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MAD

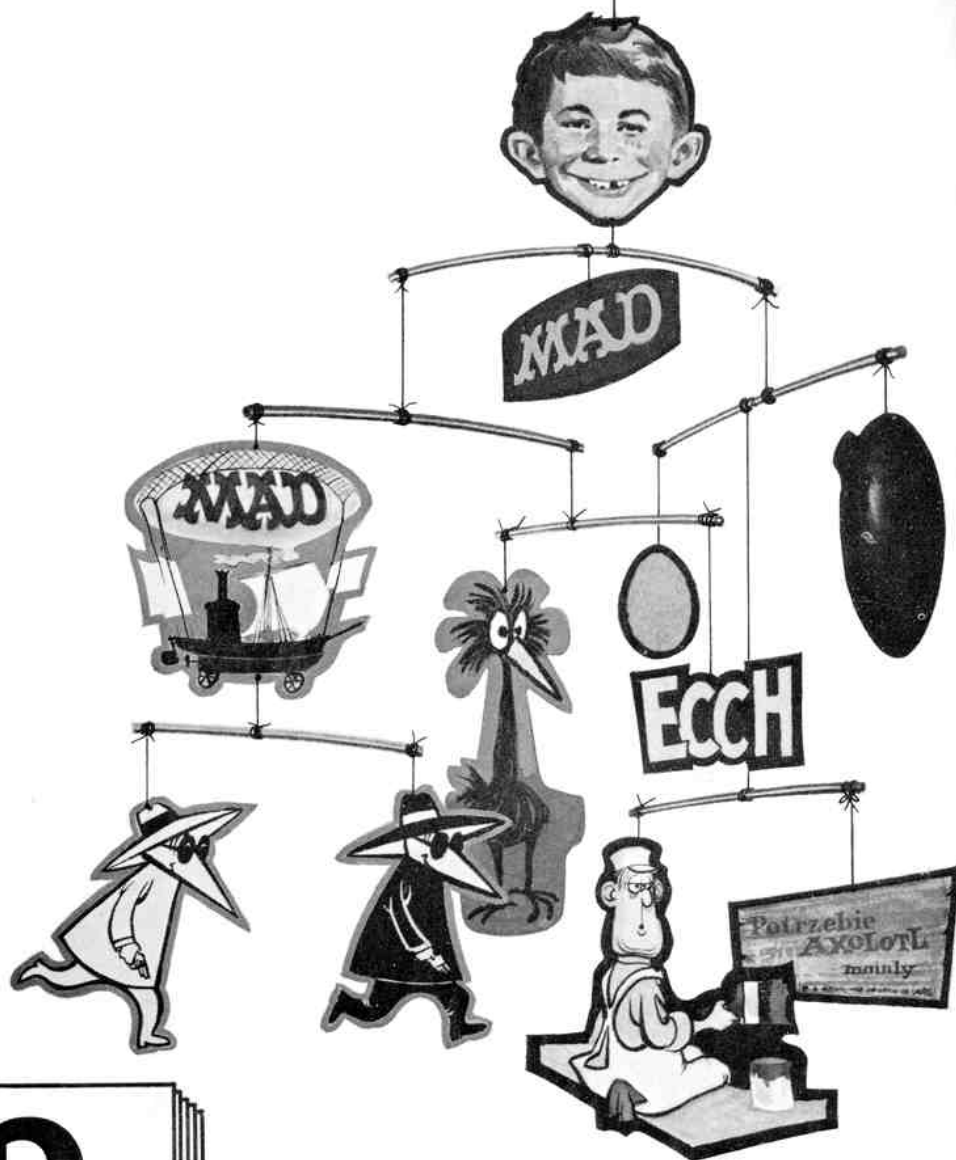
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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



"SAVAGE SOCIETY & GREAT SOCIETY"

Max Brandel's pictorial comparison of "The Savage Society" with "The Great Society" was brilliant. But one question: How did he get the MAD Staff to pose for those pictures of "The Savage Society?"

Tom Scullin
Hubbard, Ohio

"THE MAD SHOW"

The other day, I saw your new revue, "The MAD Show." I think it is one of the best new shows of the season. The cast was marvelous, the music was enjoyable, and the sketches were terrific. My congratulations to writers Larry Siegel and Stan Hart and to composer Mary Rodgers. The entire show was like the pages of MAD come alive. Pat yourselves on the back.

Neil Posner
Hollis Hills, N. Y.

"The MAD Show," currently appearing at the New Theater in New York, is truly "theater of the absurd"! Congratulations! I hope it runs forever!

Kate Cone
Upper Montclair, N. J.

"I'm going back to see it again.

Maryann Lopinto
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I've read the fabulous reviews of "The MAD Show" and would like to know if there is any chance it will ever play Cleveland.

Michael Brandman
Cleveland, Ohio

Who knows? "The MAD Show" currently has a New York company appearing at "The New Theatre" and a Chicago company appearing at "The Happy Medium". In the planning stage is a San Francisco company, a Boston company and a College Tour company!—Ed.

"THE MAD SHOW" SCORES AGAIN

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Editor, MAD Magazine
485 Madison Avenue
New York, New York
Dear Sir:

I have long maintained that the political wars of New York City are won on the playing fields of Central Park. I was, therefore, dismayed when one of the finest teams in football history, the "Lindsay Lancers," was recently upset 13-2 by a team from "The MAD Show." To correct this error and re-establish their national reputation, the "Lindsay Lancers" hereby challenge the "MAD Show" team to a rematch.

John V. Lindsay
Mayor



Mayor Lindsay breaks through MAD blocking during big upset game.



Mayor Lindsay congratulates Capt. Stan Hart of "The MAD Show Team" on its win.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code) 1. Date of filing: Oct. 1, 1966. 2. Title of Publication: MAD. 3. Frequency of issue: Monthly except Feb., May, August, & Nov. 4. Location of Known Office of Publication: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022. 5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022. 6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: William M. Gaines—485 Madison Ave. NYC 10022; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein—485 Madison Ave. NYC 10022; Managing Editor: None. 7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or

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"HELLO, LYNDON!"

"Hello, Lyndon" has got to be the best piece of literary genius that has ever been printed in your magazine. Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker had me rolling on the floor with laughter.

Bill Milligan
University of South Carolina

Never in my life have I read such an inflammatory and thoroughly disgusting satire as your "Hello, Lyndon—or—My Fair Lady Bird!" Your inept writers have made fools of the President, the Vice-President, and Senator Kennedy. I cannot imagine how anyone can, in these perilous times, stoop to such tactics. There aren't words to describe the contempt I feel for you in printing this ridiculous article.

Michael H. Arnold
Ada, Ohio

Bravo on your "Hello, Lyndon" article. I was one of the few lucky ones to get a copy of the issue before the C.I.A. confiscated them all from the newsstands. Will you be able to furnish re-prints of this piece before LBJ dissolves your company? By 1968, I'm sure all Democratic candidates will want copies to hand out.

Bruce Wilcox
Waukesha, Wisconsin
P.S. How long did it take from the time the issue hit the stands until the U.S. Internal Revenue Service began examining your Income Tax Reports?

If you haven't any better things to do for laughs than to make fun of the President of the United States, you might try sticking your head in a toilet and flushing it. The whole crew of you should be hung by your intestines until you yell, "LBJ Forever!"

Britt Collins
Raleigh, N. C.

I want to thank Mort Drucker and Larry Siegel for the best article, by far, that was ever printed in your magazine. I also want to thank the Editors of MAD for having the courage to print it. It is unfortunate that in the same issue with "Hello, Lyndon" you had such an obviously inferior article as "Protest Magazine."

David Penchansky
Flushing, N. Y.

"PROTEST MAGAZINE"

My congratulations to Larry Siegel and George Woodbridge for the slyest, wittiest, sharpest, billion-pound thrust at Protest Groups that will ever be launched. It was long overdue.

Carol Altes
Craig, Colorado

"Hello, Lyndon" was tremendous. It ranks with such all-time greats as "East Side Story" and "A MAD Guide to Russia." Your brilliant satire mentioned Vietnam and other topics which will undoubtedly draw down upon your head the wrath and letters of many small-minded people. And your "Protest Magazine" was also devastating. Having joined the local campus "activist" group, I know that the most important function of such a group is the re-evaluation of its aims and the means used to obtain its goals. Don't let your honest and objective voice be drowned out by the thousands of angry letters you'll probably get from that quarter.

Mark Trueblood
Brown University

"Protest Magazine" is just one more indication of how your magazine, which was once an intelligent, critical publication has now become an arm of the Government that it used to blast.

H. K.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I've been a strong advocate of your excellent magazine for the past seven years, but when I opened the Dec. issue (#107), I was horrified. I never believed you would stoop so low as to smear the most sincere and serious of our college students. If Messrs. Woodbridge and Siegel think that anti-war demonstrations and civil rights demonstrations are humorous—I fail to see the humor.

Richard Sayre
University of Pittsburgh

I am through reading MAD. It has grown too didactic, too biased, too obviously partisan and too humorless for me.

Robert Hellam
Seaside, California

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New York City, New York 10022

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William M. Gaines, Publisher.

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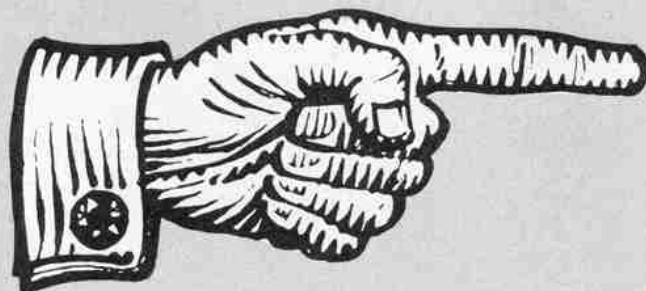


IS PARIS BURNING?

You bet! Not only Paris, but also London, Rome, Moscow—in fact, people in cities everywhere are burning these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid. So act now! Send 25¢ for 1 (or 50¢ for 3) to: MAD, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022—and you can go to blazes with the rest of the world!

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DEPT.





When they first set out to make a film of this successful Broadway play, they decided that they'd need two middle-aged ugly people to play the hero and heroine. Then they decided that they'd also like to make *money* with this film!



So they hired Liz and Dick! You won't *believe* how the make-up man has camouflaged Liz's beauty and sex appeal—turning her into an ugly, middle-aged bag! Brace yourself! Here comes that hideous, overblown, sexless blob now!



See those three lines around her eyes! And see those four grey hairs! And see how ugly she looks all over! Yecchhh! All we know is: We certainly wouldn't want our mother to look like her! Our *girl friend*, yeah! But not our mother!

Now get ready for a movie excursion into the world of sex, profanity, screaming, drinking and blood-curdling parlor games that never quite answers the question the whole world is asking . . . mainly:

WHO IN HECK IS VIRGINIA WOOLFE?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Well, here we are . . . me, the dirty rotten daughter of a University President . . . and you, a dirty rotten History Teacher! It's two o'clock in the morning and we've just returned from a Faculty Party to our dirty rotten home!

Right! And now, we're going to play dirty rotten games for the rest of the night! Because, through these games, the author plans to dramatically strip away our facades and reveal the fulsome phantasmagoria of base rot that permeates our souls!

That sounds deep! What in blazes does it mean?

It means that this is an Art Film—so now the Censors will have to let us talk dirty!



Okay . . . It's Game Time! I will now start off the evening by destroying you psychologically! To do this, we'll play "House"!

"House"? You're going to destroy me psychologically by playing a silly, harmless game like "House"? Oh, that's really funny! That's a scream!

Okay! Here we go: First—let's make believe we live in a filthy miserable home like this one because you're not capable of making a decent living!

Whoops! There goes my self-confidence!

. . . and I must hate your rotten guts!

Whoops! There goes my sense of security!

. . . and you must be the "Mommy"—and I must be the "Daddy"!

Whoops! There goes my virility!

My game now! I'm going to cause you great anxiety and a possible kick in the teeth by playing "Pin The Tail On The Donkey"! And you're IT!

That's ridiculous! How will I suffer great anxiety and a possible kick in the teeth by sticking this pin into a donkey?

We'll be playing with a real donkey!

I will not play that game, you \$#&+€*!!

You'll play it and like it, you #&\$+€@*!

&# = €@&!!

\$*&# + = *!

% \$?

Huh? "%\$?" . . . ?

What kind of profanity is that, Liz?

That's no profanity, Dick! I just wanted to know what percentage of the gross we're getting for this picture!

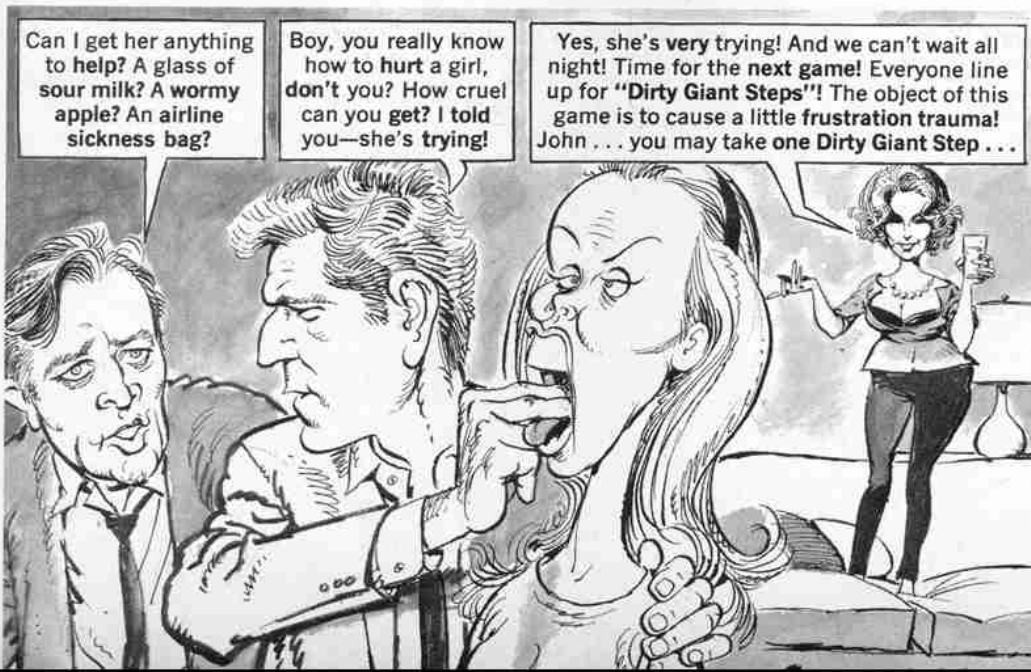
Where were we? Oh, yes . . . I will not play that game, you \$&#*+@€!!

You will play and like it, you # \$ + @ € * % !!

There's the doorbell! Answer it!

IF IT'S THE DONKEY—COME ON IN!!

Hi, John and Marcia! I'm Nat—a new Instructor here at the University—and this is my wife, Bunny! We're both fresh-looking, clean-cut, and very much in love . . . which is why it is dramatically wise to inject us into this "House of Horrors"! Can we come in and play with you?



John, you may now take one Dirty Baby Step!

Now I know why you really wanted to play this game! You don't want me to take a Baby Step! You just want to remind me of the baby we had! How many times have I told you, "Don't ever mention that kid of ours!"?

Oh, boy ...

Boy! You said "Boy!"! Don't mention our boy again!!



Aw ... for the love of Mike ...

Mike! You said "Mike"!

But our kid's name is "Lance"!

See? You're talking about our kid, Lance, again! Don't mention our boy, Lance, again ... ever! Do you understand?



What game are we going to play next, Nat?

None of your &%#\$@! business!

Nat!! What's happening to us??

All right! For our next game we're going to play, "Go To The Roadhouse For No Reason At All When We Could Do The Same Thing We're Going To Do There ... Right Here"!

Who made up that game?

The Director! He wants to get us away from this crummy, confining Set for a while!

Shouldn't you and I be sitting next to our wives, instead of side by side here in the car?

Ordinarily, yes! But in a picture like this, anything can happen!



