

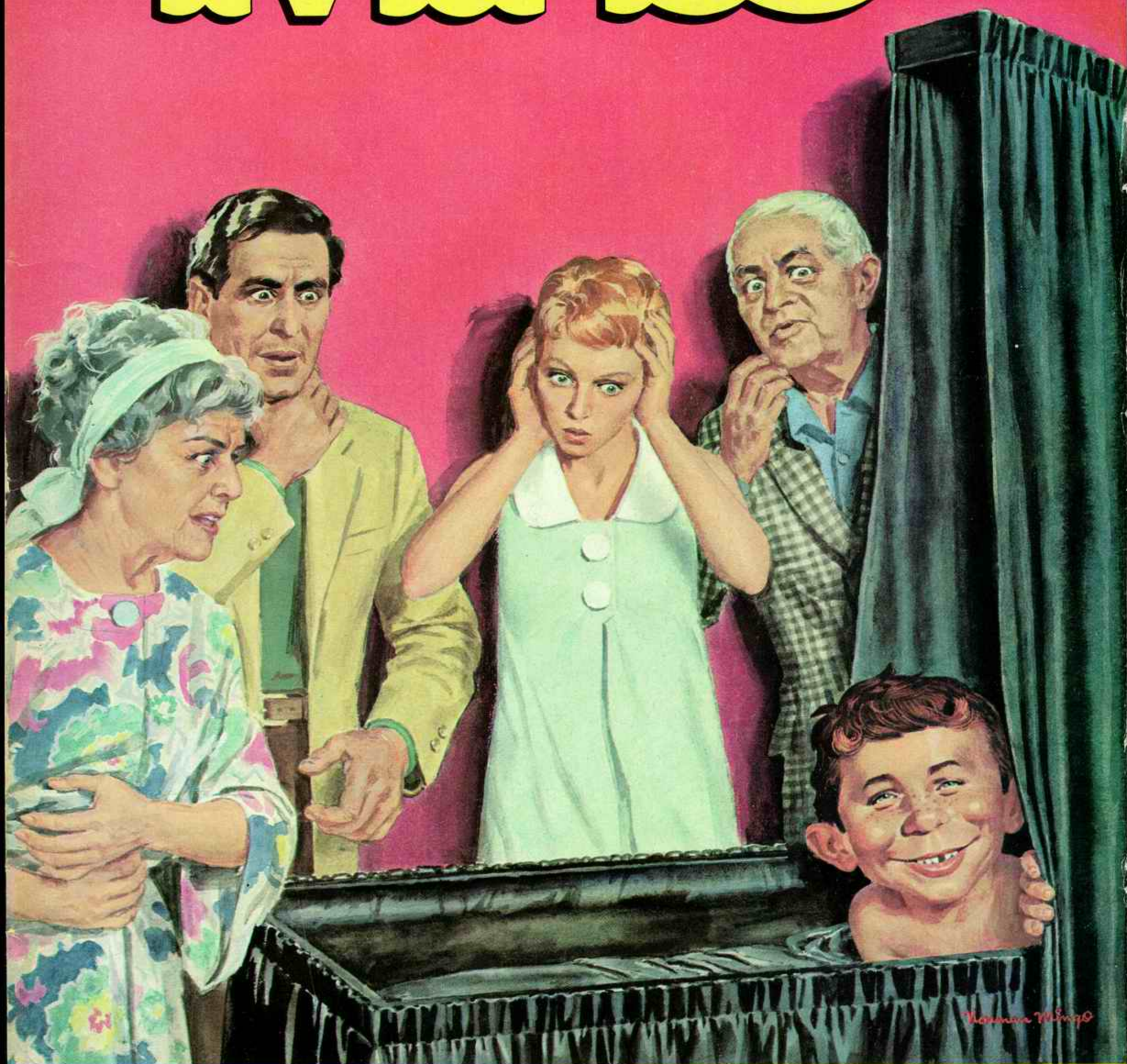
No.
124
Jan.
'69

MAD^{IND}®

OUR PRICE

35c

CHEAP



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Rosemia's Boo-boo

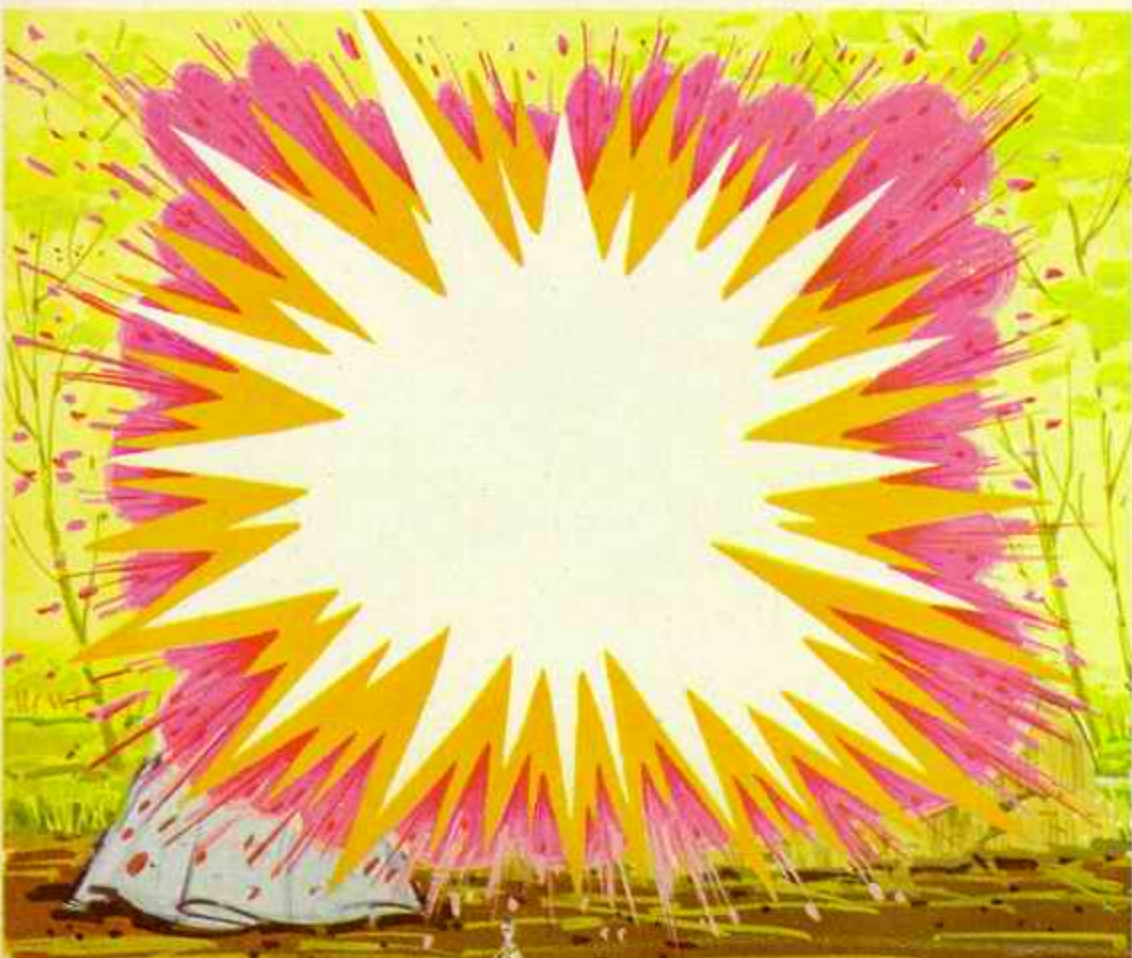
THE MAGIC SPELL



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



WRITER: AL JAFFEE



MAD

"When it comes to hindsight, everybody's got 20-20 vision!"

—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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... BEING A FRUIT-FLY *DOES*
HAVE ITS *ADVANTAGES*...



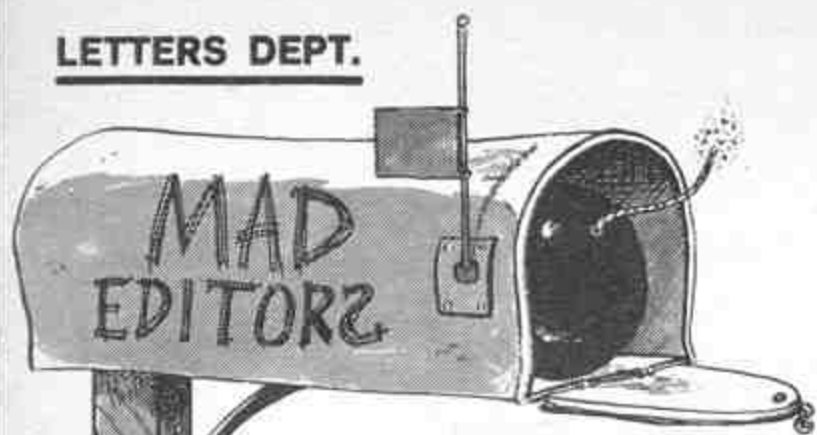
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LETTERS DEPT.



UPDATED COMIC STRIP HEROES

"MAD's Updated Comic Strip Heroes" (#122) was a gem. Bob Clarke and Max Brandel should be proclaimed "National Heroes"!

Charles Mattina
Queens, N.Y.

I cracked up when I read "MAD's Updated Comic Strip Heroes". You have got to be the cleverest people in the world!
Teri Peterson
San Leandro, Calif.

"Updated Comic Strip Heroes" was a disgrace! How can you ridicule such a great man as George Wallace, the man who will lead us out of our lawless wilderness?

Mike Ward
Fort Smith, Ark.

Thank you, thank you, thank you for calling George Wallace what he is . . . a menace!

James Massay
Grafton, Va.

MAD MINI-MOVIES

Your satire on "Guess Who's Throwing Up Dinner?" was well written and out of sight. It was also marvelous, excellent, superb and sensational. In other words, it was pretty good.

Brandon Moore
Compton, Calif.

"In Cold Blech!" was disgusting. Besides being not the least bit humorous, it was also in very poor taste. In fact, it was almost as bad as the movie.

Chuck Connell
Norwalk, Conn.

Your satire, "The Post-Graduate", was well-deserved. To think that a College "Graduate" would be that "uninformed" is unbelievable!

Steve Sloan
Williston, S.C.

"Guess Who's Throwing Up Dinner?" had me doing just that! "In Cold Blech" was one of the year's best garbage can liners! And the "Post-Graduate" ruined one of the finest movies of the year! Thank Heavens your satires are improving!

Thomas Rode
Lake City, Fla.

MAD'S IDEAL CANDIDATE

"MAD's Ideal Presidential Candidate" (MAD #122) was by far the most ingenious article I have ever seen in your magazine. Lou Silverstone and Max Brandel deserve much credit for the amount of research that must have gone into the article.

Thomas French
Glastonbury, Conn.

"MAD's Ideal Presidential Candidate" was absolutely PRICELESS!

Ann Keller
El Paso, Texas

"MAD'S Ideal Presidential Candidate" was a stroke of sheer genius.

Kirby Nish
Danville, Calif.

Your "Ideal Presidential Candidate" was truly an imaginative creation, worthy of much praise. Now, how about presenting "MAD's Ideal Staff Member"? I am sure that, without much effort, you could assemble that same charismatic face we all know and love by artfully chopping up and reassembling portraits of MAD's Editors and Writers.

Lucy Cornwell
Glens Falls, N.Y.

THE FUTURE LONG-LONG CIGARETTE

Al Jaffee has done it again. "When We Have The Future Long-Long Cigarette" has topped them all. What genius! What artistry! Keep up the good work, Al! Hey, why aren't you writing the rest of the magazine?

Gary Heller
Laurelton, N.Y.

"Long-Long Cigarettes" proves once again that MAD will go to any lengths to get a laugh!

Susan Clarke
Lafayette, Ind.

A CBS SUMMER MEMO

"A CBS Summer Memo To The Smothered Brothers" was the funniest thing in your October issue. You guys did a good job showing what they're up against.

Neal Desby
Hollywood, Calif.

That was a madly funny "Summer Memo" in your October issue. For Tom and Dick, Ken Kragen and Ken Fritz, our congratulations to MAD and especially to Ronnie Nathan and Jack Rickard. May we have permission to reprint this page in the "Smothered Brothers Newsletter" which will go out to about 10,000 members of the Smothered Brothers Fan Club? If it sounds like we are fans of yours, we are!

Dennis Shanahan
The Smothered Brothers Show
Beverly Hills, Calif.

GENTEEL BEN

Dick De Bartolo's hilarious script, and Don Martin's inimitable art made "Genteel Ben" one of the most refreshing TV satires you've done in a long time.

Frank Perle
Pt. Washington, N.Y.

Hooray for MAD! At long last, someone has satirized the most utterly sickening show Television has ever produced. It was perfect. Long live MAD Magazine!

E. L. Thornhill IV
Independence, La.

Don Martin doing TV satires is the crummiest idea you've come up with. Let Don stick to Don Martin stuff and Mort Drucker do the TV satires!

Geof Miller
Toronto, Can.

"Genteel Ben" was so funny, I couldn't BEAR it!

Robert Berard
Springfield, Mass.

MOVIE MONSTERS

"A MAD Look At Movie Monsters" was the funniest thing I have ever read in your magazine, and I've read a lot of funny things in your magazine. My congratulations to Sergio Aragones.

Wallie Walker
Trenton, N.J.

. . . A "Monsterpiece"!!

Eli Bryk
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

MAD FOREIGN PROPAGANDA

Anti-American feelings abroad could be reduced, I think, if copies of MAD were sent throughout the world. Then, foreign peoples would realize that all Americans cannot be held responsible for the actions of a few!

Dennis Harrington
Seattle, Wash.

BURNING ISSUES RESOLVED

In the United States, "Law and Order", "Vietnam" and "MAD Magazine" are the burning issues of the day. The last one, of course, is the easiest to resolve—namely by burning every issue!

R. K. Lowell
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

MOST OVERWORKED MAD-MAN?

After finishing your latest issue, I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Jack Albert (Lawsuits) is probably the most overworked person on your staff.

Marc McGarry
Brookline, Mass.

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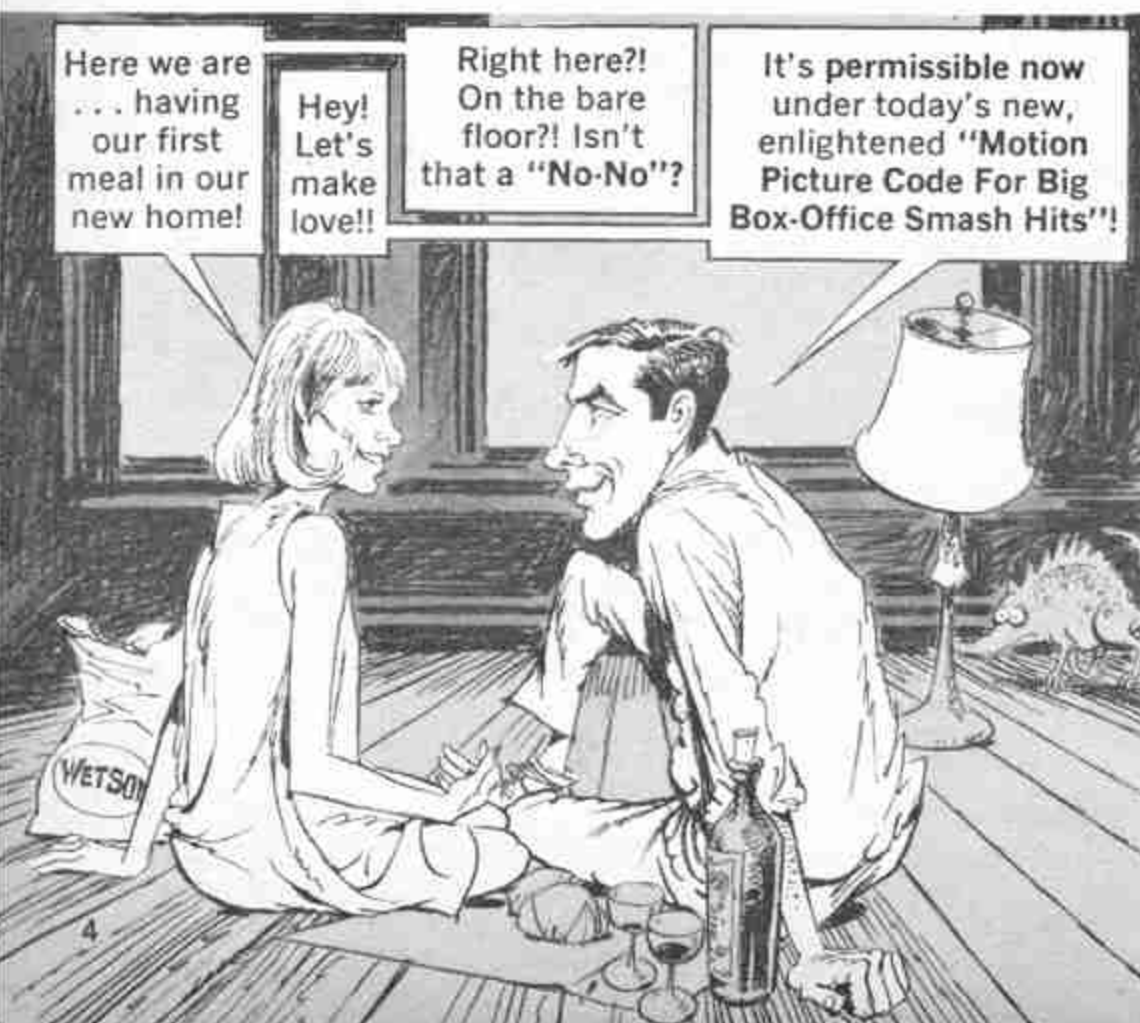
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LAYING A DEVILED EGG DEPT.



Everyone is talking about the recent picture that has shocked the nation. (Not **THIS** nation... Upper Slobovia!) We're referring to the picture that has suspense, witchcraft, sorcery, religious fantasy, and most important of all—a couple of shots of naked ladies... all of the elements necessary for good "Box Office" today... mainly, bad taste! This picture obviously was intended to offend people. If you weren't offended by it... you're sure to be offended by our MAD version of





Rosemia's Boo-boo

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

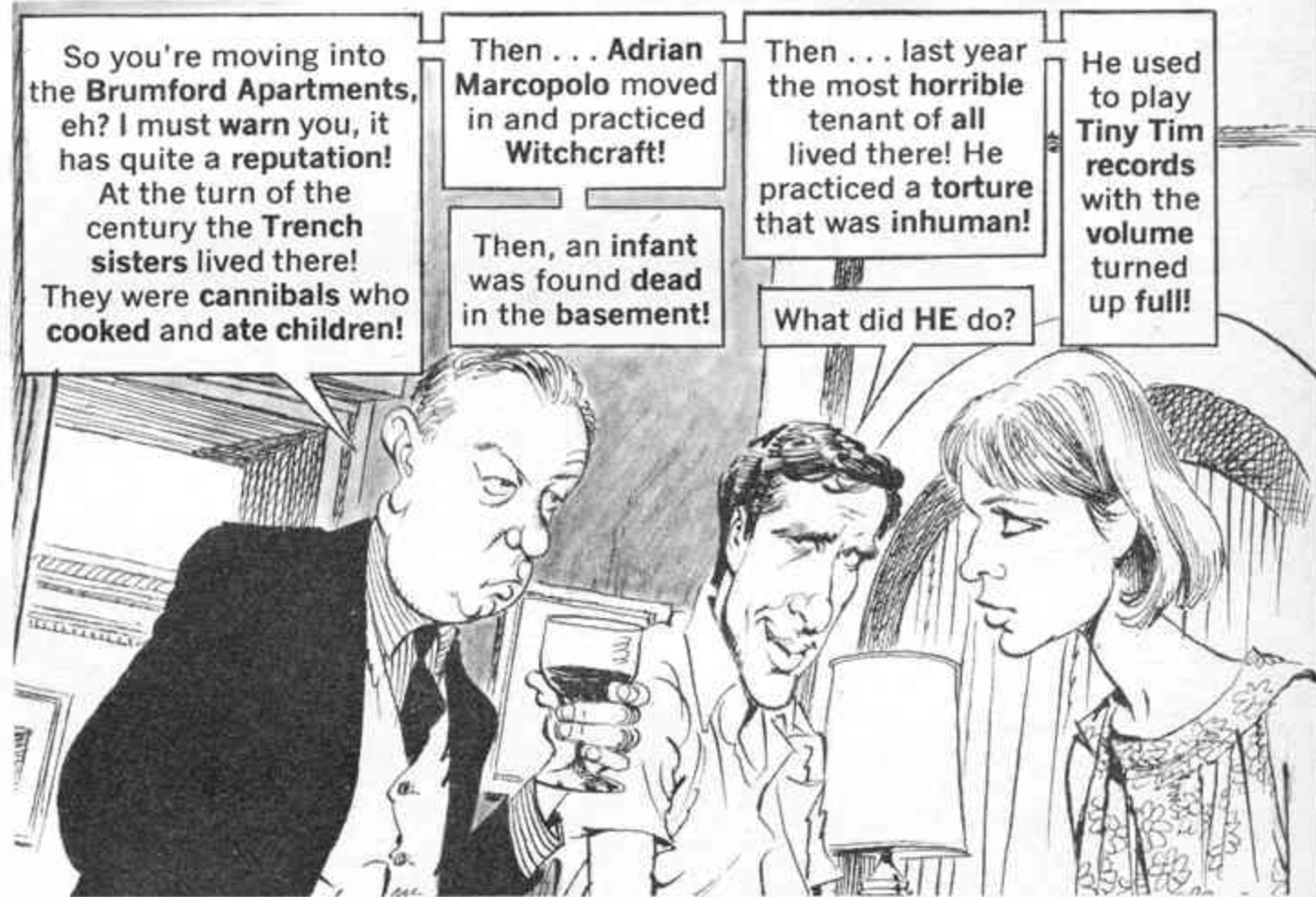
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Take a close look at the Renting Agent, Sy! I know I've seen him before!

You have, Rosemia! He's in ALL these Horror Movies! He's eerie!!

ME, eerie?! Wait till you see the rest of the cast! Next to them, I'm the Comedy Relief!!



So you're moving into the Brumford Apartments, eh? I must warn you, it has quite a reputation! At the turn of the century the Trench sisters lived there! They were cannibals who cooked and ate children!

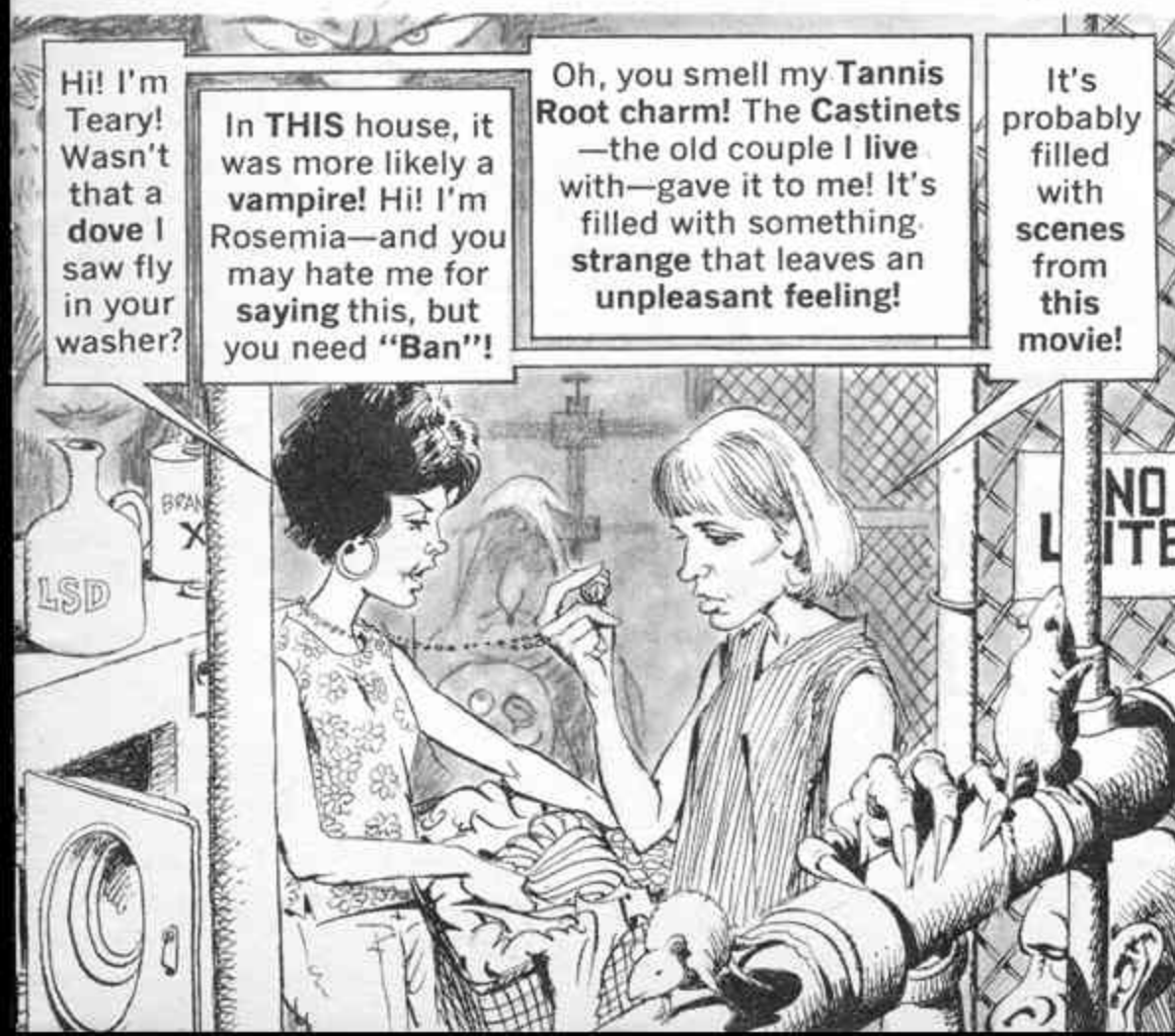
Then . . . Adrian Marcopolo moved in and practiced Witchcraft!

Then, an infant was found dead in the basement!

Then . . . last year the most horrible tenant of all lived there! He practiced a torture that was inhuman!

What did HE do?

He used to play Tiny Tim records with the volume turned up full!

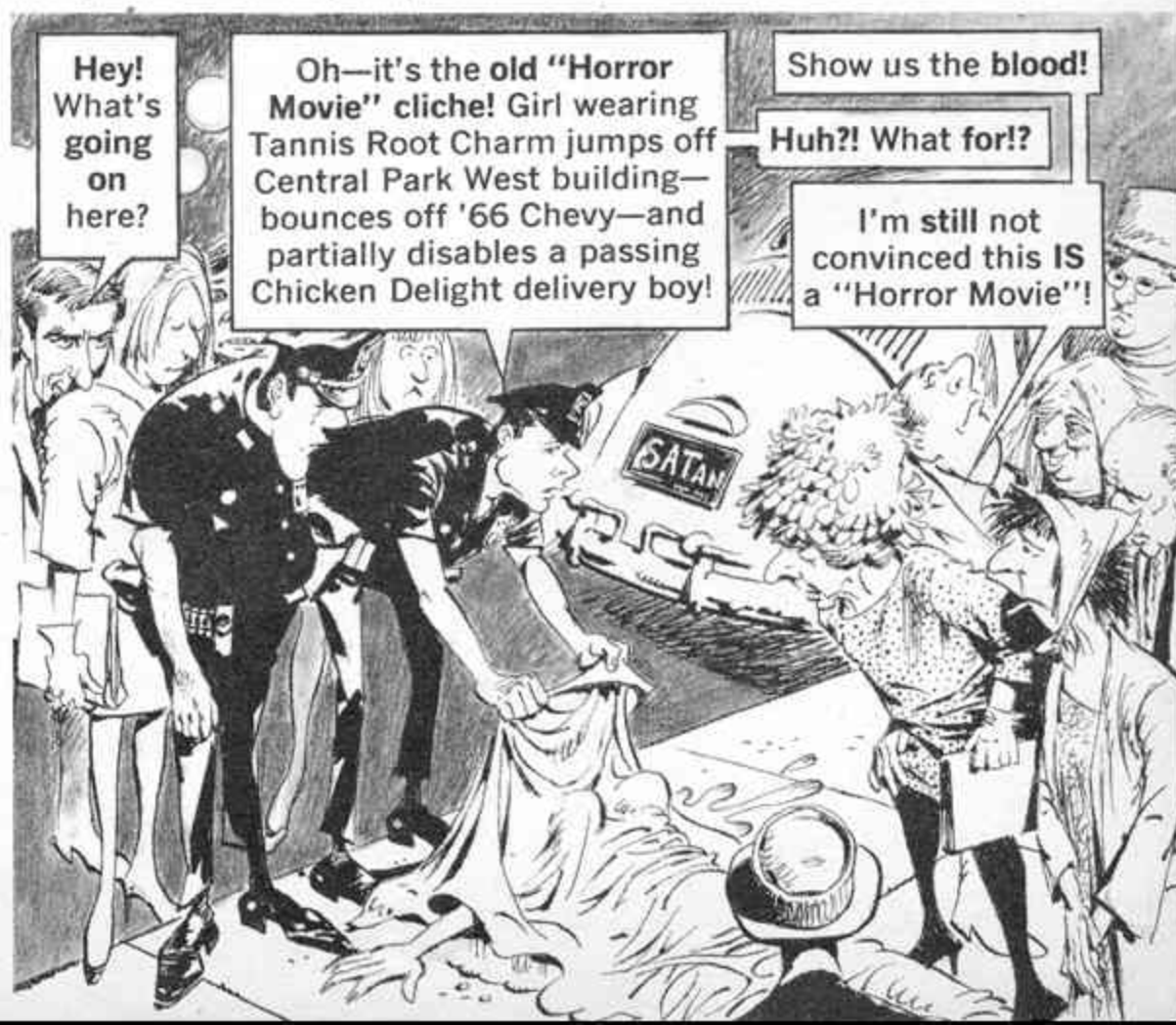


Hi! I'm Teary! Wasn't that a dove I saw fly in your washer?

