

MAD

HUMOR IN A
JUGULAR VEIN—10¢



**BEAUTIFUL GIRL
OF THE MONTH**
READS 'MAD'



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU...



LN

NUMBER 11...MAY

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... COMPARE THE TWO MAGAZINES ABOVE!... WHICH ONE IS THE DIRTY IMITATION? MANY OF OUR COMPETITORS ARE PUTTING OUT MAGAZINES THAT ARE IMITATIONS... FILTHY UNAMERICAN SWIPES OF **MAD** MAGAZINE... IF YOU WANT TO AVOID IMITATIONS... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST...

First... roll up a **MAD** magazine! Light it! Take a couple puffs! ...Notice how slowly the paper burns!... Notice how gently it sets your head on fire!



...Now, take any other magazine and light it!... Notice the oily brown poisonous coloring of the smoke... the hotness of the melted staples on your tongue!



...Yes...once you make this test, we guarantee you will never smoke an imitation magazine again... You will never do **nuttin'** ever again!



REMEMBER!... **MAD** IS Milder... **MUCH** Milder!

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SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: WELL... HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER MISERABLE ISSUE OF *MAD*! GATHER 'ROUND, YOU MAD READERS!... PULL UP YOUR TOADSTOOLS AND WET-ROCKS AND GET NICE AND COZY... THAT'S RIGHT SETTLE DOWN WHERE IT'S NICE AND DANK AND WE'LL TELL YOU A STORY WE CALL...

FLESH GARDEN!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH US EARTHLINGS!... WE ALWAYS ASSUME THAT ALIEN CREATURES ARE HOSTILE!... I REFUSE TO KILL SAID ALIEN CREATURE IN THE BELIEF IT IS HOSTILE!... I WILL KILL IT JUST FOR FUN!



... FLESH, DARLING... EVEN THOUGH YOU GO TO CERTAIN DEATH, MY LOVE IS SO GREAT, I SHALL GO TO FIGHT THE ALIEN CREATURE WITH YOU!



O.K.!... GO!... HERE'S MY SWORD!... NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING KILT!











ALL RIGHT!... THE SACRIFICE IS READY TO BEGIN!...
THROW THE EARTHLING, FLESH GARDEN, INTO
THE ARENA, WHERE UNARMED, HE WILL FIGHT
A CREATURE THAT IS NOW WAITING HUNGRILY,
BEHIND THE DOOR TO POUNCE
UPON THE SACRIFICE!



HERE I AM... UNARMED... ALONE IN THIS
ARENA!... WHAT CAN I USE FOR A WEAPON?
... MY CLOTHES?... MY SHOES?... THE
THOUGHT BALLOON ABOVE MY HEAD?



WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE
LIES BEHIND THAT BLOOD-
STAINED OAKEN DOOR?
COULD IT BE WORSE
THAN THE SLIME-OOZING,
KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK?



ULP!... THE DOOR IS
SLOWLY OPENING! COULD
IT BE ANY WORSE THAN
THE HAIRY, MANY-
CLAWED ZORCHTON?



GULP!... THERE'S SOME-
THING STANDING THERE!...
COULD IT BE ANY WORSE
THAN THE PALPITATING,
LIMB-RIPPING
ZILCHTRON?



GASP! I CAN SEE IT
NOW... WORSE THAN
THE ZORK... MORE
TERRIBLE THAN THE
ZORCHTON... MORE
HORRIBLE THAN THE
ZILCHTRON...
IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...



...MAN!



...MAN! THE
CLEVEREST...
THE MOST
DANGEROUS
OF ALL LIV-
ING ANIMALS.

...I MUST QUICKLY REVIEW ALL THE
SKILLFUL BOXING TACTICS I
LEARNED AT HEIDELBURG!... THE
QUICK FEINT... THE DEFT JAB...
HA! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL USE
THE SUBTLEST, THE MOST
SKILLFULLEST TACTIC OF ALL...



...HEY, KID...
YER SHOELACE
IS UNTIED!





SPECIAL FEATURE DEPT.: DEAR READERS!... THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES ARE SO DISGUSTING... SO NAUSEATING, THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK FOR DAYS TO COME!NOW THAT WE'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST... HERE'S A FEATURE ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW VERY WELL!... **VERY VERY WELL!** HERE IS A FEATURE ABOUT **YOU**... OUR...

MAD READER!