Well, up to this point, things are going very well: I hate Marcia—Marcia hates me—I hate you—you hate me—Nat hates you—you hate Nat—and the people in Appalachia are starving!

What do the people in Appalachia have to do with us?

I just threw it in for laughs! In this picture, a line like THAT is Comedy Relief!

If I were the jealous type, I would really be worried about those two! Marcia looks great out there, doesn't she?

She sure does!

She does that fantastically, doesn't she?

Yes, she does!

How is she at "Dancing"?



I've had it with you!
This is **Total War!** And
don't tell me there was
nothing between you and
Nat on the dance floor!

Of course there was
nothing between
us! Did you
see how close
our bodies were!

They scream out here for an hour!
They scream outside their house for
two hours! And nobody complains or
calls the police? Who in the movie
audience is going to believe all this?

The same people who are going
to believe that we four are
typical of the people responsible
for educating America's youth
on our nation's campuses!



That wasn't nice of
Marcia to make me
walk back from the
roadhouse! What's
been happening
while I was gone?

My husband
and your wife
have been in
the bedroom
with the lights
out for an hour!

Gee, I wonder
what game they're
playing now?

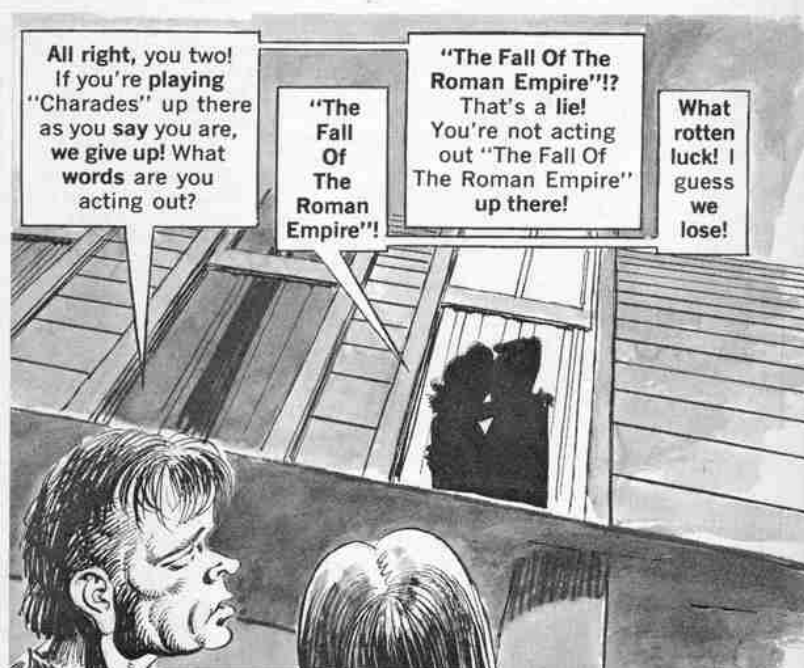
I think they
said "**Charades**"!

All right, you two!
If you're playing
"**Charades**" up there
as you say you are,
we give up! What
words are you
acting out?

"**The
Fall Of
The
Roman
Empire**"!

"**The Fall Of The
Roman Empire**"!?
That's a lie!
You're not acting
out "**The Fall Of
The Roman Empire**"
up there!

What
rotten
luck! I
guess
we
lose!



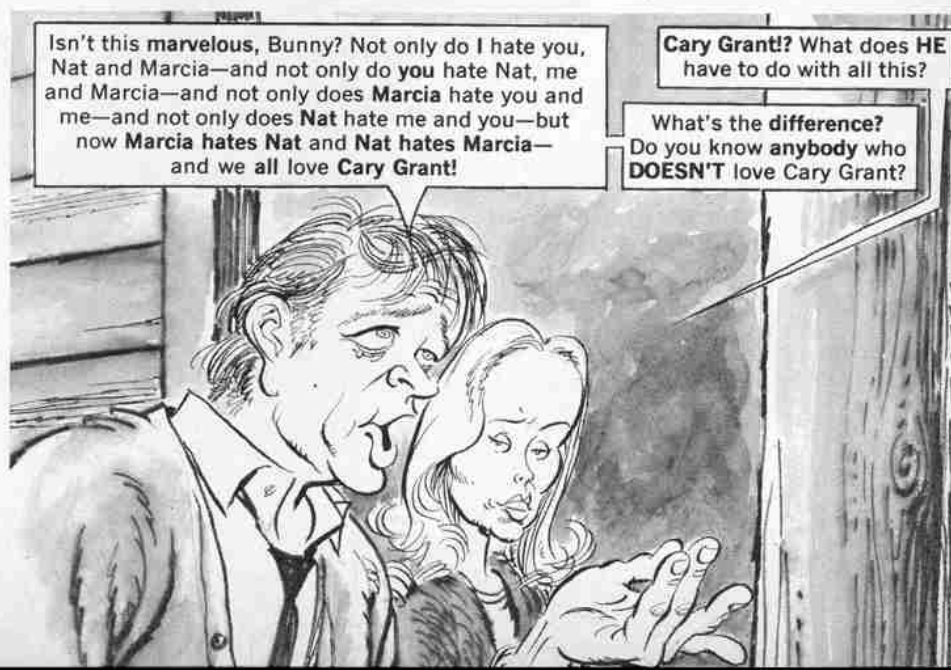
You're a rotten
"**Charades**" player,
Nat! I hate you!

And I hate
you too,
Marcia!

Isn't this marvelous, Bunny? Not only do I hate you,
Nat and Marcia—and not only do you hate Nat, me
and Marcia—and not only does Marcia hate you and
me—and not only does Nat hate me and you—but
now Marcia hates Nat and Nat hates Marcia—
and we all love Cary Grant!

Cary Grant? What does HE
have to do with all this?

What's the difference?
Do you know anybody who
DOESN'T love Cary Grant?



Now, for our next game, we're going to play . . .

We've been playing games all night and it's getting late! No more games, Marcia!

We're going to play games until the sun comes up!

Son! You said "Son"! Didn't I warn you never to mention that son of ours again!?

Hold it!
Hold it!
What's with you two and your kid!?

I keep telling her never to mention our son, but she keeps bringing him up! Now, I've decided to kill the kid! I've got to!

But you don't even have a kid! Do you? You made up the kid! Didn't you? Both of you have been using this fantasy child as a crutch to hold your marriage together! Now why don't you forget this make-believe kid and face reality and—

Hello, Mother! Hello, Father! It is I—your son, Lance! I'm home from Harvard! Gosh-a-rooney, it's grand to see you both again! Now, it's me for a tall glass of milk, some warm apple pie, a healthful shower . . . after which I'm off to take Nancy, that sweet girl from next door, to the Church Social, and then out for a Malt and . . .

Fantasy child, you say! Fantasy, my foot! He's real, and he's OURS! How can sick people like us stand such a disgustingly wholesome kid!?

Yeah!
Kill!
Kill!
Kill!

Well, so long, John and Marcia! It's been fun playing games with both of you tonight! But before we go, there's one thing I'd like to ask you! Do you two spend every night playing games like this?

Not really! Tonight was something special for us! It's our Wedding Anniversary!

IIIQT
DRUCKER

GRADUATING CRASS DEPT.

Have you ever wondered how some people get to be so irritating, contrary and just plain nasty? No? Well, you should have, because otherwise we've wasted three pages giving you the answer. Mainly, we've figured out that nobody could be that obnoxious naturally, so there must be schools where they learn to be mean, pushy, insulting, sarcastic, etc. So we did some research, and sure enough we came up with these ads for

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS FOR REPULSIVE PEOPLE

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

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and that I needed ex-
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splitting, frustrating
government employees
in the country. It's a
good feeling!"



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Tex Examiner

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—Boris Laggard
Tardy, N.Y.

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"I used to keep my mouth shut and do my job! Now I butt into conversations with all sorts of annoying drive!"
—Jessica Slackjaw
Yack-Yack, Ore.

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—Mary Mixinupp
Tangle, Virginia

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"I never knew what fun it could be to watch people try to eat an entire meal before it gets cold! Thanks a million!"
—Otis Overload
Panic, N. J.

MOVES UP FROM BUSBOY TO WAITER



"You taught me to spill trays of dirty dishes so well that I've been promoted! Now I spill trays of soup, instead!"
—Edward Tremble
Fumble, Miss.

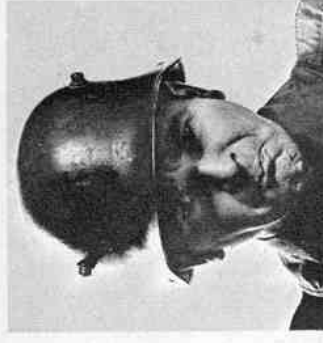
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—Sadie Frumpp
Eggstein, Utah

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"We're looking for people who want to really know how to hurt a guy"

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A CAREER IN "PERSONNEL INTERVIEWING" BUT FEEL YOU LACK WHAT IT TAKES? YOU CAN BE MEANER THAN YOU THINK! START OUR COURSE IMMEDIATELY, AND WITHIN 6 WEEKS, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE ANY PERSONNEL INTERVIEWING JOB WITH THE SURE-FIRE SNOTTY REMARKS WE TEACH YOU. LIKE FRINSTANCE:

- * "You call this mess a resumé?"
- * "You should have made a move five years ago! Now, it's too late!"
- * "People with your qualifications are a dime a dozen, you know!"
- * "You realize, of course, that you were vastly over-paid in your last job!"
- * "We've got an opening for an impressive type of Executive, Mr. . . . uh, what was your name, again?"
- * "We're constantly running into people like you who are out of step with the times!"
- * "Frankly, you've priced yourself out of the market!"
- * "Want some advice? If there's any chance of getting your old job back, take it!"
- * "Has anyone used the word 'unemployable' to you before?"
- * "Nothing in Management . . . but we do have a few Janitorial openings, if you'd consider a large cut in salary!"
- * "Sorry, nothing! Check with us again in April . . . and a Merry Christmas to you and your family!"
- * . . . AND MANY, MANY OTHERS!

GRADUATES OF OUR SCHOOL ARE PRESENTLY REDUCING JOB APPLICANTS TO TEARS IN MANY OF AMERICA'S TOP PERSONNEL OFFICES. GET IN ON THE FUN! ENROLL TODAY!

FAMOUS CRUEL PERSONNEL INTERVIEWERS SCHOOL

Box 25

SADISTIC, OKLAHOMA

"We're looking for people who like to bore others to tears"



IF YOU CAN DRIVE, AND YOUR DREAM IN LIFE IS TO DRIVE OTHER PEOPLE TO DISTRACTION BY BEING BOORISH, CRUDE, BORING, ANNOYING OR ALL THESE THINGS, THEN CONSIDER BECOMING A TAXICAB DRIVER. COURSES INCLUDE:

- * Fifty completely pointless anecdotes heavily larded with "I", "my kids" and "my old lady".
- * The top-20 all-time favorite dreary jokes, complete with absolutely no punch lines.
- * One hundred snappy epithets, slurs and base canards, including gems like "them #%%&@!¢ politicians", "them lousy cops", "them &#%!¢ bosses", "them crummy women drivers" and "them cheap skate tipplers."
- * An indoctrination of cornball philosophies and worthless advice on everything from "Adolescents" to "Zen Buddhism."
- * Two thousand hackneyed phrases and clichés, such as "It never rains but it pours" ... "You think you got it bad!" ... "The rich get richer, but the poor get children" ... and "Things are tough all over."
- * A complete collection of Taxicab Driver's Whinings, including: "What good's a rainy day to me? It just blocks traffic!" and "What good's a sunny day to me? It just brings out the traffic!" plus dozens of other popular gripes calculated to keep your customers squirming with ennui.

START YOURSELF ON THE ROAD TO BEING AN OBNOXIOUS SUCCESS! ENROLL TODAY!
FAMOUS GARRULOUS CABDRIVERS SCHOOL

Box 78 Yakityak, Massachusetts

AMERICA'S 10 MOST UNBALANCED PARKING LOT EMPLOYEES

"We're looking for young punks who like to smash automobiles"

Are you frustrated? Do you feel unfulfilled? Are you jealous of others who are more successful than you? Now you can work off your aggression in a vicious, violent, satisfying way—and get paid for it, too!

So America's Ten Most Unbalanced Parking Lot Employees have created a school where you can learn professional automobile demolition in your spare time. Upon graduation, you can get a job and vent your spleen on customers the way the experts do it. You may take fully accredited courses in any of these exciting subjects: Minor Denting, Major Denting, Fender-Crushing, Bumper-Locking, Bumper-Re-moving, Tiny Scratching, Awful Scratching, Trunk-jamming, Trunk-Springing and Complete Unrepairable Demolition. Fill out the coupon below for complete details, or put your "X" in the space provided and have someone who can read and write fill it out for you—today!



Gundy Motor



Nick Adore



Randy Batterydown



Ben DeBumper



Denton Fenders



Kent Steerwell



Skip Braking



Liet Rubber



Lewis Control



Brush A. Column

FAMOUS RECKLESS PARKING LOT ATTENDANTS SCHOOL
 Box 68, Dropout, Tennessee

My Mark

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ gunCODE _____

IN THE LOCKER ROOM

Okay, Foneboneski—the first play youse gotta learn is the “Statue Of Liberty” play! Let’s run through it again . . .



Dawk!

I’m the Quarterback—see! And I’ve got the ball—see? I fade back like I’m gonna pass—see?



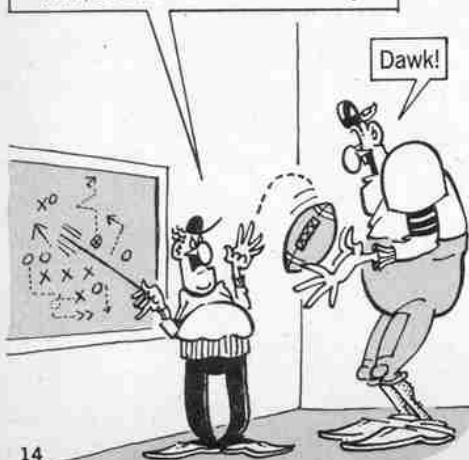
Groot!

Now this next play is the “Football, Football, Who’s Got The Football?” play! I’ve got the ball, but nobody knows it, see, because my arms are folded over it, an’ my head is down! An’ you’re doing the SAME THING!



Dawk!

Okay, Foneboneski! This play is the “Triple Fake Off-Guard Plunge” play. It’s all laid out on this blackboard here, so listen and watch closely!



Dawk!

First, you fake to the left . . .



Then, you fake to the right . . .



Now! When I bring my arm way back like this, you run around **behind me** . . .



. . .and grab the ba-a-A-A-A-W!



Now we run **toward** each other! When we **meet**, I give the ball to **you**—you give it back to **me**—an' I give it to **you** again . . . all the while keeping **hunched over** so nobody can see what's happening!

Oont!



Here!

Umph!

Watch it!

Quick!

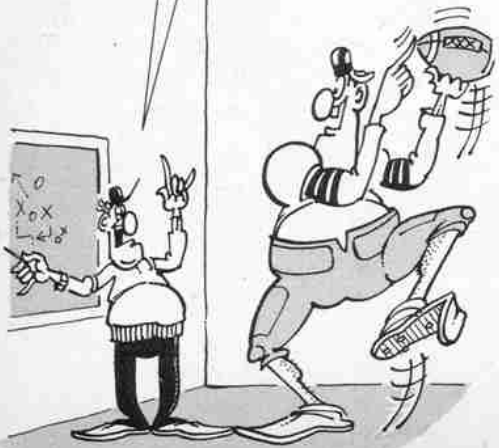
Gaack!

Uhh!

Ecch!



Then, you fake a forward pass . . .



Then, you put your head down and charge right up the middle here!



© 1994

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

DID YOU TELL JOE SCHIFF THAT I'M IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL I HAVE MY MORNING CUP OF COFFEE?

WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE TO TELL ANYONE ANYTHING ABOUT MY PERSONAL HABITS!?

BESIDES, IT'S A ROTTEN, STINKIN' LIE!

Here, dear . . . have your morning cup of coffee!



When I grow up, I'm gonna be a Millionaire!

Yeah, sure!

