HELP STAMP OUT





The original Zippo of this Nippo copy landed in Tokyo in 1951. Millions of imitations like this are in the works today.

If the Zippo Co. ever fails, it was Nippo that fixed it!



Lonson 79c



Ergin-Amelican 65c



A S L 89c



Dunhirr 75c



Sclipto 49c



Erans 39c

The Japanese lighters pictured above are all economically-priced imitations of the expensive originals. Choose any one and save money!

"If Communism is such a big success, why don't they put up a 'bicture window' instead of an 'iron curtain'?"-Alfred E. Neuman

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

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin

PRODUCTION: Leonard Brenner

PUBLICITY: Richard Bernstein LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Nelson Tirado CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:

The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Dating
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
The Suicide
In A Men's Haberdashery
In The Klondike
EDITORIAL "I" DEPARTMENT
The Daily Monopoly
FIRE! DEPARTMENT
The Emergency44
FREEDOM WITH SPEECH DEPARTMENT
Speaking From Pictures
GREAT OAFS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW DEPARTMENT
How Parents Guess Wrong About Kids' Careers14
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy
Spy Vs. Spy Vs. Spy
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
More Drawn-Out Dramas**
OLD FORMAT, FROSH APPROACH DEPARTMENT
The MAD College Primer41
ONE FALSE MOVE DEPARTMENT
Modern Chess
PLAYING FOR BIGGER STEAKS DEPARTMENT
If "Mardy" Were Made In Hollywood Today45
SPATIAL DELIVERY DEPARTMENT
The Darker Side Of Telstar32
U. N., THE NIGHT, AND THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
East Side Story
WITH NO REIMERS OR REASON DEPARTMENT
Future Group-Comparison Tests
**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD — April, 1963 Vol. 1, Number 78, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for \$2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, \$2.50. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright 1963 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 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 Printed in U.S.A. coincidence.

EAST SIDE ST	ORY			4
(C. 100)	A musical	about	those	two
1	gangs at	the U.	N. is	not

A musical about those two gangs at the U.N. is not so far-fetched, considering the "song-and-dance" the Reds keep giving us!

KIDS' CAREERS14



Parents often guess wrong about kids' careers. For example, parents of MAD staffers hoped their kids would make honest livings.

FUTURE GROUP COMPARISON TESTS...18



After testing two groups of magazine readers for 6 months, we found that those using MAD scored 28% less on I. Q. tests.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DATING......28



We've found that fans of David Berg are loyal and enthusiastic. This look at "Dating" is for them -"Strictly for the Berg's".

THE DARKER SIDE OF TELSTAR32



A "way-out" article about a "way-out" electronics gimmick that we might've been better off leaving "way-out" of this issue.

MODERN CHESS



Since chess is a game of war, an up-dated version based on modern warfare would have one advantage: it would be over quickly.

MAD'S COLLEGE PRIMER......41



Authorities contend that it takes a lot to finish a college education. If you use this primer, you may never even start one.

IF "MARDY" WERE MADE TODAY......45



If "Mardy" were to be remade in Hollywood today, it would be a spectacular production, and end up as a typical "butcher-job"!

ENJOY OUR SUCCESSFUL

LUNACY PROBE



TAKE A "WAY OUT" SATIRICAL LOOK AT OUR "SQUARE" WORLD — FOR 40c

---- use coupon or duplicate ---

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND ME MAD IN ORBIT

☐ The MAD Reader	☐ 40¢ for 1
☐ MAD Strikes Back	☐ 75¢ for 2
☐ Inside MAD	☐ \$1.05 for 3
☐ Utterly MAD	☐ \$1.40 for 4
☐ The Brothers MAD	☐ \$1.75 for 5
☐ The Bedside MAD	☐ \$2.10 for 6
☐ Son of MAD	☐ \$2.45 for 7
☐ The Organization MAD	☐ \$2.80 for 8
☐ Like MAD	☐ \$3.15 for 9
☐ The Ides of MAD	☐ \$3.50 for 1
☐ Fighting MAD	☐ \$3.85 for 1:
☐ The MAD Frontier	☐ \$4.20 for 1:
☐ And if you want all 13 capsules	

DON	MARTIN	STEPS	OUT	50	¢
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NO LONGER AVAILABLE!



Yep, these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman only come in one size! There are no shorter ones available either! So if you want a picture of MAD's "What—Me Worry? kid, which you can use for framing or training your dog, simply mail 25c each to: MAD, Dept, "What—Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York City 22, N. Y.

LETTERS DEPT.



PAPERBACK-TALK

I am a typical "MAD Reader". In this latest issue, "MAD Strikes Back" at me. Mainly because I looked "Inside MAD" and became "Utterly MAD" when I couldn't find "Spy vs. Spy"! Now, our whole family is mad. The father's mad, the sister's mad, "The Brothers MAD"! If you expect any of us to continue being a daughter of MAD or a "Son of MAD", you better not get "The Organization MAD"! We want to "Like MAD", but by leaving out Mr. Prohias's "Spy vs. Spy", you have made us so "Fighting MAD" we'd like to put "MAD in Orbit"!

Mark Tarka No Address Given

PHOTOGRAPHING THE D. T.'S?

I enjoyed the ad satire on the back cover of the January issue (#76), but a question occured to my foggy brain, to wit: How did Lester Krauss manage to photograph that talking bottle, tomato, orange, lemon and, mainly, that pink elephant?

> Alvin Cooper Ann Arbor, Michigan

Lester Krauss's camera is an alcoholic!-Ed.

MAJOR TEENAGE SPORT

I enjoyed your article on "Modern Teenage Sports" very much. However, I feel that a major time-wasting teenage sport was omitted from the article. Mainly, "MAD-reading"!

> Tom Reid Alton, Illinois

HE DIGS SNOW

"The Lighter Side of Winter" was really "cool"!

Jim Driskell Davenport, Iowa

LONG-TIME READER?

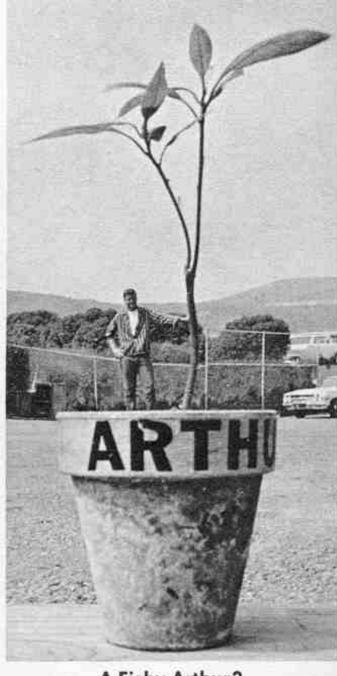
I have been reading MAD for several years now. Mainly, the first issue I ever bought. I just couldn't see wasting a quarter on another.

> Bat Quinlan Liberty, N. Y.

ARTHUR

I tried growing an "Arthur" plant in our laboratory at Marineland, but was not having much luck. Then I decided to try feeding it with some of our whale food. What results! Everything is great, but the pot cost us \$700.

Jerry Goldsmith, Aquarist Marineland of the Pacific Palos Verdes, California



A Fishy Arthur?

So enough of these "Arthur" gags! I'm getting Arthuritis!!

Chris Wilson Sunnyvale, California

WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE CHINA?

Everybody will . . . if it's a ridiculous-looking white—



ASSESSED EL NEUTAL

I enclose

\$ ____ for:

51/2" Bust(s) @ \$2.00 ea.

3¾" Bust(s) @ \$1.00 ea.

Check size(s) and enclose proper amount

BISQUE CHINA BUST OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN

MAD BUST

850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

NAME	
ADDRESS	
CITY	ZONE
STATE	

(NO ORDERS SHIPPED OUTSIDE THE U.S.A.)

JUDGMENT AT NEW ROCHELLE



I would like to extend my thanks and appreciation to MAD Magazine and your very capable David Berg for the fine job he did acting as a "Judge" during the recent "Miss New Rochelle Pageant". As you can see by the enclosed photo, a good time was had by all.

Allen Danziger, Chairman Miss New Rochelle Pageant New Rochelle, N. Y.

CUBAN LOVE SONG

I am a 17 year old Cuban refugee. We did not have MAD in Cuba. Maybe that's why we got Castro now. My parents hate the kind of records I buy. And the same goes for the clothes I wear. BUT — they love your magazine. I never have to buy it because my mother does! How about that?

Tony Méndez North Hollywood, Cal.

UNEMPLOYMENT ASSURANCE

After being unemployed for two months, I was exhausted and depressed in failing to find work. A good friend of mine suggested that I should look at the brighter side of life, and read MAD. I have now been out of work for ten months, but thanks to my friend and MAD, I am the happy-go-luckiest guy on the unemployment line.

S. D. G. Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

MAD RECORD ALBUMS

Your latest record album, "MAD Twists Rock 'n' Roll" is a real masterpiece. I have never heard such a combination of great vocalists and clever lyrics. It looks like you've done it again!

> Cheryl Noll Wildwood, N. J.

Yes, we have done it again! Mainly, we've come out with another album! For all the facts, see the inside back cover!—Ed.

THE VICE OF AMERICA

I just returned to the States after six weeks of touring Europe. Even though home was an ocean away, I was very close because I saw America's favorite magazine at practically every newsstand. MAD is among the best-selling American magazines in Europe!

Kenneth Schiff North Merrick, N. Y.

MAD EDUCATION-CHEAP

During the time that I spent about \$5000 going to college, I spent about \$8 on MAD. And now, I'm not sure from which I learned more!

John Dorgan Lansing, Michigan

MAD OPINION

I would like your opinion on what type of intelligence or maturity most of your readers have. Do you think a bunch of clods read your magazine? Or do you think average people read it?

> Bill Garcia Fremont, California

We think a bunch of average clods reads the magazinel—Ed.

REAL OR PHONY LETTERS?

I get a big charge out of your "Letters Department". Do people really send in those letters, or are they phonies?

Jerry Stimmel Kettering, Ohio

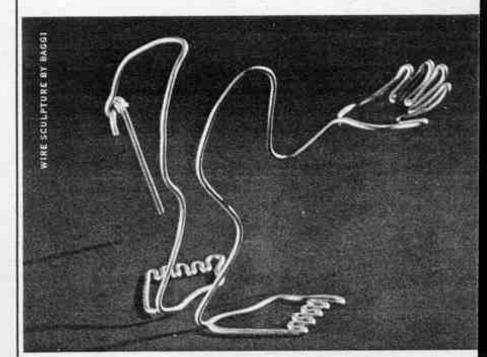
Every once in a while, we feel obliged to answer one of the thousands of queries that come in like this one. Yes, all the letters in this column are real. We got enough trouble writing the rest of the magazine!

—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 78, 850 Third Avenue New York 22, New York

GO BEGGING

TO YOUR FRIENDS FOR A COPY WHEN YOUR NEWSSTAND RUNS OUT!



SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

... AND YOU'LL ONLY HAVE TO GO BEGGING TO YOUR MAILMAN!

-- use coupon or duplicate

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS

850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Yes, I'm tired of getting "up-in-alms" every time my dealer runs out of MAD. Here's my "hand-out"—mainly my \$2.00. Add my name to your subscription list, and send me the next 9 "contributions" from MAD. And now that I've done it — Brother, can you spare me from another of these idiotic subscription pitches?

Outside U.S.A.: \$2.50

NAME	
ADDRESS	
CITY	ZONE
STATE	
Please allow 8 weeks fo	r subscriptions to be processed

THE BOOK IS BETTER THAN THE PICTURE!

Mainly, the picture at the left is nowhere near the actual size of . . .



"A GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD"

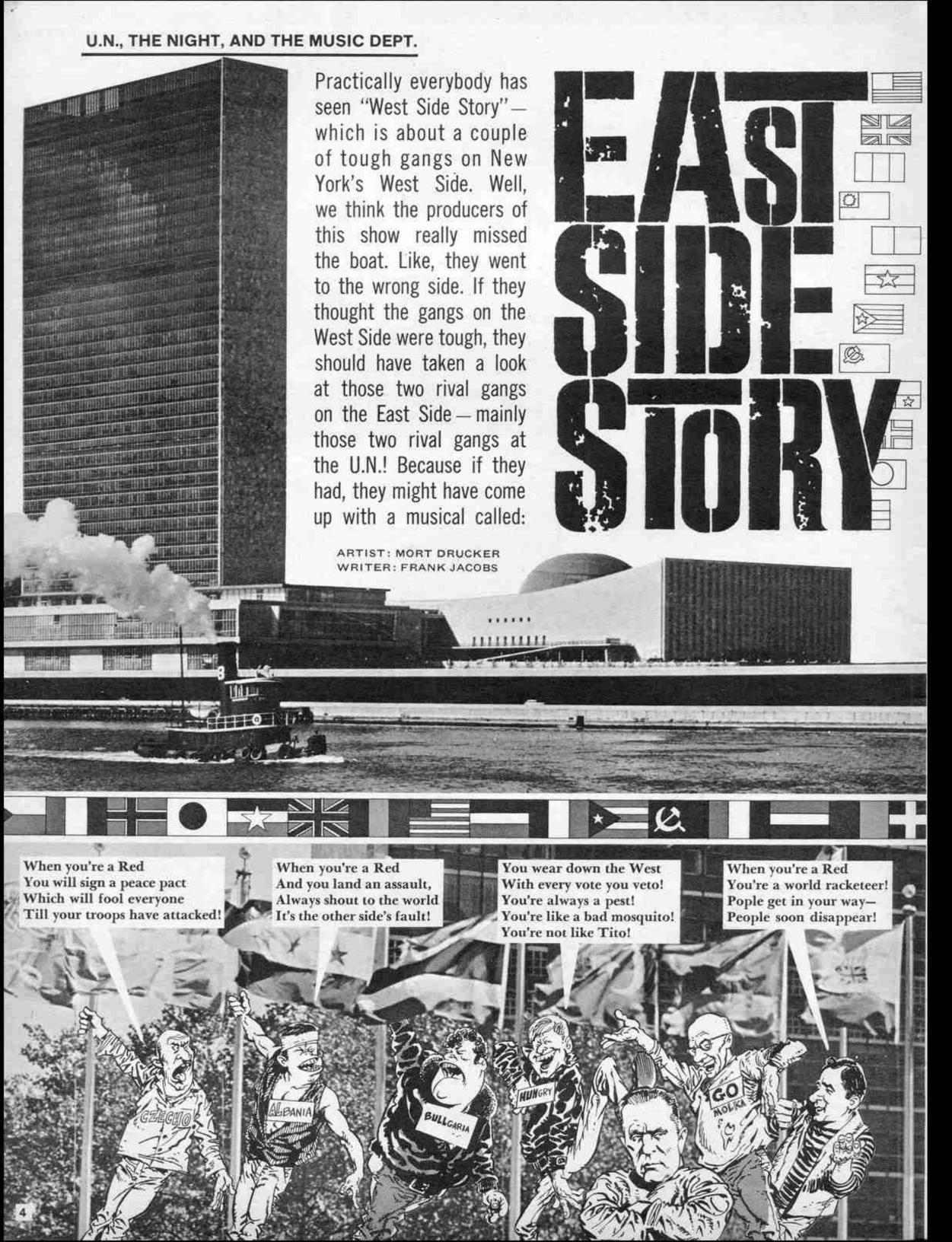
In fact, it doesn't even do it justice! Because this de luxe hard cover anthology of the best ad satires, parodies, humor, and just plain garbage to appear in past issues of MAD has over one hundred and thirty-six pages, many in vivid color! And it's beautifully bound. And it comes with an attractive dust jacket. And it makes a great gift, or a fine addition to any library if you're looking for a permanent collection of MAD's temporary insanity. And . . . well, that picture is a terrible picture! It doesn't show any of these things! You'll just have to order a copy for yourself to see what we mean!

