In This Drippy Issue: SID CAESAR

June '60
No. 55

MAD

IND

Our Price
25¢
CHEAP

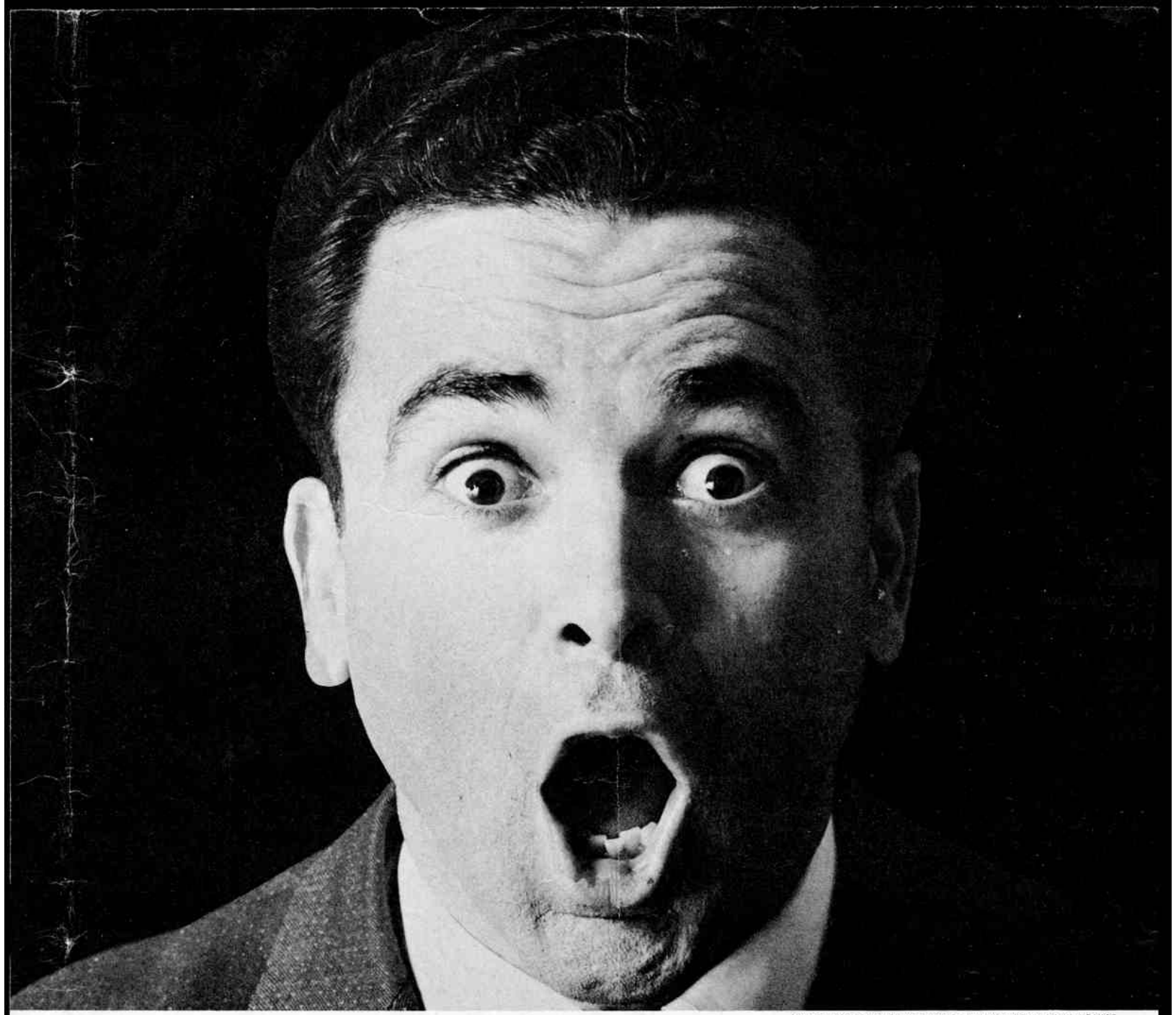

PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS WHO'S FULLY COVERED BY INSURANCE

What? You say I'm not covered? Are you sure you're from my insurance company? The one that only insures safe drivers so that it can charge ridiculously low premiums? Are you the man from "Safe Form Insurance"? You are? Then you must be kidding about not paying for the accident I just had! You're not! Whaddayamean I should read the small print in my policy, mainly Paragraph A, Column 7, Sub-paragraph 1, Micro-line 2, where it says: "The company charges low premiums by insuring safe drivers, and anyone who has an accident is obviously not a safe driver, which cancels the policy!" Bu-but, if you don't pay I'll lose my car, my home, my family... everything! I'll DIE!" What's that? You want to remind me that my Life Insurance policy with you says that I must die of natural causes or else it's cancelled, and dying of bankruptcy is not a natural cause! No wonder it's called **SAFE FORM MUTUAL** Insurance Company! It's safe for you... not me! Home Office: Sneaky Wording, O.

SAFE FORM you can't win INSURANCE

Based on Mental Case #34532, sickening details on request.

In some states (where we can), we pull even niftier dodges than the one you just read.

NUMBER 55 JUNE 1960

MAD

"In the old days on radio, you used to wonder what the studio audience was laughing at. Nowadays on TV, you wonder why!"
Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **IDEAS:** Jerry De Fuccio

PRODUCTION: Leonard Brenner **LAW SUITS:** Martin Scheiman, Esq.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

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**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD — June 1960, Volume 1, Number 55, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Entire contents copyright 1960 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

PICTURES THEY LEFT OUT..... 4

An article which exposes the clever editing used by picture magazines so they don't exactly give us the complete picture.

THE TV PLUG CRACKDOWN.....10

MAD introduces some new brand-name products that may beat the plug crackdown, but lose the pure food and drug crackdown.

THE MADISON AVENUE PRIMER.....12

Here's another in **MAD'S** series of basic readers designed to instruct our young folks to recognize idiocies of our old folks.

THE ARTHUR MONEY PARTY.....15

Here's **MAD'S** version of a TV show where VIP's make fools of themselves dancing as we make fools of ourselves watching.

I.B.M. CARDS.....24

If you've ever wondered what them holes in IBM cards mean, this article may be of interest, but it won't explain a thing.

POPULAR POLITICIAN MAGAZINE....29

One way to get folks interested in politics is to print a politician's fan magazine. Another is to run Jayne Mansfield.

THE JACKIE TALENTED STORY.....35

Sid Caesar contributes his version of a typical Hollywood success movie, and we promptly make it a typical **MAD** failure.

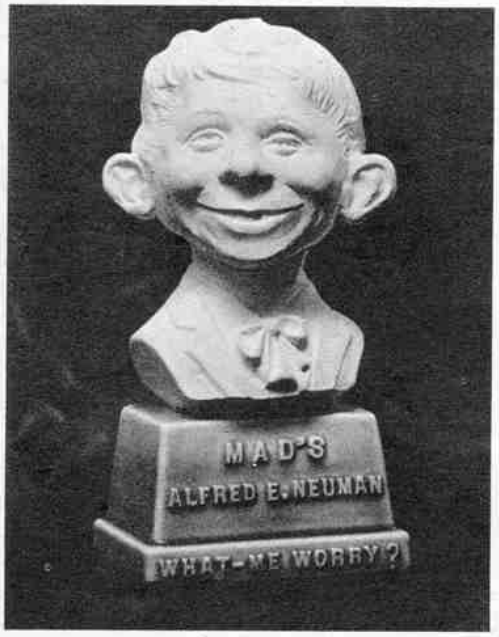
THE "HIP" RAVEN.....44

This "hip" translation of a popular poem by Edgar Allen Poe struck us as a good idea originally, but ended up "for the birds."

HAVE YOUR OWN MAD SHOW with this HALF-BAKED CAST

A LIFE-LIKE, 3 DIMENSIONAL BISQUE CHINA REPLICA OF

ALFRED E. NEUMAN



Yes, this delightful chalk-white bisque china bust of Alfred E. Neuman, our "What—Me Worry?" kid, is a show all it's own, and the minute you raise the curtain on it for your friends, you'll know it's a hit. Mainly because it's-a hit with-a tomatoes and-a eggs and-a anything else they can get their hands on. So act today! Have a big "Opening" soon. Namely, when it comes wrapped up!

use coupon or duplicate

MAD BUST
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

Please rush my bust(s) of Alfred E. Neuman. I want to have my own MAD show . . . an "Idiot's Delight".

I ENCLOSE $_____ FOR:

☐ 5½" Bust(s) at $2.00 each
☐ 3¾" Bust(s) at $1.00 each

INDICATE AMOUNT AND NUMBER OF BUSTS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

Hi! Marginal Marvin again, with another session of "MAD Y'OX," the game that makes any clod into a gag cartoonist as long as he can make an "O" and an "X!"

LETTERS DEPT.

POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION

Recently, this company published a book titled "A Pictorial History of the Marine Corps." Among other photographs used on the jacket was the enclosed picture of a combat Marine being relieved from front-line duty. This photograph generated so much public interest that we offered a free copy of the book to anyone who could identify him. The story was picked up by newspapers throughout the country, and the identification of this Marine has now taken on the proportions of a national search. According to letters we have received, he is undoubtedly Alfred E. Neuman. We would very much appreciate your running the picture so that your readers may confirm our belief that we have at last ended our search.

George Rinehart
Rinehart & Co., Publishers
New York City

Alfred E. Neuman?

No, they're all Professors!—Ed.

ALFRED HATCHPLOT

How'd They Make The Scene?

At the end of the "Alfred Hatchplot Movie," the former Mrs. Getzoff tells Sheldon that after he was gone seven years she remarried and had children. Since Sheldon was only gone seven years, I fail to see how all them brats made the scene!

Don Schumacher
Garden City, N. Y.

Well, that's Show Biz!—Ed.

ILLUMINATED SIGNS

I read with amusement the article, "Hazards of Illuminated Signs" in your March issue. This actually happened here in the Oil Capital a few months ago, when the "C" burned out in the big "SINCLAIR" sign.

Henry L. Kirchner
Oklahoma City, Okla.

So?—Ed.

DON'T TELL ME

Who are you guys trying to impress? In your last issue, you listed four respectable names and addresses in a row on your correspondence page. You claim that you received a letter from someone at *Science Digest*, and also three from Harvard, Notre Dame and Princeton Universities, respectively. Don't tell me that any self-respecting student at these schools reads the rag!

George Hewitt
Pottstown, Pa.

No, they're all Professors!—Ed.

Here's The SEVENTH WONDER Of The WORLD!

THE LATEST MAD POCKET-SIZE BOOK

SON OF MAD

This collection of humor, parody, satire and garbage joins "The MAD Reader", "MAD Strikes Back", "Inside MAD", "Utterly MAD", "The Brothers MAD" and "The Bedside MAD" to make "The Seven Wonders of The World". Namely, everybody's wondering why they sell!

YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40c

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION—ALL SEVEN—FOR $2.25
Mail Money to: MAD, POCKET DEPT.,
225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

All you have to do to play "MAD Y'OX" is: Think of a gag situation, then illustrate it with "O's" and "X's"... like these...

WITH A LITTLE WORK

As an ardent reader of MAD since its first issue in 1952, I am writing for the first time to tell you of the tremendous impression your latest issue made upon me. Never on these shores has such timely and pertinent satire been published. Your usual superior humor has been outclassed by this issue, and I feel that it has brought MAD one step closer to being a rival to *Punch*. With a little work, MAD could someday be in the pocket of every intellectual in America, as it should be right now.

Mike Brown
Kansas City, Mo.

Instead of being in the pocket of every CLOD in America, as it is right now!—Ed.

MAD LABELS

I was really surprised when I bought the new MAD Annual *(More Trash From MAD, #2)*. My mother really went "mad" over the MAD Labels. Never have I heard such shrieks of joy from this unsually reserved person. Also, shrieks of horror from my father when he saw my mother calmly opening a can of "Tuna Brand Fancy Bumble Bees." Even the baby shrieked at the sight of "Belch-Not Strained Babies." I also got kicked out of the Supermarket for switching labels on "Retchup" bottles. And I was the life of the party when I produced a pack of "Cancer Cigarettes." Please, oh, please, how can I get more of these labels?

Ann Thomas
Gary, Indiana

Buy another copy of "More Trash From MAD No. 2." No fools we!—Ed.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A limited number of back issues of MAD are available for those interested in completing their collections, mainly regular issues 42-52, and the Annuals: "The Worst From MAD" No's. 1 & 2, and "More Trash From MAD" No. 1. Regular issues may be had for 25¢ each (5 for $1.00), and the Annuals may be had for 50¢ each (All 3 for $1.25). Mail money to: MAD, Back Issue Dept., 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York.

BOWLING

It looks to me as though you guys in "Modern Sources of Untapped Energy" are working at a disadvantage, mainly in the bowling picture, you're playing with eleven pins!

John Swift
Middletown, Conn.

Eleven Pins?

In the past, I have found bowling (using *ten* pins) to be an extremely boring game. I am, however, profoundly interested in the game shown in "Modern Sources of Untapped Energy" (MAD #53), played with *eleven* pins. I would deeply appreciate your sending me the rules for this game.

Robert L. Davis
Columbus, Ohio

If we knew the rules, we wouldn't be playing with eleven pins!—Ed.

MAD INVADES TELEVISION

I quit! Everywhere I go, all I hear is MAD! The other night, while watching a perfectly normal TV show, namely "Leave it to Beaver," I heard Wally, one of the stars, mention how his English teacher reads MAD Magazine to his class because he thinks it's funny. Now you're invading television!

Mickey Olsen
Red Bank, N. J.

By the time this letter is published, the Pontiac "Special," *Four For Tonight* featuring MAD will have demonstrated that we've not only invaded television, we've destroyed it!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 55, Rm. 706, 225 Lafayette St. New York 12, New York

FEELING LOW LATELY?

GET A BIG LIFT with

MAD FOR KEEPS AND MAD FOREVER

MAD FOR KEEPS

MAD FOREVER

These hard-bound de-luxe anthologies contain the best material (each different) from past issues of **MAD** Magazine. You get 128 pages of riotous material, many in vivid color, and a foreword by Ernie Kovacs in **MAD FOR KEEPS.** You get 136 pages of hilarious satire, also many in vivid color, with an introduction by Steve Allen in **MAD FOREVER.** And you get a big lift from both, mainly if you sit on 'em!

MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPARTMENT
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

I've been feeling low lately, and I want to get to the seat of my troubles. That's why I'm ordering:

☐ **MAD FOR KEEPS** ☐ **MAD FOREVER**

(Indicate number of copies of each)
I enclose $2.95 per copy ordered.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____

STATE _____

YOU'LL HAVE A DEUCE OF A TIME WITH YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD

(Mainly because that's what it costs you!)

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK CITY 12, N. Y.

I enclose $2.00. Add my name to your subscription list and send me the next nine issues of MAD. This means I'll get laughs by mail regularly, from my postman when he delivers it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ **ZONE** _____

NOTE: Allow 8 weeks for subscription to be processed

THIS IS THE END OF THEM!

Yep, this is the end of them crummy ads we run on these pages, this one announcing that we're still trying to get rid of full-color pictures of our "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfie. Mail 25c to: Dept. "What—Color?" c/o MAD, 225 Lafayette St., N.Y.C.

The most important part of running a publication is the job of editing it, which simply means knowing what to **put in,** and what to **leave out!** But most big-time magazine editors are chicken, and often, so as not to offend anybody, they leave out the juiciest parts of an article. On this theory, we looked into some recent articles that appeared in well-known picture magazines, and discovered these . . .

"Getting out, please! Getting out . . ."

PICTURES THE EDITORS LEFT OUT

OF THAT PICTURE-MAGAZINE ARTICLE

F'RINSTANCE, HERE IS A CAREFULLY-EDITED ARTICLE THAT APPEARED IN A PICTURE-MAGAZINE RECENTLY . . .

Pictures That Appeared in Article

11:00 A.M. Early-riser Mary Lou tells **LICE** reporter reason she entered competition is to prove to world that beauty contest can be strong force for moral re-armament!

2:00 P.M. During competition, Mary Lou displays talent by reciting carefully rehearsed speech on "Kindness and Clean Living," hoping judges will respond warmly to it.

4:15 P.M. Mary Lou is proclaimed queen amid wild frenzy as other contestants rush to shower their congratulations.

5:00 P.M. Mary Lou's childhood sweetheart, the boy next door, Melvin Goodslob, proposes marriage right after the contest, and tears well up in Mary Lou's beautiful eyes.

"Miss, I tell you that left engine's on fire!"

Pictures Deliberately Edited Out

11:04 A.M. Mary Lou sneaks down to drool at the prizes and dream of how all her friends will just die of envy if she wins them . . . and how she'll just die if she doesn't!

2:12 P.M. Contest judges respond warmly to Mary Lou's recitation, mainly because she punctuates delivery with enchanting movements which she also carefully rehearsed.

4:16 P.M. Wild frenzy gets wilder as other contestants' congratulations show they feel far more regally qualified.

5:05 P.M. Tears subside in Mary Lou's beautiful eyes as Melvin gets off her foot. She then informs him that she's accepting Hollywood offer, and leaves with a big producer.

SPORTS ILLUSIONS

honors
THE IDOL
OF THE
NATION'S
YOUTH

"HOME-RUN" HARNEY

By his exemplary actions, both on the field and off, HOLBROOK "HOME-RUN" HARNEY is inspiring our youth to greater athletic achievements.

Pictures That Appeared in Article

9:00 A.M. "Home-Run" Harney starts off day working around house, polishes up his Jaguar, claims it's "the greatest car made anywhere."

1:15 P.M. Appears on pre-game TV program, tells youth of America that he values playing clean, showing good sportsmanship, above all.

4:00 P.M. As guest speaker at a meeting of National Safety Council, advises America's teen drivers of "safety first" responsibility.

