

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 8
DEC.-JAN.

10¢

MAD



H. Kurtz



SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

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THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

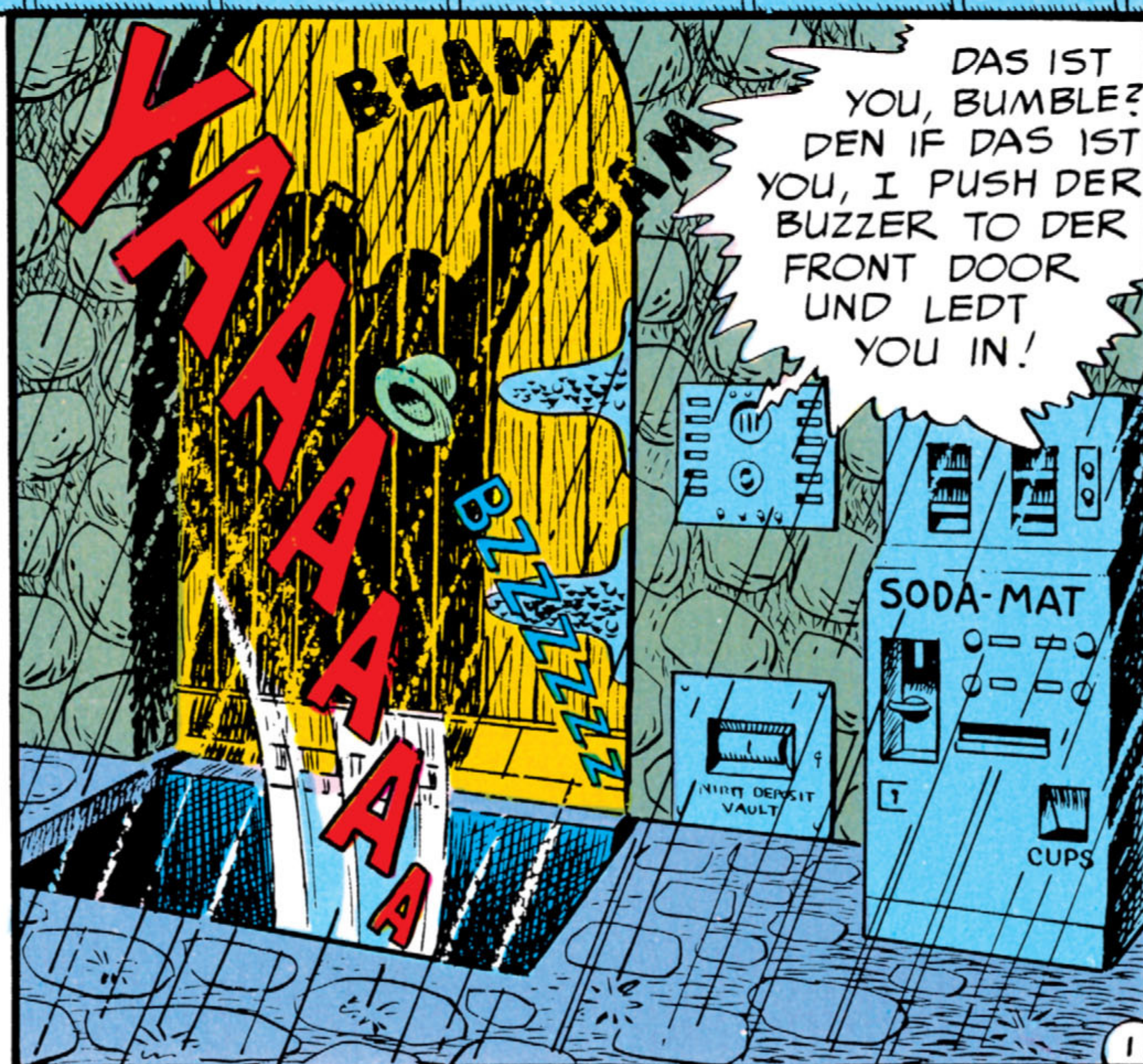
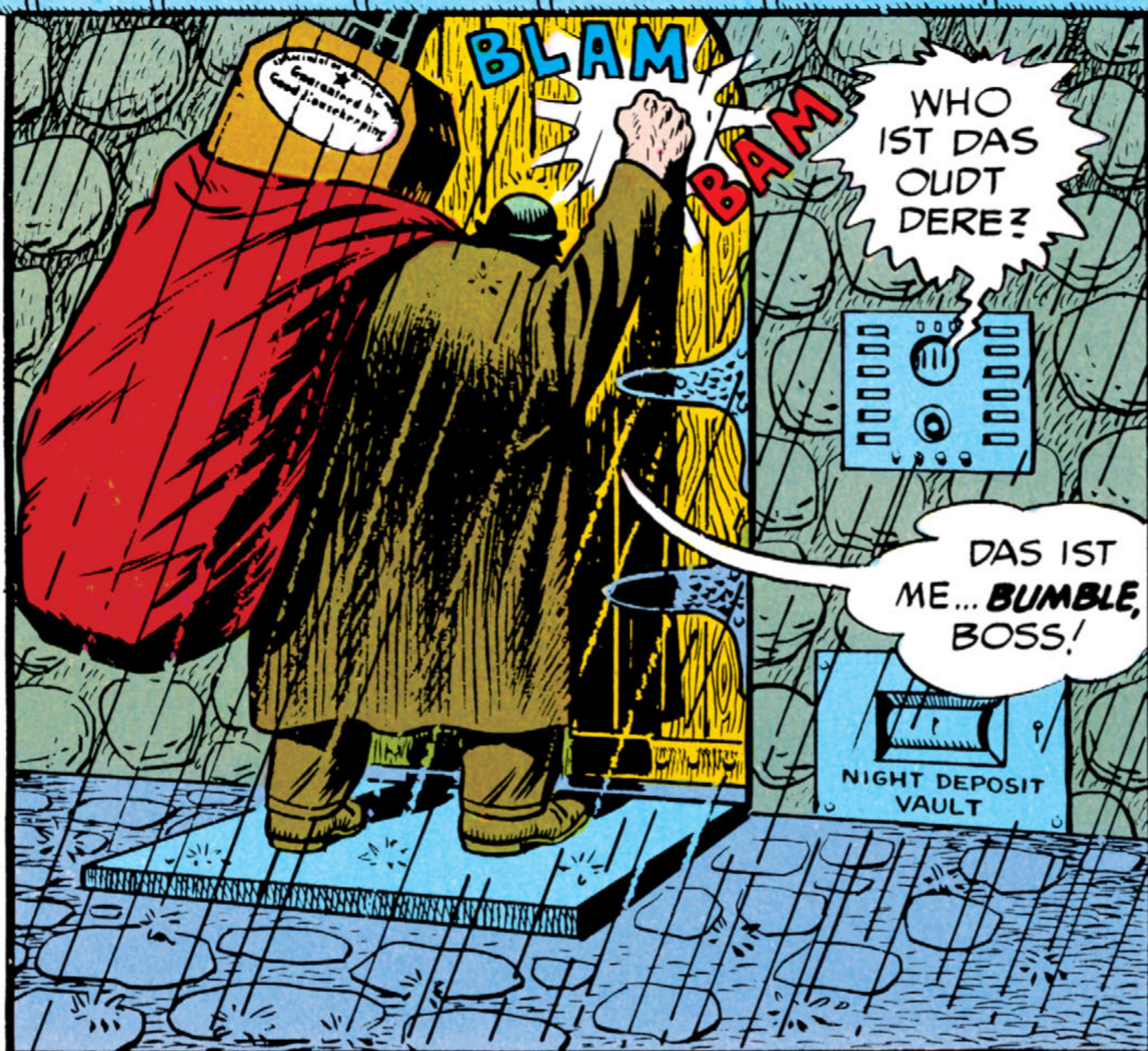
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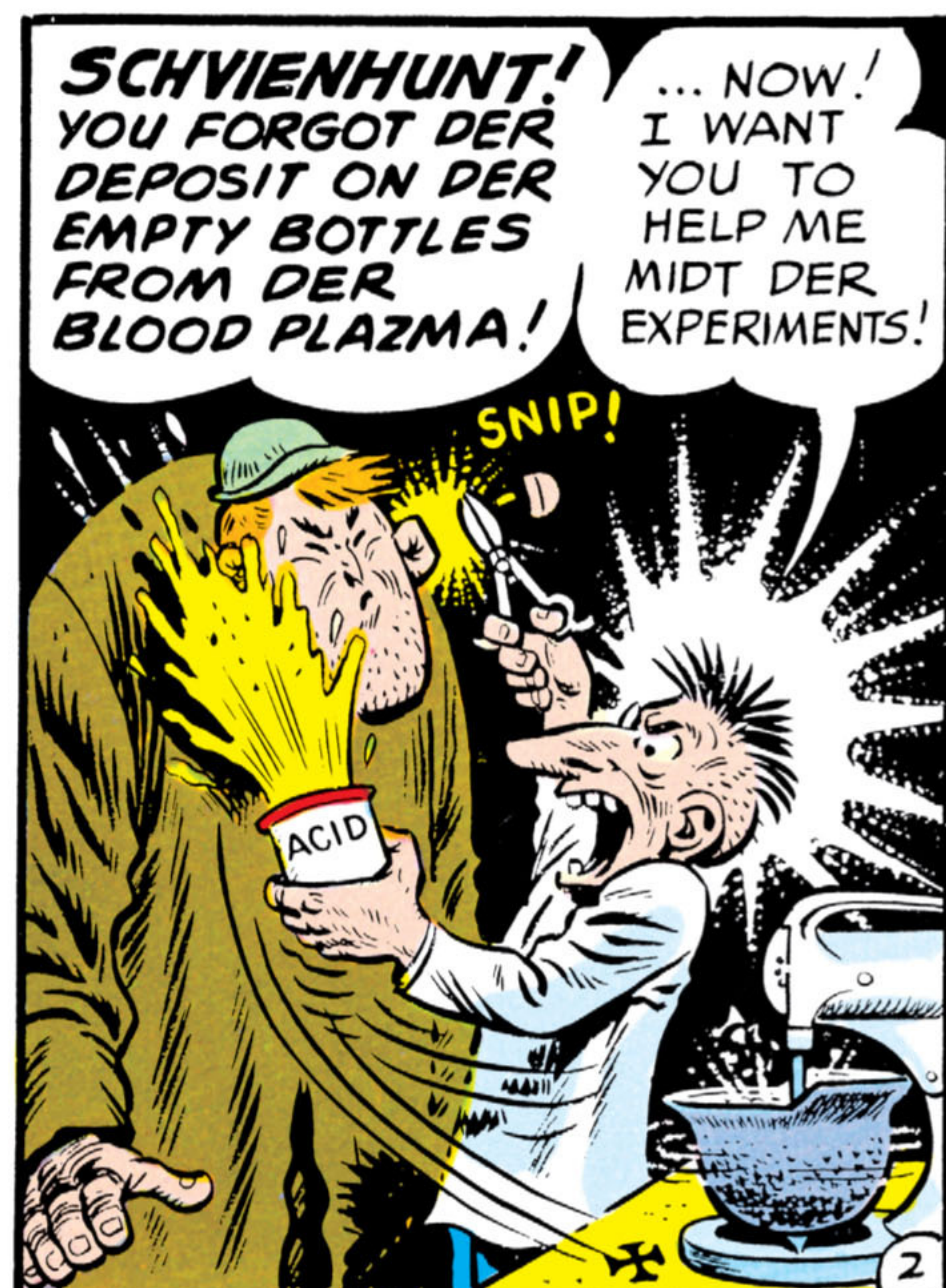
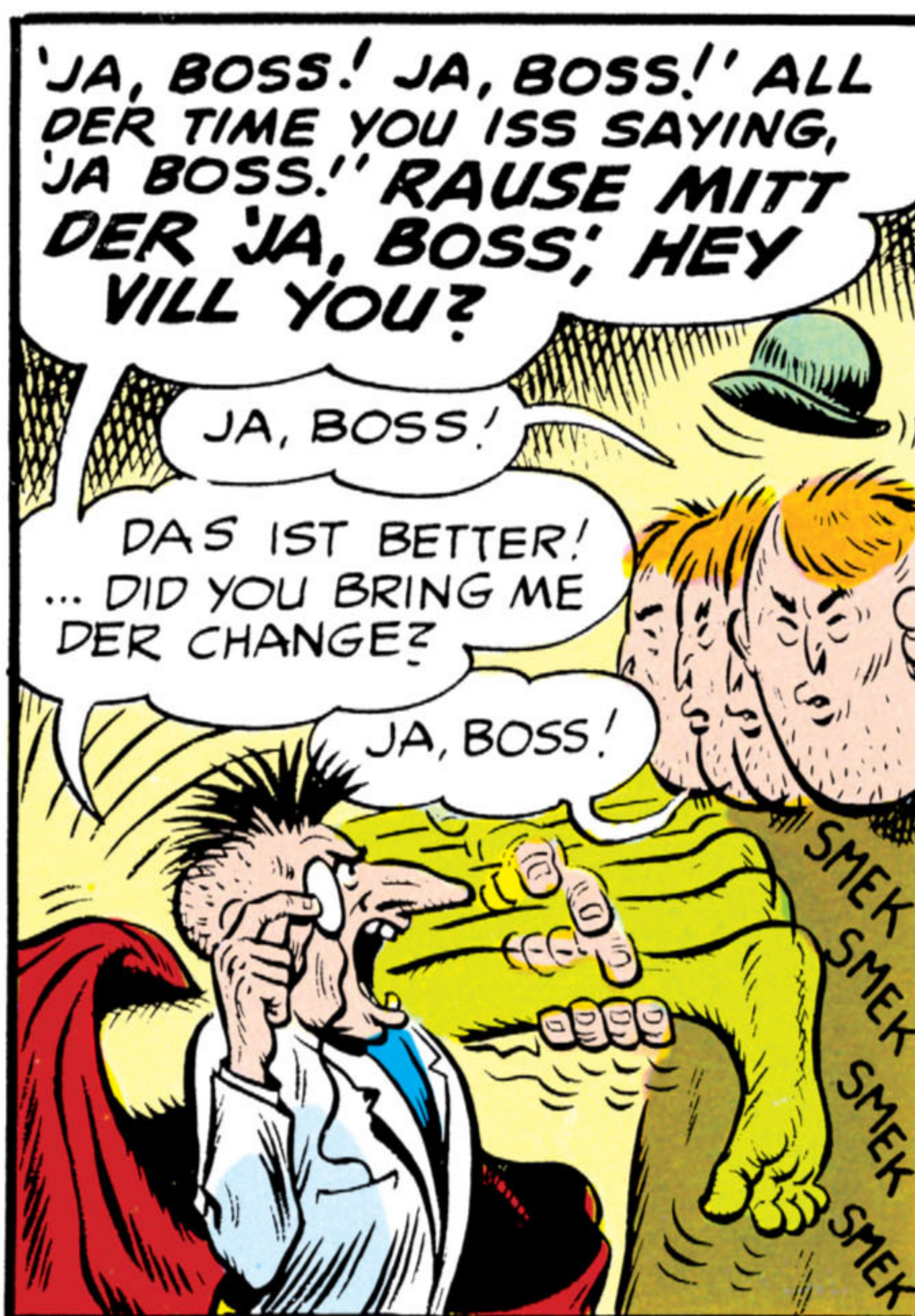
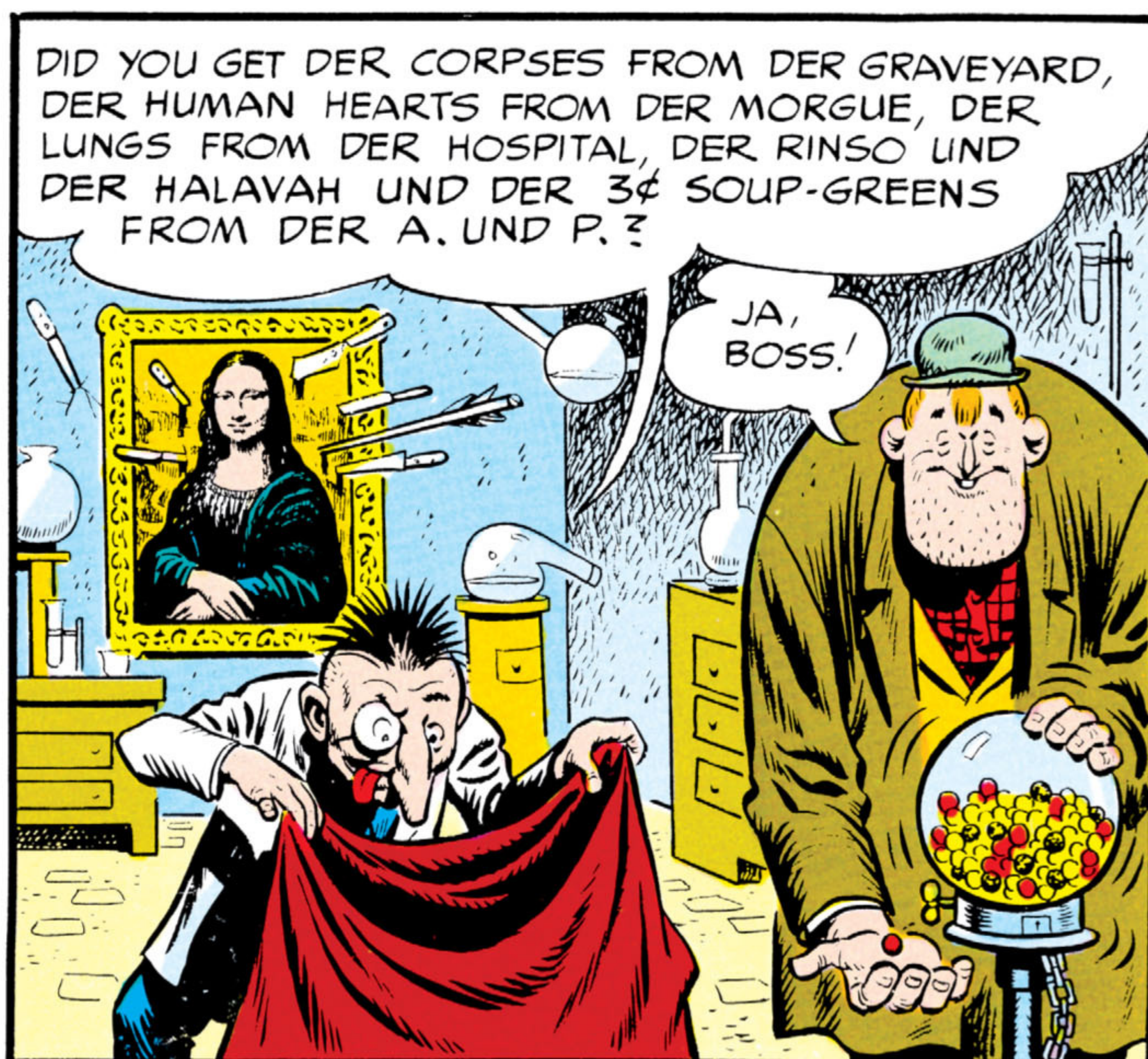
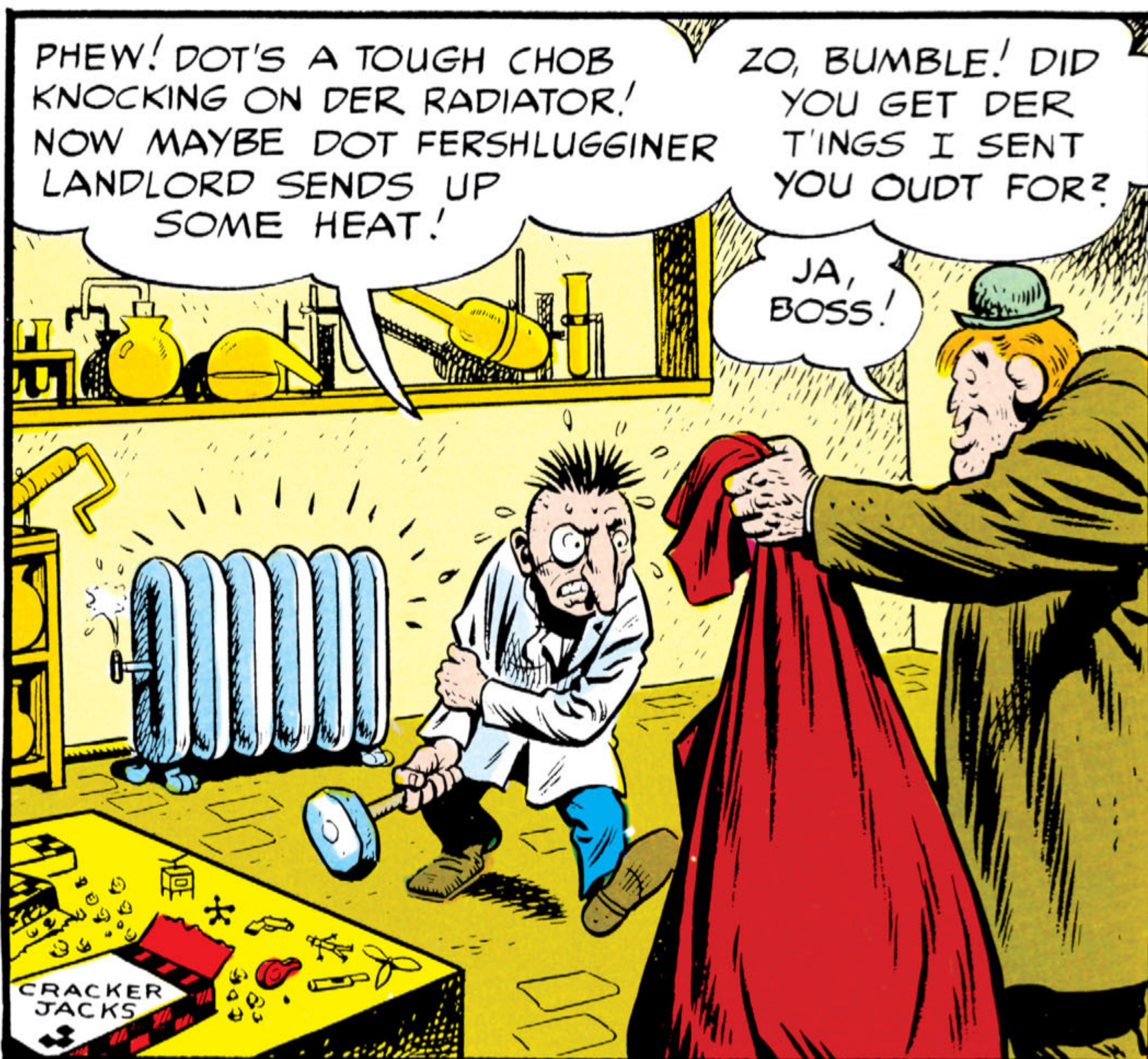
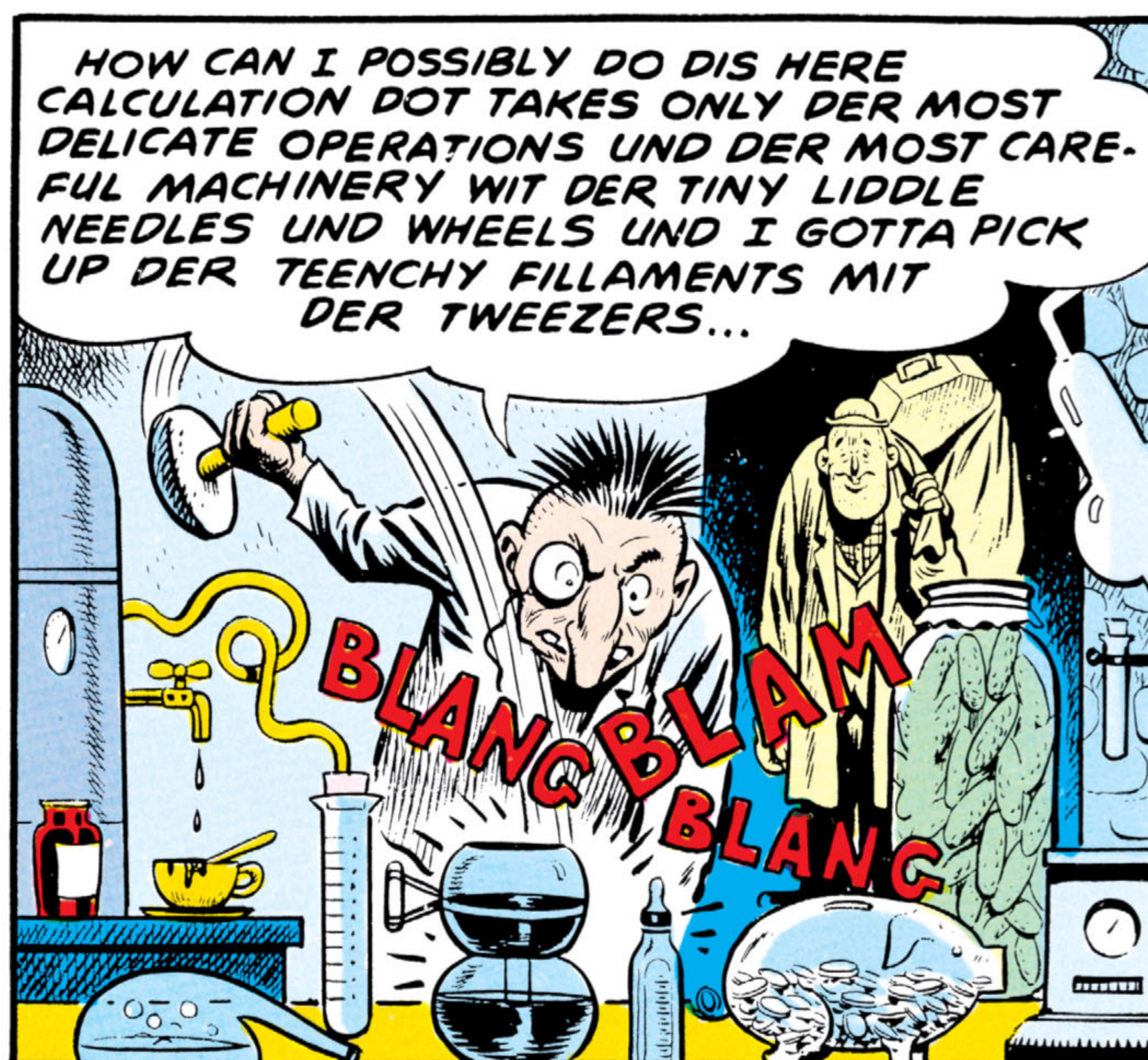
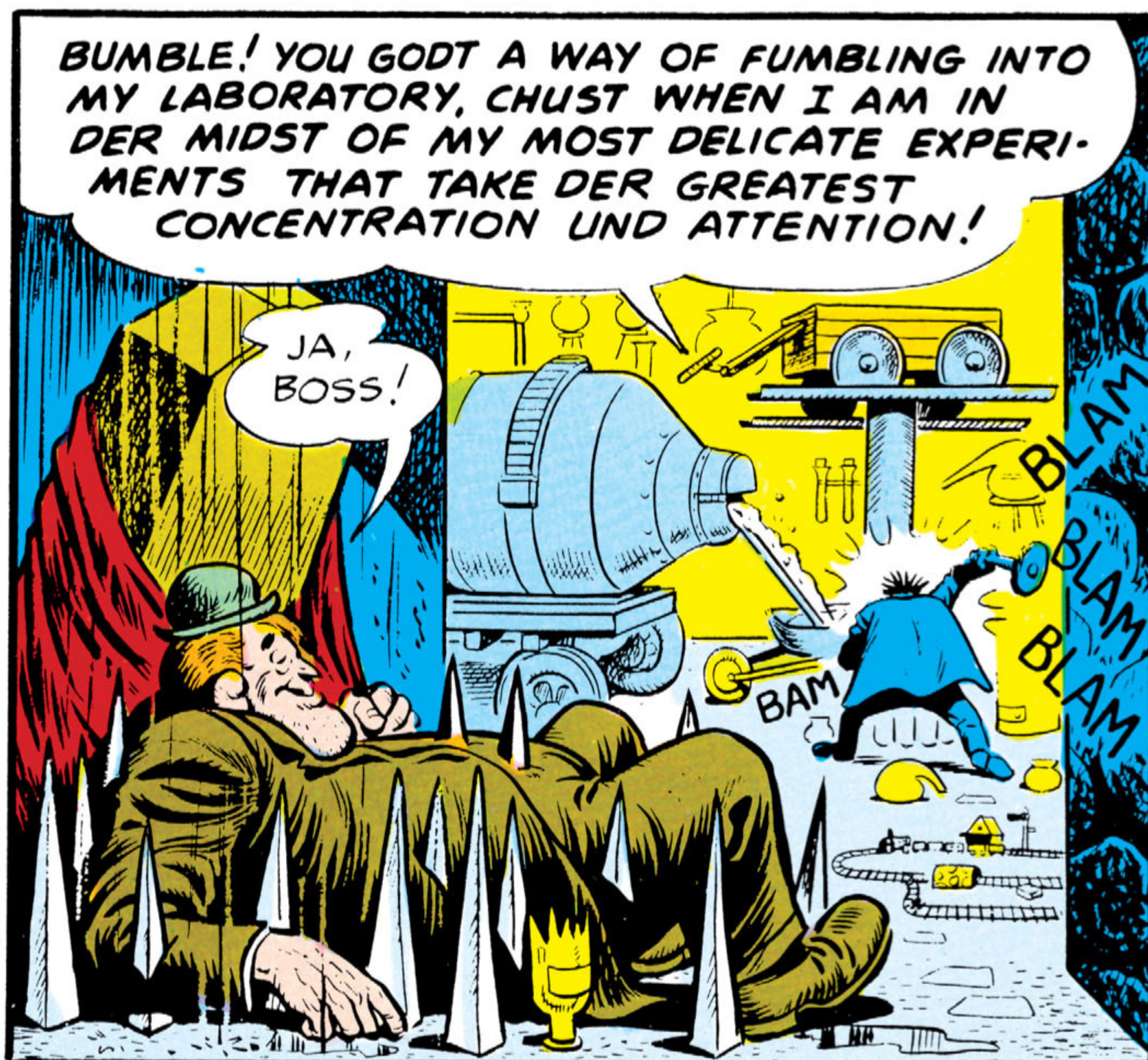
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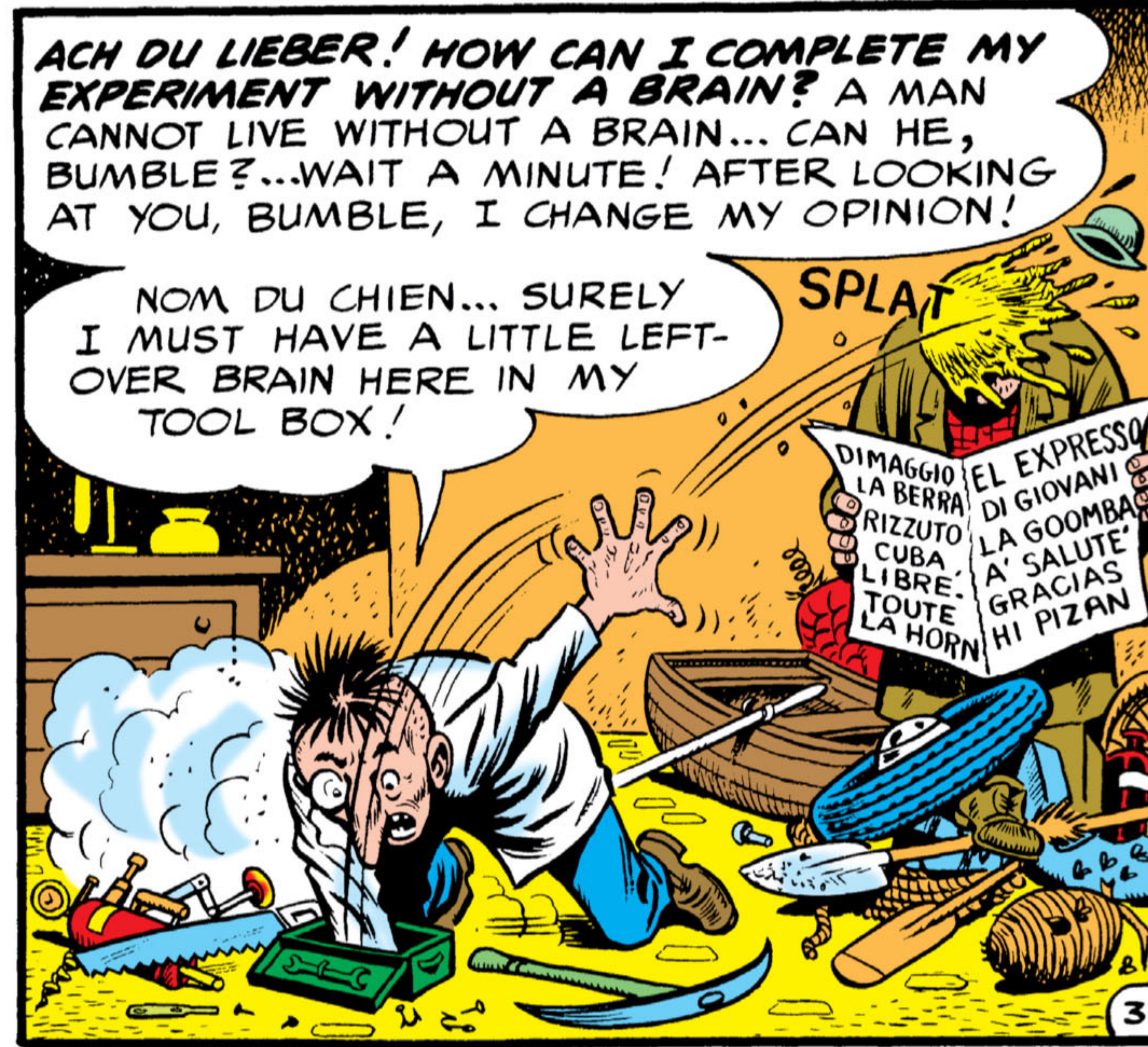
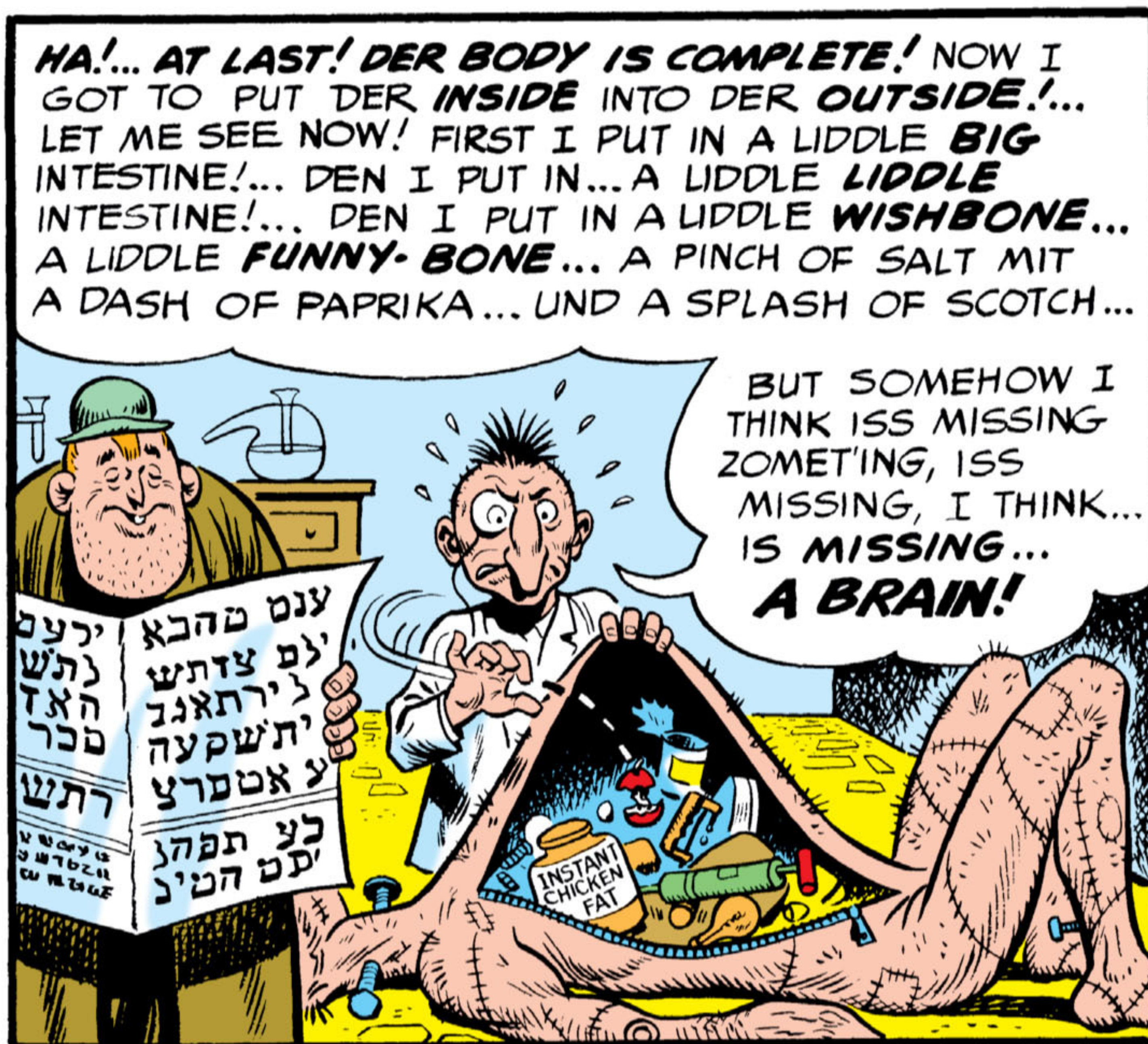
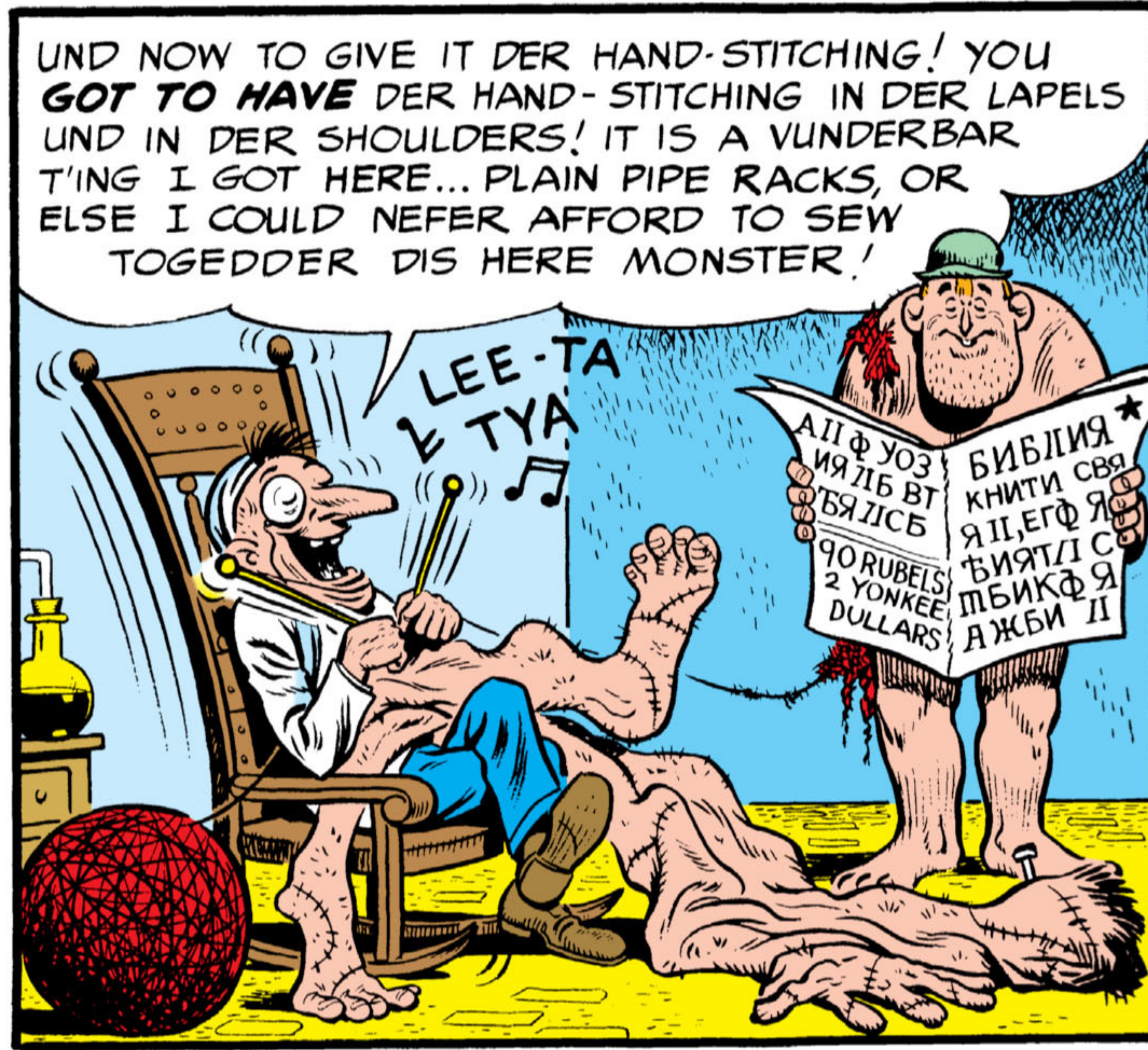
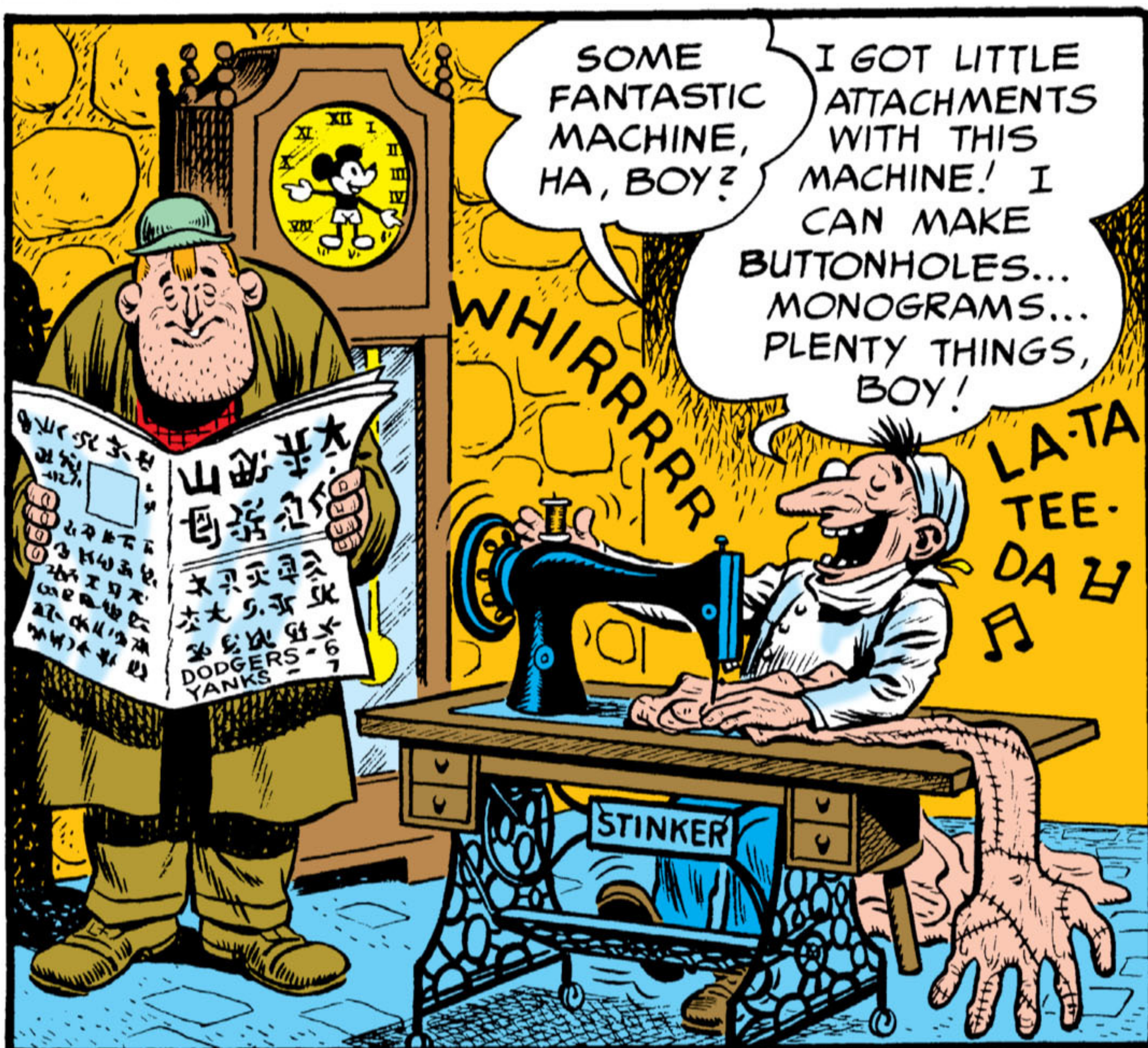
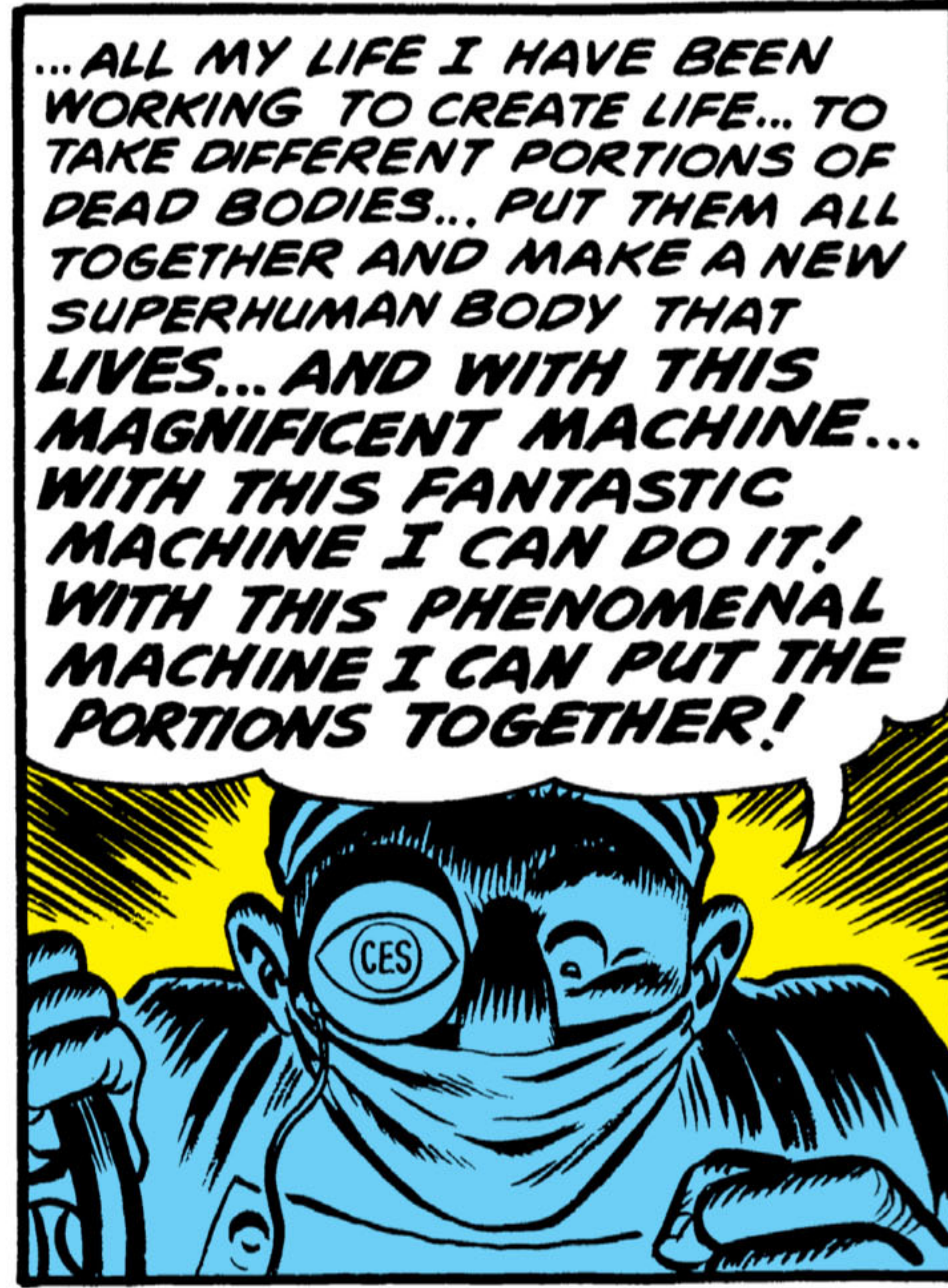
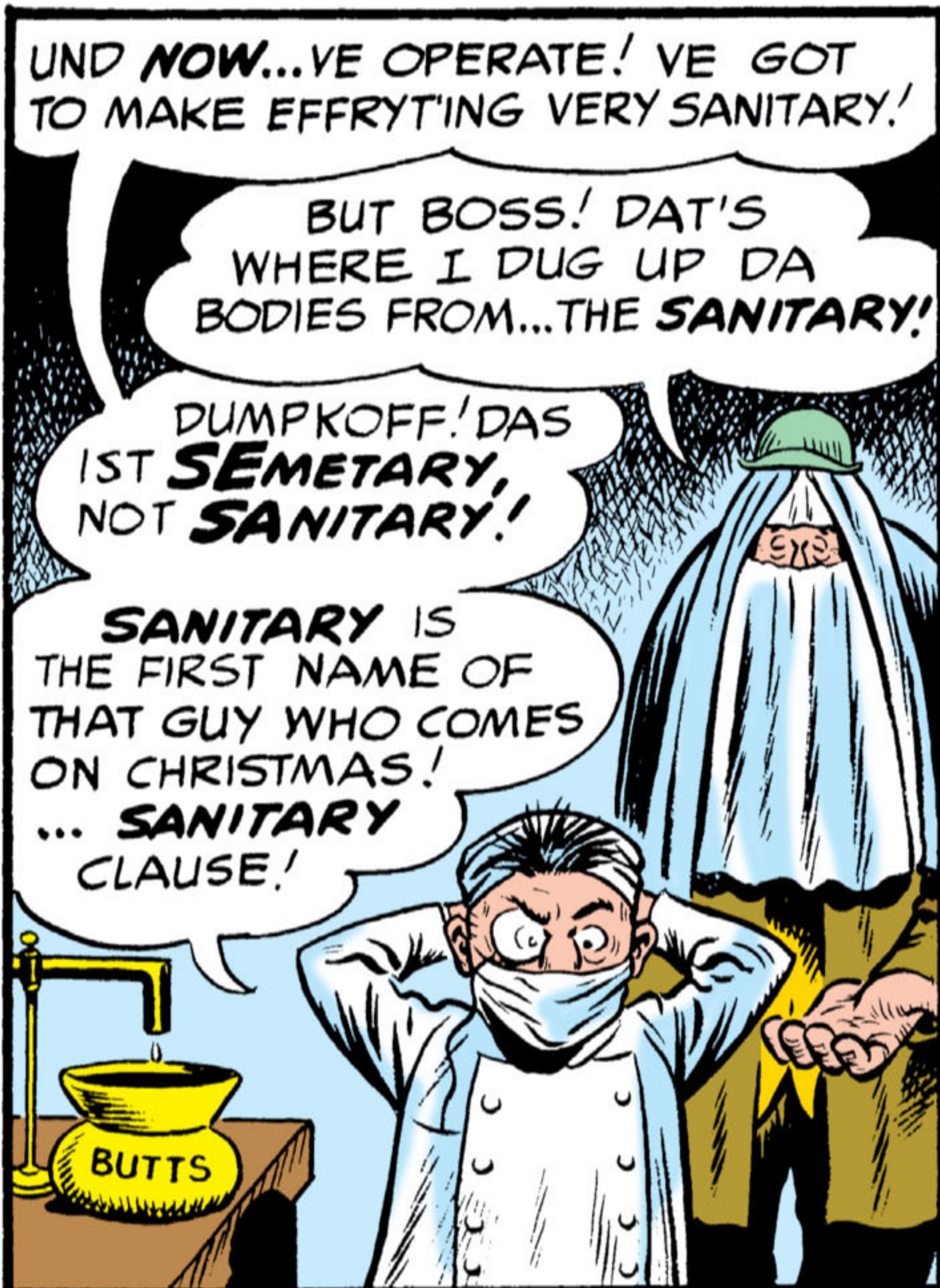
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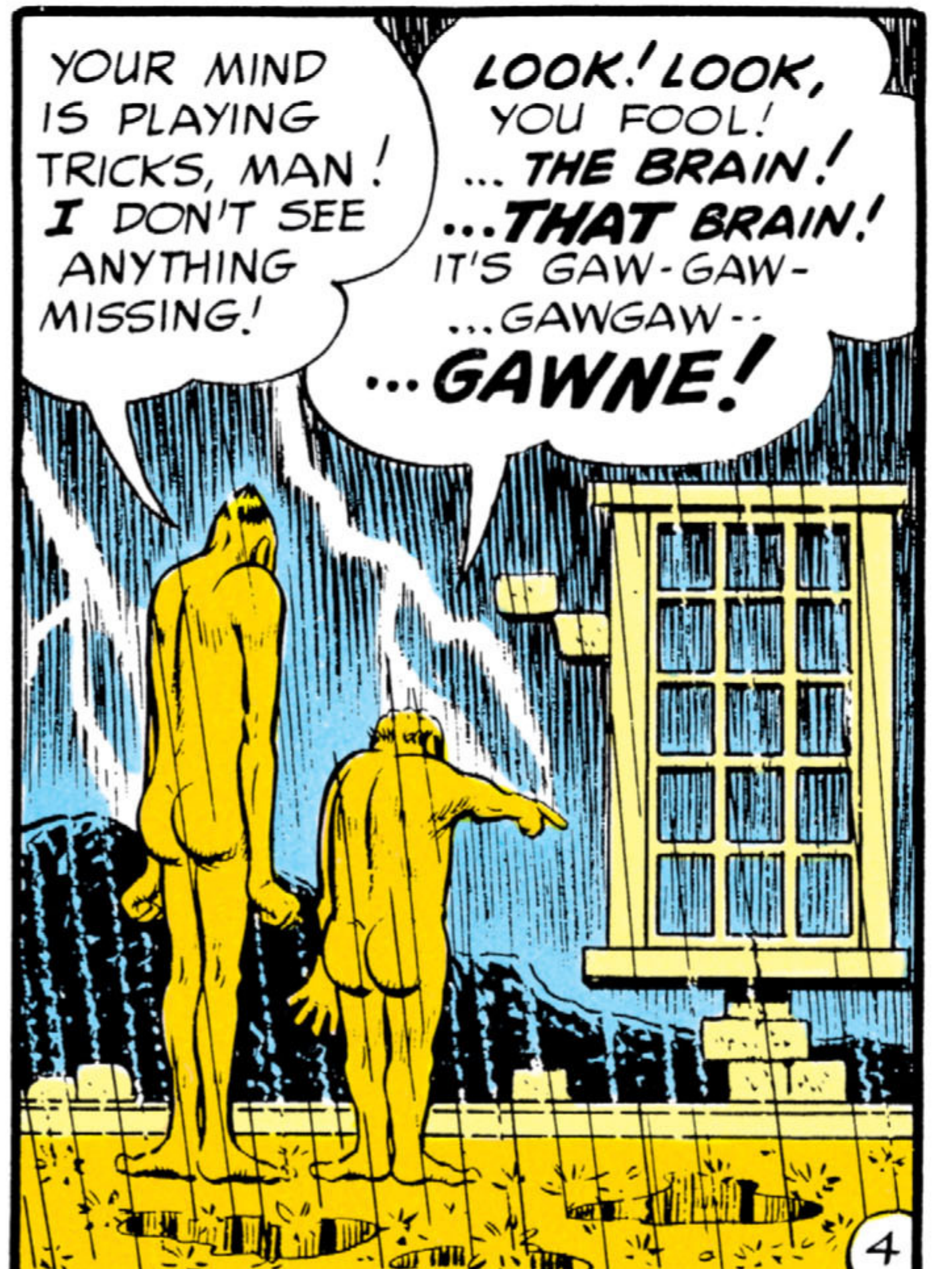
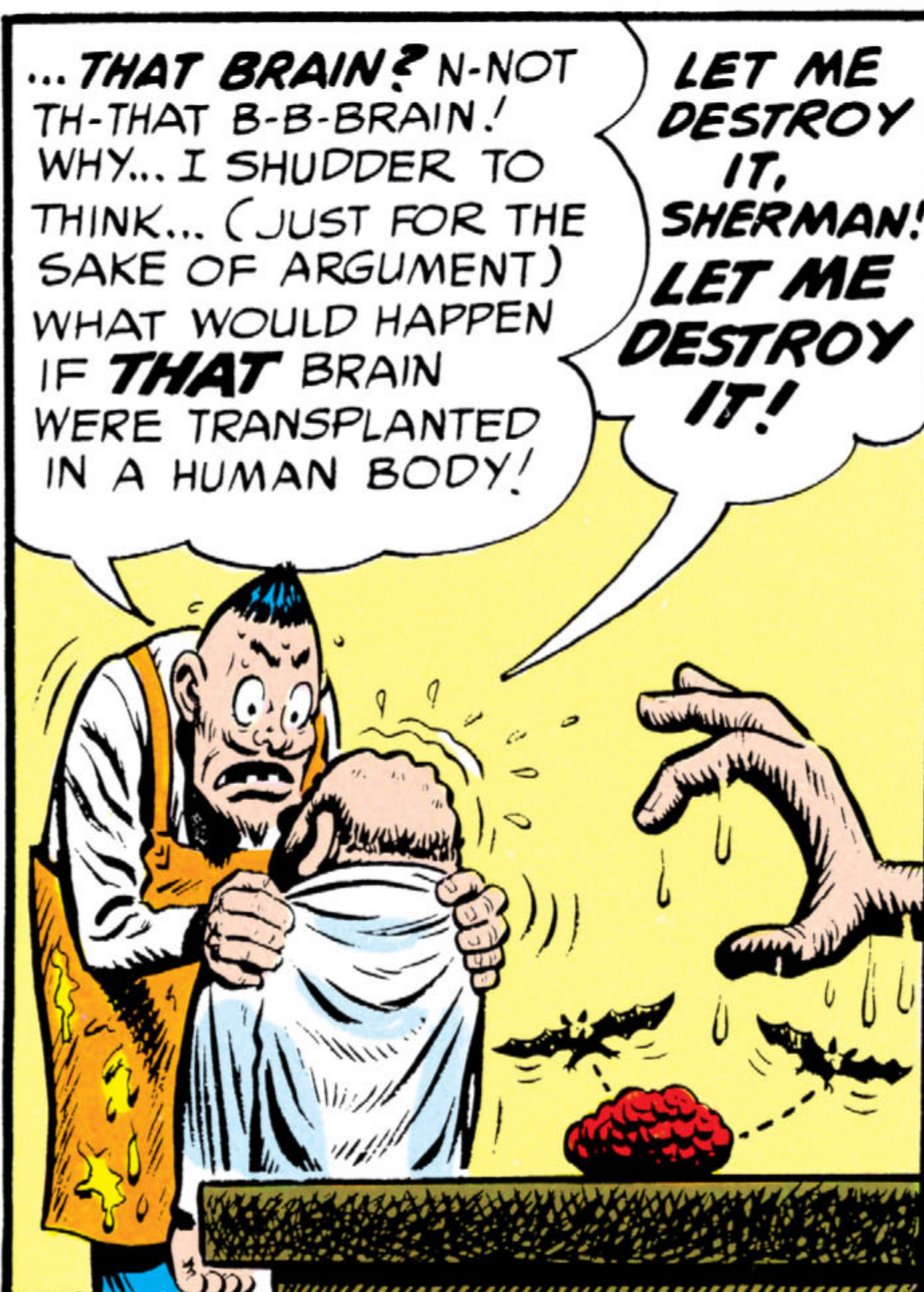
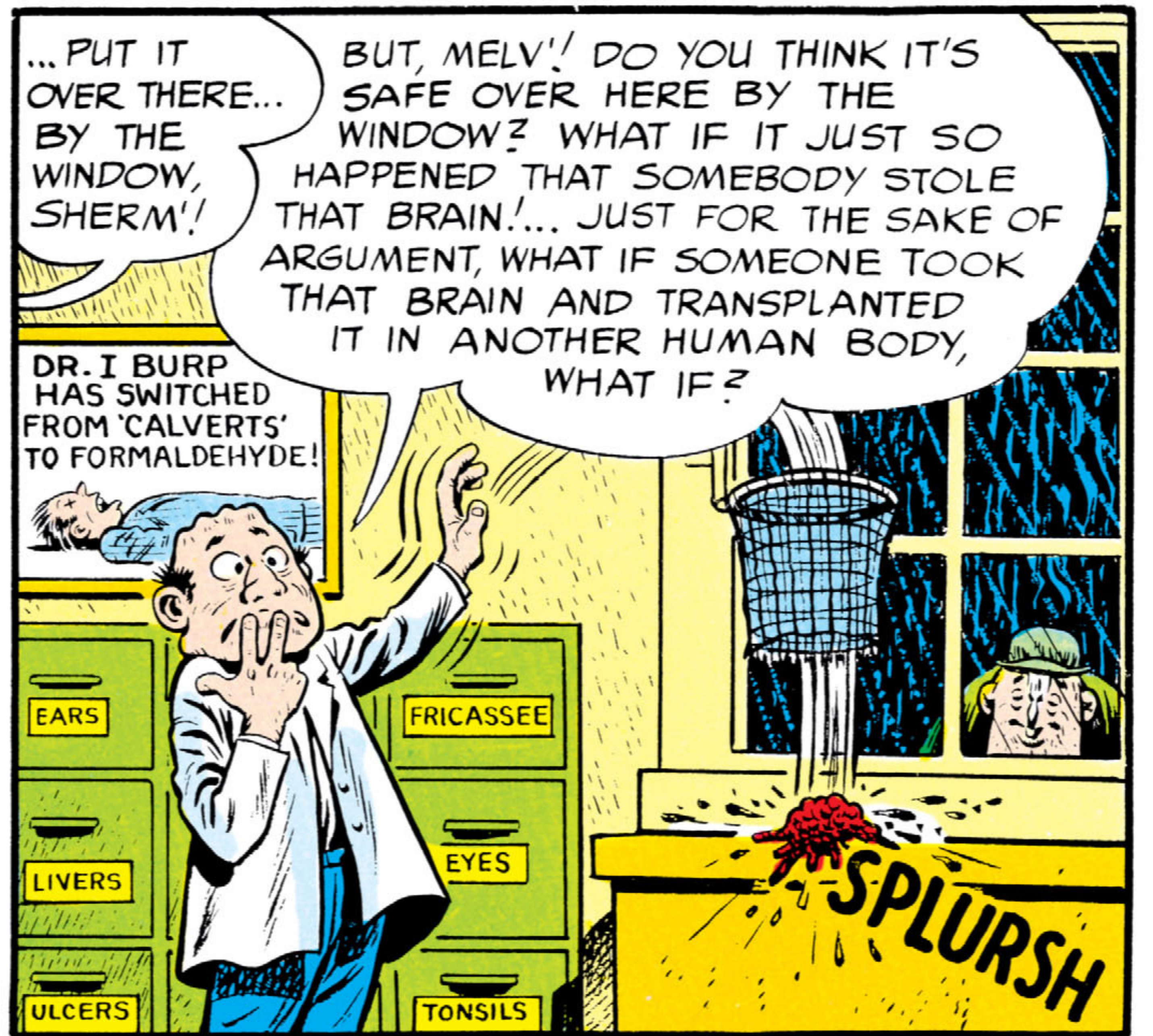
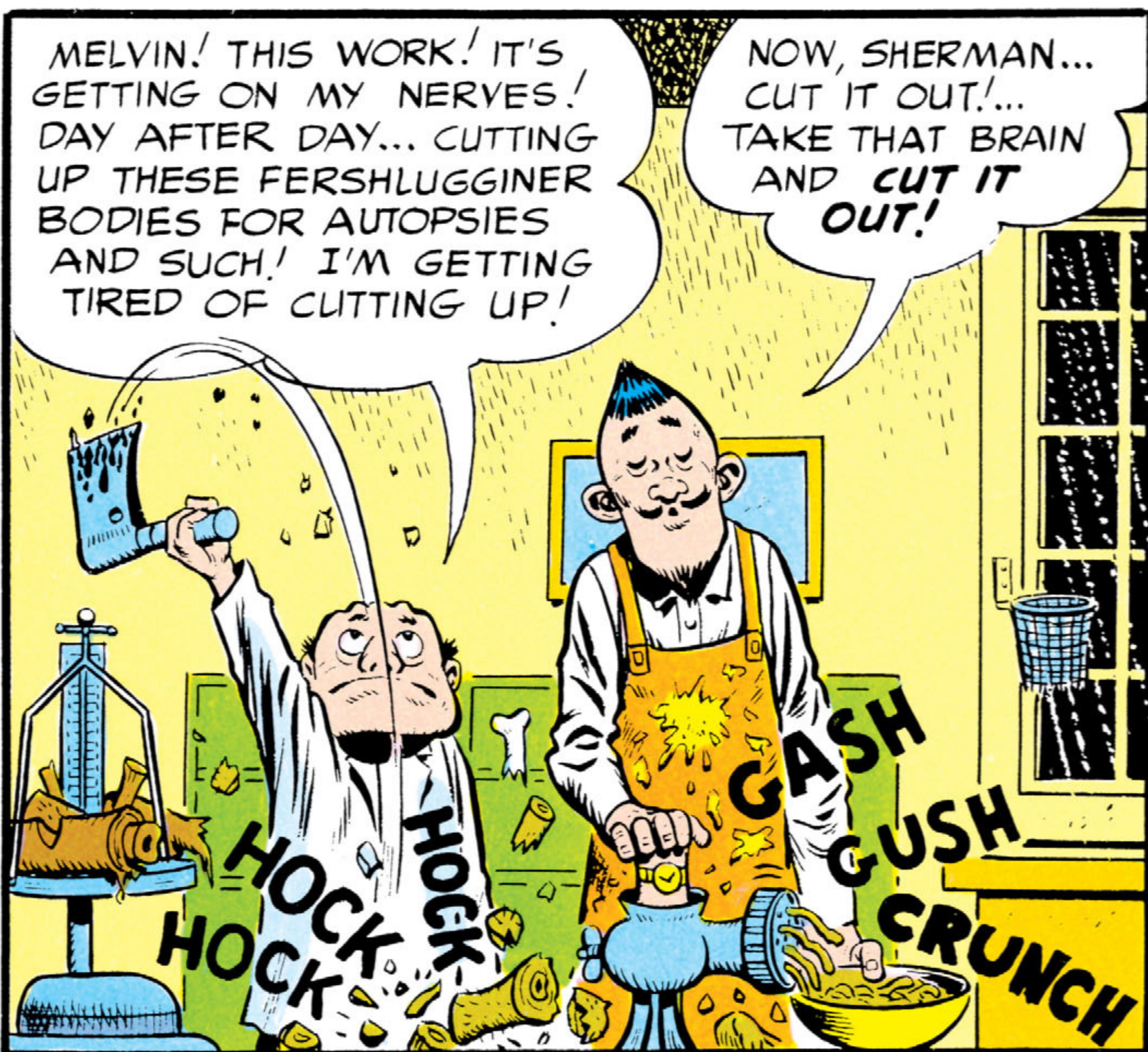
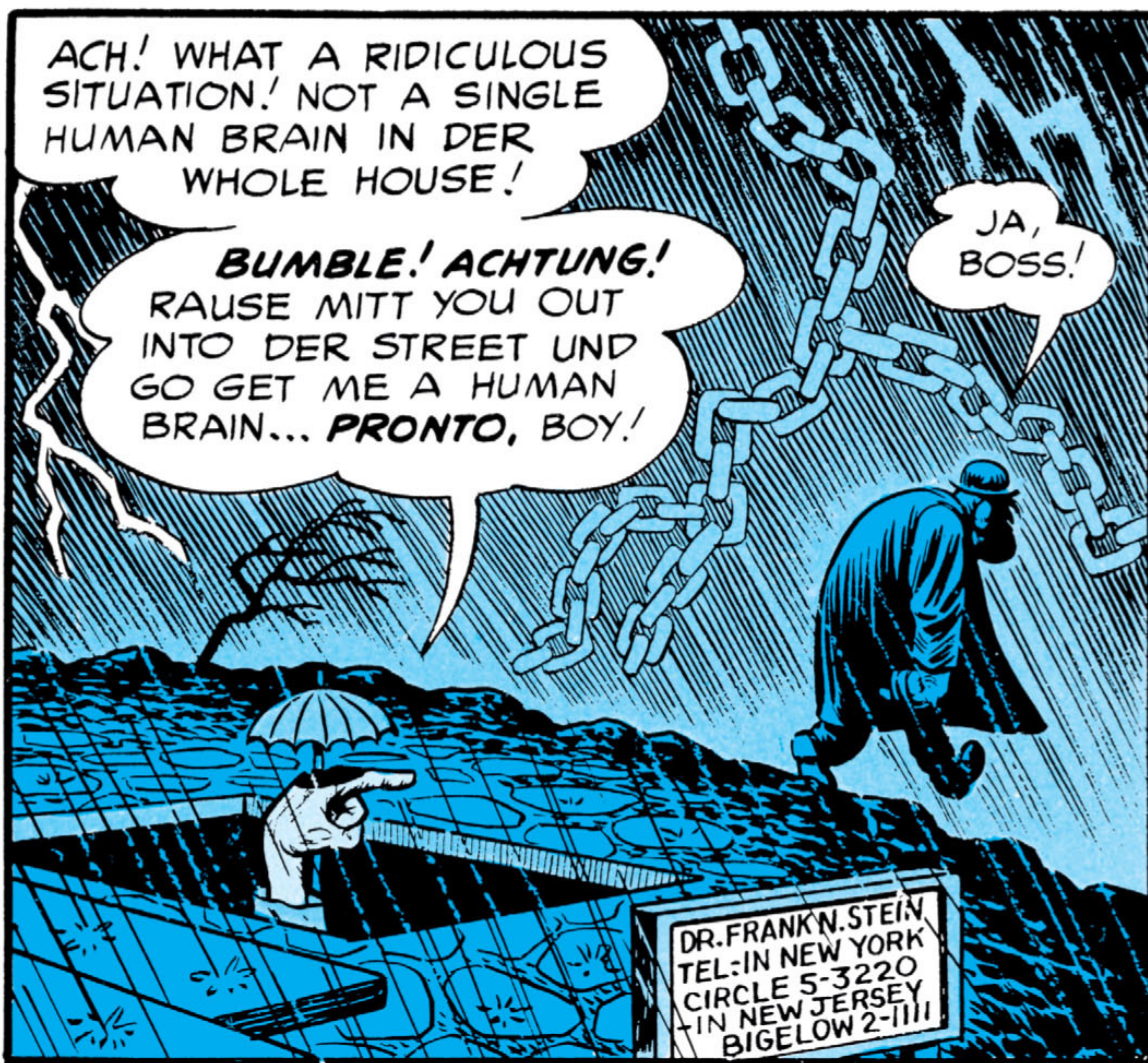
TERROR DEPT.: THE SCENE FOR THIS REAL CRAZY STORY IS SET IN THE LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN OF VEEBLEFETZER! A FIGURE, BENT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF A GRISLY RED SACK, IS SEEN TOILING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE CASTLE OF BARON VON STEIN!...BARON FRANCESCO NAPOLEON STEIN... KNOWN FOR SHORT AS...

