



ABSOLUTELY MAD

THE MISSING PAGES

Articles missing from the Absolutely Mad DVD-ROM

Issue	Article Title	Pages	Possible Reason Why The Article Wasn't Included?
#30	A Saw Screams At Midnight Issue #30, December 1956	38 and 39	Originally taken from a book by the same title copyrighted in 1956. GIT was probably unable to get permission from the original publisher, E.P. Dutton & Co. A long-shot might be that Carl Reiner didn't want his photos featured.
#32	The Night People vs. "Creeping Meatballism" Issue #32, April 1957	41 thru 44	Mad claims to have recorded these "off-the-cuff remarks" from famous disc-jockey of the time, Jean Shepherd. GIT was probably unable to secure permission from the Shepherd estate.
#33	The Old Philosopher Sobs "The Disc Jockey's Lament" Issue #33, June 1957	34 and 35	From an original song by Eddie Lawrence produced by Coral Records, Inc. GIT most likely couldn't get permission from Lawrence and/or Coral Records.
#36	My Frien' Dufo Issue #36, December 1957	12 thru 15	Mad's "illustrated version" of a Wally Cox monologue was obviously not as easy for GIT to duplicate on the DVD-ROM. The Cox estate probably said "no".
#40	What It Was, Was Football! Issue #40, July 1958	44 thru 47	This Andy Griffith routine launched his career and was originally put out by Capital Records. GIT must have had problems getting permission from Griffith and/or Capital Records.
#80	Look What's Talking! Issue #80, July 1963	16 and 17	Mad reprinted samples from a book by the same title published in 1962 by Far Flung Enterprises. The original publisher or creators probably refused to give GIT permission, but it could be because at least a couple of the samples are outdated, politically incorrect, in poor taste and could potentially offend people of German or Asian descent.
#89	Comic Strips They'd Really Like To Do Issue #89, September 1964	38 thru 41	Popular comic strip artists of the time contributed strips to Mad and as a bonus explained why their submissions were strips they really wanted to do. GIT must have had problems with one or more of the six contributors

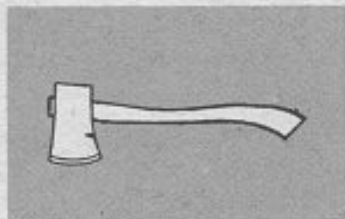
This article, with pictures posed by Carl Reiner of the Sid Caesar show, is concerned with the craze of "Do-it-yourself", currently sweeping the country. So this article is dedicated to the crazy do-it-yourselfers, currently sweeping their cellars. MAD, vitally interested in the strange continued increase in

sales of Band-Aids, peered into windows, looked up old craft guild histories, pored over tool catalogues, and finally came up with this article. We came up with this article mainly when we swiped it from a book* we found at our local lending library. Here then, is a capsule version of . . .

A SAW SCREAMS AT MIDNIGHT

With this

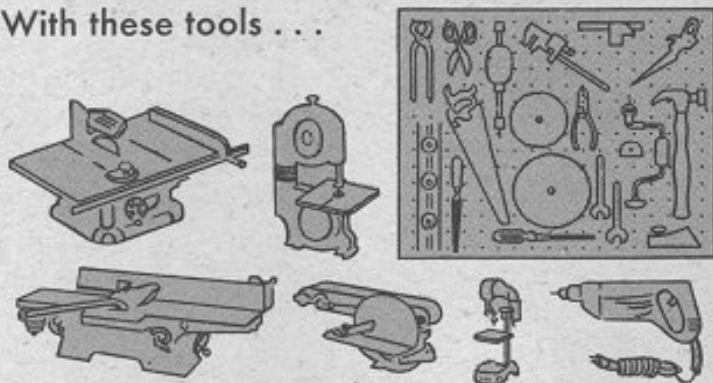
simple tool . . .



. . . a pioneer built this



With these tools . . .



. . . a home craftsman built this



Maybe you live with one, maybe you're one yourself, but certainly you know one—a Handy Andy, a Mr. Fixit, the guy with a cellar full of tools and sawdust in his hair instead of dandruff. He's the home craftsman, the do-it-yourselfer, the fugitive from a lumberyard. While legions of these fellows were boring, sawing and generally chewing their way through \$120 millions' worth of lumber last year, termites were able to eat their way through only \$40 million. The first home craftsman was the caveman. He squatted over his work and grunted. The modern home craftsman also squats occasionally, but grunts only when he tries to straighten up. His language is more developed than the caveman's. You should hear it when something goes wrong. The caveman's basic tool was the stone hammer. The modern woodworker's

is the power saw which is more developed than the caveman's stone hammer, but less versatile. You can't smack a dinosaur on the noggin with a Shopsmith. Some man on Long Island tried it and they took him away.

Noah was the first do-it-yourselfer of history. He made a triple-decker ark out of gopher wood. And Noah did it the hard way. No diagrams. No handy hardware store or local lumberyard. How-to-do-it-yourself has deep roots in American tradition, too. No sooner had the pilgrims stepped off Plymouth Rock than they met an Indian who said "How?" Then came George Washington, a pretty handy guy with a hatchet. He was followed by Abraham Lincoln, sometimes called "The Rail Splitter" because the bench saw had not yet been invented. But the era of the handyman who



THE FIRST HOME CRAFTSMAN



THE MODERN HOME CRAFTSMAN





Holding nails in the mouth is inadvisable as a slight mishap may cause one to be swallowed.

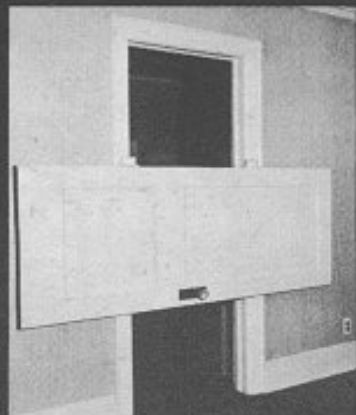
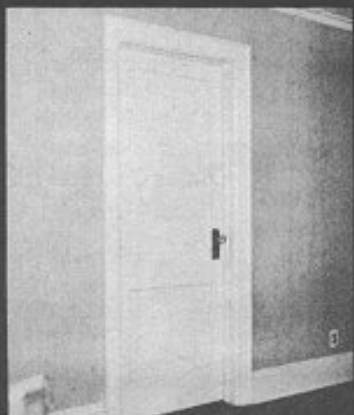
could do things for himself was already doomed. Eli Whitney had put the crusher on it with his cotton gin, which ushered in an age of decadent aristocracy. For generations smart people thought of their hands only as something that gave a finished look to a sleeve. Aside from the beau geste of tossing an occasional hand to a manicurist, it was a nuisance, something that got caught in mousetraps and was later to cause misunderstandings in crowded elevators. The hand had to be washed and dried endlessly. In winter it turned blue and had to be blown upon or stored in an old pocket. The hand had become obsolete. Suddenly, all this changed. About 1945 came the Do-It-Yourself revolution. People rediscovered their hands, and found that they were ideal for holding tools, for doing and making things around the home. Today smart people no longer show each other their operations, but their calluses.

Getting the most out of your keyhole saw.



HINTS FOR THE HOBBYIST

RIGHT WAY WRONG WAY



How to hang a door



How to hold a pencil



How to drive a nail

PROGRESS OF THE HOBBYIST

BEFORE



AFTER



JEAN SHEPHERD DEPT.

Mr. Jean Shepherd, W O R Disc-Jockey, made front page news recently when his candid remarks enraged network officials and he was suddenly fired from his all-night spot. But then, just as suddenly, he was rehired by these same embarrassed network officials when the uproar from his irate fans reached riotous proportions. Recently, we trapped Mr. Shepherd in the MAD offices, free from the restraining influences of sponsors and network brass, in order to tape-record the following article. So here then, faithfully transcribed, are Mr. Shepherd's off-the-cuff remarks concerning . . .