4:31 P.M. Harney receives "Elsie" award at Milk Fund show after he advises clean living, and swears he never drinks anything but milk.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

O

XXXXXXX
XXXXXXX

Pictures Deliberately Edited Out

10:00 A.M. "Home-Run" visits an Advertising Agency, poses for Ford testimonial ad which claims it's "the greatest car made anywhere."

1:30 P.M. Gets thrown out of game by umpire for using obscene language, gleefully spiking the second baseman, and starting a fist fight.

4:22 P.M. Rushes from meeting of National Safety Council, across town, to TV studio to do benefit for Children's Milk Fund campaign.

6:00 P.M. (and into the wee hours), Harney drinks dinner, entertains other sport-lovers at a friendly neighborhood recreation center.

GOOK
MAGAZINE

presents
THE
HONORABLE
VERNON
T.
BALOTSTUFER
STORY

HONESTY
INTEGRITY
FAIR PLAY

"There is no more noble cause than to answer the call to public service!"
—*Plato*

Pictures That Appeared in Article

11:00 A.M. Sen. Balotstufer appears before Congress, makes impassioned plea for his slum-clearance bill to help poor in hometown area.

2:15 P.M. As chairman of investigating sub-committee, he chastizes labor leader for such abuses as featherbedding and payroll-padding.

4:00 P.M. Makes TV appearance for taxpayer group, reaffirms his dedication to fight for economies, less waste in government spending.

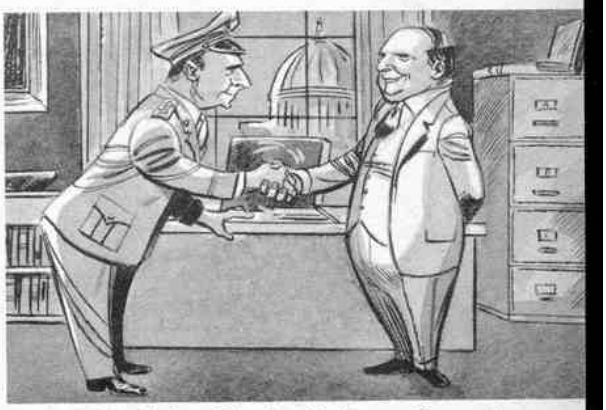
6:00 P.M. Tells Gook reporter that Nation's most important freedom, which he would defend to his last drop of blood, is freedom of press.

"I said my name is Gulliver!"

Pictures Deliberately Edited Out

11:20 A.M. He drops in to see how Dad and brothers are doing with new construction company they recently purchased in hometown area.

2:45 P.M. Rushes over to office to disburse own payroll to wife (secretary), uncle (legal adviser), baby (assistant), and dog (typist).



5:00 P.M. Visits friend, Air-Force General Klod, arranges round-the-world investigation tour for self and family in new B-58 bomber.

12:00 Midnight: Leads a group of supporters as they tar and feather MAD reporter who dug up these photos the magazine editors left out.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, who hasn't been to a symphony since he got married because now he faces the music at home, recalls for us his last experience at—

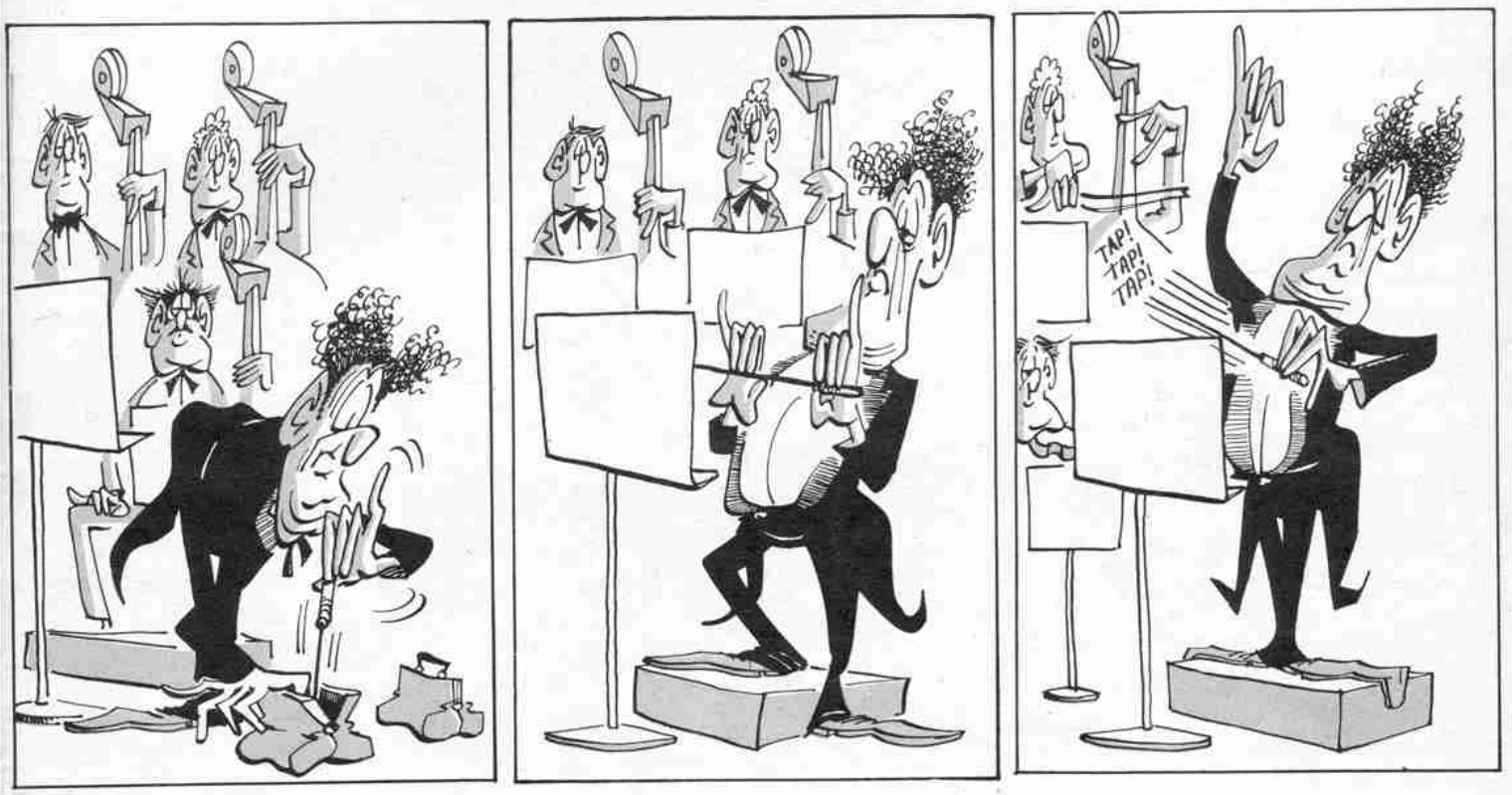
THE

"Stop worrying! These Krandstand seats have been standing for 50 years!"

XXXXXXXXOXXXXXXXX

CONCERT

"Miss Jones, I'm afraid there's no place for you in the *Rockettes!*"



"Will the real Stanley Sternwallow stand up . . . ?"

As a result of the recent Congressional Investigation into television plugs (inspired by "Spot That Plug" – MAD #50), the networks have cracked down on the practice of mentioning brand names over the air for money. This has created quite a

MAD BEATS THE TV

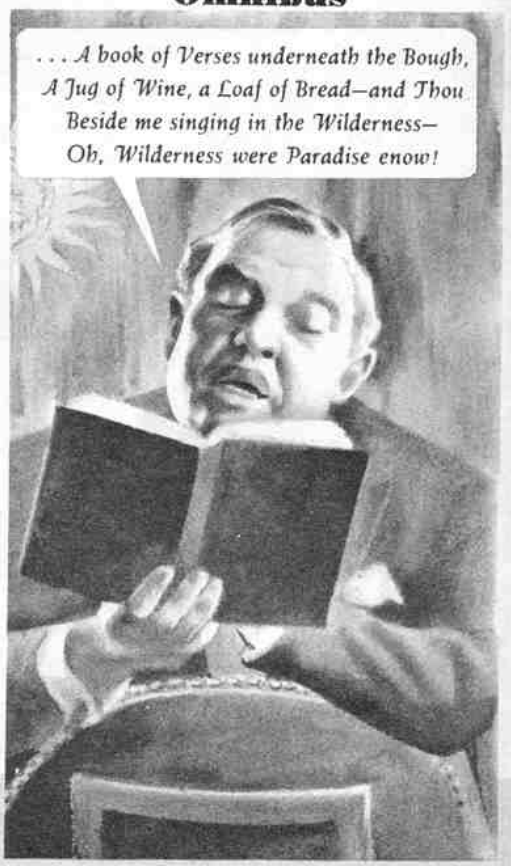
. . . WITH THESE NEW

FOR EXAMPLE HERE ARE SOME TYPICAL TV SHOWS THAT WERE CAREFULLY SCREENED AND FOUND TO BE FREE OF ANY DIRECT PLUGS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: PAUL KRASSNER

I've Got A Secret

Omnibus



YET, HERE ARE THE ACTUAL NEW MAD BRAND-NAME PRODUCTS THAT WERE INADVERTENTLY PLUGGED ON EACH OF THESE SHOWS

problem for the manufacturers of brand names: mainly, how can they continue to reach the clods who depend on these mentions so they know what brand to ask for when they go to the store? And so, with this article, we offer a simple solution, as . . .

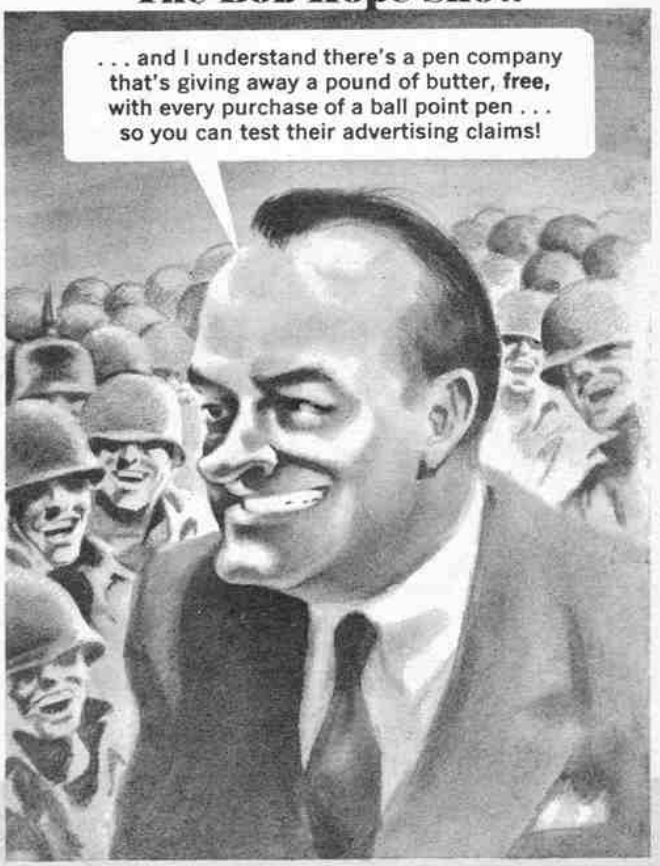
"I swear it! I left my commutation ticket at home!"

PLUG CRACKDOWN

BRAND-NAME PRODUCTS

The Life Of Riley

The Bob Hope Show



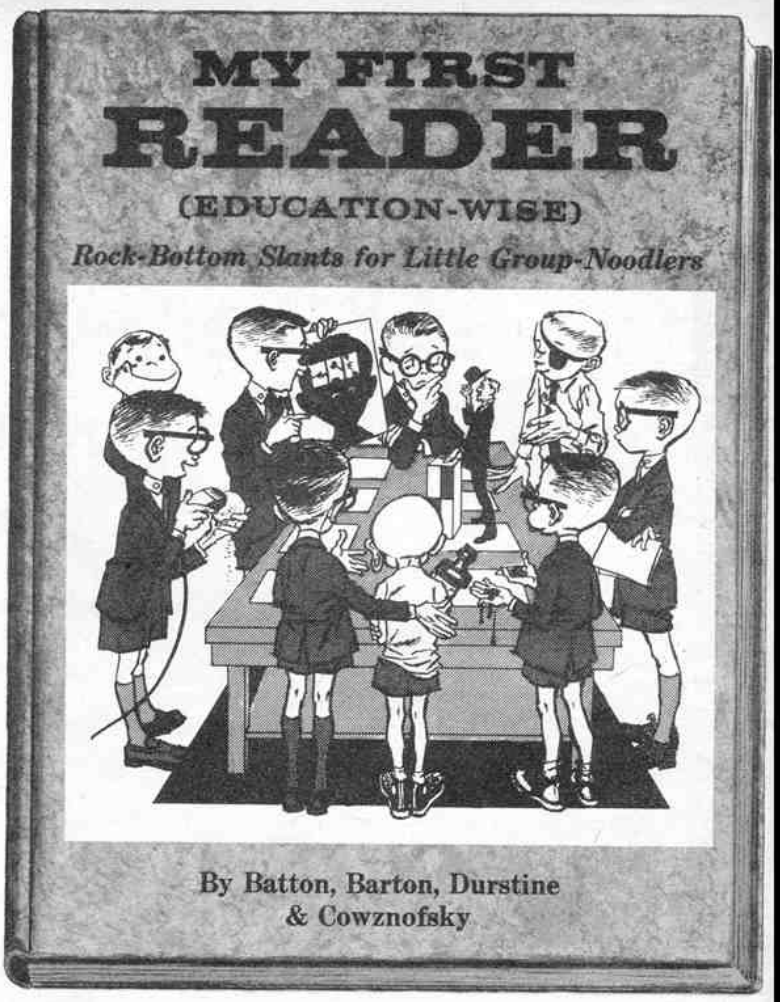
"Take the turnpike, and you'll avoid traffic, you said. Hah!"

HARD SPELL DEPT

"The MAD Horror Primer" (Issue #49) received such a GREAT response from our readers (i.e. *"A GREAT disappointment!"*—B.F., Phila., Pa.; *"It would be GREAT if you discontinued this type feature!"*—L.D., Dallas, Tex.; *"Articles like that GRATE on my nerves!"*—F.H., Fresno, Calif.) that we've decided to present another primer. This one is for the benefit of any children under seven (in other words, ALL of our readers) who may possibly be interested in working in the advertising field when they grow up.

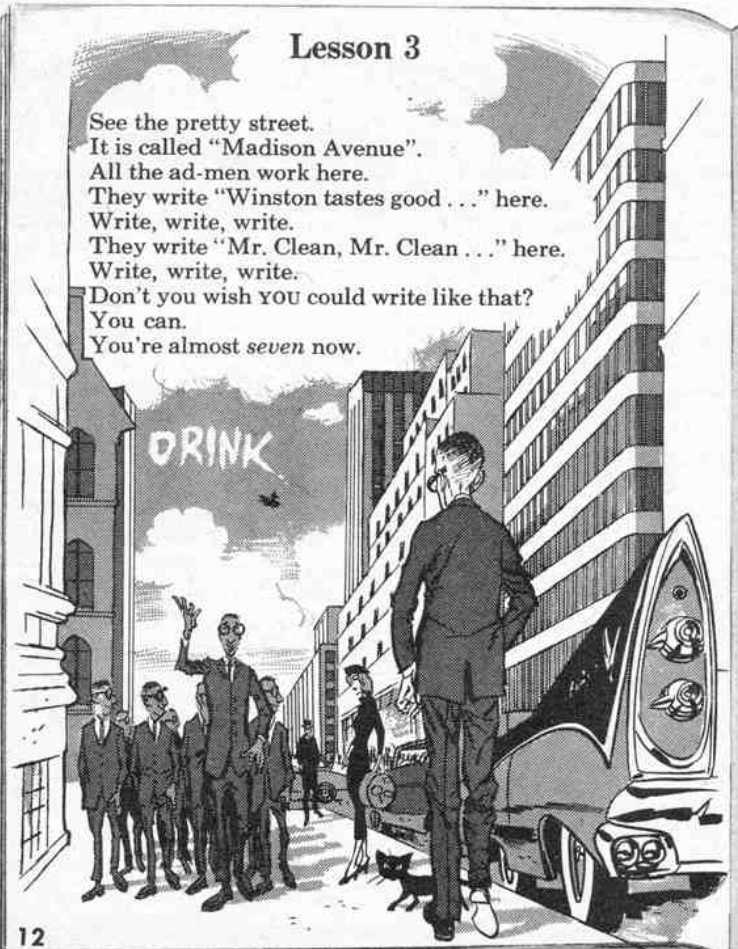
THE MAD MADISON AVENUE PRIMER

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

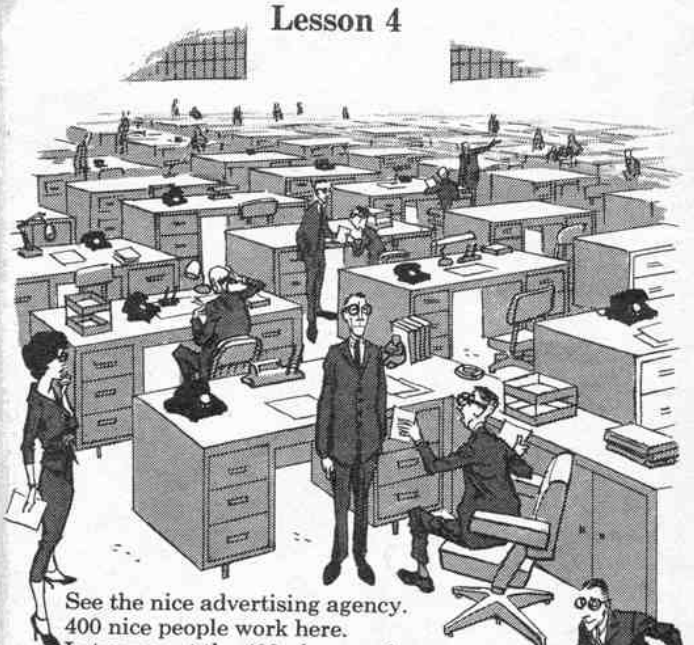


Lesson 3

See the pretty street.
It is called "Madison Avenue".
All the ad-men work here.
They write "Winston tastes good . . ." here.
Write, write, write.
They write "Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean . . ." here.
Write, write, write.
Don't you wish YOU could write like that?
You can.
You're almost *seven* now.



