

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 1
OCT.-NOV.



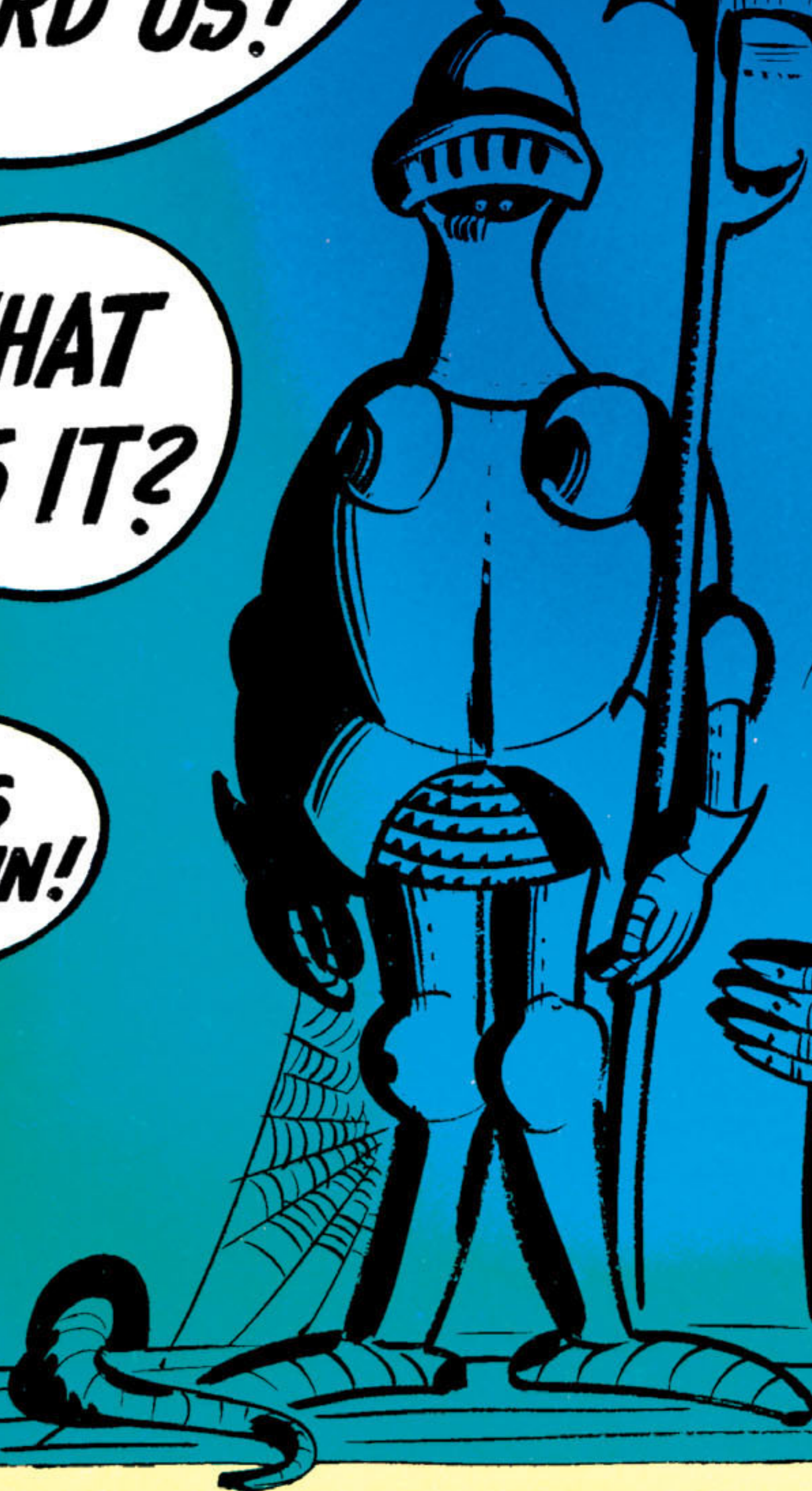
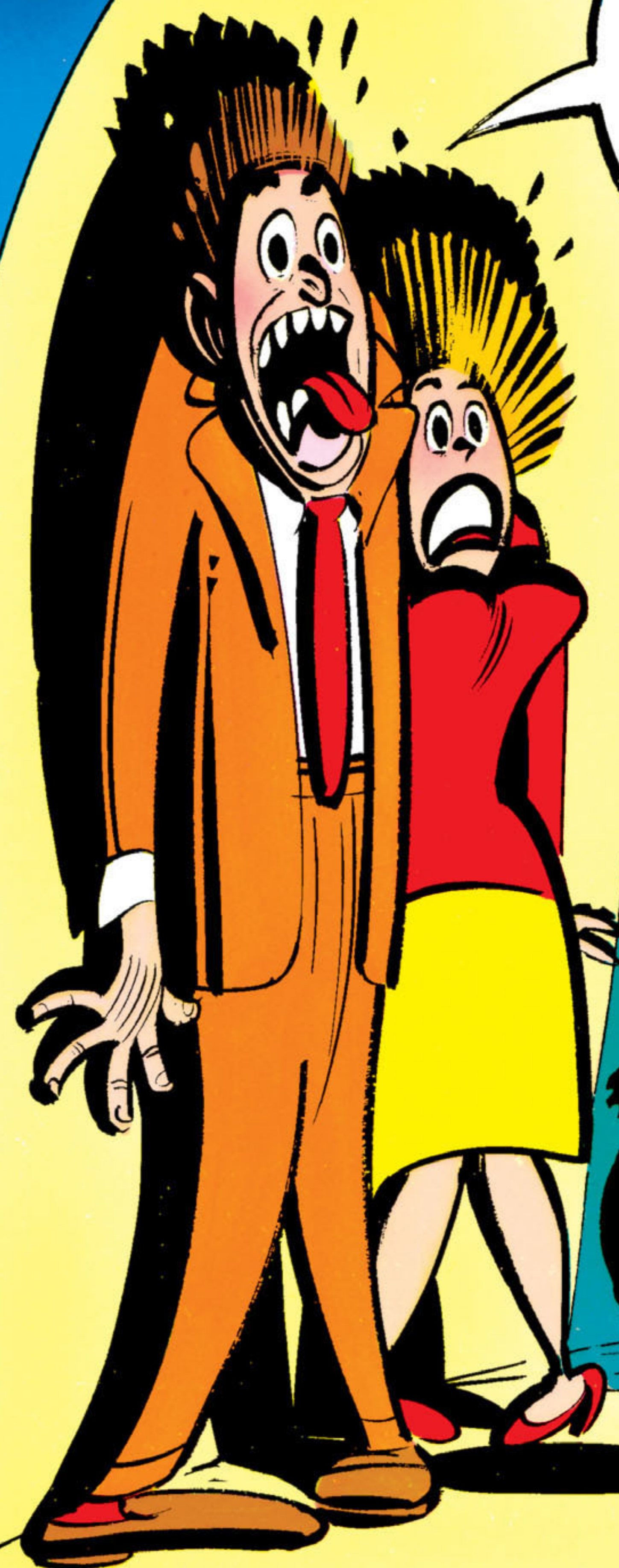
10¢

MAD

THAT THING!
THAT SLITHERING
BLOB COMING
TOWARD US!

WHAT
IS IT?

IT'S
MELVIN!





The following is a complete list of titles published by



in the order of their publication.

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

WEIRD SCIENCE

CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

FRONTLINE COMBAT

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

WEIRD FANTASY

THE VAULT OF HORROR

SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

TWO-FISTED TALES

Greetings, you MAD readers! You're now holding in your MAD hands the very first MAD issue of MAD!

For us, the editors, this is a great occasion . . . for in the next few moments, you will be one of the many who are deciding the fate of MAD all over the country.

Many months ago, we had a meeting in the New York offices of Entertaining Comics. We decided we wanted to add another mag to our line . . . so we met behind locked doors to figure out what our new book would be. Well, we looked through our mail for a lead . . . we thumbed through our idea files . . . we paced the floor, beat our heads against the wall, and bit off all our finger-nails! Should we do another war mag? No! Plenty of them on the stands already! Another science-fiction book? Nah! Market is filled to capacity! A horror book? Nyeh! Far too many of them around! Romance? Adventure? Western? Nope . . . nope . . . nope! We were tired of the war, ragged from the science-fiction, weary of the horror. Then it hit us! Why not do a complete about-face? A change of pace! A comic book! Not a serious comic book . . . but a COMIC comic book! Not a floppity rabbit, giggily girl, anarchist teenage type comic book . . . but a comic mag based on the short story type of wild adventure that you seem to like so well. THAT WAS IT! Immediately we leaped to our typewriters, our drawing boards, and our india ink . . . we worked like a crew of inspired demons! In no time at all, MAD was born.

You are now holding our dream child in your hands. We had a swell time creating MAD . . . and we hope that MAD will have a long successful life. But you, the reader, will decide that!

All right! We've said our piece. Now read! Enjoy yourself! When you're through with MAD, we'd like to know what you think of it. Any suggestions or criticisms you have to make will be greatly appreciated. Subscriptions to MAD, as to any other E.C. mag, will set you back 75c for six issues . . . full year's output! The address for letters or subscriptions is:

The Editors
MAD
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

TERROR DEPT.! PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!...VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...

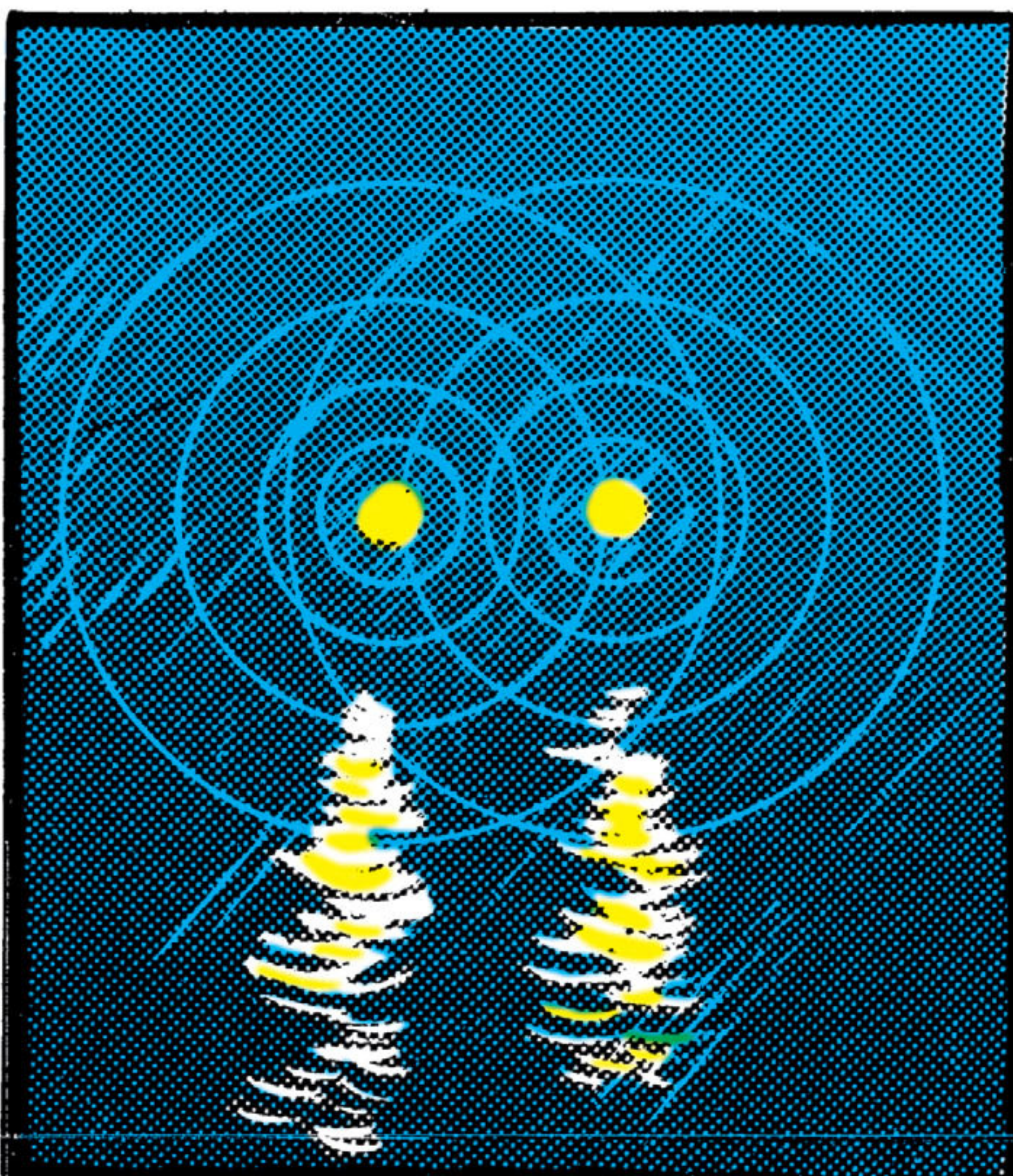
HOONAH!

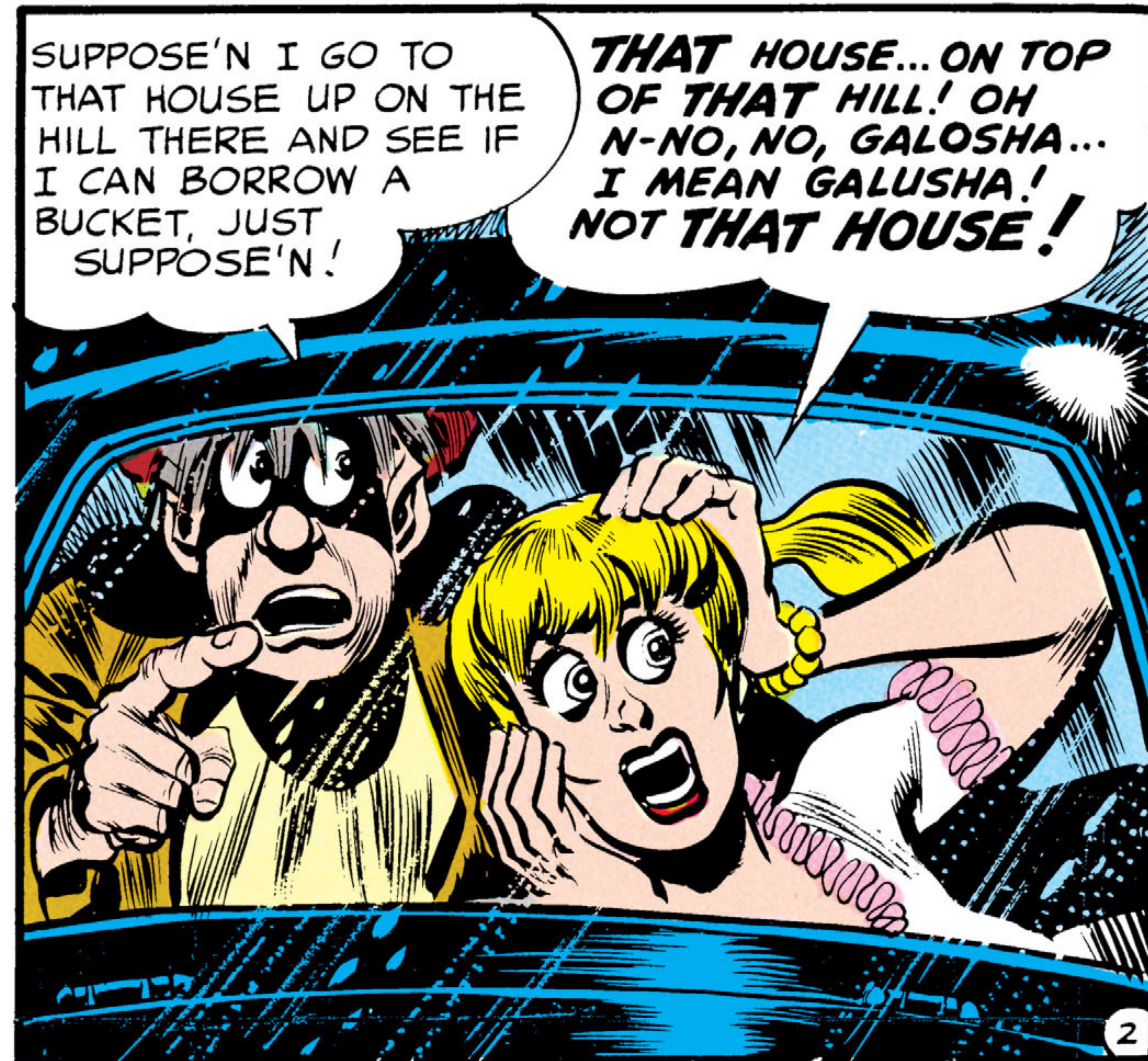
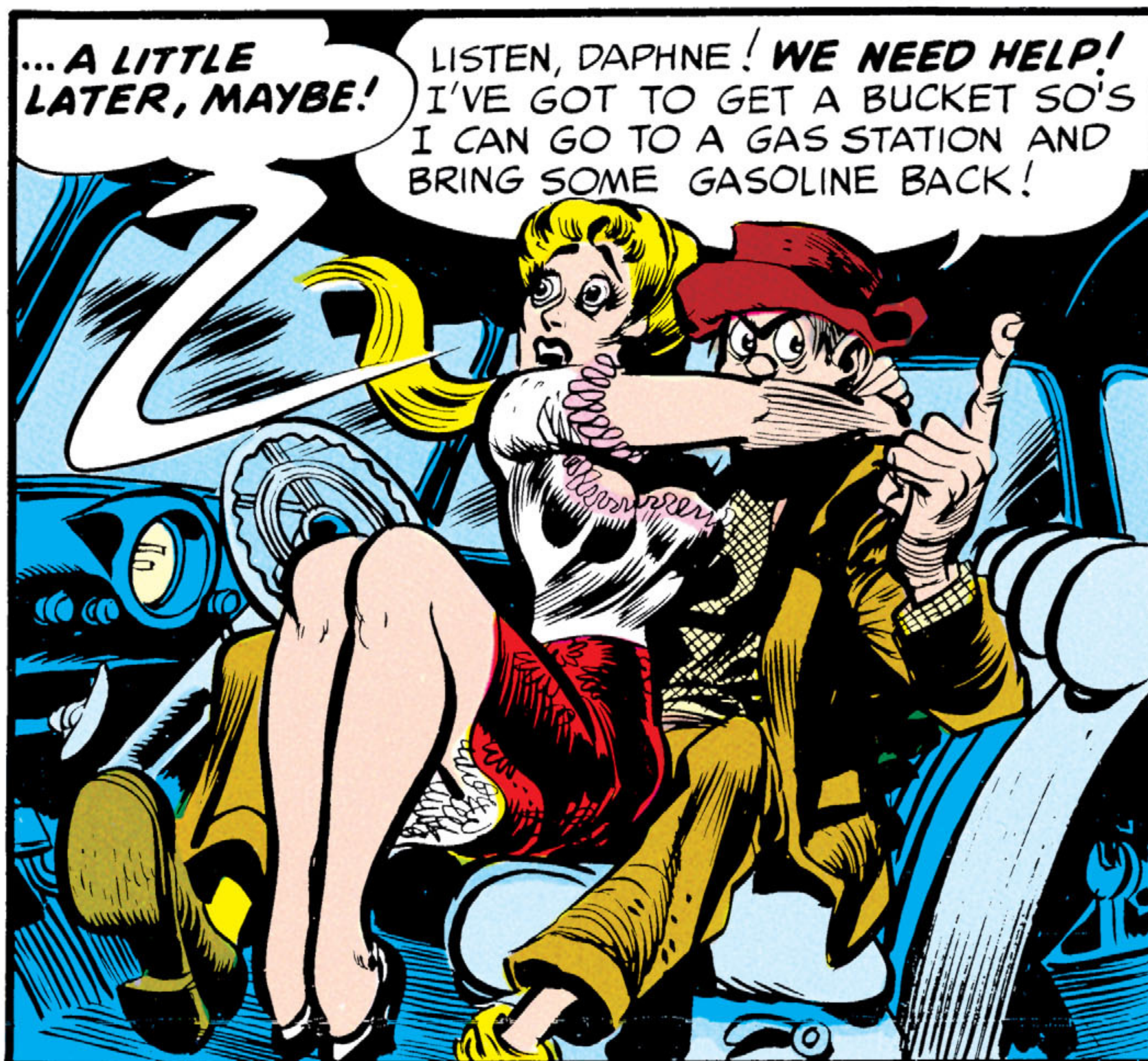
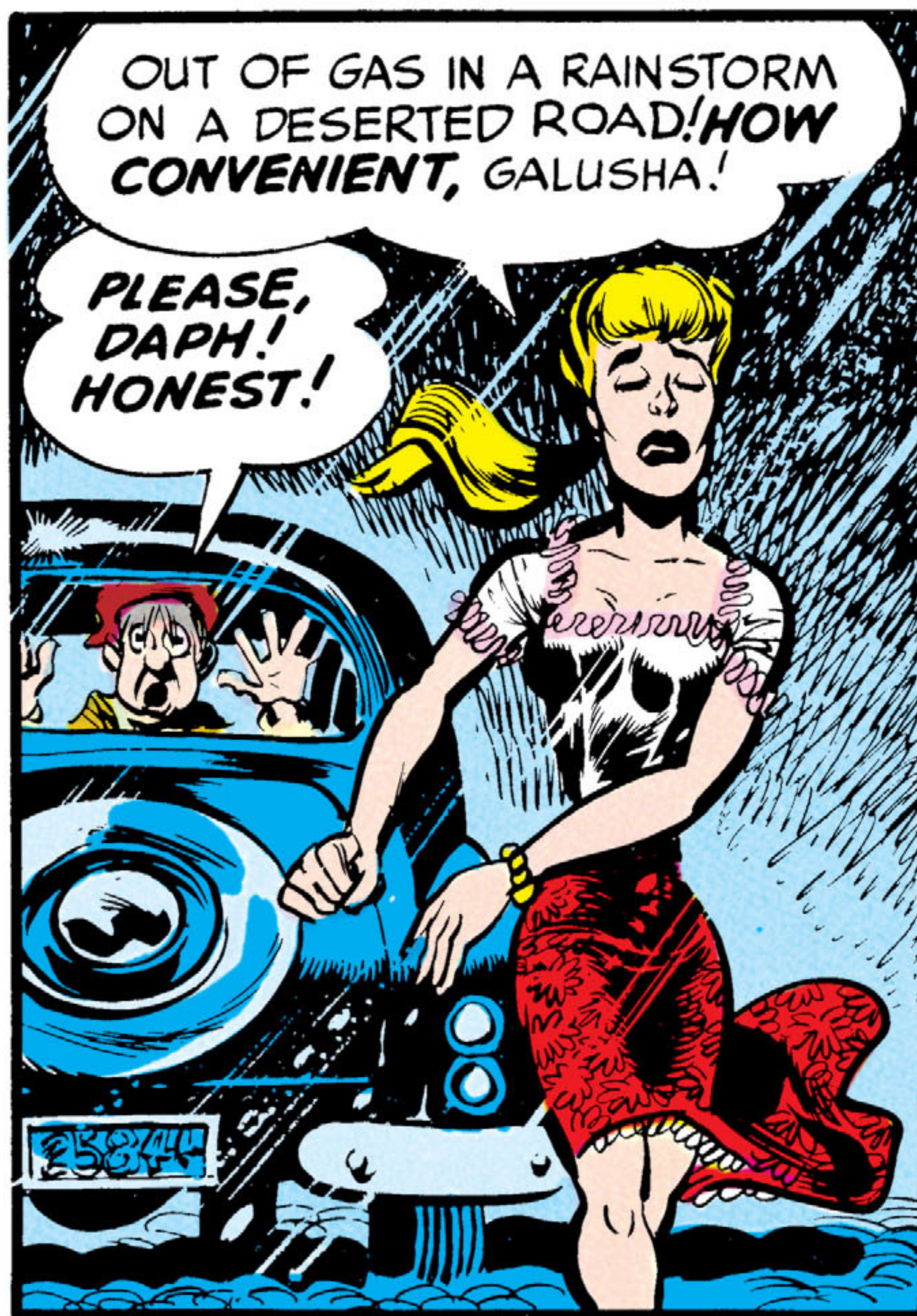
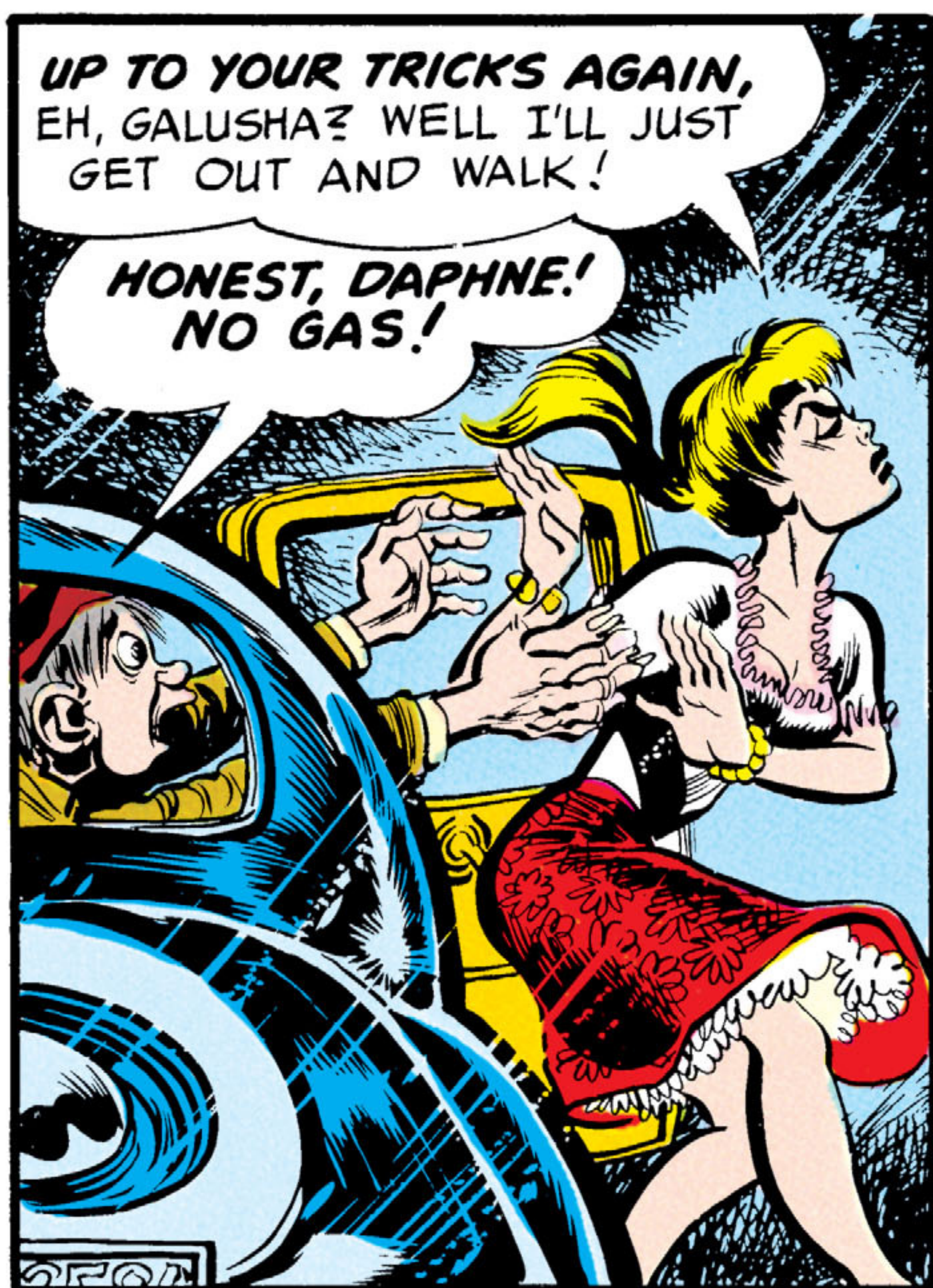
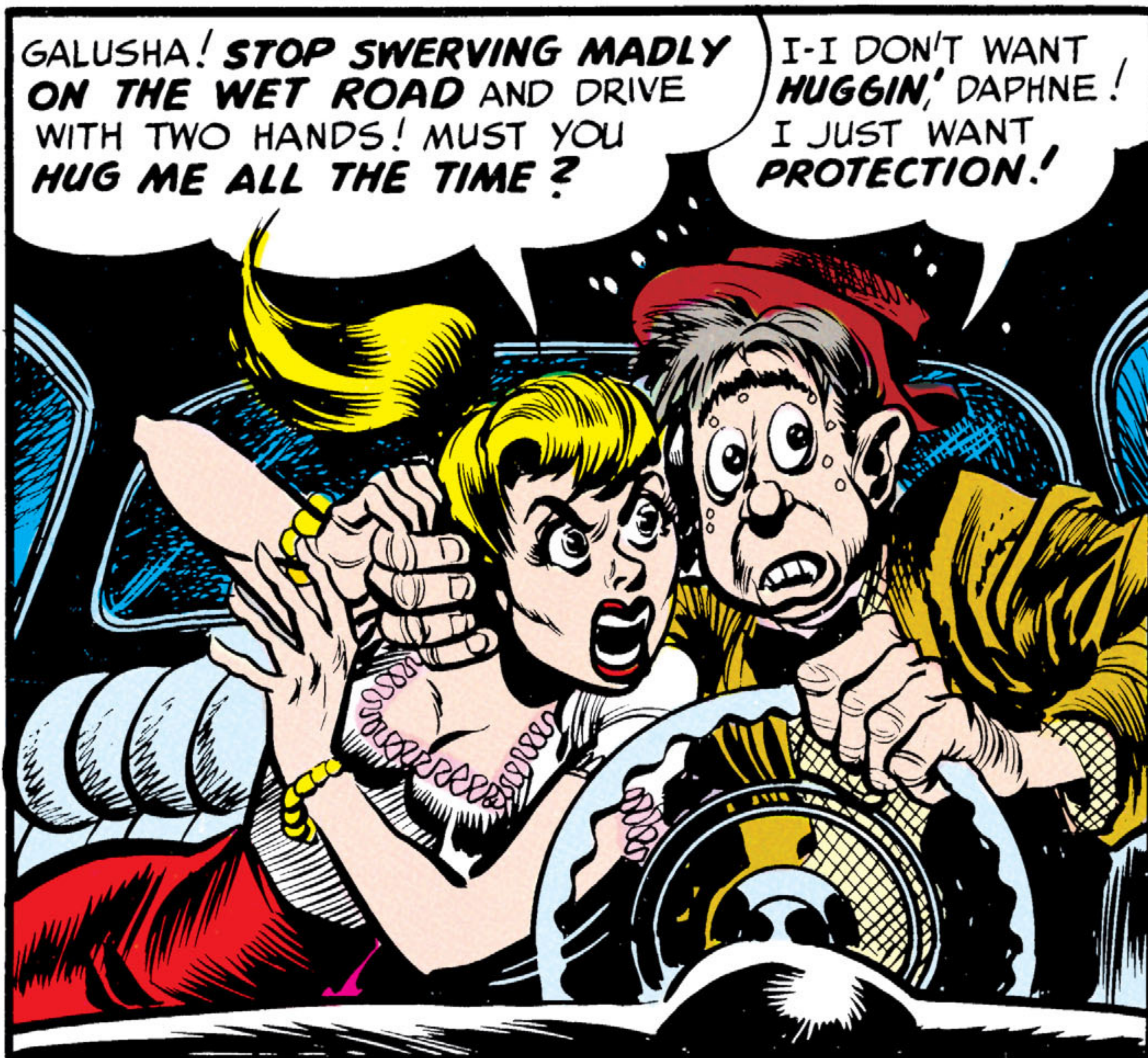


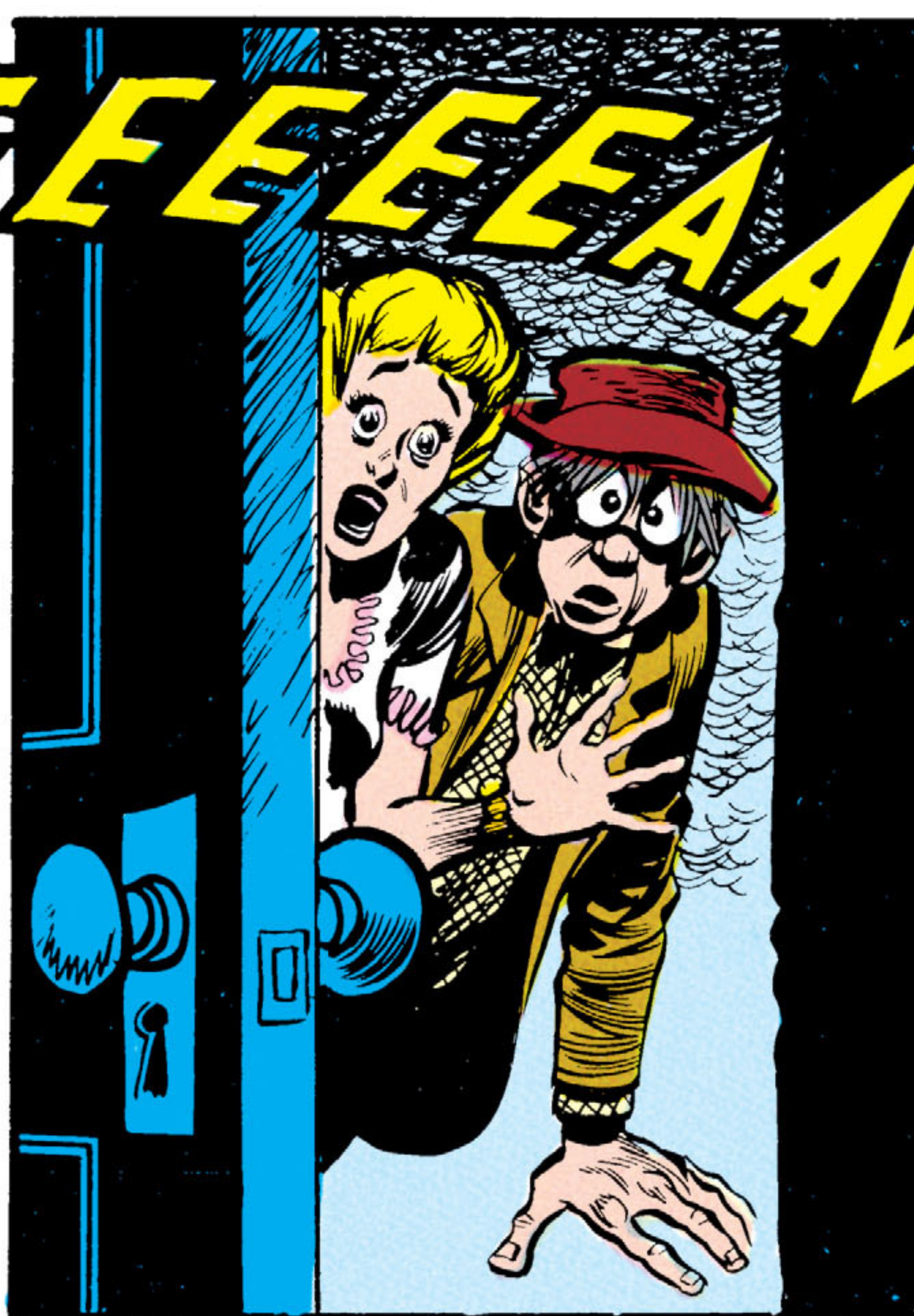
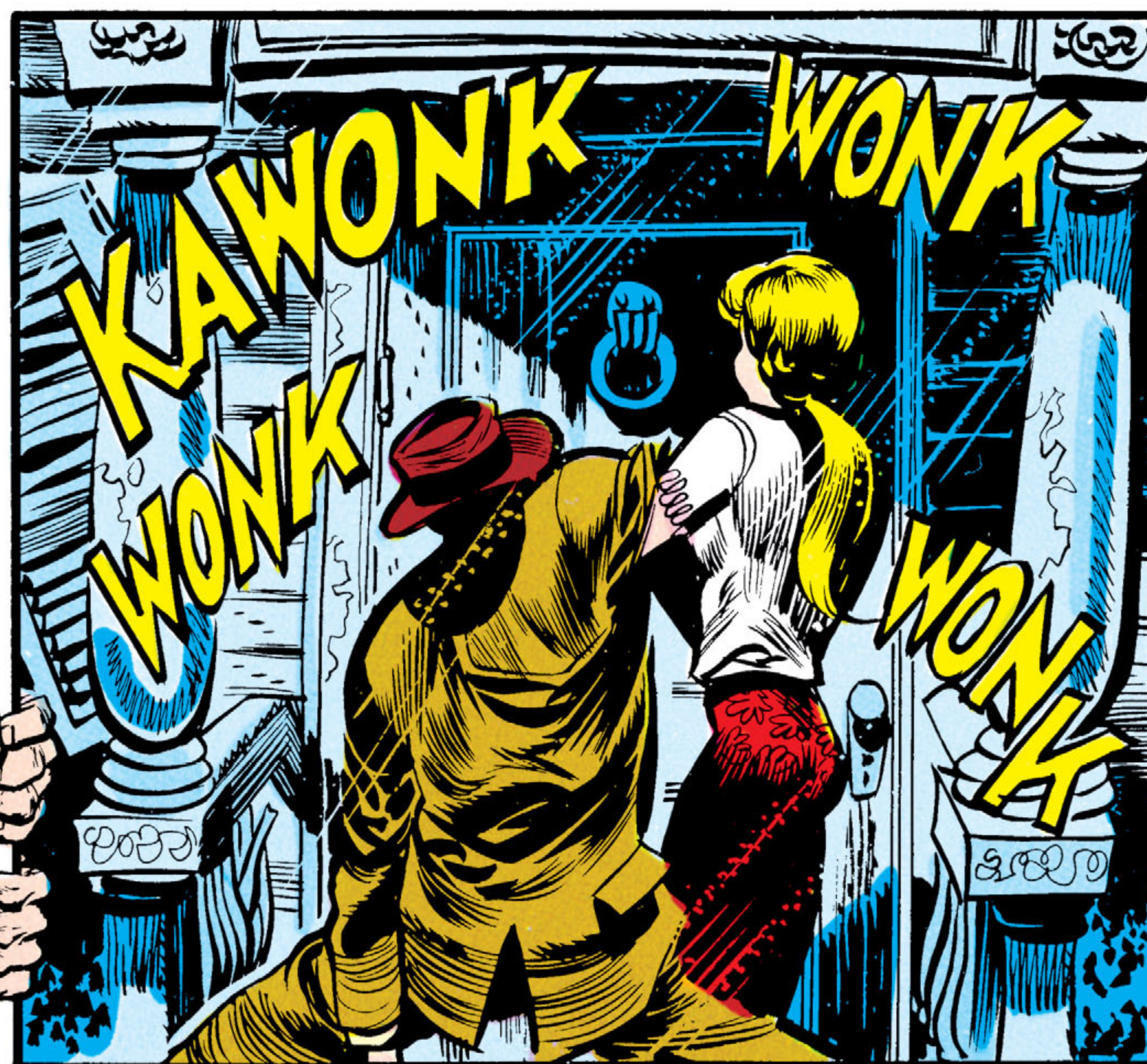
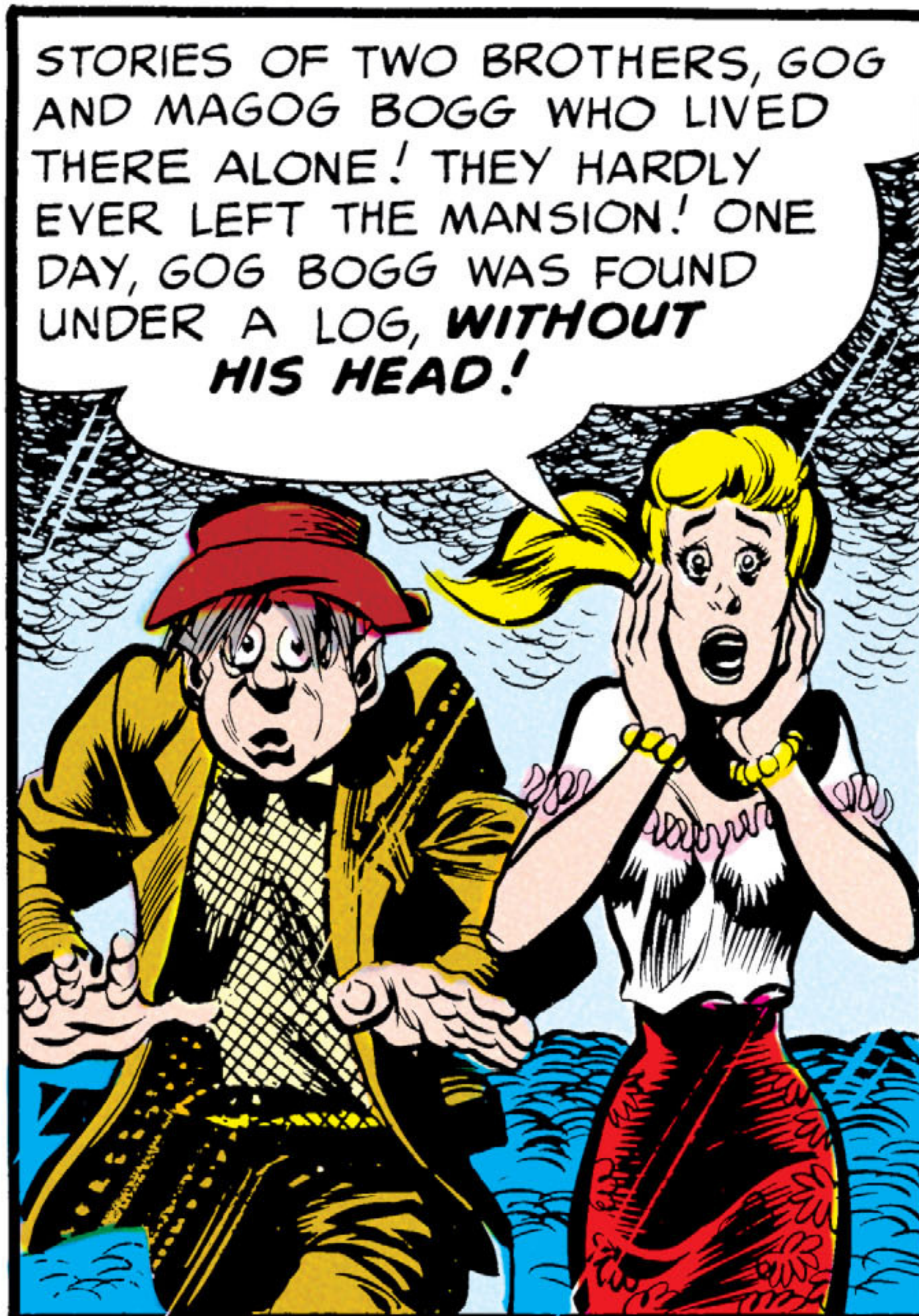
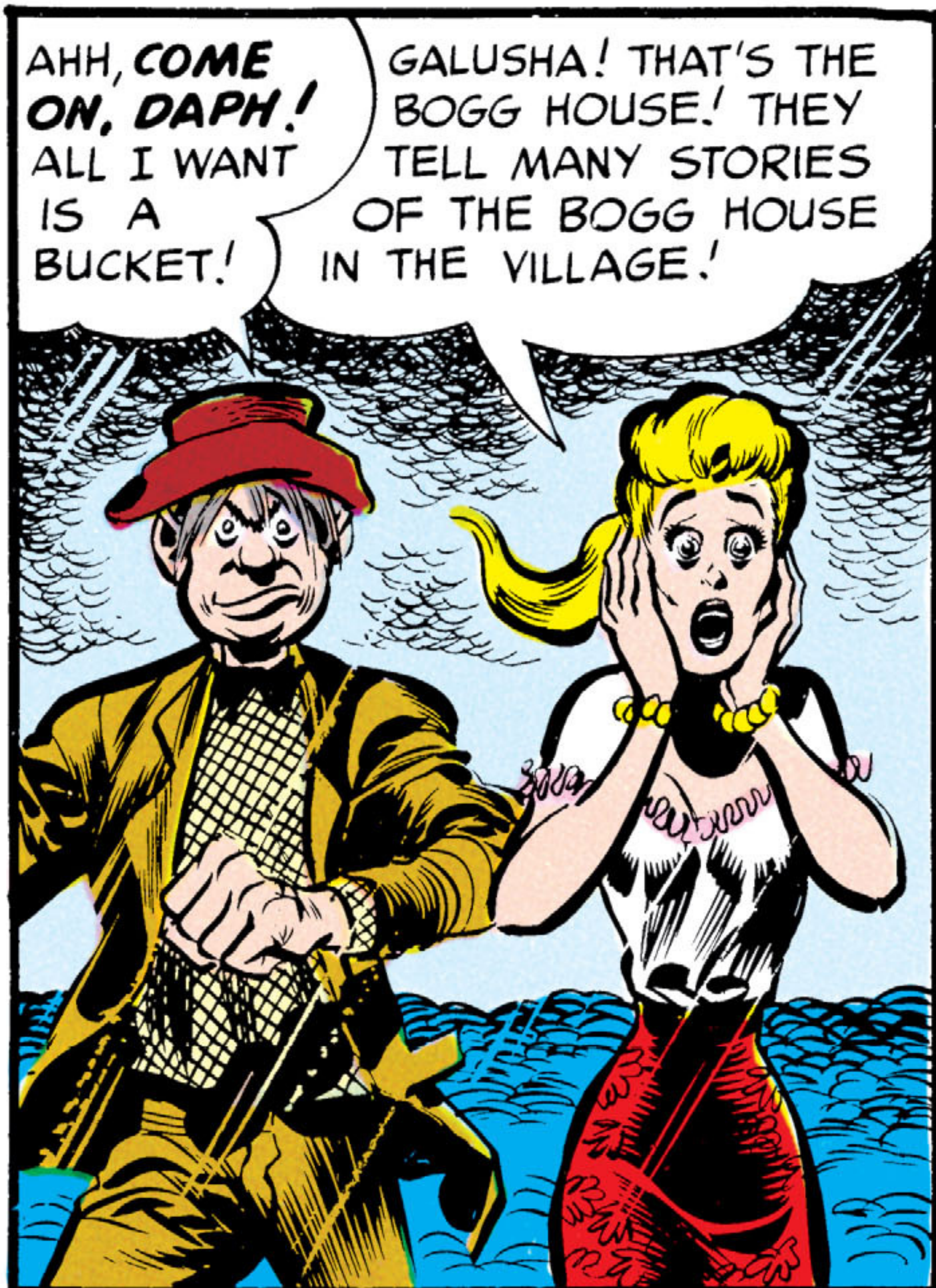
NIGHT!...BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!

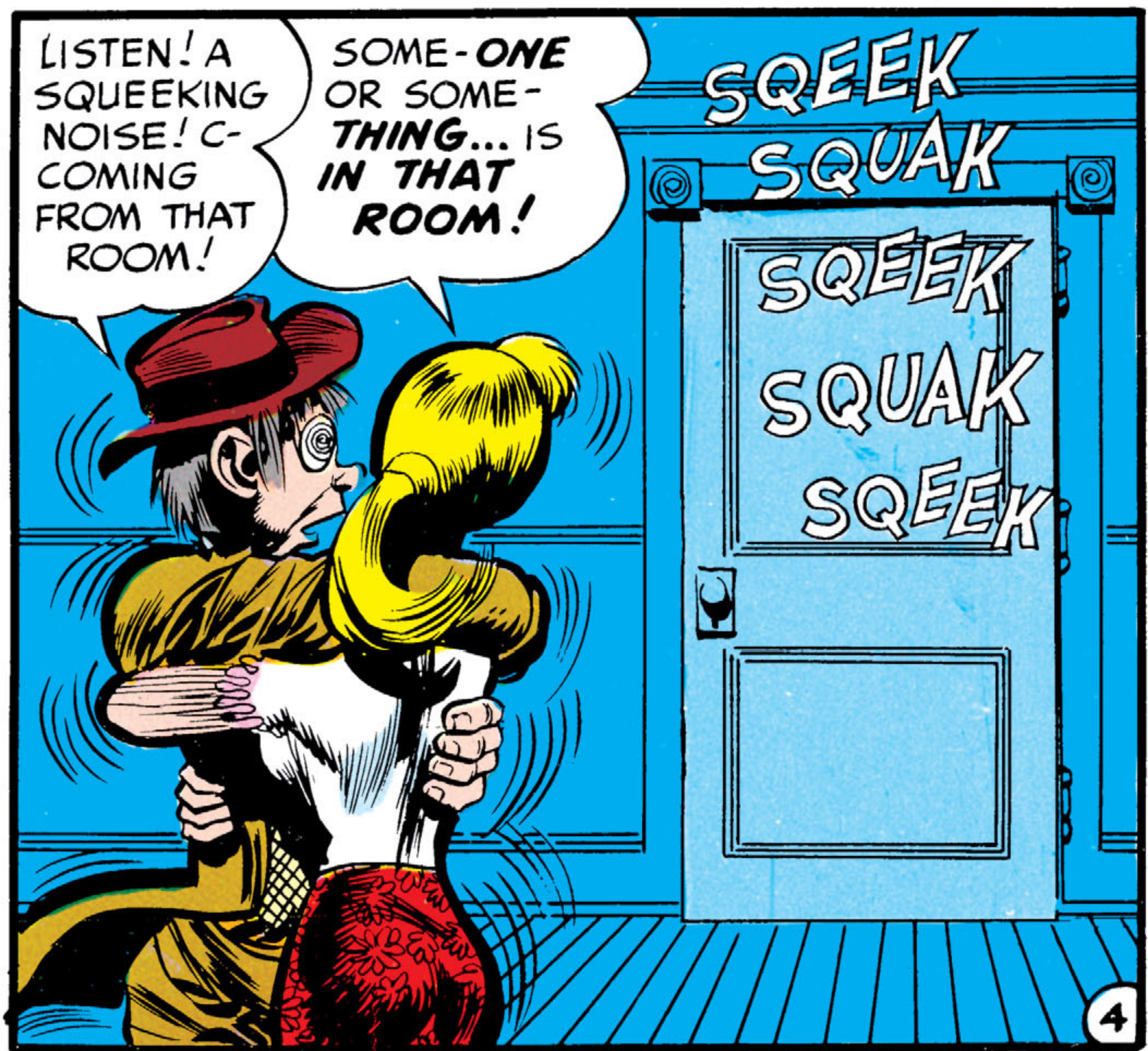
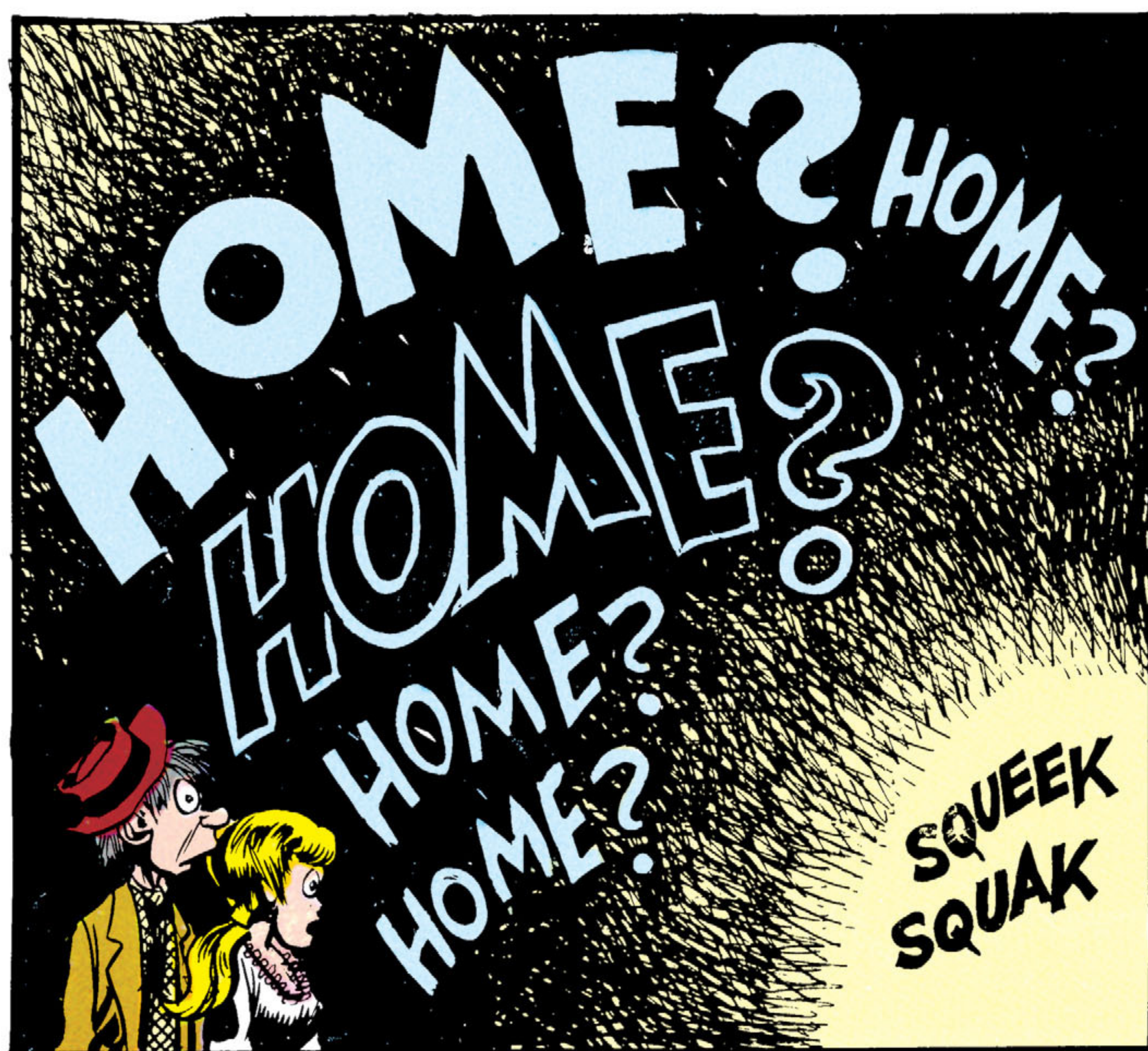
NIGHT...ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!

