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THE

A SIGNET BOOK  
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# MAD FRONTIER



- Are you weary of wandering aimlessly across TV's vast wasteland . . . thirsting for a well-spring of refreshing new ideas?
- Are you sick of being stampeded by the herds of conformists . . . who try to knock down your individualistic defenses?
- Are you tired of being roped in with the bum steers of Madison Ave. . . . only to be scorched by inferior brands?
- Are you disgusted with politicians suffering from foot-in-mouth disease . . . who try to buffalo you with campaign promises?
- Are you fed up with being corralled into seeing Hollywood spectacles . . . to find you've been dry-gulched at the box office?

**PULL YOUR WAGON INTO OUR PROTECTIVE CIRCLE ON**

**T H E  
M A D  
F R O N T I E R**



**... AND LET US DO THE SCALPING FOR A CHANGE  
—MAINLY WHEN YOU PAY FOR THIS BOOK!**

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**William M. Gaines's**

**THE  
MAD  
FRONTIER**



**ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN, Editor**



**A SIGNET BOOK**

Published by **THE NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY**, New York and Toronto  
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Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen! This is Barry Grue, welcoming you to **The National Safety Council's Holiday Weekend Telethon!** We're going to be with you for the next 48 hours in an effort to reach The National Safety Council's goal of **650 Traffic Fatalities** on our nation's highways! Police in all 49 states will be calling in the fatalities to our operators on the stage here just as soon as they occur! But they can't do it alone, Ladies and Gentlemen!



They need **your** help! Remember this The only ones who can really put us over the top are **you**, the drivers and pedestrians of America! If you know of an accident, no matter how small, call us immediately so we can record it on our big Holiday Weekend Tote-Board. Here are the numbers to call: In New York, it's YUkon 7-4590! In New Jersey, it's YUkon 7-4590! In Connecticut, it's YUkon 7-4590? And now, here's the star of our show . Martin Dean!



Thanks, Barry! We have a lot of wonderful talent here tonight. Yes sir, whenever there's a worthy cause, the entertainment world is always first to give of its time and effort! So while you're sitting back enjoying the show, folks, make that phone call! Huh? And now, for my first song . . .

Excuse me, Martin, but right here, the Chairman of the National Safety Council has asked me to speak to our viewers about Highway Fatalities . . .



Don't worry, Ladies and Gentlemen! I'm not going to beg! Highway Fatalities can strike anyone . . . at any time! HF doesn't care how old you are, or what your race, or religion or creed is! No, folks, HF doesn't care what make car you drive, or where you live! Why, right here in New York City, HF strikes down a man every eight seconds! So whoever that man is . . . he better leave town!

NO PERSONAL CALLS.

Thanks, Barry! And now, for my first song, I'd like . . .



Before you sing your first song, Martin, I want to bring on a woman who has always given unselfishly of her time and effort whenever she has been called upon to do so! Here she is . . . Miss Charity herself! . . . Virginia Charity!

I know that right now, a lot of you are asking yourselves "What can I do to help? What will my little accident mean on that great big Holiday Weekend Toteboard?" Well, just remember this, folks . . .

SAFETY  
DAY WEEK  
TELETHON

TOTEBOARD

3 8



If every one of you in our television audience across the nation looked into your hearts, and then went out and got involved in some sort of accident, no matter how small! you would bring a little joy and happiness into the otherwise cheerless lives of those poor unfortunate men who comprise The National Safety Council! The Council has predicted **650** traffic fatalities on our nation's highways over this gala Holiday Weekend. You know what it will mean to these men if this goal isn't met? It'll mean they'll all be fired!

Thank you, Virginia! And now for my first song, I'd like to sing . . .



Before you sing that song, Martin, I have a word for the youngsters in our audience. Kids! I know a lot of you don't drive cars, so you figure you can't bring about an accident of your own! But you can still help! You can become an accident **VICTIM!** Why not get a bunch of the kids from your block together, and go out and play on one of our nation's speedways? Will you do that for your Uncle Barry? Good! And do it **now!** It's just starting to get dark! You'll be harder to see, and easier to hit! Now . . . here's Martin . . .



Thank you, Barry! And for my first song, I'd like to sing my only hit record . . .

I'm sorry to interrupt again, Martin, but a man in Sioux City just called, and said he believes in the wonderful work you're doing, and wants to help! He told me that he'll drive his car off a cliff, if you'll sing "Volare"!

How many people are in the car with him?



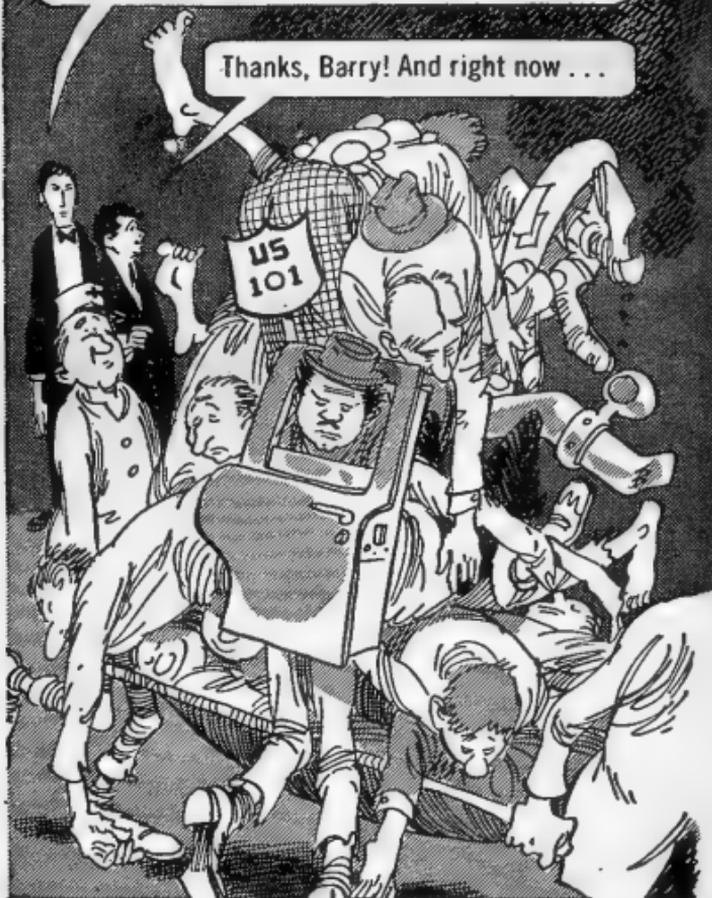
While we're waiting for the band to find the music so you can sing "Volare," Martin, here are some donations I'd like to read over the air. Just a few minutes ago, the Carhops at Howard Johnsons on The Pennsylvania Turnpike all got together and donated a Head-On-Collision in their parking lot! In fact, the accident isn't over yet! Cars are still piling up!

Thanks, Barry! And now, for that guy in Sioux City, here's my first song . . .



Excuse me, Martin, but I've just been asked to announce that you people at home are tying up our lines by calling in **MINOR** accidents! We must remind you that The National Safety Council does not recognize minor accidents in their tabulations! Only Highway **Fatalities** can be used to reach our goal here on the great big Holiday Weekend Board!

Thanks, Barry! And right now . . .



I'll bet that right now, thousands of folks are asking themselves — "If I had an accident on a city street or a dirt road, would that accident count on The National Safety Council's Toteboard?" Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been authorized to inform you that accidents on city streets or dirt roads will count, providing that you are coming from, or going to, one of our nation's highways when the accident occurs! And now, for all you people out there, here's Martin Dean to sing "Volare."

Thanks, Barry! Maestro . . .



Incidentally, folks! If you manage to crash into another car while crossing a toll bridge on our nation's highways, we will pay the toll!

Now, here's Martin . . .

Thanks, Barry! Okay, Maestro . . .



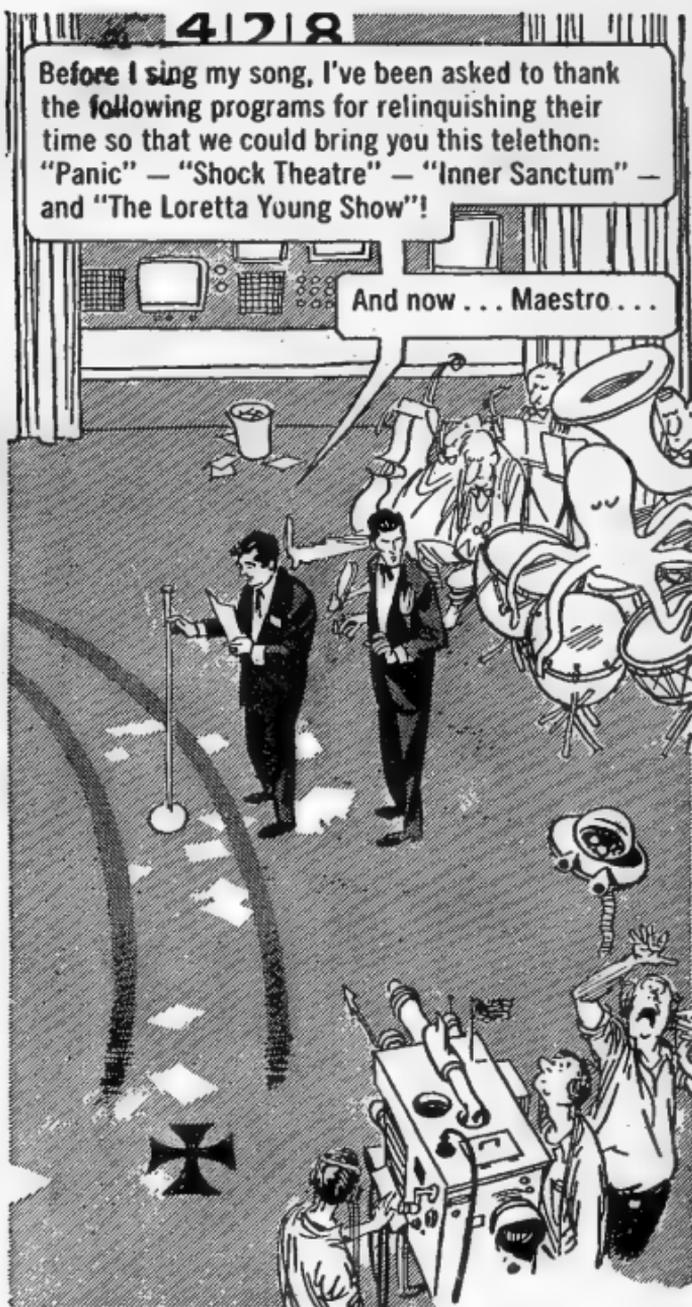
If I can cut in here for a moment, Martin, I'd like to thank the six members of the Glutz family of Denver, Colorado, for volunteering to see the U. S. A. in their Chevrolet for us. We've just received word that they managed to run head-on into a munitions truck on Route 66, and that now they're all seeing the U. S. A. like they promised! After the explosion, one landed in Kansas, one in Utah, and the other four are spread out from Maine to the Rockies! Our thanks to the Glutz's!



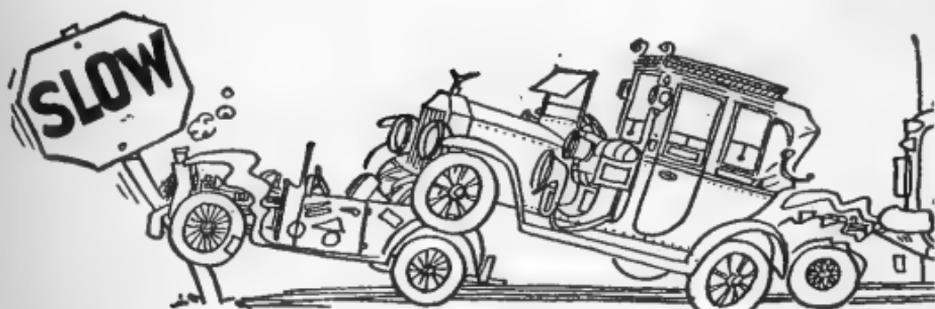
428

Before I sing my song, I've been asked to thank the following programs for relinquishing their time so that we could bring you this telethon: "Panic" — "Shock Theatre" — "Inner Sanctum" — and "The Loretta Young Show"!

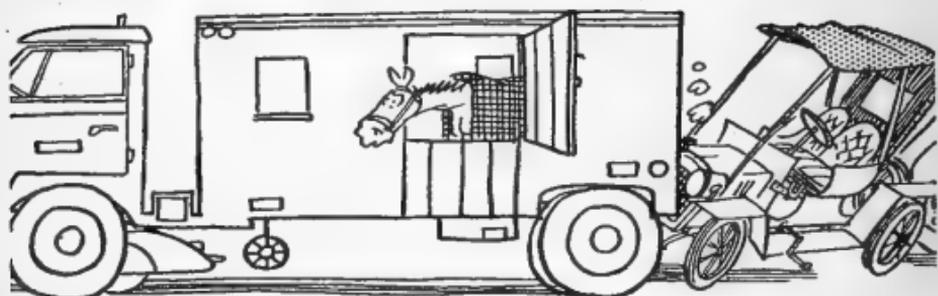
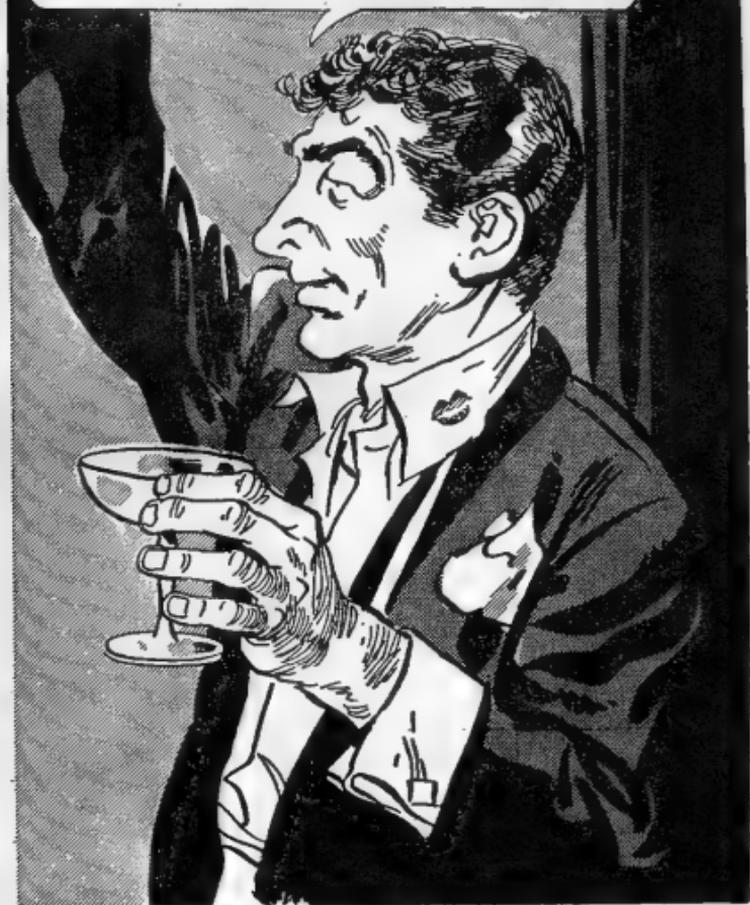
And now ... Maestro ...



Many people have asked what the men of the National Safety Council do when they're not totalling Holiday Deaths or composing maudlin safety slogans. Well, folks, these men never rest! During the slow seasons, they don't sit idle! They're out there, touring the country, tabulating deaths from plane crashes, drownings, avalanches, earthquakes, lynchings, tooth paste bomb explosions . . .



Folks, before I sing my song, I'd just like to say that we've only got 47 hours left to go on our gala Holiday Weekend Telethon. Don't be a slacker, and just sit home and watch the show! Get out on our nation's highways, where the action is! If you're a family man, take the wife and kids! Remember The National Safety Council's slogan: "A family that drives together — dies together!"



## THE DOUBLE-PLAY'S THE THING DEPT.

Every year, all kinds of awards are presented to the best actors on television. But for some reason, one very important group is always overlooked. So, **MAD** would now like to take this opportunity to present a series of our own special awards to some of TV's most talented actors . . . mainly **THE BASEBALL MEN!**

# MAD'S M.V.T.B.A. AWARDS





## **MOST VALUABLE TELEVISION BASEBALL ACTORS**

## NATIONAL ANTHEM ACTING AWARD



To Harry Jingo, of St. Louis, for the best performance by a player during the playing of the Star Spangled Banner before the game on July 28th, when he shuffled his feet 44 times (shattering the old mark of 38), kicked the ground 27 times (4 better than the old record), and switched his gum from one side of his mouth to the other 19 times, when he wasn't even chewing gum at the time.

## HOME-PLATE-WARMUP ACTING AWARD



To Babe Brando, of Detroit, for his great performance in the 4th inning of a game on April 29th, when he carried 8 bats to the plate and swung them all over his head with one hand (shattering the previous record of 6), rapped his spikes with the bat 23 times (breaking the old mark of 19), gritted his teeth at the pitcher for a full 16 seconds, and spit 7 times (toward the television cameras).

## POST-STRIKEOUT ACTING AWARD



To Hank Ozone, of Cleveland, for his superlative performance in the 3rd inning of a game on August 5th, when he twisted himself into a perfect Square Knot with his last swing (out-doing Lefty Noble's record-shattering Granny Knot of 1951), angrily splintered his bat into 137 pieces on home plate (19 pieces better than the old record), and kicked the water cooler out of commission in only 1 boot.

## SLIDING-AND-HUSTLING ACTING AWARD



To Enos "Country" Schwack, of Kansas City, for running at full speed and sliding dramatically on his stomach an average of 73 times a day all season, for always sliding with his face to the cameras, and particularly for his outstanding achievement on July 16th when he slid 50 feet into home plate (ripping off his uniform shirt and  $\frac{1}{3}$  of his chest) while delivering his team line-up to the ump.

## PITCHER'S ACTING AWARD



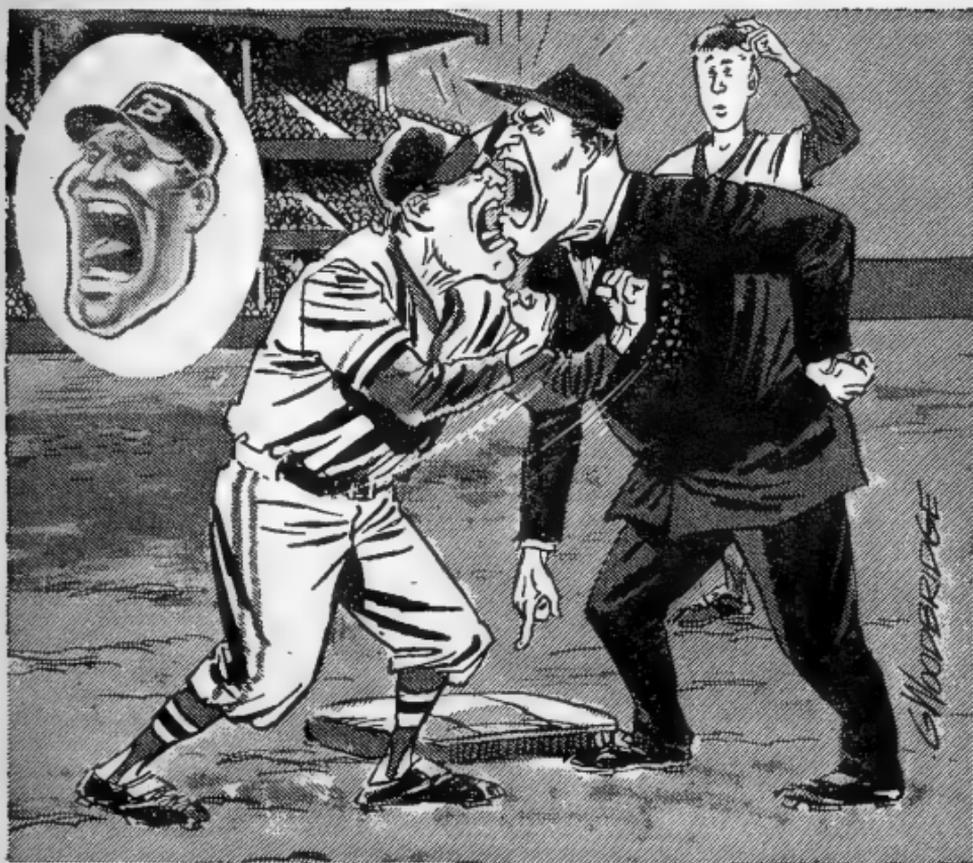
To "School Boy" Drake, of Los Angeles, for his sterling performance on August 8th after being knocked out of the box, when he showed his great mound-versatility by flinging his glove to the ground with his right hand and his cap to the ground with his left at the same time, and then walking 485 feet from the pitcher's box to the club house without lifting his eyes from the ground even once.

## COACH BOX ACTING AWARD



To Cincinnati third base coach Jake "Splatt" Jacobs for his performance on August 7th during which he whistled, clapped, and tugged his cap whenever he was on camera, and especially for his rump-slapping marksmanship on that day when, of the eight home-run-hitters who rounded third, Splatt caught seven squarely on the backside with an encouraging slap, the last being a near-miss on the head.

