

MAD

No. 52

Our Price
25¢
Cheap

Jan. '60



KELLY
FREAS



Got it!

And you know you've got it. Hubby out with that other woman. A once-in-a-lifetime shot you and your lawyer can't afford to miss. And you won't with the Parloraids Land Camera. Because just 60 seconds after you snap the shutter, you have your finished picture. And 60 seconds after that, you're in a Divorce Court with an air-tight case against your two-timing husband. Parloraids Land Cameras, from \$74.95 or \$1.50 weekly. Alimony payments from \$10,000 or \$200 weekly (in pennies, if hubby's the spiteful type).

MAD

"Even a castanet doesn't click every time!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam

IDEAS: Jerry De Fuccio

PRODUCTION: Leonard Brenner

LAW SUITS: Martin Scheiman, Esq.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:

The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

A COOL YULE DEPARTMENT

The Night Before Christmas44

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

MAD's Helpful Household Repair Hints21

CASH AND CAROL DEPARTMENT

Sure-Fire 1959 Christmas Songs30

CRANKS A-MILLION

Protest Letters17

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

"The Brain Operation"15

"In Surgery"36

"The Early Riser"48

DOUBLE-CROSS EXPOSURE DEPARTMENT

The Truth About "Before" and "After" Ads32

EDITORIAL WHEEZE DEPARTMENT

Newspaper Editions41

HAIR 'EM, SCARE 'EM DEPARTMENT

777 Sunset Strip11

IN ONE YEAR AND OUT THE OTHER DEPARTMENT

The MAD 1960 Calendar4

INSIDE PITCH DEPARTMENT

New Ad Spaces8

LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings of Reader Mail2

MARGINAL MARVIN DEPARTMENT

Marvin Talks About The Tobacco Industry**

ROOM WITH A PHEW DEPARTMENT

Living Space26

35 MM HISTRIONICS DEPARTMENT

MAD Goes To A Historical Movie Preview37

TURKEYS IN THE CRAW DEPARTMENT

MAD's Modern Folk Music24

**Consecutive Places Throughout The Magazine

THE MAD 1960 CALENDAR4



Calendars describing the delightful months of the coming year always make us sick, so here's MAD's version to make you sick.

777 SUNSET STRIP11



A sure way to make a TV show a success is to put some teeth in it. Here's one show that's done it! They've featured a comb!

PROTEST LETTERS17



One of the reasons TV's so bad is: the networks listen to crank letters! One of the reasons MAD's so bad is: we ignore 'em!

MAD'S HELPFUL REPAIR HINTS21



Here's an article which offers helpful hints to home owners. And here's a helpful hint we offer you: skip this article!

MAD'S MODERN FOLK MUSIC24



Authentic old folk music has preserved our ancient lore. MAD's modern folk music will probably run into some up-to-date law.

"BEFORE" AND "AFTER" ADS32



You know those "Before" and "After" photos that show miraculous changes? The biggest miracle is that people fall for 'em!

HISTORICAL MOVIE PREVIEW37



MAD reveals how Hollywood deliberately makes mistakes in a historical film so that you'll make the mistake of seeing it.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS44



MAD roasts an old Xmas chestnut till it's cool enough for a Beatnick to read it over a Jazz background of "Jingle Bells."

MAD — January 1960, Volume 1, Number 52, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for \$2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, \$2.50. Entire contents copyright 1959 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

YOU'LL
ROCK
WITH LAUGHTER
'N
WE'LL
ROLL
IN DOUGH

IF EVERYBODY BUYS
THE LATEST MAD
POCKET-SIZE BOOK



ON SALE NOW
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢

The Complete Collection . . . for \$2.25

Yes, we're giving this 7th addition to our MAD family an upper berth in our affection, mainly so he'll get the chance to fall on his head like the 6 others before him: "The MAD Reader," "MAD Strikes Back!," "Inside MAD," "Utterly MAD," "The Brothers MAD," and "The Bedside MAD"

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

☐ I enclose 40¢ for
SON OF MAD

☐ I enclose \$2.25 for
THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

LETTERS DEPT.



BEST IN THE BUSINESS

I thought your October issue (No. 50) was really great. I think you are the best satirists in the business.

Ira Epstein
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Yeah, but in what business? — Ed.

NEWSWEEK

Hey, what gives? When I try to act reasonably intelligent and buy a sane magazine for a change, namely NEWSWEEK, I still can't escape MAD! Because when I turned to page 57, there was Alfie's smiling puss, along with Al Feldstein's and Bill Gaines's. Have you guys taken over that magazine, too?

Miriam Anver
Chicago, Ill.

I was thoroughly surprised when I picked up the August 31st issue of NEWSWEEK and found an article about you clods at MAD. I never thought you'd get into a high class magazine like that. Either MAD is getting better, or NEWSWEEK is getting worse!

Fred J. Voss III
Detroit, Mich.

DON MARTIN AND WIFE

Don Martin may be a nervous wreck from his financial dealings with MAD, but it doesn't look like his wife is any better. In "The New Chair," she calls him "George"! I'd look into this, Don, if I were you!

Leon Schor
Franklin Square, L. I.

It clearly states in the introduction that Don Martin is about to describe the night his wife gave him "The New Chair." Then, she proceeds to call him "George." If this is Don's wife, why does she call him "George"?

Johnny Osborne
Paramus, N. J.

Don's wife calls him "George" because they have never been properly introduced! — Ed.

JAZZY TITLE

Why don't you guys buy out the Time-Life Corporation. What a jazzy title MAD LIFETIME would make!

D. Lewin
No Address Given

IN GOOD HANDS

Many thanks for the amusing plug in your "TV Ads We'd Like To See" Department of the October issue (*The Ill-State Ad*). I think more people have mentioned that MADitem then you would believe. More, perhaps, than I would have heard from had I been on the front cover of NEWSWEEK, say! Anyway, far beyond my wildest iMADgination. But I think I would have been in better hands if Mort Drucker had done the art work.

Ed Reimers
Northridge, Calif.



Woodbridge's Reamer

You would have been in good hands if George Woodbridge had drawn you, Mr. Reimers. He was drawing a guy named "Ed Reamer"! Here's Mort Drucker's rendition of "Ed Reimers"! But for being such a good sport, Mort's original is on its way to you! — Ed.



Drucker's Reimers

CHANGING MEANING

You MAD idiots have written a story which is a really great example of sloppy work. You know how to run down a fine magazine. You clods are masters of degradation. Seriously, though, I have never read an article with more truth than "Changing Meanings For Fun And Profit." Keep up the good work.

Dan Atchley
Houston, Texas



HU! REMEMBER ME? MARGINAL MARVIN!
I WAS IN THE ISSUE BEFORE LAST!
I'M BACK AGAIN BY POPULAR DEMAND!

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS

Your publication, as evidenced on the cover, is cheap. In fact, yours is the cheapest outfit I've ever dealt with! Because the only publishing house in the country that does not provide a pre-stamped return card for subscription renewals must be cheap! But coming from the hometown of GM, I am obviously GM, too (Gone Mad), for I am renewing my subscription. Seriously, though, your satirical wit is a welcome relief in an age of stifling conformity. Keep hacking away at the sanctification of mediocrity. There remain some few of us who appreciate your efforts.

Dr. Leonard W. Moss
Ass't Prof. of Sociology and Anthropology
Wayne State University
Detroit, Mich.

Actually, our expired subscription notice is not pre-stamped because we have faith in our readers, and confidence in our magazine!—Ed.

I would like to extend my compliments to you on the continued quality and impressive pertinency of your publication. I think the spirit of MAD is very well exemplified by the fact that the expired-subscription card is not self-addressed and stamped, which I consider evidence of faith in the reader and confidence in the quality of your magazine. You will, of course, find my renewal enclosed.

Priscilla De Vantier
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Actually, our expired subscription notice is not pre-stamped because we're cheap!—Ed.

SMALL CAR THREAT

While looking through your trash-filled pages, I came across the article entitled "How To Fight The Small Car Threat." When I saw the picture of the squashed Cadillac, I went wild. Detroit is missing a good bet not adopting this new design. Without a doubt, it is the neatest car I have ever seen.

Joe Coleman
Washington, D.C.



A Good Bet

I'm wild about your compact little Cadillac. I understand it's called a "MADillac." I'd like to know when it will be on the market.

Ed St. Yves
Assonet, Mass.

FROM CEYLON



The enclosed photo was taken in Trincomalee, Ceylon. There are numerous captions that could be tagged to it. For example: "Nearly everybody in Ceylon reads MAD," or "What kind of man reads MAD?"

Al Whitmer
Canal Zone, Panama

Or "50 Million Natives Can't Be Wrong!"
—Ed.

RACE WARM-UP



Thought you might like to see this picture of the Cornell University Junior Varsity Crew reading MAD before the big race with Princeton at the Eastern Sprints this year. By the way, they lost! Thomas W. Gittins
Ridley Park, Pa.

What did you expect?—Ed.

MAD TIME CAPSULE

You boys had a great idea with "The MAD Time Capsule." The only thing you forgot to include was every issue of MAD ever printed!

Brooks Scofield
La Mirada, Calif.

JUNG IN HEART

MAD is very popular here, especially in the Section of Psychiatry.

Carl Brunsting, M.D.
Mayo Clinic
Rochester, Minn.

Among the doctors . . . or the patients?—Ed.

ODD-BALL TEACHER

I am an English teacher. I am an odd-ball English teacher because I like MAD. Once I sent a contribution to MAD which you did not print. Perhaps this meant my contribution had real merit. But I didn't care. I still like MAD. I shall read parts to my English class, because some of the kids (Imagine!) don't read MAD. Maybe they will enjoy it as I do. Maybe my principal won't. Maybe soon I will not be an English teacher any more. Then you will be sorry, because I will have more time to send you contributions, and you will go bankrupt sending them back to me.

George T. Appleton
Charlotte, Mich.

Maybe you will be sorry because we may print one of your contributions. Then you'll have to go back to teaching English!—Ed.

MAD EXPEDITION



Thought you might like to know that a recent successful expedition to the summit of 14,495 foot Mt. Whitney had as its glorious leader none other than the MAD kid himself, Alfred E. Neuman. His name is signed (forged, that is!) in a register at the top, for posterity. Without his inspiration, several of the sicker members of the party probably would have fallen by the wayside.

Donald L. Dickson
Torrance, Calif.

Instead, the whole sick crew made it!—Ed.

TIRED OF INSULTS

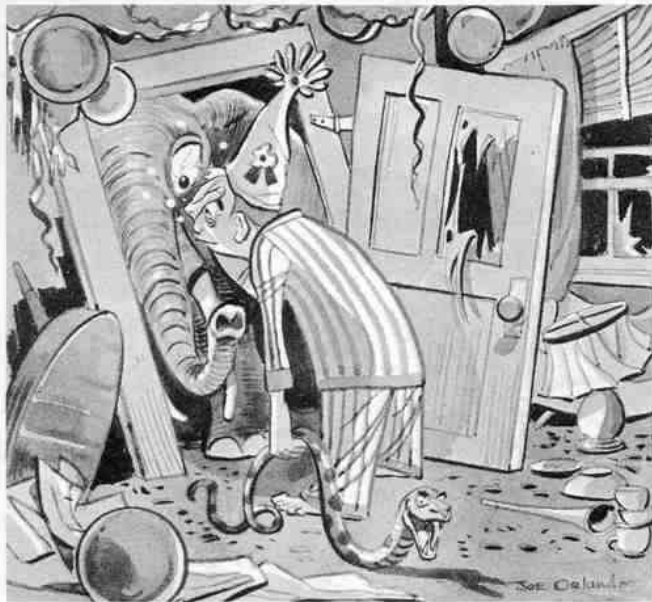
I'm getting rather tired of people writing in to your "Letters Dept." and calling you "clods" and "dolts" and "idiots" and "morons." I wonder if these people realize that putting together a magazine, even a MAD one, is no snap, and that it takes a lot of brains to think up ideas and new articles every month. I want to congratulate you on a great job, and hope you'll continue the good work!

Peg O'Mally
San Diego, Calif.

The clods, dolts, idiots and morons at MAD thank you for the kind words. We'll try!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD,
Room 706, Dept. 52, 225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, New York

JANUARY



Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Pour a dose of Pepto-Bismol,
Toast the New Year with a swallow!
Sick of slushy January?
Wait and see the months that follow!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

FEBRUARY



Especially Painted for MAD by Bob Clarke

Leap Year month means one more day of
Winter's gloom and things that tire us:
Like those women catching men, while
Clods like us are catching virus!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29					

MARCH



Especially Painted for MAD by Wallace Wood

Poets who praise winds of March should
Meet their ends in bloody ways:
Caught by girls who wear short skirts, and
Angry men who wear toupees!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

APRIL



Especially Painted for MAD by Frank Kelly Freas

Sing, you fool, of April showers!
Sing of how they help the buds!
When you're singing from your rooftop,
We'll row by—come April floods!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						



Frankly, we're getting sick of those calendars that come out every year! You know, the kind that show gorgeous pin-up girls with hardly anything . . . oops! Wrong kind of calendar! We're certainly not getting sick of *those!* But we *are* getting sick of those calendars with nauseating pictures, and even more nauseating poems which try to prove how much more wonderful each month is than the one before. So we've decided to come out with our *own* nauseating calendar, which won't try to prove *anything!* Except, maybe, that nineteen-sixty is gonna be *another* miserable year!



THE MAD 1960



CALENDAR

DIRECTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING THE MAD 1960 CALENDAR



Tear out page 4 from mag, and cut months along dotted lines.



Tear out pages 6 and 7, and cut months along dotted lines.



Paste page 7 back together so you can read what's on page 8.



Forget whole idea and go get a decent pin-up girl calendar.



MAY

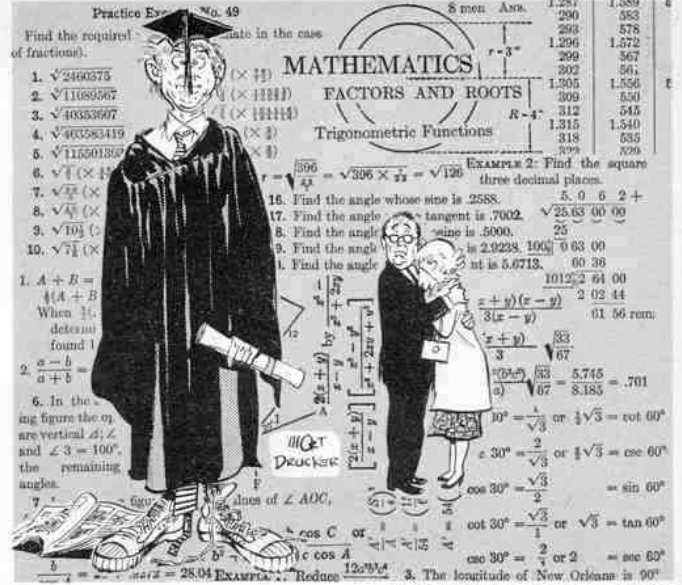


Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Go pick flowers, nature lovers,
May has on her verdant cloak!
Take your choice, what will you have now:
Poison ivy or poison oak?

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

JUNE



Especially Painted for MAD by Mort Drucker

Clod of 30, graduating!
This much, friend, we will acknowledge:
If, till now, school's been tough going,
Wait till you get into college!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

JULY



Especially Painted for MAD by David Berg

This month's best for summer driving!
Start out early: six o'clock!
That way, there won't be much traffic
Going once around the block!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

AUGUST



Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Every Summer has it's "dog days!"
This month has the "doggiest!"
Why should we waste clever rhymes on
Stupid months like August?

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

SEPTEMBER



Especially Painted for MAD by George Woodbridge

*If you choke on stifling air that
Summer constantly conceives,
Fall is here! Cheer up! You're free to
Choke on smoke of burning leaves!*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

OCTOBER



Especially Painted for MAD by Wallace Wood

*Halloween's the time for pranks, so
Keep your eye on every tot!
Oops, there goes your gate! Your house! Say—
How's your new split-level lot?*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

NOVEMBER



Especially Painted for MAD by Don Martin

*Stuff your gut with tons of food and
Then collapse while muscles pound.
Don't claim Thanksgiving's the reason!
You eat this way all year 'round!*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

DECEMBER



Especially Painted for MAD by Bob Clarke

*Close the year with gifts and cards to
People you detest and curse!
If you think '60 was bad, friend,
'61 will be much worse!*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

INSIDE PITCH DEPT.