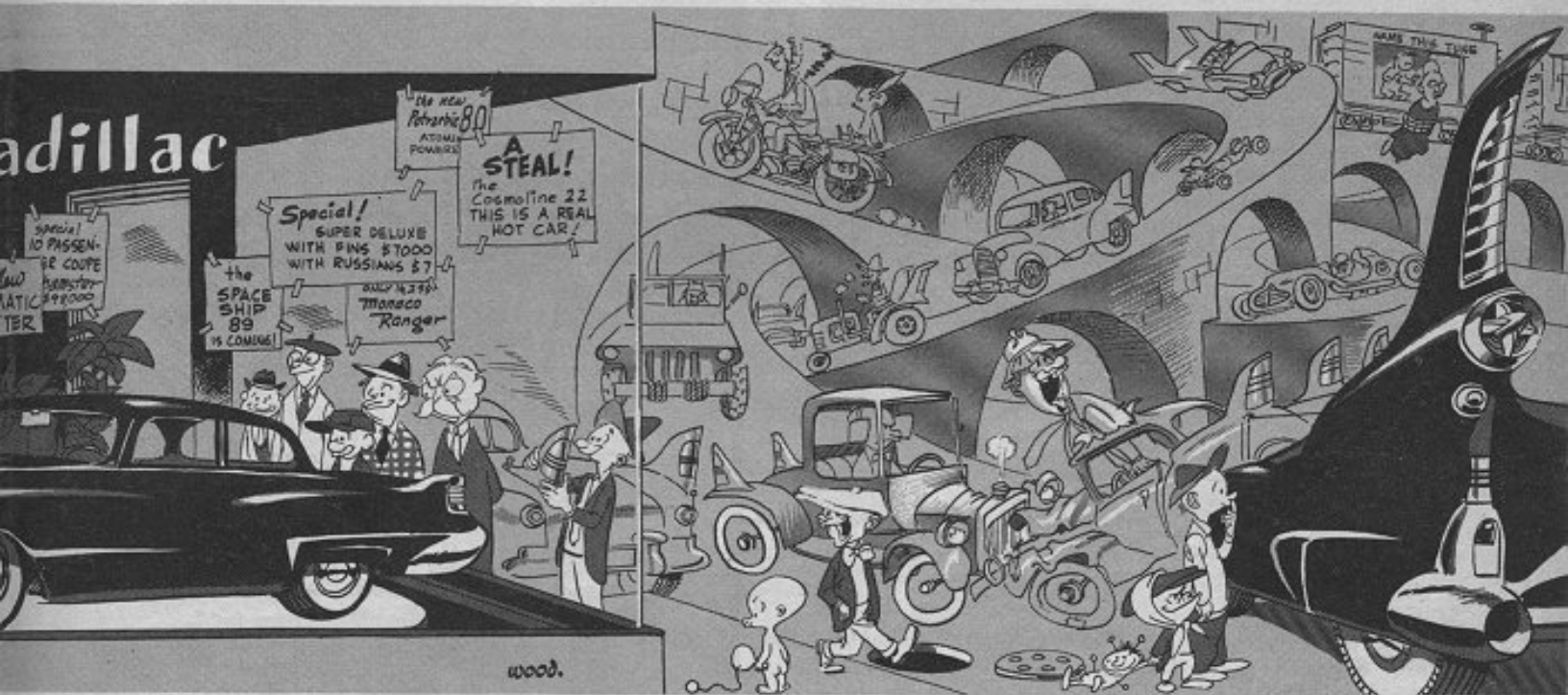
MR. JEAN SHEPHERD

The Night People vs. "Creeping Meatballism"

IN THE LANGUAGE OF "DAY PEOPLE", I suppose "Night People" may be called many things. Like "soreheads", "wise-guys", "eggheads", "long-hairs", "outsiders", etc. Whatever they're called, the fact remains they're a genuine phenomenon. They're the people who refuse to be taken in by the "Day World" philosophy of "Creeping Meatballism".

The average person today thinks in certain prescribed patterns. People today have a genuine fear of stepping out and thinking on their own. "Creeping Meatballism" is this rejection of individuality. It's conformity. The American brags about being a great individualist, when actually he's

the world's *least* individual person. The idea of thinking individually has become a big joke. Old Thomas J. Watson of I.B.M. came up with the idea for a sign which just said: "Think". And today, it's a *gag!* This is the result of "Creeping Meatballism". The guy who has been taken in by the "Meatball" philosophy is the guy who really believes that contemporary people are slim, and clean-limbed, and they're so much fun to be with . . . because they drink Pepsi-Cola. As long as he believes this, he's in the clutches of "Creeping Meatballism". He's a "Day People". Let me give you some examples of "Creeping Meatballism" at work . . .



WE'LL TAKE SOMETHING THAT'S artistically interesting, and then, because we like it, we'll overdo it ten times, thereby destroying it. Like for example when Cadillac first came out with those little tail fins. Everybody thought it was great. Guys with Chevies and Pontiacs went out and bought phony tail fins which they tagged on, and all the car manu-

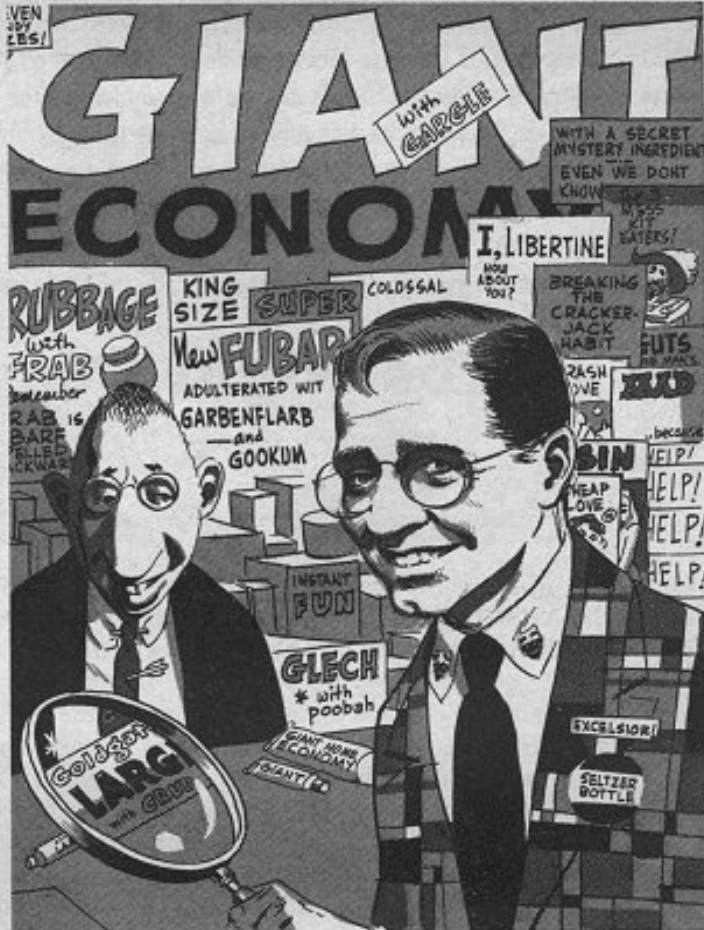
facturers began to see that there was a "thing" here. So the next thing you know, every car has fins.

Couple of years ago, we had a horsepower competition. Now there's a fin competition.

In the "Day World", the car with the highest and longest fin is the car everybody's interested in. CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



I GO INTO A DRUGSTORE TO BUY a small tube of toothpaste for my travelling kit, which is the only size it will take, and I say, "I want a small tube of toothpaste." And the clerk says, "Okay," and he gives me this tube, and on the side it says "large". So I say, "What's this? I want the *small* one!" And he says, "That *is* the small one!" And I say, "It says here . . . 'large!'" And he's getting irritated because I'm beginning to probe into his psyche. This has bothered him a little bit, but he's never said anything before. "Well . . . the 'large' is the smallest they make!", he says. Which means it is totally impossible in the "Day World" to buy anything that's "small". Even if you try.



TODAY, EVERYTHING HAS A BADGE. Take men's suits. I go into Macy's basement, where they sell cheap men's clothing. (And incidentally, they don't call them "Cheap", they call them "Budget-Minded".) And they have this big rack of men's suits. And it says "Custom Brand". And I say, "Custom designed suits? Who are they designed for? I thought 'Custom designed' means designed for an individual." And the salesman says, "Well, you see . . . they're designed for *us* . . . *the basement*." That means, it's impossible in the "Day World" to buy a standard rack suit. All suits are custom designed. Even if they're designed for the rack, and they fit the hangers beautifully.





TODAY, NO MAN IS WITHOUT A MEDAL. I know of a department store where they had all "Day People" working, and these people began to rail at being called "employees". There's something about being called an "employee" which makes you sound like a second-rate citizen. So the guys upstairs started to think about this, and they figured the best thing to do was to change the name. So now, all the people

who work at this particular department store are no longer called "employees", but "associates". And everybody's happy. They've had about a 25% decrease in quitings, fist fights, etc. Because they're "associates" now. It's impossible to be an employee there.

Just as it's impossible to buy a car without fins, or a small tube of toothpaste or a standard rack suit.



HERE'S A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE of "Creeping Meatballism." On "Wide Wide World" one week, they took these cameras down to Florida, and they said, "A lot of you people have never been to Florida, and you want to know how Florida looks, so here's Florida!" And they showed all these palm trees and girls in bathing suits. And it looked like Florida. Only what happened was, when they took those cameras down and set them up, it didn't look like the way they

thought Florida *should* look. So they actually went out and got twenty-five prop palm trees and set them all around, and got some girls to walk around in bathing suits, even though nobody *wore* bathing suits in that part of Florida.

And all the meatballs all over the country sat there and said, "Yeah, by George, there's Florida all right! That's the way Florida looks!" Which means that "Creeping Meatballism" has taken hold of geography.



