

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 6
AUG-SEPT.

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10¢

MAD

BAH! WE HAVEN'T
FOUND A TRACE OF ANYTHING!
I THINK THE STORY OF A
MONSTER LIVING HERE
IS A FAKE!



H. Kurtz & Co.



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CENTER OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE! THERE, AMIDST THE TEEMING MASSES OF HUMANITY, FERRETTING OUT TROUBLE... FOLLOWING SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING LEADS WITH HIS LOVABLE ASSISTANT, HALF-SHOT CHARLIE, WE FIND...

THE ORIENT! OUR STORY STARTS IN HONG-KONG...

TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!



...WELL, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! US TROUBLE-SHOOTERS HAVE HAD A PRETTY ROUGH DAY SHOOTING TROUBLE!... SAY... TELL ME... HOW COME YOU CALLED TEDDY AND THE PIRATES?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER, HALF-SHOT! RIGHT NOW WE HAVE TO REPORT FOR A NEW ASSIGNMENT!

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COME IN!

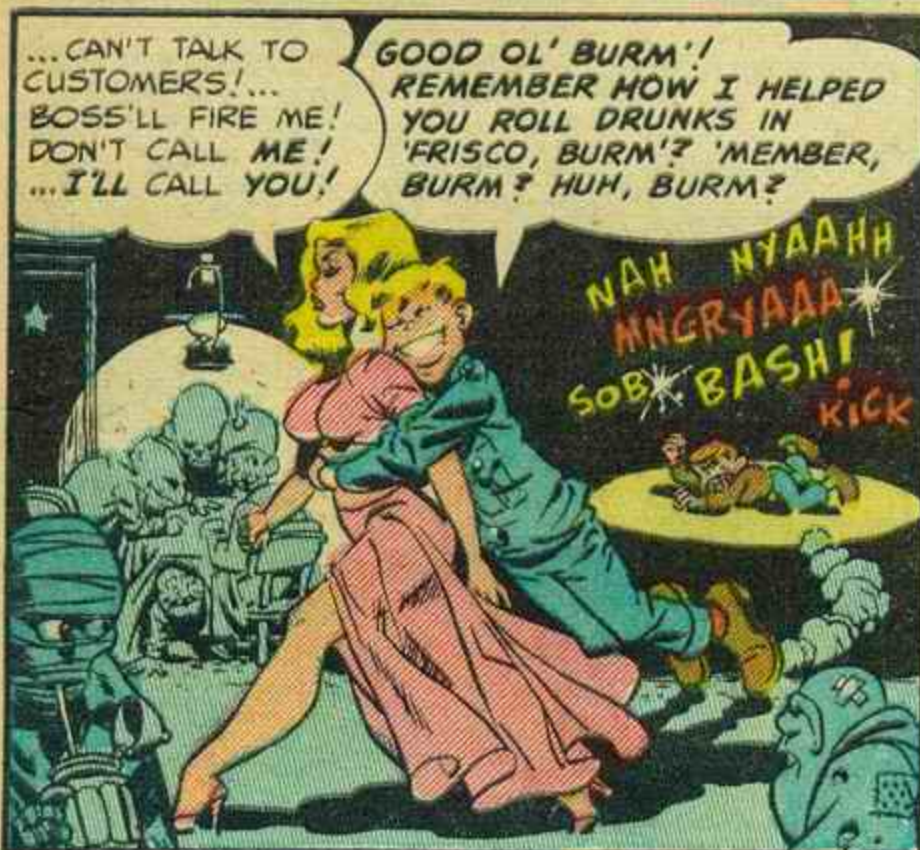
SST, HALF-SHOT! STAND STRAIGHT! THAT'S THE NEW BOSS OF THE TROUBLE-SHOOTING DEPARTMENT! WHY DON'T YOU LIFT YOUR HEAD UP?

IF I DO, MY HAT'LL FALL OFF!

YES TEDDY AND THE PIRATES.





