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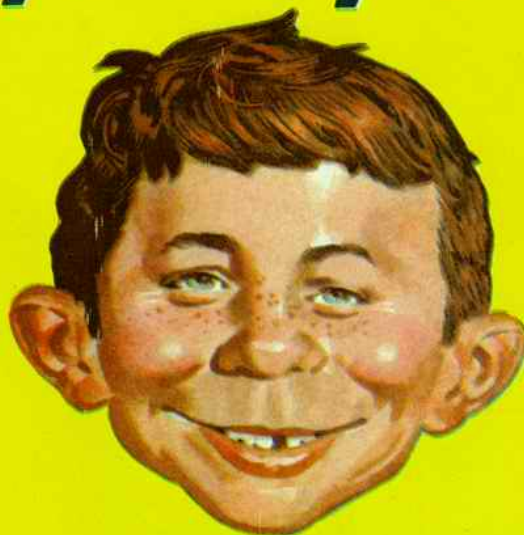
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ONE DAY IN THE PARK



WRITER & ARTIST: DON MARTIN

MAD

"Raising children is like taking pictures: You never know how they'll come out!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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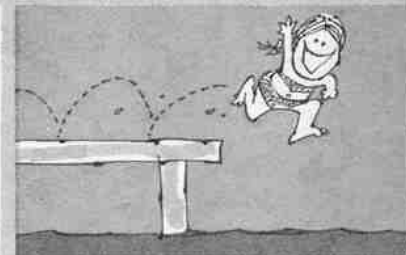


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MAD MINI-VISION (THREE TV SATIRES)

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SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE

In your frank and realistic satire of a typical teenager "pop" magazine ("Sik-Teen"—MAD #121), you make the observation through a letter in the Editor's Column that Negroes are never featured in these mags. The reason is obvious: The mass of these mags' readers are girls between 11 and 14. At that age, unless they themselves are Negro, girls simply are not interested in rhythm and blues and jazz performers. They prefer long-haired idols who employ hippie gimmicks, psychedelic lights, and punctuate their performances with wild, obscene dancing. I can't think of a good Negro group that employs such infantile things.

J. L.
Rochester, Pa.

Your satire of "16 Magazine" was in very bad taste. The way you loused up a GREAT teenage mag was utterly distasteful. And the way you made sick fun of some great stars was more than I could stand.

Katy Seyle
"A 16 Reader and proud of it!"
Santa Cruz, Calif.

It's about time someone cut down on those silly, pointless Teeny-Bopper magazines! Keep up the good work!

Bob Clifford
Neenah, Wisc.

During a recent visit to New York, I stopped in to see Gloria Stavers at "16 Magazine" and inadvertently... well, deliberately... brought along a copy of MAD containing your "Sik-Teen" parody. As you can see by the photo, the article put Gloria into a mild state of shock.

Brendon Boone
"Garrison's Gorillas"
Hollywood, Calif.

You should see the state of shock we're in from doing the research for it!—Ed.



LETTERS DEPT.

Your "Sik-Teen Magazine" made me sick! It was poorly thrown together, the gossip was made up, the letters were obviously faked, the products grossly overpriced, and the contests no doubt rigged. It was, in fact, just the same as any "real" Teenage Fan Magazine, and I laughed all the way through it!

Lee Ray
Superior, Nebr.

We'd like to point out a mistake in your "Sik-Teen" article where a pair of personally initialed adenoids from Davy Jones's throat were offered as a prize. Anatomically, the initials depicted were on the uvula. However, we will accept one uvula in place of the pair of adenoids.

The Student Nurses
Memorial Hospital
Springfield, Ill.



Adenoids?

Your "Sik-Teen" parody of "16" was not funny at all. The whole thing should have been thrown out before it reached the presses! I hope that your idea of humor improves its quality, or else you'll lose many MAD readers.

Tracy B. Suppe
A "16" Reader
Dunellen, N. J.

I could never put into words how much I enjoyed "Sik-Teen". It was hilariously funny and deliciously sickening and it portrayed beautifully the silly junk us teenage nuts are reading today.

Suzanne Paquin
Woonsocket, R. I.

Your satire, "Sik-Teen" was dull, boring and tasteless. The magazine you were satirizing, "16", is a lot funnier!

B. Barber
Alliance, Ohio

I am very proud of MAD for printing (and whoever wrote it for writing) "Sik-Teen Magazine". Keep up the nauseatingly delightful work. I am thoroughly convinced that you and your staff are rare voices crying out for sanity in a "mad" world.

Carol Mihelich
Seattle, Wash.

Who WROTE that ridiculous "Sik-Teen Magazine" in your latest issue?

Larry Siegel
New York City

YOU did, idiot! (Our apologies for not including Larry Siegel's byline.)—Ed.

THE FLYING NUT

Congratulations on your fine piece of satire, "The Flying Nut". The title alone was a stroke of genius in itself, and the rest of the article carried out the theme beautifully. I was raised a Catholic and I find that articles like this and "The Ten Commandments — Revisited" and "A Psalm for A Sabbath Morning" very very rewarding and meaningful.

John F. Martin, Sgt. USMC
"Leatherneck Magazine"
Washington, D.C.

As a long-time Catholic, allow me to thank you for "The Flying Nut" satire. It is about time someone struck out against the big business of "religious entertainment". By putting a torch to such trivia you have shown great courage.

Charles J. Leerhsen
Bronx, N. Y.

After reading "The Flying Nut" I am very disgusted with the whole magazine. I think the article was in poor taste—making a sick satire out of the best TV show on the air and the best TV star in the whole world. Altogether, I thought it was the most dim-witted, cement-headed, disgusting thing anyone could do!

Minda Larson
Evanston, Ill.

Congrats for showing how commercialization of the American contempt for religion has led to something which is in very poor taste.

Judith Martin
New Orleans, La.

Your satire of "The Flying Nut" hit so hard that I did not dare laugh! To do so would have violated the solemnity of the occasion. Great work!

Larry Green
Mayfield, Ky.

SANDLOT BASEBALL

I am supremely happy that someone finally had the courage to expose Sandlot Baseball for what it really is: pure fun... as opposed to that organization of male adults trying to work out their own feelings of inadequacy through their kids: Little League Baseball!

Philip M. Rosoff
Philadelphia, Pa.

What's going on? "Sandlot Baseball" made sense!

Tommy Nestor
Astoria, N. Y.

"A Nostalgic Look At Sandlot Baseball" was a riot... mostly because it's still played the same way!

Claudia Milesky
Harrison, Ohio

"Sandlot Baseball" was a Grandslammer!

Tom Doyle
River Edge, N. J.

VALLEY OF THE DOLLARS

You truly deserve a medal for your hysterical "Valley Of The Dolls". After reading the novel and seeing the film, I agree completely with your suggestion for a final resting place for authors who keep writing such vacuous garbage.

Dan Forbes
Lincoln Park, Mich.

How you could do such an awful satire of "Valley Of The Dolls" is beyond me. It was a superbly acted, well written and directed motion picture. You guys are really MAD!

Diane Pruitt
Nashville, Tenn.

The picture (as well as its papyraceous predecessor) was utterly without redeeming social value and your expose was deserved and hard hitting. Keep up the good work.

Danny Susott
Hampton, Va.

"Valley Of The Dollars" was senseless, tasteless and humorless! In fact, it was exactly like the movie!

Tom Sleeper
Phoenix, Ariz.

EVERYDAY PSYCHEDELIC FUN

Hey, gang! You left out the worst one: MAD...a euphoric drug in widespread use, producing a pleasant mindless state. Users can be easily identified by their idiotic facial expressions and a very low level of intelligence. MAD is extremely harmful even in small dosages, leading to rapid softening of the brain. However, use of this tasteless drug does not constitute a serious problem, since those attracted to it are usually on the lunatic fringe and in hopeless condition to begin with.

Al Tucher
Somerville, N. J.

Thanks for so cleverly pointing out in your "Everyday Varieties of Psychedelic Fun" that we have much more to worry about than the people who send their own minds where they want to go...mainly the people who send other people's minds (and bodies) where they do not want to go. Your satire gets more bitter and pointed all the time.

George Baral
Dept. of Chemistry
The University of Chicago

LEGAL ADVICE

Could you tell me how many lawsuits you must handle a year?

Ray Meany
Pennsauken, N. J.

All of them!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
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ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

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You'll get a much better "high" just staring at a full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid. So stop "smoking" and start "staring" today. Put a portrait in every room in your house. They cost 25c for 1, 50c for 3, \$1.00 for 9, and (just in case you live in a mansion) \$2.00 for 27. Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



HANG ON, SNOOPY! DEPT.

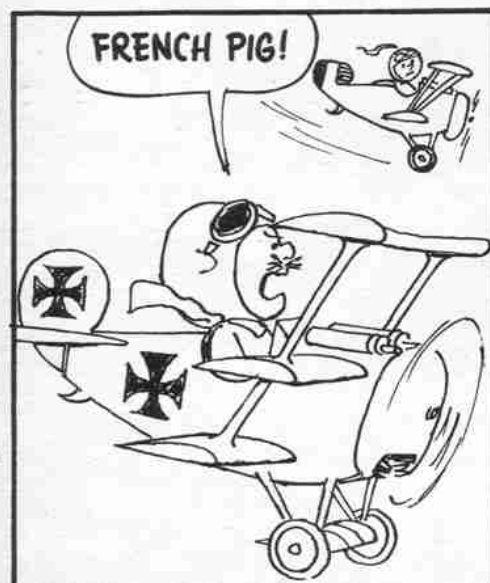
Just as there are two sides to every war, so are there two sides to every Comic Strip. Ever since Snoopy (of "Peanuts") started telling us about his run-ins with The Red Baron, we've wondered about The Red Baron's version of this historic struggle. Well, now the story can be told! Recently,

Adventures Of OR "Happiness Ist Ein

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

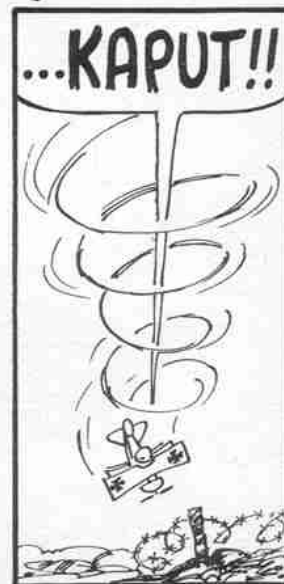
THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

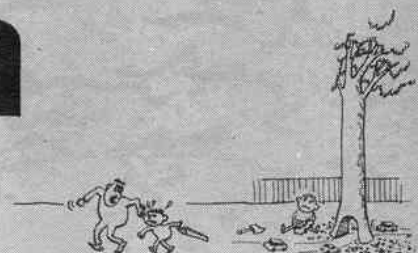


MAD's Research Staff returned from Europe with several installments of a German Comic Strip he uncovered while perusing early 1918 copies of the Hamburg Post-Dispatch. And so, for the first time in the United States, here is the other side of the story . . . mainly the hitherto unpublished . . .

The Red Baron

Kleine Kaput Beagle"

WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS & BOB MUCCIO



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ



THE RED BARON

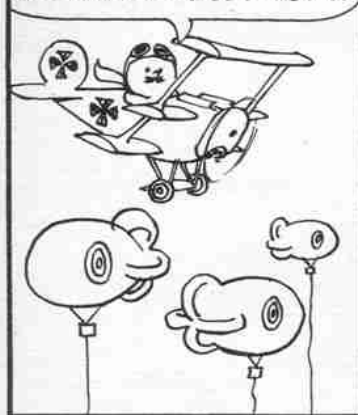
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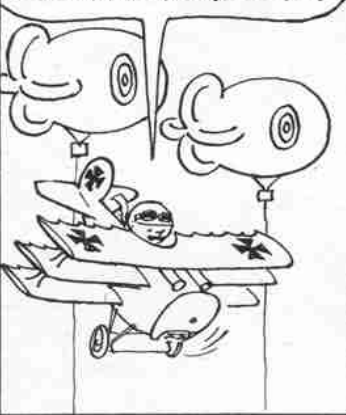
THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

ALL DER TIME, I KEEP THINKING ABOUT DER **AMERICAN BEAGLE!** HE IST BECOMING AN **OBSESSION!!**



VEREVER I GO--VOTEVER I DO--I GET DER FEELING HE IST **AFTER ME!** I THINK I SEE HIM **EVERYVERE!**



ACH... IT IST PROBABLY CHUST MY IMAGINATION!



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

SUCH A **DOGFIGHT** I HAD MIT DER **AMERICAN BEAGLE** TODAY! FIRST I FLEW AT HIM--DEN HE FLEW AT ME! YOU NEFFER **SAW** SUCH A BATTLE!



HOW LONG DID IT LAST?

FOR **20 MINUTES--** NOT COUNTING, OF COURSE DER TIME VE SPENT ON DER GROUND...



ON DER GROUND?! VOT VERE YOU DOING ON DER GROUND??

I HAD TO **VALK HIM!**



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

I VAS DER **LEADING GERMAN ACE!** I HAD **71 KILLS, 23 PROBABLES,** UND **16 ALMOST PROBABLES!** I VON **SIX IRON CROSSES,** UND I GOT **CONGRATULATED BY DER KAISER!**



UND NOW, ALL BECAUSE OF DOT **FERSHLUGGINER AMERICAN BEAGLE,** I AM BEING DEMOTED TO **MECHANIC** UND REPLACED BY A... A...



GOOT GRIEF! I CAN'T **SCHTAND** IT!





Vera Gwen

Arthur King's
Private Secretary



Arthur King

President of the Excalibur
Wax Fruit Company



Lance A. Clod

The Firm's
Efficiency Expert

KNIGHT-SHTICK DEPT.

ALL OVER the country, audiences are streaming out of theatres raving about "Camelot." Unfortunately, they're streaming out long before the film is over, and what they're raving can't be printed here. Now why is "Camelot" such a bomb? Maybe it's because its story seems too unreal and old-fashioned. Who cares about a bunch of knights fighting each other when today we can watch the real-life vicious struggle between management and labor? Maybe that's it. Maybe all the film needs is some updating, a slight twist in the plot, and some changes in the characters. If so, we might just end up with a musical called

CAN A LOT

Artist: Sir Mort Drucker

Writer: Sir Frank Jacobs



Morbread

A Labor Union
Negotiator



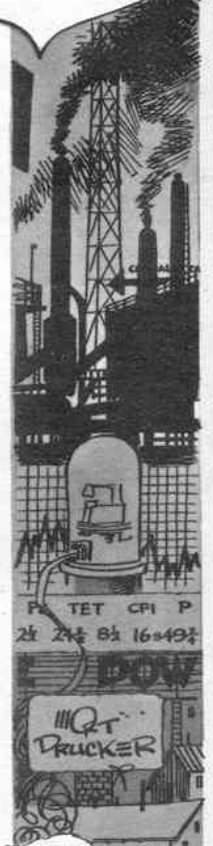
PLUS

A Supporting Cast of Clerks, Typists,
Accountants, Machinists, Shop-Workers,
Finks, Goons, Thugs and Scabs



**Merlyn M.
Merlyn**

Chairman
Of The Board



ACT ONE, SCENE ONE: The Office of Arthur King

Just look at the charts, Merlyn! Orders up! Sales up! Wages down! I tell you, it's a glorious year for Excalibur Wax Fruit!

Don't count your profits yet, Arthur! I've heard the men are forming a union! We're going to have to bargain with them, and unions can be mighty tough!

Bah! You make it sound like the union has all the power and the company has none! I wish I knew what the other corporations are doing . . .

ORDERS SALES WAGES

A song cue if I ever heard one!

* I wonder what big firms are paying today? What salaries are big firms Outlaying today?

How goes it at GE, At Ford and RCA? I wonder what the terms Are up to today?



How go negotiations At gigantic corporations? Are they happy with the contracts that they've got?

