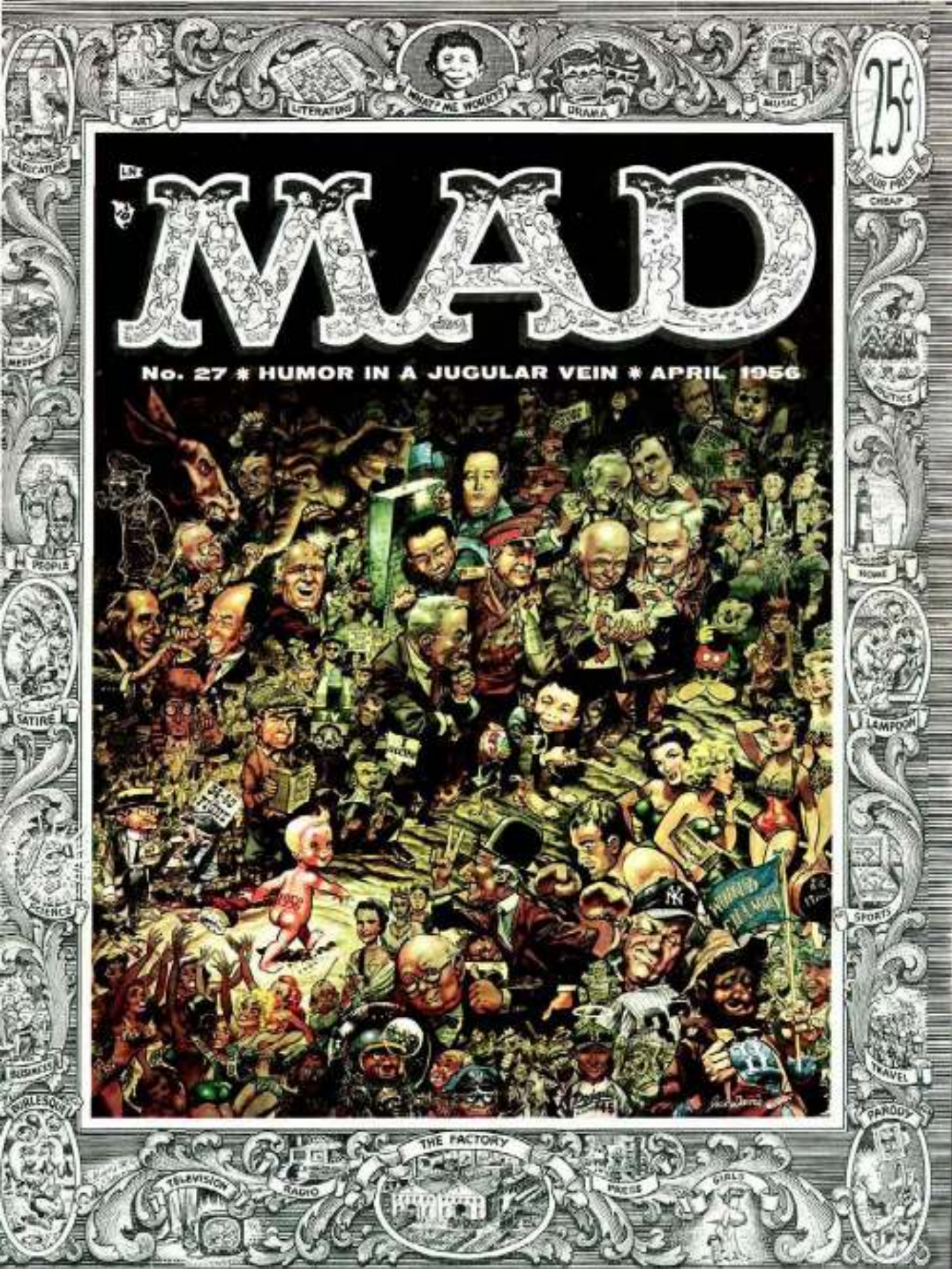
ART
LITERATURE
WHAT? ME WORRY?
DRAMA
MUSIC
25¢
OUR PRICE
CHEAP
CARICATURE
MEDICINE
POLITICS
PEOPLE
HOME
SATIRE
LAMPOON
SCIENCE
SPORTS
BUSINESS
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BURLESQUE
PARODY
THE FACTORY
TELEVISION
RADIO
PRESS
GIRLS
LIN
MAD
No. 27 * HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN * APRIL 1956

The filter doesn't get between you and the tattoo!

Elder

# Marlbrando

THE TRADEMARK OF TWO-FISTED HE MEN

NEW FLIP-TOP NEEDLES

When they get to work you flip your top.

Please do not mistake this ad. This is not popular cigarette ad but is unpopular tattoo ad for Marlbrando tattoo needles with filtered ink. Go get yourself a Marlbrando tattoo today.

(TRY THE 'BLEEDING DAGGER' DESIGN SIMULATED TO PIERCE THE FLESH AND INSCRIBED 'MOTHER')

# MAD

**No. 27 * HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN * APRIL, 1956**

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines EDITOR: Harvey Kurtzman

MANAGING ED.: Harry Chester PRODUCTION: John Putnam PROD. ASS'T: Ric Doonan

STAFF ARTISTS: Jack Davis Will Elder Wallace Wood BUSINESS MGR.: Lyle Stuart

ADVERTISING: Peter Davis SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando

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Education Department ..... pg. 9
Hollywood Department ..... pg. 8
Ice Cream Department ..... pg. 27
Letters Department ..... pg. 6
Movie Department ..... pg. 40
Music Department ..... pg. 16
Nature Department ..... pg. 31
Newspaper Comics Department ... pg. 2
Radio-TV Department ..... pg. 45
Roger Price Department ..... pg. 37
Science Department ..... pg. 34
Sports Department ..... pg. 52
TV Department ..... pg. 20

Greetings, dear reader. Perhaps you are a new reader buying our magazine for the first time. To you then, we say, Greetings. Perhaps you are an old reader, familiar with our format and coming back for more. To you then, we say, How come? In any case, gang, there's swell adventures ahead with plenty interesting features. But first, a serious message. You have no doubt noticed in past issues of MAD, the absence of regular advertising. Of course, there has been a reason for this. In the whole history of publishing, it is a well known fact that the mere presence of advertising in a publication has immediately imposed restrictions. Therefore in order to be editorially pure, in the purest sense, one must shun advertising. In other words, *the reason we haven't taken advertising is mainly because we couldn't get any.* On page 7 is our very first real advertisement in MAD. Please do what it asks. — H. K.

Pg. 16

Pg. 49

Interesting Feature

Interesting Feature Pg. 45

Intsg. Ftr. Pg. 7

MAD—Spring 1956. Volume 1, No. 27, is published quarterly by E. C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 12 issues for $3.00 in U. S. Elsewhere $3.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1955 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The publisher and editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. A similarity to a living person is a coincidence. Coincidence of similarities in MAD lampoons and parodies is highly detectable. Printed in U.S.A.

# CARTOON DIGEST

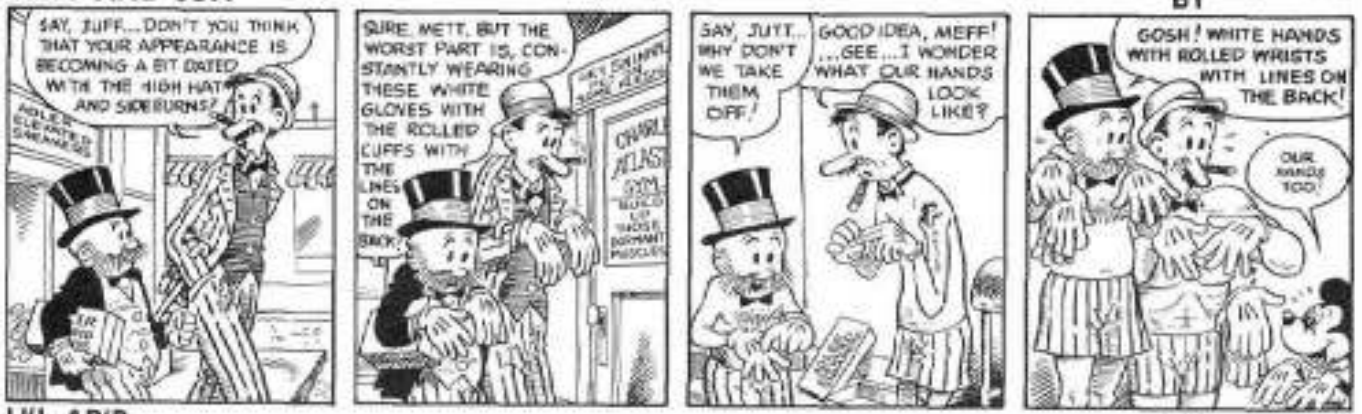
NEWSPAPER COMICS DEPT.

## LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN

BY WILL ELDER

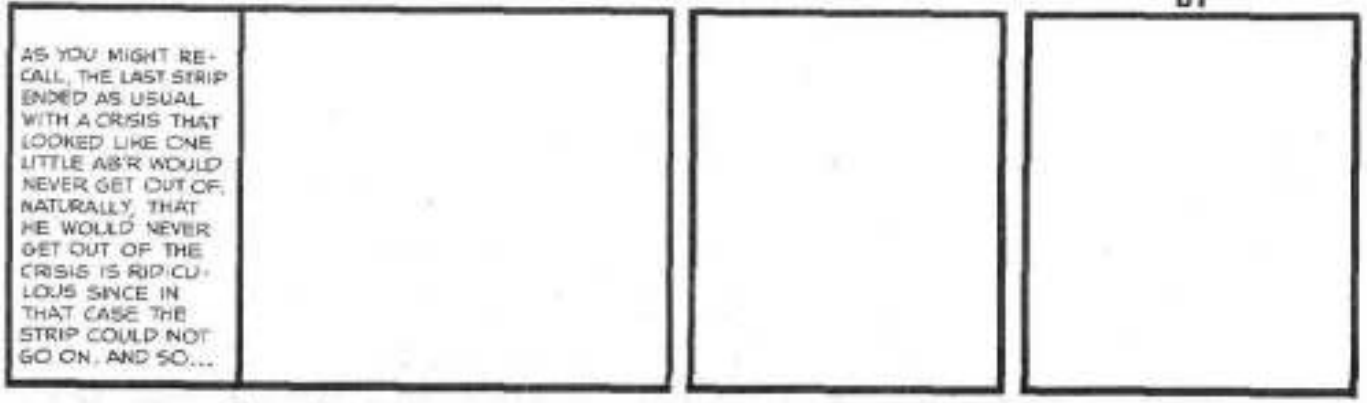
## METT AND JUFF

BY " "




## LI'L AB'R

BY " "



**ONCE AGAIN, MAD** brings you a digest of the leading comic strips. As previously stated, MAD realizes that the most popular part of the newspaper is the comics section. Therefore, in the interest of creating a better informed public, we have prepared this compact digest of the best of the comic sections. In other words, from now on you don't have to buy any newspapers...because these two pages condense the most popular parts of all the new newspapers and mainly saving you money.

Some idea, hey...you better informed, no-good, cheapskate public?

There's only one trouble...

We had to print the comic strips this way because of the page size.

So do not hold the page this way while reading comics.

Hold it this way.

Hey! what's wrong with your eyeballs?

# Why settle for others when Beauty

**INSIDE SECRET OF HEALTHIER REST!**

With springs wired together, one spring pulls down the next as shown by spilling contents of glass

With independent springs, one spring can't pull next spring down. Contents of glass do not spill out.

**Exclusive Beautydreamy independent springs** support each glass independently. Beautydreamy support springs are free to push back. Push down . . . Beautydreamy pushes back. Push down hard . . . Beautydreamy knocks you head over teakettle.

**Many people test a mattress** by pressing down with their hands. But this way can fool you. The only way to test a mattress is to lie down on it full length with glasses of liquid all around you. Then you've got to spring to your feet and leap rapidly all over the mattress in between the

**A mattress can be too firm.** Lie on the floor and see. If your present mattress feels harder than that floor, check the mattress carefully. It may be a pool table.

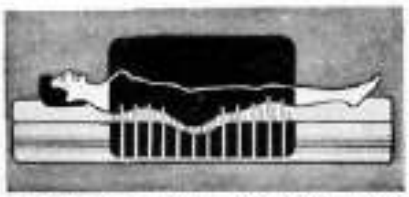
## Plenty people are

## by keeping plenty glasses

picture is too long for this book . . .
will be continued next month

# dreamy balances drinking glasses!

glasses, making sure to bring your heels down smartly and with great force. Wear baseball shoes. Once you do this and find how you get sopping wet on other mattresses you will know that Beautydreamy is for you. For Beautydreamy has an exclusive secret: Each spring is separate, giving each part of your body and each drinking glass separate support. You can buy your Beautydreamy with separate spring construction either a separate spring at a time or you can buy enough separate springs to make up a whole Beautydreamy mattress equipped bed.



**A mattress can be too thin.** X-ray would show your weight supported by box spring. X-ray would also show plenty more so watch out for that beady-eyed X-ray operator.

**Beautydreamy**—firm enough for a 250 pounder! Springs won't break under a 65,000 pound truck! Buy a Beautydreamy to put in your garage for your 65,000 pound truck!

**Beautydreamy**—comfortable enough for a child! Beautydreamy combines gentleness needed for satisfying rest and firmness needed for devastating broad jumps into bed.

## getting healthier rest on Beautydreamy tonight.

## of fruit juice, milk, etc., on that separate spring construction.

In your Mad 26 issue you had the picture Prodigious and you never told what happened to the girls that the soldiers were dragging away?

Sydney Firetag
Hollywood, Calif.

**Girls**

**We have no doubt that many of them are at work in other pictures and some may be busy with road shows and like that—ed.**

I've been bilked! As I thrashed my way through the magazines at a typical teenage drug store, I came upon your rag laying there at the bottom of the pile. Thinking it was a sports magazine because of the basketball shaped satellite on the cover, I reluctantly released my last twenty-five cent piece from its prison in my purse. Nausea quickly settled . . . Enclosed is cleaning bill for rug.

M. L.

---

I sent to Davey Crocket's Gatling Gun Frame Company for a frame for my Davey Crockett Gatling Gun. When my letter came back it had "*No such Place*" written on it and my $13.88 was gone.

. . . Finally I got a modified Daniel Boone gatling gun frame. Now I can start a Civil war of my own. I have always wanted to see one of them.

John Henry Chesterfield
Louis Forgotson
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

**No such place**

Good Lord! What went wrong with MAD 26. It really was foolish . . .

Janet Kaplan
Fairfield, Conn.

**Foolish?—ed.**

---

Ordinarily I am not shocked at anything in "MAD" but when you give Bodcaw, Arkansas, as one of the "factory" sites for Armstronger Tires, By George, I was shocked.

You may have picked this out of a hat or you may have been reared there. If reared there we are probably kin as I am related to most folks down that way.