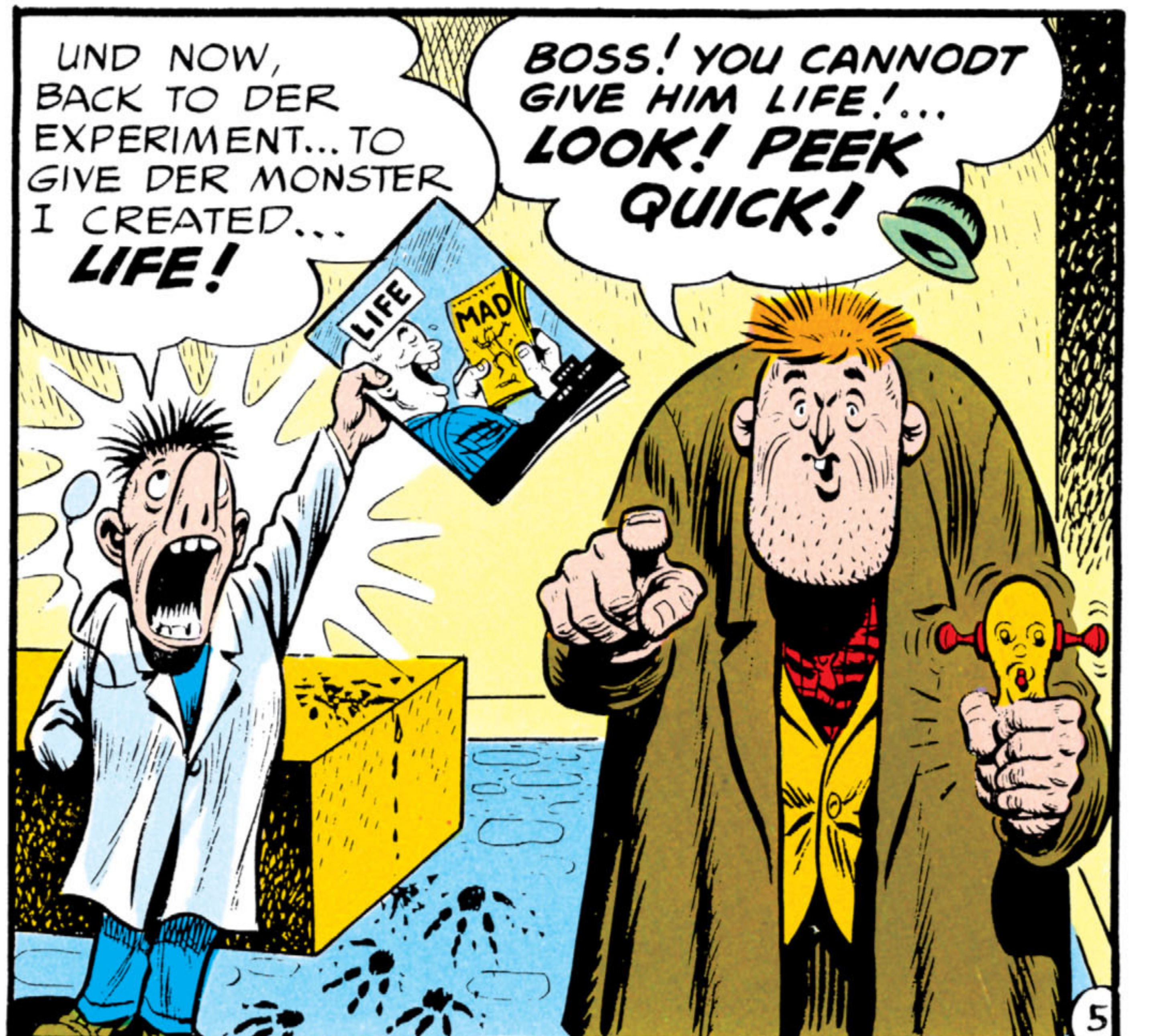
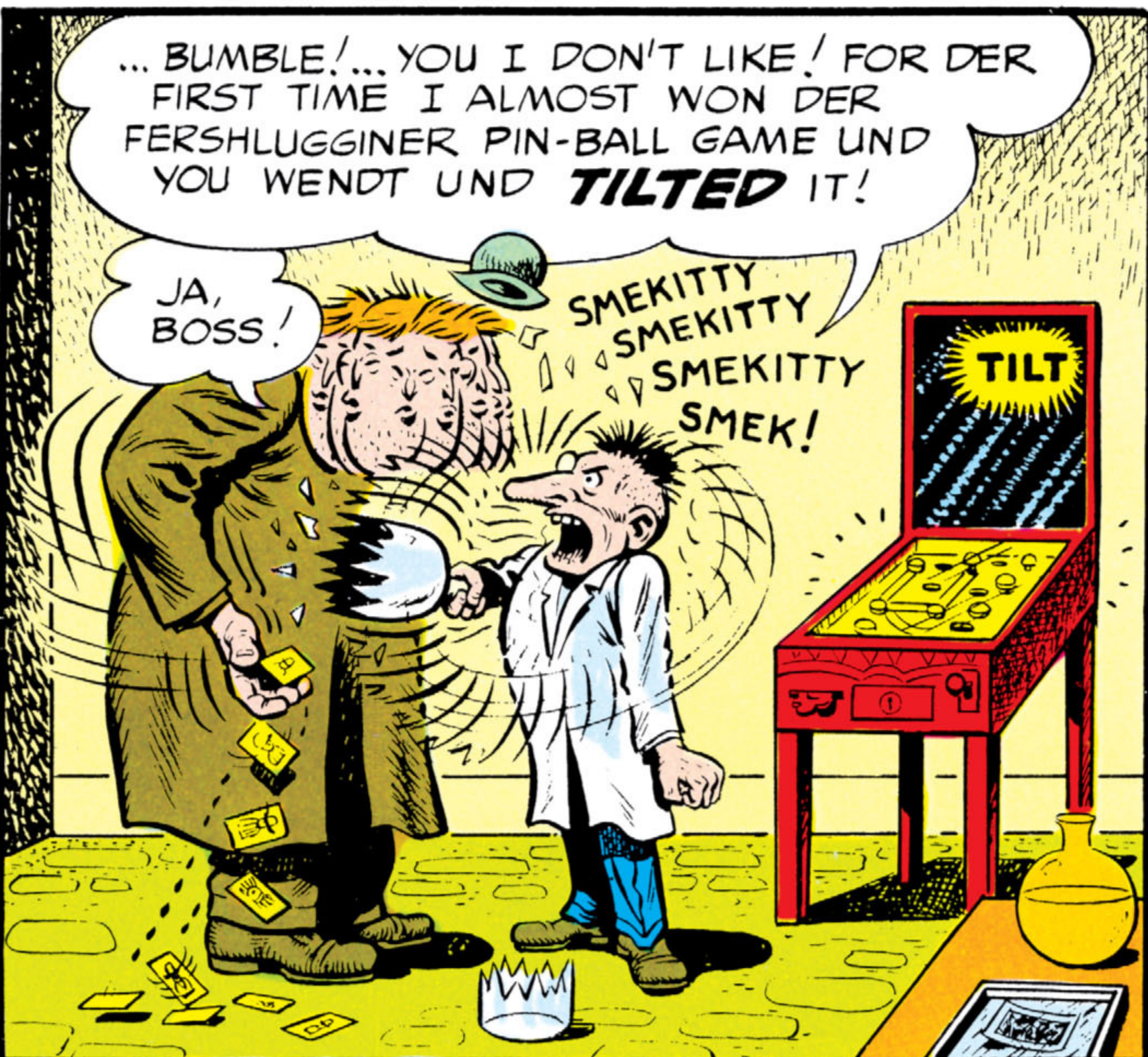
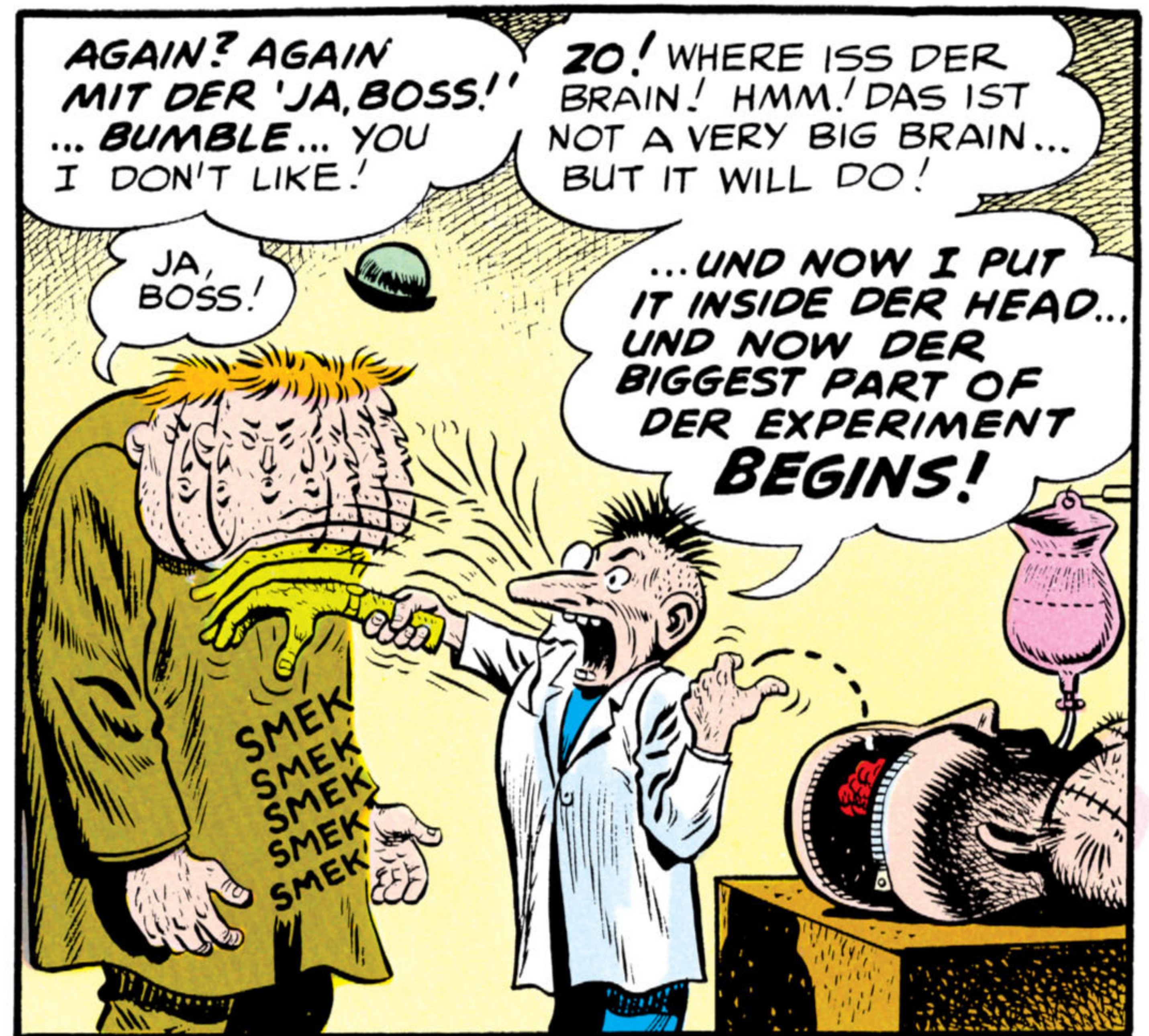
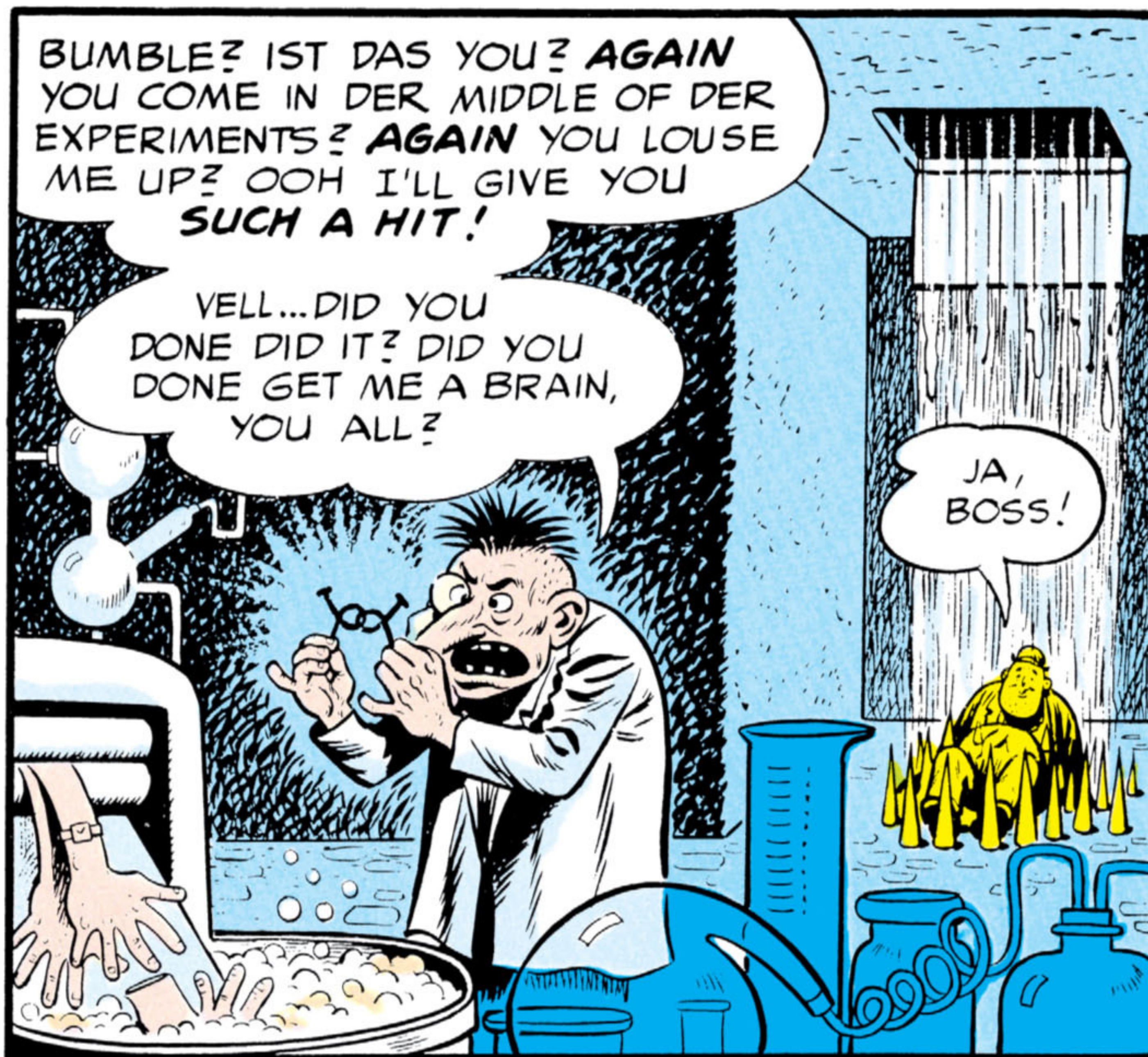
FRANK N. STEIN!

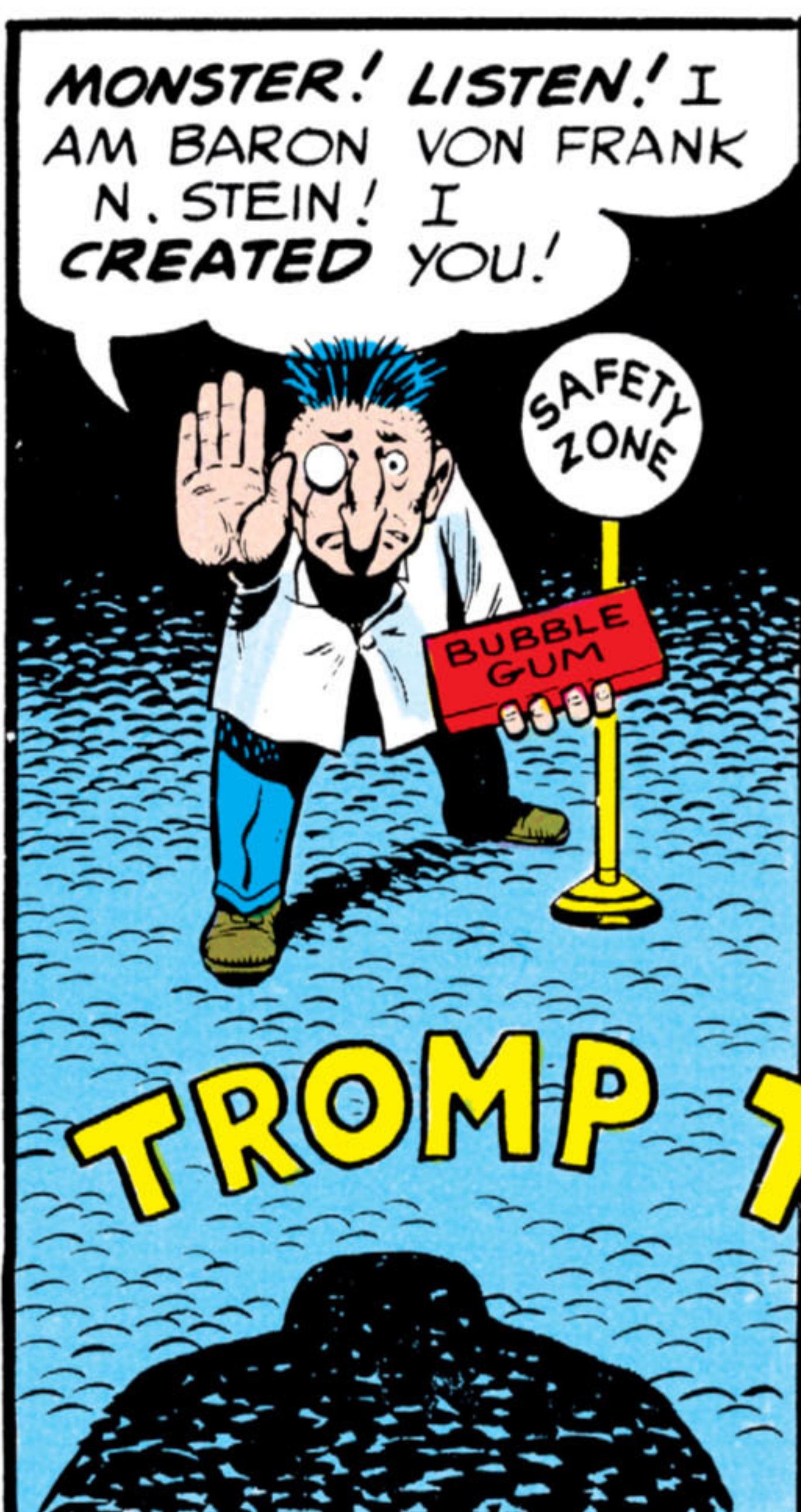
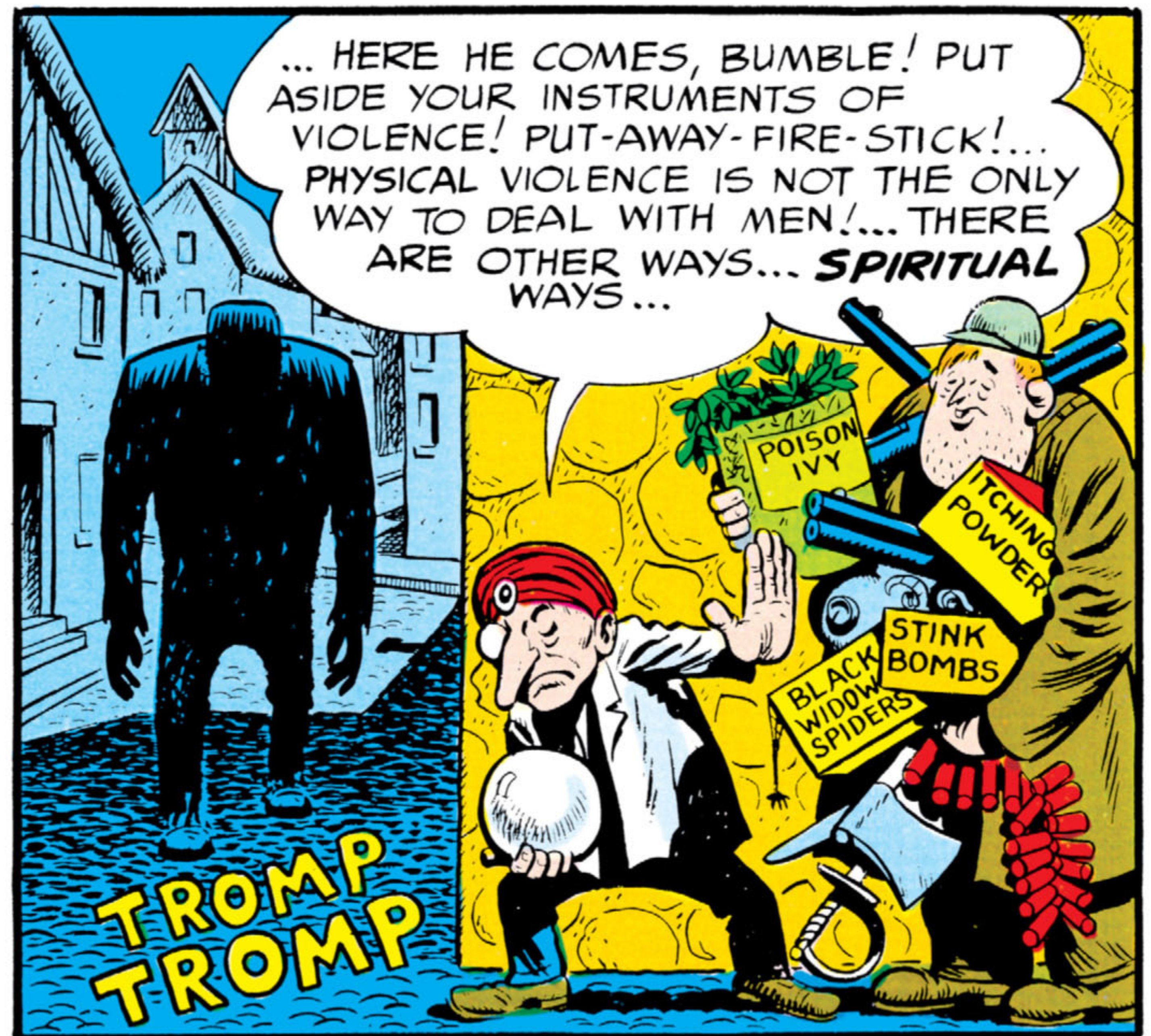
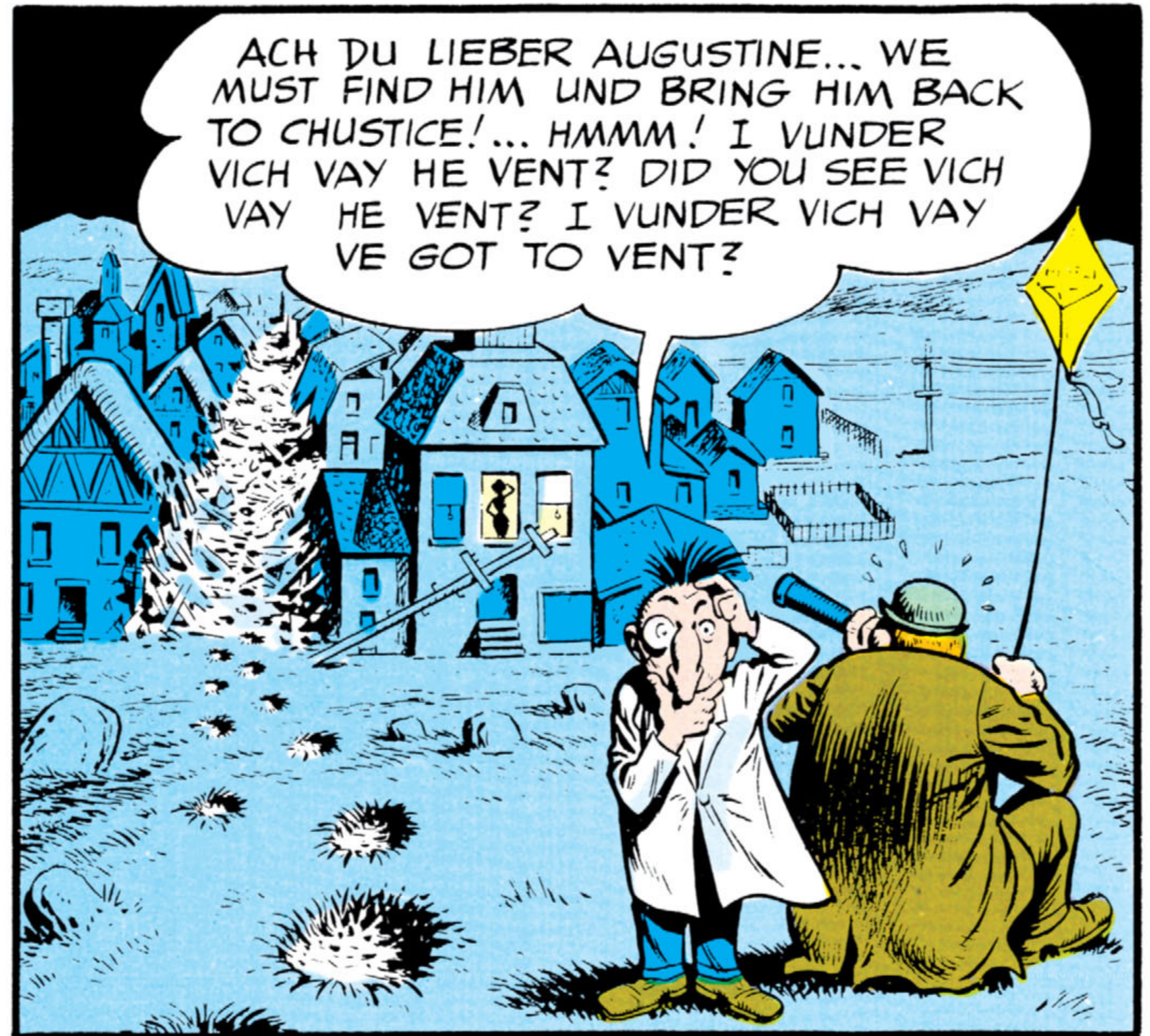
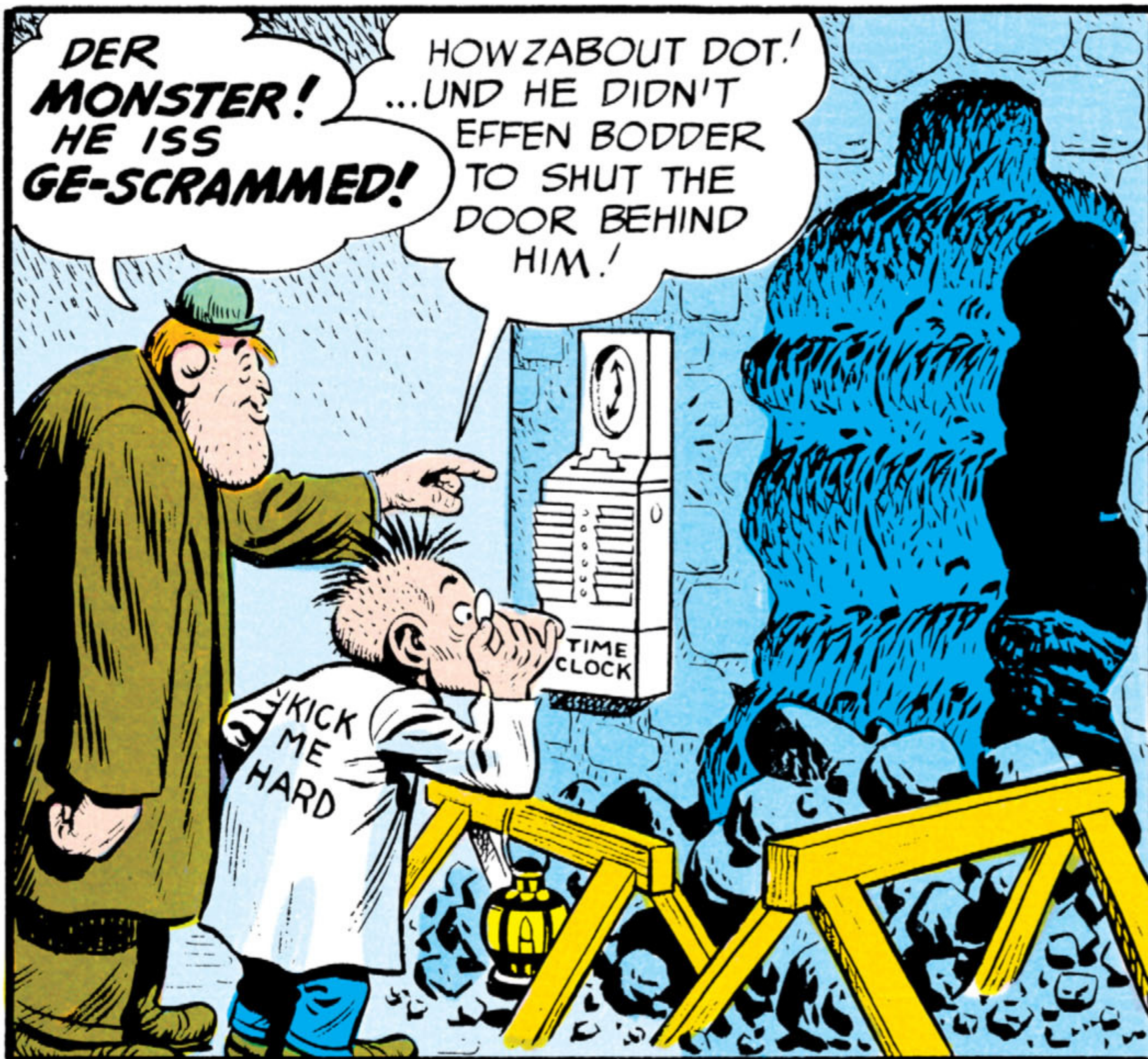