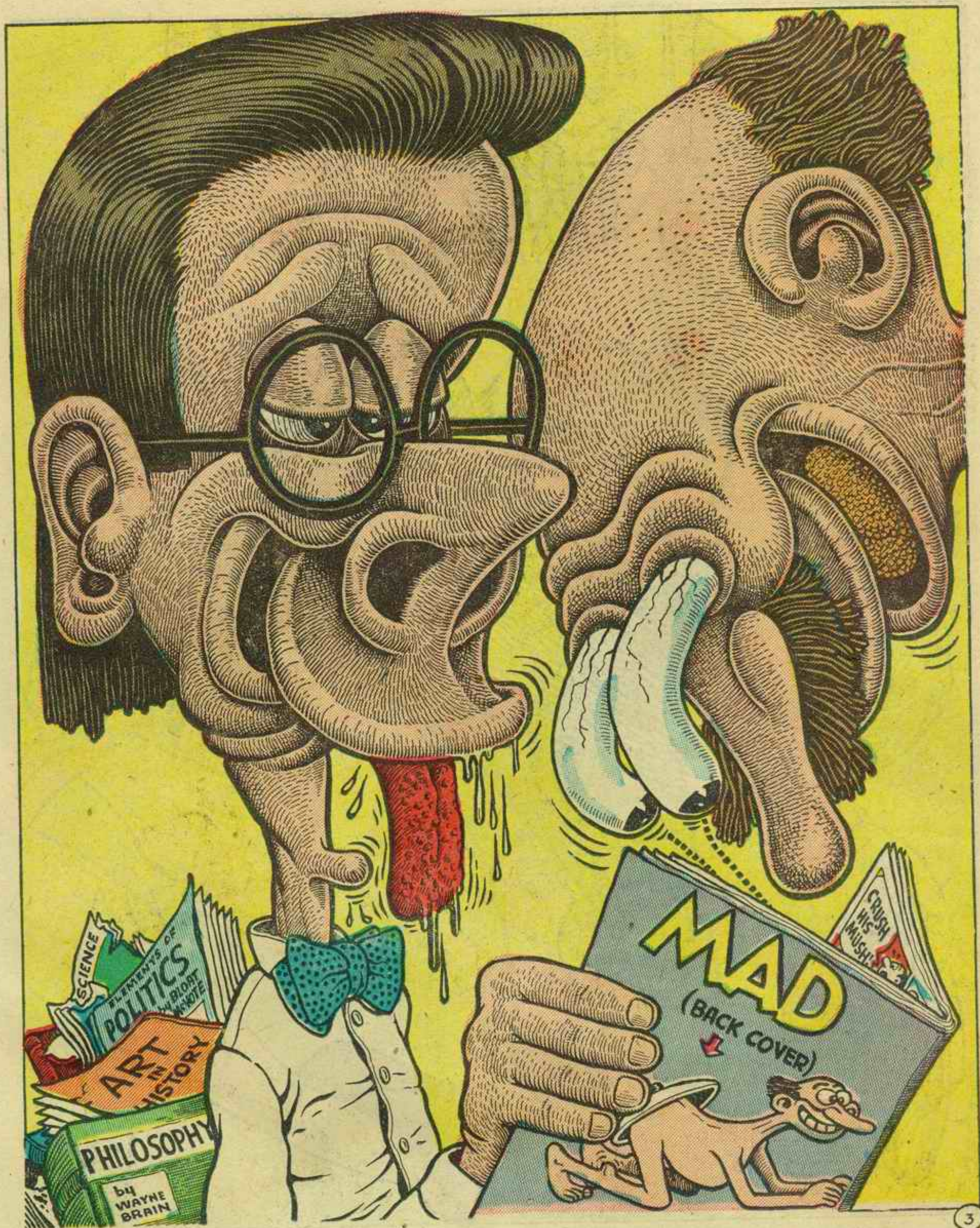


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ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING FIVE PAGES ARE VIEWS OF WHAT WE, THE EDITORS OF **MAD**, BELIEVE TO BE A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PEOPLE WHO READ **MAD**!... AND SO, WHILE YOU WANDER THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PAGES, SMIRKING, GUFFAWING AND RETCHING AT WHAT YOU SEE... PAUSE A MOMENT! THE FACE YOU'RE RETCHING AT MAY BE YOUR OWN!



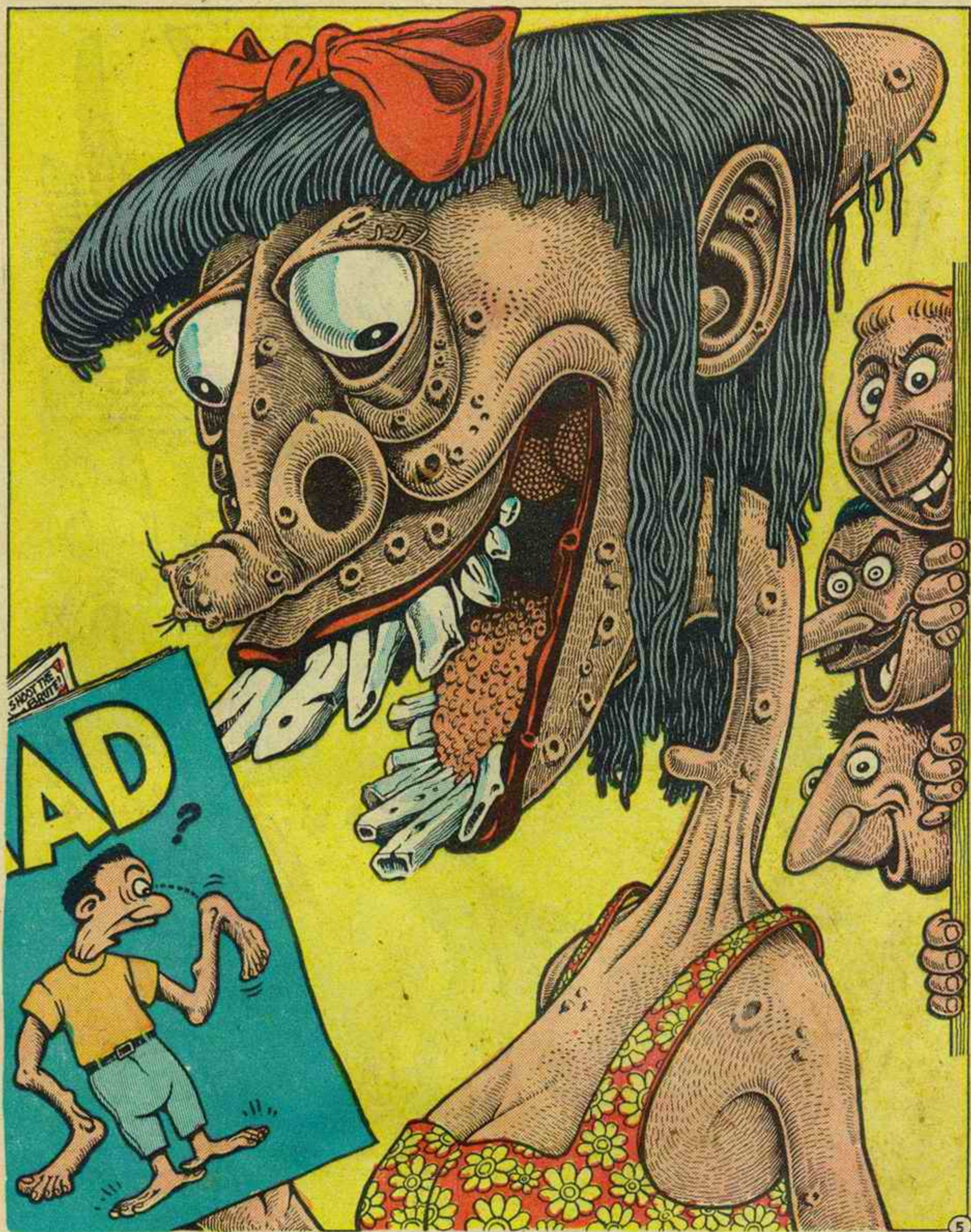
THE YOUNG MAD READER (WITH MOTHER AND FATHER): HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE CLEAN WHOLESOME
 *AFFECT **MAD** HAS ON OUR YOUNG READERS! FOR INSTANCE, BEFORE READING **MAD**, THIS YOUNG MAN VERY OFTEN USED
 AN AXE ON HIS PLAYMATES! WHEN HE READ **MAD**, HE REALIZED HOW UGLY AND SORDID AXING HIS PLAYMATES
 WAS ... SO NOW HE USES A PISTOL!



THE STUDENT MAD READER (WITH TEACHER): HERE IS THE INTELLECTUAL COLLEGE YOUTH! THIS FELLOW WAS A SERIOUS, SOBER, 'A' AVERAGE STUDENT... WELL VERSED IN THE CLASSICS WITH A SUCCESSFUL CAREER ASSURED... BEFORE READING **MAD**! READING **MAD** HAS BROUGHT ABOUT A HAPPY CHANGE IN THIS STUDENT! TODAY THIS STUDENT IS AN EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT... BUT NEVERTHELESS, A **HAPPY** EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT!



THE ELDERLY MAD READER: MAD IS BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO THE YOUNGER SET! HERE IS AN ELDERLY MAN WHO, BEFORE READING *MAD*, WAS CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... CONFINED TO A STRICT DIET OF SHREDDED WHEAT... AND CONFINED TO CONDENSED WATER! THEN HE READ *MAD*!... NOW HE IS NO LONGER CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE SHREDDED WHEAT... AND NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE CONDENSED WATER!... HE IS MERELY... CONFINED!



THE FEMALE MAD READER:...THIS YOUNG LADY HAD DISHPAN HANDS... PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13'... A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE...AND BOY-FRIENDS NEVER CAME TO CALL ON HER!... THEN SHE BOUGHT **MAD**! NOW... SHE STILL HAS DISHPAN HANDS... PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13'... A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE... BUT BOY-FRIENDS FLOCK TO CALL ON HER AND AS SOON AS THEY BLUDGEON HER INSENSIBLE AND PRY **MAD** LOOSE FROM HER VISE-LIKE GRIP... THEY FLOCK AWAY AGAIN!