In THIS house, it was more likely a vampire! Hi! I'm Rosemia—and you may hate me for saying this, but you need "Ban"!

Oh, you smell my Tannis Root charm! The Castinets—the old couple I live with—gave it to me! It's filled with something strange that leaves an unpleasant feeling!

It's probably filled with scenes from this movie!



Hey! What's going on here?

Oh—it's the old "Horror Movie" cliché! Girl wearing Tannis Root Charm jumps off Central Park West building—bounces off '66 Chevy—and partially disables a passing Chicken Delight delivery boy!

Show us the blood!

Huh?! What for!?

I'm still not convinced this IS a "Horror Movie"!

Boy, am I in a bad mood!
I realize it's hard to
tell from my usual blank
facial expression, but I
am! I just lost a part
to Donald Hamgut! It's
not much of a part; but
it's the kind of role
that can make the Critics
sit up and take notice!

What part was it?
"Sneezy"—
in the
musical
version of
"Snow White
And The
Seven
Dwarfs"!

Glad you two
could come to
dinner! Have
some more
Devil's Food
Cake, Rosemia!

No, thank
you, Millie!
I'm already
full on the
Deviled
Ham!

I've been all
over the world!
Name a place
and I've been
there! Go ahead
—name a place!

Tokyo,
Japan!
I've
been
there!

Oslo,
Norway!
I've
been
there!

Salem, Mass!
I was
there—
for the
trials!



Hey, that
was fun!
Now let's
play
"Twenty
Questions"!

No, I've got a
better game!
Let's play
"Ridicule
Religion"!
I'll go first—

The
Catholic
Church
is a Real
Estate
Operation!

The
Pope
wears
elevator
shoes!

Bishop
Sheen has
a secret
crush on
Hayley Mills!

That kind of talk is
going to offend the
Church and get us
banned by the Catholic
Legion of Decency!!

... which is
exactly why
this dialogue
was included
in the script!

Why pick on
the Catholic
Church! What
about all
the other
religions?

Did you ever
hear of people
flocking to see
a movie that
was banned by
the **BUDDHIST**
Legion Of
Decency?



Hi, hon!
Here's
another
little
present
from us!

Oh! Millie—you've given me
enough! I already have a charm
filled with Tannis, golashes
lined with Tannis, and a 40%
Dacron & Tannis training bra!

Yeah,
but you
haven't
got a
Tannis
racket!!

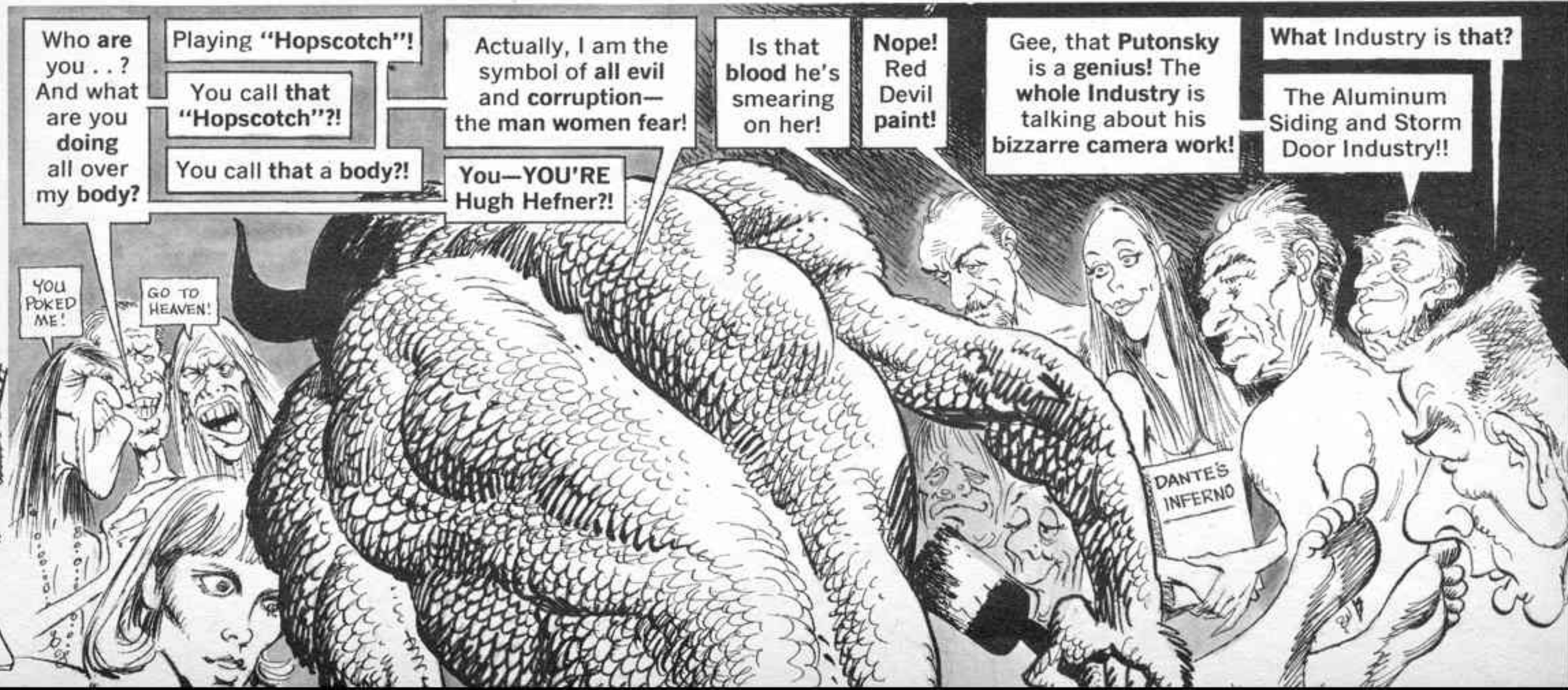
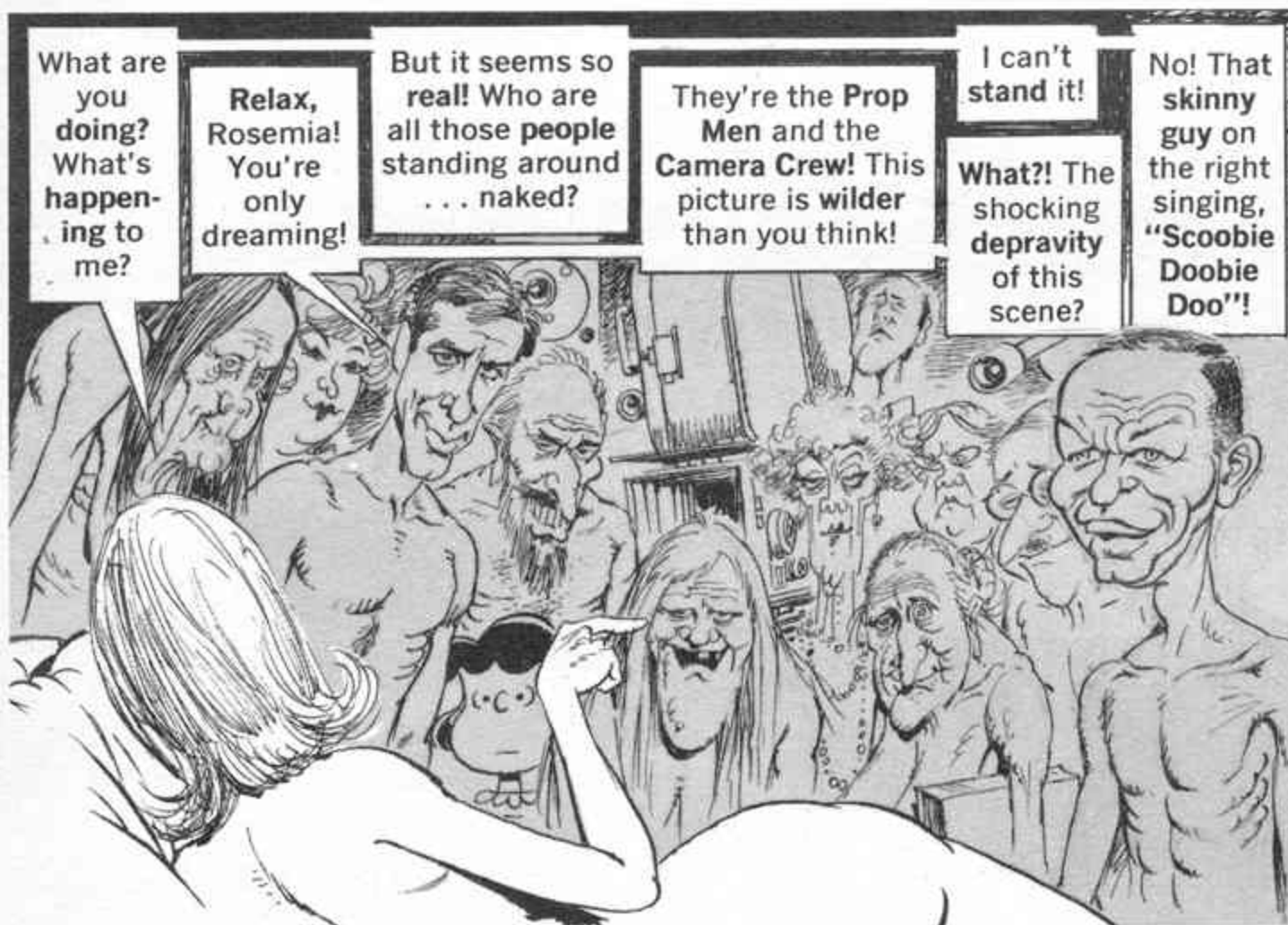
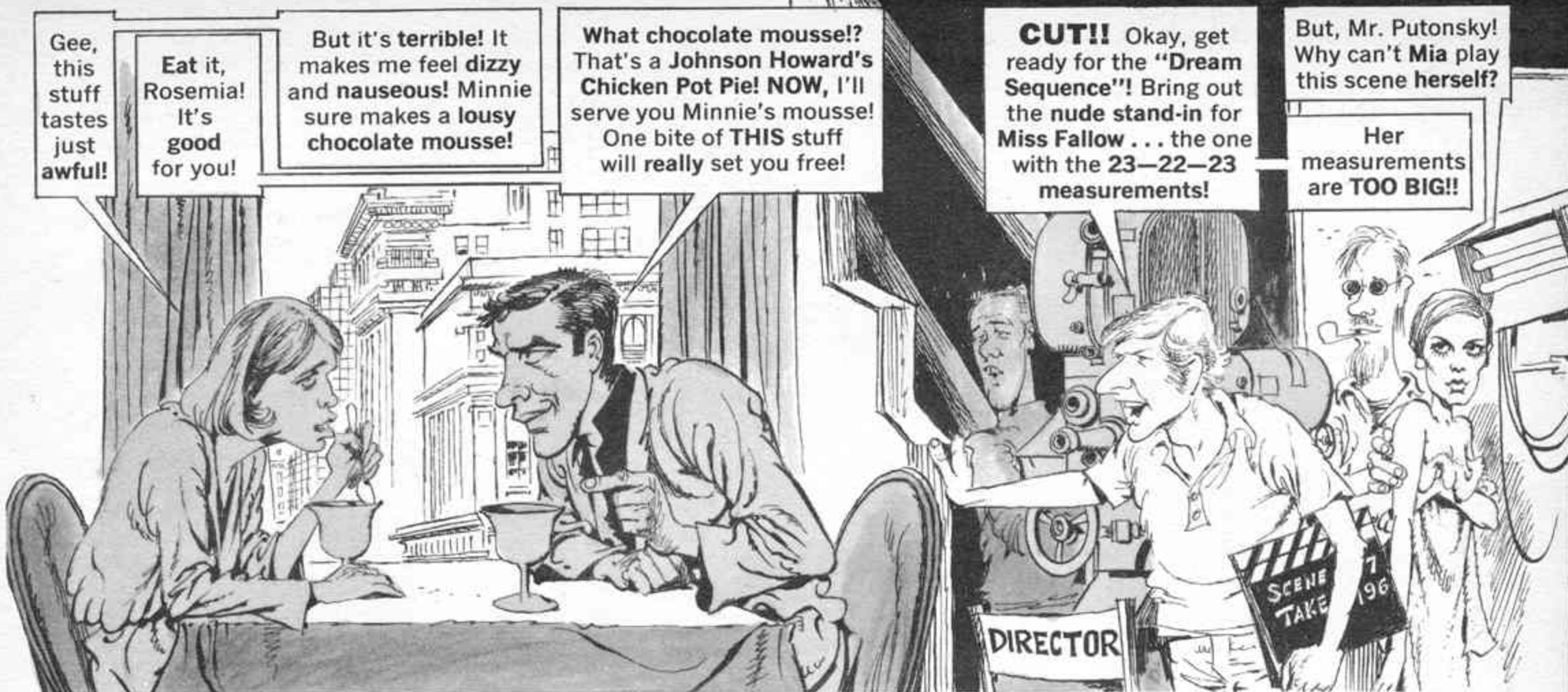
Take it,
Rosemia!
Now you
can say,
"Tannis,
anyone?"

Guess what!? My rival, Donald
Hamgut, suddenly went **BLIND**!
That means I get the part of
"Sneezy"! Gee, I feel terrible
about getting the part this way!

Then why are you
giggling, doing
a tap dance, and
opening a bottle
of Champagne?

Well, it could
have been worse!
He could have
gone **DEAF, DUMB**
and blind!





Millie—
Romeo—
Great
news!
Rosemia's
pregnant!

Wonderful!
Who's your
Obstetrician?

Dr. Hall!

Nonsense! You'll
go to our friend—
Dr. Shlepperstein!
He's the best O.B.
in New York! He was
once on "Open End"!

And after that
he was the
Official House
Obstetrician
for "The
Dating Game"!



Please don't read books! Every pregnancy is different!
And don't listen to your friends, either! And no pills
or vitamins! I'll have Millie make you a daily tonic
of rutabaga leaves, squid ink and chopped frogs. Every
morning, for exercise, you'll do a triple somersault
into a vat of pot cheese, then flog yourself with the
curds. As for the hospital, no car! We'll fly you there on
gossamer wings! And please don't see any other doctor!
I wouldn't want you getting into the hands of a "quack"!



I feel awful,
Sy! And since
I've been on
this herb diet,
I've lost a
lot of weight!

Stop worrying!
It's natural to
lose weight in
the beginning
of a pregnancy!

Over 38
pounds?!
In the
first
two
days??

You look
terrible,
Rosemia!
Your face
looks
like 7
miles of
bad road!

Aw, you're
just saying
that to cheer
me up, Hatch!
My face hasn't
looked THAT
good in weeks!

I'm worried
about you,
Rosie! And
that neighbor
of yours looks
very suspicious!

Why?
Because
he has
those
pierced
ears?

No, because we go
to the same Barber
Shop—and the last
time he was in, he
asked them to "just
trim it a little
around the horns!"



Hello? Rosemia?
This is Hatch!
I followed up
on my suspicions
and did some
investigating!

Meet me tomorrow at
11 A.M. on the corner
of Sunset and Vine!

That's 3000 miles
away, in Los Angeles!

I know—but
we must be
careful! We
can't take a
chance of
being seen!

Hey, I just
saw Millie
and Romeo run
out of here
screaming!
What happened?

I wanted to
get rid of
them, so I
frightened
them away!

How
did you
do that?

The same way I
frightened the
rest of the nation
the past few years
... by appearing
in my short hair-do!



Before Hatch was able to meet me, he was mysteriously stricken with a rare tropical disease: "Terminal Acne"!

However, before he died, he left me this book on Witches with the message that "... the name is an Anagram!"

Let's see if I can figure it out!

Ah, yes... here it is! I've got it! I've finally spelled out what I've suspected from the start!!

Rosemia! You must be delirious! What are you doing?!

I just figured out Hatch's Anagram! Romeo and Millie are Wicked Witches! I'm throwing water on them so they'll melt!

Shows you how delirious you ARE! You've even got the wrong picture!!

ACTUALLY THIS MOVIE IS INCREDIBLY DULL

That's the silliest thing I have ever heard! You really believe there's a coven of Witches in your apartment house headed by Millie and Romeo Castinet? Whatever gave you that idea?

I first suspected something when I saw the words, "Bubble—Bubble—Toil and Trouble" scrawled in the elevator!

Well, if it will ease your mind, I'll send Millie and Romeo to Europe! Just remember. You have nothing to fear but fear itself!

Why did you say that, Doctor?

No special reason! Just thought I'd repeat a line I had in "Sunrise At Campobello"! At least THAT role had dignity!

It's all a macabre plot to get my baby! They're all in on it—Sy, Romeo, Millie, the Neighbors—even Dr. Shlepperstein!!

It wasn't only his Tannis Root Beard Spray that tipped me off! It was the way he performed this last Internal Examination...

With a PITCH FORK!?

Dr. Hall—I must see you! Yes—I've been seeing Dr. Shlepperstein, but he turned out to be a Witch Doctor! NO, not THAT kind! A REAL Witch Doctor! And he's after me, now! In fact, I think that's him standing outside this booth...

Alfred Hatchplot! I thought you only made "Cameo" appearances in your OWN pictures!

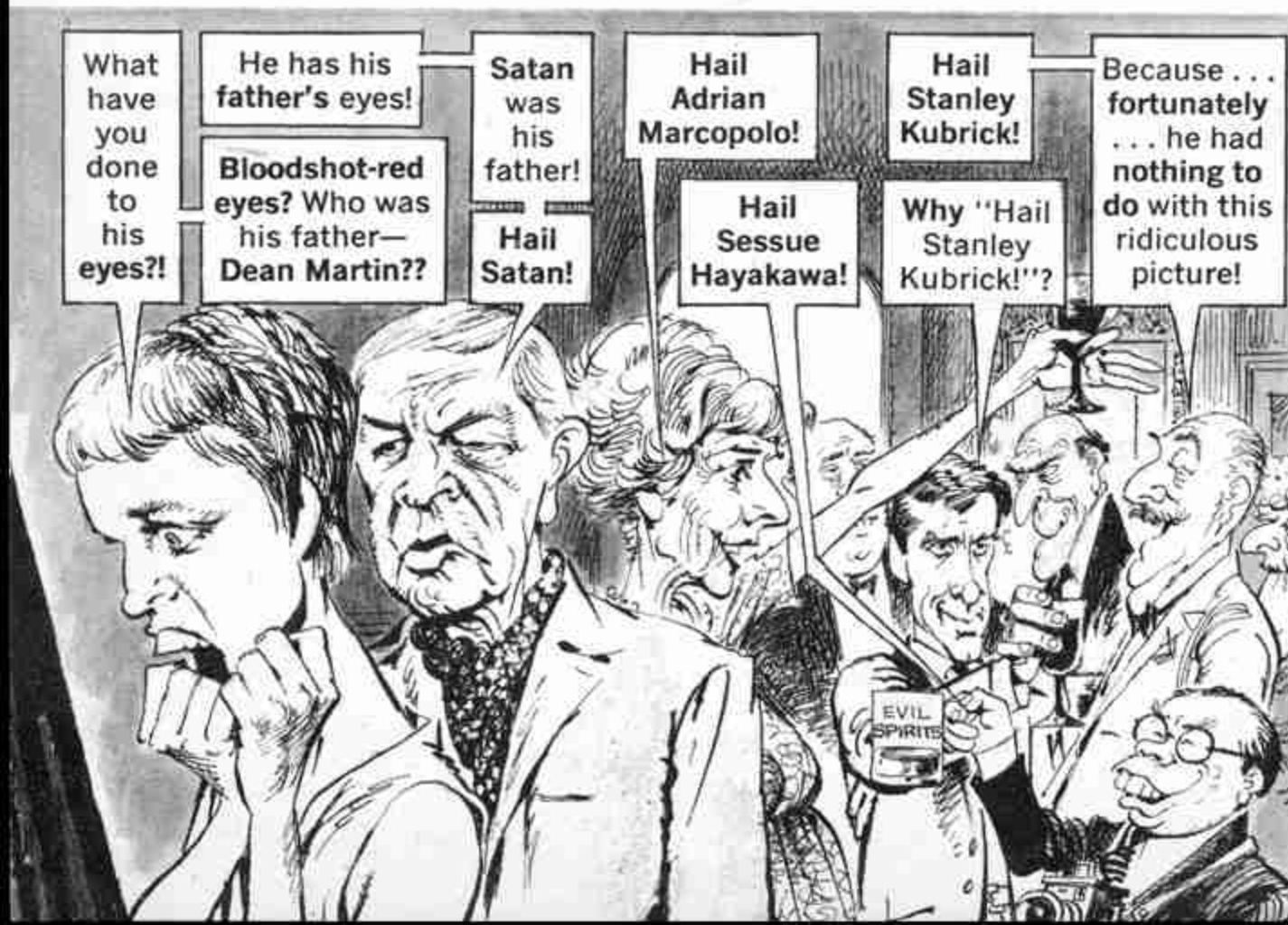
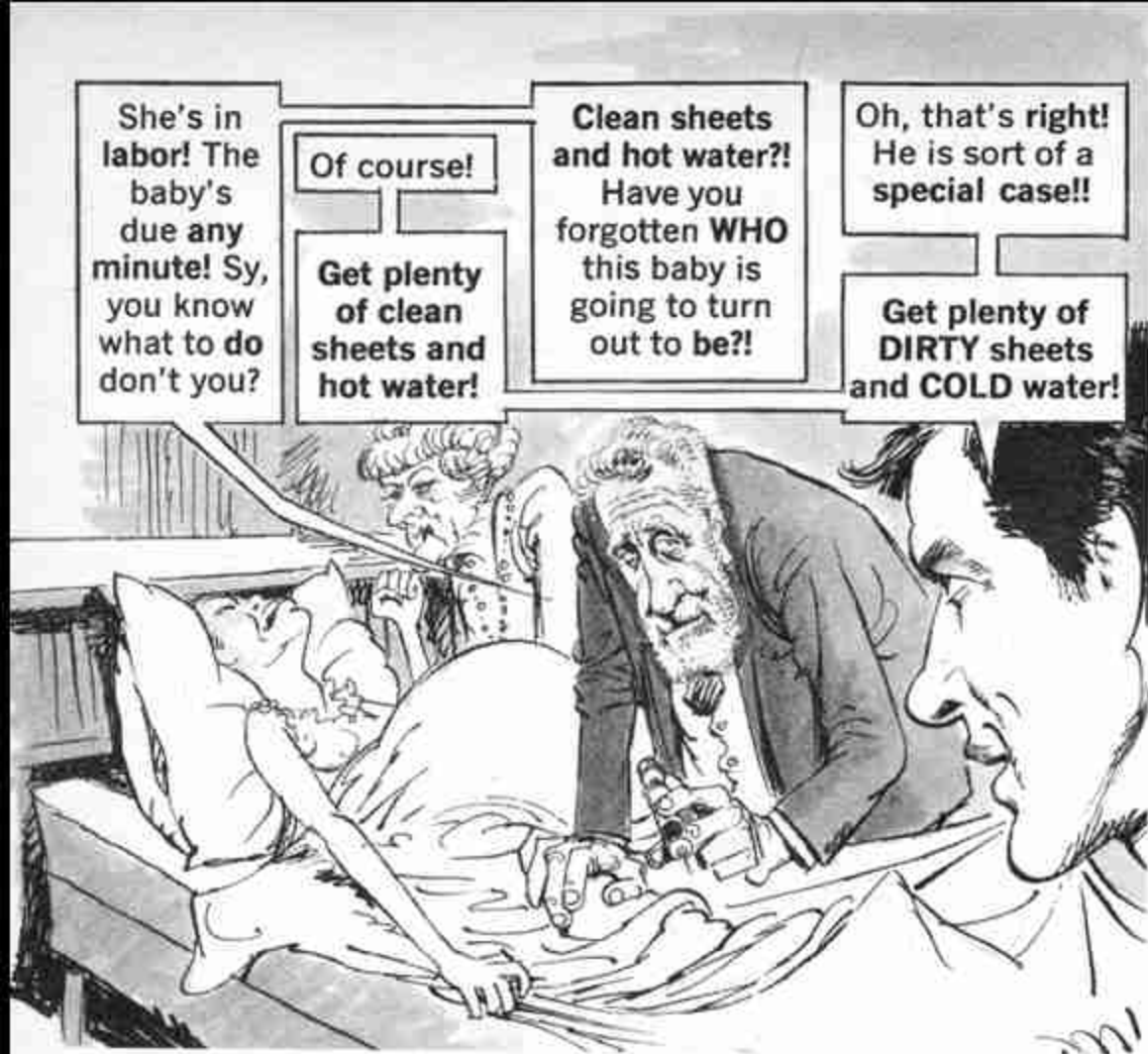
This is no "Cameo" appearance! I'm spying... studying all of Putonsky's mistakes—so I can avoid making them in MY next Horror-Suspense movie!

... and they hold Sabbaths and play flutes and chant and they've been feeding me herbs and roots... and they're ALL WITCHES! Do you believe me, Dr. Hall?

Of course I do! And I also believe that Harold Stassen will be President someday! Take her away, men!

Why did you turn me in? What did I ever do to you?

You appeared in "A Dandy in Aspic"! I'll never forgive you for that performance!!





ONE DAY IN BAGHDAD



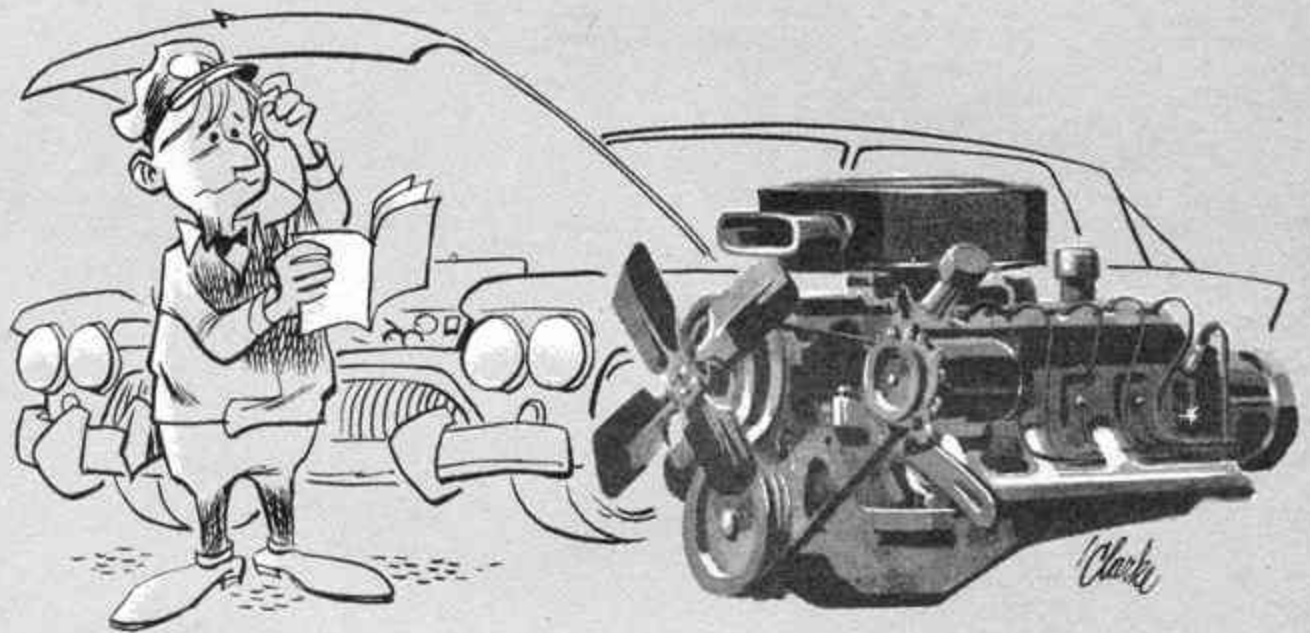
PATENT-PANNING DEPT.