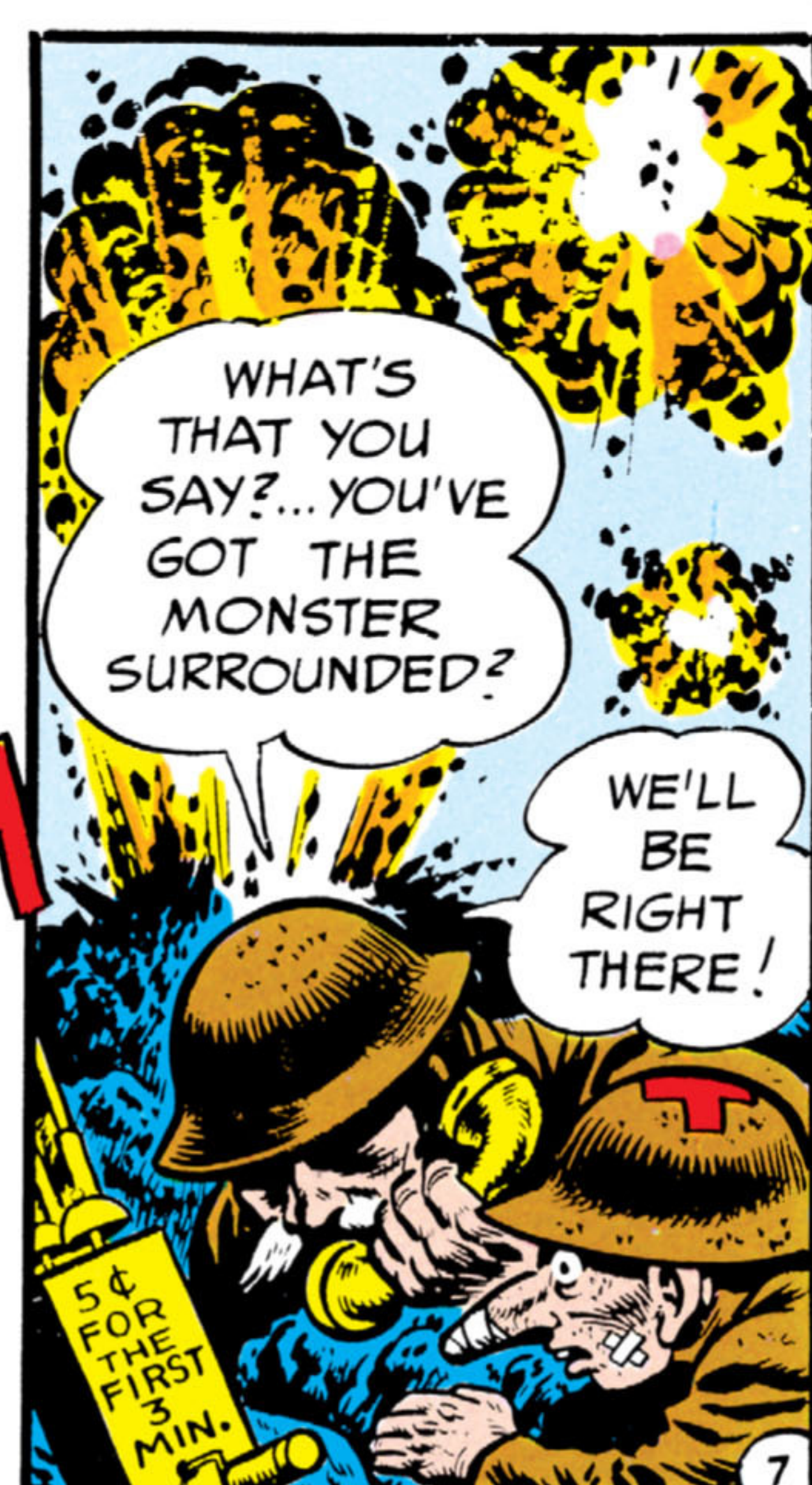
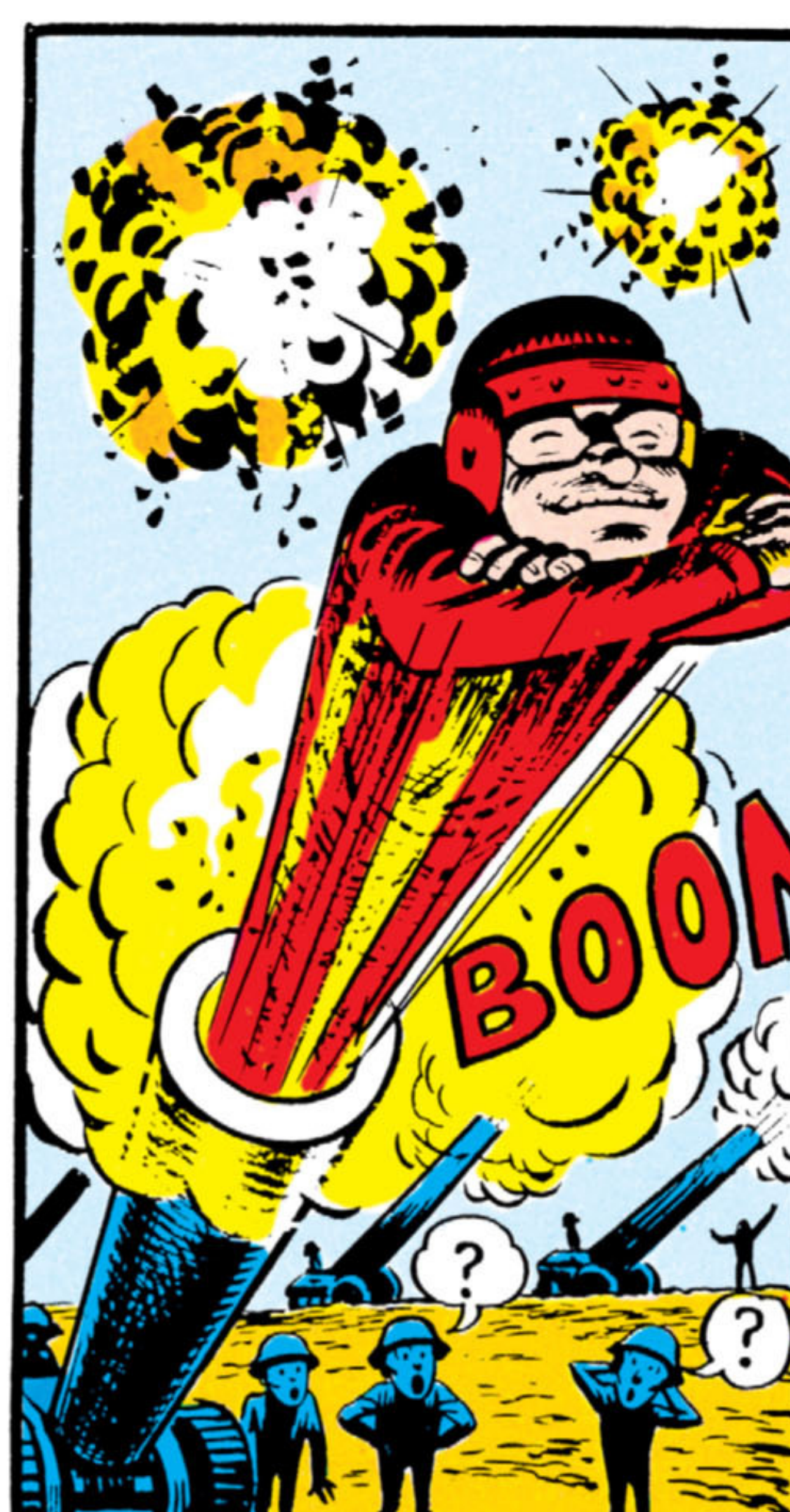
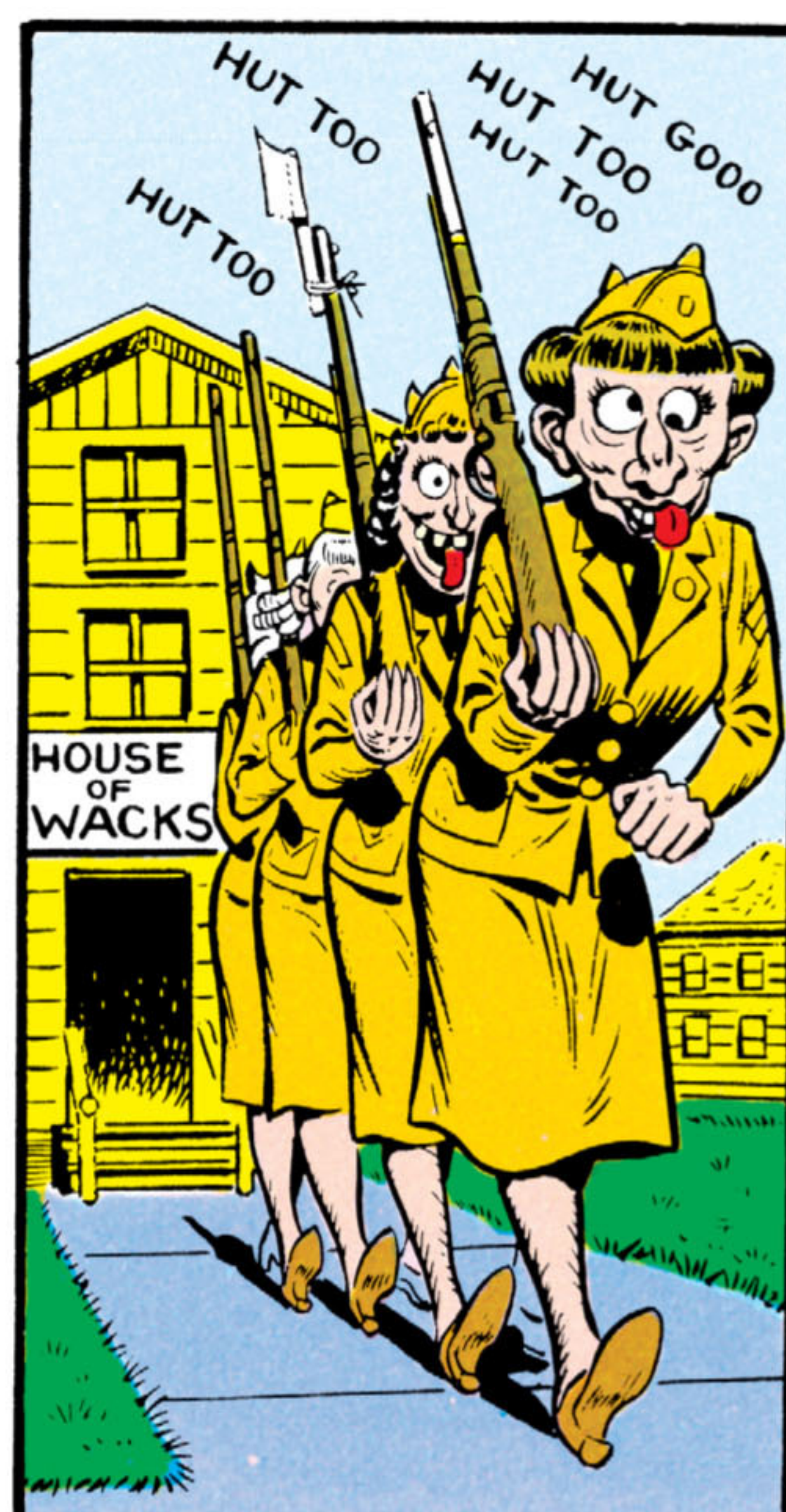
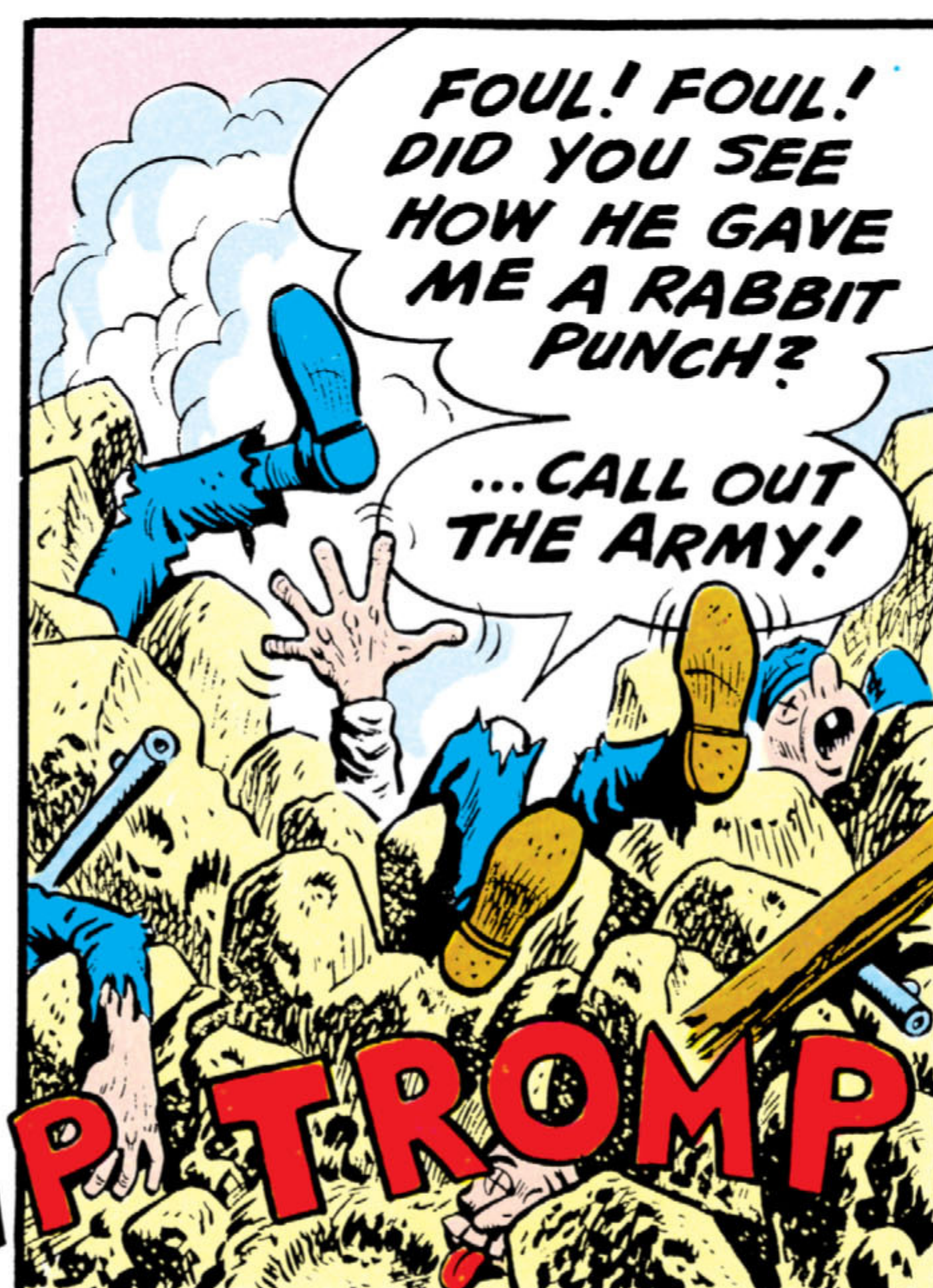
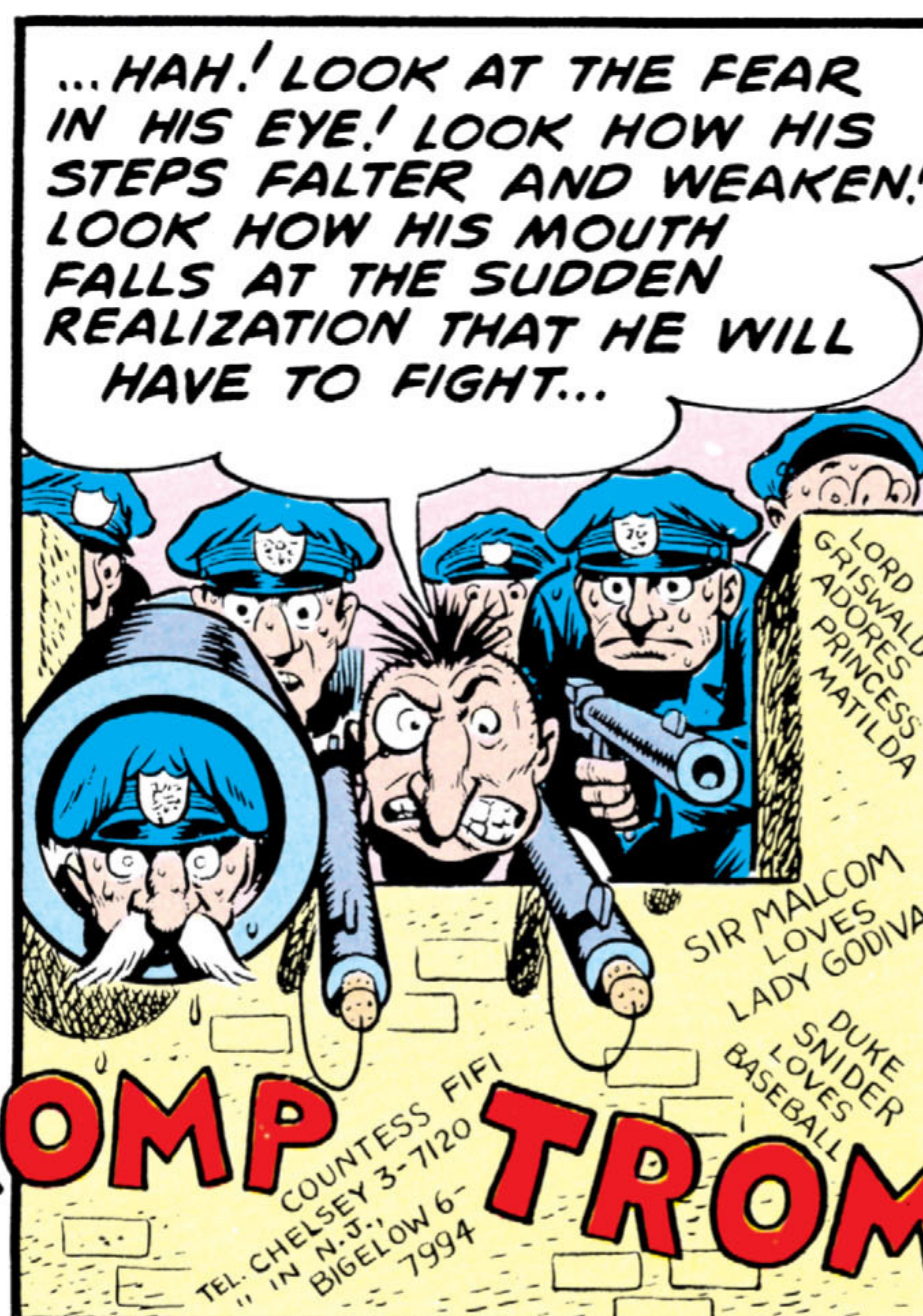
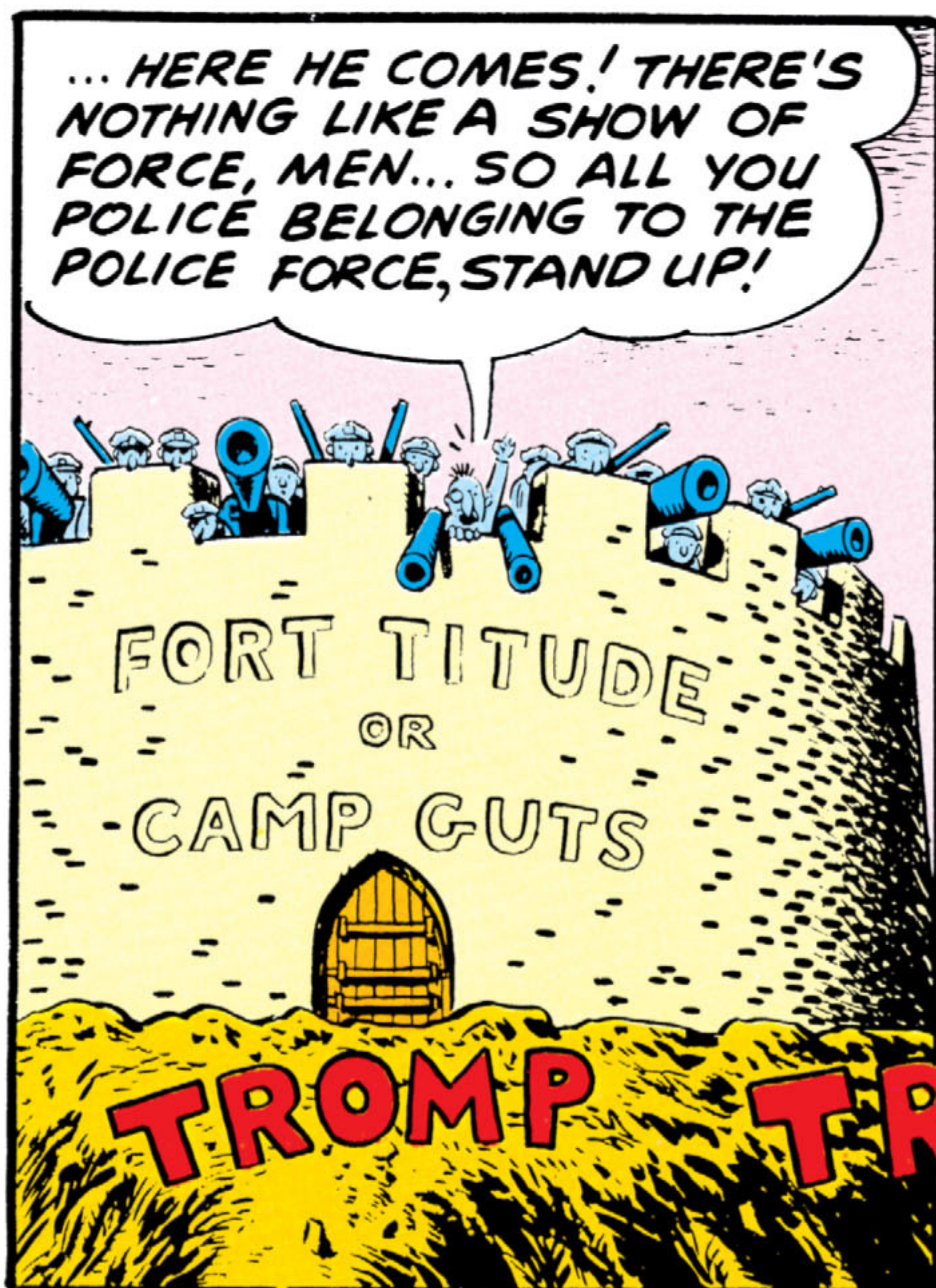
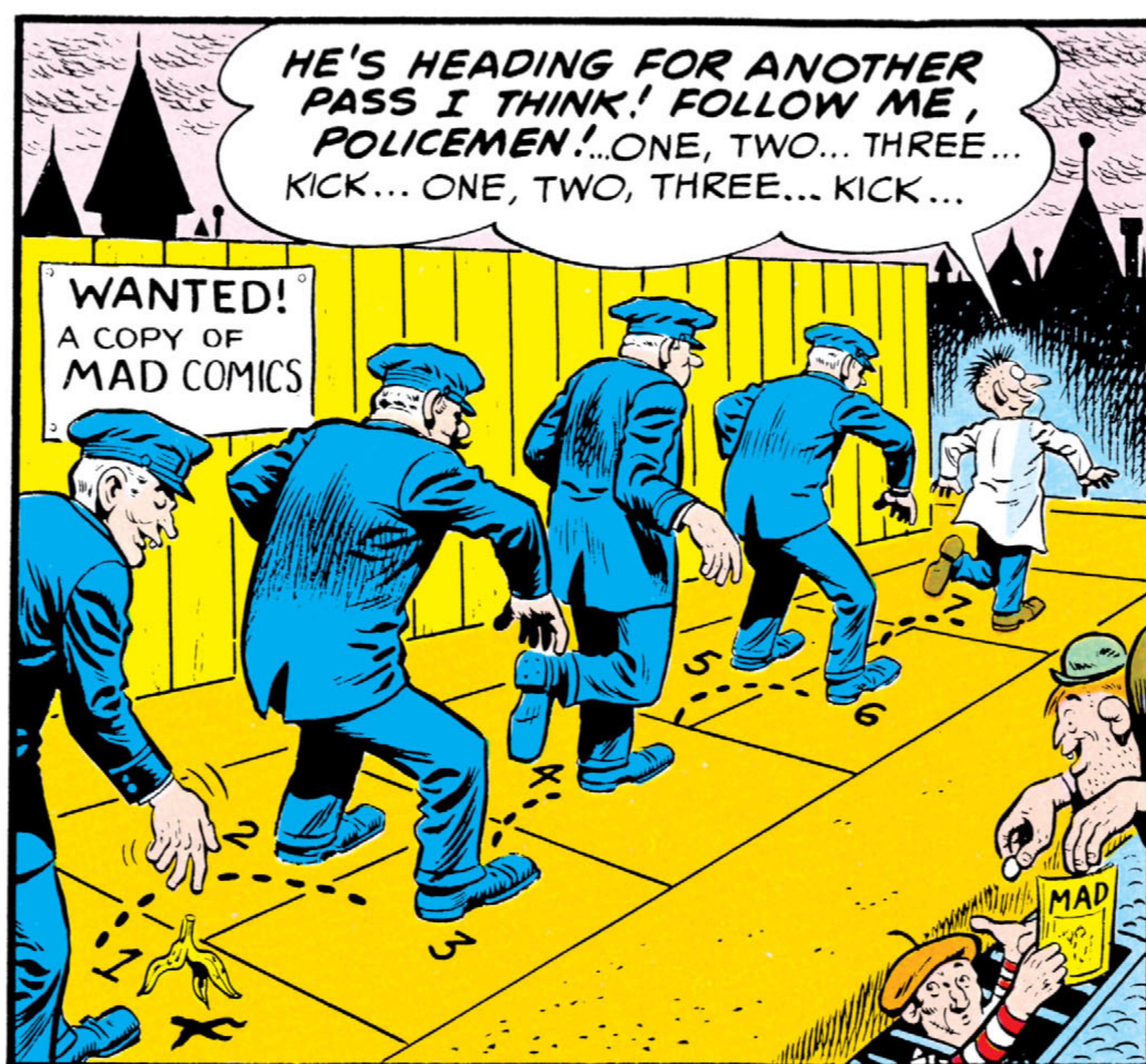
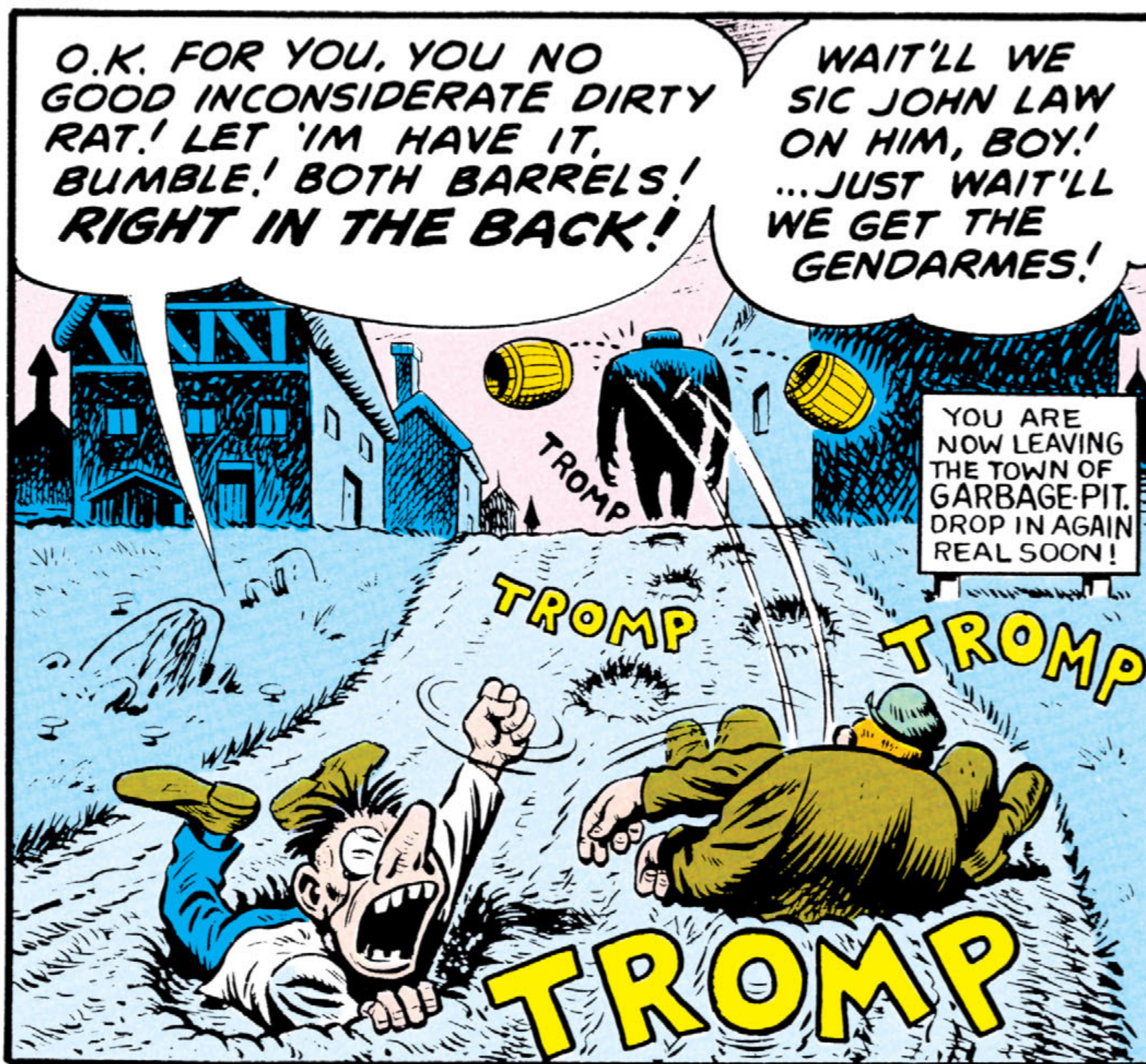


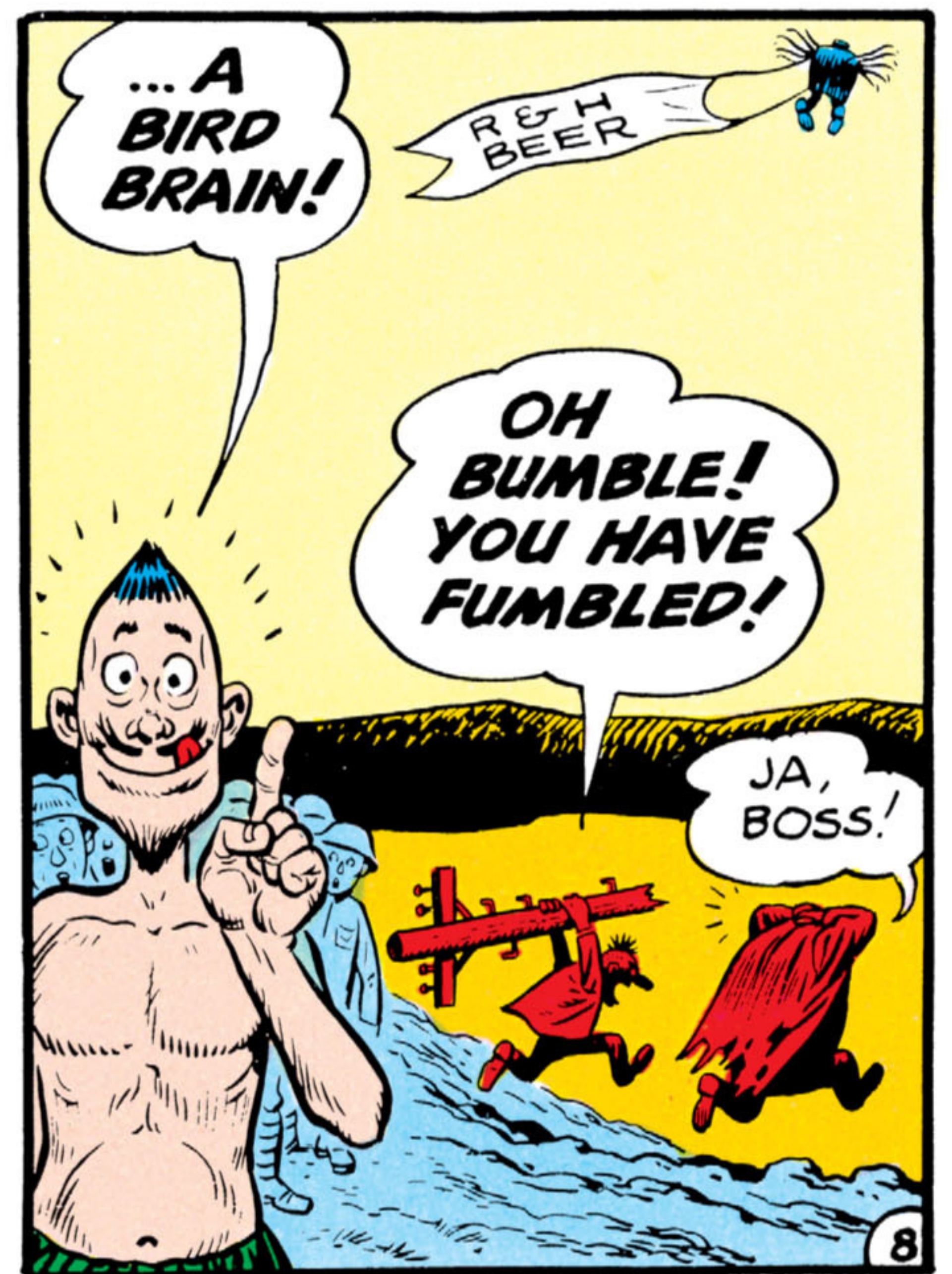
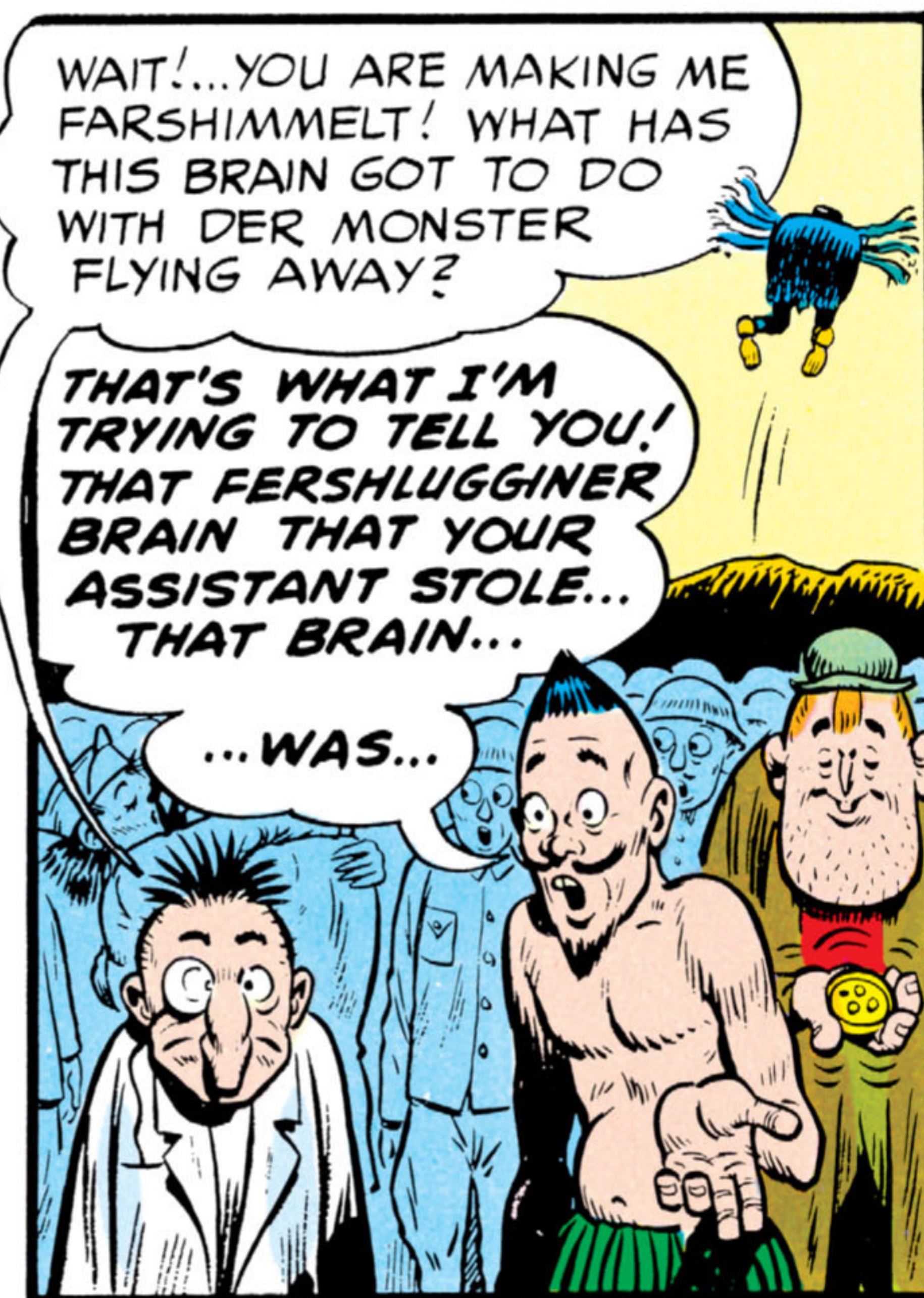
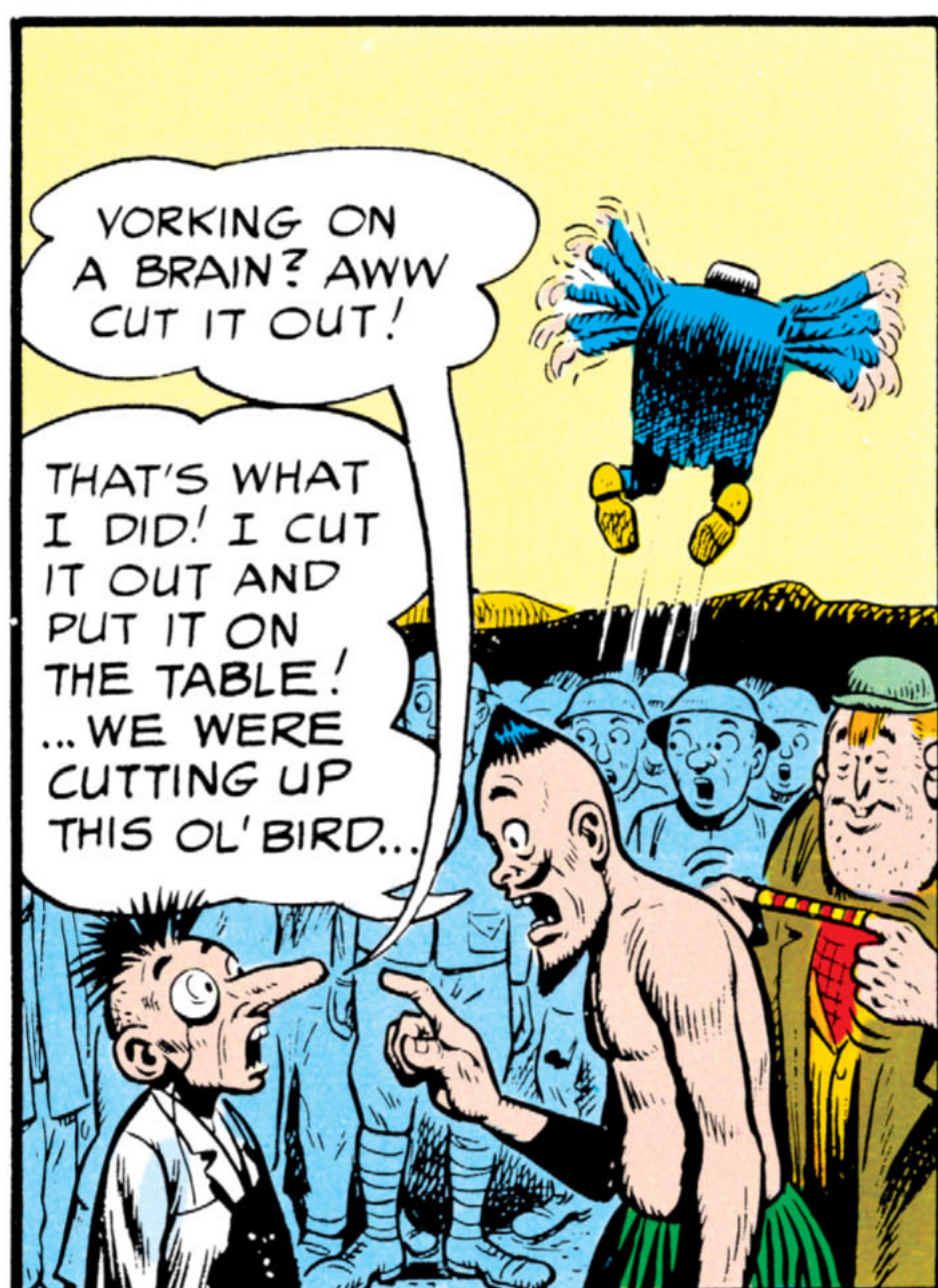
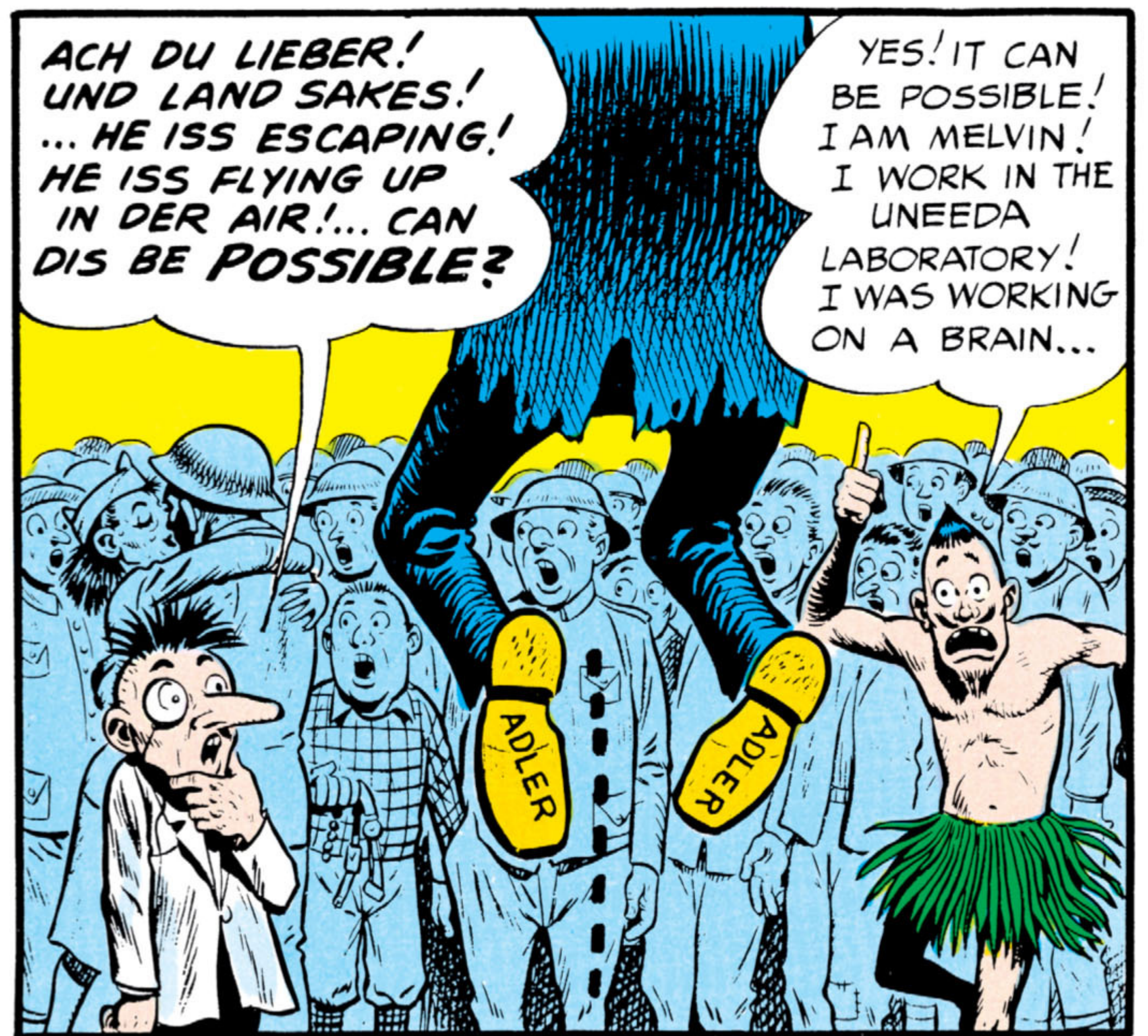
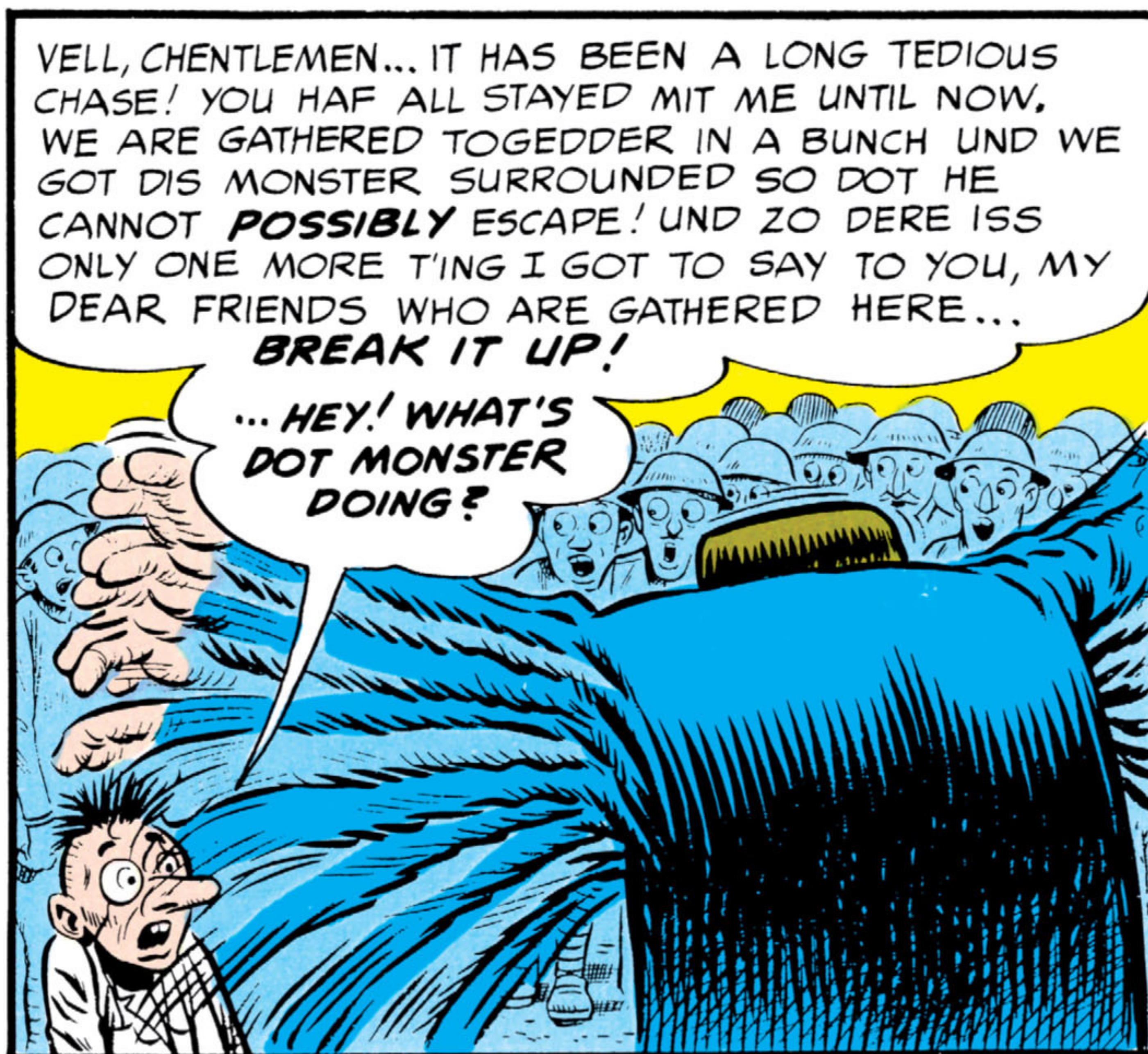
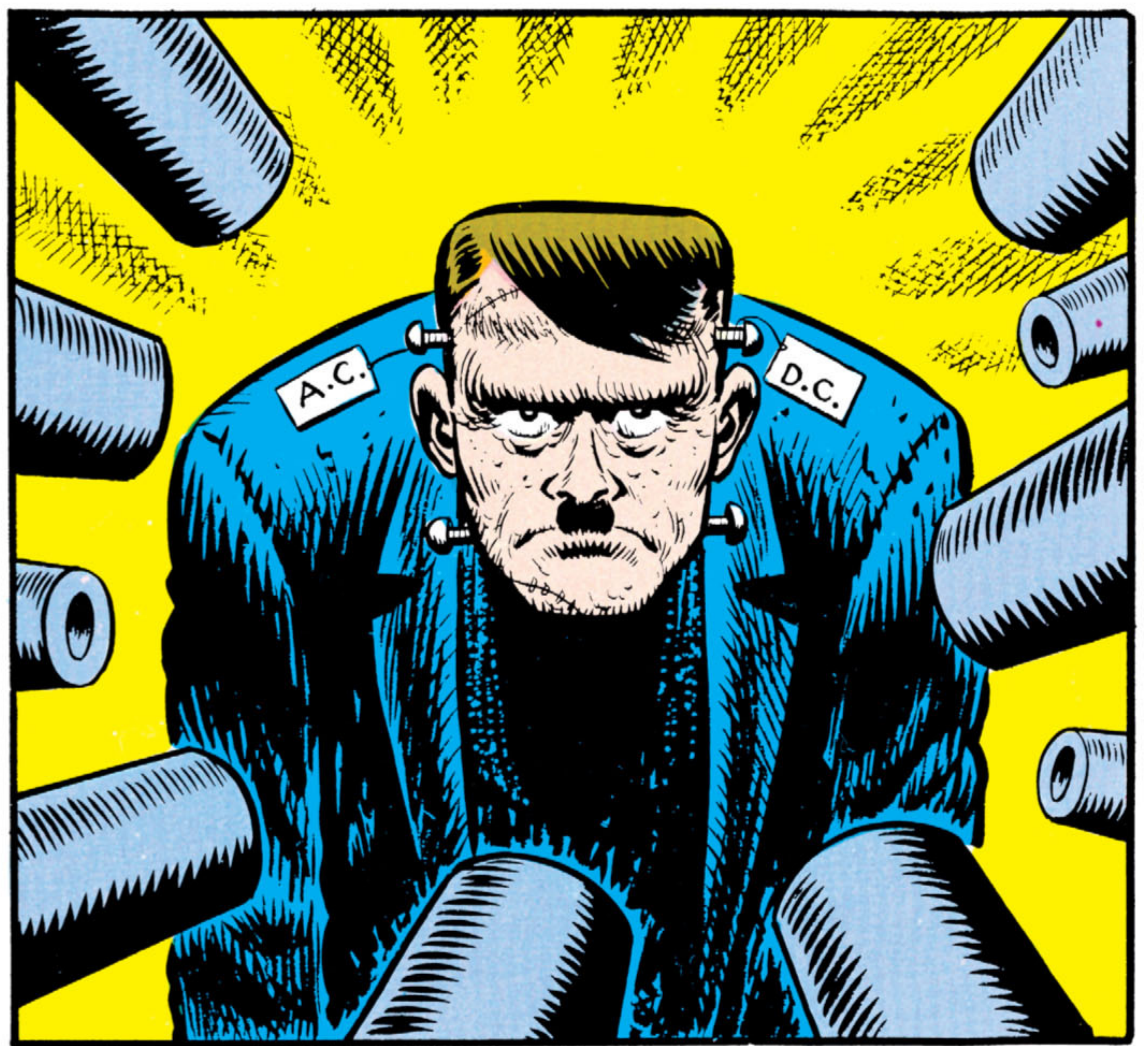
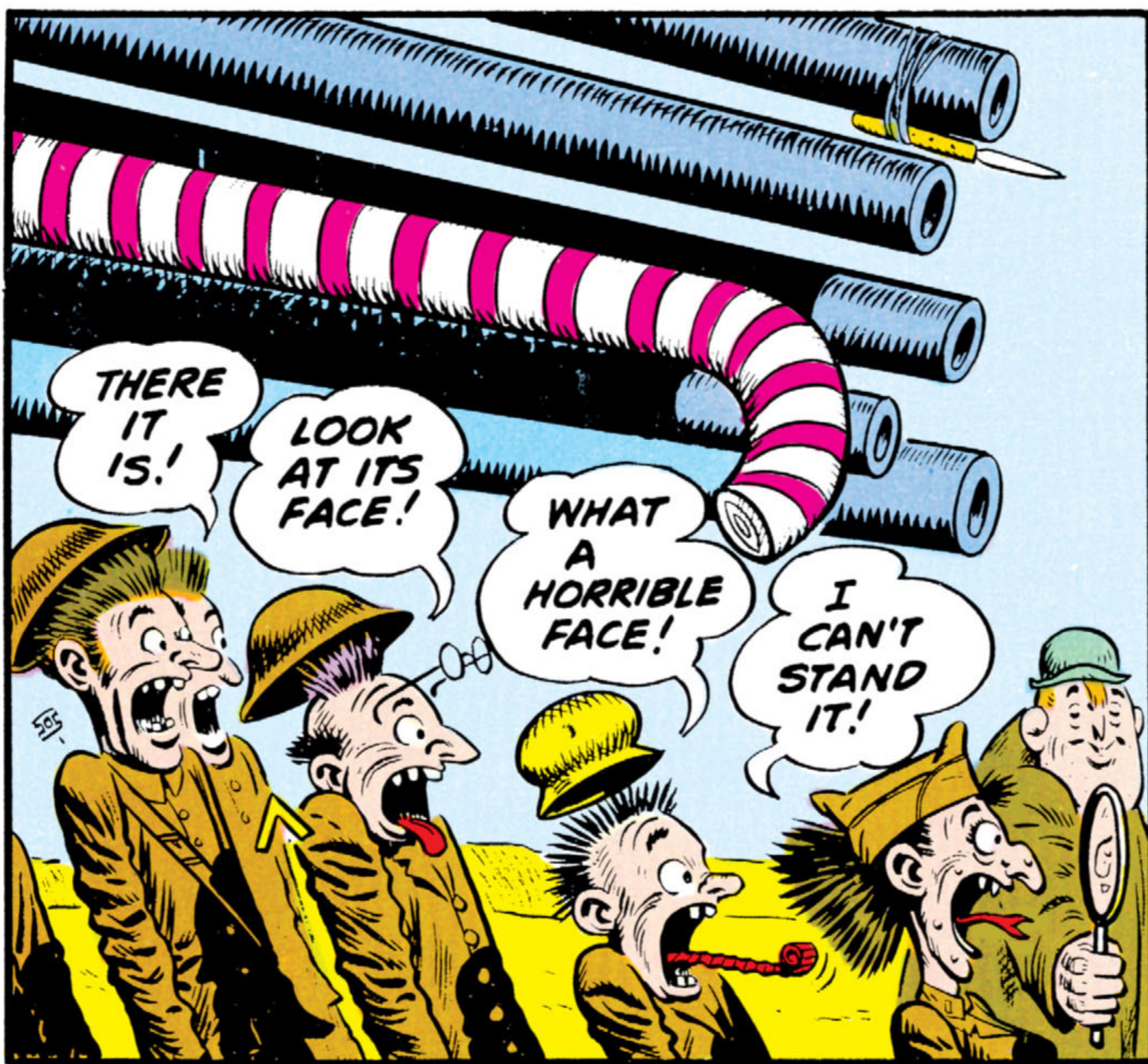




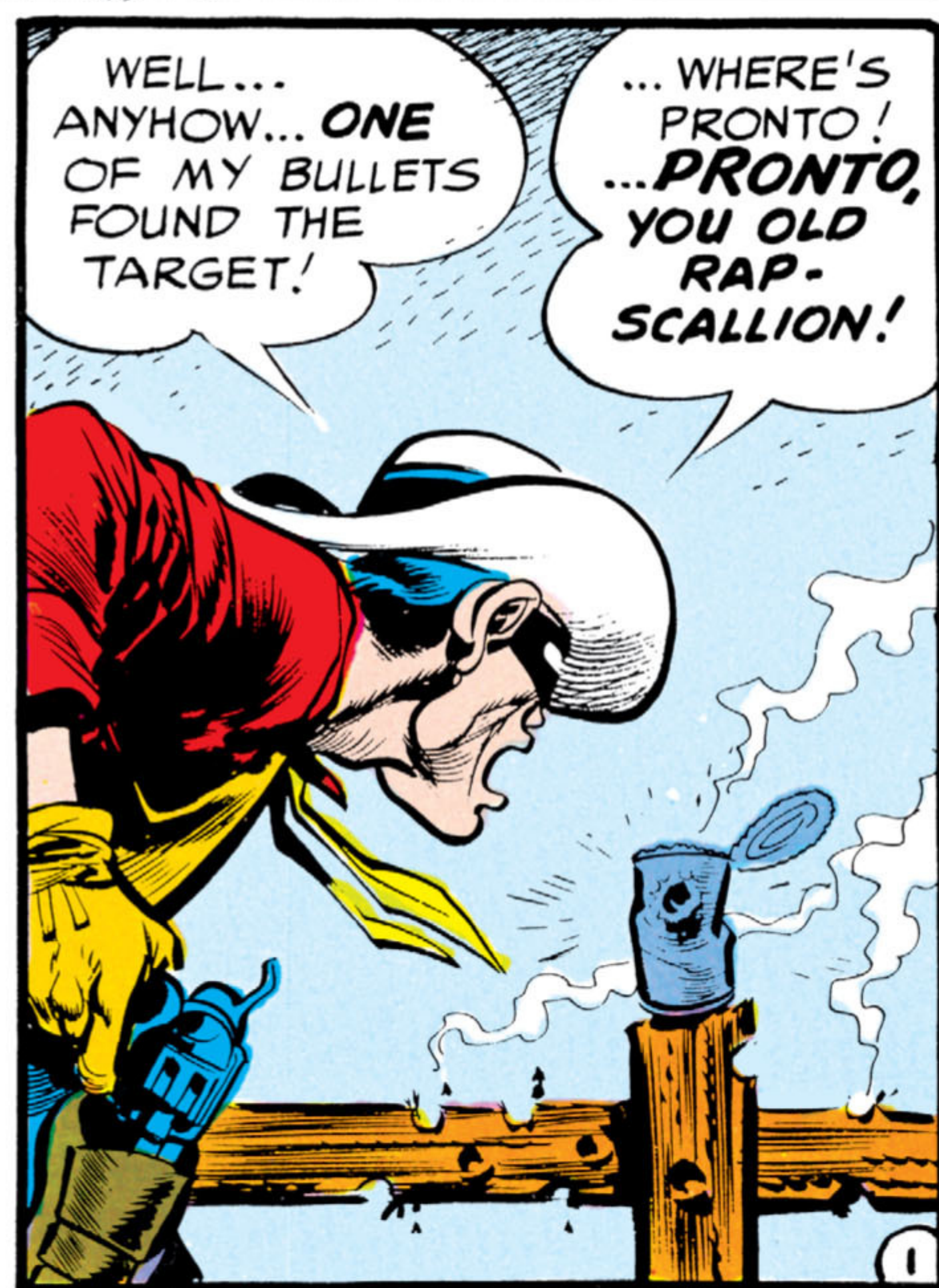
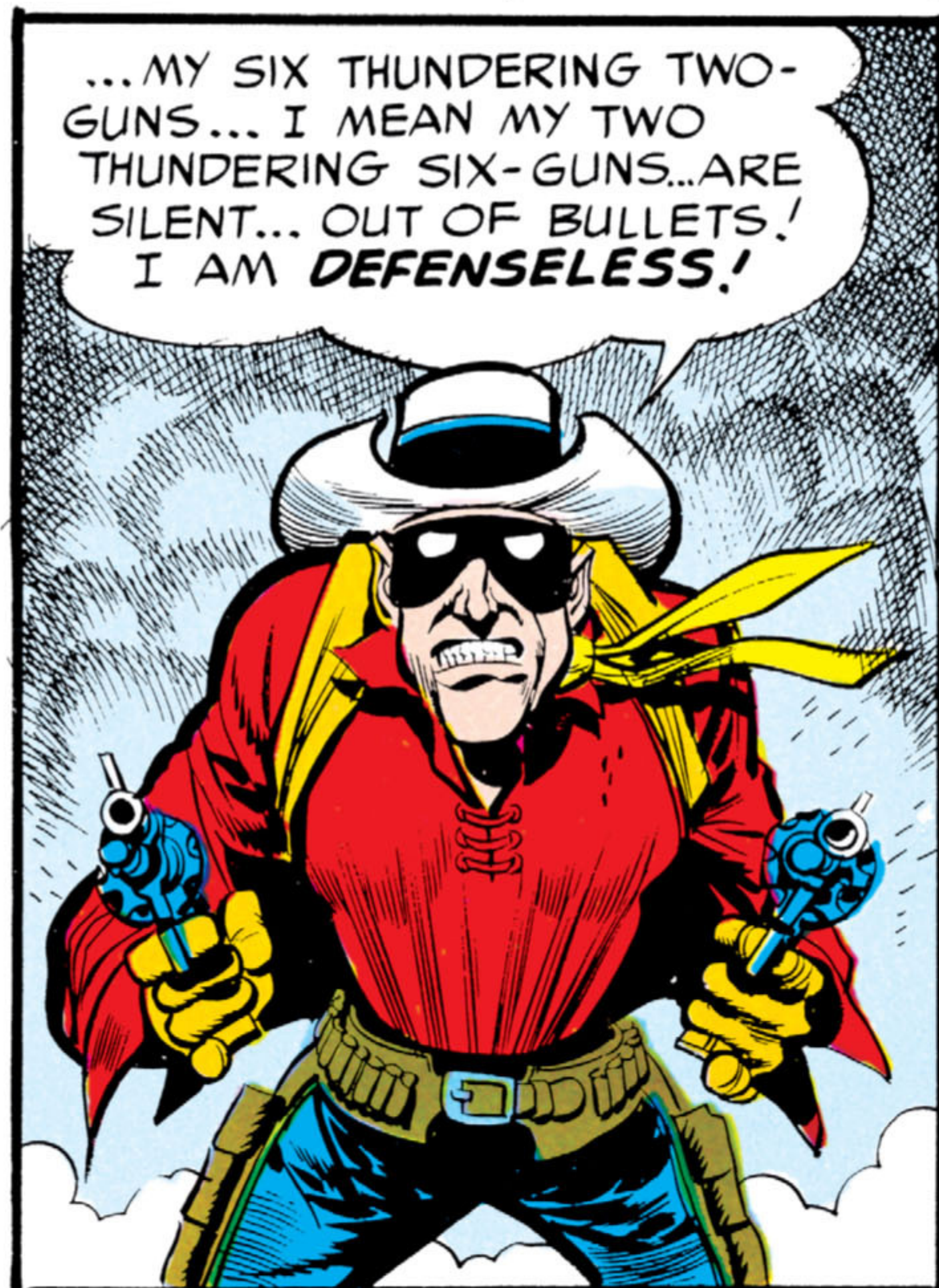
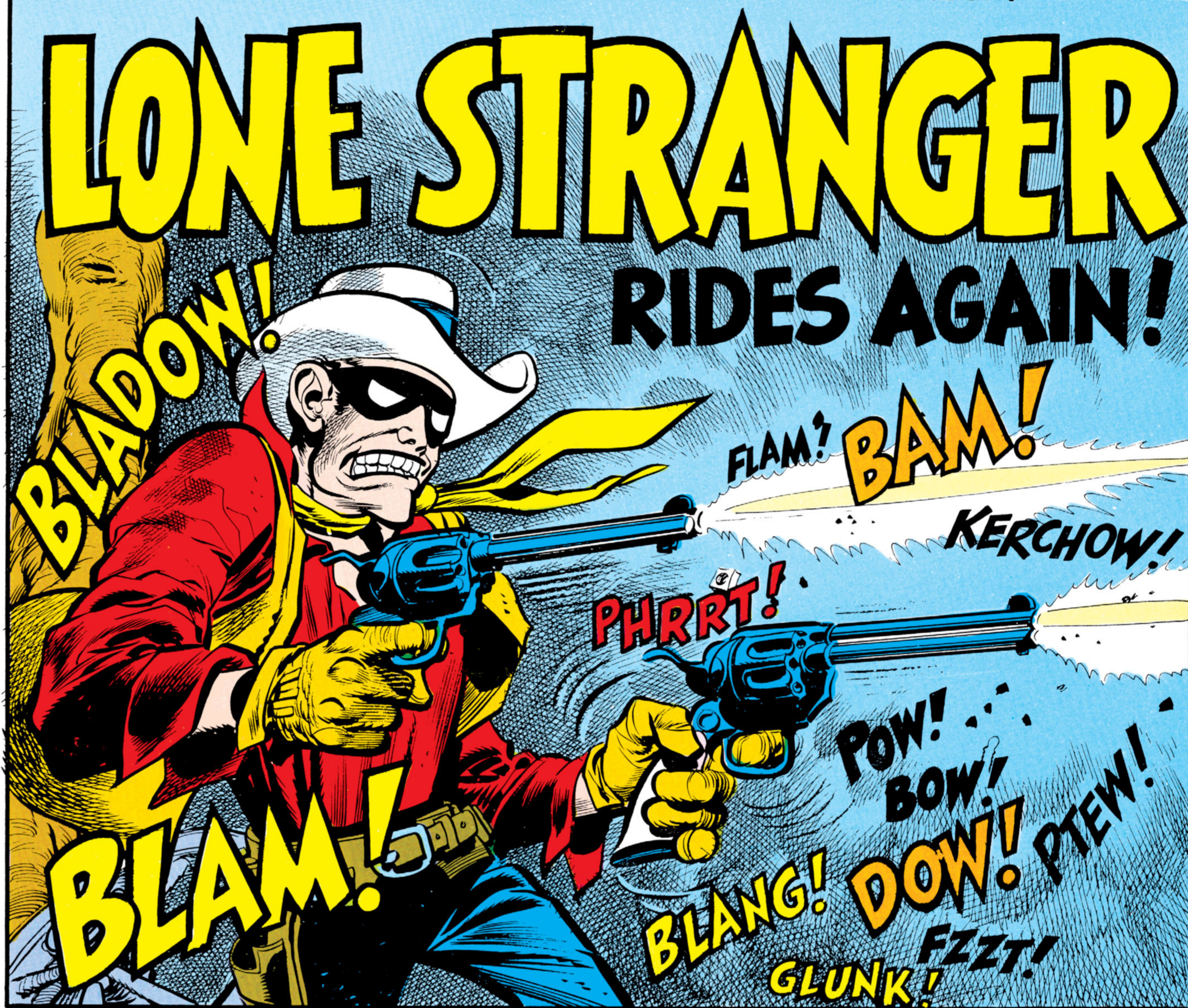