An' I'm gonna have my very own private jet airplane!

That'll be the day! Hah!

JUST FOR THAT, WHEN I GROW UP AND GET IT, YOU CAN'T GO ON IT!!

MA! MITCH WON'T GIVE ME A RIDE ON HIS JET AIRPLANE!



Boy, that Karen's some friend! I was with her this afternoon, when suddenly, she ups and leaves me flat!

She DID! What NERVE! The next time you see her, you know what I would say to her if I were you? I'd say, "Listen, Karen . . ."

Butt out, Selma! It's "kid stuff"! Stop identifying with your daughter! Besides, you know how it is when three kids get together! One of them always gets it!

It just so happens, smart guy, that there's only TWO kids involved here!

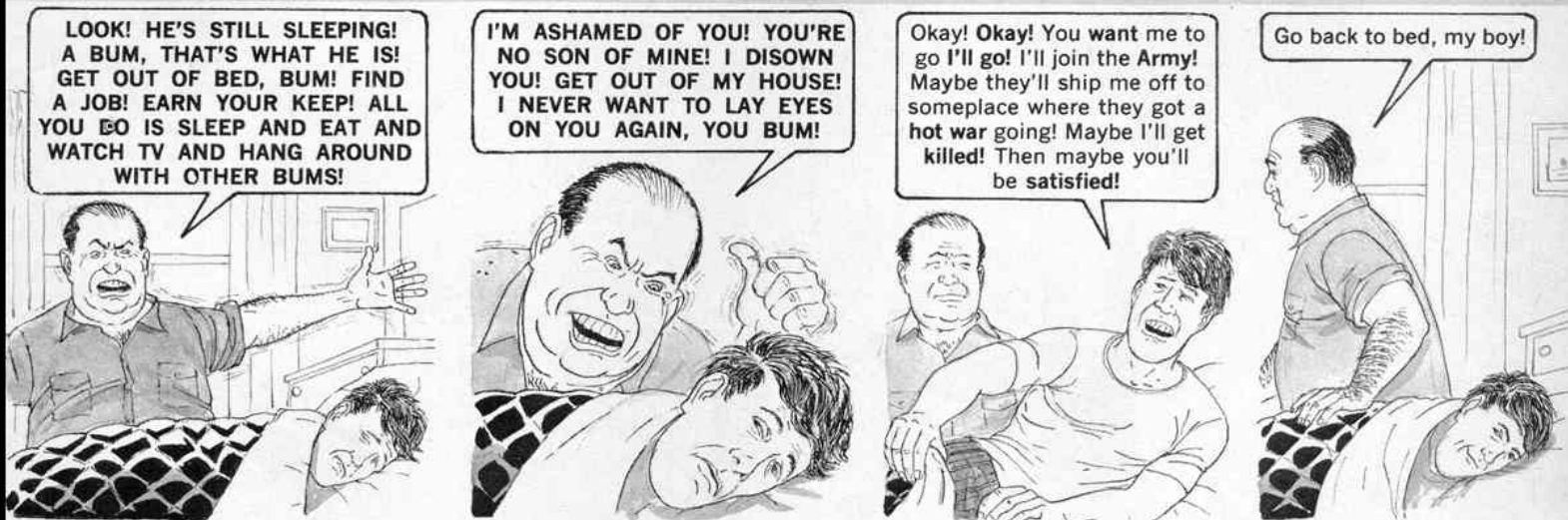
I beg your pardon . . . there's three!

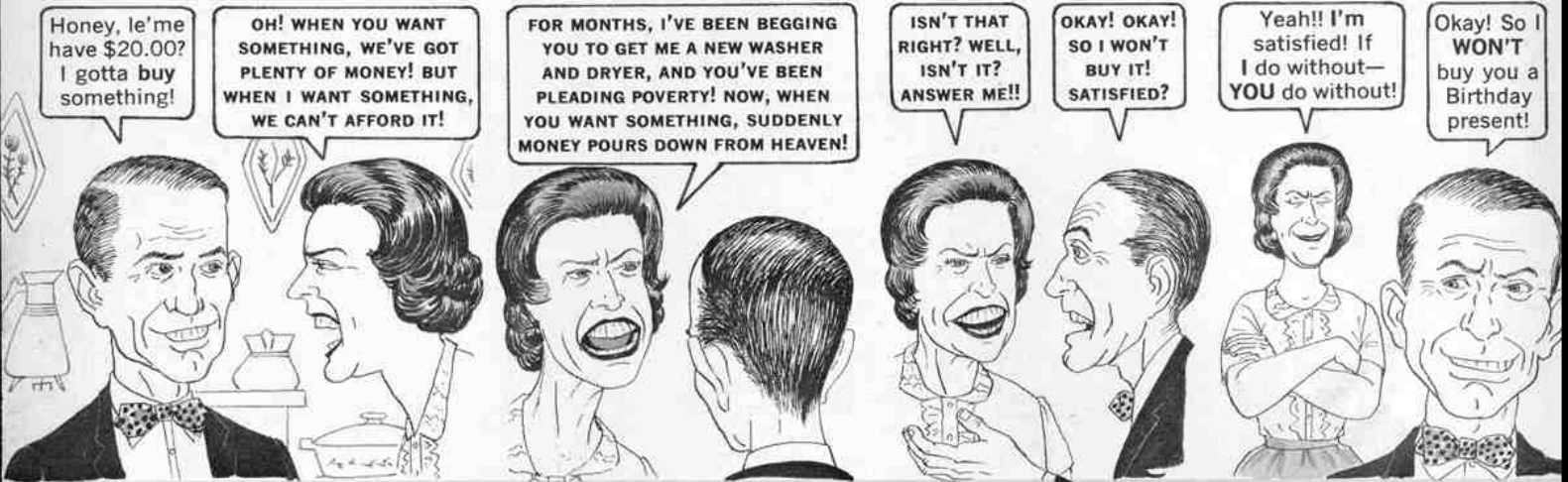
Oh, yeah! Who's the THIRD kid?



Arguments

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





You Americans and your preoccupation with Sex! Look at your books and magazines! Nothing is left to the imagination!

So? That doesn't prove anything!

And your movies! Each one tries to out-do the other to see who can be the rawest!

Hah! Look who's talking! I've seen your films!

And your TV is getting worse! Even commercials have sexual overtones! Yes, in this country, Sex is becoming the biggest indoor sport!

Hah! Got you by your very own words! In this country, Sex is NOT an indoor sport!

It's a SPECTATOR SPORT!!



HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN THAT BATHROOM!? YOU KNOW I HAVE A DATE!!

I HAVE TO GET READY!! GET OUT OF THERE NOW, OR I SWEAR I'LL BREAK THIS DOOR DOWN!!

What are you yelling about?

HUH?

What made you think I was in the bathroom?

Because you're always in the bathroom when I have to use it!



YOU'RE STUPID! STUPID! STUPID! YOU MISSED THE EXIT AGAIN! NOW WE GOTTA GO MILES OUT OF OUR WAY!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO HOLLER!

YOU DO IT EVERY TIME! YOU GOT A MENTAL BLOCK ABOUT THAT EXIT! IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE STUPID!

SO I GOOFED! DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE A FEDERAL CASE OUT OF IT? IF YOU'RE SO SMART, HOW ABOUT CHANGING SEATS, AND YOU DRIVE!

No thanks! Driving makes me nervous...

... and I miss exits!



HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE DRIVING, YOU LUNKHEAD! YOU ALMOST CUT ME OFF!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "CUT YOU OFF"? STAY IN YOUR OWN LANE, JERK.

EVERYBODY'S GOT A LICENSE THESE DAYS! LISTEN, IDIOT! LEARN TO DRIVE!

IF I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET SOME-PLACE SPECIAL, I'D STOP AND KNOCK YOUR UGLY BLOCK OFF, CRUMB!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO, RAT-FACE!



MAD TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THIS DEPT.

Whenever there is an important happening, like a birth or a wedding or a supermarket opening, people send out engraved announcements. But what

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WRITER:

MR. ARTHUR GRIBBISH
AND
MR. IRVING SHAPIRO
OF
MENDEL, SHAPIRO AND GRIBBISH
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS
ARE FINALLY, AT LAST, ABLE TO ANNOUNCE
THAT THEY SQUEEZED OUT
THEIR FORMER PARTNER
MR. MILTON MENDEL
ON FRIDAY, THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX

PG

The Purple Gougers
Are Pleased To Announce
The Opening
Of A Gang War
With The Panthers
At Eight O'Clock On The Evening
Of Saturday, The Sixteenth Of July
On Their Home Turf
Columbus Avenue At Eighty-Fourth Street
New York City

Informal Attire



Mr. And Mrs. Malcolm Meerschaum III
Are Distressed To Announce
The Involvement Of Their Only Daughter
Marcia
In A Casual Affair With
Mr. Pierre LeDreque
On Tuesday, The Seventeenth Of May
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six
Paris, France

Perry Fenwich
Is Pleased To Announce
That He Has Finally Made Out
With Miss Cynthia Haverstraw
On The Evening Of Saturday,
The Twentieth Of August,
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six
Starview Drive-In Theater

about unimportant happenings? Why ignore them? MAD feels that it would be a great idea to let everyone know what's going on by sending out . . .

FOR EVERYTHING

FRANK JACOBS



Charles Staghorn
Is Pleased To Announce
The Grand Opening
Of His Pancreas
By Harlow Muggeridge, M.D.
On Friday, The Eighteenth Of February
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six
All Souls Hospital

Myrna Yulvey
Wishes To Announce Her
Coming Out Of Seclusion
Following The Cessation
Of Ugly Swellings and Discolorations
Resulting From Her Recent,
Nose Job
Performed On
Wednesday, The First Of October,
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six

Max Waxworthy
Founder And President
Of The Waxworthy Manufacturing Company
Is Reluctant To Announce
The Hiring Of His Wife's Brother
Seymour
As An Executive Assistant
On Tuesday, The Twentieth Of September
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six

BYRON BLEMISH
HAVING LOST HIS LIFE SAVINGS
IN BAD INVESTMENTS
ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
WISHES TO ANNOUNCE
HIS SUICIDE
ON MONDAY, THE SIXTH OF DECEMBER,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING OBSERVATORY
NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Shamus
Have The Great Honor of Announcing
The Birth Of Their Son,
Dr. Stanley Shamus
On Thursday, The Eighteenth of April,
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six
Memorial Hospital

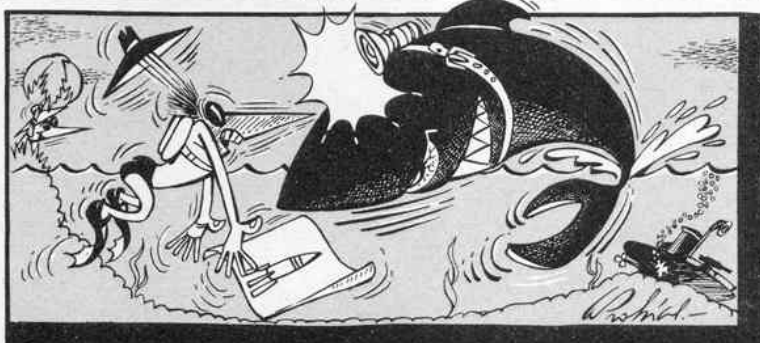
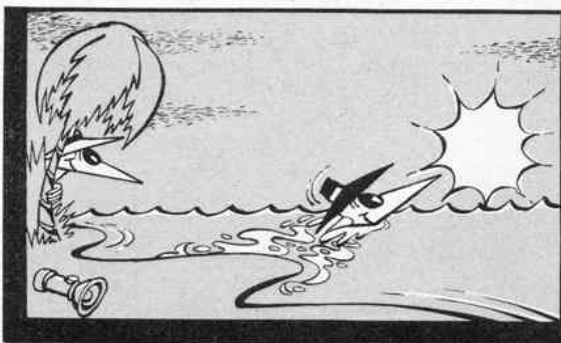
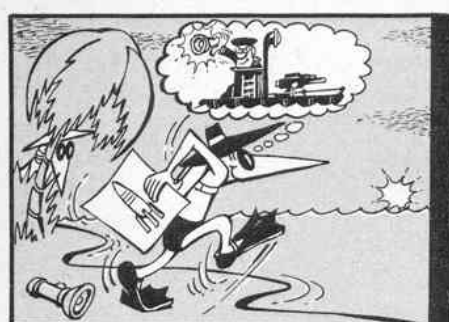
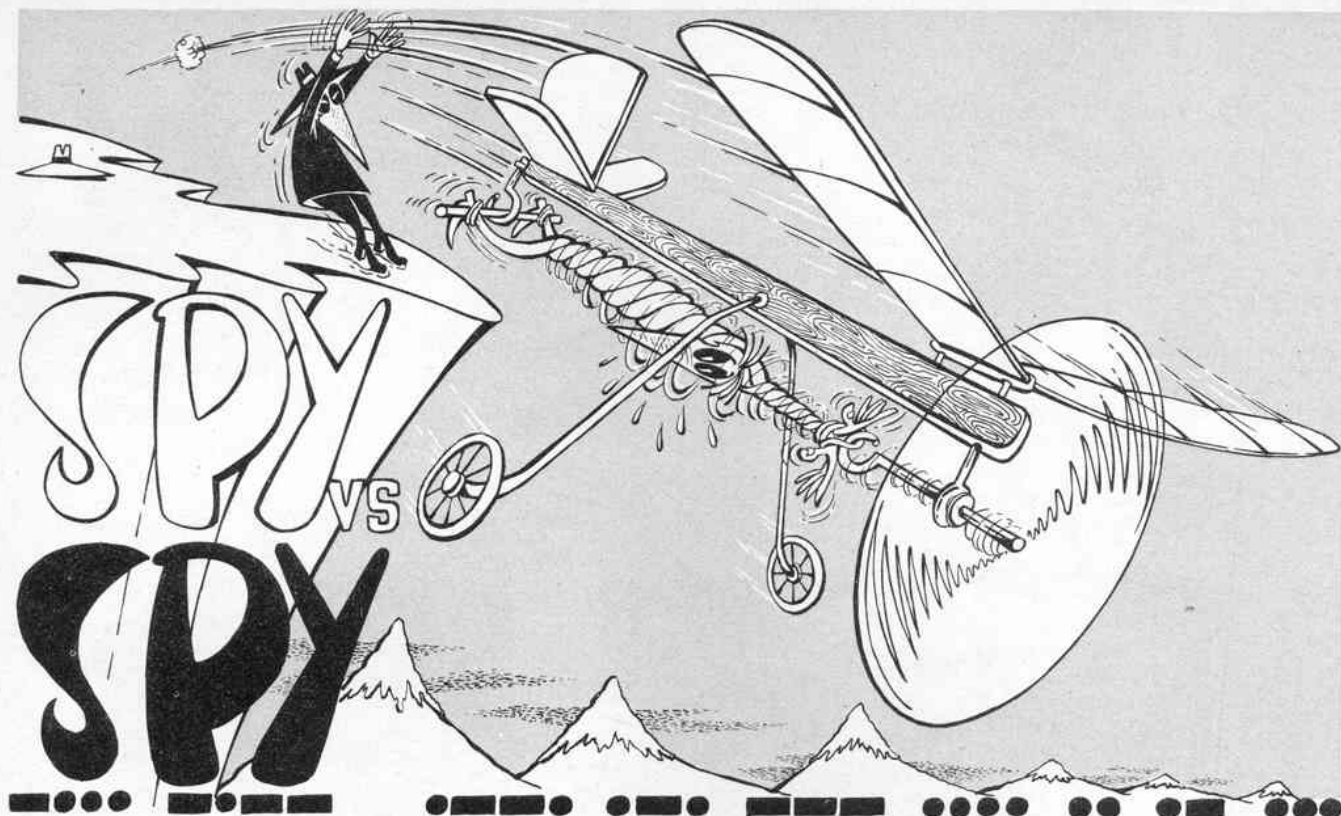
Mrs. Walter Weinstock
Has The Bad Taste To Announce
The Acquisition Of A
Three Thousand-Dollar Mink Coat
For Only
Eight Hundred And Sixty-Five Dollars
And Seventy-Eight Cents
From Bernie Glassman, Wholesale Furrier,
On Tuesday, The Sixth Of September,
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six

WARDEN MILO MURDOCK
OF THE EAST TEXAS PENITENTIARY
HAS THE HONOR OF ANNOUNCING
THE PROMOTION OF
MR. LESTER (SHIV) McCHESNEY
FROM
STOOLIE
TO
TRUSTY
ON THURSDAY, THE SEVENTH OF JULY
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX

Garbage Truck Number Four
Of The City Sanitation Department
Is Pleased To Announce
That It Has Retained The Services
Of Mr. Philip Grogan
As Associate Dumper

Spencer Culpepper
Having Retired Suddenly
As Treasurer
Of The First National Bank
Is Pleased To Announce
His New Address:
Club Whoopee
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Mr. Frank Jacobs
Takes Gleeeful Pleasure In Announcing
That He Has Put It Over
On The Editors Of MAD
Once Again
By Selling Them Another
Insipid Article
Based Upon A Flimsy Premise



YOU GOTTA HAVE A STRONG

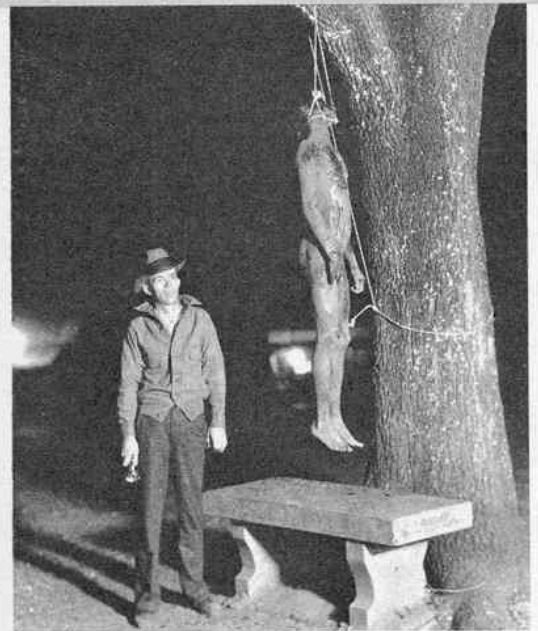
THE

We the
People
of the
United
States...