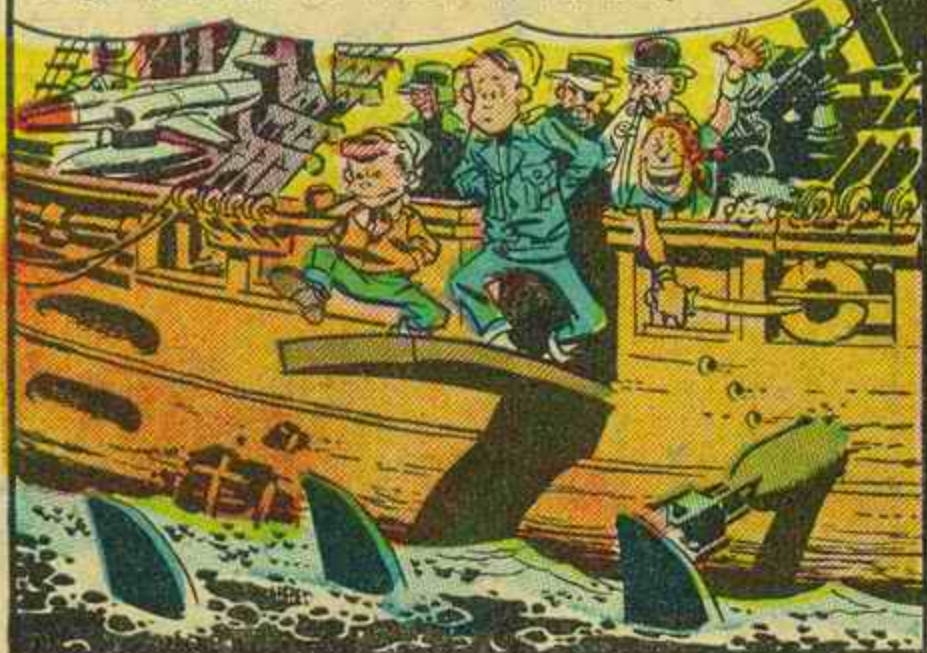




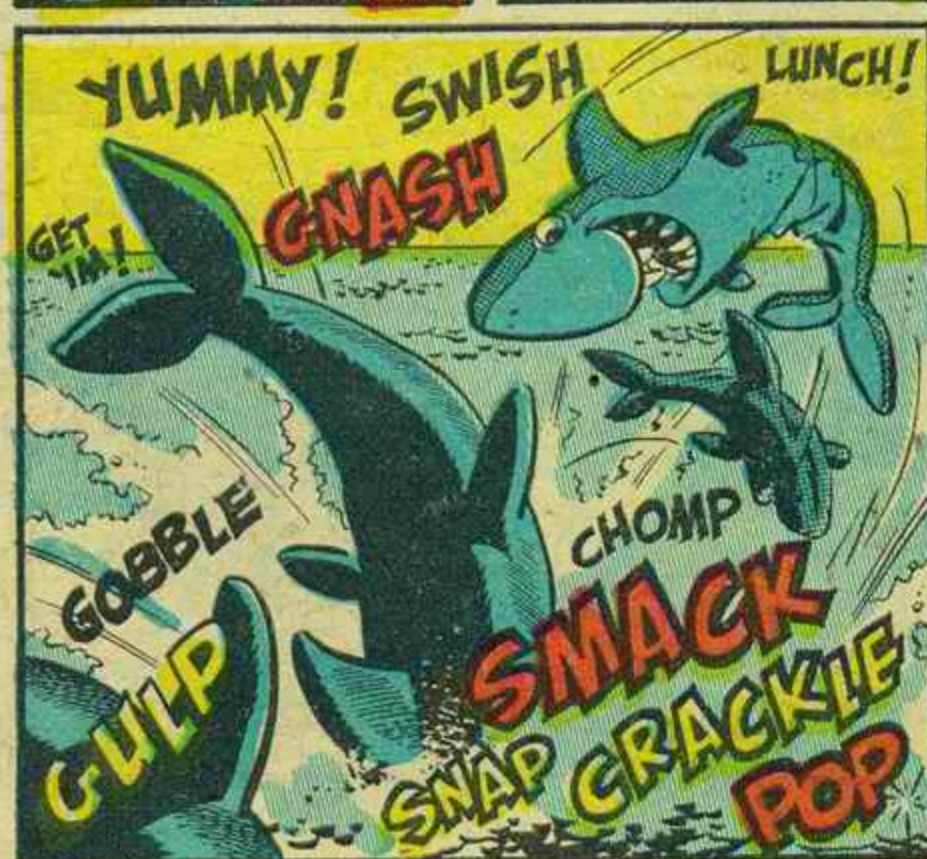




WELL, HERE WE ARE, ABOUT TO WALK THE PLANK OFF OF THE HIJACKERS' SHIP! BUT BEFORE I GO, THERE IS SOMETHING I **MUST** KNOW... SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO KNOW BEFORE MY SOUL IS EVER TO REST IN PEACE!



I'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANSWER TO TWO QUESTIONS... FIRST... **WHO IS THE INSIDE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR, AND SECOND... WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'?**



JUNGLE DEPT.: HERE IS AFRICA... ITS TANGLED BANYAN TREES AND ITS CREEPING GOOMBAH VINES! BUT HARK... SOMETHING IS MISSING! WHERE IS THE ROAR OF N'GANI, THE LION? WHERE IS THE SHRIEK OF N'GAWA, THE CHEETAH? THE JUNGLE IS STRANGELY SILENT... BUT FOR THE CLUMSY CRASHING THROUGH THE TREETOPS OF...

MELVIN OF THE APES!

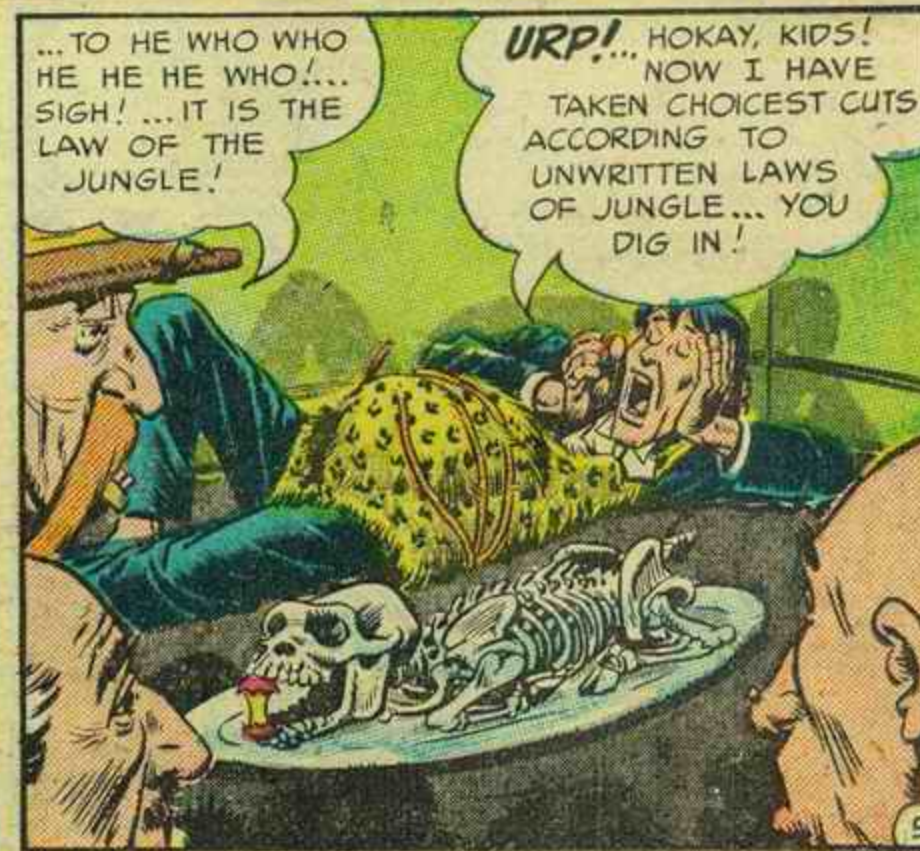
by EGAD (LONG GRAIN) RICE BURROWS







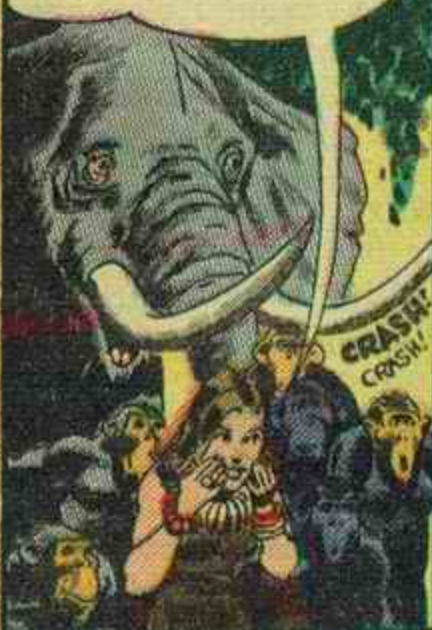








CLUMSY CRASHING AND VOICES IN THE TREE-TOPS!... I **KNEW IT!** I **KNEW** MY MELVIN WOULD BE BACK!



... SILENCE AND THEN THE CRASH OF MY MELVIN AS HE MISSES ANOTHER VINE! I **KNEW** THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE WAS HIS BLOOD!



... THE THUD OF A BODY CHARGING INTO A TREE TRUNK... COMING CLOSER! I **KNEW** THE LAW OF N'KLUNKA, THE BULL APE WOULD CALL HIM BACK!