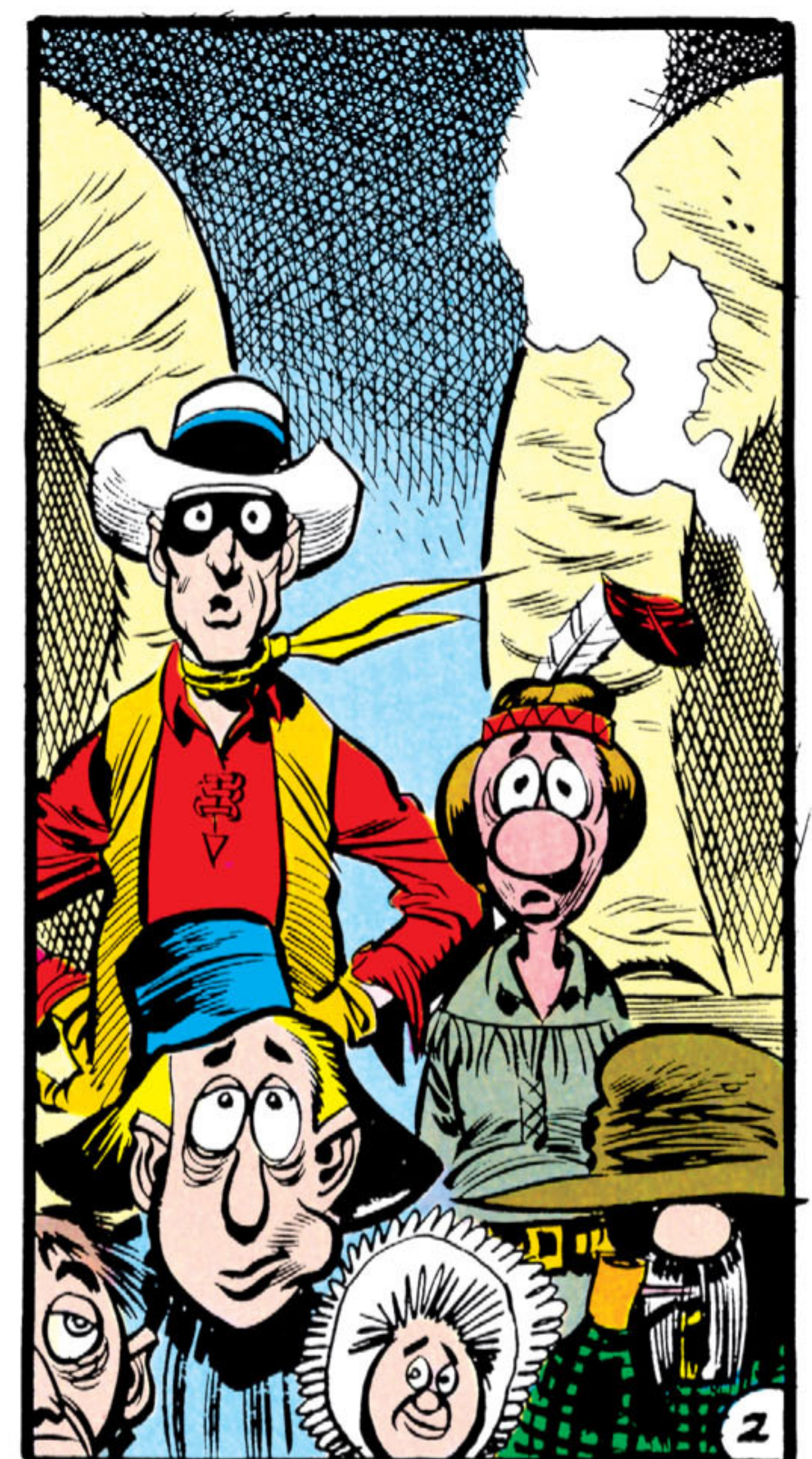
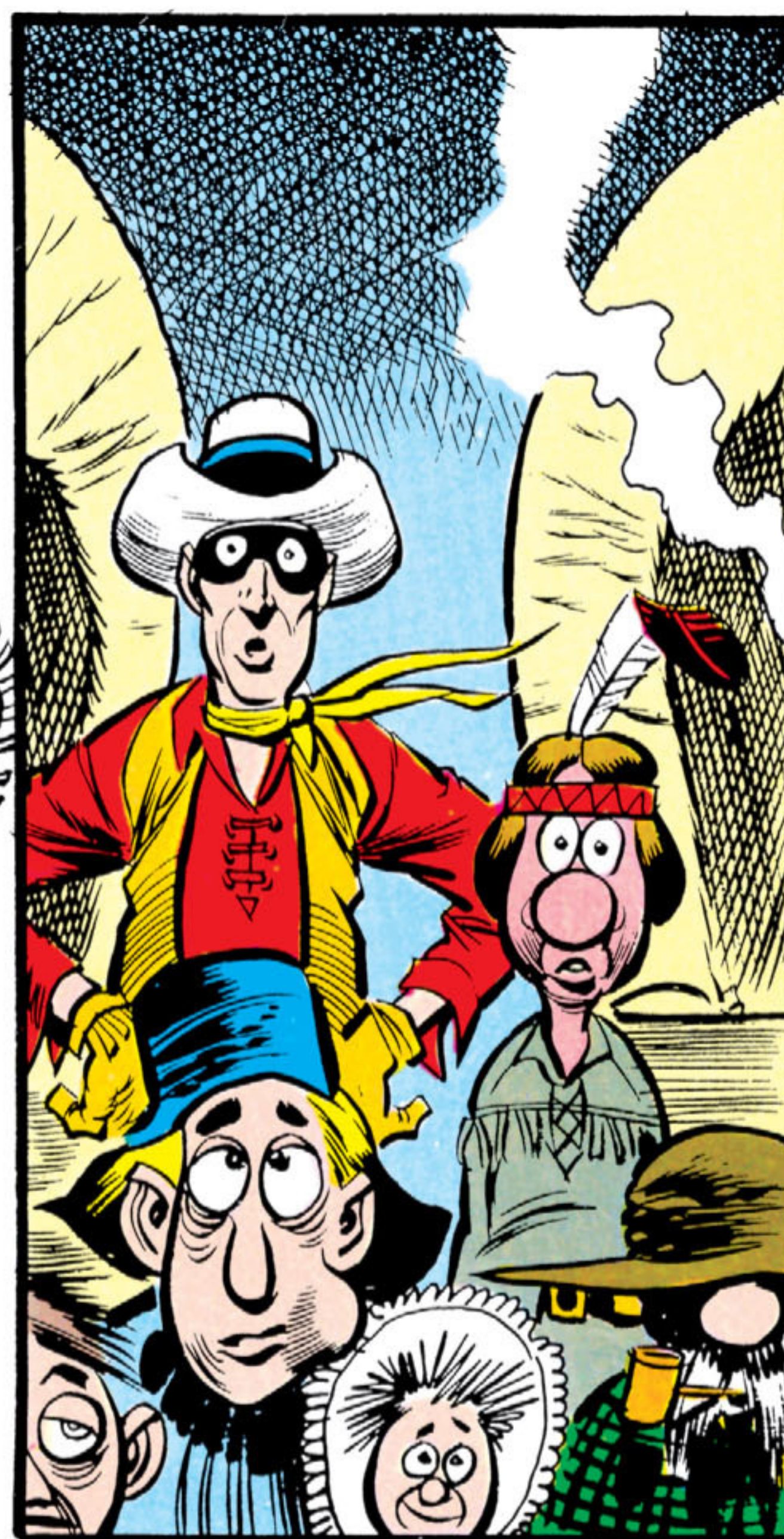
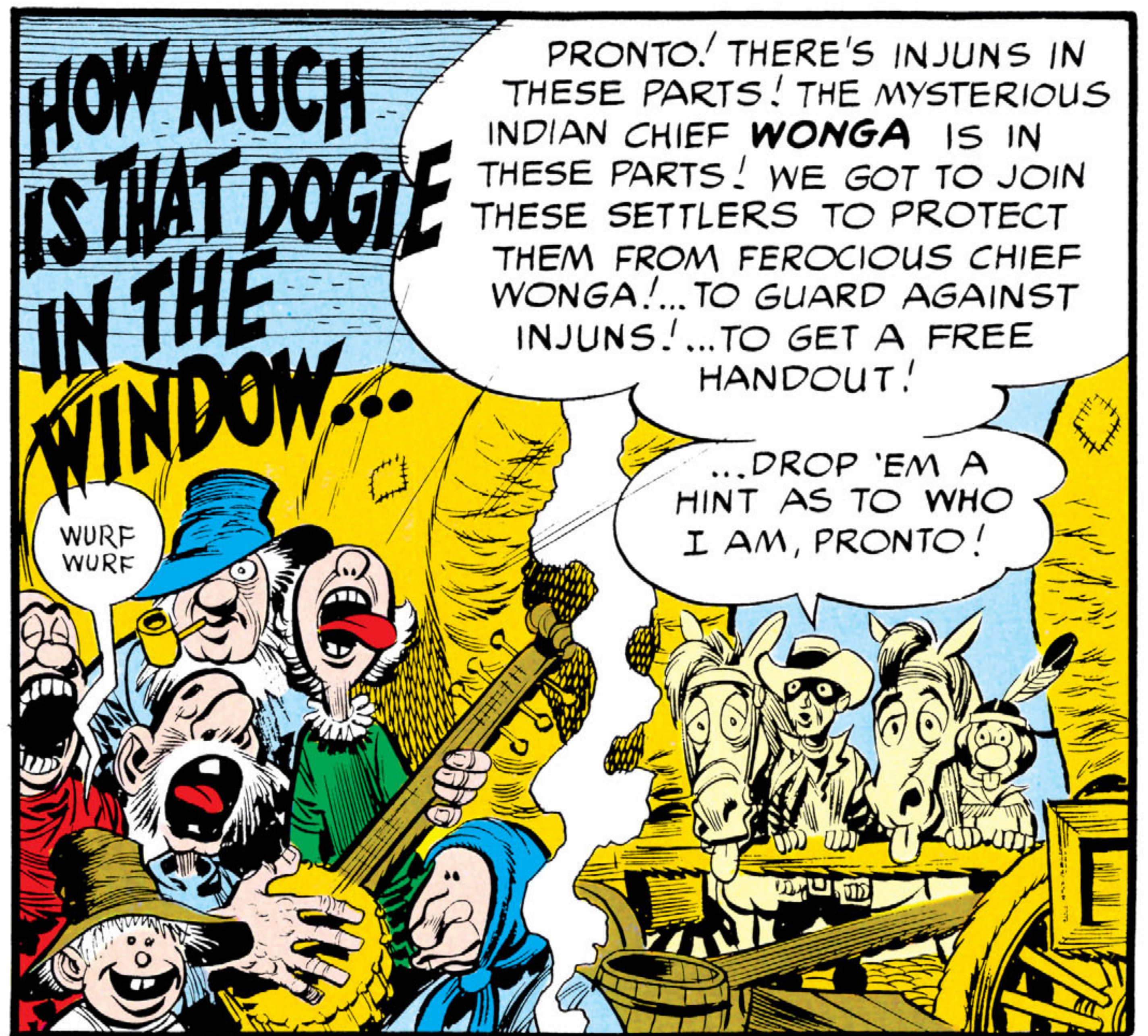
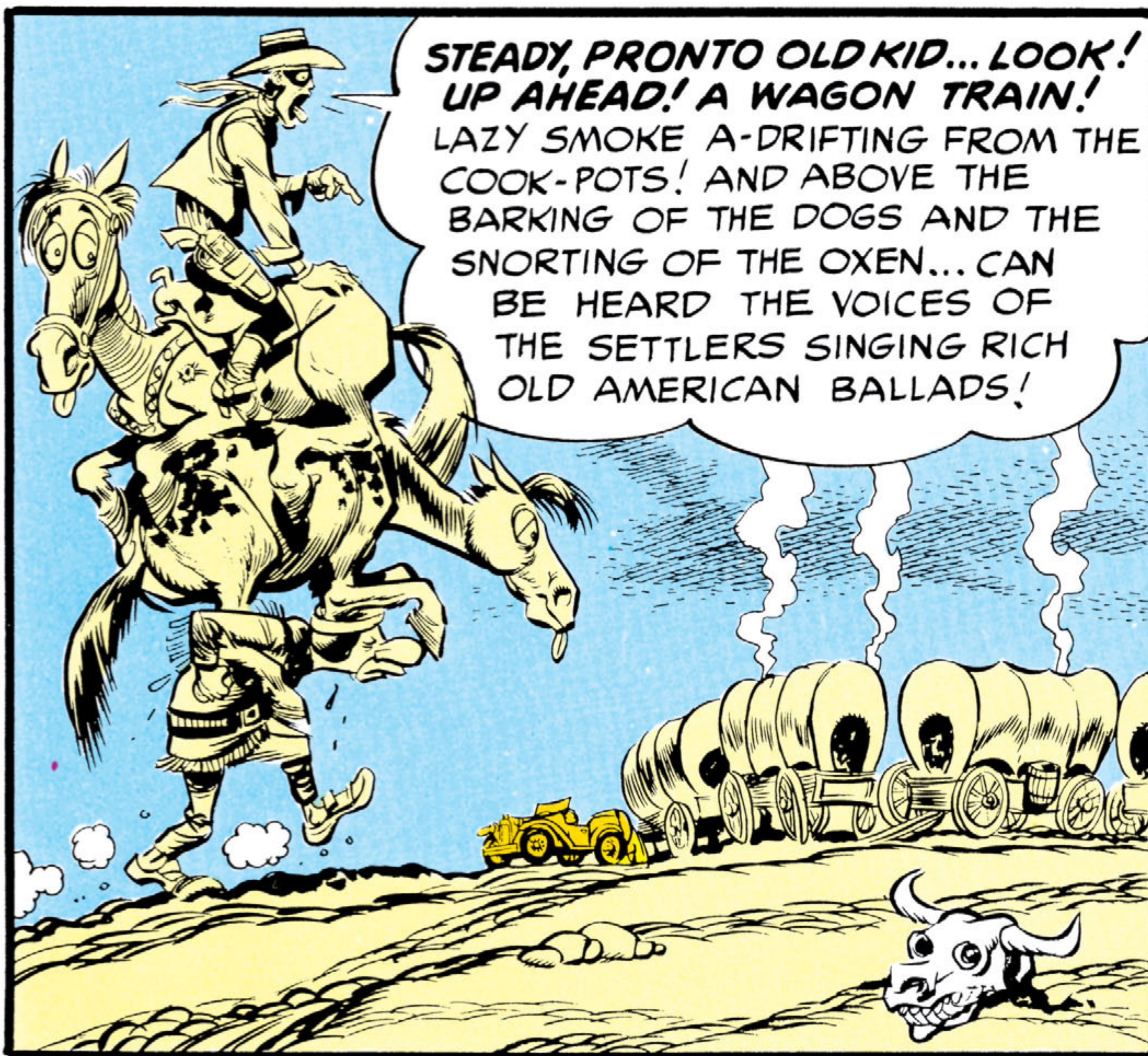
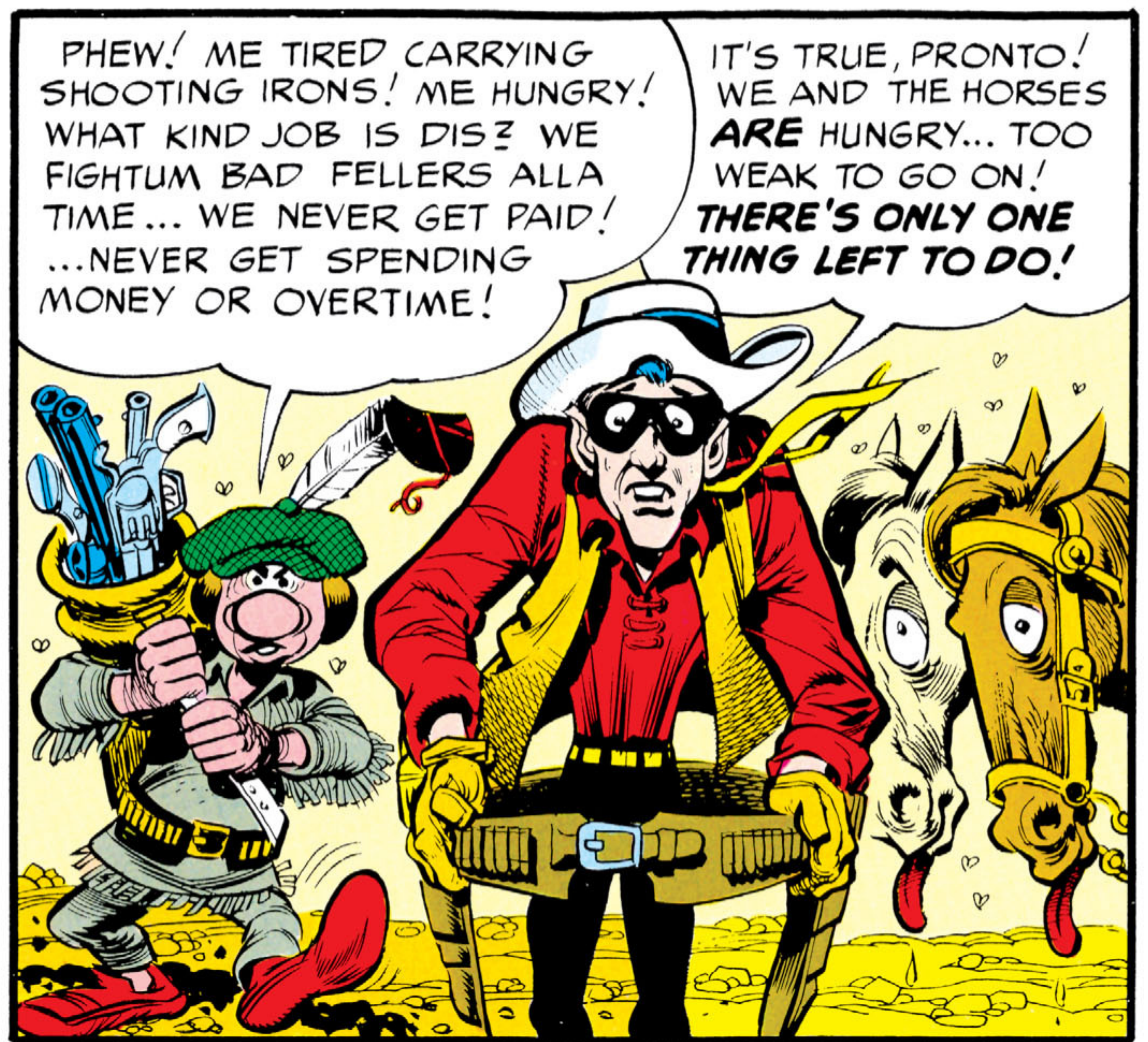
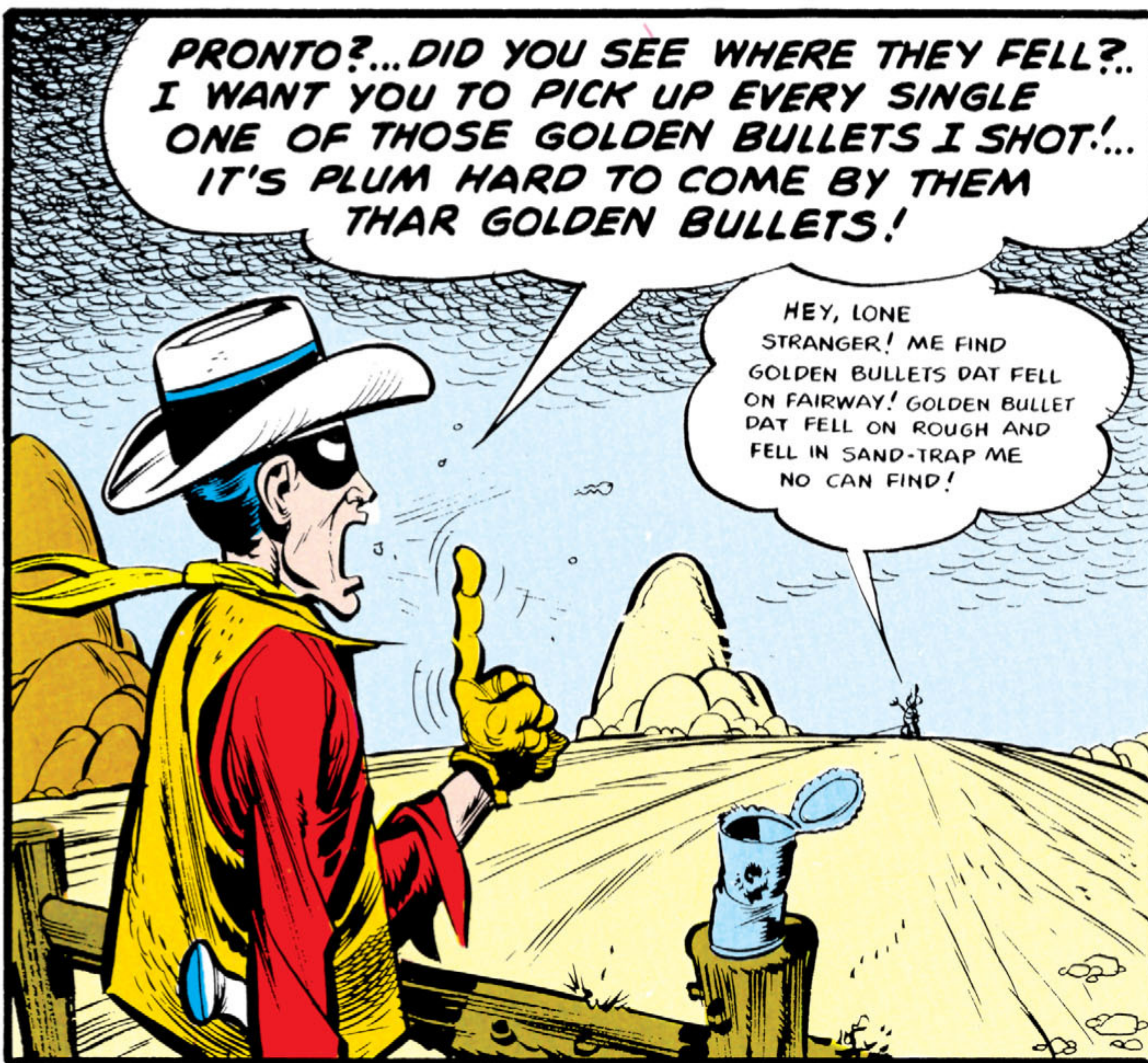


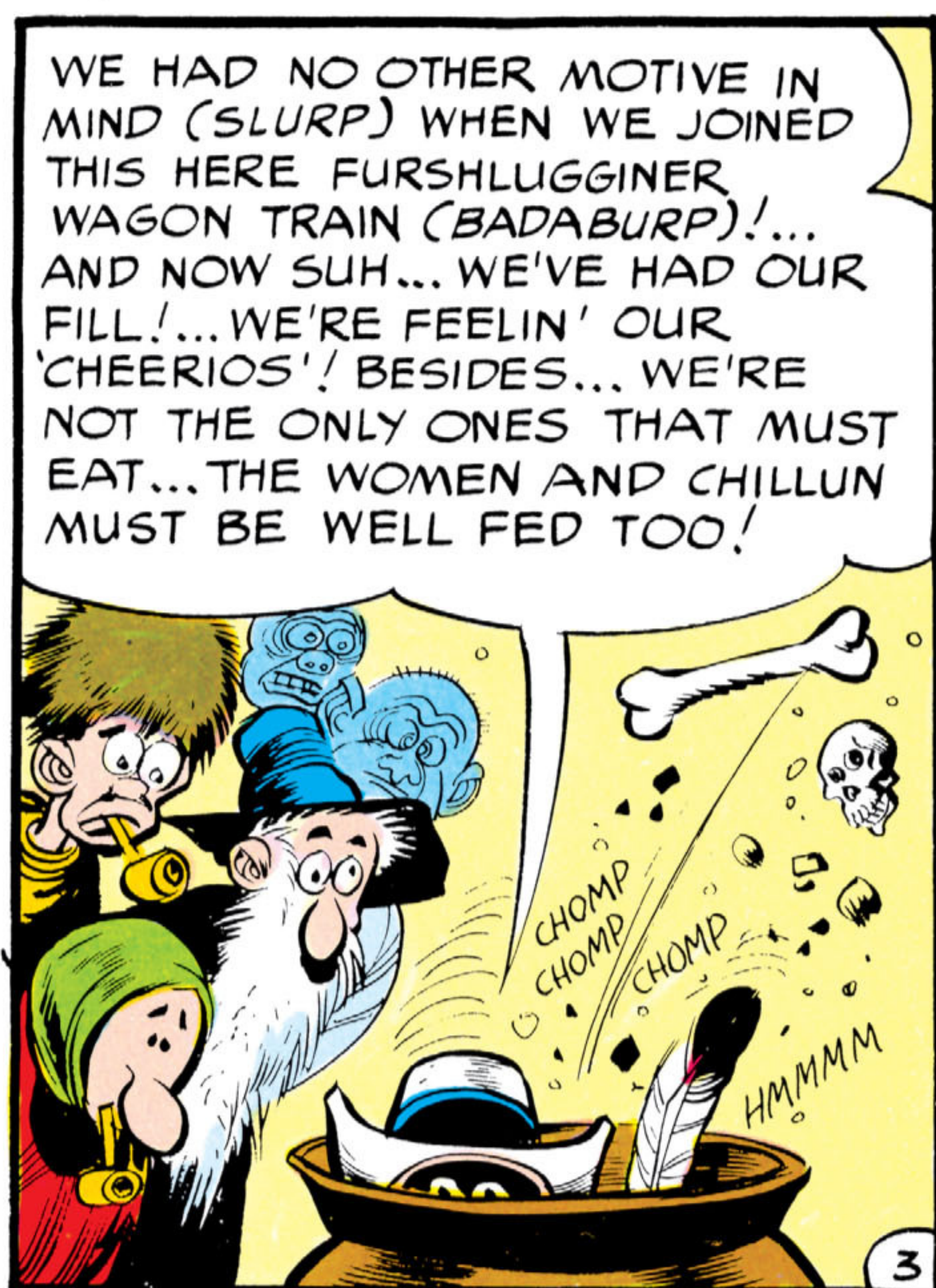
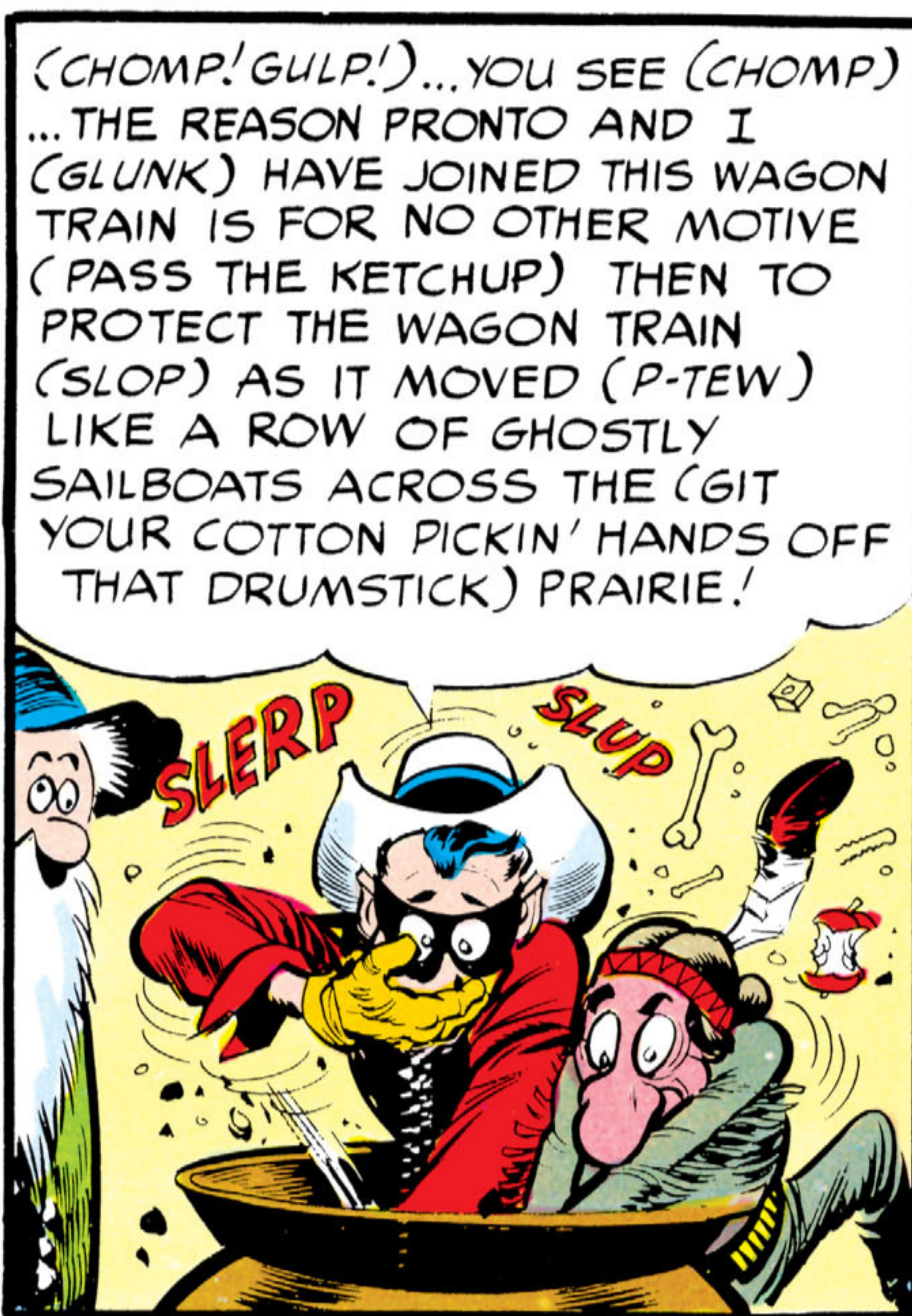
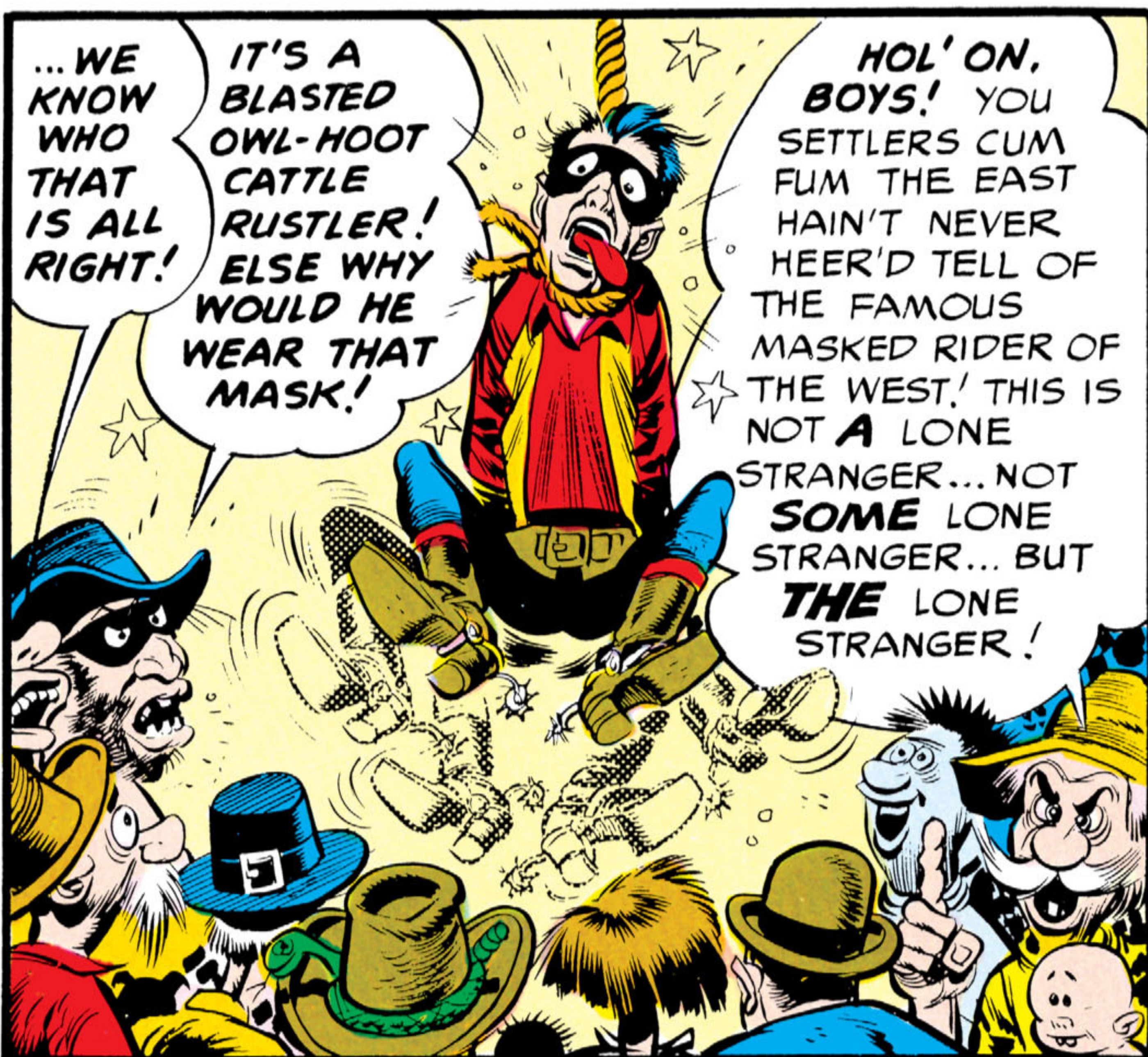
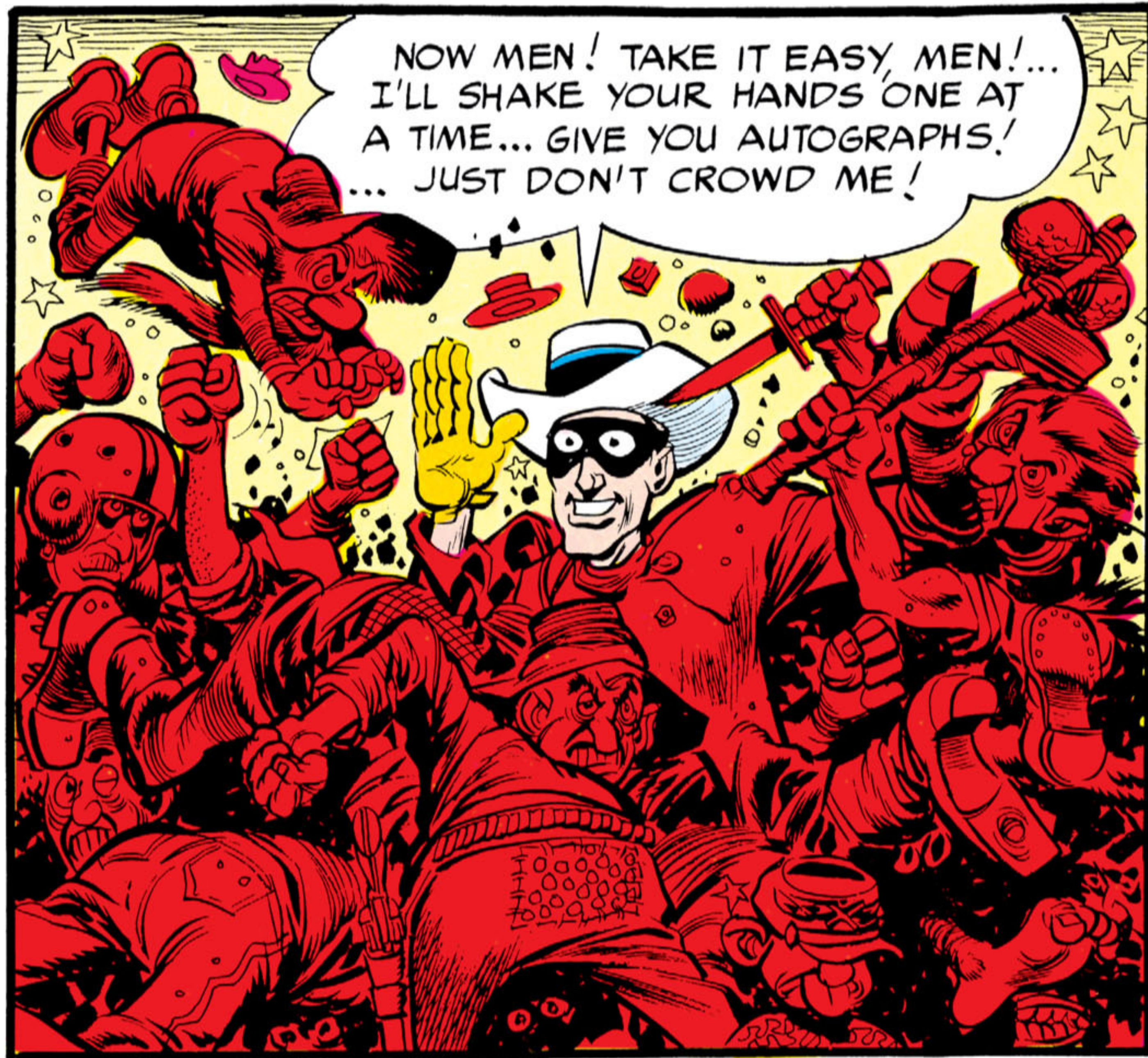
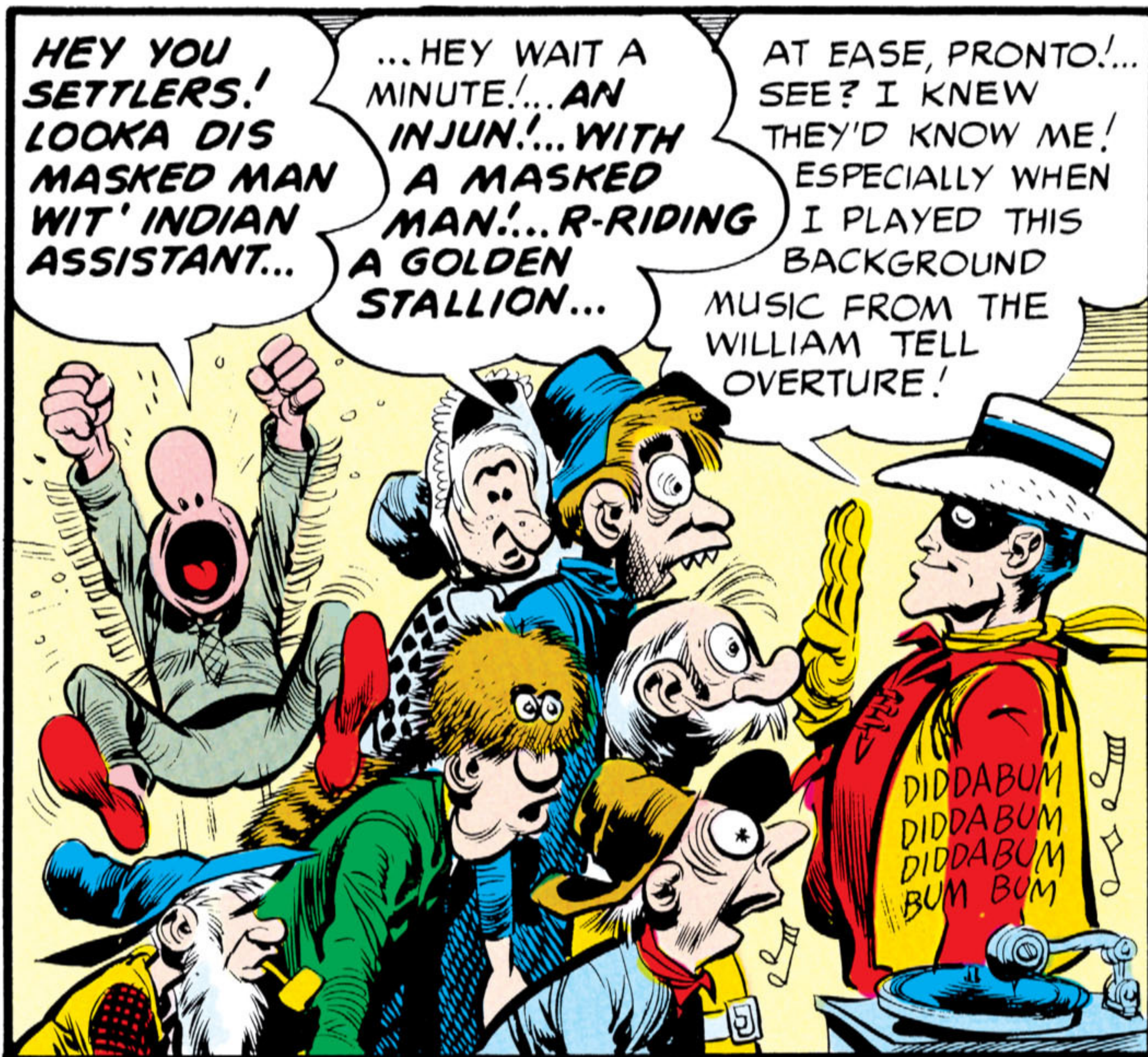


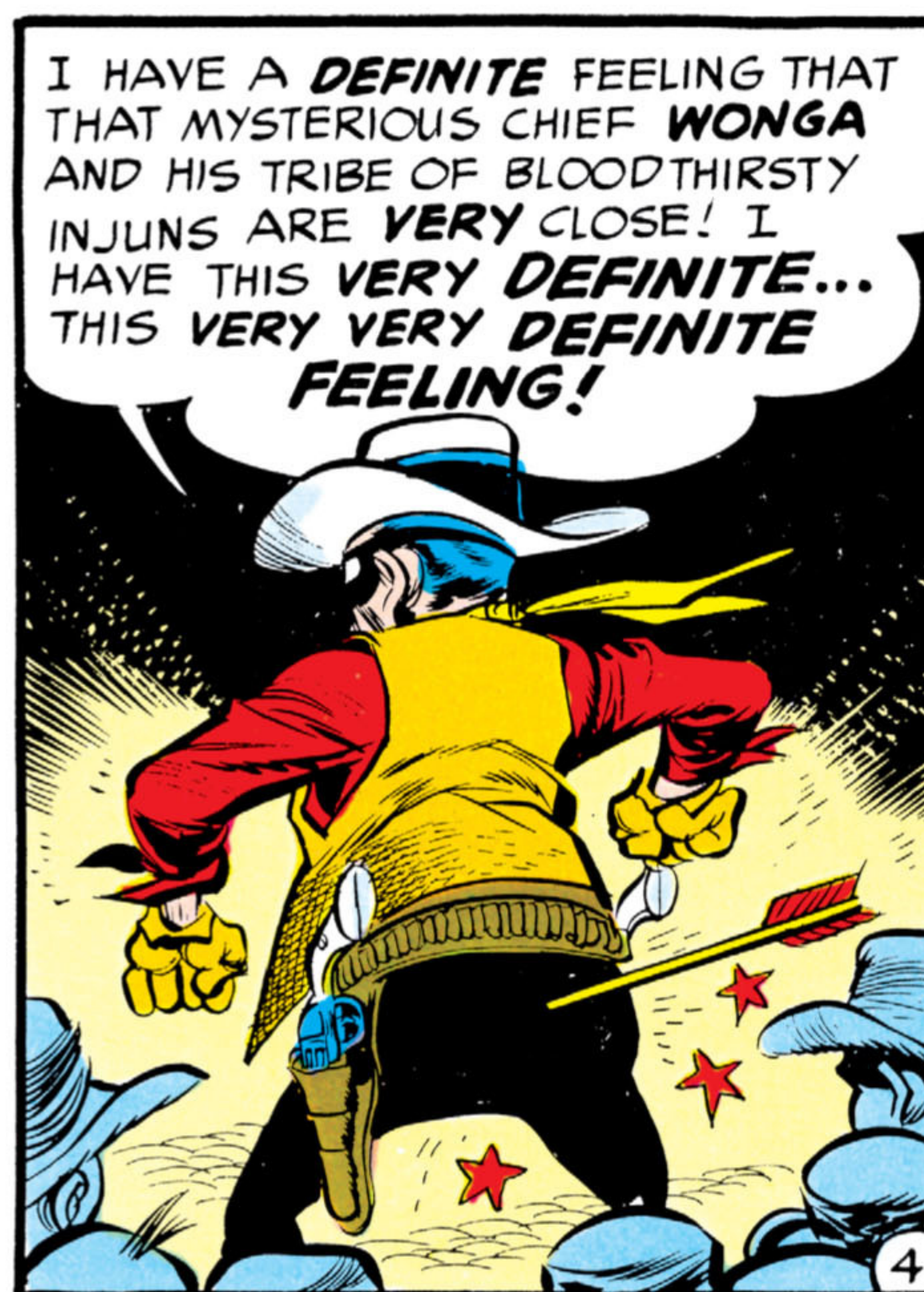
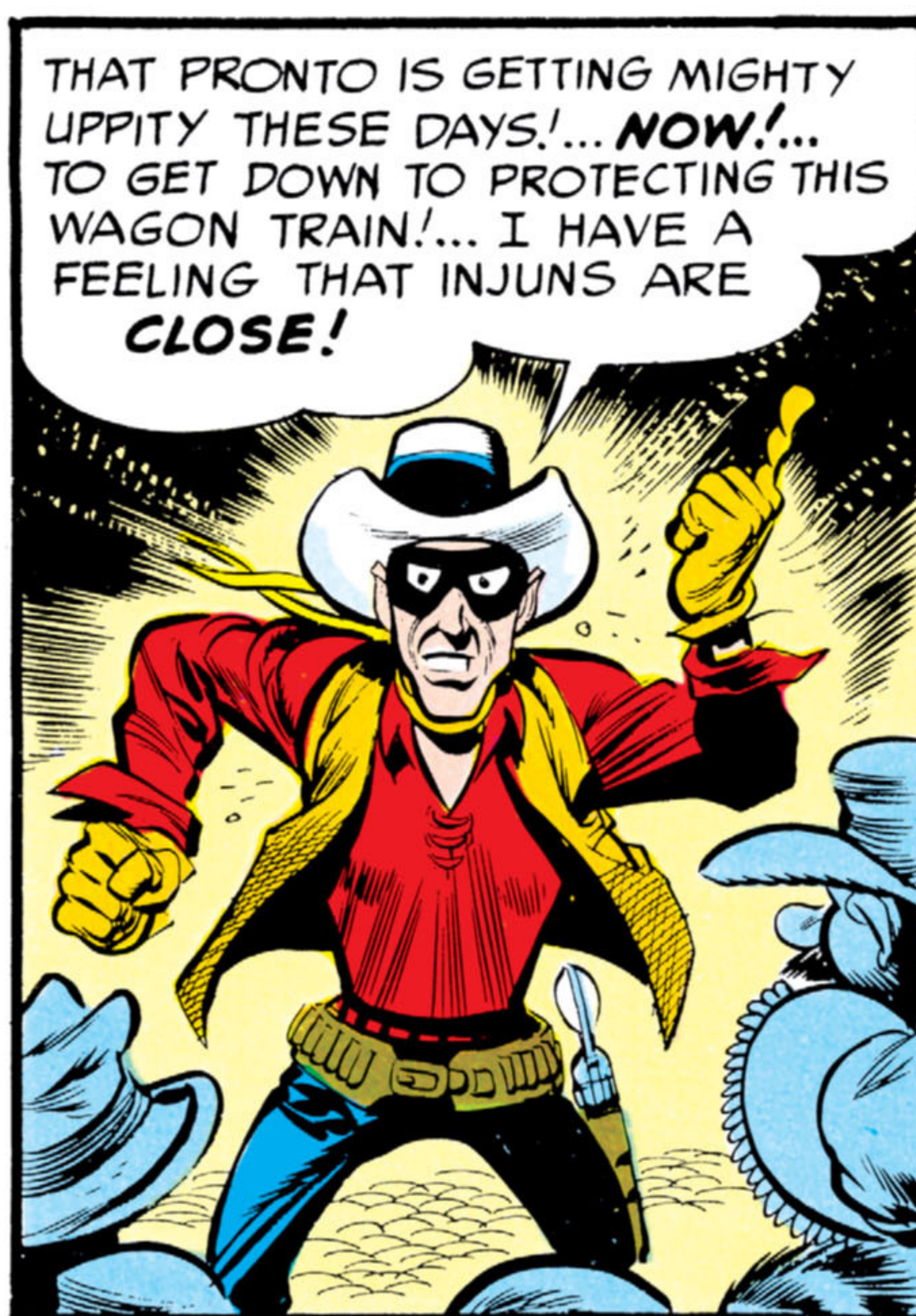
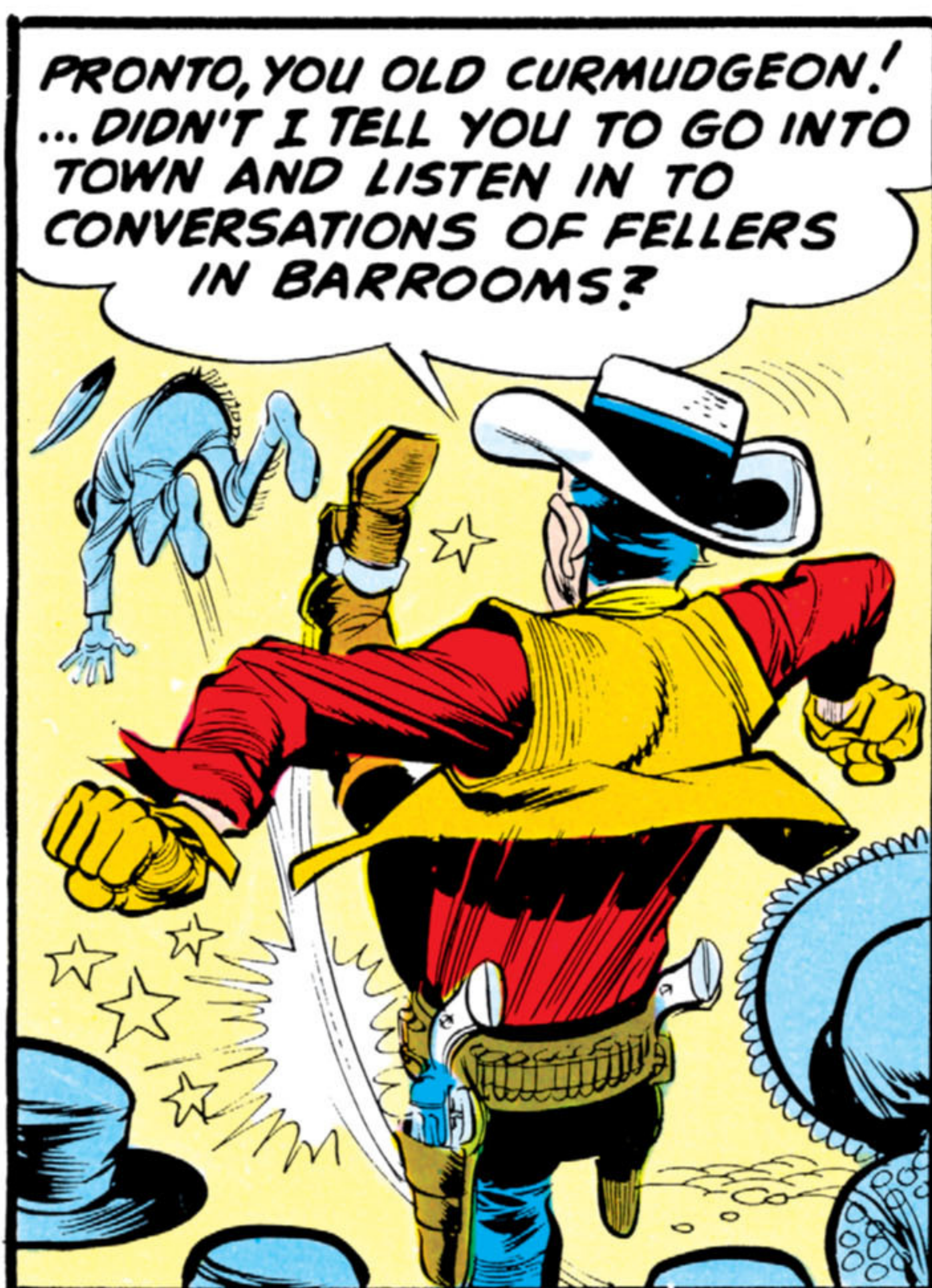
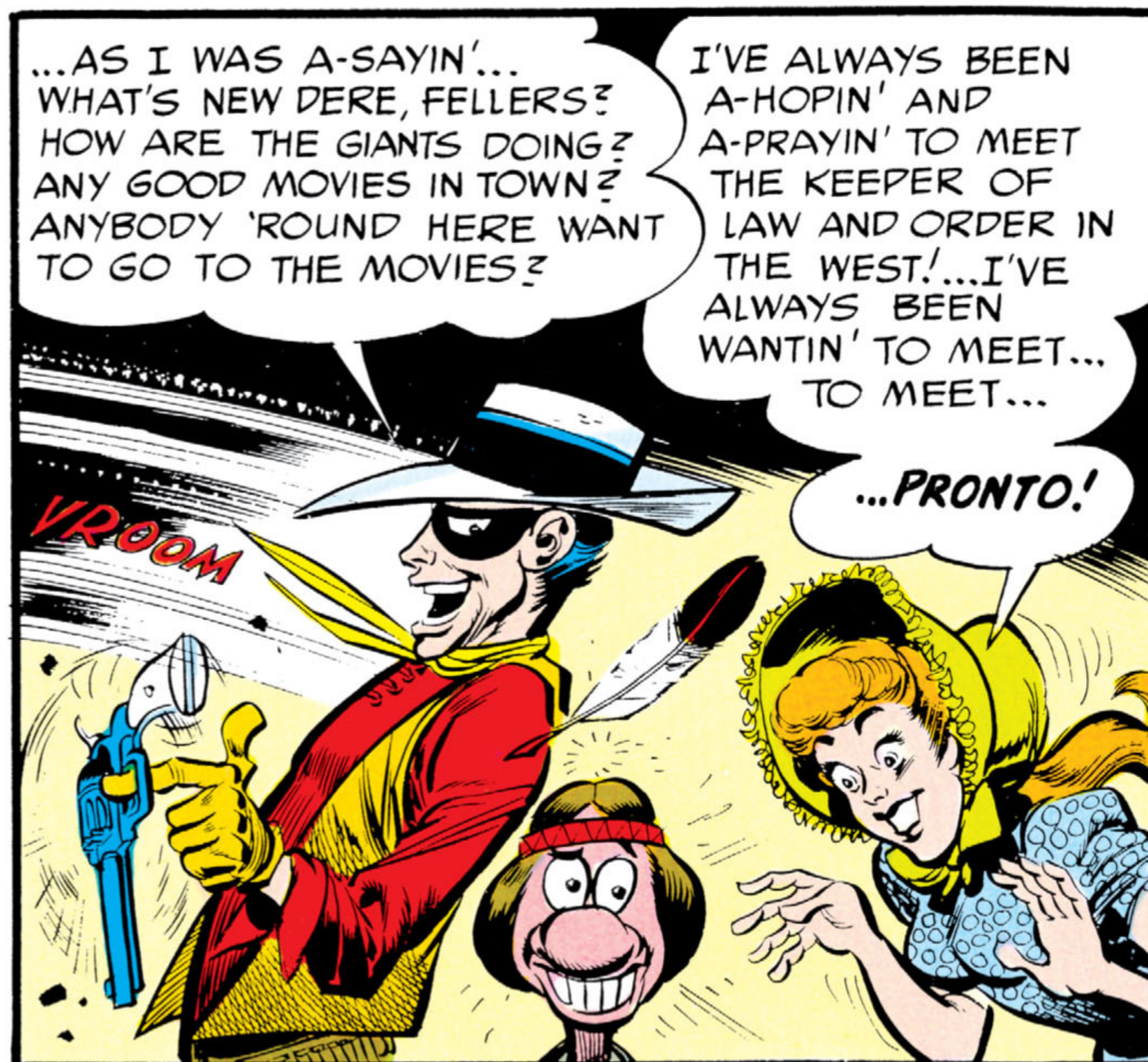
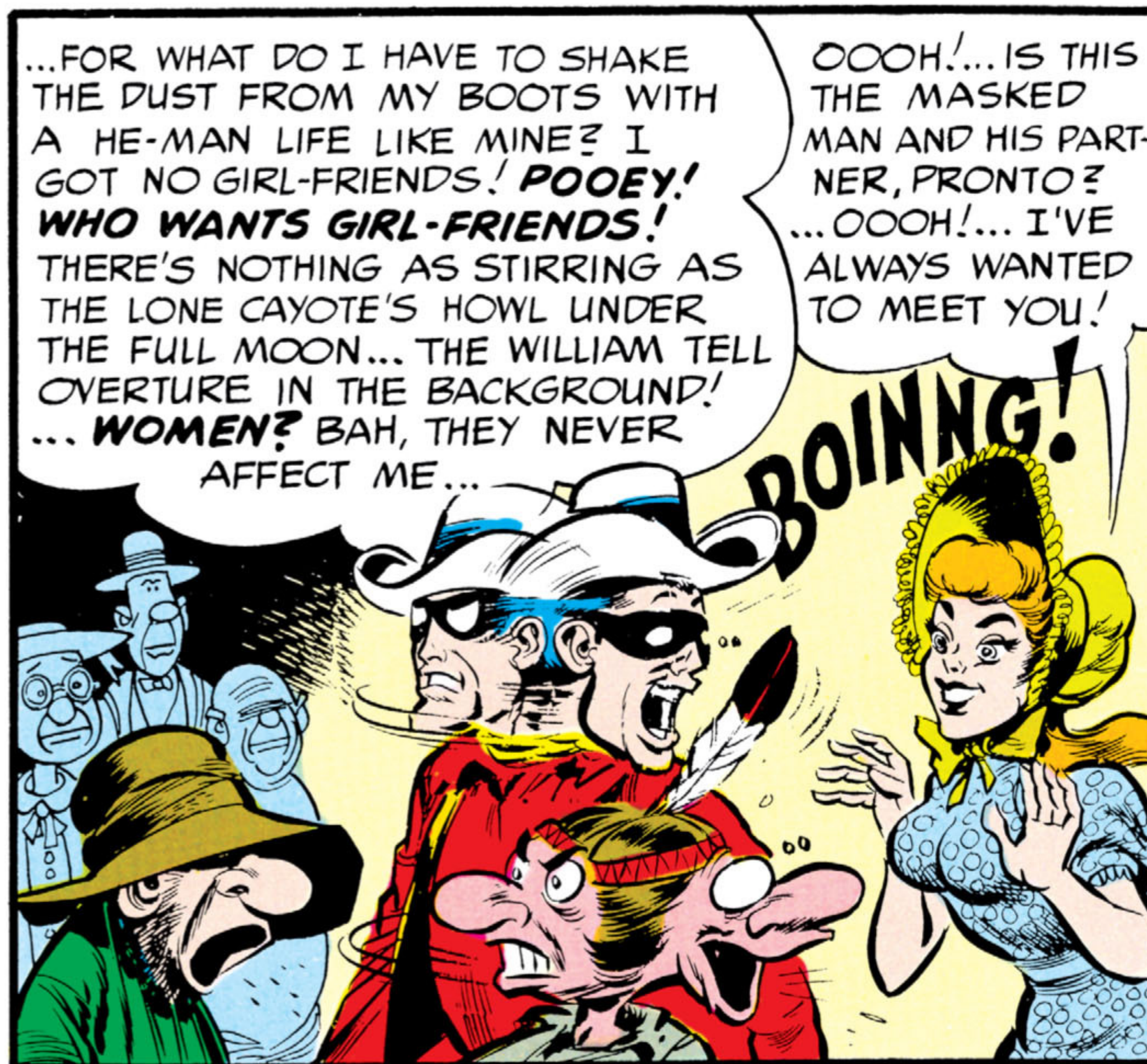
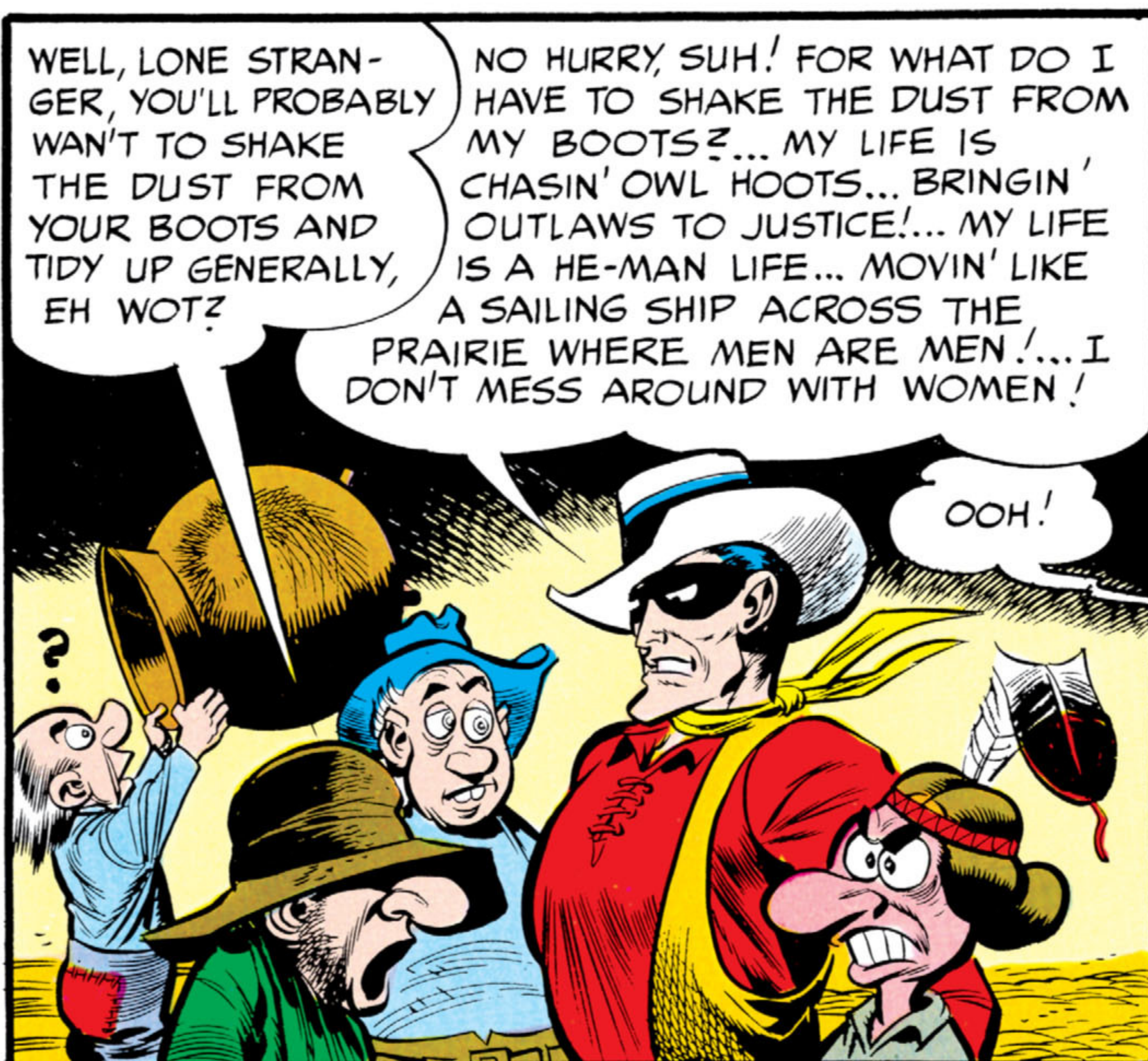