It seems as though the grey flannel set is getting desperate these days. Lately, everywhere you look—be it sides of busses, backs of menus, fronts of matchbooks, inside ball parks, outside ball parks, trash receptacles, beer coasters or roller coasters—you see an advertisement. Today, the ad men are searching frantically for any usable space which might be utilized for commercial pitches. We hear that even hotel room walls are being considered as spots where ads could be placed for greater impact. MAD foresees where it could all end if advertising men go for broke to get their message across in . . .

NEW

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

IN BARROOMS

GENTS

WHEN YOU ORDER
YOUR NEXT DRINK.
ASK THE MAN FOR:
Tummy-Seltzer
FOR QUICK RELIEF
OF MISERIES DUE TO
OVERINDULGENCE!

IF
YOU PLAN TO
DRIVE
IN YOUR CONDITION
CANCEL
YOUR CAR INSURANCE
WITH
**MUTUAL OF
MUNCIE
FIRST!**



YOU WERE DUE HOME HOURS AGO!

SQUARE IT
WITH THE
LITTLE WOMAN
WITH A
Bouquet
FROM
**FURD & FURD
FLORISTS**

IN PRISON CELLS

NEED TO REORGANIZE
YOUR OPERATION
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
WHEN YOU'RE SPRUNG?

CALL
APEX
FOR
BONDED AND EXPERIENCED

- TORPEDOES
- GUN MOLLS
- STRONG ARM BOYS
- SAFE CRACKERS
- FINKS

APEX
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY



WHEN YOU CLEAR THE WALL
HEAD STRAIGHT FOR
COWZNOFSKI MOTORS
FOR A TOP DEAL ON AN
**O.K.
RECONDITIONED
GETAWAY
CAR.**

WITH ESCAPE ARTISTS
WHO PREFER THE BEST

**IT'S
WILBY'S
FILES
AND HACK SAWS
2-TO-1**



SO I'M BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!
MAINLY THEY GOT ONE LETTER!
FROM A GUY NAMED SAM POPULAR!

AD SPACES

WRITER: TQM KOCH

IN AIRLINERS

COMMERCIAL
AIRLINE ACCIDENTS
TOOK
573
LIVES
LAST YEAR!
**PLAY
SAFE!**
TAKE THE BUS
AND ARRIVE ALIVE
WITH US!
GRAYHOUND



NEXT TIME
TAKE ALONG A
**DROPWELL
PORTABLE
PARACHUTE**
IF THERE
IS
A NEXT TIME

ROUGH WEATHER AHEAD?
AIR
SICKNESS
can be unbearable
AGONY
UNLESS YOU TAKE
QUEASE-EASE
DON'T YOU WISH YOU'D
BROUGHT A BOX ALONG
... NOW ...
WHEN YOU ARE
GETTING SO
NAUSEOUS?

ON PAY ENVELOPES

NORTH AMERICAN
VEEBLEFETZER CO.
PAY ENVELOPE

NAME: Ralph C. Wretched
SALARY: \$90.00
DEDUCTIONS: \$82.27
NET SALARY: \$7.73

SQUANDER IT ALL
at
The Sitting Duck
TAVERN
Stop off on your way home, before
the old crow gets her paws on it!

YOU CAN RUN THIS
PITTANCE
INTO A
REAL BANKROLL
AT
DIRTY DAN'S
FLOATING
CRAP GAME



**DISSATISFIED
WITH THIS
MISERABLE
WAGE
YOU EARN?
ORGANIZE
NOW!**

International Brotherhood of
CLODS
Local No. 729 1/4

IN DRESSING ROOMS

Gain
Financial
Independence

BEFORE YOU'RE
TOO PUNCHY TO ENJOY IT!

**MAKE
BIG MONEY**

TAKING DIVES!

FOR DETAILS, CALL
LEW ESKIN'S
BOOKIE SYNDICATE

QU-3-3217

(Ask for Big Lew)



DON'T GO INTO THE RING
DEFENSELESS!

PACK EACH GLOVE WITH A
Lucky Brand
HORSESHOE

"Every One A Knockout!"

MADE OF FINEST TEMPERED
GERMAN STEEL

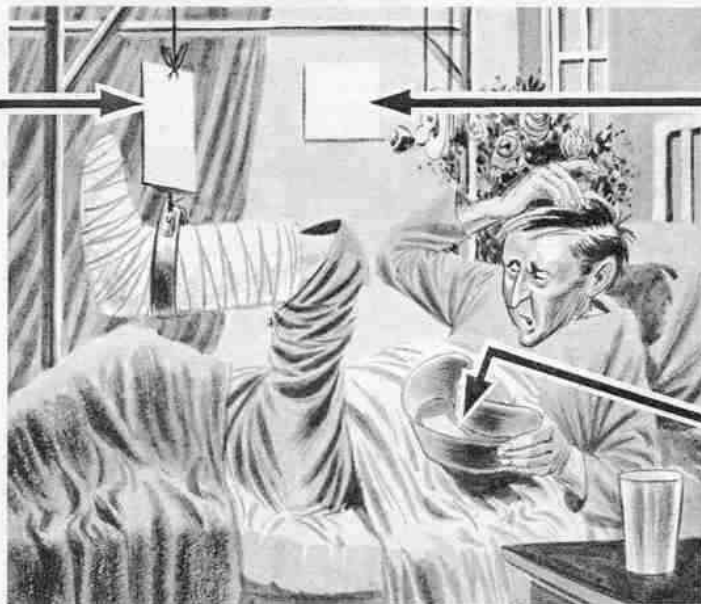
MAYBE YOU'D DO BETTER
IN THE
FLYWEIGHT CLASS!

REDUCE
THE MEDICALLY APPROVED WAY
at
**VIC
LARDOFF'S**

IN HOSPITAL ROOMS

Each day in this
Hospital takes
you further into
**HOPELESS
DEBT!**

HIRE AN AMBULANCE
NOW
AND HAVE THEM DRIVE
YOU TO
THE GREAT
NORTHERN
FINANCE CO.
FOR A FRIENDLY
HIGH-INTEREST
LOAN



DON'T PUT THOSE
IMPORTANT FINAL
ARRANGEMENTS
IN THE HANDS OF THE
INCOMPETANTS
YOU LEAVE BEHIND!

DO IT YOURSELF
TODAY!
TOMORROW MAY BE
TOO LATE!

Dormant Schlepp & Sons
Licensed Morticians
"Your last wise move"

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THE
THOUGHT-PROVOKING ARTICLE
"IS YOUR DOCTOR
USING YOU FOR A
GUINEA PIG?"
in the current issue of
The Readers' Digest

IN GOVT. BUILDINGS

BACK TAXES
Got You
UPSET?
END IT ALL WITH A
Wise & Heimer
.38 REVOLVER



GOLD MEDAL AWARD
INTERNATIONAL
RUSSIAN
ROULETTE
FESTIVAL

ENDORSED
BY
LEADING
SUICIDES
EVERYWHERE



The World
Looks Brighter When
You Drink ...
OLD OVERSHOE

100 PROOF ** CONVENIENT HALF-GALLONS
FOR DROWNING MAJOR TROUBLES

SOLVE YOUR
TAX PROBLEMS
THE MODERN WAY!
FLY
to
**PARAGUAY
NOW!**

No Questions Asked.
Andy's Andes Airlines



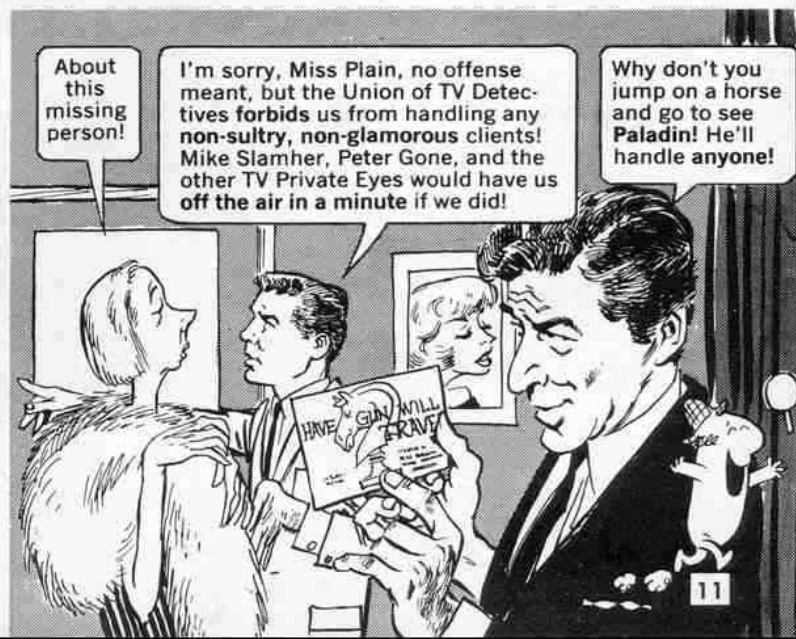
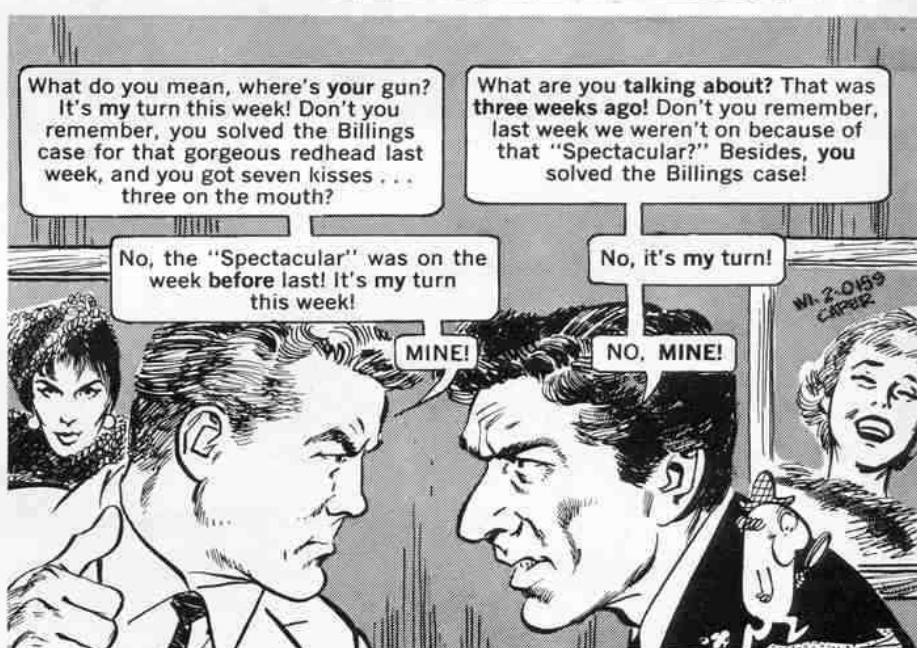
If you've never seen "777 Sunset Strip" on TV, you're obviously not a teenager! Each week on the show, two Private Eyes named Stew Daily and Jess Spence take turns solving cases. Supposedly, the one not handling the case on any given week is allowed to show himself occasionally, but he's kept in the background. Actually,

the one that is handling the case is kept in the background too! Because the main purpose of this program lately seems to be to find every possible excuse for sneaking in Koukie (a hip-talking, hair-combing car-parker) for the teenagers who are wild about him. Which is why a situation of near-catastrophe occurs on . . .

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

THE
NIGHT THAT
KOUKIE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS
from
777 SUNSET STRIP

(Clap-Clap)



But you don't understand! It's Kookie who's missing! For two days now! I'm the President of the Kookie Fan Club, and I'm going out of my mind! I've refused to speak one word of "hip" talk till he's found!

Kookie is missing? Our own loveable car-parking, hair-combing, hip-talking sloppy Kookie?

Wait! I'll check! Hello, Deano's? This is Jess Spence! Send over the car-boy with my auto keys!

Sir, it has been brought to my attention that you desire to regain possession of your automobile keys. Therefore it behooves me . . .

By George, she's right! Kookie is missing! Oh, if only she were pretty, I'd handle this case in a minute!

Kookie missing! I can't believe it! Why only last week the producer had promised to run English sub-titles so our grown-up viewers could understand him! And now . . . now he's gone! You've simply got to do something, Stew! It's your case!

No, Jess, it's your case! You were right! I did solve the Billings case last week!

No, Stew! It's your turn! You were right! The "Spectacular" was on last week!

Gentlemen! Instead of arguing, how about establishing a motive?

Okay, Jess! It's your case, and I'll help you a little, which is permissible on this show. But you do the kissing!

No, it's your case, Stew, and I'll help you a little! Besides, I just discovered my lips are chapped!

I'll do the kissing! I'll kiss anyone for a price!

The way I figure it, in this case of yours, Jess, there are three people who have motives for wanting to do away with Kookie! I suggest that we question Angelo—The Barber, Mr. Brooks—The Clothier, and Miss Primm—The High School Teacher . . .

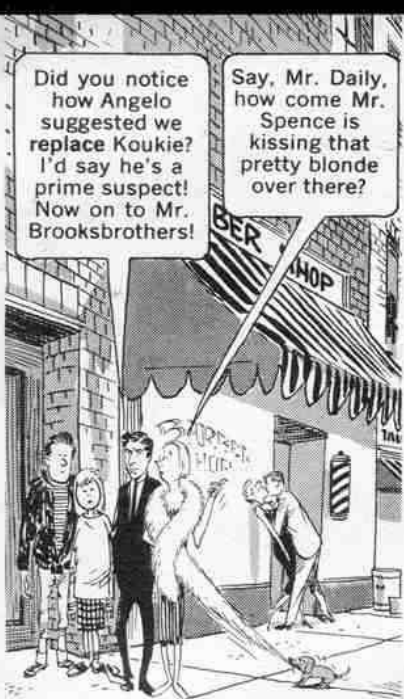
Good idea! I like the way you're handling your case so far, Stew!

How does your mother feel about your leaving "Medic" to become "Paladin"?

How would you feel having to switch from "My son, the Doctor" to "My son, the Hired Killer?"

Hello, Angelo! How's business?

It's-a terrible! All-a high school boys- know how the girls-a worship this-a Kookie on your show, so they walk-a by the shop, an' they no stop! They just comb-a the hair! They no cut it! The hair maybe two, three feet long, but they just-a comb it! No cut it! Hey, how come you no replace that-a Kookie with-a Garry Moore, or-a George Gobel, or some-a other flathead?



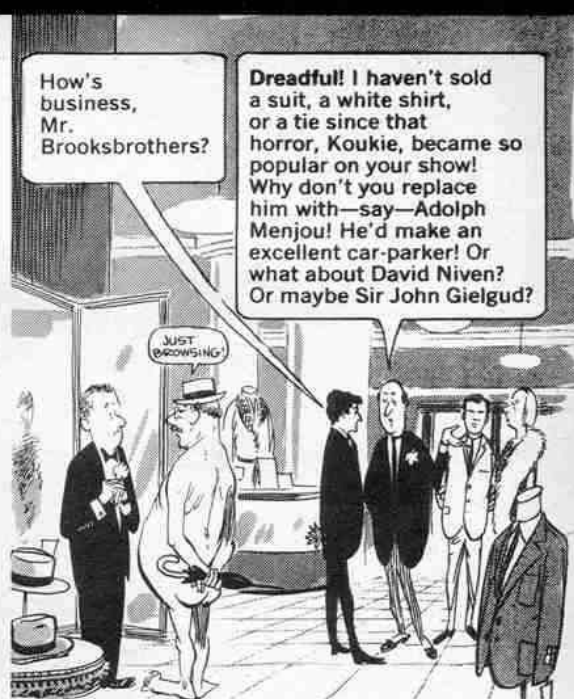
Did you notice how Angelo suggested we replace Koukie? I'd say he's a prime suspect! Now on to Mr. Brooksbrothers!

Say, Mr. Daily, how come Mr. Spence is kissing that pretty blonde over there?



Now cut that out, Jess! You know on this show you're only allowed to kiss clients or people connected with the case. Who is she, anyway?

An ex-isolation booth usherette from an old quiz show! They've got to find something for those girls to do!



How's business, Mr. Brooksbrothers?

Dreadful! I haven't sold a suit, a white shirt, or a tie since that horror, Koukie, became so popular on your show! Why don't you replace him with—say—Adolph Menjou! He'd make an excellent car-parker! Or what about David Niven? Or maybe Sir John Gielgud?