Lesson 4

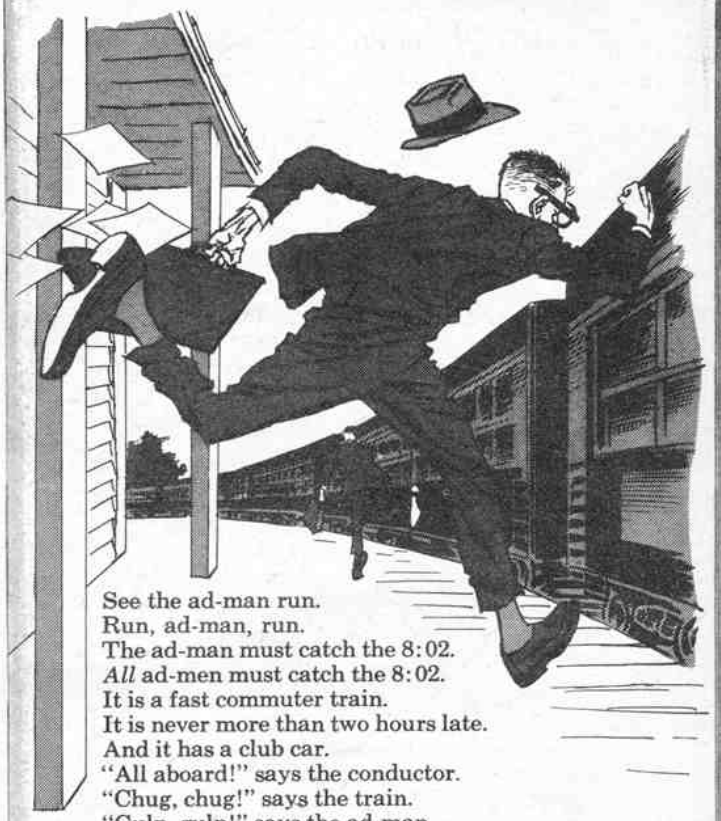


See the nice advertising agency.
400 nice people work here.
Let us count the 400 nice people.
Count, count, count.
Hmmm! 300 nice people are missing.
The nice advertising agency must have lost another nice $4-million account.
Dear, dear, dear.
Where are the 300 nice people now?
At the nice Unemployment Insurance office.
Sign, sign, sign.
Isn't job security nice on Madison Avenue?

Lesson 1

See the man.
He does advertising work.
He is called an "ad-man".
See his funny tight suit.
See his funny haircut.
Hear his funny stomach churn.
Churn, churn, churn.
The ad-man has a funny ulcer.
Most ad-men have funny ulcers.
But, then, some ad-men are lucky.
They do *not* have funny ulcers.
They have funny high blood pressure.

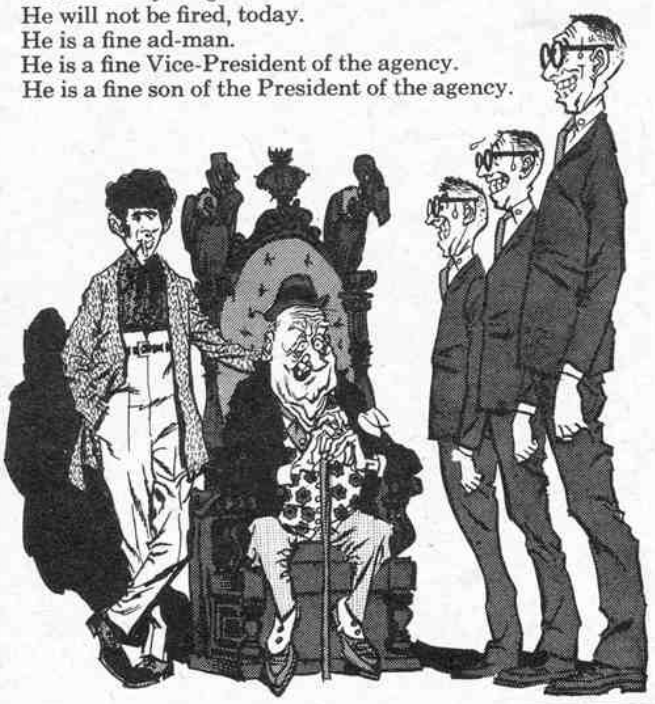
Lesson 2



See the ad-man run.
Run, ad-man, run.
The ad-man must catch the 8:02.
All ad-men must catch the 8:02.
It is a fast commuter train.
It is never more than two hours late.
And it has a club car.
"All aboard!" says the conductor.
"Chug, chug!" says the train.
"Gulp, gulp!" says the ad-man.
Wouldn't *you* like Bourbon for breakfast, too?

Lesson 5

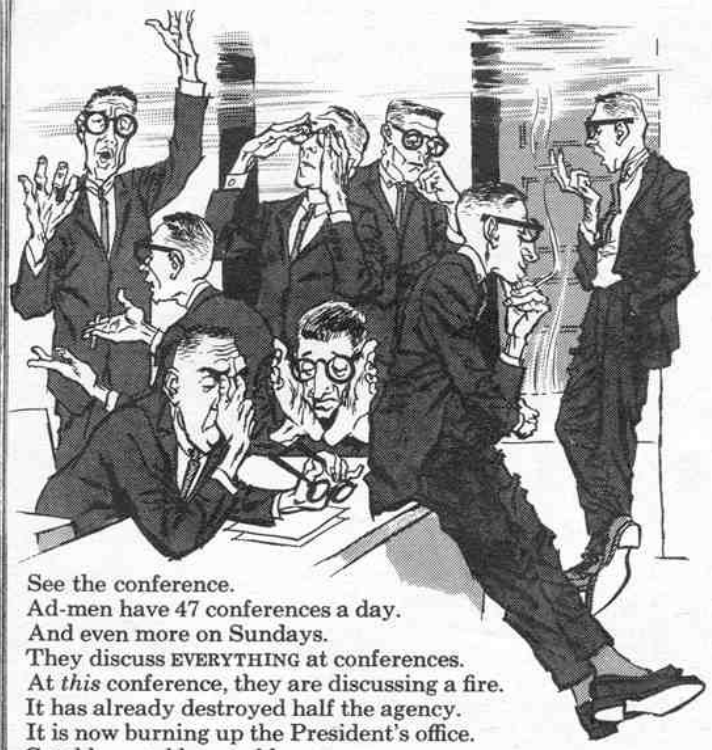
See the kindly old man.
He is the President of the agency.
He has fired 132 people today.
And it isn't even lunch time yet.
Fire, fire, fire.
See the fine young man with him.
He will not be fired, today.
He is a fine ad-man.
He is a fine Vice-President of the agency.
He is a fine son of the President of the agency.



Lesson 6

See the Account Executive.
His accounts are Puffo Cigarettes,
Bubble Soap, and Flaky Cereal.
The agency loves and trusts him.
Kiss, kiss, kiss.
Trust, trust, trust.
Next week he will resign.
He will form his own agency.
He will have three accounts in his agency.
They will be Puffo Cigarettes,
Bubble Soap, and Flaky Cereal.
Bounce, bounce, bounce.
That's the way the ball bounces on Madison Avenue.

Lesson 7



See the conference.
Ad-men have 47 conferences a day.
And even more on Sundays.
They discuss EVERYTHING at conferences.
At *this* conference, they are discussing a fire.
It has already destroyed half the agency.
It is now burning up the President's office.
Crackle, crackle, crackle.
What will the ad-men do about the fire?
Soon they will make a BIG decision.
But not at *this* conference.
Perhaps at the *next* conference.

Lesson 8

See the jolly client.
He sponsors a TV dramatic show.
He never finished the 6th Grade.
He can hardly speak English.
He can hardly write his name.
Yet, he re-writes TV scripts.
Re-write, re-write, re-write.
Why do you re-write TV scripts, jolly client?
"Because I do not like sad endings;
Because I only like happy endings."
Someday, a TV writer will shoot the jolly client.
Right in his jolly gut.
What a happy ending THAT will be!

Lesson 9

See the man rate a TV show.
See how he arrives at a scientific rating.
First he makes 10 phone calls.
Then he puts 10 numbers in his hat.
Then he closes his eyes tight.
Then he picks the scientific rating out of his hat.
Oh-oh! This TV show's rating is $6\frac{3}{8}$.
Ho-ho! He has made a scientific mistake.
He has picked out his scientific *hat size*.
But it is too late.
It was such a nice TV show, too.
It cost three million dollars, too.
It might have remained on the air, too.
If the man had a bigger head.

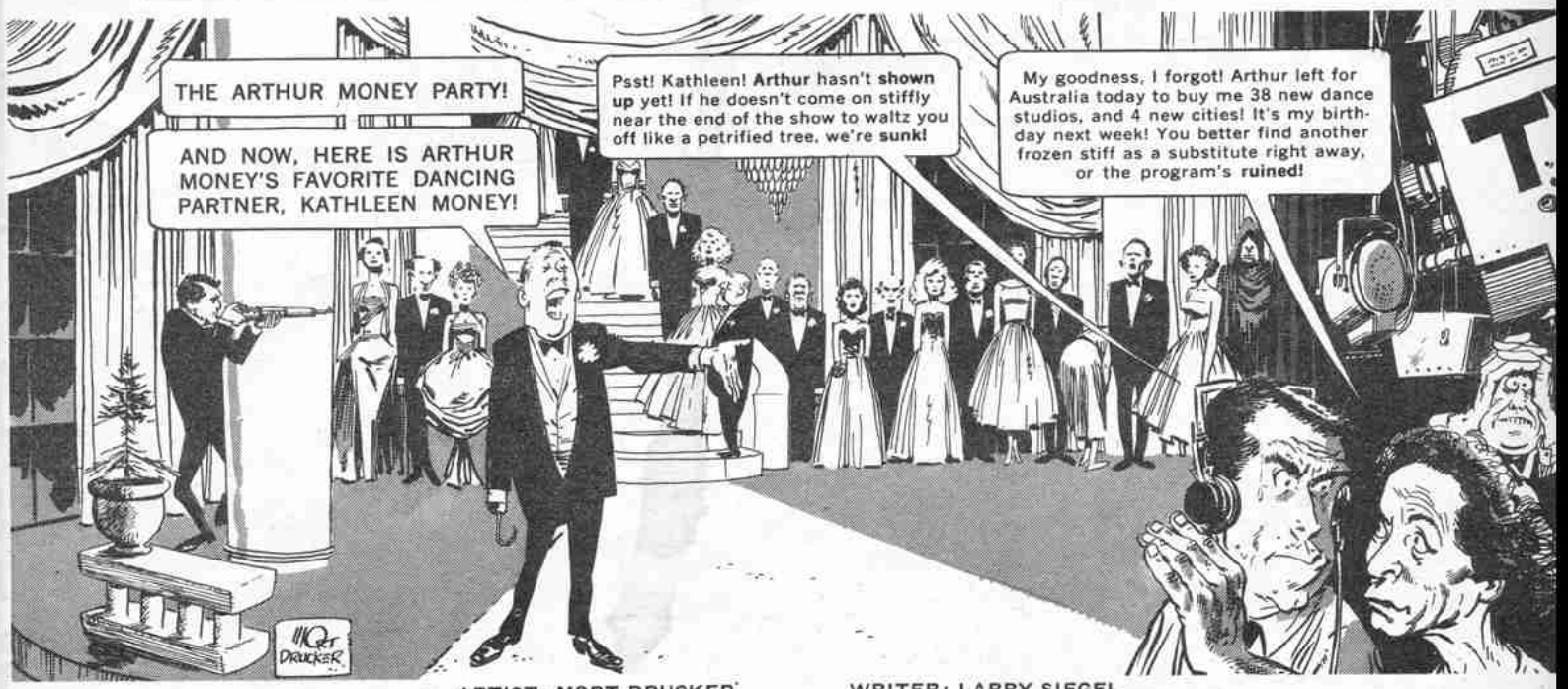
Lesson 10

See the amazing average clod.
He is the Eighth Wonder of the World.
He has a 40-year-old body and a 10-year-old mind.
According to Madison Avenue.
So they write TV commercials especially for him.
And they write magazine ads especially for him.
If this keeps up, the amazing average clod will become even more amazing.
He will no longer have a 40-year-old body and a 10-year-old mind.
He will have a 40-year-old body and a FIVE-year-old mind.

There's a weekly program on television which proves an important point . . . namely, that any average, sweet, kindly grandmother with a slightly nasal voice and very little talent can become the star of a big TV show . . . providing her husband is a millionaire-businessman with 400 dance studios and 12 press agents. In other words, to put a little fun in your life, try money! But if you're broke, try . . .

THE ARTHUR MONEY PARTY

"Psst! Hey, you dumb ox! I was supposed to win this wrestling match!"



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

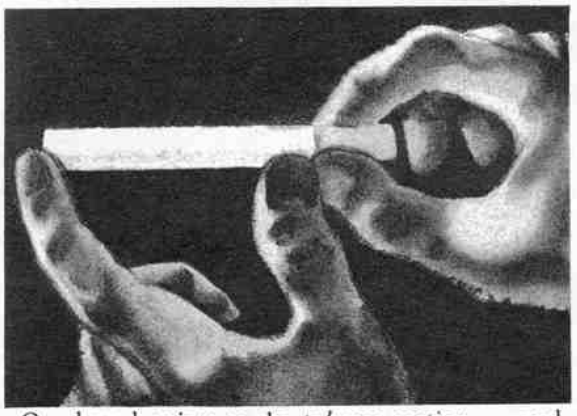
And now for tonight's Dance Contest. Our first celebrity to make a fool of himself is that wonderful star of his own Parliament, on another network! Folks, a warm welcome for **India's Prime Minister, JAWAHARLAL NEHRU!**
Hello, Kathleen! It was so nice of Arthur to buy me for you for tonight's show. And now, if you don't mind, I'll embarrass myself by doing a rather silly Mambo!
Wonderful, Jawaharlal! However, may I suggest you try a Rock 'n Roll number **instead** of a Mambo! That'll make you look even **more** foolish!
Anything you say, Kathleen. By the way, I see by the Tele-Prompter that this is the part of the show where you always indulge in some snappy humor, so here goes my straight line:
When I've **finished** my dance, will you and Arthur give me **back** to the Indian People?
Of course not, Jawaharlal! You know **why** not? Now get this: Because Arthur and I are not Indian-Givers!!
Get it? INDIAN-givers! Tee-hee-hee-hee-hee . . .
Hmmm! I must remember to fire four of those teachers back there for **not laughing** at this typical witty banter!
I get it, Kathleen! But didn't one of Arthur's 12 press agents say that for him in Earl Wilson's column in the Bombay Daily Journal?
Ladies and Gentlemen . . . Prime Minister Nehru, making a fool of himself in a Rock 'n Roll number . . . with Arthur Money instructor, Rhoda Pfeffer!
By the way, Mr. Nehru owes Arthur and me an apology! One of our 12 press agents did not say that gag for Arthur in Earl Wilson's column! He said it for Arthur in **Walter Winchell's** column!
Thank you, Prime Minister Nehru, for making us all **thoroughly uncomfortable!**
And now for our **next** guest in the Dance Contest! Here she is, the star of a famous comedy team in their own Kremlin . . . that very warm and wonderful trouper MRS. NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV!
I'm so glad to be here, Kathleen! And I'm certainly the **perfect contestant** . . . mainly because I have not danced a single step in over **thirty years** . . .
I'm so glad Arthur bought you for me, "Mama" Khrushchev! And now, although you were supposed to do a slow Waltz, would you mind doing a Cha-Cha instead? It's much less dignified, and with **your** weight, you'll get lots more laughs!
Anything you say, Kathleen! After all, that's show biz!

