

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 3
JAN-FEB.



10¢

MAD

TH- THEY
SAID THERE WAS
A VAMPIRE IN THE
CEMETERY!... THERE'S
NO ONE HERE BUT
A LITTLE CHILD!



MAD MUMBLINGS



The letters finally have been coming in on MAD No. 1. Very sorry that we can't begin to print all the notes we received, due to space limitations. Nevertheless, our most heartfelt thanks to all of you who did send letters. Every one has been carefully read and digested!

Dear Editors,

Our most appreciative thanks for putting out a "comic" book... Yours is the first one that has stayed in the barracks without being thrown out after being read. I have never heard people laugh out loud at a comic magazine before!—Cpl. Eugene F. Shanlin—U.S.M.C.—Cherry Point, N. C.

... Being up here in Alaska gives a person a lot of spare time. MAD gives us a lot to laugh about. A/2c Corker Sapp—USAF—A.P.O. 942.

... MAD is the latest door to a section 8 discharge. —"Spider" Stanek, Mike Brennan, and "Melvin" Harris—USN—F.P.O., N.Y.

... Allow me to congratulate you! You did it again. —Bill Dennis—Easton, Pa.

... MAD was so funny that... I just had to stop and lean against a telephone pole while I laughed.—Nancy Cash—Louisville, Ky.

... Why didn't you do this before?—Jim Bruffey—Parkersburg, W. Va.

... Before I read it, I was a happy carefree person. Now they won't even let me out of this padded cell.—Laurin Lewis—Mental Hospital, Calif.

... If I didn't have a nice soft floor to roll on, I'd have probably landed in the hospital.—Richard Grant—no address.

... I am knocking my head against the wall... —Don Emkens—San Bernardino, Calif.

... Your new magazine is a scream.—Larry Van Cleef—Nampa, Idaho.

... Nearly died laughing.—Jerry Widener—Portales, N. Mex.

... Just what the doctor ordered.—Jon Doy—Chicago, Ill.

... Knockout!—Aristo Lumbre—Wash., D.C.

... Simply delirious.—James L. Bartz—El Paso, Texas

... Oh, you silly boys!—Ronnie Baumgardner—Bloomington, Ill.

... A real peachy-keen jim-dandy comic.—Ted Eggers—Yonkers, N. Y.

... Real George. Quite gone.—Mary Moseler—Muskegon, Mich.

... It's cool. It's crazy!—Melvin—Mishawaka, Ind.

... I flipped!—Wamial Dundle—Rochester, N. Y.

... Great! Great! Great! Great! Great!—Joe Anderson—Brooklyn, N. Y.

... WOW!!!—Edward Saffin—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

... YAHOO!—Tommy Balacek—Astoria, L. I.

... AAAAIEEEE!!—Joe Hahn—Seattle, Wash.

... We started a MAD club.—Fred Delse—Shaker Heights, Ohio.

... Long live MAD!—Bob Galeria—Merced, Calif.

... My love to Melvin.—Joan M. Robinson—Phila., Pa.

... Please inform how to get one disposable, prefabricated robot woman.—M. C. Sinald—Canton, Ohio

As you can see, MAD readers certainly are! However, all is not peaches and cream in the mail-box. Here's a sampling of some of the criticism we got!

Dear Editors,

All I have to say about your new magazine... is that it is disgusting.—R. Schmitt—Chicago, Ill.

... I didn't find it one bit funny.—B. J. D.—Kansas City, Mo.

... Not only weren't your stories not funny, I found some of them very stupid.—Joseph Raymond—Baltimore, Md.

... MAD is awful.—Francis Minick—Marceline, Mo.

... A new low in the comic book industry.—Joe White—Chicago, Ill.

Well, we hope the critics are wrong! In any case, as long as we have a drop of India ink left in our veins, MAD will go marching on! Subscriptions to MAD, or any other E. C. mag, cost 75c each... six issues... full year's output! Please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE! ONLY THE NAMES HAVEN'T BEEN CHANGED SO AS NOT TO PROTECT THE WRITER OF THIS STORY! AND WHEN JOHN LAW GETS A LOAD OF THIS COMIC BOOK, YOU CAN BET MANY A COMIC BOOK WORKER WILL BE RUNNING FROM THE ...

DRAGGED NET!



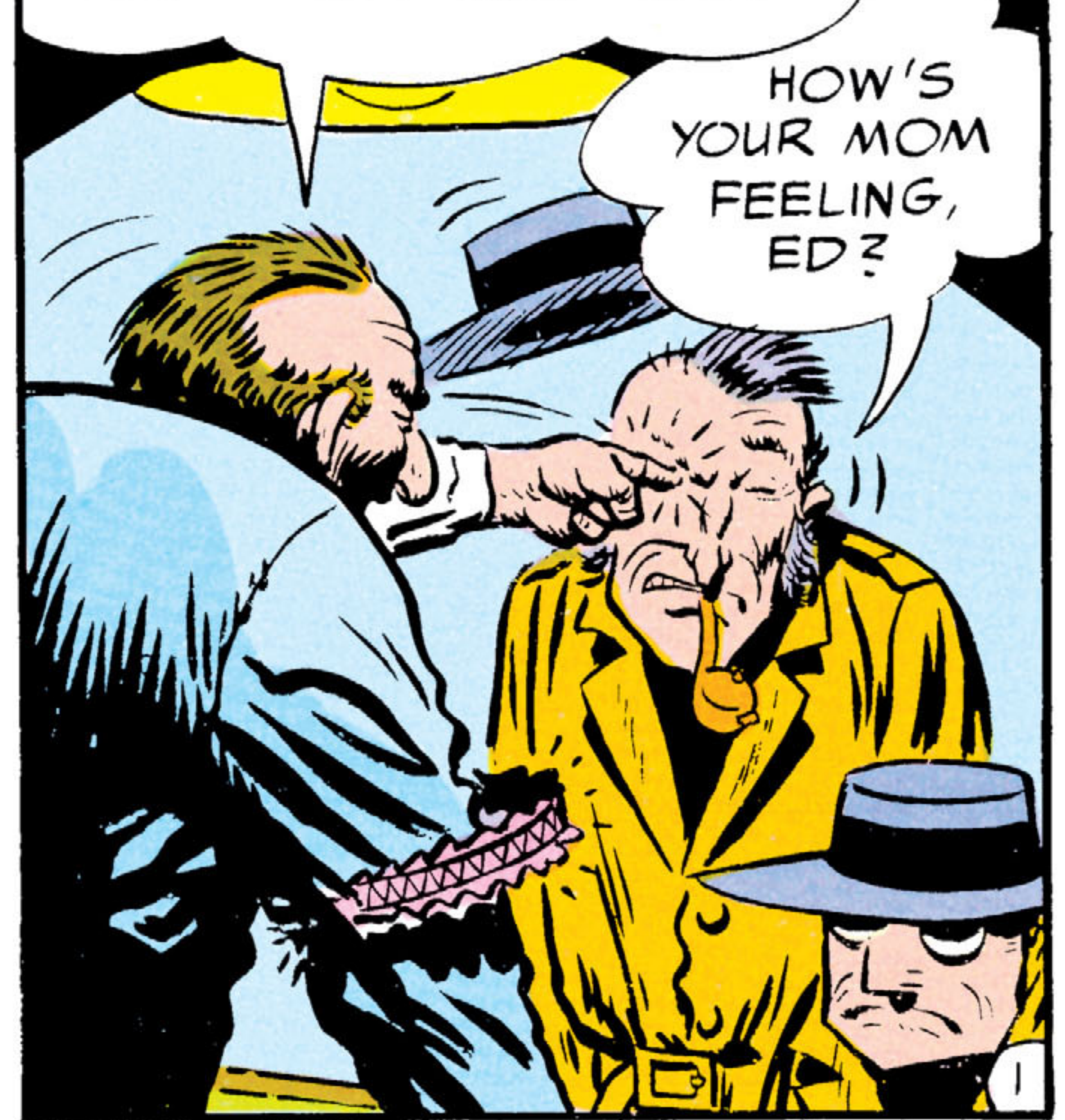
WE'VE GOT AN A.P.B. ON AN M.O. FROM A P.D.Q. ON THE B.V.D. A MAN WAS FOUND MISSING FROM HIS APARTMENT!

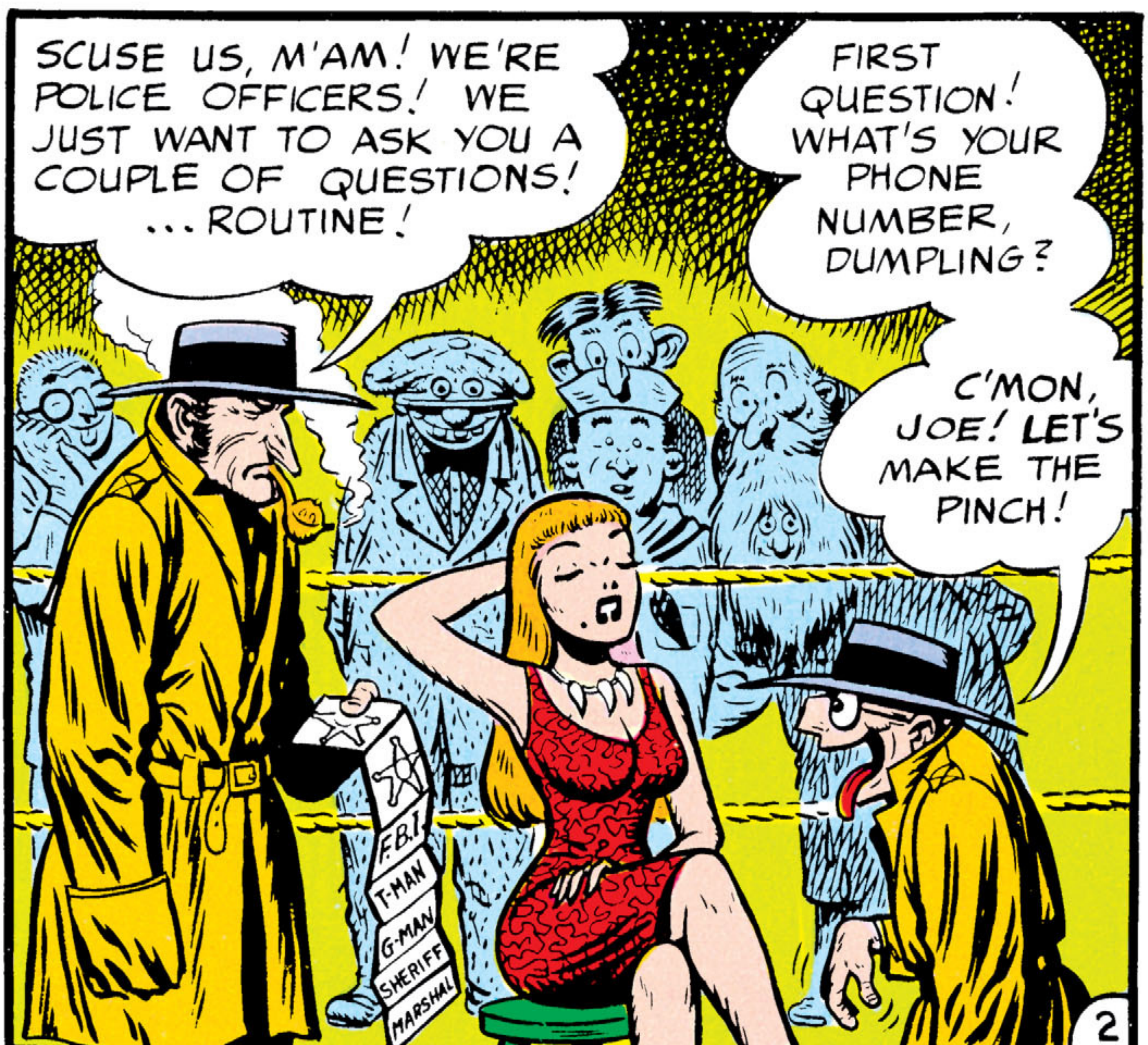
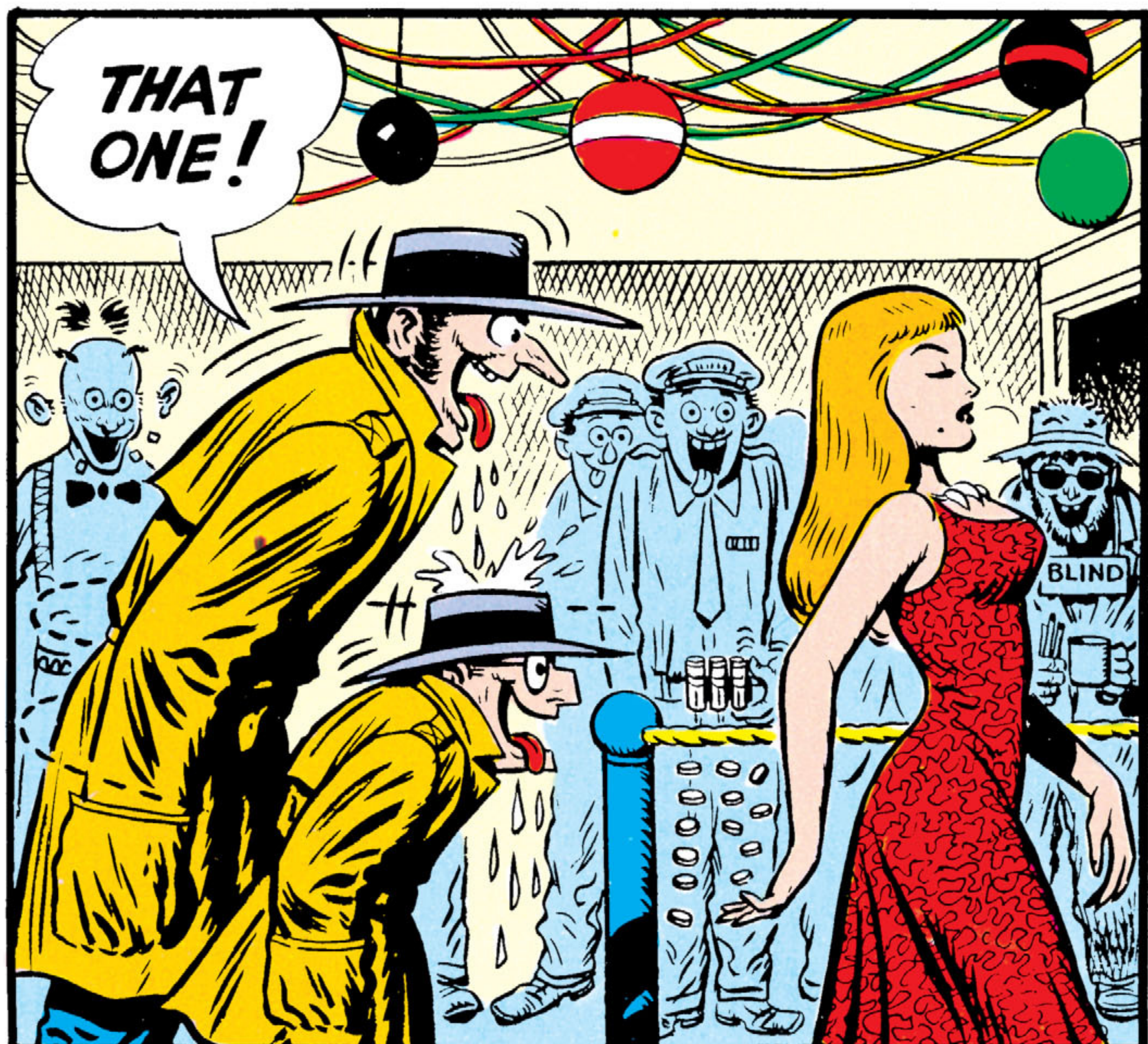
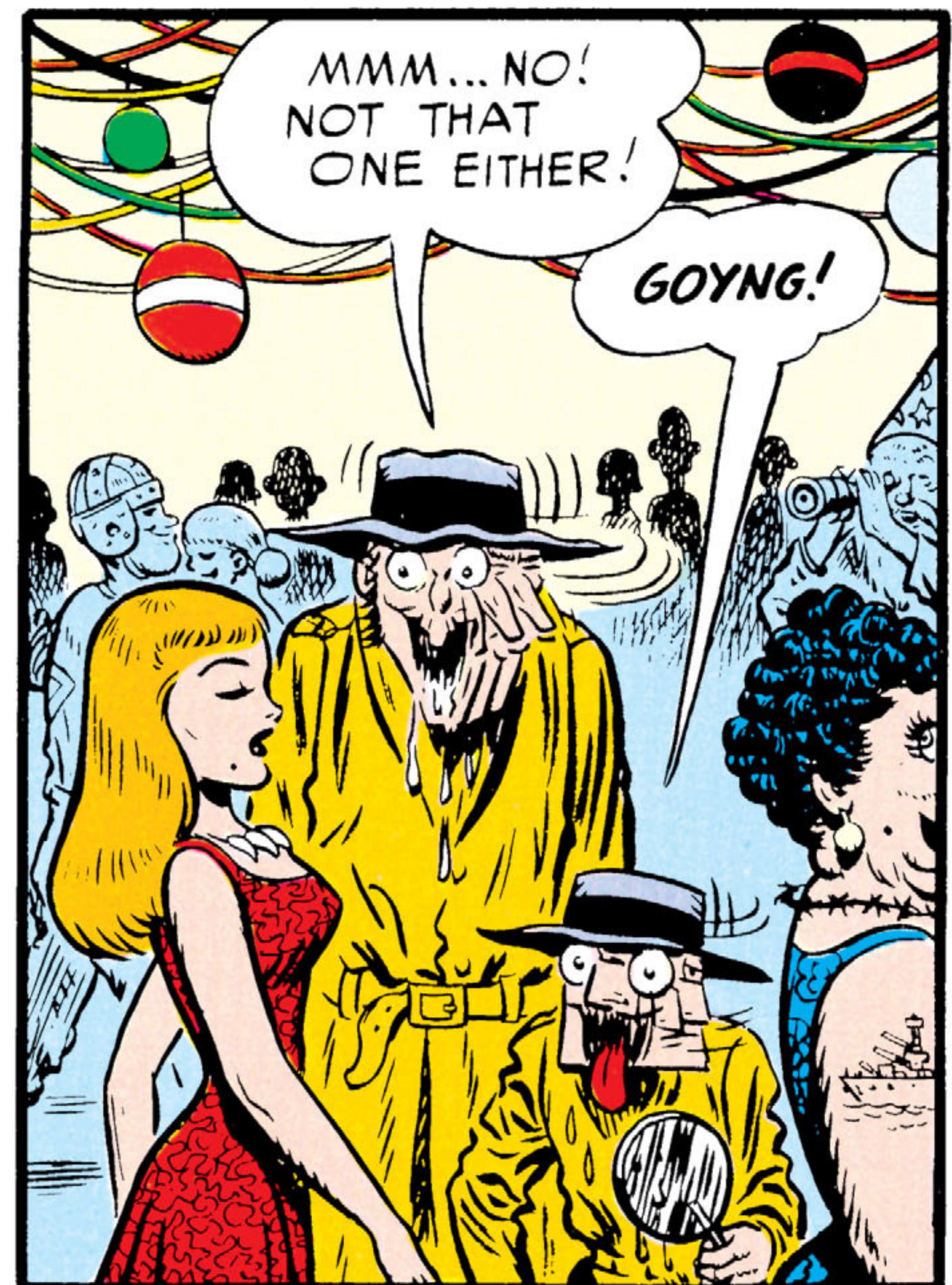
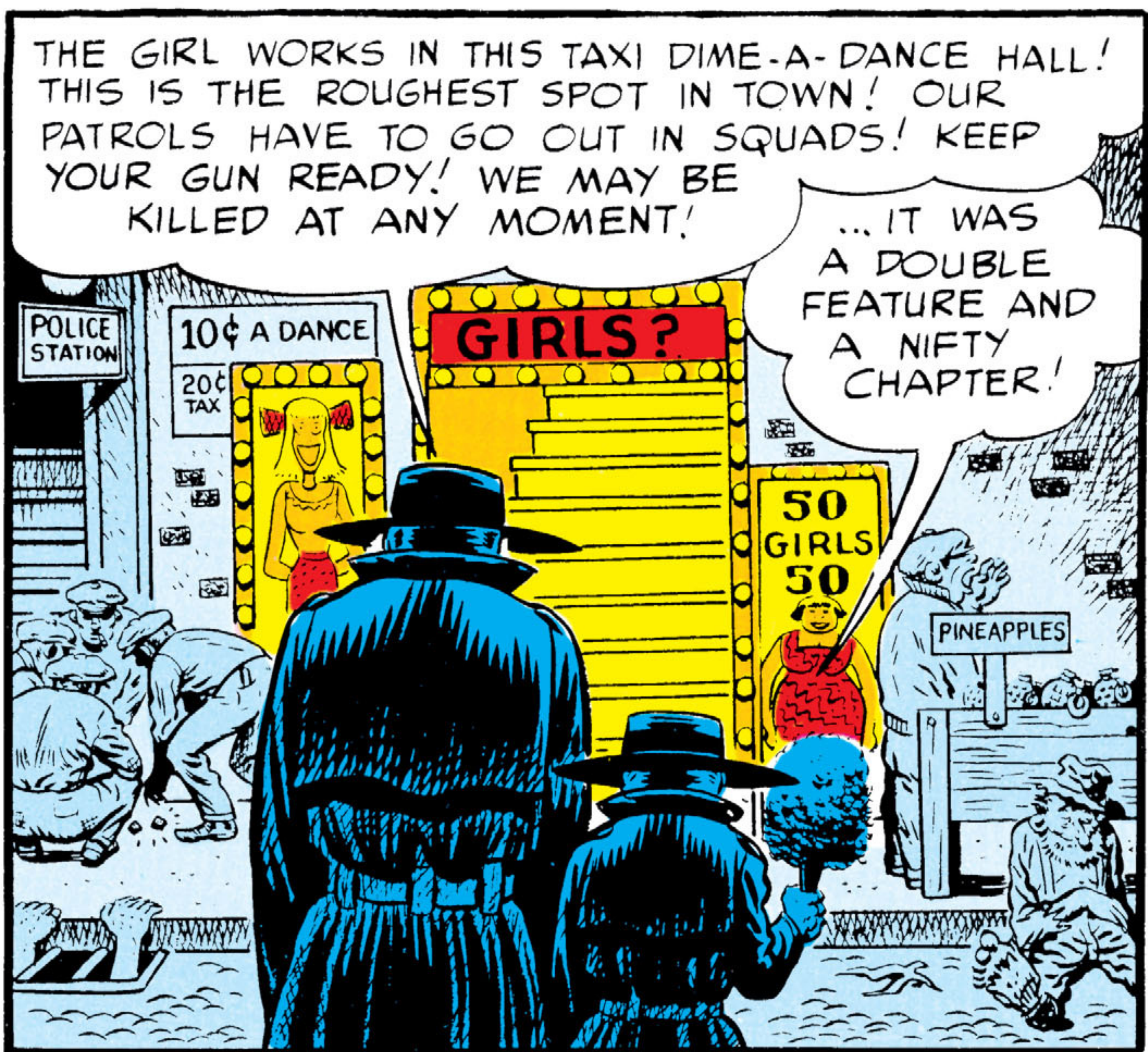
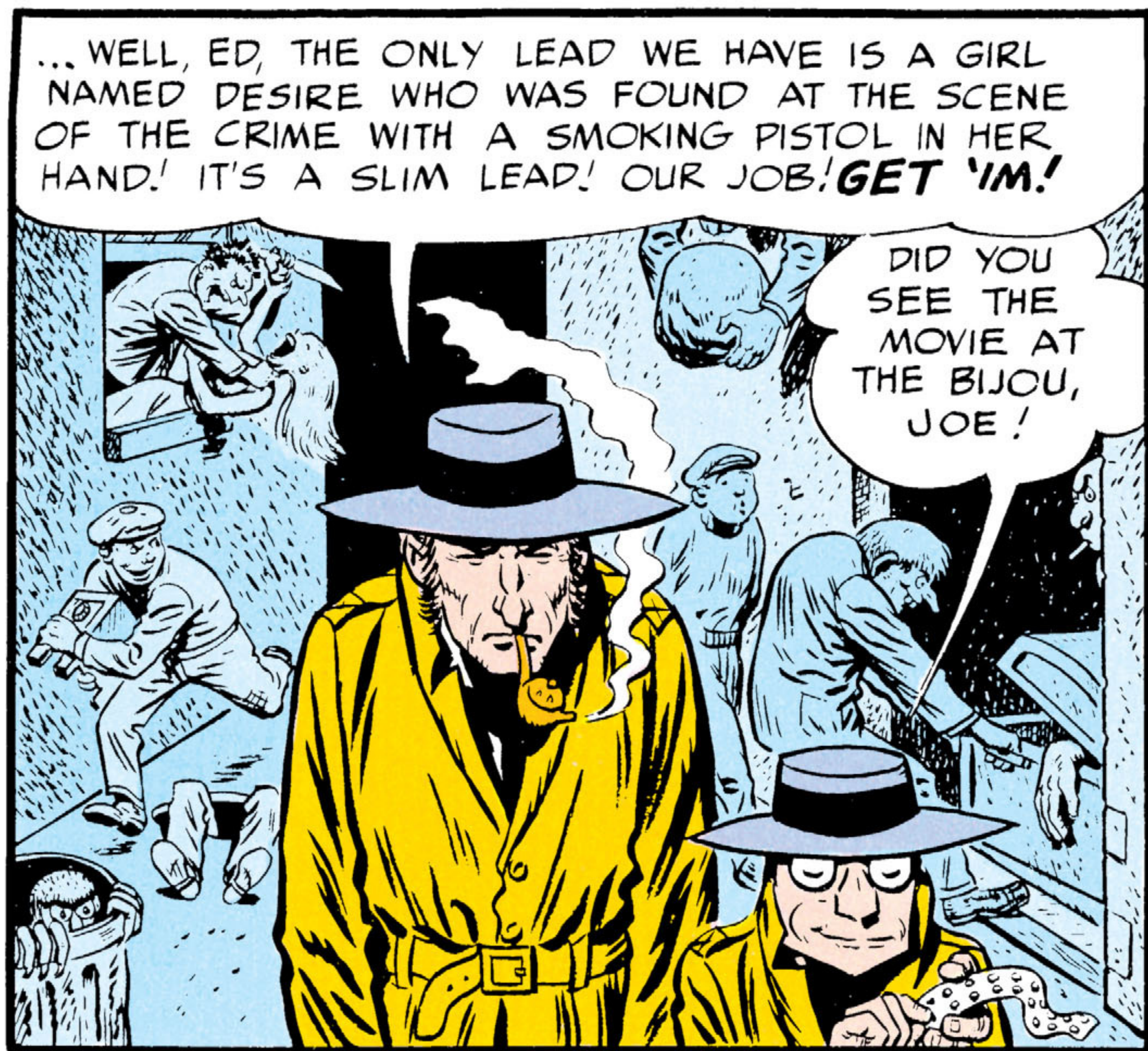


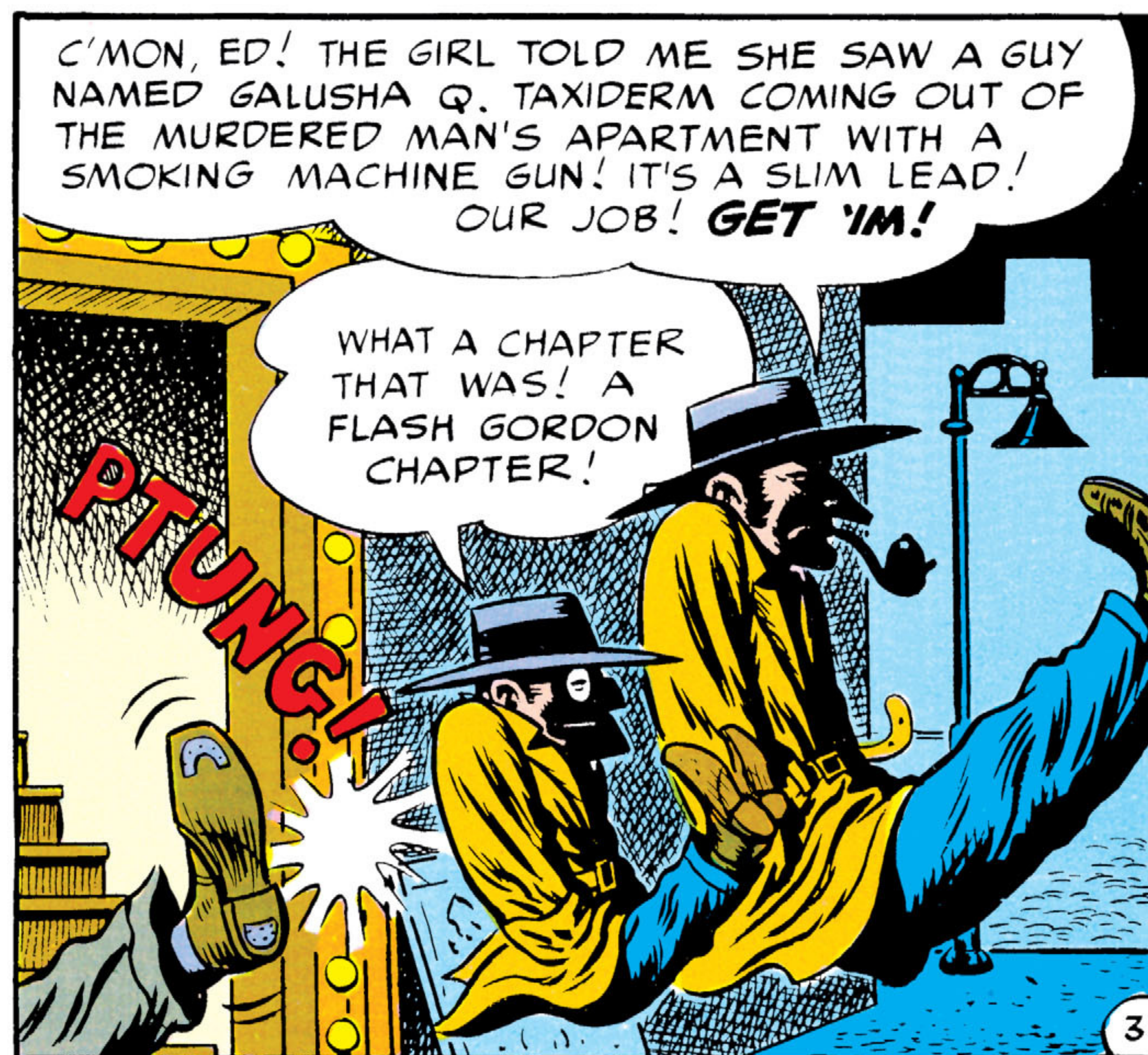
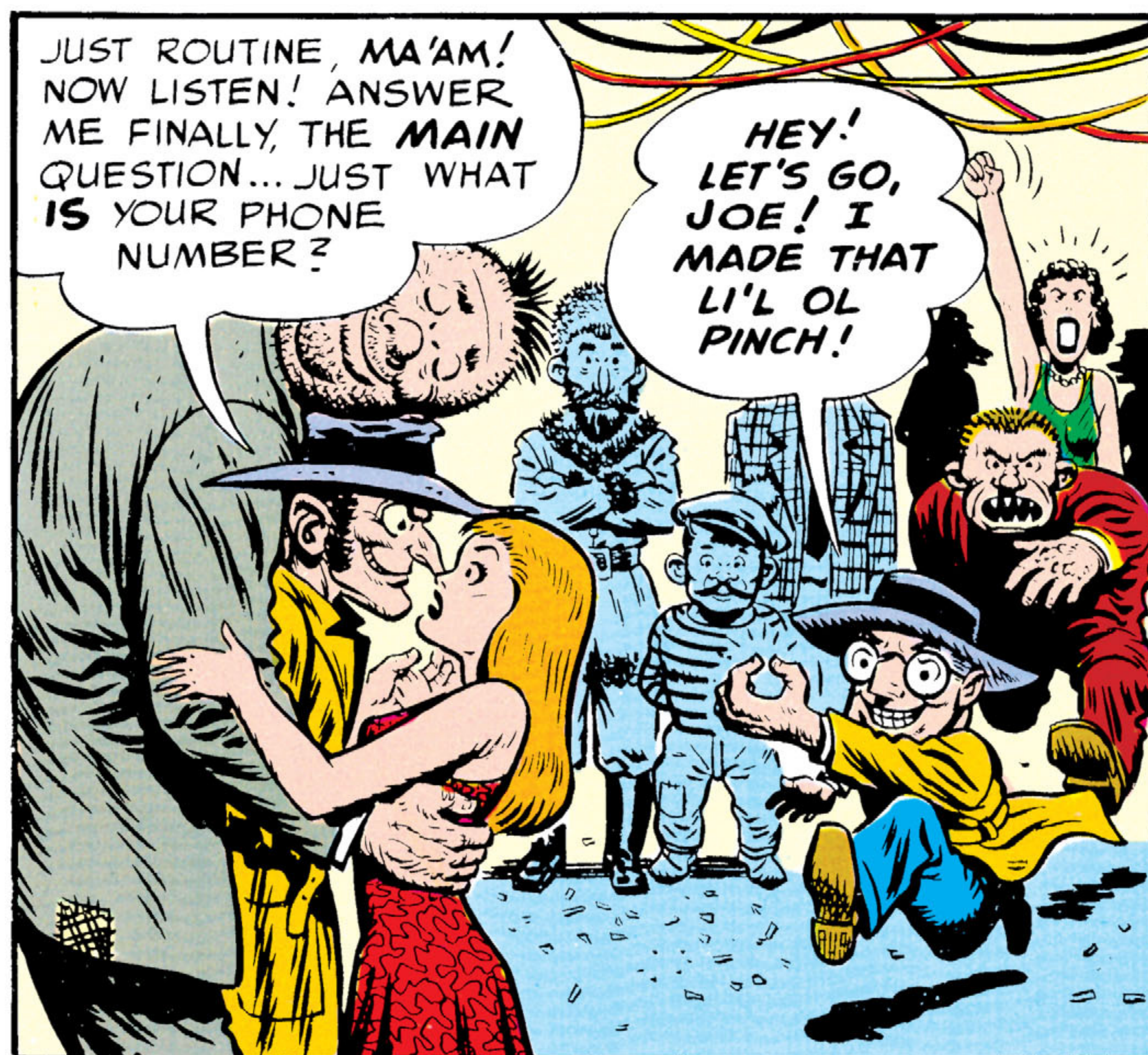
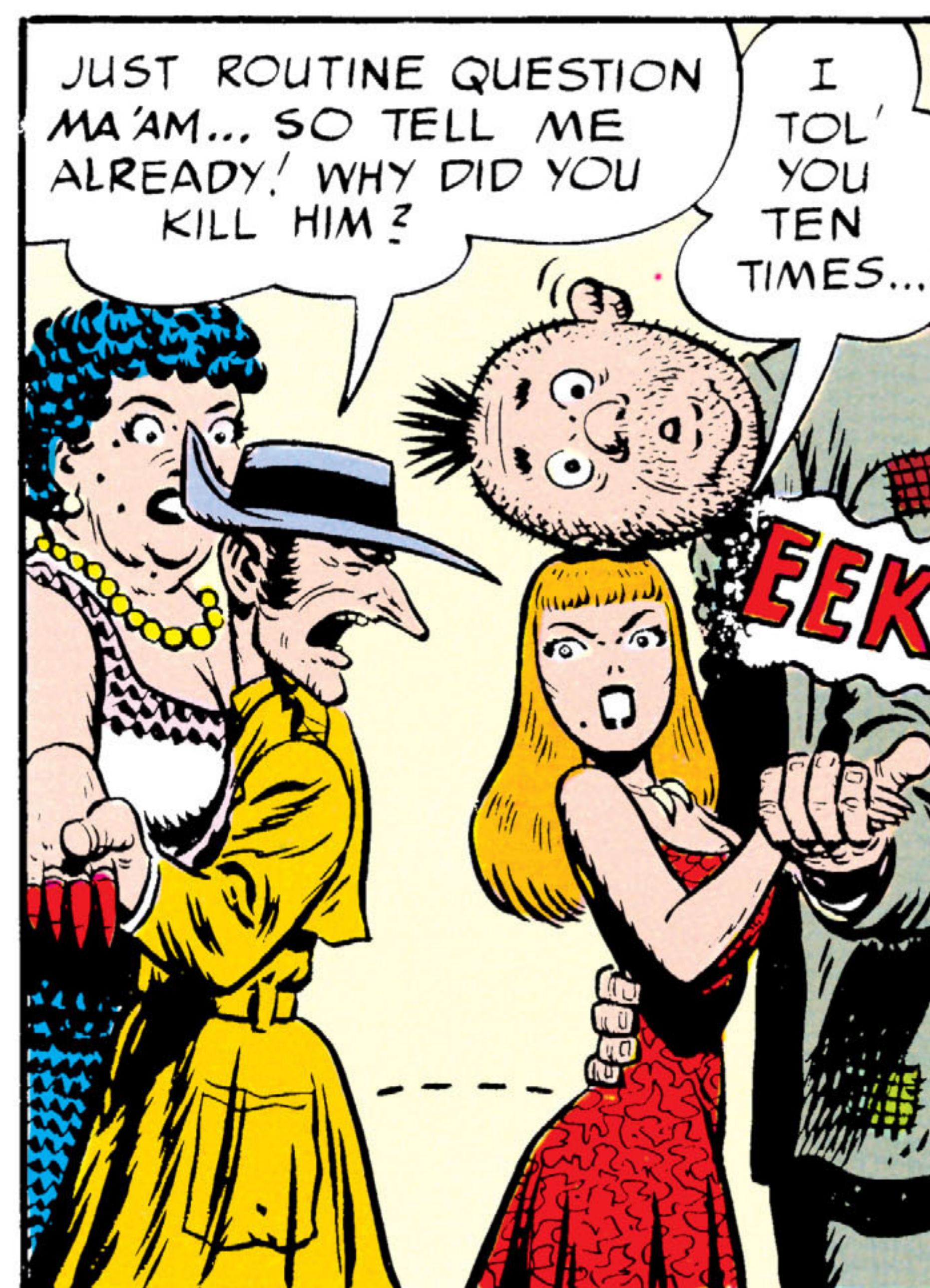
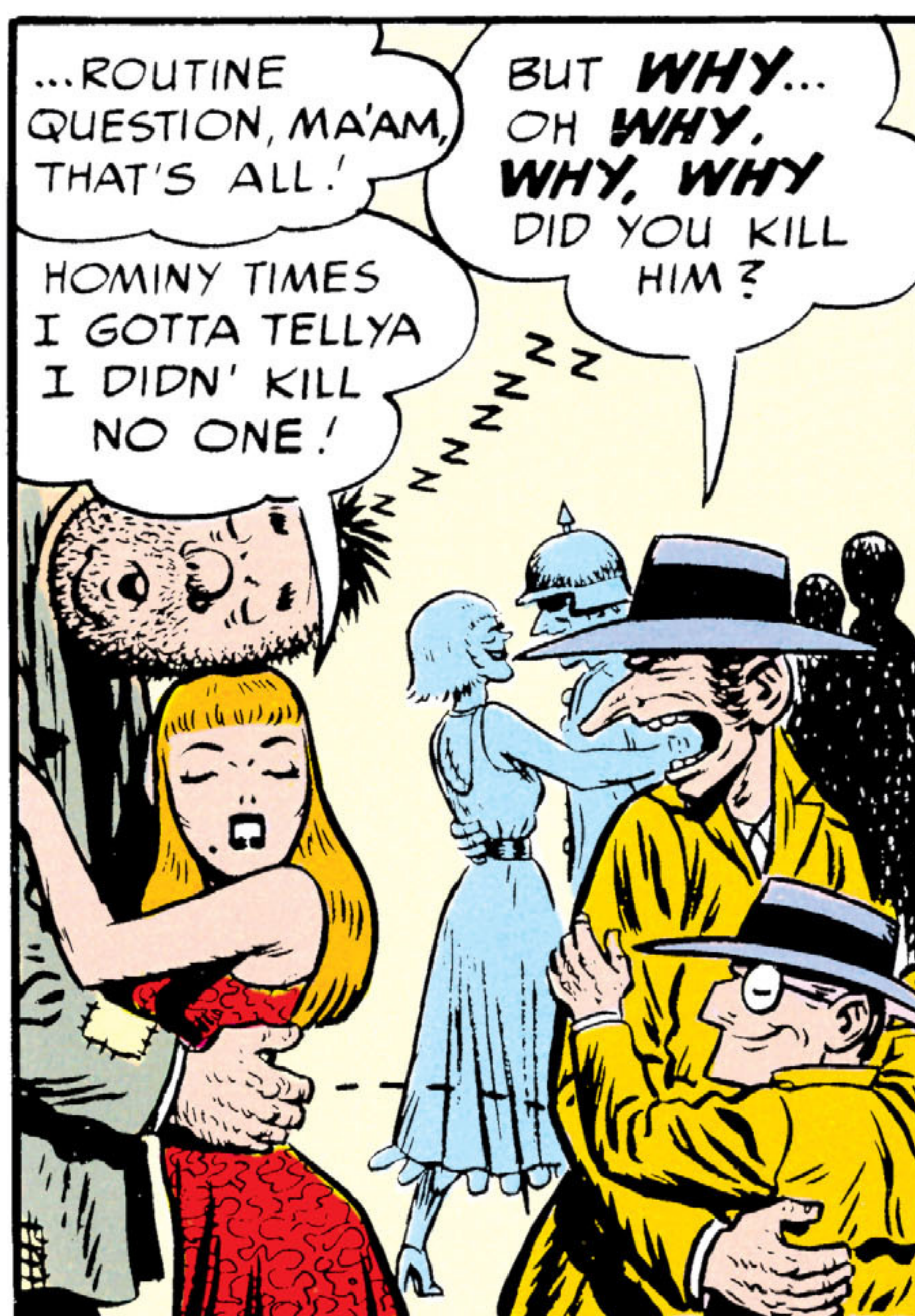
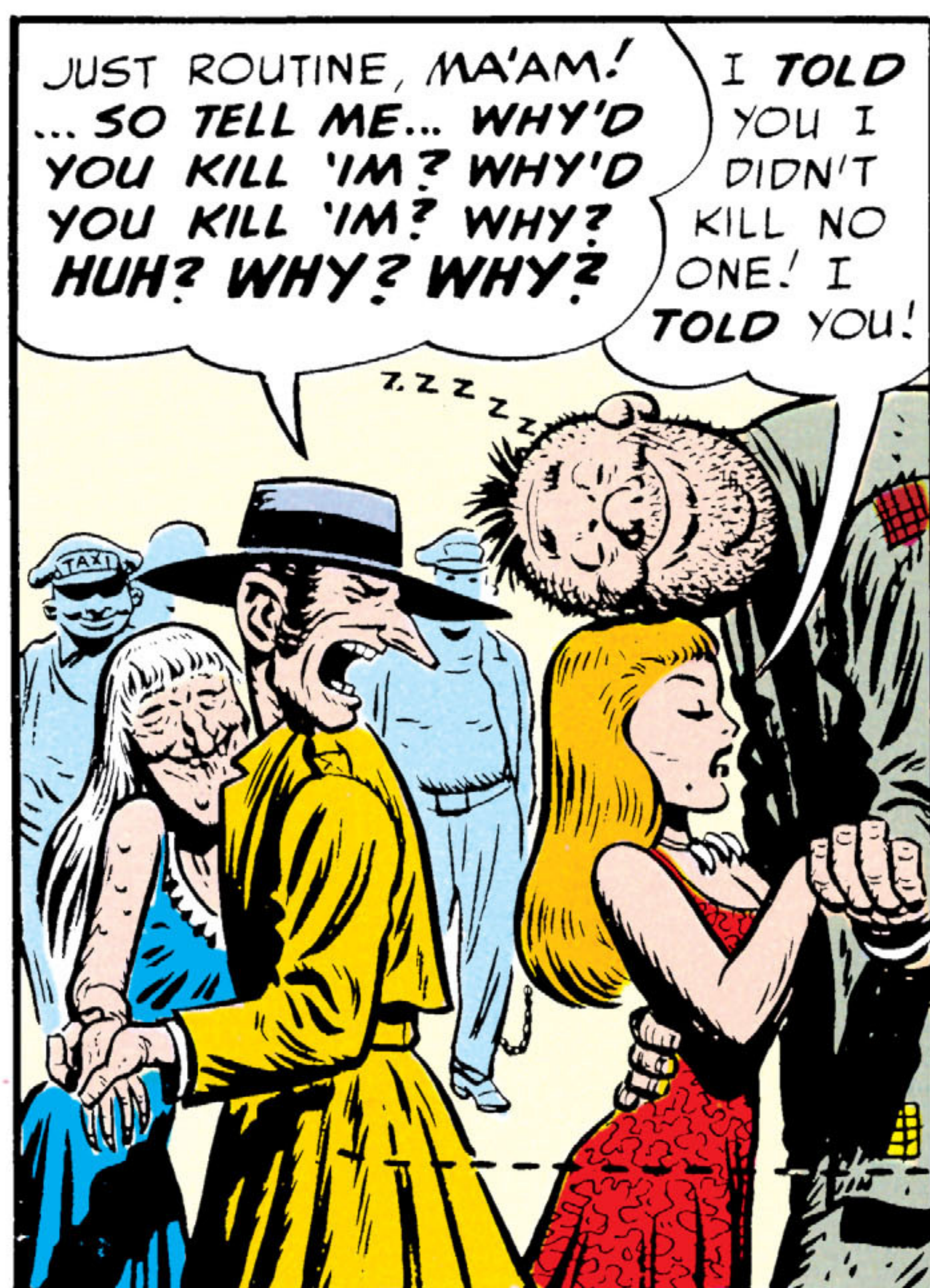
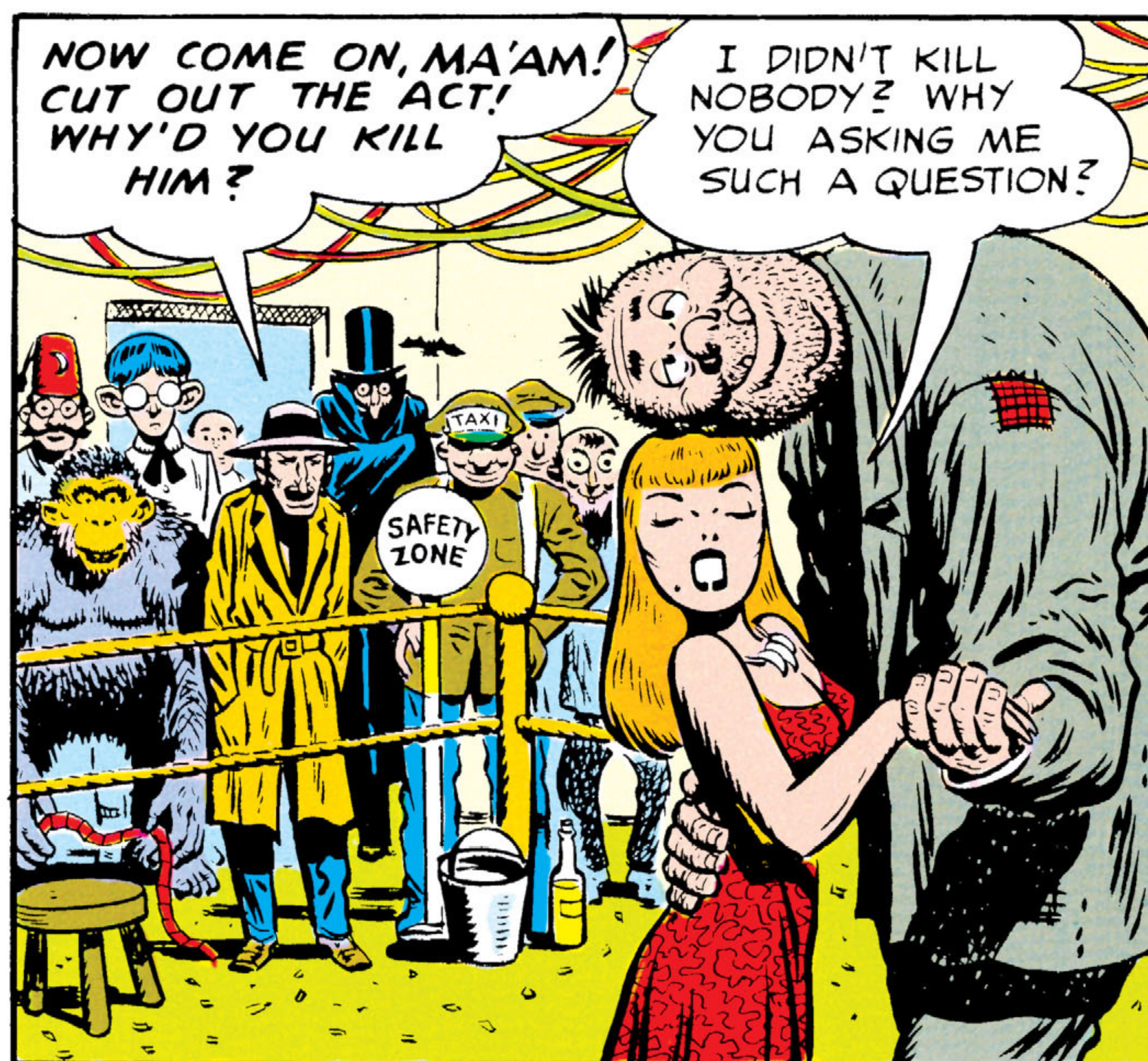
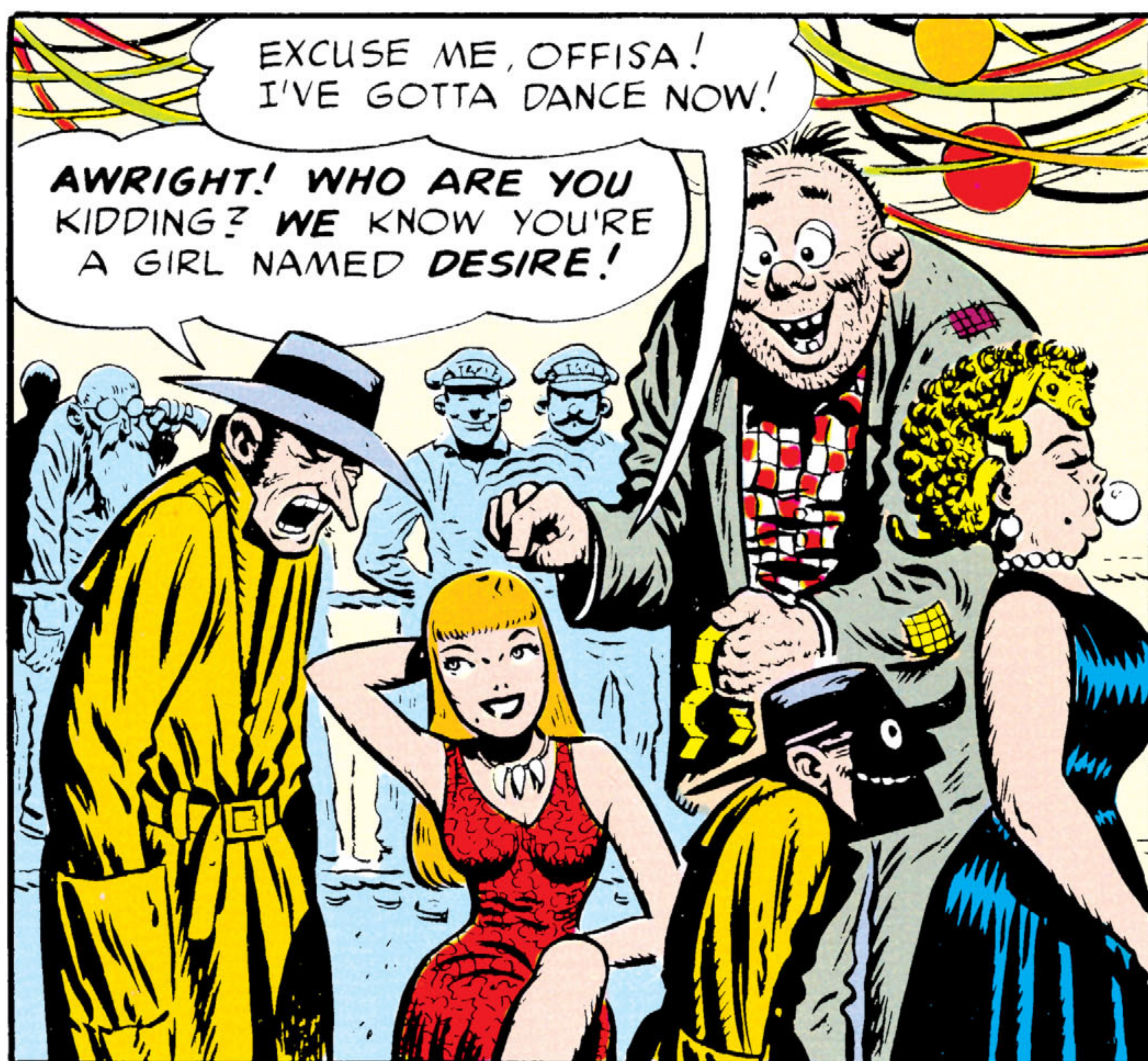
THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE FLOOR, BULLET HOLES IN THE WALL, AND A BLOODY BUTCHER KNIFE MATTED WITH HUMAN HAIR IN THE SINK! WE HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!