## UMPIRE-BAITING ACTING AWARD



To manager Leo "Lippy" Screech of Boston, for his great performance on July 7th during the 5th inning, when he charged from the dugout to the umpire in 3½ seconds, pressed his face so close to the ump's mouth that he lost the tip of his nose, screamed, spit, and jumped up and down for nearly 2 hours in one of baseball's greatest arguments, and then found out his man had been called safe!

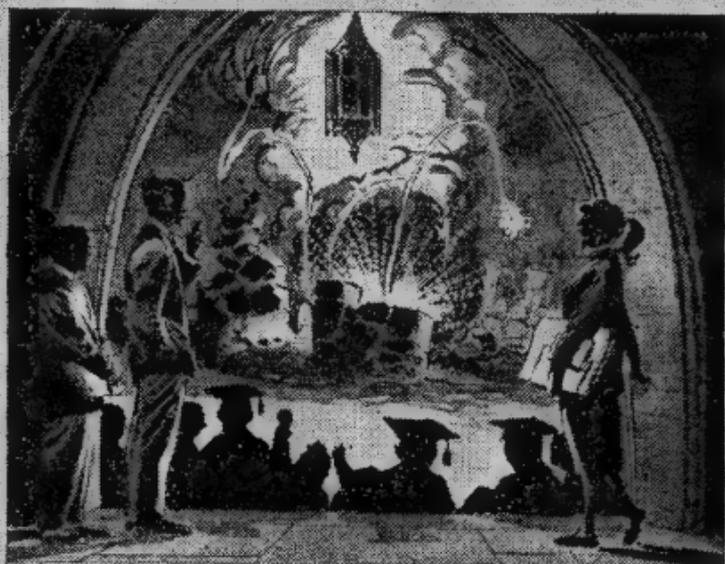
END

## COLLEGE CATALOG DEPT.

Since the recent announcement of the founding of Alfred E. Neuman University, we have been snowed under by mail (It was only three letters and a postcard, but we have a midget letter-carrier who snows under easy!) from High School students who plan to go on to college, but have no desire to continue their education. In answer to these requests, The Board of Trustee now brings you . . .

# BULLETIN of ALFRED E. NEUMAN UNIVERSITY 1958-1959

Day, Evening and Cutting Classes



OLD NORTH HALL

Located at the south end of A.E.N.U.'s campus, this charming edifice, once housed the best-equipped Chemistry Lab in the U.S.



## GENERAL INFORMATION

### REQUIREMENTS FOR DEGREE

In the field of liberal arts, the student may work toward a Bachelor of Arts degree (B.A.), a Messer in Anthropology degree (M.A.), or a Putterer in the History of Denmark degree (Ph. D.).

To qualify for the B.A. degree, the student must have completed 120 trimestral units of work, with the trimestral unit consisting of  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a quarter hour, or .86 of a semester hour, except in the field of foreign languages where two years of German are required for all Pre-Embalming students, unless such work shall already have been completed prior to the Spring Semester of 1955, and except in the Graduate School where 90 trimestral units may be submitted to the Board of Trustee just for kicks.

There are absolutely no exceptions to this rule, unless a student is attending under terms of the G.I. Bill, and he don't have to unless he wants to.

Notice of intention to file for a degree must be made at the Registrar's Office not later than the third Monday of the second previous month following the end of last semester, unless such Monday shall fall on a week-end.

### TUITION

Each student will be billed at his (unless he's a her) dormitory during the first week of the semester. Students are urged not to expect to get off easy.

### COLLEGE OF GRADUATE STUDY

We don't have one of them.

### OUT OF STATE STUDENTS

Student residing out of this state will not be permitted to incur illness while they are in temporary residence on campus. For this reason, the Student Health Fee for out-of-state undergraduates shall be applied instead to the purchase of pinochle cards for the Faculty Lounge.

# COURSES OF INSTRUCTION

## ANTHROPOLOGY

**B-119. Melanesian Frog Worship.** 3 hours credit. Mr. Umbala.

8:30 M—W—F. Room 116. Empty Hall.

A survey course designed to show the beginning student just how ridiculous anthropology really is. Lab sessions concentrate on ceremonial incense burning, offering of human sacrifices, and appeasement of the great god, UUaauu. Demonstration of fertility rites banned this semester by police order.

**C-254. Cottoning up to Pygmies.** 2 hours credit. Mr. Umfumkau

10:30 T—Th. Furnace Room. Pall Hall.

An invaluable course for would-be anthropologists who are planning to do advanced work among these nasty little people. Lectures and reading deal with getting used to pygmy smell, how to laugh off being burned at the stake, what to do while waiting for the witch doctor to come, etc.

## BOTANY

**B-124. The Sweet William: Friend or Foe?** 1 hour credit. Sweet William Gruber, M.S.

9:30—S Hogan's Lot.

Practical information for students intending to make the Sweet William their life's work. Also recommended for clods, since the course consists of nothing but pulling the petals off flowers.

## BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

**A-107. Principles of Bankruptcy.** 2½ hours credit. Mr. Mellon.

10:30 M—W—F. Suit 934. Mellon Investment Trust.

A thorough survey of fly-by-night operations. How to fold gracefully. How to shake creditors. Where to hide. How to keep drawing your salary when there is no money left.

**B-226. Looking Busy in the Modern Office.** 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Goldbrick.

11:30 T—Th—S. Revolving door of Teztlaff Hall.

Required of all students enrolled in the Junior Executive program. Course concentrates on pencil-sharpening, secretary-pinching, desk-drawer-rummaging, staring out the window, fingernail-filing, and how to look like you're working while recovering from a hangover.

**C-303. Juggling the Books for Fun and Profit. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Procter.**

10:30 M—F. Belmont Park.

Dr. Procter joins the Neuman faculty this term after a number of years at Ossining, N. Y. He brings with him a fund of knowledge on how to keep that second set of books, where to hide when the auditors come, and how to agree to make restitution and then not do it.

**ENGLISH**

**A-127. How to Rede and Spel Gud. 4 Hours Credit. Dr. Webster.**

8:30 M—T—Th—F. Room 327. Hira Hall.

A remedial course for students who weren't listening in grammar school. Class members learn to write their names, and phrase simple telegrams sending home for money.

**B-387. Plagiarism. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Berle.**

10:30 T—Th. Room 2397. Back Hall.

Required of all students planning to take Television Writing. Includes such well known lectures as "To Lift or Not to Lift", "What to Do Till the Copyright Expires," "Convincing the Jury You Naturally Think Like Goodman Ace," etc.

**C-202. The Writings of Melvin Coznofsky. Credit where credit is due. Mrs. Coznofsky.**

1:30 M—T—Th—F. Room 6. Upstairs Hall.

Open only to students who have had the prerequisite course B-197, "Deciphering Melvin Coznofsky's Handwriting." This course deals with Mr. Coznofsky's letters written home from overseas during the war, his post-war grocery lists, and unsigned poison-pen letters mailed to various draft boards, internal revenue offices, etc.

*Medical students prepare to perform autopsy at Cowznofski Memorial Hospital.*





*Liberal regulations allow Neuman co-eds to take part in off-campus activities.*

## FRENCH

**B-327. Racy French Novels.** No credit, but well worthwhile. Miss LaRue.

10:30 M—W—F. Room 238. Andthatist Hall.

Designed primarily for students who have an hour open with nothing better to do before lunch. Prerequisite is Biology C-546.

## JOURNALISM

**A-206. Introduction to Advertising Agency Thinking.** 3 Hours Credit. Mr. Batten, Mr. Barton, Mr. Durstine and Mr. Tanakawa.

10:30 M—W—F. Conference Room. B.B.D. & T. Office.

This course is designed to acquaint the advertising student with the necessity of not thinking for himself. Seminar sessions will be held in talking off the top of the head, shooting ideas into space to see if they orbit, and tossing commercial copy on the floor to walk around it.

**B-404. Account Executivesmanship.** 1 Hour Credit. Mr. Blathersfield.

9:30 Th. First Tee. Neuman Country Club.

Formerly offered as B-403, "Expense Account Padding," this course has now been expanded to cover such fields as the sweeping statement, the garbled non-sequitur, martini consumption, and the hollow laugh.



*"Sophomore Frolics" variety show always draws full house at Purd Auditorium.*

## KLEFTNOBULISM

**A-102. Introduction to Kleftnobulism. 3 Hours Credit.**  
Dr. Unversaw.

8:30 M—W—F. Room 327. Tammany Hall.

Required of all students planning to major in kleftnobulism. Covers such basic subjects as the validation of the grommet, the need for spring action, the preparation of the hornslip, and the final adjustments before doing the thing itself.

**B-216. Intermediate Kleftnobulism. 2 Hours Credit.**  
Dr. Flang.

9:30 T—Th. Room 414. Downthe Hall.

A continuation of A-102. In this course, the students actually do it under close faculty supervision. Part of the semester also is devoted to cleaning up the debris afterward.

**C-338. Advanced Kleftnobulism. 3 Hours Credit.** Dr. Hunchberg.

1:30 M—W—F. Room 2. Hallowed Hall.

Open only to graduate students who are no longer just horsing around with this thing. Course features independent study of the Feinblatt factor, and crazy theories of the instructor.

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION

**C-302. Canoe Paddling. 3 Hours Credit.** Mr. Laughing Bear.

9:30 T—Th—S. Mud Lake.

For advanced students who already have completed B-107, "Ukelele Strumming." Course covers paddling down waterfalls, mending ripped bottoms, losing the oars overboard, and drifting with the current up a moonlit stream.

**D-238. Underwater Breathing.** Two hours credit. Mr. Bass.

8:30 T—Th. Bottom of Mud Lake.

Open to physical education majors who can't seem to learn to swim, this course covers sinking, deep wading, new lung habits, and drowning. Not recommended for students with future plans of any kind.

**A-103. Necking.** No credit, but oh boy. Mr. Flynn and Miss LaTesh.

10:30 P.M. M—T—W—Th—F—S. Just off State Highway 16.

Required of all freshmen planning to enroll in B-110, "Drive-In Theater Tactics" during the spring semester. This course covers the basic formations of the back seat offensive, one-arm driving, various simple holds, and what to do when the police turn on their spotlight.

## PSYCHOLOGY

**B-234. Loony Behavior.** 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Pavlov.

11:30 T—Th. Room 116. Outinthe Hall.

Basically designed to help students (who are now considered a little odd) go over the top. Lecture periods include instruction in nose whistling, development of facial tics, unprovoked shrieking and saliva bubbling.

## ZOOLOGY

**C-328. Bone Structure of the Ibex.** 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Gfkkx.

12:30 M—W—F. Room 309. Drafty Hall.

This is the last year we're offering this course, unless somebody takes it.

*Science scores again as another experiment succeeds in the biology laboratory.*



## SIGNALS CROSSED DEPT.

FIRST, THEY WENT TO WORK ON THE DRIVERS  
WITH "RED LIGHTS," "GREEN LIGHTS"  
AND "AMBER LIGHTS." THEN THEY CAME UP  
WITH TRAFFIC SIGNS LIKE...



Now, they're starting to work on us pedestrians  
with these undemocratic and dictatorial...

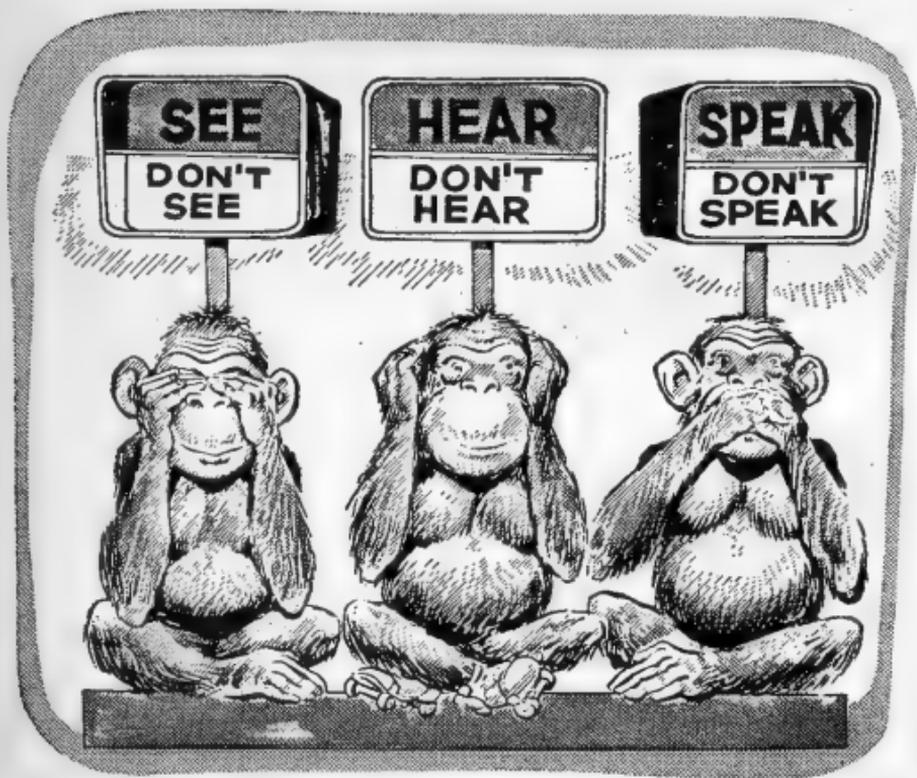
**"WALK—  
DON'T  
WALK"  
signals**

It was bad enough back in the old days! Whenever we



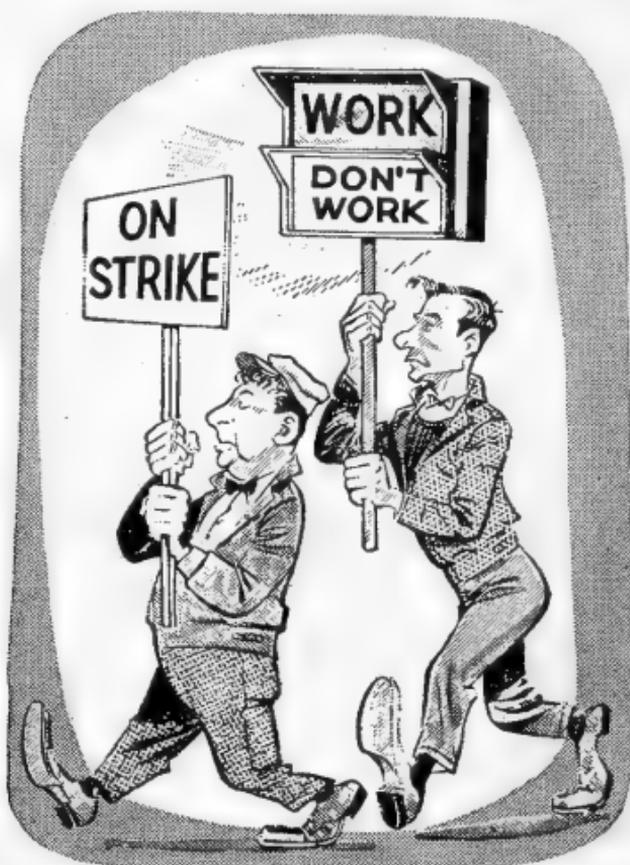
crossed the streets then, we took our lives in our hands!

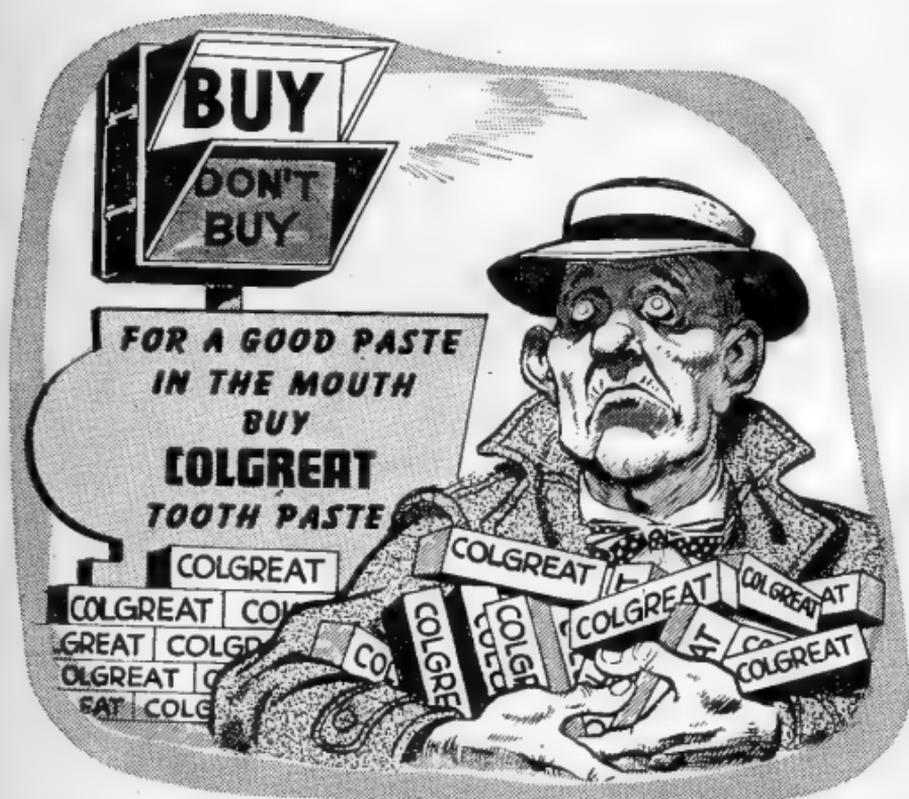


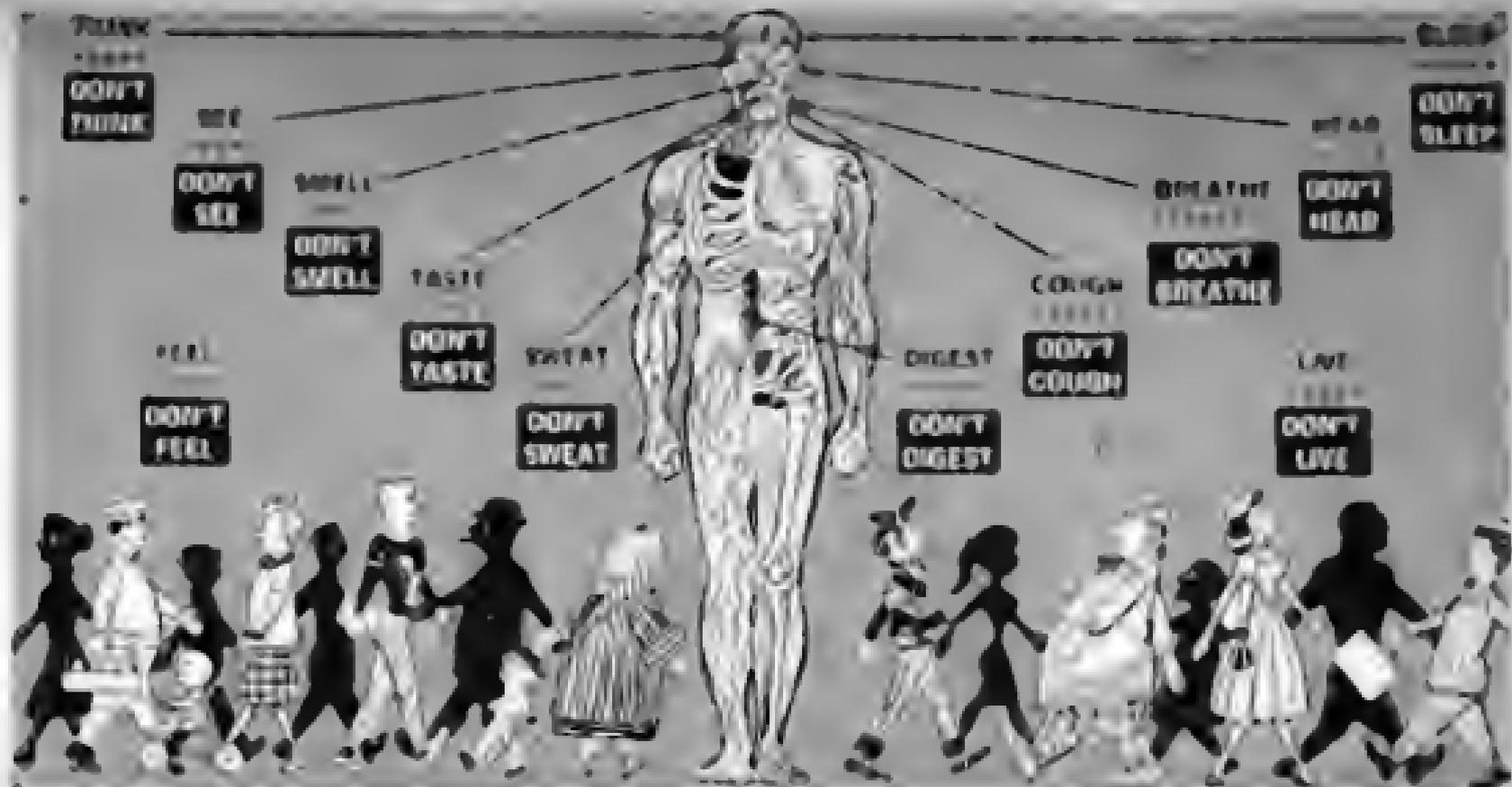












Gradually, our central nervous systems will become more and more conditioned to obeying signals. And in time, we

won't be able to perform the simplest functions . . . even natural ones . . . without receiving an official "go-ahead."