THE CRITICAL MAD READER: ... FINALLY THERE ARE THOSE WHO READ AND DO NOT LIKE MAD! AND SO... IN ALL HONESTY, WITH A FIRM BELIEF THAT EVERY ARGUMENT HAS TWO SIDES... IT IS WITH A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY AND CLEAN LIVING THAT WE PRESENT WITHOUT BIAS, WITHOUT RESENTMENT OR MALICE... AN UNPREJUDICED DRAWING OF SAID TYPE READER WHO... AFTER MUGGING THE ABOVE INFANT, IS BRUTALLY DESTROYING THE CHILD'S TREASURED COPY OF MAD!

I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my **PANIC** MAGAZINE!



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR **PANIC**! RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter EIGHTY-SEVEN in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you remember, in our last chapter... in our last chapter... say, what DID happen in our last chapter?

Oh yes... when we last saw Jones, he was in Moscow, spying, when a spy started spying on him. However, Jones spied the spy spying and soon was spying on the spying spy. You get the general idea. Well... the upshot of it all was that Jones finally was picked up by the BVD's and the BVD's brought him to the head of the BVD's, a man by the name of Lavrenti Buried... And that's the story up to now, gang! Miserable isn't it? Well... on to the next installment of...



"Take him to the torture chamber. I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now," Lavrenti Buried says.

Jones is led away. As the most horrible screams issue from the torture chamber, Floppova Movova tells Buried of her suspicions of Jones being a spy. Buried gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling, through which hang the roots of a tree, and says, "We have been torturing him merely for drinking toasts to our heroes!"

"And what is wrong with drinking toasts to our heroes?" says Floppova.

"Out of a toaster?" says Buried! "Too bad my special 'trip-through-the-meat-grinder' torture is going to waste. Now we will have to give him the 'brain-wash' torture."

"What is so horrible about the 'brain-wash' torture?" says Floppova!

"The effect of boiling soap-water poured through a hole in the skull and swished around the living brain for a while is quite a thing to watch," says Buried.

Jones is brought in... the torture he has been through still evident by the powder burns about his mouth and the shredded stub of an exploding trick cigar still clenched between his teeth!

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried! (Jones has been using the alias Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko.)

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried... falling down on the floor. (It's quite a strain to pronounce that name.) "Floppova here tells me you are a spy. What was your mission, snivelling coward?"

"You can't call me that!" says Jones, "I'm no snivelling coward... not *all* the time, just when I have this cold I'm a snivelling coward, otherwise, I'm just a plain, upstanding coward."

"Don't change the subject," screams Buried, pulling out a pistol and placing it against Jones' eyeball, "What was your mission?"

Floppova Movova screams and flops ova. Jones moves ova so Floppova can floppova. Buried tells Floppova to movova so when Jones flops ova, he won't floppova Floppova Movova. Buried keeps tightening his finger on the trigger! Jones keeps snivelling! Floppova keeps flopping!

Suddenly there's a loud bang, and...

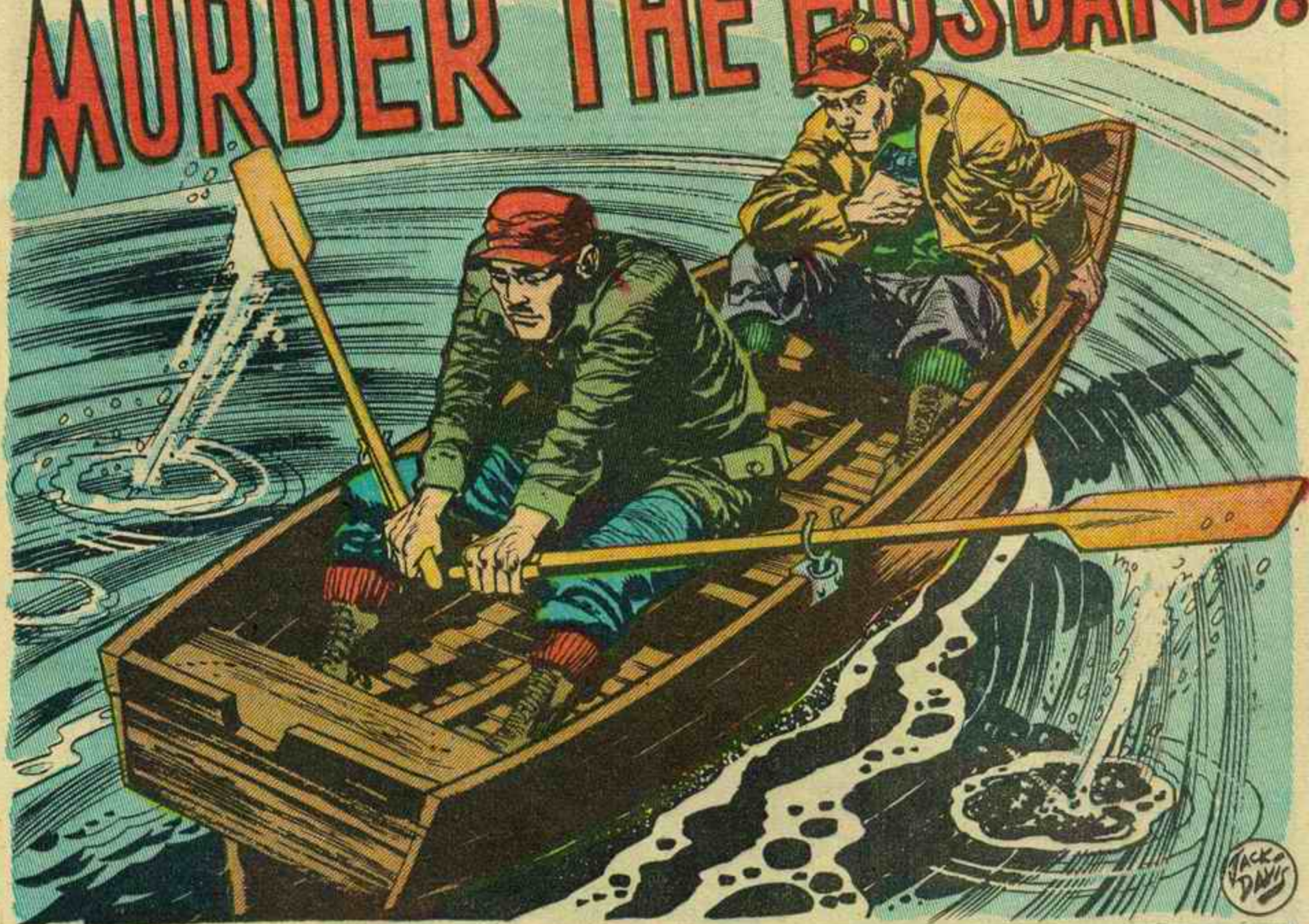
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... Well, now! A loud bang! What could that be? Could it be Buried firing his pistol? Could it be Jones smoking another trick cigar? Could it be Floppova flopping ova? Could it be you taking the easy way out?

Tune in next month, if you dare, to another ZORCH adventure of OPERATION-UNDER-THE-GROUND!