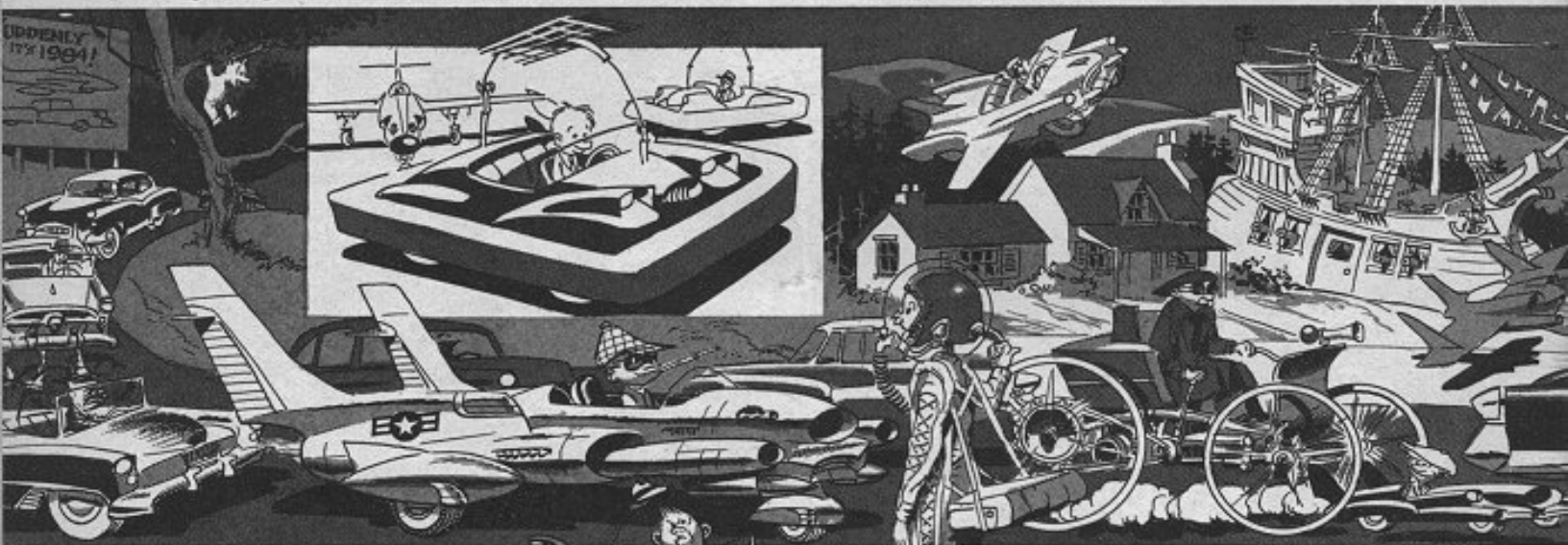
THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF CONFUSION about what is progress. I think one of the fine examples of the difference between "Night People" and "Day People" can be observed when they both watch Betty Furness do a commercial for Westinghouse. You know the one where she says "Another new miracle has been wrought! Mankind once again progresses! The new Westinghouse refrigerator for 1957 opens from *both sides!*" Well, a "Day People" sitting there says,

I WAS LISTENING THE OTHER DAY to an ad, and the guy was saying the car he was selling was designed like a jet plane. And I said to myself, "A jet plane is a beautiful thing. Sounds great." Until I suddenly realized: What relationship does a jet plane have with a car that spends most of its time banging into fire hydrants on 59th Street, or piddling along at eight miles an hour in cross-town traffic?

"By George, we really *are* getting ahead!" And he feels great. He can see Mankind taking another significant step up that great pyramid of civilization. But a "Night People" watching this thing can't quite figure out what's the advantage of a refrigerator which opens from both sides. All he wants to know is, "Does it keep the stuff cold?"

He's not quite sure there's been any great mark of progress, while there's still wars and stuff going on!

Why, it shouldn't look like a jet plane at all! It should look like one of those rubber-bumpered things they have in amusement parks! That's the ideal car for traffic! What possible advantage would a jet plane have for a guy on Clark Street in Chicago? It would be like designing a house to look like a Spanish Galleon. Everybody likes the looks of those so you might as well live in one.



EVERY ONE OF US, I don't care who he is, has a certain amount of "Night People" in him. Because, no matter how many refrigerators you buy from Betty Furness, no matter how many "custom" suits you buy, no matter how many cars with fins you buy, you're still an individual.

And I'll say this: Once a guy starts *thinking*, once a guy starts *laughing* at the things he once thought were very real, once he starts laughing at T. V. commercials, once he starts getting a boot out of movie trailers, once he begins to realize

that just because a movie is wider or higher or longer doesn't make it a better movie, once a guy starts doing that, he's making the transition from "Day People" to "Night People".

And once this happens, he can never go back!



THE OLD

sobs "The Disc

Hi ya, fellers . . .

You say your librarian eloped with an obscure song-plugger . . .
And you've been pulling all your own records?

Y'say here it is the middle of March . . .
And the old payola ain't come through yet?

And the engineer was trying to roll up his sleeves . . .
And he put his fist through the control room window?

And your wife caught you with the receptionist . . .
And broke all your *Brunswicks*?

And a gang of rock-and-rollers are waitin' for you in the alley . . .
'Cause you said Elvis Presley needs a haircut?

Is that what's troublin' you, feller?

Hey, there, cousin . . .

You say five sponsors dropped out when they discovered
you tried to squeeze in a record Monday morning?

And your wife wants you to take her mother to the
Disc Jockey Convention in Las Vegas?

And your microphone's all rusty?
And your 45 commercials are spinnin' at 78?

And the engineer just put on a big symphony . . .
And he won't turn it off because he says he likes good music?

And you just interviewed a lady singer . . .
And she said a lot of dirty words over the air waves . . .
And the mayor is trying to contact you?

Is that what's botherin' you, cousin?

Say, there, Bunky . . .

You say you're spinnin' the "*Hits of the Week*" . . .
And the owner of the station calls up and wants to hear "*Liebe-
strraum*"?



PHILOSOPHER*

Jockey's Lament''

And you just discovered you've been givin' the wrong times all morning...

And all your listeners are late for work...
And a lot of them got fired...
And they're suing you?

And someone brought up a container of coffee...
With a live turtle in it...
And it spilled all over your brand new copy?

And the turntables got stuck...
And it's Sunday...
And you've got to keep ad libbing...
Till the man comes back from the beach to fix them?

And your pants are all soaked from that coffee?

And someone sticks last year's headlines under your nose...
And you're reading them?

And the head of your fan club...
A big heavy-set girl...
Was just arrested for attacking an old man in a hotel lobby?

Is that what's on your mind, Bunky?

**WELL, LIFT YOUR HEAD UP HIGH...
AND TAKE A WALK IN THE SUN...
WITH THAT MAGNITUDE...
AND FORTITUDE...
AND YOU'LL SHOW THE WORLD!
YOU'LL SHOW 'EM WHERE TO GET OFF!
YOU'LL NEVER GIVE UP...
NEVER GIVE UP...
NEVER GIVE UP...
THAT SHIP!**

This is the Dee Jay's Old Philosopher sayin'...

**MAN THE LIFEBOATS!
WOMEN AND SONG-PLUGGERS FIRST!**

* Coral Records Inc.
50 West 57th St.
New York 19, N. Y.

PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER



...We'd like to be Yma Sumac's lyric writer.





WALLY COX

WALLY COX DEPT.

Wally Cox will be best remembered for his delightful roles as TV's "Mr. Peepers" and "Hiram Holiday". He will also be best remembered for his appearances on "The Steve Allen Show", "The NBC Comedy Hour", "The U. S. Steel Hour", "The Philco Show", "The Bob Hope Show", and many others. He will be least remembered, however, for this article in MAD, an illustrated version of the hilarious monologue he calls:

MY FRIEND!

Y'know, when you're a kid, you do anything for a dare? You hang over d'edge of a roof on a board for a dare?



Well, we seen these guys, they'ze tryin' t' get Dufo t' hang over d'edge of a roof on a board . . .



An' we seen a board! It wuzza li'l thin board!



W'usta play "Roof Tag". Everybody hasta run over d' roofs?



An everybody hasta run under d'wire? (Fer . . . raddio . . . or sumptin', I dunno!)



Y'know, when a guy can' swim, yuh t'row 'im inna water, he gets scared? Well, we seen dis guy, he couldn't swim . . .



An we'ze t'rowin' 'im inna water . . . an' he'ze gettin' real scared!



DUFO

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



W'usta have a frien', Dufu . . . What a crazy guy!
Always makes us laugh! (snicker!)

An' we tol' 'im,
"It won' hol' yuh!" Y'know?



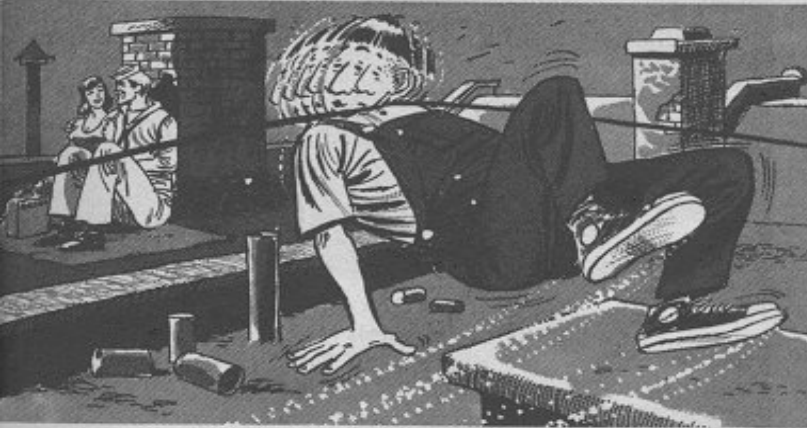
So, he'ze gonna do it anyway! (snicker!)