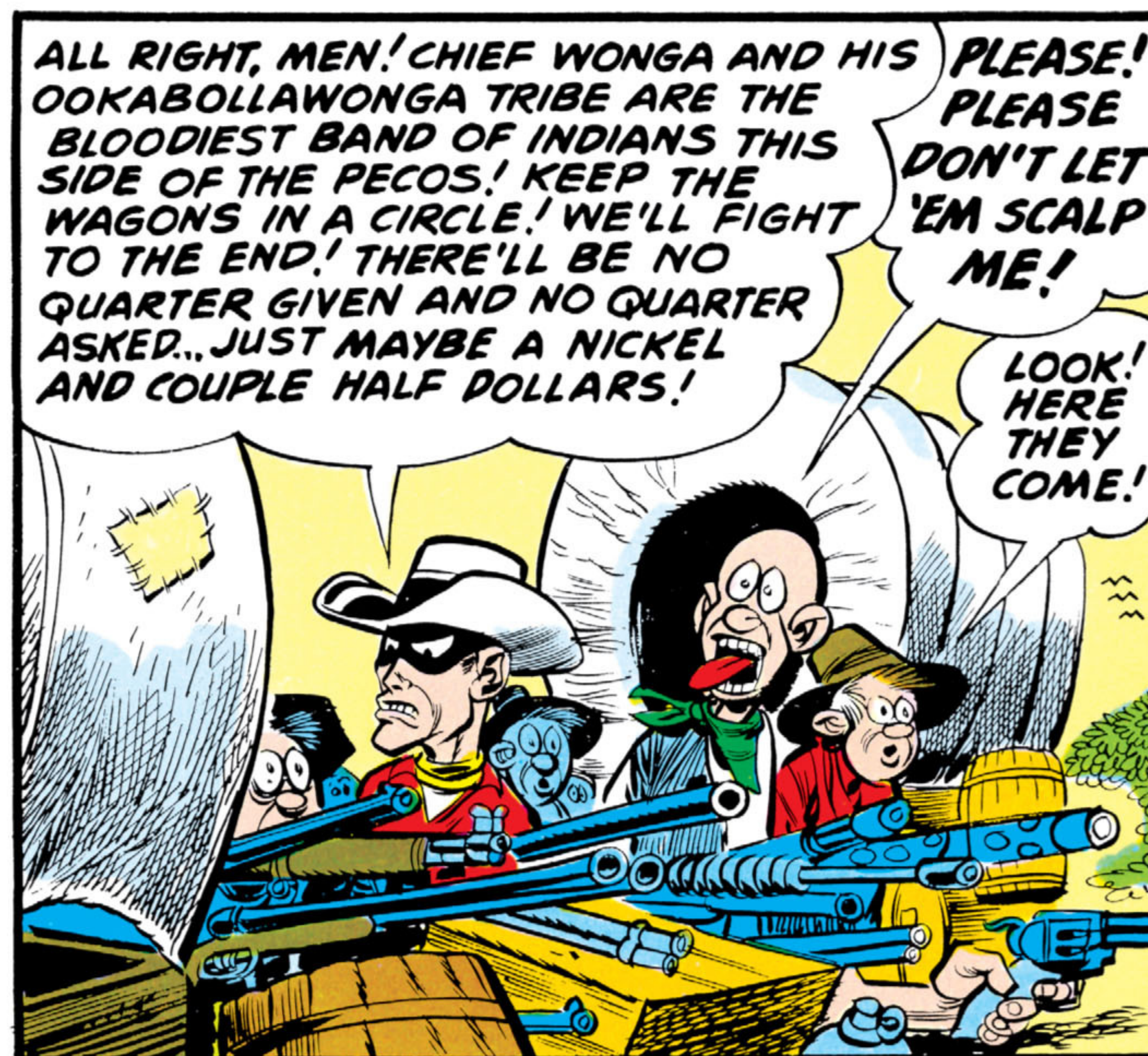
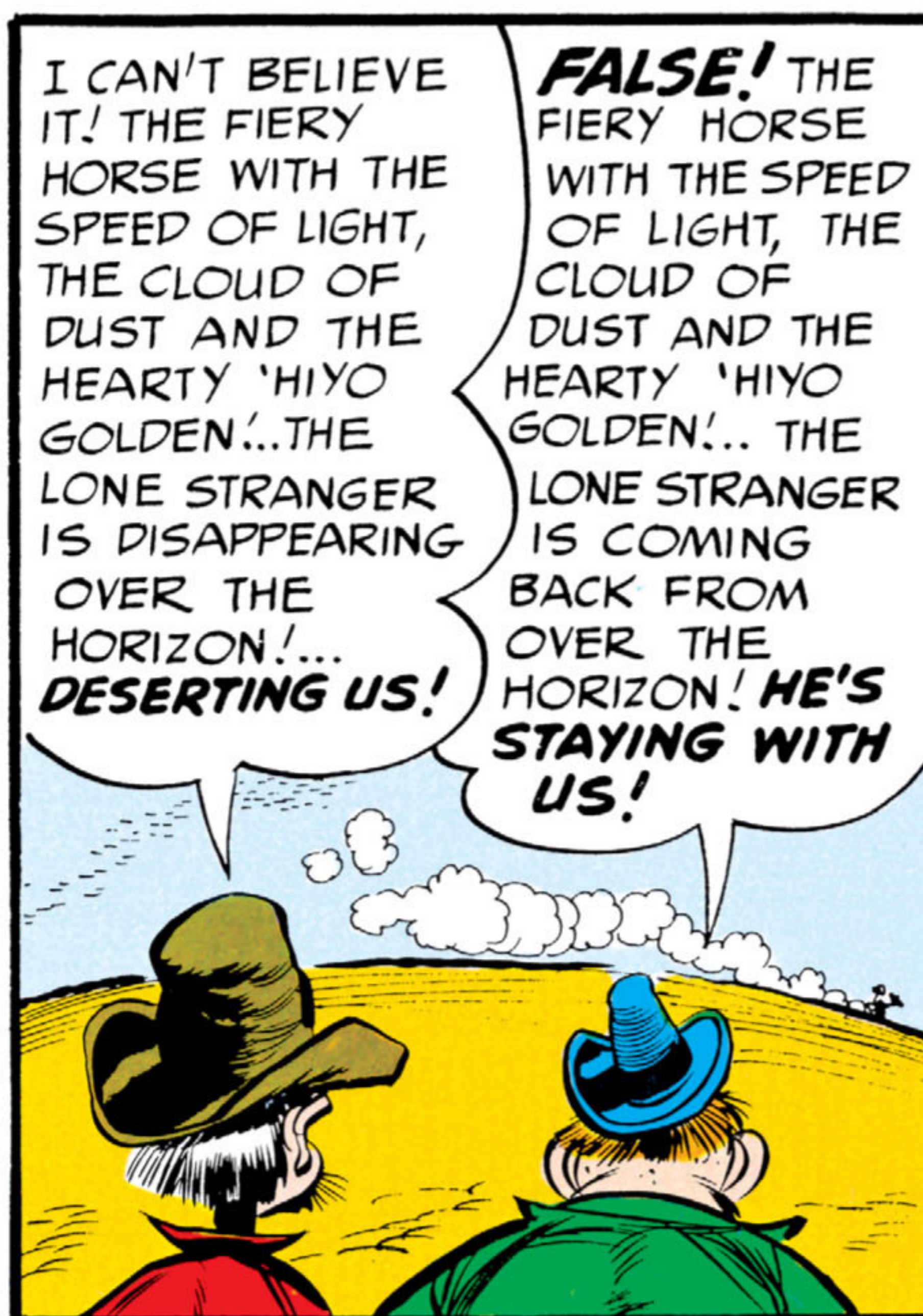
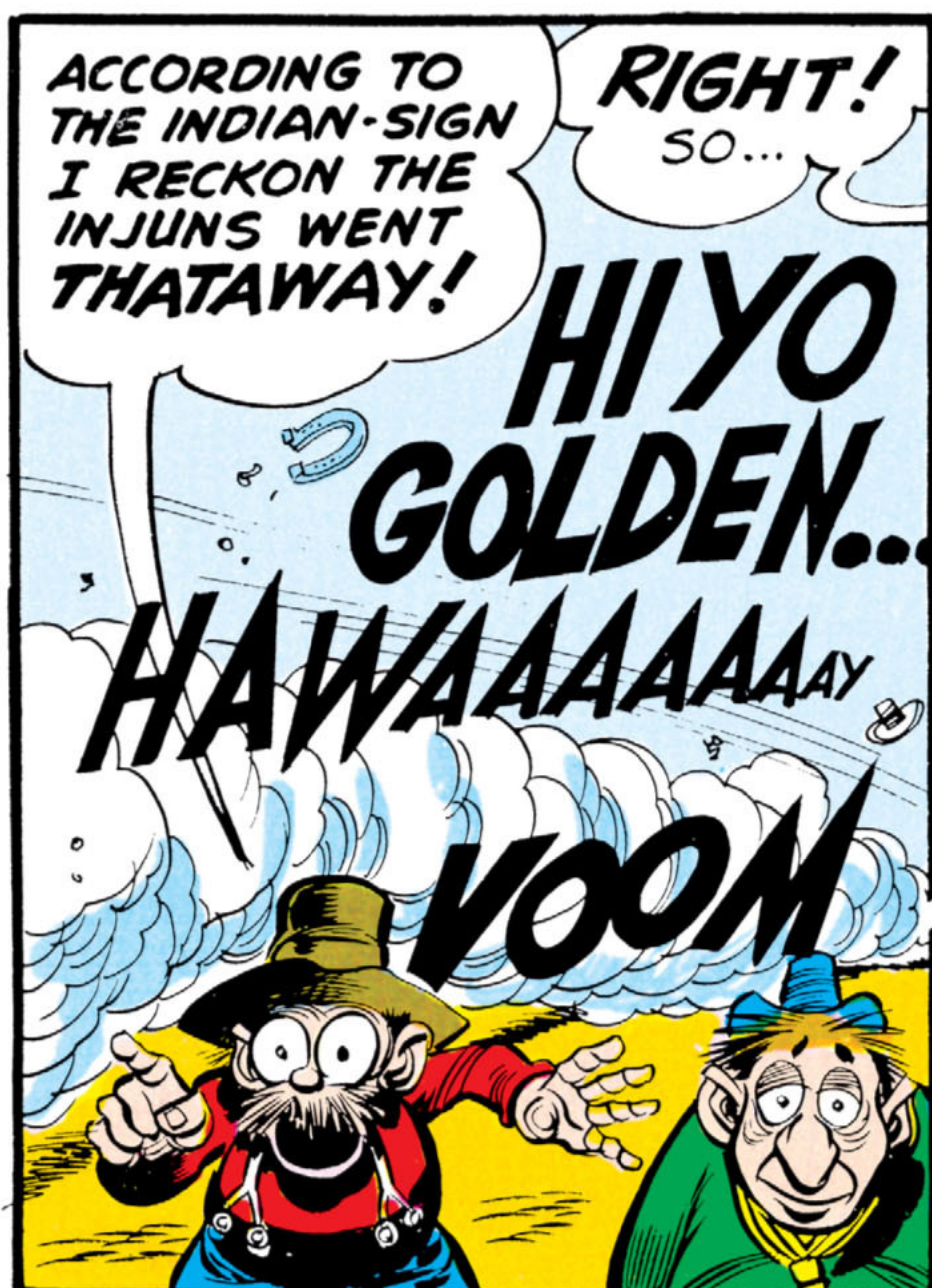
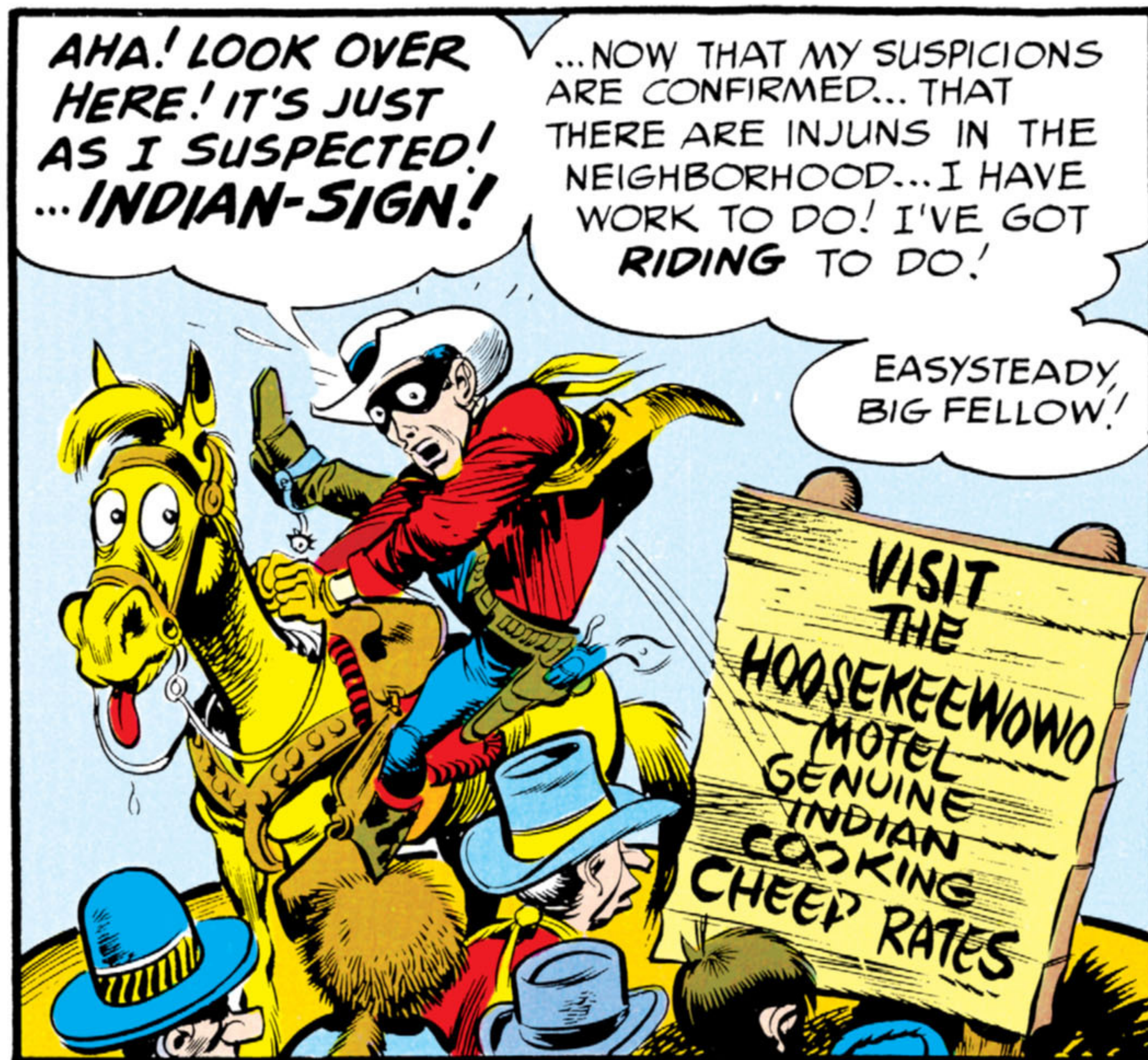
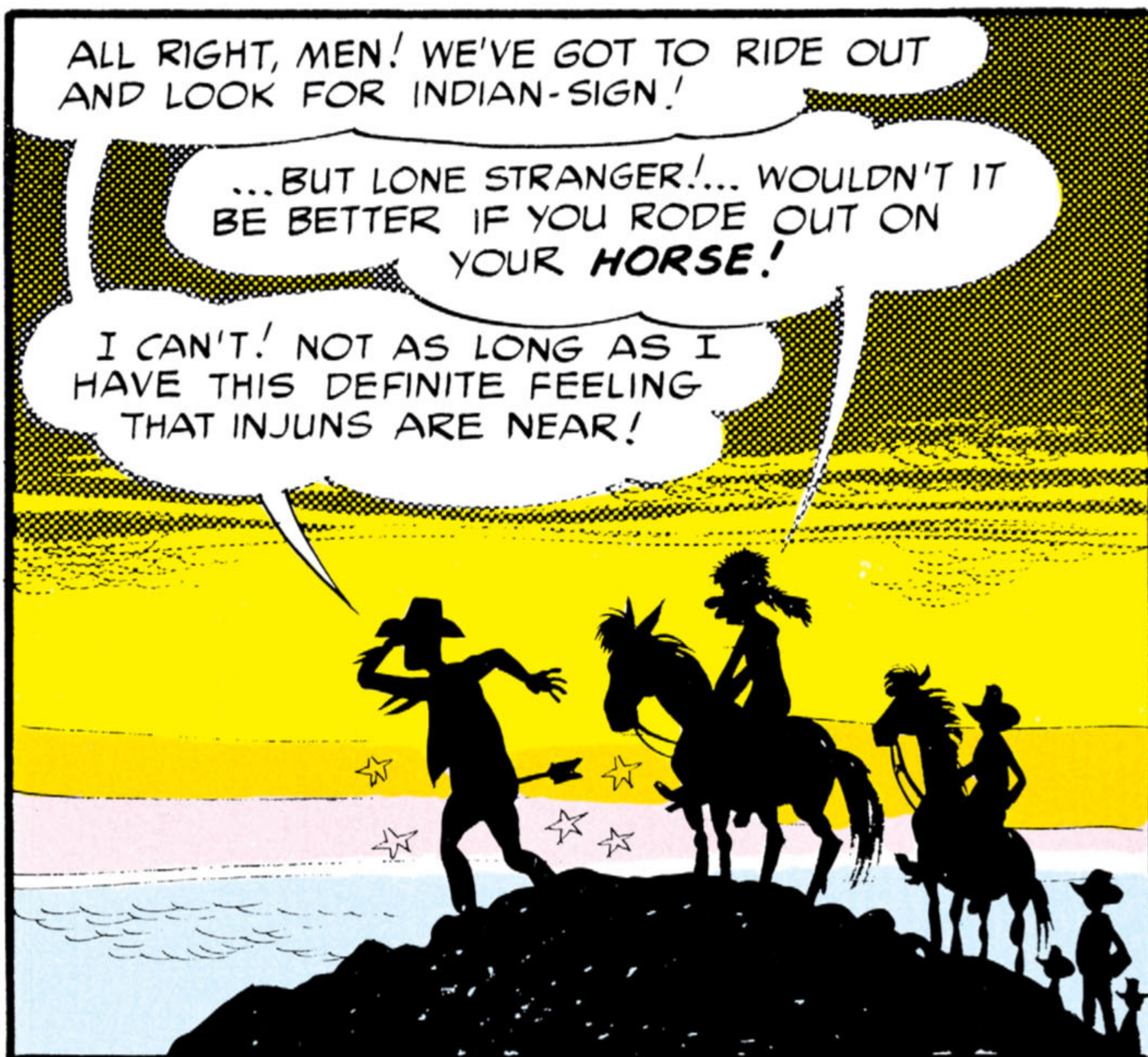
WESTERN DEPT.: THE SCENE OPENS UP TO THE SOUND OF TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... TO THE SOUND OF GOLDEN BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE AIR... TO THE SOUND OF THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACKGROUND! OUT OF THE PAST COME THE HOOFBEATS OF THE GREAT HORSE GOLDEN! THE...

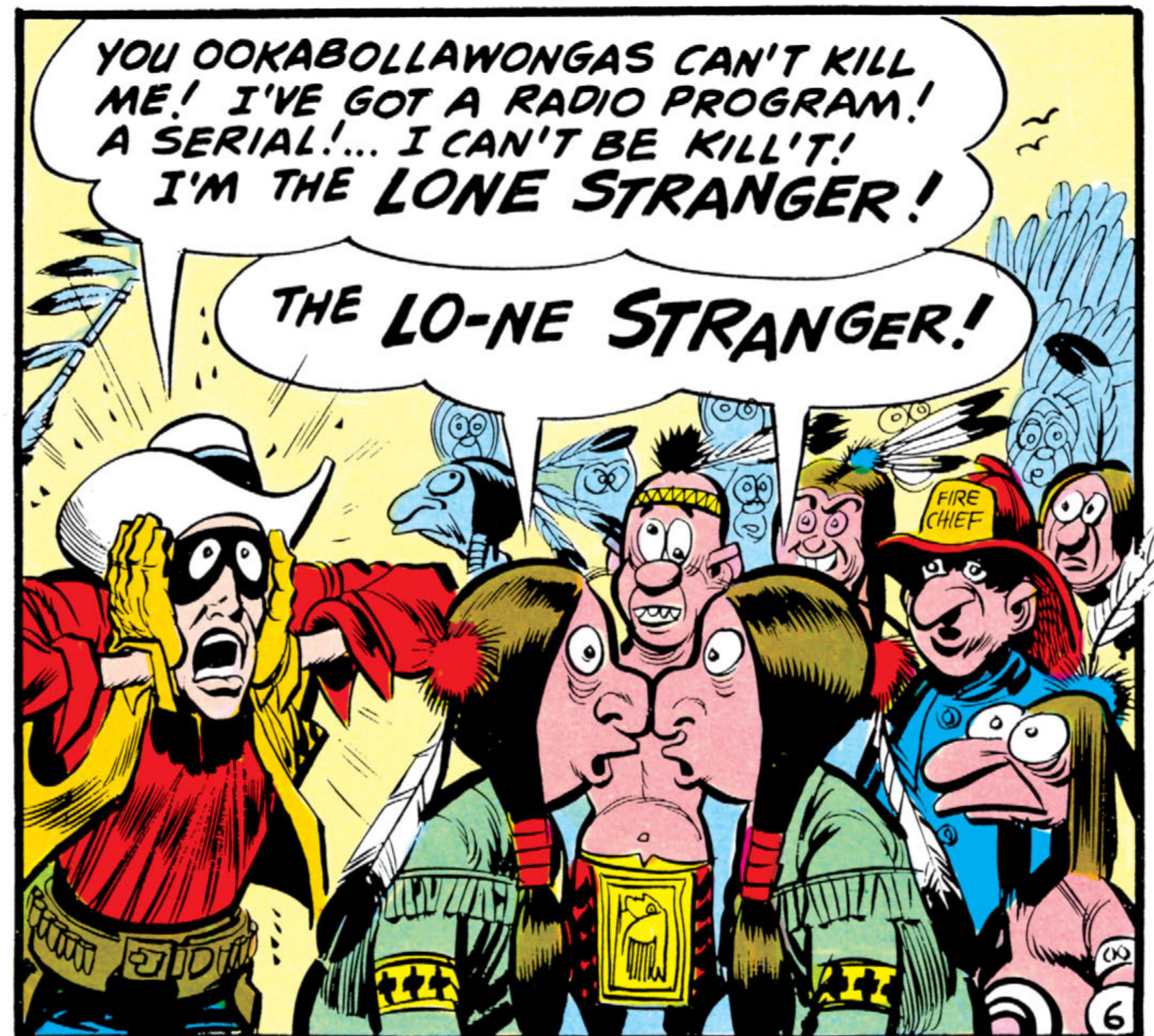
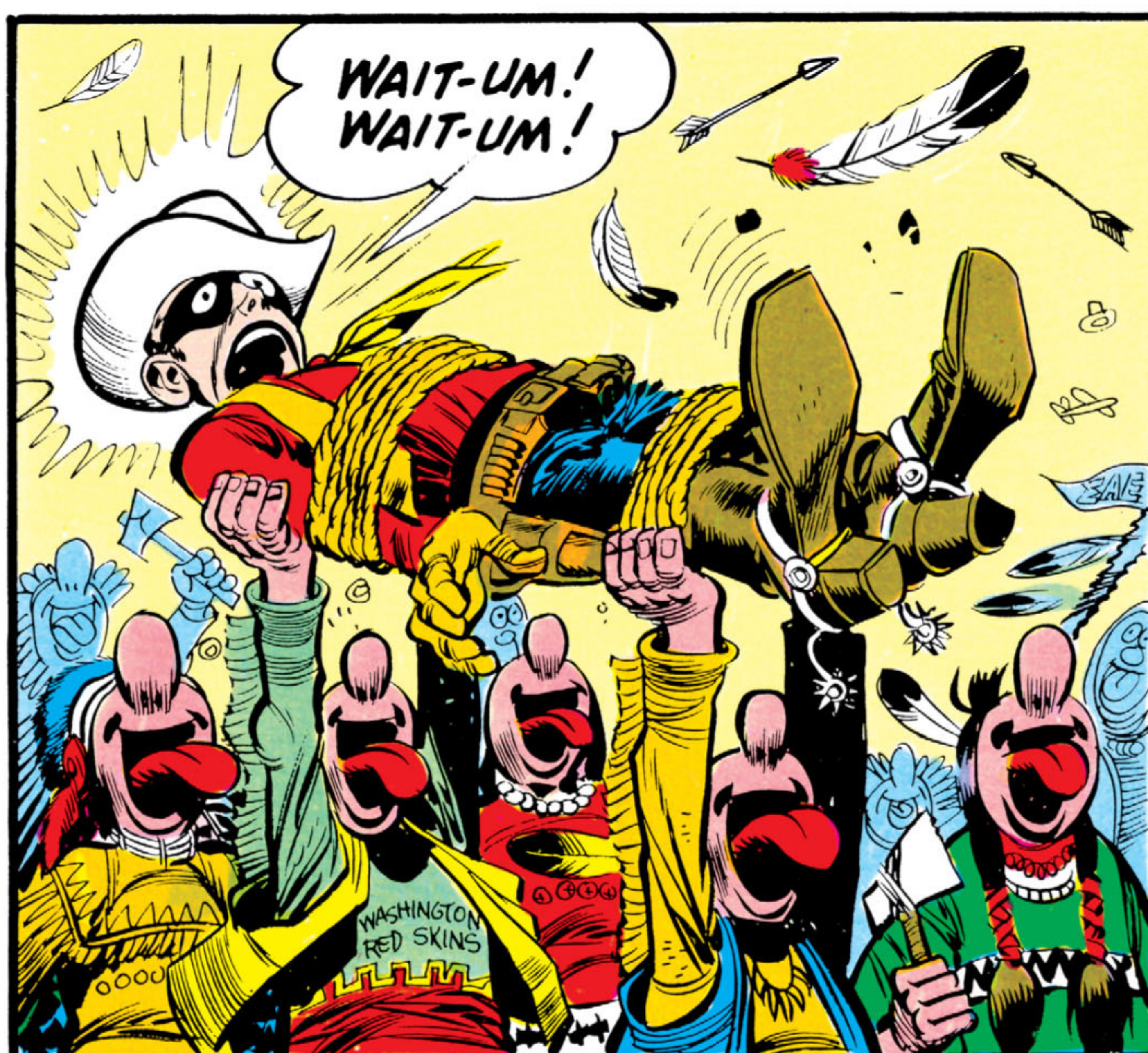
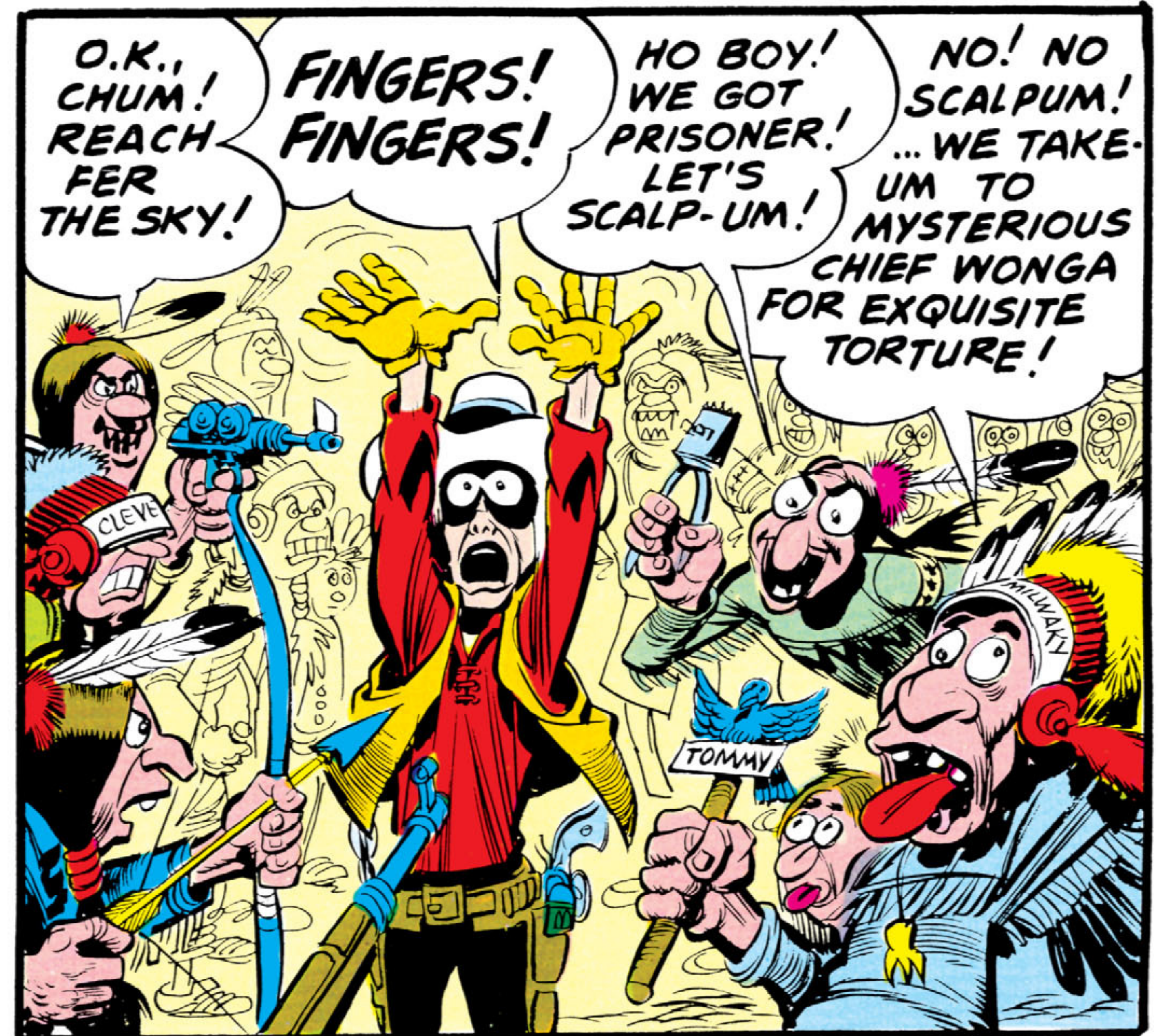
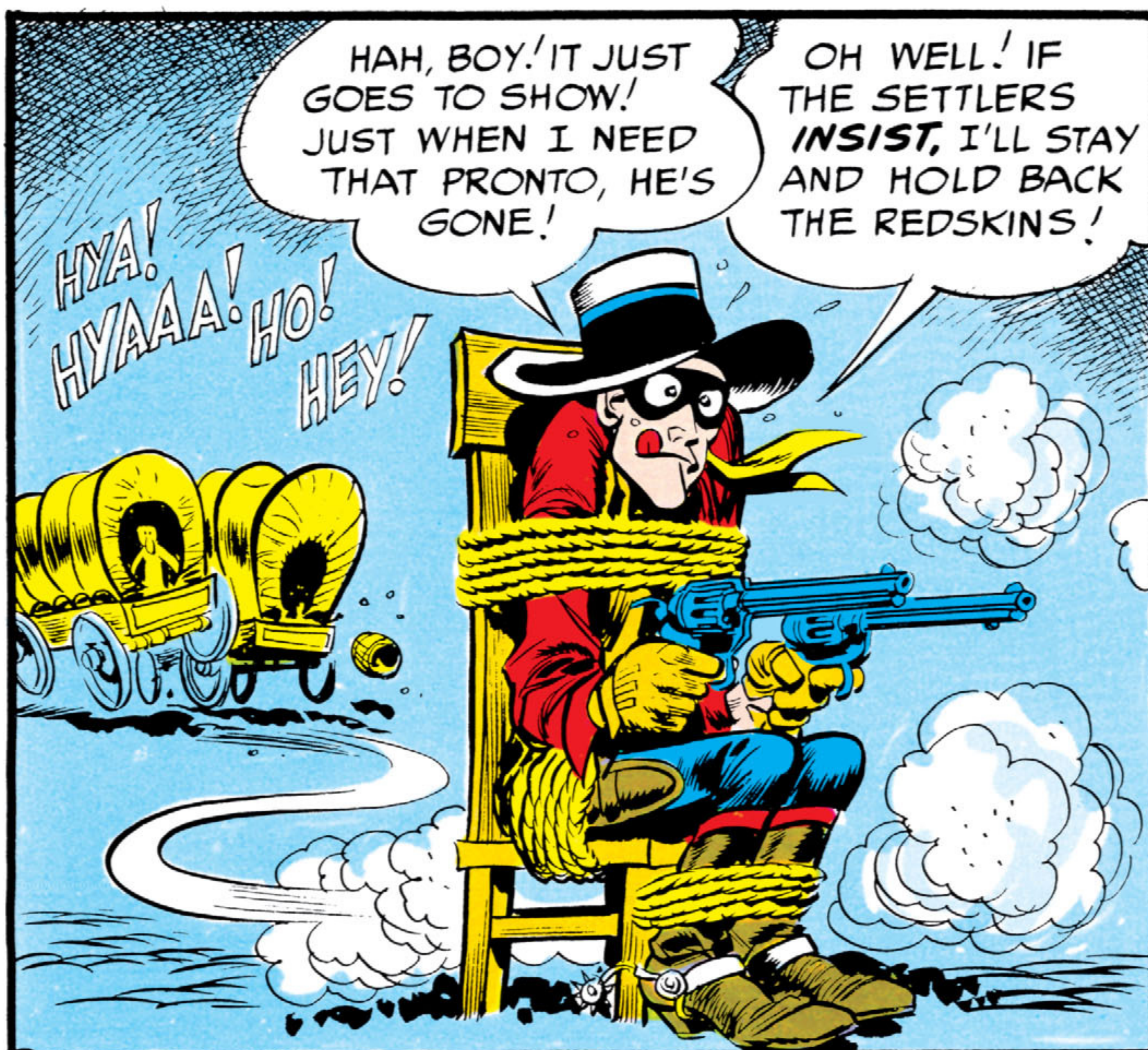
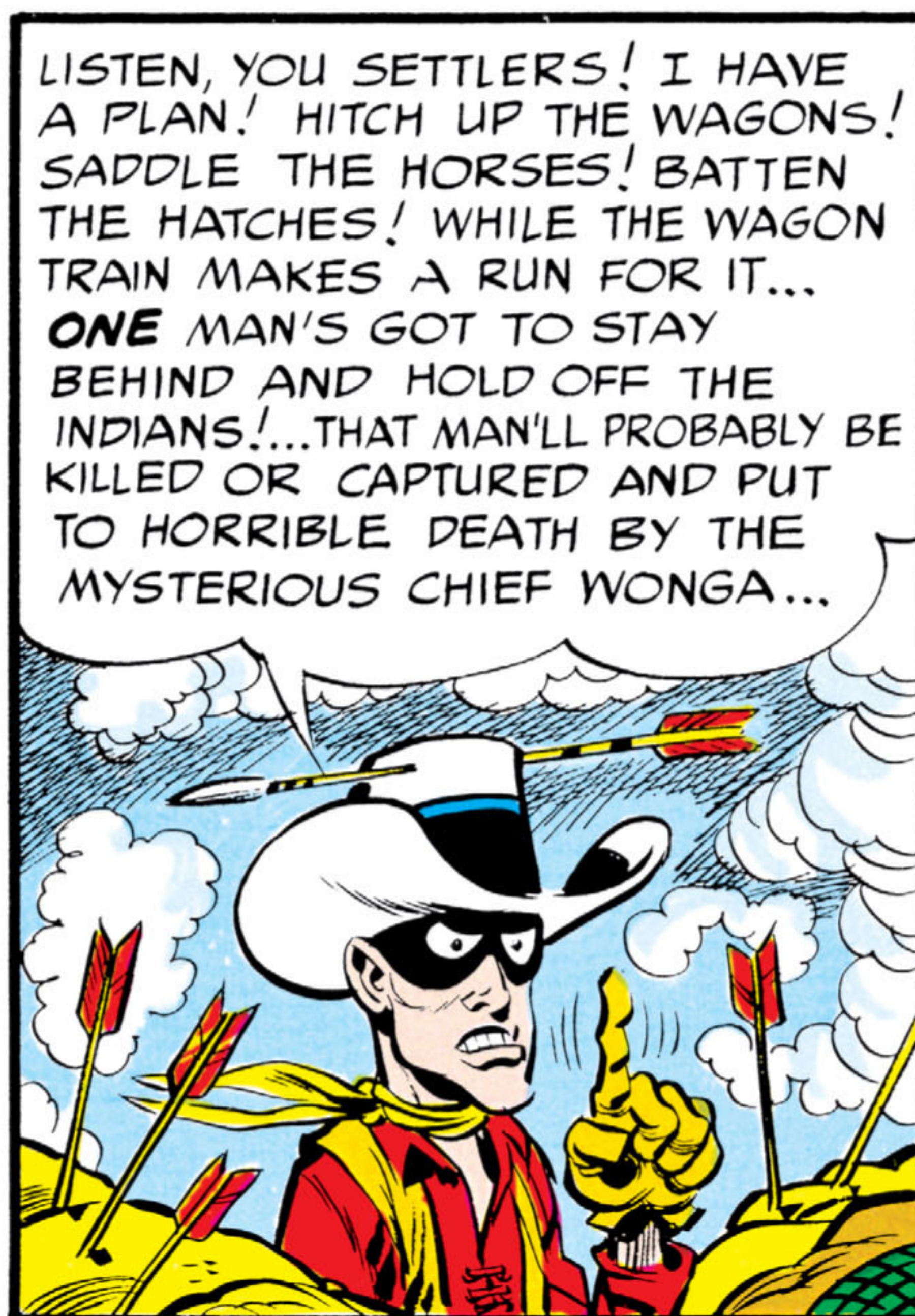
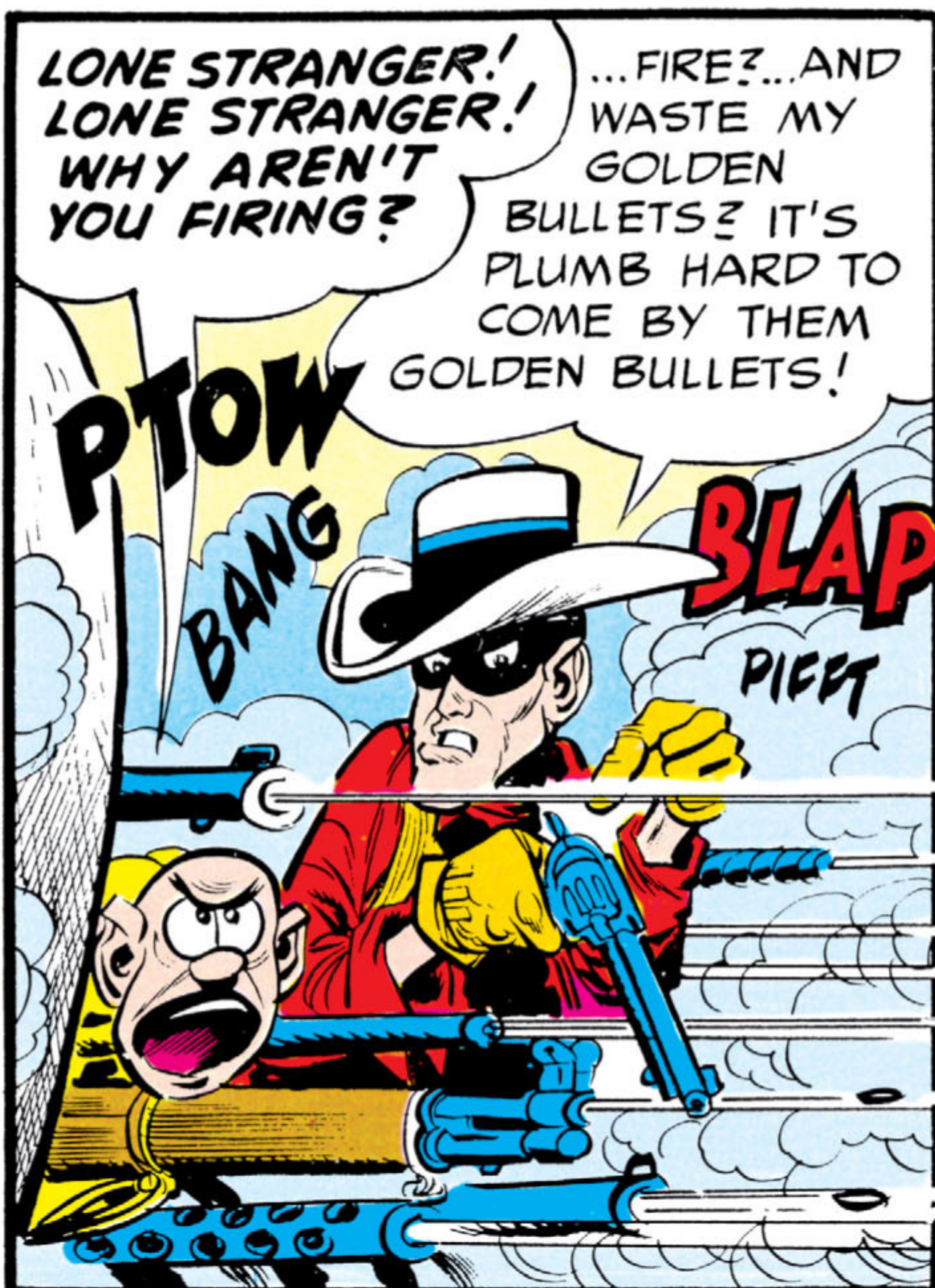