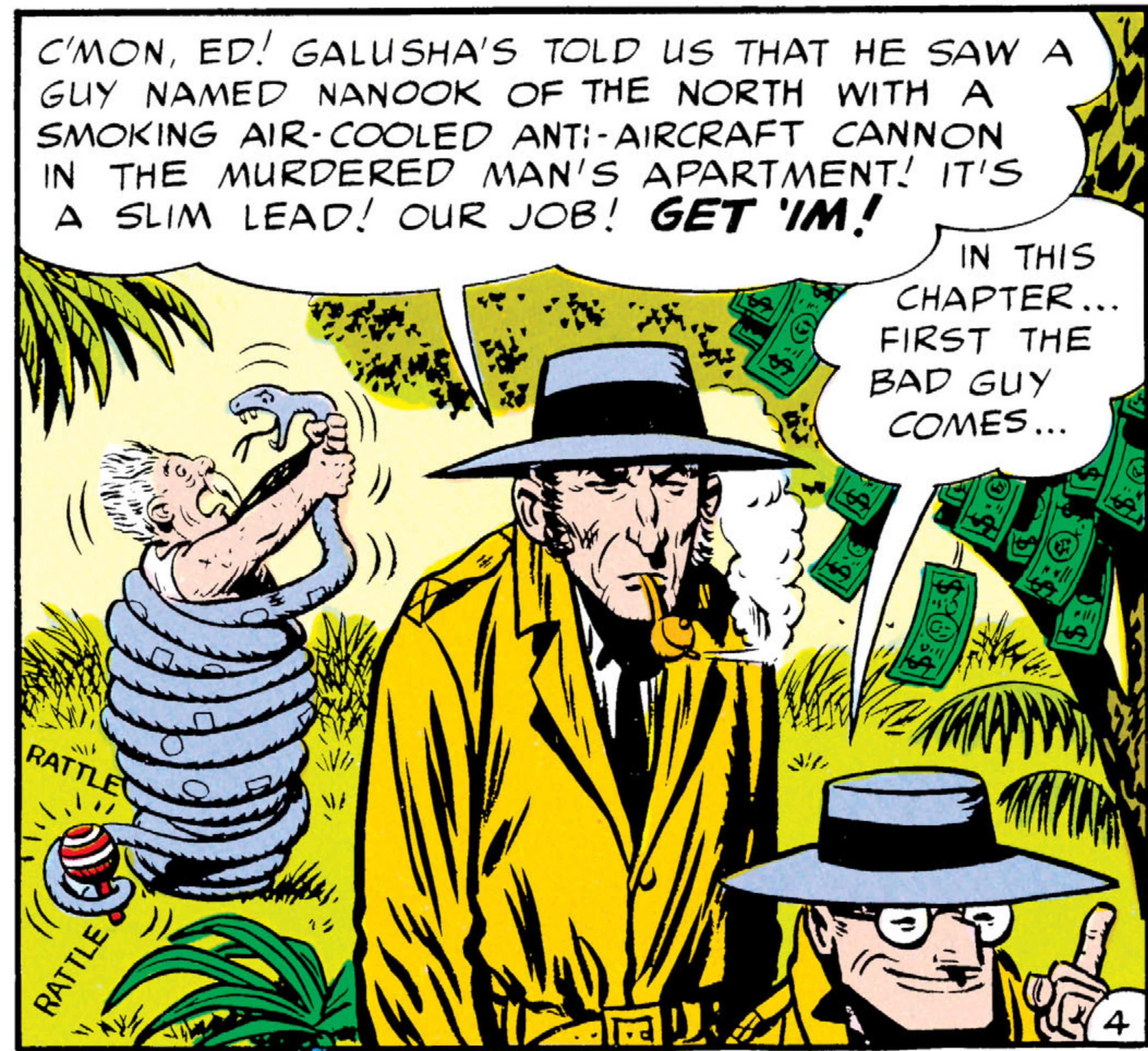
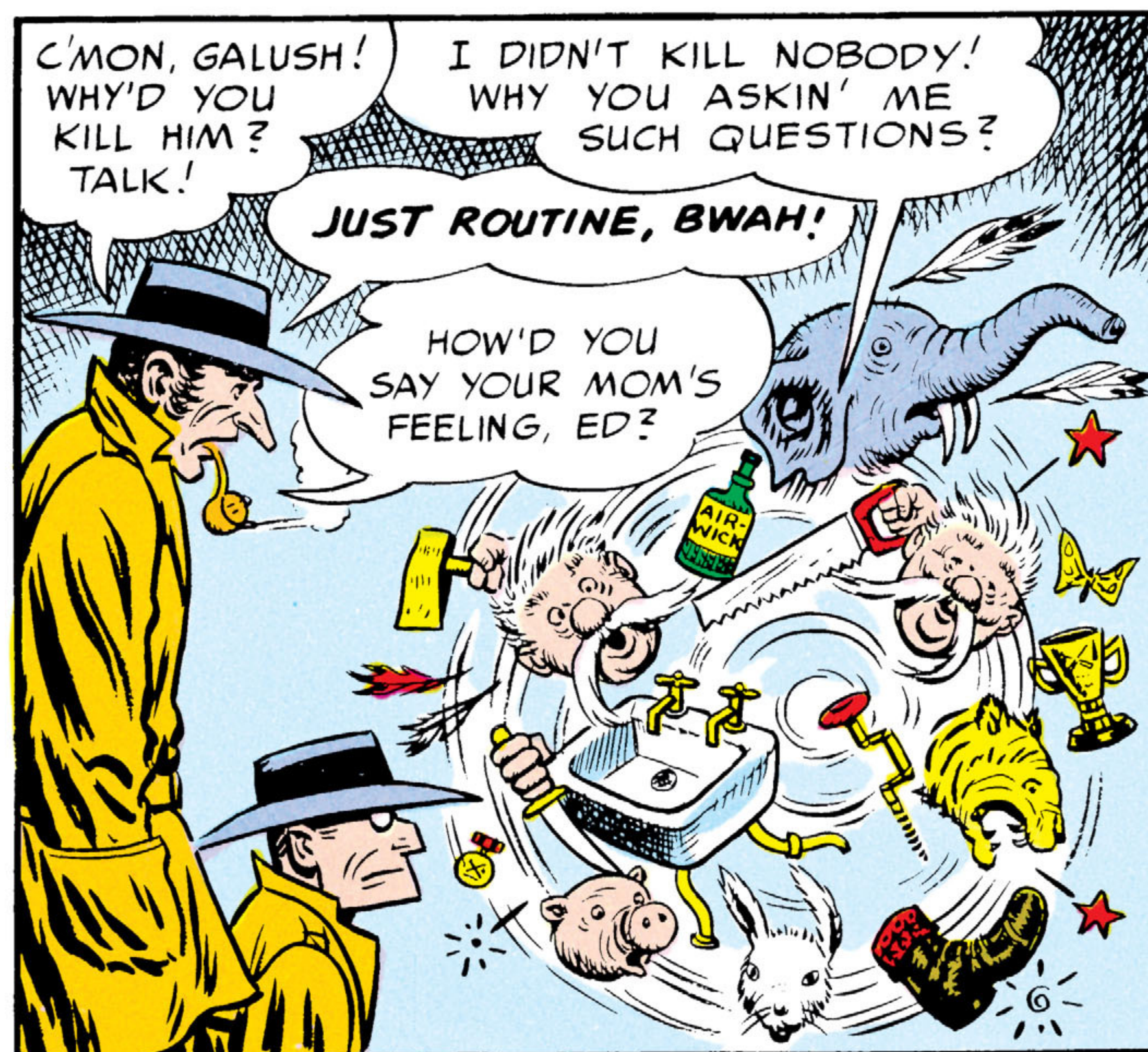
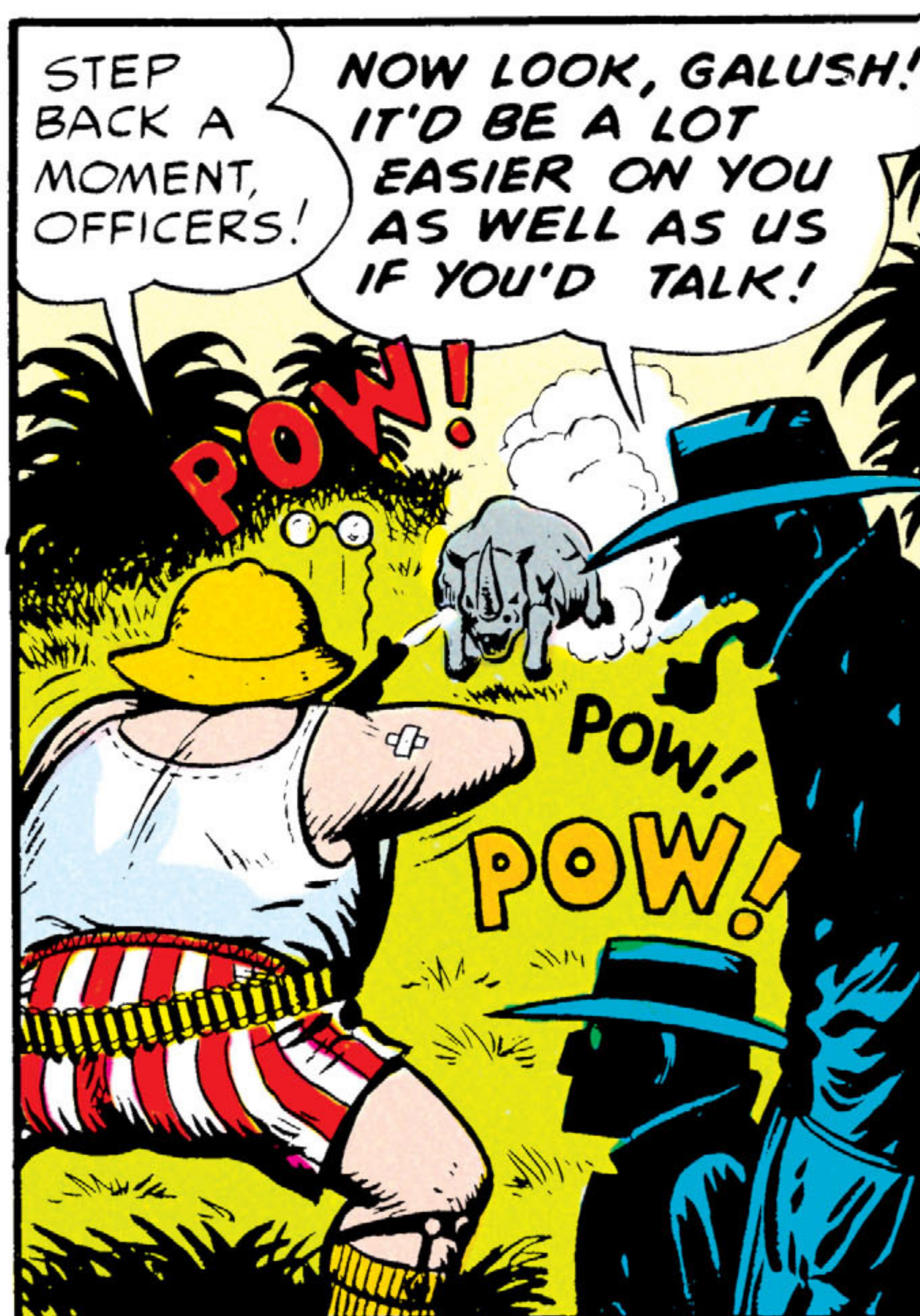
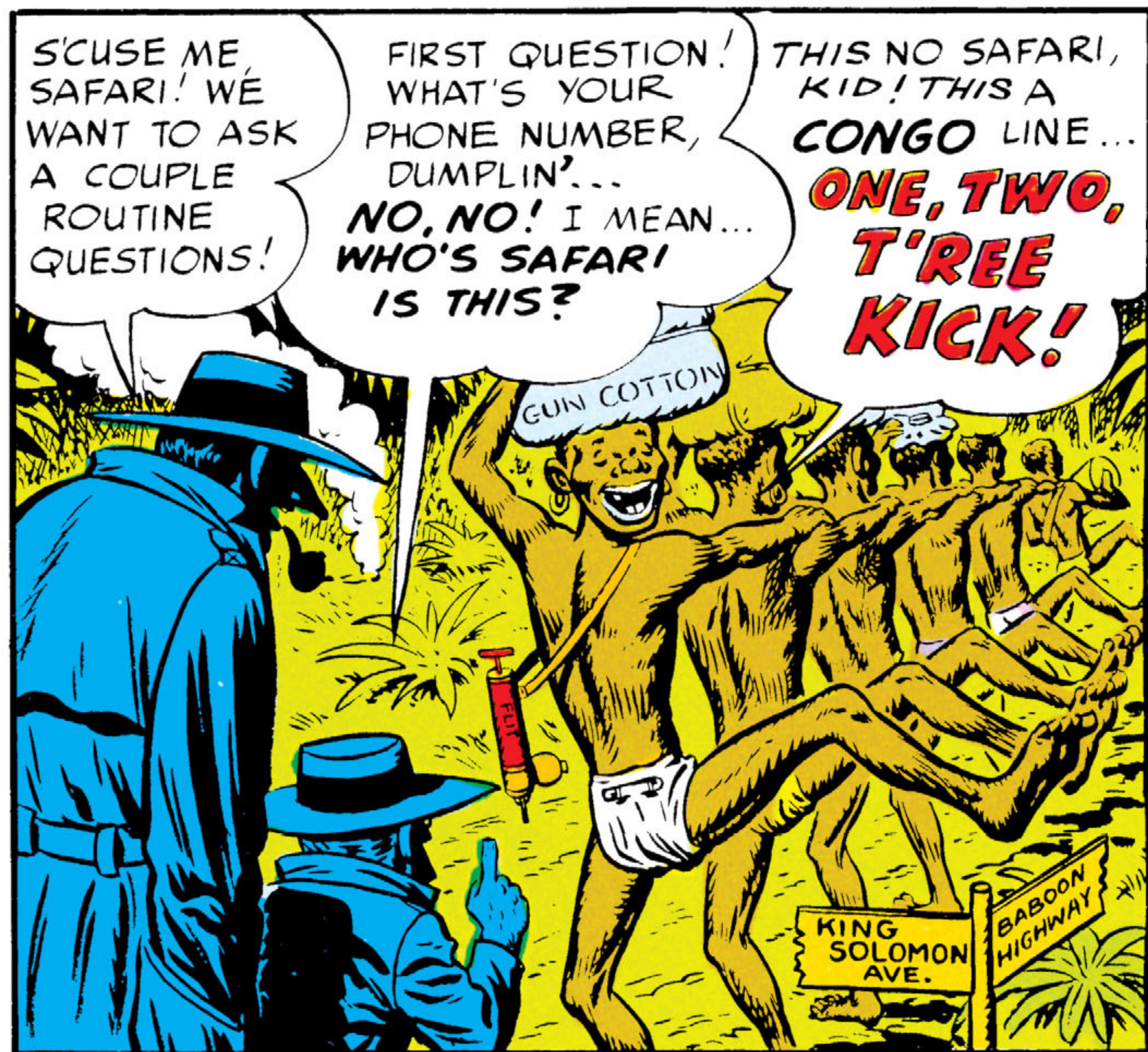
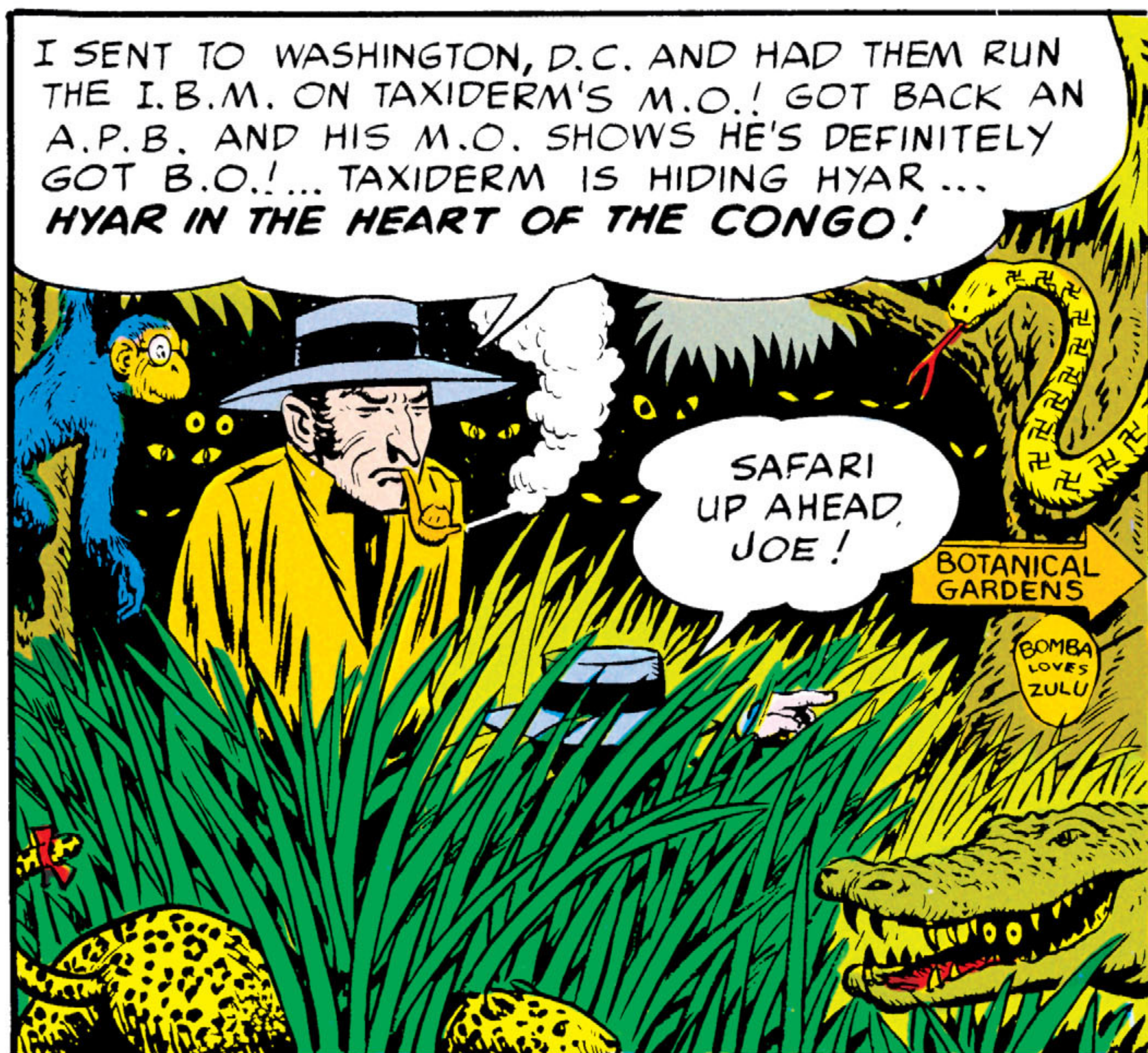


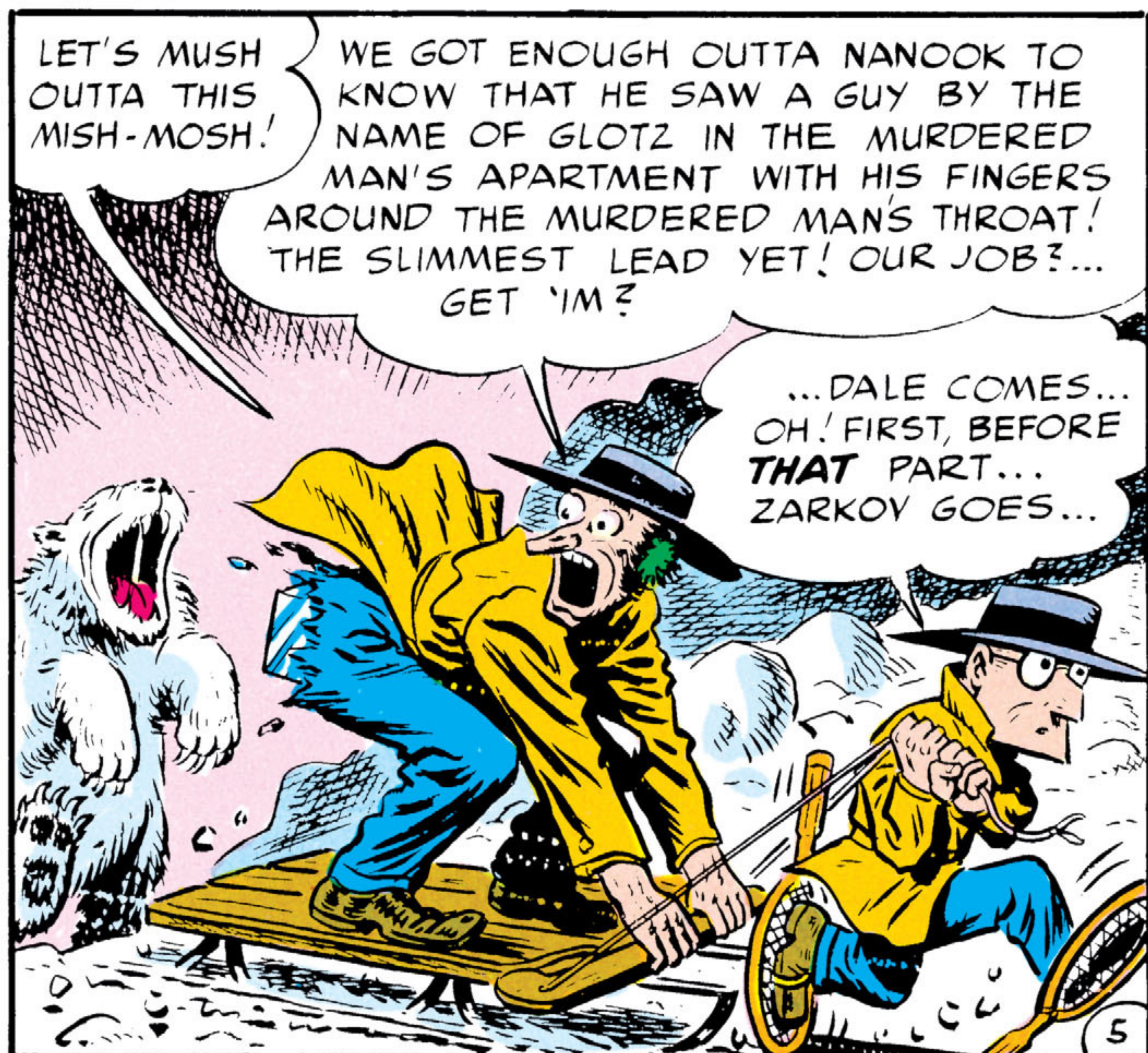
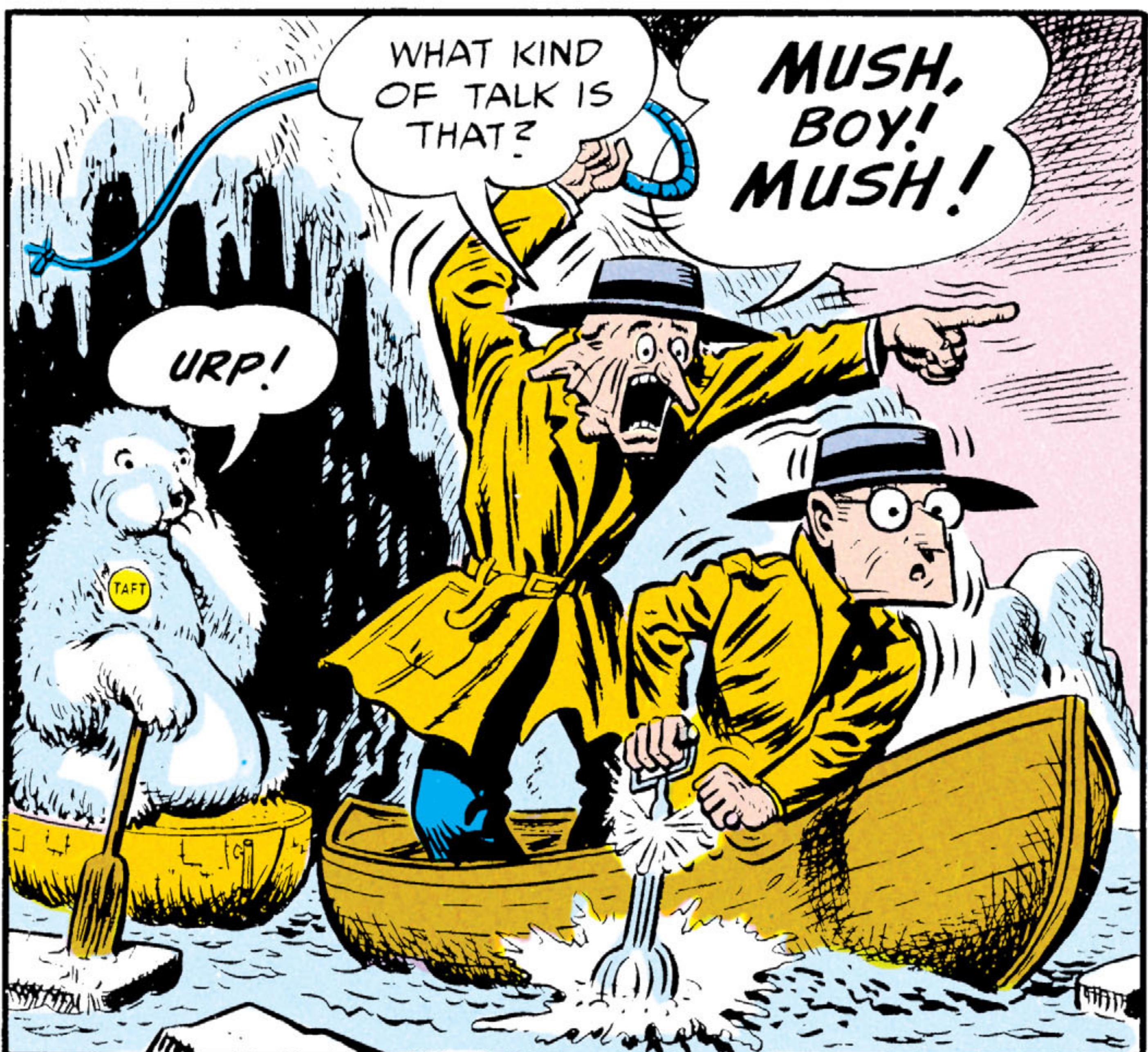
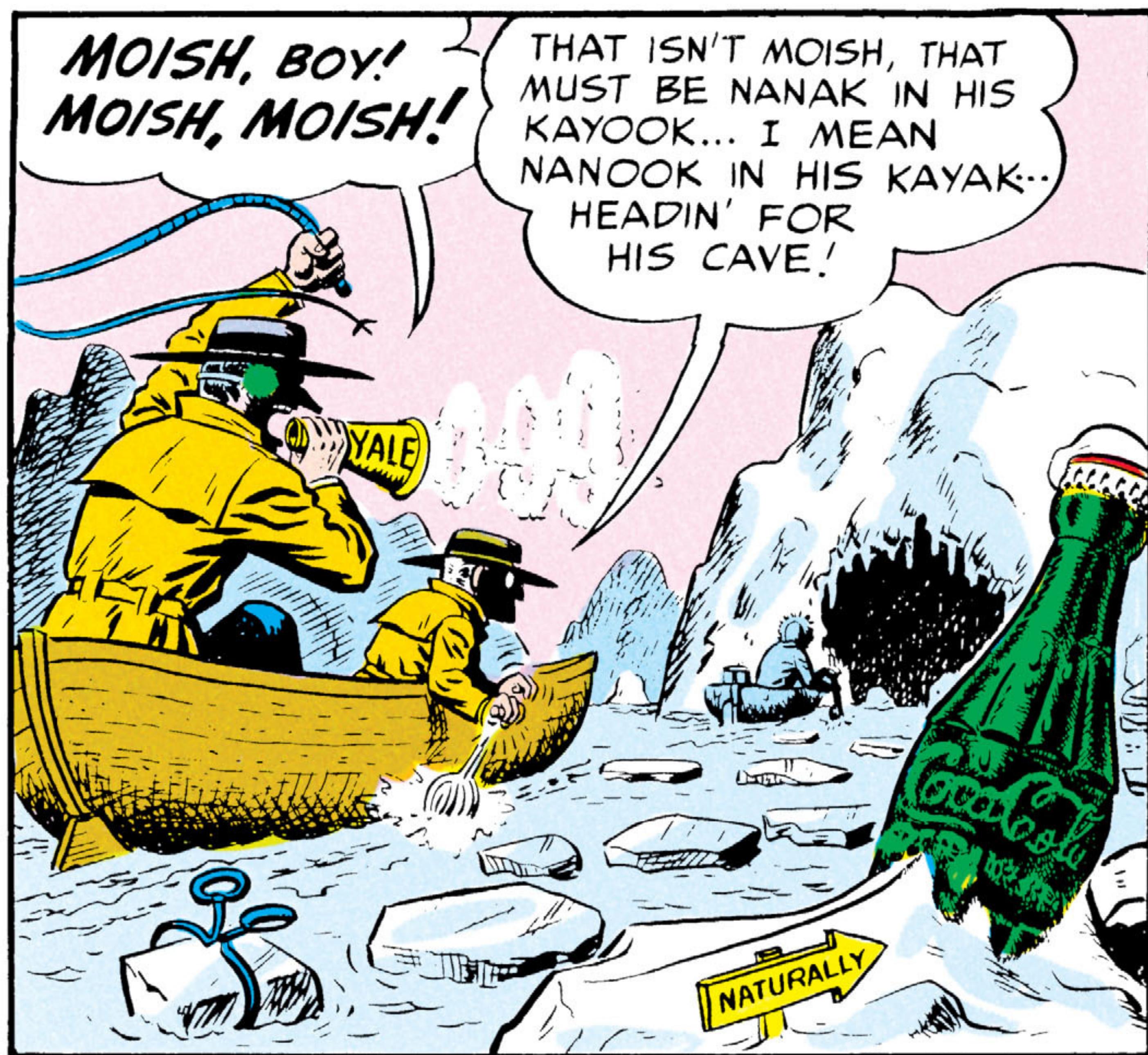
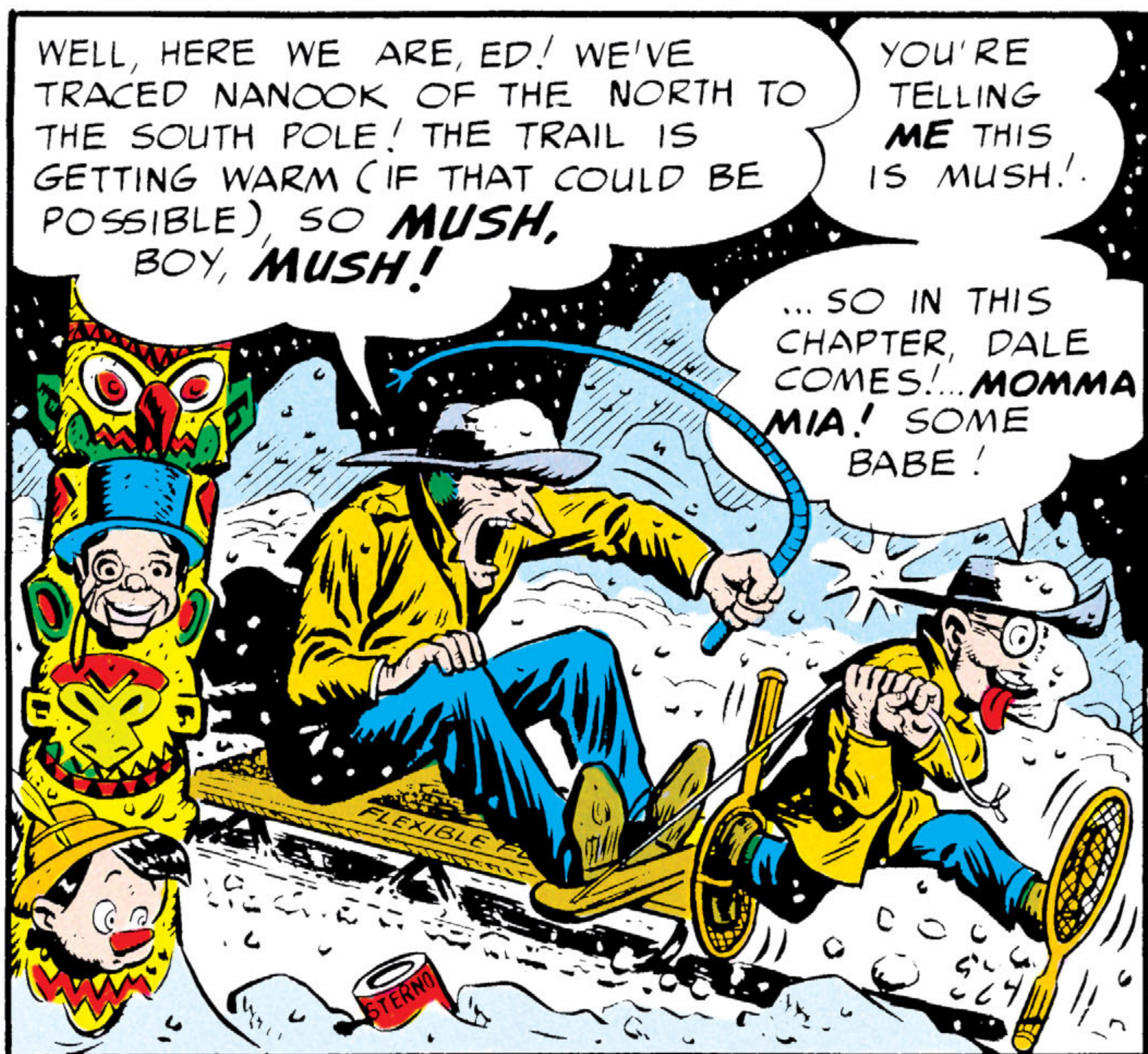
WE DON'T KNOW WHO THE VICTIM WAS, WE DON'T KNOW THE KILLER, AND WE LOST THE ADDRESS OF THE APARTMENT! YOUR JOB! **GET 'IM!**

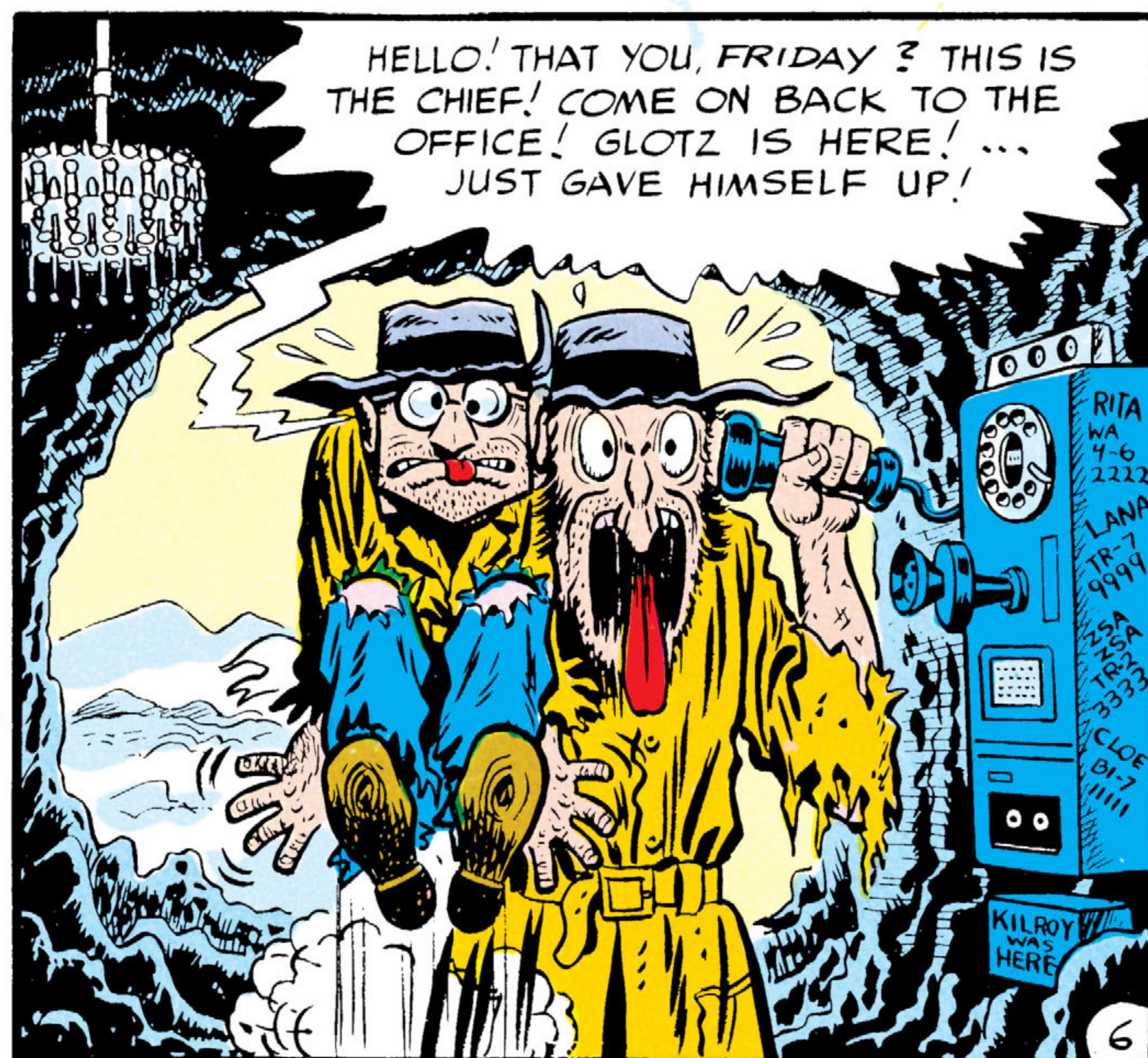
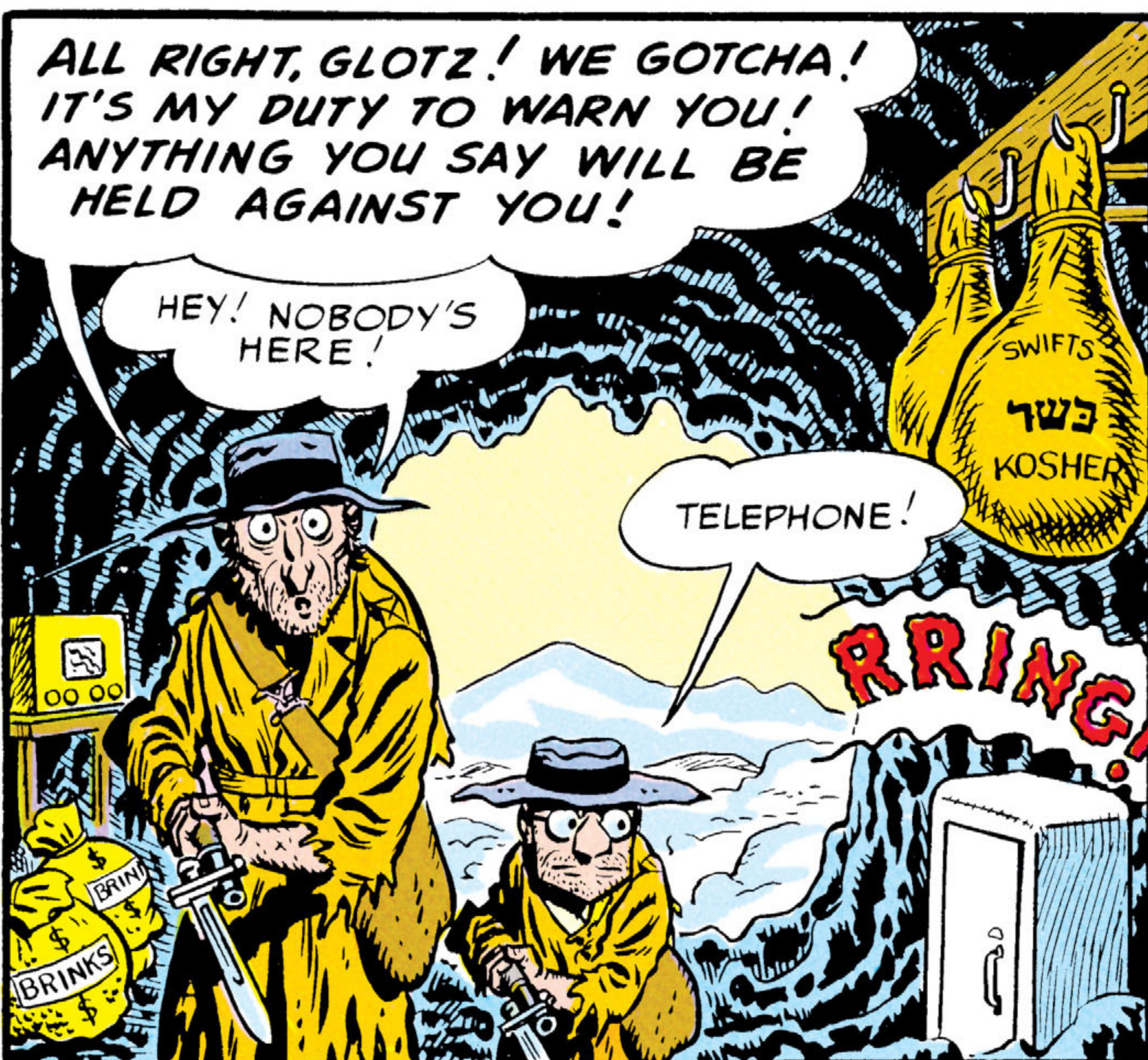
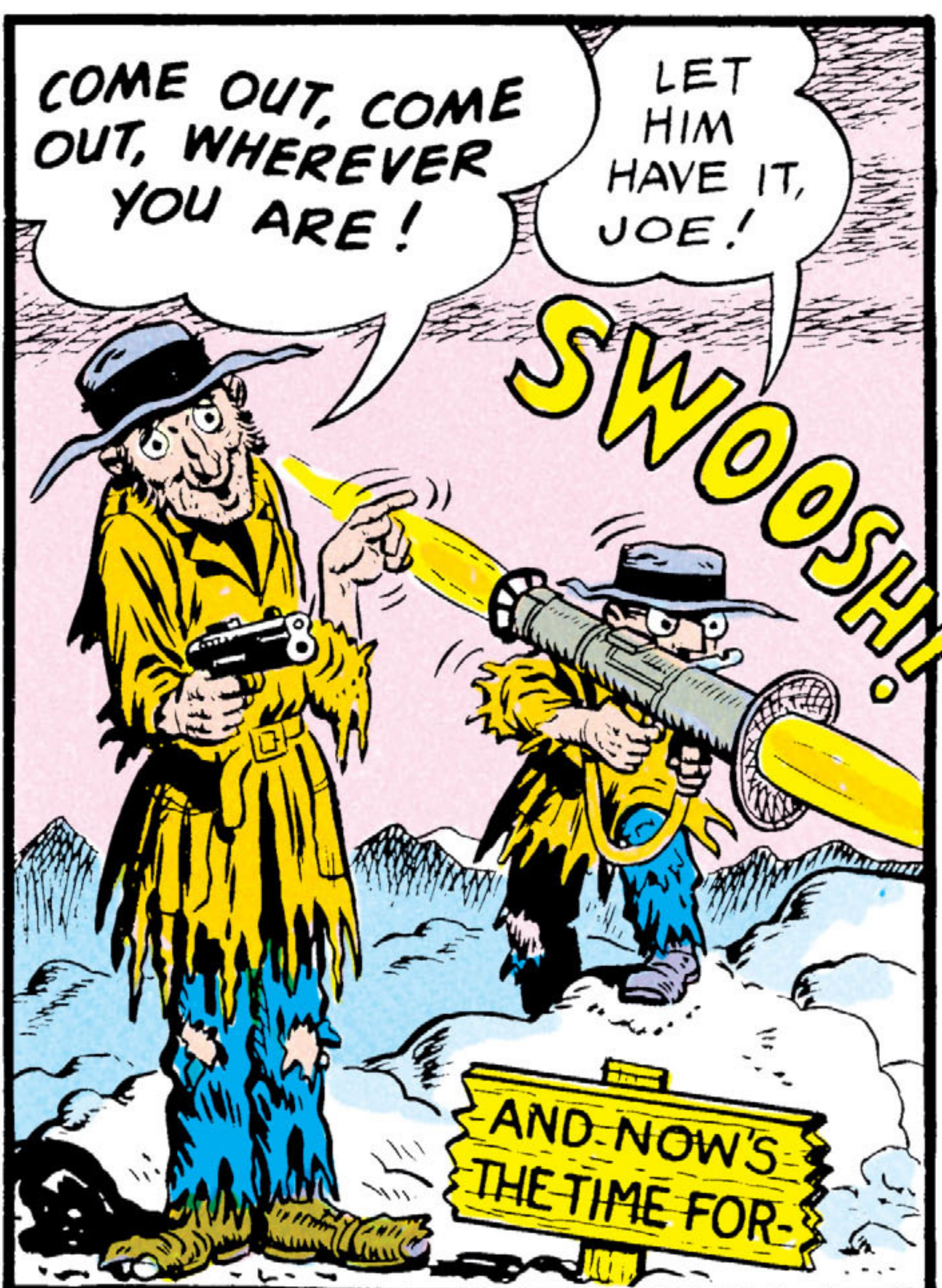
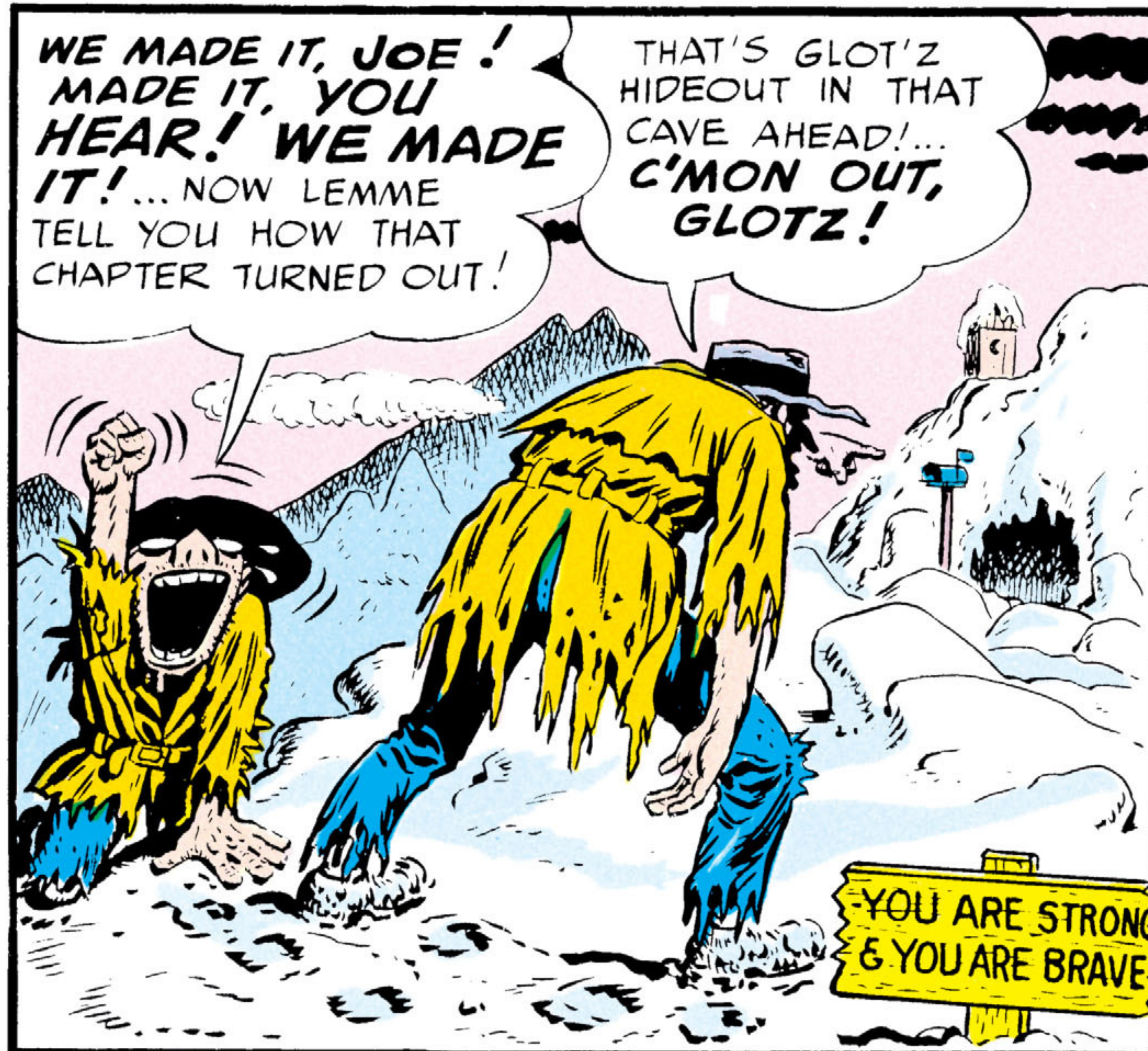
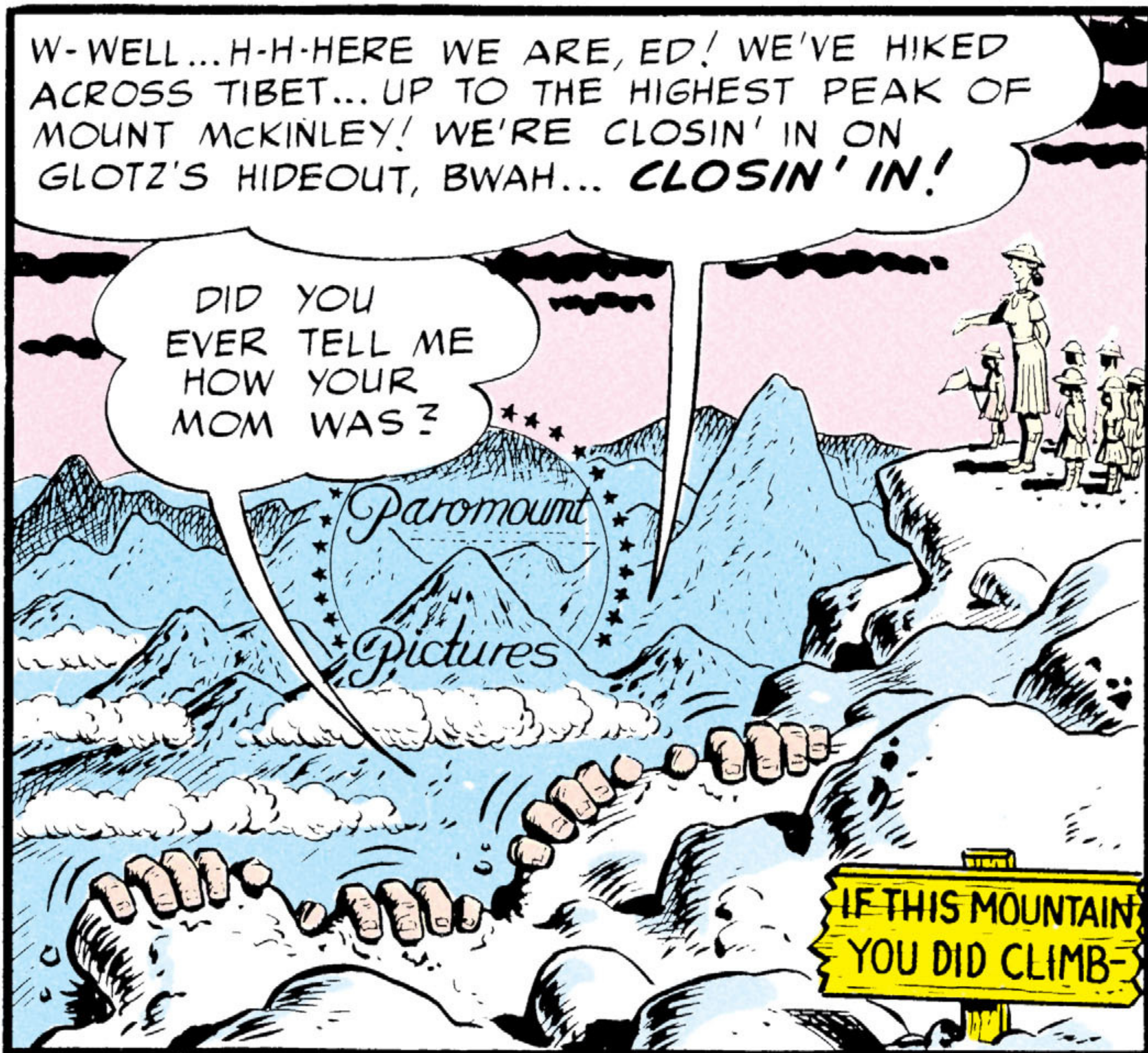