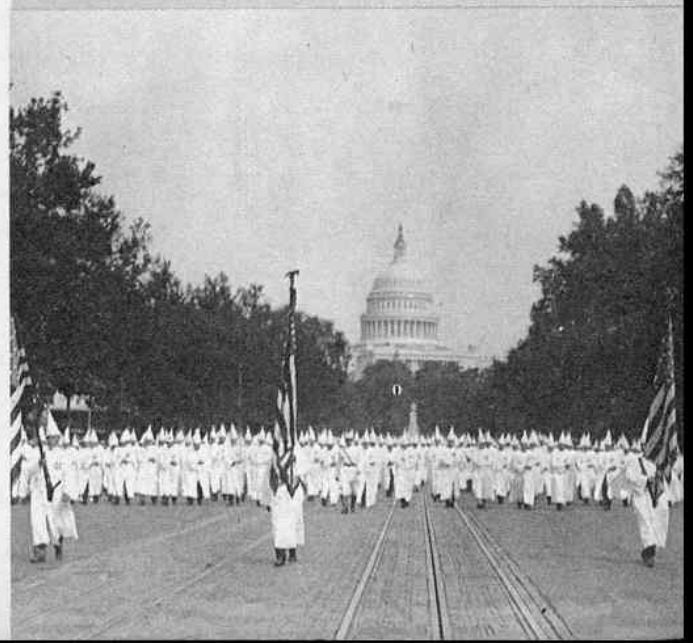
in order to form a more perfect Union...

establish Justice...



promote the General Welfare...

and secure the Blessings of Liberty
to ourselves...



PREAMBLE REVISITED



insure Domestic Tranquility ...



Produced by Max Brandel

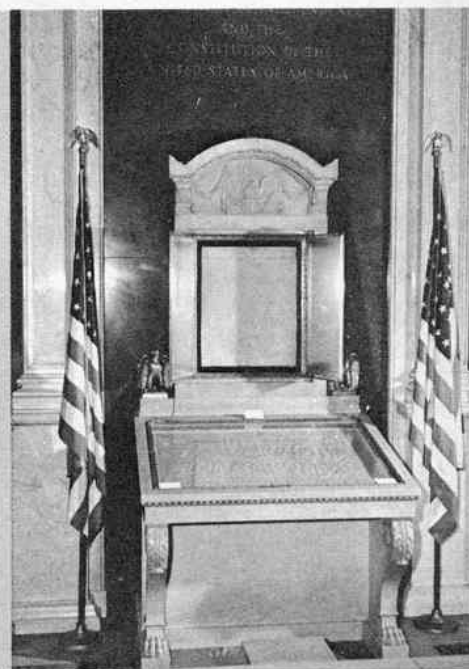
provide for the Common Defense ...



and our Posterity ...



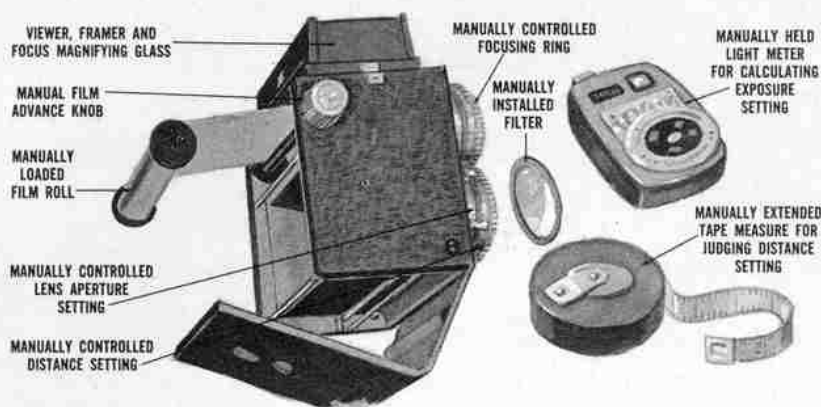
do ordain and
establish this
Constitution
for the
United
States
of
America .



THE BRAIN AND STRAIN IS MAINLY ON THE WANE DEPT.

Today, the average consumer is either lazy or stupid or both. If it weren't so, industry wouldn't be racing full speed ahead turn-

In the old days, a camera bug had to unwrap a roll of film, open up his camera, thread the film onto a take-up spool, close the camera, wind the film to advance it, judge the distance from subject to lens, set the focus, judge the amount of light, adjust the aperture, and choose the shutter speed before he was ready to take a picture. And if everything was right, it came out!



YES, TODAY'S MANUFACTURERS ARE CONVINCED THAT ALL CONSUMERS ARE COMPLETE

IDIOT-PROOF

AN EXAMPLE OF MODERN IDIOT-PROO

YESTERDAY...



In the past, a kid would see the magnificent painting of World War I planes in fiery combat on a model-building kit box, and he'd want, more than anything else, to build a model of one of the planes.



So he'd buy the kit and rush home—only to find that the box contained complicated plans and rough materials to build the plane. Frustrated at first, he'd then decide to conquer this tough task.



After long hours of learning how to read plans, and cutting and shaping every part by hand, our intrepid model-builder would be ready for the final assembly and painting of the finished product.

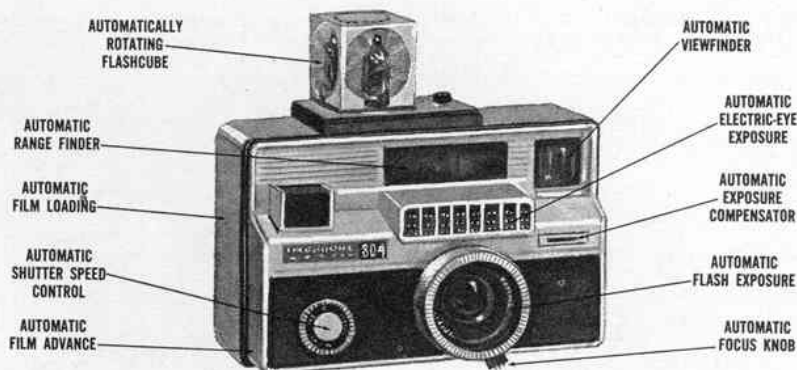


Although the finished model plane was not much to look at, the silly kid would hang it in his room and foolishly show it to his friends with pride because each bit of it was his own deft handiwork.

ing out products that eliminate any need for skill or intelligence in their use. Take, for example, the ordinary snapshot camera...



Today, all that a camera bug has to do is open up his camera, snap in a film cartridge, close his camera . . . and shoot! The picture will come out because everything else is now done automatically. The film advances by itself, the fixed-focus lens takes care of distance, and the electric eye takes care of lens opening and shutter speed. All of the skill and the guesswork has been eliminated!



IDIOTS. AND WITH THIS FACT IN MIND, THEY ARE TURNING OUT MORE AND MORE . . .

PRODUCTS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

FING...THE MODEL-BUILDING HOBBY KIT TODAY...



The modern day kid is still bedazzled by the magnificent painting of a jet plane or a rocket on an "idiot-proofed" model-building kit box, and wants, more than anything else, to build one of them.



But when he buys the kit and rushes home and opens it, he finds no frustrating problem to tax his ingenuity and his skill. "Idiot-proofing" has eliminated need for studying plans, fashioning parts, etc.



All of the plastic pre-cast parts are pre-keyed so each one fits perfectly into the other, and assembly takes no more than five minutes. Also, pre-coloring eliminates need to paint the finished model.



The final product is perfect in every detail. The only trouble is, kids aren't as proud of their handiwork as they used to be. Maybe it's because idiot-proof kits are so simple, anyone can do 'em.



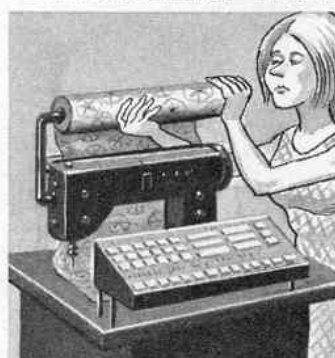
Taking into account the Population Explosion, "Idiot-Proofing" is going to become a bigger and bigger thing in the coming years . . . not because

SOME IDIOT-PROOF

"IDIOT-PROOF" SEWING MACHINES



With an ordinary-type sewing machine, the results always look homemade. This means the end-product is usually a one-of-a-kind item — unique, creative, and very individual.



But none of these terrible things will happen with an Idiot-Proof Sewing Machine. All that the user will have to do is select a fabric and insert it into the machine.



By pushing various buttons, machine will automatically cut out the pattern, stitch, sew, hem, haw, and do every other necessary operation to produce a faultless product.



End-result will never look homemade. Nor will it look like a one-of-a-kind item — unique, creative and very individual. But it will be perfect — like store-bought.

"IDIOT-PROOF" SCRABBLE SETS



With regular Scrabble, game is slow and boring. Players have to know a lot of words and must have good minds for figuring out how to make the best score by combining each set of seven tiles they pick.



Idiot-Proof Scrabble Set has special racks wired to board containing electronic brain. When player presses "Rack-Button," screen flashes best possible word from tiles he has picked plus one on board.



When player presses "Board-Button," squares light up to show best place to put word. Every game ends with highest possible score and only difference between players is their luck in picking tiles.



With Idiot-Proof Scrabble, anyone will be able to play like an expert. It will not be necessary to learn words — or anything! In fact, it will not even be necessary to know how to talk English!

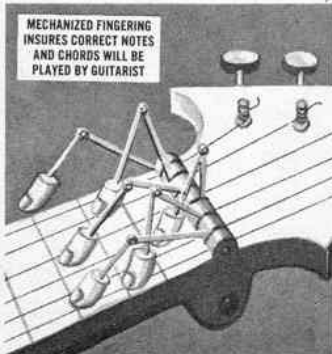
"IDIOT-PROOF" GUITARS



Listening to today's musical groups, any idiot thinks he can play. While this is true, there are many who can't get the hang of it, even after 5 or 10 minutes of practice.



The Idiot-Proof Guitar will make Pete Seeger look like a beginner. Fully electrified, all you'll do is insert the "Song Selection" card in the slot, and you're ready to go!



Just by strumming (Automatic Strummer, also available!), guitar will virtually play itself. This will not only sound better, but will free you to concentrate on lyrics.



Another great boon will be the elimination of screaming, screeching girls. Since all play alike, listeners won't know one group from another, and fan clubs will disappear.

there will be a greater demand for more products, but because there will be a greater amount of idiots! So here, then, are MAD's suggestions for

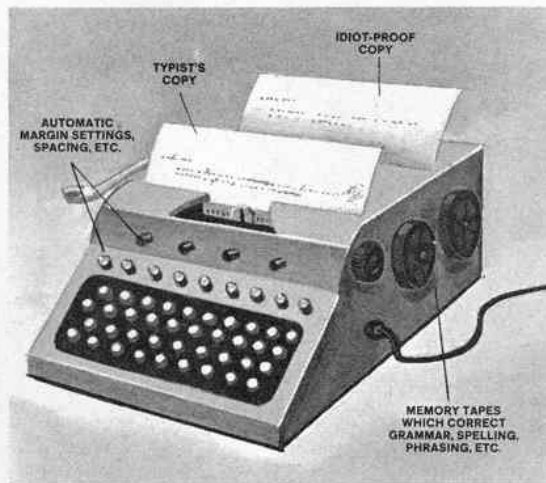
PRODUCTS TO COME



"IDIOT-PROOF" TYPEWRITERS



Ordinary typewriters are only as good as the people who use them. Above, we see a typical, poorly-typed letter. Note mistakes in spelling, phrasing, syntax, etc.

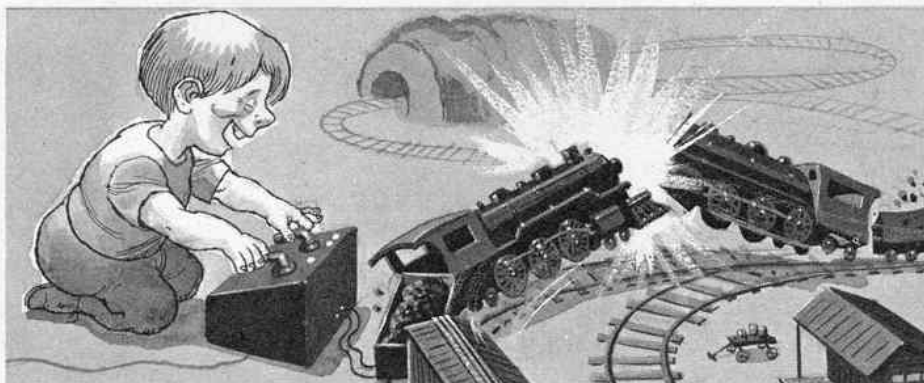


The Idiot-Proof Typewriter will include memory tapes that store millions of words, phrases and correct grammatical expressions. As writer types, two letters will be produced simultaneously: the usual stupid one and instantly-corrected version.

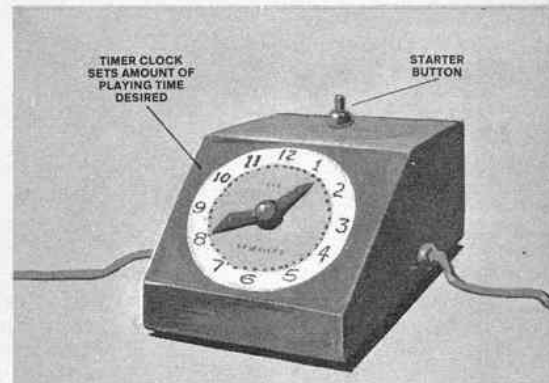


Recipient of letter will find it easy to understand. Of course, a few people will be nostalgic for the old personal style, but isn't perfection better than sentiment?