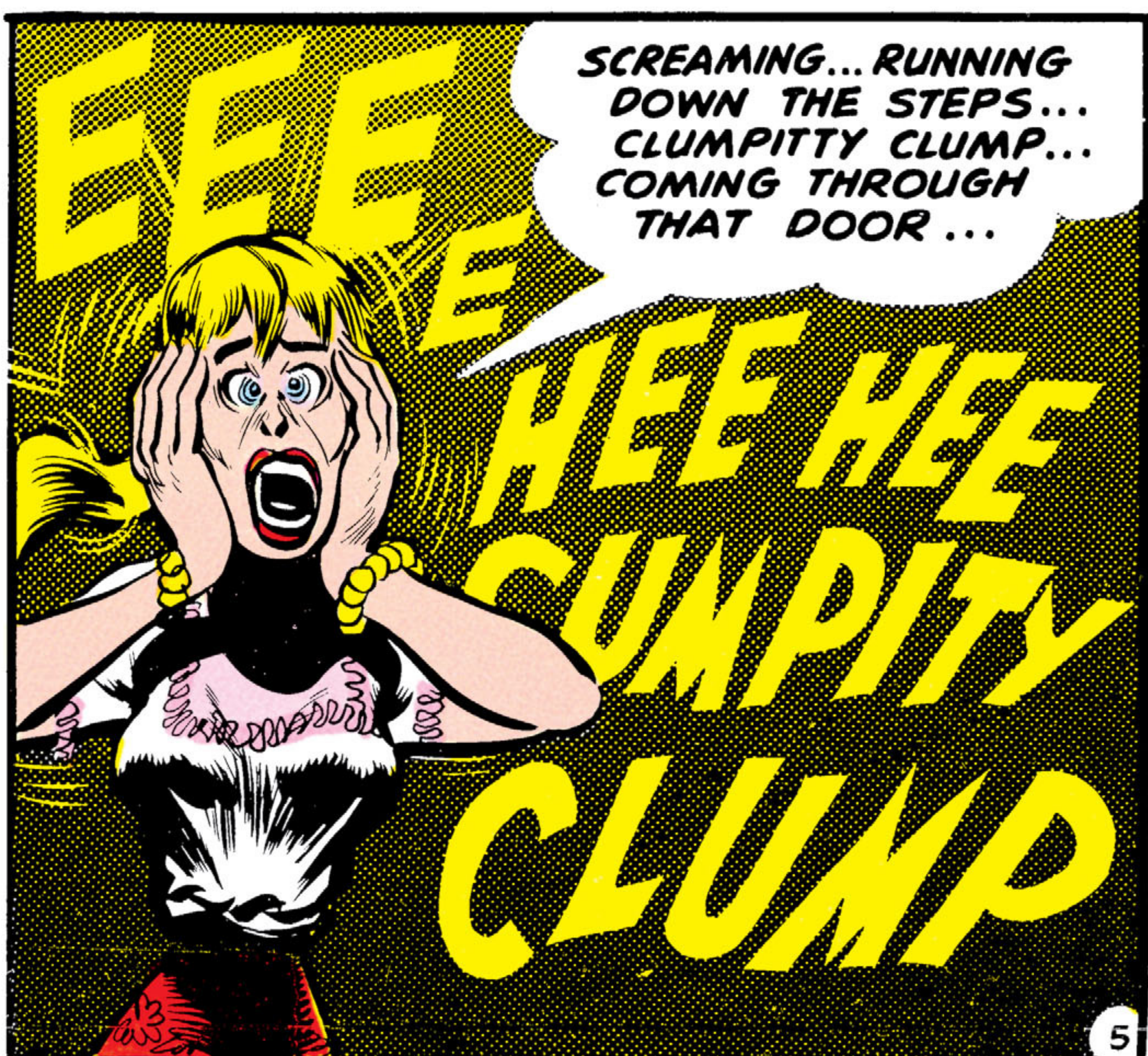
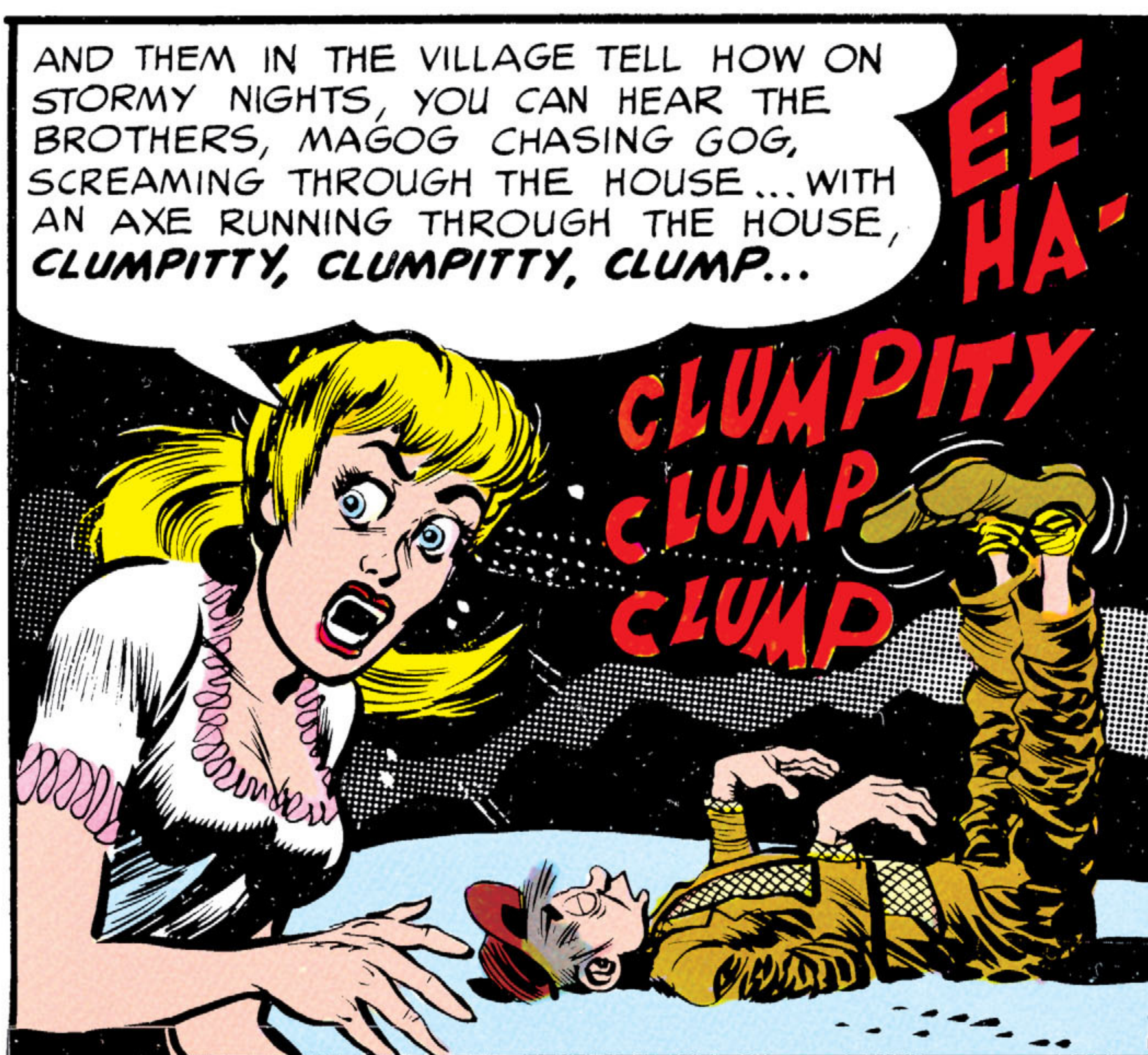
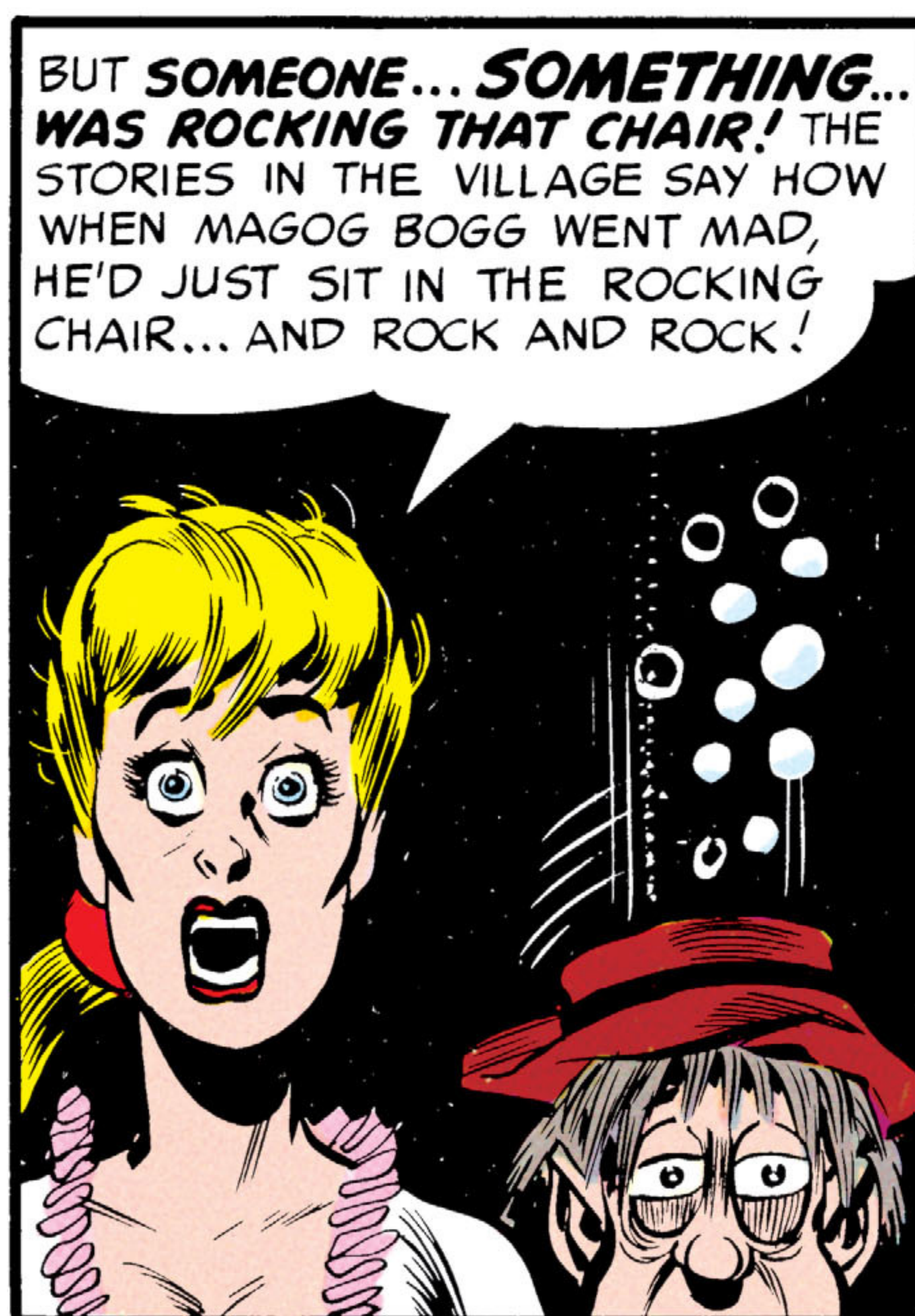
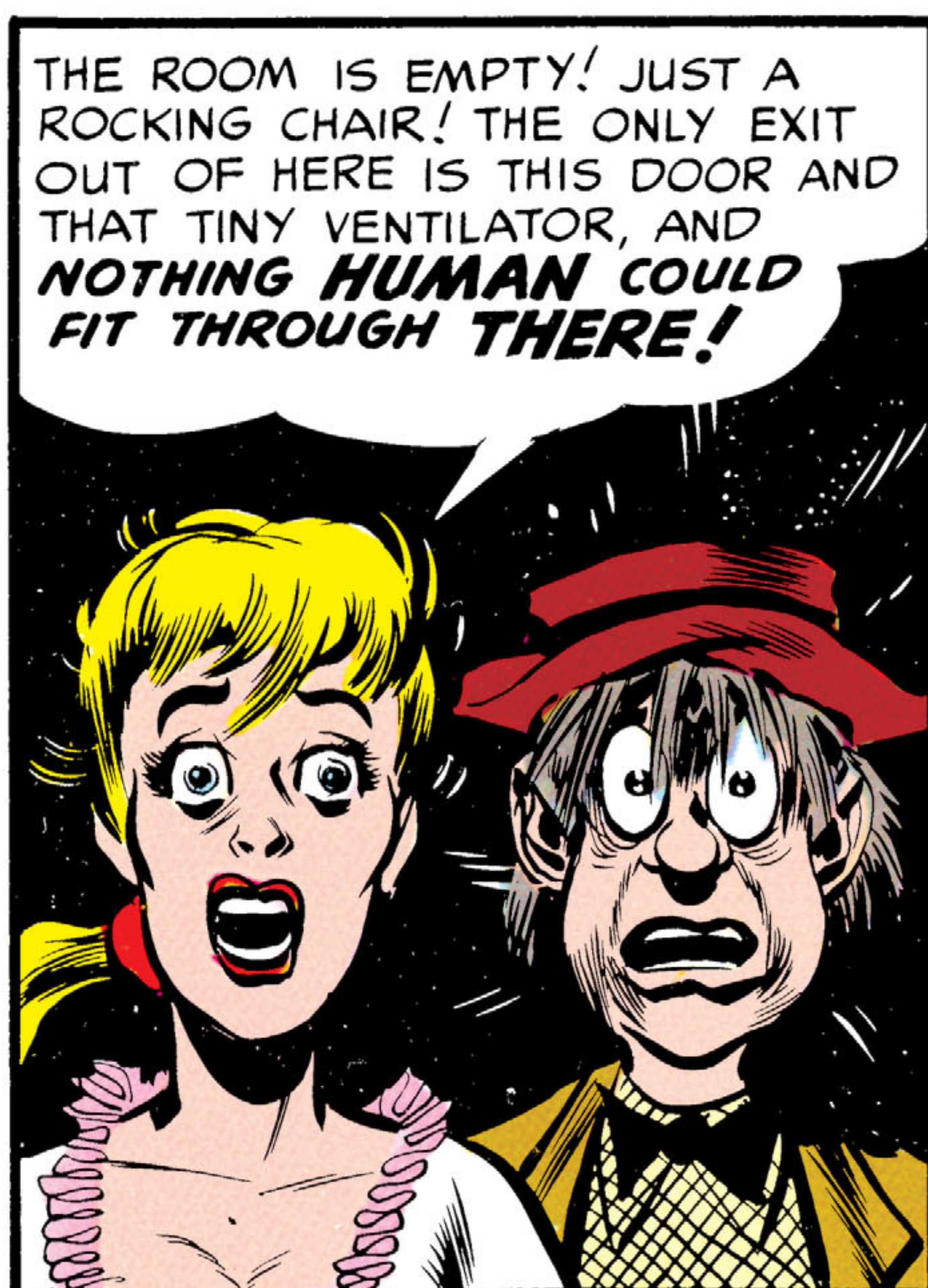
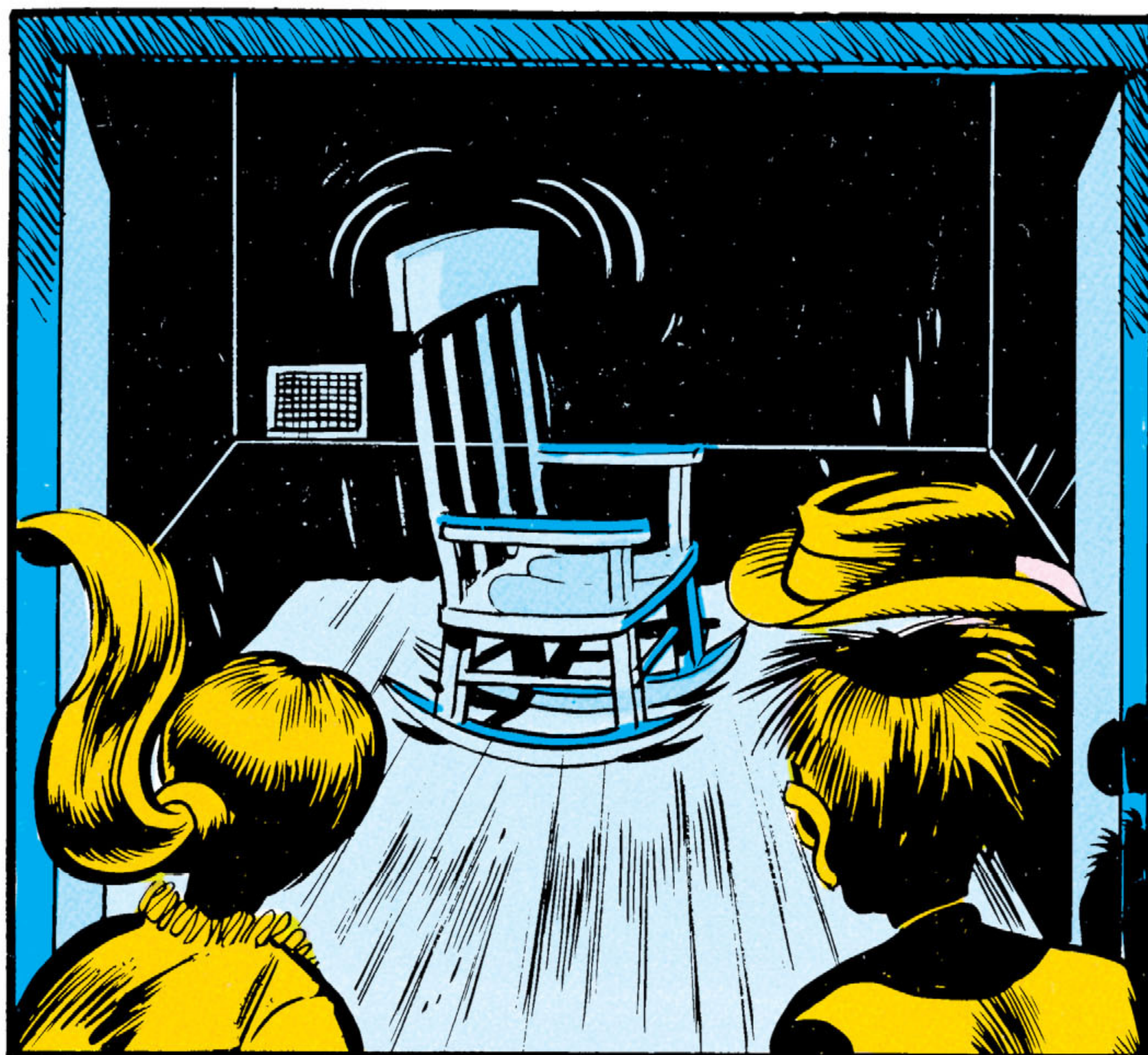
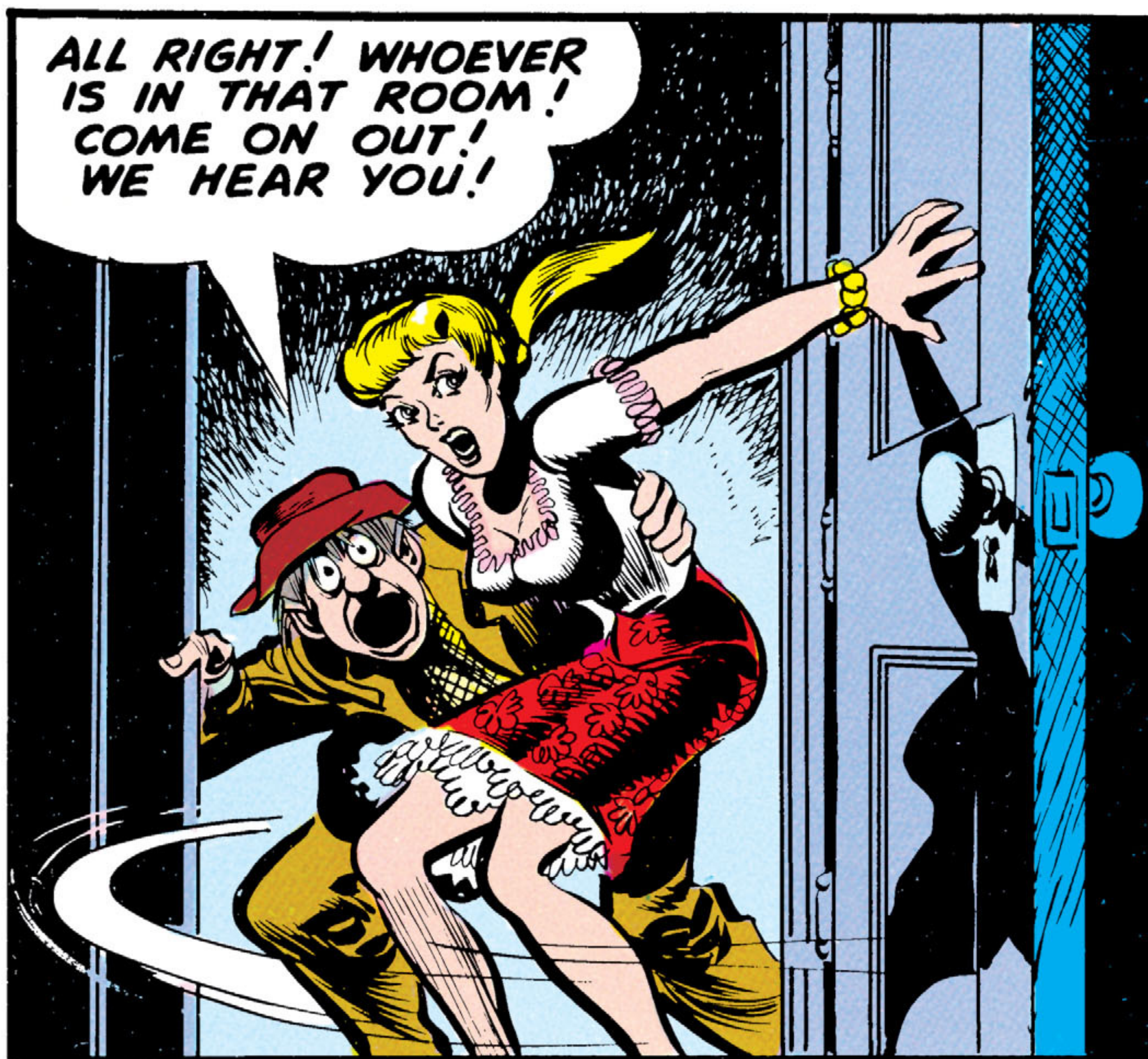
NIGHT!...WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!

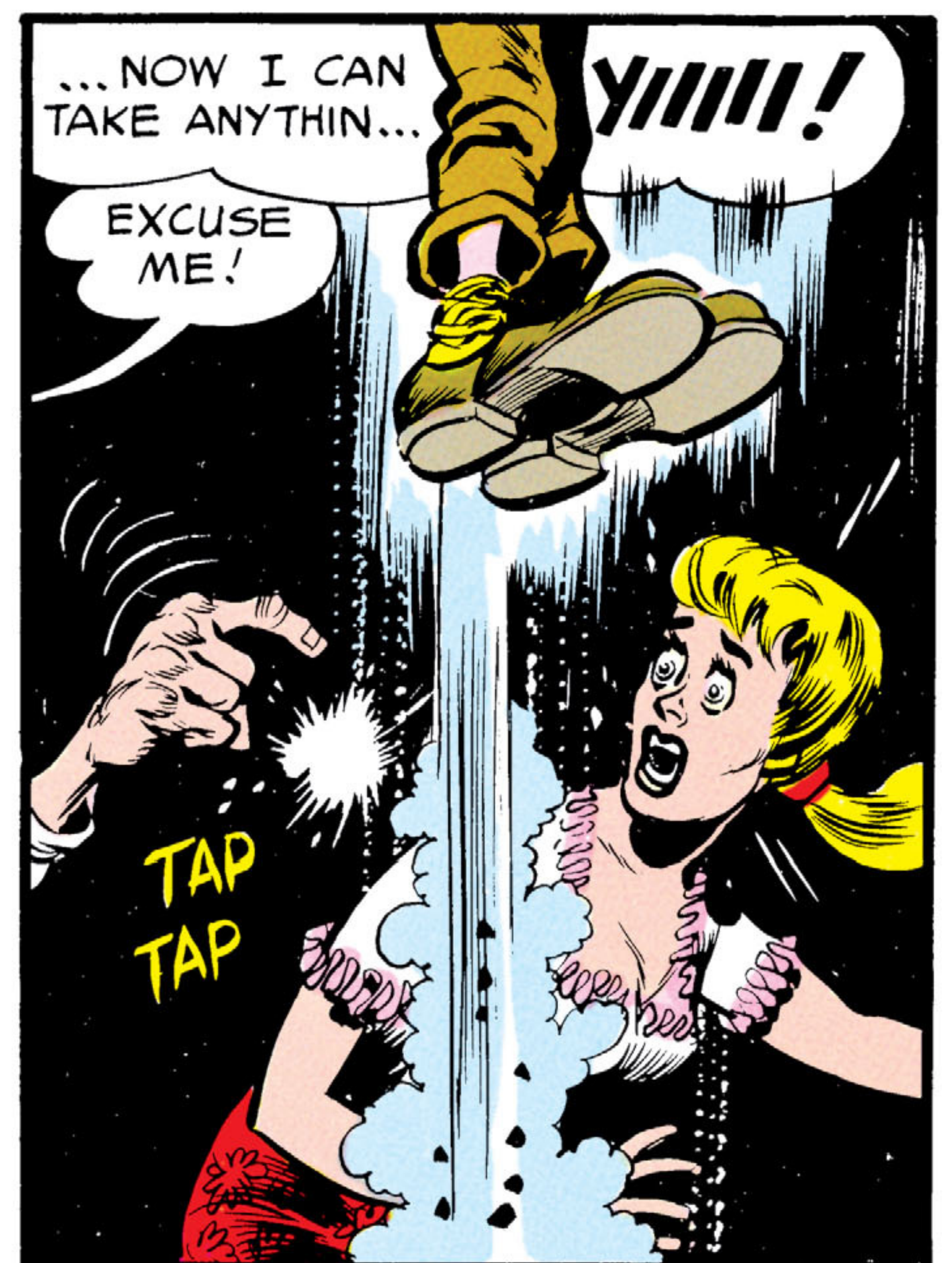
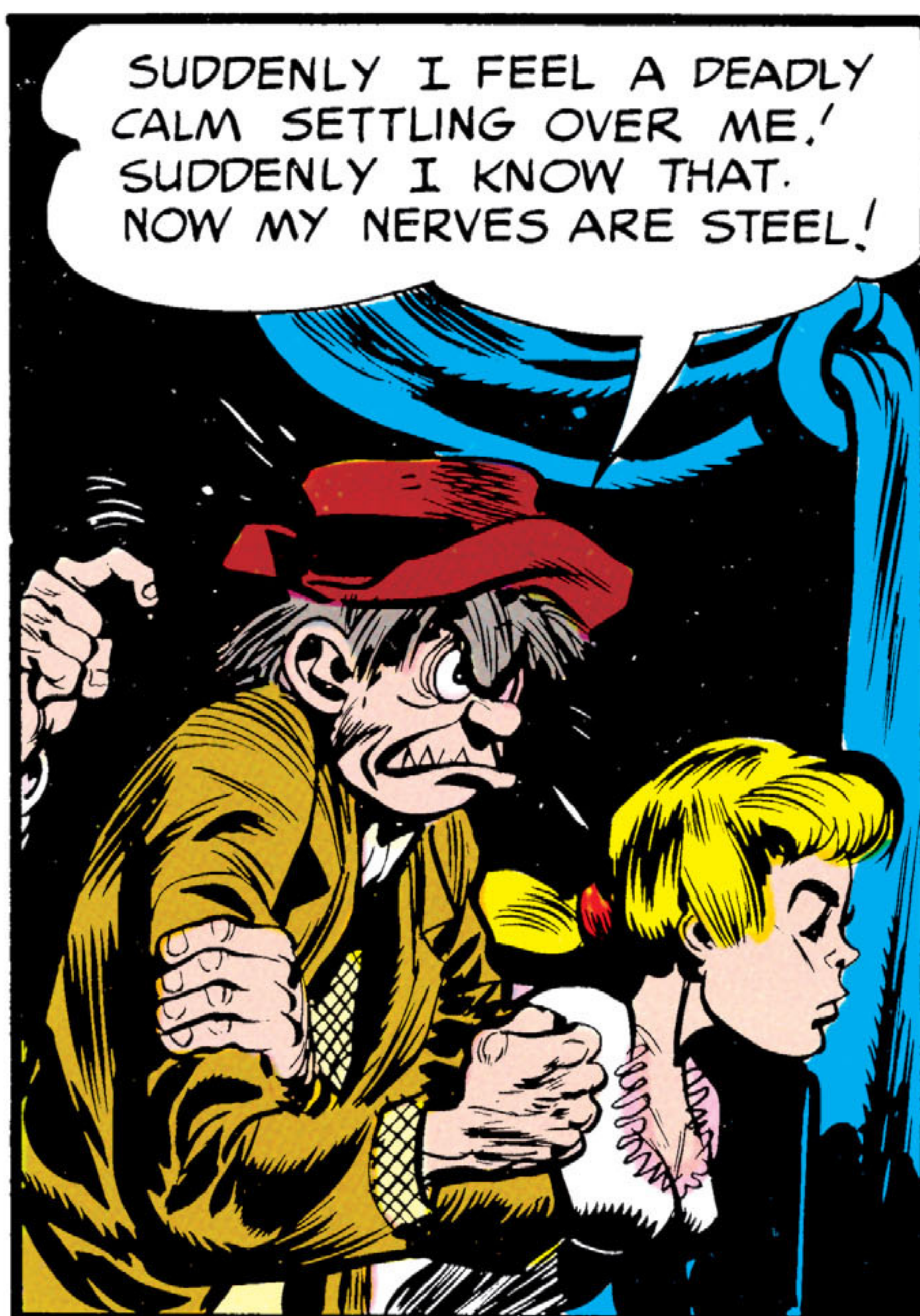
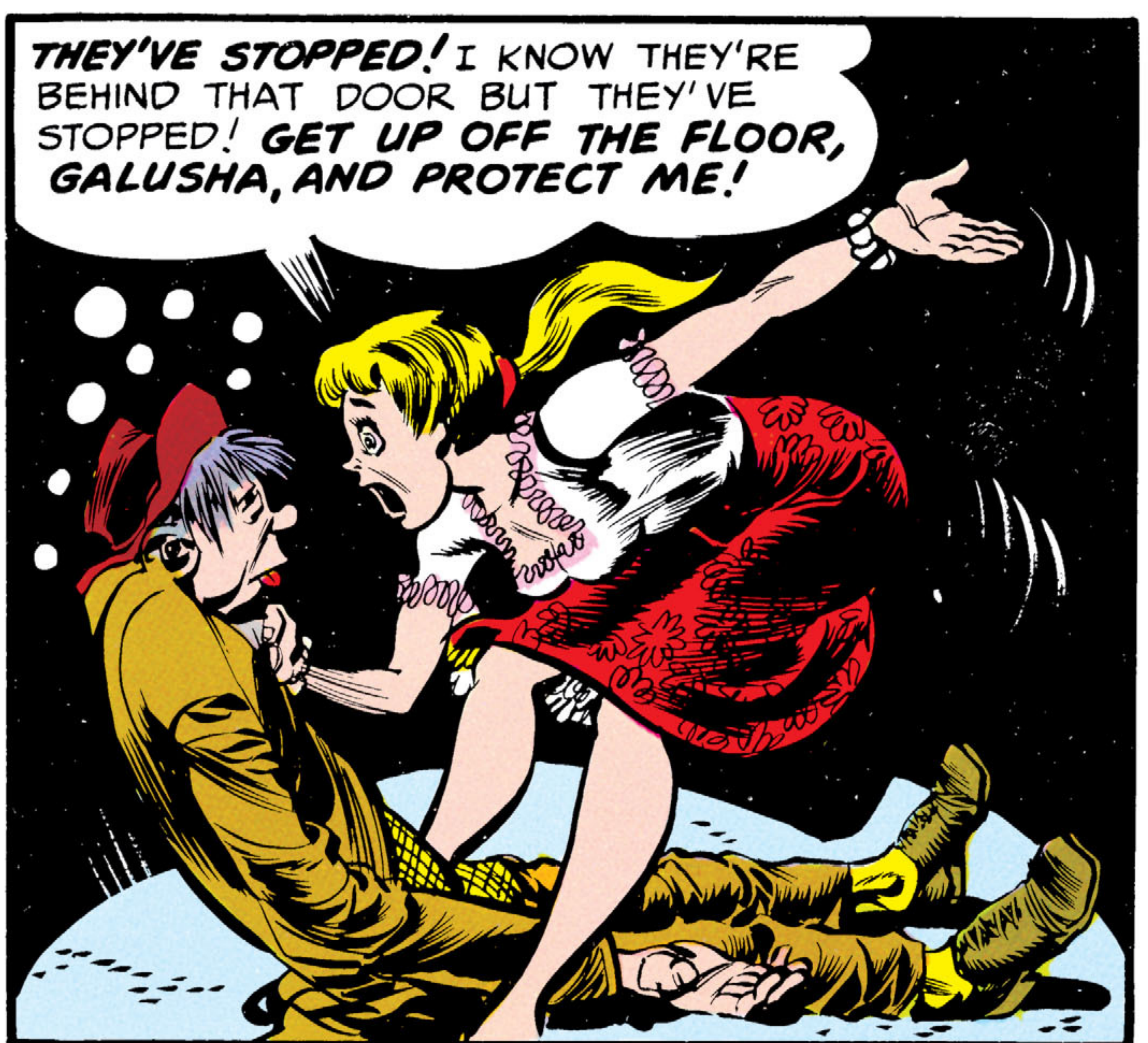


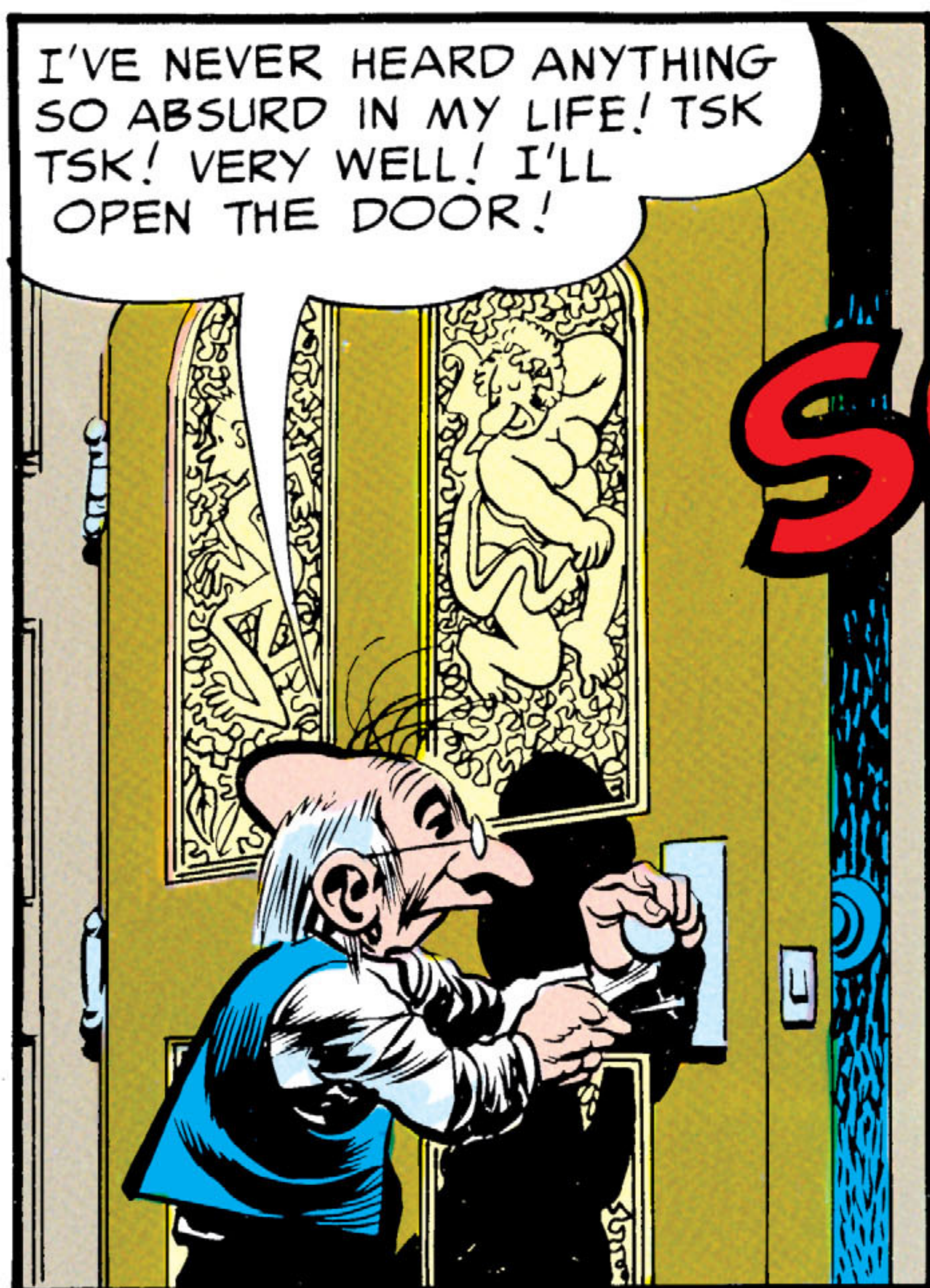




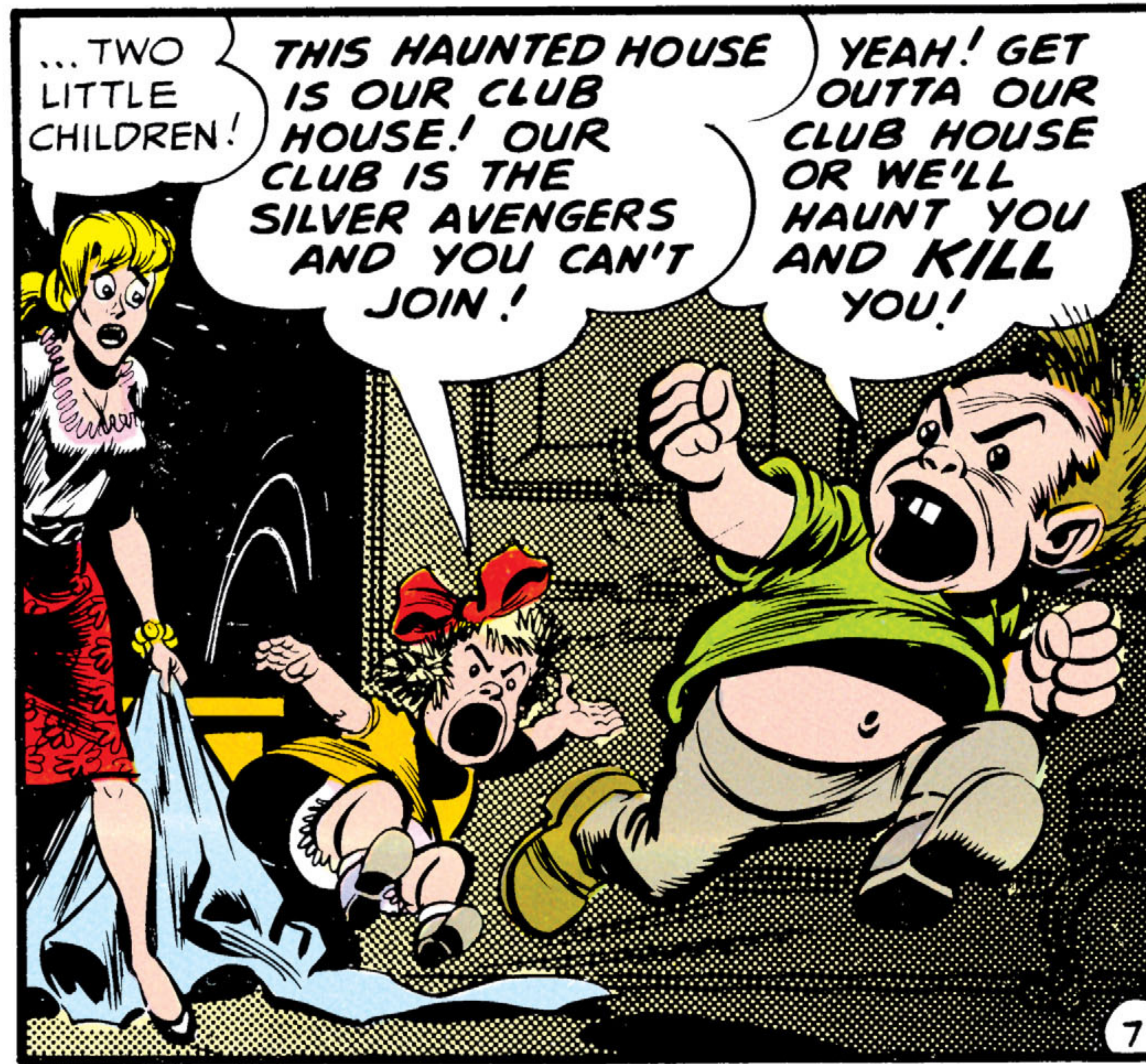
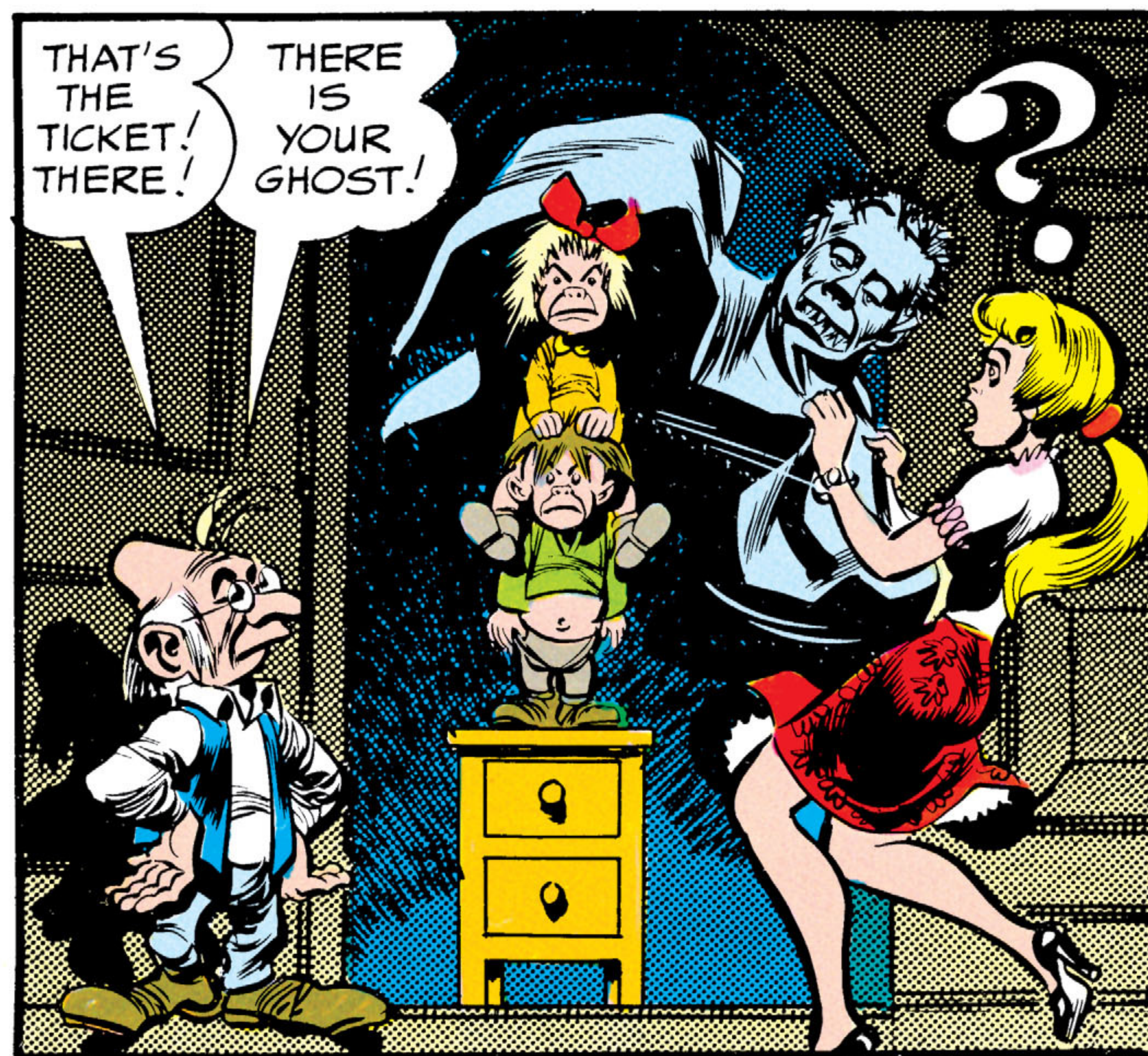
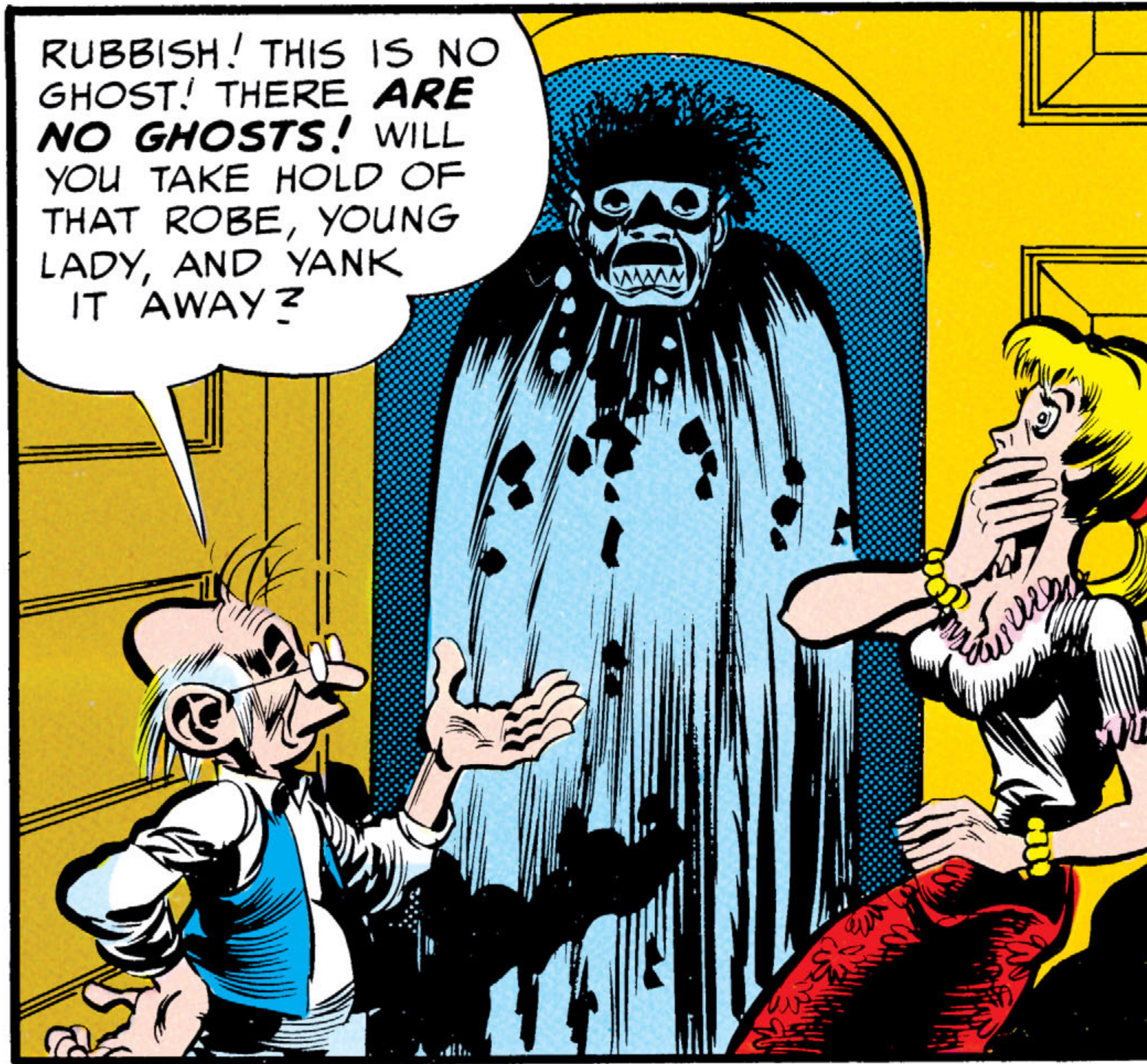
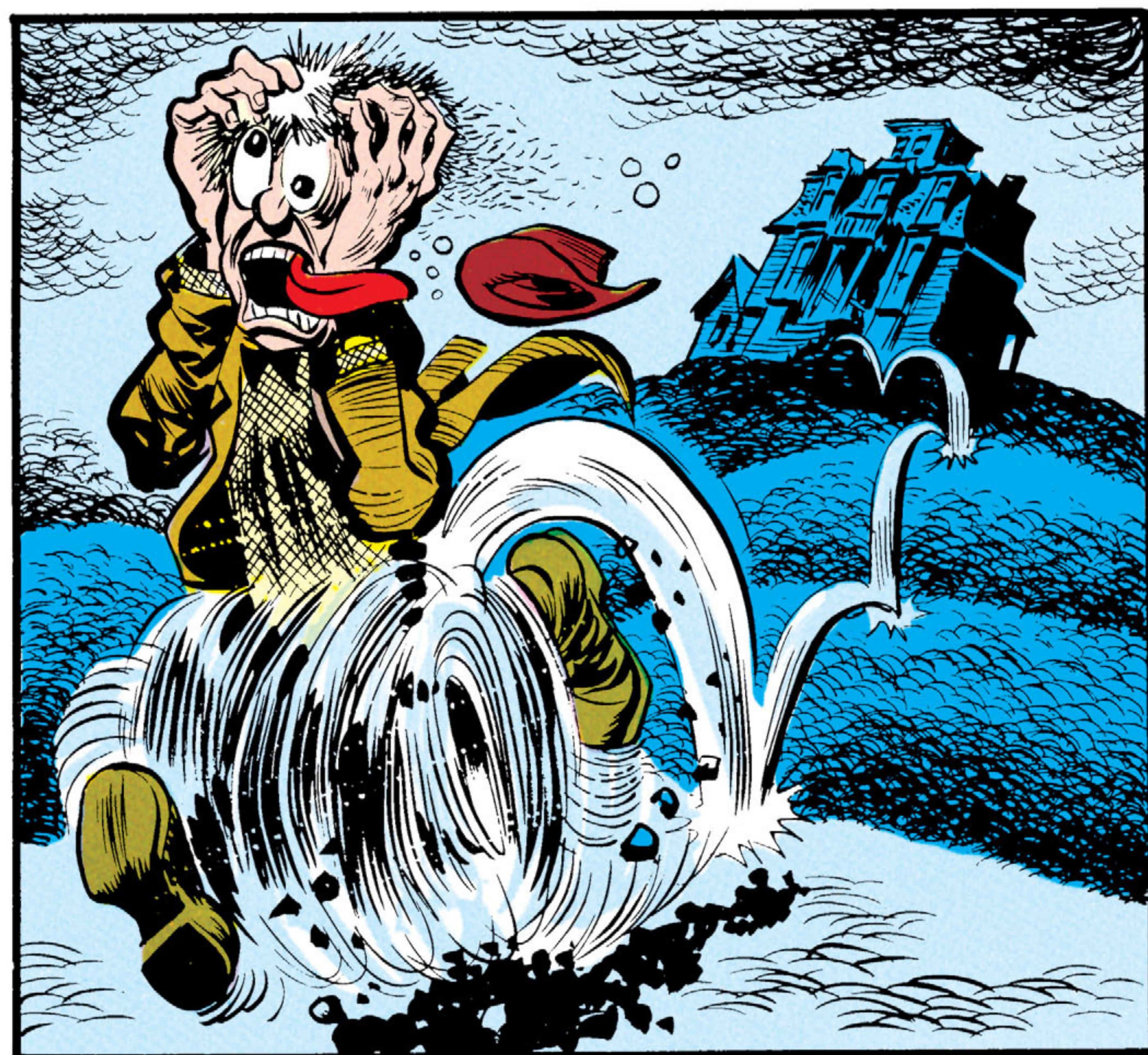
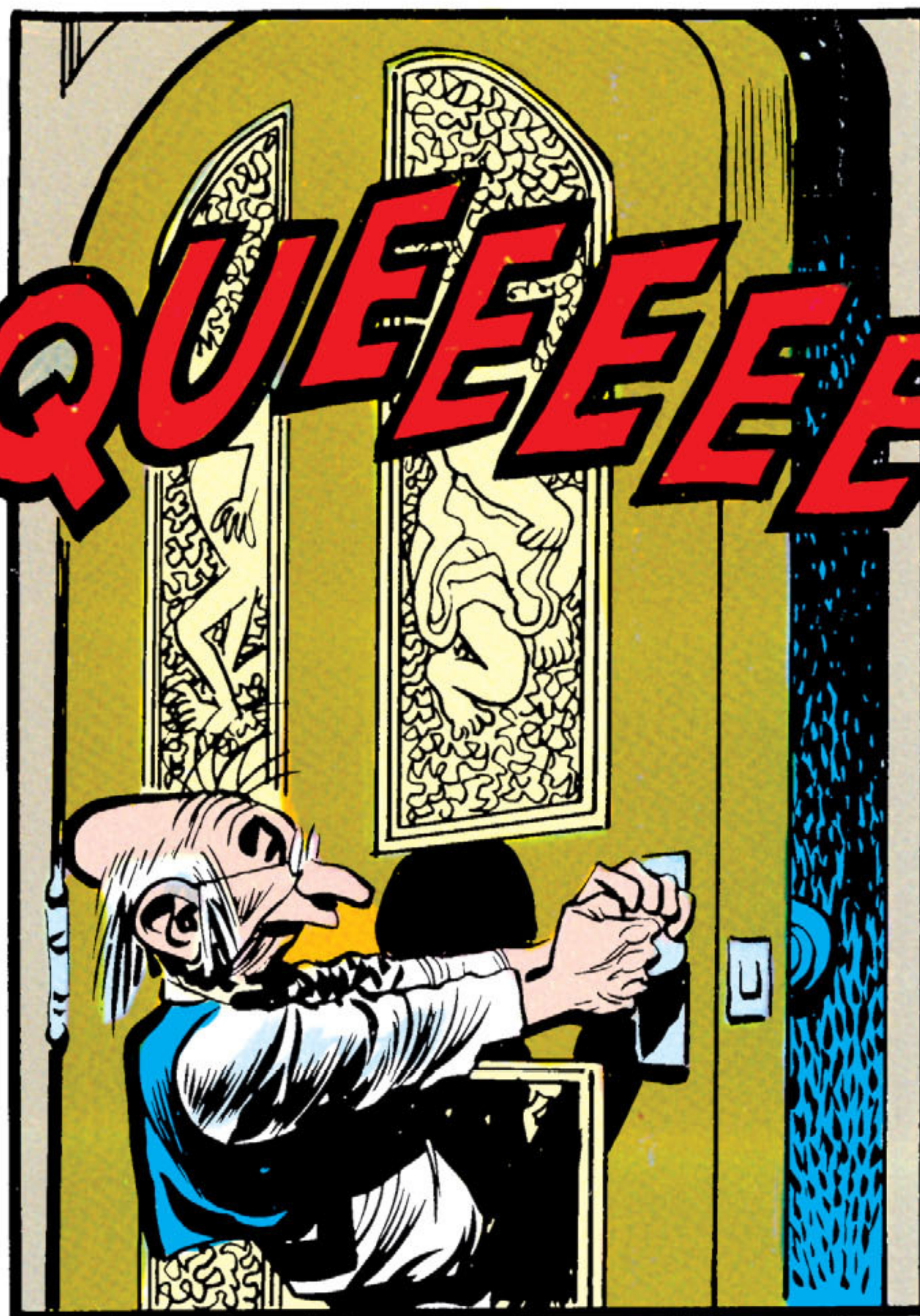