M A D A N T H O L O G Y 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

I enclose \$2.95. Please rush
THE GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD

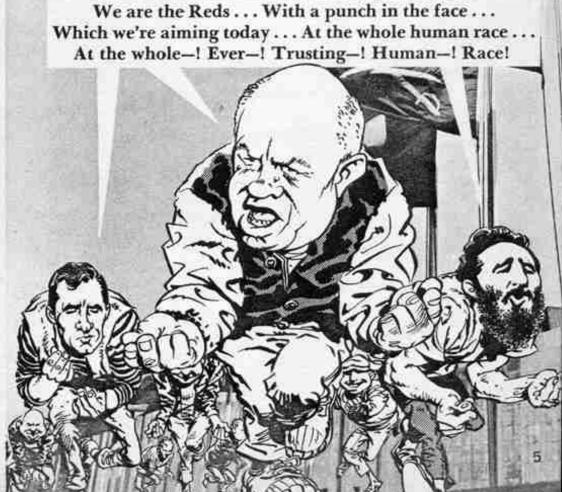
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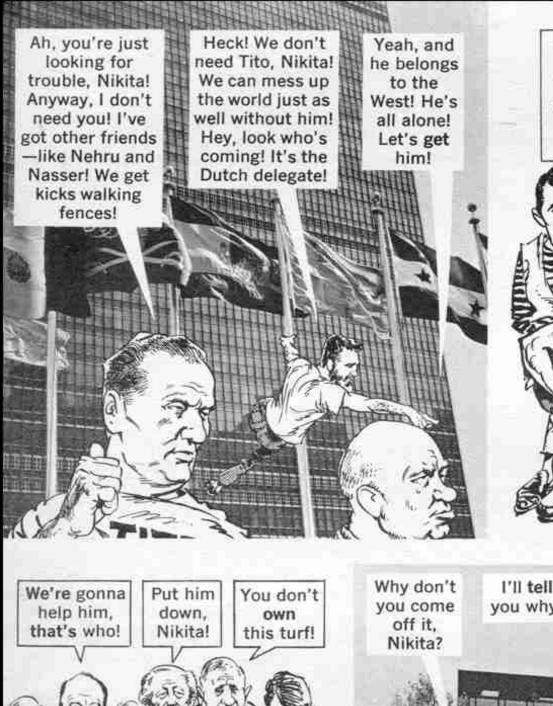








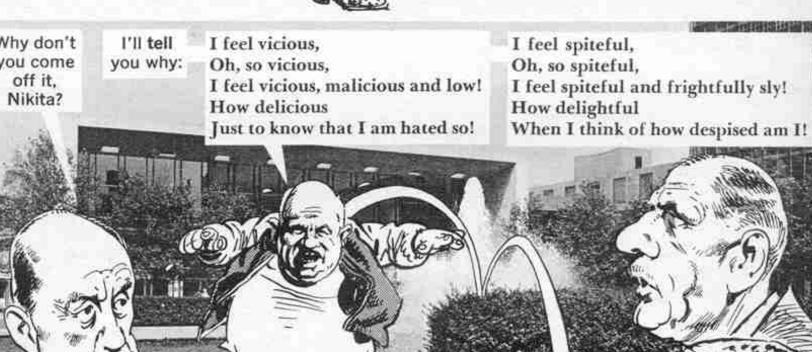
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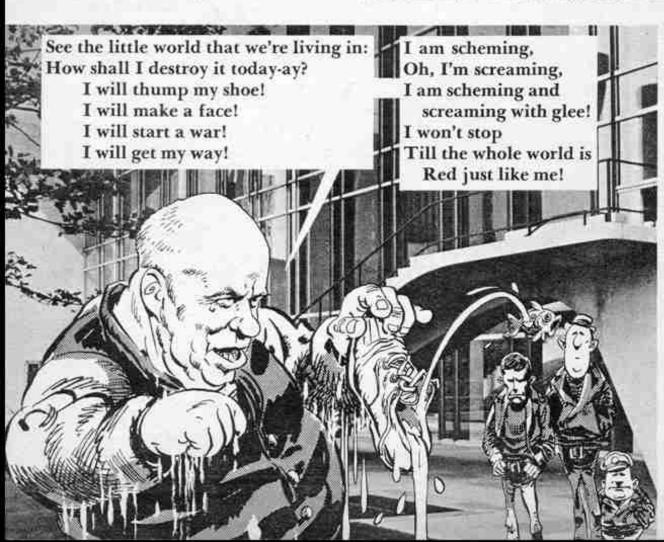


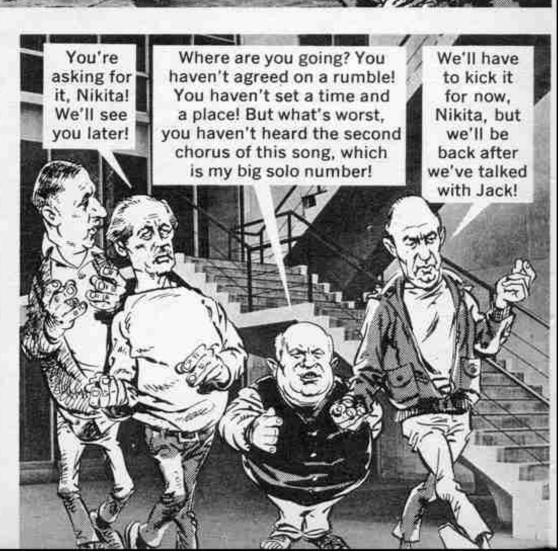


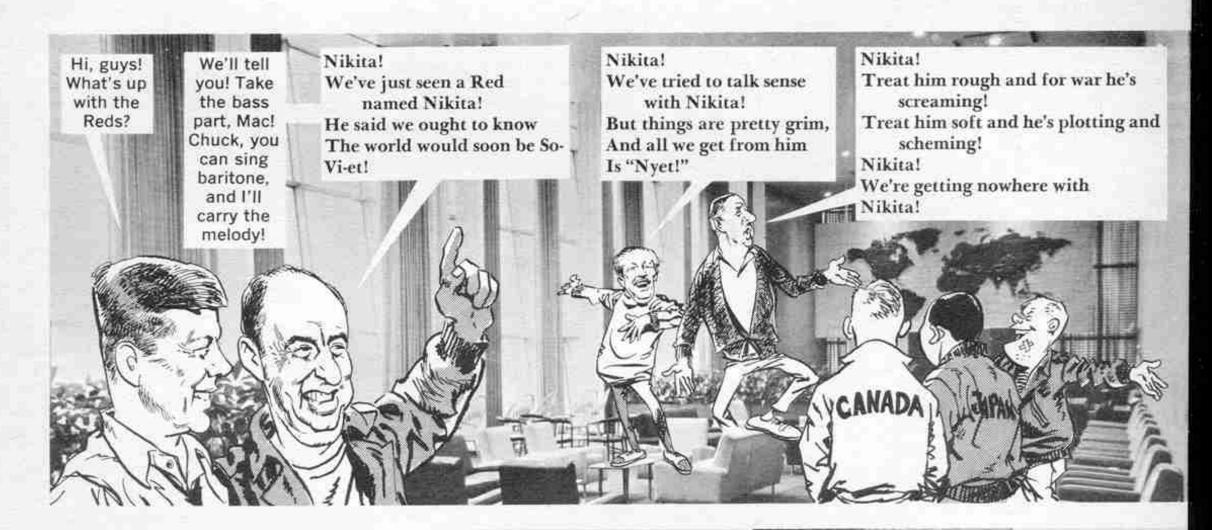


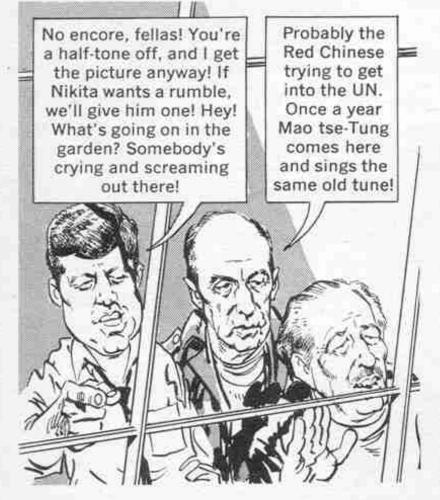




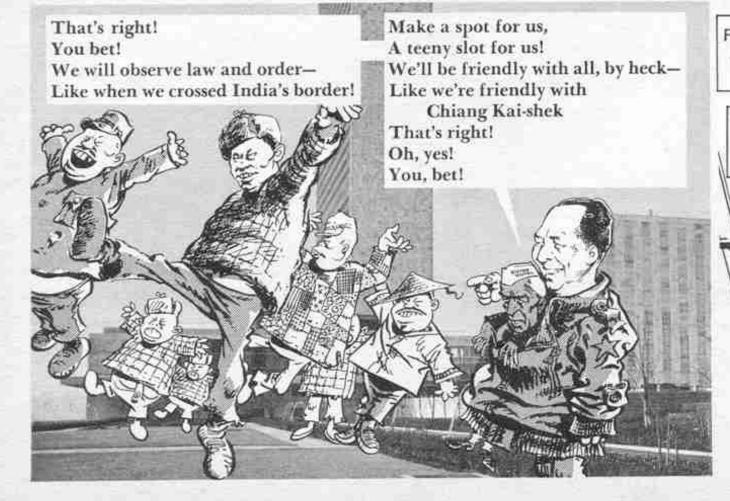


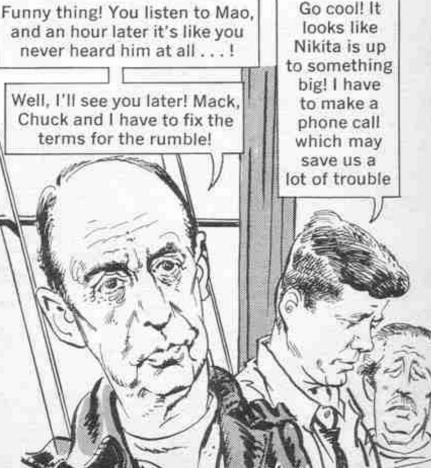




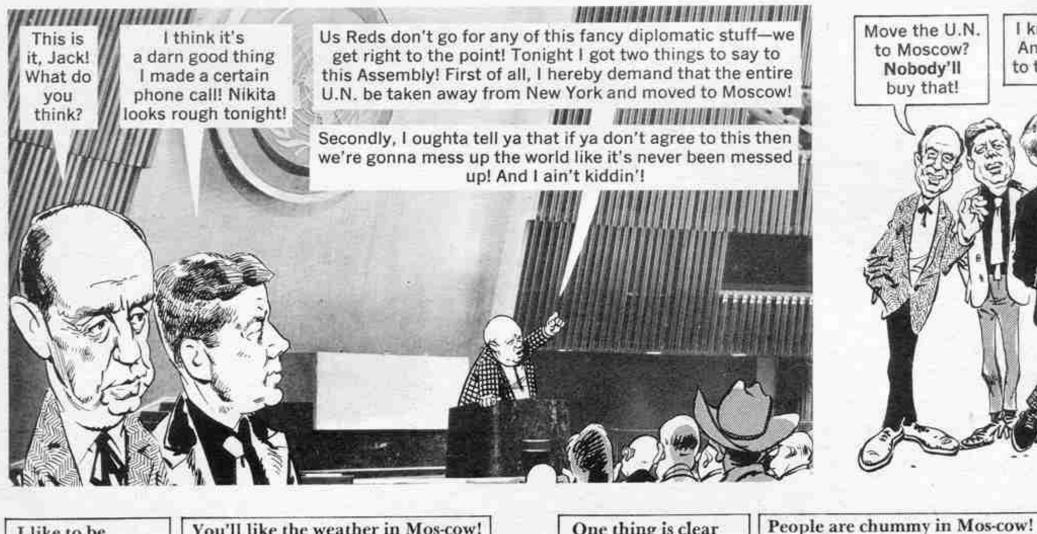


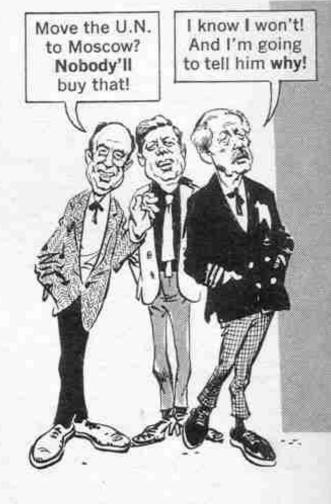




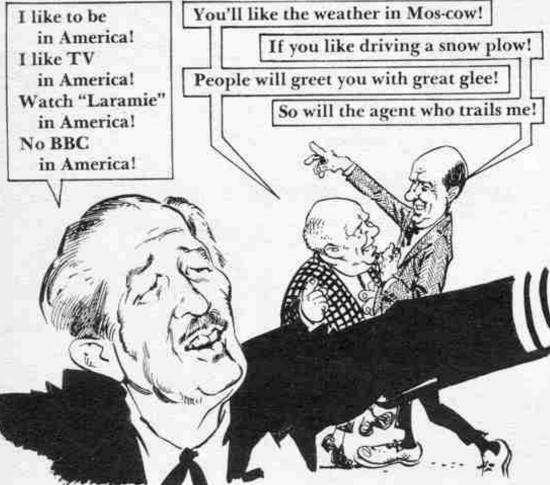








We'll try to stop laughing somehow!



One thing is clear in America! Lots of good cheer in America! Friends always near in America! Mafia here in America!



I wash with Zest in America! Brush teeth with Crest in America! Smoking is best in America! Filter's recessed in America!

Eating's a pleasure in Mos-cow!

We wish you'd stop talking, right now!

Waiters will serve you with great care!

Microphones hidden in each chair!

I feel no pain in America! Want to remain in America! No can complain in America! Chun King Chow Mein In America!

We're building hotels in Mos-cow!

All that you lack is the know-how!

We build our bathrooms with great pride!

If you don't mind going outside!









They say we can't be trusted! They say that we are crooks! They say we're maladjusted! They say that we are schnooks! They say we are offensive! They say we are obscene!

Khrush-chev . . . we don't . . . like the whole routine!

Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, we're sayin' good-by! And you can keep your Communistic "pie-in-the-sky"! Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, us Reds are all through! Gee, Commissar Khrushchev—Khrush you!



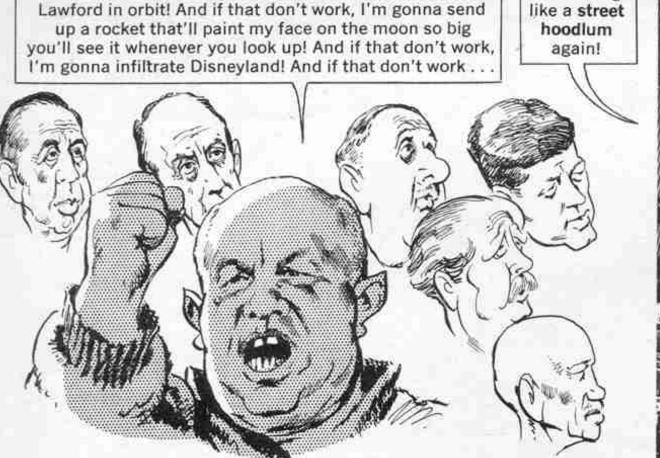
Looks like you're rocking the boat, Nikita! Nobody wants to go along with you—not even your own boys!

I'm not through yet! You'll change your minds when you hear what I'm gonna do to the West!

Like

what?

