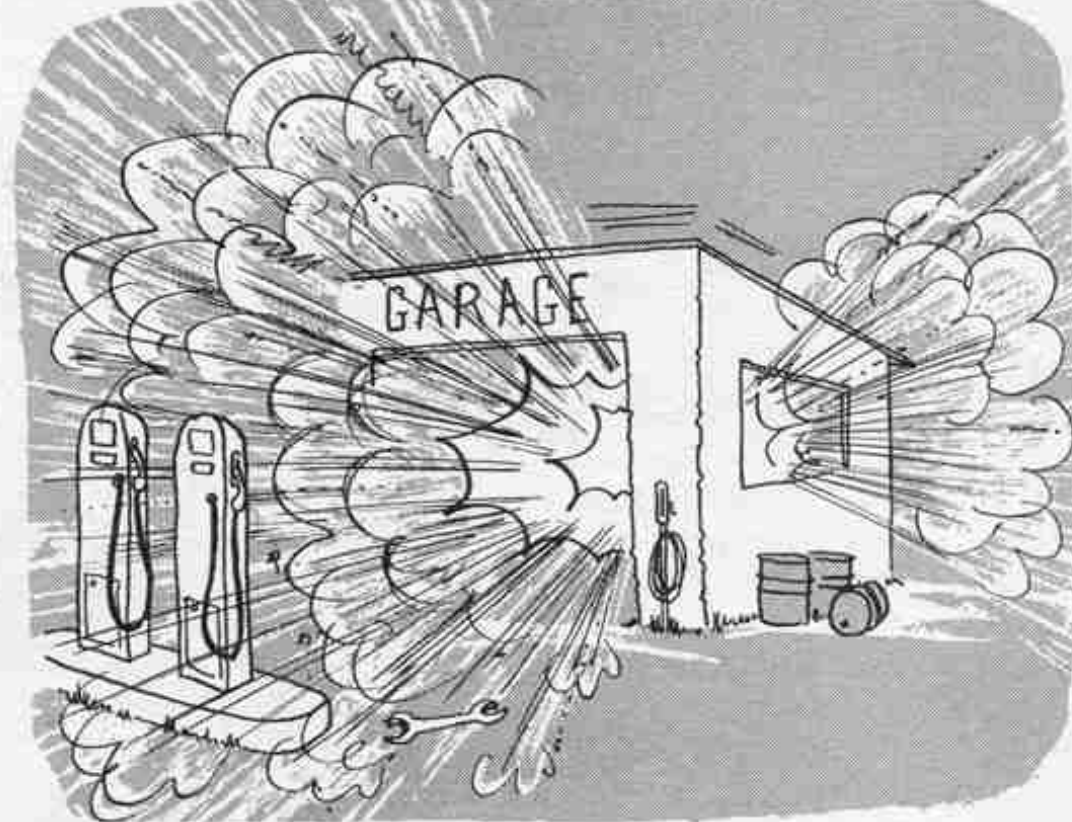
It was Arthur Freen who proved conclusively it wouldn't!



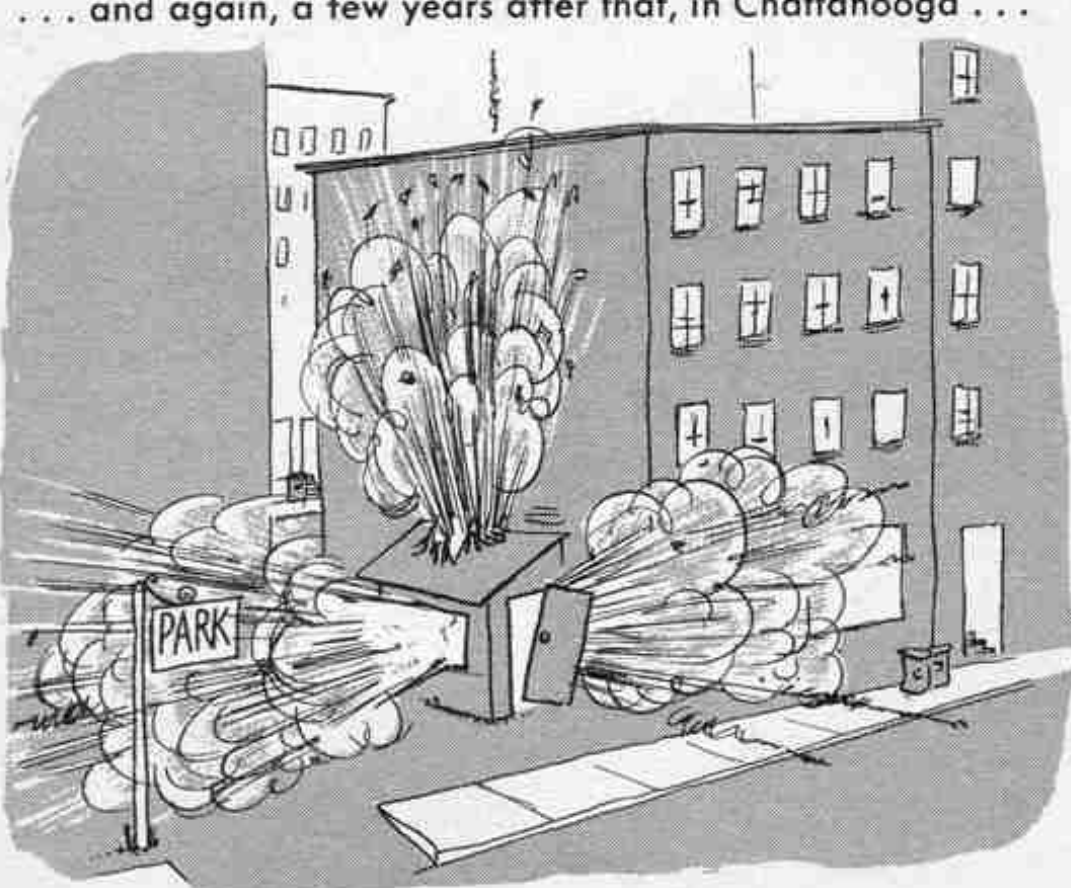
In 1940, when General Motors decided that more horsepower would result if the breaker gasket were enlarged . . .



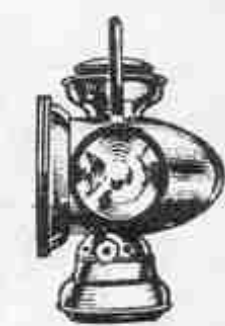
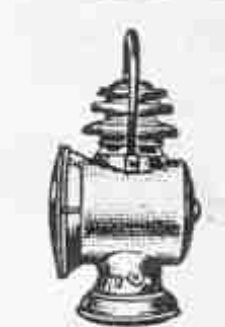
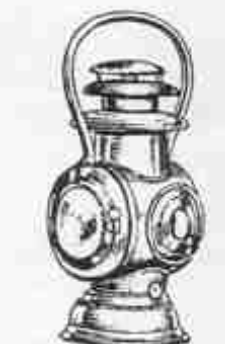
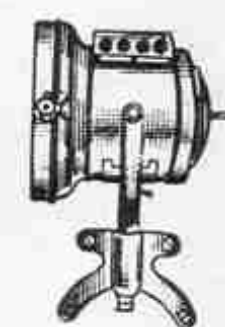
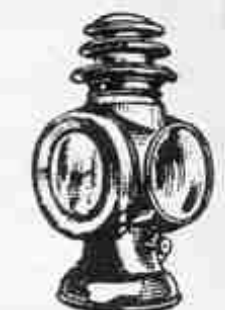
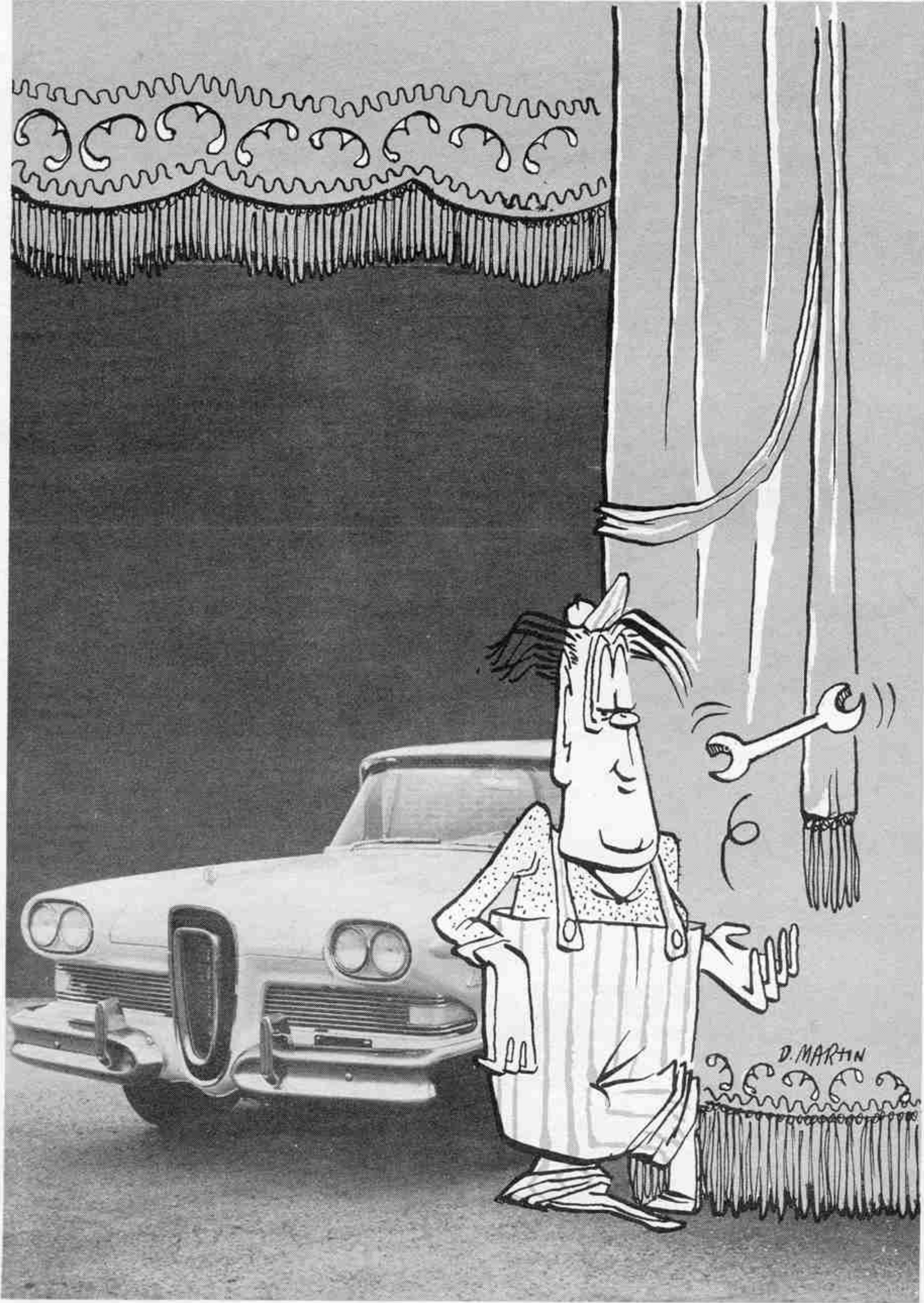
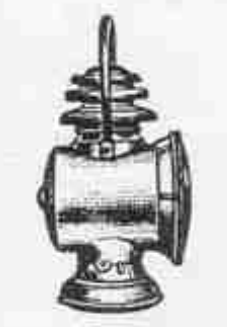
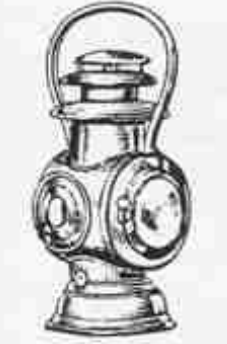
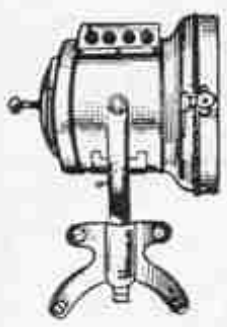
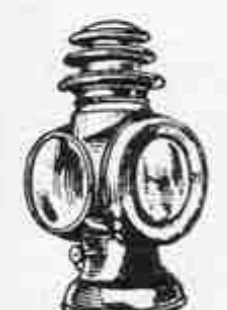
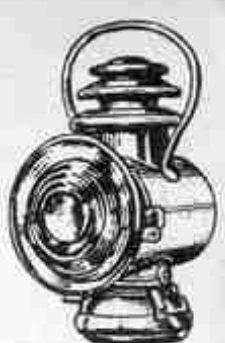
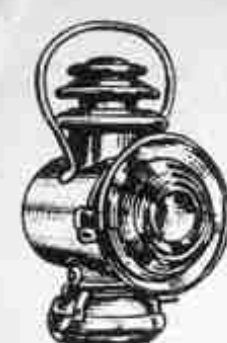
Then, as time went by, little was heard from Arthur A. Freen. Only once . . . some ten years later, in Kokomo . . .



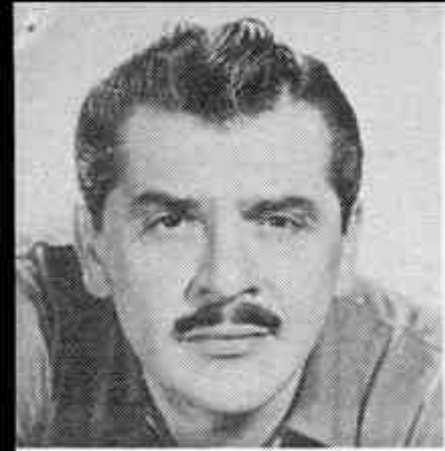
Until late in 1957, when Arthur A. Freen, automotive genius, appeared once again with a revolutionary idea . . .