Ladies and Gentlemen . . . "Mama" Khrushchev and Arthur Money Instructor Lewis Eskin doing a Cha-Cha . . .
MAN--THAT'S WILD!
Thank you, Mrs. Khrushchev, for embarrassing yourself . . . and all of us!
And now for our final, and perhaps our **best** contestant! I say that because he confided in me that he never danced a step in his life!
A big welcome for that great show biz partner of Abraham Lincoln, CARL SANDBURG!
Hi, Kathleen! Carl could not **make it** tonight, so **I'm** dancing in his place! I figure I'll start off with a Tango, segue into a Rumba, break into a Cakewalk, do a Carioca . . . and . . .
FRED ASTEP! You . . . **you** can't enter this Dance Contest . . . for many reasons: you're a Dancing School competitor of ours! Arthur didn't buy you for me! You didn't rehearse with the band! And mainly . . . YOU KNOW HOW TO DANCE!
. . . then I'll come on with a Samba, follow up with a Continental, break into a Suzie-Q, do a snappy Two-Step . . . and . . .
. . . then I'll do The Big Apple, followed by The Manhattan, after which I'll break into a Double Lindy, and finish up with a special Ballet I wrote just now . . . and . . .
The **nerve** of that man! He **knows** he could ruin our whole show by doing some superb dance which **wouldn't embarrass himself, or any of us, or the viewers!**
By the way, have you found a stiff substitute for Arthur's closing Waltz with me yet?
Not yet, Kathleen! We're working on it!
And now, folks, it's time to pick tonight's winner! The rules are simple. You applaud each contestant, and if the meter registers **less** than one point, it's a tie! If there's **more** than one point difference, it's a tie! But if one contestant is **four** or more points ahead, then it's **still** a tie . . . because if there's one thing Arthur and I can't stand on this show, it's a **loser!**

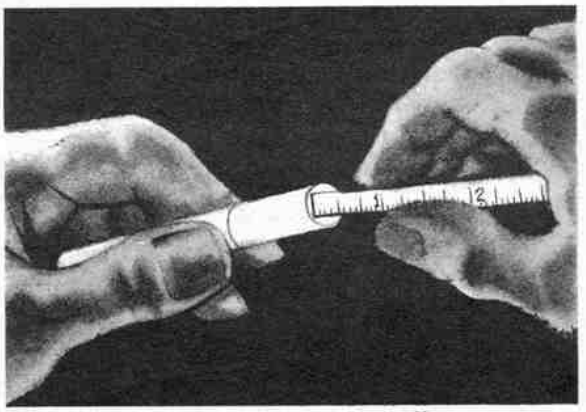
First, let me hear your applause for India's Prime Minister Nehru . . . who made us all feel **really** uncomfortable with a foolish Rock 'n Roll number . . .
1 I WAS SILLY-
2 I WAS SILLIER-
3 I WAS SILLIEST-
4 WHY DIDN'T I GO ON "SMALL WORLD" INSTEAD?
Next, your applause for "Mama" Khrushchev, whom I talked into doing that idiotic Cha-Cha, which she'll **never** live down!
1 I WAS SILLY-
2 I WAS SILLIER-
3 I WAS SILLIEST-
4 WHY DIDN'T I GO ON "SMALL WORLD" INSTEAD?
And now for the results. Well, here's a surprise! It's our **178th straight tie!** Which means that **tonight's** winners . . . along with the 836 **other** winners . . . will compete against Winston Churchill, who'll do a Bunny-Hug three years from tonight!
And now I'd like to thank tonight's winners by presenting them each with a copper and brass statuette mounted on a cheesebox. We'll be seeing more of them in future contests, because I doubt if we'll **ever** have a **final winner!** And now . . . it's time . . . to . . .
Psst! Kathleen! It's okay to **close** now! We found a **wonderful** substitute for stiff, emotionless Arthur! He's coming out now to waltz you off . . .
And so ends another ARTHUR MONEY PARTY! See you next week! In the meantime, PUT A LITTLE FUN IN YOUR LIFE! TRY DANCING!
I never saw Arthur look so wonderful!
He's so loose and relaxed tonight!
For a change, he has a warm expression on his face!
That toupee does wonders for him!
And if you **can't** dance, PUT A LITTLE FUN INTO **OUR** LIVES! TAKE LESSONS AT AN ARTHUR MONEY DANCE STUDIO! MAINLY BECAUSE WE MAKE A **FORTUNE** ON YOU!
DA DUM DA DUM DA DUM DUM DUM
18

DURHAM BULL DEPT.

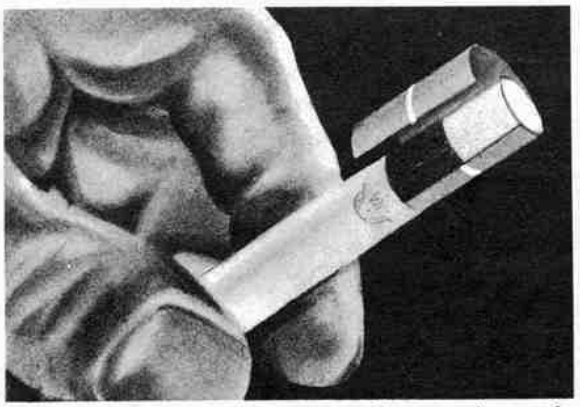
Have you noticed the exciting new game they're playing on Madison Avenue these days? The object of this game is to discover some new part of the cigarette to feature in the ads. Like f'rinstance . . .



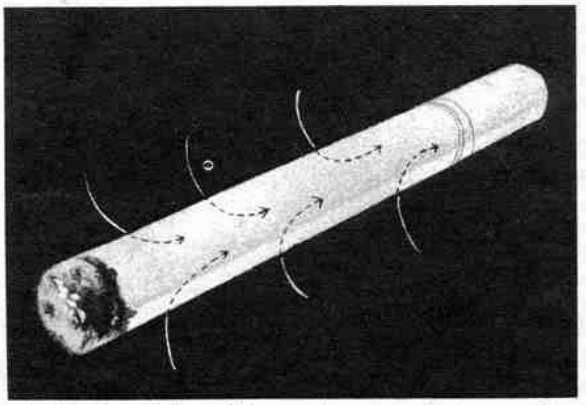
One brand points to the *tobacco section* . . . and screams that *"It's what's up front that counts!"*



Another brand claims that the *filter-recess* is *"The most important ¼ inch in smoking today!"*



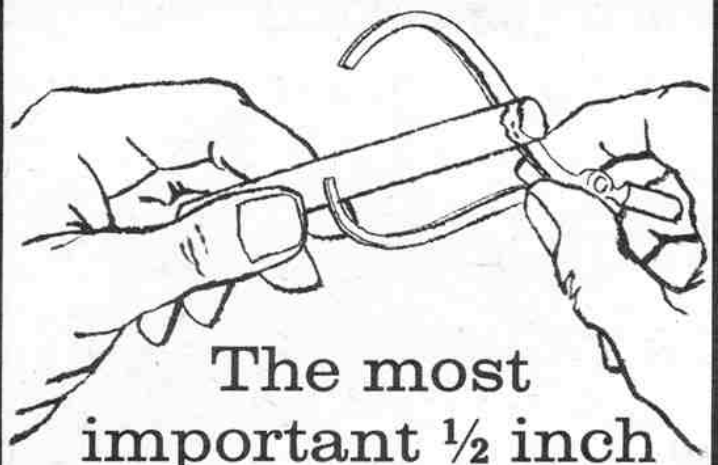
A third brand boasts that the filter in *front* of the filter is *"the real thing in smoking taste!"*



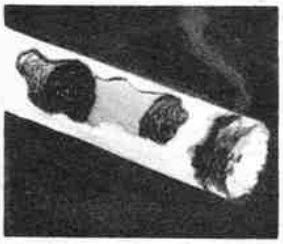
And a fourth brand brags that the whole mess is wrapped in *paper* that *"air-softens every puff!"*

"You're the Mayor of Hamlin! Do something!"

XOXXX



The most important ½ inch in smoking today...



Note the cut-away view of the exclusive **KLODD** air pocket—the amazing ½ inch of pure, uncontaminated air—scientifically engineered into every **KLODD** cigarette! Independent laboratory tests prove conclusively that **KLODD's** ½ inch space is completely free of harmful tobacco, a claim unmatched by any other cigarette!

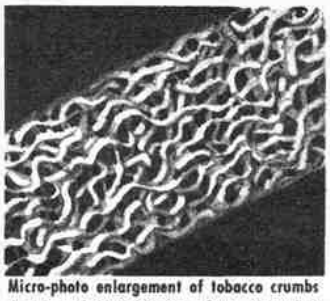
only Klodd gives you

"THE MIRACLE ½ INCH"

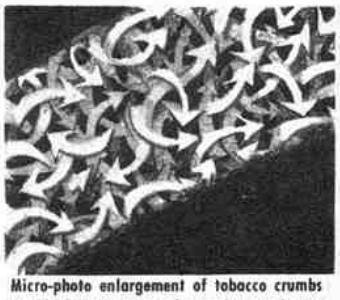
● *no harsh taste* ● *no irritation* ● *no tobacco*

---

the secret of **ARROW** *taste...*
the secret of **ARROW** *flavor...*
the secret of **ARROW** *mildness...*
IS IN THE SHAPE OF THE TOBACCO CRUMBS!



Micro-photo enlargement of tobacco crumbs in an ordinary cigarette shows that they have irregular, rather disgusting shapes. Also shows that tobacco is loosely-packed. Thus, irregular-shaped crumbs permit tars and nicotine to flow through more easily.



Micro-photo enlargement of tobacco crumbs in ARROW cigarette shows that each one is shaped like a tiny arrow. These tiny arrows, all pointing in different directions, tend to confuse tars and nicotine, preventing any from reaching your mouth.

A *new direction* in smoking

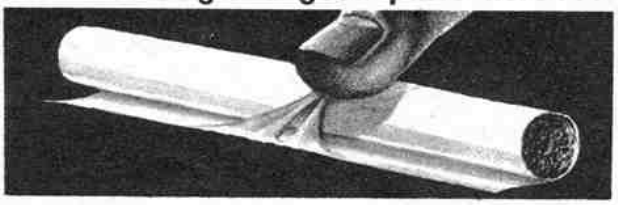
ARROW

The Cigarette with
Pre-Shaped Tobacco Crumbs...
for that Crumby Flavor.

The better the pastin's, the better the smoke

Take a cigarette from the pack you're now smoking! Tear it apart! Notice the overlapping strip where the cigarette paper is pasted together? This little strip holds the key to your smoking pleasure . . .

If it hasn't got a good paste here...

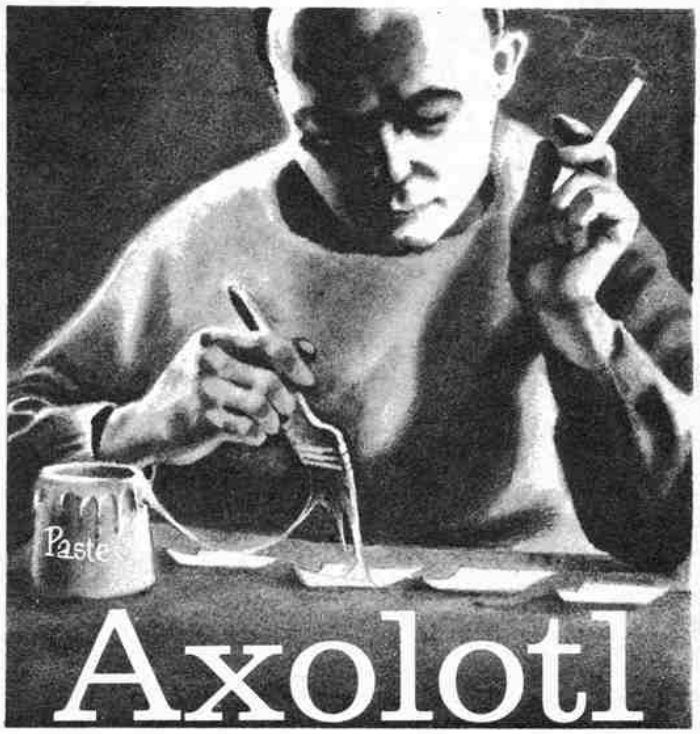


It'll give you a bad paste in the mouth!

Scientific tests, recently concluded, prove that cigarette paper paste affects flavor. Only AXOLOTL uses a special blend of fish and horse glues in a top-secret, exclusive formula designed to prevent "paste feedback". The result: Pure tobacco flavor (with a distinct aroma) in every puff!

You get better pastin's in an

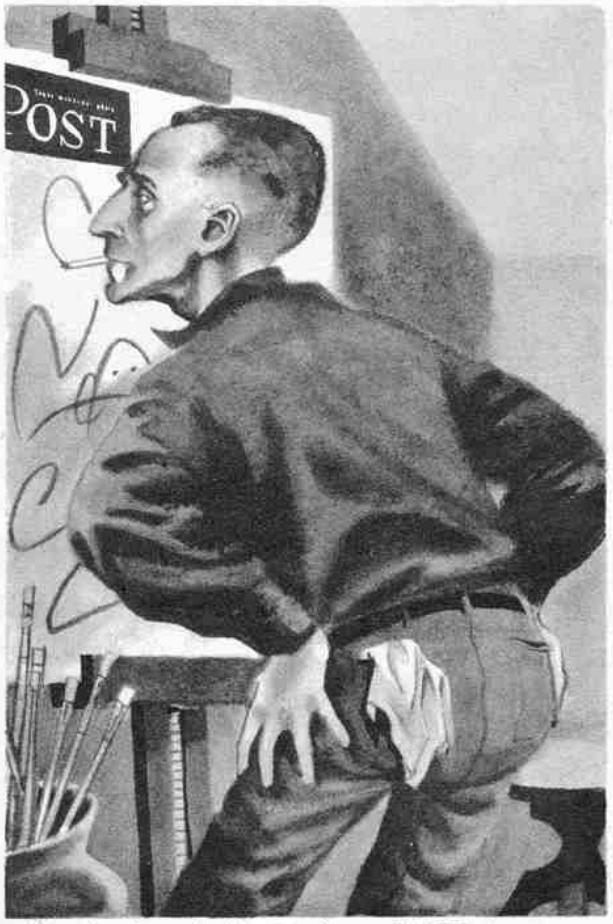
Axolotl cigarette paste contains
the secret ingredient "SMETANA"



Axolotl

Switch now . . . for a good paste in the mouth!

The STUBB "Inner-Core" helps if you draw!



Running the entire length of every STUBB cigarette—right through the middle—is a filter core made of pure graphite. This makes STUBB the only cigarette on the market today with a full-length filter. It also makes STUBB the only cigarette you can draw pictures with!

But don't take our word for it! make the STUBB test yourself . . .

1. First, try drawing with an ordinary cigarette.

2. And now try drawing with a **STUBB** and see the difference!

The man who draws for himself knows . . .

only

STUBBS

has a scribbling man's filter . . . a doodling man's taste!

KING SIZE (for illustrations)

REGULAR SIZE (for quick sketches)

It's what's printed on the outside that counts!

Laboratory tests prove that the brand "monogram" on most cigarettes is printed with inferior inks! That's the big reason why you should smoke

Potrzebie

The "monogram" on every POTRZEBIE cigarette is printed with a special blend of carefully prepared, high-grade vegetable dyes, mixed in an expensive, first-quality chicken fat base. That's what makes POTRZEBIE cigarettes so easy on your throat, so friendly to your taste!

Remember **the Potrzebie "Monogram" tastes good . . . like a cigarette monogram should!**

a threat of sweat

makes the difference!

HACK

protects the skin zone

Today's cigarettes are wrapped in "high-porosity" paper! Recent scientific analysis shows that when a cigarette is held between the fingers, invisible oils soak through this paper at the "skin zone"—contaminating the tobacco, and ruining the flavor!

Now HACK protects that all important "skin zone" . . . with an exciting new feature

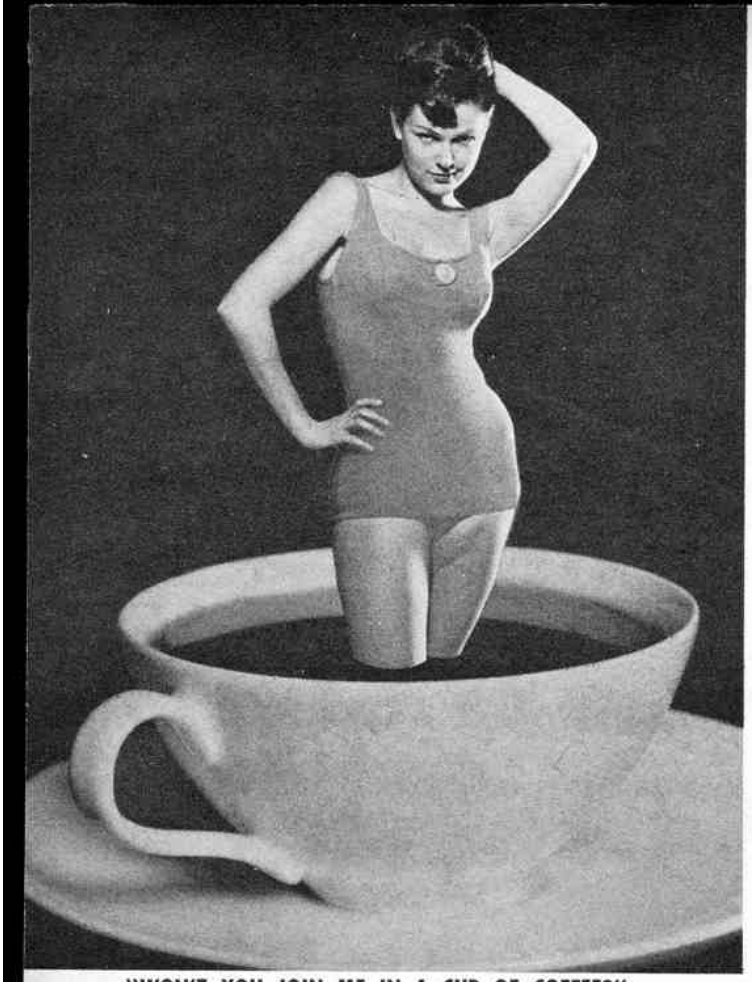
Included in each and every pack of HACK is A FRESH, CLEAN, WHITE COTTON GLOVE! Simply slip on glove—light up a HACK—and experience a new high in smoking enjoyment!

HACK

IN SOFT PACK—OR CRUSH-PROOF BOX
For right or left-handed smokers

IDIOM'S DELIGHT DEPT.

D'jya ever stop to think about some of the stupid things you say every day? And we're not talking about your opinions or thoughts or ideas, because if you ever stopped to think about them, you wouldn't say 'em. No, we're talking about some of our English idioms, colloquialisms and slang expressions. Mainly, here are . . .



"WON'T YOU JOIN ME IN A CUP OF COFFEE?"

"SHE WAITED ON PINS AND NEEDLES!"

"SORRY, THE BOSS IS ALL TIED UP!"

"DON'T BOLT YOUR FOOD!"

"Sure hope that new man knows how to handle a Hook-and-Ladder!"