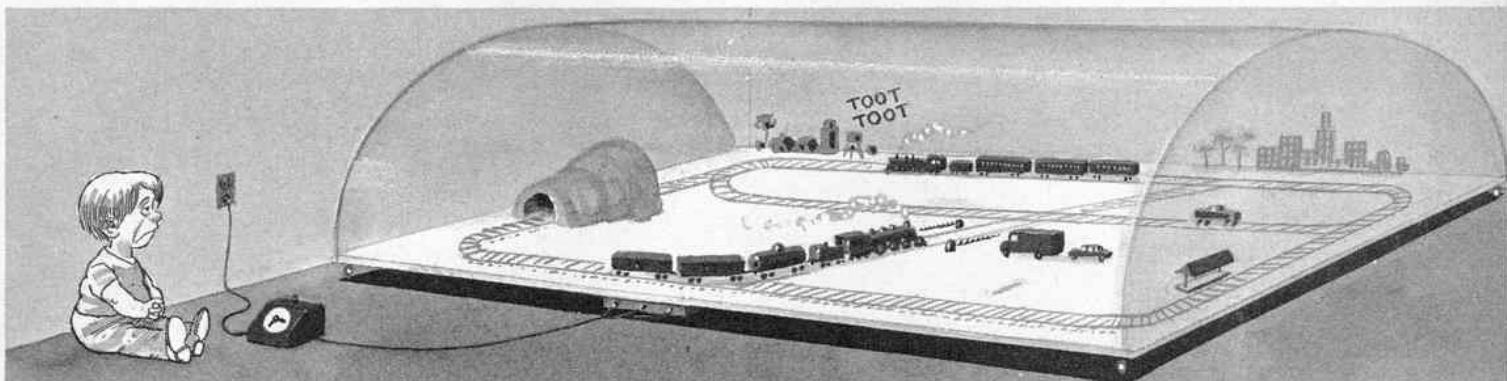
"IDIOT-PROOF" ELECTRIC TRAIN SETS



With an ordinary train set, a child has to learn to master a complicated array of knobs, dials, buttons and levers that control switches, whistles, gates, action cars and the speed of trains. There's always the danger of making a mistake and causing a wreck . . . which is actually most fun of all.



With an Idiot-Proof Electric Train Set, a child will have no problems. All he'll have to do is set Timer for how long he wants to play with set and push a button.



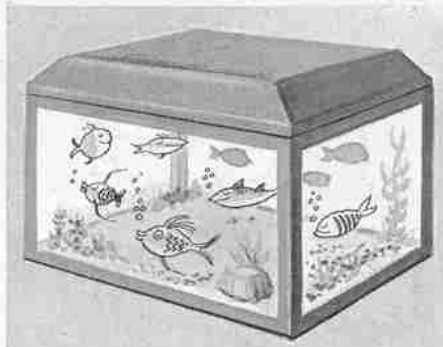
The "Idiot-Proof Train Set" will be permanently assembled inside unbreakable plastic dome. As soon as the Starter-Button is pressed, everything inside will go through its paces entirely automatically. Trains will roll, switches will switch, gates will close, whistles will blow, lights

will blink, etc. etc. All the child will do is sit there and enjoy it for the time he's chosen to play. He has no problems like learning, discovering, thinking, etc. And if he's bored before the Timer goes off, the set will finish playing by itself and shut off. Won't that be a fun thing?

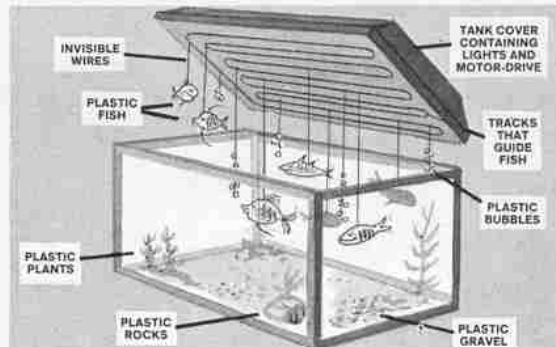
"IDIOT-PROOF" TROPICAL FISH TANKS



The ordinary tropical fish tank is a headache. Fish die easily from chills or over-feeding. They fight and kill each other off. Plants rot, or become over-grown. Water must be filtered, aerated, heated, and checked constantly or it will cloud up. Just one little mistake, and a big investment can be lost.



An Idiot-Proof Tropical Fish Tank will eliminate all of these headaches and give the "fish fancier" the same hours of enchantment and enjoyment. Absolutely no attention or care will be required, and the thing can be ignored for months without any danger of plant and fish-loss, or clouding of water.



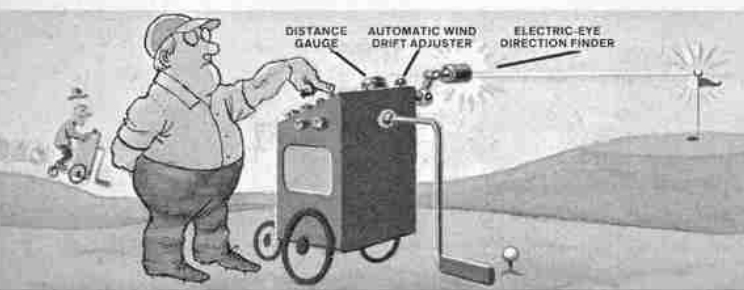
Reason is simple: Everything is plastic! Rocks are plastic, plants are plastic, gravel, air-bubbles, even fish are plastic! Suspended from special tracks in tank-cover by motor-driven invisible wires, they seem to swim around even more naturally than real ones. And they never eat, sleep or do any of the nasty other things live ones do. Of course, clouding of water in tank is no longer a problem. There isn't any!

"IDIOT-PROOF" GOLF EQUIPMENT



Today, the skills of those amateurs who indulge in sports are erratic and unpredictable. Many Golfers, for example, never cure their faults and go on frustrating themselves year after year after year. Of course, they like to kid

themselves into thinking that what they really go out for is the fresh air and exercise, but that doesn't ring true when you take into account all of the golf clubs that are smashed in angry humiliation every time a shot is missed.



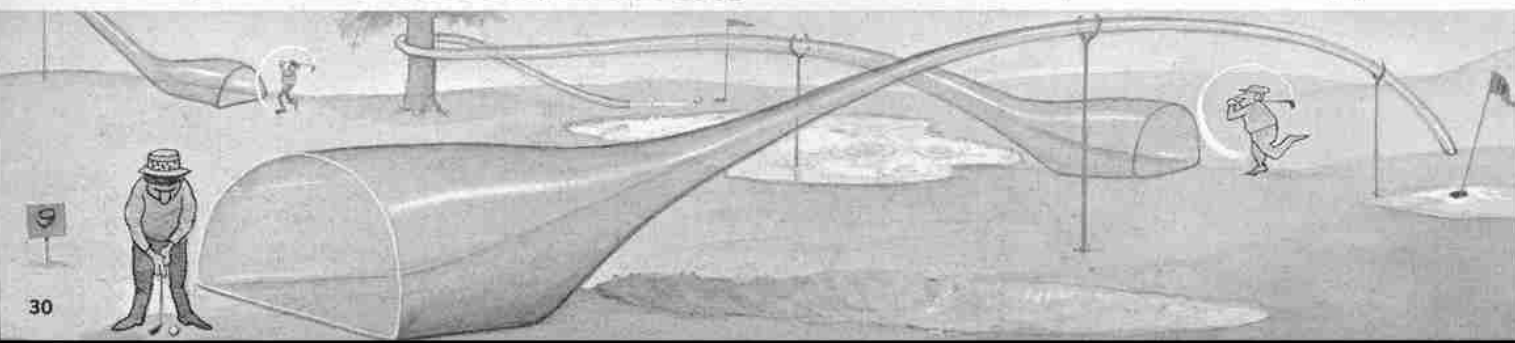
Idiot-Proof Golf Equipment will insure a perfect shot and a low score every game. The Automatic Golf Club is placed next to the ball, and the distance to the hole is set. An electric eye on the hole-number flagpole registers correct direction and a wind-velocity gauge adjusts for drift. All



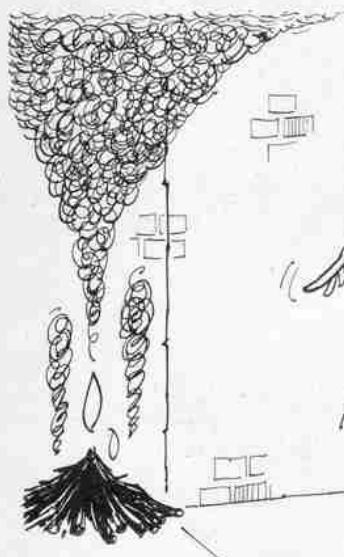
that the golfer has to do is yell, "Fore!" and press the button. Eighteen holes can be played through quickly and efficiently, allowing the golfer to rush home sooner so he can mow the lawn and take out the garbage and wash the car and baby-sit and indulge in other "fun things" like that.

For the Golfer who insists upon being allowed to swing his own club, but still wants a perfect score, the Golf Course

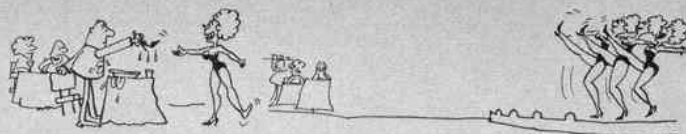
itself could be "Idiot-Proofed" as shown here. This would eliminate the need for expensive "Idiot-Proof" equipment.



DOWNTOWN



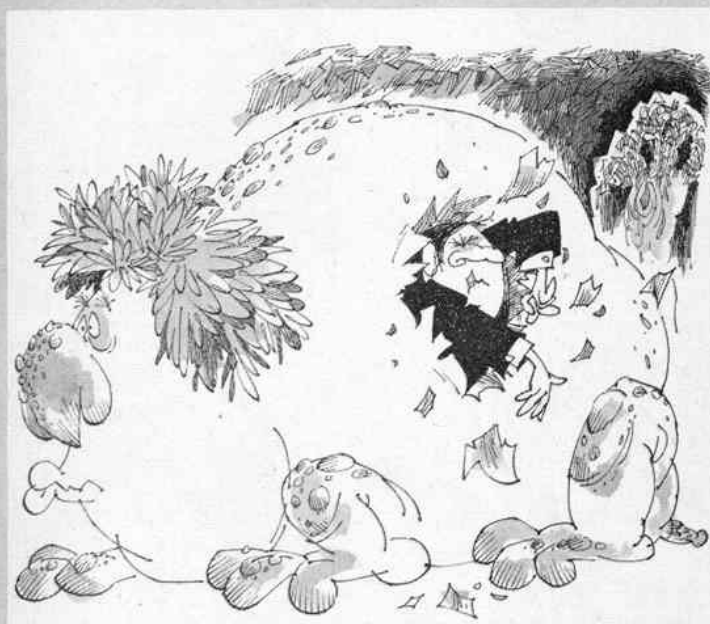
Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD'S new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're



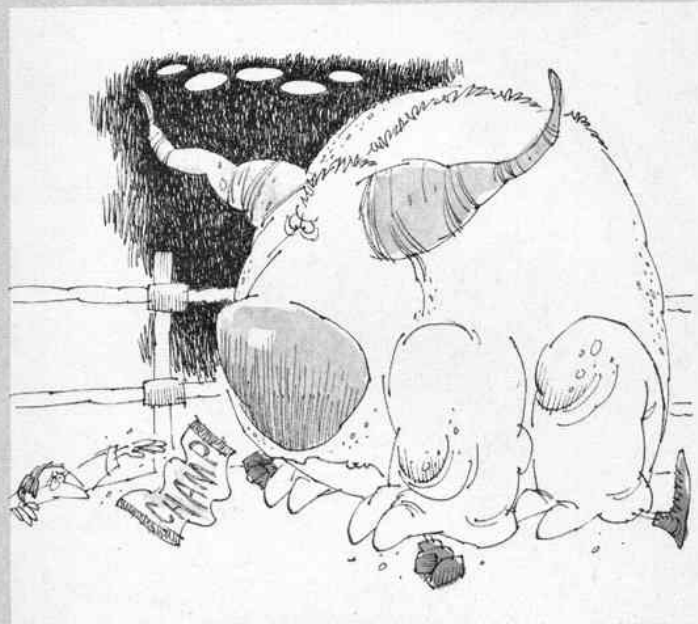
HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