Bodcaw was once a lumber camp for Bodcaw Lbr. Company of Stamps, Ark. Along about late '90's or maybe up to 1900. Some how a cross roads store and postoffice has survived to this day.

You will be interested to know that when I was 14 I rode horse back along the side of a wagon filled with our McNeil "big" boys all the way to Bodcaw for a hot baseball game. During a lull about the 7th inning one of our big boys slipped me a baseball he had swiped from the Bodcaw team, instructed me to get on my horse and light out. Jesse James never made a cleaner get-a-way with bank loot than I did with that ball. The story doesn't end there. My Aunt found it, questioned me and had Uncle do the same. Bold a bandit as I was I couldn't lie to him with his Jack Dempsey build. Well, I got a flogging, even Ben Whorton wasn't so big but what his Dad walloped him for enticing poor little me. Mr. Whorton or Uncle destroyed the ball. It was years before the stigma of "thief" wore off me and Ben and still more before I was trusted to handle the community money as cashier of the bank.

So why did you have to bring up Bodcaw in my 63rd year.

Best wishes for your success.

R. L. Westbrook
Pinebluff, Ark.

---

. . . as for post operative reading, I prefer MAD to Punch . . . Still, I suppose the big fault (in MAD) is that this kind of wonder-drug, like streptomycin, soon develops a resistance in the very disease it aims at. So the cynicism gets bigger and better, the germs more virulent, with each shot of MAD. As . . . some Television (personality) satirized by MAD, featured the satire on his very next program. Giving MAD and himself a nice plug. The cure and the disease are practically hand-in-glove. But . . . please send us more MAD.

Dorothy Backer
Elizaville, N. Y.

**Television (personality)**

**Plug, shlug—This television personality (whom we admire very much) needs our plugs like a hole in the head. —ed.**

. . . what I'd like to know is why the Ding Dong you allus make mistakes. No. 1 mistake is page 10 first pic. of no. 26 Nov. Notice MAP! Fools! Idiots! Only 32 states! Where have you been?

NO. 2. Dave Garrowanway is drawing thin line through Atlanta, Georgia, not 15' north of Empire State Building!

Mark Rudolph
Forest Hills, N. Y.

**Mistakes**

I have just started reading MAD. I got a copy of MAD #25 and went near-crazy searching for something on the Tweed Ring. Now I get MAD #26 and the same thing, no article on the Space "satelite." I would like a writer sitting around there to get on the ball and write something to go with the cover article, just to have something to look forward to.

Bob Foxworth
Summit, N. J.

---

. . . Regardless of where we may be, mail eventually gets to us, and invariably included in the mail are copies of "MAD." When this occurs, there is a gradual and progressive loss of efficiency as the issues are passed throughout the ship . . . and seamen can be seen on all decks, boats, bilges, and even in gun barrels reading your magazine. Side cleaners have been known to paint the same spot for six hours while trying to look busy . . . and read "MAD" at the same time. Four boats have been beached by coxswains who missed the channels for reading "MAD." And one lad was actually completely scalped because the barber was concentrating on "MAD" and forgot to stop . . .

C. C. Hartigan, Jr.
Commander U. S. Navy
Executive Officer

---

In perusing the cover of the November issue of MAD, I noticed Wallace Wood's picture of the little character pulling a wagon. Would you please ask Wood to move the wagon one inch west? It's blocking our driveway.

Jon Skinn
Decatur, Ga.

**Wood's wagon kid**

I have just finished my copy of MAD No. 26. I found one very serious mistake. You have left out the work of a very brilliant young author, James Thurkauf. This may be nothing more than an oversight on your part, but if I were you, I would not let this go unnoticed.

This writer has everything. Talent, imagination, an inventive mind. I believe MAD should solicit his manuscripts.

A mere suggestion on my part.

Yours very truly,
James Thurkauf
Leonia, N. J.

Let's blow the lid off this whole filthy mess. Who is covering up? Mr. Price has tried to palm off a Mr. Shirr-Cliff as a college man by quoting him as saying "precisely the right psychological time for a satirical magazine, as we have reached a critical point on the exponential curve of our cultural advance from agrarianism."

This a blatant untruth, a fraud perpetrated on the unsuspecting public. As any college man knows, AN EXPONENTIAL CURVE HAS NO CRITICAL POINT. Just who on your rag is covering up for whom??

Irwin Gross
Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

I am so glad and thrilled that Mr. Kovacs liked my little ol' country place. I wish to correct just one little mistake, though. It was pastel elephants, not jaguars, that spelled out Ernie's last name.

By the way, Ernie, did you notice that my dear friend Marilyn Monroe was perched atop the pink elephant that completed the K?

As a tiny token of my appreciation I am enclosing the Mona Lisa.

Gobs of love,

Lorelei Latour
Latour Junction, Cal.

---

I like boxing. I don't think you like boxing. Why do you say bad things about boxing? I like boxing.

Jim Killian
M. I. T.

---

I hope this letter finds you in the worst health possible. I have brought and read the November issue of MAD, (what you call a magazine). MAD isn't worth being thrown in an ash can.

I resent your so called article about Mario Lanza, whom you referred to as Mario Lahonza. It's people like you who should be made to see the extraordinary talent that guy has in his throat. The writer of that story . . . didn't have the guts to put his real name on it . . .

. . . In my opinion each and every copy of your junk (MAD) should be burned and buried, where the future generation could never see the remains.

Dominic Pappacono
New York City

. . . Have you seen the wonderful things printed about the MAD READER and MAD STRIKES BACK in such magazines as Fantasy and Science Fiction and Playboy? . . .

E. Nelson Bridwell
Oklahoma City, Okla.

**And speaking of the MAD Reader and MAD Strikes Back!, it just so happens that Ballantine Books are coming out with a third book . . . Inside MAD which can be had for 35c at any newsstand, or all three can be ordered from Ballantine Books, 404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18 for $1.15—ed.**

**Inside MAD**

Strongly suspect that "What, Me Worry?" picture is that of a post office employee who missends a large portion of our mail. Unconfirmed but undoubted.

G. O. W.
APO 81
New York

**More 'What—me worry?'s**

**Please address all correspondence to: MAD Dept. 27, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.**
**New York.**

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, etc. of MAD**

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(signed)
William M. Gaines
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1955
(signed)
Ettore de Stefano,
Notary Public
24-6001500
(My commission expires March 30, 1956.)

—Real Advertisement—

*How you can be a member of the* ***Bogen Hi-Fi Set*** *at moderate cost*

More and more music lovers are centering their home entertainment around custom high fidelity components. They know that no "one-piece" radio-phono unit can reproduce sound with the lifelike "presence" of separate, custom instruments by Bogen.

You don't have to be a radio engineer to operate and enjoy Bogen custom hi-fi. You simply plug your handsome Bogen components together, slip them into bookshelves and they're ready to play. Magnificent Bogen phono systems start as low as $169, with FM-AM radio tuner for as little as $50 additional.

*Send for 56 page book*

Start planning your Bogen system today. Send the coupon and 25¢ for a 56 page illustrated booklet, "Understanding High Fidelity". Explains how to plan your installation. "For the audiophile first seeking his way . . . a surprising introductory work." *Saturday Review.*

**Bogen**
High Fidelity
*Because It Sounds Better*

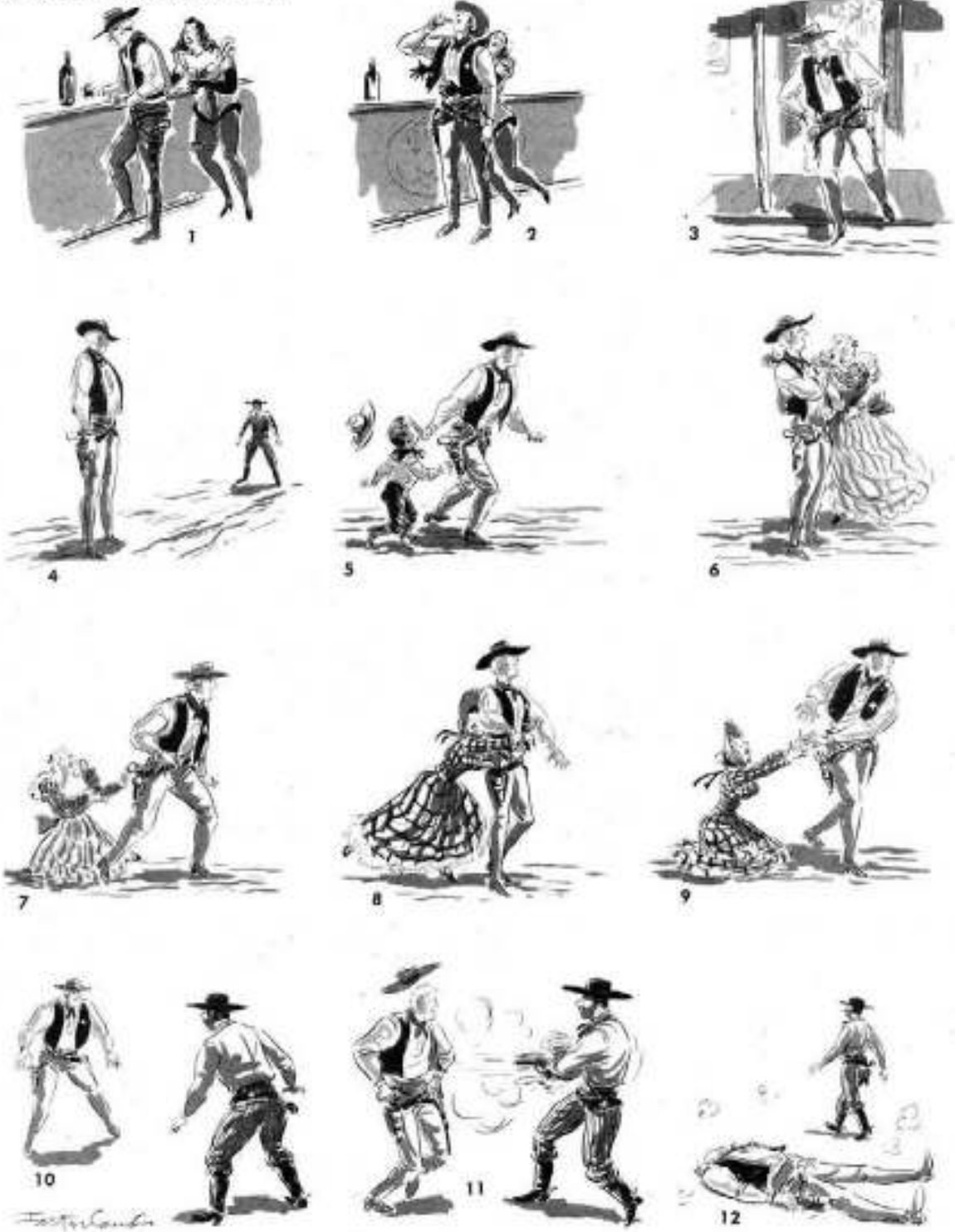
DAVID BOGEN CO., INC. Dept. M A
29 Ninth Ave., New York 14, N. Y.

*Please send "Understanding High Fidelity" (for which I enclose 25¢) plus free catalog.*

Name
Address
City Zone State
☐ *Send only free catalog.*

# SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Marshall Who Got Outdrawn




MORE ON PAGE 36

THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN PAINSTAKINGLY PREPARED BY OUR FAR RANGING RESEARCH AND SURVEY STAFF FROM A MULTITUDE OF CAREFULLY ORGANIZED FACTS HE HAS COLLECTED IN HIS COMPOSITION BOOK FOR THIS ARTICLE:

# HOW TO BE SMART

Contrary to our usual policy and all kidding aside, this is going to be a very serious and useful article.

All kidding aside.

Now many people are under the impression that the world is a pretty dumb place and there aren't many smart people around nowadays. To foolishly say whether there *are* lot's of those dumb people will not be the purpose of this article.

To *help* all those millions of dumb people will be the purpose of this article.

And with smartness in the minority, let's face it...you are probably one of 'those'...

Especially since you're reading this magazine.

However, cheer up. You too can be smart. It's easy.

For instance, what makes a person smart? Is it because you *think* you're smart?

Naaah!

Everyone thinks they're smart. ...don't mean a thing.

What makes you smart is when *other* people think you're smart... when they see you passing and say, 'He look smart.' and throw rocks.

The point is...it's how you *look* that makes you smart.

That's where we come in.

On the following pages we will show you in a matter of minutes, how you can look and act so that everyone will think you are smart, making you, in effect, smart.

"Make me smart in a matter of minutes?" you say, "ridiculous!"

See, we say, you are getting smart already.

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# how to look smart

## What a college education accomplishes in years, a well-chosen adornment can do in minutes . . .

if a loutish look is yours, the condition can be reversed by plain use of heavy black eyeglasses. (glass not necessary.)

with heavy black eyeglasses, loutish looking clod becomes intelligent looking clod.

you can rise above all the other scrub-women with a simple device.

a slender nickel-plate cigarette holder whipped out at the coffee-break will give you that smart look.

don't be ordinary, (a sure sign of feeble-mindedness). like forinstance, don't wear ordinary cuff-links.

wear cuff-links made out of out of old coffee grinders.

if you have the ignoramus look of the rest of the pool-hall crowd, an intelligent gleam is yours for the taking.

grow a well-trimmed beard. it will get you out of that pool-hall class ...it will get you out of that pool-hall. they'll never let you back in.

# Odd clothing, a strange textured jacket, cleverly fastened drop seat, create smart impressions.

just think when you enter the cocktail party, how smart you'll look...

with your fluorescent pink weskit, hand- woven wood-pulp skirt, etc.

or else, you're back outside elegant party and this time you come in...

with faded dungarees, surplus army sweat-shirts and basketball shoes!

or else, you're back outside, and now you create biggest impression of all.

you come in *naked*.

# how to act smart

## Sitting is important in standing out. Outstanding sitting will sit you in good standing . . . er

avoid chairs. fling yourself down upon the floor in a gracefully flung posture

there is nothing as smart looking as a flinged figure that is gracefully flung

## Cultivate a withering sneer.

practice this sneer. try it on your friends.

# Carefully chosen words make meaningless conversation, intelligent meaningless conversation.

'fantastic' is a high-class smart word.
if your boy-friend wiggles his ears,
don't say: ...say:

'fabulous' is good. when your neighbor's son shows you his frog collection,
don't say: ...say:

it's smart to use the word 'darling' whether
at the cocktail party or the meat market,
don't say: ...say:

# how to live smart

## Smartness is accented by strange objects in your home, both mineral, vegetable and people.

fireplace designed like bonfire on floor.

a painting... the harder to understand the better.

strange light fixture not to be confused with mobile.

automatic record player automatically smashes pop records.

arty coffee table converted from Zuñi gravestone.

chair, made from rare gnu leather.