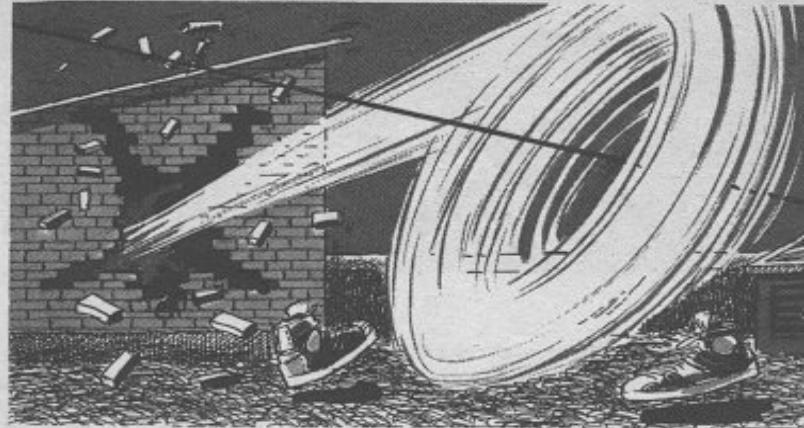
What a crazy guy!



Anyway, everybody runs under d' wire but Dufol (snicker!)
Gets it right in the neck! (snicker)



What a crazy guy!



So I'm tellin' Dufu, "Hey, pull 'im
out!" Y'know, he's drowndin' . . . he's
turnin' blue . . . every'ing . . .

So, Dufu keeps pushin' 'im in again!
(snicker!)

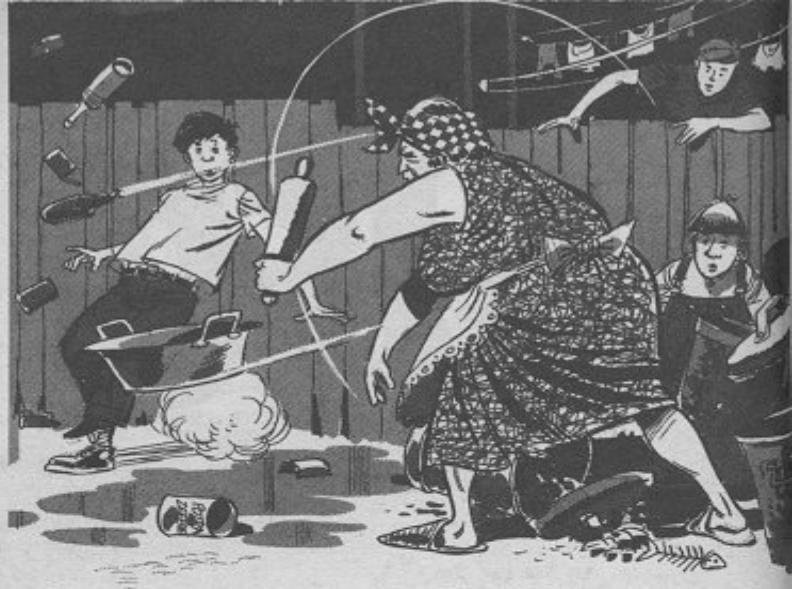


What a crazy guy!





W'usta play "Backyard Race". Everybody hasta run 'cross d' backyard an' climb over d' fence . . . an' run 'cross d' backyard an' climb over d' fence . . . an' like that? An' whoever gets t' d' end foist wins?



So dis one backyard, everytime we run 'cross, d' lady comes an' t'rows t'ings at us. Y'know . . . water, pans, bottles, everyt'ing . . .

W'usta take different cars an' drive 'em aroun'. We di'n't keep 'em or anyt'ing! You know, some guys sell 'em! We di'n't sell 'em or anyt'ing!



An' he says, "Dat ain't chore car!" (snicker!) Y'know, he's real dumb!



W'usta park 'em in fronna d' Police Station when we was t'rough wit 'em!

So I says, "Sure! Here's a keys!" I says, "G'head! Take yer goil fer a ride!"

So he gets in it. He jus' gets aroun' d' corner, an' a cops pick 'm up! (snicker!)





An' her husband gets real mad. He puts up a board wit' nails in it, so every time we climb over d' fence, we hafta jump over d' nails . . .



Well, one time, we'ze out climbin' over d' fence, everybody jumps over d' nails but Dufol (Snicker!)

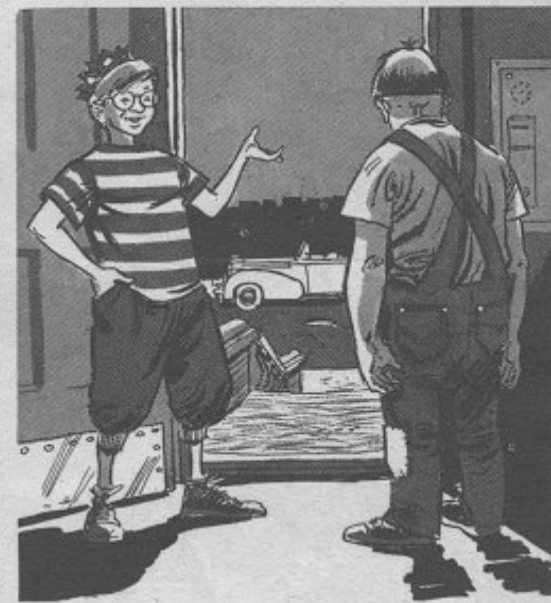


Sixteen stitches! (snicker!)
What a crazy guy!

Well, anyway, we seen dis car, it wazza t'oiity-nine Packard. An'a keys wuz in it.

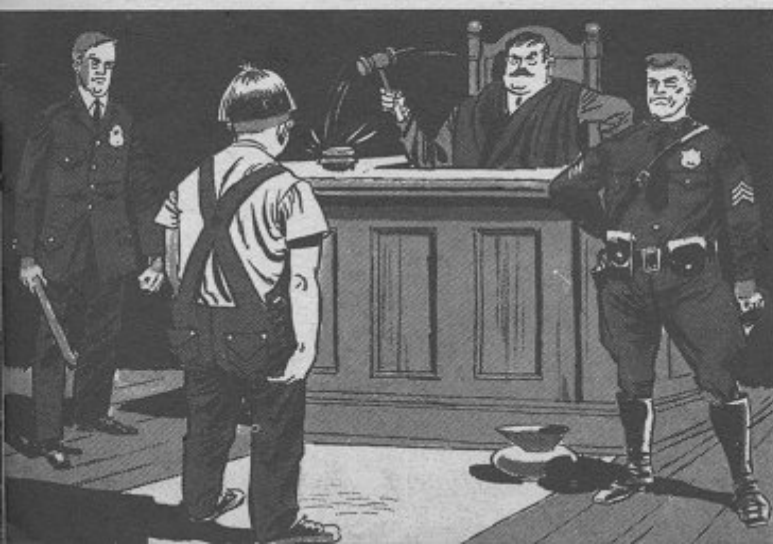
So we'ze drivin' it aroun', an' I says, "Le's go over t' Dufol's house!"

So we wen' over dere, an' lef' it in front, an wen' inside. An' I says, "Hey, Dufol! Dere's my car out dere! How yuh like it?"



He's on t'ree years probation!
(snicker!)

But 'cha know sumptin'? That'sa onny t'ing he ever done wrong! Well . . . I'll see y' aroun' . . . eh?





ANDY GRIFFITH DEPT.

Andy Griffith's impressive list of credits include: a triple-triumph in the TV, stage, and soon-to-be-released Warner Bros. screen version of "No Time For Sergeants," a memorable performance in "A Face in the Crowd," a recent successful appearance in "The Male Animal" on *Playhouse 90*, past dramatic roles on the *U. S. Steel Hour*, and guest spots on the *Dinah Shore Show*, the *Steve Allen Show*, *Club Oasis*, and the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Now Andy louses up his whole list by appearing in MAD Magazine with the routine that first won him fame (and is available on a Capitol Record) called . . .

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



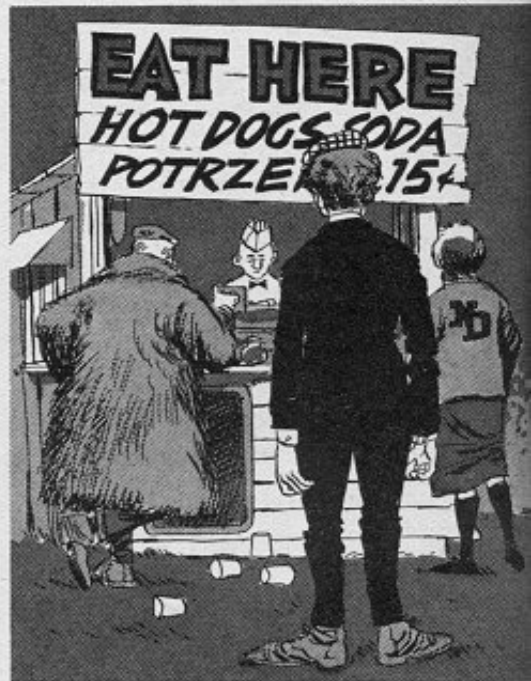
It was back last October, I believe it was. We was a-goin' t' hold a tent service in this college town. And we got thar about dinnertime on Saturday.

And I looked up over one of 'em, and it says "North Gate." And we kept on a-goin', and purty soon we come up on a boy, and he says, "Ticket, please!"