Quite a few issues back (MAD #82, to be exact!), we pointed out that progress brings change, but that sometimes the change isn't all for the better. Man often forgets to look back to see how far he's pro-

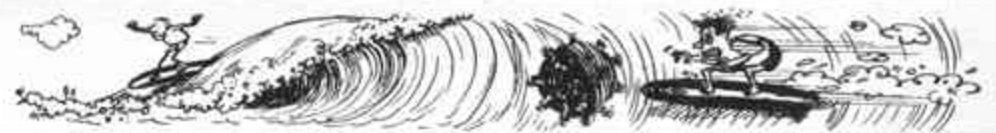
MAD'S FOLLOW-UP R



The old fashioned car engine consisted of a few inexpensive parts which ran trouble-free for years, but only delivered a ridiculous top speed of 50 mph.

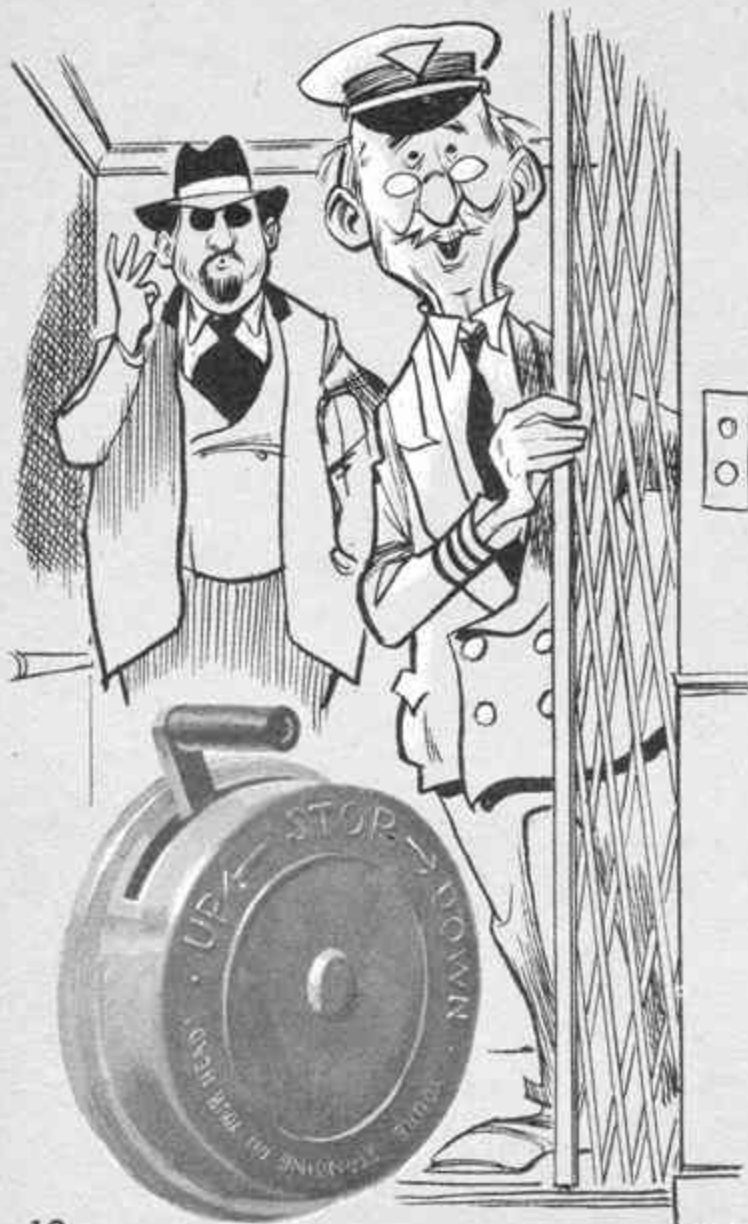


The modern, high-compression, supercharged, dual-carburetored V-8 car engine is in constant need of expensive replacement parts and repairs, despite its original cost of ten times the old-fashioned car engine. But its high horsepower delivers a top speed of over 130 mph! Too bad most highways only have a top speed of 50 mph.

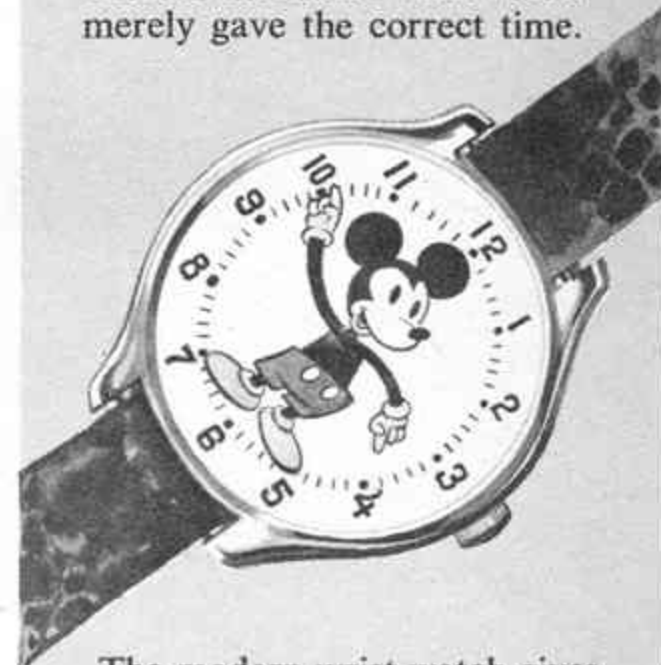


Recognize this man in uniform? He is an elevator operator. Better make that "he was an elevator operator." Yes, time was when you had to depend on him for service.

But not today. Now you have the modern self-service automated elevator. Merely step in, press a button, and "up" you go. Too bad you really wanted to go "down"!



The old-fashioned wrist watch merely gave the correct time.



The modern wrist watch gives the day, date and moonphases while showing elapsed time, sounding an alarm, and supplying a stop-watch. If you're really observant, you may be able to pick out correct time.





gressed. Which is what this next article is all about. It's also exactly what the article in MAD # 82 was all about, which gives you an idea of how progress can really take a beating. At any rate, here's

REPORT ON PROGRESS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Picnics were often ruined in the past when you had the old-fashioned cans of beer and no one brought a "church key".

Modern pull-tab beer cans eliminate need for can openers entirely. Now picnics are often ruined because no one brings bandages for fingers cut by those metal pull-tabs.

The old "manual" toothbrush merely cleaned your teeth.



Today's streamlined electric toothbrush cleans your teeth with thousands of power strokes per minute . . . unless, of course, you forget to plug it in, or they turn off your electricity, or you want to use it away from an electric power source, or you short-circuit the thing and nearly electrocute yourself by dropping it into a basin of water.



Those ridiculous "prop" planes took over 11 hours to fly from N.Y. to California, and you had to carry your own luggage!



Today's modern jet planes whisk you from N.Y. to California in just over 5 hours . . . a full 6 hours or more before your lost luggage finally shows up.



Can you recall when washing the dishes took you a time-consuming 15 minutes and used up about 2¢ worth of soap?



Compare that with using the modern electric dishwasher, which can usually be loaded with dirty dishes in half-an-hour, and only costs about 50¢ per wash (when you've averaged in the initial investment of several hundred dollars, plus costs of installation, plumbing, repairs, electricity, and about 2¢ worth of detergent per wash.)

Remember this stuff? It was called cash! People would carry 20 or 30 or 50 dollars worth of it . . . then lose it, and be out all that money.



Here is the modern man's wallet. Notice—no cash! Just dozens of convenient (but bulky) credit cards. And if he loses them, he's not out one penny . . . not until the end of the month, that is, when he receives bills for \$23,589.37—charged by the guy who found his wallet.



Remember when you had to carve a turkey with that tedious back and forth motion using an old-fashioned plain knife?

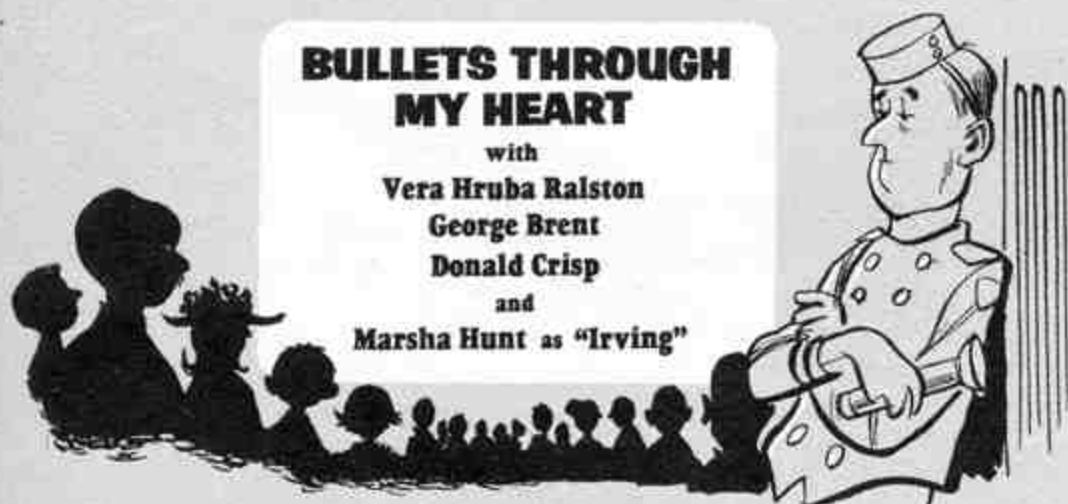


Today, with a modern vibrating electric knife, you merely have to guide it as it effortlessly slices through a turkey, and accidentally slices through its own power cord.



BULLETS THROUGH MY HEART

with
Vera Hruba Ralston
George Brent
Donald Crisp
and
Marsha Hunt as "Irving"



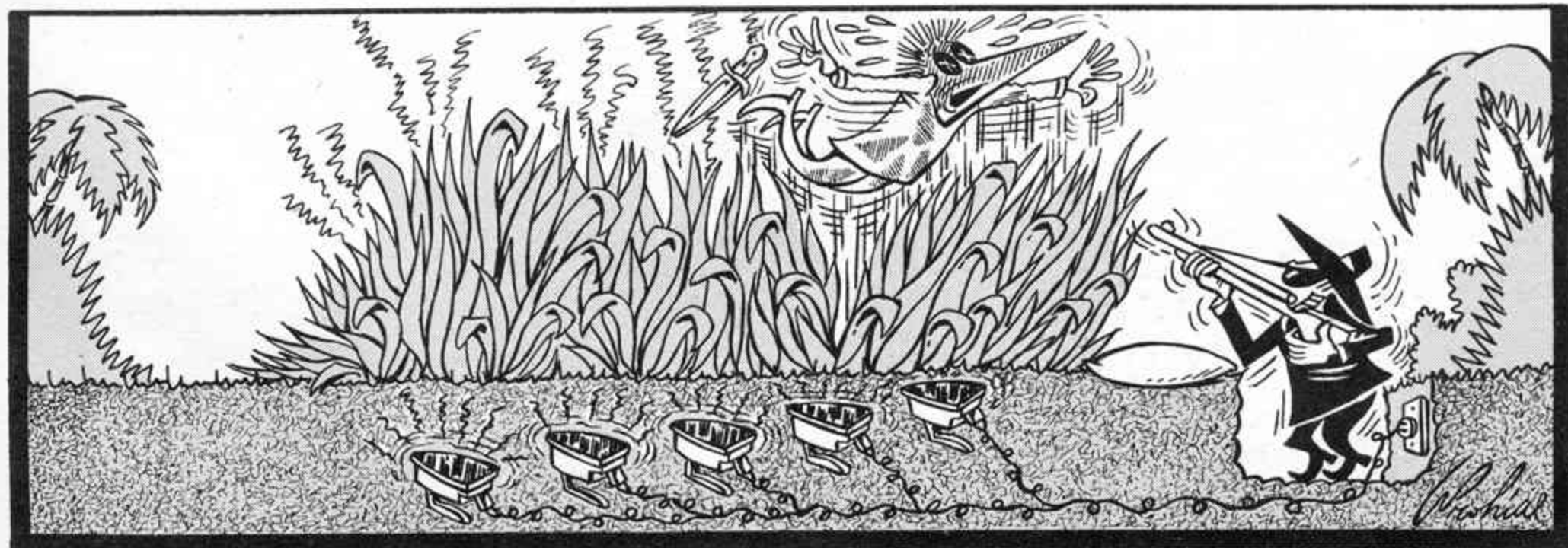
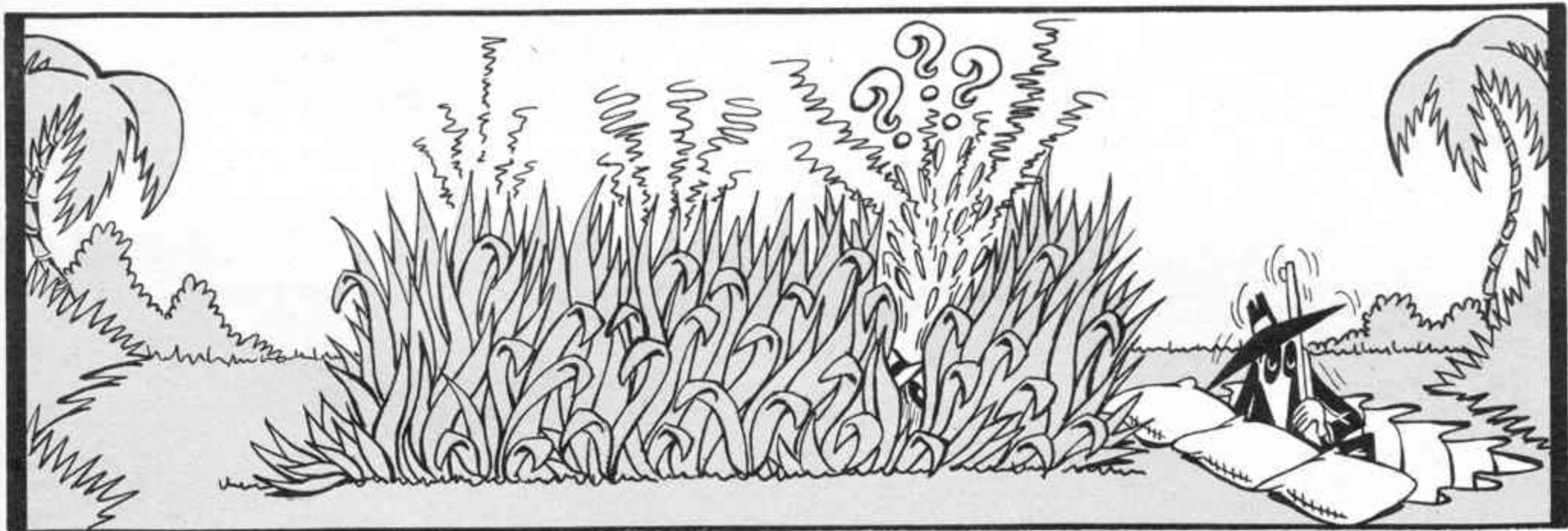
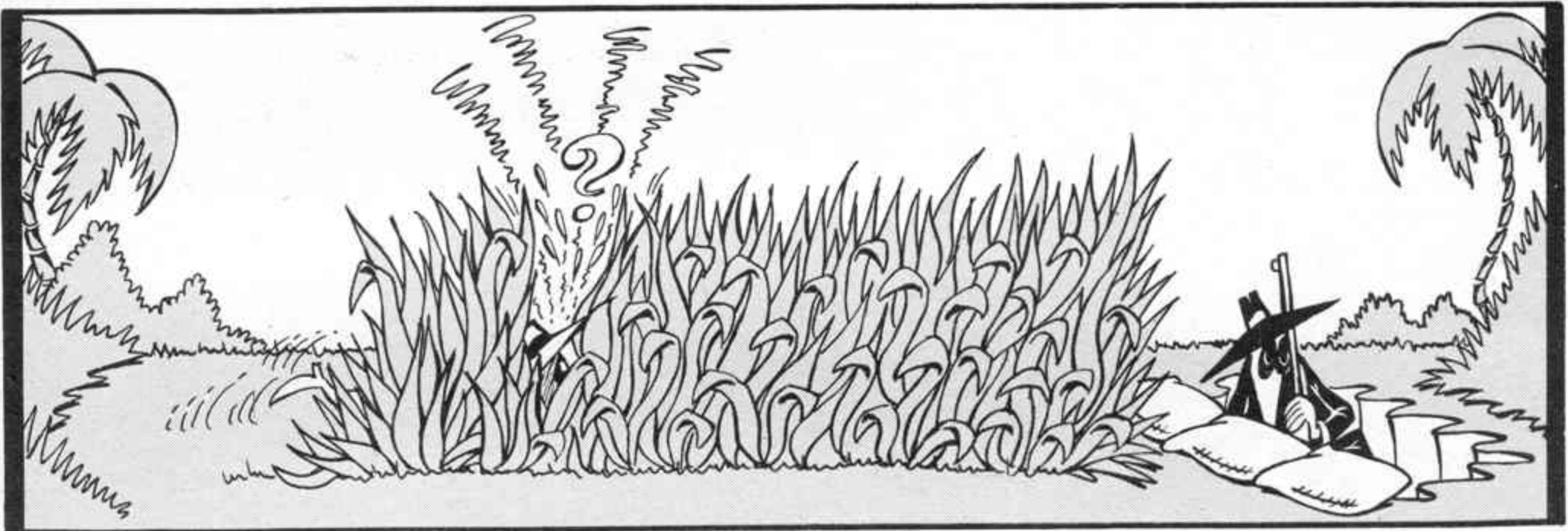
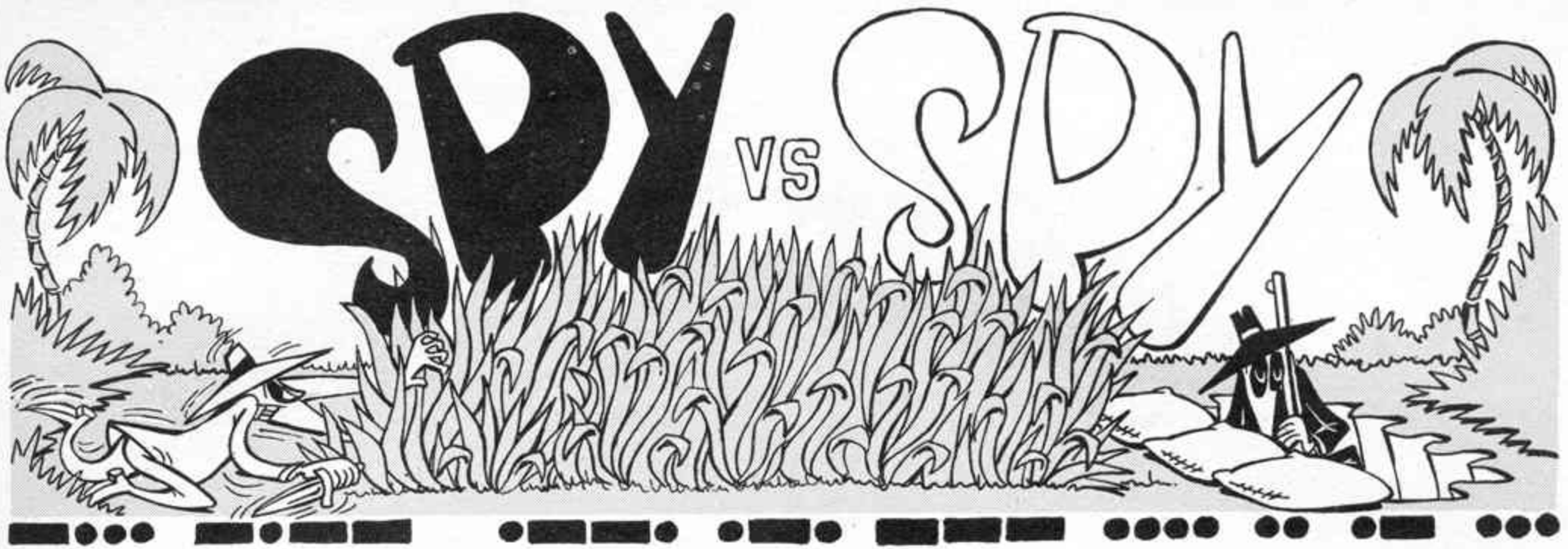
Before television, if a person wanted to be entertained, he'd have to go to the movies—which in those days were nothing more than trashy, poorly written dull melodramas.

BULLETS THROUGH MY HEART

with
Vera Hruba Ralston
George Brent
Donald Crisp
and
Marsha Hunt as "Irving"



Today, thanks to television, a person merely has to turn a knob to be entertained in the comfort of his own home.

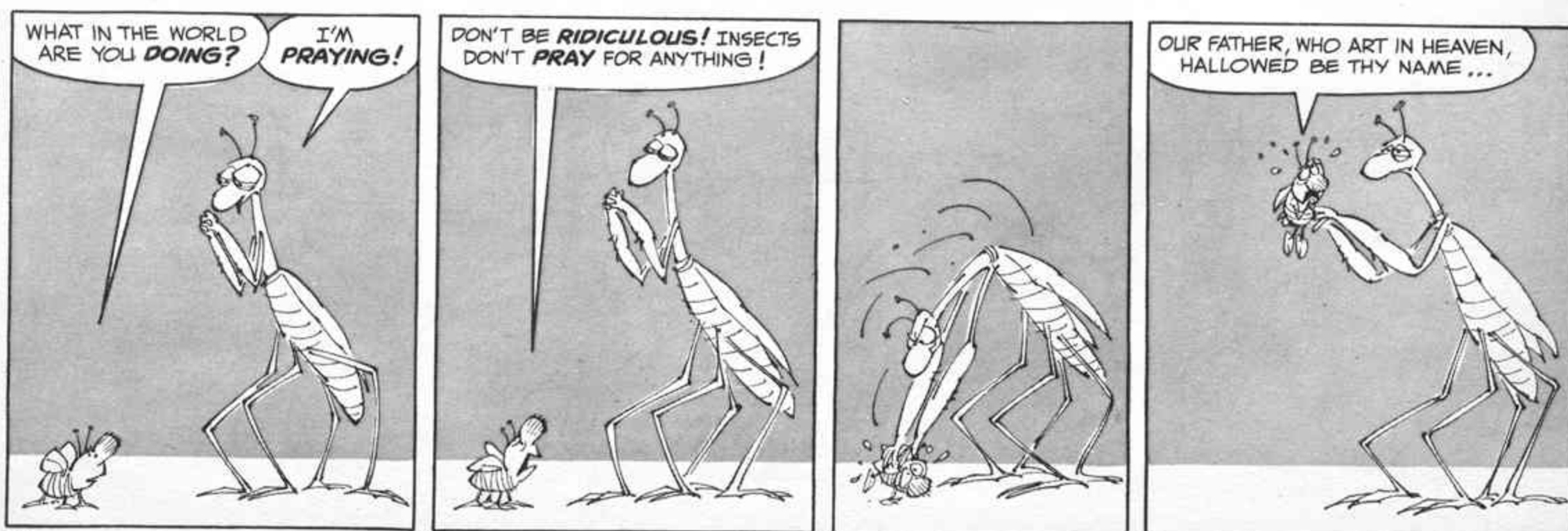
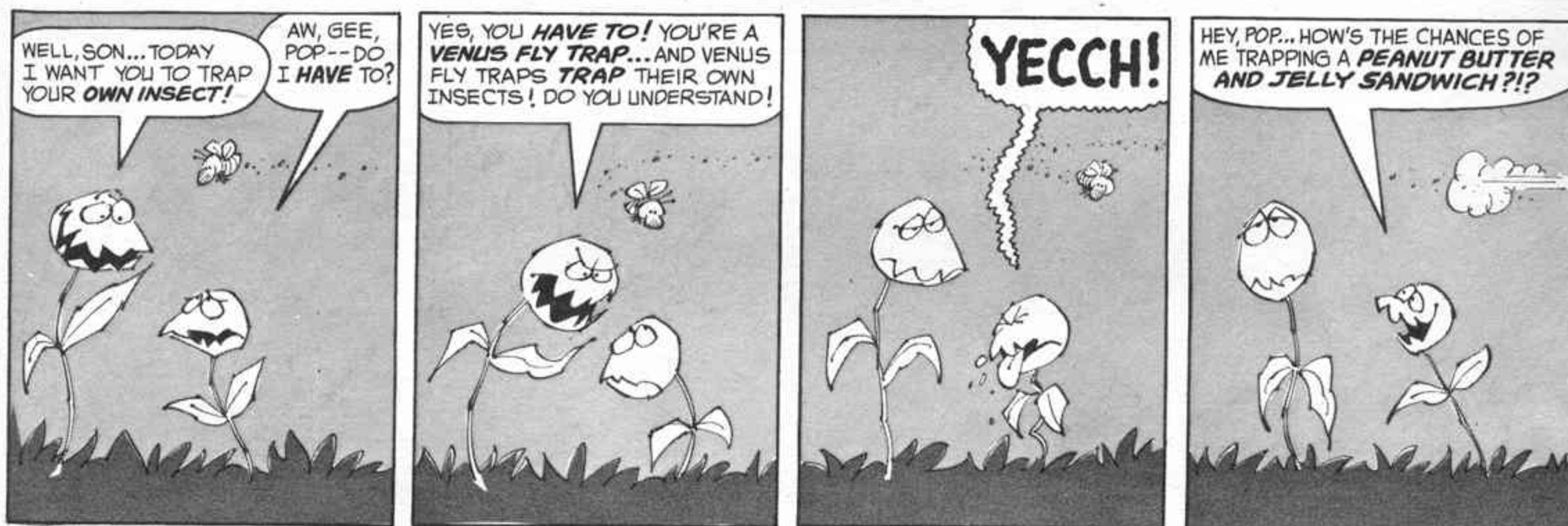
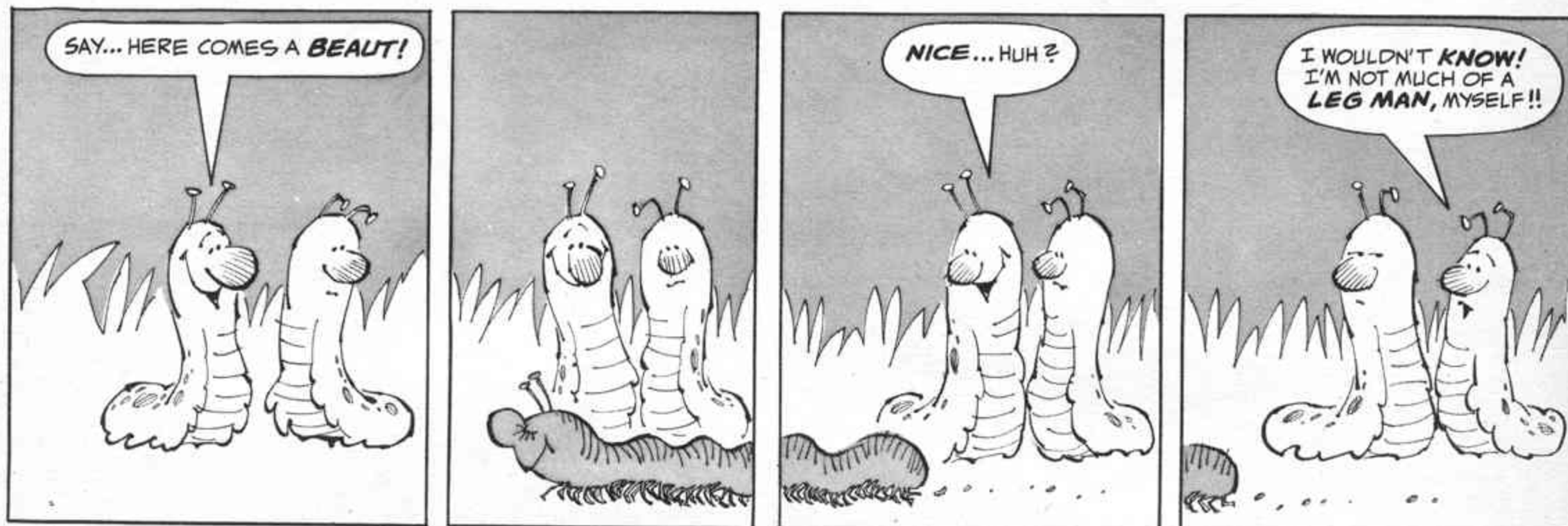