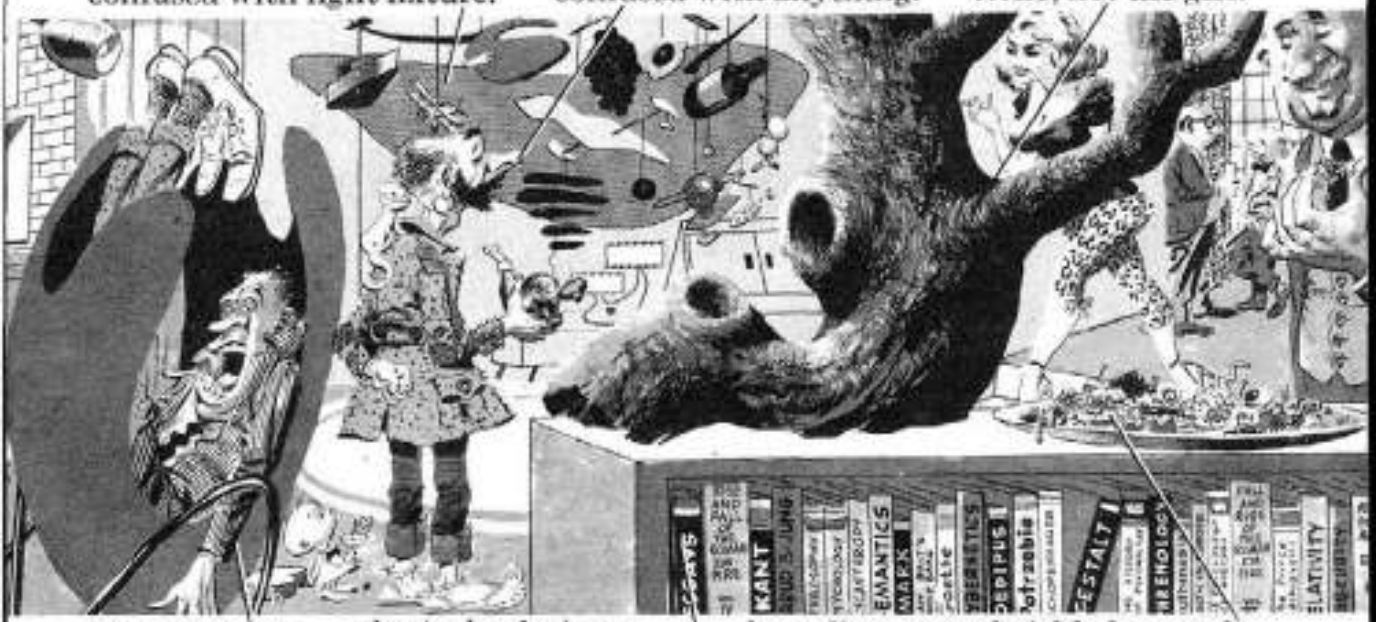
TO SUM IT ALL UP... to be smart, *be different*. If the others order peanut butter sandwiches, you ask for Pizza. If everyone stands on line, you sneak around the other way. If they talk about the U.S., you tell them about Paris. If they happen to be worldly, you tell them you're a Martian. Yes, you will be very impressive if you can tell them you're a Martian.

Finally... if after reading this article, you are satisfied to remain amongst the peasants, don't go making fun of every person who *is* different or

strange mobile not to be confused with light fixture.

strange person not to be confused with anything.

interesting shape. ...no, not the girl!




chair designed to grip you.

plenty books (you don't have to read 'em)

hors d'oeuvres of pickled tentacle tips, smoked african beetle grubs.

acts like a Martian...

...he *might really be* a Martian!

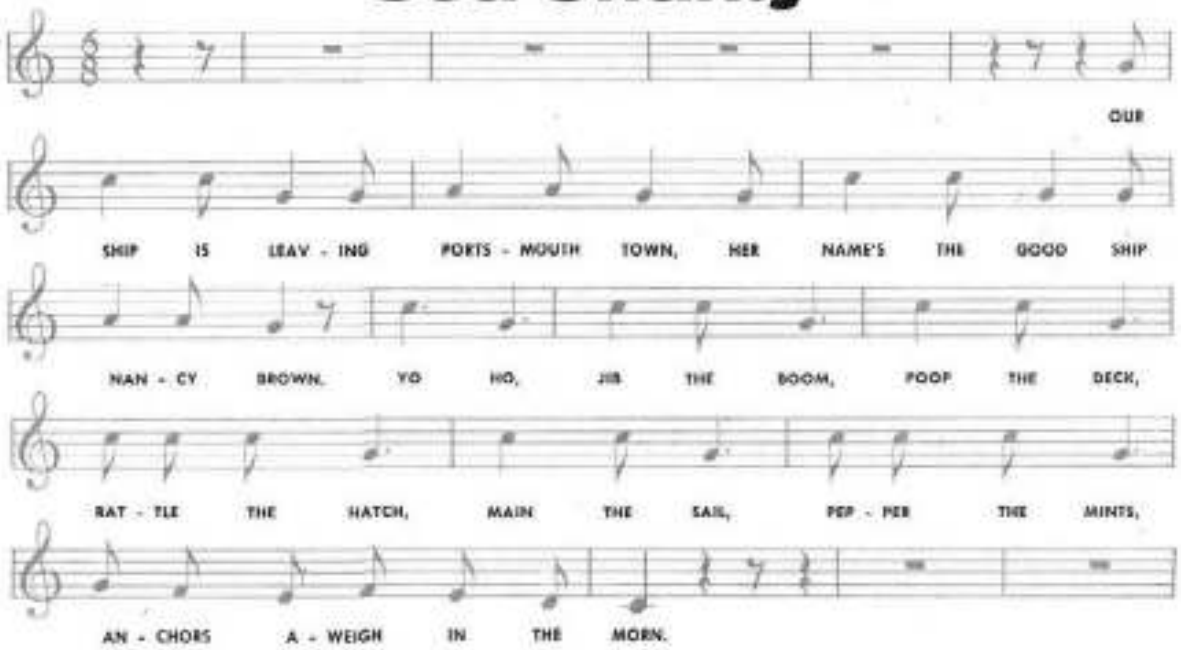
END

MUSIC DEPT.

# AND NOW FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO LOVE WE HAVE A TREAT FOR YOU AND A TRICK

I love songs of the sea. I guess that's because I love the sea. There is nothing quite like it... the salt air in your nostrils, the moon over the port bow, the flapping of the sails in the breeze, the scream of the gulls over head, the trade winds in your hair. I must try it sometime. Frankly, my actual sailing experience has consisted of fifty-two round trips through the Tunnel of Love. However, just to prove that I really love sailing, forty of those trips were made without a girl. Anyway, here's my sea chanty...

## Sea Chanty

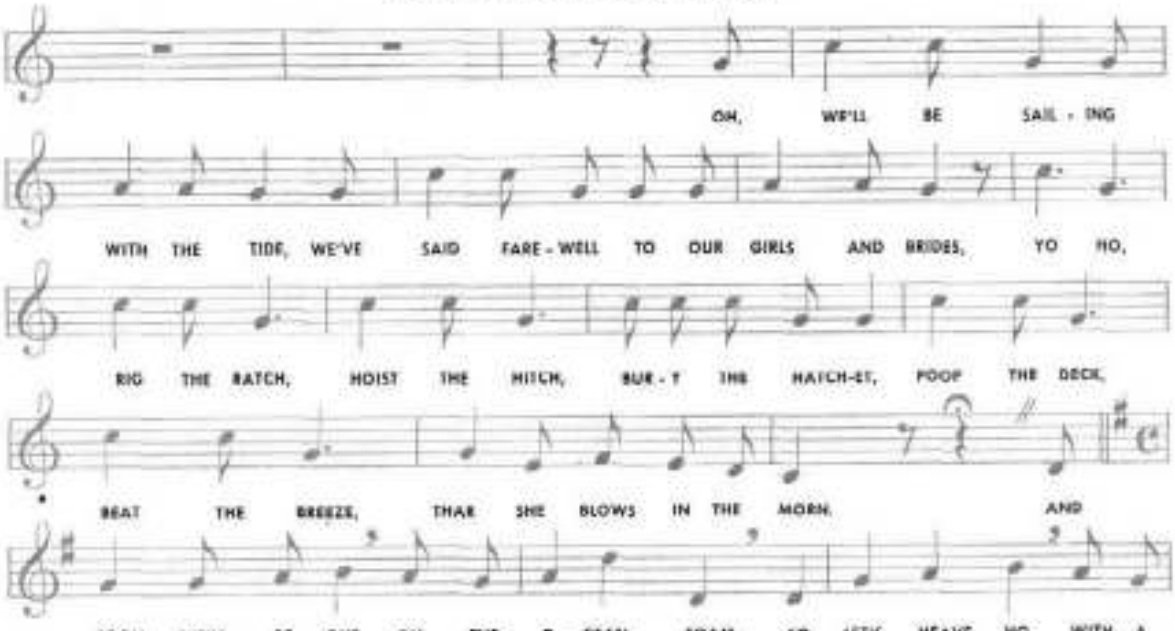


# A LUSTY SING AROUND THE PIANO, HERE FOR YOUR NEIGHBORS...

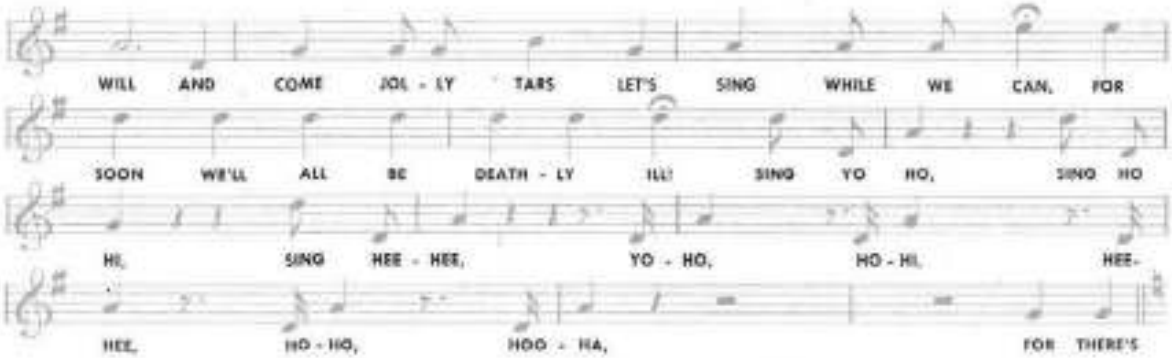
# A SEA CHANTY

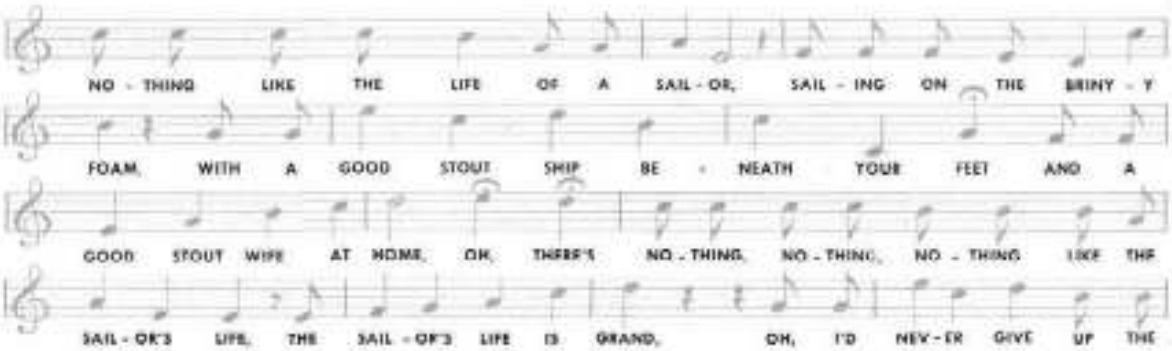
BY ABE BURROWS

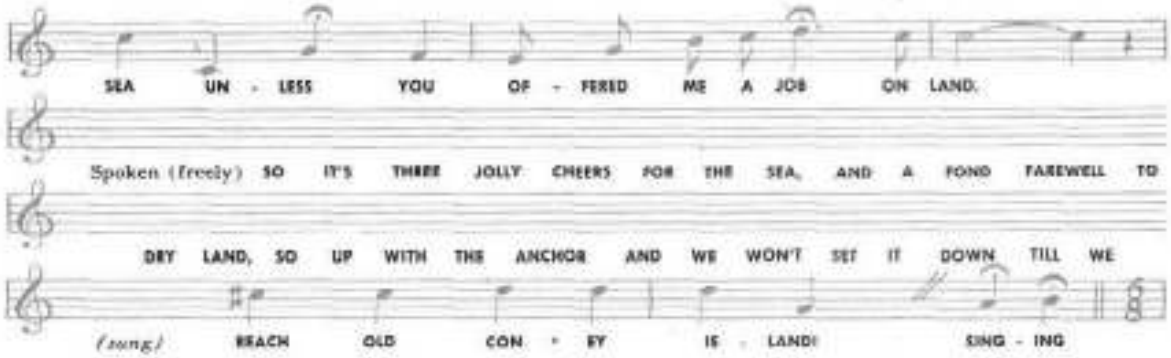
PICTURES BY RUSS HEATH

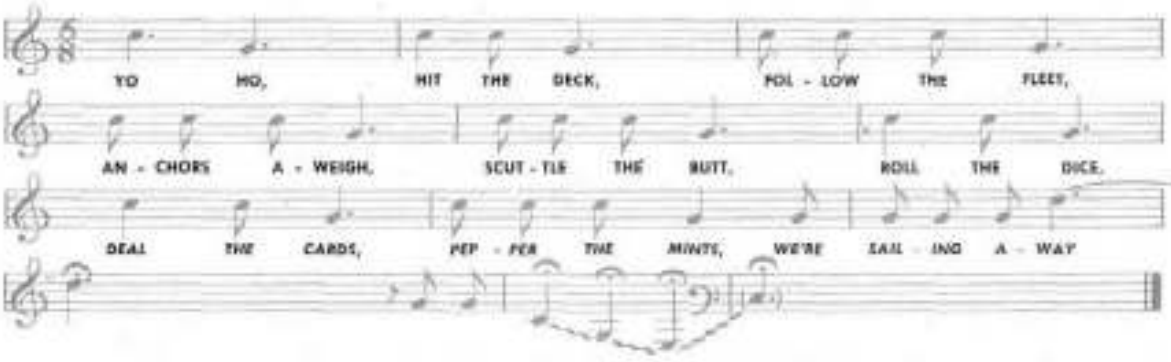


PHT!
ZZZT!