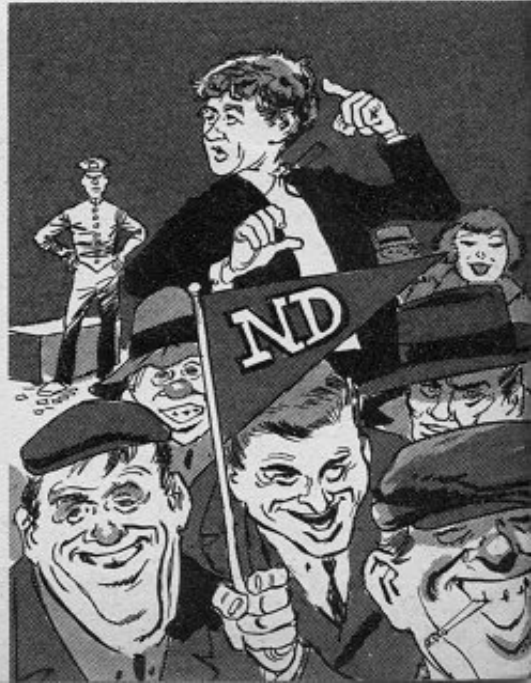
And different ones of us thought that we ought to get us a mouthful to eat before that we set up the tent. And so, we got down off of the truck . . .

And I says, "Friend, I don't have a ticket! I don't even know where it is that I'm a-goin'!" . . . *I did!*



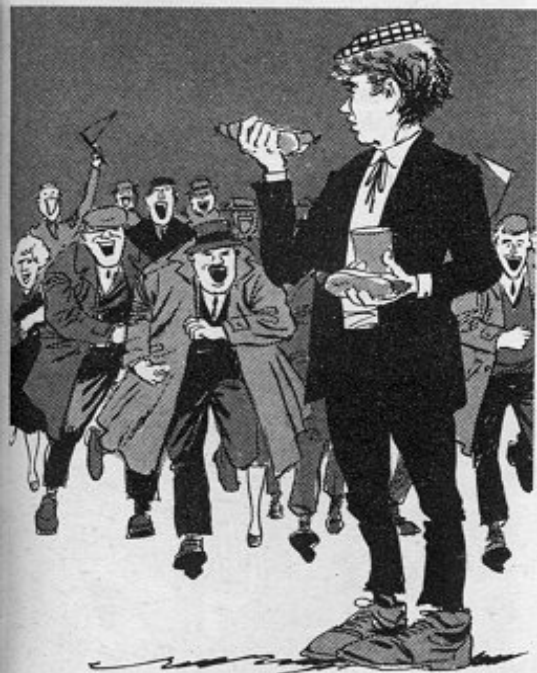
. . . and followed this little bunch of people through this small patch of woods. And we come up on a big sign, says, "Get somethin' t' eat chyere!"

Well, he says, "Come out as quick as y'can!" And I says, "I'll do 'er! I'll turn aroun' the first chancet I get!"



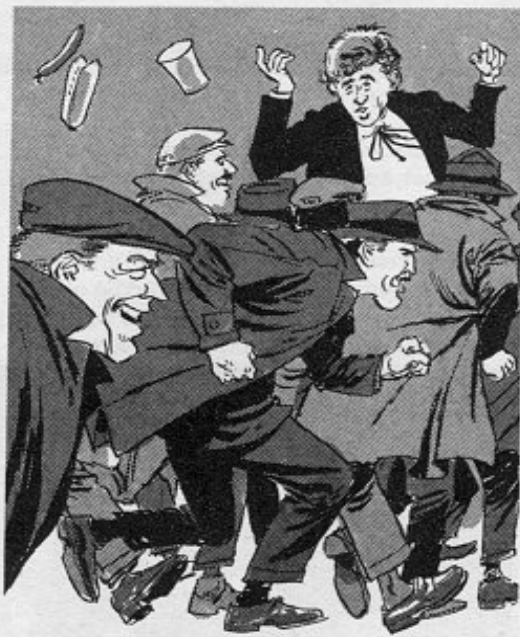
WHAT IT WAS, WAS FOOTBALL!

•• PARADISE LOST by Joe Di Maggio



And I went up and got me two hot dogs and a big orange drink. And before I could take a-ry mouthful of that food, this whole raft of people come up . . .

Well, we kep' on a-movin' through thar, and soon everybody got where they was a-goin', because they parted, and I could see pretty good! . . . I could!



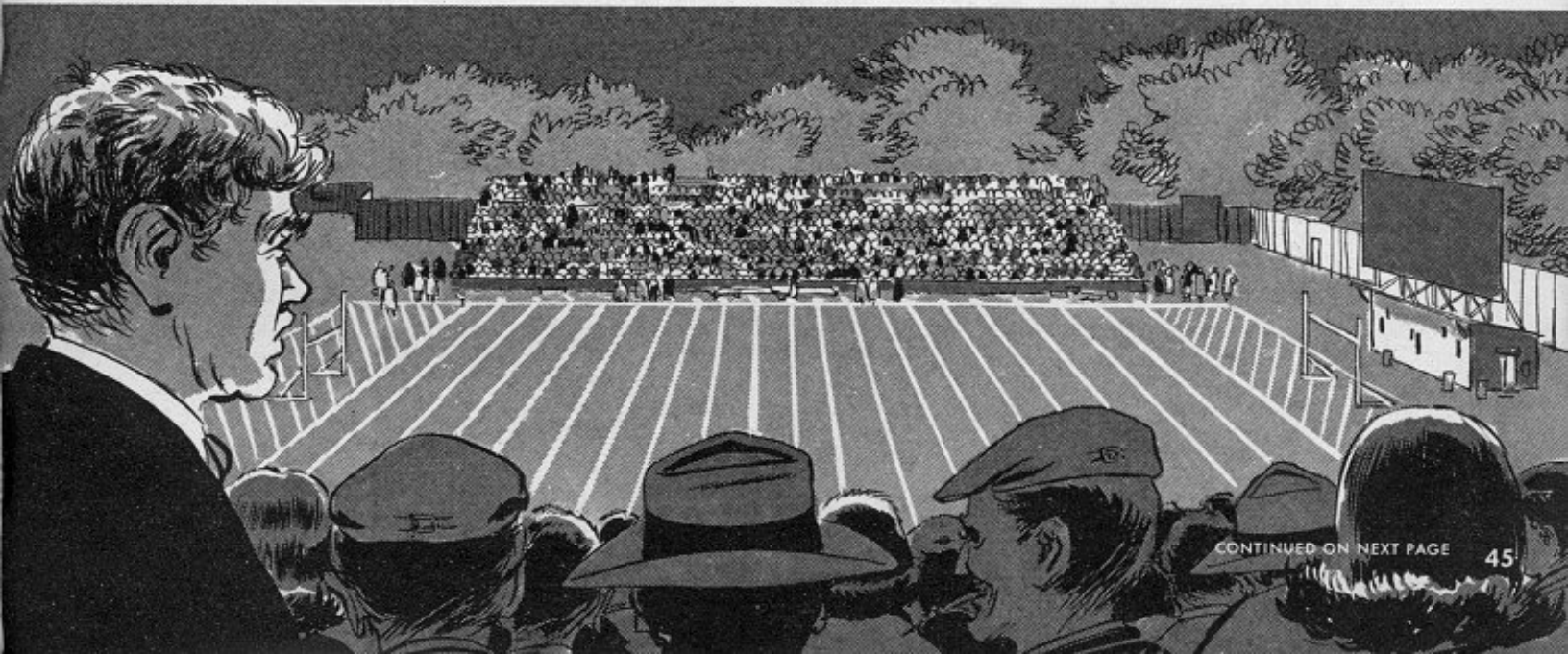
And they got me t' where I couldn't eat nothin' up-like, and I dropped my big orange drink! . . . I did!

And what I seen was this whole raft o' people a-settin' on these two banks, and a-lookin' at one-another across this pretty little green cow pasture.



Well, friends, they commence to move, and thar warn't so much that I could do but move with 'em . . . through all kinds o' doors an' gates an' what-all!

Well, *they was!* And somebody had took and drawed white lines all over it, and drove posts in it, and I don't know what-all! . . . *They had!*

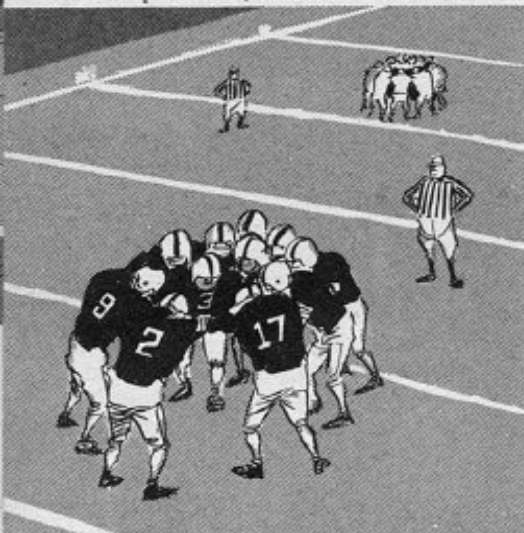


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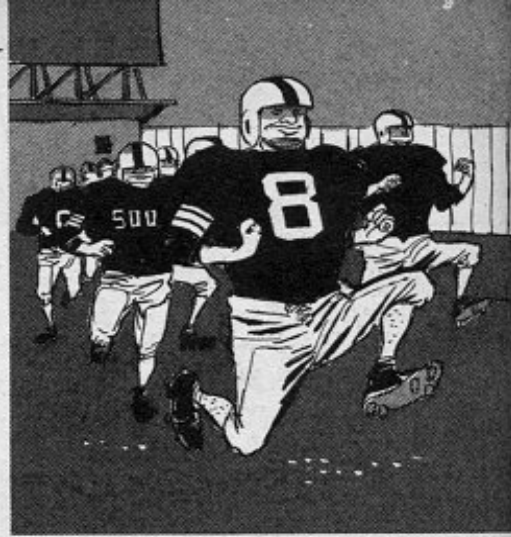
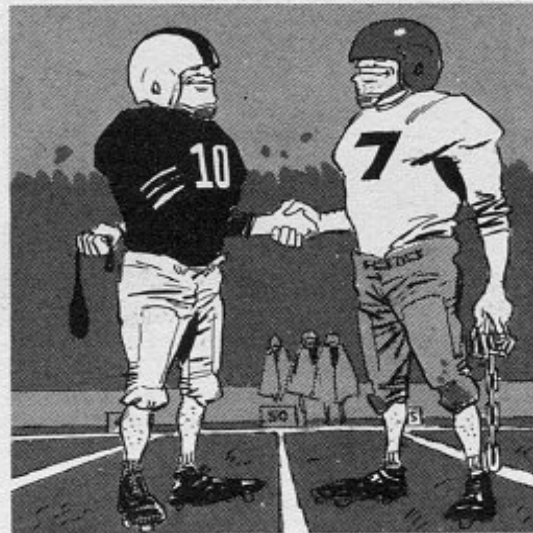
And I looked down thar, and I seen 5 or 6 convicts a-runnin' up and down, and a-blowin' whistles! ... *They was!*