WRITER: PHIL HAHN



Breaking out of a **SLUMP**



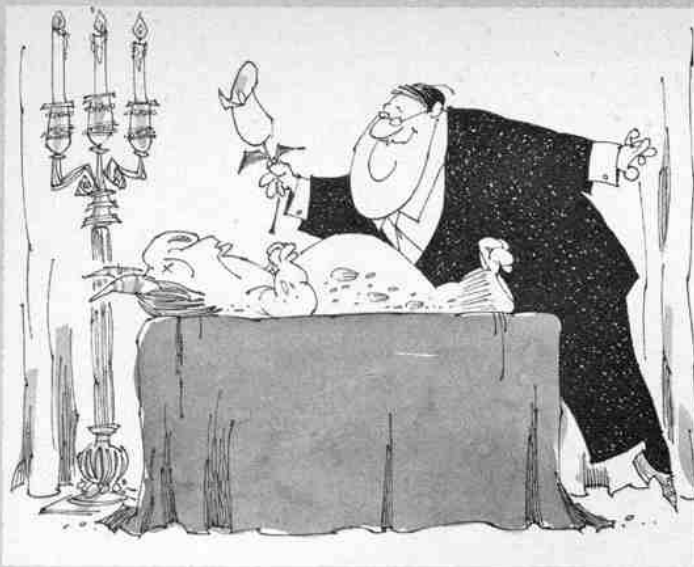
Giving in to a **WHIM**



Pointing out an **ABSURDITY**



Plugging a **LEAK**



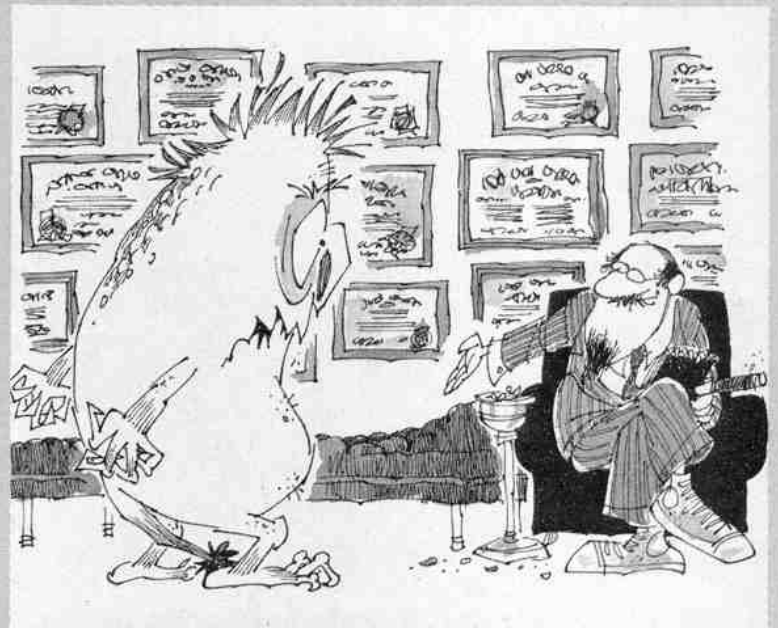
Laying out a **PLAN**



Covering up a **SCANDAL**



Feeding one's **EGO**



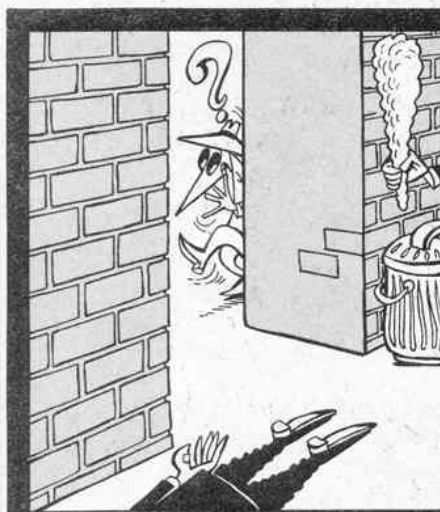
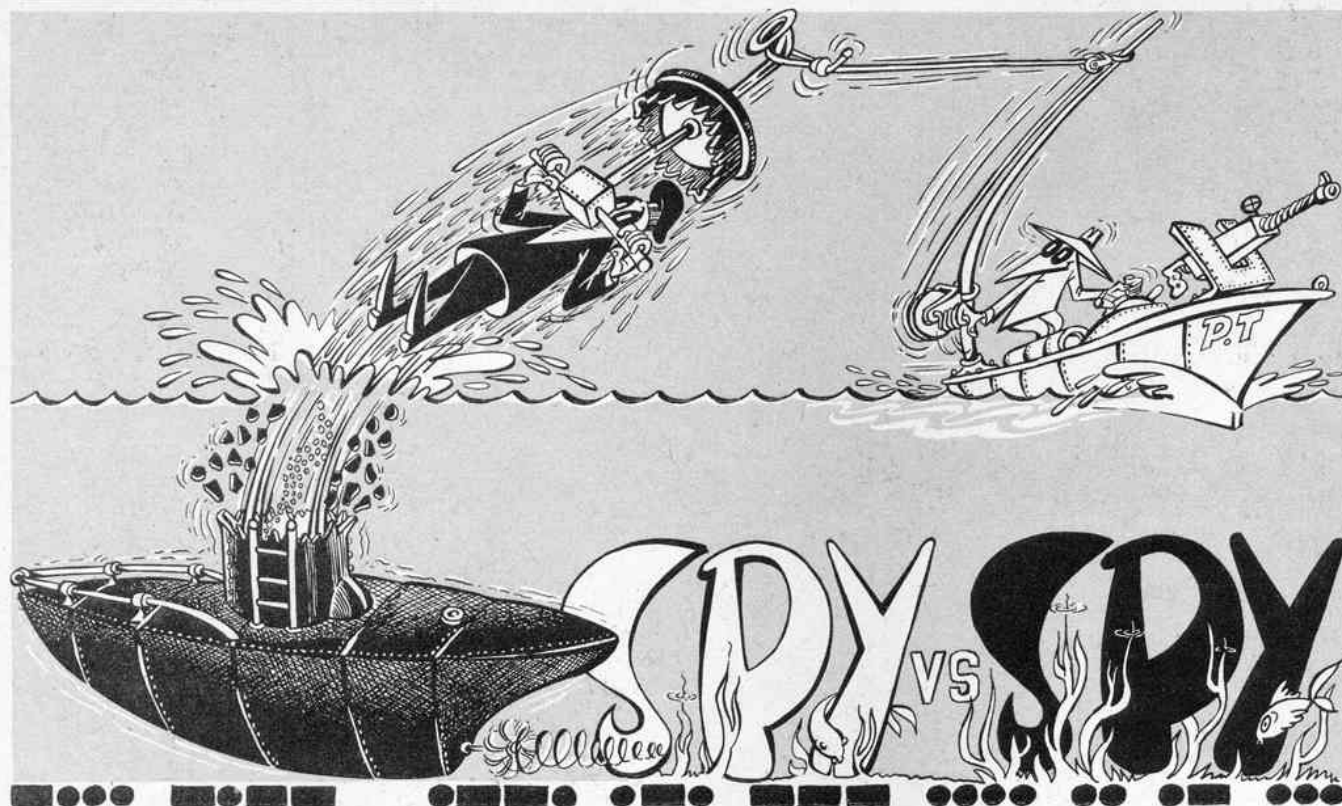
Couching a **PHRASE**



Working out your **HOSTILITIES**



Hitting the **NAIL** on the head



When a kid enters school, some of the first things he learns are the School Songs. MAD has made a study of these songs, and we've discovered that they fall into two main categories:

The first type of School Song is the "Rock-'em-Sock-'em Fight Song," calculated to glorify the Football Team and fill the student body with that old "School Spirit." Here is an example of a typical Rock-'em-Sock-'em Fight Song:



The Black And The Blue

(to the tune of "The Notre Dame Fight Song")

Cheer, cheer the Black and the Blue!
You're gonna win 'cause we are for you!
Push their faces in the mud!
Punch out their teeth and draw their blood!
Stomp on their stomachs! Break all their bones!
We wanna hear their screams and their moans!
If you follow our advice,
You'll win a clean vic-tor-y!

The second type of Song is written in praise of the School itself. It's sung mainly at Graduation Exercises, and it's supposed to evoke deep emotional feelings and bring a lump to everyone's throat. Here's an example of this type song:



Hail To Thee, Oh Frisbee High!

(to the tune of "High Above Cayuga's Waters")

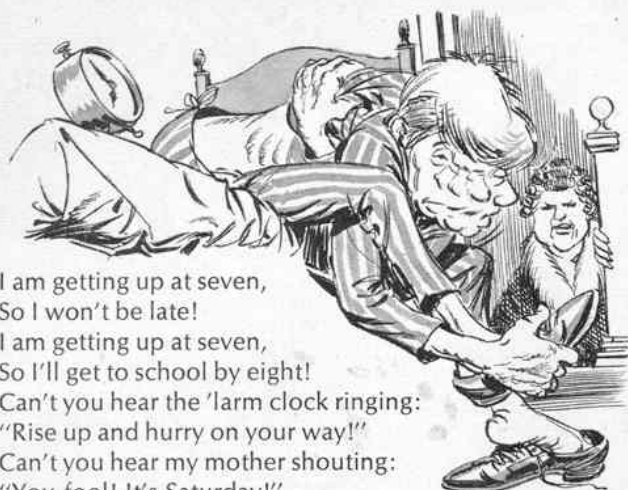
Hail to thee, oh Frisbee High School—
Faithful, good and true!
If you spoke, you'd say you love us
Like we all love you!
Frisbee High School, when we've left you,
And the days seem long—
We will think back how they made us
Sing this stupid song!

Now these songs are okay for special occasions, but they don't have much value in the long, humdrum hours of ordinary school life. Kids spend most of that time sitting in classrooms, going to lunch, and trying to pass surprise quizzes. To this dull existence, we dedicate:

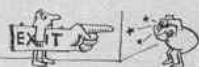
MAD SCHOOL SONGS FOR EVERYDAY ACTIVITIES

The Early Morning Rouser

(to the tune of "I've Been Working On The Railroad")

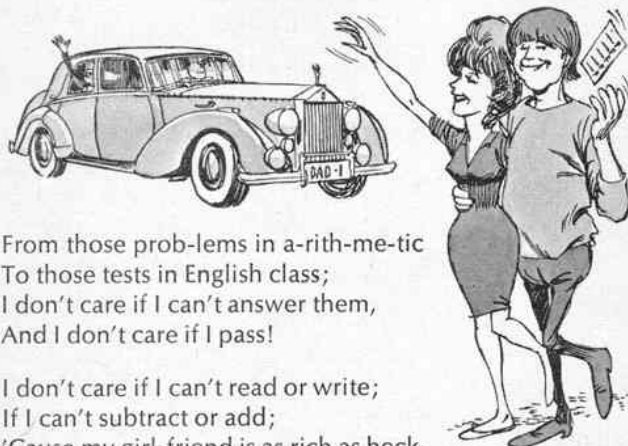


I am getting up at seven,
So I won't be late!
I am getting up at seven,
So I'll get to school by eight!
Can't you hear the 'larm clock ringing:
"Rise up and hurry on your way!"
Can't you hear my mother shouting:
"You fool! It's Saturday!"



The Failure's Hymn

(To the tune of "From The Halls Of Montezuma")



From those prob-lems in a-rith-me-tic
To those tests in English class;
I don't care if I can't answer them,
And I don't care if I pass!

I don't care if I can't read or write;
If I can't subtract or add;
'Cause my girl-friend is as rich as heck,
And we'll both live off her dad!

The Emergency Bathroom Chant

(to the tune of "Over There")

Catch her eye!
Catch her eye!
Wave and shout!
Yell right out!
Catch her eye!

For your need is growing,
And you are knowing
If you don't leave the room,
you'll die!

You must try!
Don't be shy!
Make her look!
Throw a book!
Scream and cry!

OOOOPS!

It's too late now!
You couldn't wait now!
Boy, you're really sunk
'Cause you didn't catch her eye!



The Lunchroom March

(to the tune of "The Air Force Song")



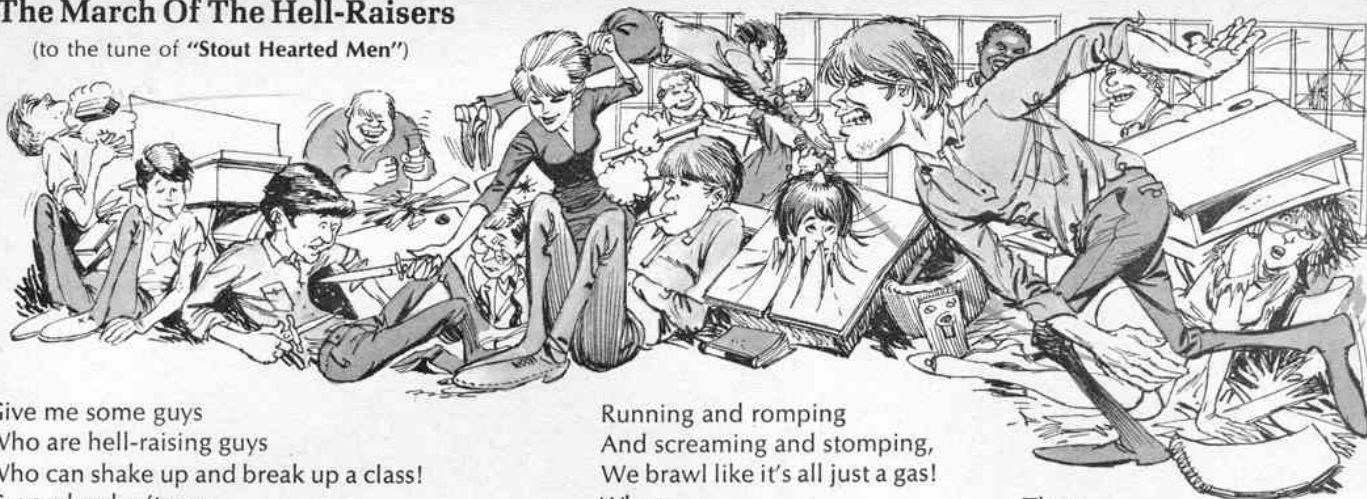
Off we go—
Into the lunch-room yonder,
Pushing girls
Out of the way!

Forward, boys!
Start moving down the counter!
Grab your grub!
Fill up your tray!
(Clankity-Clank)

Try the beans—
They were prepared last Friday!
And the meat's
Tough as a mule!
The soup is cold!
The bread's got mold!
Yecch!
Anything beats our lunchroom at school!

The March Of The Hell-Raisers

(to the tune of "Stout Hearted Men")



Give me some guys
Who are hell-raising guys
Who can shake up and break up a class!
Guys who don't care,
Who will stand on their chair,
Who will shout and give out with the sass! Yeah!

Running and romping
And screaming and stomping,
We brawl like it's all just a gas!
When—
The teacher fin'ly sees
That we don't give a hoot!

Then—
We'll start again!
Because she's just a substitute!



The Cheater's Chant

(to the tune of "Bless 'em All")



Cheat 'em all!
Cheat 'em all!
In Springtime, in Winter and Fall!
Those Lincoln quotations we hide in our fist!
That Longfellow verse written on our left wrist!
If you find that your mind can't recall
The date when the Romans took Gaul—
A glance at your knee-cap
Will help you to recap!
So why take a chance?
Cheat 'em all!

The Goof-Off's Anthem

(to the tune of "Over Hill, Over Dale")

In a test
For a class
That we know that we can't pass—
See the goof-offs go faking along!

Start to heave;
Fake a chill;
Anything so you'll look ill;
As the goof-offs go faking along!

For it's hi-hi-hoo!
Let's all fake the Asian flu!
Call out your symptoms loud and strong—
"Blah! Ecch!"

We will feel enthused
When the teachers says "Excused!"
As the goof-offs go faking along!



EDITORIAL WHEEZE DEPT.

Today, the newsstands are choked with magazines, each trying desperately to project an "Editorial Image" (except for MAD, which is trying desperately to overcome its "Editorial Image!"). This Editorial Image is even apparent in the humor each magazine offers via its one-panel caption-cartoons. You'll see what we mean as MAD conjectures on

HOW VARIOUS MAGAZINES MIGHT HANDLE THE SAME CARTOON SITUATION

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE



Saturday Evening Post



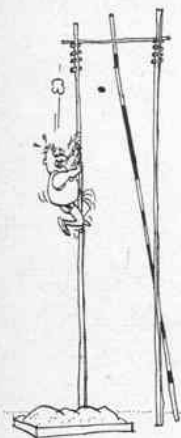
Field And Stream



Fantasy & Science Fiction

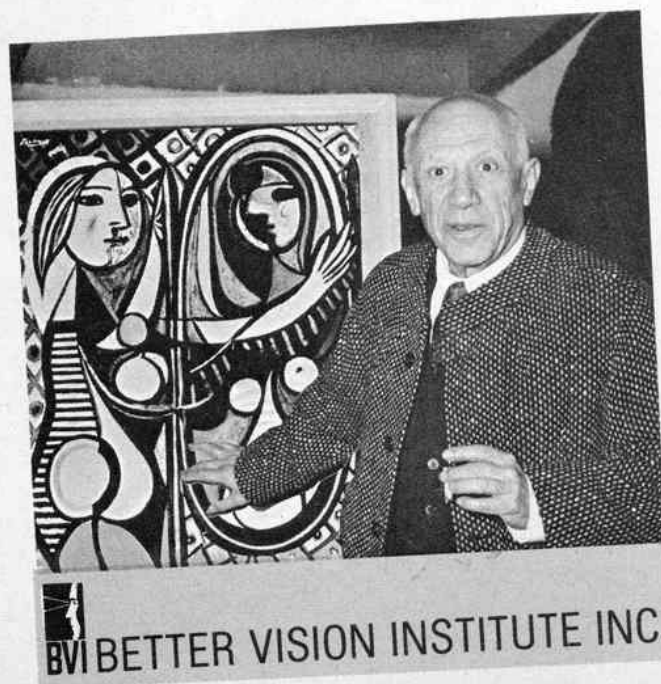
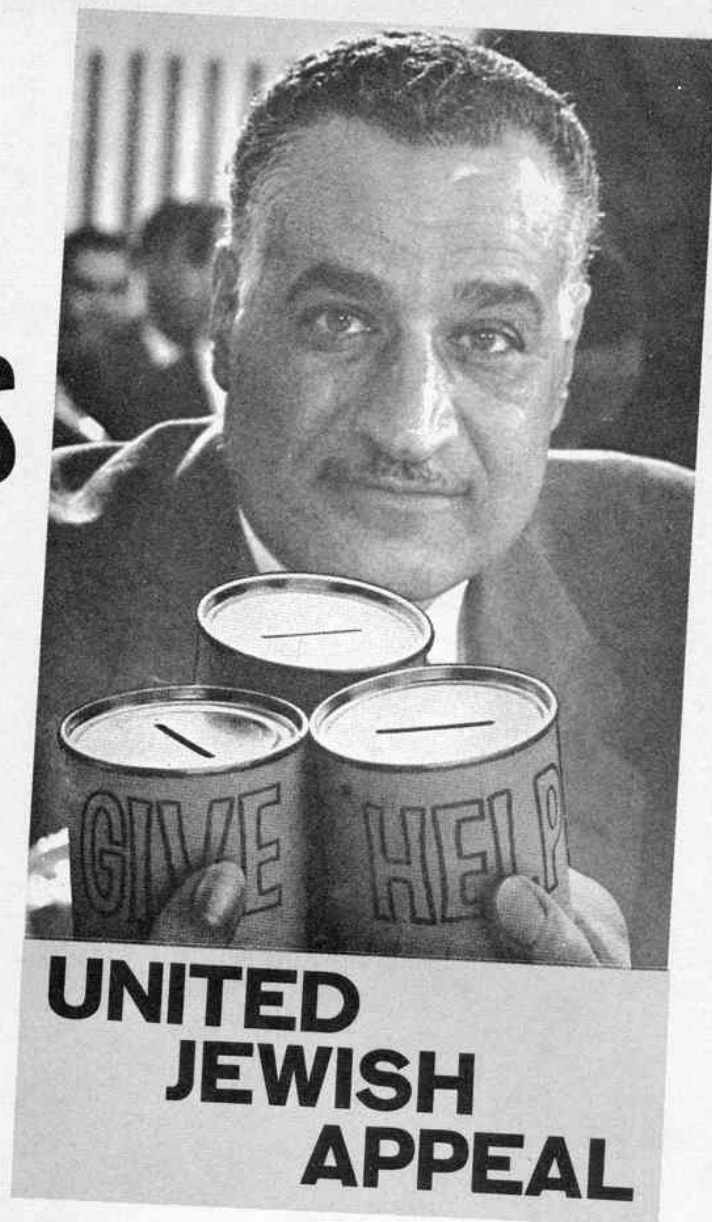