The noted scientist, Eli Mathers (Hofstra '48), once theorized: "We can learn a lot about ourselves from other forms of life, and they, in turn, can learn a lot about themselves from us!" Eli's father,



A MAD LOOK AT BUGS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

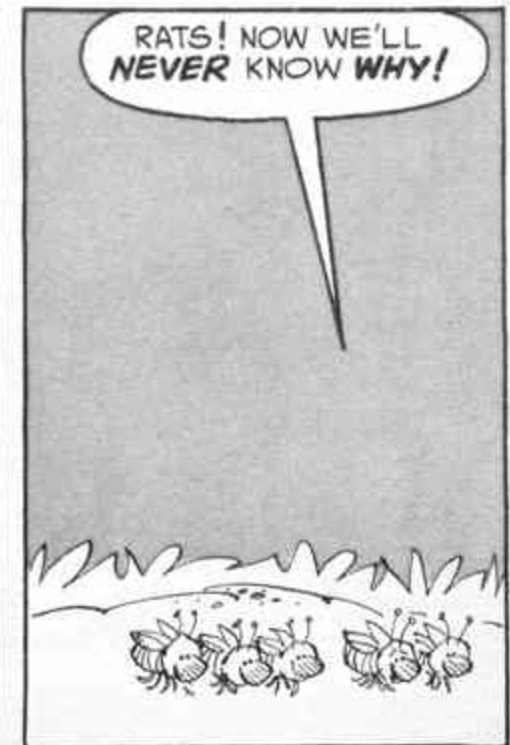
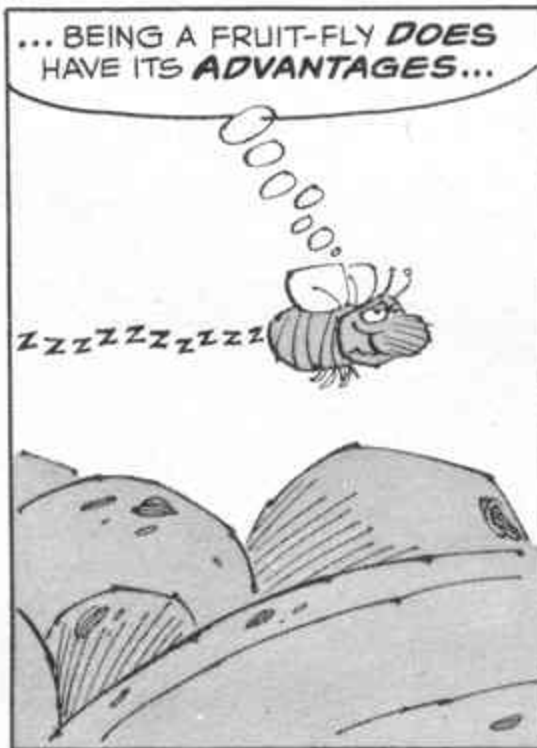


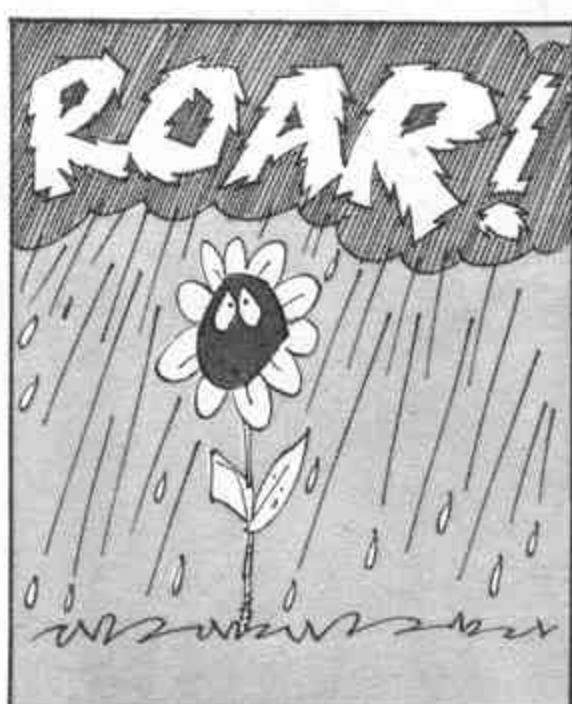
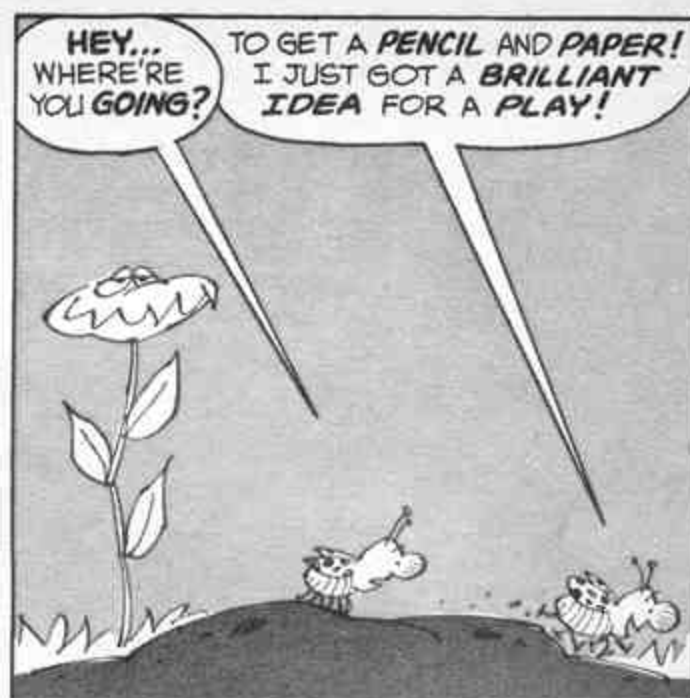
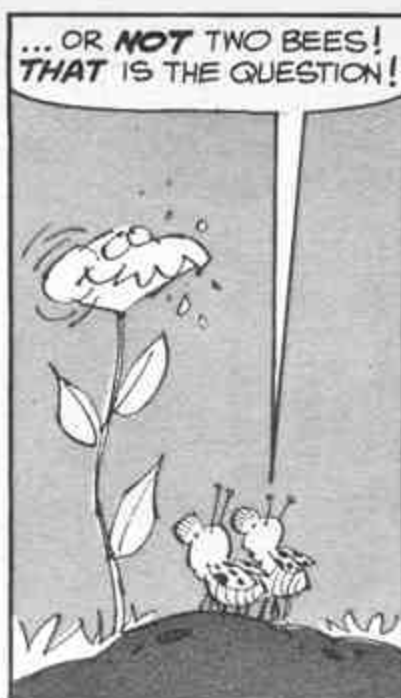
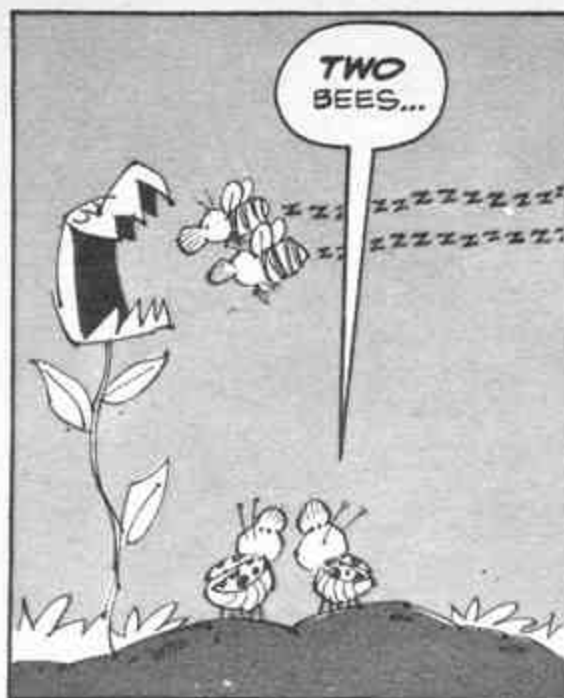


Professor Leonard Mathers (UCLA '21), once said this about his son's theory: "Eli's got a big mouth! Don't pay him no mind! Pass the salt . . ." And so, ignoring Eli Mathers' theory, we now present . . .

'N WORMS 'N THINGS

WRITER: DON EDWING





Frank Jacobs, our MAD "Poet Lauridiot", now brings us a typical example of the kind of thing you'll find in his latest MAD Paperback Book of all-new and original poems entitled "MAD For Better or Verse" (See page 48!)...

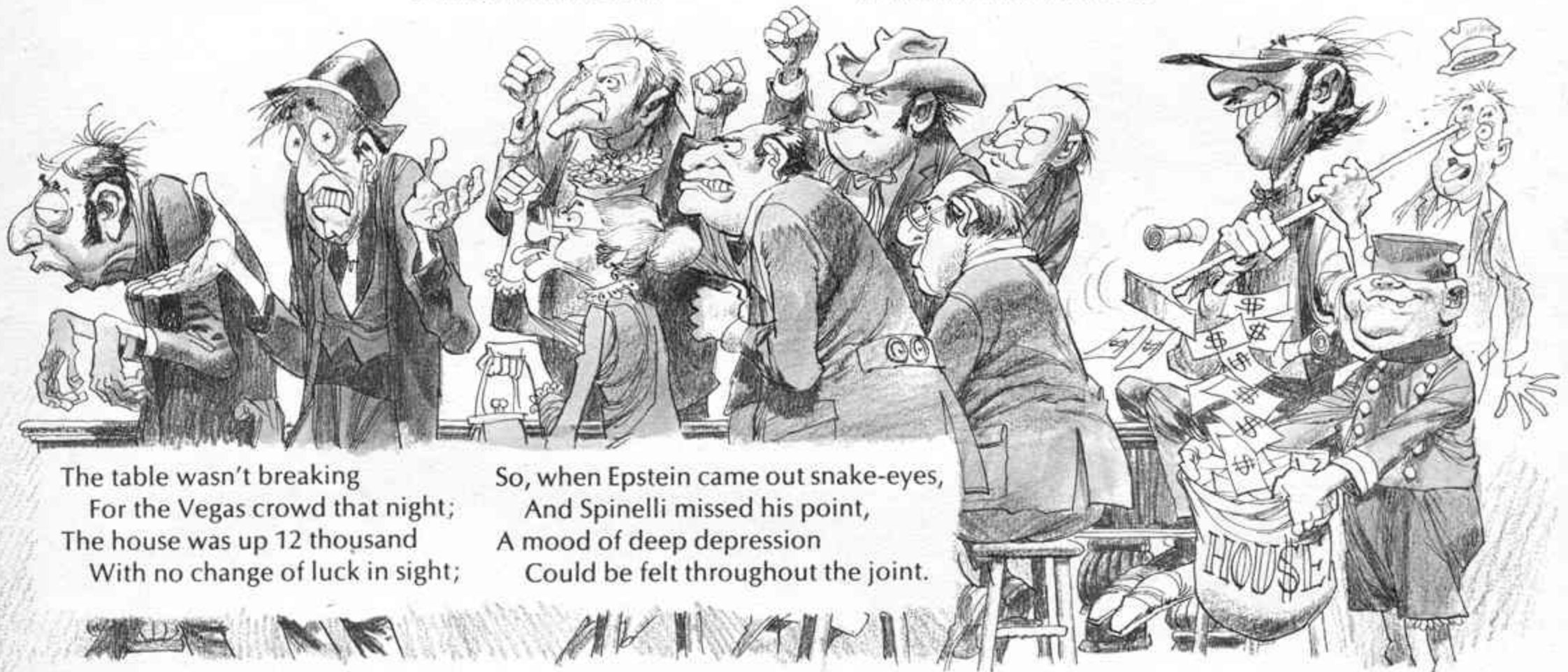


CASEY AT THE DICE

(with apologies to Ernest Lawrence Thayer)

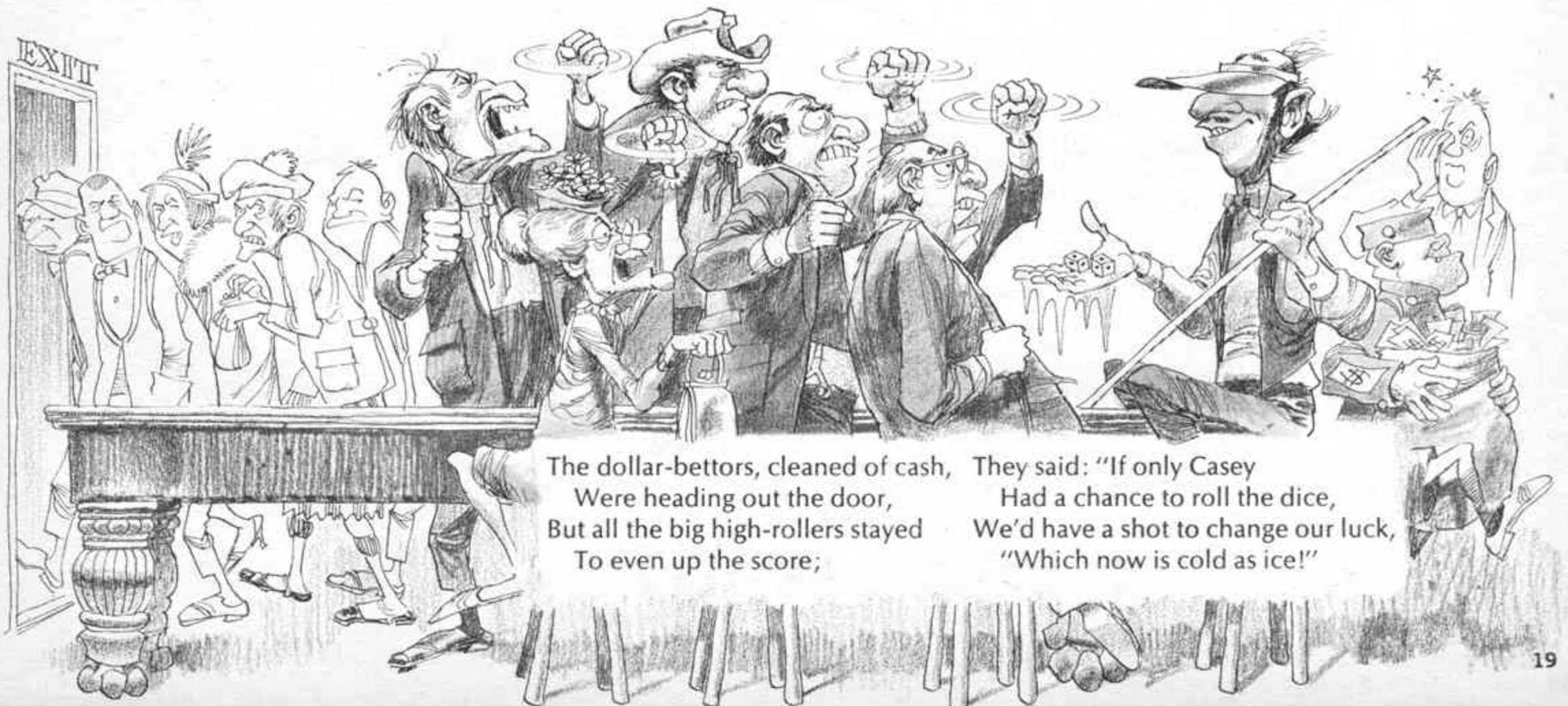
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



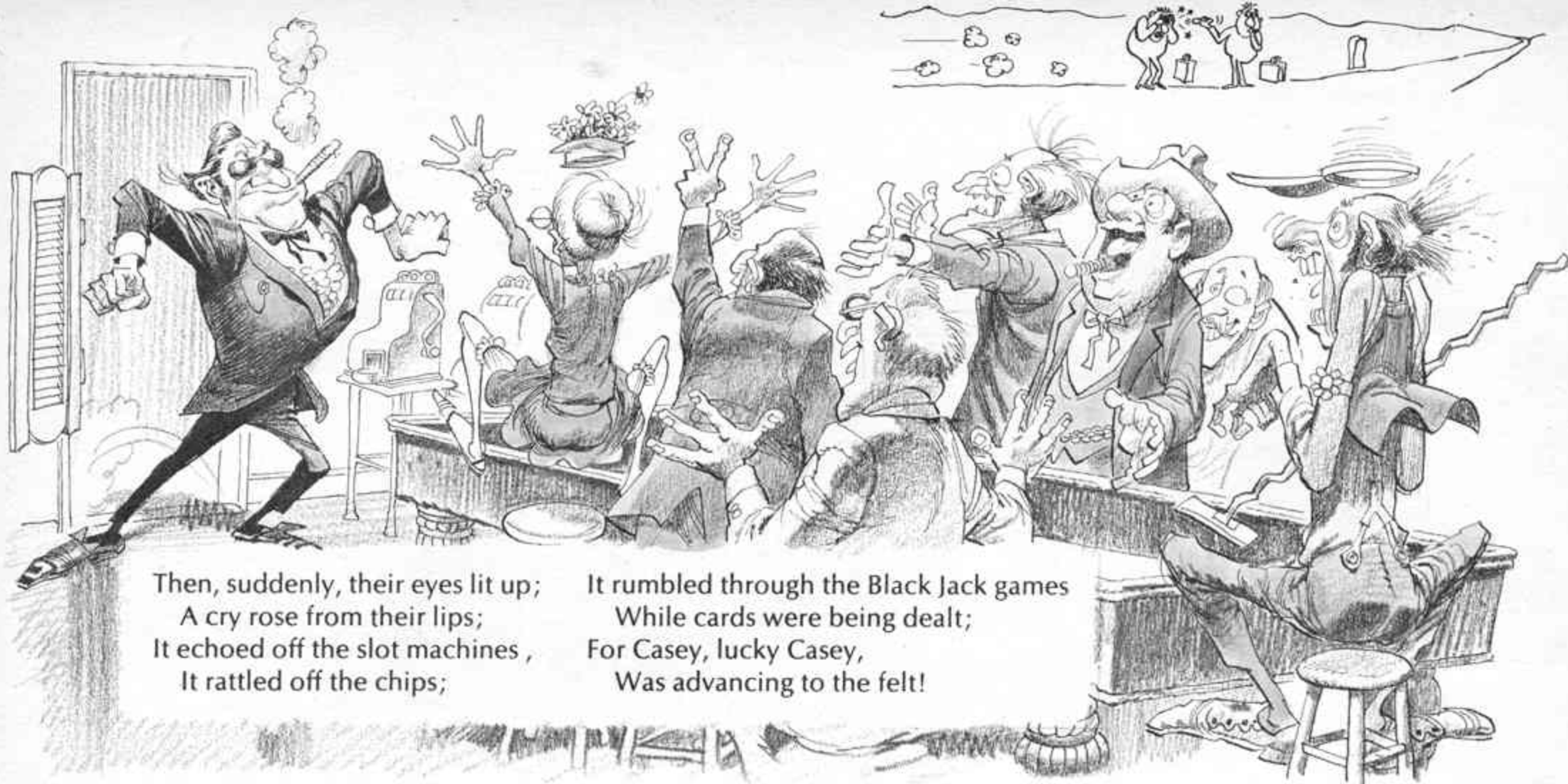
The table wasn't breaking
For the Vegas crowd that night;
The house was up 12 thousand
With no change of luck in sight;

So, when Epstein came out snake-eyes,
And Spinelli missed his point,
A mood of deep depression
Could be felt throughout the joint.



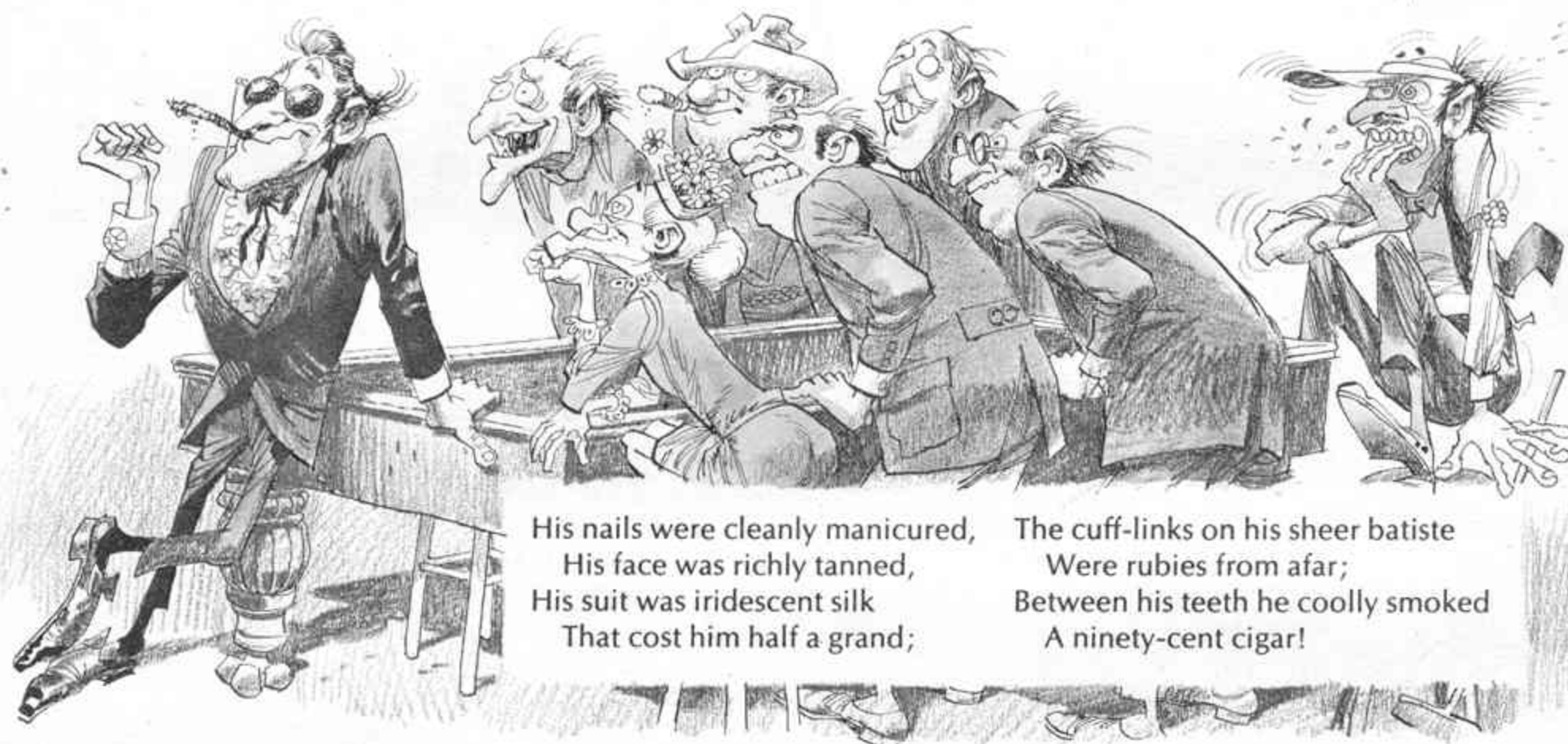
The dollar-bettors, cleaned of cash,
Were heading out the door,
But all the big high-rollers stayed
To even up the score;

They said: "If only Casey
Had a chance to roll the dice,
We'd have a shot to change our luck,
"Which now is cold as ice!"



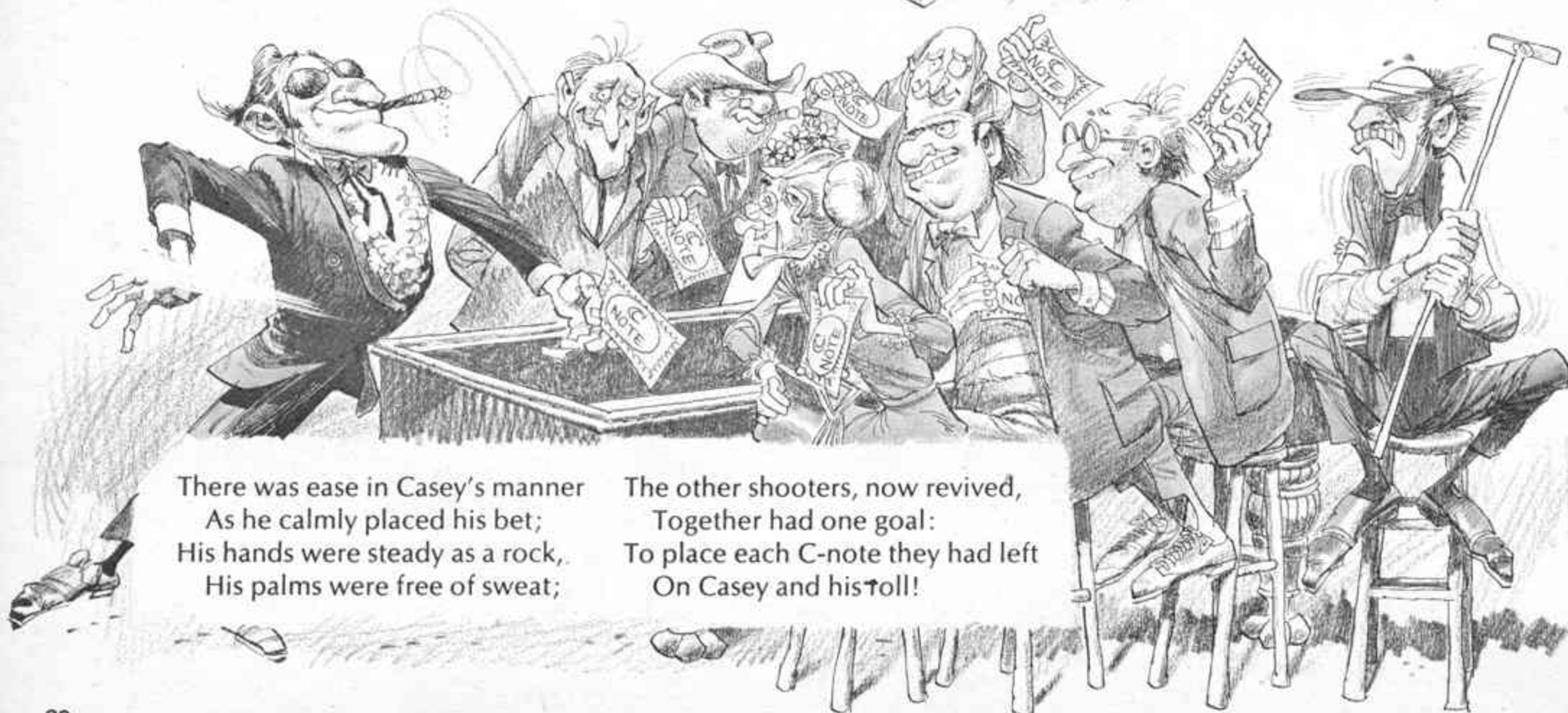
Then, suddenly, their eyes lit up;
A cry rose from their lips;
It echoed off the slot machines,
It rattled off the chips;

It rumbled through the Black Jack games
While cards were being dealt;
For Casey, lucky Casey,
Was advancing to the felt!



His nails were cleanly manicured,
His face was richly tanned,
His suit was iridescent silk
That cost him half a grand;

The cuff-links on his sheer batiste
Were rubies from afar;
Between his teeth he coolly smoked
A ninety-cent cigar!