WILL AND COME JOL - LY TARS LET'S SING WHILE WE CAN, FOR
SOON WE'LL ALL BE DEATH - LY ILL! SING YO HO, SING HO
HI, SING HEE - HEE, YO - HO, HO - HI, HEE-
HEE, HO - HO, HOO - HA, FOR THERE'S


NO - THING LIKE THE LIFE OF A SAIL - OR, SAIL - ING ON THE BRINY - Y
FOAM, WITH A GOOD STOUT SHIP BE - NEATH YOUR FEET AND A
GOOD STOUT WIFE AT HOME, OH, THERE'S NO - THING, NO - THING, NO - THING LIKE THE
SAIL - OR'S LIFE, THE SAIL - OR'S LIFE IS GRAND, OH, I'D NEV - ER GIVE UP THE





If you haven't had enough and still want more . . . by George, you've got the wrong book! Hurry, take your MAD back for a refund and advance the money towards a copy of the Abe Burrows Song Book (Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc. $4.50) which is just chock full of such scrimshaw and assorted nonsense.

THE ABE BURROWS SONG BOOK Copyright 1955, by Abram S. Burrows Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

# THIS FEATURE TELEVISION

# ED

**ED SUVILLAN AT WORK** with his show of shows, showing his qualities that characterize him . . . a pulsating energy combined with zealous and spirited activity and a frenzied devotion to dynamic, vigorous action with an agility and intense enthusiasm . . . and mainly, he hardly moves.

# IS ABOUT THE BIGGEST THING ON YOUR SET. NO...NOT THE INDOOR ANTENNA! THE...

# SUVILLAN SHOW

Since this article is intended to give you an idea of how the highly successful Ed Suvillan Show goes . . . to those of you who aren't acquainted with and haven't seen the Ed Suvillan Show, this article is for you. In other words, this article is good for about three people. Everybody else turn to next article. Anyhow, on the following pages are samples of the unbelievable array of variety and talent from all over the world that appears on the Ed Suvillan Show. Some of the acts are new and some have been seen before. Some have even been repeated on the Show by popular request. As a matter of fact you know one performer who has been on the Ed Suvillan Show countless times and who returns to the Show again and again:

Ed Suvillan.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PICTURES BY WILL ELDER

POPULAR NOTION THAT SUVILLAN IS EXPRESSIONLESS IS DISPROVED BY CANDID VIEWS OF SUVILLAN'S DRAMATIC EYE MOVEMENTS

FURTHER DISPROOF OF THE ED. SUVILLAN STONEFACE IS DRAMATICALLY CAPTURED AS HE MOMENTARILY TWITCHES LIPS PURSED

"EXPRESSIONLESS" MYTH IS SWEPT AWAY AS SUVILLAN, IN BURST OF EMOTION RUBS HANDS AND PURSES LIPS AT THE SAME TIME

# Ed Suvillan features vaudeville acts . . . the finest ventriloquists and smartest dummies in very tricky acts like as follows.

And now folks, we've got a treat for you . . . a very tricky ventriloquist act I first caught when I flew by L.A. last night . . . Phil Soundflinger and Charlie Mahoney
Come on out here, boys!
Gee, Thanks, Ed!
Clap Clap Clap

## Suvillan spares no expense in searching for interesting acts, not only at home but all over the world.

**Show is so star studded . . . even audience is famous and at some point Suvillan asks well-known personalities to stand up.**

**Suvillan is a good sport, being very often the butt of jokes and parodies on own show and taking it like a good sport.**

And now folks, we're going to see some terrific imitations by Wes Yeast, a rising young comic!
Come on out here, Wes!
NEXT WEEK: PUTAND RACE BETWEEN SOPHIE TUCKER & VICTOR MOORE; ALSO FS.G.A. BOYS LAVATORY CHORALE.
2 WEEKS FROM TONITE: MARY O. LANDER THE FAMOUS DISAPPEARING ACT, WILL TRY TO APPEAR AGAIN!
Clap Clap Clap Ooob! Clap Clap Clap

At a Special Term, Part III of the

Supreme Court of the State ***

PRESENT:

HON. ALFRED E. NEUMAN,

Justice.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -x

ED SUVILLAN,

Plaintiff,

-against-

MAD MAGAZINE,

Defendant.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -x

Upon reading and filing the summons and verified complaint herein and the sworn affidavit of ED SUVILLAN, ***

LET the defendant above named show cause before this Court, at a Special Term, Part III thereof, *** WHY the defendant should not be permanently restrained and enjoined from publishing, printing, circulating, selling and distributing copies of a certain magazine entitled "MAD" containing an article of and concerning *the plaintiff, which article, *** unlawfully holds him up to public scorn and ridicule, vilifies and defames his name and character, and otherwise injures his reputation and credit; and sufficient cause appearing, it is hereby*

ORDERED, that pending the hearing and final determination of this motion, the defendant is hereby stayed from publishing, printing, and circulating copies of the aforesaid magazine entitled "MAD" containing the aforesaid article complained of; ***

Alfred E. Neuman

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT

all kidding aside, he really is a good sport.

# UNINTERRUPTED MELODY

## By Stan Freberg

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

While flaked out one day on my emerald green "Hide-a-bed" (hide-a-bed is right . . . it is hidden so well I have never been able to find it and I suspect there is none.) I was startled from my mid-summer's afternoon yoga trance by a strain of soft chime-like music that came wafting through the open portals. Foreign to my ears and yet once familiar, it grew louder and louder. Was it Gershwin . . . Vincent Youmans? or the classics... Bach, Mozart, Dubussy?

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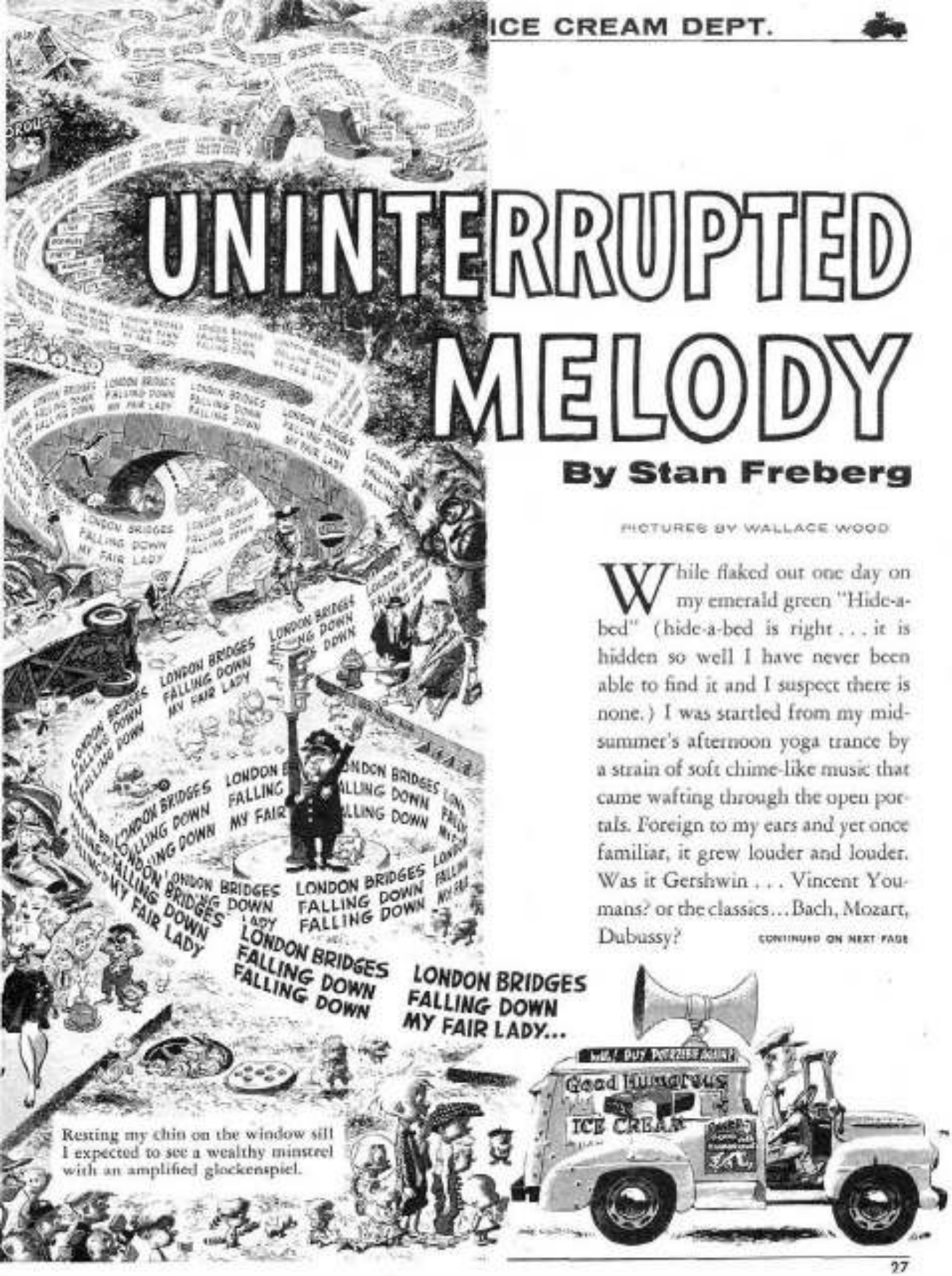



Resting my chin on the window sill I expected to see a wealthy minstrel with an amplified glockenspiel.

Suddenly both words and music sprung to my mind:

***"London Bridge is falling down***
***Falling down, falling down,***
***London Bridge is falling down***
***My fair lady," was the strain.***

Then it repeated, then it repeated, then it repeated. All told it did eleven encores. That it would be a lousy afternoon for yoga, became instantly apparent. I sprang from my excellently hid "hide-a-bed" and ran to the window. (To be truthful I didn't exactly run, it was more like hobbling. My legs were still locked in the No. 3 yoga position.) Resting my chin on the window sill, I peered out, seeking the cause of the London Bridge suite. I expected to see either a wealthy child with a 25-ft. music box, or a wealthy minstrel with an amplified glockenspiel. To my disappointment I saw neither. What I saw was a small white ice cream truck travelling at about seven miles per hour. It said "Jolly Time" on the side, but the driver wasn't having one. He wore a white suit and a mask of boredom the likes of which I have never seen. Compared to this man's face the sphinx looked like Jerry Lewis.

***"—falling down, falling down***
***London Bridge is falling dow-w-w-w-w---"***

The music trailed off as the truck stopped. The least he could have done was to let it get to "my fair lady." He turned a jaundiced eye on a child who stood holding out a dime. A discussion ensued regarding flavors, a decision reached and the child's funds transferred to sphinx-face. Apparently the chimes were wired to the fan belt, for as the truck started up the music resumed;

***"w-n-n-n-n-n---my fair lady,—cling!"*** (There was a grace note on the end.)

As he drove slowly into the sunset with *London Bridge* flailing him about the ears, I couldn't help but notice a look of sheer panic in his eyes, and his hands were none too steady on the wheel. It set me to wondering what it must be like sitting there for eight hours with *London Bridge* collapsing all about, and a thousand grimy little hands to haunt you. "How often do they change the song?" I wondered. "Who picks the songs in the first place?—Why would anyone in his right mind let himself be submitted to that?"

I hobbled back to my couch and resumed Yoga position No. 3. The following mental playlet flashed into my head immediately. (In Cinemascope of course.) I suggest the title "Un-Interrupted Melody" but Stanley Kramer will more than likely have his own ideas. It's water off my back. I see Edward Arnold in the lead, but I have no doubt that Frank Sinatra will play it in the end.

* * *

*(Camera Dollies in on crane shot of the "Good Humorous" plant. Superimposed over this shot are the titles written on the sides of ice cream bars. Camera moves in close to follow a well-dressed man of about fifty walking into plant. He is* F. C. *(Vanilla Cream)* Burr, *President of* Good Humorous. *He walks briskly through the front offices and down a corridor past* "Stick dept." . . . "Pecan Crunch dept." . . . "Pistachio Ripple dept." . . . *and finally* "Music dept." *He enters briskly and the camera moves through the door with him.* Dave Green, *a balding man with horn-rimmed glasses looks up from a piano in the shape of an ice cream bar with a bite out of it. He speaks:)*

GREEN: Morning F. C.!

F. C.: Mmf! What's going on around here, that's all I want to know Green? Has Good Humorous lost its mind?

GREEN: But what—?

F. C.: I heard one of our trucks over on the west side playing "Blue Skies." How much do you think we'll have to pay Berlin if he gets wind of it? You know the rules!

GREEN: But F. C.—

F. C.: Nursery songs! That's all I want to hear. They don't cost us anything!

GREEN: But F. C., the men get punchy from nursery songs. They're cracking up out there.

F. C.: I had that truck taken out of service immediately. Punchy you say? Nonsense, everybody loves nursery songs. Besides they're free!

GREEN: I think we could get a good deal on the rights to *"Dance With Me Henry."*

F. C.: You idiot! What am I paying you for? To arrange music in the public domain, that's all. P. D.—P. D.!!! You want to go back to writing Marching Beer-Can Songs for television?

GREEN: O.K., O.K., F. C. Ha-Ha! Here's a little thing I've been working on this morning. How does this strike you? *(He sings)*
***"The Three Little Kittens,***
***They lost their mittens,***
***And they began to cry; meow (meow!)***
***MEOW' . . . (MEOW'!)***

F. C.: Wait a minute. The answering *meows* are supposed to be up high, not down low. Why don't you play them up high?

GREEN: I haven't got enough keys.

F. C.: Why not?

GREEN: There's a bite out of the piano.

F. C.: So there is. Well it's all right down there. I hear it's the big thing now-a-days to do variations on the original chords anyhow. At least that's

what my daughter says. She listens to somebody named Brue-back all the time.

GREEN: Brubeck. Dave Brubeck.

F. C.: Mm. Well watch your step or I'll get this Brubeck to do the work for me. Probably be a hard worker.

GREEN: Yes sir.

*(The door bursts open and three men in white coats rush in. Only* ONE *of them however is a* Good Humorous *man. He babbles incoherently . . . little white flecks about his lips:)*

MAN: London Bridge's fallhahahahaha-ing down obble, obble, obble, obble, obble!

F. C.: Joe—Ed—What's the meaning of this?

JOE: *(Straining to hold the man)* He slipped away from us sir.

F. C.: Is he one of the dangerous ones?

JOE: Yes sir. Acute ward for three days now. Came in last week.

MAN: Obble-obble-obble-obble.

F. C.: Look out Joe he's breaking away!

JOE: I got him. He's trying to get at that piano! It looks like a big Good Humorous Bar!

MAN: *(Staring wildly)* Arrgh!—bridge is falling obble, obble, obble! YAHHHH!

F. C.: Get him out of here it depeesses me!

*(They haul him off with much scuffling and obble-obbling.)*

F. C.: Well . . . a couple weeks rest and he'll be back raring to go, eh Green?

GREEN: *(Climbing down from on top of piano)* Poor devil! I know him, his name's Heineger.

F. C.: I know him too. He came in and pleaded with me to take him off *London Bridge* and put him on *Yankee Doodle* two weeks ago, but he had a month to go yet. Change their song before the eight week time cycle and you spoil 'em I always say.