And when I sat back down, I seen that them men had got in two little-bitty bunches down thar! ... *They had! Real close! And they voted! ... They did!*



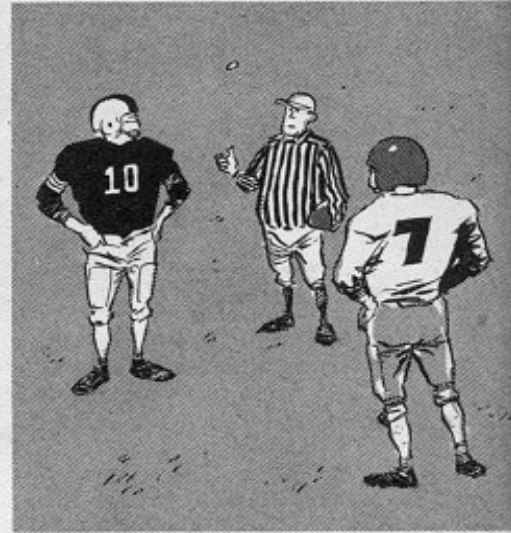
And I seen these purty girls a-wearin' these little-bitty short dresses, and a-dancin' around. So I sat down t'see what was a-goin' t' happen! ... *I did!*

They elected one man apiece, and them two men come out in the middle of that cow pasture and shook hands like they hadn't seen one-another in a long time.



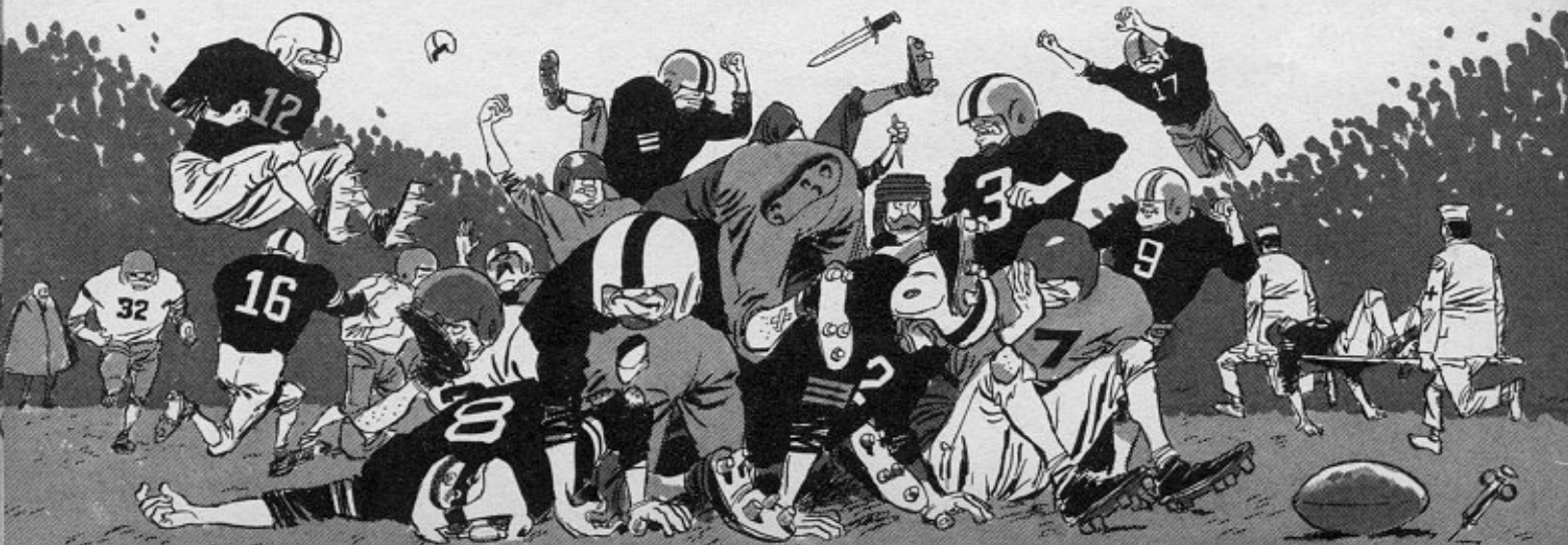
About the time I got sat down good, I looked down and I seen 30 or 40 men come a-runnin' out one end of a great big outhouse down there! ... *They did!*

And then a convict come over to where the two of 'em was a-standin', and he took out a quarter, and they commence to "odd-man" right thar! ... *They did!*



And, friends, I seen that evenin' the awfulest fight that I have ever seen in my life! They'd run at one-another, an' kick one-another, an' th'ow one-another down, an'

stomp on one-another, an' grind their feet in one-another, an' I don't know what-all! And just as fast as one of 'em'd get hurt, they'd tote him off and run another one on ...





And everybody where I was a-settin' they got up and hollered. And about that time, 30 or 40 come a-runnin' out the other end of that outhouse.



And the other bankful, *they* got up and hollered. And I asked this feller that was a-settin' beside me, "Friend, what is it that they're a-hollerin' for?"

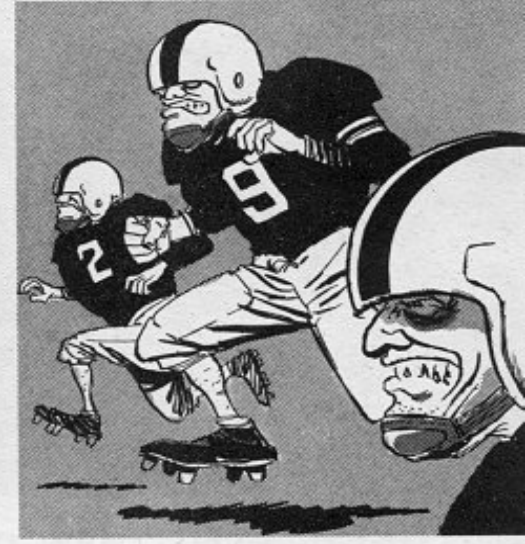
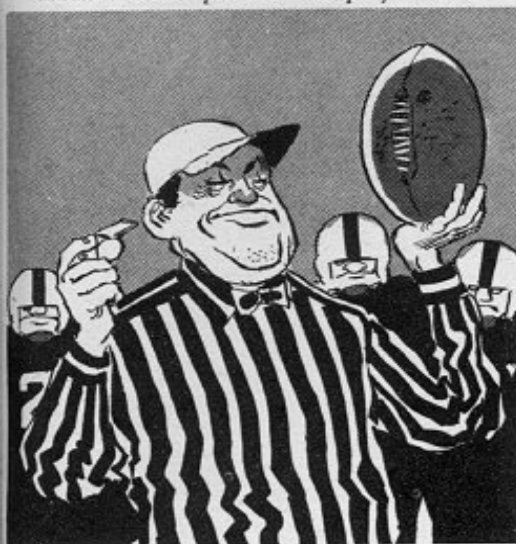


Well, he whup me on the back, an' he says, "Buddy, have a drink! Well," I says, "I believe I will have another big orange!" And I got it! ... *I did!*

And then I seen what it *was* they was odd-manin' for! It was that both them bunchesful of men wanted this funny-lookin' little *punkin'* to play with!