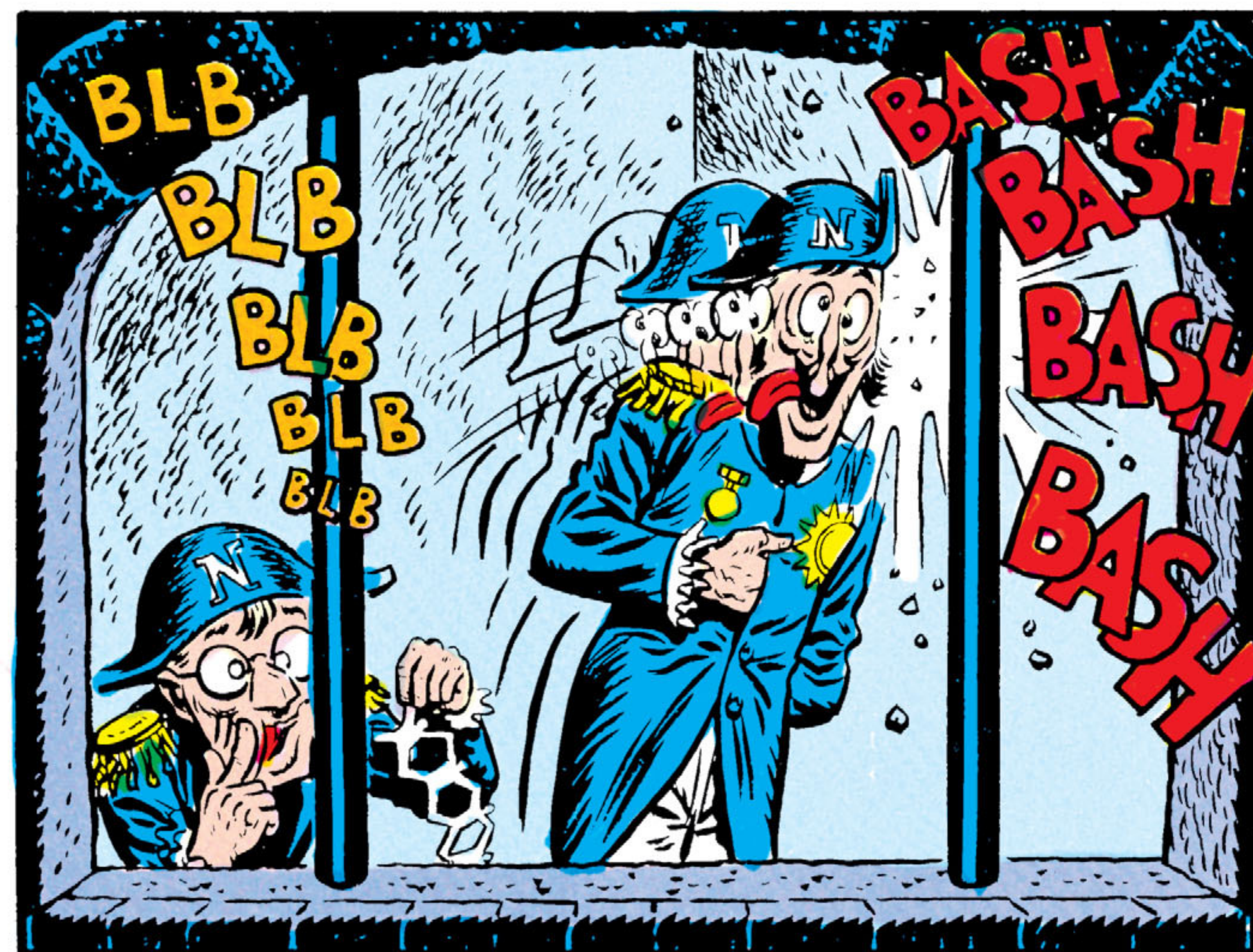
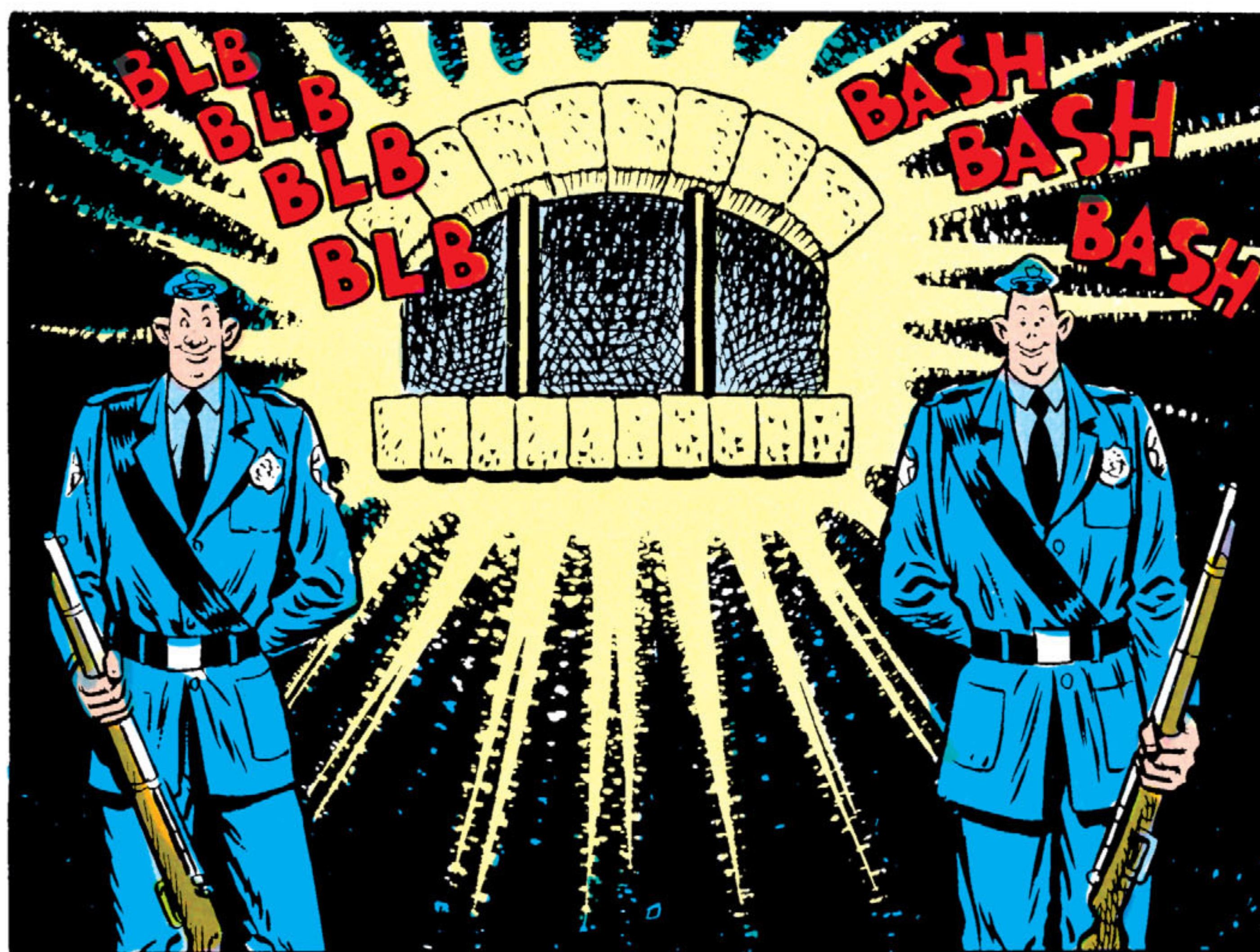
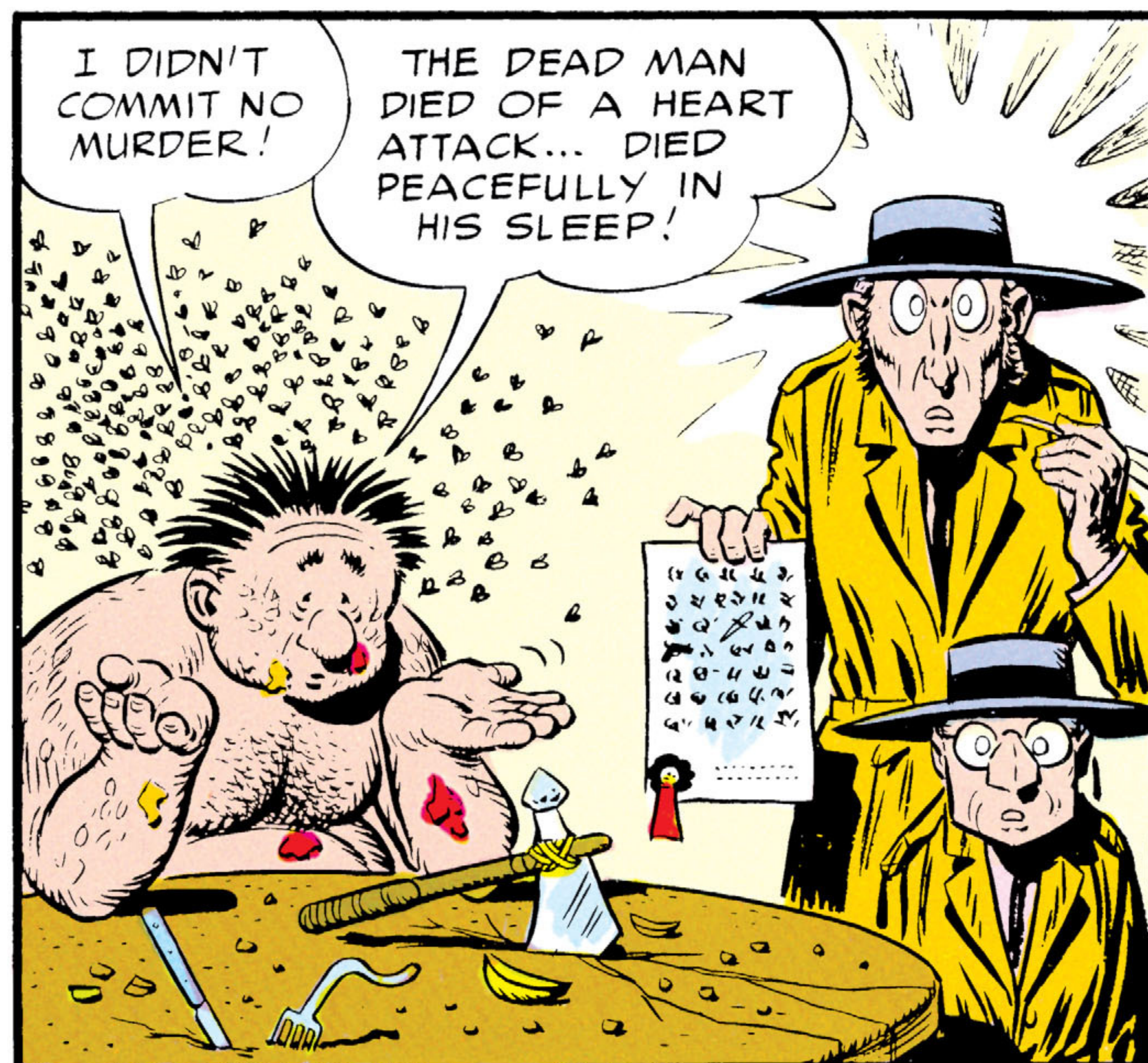
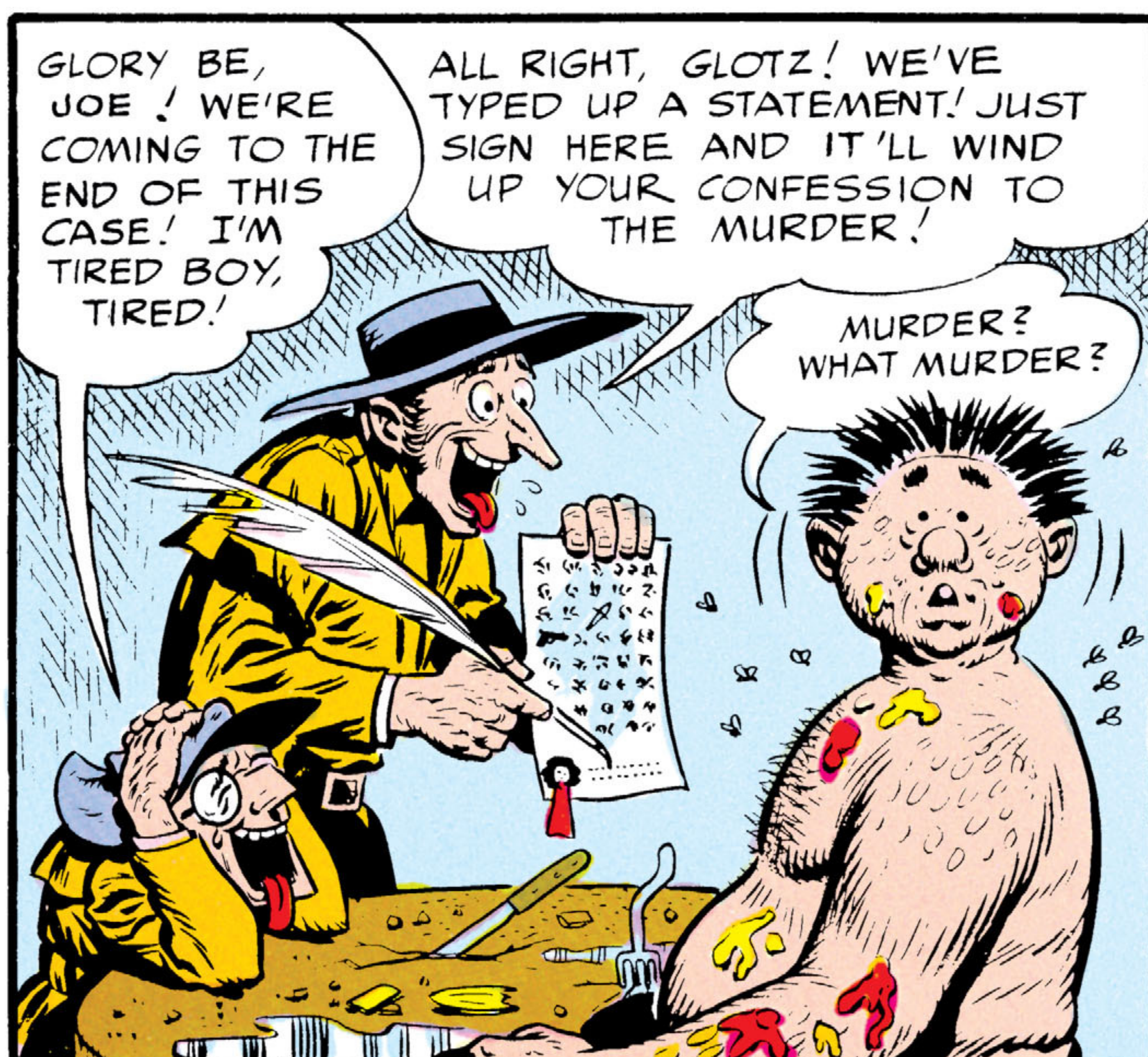
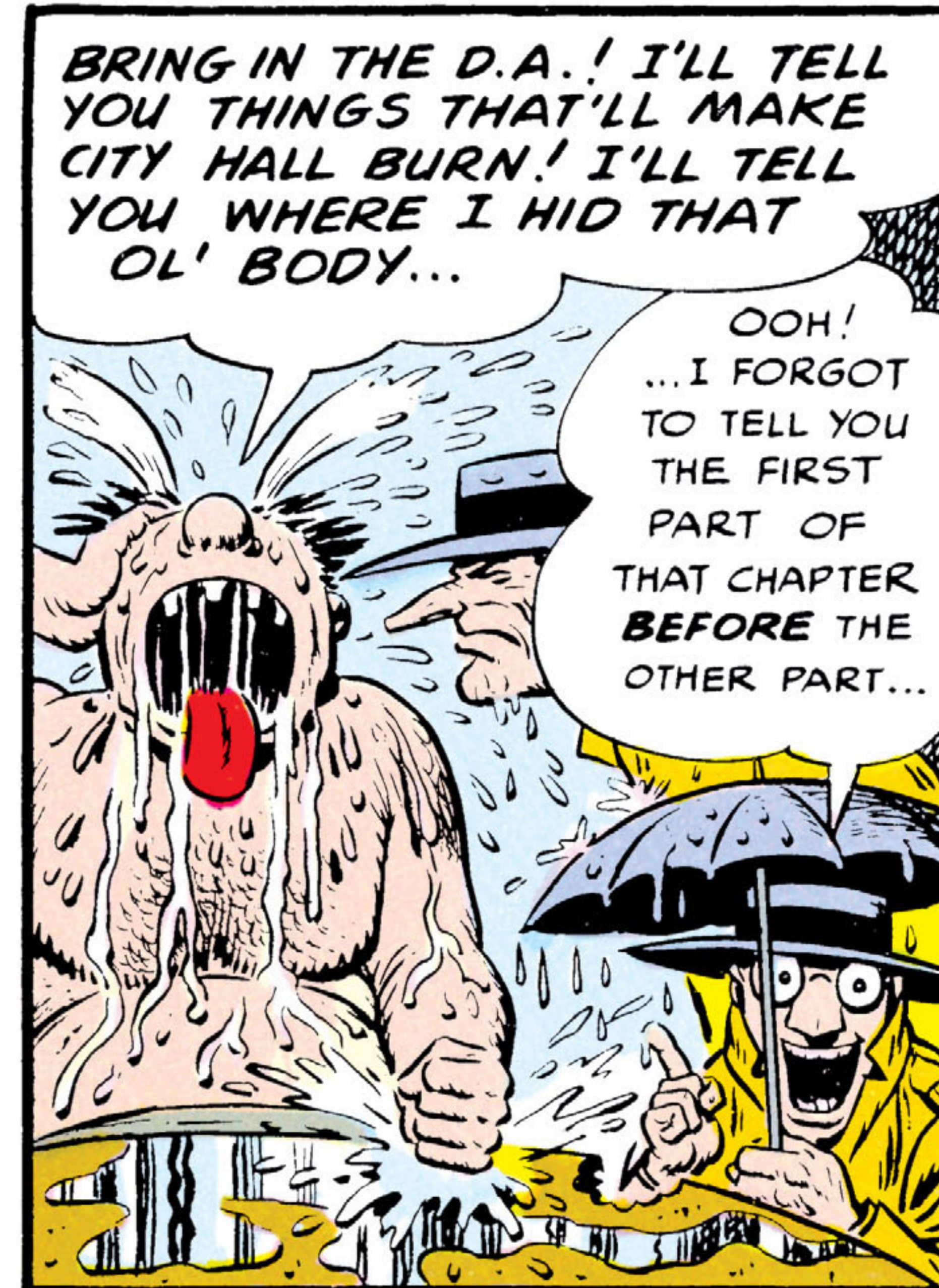
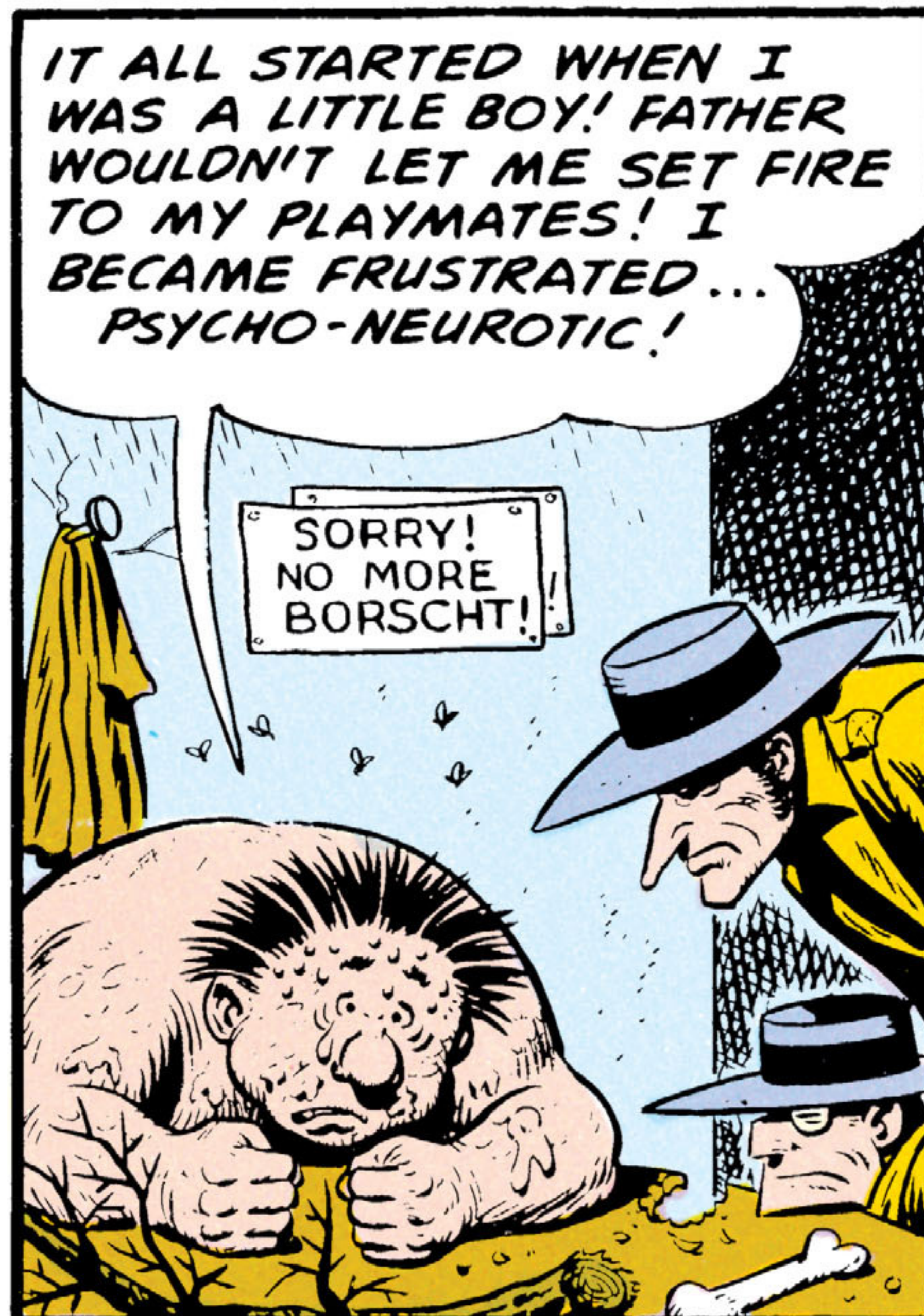
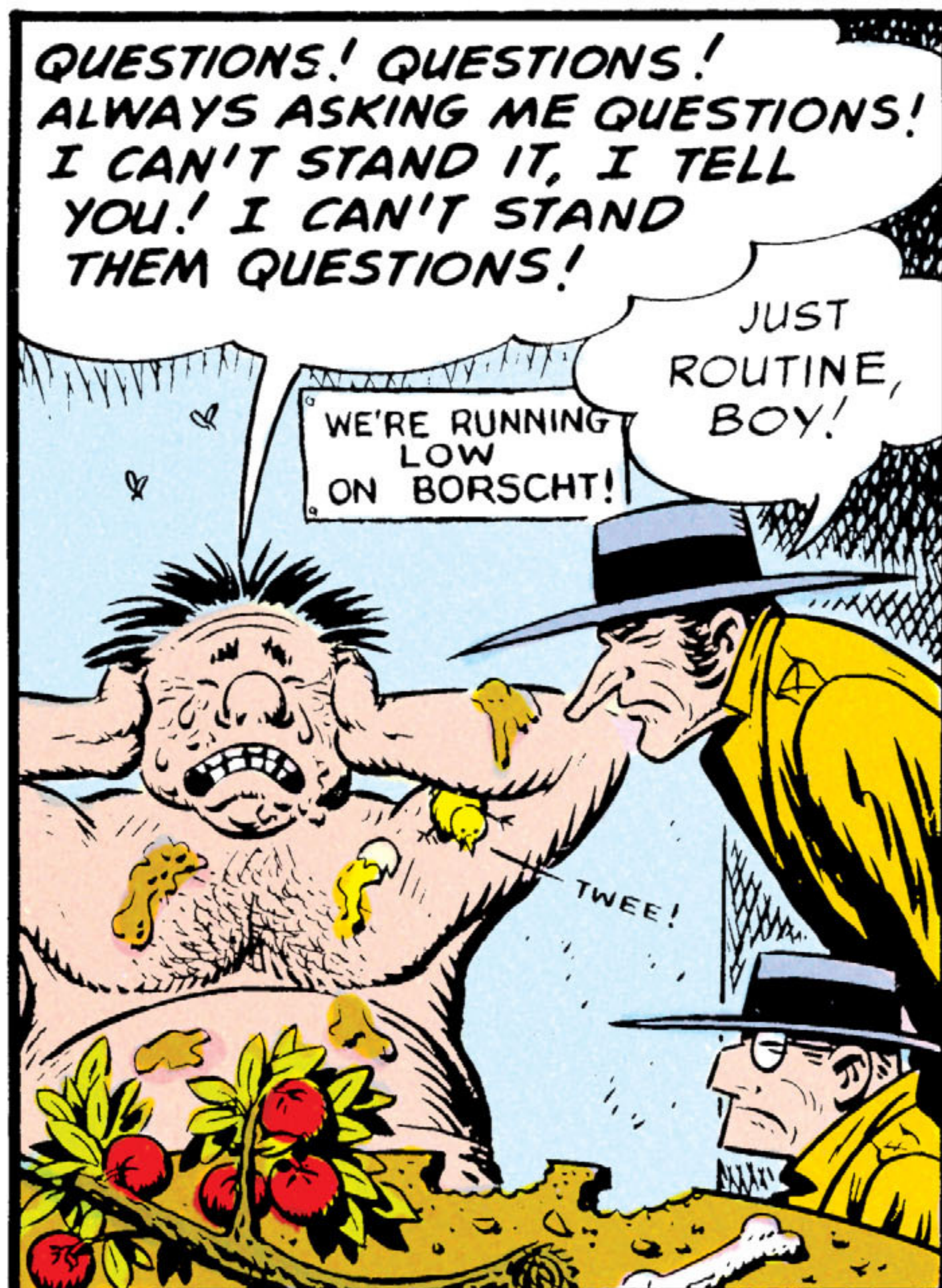










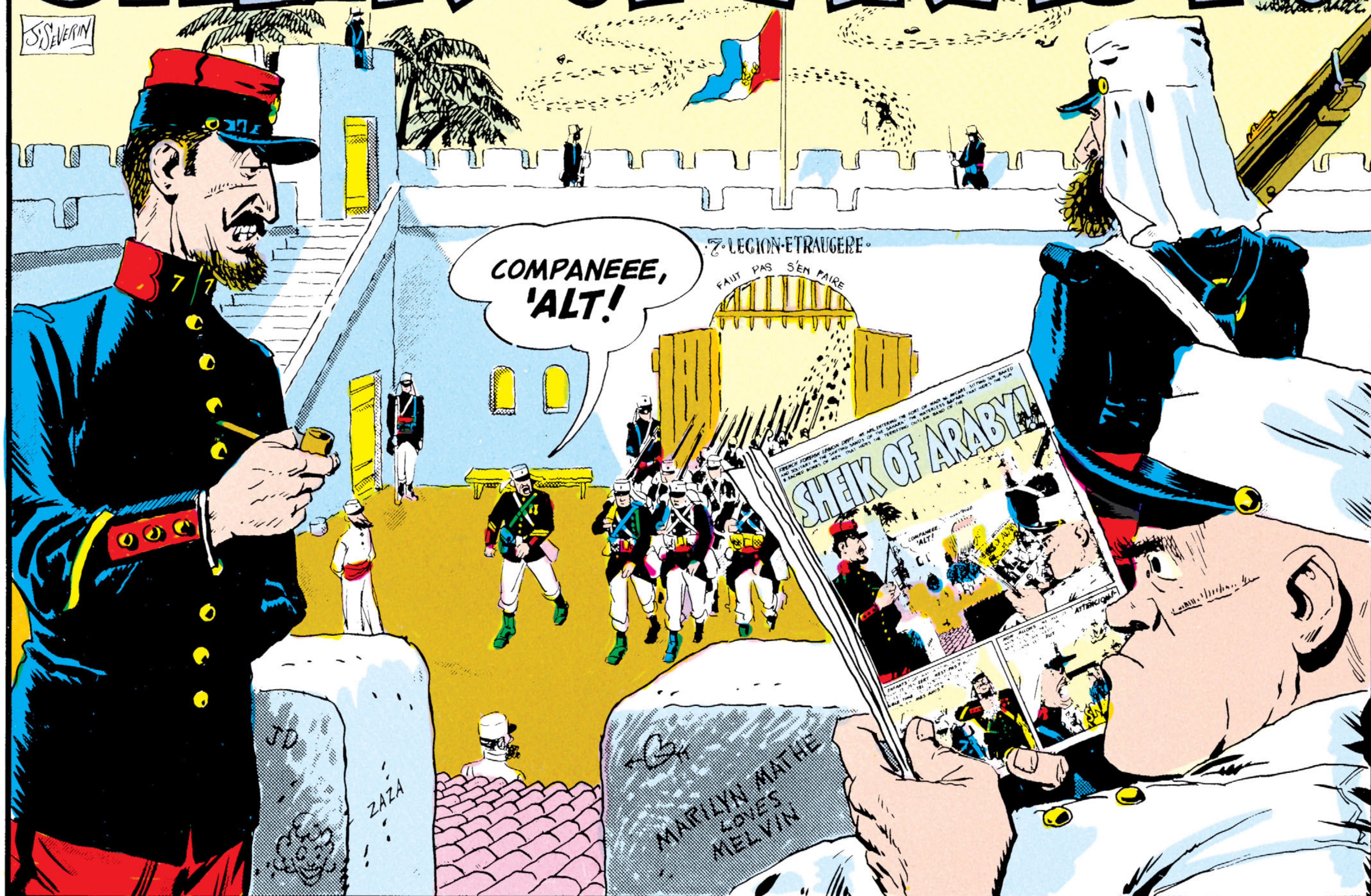


IN OCTOBER OF FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO, THE CASE
WAS FILED IN SUPERIOR COURT! GLOTZ WAS
ACQUITTED, BUT JOE FRIDAY AND ED SATURDAY WERE NOT!

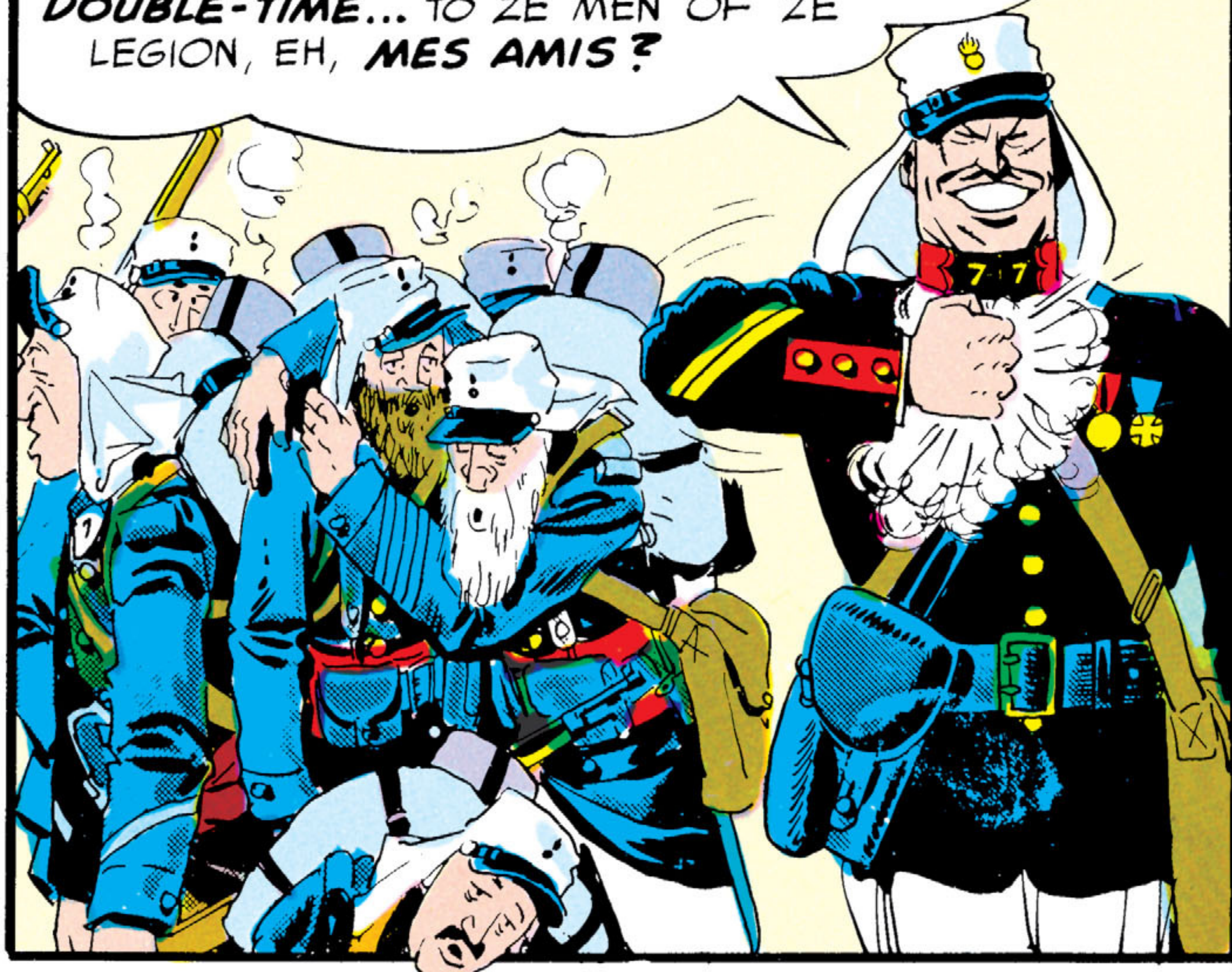
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY WERE SENTENCED TO LIFE IM-
PRISONMENT IN THE STATE BOOBY HATCH WHERE
THEY ARE NOW SERVING OUT THEIR TERMS!

FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION DEPT.: WE ARE ENTERING THE FORT OF WADI EL AYCARE, SITTING SUN-BAKED AND SOLITARY IN THE SHIFTING SANDS OF THE SAHARA! THE WATERLESS SAHARA, THAT HIDES THE SUN-BLEACHED BONES OF MEN, THAT HIDES THE TERRIFYING OUTLAW BAND OF THE ...

SHEIK OF ARABY!



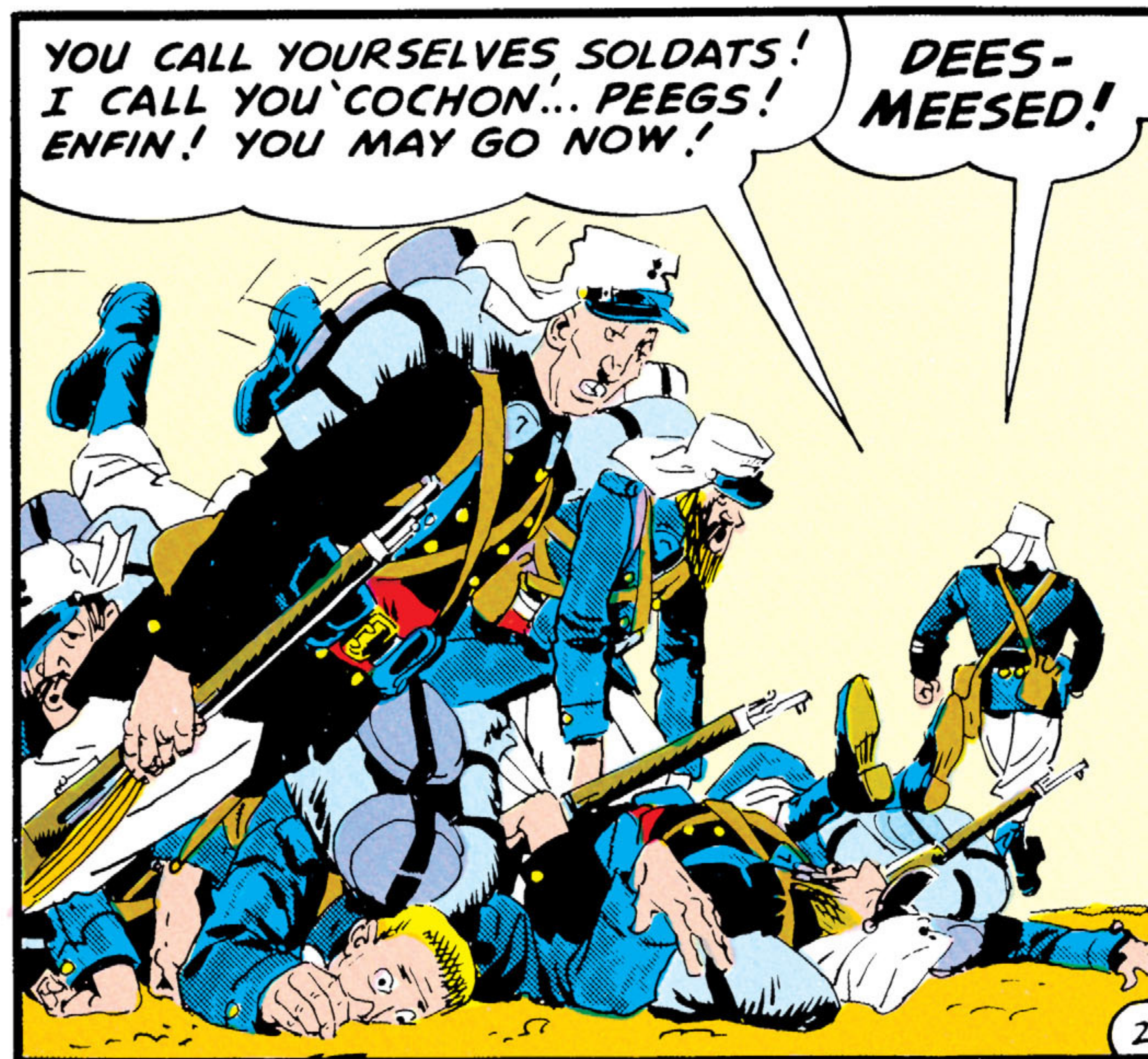
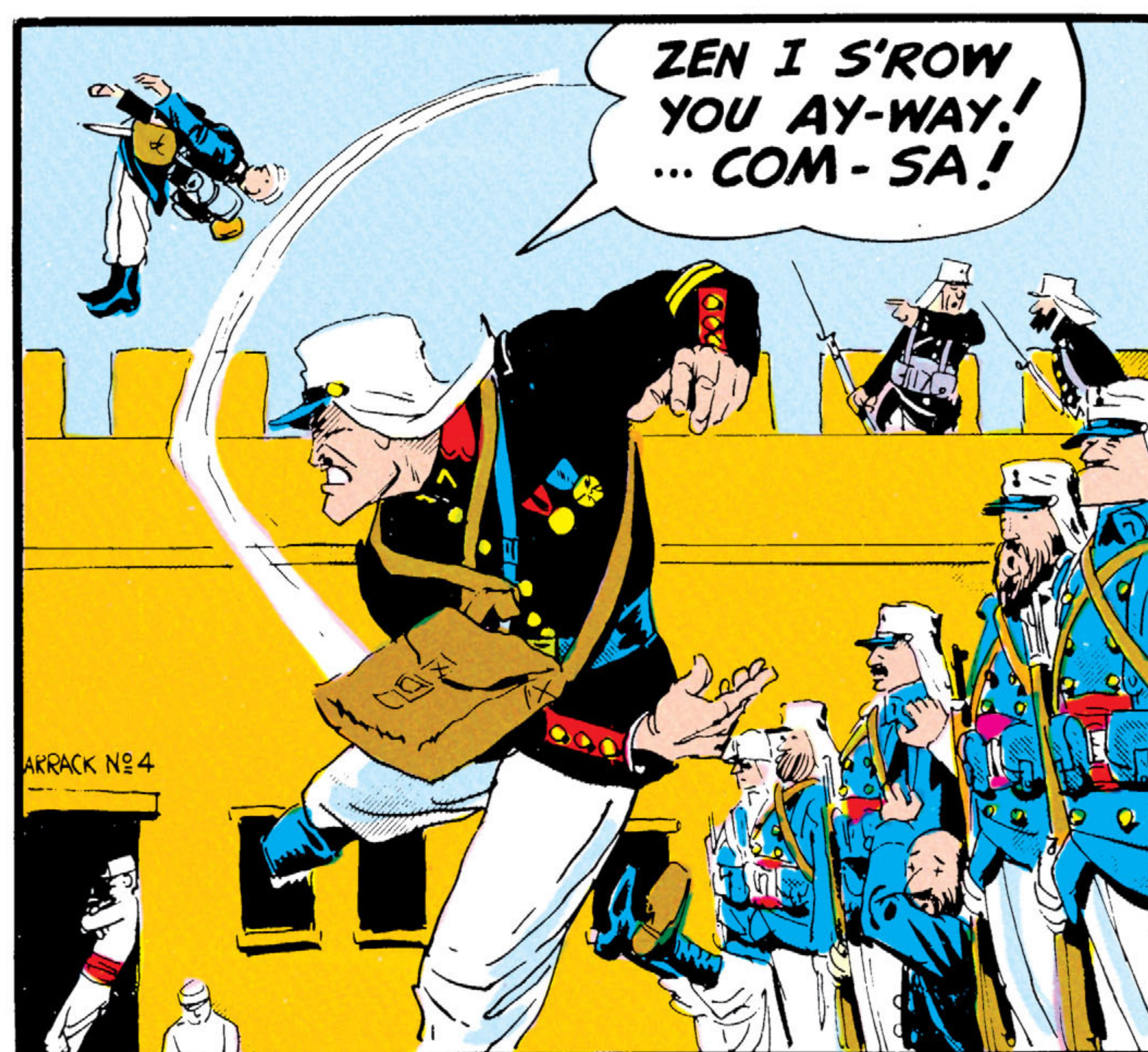
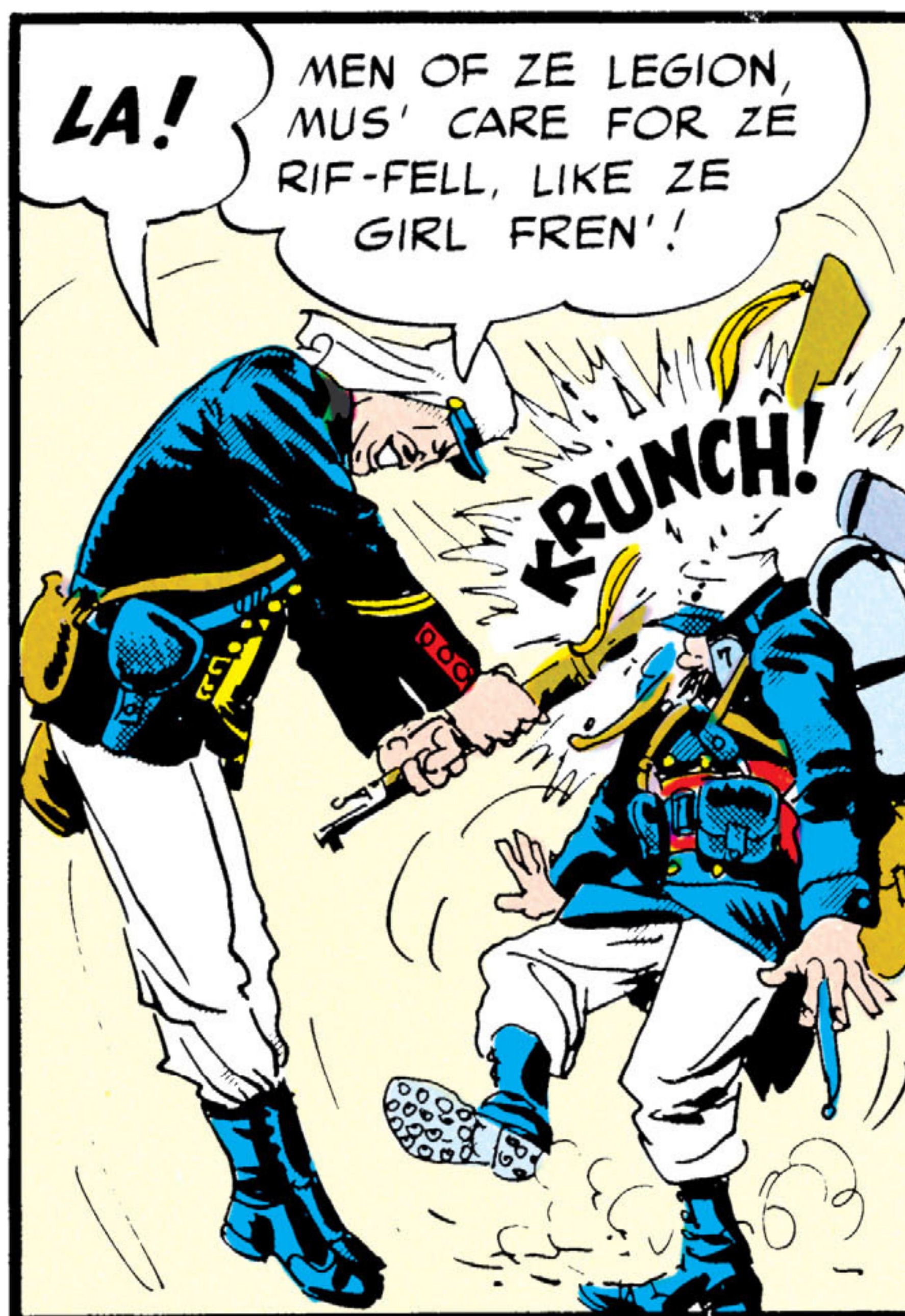
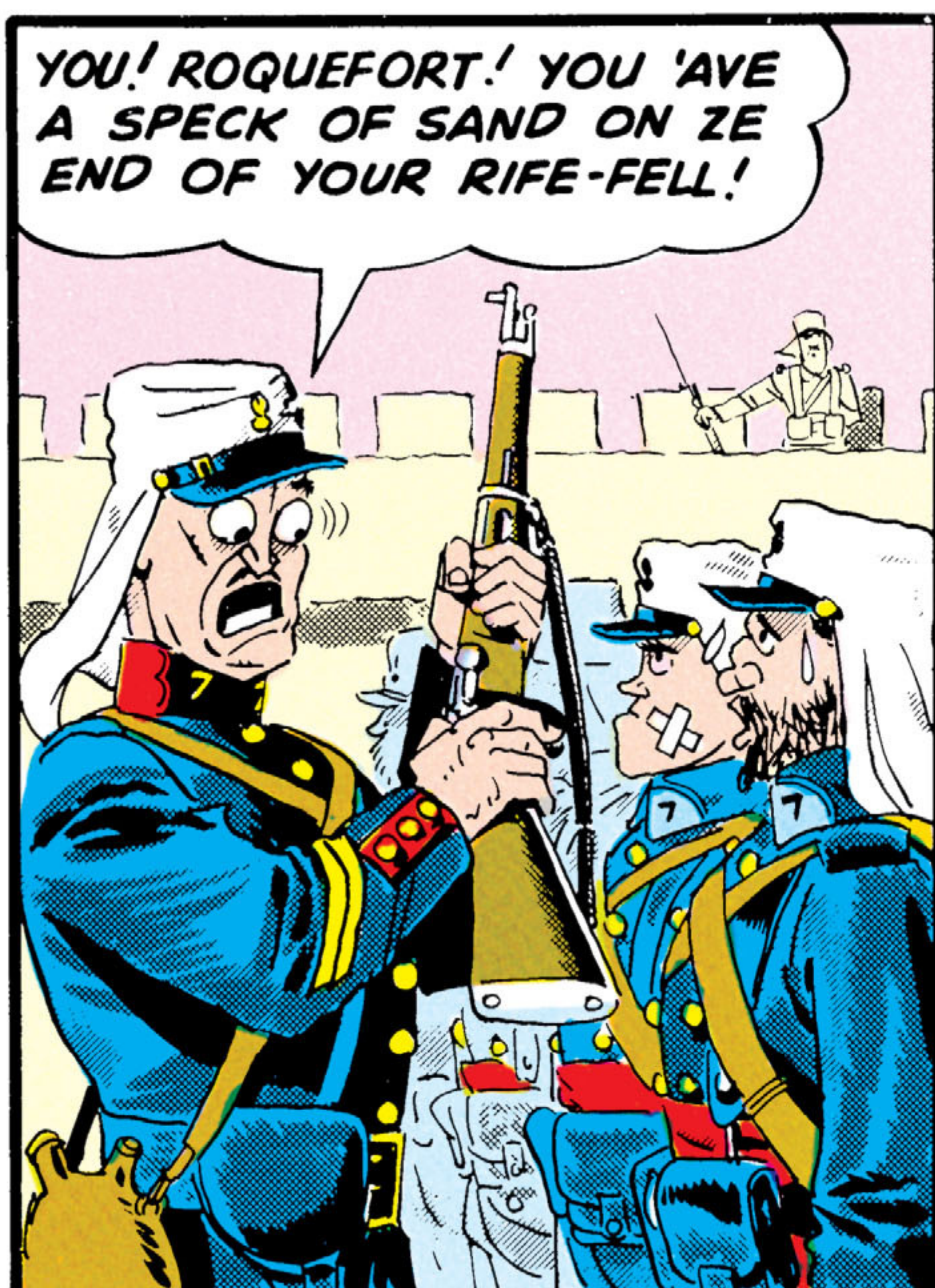
MES ENFANTS! ZAT WAS A STIMULATING WALK S'ROUGH ZE DES-ZERT... NEST-PAS? BUT WHAT EEZ A LIT-TEL FORTY MILE 'IKE ... DOUBLE-TIME... TO ZE MEN OF ZE LEGION, EH, MES AMIS?

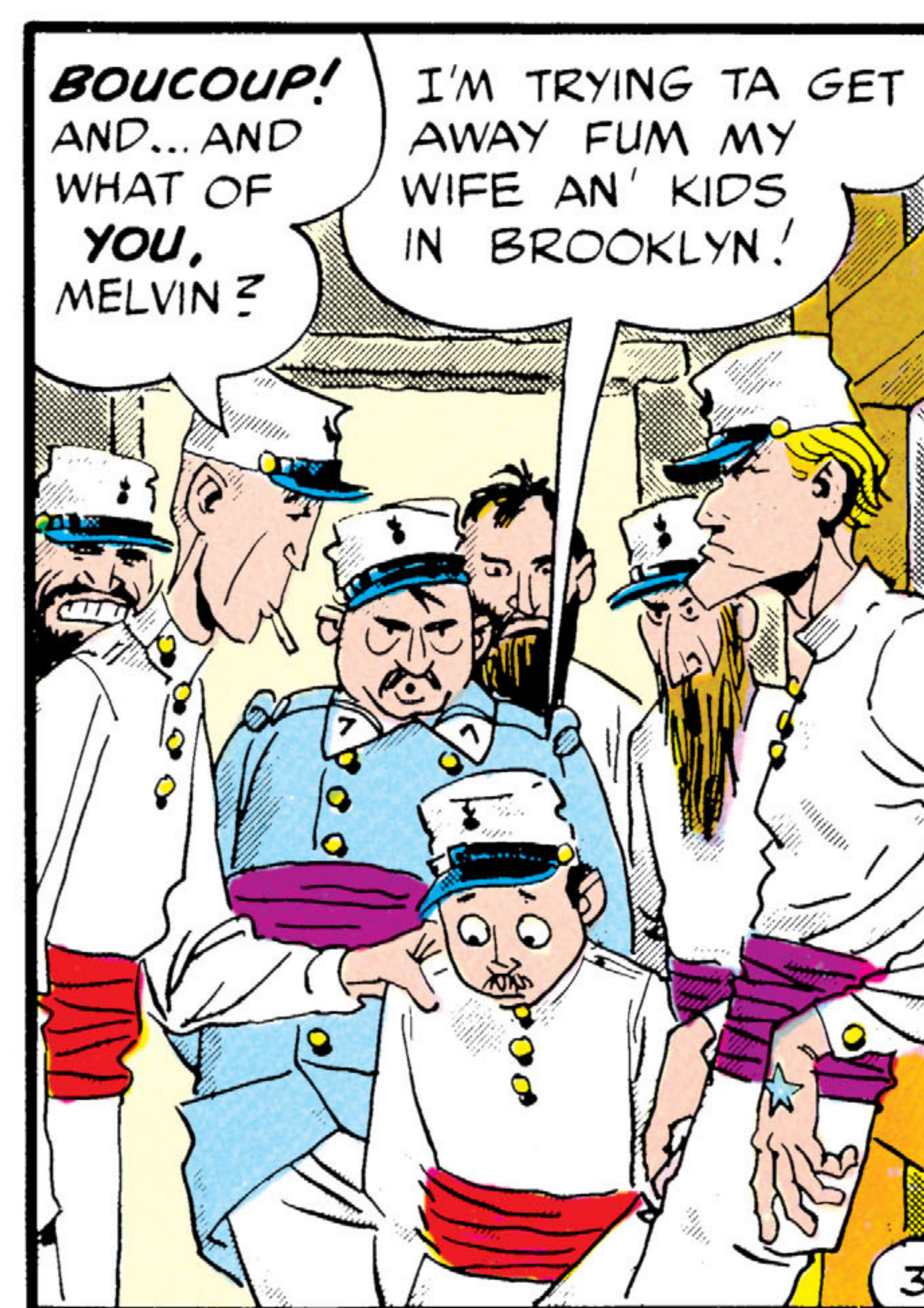
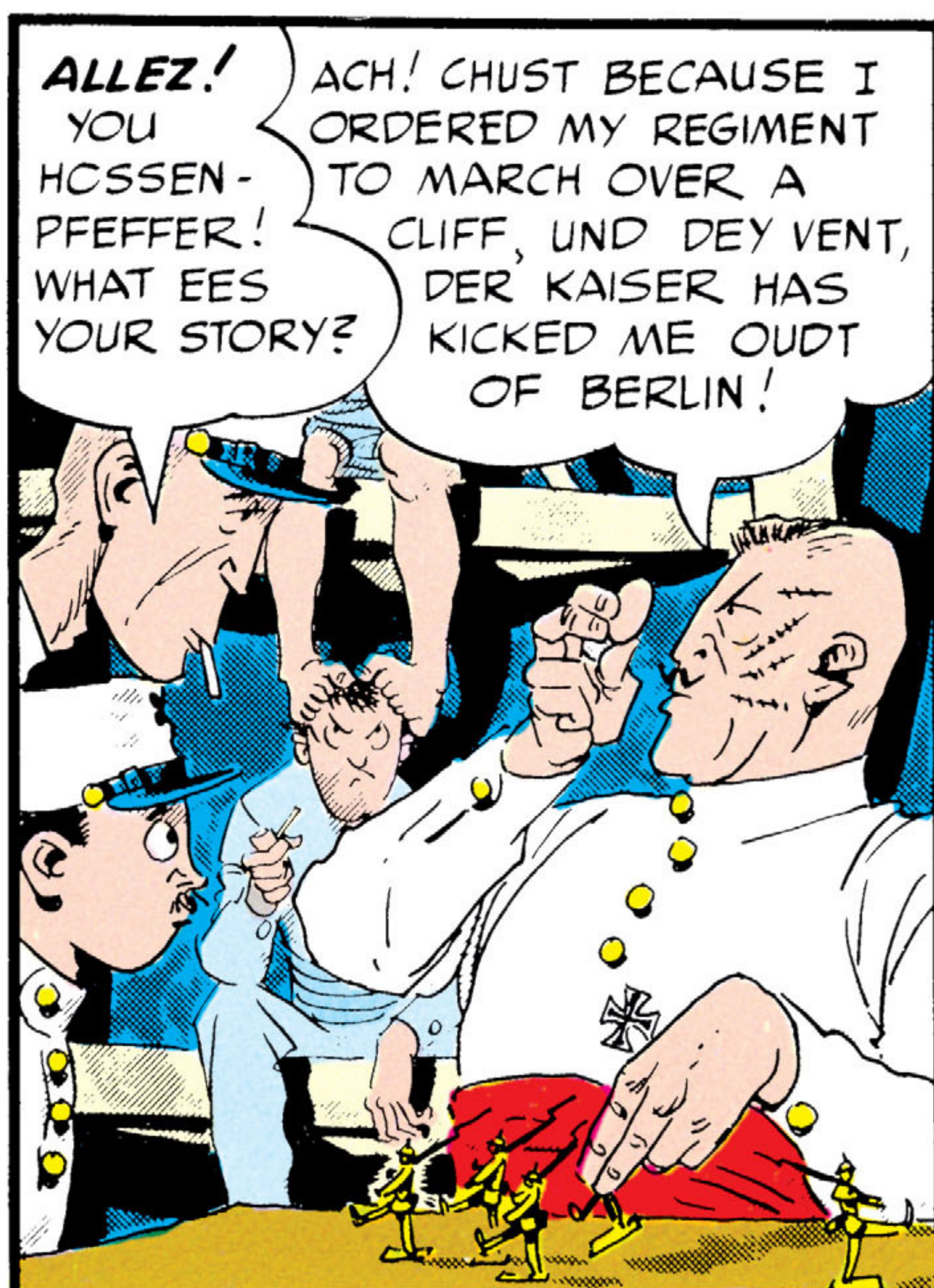
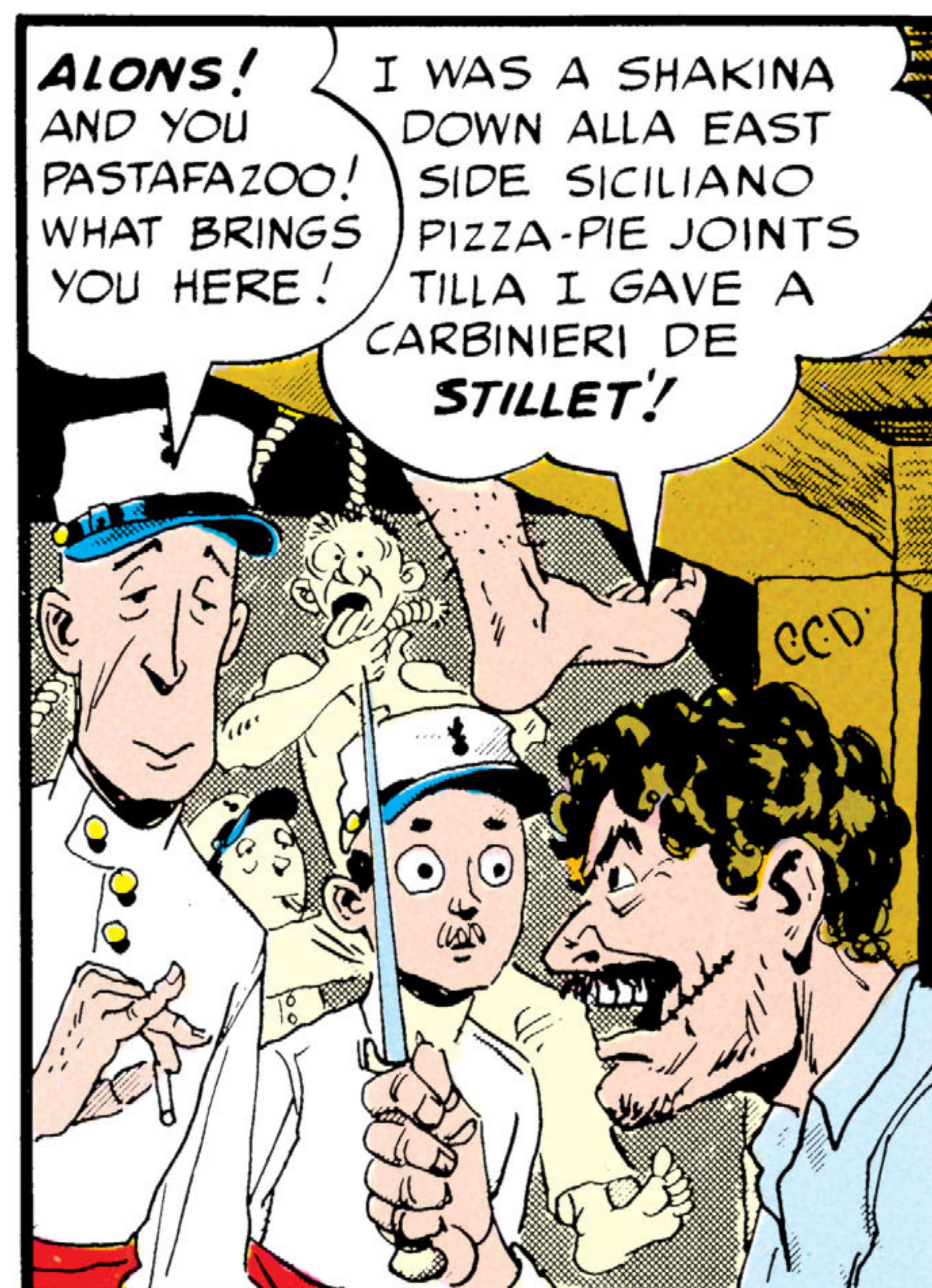
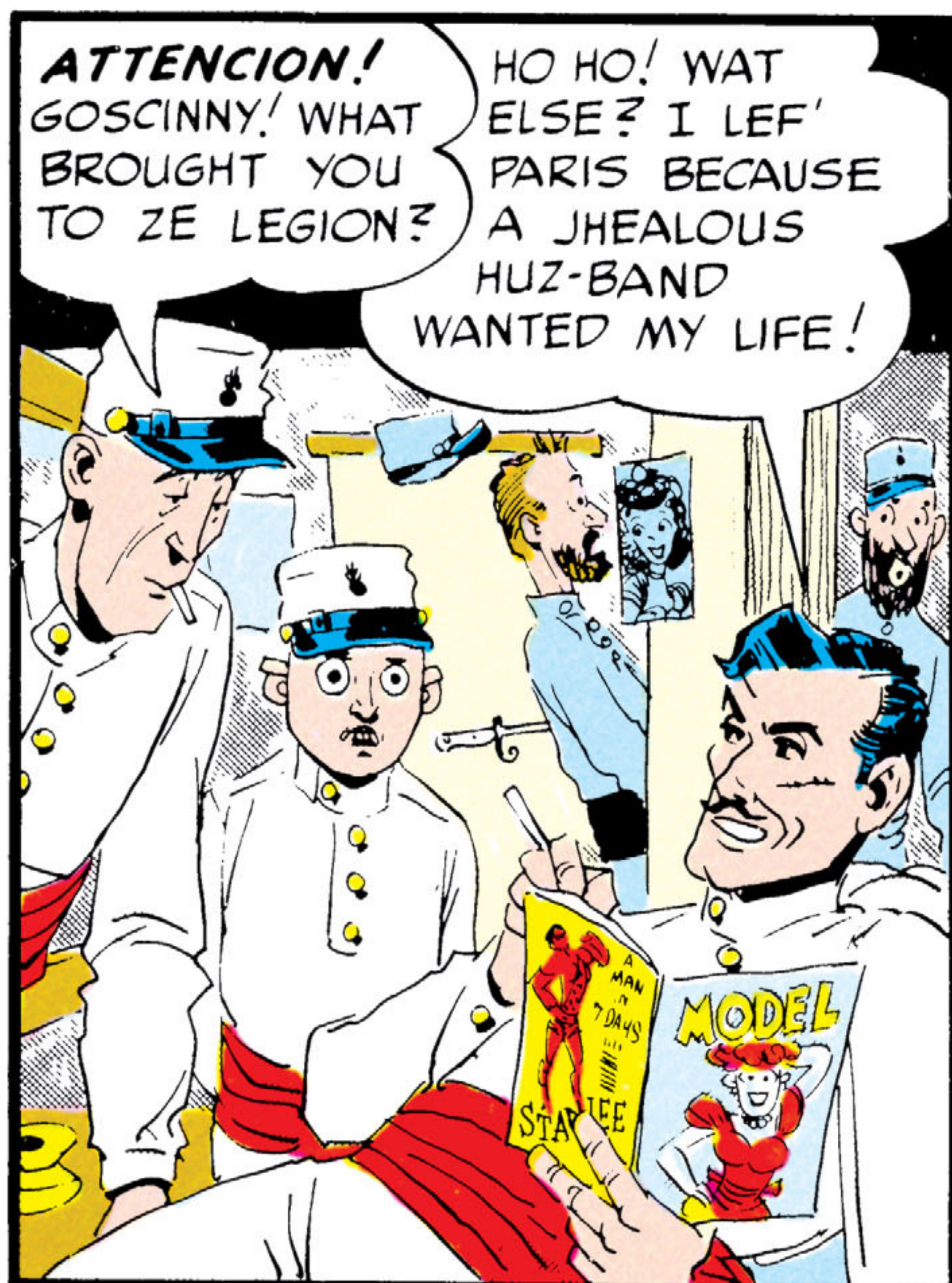
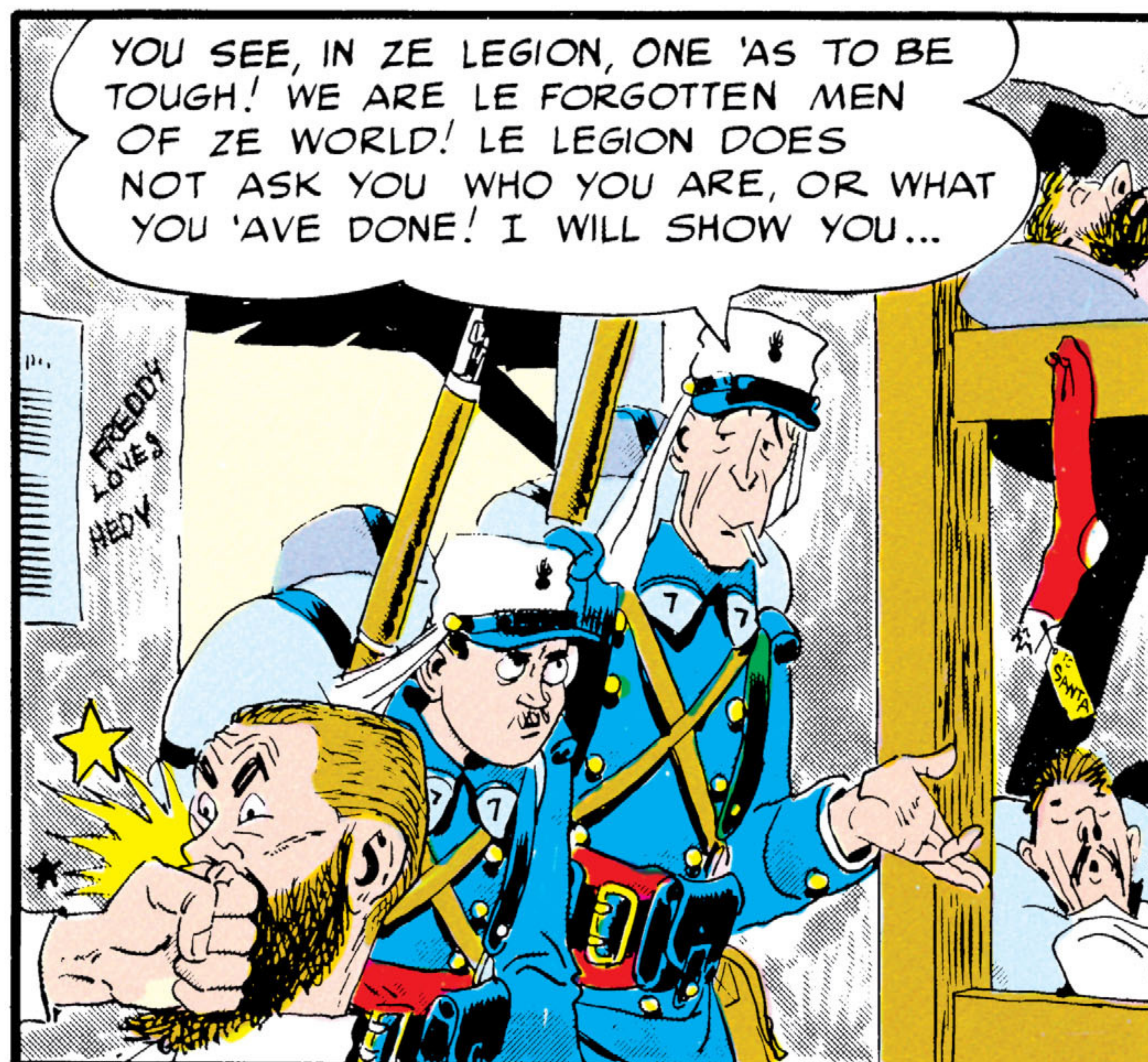
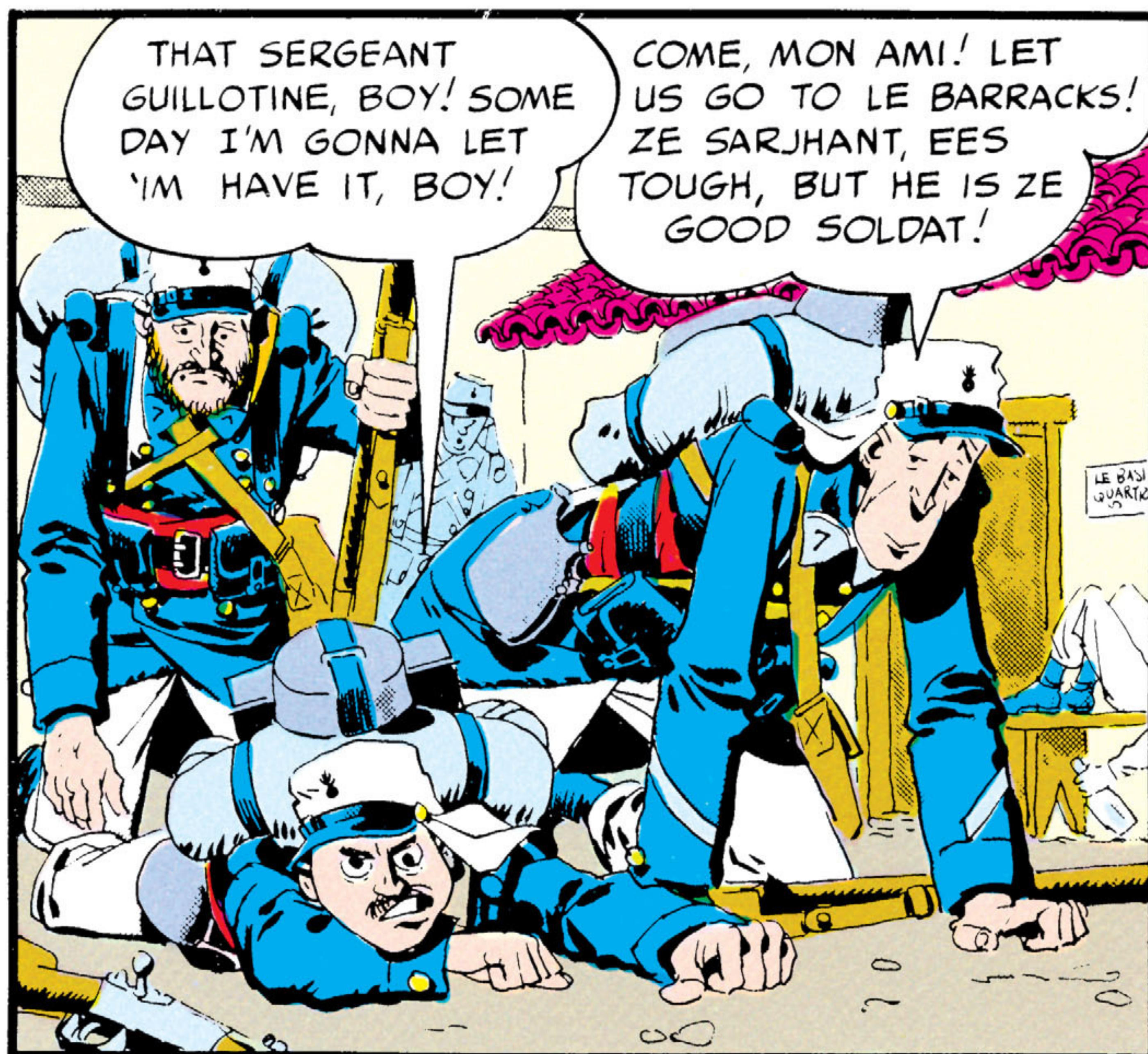