QUICKIE COMIC DEPT.: NOW, WE PRESENT A NEW FEATURE... A STORY PRESENTED IN TWO VERSIONS... THE FIRST VERSION BEING A TYPICAL COMIC-BOOK STORY THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE READ BEFORE!... THE SECOND VERSION BEING A TYPICAL 'MAD' INTERPRETATION OF THE FIRST VERSION! AND SO WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST VERSION... CALLED...

MURDER THE HUSBAND!



THE STORY BEGINS IN A SWANK BACHELOR'S APARTMENT! YOU'RE **WALTER GRAHAM**, AND YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH **KENNETH MARTIN'S** WIFE, **JEANNE**! YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS **HOPELESS**... THAT **KEN** WOULD **NEVER** GIVE **JEANNE** A DIVORCE... SO YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO **KILL** HIM! THAT'S WHY, WHEN **KEN** CALLS...

MOOSE HUNTING, KEN? AT YOUR SUMMER PLACE? WHY, I'D LOVE TO GO!



YOU **KNOW** ABOUT **KEN'S** SUMMER PLACE! YOU REMEMBER THE YEAR BEFORE... WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP THERE! THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY! THERE'S A SPOT IN THE LAKE THAT'S **SO DEEP** THEY CAN'T **DRAW** FOR A BODY! SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS...

HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT, KEN?

ONLY A FEW MORE MILES, WALT!





ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE, YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! YOU'RE *NERVOUS*, AREN'T YOU, WALTER? IT'S A *DESPERATE* PLAN, ISN'T IT?...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, WALT! SAY, YOU'VE NEVER *BEEN* HERE BEFORE, HAVE YOU?

NOT MUCH SENSE COMIN' UP DURING THE *SUMMER*, KEN! YOU *KNOW* I *DON'T* SWIM!



THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A *DESPERATE* PLAN, EH, WALTER? YOU *CAN'T* SWIM A STROKE... AND YET YOU *PLAN* ON HAVING A *BOATING ACCIDENT*! OR, AT LEAST, *KEN* WILL HAVE A *BOATING ACCIDENT*...

SAY, KEN! HOW ABOUT ROWING OUT TO THAT *BOTTOMLESS* SPOT IN THE LAKE? I HAVE AN *IDEA*!

SURE THING, WALT! IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANY *HUNTING* TODAY ANYWAY!



WHAT'S YOUR *IDEA*?

I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT JUST *HOW DEEP* THAT SPOT *REALLY IS*! ALL I NEED IS SOME *HEAVY WEIGHTS* AND A *LOT OF ROPE*! DO YOU THINK YOU *HAVE ANY*?

YOU'RE PRETTY *CLEVER*, AREN'T YOU, WALTER? KEN NEVER *SUSPECTS* THE *REAL REASON* YOU NEED THE *WEIGHTS* AND THE *ROPE*, DOES HE? IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE YOU'RE *OUT THERE*... THE *TWO* OF YOU... *OVER THE SPOT*...



LUCKY I HAD THIS *ROLL OF WIRE*, WALT! WE'RE GOING TO USE IT TO *LIGHT UP* THE DOCK NEXT *SUMMER*! IT'LL DO INSTEAD OF *ROPE*, WON'T IT?

IT'S *PERFECT*, KEN!



THERE'S OVER *TWO HUNDRED FEET* HERE! FRANKLY, I *DON'T THINK* IT'LL BE *LONG ENOUGH*!

IT'S LONG ENOUGH FOR WHAT *I HAVE* IN MIND, KEN! AND THESE *HEAVY PIPES* WILL DO *FINE*!



YOU PULL OUT YOUR *REVOLVER* AND YOU WATCH KEN'S FACE *PALE*! HE *STARES* AT YOU... *DUMB-FOUNDED*...

WALT! I... I *DON'T GET* IT! WHY THE *GUN*?

I'M GOING TO *KILL* YOU, KEN! IT'S THE *ONLY WAY*! *JEANNE* AND I ARE *IN LOVE*!



YOU... AND *JEANNE*!

THAT'S RIGHT, KEN! I *KNEW* YOU'D NEVER GIVE *JEANNE* A *DIVORCE*, SO I'VE DECIDED ON *THIS*! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A *LITTLE 'ACCIDENT'*! THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOUR *BODY*... JUST YOUR *BOAT*... *ADRIFT*...

AND THEY'LL KNOW I DIDN'T GO OUT ON THE LAKE WITH YOU...BECAUSE I'M AFRAID OF BOATS! I CAN'T SWIM!

YOU'RE CRAZY, WALT! THIS IS INSANE!



AFTER I SHOOT YOU, I'M GOING TO TIE THESE HEAVY PIPES TO YOUR BODY AND THROW YOU OVERBOARD... THEN ROW BACK AND SET THE BOAT ADRIFT!

WAIT, WALT! PLEASE! I...



BUT YOU DON'T WAIT, DO YOU WALTER? YOU SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND WATCH KEN'S EXPRESSION FREEZE AS THE SLUG RIPS INTO HIM...



THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, WALT? KEN LUNGES AT YOU, COUGHING UP BLOOD...



BUT HE'S WEAK, AND YOU'RE ABLE TO ROLL OVER ON TOP OF HIM! YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...



AND THEN YOU FEEL THE WATER SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH KEN'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF THE ROW-BOAT... AND THE WATER IS POURING IN...



THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU TRY TO DUMP THEM... BUT YOU CAN'T ACT FAST ENOUGH! THE BOAT GOES DOWN... AND YOU'RE IN THE WATER... AND YOU CAN'T SWIM A STROKE...



THE WATER POURS INTO YOUR GULPING MOUTH... FILLS YOUR AIR-STARVED LUNGS! SOON, YOU GO DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME! AND IT WAS YOUR FIRST SWIM... TOO!

THE END

WE TRUST YOU ENJOYED THE FIRST VERSION AND NOW FOR THE SECOND VERSION WHICH IS *MAD'S* VERSION OF THE FIRST VERSION... THE *MAD* VERSION BEING LIKE THE FIRST VERSION... 3 PAGES FOR THE FIRST VERSION AND 3 PAGES FOR THE *MAD* VERSION... THAT IS... THREE PAGES PER VERSION! ...AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS... PERVERSION! ...THIS STORY CALLED...

MURDER THE STORY!



THE STORY BEGINS IN A SWANK BACHELOR'S APARTMENT! YOU'RE CRACKER *GRAHAM*, AND YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH MELVIN MARTIN'S ROW-BOAT, JEANNE! YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS *HOPELESS*... THAT KEN WOULD NEVER GIVE THE ROW-BOAT A DIVORCE... SO YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO *KILL* HIM! THAT'S WHY, WHEN MELVIN CALLS...

SCAVENGER HUNTING, MELVIN, AT YOUR SUMMER PLACE? WHY, I'D LOVE TO GO!

ANYBODY CALL FOR WESTERN UNION?



YOU *KNOW* ABOUT MELVIN'S SUMMER PLACE! YOU REMEMBER THE YEAR BEFORE... WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP THERE! THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY! THERE'S A SPOT IN THE LAKE THAT'S *SO DEEP* THEY CAN'T DRAG FOR A BODY! SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS...

THAT BODY HAD A POCKET FULL OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS!... I *NEED* THEM TICKETS TO COMPLETE MY SET! MAYBE WE CAN GET 'EM WITH DIVING HELMETS!