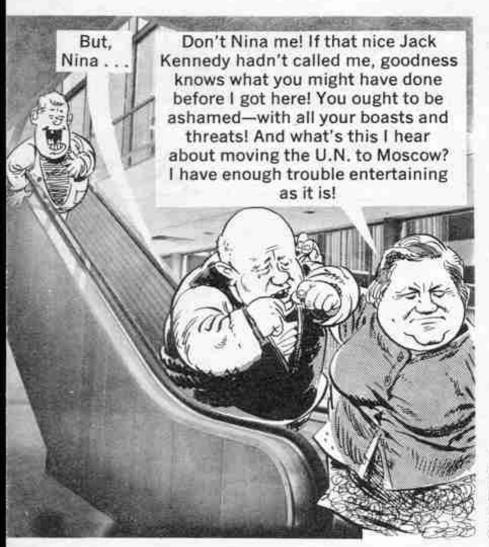


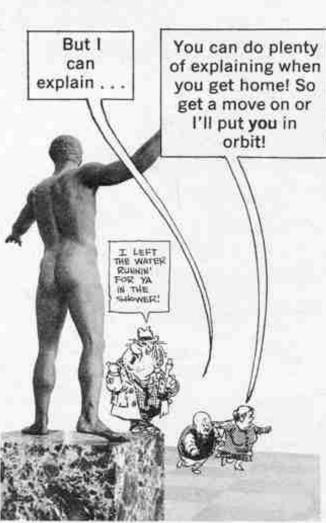


Like first I'm gonna write "Yankee Go Home" all over the

Berlin Wall! And if that don't work, I'm gonna put Peter

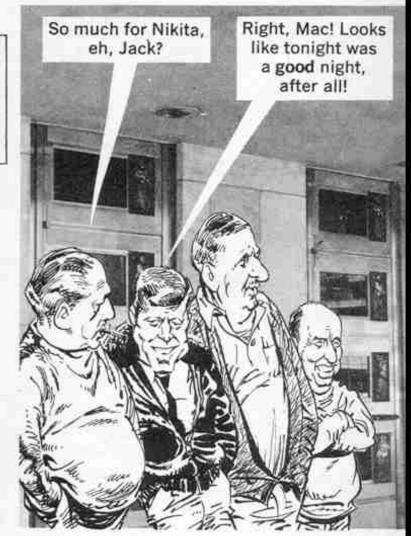


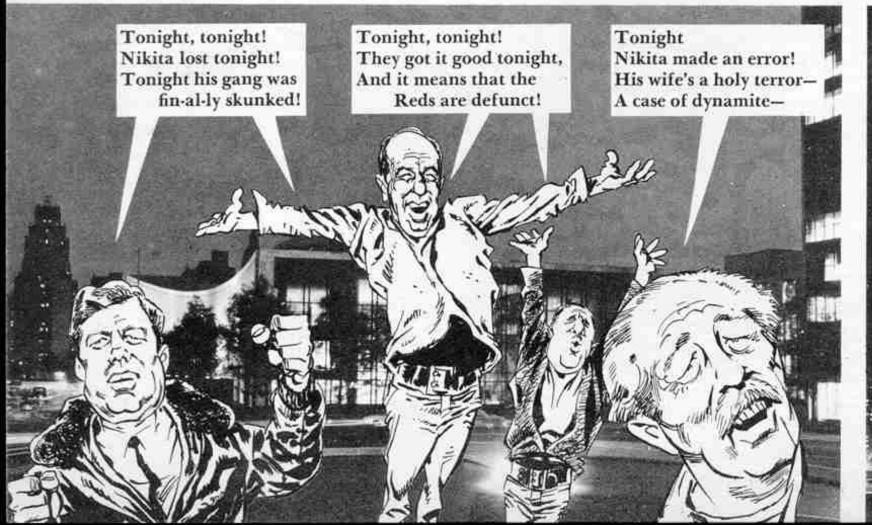




So here you

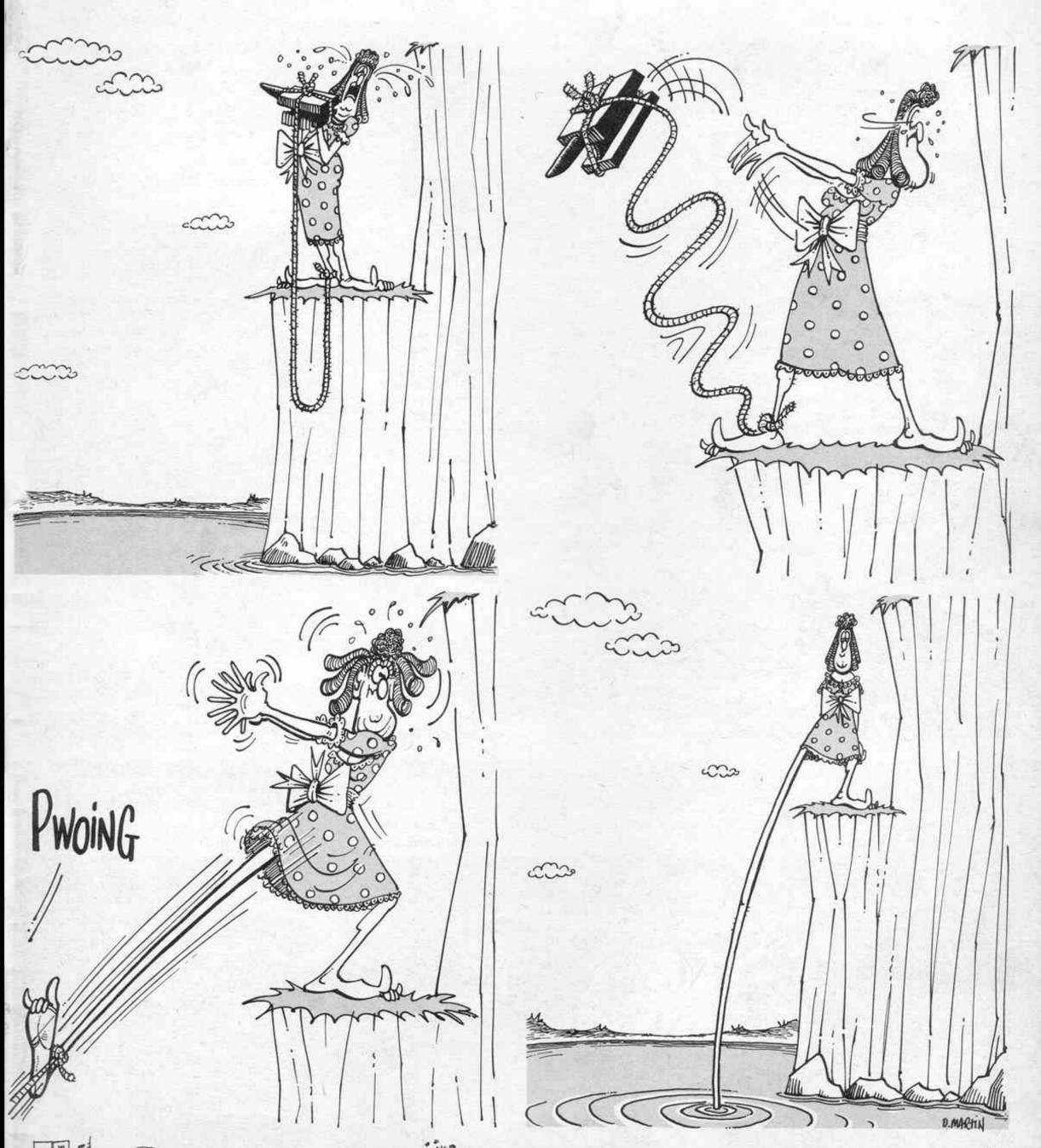
are! Acting







THE SUICIDE



GREAT OAFS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW DEPT.

Every proud parent thinks his kid is a genius, and almost every little thing the brat does is taken as a sure sign of some extraordinary ability or talent that will surely manifest itself in later life. If, however, the little tyke does **not** fulfill his parents' hopes, it isn't because **he** failed, but rather because his **parents** failed. Mainly, they failed to **interpret** those early signs **correctly!** F'rinstance, there are some parents who thought their children would become great artists and writers. You can imagine their shock when their offspring ended up as members of the MAD Magazine staff. With this in mind, here are some other case histories which show . . .

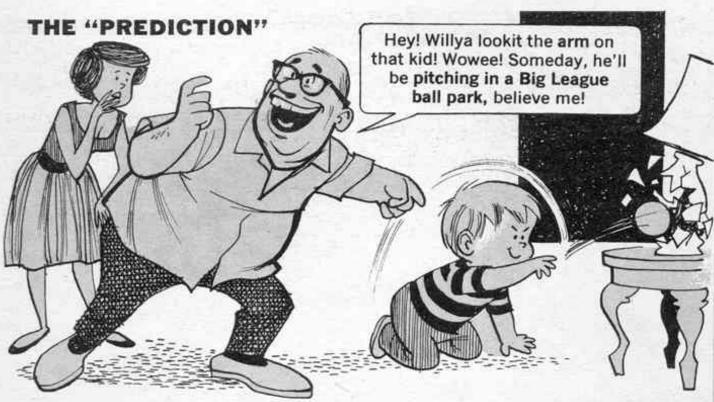


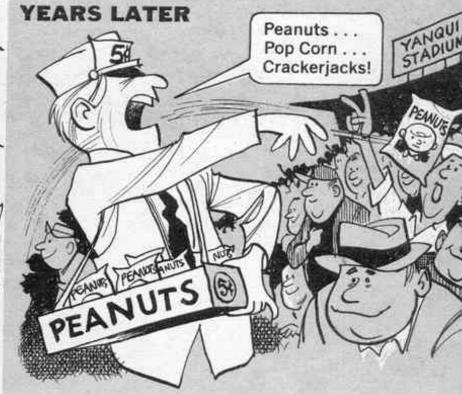


HOW PARENTS GUESS WRONG ABOUT THEIR KIDS' FUTURE CAREERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON REILLY



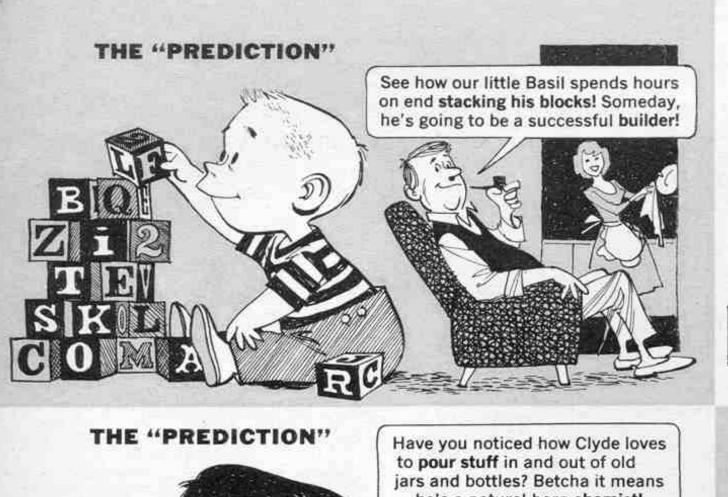








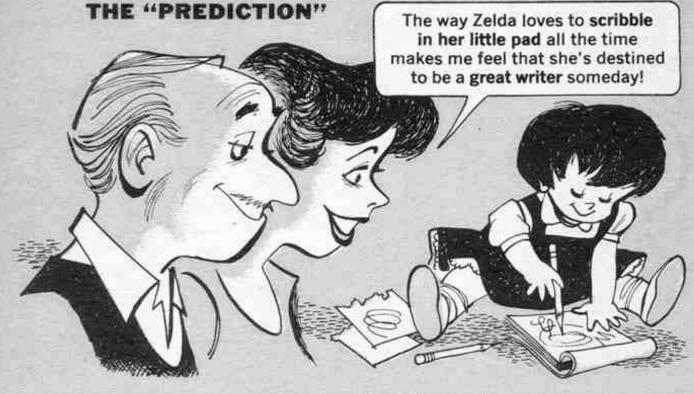












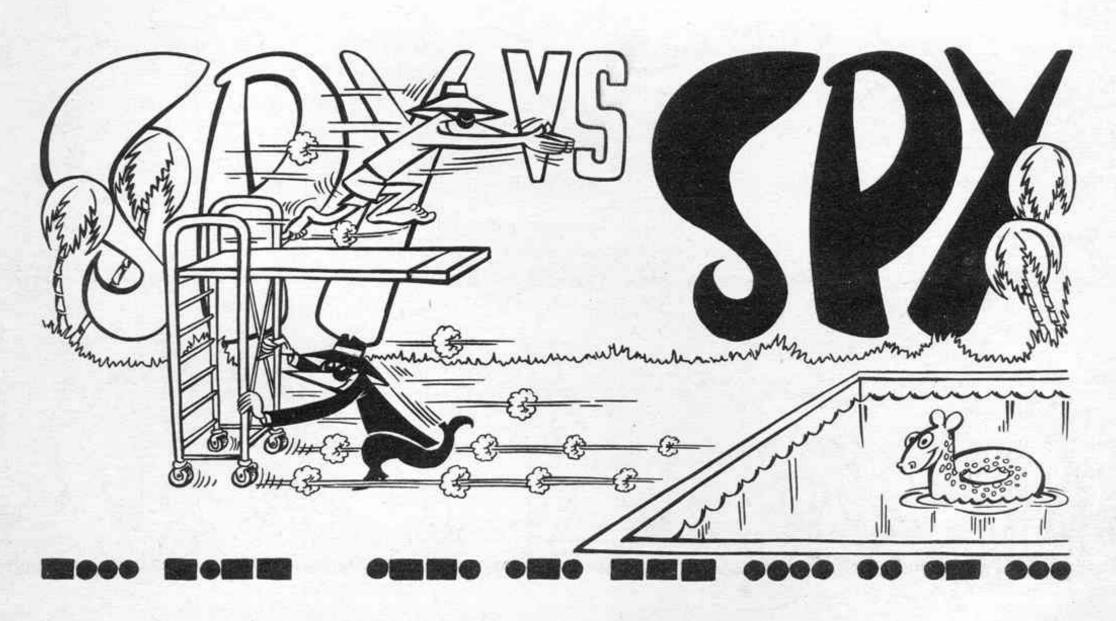


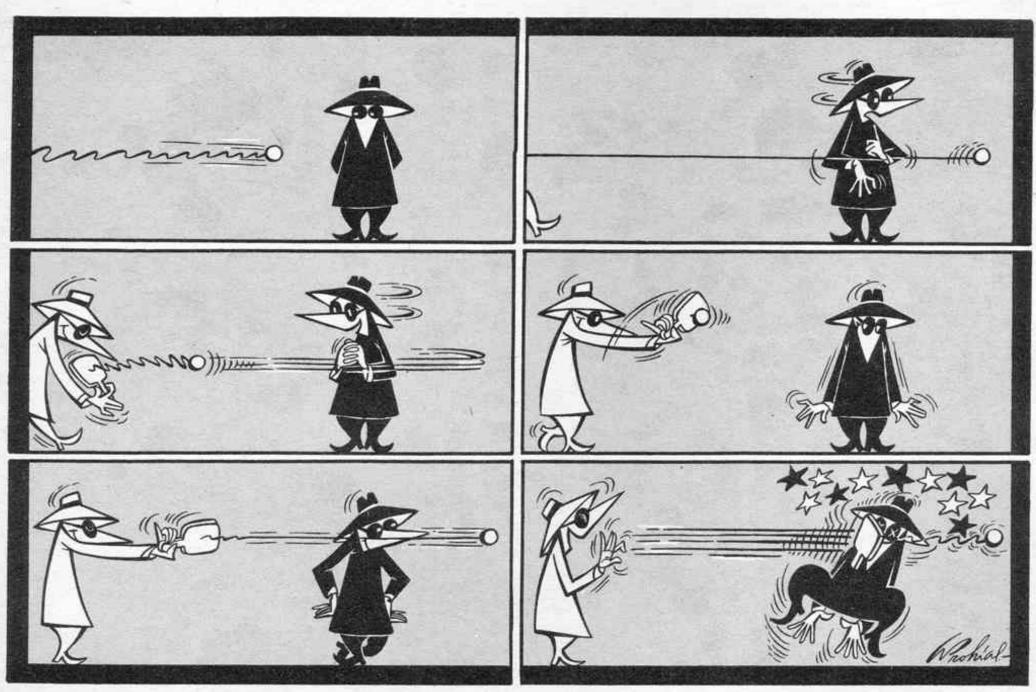




JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

Antonio Prohias, who was forced to flee Cuba because he refused to become a "Castro Convertible", brings us another MAD installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white—better known as . . .