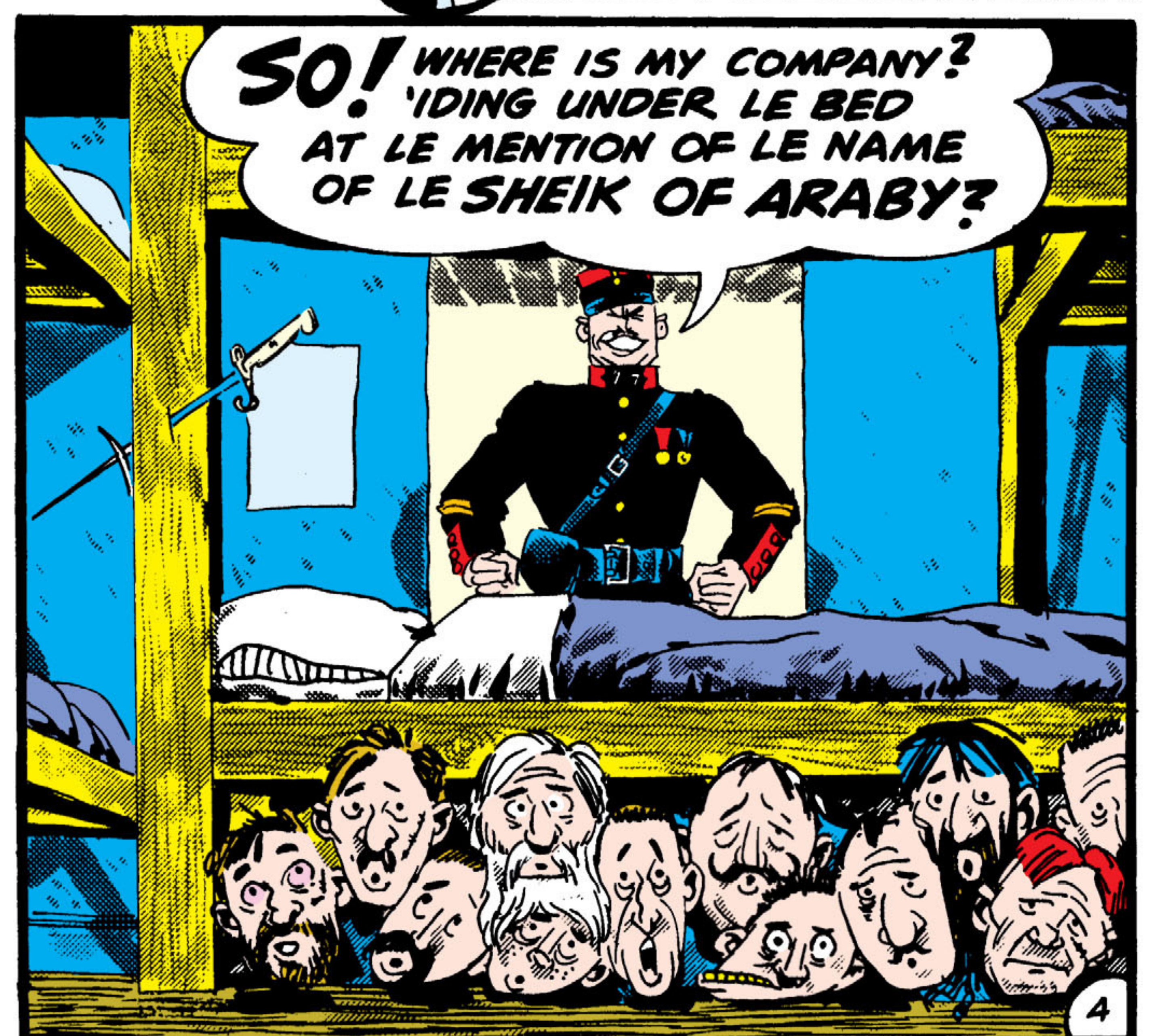
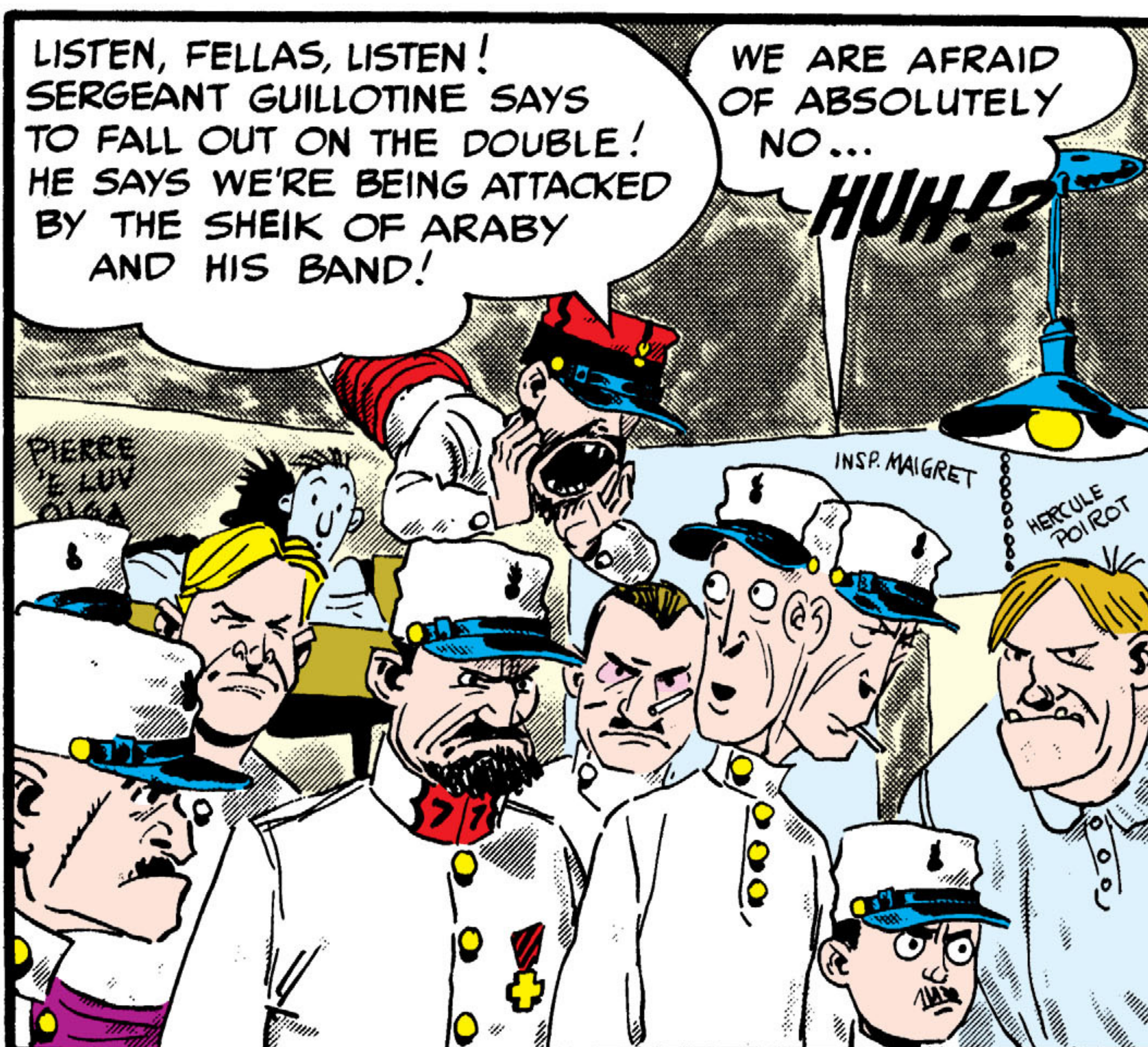
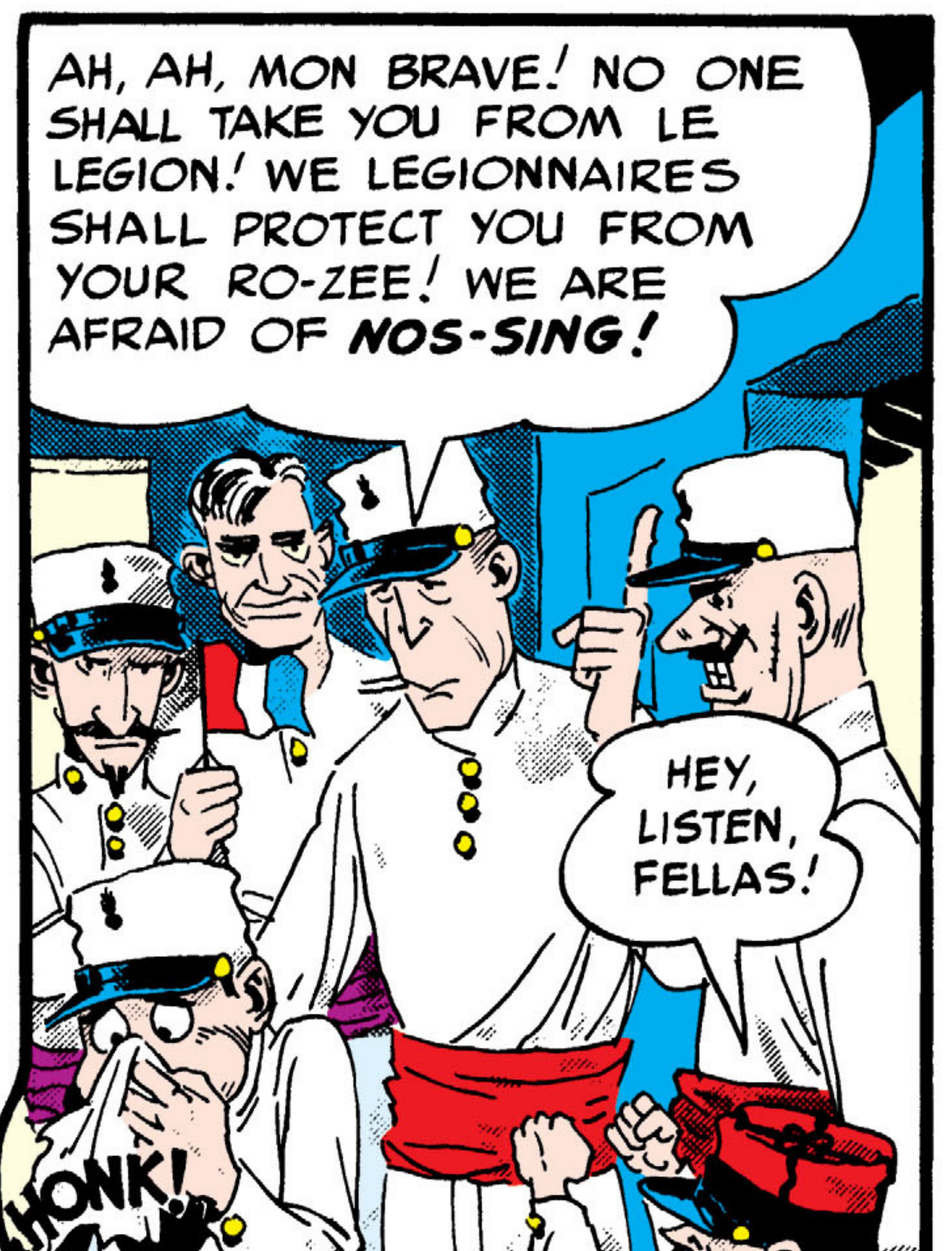
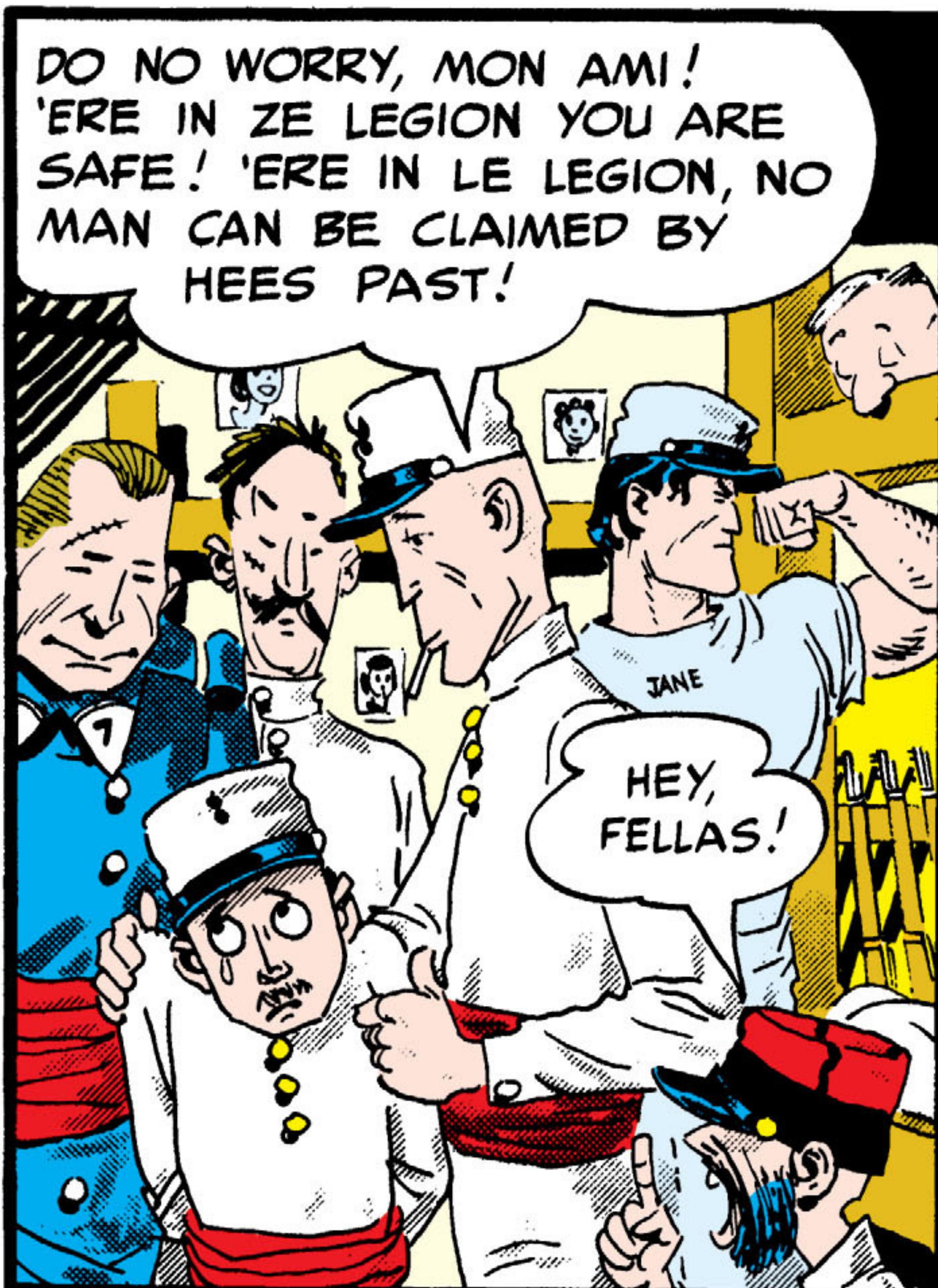
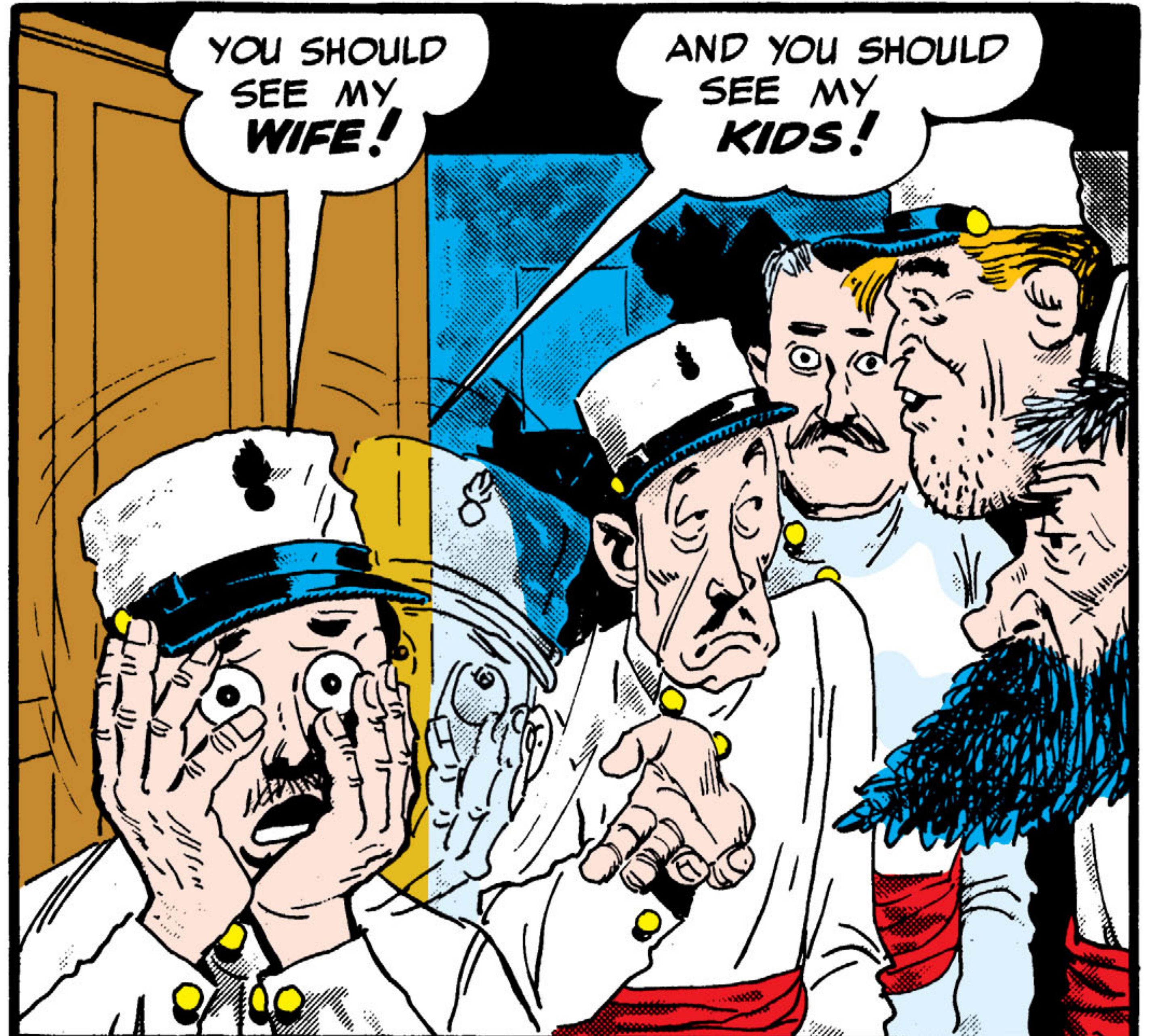
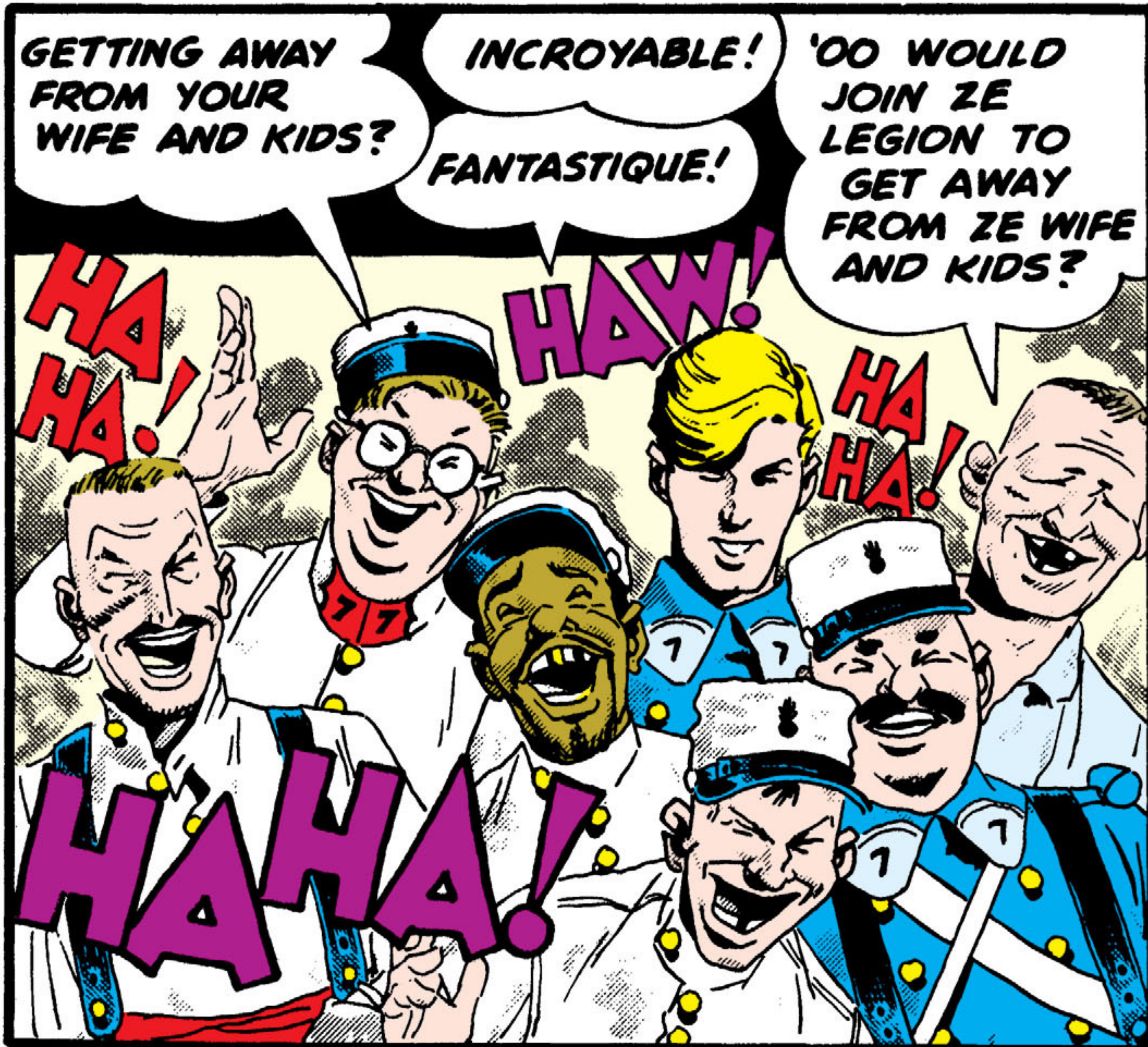
NOW... ALLONS... WE 'AVE, ZE INSPECTION, TO SEE 'OW NEAT, YOU 'AVE KEPT YOURSELVES! ZUT...

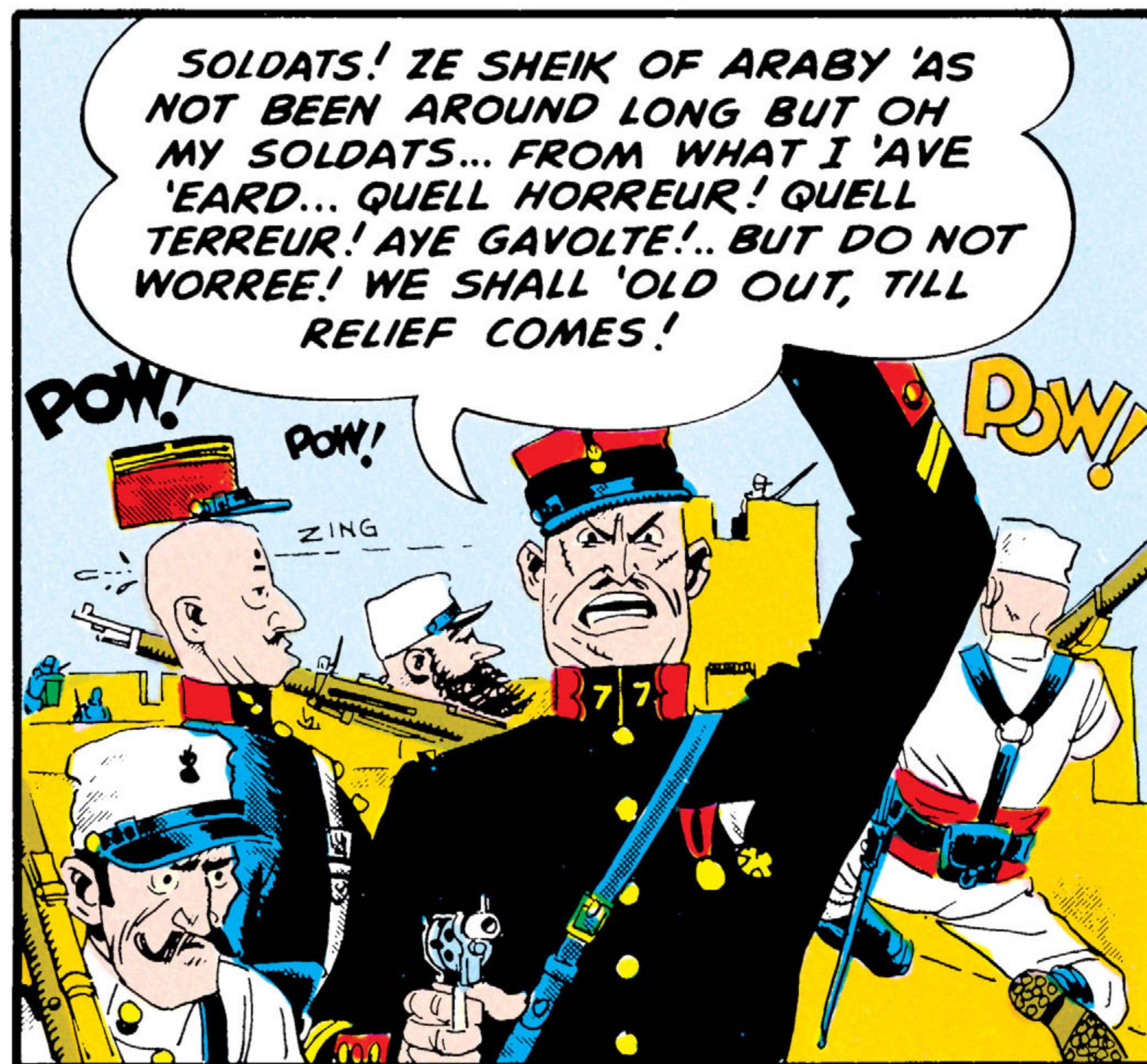
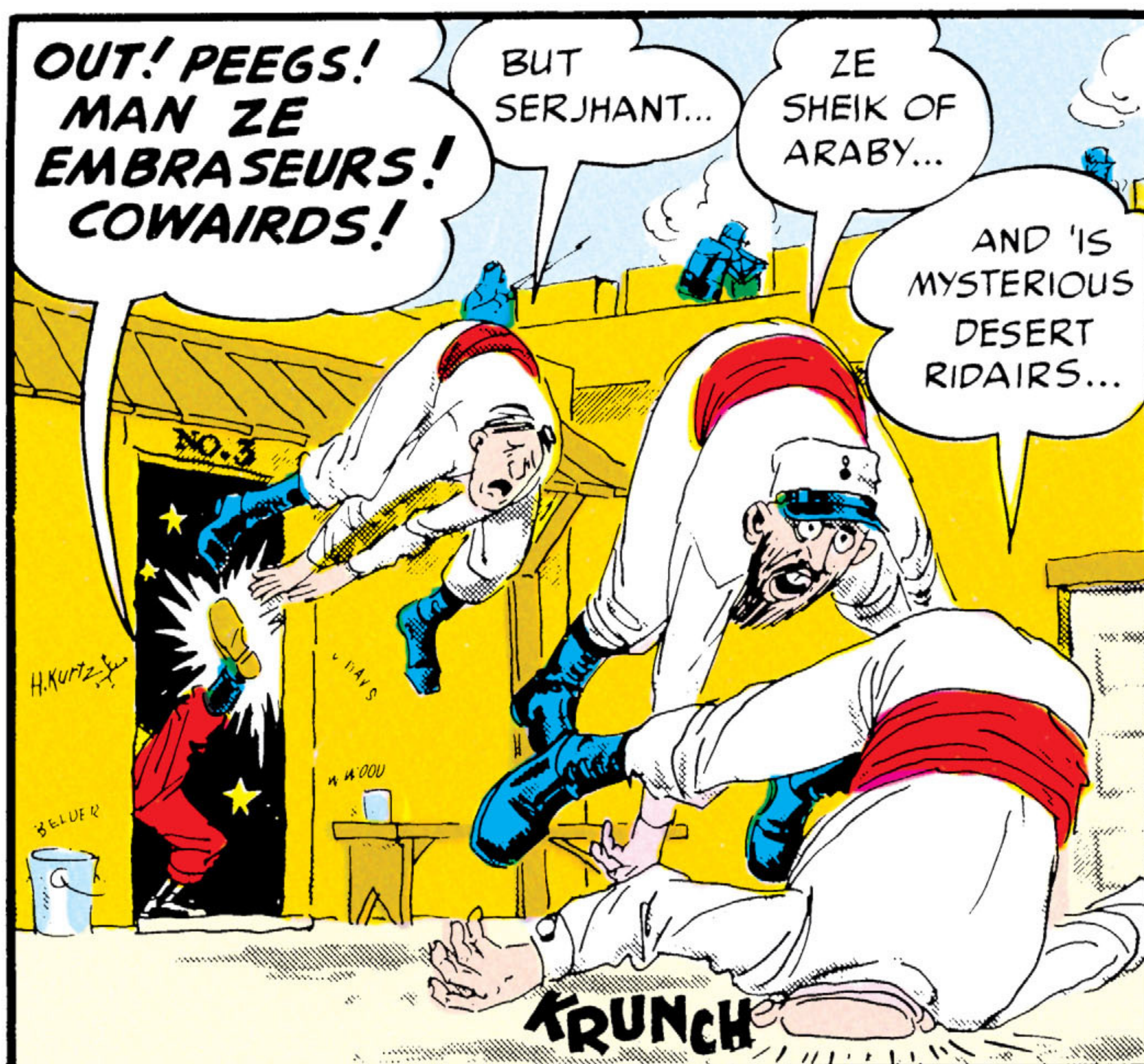
ATTENCION!

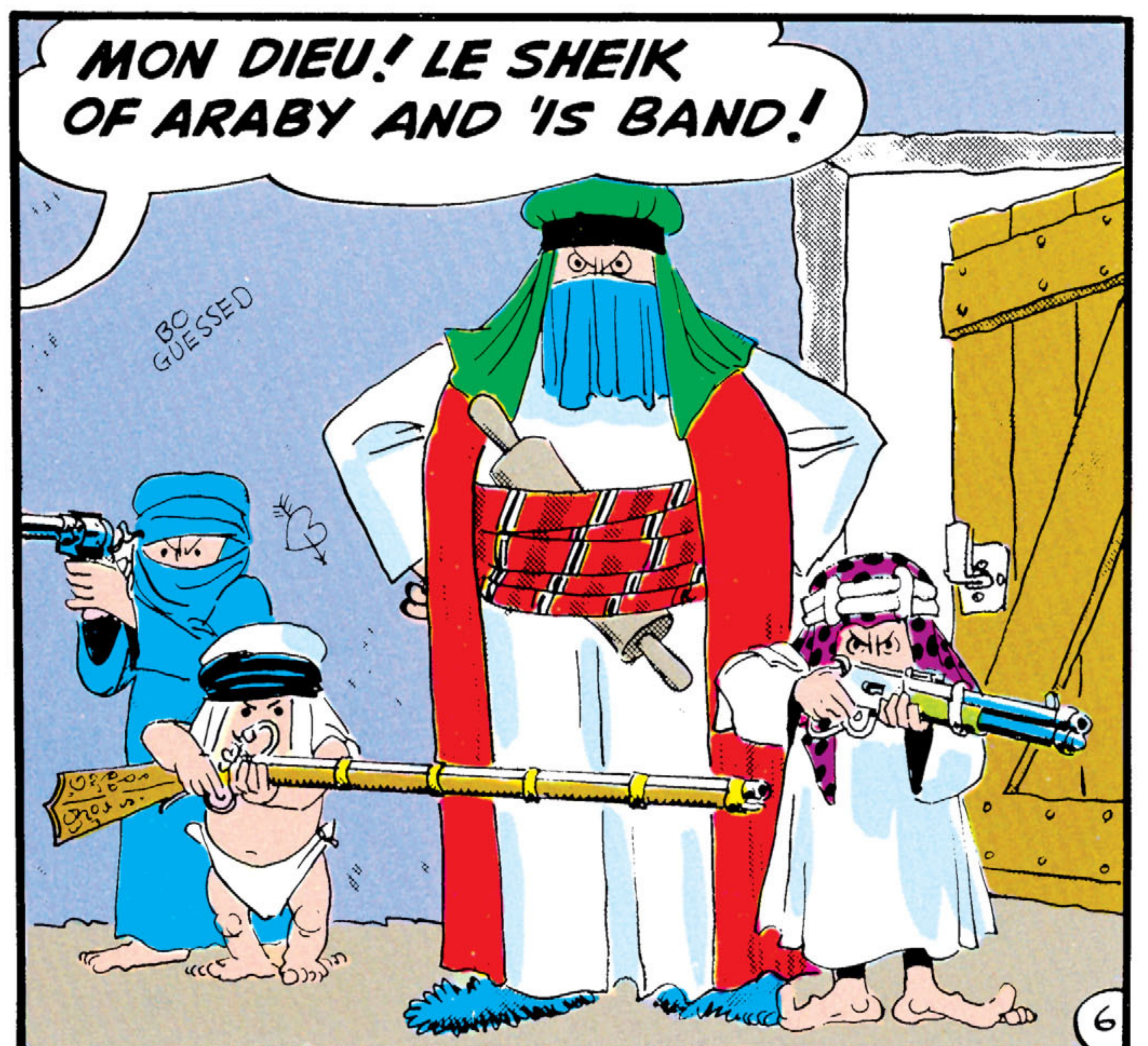
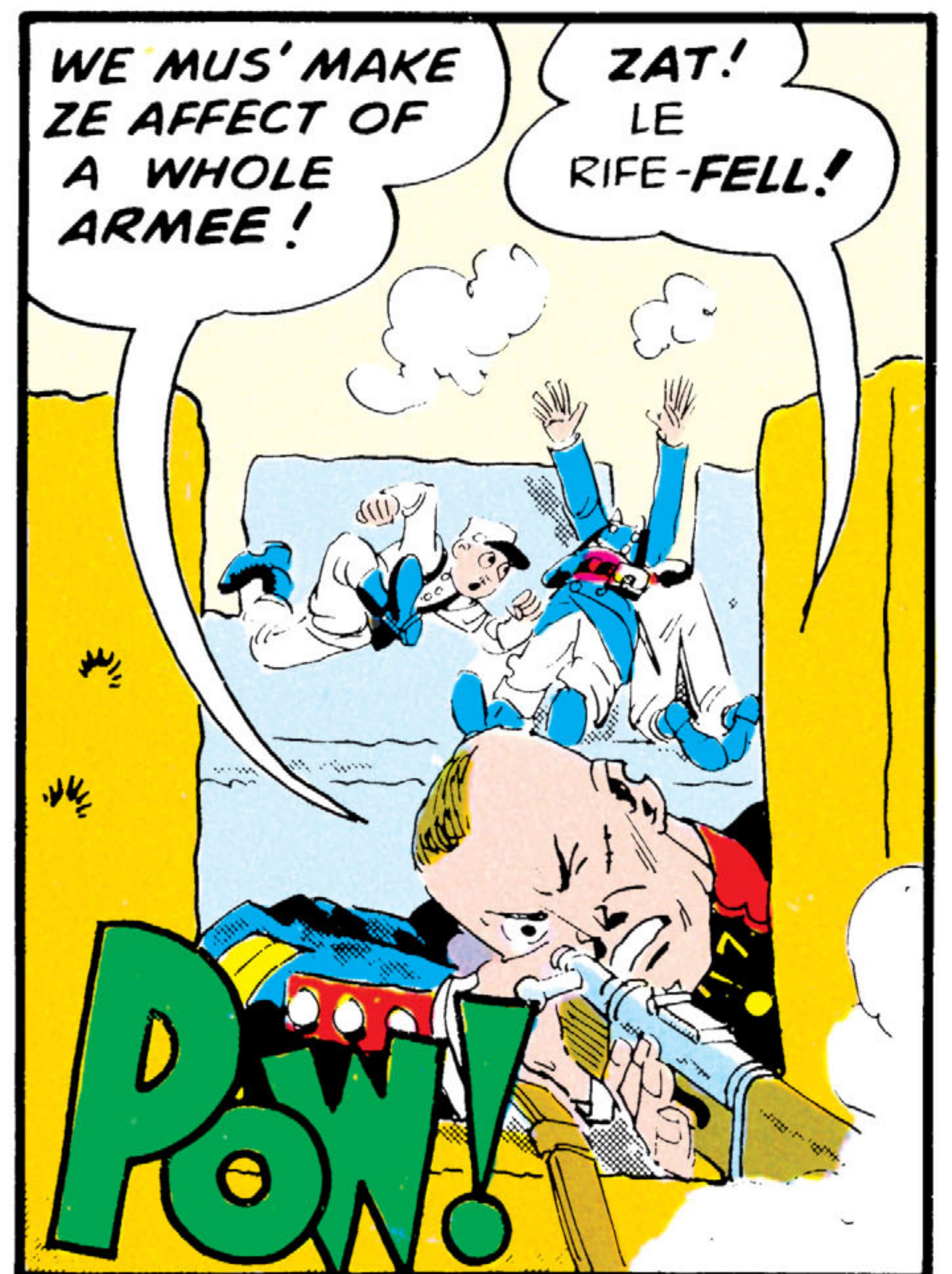
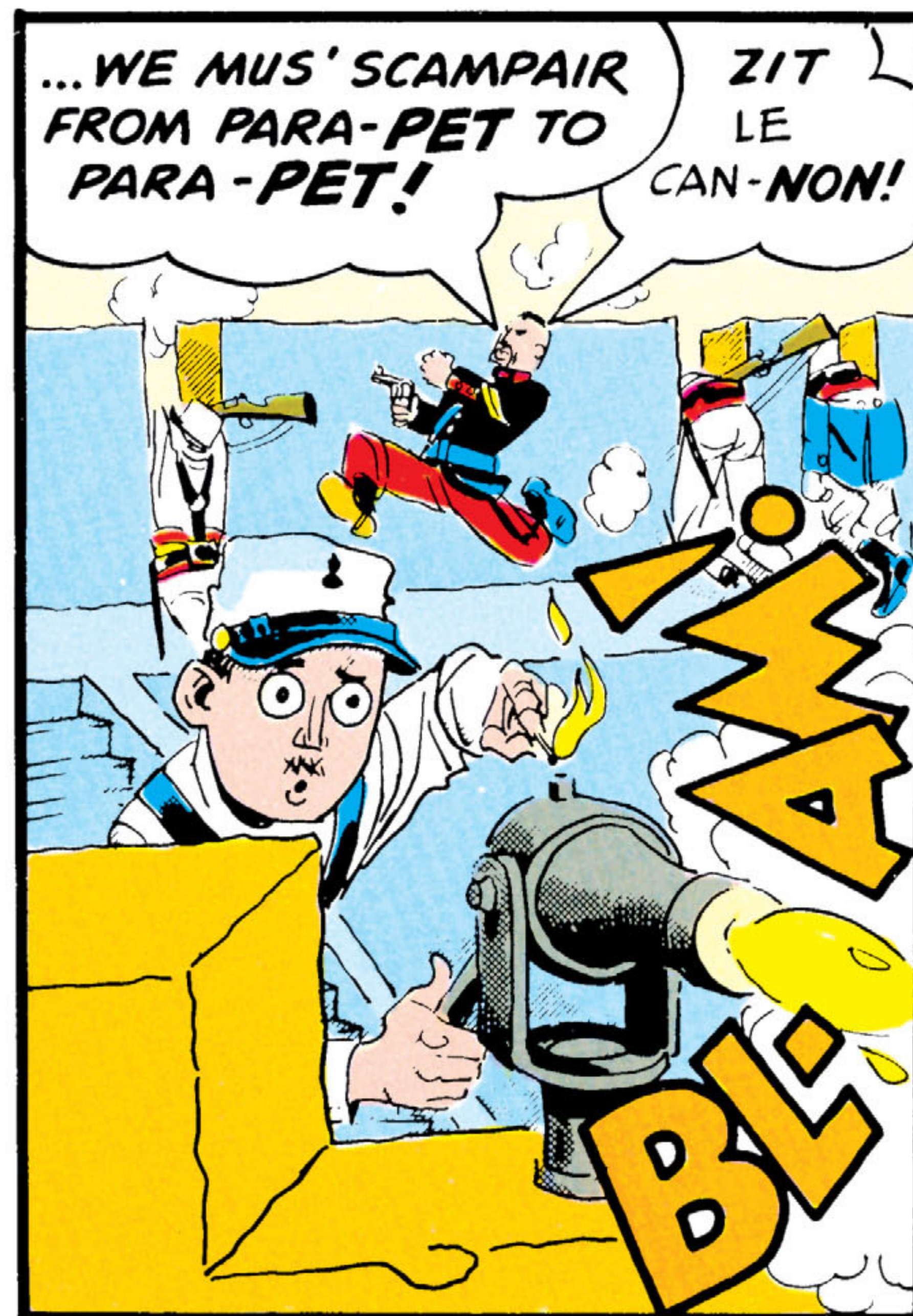
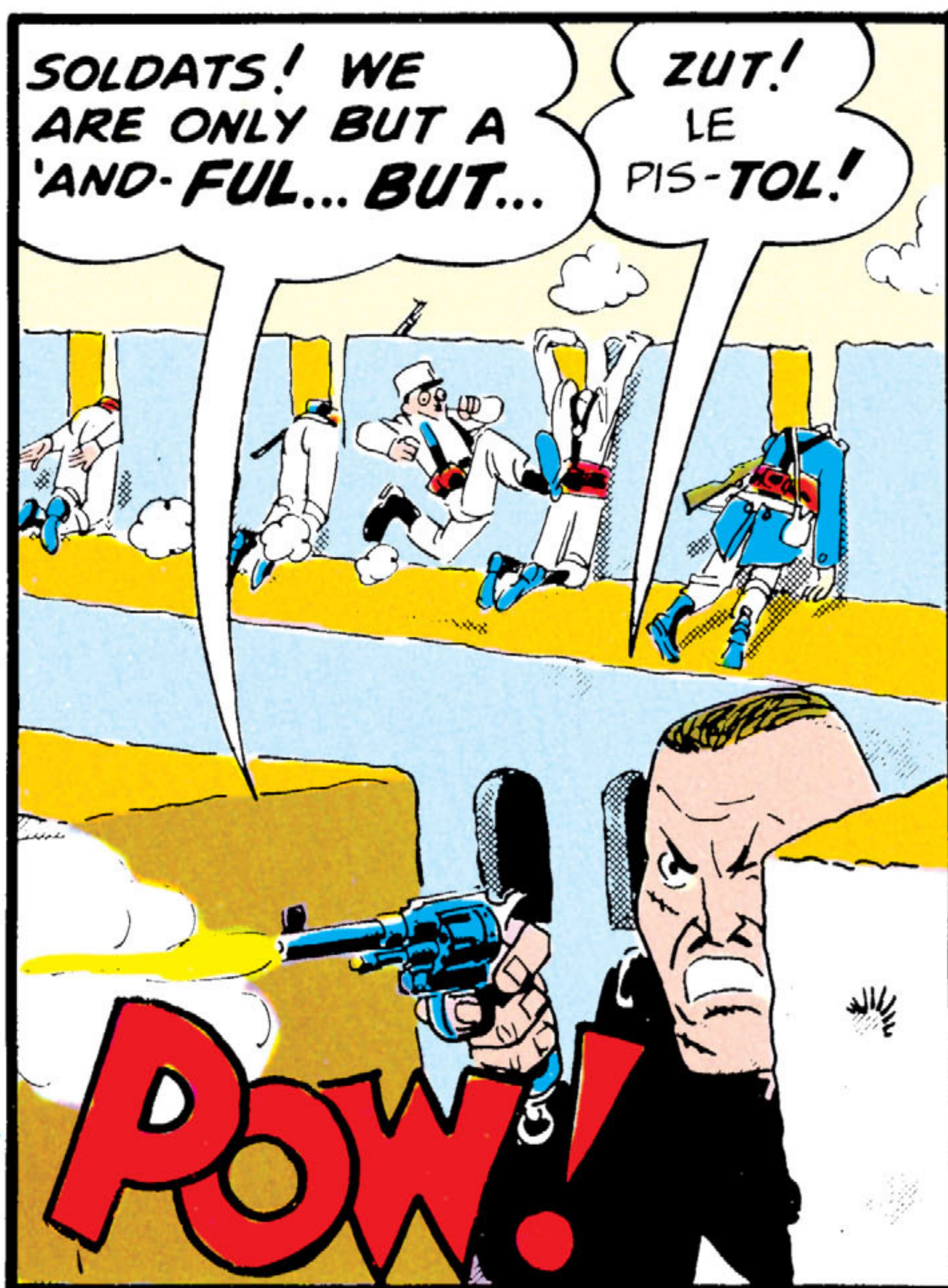
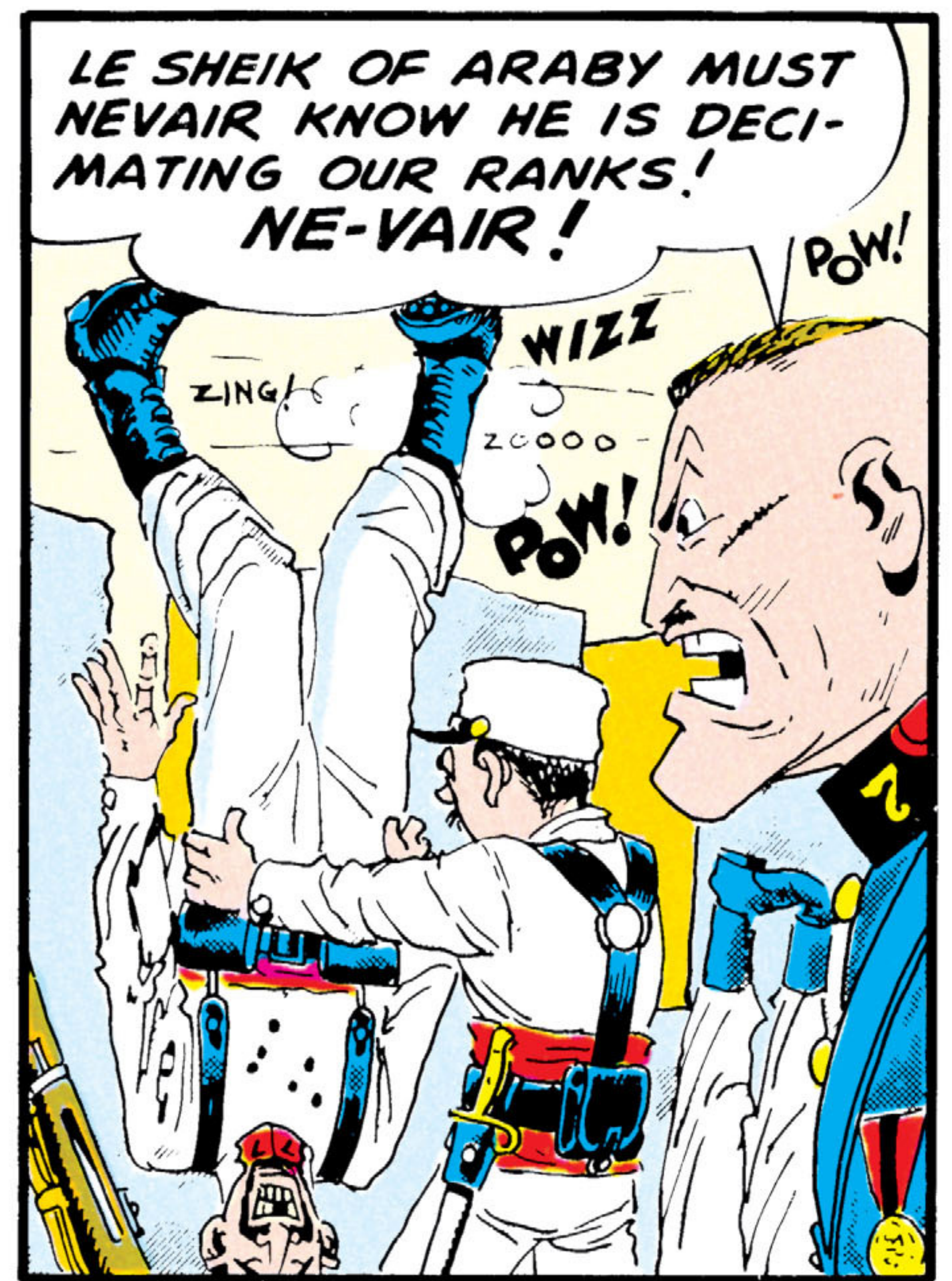
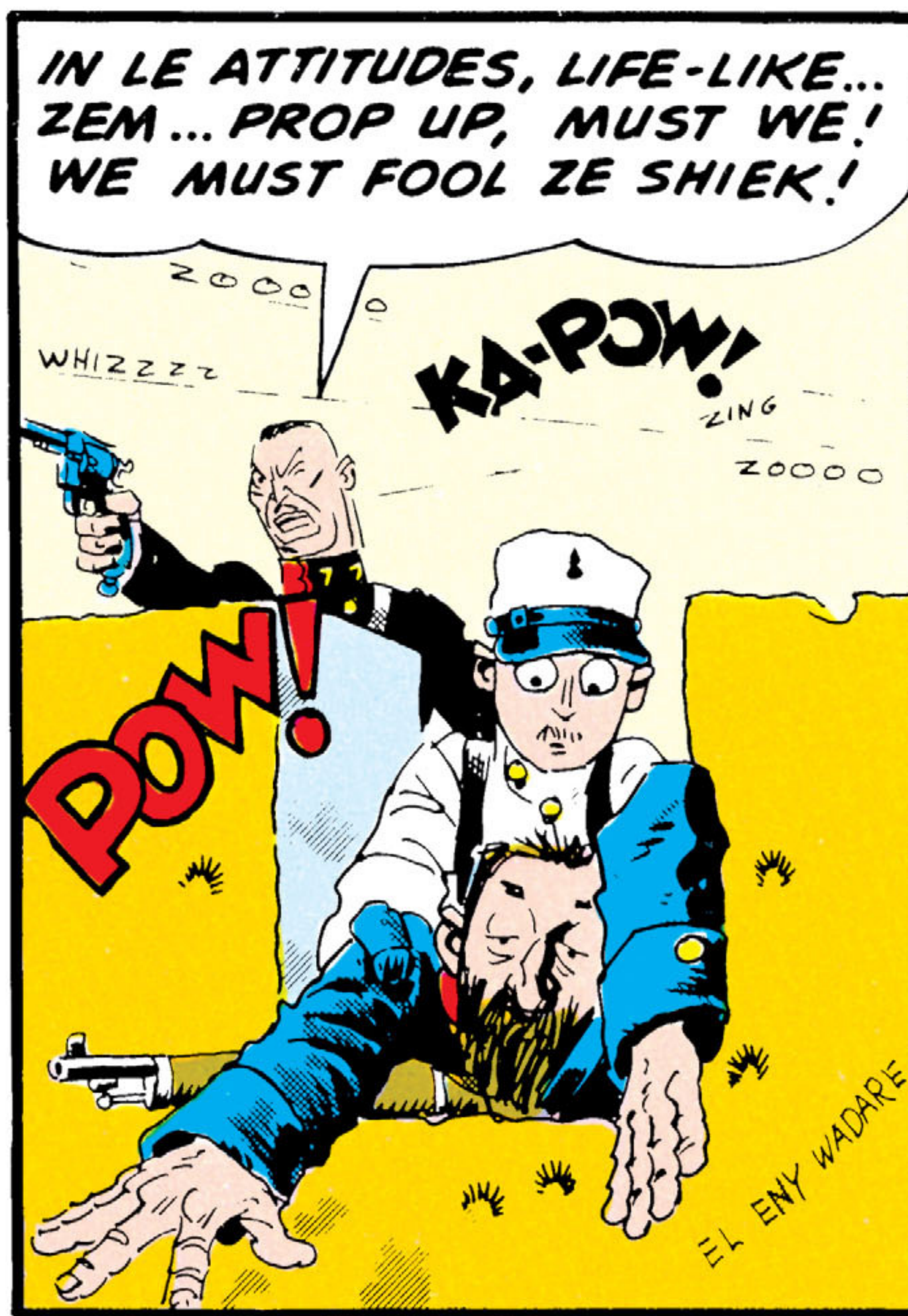
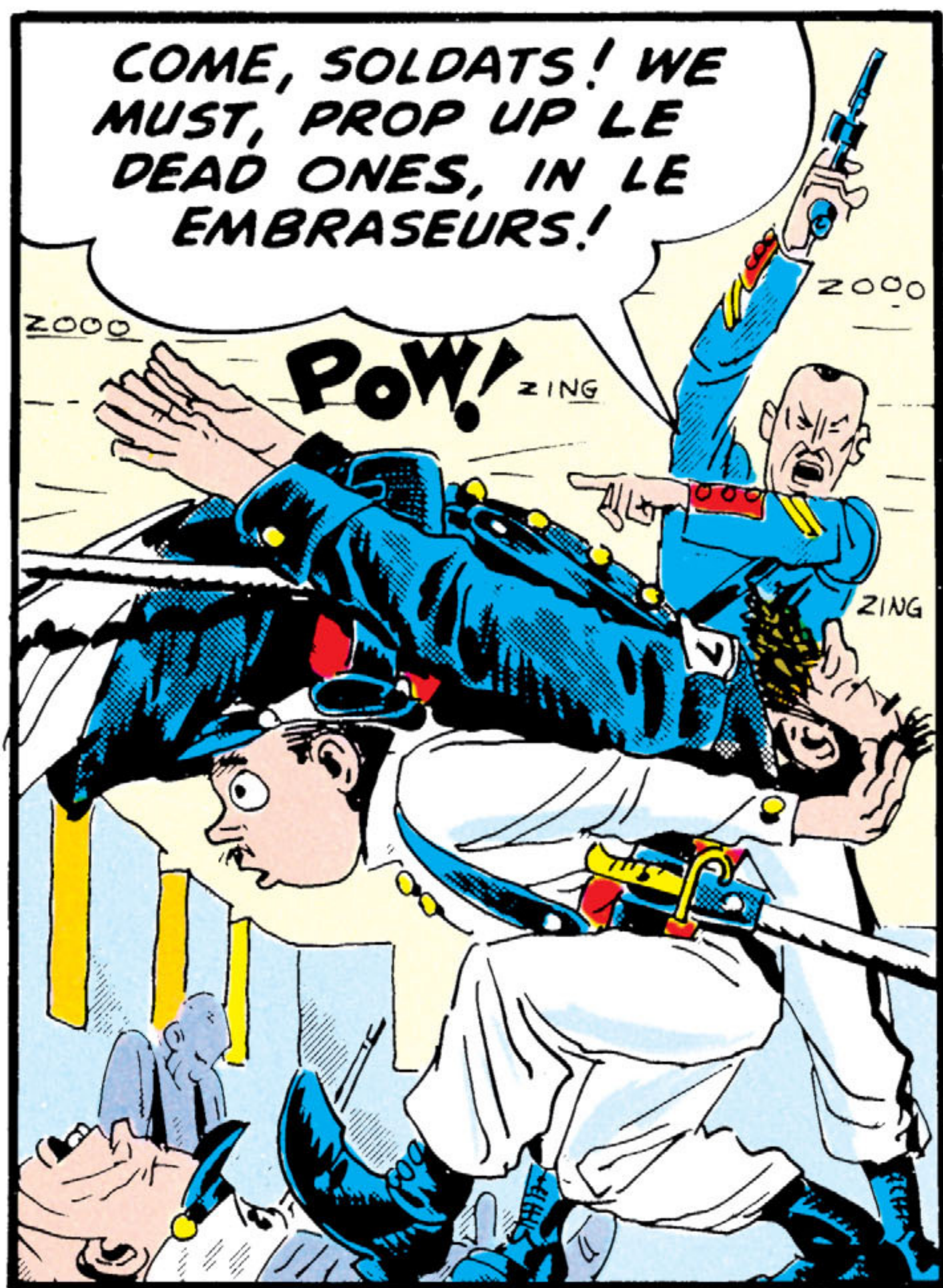