So if you don't want us to become a nation of automatons, there's only one solution, as MAD sees it. And that is:



Organize a boycott! Whenever you have to cross a street,  
**DON'T WALK — RIDE!**

END

## VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

Surprising as it may seem, the United States is turning out more brilliant new poets today than ever before. But because so few magazines publish serious poetry, many of these talented young writers remain undiscovered.

With this article, MAD does its bit for the literary upsurge in America by opening its pages to some of the better young poets of today. So prepare yourself to be uplifted by . . .

# **THE MAD TREASURY OF UNKNOWN POETRY**



## HIYA, WATHA

by *William Worthless Shortfellow*

In the bar called Gitchy Goomy  
Where they serve the giggle water,  
Way up town on Eighty-second,  
Near the Restaurant Nokomis,  
Up by Feldman's Bagel Fact'ry,  
There the shoe clerk, Melvin Watha,  
Guzzles cola laced with bourbon;  
Gets ideas then of much grandeur,  
Thinks he owns a pipestone quarry;  
Says he's Wally Cox, the mighty;  
Pounds the bar and giggles silly,  
Keeps on boozing, gets more sullen,  
Doesn't pay the least attention  
When the far more cheery drunkards  
Call out gaily, "Hiya, Watha!"  
Downs a shot and then another;  
Laps it up till eyes get bleary;  
Falls across the bar unconscious.



**I WANDERED  
LONELY AS A CLOD**

*by William Wordswords*

I wandered lonely as a clod  
Just picking up old rags and bottles,  
When onward on my way I plod,  
I saw a host of axolotls;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
A sight to make a man's blood freeze.

Some had handles, some were plain;  
They came in blue, red, pink, and green.  
A few were orange in the main;  
The damndest sight I've ever seen.  
The females gave a sprightly glance;  
The male ones all wore knee-length pants.

Now oft, when on the couch I lie,  
The doctor asks me what I see.  
They flash upon my inward eye  
And make me laugh in fiendish glee,  
I find my solace then in bottles,  
And I forget them axolotls.

## **GARBAGE FEVER**

*by John Leftfield*

I must go down to the city dump,  
to the lonely dump and the sky,  
And all I ask is a garbage truck  
and a star to steer her by;  
And the coffee grounds and the apple peels  
and the rancid fat shaking,  
And the grey smoke from the burning trash  
and the grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the city dump,  
for the call of an old shoe fried  
Is a wild call and a clear call  
that cannot be denied;  
And all I ask is a windless day  
when the acrid smoke hides the sun,  
And the garbage burns in a greasy mess,  
and a thousand rats all run.

I must go down to the city dump,  
to the vagrant gipsy life,  
To a mountainous pile of orange peels,  
far away from the city strife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn  
from a laughing dump prospector,  
And the quiet sleep and the sweet dream  
of the happy trash collector.



**IRVING KAHN**  
*by Samuel Taylor Coolman*

In Levittown did Irving Kahn  
A lovely Cape Cod house decree:  
Where Alf, the sacred Neuman, dwelt,  
And Nick Fazool and Olaf Svelt,  
And even Sean McGee.

There, fifty feet of crab grass ground  
With picket fence were girdled round.  
A place for little Milt to play,  
A port for Irving's Chevrolet.

But just one thing is not the very best:  
You can't tell Irving's place from all the rest!



## **ECHHHVILLE**

*by Carl Sandhog*

Odds maker of the World,  
Draft Dodger, Eater of Blintz,  
Rider of Railroads and the Nation's Fly Swatter;  
Sullen, gassy, sniveling,  
City of the Round Shoulders.

They tell me you are awkward, and I believe them; for I have  
seen your painted women step into open manholes  
and disappear.

They tell me you are sprawling, and I answer: Yes, it is  
true; I have seen the real estate promoter build  
suburbs and go free to build again.

They tell me you are bilious, and my reply is: On your broad  
boulevards and narrow alleys I have seen men belch.  
Come and show me another city with hanging head whining  
and weak and loathsome and icky.

Backhanded,  
Fighting,  
Struggling,  
Losing,  
Dealing, shuffling, redealing.

Proud to be odds maker of the world, draft dodger, eater of  
blintz, rider of railroads and fly swatter for the nation.



**SELECTIONS FROM  
THE CANTILEVER TALES**  
*by Melvin Chaucer*

Whon thot Aprille swithen potrzebie,  
The burgid prilly gives one heebie jeebie.  
Do pairdish kanzas sittie harrie truman  
Though brillig to the schlepper alfred neuman;  
And bawthid at the norstrug undeserving,  
Do hark the wallish sparkin welcome iring.  
It meethid to the mawking swabish crucial,  
And battingg forth positionne stanley musial.  
Do many frilling waspish overhearde,  
Of bolbing with one slicke.chicke, wanda furd.

## **BEER**

*by Joyce Kiljoy*

I think that I shall never hear  
A poem lovelier than beer.  
The brew that Joe's Bar has on tap,  
With golden base and snowy cap,  
The foamy stuff I drink' all day  
Until my mem'ry melts away.  
Poems are made by fools, I fear,  
But only Schlitz can make a beer.

## **ON WRITING POETRY THAT ISN'T REALLY POETRY**

*by Ogden Knish*

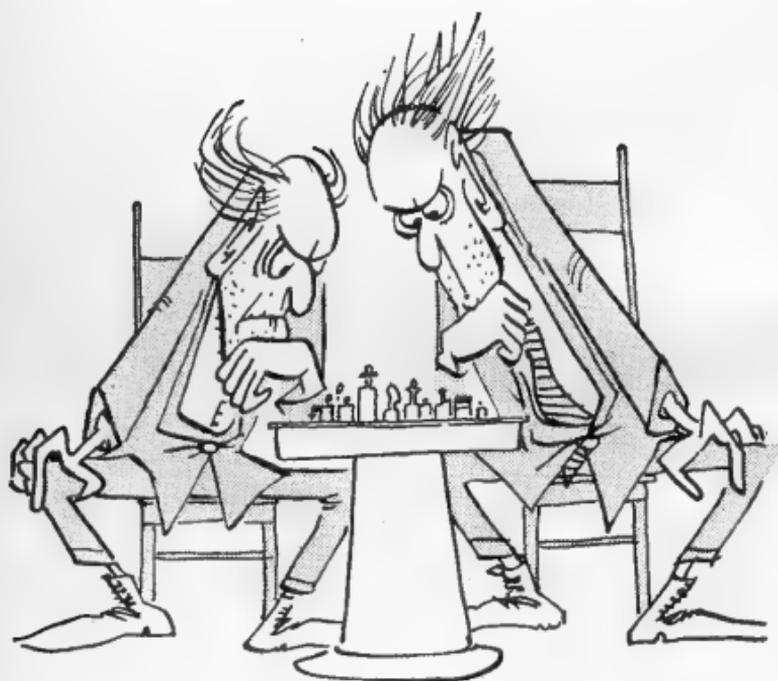
I've often thought my poems would be neater  
If, in addition to rhyming, they had some trace of rhythm;  
what I mean to say is meter.  
But when you're writing for the New Yorker and magazines of  
that ilk which are read by the pseudo sophisticates,  
they want you to do it cutely,  
And if you send them good old fashioned poetry, they reject it  
absolutely.

**END**

## DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

It's time to catch up to "Don Martin At Large" and the tale he calls . . .

# The Chess Game



1.



2.



3.

4.



5.





6.



7.



## LOWER THE PITCH DEPT.

More and more advertising agencies are using "Snob Appeal" in their ads. Snob Appeal is supposed to make us "slobs" feel like "snobs" when we buy their client's products. The only thing wrong with that is: Us "slobs" *like* to feel like slobs! That's why we *are* slobs! And, as slobs, we'd rather have "Slob Appeal" in our ads. So, wise up, Madison Avenue! To help convince you that we're right, here are four sickening examples of

# Snob Appeal

VS

# Slob Appeal

# THE WHISKEY AD

## Snob Appeal



The day's work done, these heads of leading American Corporations know how to blend their pleasure. Whether in their plush, carpeted executive suites, or in their exclusive club lounge, they make the right move . . . and call for RANCID'S DELUXE. Like so many other enormously rich tycoons, they demand and receive the finest. Their discriminating taste-buds tell them that only RANCID'S will do.

**RANCID'S DELUXE** Blended  
SIX YEARS OLD 90 PROOF Whiskey

# THE WHISKEY AD

## Slob Appeal



The night's work ahead, these muggs know how to steel their nerves. Whether it's a simple heist, or a complicated bank job, when the joint is cased and the caper planned . . . they always down a few shots of RANCID'S DELUXE before making their move. Like so many other hoods, these boys look for the best marks. Then, when they split the "take", they'll have enough loot to buy all the RANCID'S they want.

**RANCID'S DELUXE** Blended  
SIX YEARS OLD 90 PROOF Whiskey

# MEN'S JEWELRY AD

## Snob Appeal

*More than just a*  
**Watchband . . .**



This handsome, rising young business executive has just closed the most important deal of his brilliant career. And he didn't dare spoil his moment of triumph by exposing an unsightly wrist. That's why his watchband is a 14 carat solid gold-filled WHAMMO.

Wear a WHAMMO watchband and join the plutocrats!

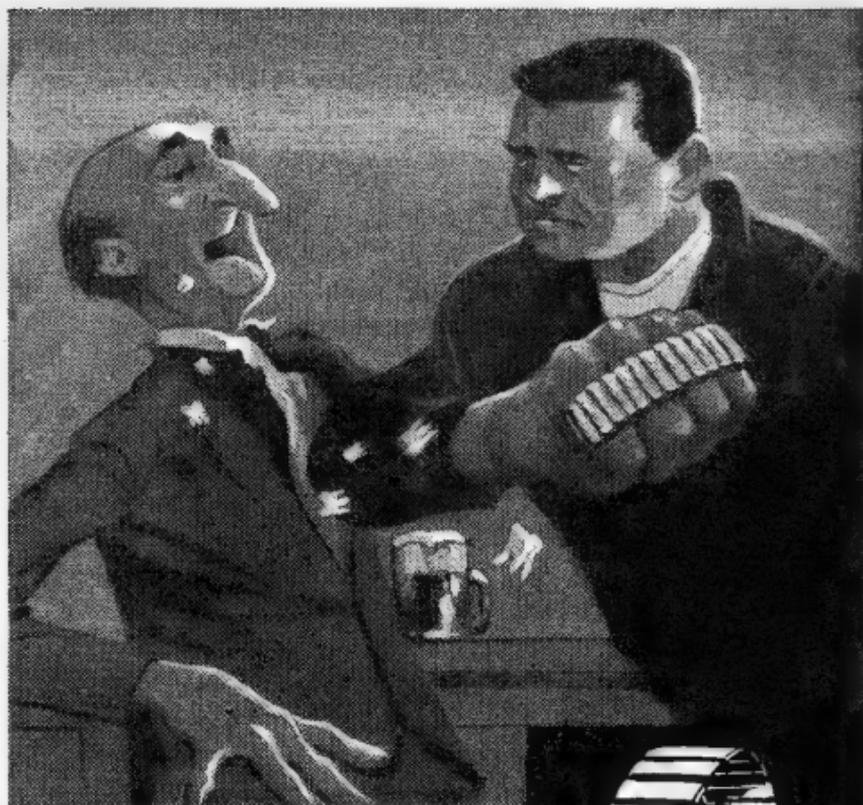


# MEN'S JEWELRY AD

## Slob Appeal

*More than just a*

**Watchband . . .**



This Joe has just clouted a loudmouthed bum who wouldn't let him drink his beer in peace. And he didn't take any chances with his bare fist. All he did was slip his 14 carat, solid gold-filled WHAMMO watchband down over his knuckles.

Wear a WHAMMO watchband and that loudmouth'll never know what hit 'im!



**WHAMMO  
WATCHBANDS**

# THE SPORTSWEAR AD

## Show Off!

Of course you like to show off in your new BREEZY all-weather jacket. Being used to the best, you just love the feel of your BREEZY's luxurious leather as you and your debutante-date enjoy a sophisticated ride in your custom-built Spumoni-8. And you know that your BREEZY—like your father's fortune—will give you continual comfort.



# B R E E Z Y

of CALIFORNIA

## Snob Appeal

# THE SPORTSWEAR AD

## Shove Off!

Okay, so you shove off! What do you care? You got your load, your broad, and best of all, your BREEZY all-weather jacket. You dig the tough feel of a BREEZY when you lead your gang down Main Street, or take a spill on soft gravel. And when you rumble with a rival gang, you know your BREEZY will take anything they can dish out.



# B R E E Z Y

of CALIFORNIA

## Slob Appeal

# THE CARPET AD



This world-famous architect is always careful of the impression he makes... which is why he uses the incomparable color and texture of an AARDVARK Carpet to show off his blue prints for that multi-million dollar skyscraper. An AARDVARK Carpet looks,

feels, and spells *success!* Put an AARDVARK ON YOUR floor, for your next conference, and be sure of the impression you make.

**AARDVARK**  
*The First Name  
in Carpets*

## Snob Appeal

# THE CARPET AD

*An Important Roll!*



This guy don't want no nosy cops bustin' in while someone's tryin' to make his point . . . which is why he's got an AARDVARK Carpet to cover up the sound of the crap game he's runnin'. An AARDVARK makes for a good roll, not to mention- keepin' your knees

from gettin' sore! Put an AARDVARK on the floor next time you're hustling a crap game, and to heck with them nosy cops.

**AARDVARK**  
*The First Name  
in Carpets*

## Slob Appeal

END

## A CHILD'S GARDEN OF CURSES DEPT.

MAD's Educational Council, composed of all staff members who can read, has just issued his annual report, viewing with alarm the state of children's books in America today. As the Council sees it, the two-bit books offered to moppets fall far short of preparing the younger set for the two-bit adult books they'll be reading in a few years. So, to bridge this gap in subject matter, MAD has rushed the following volumes into print. Now parents can

**PREPARE KIDS FOR  
READING 25¢ ADULT  
BOOKS WITH THESE...**

**25¢**

**MAD  
CHILDREN'S  
BOOKS**

A LITTLE RACY BOOK

25¢

# MARJORIE MORNINGKITTEN

by Herman

A LITTLE GOLDEN GIN BOOK

25¢

# I'LL WHINNY TOMORROW

by LILLIAN WRETCH



A LITTLE PURPLE BOOK

25¢

# The Wayward School Bus

By  
John  
Slimebeck



A LITTLE GOLD MINE OF A BOOK

25¢

# The Man in the Red Flannel Union Suit

by  
SLOANE BILIOUS

**STANLEY KLATCH**  
*AND HIS*  
**BUTCHER SHOP**  
*PRESENTS*  
**THE YOUNG LOINS**

A Government-inspected Production

**STARRING**

Stan on the Steaks  
Lou on the Chops  
Marv on the Roasts  
Thumb on the Scales

Based on an idea by Mrs. Klatch  
and the three kids  
Namely, "Go Out and Get a Job!"



# LEVINE'S BAKERY

Presents

## The Flour Garden

with

BETTY CROCKER

starring in Three Exciting Rolls

Onion—Seeded— & Plain

plus

Irving Siegel at the Oven

Arnold Unger at the Mixer

George Dougherty at the Counter

and

Owner Bernie Levine at the Races

(dropping plenty dough)



# LOUIE'S POOL HALL

PRESENTS

## FRIENDLY DIVERSION

PRODUCED BY **UNEMPLOYMENT**

Cast of Characters

SHARPIE  
KIBITZER  
STOOLIE  
SQUARE  
LOOKOUT

Angie, the Bum  
Nick, the Creep  
Herman, the Slob  
Bennie, the Thief  
Chickee, the Cops

and introducing

**MAXIE, THE BEAST**

*"America's Most Beloved Psychotic"*

as

The Ball Racker

Entire Company Released  
Through Courtesy of  
**ALCATRAZ**



25¢  
PER HOUR



# ESKIN'S *TRU-BLU* Laundry

PRESENTS

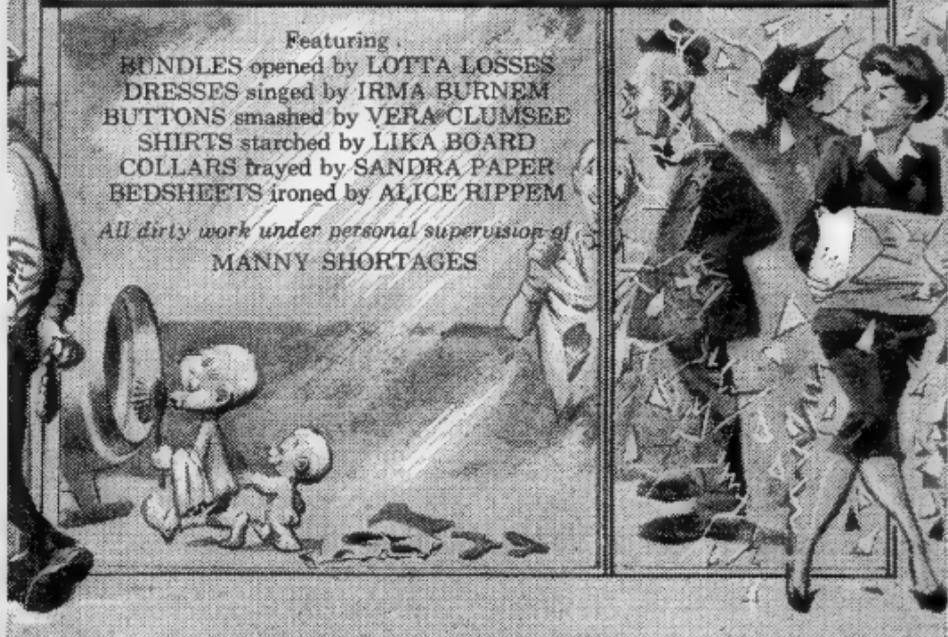
## RUB VIOLENT, RUB DEEP

A U.I. (unmentionables included) PRODUCTION

Featuring

BUNDLES opened by **LOTTA LOSSES**  
DRESSES singed by **IRMA BURNEM**  
BUTTONS smashed by **VERA CLUMSEE**  
SHIRTS starched by **LIKA BOARD**  
COLLARS frayed by **SANDRA PAPER**  
BEDSHEETS ironed by **ALICE RIPPEM**

*All dirty work under personal supervision of*  
**MANNY SHORTAGES**



# "MAMA" MIA'S KITCHEN

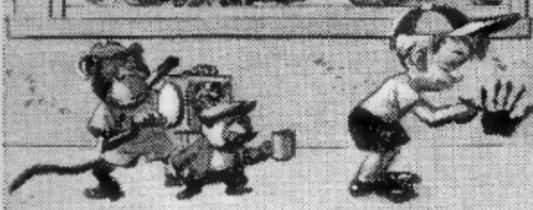
PRESENTS

## WAR and PIZZA

With English Titles

Featuring  
SPAGHETTI by TONY MANICOTTI  
LASAGNA by PASQUALE PARMIGIANA  
PASTA E FAGIOLI by VITTORIO MOZZARELLA  
MINISTRONE by GIUSEPPE RAVIOLI  
and  
CHICKEN FAT by SEYMOUR COHEN  
with  
BICARBONATE by REXALL DRUGS

NO ONE WILL BE SEATED BETWEEN  
1 and 2 P.M.  
(That's when WE all go out for lunch!)