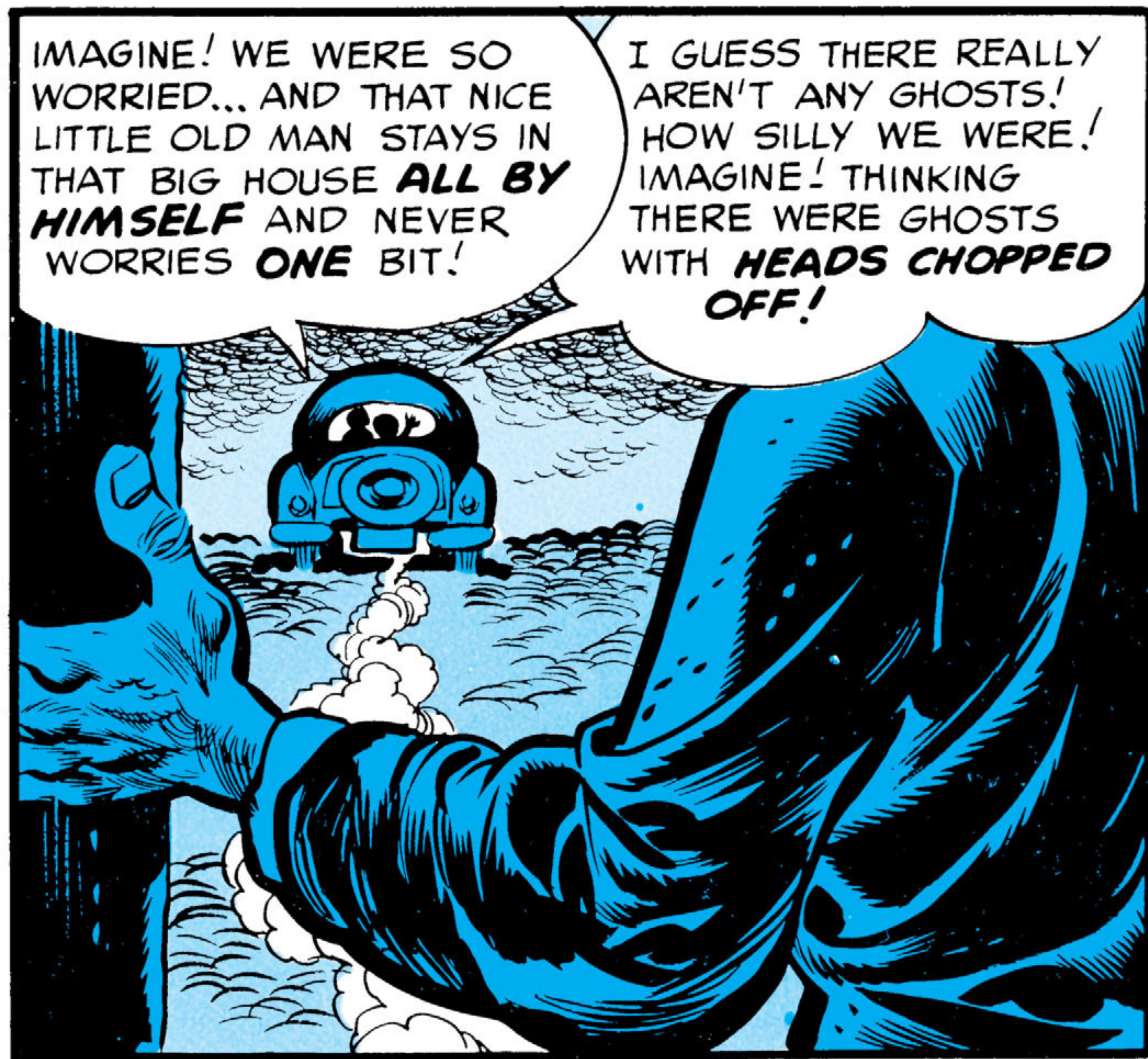
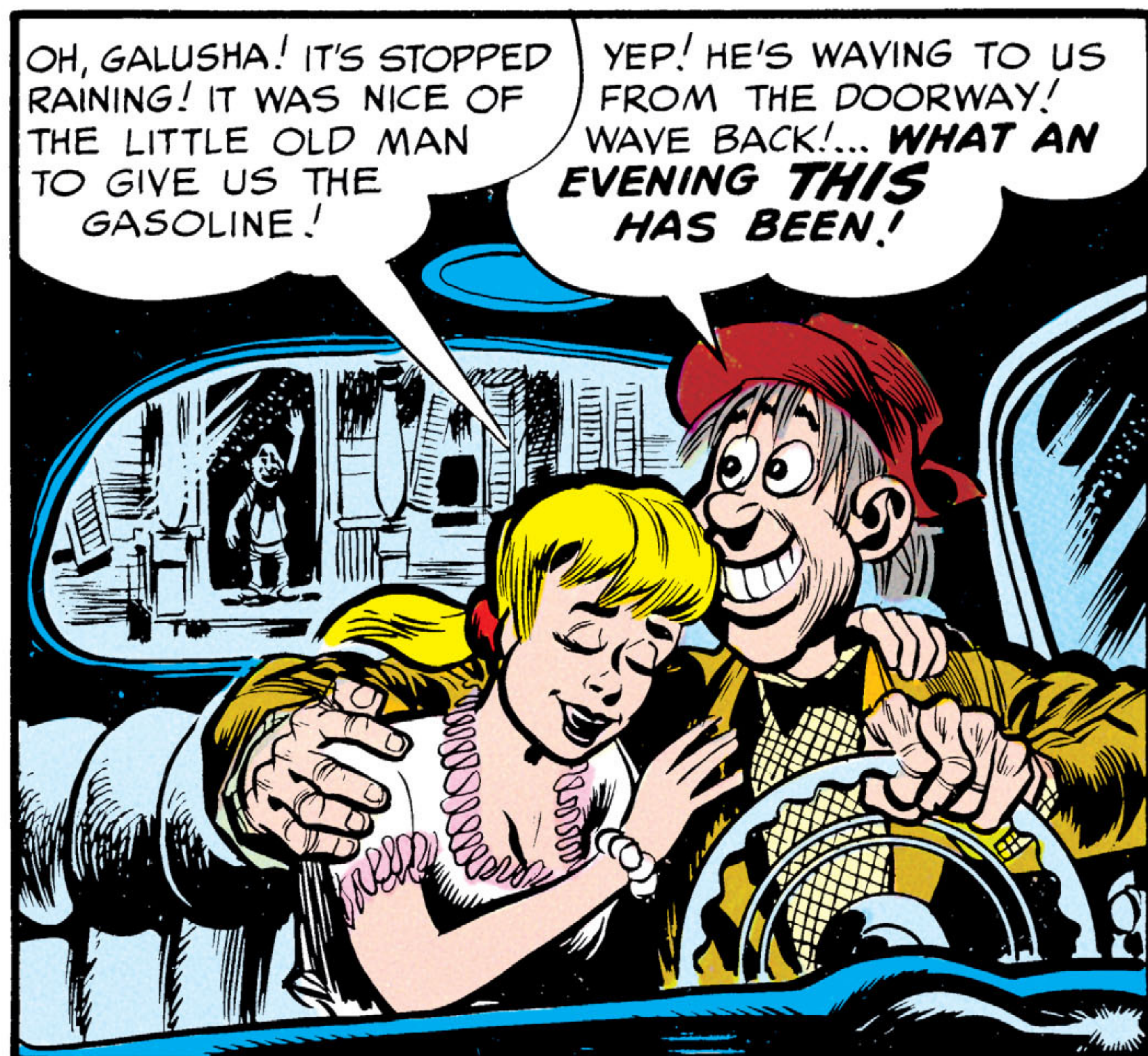
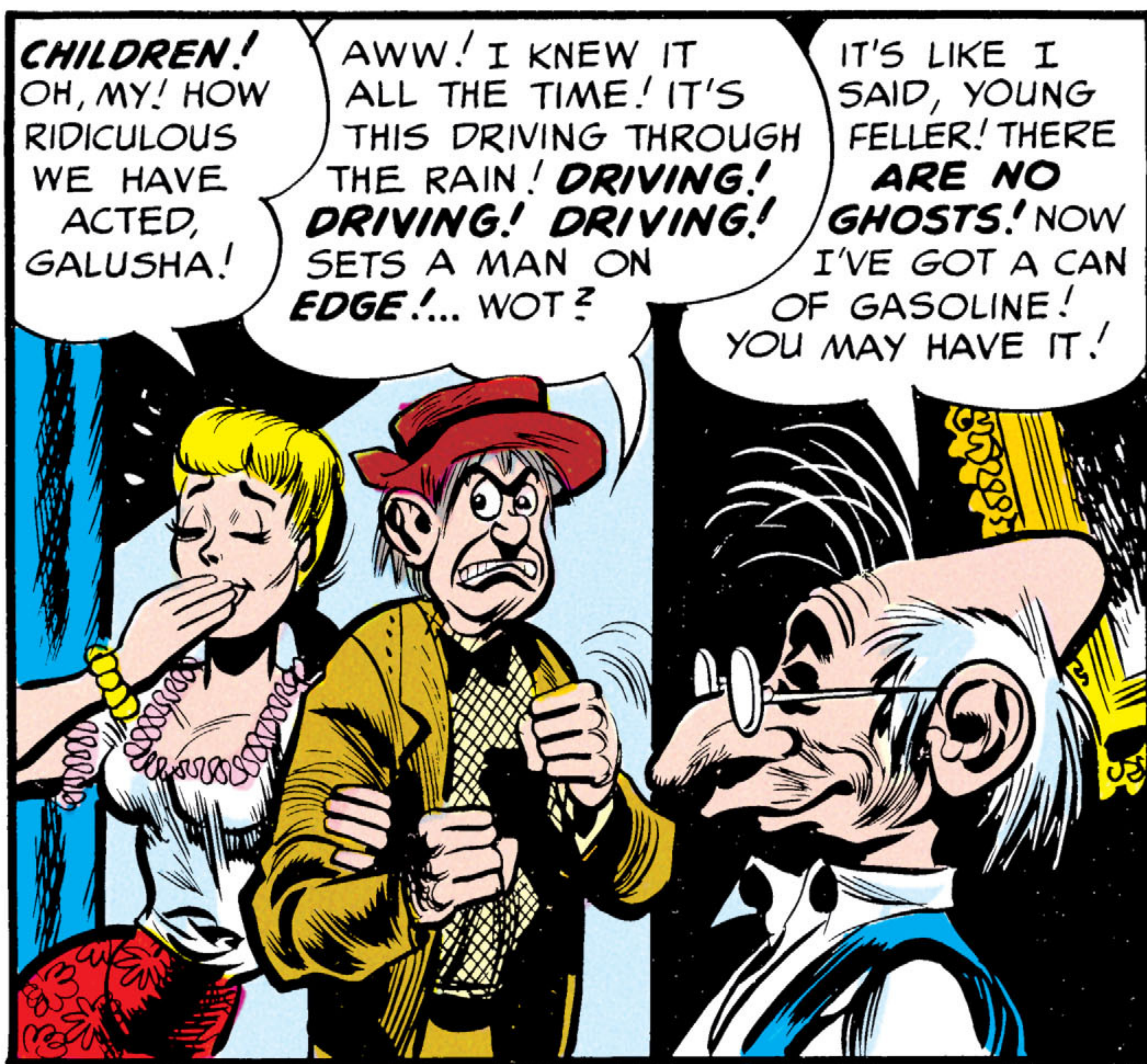
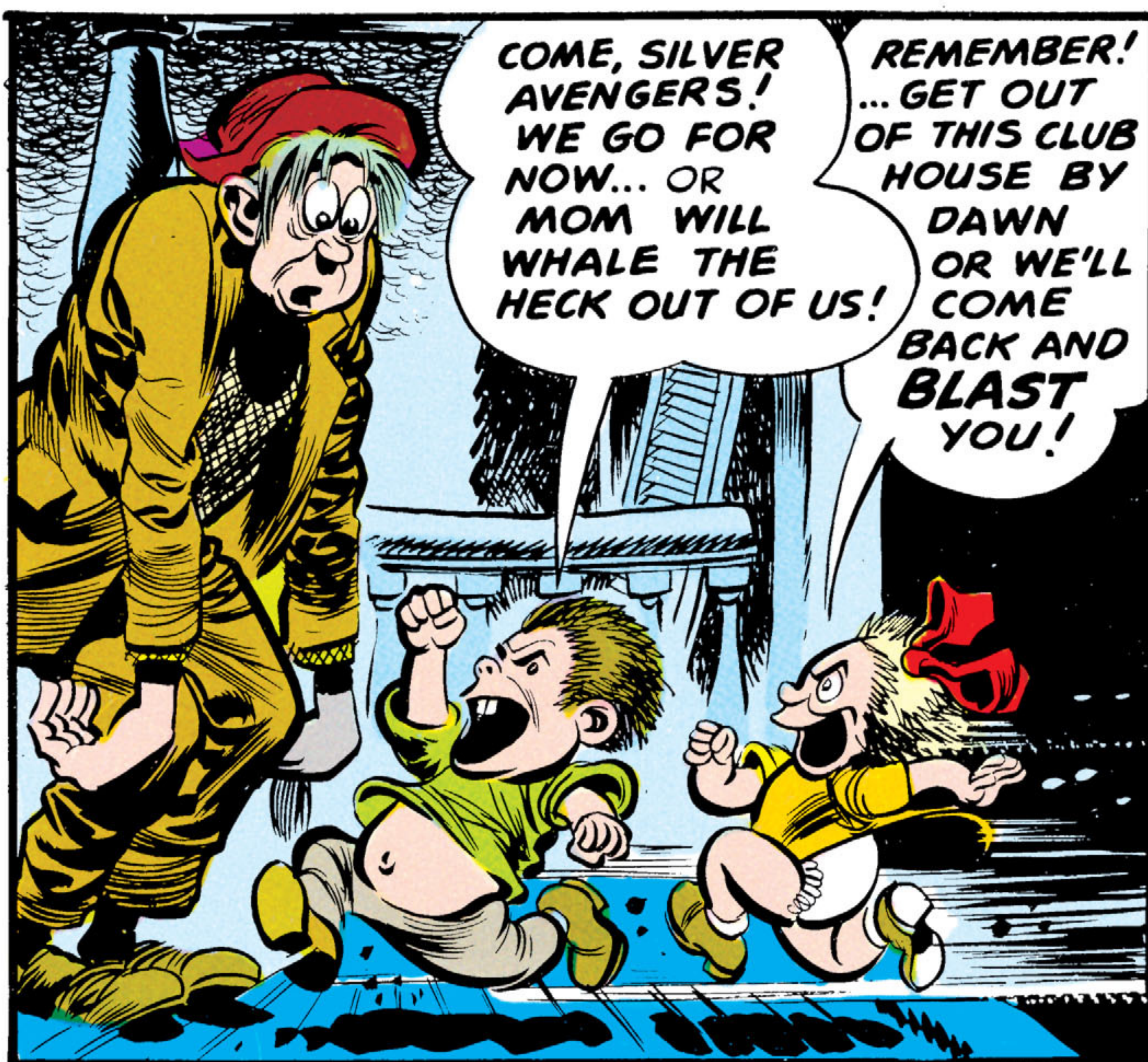






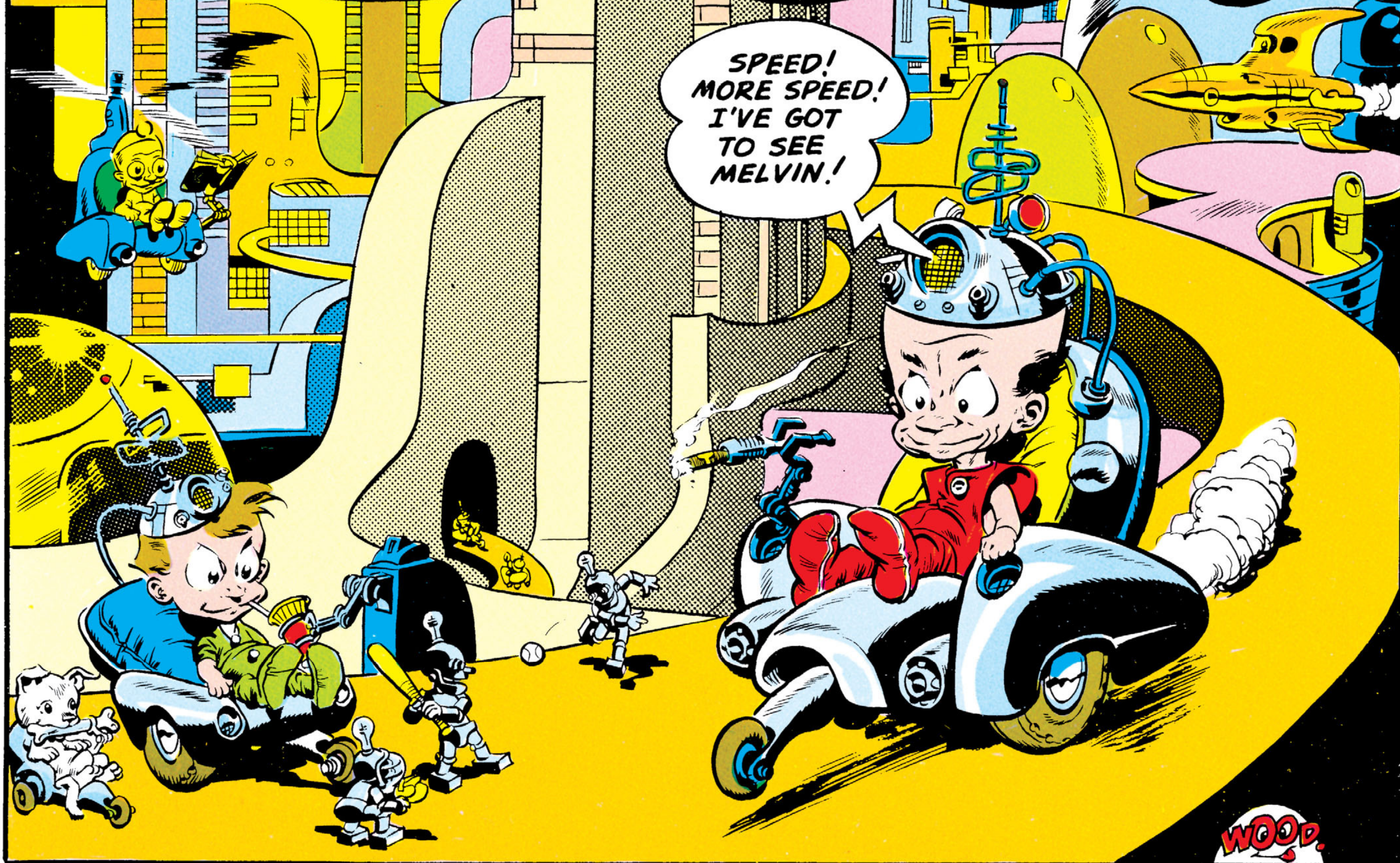
SQUEEEEEEE



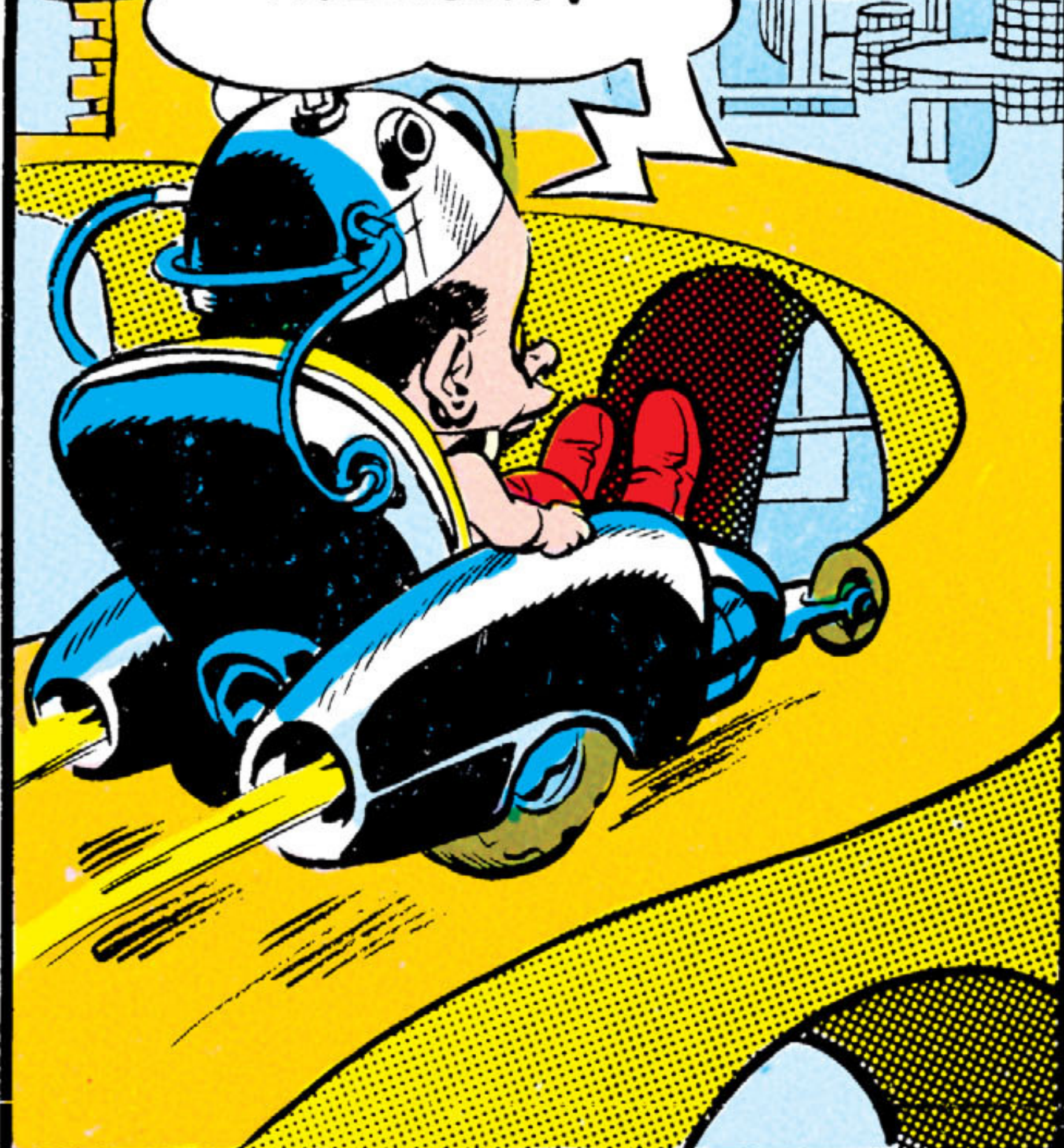


SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.! GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD INTO SPACE, FORWARD INTO TIME! GO FORWARD... 1952! 1962! 1982! GO! GO TO 1,000,000 A.D.! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! BACK UP A LITTLE! LOOK! THE EARTH! A MASS OF STEELY CITIES AND MEN! MEN? NO! NOT REALLY MEN! MORE LIKE ...

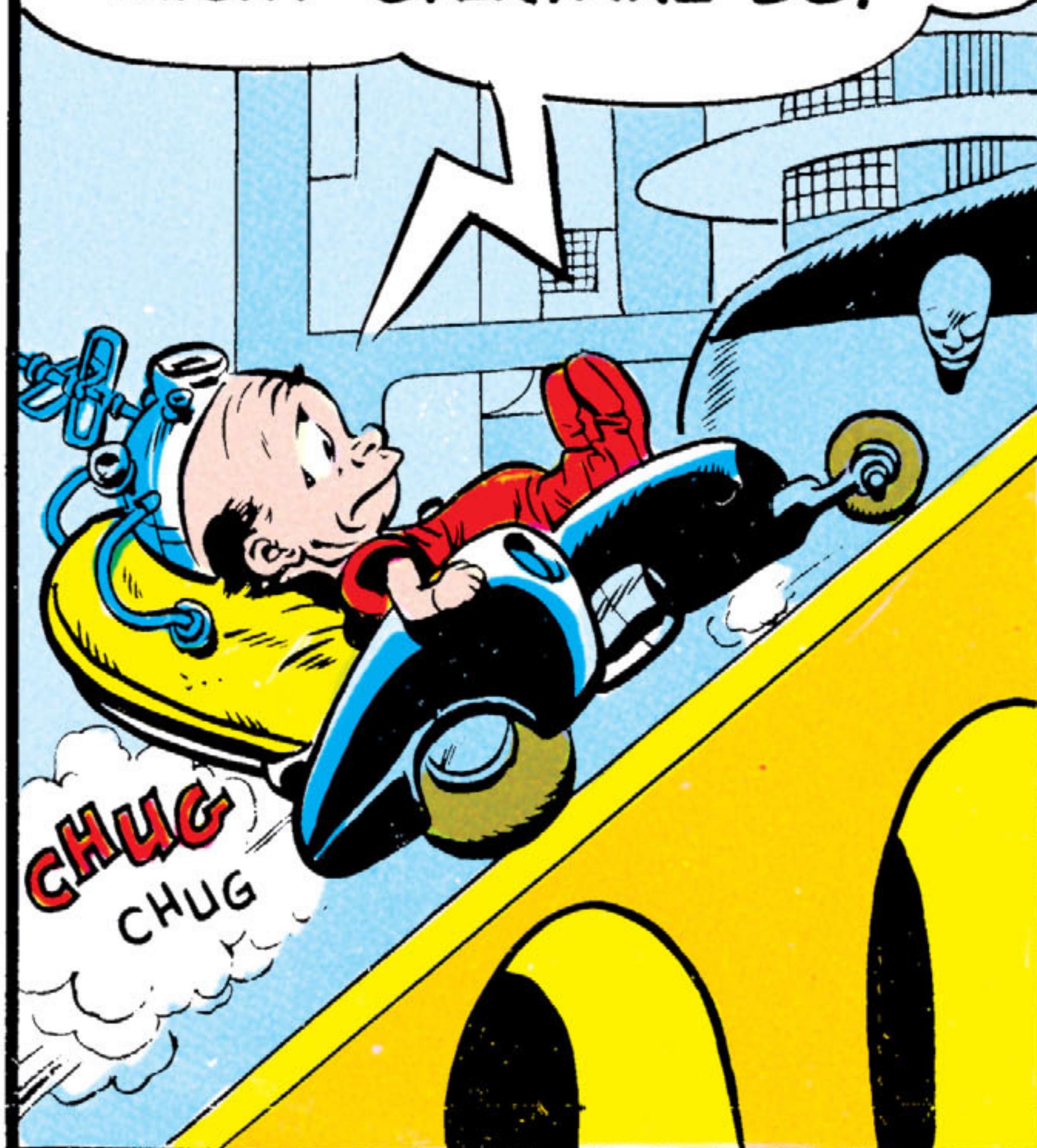
BLOBS!



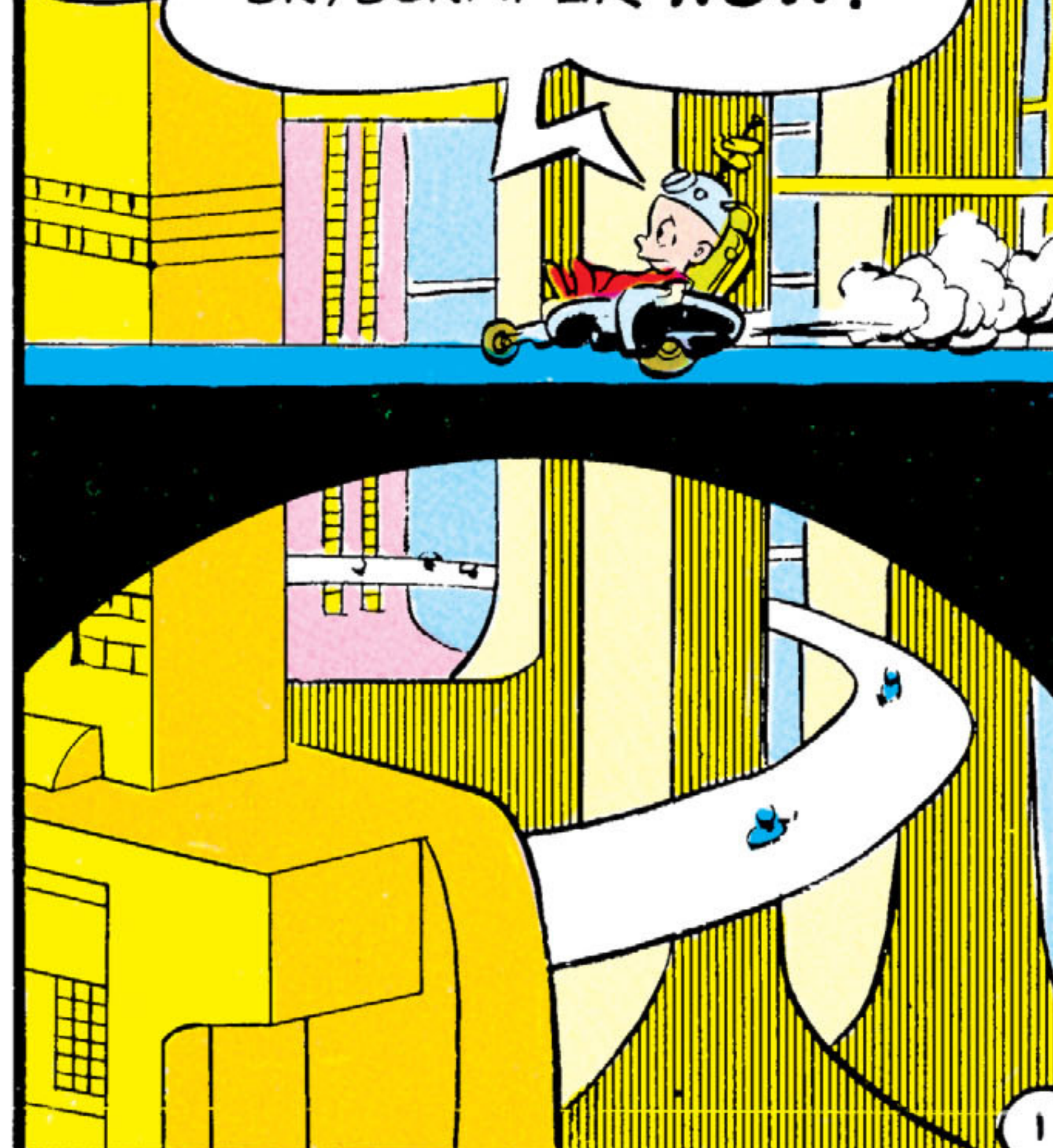
MELVIN, MY FRIEND! HE IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVE MINDS AROUND TODAY! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM MY **HORRIBLE THOUGHT!**

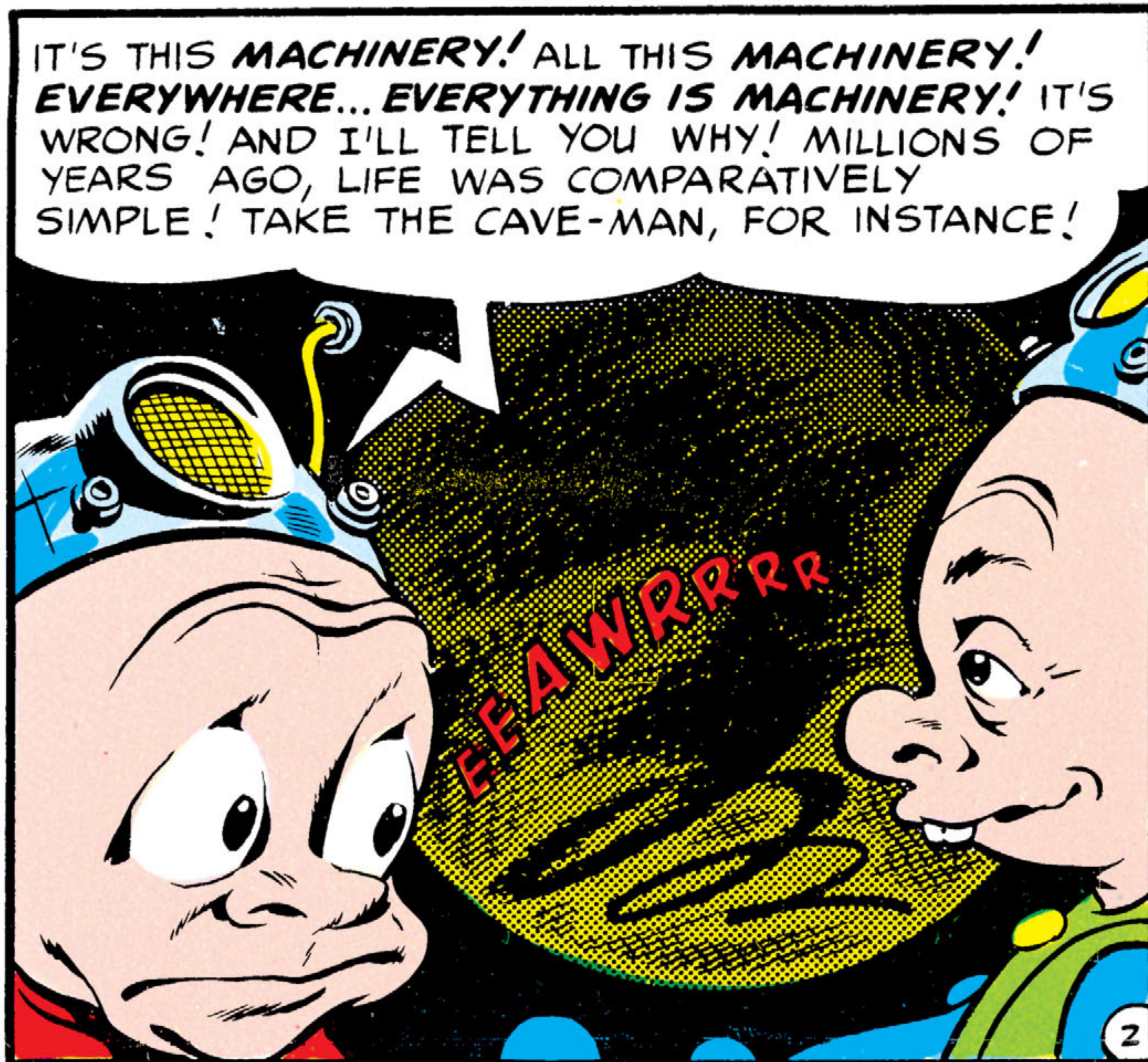
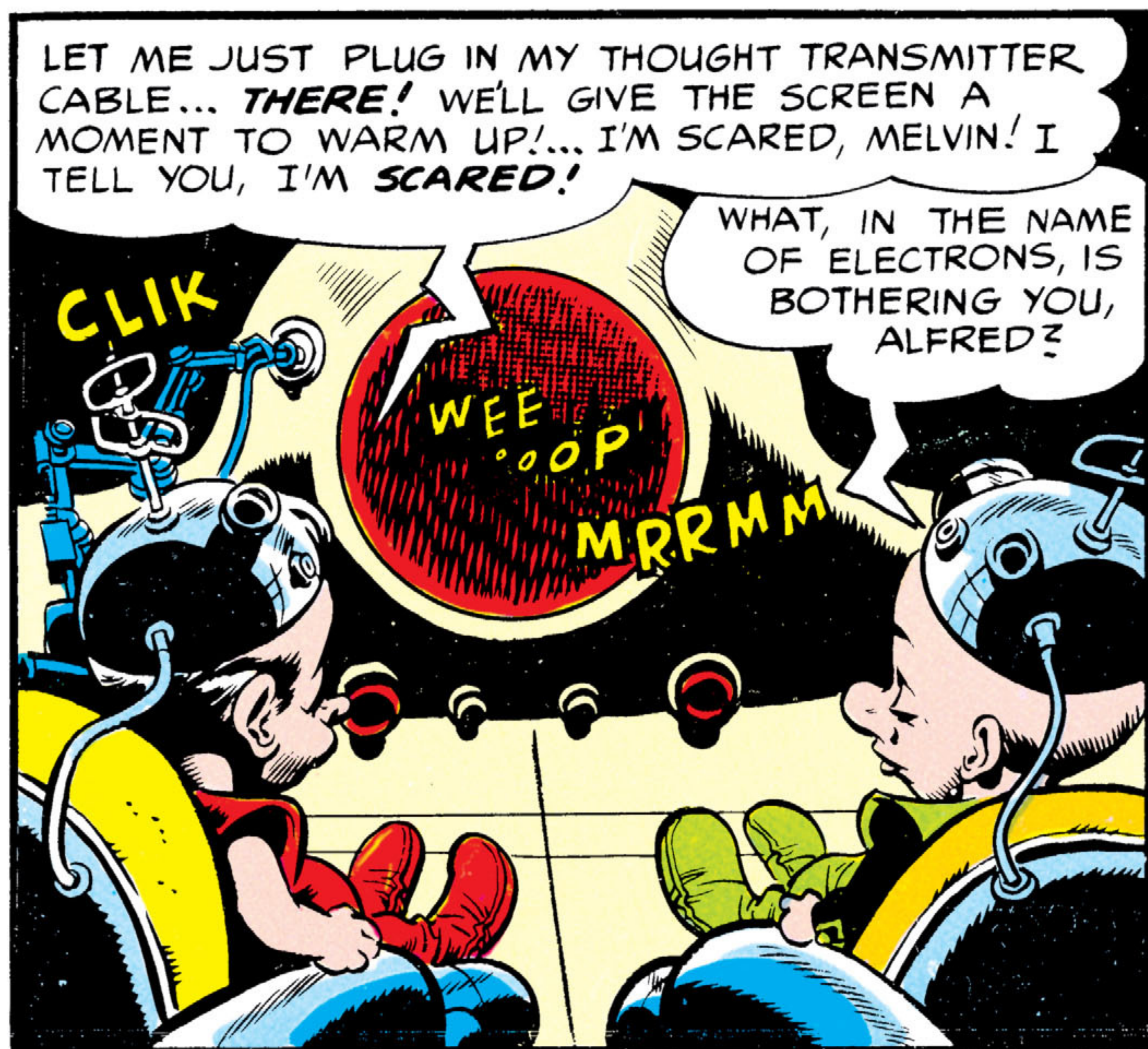
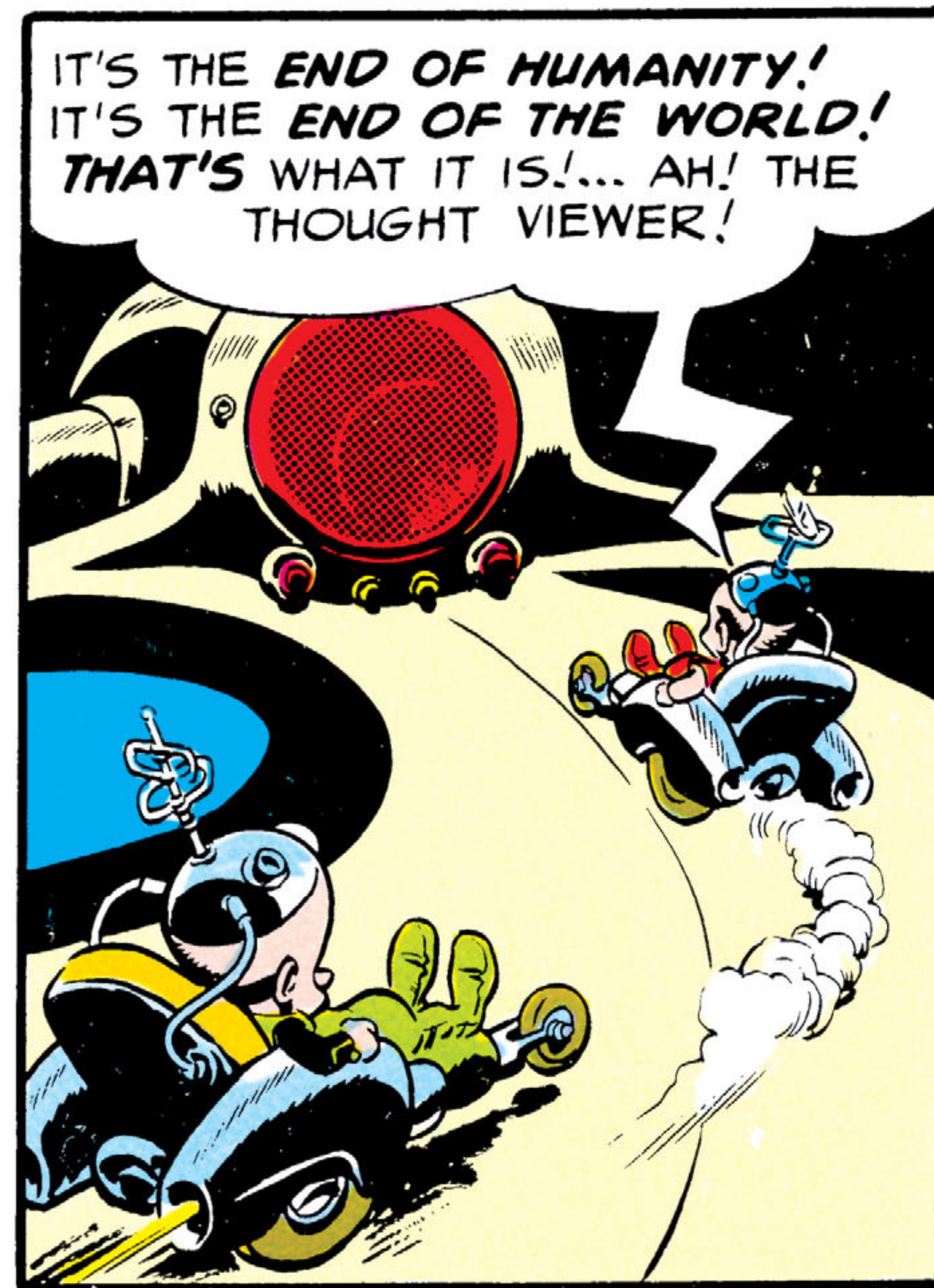
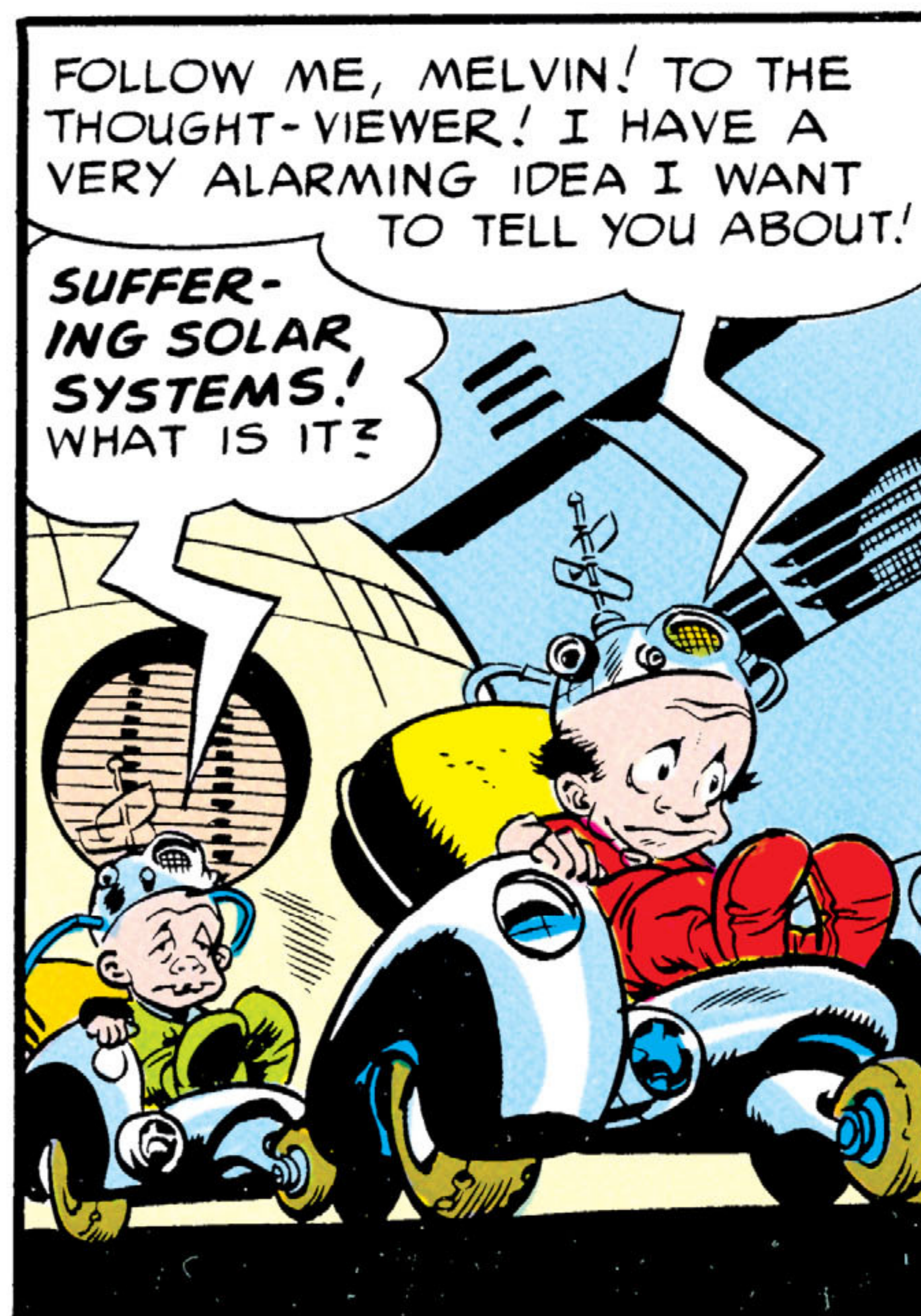
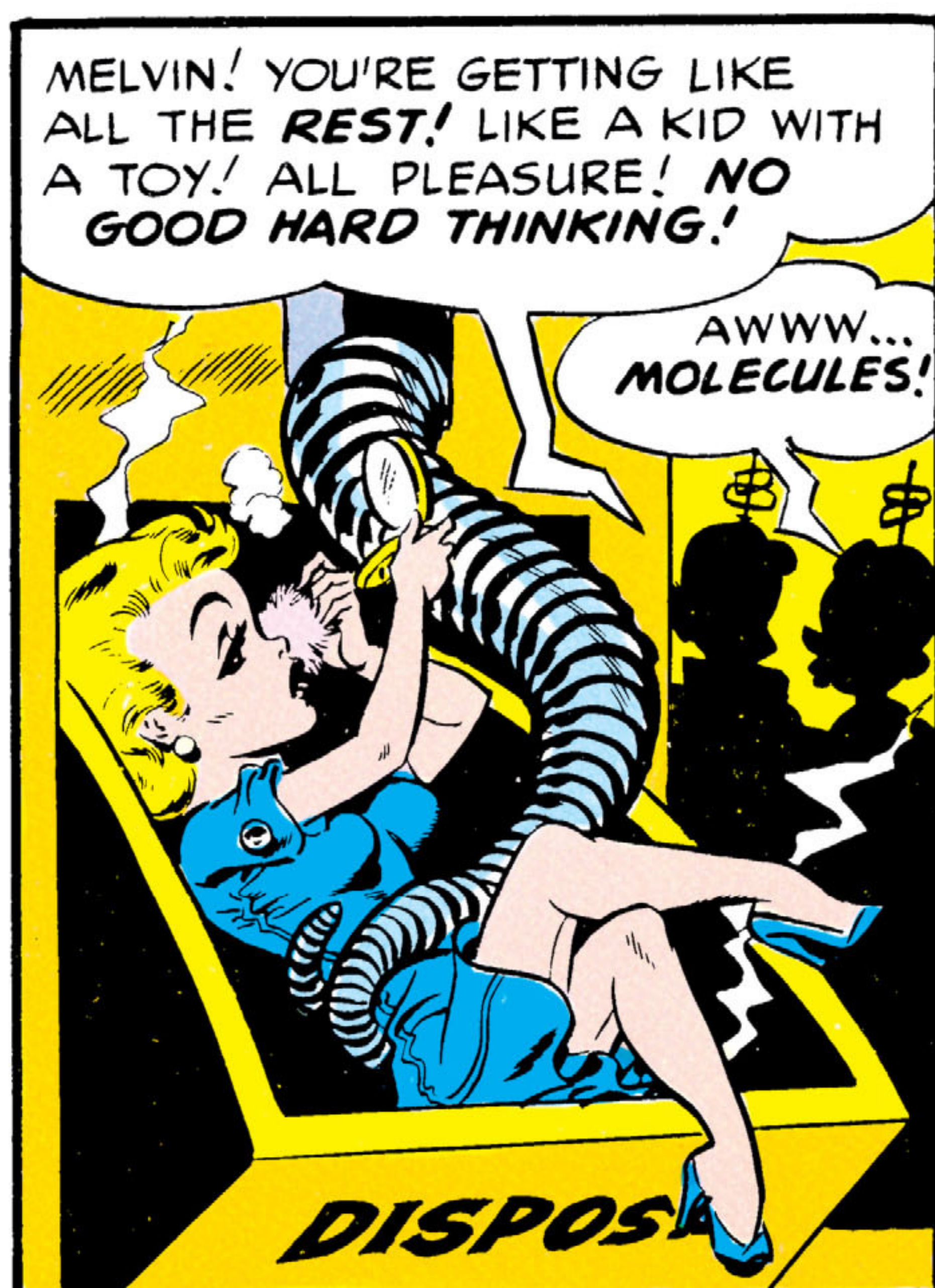
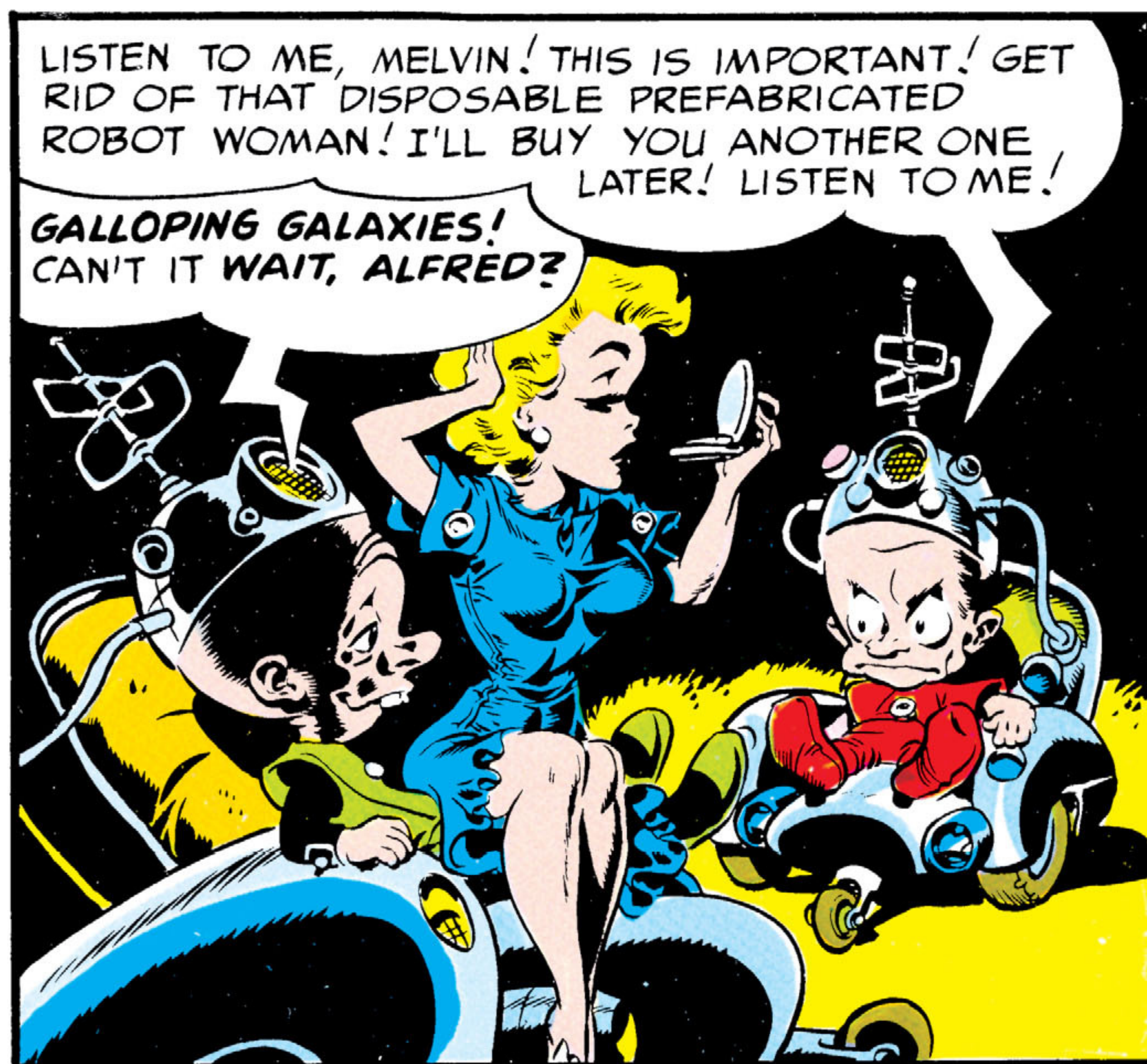
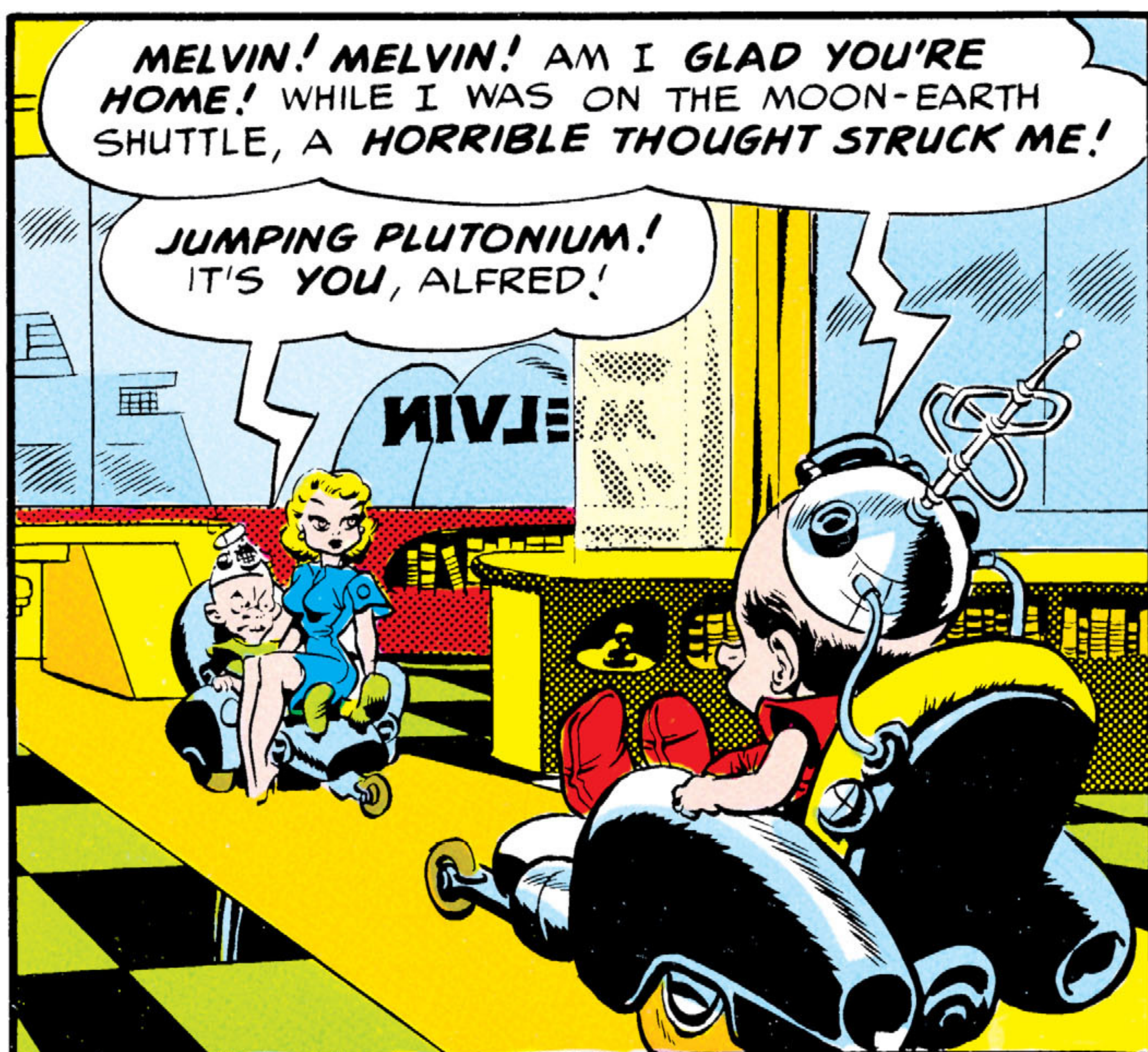


MELVIN, MY BUDDY! ONE OF THE RARE BRAINS THAT STILL THINKS! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM OF THE **CALAMITY** THAT MIGHT OVERTAKE US!