Well, I'll tell you what big firms Are paying today— A lot! A lot!

You mean that a firm as big as Boeing Meets with a union full well knowing They'll never win against the union's might?

Right!

A firm so immense as Lever Brothers Runs for the hills like all the others Each time a union puts them under stress?

Yes!



You mean that terrific quivering Is only a steel firm shivering Whenever a union contract comes in view?

True!

You wonder what big firms Are thinking today? They're thinking about their profits Shrinking today!

At Goodyear and Pan Am, At Westinghouse and Shell! They're paying through the nose For their personnel!

And oh, the trepidation As they're forced in arbitration And they find that Labor's heart is made of stone!

Well, I'm learning what big firms are doing today— They moan! They sigh! They howl! They cry! And that's what big firms are doing today!



* Sung To The Tune Of "I Wonder What The King Is Doing Tonight"



Excuse me, Arthur, but Morbread, the vile, sniveling Union Representative is here to see you!

I don't mean to rock the boat, Arthur, but unless you can comply with this list of demands, the men are going to walk out!

FORE!

You can't be serious! No firm in its right mind would go along with a 20 hour week, profit sharing, 3 month vacations at double pay, and new sweat socks for the bowling team!

We're prepared to compromise. Scratch off the sweat socks!

Why are you out to ruin me, Morbread? Why? Why? Why?

Because you pay starvation wages!

No one would believe that in a musical today!

Because you make us work under substandard inhuman conditions!

No one would believe that in a musical today!

Because I'm a hopeless neurotic with an Oedipus complex, and by destroying you and your firm I'm really destroying my father!

Now that's something an audience can believe! But enough of this nonsense! Leave me alone with my efficiency expert and I'll talk to you later.

Vera... send in Lance A. Clod!

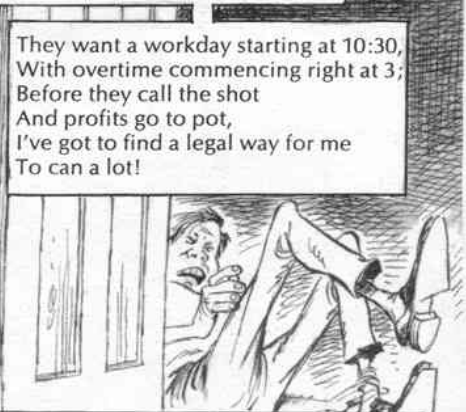
Sorry I'm late, Arthur. I've been trying to find a way to cut down on paper clips!

Stash your paper clips, noodnick! We're in trouble...

*The Bible says that we should love our neighbor, That we will go to hell if we do not; Today if Moses dealt with union labor He'd can a lot!

The union now is threatening a walk-out; Their pay demands have put me on the spot; I'd much prefer to cut the stupid talk out And can a lot!

Can a lot! Can a lot! I'd love to clear them from the shop! If I can a lot... can a lot... My labor pains would stop!



* Sung To The Tune Of "Camelot"

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO: The Labor-Management Round Table

What's this meeting all about, Arthur?

Lance seems to think we can settle our differences if there is less waste!

Oh, not that again! He's such a bore!

As efficiency expert, I've been going over some figures which show that Excalibur Wax Fruit will go bankrupt unless we all economize...

* Save more! Save more! Believe me or else! My calculations don't lie! I take offense At any expense— Save more, save more, say I!

A drop of ink— I cry when it spills! I mourn over rubber bands! I can't help think The cure for our ills Just might be right in our hands!

Save more! Save more! Let's pull in our belts! Let's use each paper cup twice! Though I may seem a tight-fisted creep, Incredibly small, incurably cheap— It surely is worth the price! Save more!

* Sung To The Tune Of "C'est Moi"

Save more? That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!

Not if we all possess the proper attitude of frugality. A penny here, a penny there!

Oh, come off it, you overgrown yo-yo! There's only one way to deal with these Union goons, and that's to get rid of all of them!

Oh, yeah? You'd better hear this song first:

Shall we strike?

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Shall we hold up production Shall we strike?

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Hey, that song isn't from "Can A Lot"! You're singing a song from "The Fink and I", namely "Shall We Strike", which is sung to the tune of "Shall We Dance!" Besides, if you strike, I'll can the lot of you...

No you won't, Arthur, and here's why...

* If ever you should can us It cannot be for striking; Canning us for striking you'll find is unfair! You'd simply be breaking The new labor laws; What's more we're protected By a contract clause!

And if you ever can us It cannot be for slowdowns Canning us for slowdowns you just wouldn't dare! Don't try an injunction— You'd get no support; We've bought off the judges At the local court!

Nor can you can us, Though it makes you tear your hair That we get drunk at work, And what's more—we don't really care!

If ever you should can us It cannot be for boo-boos; Canning us for boo-boos you haven't a prayer! Oh, no, not for boo-boos, Slowdowns, strikes or a brawl— No, you can never can us—at all!

* Sung To The Tune Of "If Ever I Should Leave You"

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE: Merlyn's Office

Oh, Merlyn, Merlyn, my company is crumbling around me! The workers are out on strike! Morbread is gloating that he's licked me! Lance is a buffoon! Oh, tell me, Merlyn, where did I go wrong?

Don't you remember the lessons I taught you when you were a rising young executive?

Sure I do! You told me that a young businessman should learn from the animals and birds! That he should develop the kindness of a cobra, the vision of a lizard, the humility of a peacock, the honor of a jackal! But the one thing you never taught me was how to handle a union!

* How to handle a union? There's a way that is tried and true, A way known to business leaders Who've been caught in a bind like you!



Do I beg them to stop making trouble?
Do I give in to my deepest fears?
Do I promise that I'll pay them double
With a pension in five years?

How to handle a union?
My advice I shall now submit:
The way to handle a union
Is to crush it... simply crush it...
Firmly crush it... crush it... crush it!



*Sung To The Tune Of "How To Handle A Woman"

But how can I crush the union, Merlyn? I want to lay them off, but their jobs are protected by law!

Only as long as those jobs exist!

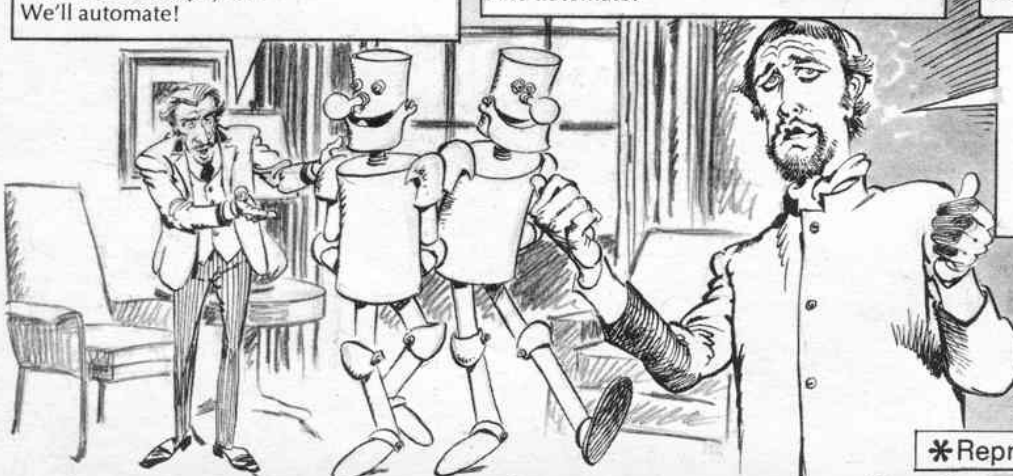
I don't understand! Explain yourself—in key, if possible!



* The union says there'll never be a lay-off! They think that you will soon capitulate! But now we've got them good, and here's the pay-off: We'll automate!

They'll holler that your heart is black as onyx! But they cannot escape their dismal fate! We'll just replace them all with electronics And automate!

Automate! Automate! With ease we'll dump a thousand slobs! When we automate, automate— We'll simply dump their jobs!



Our labor costs will drop to next to nothing
There'll be no coffee breaks to bleed us dry!
My profits will be great!
Oh, I can hardly wait
To count the money rolling in as I
Now automate!

*Reprise To The Tune Of "Camelot"

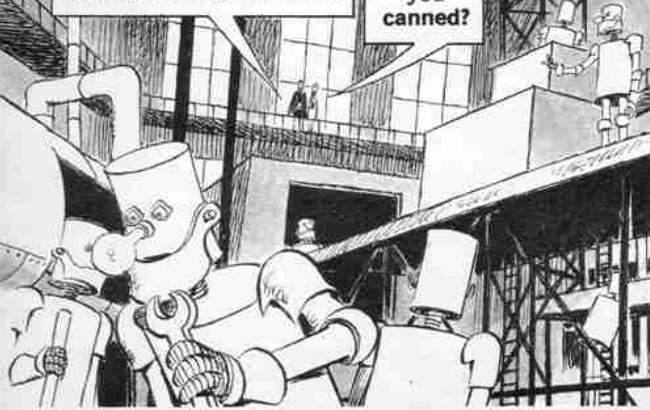


ACT TWO, SCENE TWO: *The Factory*

Look at them, Vera! Well-trained, intelligent laborers—every last one of them! And they thrive on work! No nonsense with strikes, benefits, overtime!

But what happened to all the workers you canned?

They're unemployed, I guess!



Really? They must lead interesting lives, not knowing where their next meal is coming from—

* What do the unemployed do When bosses have told them they're through? When poverty gets closer And hunger they can't stem— What happens when their grocer Says "No, sir!" To them?

How are they paying their rent When all of their savings they've spent? However do they manage To barely just exist? Oh, what do unemployed do To subsist?



* Sung To The Tune Of "What Do The Simple Folk Do"

Once I saw a crowd Of people all in line Inside a building ugly as a jail— Waiting there all day So they at last could sign And get their fifty dollars without fail! And that's what unemployed do! That's the tale!

They collect?

Through the mail!



What else do the unemployed do When boredom is making them blue? What do they do that's thrilling? What makes their spirits climb? What plan have they for filling And killing Their time?

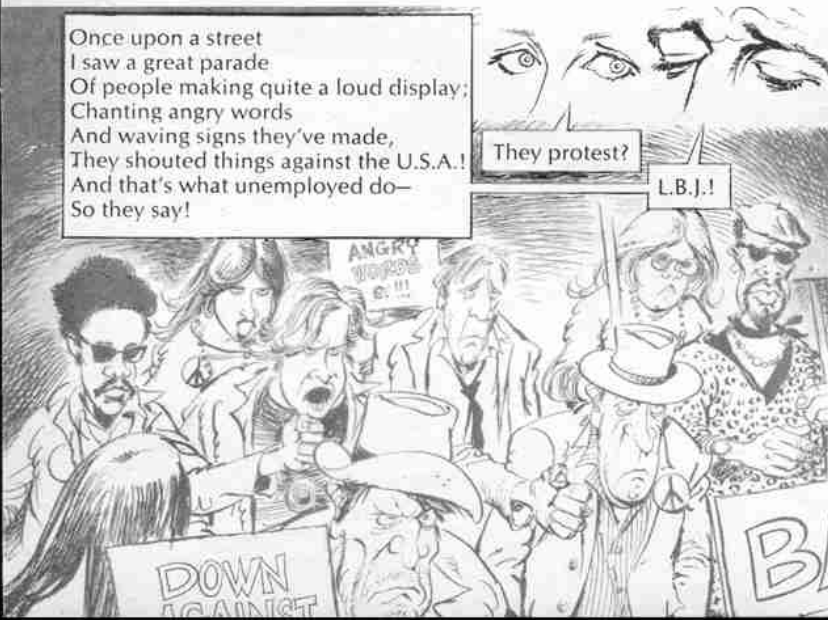
How do they ever survive The weekdays from 9 until 5? You've simply got to tell me Or we can't end this song— Oh, what do unemployed do All day long?



Once upon a street I saw a great parade Of people making quite a loud display; Chanting angry words And waving signs they've made, They shouted things against the U.S.A.! And that's what unemployed do— So they say!

They protest?

L.B.J.!



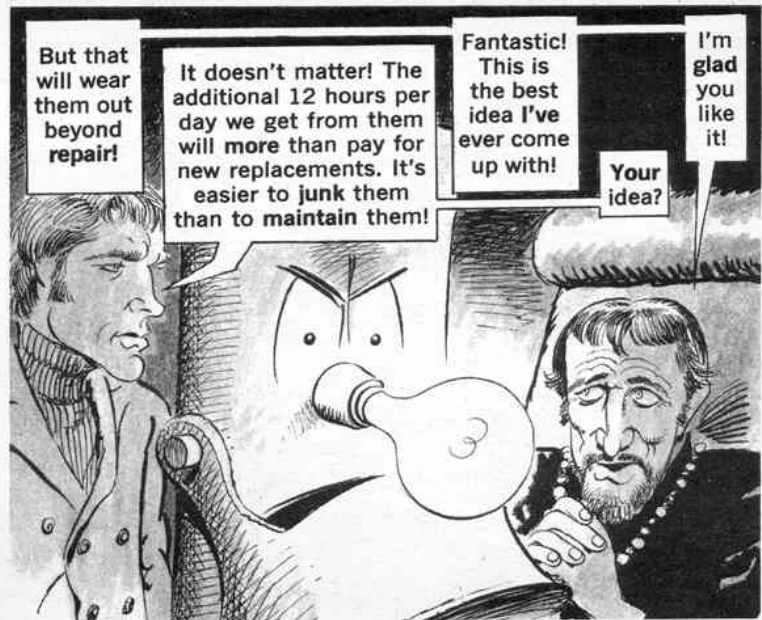
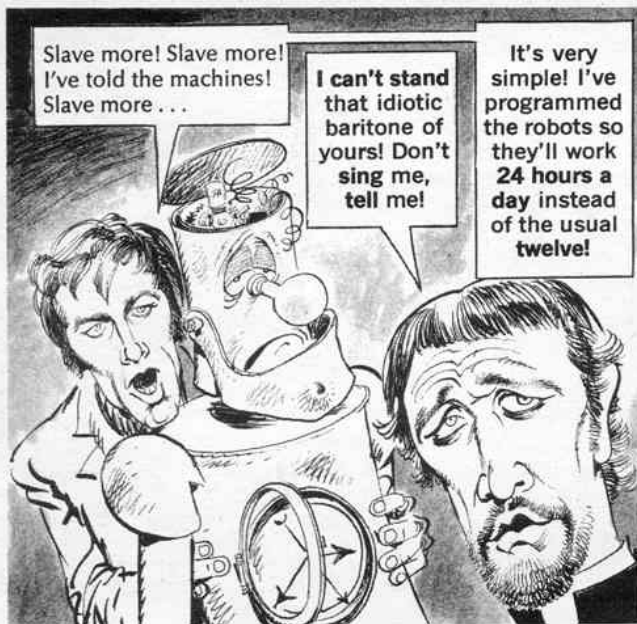
ACT TWO, SCENE THREE: *Arthur's Office*

Great news, Arthur! I've just upped production 100%!