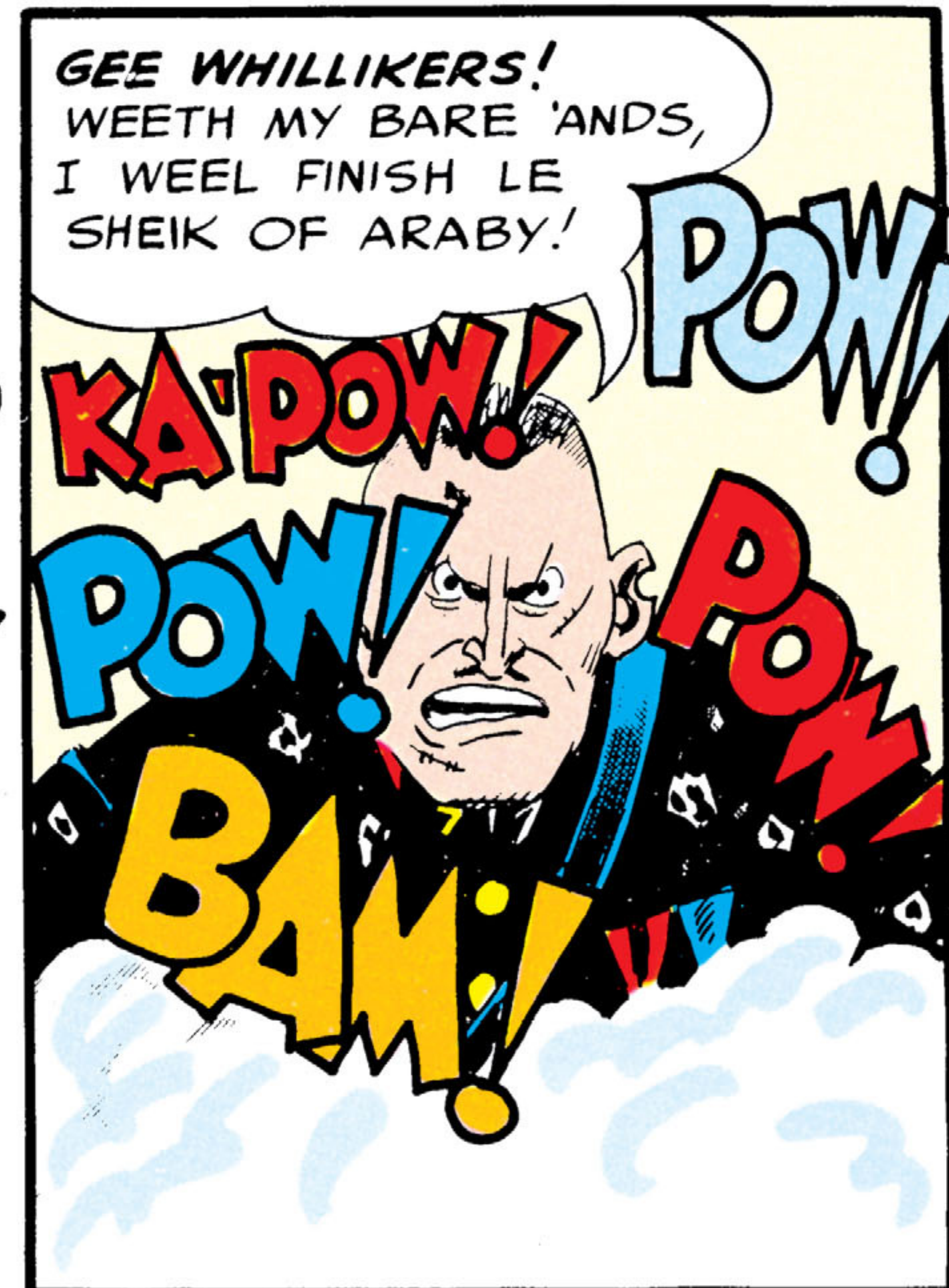
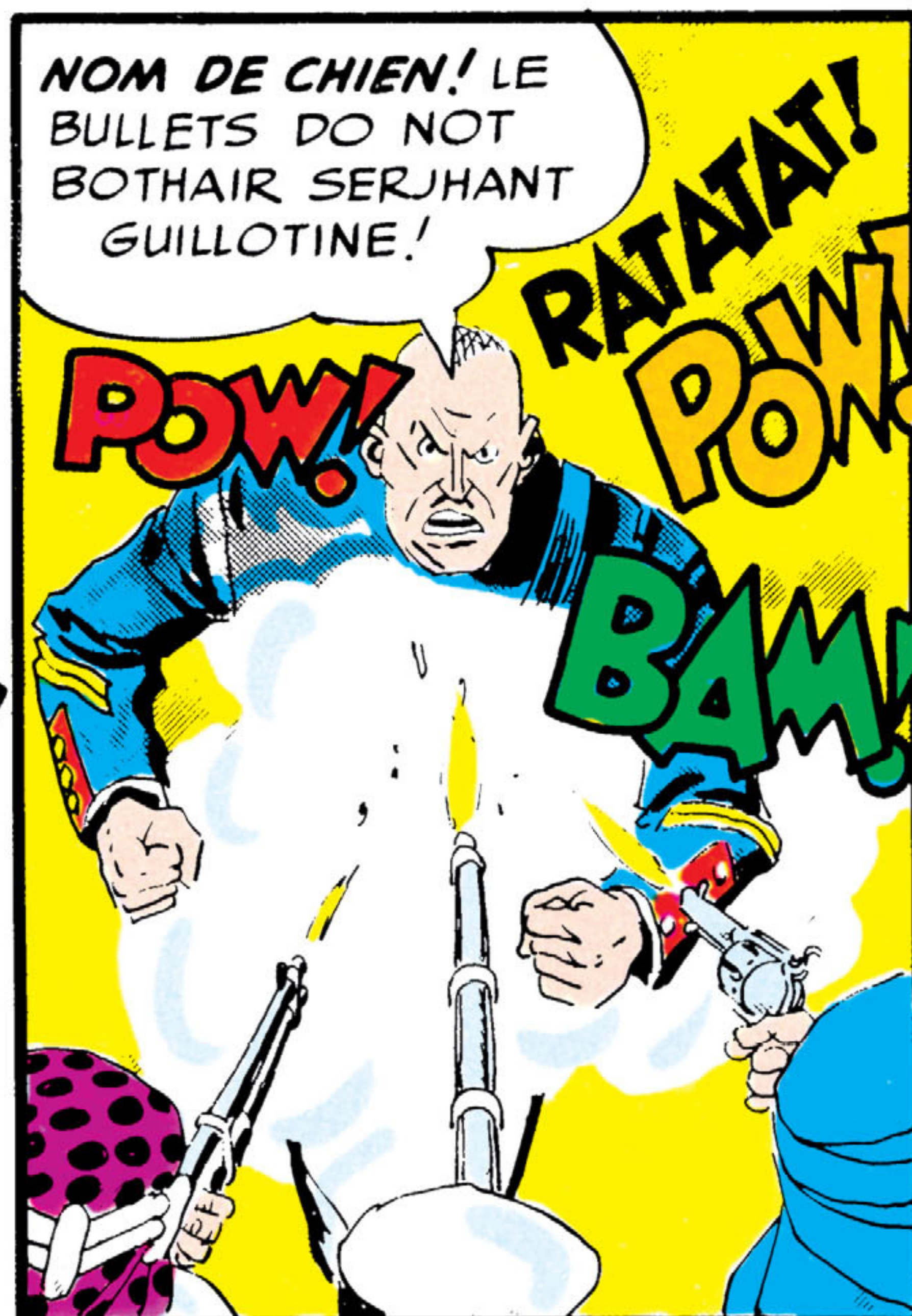
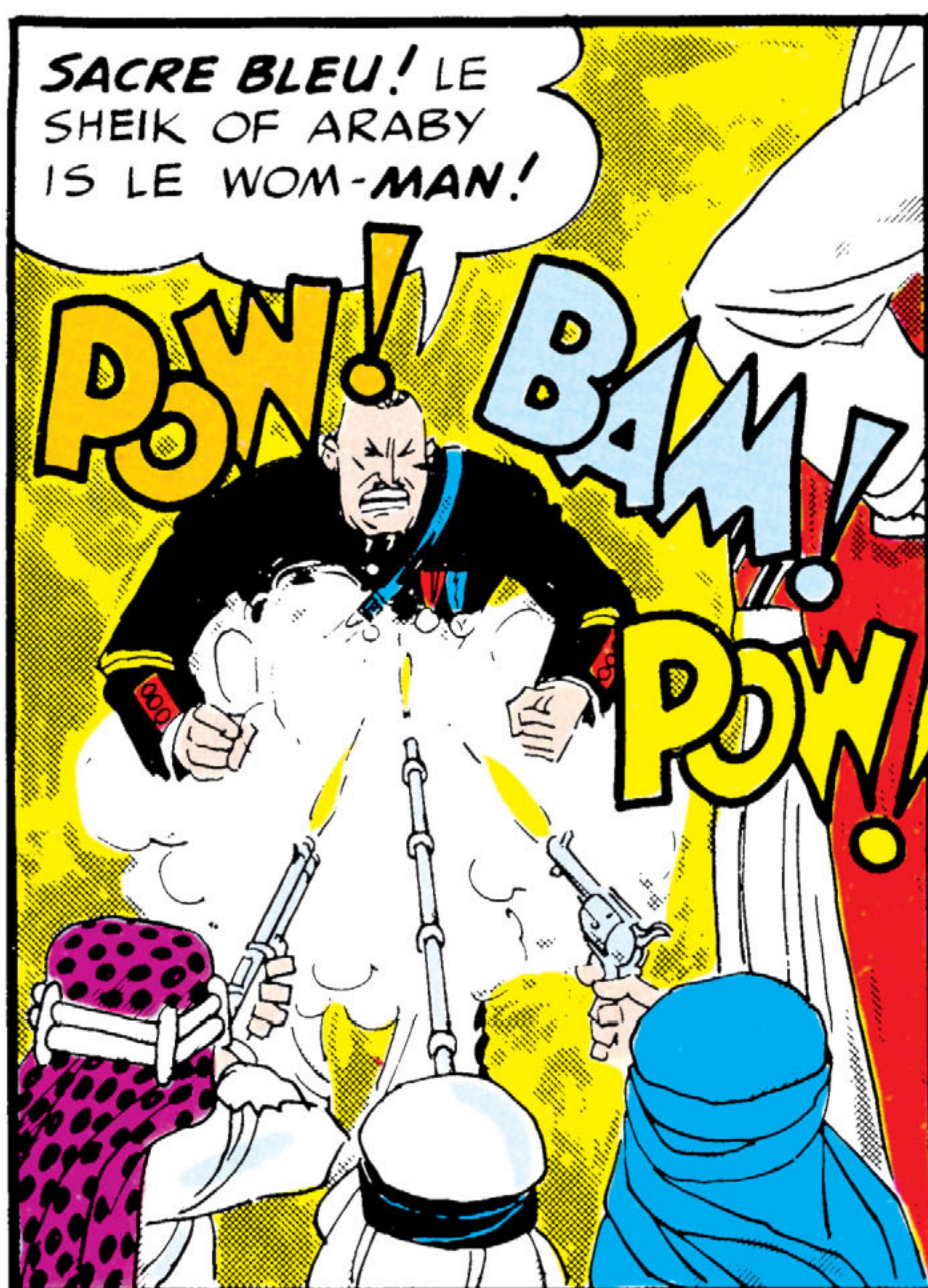






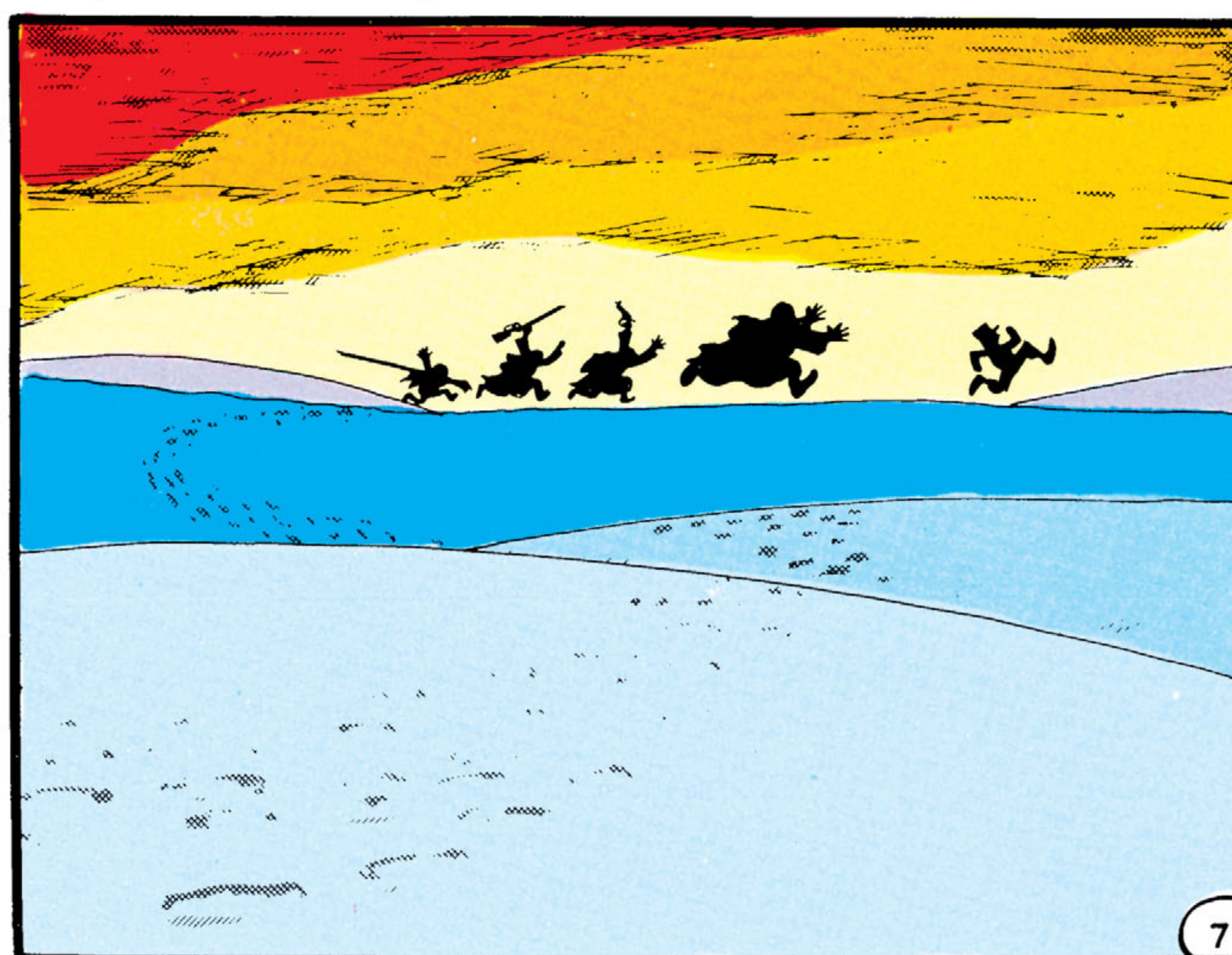
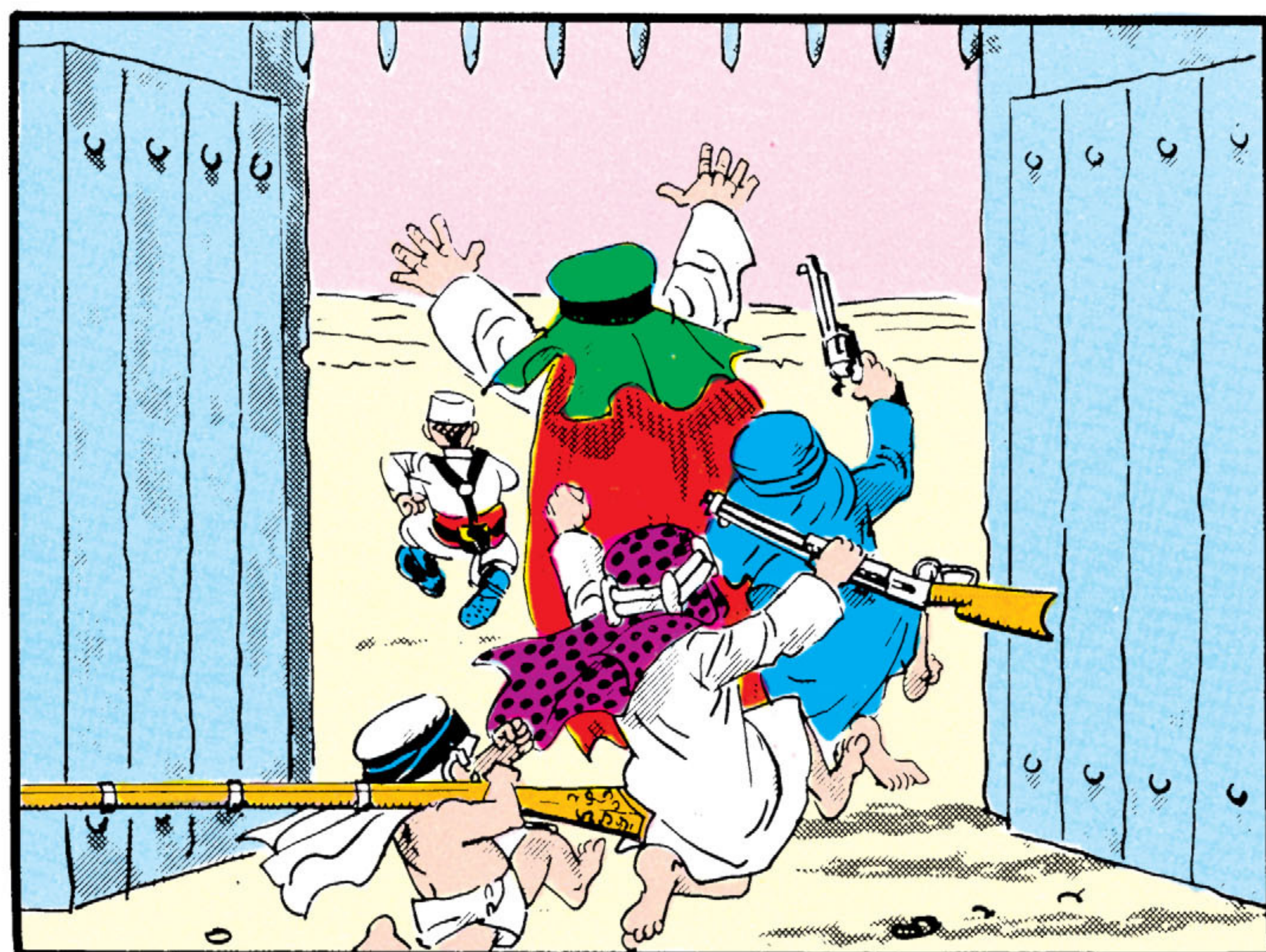






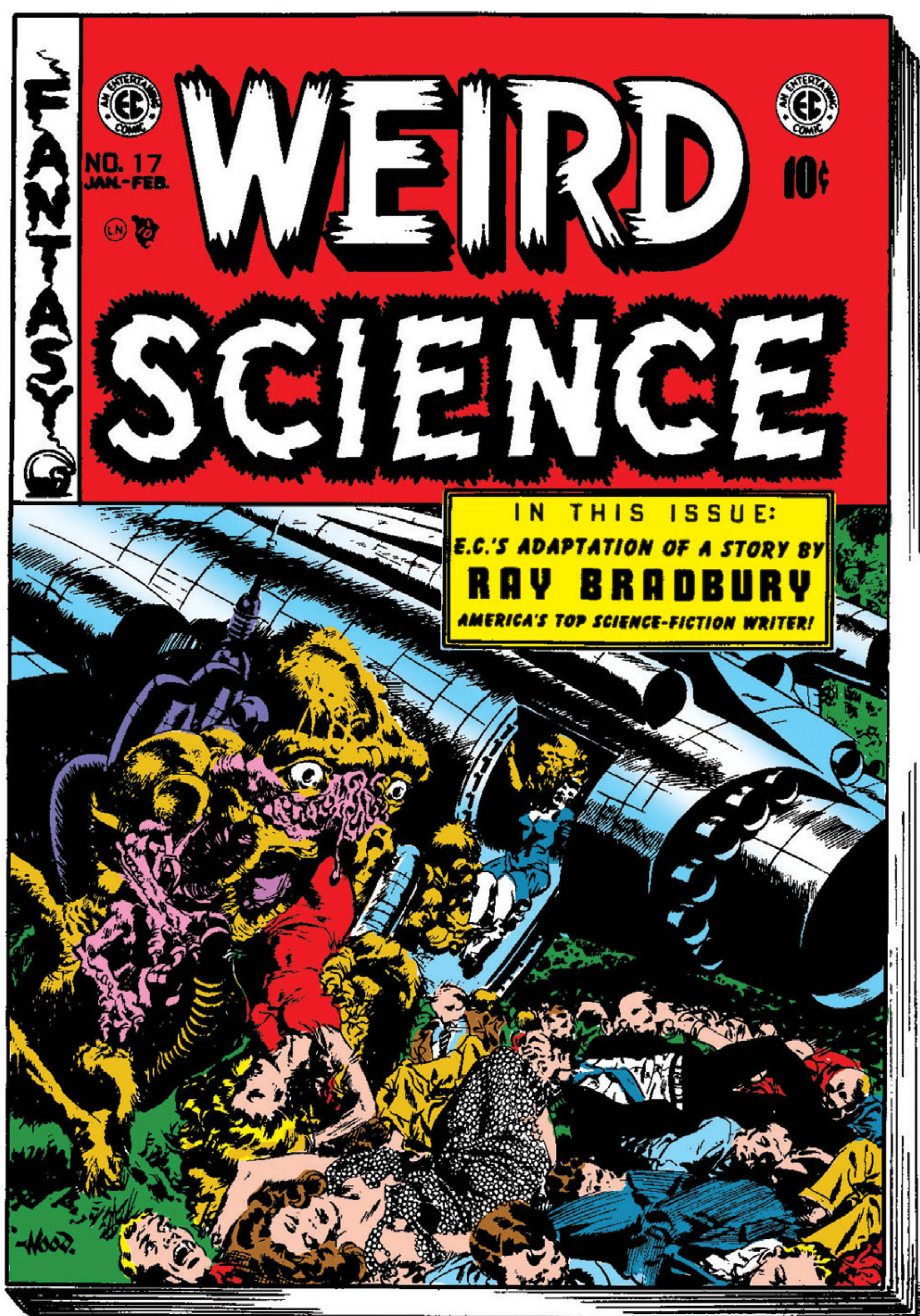
AND SO WE LEAVE THE DESOLATE DESERT OUT-POST OF WADI EL AYCARE! WE LEAVE AND TRAVEL OUT... OUT OVER THE SHIFTING SANDS!

...OUT OVER THE SAHARA...OVER THE BLEACHED BONES OF MEN WE TRAVEL! WE KEEP TRAVEL-ING, MY FRIENDS, OVER THE HORIZON, TO...TO...BROOKLYN!



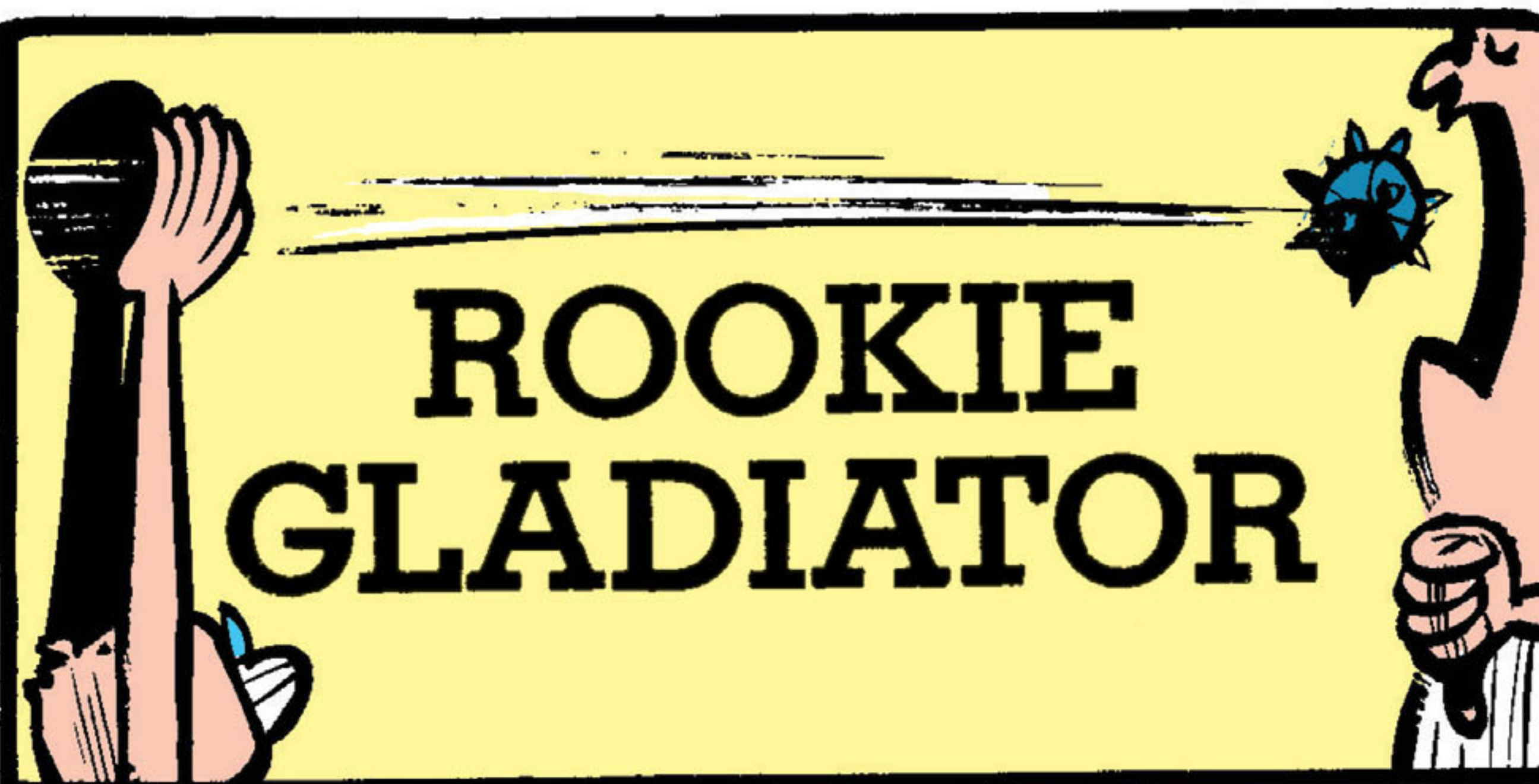
E.C. FANS!

**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!**



Friends, Romans, Countrymen!

We are about to bring you the play-by-play of today's big doubleheader from the Colosseum! We have an exciting afternoon all lined up for you. Hear? Don't go 'way!

The SLAVES are going to take on the LIONS in the first game... and the league-leading GAULS will face the BRITONS in the night-cap. Those BRITONS are in the cellar as far as the league standings go, but they sure can make things hot for the first division teams! There is a common belief that whatever team is ahead by the Ides of March is a cinch to win the pennant. Well, that's not so! This flag race may not be decided until the last day of the season! The MOORS are in second place by only *one game* in the lost column!!

But now... a *word* from our sponsor!

"Why spend denarii on over-head when you can't wear it? Buy your togas at Tiberius's... off plain marble columns!! Tiberius has convenient stores in Britannia, Gallia, Armenia, Colchis, Iberia, Albania, Peloponnesus, and Graecia... open from nine until nine!"

The Colosseum is certainly crowded today. We're waiting for the official attendance. The right field bleachers are filled! Our booth is right above the box of Gaius Decius, the Illyrian Emperor of Rome. The game should begin any minute now! Decius will throw out the first SLAVE! I think the SLAVES are being familiarized with the ground rules. They don't seem to like standing in the center of the

arena. They want to come up into the stands! Since the LIONS are the visiting team, they'll get *first licks!*

Now the LIONS have come out on the field. The game has started! It appears that the LIONS are too strong for the SLAVES, who have been riddled with injuries since opening day.

But now . . . our sponsor!

"Travel the safe, luxurious way . . . travel the 'Appian Way'! Rates are lower now than ever before! Special rates are available to centurions and their families!"

Now back to the game! This first contest is becoming a complete rout. Looks like the LIONS will shut out the SLAVES!

The crowd is waiting for the second game. They're going to get their first look at the young rookie gladiator in action. He was just brought up from the minors where he was burning up the Etruscan League! They say he has a good eye and plenty of speed. He's one of those bonus players! Decius gave him the Roman Senate as a bonus. I hope the boy lives up to his advance press notices. You know, there's an awful lot of pressure on him! He'll be eager . . . swinging for the fence!! He's in the big show now. But will he stick? If he does, the people will erect a statue to him in the Assembly. He'll be riding in the cat-bird seat of the Emperor's chariot!

If he fails . . . it'll be "thumbs down"!

The officials had better get this game under way! In the event the game is called on account of darkness, it won't go into the record books. The Roman League has a new ruling that the torches cannot be lit for a day game!

Ye Immortal Gods! I'd hate to have to fry fish for all the plebians assembled here today!



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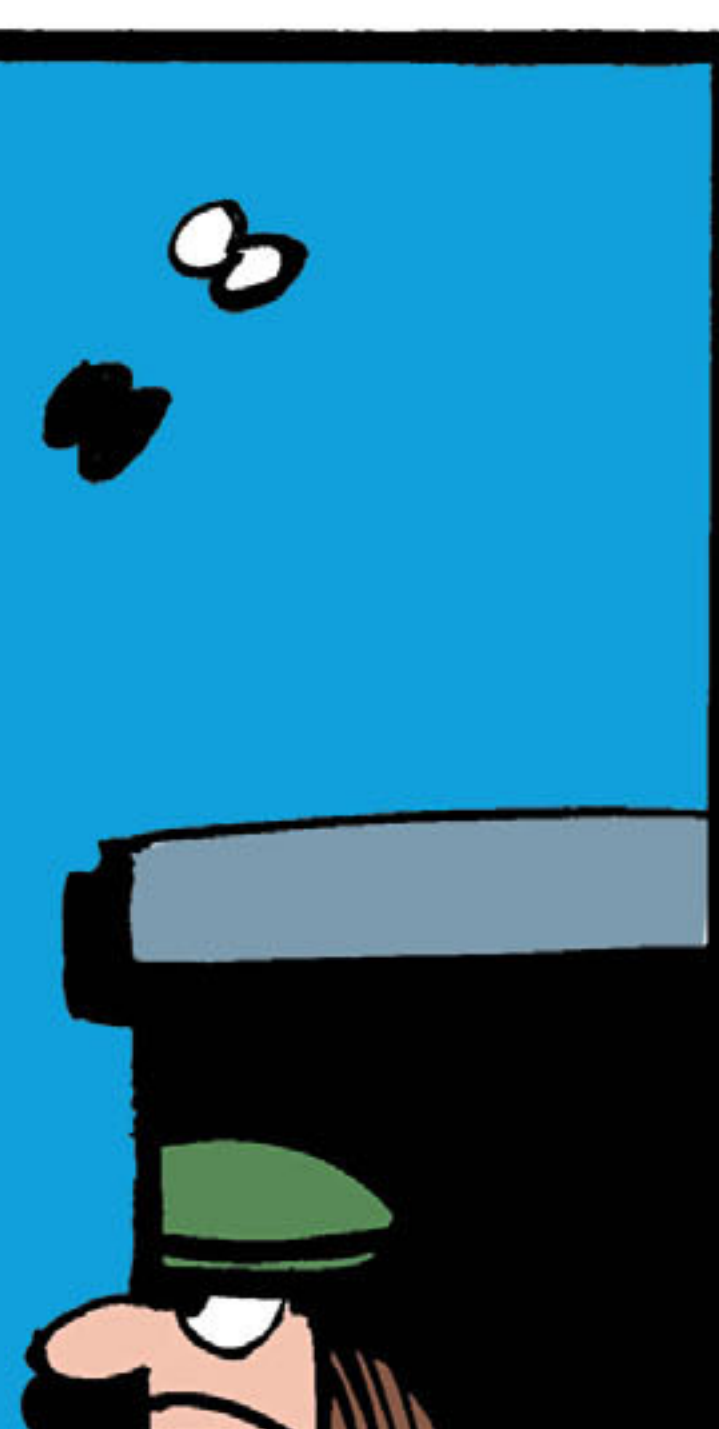
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THE DANDELION CAPER



Cosmo McMoon sauntered into Captain Malfeasance O'Malley's office . . . three hours late!!

"Where have you been? What took you so long to get here after my emergency call?", asked the impatient law enforcer.

"I couldn't find a parking space outside headquarters for my *yak*!! It's corrupt politics . . . that's what it is! Discrimination against *yaks*!!! I notice the *llamas* get away with murder in this town!"

"The llamas have a strong lobby! I'd suggest you take your complaints before the city consul at their next meeting."

"Rest assured the Society for the Advancement of Bovine Ruminants from Upper Asia will hear of this indignity!! Meanwhile, I had to enroll Melvin . . . my yak . . . in a day nursery near uptown Central Park".

Captain O'Malley turned to introduce a nervous little man with a red walrus mustache. "Cosmo . . . this is Mr. Morningside Mac Mixmaster, president of Random Shack Publishing Company! One of his most brilliant authors is missing . . . perhaps kidnapped!!"

The publisher hastened to tell Cosmo the details. "No doubt you have read the latest best-seller by our precocious young writer, TRUMAN REMOTE!" Mac Mixmaster handed Cosmo a copy of "Other Hearses, Other Tombs", which had a picture of the author on the back cover. Truman Remote looked like a youth of eighteen. The lenses of his eyeglasses were of milk bottle thickness. His hair was combed down straight on his forehead in bangs and he had an air of detachment about him. In his left hand he held a dandelion.

"Quite a scholarly and intense personality", remarked Cosmo. "I'll wager he doesn't even bother to call for his royalty checks!"

"Yes . . . Truman Remote is *above* the mundane things of life! He would rather commune with nature. He spends most of his time collecting species of the *Taraxacum officinale* . . . the dandelion plant. I'd suggest you start searching for him in all the local *parks* and *meadows*".

* * * * *

A few days later, Cosmo and O'Malley were combing the outfield grass in Lankee Stadium. They had searched every other park in the city but had found no clues. Suddenly, Cosmo came upon some withered and discarded dandelions. "Send these wilted dandelions to the city coroner for an autopsy. Find out how long they've been dead and whether they were *plucked*

or *strangled*!!" Just then, a new development in the case came forth . . . a trail of some more crushed dandelions! The two sleuths followed the trail all the way downtown. The trail ended at the curb in front of a dilapidated tenement house on the lower eastside!!

Suddenly, a black sedan swung around the corner! Cosmo yelled as he hit the sidewalk, "Get behind that storage mailbox, O'Malley, or you'll end up in the *dead letter office*!!!" There was a chatter from a Thompson sub-machine-gun. Then the assassin-car sped away. Cosmo was relieved to see that his friend was unharmed by the spray of slugs. "Did you get the license number, O'Malley?"

"The car was a Buick '49 with three Goodyear tires, one Firestone! The driver was blond, blue-eyed, 5'8", and weighed about 195. He was wearing a Bond suit, Adler elevator shoes, Argyle socks, a white Arrow shirt (15-35), and a maroon turtle-neck sweater! Too bad I couldn't get the license number. It all happened too fast!!"

"Well, never mind!", said Cosmo. "Let's force our way into the cellar of this house . . . the trail ends here!!" Captain O'Malley pulled his recoilless cannon out of his shoulder holster as Cosmo battered the fourply oak door in with a butt of his knee-cap.

There, in the center of a long trough, his trousers rolled up to his knees, was Truman Remote!! He was stomping up and down . . . pressing dandelions with his bare feet! The dandelion juice ran from the trough into a huge fermenting vat. A tough looking character covered him with a revolver. Suddenly, the startled thug whirled and drew a bead on O'Malley! Cosmo shot the gunsel in the hand with a rapid burst from his high-powered slingshot!!

"So . . . we meet again, *Vino Muscatel*!! This time you'll rot in jail for kidnaping . . . and for forcing Truman Remote to make *bootleg dandelion wine*!!!"