ERNIE KOVACS DEPT. PART I

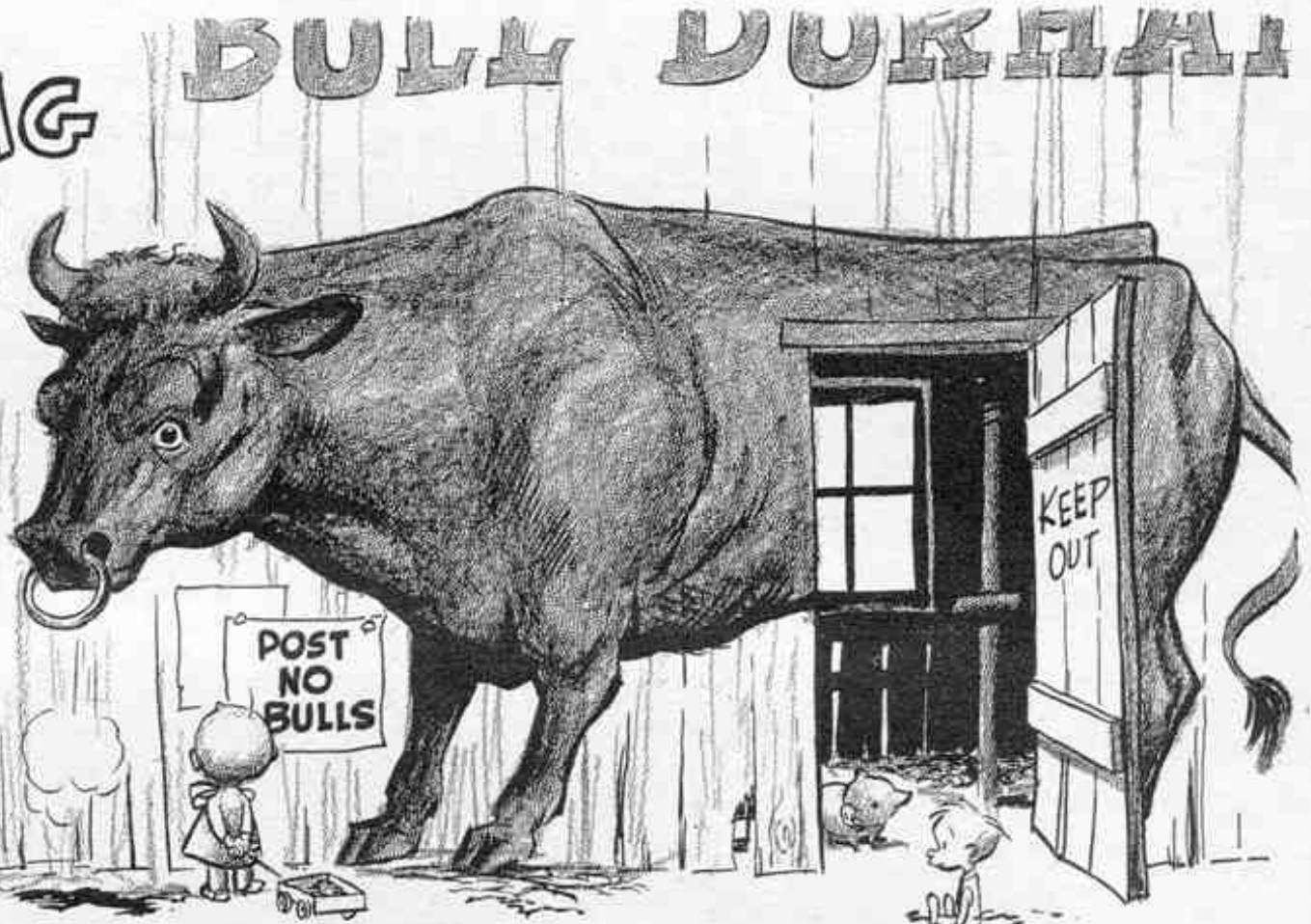
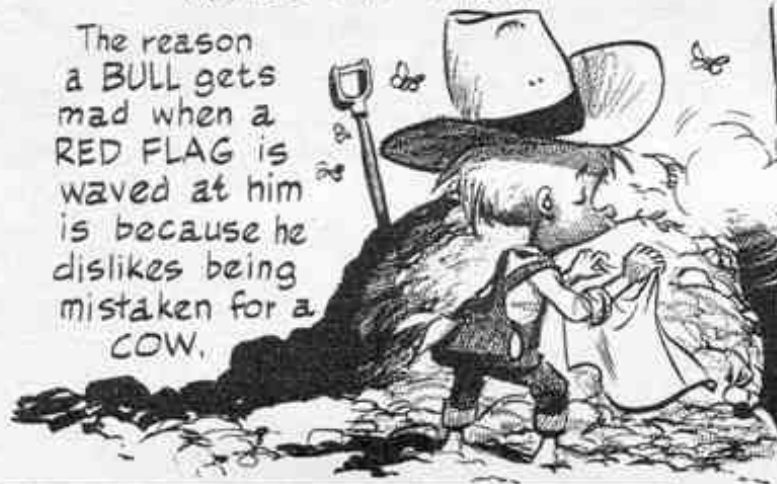
# Strangely Believe It!

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

CONTRARY TO POPULAR OPINION,  
**WAVING A RED FLAG**  
AT A **BULL**  
**DOES NOT IRRITATE HIM!**

ACTUALLY **COWS** ARE THE ONES WHO  
GET IRRITATED WHEN A RED FLAG IS  
WAVED AT THEM.

The reason  
a **BULL** gets  
mad when a  
**RED FLAG** is  
waved at him  
is because he  
dislikes being  
mistaken for a  
**COW**.



**ARMAND K. FRECHETTE**

A **FUR TRAPPER**  
from  
**GRANDEBOUCHE**,  
Canada,



TRAPPED A **SINGLE MINK**  
WORTH **\$8000.00**

IT WAS DRAPED OVER THE BACK  
OF A CHAIR AT THE STORK CLUB.

Although a pound of **SALAMI**  
and a pound of **LIVERWURST** weigh  
**EXACTLY THE SAME**,  
THREE POUNDS of **CHOPPED LIVER**  
weighs more than both put together.



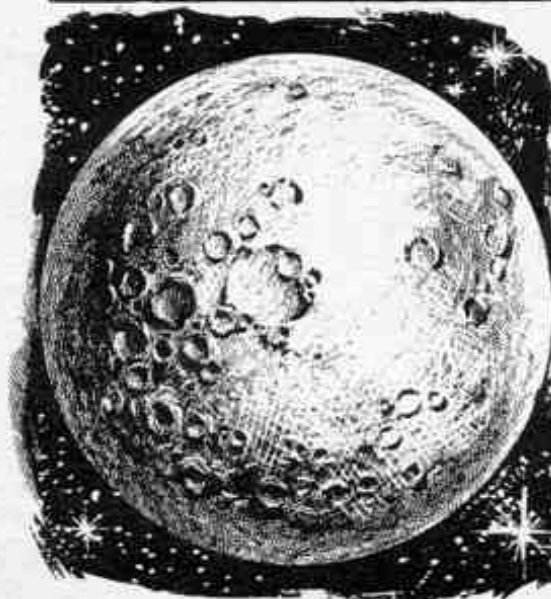
**ARTHUR K. LIMBISH**

a little known  
**COMEDY WRITER**  
MEMORIZED THE TAG LINES  
FOR OVER **930,000** JOKES  
THE REASON ARTHUR IS A LITTLE  
KNOWN COMEDY WRITER IS HE  
NEVER LEARNED THE SET-UP LINES.

THE FANTASTIC ODDS OF  
**10,000 TO ONE**  
WERE LEVELED AGAINST "**FIREBRAND**"  
WINNING THE EPSOM  
DOWNS DERBY  
STEEPLECHASE  
IN 1938



"**FIREBRAND**" WAS A GARTER SNAKE.



ALTHOUGH  
THE  
**MOON**  
IS ONLY  
ONE **49TH**  
THE  
SIZE OF  
THE **EARTH**,  
IT IS  
**FURTHER**  
**AWAY!**



A MAN TRAVELLING ON FOOT FROM **TOKYO**,  
JAPAN,  
TO **SAN DIEGO**,  
CALIFORNIA

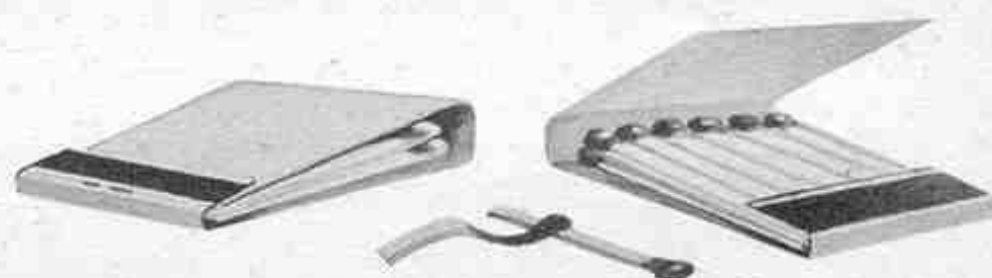
... WILL  
DROWN BEFORE  
HE GOES A  
HUNDRED MILES!





Did you know that MAD's own Alfred E. Neuman once worked in a matchbook factory? Well, it's true! He held the job for one whole day, and then he was fired. Because they found out he just

# CRAZY MIXED-UP Matchbook



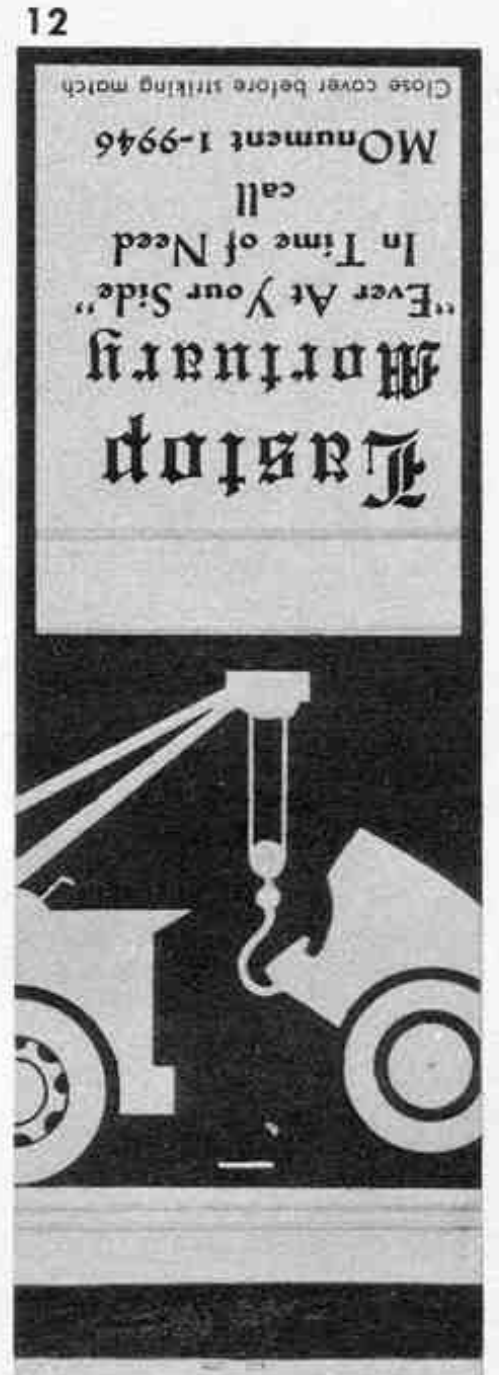


*People . . . some make things happen, some watch things happen, and the majority has no idea what's happened.*

*didn't have the brains to match the matchbook fronts with the matchbook backs. To show you what we mean, here is the result of Alfred's handiwork, mainly a sickening collection of . . .*

# MISMATCHED Covers

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE



*Woman . . . creature who acts nice to you because she doesn't like you, or mean, because she does.*



R. S. V. P. DEPT.

You can be a guest at the most important social events of

# MAD INV

ED SULLIVAN  
*Invites You To Observe The*  
SURPRISE PARTY  
*He is Planning for*  
STEVE ALLEN

at  
YUCCA FLATS  
NEVADA

On Friday, the 13th of June, 1958

Observers will assemble at 8 o'clock.

Zero hour will be 9 o'clock.

Flash proof glasses will be provided

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mantville  
Request your Presence at the  
Wedding  
of their son

Tommy  
to

Miss .....  
(To be filled in at a later date)

on  
Independence Day - 1958

at the  
Big Church Around The Corner  
New York City

Cocktails at 5 P. M.

Reception at 6 P. M.

Ceremony at 7 P. M.

Divorce at 8 P. M.

R.S.V.P.

MR. & MRS. J. HUBERT STURDLEY  
request the honor of your presence  
at the

COMING OUT PARTY  
of their daughter  
MAGNOLIA

on  
WEDNESDAY  
THE TWENTY FIRST OF FEBRUARY  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT

GATE 4  
CELL BLOCK 13  
LEAVENWORTH  
KANSAS

TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING  
Sharp

Dress Optional

Westbrook Pegler  
cordially invites  
All His Friends  
to his  
Birthday Party

on Sunday, January 12, 1958  
in his

One Room Apartment  
in New York City

Around 9 P. M. sharp

R.S.V.P.



1958 with these . . .

# ITATIONS

*The Shah of Iran, Sr.*  
requests your attendance at the  
**Wedding**  
of his son  
*Shah of Iran, Jr.*  
to

ALICE  
BETTY  
JOAN  
MARIE  
HELEN  
DAPHNE  
INGABORG

HORTENSE  
SONIA  
BEVERLY  
EVE  
MINERVA  
IRVING  
SYDELLE

and WANDA FURD  
in the main Harem at Saudi Arabia  
the fifteenth of June, 1958  
REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED  
(Dietary laws observed)

**Liberace**

desires your presence at an

Unveiling  
of the

New White Caps On His Teeth

Thursday

The Fourteenth of March  
Nineteen-Hundred Fifty-Eight

at his home in

Beverly Hills, California  
Mouth Opens Promptly at 9 P. M.

RSVP

POTRZEBIE

MR. & MRS. JOHN FOSTER DULLES  
Request Your Presence At Their  
GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY  
CELEBRATION

On Saturday, February Eighth,  
Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Eight

ITINERARY:

Reception: 1 P. M.

GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, N. Y.

Ceremony: 8 P. M.

HONSHU AIRPORT, TOKYO

Dinner: 2 A. M.

PICCADILLY DEPOT, LONDON

R.S.V.P.

**MICHAEL TODD**  
announces  
he has rented the

**TAJ MAHAL**  
for his

**LATEST PARTY**  
celebrating

The Recent Recovery of his Wife  
**ELIZABETH**

from a head cold  
Friday evening

and all night following  
September twenty-fourth, 1958

Your arrival is graciously awaited



LIKEWISE, I'M SURE DEPT.

# NOBODY HAS FUN AT PARTIES (Because the Introductions take so long)

That's right! Today's parties are no fun because everybody spends too much time making sure they're introduced to everybody else when they arrive. So much time is spent introducing everybody to every-

AT 9:30 P.M., THE FIRST GUESTS, JOE AND BELINDA, ARRIVE



AT 10 P.M., THE NEXT GUESTS ARRIVE.