# HERMAN'S BARBER SHOP

PRESENTS

## *From Hair to Eternity*

D.A.'S CUT

by  
Sid Vitalis

BEARDS SHAVED

by  
Mel Gillette

SHOES SHINED

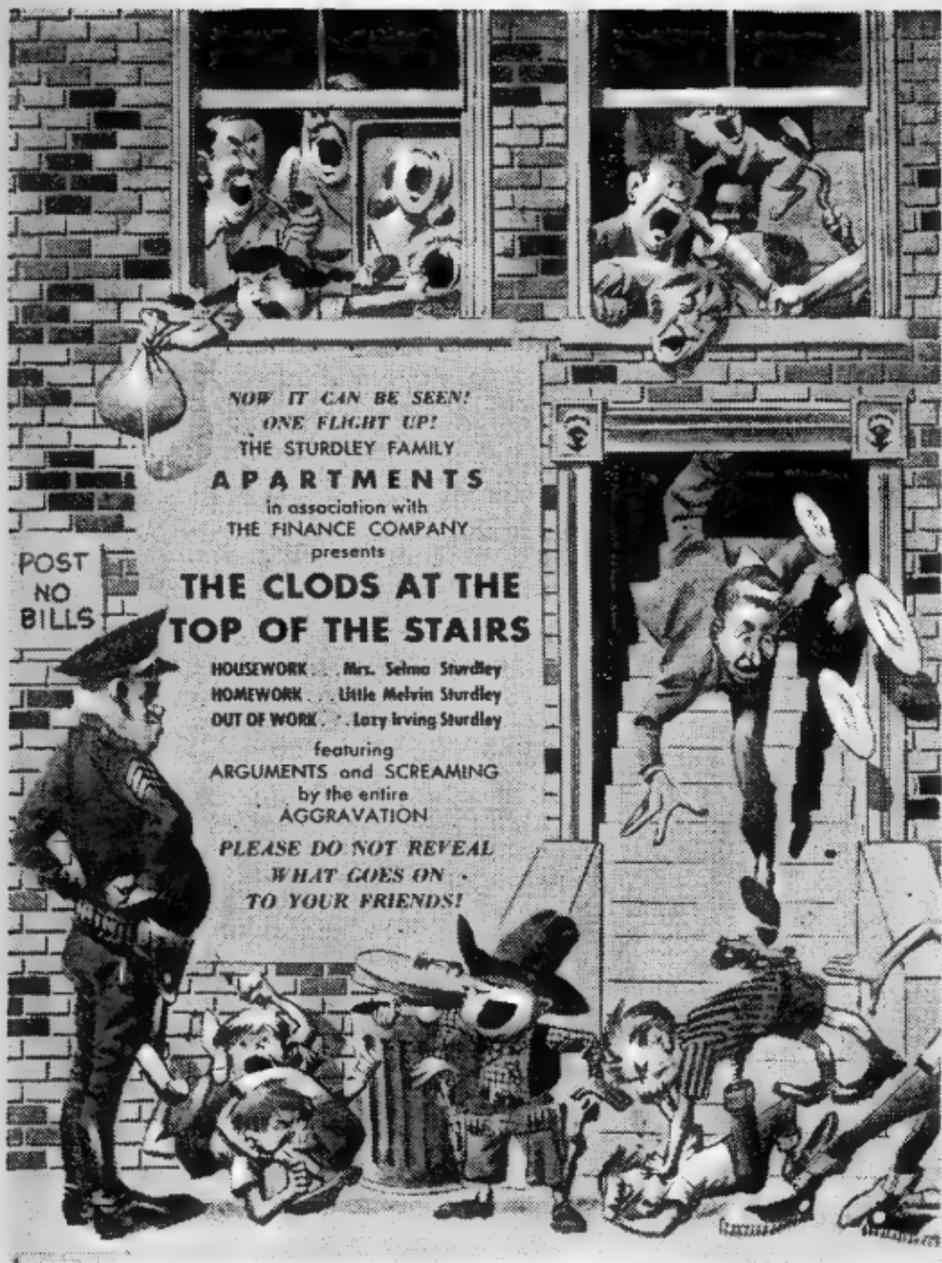
by  
Irv Griffin

EARS CHEWED

by  
Phil Spieker

ENTIRE  
CLIP JOINT  
UNDER THE  
DIRECTION  
OF  
Herman Klotz

"My Favorite  
Spot"  
Yul Brynner



NOW IT CAN BE SEEN!  
*ONE FLIGHT UP!*  
THE STURDLEY FAMILY  
**APARTMENTS**

In association with  
THE FINANCE COMPANY  
presents

**THE CLODS AT THE  
TOP OF THE STAIRS**

HOUSEWORK . . . Mrs. Selma Sturdley  
HOMEWORK . . . Little Melvin Sturdley  
OUT OF WORK . . . Loxy Irving Sturdley

featuring  
ARGUMENTS and SCREAMING  
by the entire  
AGGRAVATION

**PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL  
WHAT GOES ON  
TO YOUR FRIENDS!**

POST  
NO  
BILLS



From the men who gave you last year's FISH STORE "PORGY AND BASS"  
comes this new and exciting

# DELICATESSEN

## "THE PASTRAMI GAME"

*starring*  
Sally on Salami  
Frankie on Frankfurters  
Rosie on Roast Beef  
*and*  
Virginia on Ham  
*featuring*  
Saurkraut by Sonia  
Seltzer by Shirley  
*and*  
Stella by Starlight  
*with*  
THE INIMITABLE  
MAX  
On Coleslaw and Pickles



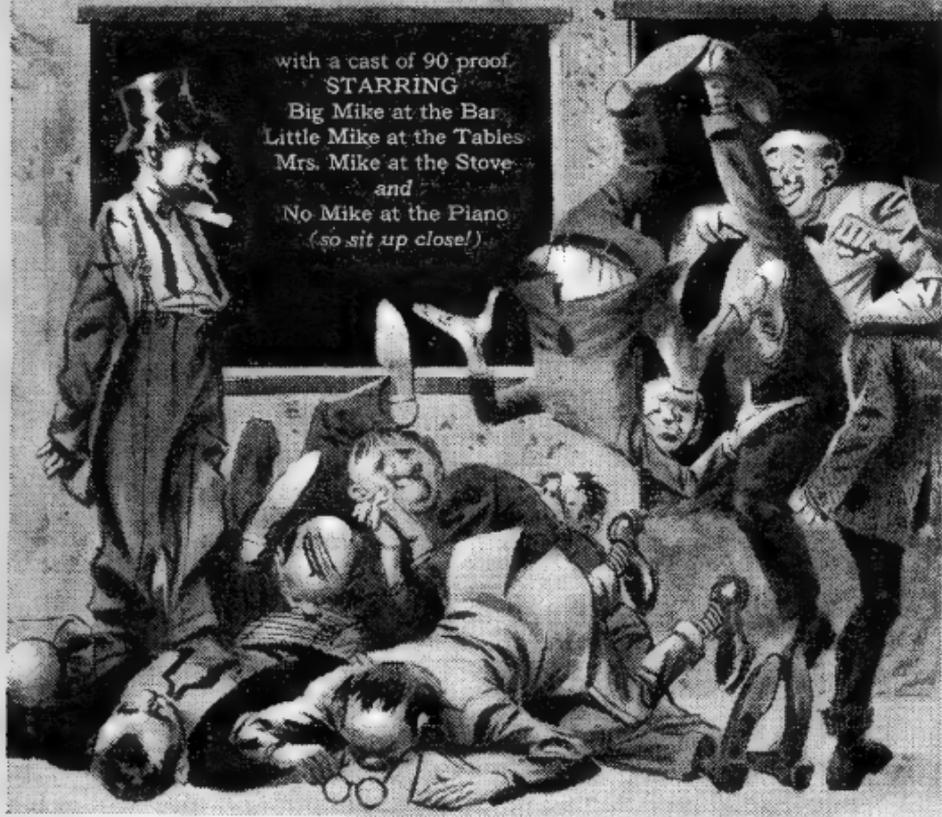
# MIKE O'REILLY

in association with  
THE STATE LIQUOR AUTHORITY  
presents

## BOOZE IN THE NIGHT

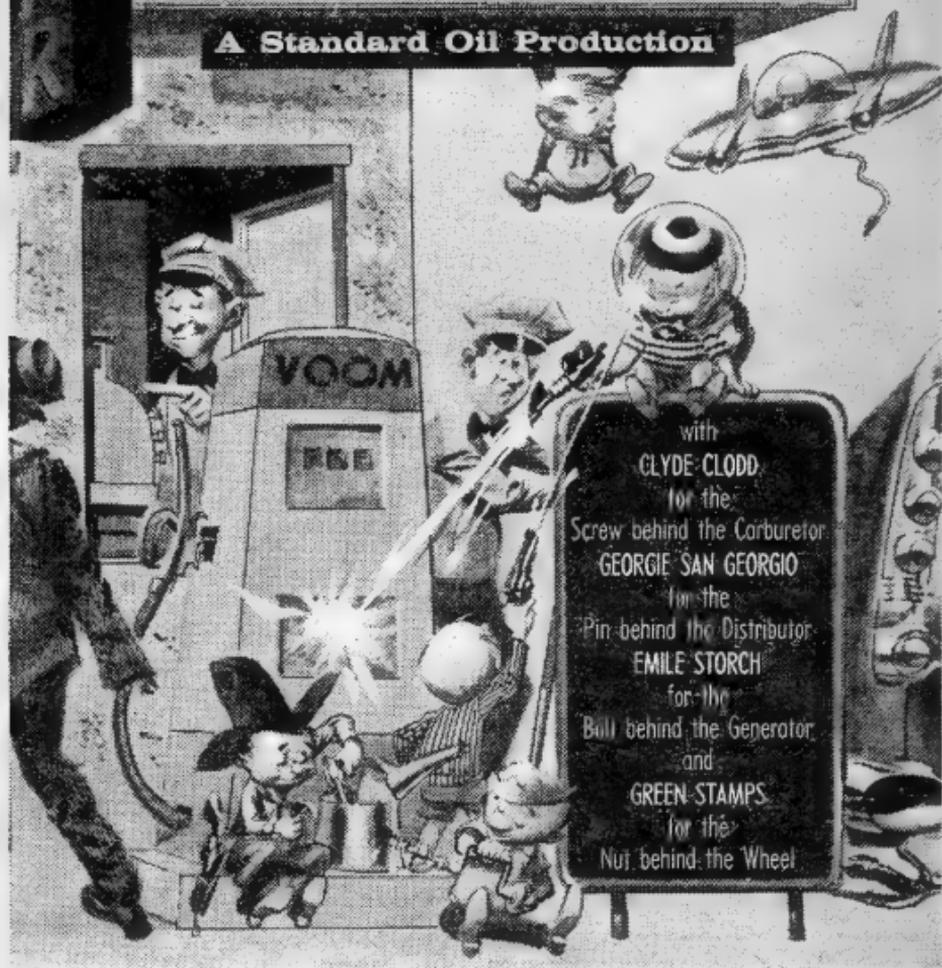
with a cast of 90 proof  
STARRING

Big Mike at the Bar  
Little Mike at the Tables  
Mrs. Mike at the Stove  
and  
No Mike at the Piano  
*(so sit up close!)*



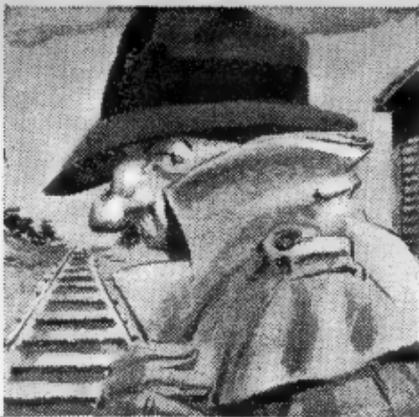
**CHARLIE GRILLO**  
PRESENTS  
**GAS STOP**

A Standard Oil Production





**JEAN ANN TONIC**  
Bar Fly



**SKIP TOWN**  
Embezzler

DIRECTORY	
101.....	JUSTIN CASE, Insurance
102.....	LANCE BOYLES, M.D.
103.....	WALTER WALL, Interior Decorator
104.....	TERRY MYSIN, Druggist
105.....	MAUDE LYNN, Undertaker
106.....	EVAN JELLIK, Revivalist
107.....	MARION ETZ, Puppeteer
108.....	JERRY MANDER, Politician
109.....	MYLES LONG, Surveyor
110.....	SONNY DAY, Weatherman
201.....	NICK KNACK, Antiques
202.....	SEYMOUR DIRT, Private Eye
203.....	FRIEDA TRAVEL, Paid Companion
204.....	LINDA HAND, Social Worker
205.....	CARMEN GOSSIP, Columnist
206.....	DINAH SOAR, Archaeologist
207.....	LIBBY DOE, Psychologist
208.....	PATTY WAGON, Policewoman
209.....	TITUS A. DRUM, Corsets
210.....	GLADYS C. HUGHES, Receptionist
	CARY GRIPP - Porter



**REX KARZ**  
Parking Lot Attendant



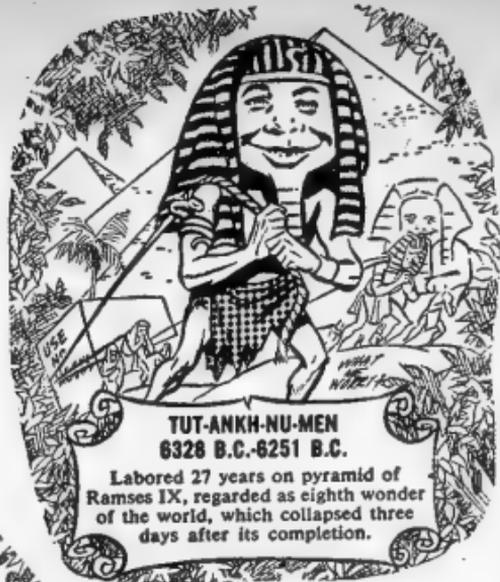
**NOAH COUNT**  
Vagrant

## THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL DEPT.

Hardly a day goes by that letters don't pour into MAD's palatial tenement offices from deficients all over the country asking: "Just who is this Alfred E. Neuman?" "Where did he come from?" "What does he want?" "Who cares, anyway?" etc. In answer to this great upsurge of interest in the subject MAD has employed a Genealogist (who works cheap) to investigate Alfred's background and fill us in on

# Alfred E. Neuman's FAMILY TREE





**TUT-ANKH-NU-MEN**  
6328 B.C.-6251 B.C.

Labored 27 years on pyramid of Ramses IX, regarded as eighth wonder of the world, which collapsed three days after its completion.



**SOCRATES NUMANOS**  
508 B.C.-462 B.C.

Created classic philosophy calling for Greece to be ruled by an elite of clods.



**NERO NUMINUS**  
51 A.D.-122 A.D.

Sold asbestos togas while Rome burned.



**ALFRED THE HUN**  
453-513

Stayed home in Mongolia and operated a black market lichee nut shop, while Attila's hordes conquered the known world.



**ALFRED THE CHICKEN-HEARTED**  
1193-1258

Started out on Second Crusade. Made mistake of trying to ford stream three miles from home with armor on.



**JOHANNES NEUMANBERG**  
1417-1462

Attempted to print first book from moveable type. Gave up when he discovered he couldn't read.





**MICHAELANEUMANO**

**1508-1562**

Commissioned to paint ceiling of  
Sistine Chapel, mistakenly painted  
ceiling of building next door,  
which was condemned and torn down  
the following week.



**ELDER NEUMAN**

**1584-1658**

Convinced the "Mayflower" was  
unseaworthy, remained in England  
and went bankrupt in the Used  
Galoshes business.



**SIR ISAAC NEUMAN**  
1602-1681

Disagreed with Newton's Law of Gravity, spent 45 years in futile effort to prove things could fall up.



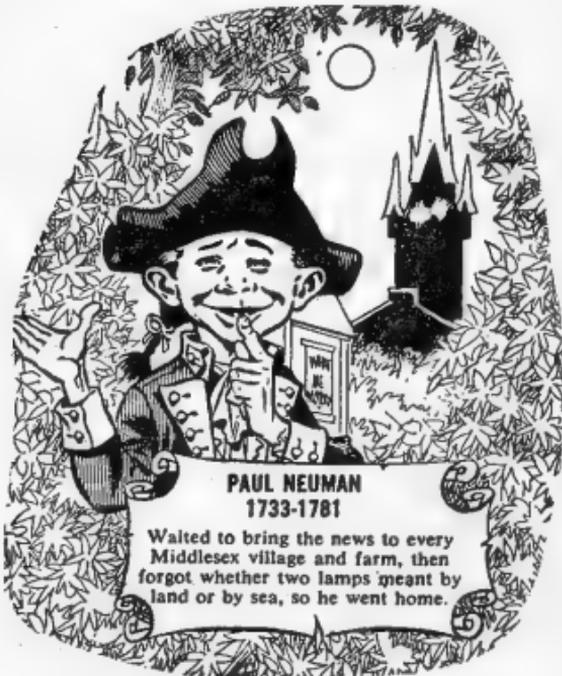
**BENJAMIN NEUMAN**  
1707-1793

Successfully flew a kite during a storm; and thereby proved the existence of wind.



**GENERAL GEORGE NEUMAN**  
1732-1793

Crossed the Delaware with a ragged  
army, and passed Washington  
going the other way.



**PAUL NEUMAN**  
1733-1781

Waited to bring the news to every  
Middlesex village and farm, then  
forgot whether two lamps meant by  
land or by sea, so he went home.



DON'T  
TREAD ON ME

WHAT,  
ME  
WORRY?

TAXATION  
WITHOUT  
REPRESENTATION  
IS POOBAH

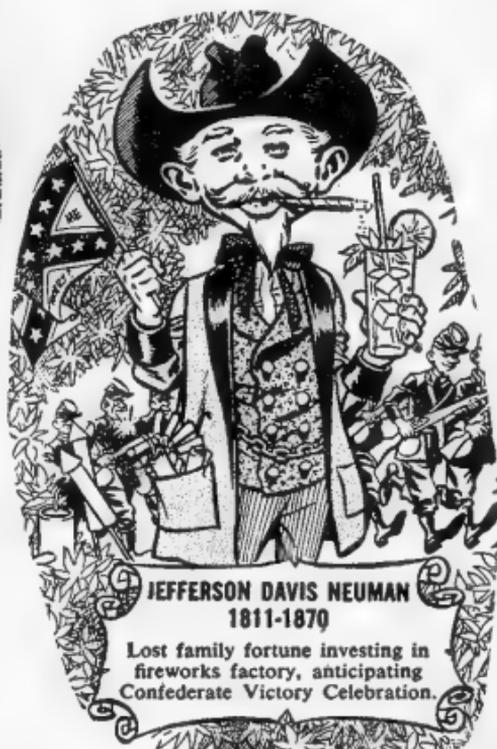
**PATRICK NEUMAN**  
1742-1801

Seeking to avoid public censure, yet convinced the Colonies would lose The Revolution, became only man to sign the Declaration of Independence in disappearing ink.



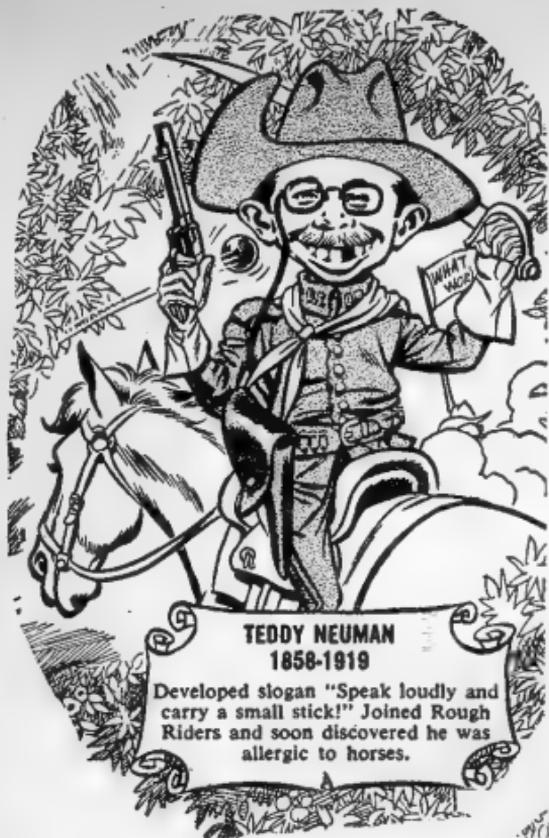
**ABRAHAM NEUMAN**  
1809-1865

Born in a log cabin, walked 20 miles to borrow racy French novels. Later lost bid for presidential nomination because he could only read French.



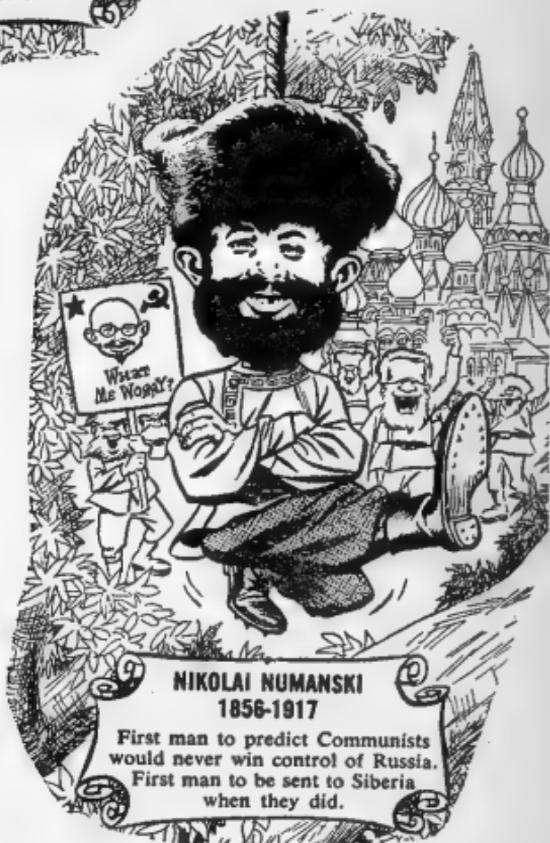
**JEFFERSON DAVIS NEUMAN**  
1811-1870

Lost family fortune investing in fireworks factory, anticipating Confederate Victory Celebration.



**TEDDY NEUMAN**  
1858-1919

Developed slogan "Speak loudly and carry a small stick!" Joined Rough Riders and soon discovered he was allergic to horses.



**NIKOLAI NUMANSKI**  
1856-1917

First man to predict Communists would never win control of Russia. First man to be sent to Siberia when they did.



**WILLIAM JENNINGS NEUMAN**  
1848-1922

Delivered stirring "Cross of Gold" speech at Democratic National Convention of 1896, but speech impediment made it impossible for delegates to understand what he said.