I'd say Mr. Brooksbrothers is **another** important suspect, wouldn't you, Jess? Now on to Sunset Strip High and Miss Primm! And by the way! I hate to be a nag, but isn't it about time for an intimate close-up of you and Miss Plain kissing? You know, one of those shots this program is famous for, showing warmth between detective and client!

I agree! And since you're the detective this week, Stew, I think you should do it!

No, it's **your** case! You've got to do it!

Oh, all right! I'll do it! But it's still **your** case!



Well, Miss Primm! How are things going here in your French class?

Look for yourself! Oh, that horrid Koukie—and his influence on teenagers!

Okay, cats! I will now conjugate the verb "to understand!"
Je dig, tu dig, il dig, elle dig, nous digons, vous digez, ils digent, elles digent...

Crazy! I will now give Frog definitions for English words!
The house: "le pad!"
The man: "le cat!"
The best: "la end!"

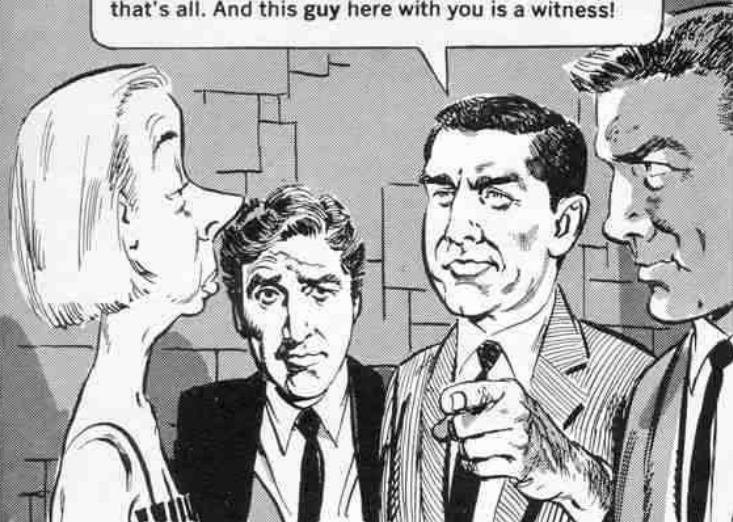
Man, you are from **Squaresville!** You goofed! It's not "la end!" It's "I'end!"



Well, Miss Plain, you can see that Miss Primm also has a perfect motive for doing in Koukie!

Look, Stew! Here comes Peter Gone!

Hi, fellers! I heard a rumor that you two are handling a non-glamorous female client. If it's true, and you're caught, you're in for a lot of trouble with the Union of TV Detectives. Just remember I warned both of you, that's all. And this guy here with you is a witness!



Okay... now, as we've proved, there are just **three likely suspects** for the perpetration of this terrible crime, Miss Primm! And...

Wrong, Daily and Spence! There are **two other even likelier suspects!** Miss... will you open that closet door, please?

Why it's our **Producer!**



KOUKIE!

Hi, chick! Hi, Dads! Man, I near flipped in that rags boiler! What I could dig now is a nice cool comb!



Man, wait till I sound the crazy good news buzzer! Koukie is back! This is **Endsville!**

Daily and Spence! You're both fired! You're also under arrest for kidnapping Koukie! Your motive was the strongest of all: **Jealousy!** You knew you were slowly losing the show to him, yet you weren't men enough to fight it out on an artistic level! Such as having songs written about you and your comb, appearing on teenage TV shows, and having hundreds of intellectual articles about you printed in the fan magazines, like "Koukie Reveals His Toothpaste Brand" and "Koukie Carries Out His Own Garbage" and "Why Koukie Loves Chinese Restaurants"...



Hey, Producer-Dad, like I mean I'm not bugged by these two squares! Like I mean don't make them split the scene! Like I mean get the pitch?

Anything you say, Koukie! Because from now on, this is **your show!** This office, the fancy convertibles, **everything is yours!** And now, I've got to get to work on my plan to run these English sub-titles when you talk. Boy, we'll really pull in them grown-up viewers!



Man, like I dig this new pad the most! It'll be like crazy doing the Sherlock bit, and lipping the cool chicks! Well, I guess I'll cut out now! Later...



Thanks for the wheels, Dads. I've got something on the front burner, so I'm going to cool it! No refueling, now, but I may cop a slurg later. You dig how it is when you've got the Zorros and you can't pick up on the "Z"s? **CRAZY!**



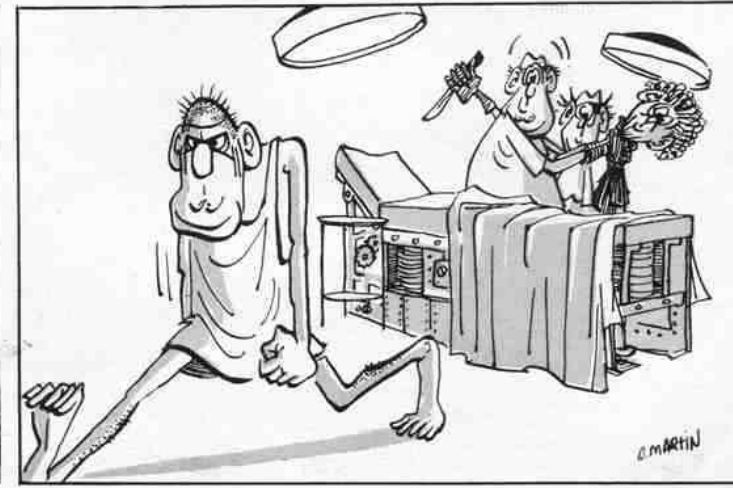
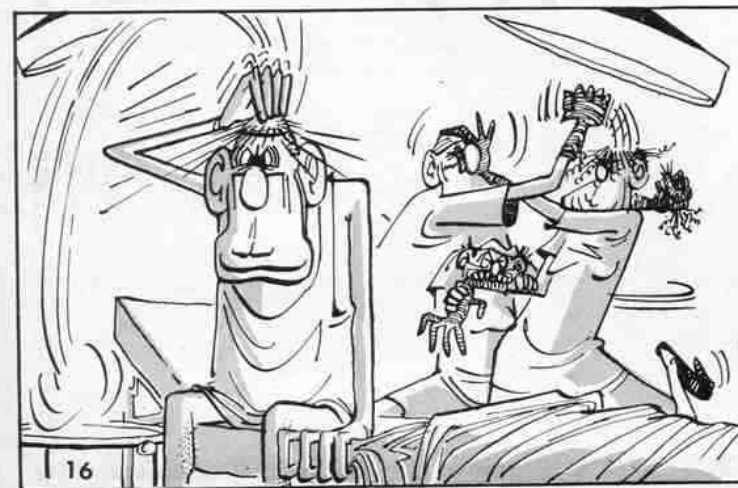
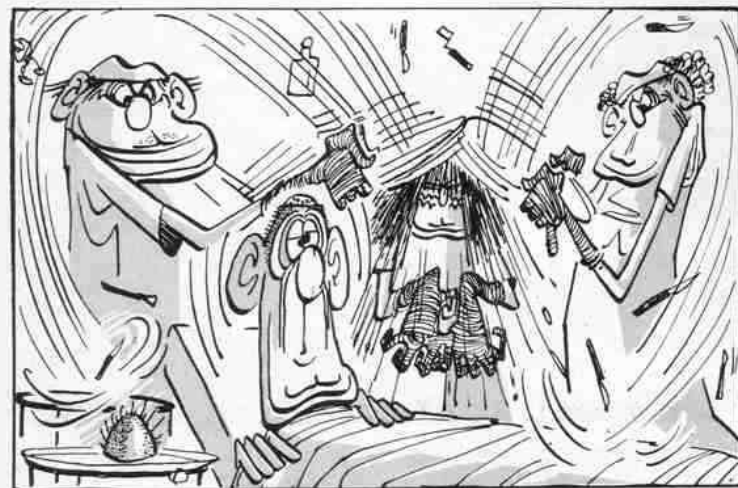
INDEED, I CERTAINLY AM FOND OF MY NEW OFFICE. IT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL BEING A DETECTIVE AND GETTING THE OPPORTUNITY TO KISS SOME NICE YOUNG LADIES. WELL, I THINK I'LL LEAVE NOW. GOODBYE.

WE REGRET THAT SOMETHING HAS OBVIOUSLY GONE WRONG WITH THE SOUND ON THIS PROGRAM. PLEASE STAND BY WHILE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS ARE BEING MADE.

Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, has finally come up with an explanation for his unique artist talent. It all goes back to the time he underwent ...

THE BRAIN OPERATION





CRANKS A-MILLION DEPT.

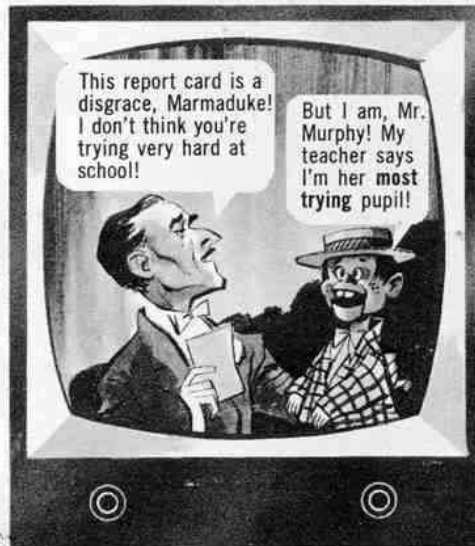
When we were kids, we learned a simple and rather succinct phrase which pretty well summed up what Democracy was all about—mainly “The Majority Wins!” Unfortunately, the television industry doesn’t seem to believe in this. Rather, they insist upon remaining at the mercy of so-called “Public Opinion” in the form of a few crank letters. Instead of fighting back, the networks prefer a more civilized way out, called “total surrender.” To show how this sorry situation works out, we’ve prepared this behind-the-scenes study which demonstrates the power of the relative minority who write...

PROTEST LETTERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: SY REIT

HERE, FOR
EXAMPLE, IS A
TYPICAL TELEVISION
ROUTINE WHICH SEEMS
HARMLESS, BLAMELESS
AND MAINLY
MIRTHLESS



AND HERE
ARE A FEW OF
THE HUNDREDS OF
LETTERS OF PROTEST
THAT CAME IN
THE NEXT
DAY



Dear Sirs,
I found your use of the name
"Marmaduke" for the little boy in
last night's show extremely offensive.
I don't think there's anything
funny about the name and I
resent the implication that people
with this name are usually stupid,
or dummies, or something like that.
Why don't you use a name like
"Stanley" or "Horace" or "Melvin".
These are funny names!
Yours truly,
Marmaduke Sternwallow III

Gentlemen,
As recording secretary of our
local P.T.A., I must say I
was shocked at the way you
ridiculed education on last
night's show! A poor report
card is no laughing matter!
How can we instill respect
for learning in our children
when they are exposed to shows
like yours, lampooning our
educational system?
—Angry Mother

Gentlemen—
Last night you showed
Marmaduke wearing a straw
hat, indoors! How can we
teach our kids good manners
when you set such a bad
example for them?
Television is a vital
force in today's community.
When are you people going
to wake up to your
responsibilities?
—Despairing Father

Fearless, Inc.

COVERS THE COUNTRY

May 25th, 1959

Gentlemen:
Last night you showed Marma-
duke wearing a straw hat. Don't
you realize that this sort of
thing can ruin the felt hat
industry?
Television is a vital force
in today's community. When are
you people going to wake up to
your responsibilities?
Cordially,

W. Marshall Fordick
President,
Fearless Felt Hat M'f'g Co.

GREEK CONSULATE Washington, D. C.

Dear Ιδιαίτέρως: —
Εφημερίδες της Δυτικής Εύρωπης υπογραμμίζουν
σήμερα, ότι η Σοβιετική εκδοχή της έν Μόσχα
λογομαχίας " — English is Greek to me!" μεταξύ
του Αντιπροέδρου των morons! 'Ηνωμένων Πολιτε-
ιών και του πρωθυπουργού dumbkops! Δεν να διστάσω
να επαναρχίσω τον αγώνα big low-suit!

Sincerely yours,
Herman Hellesport
Consul General

Dear Sirs,
Since your program is watched by
millions of youngsters all over the
country, the use of suggestive
material is uncalled for and
unforgivable.
Your ventriloquist's reference
to so many "nights" (sic nights)
during the dark ages is an obvious
and deliberate attempt to inject
sex into a family show.
Is a high, raucous rating excuse
enough to throw good taste to the
winds? If this practice continues, I
will forbid my children to watch your
program! and my grandchildren too!
Shocked Parent

DEAR MARMADUKE AND
MR MURPHY—
YOUR SHOW STINKS.
OKAY MAYBE FOR A
THREE OR FOUR
YEAR OLD BUT NOT
FOR BIG KIDS
LIKE ME IM FIVE
SINSERELY YOURS
JIMMY AXOLOTL

May 25, 1959

Sirs—
I'm getting sick and
tired of the way you
people always make
cats the butt of your
jokes. Why did the
man have to spell CAT?
why not DOG or CHIPMUNK
or AARDVARK?
Speaking for thousands
of cat lovers, this sort
of treatment must stop!
I am throwing away
my TV set.
disgustedly
Elvira Tuttle

May 25, 1950



RS:ek

DL -- 5-25-59 -- 10 PM

STRONGLY PROTEST BARBARIC MIS-USE OF PAST PARTICIPLE AND SUBJUNCTIVE CLAUSE IN LAST NIGHT'S SHOW (EXCLAMATION POINT) HAVE YOU PEOPLE NO SENSE OF SHAME (QUESTION MARK) SIGNED: J.J. WATKINS, PRES. ENGLISH LANGUAGE SOCIETY

Gentlemen: Despite the fact that we work long hours, and are extremely underpaid, teachers here in America are still maligned and insulted at every turn. Your show last night gave the impression that all we do is joke and kid around with our pupils. You would have done better to show how difficult our job is, trying to teach children in overcrowded classrooms with limited facilities. The future of America lies with our young people, and the future of our young people lies with their teachers. Our responsibilities are great! and so are yours! Let's have no more of this! -Indignant Teacher

Dear Sirs-

I am a teen-ager. I think your show was a deliberate slap at teen-agers. Why do's everyone pick on teen-agers? All that stuff about school and report cards, and stuff. What's funny about school and report cards? You probably hate rock and roll, too! And Fabian. Everybody is against us teen-agers! Wait till we take over! -M.B.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:- On behalf of our membership, I hereby protest your reference in last night's television program to the killing of flies. How long, the killing of flies. How long, sirs, must this wanton disregard for insect life continue? Will the senseless slaughter never cease? The fly, I admit, is not without its faults--but let us try to re-member that it is still one of Nature's creatures. If more of us tried to see things from the fly's point of view, what a happier, kinder place our world would be. This applies to the entire genus "Diptera," including gnats, fleas and mosquitos.

Respectfully, RODNEY MUDGE Secretary

S.P.H.A.

Society for the Preservation of Historic Accuracy

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:- Contrary to the statement on your television program, the Dark Ages did not extend from 400 A.D. to 1200 A.D. Scholars generally agree that the Dark (or Middle) Ages may be said to commence with the fall of the Western Roman Empire, in 476, and terminate with the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. No doubt you will be anxious to correct this grievous error immediately.

We suggest a complete and frank statement by the President of your Company, to be made on a combined international, multi-channel network. Hoping we will not be compelled to take further steps, I am, Sincerely,

J. Finchley Doob Associate Director

What have you guys got against the Cooks and Bakers Union, anyway? What are you-a bunch of anti-labor smart alecs? paid up member of Local 842

Gentlemen: Things have come to a shocking state in this great big grand and glorious country of ours when television comedians stoop so low as to make fun of our great big grand and glorious flag. I am referring to last night's show in which your ventriloquist called our flying colors "flying cutlers"! Have you checked this comedian's past affiliations? -Proud American

Protective Association National Cabbage Growers

25 May, 1959

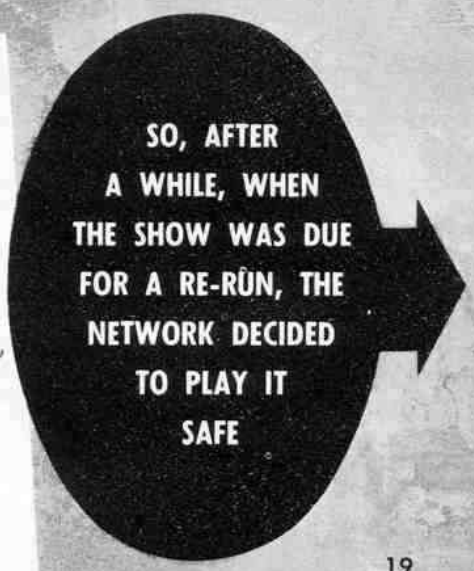
Dear Sirs: The use of the phrase "cabbage-head" is an uncalled-for slur. For your information, the cabbage has served long and well in building healthy bodies and helping to keep our nation strong. It is regrettable that you must look for so-called "laughs" at the expense of an innocent and harmless vegetable. Our organization feels that a retraction is in order.