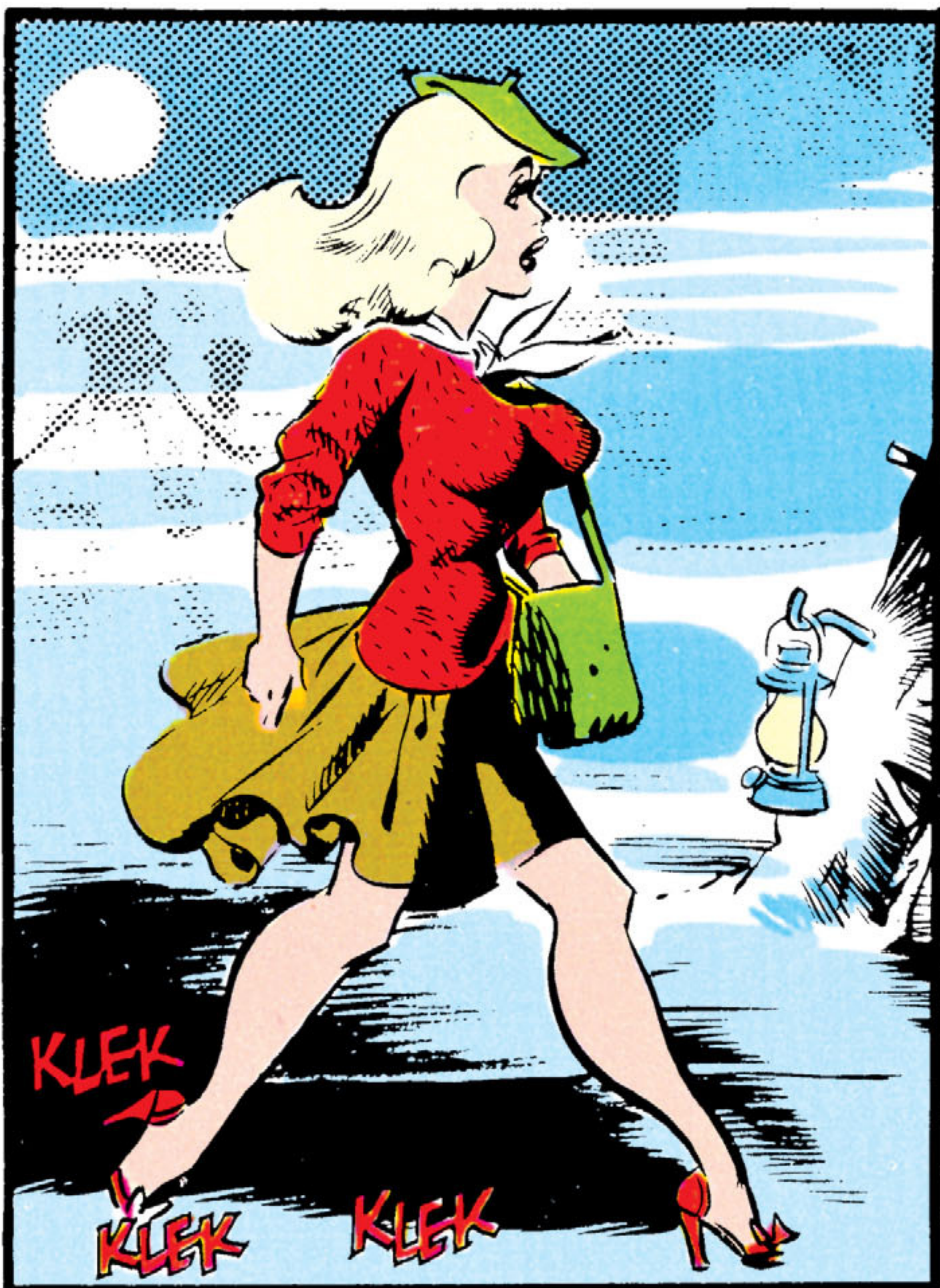
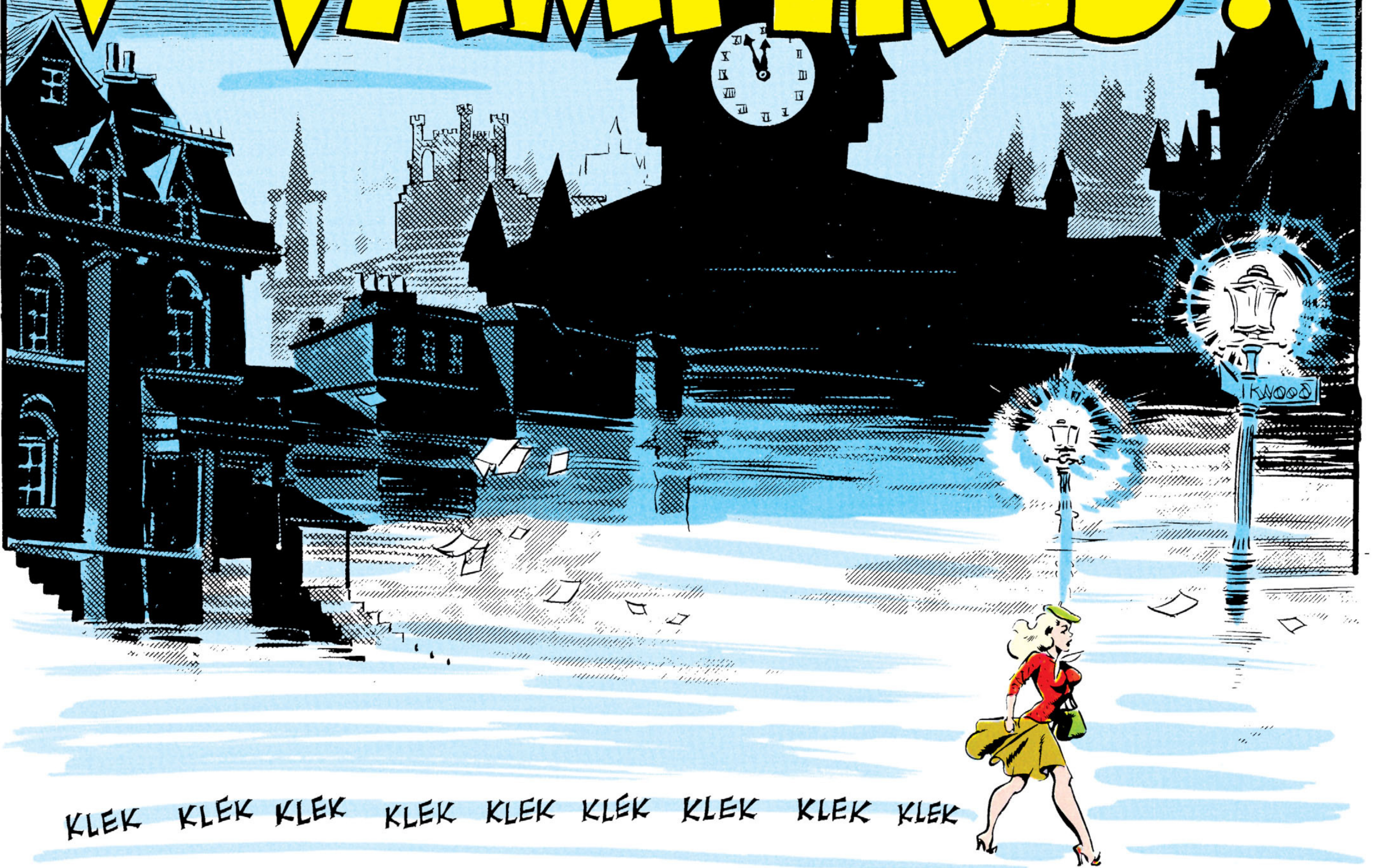
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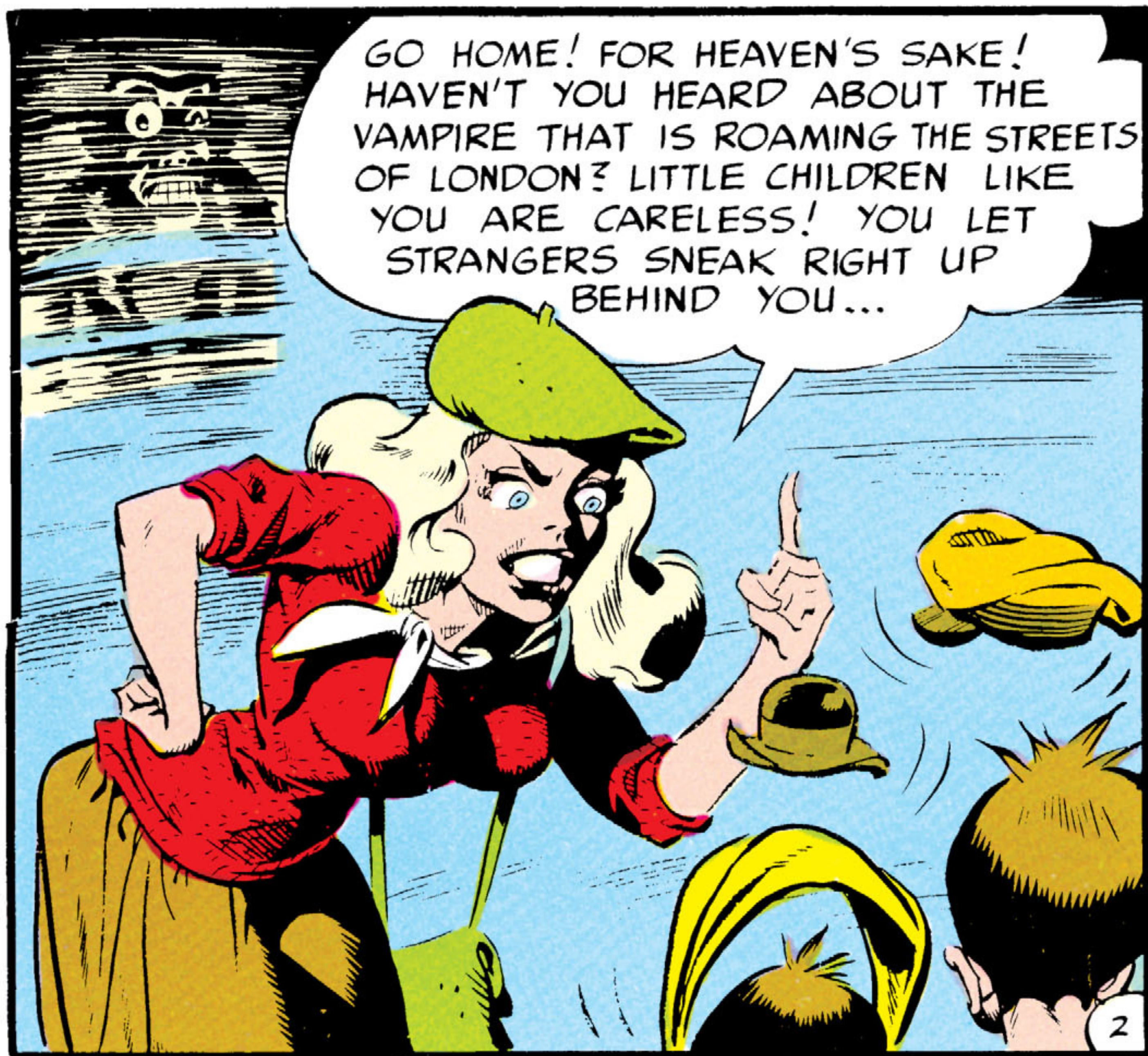
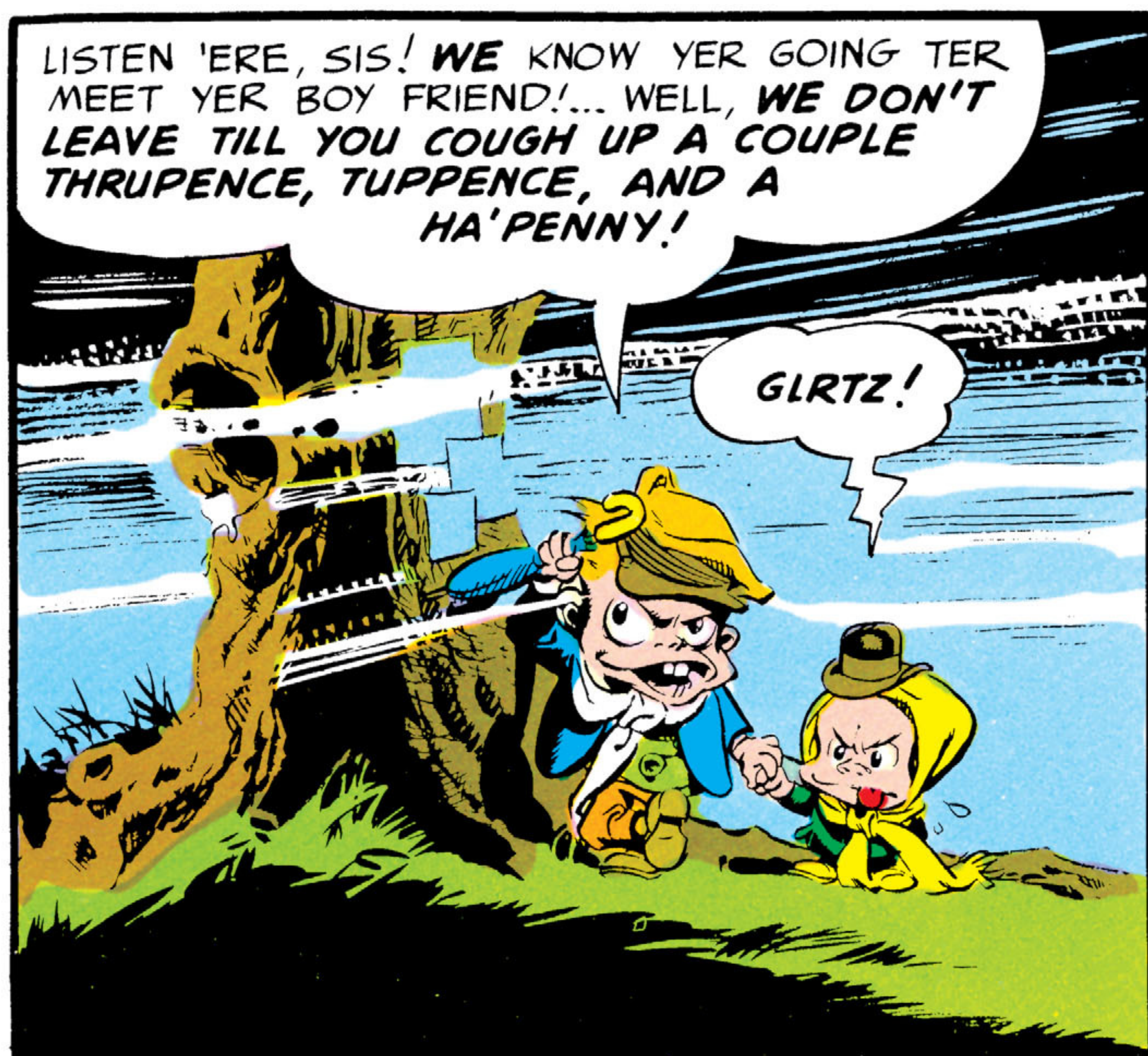
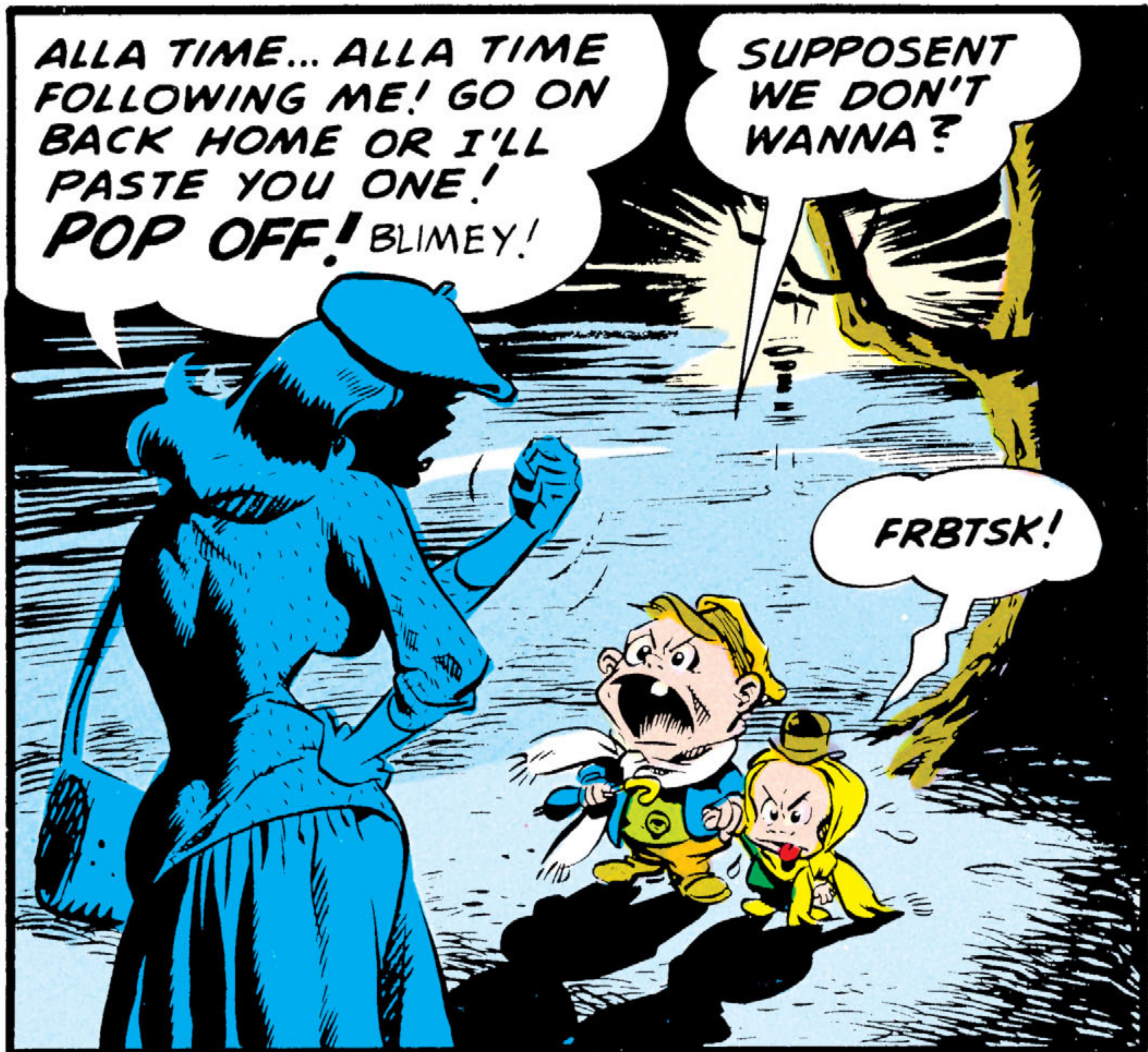
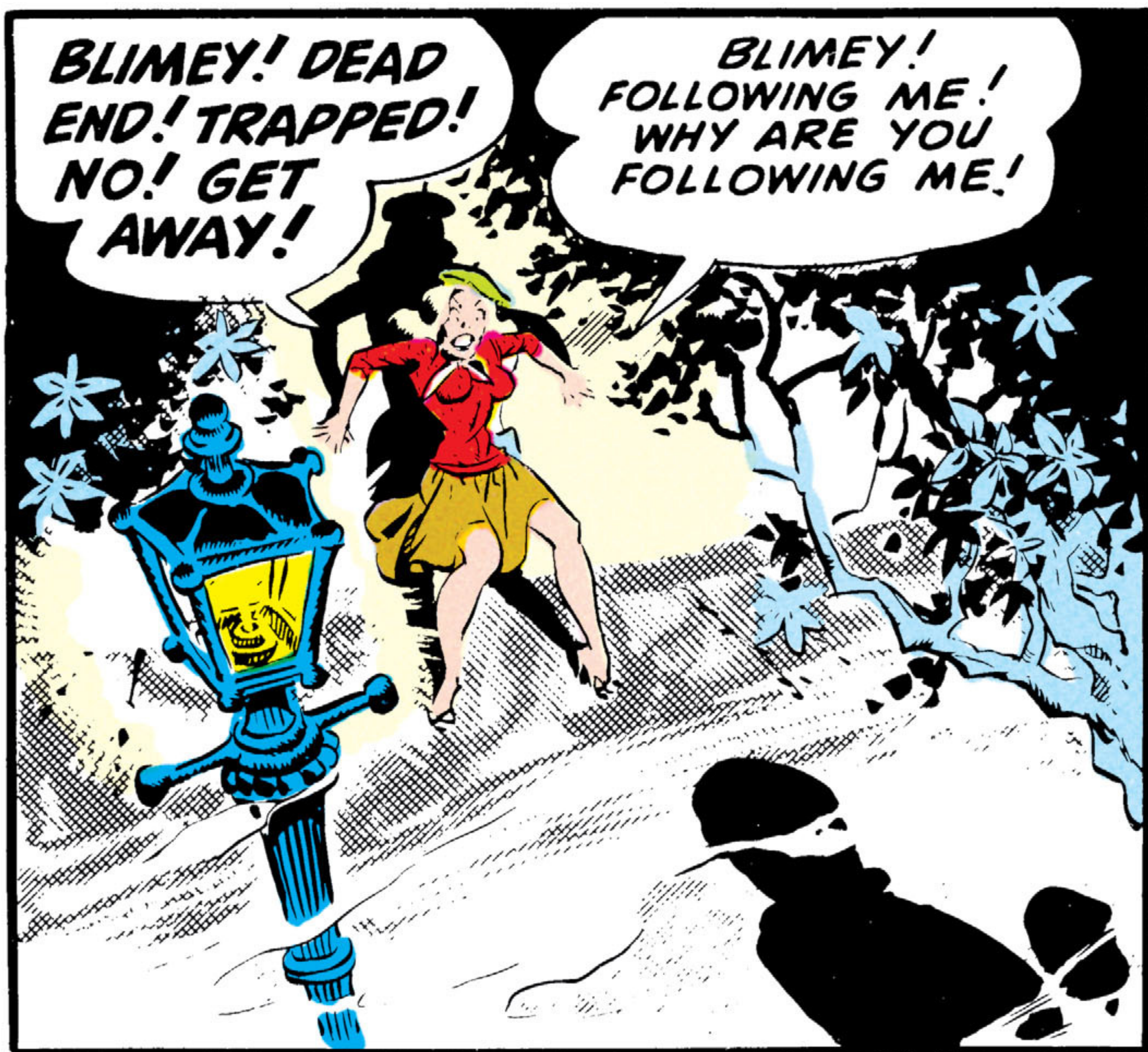
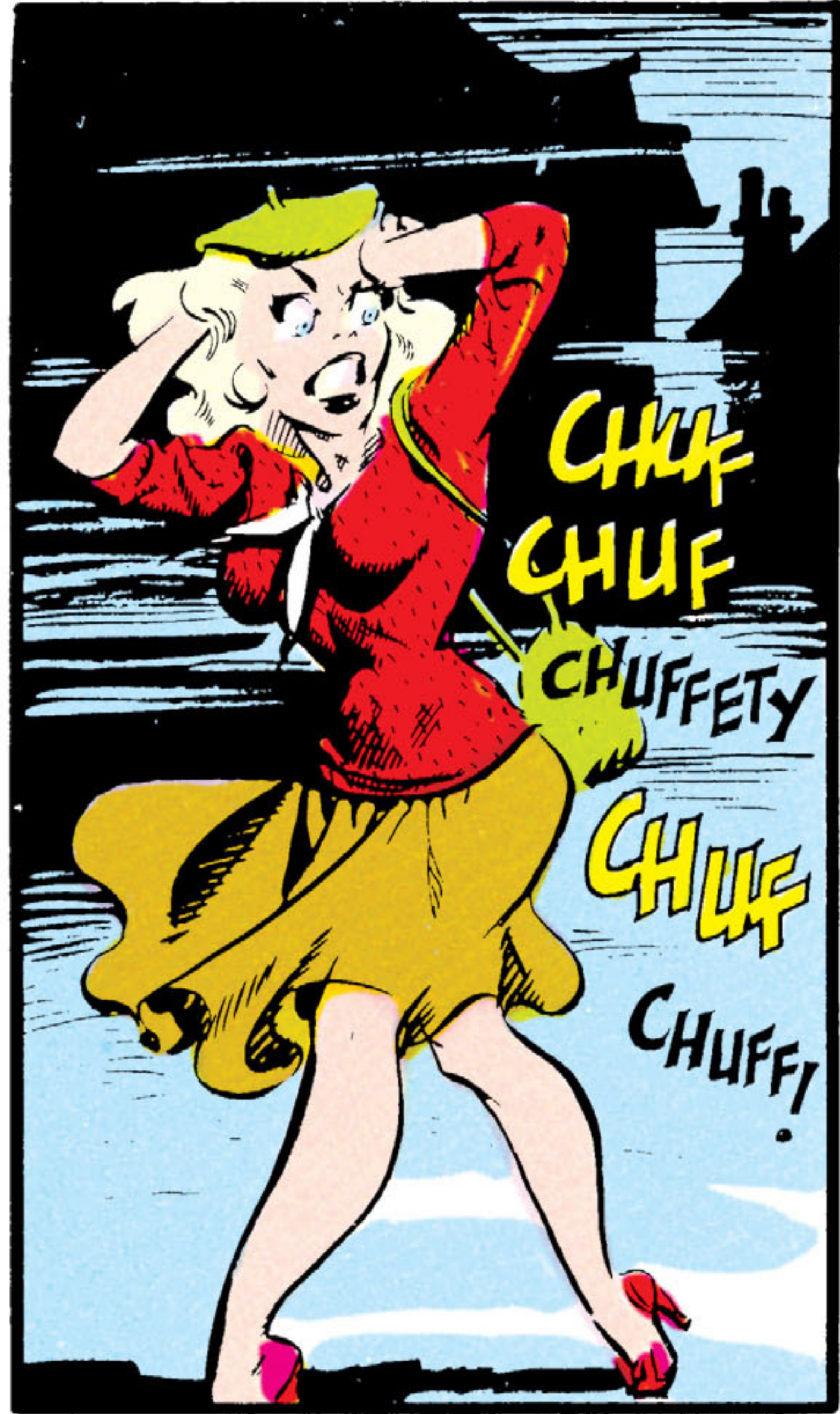
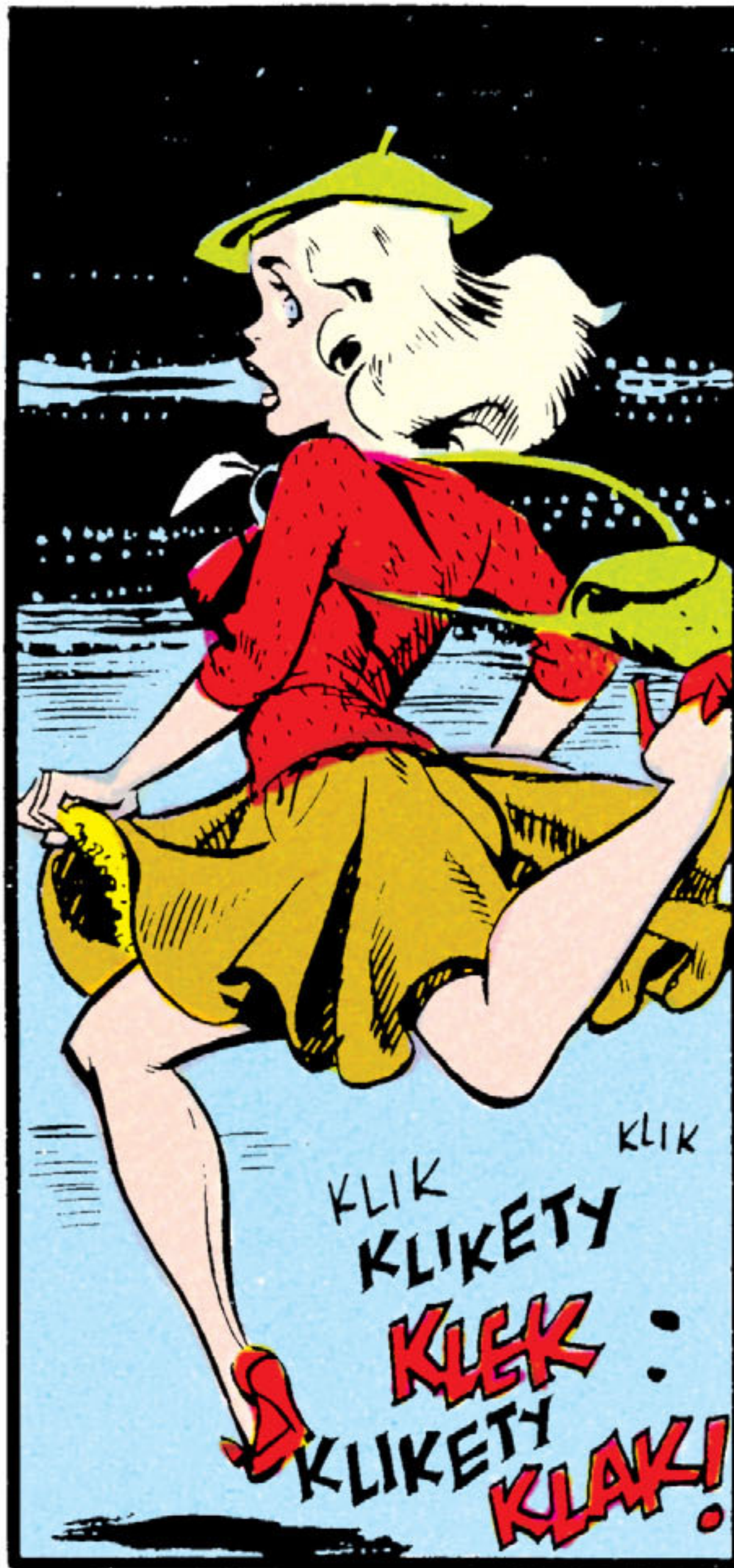
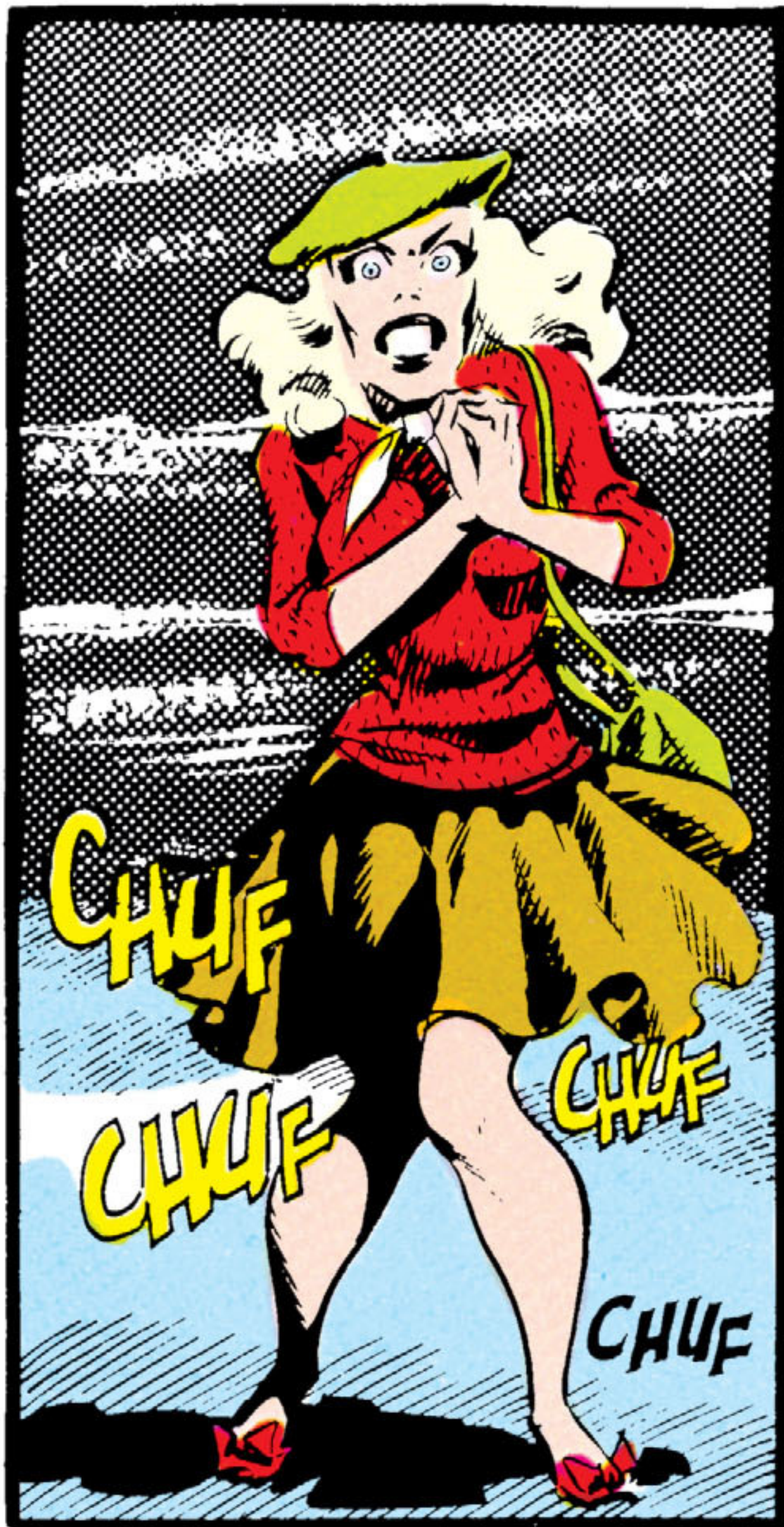
Now the case was closed and Truman Remote was restored to his anguished publisher. Cosmo was back in O'Malley's office when he received a phone call.

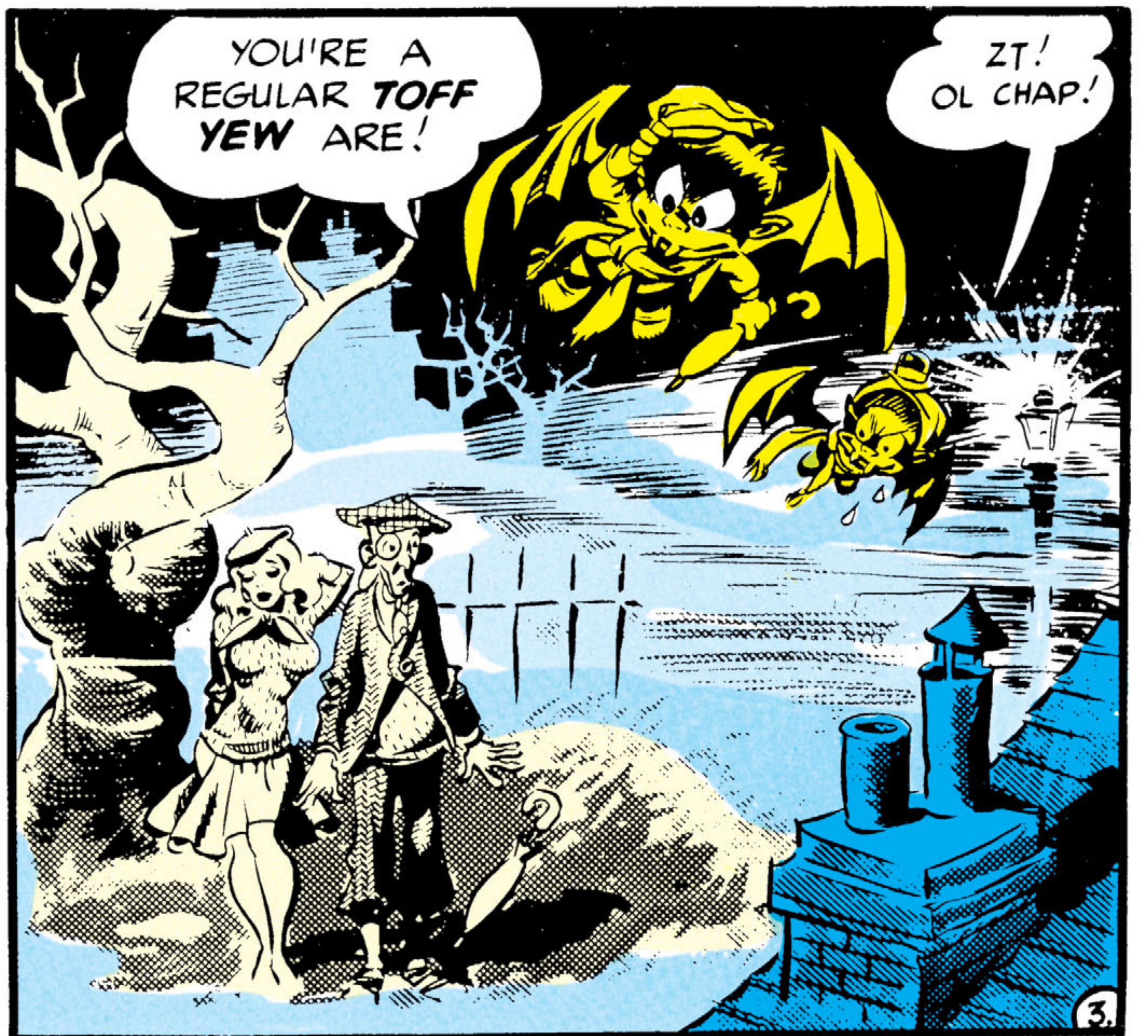
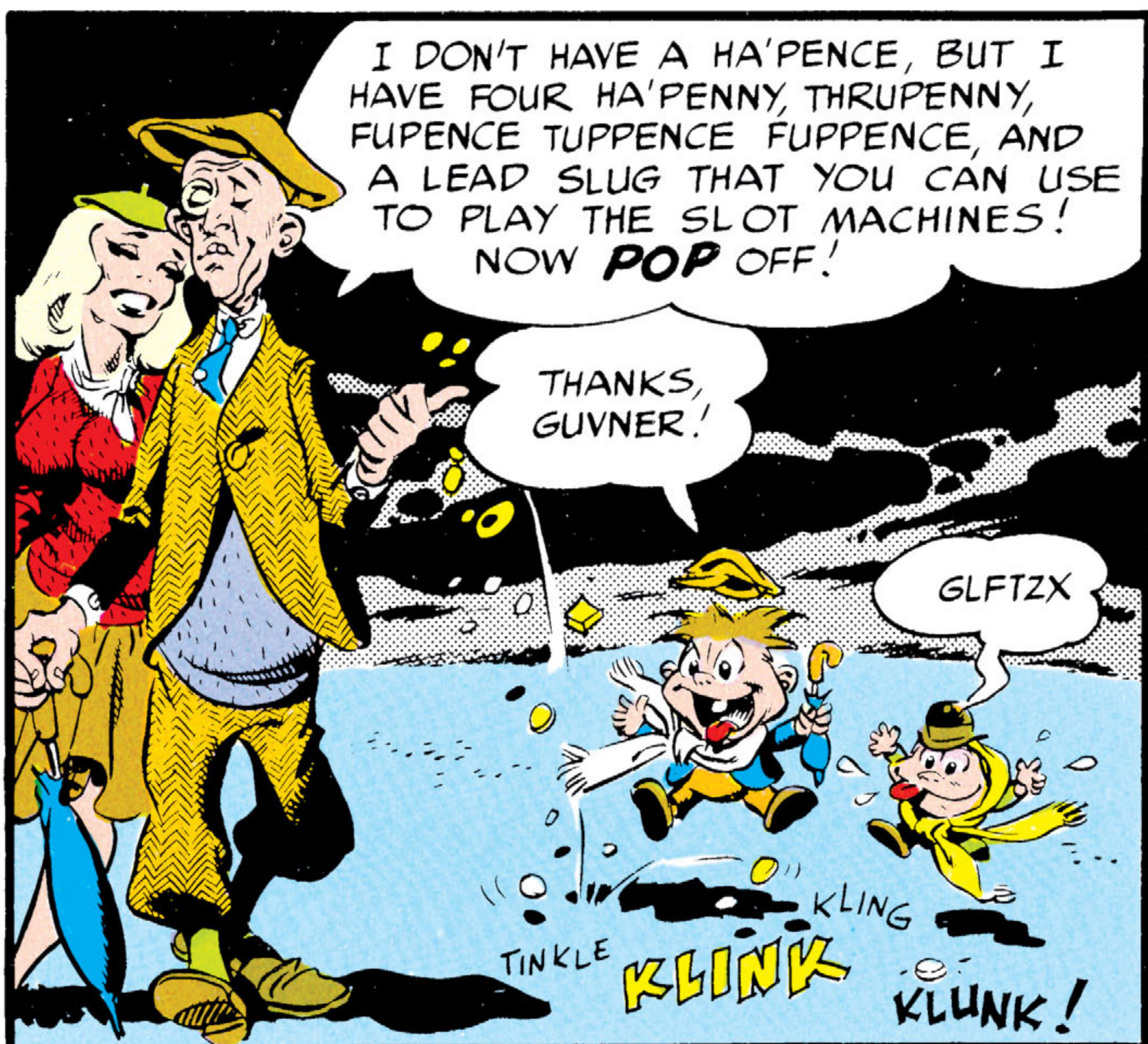
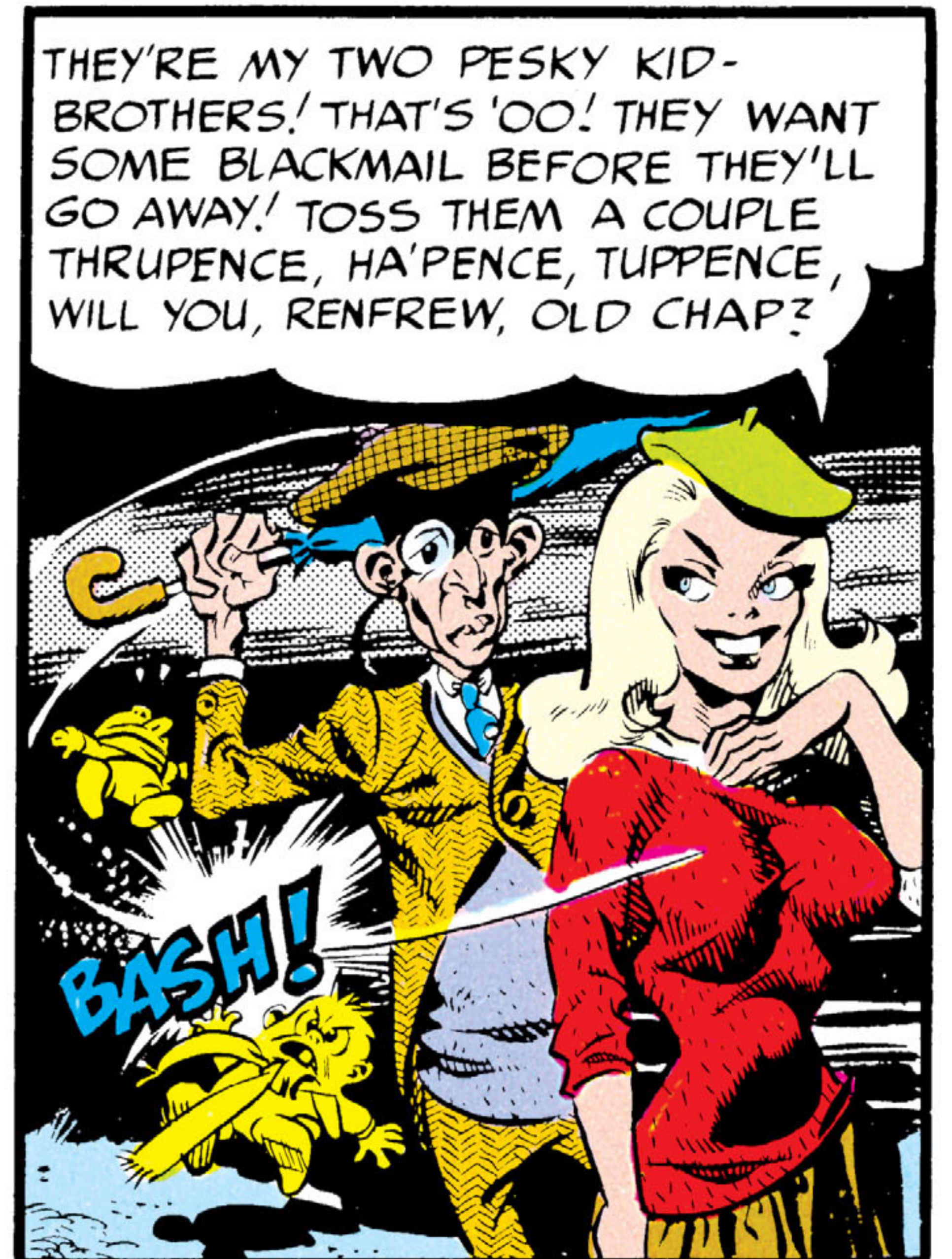
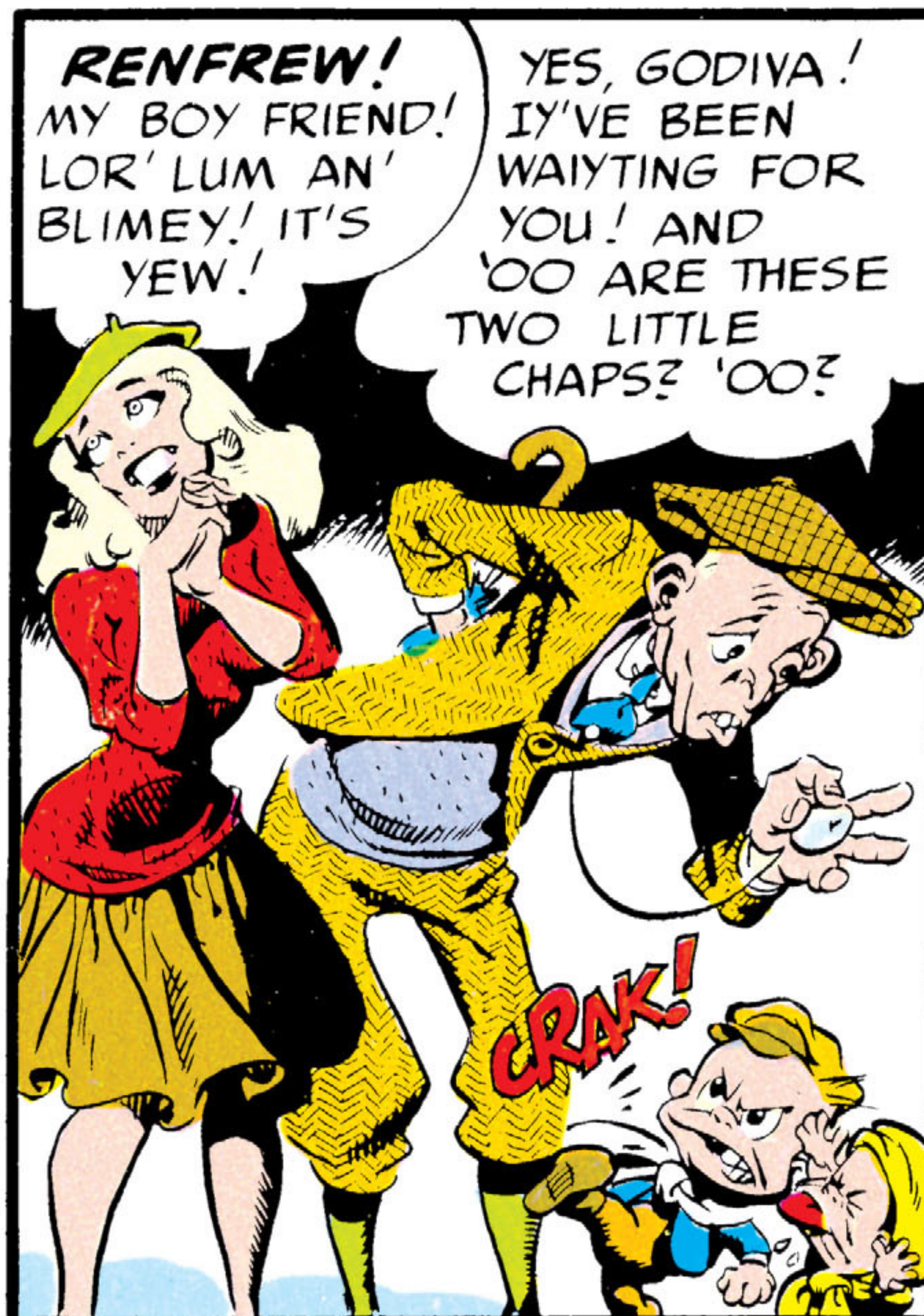
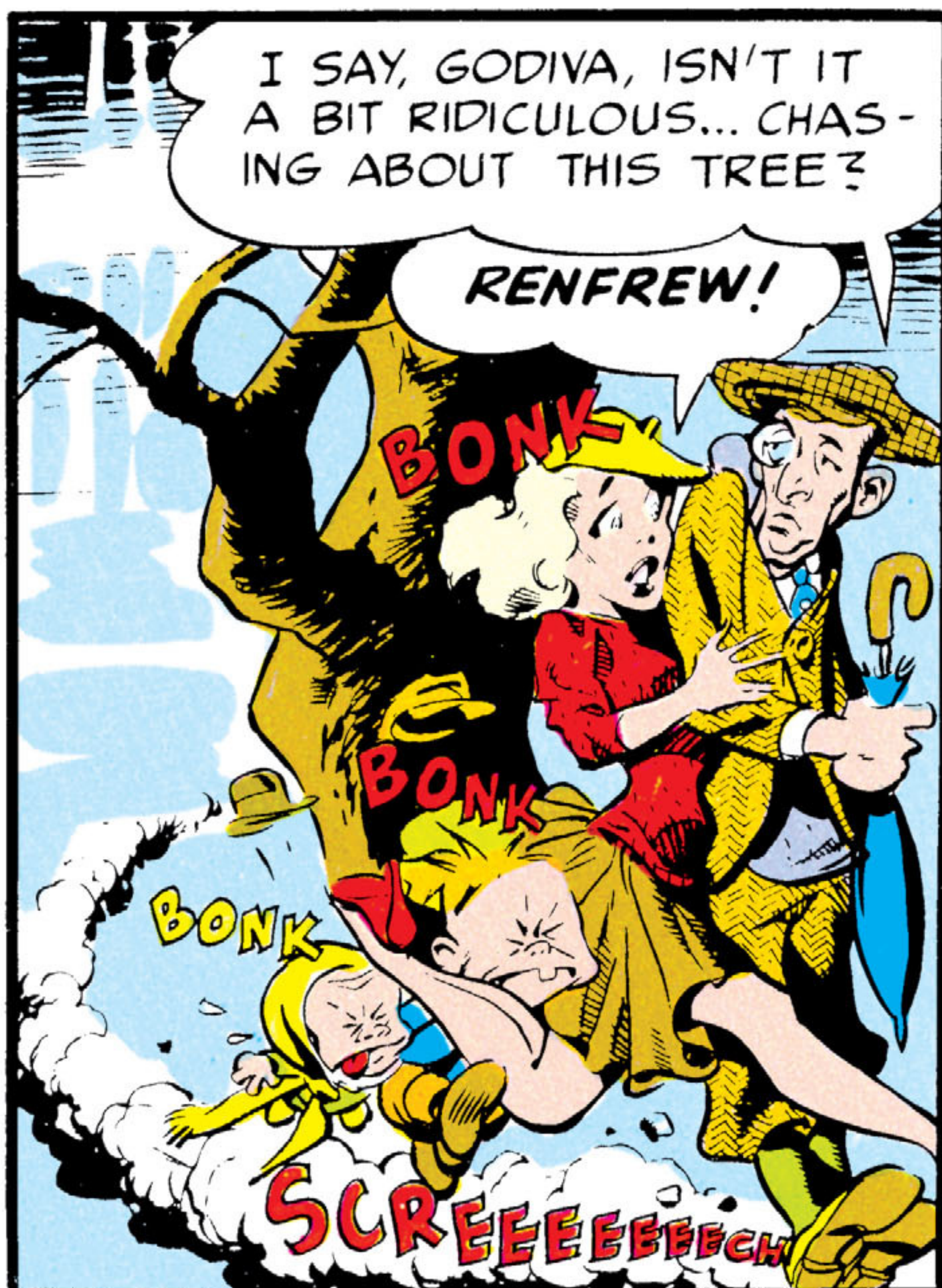
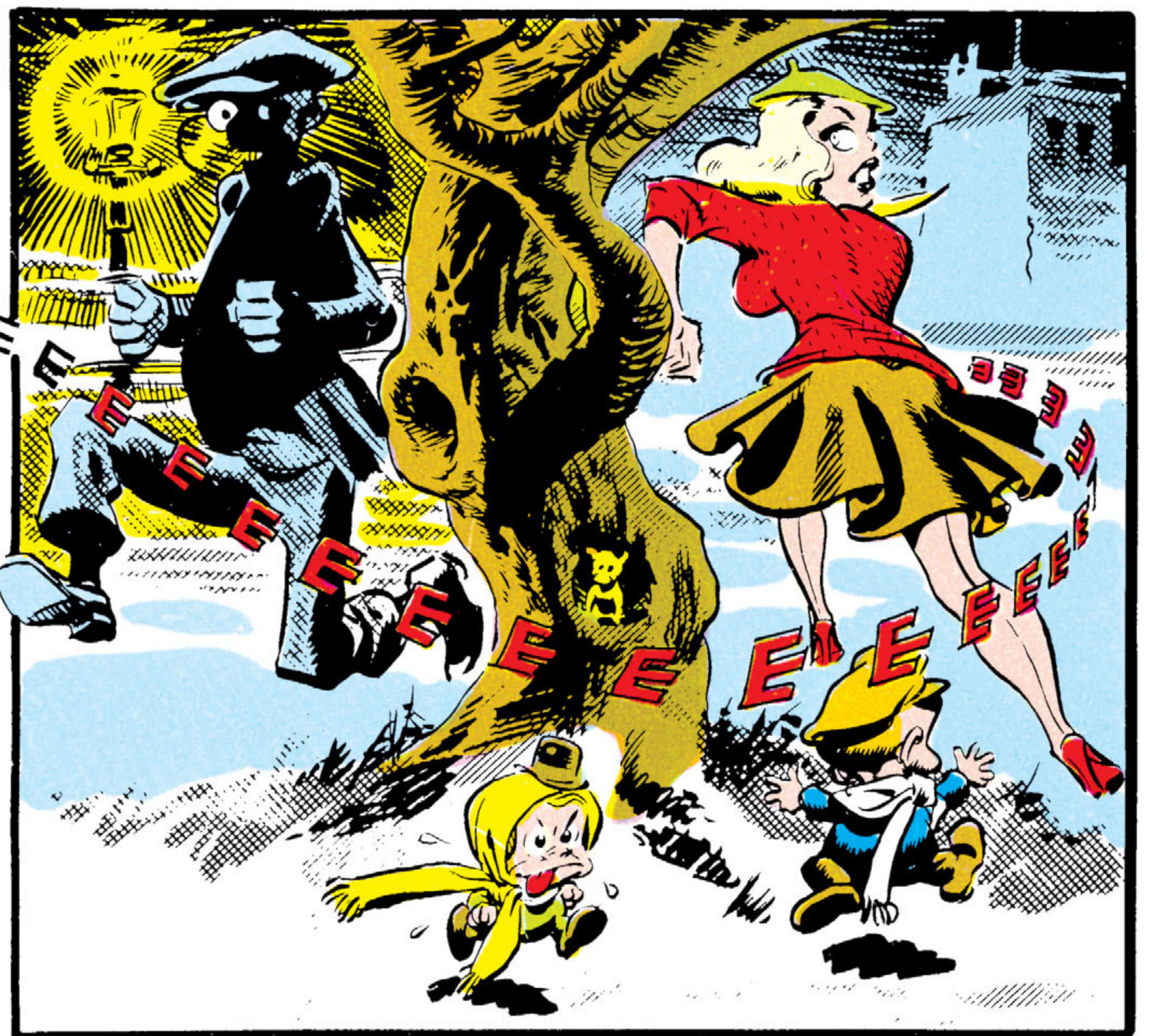
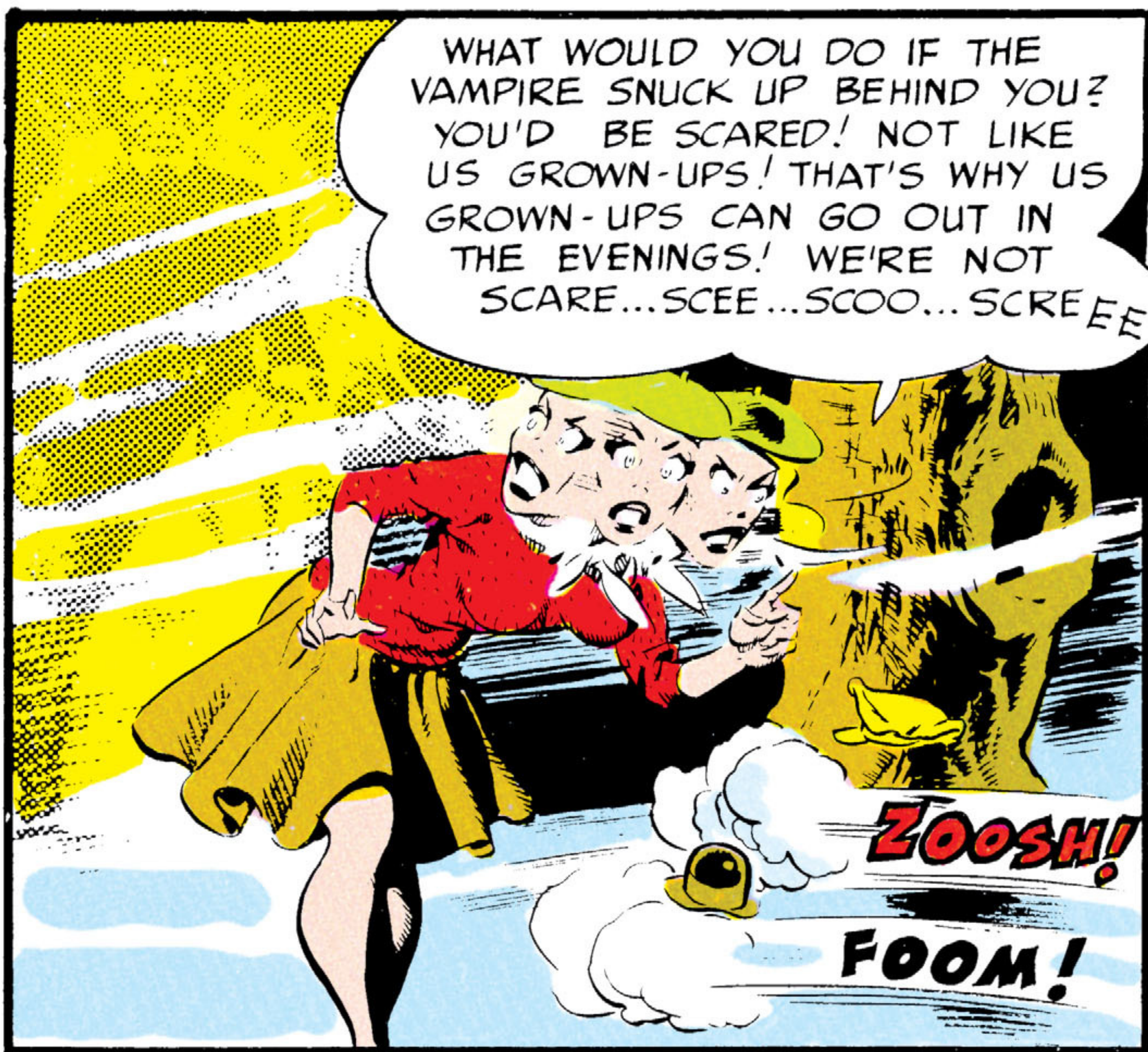
The voice on the other end said, "Hello! Is this Mr. Cosmo McMoon? This is Miss Marie Severin of the Uptown Day Nursery!! Come and get your Melvin . . . immediately! I can't do a thing with him. He won't share his milk and chocolate-covered graham crackers with the rest of the children!!"

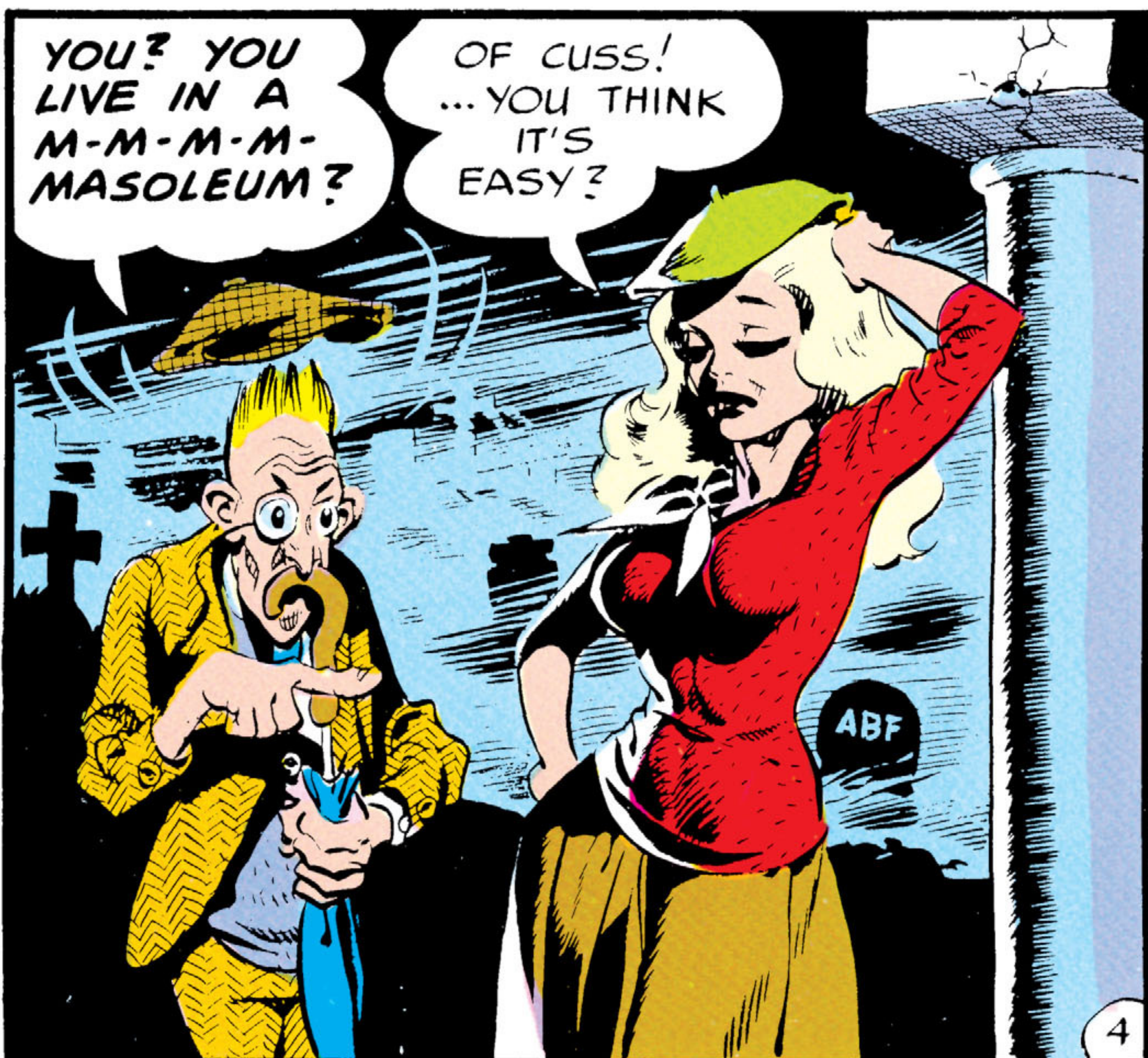
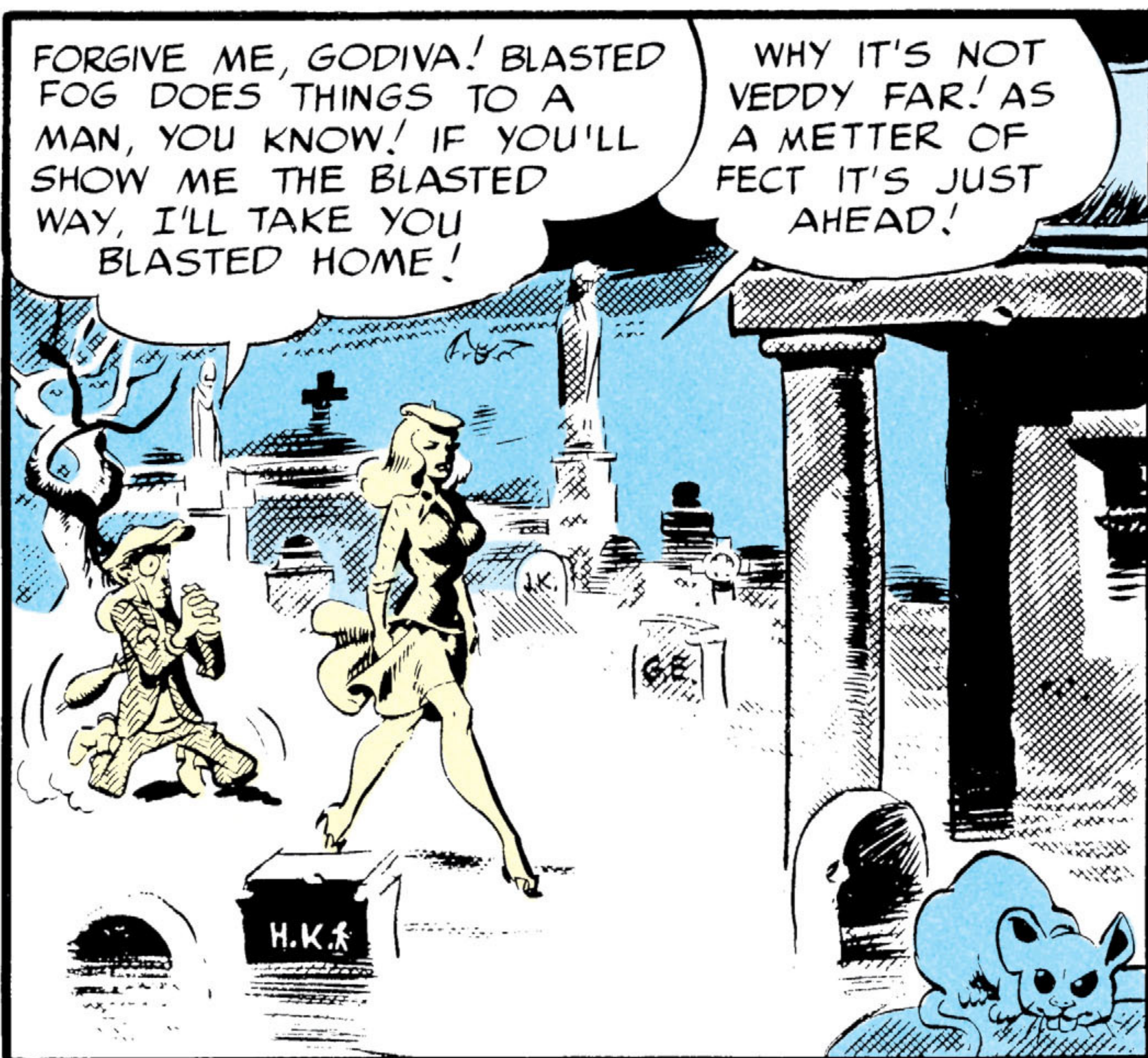
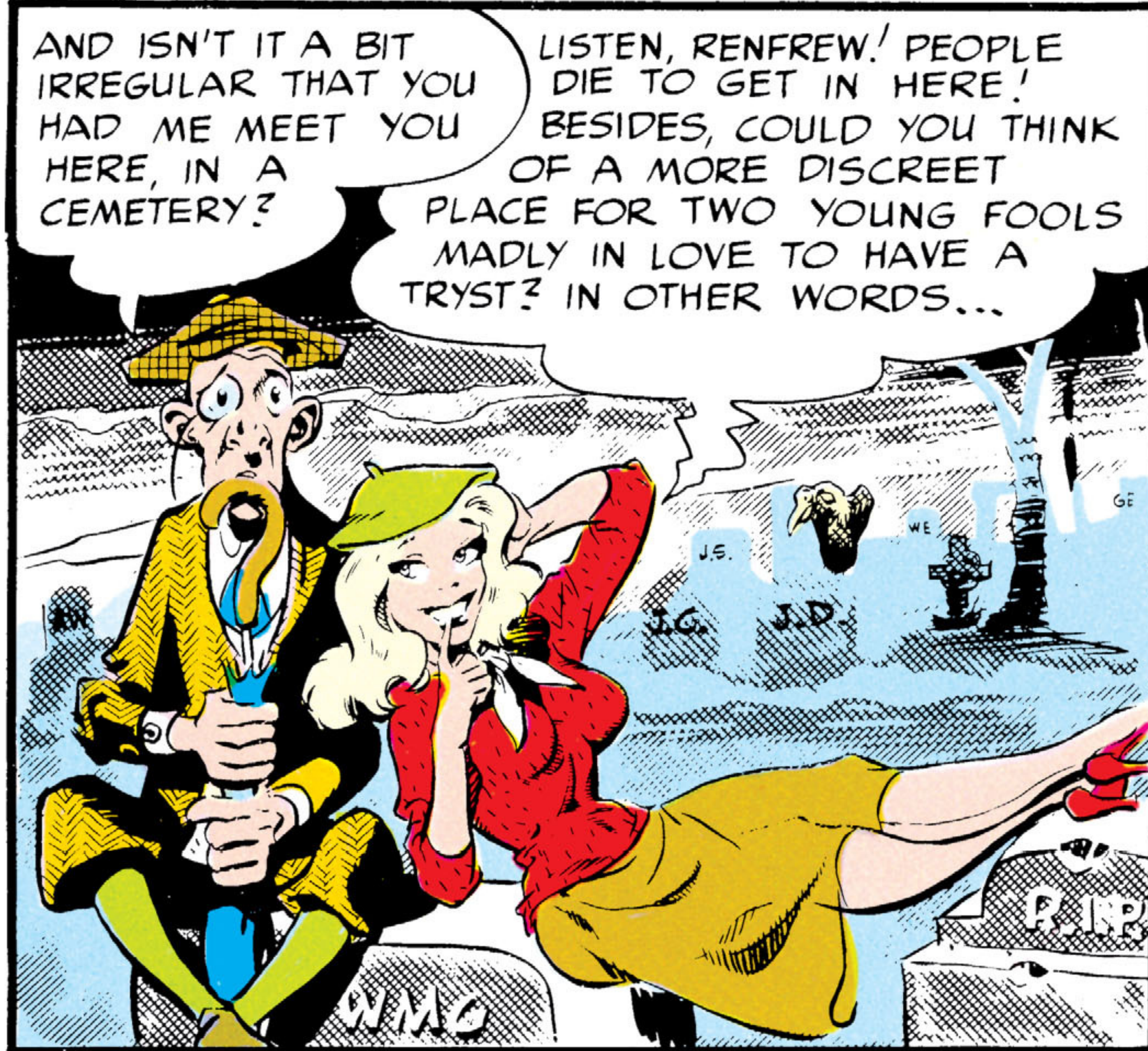
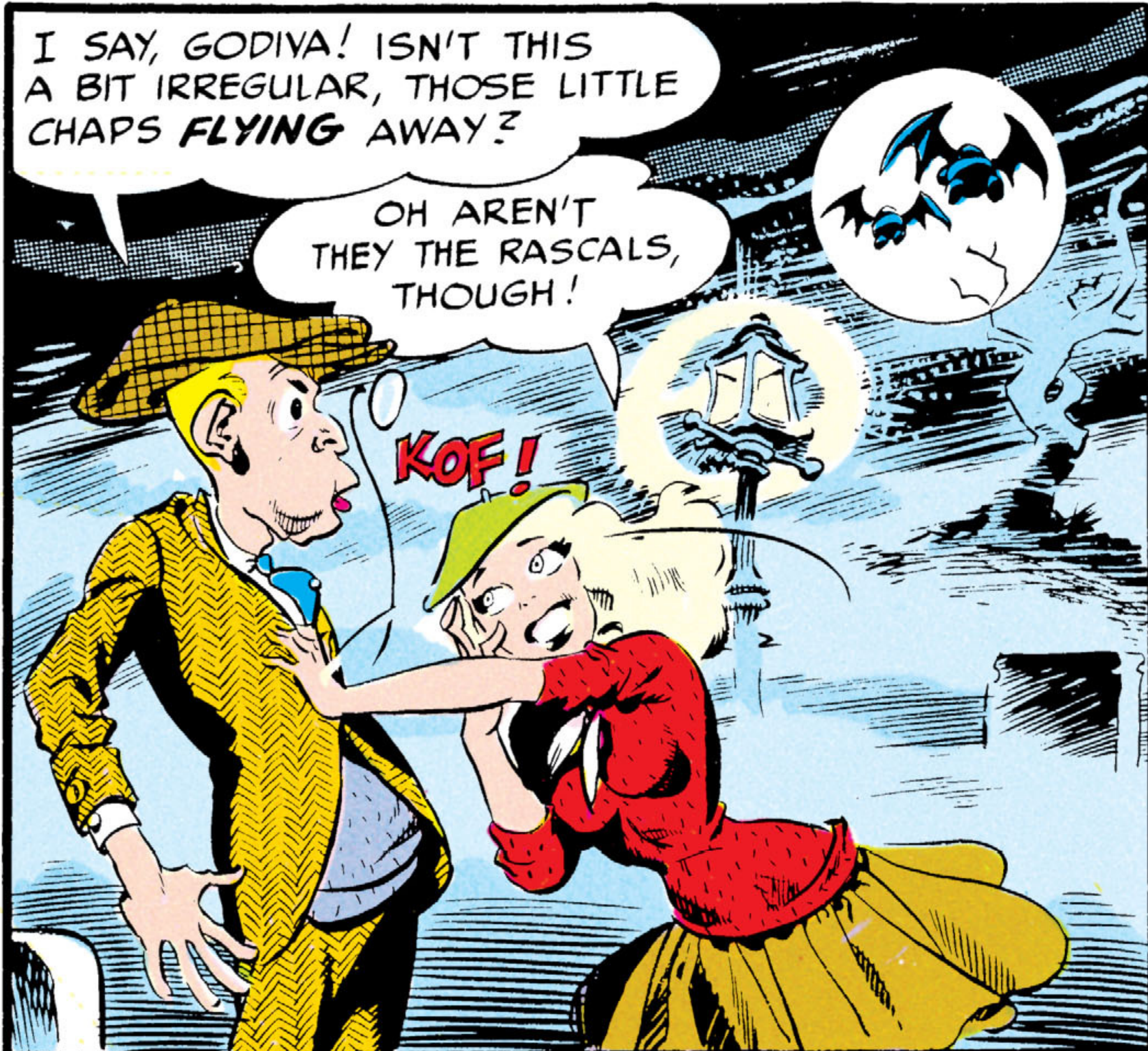
HORROR DEPT.: A FOG LIES FLAT ON LONDON, LIKE AN OPAQUE BLANKET LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STILL LONDON NIGHT! AND DOWN BELOW, THOSE OF THE LIVING... ONE BY NAME OF GODIVA... MOVE THROUGH THE MILKY FOLDS OF THE FOG... AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE DEAD... BY N-NAME OF...