WITH NO REIMERS OR REASON DEPT.

Thanks to sponsors who feel that the only way they can prove the legitimacy of their products is by forcing large groups of people into using vastly inferior ones . . . America is in serious trouble! We are becoming a nation

This is Ed Reimers, and I'm talking to pretty co-ed, Miss April May June ... who recently took part in a nationwide experiment for the makers of CREST Toothpaste. Tell us about it, April May . . . er, Miss June . . .



Well . . . six months ago . . .
like we were all given unmarked boxes containing tubes of plain unmarked toothpaste. You dig?
And we were told to brush with them for 6 months—and like that!

And what did you do?

d Well.
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Well...like we brushed and we brushed. And later, we found out that half of us were using CREST, and the other half were using an inferior toothpaste! Pretty crazy, huh?

And what happened?



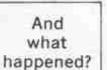
And there you have it, folks! Proof positive that if they keep it up, the CREST commercial may in time end up decaying half the mouths in America. And that's not the worst of it! What if this type of commercial should catch on

FUTURE GROUP-C

This is Ed Reimers, and I'm down here at Muscle Beach talking to a person picked at random from one of two groups who recently completed the Vic Tanny 6-Month Gym Comparison Test. Would you care to tell us about it?



I sure would, Ed! Six months ago we were all given guest memberships in a body-building health club. Half of us went to Vic Tanny's—Dig that pectoral—and the other half went to an inferior gym...



We lifted weights, and worked out day and night on the parallel bars, rings, horses, trampolines, etc. We used all that fancy Vic Tanny equipment—dig that deltoid . . .



... while the other half went to an inferior health club and played jacks, hide-and-go-seek, kick-the-can, ring-o-leavio . . . and sat around all day in executive chairs!



of INFERIOR BRAND-TESTERS! Outstanding among these is the "CREST Group Comparison Test" which literally takes half a college and forces them to use an inferior toothpaste. You've seen the commercial. It goes like this:

Well...like we brushed between meals, and after meals, and before meals, and during meals...and after dates, and before dates, and during datesAnd what were the results?

Those of us who had been using CREST ended up with 40 percent fewer cavities!

And what about the half that didn't use CREST?





Well . . . like they just kept getting more and more cavities until they were so gross, nobody'd talk to them! They never get dates now, and I hear they're getting thrown out of school! They're a mess!

m. The state of th

And there you have it, folks! Proof positive that CREST is better by far!



and really start a trend? What if other sponsors started using this method of demonstrating their product claims? To show you the catastrophe that may overtake us, let's jump ahead a few months and examine some of the possible

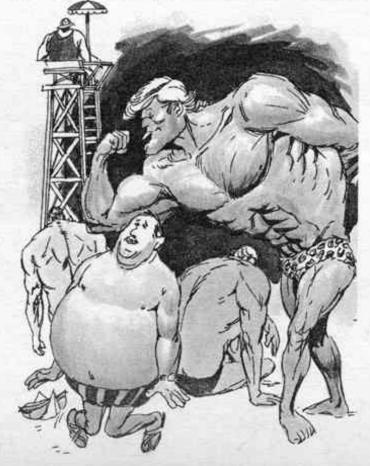
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: EARLE DOUD

OMPARISON TESTS

And as a result? The half of us that went to Vic
TANNY's have 40 percent less flab,
and 67 percent more muscles—dig
that bicep! We can break anybody
in half! We can bend iron bars!
We can move freight cars!

And the half that went to the inferior gym? They're all a bunch of fat slobs! All we gotta do is look at them, and they faint!





There you have it, folks!
Proof-positive that Vic
TANNY GYMS are better by far! Thank you for that unsolicited testimonial!
By the way, I didn't get your name!

Sally Emma-Lou Brown!

This is Mr. R. W. Prebble, who, like thousands of other Americans, recently took part in an Auto Seat Belt Comparison Test for the makers of Rayco Safety Belts! Tell us about it, Mr. Prebble!



Well, just this morning, we were all put into brand new automobiles and strapped in with auto seat belts! Half of us were using Rayco Safety Belts . . . and the other half were using an inferior brand!

And what did you all do?

We all lined our cars up on these big wide salt flats they'd picked for the testand on a given signal, we all jammed our foot down on the accelerator . . .

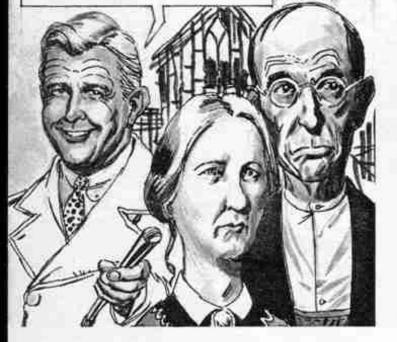
And what happened?





This is Mr. and Mrs. Selby Grundish who recently took part in a group comparison test run by the ALLSTATE Insurance Company. Tell us what happened, folks . . .

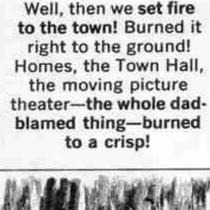
You start, Mother-



Recently, the town we live in was divided in half. All the property owners were given Home Protection Insurance Policies. Half received ALL-STATE Insurance Policiesthe other half were given an inferior type of insurance!



And what happened?



And what were the results?



This is Ed Reimers, and I'm here in Elm City, U.S.A., talking with Mr. Pembroke Chesney who recently took part in a nationwide comparison test run by the Television Industry. Tell us about it, Mr. Chesney -



Six months ago, the entire population of the United States was divided in half by the folks who run the TV industry. Half were forced to watch TV constantly . . . and the other half were forced not to watch it!



And which half were you in?

I was in the half that was forced not to watch TV. And let me tell you, we had it rough, at first. We just sat around evenings, staring at each other, and wondering what to do to pass the time! It was pretty awful, Ed . . . resisting that temptation to plug our sets back in again . . .



We took off at a fantastic speed, getting our cars up to a good 70 —80 miles an hour! I mean, we were really travelling!

And then . . . ? And then? Why—then we all smashed our cars head-on into the brick wall they'd built across the flats especially for the test!
Like we were supposed to!

And what were the results?



Our half—the half that were using Rayco Safety Belts had 47% fewer casualties than the half using the inferior belts! Boy, you should've seen 'em! What a mess! Most of 'em are still out there . . . embedded in the wall!

And there you have it, folks! Proof-positive that Rayco Safety Belts are best by far—for your car!



Well, half of us were in good hands with ALLSTATE. We ended up with 39 percent fewer debts!
Because ALLSTATE came out here and gave us the money to re-build five minutes after the fire was out!

And what about the other half?

Well, it turned out that they were in bad hands with that inferior company. They never got a dime! They were all wiped out! Now, they're broke—destitute—begging for a few morsels of food—some warm clothes—shelter...

I notice you folks who were paid by ALLSTATE haven't started re-building yet . . .



That's right! And we don't aim
to! We're thinking of moving to
another town to rebuild! Mainly
because we can't stand living
around those no-good bums,
leeches, and parasites who
now make up the other half
of this town!

And there you have it, folks! Proof-positive that you're in good hands . . . but only with ALLSTATE!



And the other half? What about them?

While the other half went on watching "Westerns" and "Doctor Shows" and "Lawyer Shows" and 'Detective Shows" and "Sing-Along Shows" like they did before! And what were the final results, Mr. Chesney? Well, our group — the group that was forced to give up TV—ended up with 79 percent fewer neurotics, 83 percent fewer psychotics, and 99 percent fewer cases of suicide!



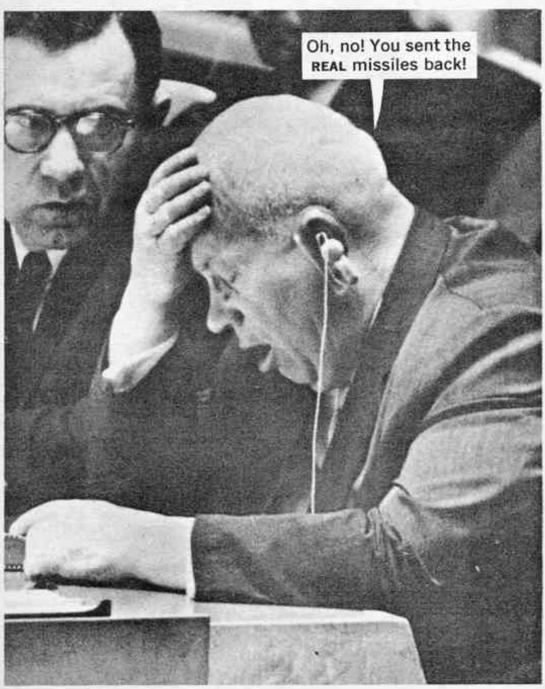


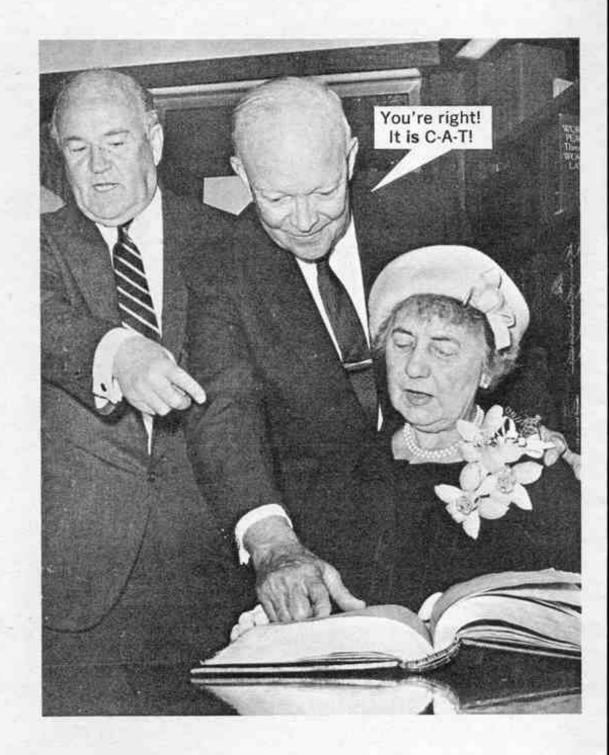
FREEDOM WITH SPEECH DEPT.

Here's another installment of that continuing MAD feature where we take standard news photos, add a few lines of absurd dialogue, and throw the best ones in the waste paper basket—'cause we don't want to get sued out of business for —

SPEAKING.









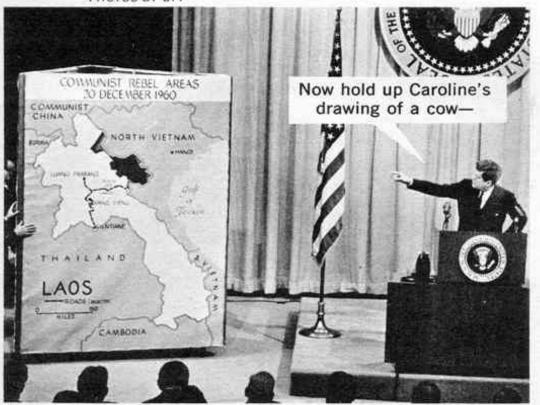


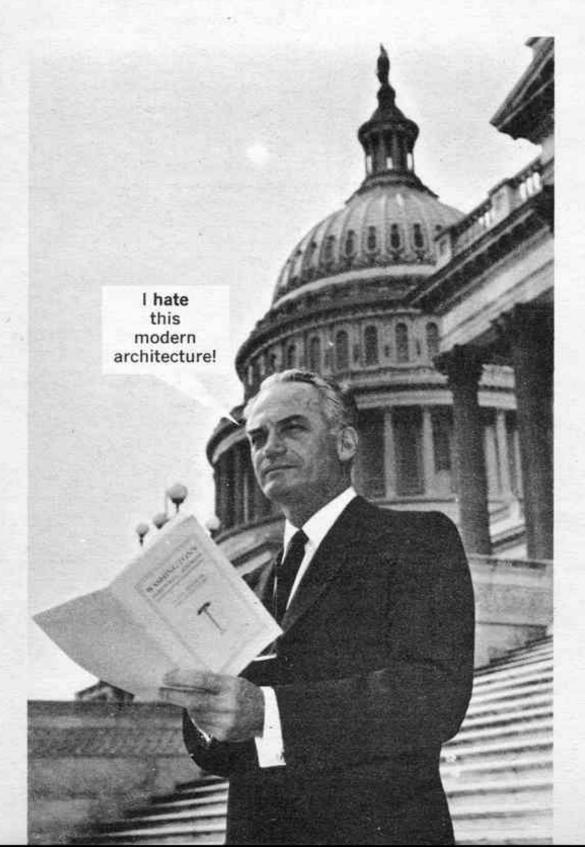


FROM PICTURES

WRITER: GERALD GARDNER

PHOTOS BY UPI









It's a well-known fact today that more and more newspapers are going out of business, and more and more cities are becoming what are known as "one-newspaper towns." Naturally, the "only newspaper" in a town controls what everyone reads, and can be pretty obnoxious, opinionated, and in-

ALL THE NEWS THAT WE FEEL LIKE PRINTING, AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT . . . TOUGH!

The Daily

"Festerville's LEADING Newspaper-be

FEBRUARY 15, 1963

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WEATHER: There will be no appearing on TV, a

DAILY MONOPOLY WINS COVETED "HENRY R. LUCE AWARD" FOR **EXCELLENCE IN NEWS REPORTING**

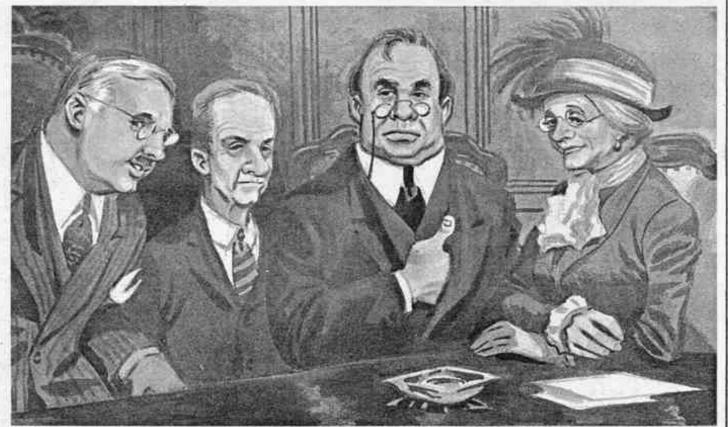
NEW YORK, Feb. 13 - Henry R. Luce, Editor-in-Chief of LIFE and TIME Magazines, presented The Daily Monopoly with his annual award for "Excellent News Reporting" today.

"Of all the newspapers considered," said Luce, "The Daily Monopoly most closely follows the long-established journalistic traditions of Life and TIME, in not allowing such mundane and unimportant things as facts to stand in the way of the personal feelings and prejudices of its publisher and editor in the presentation of straight news."

Accepting the coveted award for The Daily Monopoly at ceremonies held in The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester. After the presentation, a lousy roast beef dinner was served, which should have been filet mignon, considering importance of the occasion.

We believe that in a Free Press, there is one side to every question

OUR DYNAMIC PUBLISHER ADDRESSES MEETING OF TOWN CONSERVATIVES



Dynamic right-wing publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester spoke to leading town Conservatives at the Czar Nicholas Club on Elm St. last night. Subject of his talk was: "The Danger of Losing America to the Reds if Someone Starts Another Newspaper in this Town." Here you see, (right to extreme right) Mr. Thorpe-Fester; Amos Gorgg, founder of the "Kublai Khan Idealists"; Stanley Nobnock, Chairman, the "Louis XIV Dreamers"; and Sophie Ulster, Pres. of the "Daughters of the American Cavemen." Denied admission to lecture was Carl Pfrinz of the leftist "John Birch Society."