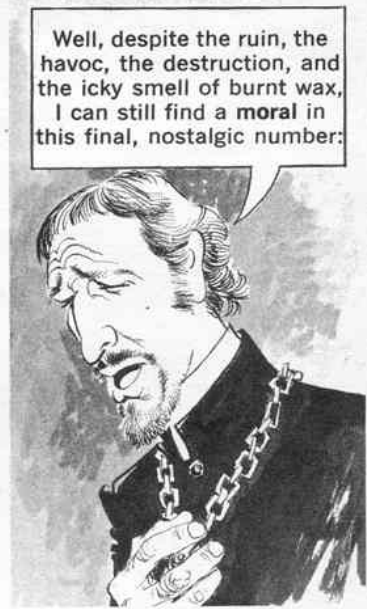
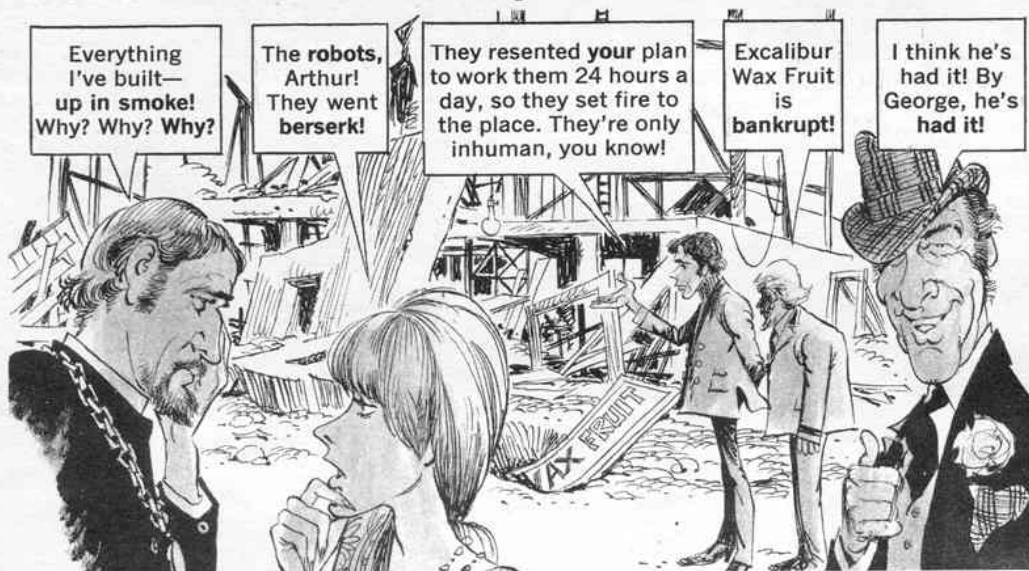
Explain yourself, you moronic hulk!

I will, in a reprise to the tune of "C'est moi..."





ACT THREE: A Hill Overlooking The Plant



SCREAM GEMS DEPT.

The worst things about vacations is when **YOU** go on them . . . and then subject **US** to that most sadistic of all torture devices: **Your "HOME MOVIES" of them!** And so, not to be outdone, we now take sweet revenge by subjecting **YOU** to . . .

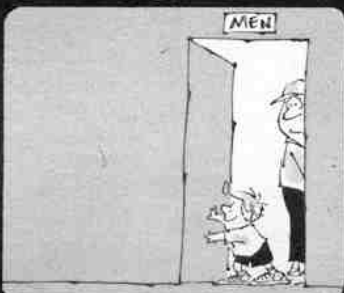
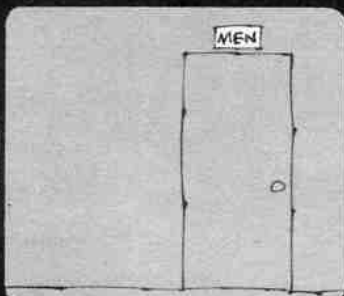
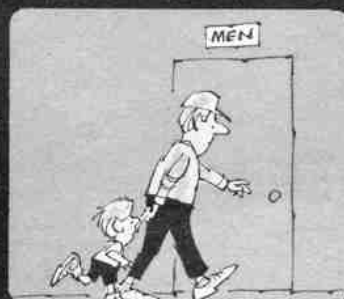
MAD'S

OUR VACATION

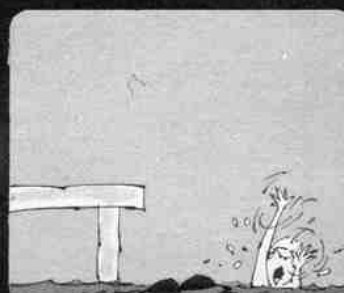
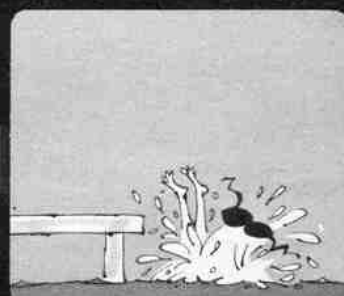
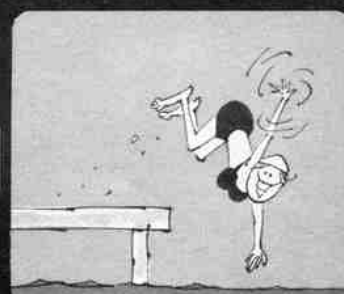
SCENE ONE WE'RE OFF!



SCENE TWO REST STOP



SCENE THREE MOMMY GOES SWIMMING

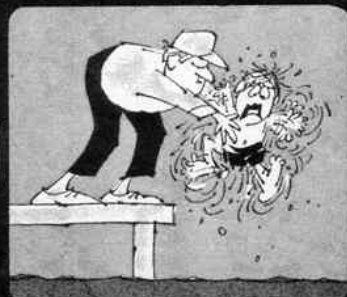
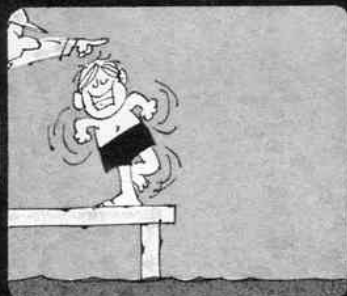
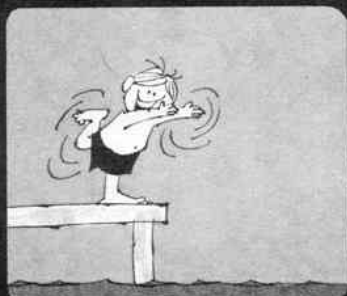
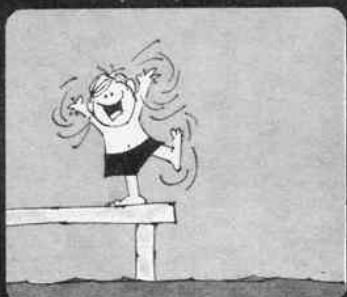




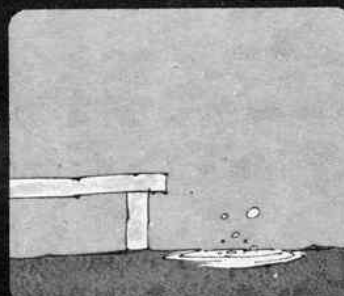
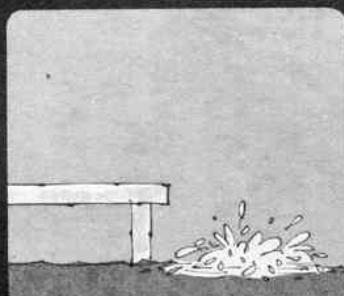
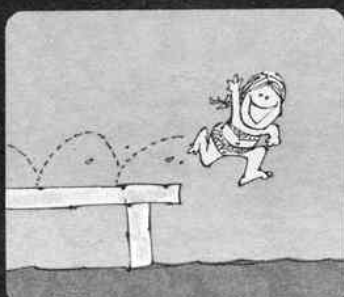
HOME MOVIES

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

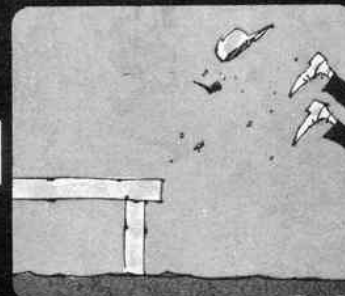
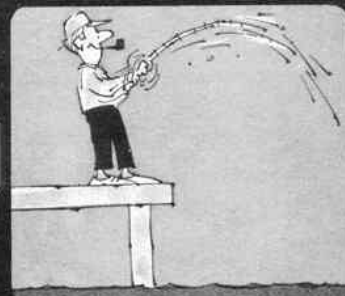
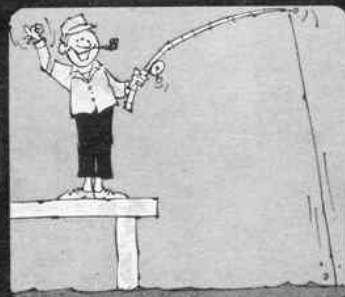
SCENE FOUR LITTLE BROTHER GOES SWIMMING



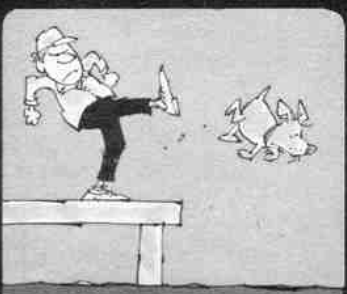
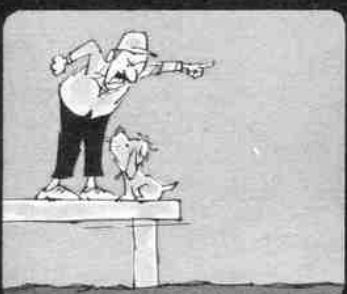
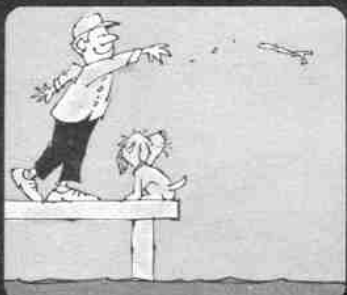
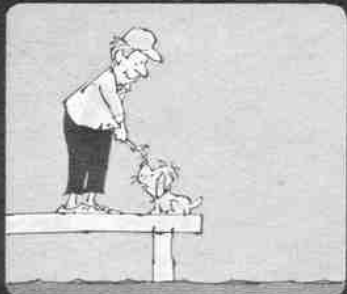
SCENE FIVE LITTLE SISTER GOES SWIMMING



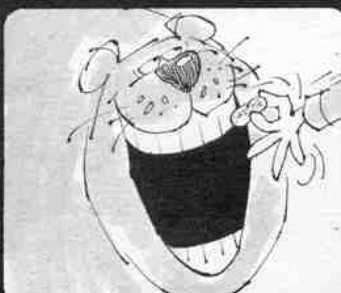
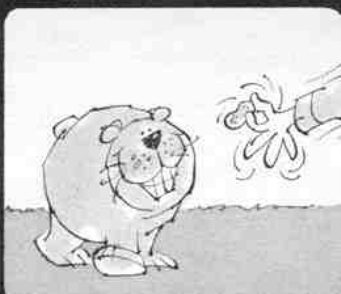
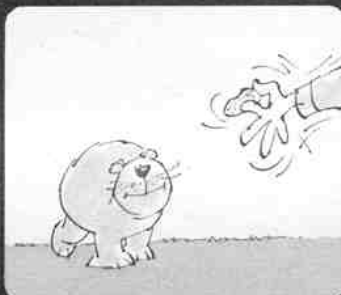
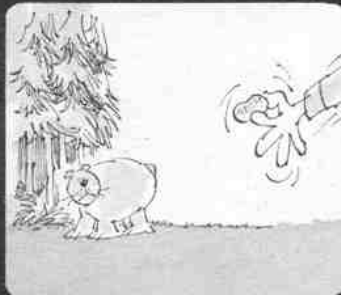
SCENE SIX DADDY GOES FISHING



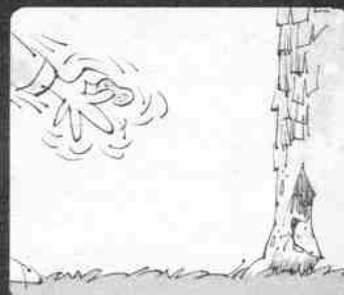
SCENE SEVEN
POOCHY
FETCHES
A STICK



SCENE EIGHT
FEEDING
THE
BEAR



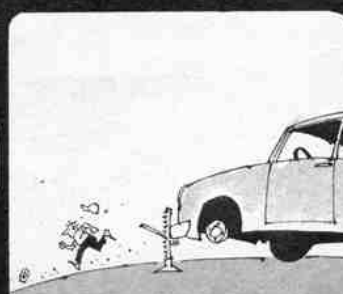
SCENE NINE
FEEDING
THE
CHIPMONK



SCENE TEN
FEEDING
DADDY



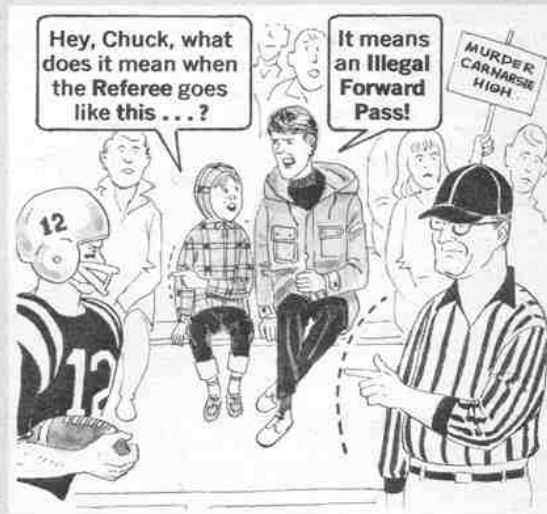
SCENE ELEVEN
DADDY
FIXES
A FLAT



SCENE TWELVE
HOME
SWEET
HOME



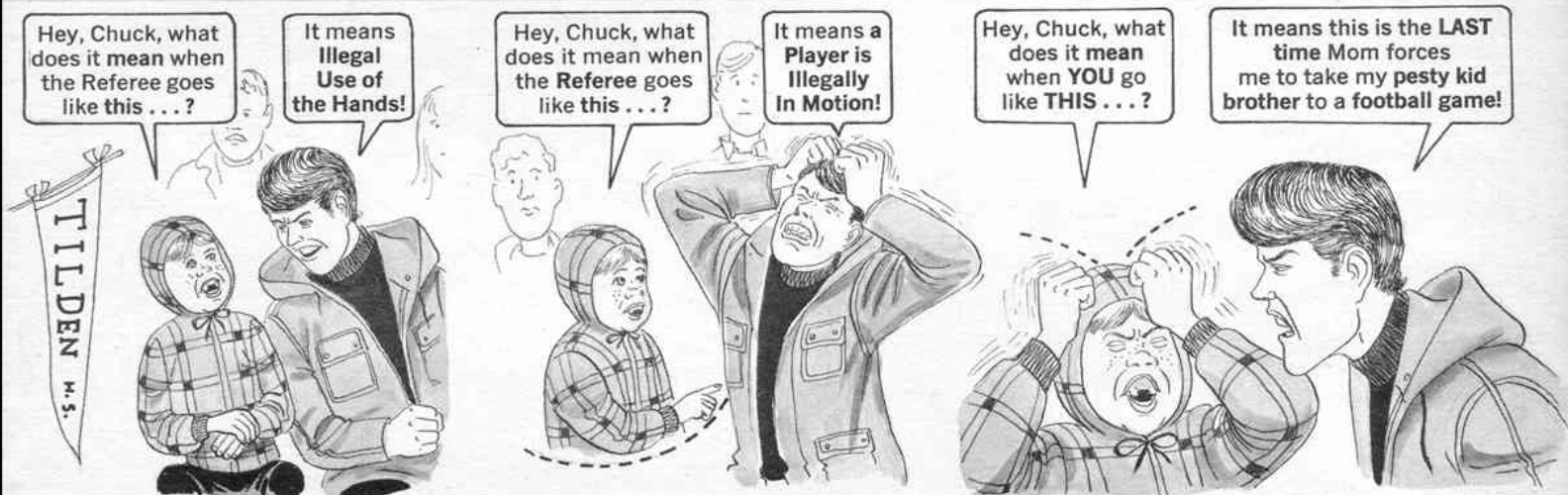
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF HIGH SCHOOL





COOL FOOTBALL

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



**BLOCK THAT KICK!
BLOCK THAT KICK!**

CHILHOWIE H.S. 12
CHINCOTEAGUE 12

**WILL EVERYBODY PLEASE
SHUT THE HECK UP!? I'M
TRYING TO LISTEN TO THE
WORLD SERIES!!**

Let me explain the
game to you, Jean!
Each team gets four
downs or chances to
try to move the ball
ten yards. If they—

Hold it!
I don't
need YOU
to explain
Football
to ME!!