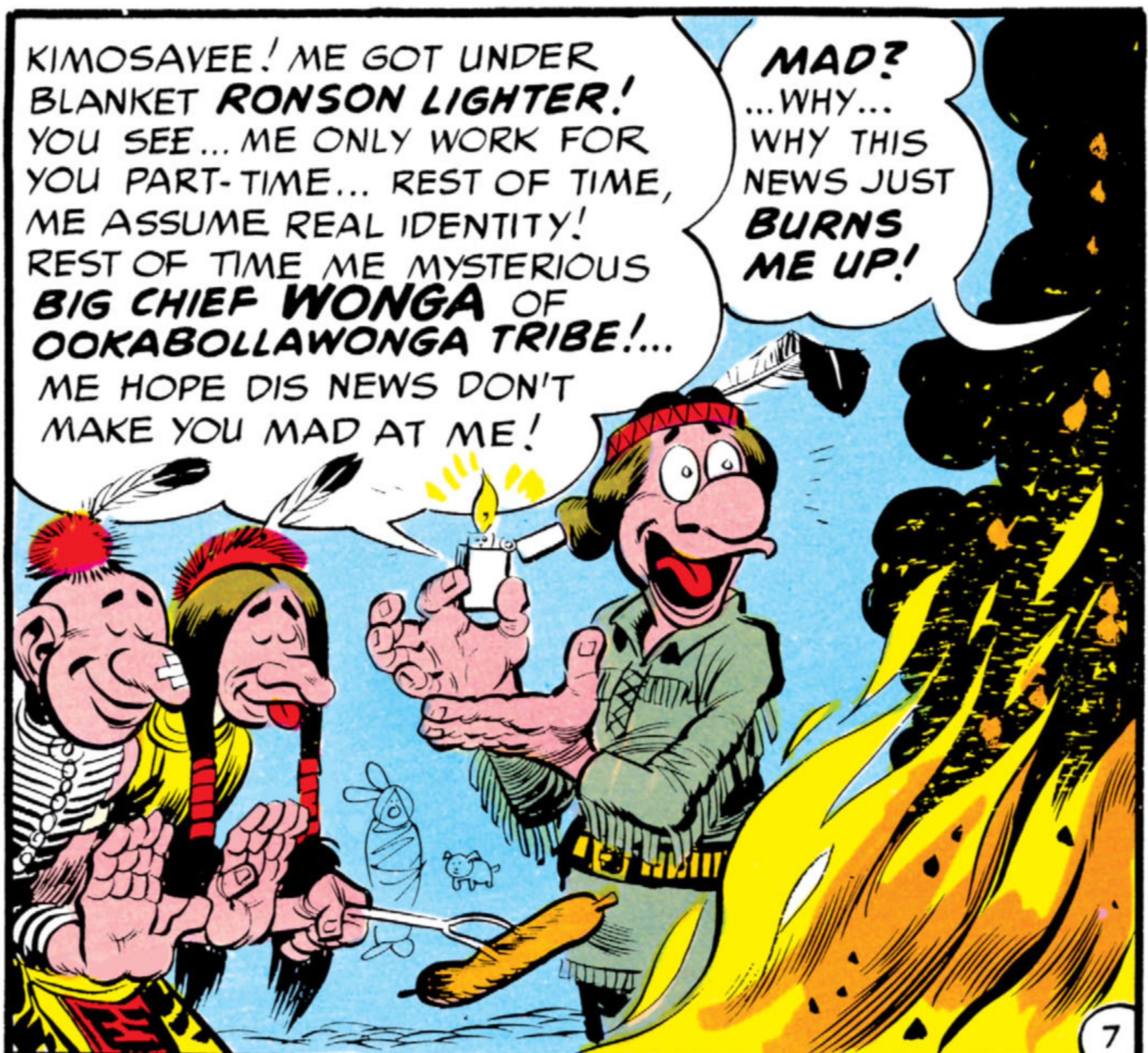
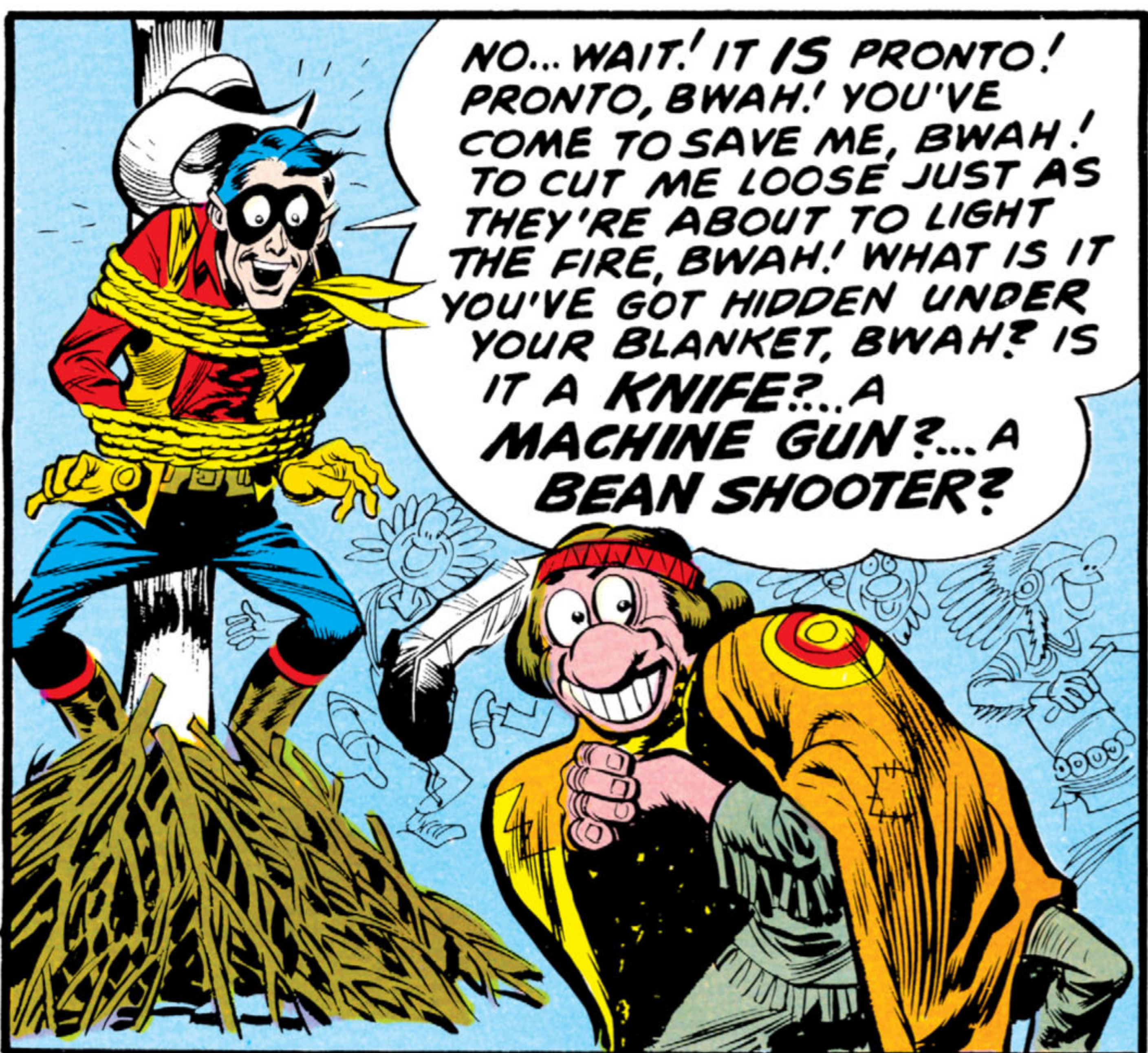
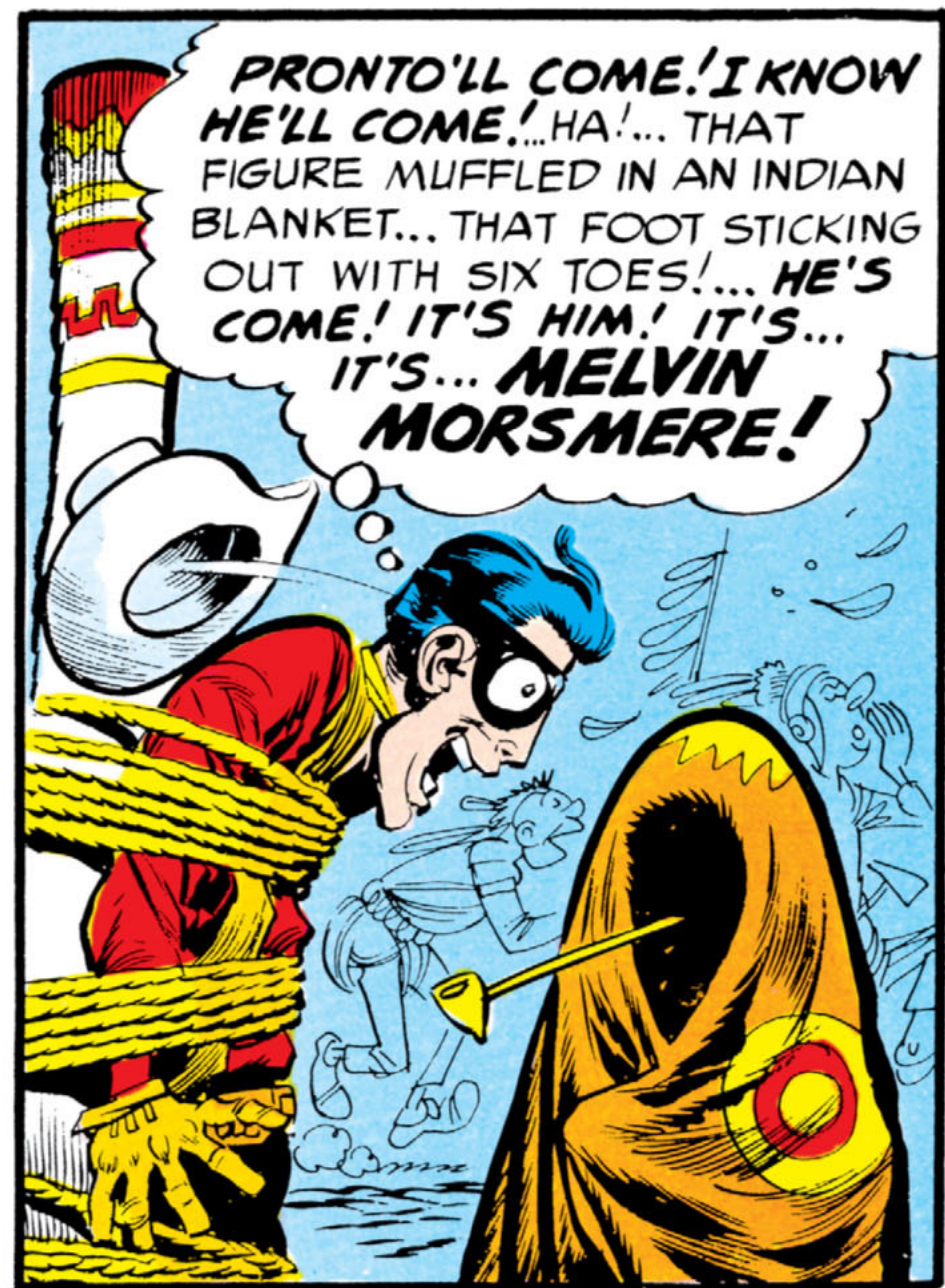
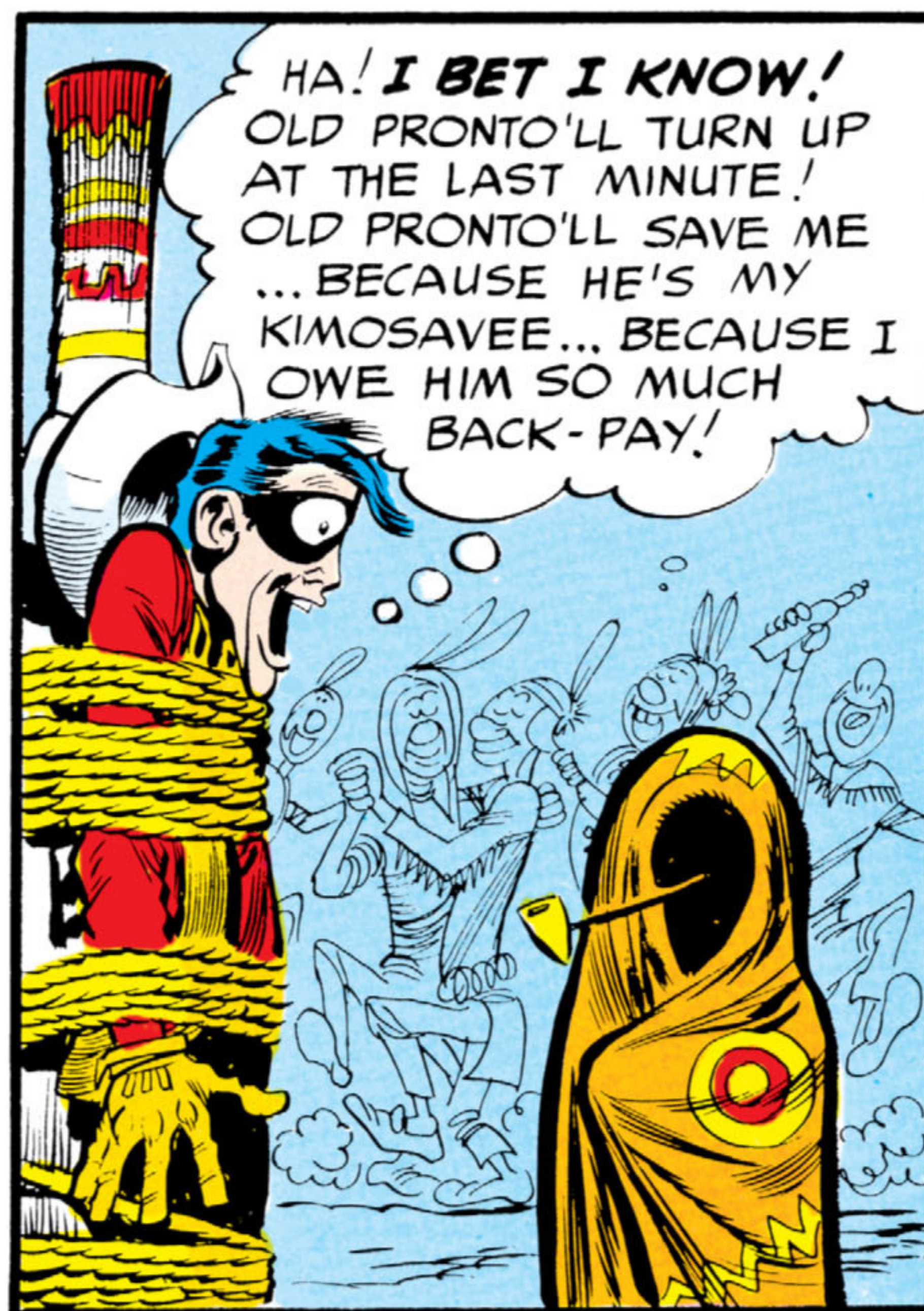
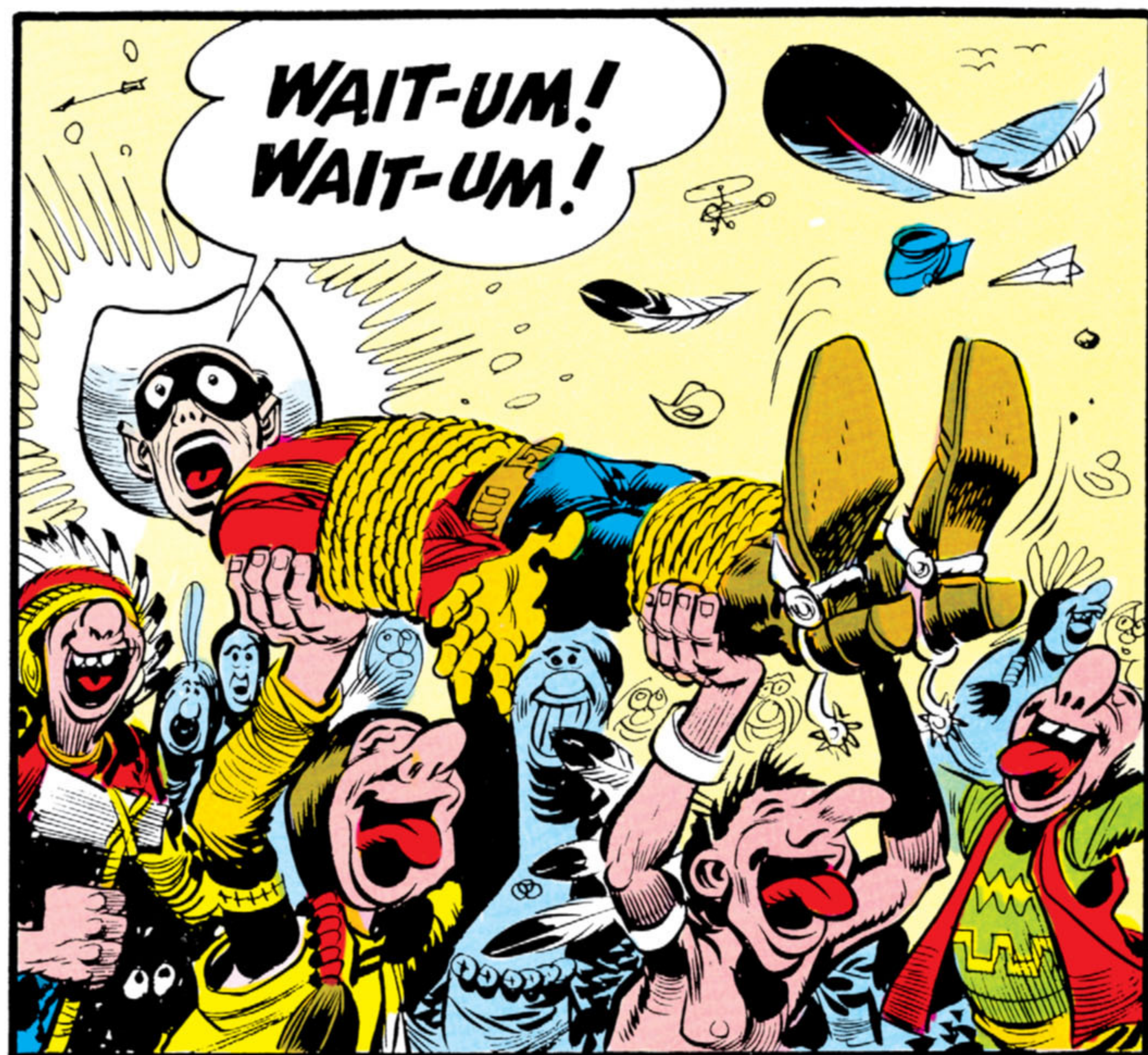
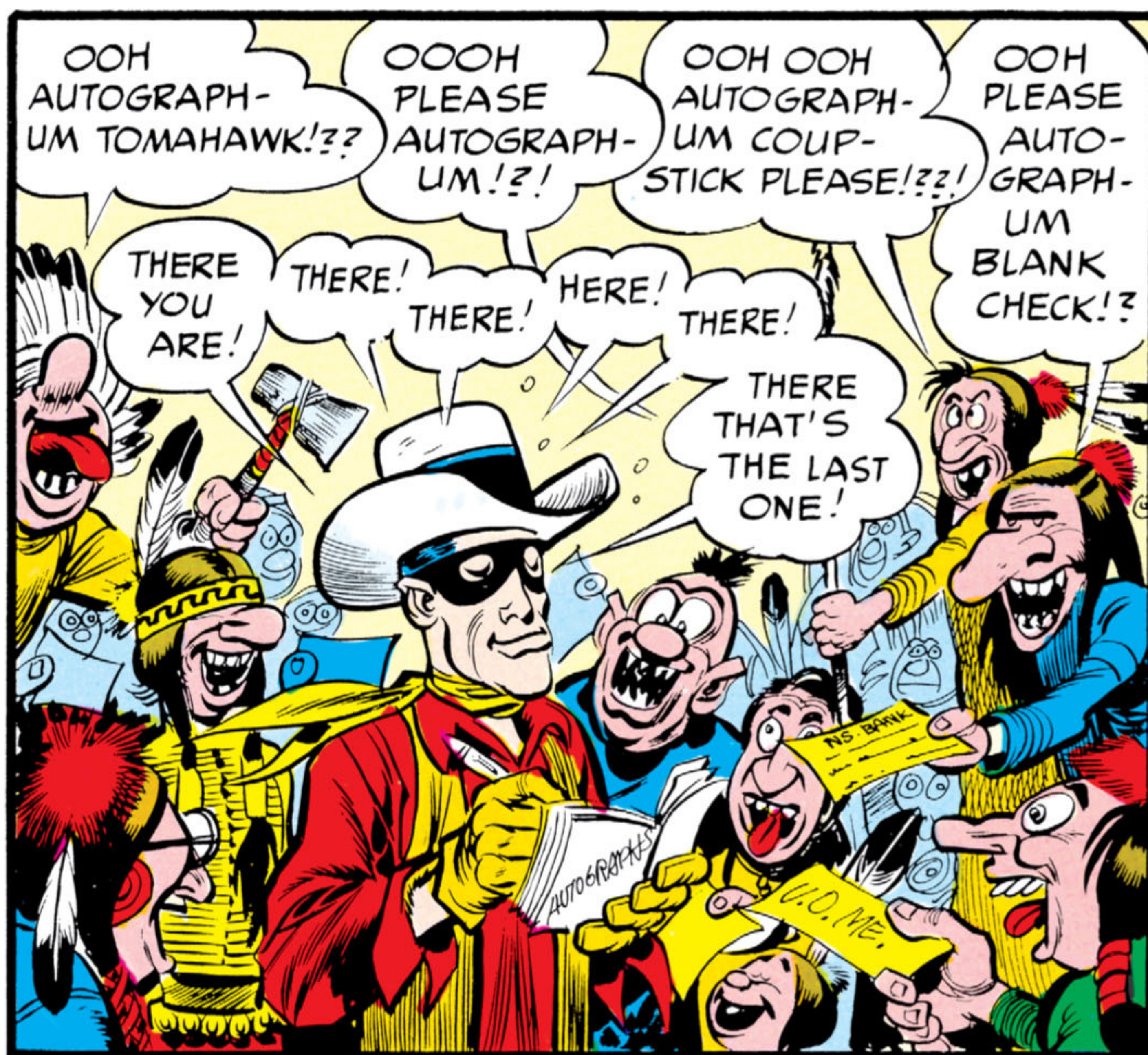












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CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now the **SECOND** chapter in the fantastic adventures of **SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!**

As you no doubt recall, in our last chapter, Jones' chief in Washington gave Jones the incredible news that the Russians were manufacturing **ARTIFICIAL DIRT**. This gave Jones grounds to believe that a filthy plot was underfoot. So on to **CHAPTER II** of...



... The chief continues: "Can you see what this development can do to our country, man?! Why, this could render the American sod completely useless! And think of all those poor Russian earth-worms crawling through **PHONEY** dirt!! (sniff-sniff) **HORRIBLE!** Now here's your assignment, Agent Jones. (By the way, from now on you'll have to go under the code name of **SHOVEL**.) Your mission, Shovel, is to dig up this dirt plot. It's a dangerous job, Shovel, but we feel you're the best qualified man for the job... seeing that you've been in the **UNDERGROUND** so long. You'll be picked up by submarine just off the coast under cover of darkness this afternoon at one sharp! The sub will take you behind the Iron Curtain. Got that, **SHOVEL!**?"

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"I'll be there, chief!"

The next scene is the dock under cover of darkness. A submarine chugs up just as Jones arrives carrying a lantern, and an open umbrella, and a bandana containing all his personal belongings tied to the end of a stick over his shoulder. The sub itself is a battered old wreck with a figure-head on the prow. It is all patched up with band-aids, and some sailors are plugging up holes with their fingers.

Jones asks the sub's skipper if the sub leaks, saying that the government can't afford security leaks. They enter the sub whose hatches are battened down. The engine is a rubber band (like an airplane model). The sub gets under way beneath the waves. An airplane flies past leisurely. Finally the submarine reaches the Iron Curtain, and some of the crew have to get out to use some braces-and-bits to drill through the curtain. They drill a hole and the sub passes through with ease.

Some time later on a lonely street, a sewer grating is lifted and through it protrudes a submarine periscope with a yellow bloodshot eyeball framed in the glass, as that crazy mixed up *Shovel* digs Moscow.

* * * * *

... Well! The plot sickens! We've reached the end of the page, and so we moscow. If you want to find out what happens next in the adventures of *Five Finger Jones*, you'll have to buy another copy of *MAD*! (Boy, have WE got YOU sewed up!)



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MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

...If you ask me, MAD is a disgusting, dirty, no-count comic and shouldn't be on the stands!! But it's just what we want. Keep up the great work.—John Hurt—Elgin, Oregon

...I know you would like to hear from a dissatisfied reader of MAD. That is why I am writing. I think you should be boiled in oil or killed by the death of a thousand cuts. Melvin should sic his apes on you. Your printing presses should be reduced to rubble by one punch from Superduperman, and you should be pummelled with used D.C. comic books. Just in case you are tired of this, I am tired of seeing MAD as a bimonthly comic. How about a *monthly* MAD, please?—Ronald Ketterer, Reading, Pa.

...I dare say you BLUNDERING IDIOTS will never stop making mistakes, will you? I thought you might be a little more careful with *Mad* than you have been with other E.C. mags. But no! You start right in making mistakes in *Mad* too. In issue number six, you told the story of CASEY AT THE BAT. Since Casey was my third uncle, 627½ times removed, when you made the following atrocious error I was very shocked. With the count nothing and two, Casey *removes his teeth* and prepares himself for the next pitch. As it comes, a sneer of satisfaction crosses his face and he *displays a full set of teeth*. Would you kindly let me know where he got the *second set of teeth*? I am deeply distressed at your mistake.—Harry Mitchell Jr.—Mudville, U.S.A.

...Vat's dis? *Mad* only once every *two* months? How dare you! It's inhuman, cruel, and besides, it's not nice! What would Farouk think? Have mercy! Begin publishing that magazine once a month.—Bobby Perry—Auburn, Alabama

...I have read a few of your Mad comics, and in my opinion, I have never seen so silly a book in my life. It gives the child a mean mind and teaches him to hate other nations. I hate comic books for I am a Martian.—Aurtvo Servix—Canal 5, Cave 62

...My son, Gene Sultan, is Bat Boy for the N. Y. Giants, and just before he left for the Polo Grounds today, he begged me to read "Casey at the Bat" in your No. 6 issue of Mad. I told him not to annoy me, that I had other more important things to do. However, after he had gone, I thought I would humor him and read the story.

Well, I got such a kick out of it, and had to laugh out loud so many times, that I just felt I had to send you a short note complimenting you. The drawings are a brilliant satire on America's favorite sport. Be-

lieve me, I thoroughly enjoyed it!—Rose Sultan—New York City

...It might interest you to know that my buddy signed over the title to his '40 Plymouth on the condition that I call off his debt of \$165.00 and get him an issue of *Mad*—Bill Wiesenbach—Pensacola, Fla.

...The greatest brains of this school convene and discuss Calculus, Philosophy and *Mad*. This comic book is the only one we deem intelligent enough for our reading.—Some students of the Atascadero Union High School: Grace Woodworth, Tony Wilson, Carol Wilson, Donnadine Uischner, Pat Willey, Gene Dell'Anno, D. Morgan, Barbara Fresbie, Lee Erickson

...I read your issue No. 6 with great interest, even getting so far as the Mad Mumblings. There I was greatly disappointed to see that you had accepted a letter from some *engineering students as fit to print*. Here in Norfolk we are on the same campus as V.P.I., and I have therefore had experience with engineering students. So I say, and I speak with authority, that engineers do *not* have overracked brains, for they simply have *no brains to be overracked*!

I hope you will take this into consideration when you next receive a letter from one of the characters that live up to the name of your book...MAD!—Chucks Hancox—College of William and Mary, Virginia

...I bought a copy of *Mad*. I have to keep it locked in a safe, and when one of the boys wants to read it, we have to lock all the doors. We classified it "Top Secret." A couple more of those stories and we'll have the enemy licked.—Howard Griffith—U.S. Naval Air Base, Virginia

...I know your staff will not print this because they fear that if they do, some of their readers will be converted to the good way of life. The men who think up such stories must be possessed by the devil! I have glanced through your book. I was lucky to live just glancing through. Death to you fiends!—David Allessio—Pittsfield, Mass.

In closing, a reminder JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB! (See inside front cover for details.) Subscriptions...75c...six issues! Keep writing. We need the cancelled stamps! Address for mail or sub orders is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 8
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N. Y.

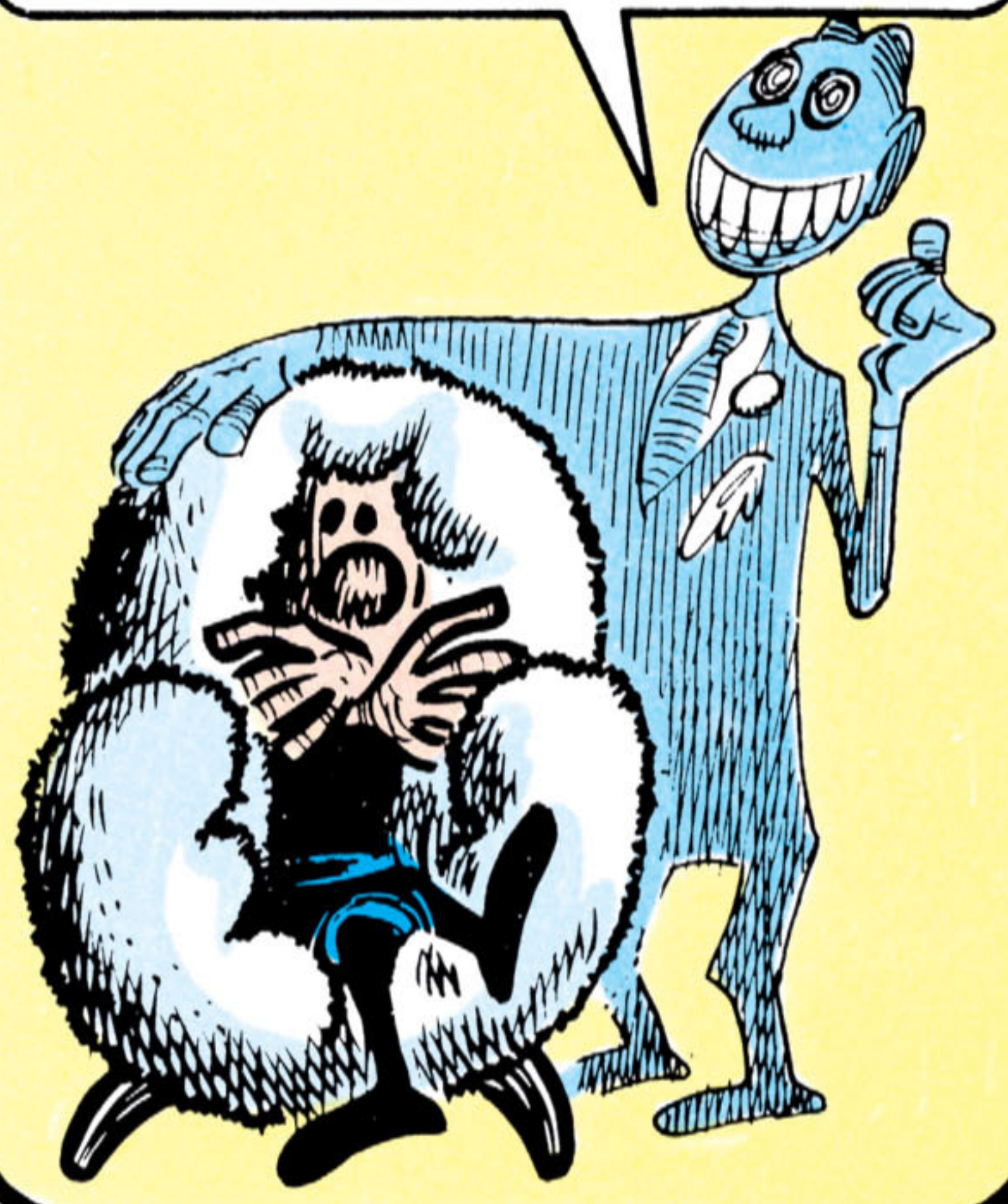
COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.:
ON THE FOLLOWING SIX
PAGES, YOUR MANAGING
EDITOR PRESENTS SIX
MORE OF THE EARLY
CREATIONS OF **HARVEY
KURTZMAN!**... SIX MORE
EXAMPLES OF THAT ZANY
NONSENSE CALLED...

HEY LOOK

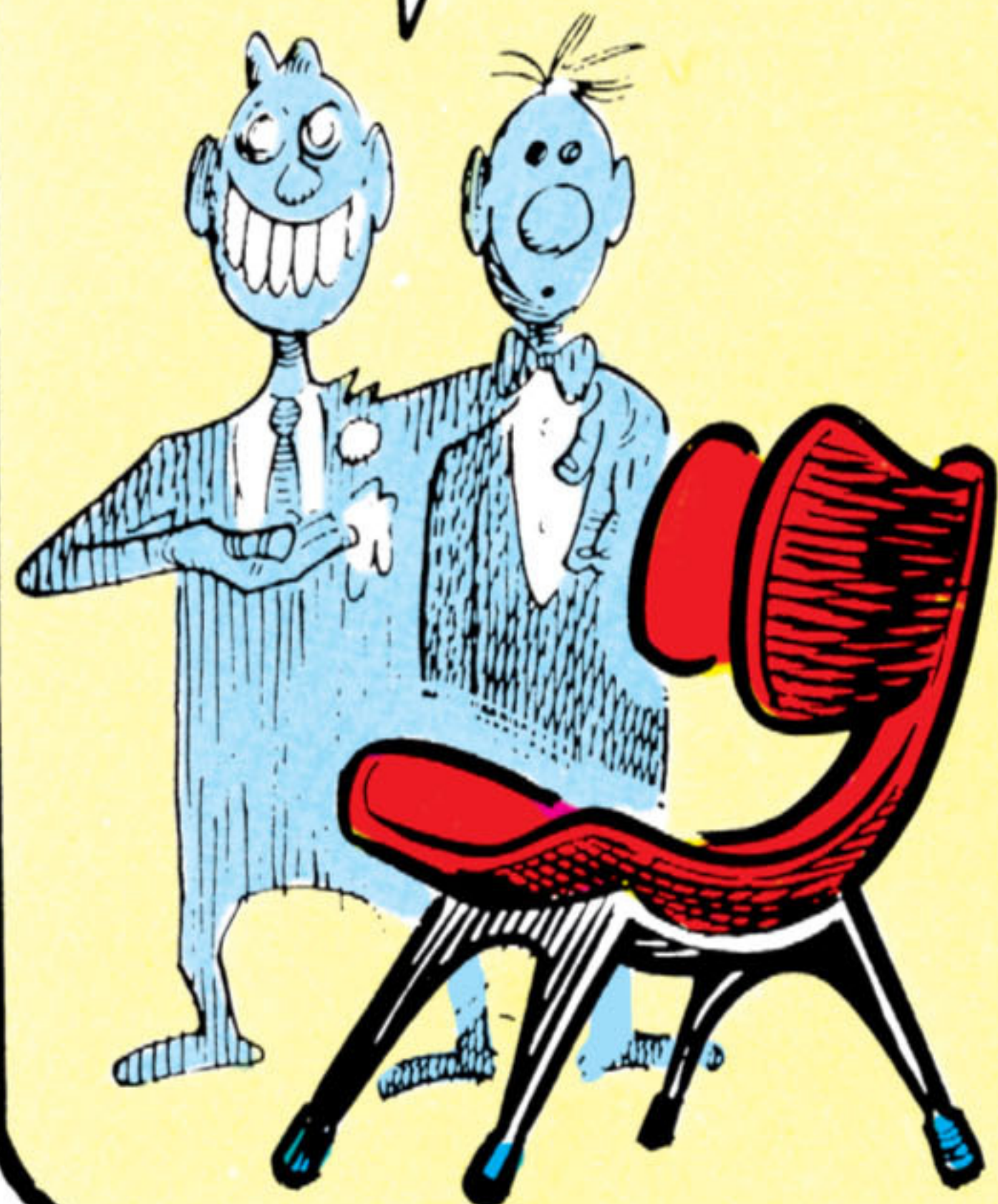
YOU WILL NOTICE HOW THIS
CHAIR **FITS** YOU WHEN YOU
SIT... AND FOR A SMALL DOWN
PAYMENT...



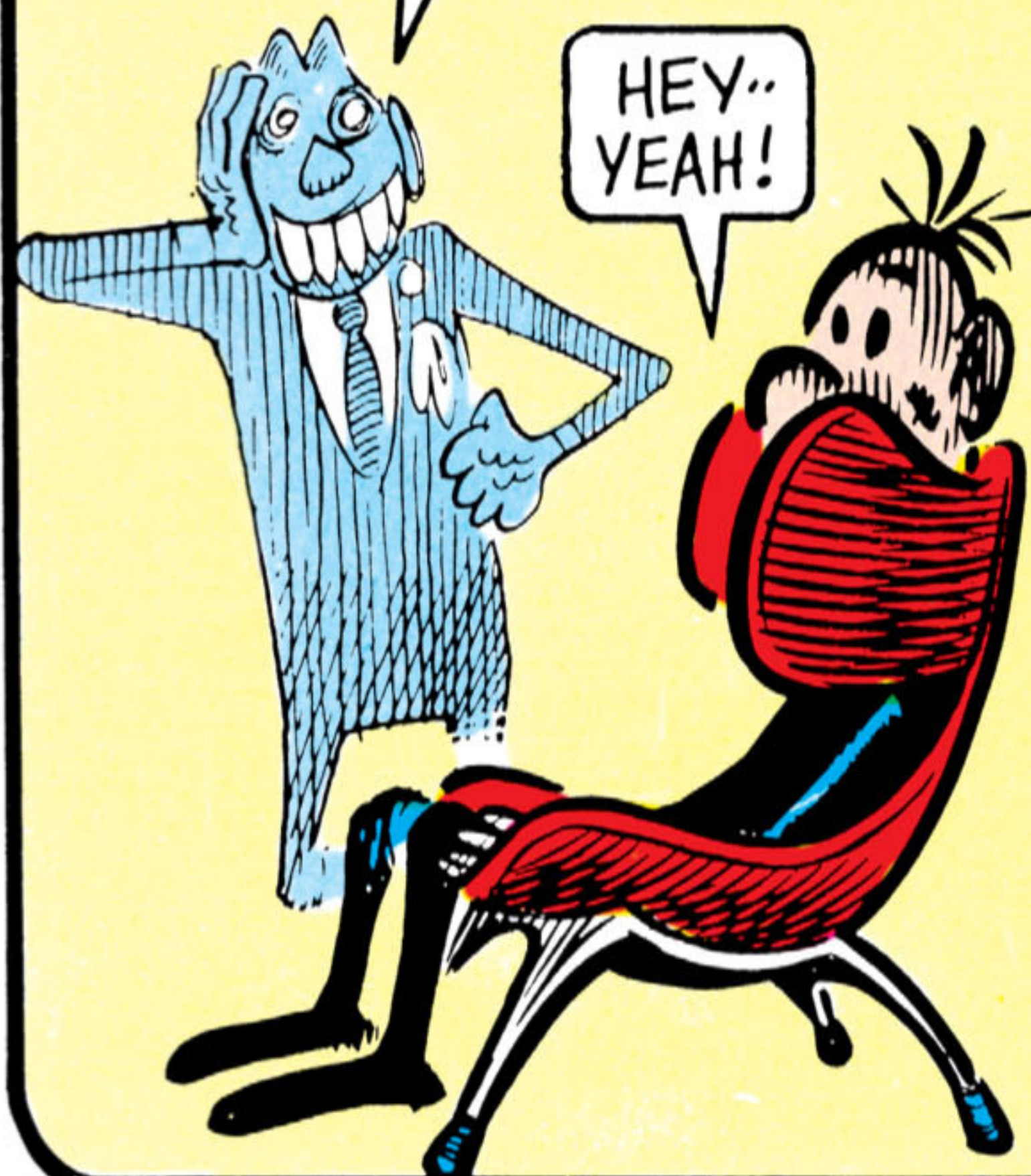
..AND IF YOU WANT A CHAIR
TO RELAX IN, NOTICE HOW THIS
ONE ENVELOPES YOU... AND
FOR ONLY A SMALL DOWN
PAYMENT...



NOW, HERE'S A SIM-
PLE, FUNCTIONAL CHAIR
THAT IS VERY UNIQUE.
IT **GRIPS** YOU!

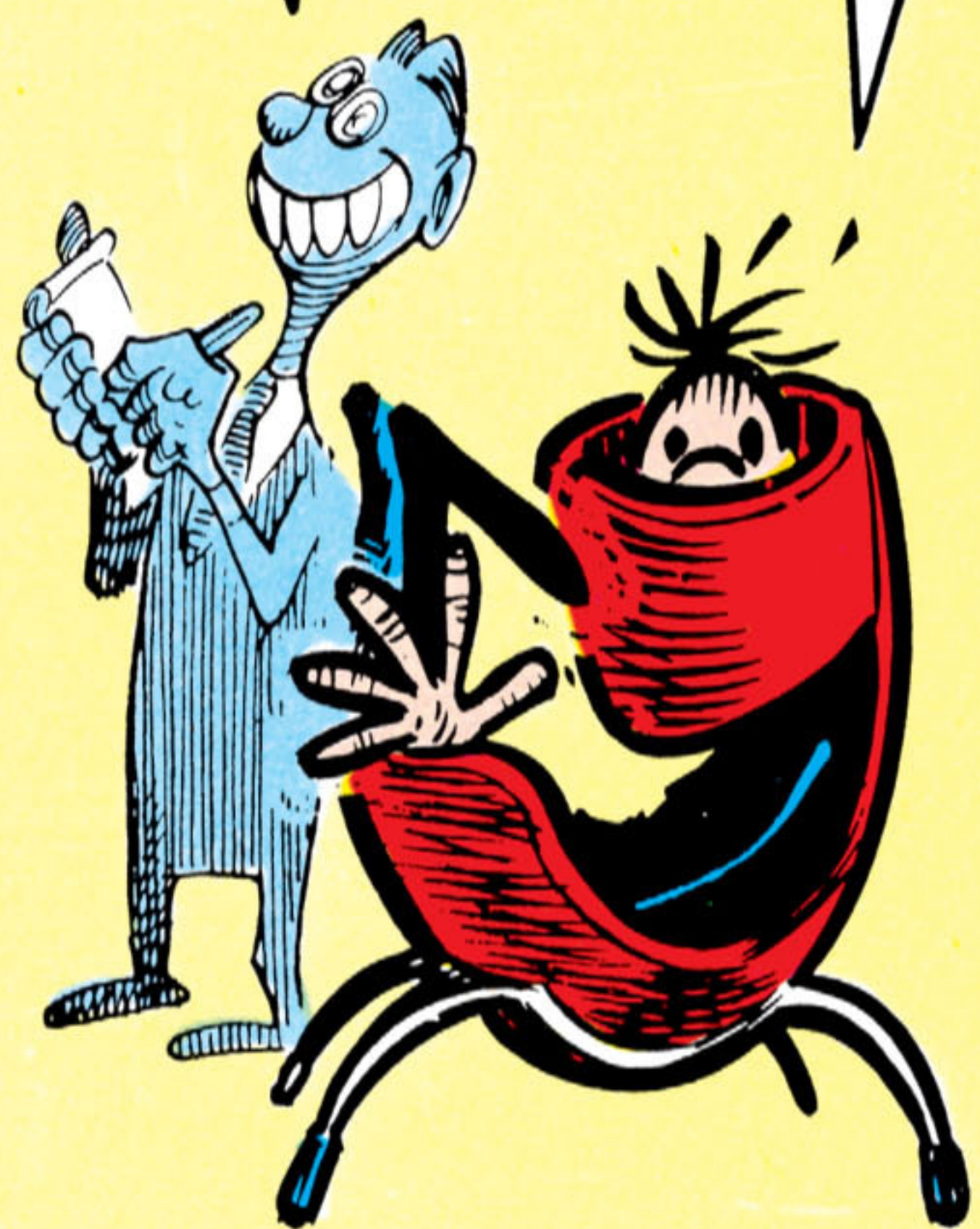


HERE...TRY IT! RELAX AND
NOTICE HOW IT PRACTICAL-
LY GRASPS YOU! NOW FOR
A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT..



..YOU CAN
FOLLOW OUR
EASY PAY-
MENT PLAN..

BOY! DOES
THIS GRIP!



... IN
NO
TIME..

HEY! THIS
CHAIR IS
TRYING
TO EAT
ME!



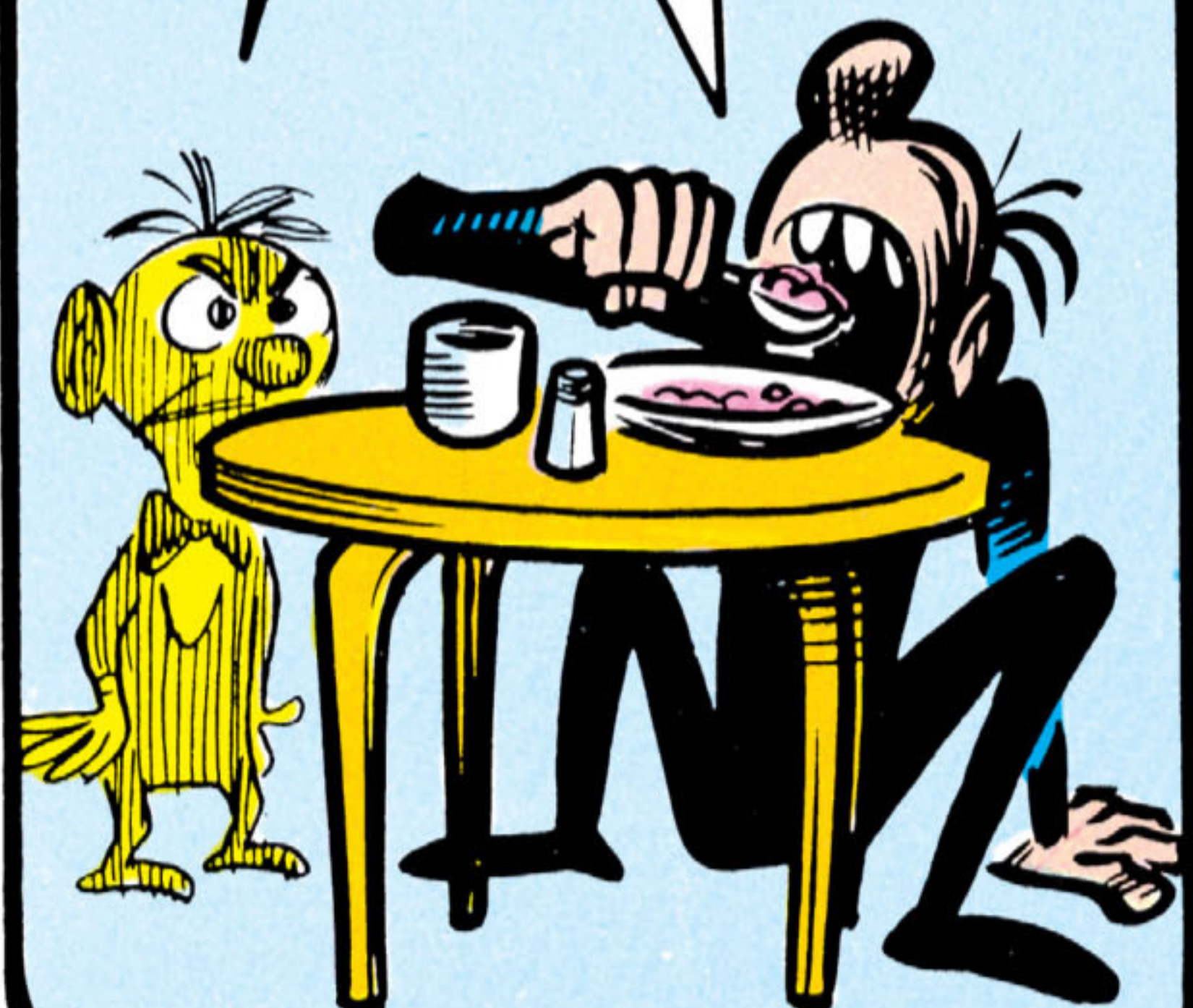
WO
HOPPEN?

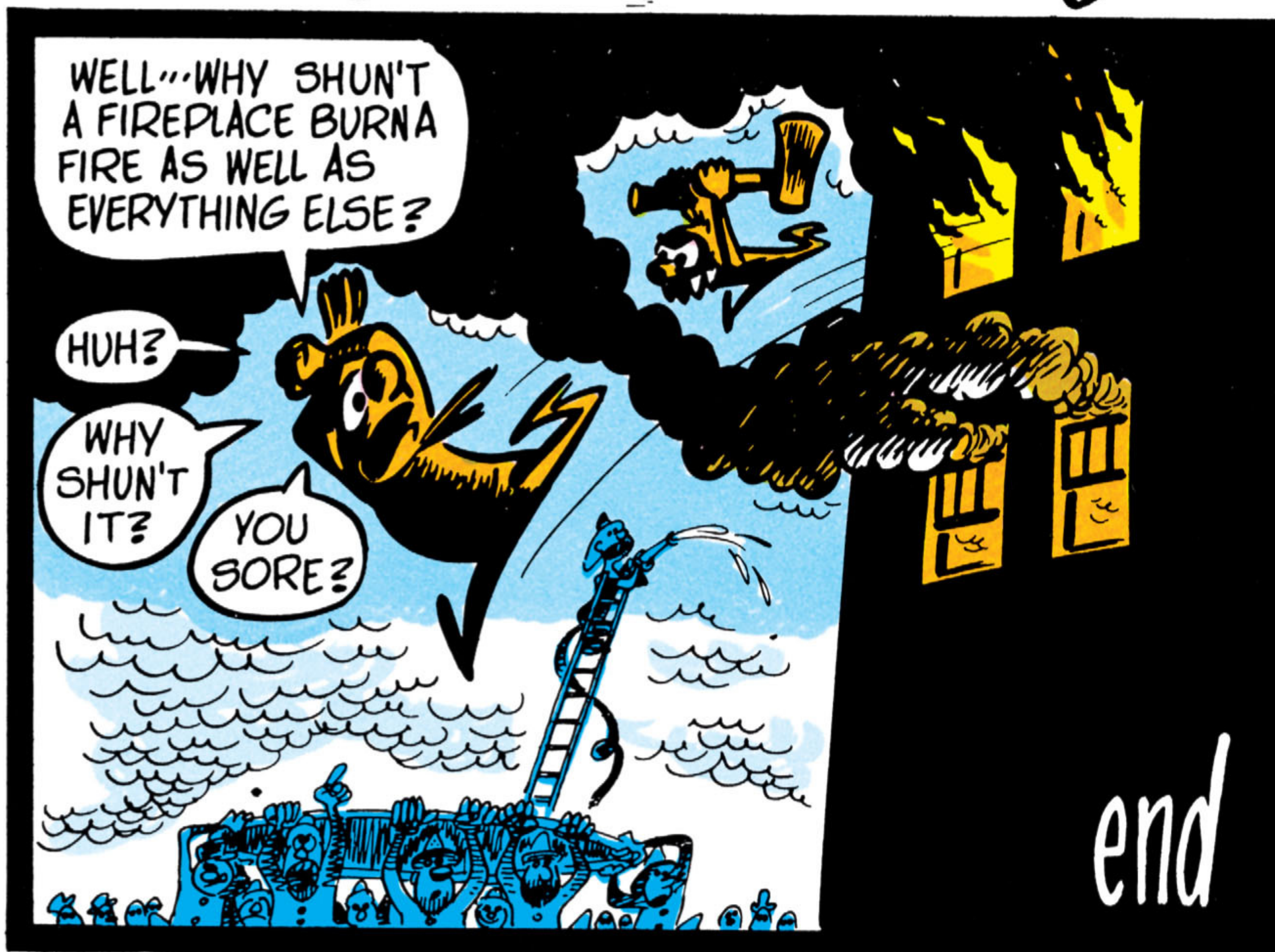
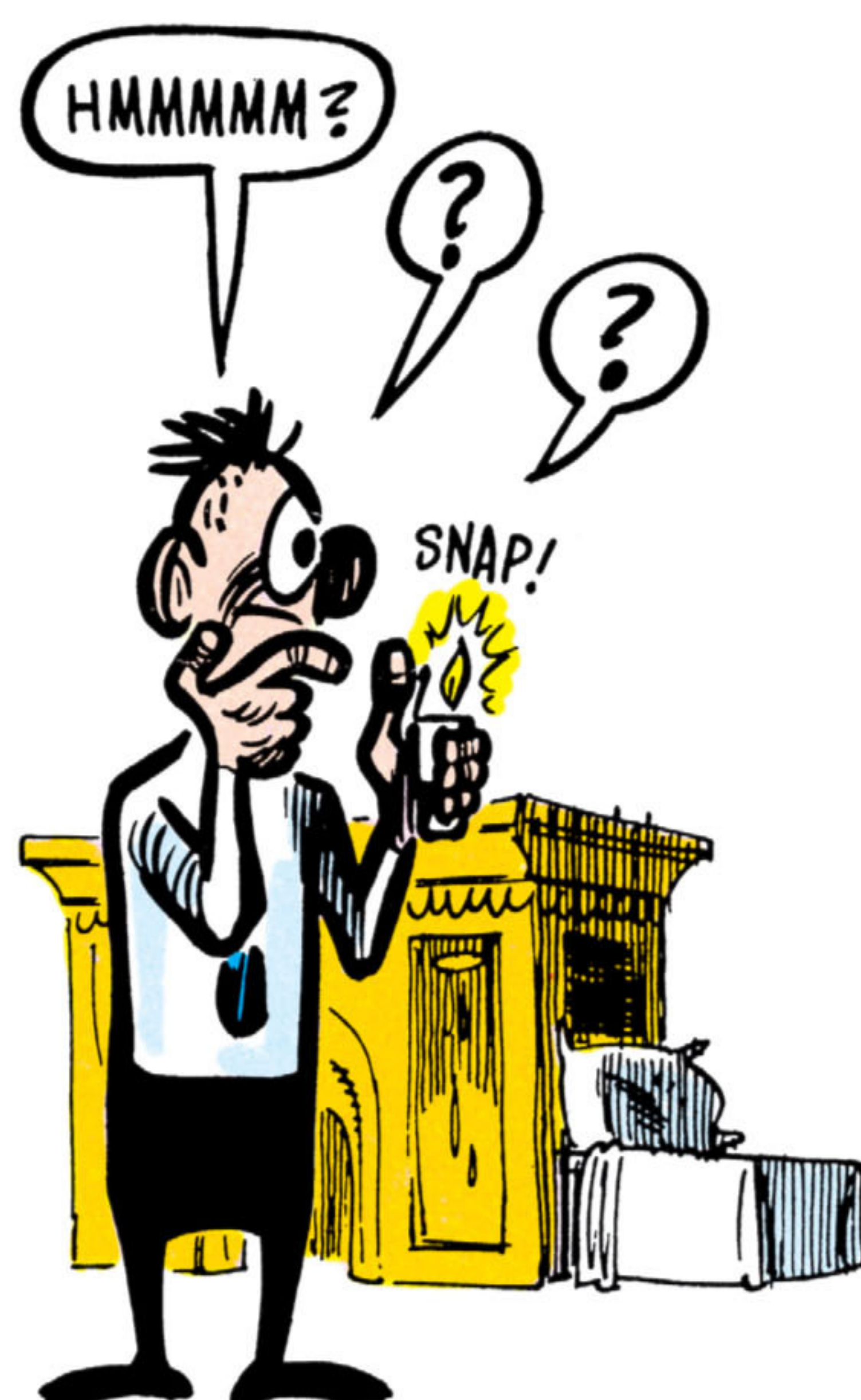
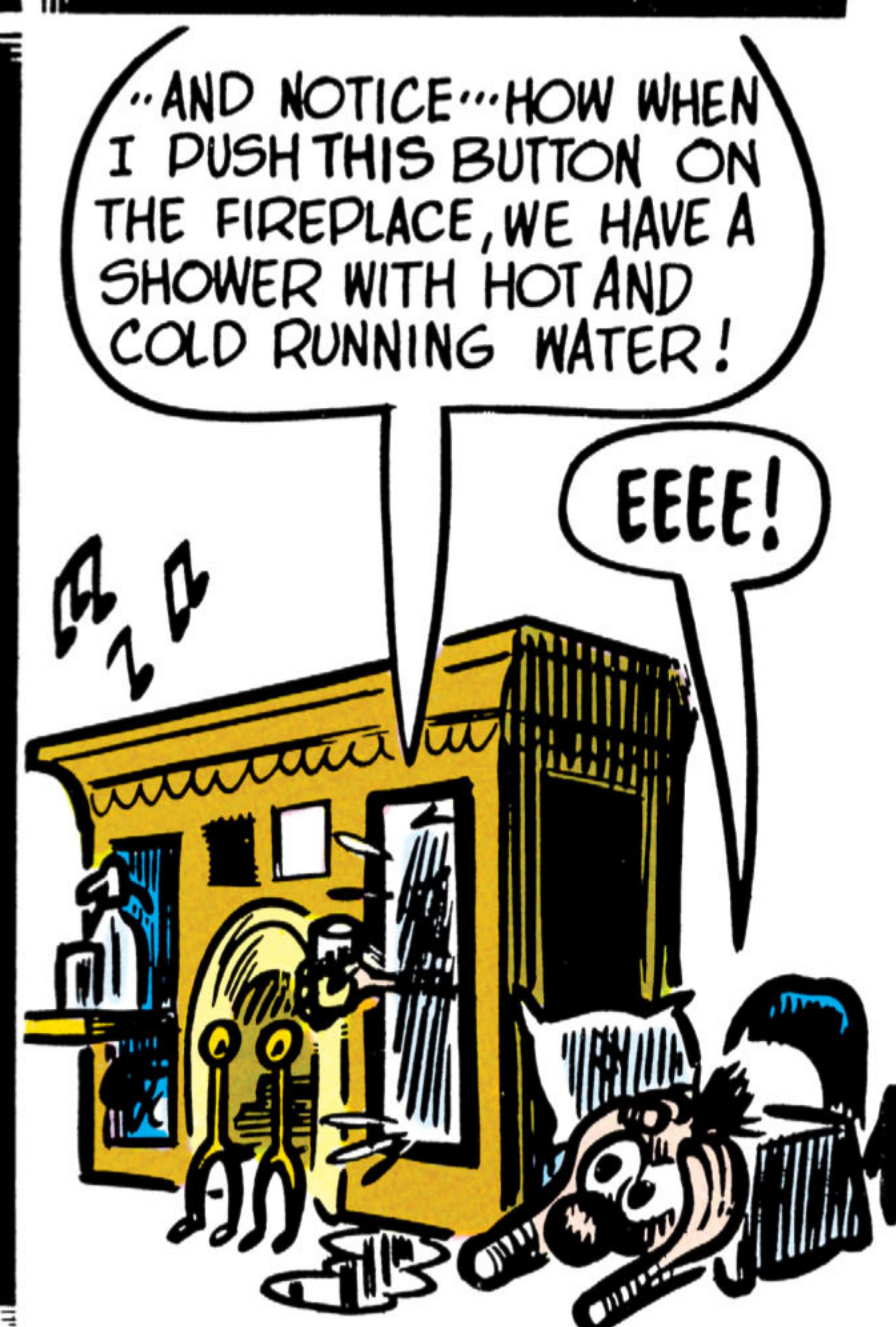
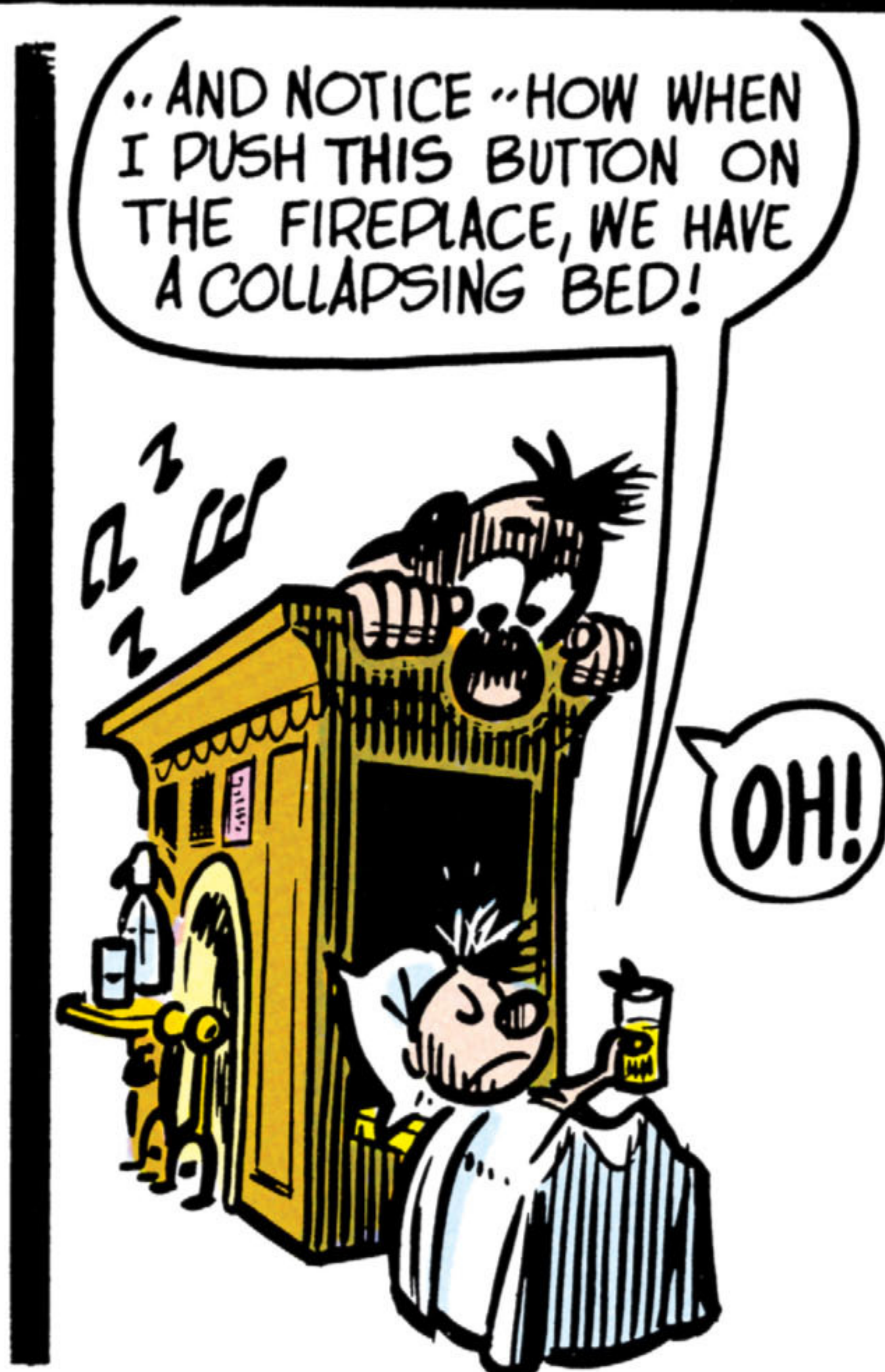
THIS CHAIR
GRIPS TOO
MUCH! LUCKY
I HAD
MY SCOUT KNIFE!