MELVIN, MY PAL! HE WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM THINKING! HE WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME! AAAH... THERE'S MELVIN'S **SKYSCRAPER NOW!**

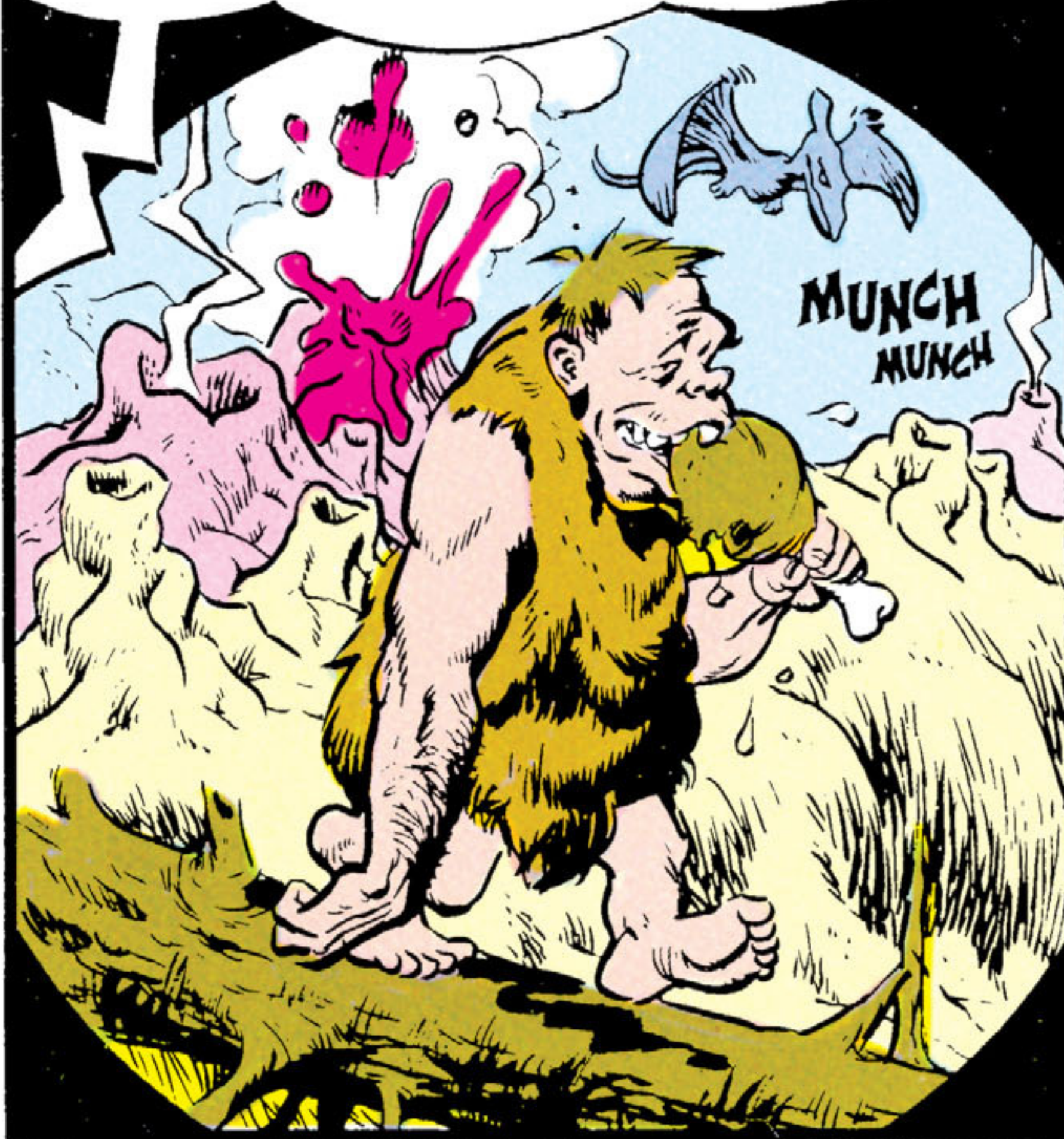




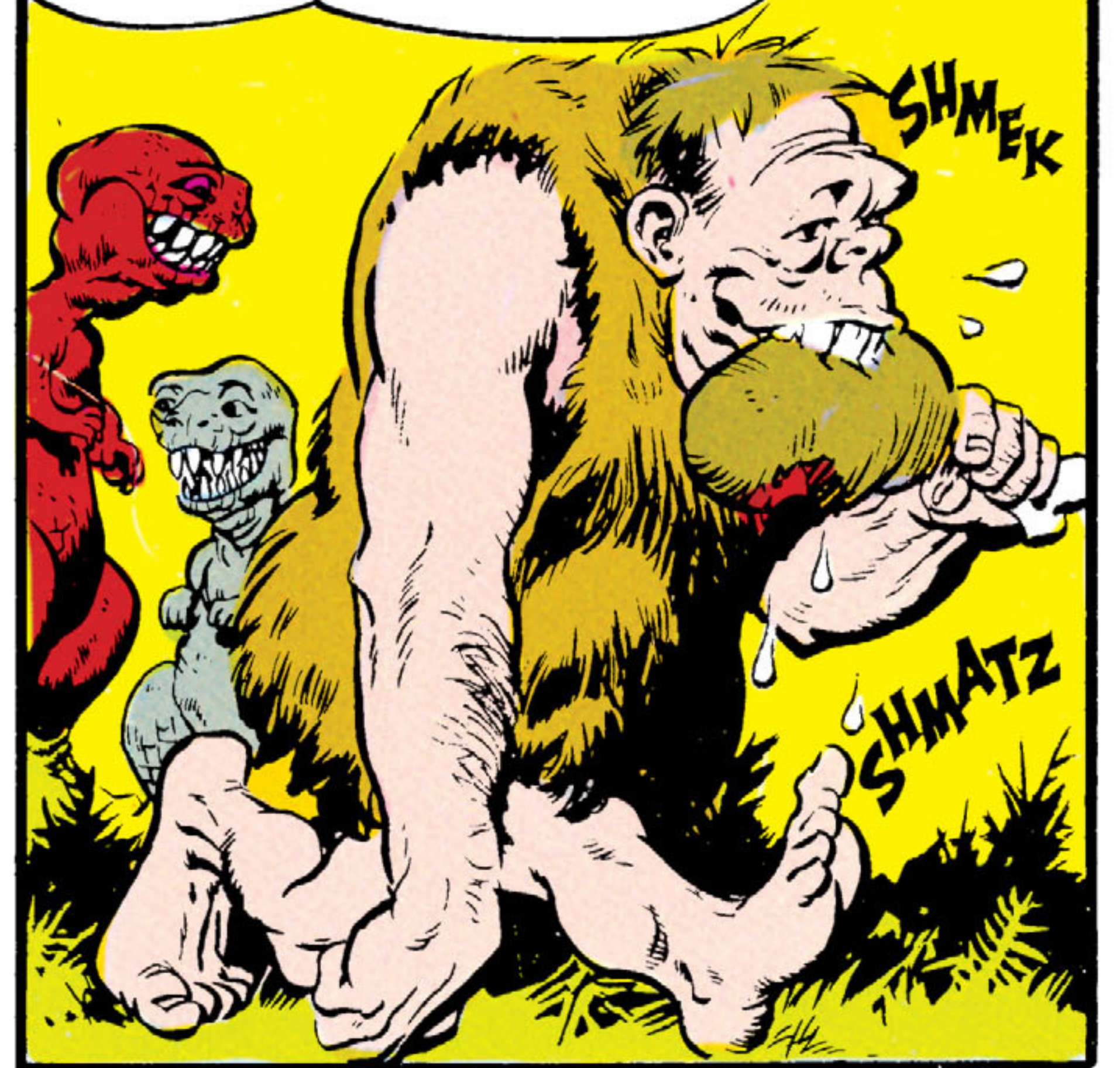
FROM WHAT I READ IN OUR HISTORY BOOKS, THE FIRST PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN WAS MUCH LIKE A WALKING APE!



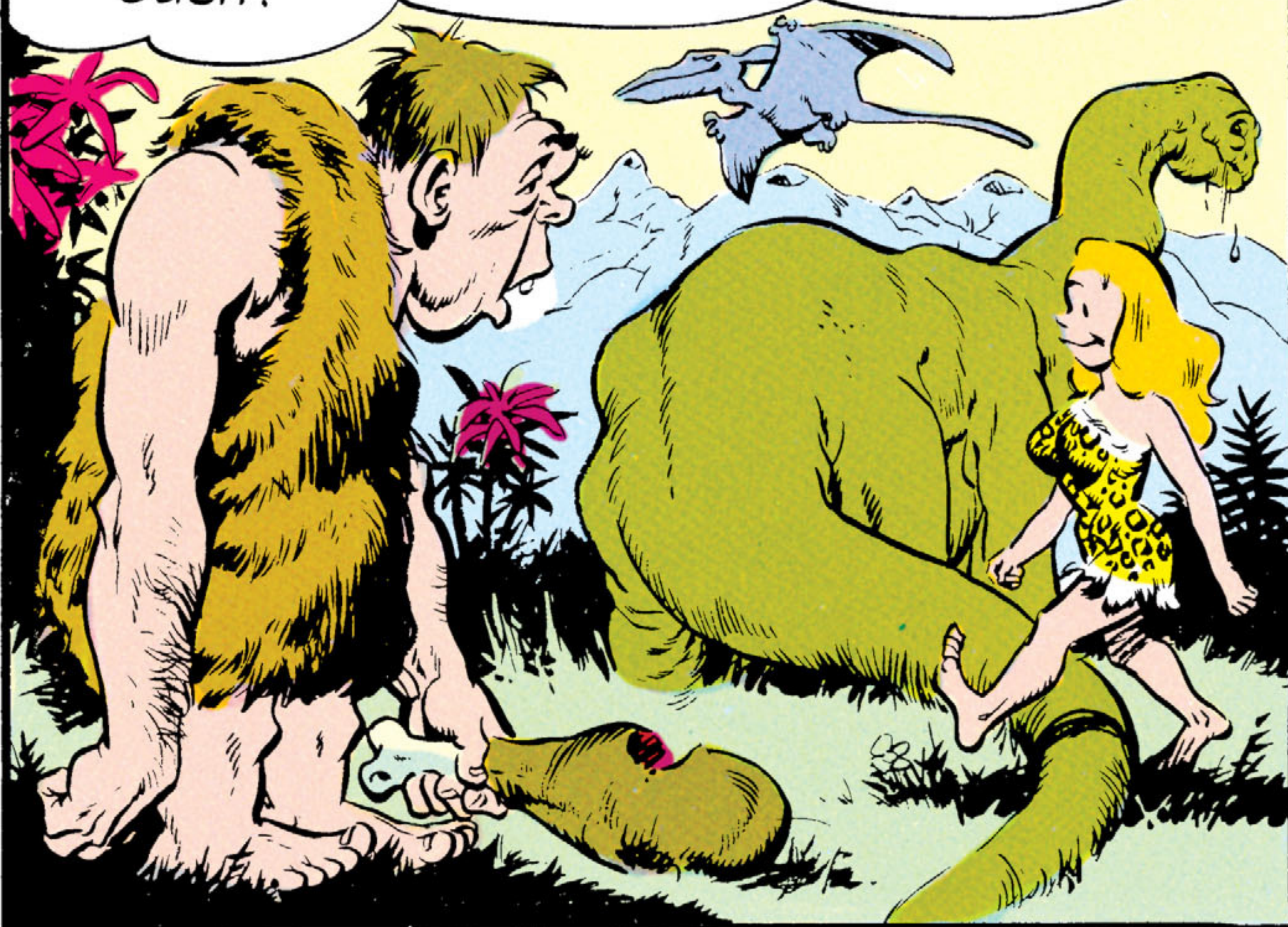
HIS LIFE WAS VERY UNCOMPLICATED! **HE** NEVER **RODE** ANYWHERE, AS WE DO TODAY! HE HAD TO **WALK**... POOR CREATURE... ON HIS **FEET**!



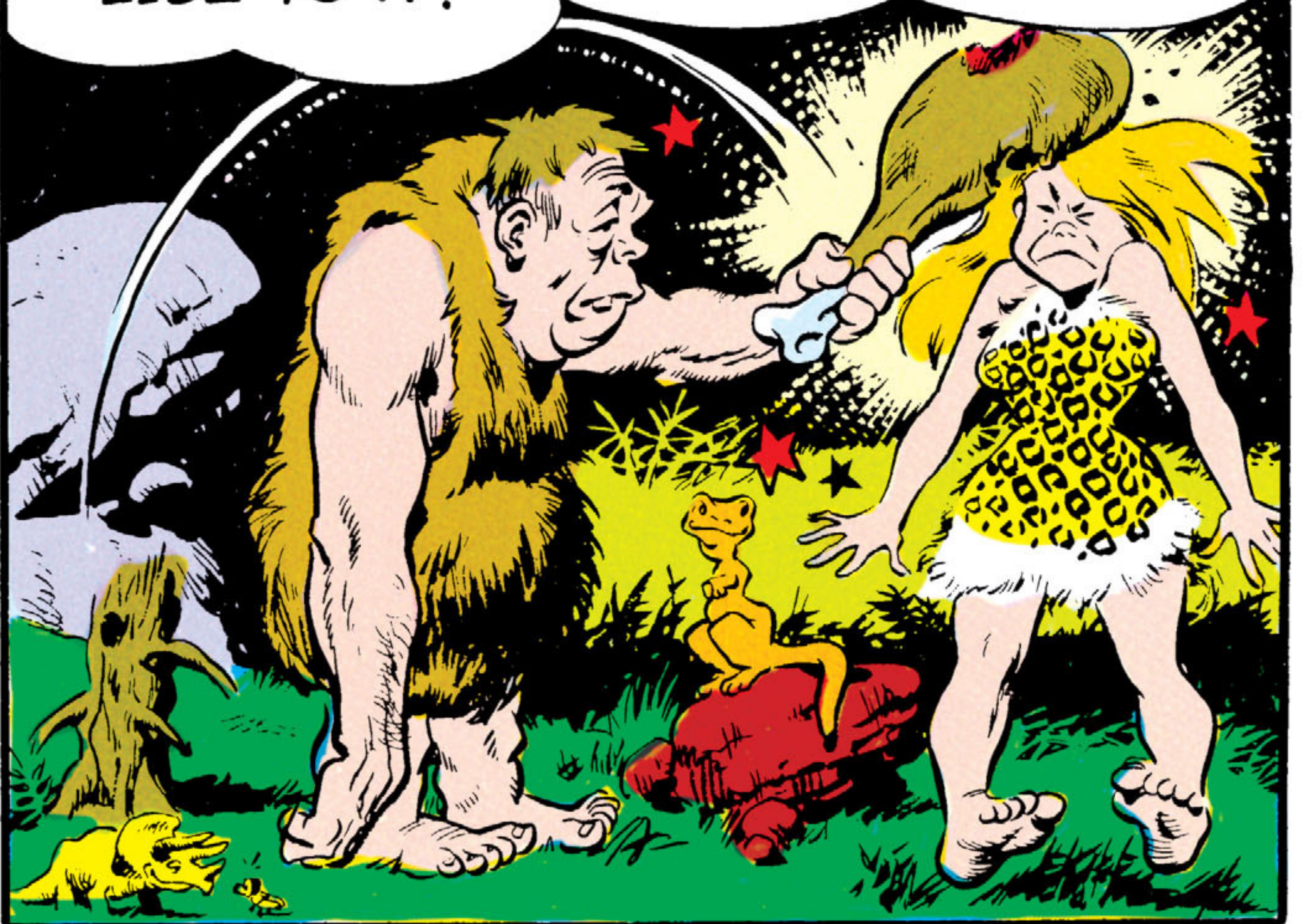
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT THE WRETCHED THING NEVER HAD **VITAMIN** PILLS, OR... OR DEHYDRATED **MEALS**! JUST **RAW FRUITS, BERRIES, AND SOMETIMES, MEAT**!



HIS SOCIAL LIFE WAS EQUALLY SIMPLE! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IF HE SAW A FEMALE HE MIGHT DESIRE FOR A MATE, THERE WAS NO TAKING HER OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOME-SUCH!



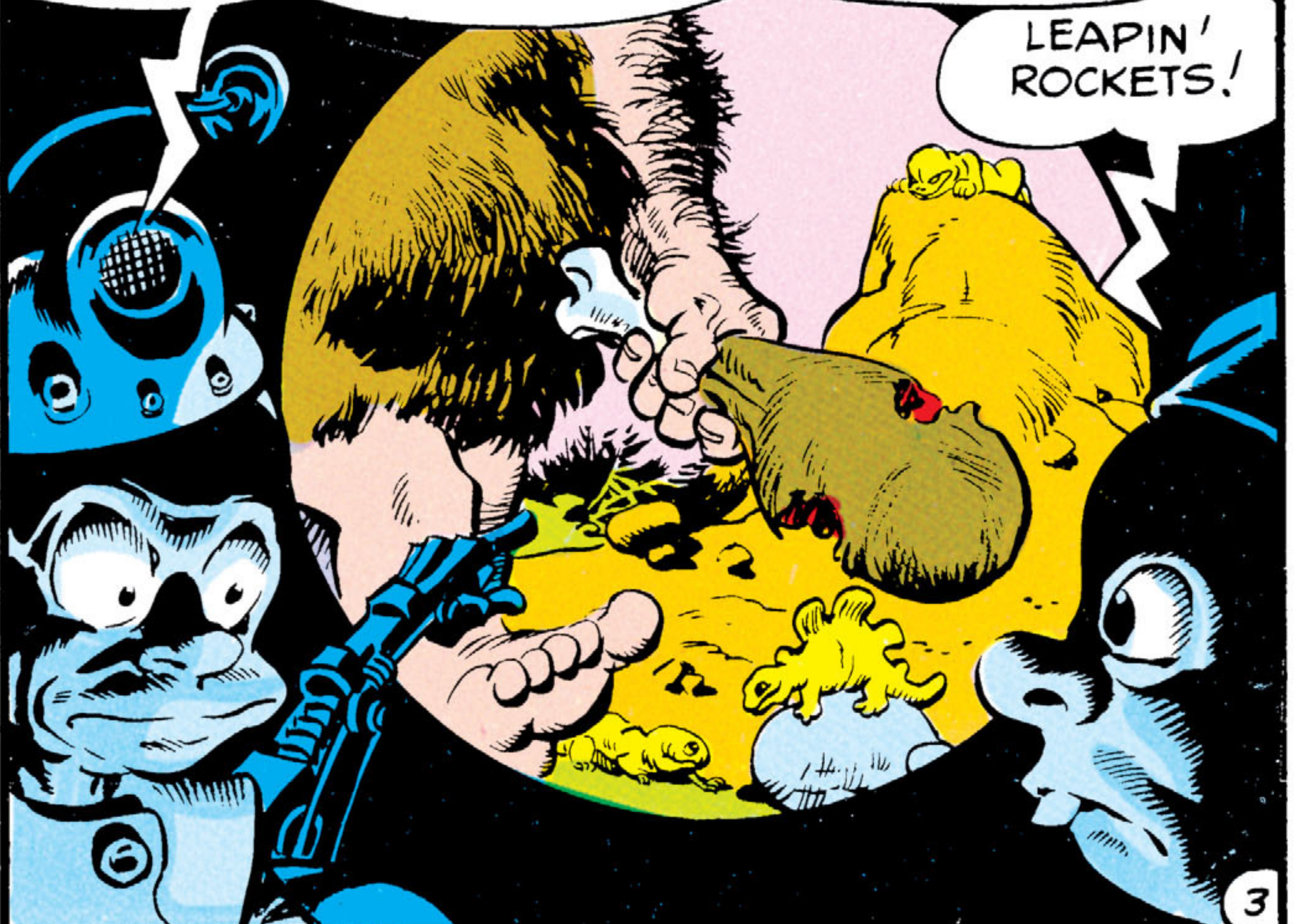
HE SIMPLY WOULD **BASH** THE FEMALE ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST, OR **SOME** CONVENIENT BLUNT INSTRUMENT, AND **THAT** WOULD BE **THAT**! THERE WOULDN'T BE **ANYTHING ELSE TO IT**!

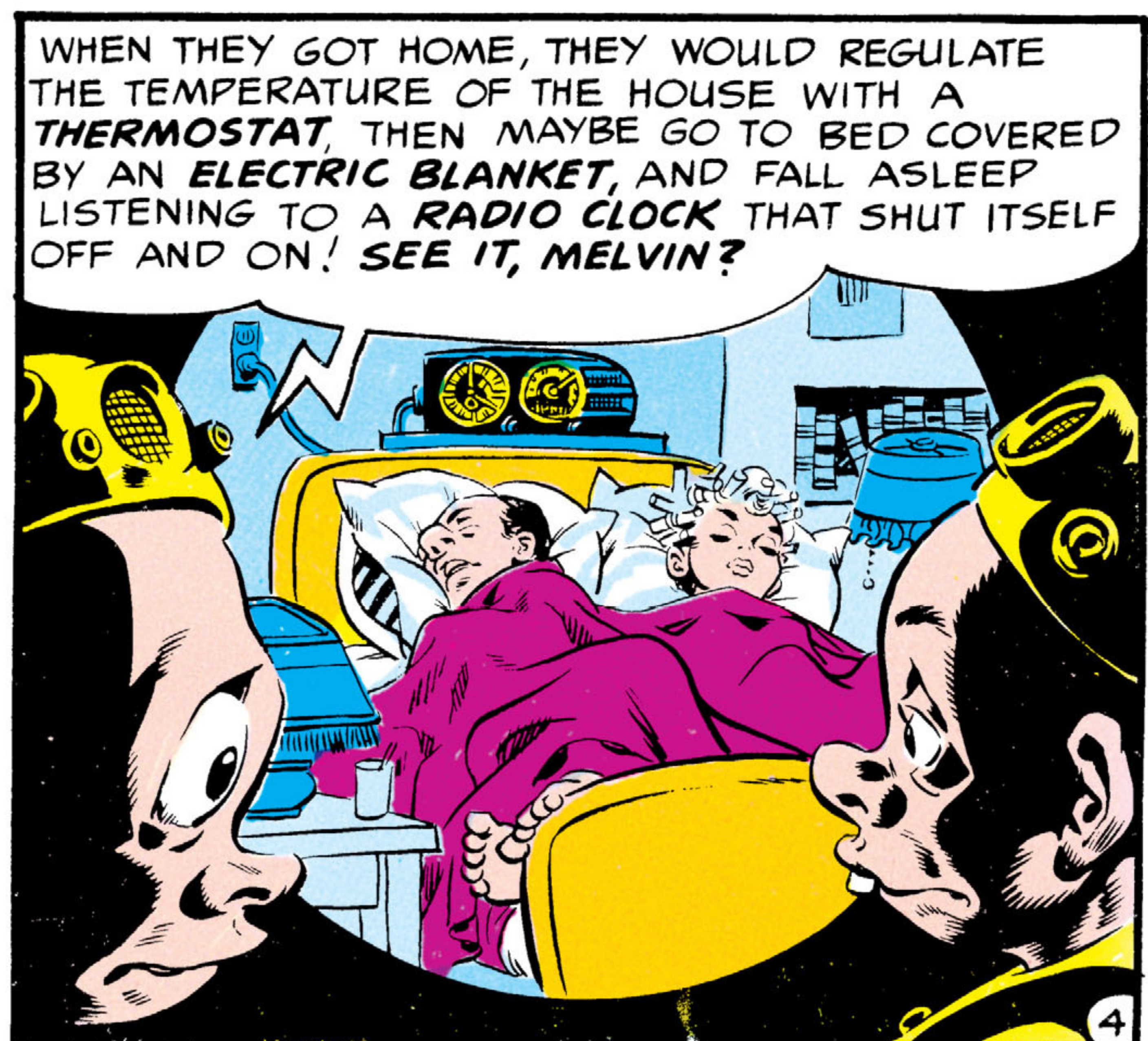
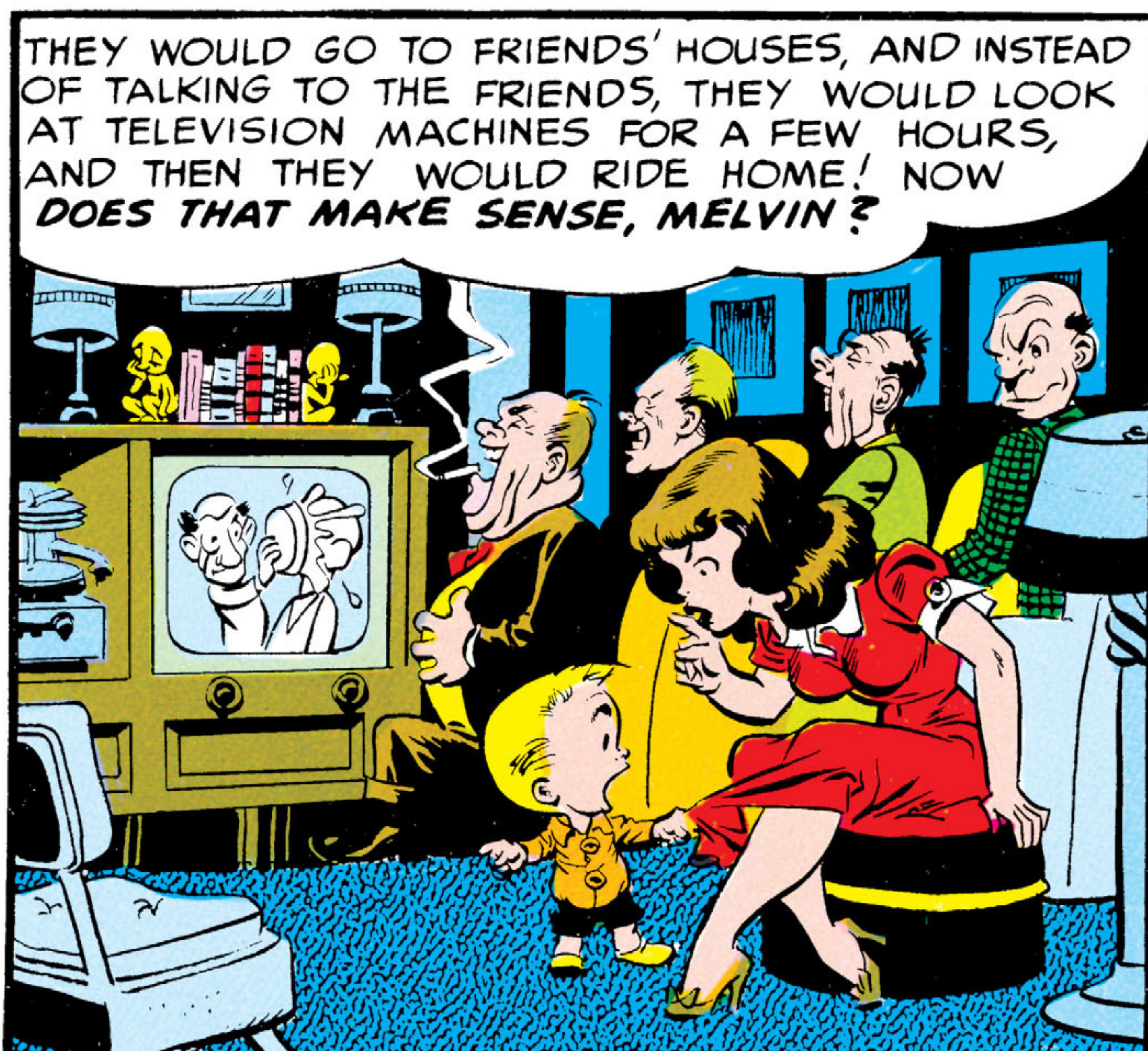
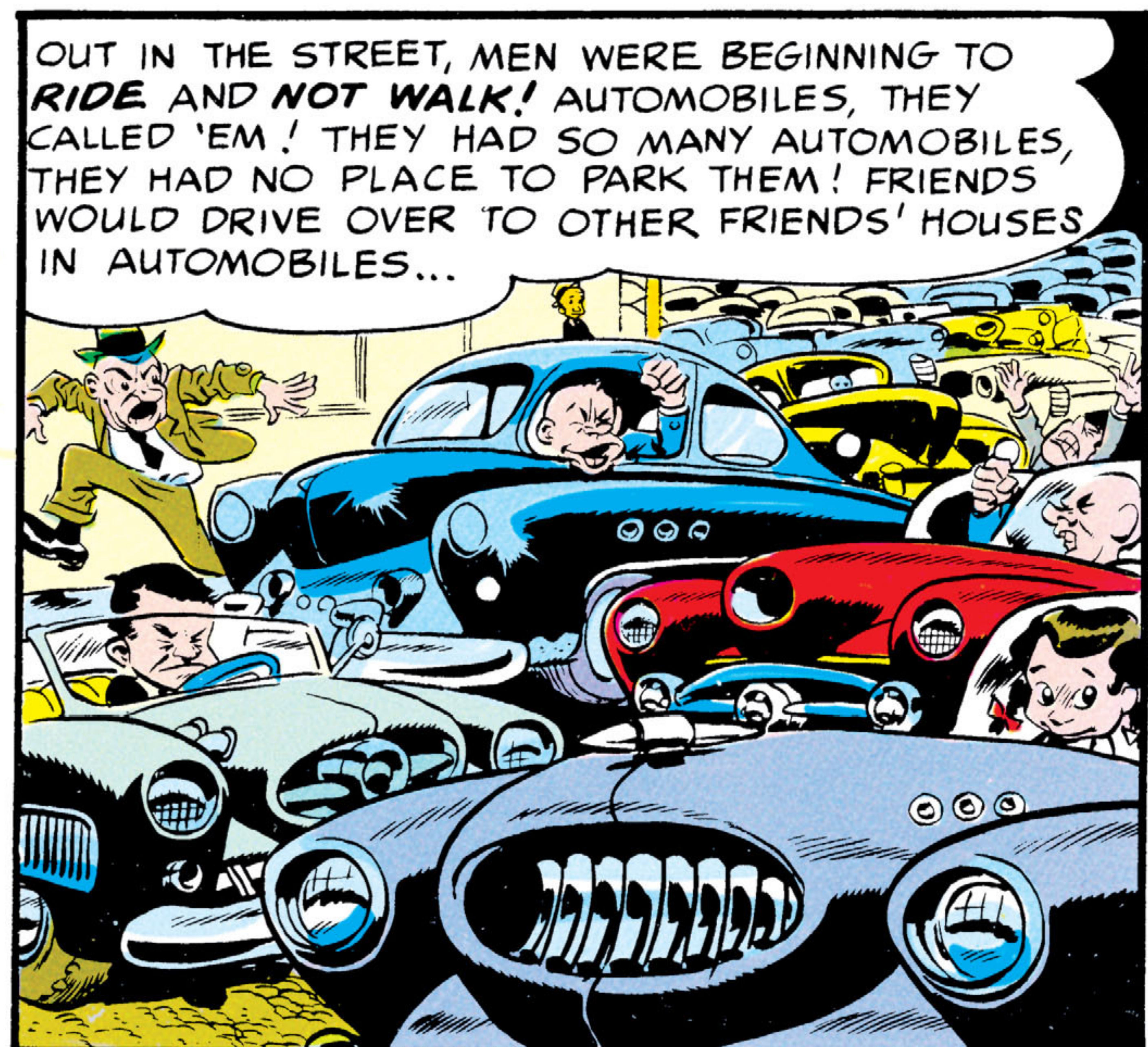
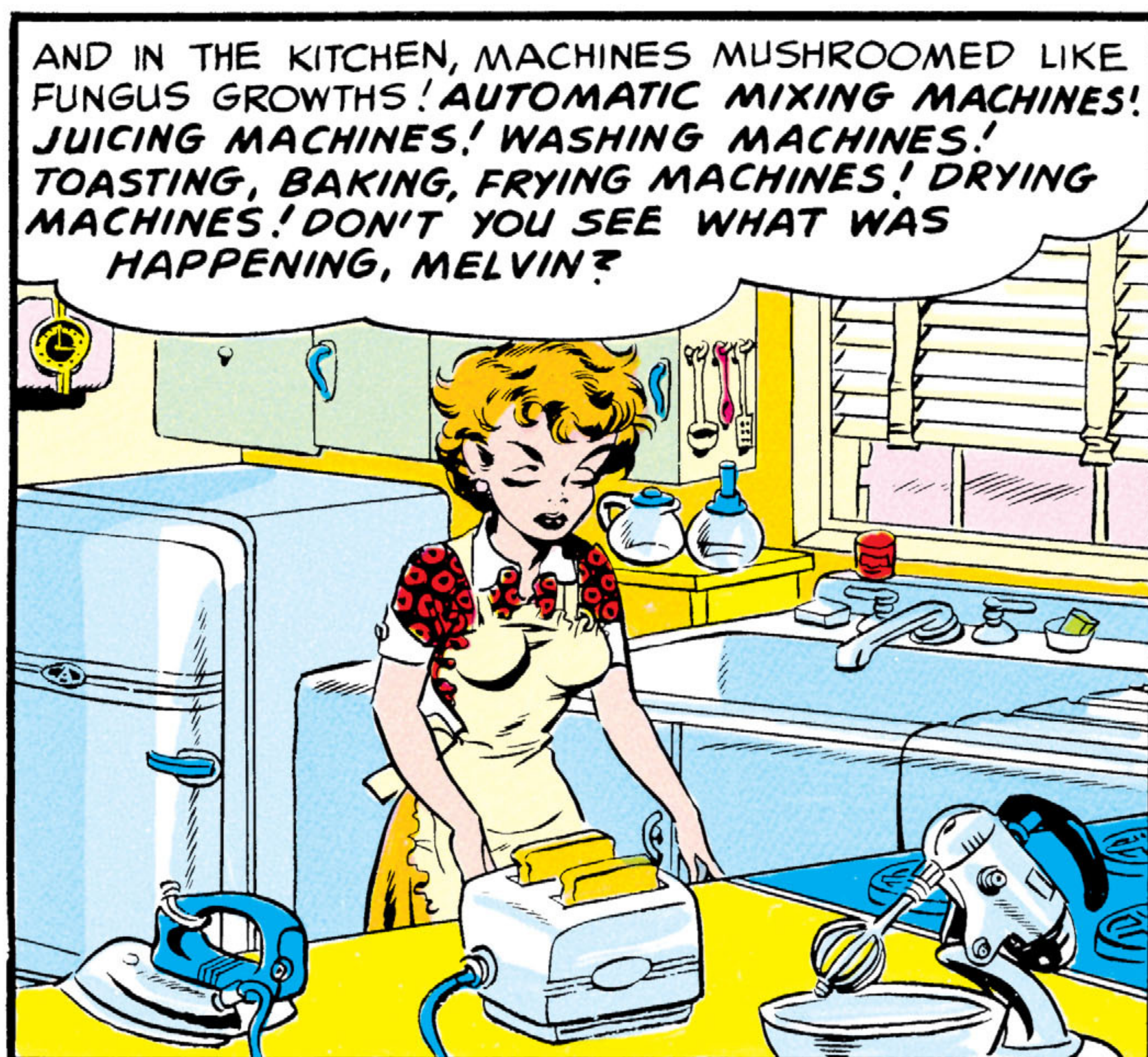
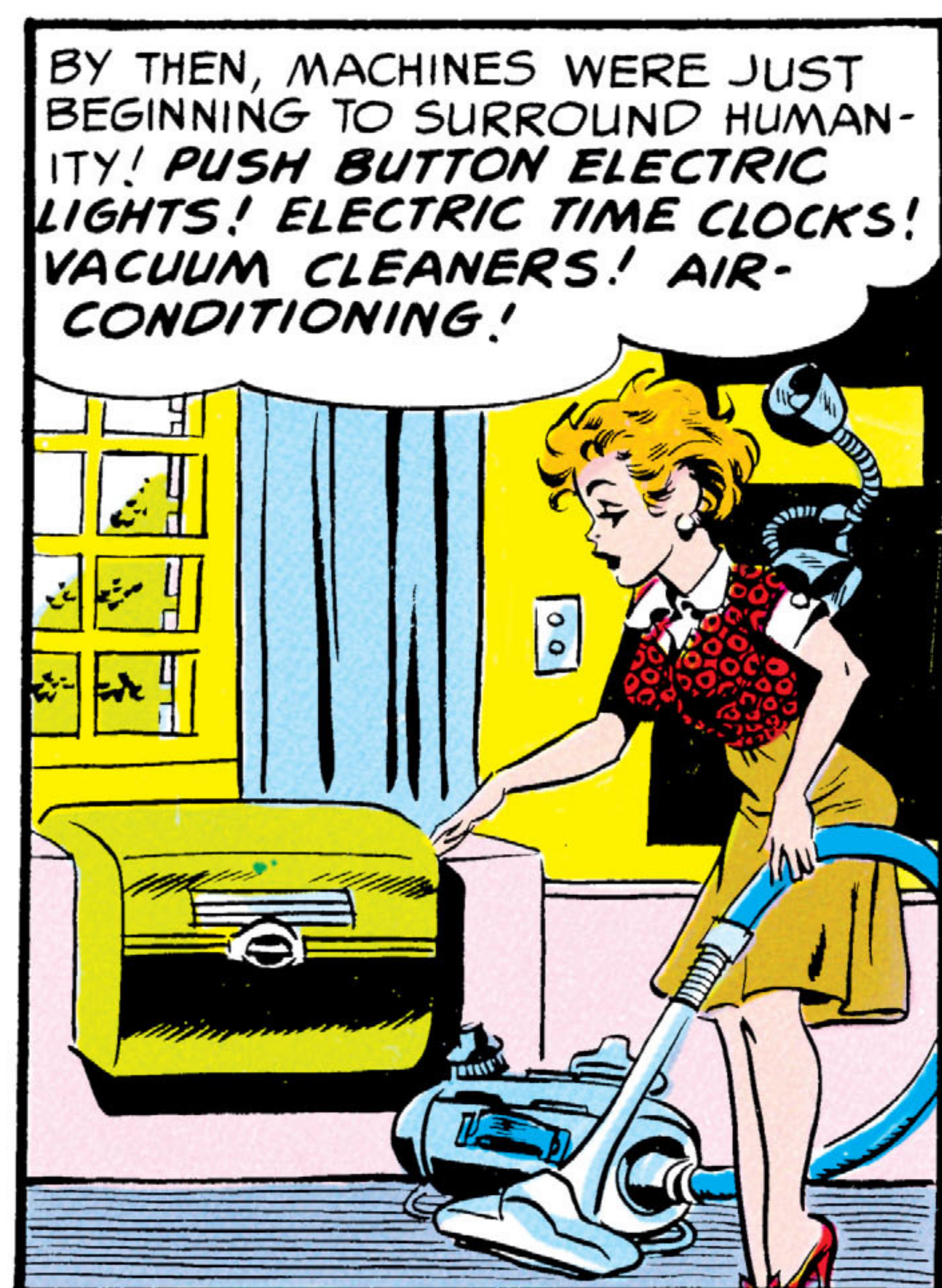
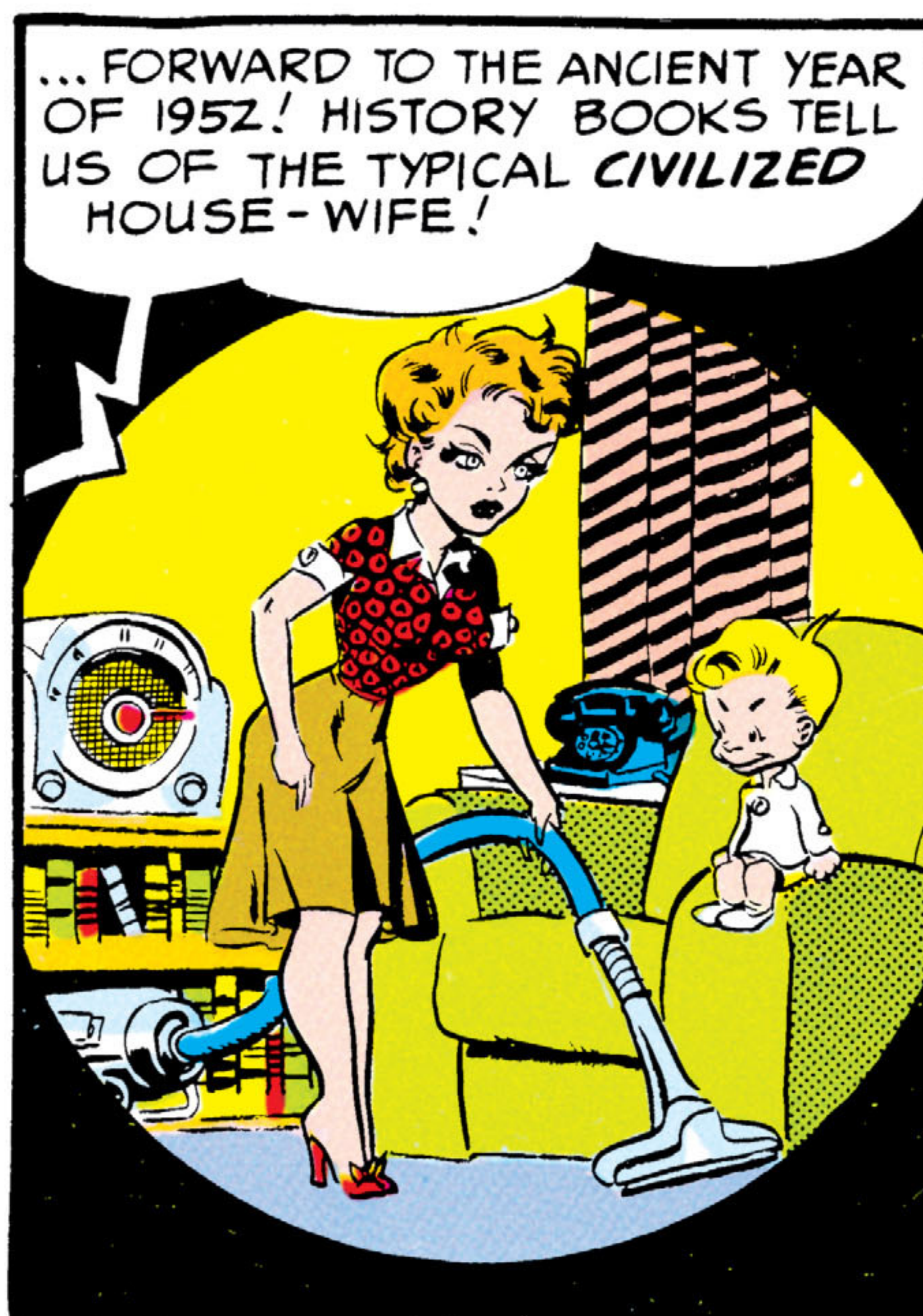
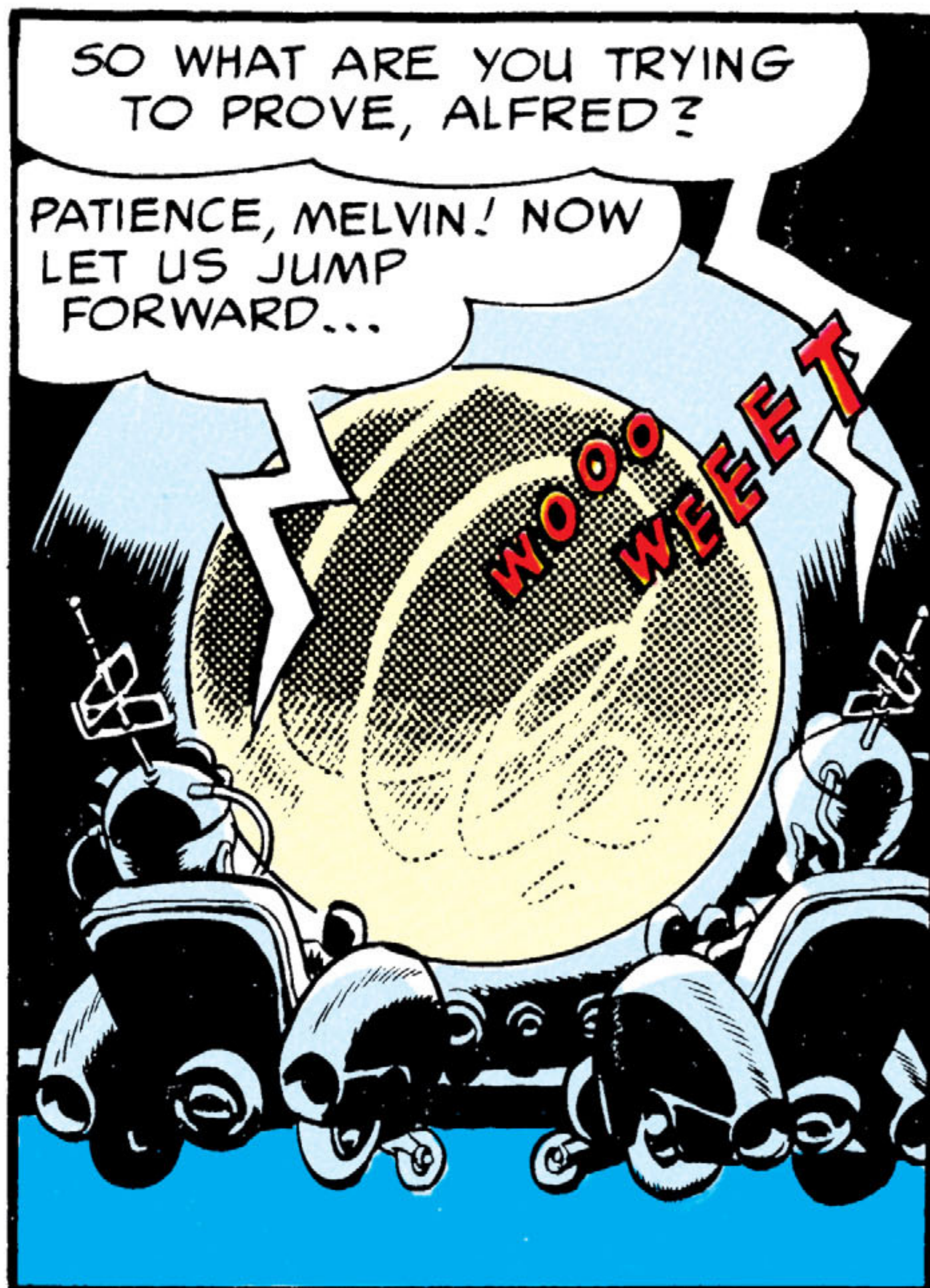