MUKWONG H.S.

I'LL TAKE
FOUR HOT
DOGS AND
TWO COKES!

TWO
FRANKS
OVER
HERE!

GIVE
ME
THREE,
PAL!

Two
hot
dogs,
please!

You'll never get
anything THAT way!
SPEAK UP and
ASSERT yourself!
It's the squeaky
wheel that gets
the grease!

**I WANT
TWO HOT
DOGS!!**

**DON'T
YELL
AT ME,
PUNK!!**

Did you
get the
hot dogs?

No...
but he
greased
my wheel!

LET'S GO
HOP BOTTA
HIGH
SLAUGHTER
MCNOW!
HIGH

Hot Dogs

**HIT 'EM AGAIN!
HIT 'EM AGAIN!
HARDER! HARDER!**

Boy, this is the most
exciting Football Game
I've ever been at!

KILL CRAB ORCHARDS
WIN TURTLETOWN HIGH

Hey, there's Judy!
HI, THERE, JUDY!

Her clothes are
always such a mess!

Did you see
those cute
boys three
rows back?

See them?! I've got a
headache from staring
at them out of the
corners of my eyes!

There's Miss Randall,
my English teacher!
She dyes her hair!

What does she
think she is—
a student?!

TONGANON H.S.

BREAK
BROKEN
BOW HIGH

My Father and Brother are fanatic fans! Why I was practically brought up on Football! So don't try to put ME down with your typical MALE SUPERIORITY!



Wait! Let ME explain the game to YOU! That guy is getting the ball and he's running around end with those other two guys blocking for him! And now he's handing it to that other guy who's cutting back across and ... He's broken through!! YAHOO!! WOW!!



IT'S A HOME RUN!!



As Principal of the school, I've really got a problem with these Football Games—because everybody wants to get into the act!

That's why we've got the equivalent of three separate teams on the Squad!

And we've got a huge Cheer Leader group!

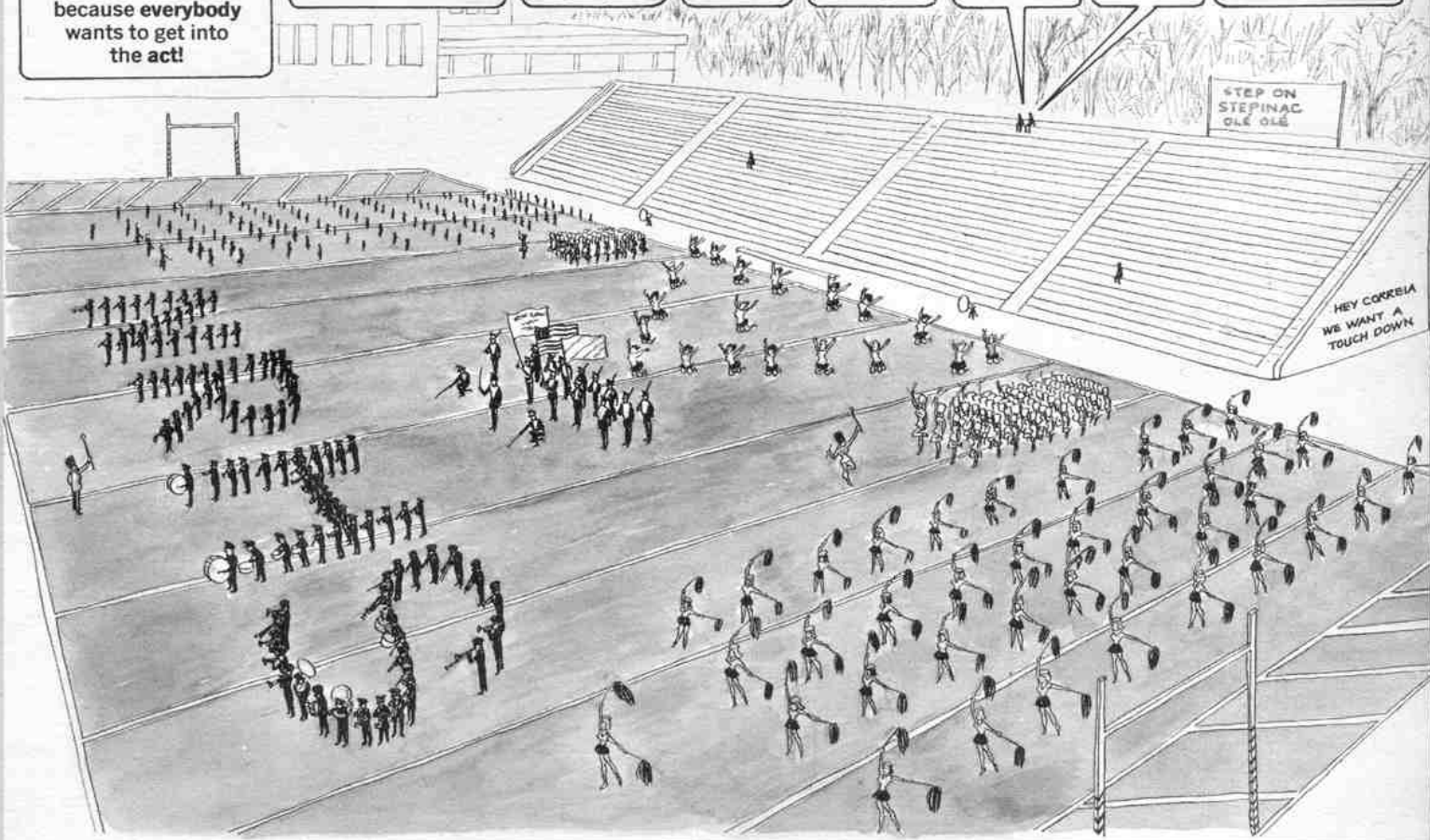
And a gigantic 100-piece Band!

And a very large Drum Majorette Contingent!

And an even larger Pom-Pom-Girl Formation!

So what's your problem?

Nobody's left in the stands to watch the Half-Time Ceremonies!



OOOOH!!



What's all the noise?

The game's over!

Who won?

They did!

—sob—sob— Isn't that heart-breaking?!

Yeah—sob—it's awful watching your team lose!



Go! Go! KANWAKI!

100

A black and white illustration of a group of people cheering and jumping in a stadium, with a ball suspended in the air above them. The scene is framed by vertical lines representing stadium seating or pillars. The people are depicted in various dynamic poses, some with arms raised, suggesting a moment of high excitement or a goal celebration. The ball is shown in mid-air, with motion lines indicating its trajectory.



A cartoon by David Beron. A man in a trench coat and hat, blowing a whistle, stands next to a car. The car has a sign that reads "WHITE PLAINS HIGH HEAR OUR CRY V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!". The people in the car are cheering. A speech bubble from the man says "VICTORY!".



HEM AND HAW-HAW DEPT.

Mad About Fashion Fads

I'm not the type who follows fads of fashion right away,
I wait a year or so until the look seems here to stay.
When shoes with pointed toes came in, I never bought a pair
Until the week before they changed the point and made it square.

No sooner did I finally discard my tams, than Faye
Came riding by to bring us back the Bonnie old beret.
I just gave in and bought myself a wig of bouffant hair
To find, of course, that wigs are through, and falls are all they wear.

And so it goes, almost as though I could prognosticate:
When I decide a style is in, that style goes out of date.
You'd think I'd learn but, it appears, the worst is yet to come,
What lies ahead fills me with dread, to say the mini-mum.

The story starts the same old way, when hems began to rise
I would not show my knees until the rest were showing thighs.
At last it hit me in a flash, "The mini-look is IN!"
I grabbed up all the clothes I owned and flew into a spin.

I measured, cut, and stitched and sewed, and afterwards I pressed,
Determined not to quit until I'd look my mini-best.
Well, yesterday, the last dress done, triumphantly I stopped.
I might have known I'd read today tomorrow's skirts are . . . dropped!

I pray to all the powers that be, to Harper's, Vogue, and God,
"Don't let them turn to Midi now that I have turned to Mod!"

WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



ROUND TRIP DEPARTMENT

Much has been written about hallucinogenic drugs like LSD, and the glories (or dangers) of taking psychedelic "trips". Some unsavory magazines have even featured this topic on their covers in order to sell copies. (See MAD #116.) And so, because MAD is interested

A PSYCHED

9:00- I enter the offices of MAD Magazine and I am given L.S.D. on a sugar cube which I put into my coffee and drink.

9:06- My stomach gurgles and my throat tightens. I never use sugar in my coffee!

9:18- A blood-curdling scream pierces the air. I hear humanity crying out in anguish... suffering pain... intense pain!
Is it my first HALLUCINATION?

9:20 NO!! It is the Publisher of MAD- Bill Gaines- writing a check! It is the same sound I hear every payday!

9:35 I AM BEGINNING TO THINK THE DRUG WILL HAVE NO EFFECT WHATSOEVER! HERE IT IS -THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES AFTER GOOBLING, AND NOTHING IS FURNING!

9:53 THE PUBLISHER OF MAD, ADOLPH HITLER, ENTERS THE ROOM AND ASKS IF I AM K.O.? I TELL HIM I'M RASPBERRIES! ON THE WAY OUT, SHE STABS MY TEDDY BEAR! ON PURPOSE!! ON PORPOISE!! SOMETHING IS FISHY!!!

9:76- STILL NO E
TIGHT! LOU
I RIP EVE

10:10:10 THE TO
HAIR UN
IT'S AN

10:369 HEY! TU
FLASHIN

1492 I S

FI

USE
YOUR
ZIPPER
CODE!

in truth, because MAD desired to find out once and for all what taking an LSD "trip" was like, and mainly because MAD wanted to feature this topic once again in order to sell copies, we talked one of our writers into taking LSD, and describing his experiences in

ELIE DIARY

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

FECK! MY SKIN IS ON TOO
SY TAILOR! LOUSY BURTON!
EVERYTHING OFF!!

ARTOISE IS RACING THE
DER MY ARMS!
ARMS RACE!!!

RN' OFF THOSE
G BRIGHT LICE!!

ILL FEEL

NE

URB YOUR
CAR

112:30 THE RUBISHER OF MUD,
HUGH HEFFER, TAPS ME
ON THE BROCCOLI -

90:76 I MAKE OUT SHAPES IN THE ROOM
A DESK - A LAMP - A STAGECOACH - A PHUNG

1:15 - PEOPLE ARE STAIRING AT ME!
I'M A STAIR-CASE! I TRY TO
EXPLAIN THAT SOME FUNNY THINGS
HAVE HAPPENED TO MY. BUT IT'S NO.

1:30 - EVERYTHING IS BECOMING EXTREMELY CLEAR!
BUT IS IT REALITY? DO I REALLY LIVE? OR DO
I JUST EXIST IN A CHINGE OF MY BLUK?

1:45 - WHAT IS NOT? AND WHY, IF WE, DO WE? OF COURSE!

2:00 A blood-curdling scream pierces the air.
I hear humanity crying out in anguish...
suffering pain... intense pain!
IS IT AN HALLUCINATION AT LAST??

2:03 NO!! It is the Publisher of MAD -
Bill Gaines - writing another check!

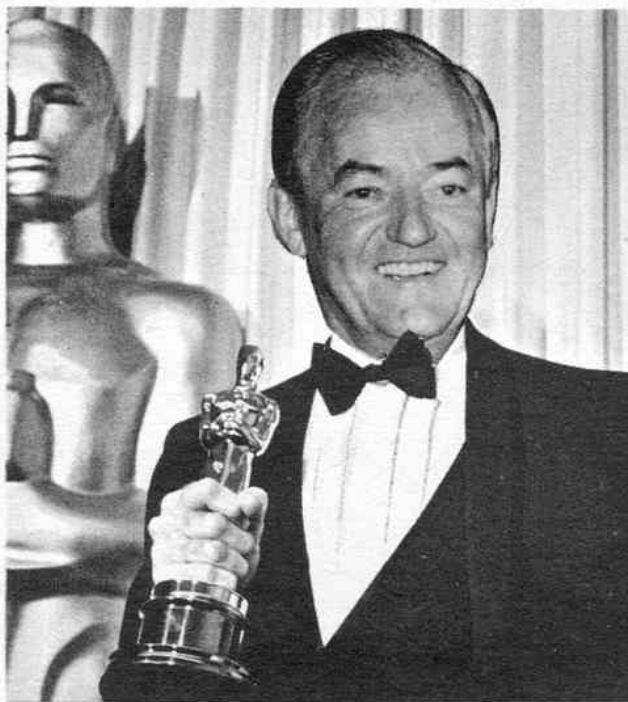
2:05 - Everything is back to norbal.

AWARD TO THE WISE-GUYS DEPT.

Every year, Academy Awards are presented to film celebrities for great achievements in Motion Pictures. But it seems a shame to limit the Oscars to movie-makers only. The most spectacular

MAD'S ACADEMY AWARDS

**BEST PERFORMANCE in a
4-YEAR SUPPORTING ROLE**



Vice-Pres. Hubert Humphrey

**BEST PERFORMANCE in
a ROMANTIC FARCE**



Frank Sinatra & Mia Farrow

**BEST PRODUCER of an
EAST-WESTERN FARCE**



Ho Chi-Minh

**BEST PERFORMANCE
while on LOCATION**



Adam Clayton Powell



achievements are accomplished by celebrities in other walks of life. And so, we hereby bestow upon these public figures the honors they deserve as we open the envelopes and present...