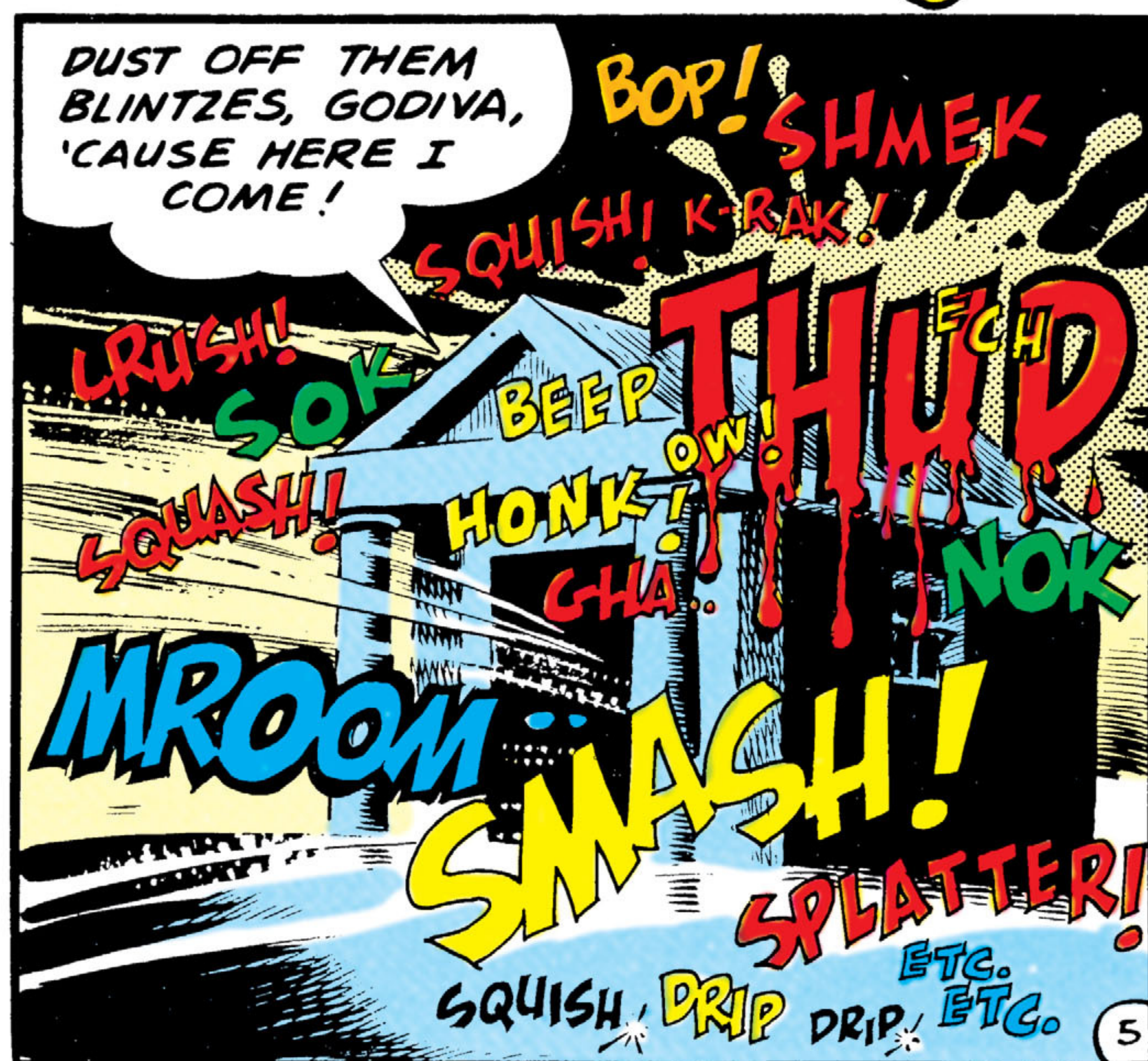
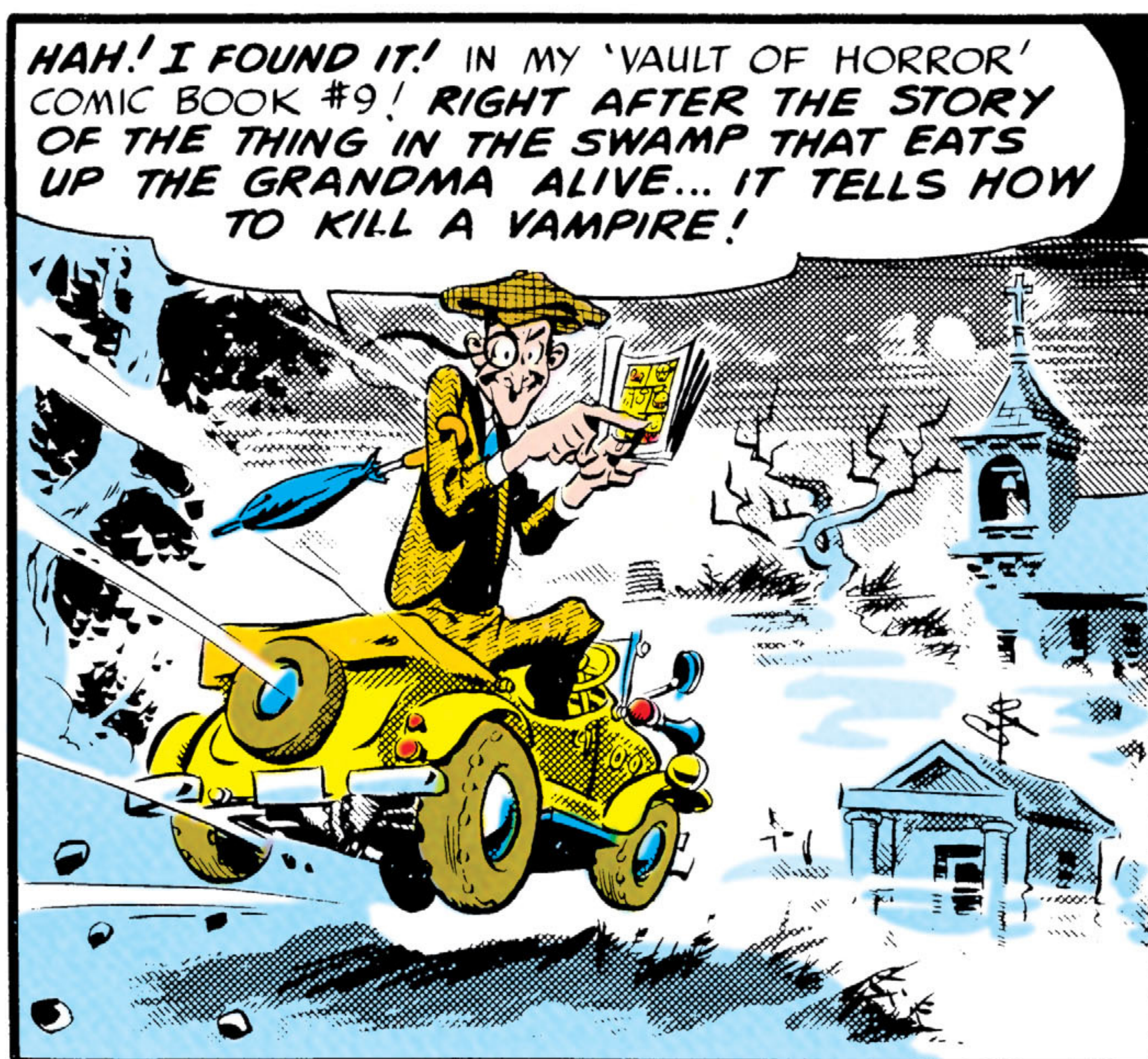
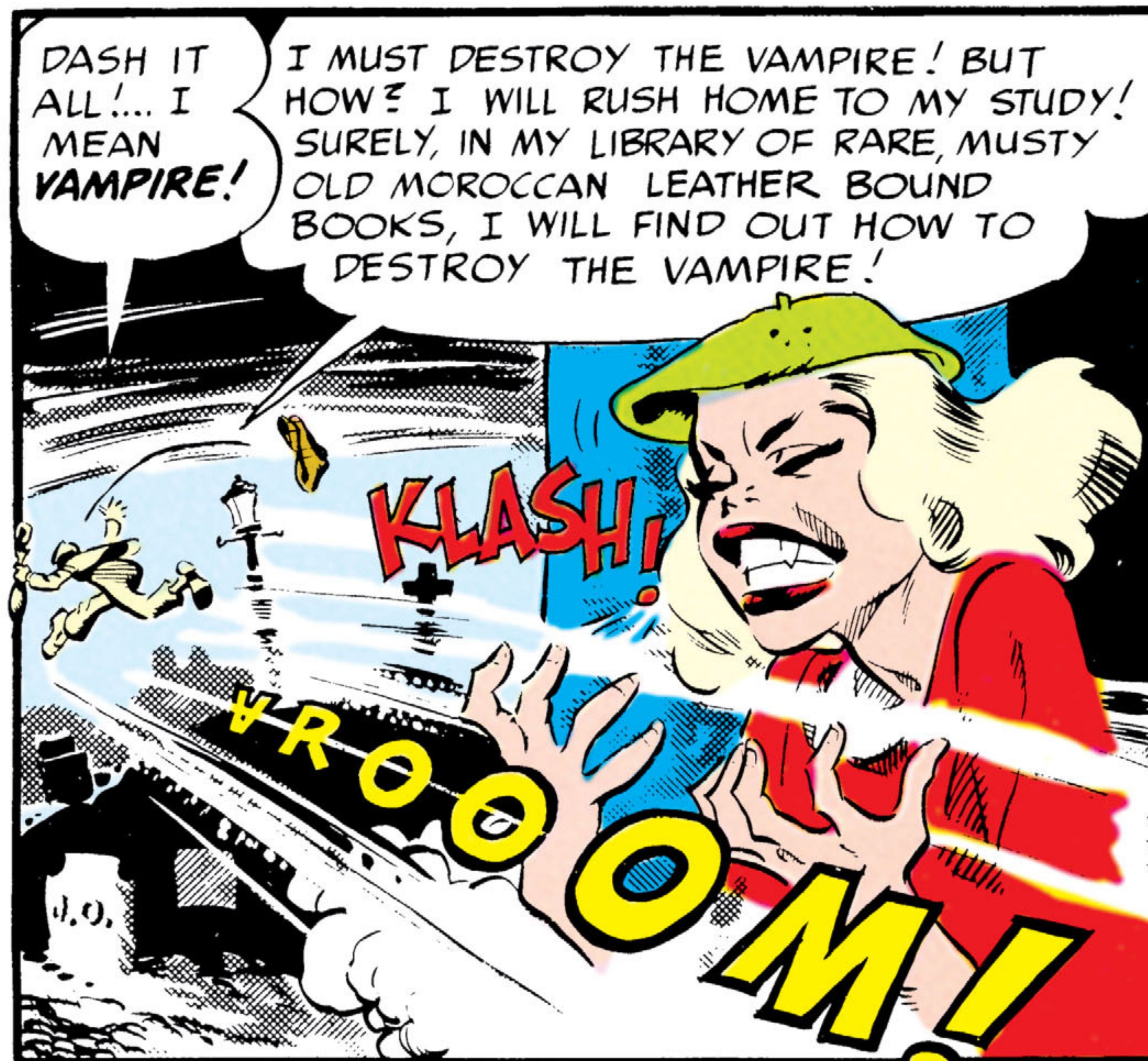
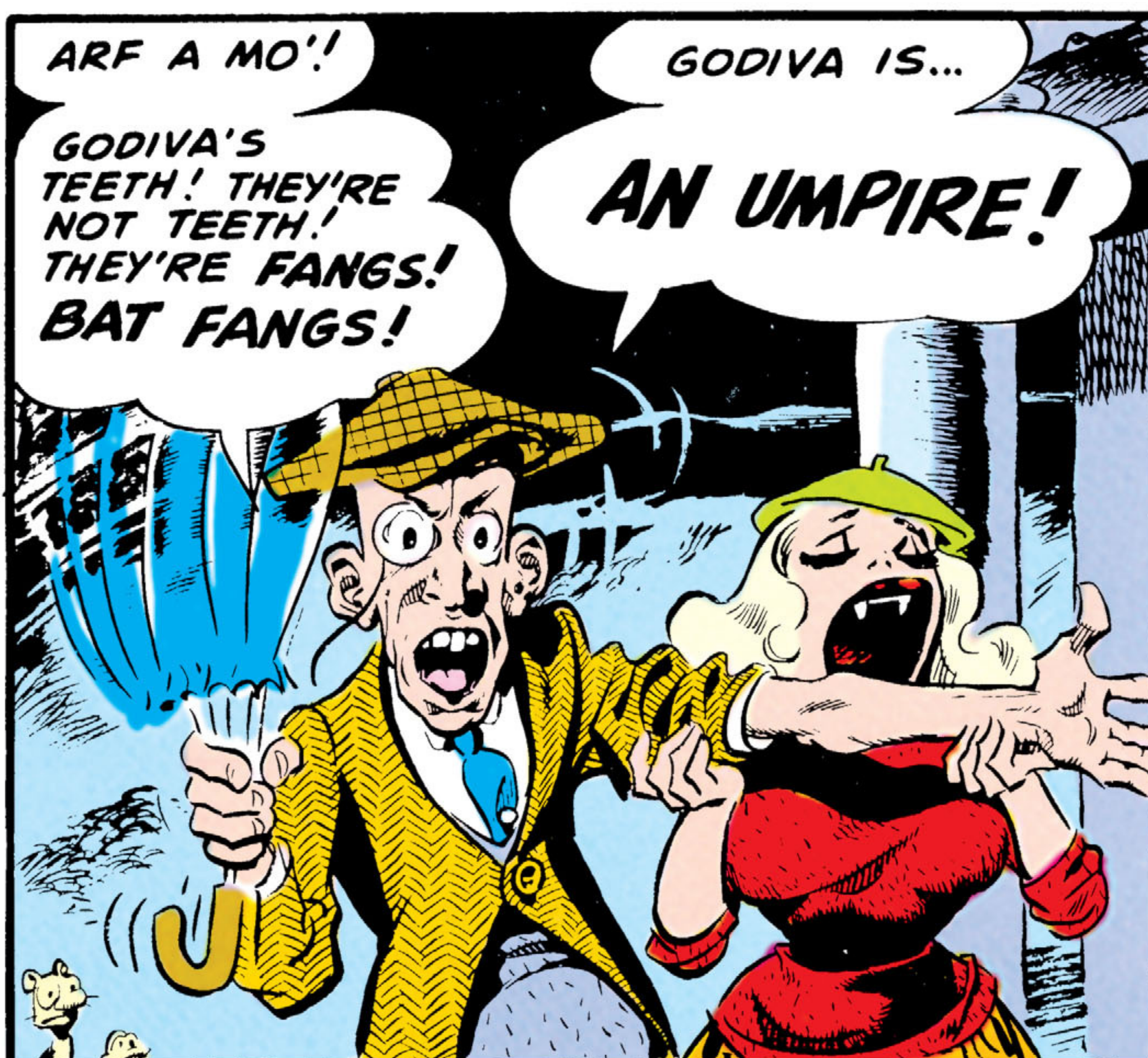
V-VAMPIRES!

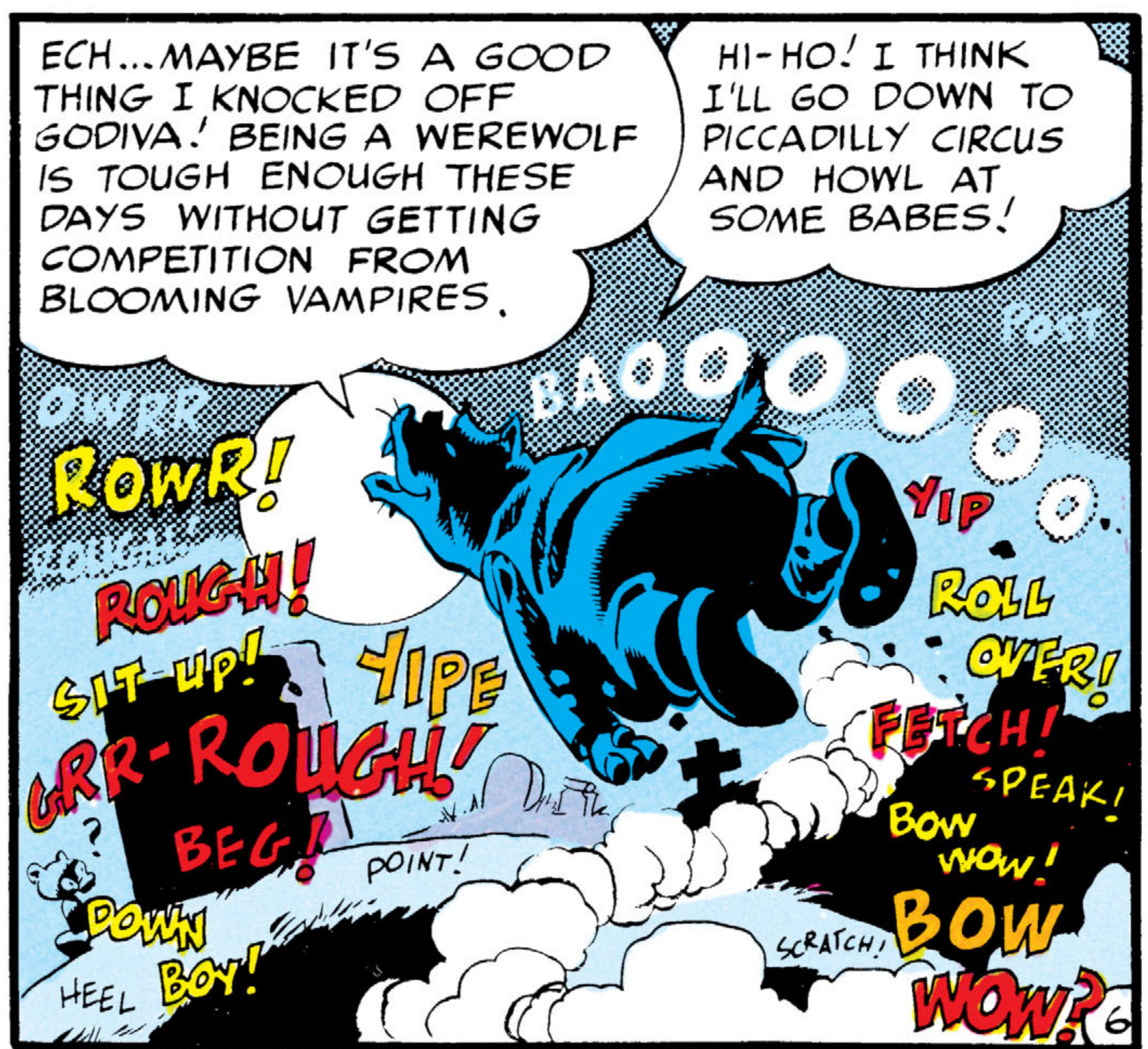
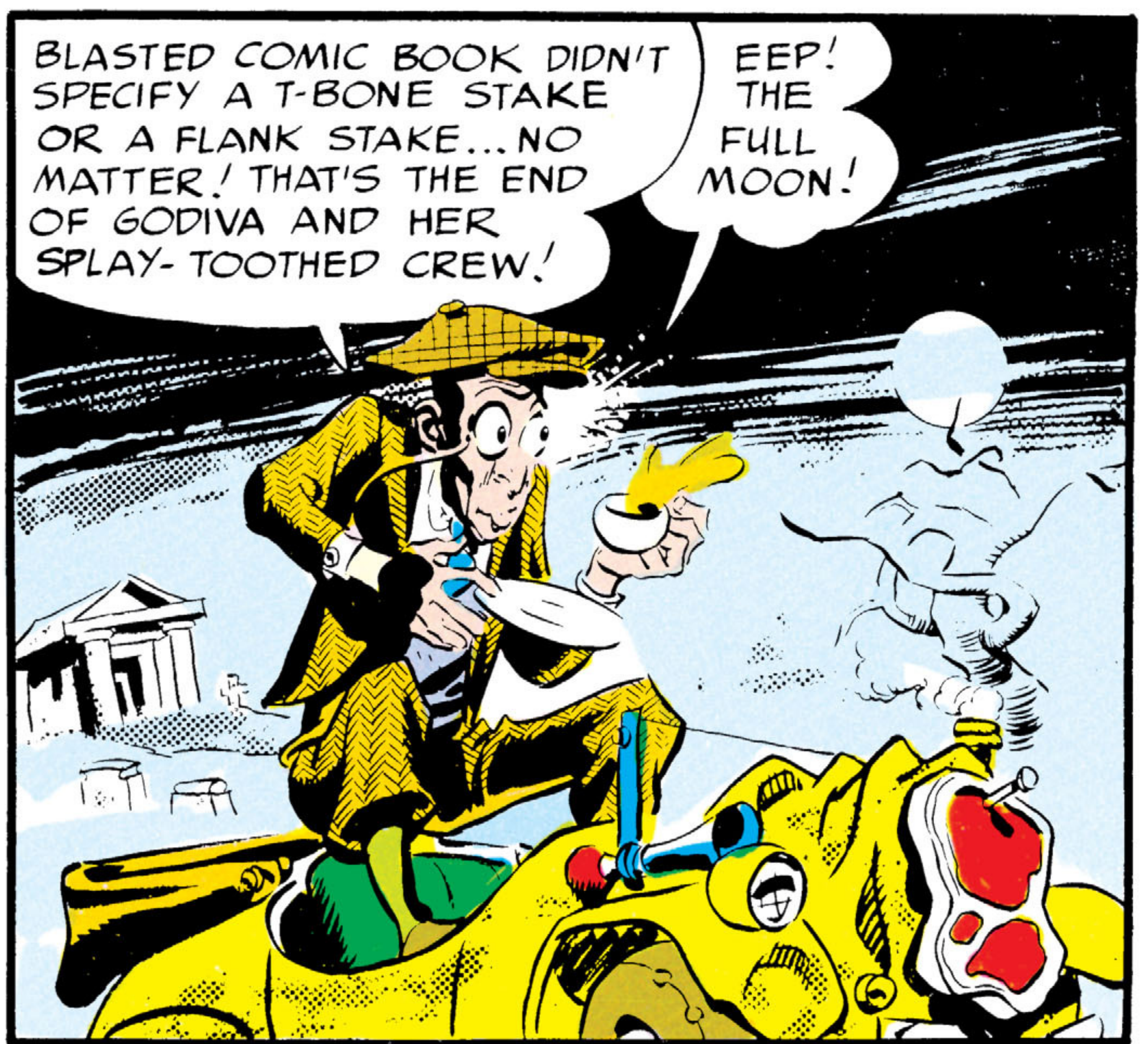
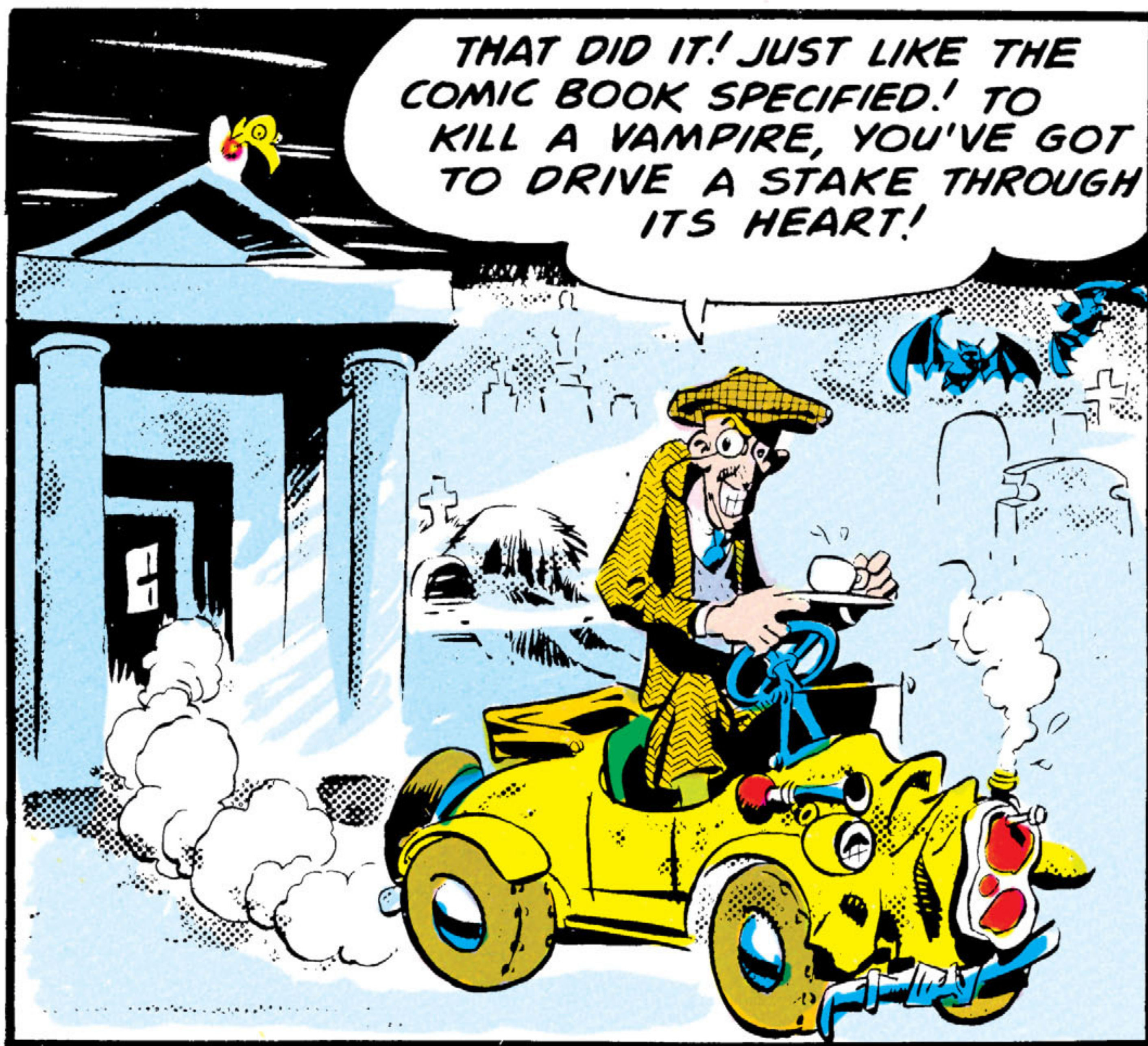






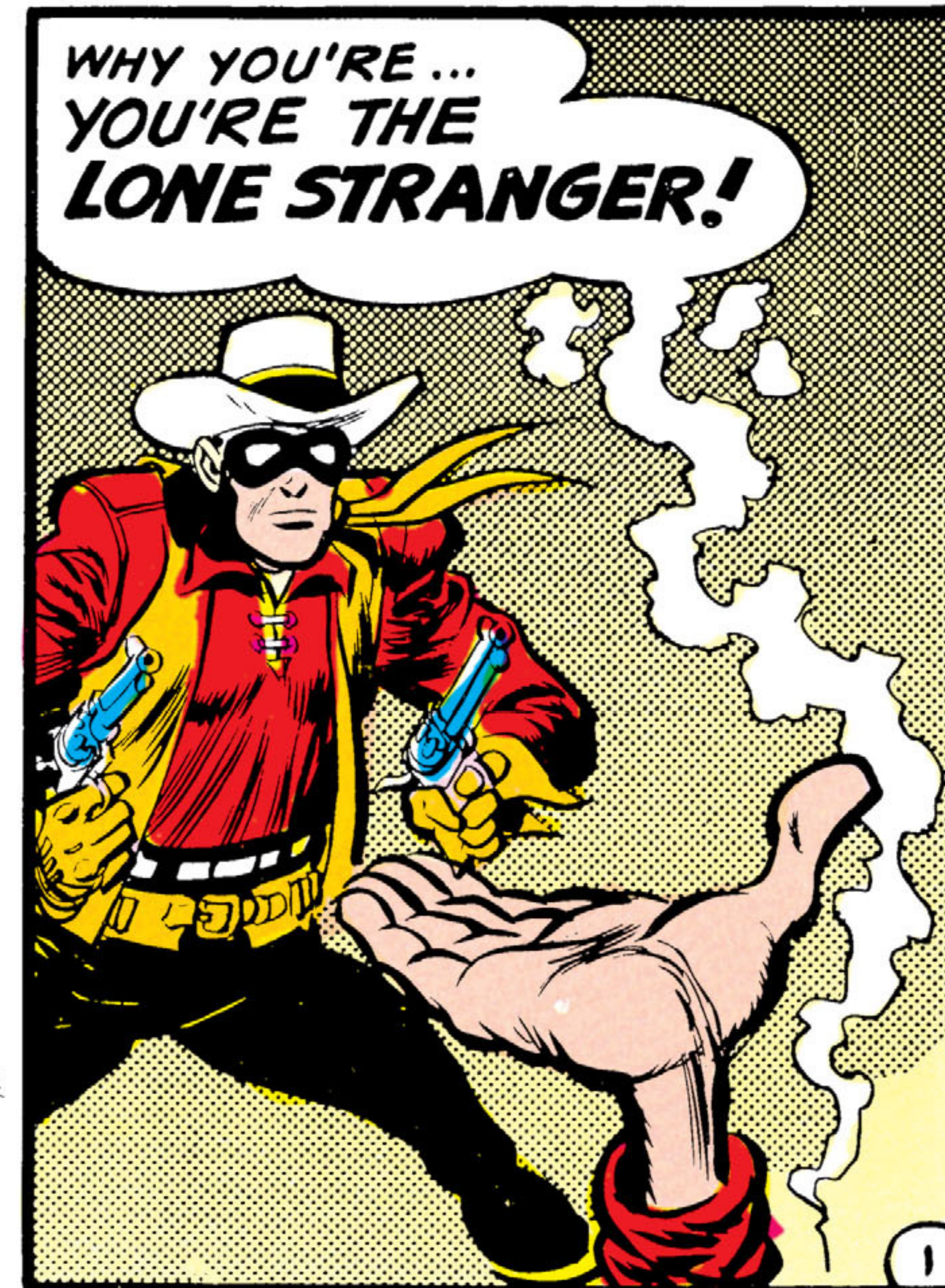
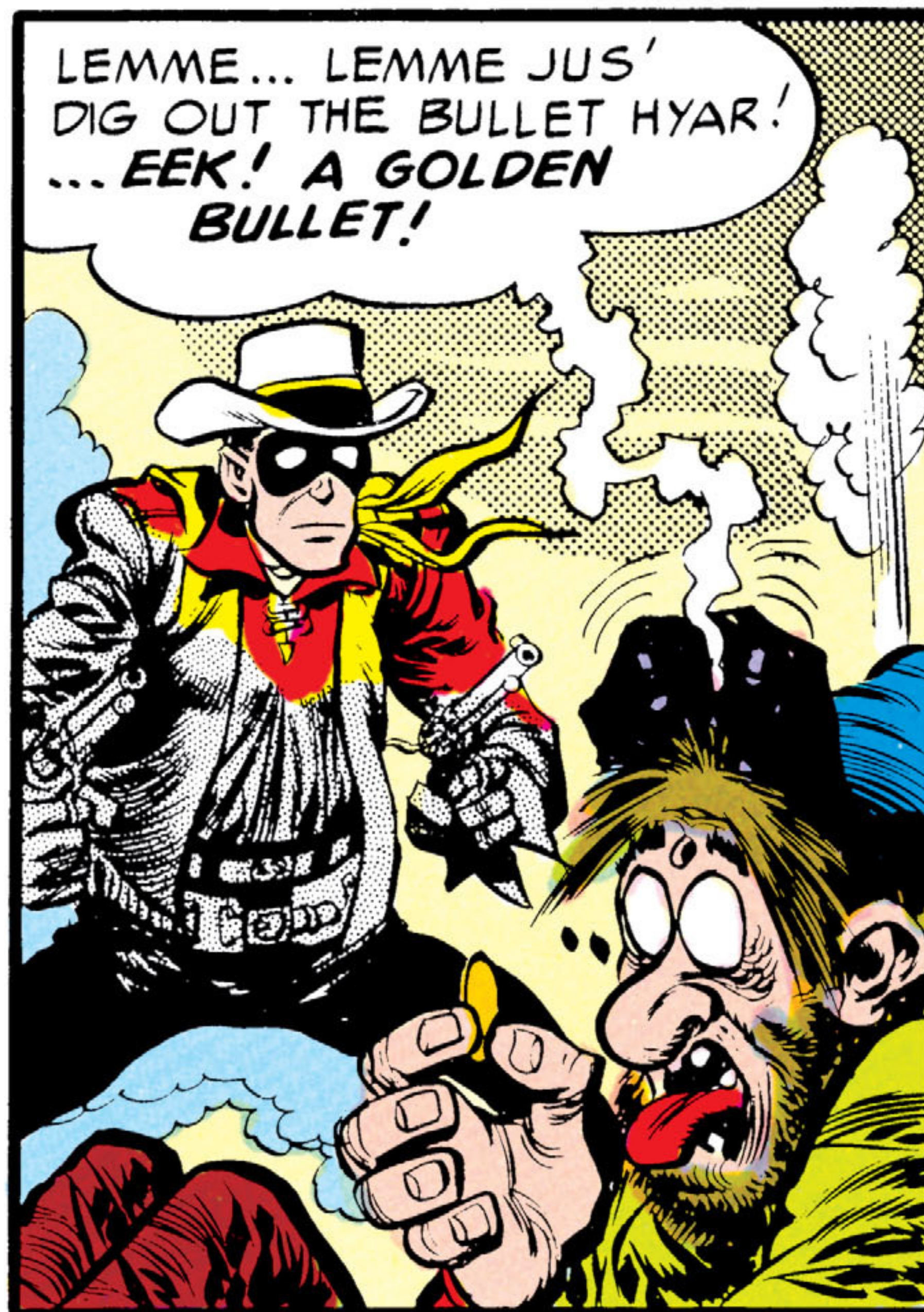


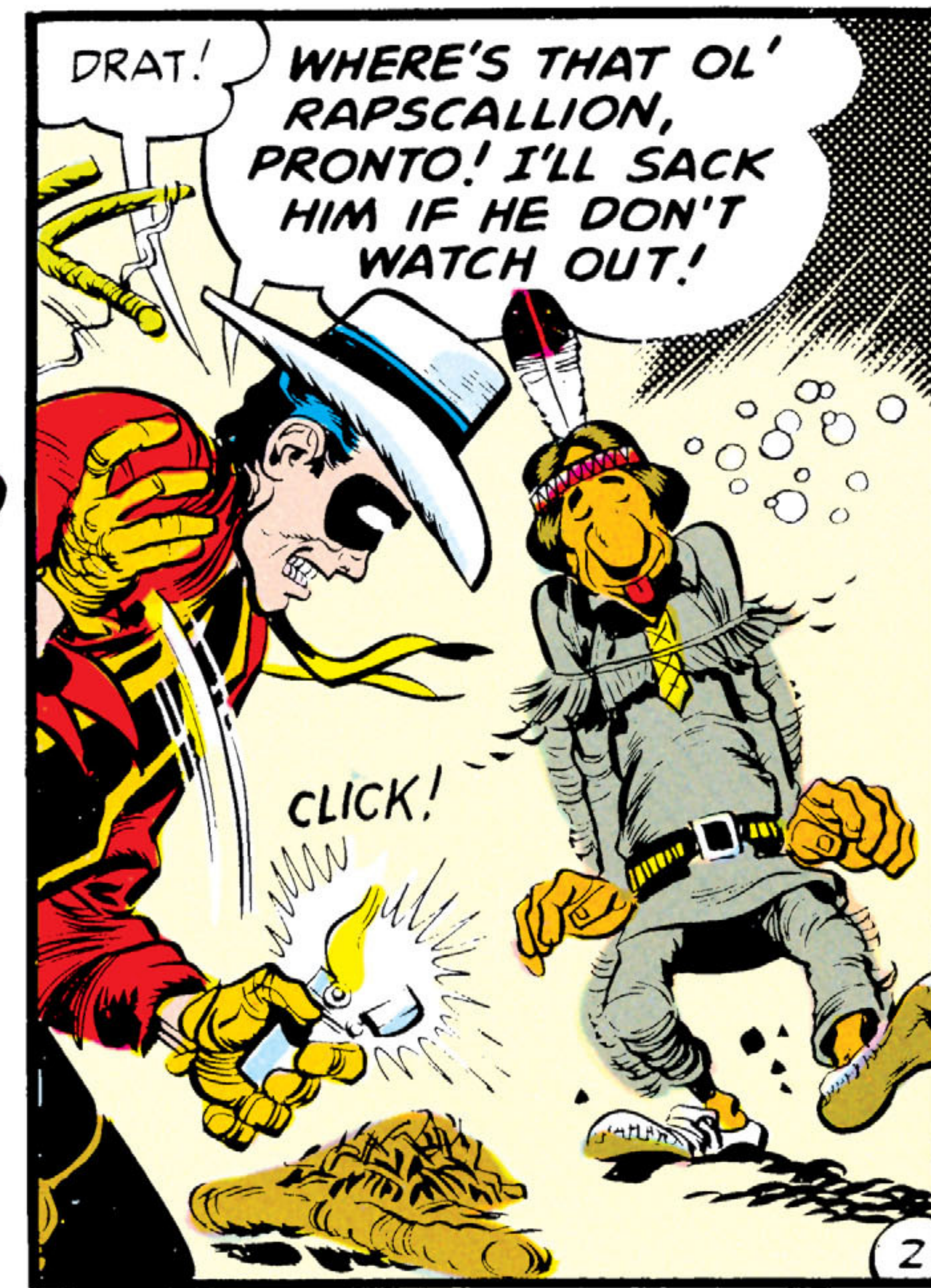
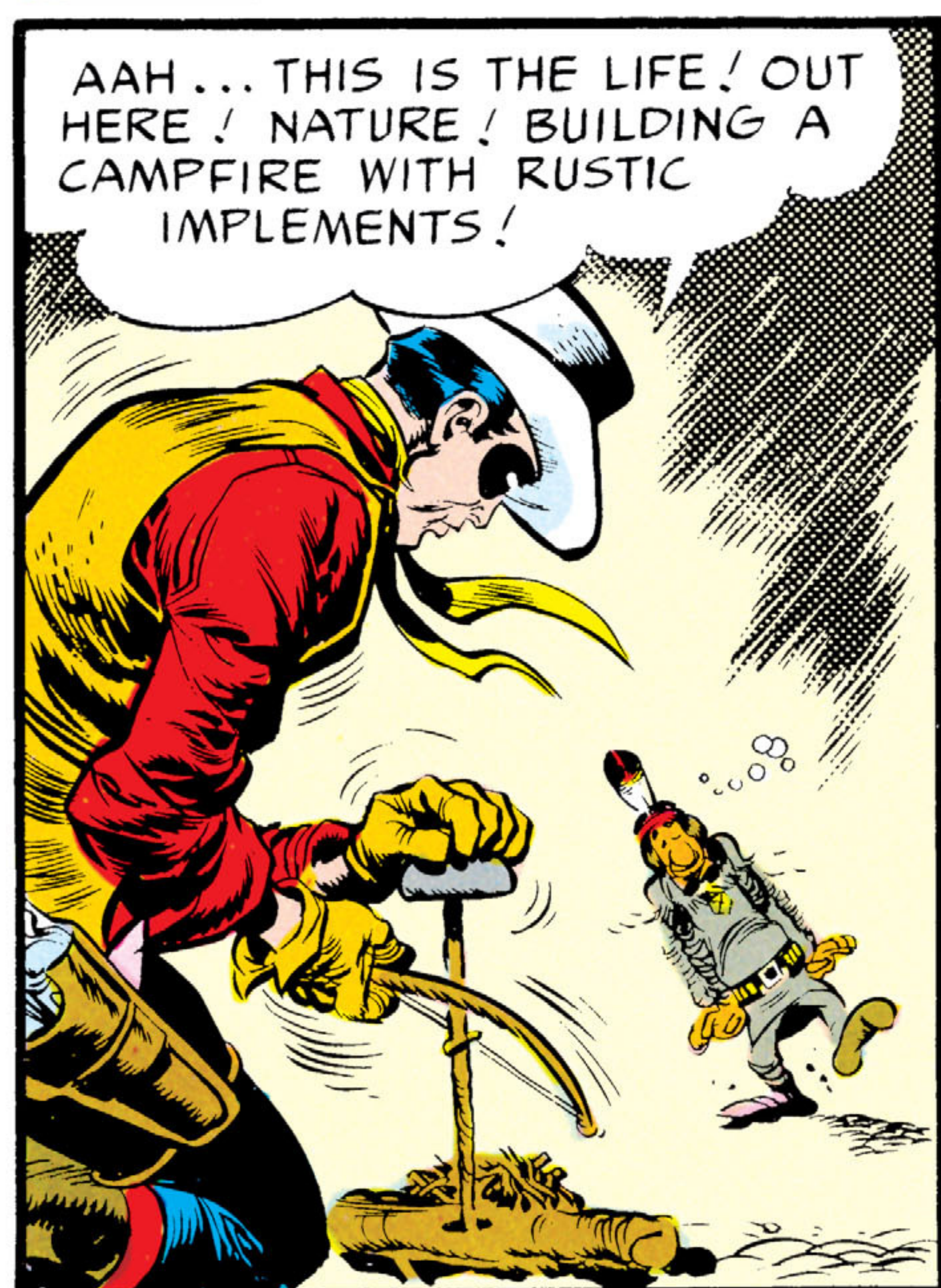
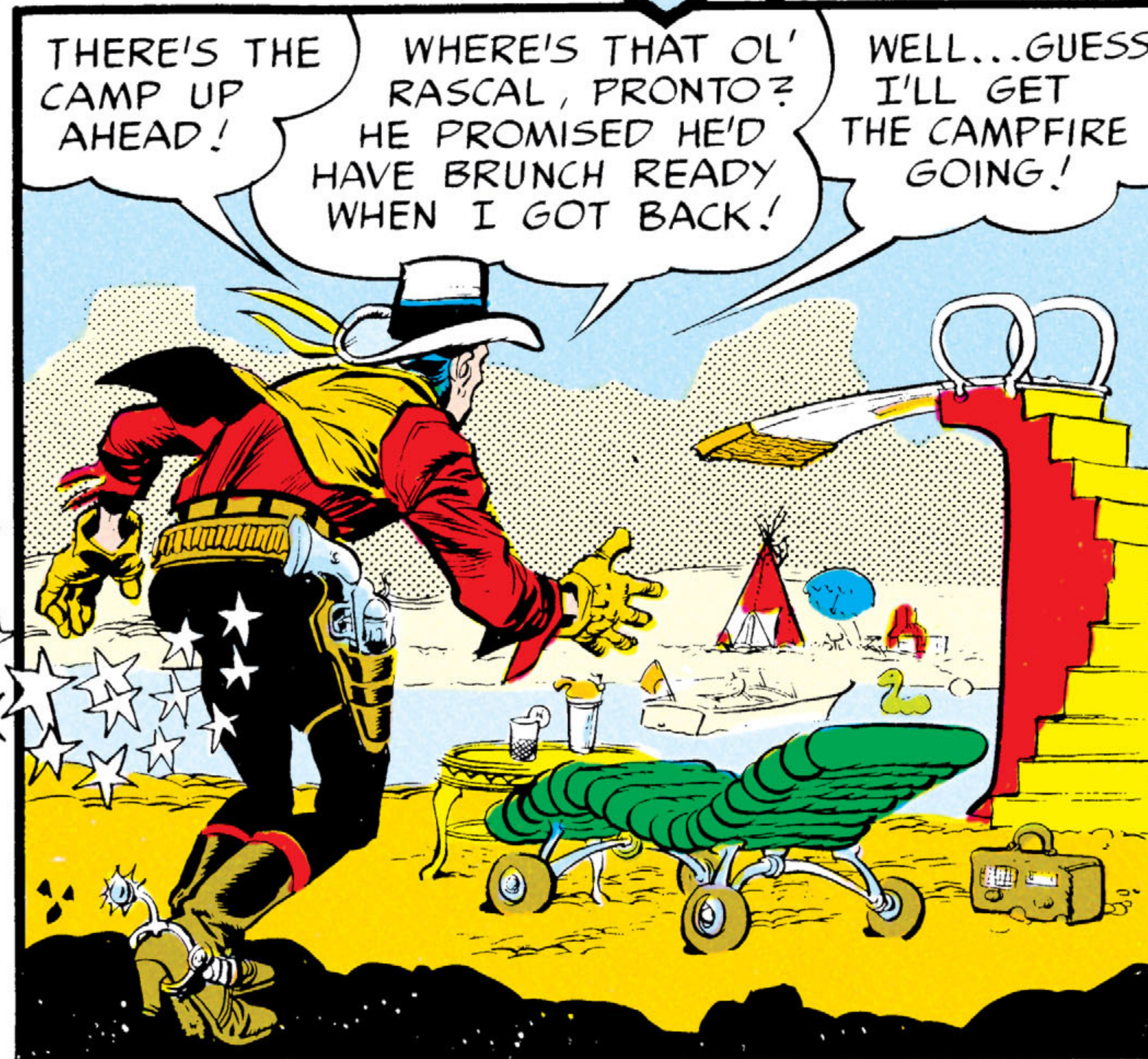
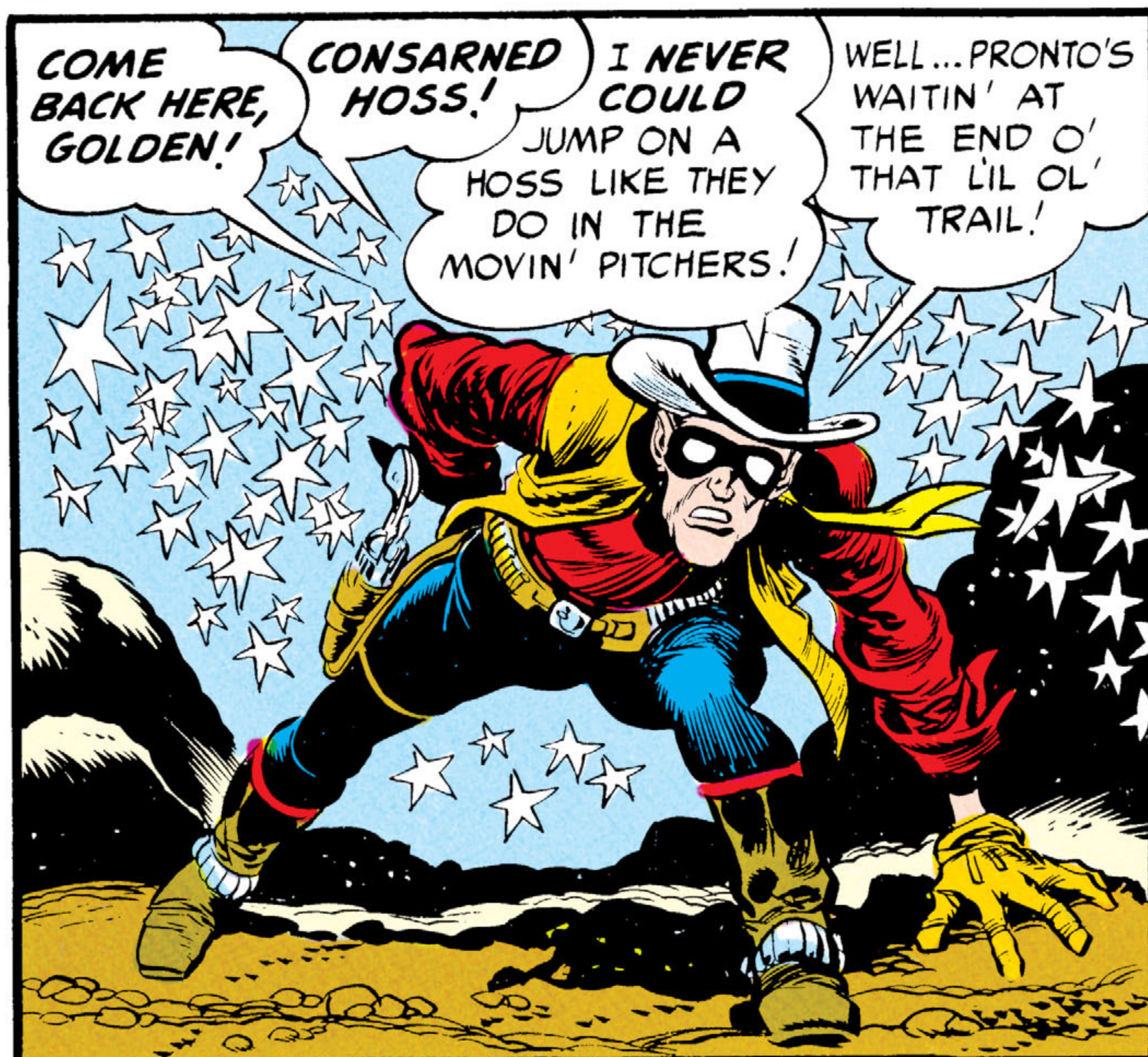
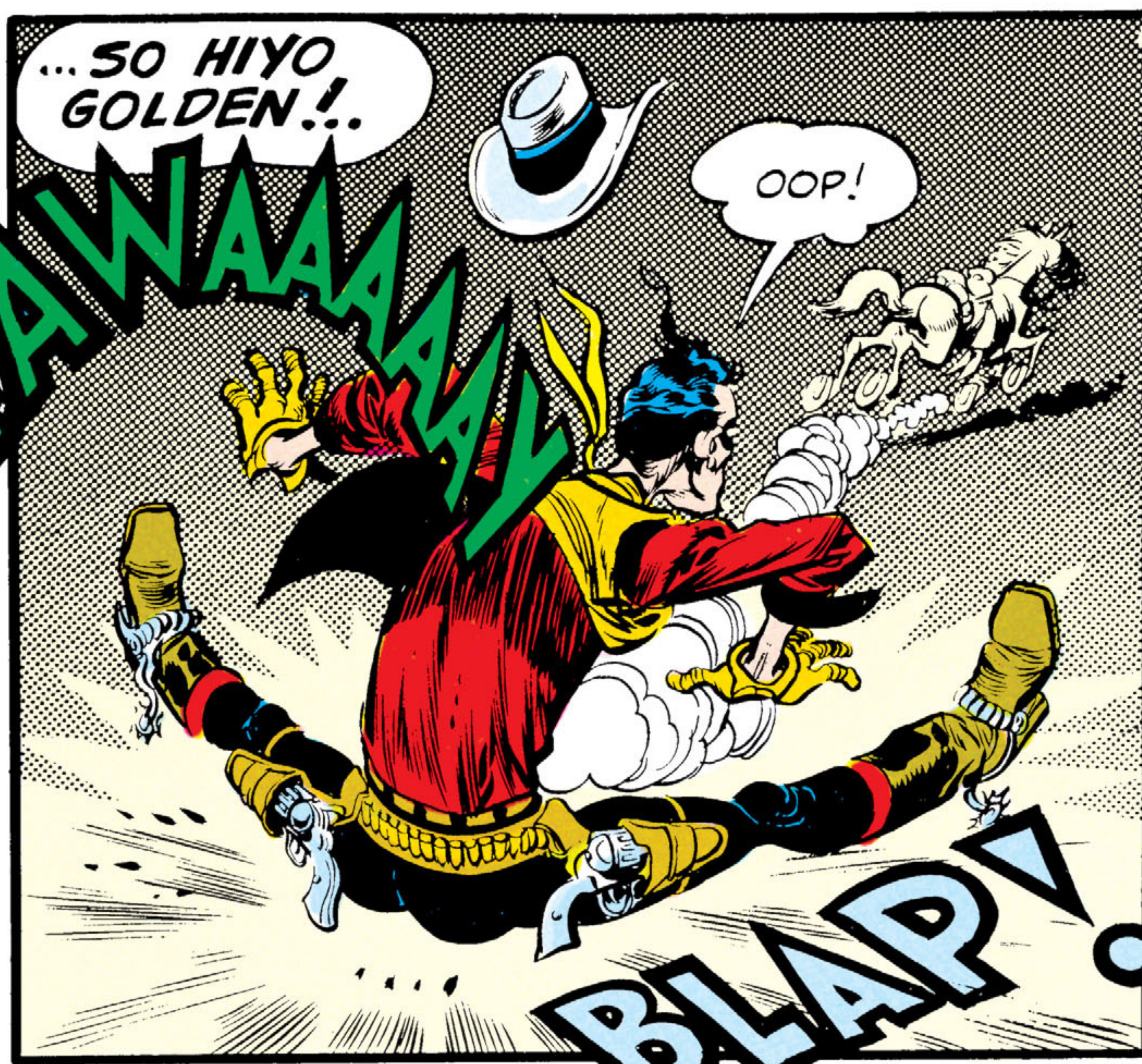
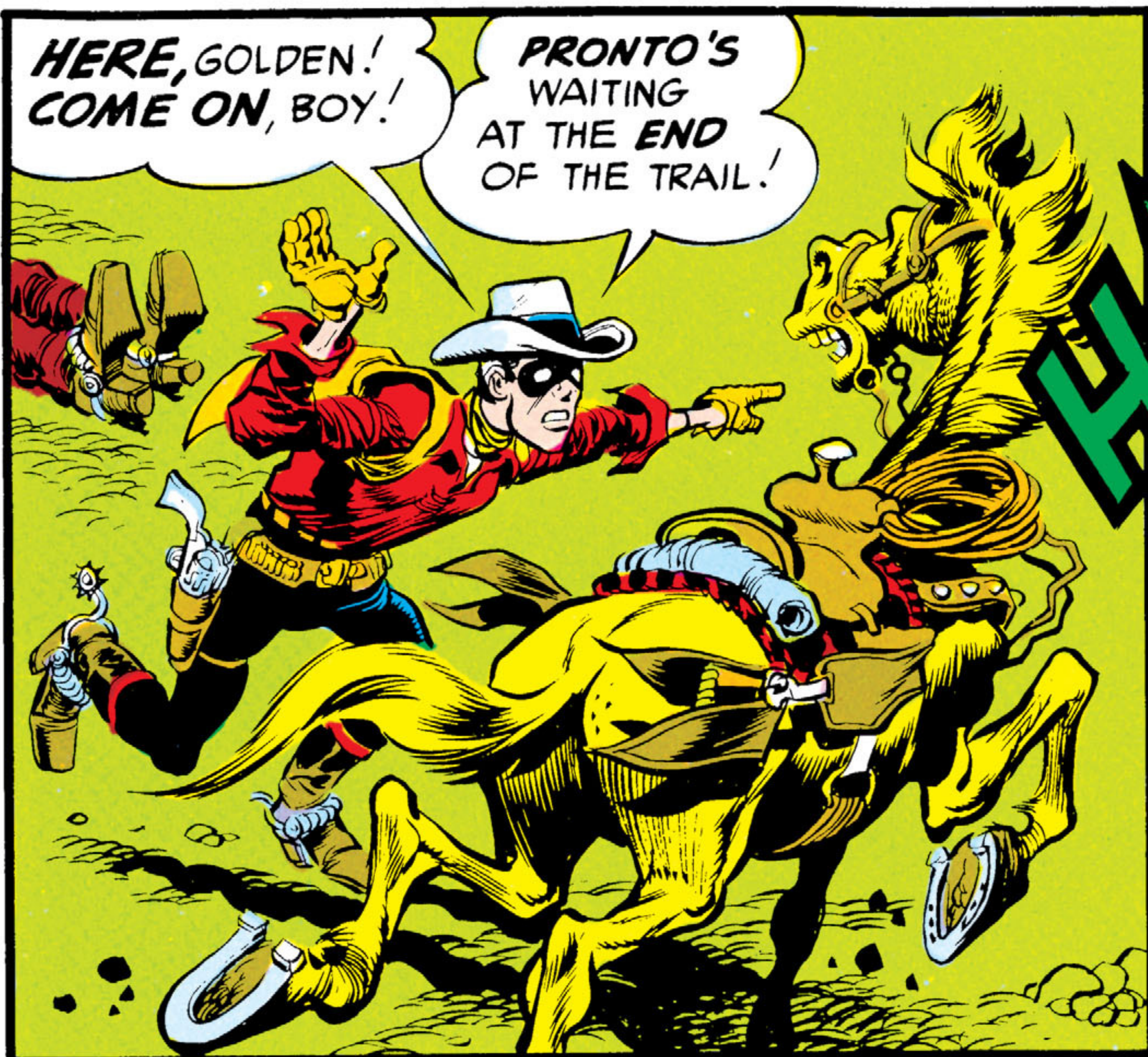