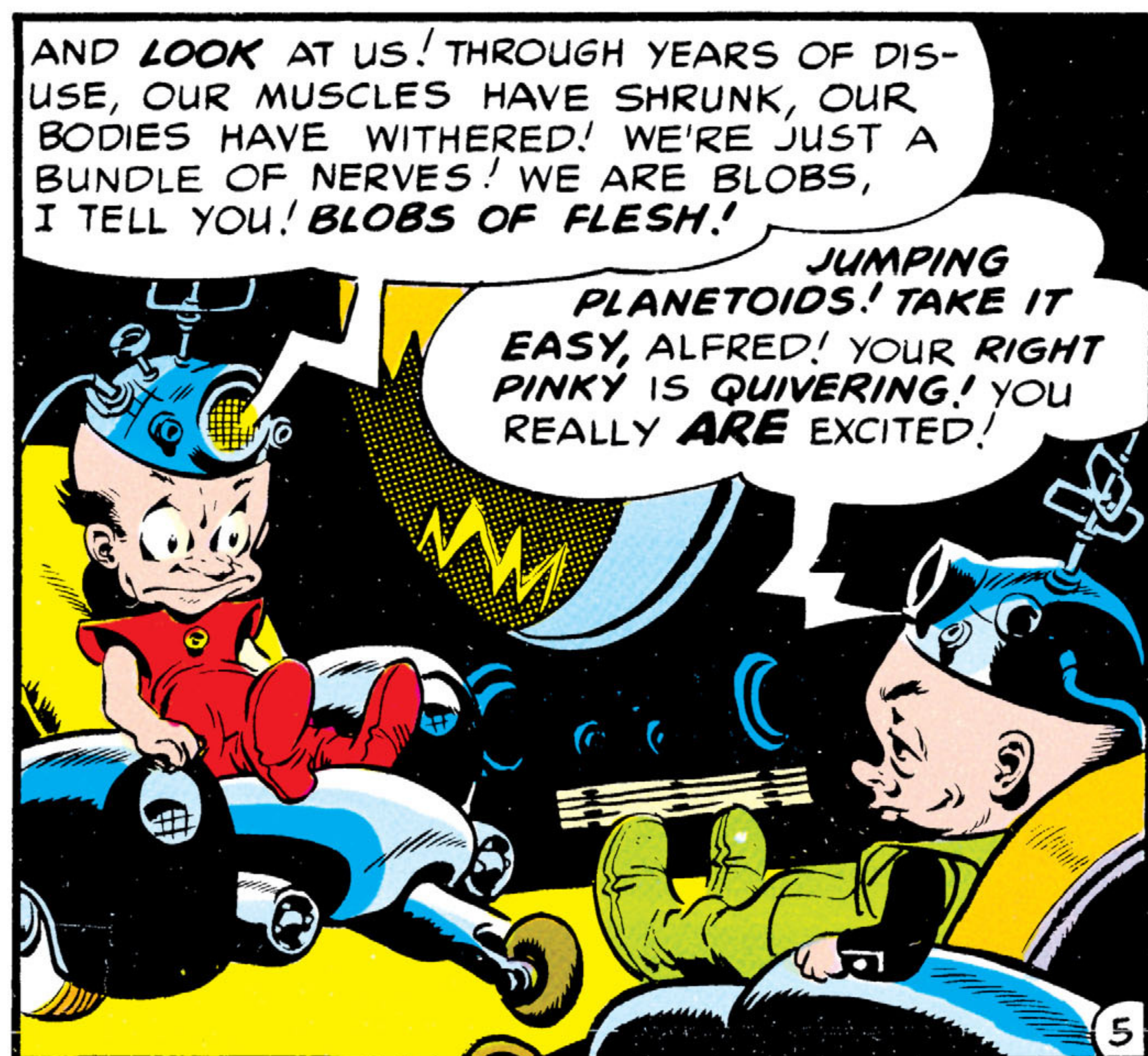
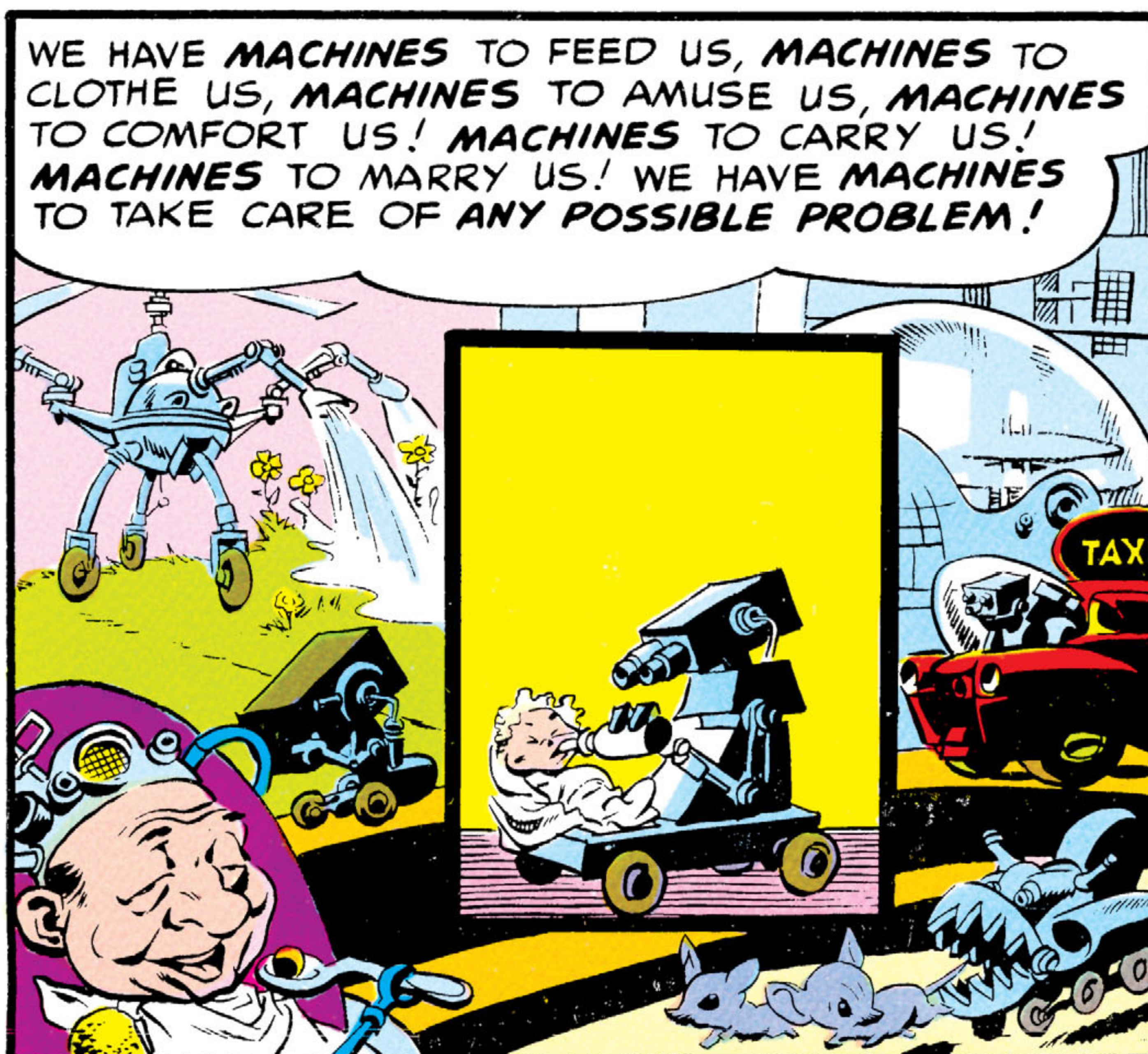
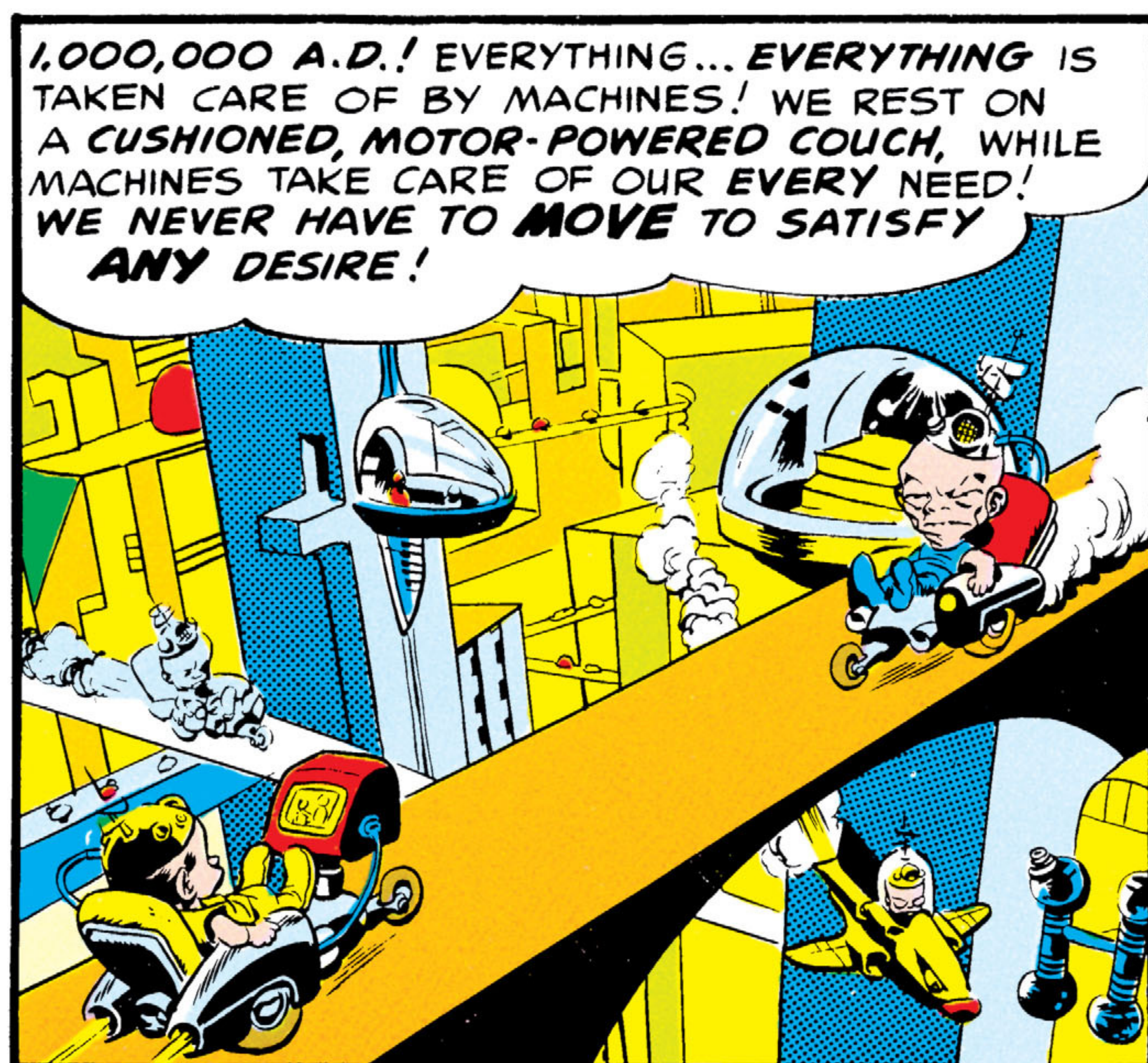
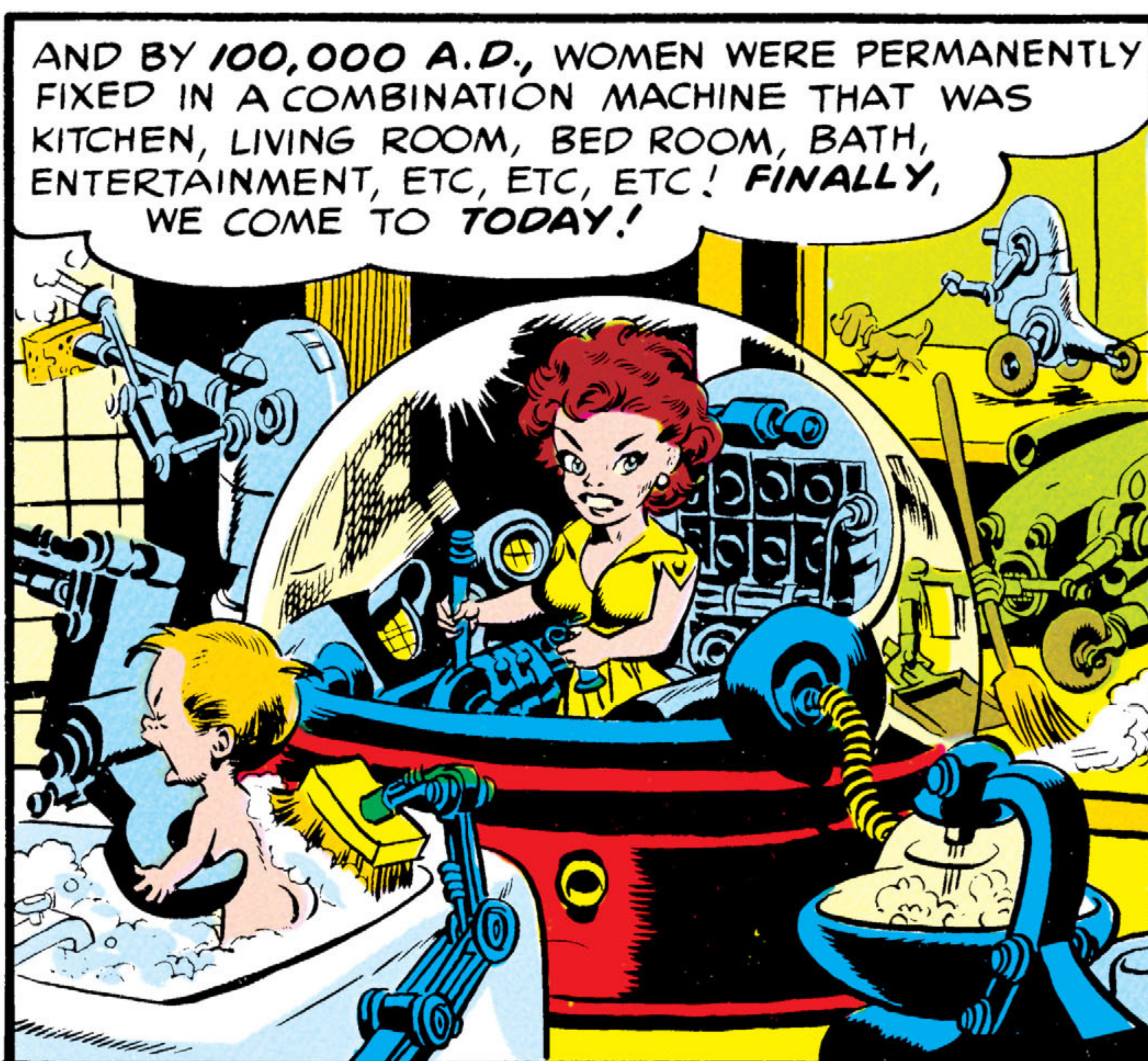
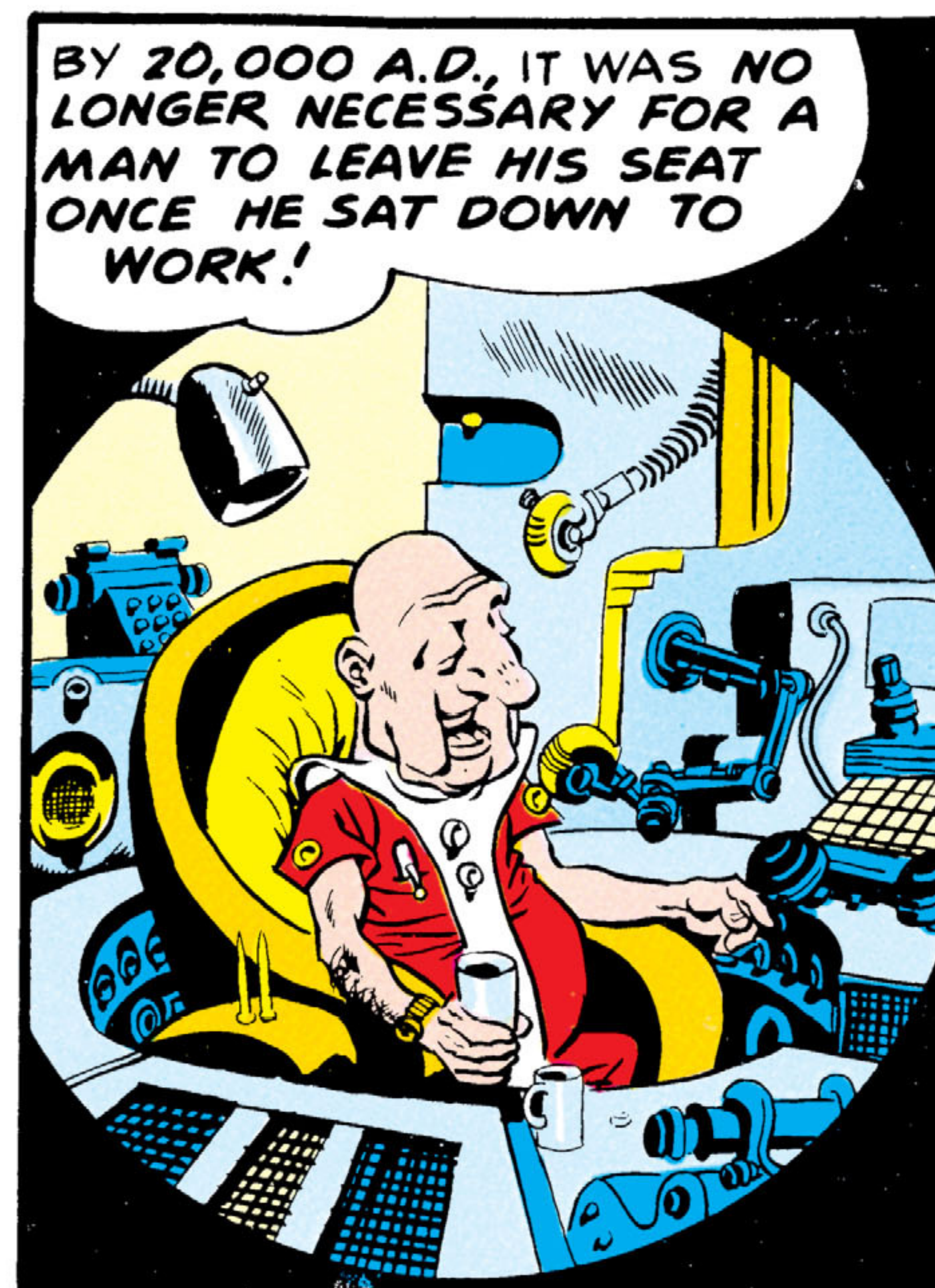
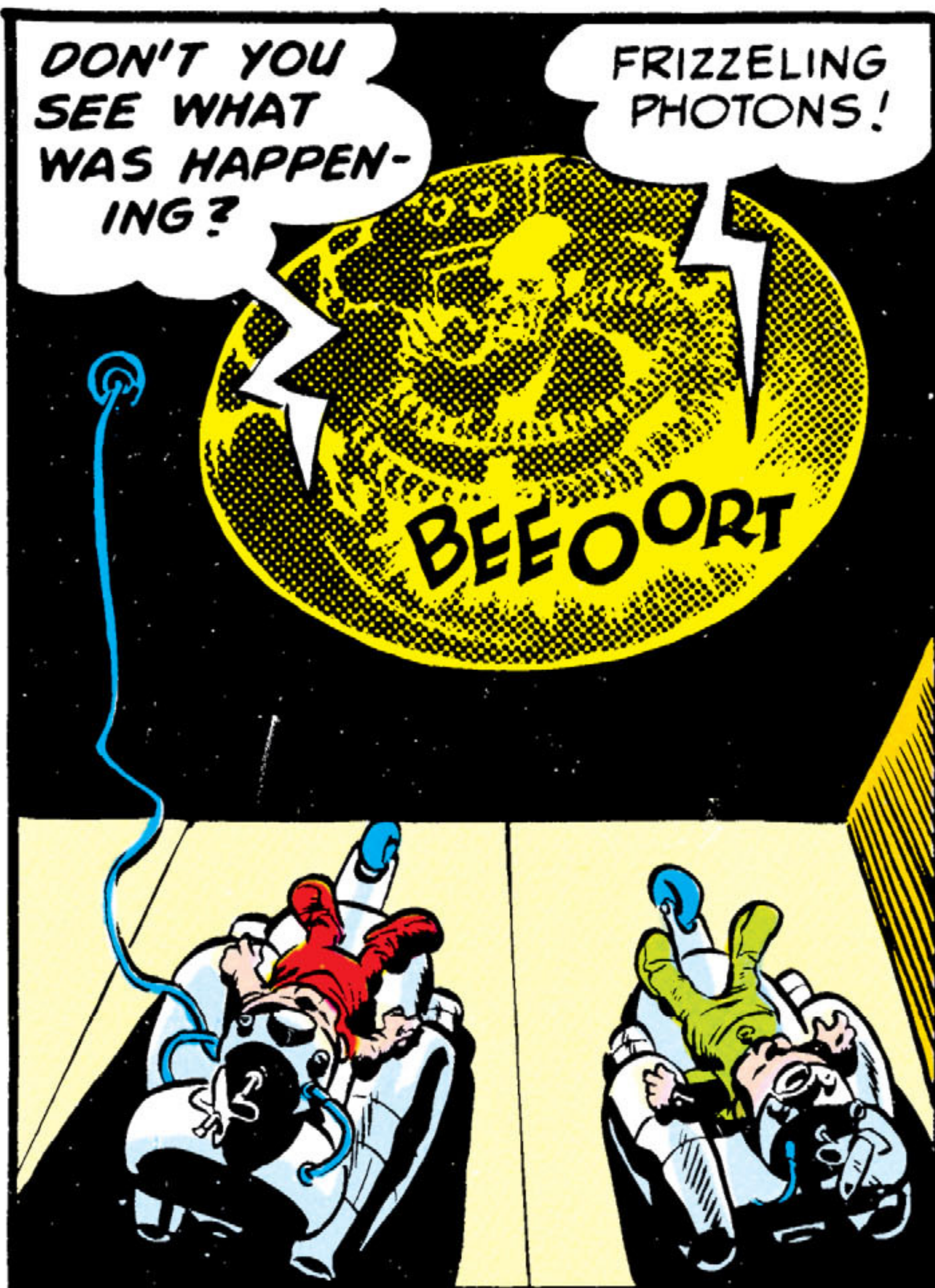
HE WOULD THEN DRAG THE FEMALE OFF TO HIS CAVE, AND THERE SHE WOULD REMAIN AS HIS WIFE! **SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE! AMERICAN!**... BUT **EVEN THEN**, THE **SICKNESS** WAS SETTING IN!



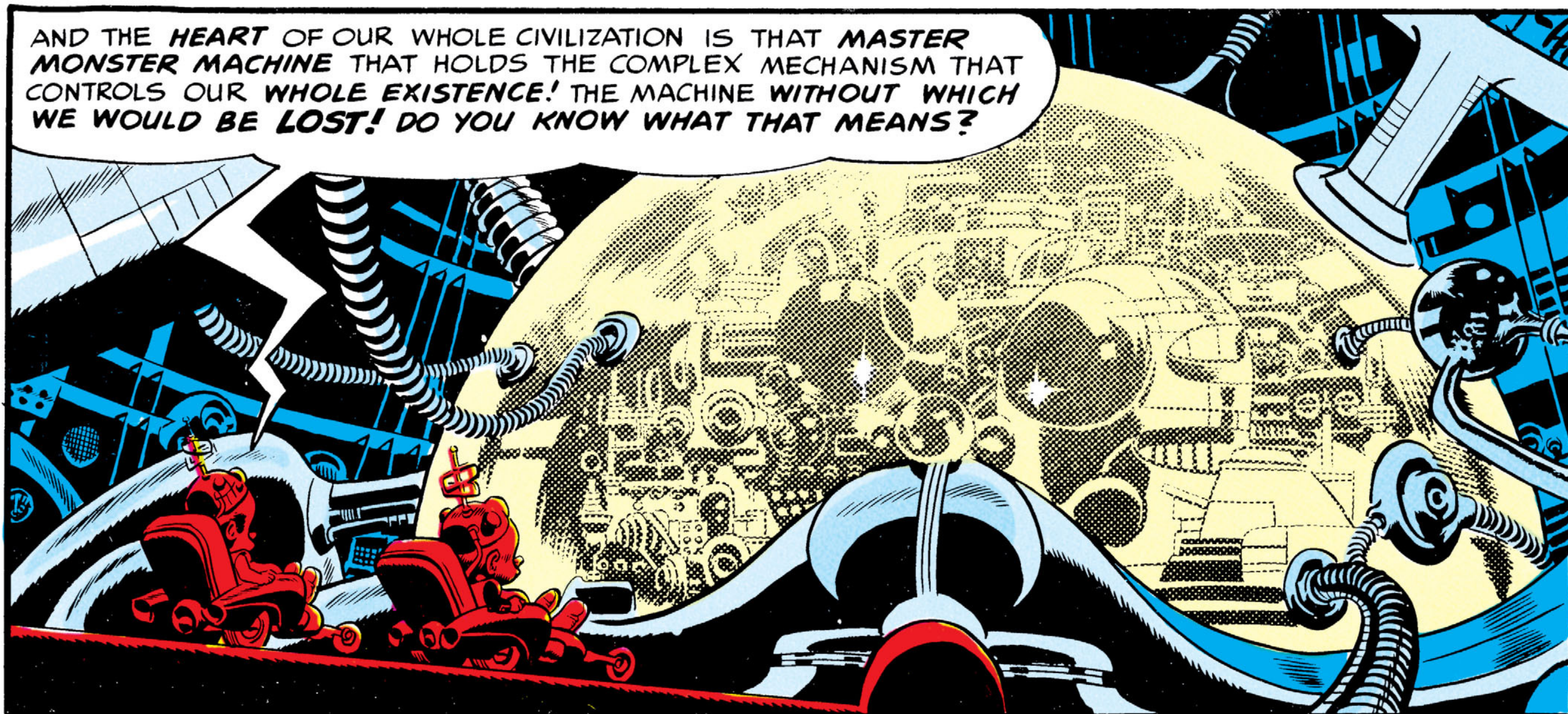
THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT.. THAT TOOL!... **THAT** WAS MAN'S MISTAKE! FOR **THAT TOOL**, WAS THE **FIRST IN A HISTORY OF TOOLS** THAT MAN WOULD FASHION TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM!



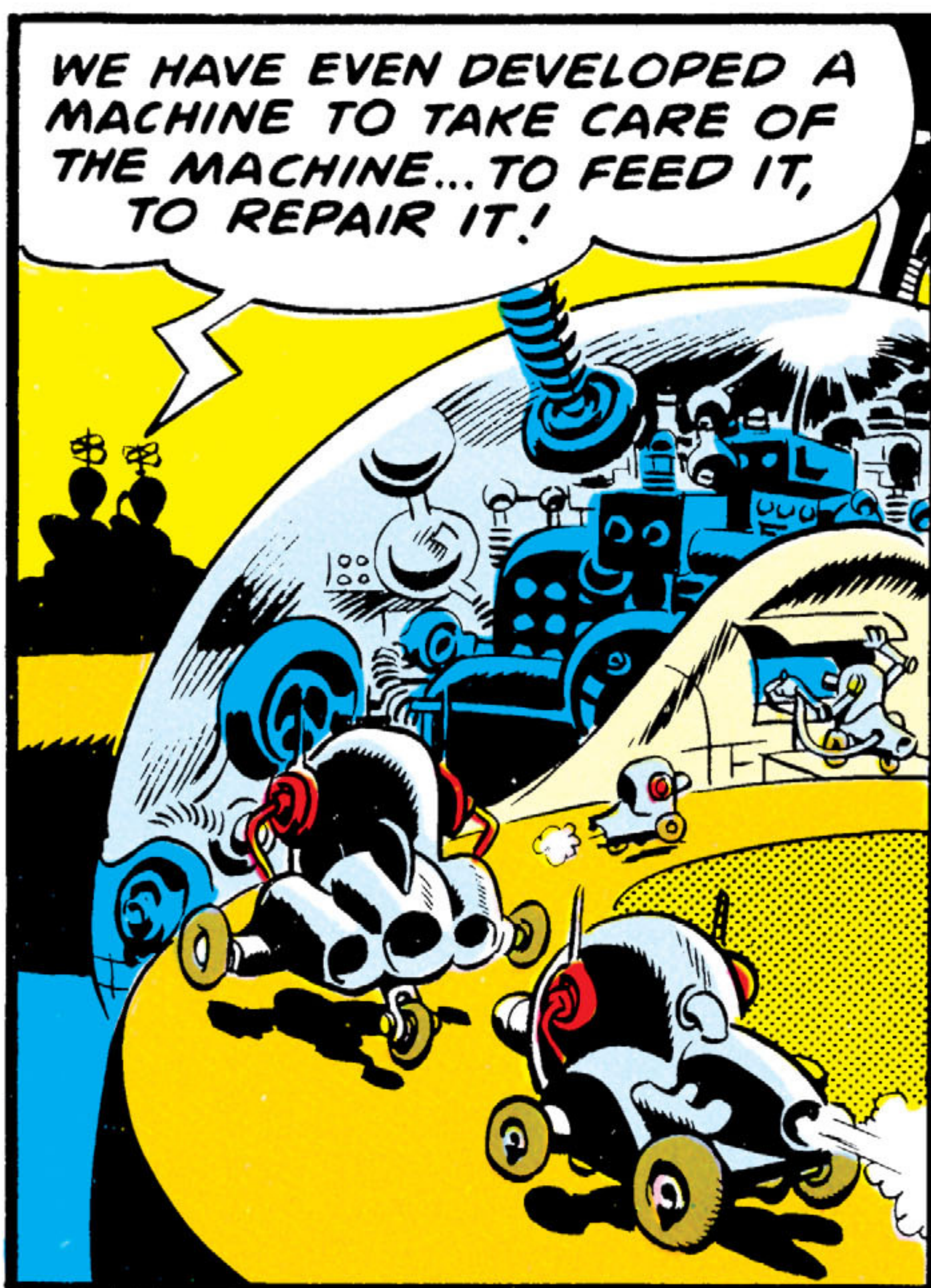




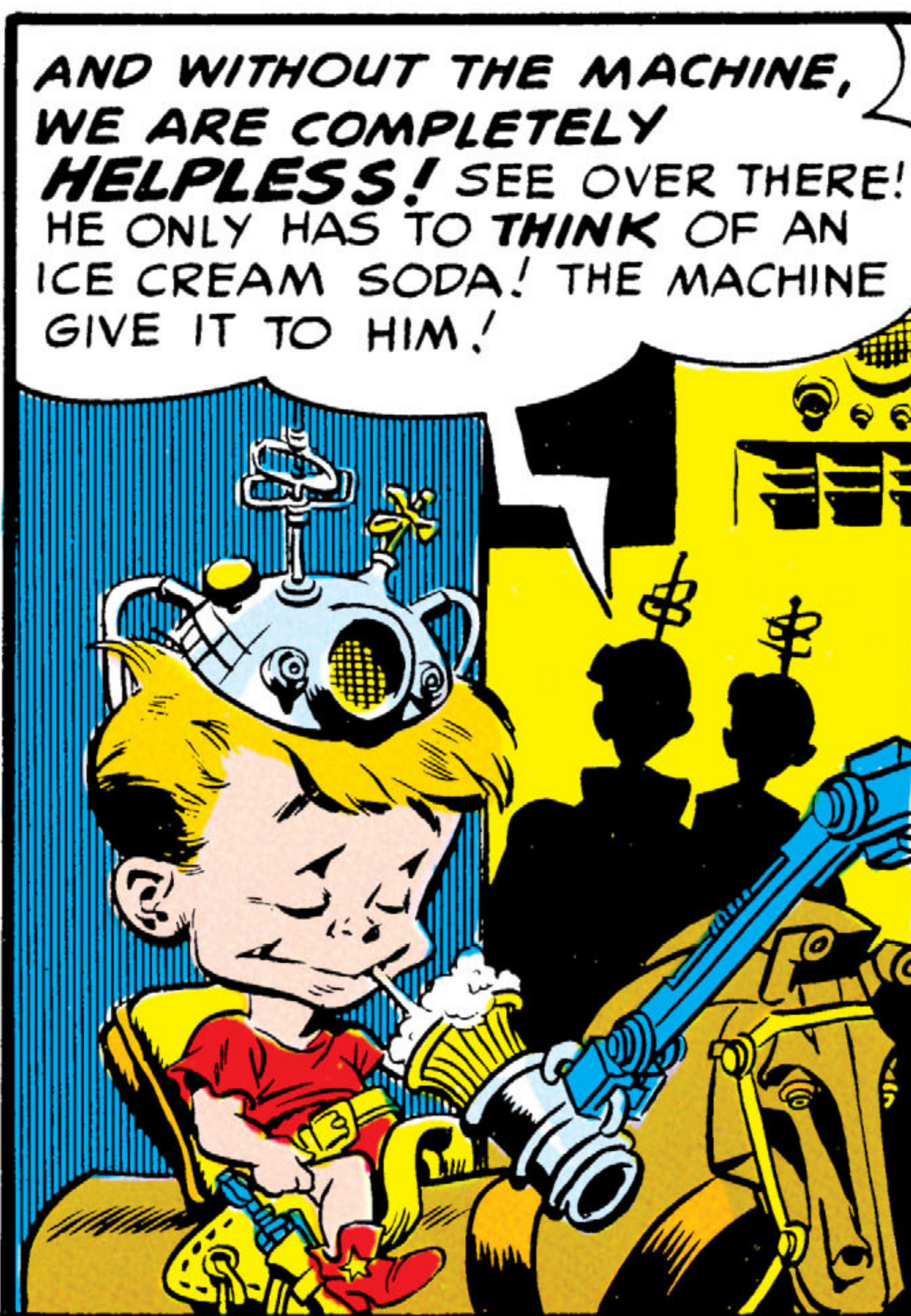
AND THE **HEART** OF OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS THAT **MASTER MONSTER MACHINE** THAT HOLDS THE COMPLEX MECHANISM THAT CONTROLS OUR **WHOLE EXISTENCE!** THE MACHINE WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD BE **LOST!** DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?



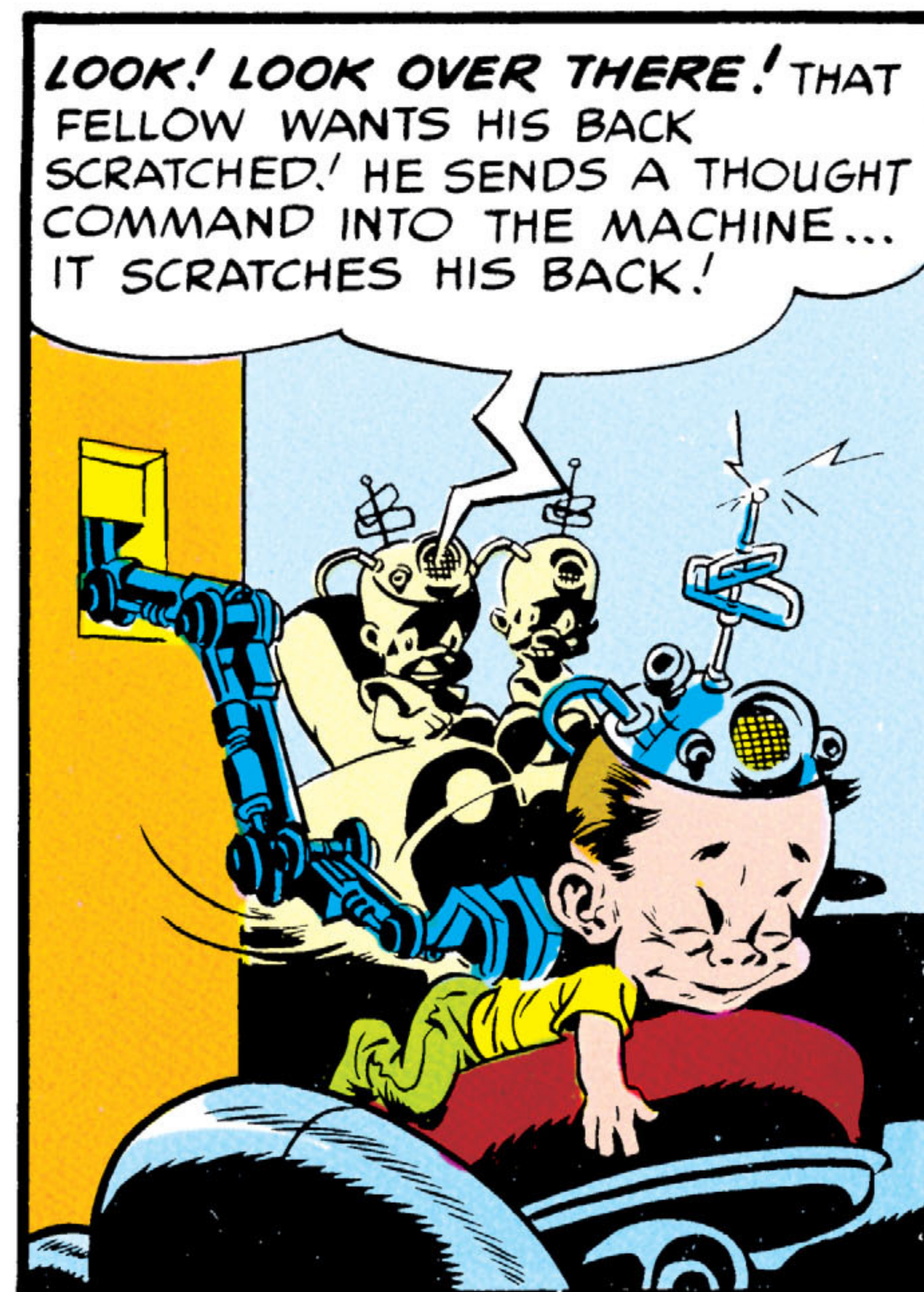
WE HAVE EVEN DEVELOPED A MACHINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE... TO FEED IT, TO REPAIR IT!



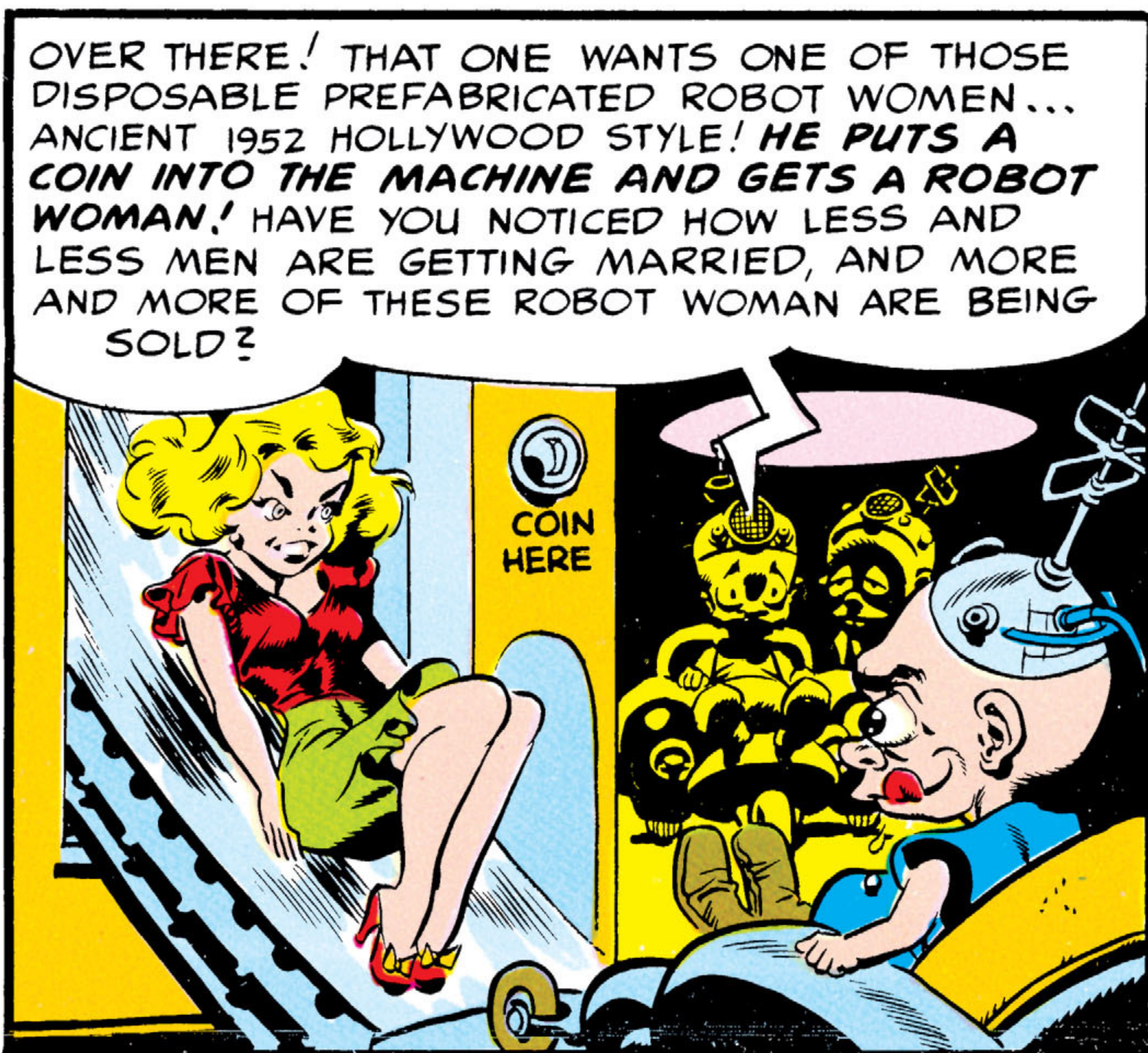
AND WITHOUT THE MACHINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY **HELPLESS!** SEE OVER THERE! HE ONLY HAS TO **THINK** OF AN ICE CREAM SODA! THE MACHINE GIVE IT TO HIM!



LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! THAT FELLOW WANTS HIS BACK SCRATCHED! HE SENDS A THOUGHT COMMAND INTO THE MACHINE... IT SCRATCHES HIS BACK!



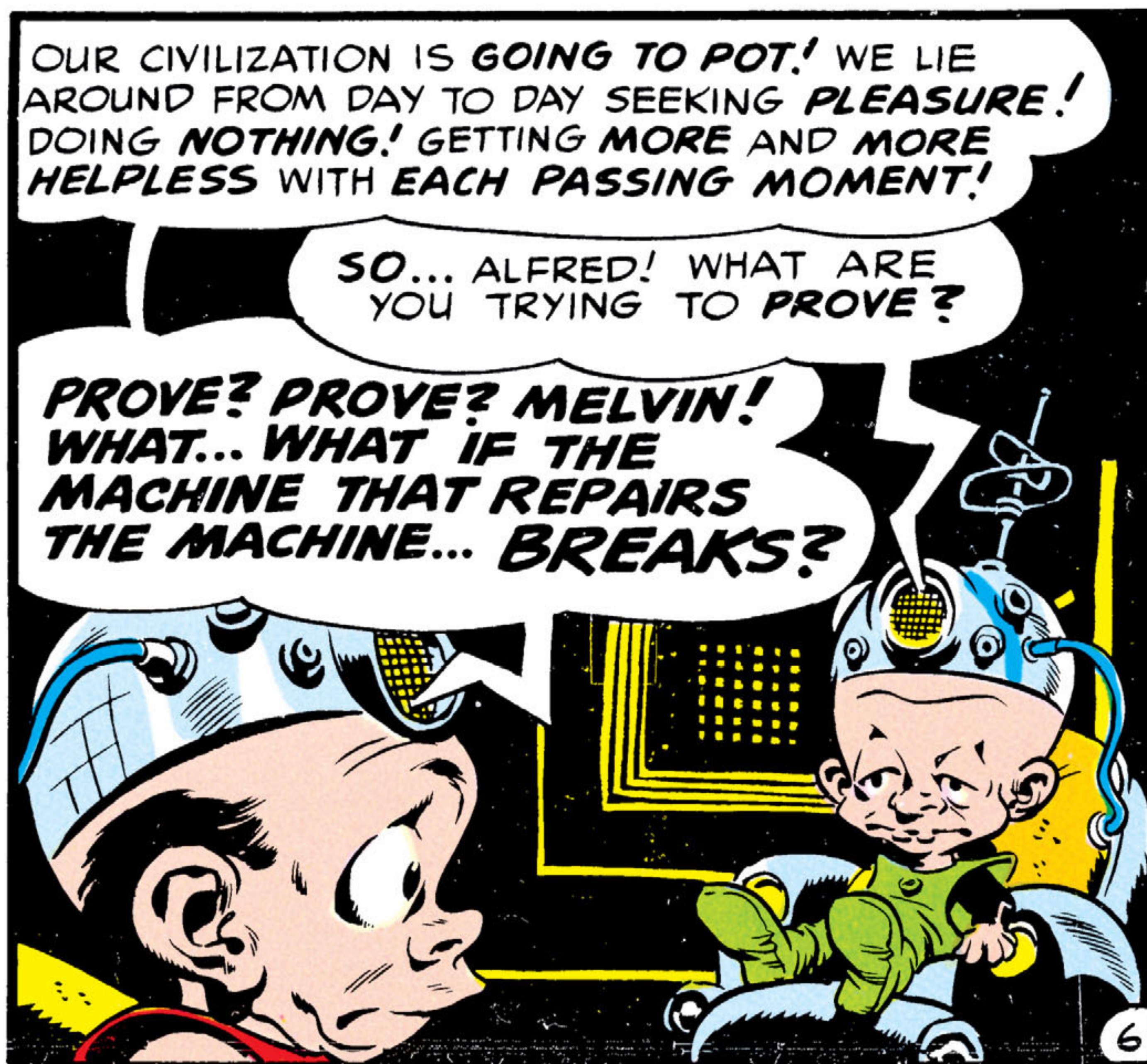
OVER THERE! THAT ONE WANTS ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMEN... ANCIENT 1952 HOLLYWOOD STYLE! HE PUTS A COIN INTO THE MACHINE AND GETS A ROBOT WOMAN! HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW LESS AND LESS MEN ARE GETTING MARRIED, AND MORE AND MORE OF THESE ROBOT WOMAN ARE BEING SOLD?

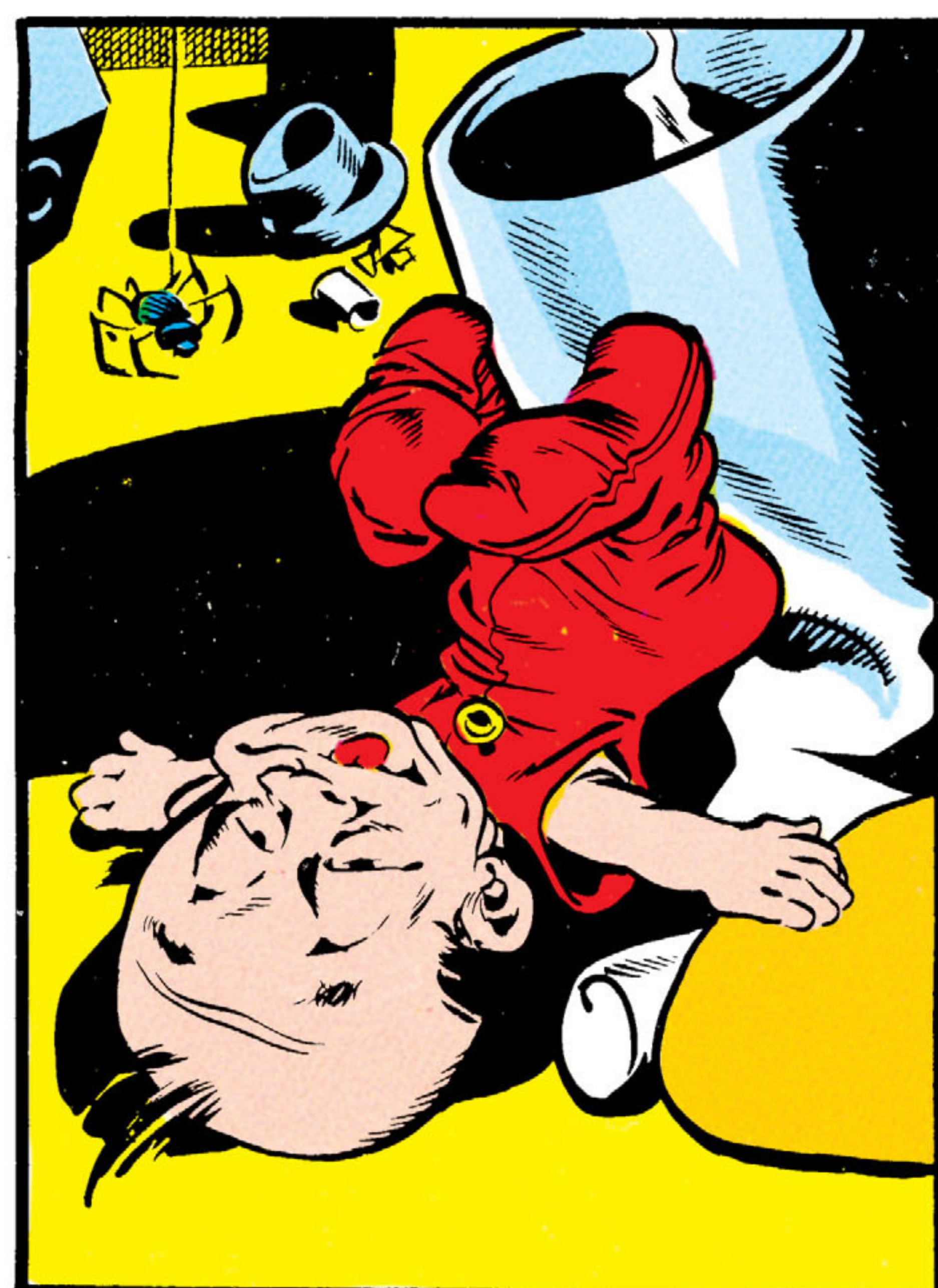
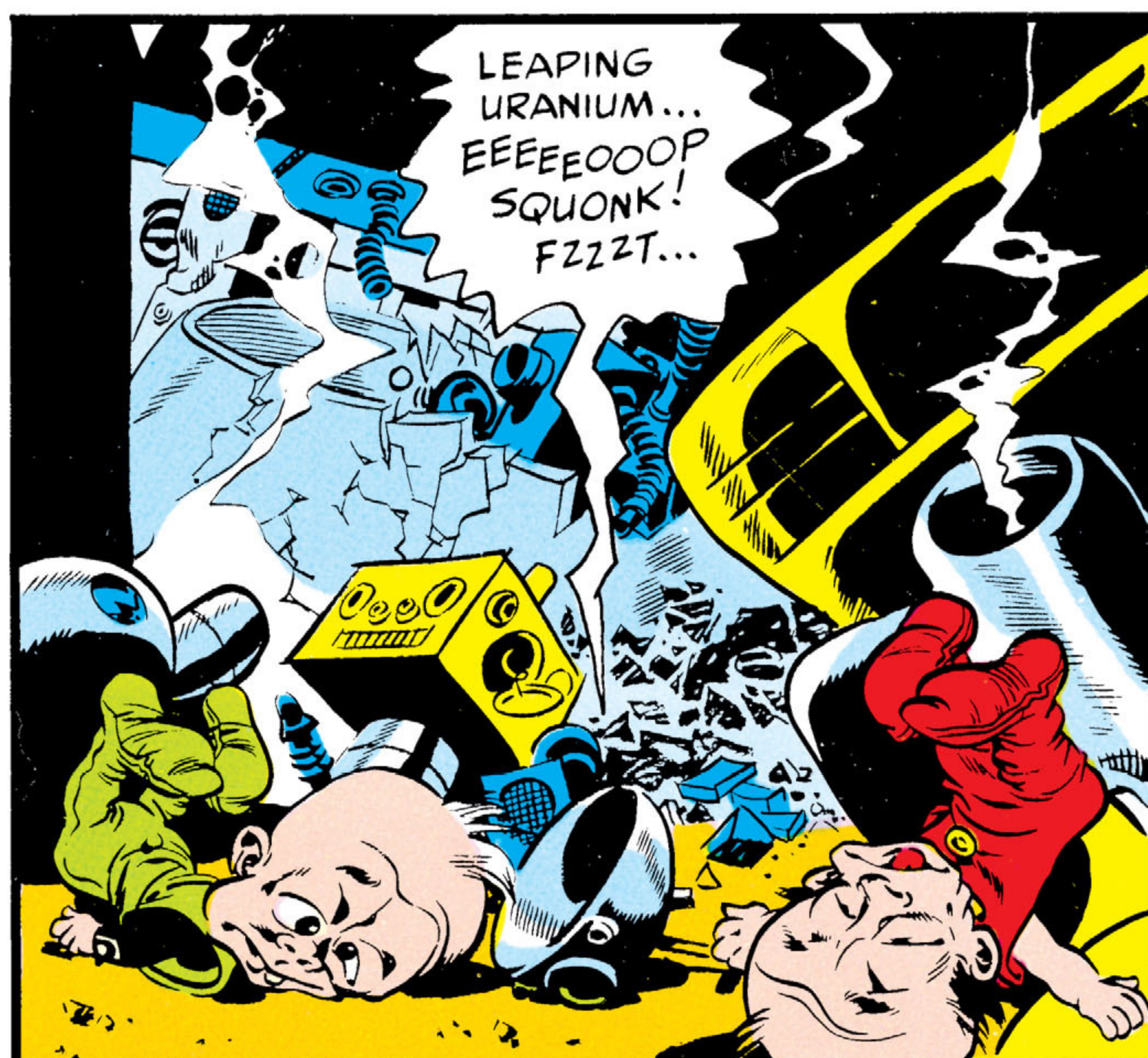
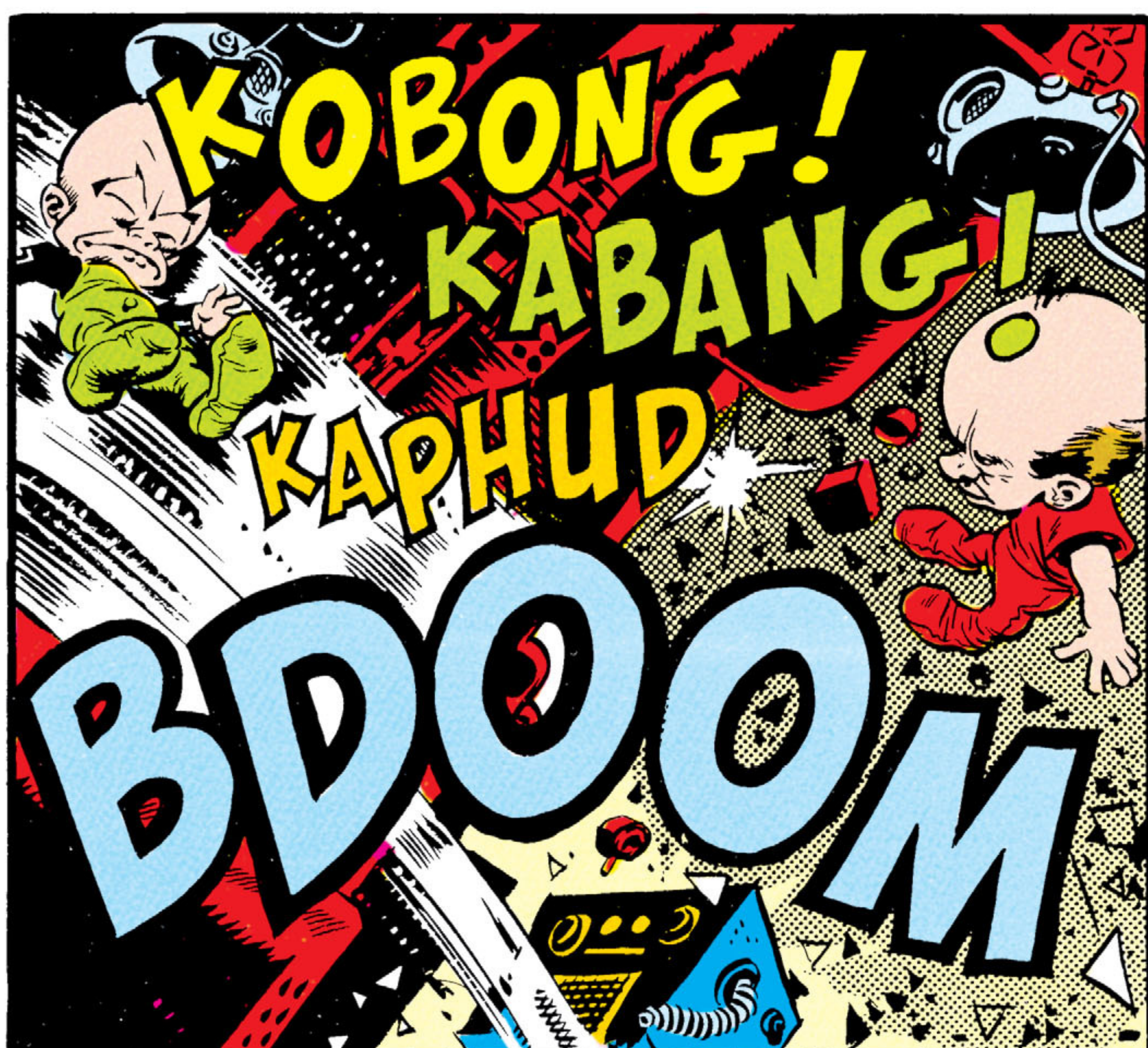
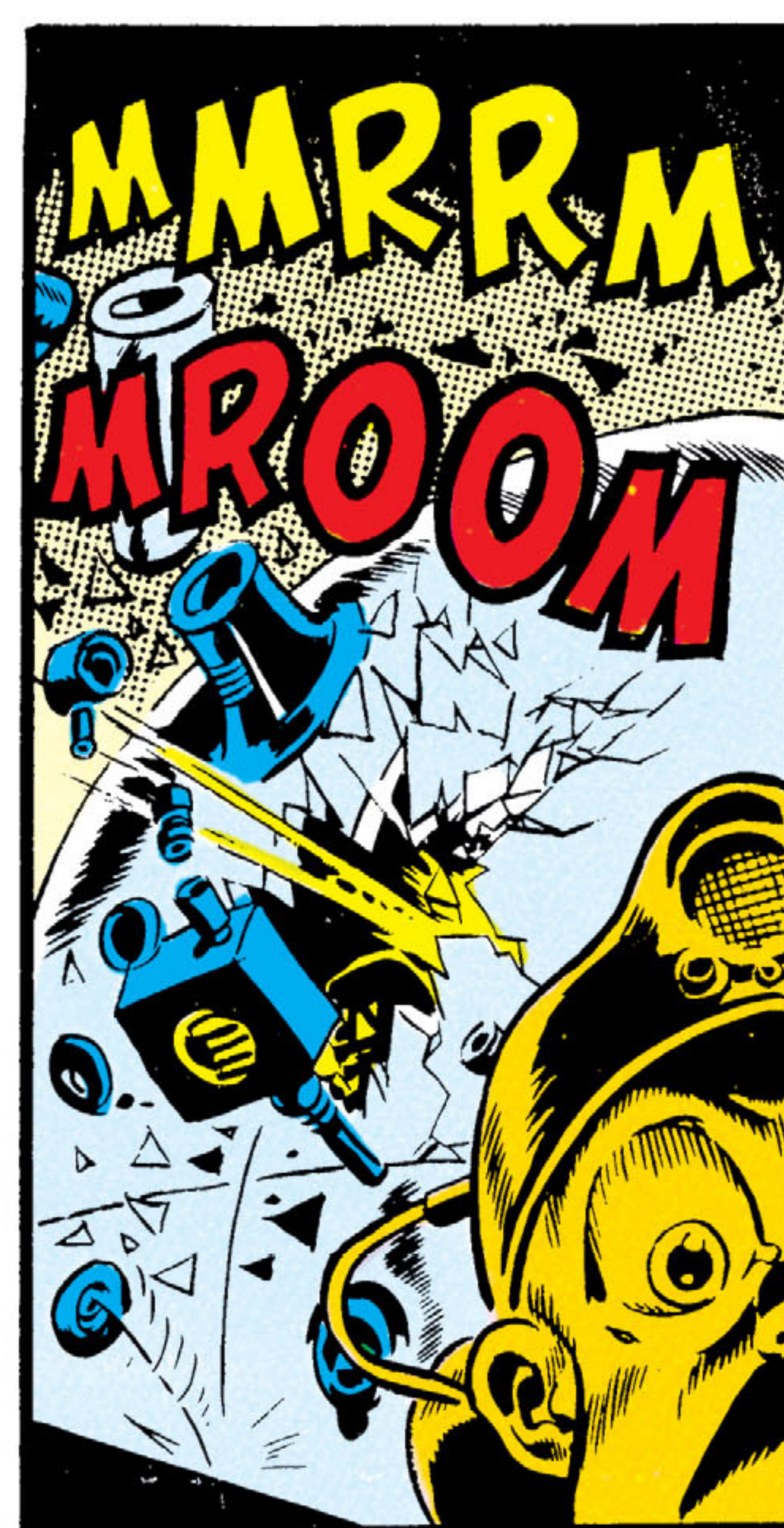


OUR CIVILIZATION IS **GOING TO POT!** WE LIE AROUND FROM DAY TO DAY SEEKING **PLEASURE!** DOING **NOTHING!** GETTING MORE AND MORE **HELPLESS** WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!