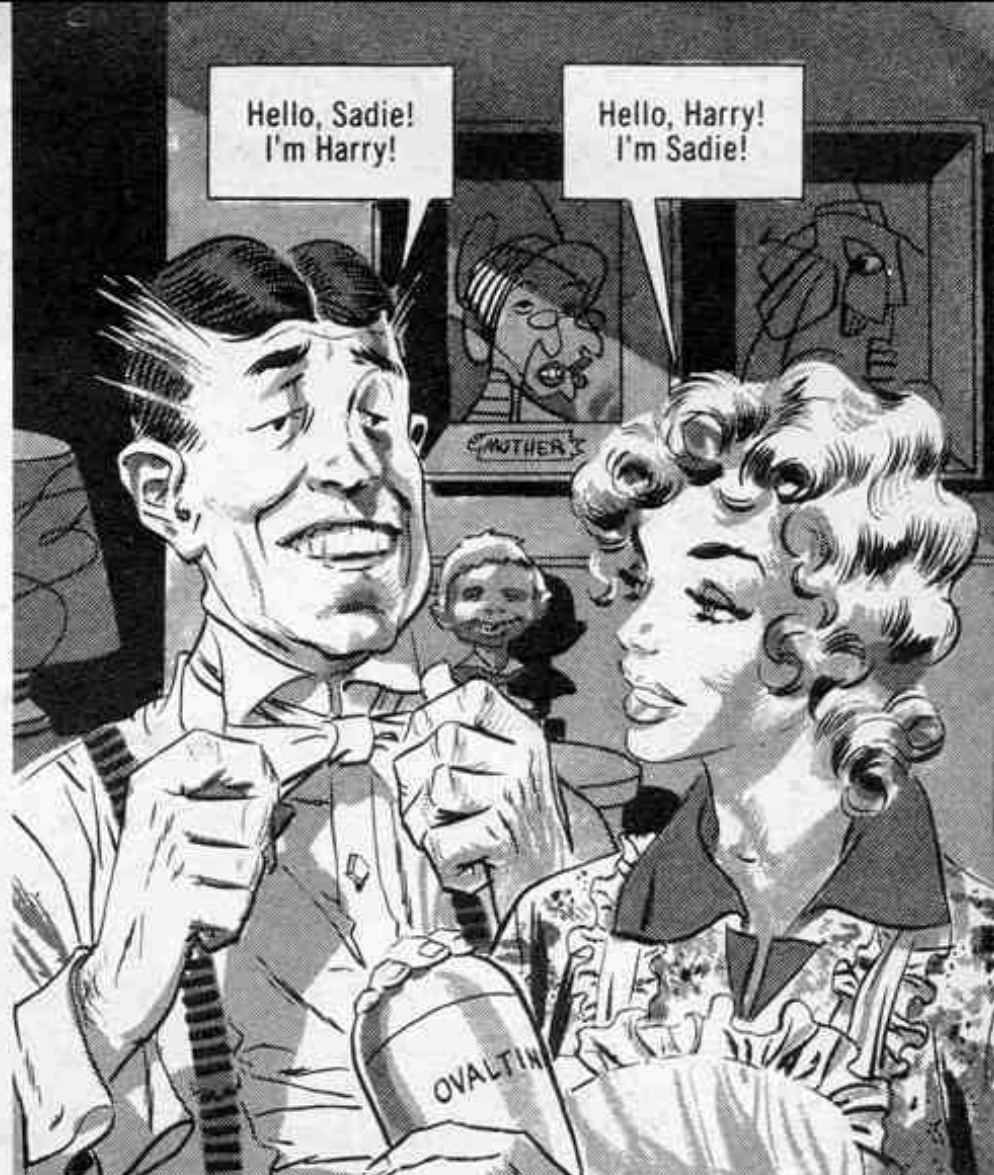




\*\*Swimming pool... a mob of people with water in it.

# S ANY RTIES (ake too long!)

body that there's no time left to have a good time at the party. To show you what we mean, let's look in on a typical party. Here are Harry and Sadie waiting for their guests to arrive.



PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

THEY ARE LANCE, LYDIA, AND TWO GUYS NAMED MAX





Bill, Betty, Bob, Babs, Bruce, Bonny, Ben, Brenda, Barney, Bernice, I'd like you to meet Sadie, Joe, Belinda, Lance, Lydia, Max, Max, Boris, Morris, Doris, Horace, Delores, Norris, Annie, Danny, Fanny, Lannie, Nannie, Manny, Moe and Jack!

Hi, Fanny!  
Hi, Danny!  
I'm Annie!

Hi, Lannie!  
Hi, Fanny!  
I'm Danny!

Hi, Manny!  
Hi, Annie!  
I'm Fanny!

Hi, Annie!  
Hi, Manny!  
I'm Lannie!

Hi, Danny!  
Hi, Lannie!  
I'm Nannie!

Hi, Nannie!  
Hi, Annie!  
I'm Manny!

Hi, Danny!  
Hi, Nannie,  
I'm Gus!

Has anyone  
seen Lance?

No, but I've  
seen Max!

Hello! I'm  
Max!

We're both  
named MAX!

Mike, meet  
Elizabeth!

Ike, meet  
Mamie!

Amos, this  
is Andy!

Delilah,  
meet Samson!

Rhett, this  
is Scarlett!

Lance? Where  
are you?

Xavier, have  
you met Abbe?

What's my  
name?

You're  
Max!

You're  
both Max!

Bill & Betty,  
meet Bob &  
Babs!

Bob & Babs,  
meet Bruce &  
Bonny!

Bruce &  
Bonny, meet  
Ben & Brenda!

Ben & Brenda,  
meet Barney  
& Bernice!

Barney &  
Bernice,  
meet Lance!

Lydia's  
looking for  
you, Lance!

Where's  
the John?

Abner, meet  
Daisy Mae!

Mr. Gallagher,  
Mr. Sheen!

Yoo-hoo!  
Lance!

Vim, meet  
Vigor!

Edward, this  
is Wallis!

Keep quiet  
up there!

Dr. Livingston,  
I presume?

Have you  
seen Lance?

No, I'm just  
delivering ice!

Mel, this is  
Audrey!

Daphnis,  
meet Chloe!

My name's  
Max!

We're both  
Max!

Ah, shaddup!  
Both of ya!

Quiet! I'm  
trying to  
sleep!

Somebody's  
trying to  
sleep!

Maybe it's  
Lance! Oh  
Lance...?

Kukla, this  
is Ollie!

Lillian, this  
is Scotch!

Bess, this  
is Harry!

My name's  
Konrad  
Styner!

George, this  
is Martha!

Scotch?! This  
is Bourbon!

Dean, this  
is Jerry!

Sam, this  
is wrong!

Friday's the  
name! I'm a cop!

Have you  
seen Lance?

Josephine,  
meet Napoleon!

Desi, this  
is Lucy!

Mr. Rodgers,  
Mr. Hammerstein!

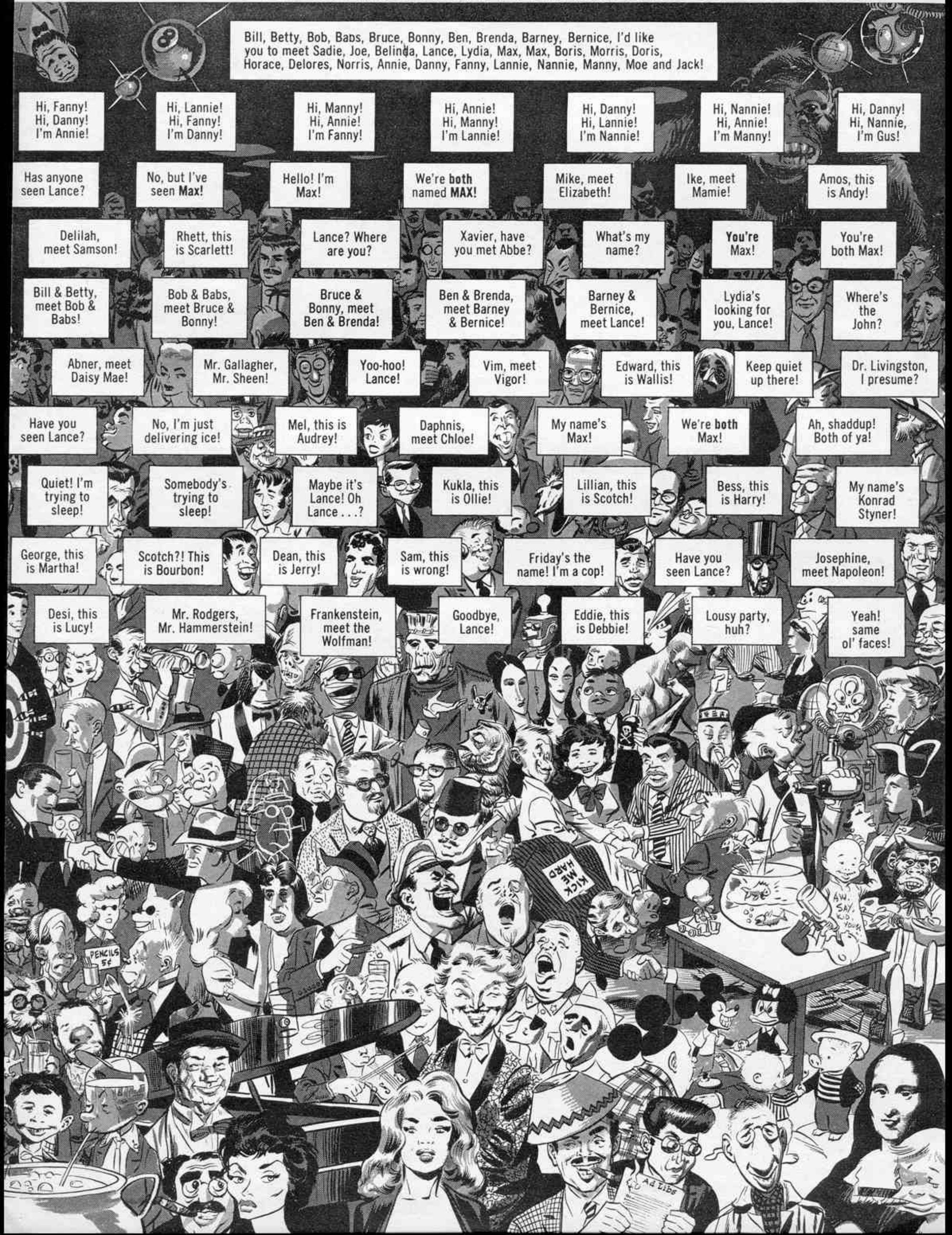
Frankenstein,  
meet the  
Wolfman!

Goodbye,  
Lance!

Eddie, this  
is Debbie!

Lousy party,  
huh?

Yeah!  
same  
ol' faces!





THE PATTTER OF BIG FEET DEPT.

# BABY SITTING MAY RUIN OUR NATION!

TODAY, BABY SITTERS ARE MADE UP OF ...



\*\*Self-control ... the ability to eat only one peanut.

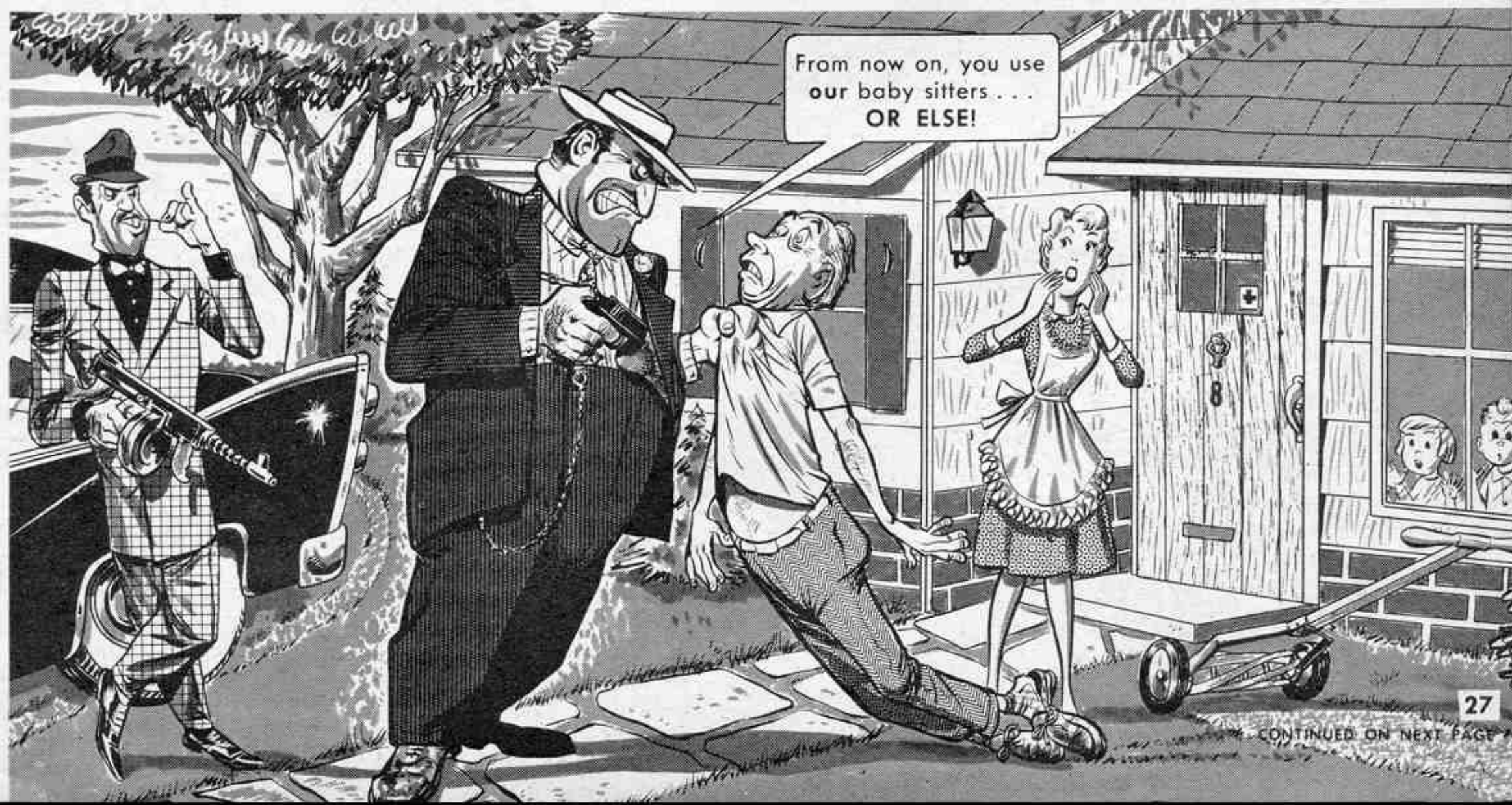
SWEET YOUNG TEEN-AGE GIRLS ... ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE BOYS ... KINDLY OLD GRANDMOTHERS

## BUT

STORY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG

BABY SITTING IS NO CHILD'S PLAY! AMERICANS SPEND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY ON BABY SITTERS! WHEN THERE'S THAT KIND OF MONEY AROUND...

**THE RACKETEERS ARE SURE TO MUSCLE IN!**





## CRIME SYNDICATES WILL TAKE OVER LOCAL BABY SITTING SERVICES

**BABY  
SITTERS  
WANTED**

MUST BE TWO-  
TIME LOSER AND  
HANDY WITH A  
GAT.

THE WEST SIDE  
SYNDICATE BABY  
SITTER PROTECTIVE ASS.



## GANG WARS WILL BREAK OUT AGAIN OVER BABY SITTING TERRITORIES



## USUAL BABY SITTERS WILL BE REPLACED WITH SYNDICATE PERSONNEL



## AS A RESULT, CHILDREN'S CLASSIC FAIRY TALES WILL BE CHANGED



### Goldie Moll and Da T'ree Bulls

Onct upon a time, dere wuz t'ree bulls. Dere was dis big poppa bull, who wuz a double-crossin' dick. Dere wuz dis middle-sized momma bull, who wuz a lady cop. And dere wuz dis li'l baby bull, who wuz a lousy Junior G-Man.

One day, when Goldie Moll wuz on da lam from her latest bank heist where she netted a cool twenny G's, she come acrosst dis neat li'l hideout in da woods. So she pull out her gat an' she wen' inside.

Da place was bare as Brynner's dome. An' onna table, dere wuz deze t'ree shot-glasses full o' joy-juice. So, since Goldie wuz needin' a pick-me-up, she took a swig from each of da t'ree glasses.

Da foist glass wuz too strong.

Da second glass wuz too cool.



# RULES FOR SYNDICATE BABY SITTERS

(Break these rules and we break your arm!)

## IF KID GETS UP CRYING...



Turn on radio loud so you won't hear him.

## NEVER HIT KID...



With brass knuckles. They leave marks.

## NEVER STEAL ANYTHING...



That's nailed down. Syndicate gets 50%.

## NO BLOWING FAMILY SAFE...



It'll wake up the kid. Use a blow torch.

## NO DRINKING ON JOB...



Except for beer, gin, scotch and whiskey.

## KEEP YOUR GUN CLEAN...



The kid's liable to put it in his mouth.

\*\*Salesman... man with ability to convince wife she'd look fat in mink.