... **CLOSER!** **CLOSER!** I **KNEW IT!** I **KNEW IT!** **BONGO! BONGO! BONGO!** HE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO!



IS EVERY-BODY HERE?

YES!... THE WHOLE BLOOMING GREYSTROKE CLAN IS HERE!

ALL EXCEPT ONE!

... BUT LET'S NOT STOP! KEEP MOVING... DEEPER! DEEPER!... INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA!



WE WANT TO GET AS FAR FROM THAT ONE AS POSSIBLE!

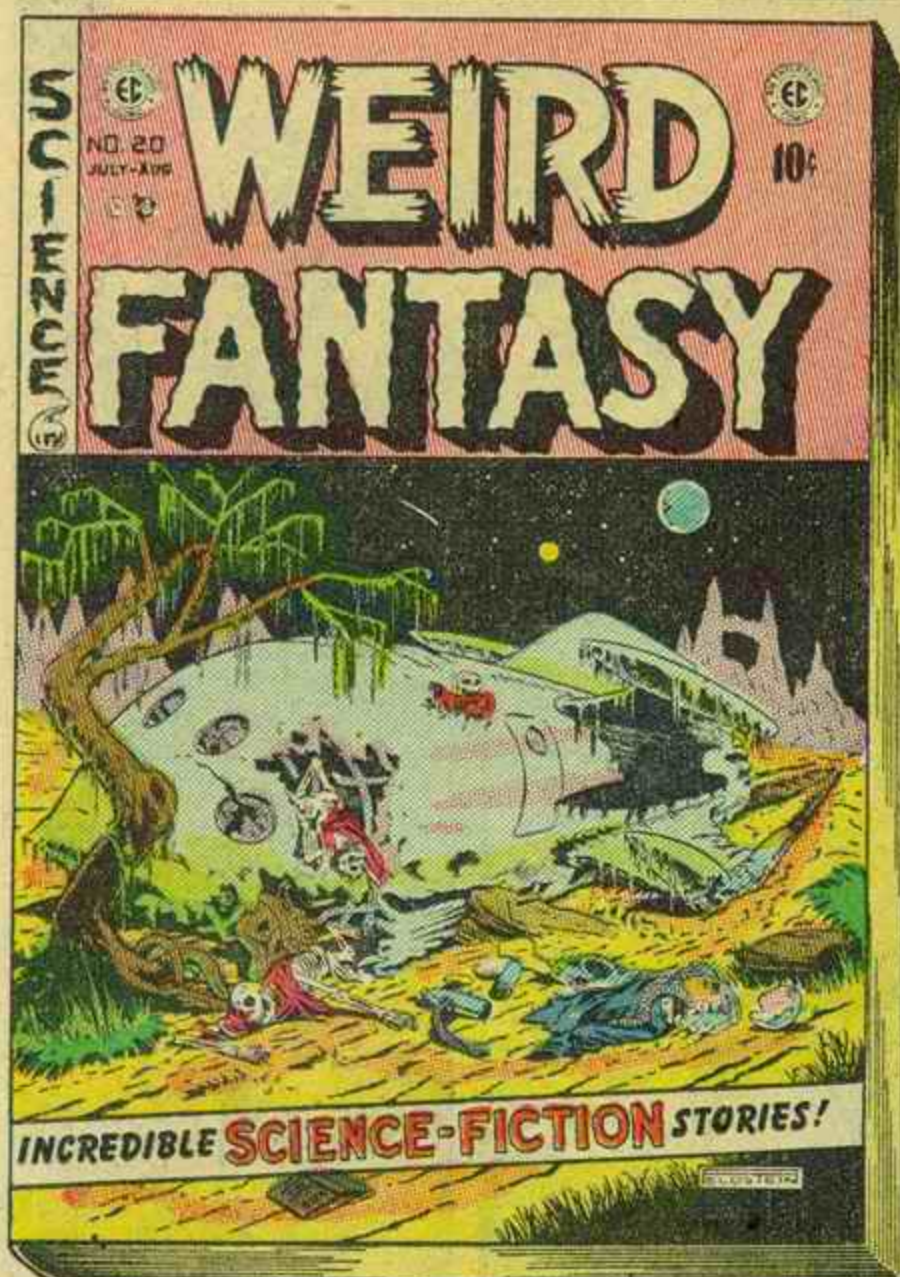
LET HIM KEEP THE ESTATE! ... THE MANSION!

KEEP GOING INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE JUNGLE!

MELVIN OF THE APES WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US THERE!



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MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR



"Good evening, basketball fans! Here it is half-time at Adison Square Grove and while we're waiting for the two teams to come barreling back for the second half, we have a very exciting interview lined up for you!

"Stepping into our broadcast booth this minute (that's it boy... duck that door frame!) is a young athlete who has taken the sports world by storm. I'm sure you've all read the fine article Strife magazine did on this boy just last week. And now I'd like to introduce this stellar basketball whiz who came out of nowhere... well, out of a comparatively unheard of college... to become the leading scorer in the country this season. He's here with his coach, Mr. 'Red' Haring! Say 'hello' to your fans out there... HEVO FRANKLIN!"

"H'lo!"

"It's certainly a pleasure to have you on this program, Hevo! Your astounding average of 65 points a game is quite astounding! By the way, this is a very fine spread that Strife magazine did about you and your plucky little college! And a real fine photograph of you standing in the foreground with the other 49 members of the student body backing you up! (You folks in the radio audience ought to get a copy of this particular issue! Hevo is the young man in the sweat-suit pants, holding a basketball downward in each palm... just to illustrate the expansive grasp of his phenomenal fingers!) Oh! I see you're carrying your basketballs around with you tonight, too, Hevo!"

"Say, Mac! How 'bout giving me an innerduction?"

"Why certainly! (The voice you just heard belongs to the man who's responsible for developing and encouraging Hevo Franklin... none other than Coach Haring!) Well, Coach Haring... you certainly have put Rio La Sagna College on the map! It's amazing what you've done with such a small student body. How many candidates did you cut off the team during initial try-outs?"

"I cut two can'dates, that's all!"

"Only two candidates cut, eh?"

"Yeah, but that left us with only three players . . . so I had to reinstate them! They're good company for the other three on the court, however!"

"Well, Coach Haring, I certainly know how close to your heart you cherish little Rio La Sagna College! And I'm sure that you will continue to be head basketball coach there for many, many years and that nothing can possibly induce you to leave Rio La . . ."

"I'm open to any reasonable contracts . . ."

"Yes, it's been real nice speaking to you . . ."

"Any reasonable offers . . . if any colleges care to contact me in care of this radio station!"

"Thank you Coach Haring! And NOW to ask HEVO a few questions! Hevo, to what do you attribute your uncanny speed, deception, play-making, and brilliant defensive strategies on the court?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Yes! And I'll bet when you were a kid you practised set shots in the backyard with an old bottomless peach basket nailed to a tree!"