Very truly yours,

Gertrude Vetch, Director

gv:svr

Gentlemen- The dummy on your TV show looks exactly like my daughter, Henrietta. Unless you apologize publicly I will turn this matter over to my lawyers. sincerely, Albert Furd



THEY CUT
OUT EVERYTHING
THEY KNEW TO BE
OF A CONTROVERSIAL
NATURE, AND RAN
WHAT THEY HAD
LEFT



AND IT
WORKED FINE,
BECAUSE ONLY ONE
LETTER OF PROTEST
TURNED UP THE
FOLLOWING
DAY

NBC
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

August 24, 1959

Dear Murphy and Marmaduke:-

As per our option clause (Para. 71, Lines 181-3),
your contract with this network is hereby cancelled.

The Trendex rating on last night's show was terrible.
It is obvious that your popularity has waned. Some-
thing seemed to be lacking in your performance. You
just weren't your "old selves" on last night's show.
Therefore, we feel that the only solution is to drop
your program.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Sarnoff
Robert Sarnoff
President

*Murph, I don't know what to say! I simply
can't understand what happened. Certainly,
it's no fault of ours here at the network.
All I can say is, oh well—that's show biz!
Bob*

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

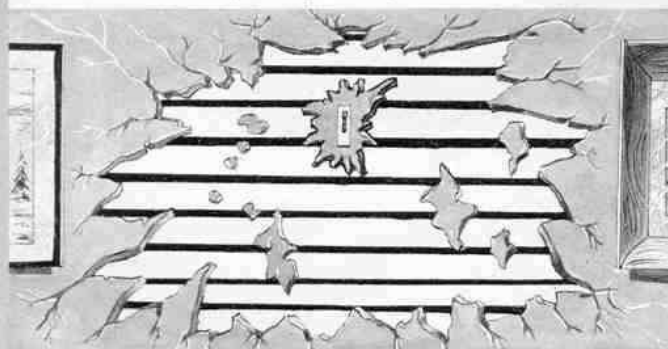
With about 50% of the population owning their own homes (in partnership with some banks), and with the cost of labor and materials sky high, the "home repair" problem has become a gigantic one. The tendency these days is to "do it yourself and save!" So we prepared the following article to help the situation. Mainly, you may not want to try it once you read...



HOW TO FASTEN OBJECTS TO WALLS (WITHOUT CRACKING THE PLASTER)



To fasten object to wall without cracking plaster, place adhesive or cellophane tape over spot where nail is to go.



Drive nail through adhesive or cellophane tape. Note how tape prevents plaster from cracking directly beneath it.

MAD's HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD REPAIR HINTS

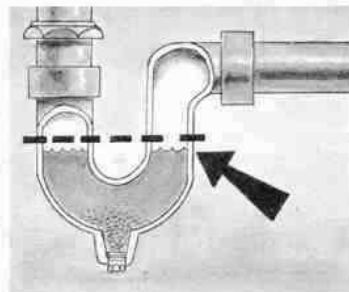


WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

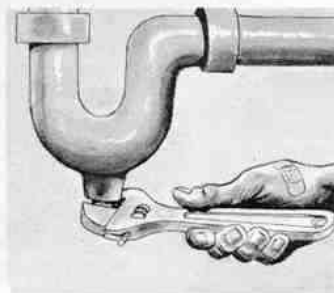
HOW TO CLEAR CLOGGED SINK DRAIN



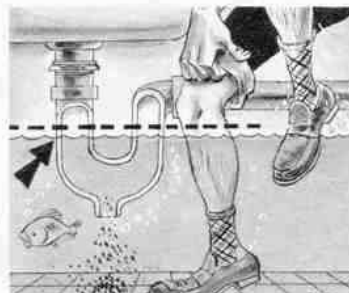
If chemicals, snake, or the plumber's friend fails to unclog sink drain, trouble is usually in the sink trap.



Clever sink trap works on principle that water seeks its own level, preventing odors from entering kitchen.



However, "U" shape tends to collect dirt, which blocks drainage. Use a wrench to remove plug at base of trap.



Dirt will be released. Also odors. Also plenty of water, and you'll see clearly how water seeks its own level.

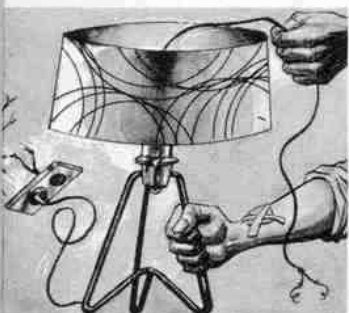
HOW TO REPAIR A DEFECTIVE LAMP



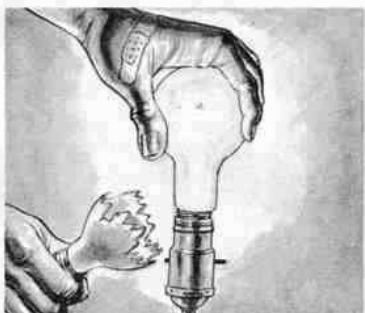
(1) An ordinary lamp socket is easily removed from its shell by depressing side of cap gently, and pulling up.



(2) Check for loose wires. If none, socket is probably defective. Remove it, and replace with a new socket.



(3) If lamp still does not work, the wire is probably defective. Remove it, and replace it with a new wire.



(4) If lamp still does not work, check if bulb's burnt out. That's usually what's wrong in the first place!

HOW TO CLEAN A BLOCKED CHIMNEY



Tie weighted bag or tire chains to end of rope and lower into chimney. Shake the rope gently, hauling up and down.

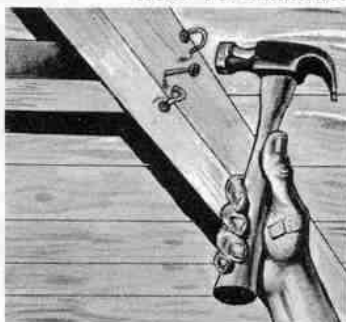


This will effectively loosen dirt, soot, and those other obstructions that may have been blocking up your chimney.

HOW TO ELIMINATE A SQUEAKY FLOOR



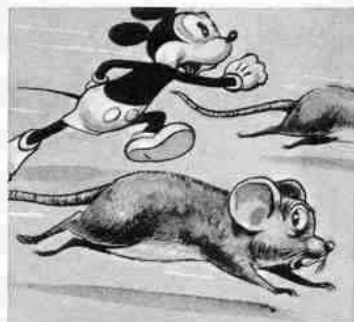
Locate squeaky area and drive wedges between floor joists and all loose boards.



Drive finishing nails into 2 x 4 below, through squeaking boards, at sharp angle.



Nail length of 2 x 4 firmly against underside of floor boards in the squeaky area.



Squeaking will stop because all that pounding frightens off mice living under floor.

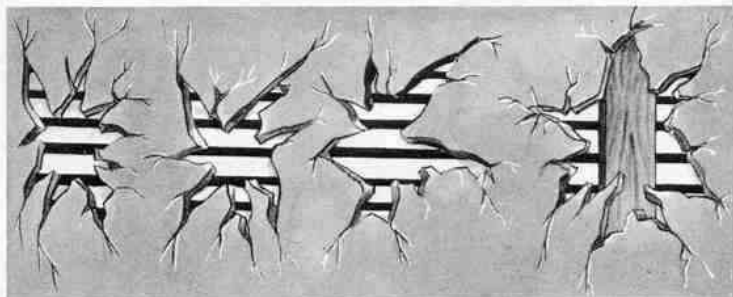
HOW TO LOCATE A STUD BEHIND A WALL



To locate a wall stud, pad head of hammer with cloth.



Begin tapping along a wall, listening closely to sound.

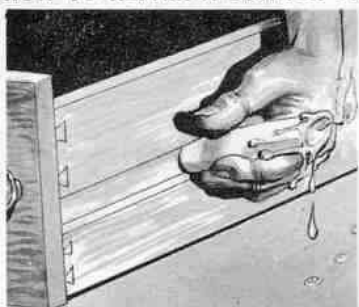


Spaces between studs emit hollow booming sound. When you hear dull muffled sound, you've finally located the stud.

HOW TO REPAIR A DRAWER THAT WON'T SLIDE OPEN EASILY



A stubborn sticking drawer may need sanding. If this does not cure trouble, all joints should be re-glued.



If drawer still sticks, see if bottom has slipped from grooves. Replace, and rub paraffin on sliding parts.



If drawer still won't slide open easily, try throwing out all the extra clothes and junk you've gathered in it over the years. You'll see how smoothly it'll work after that!

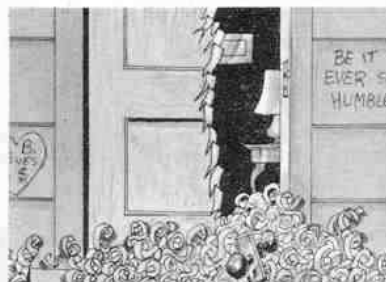
HOW TO RELEASE A STICKING DOOR



If prolonged periods of rain or damp weather cause a door to stick so bad it can't be opened, here's what to do:

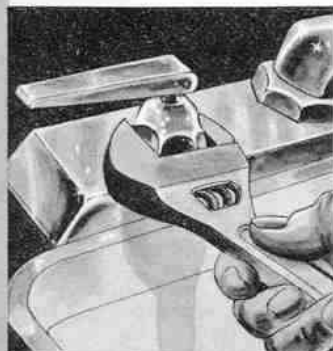


Wedge door in open position and use a plane to shave down excess wood. Make sure you shave enough to release door.

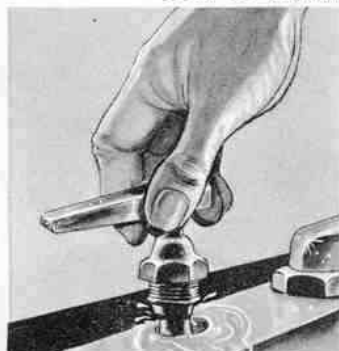


If shaved enough, door won't stick any more. If shaved too much, door won't even have to be opened any more.

HOW TO REPAIR A LEAKY FAUCET



(1) Loosen and unscrew nut located under faucet handle.



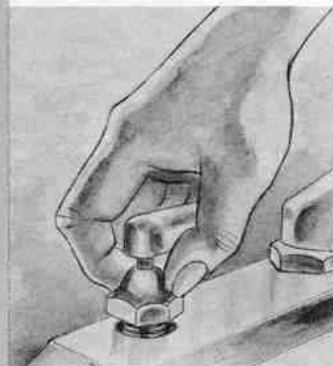
(2) Remove faucet assembly by turning counterclockwise.



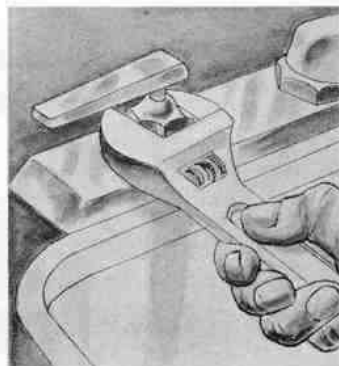
(3) Take out worn washer by removing screw securing it.



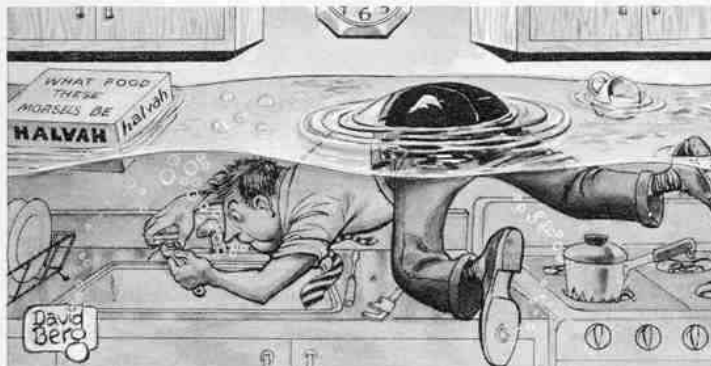
(4) Replace old washer with new one. Replace old screw.



(5) Replace faucet assembly by turning unit clockwise.



(6) Rescrew and tighten nut located under faucet handle.

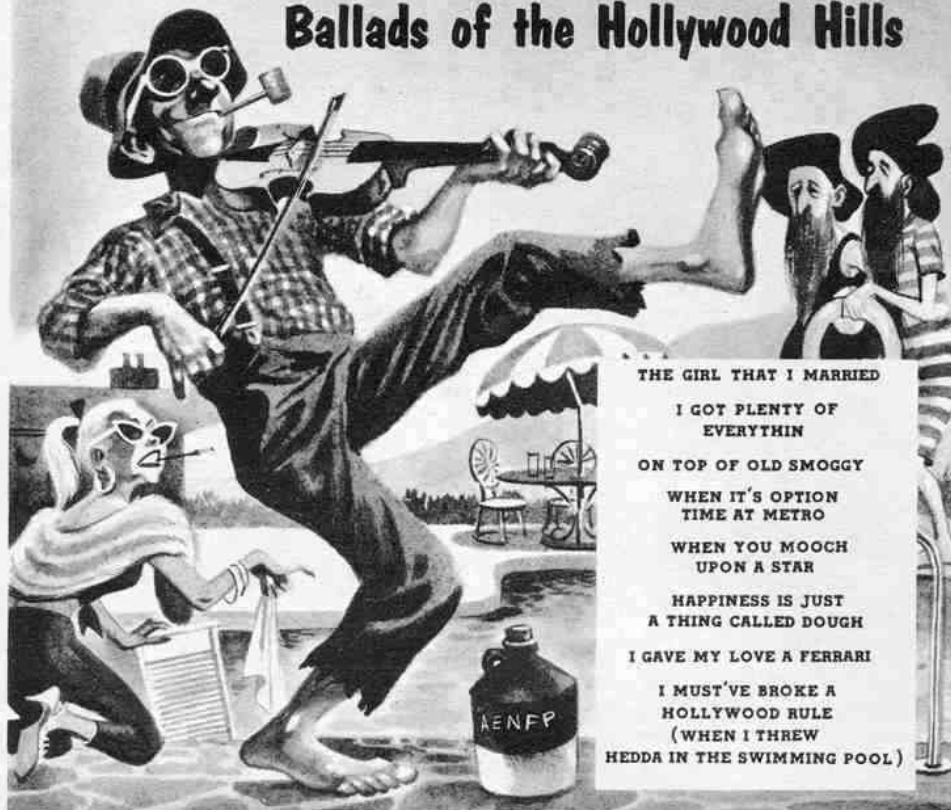


Oh, yes! We forgot to tell you! . . . Make sure that you shut off the water first, before you start fooling around!



MOUNTAIN MUSIC

Ballads of the Hollywood Hills



THE GIRL THAT I MARRIED
I GOT PLENTY OF
EVERYTHIN
ON TOP OF OLD SMOGGY
WHEN IT'S OPTION
TIME AT METRO
WHEN YOU MOOCH
UPON A STAR
HAPPINESS IS JUST
A THING CALLED DOUGH
I GAVE MY LOVE A FERRARI
I MUST'VE BROKE A
HOLLYWOOD RULE
(WHEN I THREW
HEDDA IN THE SWIMMING POOL)

TURKEYS IN THE CRAW DEPT.