SOMETHING HILARIOUS HAPPENS ON THE CORNER OF MAIN AND THIRD

Something hilarious happened on the corner of Main and Third Streets last night. Every time we think about it, we laugh so hard we think we'll burst.

Originally, we had planned to report the details here. But now we've changed our minds. We're saving it so we can be the first to tell it at cocktail parties and social functions-before it gets around.

Brainy, Gorgeous Publisher's Wife Concludes Fabulously Absorbing Story

Selma Thorpe-Fester, the bright, witty, and lovely wife of publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, informed The Daily Monopoly today that the dramatic and absorbing story of her appendicitis operation, which has been running daily in this paper in serial form for some time now, is finally over.



Charming Mrs. Selma Thorpe-Fester

Following is a run-down of some of the unimportant news stories which we were forced to omit to make room for Mrs. Thorpe-Fester's lengthy but fascinating account of her operation:

Sept. 2, 1945-World War II officially ended today when Japan surrendered aboard the battleship Missouri. Accepting their surrender on behalf of the victorious allies, Gen. Douglas MacArthur (Cont. Pg. 13)



dependent in its attitude toward the public. And the way things look now, these "only" newspapers are going to be even more obnoxious, opinionated and independent than ever. In fact, if you live in a "one-newspaper town," you may be reading something like this in the very near future . . .

Munopoly

cause it's Festerville's ONLY Newspaper''

34,875 Homes Now Receive The Monopoly Every Day. Why Not? There's Nothing Else To Read!

Eather Report today because our Publisher is d you're supposed to stay home and watch him.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

PRICE: \$1.50 PER COPY And we car get it, too!

President Makes Ridiculous, Asinine, Idiotic Tax Suggestion To Congress

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 14 — Miserable Democratic President John F. Kennedy, in a speech to a joint session of Congress yesterday, made one of the most insane tax suggestions in recent history. Honest to God, when we found out about it, we reporters who are writing this straight, unbiased news story got so sick to our stomachs we thought we'd die.

Do you know what this man who laughingly calls himself a "President" wants to do with your money?

Can you keep a straight face?

He wants all entertainment expenses that are not directly connected with actual business procedures disallowed for deduction purposes on income tax reports. Now if that isn't a slap in the face to all American businessmen, and particularly to courageous, dynamic newspaper publishers with yachts and summer homes and chauffeur-driven Cadillacs to support, we don't know what is! Really, no kidding, do you think this is fair? We mean, how Communistic can you get?

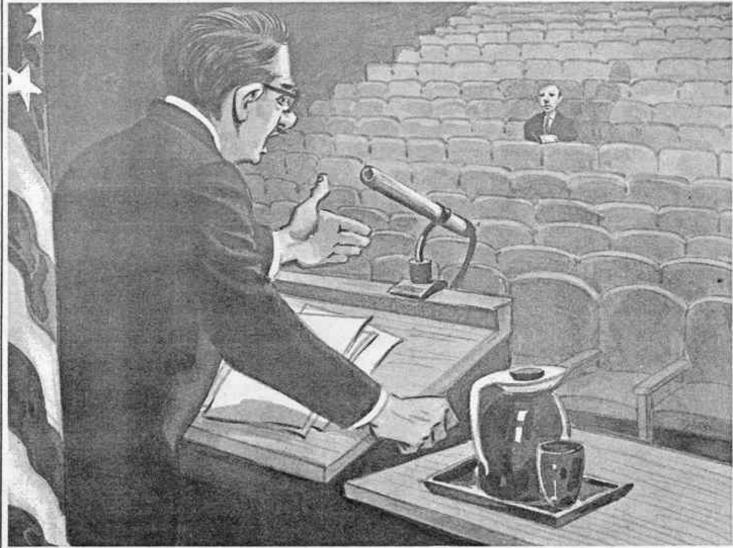
Remember this: The Senate missed impeaching Andrew Johnson by just one vote in 1868. Let's make sure they don't miss this time! Write your Senator immediately! And make sure you send him a copy of this objective, un-

biased, straight news story—together with the blistering Editorial on page 8, written by our courageous, dynamic newspaper publisher.

You may not agree with what we say, but you've got no choice

25

MAYOR CALLS PRESS CONFERENCE



Mayor Fenwick Himp called a press conference in the Civic Auditorium yesterday to bring to the people the details of his new, highly-controversial City Traffic Control Plan, which this newspaper is against. Representatives of all the various newspapers in town are shown here: (left to right) Hollis Schnabble, of *The Daily Monopoly*. We won't bother you with details of the Mayor's ridiculous plan.

EXCLUSIVE

Daily Monopoly Reporter Scores Big News Scoop

by Godfrey Zinn

In a town like Festerville, which has only one newspaper, it is naturally quite difficult to score a big news scoop on another paper. For that reason, we energetic, quick-thinking journalists on *The Daily Monopoly* have to do the next-best thing. We have to scoop each other!

I have information from a highly-reliable, unimpeachable source (namely our type-setter) that on Page 13 of today's paper there will be a poignant letter in the "Advice To The Lovelorn" column from somebody who calls herself "Worried." It seems that "Worried's" husband has been going out with another woman all along and when (Cont. on page 12)

DANVING DIIDITICHED VI WUCL I VNUC DECUDU BDEVRING EICH

OVER THE YEARS with The Daily Monopoly

25 YEARS AGO TODAY: A brilliant, handsome, dynamic son was born today to Daily Monopoly publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester and his beautiful wife, Selma. The flawless child, named Henry, was delivered by Caesarian operation.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY: Publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant five-year-old son, Henry, said his first word today: "Money!". He was also introduced to his mother for the first time. The latter had been away on a five-year tour of the Midwest, discussing her Caesarian operation.

15 YEARS AGO TODAY: Ten-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, gifted son of Daily Monopoly publisher, Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, was given a new lake today as a school promotion gift by his proud father. Tomorrow, Henry goes on to second grade. Congratulations, and lots of luck, Hank.

5 YEARS AGO TODAY: Twenty-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant and creative son, flunked out of Journalism School today for giving the five "W's" of news reporting as: Wine, Women, Welshing, Wasting, and Woolgathering.

TODAY: Twenty-five-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, talented son of publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, today was turned down for a check at the Unemployment Bureau because of his inability to sign his name. He joins the staff of The Daily Monopoly tomorrow. Best of luck in your new job as Editor-In-Chief, Hank!

THE INQUIRING

PUBLISHER

QUESTION

Why are you so proud of me as a courageous dynamic publisher?

WHERE ASKED

Various places around my house.

Edna Thorpe-Fester

Loving Mother

Son, I'm proud of you for the same reason that any other average news-hungry citizen is proud of a newspaper publisher in an age of anxiety brought



on by the threat of nuclear annihilation. First, because you always wear your muffler when it's cold outside. Second, because you drink your milk every day at 3 o'clock without me telling you to. Third, because you never holler on your children. And finally, because you make more money than a doctor even.

Selma Thorpe-Fester

Loyal Wife

Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given me the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for years on



end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of my various operations, despite the personal sacrifice and loneliness it meant to you.

Horace Greeley Fester

Devoted Father

Gee, I don't know what to say! I mean, I'm so excited — to think — of all people in this whole wide house, you chose to interview me, a total father to



you! Gosh-all-criminentlies. . . . Okay, enough of this humility garbage! You know damn well why I'm proud of you! You took a ridiculous, opinionated newspaper I founded 60 years ago, and kept it going as a family plaything. But if you ever change one Neanderthal policy, I'll break your courageous, dynamic neck!

Flora LaVie

Adoring Upstairs Maid

Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given your wife the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for



years on end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of her various operations, so that you and I—what are you shushing me for?

PUBLISHER

SHOCKED

Dear Sir:

I read your highly-opinionated, arch-conservative editorial of Feb. 10th, and was absolutely shocked by the terrible things you said about organized labor, medical care for the aged, Quentin Reynolds and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Westbrook Pegler, New York City

NOTES

Dear Sir:

We realize that your newspaper is pretty much of a personal family thing with you, but may we make a small request? In the future, kindly leave notes to our milkmen in empty bottles outside your door at home, instead of publishing them on the editorial page of your paper. Sometimes, they are hard to find.

The Dairyfresh Milk Co.

Festerville

TIME CAPSULE

Dear Sir:

Thank you for offering to donate a copy of *The Daily Monopoly* for the new time capsule to be buried at the 1964 World's Fair in New York, to give future generations an idea of the quality of newspapers in one-newspaper towns. Unfortunately, we have already planned to include a copy of Pravda in the capsule, and we feel that your newspaper would be a duplication.

Robert Moses New York City

CANDIDATE

Dear Sir:

Regarding your ultra-right-wing editorial of February 8th, we are pleased that you have expressed your desire to be a Republican candidate for office in 1964. However, we regret to inform you that, as of now, there are no plans for a contest for the office of "Emperor" in your state that year.

William F. Miller Chairman, Republican Party Washington, D.C.

PUZZLED

Dear Sir:

I realize that you don't give a damn about your readers, but there is such a thing as going too far. What I mean is, if you are going to run daily crossword puzzles, at least have the decency to use legitimate words. I have just seen the answer to your puzzle of Feb. 11, and I am positive that there is no such thing as a "Left-handed herniated Hopi Indian" called a "BVRTZ" or a "Southern Israel potato bug" called a "KRNXTL."

Margaret Farrar New York City DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

IN A MEN'S HABERDASHERY

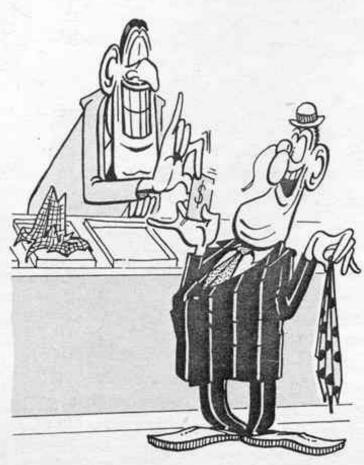














BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

There's a big hullabaloo going on in this country about whether our young people are starting to date too early in life. Well, we don't mean to enter into this touchy controversy . . . but merely start another: Mainly, whether David Berg is starting to write about dating too late in life. You can all judge for yourselves as MAD presents

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF







Oh, yes! We've been hearing all about you!



You dance divinely, you're on the debating team, your father built that new development at the north end of town, and you've got a mole on your left shoulder!



You play center on the football team, you're editor of the school paper, and you're a pre-med student!



Gee, where'd you get all that information? It sounds like somebody's been doing an awful lof of talking about me!

What's the matter, Leslie you're all flushed!!





WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG















Now, drive us to the Spring

















Will you explain to me why you turned him down after you were hoping so hard that he'd call and ask you??



What?!—And let him know I didn't have a date for tonight?



















WE CAN'T! OUR BRACES ARE LOCKED!!

SPATIAL DELIVERY DEPT.

The world has gone "ape" over our latest scientific achievement . . . "Telstar"—the satellite that spins around in space, showering Earth with TV fallout. Well, we at MAD say, "Beware! Remember, the greater the problems it brings." Let's consider

THE DARKER SIDE OF

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

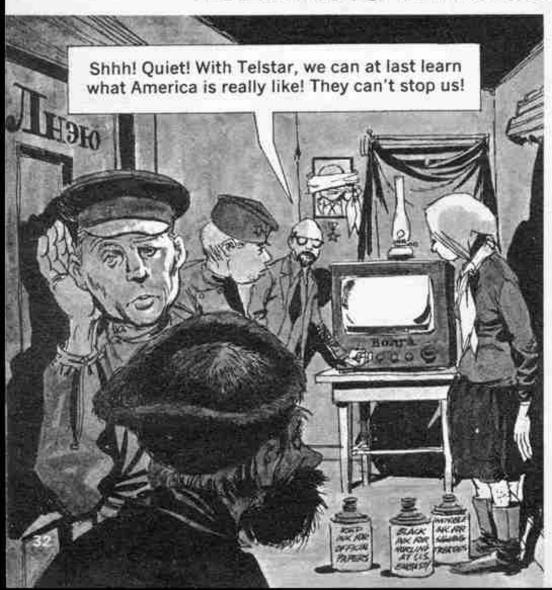
SUBTLE RUSSIAN JAMMING



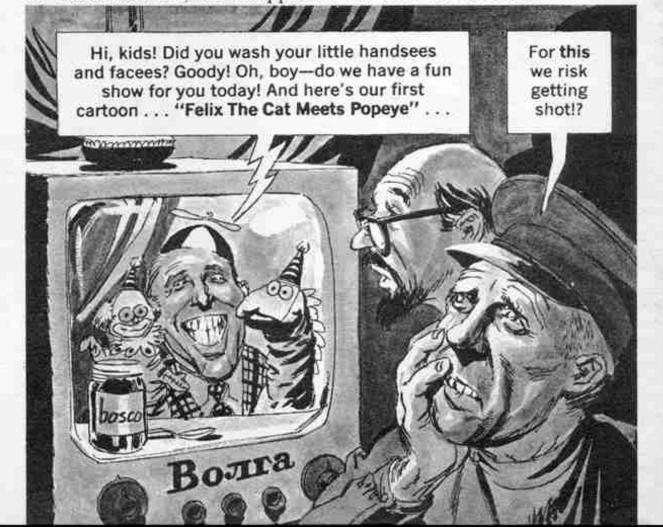
The advantages of beaming American television into Russia may be lost when the Reds break in and dub new voices...



BREAKING THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN



When it's 9 P.M. in Moscow, it's 9 A.M. in Los Angeles so Moscovites may be disappointed in U.S. television . . .



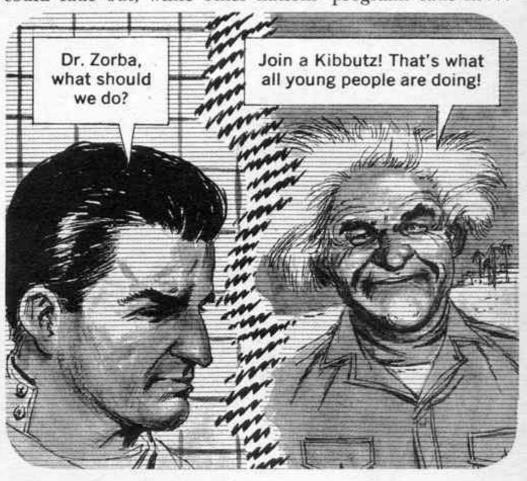
TELSTALR. WRITER: STAN HART

SUDDEN SIGNAL FADEOUTS



O O TO THE WAR ASSESSED TO THE PARTY OF THE

Because Telstar's range is limited, American TV pictures could fade out, while other nations' programs fade in...



THE IRON CURTAIN STRIKES BACK



On the other hand, the Reds could take advantage of this 12 hour time difference, and put it to work for them...

Hello, all American kidniks! This is Uncle Roskolnikov!
Let's keep the sound nice and low so we won't wake up
Mommy and Daddy, hah? Today, we continue with our story
"John F. Kennedy, The Warmonger". When last we saw
Kennedy, he was threatening lovable Nikita...



PICK-UPS FROM SPACE



Since TV impulses do not die-they float away into space, Telstar could conceivably pick up some old TV signals . . .