"Naw! I usta pitch pennies most of the time . . ."

"Surely you spent many long hours perfecting the coordination between eye and muscle in order to make those spectacular shots from three-quarters the length of the court!"

"Naw! I usta shoot rats in the dumps with my .22 rifle!"

"And the way you work those sweet plays . . . the sensational weave, the driving push shot and the smooth hook shot! How did you become so adept at them?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Well, I see that Coach Haring is anxious to go downstairs to scout the teams playing here tonight!"

"Say, Mac! Don't we get some razor blades or shaving cream . . ."

"Sorry, Coach! This show is a sustainer!"

"Well, that's O.K.! We'll take some of that!"

"Yes, it's been nice having you both . . . and now I see that the second half's about to get under way! Oh . . . before you go, Hevo, what are you majoring in at Rio La Sagna College?"

"Elocution!"



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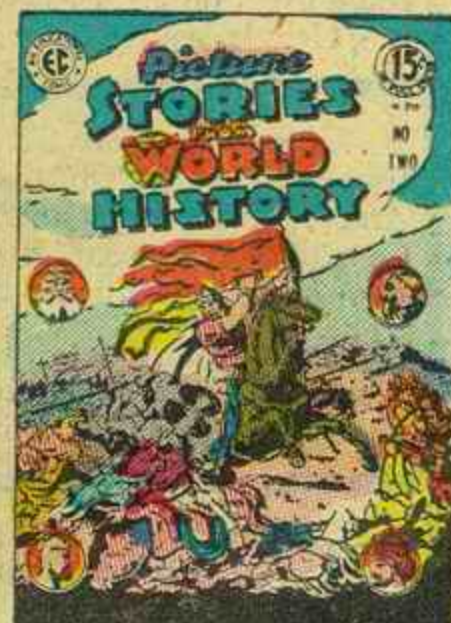


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MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

In Mad Mumblings someone asked, "Tell me where I can get one of those cute little things that Glarf brought to earth with him in Mad #2." You said: "At any Martian pet shop for 40 shmetniks." That is wrong! You can get them at any Martian pet shop for 41 shmetniks.—Melvyn Tollman—(No address given)

... I read your fourth issue of "Mad." You spelled shmetniks wrong. It's supposed to be shmetnicks.—Paul Colandrea—New Haven, Connecticut.

... On page 2 of "Superduperman," Clark Bent said he worked for 10 years saving his 75c a week till he got \$1,000 saved up. First, if he worked for 10 years saving 75c he would only have \$390 and he'd have to starve himself and go naked to get it. Second, he's a dope to save it in the first place when he could buy a 520 year subscription to "Mad." Could you have the Shadow (short for Shadowskeedeeboom-boom) tell me his secret of clouding men's minds? I could use it on my teachers.—Thomas Mellinger—Clifton, New Jersey.

... Pardonez moi! S'il vous plait mais dans vos livre trois de "Mad," dans l'histoire de "Sheik of Araby," vous avez eu un Francais qui a dit "N'estpas." Ce n'est pas correcte est-ce-t-il? Il a etre "N'est-ce pas." Merci beacoup mes amis.

P.S. Aussi vous avez en un Francais qui a dit "boucoup." Ce n'est pas correct. Il est "beaucoup." Au Revoir.—Mons. David Pait—Harrisburg, Illinois.

... Down hyar in Kaintucky we ain't likely ta git much good edjoocayshunal literature, and welcome this work of art (Mad). Yessir, it's a pretty fur piece down the road to the nearest newsstand (about 25 mile), but my 113 yar ole great-grandmammy, she ain't moved nary a mite in 35 yar, moseys on down and back every month jest about as fast as ole Esmir-eldi, our hawg, can clean her trough. In order ta keep my poor ole great-grammy home (since she gits boozed up ev'ry Sattidy nite in town), I enclose 75c for 6 issues of "Mad."—Tony Sodd—Louisville, Kentucky (Just 6 mile northeast of Hogmaul Creek)

... I am a regular reader of your comic book "Mad." I was displeased with the letter of criticism you published in the copy of "Mad" #4, and I disagree with Mrs. Peterson on her view. Your book is not meant to be educational. It is for entertainment only. I, as many of my friends, strongly urge you to continue your publication of this book.—Armstead Napier—Richmond, Virginia.

... After reading your No. 4 edition of "Mad," we have come to the conclusion that it is TOPS. We

recommend it to all college students, especially those in engineering. It is just the remedy for our over-racked brains.—Walter C. Schalm and Carl Heald—Michigan College of Mining and Technology, Houghton, Michigan.

... We here on Guam become avaricious readers after being here for a short time. This island is not one of the liveliest places in the world. Sooner or later we read almost every comic book, magazine, and book that hits the stands. We have all gotten a great deal more enjoyment from "Mad" than from any other publication of its type. I would like to give you the thanks of all of us here for helping to make the days a little shorter, the smiles a little broader. Joe Lazare, Guam.

... I am an artillery man in Korea, with very little time to read books. When "Mad" came down, the fellows told me what a sensation it was, I took time to read it and found that I've never laughed as hard at any one book as I did at yours. Keep writing stories.—Pfc. Leon A. Reid—North Korea.

"Mad" is neither funny nor witty. It doesn't make sense. It is not educational, inspirational. It's as poor and cheap an effort to lure nickels as I've ever seen. May it have no success.—Paul M. Dubbs—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

... I came across your so-called "Mad" mag today, much to my disgust. How such a piece of filthy minded pictures and so-called stories can be printed and sold on newsstands to young innocent children I can't understand. Your product should be rated as an 8 pager. From now on I shall keep my children from reading anything but Donald Duck and Lulu.—Barbara Muth (Mrs.)—Chicago, Illinois.

... If I have ever seen such rotten literature, "Mad" is it. You should be ashamed of yourselves for publishing such dirt. "Mad" is strictly asinine, so instead of indoctrinating our youngsters with such low-down, rotten scum, why not publish some good, clean, decent comics?—R. Thompson—Washington, D. C.

... We started a Mad Melvin Club of which I am president (we drew straws). To be a member, one must have all the "Mads." Anyone interested in joining, write me at 2424 Vance Ave. for a membership card. We want to get a nationwide club. Pat Armstrong, Alexandria, Louisiana.