The sudden renewed interest in the United States has brought back by singers and recording companies long-forgotten songs and ballads. It looks an easy chance to make a profit. We offers the following records of old folk songs, which we stole from the past. All kidding aside, gang, we have after scouring the Hinterlands, found on the spot where Mr. Hitler wrote them!) Here, then, is

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

MAD'S MODERN

NASTY DOMINIC RETCHA sings AUTHENTIC OLD SYNDICATE SONGS

THERE'S AN OLD ROULETTE WHEEL IN THE BASEMENT
THEY'RE BREAKING MY ARM 'CAUSE I'M LEAVING
ANASTASIA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND
GIVE A MAN A HORSE HE CAN DOPE
THE OBJECT OF MY COLLECTION
(IS TO SELL YOU PROTECTION)
OLD 'LECTRIC CHAIR'S GOT ME
HALLELUJAH, I'M A FINK!
SIXTEEN GUNS



Ballads of a

New England Accountant

Sung By
"Honest John" Weirflanger
Baritone C. P. A.



"D"—You're Deductible
Figures Neater Than Mine
Why Can't You Add Right
(Like Some Other Men Do?)
Red Is The Color of My Ledger Ink
I've Been Naughty With Form 1040
Tax Man, Stay 'Way From My Door!
She'll Be Making Double Entries—When She Comes!



THE "KING-SIZE" CIGARETTE WAS
SUPPOSED TO FILTER THE SMOKE
FURTHER . . . AND MAKE IT MILD!

rest in folk music here in
atched off a frantic search
companies for more of these
allads. Never ones to over-
ake a fast buck, MAD now
d albums of authentic old
om some authentic old folks.
e found these folk songs
ands. (We just happened
nter buried them after he
a genuine, collection of...

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Young Ann Rubicam sings

MADISON AVENUE WORK SONGS



SPONSOR, COME BACK TO ME

I GOT A RIGHT TO SELL SHAMPOO

WHAT CAN I SAY, DEAR
(AFTER I SAY "SMOKE WINSTONS"?)

I BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD ACCOUNT

THE N. Y., NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD CANNONBALL

NEW CAMPAIGN, PURPLE ULCERS AND NEW CAMPAIGN

THE CHARCOAL-GRAY MAN, HE AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE

HOME ON THE SMARTLY-STYLED, FINGER-TIP CONTROL, GENERAL ELECTRIC RANGE

FOLK MUSIC

BIG HORACE STAPELY SINGS

AUTHENTIC MIDWESTERN Truck Driver Songs



I'm A Teamster, Aren't We All?

Across The Wide-Missouri Turnpike

Diamond-T For Two

Scarlet Tail Lights For My Van

I'm Driving Over A Four-Lane Cloverleaf

My Blue-Eyed True Love Waits For Me
(On A Loading Dock In Kankakee)

Mayflower, It Take M' Sofa
(And Run Cincinnati)

Cool Carl Cartright Plays KUKIE FOLK SONGS

stay as beat as you are it's a crazy afternoon

get your fix on route 66

i'm gwine i' greenwich village
with my bongos on my knee

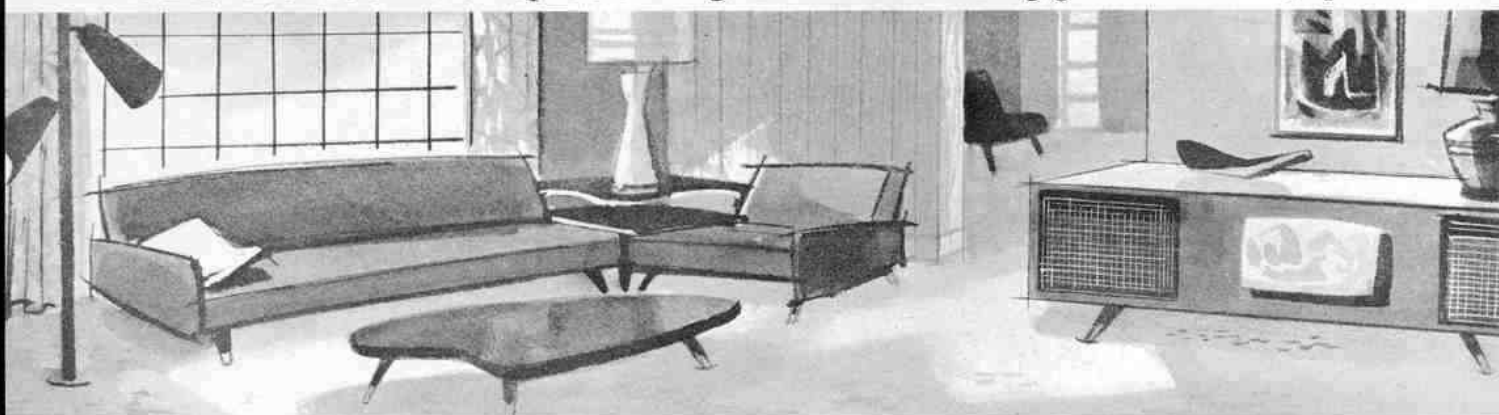


my o' kentucky pad
slout hearted cats

come to me, my maladjusted baby i dig paris



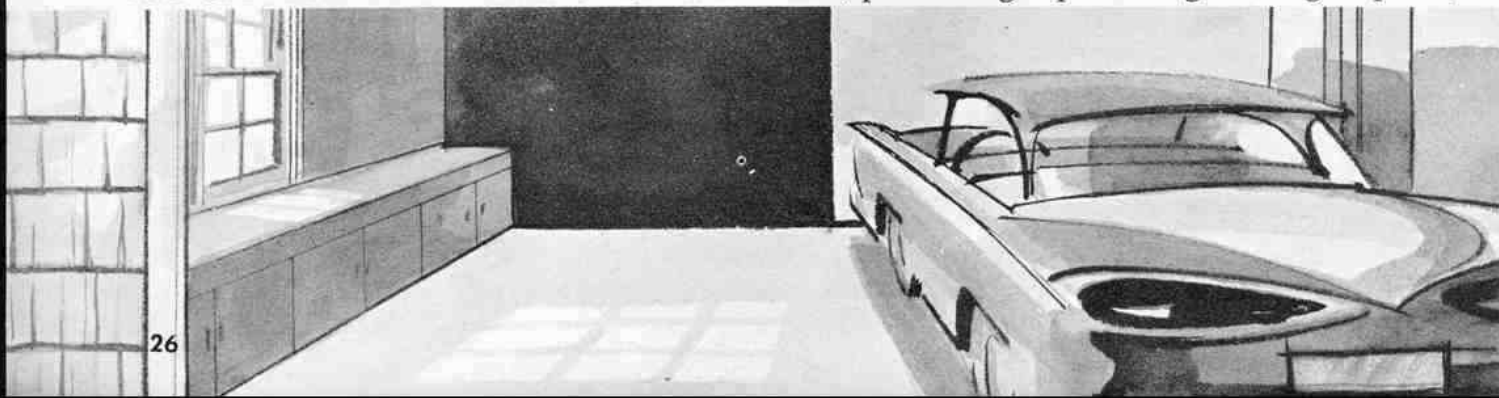
All the while the Smedleys skimped and saved, they planned their spacious
THE LIVING ROOM . . . A spacious arrangement for entertaining guests in relaxed, open comfort.



THE FAMILY ROOM . . . A playroom-den with a designated place for every imaginable toy and game.



THE GARAGE . . . A sizeable enclosure for a car, plus storage space for gardening implements.



ROOM WITH A PHEW! DEPT.



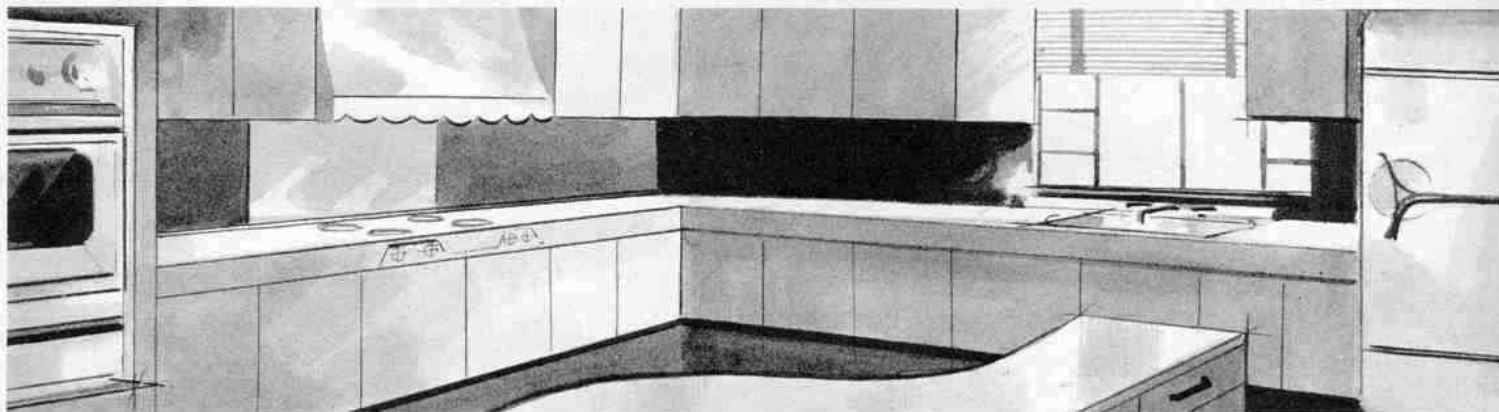
THE "KING-SIZE" CIGARETTE WORKED PRETTY GOOD . . . UNTIL YOU SMOKED IT DOWN TO A REGULAR-SIZE CIGARETTE AND YOU STARTED GETTING THE SAME OLD IRRITATING SMOKE!

This is the story of the "Smedleys," a typical American family living in a tiny, overcrowded apartment (at left) dreaming of the day they could save enough money to buy a home of their own . . . a dream home with plenty of . . .

LIVING SPACE

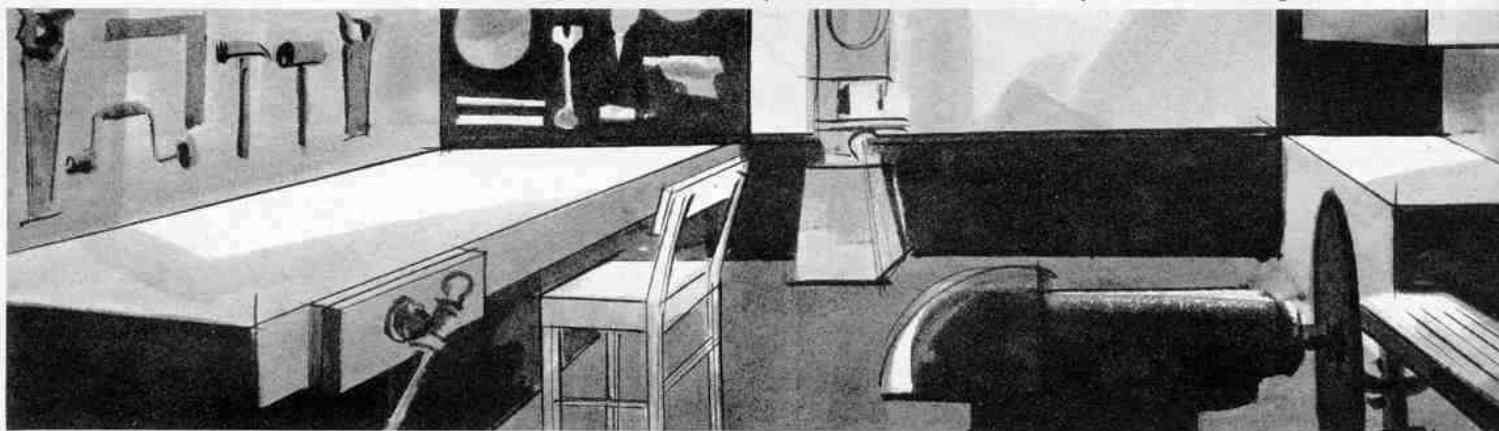
Dream House. And here's how it shaped up in the Architect's drawings . . .

THE KITCHEN . . . A carefully-planned layout, including roomy work-areas, ample cabinet space.

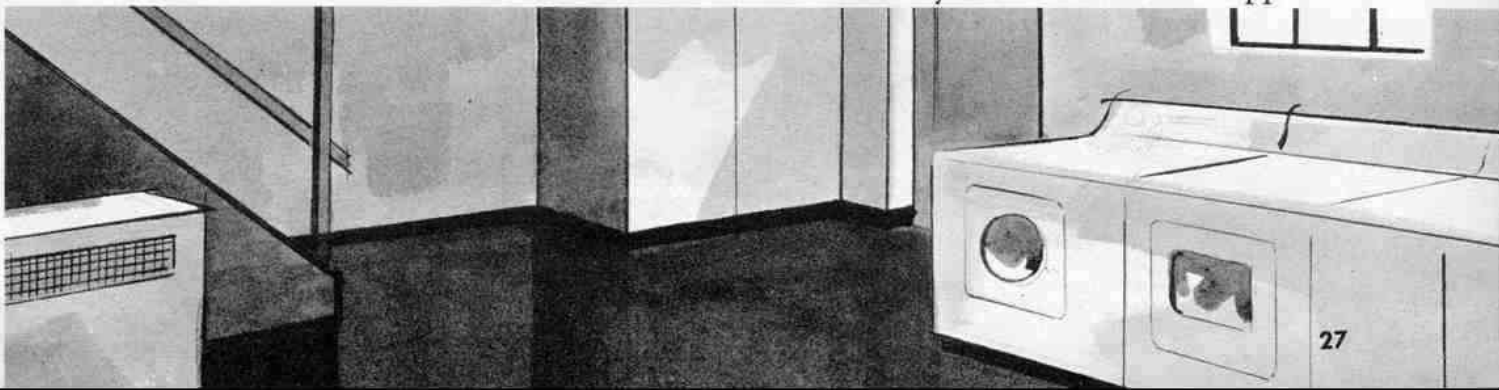


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE WORKSHOP . . . A large, well-equipped "do-it-yourself" unit for every conceivable project.



THE BASEMENT . . . Extensive areas for an efficient home laundry and other modern appliances.



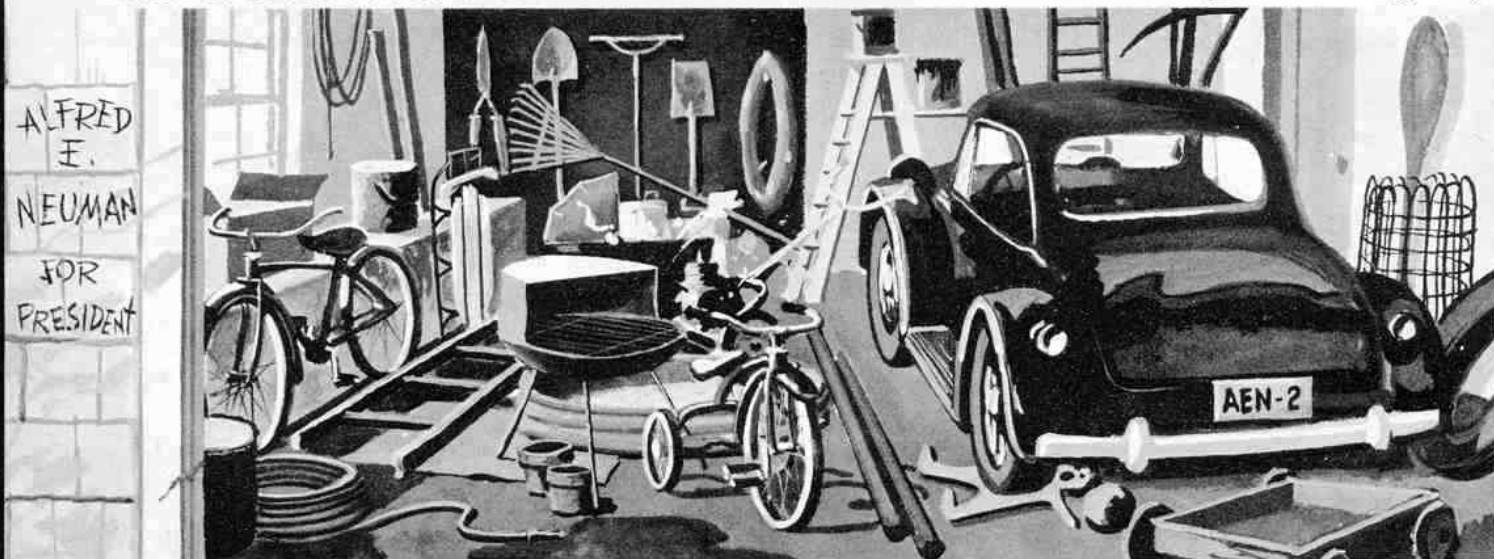
THE SMEDLEYS FINALLY BUILT THEIR DREAM HOUSE, AND MOVED IN. NOW, IT'S A THE LIVING ROOM . . . They've furnished it to the fullest with a collection of fake antiques.