SONG WAS NOT WRITIGH

ONTH AFTER THEY SOUL UP



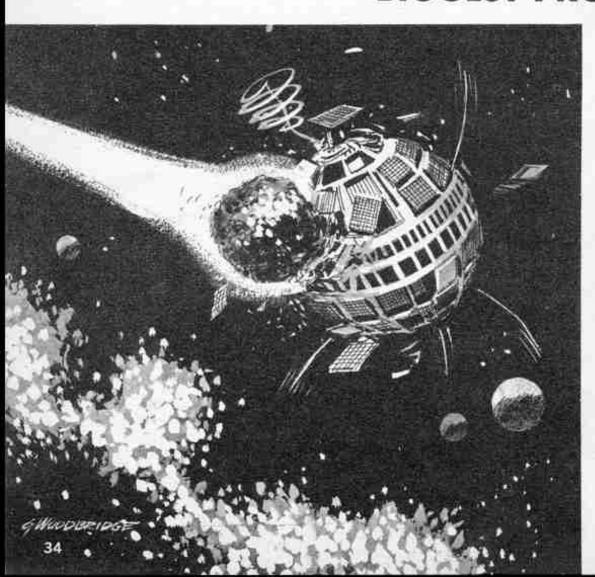
PICK-UPS FROM OUTER SPACE



One exciting possibility is that use of the Telstar may result in our contacting other forms of civilization...



BIGGEST PROBLEM OF ALL



Yes, the biggest problem we face with Telstar is that, in space, the meteorites may strike it, putting it out of order-



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

THE KLONDIKE







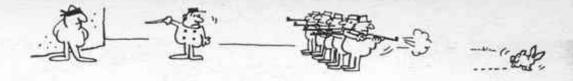






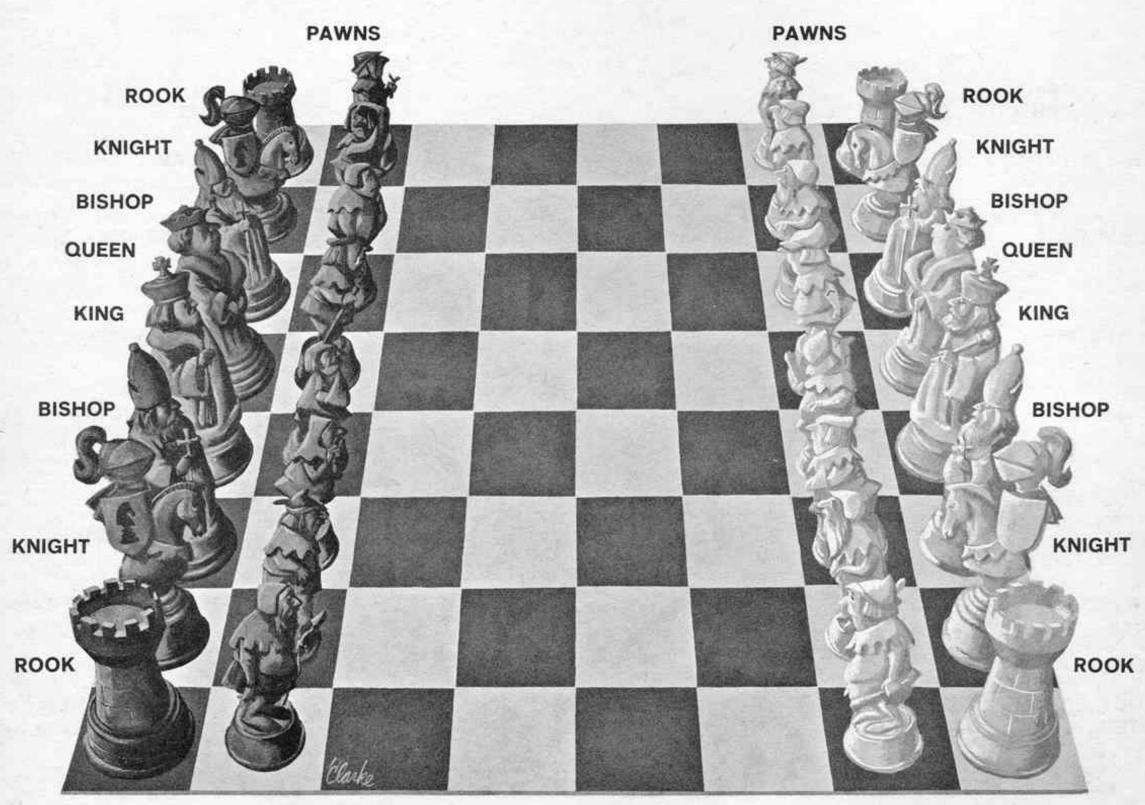






Basically, the game of chess is a game of "war." It was created many centuries ago, and so it was naturally based on war as it was waged in those times. The stratagems employed, though classic, are completely anachronistic in the light of modern military science. That last sentence makes no sense to us whatsoever, but it does tend to lend a highly intellectual tone to an otherwise stupid article like this one is gonna be. Anyway, let's just say that the kind of war the traditional chess game represents is a far cry from the kind of war nations would be moronic enough to fight today. And so, we propose that the game be brought up to date, that all the pieces be re-designed, and that, while there's still time, we start playing MAD's . . .

THE TRADITIONAL CHESS SET



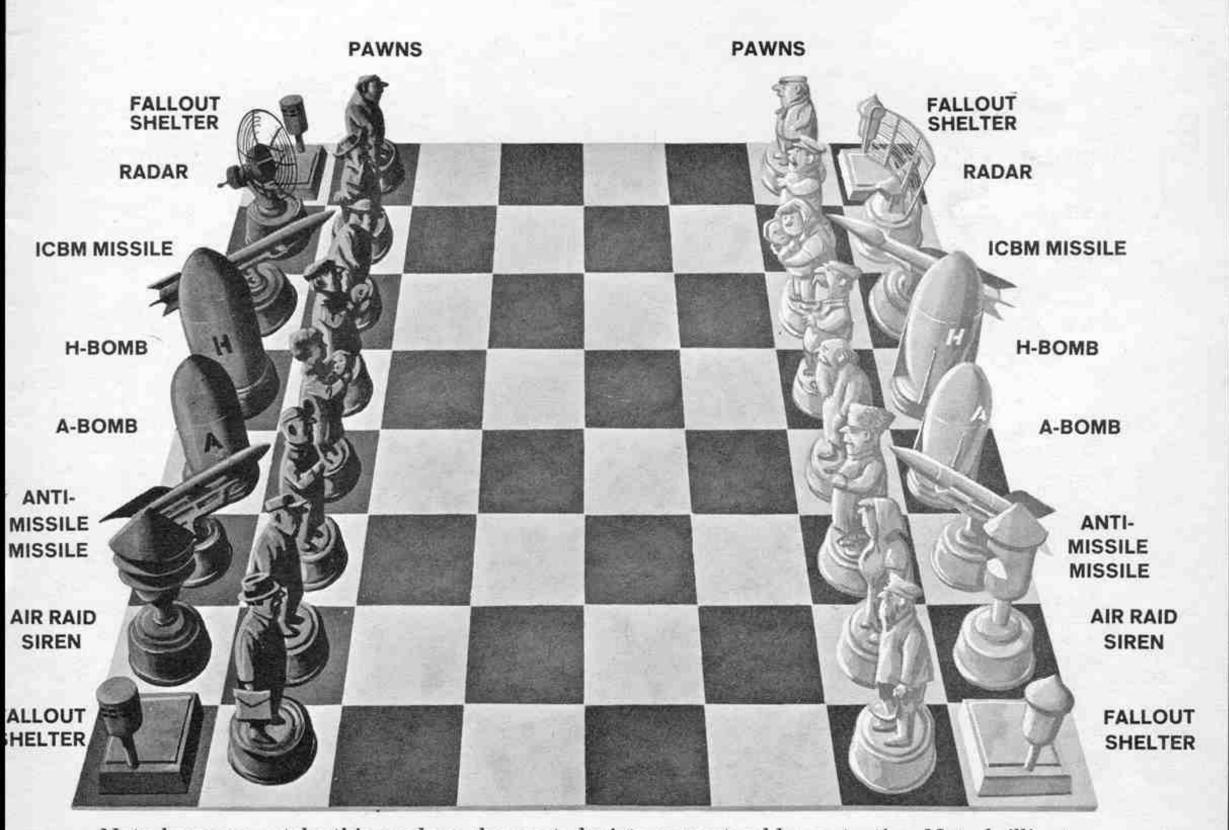
Note how accurately this fine old antique chess set depicts the glory of ancient war. Note splendid royalty. Note bold knights. Note proud bishops. Note grand castles. Note haggard, tattered, hungry pawns who are in the front rows . . . and have to take most of the beating.

MODERN GHESS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAD'S MODERN CHESS SET



Note how accurately this modern chess set depicts current cold war tactics. Note brilliant scientific pieces. Note terrified, neurotic pawns on brink of cracking up. Note one thing that hasn't changed. Pawns are still in front rows . . . and have to take most of the beating.



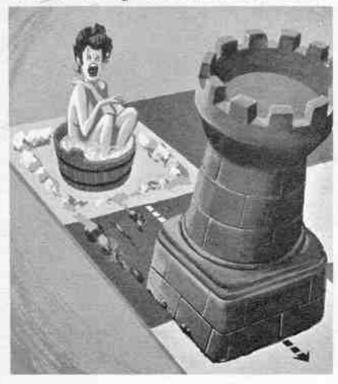
MOVES The Did Way

Each traditional chess piece moves in a particular direction. This permits special intricate strategies that have fascinated brilliant minds for centuries. It also permits clods like us to come along with silly explanations of these intricate moves for clods like you.

PAWNS move ahead one square at a time except first move when two is optional. They move diagonally one square to capture opposing pieces.



ROOKS (Castles) move in any direction in a straight line. Idea began when cheap ancient castle builders used to skimp on foundation mortar.



The Old Way

The exciting stimulation of ancient battle, realistically recreated on a game board with all of its clever strategies, has been thrilling the chess enthusiast for centuries. In the picture at the right, we see a typical spine-tingling competition. Note the wide-eyed concentration—Note the intense emotional strain—Note the anxious expectancy of the player on the right as he waits for the player on the left to make his move. Note that the player on the left has been dead for three years.

KNIGHTS move in L-shape patterns in any direction—two squares ahead and one to the side (or is it one square ahead and two to the side?).



THE KING can make any kind of a move he might suddenly get an urge to make . . . but only one at a time. Game is over when King is captured.



BISHOPS can move in any direction diagonally. A black bishop moves on black squares, and a red bishop is a terrible thing to call a bishop.



THE QUEEN can make any move in any direction she wants to make in order to protect the King. His little game is over when she shows up.







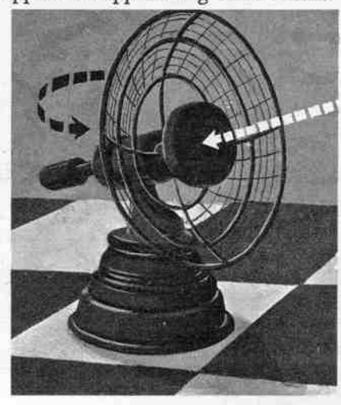
MOVES The NEW Way

MAD's modern chess pieces are not limited to special moves. In fact, each move is completely unpredictable. Cunning, trickery, accident, sneakiness, surprise, fear, anxiety . . . any of these could play a vital part in the game. F'rinstance, a game might work like this—

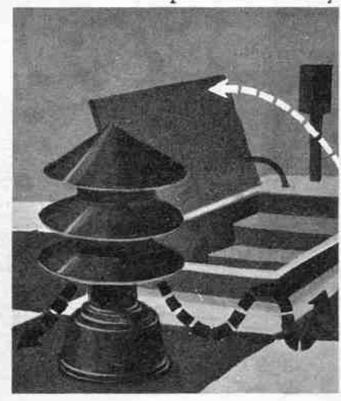
Player on left blinks momentarily. Opponent quickly launches his ICBM Missile, attempting a sneak attack.



Player's early warning system, i.e. his Radar piece, picks up blips of opponent's approaching ICBM Missile.



Radar piece signals Air Raid Siren piece to sound alarm, and Fallout Shelter doors open automatically.



Pawns are then triggered to jump wildly into opened Fallout Shelters, but most are shot by first Pawn in.



Anti-Missile Missiles are launched automatically, thus automatically launching other offensive missiles.



Action continues until both sides' entire nuclear arsenal is launched — at which point, game is concluded.



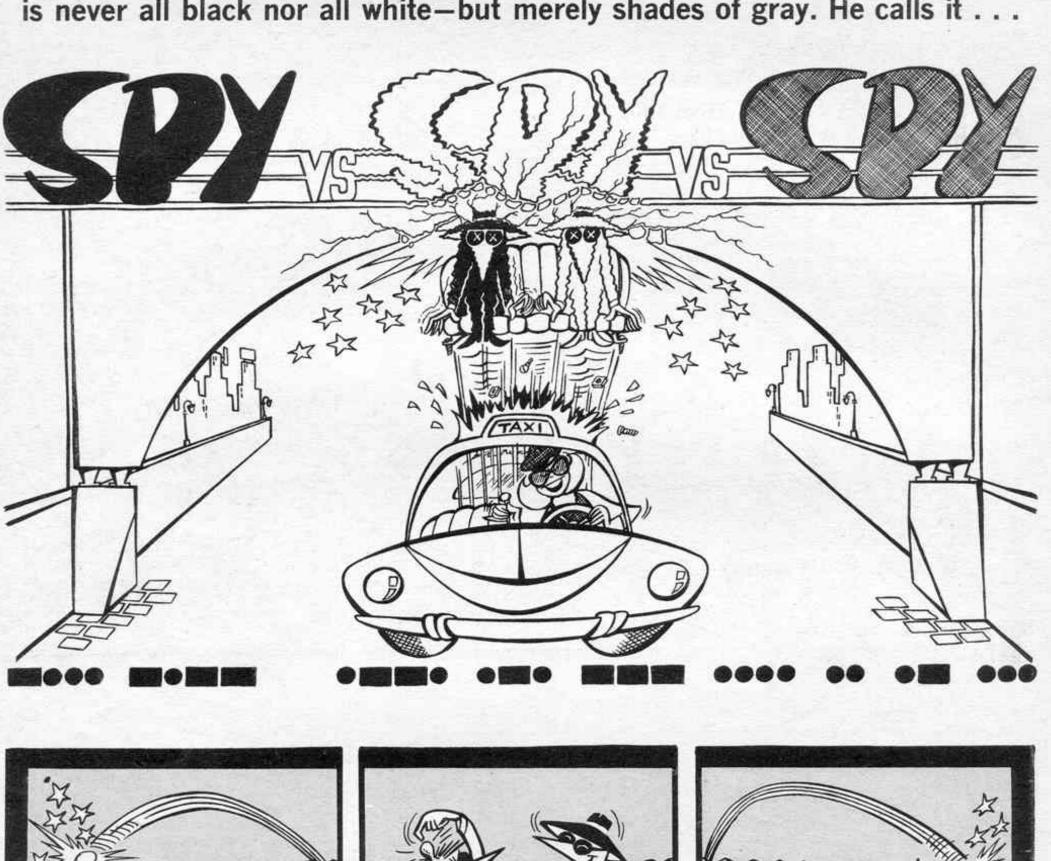
PLAY The **NEW** Way

MAD's Modern Chess Game is played pretty much as described above when it finally gets going. Strategy is limited to each player waiting for the other to make the first move. End of game is followed by deathly silence. Unlike old-fashioned chess, there is no winner. There is also no loser. After several years, the radiation subsides enough to permit another game to begin . . . if there's anyone left to play it. Also, a new chess set is used which MAD is now designing — with caveman-type pieces.



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

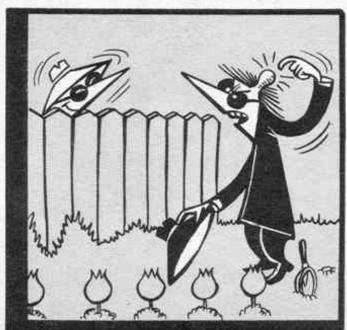
And now, Mr. Prohias offers another installment in his contention that truth is never all black nor all white—but merely shades of gray. He calls it . . .