FOR WORLD CELEBRITIES

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL & FRANK JACOBS

BEST NEW ARRANGEMENT
of the **SAME OLD SONG**



Richard M. Nixon

BEST PERFORMANCE in a
BIBLICAL ROLE



Pres. Charles DeGaulle

BEST PERFORMANCE in an
UNINTENTIONAL COMEDY ROLE



Sec'y of State Dean Rusk

BEST PERFORMANCE in an
INTENTIONAL COMEDY ROLE



Gov. George Romney

PHOTOS BY:
UPI AND
WORLD WIDE

**BEST PERFORMANCE in a
HIGH BUDGET PRODUCTION**



Gov. Nelson Rockefeller

**BEST PERFORMANCE in a
LOW BUDGET PRODUCTION**



Sen. Eugene McCarthy

**BEST PERFORMANCE in a
BLACK & WHITE PRODUCTION**



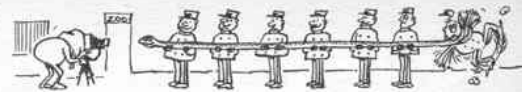
H. Rap Brown

BEST VISUAL EFFECTS

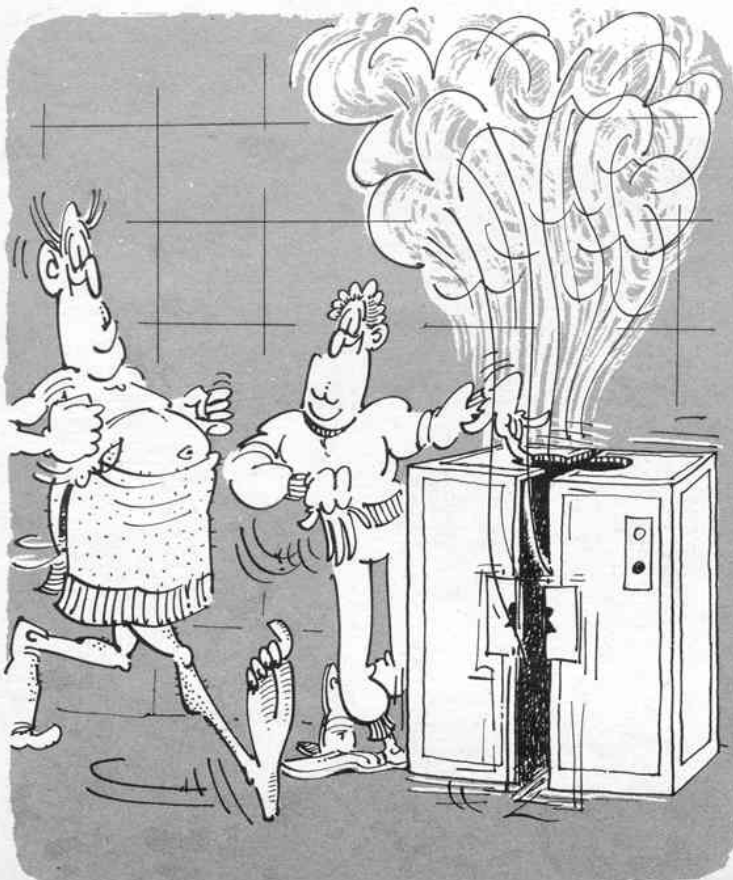
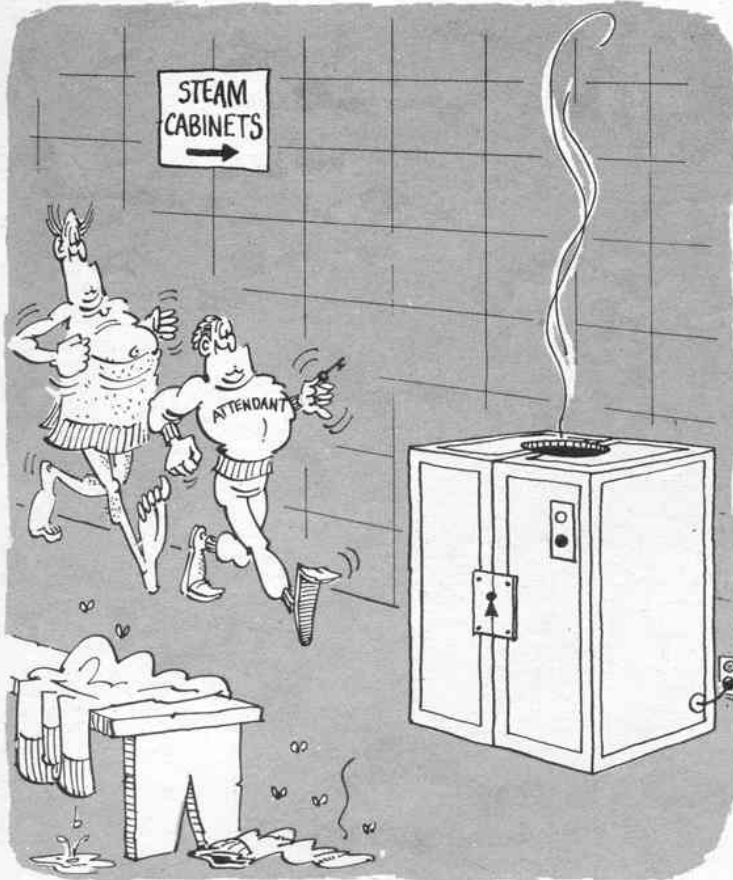


Dr. Timothy Leary





ONE EVENING AT THE HEALTH CLUB



D. MARTIN

Here we go again, gang, with the second installment of our new series which explores that hidden world where dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable. This one is . . .

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

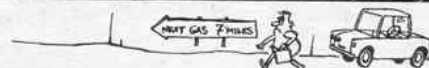
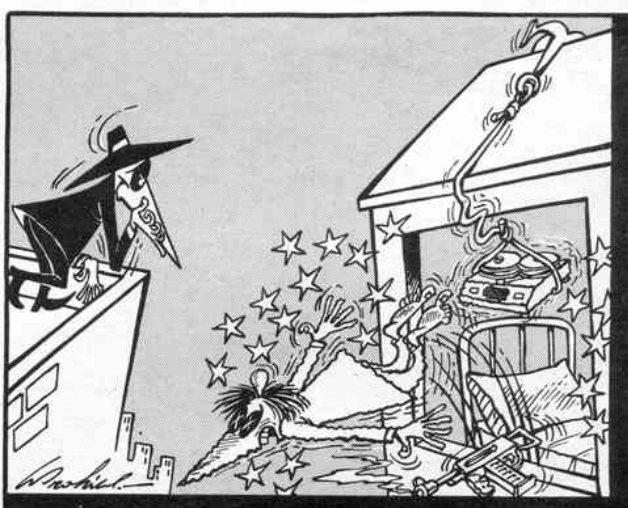
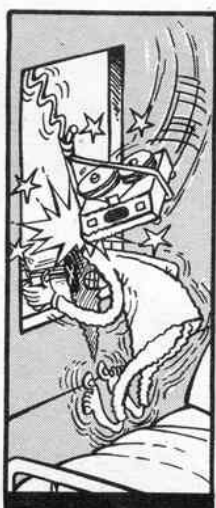
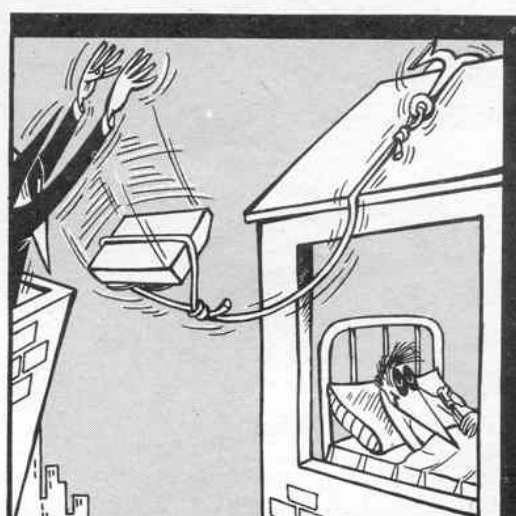
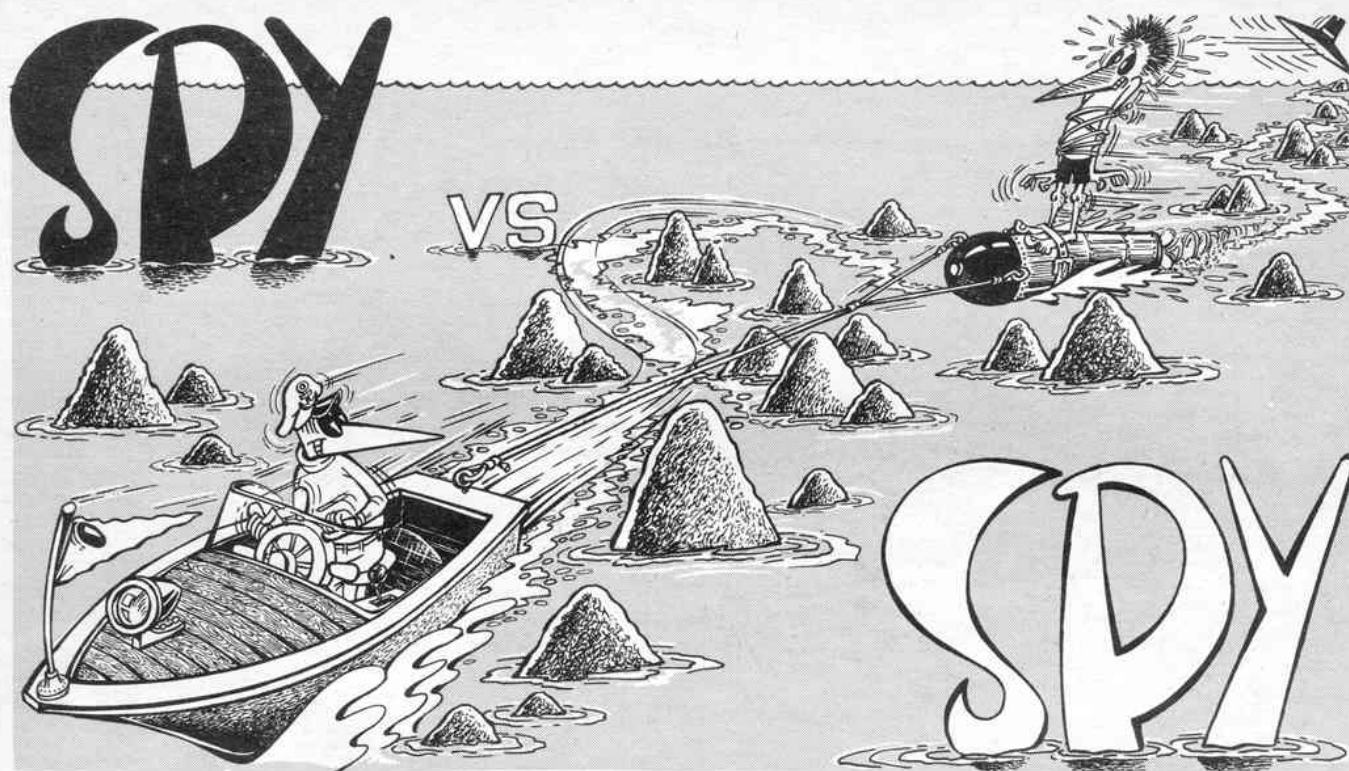


THE SCENES

AT A SERVICE STATION

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Someone once said: "In this world, you get nothing for nothing!" We don't know who said it, but he probably said a lot of other stupid things, too. Because in this world, there are lots of people who manage to get plenty for nothing. They even have a magazine devoted to their way of life called:

FREE-LOADER

THE MAGAZINE FOR DEAD BEATS

PRICE:
50¢

(Unless you've already
read the whole thing
for nothing while
standing in the store.)

NO. 7

OCT. 1968

I DROP IN ON TONY CURTIS ...AND STAY

by Pete Martin

.....
Make That Important
Long-Distance Call On
Somebody Else's Phone

SIX EMERGENCY EXCUSES YOU CAN USE TO BORROW YOUR FRIEND'S CAR

.....
Why Work... When You
Can Sponge Off A
Rich Relative?

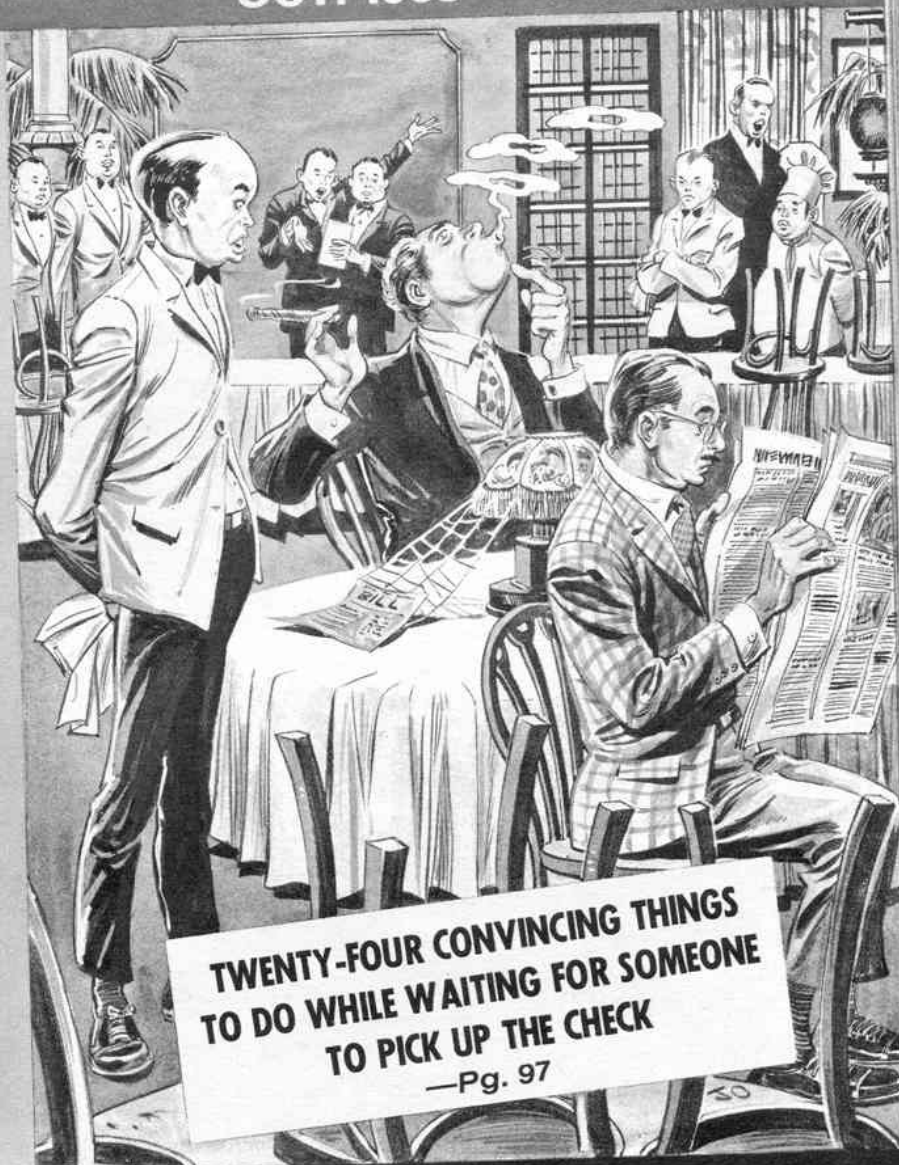
HOW "BLUE CROSS" PAYS THE BILLS FOR MY YACHT

by Ephraim Freen, M.D.

.....
Planning To Visit Your
Friends And Neighbors
Around The Dinner Hour

THE "TRUE-LIFE STORY" OF THE ISSUE:

"I Wrecked My Welfare
Deal When I Married The
Father Of My Children"



**SPECIAL
BONUS
INSERT:**

Exact Replicas Of Invitations To The Ten Biggest
Weddings, Cotillions, Debutante Balls and Bar Mitzvahs
Of The Coming Season... All Suitable For Crashing

LOOKING FOR A LUCRATIVE FREE-LOADING CAREER?

Try The Law Profession!

(DON'T BE A LAWYER—USE ONE!)



You can make a fortune quickly in the "Law Game!" All you have to do is get a smart lawyer, sue the right people, and you're set for life! Our valuable book, "So Sue!" tells you how to do it. It contains a list of all the broken sidewalks in the city on which you can trip and collect. Also, open manholes, loose guard rails and poorly-lighted staircases. You can be a Free-Loader for life. Send five dollars today, and your copy of "So Sue!" will be mailed to you immediately... postage due, of course! Box 10, Freebie, N. J.

DO NOTHING BUT TALK THE REST OF YOUR LIFE—AND GET PAID FOR IT!



Learn how to give long, dull "After-Dinner Speeches," appear on night time Television Shows for no apparent reason, say what you want when you want, and even mortify members of your own ethnic group. Remember, George Jessels are made, not born. Enroll today in

THE CHUTZPAH SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
Hollywood, Calif. New York, N.Y.

"I took the FREE-LOADERS HOME-STUDY COURSE ... and got a swell job!"



—says
**MELVIN
FUNK,**
Men's Room
Attendant
at the
Waldorf

"I never thought I could make a living doing nothing except turning on faucets and handling towels to grown men. But thanks to the FREE-LOADERS HOME-STUDY COURSE, I learned such money-producing phrases as, 'Hot today, isn't it?' and 'Wash 'em up?' and 'Check your fly?' And today, I'm in full charge of six stalls!"

TAKE MELVIN'S ADVICE! ENROLL TODAY IN

The Free-Loaders Home-Study School
Box 459 Parasite, Ohio

THE FREE-LOADER ADVISOR



Each issue, the "Free-Loader Advisor" helps other Free-Loaders who have problems. Naturally, the "Free-Loader Advisor," being a Free-Loader himself, charges a nominal fee for this service. So if you have a problem and you want to consult the "Free-Loader Advisor," include five dollars with your letter. (Please make that \$5.00 in singles, so your Editor—who also happens to be a Free-Loader, can take his 20% cut easily.)