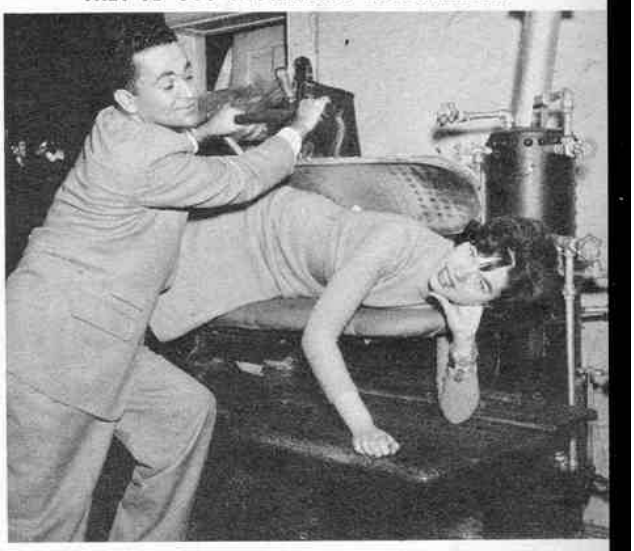
LITERAL TRANSLATIONS OF FIGURATIVE SPEECH

"SHE TREATS HIM LIKE DIRT!"

"HE'S A HARD MAN TO NAIL DOWN!"

"WE'RE HAVING A FRIEND FOR DINNER!"

"THEY'VE GOT A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT!"



WRITER: DAVID BERG

PHOTOGRAPHER: LESTER KRAUSS

PUNCH AND BOOTY DEPT.

With this article, MAD turns its attention to I.B.M. CARDS. An I.B.M. CARD is a card with lots of little holes punched in it. When this card is run through an I.B.M. machine, the holes tell all about the person whose name is on the card. Many nosy people, like Melvin E. Blecch, of East Limbo, Ohio, are dying to know just what the companies that use I.B.M. CARDS are finding out from those little holes. So, since Melvin included his latest electric bill, we're going to use it as an example to show

THE INFORMATION THEY'

I.B.M

HERE IS WHAT THE ELECTRIC CO.'S I. B. M.

1 BLECCH'S AGE: 42

2 BLECCH'S HEIGHT: 4' 13"

3 BLECCH'S WEIGHT: 310

4 BLECCH'S I. Q.: 57

5 BLECCH'S OCCUPATION: Itinerant Ukulele Stringer

24 TCH! TCH! BLECCH SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF!

23 DURING SUMMER BLECCH HAS ATHLETIC AROMA

22 FARTHEST POINT NORTH REACHED BY AMUNDSEN, 1903

21 BLECCH HOME DOES NOT HAVE INSIDE PLUMBING

20 TAKE A CHANCE

19 ASK JOE IN ROOM 706 WHAT THIS MEANS

18 THIS HOLE IS 485 YARDS PAR 4

"You really break me up, Sidney!"

EAST LIMBO ELECTRIC

99 PRAWN LANE

	METER PERIOD
Melvin E. Blecch 140 Stumpworthy Bog East Limbo, Ohio	4/14 - 5/13

Meter reader should watch loose step leading to basement.

Blecch's German Shepherd trained to attack meter readers.

RE GETTING FROM...

You can play a variation of "MAD Y'OX" with two or more people. First draw your cartoon, and then ask everybody to guess what the gag caption is. Meanwhile, you can guess what they'll do to you when you finally tell it to them. What fun!

. CARDS

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

CARD REVEALS ABOUT MELVIN BLECCH...

6 BLECCH'S SALARY: 24¢ per string, when working

7 BLECCH'S WIFE'S NAME: Selma

8 SELMA'S MEASUREMENTS: 36-24-37

9 BLECCH'S SON'S NAME: Irving

10 IRVING'S MEASUREMENTS: 24-38-37

11 IRVING'S GIRL'S NAME: Gladys

12 GLADYS' MEASUREMENTS: Unavailable

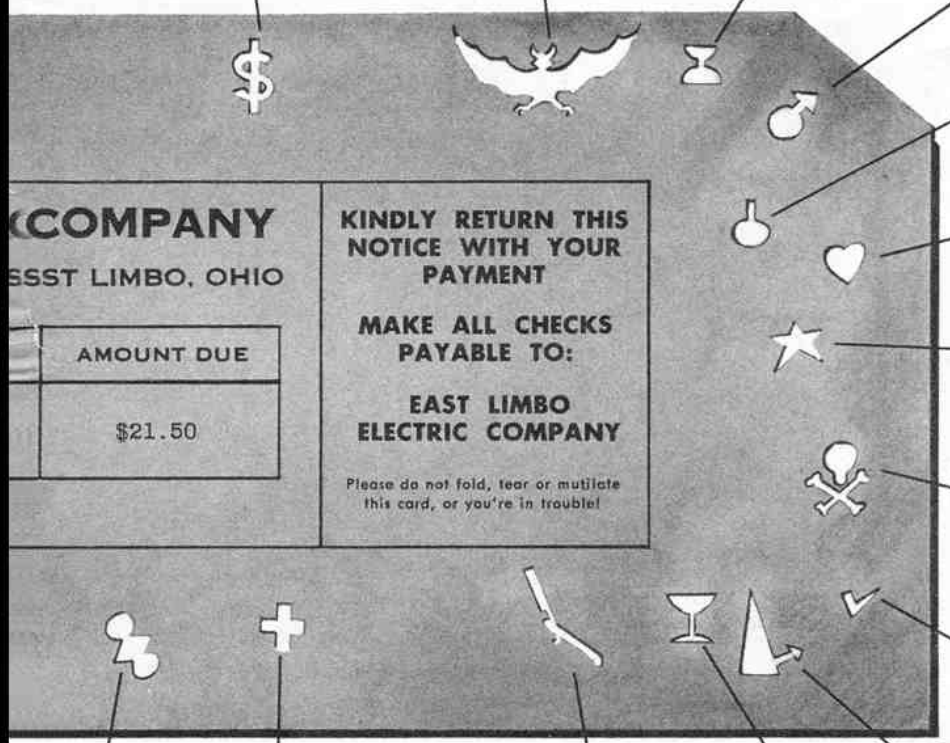
13 GLADYS HATES IRVING

14 IRVING HAS WORST ATTENDANCE RECORD OF ANYONE IN SCHOOL

15 IRVING IS IN THE 4TH GRADE

16 IRVING IS 19 YEARS OLD

17 BLECCH CARRIES BLUE CROSS



Train conductor Fred Ringle punched this hole by mistake.

Blecch's wife is home alone between 2 and 5 on Fridays.

I.B.M. CARDS ALSO REVEAL INTERESTING THINGS

"I love these funny amusement park mirrors, don't you, Irving?"

THE *Diners'* CLUB, INC.
10 COLUMBUS CIRCLE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

TERMS: Accounts are payable upon receipt of monthly statement. No discount. Charges or payments received by us after statements are prepared will be included on your next month's statement.

MONTHLY STATEMENT

AMOUNT DUE	$4176.85

NAME AND ADDRESS

Nikita Khrushchev
The Kremlin
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

ACCOUNT NUMBER
SU7485729511

(1) **OCCUPATION:** Tourist
(2) **EMPLOYED BY:** Central Committee, Communist Party, Moscow, Union of Socialist Soviet Republics
(3) **ANNUAL INCOME:** 6,000,000 rubles
(4) **AGE:** 65
(5) **PERSONAL REFERENCES:** Anastas Mikoyan, Frol Koslov, Roswell Garst
(6) **RECOMMENDED FOR DINER'S CLUB MEMBERSHIP BY:** Henry Cabot Lodge, Acct. No. A22453388
(7) **CANCEL IMMEDIATELY:** Acct. No. A22453388
(8) **THIS STATEMENT** is the eighth we have sent without receiving payment
(9) **DUPLICATE STATEMENTS** sent to U.S. State Department
(10) **IF NO PAYMENT RECEIVED FOLLOWING THIS STATEMENT,** turn account over to Legal Department
(11) **IF NO PAYMENT RECEIVED FOLLOWING NEXT STATEMENT,** turn account over to United Nations
(12) **BREAKDOWN OF AMOUNT DUE:** $256.50 charged at Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N.Y.C. for 2-day stay
(13) $278.05 charged at Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Calif. for 2-day stay
(14) $3642.30 charged at Acme Liquor Shop, Washington, D. C. for 180 cases of Vodka

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
NOTICE OF PREMIUM DUE

NAME AND ADDRESS	PREMIUM	DATE DUE	POLICY NUMBER
Jack Benny % CBS Hollywood, Calif.	$.79	May 15, 1960	B70- 131585752

Return this Premium Notice with your PAYMENT in Enclosed Envelope

(1) **AMOUNT OF POLICY:** $50.00 Comprehensive
(2) **INSURED'S OCCUPATION:** Star of stage, screen, radio and TV
(3) **Age:** 39
(4) **AGE ATTESTED TO BY:** Don Wilson, Notary Public
(5) **HEALTH:** Excellent
(6) **EXAMINING PHYSICIAN:** Dennis Day, M.D.
(7) **INVESTIGATION SHOWS:** No Dennis Day, M.D. listed in U.S. Medical Directories
(8) **FINANCIAL RATING:** Excellent
(9) **RATING BY:** Rochester Van Jones, C.P.A.
(10) **OFF-THE-RECORD REPORT BY ABOVE ACCOUNTANT:** "Mr. Benny is a cheapskate!"
(11) **INSURED'S COMMENT:** "Hmmmm!"
(12) **INSURED REFUSES:** to pay premium until he receives our 1961 Complimentary Desk Calendar
(13) **INSURED REFUSES:** to pay his own postage when mailing premiums in our self-addressed envelope
(14) **INSURED DEMANDS:** Official receipt form for each premium payment, signed by President, and 8 Vice-Presidents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
(15) **INSURED DEMANDS:** a full accounting of our financial standing to be sent to him weekly
(16) **INSURED DEMANDS:** that policy also cover violin depreciation, loss of TV option, and poor Nielsen ratings

ABOUT OTHER CELEBRITIES AND WORLD FIGURES

"There is immediate seating in all parts of the house! . . . There is immediate . . ."

FLEAGLE FIREARMS CO.
Guns—Rifles—Ammunition
135 Ballistic Square, Fieldglop, Mass.

STATEMENT

NAME AND ADDRESS	AMOUNT DUE
Fidel Castro Presidential Palace Havana, Cuba	$257,445.10

(1) **OCCUPATION:** Revolutionist
(2) **POSITION:** Premier (Temporarily) of Cuba
(3) **BILL INCLUDES:** Shipment of 700 .30 caliber rifles; and 1 gold-plated .45 caliber automatic hand-initialed "F.C."
(4) **DO NOT FILL FURTHER ORDER:** for 24—16 mm. cannon until full payment of balance is received
(5) **CUSTOMER HAS BEEN INFORMED:** that we will no longer accept payments in Cuban Pesos
(6) **CUSTOMER HAS BEEN INFORMED:** that we do not handle nuclear weapons
(7) **LETTER HAS BEEN SENT:** demanding release as hostage of our Havana Representative
(8) **CUSTOMER HAS BEEN INFORMED:** that we protest being referred to as "Money-grubbing Gringos"
(9) **SERVICE CHARGE:** additional $3000 for running arms shipment through U.S. Coast Guard blockade
(10) **IN CASE OF EMERGENCY:** like a counter-revolution, send future statements to next of kin, Raul Castro, brother
(11) **ACTION ON THIS STATEMENT IS IMPERATIVE:** mainly, because we'll go bankrupt unless we collect this account
(12) **CUSTOMER IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED:** with Fidel Castro, Jr., who bottles No-Cal Moxie in Paramus, N. J.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

SUBSCRIPTION STATEMENT

Alfred E. Neuman 225 Lafayette St. New York 12, N. Y.	1-Year Renewal $24.00

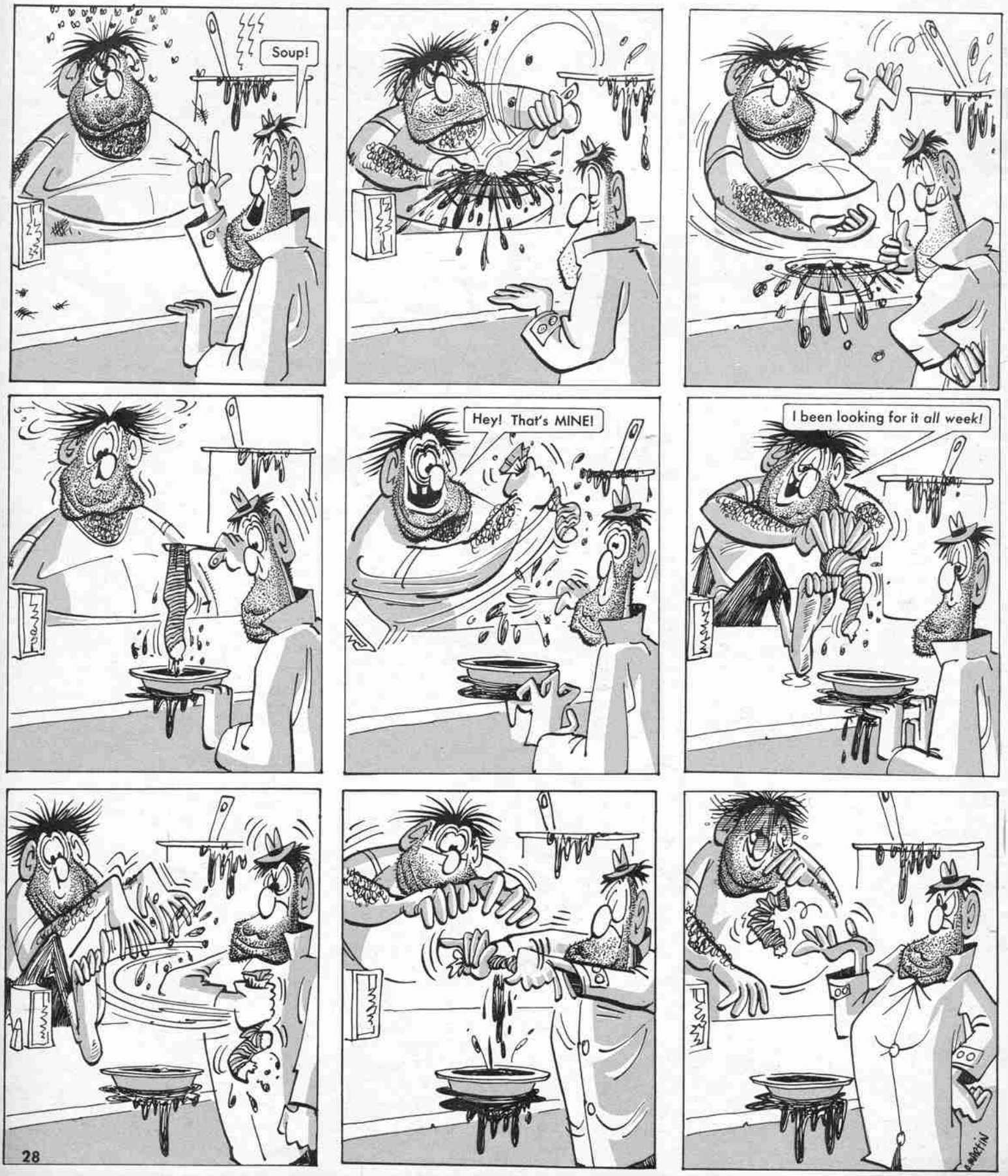
"Men Who Get Ahead Read The Wall Street Journal"

(1) **EMPLOYER:** MAD Magazine
(2) **POSITION HELD:** Blurred
(3) **AGE:** Illegible
(4) **EDUCATION:** Oklahoma A & P, Potrzebie Sub-Normal, Brooklyn College for the Innocuous
(5) **ALSO SUBSCRIBES TO:** Fortune, Business Week, U.S. News and World Report, Nation's Business, Jack and Jill
(6) **PREVIOUS POSITION HELD:** Sales Manager, Edsel Division, Ford Motor Company
(7) **OTHER POSITIONS HELD:** Havana Representative, Fleagle Firearms Co., Fieldglop, Mass.
(8) **PROPERTY OWNED BY SUBSCRIBER:** Brooklyn Bridge; Tree House in vacant lot, Keokuk, Iowa; 500-acre farm, Everglades Swamp, Florida; Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free Card
(9) **OTHER BUSINESS INTERESTS:** Good Humor Franchise for Antarctica; Uranium Rights under Times Square, New York City; Oil Rights on the Moon
(10) **ORGANIZATIONS:** Sons of the American Depression; Ramon Navarro Fan Club, C.L.O.D., Pier 46 Beach Club, Tuesday Weld Benevolent Society
(11) **STOCKS OWNED:** 100 Shares, U.S. Cranberry Growers Assn.; 200 Shares, Tucker Automobile Corp.; 250 Shares, C.B.S. Color TV Development Corp.; 150 Shares of Flair Magazine

"Just relax and tell me everything that comes into your mind!"

And now, Don Martin tells us a souped-up tale of his experience

In a "GREASY SPOON" Diner



VOTE'S MY LINE DEPT.

"Sometimes I wonder which one of us is the dummy, Mr. Bergen!"

Shocking statistics show that only half the country's eligible voters cast ballots on Election Day! This is because Americans aren't interested in politics. Why? Mainly because we don't make politics interesting enough! And when newspapers do cover politics, they do it on the front pages—away from the sport section, comic strips, and interesting stuff—where nobody sees it. Mad feels this situation could be remedied if there were fan magazines that glamorize politicians, as there are fan magazines that glamorize movie stars. Then maybe folks would be more interested in the Art of Government than the Art of Jayne Mansfield. We're talking about fan magazines like . . .

A DULL MAGAZINE

EXCLUSIVE—Nelson Rockefeller answers eight intimate questions about Mrs. Rockefeller.

POPULAR POLITICIAN

APRIL 25¢

"They laughed when I sat down to introduce my labor bill"
by John Kennedy

"Filibustering can be fun!"
by Wayne Morse

"Father was a bigmouth"
by Margaret Truman

"Your friend, the Cranberry."
by Sec. of Agriculture Ezra Benson

"The truth about Uncle Miltie."
by Maj. John Eisenhower

"My son, the candidate."
by Joseph P. Kennedy

"Nobody upstairs likes me."
by Orval Faubus

TRAVEL SECTION
"Fun and good times in South America"
by Pat Nixon

"They Said I Was TOO Funny!"
by Adlai Stevenson

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: GARY BELKIN

We get Letters...from YOU!