**THOMAS ALVA NEUMAN**  
1867-1929

Failed in demonstrating that a jar of fireflies would provide a cheap, efficient form of illumination.



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN**  
1947-?

What—Me Worry?

VOLUME MAD

THE  
FIFTY  
PAGE  
PLANET  
DEPT.

NUMBER WHEEE

# THE NATIONAL OSOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

JULY, 1958

- Why Pygmies Smell Bad** 152,286  
With 1 Map and 162 Gruesome Illustrations, 3 of them in Color  
**FREDRICK C. FURD**  
**JUAN PERON**
- I Got Lost in Paterson, New Jersey** 152,297  
With No Map and No Illustrations  
16 of them in Color  
**CMDR. C. L. FLITISH**
- Shooting Mau Maus for Fun and Profit** 152,312  
With 18 Corpses  
**IRENE WUNK**  
**TRIGGER CASTALNI**
- They've Closed the Strip Joints in Katmandu** 152,325  
With 1 Map but No Illustrations  
**PVT. HAI FING**
- New Zealand's Jails are Nicer** 152,331  
With 1 Map, No Illustrations  
and 1 Hack Saw Blade  
**NO. 32568**
- Don't Talk to Me About Peruvians** 152,347  
With 14 Illustrations  
15 of them in Color  
**MAUDE VOOMSCHAGER**
- Hootchie-Koo Women Don't Wear Clothes** 152,353  
With 9 Intimate Illustrations  
8 of Them Off-Color  
**LEMUEL T. LECHER**

Fifty-eight Pages of Colored Illustrations in Color

PUBLISHED BY THE  
**NATIONAL OSOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**  
DWIRP, KANSAS

15¢ THE COPY



TOO HIGH



# THE NATIONAL OSOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE



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## Africa is for the Birds

A Young American Couple Honeymoons in the Forbidden Interior of the Dark Continent, Encountering Lions, Tigers, Water Buffalo, Giraffes, Gorillas, Snakes, Ibexes, Hippos and Emus

BY ROGER L. "CUDDLES" STERNWALLOW

National Osographic Magazine Staff

**T**HE chief native porter of our little safari rushed up to my late wife and myself and began chattering swiftly in Swahili. "Bwana and Mrs. Bwana," he began eagerly, "After leaving your comfortable home in Davenport, Iowa, only two days after your marriage, and sailing to the port of Dakar aboard a freighter of Panamanian registry, you have trekked across 1,800 miles of veldt, jungle, gumba and krudd to come within sight of the storied Mountains of the Moon. You are also two weeks behind in my pay!"

My late wife smiled the half-smile that has won us friends from Mombassa on the coast to the mud-walled native capital of K'kd-na'a, and slammed our chief porter across the side of the head with her rifle butt. I admired Evelyn's enthusiasm, which was clearly visible that morning under her tight fitting *gumbamba*. The porter lay whimpering on the ground and I tossed him a copper w'wmmba'a for his troubles. He picked up the coin in his teeth, and with a weak smile joined the other native bearers.

### The Wumbosa Comes to Greet Us.

We had pushed onward through the dense underbrush of the k'dula for less than three weeks after that when I sensed great excitement among the natives. Evelyn seemed eager to break up the demonstration by cracking a few more skulls with her rifle butt. But I halted her with a warning gesture that sent her sprawling.

Far up the trail, I could make out the form of a tall princely Buktuktu, his k'kkkaty glistening in the sunlight. Obviously, the Jdu-Jdu drums had heralded our arrival and he was a royal welcoming committee.

He came forward with a smile that disclosed the sharply filed teeth of the Gwan'mbmba aristocracy. He bowed low, showing us his wumb'tu, and I shielded Evelyn from the sight as best I could.

### Evelyn and Her Big Mouth Again

We exchanged k'kash wordlessly and then Evelyn stepped forward and asked in Swahili, "What I want to know, and I want you to give me a straight answer to, is—I mean—you know—I want the straight poop. I don't want no uh-hh — Well, you know what I want. I want a straight answer. I want to know if you really got cannibals up this way. I mean I heard the rumble. I know the story."

Our princely guest bowed low again, flashing the pointed tooth smile I had noticed two paragraphs above. "I do not speak Swahili," he said in Basuto.

I called one of the porters who spoke only Bantu. "What is he saying?" I asked in Swahili.

"Beats me," he said in Bantu. "I don't speak Basuto."

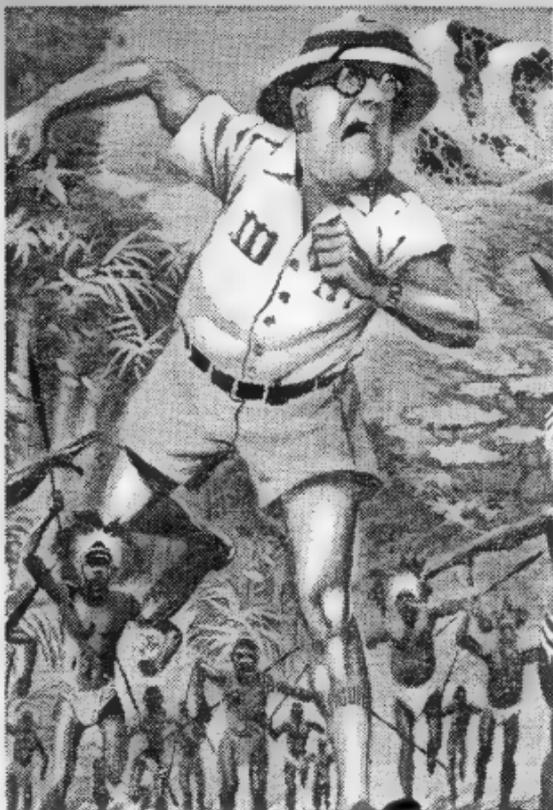
I turned to see that Evelyn was stroking her rifle nervously as the visiting chieftan stroked Evelyn nervously.

(Cont. on Page 152,917)

## Sternwallow Participates in Native Athletic Event

Known as an all-round good fellow in his undergraduate days at South Dakota State Teachers College, the author was quick to join the natives in their simple games. Here, he apparently leads all challengers in a foot race.

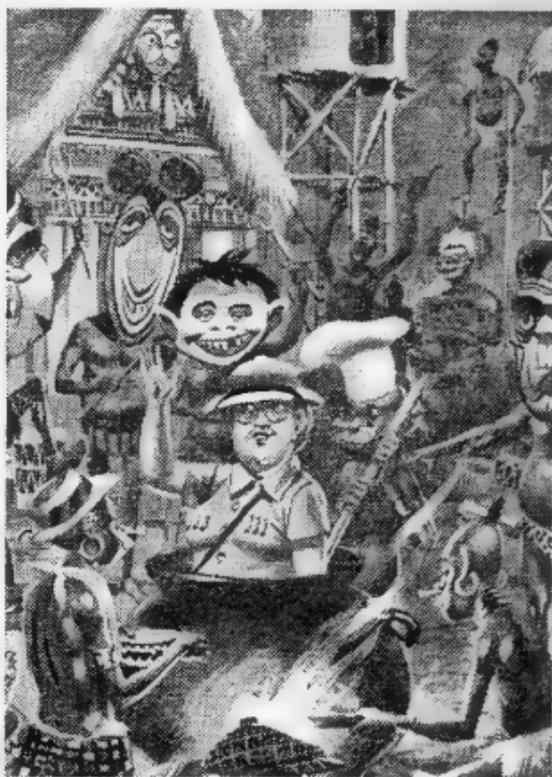
This was the last picture taken on Sternwallow's final roll of film. Undeveloped negatives and manuscript for accompanying article were found floating in a bottle on Lake Chad. Sternwallow has not yet been found floating anywhere.



## Author's Wife Tests Traditional Cooking Utensil

African cannibals used kettles like these to baste victims before the practice presumably was abolished by missionaries. Here, Mrs. Sternwallow sits in a kettle while the natives gag it up.

This is believed to be the last photo taken of the author's wife before she passed away on safari from undisclosed causes.



# TELEPHONE OPERATOR NAILS RED

GREPPS, ARIZ. (AT&T) A survey of telephone operators here revealed the startling fact that all three of them prefer red polish for their fingernails. "Colorless nail polish is for creeps!" stated operator Gladys Glotz, of the 12 to 8 AM shift. "I mean, if you're gonna wear nail polish, why not wear one you can see. You know what I mean. I mean, what's with

# ARTIST DISMEMBERS MODEL HATCHET WIELDER SUBDUED BY POLICE

WOODSTOCK, N. Y. (INS) Sidney Klutz, magazine illustrator, was subdued and straightjacketed by police today after an enraged hatchet attack upon a model he was working with. Klutz became hysterical when he discovered a piece missing from the United States he was putting together. In a fit of pique, the artist smashed the partially-completed model ship to smithereens.

Never before in automotive his

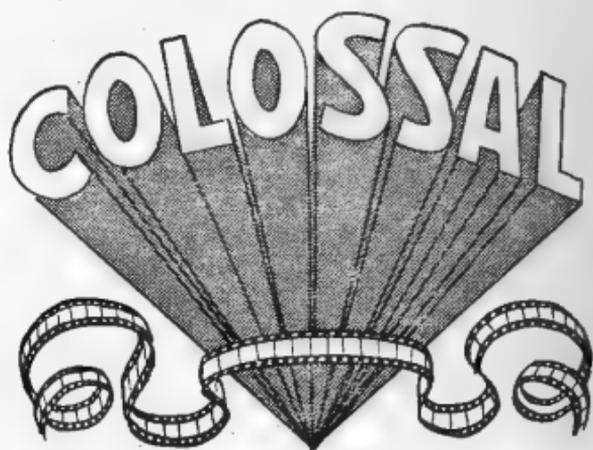
END

## SNEAKY PREVUES DEPT.

Whenever you go to a movie, you always have to sit through something called "Previews of Coming Attractions." This is nothing more than a bunch of short scenes, especially picked out from the following week's movie, to excite you and make you want to come back and see it. But what usually happens is: when you get to see the complete movie the following week, you discover that it's not nearly as exciting as the "Previews" led you to believe! Mainly because . . .

# THE COMING ATTRactions

. . . DON'T  
ALWAYS SHOW  
EXACTLY WHAT'S COMING!



This stirring "Prevue" . . .

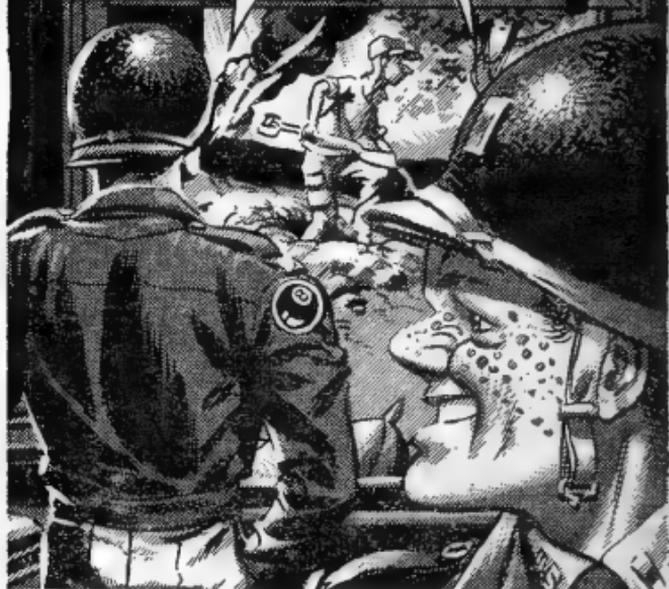


. . . is actually part of this longer dull scene!



Maybe I'll take down these old Venetian blinds, and put up new curtains! What do you think?

Let me go to the front of the room and take a look from there, Sir!



3.

Well, Lieutenant? Have you taken a good look?.

Yes, Sir!



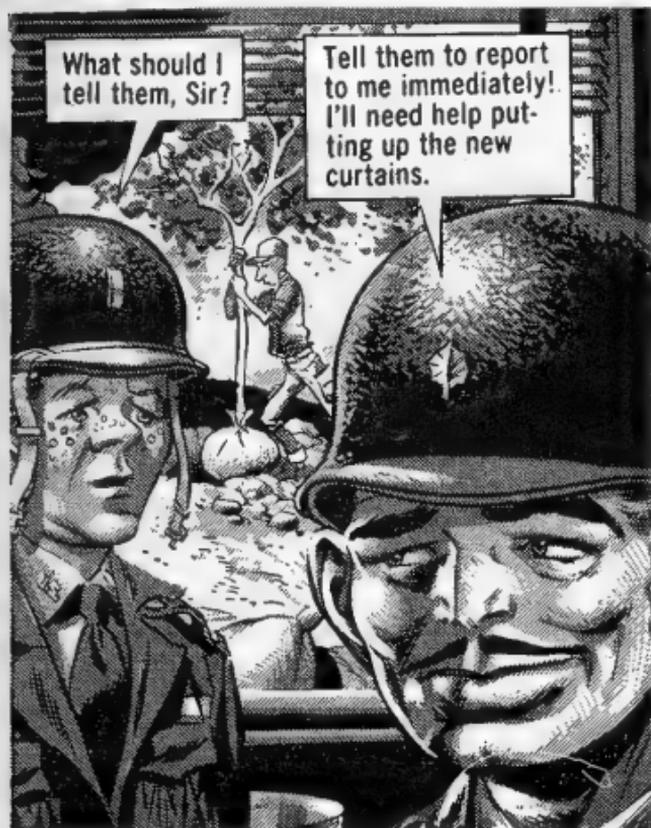
4.



I was just up at the front, Sir! The way things are now, it looks bad . . . very bad!

Then it's curtains for sure! You'd better tell the men!

5.



What should I tell them, Sir?

Tell them to report to me immediately! I'll need help putting up the new curtains.

6.

This dramatic "Prevue" . . .



. . . turns out to be this boring undramatic scene!





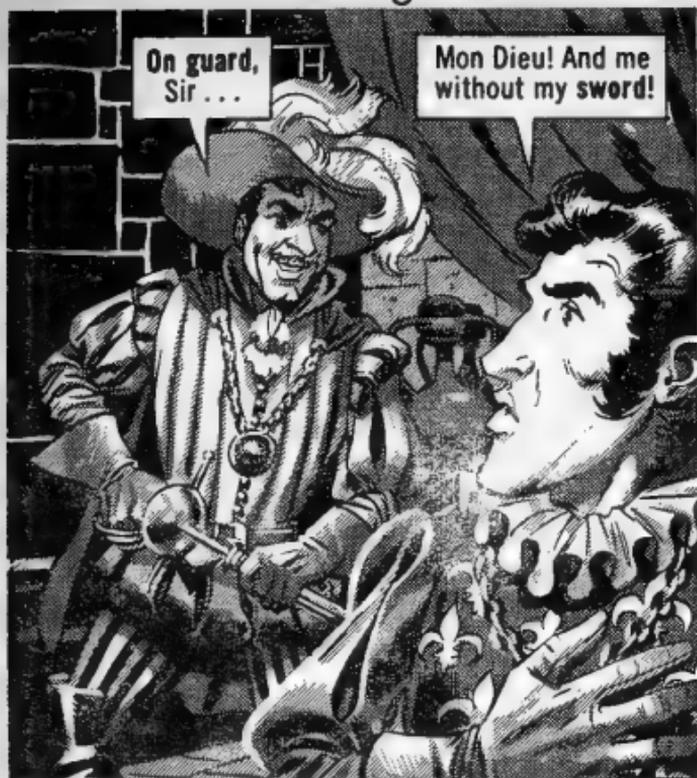
3.



4.

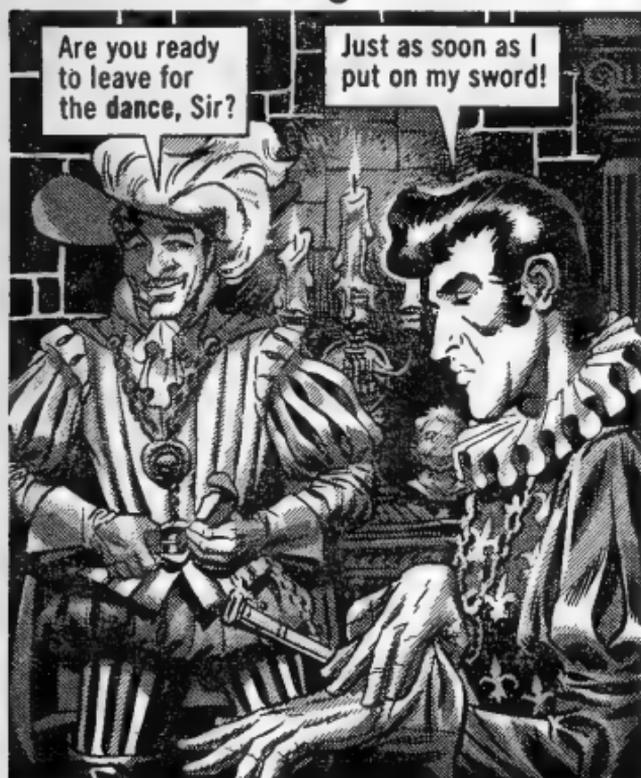


This exciting "Prevue"...

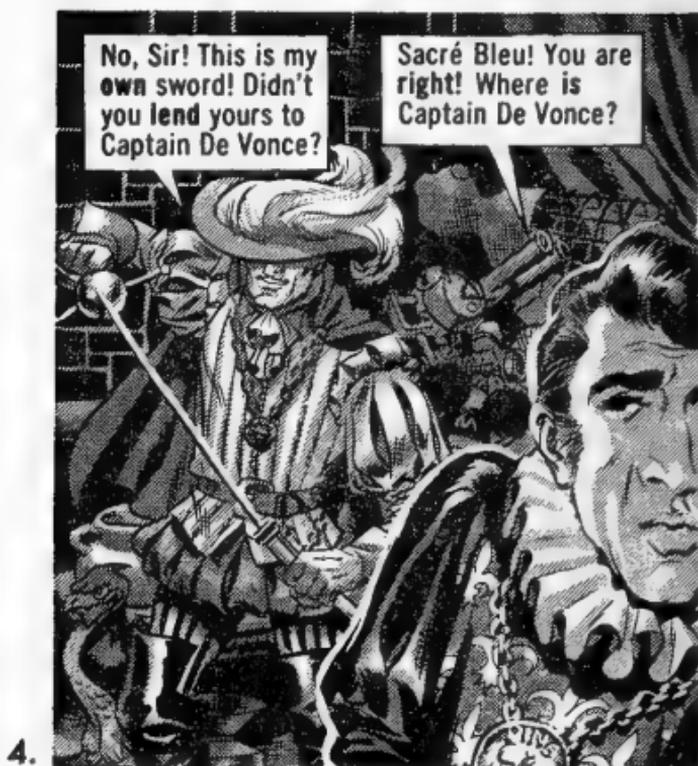


1.

... was taken from this rather unexciting scene!

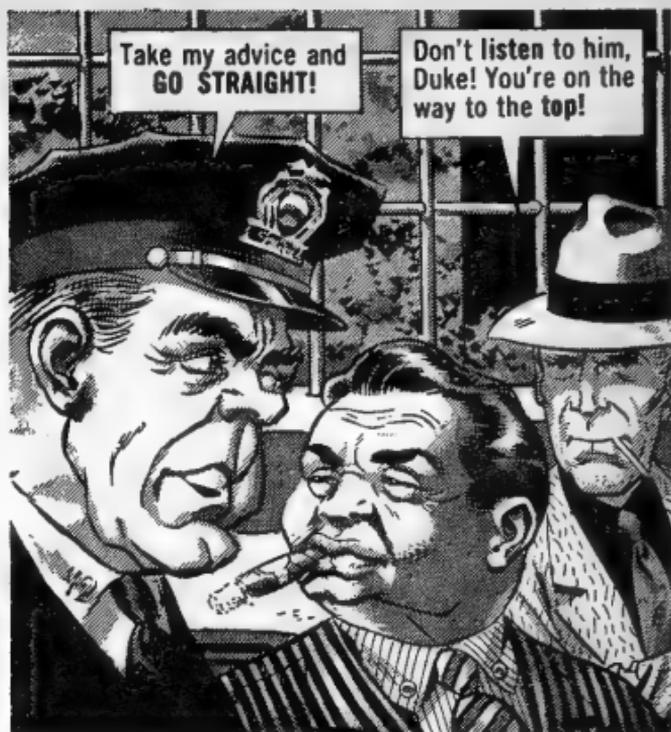


2.