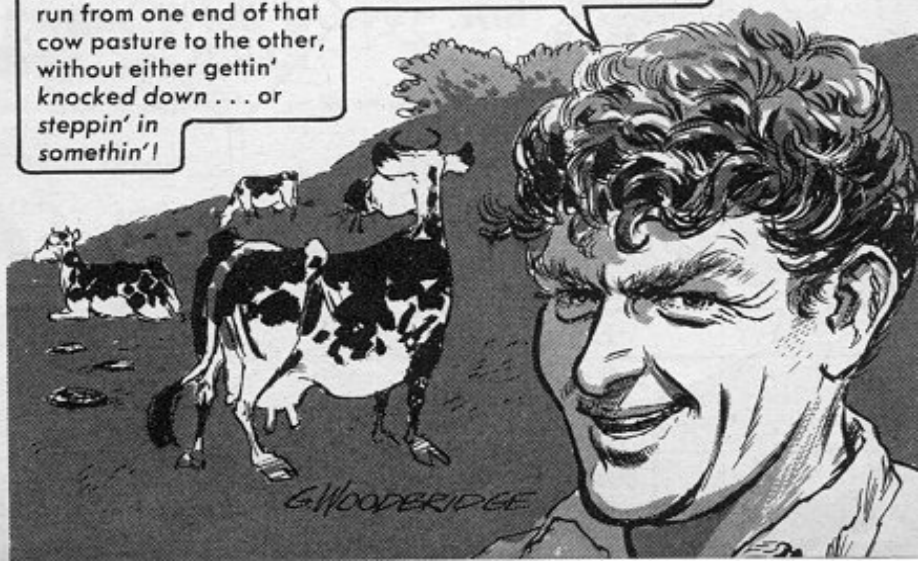
They did! And I know they couldn't-a eat it, friends, 'cause they kicked it the whole evenin', and it never *busted!*

Anyway, what I was a-tellin' was both bunchesful wanted that thing, and one bunch got it! And it made the other bunch just as *mad* as they could be!



Well, they done that as long as I set thar. But pretty soon this boy that had said "Ticket, Please!", he come up to me, an' he says, "Friend, you're gonna have t' leave because it is that you don't have a ticket!" An' I says, "Well, all right!" And I got up and left! ... *I did!*

And I don't know, friends, to this day what it was that they was a-doin' down thar! But I have studied about it. And I think that it's some kindly of a contest where they see which bunchful of them men can take that *punkin'* an' run from one end of that cow pasture to the other, without either gettin' knocked down ... or steppin' in somethin'!



G. WOODERIDGE

SPEAKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Recently, the guys who started the adult coloring book craze (if you don't count "The MAD 'Down-To-Earth' Coloring Book" in issue #58, published in 1960) with the "Executive Coloring Book" decided to give their imitators something new to imitate.

"Look What's Talking!" seemed logical, since the trend is for things to take over the world anyway — like beginning with people's jobs. Hence this book of anthropomorphic humor. Don't ask us what "anthropomorphic" means — that's what the authors

LOOK WHAT'S TALKING!

By Dennis M. Altman, Martin A. Cohen & Robert E. Natkin; from an idea by Robert G. Fryml

FAST! FAST! FAST!



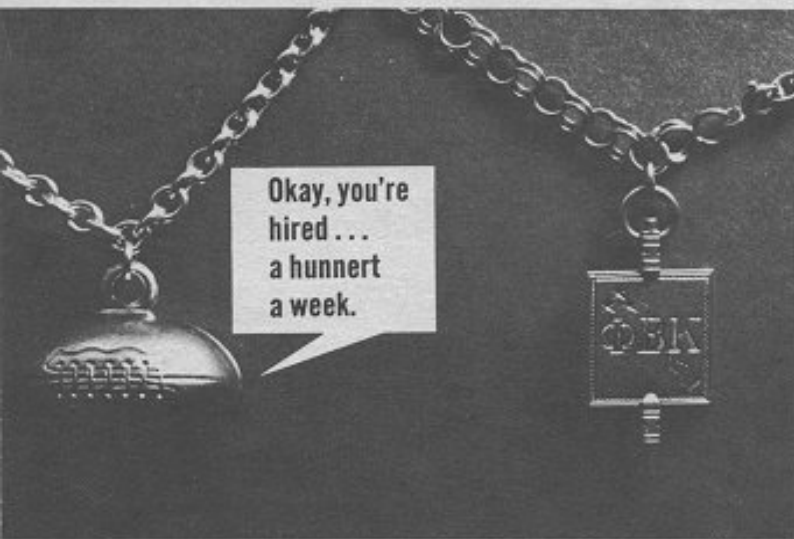
Go to hell.



Achtung!



Okay, you're hired ... a hunnert a week.



You ... ha ha ha ... mean after they ... oh ha ha giggle ... after they chew ... they ha ha ha hee haw hee ...



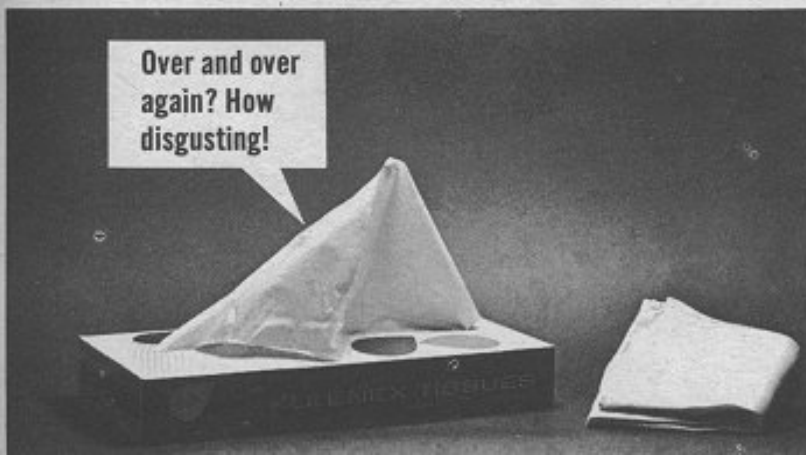
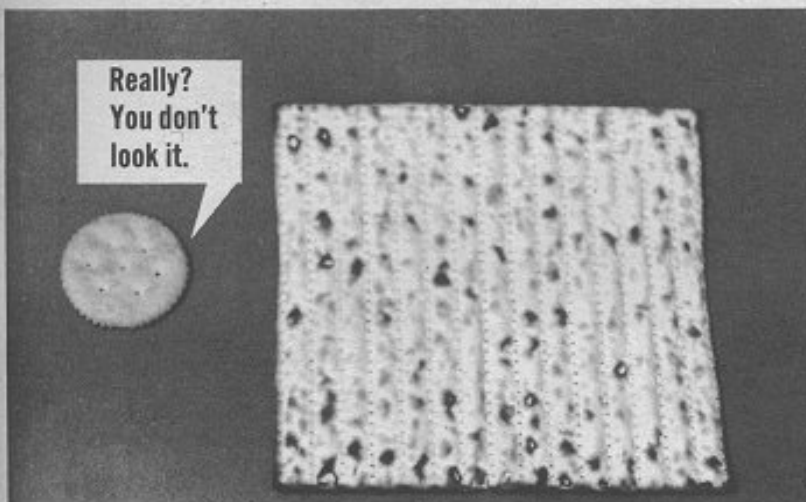
Big deal, so you can do one lousy trick!



call this junk. Anyway, you can get this book at your local book dealer. If he hasn't got it, you could burn all his other books and maybe work him over a little. Or perhaps you won't even want to bother, once you've seen these sample photos from

TALKING!

Copyright 1962, by Far Flung Enterprises



Recently, MAD invited some wonderful guys—comic strip artists we've kidded in the past, but whom we secretly admire—to let down their hair and join in the fun. What we did was ask them to draw the "Comic Strip Of Their Dreams"—the type of strip they'd really like to be doing instead of the one they do every day. And here is their response—as

Some Famous Cartooni COMIC STRIPS T

CHARLES M. SCHULZ—creator of "PEANUTS"

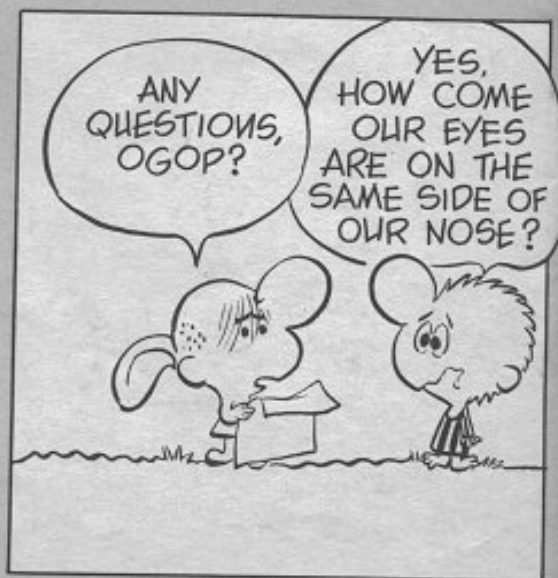


"This is the sort of comic strip I have secretly longed to do. When one is involved in drawing a strip like "Peanuts," which demands so much research and has such detailed characterization, intricate backgrounds, ornate costuming and complicated plots, one naturally looks with envy upon those who draw simple strips. I sometimes spend hours on one particular panel in order to achieve just the right lighting and action and dramatic effect. By drawing a much simpler type of strip, I would also be able to give up having to use reference photos and pose live models."