Critical Cora

I think yore reel rong to pick on my seecret *pash*, Orvil Forbus (are beluved Guvurner), just becawse he clozed up a cupple of skools fo a wile!

CORY LEE MAY SUE JONES
Little Rok, Ark.

Ape Over Abe

Can you tell me where I can get an autographed picture of the late great Abraham Lincoln?

JERRI MANDER
Bounding, Maine

You can get this autographed picture of Abraham Lincoln by addressing The U. S. Post Office, enclosing 4¢ for each pic desired. Or you can steal some letters from your neighbor's mailbox, and get them free!—Ed.

The Late Great Abe

Want Pictures?

We're moving into a smaller apartment so I'm clearing out my collection of pictures of Ex-Presidents. If anyone wants a picture of Harry Truman, Herbert Hoover, or Thomas E. Dewey, write to:

GOLDIE STANDARD
Butte, Oregon

Look Alikes?

I really enjoyed your article "The Man You Love to Hate", about my fave, Nikita "Yul" Khrushchev. My friends claim I look like him, so I am enclosing my picture (see below). Do you think I look like Nikita Khrushchev?

PHYLLIS STEEN
Oklahoma City, Calif.

Does Phyllis Look Like Nikita?

No, we think you look like Winston Churchill!—Ed.

Fan Club Announcement

There is now an Official Harold Stassen Fan Club! Those interested in joining should write to:

ANN ACHRONISM, PRES.
Harold Stassen Fan Club
Lookup Road
Lookdown, Wyo.

This is the fifth time we've printed a letter from Ann! Will somebody please answer her?—Ed.

Chinese Fan

I'm a fan of *Popular Politician* living way out here in Formosa. (That's why this letter is in Chinese!) How come you never have any articles about *our* politicians?

TUNG-IN-CHEEKH
Taiwan

See our next issue, which has articles about two of your politicians: Madame Chiang Kai-Shek and Sen. William Knowland. By the way, we always enjoy receiving and translating a Chinese letter, mainly because one hour after reading it, we feel like reading it again.—Ed.

What's Wrong?

I've been reading about American politics in your magazine, and I'm surprised to learn that you haven't had a good revolution since your country got started, and that there hasn't been one worthwhile assassination there in over fifty years. What's wrong with your crummy political system, anyway?

FULGENCIO ROTTON
Camino Fake, Venezuela

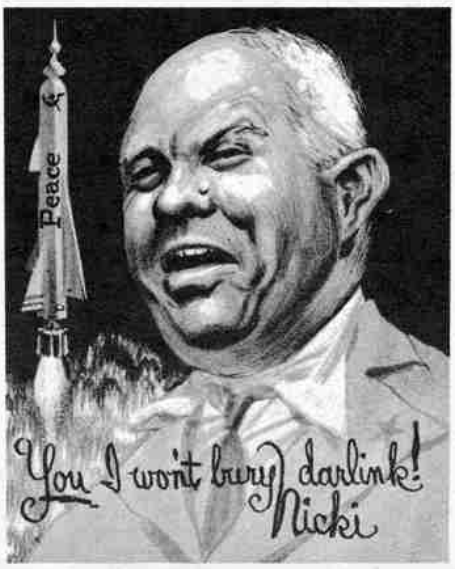
Niceness Counts

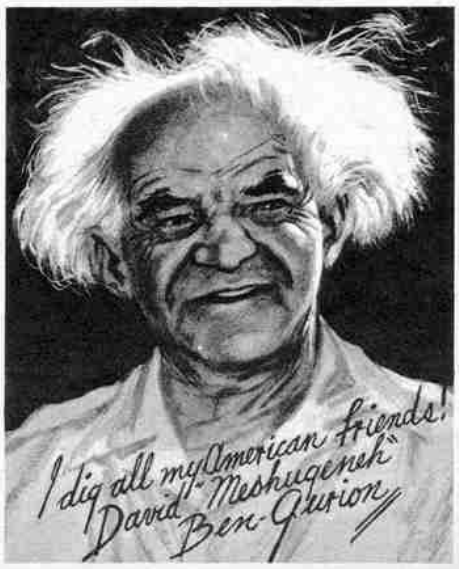
What's all this nonsense about voting "Republican" or voting "Democrat"? People should vote for the *man*—not the *party!* Who cares what our next President thinks about our foreign policy, or our farm policy, or Communism, or the Atom Bomb? Just as long as he is a nice person, and sincere! That's all that matters!

RHODA RHUNE
Personality, Mont.

AN EXTRA DIVIDEND from POPULAR POLITICIAN

Autographed Photos of your Favorite Politicos—They fit into your wallet!





I'll never forget that awful day I heard them whispering in the Senate Cloakroom . . .

"FOR A REPUBLICAN... BOY, IS HE LIBERAL!"

by RICHARD NIXON as told to Sarah Lee Cheesecake

ONE DAY, while I was still a Senator, I went into the Cloakroom for something, and noticed several of my colleagues pointing at me and whispering. For a moment, I had a dull, numb, sinking sensation in my stomach. Republican Senators rarely whispered about me. They were my friends! They were my people! What could they be saying?

Suddenly, as I slipped into my coat, I heard one of the whispering voices distinctly.

"For a Republican . . . Boy, is he *liberal!*" it said.

My heart skipped a beat. I was shocked. Confused. Dumbfounded. Didn't my voting record mean anything? Hadn't my stand on Housing, Labor and Welfare legislation left any impression on my fellow Republicans? Were they going to believe my *record* . . . or some foolish campaign speeches I'd made?

Cont. on Pg. 47

DROUELLA PEARSONS in Washington

The Washington Party of the Month

Being an election year, most of the presidential hopefuls came to the *Dress-as-Someone-You'd-Like-to-Be* Party as Mr. Clean.

Hubert Humphrey and Dick Nixon, who both came dressed as "Ike," enjoy a good laugh with hostess Drouella Pearsons. Dick's wife, Pat, who came dressed as "Mamie," doesn't seem to get the joke.

Being an election year, there were lots of parties last month, but the *best* party was the one *I gave!* It was a Masquerade Party, and everyone was supposed to come as "The Person They Would Most Like To Be."

Just about everyone in Washington was there, including the PRESIDENT, who came as **General MacArthur.** I came as **Martha Washington,** and spent the whole evening giving people candy. It is this "giving" attitude that has made me the best-liked person in Washington, if not the whole world.

JOHN MCCLELLAN, JACK KENNEDY, and STUART SYMINGTON all came as **Mr. Clean.** So did MARGARET CHASE SMITH, she's such a zany, bless her heart.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE EZRA BENSON came as **A Corpse.** "I hear what the *farmers* are saying about me," he grinned, "and I wish I were *dead!*"

EARL "KOOKIE" LONG came dressed as **Napoleon,** and a man who said he was NAPOLEON came dressed as **Earl Long.** I was standing nearby when ADLAI STEVENSON, who came as **Milton Berle,** said to EARL, "Now that you and Napoleon are both here, why don't you settle the Louisiana Purchase?" I'll say this for Adlai: you can always tell when he's making a joke —he pokes you in the ribs.

When we sat down at the Luau, my dinner partners were HUBERT HUMPHREY and DICK NIXON, who both came as **Ike.** I teased them about how each had been to Russia, and predicted that our next President will definitely be a man who's been to Russia. They both laughed, and when I asked them why, they giggled in unison: "Jack Kennedy hasn't been!"

The party ended early because of a misunderstanding. Someone came dressed as **Adolph Hitler,** remember him? The Republicans claimed it was HERMAN TALMADGE. The Democrats claimed it was really ADOLPH HITLER, and wanted to know why the Republican Administration honored his Argentinian Passport.

But everything was finally patched up. That's what I like about American Politics. Nobody takes political issues seriously, which certainly avoids a lot of needless friction. After all, there's so much trouble in the world, why should Republicans and Democrats *add* to it by *fighting*—especially in an Election Year!

An Open Letter To A FOOLISH POLITICIAN

WAYNE MORSE, this letter is to you! I've heard that you've been acting foolish again. I'm talking about your feud with lovely **Clare Booth Luce.**

Wayne, you've had feuds before, but I think you've gone a little too far this time, picking on a helpless woman.

And I think I know why!

You've heard the well-known cliché that "love and hate are very close!" Well, evidently, you have some love in your heart for **Clare** in order to hate her so much, and say such awful things about her, and that the real reason you opposed her confirmation as Ambassador to Brazil is that you didn't want her to be too far away from you!

Now, **Wayne,** I don't want to sound like a psychiatrist, even if I'm as good as any one of them, but you should be made to realize that your so-called antagonism is only your way of hiding your true feelings about Clare.

So come on! Unbend a little, and apologize! After all, there's enough unpleasantness in the world. Why should two wonderful people like you and **Clare** be feuding? Why don't you get on that phone and call her? I'm sure you'll be surprised at her response. All right, Boobie?

Wayne Morse has some awful things to say about Clare Booth Luce—but does he really mean them?

popular politician's 52 page gossip section

IN THESE PAGES
- ★ Washington's Cutest New Lobbyist
- ★ Princess Margaret's Latest Townsend Plan
- ★ Can Alf Landon Stage a Comeback?

INSIDE NEWS inside WASHINGTON

★★ Friends are wondering what MARGARET CHASE SMITH and SEN. KENNETH KEATING found so funny when they lunched together the other day in the Senate Cafeteria. I asked Margaret about it, and she confided that it was the rider on the new Housing Bill that was responsible for the chuckles. For all her importance, it's good to see that Margaret still has a sense of humor, and can enjoy a good laugh when she finds one.

★★ NELSON ROCKEFELLER, who veritably ate himself into the Governorship of New York by outchomping his opponent, distinguished looking AVERILL HARRIMAN, is at it again. Not only has he been eating Cranberries (to get the Farmer's vote), but he has been eating Chow Mein (to get the Chinese vote), Knishes (to get the Jewish vote), Mulligan Stew (to get the Irish vote), and Pizza (to get the American vote). I'll say this for Nelson: he may not be power-hungry after all—just hungry!

★★ FRESHMAN SENATOR EUGENE MCCARTHY has has been busy introducing bills on Health, Education, Housing, and other so-called Welfare Legislation. I don't know Gene personally, but someone really ought to tell him that introducing those kind of bills will earn him a reputation for being too pushy!

Margaret Chase Smith is running for re-election this year, but the prospect of a close race doesn't seem to be dampening her spirits, she's such a zany!

Nelson Rockefeller, shown here, having pre-election snack. Incidentally, Nelson received a Diners' Club statement last month for a total of $4,495,978.42.

QUOTABLES from the NOTABLES

HUBERT HUMPHREY: *"If you can keep your head, while all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you—you're probably among the Democrats!"*

HERMAN TALMADGE: *"New York is a great place to visit—but I wouldn't want to run for office there!"*

STUART SYMINGTON: *"Let's elect a good-looking President. The man we elect in November will someday have his picture on our postage stamps!"*

JOHN KENNEDY: *"Things are rough on prospective Presidential candidates. I've already broken six campaign promises I haven't even made yet!"*

NORMAN THOMAS: *"There's no such thing as a bad candidate—there are only rotten Parties!"*

CONGRESSWOMAN EDNA KELLY of Brooklyn: *"I wish those funny Congressmen would stop coming up to me on the floor of The House, and asking, 'What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?' "*

ARTHUR FLEMMING: *"After only a few years as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, I'm healthy, educated — and after this election, I'm going on Welfare!"*

GOVERNOR ED BROWN of California: *"I'm naive about politics. Until a few years ago, I used to think a Governess was a Lady Governor!"*

OVETA CULP HOBBY: *"I've been misquoted! I said I was for 80% parity—not* **80% purity!"**

(A Paid Political Advertisement)

LOS ANGELES:
THE PLACE
WHERE
PARTY BOSSES
AND AMBITIOUS
POLITICIANS
DISCOVER
NAKED
DESIRE...
WHERE
NAKED

a Summer Convention

EMOTIONS
GO CRAZY...
WHERE
CANDIDATES
AND DELEGATES
ARE CAUGHT
IN THE
NAKED
JAWS OF
A GREAT
POLITICAL
EXPERIENCE

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY
... the Party that brought you "The N.R.A.," "The P.W.A.," "The T.V.A." "The Repeal of Prohibition," and other hysterical productions ...

NOW PROUDLY PRESENTS

VIOLENCE

PASSION

SUSPENSE

MYSTERY

STARRING
JACK KENNEDY LYNDON JOHNSON STUART SYMINGTON
G. MENNEN "SOAPY" WILLIAMS
PAT "DARK HORSE" BROWN A. B. "HAPPY" CHANDLER
HARRY "GIVE 'EM HELL" TRUMAN
ADLAI "FUNNIER THAN EVER" STEVENSON
and in his first featured role HUBERT HUMPHREY

Produced and Directed by PAUL BUTLER

Based on an Idea by THOMAS JEFFERSON

Written by DON KEYS

Music by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, JULIA WARD HOWE & IRVING BERLIN

Hear the hit theme "A Summer Convention" sung by Phil Regan
Plus "America, The Beautiful", "The Star Spangled Banner",
"I'm Getting Inaugurated in the Morning", and other brand new hit songs.
No Electioneering Will Be Allowed During the Last Ten Minutes of the Show!

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY—THE GUARANTEED "FIRST" PARTY! —in ALABAMA, GEORGIA, AND IN MISSISSIPPI.

SID CAESAR DEPT.

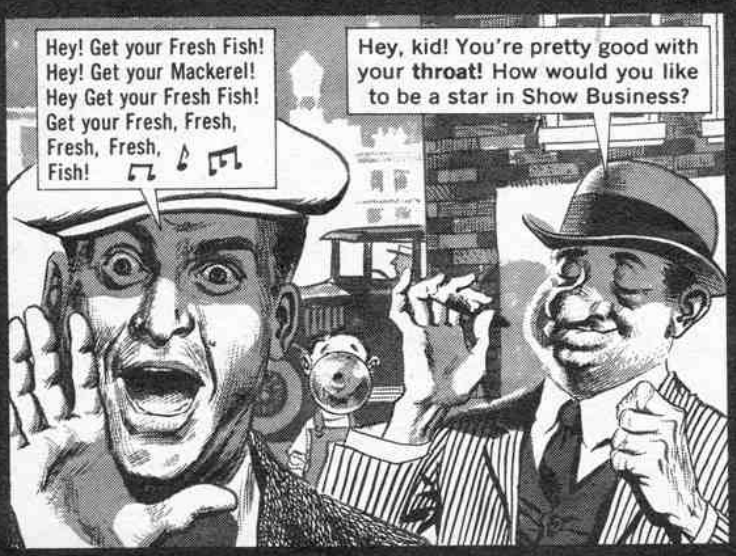
Sid's back, and MAD's got him! CBS's also got him, for a string of hilarious "specials," but we're willing to share. Lately, Sid's been intrigued by those motion picture biographies where a boy from The Lower East Side overcomes all adversities, including the plot, to become a great "Star." And so, written especially for MAD, here is . . .

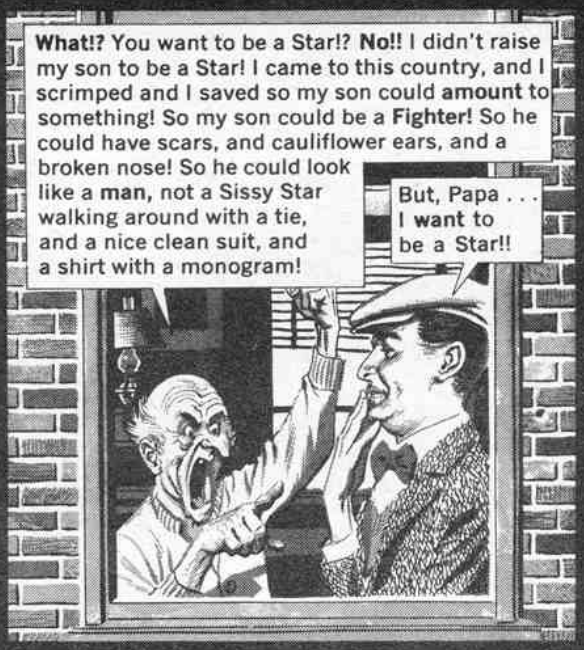
THE JACKIE TALENTED STORY

This Picture Is
Respectfully Dedicated
To The
Lower East Side
Without Whose
POVERTY
There Would Be
No Such Thing As
SHOW BUSINESS

SID CAESAR'S VERSION OF A TYPICAL HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS MOVIE

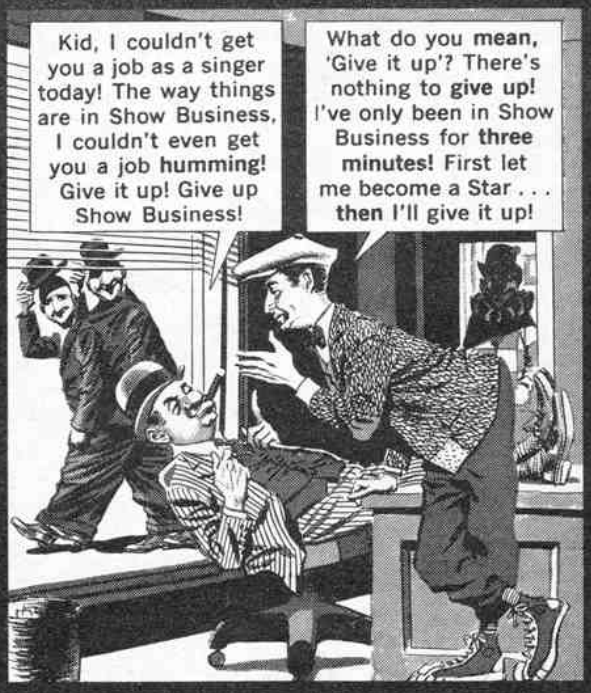
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD



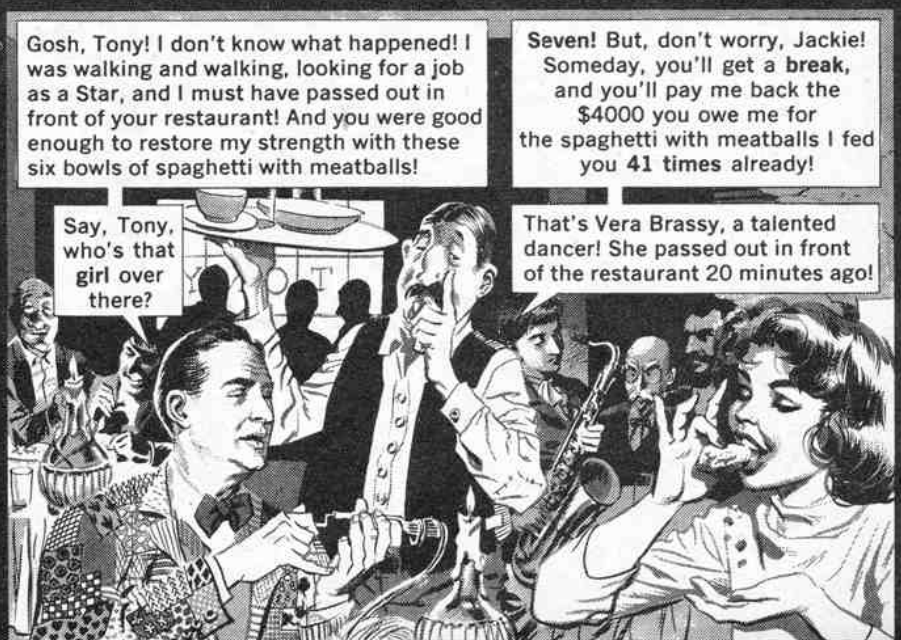

What!? You want to be a Star!? No!! I didn't raise my son to be a Star! I came to this country, and I scrimped and I saved so my son could amount to something! So my son could be a Fighter! So he could have scars, and cauliflower ears, and a broken nose! So he could look like a man, not a Sissy Star walking around with a tie, and a nice clean suit, and a shirt with a monogram!
But, Papa . . . I want to be a Star!!