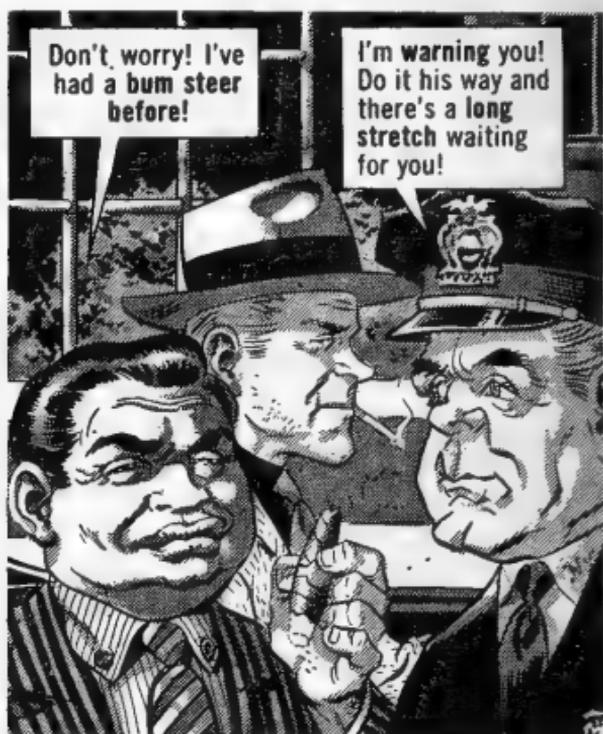


These two "Prevue" scenes'



1.

certainly seem to spell "Crime"...



2.

...but the only "Crime" turns

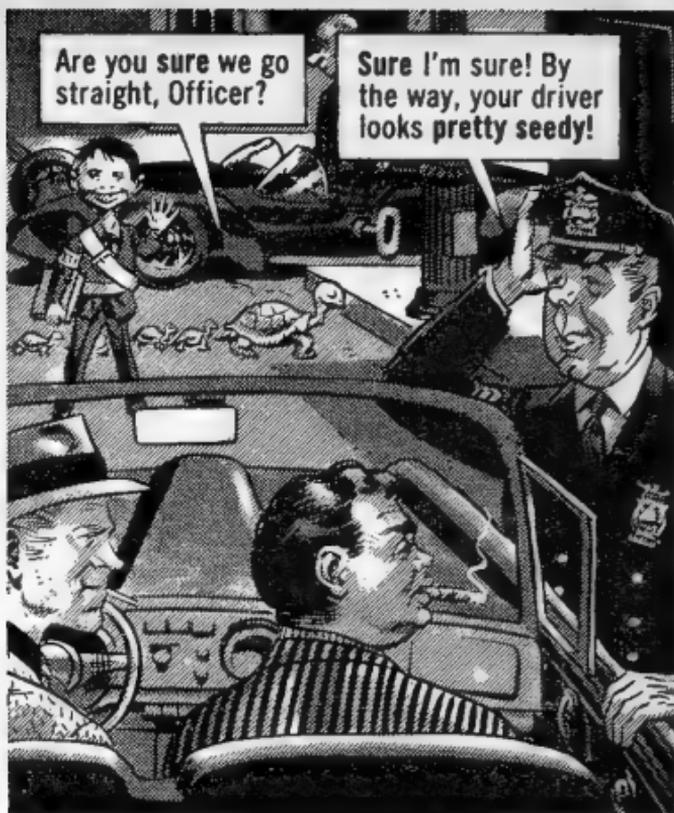


3.

out to be the scene itself!



4.



5.



6.

# This "Prevue" of a Wild West movie



promises plenty violence . . .



... and plenty violence is what



3.

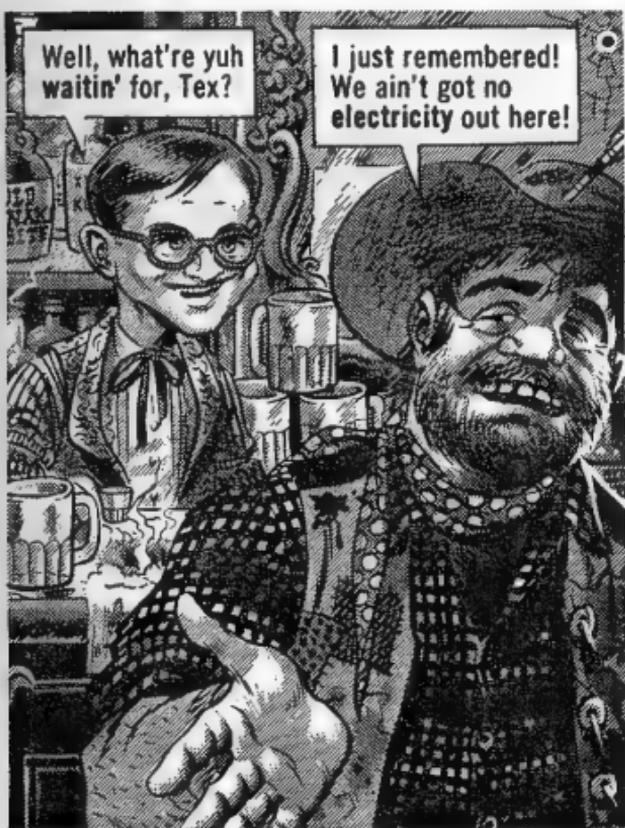
you commit when you see the scene!



4.



5.



6.

END

TO BLAZES WITH THE TRAIL DEPT.

**WOOD  
LORIE**



**A GUIDE TO DANGERS  
HUNTERS SHOULD AVOID  
IN THE FORESTS**

# POISONOUS PLANTS



## MOCK POISON IVY

Mock Poison Ivy and Real Poison Ivy are alike in appearance but not in their effect. To test for Mock Poison Ivy, rub it on an unimportant part of your body. If painful swelling occurs almost immediately, then it is indeed Mock Poison Ivy, as swelling from Real Poison Ivy takes much longer. Follow treatment suggested in most First-Aid books for Real Poison Ivy, although it has been proven ineffective in the majority of cases.



**Ordinary Poison Ivy**



**Mock Poison Ivy**

# POISONOUS PLANTS



## THE VINY POISON QUILLSNAPPER

The Viny Poison Quillsnapper is generally very hard to see, and even harder to find. It winds itself high among the branches of trees in thickly-forested areas. To locate this dangerous vine, simply fashion a long stick and poke it high into the dark foliage overhead. If the pesky plant is there, it will suddenly send down a shower of needle-like quills. As the poison from these quills is usually fatal, once you locate the Viny Quillsnapper, it would be wise not to make camp beneath it, but look for a clearing or open field elsewhere, as any undue prodding is enough to cause it to release its quills.



**Poison Quillsnapper**  
(before prodding)



**Poison Quillsnapper**  
(after prodding)

# DANGEROUS ANIMALS



## THE FRIENDLY PIRANHAMOUSE

This tiny animal looks just like an ordinary fieldmouse. To identify him, you must first catch him, which is not easy. Once caught, his armpits will reveal two red beautymarks. Extreme caution should be taken not to harm (or even offend) the Friendly Piranhamouse. Angered, he becomes a ferocious maneater whose distress call summons an army of his colleagues. Such an army has been known to strip a human body in less than 12 seconds.



**Ordinary Fieldmouse**      **Friendly Piranhamouse**

# DANGEROUS ANIMALS



## THE DORMANT ROCKADILLO

Truly Nature's finest camouflage job, the Dormant Rockadillo derives its name from the Armadillo family it belongs to, and the rock-like shell it wears. Many people have come dangerously close to Rockadillos without knowing it. If you suspect a rock of being one, simply lift it up and look on the underside. If you find four tiny feet and a curled up tail, with a swiftly-snapping head, you've got a real one! To remove, build a small fire and heat him up till he releases his grip. The reason he is called "Dormant" is because he sleeps constantly, and only awakens to strike when he has been disturbed.

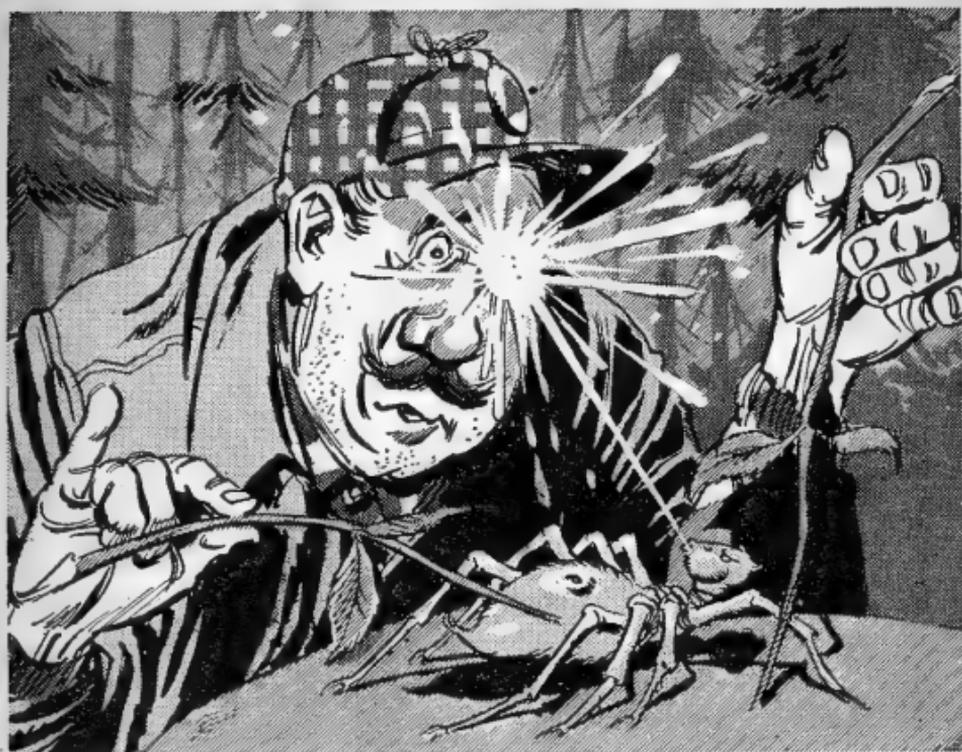


Ordinary Rock



Dormant Rockadillo

# VENOMOUS INSECTS



## THE GRAY POISON-SPIT SPIDER

This otherwise ordinary looking spider is an extremely dangerous pest. The only way you can tell him from the thousand or so common spiders is to flip the little devil over on his back for a look at his belly-button. If the belly-button is a bright orange, you can be sure it's a Gray Poison-Spitter. But be careful! This eight-legged demon only spits poison when he is flipped over on his back.



**Common Spider**



**Poison Spit-Spider**

# VENOMOUS INSECTS



## THE VENOMOUS STING-FLY

There are two major differences between the common House Fly, and the Venomous Sting-Fly. One: The Sting-Fly is very easy to catch, while the House Fly is not. And two: The Sting-Fly bites when caught, while the House Fly does not. The bite causes instant paralysis, which subsides in about 48 hours, after which full recovery follows, with only occasional attacks of nausea and high fever.



**Common House Fly**



**Venomous Sting-Fly**

Still dribbling,  
sidesteps opponent...

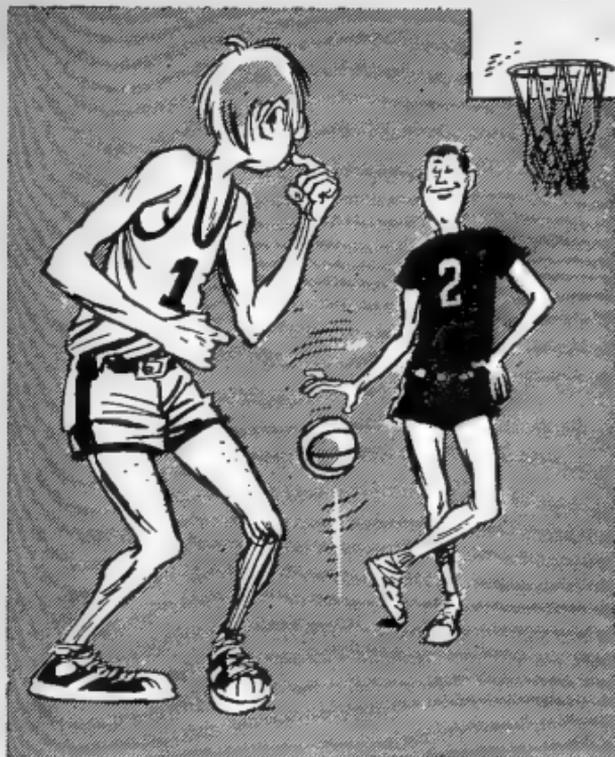


Still dribbling,  
heads for the basket...

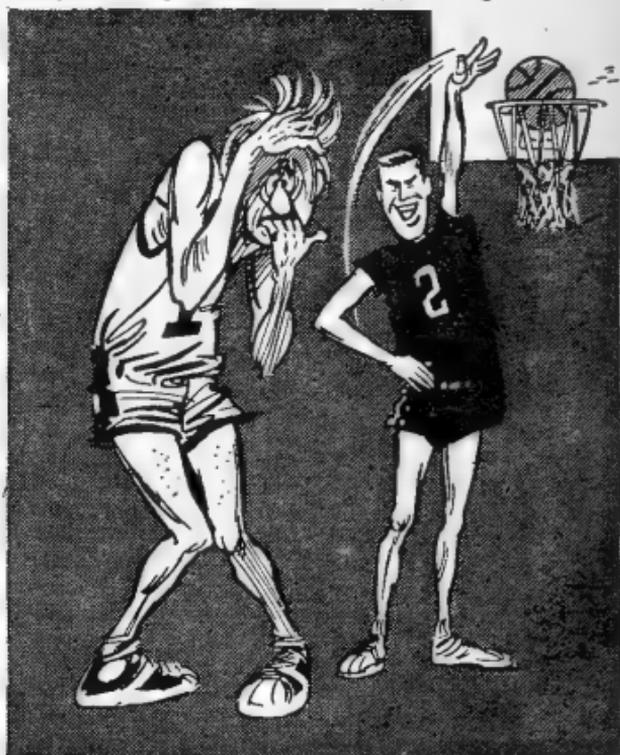


Changes mind  
when he finds ball gone!...

Dick Furd's fancy show-off dribbling...



Helps win game for the opposing team...





END

RIDE WITH MAD'S  
last-draw artists and  
pun-slinging writers  
as they pioneer along  
**THE  
MAD  
FRONTIER**  
BATTLING SUCH HARDSHIPS  
OF MODERN LIVING AS...



**THE EVER-  
THREATENING  
BOMB**

... movies  
they make  
these days.



**THE  
THREAT OF  
INFLATION**

... of advertising  
claims by  
Madison Avenue.



**THE HIGH  
COST OF  
LIVING**

... like the  
Joneses  
next door.



**THE  
RISING UN-  
EMPLOYMENT**

... of good  
taste in  
TV programming.



**THE  
COLD WAR**

... and how  
Medical Science  
still can't cure one.



**THE  
QUESTION  
OF BERLIN**

... and other  
composers of  
corny songs.



BUY THIS INSPIRING BOOK NOW...TODAY! HEAD FOR..  
**THE MAD FRONTIER**  
...AND LET US TURN YOUR MIND INTO A WILDERNESS!

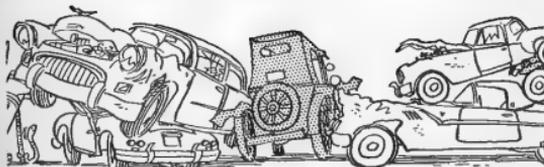
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## CRASH PROGRAM DEPT.

Whenever there's a big Holiday Weekend, an organization called The National Safety Council puts a damper on the thing before it even starts by predicting the number of Highway Fatalities which will occur before it's over. And

what's even worse, is during the Weekend, as the reports start coming in, you find yourself unconsciously rooting for them to be right! The next thing you know, they'll be going on TV, appealing for help to meet their goal with ...

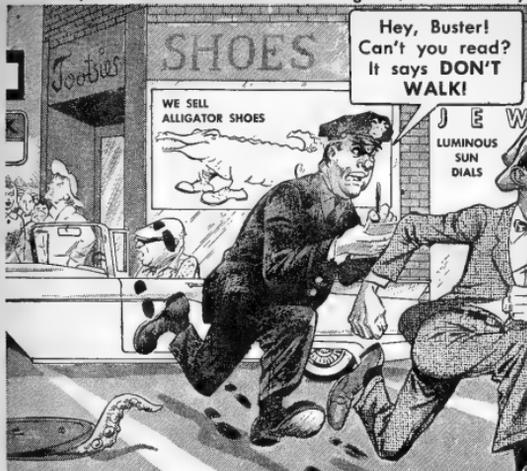
# The National HOLIDAY TELE



# Safety Council's WEEKEND THON



Now, with "Walk-Don't Walk" signals, we not only



And this is only the beginning! Read on and

take our lives in our hands, we can get a ticket besides!



see what this will all lead to if something isn't done!



# MARJORIE MORNINGKITTEN

By Herman  
Weak



1.



**M**ARJORIE was spoiled rotten—always had been. She was only half-Siamese, and half-Goodness-knows-what. But she had a way about her.

2.

I guess you'd say she had class. She rode a horse like she was born to the saddle. She had a way of lapping milk that seemed to drive tom cats wild. And she was housebroken. Goodness knows, she was housebroken.



3.



The finest training schools had taken care of that. They had taken a kitten and given her the confidence of a full-grown cat. Only Marjorie knew that she was a phony—she and the elevator boy at the swanky East side apartment where she lived. After all, he had seen her come in time after time at all hours of the night with her whiskers unkempt and reeking of catnip

4.

# The Wayward School Bus

By  
John  
Slimebeck



1.



**E**VERY day, Mr. Furd drove the dilapidated old school bus up from San Pedro, through the Sierra Pass, down into Bad Water Flat, and on to the ancient school house at Yuuca.

Mr. Furd was a kindly bus driver. Bent, dirty, slobbering, senile, yellow-toothed, leering and snappish—but kindly.

2.



Billy and Sue liked Mr. Furd. Every day, they would get on the dilapidated old school bus and say, "Good Morning, Mr. Furd." Billy and Sue were cheerful children. Grubby, emaciated, unwashed, retarded and with a look of pathos in their eyes—but cheerful.

3.

One day, the dilapidated old school bus broke down halfway between Bad Water Flat and Sierra Pass. While they waited for kindly Mr. Furd to repair it, Billy and Sue cast covetous glances at each other. Then, carefully, so as not to attract the attention of that frowsy blonde-haired 10 year old girl who always seemed to see everything, they made their way



4.

# I FLED THREE MICE

by HERMAN GOLDBRICK



1.



**T**HE Party's code name for me was "The Little Red Hen." I have to cackle when I think about it, for little did the comrades realize that I was really a Counter-Espionage Agent for the United States Leghorn Association. In those many hectic months, I also led a third life . . . that of a commonplace barnyard fowl at the Happy Valley Farm near Reading, Pennsylvania.

2.

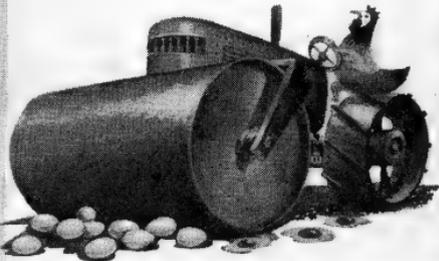


It was on the night of July 14, 1937, that I received my first party assignment. Comrade George made contact with me, and ordered me to sabotage a load of eggs leaving the farm next morning.

3.

80

A million thoughts raced through my mind. How could I tip off the Leghorn Association in time? Would I be able to carry out this assignment? Or would I turn chicken? Suddenly, I felt just like a dumb cluck, fearful that I would lay an egg in the

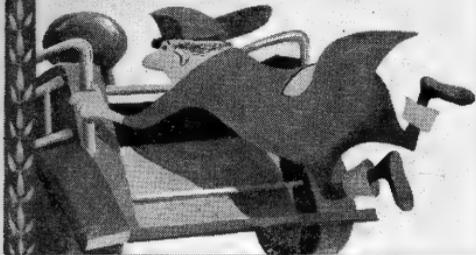


4.

81

# The Man in the Red Flannel Union Suit

by  
SLOANE BILIOUS



1.

But he felt himself getting more and more like all the others. Riding on the hook-and-ladder, he often found himself wondering how he could hypo that small blaze they were headed for into a five-alarm. Once, he even caught himself handing a hose nozzle to another fireman with the stock saying, "Let's try this one on for size!"



3.



**F**IREMAN Jones was one of the "bright young men" of the department. Not that he wanted to be. In fact, he'd fought against it hard. He didn't want to become just another smiling, martini drinking "yes" man like all the others who seemed to be stamped from the same mold in their red flannel union suits.

2.



One day, Fireman Jones was playing checkers when the Commissioner, the phoniest of the phony, called him into the main office.

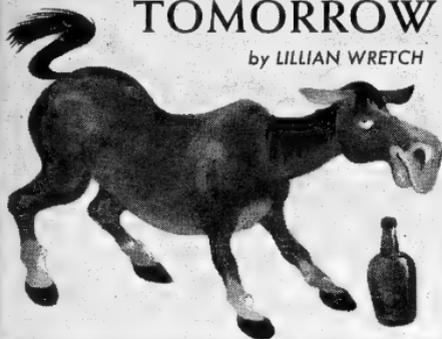
"Jones", the Commissioner barked, "I've got an idea I'd like to toss off the building and see if you can catch it in your net!"

Fireman Jones knew it had something to do with the sharp decrease in bonfires lately. He wanted to get up and leave . . . to tell the Commissioner to go

4.

# I'LL WHINNY TOMORROW

by LILLIAN WRETCH



1.



2.