商大接美如
務盤術寫小
快喝字中圖
捷顧等西案告



ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE, YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! IT'S A HOPALONG CASSIDY REVOLVER! YOU FINGER IT THINKING WHAT FUN IT'LL BE SHOOTING PAPER CAPS!

竹湯昌洗靄霽大
笋飽記淨大貨封
綠油墨生海冬
豆飽飽翅翅此錢

NOT MUCH SENSE COMIN' UP DURING THE SUMMER, MELVIN! ANYBODY KNOWS A SUMMER PLACE IS BETTER IN THE WINTER!



THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A DESPERATE PLAN, EH, CRACKER? A SUMMER PLACE REALLY *ISN'T* BETTER IN THE WINTER... AND YET YOU PLAN TO GO SWIMMING FOR THEM INDIAN GUM TICKETS...

SAY, MELVIN! HOW ABOUT ROWING OUT TO THAT BOTTOMLESS SPOT IN THE LAKE? I HAVE AN IDEA!

ΤΗΣ ΤΕΛΕΤΗΣ
ΠΡΟΕΞΗΡΧΕΝ
ὁ ΣΕΒ.
Ἀρχιεπίσκοπο
Μεγαλοπρεπείας
αἰθουσαι διδο
συγκεντρω
σεων. — Το
ἐπίσημον



I'D LIKE TO BUILD A *BOTTOM* ON THAT BOTTOMLESS SPOT! ... ALL I NEED IS SOME *HEAVY WEIGHTS* AND A *LOT OF ROPE*! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE ANY?



YOU'RE PRETTY *CLEVER*, AREN'T YOU, GRAHAM? MEL' NEVER *SUSPECTS* THE *REAL* REASON YOU NEED THE WEIGHTS AND THE ROPE, DOES HE? HE DOESN'T SUSPECT YOU HAVE TO FIX THE WINDOWS IN YOUR BACHELOR APARTMENT AND WEIGHTS AND ROPE FOR THE WINDOWS ARE EXPENSIVE!

Unterstützung... zusammen mit der aller guten Amerikaner unserer Stadt, für die kommende WON'T IT?

IT'S PERFECT, KEN!



КИТАЯ В СОСТАВ ПРОТИВ ДОПУЩЕНИЯ INDIAN GUM TICKETS?

...NO SIR!... WE SPLIT THOSE TICKETS FIFTY-FIFTY EVEN THOUGH THIS *IS* YOUR SUMMER PLACE!



YOU PULL OUT YOUR REVOLVER AND YOU WATCH MELVIN'S FACE PALE! HE STARES AT YOU. . DUMB-FOUNDED...

דענישער קעניג
סומען צו חוכרה אין סאפענהאזען
HOPALONG CASSIDY?

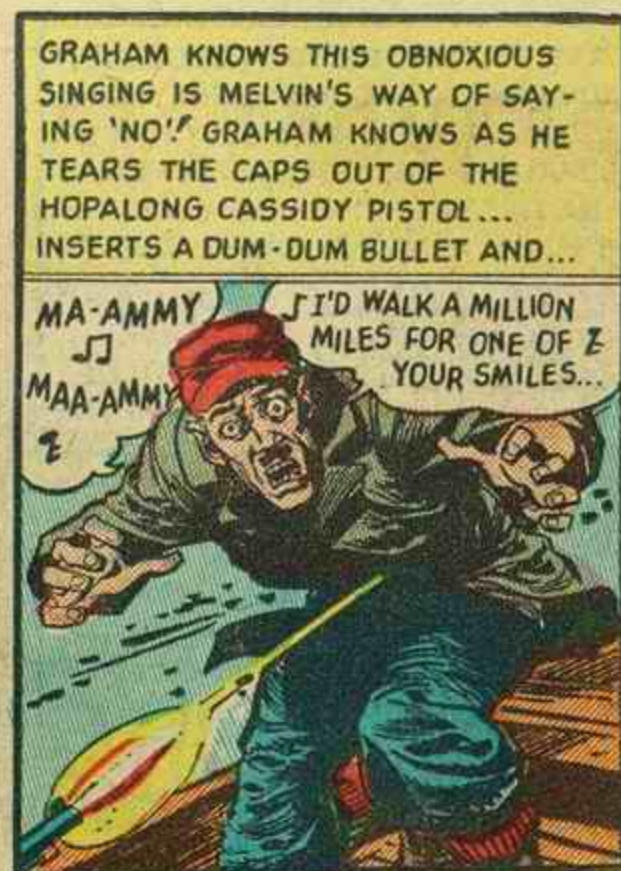
...YES... A HOPALONG CASSIDY 'CAP-PISTOL... AND ONLY *I* CAN PLAY WITH IT!



Potrziebie

...NO... YOU CAN'T SHOOT IT! ALL THE TIME I'VE KNOWN HOW MUCH YOU WANTED A HOPALONG CASSIDY CAP-PISTOL... BUT I BOUGHT THE LAST ONE IN THE CANDY STORE!





YOU LET OUT A HORRIBLE SHRIEK... CAUSE THERE YOU WERE, ALL SET FOR A COMFORTABLE SWIM BACK TO SHORE... AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHRIEK! INSTEAD OF FINDING NICE COMFORTABLE WATER, YOU FIND IT'S ICE-COLD!

ZWLOK

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... THERE ARE MANY IMITATORS OF **MAD** WHO WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THEIR PRODUCT IS SUPERIOR TO **MAD**!... HOWEVER, ONLY **MAD** USES YOUNG, TENDER PAGES THAT ARE SEASONED IN OUR WAREHOUSE!... DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TASTE-TEST!

First...shred up an issue of **MAD** magazine! Put it in your mouth! Chew it a while and then swallow it...Notice how fresh the ink tastes...how it tickles your tummy?



...Then...take any other magazine and eat it!...Horrible, isn't it! Notice how sick you feel! Notice how your heart is slowing up...and soon it will stop completely!



Make the taste-test yourself! Make the taste-test and you will see why leading doctors say that more people eat **MAD** than any other comic magazines!



REMEMBER!... MAD IS Milder... MUCH Milder!

MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

You should see our group of Hooper Mountaineers coming down the trail after a hard day's climbing at Devil's Lake State Park . . . a half-dozen Mountaineers sidling, hopping, leaping, etc. down the trail, scratching our ribs, emitting cries of: "Oook-ook-ook-ook-ook-ooooo!" . . . the first "ook" starting medium, and rising to a fairly high pitch . . . and interspersed with our "ooks" are cries of "HOOOOOOOOO-HAAH!" Really, it's enough to bring tears of joy to the eyes of a true MAD fan!—Ted. K. Wagner—Madison, Wis.

. . . Technical and Special Effects Dept.: In MAD No. 8, "The Lone Stranger" was represented merely by the William Tell Overture. Purge on you! Why didn't you have an intermission so you could play Les Preludes? Franz Liszt is very upset over this. Thank you.—Franz Liszt Fan Club—Franz Liszt, Pres.