SO... ALFRED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO **PROVE?**

PROVE? PROVE? MELVIN! WHAT... WHAT IF THE MACHINE THAT REPAIRS THE MACHINE... **BREAKS?**





YES, DEAR READER! THE MACHINE DID BREAK!

E.C. FANS!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!**



**ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**

ENTER COSMO Mc MOON!

Captain Malfeasance O'Malley of the Bureau of Missing Persons was trying to console the unhappy and heart-broken couple who were sobbing holes through the hand-rolled, monogrammed Kleenex tissues he had received for Christmas! Poor Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were weeping over the loss of their only son, little Lemur Kayak.

O'Malley grabbed the rest of the Kleenex out of their tear-soaked hands and shoved it into a desk drawer. "This department has left *no stone unturned* in searching for your son. In fact, the mayor has ordered us to put the sidewalks back as they were!! But be of stout heart, for I have called the eminent Professor Cosmo McMoon—of Embraceable U.—in on this baffling case!

"The professor is accomplished in many fields. He's the man who put chlorophyl in Sen-Sen! He's explored the wildernesses of the human mind with gun and camera! He's been *in* so many minds, he's practically *out* of his own!! Have you read his latest tome, 'The Rest of Your Mind May Not Work . . . But Your Medulla Oblong Gotta!?' He is also the force behind the proposed 'Impeach Ben Franklin' movement. Unfortunately, Franklin was never president. He is the author of our new financial recovery program. He plans to send all Americans to Europe to live off Uncle Sam. A marvelous plan . . . it would reduce taxes tremendously!"

The door flew open! A distinguished man with a tuning-fork beard, clad in a midnight-blue dinner jacket, yellow Tunisian trousers, and open-toed, hob-nailed boots, stomped in!

"I received your urgent message on my tie-clasp radio, O'Malley, just as I was presenting my latest bill to the Senate page-boys! A bill to empty the Pacific into the Atlantic by means of a coast-to-coast bucket brigade. No more would our glorious West be threatened with

floods! But what of the missing cherub?"

Mrs. Kayak began the strange tale amid sobs and wails.

"Our dear little Lemur was a healthy, alert and normal boy until the day I brought home that box of table salt from the grocer's."

"What's so unusual about a box of salt?", asked Cosmo.

"Nothing! It was a famous brand. You've seen it! It comes in a round red box with a yellow top and a little tin spout for pouring."

"Yes, go on please!"

"Well, on the box, in a diamond shaped frame, is a picture of a Shaker lady with a brown bonnet on her head. The lady is smiling and in her hand she's holding another box of salt and on it is a picture of another Shaker lady holding another box of salt on which there is a picture of—"

"I know . . . a Shaker lady with a box of salt!!! They keep diminishing. Go on, please!"

"Well, our dear little Lemur just sat for hours on end and stared from one Shaker lady on to the next. He seemed fascinated! And then one day . . . (sob) . . . he . . . (sob) . . . disappeared! And just when I was about to change to a brand of salt with just *one* little girl with an umbrella on the package! That's life! When it rains . . . it pours!"

Cosmo McMoon stroked his beard thoughtfully. Captain O'Malley dried some wilted Kleenex by the heat of his desk lamp. The poor Kayaks just sobbed. Then the magnificent mind of McMoon came up with the solution!

"My dear friends! Your little boy has gone off into another dimension—and I am sure he's very happy there. Yes, he has gone into INFINITY . . . with the Shaker lady! The infinite is the unattainable limit of an unending process of construction. The extended objects of our ordinary perception do not occupy all the span of our field of vision. Objects last for a longer or shorter period, before which they were not experienced and after which they are no longer experienced. Lemur has gone into infinity . . . right down to the last salt box in the hands of the last unseen Shaker lady!"

Now Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were very happy. They hurried right home to talk to their little box of salt!



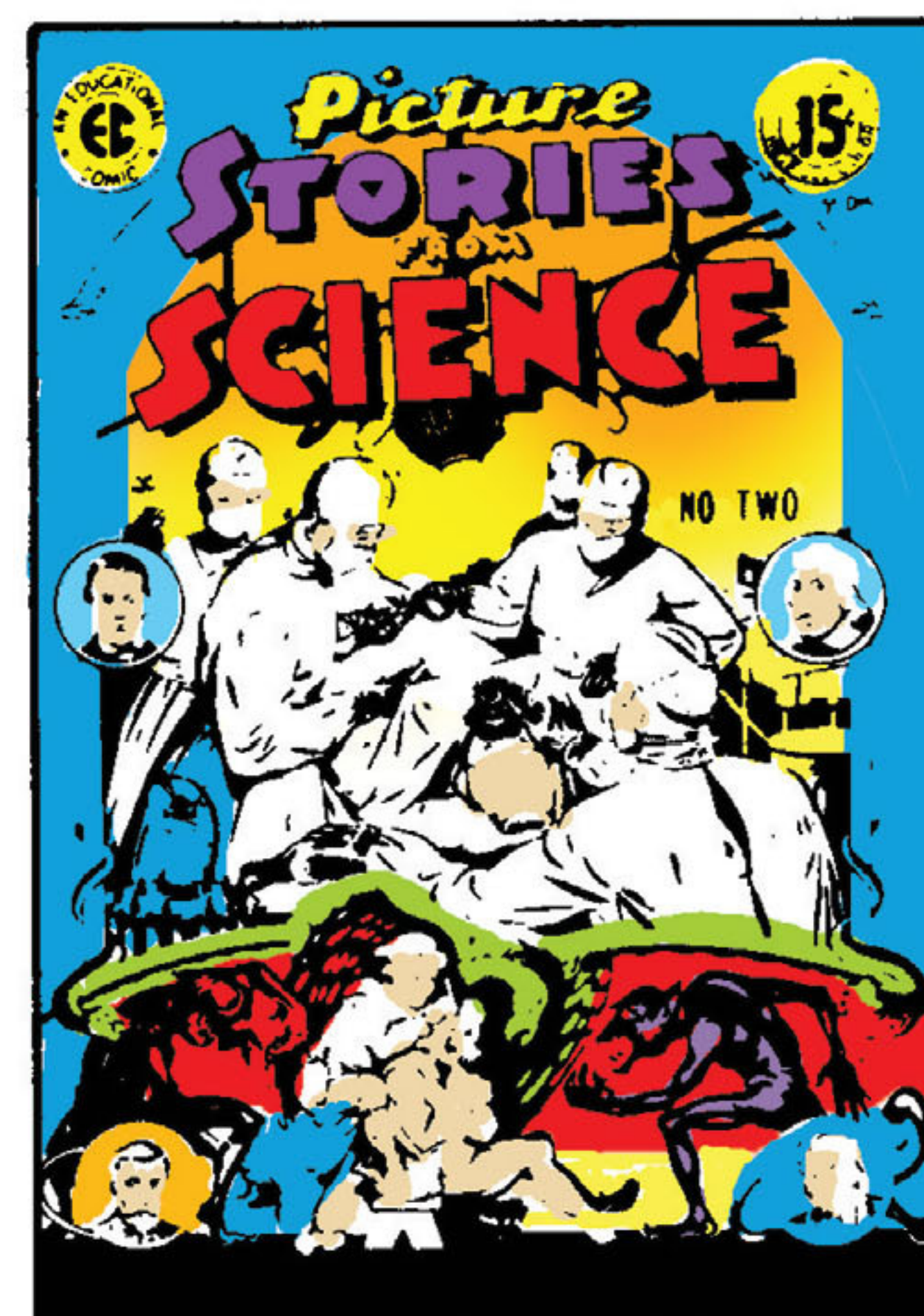
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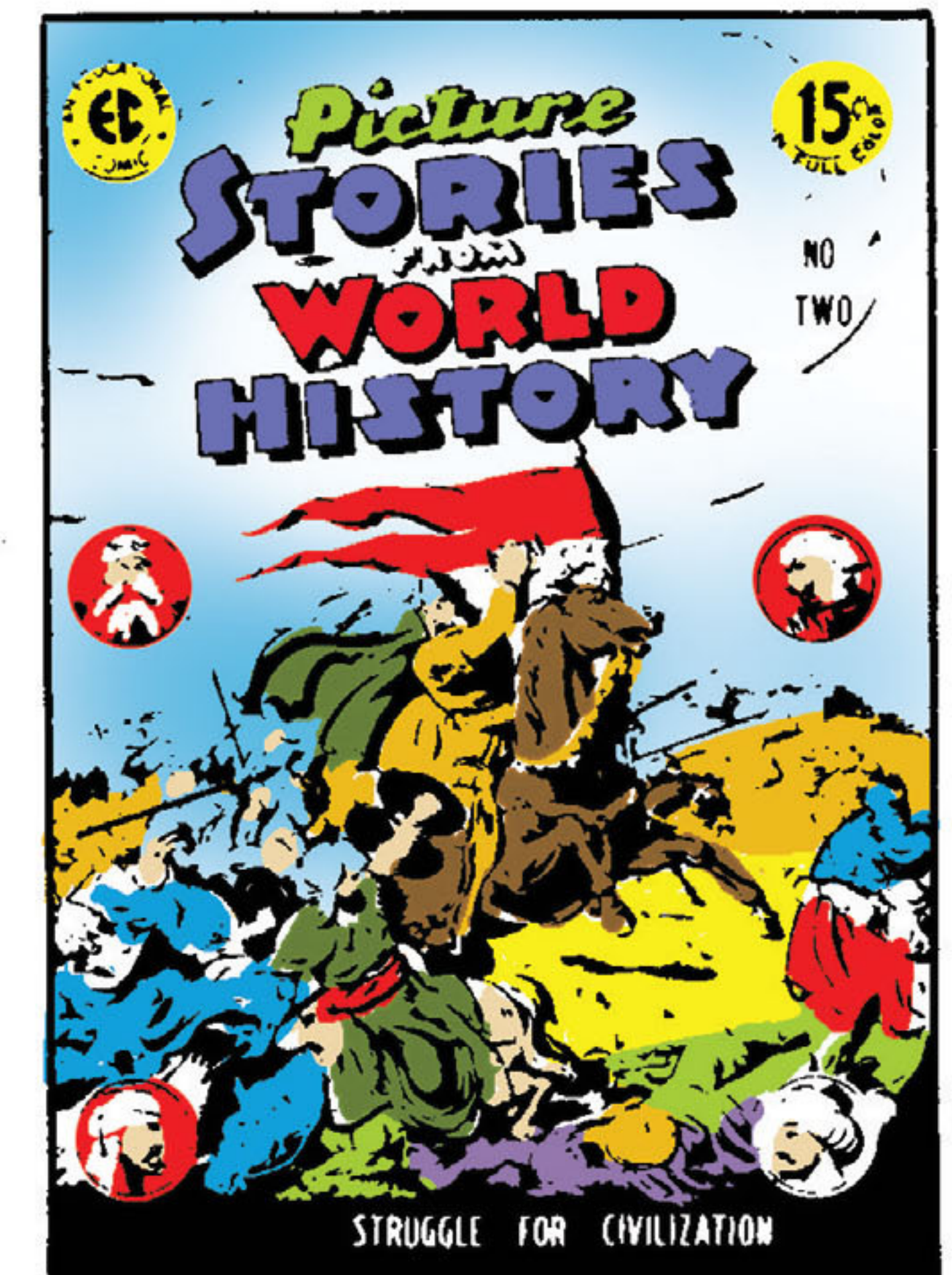


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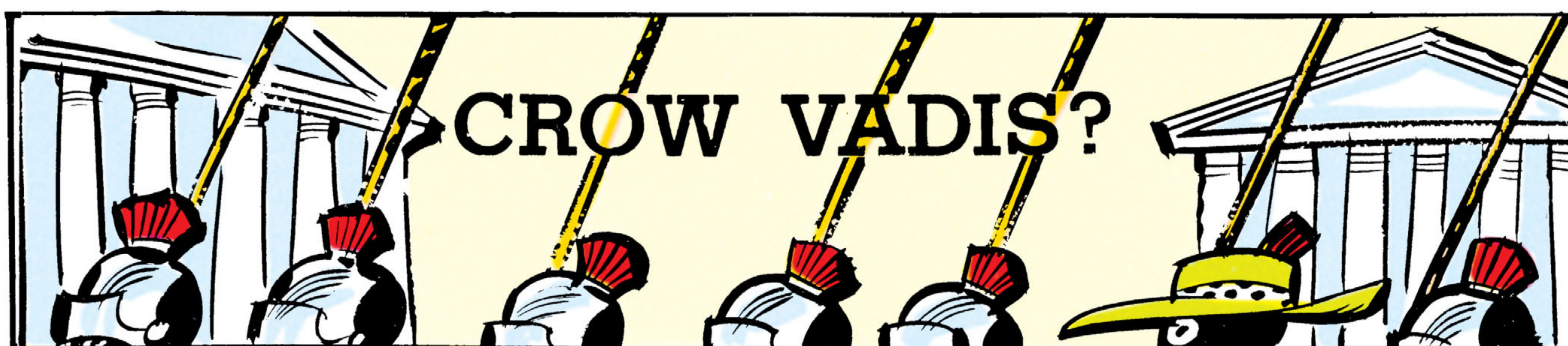
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Tiberius O'Leary—
Roman Counterspy!
Rome 106 B.C.

Senator Gaius Tobey assigned his best secret operative, Tiberius O'Leary, to crack down on gamblers who were fixing the spear-point spreads in the gladiator matches. The Romans had been shocked by the recent bribing of schoolboy athletes in the Colosseum!

Tiberius, working incognito, put on a zoot-toga and headed for a little poolroom just off the main drag, the Appian Way!

Inside the emporium, Marcus Sumatra, a dixieland lyre-player, crooned a tender refrain, "The Cry of the Wild Helvetian"! Tiberius quickly joined in a game of Roman Parchisi.

Amid cries of "You're faded, Brutus," "VII come XI," and "Baby needs a new pair of sandals," Tiberius raked in the chips! Suddenly, one of the heavy losers rapped Tiberius with a roll of denarii clenched in a closed fist. When Tiberius came to, the joint was raided by Chief Lucius Patton and the Forum Police, who put the bracchia on one and all!

Tiberius was thrown into solus confinement for 24 years and 8 months, despairing of ever fulfilling his secret mission. At this time, all men in Rome, between the ages of 18 and 25, received:

"Greetings from the Emperor! You are hereby ordered to report to local draft board MCXXV for a pre-induction physical!"

The Romans put Tiberius on their

shoulders and marched with him to the Grand Central Forum. They sang rousing choruses of "When Graccus Comes Marching Home Again," "The Chariot-Wheel of Fortune," "Bell Bottom Togas," "This is the Pedites, Mr. Tiberius," and "I'm a Roman Doodle Dandy"!!

At the draft board, Tiberius was immediately classified 1-A and sent to Fort Dixiebus for basic training.

At the fort, he was given a glass of milk; some gefuelte fish, and then an R.I. (Roman Issue) haircut. Now he was ready to relieve a Vestal Virgin for active duty!

He entered the Chemical Corps at the out-break of the Second Punic War. He was assigned to a place called Oak Ridge to carry on his explosive experiments.

Then the Romans invaded the White Cliffs of Dover! They discovered that the white cliffs were made of chalk, so they brought home a galley-full! The Roman Board of Education was elated! Roman students could write on their slates at last!

But the triumph of progress was short-lived! The kids were ruining their togas with chalk-dust. Tailors and cleaners were living off the fad of the land!!

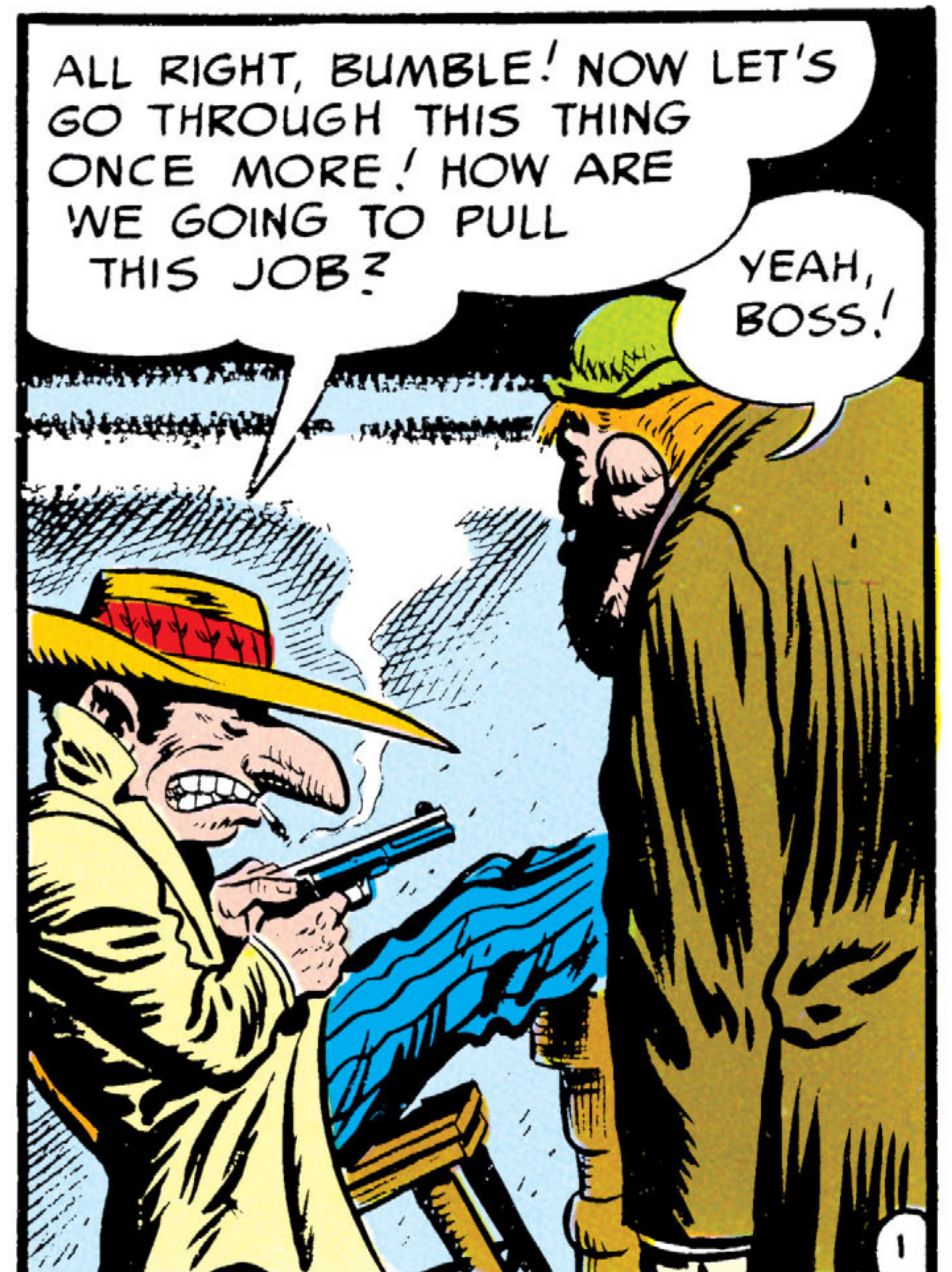
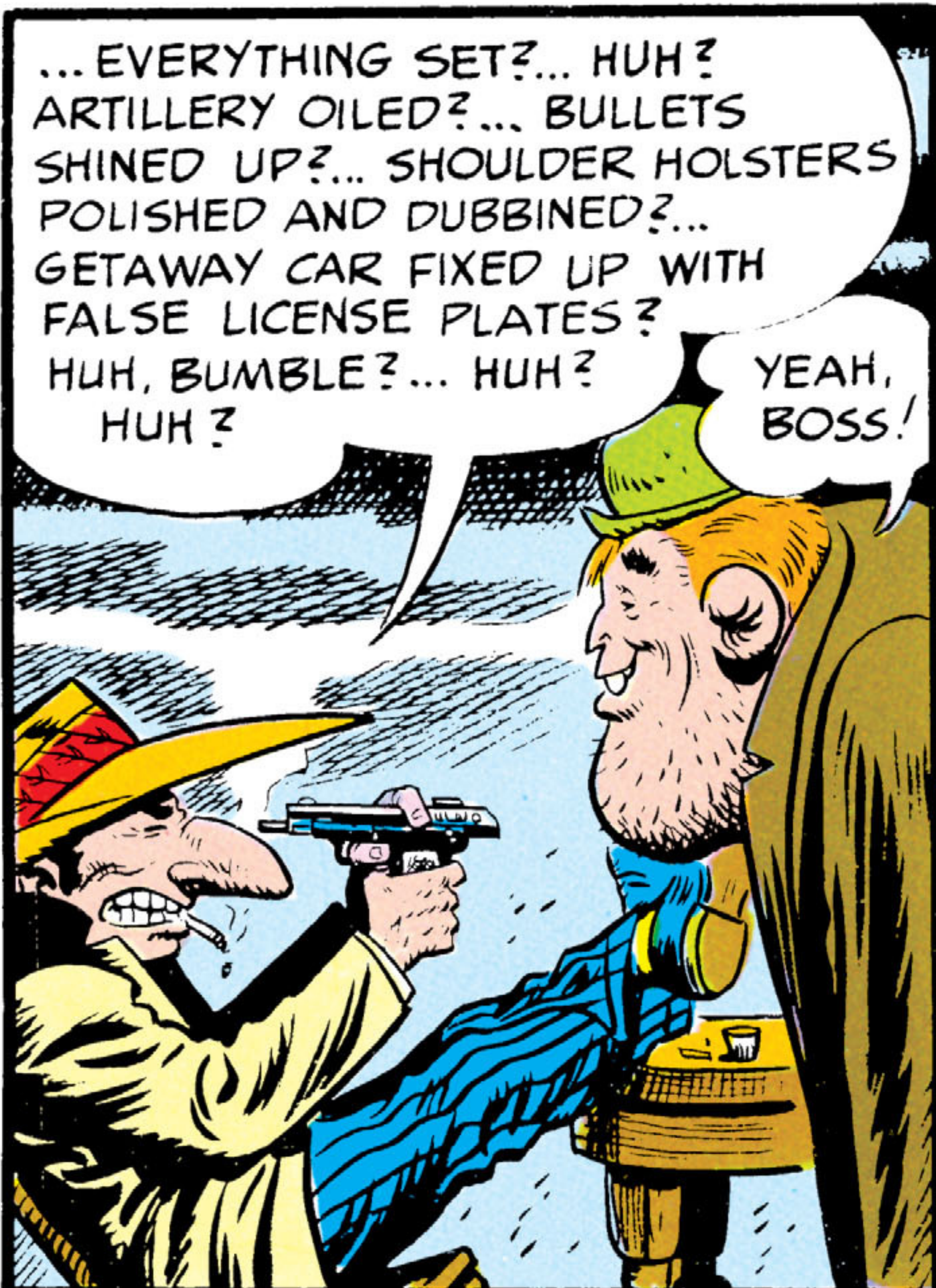
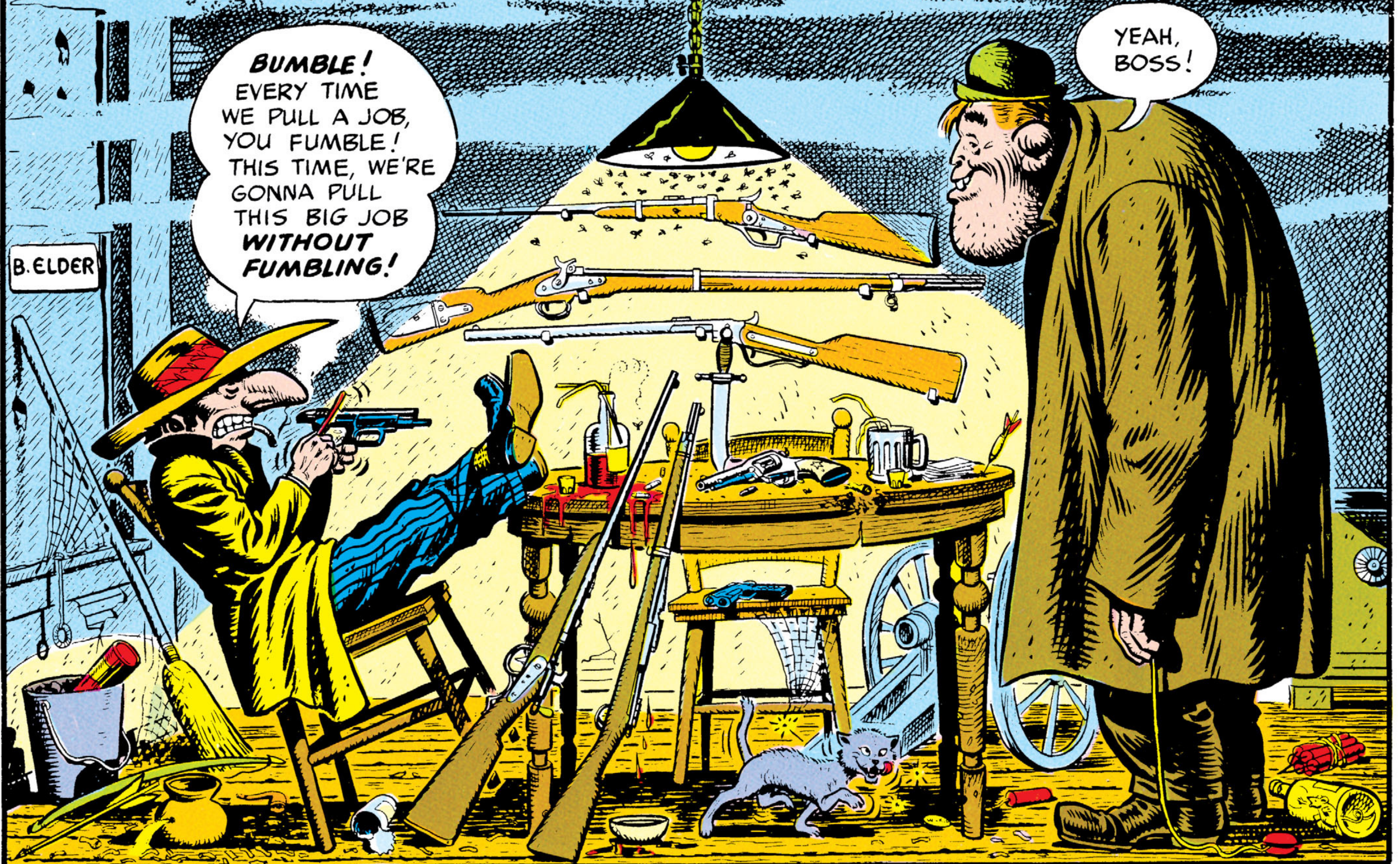
Tiberius retired to his lab, and after 32 years of research, came out with an implement to clean slates. It was called . . . "Eradico Scribendi"!

But, as he emerged from his sanctuary with his wonderful discovery, Rome fell!!

And that's how *ERASERS* were born!

CRIME DEPT.! COME AWAY FROM YOUR FRESH PAINT HOMES ON TREE-LINED STREETS!... AWAY FROM YOUR CLEAN LINEN, YOUR GRADE-A MILK! COME TO THE GARBAGE-CANNED, BROKEN WINDOWED LAND OF THE UNDERWORLD! COME TO THE HOME OF THE GANGSTERS, GORILLAS, AND...

GANGERS!!



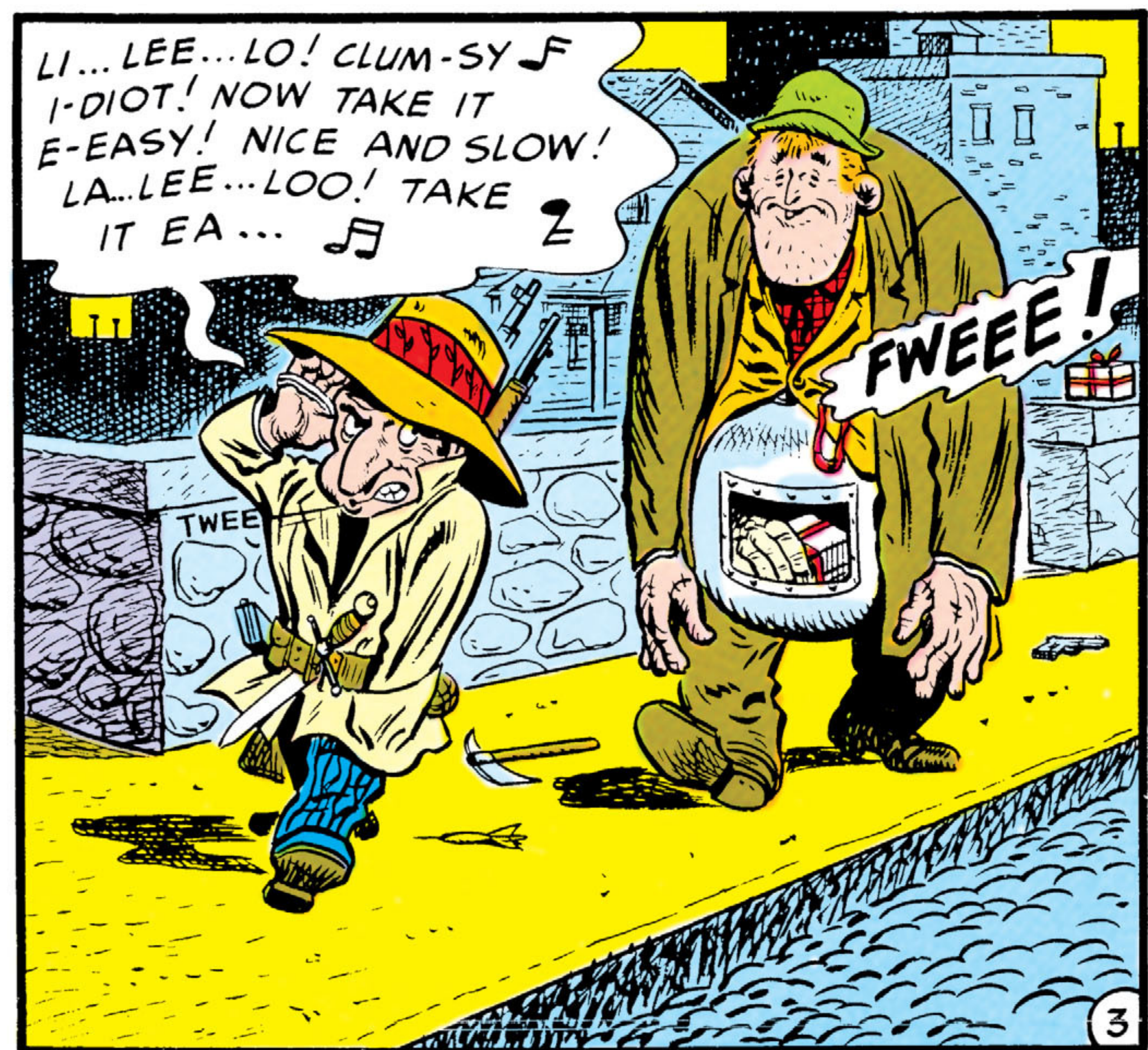
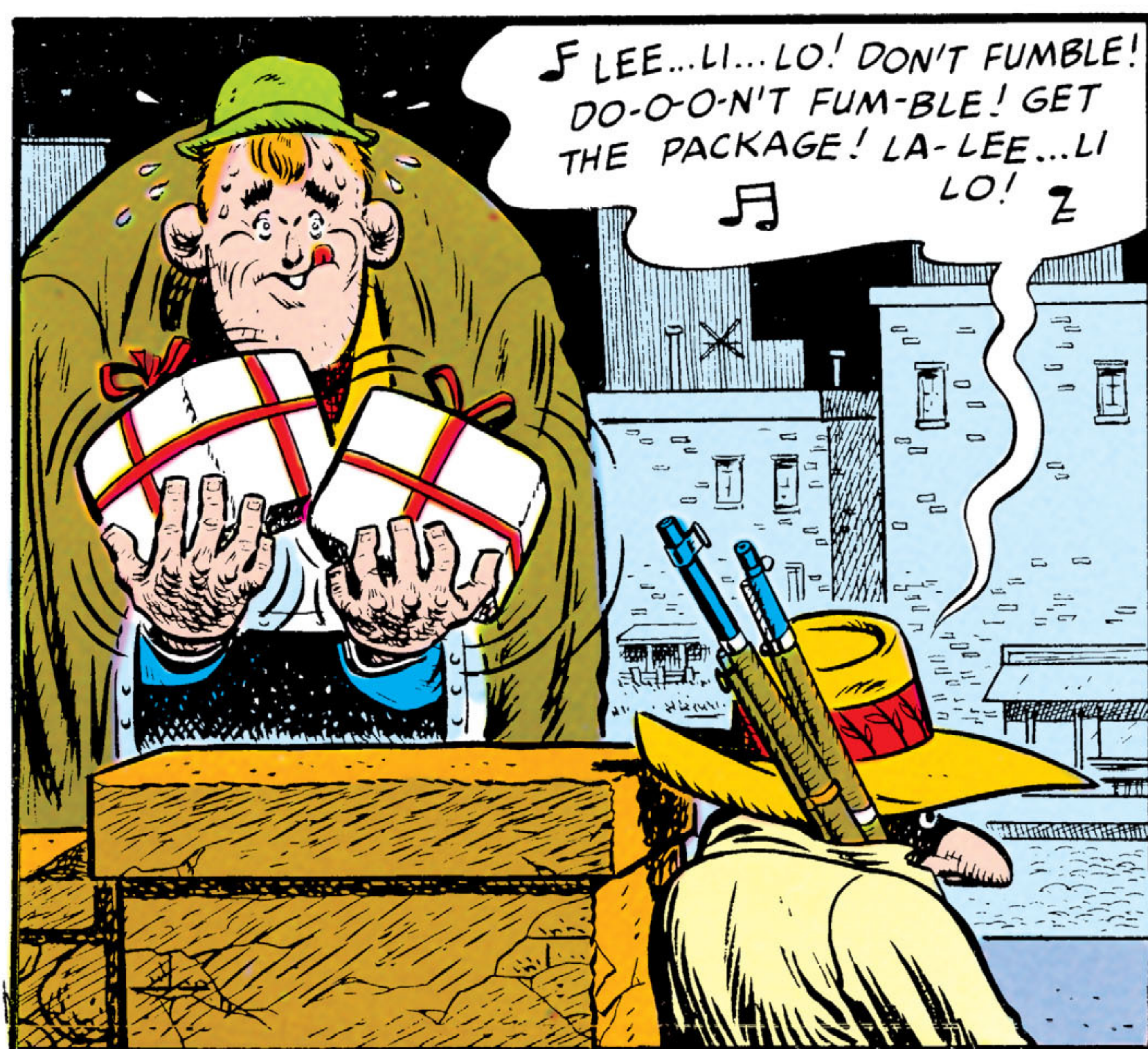
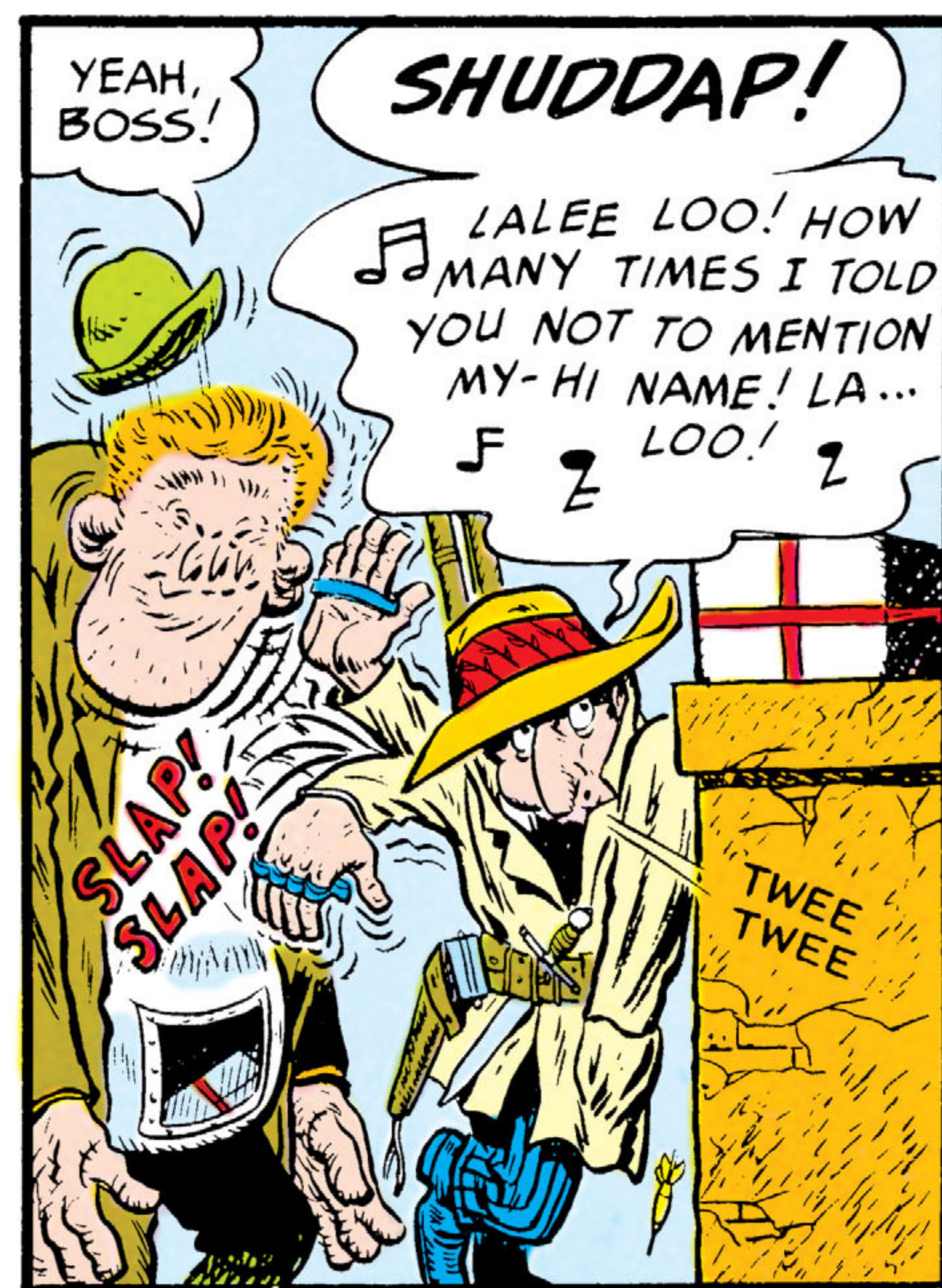
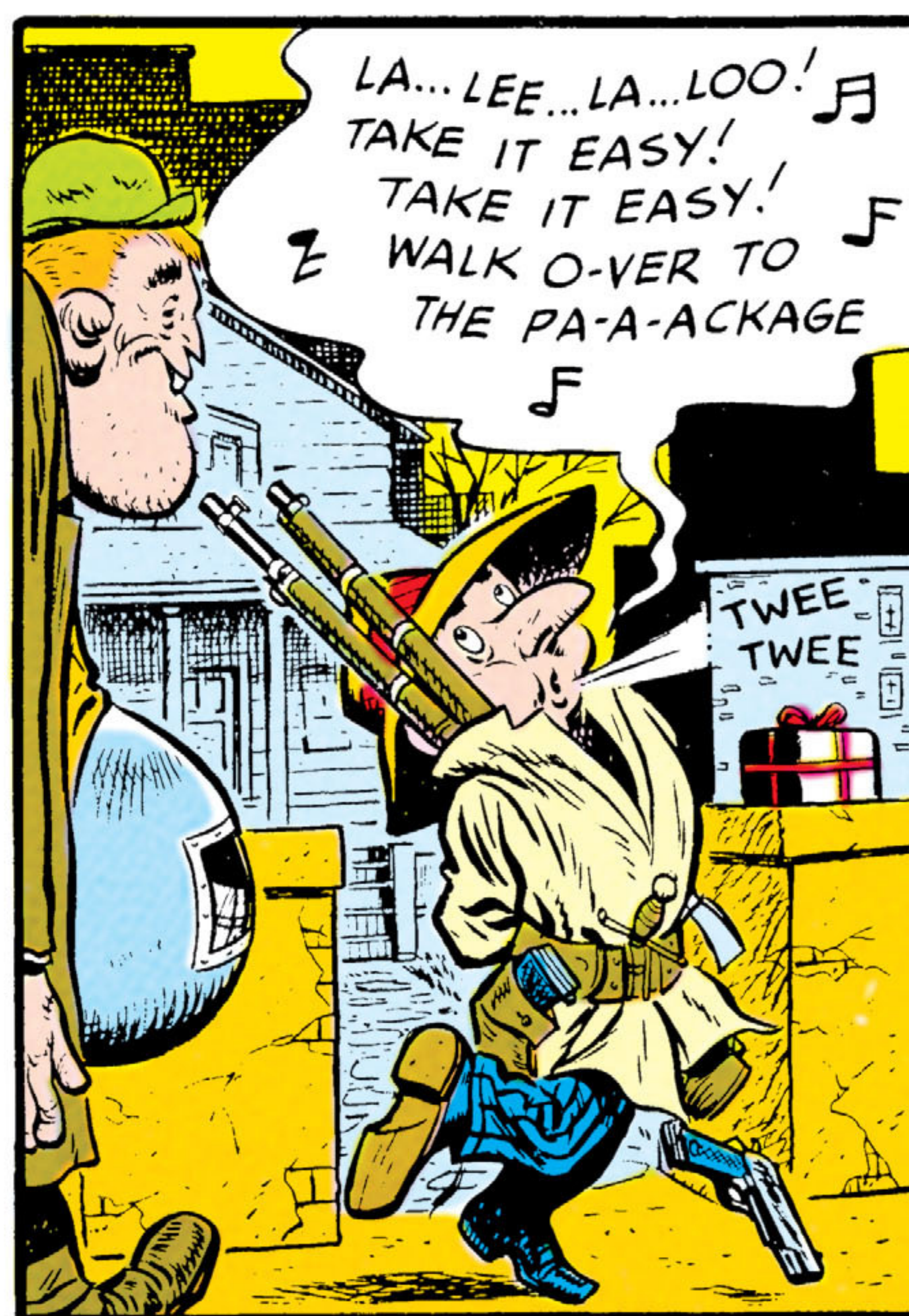
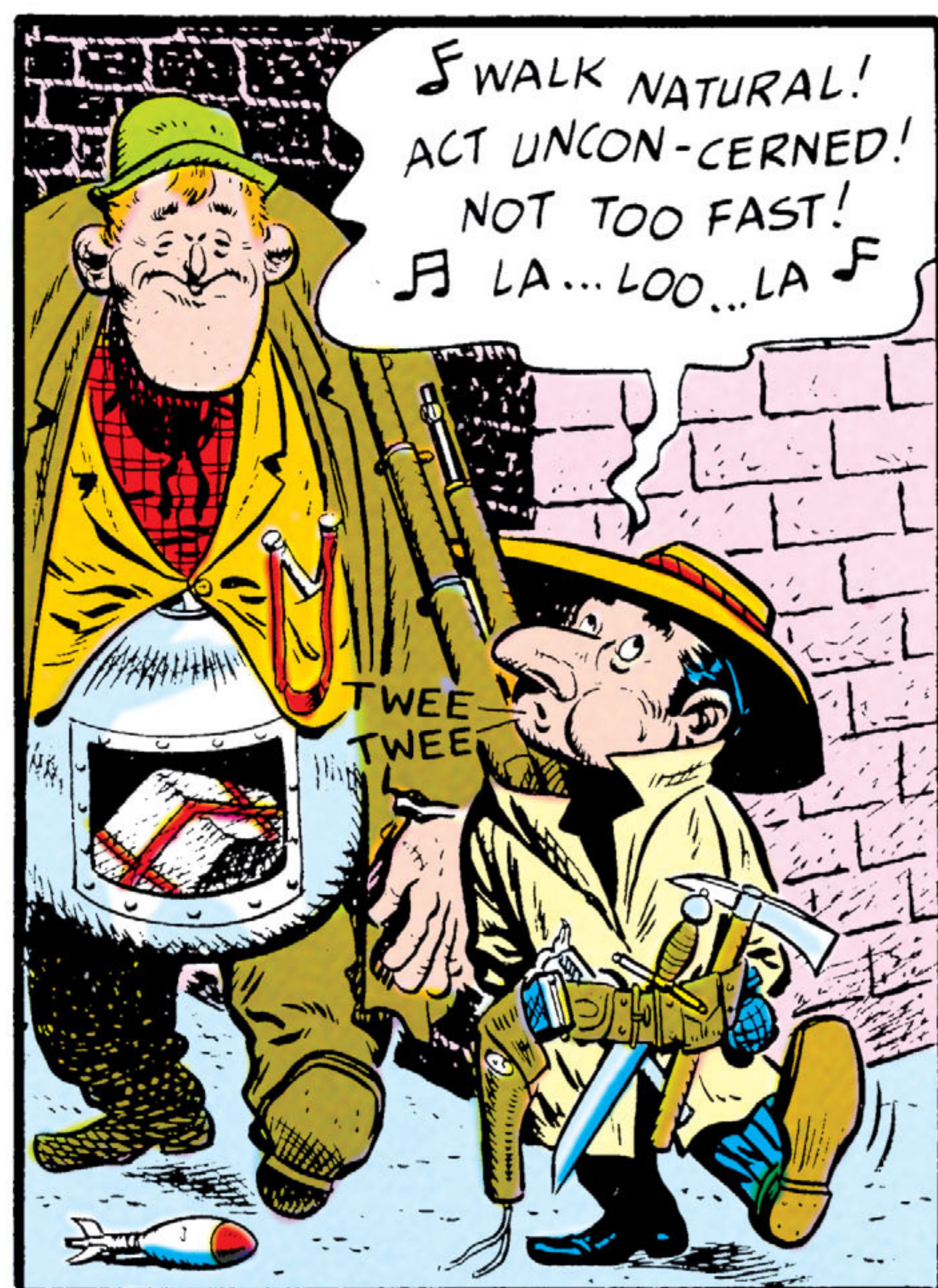
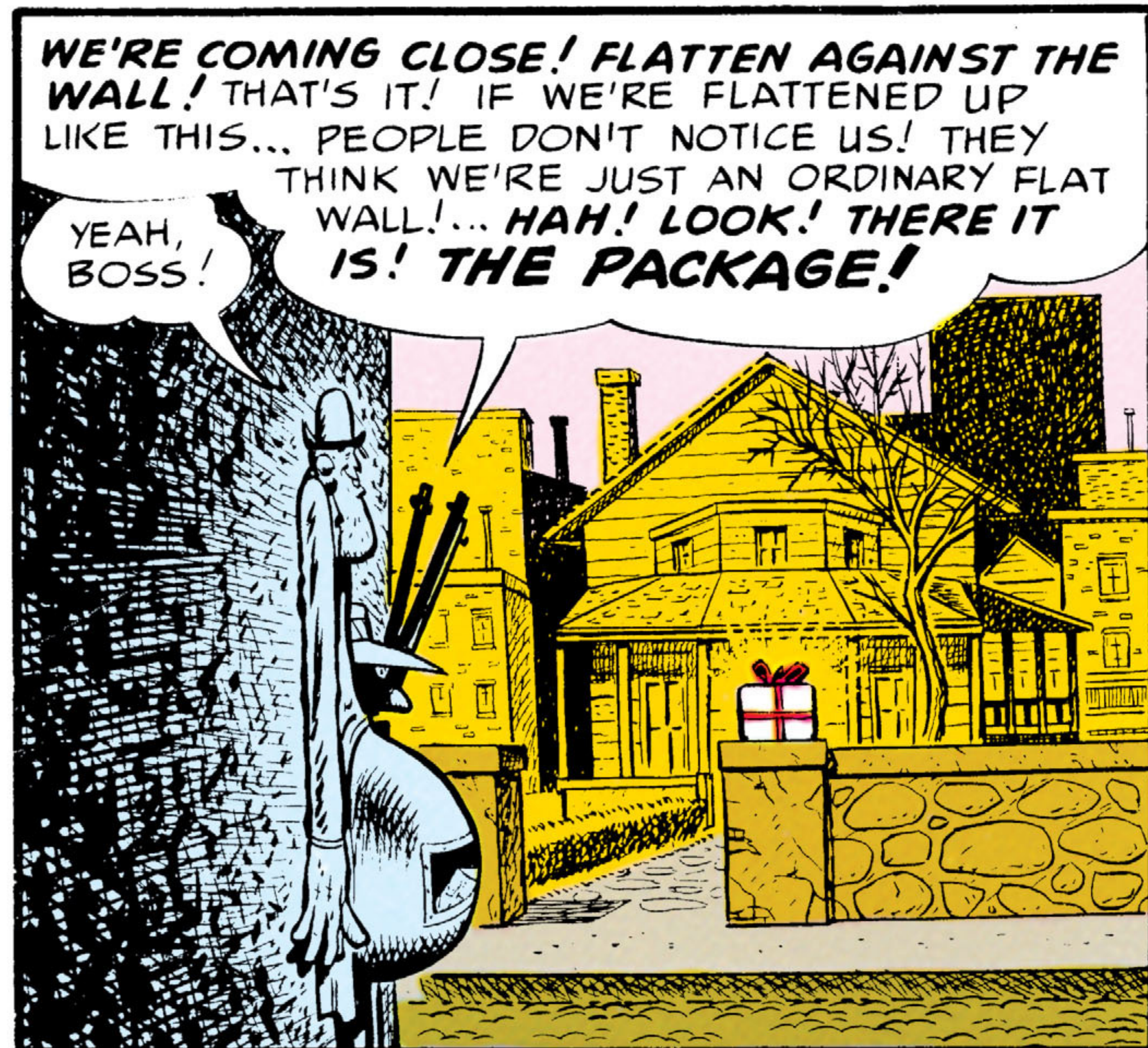
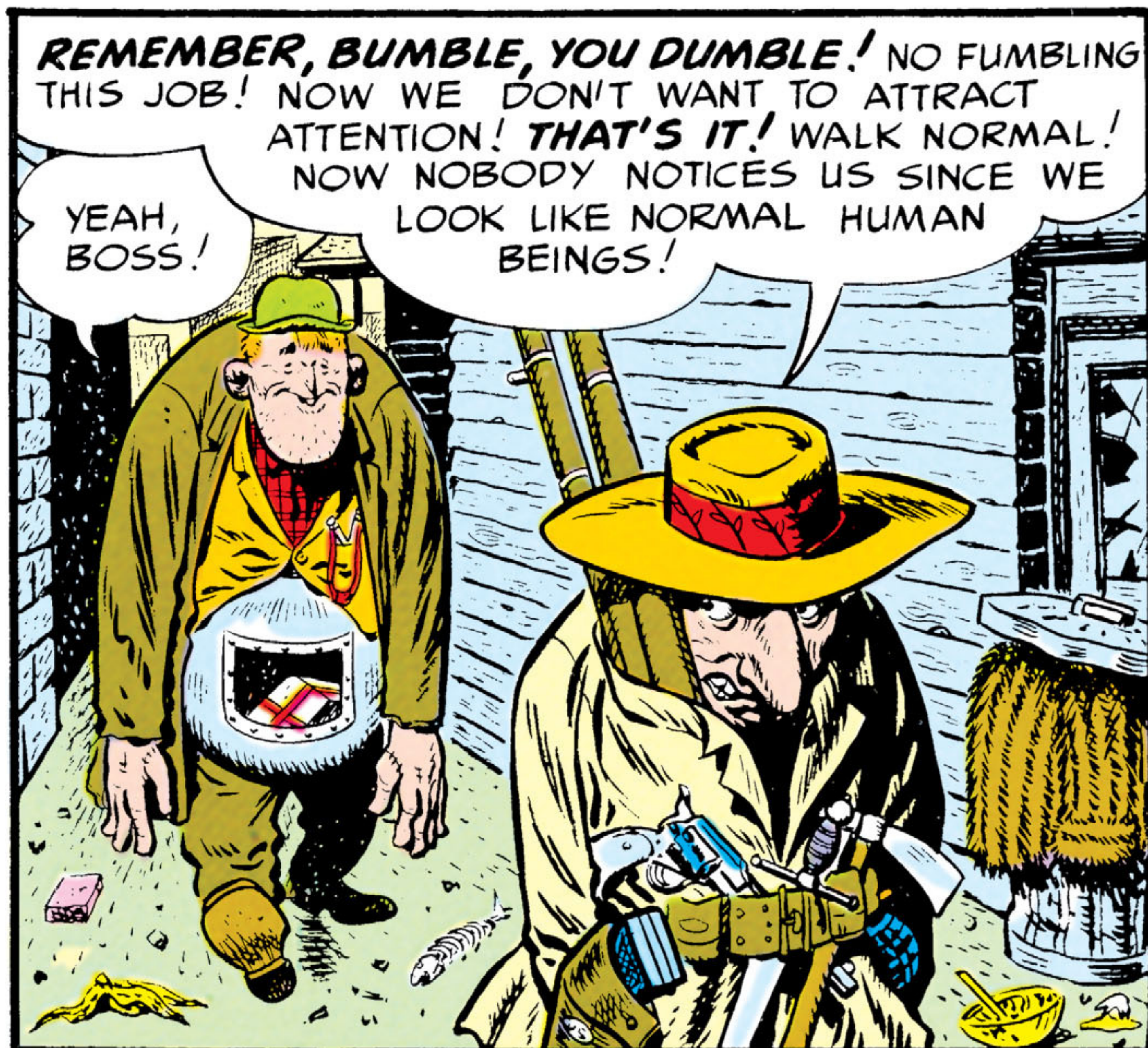
UNDER-HAT DRAW!