**F**OUR years ago, I had it made. I was a policeman's horse, then, one of New York's finest. I thought fermented oats were something I could take or leave alone. I never dreamed that a terrible, insatiable craving for them would drive me to the very gates of the glue factory.



Oh sure, I called in sick once in a while after I'd had one feed bag too many. But there wasn't a nag on the force who didn't blow herself to a good time now and then.

3.



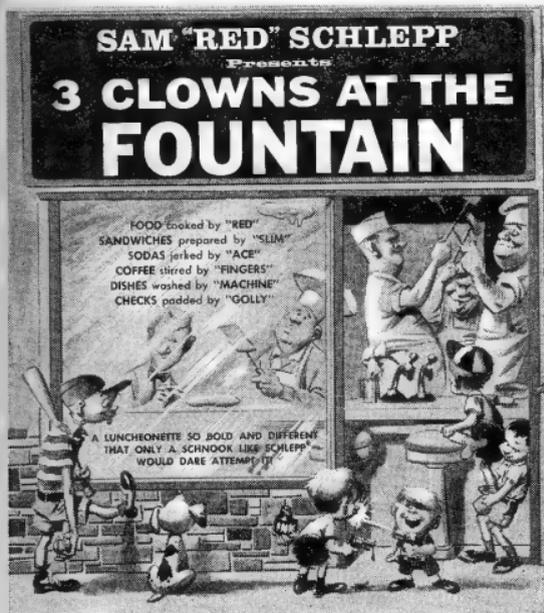
But soon, it wasn't just once in a while that I was missing work. Day after day, I sought oblivion, too looped to stagger out of my stall. Where else could it end except in a Horse Doctor's Drunk Tank, sweating out the D.T.'s, seeing pink jockeys in purple silks running across the walls and over

4.

## HONORABLE MENTION DEPT.

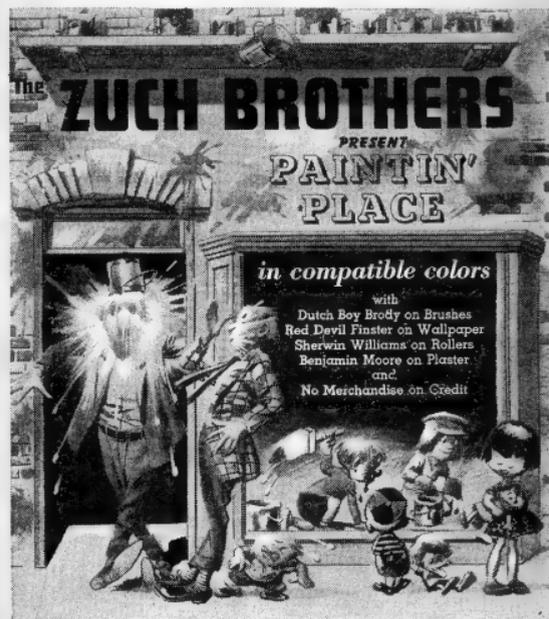
Out in Hollywood, they give screen credits for every little contribution to a picture, so the whole world knows who did what. Meanwhile, clods like us never get any credits at all, so we remain obscure all of our

# Credits For The



lives. With this article, MAD initiates a campaign to end this great injustice. What *we'd* like to see are signs posted in every neighborhood store, so nobody goes unnoticed, and everybody gets to read these . . .

# Common Man



# PROFESSIONAL COMMON

Of course, once "Credits for the Common Man" becomes common practice, the "ham" in people will start coming out, and they won't be satisfied with their plain old common names. They'll want



**LOIS D. NOMINATOR**  
Arithmetic Teacher



**CURT MANNERS**  
Bus Driver



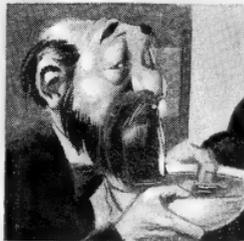
**PHYLLIS GLASS**  
Bar Maid



**MARLON SPYKE**  
Sailor

# NAMES FOR THE MAN

glamorous names like Tab Hunter or Rock Hudson or Rip Torn. We at MAD figure the next step should be for everybody to change his name to fit his work. F'instance, here are examples of



**AL LACART**  
Waiter



**MARK CARDS**  
Gambler



**PHIL R. UPP**  
Gas Station Attendant



**STEVE ADORE**  
Longshoreman

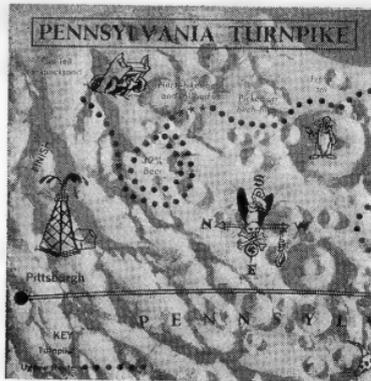
# We Couldn't Find the

Daring Sanford and Birdie Ugnew,  
in Their Last Assignment,

BY BIRDIE

**O**UR National Osographic Society station wagon rolled through Philadelphia, the quaint old city where the Declaration of Independence was once signed, and where the Kansas City Athletics were once located. Our assignment: to pick up the Pennsylvania Turnpike just outside Philadelphia, and follow the amazing highway to its western terminus 300 miles away.

We were all excited about the adventure that awaited us. The twins, Roy and Anastasia, frolicked in the back seat like two kittens, rubbing taffy apples into the upholstery. My husband, Sanford, still upset about not being able to get a drink in Philadelphia on Sunday, kept swerving up onto



# Pennsylvania Turnpike

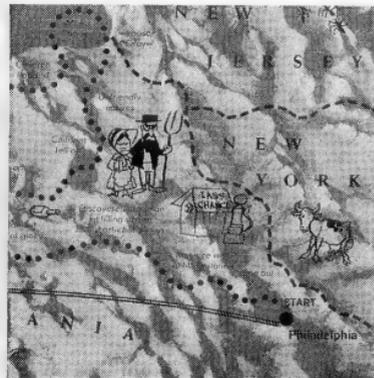
who Missed the Asian Continent  
Fumble The Ball Again

UGNEW

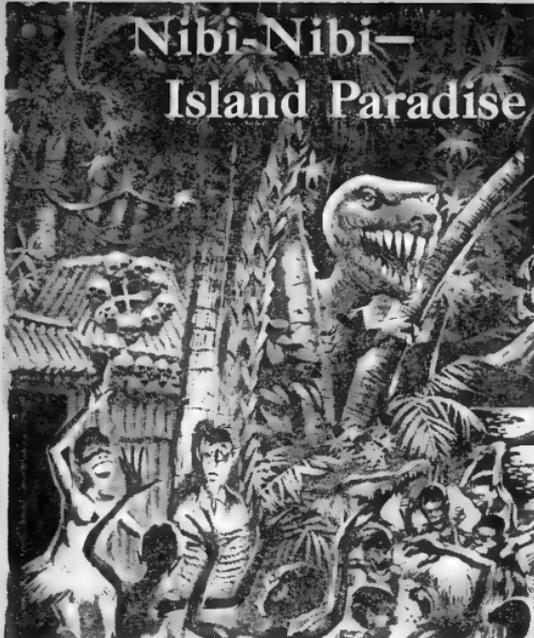
the sidewalk from time to time in an effort to bag one of the many quick, sure-footed pedestrians that abounded in the area.

The Pennsylvania Commissioner of Highways, a kindly native officer assigned to the old unwall'd city of Harrisburg, had written us in English, telling what we might look forward to on our trip. He had described in glowing detail the fabulous Turnpike, constructed across the entire breadth of the state at a cost of \$500,000 a mile. Looking back on our three exciting weeks among the natives of the Pennsylvania interior, I will always feel a certain pang of regret that we were never able to find the Turnpike.

(Cont. on Page 152,414)



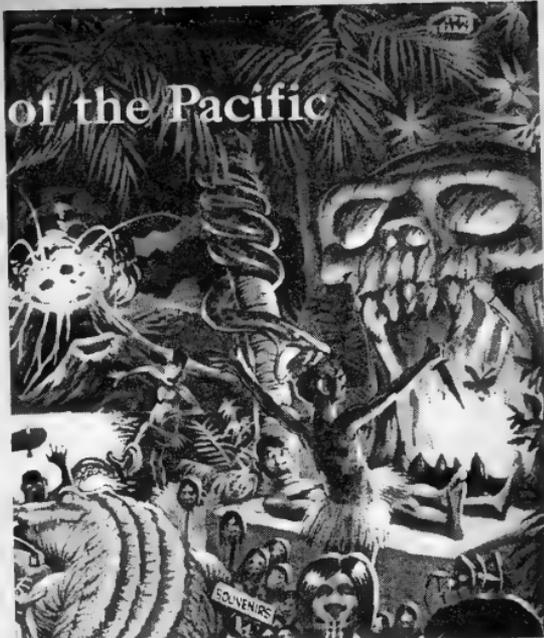
# Nibi-Nibi— Island Paradise



"THIS island is all I ever want. This is my Shangri-La!" So spoke the grizzled white planter, Neville Brooks-Brother, gesturing expansively with the stub of an arm that had been left to him as a reminder of the native uprising of 1947.

Brooks-Brother leaned back on his *wami-wami* and stuck the yellow stem of a pipe in his toothless mouth. I learned later that his teeth had been pulled by the carefree, fun-loving islanders several years before in an effort to find where he hid his rum. "This is paradise," he said simply, shaking with a malarial spasm. "Here is an island which

# of the Pacific



knows no war, no bigotry, no sanitation, no nothing!"

Brooks-Brother is the lone white resident living among some 200 natives on Nibi-Nibi, a tiny coral atoll some 12,750 miles southwest of Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

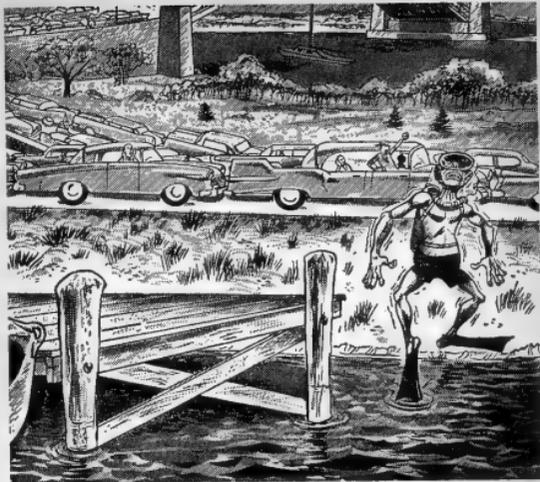
Uncharted except on the most detailed marine maps, Nibi-Nibi is indeed a tropical island of plenty. Here, except among the weak, want is unknown. Human sacrifices keep the population at a comfortably low level, and the native festivals also take their toll of the weak in body and mind.

(Cont. on Page 152,438)

## TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MESS DEPT.



It is estimated that if every car in the United States were placed bumper-to-bumper . . . that's exactly what happens every week-end on the nation's highways! And that's exactly



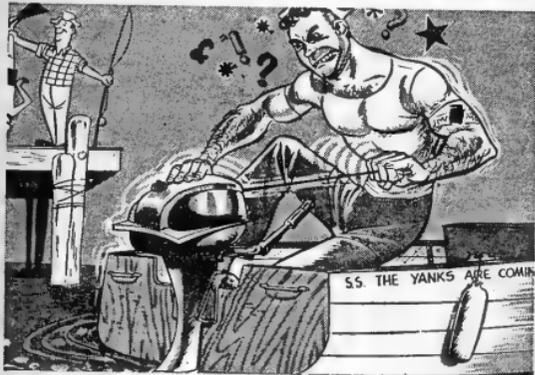
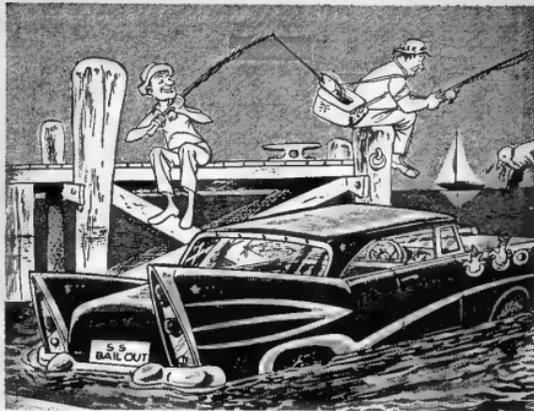
why certain manufacturers are successfully luring more and more frustrated drivers away from jammed highways, and on to wide-open waterways . . . by popularizing



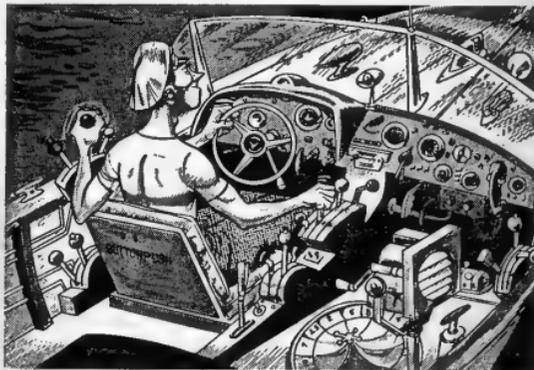
Yes, boat makers are employing every trick in the book in order to lure week-end drivers into boating. Frinstance, they're even designing boats to look like automobiles . . .



Like this one! Note the trim lines and the two-tone color combination! Note the swept-back tail-fins! Note that it isn't even a boat! It's an automobile that drove off dock!

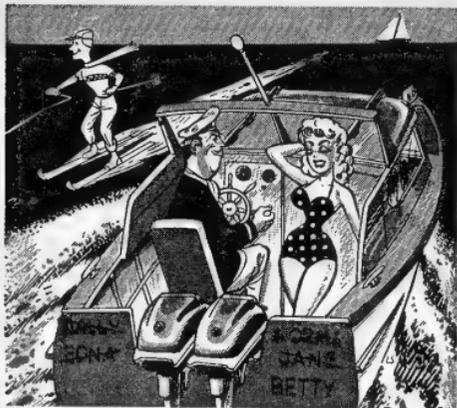


The outboard motor is an economical form of power for the boating enthusiast. In the old days, they were started by hand, which developed the boatman's arm, and vocabulary. This is where expression "The Vulgar Boatman" comes from.

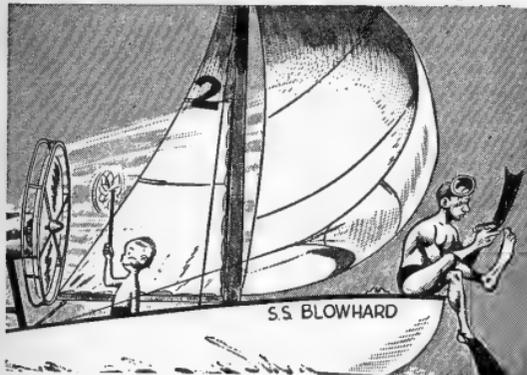


Today's outboards are equipped with self-starters, remote controls, and enough gadgets to frighten a jet pilot. A good example of the modern craft is Irving F. Yardarm's boat (above). Irving lacks one gadget, though . . . the motor!

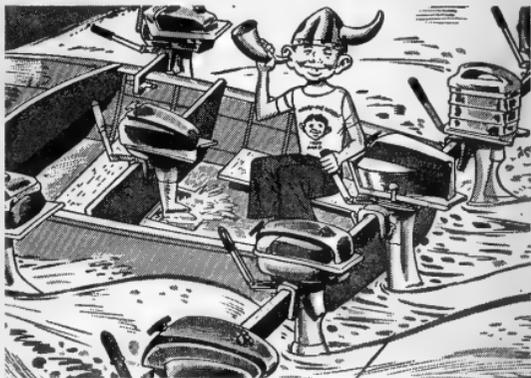
In the quest for more and more power, the use of multiple motors is growing among outboard motorboat enthusiasts.



Sailing is another popular form of boating. However, in a sailboat, one is completely at the mercy of the whims of the wind. No wind, and you're stuck. But with typical American ingenuity, sailboaters have licked this problem.

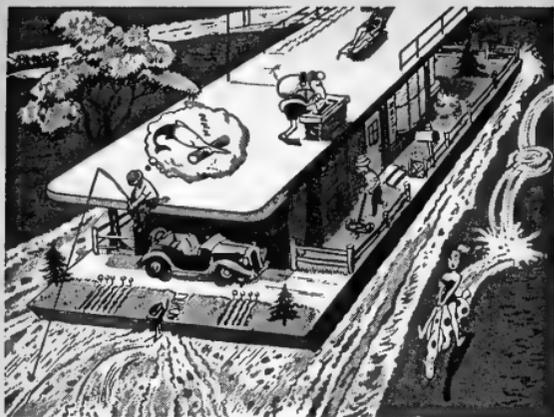


For example, Alfred E. Neuman of Far Rockaway, N. Y., in attempting to break the sound barrier on water, developed the multiple-motor idea to its ultimate conclusion. Unfortunately, the only thing Alfred broke was his own eardrums.



Here is another example of boating ingenuity and economy. Patrick Nudnick attached \$12.95 electric Mixmaster to \$3.95 bathinette creating an inexpensive outboard run-about. Only drawback being: extension cord cost \$1.975.

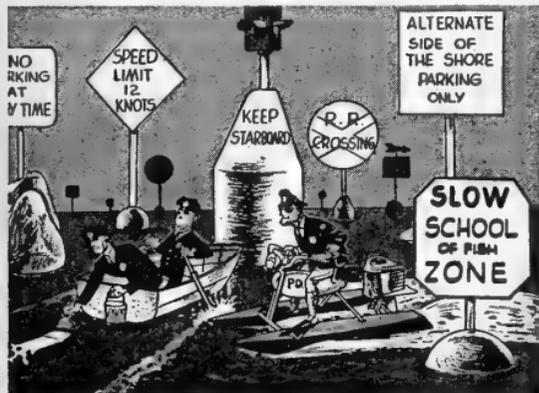




The "houseboat" is also becoming a popular boating item. However, there's always the danger of a flooded basement.



If you want to know exactly how many friends and relatives you have, just buy a boat . . . and then buy an adding machine.



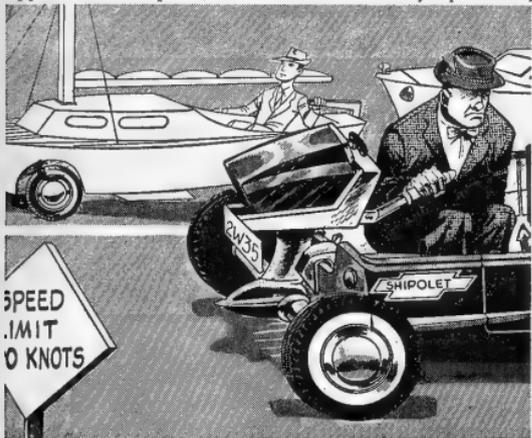
As more and more week-end drivers turn to boating, the law will have to eventually step in with all sorts of traffic regulations. Painting a white line will present a problem.



Since there won't be any billboards or shrubbery to hide behind, traffic cops will have to find new ways to trap speeders and reckless drivers. They'll have to submerge.



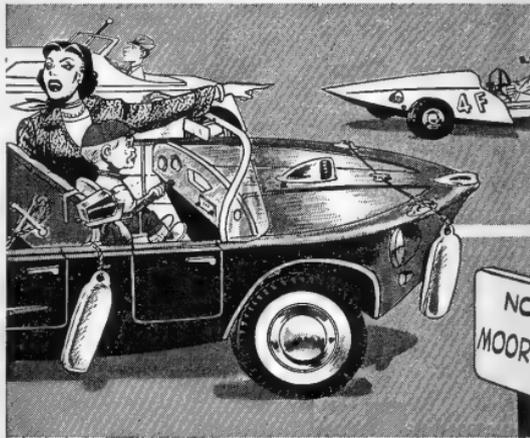
The "Drive-in-Theater" as we know it will eventually disappear and in its place, we'll have its waterway equivalent,



As the popularity of boating grows, automobile sales will slump. Detroit will panic. In an effort to boost sales, the car industry will retool and begin turning out automobiles that



the "Float-in-Theater."



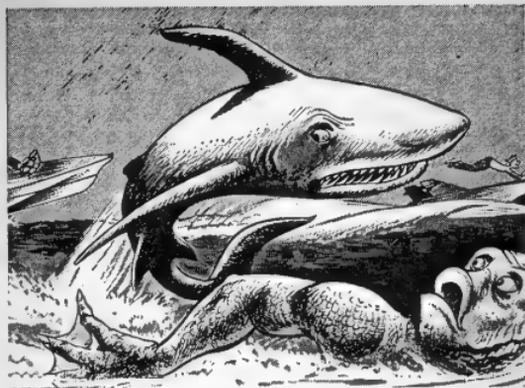
look like boats. One advantage of this will be the elimination of the back-seat driver. Now, she'll sit in front!



And finally, as the popularity of boating reaches its peak, and its cost reaches everyone, the "hotrodder" will invade our nation's waterways, replacing the shark, the barracuda,



Yes, it is estimated that if every boat in the United States were placed gunnel to gunnel . . . that's exactly what will happen every week-end on the nation's waterways if this boating craze keeps up! And the nation's highways will be



and "The Creature From 20,000 Fathoms" as the terror of the seas.



jammed worse than ever as millions of boating enthusiasts try to reach their boats. Which is exactly what certain big manufacturers are counting on. They can start popularizing . . . well, you know what's next!