. . . I was once a miserable but fairly intelligent human being. But since reading your magazine, I have changed into a happy little moronic beast. While I am on the subject, I would also like to mention the transformation in my physical anatomy. I now have three eyes . . . one to see the left page, one for the right page, and one for the next page I intend to read. Now I don't mind the looks of the third eye, but it's a pain in the neck—being situated thereon! Whenever I scratch my neck, I stick my finger in my eye!—Shirley D. Blieden—(No address given)

. . . In MAD No. 1, Bumble was bumped off by Melvin. Now he shows up in MAD No. 8 with only his accent changed. ("Yeah, Boss!" to "Ja, Boss!")! In fact, he still has that disgusting green hat. I think the guy that tried to sneak Bumble back in should have his little head overhauled. Did he think we wouldn't notice it or sumpin'?—Fred Weld—Santa Barbara, Calif.

. . . When I first met my husband, I thought he was ugly, stupid, and good-for-nothing. Then, I found out HE HAD ALL THE BACK ISSUES OF MAD! We were married the next day!—Mrs. R. A. Griggs—(No address given)

. . . We, the technical and announcing staff of Radio Station W.I.N.N., can't begin to describe how thoroughly we enjoy the magazine called MAD. We all agree that it is entirely different, original, and most humorous.—Leon Grube—W.I.N.N.—Louisville, Ky.

. . . I think MAD is the best ten cents worth of comics in the world. MAD teaches children new

methods of torture. I love MAD comics.—Don Mac Dougall—Tucson, Ariz.

. . . My faith in idiots is again restored. Please don't ever run out of heroin.—Charles Harless—(No address given)

. . . This is the graveyard, my name is Kamien. I work out of suicide. The word was going around that a new issue of MAD was out; my job, get it! I went to where the squares said I could find this crazy mag. I fell into the joint and asked if they had any MAD comics left. (All I wanted was the facts.) The girl behind the counter said they were all sold out except for one which she was saving for herself. I showed her my badge and told her I needed the book for evidence. She still wouldn't fork over, so I flipped my lid. I lept over the counter, grabbed the babe, and killed her dead. I was arrested by my be-bop helper Frank Spit. On the 31st of Feb., 1951, I was tried in the city of Los Angeles. I was found guilty of stealing one copy of MAD and was sentenced to be hung in the electric chair. You wonder how I'm writing this letter? As I told you, this is the graveyard.—Eddie Kamien—Lancaster, N. Y.

. . . Texas is large, but it cannot hold all of the MAD comics that are sold here.—Bernard Bonario—Houston, Texas

. . . I am the aunt of an exalted devotee of your apparently "spell-binding" publication. You must have something on the ball to make that little nephew of mine exert all the effort he does wandering around trying to find these gems of wisdom. His zeal has rubbed off on all his friends—they form a MAD clan—on the hunt for old issues.—Mrs. John L. Kramer—Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . I am fastenated at the wonders of your comic book. Frankly I never thought that modern humans were so skrewy. (I do not understand your stories verry well for I am a cave man.—Zogg

. . . As I went to get your new mag. I fell right in a mud puddle and ruined my schoolbooks and had to pay for them. But nevertheless I bought the book and forget my woes.—E.C. Fan-Addict No. 141.

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DOMM-DA DOM-DOMM

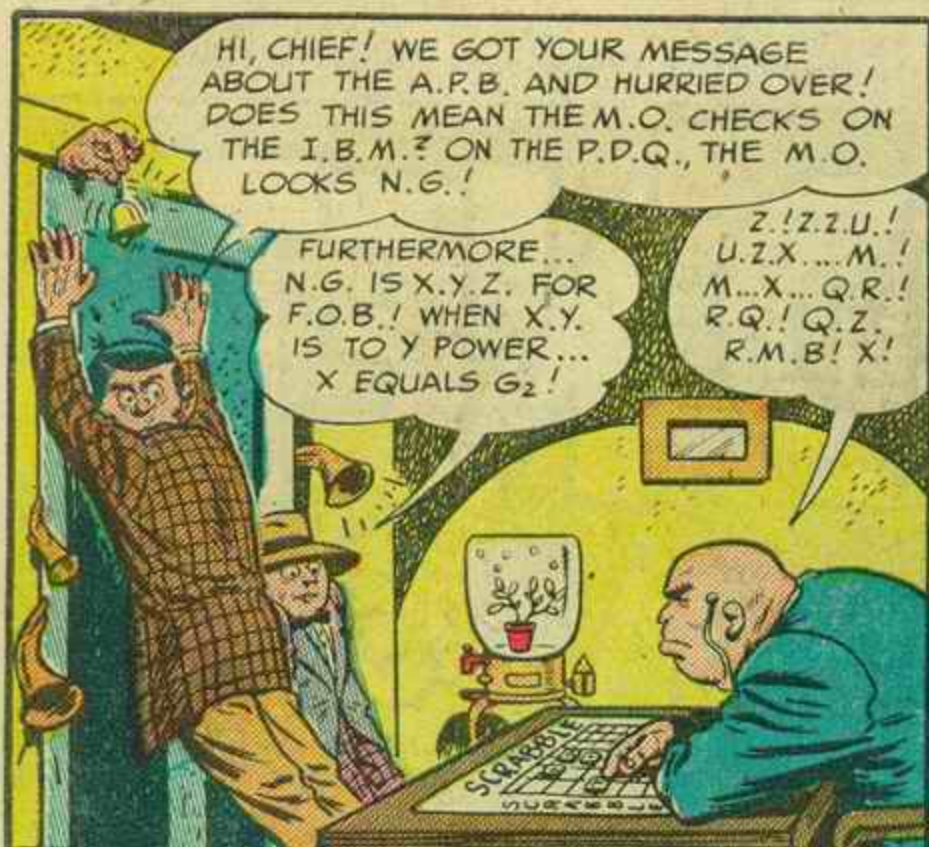


MY NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY! MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY! OUR CHIEF IS MIKE SUNDAY!

MONDAY! 9:30... MY PARTNER AND I WERE WORKING THE DAY WATCH OUT OF HOMICIDE ON MONDAY!

WE SHOULD'VE WORKED THE DAY WATCH OURSELVES BUT WE WORKED IT ON MONDAY... TOM MONDAY - HE'S THE JANITOR!