Dear F-L Advisor:

For many years, I have been taking my son to the movies whenever I go, and he has always gotten in at half-price. But lately, the local theater changed its manager, and now Melvin has to pay full-price. Since he's still going with his mother, I think that's pretty unfair, don't you? Melvin is so upset about it that he threw a temper tantrum when I took him to see "Blow-Up" for his 29th birthday. What should I do?

Signed:
MOTHER

Dear Mother:

Forget about going to the movies and paying even half-price for Melvin. Instead, start going to the Legitimate Theater for FREE! Just wait until the First Act Intermission, and then you and Melvin merely walk in with the crowd for the Second and Third Acts. And don't worry about missing the First Act. Just pick up someone's discarded ticket stubs and use them the next night.

Dear F-L Advisor:

I love parties. I always have lots of fun at parties. But crashing these parties has become a real problem. I've all but given up trying, because I always seem to get caught. What do I do wrong?

Signed:
Unhappy

Dear Unhappy:

The problem is that you like parties and you probably look like you're enjoying yourself whenever you crash one. This is a sure tip-off that you don't belong at the party. No one really enjoys parties.

Dear F-L Advisor:

My ex-husband is giving me trouble. We were married and divorced on the same day, and I've been receiving \$12,-

000 a year in alimony since that day ten years ago. Now, he wants to stop the payments. Don't you think he's being unreasonable?

Signed:
Troubled

Dear Troubled:

I agree that he's being terribly unreasonable. He should continue to pay you the alimony you so justly deserve. After all, didn't you give him the best seven hours of your life?

Dear F-L Advisor:

I make my living by being a TV Quiz Show contestant. Should I be disturbed at being an Electronic Free-Loader, or is it something to be proud of?

Signed:
Pushy

Dear Pushy:

Although being a TV Quiz Show contestant is nothing to be really proud of, it is an acceptable form of Free-Loading. And things could be a lot worse. You could be the Emcee of a TV Quiz Show.

Dear F-L Advisor:

I admit I'm a Free-Loader. I admit I don't do anything worthwhile for a living. I agree I'm a "Yes-Man" to those higher up. I agree that I fill a totally useless position. But does that mean that people should disregard what I say and ignore what I think and pass me off as a nobody?

Signed:
Anonymous

Dear Anonymous:

First, I know that you should stop feeling guilty about being a useless Free-Loader. Second, I know that Free-Loaders everywhere are proud of you. And third, I know that you are not really "Anonymous," but actually Al Feldstein, Editor of MAD.

BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY OF "FREE-LOADER" EACH MONTH! SUBSCRIBE NOW!

A one-year subscription to "Free-Loader" costs \$5.00. Borrow the money from a friend and mail it in today. (Please do not send cash. Our Mailman has been reading our magazine.) Along with your first subscription copy, you will receive absolutely free a "Free-Loader Disguise Kit" that you can use to impersonate a Doorman at Christmas time. You'll make back more than the subscription price. You can also use the Disguise Kit to avoid being recognized by the friend you borrowed the \$5.00 from. (Note to Old Subscribers re Change of address: If you've moved, please let us know immediately, so we can stop by for a drink.)

FREE-LOADER MAGAZINE

interviews

THE STATE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE CHAMPION

Arnold T. Langbein



F-L INTERVIEWER: Mr. Langbein, you are recognized as the uncontested Champ—

MR. LANGBEIN: How much do you pay for one of these interviews?

F-L INTERVIEWER: Er—well, we don't pay anything, usually. But we *do* give ten free copies of the magazine . . .

MR. LANGBEIN: Oh? Well, how much is scrap paper going for these days?

F-L INTERVIEWER: Please, Mr. Langbein, let's get to the interview. How did you become the State Unemployment Insurance Champion?

MR. LANGBEIN: It wasn't easy. The competition is fierce, and getting worse every day. But using good old American "stick-to-itiveness", I managed it.

F-L INTERVIEWER: How long have you been Champion, sir?

MR. LANGBEIN: Twenty-five years, and twenty-five wonderful years they have been, I might add.

F-L INTERVIEWER: Tell us, Mr. Langbein, what excuses do you use to keep unemployed?

MR. LANGBEIN: I just claim I'm a victim of Automation.

F-L INTERVIEWER: Just a minute. Automation has only been a problem for the past ten years or so. How about before that?

MR. LANGBEIN: Then I was a victim of the age of Electricity. Hell, my ancestors claimed they were thrown out of work by the invention of the Wheel. You can always find an excuse, right?

F-L INTERVIEWER: I guess so. But if you've been out of work for twenty-five years, how can you qualify for Unemployment Insurance.

MR. LANGBEIN: Well, I take a job for six months, and then I get fired, and then I collect Unemployment Insurance for twenty-six weeks.

F-L INTERVIEWER: How can you be sure you'll be fired?

MR. LANGBEIN: Because I don't show up for the last six months.

F-L INTERVIEWER: How long have you been on your last Unemployment Insurance kick, Mr. Langbein?

MR. LANGBEIN: For three years.

F-L INTERVIEWER: Now hold on. I got you there. You said you only collect Unemployment Insurance for twenty-six weeks . . .

MR. LANGBEIN: That's right, smarty. But don't forget Workman's Compensation!

F-L INTERVIEWER: How did you qualify for that?

MR. LANGBEIN: I sprained my ankle on the steps of the Unemployment In-

surance Office as I was coming out with my last check. And when that ran out, I applied for the Government Rehabilitation Program, then the War On Poverty Program, then Operation Headstart, then . . .

F-L INTERVIEWER: But these programs are only for people who live in the slums. And you have this lovely private home in the suburbs . . .

MR. LANGBEIN: I keep a summer place in Harlem just to establish residency.

F-L INTERVIEWER: And you get enough money from all these connivings to live?

MR. LANGBEIN: Not in the style I'd like. It's really scandalous. Do you know that my car is last year's Cadillac?

F-L INTERVIEWER: Well, what do you intend to do about that?

MR. LANGBEIN: I'm writing my Congressman. But until they pass some more legislation, I'm taking emergency measures.

F-L INTERVIEWER: Really? And what are they?

MR. LANGBEIN: Well, I've put my wife and three sons on Unemployment Insurance . . . kinda bringing the boys in to the business, you might say . . . and I've applied for Federal Aid for my

(Continued on page 78)

FREE-LOADERS IN THE NEWS



Here's a Free-Loader "Double Header." TV star Doorwood Kirpy, who makes all kinds of money for doing nothing, shakes hands with his agent, who gets 10% for doing nothing except seeing to it that Kirpy continues to do nothing.

Howard Sewell proudly accepts the coveted Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship. This is the 13th Fellowship Howard has received. Asked about the next Fellowship he'll try for, Howard snapped, "What next one? When this one's finished, I'll start collecting my Social Security."



"People should stand on their own two feet!" said Hiram Judd, the President of the "Dirt Farmer's Anti-Welfare State Lobby," which marched on Washington to protest allocation of government funds for the underprivileged. Judd is also President of the "More Subsidies For Dirt Farmers Lobby."

Milton Boiled, famous TV star, shown here at his regular table in Linty's—right up front where passers-by can see—angrily denied he was being used to publicize the restaurant. "When I'm in New York, I always come into Linty's for my free meal!" he said.



WALKING THE DEAD BEAT

News and Views of Free-Loading Around Town
by Crafty Finagle

Congratulations to Hilda Biffle who retired to Florida last week. You remember Hilda—she's the gal who has taken advantage of every "Double-Your-Money-Back" offer ever made . . . How about Marvin Simmis, who couldn't find a free parking spot in town the other evening? Marv just got out of his car in the middle of traffic, lifted the hood and removed his radiator cap. When he got back from the movies, he found a policeman giving him a free carbon-and-valve job . . . STREET SCENE: Ivor Balderdash, the celebrated Skid Row Free-Loader, made \$450 last week. Seems he has a greasy rag, and makes a mint threatening to wipe off motorists' windshields with it.

FREE-LOADER OF THE MONTH AWARD goes to the Syndicate that puts up all those gum machines around town that grab your money and don't work. Those gonifs make millions . . . What famous TV comic got a lifetime supply of booze by mentioning Canadian Club on his show? Hope they offer the same deal to me for this mention . . . Hats off to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bernstein. People are still talking about the clever way they conned all their guests into dressing up like bums and then held their son's Bar Mitzvah in the Salvation Army Shelter.

NEWS NOTE: Welfare Workers are planning a strike. They're going to demand that they get paid as much as their Welfare clients receive . . . Kudos to Gourmet Columnist Sidney Fresser, who has eaten in a different restaurant every night for the past six weeks for free. The restaurateurs are hoping that Sidney will feature their establishment in his column. Sidney is hoping that some newspaper will eventually feature his so-far unpublished column . . . The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were in town last night, still giving Free-Loading a touch of class.



Everyone had a great time at the recent Free-Loaders' Convention, even Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kulots, who were unaware that the Convention was being held at their daughter's Wedding Reception. Thanks for the use of the hall, Folks!

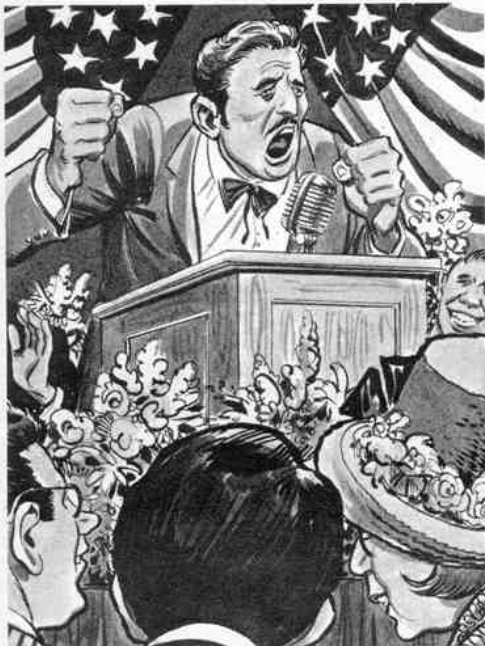
Producer David Melnick dropped \$600,000 of his backers' money on his recent flop. Actually, it was only \$400,000, but David took the difference for his week's expenses . . . Overheard on the Unemployment Insurance line: "They can't seem to find me a job as a Financier!" . . . The United Charity Foundation's fund drive dinner last night was a huge success. It raised enough dough to pay the salaries of the executives for another six months . . . Disc Jockey Murphy The "Q" has a unique Free-Loading deal. He sells those free records he receives from the recording companies to the Fink Record Shop . . . Three cheers to the members of the Police Force who don their uniforms on off-duty hours to attend ball games and other sports exhibitions for free.

FREE-LOADING QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "We were just passing through," said E.Z. Pickins, referring to himself, his wife and their six kids, "and we thought we'd stop by for a minute to say 'Hello!'" Mr. Pickins delivered the quote to an old Army buddy he'd once met on a line for shots. The Pickins family then managed to extend the "minute to say 'Hello!'" into a three-week visit . . . **EMERGENCY NOTICE:** If you live anywhere between High Street and Underhill Avenue, contact me immediately. You can drive me to work every morning. But don't get me wrong, I love Free-Loading!

THE FREE-LOADER OF THE MONTH

Each month, **FREE-LOADER** Magazine honors one person whose activities best illustrate the qualities admired by all Free-Loaders. This month, we salute, with open palms...

**CONGRESSMAN AMEN
CLAYFEET POWER**



Congressman Power addresses a dinner being held to raise funds for his re-election campaign. His goal is \$150,000. "If I can achieve that goal," he tells his guests, "I can retire . . . and to hell with Congress!"

If someone objects to Power's abuse of his office, he merely calls for a Congressional Investigation to get at the facts. Here, we see him using his Congressional Immunity to blacken the reputation of his accuser for life . . . with no danger to the Congressman.



The fact that Congress is in session does not disturb Congressman Power's daily routine in Bermuda. Here he is seen conferring with a constituent on his yacht, which costs him nothing because he has had it classified as an auxiliary P.T. boat on detached service from the U.S. Coast Guard.



Naturally, Congressman Power also has to attend to Official Congressional Business too. As the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he takes his job seriously. After establishing friendly relations in Paris, he will do the same in Rome, Nice and Majorca.



Here we see a businessman trying to persuade Power to use his influence to help land a government contract. Power explains that it is unethical to do special favors for "the few". Therefore he does special favors for all — all that can afford the price.

Naturally, a Congressman cannot do everything by himself. He needs many loyal assistants to help him. And who can be more loyal and helpful than "family?" That is why Congressman Power has placed 117 relatives on his payroll . . . including several that have been dead for the past ten years.

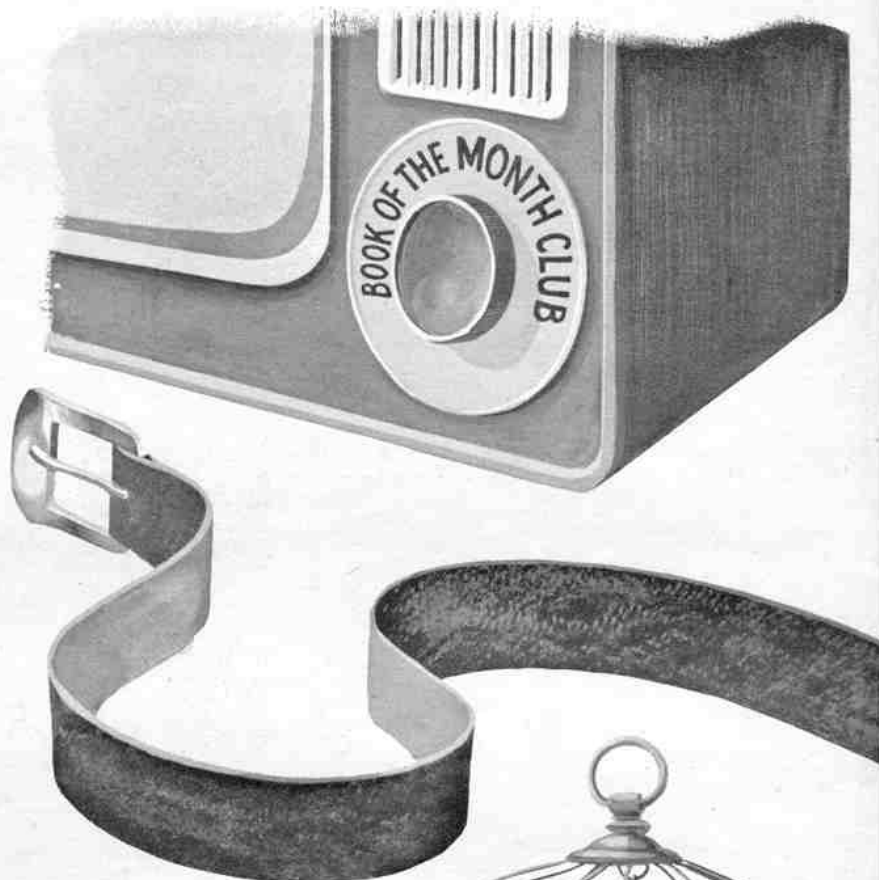
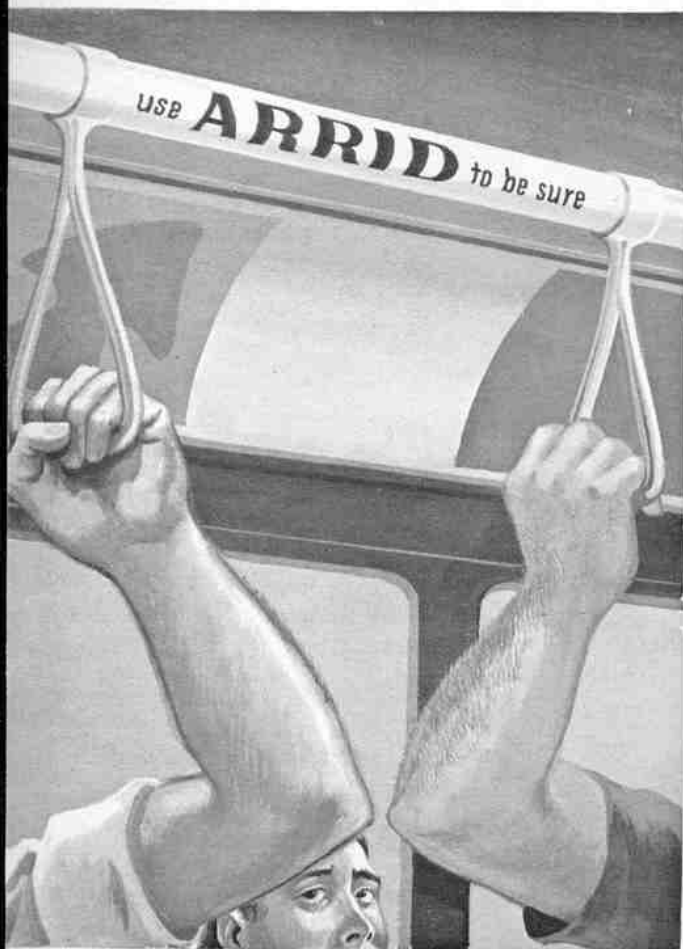




AD-VENTURE DEPT.