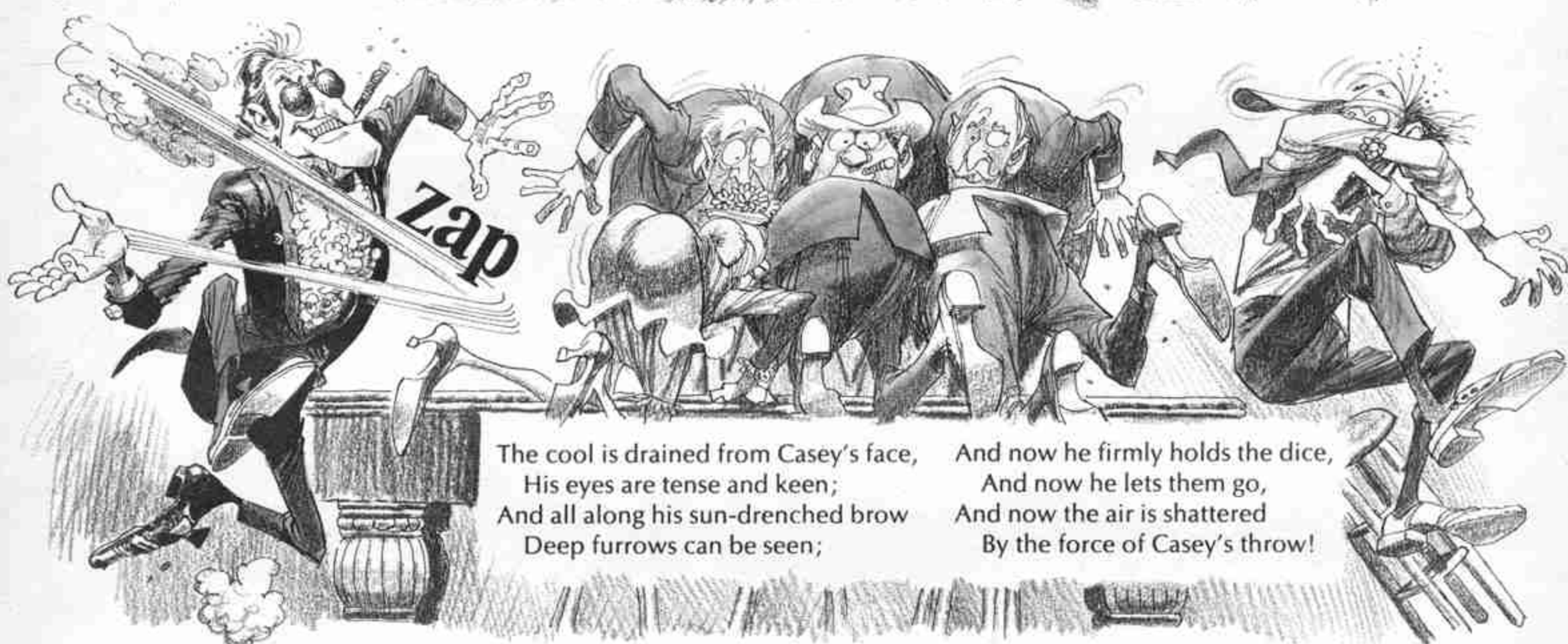
There was ease in Casey's manner
As he calmly placed his bet;
His hands were steady as a rock,
His palms were free of sweat;

The other shooters, now revived,
Together had one goal:
To place each C-note they had left
On Casey and his toll!



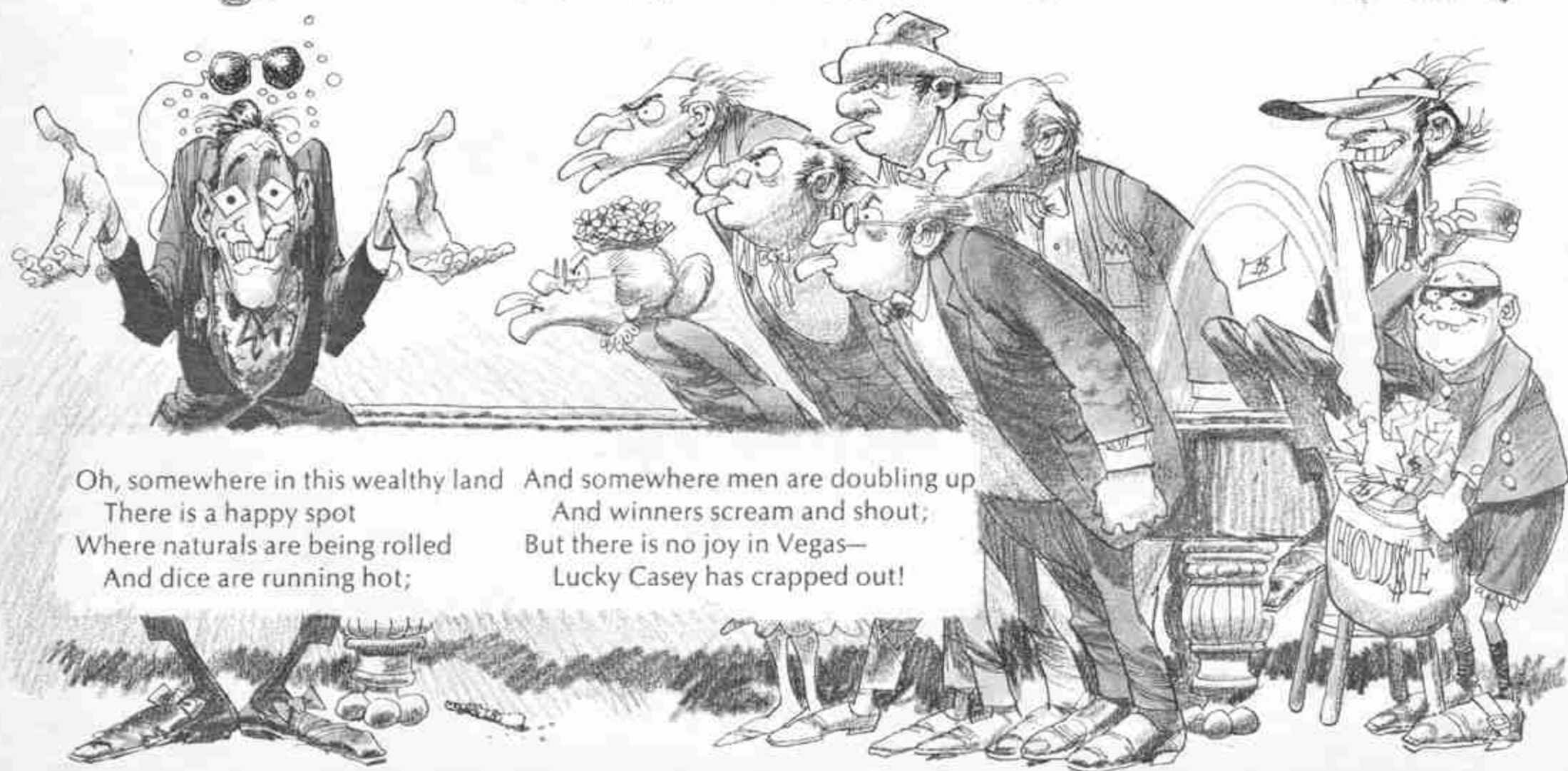
With confidence and quiet pride
He gripped the cubes of white,
Then, blowing on them softly,
He prepared them for their flight;

"A seven, dice," he murmured,
As he looked up to the sky,
And a hush went 'round the table
As he raised his arm on high!



The cool is drained from Casey's face,
His eyes are tense and keen;
And all along his sun-drenched brow
Deep furrows can be seen;

And now he firmly holds the dice,
And now he lets them go,
And now the air is shattered
By the force of Casey's throw!



Oh, somewhere in this wealthy land
There is a happy spot
Where naturals are being rolled
And dice are running hot;

And somewhere men are doubling up
And winners scream and shout;
But there is no joy in Vegas—
Lucky Casey has crapped out!

POLL-TAXED DEPT.

It is impossible to pick up a newspaper these days without reading about some ridiculous new "Opinion Poll." Thanks to Gallup, Neilsen, Harris, Trendex and so on, America has become a "survey-happy" nation. And we at MAD feel this is a dangerous trend. (Well, to be exact, 67.5% feel it's a dangerous trend; 10.5% feel it's okay; and 22% couldn't care

If Polls And Surveys Had

CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO BE ABANDONED

ROME, 97 A.D.—Disciples and followers of the religion known as "Christianity" have decided to drop all plans for further developing their unusual creed. Recent public opinion polls conducted in Rome, Damascus and Alexandria show a heavy "No" response to the new idea.

Of those polled, 73% were opposed to the Christian doctrine; only 9% were in favor; and 18% had "no opinion". In view of the public reaction, leaders of the Christian faith now feel there is no hope that their ideas will ever win wide acceptance.

They polled a Preview Audience, and only 7% liked it. 34% hated it, 41% found it depressing, and 18% fell asleep. Obviously, it was a bomb!

OPENING SOON!

A New Play By

William Shakespeare

"HAMLET"

Production
Cancelled

advance ticket holders may
apply at box office for refunds

Globe Theatre
Bankside-London

G. WUDEBRIGG

Mr. President! The Japanese are bombing Pearl Harbor! The Pacific Fleet is in ruins, and thousands of Americans have been killed!

Mr. Secretary, give the order to mobilize at once!

Yes, sir! We mobilize the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, the Coast Guard and the Marines?

No, Stupid!

We mobilize the Public Opinion Poll-Takers! Nobody's sticking his neck out around here until we can spot a National trend!

less!) Why do we feel it's a dangerous trend? Because polls report majority opinions—and majority opinions are usually wrong. Can you imagine where we'd all be today if the world had relied upon polls and surveys since the dawn of time? You can't imagine, you say? Well, for you clods with no imagination, let's take a look at what might have happened . . .



Been Used Through History

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: SY REIT

April 10, 1775

Dear Neighbor—

Tired of tension? Fearful of the future? If so, you may be interested in "Operation Redcoat"—an exciting new Service Organization now being set up to alert Massachusetts residents if and when the British troops should appear in this area.

DO YOU WISH TO BE AMONG THOSE NOTIFIED?

We hope so! Please indicate your preference by filling out the attached card and returning it to us:

tear on dotted line

Yes, I am interested in "Operation Redcoat". Wake me up whenever the British are sighted, even if it is the middle of the night ☐

Yes, I am interested in "Operation Redcoat", but do not wake me up after P.M., or before A.M. ☐

No, I am not interested in "Operation Redcoat" ☐

I am undecided. Please send me additional information about "Operation Redcoat" (I understand that this will cost me in any way.)

NAME..... TO: Paul Revere, Concord, Mass.

ADDRESS..... FROM: The Sons of Liberty, Boston, Mass.

Paul—
No soap! We mailed out hundreds of these cards and only got a 3% return. You'd better sell the horse and forget the whole thing!

Bill Dawes

Sorry, boys, but the results of the poll are in. Of the 500 adults polled here in Liverpool, 72% think your hair is ridiculous, 81% think your music is terrible, and 91% think that any group with an idiotic name like "The Beatles" hasn't got a chance! So if you want my opinion, you'll give up the idea of making it big in Show Biz!

Fourscore and seven years ago, 62% of our forefathers—with 10.4% disagreeing and 27.6% abstaining—brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated by 63.2% of its citizens—with 9.8% against and 27% "don't knows"—to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, 78% of us—with 9% remaining neutral and 13% showing marked Southern sympathies—are engaged in a great civil war . . .



POTRZEBIE POLLS, INC.

Mr. William M. Gaines
E.C. Publications, Inc.
New York City

April 5, 1952

Dear Mr. Gaines:

We have completed the Opinion Poll you requested. As per your instruction, 5,672 people were asked how they felt about your plans to publish a new satire magazine to be called "MAD".

Our sampling included educators, scientists, Congressmen, psychiatrists, business tycoons, advertising agency executives and other members of the so-called "Establishment".

Amazingly, the vote by this distinguished group was 100% SOLIDLY OPPOSED to the magazine you are planning. Never in my years as a pollster have I run into such unanimous nausea and total repugnance to an idea.

Sincerely yours,

Sturdley Twinch

Sturdley Twinch, Pres.

MAD

INTEROFFICE MEMO

TO: THE EDITOR

FROM: THE PUBLISHER

Al--

looks like we're on the right track!
Let's start those presses rolling!

Bill



FOR WHOM THE BELLES TOED DEPT.

WHAT IS A MA

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

BETWEEN the time of his first "Spin-The-Bottle" kissing game, and the time when, at the age of 81, he is hauled into court on "Bigamy" charges, you are guaranteed to come across a creature known as a "Make-Out Man". Make-Out Men come in four basic styles: "Hand-Holder", "Ear-Nibbler", "Hip-Hugger" and "Argentine Back-Breaker".

A MAKE-OUT Man can be seen anywhere: Crammed into a phone booth with 33 co-eds, making love at a drive-in movie (without even being in the car), dimming the lights at a fraternity party, giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on the beach (to a girl who hasn't been near the water), organizing a campus "Love-In", and playing "Simon Sez" at a Nudist Colony.

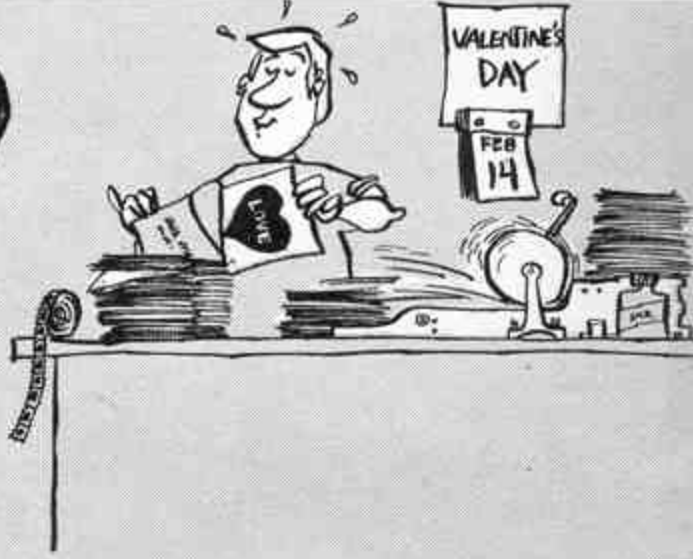
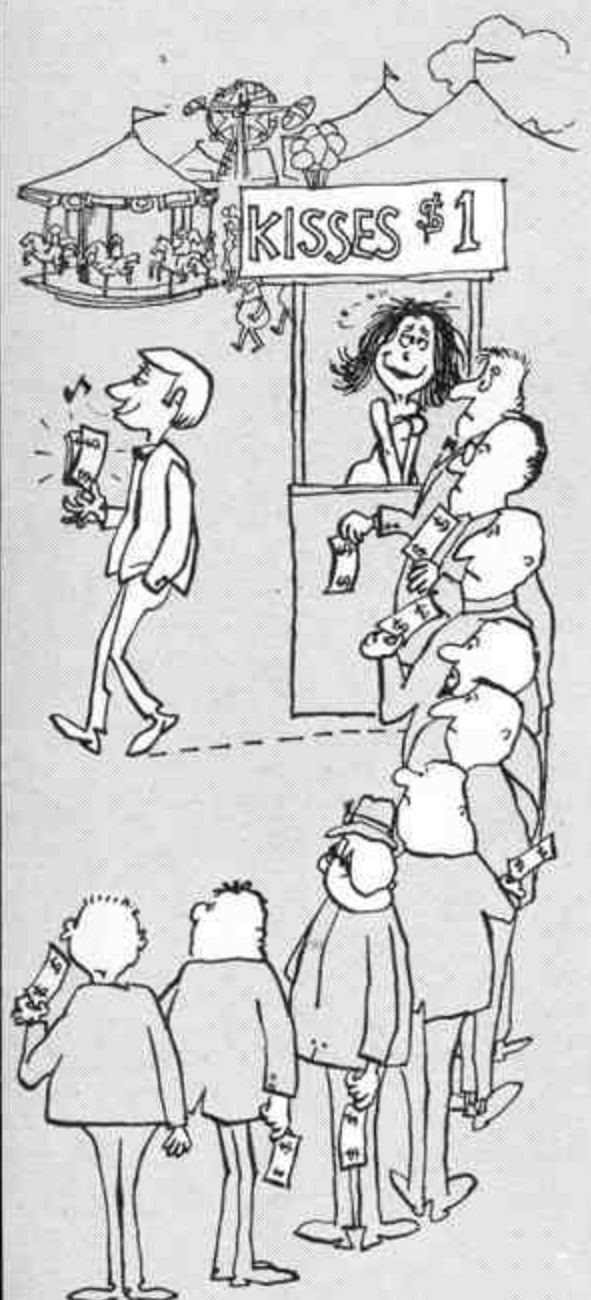
A MAKE-OUT Man is never a lighthouse keeper, an interior decorator, a librarian, an aluminum storm-door salesman, a ballet dancer, or a Boy Scout troop leader. He is always a bronzed Malibu surfer, a winner of a Marcello Mastroianni Look-Alike Contest, an Ohio State middle linebacker, a judge at the "Miss Bayonne, New Jersey, Beauty Pageant", a dance instructor at a Summer Resort, or a sitar player with a Raga Rock group.

A MAKE-OUT Man is Aggressiveness in a string of borrowed Love Beads, Vanity in a Dippity-do pompadour, Boldness cowering in a Vassar Dorm, Gentleness wrestling in a parked car, and Sincerity whispering, "This isn't just a Summer thing, baby! I promise I'll call you in the city!"

IT'S easy to spot a Make-Out Man. He has that one, unique identifying trademark that separates him from the rest of us clods . . . the "Make-Out Line." From coast to coast, you'll hear him uttering such classic phrases as: "Hi! You live around here?", "Don't I know you from someplace?", "Gosh, I never felt this way about any girl before!", "This time, it's the real thing!", "My place or yours?" and the ever-popular "Believe me, baby, I'll still respect you!"

THE Make-Out Man is not a modern phenomenon. He has been with us throughout history. He was the guy who sweet-talked Betsy Ross into delaying the American Flag while she knitted him a pair of argyle socks. He was the guy who told Florence Nightingale, "Aw, don't give me that! I know all about you nurses!" He was the guy who, in 1513, whispered, "Look, let him go to Florida! We'll swing while he's gone!", to Mrs. Ponce De Leon.

MAKE-OUT Men are never named Sidney or Sol or Arnold or Jerome or Egbert. They are always named Porfirio or Lance or Marcello or Helmut or Tyrone. But strangely enough, they all seem to end up marrying girls named Zelda.



MAKE-OUT MAN?

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

IF you date a Make-Out Man, you can't win. Nobody else is so slow to pick up a check or so quick to go "Dutch". Nobody else gets thrown out of movie balconies for "heavy breathing". Nobody else can ruin your reputation by merely being seen with you. And nobody else can kiss you so passionately that you have to be cooled off afterwards in a bath of cracked ice.

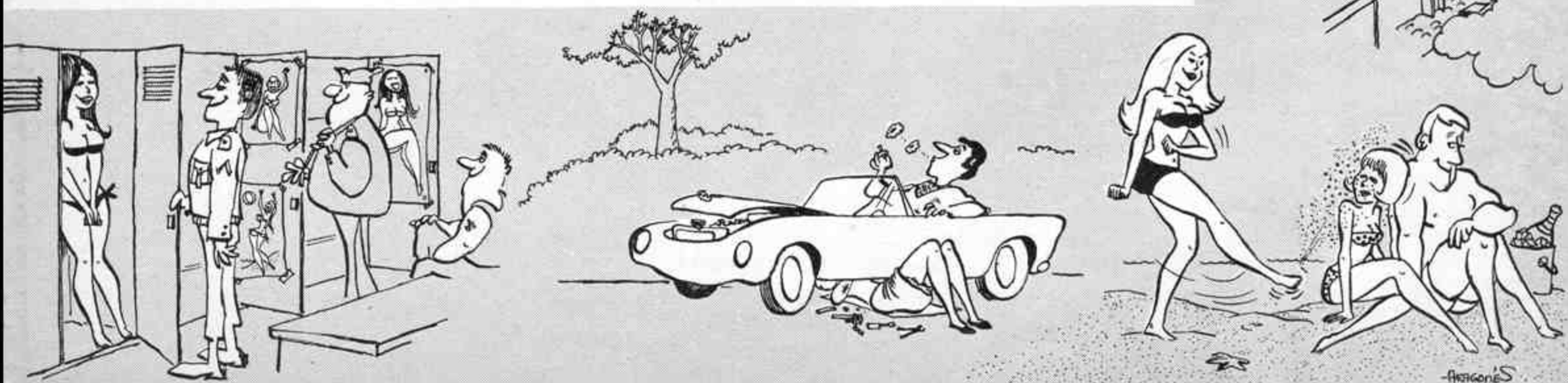
THERE are two types of Make-Out Men. The sophisticated Make-Out Man comes on strong with: Dinners by candlelight, soft music, moonlight walks, quoting from the philosophy of Kahlil Gibran, putting two cigarettes in his mouth and lighting them and then handing one to the girl, sending a bottle of wine to her table at a French restaurant, drinking champagne from her slipper, and taking her to the Senior Prom in a Cadillac convertible. The UNSophisticated Make-Out Man tries to score with: Lunches at McDonalds, country & western music, 12-mile hikes, quoting from the philosophy of Tony Curtis, putting two cigarettes in his mouth and then lighting his nose, sending a bowl of barley soup to her table at a Dairy restaurant, drinking Fresca from her golashe, and taking her to the Senior Prom in a rented Chicken Delight truck.

A MAKE-OUT Man is invariably a brazen "con artist". Who else would tell every date that his appendicitis stitch is actually a Heidelberg dueling scar? Who else would take a girl into a neighborhood malt shop and order "One aphrodisiac with two straws!"? Who else would get thrown out of school for cheating . . . with the Dean's wife? Who else would say, "Oops, we're out of gas!" and then start necking . . . in the Lincoln Tunnel?

A MAKE-OUT Man is always in demand, and by everyone. Teeny-Boppers long to hold his warm hands, Career Girls desire to kiss his cool lips, Co-Eds yearn to nuzzle his soft neck, Older Women ache to fondle his strong chin, and Other Guys want to punch his silly face.

BUT above all, the Make-Out Man possesses the one trait that keeps him a cut above the regular clods at school, office or cocktail party . . . the one item that is more important than his charm or his looks or his fat address book or his ability to "dip" at a dance . . . that thing called "Confidence"! It is this invaluable confidence that once enabled a famous Make-Out Man who had reached the age of 101 to marry a girl of 19, and who, when his doctor advised him against it, saying, "There is such a vast age difference, it could mean . . . death!", replied with the words that have become "Classic" in the annals of Make-Outdom:

"WELL, IF IT DOES, I'LL JUST HAVE TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER WIFE!"



A MAD "SHOW BU"

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

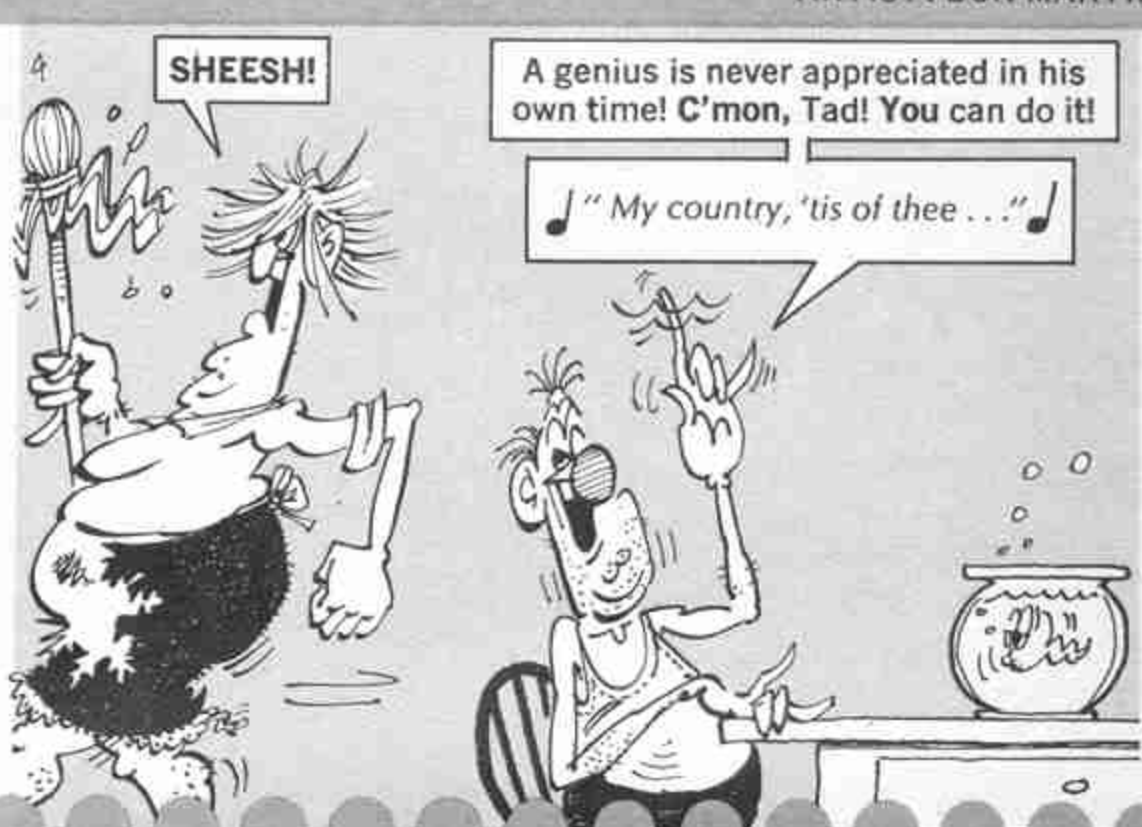
YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR GOURD . . .
TRYING TO TEACH A TADPOLE TO SING!!
WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB, YOU BUM?!



SHEESH!

A genius is never appreciated in his
own time! C'mon, Tad! You can do it!

♪ "My country, 'tis of thee . . ." ♪



And now . . . for
my next number . . .

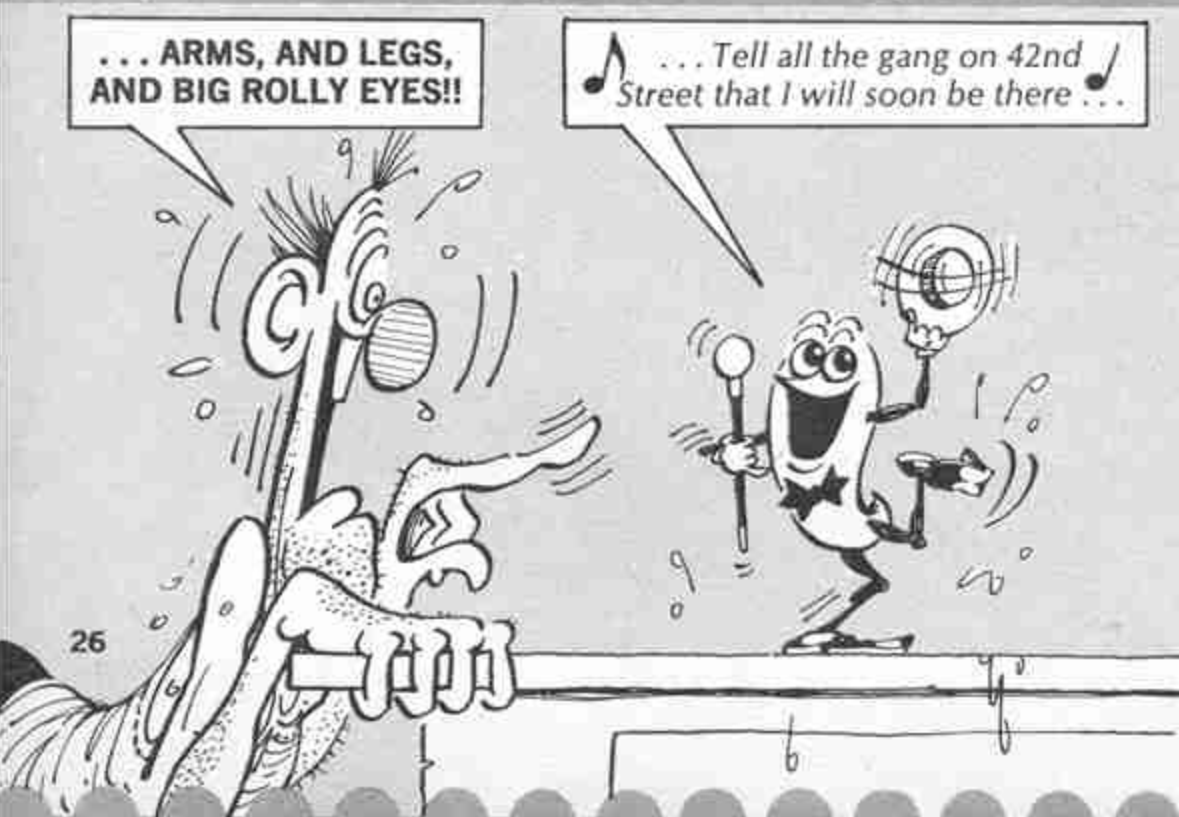


. . . a little ol'
soft shoe . . .