Don't "Papa" me! I will not be the Papa of a Star! I never hit you, because you were too big! But if I did hit you, you would have learned the beauty of pain! So I'm going to make sure some stranger knocks some sense into your head, and teaches you the glory of being beat up! How will you learn, unless you become a boxer! No, you won't be a Sissy Star, you'll be a fighter, like I want!
Where did we fail? Where did we go wrong?
I won't! I'm too beautiful to be beat up! I'm going to be a Star!

Hello, Mr. Starmaker! Remember me from yesterday? Well, here I am, ready to become a Star! I've got everything a Star needs . . . talent, humility, good looks, and a family that is opposed to my career!
That was yesterday, Kid! Today, there's a new kind of Show Business! Today, people don't want talent! They want gimmicks! I could never make you a star today! You've got too much talent!
But you said I could sing!


Kid, I couldn't get you a job as a singer today! The way things are in Show Business, I couldn't even get you a job humming! Give it up! Give up Show Business!
What do you mean, 'Give it up'? There's nothing to give up! I've only been in Show Business for three minutes! First let me become a Star . . . then I'll give it up!

NO CASTING TODAY
NO CASTING TODAY OR ANY OTHER DAY
CASTING TODAY BUT TALENTED PEOPLE NEED NOT APPLY

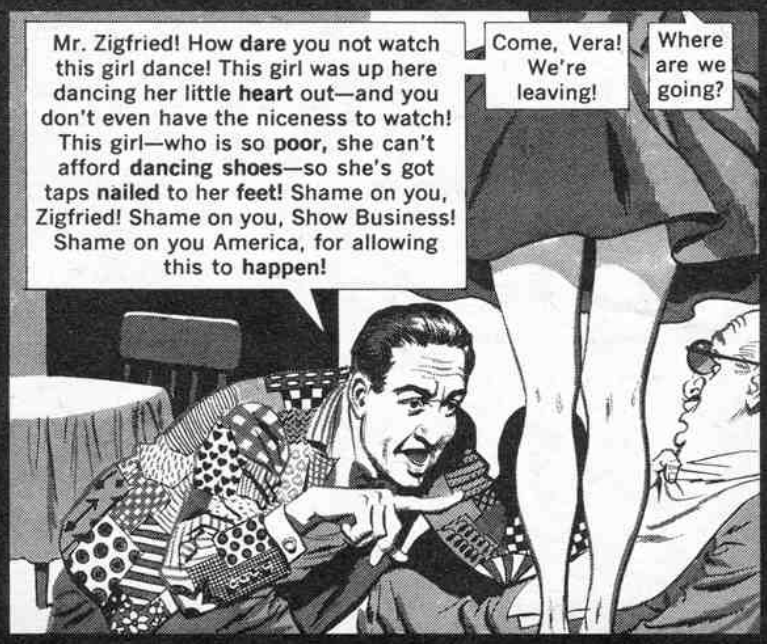

Gosh, Tony! I don't know what happened! I was walking and walking, looking for a job as a Star, and I must have passed out in front of your restaurant! And you were good enough to restore my strength with these six bowls of spaghetti with meatballs!
Seven! But, don't worry, Jackie! Someday, you'll get a break, and you'll pay me back the $4000 you owe me for the spaghetti with meatballs I fed you 41 times already!
Say, Tony, who's that girl over there?
That's Vera Brassy, a talented dancer! She passed out in front of the restaurant 20 minutes ago!

I can't understand it! How come all these Show Business failures they keep passing out in front of my restaurant?
Hello, Miss Brassy! I am the future Broadway and Hollywood Star, Jackie Talented! Big-Hearted Tony tells me you're a talented dancer!
I was a talented dancer! But after I finish this bowl of spaghetti, I'm giving up Show Business to go home to the Lower East Side and marry the clean-cut boy next door!

Gosh, are you from the Lower East Side? What a coincidence! I'm from the Lower East Side of New York, too!
Yes, but it's no coincidence, mainly because I'm from the Lower East Side of Council Bluffs, Iowa! Everybody in Show Business is from the Lower East Side of SOMEWHERE!

Wait!! Don't give up Show Business yet, Miss Brassy! See that man who just came in! That's Zigfried!
Flo Zigfried??
No, that's his brother Helen Zigfried! But he's a producer too! Let's audition for him right now!

Let us do our act for you! She will dance, and I'll dance, too! And when we sign On the dotted line,, We'll be happy! So happy!
Listen to me sing my song! I'll keep singing all night long! And your applause Will give me a cause To be happy! So hap—
STOP DANCING, VERA!

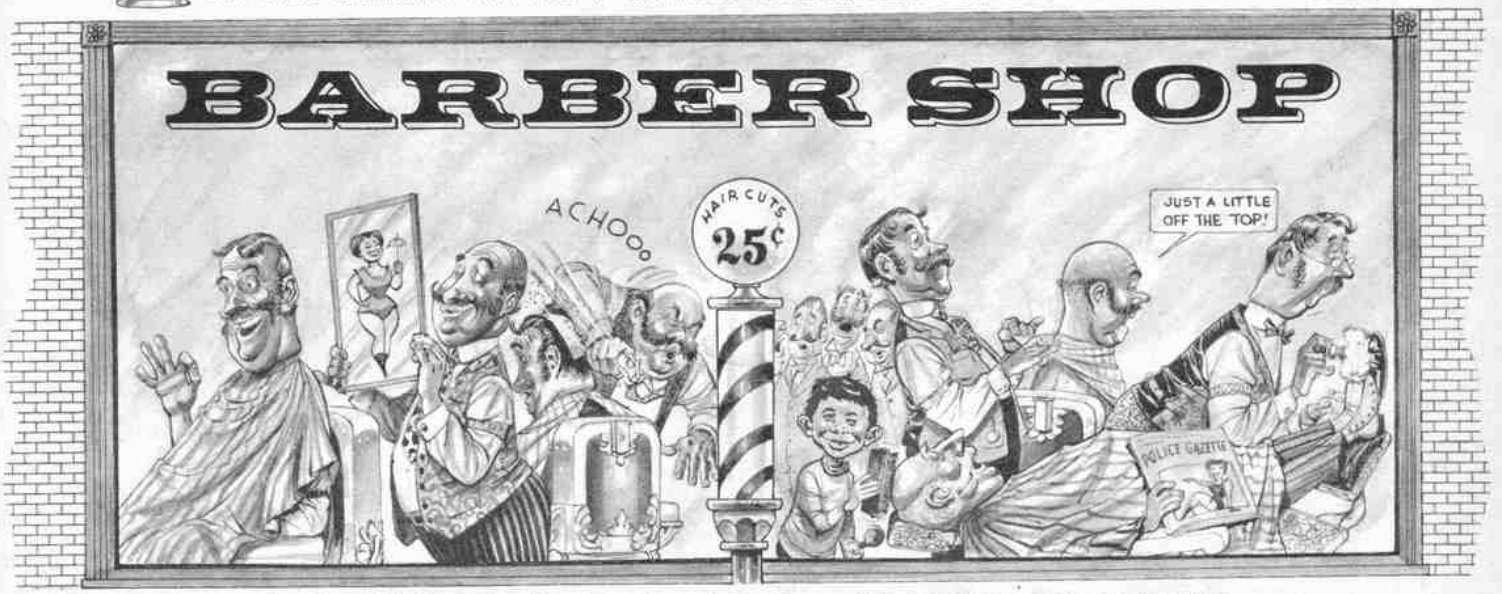

Mr. Zigfried! How dare you not watch this girl dance! This girl was up here dancing her little heart out—and you don't even have the niceness to watch! This girl—who is so poor, she can't afford dancing shoes—so she's got taps nailed to her feet! Shame on you, Zigfried! Shame on you, Show Business! Shame on you America, for allowing this to happen!
Come, Vera! We're leaving!
Where are we going?

I'm hungry! There's a very good Chinese Restaurant down the block we can faint in front of!
Hold on, young man! I see you've got a lot of "spunk"! "Spunk" is just the gimmick I've been looking for! I'm going to make you two the Stars of my big new show, "THE ZIGFRIED FOLLY-SCANDAL-GAIETIES OF WHATEVER YEAR THIS IS"!

. . . and they became Stars overnight!
The "spunkiest" Stars in America!
After their triumph on Broadway, they came to this celluloid jungle known as Hollywood, U.S.A.!
I think that's what it's known as!
Thank you for this award for "THE GREATEST MALE PERFORMANCE OF ALL TIME, IN THE WHOLE WORLD, EVER!" But, my friends, I do not deserve this award!
Stop applauding! You don't have to agree with me! I wasn't that bad! After all, you voted for me!
But as I was saying, I do not deserve this award, because I could not have done it alone!
That's right! He couldn't have done it without my spaghetti, for which he owes me $4000.00!
Well, Mr. Talented, if you don't think you deserve this award, we'll take it back!
What are you doing! I only made that speech to show how humble I am! That's the speech the studio gave me to say! I know I really deserve this award, mainly because I was WONDERFUL! I was GREAT!
Keep the award, Jackie!
We love you, Jackie!
You've got "spunk"!
Don't tell us how great you are! Sing for us!
Yeah! Sing for us!
Let us do our act for you! She will dance, and I'll dance, too! And when we sign . . .
STOP DANCING, VERA!
Z
That's twice, Mr. Zigfried! How dare you not watch Vera and me do our act! This girl was up here dancing her little heart out—and you don't even have the niceness to watch! Shame on you, Zigfried! Shame on you, Show Business!
Shame on you, Hollywood, for making such a lousy picture like this!
And mainly, shame on you, the American public, for spending good money to see a lousy picture like this, when you could have stayed home and read a GOOD BOOK!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

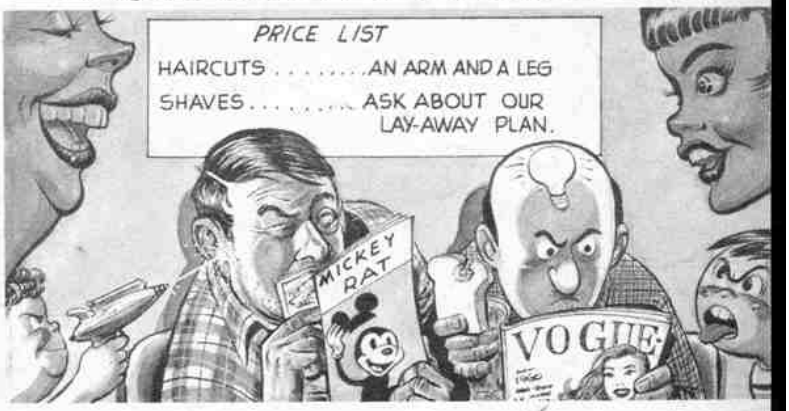
GETTING A HAIRCUT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PAIN IN THE LEFT EAR TO US, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE BARBER NICKED IT WITH HIS RAZOR. AND SO, WITH THIS ARTICLE, MAD SUGGESTS A GIMMICK FOR TURNING AN OTHERWISE UNPLEASANT TASK INTO A DELIGHTFUL INTERLUDE, MAINLY THAT VISIT TO THE LOCAL . . .



In the old days, the local barber shop was an inexpensive sanctuary for the adult male, where the bothersome necessity of getting a haircut was at least offset by offering an atmosphere free of chattering women and screaming kids.

Today, however, what with mannish-style hairdos like the Poodle Cut and the Italian Bob, women have invaded the once-forbidden sanctuary known as The Barber Shop. And what's worse, they've brought their children in with them.

Yes, the "Police Gazette" is gone from the magazine rack, and the Pin-Up Girl calendar has been taken off the wall. Comic Books and "Vogue" have replaced them. Today, for a man, getting that haircut is a dull, boring waste of time.



The only ones who seem to be enjoying this necessary task today are the kids! In order to distract them, barbers have introduced special chairs for kids to sit in while they work . . . chairs that resemble horses, and cars, and planes.

"All right, you two . . . break it up!"

Now turn page to see MAD's suggestion for making haircuts enjoyable again for the men . . .

IF IT WORKS WITH KIDS, WHY NOT HAVE

"Sorry, Mr. Furd, but you've had too much to drink already!"

MAD suggests that barbers throw out their traditional barber chairs and replace them with symbols of success, heroism and adventure. Then, getting a haircut would no

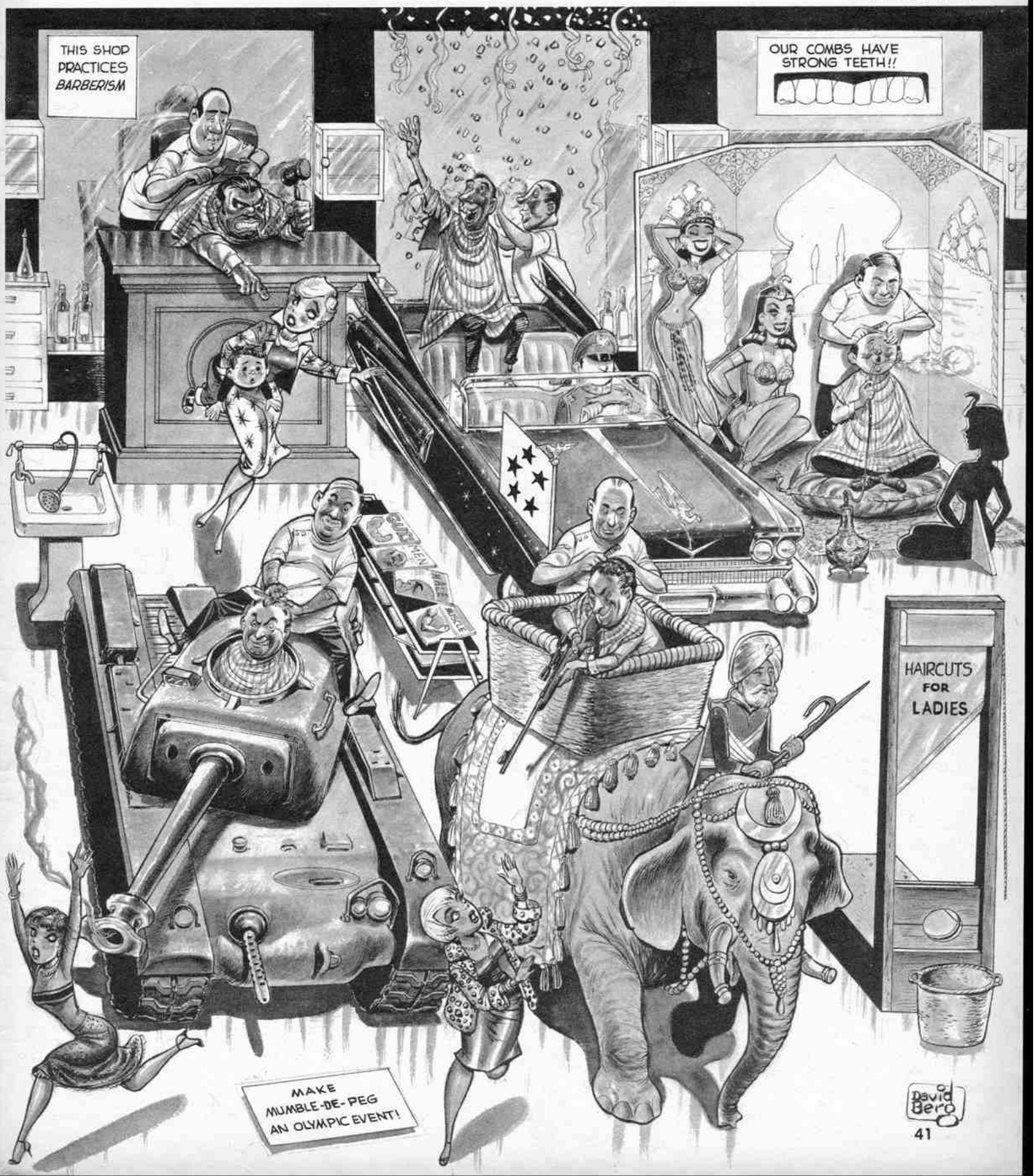
SPECIAL BARBER CHAIRS FOR THE MEN?

longer be a dull, boring waste of time — but a twenty-minute flight into adult male fantasy. And best of all, it'll get women and children out of men's barber shops!