With billboards coming down all over the country in an effort to "Beautify America," the creative geniuses on Madison Avenue will have to come up with something to take their place . . . something

MORE EFFECTIVE A



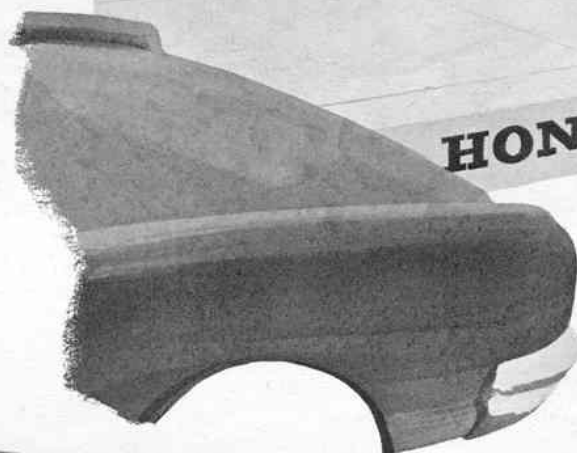


with just as much visual impact. Which brings us to this article. (Okay, smarty-pants, so turning the page was what brought you to this article!) Here, then, are several MAD suggestions for . . .

DVERTISING SPACES

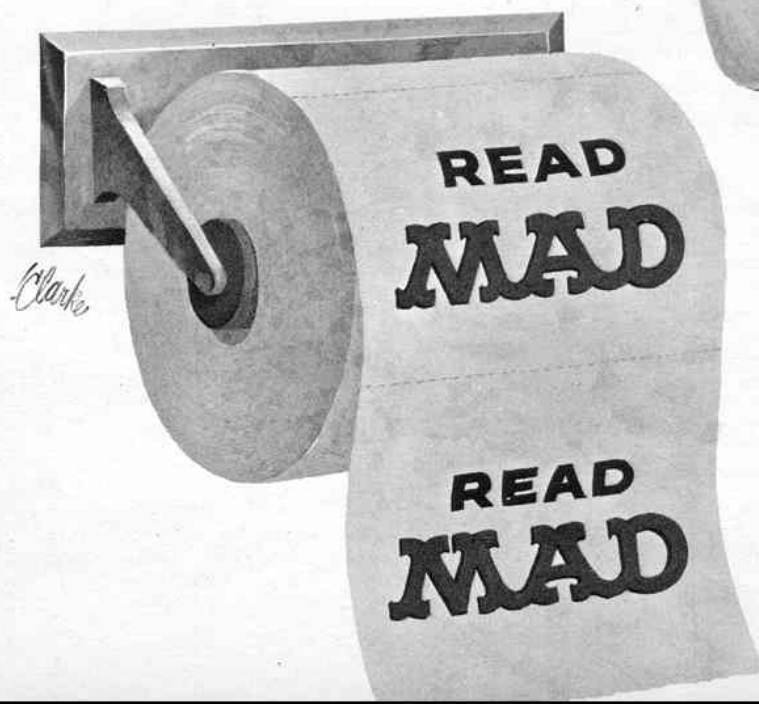
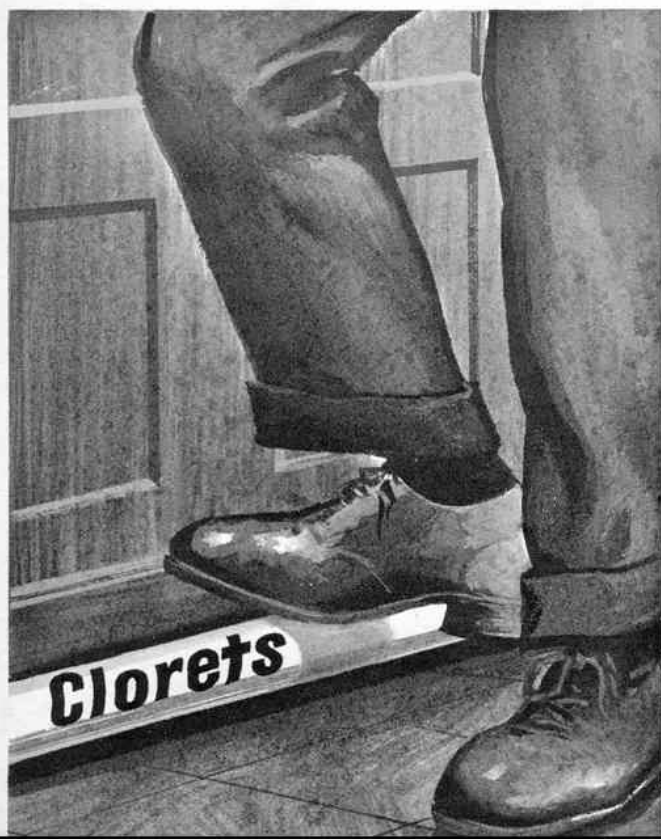
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

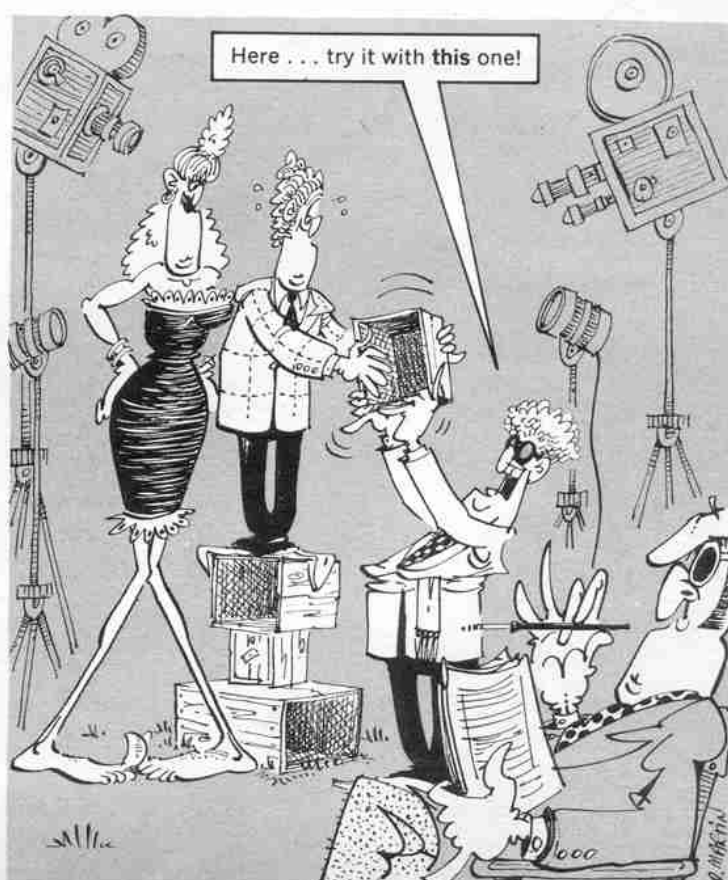
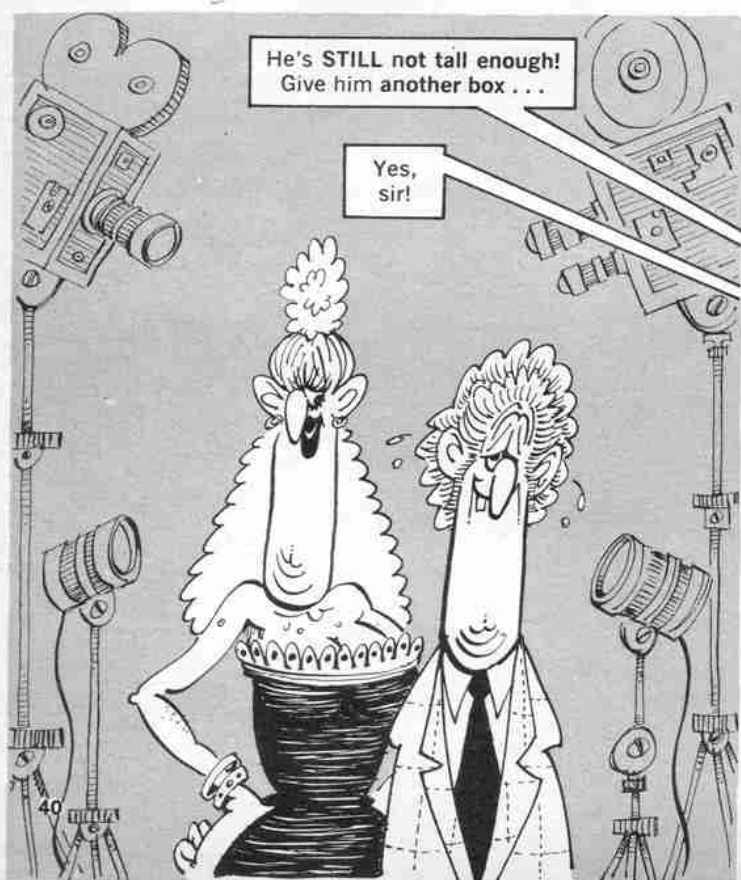
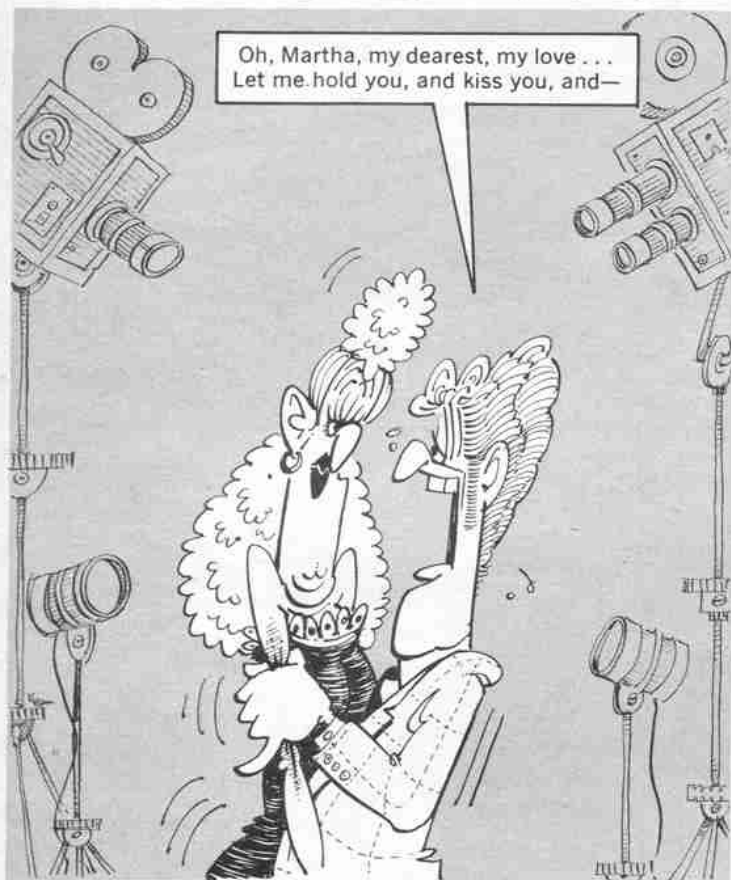


TIME FOR
Metrecal

ÆTNA ACCIDENT
CASUALTY CO. INSURANCE



ON THE SET



THREE FOR THE FUNNY DEPT.

Twice in recent issues of MAD, we've saved you the time, trouble, and tariff necessary to see them by summing up three idiotic films at one shot in a collection which we called "MAD Mini-Movies". Now, we save you the time, trouble, eye-strain, and possible exposure to deadly radiation (if you have the right kind of Color-TV set) by summing up three idiotic television shows in this collection which we call...

MAD MINI-VISION

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE

"It Takes A Crook"

I used to be a crook! Now I work for the Government! You know... like those big Corporation Execs who become Cabinet Members!



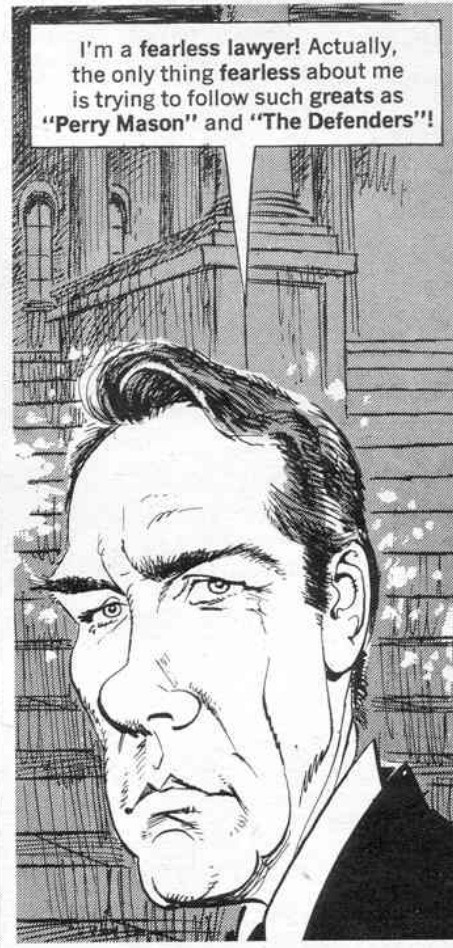
"Manneccch"

I'm a "modern" private eye, with modern science on my side, like this big computer! So how come I keep making such stupid mistakes!?



"Jugg for the Defensive"

I'm a fearless lawyer! Actually, the only thing fearless about me is trying to follow such greats as "Perry Mason" and "The Defenders"!



First, let's take this MAD Mini-Vision look at the TV Lawyer who combines the controversial cases of "The Defenders" with the success of "Perry Mason"...

JUGG FOR THE

I'm worried, Mr. Jugg! We haven't had a client for almost ten minutes!

If you'd paid attention while you were studying Law, Bem, you'd know that when things slow down, you merely have to grab your golf clubs and say, "I'm finally going on my first vacation in seven years."

... and before you can say, "Habeas Corpus"—**CLIENTS!!**

Gosh, they never taught us THAT in Law School!

"School"? I learned that from watching Perry Mason!

Mr. Jugg, I just shot my wife! Take my case!

Mr. Jugg, I just shot BOTH my wives! Take MY case!

Mr. Jugg, my Boss told me I had bad breath so I gunned him down! Take me!

Mr. Jugg, my son's been arrested for stealing a horse and I'm very rich!