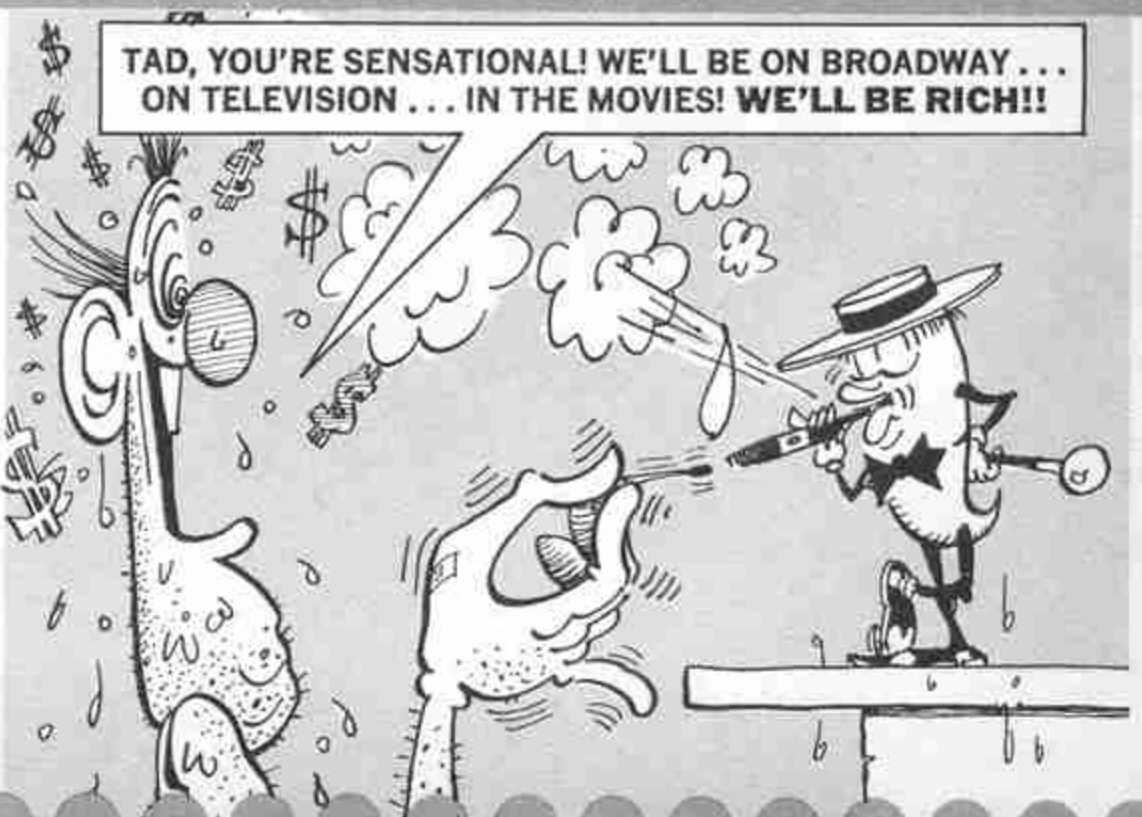


. . . ARMS, AND LEGS,
AND BIG ROLLY EYES!!

♪ . . . Tell all the gang on 42nd
Street that I will soon be there . . . ♪

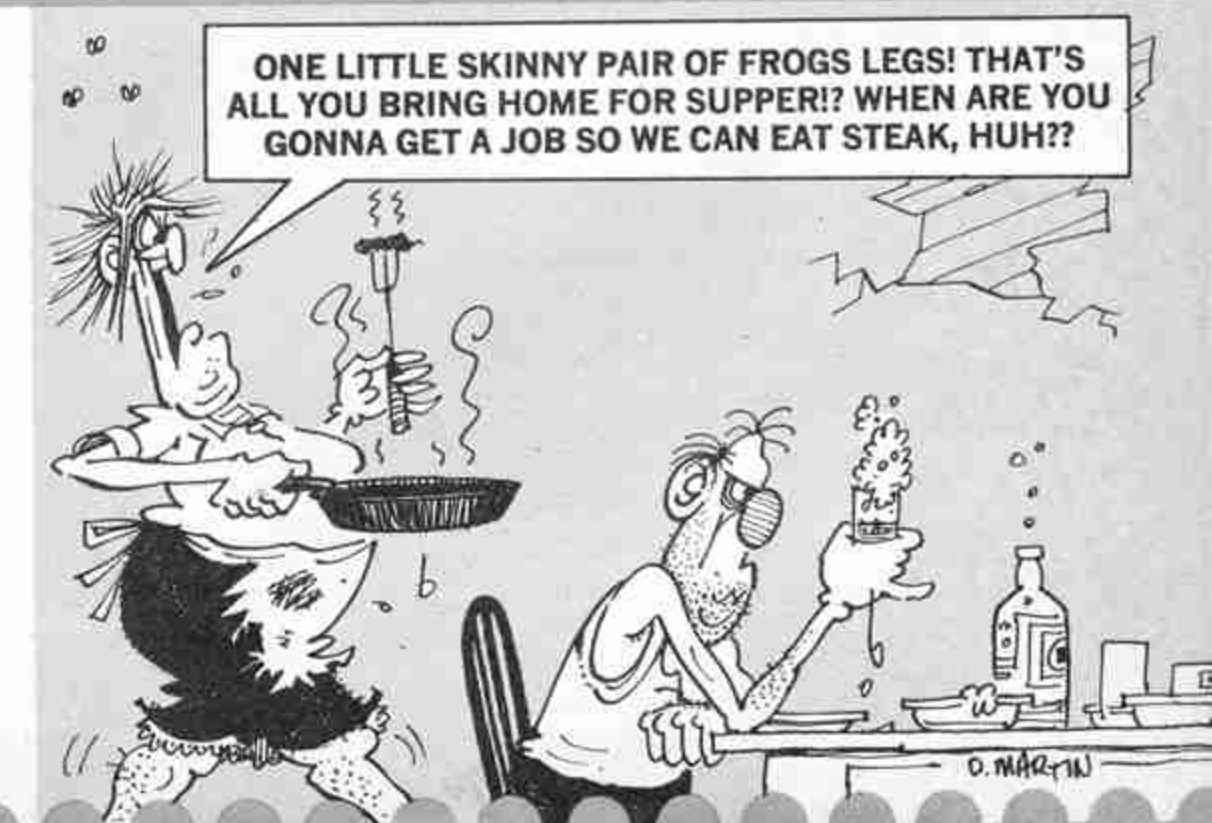
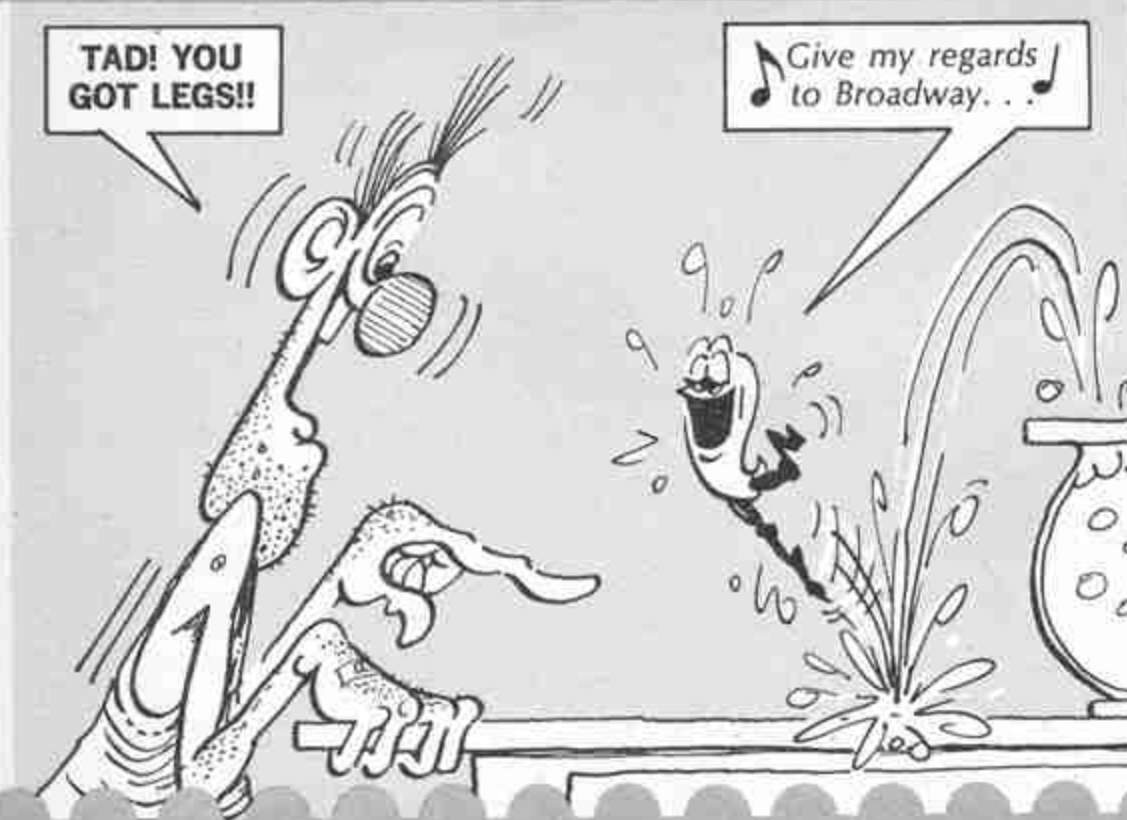
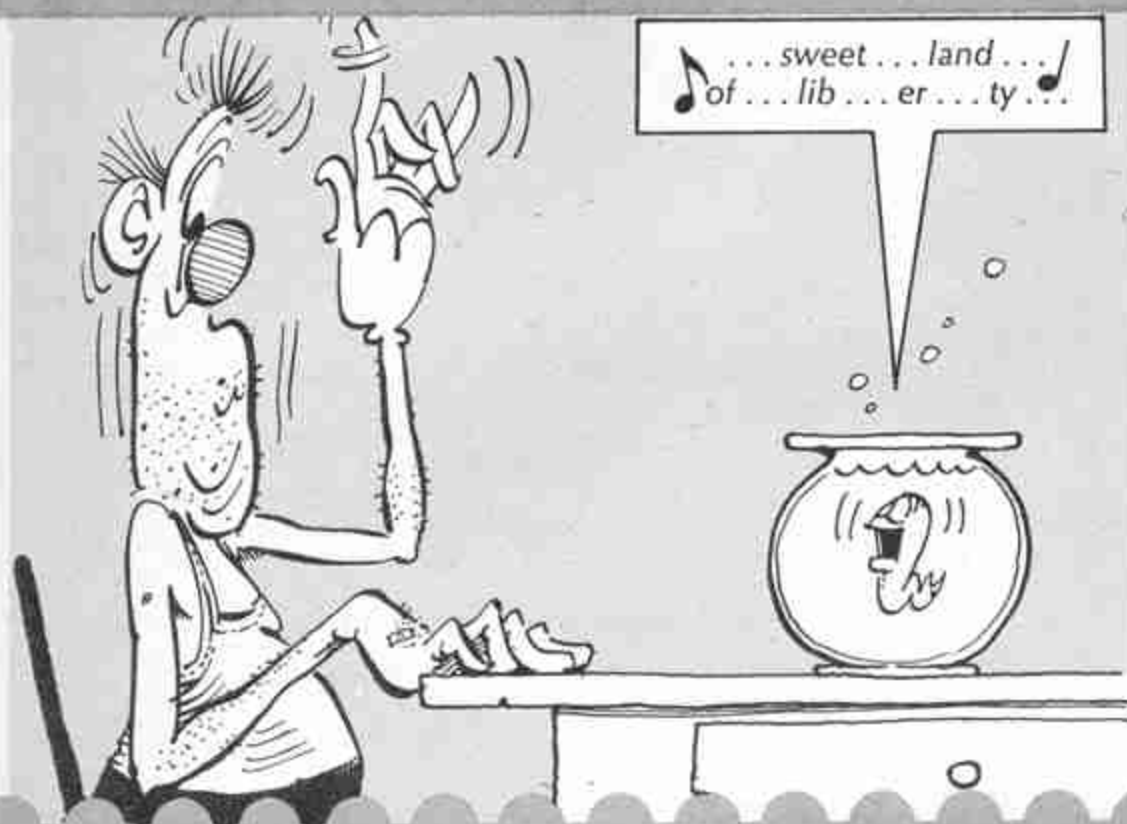


TAD, YOU'RE SENSATIONAL! WE'LL BE ON BROADWAY . . .
ON TELEVISION . . . IN THE MOVIES! WE'LL BE RICH!!



Z SUCCESS STORY

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN



HATE-TO-THE-BAR DEPT.

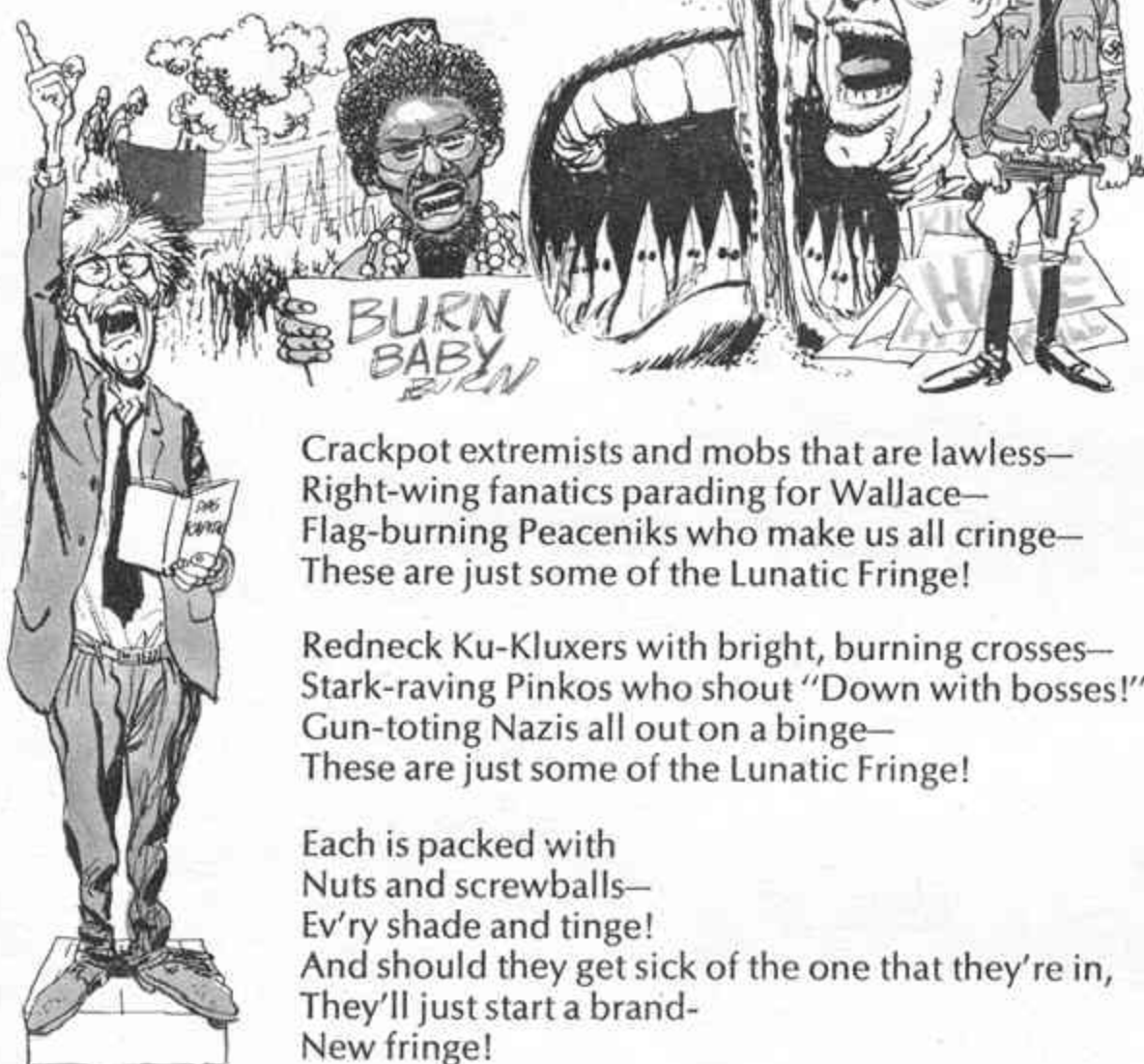
In past issues of MAD, we've presented songs that glorified "Food", "Pets", and "Creeping Materialism"—all of which occupy very important roles in our daily lives. However, there are some people who aren't content with such mundane and tame pursuits as these. And so, for those poor misguided idiots, MAD presents



SONGS OF CRIM THE LUNATIC FRI

THE LUNATIC FRINGE MARCH

(Sung to the tune
"My Favorite Things")



Crackpot extremists and mobs that are lawless—
Right-wing fanatics parading for Wallace—
Flag-burning Peaceniks who make us all cringe—
These are just some of the Lunatic Fringe!

Redneck Ku-Kluxers with bright, burning crosses—
Stark-raving Pinkos who shout "Down with bosses!"—
Gun-toting Nazis all out on a binge—
These are just some of the Lunatic Fringe!

Each is packed with
Nuts and screwballs—
Ev'ry shade and tinge!
And should they get sick of the one that they're in,
They'll just start a brand-
New fringe!

THE MAFIA LOAN-SHARK'S LULLABY

(Sung to the tune of
"Come Back To Me")

Hear it loud!
Hear it plain!
Let it sink
In your brain!
From now on
You'll remain
In hock to me!

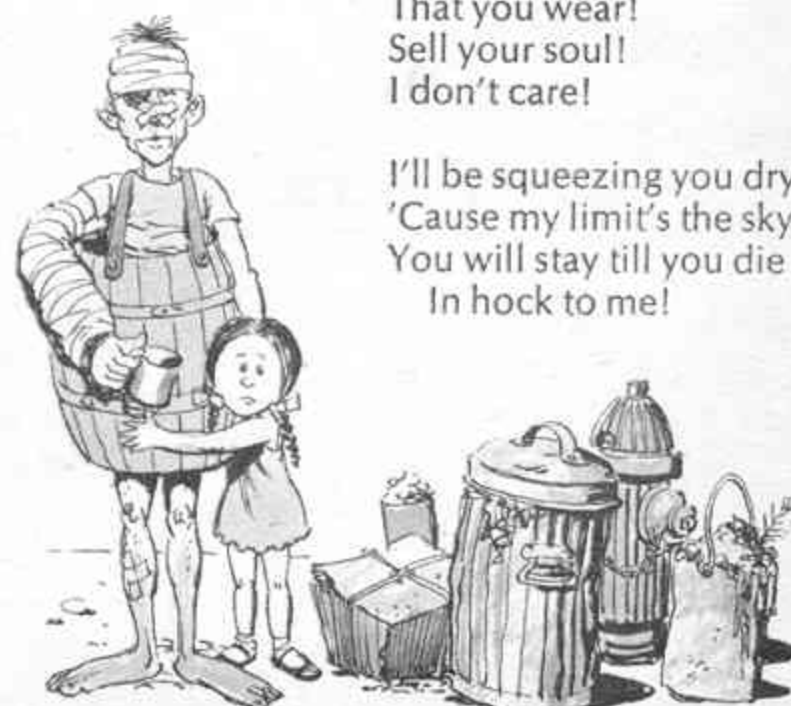
Find the cash!
Sell your store!
Roll a drunk!
Rob the poor!
If you fail,
You'll be more
In hock to me!



Fork it up,
You poor slob,
Or you'll get from my mob
A free face-lifting job!
They can get
Quite upset,
You will see!

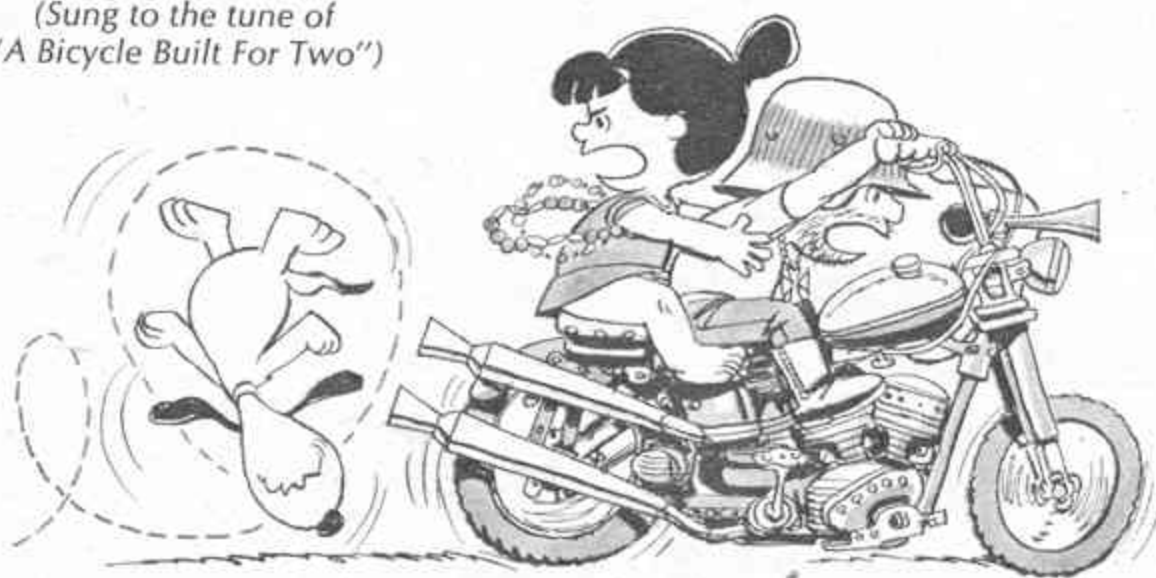
Sell the clothes
That you wear!
Sell your soul!
I don't care!

I'll be squeezing you dry,
'Cause my limit's the sky!
You will stay till you die
In hock to me!



MELODY FOR A MOTORCYCLE GANG

(Sung to the tune of
"A Bicycle Built For Two")



Charlie! Charlie!
We'll lead the gang right
through!
On your Harley
Down Central Avenue!

We'll tear up the town till sundown!
Old ladies we will run down!
And we won't stop
For no dumb cop
On your Harley that's built for two!



E, VIOLENCE, WAR, HATE, BIGOTRY, NGE, AND ALL-AROUND ECCHINESS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE CITY-DWELLER'S ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "Mame")



I stagger out of a subway fight—
Maimed!
I end my stroll down a street at night—
Maimed!
I join a crowd that's jumpin'
From early in the evenin' till the dawn;
My heart is really pumpin'
'Cause I'm the one the crowd is jumpin' on!
I wander out of a park too late—
Maimed!
I cross the street and what is my fate?
Maimed!
I'm always in the middle
When-ever there's a riot that's inflamed!
They make a mess galore of me—
They make a field of war of me—
Each day there's something more of me
Maimed!



THE WAR-MONGER'S ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "More")



War—
Helps to keep the pop-u-la-tion down!
War—
Means less people in a crowded town!
War—
Lets us try out new ar-till-er-y!
War—
Gives our soldiers foreign trips for free!

War—
Gives us heroes who are strong and good!
War—
Gives us John Wayne films from Hollywood!
War—
Gives our TV newscasts more
Scenes of blood and death and gore!
That's what Living Color's for!

War—
Helps the U.S.O.!
Yes, war—
Brings a Bob Hope show!
Yes, war—
Brings us much enjoyment
And it cuts down unemployment!

THE MILITIA MARCH

(Sung to the tune of
"Give My Regards To Broadway")

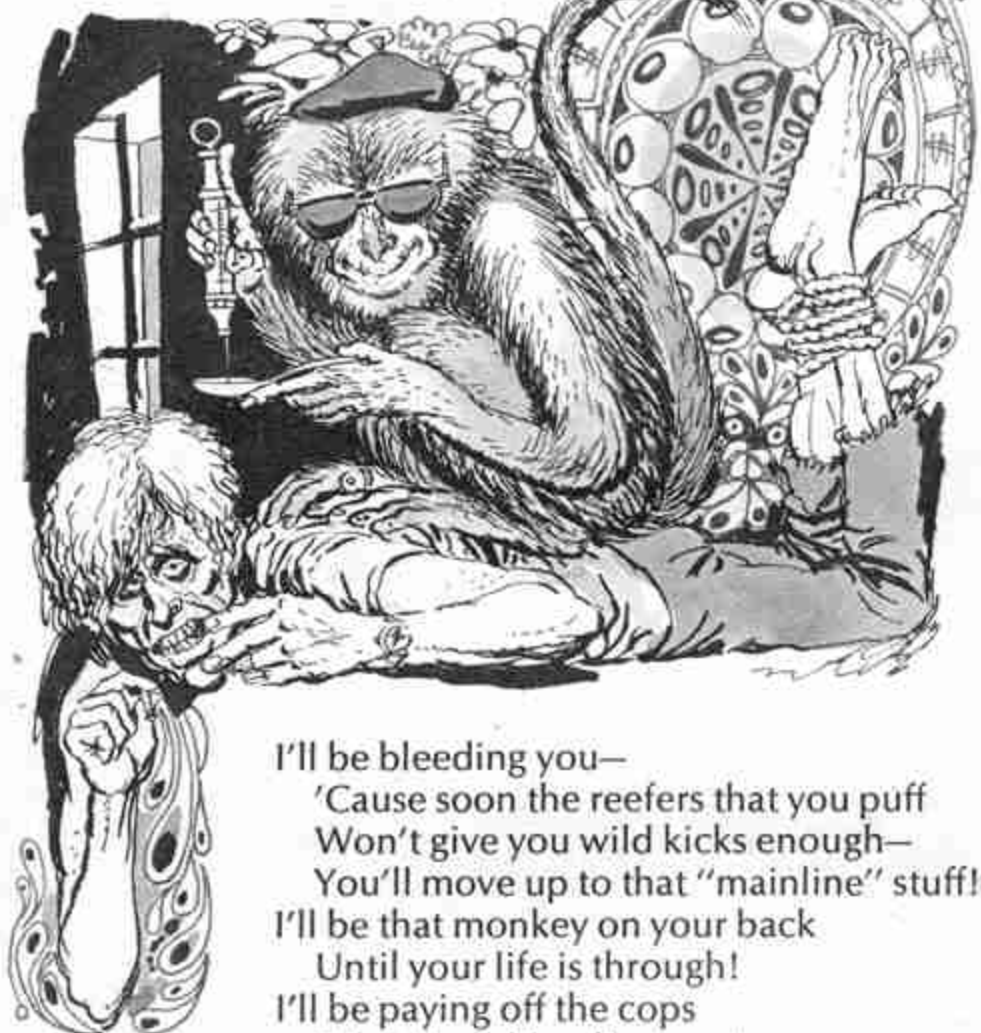


Put mounted guards on Broadway!
Drop paratroops on Herald Square!
Roll out the tanks on 42nd Street
With mortars everywhere!
Load up the sub-machine guns!
A state of war we'll soon declare!
We're putting guards on old Broadway
Because a Peace Group's marching there!

THE PUSHER'S SERENADE

(Sung to the tune of
"I'll Be Seeing You")

I'll be bleeding you
With every fix that you are needing!
At my feet you'll kneel there pleading
All day through!
In the candy store
Behind the back-room door
You'll spend your daddy's cash
For acid trips,
For pot and hash!



I'll be bleeding you—
'Cause soon the reefers that you puff
Won't give you wild kicks enough—
You'll move up to that "mainline" stuff!
I'll be that monkey on your back
Until your life is through!
I'll be paying off the cops
While I am bleeding you!

THE EQUAL-JOB-OPPORTUNITY- IN-BUSINESS BALLAD

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")

The Negro we've hired—
it's plain to see,
Should prove that we're free
from all bigotry!
He sits right near the door—
Just in case someone visits
from VISTA or CORE!

We're feeling so tolerant
since he came!
We don't even call him
by his first name!
What his race is
has no basis!
We just hope that he knows
what his place is!
If not, quickly fired
The Negro we've hired
will be!