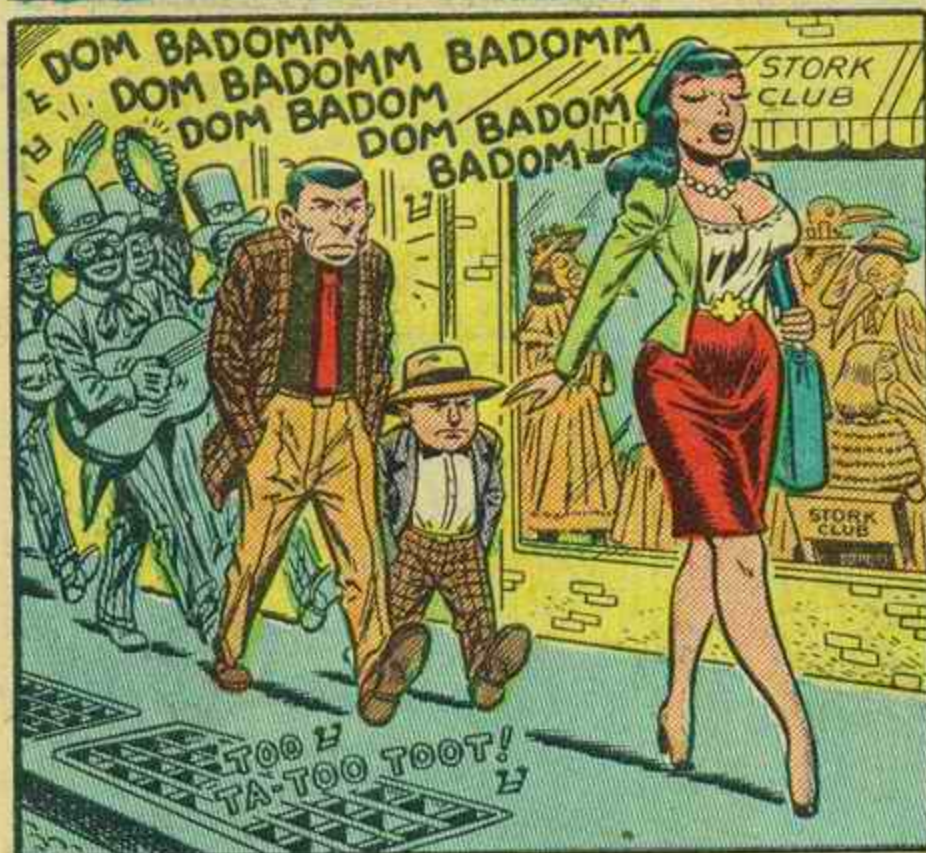




AT 9:30, WE WENT ON STAKE-OUT!
WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE
MUSTN'T LET ANYTHING DISTRACT ONE!

AT FIRST WHEN THE CHIEF SENT US
ON STAKE-OUT... WE RAN TO A RES-
TAURANT!...WE THOUGHT HE MEANT STEAK-OUT!

...NOW WE'RE ON STAKE-OUT... SPECIAL
ASSIGNMENT... AND ONE MUSTN'T LET ANY-
THING DISTRACT ONE WHILE ON STAKE-OUT!

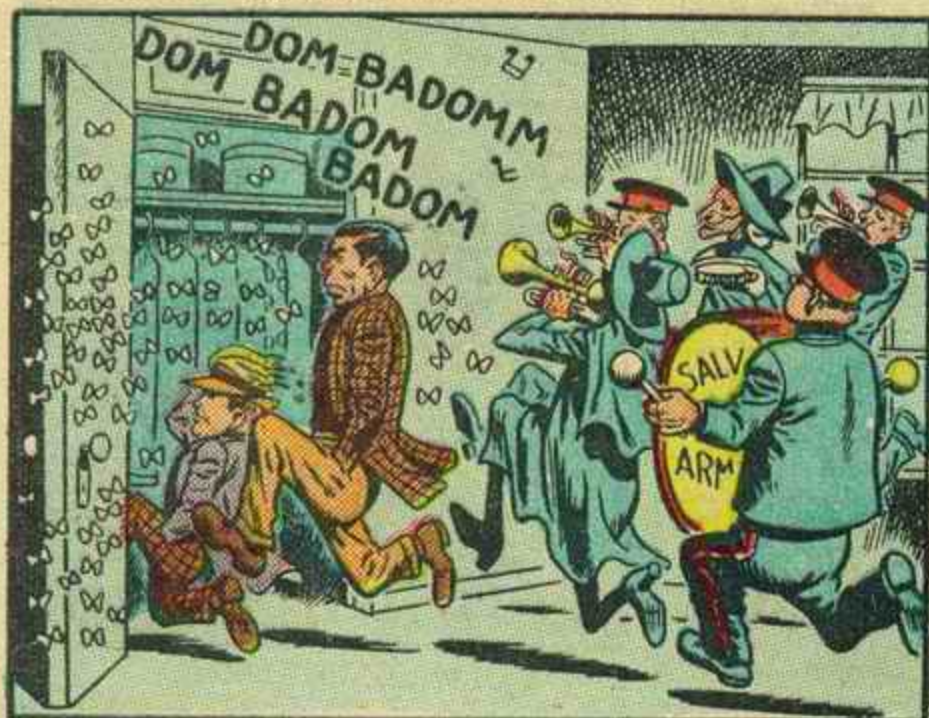


'SCUSE US, MA'M! POLICE OFFICERS! WE'VE JUST FOLLOWED
YOU 'CROSS THE TOWN, THROUGH THE SUBWAY, UP THE
ELEVATOR INTO YOUR APARTMENT, OUT TO YOUR KITCHEN
IN ORDER TO ASK YOU ROUTINE QUESTIONS! YOU
SHOULDN'T MIND ANSWERING THEM IF YOU'VE GOT
NOTHING TO HIDE!



WE DECIDED TO HIDE IN THE CLOSET BECAUSE SOMETHING WAS FISHY... ESPECIALLY SINCE ED HAD BROUGHT THE BAG OF GARBAGE INTO THE CLOSET WITH US!

...AT 9:30, WE SAW HER BOYFRIEND WALK IN! WE SAW HIM SHOW THE GIRL A BRAND NEW INSURANCE POLICY WITH HER AS THE BENEFICIARY!... WE SAW HER MIX HIM A MARTINI...



AT 9:30, WE WENT BACK TO OUR
STAKE-OUT... OUR ASSIGNMENT, WATCH-
ING AND WAITING AT THIS CORNER!

...A LITTLE LATER, AT 9:30, THE
HAIL WAS REPLACED BY SNOW...
BUT WE WERE ON STAKE-OUT...

...AND WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE
MUST NOT... ABSOLUTELY MUST NOT LEAVE
ONE'S POST UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!





AT 9:30, WE LEFT OUR STAKE-OUT! WE LEFT OUR STAKE-OUT BECAUSE WE HAD GOTTEN WHAT WE WAITED FOR!

... WE HAD GOTTEN WHAT OUR CHIEF HAD SENT US FOR AND SO WE LEFT THE NEON ILLUMINATED STREETS...

... WE LEFT THE CLASHING AND THE THROBBING OF BROADWAY, 'CAUSE BROADWAY WAS OUR BEA... HEY! WRONG PROGRAM!



WELL, BOYS! THAT WAS A LONG STAKE-OUT! YOU WATCHED AND WAITED FOR SIX MONTHS!... NOW TELL ME... DID YOU BRING BACK WHAT YOU WATCHED AND WAITED FOR?

YES, WE DID, CHIEF! BUT WE KNOW THAT THE MOMENT I TELL YOU WHAT WE BROUGHT BACK, THE CASE WILL BE OVER AND THE FURSHLUUGNER ORCHESTRA WILL BURST IN HERE WITH THAT BLASTED 'DOMM-DADOM-DOMM'... SO LET'S ALL GET READY TO RUN WHEN I TELL!