# Strangely Believe It!

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

AT EXACTLY  
**MIDNIGHT**  
IN NEW YORK CITY  
WHEN THE MOON  
IS FULL, AND THERE  
ARE NO CLOUDS IN  
THE SKY WHATSOEVER,  
IF A MAN WERE  
TO STAND ON THE  
**OBSERVATORY  
TOWER** OF THE  
**EMPIRE  
STATE  
BUILDING**

HE'D HAVE GOTTEN THERE  
BY ILLEGAL ENTRY AS  
THE TOWER CLOSES  
AT TEN P.M.



## THE STRANGEST SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENON

OF ALL TIME  
WAS RECORDED ON  
**MAY 18, 1956**, WHEN  
**ELIZABETH DONAHUE  
FORSNEY**

WAS BORN IN A COMMERCIAL  
AIRLINER WHILE TRAVELLING  
OVER GRAND CANYON,  
COLORADO



A TELEGRAM  
WAS IMMEDIATELY  
DISPATCHED TO  
ELIZABETH'S MOTHER  
WHO HAD MISSED  
THE PLANE IN  
DENVER.

On April 6, 1897, the 90-ton  
Barkentine

### "MAJORCA"

DISAPPEARED DURING A NORTH ATLANTIC  
STORM... SEVEN YEARS LATER TO THE DAY,  
THE RESIDENTS OF THE SEAPORT TOWN  
OF BATON ROUGE, MASS, SAW A  
STRANGE SIGHT... THE MAYOR, CLAD  
IN HIS UNDERWEAR WAS CHASING  
THE WIFE OF THE LOCAL  
BUTCHER DOWN THE  
STREET WITH A  
CLEAVER.



### GEORGE "CANVASBACK" JONES

a Prizefighter  
from TOPEKA, KANSAS  
WAS **KNOCKED DOWN**  
**34 TIMES**  
DURING **ONE FIGHT**  
... AND THE FIGHT WAS  
**NOT STOPPED!**



George was fighting with his wife at the time.

### A FLOUNDER DOES NOT SPAWN CHILDREN



IT SPAWNS BABY FLOUNDERS

**MRS. ARNOLD FRUMKIN**  
of Liver Bile, Ark.  
**RAISED**

A CAT, A RAT,  
A RATTLESNAKE,  
AND A  
**RACCOON**  
AS PETS



IN AN APARTMENT ONLY **10 FEET SQUARE!**

... ODDLY ENOUGH, THE ANIMALS GOT ALONG VERY WELL, AND  
SHARED MRS. FRUMKIN EQUALLY...



Ever notice how that floral-patterned paper you were so crazy about when you picked it starts to *drive* you crazy after it's up a few *months*? That's because the pattern had no practical purpose. We believe a wallpaper design should have a practical purpose. That's why we've designed these practical patterns ...purpose being to drive you crazy after they're up a few *days*!

## A cartoon illustration of a man in a vest and tie looking at a bowling alley scoreboard. The scoreboard has a sign that says "PLEASE OBSERVE FOUL LINE". A worker in overalls and a cap is painting the foul line. There are paint cans and brushes on the floor.

## A black and white cartoon illustration of a man and a woman in a living room. The man, wearing glasses and a sweater, sits in a large armchair reading a book. The woman sits on a sofa, looking thoughtful with her hand to her chin. A brick fireplace with a clock is in the background, and a window with a bull's head is on the left.

[illegible]



# WALLPAPER

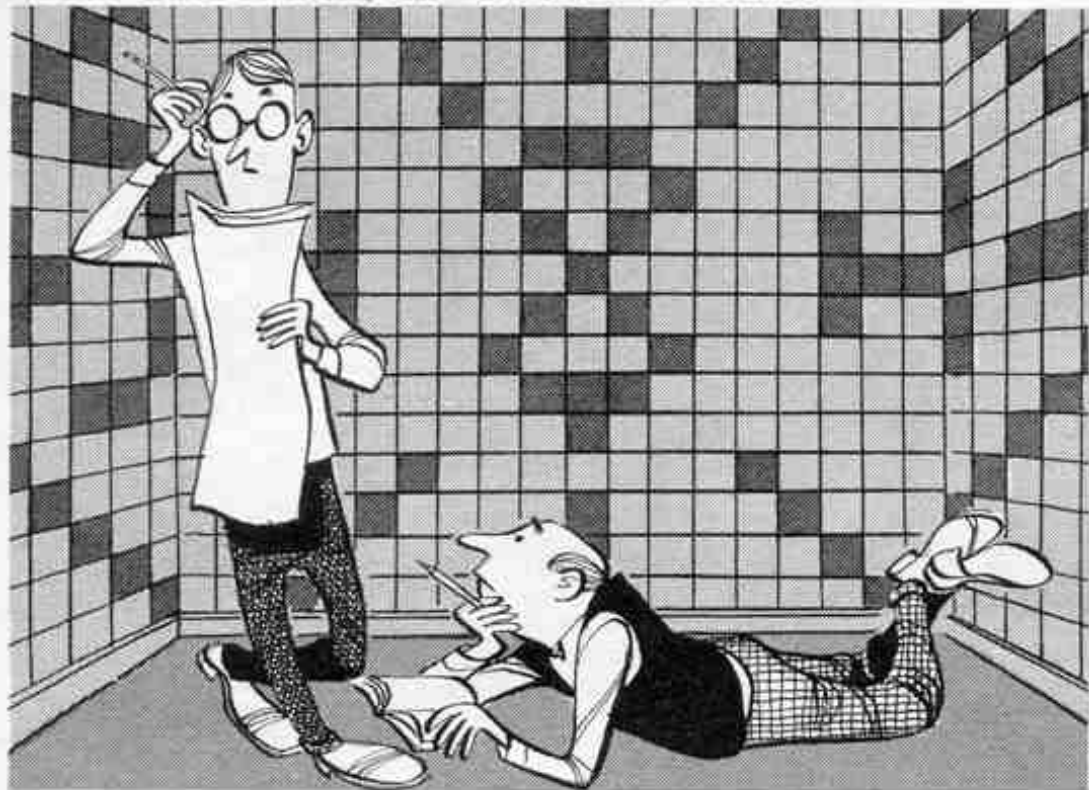
FOR BATTLING COUPLES



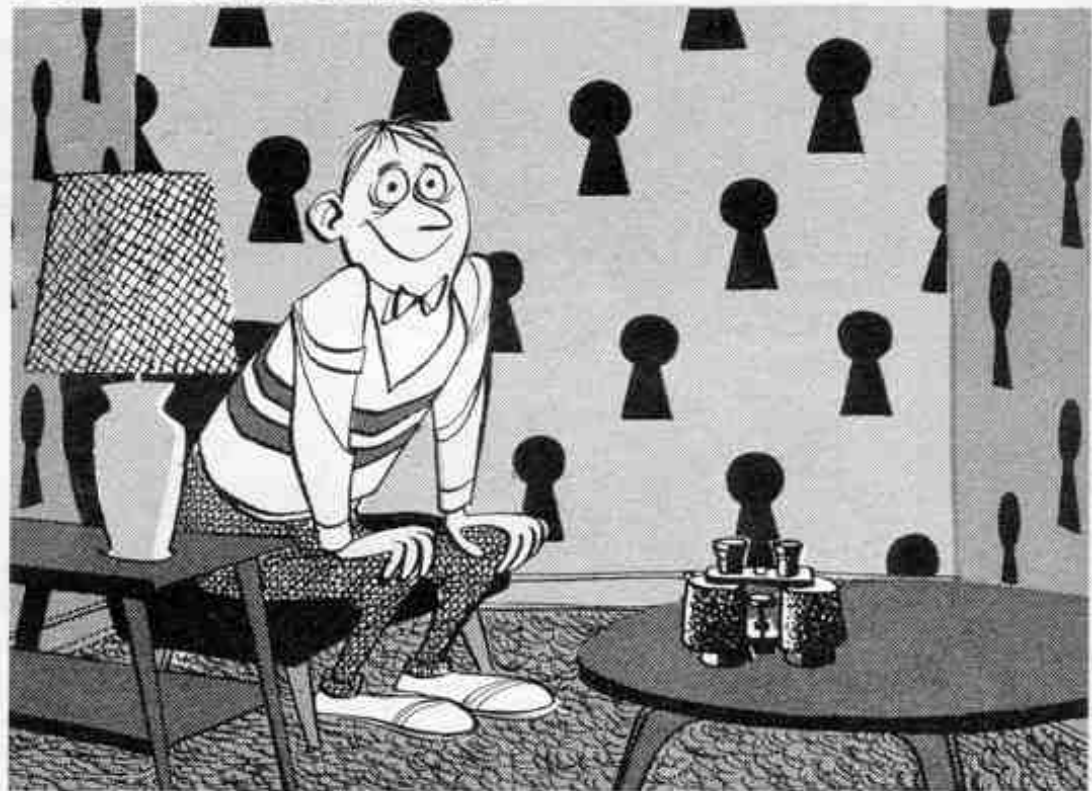
FOR CONFUSING BURGLARS



FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE FANS



FOR PEEPING TOMS



PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE





## SICK, SICK, SICK DEPT.

This age we live in has been termed by many as "The Age of Anxiety". And we agree. Today, you have to be a little neurotic, or people look at

you like you're not normal. Seems that nowadays, if you don't hate your father, you just don't "belong". And so that readers of MAD shouldn't

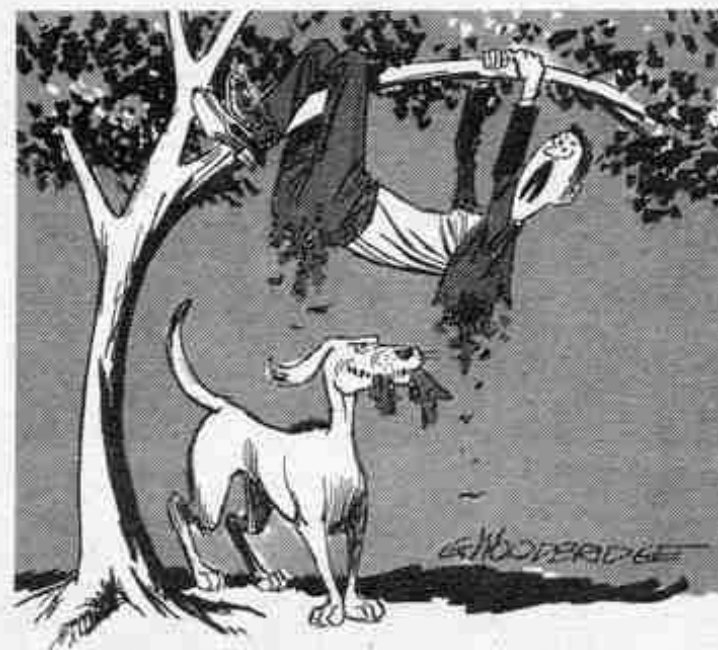
# HOW NEUROTIC



DO LITTLE EVERYDAY THINGS UPSET YOU?  
Yes ☐ No ☐



ARE YOU AFRAID OF MEETING NEW PEOPLE?  
Yes ☐ No ☐



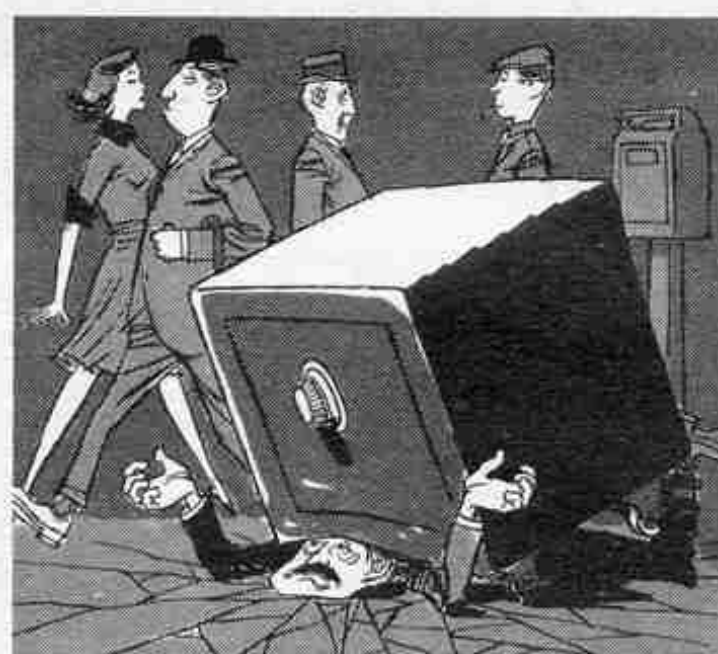
ARE YOU THE TYPE WHO WORRIES NEEDLESSLY?  
Yes ☐ No ☐



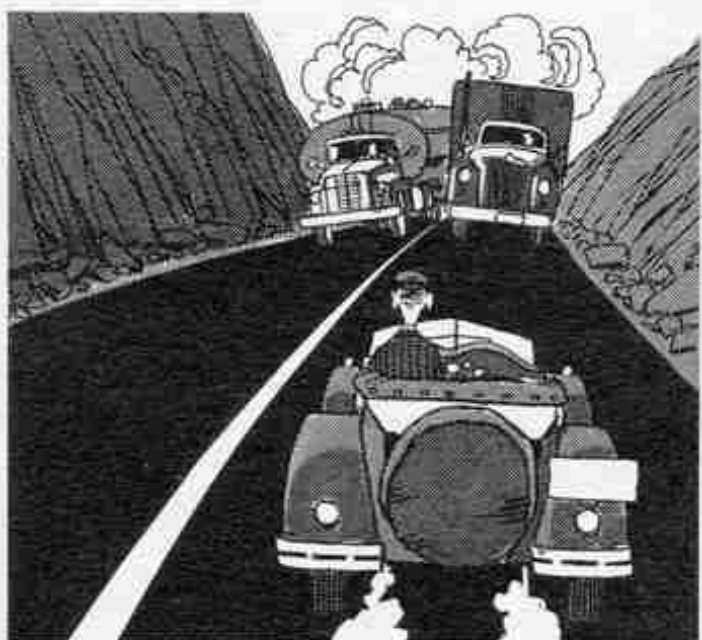
DO YOU OFTEN FEEL THAT LOVED ONES REJECT YOU?  
Yes ☐ No ☐



ARE YOU UNNECESSARILY SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYONE?  
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU ALWAYS LOOK FOR SYMPATHY FROM OTHERS?  
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY MAKING QUICK DECISIONS?  
Yes ☐ No ☐ Maybe ☐



ARE YOU ALWAYS TRYING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION?  
Yes ☐ No ☐

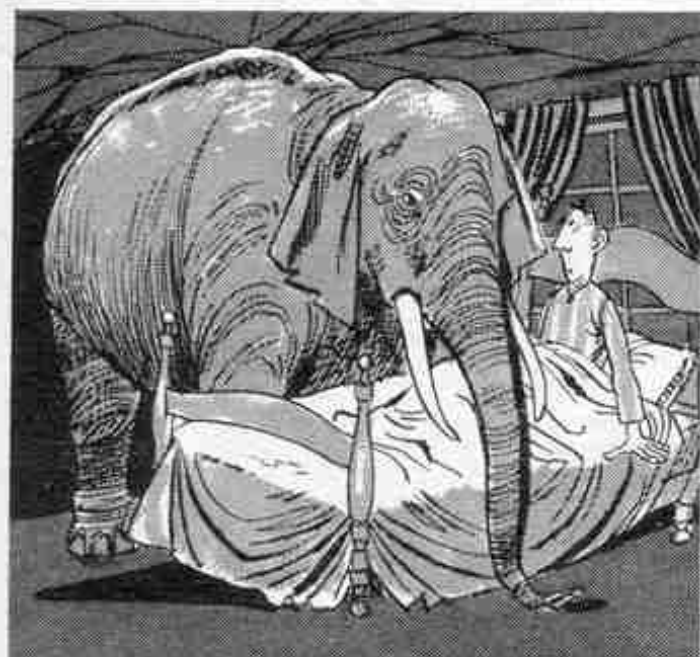


DO YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT EVERY ACHE AND PAIN?  
Yes ☐ No ☐ Oy-vay! ☐



miss out on this modern way to be interesting and sophisticated, we have prepared the following psychological test which asks the question:

# ARE YOU?



**CAN YOU ADJUST TO NEW SITUATIONS THAT ARISE?**  
Yes ☐ No ☐



**ARE YOU INTOLERANT OF OTHER PEOPLE?**  
Yes ☐ No ☐



**DO YOU ALLOW OTHERS TO DOMINATE OVER YOU?**  
Yes Sir ☐ No Sir ☐



**DO YOU OFTEN FEEL UNLOVED AND UNWANTED?**  
Yes ☐ No ☐



**DO YOU ONLY SEE THE GLOOMY SIDE OF THINGS?**  
Yes ☐ No ☐



**DO YOU GET STRANGE COMPULSIVE DESIRES OFTEN?**  
Yes ☐ No ☐



## SCORING

Add 5 for every "Yes" answer.  
Subtract 3 for every "No" answer.