DUET FOR TWO RACISTS

(Sung to the tune of
"I Can't Give You Anything But Love")

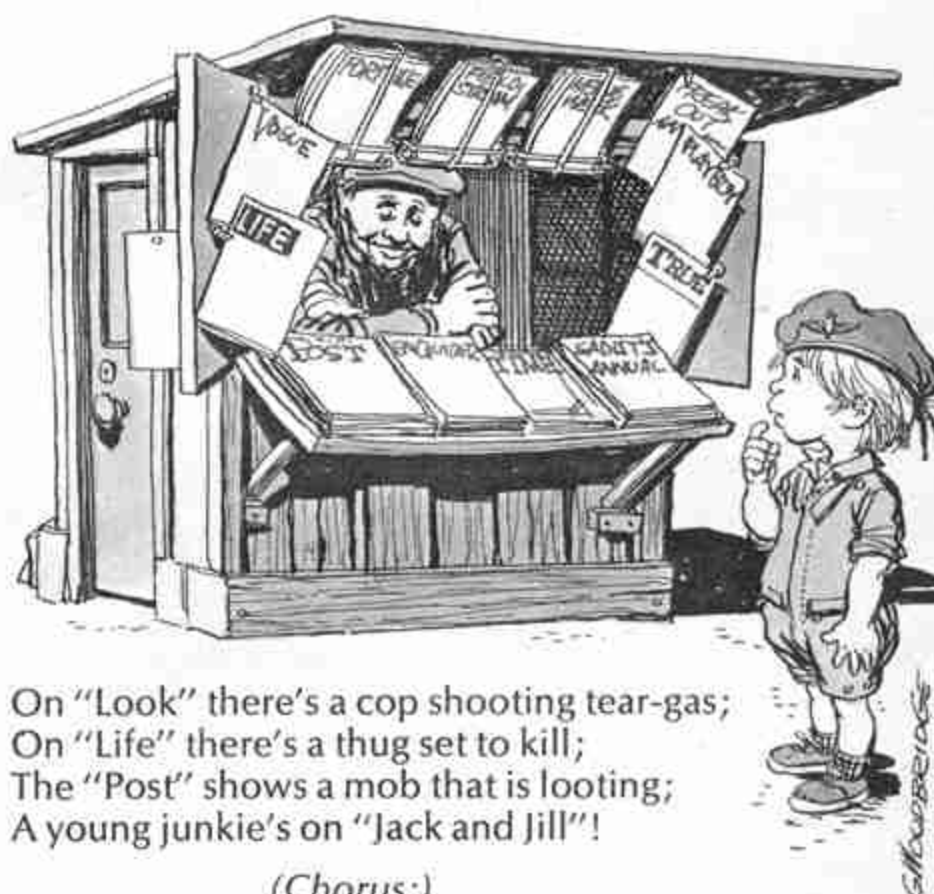
We both can't preach anything
but hate, baby!
Vi-o-lence we love to
perpetrate, baby!
Agitate! Instigate!
We'll egg 'em on!
Bomb and kill!
Burn until
There is nothing left but rubble!

Gee, it's groovy how we both
agree, baby!
I hate you as much as you
hate me, baby!
Gosh, it's great how nuts like us
run free, baby!
We both can't preach anything
but hate!



THE MAGAZINE COVER ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")



On "Look" there's a cop shooting tear-gas;
On "Life" there's a thug set to kill;
The "Post" shows a mob that is looting;
A young junkie's on "Jack and Jill"!

(Chorus:)

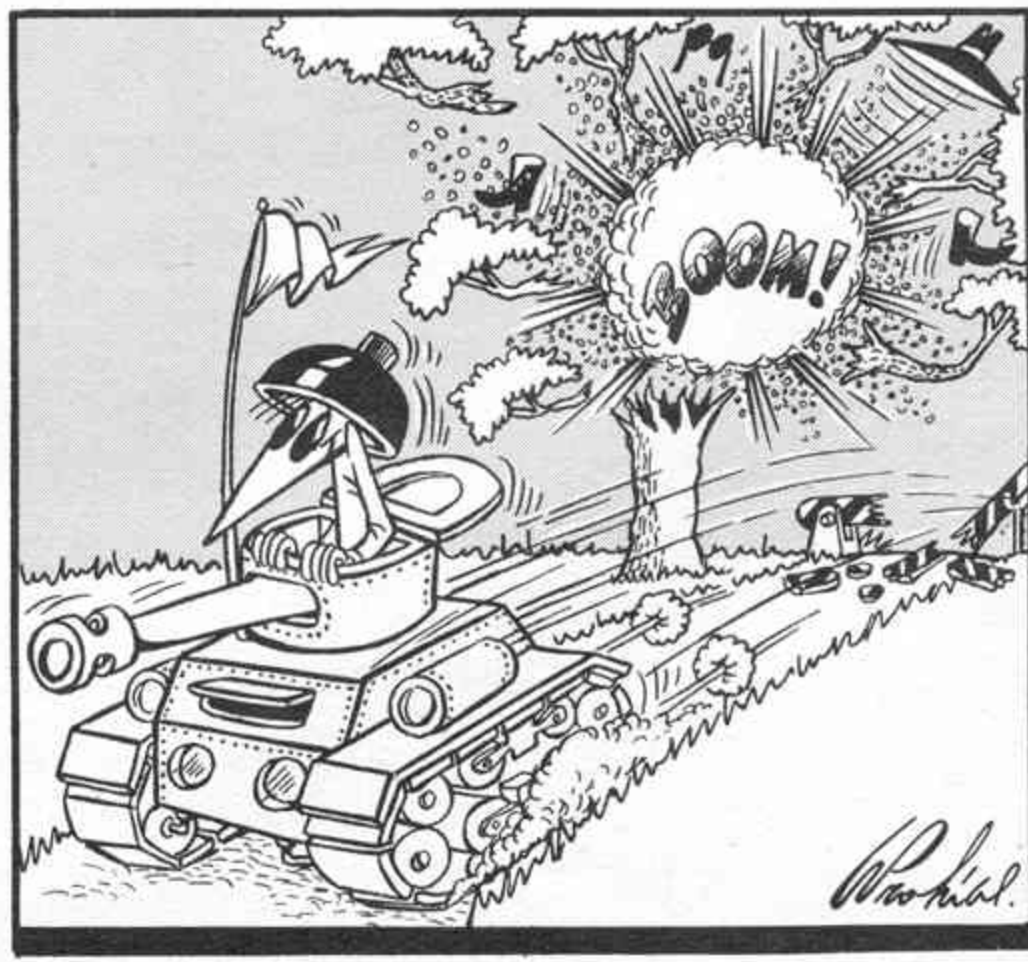
That's how! That's how!
That's how you sell magazines today!
That's how! That's how!
That's how you sell magazines!

A gun moll's undressing on "Playboy";
On "True" there's a trunk-murder theme;
A hate group is pictured on "Harper's";
A mad dog is on "Field and Stream"!

(Repeat Chorus)

A Mafia killer's on "Newsweek";
On "Time" there's a Black Power theme;
A loan-shark is pictured on "Fortune";
And look who's on this magazine!

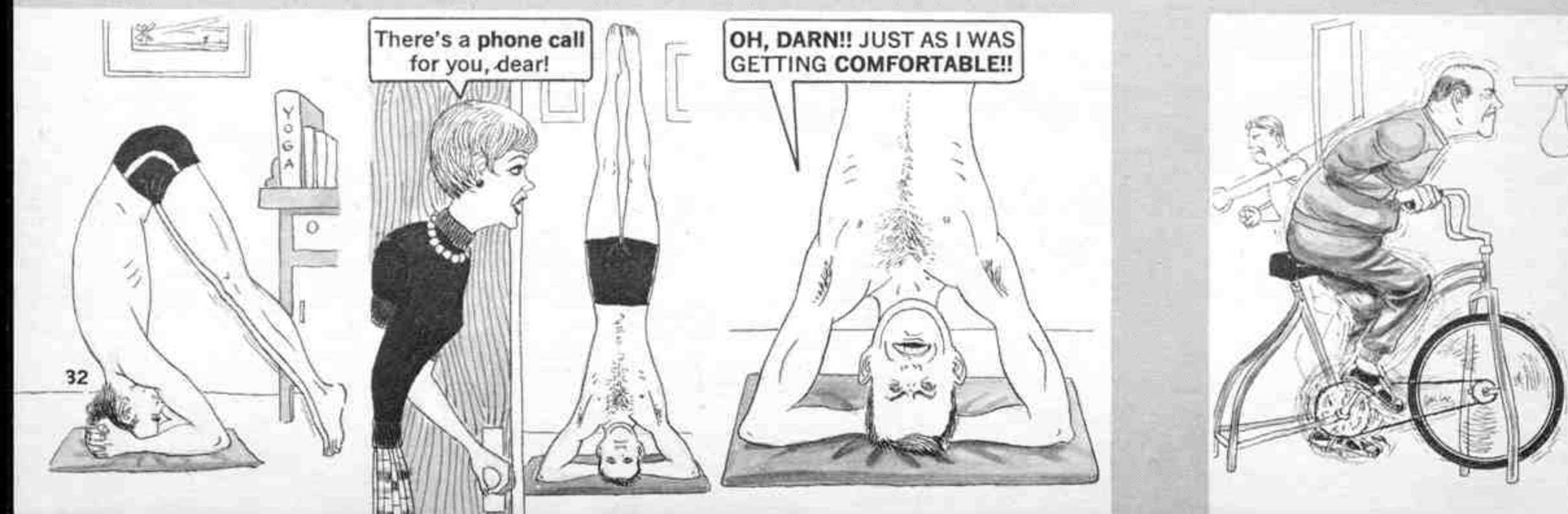
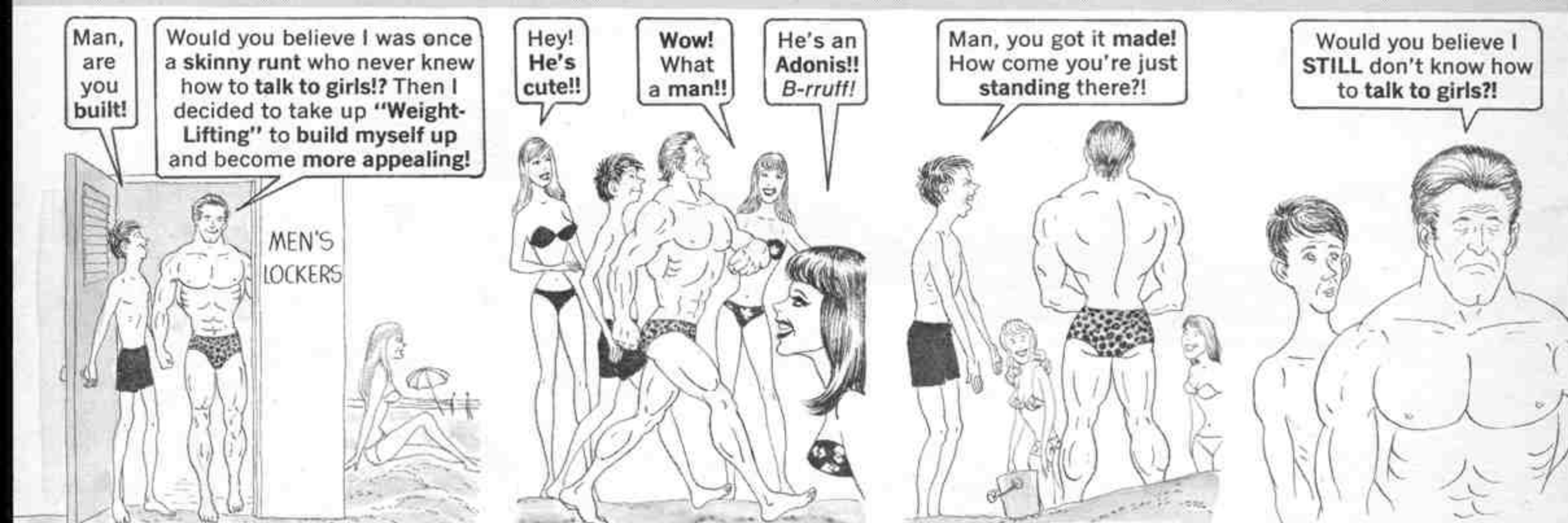
(Repeat Chorus)





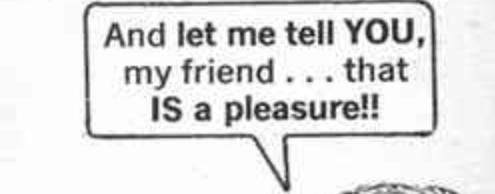
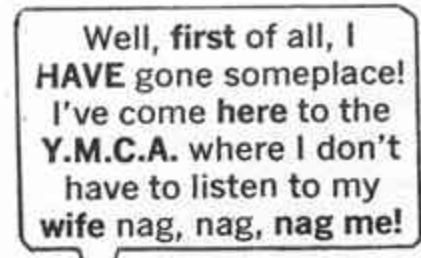
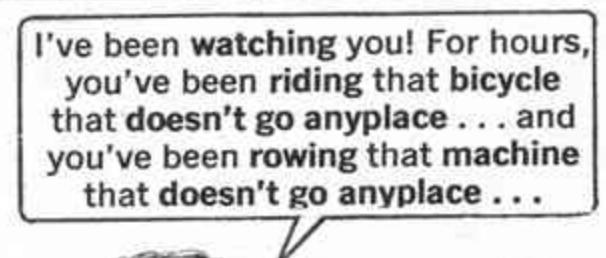
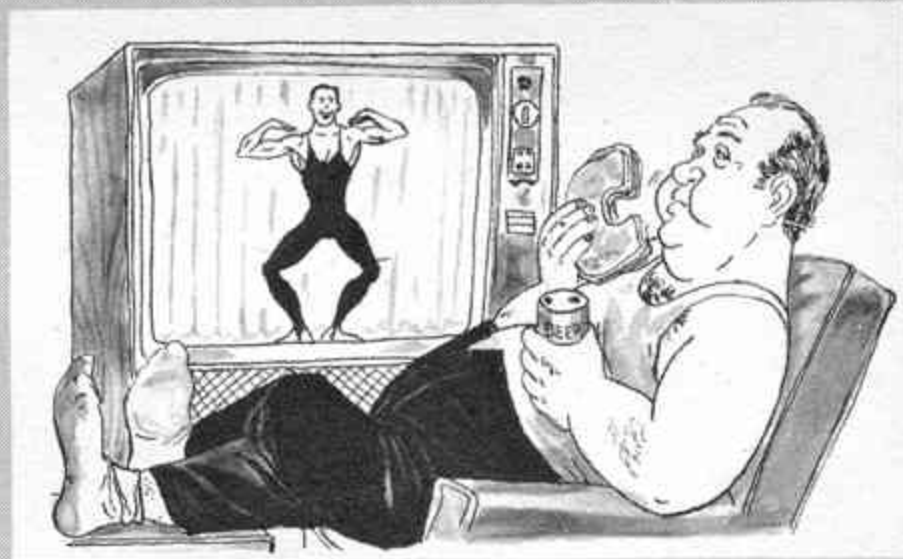
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

PHYSICAL



FITNESS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



The whole idea of jogging is **not** to **over-exert** yourself, but to keep yourself physically fit by taking a **slow, leisurely** run daily! Now, go to it . . . and take it easy!

Right!

HEY, DUMMY! I SAID A **SLOW, LEISURELY** RUN!!

Can I help it if these dogs that are chasing me don't know how to jog?!!

ARF ARF

RUFF RUFF

Try working out with this Tension Spring! It'll put hair on your chest!

YEOW!!

TWANG

H E L-L-P!! It's taking what little hair I have **OFF** my chest!!

What are you—one of those "Health Food Nuts"?

NUTS!? Is it nuts to eat Wheat Germ instead of slaughtering some poor defenseless cow to get cholesterol-filled steaks?!

Is it nuts to drink natural fruit juices instead of those artificially-flavored and artificially-colored sodas?!

Is it nuts to eat mineral-packed dried fruits and uncooked vegetables instead of calorie-filled banana splits?!

Gee—how does such a rigid, planned diet make you feel?

Like a **HUNGRY NUT!!**

If I didn't get some exercise by going fishing like this every once in a while, I'd be in terrible shape!

I have to hire (grunt) a Baby-Sitter (grunt) just so I can come to this Health Club and (grunt) have a work out!



Why don't you (grunt) stay home and (grunt) take care of the kids (grunt) yourself?



Are you kidding?! That's (grunt) TOO MUCH of a (grunt) work-out!!



I see you're finally losing some weight!

Yeah, how can you tell?

You've taken your belt in a couple of notches!

You're very observant!

See? And you said I was a nag for constantly telling you to stop stuffing your face! Tell the truth! Don't you feel better?

I feel just great!

All I did was buy myself a BIGGER BELT so she'd get off my back!!



There's nothing like a massage for toning up loose, sagging muscles and keeping you in trim!

Okay, I'll try it!

MASSAGE ROOM



Y'know, you're absolutely right! This is the BEST work-out I've ever had!!



Good girl, Jamie! I'm so glad to see you doing things like that!

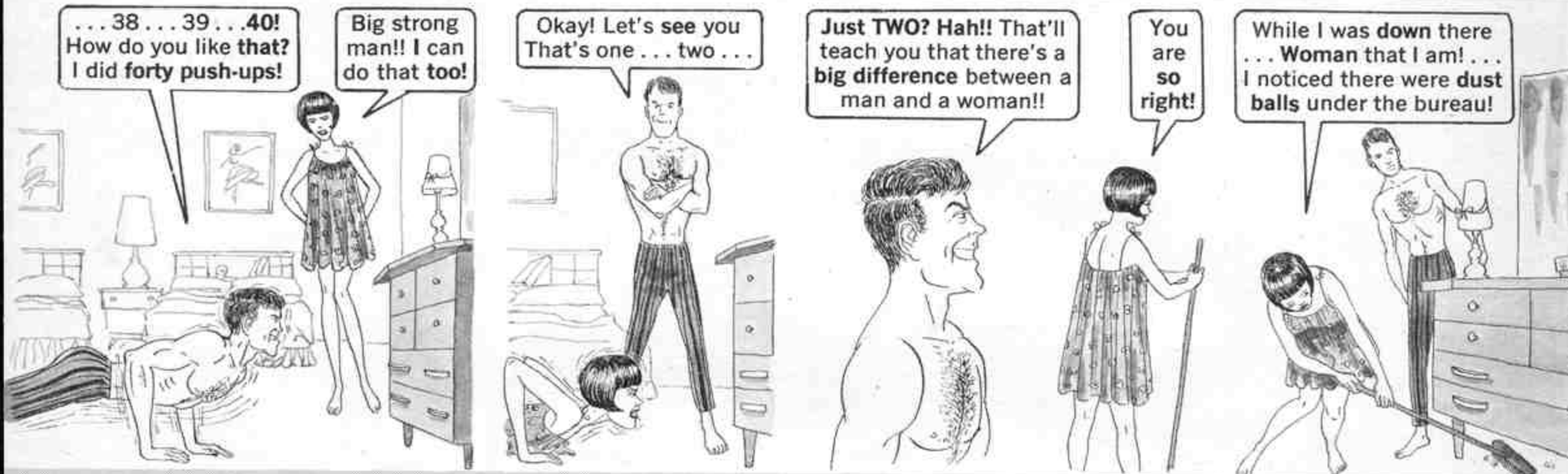
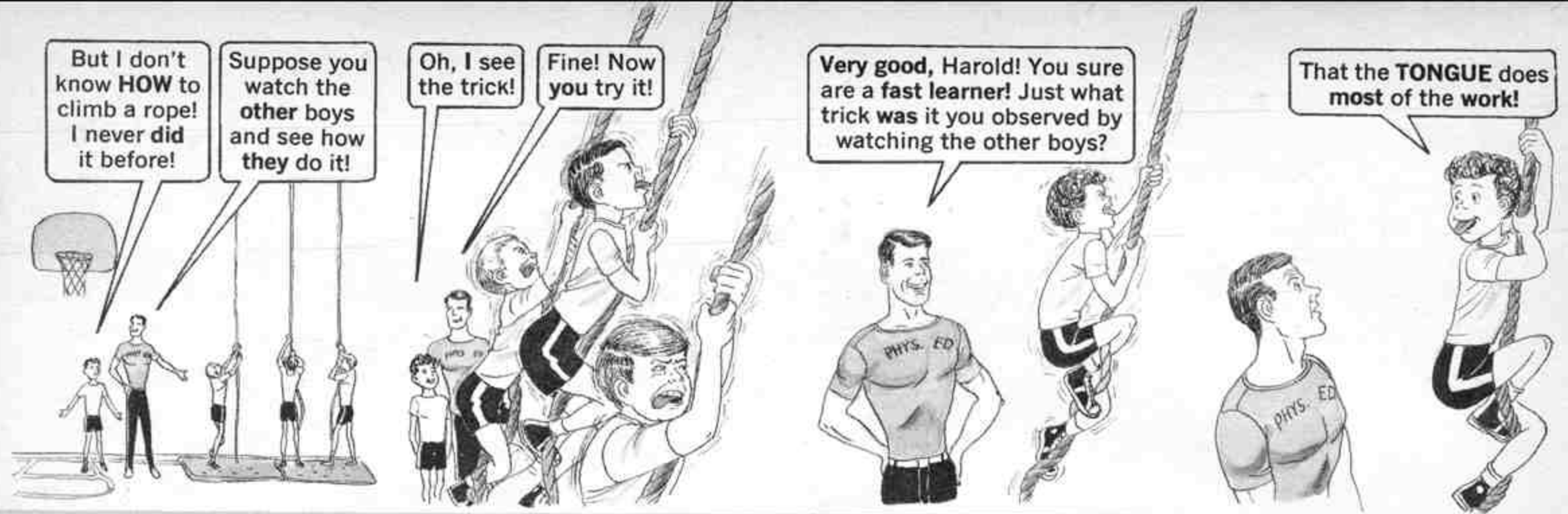
That's the trouble with most Americans! We're getting soft on too much rich food, not enough exercise, and an over-indulgence in frivolous things!

But not my Jamie! She's keeping fit with her "Touch The Toes" exercising!

I'm not exercising, Mom...

I'm painting my toe nails!





MAD'S "LATE SHOW" CLICHÉ MOVIE SCRIPT

ARTIST: BRUCE STARK

WRITER: HARRY PURVIS

THE "WAR" MOVIE

"Before this training period is over, you guys are gonna hate my guts! But if you live through it . . . someday, you'll thank me for it!"

* * * * *

"We're not running this war for your personal pleasure, Bradshaw! Tonight, by disobeying orders, you endangered the life of every man in this company! Maybe back in Civilian life you could pull things like that, being Senator Bradshaw's son! But here in this Boot Camp, you're just plain PRIVATE Bradshaw!"

* * * * *

"Any of you guys got any letters to write, you got exactly two minutes! Because we're shipping out!"

* * * * *

"Don't let 'im get your goat, kid. She'll wait. Not all dames are like that. Simpson's just sore 'cause he ain't got no one to come back to."

* * * * *

"I'll go crazy if I don't see some action soon!"

* * * * *

"Men, we're up against an enemy who'll stop at nothing to hold this island! So, good luck! And . . . give 'em hell!"

* * * * *

"Okay, I need some volunteers for this mission . . . Anderson, Brown, Cowznofski, DeGrazzo, Hanlon, MacNutt, O'Reilly and Silverstein! Now, let's see . . . what have I missed? Oh, yeah--you, too, Sun Luck Chow!"

* * * * *

"I know you didn't ask to come out here, Bradshaw--but by God, now that you ARE here, you'll fight! Now I'll tell YOU something . . . first time out, I was afraid, too! Yeah, ME! Does that surprise you?"

* * * * *

"You can't ask them to do it, Colonel! They've been looking forward to this leave for months! It's all that's kept them going! Now, to tell them they've been ordered back into action . . . it--it just isn't fair!"

* * * * *

"I wish Arkansas would learn a new tune! That one's driving me nuts!"

* * * * *

"Boy, what I wouldn't give to be back on Flatbush Avenue, watchin' all the blondes go by! How about you, Bradshaw? Any real-stacked blondes up on Snob Hill? Hey . . . where ya goin' . . . ?"

* * * * *

"The last thing he said was--'Tell the Sarge this one's for Benny!'"

* * * * *

"He wiped out that machine gun nest single-handed! And to think I once called him 'yellow'!"

* * * * *

"When I see those fresh green kids coming up, eager to fight, it makes me want to cry. I was like that once. It seems like so many years ago. It's hard to believe we've only been on this island 5 days!"

* * * * *

"Think it'll do any good, Padre? All this killing and dying, I mean . . ."

* * * * *

". . . and the generations to come will remember what it was like, and what it was all for! Have no fear of that, my son!"

THE END



CHRISTMAS IS ...



... a wobbly tree stand.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... a week of inspiration and morality on TV screens that are filled with crime and violence the other 51.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... having to tear open that gift you wrapped so beautifully because you just remembered the price tag was still on it.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... trying to wrap a bicycle so nobody can tell what it is.

GOD HELP US, EVERY ONE DEPT.

Christmas

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: GILBERT BARNHILL



CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when, while you're looking for a salesman, somebody buys the great tree you picked out.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when kids who don't believe in Santa Claus any more ask what he's going to bring them.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you're surprised with a bunch of cards from the very same people you finally decided to cut from your Christmas card list this year.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



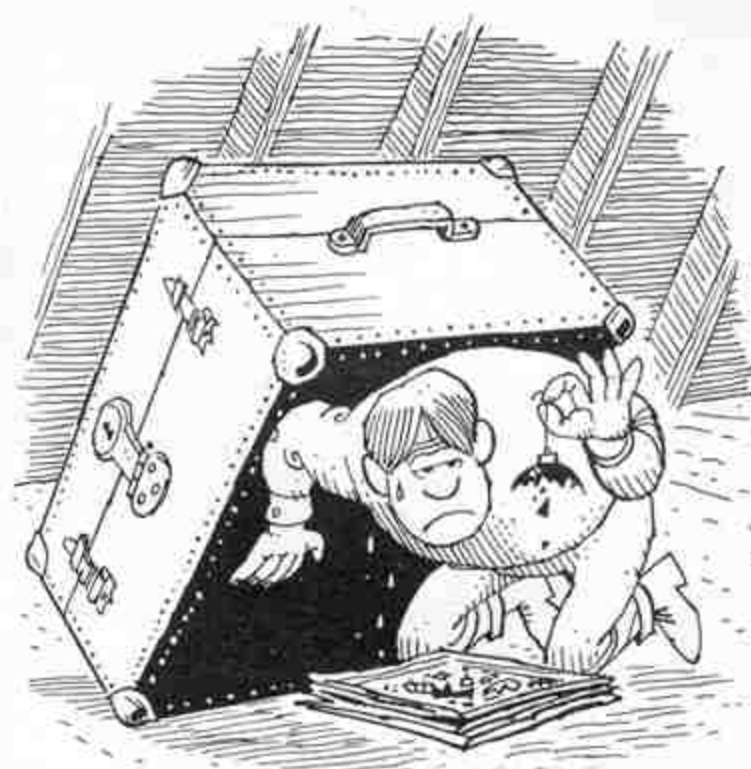
... trying to explain to a bright four-year-old how it's possible to pass 6 Santa Clauses in one block.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



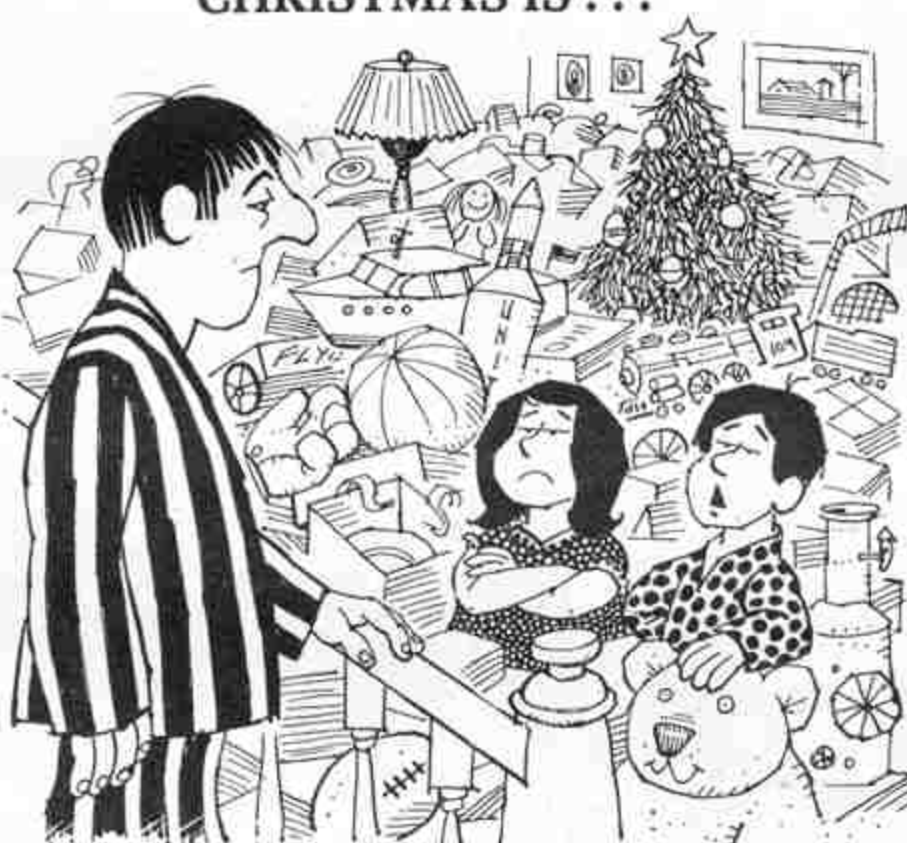
... when you get a dozen calendars in the mail ... and on January 1st, you can't find a single one.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you discover some idiot put a trunk on the tree decorations you stored so carefully last year.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you can't walk into the Living Room for all the toys, and your kids say, "Is that ALL?"