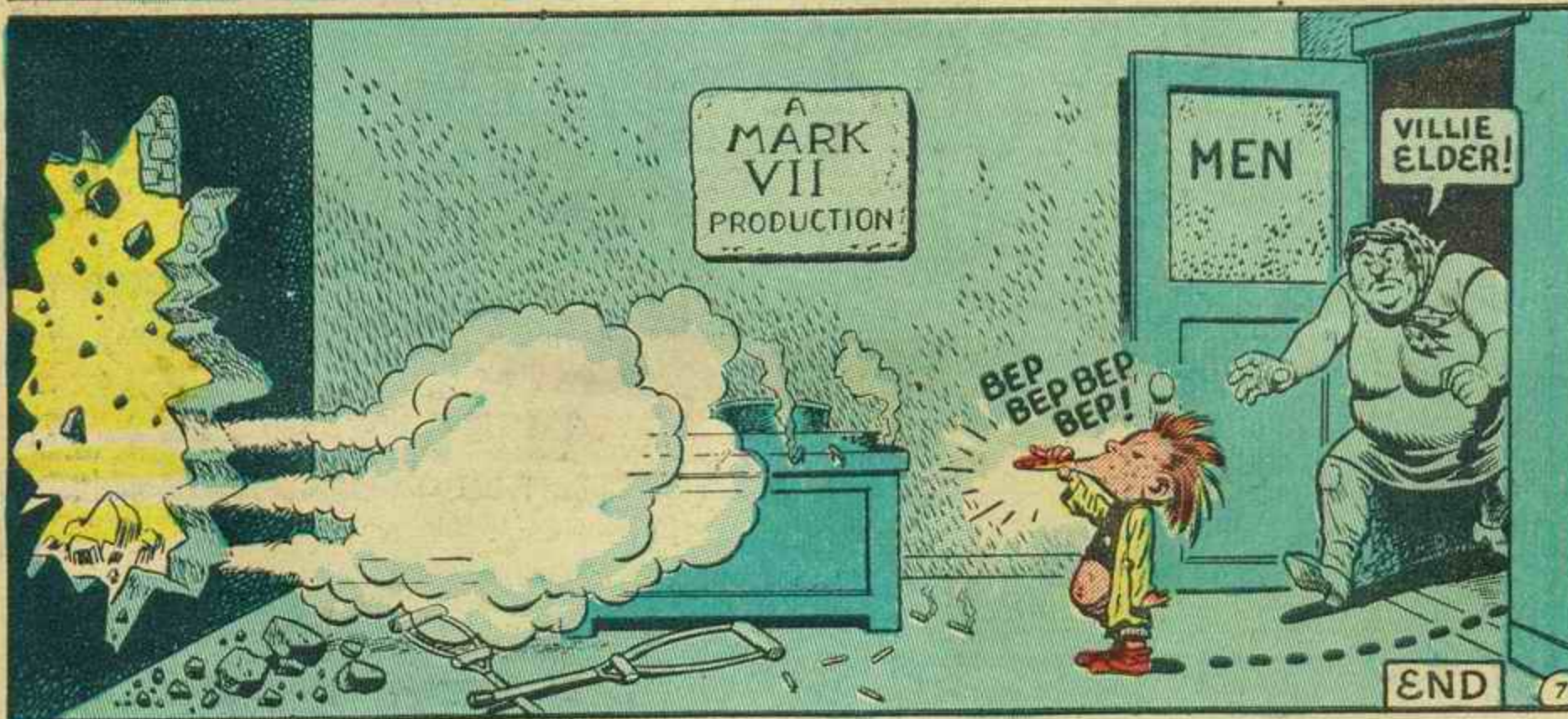


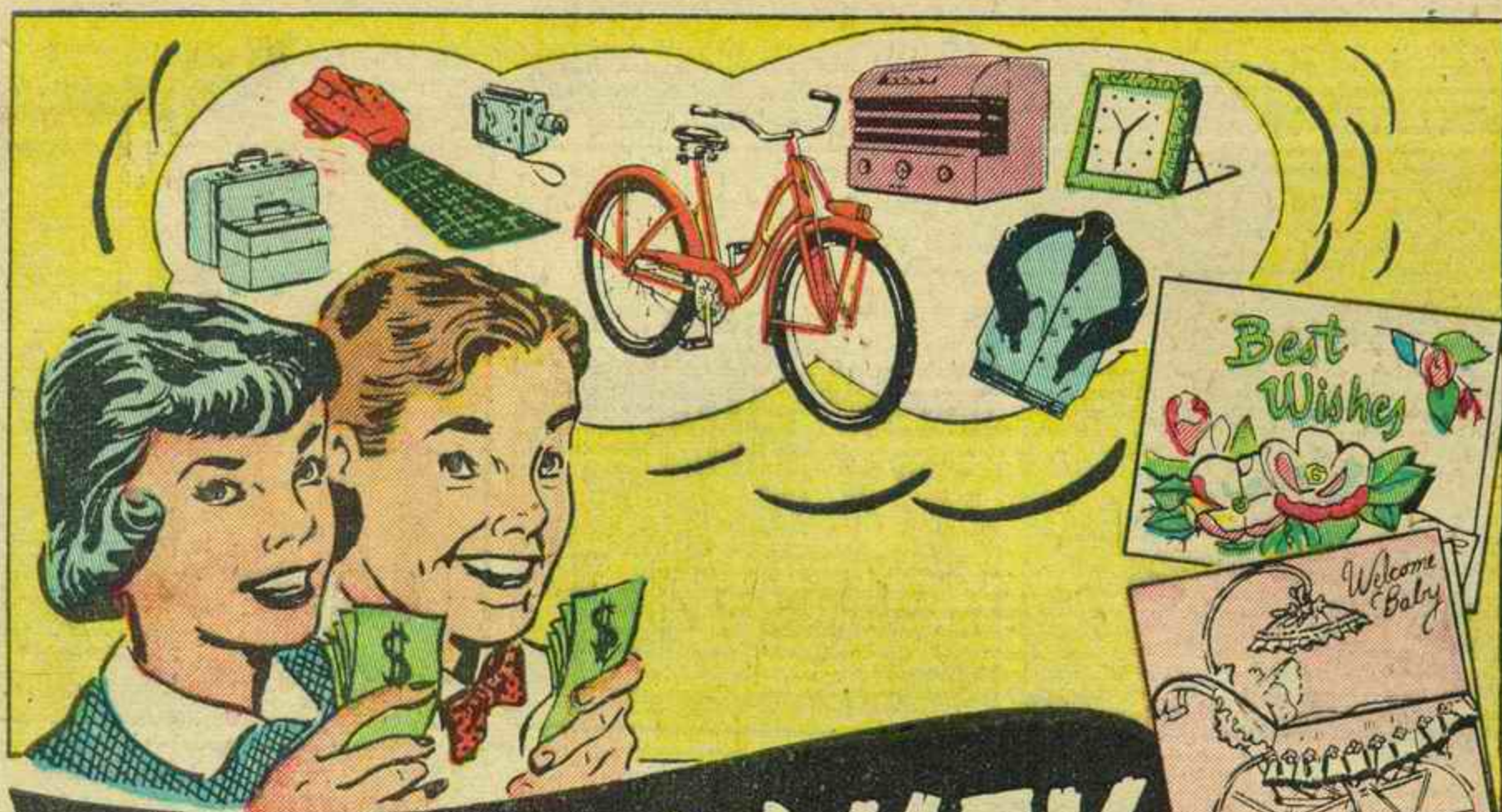
READY? O.K.!

... WHAT WE STAKED-OUT FOR SIX MONTHS FOR... WHAT WE FINALLY BROUGHT BACK WAS... TWO OF THE FIRST TICKETS SOLD AT THE BOX-OFFICE FOR THE WORLD SERIES BASEBALL GAME... AND...

STOP TALKING! LET'S GET THE HECK OUTTA HERE!

... YEAH! AND THERE WAS A LINE AHEAD OF US!





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