So subscriptions are 75c! Just like Tony said! Send moola along to:

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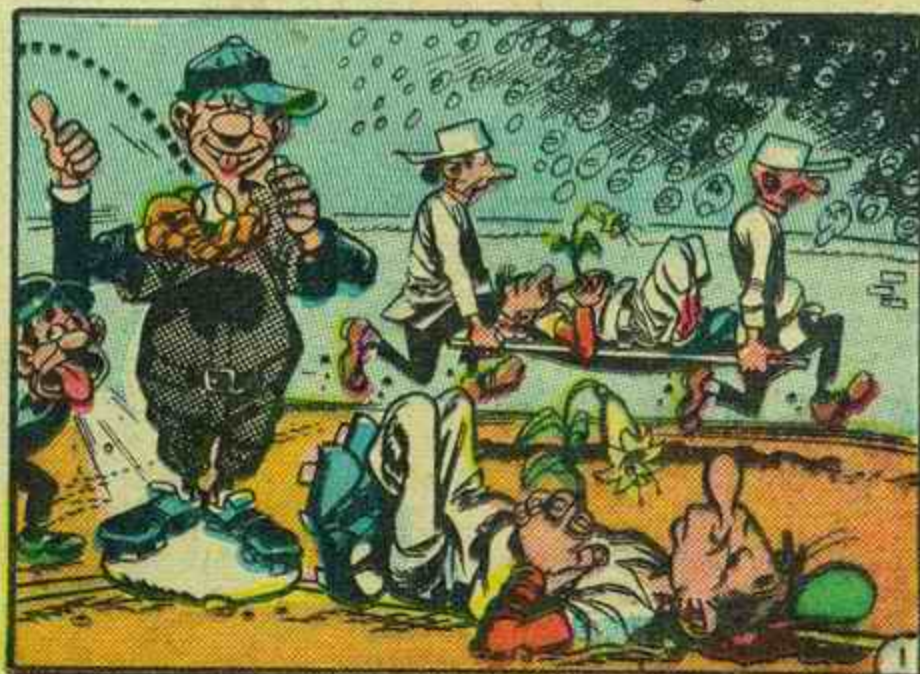
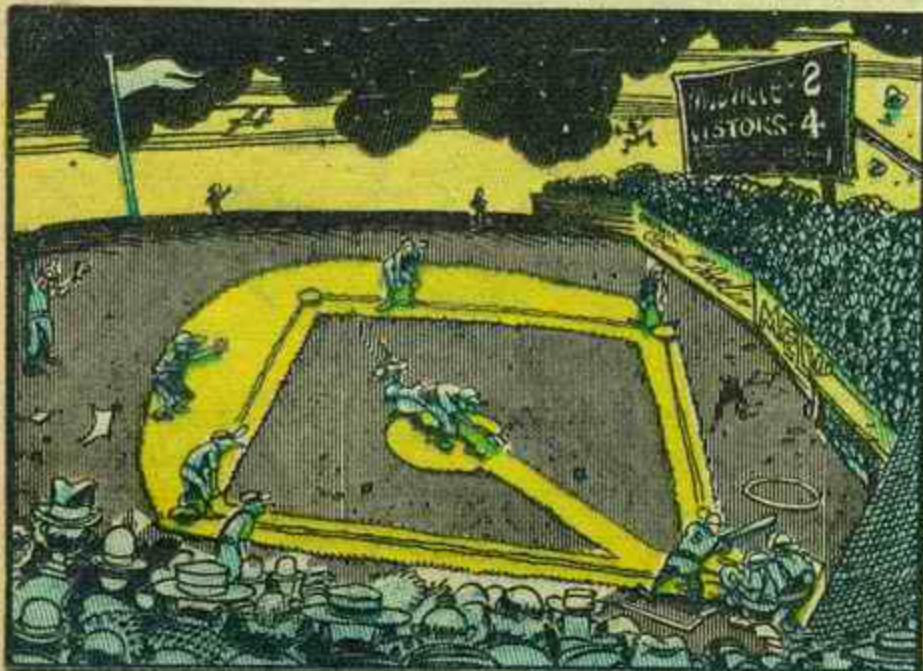
CASEY AT THE BAT!

BY ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER

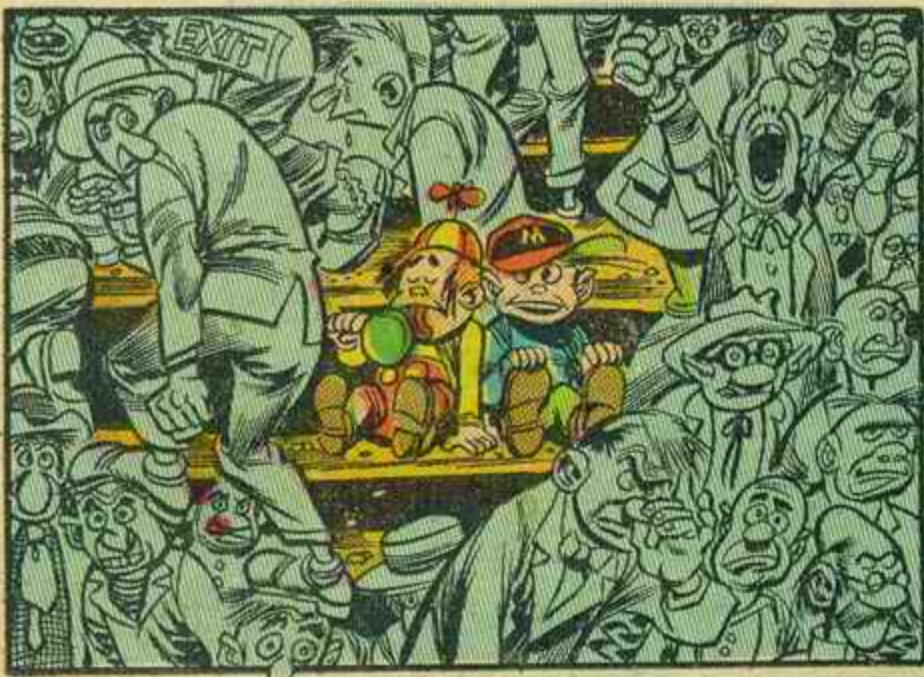


It looked extremely rocky for the
Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four with but
one inning left to play.

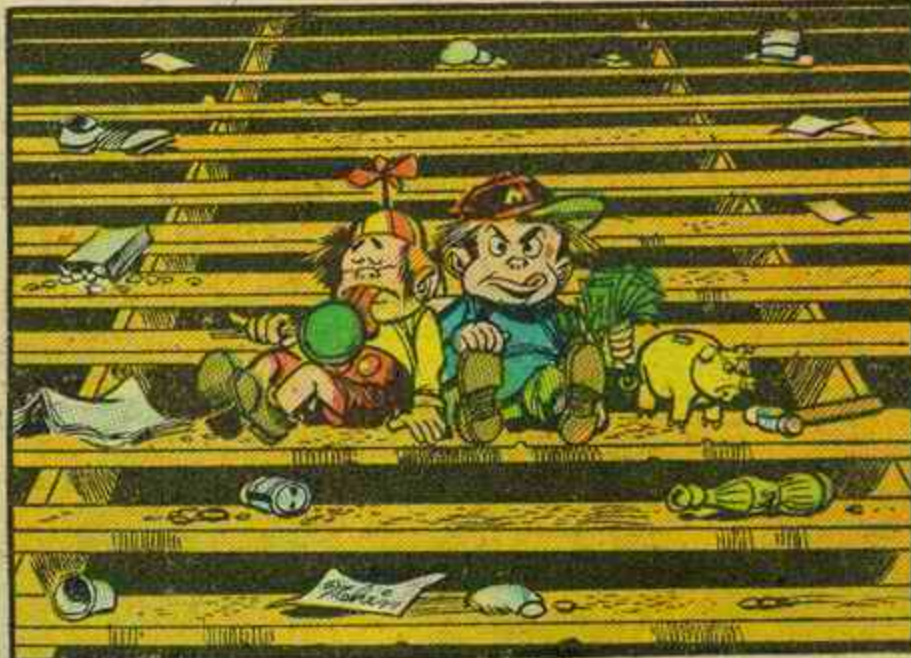
So when Cooney died at second and Burrows
did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the
patrons of the game.