### UNDER ZERO

A score below zero shows that you are a typically old-fashioned, emotionally mature-type clod. So, you had better straighten yourself out, or you will wake up one morning so fully adjusted you'll be the laughing stock of your whole neighborhood. Now is the time to get out of your healthy rut and start getting some real anxieties and fears of your very own. Only in this way will you be able to take your rightful place in this sick, sick world of ours.

### ZERO TO 50

A score between zero and 50 indicates that you have already started to develop a wholesome-type neurosis, but that there are still some deep-rooted healthy desires in your subconscious which are holding you back from realizing your full neurotic potential. We would suggest that you immediately begin to fight off this inner drive by practicing some time-tested hostile habits. For example, you can start by doubting everything. Then you can become suspicious of your neighbor. Get a little anti-social. Crack up once in a while. Running amok in a Public Library works wonders for beginners.

### 50 TO 75

A score between 50 and 75 shows that you are a fully-developed MAD-type neurotic, which makes you interesting and sophisticated. Such a guy, we like.

### OVER 80

A score of over 80 shows that you are definitely psychotic. It also shows that you suffer from schizophrenia. It also shows that you have paranoiac delusions of grandeur. But mainly, it shows that you can't even add right—because the score only goes up to 75.

\* \* \* Egocentric . . . a person who believes he is everything you know you are.



## MONEY TALKS DEPT.

Today, the great American pastime is endorsing products. It doesn't make much difference what the product is, just so long as the endorser has a big name. In fact, we've found there's hardly any connection at all between the person and the product. These ads will show you what we mean as

# Mad looks

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

Star Slugger **MICKEY MANTLE** says:  
**"ACME Industrial Blast Furnaces are GREAT!"**



And who should know better than the champion New York Yankee outfielder who is famous for his own mighty blasts. You'll find your plant will hit a "home run" in efficiency every time when you install an ACME Industrial Blast Furnace.

**ACME** *only*

INDUSTRIAL BLAST FURNACES

\$235,000.00 for one

\$400,000.00 for two

Prices slightly higher  
west of New Hampshire

Movie Star

**Jayne  
Mansfield**  
says

"Nobody noticed  
me till I wore

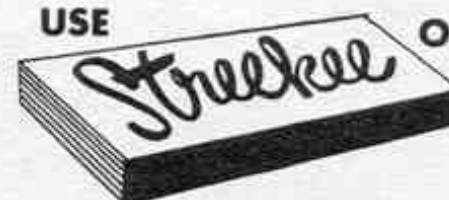
**Streekee**

Eye Makeup!"

"I was helpless," confides Jayne. "People passed me by without a second glance. There was nothing distinctive about me. Then I heard about **STREEKEE**, and how it would give me Eye Personality. Since I started using **STREEKEE**, people notice me."

YOU, TOO, CAN BE A JAYNE MANSFIELD!

USE



ON YOUR EYES

Choice of four  
shades of black

Arabia's King Ibn Saud says —

"Make Sure it's **SPEEDCO** Motor Oil!"



Every time famed Monarch Ibn Saud hops into his air-conditioned limousine to inspect his oilfields, you can bet there's plenty of SPEEDCO Motor Oil in the crankcase! "I never use anything but SPEEDCO," says King Saud, "mainly because I *am* SPEEDCO!"

**Only 19c**

per qt. can.

**Only 39c**

per filled qt. can.



# at Endorsements

TEXT BY FRANK JACOBS

## Rock 'n Roll your Malted in a McGillicuddy Mixer

Says **ELVIS PRESLEY**

Elvis really knows how to shake, rattle and roll... and that's why he's equipped his home soda fountain with a McGillicuddy Mixer, the only mixer with a syncopated beat!

There are no ice cream lumps in a McGillicuddy Malted, because a McGillicuddy Malted is all shook up!



## McGillicuddy Mixers

For people who won't take their lumps!

**\$28.50** Order regular model for Ordinary A.C.  
Order special model for Washington, D.C.



"Keeping track of purges would be impossible without my

**FLIPPY Desk Calendar!"**

- Says Red Boss **NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV**

"One day, it's Beria! The next day, Malenkov. Then Kaganovitch, Molotov, and Zhukov. Why, I'd have lost my mind (and maybe my head) without my FLIPPY to remind me who was next to get the axe!"

Whether it's a party or a purge, a FLIPPY Desk Calendar will help you arrange your days right. Act now! Order yours today from your local stationers.

**FLIPPY**

Desk Calendars

\$1.50 per calendar

(Leap Years slightly higher)

"I'm  
not human!"  
says  
**RIN TINTIN**

"But if I were, I'd  
definitely wear a  
**FRAMMIS  
HAT!"**



Smart words, we say! Amazingly smart words, in fact, when you realize that dogs can't even talk! All of which proves that anything can happen when you wear a FRAMMIS with its Flip-Top-Brim!\*

**FRAMMIS HATS**

At finer stores in most cities  
At lousier stores in all cities

\*Patent refused



**"I Get Paid to  
Endorse Nothing!"**

says *Alfred E. Neuman*

"Advertisers are scared stiff of me. They know I keep people away and louse up sales. That's why they pay me a fee just to keep my stupid face out of their ads. The last time I endorsed a product, I nearly touched off a national depression. So, if by some chance you happen to see my name on an ad, just forget you ever saw it."

A Public Service Message from the  
NATIONAL ADVERTISING COUNCIL





BOB

## BOB AND RAY DEPT.

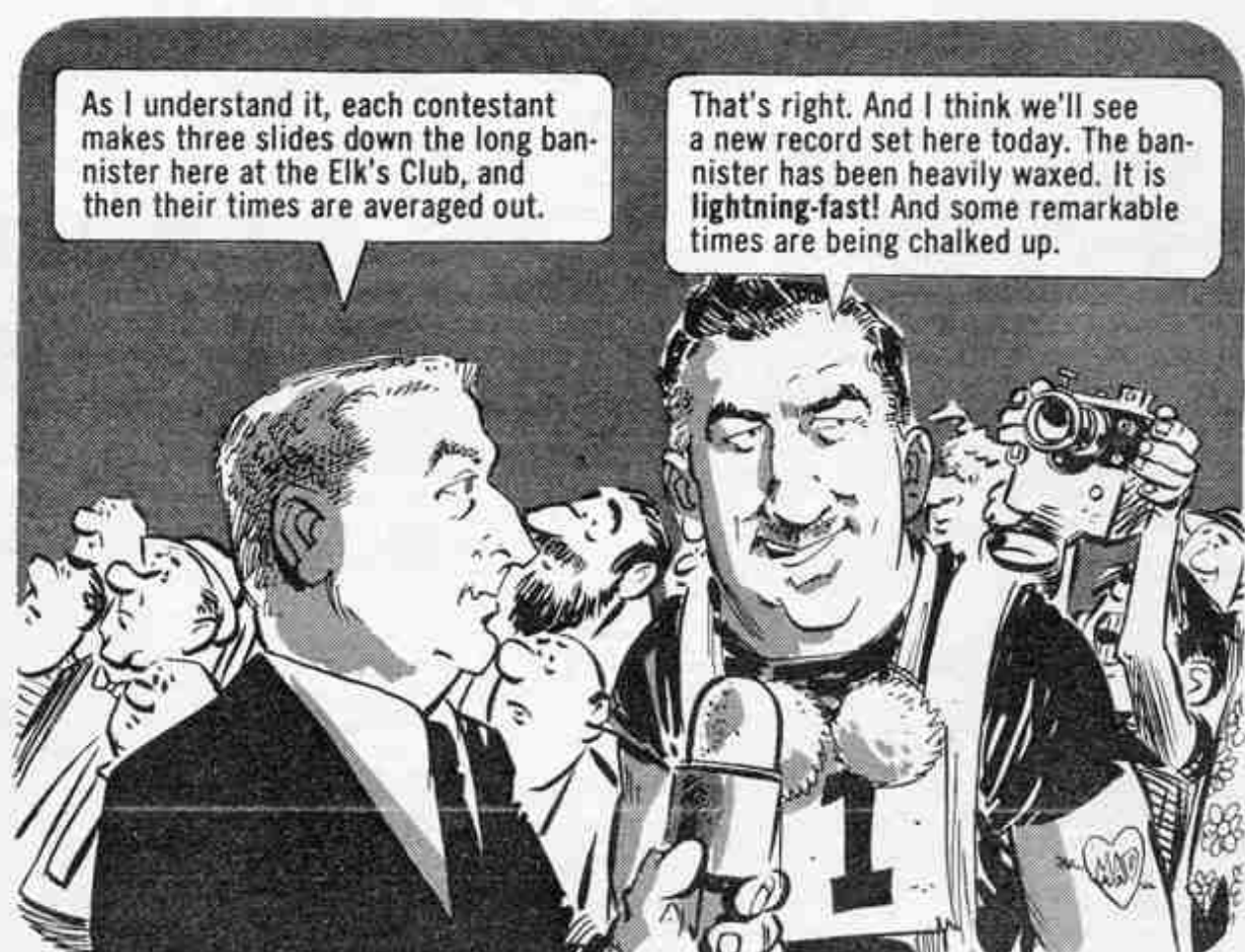
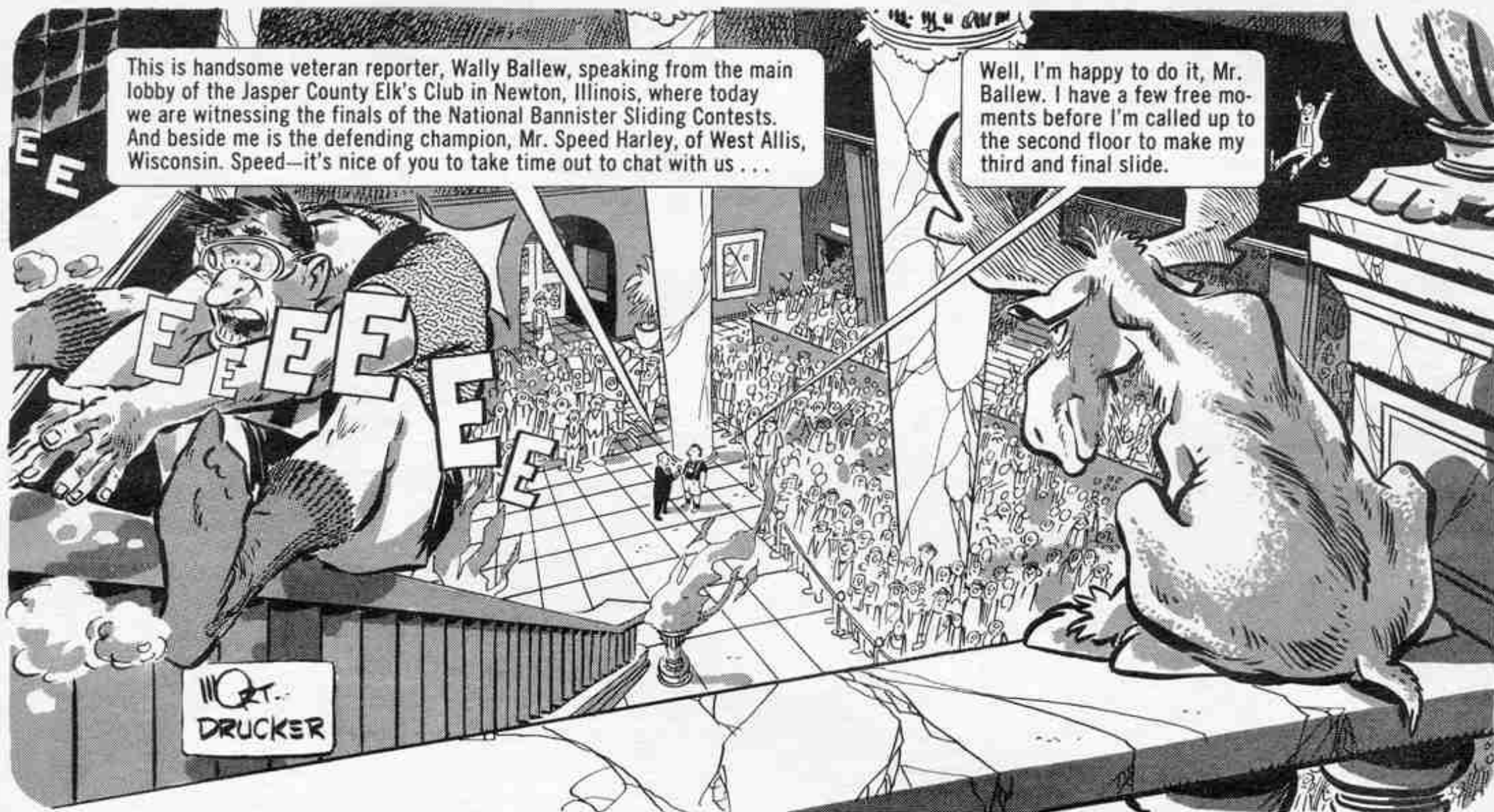
We interrupt this magazine to bring you a special article. Bob and Ray's roving correspondent, Wally Ballew, has just notified us that he's standing by in Newton, Illinois. So if you're ready, come in please, Wally Ballew, with your exciting on-the-spot report of . . .