GREEN: Gee I don't know F. C. . . .

F. C.: Well I do. Put 'em on *Yankee Doodle* and they wish they had *London Bridge* back again. That's the trouble with labor today. Wishy-washy!

GREEN: *(Agreeing)* That's right F. C.

F. C.: You bet that's right. Now turn *"The Three Little Kittens"* arrangement over to the chimes dept. and get on to something else. I've got an employee Pep Meeting in five minutes.

*(Scene dissolves to large hall where two hundred white-coated,* Good Humorous *Men sit silently staring into space, like uniformed Zombies.)*

F. C.: *(Entering with large smile and clapping hands.)* Allrighty men let's stand up and sing our little song now, and let's sing it like we were in a good humour, eh? Heh, heh, heh, ahh heh, heh, heh, ahhh—ahem! *(He blows on pitch pipe)*

MEN: *(Standing glumly, and holding mimeographed song sheets.)*
*(Sung to tune of "Collegiate")*
***Humorous, Humorous,***
***Yes we are Good Humorous,***
***That is not no rumorous,***
***Yay—ho!***
***Music, Music,***
***How we love the music,***
***Lovely P. D. music,***
***Tinkling as we go*** *(bridge)*
***Ear-plugs, ear-plugs,***
***We won't wear at all,***
***Or we will be sentenced***
***To a hundred days of***
***Yankee, Doodle,***
***Push the Tuiti-Fruitie***
***Sell it by the oodle,***
***Good Humorous we love you . . . YAY!***
*(They sit down glumly)*

F. C.: That was fine, just fine men. You can tell a real G. H. Man every time I always say! You know, you don't eat our bars with your fingers, there's a stick to it. Right? Well men, . . . that's the key to successful selling; "Stick to it!" Ice cream salesmen are the backbone of this nation if you ask me. My daughter tells me somebody even made a picture called "The Man In The White Suit." Well they don't go around naming movies after us for nothing, and I don't mind saying I'm mighty proud. You men keep up the good work and one day soon I'll have your chimes tuned. See if I won't!

Now I won't hold you because I know you're anxious to get out in the field. But it has been brought to my attention that a free stick was turned in this week. Now you know we only print one free stick per 100,000 bars, and according to our sales average based on past history, that stick wasn't due to come up for four more weeks. Now some wise kid forged that stick, I know that and I can't do anything about *him*. But some driver here wasn't on his toes, and that's why—

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

VOICE: (*Rings out from rear of auditorium*) Who can be on their toes with that "deedlee-um-dee-dee-dee-dee" in your ears!

F. C.: All right! That'll be enough! I can't see who said that, but I'll find out—you can bank on that!

VOICE: (*Questioning*) We can bank already on the dough we get paid from this job??

F. C.: Look here! You . . . you can bank more than the boys over at "Goody-Time" or "Happy-Crunch" are banking, so let's quiet down there.

MAN: (*Rises timidly from second row*) Pardon me Mr. Barr, sir . . .

F. C.: Well, Harris, what is it?

HARRIS: I've been on *"Pop Goes the Weasel"* for three weeks now, could I please trade with Jones here? He's got *"Four-And-Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie . . ."*

F. C.: You know the rules, Harris! The cycle is eight weeks.

HARRIS: (*Trembling*) But sir, it's all right with Jones . . . I'm so sick of *"Pop Goes the Weasel,"* I can't stand it. I come home at night, I can't sleep. All night long I hear *"A penny for a spool of thread, a penny for a needle,"* I'm sick of it! Sick, sick, sick! (*He breaks off, sobbing.*)

JONES: (*Putting his arm around Harris*) Let me have his song, sir. I LIKE *"Pop Goes the Weasel."* Honest!

F. C.: Let's quiet down here. *"Pop Goes the Weasel"* is Harris' responsibility. He's got to stick it out just like everybody else!

HARRIS: (*Blubbering*) Let me have *"Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds,"* please, please, please!!

F. C.: Just for that outburst Harris, you can't have *"Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds"* at all. When your time is up you'll get *"The Farmer In the Dell."*

HARRIS: (*Screaming*) NOT FARMER IN THE DELL!! I HAD THAT LAST CYCLE. NO! NO! *NO!*

(*At this point the entire body of men rise to their feet as one man and move menacingly toward the startled executive. He runs from the auditorium and barricades himself in the* "Pecan-Crunch dept.")

WOMAN: (*Looking up from sat*) Why Mr. Barr, how nice of you to be payin' us a visit in here. Taste some of this new pecan crunch batch. It's good enough to eat.

F. C.: (*Panting*) No—No, not now!

WOMAN: Faith and you're red as a beet. Are ye taken ill?

SOUND: CRASHH!! (*The doors splinter and with a mighty roar the men spill into the room and raise the frightened executive.*)

WOMAN: (*Screaming*) Here here, put down Mr. Barr you heathens wot do ye . . . EEEEH!—The Saints preserve us, they've dropped him in the Pecan-Crunch! And it a fresh batch too!

(*Scene does time-dissolve to Music Dept. hours later.*)

GREEN: (*Seated at piano mulling over tune*) *"Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, oats, peas, beans . . ."* (*He slams keys with fists like all composers do in the movies when they can't get the song to come.*) Nursery Songs, nursery songs! And a piano with a bite out of it! I'm the laughing stock of Robbins-Feist and Miller. I..I got to get away from this for a while.

(*Camera moves with him as he grabs hat, walks out of building and into the parking lot. Cutting through the rows of spotless white trucks, he is brought up short by a familiar strain;*)

*"The Farmer in the Dell,*
*The Farmer in the Dell,*
*Heigh ho the merry-o,*
*The Farmer in the Dell.*

GREEN: Funny, someone left their motor running (*He starts, staring off to his left.*)

(*Camera takes close-up shot of F. C. Barr bound and gagged in the front seat of a truck. Over the gag his eyes are wild.*)

GREEN: F. C.! It's you! Somebody tied greasy ropes around your nice brown suit. (*Green pauses as truth dawns on him*) F. C.! That ain't no brown suit . . . YOU'VE BEEN DIPPED! (*He shuts off motor and takes gag out of F. C.'s mouth.*)

MUSIC: *"The Farmer in the Dell,*
*Heigh-ho the merry-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."*

F. C.: (*Staring wildly*) Obble, obble, obble, obble!

GREEN: Gee, you've got little bumps all over. You must be Pecan Crunch under the chocolate, huh, F. C.?

F. C.: Obble, obble, obble!

MOTHER GOOSE: (*Stepping from behind truck with sheet music*) Pardon me—I wonder if I could get you to plug this song for me?

END

Copyright by Sean Freberg

NATURE DEPT.

"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE" GEDNEY BURP RETURNS AFTER NINE MONTHS OF ROUGHING IT IN LION COUNTRY

## PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS AMAZED BY STORIES OF JUNGLE BEASTS WHO BECOME GENTLE HOUSE PETS SO HERE'S ONE ABOUT . . .

# A LAD AND A LION

### A FATHER SOLVES HIS SON'S *PET* PROBLEM

**GEDNEY L. BURP, ESQ.**, bon vivant, raconteur, and big game hunter, surprised his son Tommy by bringing him a lion cub. Tommy named it "Lassie". He always wanted a dog. His father never let him have one and used to give the rather thin excuse about a three room apartment in Brooklyn being no place for one. Tommy pleaded pitifully. It began paining Mr. Burp to listen. So he left town. It was while on Safari (his son's nagging and whining still fresh in his ears) that he got the idea to give the boy a pet lion. Lassie was the very biggest one he could find.

PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS

LASSIE THE LION CUB TAKES TO TOMMY RIGHT AWAY

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# A LION'S STRUGGLE TO BECOME CIVILIZED

**LASSIE AND TOMMY ARE INSEPARABLE PALS AND ARE A COMMON SIGHT ON NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS**

**FEARS FADE** as children quickly learn to play with friendly Lassie just like they do with other pets.

**FOOTBALL FASCINATES** Lassie and Tommy's team enjoys letting her take a big part in all its games.

**FAMISHED FRIENDS** share their food which means that Lassie must forget voracious jungle eating habits.

**CHEERFUL CHORE** of helping Tommy on his paper route delights Lassie and surprises subscribers.

**COZY CORNER** on cold evenings is favorite spot for fun, TV, and Tommy's cute practical jokes . . .

**COWBOY CAPERS** is an exciting wild west game in which Lassie puts on realistic bucking bronco act . . .

# LASSIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY IS A GALA EVENT

## THE NEIGHBORS ALL TURN OUT TO HONOR LION "LASSIE" FOR BECOMING A LIVING SYMBOL OF BROTHERHOOD

**GUEST OF HONOR LEADS CHILDREN IN PARTY GAMES WHICH EVERYONE ENJOYS WITH GAY ABANDON.**

**MARVELOUS MOMENT** for Tommy comes when he is asked to put on very cute 'lion taming' act with Lassie.

**LEARNED LASSIE** shows extremely high intelligence by responding instantly to Tommy's every command.

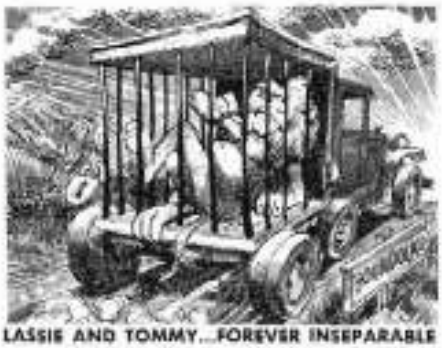
**TERRIFIC TRICK** *thrills the crowd and shows them how* completely gentle and trustworthy Lassie is become.

**CURIOUS CLIMAX** stuns crowd and leads some of them to wonder what can possibly be done for an encore.

# ONCE A LION . . .

## NO JUNGLE BEAST EVER BECAME AS HUMANIZED AS "LASSIE" BUT IT WAS TOO MUCH TO EXPECT HER TO FORGET COMPLETELY THE CALL OF THE WILD

**OTHER MAGAZINES** never tell you what eventually happens to domesticated wild beasts. For example, is that loveable eighteen-foot boa-constrictor we read about last Summer still sharing trailer life in Florida? And are those cute crocodiles still frolicking in the living room pool of that modern house in Pasadena? We bet not. Sooner or later they all revert to their jungle instincts as did our Lassie . . . and back to their natural habitat they must go. **END**



**LASSIE AND TOMMY...FOREVER INSEPARABLE**

WITHOUT NEW SAFETY FEATURES THIS CAR IS ROUGH ON PASSENGERS WHEN IT COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP

# SAFETY

# AUTO MAKERS STRIVE TO

## NECESSARY ACCESSORIES

**EVERY NEW CAR** has what is known as "Standard Equipment." These are things that the manufacturer feels are necessities, otherwise they'd be listed as "extras" for which he could charge more money. The auto market has become highly competitive. The finest engineering brains in the land are at work trying to out-do each other in creating improvements. This of course benefits you and me. To the right we reveal some of this year's outstanding accomplishments.

"Retractable" Hood Ornament

## LUXURIOUS ACCESSORIES

**EACH MANUFACTURER** also makes available items which come under the heading of "optional equipment." These are commonly known as "extras" . . . at extra cost, of course. If you can't afford these luxurious accessories, don't buy them. They are made strictly for 'snob' appeal. Not for *slob* appeal.

Anyway, just for laughs, let's take a look at some of the fantastic gee-gaws the *nouveau riche* are tacking on their road yachts this year.

"Shock-Cushion" Dashboard

PICTURES BY AL JAFFEE

WITH SAFETY FEATURES THIS CAR MAKES SUDDEN STOP AND CAUSES PASSENGERS MINIMUM DISCOMFORT

# FEATURES

## TAKE DANGER OUT OF DRIVING

"Hubba-Hubba" Hub Caps

"Rocketrear" Tail Ensemble

"Power-Jet" Port Vents

"Golden Waffle" Grille

"Sure-Stop" Power Brakes

"Hol-Tite" Airliner Seat Belt

"Broken-Beam" No-Glare Lights

"Sta-Loks" Doors and Latches

END

# SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Musketeer Who Failed To Get The Girl.

MORE ON PAGE 48

# THE BRAVE DOGS

**Profusely illustrated by the author ◂ Roger Price**

During my immature years (1924-1956), I was greatly impressed by various books about the wonderful art of Bull Fighting, books written by high class, he-man authors like Ernest Hemingway and Tom Lea which told how it was character building and uplifting and generally pretty keen.

I was so inspired that I eventually made a trip to Mexico and saw a real, live, honest-to-Franco Bull Fight, and I can only say that as talented as these authors are, they can not truly convey the thrills and spectacle and beauty of the actual event.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

**To be considered a true artist, the *Schlobbero* must always abide by the traditional rules of the kick. He must at all times wear the colorful *Traje de Patada*, a real nutty suit with lots of swell sparkly stuff and junk jewelry sewed on it.**

The Veronica

Rebolera
(with reverse English)

Boy, when that ol' Bull gets a sword run through him and blood starts pouring out of his mouth and he staggers around with more blood coming out from the stickers in his back and from the big spear wounds, it sort of makes a fellow feel real manly, if you know what I mean?

And the part that comes before that is fun too. First the Bull comes out and seven or eight Heroes all dressed up in real crazy clothes with spangles and sequins all over them wave tablecloths at him and make him butt his head against the big board fence they hide behind (what we *aficionados* call the *barrawada*).

And then it's even more fun when some other Heroes come out on horseback and stick the spears into the Bull and make him charge into the horses. When the ol' Bull catches his horns underneath a horse, boy, it makes a fellow feel almost as manly as when the Bull finally gets his.

Now unfortunately a lot of square North Americans don't appreciate how artistic and uplifting Bull Fighting is and so it's illegal in the United States. Of course we real *aficionados* can always drop around to a slaughter house when we're in Chicago and watch pigs and cows meeting their Hour of Truth, but there's no real spectacle to this as they rush them by, four a minute, on a chain hoist, and you don't have time to watch them bleed.

However I've long thought that we Americans deserve to have an Art Form as keen as Bull Fighting and I've worked out one that is legal in this country. It's based on the same principle as Bull Fighting and has the same emotional thrills and color and excitement.

It's called "Dog Kicking."

Of course, certain Wrong Thinkers and Trouble Makers have already objected to this Art because of stupid prejudices. These people just don't understand the symbolism and formal drama of Dog Kicking, or the grace, technique and serenity of spirit that are required.

The Dogs that are to be Kicked are especially bred for this purpose, the majority being Cocker Spaniels because they yelp louder and longer and are harmless. They're also pretty slow on their feet (when fattened up) which makes it more difficult for them to exhibit cowardice by ducking, dodging or refusing to face their Hour of Truth: (*La Stompa*).