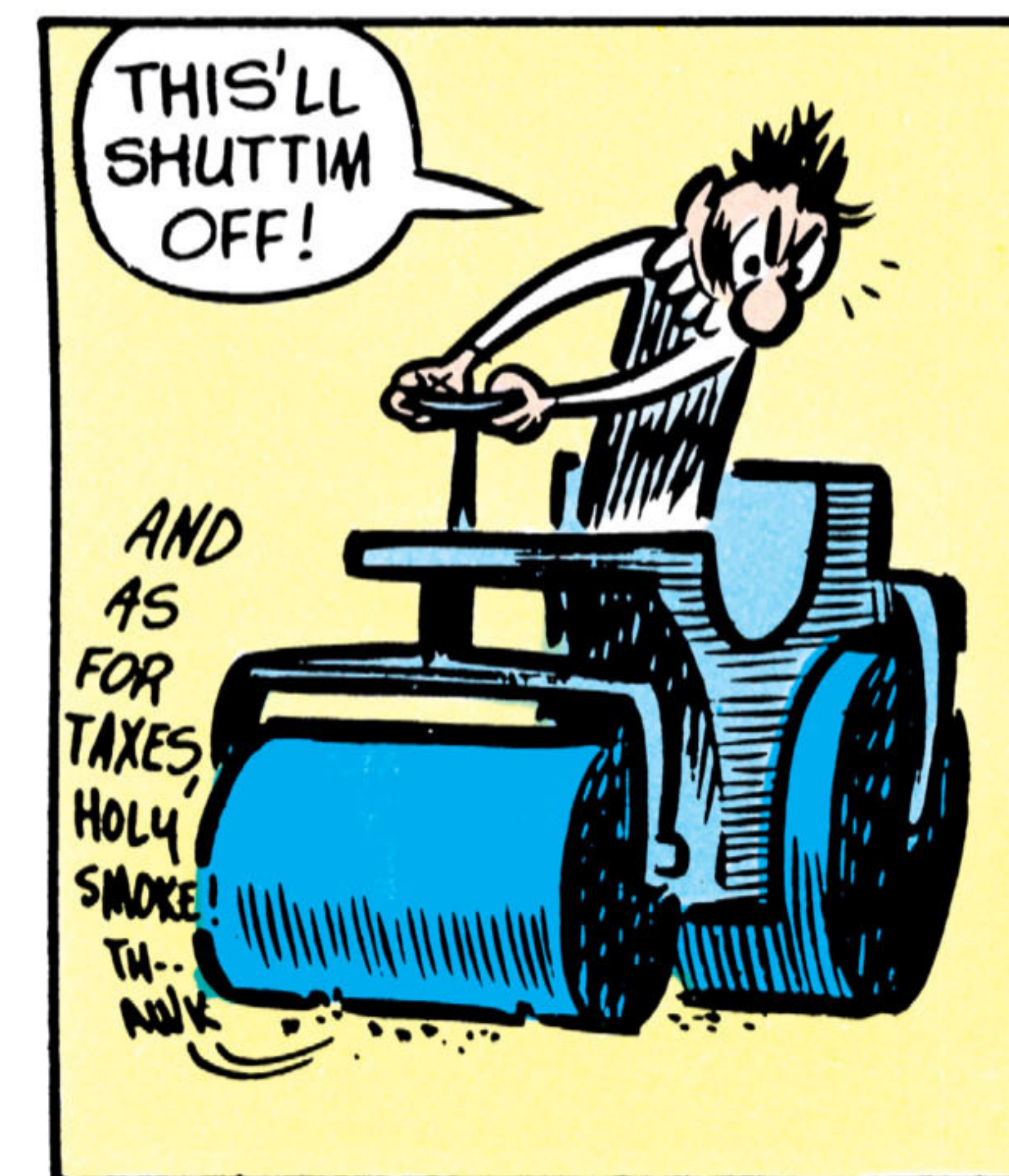
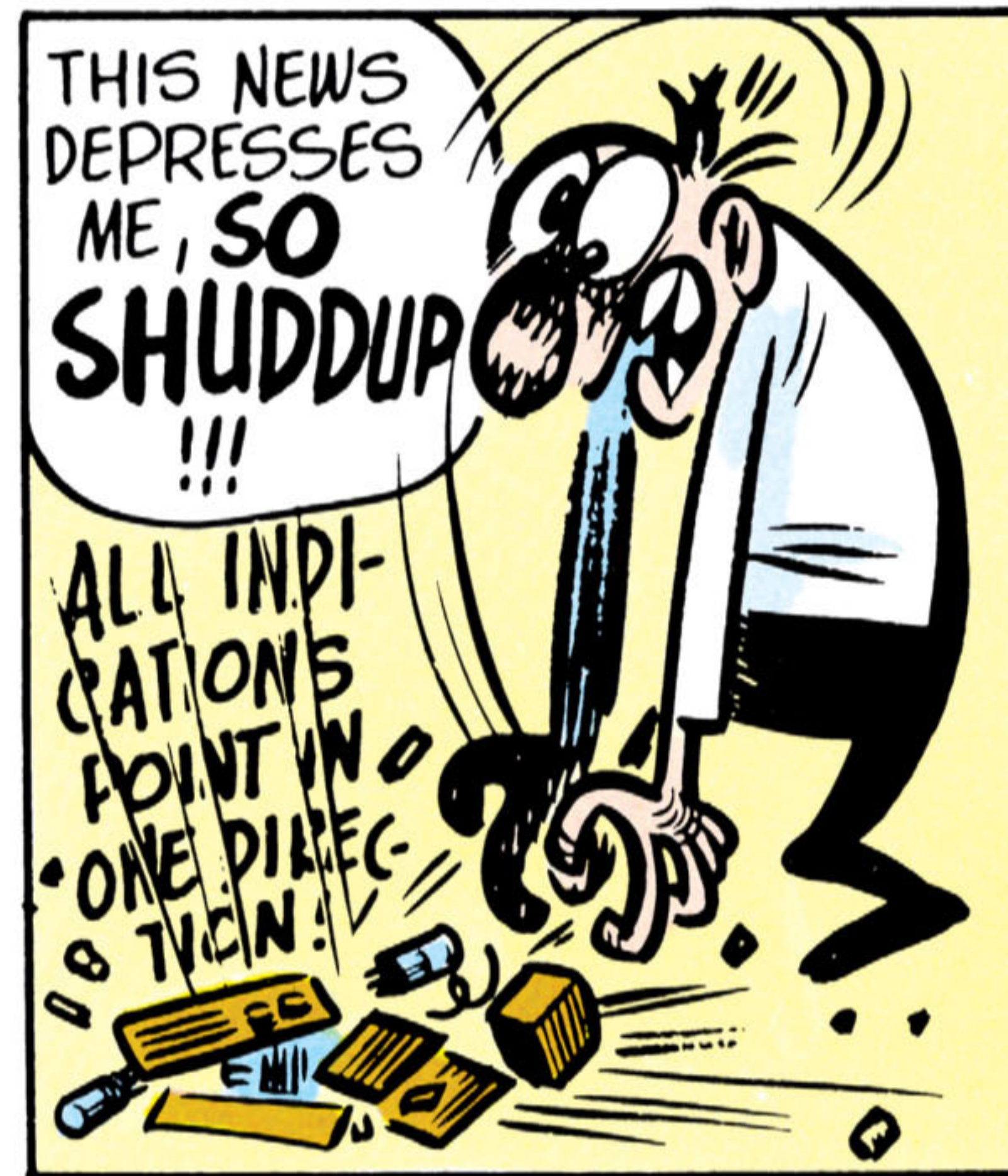
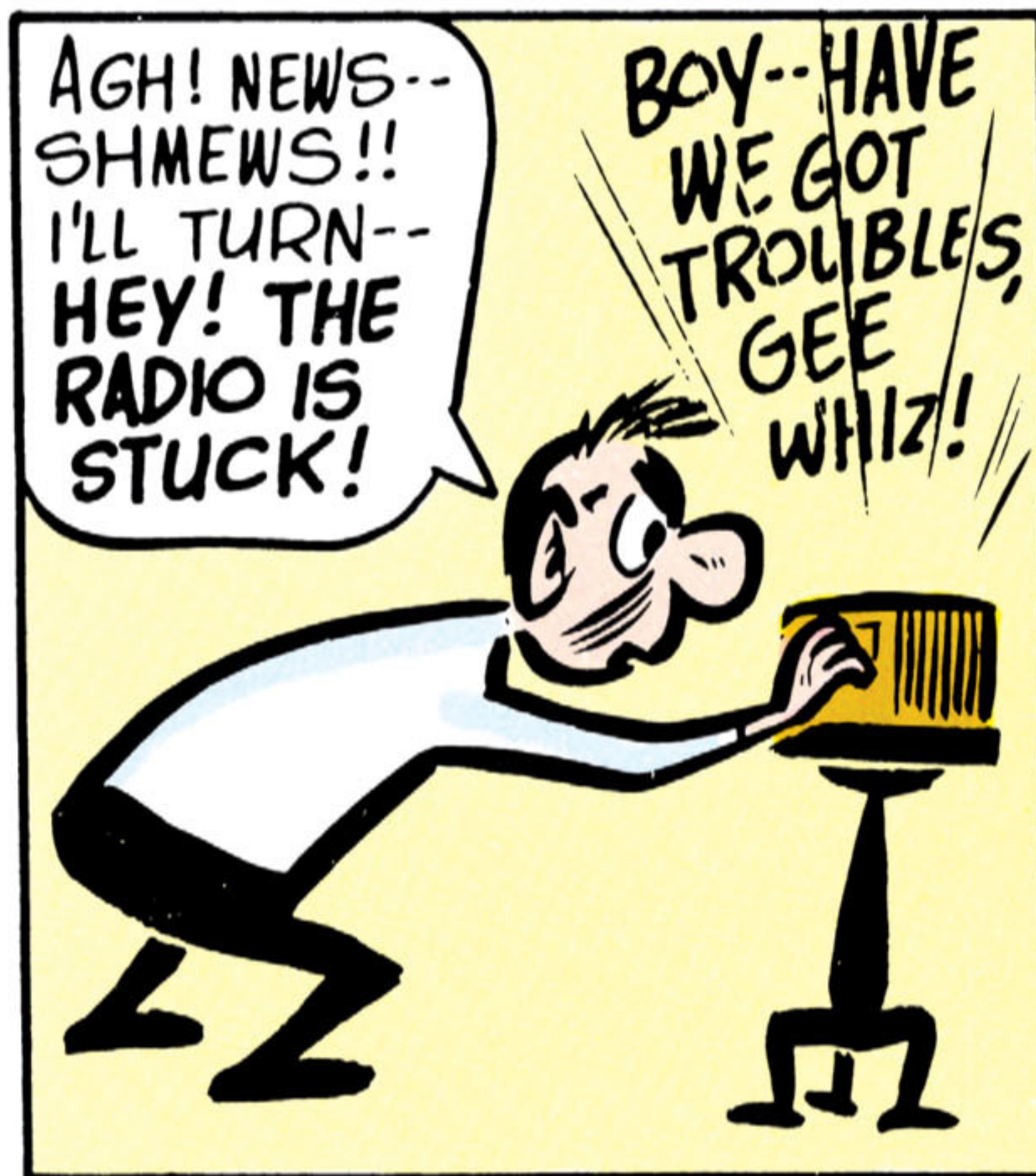
HEY! WEREN'T YOU GOING
TO BUY A CHAIR TODAY?

EH! IT'S SAFER
SITTING ON THE
FLOOR!

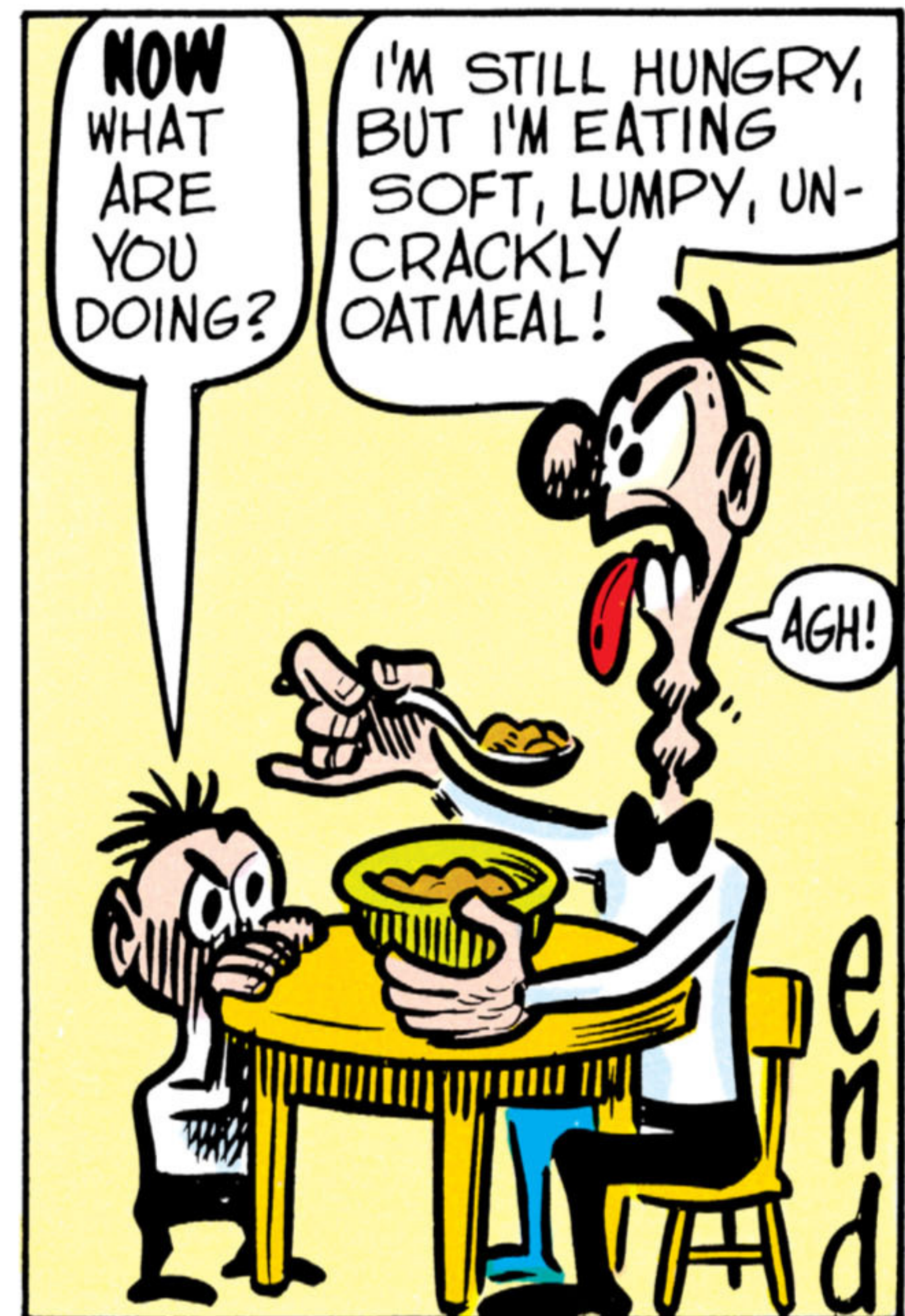
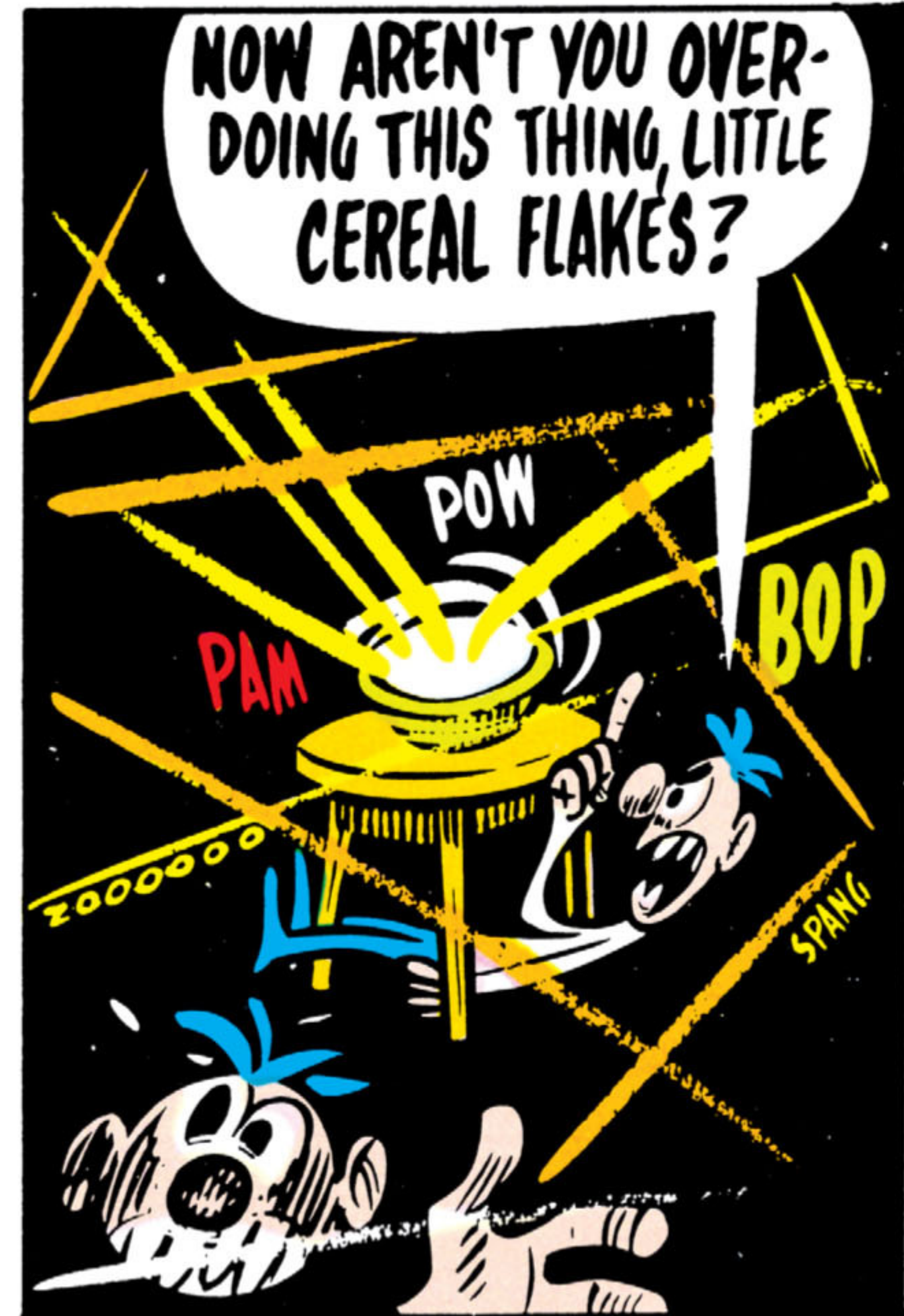
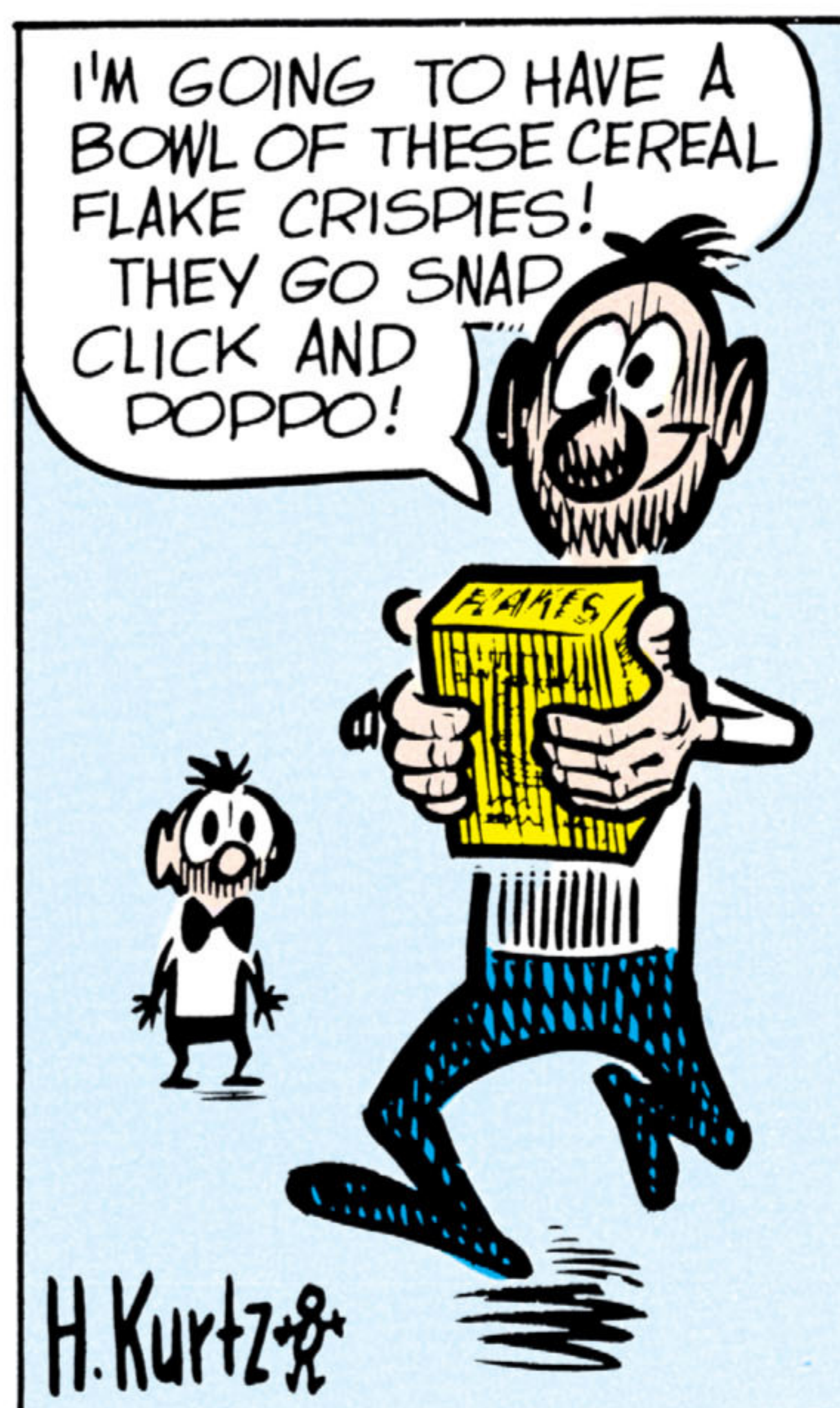


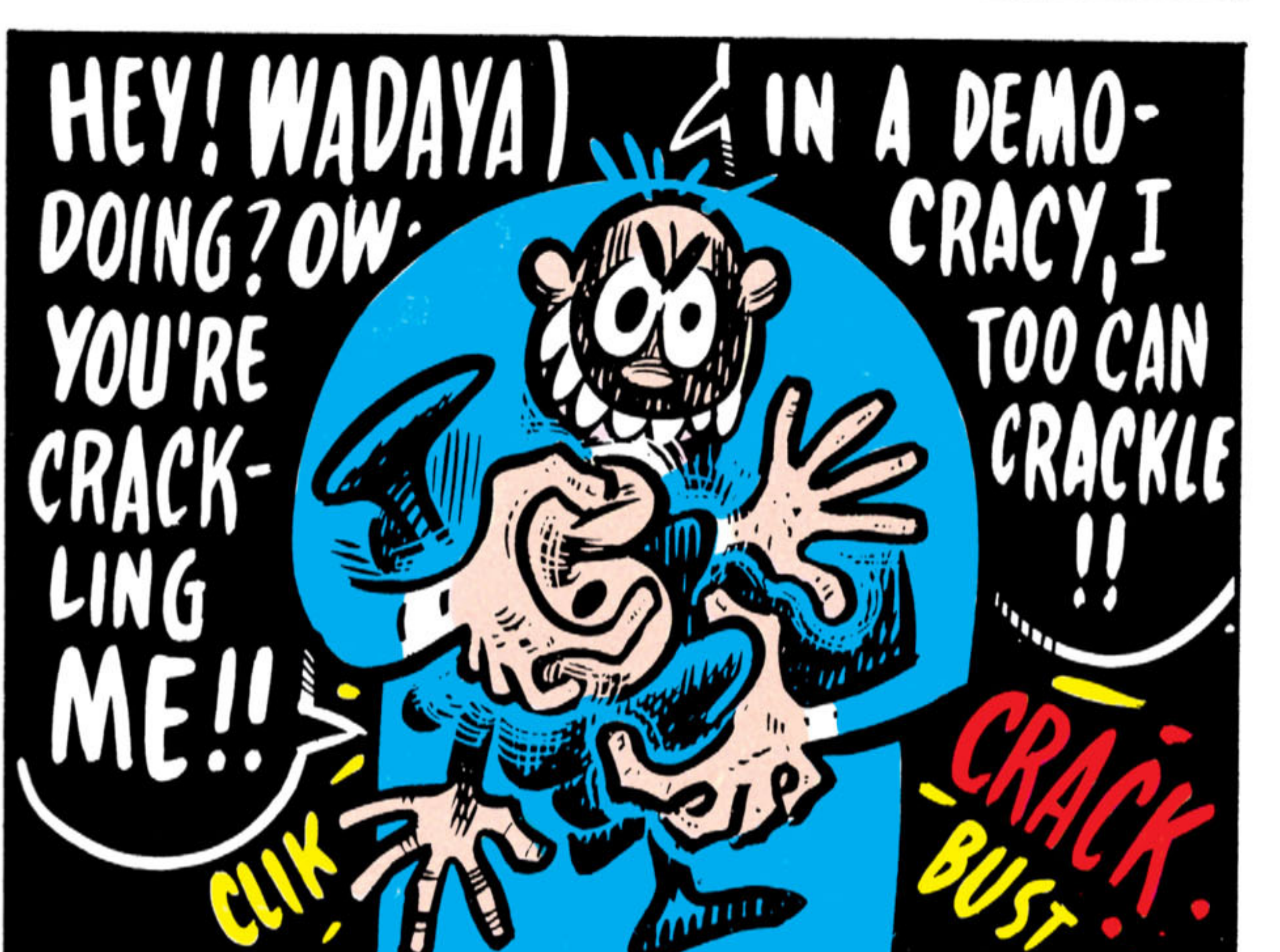
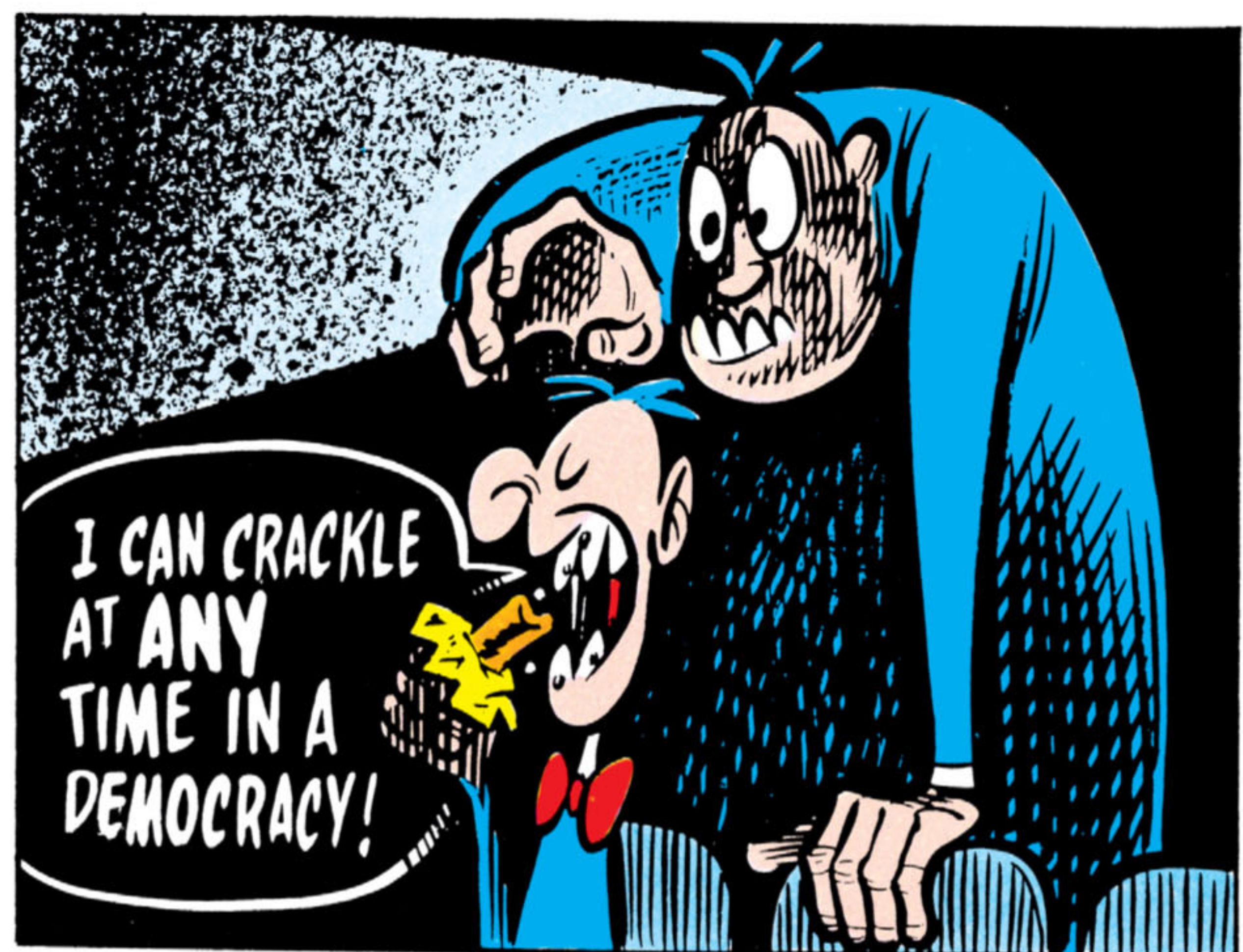
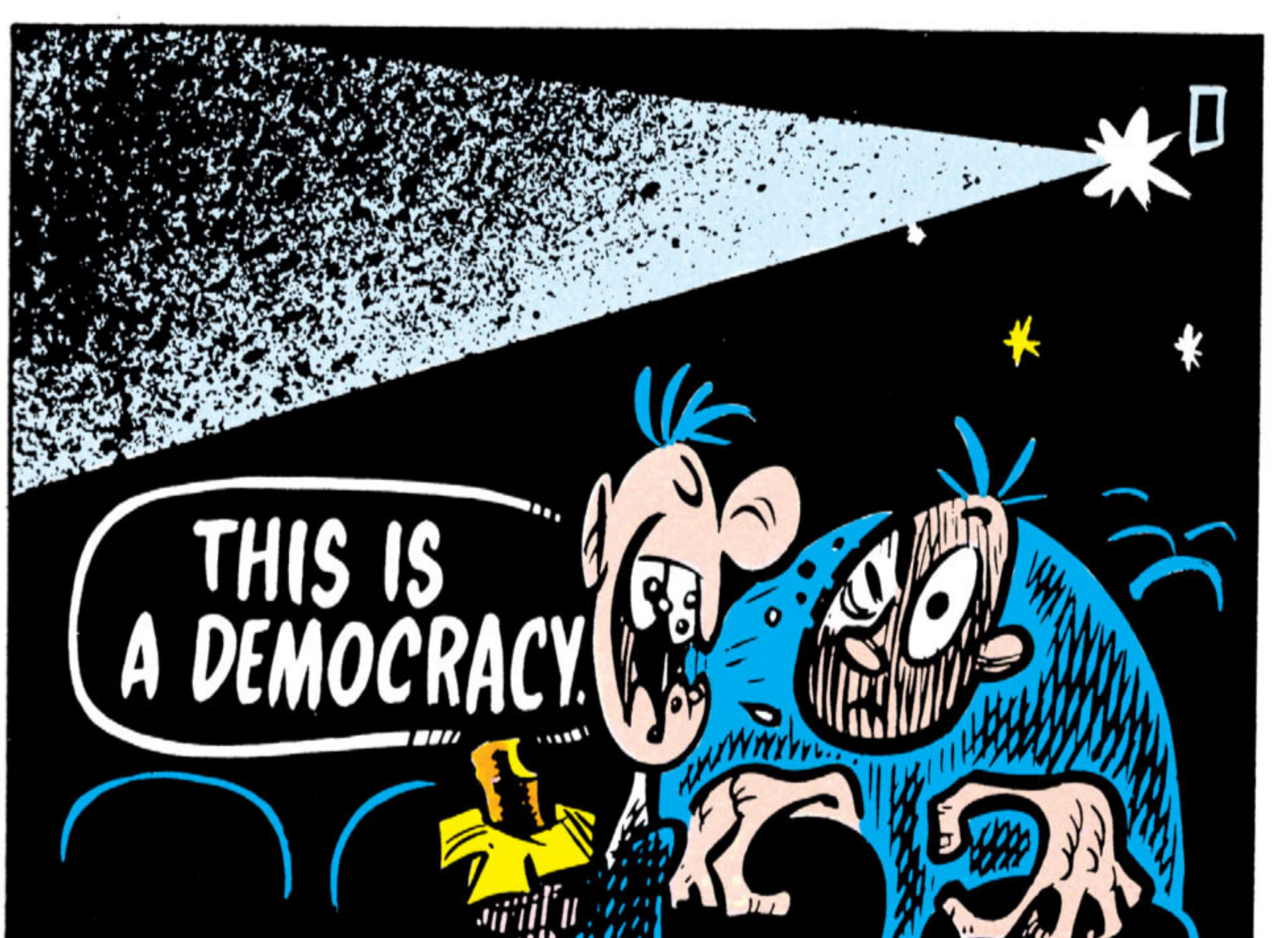
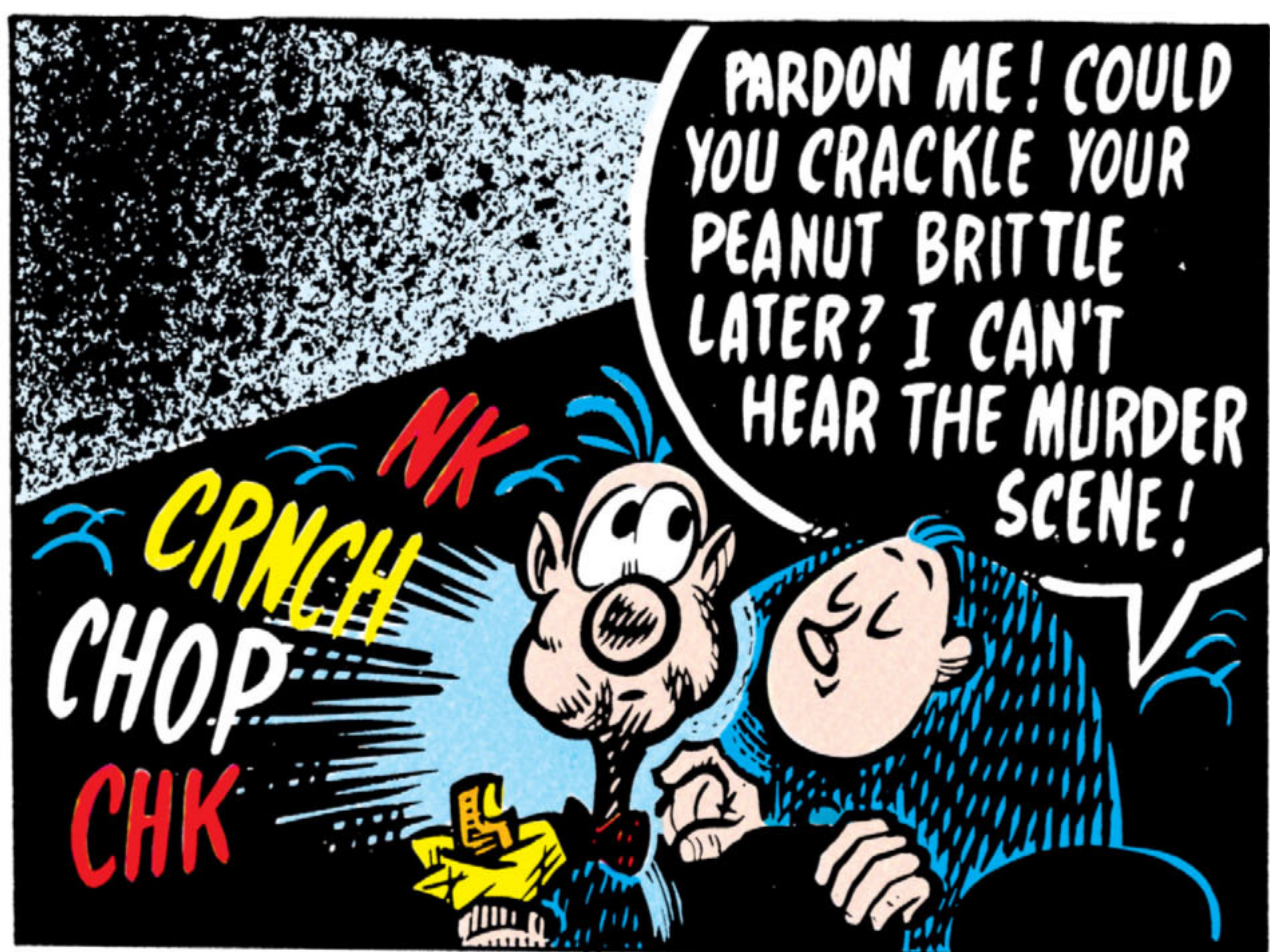
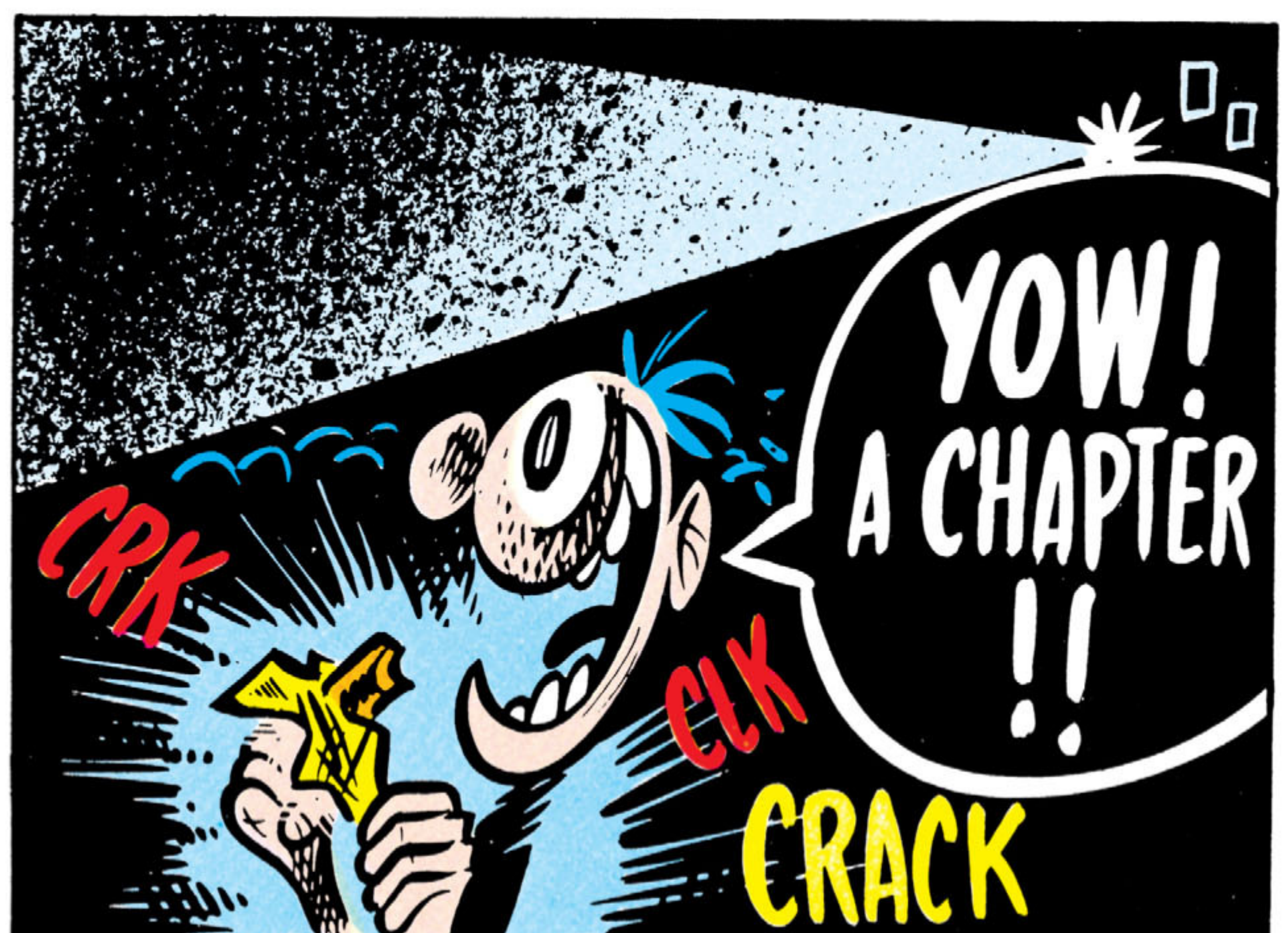
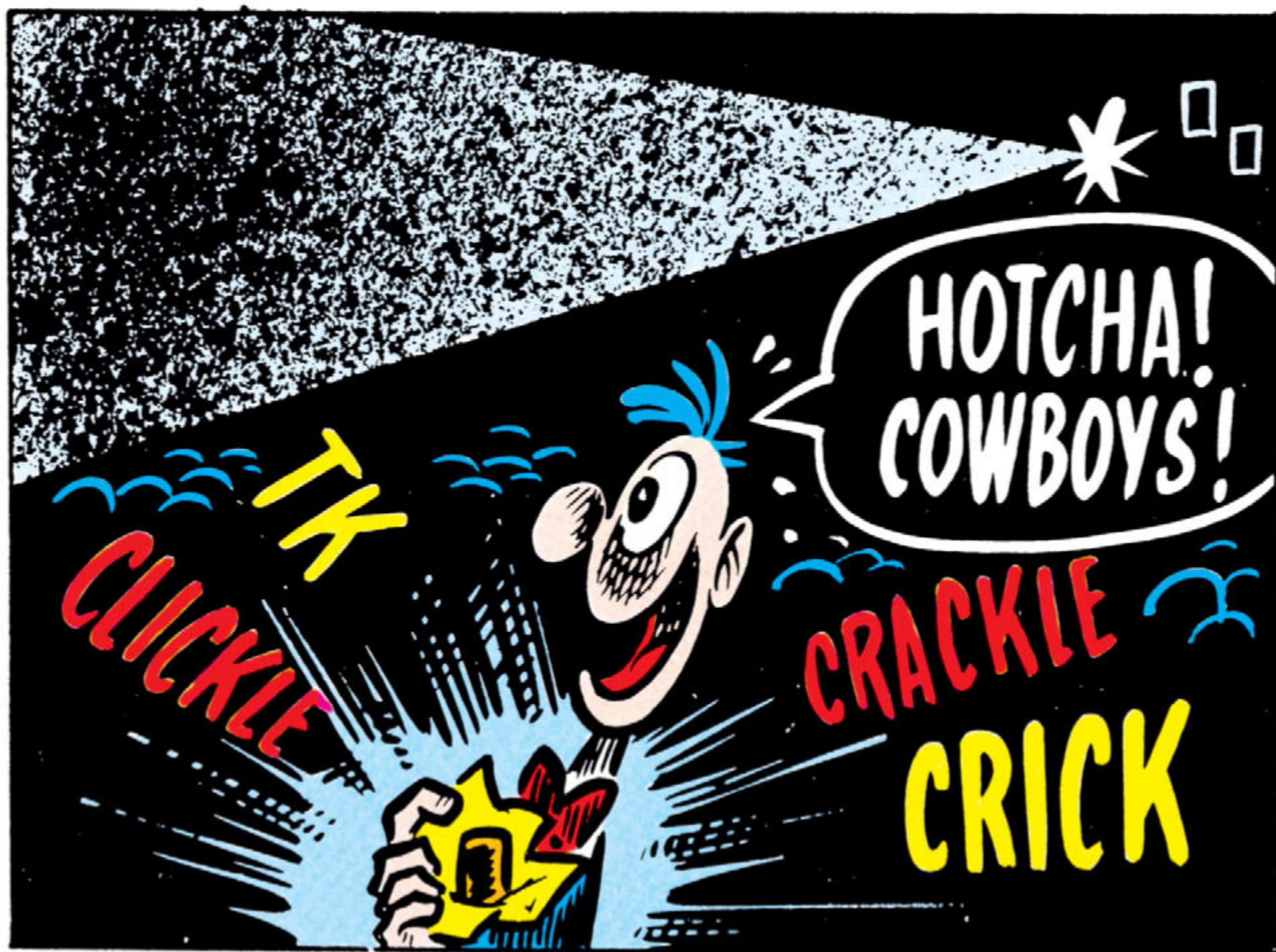


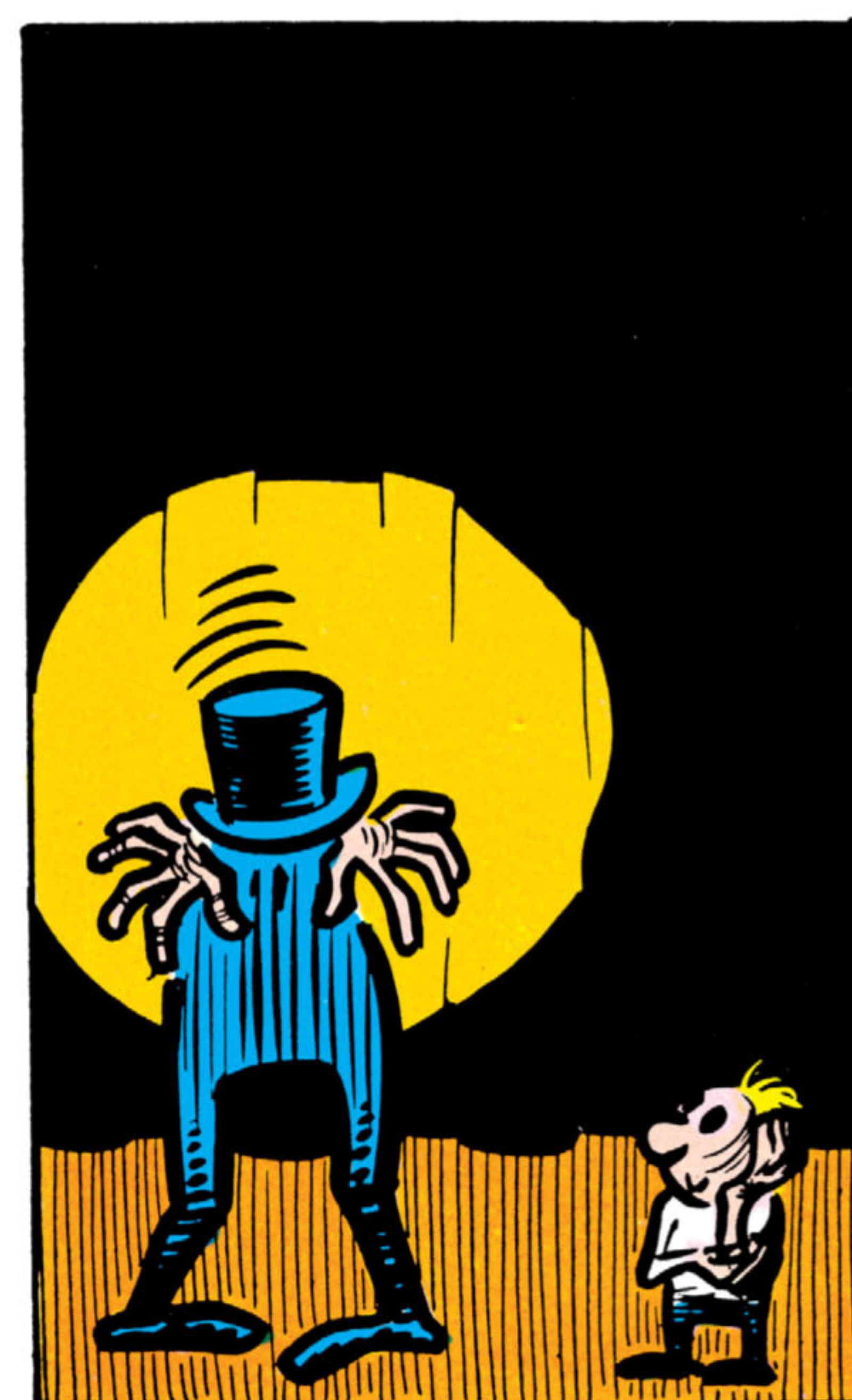
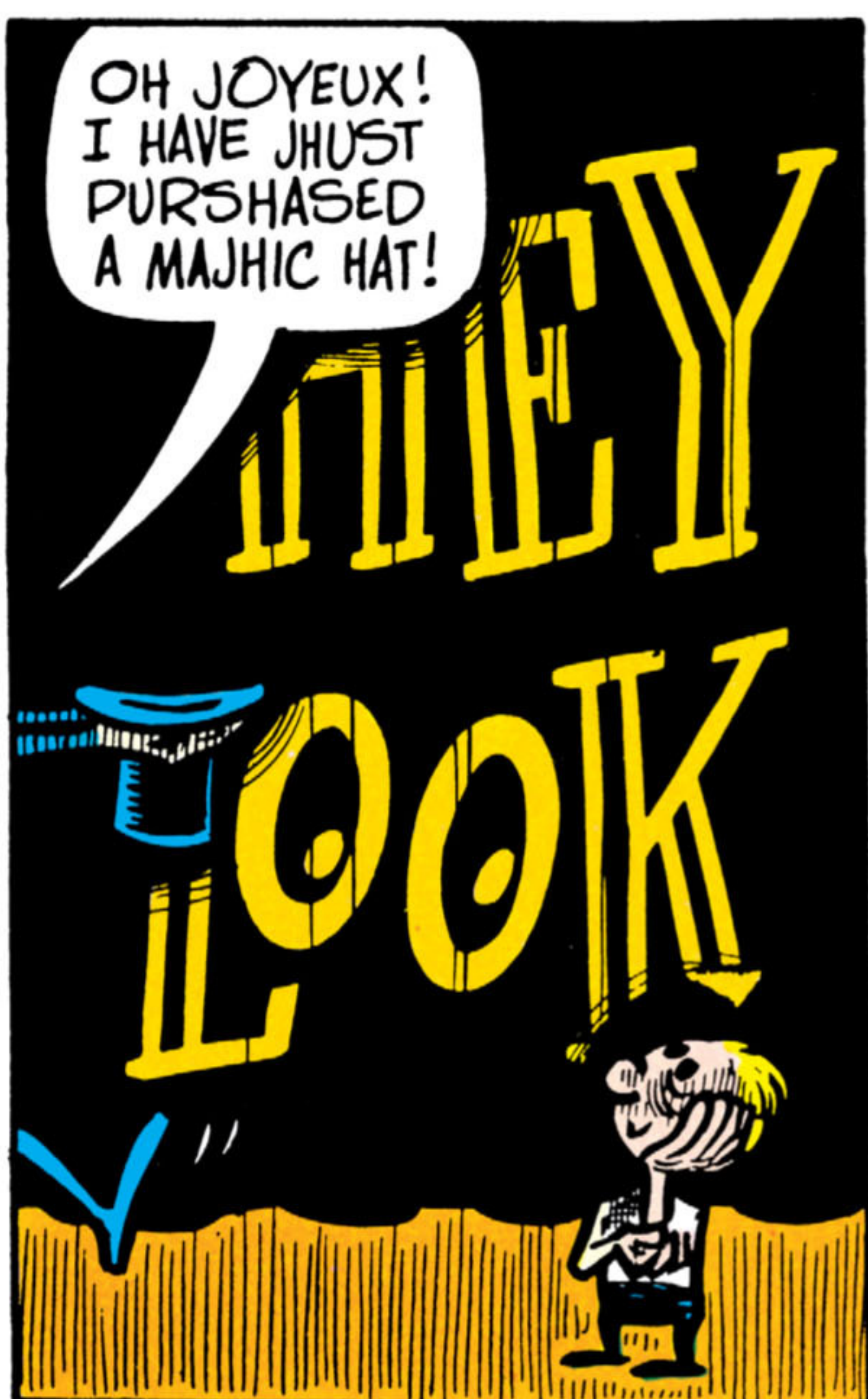
HEY
LOOK!