ADVERTISING ENDORSEMENTS WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET TO SEE



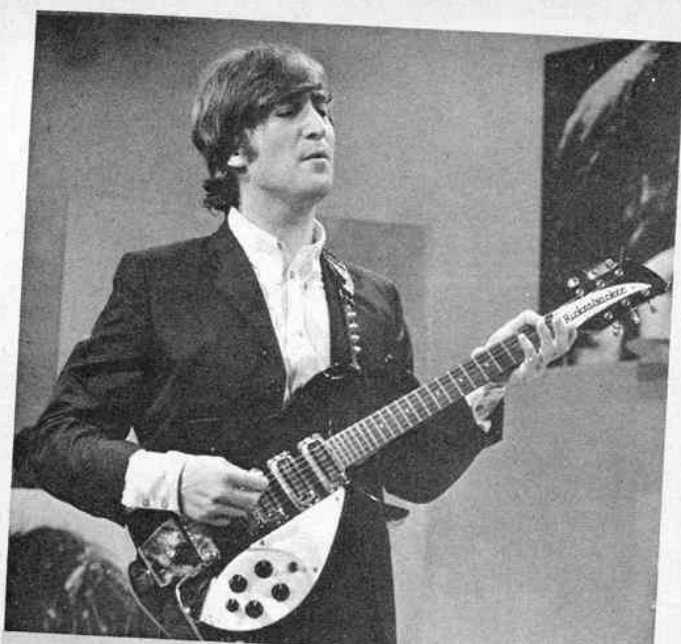
WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY:
MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.







**THE
BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE**

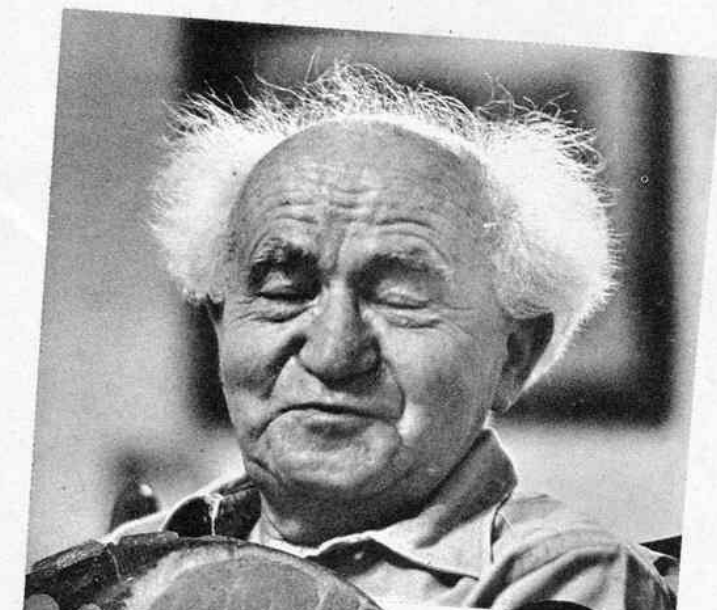



AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

GOD'S WORD



FOR A NEW AGE

**Swift's
Premium**

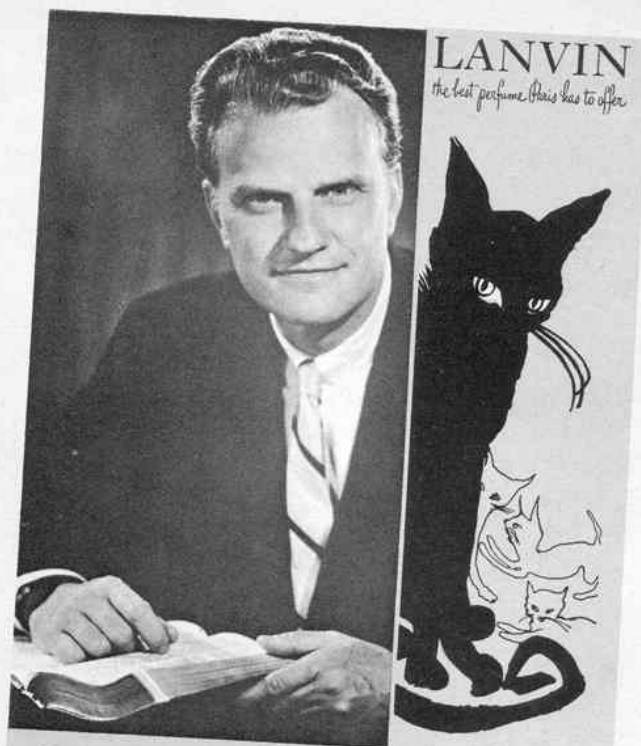



**PLANTERS
MIXED NUTS**

PLANTERS
Dry Roasted
mixed nuts
NO OILS OR SUGAR
USED IN PROCESSING

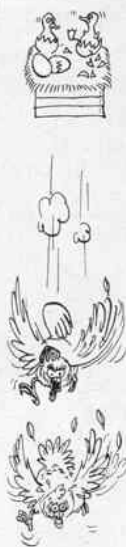
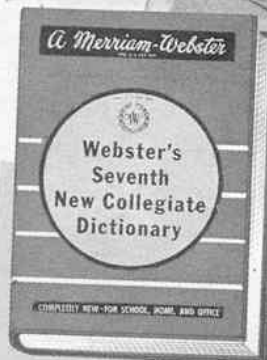
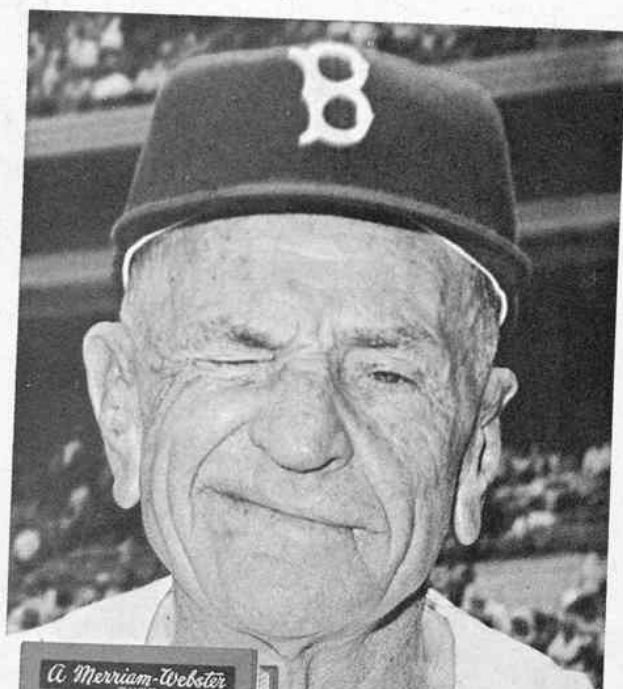


american dairy association



MY SIN

...a most provocative fragrance



HOLLYWOOD AND VINES DEPT.

Of all the creatures on this earth, it is man who can do the most harm. Lions may stalk, elephants may trample, buffalo may stampede, but only man has the power of speech, the power to write, and the power to run a motion picture camera that can produce so many painful episodes of ...

DOCTOR

There! I removed a painful splinter from his foot! Now he will be friendly and indebted to me for the rest of his life!

How did he get a splinter in his foot to begin with?

I put it in yesterday! Someone has to teach these stupid creatures indebtedness!

Payola, look into the waiting room and see who's next ...

Okay, Dad ...



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

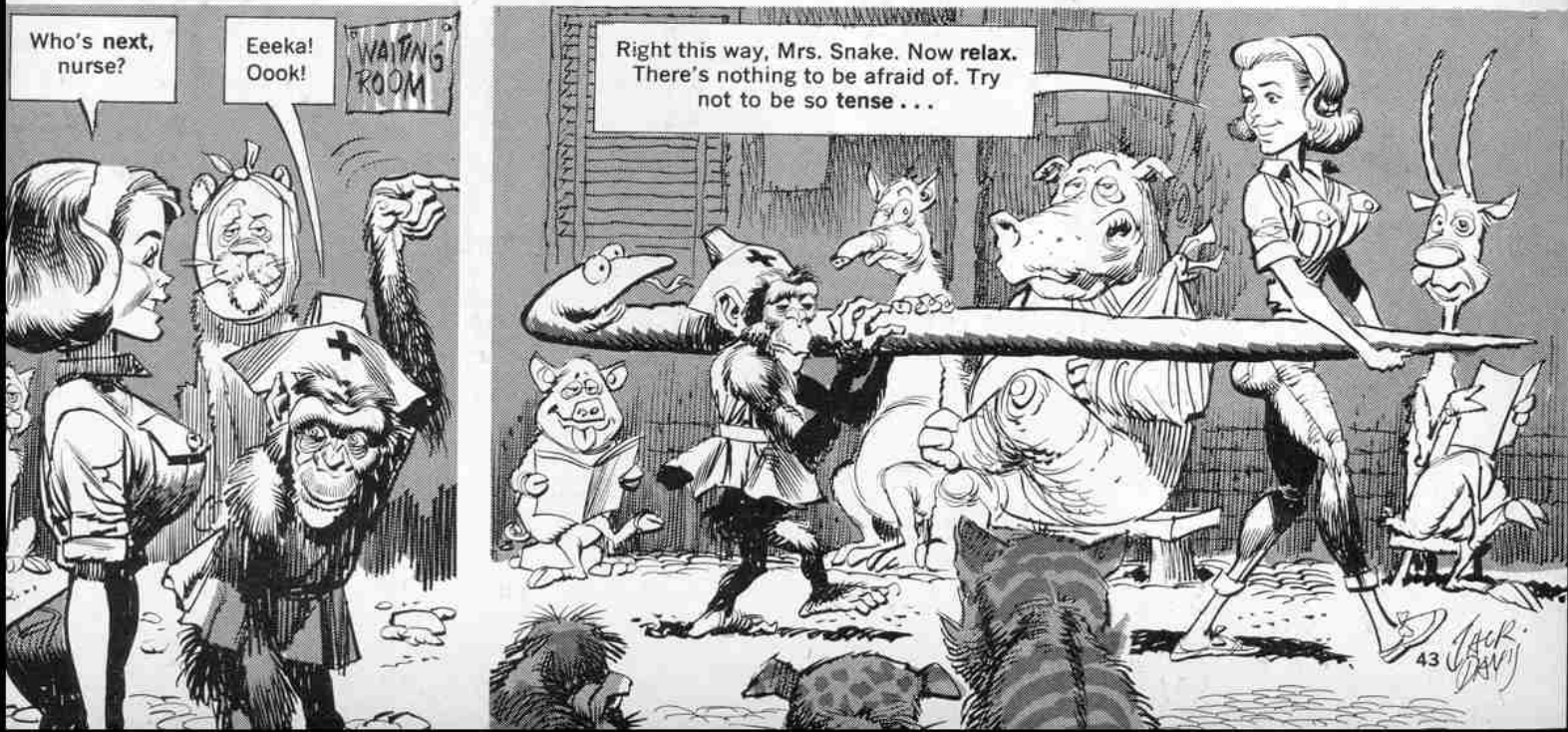
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Who's next, nurse?

Yeeka! Oook!

WAITING ROOM

Right this way, Mrs. Snake. Now relax. There's nothing to be afraid of. Try not to be so tense ...



Calling Doc Tari!
Calling Doc Tari!
This is Officer
Handy the game
warden . . .

I'm sorry, but I
don't have time
for a game, warden!
Get it? Game warden?

Unfortunately, yes! Anyway,
I called to report that a
known animal stealer, a man
called Denninger, was seen
entering your preserve about
an hour ago. He was headed
toward where the deer and
the antelope play . . .

Well, I'm afraid he'll just have
to hear a discouraging word!
This preserve is a haven of love
and understanding, and I'll
personally beat the daylight
out of any lousy stranger who
sets foot in it!

Doc Tari!
Look out
the window!
It's
Clairvoyance!
I think he's
trying to tell
us something!



From my years of hard study
and experience of animal
behavior, I would guess that
he wants us to follow him!

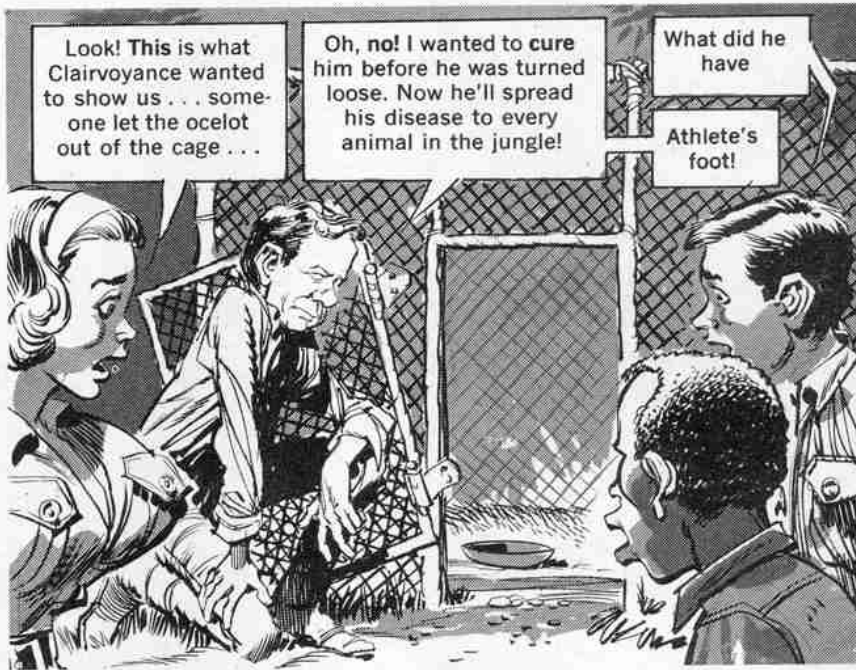
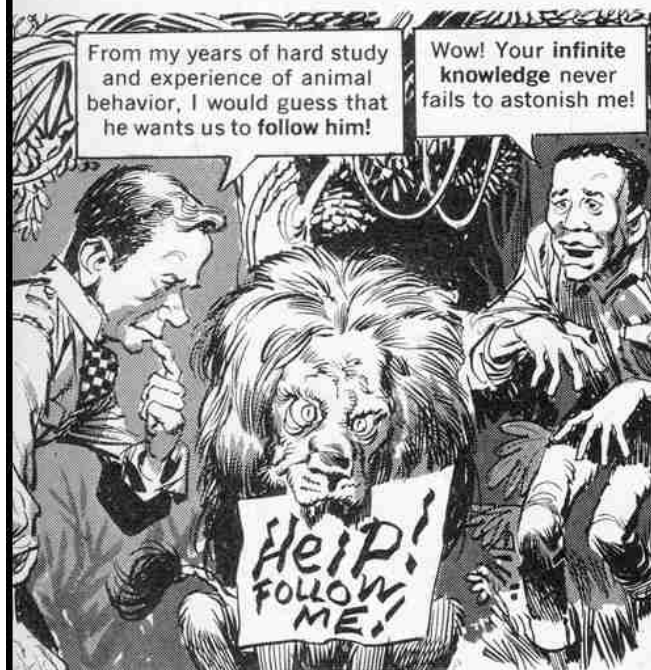
Wow! Your infinite
knowledge never
fails to astonish me!