"Stroke, you idiots! Harvard is gaining on us!"

XXXXXXXXX O

XXXXXXXXX X

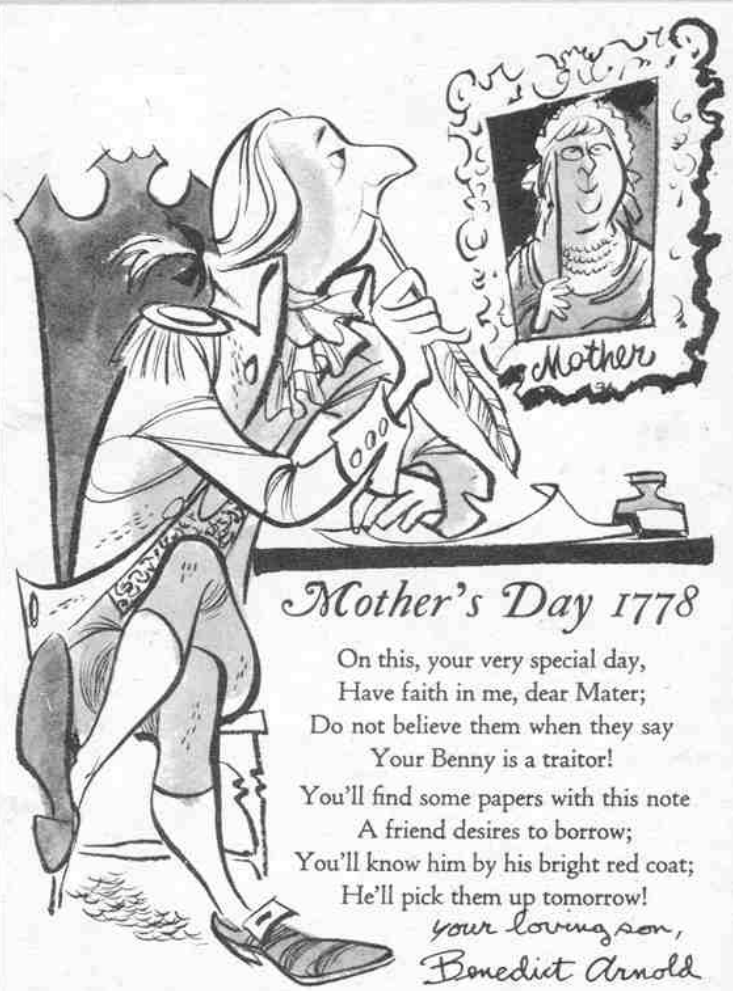


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Just so's you won't get the wrong idea, we want it made clear that we at MAD approve of "Motherhood." After all, some of the world's greatest people—like Shakespeare, Lincoln, Jefferson and Neuman—had Mothers! And we know that these great people thought highly of their Mothers. But, with Mother's Day rolling around again, we got to thinking about the people in history who went wrong! What had these people thought about their Mothers? So, we did a little research on the subject, and came up with a batch of

Mother's Day Cards

From Some Children Who Didn't Turn Out Very Well



Mother's Day 1778

On this, your very special day,
Have faith in me, dear Mater;
Do not believe them when they say
Your Benny is a traitor!
You'll find some papers with this note
A friend desires to borrow;
You'll know him by his bright red coat;
He'll pick them up tomorrow!

your loving son,
Benedict Arnold

M is fer da mobsters all around me;
U is fer da underwoild I'm in;
D is fer da drinks I yam bootlegging;
D is fer da doity guy I been;
E is fer da easy life I'm living;
R is fer da rats I gotta pay;
Put 'em all togedder, dey spell
MUDDER...
Youse made me what I yam today!

Your Son,
Al Capone

FEAST OF MOTHERS LIX A. D.

WHEN I WAS JVST A BOY AT HOME,
YOU TOLD ME THAT I MVST
GET RID OF EVERYONE IN ROME
I FELT I COVLD NOT TRVST!

YOUR GOOD ADVICE, MOM, I OBEY;
I'VE QVITE A JOB TO DO;
THERE'S NOT ONE SOUL I TRVST TODAY,
AND THAT'S INCLVDING YOU!

YOUR SON, NERO

"That's right! We're The U.S. Olympic Basketball Team!"

Mother's Day 1716

I've slaughtered, tortured, robbed and killed
Until me evil purse was filled;
I've watched me victims walk the plank,
And heard 'em gurgle as they sank:
I've flogged a hundred dozen men
And laughed when they screamed, "Not again!"
As buccaneer, I bow to none:
Now ain't ye proud that I'm your son?

Love, Eddie "Blackbeard" Teach

MOTHER 1865

My love to you on Mother's Day;
To me, there's no one dearer;
This message must be brief because
The hounds are getting nearer!

Oh—thank you for that birthday gift;
The pistol was a dandy;
Although I've only used it once,
It's really come in handy!

Your Son, John Wilkes Booth

MOTHER'S DAY 1892

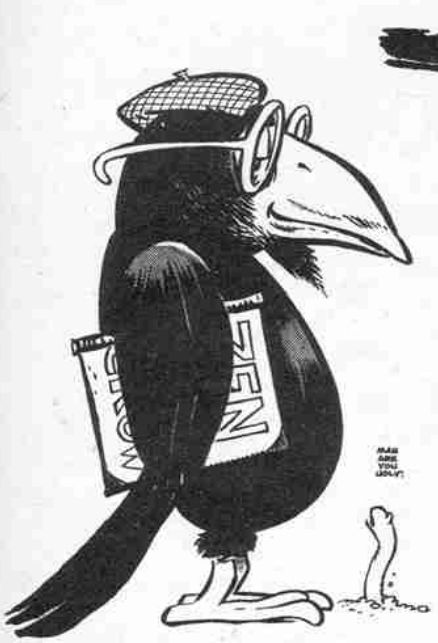
When I was just a little child,
You always said I was too wild:
You punished me for all my pranks
And gave my backside forty spanks:
And then, when you were good and done,
Dear Papa gave me forty-one:
I really doubt, sweet Mother dear,
Next Mother's Day, you'll both be here!

your daughter, Lizzie Borden

POE-ETIC INJUSTICE DEPT.

"Well, Miss Prim! I see the Neuman boy's been left back again!"

Once again, MAD takes a great stride forward in its dedicated campaign to spread culture among its readers . . . by translating another famous poem into modern-day "hip" talk. You can get the original version of this poem out of your local library for comparison . . . which is our sneaky way of exposing you to culture, 'cause you sure ain't gonna get any when you read



THE "HIP" RAVEN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Now the solid frantic drive kick blasted out from each new jive lick,
Flipped me—hipped me with some weird-o dreams I'd never had before;
So like now, to fan the swinging in my gut, I stood there singing
"It's some cruising stud come winging right up to my beat pad door,
Some night-slumming stud come flinging right up to my beat pad door:
That's the bit and like no more.

I took five and came on stronger, copping out a plea no longer,
"Cat," wailed I, "or Chick, I'd hate to have to bug you with the law;
But the news is I was sacking, and like you come on here whacking,
Out of left-field you come hacking, hacking at my beat pad door,
So low, like, I barely dug you"—here I flung open the door:
Nothing happened—like before.

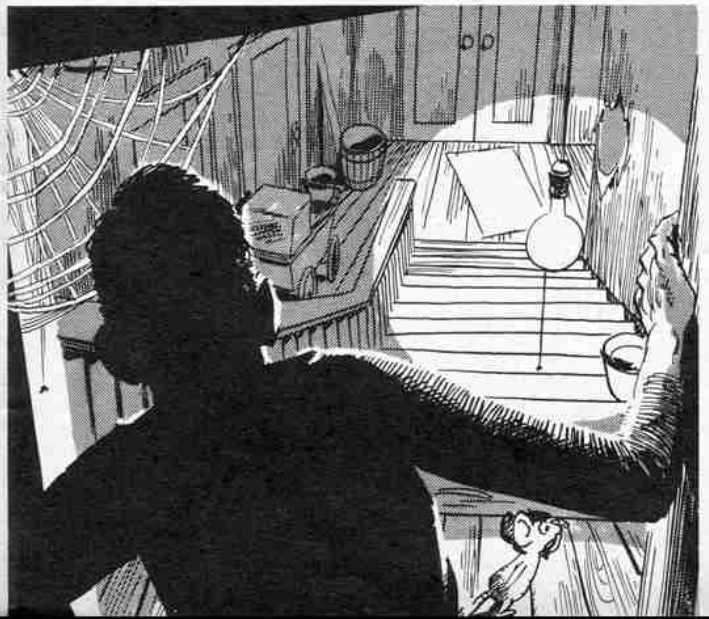
Once upon a midnight bluesy, while I goofed off, high and woozy,
Over many a cool and groovy platter from a Basie score,—
While I laid out, nearly sacking, suddenly there came a whacking,
Like some cat was wildly hacking, hacking at my beat pad door.
"It's some cruising stud," I sounded, "whacking at my beat pad door:
Only this and like no more."

Man, like crazy I remember it was way out in December,
And each swinging Basie member blew his jazz and made it roar.
So far out, I couldn't take it;—hung up, like, I tried to fake it,
From this jive, forget to make it—make it with the chick Lenore,
With the crazy hopped-up baby that the hipsters tagged Lenore:
Split from here—and like no more.

Out into the hallway eyeing, Pops, I cased it, rattling, dying,
Grooving, digging sounds no hipster had the guts to dig before;
But no cat as yet had popped up, and the scene was still not hopped up,
And the only note that cropped up was the sounded note, "Lenore?"
This I sounded, and an echo blew right back the note, "Lenore":
Just that jazz and like no more.

"I can't see you guys in the fog, but I know you're there!"

Back into my beat pad, dragging my old gaskets which were sagging,
One more time I catch this whacking, this time wilder than before.
"I am woke, Dad," I broke, oozing, "some cat's at the window, cruising;
Let me dig if he's been boozing, and get hip on what's the score;
Let me cool it here a minute and, like, figure what's the score:
It's the shakes, Man, and no more."



So I slid the window lock-out, and with style that was a knockout,
In like flew this charged-up Raven from the old school of two-four.
He came on without a ribble; Man, he had no eyes to quibble;
But with like a real smooth dribble, made it to my beat pad door,
Made it on the head of Dizzy right above my beat pad door:
Played it cool, and like no more.

Soon this old crow started whipping my old blues till I was flipping
At the weird and offbeat look at this, the craziest pan I saw,—
" 'Cause your face is on a neat trick," I said, "You must be a beatnik,
Swinging, hip, and real-gone reet trick, coming in from Frisco's shore;
Clue me in on what they call you out along the Frisco shore!"
Blew the Raven, "Like no more."

Caught short by this sudden spieling of his noise so cooly reeling,
"I'm hip," said I, "what it lets out is its only note—no more,
Copped from some old bug-eyed Daddy who, because he was a baddy,
Sang that same note to the laddie till the note stuck in his jaw:
Till the spouting of that same note stuck inside the old crow's jaw;
That's why he sings "Like no more."

Still the Raven went on tripping my old blues till I was flipping,
So I stashed my beat pad chair right next to all this jazz I saw;
Then, on this cool seat I took up, trying hard to spot the hook-up,
Figuring till I was shook up what this crow who made me sore,
What this messed-up, longhaired, queer old beatnik crow who made me sore
Meant by crooning, "Like no more."

Man, I broke up at this crudest bird who wailed like some Zen Buddhist,
Though the message was from nowhere—though he really was a bore;
Any cat who's hip in digging knows no swinging bopster gigging
Ever yet has piped a rigging like the action near my door,
Like the crow who sat on Dizzy right above my beat pad door
With a tag as "Like no more."

But this Raven, stacked up solo right on Dizzy's head did just blow
That one note, as if his chops in that one note he did, like, pour.
No more sounds, Man, did he rumble, not a twitcher did he tumble,
Till I sent out in a mumble,—"Other cats have split before;
In the morning *he* will cut out, like my pipe dreams have before;
Then the crow sang, "Like no more."

So I sat, and thought, and wrestled, keeping mum and feeling hassled
By this crow whose lit-up peepers bugged me wild and made me sore;
On this bit, I sat there thinking, poured some gin and started drinking,
Pretty soon I got real stinking, till I fell down on the floor;
Man! like soon I got so stinking that I conked out on the floor,
Like *she* used to—but no more.

Soon I seemed to get more woozy, smelled just like a drunken floozie,
Started seeing elephants and snakes that crawled along the floor.
"Yipes," I wailed, "you come from boozing—my D.T.'s have sent you cruising;
I should pledge off all this boozing, and the torch for old Lenore;
I should lose this frantic guzzling, drop the torch for gone Lenore!"
Hicced the Raven, "Like no more."

"Mixed-up!" yelled I, "sick, sick, sick one! Mixed-up still, if square or slick one!
Though rat stoolies blew their whistles, sent you here to my pad door,
To my pad so incompleted, to my shack so beat and petered–
To this scene cold water heated–clue me in on what's the score:
Is there–*is* there kicks in finking?–clue me in, like, on the score!"
Jived the Raven, "Like no more."

"Mixed-up!" yelled I, "sick, sick, sick one! Mixed-up still, if square or slick one!
By the jazz they blow at Birdland, by the Duke who swings in four,
Fill me in with your sad tale, like, if she's in the city jail, like,
Can I make it with that frail, like, who the inmates peg Lenore:
Make it with that kookie broad, like, who got busted by the Law?"
Honked the Raven, "Like no more."

"That note did it, now you're splitting! Cut out, hear?" I groaned, "We're quitting;
Get on back into the rat race of the nights on Frisco's shore!
Don't leave any action showing from that jazz that you've been blowing!
Leave my pad and keep on going! Quit the scene above my door!
Take your chops and do a fadeout, move your backside from my door!"
Chirped the Raven, "Like no more."

And that Raven, never winging, still is singing, still is swinging,
On the solid head of Dizzy right above my beat pad door;
And his peepers show the spoofing of a sick cat who's been goofing,
And the light bulb from the roofing throws a spotlight on the floor:
And my carcass in that spotlight lies all bloated on the floor;
"I got high, Man–like no more!"

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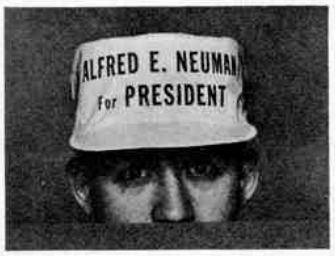

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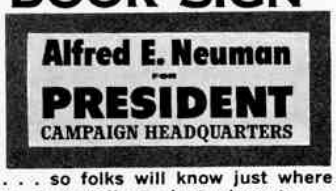

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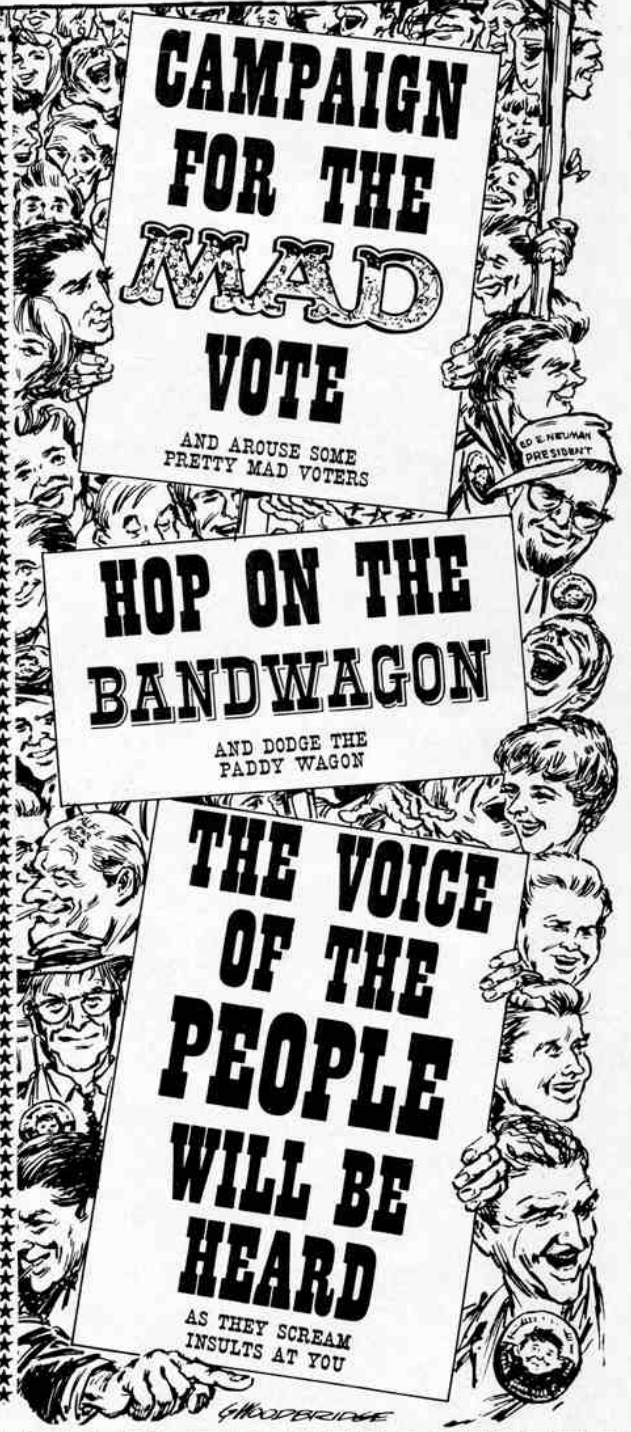

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