The men who Kick the Dog (*Schlobberos*) are chosen as carefully as the beasts. They must possess a rare nobility of soul, unflinching courage and a burning desire, a fever in fact, to Kick Dogs. To be considered a true Artist, the *Schlobbero* must always abide by the traditional rules of the Kick.

(1.) He must not wear cleats or hobnails (unsportsman-like).

(2.) He must not use coarse language or expectorate while in the Kicking Ring (*Porrido*).

(3.) He must at all times wear the colorful *Traje de Patada*, a real nutty suit with lots of swell sparkly stuff and junk jewelry sewed on it.

The Kicking of each Brave Dog is divided into three periods called *Tercios* or Thirds. They are called:

*The Tercio de la Clobber.*
*The Tercio de la Boot.*
*The Tercio de la Stompa.*

### The Tercio de la Clobber

The Kick is begun when the Brave Dog is brought into the *Porrido* tied up in a gunny sack after being starved for three days. With the Dog still in the sack the *Schlobbero* opens the first *Tercio* by using the *Vara*. The *Vara* is a long drapery pole with a T-Bone steak tied to one end, and the *Schlobbero* uses it to study and "feel out" his Opponent by executing *Clobbers*. A *Clobber* is a formal display of valor and bravery and consists mostly of the *Schlobbero* poking the butt end of the drapery pole at the sack until the Brave Dog is mystified. This can go on for some time, but twenty-five or thirty minutes is usually enough.

At a signal from the Judge (usually a disbarred Scout Master) the Brave Dog is let out of the sack and the *Schlobbero*, now using the T-Bone Steak end of the *Vara* maneuvers his Opponent into a *Posicion Advantaga* by extending the pole horizontally and forcing the Brave Dog to turn toward the T-Bone, thereby leaving his hind-

**La Stompa Natural**
**(arrow indicates direction of charge)**

**La Stompa Ayudado**

quarters, or *Muleta*, facing the *Schlobbero* (good show).

### The Tercio de la Boot

The *Schlobbero* is now ready to develop a series of colorful *Boots*. Good Boot work is based upon balance and ankle-control, not upon brute strength and when properly executed a *Boot* is a rare example of fluid beauty, a magnificently sculptured movement culminating in the climactic and satisfying "Yelp" of the Brave Dog.

The Basic *Boot*, and the most beautiful is the *Veronica*. To accomplish this the *Schlobbero* faces the Dog's *Muleta*, then slowly and suavely he swings the right foot back and then forward in a splendid arc so that the *Zapatilla* seems to fasten itself magically to the Brave Dog and lift it upward and outward. A series of *Veronicas* should be finished with a *Rebolera*, a daring maneuver in which the *Schlobbero* turns his back on the Brave Dog and delivers a sneaky, but graceful kick rearwards which should surprise the Brave Dog into an unusually brilliant "Yelp" (applause). In judging this difficult *Boot*, remember that the loudness of the "Yelp" is more important than the *Trajectoria* (distance traveled vertically by Dog.)

### The Tercio de la Stompa.

The Brave Dog has now been "slowed down" and is ready for the climax of the Kick, the *la Stompa!* The *la Stompa* is applied by the *Schlobbero* immediately after the final series of *Boots*. Two basic *la Stompas* are permitted. First and finest is the *la Stompa Natural*. For this the Brave Dog must be maneuvered into charging (away from the *Schlobbero*), as executing a *la Stompa* on a sitting Dog is considered Bad Show and counts four honor points against the *Schlobbero*. As the Brave Dog charges, the *Schlobbero* runs after him, lifts himself into the air in a great leap (*el leapo*) and descends in an exciting curve (*el curvo*) and lands thusly: (el cruncho). The second and equally magnificent *la Stompa* is *la Stompa Ayuda* do. Like the *Natural* the *Ayudado* embodies a classic simplicity of movement, however the point of impact is akimbo and the *Schlobbero* lands thusly: The *la Stompas* are extremely dangerous and breathtaking figures, and when successful, are always the signal for prolonged applause and hollering and drinking and fist-fighting in the audience.

### The Reward.

This ends the Kick on a soaring note of triumphant drama, and if the *Schlobbero* has proved himself both an Artist and a Brave Kicker the Judge will award him the Brave Dog's Rubber Bone, and if his performance has been particularly spectacular, perhaps *even* the collar and the leash.

In the event that a *Schlobbero* is so inefficient and cowardly as to be unable to execute a successful *la Stompa* within the time limit required (four hours), the Brave Dog is sent back to the Little Girl who raised it and the *Schlobbero* is taken to one side of the *Porrido* where a 275 pound Longshoreman, hired for this purpose, executes a couple *la Stompas* on *him* (good show).

### Conclusion

It should be remembered that Dog Kicking is not a sport but a ritual, a tragic, symbolic drama in which man views himself at his most manliest and into which each spectator can read his own responses. I'm sure that Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Lea will agree and become just as enthusiastic about Kicking as they are about Bull Fighting.

*Ole!*

END

## AND NOW MAD REVIEWS SCENES TAKEN ORIGINALLY FROM A BOOK MANY OF YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH, THE GREAT CLASSIC...

# ULYSSES

BRONZE BY GOLD HEARD THE HOOFIRONS STEELY RINGING
Imperthathn thn thnthn.
Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail chips.

Horrid! And Gold flushed more.
A husky fifenote blew.
Blew. Blue bloom is on the
Gold pinnacled hair.
A jumping rose on satiny breasts
of satin, rose of Castille.
Trilling, trilling: Idolores.
Peep! Who's in the peepofgold?
Tink cried to Bronze in pity . . .*

Wait a minute!

Wait a minute! What's going on here?... Not Ulysses by James Joyce! Ulysses by Homer! Get with it – editor

AND NOW MAD REVIEWS SCENES TAKEN ORIGINALLY FROM A BOOK MANY OF YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH, THE GREAT CLASSIC...

ULYSSES

Hollywood has done it again. Faced with the problem of presenting a 3,000-year-old plot, they have successfully streamlined, polished and modernized the story into a 2,000-year-old-plot. Of course in changing Ulysses into a film, Hollywood has committed the usual error of distorting the original version in order to play up to audiences, thereby losing the authentic flavor of the story.

As forinstance: the language was changed to English.

How much more authentic it would have been if Ulysses (when his men are changed to pigs by the witch) could have said: *ᚢᚠᚠᚢᚾᚢᚠᚢᚾᚢᚠᚢᚾ* instead of: "Hey, Whassa score?" However, since it has managed to retain great classic adventures like when the monster eats the sailors alive and when there's the sickening bloody massacre at the end, we are sure you will enjoy seeing the movie, scenes of which, go as follows . . .

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

HAUNTING SONG OF SIRENS LURE ULYSSES BUT CREW CAN'T GET LURED TO DESTRUCTION BECAUSE EARS ARE SEALED WITH BEESWAX

# The producers have assembled an impressive cast

**KIRK DOUBTLESS** as Ulysses, King of Ithaca and loyal husband who is trying to return to his wife from Trojan wars.

**SILVANO LASAGNO** as Penelope who faithfully waits twenty years for return of loyal husband Ulysses from the wars.

**ROSSANA PIZZERIA** as Nausicaa in kissing scene with Ulysses who is returning to wife because he is loyal husband.

**SILVANO LASAGNO** doubles in parts as witch Circe, having kissing scene with Ulysses, loyal husband of Penelope . . .

**ASSORTED ANTIPASTO** have scenes with loyal rat husband Ulysses on way home to faithful wife waiting twenty years.

**UMBERTO SCALLOPINI** as Cyclops was a natural for this part although strange single eye makes his future uncertain.

BUT UNFORTUNATELY, SINCE MOVIE HOUSE AUDIENCES EARS AREN'T SEALED WITH BEESWAX, THEY GET LURED TO DESTRUCTION

HERO ULYSSES STARTS TROUBLE SACKING TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE

**THE STORY BEGINS** where Ulysses is off to the Trojan wars, and because he sacks the temple of Neptune, he gets cursed by the prophetess of the temple and because of this, it takes him about 20 years to get home 500 miles . . . which shows how he must've been pretty sensitive to let a little swearing affect him like that.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, his faithful wife Penelope, clinging to the hope that Ulysses is not dead, waits for him while Eurymachus, Leoart . . . tus, Cte . . . ssi . . . pussus, An . . . tin . . . nonimus, Am . . . phin . . . nommenommenomionusnooey ptoo!

His wife waits while these here guys hang around waiting for her to marry one of them.

# Penelope promises suitors to wed when weaving done

**ULYSSES SETS SAIL** for home. Stopping at an island for food, he and his crew are trapped in a cave by a giant one-eyed Cyclops who eats a crewman alive.

Disgusting! . . .

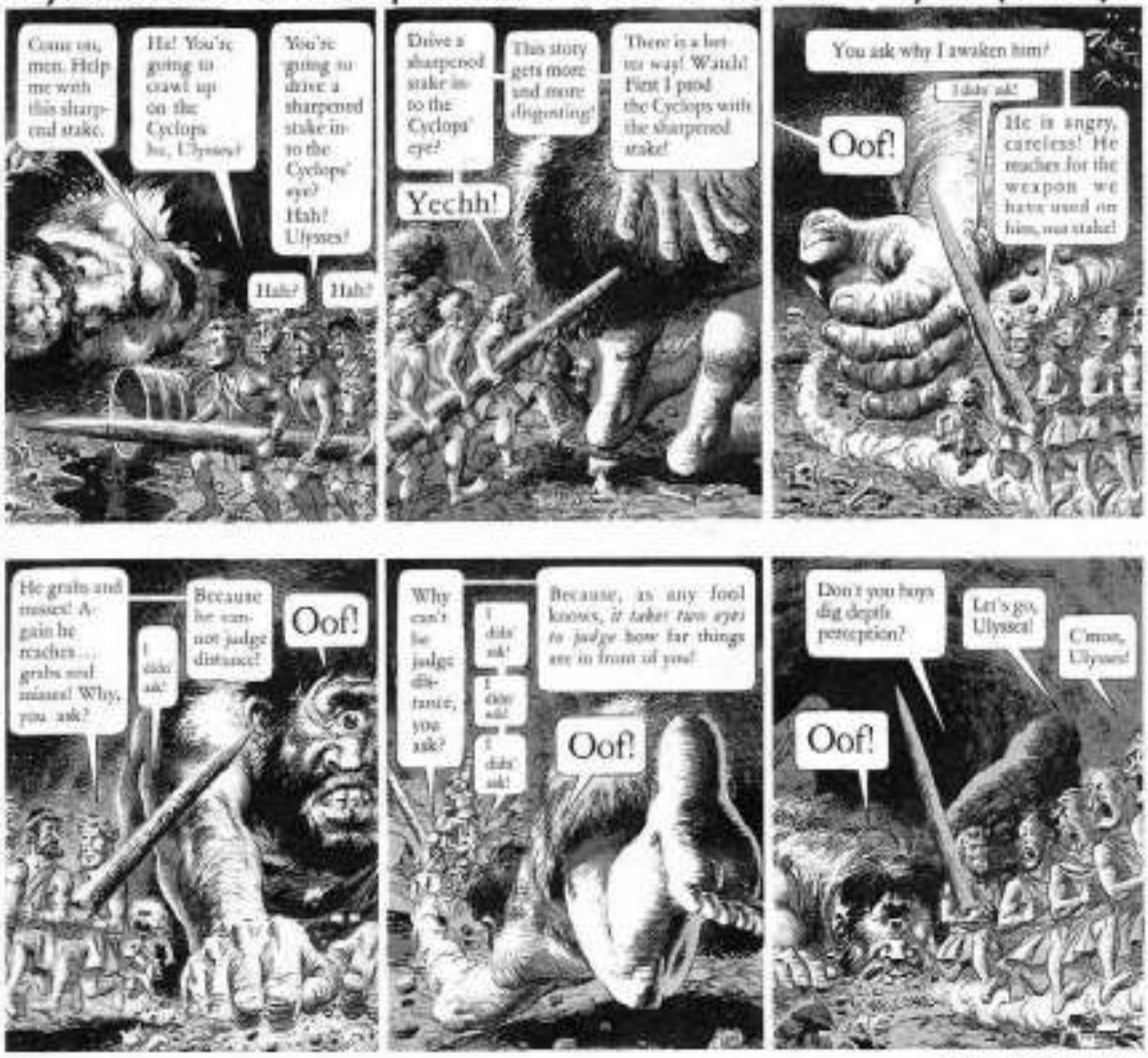
The way some people can think of consuming uncooked meat is downright disgusting.

Anyhow Ulysses hits upon a clever plan of escape. First they put the Cyclops to sleep by filling him with wine which Ulysses and his men squeezed that afternoon from wild grapes.

Fortunately, the Cyclops isn't smart enough to know he's drinking grape-juice and neither is some of the movie audience watching.

HERO ULYSSES STARTS MORE TROUBLE WITH THE CYCLOPS . . .

# Ulysses cuts a sharpened stake to use on Cyclop's eye




CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HERO ULYSSES MAKES MORE TROUBLE BY NECKING WITH CIRCE

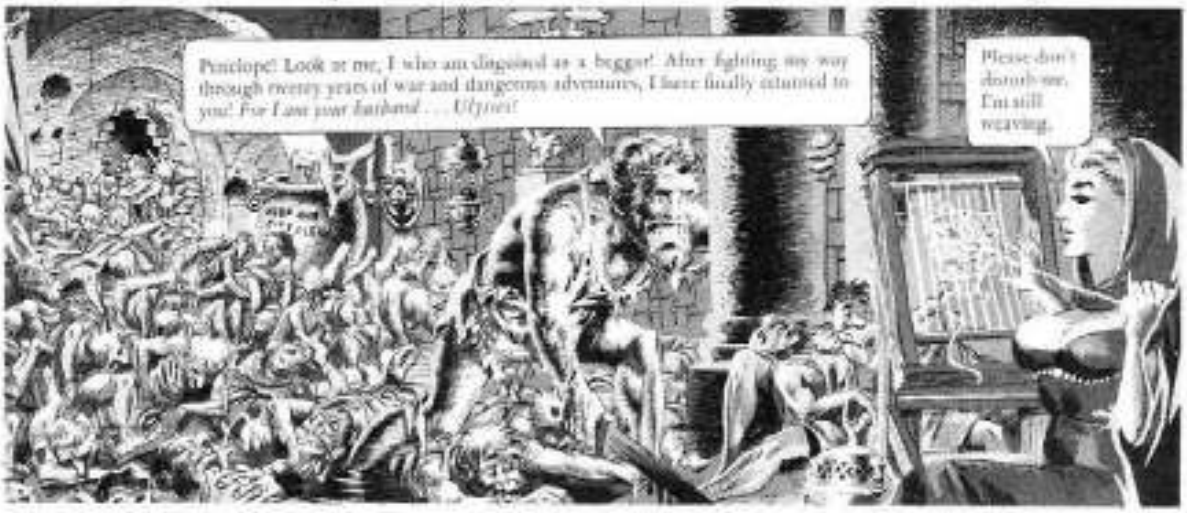


**THE STORY ENDS** happily as Ulysses finally comes home and in a final happy scene, he reveals himself to the suitors and massacres them all.