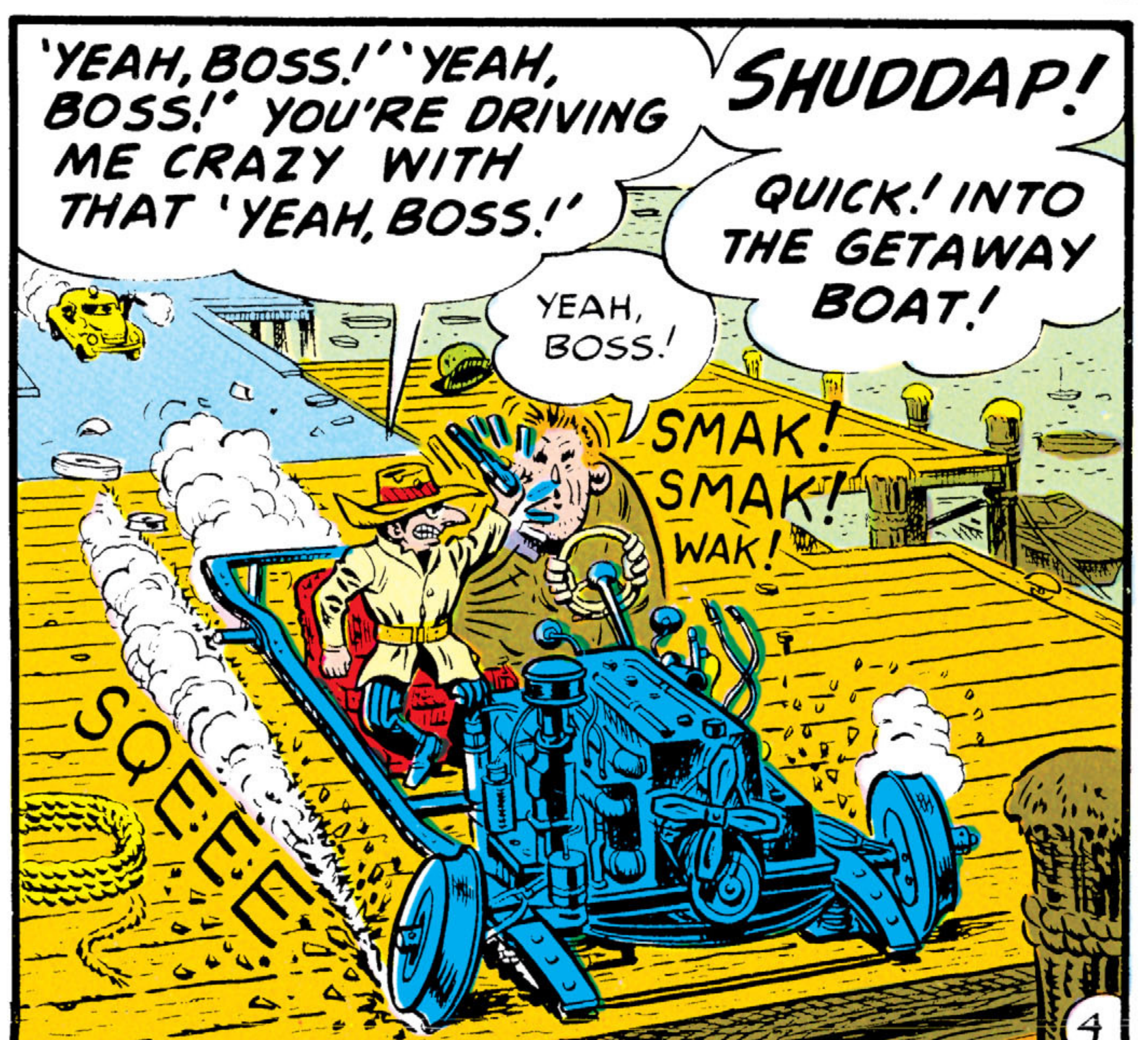
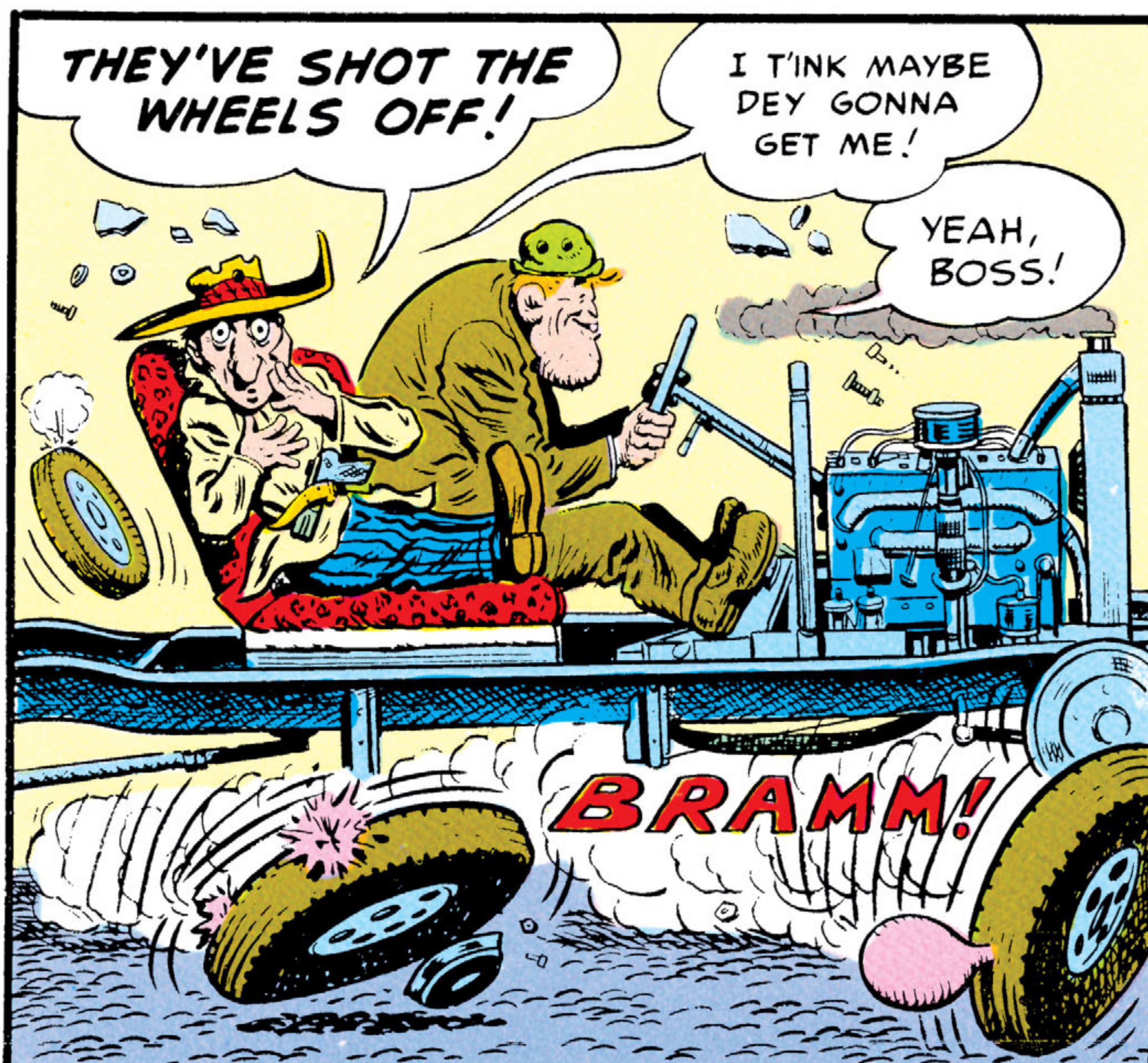
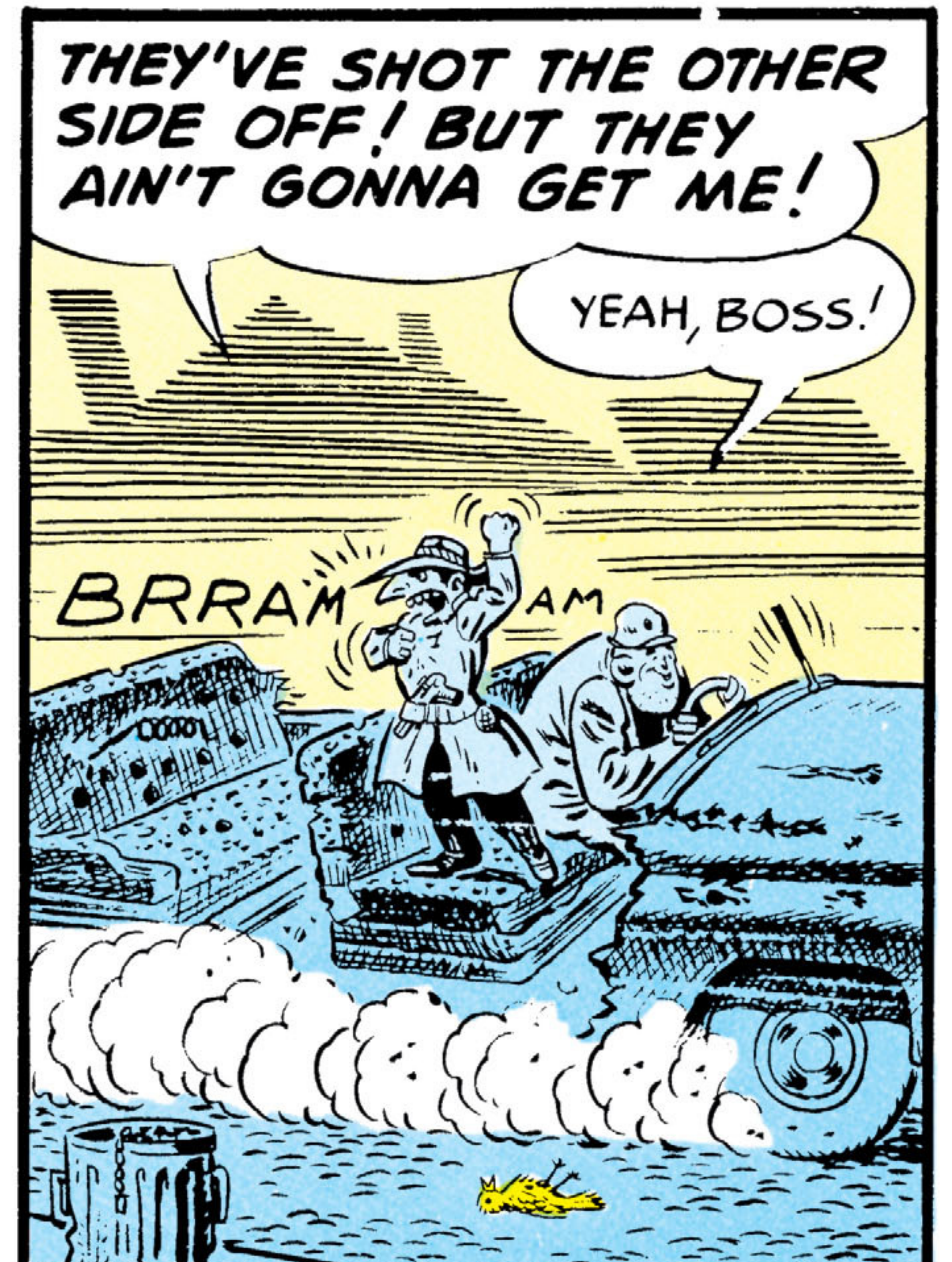
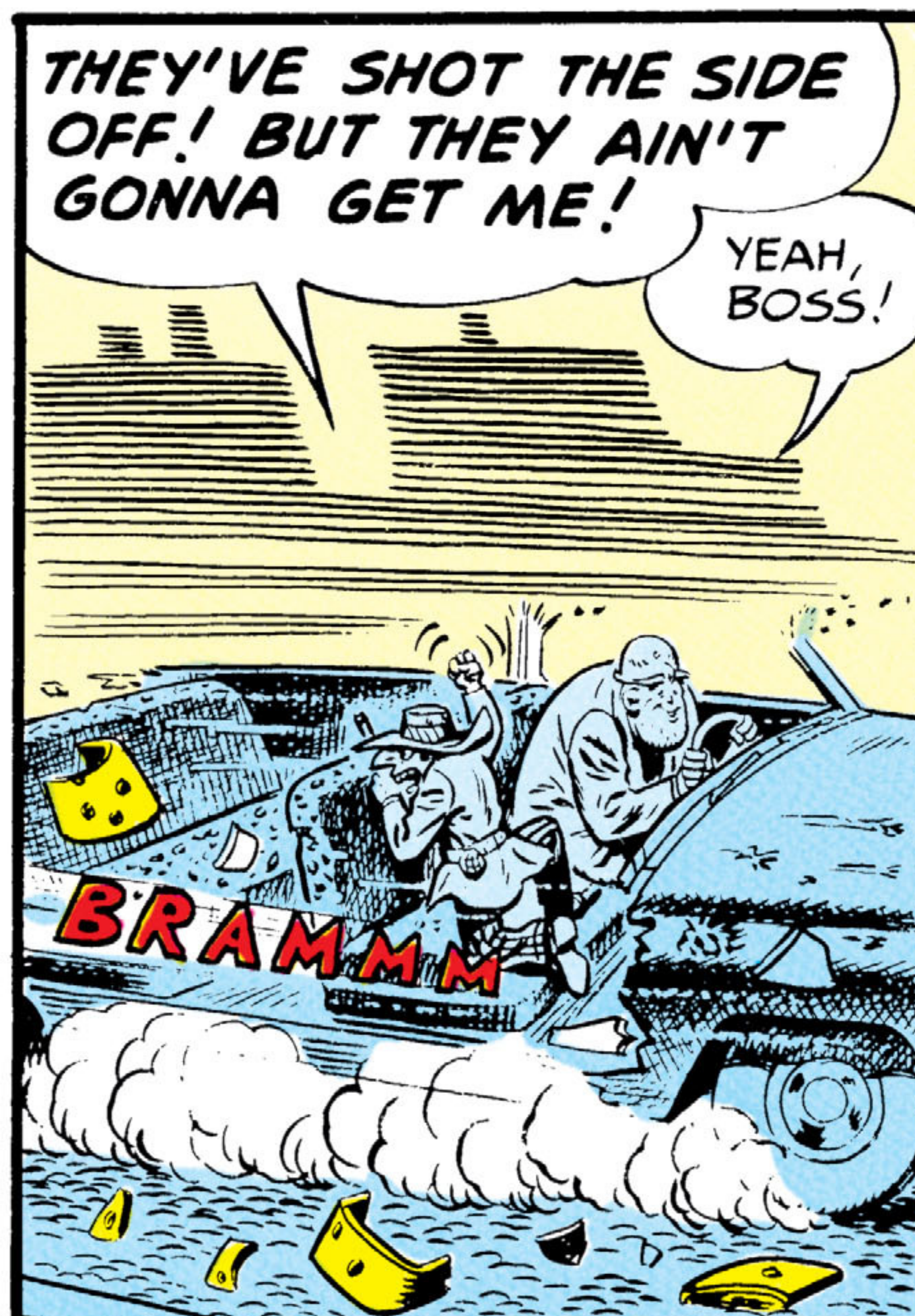
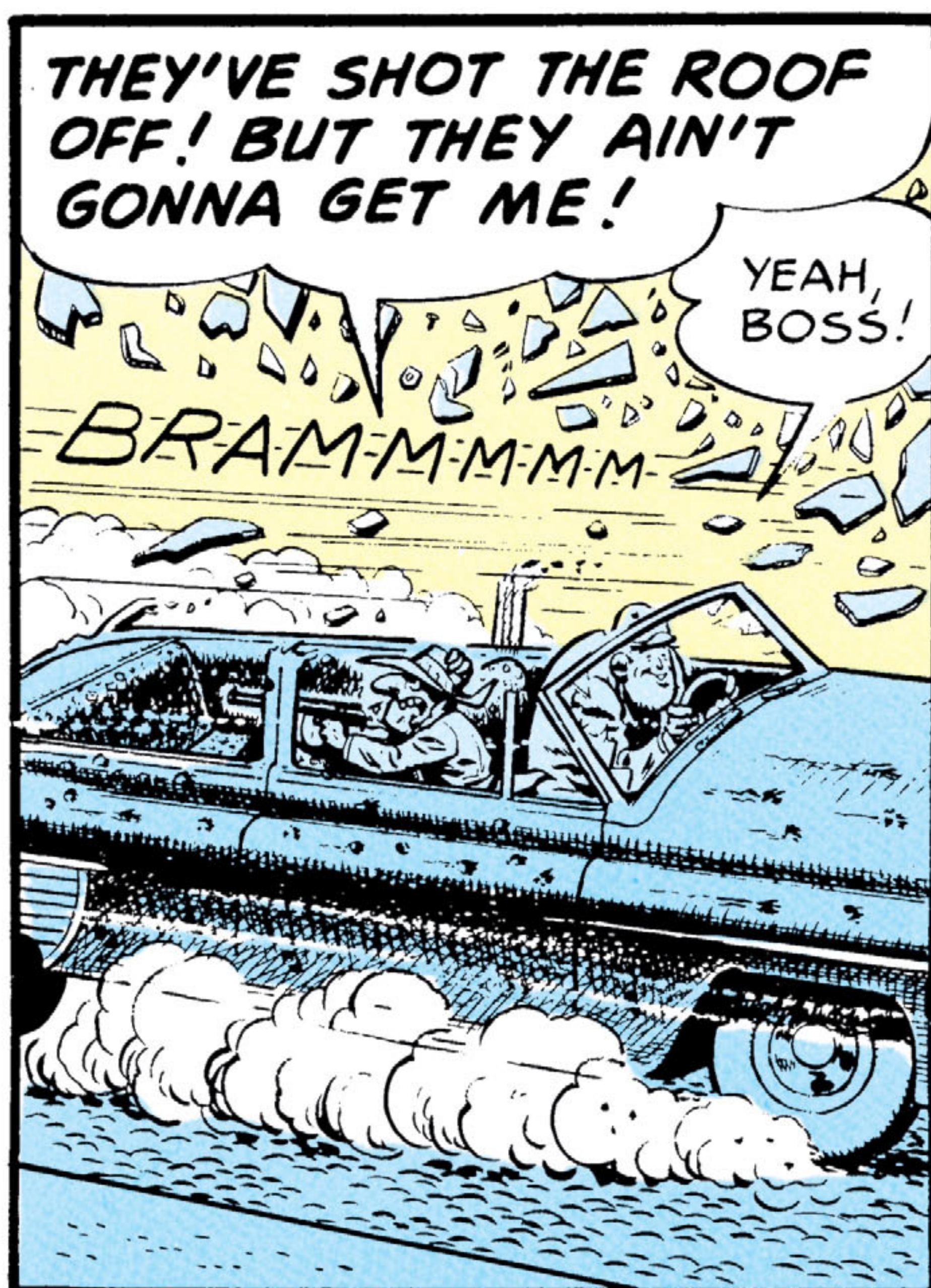
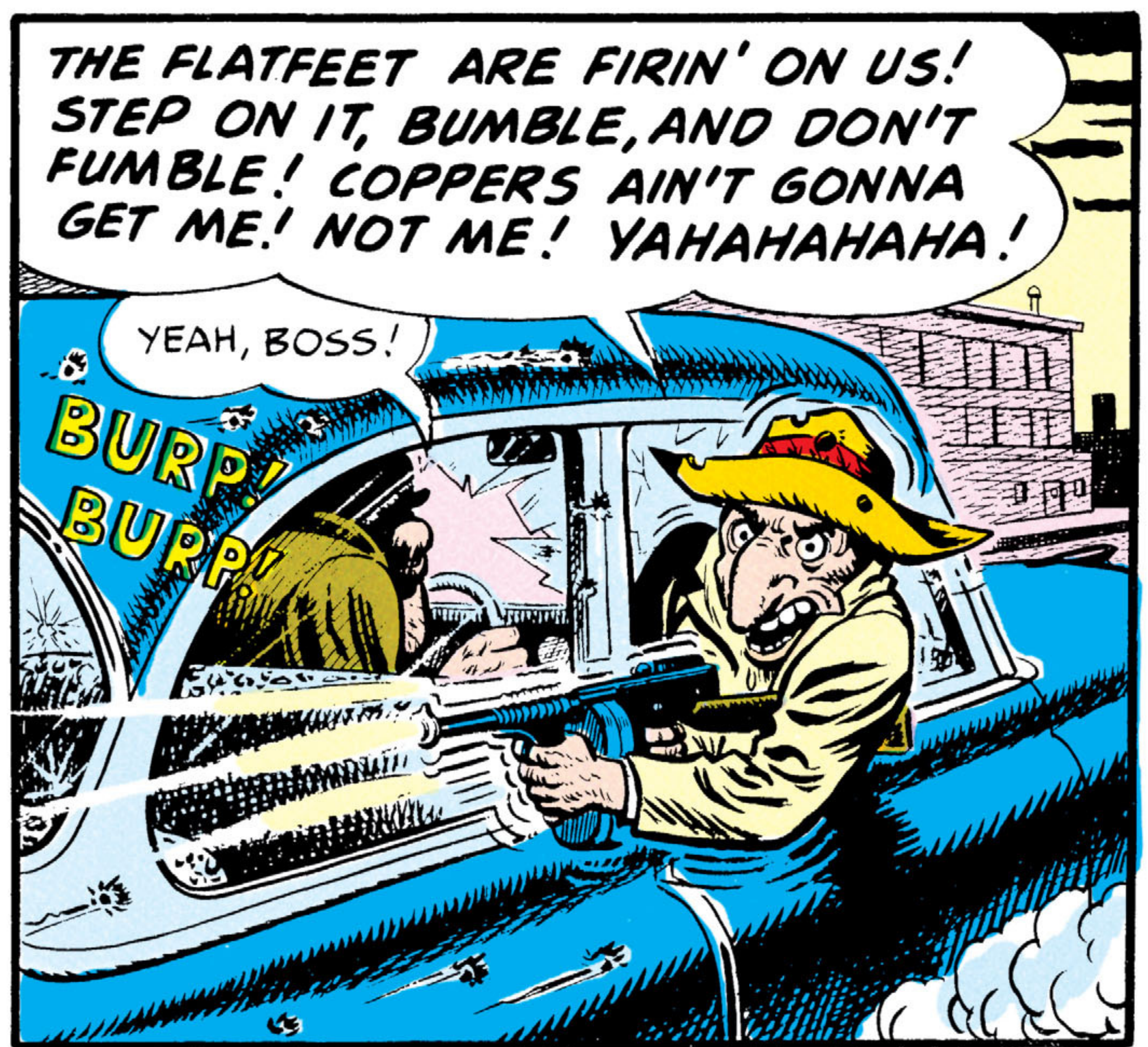
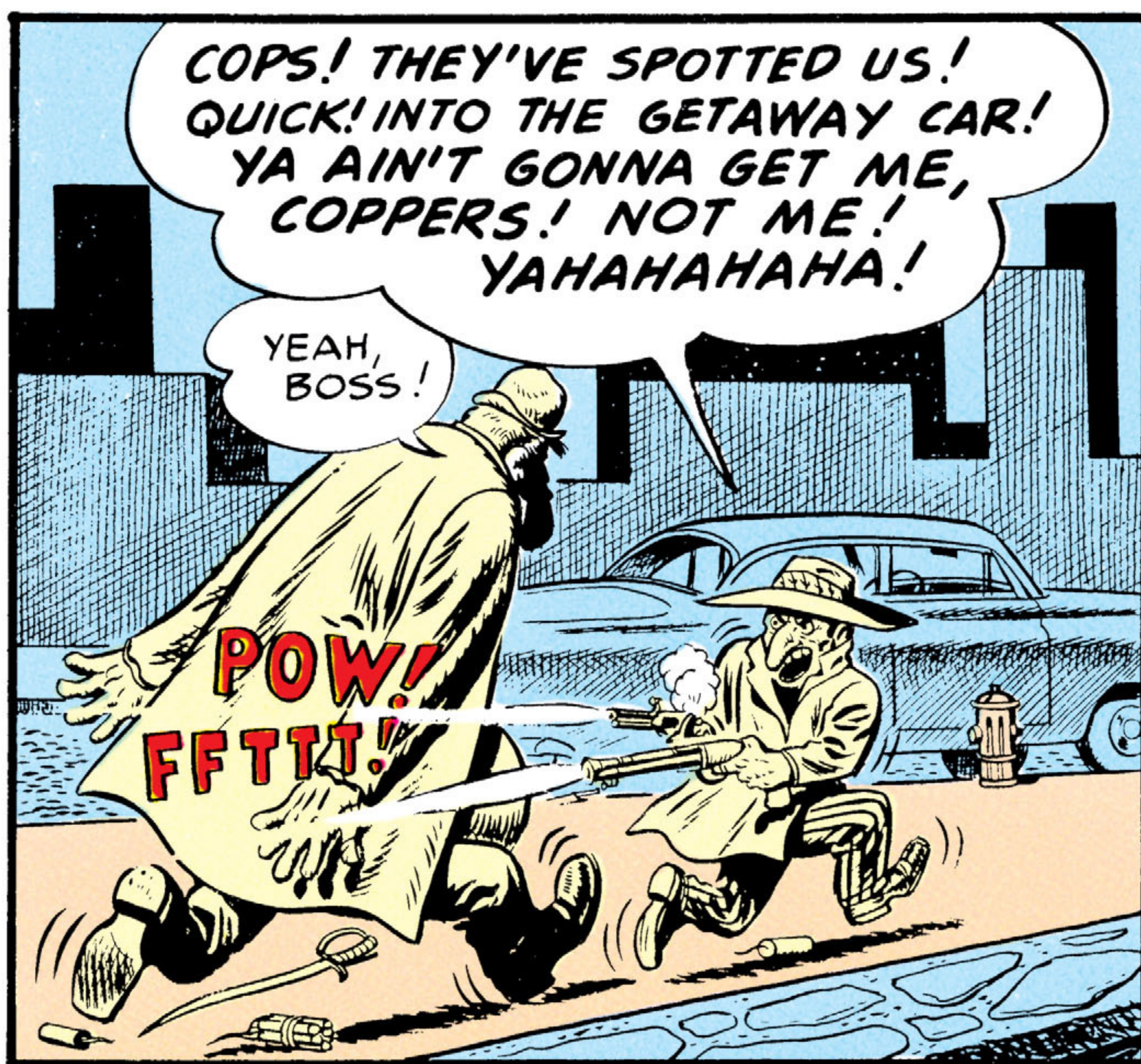
A cartoon panel from "Snoopy's Gang". On the left, a large, grumpy-looking man with a green cap and a yellow jacket over a red plaid shirt is screaming with his mouth wide open. He holds two white-wrapped gifts tied with red ribbons. In the center background, a framed picture hangs on the wall, depicting a young boy in a blue police-style uniform holding a baton, surrounded by falling leaves; the caption below the frame reads "BLUE BOY". To the right, a speech bubble from the large man contains the text "PANTS CUFF DRAW!". In the lower right foreground, a small man wearing a straw hat and a light-colored long-sleeved shirt is crawling on all fours, looking back over his shoulder with a terrified expression. The floor is made of wooden planks.

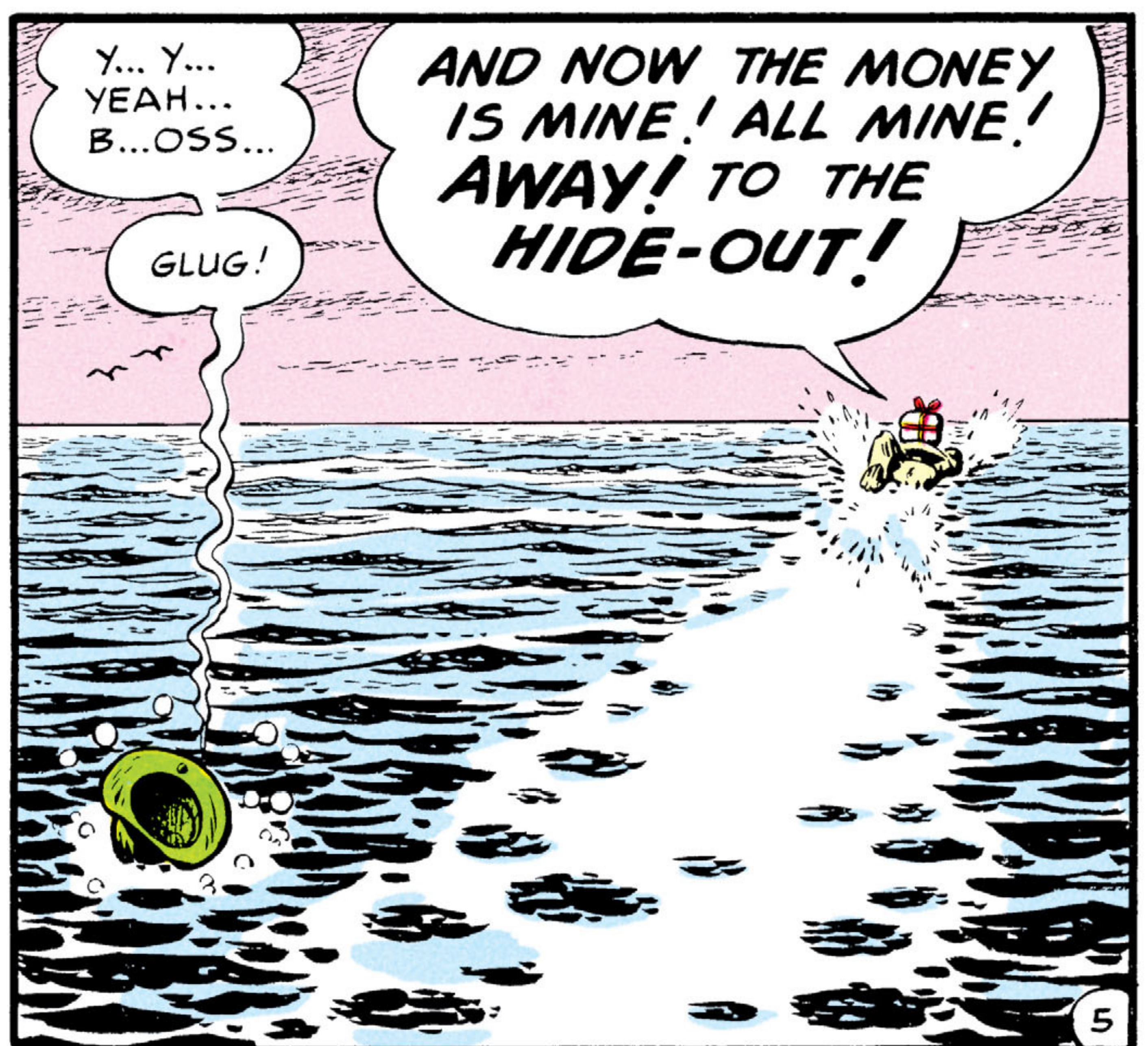
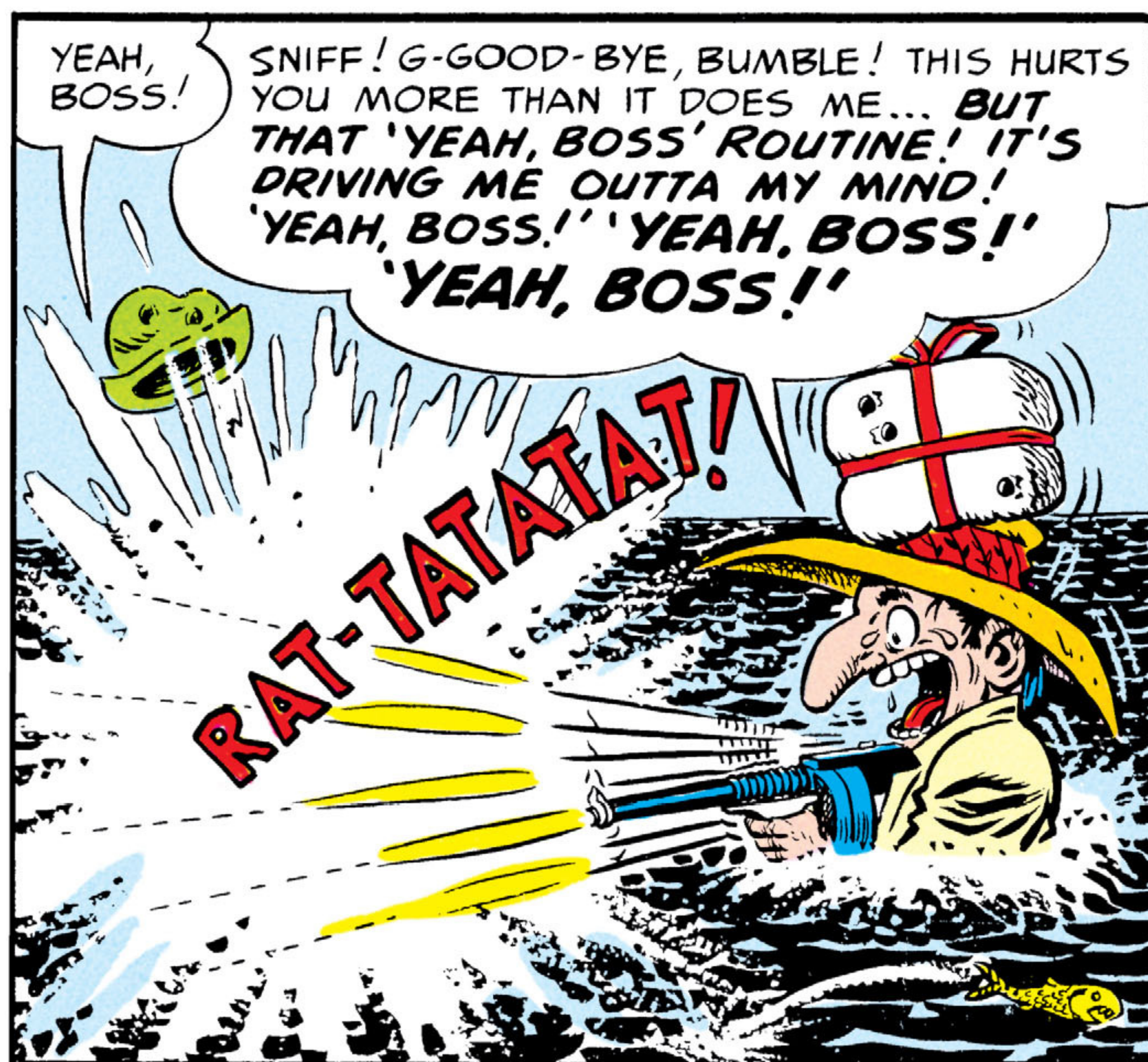
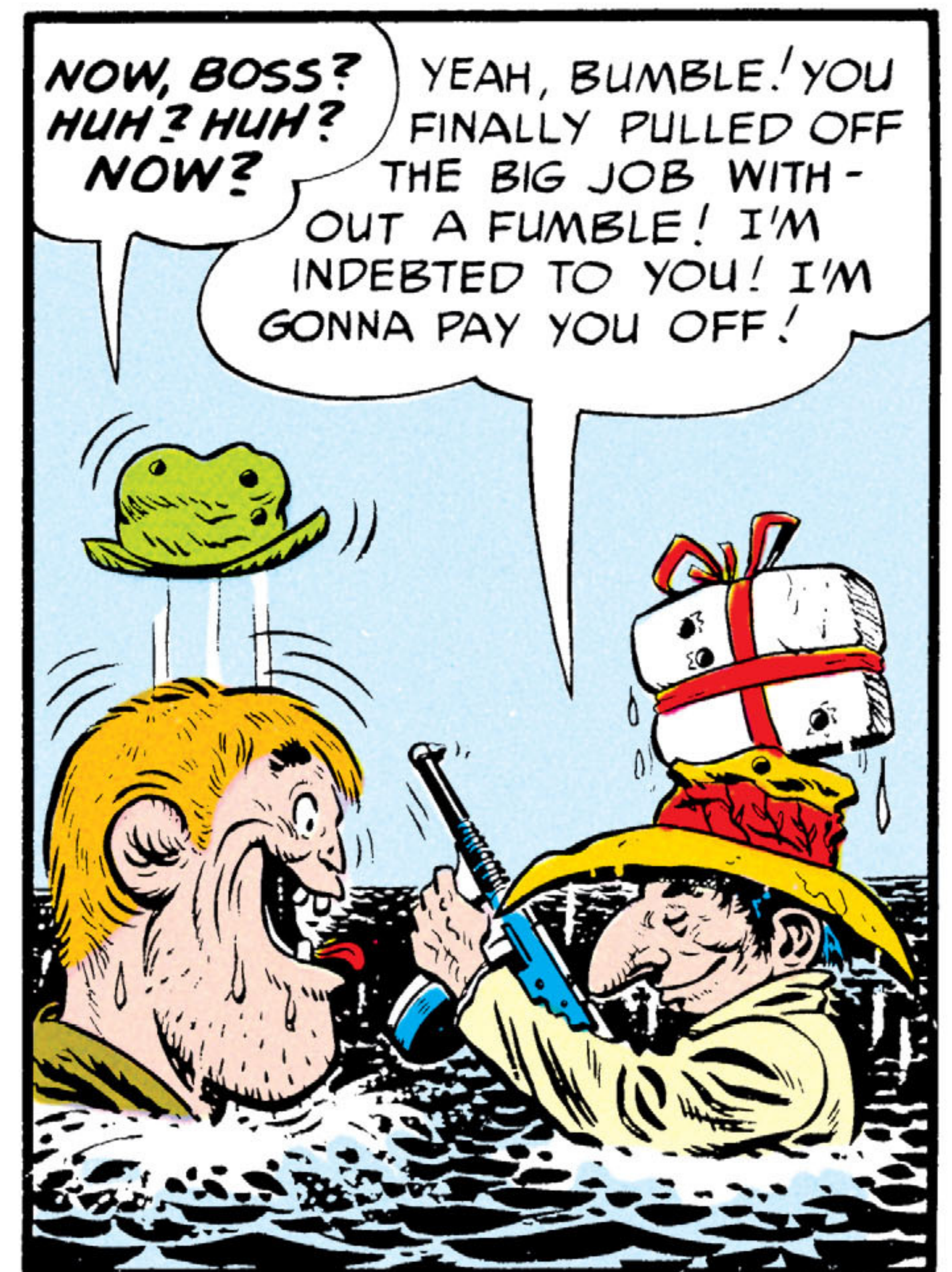
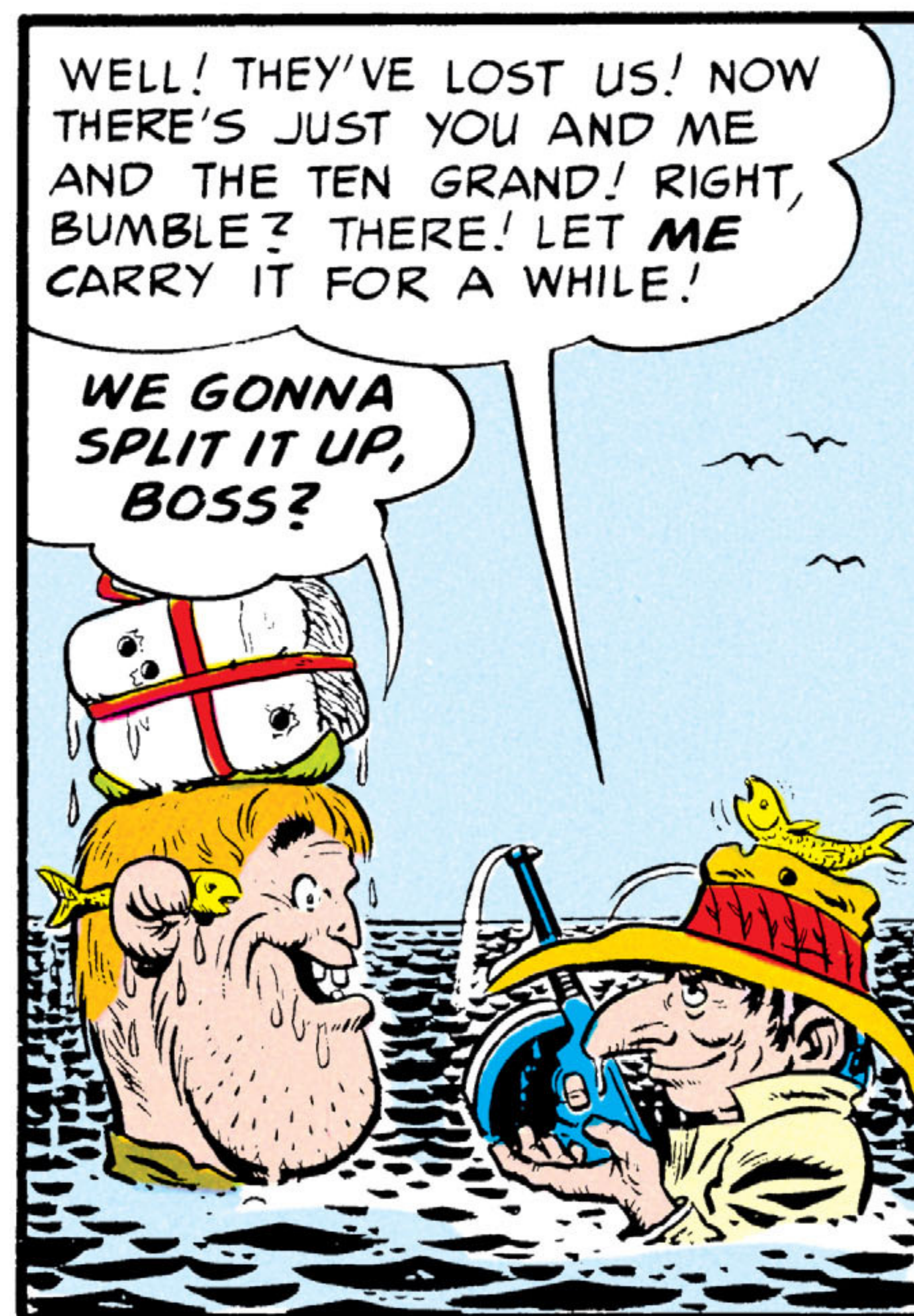
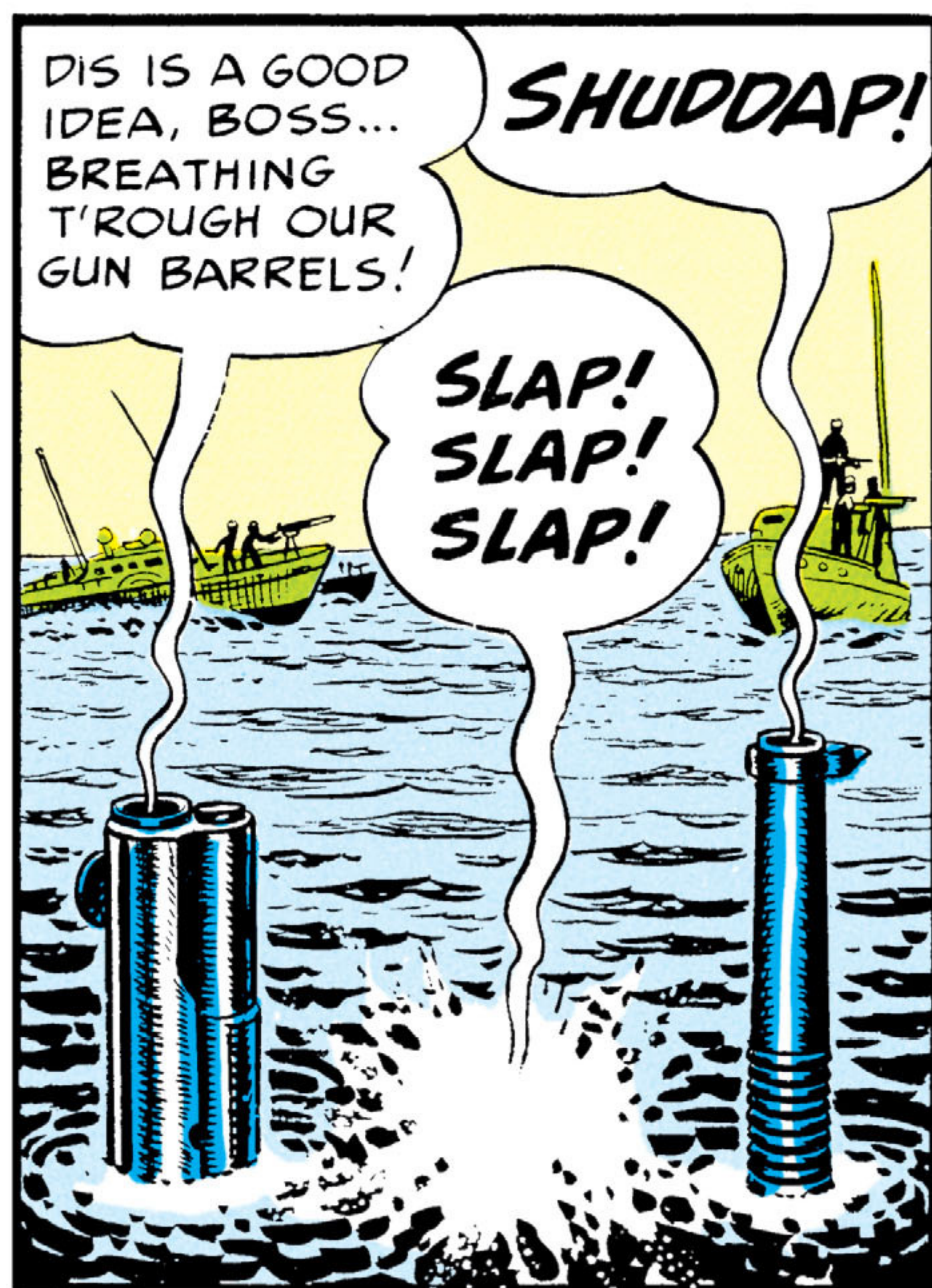
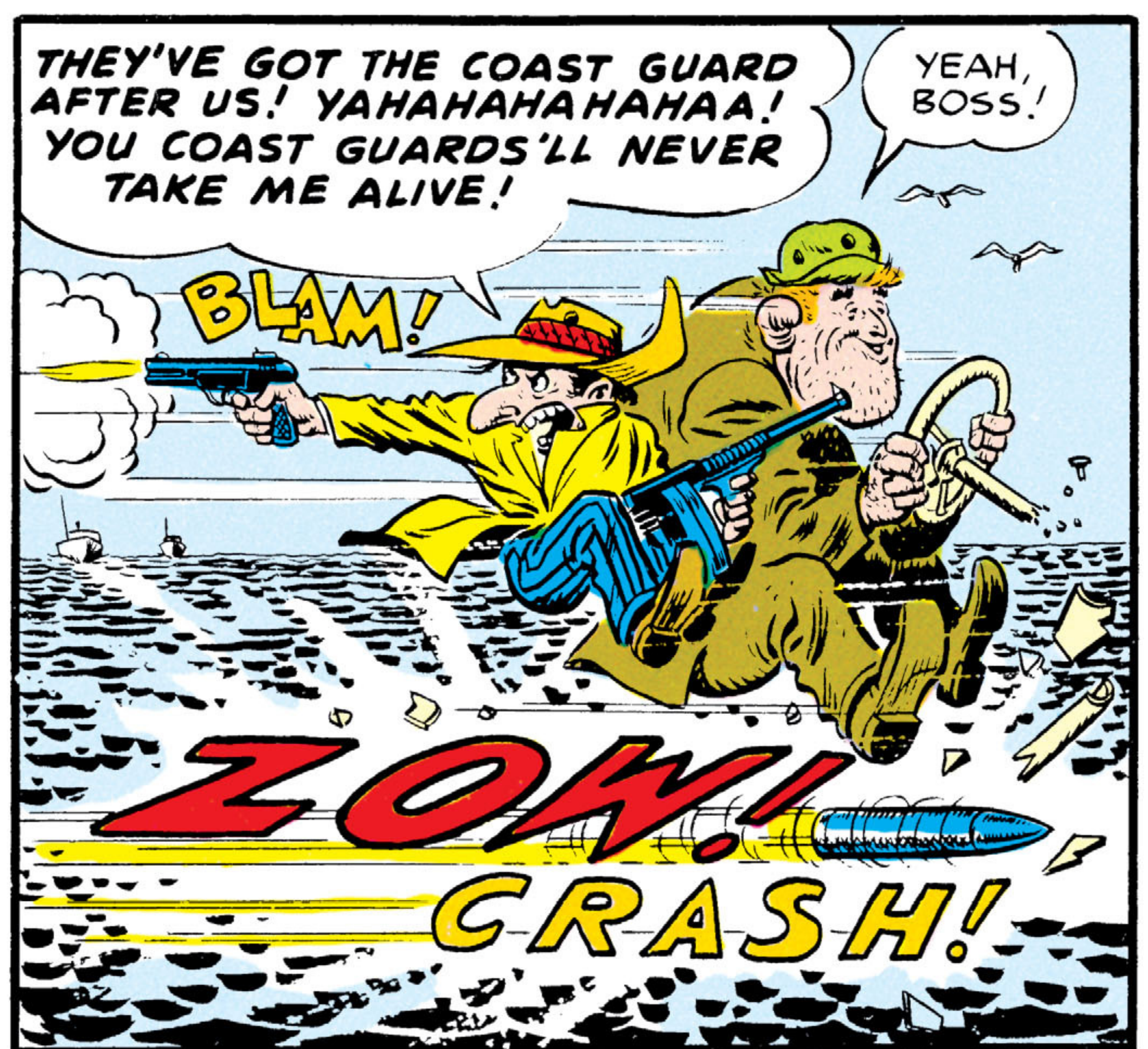
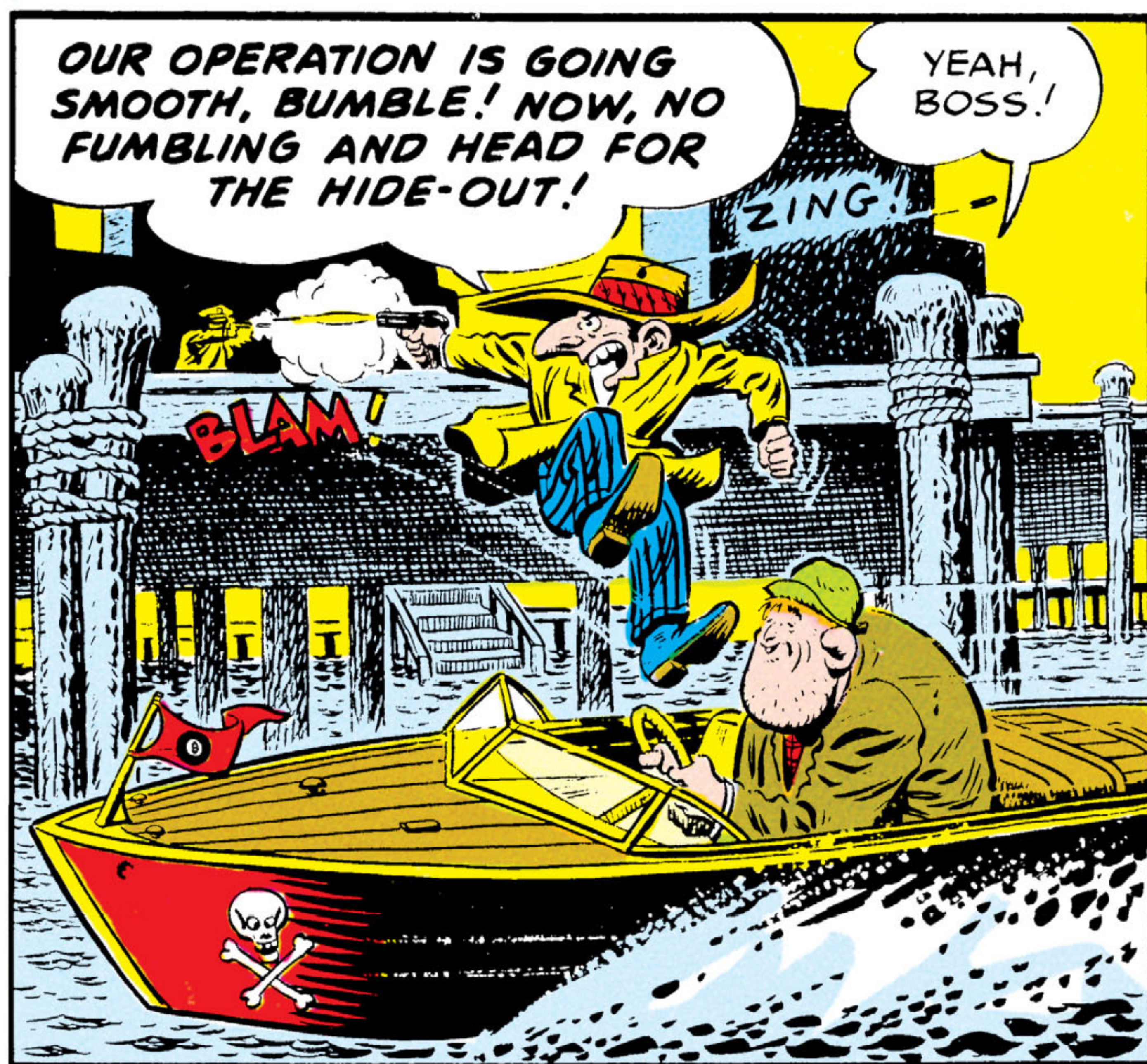
COME! SYN-CHRONISE YOUR WATCHES! 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... HACK! LET'S GO!