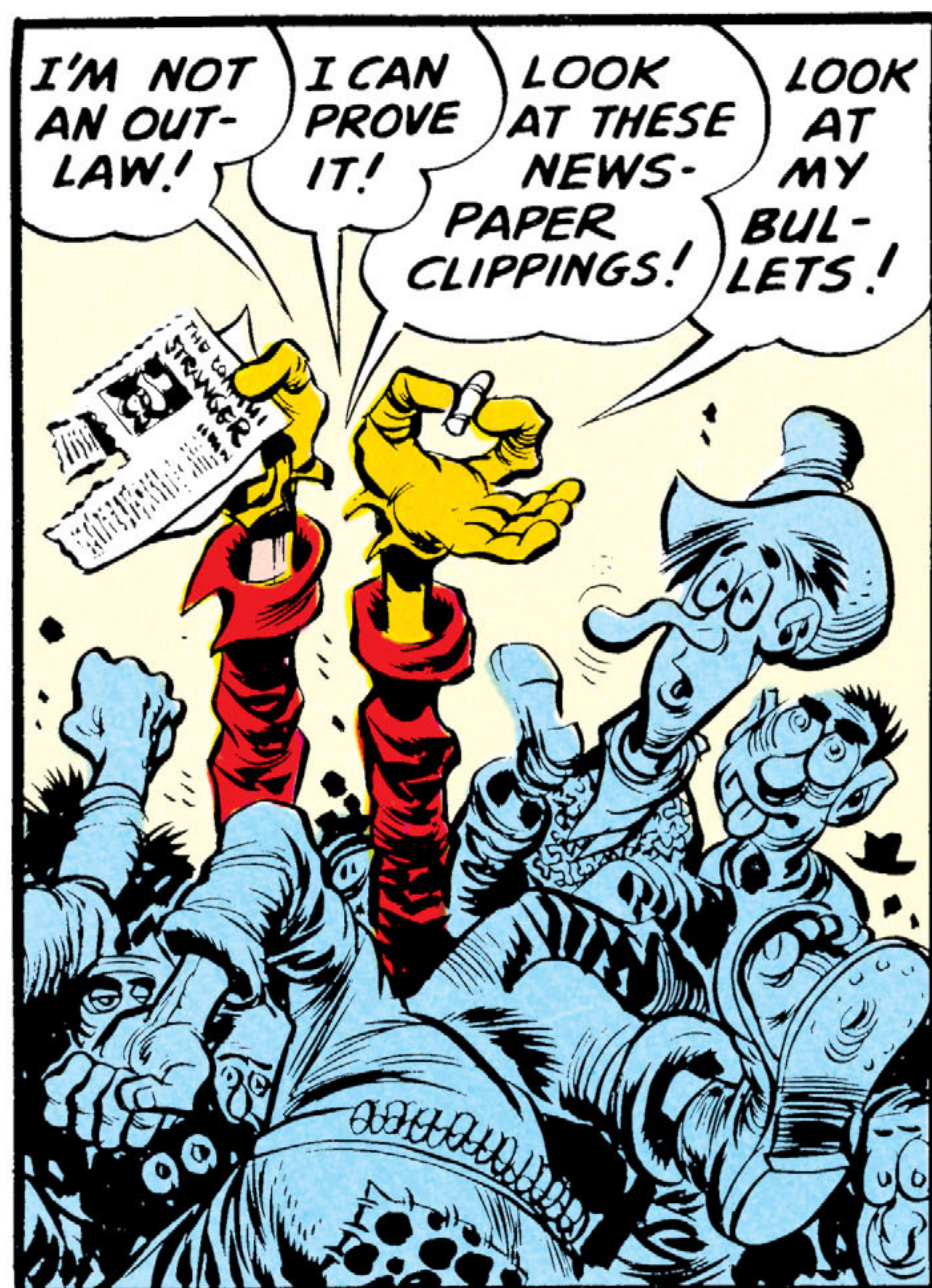
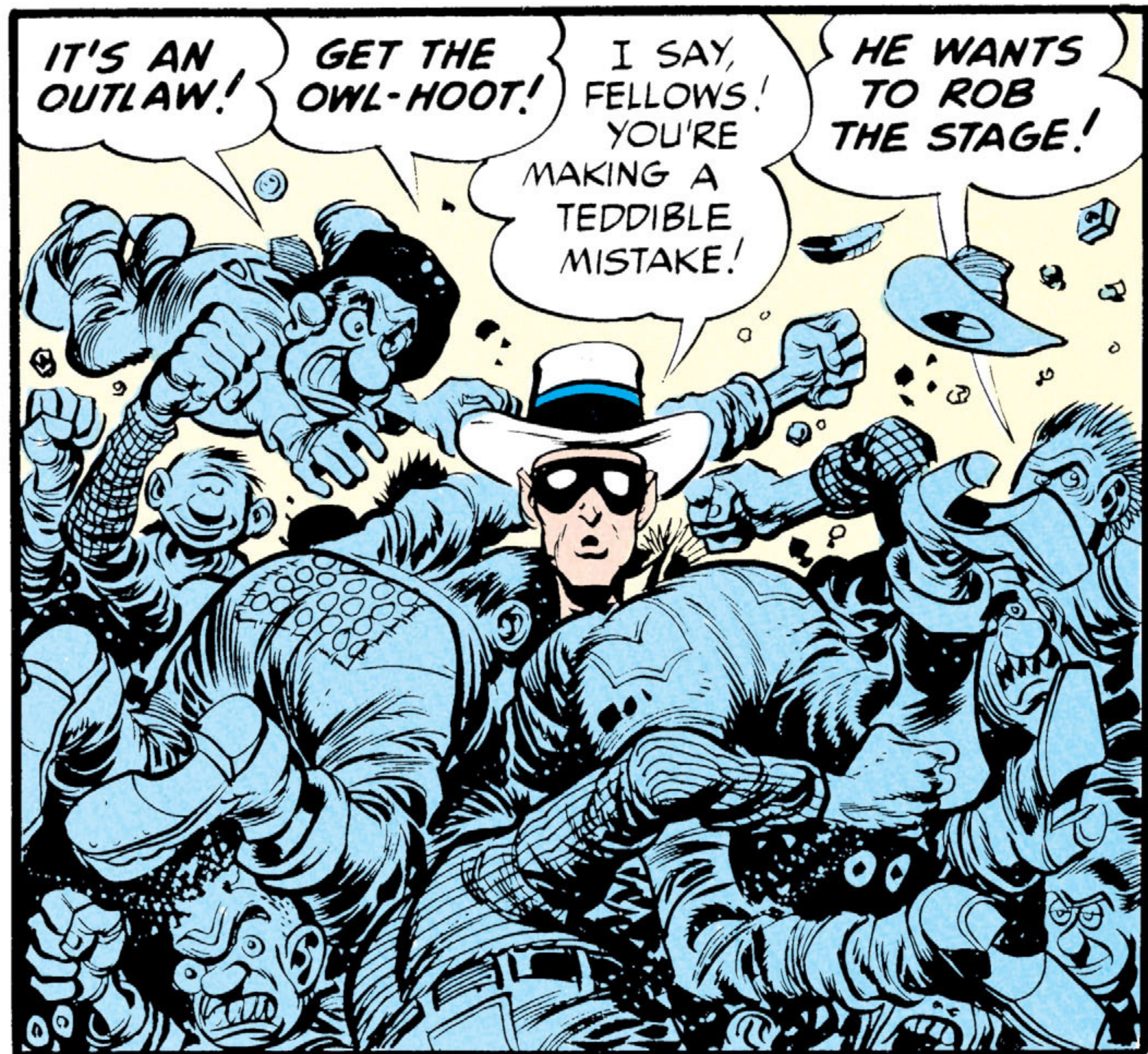
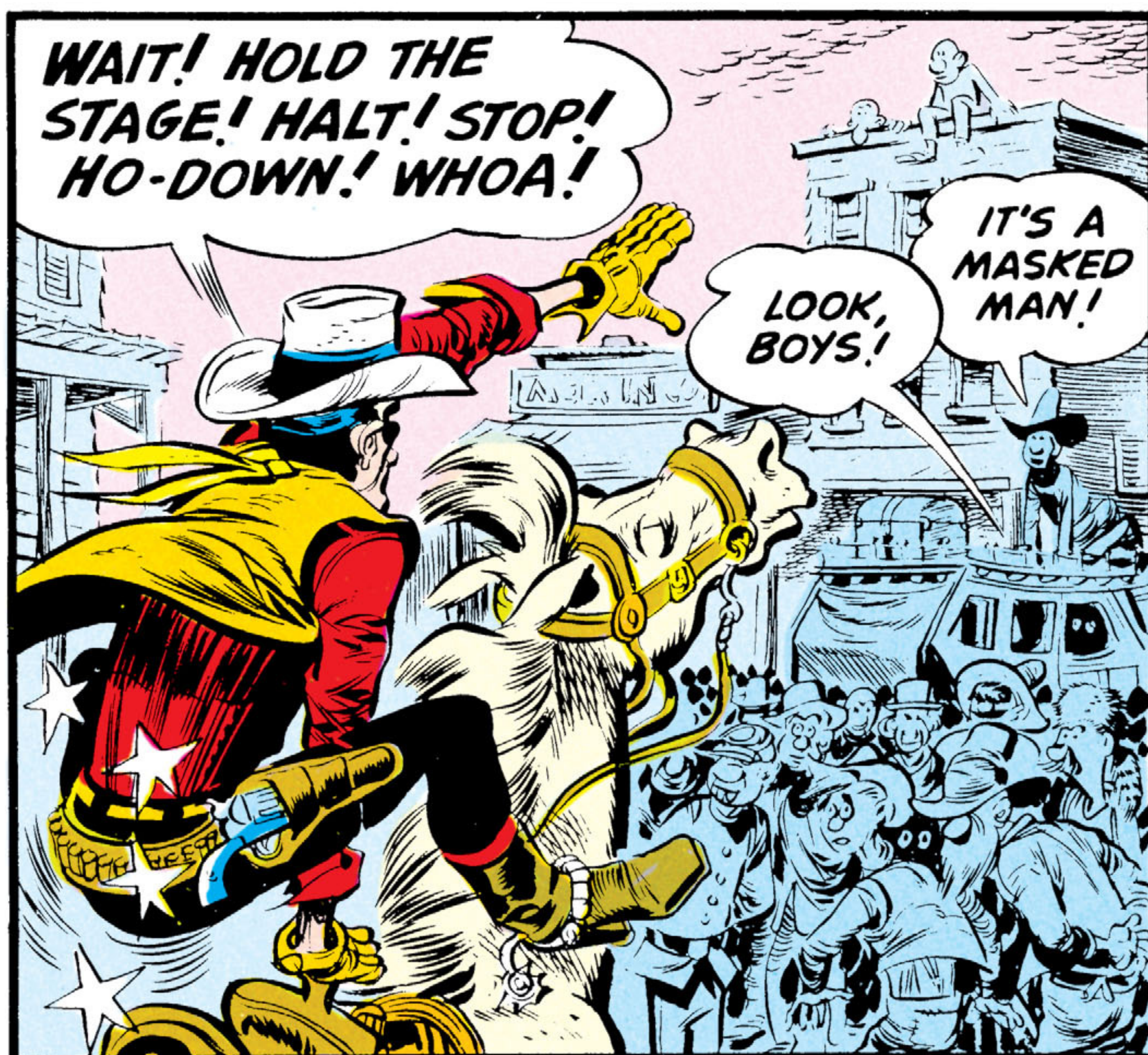
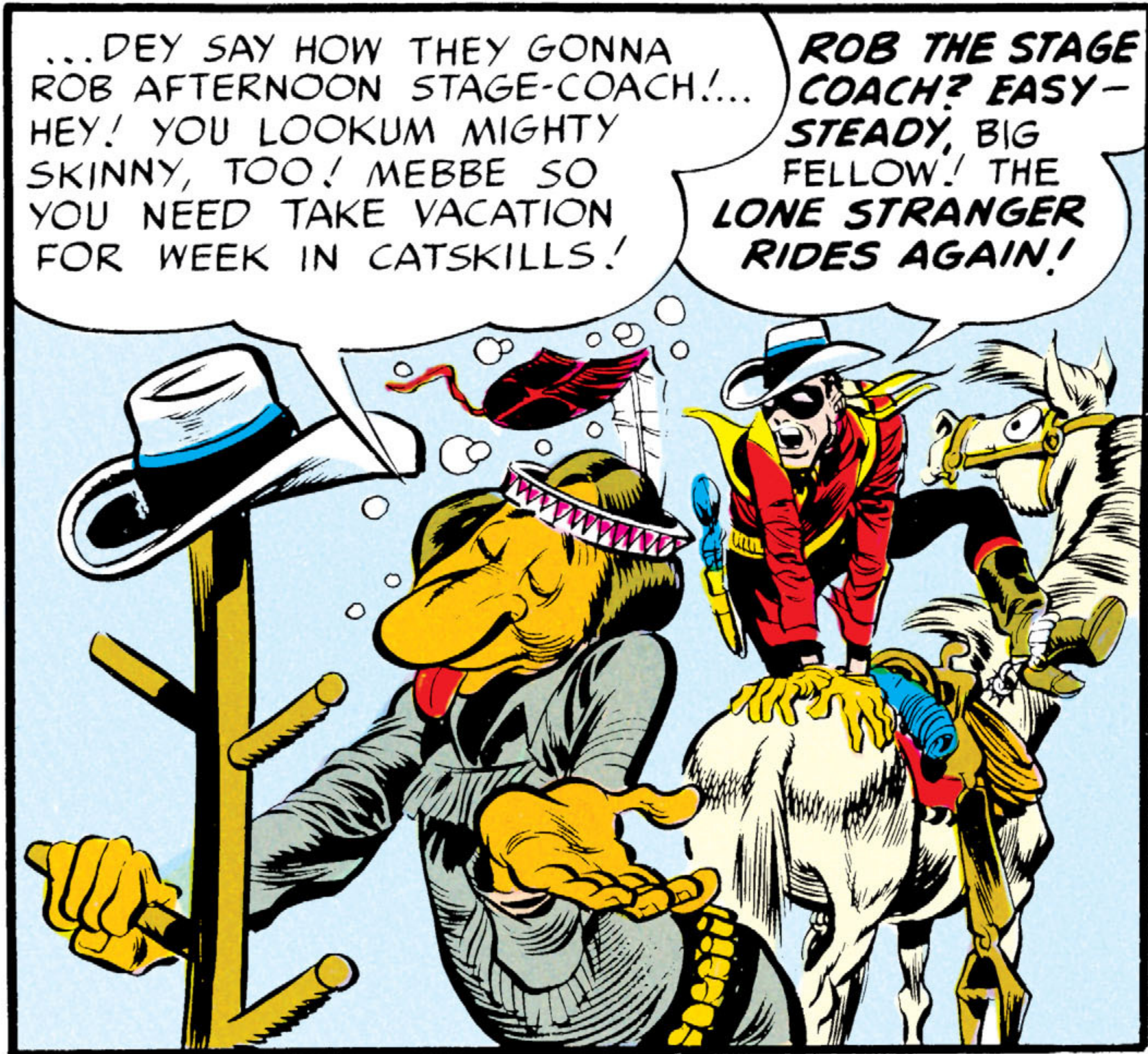
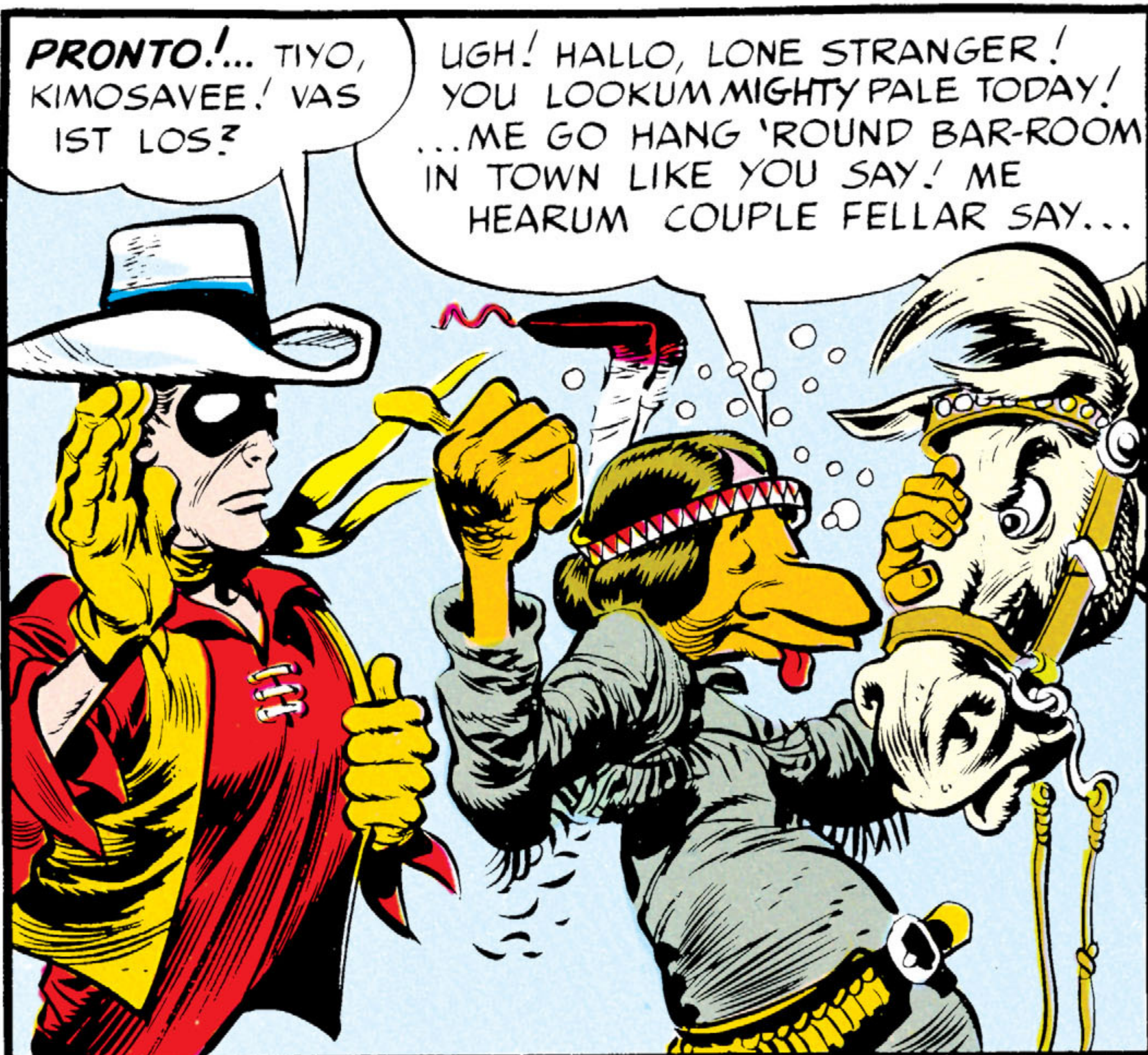


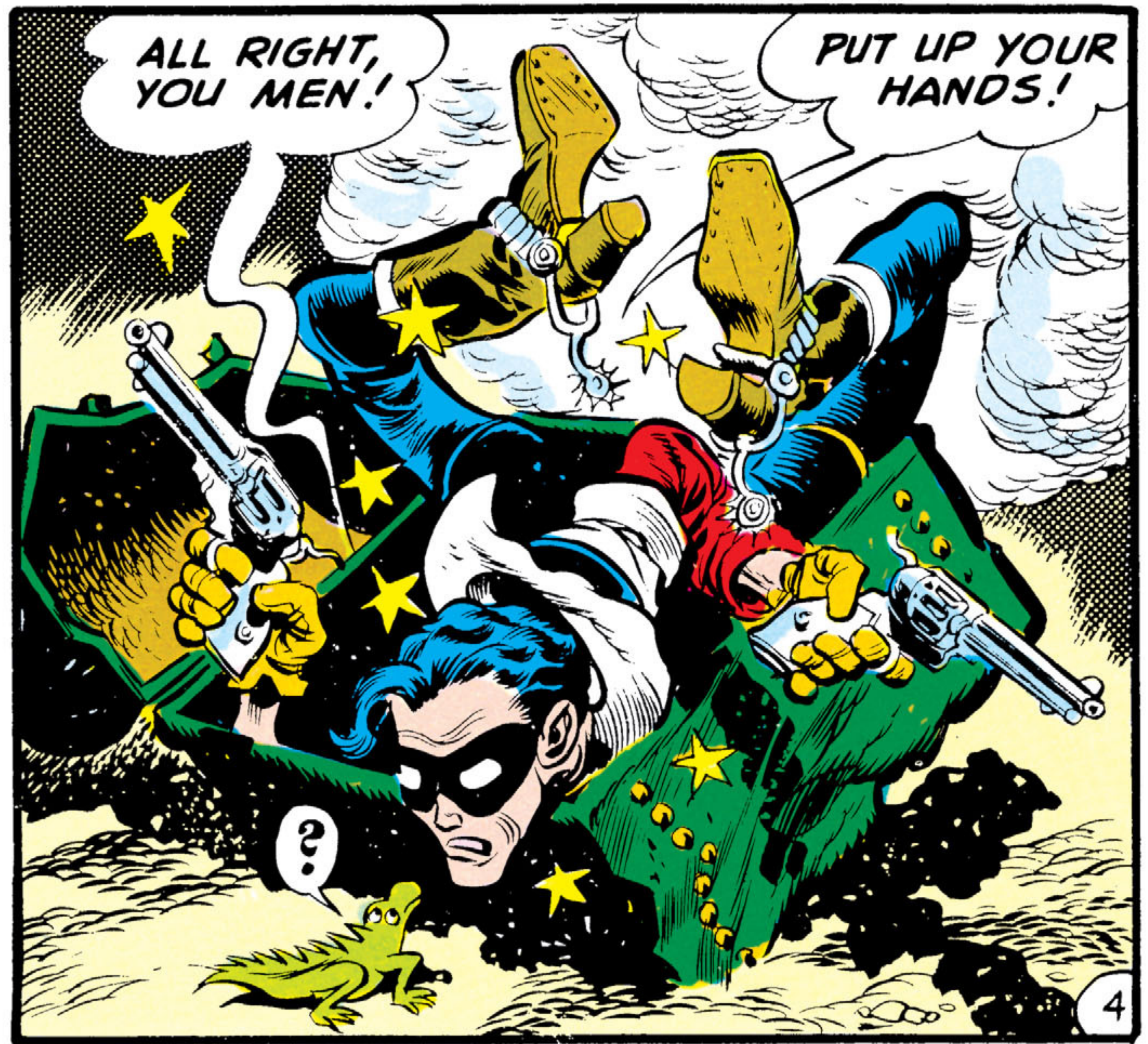
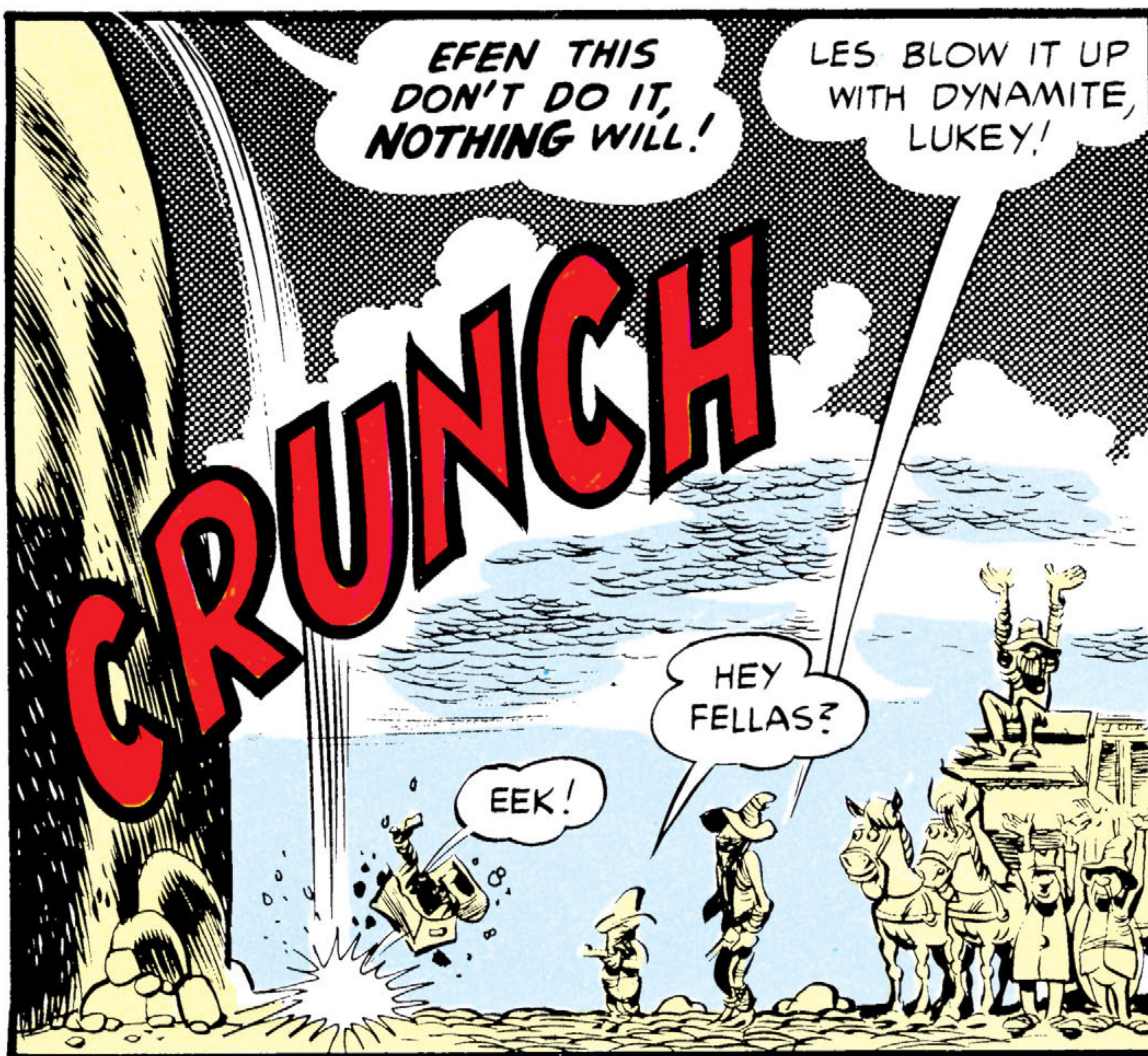
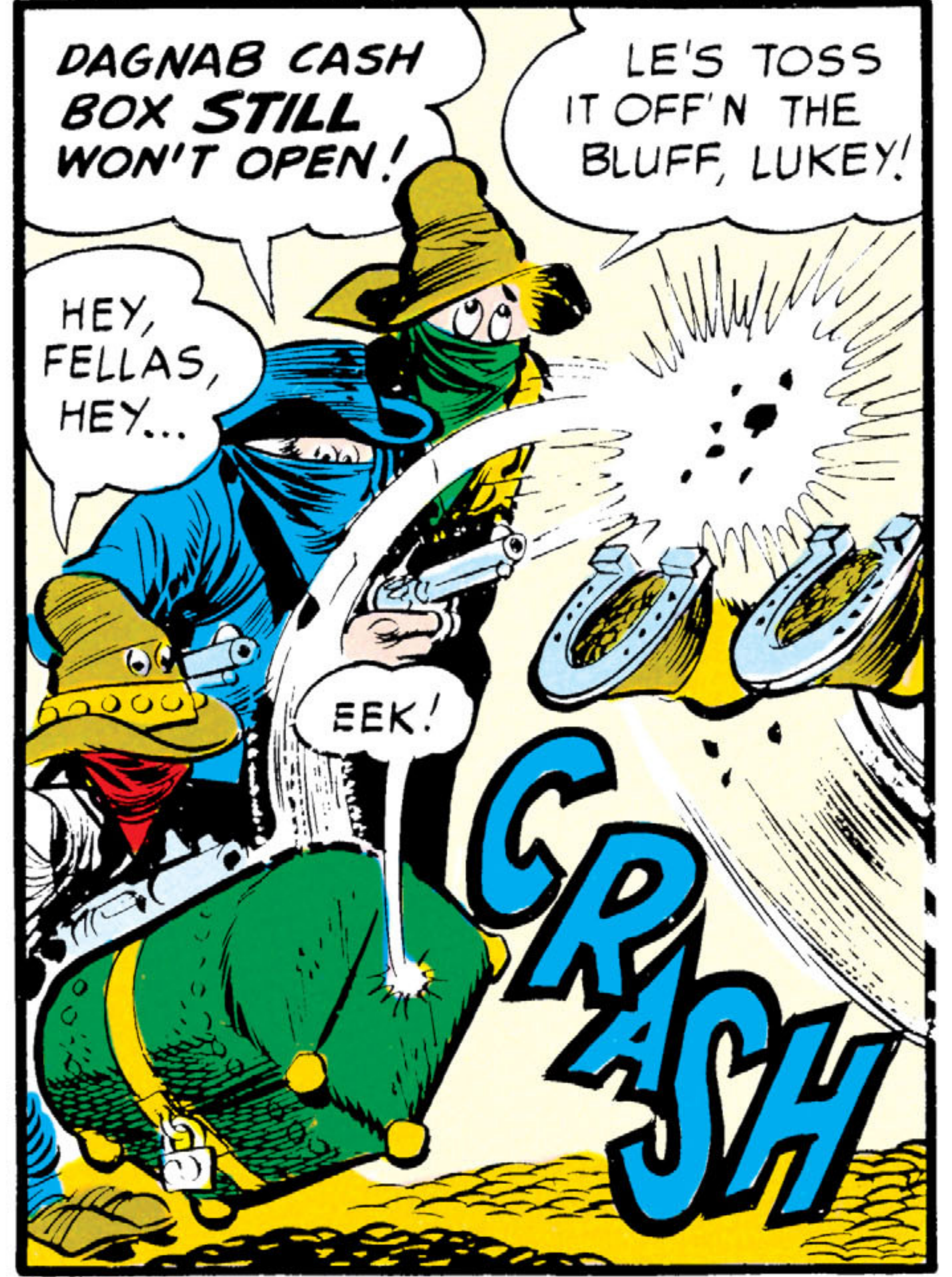
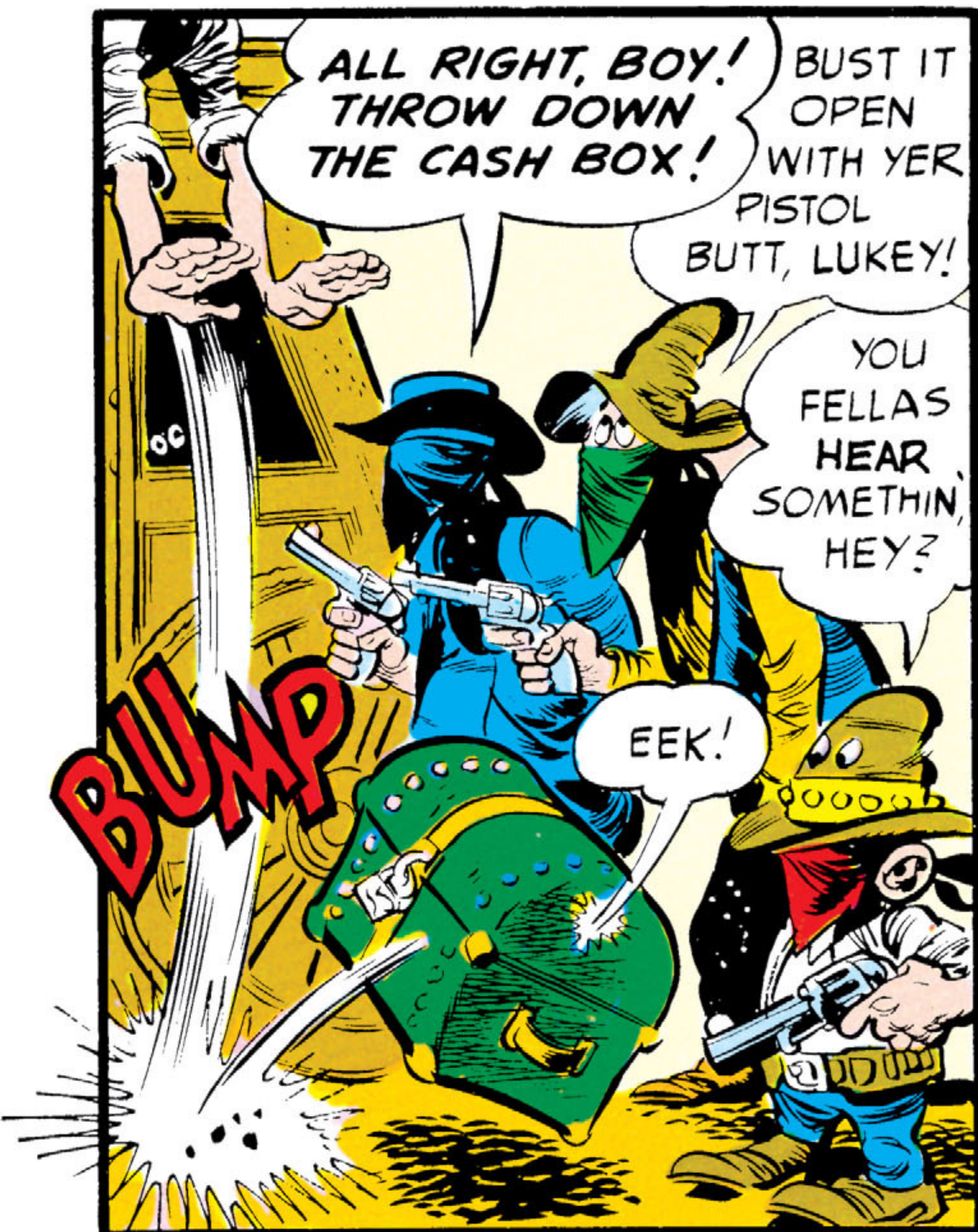
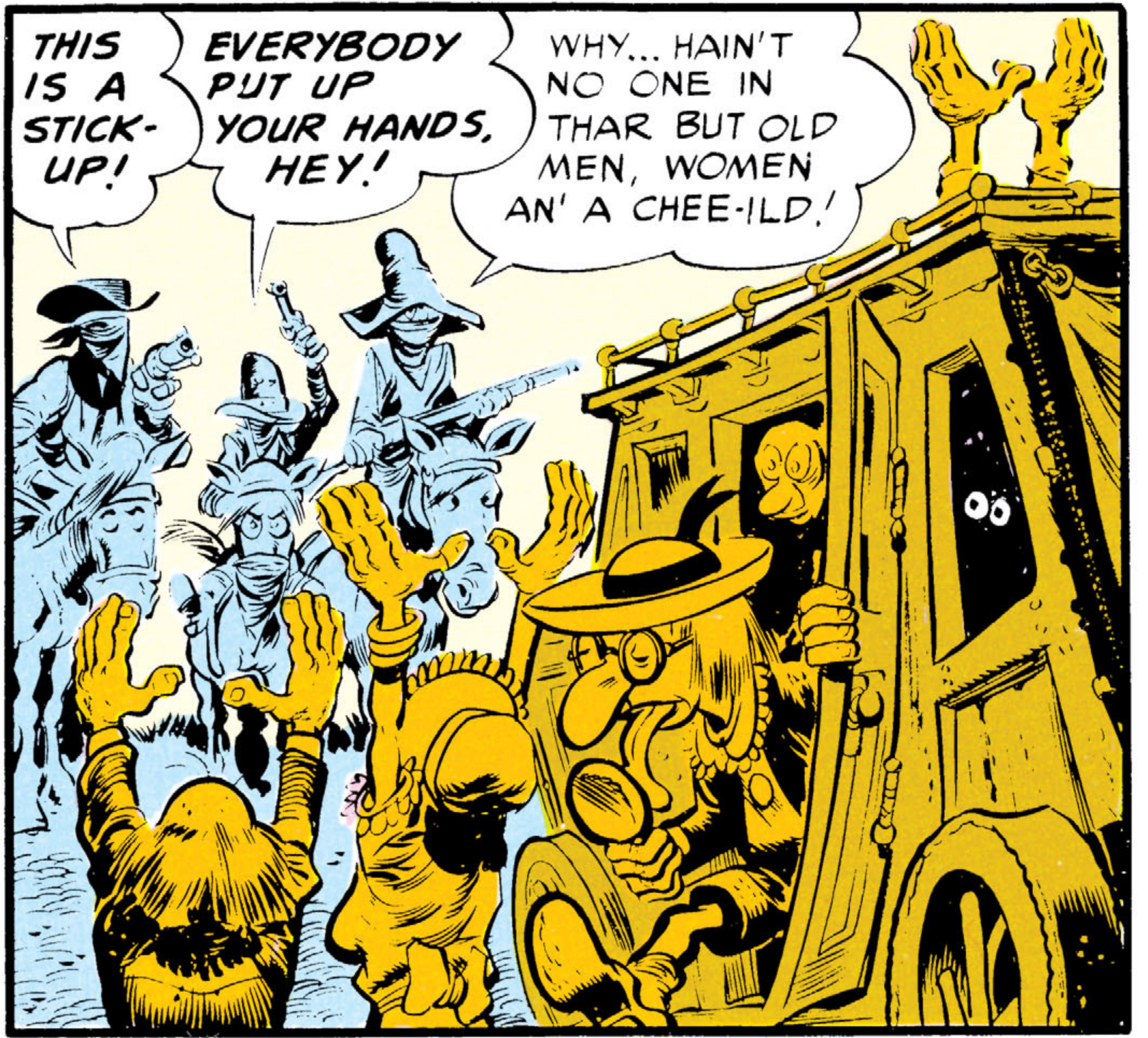
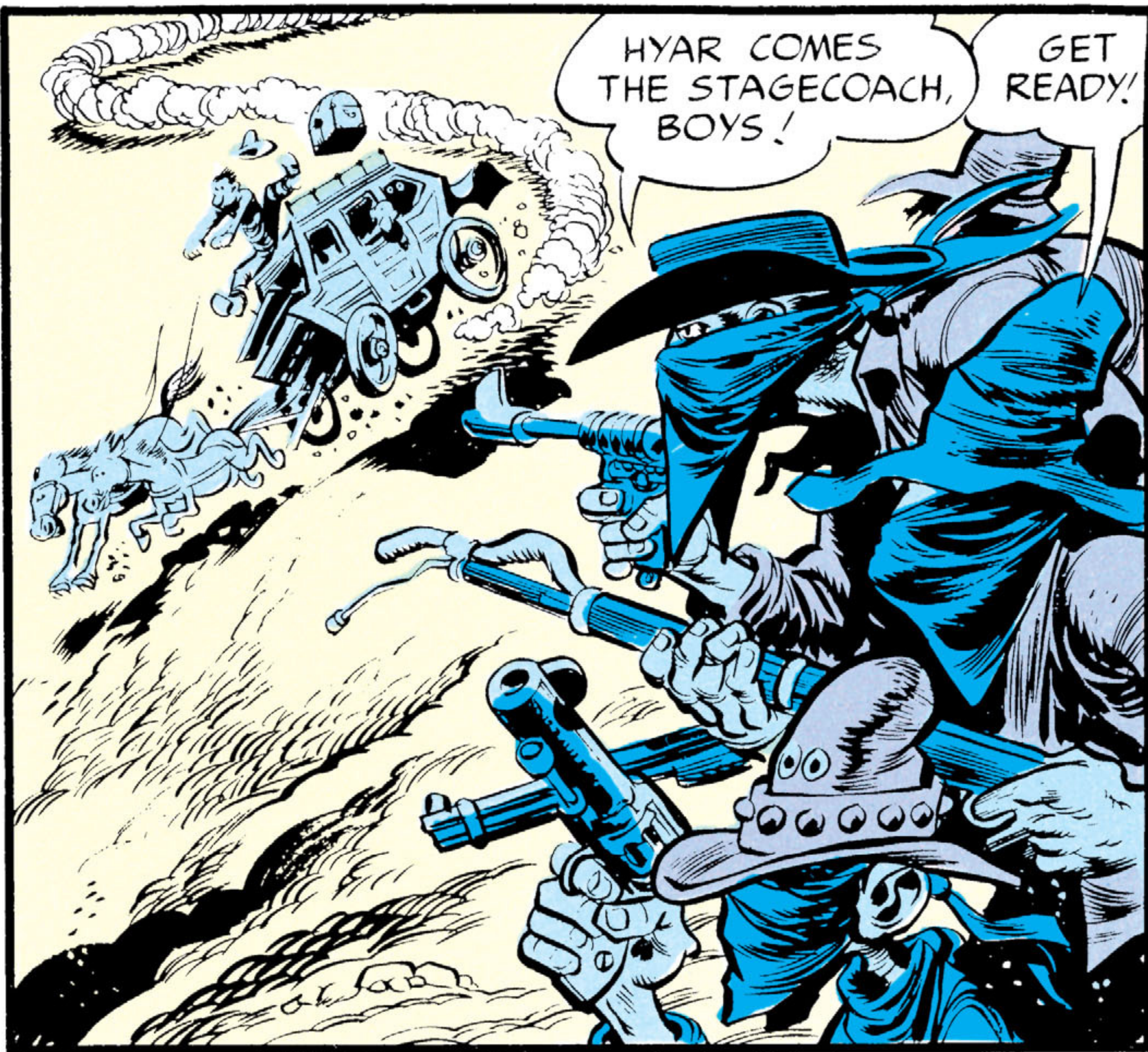
WESTERN DEPT.: AND NOW, LET US TELL A STORY OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN LAW AND ORDER RODE THE PLAINS ON A WHITE STALLION BEHIND A BLACK MASK!... LOOK! HERE HE COMES! A FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT... A CLOUD OF DUST AND A HEARTY **HIYO GOLDEN!** IT'S THE...

LONE STRANGER!









OOH! HE GOT ME ON THE EDGE OF MY SHOULDER JUST ENOUGH TO DROP MY GUN!



OWW! HE TIPPED THE POINT OF MY HEAD JUST ENOUGH TO KNOCK ME OUT!



EEEE! HE GOT THE MECHANISM IN MY GUN JUST ENOUGH SO'S IT WON'T SHOOT!

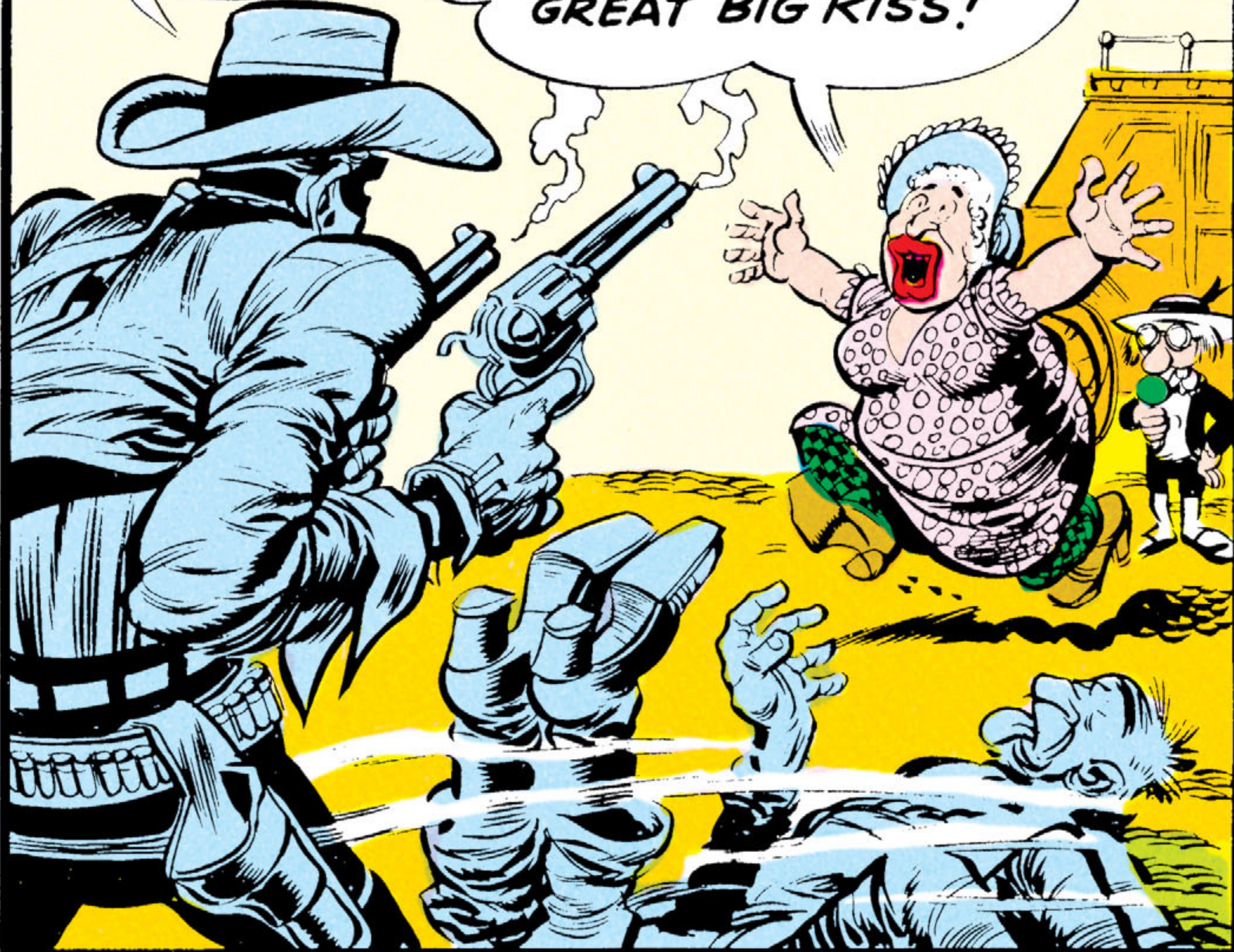


AY! HE NICKED THE END OF MY TRIGGER FINGER SO'S I CAN'T FIRE!



ARE YOU PEOPLE ALL RIGHT?

OH YOU TALL IN THE SADDLE MASKED MAN! MY HERO! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS!



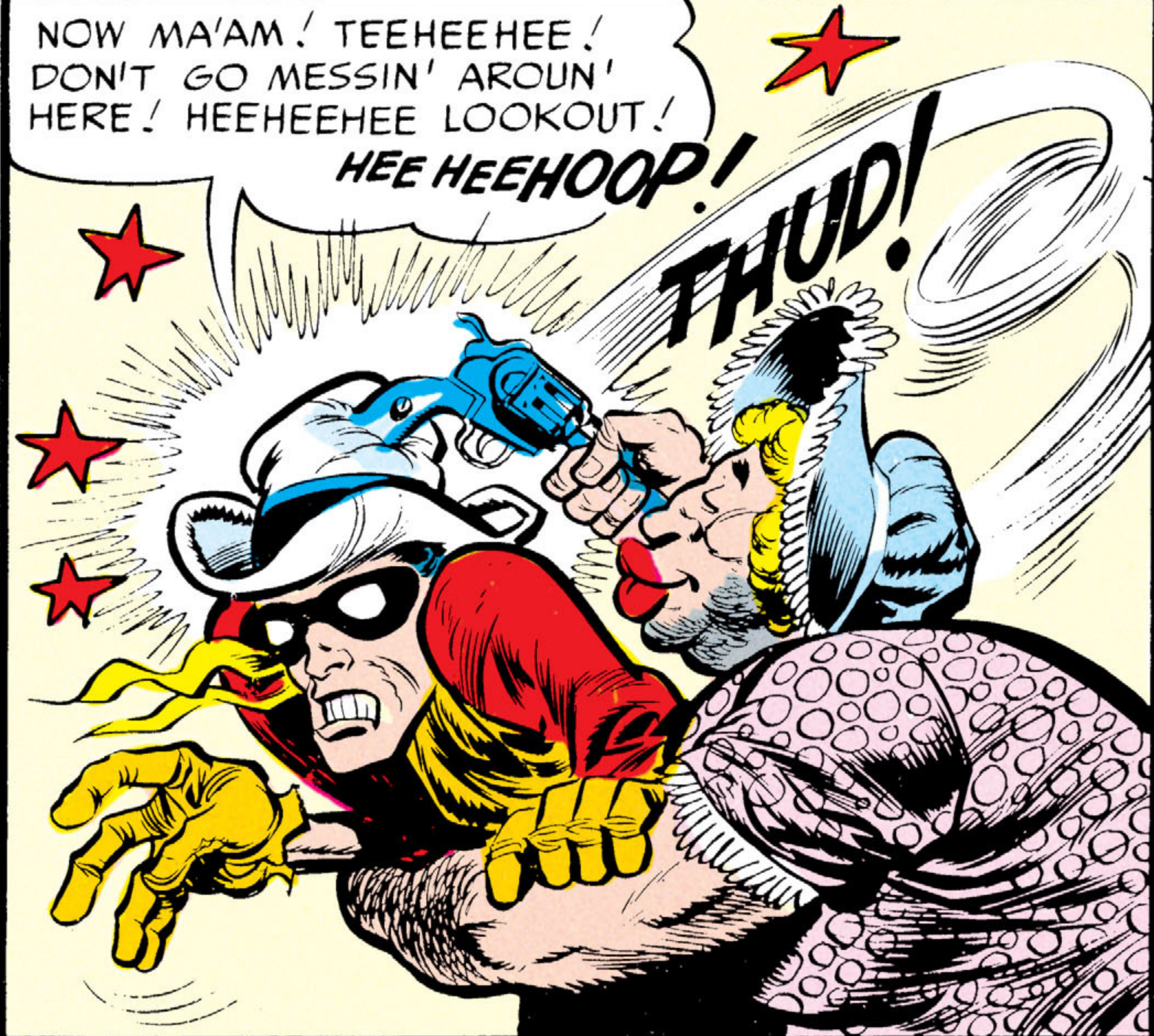
S'CUSE ME MA'AM, BUT I DON'T MESS AROUND WITH THE WOMEN FOLK, MA'AM!

C'MERE, YOU GREAT BIG HUNK OF RAW-BONED CACTUS! LEMME GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SLOBBERING KISS!



NOW MA'AM! TEEHEEHHEE! DON'T GO MESSIN' AROUND HERE! HEEHEEHHEE LOOKOUT!

HEE HEEHOOP!



HAW HAW! I'LL KISS YOU, ALL RIGHT! WITH THE BUTT-END OF MY GUN! YOU DIDN'T FIGGER ON AN INSIDE MAN ON THIS JOB!

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WITHOUT THAT MASK!