The final scene shows the two lovers, loyal hero Ulysses and faithful wife Penelope, happily facing each other over the piles of bloody bodies of the wicked suitors who have finally come to the horrible ending, that they deserved and that was their own doing and, in a sense was did by their own doing.

Exactly *what* they did, or what was so *bad* about what they done did, we don't really know but that they *did* done did was clearly done.

# Ulysses is finally united with Penelope in stirring scene




**ALTHOUGH BY AND LARGE THE MOVIE WAS ENJOYABLE WE SUGGEST THAT IT MIGHT HAVE ENDED BETTER...**

After all the harrowing experiences Ulysses goes through... sacking Troy, robbing from the Cyclops, losing his whole crew by not coming on when they asked him and by messing around with Circe and all them other assorted dames, then massacring all the suitors . . . after all them harrowing experiences, we feel that the picture ended too abruptly. After all... Ulysses was now united with his faithful wife and son and was about to settle down to a nice quiet family life. In other words we feel that the movie didn't spend much time on the rewards Ulysses so justly deserved.

And so, we the editors, in order to show what would have been a much better ending, have sketched our own scene showing a scene we would have liked to have seen of the collecting of the rewards Ulysses so justly deserved.

**THE ELECTRIC CHAIR** is the rewards Ulysses so justly deserved. Clearly, the whole story reveals the man was dangerous and should have been put away.

*from "ULYSSES" by James Joyce, published by Random House, Inc.

END

# NIGHTWATCH

It's a
big city.
One million
nine-hundred-and-
seventy-thousand
people . . .

It has houses,
bridges and churches.
It has schools,
Banks. Stores.
Tunnels.
And parks.

It has a
police
headquarters.
That's where
I work.

I'm a cop.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Good evening. Before we go ahead with our story, I want to explain to you why MAD gives so much smoking enjoyment to so many of you. Now although these pages look like an ordinary lampoon on Dragnet like the hundreds of other lampoons you've seen on Dragnet already, these pages written by ARNOLD HAYNE are different. For you see, this lampoon on Dragnet is milder . . . much milder. And that's why more and more people are smoking MAD than ever before. So switch to MAD, and you will see for yourself why more people are smoking MAD than ever before. And now MAD, long in smoking pleasure . . . . short in nicotine, presents NIGHTWATCH.

We were working the night watch out of Traffic. My partner's Ben Jones. The Captain's Jed Brown.

My name is Dunday.

It was 12:10 AM. We were cruising on Figueroa. It was a clear night. A call came over the radio. A signal 32 at Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue.

I turned to Ben. "Okay, let's go."

"Where, Joe?"

"Hollywood and Western, Ben. A signal 32. Get moving."

"Funny, Joe."

"How's that, Ben?"

"I didn't hear the call."

I was worried about Ben's hearing. He'd been having trouble lately.

When we arrived, Ben jumped out of the squad car and apprehended a suspect standing in front of a darkened doorway. I walked over.

"Looks like we got him, Joe." Ben snapped the cuffs on the man. "We'll hold him on a 5-O-. . ."

"Ben."

"Yeah, Joe?"

"You know who that is?"

"No, Joe. Who?"

"You've got Captain Brown."

* * * * *

Jed Brown gave Ben quite a dressing down after that. Can't blame him. Things haven't been going too well at headquarters lately, and Captain Brown wasn't much in the mood for horseplay.

12:32 AM. A call came through. A report of a man acting suspiciously near the Wilshire Boulevard branch of the First National Bank.

"Start 'er up, Ben."

"Huh! That's funny, Joe. She won't turn over."

"Ease up a minute, Ben, or you'll flood it."

"Yeah, okay, Joe. Huh! That's funny. It was all right up to now."

"Try her again, Ben."

"Yeah, okay, Joe. Hmm. She won't kick over, Joe."

"Ben?"

"Yeh, Joe?"

"Turn on the ignition."

* * * * *

We cut down the siren several blocks before nearing Wilshire and drove quietly into the alley behind the bank. A figure moved in the shadows.

"See it, Joe?"

"Yeah."

"Joe, I'm scared."

"Cut it out, Ben. C'mon!"

We got out of the squad car and leaned up against a wall in the alley.

It was very still except for a few passing cars.

"Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"It moved again."

"Yeah."

"Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"I think I'll go back to the car, Joe."

"Hold it! Look! He's coming this way."

We silently drew our revolvers and waited. A kangeroo suddenly bounded out of a dark corner and came up to Ben. It swung and clipped Ben on the jaw. Ben fell to the ground. The kangeroo leaped out of the alley and ran down Wilshire Boulevard. I helped Ben back to the squad car. He was all right.

"Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"Did you see what I saw?"

"Yeah."

"Shall we call in, Joe?"

"We can't, Ben."

"How's that, Joe?"

"They'll never believe it."

* * * * *

1:18 AM. An APB. Man, white, American, about 35, five-eight, one-sixty, dark, last seen wearing brown topcoat and gray hat. Wanted for questioning in connection with a homicide.

I repeated the information to Ben.

"Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"Look."

A man fitting the description was just stepping into the street in front of the squad car. He crossed the avenue and started walking down Cahuenga.

"Let's pick him up, Ben."

"Okay, Joe. Huh! That's funny."

"What's that, Ben?"

"I can't start the engine."

"The key, Ben. The key."

We turned down the boulevard and drove up beside the man in the brown topcoat. Ben jumped out and apprehended the suspect after a little struggle. He handcuffed the man and brought him over. I looked at the man Ben had handcuffed. I couldn't see too well in the dark. "Ben?"

"Yeah, Joe?"

"Who is that guy you've got, Ben?"

Ben looked at his prisoner. "Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"I need a vacation."

"How's that, Ben?"

"I've got Captain Brown again."

* * * * *

Jed Brown was pretty burned up about the whole thing, and Ben and I drove away from there fast.

It was 2:05 AM. A call came thru to check an address on Sepulveda near Sunset. Investigate a disturbance. We drove over.

We tapped on the door several times. A middle-aged woman answered.

"Yes, gentlemen?"

"Sorry to bother you now, Ma'am. We're police officers. Here's my card. I'm Sergeant Dunday. This is Sergeant Jones."

"How do you do, Sergeants? Won't you come in, please?"

We went inside.

"Please excuse the appearance of my living room, Sergeants. You see, I've been building paper airplanes with my husband."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Charlie—that's my husband—he just loves paper airplanes. Er, Sergeant, uh—"

"Jones, Ma'am."

"Yes, Sergeant Jones. Would you like to fly one, Sergeant?"

"No, thanks just the same, Ma'am."

"Ma'am, we received a complaint about a disturbance at this address."

"A disturbance, Sergeants?"

Another woman entered the room. She motioned for the first one to leave. "I'll answer all yer questions, cops."

"Well, Ma'am, we received a complaint about a—"

"Are you guys nuts or somethin'? Bargin' in here after two a'clock!"

"Yes, Ma'am, but—"

"Yer cracked, that's what ya are! Ya must be batty, comin' in here at two in th' mornin'! Get outta here!"

"Ma'am . . ."

"Come back at a decent hour! Scram!"

The door slammed.

"Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"Suppose we come back after breakfast, Joe?"

"This may be important, Ben."

"Yeah. Okay, I'll knock this time, Joe." Ben rapped on the door. It flew open. "Ma'am, I . . ."

"You again? I oughtta knock yer teeth out, Fatty!"

She lashed out and hit Ben on the nose. Ben slumped. I caught him as the door slammed. I helped Ben back to the squad car.

"You all right, Ben?"

"Yeah, Joe. Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"Let's turn this over to I & R, huh?"

"It's R & I, Ben."

"That right? I've always said I & R."

"R & I, Ben."

"Huh."

"Anyway, they don't handle this sort of thing."

"Too bad, Joe."

"Yeah. Let's go."

* * * * *

3:40 AM. A call to investigate report of a man lying in the street at Beverly and La Cienega.

Suddenly I realized. *We* were at Beverly and La Cienega.

I turned to Ben. He wasn't there.

The man lying in the street was Ben. He had fallen out of the squad car. I jumped out and helped him back into the car. "You okay, Ben?"

"Yeah, Joe. Thanks. Must have slipped or something."

* * * * *

4:17 AM. Investigate report of shooting at Olympic and Main. We drove over and found a small group standing at the corner.

"Think that's it, Joe?"

"Yeah."

"Say, Joe, that's a pretty mean lookin' bunch. I think we better steer clear of this."

"You know, Ben?"

"What's that, Joe?"

"You're right."

* * * * *

At 5:50 AM. Ben was cruising along Vermont and he ran thru a red light at the Santa Monica Boulevard intersection. We crashed into the side of a small, black Ford. The driver looked familiar.

Ben looked out at the man and then turned to me. "Joe?"

"Yeah, Ben?"

"I may put in for retirement later today, Joe."

"How's that, Ben?"

"What color hat is Jed Brown wearing, Joe?"

"Gray, I think. Why?"

"Guess who we just hit, Joe?"

"Not—"

"Yeah."

"Here he comes, Ben."

"What'll I say, Joe?"

"You figure it out."

END

## HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

# SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Woodsman Who Failed To Save The Girl.

1

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MORE ON PAGE 56

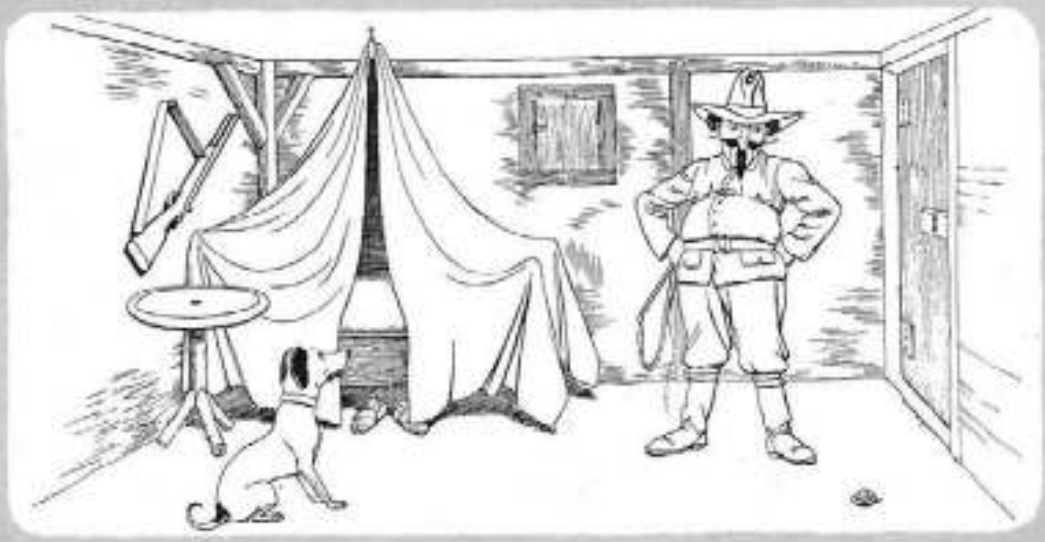
Taking note of all the publishers printing new, fresh satire, MAD again strikes out in different directions by printing old, stale satire snitched from our dusty library of

# RARE OLD CARTOONS

The following art has been taken from the works of Caran d' Ache. Caran d' Ache was a French cartoonist, very popular in his day, whose real name was Emmanuel Poiré and whose pseudonym, "Caran d' Ache" was Russian for "lead pencil" (Karandash). M. d' Ache was instrumental in pioneering the ever popular comic-strip technique and plenty other techniques still undiscovered as you shall presently see in the following sequence...

Caran d'Ache (1858-1909)

## A Miscarriage of Justice



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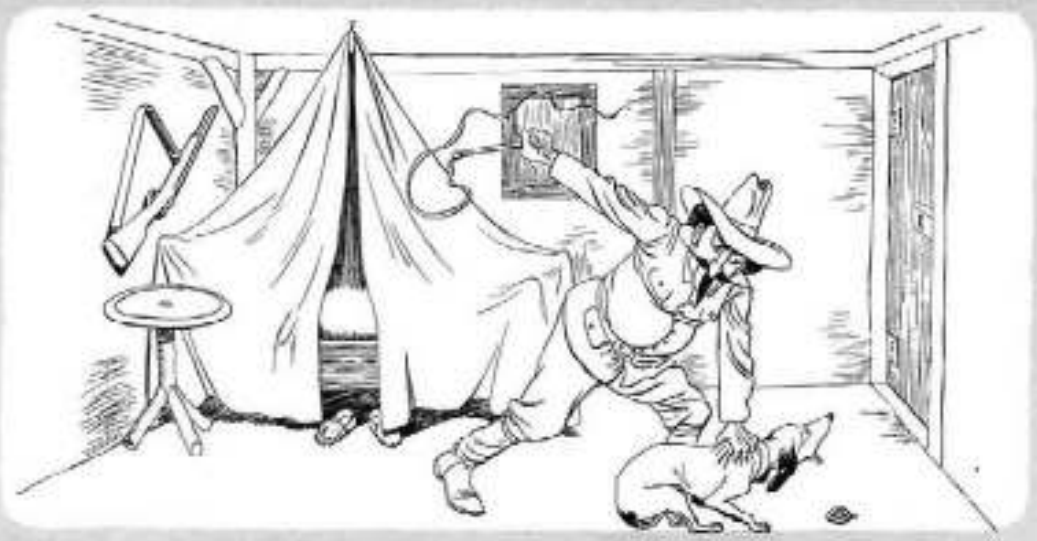

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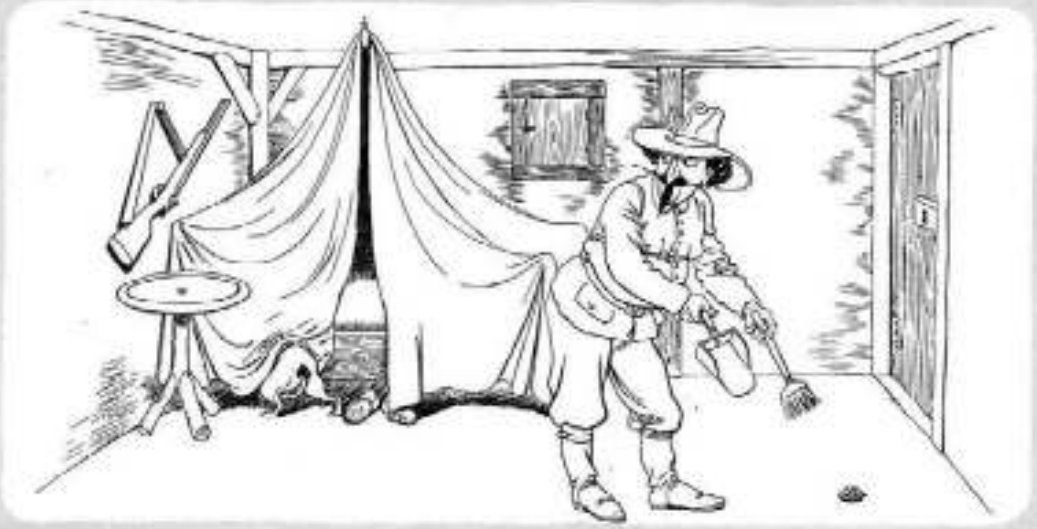