Did my great big ol' disgustingly wealthy Daddy hire you to get his li'l spoiled Sonny Boy out of another mess?

Be serious, Andrew! This is no simple misdemeanor like Murder or Rape! You have been charged with 1st Degree Horse-Stealing!

So tell me exactly what happened? A lot depends on your story!

You mean... like my life?!

Even more important! Mr. Jugg's reputation!



Man, I don't know what happened! I was taking a "trip," see? And then I freaked out! And the next thing I know, I was petting this horse!

We believe your story, Andrew—but will a Jury believe it?

I hope it doesn't come to that! I prefer winning my cases by unethical legal shenanigans!



Is the low down rat who stole your horse in this courtroom?

He's right there... It was the defendant, Andrew K. Filthyrich!

It looks bad, Jugg! What kind of defense have you planned!

The best defense is always a good offense!

Wasn't that Louis Nizer—"N.Y. State vs. Sidney Clogpoop"?

No, Vince Lombardi—"Green Bay Packers vs. Dallas Cowboys"!

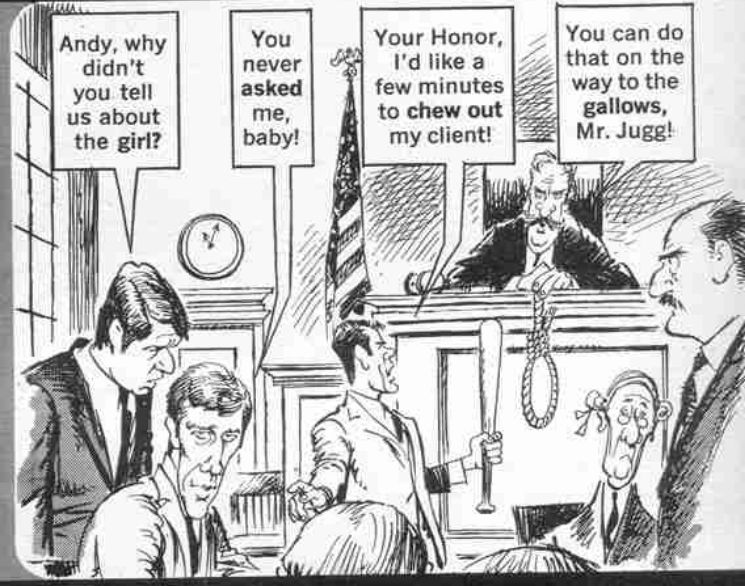
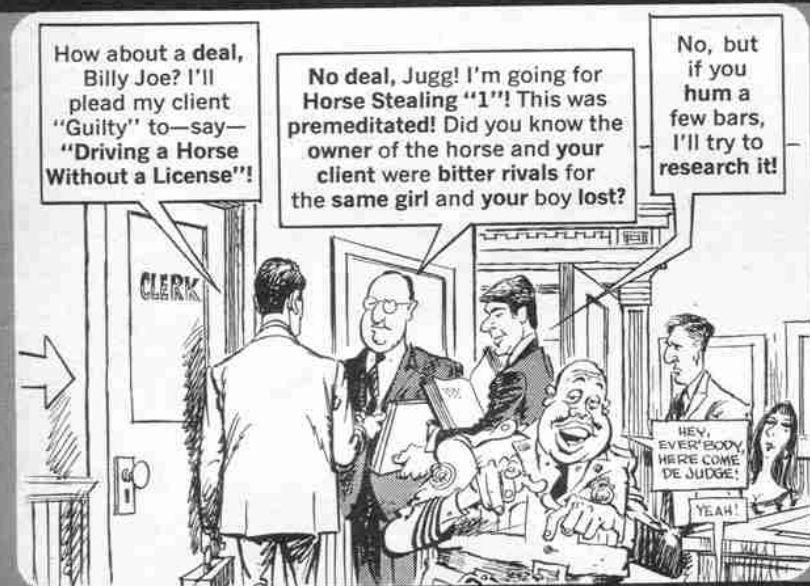
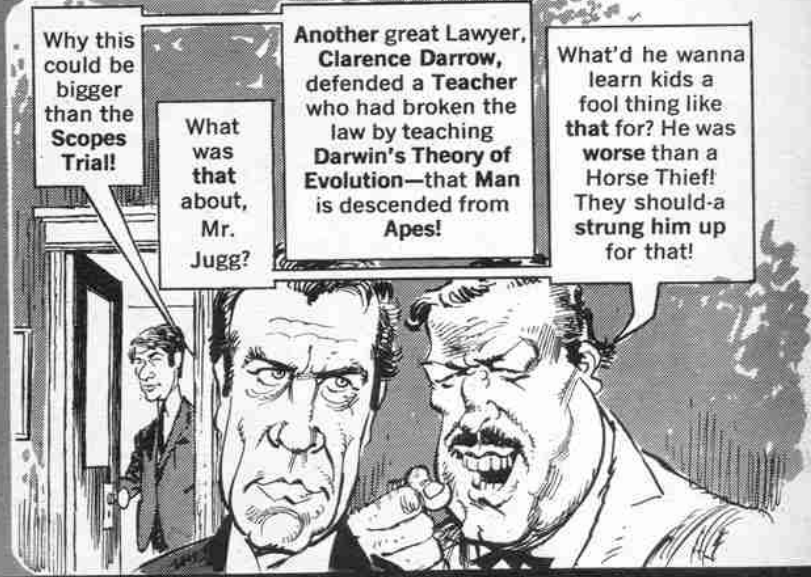
Before I call my usual surprise witness, let me make this brief point: My client is accused of Horse Stealing, but his accuser is guilty of Gal Stealing... a crime far more heinous—

Mr. Jugg, any more language like that and I'll hold you in Contempt of Court!

Miss Phylliss Dilly take the stand!



DEFENSIVE



Next, let's take a MAD Mini-Vision look at the show dedicated to the very first "Corporate Detective" . . . sort of a "Private - Enterprise - Eye" called . . .

MANNECCH

Manneccch! That looks like Mr. Kvetch, the man who was paying us to protect him! What happened to him?

I had to use him as bait to find out who was threatening him! Unfortunately, he got himself bumped off!

But don't worry! I know who the killer is!

Are you crazy?! We're not in business to catch crooks! You see those giant computers? You see those plush offices, the lawyers, the accountants, the secretaries, my wife's worthless brother? These things cost money!

And THAT'S what we are in business FOR! To make money! Do you realize what we will LOSE on this case?

\$47,321.55 to be exact!

Big mouth!

Here are your flunkies, Mr. Huge! Sorry, but I don't like being pushed around!

Nice work, Manneccch! I watched you on closed circuit TV! I like the way you operate! Like I conduct my business!

You mean I'm quick and efficient!?

No . . . you fight dirty!

Every day at this time, I come to the roof to sunbathe . . . and every day, as soon as I get here, a helicopter flies over and . . . See what I mean, Manneccch!? Here it comes now! I want it stopped! I want it stopped!!

Your wish is my command, Mr. Huge! "Intertecch" is on the job!

NOW what's going on!?

Where did all those other helicopters come from?

From a heliport, obviously! They're investigating the crash, I guess!

Hey! That's Howard Huge! "Life" will pay a fortune for these shots!

Better still, "Fortune" will pay a life for these shots!

Smile, Mr. Huge! You're on "NBC-TV NEWS"!

Manneccch, you idiot! This is all YOUR fault! "Intertecch" is going to PAY for this! I'll see to it!

Thanks for the tip, Mr. Huge!

Fortunately we can make it up on this next case! Howard Huge, the eccentric billionaire, hates any intrusion on his privacy! He claims that someone is passing over his penthouse every day, trying to take his picture! He'll pay us a small fortune to have it stopped!

I'm your man, Loot! I won't goof this one! I'll make up what we lost!

\$47,321.55 to be exact!

Shut up already!!

I'm Manneccch ... from "Intertecch"! Mr. Huge is expecting me!

Okay, boys! Frisk 'im!

But I don't carry a gun!

Who cares about guns!? It's cameras Mr. Huge is worried about!

Boy, that pilot is pretty mad about my wrecking his helicopter!

Serves him right for trying to take my picture!

He wasn't trying to take your picture! He was flying the Mail in from L.A.!

Seems your hotel is directly under the L.A.—Las Vegas Mail Route, Mr. Huge ... and there'll be another helicopter along at this same time tomorrow! So you'll just have to change your sunbathing schedule!

What?! Never!! I'll buy the Mail Route first!

But you can't! It belongs to the Government!

Then I'll buy the Government!

You're through around here, Manneccch! Fired! Do you know how much we lost on the Huge case?

\$2,376,569.22 to be exact—including the cost of one U.S. Mail helicopter!

Right! And do you know how much "Intertecch" stock is selling for a share since Howard Huge started dumping it?

18¢ a share, to be exact!

Right! Which is low enough for me to afford to buy 51%!

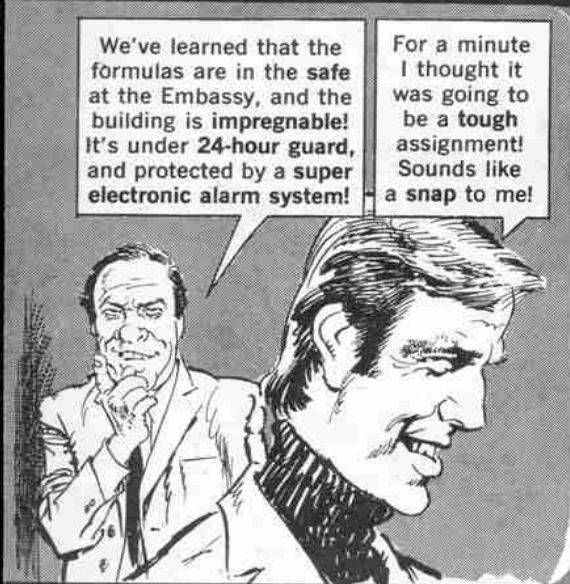
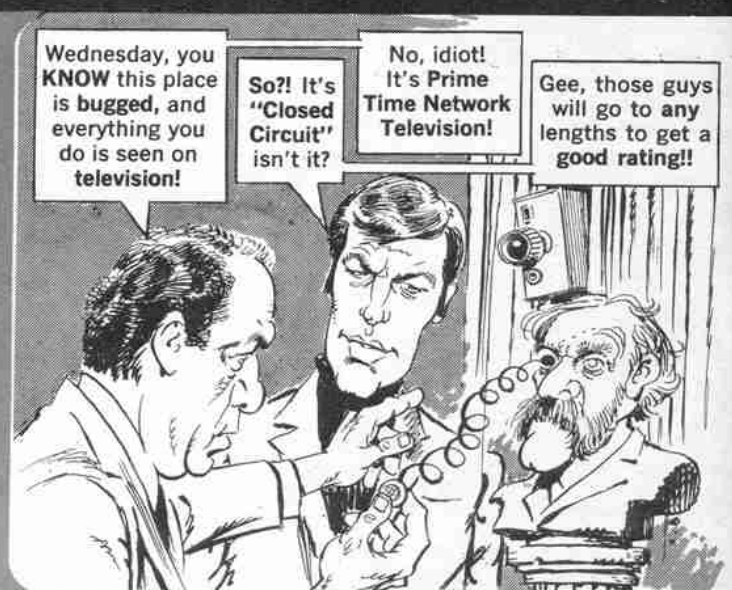
And which is precisely why you can't fire me, Loot! Because YOU'RE working for ME now! So let's not make any stupid mistakes that cost money! Okay! I'm in business to MAKE money, and that's what I'm gonna do!

Now the first thing we'll do is hire an Efficiency Expert to help us get rid of the deadwood around here! Then, we'll ...

I MAKE AN EFFICIENT "YES MAN" AND I'LL WORK FOR LESS VOLTAGE

Finally, let's take a MAD Mini-Vision look at the "TV-Criminal-Turned-Federal Agent" who proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that "Crime Definitely Pays"...

IT TAKES A CRO



Girls, this is Chief Nowhere of the SIA! I work for him!

What's the SIA?

The Sexy Intelligence Agency . . . What else?!

Thursday, I've got your next assignment! You have to break into the Russian Embassy!

Wait a minute, Nowhere, baby! I'm no spy!

Who's asking you to spy? Only steal!

The secret formulas for "Platformate" and "STP" have been stolen! We've got to get them back! Our national security is at stake! That's why we're entrusting this job to you . . . a known criminal . . . instead of a loyal, honest Secret Agent!

That makes sense!

It does?!

... cut a hole in the floor ...

... and escape through the secret subterranean cellar that every Embassy in the world is built over!

Fantastic! An honest man like me could never have conceived of such a plan! It's really amazing how the criminal mind works!

What criminal mind!? I saw the same job pulled twice on "Mission Impossible"!

Mr. Saturday, I'm Congressman Gerald Mander! Me and my Committee here are investigating ...

Hey, you skipped "Friday"!

No, we've already questioned him on "Dragnet"!

I'll have you know I'm also the Chairman of the Committee to Eliminate Waste in Government and this is the most wasteful operation I have ever seen!

Mr. Sunday! I suggest you look around for other means of employment! And that goes for you, too, Chief Nowhere ...

Well, kid, I guess this is the end of "Operation Crook"! What'll you do now, go back to being a thief?

Not on your life! I'm moving up to the "Big Time"! I'm gonna run for Congressman!

Those thieves make what I do look like "kid stuff"!

"BURNING MAD"

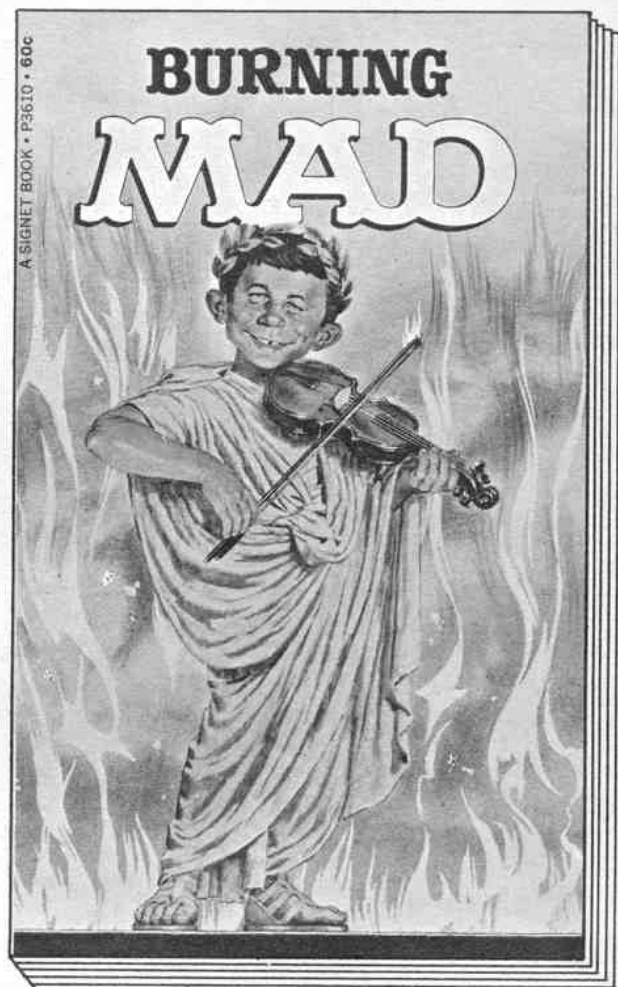
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HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

A ➡

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◆ **B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ONE ATROCITY FOLLOWS ANOTHER IN WAR. SADISTS IN THE CAMPS OF BOTH SIDES COMMIT THEM. COURTS MUST ARRAIGN TRY AND CONVICT THESE KILLERS. JUSTICE MUST PREVAIL!

A ➔

◀ B

Scenes We'd Like To See

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: DON EDWING

Pinocchio



The Wizard of Oz



Peter Pan