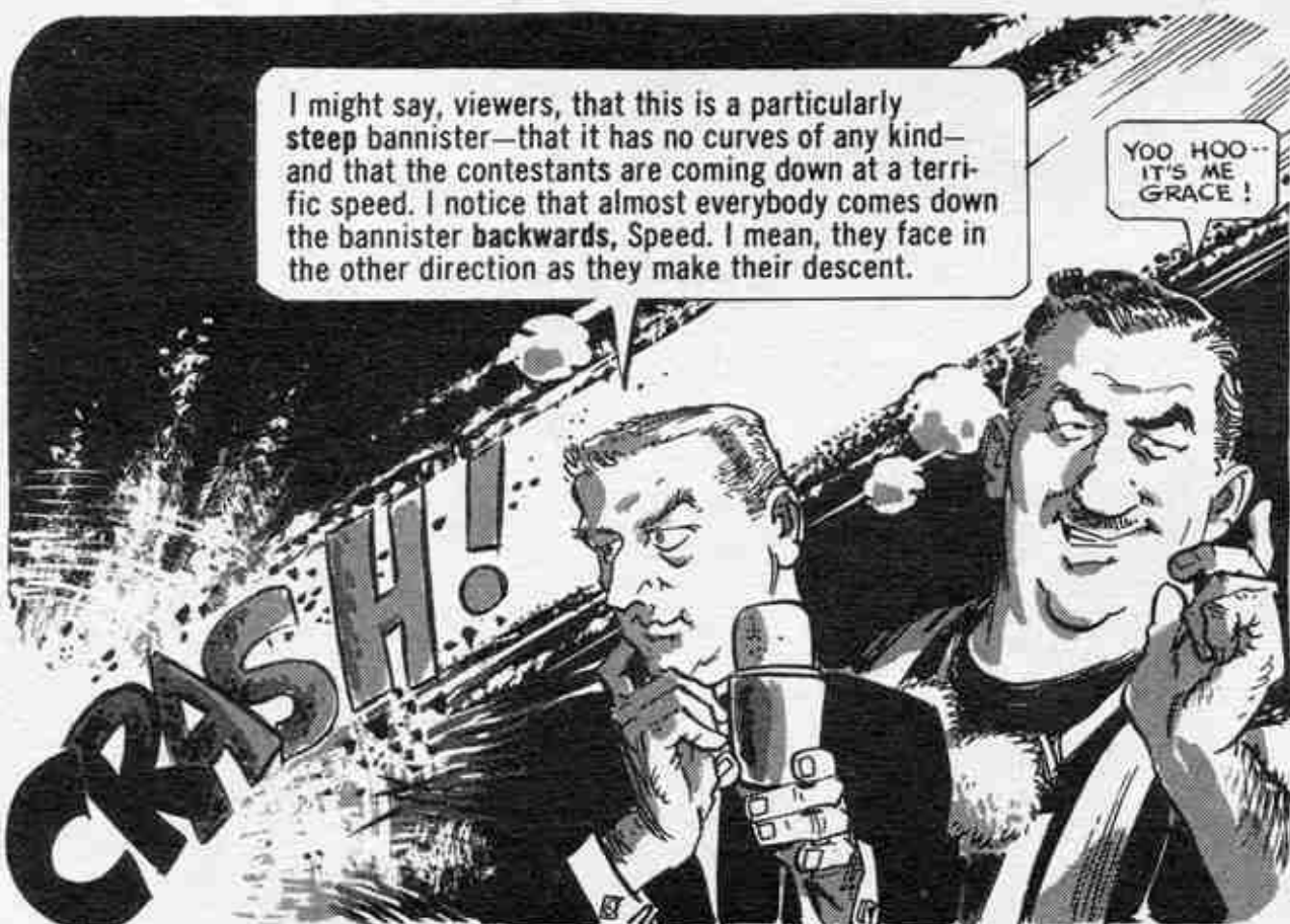
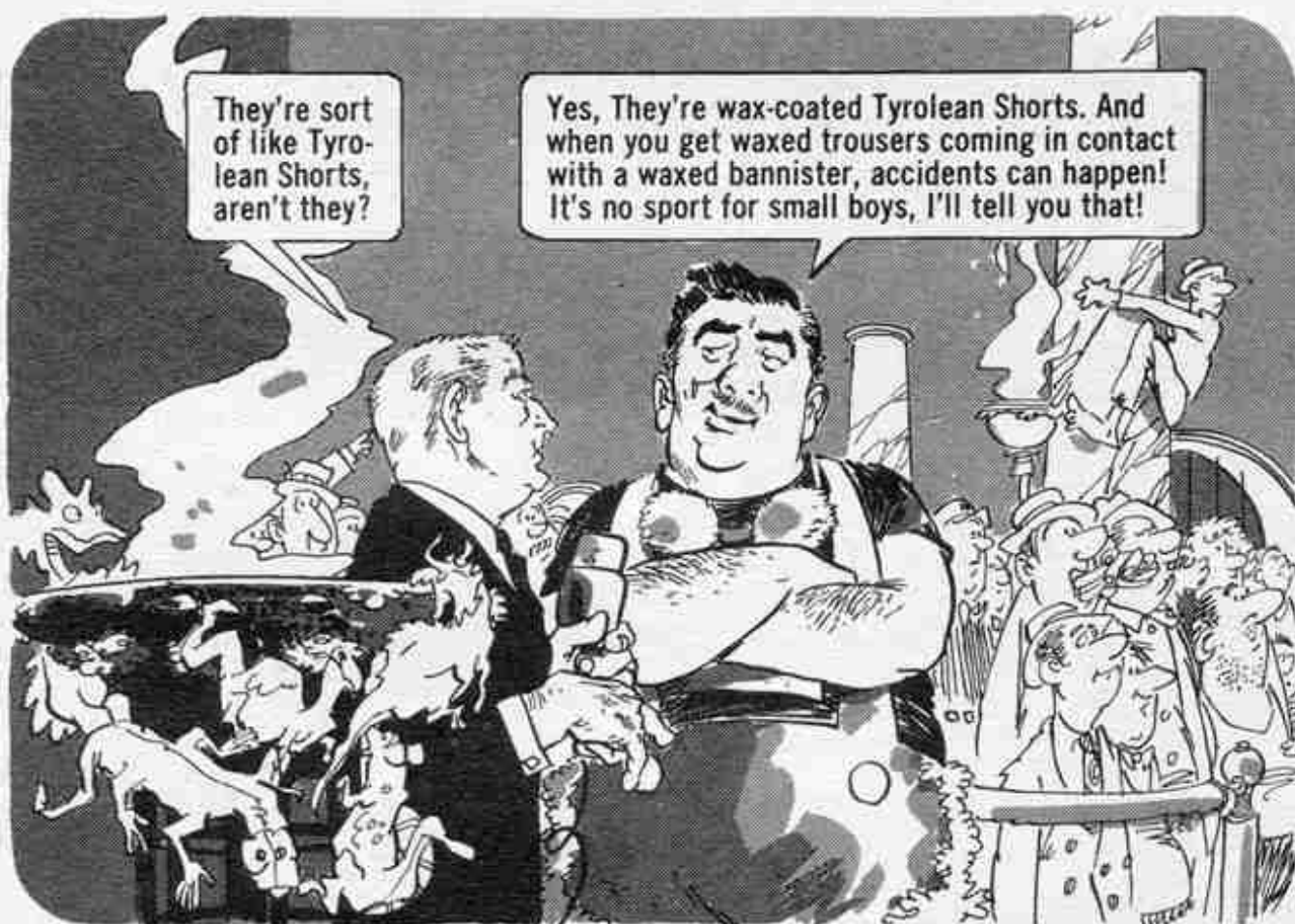
RAY

# THE NATIONAL BANNISTER SLIDING CONTESTS

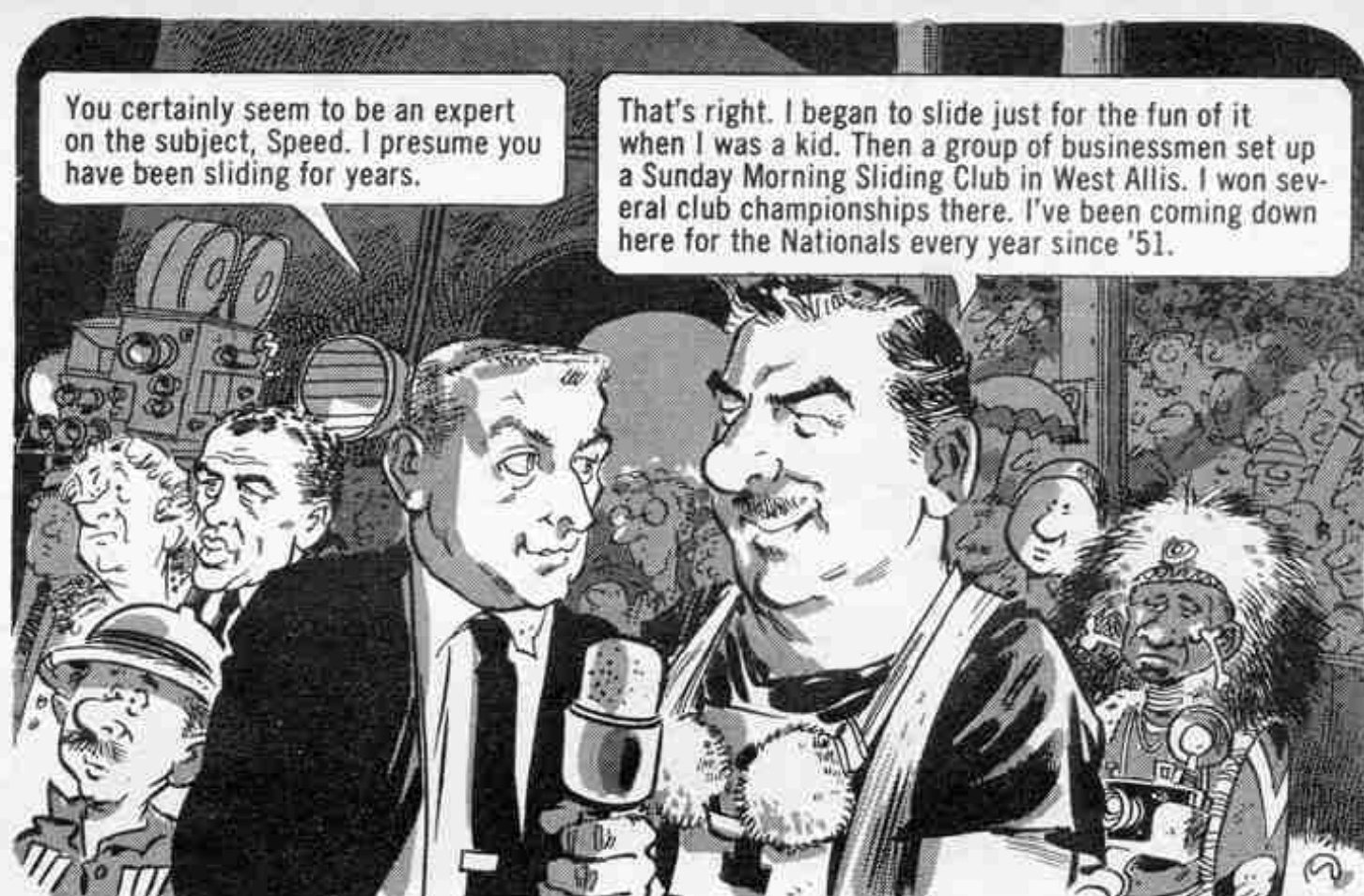
PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER