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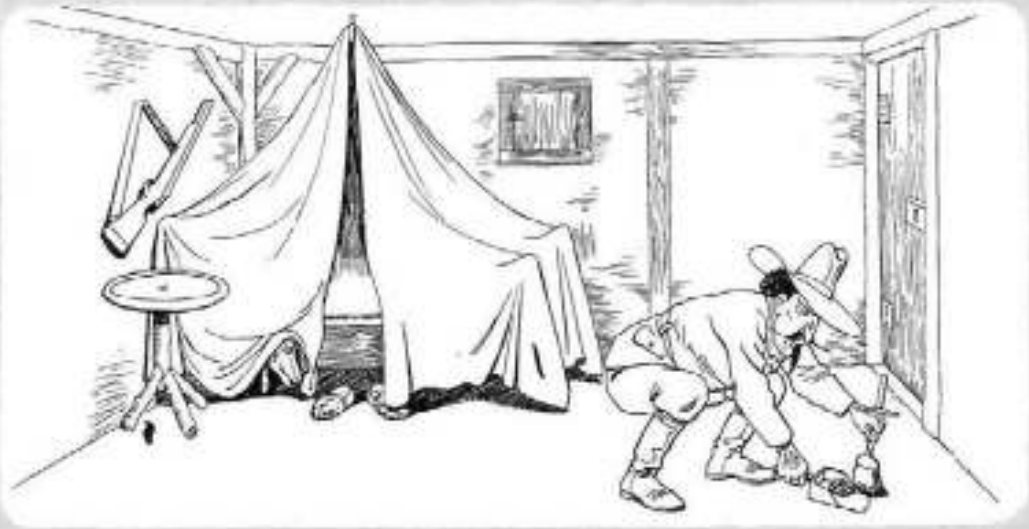

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A POST SEASON LOOK AT SOME STARTLING EVENTS IN

# FOOTBALL

## FOOTBALL GAINS GROUND

In every discussion concerning college football the problem of "over-emphasis" is sure to arise. Of course it would be ridiculous for the defenders of high powered big money football to deny that this evil exists. In fact they are just as concerned about it as anybody and would whole-heartedly welcome some "de-emphasizing."

Education has got to go!

Grid stars have enough to worry about without carrying the added burdens of the classroom onto the field of battle. It should be the duty of every good school citizen to do everything he can to help maintain the players' top fighting form . . . developed bodies and uncluttered minds. As the head of one of our most successful universities so succinctly put it, "We want a school our team can be proud of."

Not every school head agrees on this matter. There are still those who passionately cling to their old fashioned ideas that academic studies come first. Naturally, their teams suffer as a result of these reactionary policies and so of course do their schools. The emptiness of their stadiums on crisp autumn Saturdays is exceeded only by the emptiness of their school treasuries on *any* day.

We know now that there are rich schools and poor schools, and that football makes the big difference. On the following pages we will see in more detail how this comes about.

PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS

**Tangled torsos of today's play are far cry from yesteryear's gentle "pile-up".**

**RICH SCHOOLS** recruit grid stars by offering scholarships providing many with their only chance for an education . . .

**RICH SCHOOLS** can attract best players by offering strenuous but high-salaried jobs which help many to pay their way.

**RICH SCHOOLS** have rich old grads who donate money and show keen interest in team because of their love of sport . . .

**POOR SCHOOLS** cannot afford to offer athletic scholarships and so they must choose team from regular student body.

**POOR SCHOOLS** have very few good extra-curricular jobs to offer players because faculty must always get first choice . . .

**POOR SCHOOLS'** poor alumni offer dignified, restrained moral support but they give very little money for sports.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# MAD'S ALL

## SPOTLIGHTING BEST PLAYER

**ROCKWELL ("ROCK") HEDD**
**T. C. U. (Texas Coll. of Undertaking)**
**MAJORING IN: EMBALMING**

**LEFT END**

**HECTOR ("HECK") SWINEHERD (R.I.P.)**
**V. M. I. (Virginia Millinery Institute)**
**MAJORED IN: HAT MAKING**

**QUARTERBACK**

**STUYVESANT ("STUPID") OXE**
**L. S. U. (Louisiana Soothsayer's Univ.)**
**MAJORING IN: WITCHCRAFT I & II**

**LEFT BACK**

## UNDERDOGS WIN PRAISE FOR FIGHTING SPIRIT

Every publication makes its ALL AMERICAN selections from rich school teams. NOT MAD. Ever championing the underdog, we have decided to pick our stars from the ranks of the poor schools. Above are the six players who made headlines playing the more spectacular positions.

To the right are the unsung heroes — the lineman — without whom no team can go out on the field. The rules insist on *eleven* players. Football is a rough game. It's especially rough for the poor schools who must send in a weak team to meet the powerful juggernauts of the rich schools. But here is where shortages in the finance department bring our surpluses in the courage department. The little fellows just won't say die. They know how but won't say it.

Everywhere on the field of battle they display their courage, determination, and just plain guts. Yes, all over, . . . courage . . . determination . . . guts.

# AMERICANS
## S FROM POOREST SCHOOLS

FREDDIE ("SWEETLIPS") LIPPSITT
B. C. (Botany College)
MAJORING IN: FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

PROMOTED

IRVING ("FATBOY") HAMBUTT
F. H. A. (Field Hand Aggies)
MAJORING IN: COTTON PICKIN'

CENTER

SALVATORE ("SALLY") KELLY
I. B. M. (Inst. of Bird Migration)
MAJORING IN: WATCHING

RIGHT END

PINCUS McCARTHY

BENTLEY J. FUNFF

DZORDZ DZIZZY

GUY WOJSKONKSKI

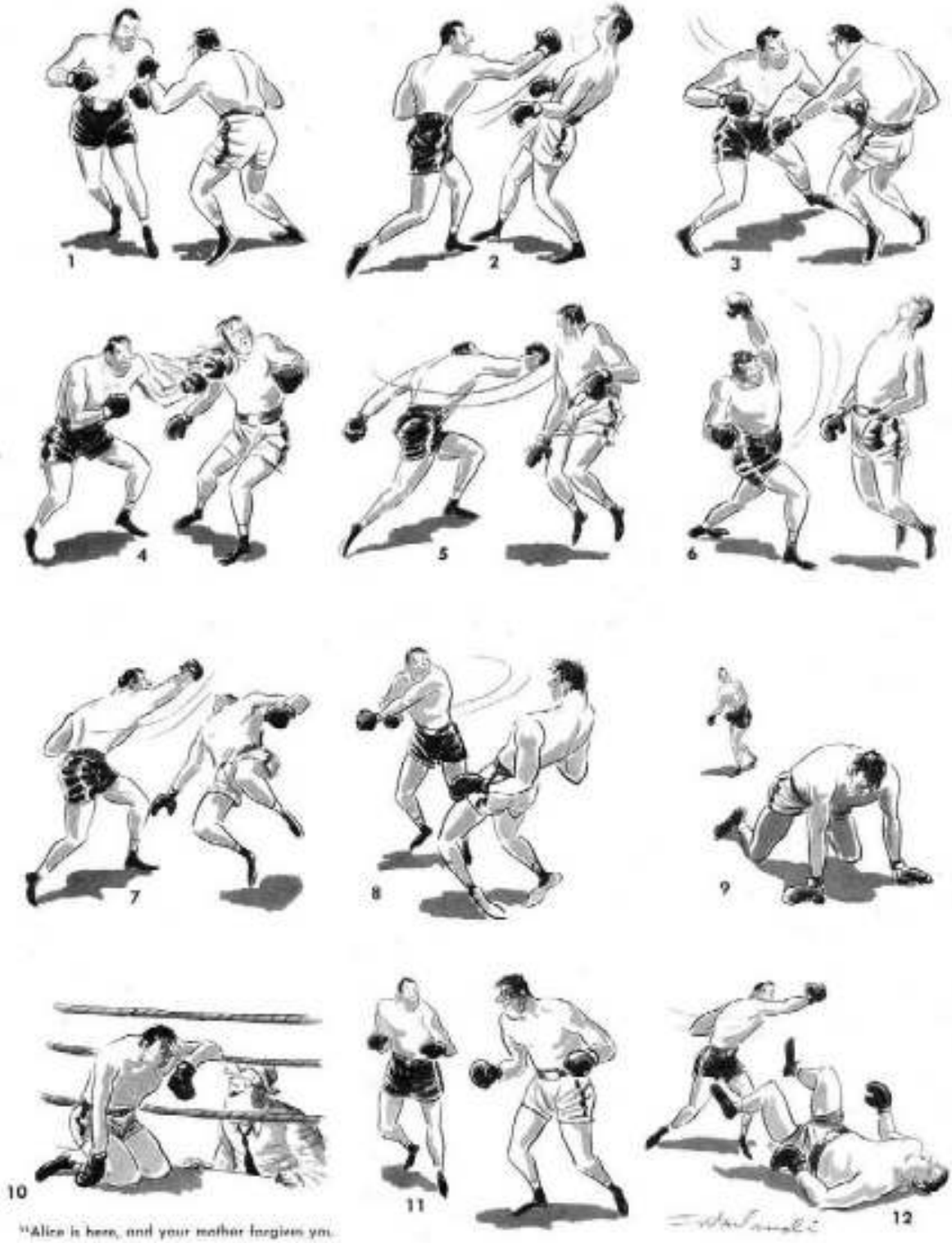
HOGGY CARMICHEL

END

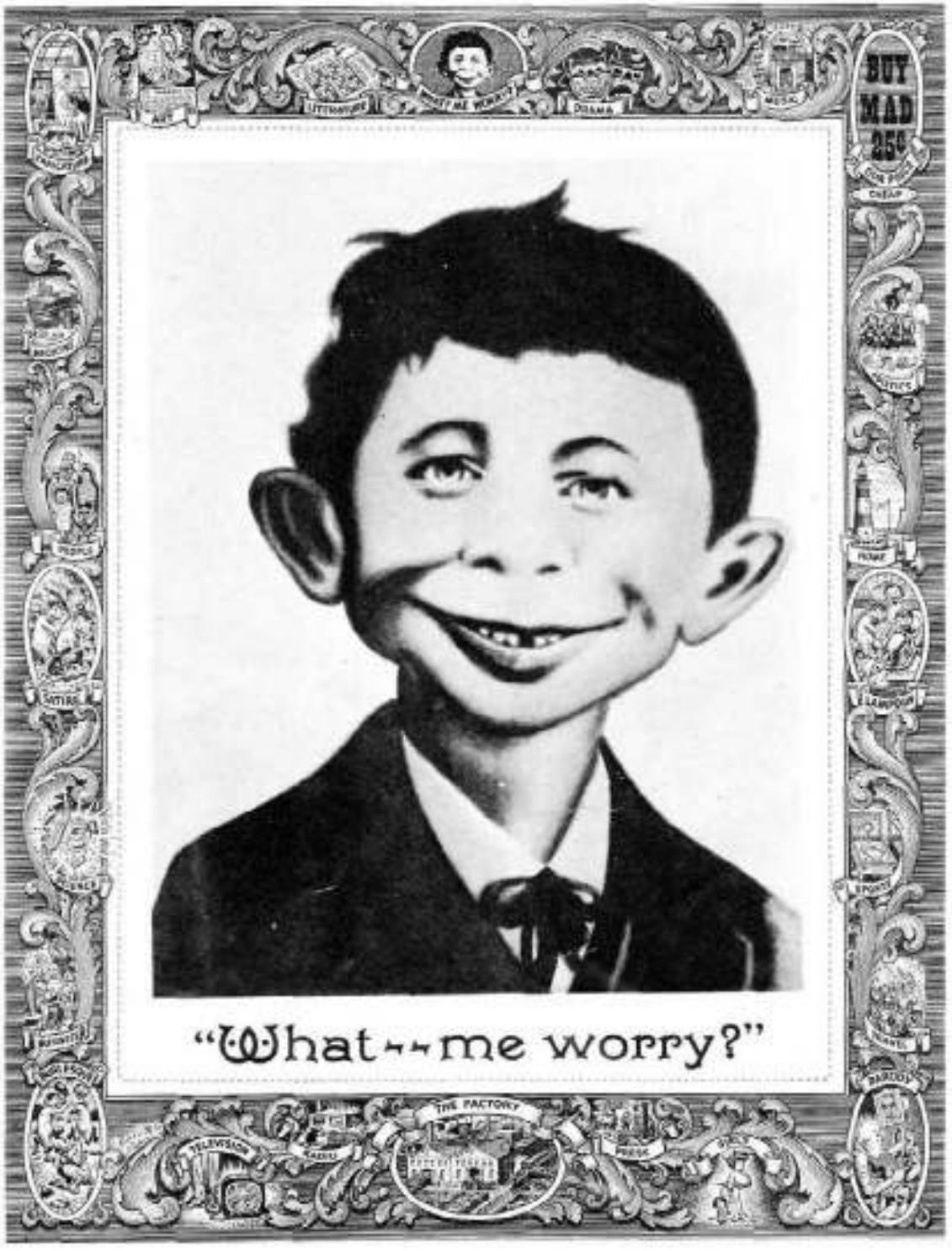
## HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

# SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Fighter Who Didn't Rally.




"Alice is here, and your mother forgives you.



In answer to the many requests for reproductions of the 'What – Me Worry?' kid, we are reproducing this fine drawing, sized so that when cut out along the thin dotted line, it will fit the hole in your wallpaper or the standard inexpensive 5 x 7 picture frame available at most five and dime stores. Additional copies of the 'What – Me Worry?' kid, printed on fine stiff paper can be had for .15 cents which is cost to us. Honestly! . . . cross our heart and hope to die! . . . Aaaaargh! – All kidding aside, send your requests to MAD, "What" department, 225 Lafayette St., New York City 12, New York.

"Visiting The Grandparents" by William Elder. *Number 1 in the series "Ol' House Life."*

*While you are visiting—*

# What makes a glass of beer taste so good?

**Malted barley**—with important body minerals plus liquid matter. For thing that makes glass of beer taste so good is terrible thirst.

**Tangy hops.** Yes—visiting can be a series of tangy hops if you play your cards right. And you'd be surprised how good free beer tastes!

**The way it "goes with everything"**—makes beer this country's Beverage of Moderation—the way it fits into our friendly way of life—the way each glass makes us friendlier and friendlier and friendlier.

*Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!*