THE FAMILY ROOM . . . It's next to impossible to get the kids to put their toys and games back.



THE GARAGE . . . Several extra items have to be stored that weren't figured on originally.



FEW YEARS LATER! LET'S SEE HOW THEY'RE ENJOYING ALL THAT LIVING SPACE...

THE KITCHEN . . . With rushed meals and coffee-klatching, there's no time to put things away.



THE WORKSHOP . . . When it comes to "do-it-yourself", Pop has no time to "clean-it-himself".



THE BASEMENT . . . Since there's no living space in the rest of the house, Mom relaxes here.



QUICKLY AS THEY CAN! AND AFTER THAT, THINGS ARE JUST AS CROWDED AS EVER!

Every year about this time, the song writers in Tin Pan Alley come up with a brand new bunch of Christmas songs. Most of these songs are heard a few hundred times, and then they're never heard of again. And there's a good reason for this. Mainly, they're lousy! The other day, we were walking behind a famous song publisher when he happened to drop a package. We picked it up, opened it, and found . . . you guessed it . . . dirty laundry! But on the outside wrapping were scribbled the lyrics to these . . .

SURE-FIRE 1959 Christmas Songs



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

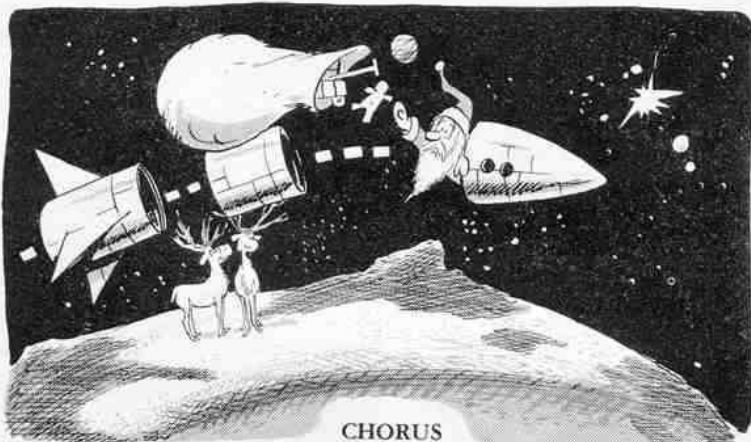
Here Comes Santa in his 3-Stage Rocket!

(Through The Troposphere)

VERSE

You can talk of all your missiles
Like the Jupiter and Thor,
Like the Atlas and the Titan
And so many, many more;

But on Christmas Eve there's gonna
Be an awful big surprise;
'Cause that's when "The Santa Rocket"
Will be zooming through the skies!



CHORUS

Here comes Santa in his 3-stage rocket
Through the troposphere!
It goes so fast you can hardly clock it;
No more slow reindeer!

So, kids, you needn't bother waiting
For St. Nick tonight!
He went so fast, he's now rotating
As a SANTALLITE!



The Things I Love at Christmas

The cards that come unsigned;
The ads that rot my mind;
The string of lights that blows
the cellar fuse;

The gifts that come to me
Delivered C.O.D.;
These are the things I love
at Christmas!

The mobbed department stores,
With small revolving doors
That give my eye its yearly
purple bruise;

The wrappings that come loose;
The lamp made from a moose;
These are the things I love
at Christmas!

That pair of yellow hose, dear;
Those green and scarlet ties;
And all those other clothes, dear,
That somehow miss my size!
The eighty times they play
"White Christmas" every day;
That feeling of good will
I always lose;

The savings that are gone
Because we're overdrawn:
These are the things I love
at Christmas!



Christmas in Biloxi

VERSE

Don't make me go
To Kokomo,
Seattle, Troy, or Boston!
Don't send me back
To Fond du Lac,
Duluth, Cheyenne, or Austin!
Don't steer me down
To Allentown,
Des Moines, Detroit, or Asheville!
Don't point the way
To San José,
Columbus, Butte, or Nashville!

I want to spend my Christmas where
There's Cornpone, Grits and Moxie;
So put me on that Dixie plane
And fly me to Biloxi!



CHORUS

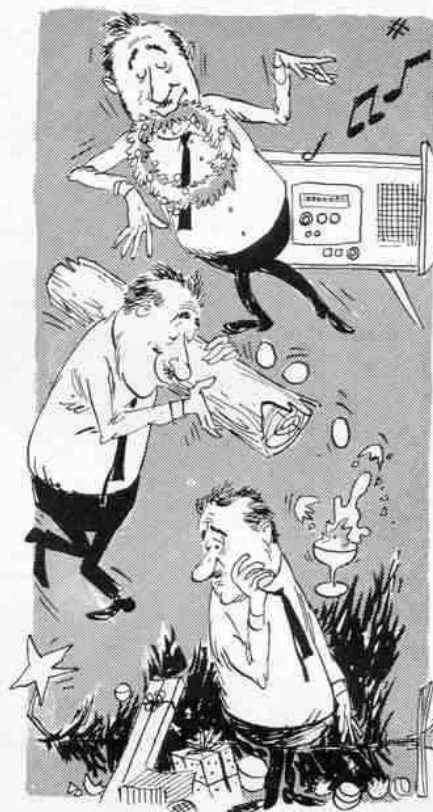
Christmas in Biloxi,
With fritters toastin',
And possums roastin',
For you I care!

Christmas in Biloxi,
With turnips fryin',
And buzzards flyin',
All through the air!

I choke up deep inside
when I extoll yuh!
I'd cut off my right arm
for some magnolia!

Christmas in Biloxi
Corn likker yeastin',
Boll weevils feastin',
Take me back there!

The Christmas Mambo



Pick up a wreath
(Cha cha cha)
With your front teeth
(Cha cha cha)
And you're doing
(Cha cha cha)
The Christmas Mambo!

Mix an Eggnog
(Cha cha cha)
With the Yule Log
(Cha cha cha)
And you're doing
(Cha cha cha)
The Christmas Mambo!

It's easy,
Exciting,
And exotic!
(Cha cha cha)
You're looking
Extremely
Idiotic!
(Cha cha cha)

Now look at me
(Cha cha cha)
Knock down the tree
(Cha cha cha)
Because I did
(Tch tch tch)
The Christmas Mambo!

The Santa Rock

VERSE

On Christmas Eve, 'round twelve o'clock,
St. Nick, he's gonna hit our block!
So honey, let's hang up that sock—
And rock!

That jolly gent will have a rack
Of platters in his great big sack;
He'll slide right down our chimney stack—
And rock!

CHORUS

Oh, yes, we'll rock, Santa, rock!
Oh, yes, we'll rock, Santa, rock!
We're gonna rock, Santa, rock!
We're gonna rock—
The Santa Rock!

(repeat chorus 12 times)



Santa Is Caught In Our Chimney!



Oh, goodness! Oh, gracious! Oh, golly! Oh, gee!
I wonder what all the commotion can be!
Someone is shouting and cursing at me!
Why, Santa is caught in our chimney!

He's sweating and fuming and screaming out loud!
And soon he will gather a very big crowd!
Such terrible language should not be allowed!
Why, Santa is caught in our chimney!

His coat is all dirty and covered with dust!
He's coughing and choking and full of disgust!
I think his suspenders are starting to bust!
Why, Santa is caught in our chimney!

I fear that his temper is starting to show!
His nose is all red and his cheeks are aglow!
Perhaps I should put out the fire below!
Cause Santa is caught in our chimney!

DOUBLE-CROSS EXPOSURE DEPT.

As far back as we can remember (meaning last week, which is as far back as we can remember), magazines, newspapers, and television have been using "Before" and "After" advertising. These are ads where they show a picture of some clod before using a product, and the same clod after using the product. Usually, the after picture is so phonied up, and the changes are so fantastic, that there's really no connection with the before picture they started with. So — because we hate leaving ill-enough alone — we hired a private eye, dressed him in an Ivy League suit, and turned him loose on Madison Avenue. And now, MAD presents the results of his investigation — documentary proof — our unvarnished, unbelievable, and absolutely unnecessary report which reveals . . .

THE TRUTH ABOUT "BEFORE" AND "AFTER" ADS



THE REDUCING TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" photo shows frowny woman weighing 369 lbs. standing before share-cropper's shack located in poorer section of city garbage dump. Besides being overweight, she suffers from acne, baldness, and taking fuzzy pictures.

THE SLEEPING TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" scene shows baggy-eyed man tossing sleeplessly on rickety bed. His pajamas are wrinkled, the sheets are torn and dirty, and the room furniture is old and dingy. It looks like this guy hasn't slept in two or three years.



SO THEN THESE CLOWNS CAME OUT
WITH THE "FILTER-TIP" CIGARETTE!

COURSE AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" photo shows same woman slimmed down to 118 lbs. Potato sack has turned into Dior original, and she's not only lost her weight, she's lost her address. Now stands before \$50,000 house with swimming pool and Cadillac.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" photo from MAD's file shows woman lost exactly 8 lbs. This just makes potato sack look baggier. Only other change is that share-cropper's shack has begun settling into ooze. So is woman. She's still pretty hefty.

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

WRITER: SY REIT

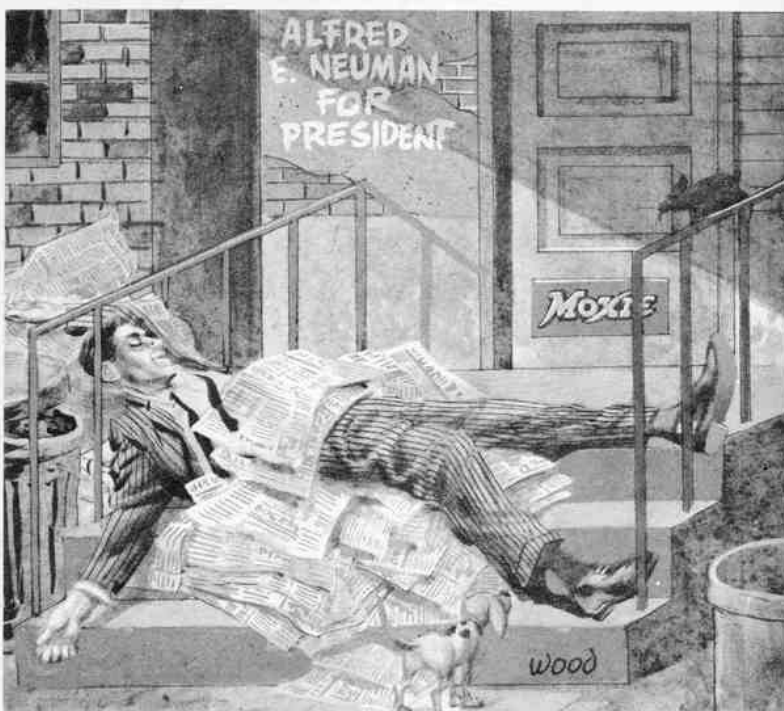
PILL AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" scene shows same man sleeping soundly. He now wears silk pajamas, bed has contour sheets, and room is refurnished in Swedish Modern. Sleeping pills' secret ingredient, "pancake make-up", has erased bags under eyes.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" scene from MAD's file shows that sleeping pills actually do work. Man fell fast asleep, missed work, got fired, lost mortgaged home, was divorced by his wife, and now spends life sleeping in skid row doorways.

THE HOME PERMANENT AD

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" picture shows seedy-looking girl wearing seedy-looking dress attending dance in seedy-looking school gym. Friends group around, laughing and jeering at her because she's got drab, lifeless hair. She's miserable and unhappy.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" picture shows same girl at next dance with her new home permanent. She's now a social success. In fact, she's now Queen of England. Gym resembles Westminster Abbey. Friends, led by Sal Mineo, all kneel at her feet.

THE EYE MAKE-UP AD

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" shot shows girl in rags scowling in mirror. She suffers from "no eye make-upitis". The symptoms are obvious. She has wrinkled eyes. She also has a wrinkled forehead, a wrinkled nose, and mainly wrinkled teeth.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" shot shows amazing results of eye make-up. Girl has turned into fashion model. Mirror has turned into ships porthole. Mop has turned into Ricky Nelson. Guy who makes eye make-up has turned into millionaire.



THE "FILTER" WAS SUPPOSED
TO TRAP ALL THE HARMFUL
IRRITANTS OUT OF THE SMOKE!

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" picture, from MAD file, shows that home permanents really work. Girl now has beautiful hair. But friends still group around, laughing and jeering at her because now she's got dishpan hands from taking too many.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



REAL "AFTER" shot indicates application of eye make-up has indeed caused change. Girl is still miserable—but now sports two beautiful shiners given to her by an older sister, whose mascara and eye make-up she swiped.

THE TOOTHPASTE AD TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE



"BEFORE" scene shows shabby bum who obviously needs a job. Also a bath. Man is suffering from unsightly teeth. Man is also suffering from strange disease which causes concentric rings to emanate from his mouth as he breathes.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE



"AFTER" scene shows results of single brushing. Teeth sparkle. Man has new suit of clothes, and new job as top State Dept. official, as mouth rings are gone, and protective shield covers teeth, keeping him from talking sense.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"



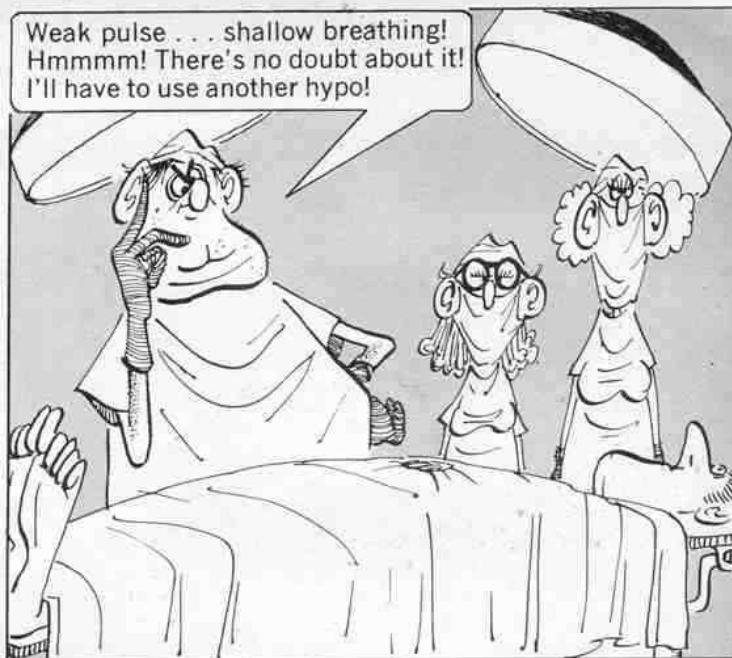
REAL "AFTER" scene from MAD file shows that invisible protective shield really prevents decay. It also prevents food from entering mouth, so man starves to point where he ends up as "before" in "I was a 97 pound weakling!" ad.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

After Don Martin walked out on "The Brain Operation" (pg. 15), he found it increasingly difficult to keep from blowing his top . . . mainly because it wasn't nailed down! So it didn't take long before he found himself back . . .

IN SURGERY

Weak pulse . . . shallow breathing!
Hmmm! There's no doubt about it!
I'll have to use another hypo!



35mm HISTRIONICS DEPT.

The other day, we went to see a movie called "John Paul Jones." Yeccccch! Did you ever notice how, in historical films, short homely American heroes are always played by tall handsome actors? How historical figures who never met are close friends? How the actors playing these historical figures do nothing but run around shouting famous slogans? How they show up at events

the real heroes never even took part in? How the dates of these events are often confused? We got to wondering about the psychology and motivation behind Hollywood historical movies. So we asked our good friend, producer Darryl F. Sfontz, to give us a private screening of his latest historical film, together with his private analysis. Come along with us now as . . .



THE "FILTER" WORKED PRETTY GOOD, TOO! IT TRAPPED ALL THE HARMFUL IRRITANTS TILL IT COULDN'T HOLD ANY MORE AND THEY ALL OOZED INTO YOUR MOUTH IN CONCENTRATED FORM!