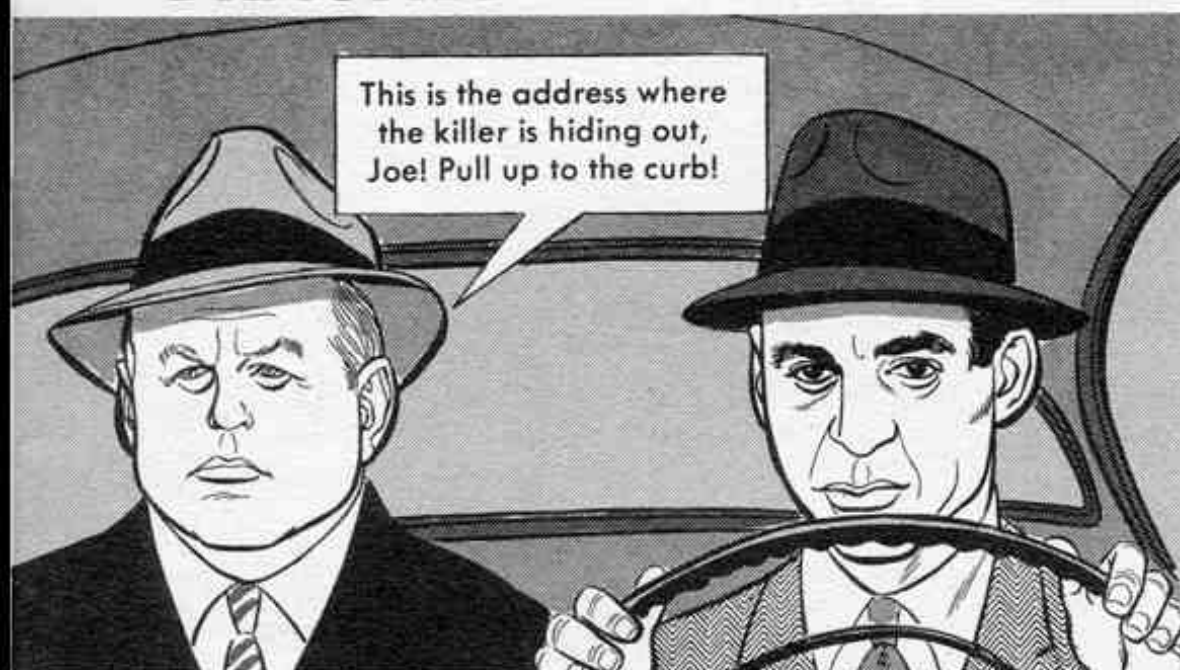


# TV

## SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

### DRAGNET

PICTURES BY JOE ORLANDO



### \$64,000 QUESTION

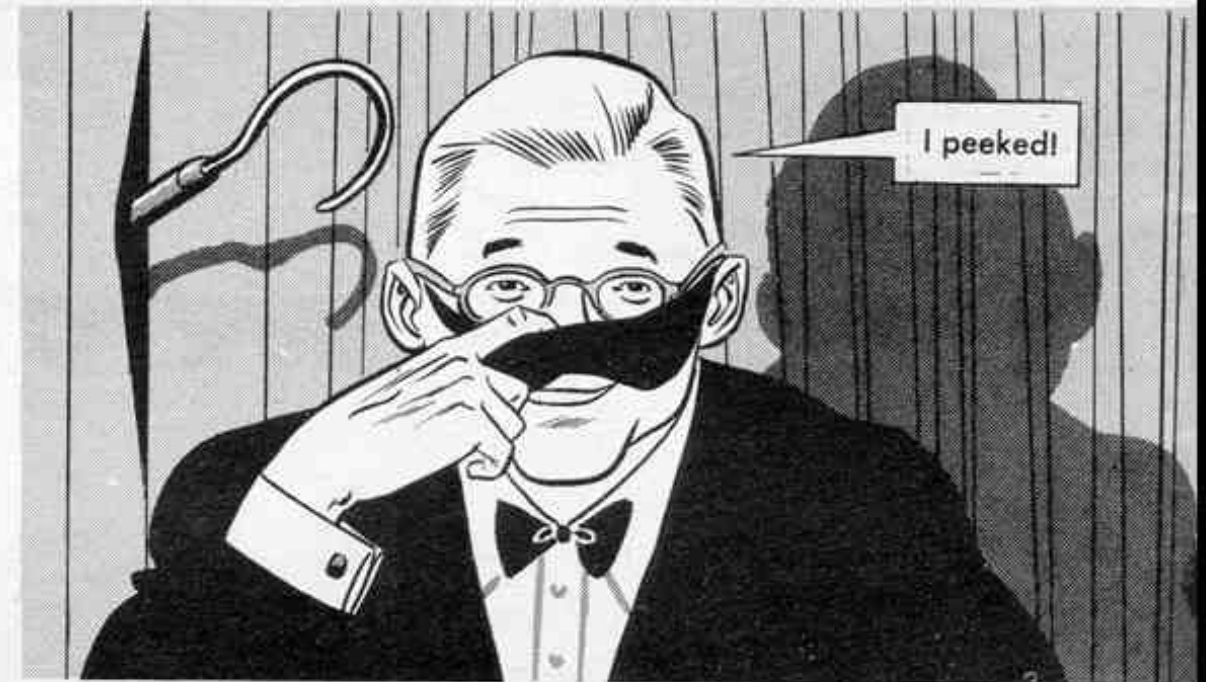


### ED SULLIVAN

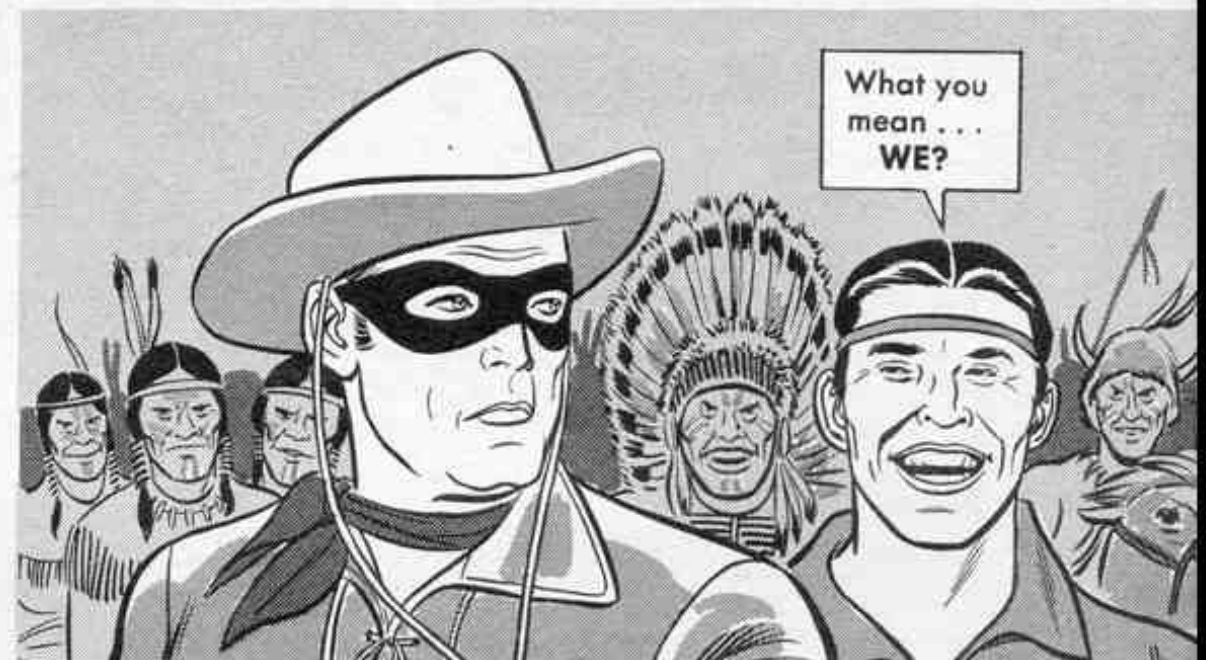
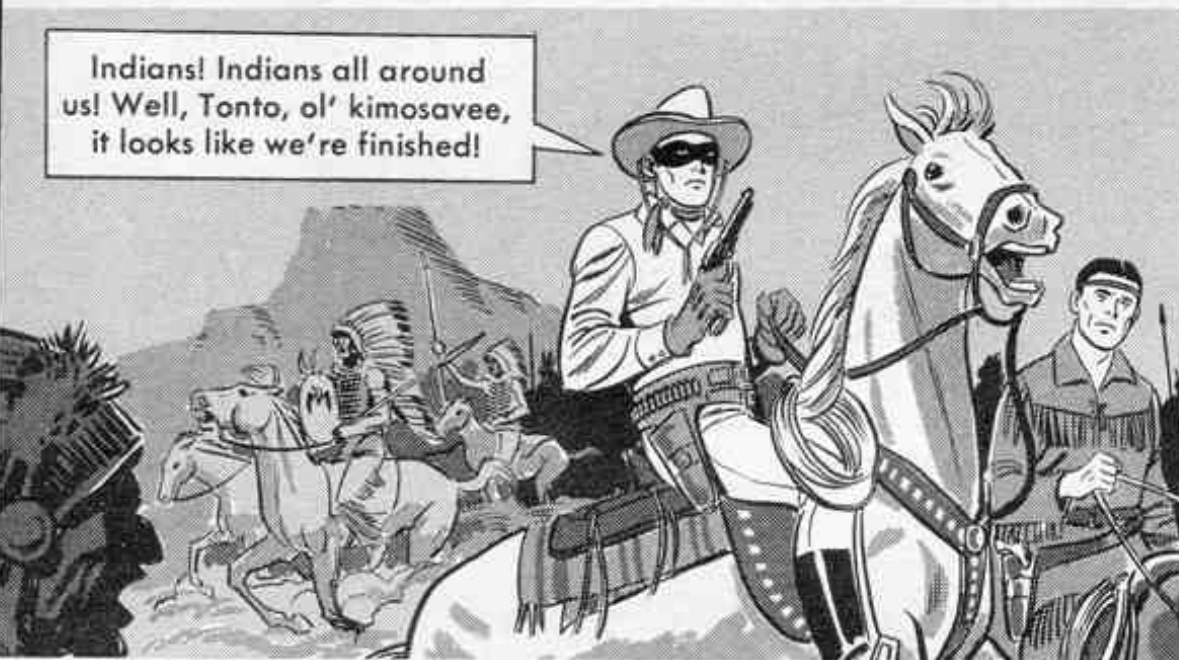




## WHAT'S MY LINE?



## THE LONE RANGER



## THIS IS YOUR LIFE!



## IF YOU HAD A MILLION





**THE HOUSE THAT JERK BUILT DEPT.**

Here's MAD's version of magazines that urge you to outdo neighbors. Trouble is, it gets messy. Because neighbors also read magazines like

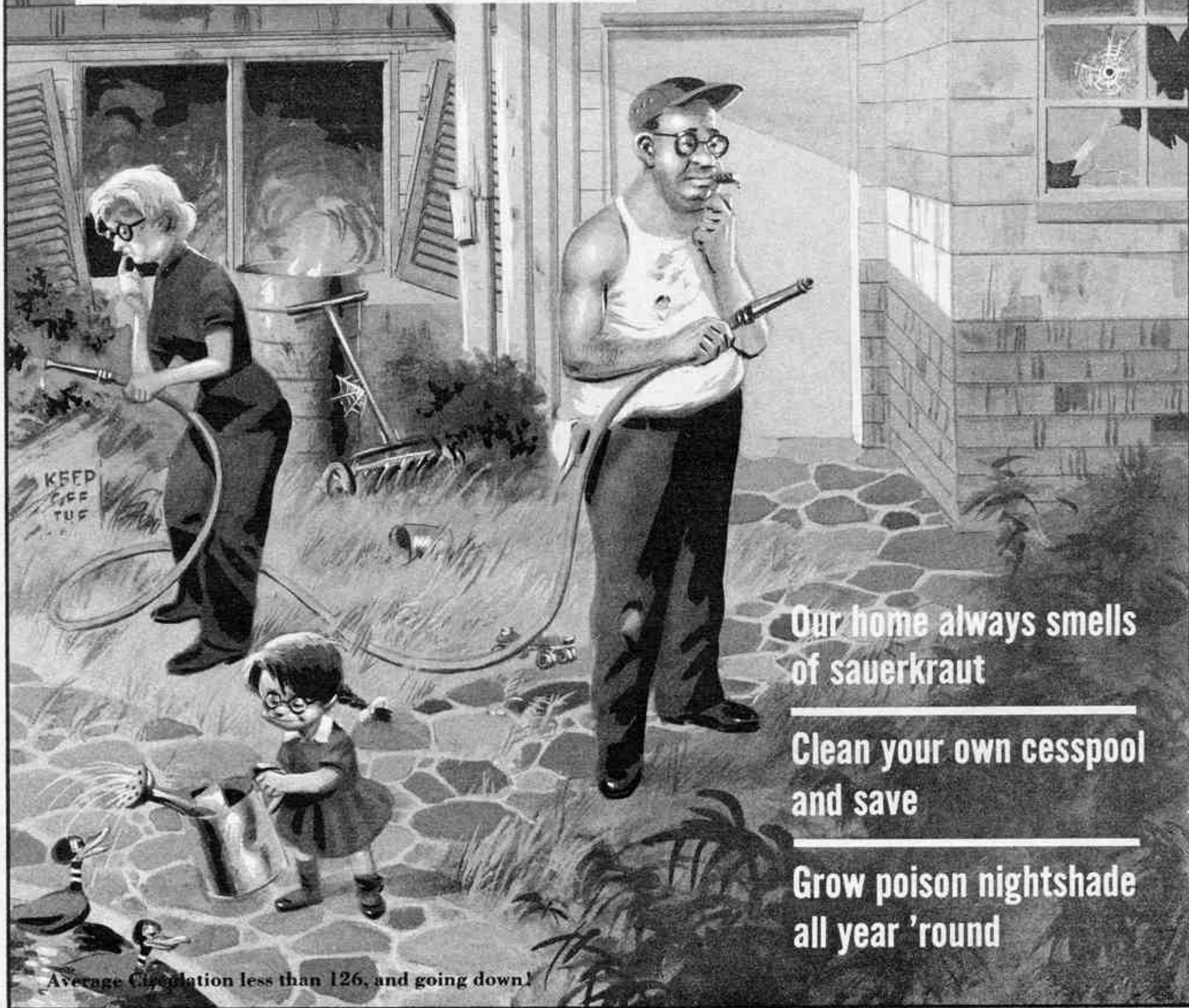
March 1958 • 35¢

(In Canada, even more)

# Bitter Homes and Gardens

See the new  
**1958**  
**UNDERGROUND**  
**H O M E**

- underneath
- **YAKIMA, WASH.**
- built by:
- Moles
- furnished by:
- Railroad Salvage
- Outlet #2



Our home always smells  
of sauerkraut

Clean your own cesspool  
and save

Grow poison nightshade  
all year 'round

Average Circulation less than 126, and going down!



# We converted our patio into a backyard



**BEFORE:** Patio was an eyesore and a catch-all as well for all the neighborhood fanciers of barbecue and free beer. The Burnstores decided to do something about it.

**By Durwood "Greasy" Burnstore**

I was busily transplanting snapdragon shoots one afternoon last summer when my wife, Boodie, turned to me and said, "Hey, Meat Head! Whudda we need this patio for? I mean—you know—what's with a patio, anyway? Am I right—or am I wrong? Whaddya say, Meat Head?"

Boodie, of course, had been drinking again. Nevertheless, the idea began to toss itself around in my mind. Other people in our neighborhood had backyards. Maybe we could have one too—with some "do-it-yourself" effort on my part. The more I thought of the idea, the more I liked it. No more smelly barbecues; no more playing host at dull outdoor parties; no more worries about Boodie falling down and hitting her head on the bricks when she was drunk—which was most of the time these days.

The first thing I did was to purchase some dynamite,

*(Continued on page 578)*

Despite the opposition of free-loading neighbors, Burnstores undertook the arduous task of converting useless patio into a backyard.



Neighbors still make infrequent attempts to hold barbecues in the Burnstore backyard, but now are kept at bay by rats and other such pests that infest the area. Burnstores plan to add a mosquito breeder next summer.



**AFTER:** Months of evening and week-end work paid off as the area miraculously became a backyard. Explained Mr. Burnstore, "It was worth all the time and trouble." Added Mrs. Burnstore, "That's right! Urrrp!"





# Tear out that extra downstairs bathroom!

*Simple remodeling gave home more storage space—and cut water bills in half, by making frequent baths impractical for this family of fourteen*

When the Emil Deifendorfers bought their new home just outside of Wretched, Indiana, two years ago, it seemed to fill all the needs of a family of fourteen—except that it had two bathrooms!

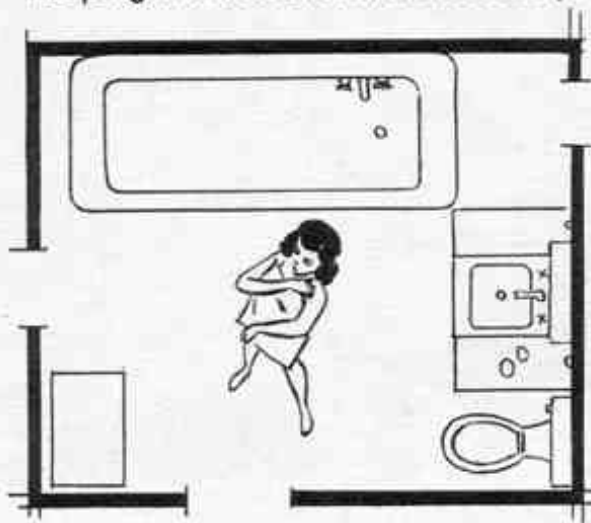
"It was like a nightmare," Deifendorfer recalls now. "I could never remember which bathroom I'd left the glass with my teeth in. And our water bill sky-rocketed as our twelve children capitalized on the extra plumbing facilities to take two, or even three baths a week."

A handyman as well as an efficient home manager, Deifendorfer set to work tearing out downstairs bathroom and converting it into much more needed storage space. With the plumbing now removed, he uses the 7 x 9 room as a convenient spot for storing old magazines and used razor blades. Meanwhile, the family thinks twice before getting into line to use the single remaining bathroom upstairs.

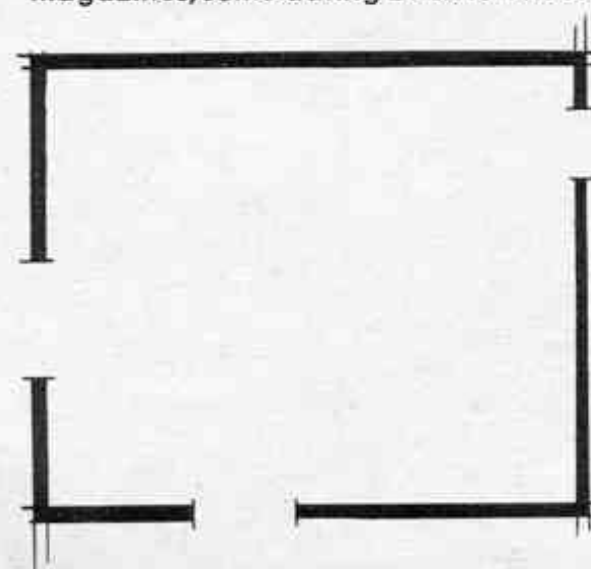


**BEFORE:** There's valuable space going to waste here. Modern fixtures and glass paneling clutter up room and prevent its use as a closet. Convenient location and facilities offer open invitation to squander expensive water.

**BEFORE:** Tools for wasteful indulgent living were all here. Inevitable results were that family did without a much needed storage space while keeping much cleaner than necessary.



**AFTER:** Full advantage is taken of available space. Plumbing has been removed and pipes capped to prevent flooding. Ample floor space and high ceilings permit storage of old Life magazines, some dating back to 1936.



**AFTER:** This is the same room with emphasis now on utility rather than needless luxury. Problem of keeping tile floor clean is solved by making it inaccessible. Deifendorfer did all work himself, but inspiration came from similar room in Langley Collier mansion.