The straggling few got up to go, leaving
there the rest,
With the hope that springs eternal within
the human breast.



For they thought: "If only Casey could get a
whack at that,"
They'd put even money now, with Casey
at the bat.



But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise
so did Blake,
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter
was a fake,

So on that stricken multitude a deathlike
silence sat;
For there seemed but little chance for Casey's
getting to the bat.

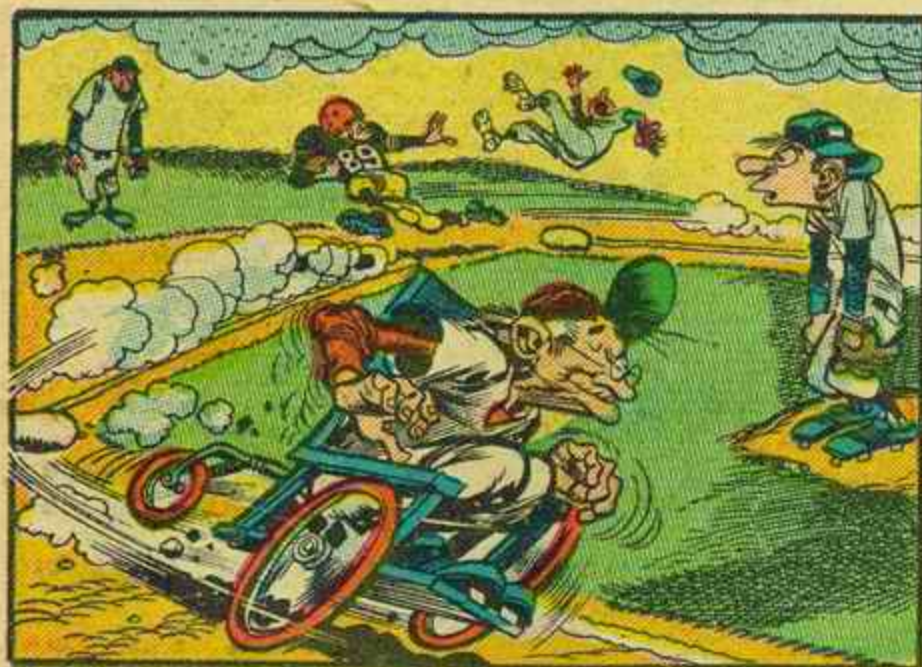


But Flynn let drive a "single," the
wonderment of all,

And the much-despised Blakely "tore the
cover off the ball."



And when the dust had lifted, and
they saw what had occurred,

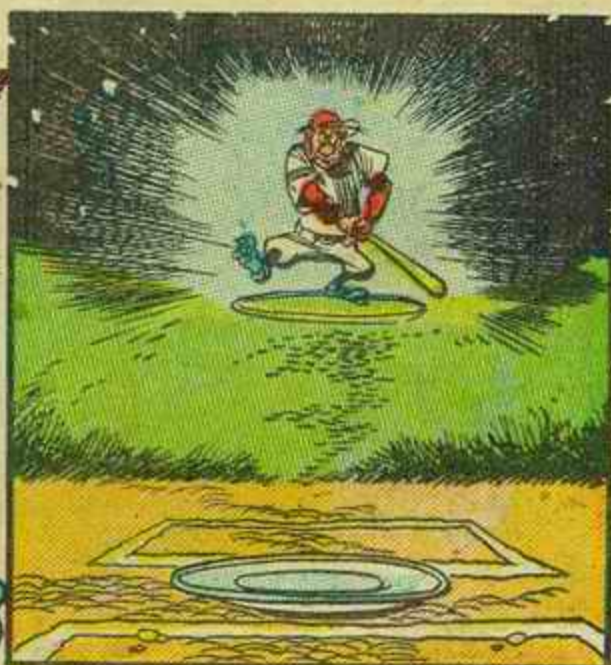


Then from the gladdened multitude
went up a joyous yell —
It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled
in the dell;

There was Blakely safe at second, and
Flynn a-huggin' third.