MAD GOES TO A HISTORICAL MOVIE PREVIEW

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

All right, Melvin . . . Roll it!

As you can see, we've titled this film, "George Washington Strikes Back!" We used this title because it's catchy, historical, sure-fire box office, and mainly because the picture's about James Buchanan, who few people know or care about!



GEORGE
WASHINGTON
STRIKES
BACK!

Originally, we planned to release this film on July 4, 1960, but we have pushed the date up to Dec. 31, 1959. This was done so that the American public can see this important picture as soon as possible. Also, so the patriotic song, "Yankee Doodle, How I Love Ya," sung by The Legionnaires, will be eligible for this year's Academy Awards!



Screenplay
by Norman Fintz

Adapted from a novel
by Sidney Clotz

Developed from a short story
by Irving Zetz

Expanded from a high school essay
by Horace Watts

Inspired by an interesting comma in
The Reader's Digest

Yankee Doodle, how I love ya!
Yankee Doodle, you're my joy!
Yankee Doodle, I think of ya!
Yankee Doodle, you're my boy!
Yankee Doodle, I keep singing!
Patriotic-ly, I shout:
Yankee Doodle, how I love ya!
Till the opening credits
All run
Out!



All historical films must have an acknowledgment at the beginning. It looks impressive, adds prestige, and covers up the fact that we really got our historical data from bubble gum cards and back issues of "History Comics!"

We open the picture with James Buchanan as a boy. As you can see, he's wearing rags. In all historical films, for dramatic purposes, the hero must start off as a poor boy—even if he were really rich!

WE WISH TO THANK THE U.S. ARMY, THE U.S. NAVY, THE PRESIDENT, THE SECY. OF STATE, REAR ADM. WILLIAM ABISCH, THE JERSEY CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND ALL THE MEMBERS OF MISS ZINN'S HISTORY CLASS AT POTRZEBIE HIGH SCHOOL EXCEPT SEYMOUR GETZOFF, WHO WAS ABSENT, FOR THEIR INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN THE FILMING OF THIS MOTION PICTURE.



Ha-ha! There goes that ragged James Buchanan...

Look how poor he is!

I may be poor, but I have a wonderful dream for the future!



In all historical films, our hero always has a wonderful dream for the future. He also always has a kindly and understanding mother...

Notice how subtly we worked that in? That, of course, is the pivotal point of the film. And immediately, the tension is heightened. But it's still early in the picture, so our hero must continue to be discouraged, even by his kindly and understanding mother...



James, what is this wonderful dream you have for the future?

Well, kindly and understanding Mother, I thought it would be nice if I became 15th President of the United States... you know, right before Abe Lincoln!



I'll "15th President" you! Better you should do something worthwhile... like invent a light bulb!

But kindly and understanding mother... Spencer Tracy did that in "Edison The Man!"

So much for James Buchanan's boyhood. And about time, too! It took a month to film, and our No. 1 box office star: tall, handsome Lance Boyle, who plays Buchanan as a man, collected \$5000 a week for doing nothing. Lance, as you know, is a perfect choice for James Buchanan as a man—mainly because he doesn't look anything like him! You may recall that Lance played Napoleon, Caesar, Nostradamus, Sun Yat-Sen, Betsy Ross, and Abe Lincoln. Matter of fact, he wore his Lincoln makeup for this film. All we did was remove the high hat, mole and beard!

Now, here's the big scene where young James meets pretty Daisy DuPont, his bride-to-be. Actually, there never was a Daisy DuPont. In fact, Buchanan never married. We threw her in for historical reasons. So we could get sexy shots for our newspaper ads!



Hello, ma'am! My name is James Buchanan and I have a wonderful dream for the future. Namely, I would like to be 15th President!

How nice! I'm inviting some important people to a ball at my house tonight who might be able to help you. Why not come as my guest? My address is 732 Elm Street, here in Philadelphia!



In historical films, you must bring in historical events whenever you can. But you must do it subtly, so the audience doesn't expect it. Like this, for example:

Oh, excuse me, gentlemen! I didn't mean to disturb you while you're busy signing the Declaration of Independence, especially since this is 1813 and you're a little late! Could anybody tell me how to get to 732 Elm Street?

Write down the directions for him, John Hancock!

There! Even old King George will be able to read that!



Now we come to the big ballroom scene. Ballroom scenes are very important in historical films, because you have a wonderful chance to show off notable figures in history, you can get in plenty of famous slogans, and you can do a lot of impressive name-dropping...

Hello, Miss Dupont! Remember me? James Buchanan, with the wonderful dream for the future!

Why, hello, Mr. Buchanan! I'd like you to meet Mr. Benjamin Franklin! Ben writes clever proverbs for Poor Richard's Almanac!

Nice meeting you, Buchanan! A miss is as good as a mile! Many hands make light work! Rolling stones gather no moss!

Tom! TOM JEFFERSON! Where is that man?

You know, Miss Fritchie, I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country!

That's nice, Nathan, but shouldn't we be doing the minuet?

Doctor Livingstone, I presume?



You have an honest face, Abe where do you live...

Well, my Gettysburg Address is: 4 score and 7 years ago...

And what is your opinion of War, Gen. Sherman...?

Reverend, war is hell... er, heck... er—well, it's not nice at all!

And what will you call this magazine of yours, Tom Paine?

I dunno... Life, Look, Common Sense... something like that!

Can I give you something, Mr. Henry?

Yes, give me liberty or give me death!

Say it ain't so, Joe...!

And now for the dramatic historic meeting between James Buchanan and John Paul Jones, which should really cause quite a stir among the movie-going public. Mainly because Jones died when Buchanan was one year old!

Now watch how cleverly we work up to a dandy action-type climax in what ordinarily could have been a very dull historical film.

Tell me, Mr. Jones, why is it you don't shout famous slogans like the others here?

Actually, I do have a slogan, which is a lulu! But I'm saving it for a dramatic moment later. Just wait until a certain British naval officer asks me if I have yet begun to fight. Just wait... that's all!

Matter of fact, Buchanan, there's a peach of a sea battle coming up tomorrow between my ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and the English ship, *Serapis*. Why not join me on board? You will be able to hear me shout my famous slogan!

Well, I did plan on becoming 15th President, but I suppose that can wait a few days. Besides, this sounds more exciting!





Now for the thrilling climax! Watch it carefully, and enjoy it. Meanwhile, I've got to leave. We're starting to film "Son of George Washington" this afternoon. As you know, it's the thrilling story of the life of Calvin Coolidge! So, goodbye! And . . . oh, yes . . . make sure that you put out the lights when you leave . . .

Boy, John, this sure beats running for 15th President any day!

I'm glad you like it, James! And just wait until that British officer asks me if I have yet begun to fight! I've got a slogan in my pocket here that's a beauty! Oh-Oh! Here comes the *Serapis* now . . .



Ahoy aboard the *Bon Homme Richard*! Captain John Paul Jones! Have you yet begun to fight?

Did you hear that, John! Now's your chance to use that slogan!

Hmmm! I was sure I had that slogan here someplace! Or did I leave it in my other uniform?



I repeat, Captain Jones! Have you yet begun to fight?

John! The slogan! Read him the slogan!

Oh, this must be it! All right, Sir! You ask me if I have yet begun to fight? I say: FEED A COLD AND STARVE A FEVER!

Ooops! That's a letter from Ben Franklin!



All right! Here's another piece of paper! You ask me if I have yet begun to fight, Sir, and I say . . . YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER, BUT YOU CANNOT . . . Ooops! That's another letter from Ben! How about TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO! No, that isn't it either!



I'm looking for The New World with these three ships! You fellows want a lift?

Thanks very much, Mr. Columbus!

ET TU, BRUTE? No, that's not it! LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE?—No! OKAY MEN, THIS ONE'S FOR THE GIPPER?—No!



Where can I drop you off, Mr. Buchanan!

You can take me to Washington, D.C. As dull as it sounds, I've decided to become 15th President after all!

REMEMBER THE ALAMO?—No!
TWENTY-THREE SKIDOO?—No!
WIN WITH WILKIE?—No!
TIME FOR A CHANGE?—No!
54-40 OR FIGHT?—No!
WINSTON TASTES GOOD LIKE A CIGARETTE—No!



We picked up an early edition of our daily paper a few weeks back, and were shocked to read that the Queen Elizabeth had been in one heck of a big collision with another ship. However, when we read a later edition of the same paper, we noted a change in the story. Mainly, it wasn't such a

heckuva big collision after all! In fact, it was not much more than a paint scratch! Which got us pretty sore! Not about the collision. About the fact that newspapers sure change news from one edition to the next! For instance, here is a typical newspaper's early edition, which is called



SO THEN THESE CLOWNS CAME OUT WITH THE "DOUBLE FILTER!" THE EXTRA FILTER WAS SUPPOSED TO KEEP THE HARMFUL INGREDIENTS FROM REACHING THE ORIGINAL FILTER!

THE FIRST EDITION

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

★ FIRST EDITION ★
ALL THE NEWS
THAT FITS

THE NEW YORK

DAILY SPLASH

WEATHER

Fair today and
tonight. High in
the 70's, low 60.

Vol. 46, No. 315

November 2, 1959

Price: 5 Cents

MASS SLAYER, 8 OTHERS ESCAPE SING SING



Convicted mass-murderer, Mike Mosholu (above) and 8 other kill-crazy prisoners broke out of Sing Sing Prison today. The dangerous men were reported to have made their escape in a departing garbage truck. Mosholu is believed to be the gang leader.

TYCOON'S SON MISSING: KIDNAPPING IS FEARED

By Hermione Zitzlaff
(Daily Splash Correspondent)
FLYSCRATCH, Tenn., Nov. 2—Little Melvin Sternwallow, son of millionaire, Elihu Sternwallow, is missing and presumed kidnapped. The boy has not been seen since early yesterday.

Melvin's distraught parents told this reporter that the boy left the house yesterday to see some friends. A neighbor, Miss Sophie Frimp, revealed today that she'd noticed a mysterious man in a black jacket loitering near the Sternwallow mansion yesterday. Police working on the case were given an accurate description by Miss Frimp. So far, this is the only important clue turned up in the investigation.

Melvin is the sole heir to the Sternwallow fortune. His father, known as the "Cut-Rate King," is owner of several factories manu-

facturing war-surplus items, including the famous "Veeblefretzer."

Police believe that the family's wealth may have been an important factor behind the kidnapping. However, no ransom notes have as yet been received.

Dinner to Honor Daily SPLASH Staff

The reporters, correspondents, and editorial staff of The DAILY SPLASH will be honored tonight at a special dinner to be given by the publisher, Otto Culpepper. The staff will be cited for its excellent coverage of local, national and international news.

Special mention will be made of the many exclusive news stories gathered by The SPLASH reporters and correspondents throughout the years.

CAIRO DESTROYED BY ATOMIC ATTACK!

BULLETIN (Special to The Daily Splash) Cairo, the capital of Egypt and one of the world's great cities, lies in ruins today. A report received in The DAILY SPLASH newsroom indicates that a tremendous blast has wiped this ancient city off the face of the map.

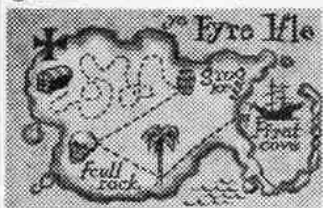
GOLD DISCOVERED IN ARIZONA!

By Monroe Pippit
(Daily Splash Correspondent)

HOGSHEAD, Ariz. Nov. 1—Gold was discovered near Hogshead today, in an old abandoned mine long believed played out. A huge nugget, part of a rich lode, was spotted early this morning by Hiram Filbrick, who owns a farm nearby.

Although early reports supply little information, it is believed that the rich gold strike will bring thousands of prospectors into the area. A reliable source states that the newly discovered vein may stretch for miles.

As a result of his discovery, Filbrick will probably become one of the richest men in the state. At today's prices, an ounce of pure gold is worth about \$35.00.



Site of big Arizona gold strike

According to a reliable source, an atomic bomb was the probable cause of the destruction. It is not known as yet who was responsible for the bombing, or the reasons behind it.

In Washington, U.S. officials were expected to issue statements regarding the bombing at any moment. Forthcoming announcements are also expected from Moscow, London, and the U.N. Headquarters here in New York.

The report did not indicate how many people have died as a result of the blast. The fate of Egyptian leader Gamel Abdel Nasser is also uncertain. Several attempts by this newspaper to contact its correspondents in Cairo, so that more facts could be learned, have met only with failure.

In any case, The DAILY SPLASH predicts that this bombing is likely to change the entire course of the Cold War.

Air Traffic Heavy Over Boston

BOSTON, Mass. Nov. 2 (Special to The Splash)—The amount of air traffic over Boston was unusually heavy today, according to local Boston officials.



After the First Edition hits the streets, a newspaper then finds it has two very important things to do. One—it has to come up with some fresh news, even if there doesn't happen

to be any! And two—it has to change all the mistakes it made in the First Edition! This is done by adding late information, subtracting misinformation, and then coming out with

THE SECOND EDITION

★★ SECOND EDITION ★★

ALL THE NEWS
THAT FITS

THE NEW YORK

DAILY SPLASH

WEATHER

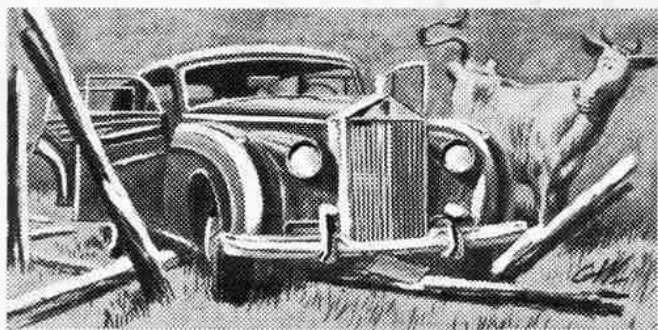
Partly Cloudy today
and tonight. High in
the 60's, low 50-55.

Vol. 46, No. 315

November 2, 1959

Price: 5 Cents

STATEWIDE SEARCH ON FOR SING SING ESCAPEES



This abandoned automobile (above), found 35 miles north of Sing Sing Prison, is suspected of being the getaway car used by four convicts who reportedly vaulted the prison wall today. Mike Mosholu, previously believed to be the gang leader, was discovered in the prison hospital, suffering from the mumps.

F.B.I. TO BE SUMMONED IN KIDNAPPING CASE!

By Hermione Zitzlaff
(Daily Splash Correspondent)
FLYSCRATCH, Tenn. Nov. 2—The Federal Bureau of Investigation may be called in to help solve the Sternwallow kidnapping case, it was announced here today. But Police working on the case don't think so. Under the law, the F.B.I. can be summoned after 24 hours in a kidnapping.

Meanwhile, Police have checked out the "mysterious man in the black jacket" seen by a neighbor near the Sternwallow house yesterday. He turned out to be the boy's father, who was carrying out the garbage.

The whereabouts of young Melvin, missing since yesterday, has continued to baffle authorities. Investigation has revealed that the boy is no relation to Elihu Sternwallow, the millionaire manufacturer of war-mus-

goods. Melvin's father is Max Sternwallow, a cheesecake taster who makes \$85 a week, when he's working. Police are expected to check their files for men with criminal records who are known cheesecake eaters, for a lead.

Publisher to Speak at Daily SPLASH Dinner

Otto Culpepper, publisher of The DAILY SPLASH, announced that he will address the special dinner to be given tonight honoring the newspaper's staff.

"I personally want to express my appreciation to the staff for The DAILY SPLASH's excellent coverage of the news," stated Culpepper. "This is the finest crew of reporters, correspondents and editors I have ever had the pleasure of working with."

WORLD AWAITS FATE OF BOMBED CAIRO

The entire world today awaited further details concerning the fate of Cairo, which was reported destroyed this morning. Apparently the blast, which may have been an atomic explosion, has crippled all radio and telegraph facilities in the Egyptian capital.

At all events, as of this moment, Cairo appears to be cut off from the rest of the world.

News of the holocaust, which was first carried by The DAILY SPLASH, has thrown the major powers into a state of cautious silence. As yet, no word has come from any of the world's important capitals. It is believed that both Washington and Moscow are waiting for the other to make the first comment.