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... frantic last-minute shopping when a gift arrives from a relative you forgot.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... the end of two weeks of courteous smiles from tip-hungry people who are surly sourpusses the rest of the year.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... carefully matching the price of the gift you're giving this year to the gift you got last year.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you can't find the cards you bought for half-price at that "White Elephant Sale" last January.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... giving your kids money so they can buy you a present.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when your wife tells you to "surprise" her ... and then complains when you buy her an outboard motor.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... having to watch your third child in that same old school "Christmas Pageant".

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you burn all the wrappings and then discover you can't find the 20-dollar bill you got as a present.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you go to your 18th Office Christmas Party, and the Big Boss asks you your name for the 18th time.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when the Grandparents bring the very same toys you swore you'd never let your children have.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you buy your dog a neat toy out of your own money, and he won't play with it.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you suddenly discover that all the cards you had printed and all the envelopes you finally addressed are not the same size.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when the Grocer where you spend about \$5000 a year shows his appreciation by giving you a plastic shirt pocket protector with the store's name on it.

Today, in every field of commercial endeavor, the trend is toward "Bigness" . . . and Crime is no exception. Today, when a Racketeer refers to "those lousy Bulls", he isn't talking about the "Fuzz"—he's talking about the wheelers and dealers in the Stock Market. That's because Crime in America is "Big Business", and it's growing bigger every day. In fact, we can foresee a time when, just as U.S. STEEL and GENERAL MOTORS publish "Annual Reports", so will the big Underworld Operations, and we'll be seeing something like . . .

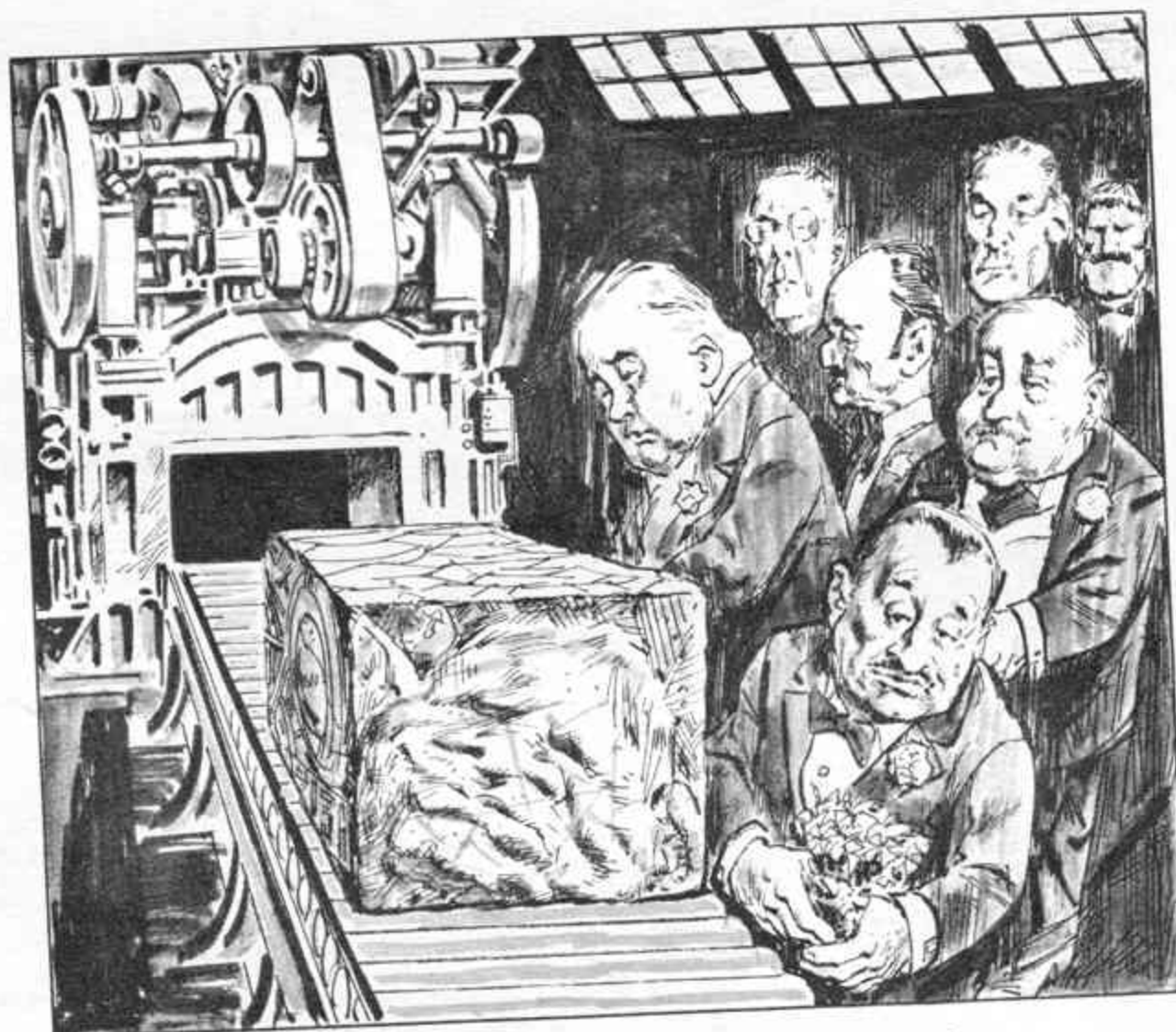


1968 ANNUAL REPORT

MAFIACO

**PRODUCTS &
SERVICES
FOR A GROWING
IMMORAL AMERICA**

INCORPORATED



MAFIACO Goes Automated

Advanced technology has provided the means for making our operations more efficient and productive. This newly-acquired hydraulic Scrap Metal Crusher compresses an automobile into a 3-foot cube of solid steel in a matter of seconds, thereby disposing of any corpus delicti occupant without a trace; just one facet of MAFIACO's progress in the field of Automation. Above photo shows members of MAFIACO's research Staff testing the new device with the late Louis "Fink" Finstermacher.

MAFIACo's BOARD OF DIRECTORS



ALFONSO "BIG FISH" BACCALA
alias "The Man"
PRESIDENT
("Commissioner")



8795645

ANTHONY "LITTLE FISH" BACCALA
alias "Tony Flounder", alias "Andy Gefillte"
VICE-PRESIDENT
("Capa")



8795645



MRS. ALFONSO BACCALA
formerly "Laverne Lamour"
SECRETARY & TREASURER
("Hands Off")



ALBERTO "SCARFACE" BACCALA
alias "The Old Man"
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
("Retired Commissioner")

A MESSAGE TO STOCKHOLDERS

During the fiscal year just completed, **MAFIACo** continued to progress significantly toward its ultimate goal—the complete take-over of the United States. To this end, your Board of Directors is pleased to announce that several new cities and two entire States have recently joined the ever-growing family of **MAFIACo**-controlled communities. Also, our program of expansion reached an important milestone in 1968 when we acquired a controlling interest in **THE WATERPROOF CEMENT COMPANY**, thereby permanently eliminating the costly middleman (who also happened to be the majority stockholder) from our "Marine Disposal" operation.

As a stockholder, you will be pleased to learn that **MAFIACo** enjoyed its most successful year. The principal factors that contributed to this record profit-making period included the following*:

- A 10% increase in crimes of violence across the nation.
- A 150% increase in all types of gambling (including legal State Lotteries, Pari-Mutuels and Bingo Games—which are considered to be excellent training areas for future **MAFIACo** customers).
- A 45% increase in interstate cigarette smuggling, and
- A 25% increase in bootlegging and illegal whiskey-making (the growth-rate of which both coincide with increased Federal and State taxes).
- A 57% increase in drug use.
- A 68% increase in Gangster Movies.

We here at **MAFIACo** are justly proud of our accomplishments in 1968, but we are not yet completely satisfied. Unless certain Subsidiary Managers show an increase in Operating Efficiency and Return, the matter will be turned over to our Contract Department. And youse guys know who you are!

(Signed)
Alfonso "Big Fish" Baccala
President ("Commissioner")

*THESE FIGURES ARE BASED ON THE LATEST FBI REPORTS

MAFIACo's Growth Record

Your company is fortunate in having a strong financial position (due to certain tax advantages, like we don't pay them), and therefore it is growing at a faster rate than the general economy of the country. This is clearly demonstrated by the charts below:

GROWTH RATES OF SELECTED AMERICAN CORPORATIONS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORP.

Net INCOME	'62	'63	'64	'65	'66	'67	'68
\$12 million							
\$10 million							
\$8 million							
\$6 million							
\$4 million							
\$2 million							

MAFIACo INCORP.

Net INCOME	'62	'63	'64	'65	'66	'67	'68
\$12 billion							
\$10 billion							
\$8 billion							
\$6 billion							
\$4 billion							
\$2 billion							

GENERAL MOTORS CORP.

Net INCOME	'62	'63	'64	'65	'66	'67	'68
\$12 million							
\$10 million							
\$8 million							
\$6 million							
\$4 million							
\$2 million							

MAD MAGAZINE, INC.

Net INCOME	'62	'63	'64	'65	'66	'67	'68
\$12 dollars							
\$10 dollars							
\$8 dollars							
\$6 dollars							
\$4 dollars							
\$2 dollars							

- ▲ "The Untouchables" cancelled
- ★ Courts outlaw evidence obtained by wiretapping
- Congress votes against strong "Gun Control" law

THIS IS MAFIACo

IMPORTING

Since **MAFIACo** first started importing pharmaceuticals in 1926, we have been the major supplier of drugs of every type in the U.S. Our products serve a growing modern market and have expanded to include new and diversified items in demand today, such as "LSD", "STP" and the "Psychedelics".

TOMORROW'S LEADERS CONSUMING **MAFIACo** PRODUCTS TODAY AT A SMALL MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY



SAVINGS AND LOANS

Americans are borrowing money in record amounts these days. We are pleased to report that we are sharing in this growth with our unique policy of no co-signers, no collateral and only 4% interest (on balance—payable daily!) Putting capital into the hands of the people is just one of the many "Public Services" performed by **MAFIACo**.

MAFIACo REPRESENTATIVES CALL ON A DELINQUENT LOAN CLIENT



SPECULATION & INVESTMENT

MAFIACo's "Vest Pocket Offices" operate freely across the country, handling speculative transactions of any amount, making it possible for even school children to participate in our investment program. This due to the cooperation of police officers (like the one in the photo) and the other underpaid public servants now on our payroll who conveniently look the other way.

ONE OF **MAFIACo**'s BUSY NEIGHBORHOOD BRANCH INVESTMENT OFFICE LOCATIONS



PERSONNEL TRAINING

The heart of any successful business is the men and women behind it. Without efficient, closed-mouthed personnel, our company could not function. In order to meet the growing demands for trained executives and assistants, **MAFIACo** has recently established a special Training School, located in Sicily, called **LUCIANO TECH.**

A GROUP OF **MAFIACo** MANAGEMENT TRAINEES — THE CLASS OF 1970 — JUMP SHIP AT A SOUTHERN PORT



INSURANCE

Insurance continues to provide a major source of income for your company. **MAFIACo**'s unique policy of guaranteeing against accidents has proven extremely popular with small businessmen. Many larger corporations, however, have found it more economical to enter into partnership with **MAFIACo**, thereby saving not only on Insurance, but also saving lives of executives.

MAFIACo INSURANCE SALESMEN CALL ON A DIFFICULT POTENTIAL CLIENT



GOVERNMENT BUSINESS

Although details of **MAFIACo**'s Government business are Top Secret and Classified, we are pleased to report that progress in this all-important area of operation continues at a record pace, thanks to the greed of people in high places. **MAFIACo** has no political affiliation. We are bi-partisan, which means we buy members of both parties.

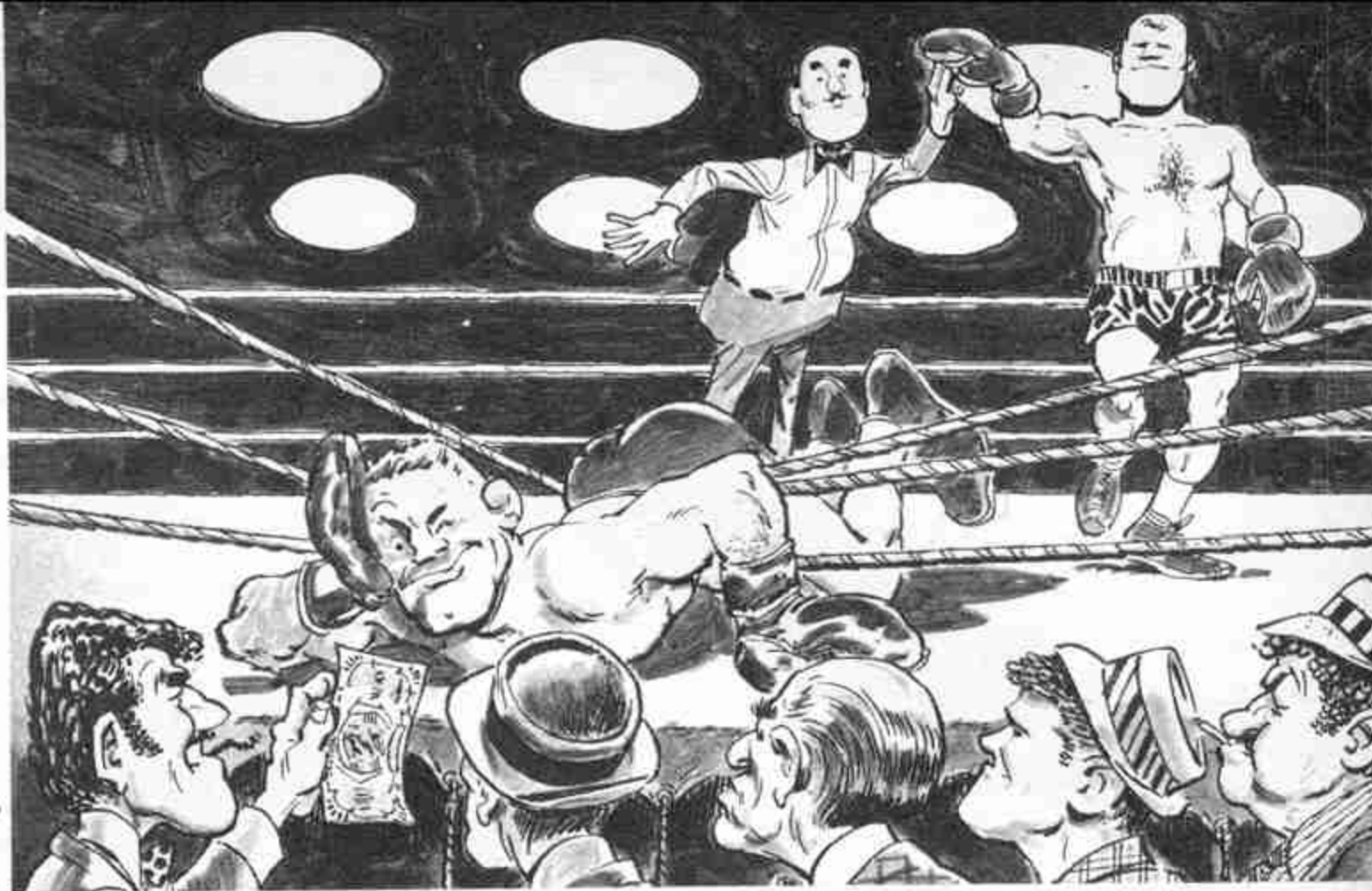
GOVERNORS AND DISTRICT ATTORNEYS ATTENDING AN ANTI-CRIME CONFERENCE AS GUESTS OF ONE OF **MAFIACo**'s NEW LAS VEGAS HOTELS LAST SEPTEMBER



SPORTS & AMUSEMENTS

Your Company is constantly seeking new and diversified ways to share in the "Leisure Time Industries" boom. In addition to controlling the outcomes of Boxing Matches and Basketball Games, we have recently expanded our operations to include Bingo Games and Off-Track-Betting. Our vending machines continue to be a prime source of revenue for us, especially One-Armed Bandits, Cigarette and Pin-Ball Machines, and Juke Boxes featuring records of singers under **MAFIACo** contract.

ROCKY LABONZA, WHO FIGHTS UNDER **MAFIACo** COLORS (BLACK ON BLACK) WINNING THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CROWN



LABOR RELATIONS

Although **MAFIACo**'s employees are not Unionized, we've never had a single work stoppage because of an employee grievance. In fact, we've never even had a single employee grievance. Not for long, anyway! However, **MAFIACo** is active in the Union Movement, particularly among underpaid truck drivers and dock workers. Before **MAFIACo** entered the Labor Field, a Dockworker Union Official received only \$12,000 a year. Today, under our guidance, this same Union Official earns over \$50,000 a year.

RANK & FILE VOTES SALARY INCREASES FOR UNION OFFICIALS. UNANIMOUS VOTE IS SUPERVISED BY **MAFIACo** ADVISORS



MANAGEMENT

In the true tradition of America's Free Enterprise System, **MAFIACo** is also active in the Management Field, helping many major industries to negotiate contracts with ungrateful, greedy workers, and also assisting in halting costly illegal wildcat strikes.

MAFIACo NEGOTIATORS HELP TO STOP AN ILLEGAL STRIKE



MAFIACO

INCORPORATED

FINANCIAL STATEMENT—FISCAL YEAR 1968

INCOME BEFORE TAXES	\$ 12,789,568,598.04
INCOME AFTER TAXES	12,789,568,598.04
ADJUSTED NET INCOME	12,789,568,598.04

ASSETS

Cash and Securities

Buried in cellars, etc.	\$ 47,368,537,907.98
Deposited in Swiss Bank Accounts, etc.	8,638,209,448.11
Invested in Sicilian Savings Bonds	700,000,000.00
Stashed in Bus and Railroad Terminal Lockers	3,860,389,680.67

Accounts Receivable

Short Term Notes	126,578,790.50
Interest Due On Short Term Notes	29,589,477,202.29

Inventories

Contracts and Work In Progress	589,700,000.00
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Equipment

Bullet-Proof Cadillacs and Lincolns	2,863,985.17
Tanks and Armored Cars, etc.	1,685,389.54
Guns and Ammunition	58,806,276.49
Brass Knuckles, Black Jacks and Other Weapons	388,974.39

90,936,637,655.14

Less Depreciation for Obsolescence

(238,589 Doubled-Breasted Striped Suits)	417,685.25
--	------------

90,936,219,969.89

Properties and Other Interests

Las Vegas	127,568,778,622.03
Miami Beach	70,433,889,457.86
Hoboken	1,687,742.59
Sands Point	980,066.23
Grosse Point	6,299,754.01
Salerno (122,689,500,000 lire)	1,022.00

TOTAL ASSETS\$288,947,856,634.61

LIABILITIES

Wages and Salaries

Executives	150,000,000,000.00
Executives' Wives	81,000,000,000.00
Executives' Relatives	47,000,000,000.00
Executives' Relatives' Wives	9,000,000,000.00
Employees	890,000.00

Expenses

Payoffs To Law Enforcement Officers	927,908,567.00
Payoffs To Government Officials and Judges	69,865,427.00
Funeral Costs	12,680,287.21
Dental Bills For Show Biz Personalities We Own	72,684.00
Auditors Fee*	439,669.40

TOTAL LIABILITIES\$288,947,856,634.61

AUDITOR'S REPORT TO STOCKHOLDERS

* We have examined the books and financial statements of MAFIACO and in our opinion it represents fairly the results of its operations and the financial position of MAFIACO for the fiscal year of 1968, and anybody don't like it gets his.

(signed) Alfonso "Big Fish" Baccala
President, Baccala and Baccala
Certified Public Accountants

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1968 **MAFIA**Co STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of **MAFIA**Co was held this year appropriately enough on February 14th (St. Valentine's Day) in Finky's Bar & Pizza Parlor, Apalachin, N. Y. A transcript of the meeting is included in this Annual Report for those Shareholders who were detained by the Government, out of the country, laying low, or otherwise unable to be present, so they will know what transpired.

OPENING REMARKS BY PRES. BACCALA (ALIAS "THE COMMISSIONER")

Welcome to the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of **MAFIA**Co. Everybody shaddup and listen. Since our last meeting, several members of our Organization have met with unfortunate accidents, and are no longer with us. Time does not permit me to mention all of these individuals by name, but I think it would be nice if we showed our respect to our departed Gumbas by observing a moment of silence... Okay, that's enough! All this quiet reminds me of stir!

The progress of our Company over the years from a small-time Bootlegging Outfit to one of the world's largest diversified Industrial Concerns is due in no small part to the vision and leadership of your Board of Directors. Therefore, I am sure that you will happily join with me in voting a bonus of 600 Gs to each of your hard-workin Executives.

Before opening the meeting to general discussion, I want to say that your Company is making every effort to fulfill the promise of its great potential, and with the help of a gullible public, crooked policemen and corrupt politicians, we will continue to meet the challenges and opportunities that lie ahead, and reach our goal—Control of the Whole World! And then, we'll start working in other areas!

SUMMARY OF MAFIACO BUSINESS CONDUCTED AT THE MEETING

PROPOSED MERGER WITH W.C.C.A. (White Collar Crooks Of America)

Statement by Vice-President Baccala (Alias "The Capa")

It is estimated that 462 million dollars in office supplies and equipment are stolen annually from Business and Industry by the W.C.C.A., operating independently. Your **MAFIA**Co Board of Directors feels that a merger with the W.C.C.A. will afford our company an excellent opportunity to participate in this lucrative growing field, as well as creating an excellent base for further diversification into other fields, such as the re-selling of office supplies and equipment back to Business and Industry. Management urges an affirmative vote on this merger. Or else!

RESULTS OF VOTE ON PROPOSED MERGER WITH W.C.C.A.

For the Resolution	1189
Against the Resolution	0

ELECTION OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

All members of the Board were re-elected by unanimous vote.

PROPOSED EXECUTIVE BONUS OF 600 Gs EACH

A motion was made to increase the proposed bonus of 600 Gs each to a bonus of 700 Gs each, plus a Stock Option plan amounting to an additional 300 Gs each.

RESULTS OF VOTE ON PROPOSED BONUS AND STOCK OPTION PLAN

For the Resolution	1188
Against the Resolution	1

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GENERAL DISCUSSION AT THE MEETING

President Baccala, in answer to a question by shareholder Vincente Linguini, stated that there is no truth to the rumor that Lucky Luciano is alive and living in Argentina.

A proposal by shareholder John Smythe (formerly Luigi Marinara) to Americanize the names of all Executives and employees of **MAFIA**Co, thereby helping the Italian Anti-Defamation League in its campaign, was soundly defeated.

Shareholder Mario "The Knife" Machetti complimented the President on the manner in which the meeting was conducted, and made a motion that it be adjourned. The motion was seconded and carried, and the 1968 Meeting of the Stockholders of **MAFIA**Co came to an end.



SHAREHOLDERS PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO RECENTLY DEPARTED **MAFIA**Co MEMBERS



SHAREHOLDERS EXPRESS THEIR OPINIONS DURING THE GENERAL DISCUSSION PERIOD



SHAREHOLDERS VOTE ON THE EXECUTIVE BONUS AND STOCK OPTION RESOLUTION

EX-SHAREHOLDER LEAVES MEETING AFTER SUFFERING A SUDDEN UNTIMELY ILLNESS



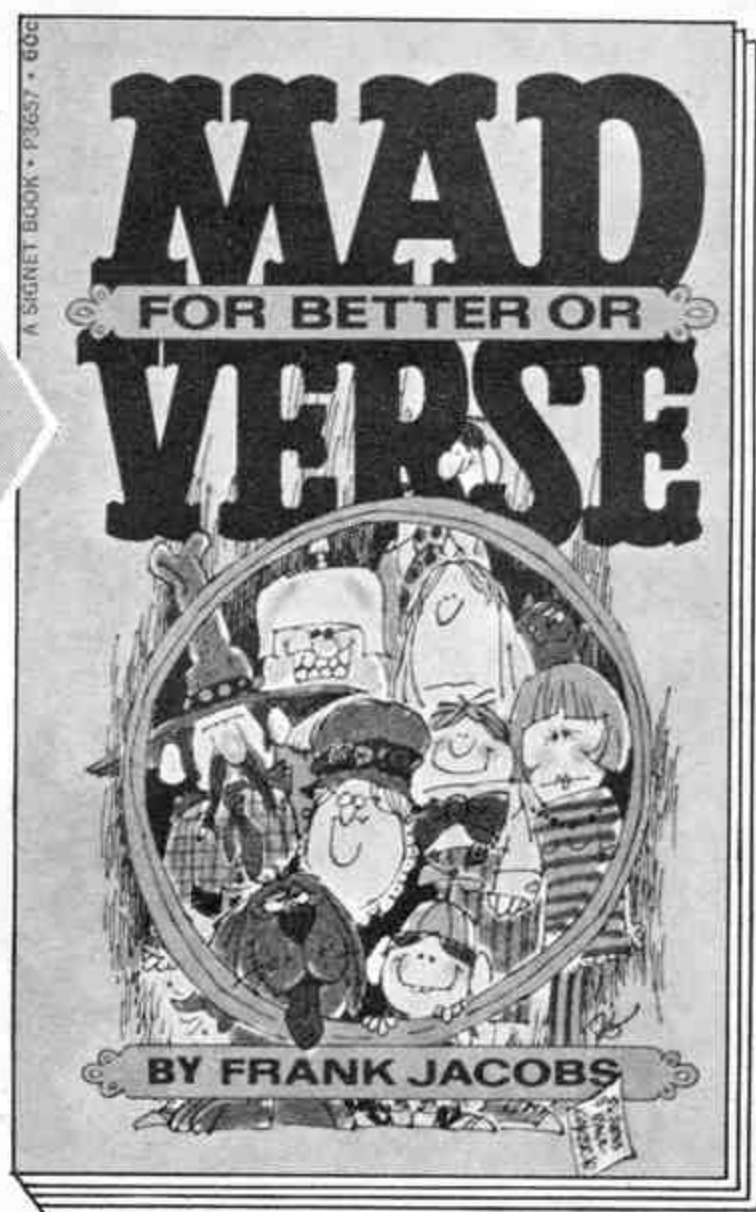


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**WHAT GIFT
WILL MANY
HOLIDAY
PARTY
REVELERS
PICK UP ON
THE DRIVE
HOME?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The Holiday Season brings gay rounds of partying and good fellowship. And it also brings a special problem: that "Surprise Gift" many party revelers usually pick up on the drive home. To find out what this last-minute gift is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**AFTER THE TYPICAL, WILD OFFICE CHRISTMAS
PARTY, REVELERS HEADING FOR CARS FILL THE AIR
OF WINTER WITH CAREFREE LAUGHTER AND JOYOUS SONGS**

A

B

WEATHER
FORECAST:
Temperature
in the high
sickies



★ **EXTRA** ★

WEATHER
FORECAST:
Perverse
is yet
to come

SECTION 1

CASTING AN EYE ON THE MIXED-UP LEADING THE NATION

PAGE 1

AMERICA'S GOING DRAG!



Photography by Irving Schild

There's a strange take-over happening in America—and it's even spreading into Madison Ave. ads. It's a very strange take-over! In fact, it's queer!