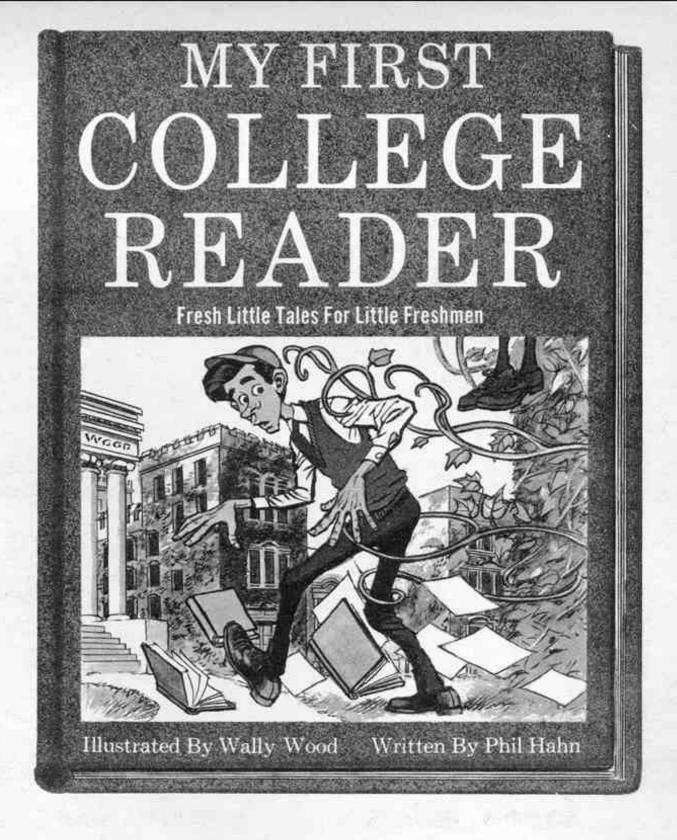


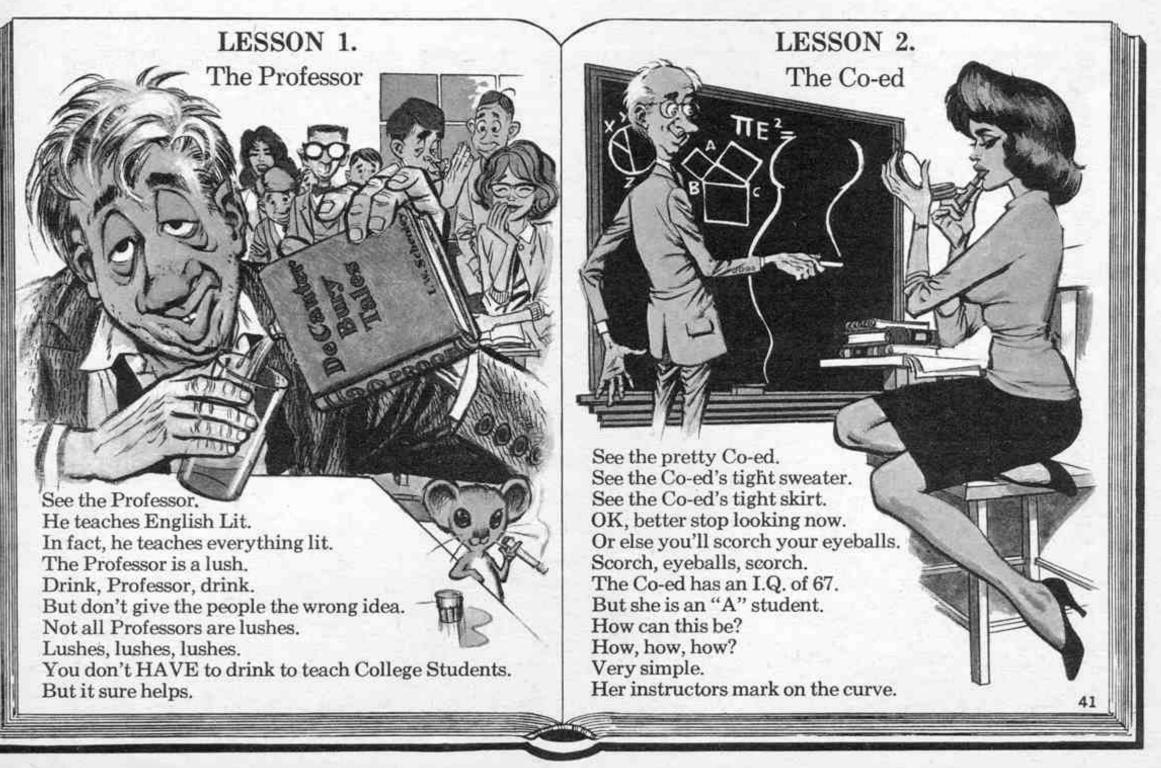


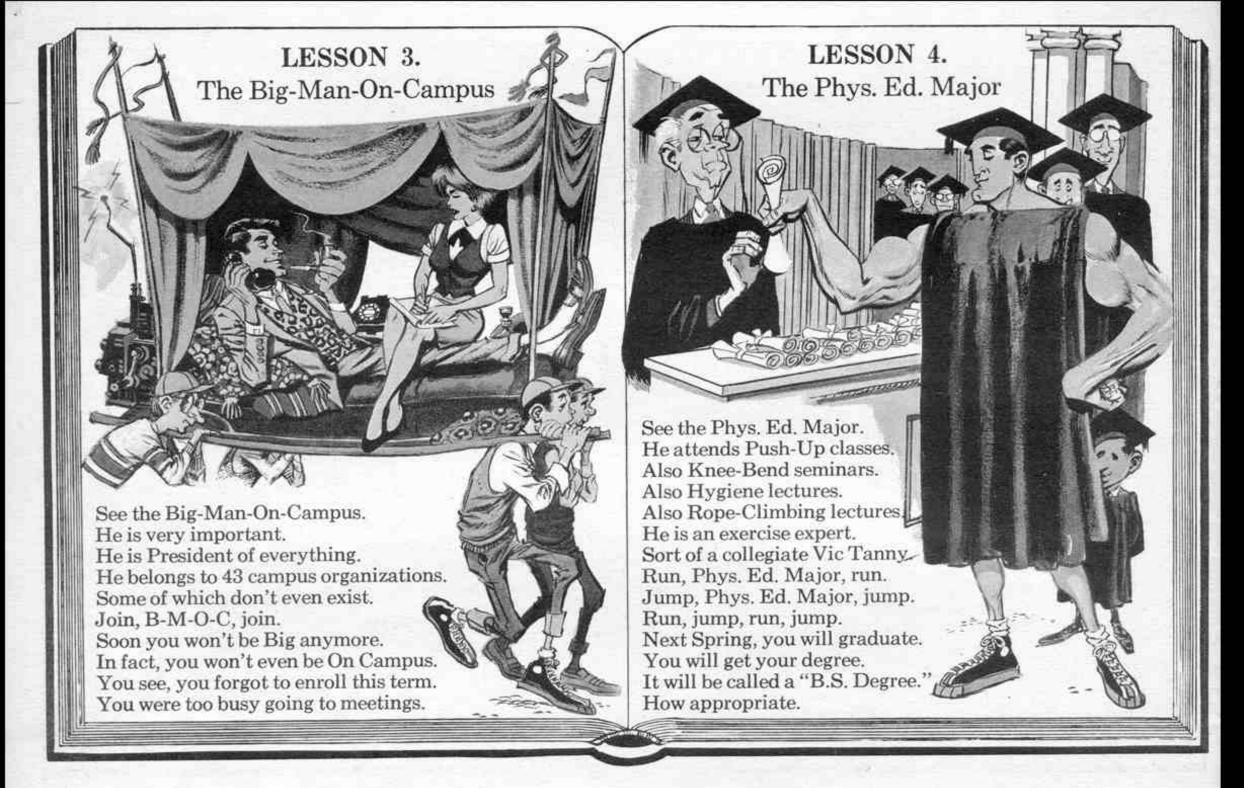
OLD FORMAT, FROSH APPROACH DEPT.

Here we go again with another primer. You all know what a Primer is. It's a simple book for the pupil who is just learning how to read. And so . . . for all those pupils who are just learning how to read, and are also graduating from High School this Spring, here is—

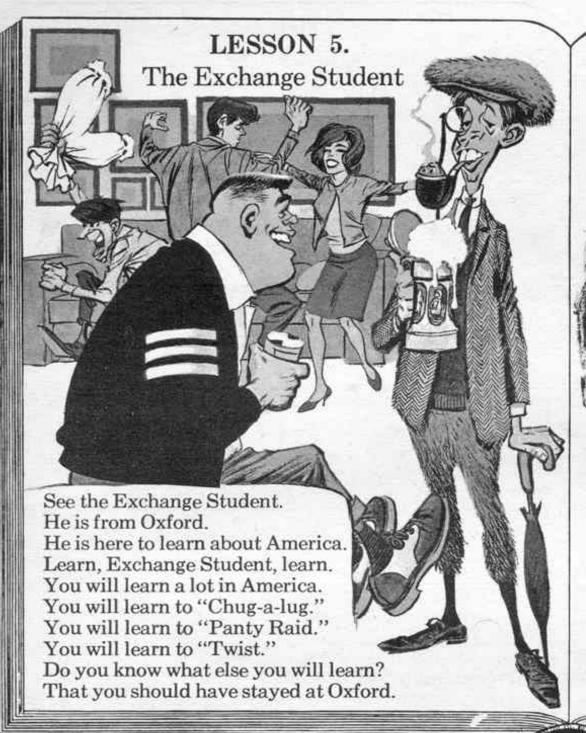
THE MAD (ollege Primer

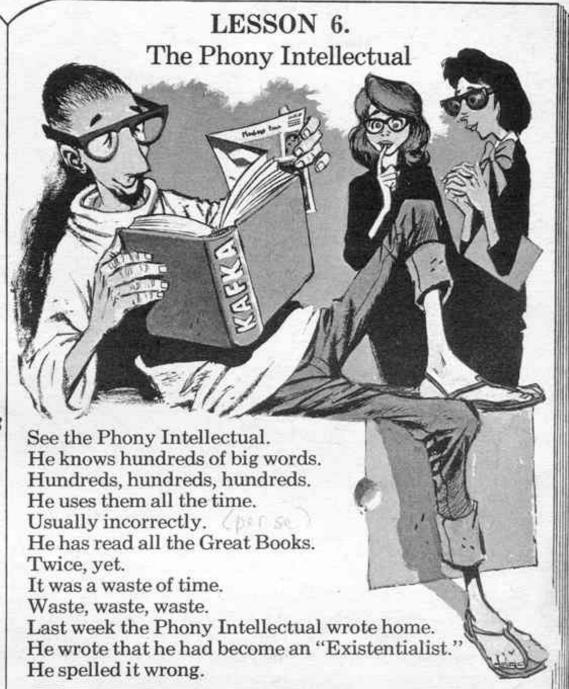


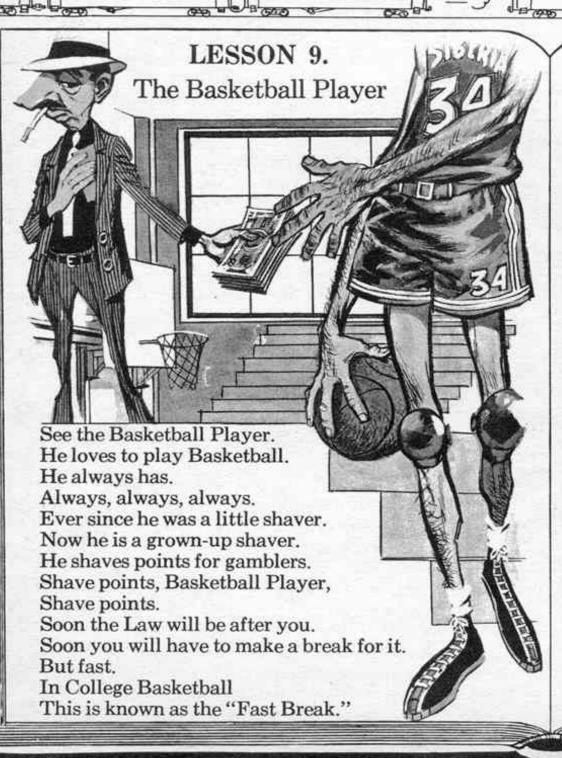


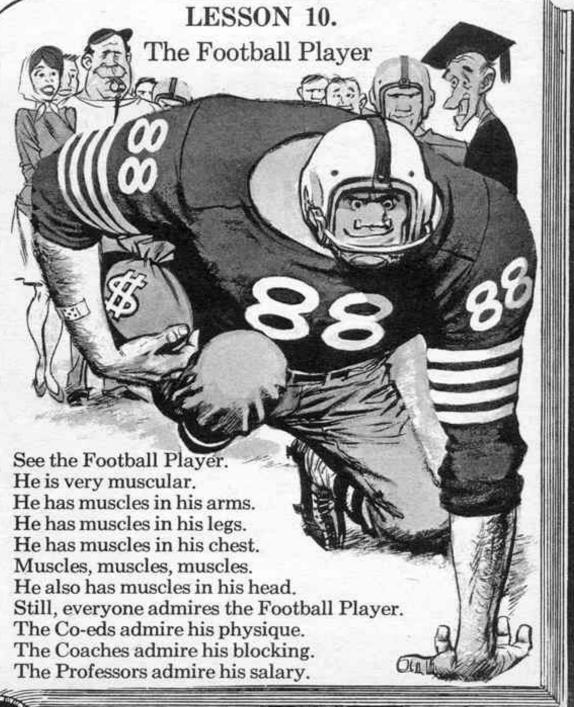




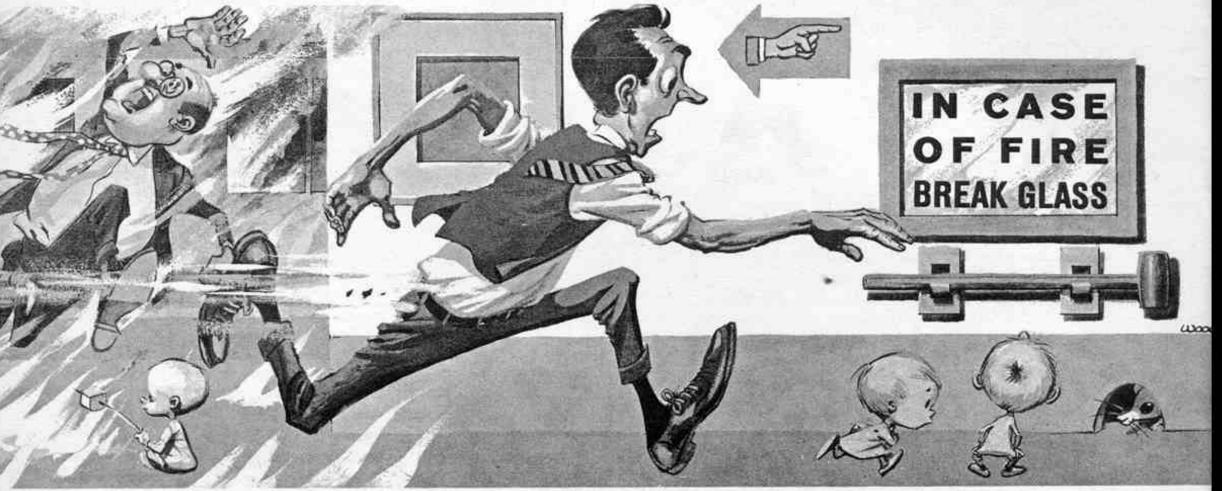








THE EMERGENCY



ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD





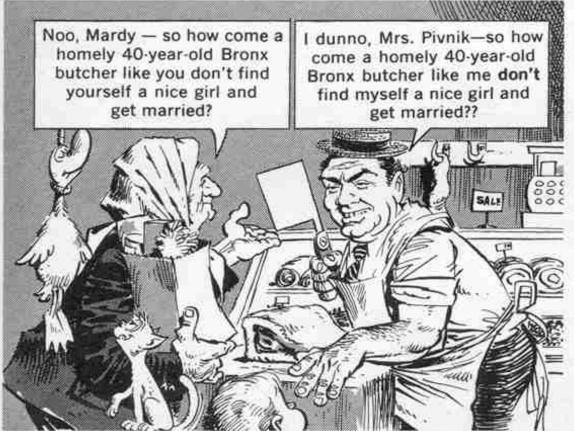
PLAYING FOR BIGGER STEAKS DEPT.