It is not known who was responsible for the blast, or the reasons behind it. The DAILY SPLASH's military expert, General Howard Marlin, U.S.A. (ret.) suspects that a plane flying at an extremely high altitude could have bombed the city without being detected. He also offers the possibility that the bomb may have been an experimental Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile (ICBM) with an atomic warhead, which somebody launched accidentally.

ARIZ. GOLD STRIKE HUGE

by Monroe Pippit

(Daily Splash Correspondent)
HOGSHEAD, Ariz., Nov. 2—The great Hogshead Gold Strike threatened to reach epic proportions today. Thousands of prospectors are expected to converge on this richly laden area momentarily. They will join farmer Hiram Filbrick who discovered a large vein of the yellow metal yesterday.

As a result of the early edition DAILY SPLASH scoop, revealing the rich find, hundreds of New Yorkers are reported leaving their jobs today and heading for Arizona. It is believed that the size of the Arizona strike will equal or surpass that of the great California bonanza of 1849. If so, then the onrush of gold-seekers will turn this quiet community of 37 into a roaring boom town.



Prospector leaves for Arizona

According to many old timers, this is the greatest day for Arizona since it became a state in 1912.

Boston Highways Jammed

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 2, (Special to The Splash)—Highways leading out of Boston have been unusually crowded today, local officials announced. The large amount of road traffic followed an earlier report of extremely heavy air traffic over the city.



After the Second Edition is distributed around the city, the newspaper gets one more chance to come up with some fresh news and correct all the mistakes it's made in the two earlier

editions. This, of course, is twice as hard, since the mistakes in the First Edition have only been made worse in the Second Edition! But somehow, they always manage to publish

THE FINAL EDITION

★★★ FINAL EDITION ★★★

ALL THE NEWS
THAT FITS

THE NEW YORK

DAILY SPLASH

WEATHER

Rain tonight and
tomorrow followed
by hurricane winds.

Vol. 46, No. 315

November 2, 1959

Price: 5 Cents

MARTIANS INVADE BOSTON!



Tidal wave of terror as frantic Bostonians flee from Out-of-Space invaders across famed Boston Common.

COUPLE ELOPES IN TENNESSEE

FLYSCRATCH, Tenn. Nov. 2 (UP)—Mr. and Mrs. Boris Hendershot today announced the marriage of their daughter, Fanny to Mr. Melvin Sternwallow, 35, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Sternwallow. The couple had eloped early yesterday.

SHORT CIRCUIT SETS OFF ALARM

OSSINING, N.Y., Nov. 2, (AP)—A short circuit accidentally set off the Sing Sing prison alarm here today, but officials reported there was no panic. The cause, a thumbtack holding

up a pin-up picture of Vera Hrubá Ralston, was quickly removed. There have been no escapes from Sing Sing Prison for the past four years.

DAILY SPLASH STAFF FIRED

The entire staff of The DAILY SPLASH was discharged today by Otto Culpepper, the newspaper's publisher. This includes the paper's editors, reporters and correspondents.

Culpepper stated that the reason for the mass-dismissal was "poor judgment in writing and editing news stories."

He also announced that the dinner tonight honoring The DAILY SPLASH staff had been called off.

THOUSANDS JAM HIGHWAYS AS FLYING SAUCERS LAND

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 2 (AP)—The entire population of Boston is fleeing for their lives today in the wake of a confirmed invasion from Mars.

Early reports indicate that highways leading out of the terrorized city are packed with panic-stricken men, women and children.

CAIRO BEGINS CIVIC CENTER CONSTRUCTION

CAIRO, Ill., Nov. 2 (AP)—Workmen today began blasting operations as the City of Cairo, Illinois, inaugurated its program to tear down seventeen old tenements in preparation for the construction of a new Civic Center, to be completed in 1968.

FARMER FINDS GOLD TOOTH

HOGSHEAD, Ariz., Nov. 2 (INS)—Hiram Filbrick, owner of a small farm near here, found his missing gold tooth today, in an old abandoned mine. Filbrick, who had lost the tooth last week when he smacked into an old shoring timber in the mine, figures he was pretty lucky to find it at all. "It's pretty dark in there, y' know!" he stated.

The Martians landed in force this morning, arriving in a fleet of flying saucers estimated at more than 1000. For several hours, the huge circular space crafts hovered over the city, blasting key points with destructive rays.

It is not known how many are dead as the result of this surprise attack but estimates run into the hundreds of thousands. The city is rapidly becoming a deserted, charred waste as every car, truck and bus capable of carrying people, heads out of the city.

The saucers, which landed at important street intersections, each carried an army of alien creatures. Each of these interplanetary invaders was armed with a death-dealing ray gun.

So far, Boston is the only city on Earth to be threatened by the Martian force. Every newspaper, and all TV and radio stations throughout the world were alerted to the danger this morning.

Police believe that the family's wealth may be

Special mention will be made of...

Miss Sophie... today that...

A COOL YULE DEPT.

Back in the 19th Century, when Clement Moore wrote "A Visit From St. Nicholas," it was very popular among the younger set. Today's younger set, unfortunately, can't appreciate it because they speak a totally different language called "Hip Talk." So, in order to revive its popularity, here's

OLD VERSION

A Visit From St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter!
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On Cupid! On Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

MAD'S UP- The Night



'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pad
Not a hipster was swinging, not even old Dad;
The chimney was draped in that stocking routine,
In hopes that "The Fat Man" would soon make the scene;



The moon and the snow were, like, faking together,
Which made the scene rock in the Day People weather,
When, what to these peepers should come on real queer,
But a real crazy sleigh, and eight swinging reindeer,



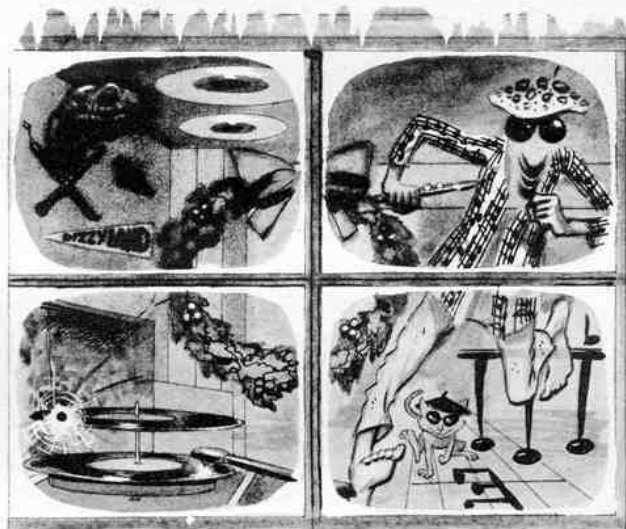
... AND JUST A TOUCH
OF MILD MENTHOL ...

TO-DATE VERSION OF Before Christmas

NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION



The wee cats were laid out all cool in their beds,
While sounds of the "Sugar Blues" wailed through their heads;
And my chick in her "Castro," and me on the floor,
Had just conked out cold for a forty-wink snore,



ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT

When out of left field there came on such a ribble,
I broke from my sack to see what was this dribble!
To the glasspane I cut like a B-Western movie,
Tuned in on the action, and, Man, was it groovy!



With a hopped-up old driver on some frantic kick,
I was hip in a flash that it must be St. Nick.
Much faster than "Bird" blew, this group was no drag,
And he rocked, and he rolled, and he pegged them by tag:

"Like, Dasher! Like, Dancer! Like, Prancer and Vixen!
Go, Comet! Go, Cupid! Go, Donder and Blitzen!
Fly over the shack! Make it over the pad!
Now cut out, Man! Cut out, Man! Cut out like mad!"

OLD VERSION

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all! And to all a good-night!"



As sidemen in combos pick up as they stomp,
When they swing with the beat of a Dixieland Romp,
So up to the top of my bandstand they flew,
With the sleigh full of loot, and St. Nicholas, too.



His lids—Man, they sizzled! His dimples were smiles!
His cheeks were like "Dizzy's," his beak was like "Miles'!"
His puckered-up mouth was, like, blowing flat E,
And his chin hid behind a real crazy goatee!



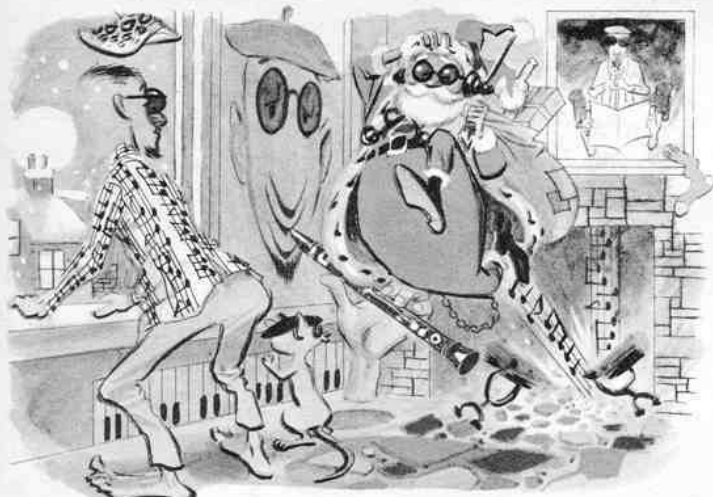
He blew not a sound, but skipped right to his gig,
And stashed all the stockings, then came on real big,
And flashing a sign, like that old "Schnozzle" bit,
And playing it hip, up the chimney he split;



NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION



THEY'RE EVEN POKING MILLIONS OF HOLES IN THE CIGARETTE PAPER SO YOU SHOULD INHALE AIR . . .



And then, in a quick riff, I dug on the roof
The jumpin' and jivin' of each swinging hoof.
As I pulled in my noggin, and turned around fast,
Down the chimney came Nick like a hot trumpet blast.



He was wrapped up to kill, Man, a real kookie dresser!
And his rags were, like, way out! Pops! He was a gasser!
A sack full of goodies hung down to his tail,
And he looked like a postman with "Basie's" fan mail.



The tip of a butt he had snagged in his choppers,
And he took a few drags just like all cool be-boppers;
He had a weird face, and a solid reet middle
That bounced when he cracked, like a gutbucket fiddle!



He was shaking with meat, meaning he was no square,
And I flipped, 'cause I'd always thought he was "longhair"!
But the glint in his eye and the beat in his touch
Soon gave me the message this cat was "too much"!



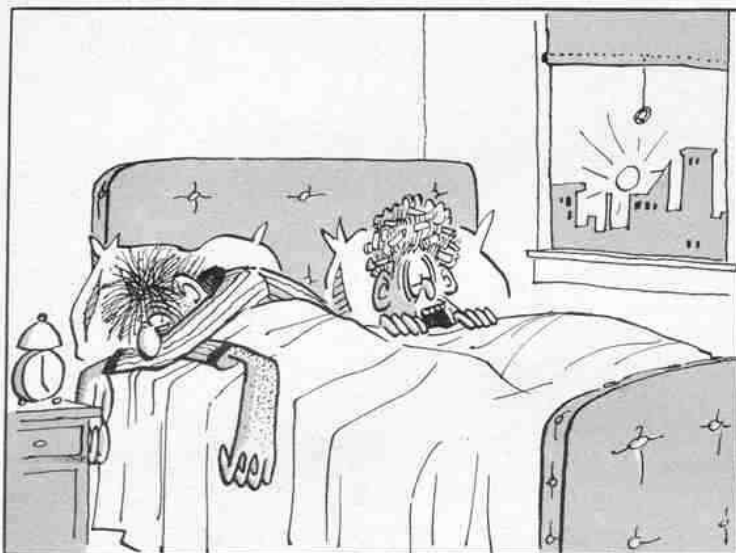
He flew to his skids, to his group blew a lick,
And they cut out real cool, on a wild frenzied kick.

But I heard him sound off, with a razz-a-ma-tazz:
"A cool Christmas to all, and, like, all of that jazz!"



And now, for his parting shot, Don Martin tells what it feels like to be . . .

THE EARLY RISER



Sleep-walking through the closets again, eh, stupid?

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

(AND GIVE YOUR FRIENDS A CHANCE TO GET EVEN)

AT THE **MAD** Christmas Gift Mart

A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO **MAD**

**MEANS ENJOYMENT
FOR A FULL YEAR**

(while you watch the people you gave it to suffer!)



AND WE'LL SEND YOUR VICTIM A CHEERY
ANNOUNCEMENT TELLING WHOM TO BLAME!

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS 225 Lafayette Street New York 12, N. Y.

I know it's better to give than to receive,
especially when it's your crummy magazine,
so send a 9-issue MAD Gift-Subscription to:

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZONE _____

and send a cheery announcement blaming

(For more than one Gift Subscription, duplicate
the above coupon. Or better still, go out and
buy more copies of the magazine! (no fools, we!)

TWO DELIGHTFUL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

(FOR YOUR TWO DELIGHTFUL GARBAGE COLLECTORS!)



MAD FOR KEEPS!

These hard-bound de-luxe anthologies contain
the best material (each different)
from past issues of MAD Magazine. You get
123 pages of riotous material following
the forward by Ernie Kovacs in **MAD FOR
KEEPS!** You get 133 pages of hilarious
satire following the forward by Steve
Allen in **MAD FOREVER!** We got 250 hys-
terical law suits following the publica-
tion of these two anthologies! So get 'em
quick . . . before we go out of business!



MAD FOREVER!

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

I want to get your anthologies before
you go out of business, and give them
as Christmas gifts to my best friends
so they'll get the business! Rush me:

INDICATE ☐ **MAD FOR KEEPS**
NUMBER ☐ **MAD FOREVER**
OF COPIES
OF EACH

I enclose \$2.95 for each copy ordered.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZONE _____

DECK YOUR FRIENDS IN CLOTHES OF FOLLY!



MAD and **MAD** **T-SHIRTS** **STRAIGHT JACKETS**

The **MAD STRAIGHT JACKET** looks exactly like the real thing when you shove your arms
in them roomy criss-cross pockets. Comes with a genuine padlock. Doubles as a handsome
autograph or lounging jacket. . . . The **MAD T-SHIRT** doubles as a handsome dusting rag.

MAD STRAIGHT JACKETS & MAD T-SHIRTS
225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York

I want to deck my friends in clothes of folly until they come upon
me on a midnight clear! Please fill the following order, and send me:

NO. OF JACKETS _____ SIZE(S) _____ (S) small
(M) medium
(L) large

AMOUNT ENCLOSED AT \$4.95 each _____

NO. OF SHIRTS _____ SIZE(S) _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED AT \$1.25 each _____

BOYS & GIRLS					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
24"—27"	BS	27"—31"	BM	31"—34"	BL

MEN & WOMEN					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
34"—37"	MS	37"—41"	MM	41"—44"	ML

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

AND FOR A GREAT WRAP-UP

. . . paste a full-color picture
of Alfred E. Neuman on your
gift packages, and they won't
even be opened after Christmas!



Send 25¢ for each to:
Dept. What-Color?
c/o MAD,
225 Lafayette St.,
N.Y.C. 12

HELP MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS A MEMORABLE ONE

(MAINLY FOR US!)

DAS SPIEL VON DER AUTOMOBILE OR, HOW TO LOOK FUNNY WHILE DRIVING

DER VATER: ACH DU LIEBER! I GET BETTER THAN 35 MPW MIT MEIN VOLKSWAGEN! (DER MPW STANDS FOR "MILES PER WIND".) ALL I GOTTA DO IS GIVE BY DER KEY A COUPLE TURNS, UND I CAN GO 35 MILES BEFORE IT RUNS DOWN UND I GET SHTUCK IN DER TRAFFIC UND MAYBE GET SQUASHED BY A CADILLAC. BUT MIT DER PARTS GIVES NO TROUBLE. ALL OVER DER COUNTRY IS DEALERS MIT A SUPPLY OF ELVES!

Die Mütter: Vun thing I like is der Volks-
wagen ain't got der shtoopid hole by der roof so der crazy
kids ain't flying those balloons oudtside und lifting up der
car from der road.

DAS KINDER: Ve don't like it! Better ve
should have gotten a Renault!

DER DEALER: UND REMEMBER, MIT DER
VOLKSWAGEN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO
COMING OUDT A NEW MODEL, BUT
KEEP UP MIT DER JONESES! BECAUSE EVERY YEAR IS
VE KEEP ALWAYS DER SAME OLD DOODLE-BUG STYLE!

Der CarKraut:

Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in Detroit!

VOLKS Wagen