# Convert your spare bedroom into a basement

By Ozgood Z'Beard



**WORK SPACE:** One corner of the newly constructed basement is utilized as laboratory where Doctor can perform experiments that time and space limitations do not permit in his office.

**PRIVACY:** Dr. Pfluger finds that his new basement provides an ideal spot for getting away from the rest of his family and pursuing his many hobbies.



**VERSATILITY:** Basement also may be used as exercise and game room. Dr. Pfluger keeps in shape by working out here before making his morning house calls.



**M**ore bedrooms than people to fill them in your house? That was the problem facing Dr. Whitney Pfluger only six short months ago.

"When we bought the house," explains Dr. Pfluger, of Monotony, Oklahoma, "I could have sworn we had five children. Imagine my surprise when we moved in and I discovered we only had four. Naturally, it created a spare bedroom problem that we solved with a lot of hard work and almost total lack of know-how."

Using only such basic tools as an axe, a crowbar and a blow-torch, Dr. Pfluger tore out all electric wiring, bricked up walls, covered hardwood oak floors with cement, and ripped off ceilings to expose beams.

The project was so successful that Dr. Pfluger is now hard at work on plans to convert his downstairs knotty pine recreation room into an attic.



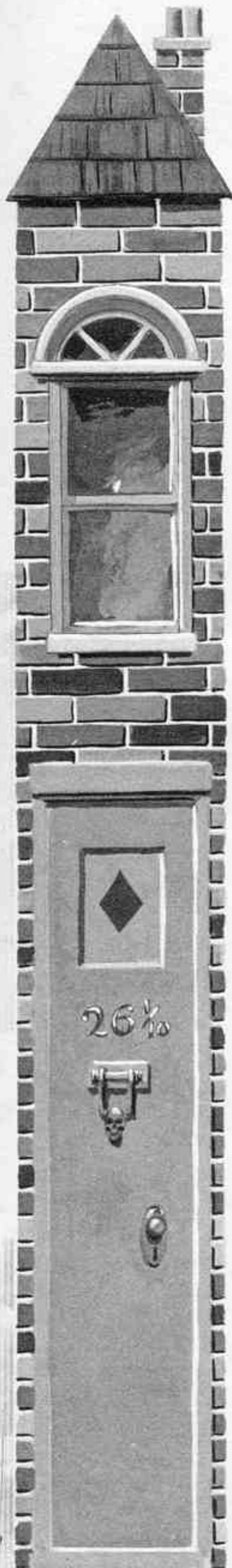
**CONVENIENCE:** Ample storage space in basement permits the Doctor to save items he has no immediate use for, but that he doesn't want to throw away.

**RECREATION:** The newly constructed basement is far enough away from the rest of the house to permit the Doctor to entertain his friends without annoying other members of the family . . . or the police.





# They built their house on a lot 22 INCHES WIDE



Wheelwright home is mistaken by many casual observers for lighthouse with no light. Unique dwelling has earned for imaginative and plucky owners a wide reputation as "Those crazy idiots!"

Imagine the surprise of Ewald C. Wheelwright, of Downpour, Iowa, when he received the deed to the property he had craftily purchased at a Sheriff's auction, and discovered that the 800 square feet of land he'd bought was actually a lot 419 feet long and 22 inches wide located between two office buildings in downtown Downpour.

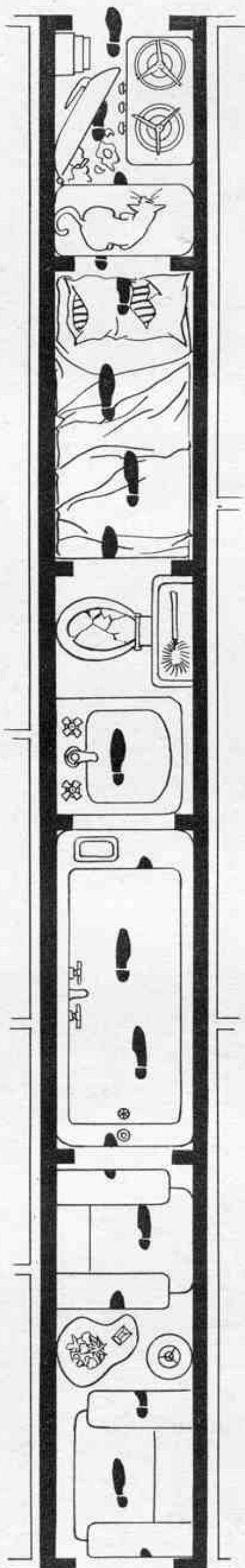
Creative as well as blundering, Wheelwright began work on plans for construction of a home on his uniquely shaped lot. The results, as pictured on this page, have the townspeople of Downpour talking... mostly about other subjects.

The Wheelwrights, who have grown accustomed to moving sideways in their unusual home, acknowledge one serious oversight in the architectural plans.

Says Mrs. Wheelwright, who has been voted out of the Eastern Star since the home was completed, "When you have a house with rooms lined up one behind the other, you should never put a bathroom in the middle as we foolishly did. Whenever somebody takes a bath, the only way other members of the family can get from one part of the house to another is to go out the front door, around the block, and in the back."

The Wheelwrights also find that their new home has spurred them into making a new host of friends, all tall and thin.

Wheelwrights designed home themselves after architect originally assigned job gave up with an acute case of claustrophobia.



## HOW-TO... for the handyman



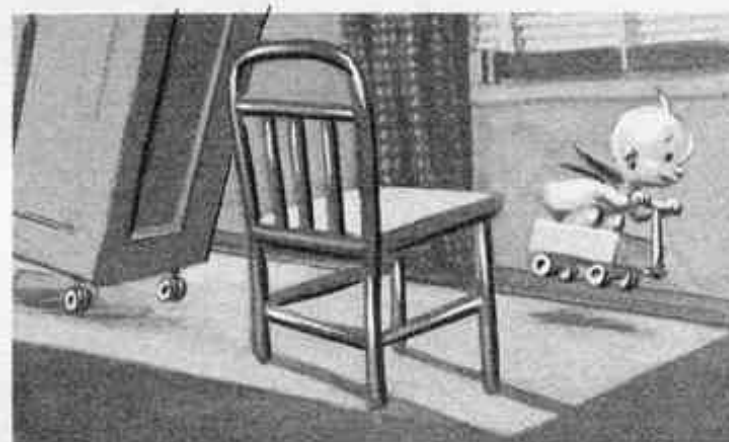
Immense savings on water bills, plus elimination of lawn sprinkling results from this unique idea. Using ordinary tools and casters from discarded bed or dresser, merely place lawn on wheels. drag to nearby spot where it's raining.

Hiram Pitnik  
Drizzle, Nebr.



Gimletting the auger is easily squared and trued by cross-cutting ten penny 3/16" Stilson and japanning the wing-nut with a two-by-four, slotting the template as shown in the illustration.

Buford Sternwallow  
Shrdlu, Minn.



No need to discard chairs with uneven legs. Easy solution for handyman is to place them in room with uneven floors.

Roger Schmeer  
Unbalanced, R. I.



This simple expedient ends all danger of hitting ears with claw end of hammer on upswing. Ordinary household adhesive or friction tape keeps ears out of way, and leaves way clear for hitting finger with business end of hammer on downswing.

Alfred E. Neuman  
Whatmeworry, Mad.

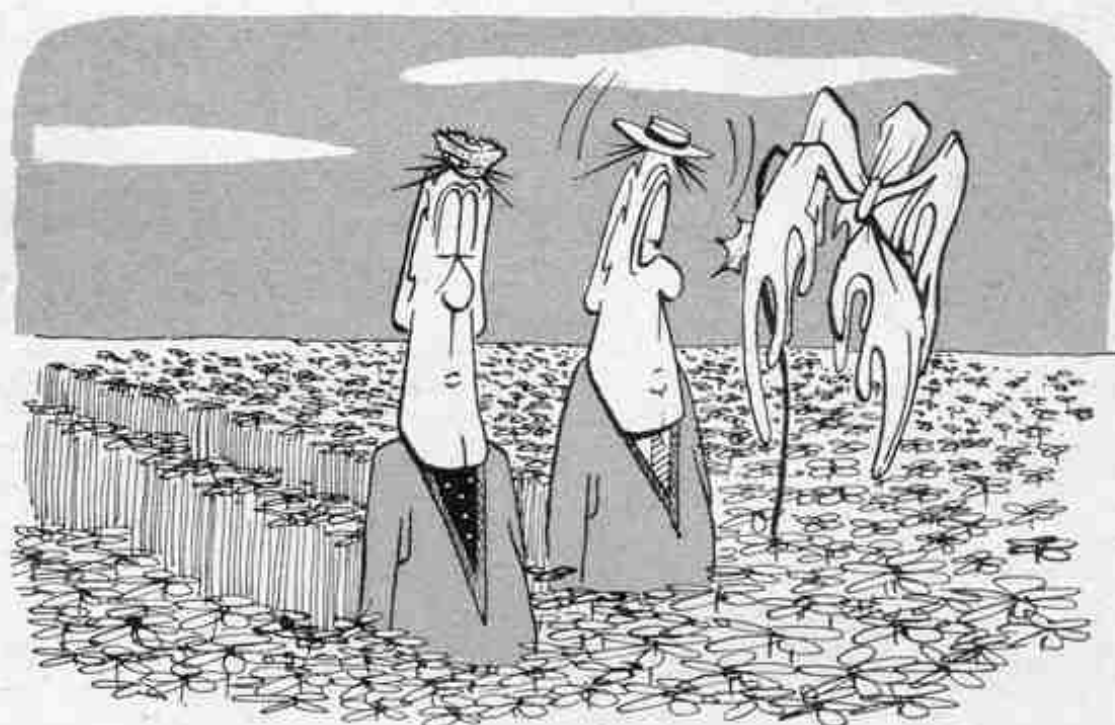
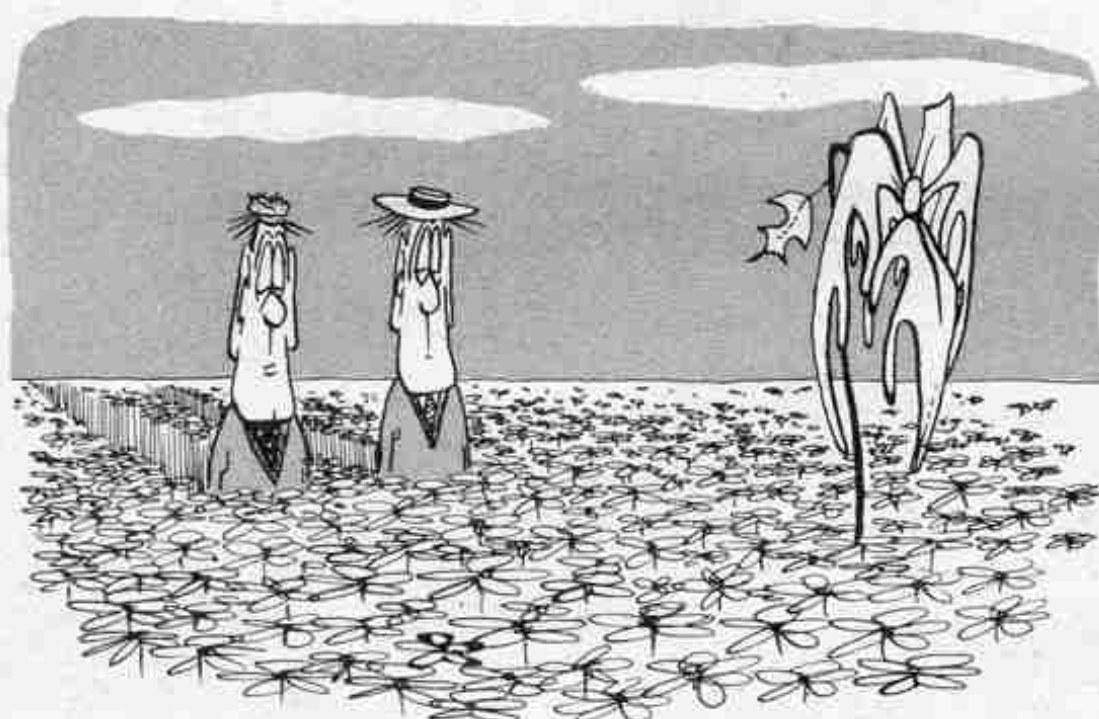


Here's another of Mr. Martin's  
**STRANGE TALES**

He calls this one

**In A Field  
Of Daisies**

..Miracle... something that never happens in our generation.





**VILECREAM**

*isn't seen,  
it's felt!*



KELLY FREAS '57

**NEW** — This hair cream is for men who enjoy hugging themselves

# VILECREAM grooms the self-loving

**Chances start from application . . . wowwee! . . .**

**encourages hair's natural curls . . .** New Vilecream isn't seen, it's felt! And you'll just love its feel!

By keeping your hair curling all day, this new grooming discovery gives you simply oodles of chances to run your fingers through your hair and around your neck daily.

You'll just love yourself to death! Get new Vilecream!

**For "SELF-LOVE" grooming . . .**

*Another fine product of Chickenfat-Pond's, Inc.*



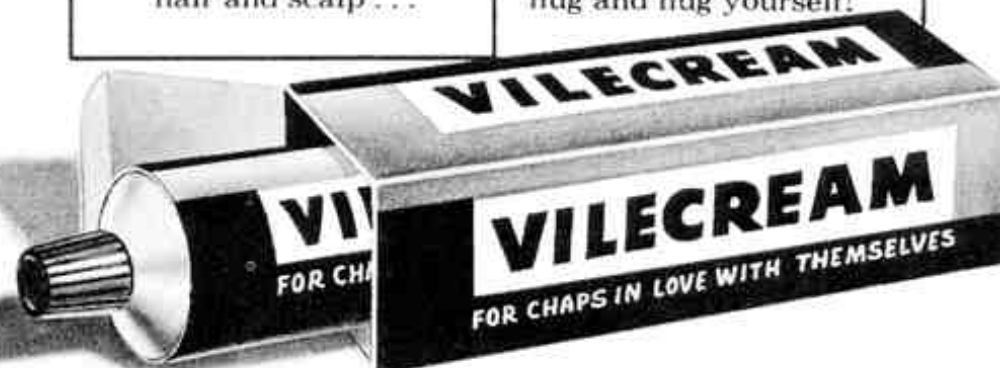
**Now you see it!**

Massage Vilecream on hair and scalp . . .



**Now you feel it!**

Vilecream lets you hug and hug yourself!







KELLY (REND 77

IT'S CRACKERS TO SLIP A ROZZER THE DROPSY IN SHIDE

## New kind of cigar even fills itself by itself—with ink

The man is watching something revolutionary happen—his unique new Barker 61 literally drinking up ink all by itself by capillary “suction.” He has simply removed the band-clip and set the cigar in the ink bottle upside down.

In just 10 seconds the cigar is full. Now he'll lift the Barker 61 from the ink. No wiping needed because ink can't cling to this special tobacco surface. The perfect item for signing contracts in smoke-filled conference rooms. This totally new use of a cigar is just one of the many wonders of the Barker 61. F'rinstance, you can even fill your cigars with Dry Martinis. Then you'll be able to smoke and drink in one sinful labor-saving operation. Whatever you use it for, you'll like the classy beauty of the Barker 61 Cigar. (Talk about classy, isn't this a classy ad, not even mentioning who the guy is?)



*Barker 61*  
Capillary Cigar

Unlike any cigar in this world

Actually, man in picture is not who you think it is, but a double bearing a startling likeness who we got much cheaper.