Look! This is what
Clairvoyance wanted
to show us . . . some-
one let the ocelot
out of the cage . . .

Oh, no! I wanted to cure
him before he was turned
loose. Now he'll spread
his disease to every
animal in the jungle!

What did he
have

Athlete's
foot!



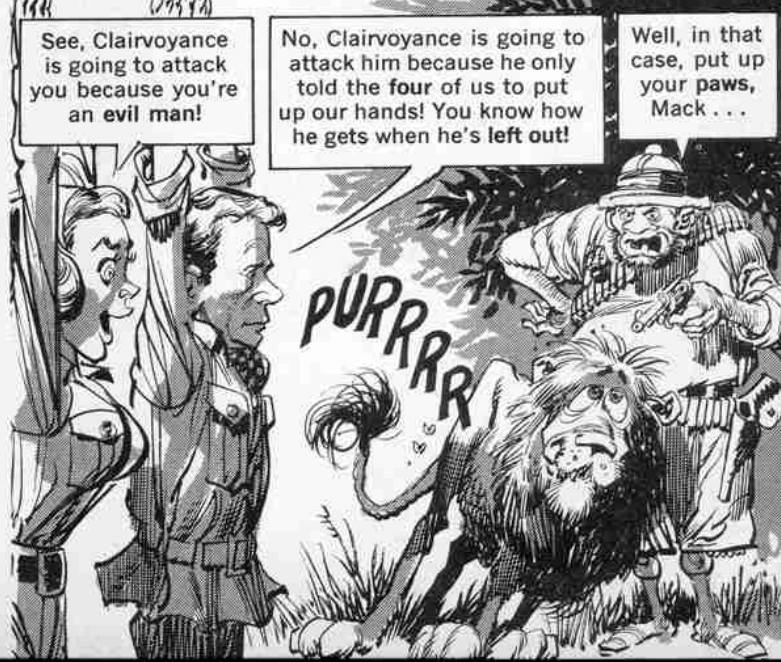
Okay, put up your hands!
All four of you . . .

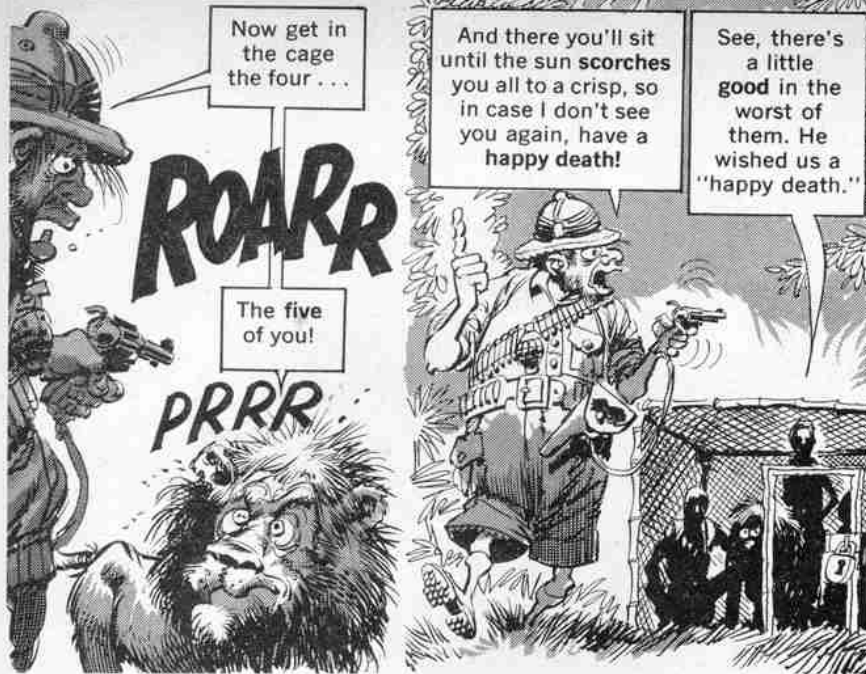
ROAR

See, Clairvoyance
is going to attack
you because you're
an evil man!

No, Clairvoyance is going to
attack him because he only
told the four of us to put
up our hands! You know how
he gets when he's left out!

Well, in that
case, put up
your paws,
Mack . . .



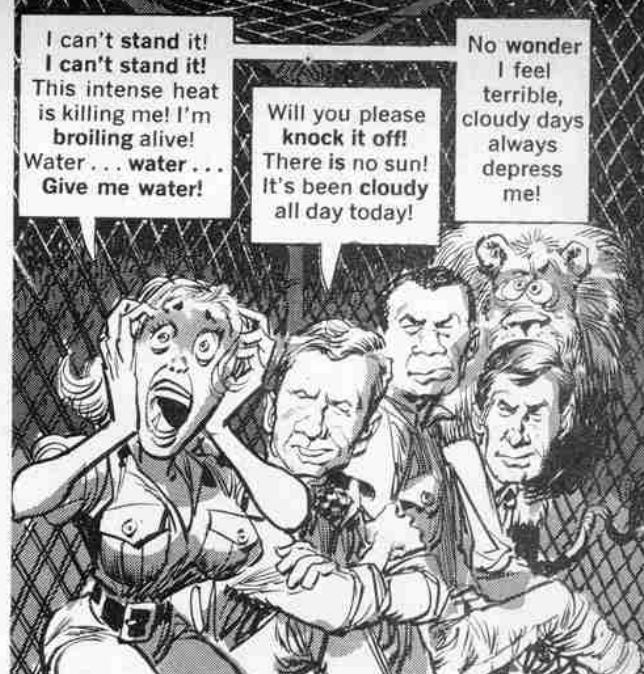


Now get in the cage the four ...

The five of you!

And there you'll sit until the sun scorches you all to a crisp, so in case I don't see you again, have a happy death!

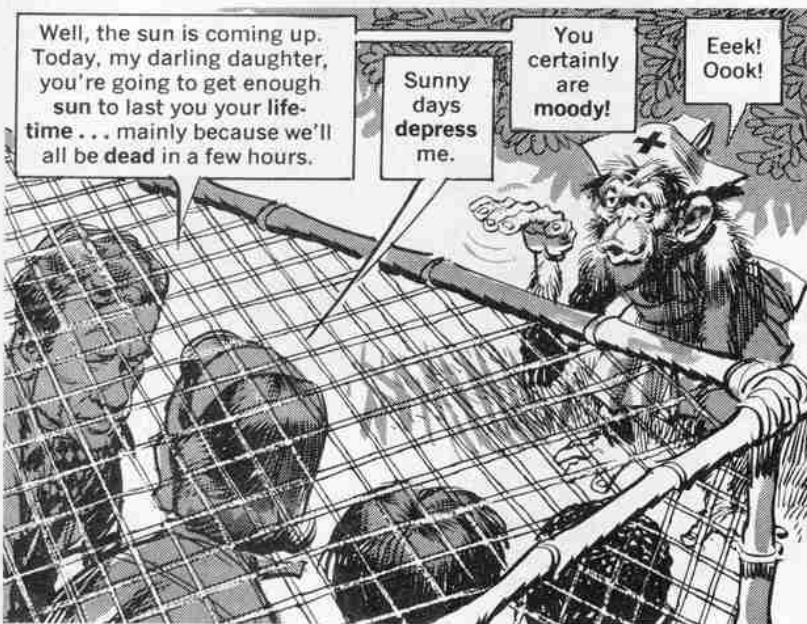
See, there's a little good in the worst of them. He wished us a "happy death."



I can't stand it! I can't stand it! This intense heat is killing me! I'm broiling alive! Water ... water ... Give me water!

Will you please knock it off! There is no sun! It's been cloudy all day today!

No wonder I feel terrible, cloudy days always depress me!



Well, the sun is coming up. Today, my darling daughter, you're going to get enough sun to last you your lifetime ... mainly because we'll all be dead in a few hours.

Sunny days depress me.

You certainly are moody!

Eeek! Oook!



Judas, listen to me! You can save our lives! Go back to the compound! In my hut you'll find a set of keys. Take them and open the top drawer of my desk. In there you'll find another set of keys. Bring them to me ...

Eeek, eek, eccch!

What do you mean "eccch!" You got a better idea, smarty-pants?



Oooka boola koonga! Pfritz!

What did he say, Doc Tari?

Forget what he said ... I knew Denninger forgot to lock the cage too, but I'm just not a show off, that's all! C'mon, let's get outta here ...



Thank Heavens I found you! I've been trying to contact you by radio all morning. I wish you'd let me know when you're going on these over-night fun hikes! Listen, half the jungle is on fire ...

Fire? Any idea how it started?

I found some gasoline cans. This one was started on purpose! It drove the elephants right off the game preserve . . .

Elephants? Denninger must have started it!

Or at least part of it . . .

What do you mean "part of it?"

Well, I tried to send a smoke signal for help, and I think I started most of it . . .

We've got to track down those elephants, help the animals trapped by the blaze, capture Denninger, put out the fire . . .

Well, we'll have to do all those things tomorrow! It's five o'clock, quitting time . . .

At a time like this, you think about quitting time? Think of the green forests and trees that will be ruined. Think of the green fields and meadows. Think of the green time-and-a-half overtime money!

You're right! Let's go . . .

Cough . . . cough . . . boy it's bad in this blaze . . . but there are animals to be saved . . . cough . . . thank goodness fear is not of prime concern . . .

TO SAVE EXPENSES AND TREES, THIS FOREST FIRE IS A JOINT EFFORT FOR THE FILMING OF:
LAESIE
TARZAN
BAMBI
SMOKEY THE BEAR
DOC TARI
PLEASE STAY OUT OF EACH OTHERS CAMERA RANGE.

Ah, this is better. Put me down here, Judas! It's safe . . .

Safe nothing! Do you know this is the end of the line?

Yes, I think so . . .

This is the end of the line
Just when I thought things were going fine
But then you stepped into view—yeah yeah
You old meanie, you—yeah yeah
This is the end . . .

Stop it! Stop it! I'm supposed to be killing you, not vice versa!

Listen, Denninger! You came on this preserve without permission—that's trespassing! You led the elephants off the property—that's kidnapping! You started this fire—that's arson! Now you want to kill us—that's downright unfriendly!

Those semi-fancy words don't impress me none! You may have escaped the cage, and managed to come out of the forest fire alive, but how are you going to stop a bullet?



Good going, Judas! You caught the bullets!

Caught the bullets? That's impossible!

You know it's impossible! I know it's impossible! But a chimp doesn't know it's impossible! Another advantage of the animal world!



Well, it seems to make sense...

I'll take that gun now, Denninger. Come along with me!

I know it's impossible, and he knows it's impossible, but the chimp...



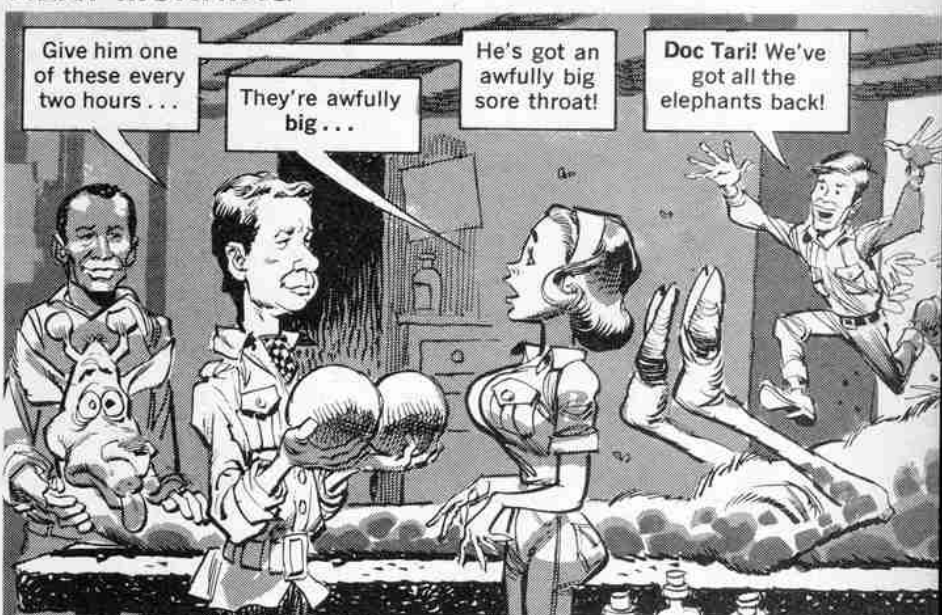
NEXT MORNING

Give him one of these every two hours...

They're awfully big...

He's got an awfully big sore throat!

Doc Tari! We've got all the elephants back!



I guess that just about does it, then. We saved the animals, put Denninger behind bars, got our elephants back, and, uh... er...

Did we forget something?

Wasn't "put out the forest fire" somewhere on that list?

So we made one lousy mistake...



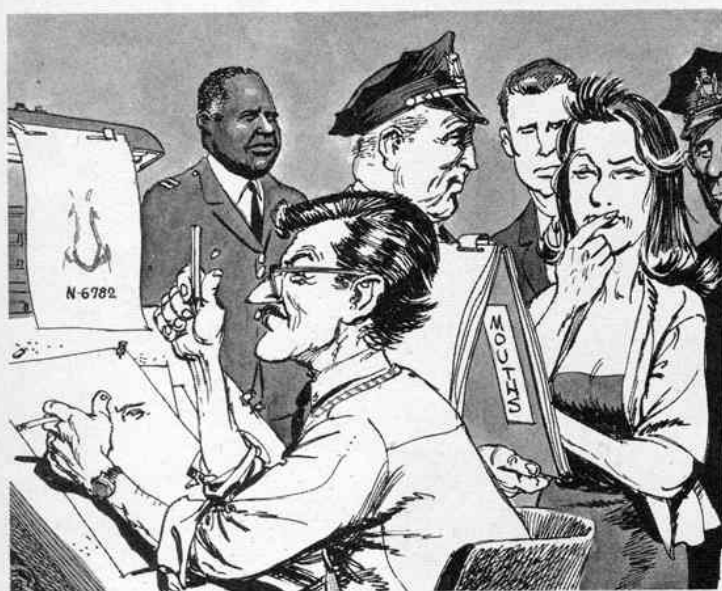
COP ART



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



WRITER: HARRY BORGMAN



WHAT IS TODAY'S MOST SHOCKING DRUG MENACE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every day we hear terrifying stories of crimes committed by people under the influence of drugs like heroin, marijuana, barbiturates, L.S.D., etc. But the most shocking drug-crime of all is hardly ever mentioned. Fold page in, and see what it is!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

SOME ADDICTS BECOME DESPERATE DARING
PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS. THESE TRAITS IN
MEN, TORTURED BY DOPE, CAUSE RADICAL
PRESSURES ON CITIZENS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

A ▶

◀ B

Misery is...a cigarette...

TO A SHERIFF...



... it's a Top Gun's shot!

TO A RUSTLER...



... it's a Hangman's knot!

TO A COWBOY...



... It's a mad stampede!

TO A SMOKER...



... It's his weed!

TO A DIVER...



... it's a hungry shark!

TO A STROLLER...



... it's a Central Park!

TO A HUNTER...



... It's a charging stag!

TO A SMOKER...



... It's a drag!

TO A BIGOT...



... it's a Jew next door!

TO A KLANSMAN...



... it's a guy from CORE!

TO A BIRCHER...



... it's a Commie nut!

TO A SMOKER...



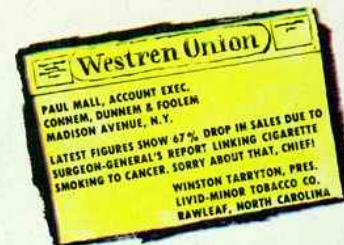
... it's a butt!

TO AN ULCER...



... it's a shot of booze!

TO A WEAK HEART...



... it's some shocking news!

TO A DEEP CUT...



... it could be gangrene!

TO A SMOKER...



... nicotine!

The taste of death... That's what misery is!

Presented as a Public Service by **THE K.E.N.T.* SOCIETY**

*"Knowledge Ends Needless Tumors"