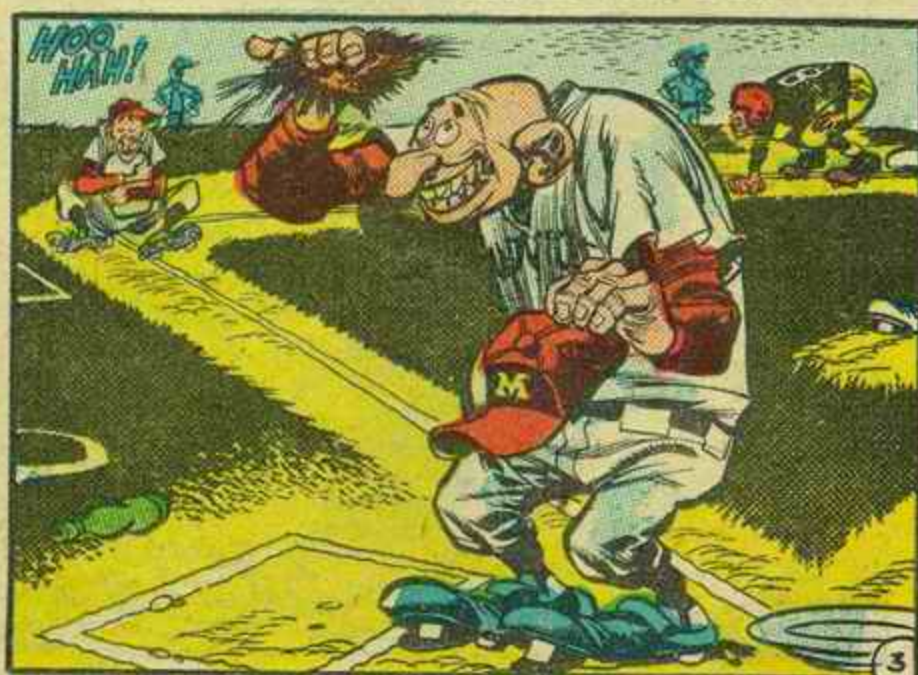
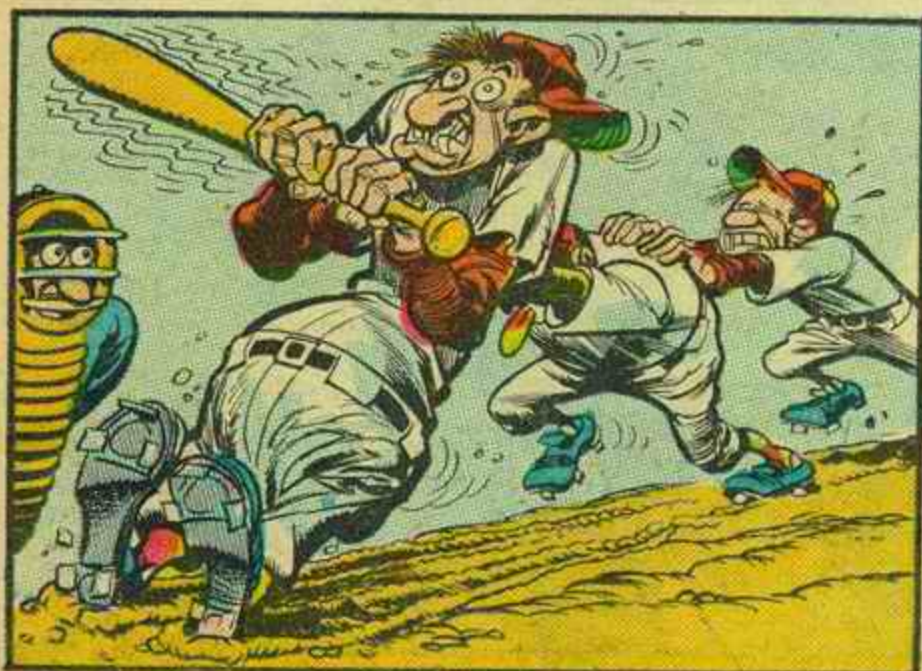


It struck upon the hillside and rebounded
on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing
to the bat.



There was ease in Casey's manner as
he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a
smile on Casey's face;

And when responding to the cheers, he
lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt
'twas Casey at the bat.



Ten thousand eyes were on him as he
rubbed his hands with dirt.

Five thousand tongues applauded when he
wiped them on his shirt;



Then when the writhing pitcher ground the
ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer
curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came
hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty
grandeur there.



Close by the sturdy batsman the ball
unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one,"
the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went
up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on the
stern and distant shore.



"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" someone shouted
in the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not
Casey raised his hand.



He signaled to the pitcher, and once more
the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said,
"Strike two."



They saw his face grow stern and cold, they
saw his muscles strain,



With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's
visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game
go on;



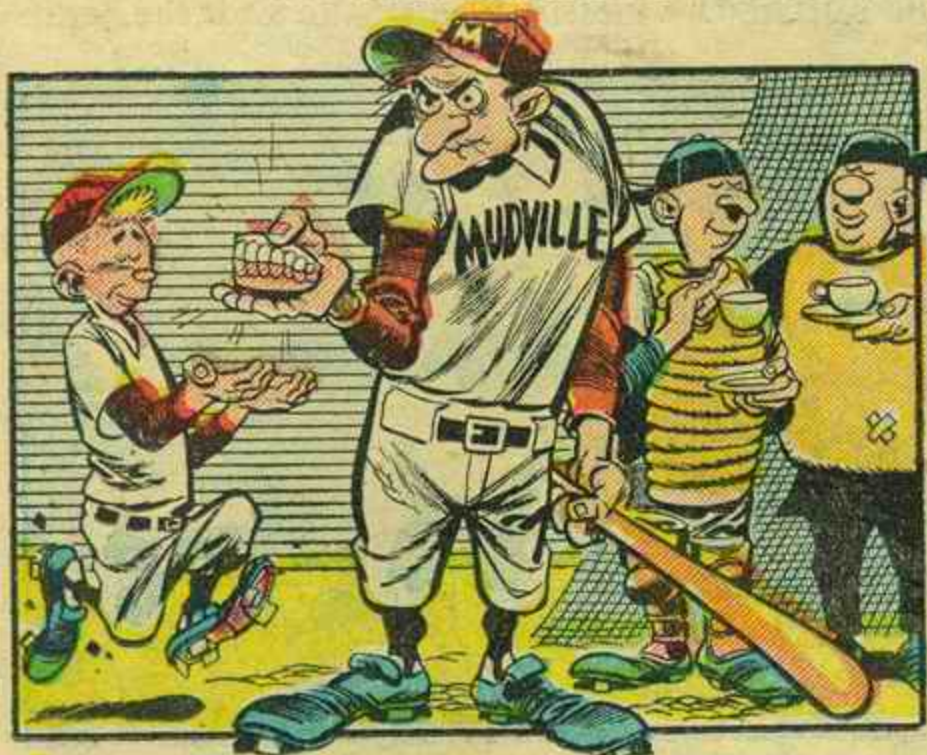
"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and
the echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and
the audience was awed;



And they knew, that Casey wouldn't let
the ball go by again.



The sneer is gone from Casey's lips,
his teeth are clenched in hate,

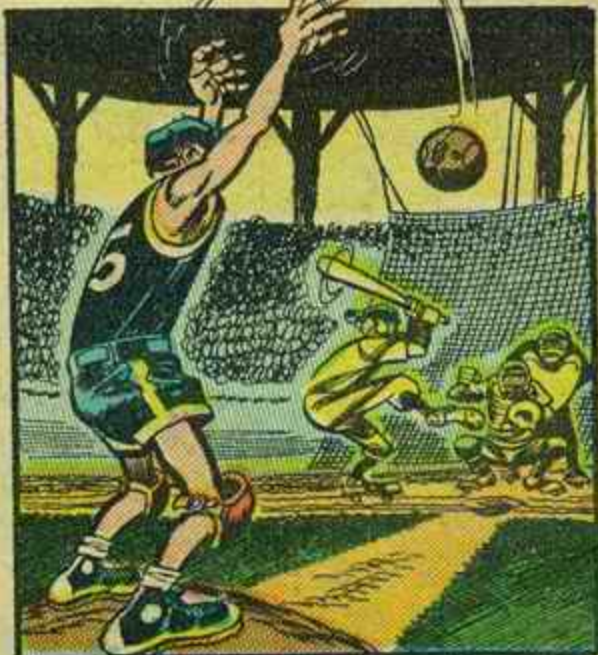
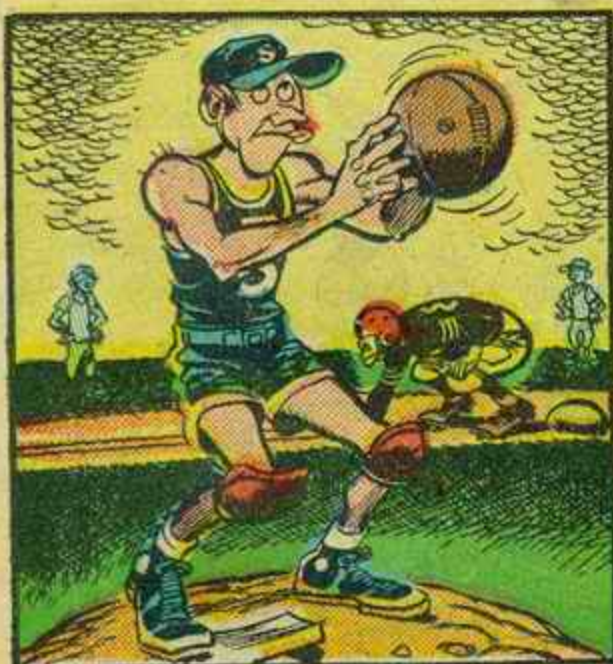