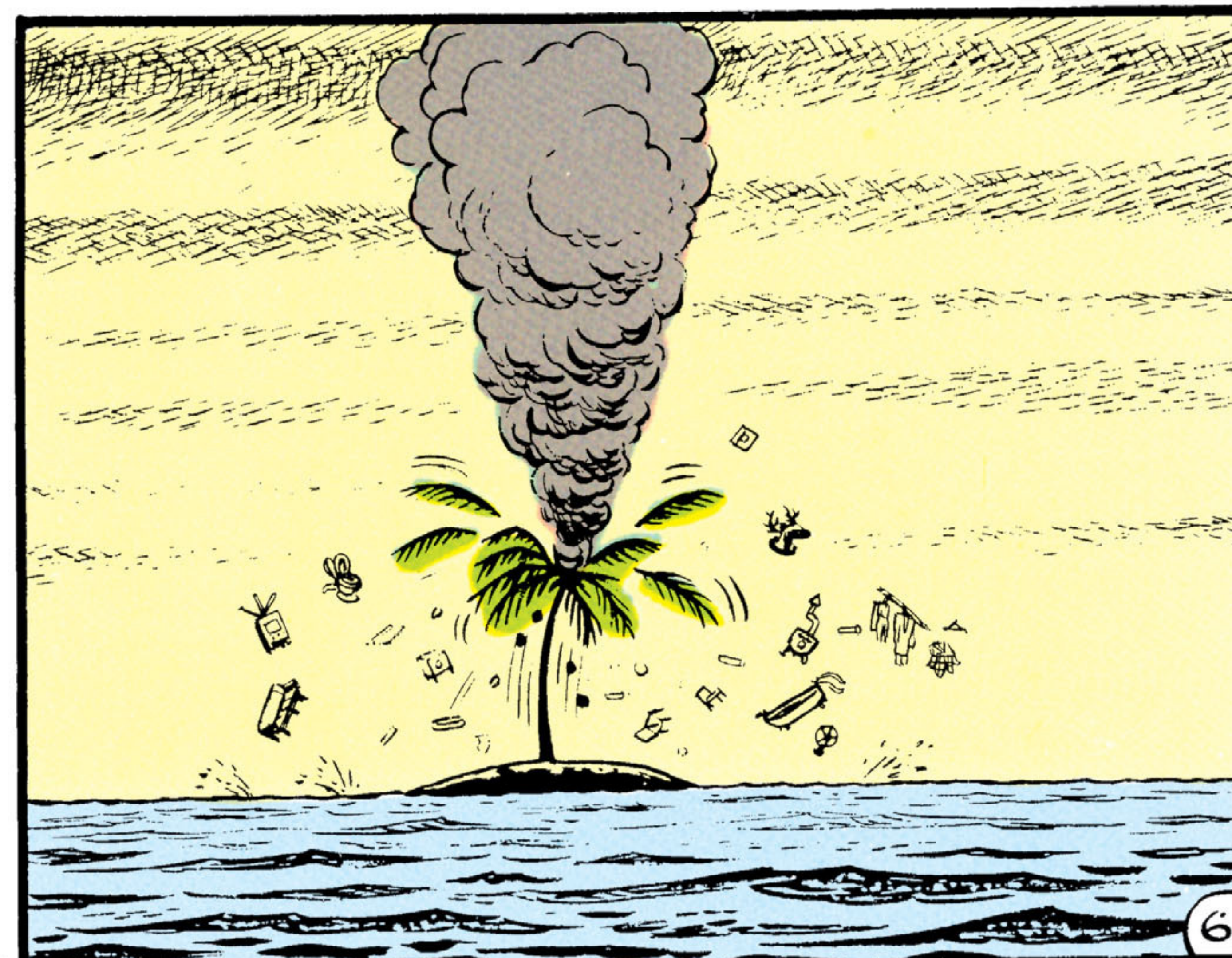
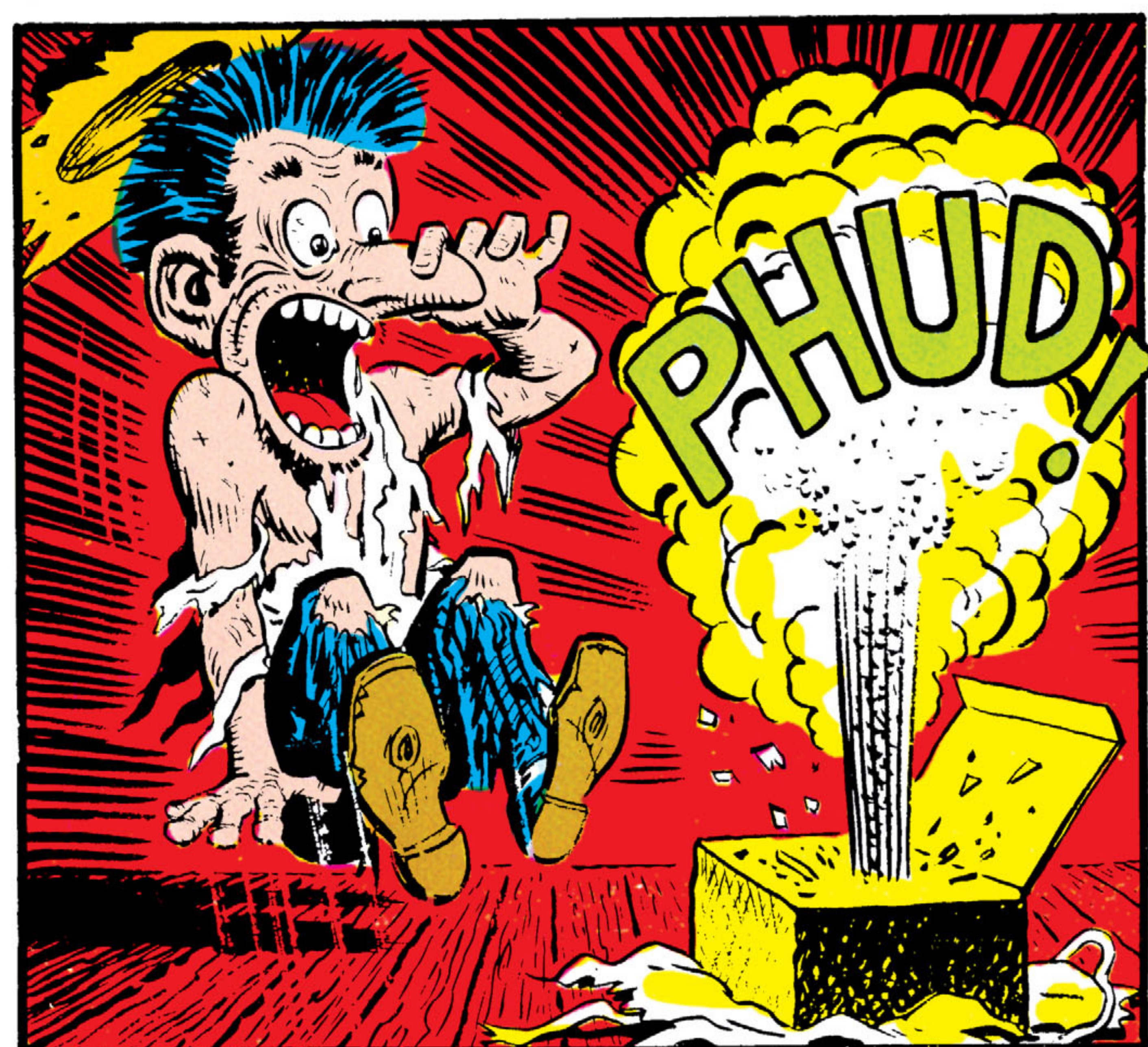
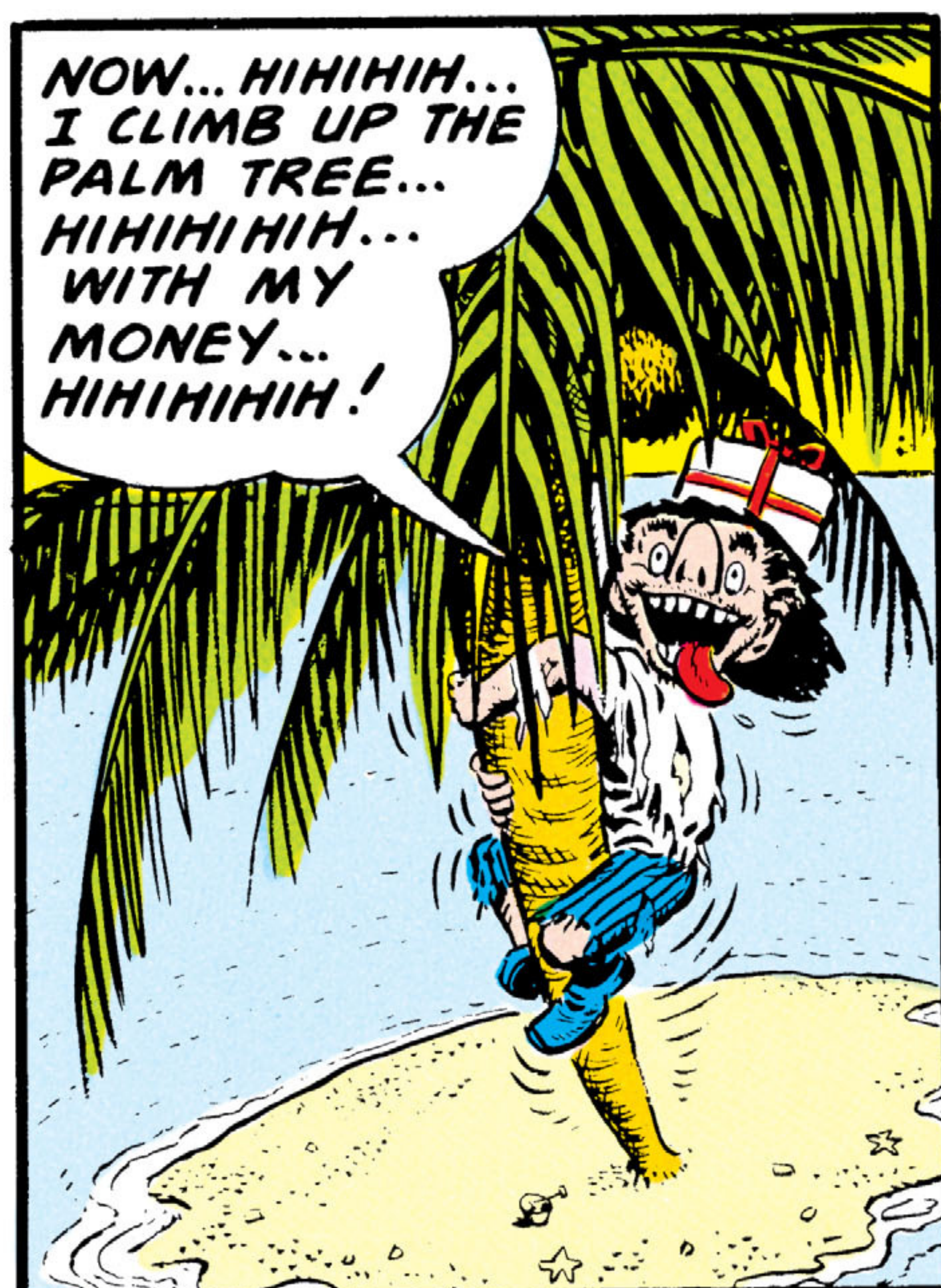
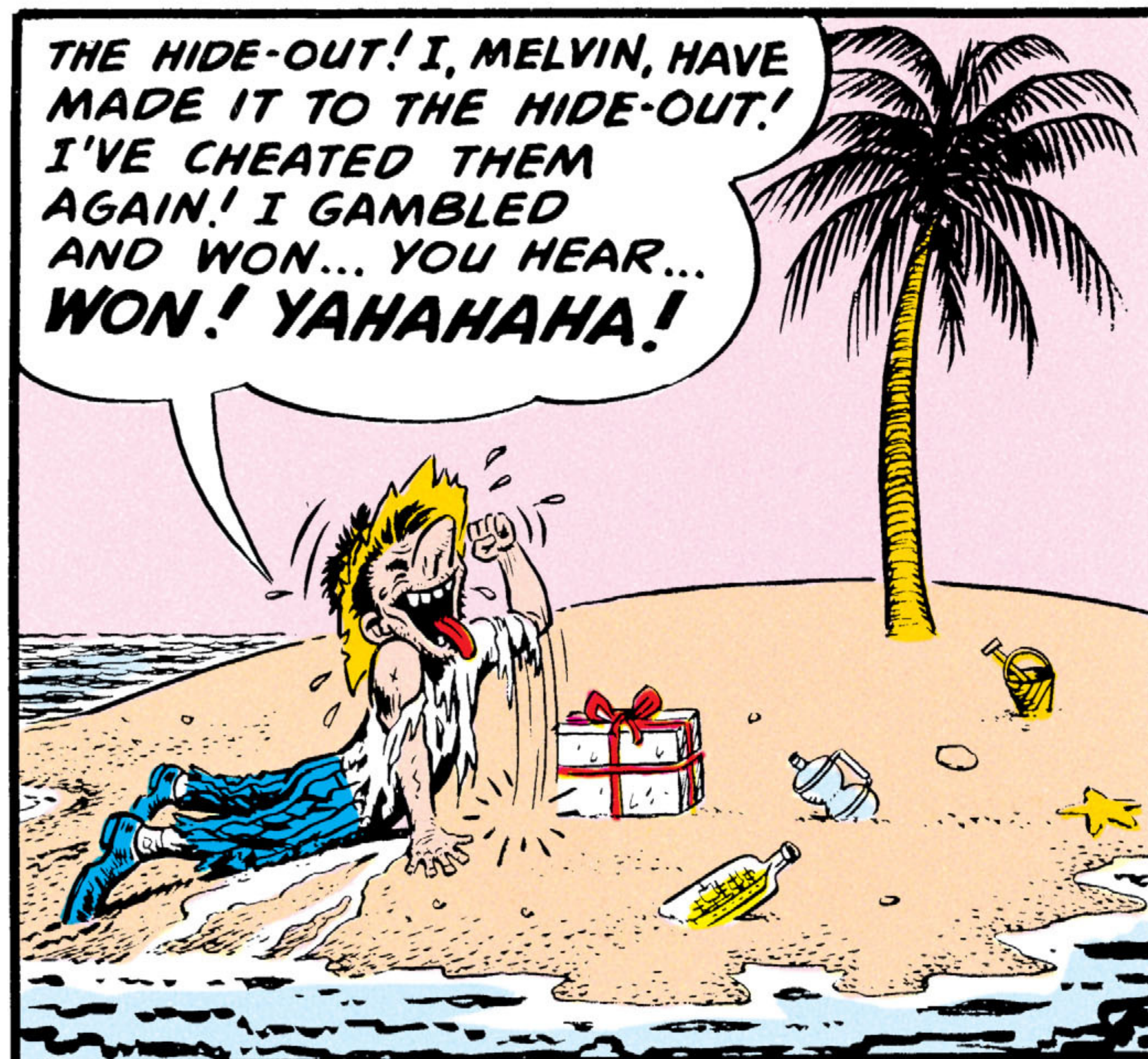
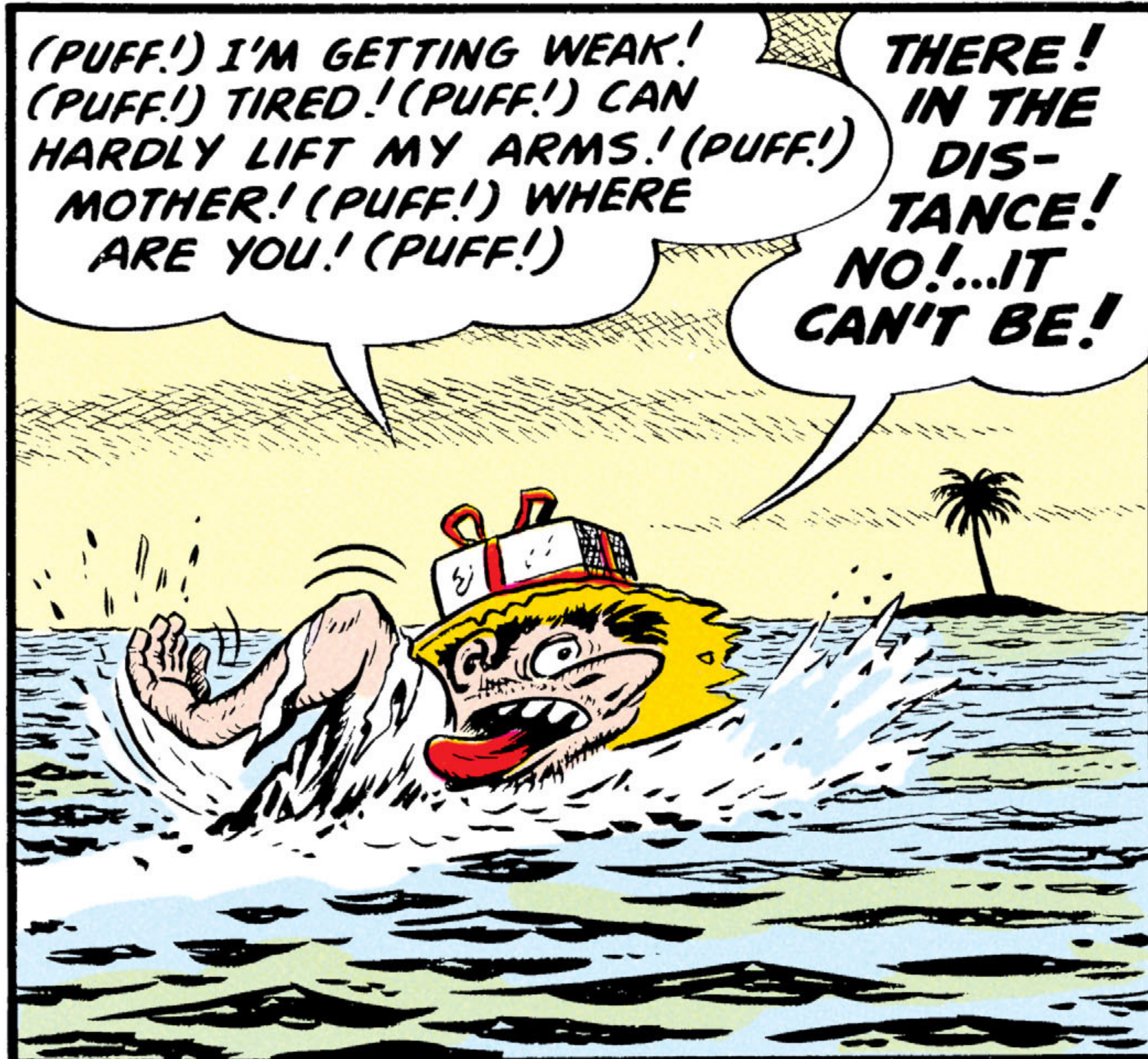
SMASH

2









A FOUL STENCH OF A CELLULOID STINK BOMB
RISES INTO THE CLEAR OCEAN AIR! FOR, YOU SEE...
BUMBLE... FUMBLER!

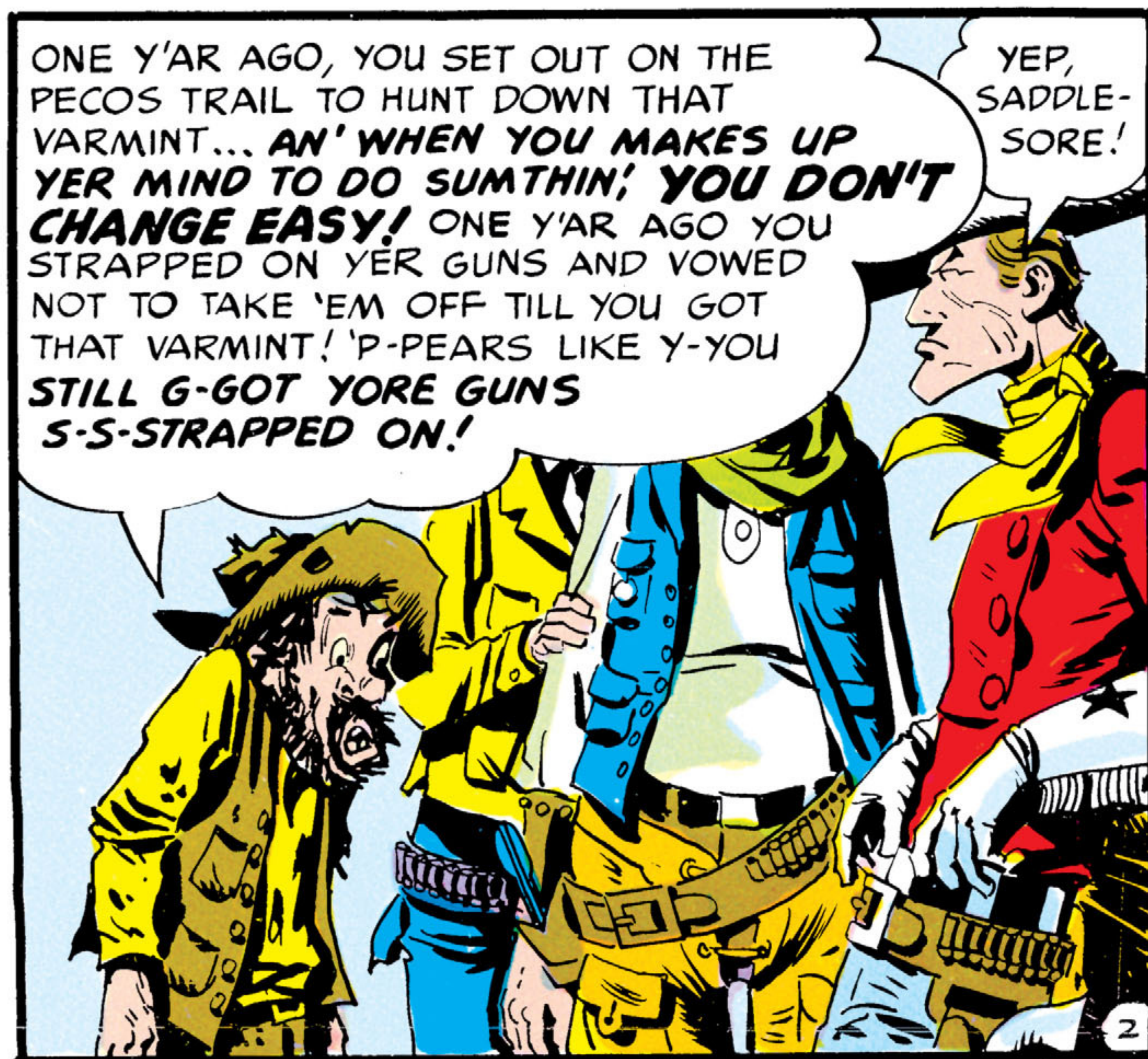
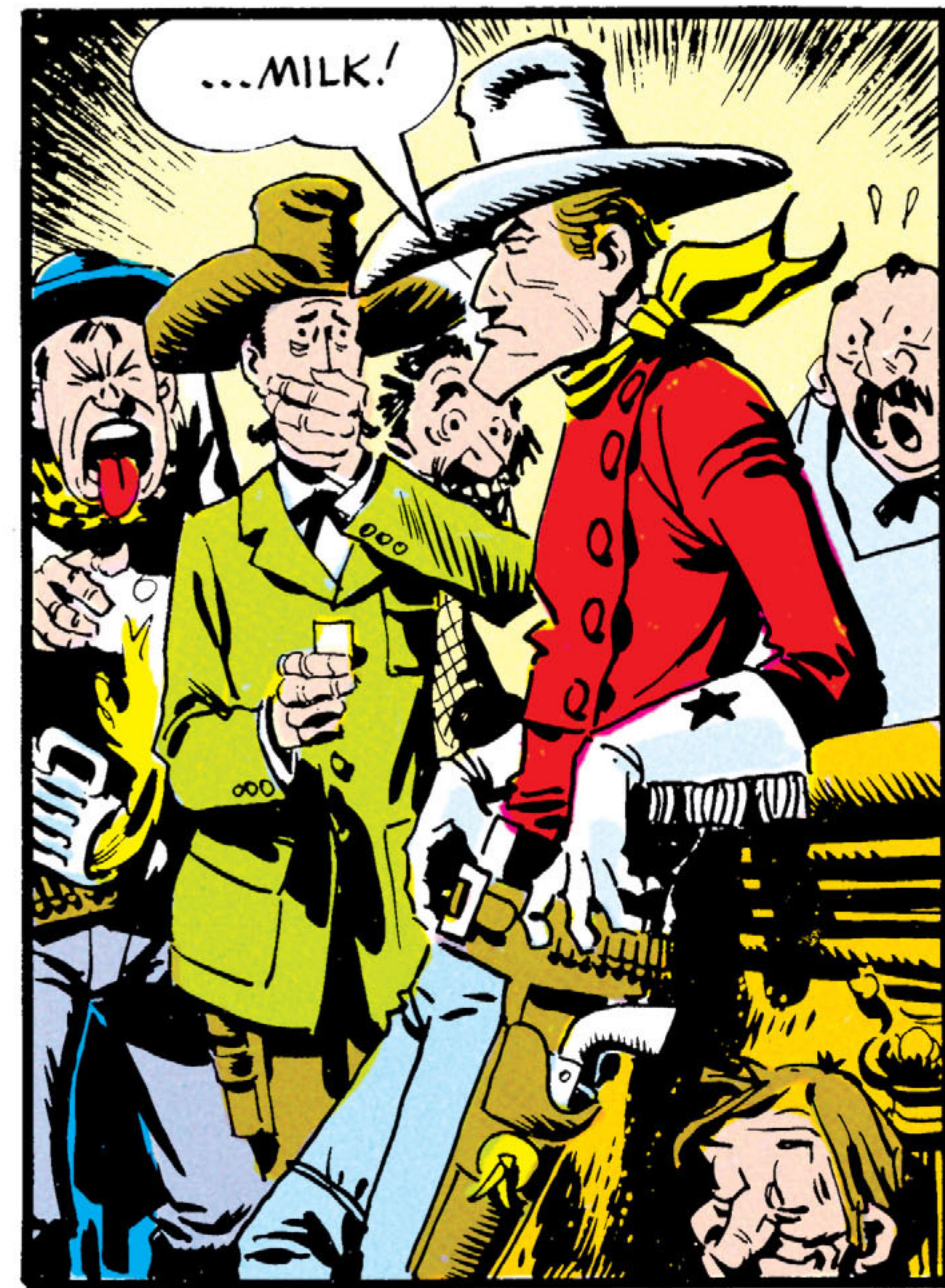
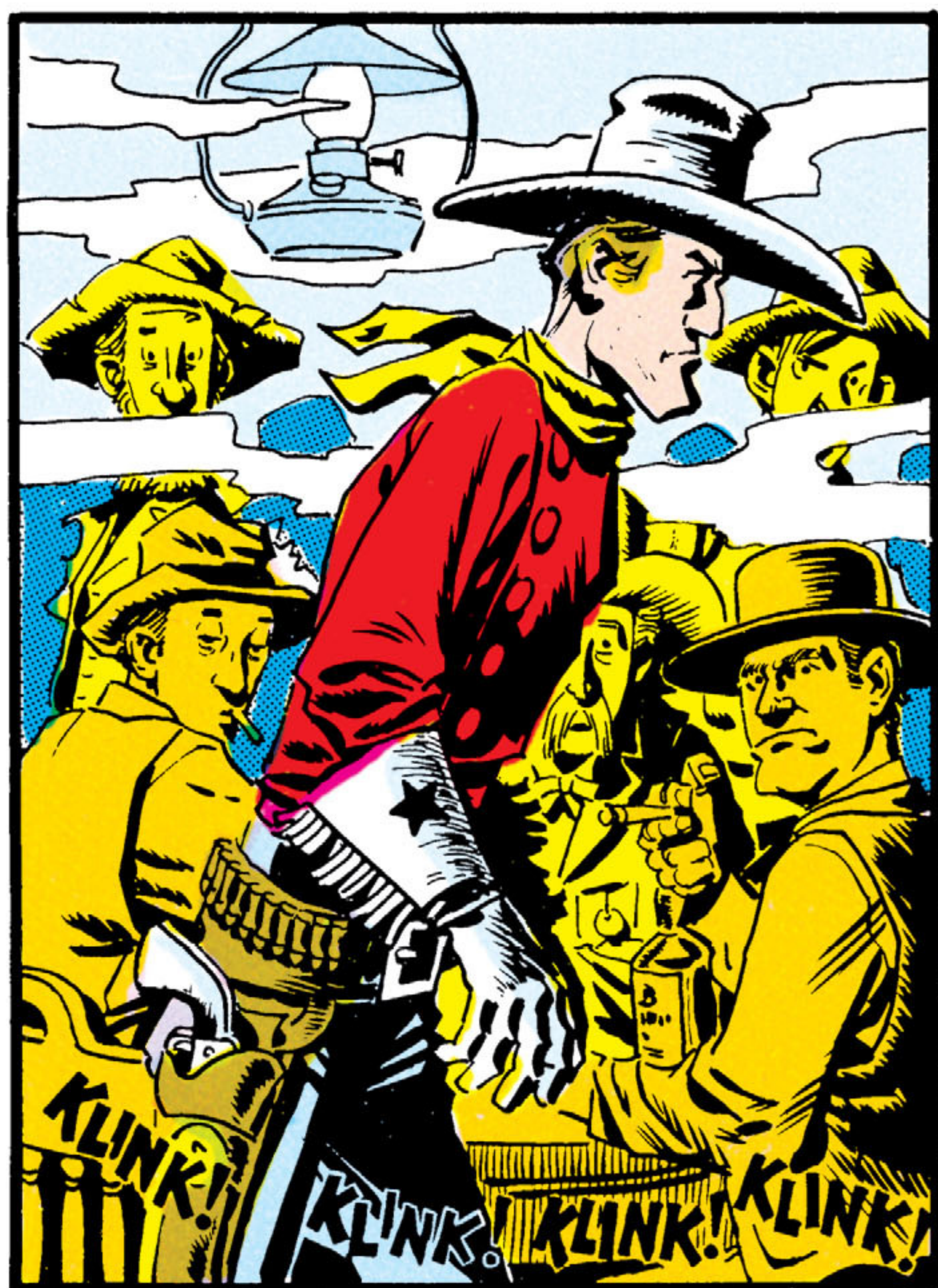
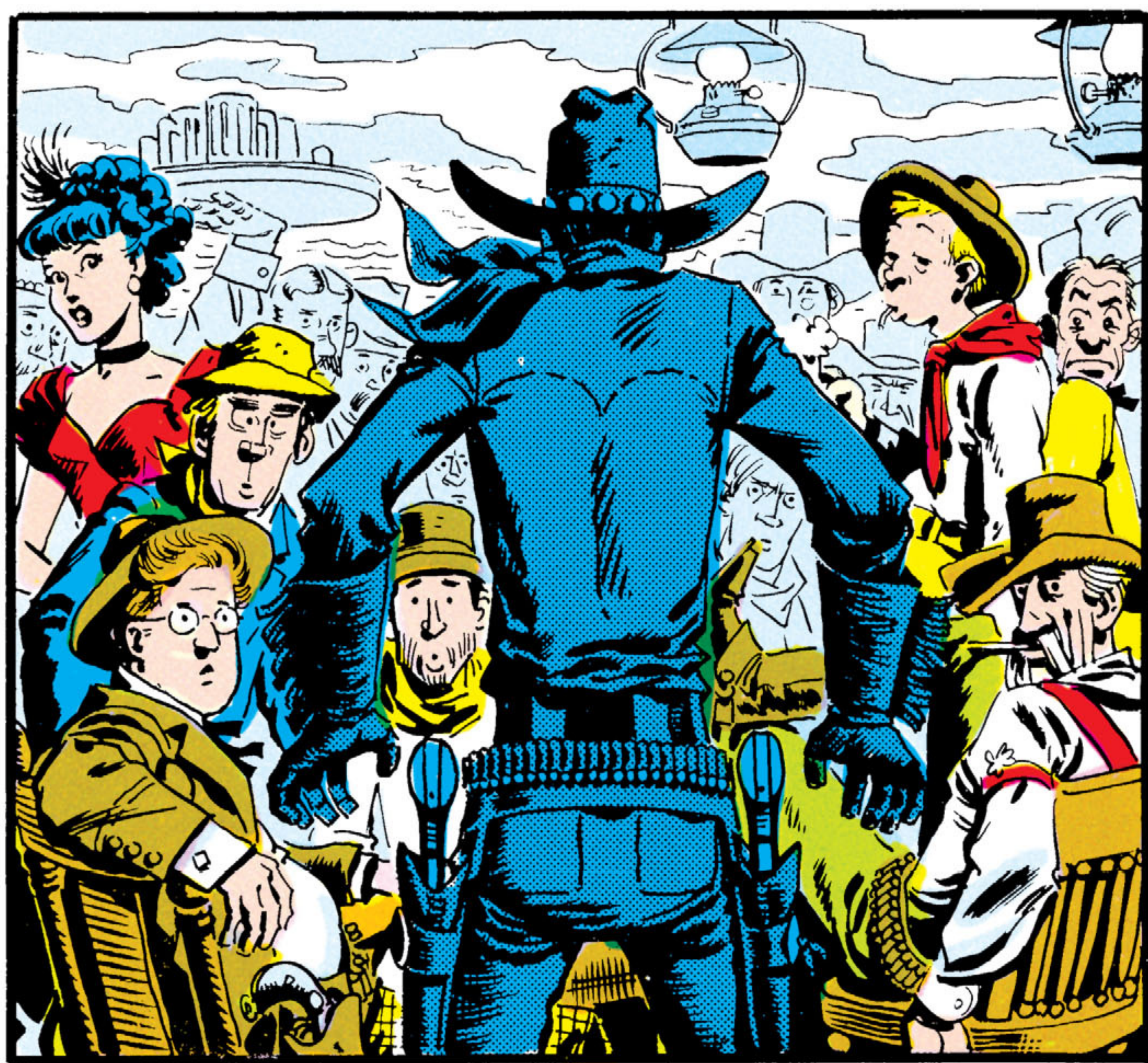
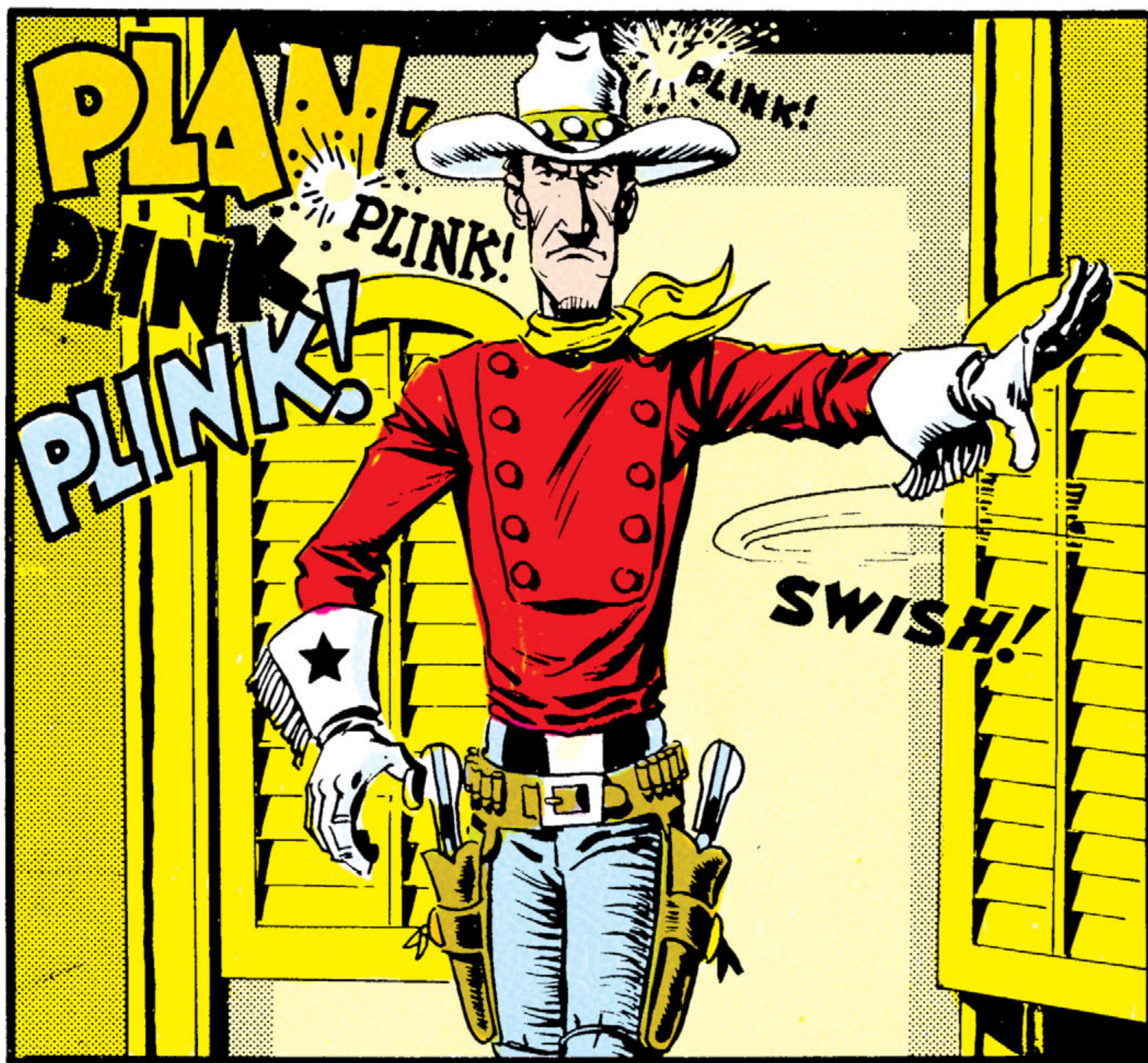
WESTERN DEPT.: GIMME A DRINK, JOE, AN' LET ME TELL YOU A STORY 'BOUT THE ROOTINEST, TOOTINEST, STRAIGHTEST SHOOTINEST COWPOKE EVER TO RIDE THE PECOS TRAIL! YOU SEE... WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY... AN' WHAT HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO WUZ... TO KILL A...

VARMINT!

J. SEYERIN

BLAM!
YAHOO!
PONK! PINK! PINK!
KLUNK!
WHO DEALT THIS MESS?





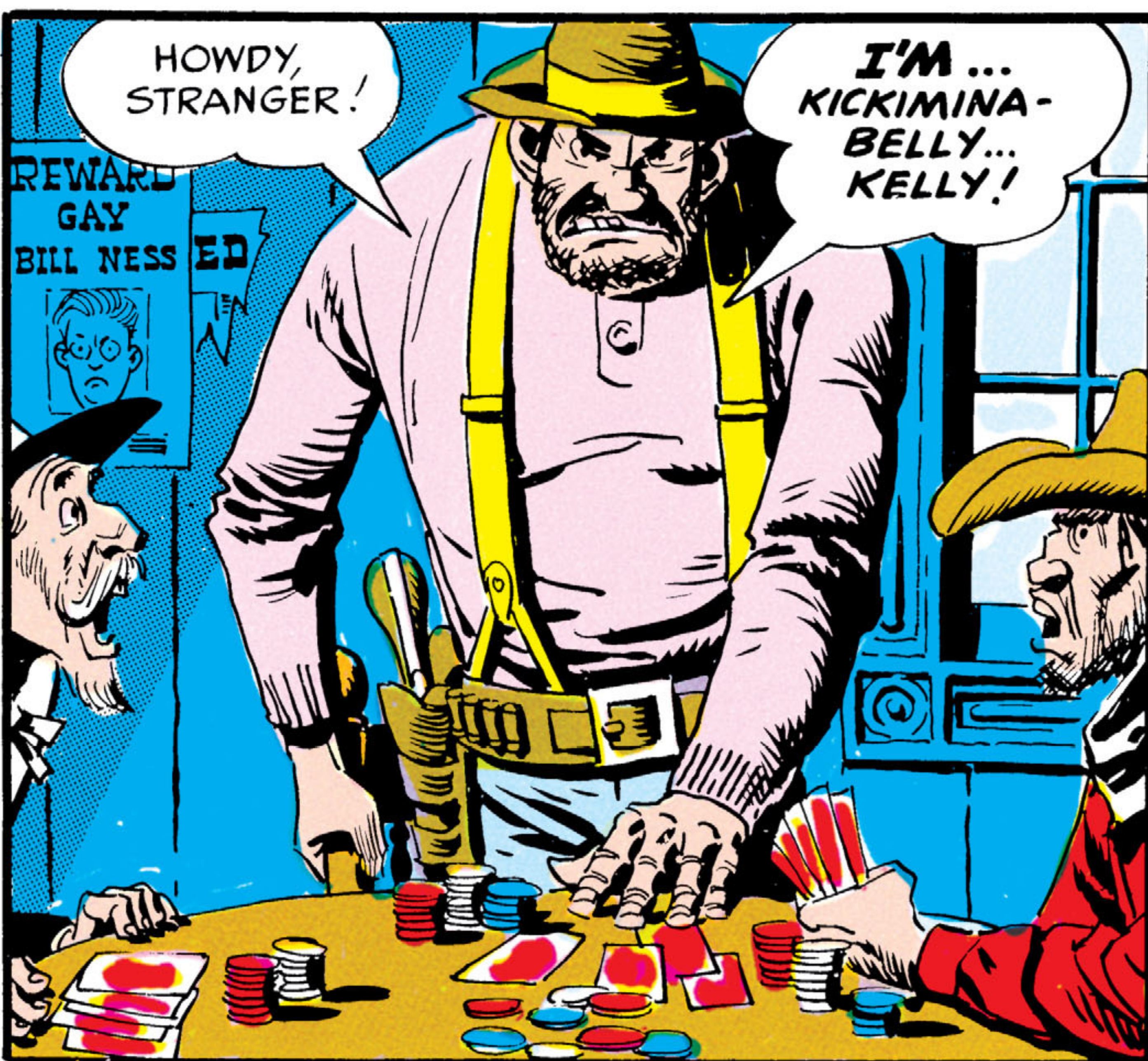
I BEEN RIDIN'... FER THE PAST Y'AR SADDLE-SORE! 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! AN' I GOT MUH GUNS STRAPPED ON 'CAUSE WHEN I FIND THE VARMINT THAT SHOT MUH BUDDY, AH'M GONNA GIVE 'IM THE SAME CHANCET HE GAVE MELVIN!



I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! I DUG THE BULLET OUTTA MELVIN! A .48 SLUG WITH A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN RIDIN' CROSS'T THE PECOS TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GUN THAT THAT THERE BULLET CUM F'UM! AN' THE TRAIL BRUNG ME BACK H'AR! H'AR TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH!

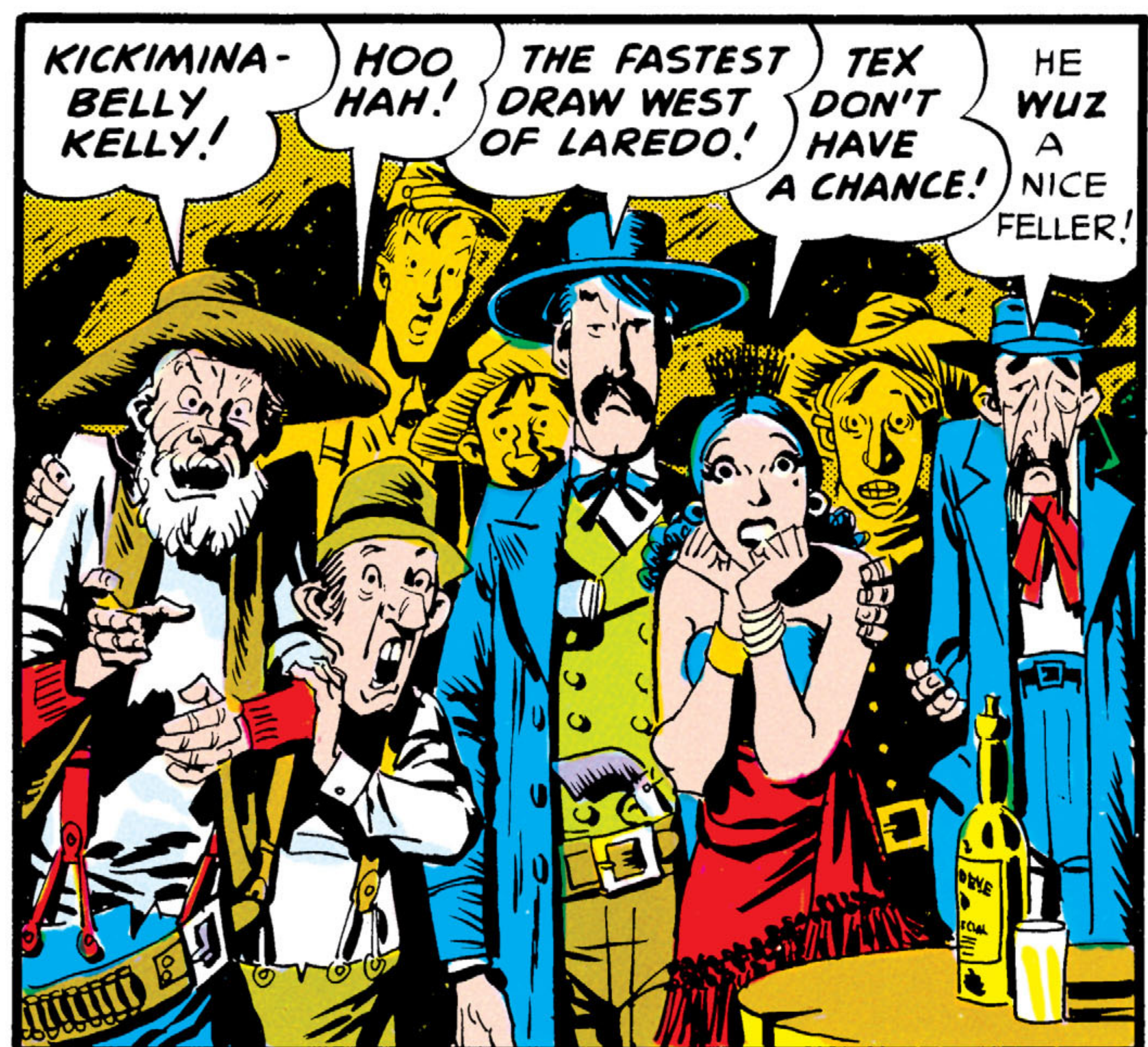


I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! RIDIN' TILL I'M SADDLE-SORE, SADDLE-SORE! I BEEN FOLLOWING A .48 REVOLVER THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN FOLLOWING IT HERE TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT! A MAN BY THE NAME OF KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!



HOWDY, STRANGER!

I'M ... KICKIMINA-BELLY... KELLY!



KICKIMINA-BELLY KELLY!

HOO HAH!

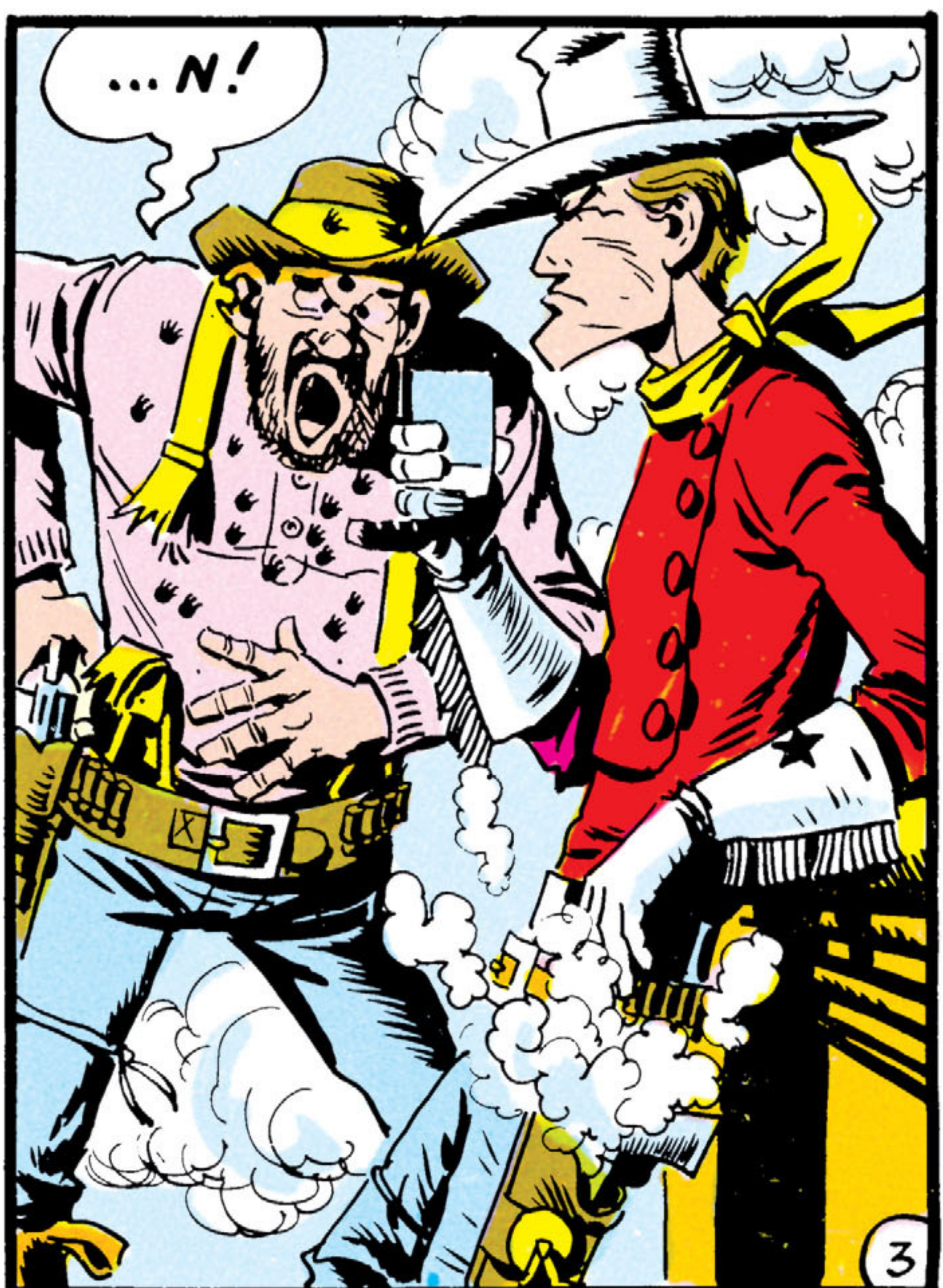
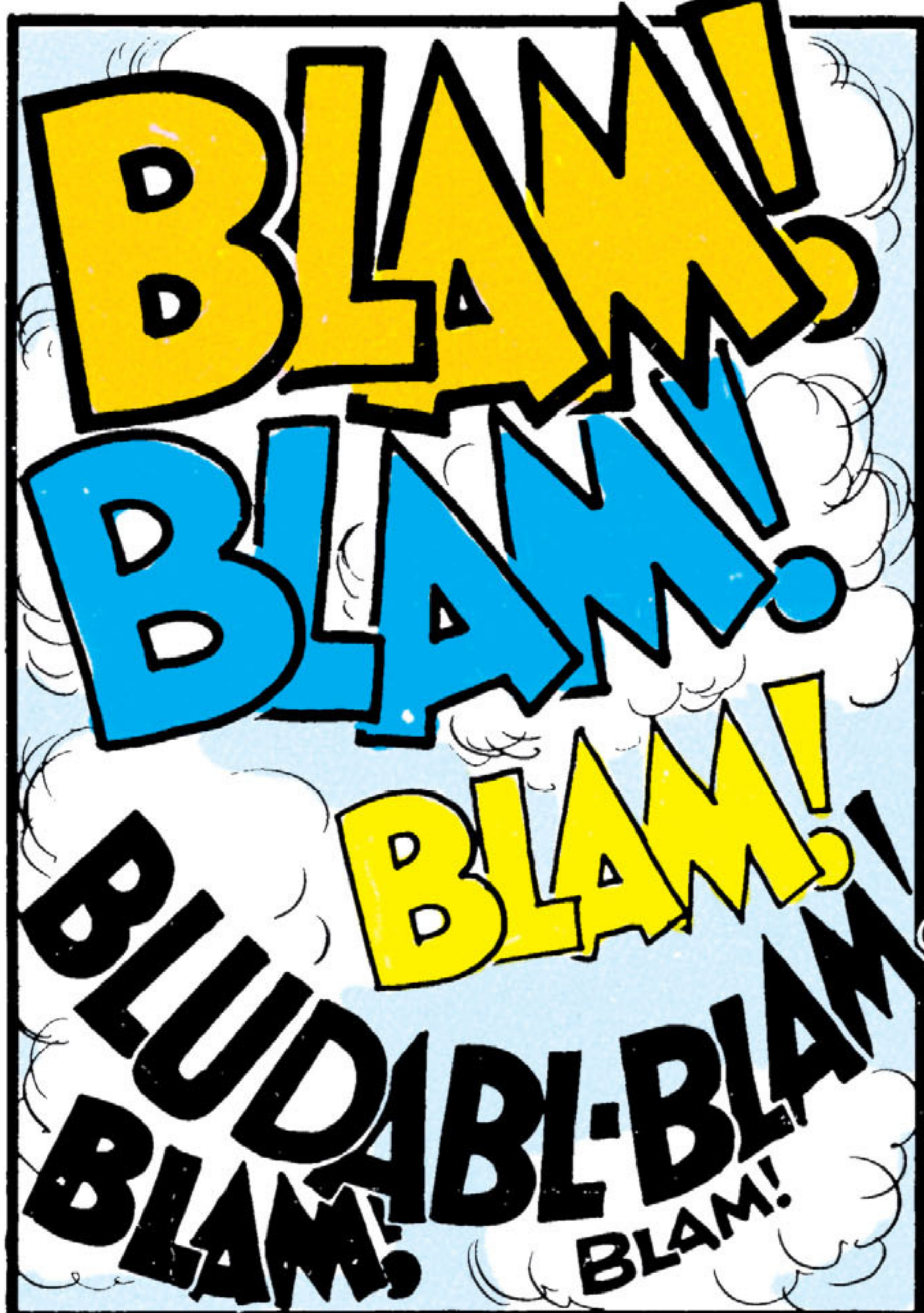
THE FASTEST DRAW WEST OF LAREDO!

TEX DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HE WUZ A NICE FELLER!



DUST OFF A PLOT ON BOOT-HILL BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M REACHIN' FOR MY GU...



...N!