You know why people are tense and nervous these days? We'll tell you why! Sensationalism! Today, everything that happens

# MISLEADING

## Entire Family Poisoned By Enraged Housewife

FUNGUS, MD. (sos) Mrs. Sarah Klunk poisoned every member of a family of fieldmice that had made their home in her attic today. Mrs. Klunk became enraged at the vermin when she discovered they were gnawing at treasured love-letters she'd

stored in her attic after her fourth husband passed away. The writer of the letters was not disclosed. Neither was the poison, she used.

"It's none of your go! darn business," Mrs. Klunk told reporters.

## GUNMAN STUNNED BY LONG TAX SENTENCE

SMEED CITY, OKLA.—(DNB). Byron Brisket, one of the state's top skeet-shooters, has given up trying to figure out his income tax form.

"There's one sentence that's over 82 words long," states Byron, "and it's got me so confused, I'm at my wit's end!"

is magnified in the daily newspapers. Even small-town newspapers, in an effort to stimulate circulation, are now resorting to sensationalism. Just take a look at these . . .

# HEADLINES

## HIGHWAY TOLL MOUNTS OVER WEEKEND

ACNE, COLO. (AP) — Toll-takers at the new three-mile Acne Super Highway reported that more drivers paid tolls over the past weekend than ever before.

A total of 23 cars passed over the eight-lane stretch between Friday and Sunday. This was the largest total since the new highway was opened. At this rate, the road should be paid for in another 175 years.

## Body Dissolved By Chemistry Professor

AARDVARK, WISC. (nsc) — The fact-finding committee investigating the cost of experimental Guinea pigs at Aardvark University was disbanded today by Professor Carl Umlaut of the Chemistry Department. The

body consisted of four faculty members and three students. "I saw no reason to continue the study," explained Umlaut. "We've been getting along fine using freshmen for our laboratory."

# STRIK THOUSAN

regular la story matter of

## EXPOSED WIRE SHOCKS LINEMAN

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Hank Shlubb, right guard for the Winston-Salem Filters pro football team, was shocked today when he walked into his house and discovered an opened telegram laying at his feet. The wire announced that Shlubb had been traded to Biloxi. "Well," said the burly lineman, "that's the way the ball bounces!"

## MADMAN WHILE Search Starts

## DISGUSTED MATE PRESSES SUIT. ASKS FOR SPEEDY SEPARATION

CLUGG CITY, MASS. (COP)—Fred Mildew will leave the Merchant Marine after 30 years' service this week. Mildew made his decision after being reduced from first to second mate for repeated seasickness.

Interviewed while ironing out his new three-button civilian

suit, Mildew told reporters he would ask the Merchant Marine for immediate separation from service. "This problem has come up time and time again," scowled Mildew, "and I'm just disgusted about the whole thing."

## E CALLED DS WALK OUT

EAST FRINGE, N.H. (TASS)—Three thousand disappointed baseball fans walked out of Cowwzofsky Field last night after East Fringe shortstop, Felix Dilk, last man to bat, received a called third strike. There were three men on base at the time. Highlight of the game, which was won by West Fringe, 1-0, was a free-for-all riot in the stands during the second inning when a foul ball

## SHOOTS 83 CROWD GASPS For Missing Club Owner

MOHAIR, A.L.A. (w-wj) Alfred E. Neuman, an employee of MAD Magazine, astounded a crowd of 2000 when he shot an 83 in the Mohair Open yesterday. Neuman's nine-hole score was the worst ever recorded in the tournament.

Meanwhile, tournament officials began looking for Dexter Abercrombie, who had reported earlier that his No. 7 iron was missing. It was discovered that Neuman, who owns no golf equipment whatsoever, had borrowed the club to use in the tournament without telling Abercrombie.

HOWEVER, THE GREATEST DANGER TO



HUNTERS IN OUR FOREST AREAS IS STILL . .



...OTHER HUNTERS!

END

And now, for a MAD tale by Don Martin, calculated to steel your nerves and steal your heart . . .

# The Bank

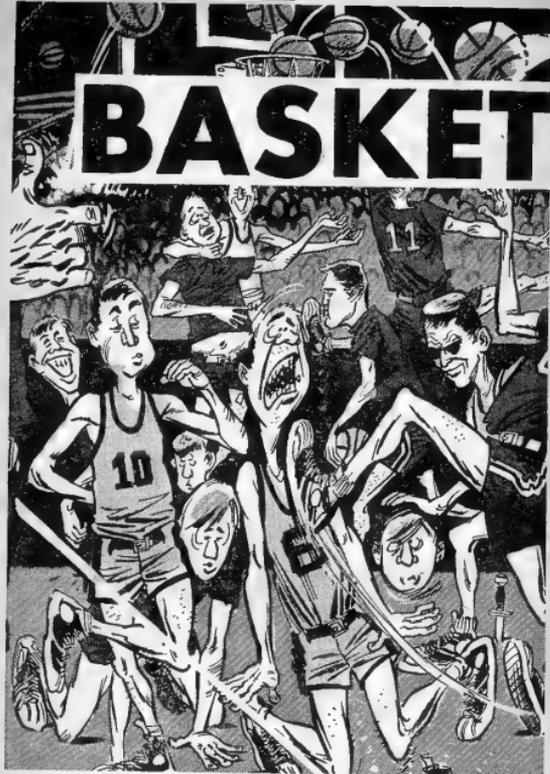


# Great Robbery



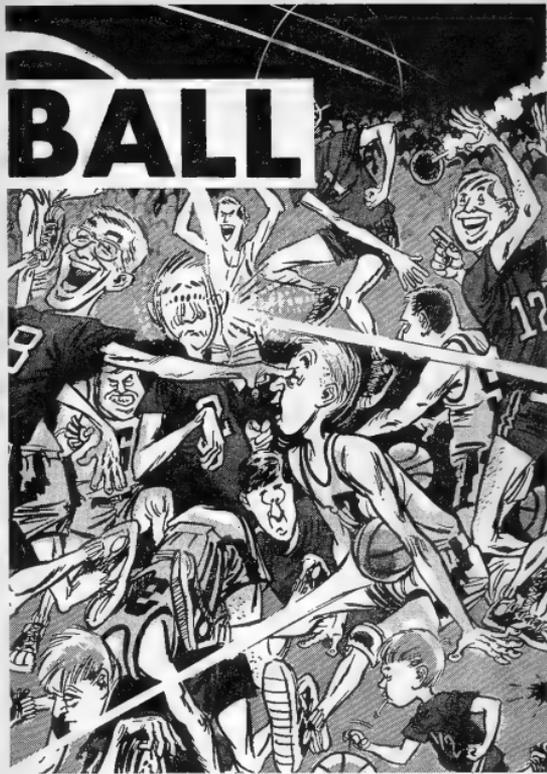


END



Note fast, exciting, skilled action of Basketball players in the candid picture above.

Because of Basketball's high speed and intense rivalry, many uninformed fans miss the best parts. With this article, MAD reveals and explains



Note also this is picture of pre-game warmup, which is usually better than real game.

some of the more fascinating "inside" facts about the game, so that now the neophyte enthusiast can keep pace and enjoy our great American indoor sport.

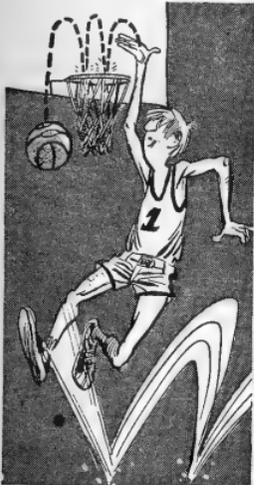


# EXPERT BALL-HAN BASKETBALL'S

## ACCURATE SHOOTING RUNS UP HIGH SCORES

When an opening in the de-  
fense is found, the player  
can move in for an easy . . .

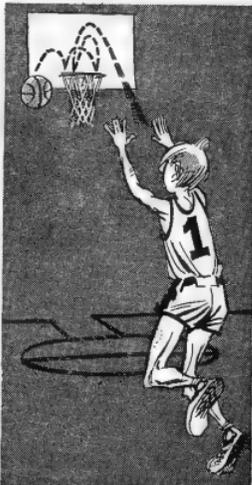
### LAYUP SHOT



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When the defense is tight,  
the player can move to the  
outside and try an easy . . .

### SET SHOT

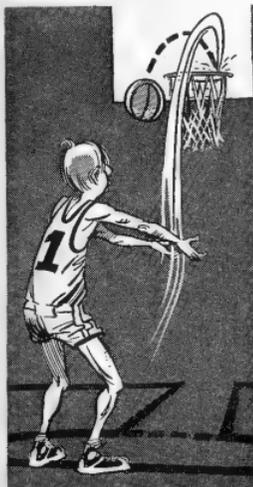


# DLING ADDS TO THRILLS

Scoring points (by tossing the ball in the basket) is the aim of the game, and all players are skilled in this art. Here are the basic shots, demonstrated by All-American Richard Furd, lovingly dubbed by fans as "Deadeye Dick."

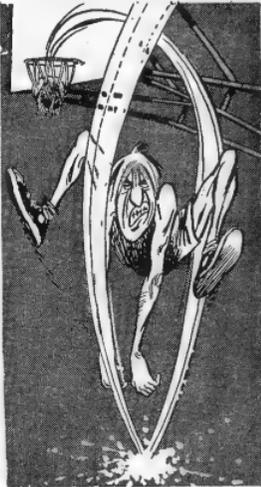
If a player is fouled, he  
is allowed a free chance  
to score with an easy . . .

### FOUL SHOT



When none of these shots  
are successful, the player  
will usually resort to the

### SOREHEAD SHOT

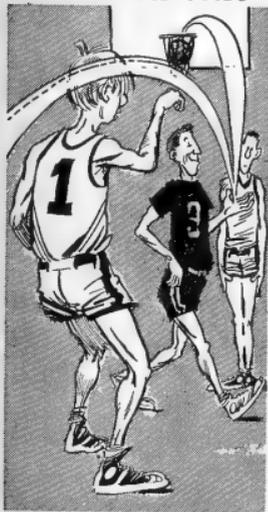


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# DECEPTIVE PASSING KEEPS PLAYERS ALERT

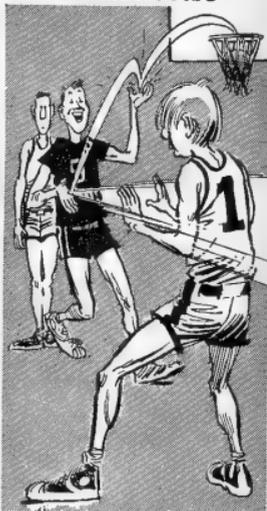
When the defense is open, the player can reach his teammate with an easy . . .

## OVERHAND PASS



When the defense is tight, the player can reach his teammate with a harder . . .

## BULLET PASS



Passing is an important part of the game, as it is used to set up plays and move the ball quickly down the court. Here are the basic passes, demonstrated by All-American Richard Furd, lovingly dubbed by fans as "Tricky Dicky."

When neither of these two passes succeed, the player will usually resort to the

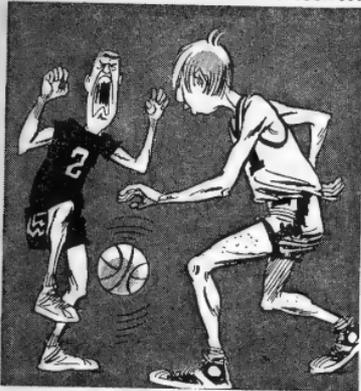
## BOUNCE PASS



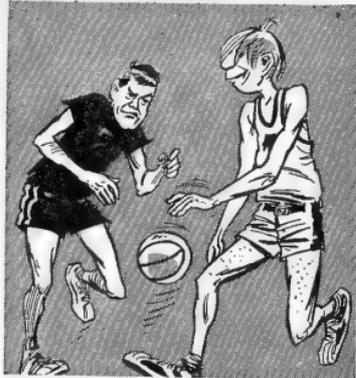
# FANCY DRIBBLING

Fancy dribbling can help win games when it is skillfully used to fake out the opponent and set up a scoring play.

Furd (No. 1) dribbles down the court...



Opponent (No. 2) lunges for the ball...



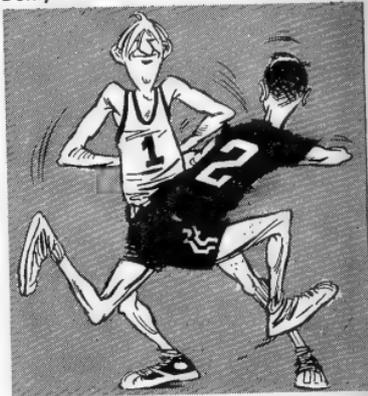
# HELPS WIN GAMES

Here is some fancy dribbling, as demonstrated by Richard Furd, which effectively shows how it can help win a game.

Furd starts a fancy backward dribble...



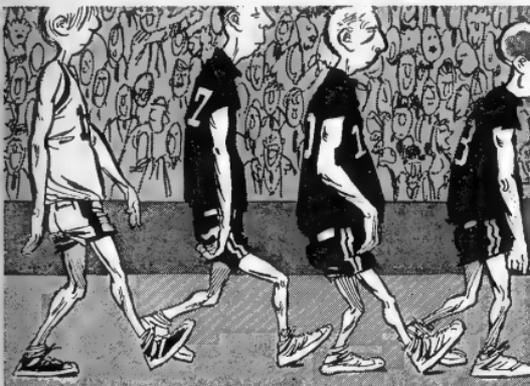
Defily transfers ball to other hand...



# NOW LET'S SEE HOW ACTIONPACKED GAME

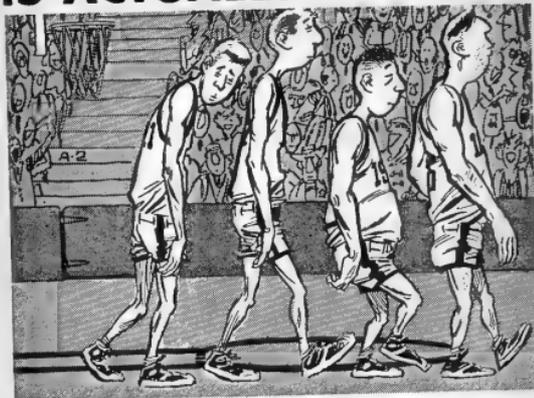


Referee centers ball and . . . . **TWEET!** . . .

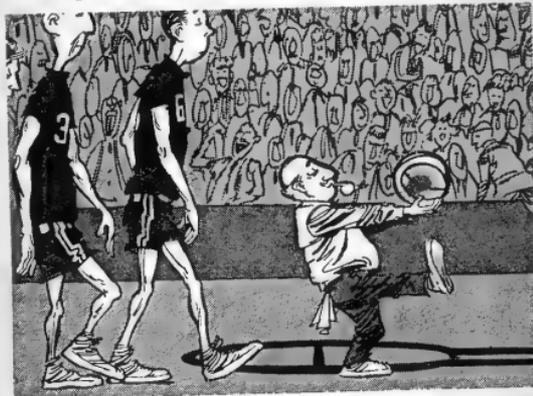


march down court to take proper place for foul shot

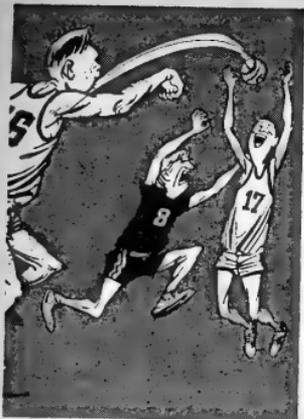
# THIS FAST, EXCITING, IS ACTUALLY PLAYED



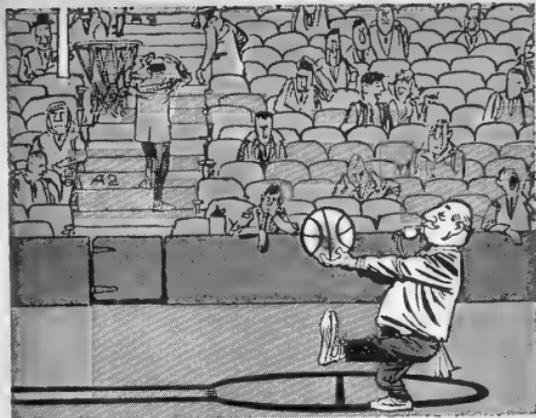
Hacking foul is called on No. 11, so everyone has to



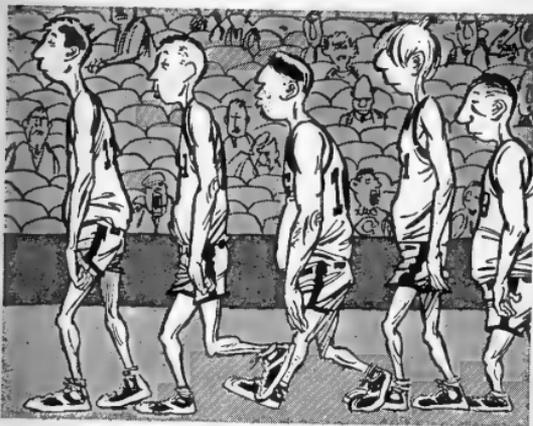
by No. 6. (He sunk it! Now it's the other team's ball!)



No. 16 tosses out ball and . . . **TWEET!** . . .



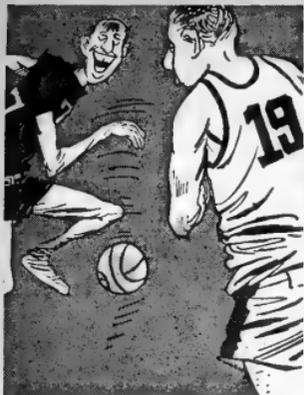
Holding foul is called on No. 8, so now everyone has



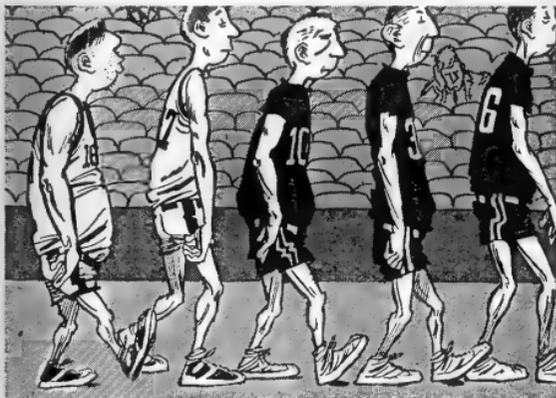
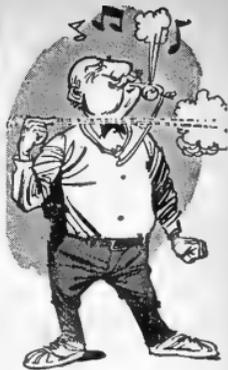
to march down to other end of court for foul shot by



No. 17. (He missed! Ball is recovered by other team!)



No. 7 starts to dribble and . . . . **TWEET!** . . .

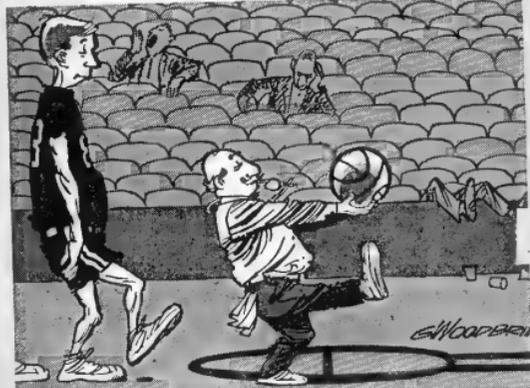


march back the other way to take proper place so that

**AND THAT'S HOW THIS  
... PARADING BACK AND**



Foulest foul is called on No. 19, so everyone must



Captain of victim's team can shoot Technical Foul.

**FAST EXCITING GAME GOES  
FORTH TO SHOOT FOULS!**

## INSTALLMENT OVERDUE DEPT.

With all this emphasis on the need for more specialized, technical education in the age of satellites, American newspapers may soon be pressured into

# The END

# of



dropping their comics in favor of more elevating material. Like Correspondence School ads. Should this ever happen MAD suggests what the wind-up installments may look like as we finally reach



# COMICS



# LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



1.



3.



2.



4.

4-32-84

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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



1.



2.



3.



4.

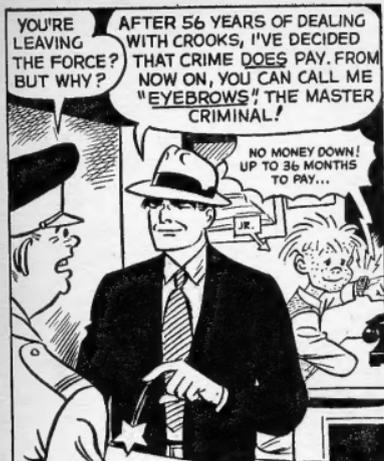
Copyright 1958 Ming Features Inc.

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# DICK TRACY



1.



2.



3.



4.

# MARY WORTH



HENRY