Not too long ago, Hollywood was putting out little films about little people. And we don't mean those travel shorts about Pygmies in Africa! We mean those little films about little people in far-away places like The Bronx. These little films about little people cost little money, and made little profits. For instance, here are scenes (with cost notations involved) from one of the littlest films of all, a popular 1955 movie called

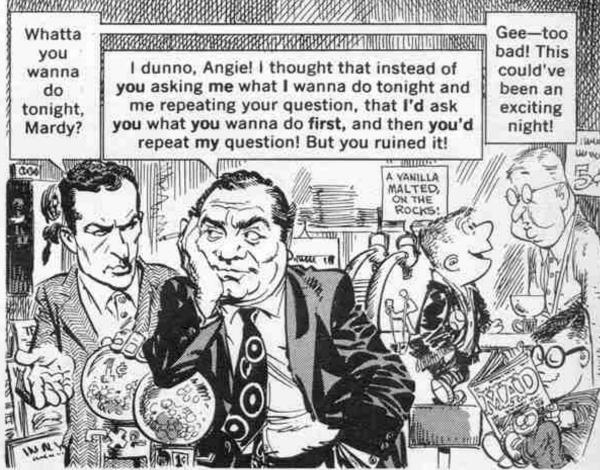
"MARDY"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

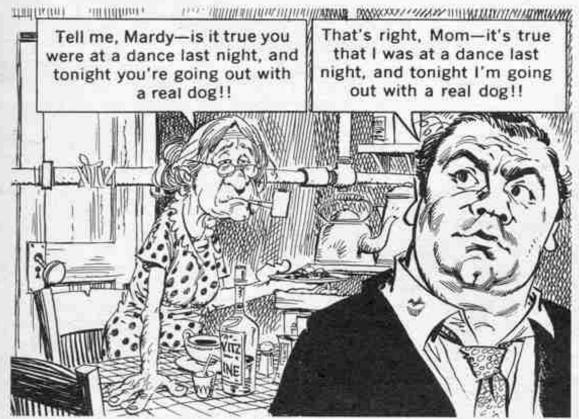
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



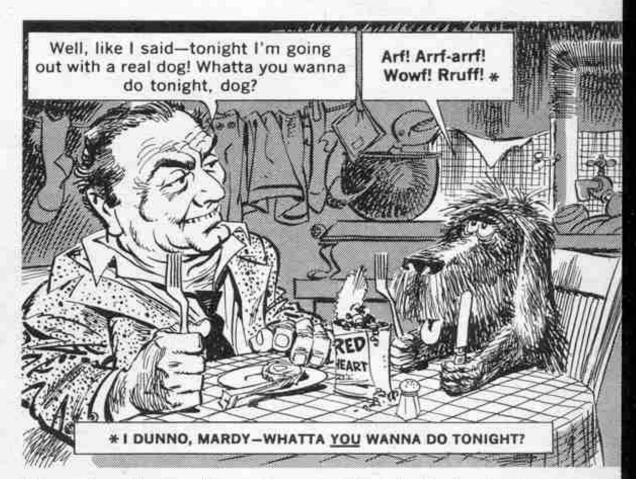
Costs: \$1.19 an hour to unknown, Ernest Borngrime—and 75¢ an hour to writer Paddy Chafedknee, whose realistic dialogue consisted of nothing but one person asking a question and another person replying with same question.



Costs: \$2.43 for installing a soda fountain over the meat counter and changing the butcher shop into a candy store.



Chief cost here involved replacing soda fountain with sink and changing candy store into kitchen. But part of expense was made back when Borngrime was fined \$10 for ad-libbing a declarative sentence instead of answering his mother's question with the same question, like he was supposed to.



The main cash expenditures here were for a lamb chop bone and a small can of Red Heart dog food. The chop bone was for the dog, and the can of Red Heart was for Borngrime.

Total cost of this little film: \$112,575.00. This included \$81.00 in salaries, \$6.14 in scenery, and the sum of \$112,487.86 paid to Union Stagehands who moved the scenery. The film netted \$112,725.00—leaving a grand profit of \$150.00—or just enough money for screenwriter Paddy Chafedknee to buy a tape-recorder, set it up in a Brooklyn grocery store, and have it record his next realistic "little movie" shooting script.

Today, however, Hollywood doesn't make little films about little people anymore. Today, they make nothing but BIG films about BIG PEOPLE. These films are called "Spectaculars," and they cost BIG MONEY! For example, here's what might happen

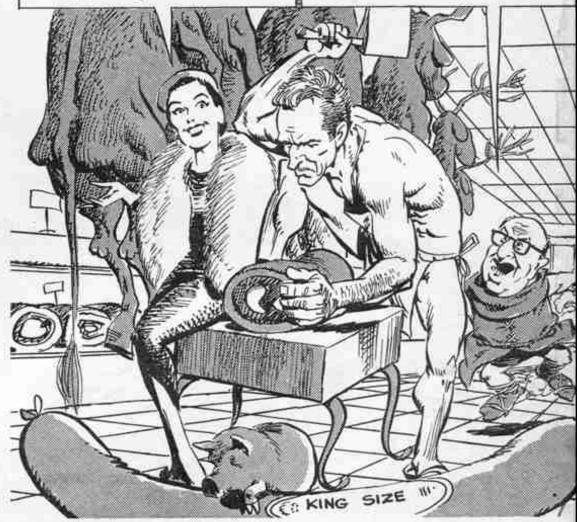
IF "MARDY" WERE MADE



A \$1,000,000 "Meat Emporium" would be built especially for this spectacular film on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx.

Noo, El Mardy—so how come a homely Bronx butcher like you don't find yourself a nice girl and get married?

El Mardy! Come quick! We need every available man! All the animals in the Bronx Zoo just BROKE LOOSE!



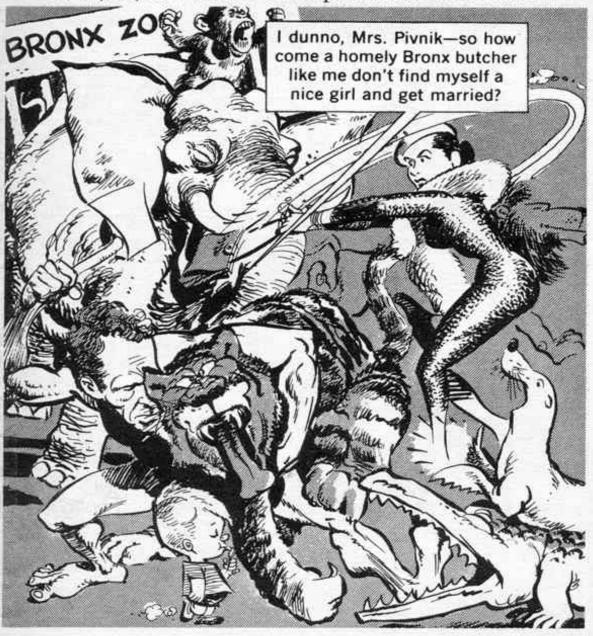
The \$3,000,000 White Plains Express subway train race.





IN HOLLYWOOD TODAY

The \$2,000,000 wild animal stampede at the Bronx Zoo . . .



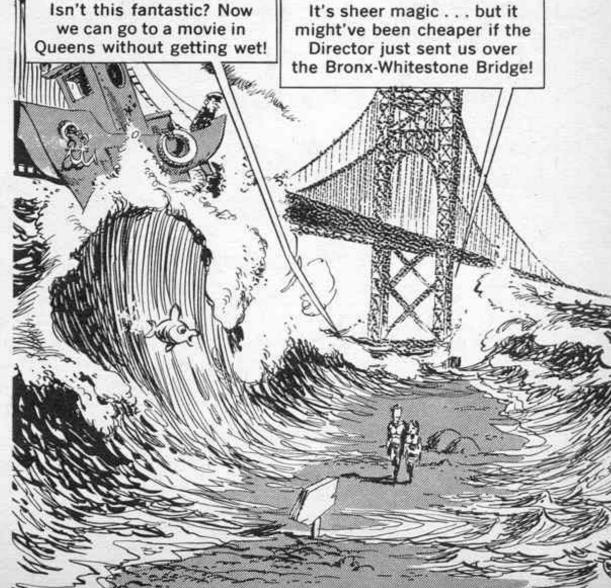
The \$1,500,000 "Storming of The Grand Concourse on a Saturday Night by 15,000 Lonely Bronx Men" scene . . .



The \$4,000,000 "Friday Night Employees' Dance" scene at the Bronx branch of Alexander's Department Store . . .



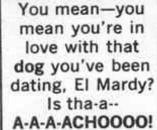
The \$5,000,000 scene in which the waters of the East River miraculously part for El Mardy and his girl . . .



The \$2,000,000 scene in the kitchen of El Mardy's home in the Presidential Suite of the Concourse-Plaza Hotel.

The \$10,000,000 "I Love Her" scene at Freedomland . . .

It's true, Mom! She's homely, but she understands So tell me, me. I think maybe she can explain the mysteries El Mardy is it true of life to me. Like, f'rinstance, how come they that you're hired Marlon Brando for \$1,000,000 to play a Bell-Hop in this scene, when they could've gotten dating a Lyle Bettger for three-and-a-half bucks? real dog?



That's right, Angie! And I'm going to marry her! Now let's meet for a \$3,000,000 scene on the Major Deegan Expressway, and I'll say "Gesundheit" to you for that sneeze!

I can't understand it! To 'Freedomland they let me come! But to "Disneyland"?





And the \$15,000,000 "Finale" scene at Yankee Stadium.



Total cost of this film would be \$45,457,623.19. The film would eventually net \$45,457,623.29 — leaving a grand profit of 10¢ —or just enough money for the Producer to phone screenwriter Paddy Chafedknee to find out if the script for that little picture about little people in a Brooklyn grocery store is ready yet!

THOUGHT YOU COULD DISCOURAGE US BY NOT BUYING 'MAD 'TWISTS' ROCK 'N' ROLL"? WELL, YOU WERE WRONG!

HERE WE GO WITH **OUR SECOND**

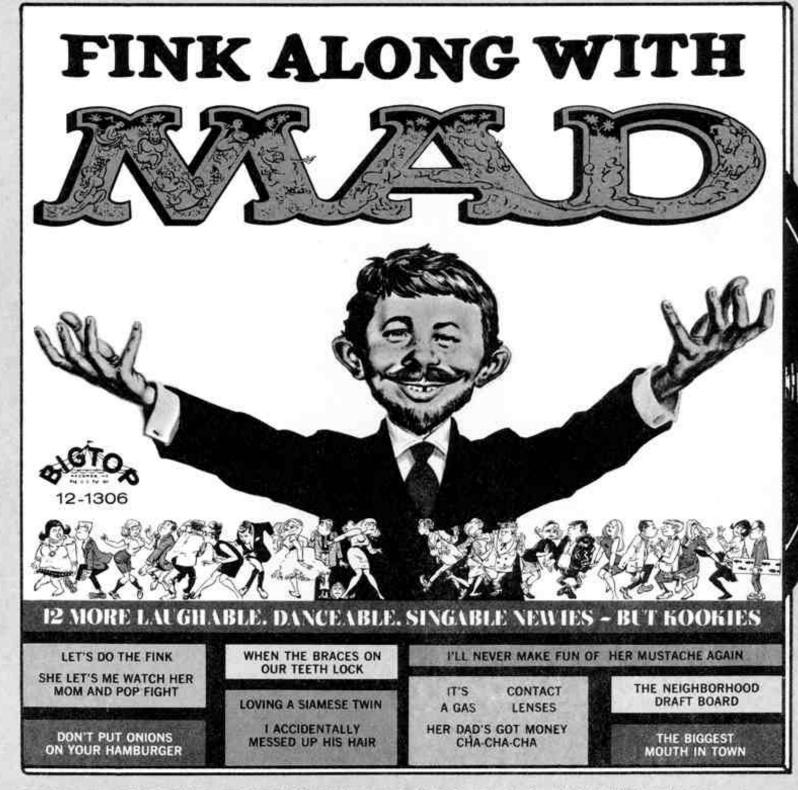
LAUGHABLE DANCEABLE SINGABLE

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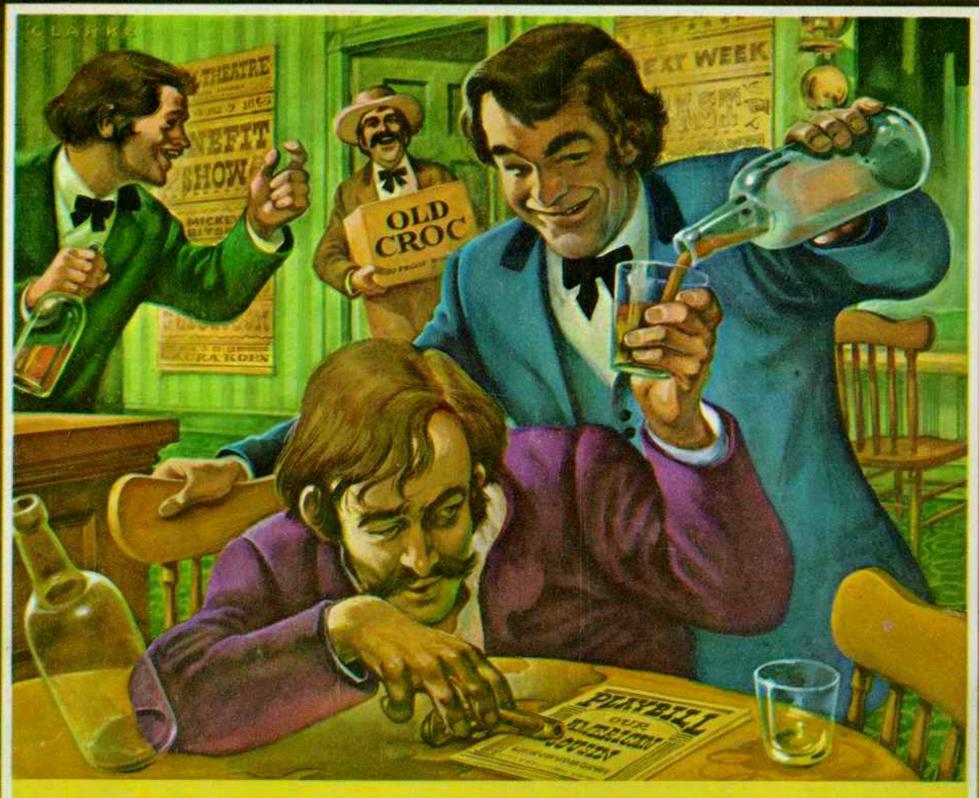
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☐ \$8.00 for two

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John Wilkes Booth gets primed for the job with Old Croc

In 1865, in a dressing room in Ford's Theater, John Wilkes Booth was stewed to the gills. All evening, his plotting friends had been plying him with booze, giving him the nerve he'd need to commit his dastardly deed. Naturally, the whiskey used was Old Croc.



OLD

Erase that
Cowardice
with historic



American idiots, alcoholics and assassins have been getting up their nerve with Old Croc for 127 years. Today, everybody is using whiskey to give themselves a boost before they have to do something unpleasant—like come home to the li'l woman, or ask the boss for a raise! So if you have a tough job ahead, why not get yourself "Croc-ked"—tonight!

today-for lighter, milder Boosts