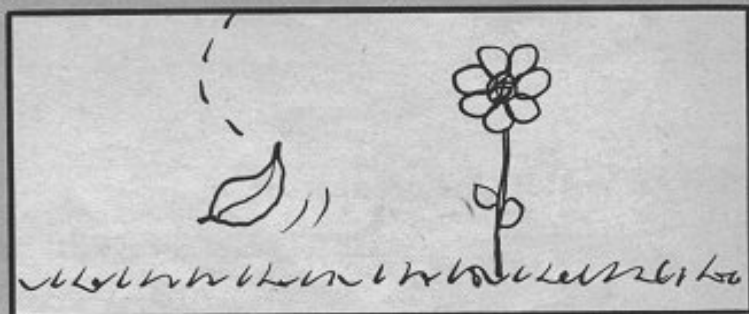
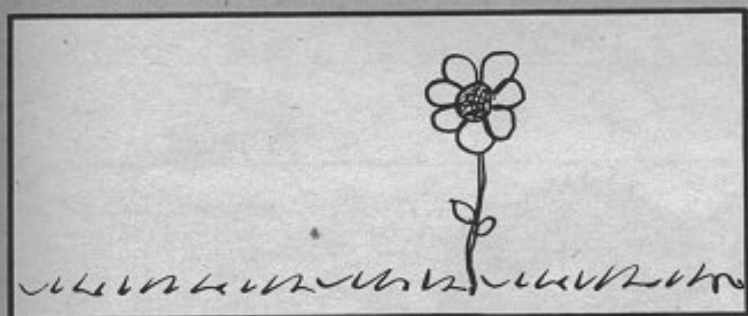
WALT KELLY—creator of "POGO"



"Here's the kind of thing I'd like to be doing—a comic strip that depends on straight and accurate drawing—like Mell Lazarus's 'Miss Peach!'"



sts Go "MAD"- And Offer Examples Of HEY'D REALLY LIKE TO DO



KEN ERNST & ALLEN SAUNDERS—creators of

“MARY WORTH”

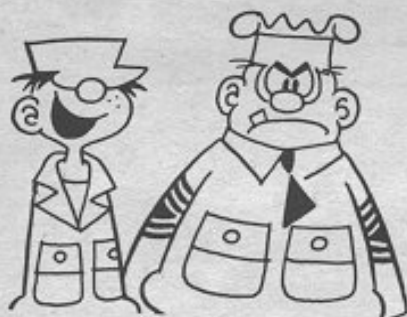


“We’d really like to do a “Peanuts” type strip. We’re crazy about those kids . . . even tho’ members of our own families have a maddening way of quoting Charlie Brown more often than Mary Worth!”



MORT WALKER—creator of

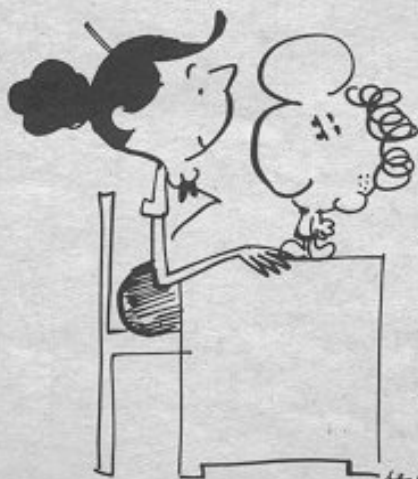
“BEETLE BAILEY”



“I’ve always wanted to do a “Heart of Juliet Jones”-type strip called “The Chapped Hands of Sybil Sudsy.” I guess working with an all-male cast for 14 years finally got to me. But this project was a good thing for me because it made me realize how lucky I am doing a strip for a living where it’s not necessary to know how to draw!”



MELL LAZARUS—creator of “MISS PEACH”



“I’ve always wanted to do a “Steve Canyon” type of straight comic strip. In fact, I got my chance recently when Milt Caniff had to leave town suddenly. He asked me to finish off a “Canyon” strip due at the engravers. As you can see, I did a great job of continuing and imitating his style!”



AN OBVIOUS MANIFESTATION OF YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS FEMALE REBELLION AGAINST MALE DOMINATION, LUCY!



AS ORTEGA Y GASSET ONCE SAID: "LOVE CAN ONLY ECHO LOVE!"



I SUPPOSE IT IS YOUR COMPLETE GRASP OF PSYCHOLOGY THAT PRESERVES YOUR BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE WITH SEYMOUR?



WHAT PSYCHOLOGY?... A DAILY BOP ON THE BUTTON KEEPS THAT BOOB IN LINE!



ERNEST SANDERS

MEN IN THESE SOAP OPERA STRIPS ARE SO HELPLESS! GOLLY! WE GIRLS END UP DOING ALL THE WORK! HE CAN BE OFF FOR DAYS HAVING FUN WITH HIS GO-KART BUT I HAVE TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE EVERY DAY!



I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE READERS WOULD RATHER LOOK AT A PRETTY GIRL INSTEAD OF SOME GOONEY GUY! BUT HOW LONG CAN I STAY PRETTY IF I HAVE TO WORK SEVEN DAYS A WEEK? I'M HARDER TO DRAW, TOO! AND I HAVE A TENDENCY TO RUN OFF AT THE MOUTH WHICH MAKES MORE WORK FOR THE LETTERING MAN AND CROWDS THE SPACE SO THAT EVEN WHEN RODNEY DOES SHOW UP HE CAN'T FIND ROOM TO SQUEEZE IN HERE AND TAKE PART IN THE



I SAY, SYBIL! ARE YOU THERE?

IF I WAS TO TURN OUT NOT TO BE RELATED TO YOU - WOULD I BE DEPORTED BACK TO TEXAS?



POTEET, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUT HOW YOU AND I ARE RELATED...



WHAT CAUSED THE PEOPLE AT THE LITTLE DOGIE ORPHANAGE TO CONCLUDE THAT YOU WERE MY COUSIN?

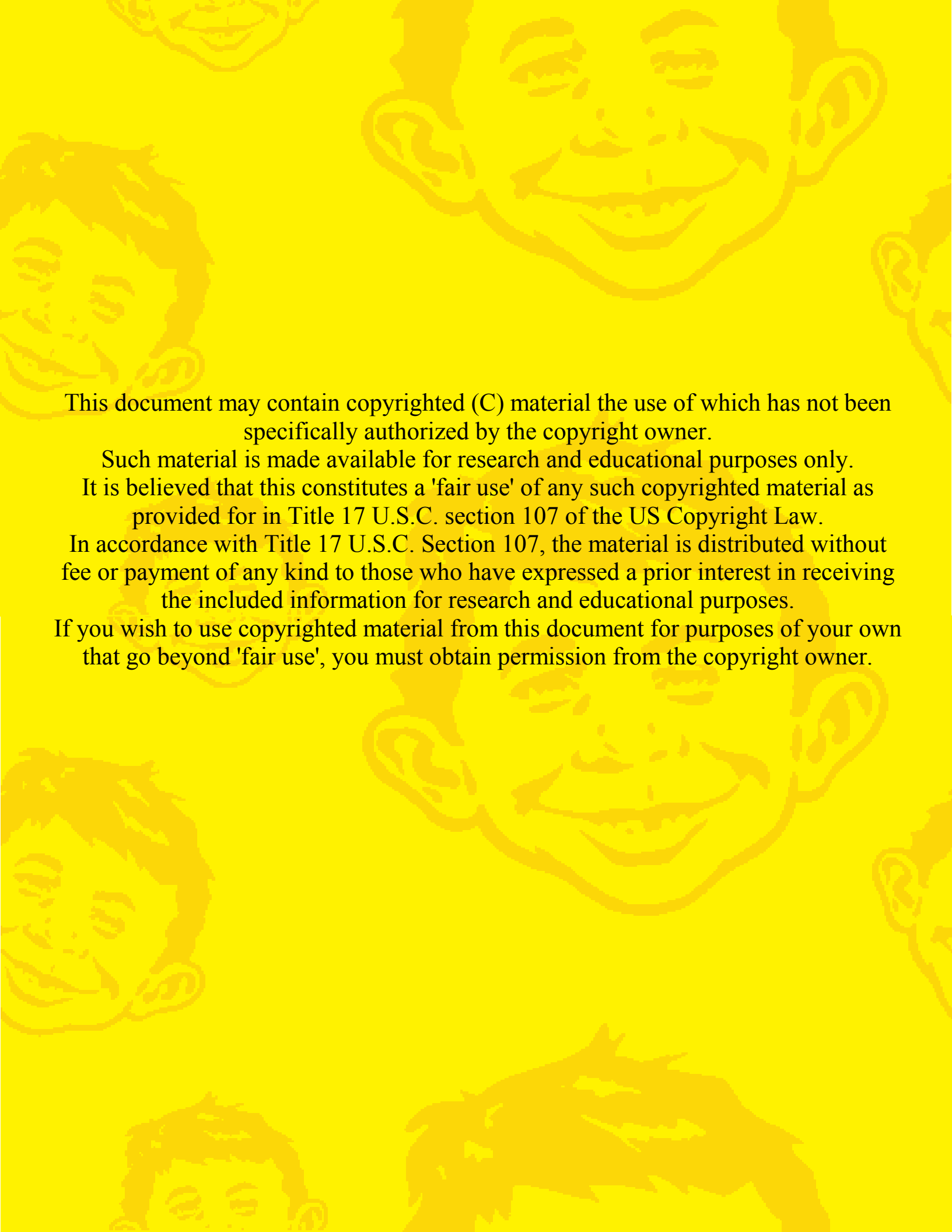
I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT MY PARENTS, BUT THE KINDLY FOLKS WHO RAN THE ORPHANAGE TOLD ME I WAS KIN TO A PILOT NAMED STEVENSON B. CANYON!



WELL, I WISH TO HECK YOU'D QUIT BUGGING ME ABOUT IT, MARCIA, OR POTEET, OR WHATEVER...



MILTON CANIFF

The background of the page features a repeating pattern of stylized, smiling faces. Each face is rendered in a simple, sketch-like style with a warm, golden-brown color. The faces are arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some faces partially overlapping others, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall tone is positive and friendly.

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