And now the pitcher holds the ball,
And now he lets it go,

He pounds with cruel vengeance
his bat upon the plate;



And now the air is shattered by
the force of Casey's blow.



Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun
is shining bright,
The hand is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville —
mighty Casey has struck out!



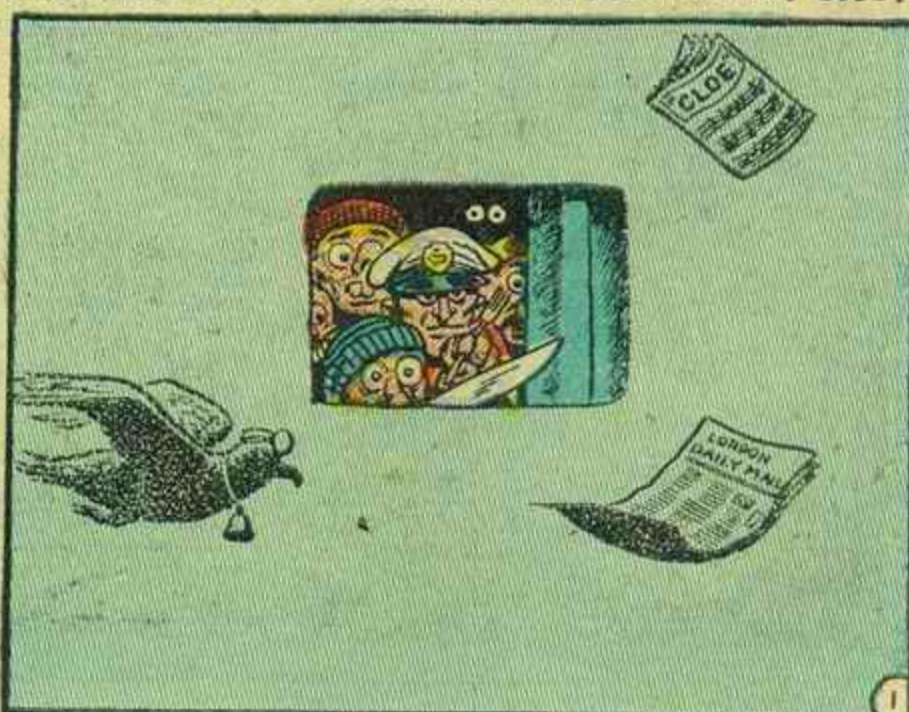
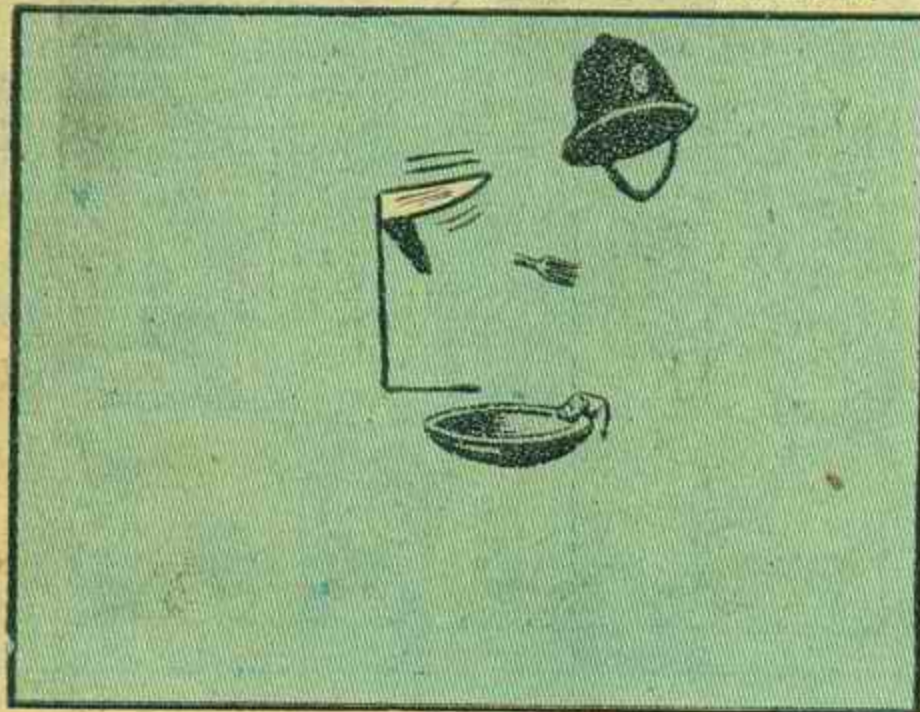
HORROR DEPT.: THE TALE WAS TOLD BY AN OLD SEA-FARING MAN, BABBLING IN DELIRIUM BEFORE HE DIED! BABBLING AMONGST THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM TOSSED UPON THE CONEY ISLAND SHORE HE BABBLERD... ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND IN THE TROPICS... ABOUT THE LOST TRIBE OF THE OOKABOLAPONGA... ABOUT THEIR GOD...

PING PONG!



THE TROPICS!...SOMEWHERE IN THE LATITUDES, SOUTH OF THE SARGOSSA SEA, A PEA-SOUP FOG... SO THICK YOU COULD CUT IT WITH A KNIFE... HUGS THE OCEAN!

AND INSIDE THE FOG... A SHIP RIDES LIKE A GHOST... A BLACK SHIP WITH A GRIM-FACED FEARLESS CREW OF MEN... RIDING TO ITS DESTINY... WITH **DEATH**...WITH **PONG!**















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below. Mark
back of pictures
1, 2 and 3.

Color Picture No. 1

Hair _____

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