H. Kurtz

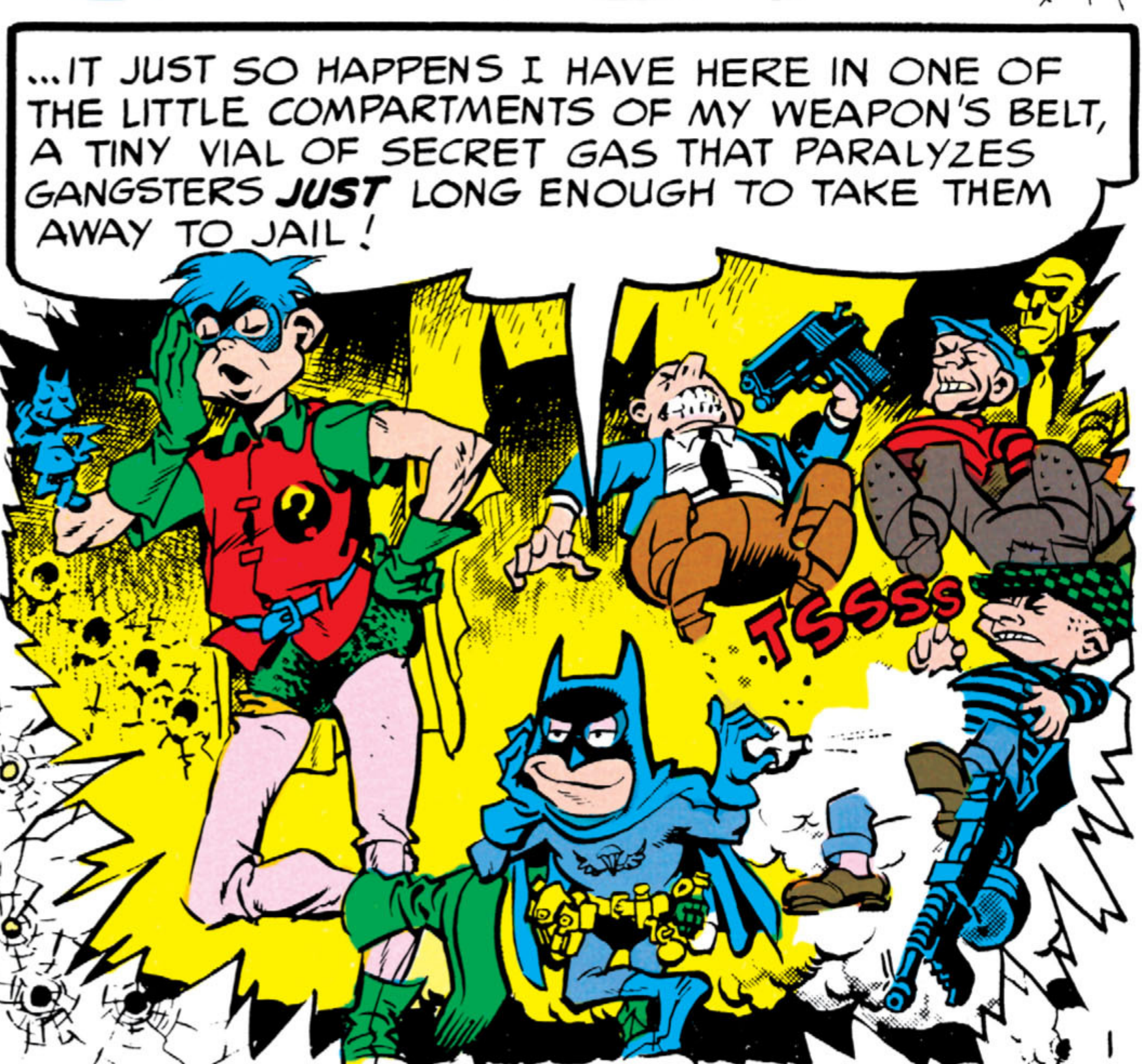
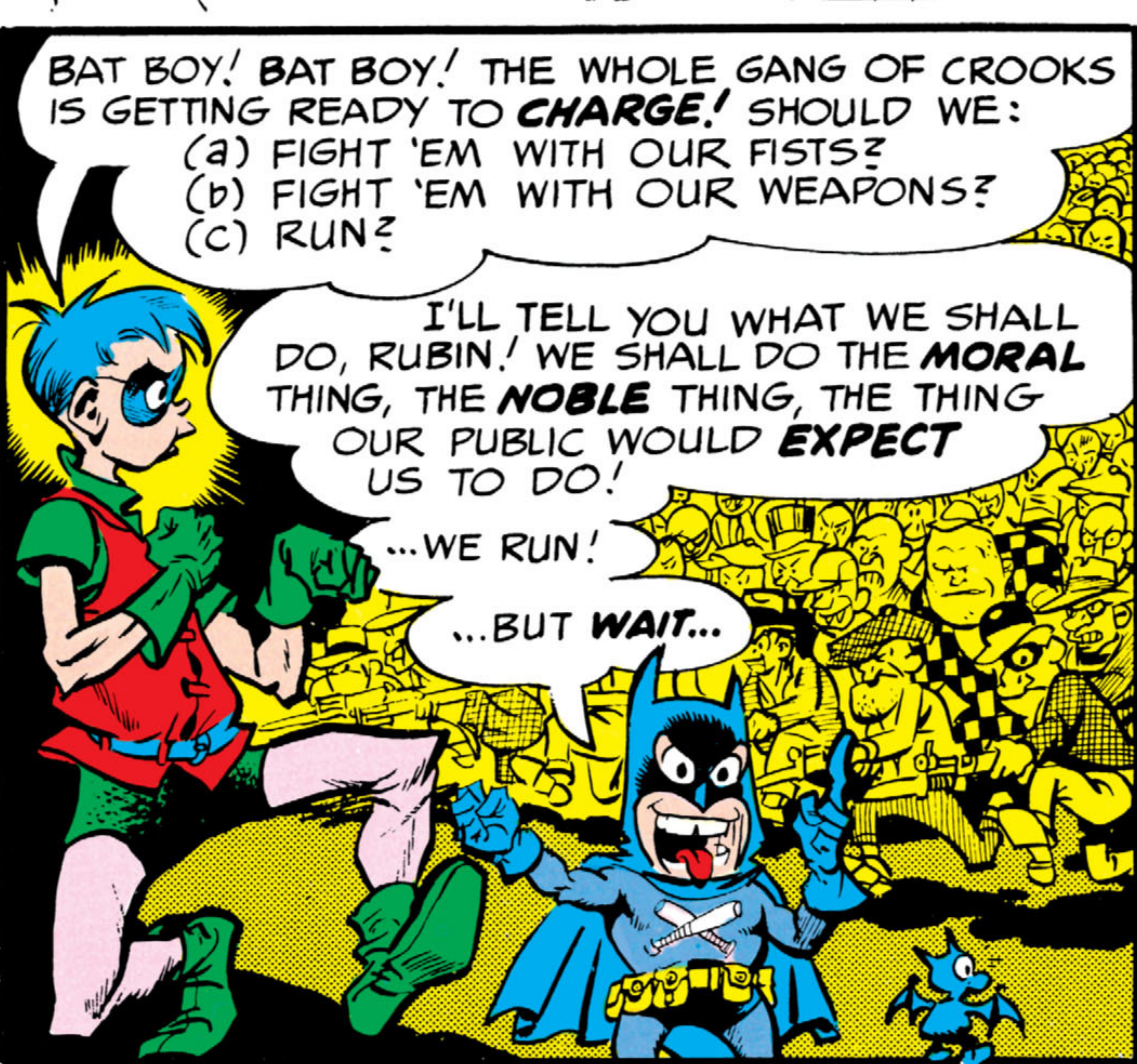






HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... *THIS STORY, THEN...* HAS **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING** TO DO WITH THEM!... THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

BAT BOY AND RUBIN!

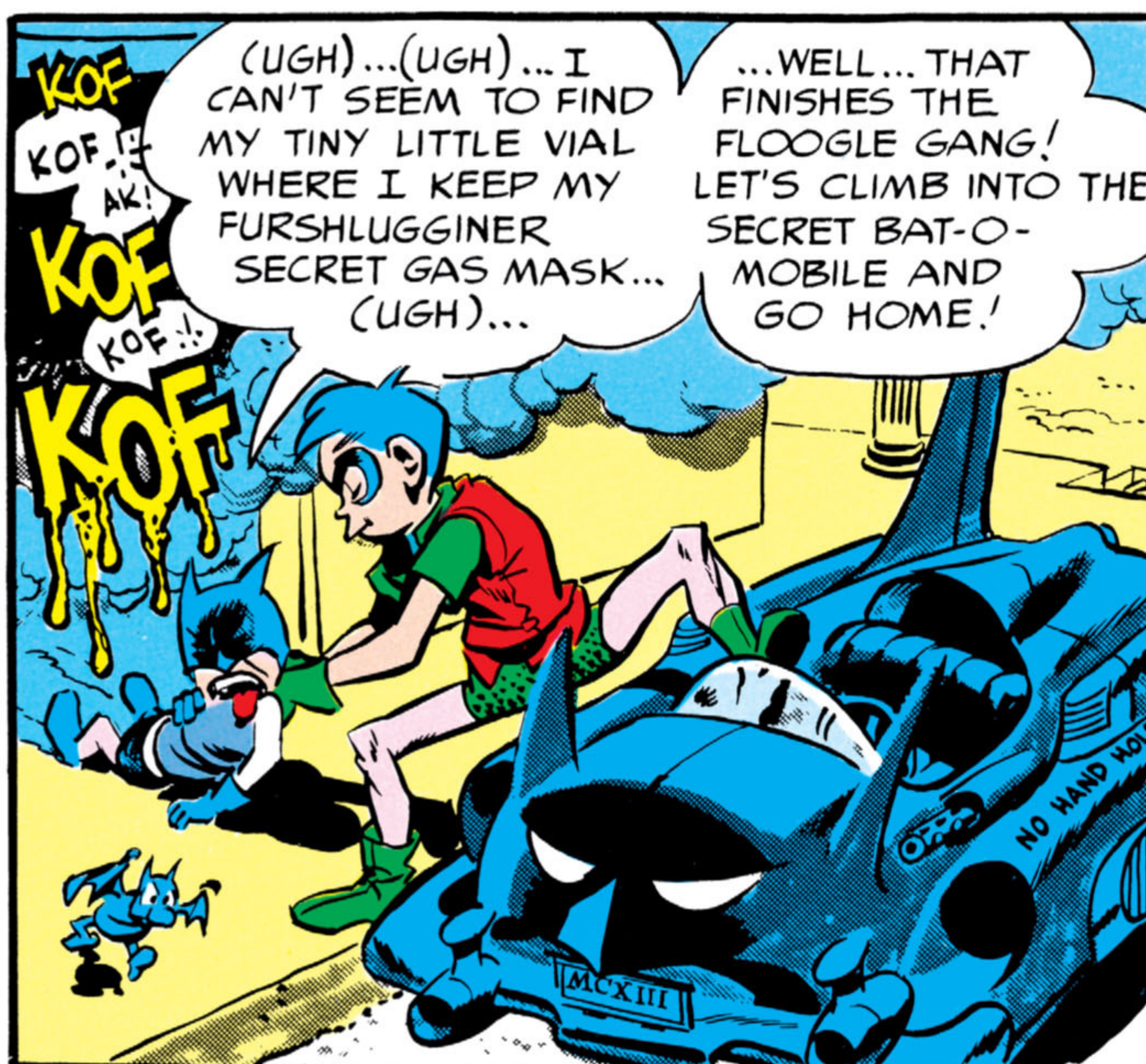




WOW, BAT BOY! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY CARRIED A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT BLINDS GANGSTERS AND A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT TURNS GANGSTERS FRIENDLY... BUT NOT A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT **PARALYZES** GANGSTERS!

HALP!

NOTE:
WE REPEAT!
LAMPOON!
BATBOY MIT A
BOY!
RUBIN MIT A
U!



(UGH)...(UGH)... I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND MY TINY LITTLE VIAL WHERE I KEEP MY FURSHLUUGNER SECRET GAS MASK... (UGH)...

...WELL... THAT FINISHES THE FLOOGLE GANG! LET'S CLIMB INTO THE SECRET BAT-O-MOBILE AND GO HOME!



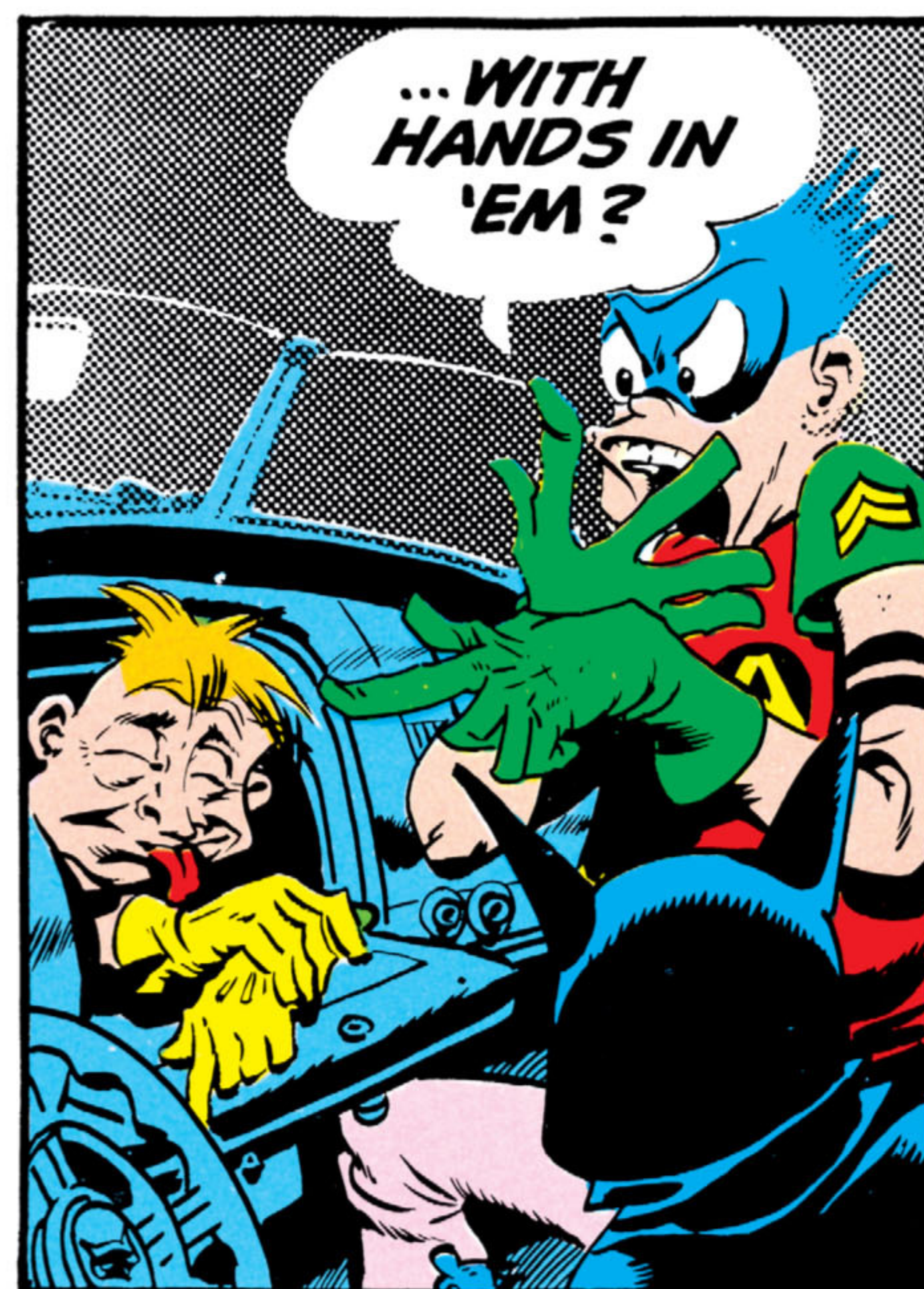
WITH THE CLEANING UP OF THE FLOOGLE GANG, WE HAVE PROBABLY ENDED THE WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS THAT HAVE PLAGUED COSMOPOLIS CITY!

(COUGH) (COUGH) ...DRATTED SECRET GAS! ...HAND ME A KLEENEX FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, WILL YOU, RUBE'Z?

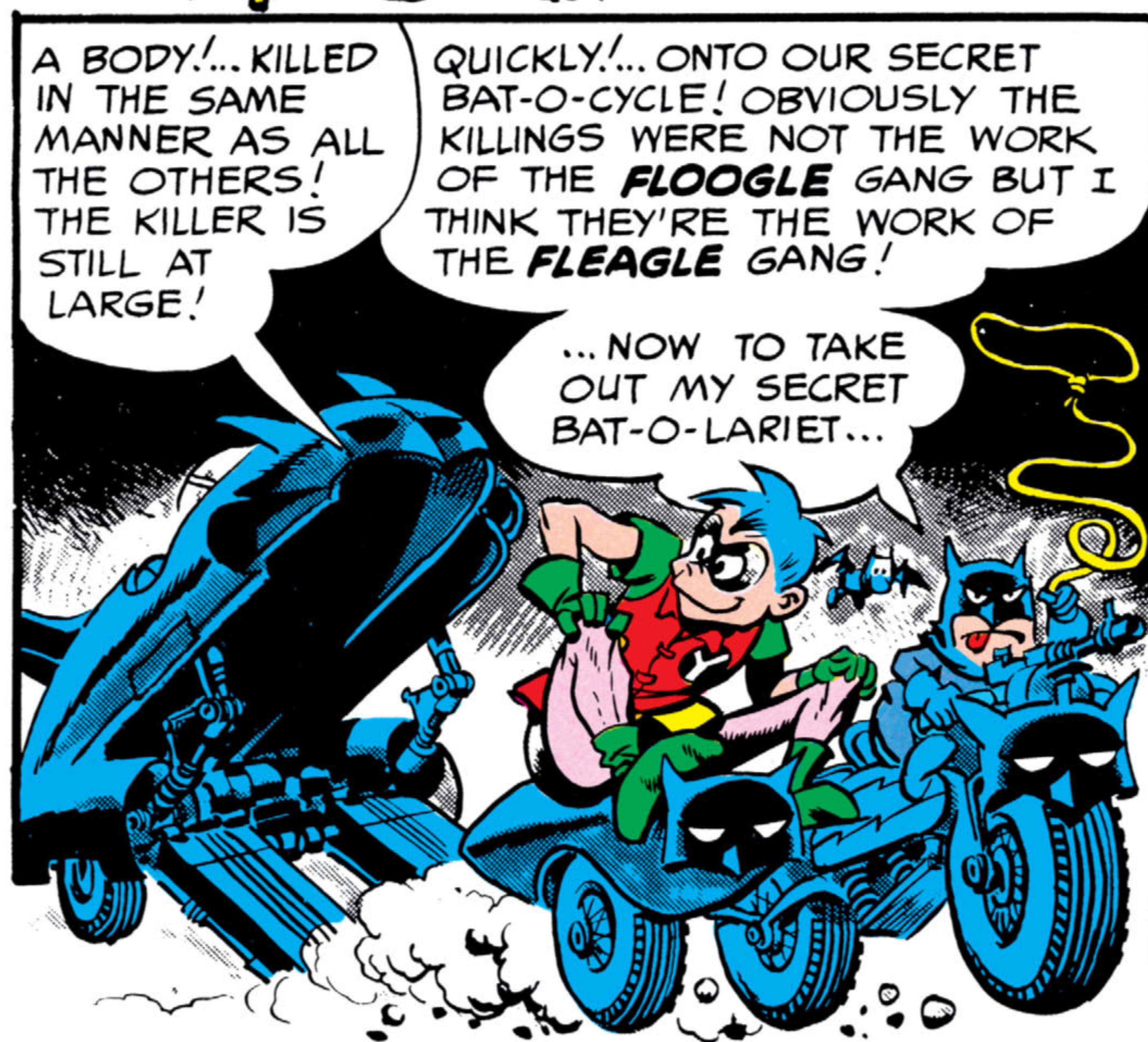


BAT BOY! BAT BOY! BAT BOY! ...L-LOOK WHAT'S IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT! A...A...A... THAT'S IT! A ROAD MAP FROM THE A.AA... AND A PAIR OF GLOVES!

SO WHAT? DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE GLOVES IN A GLOVE COMPARTMENT?



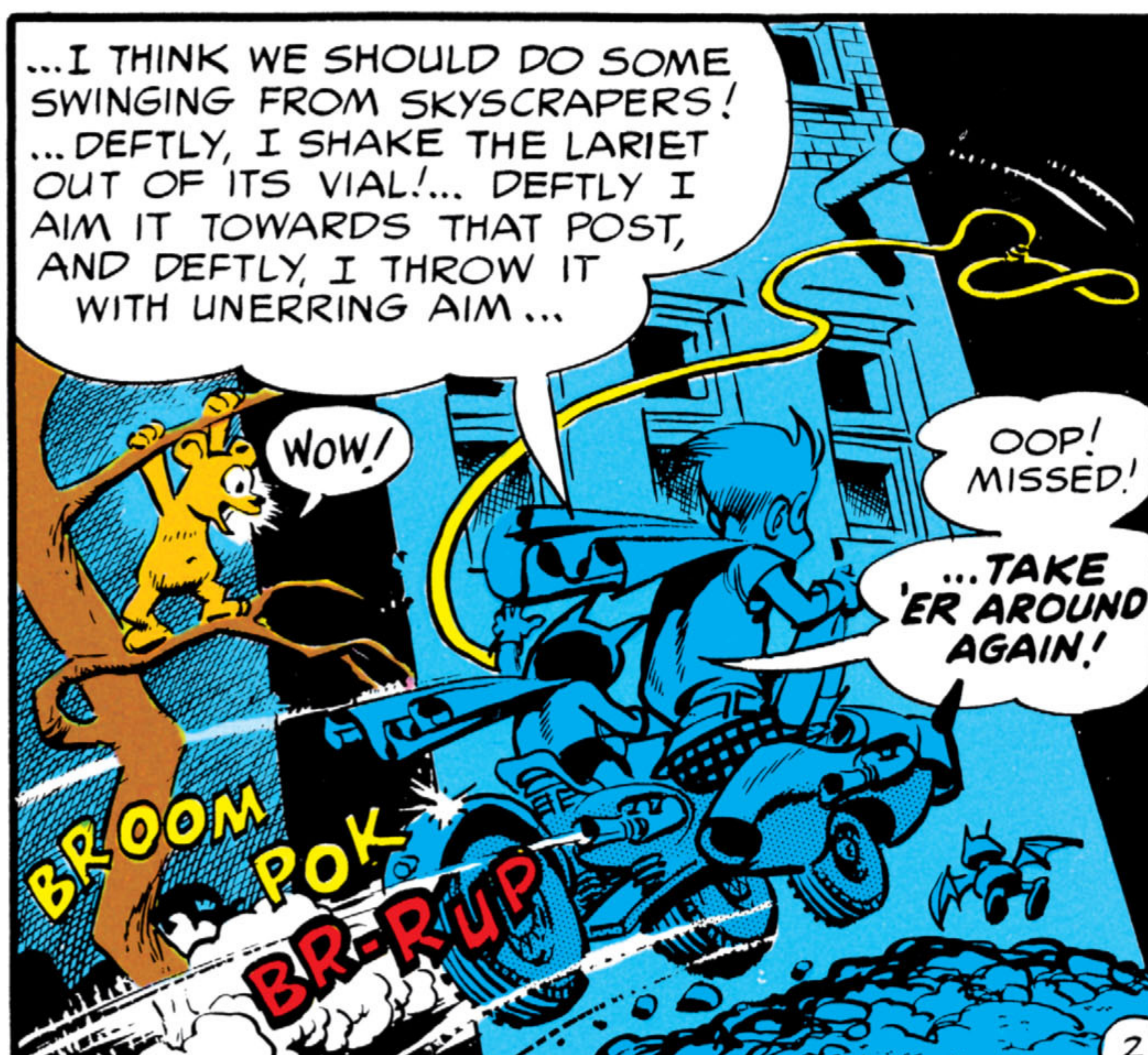
...WITH HANDS IN 'EM?



A BODY!... KILLED IN THE SAME MANNER AS ALL THE OTHERS! THE KILLER IS STILL AT LARGE!

QUICKLY!... ONTO OUR SECRET BAT-O-CYCLE! OBVIOUSLY THE KILLINGS WERE NOT THE WORK OF THE **FLOOGLE** GANG BUT I THINK THEY'RE THE WORK OF THE **FLEAGLE** GANG!

...NOW TO TAKE OUT MY SECRET BAT-O-LARIET...

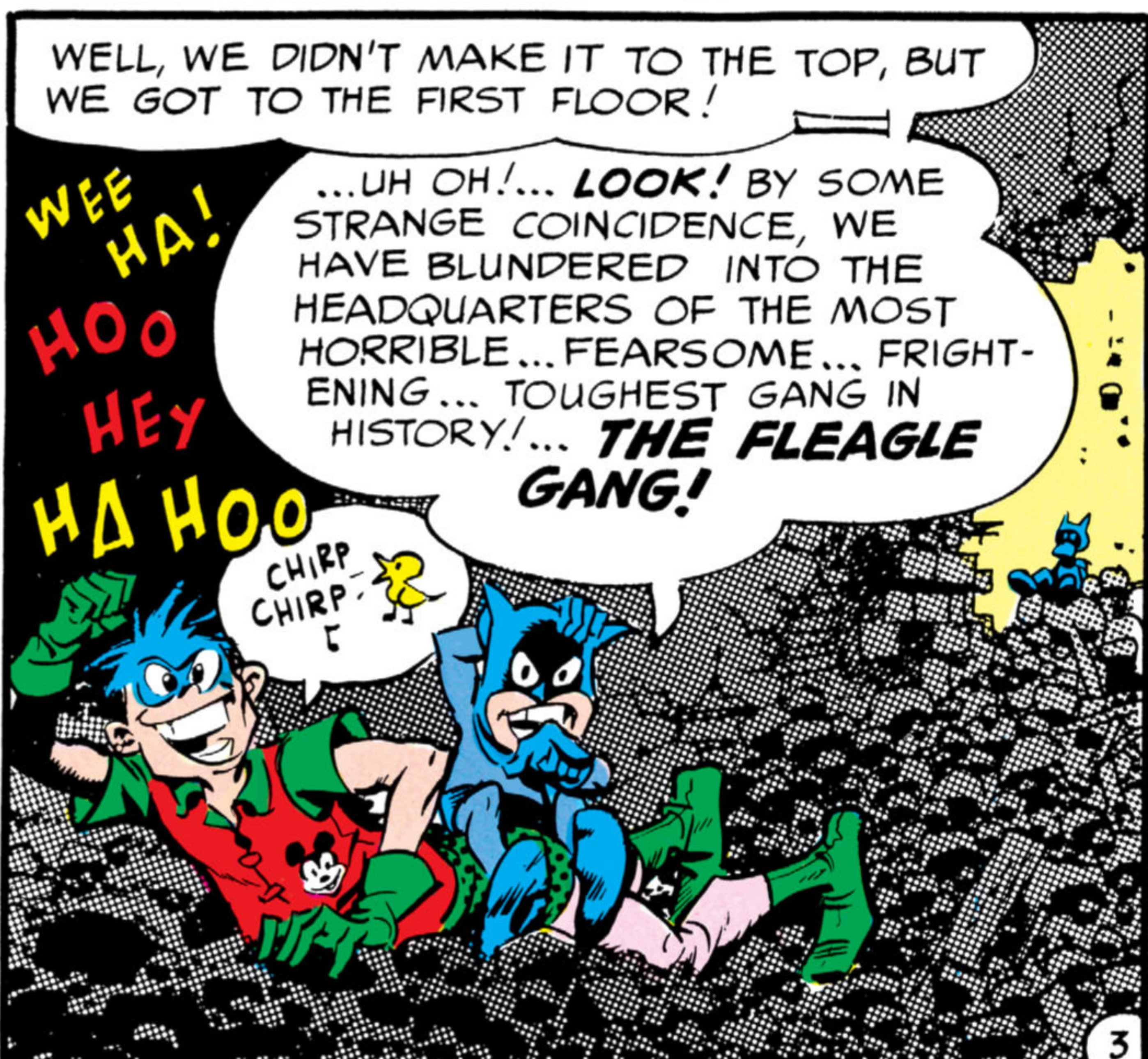
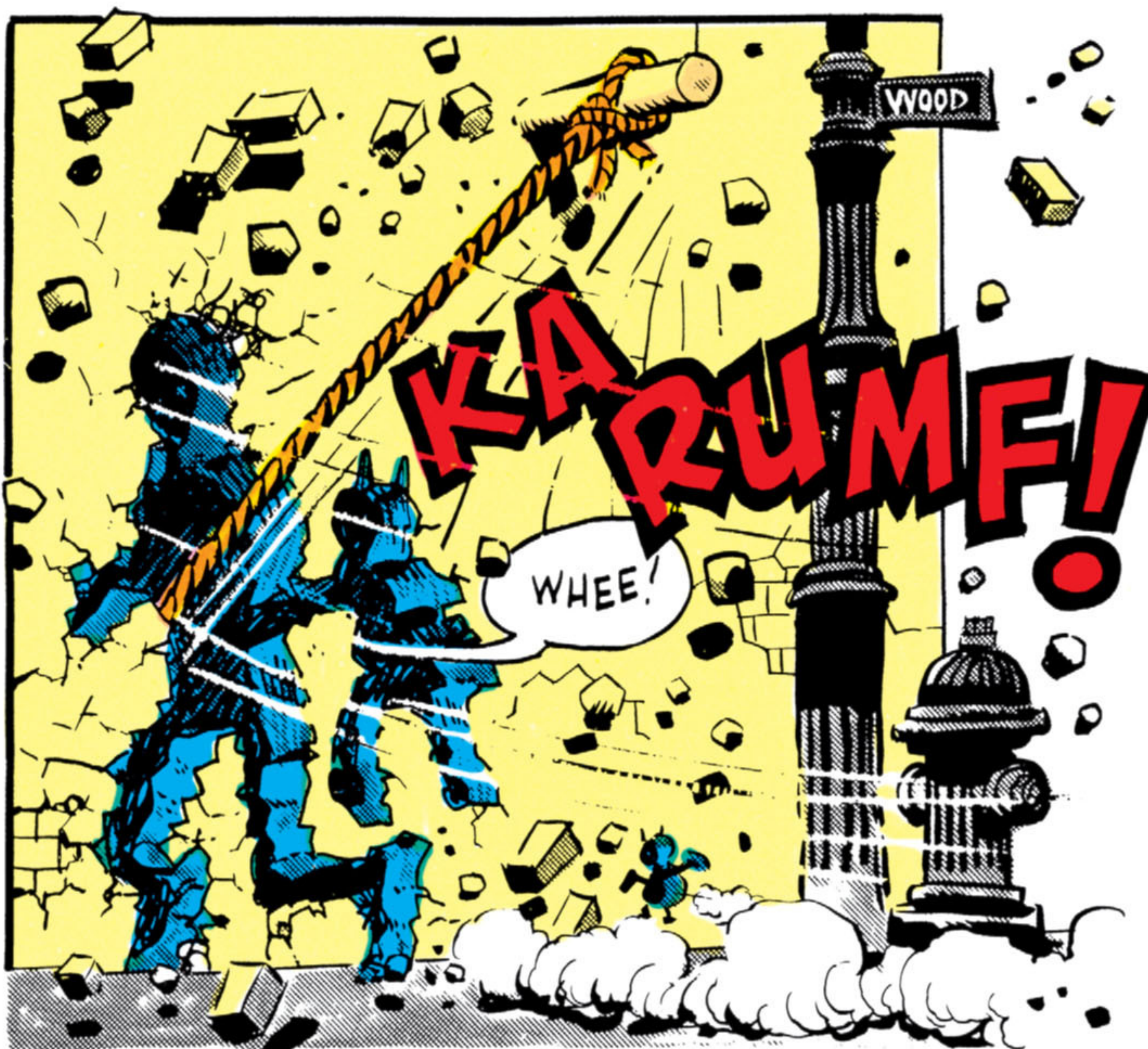
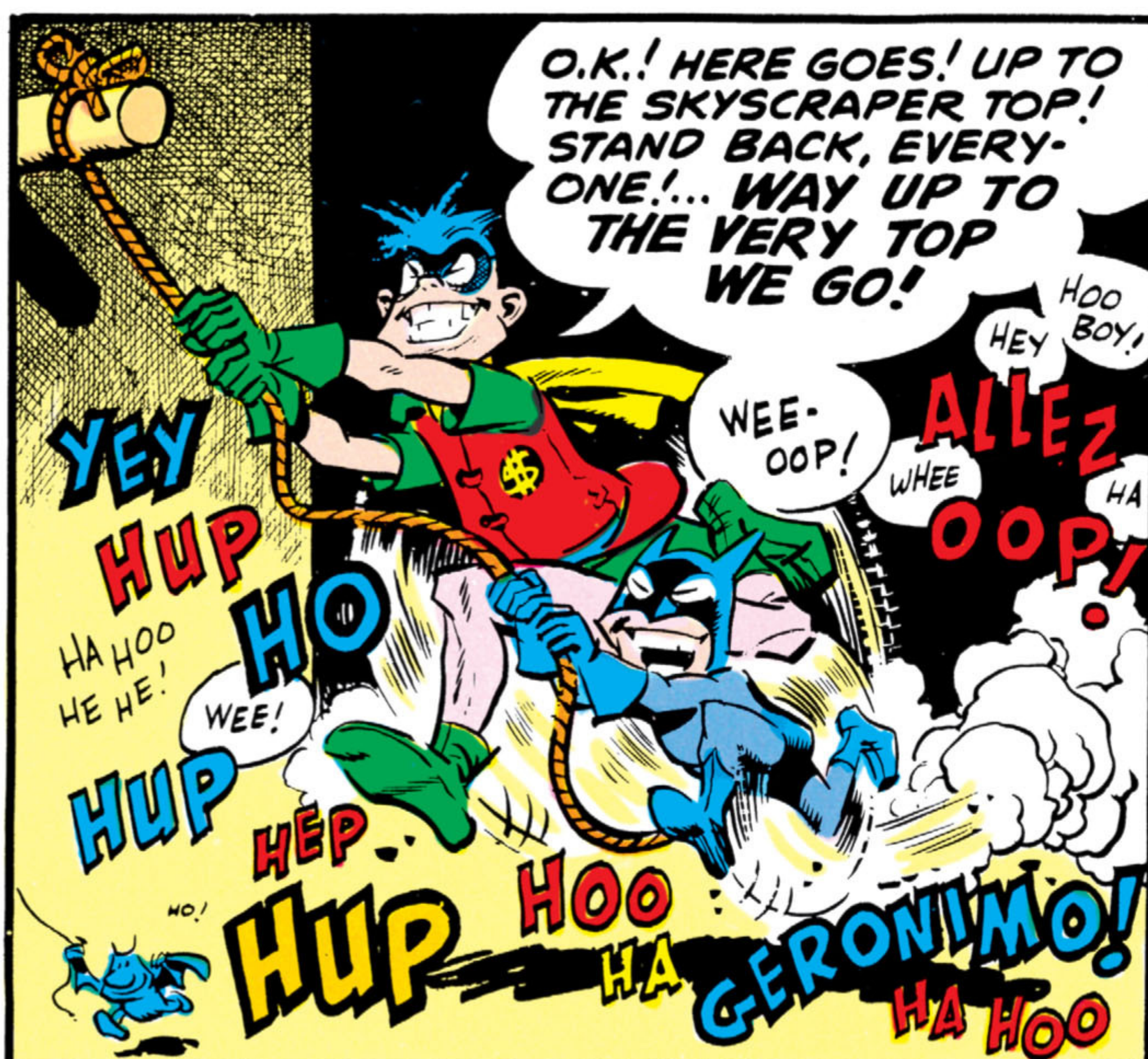
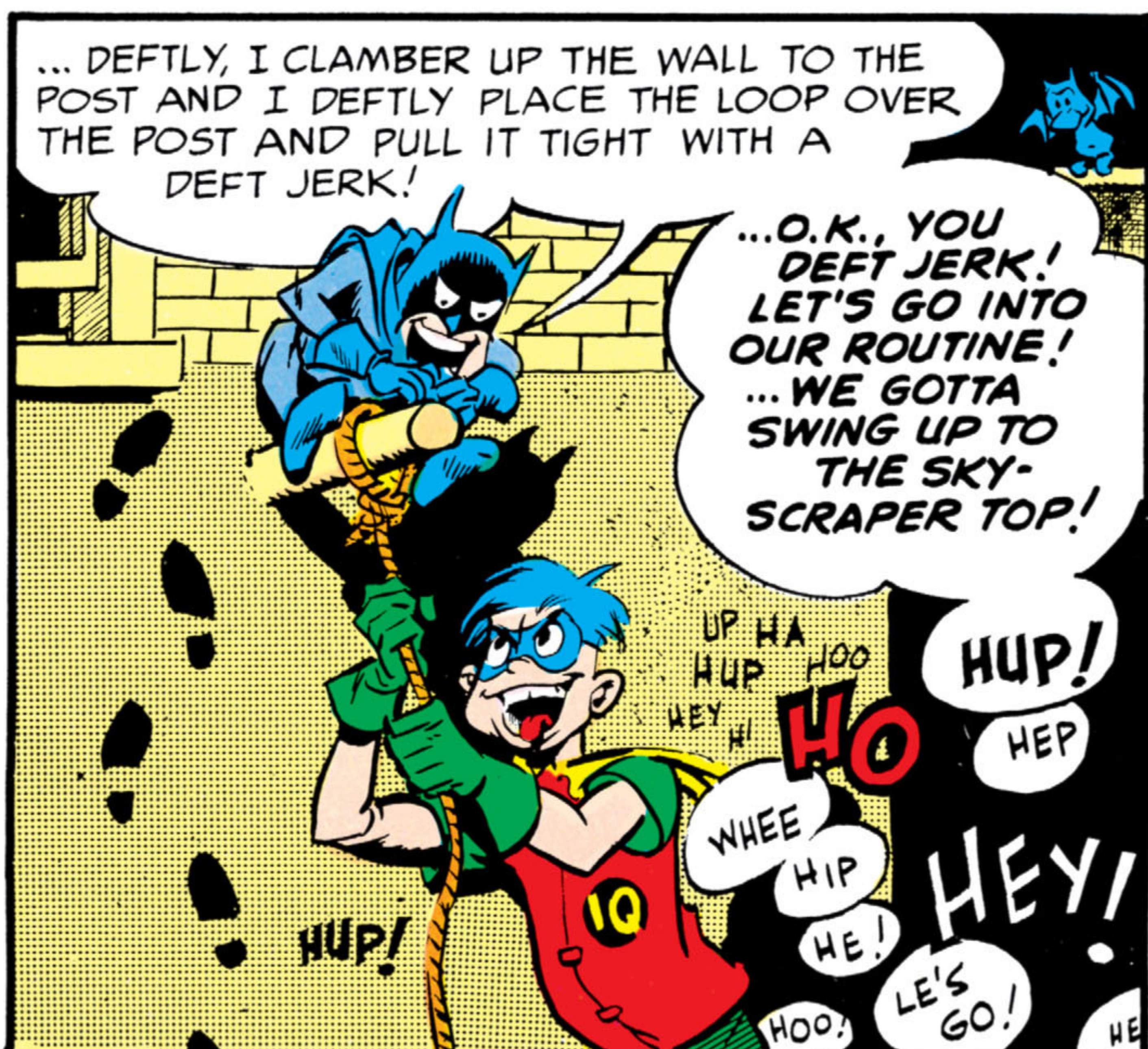
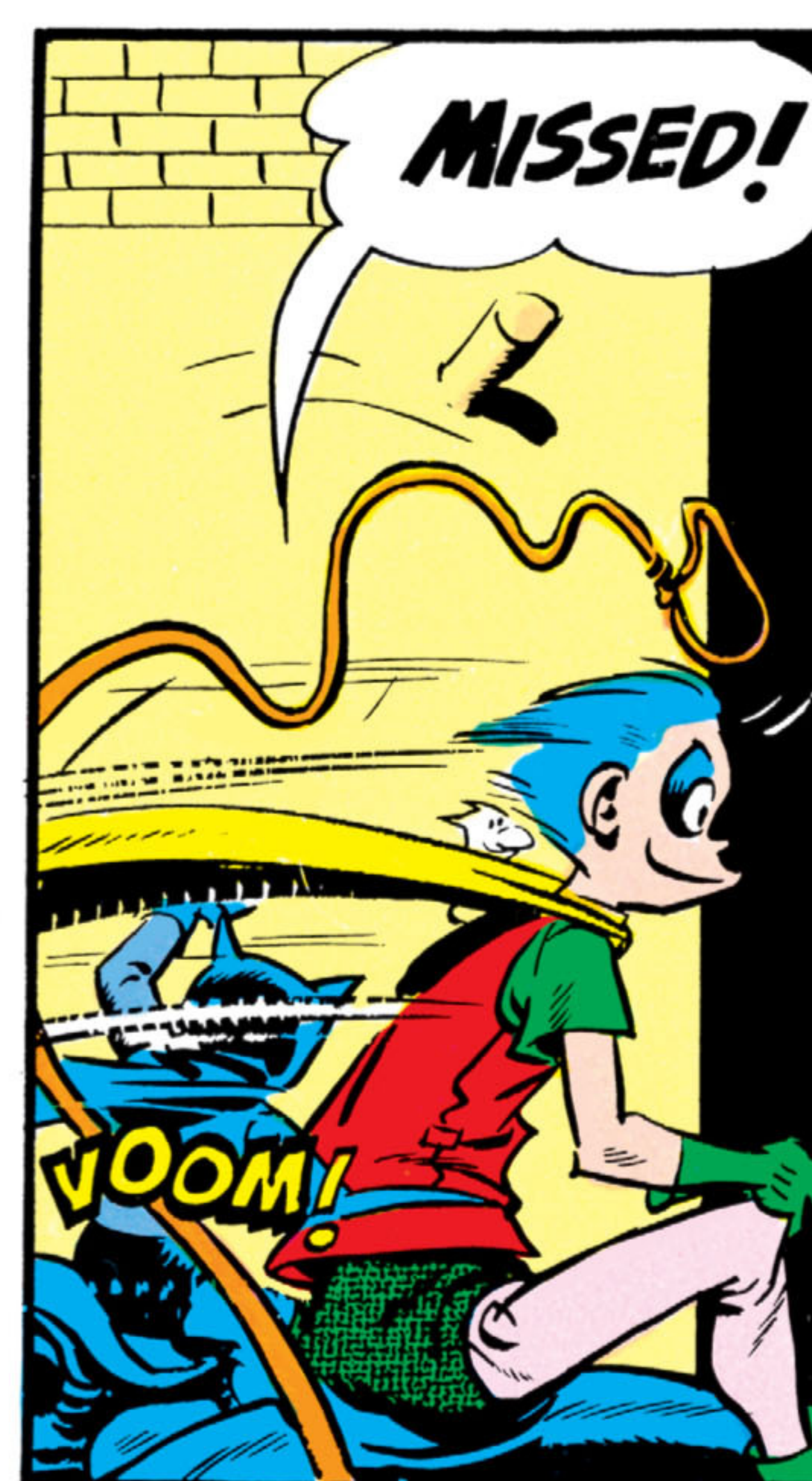
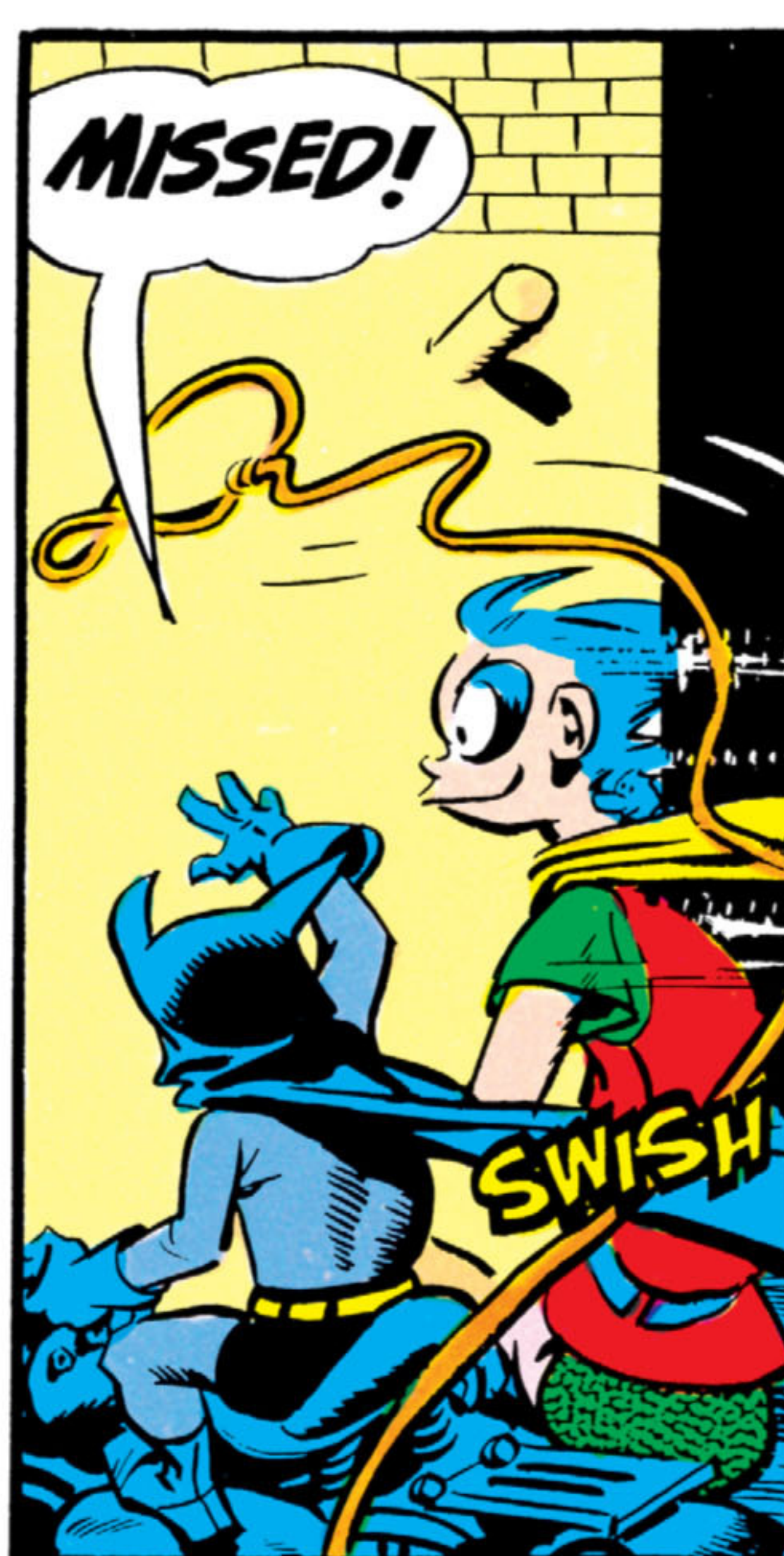
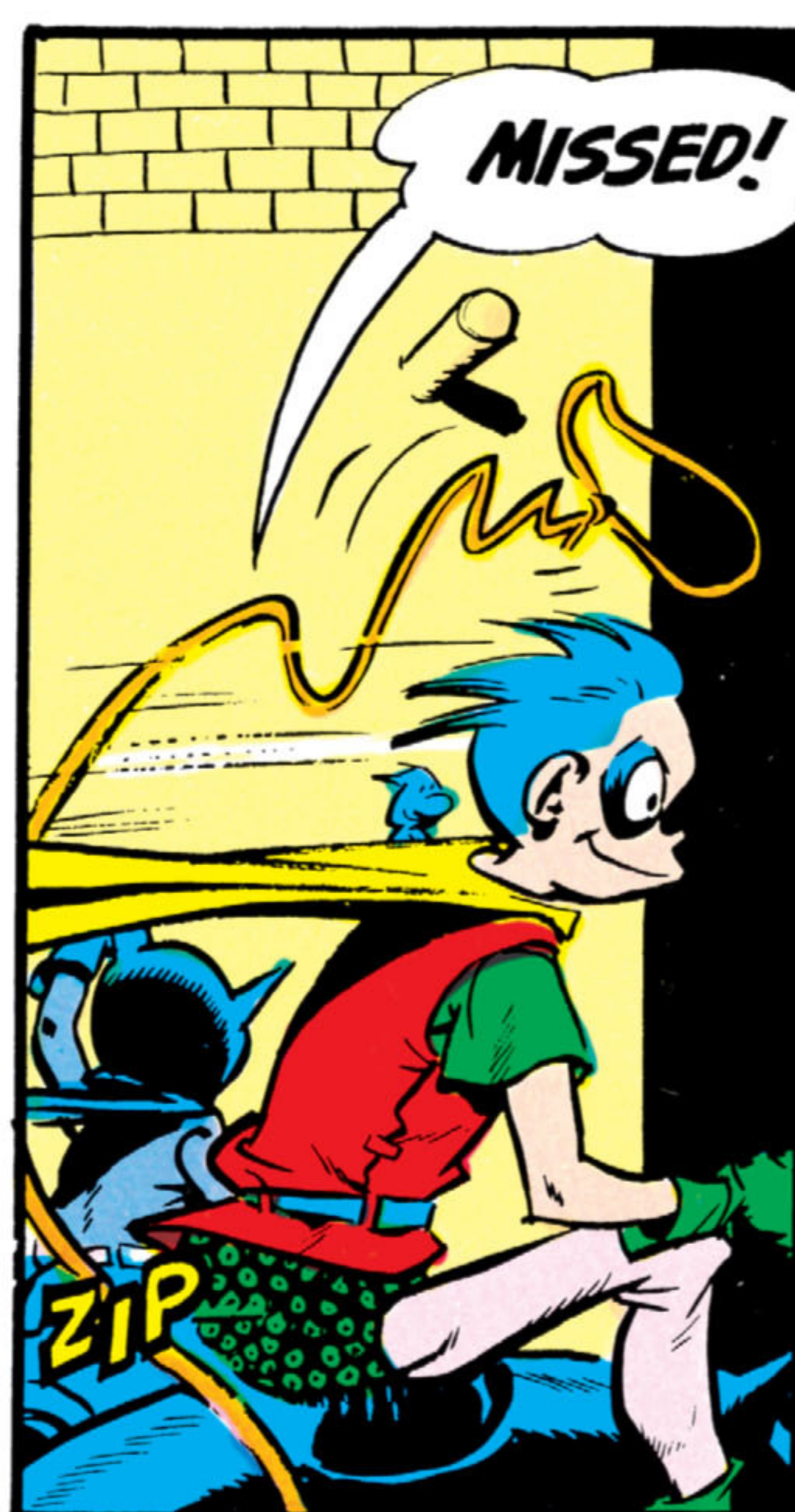
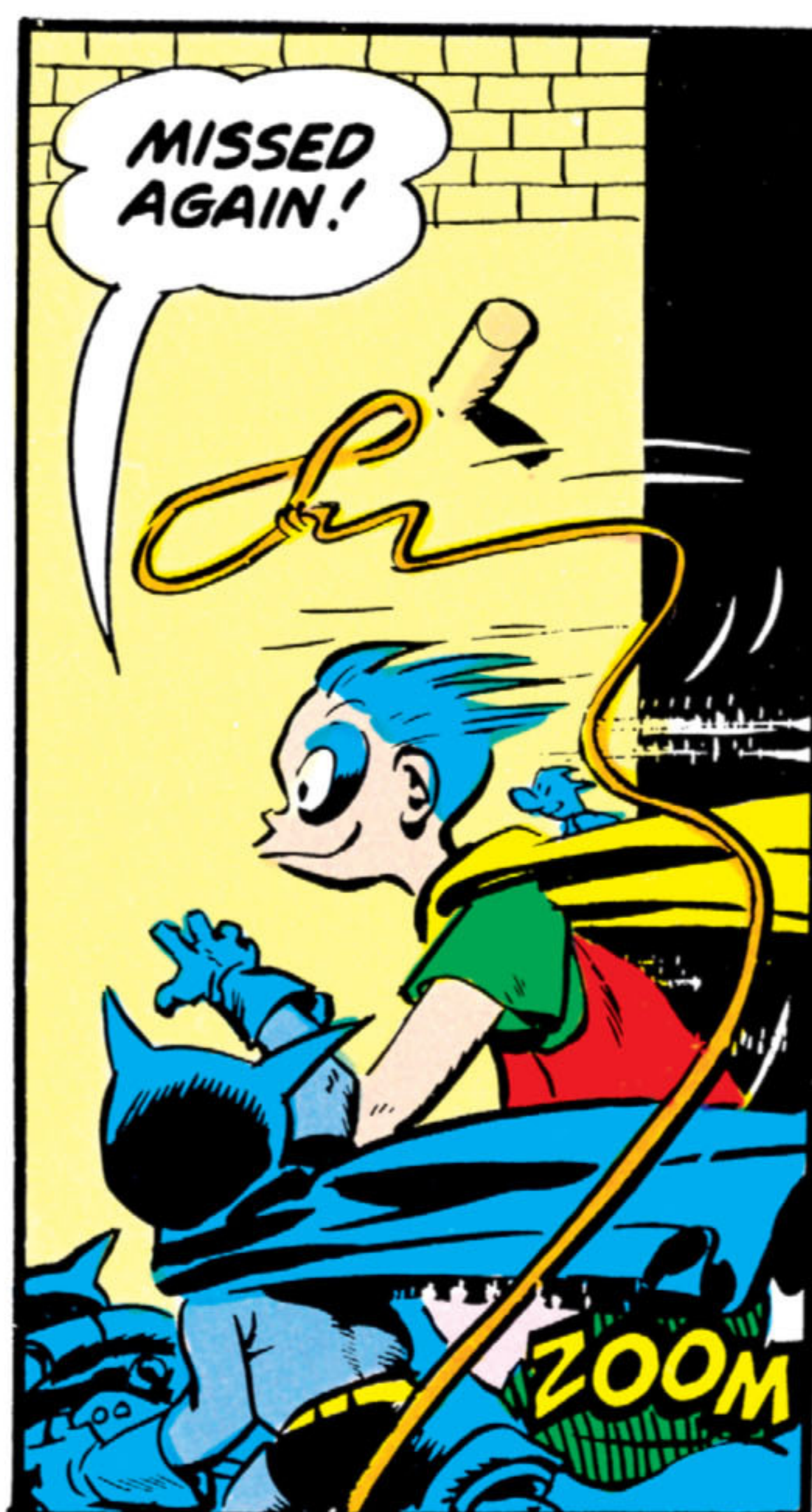


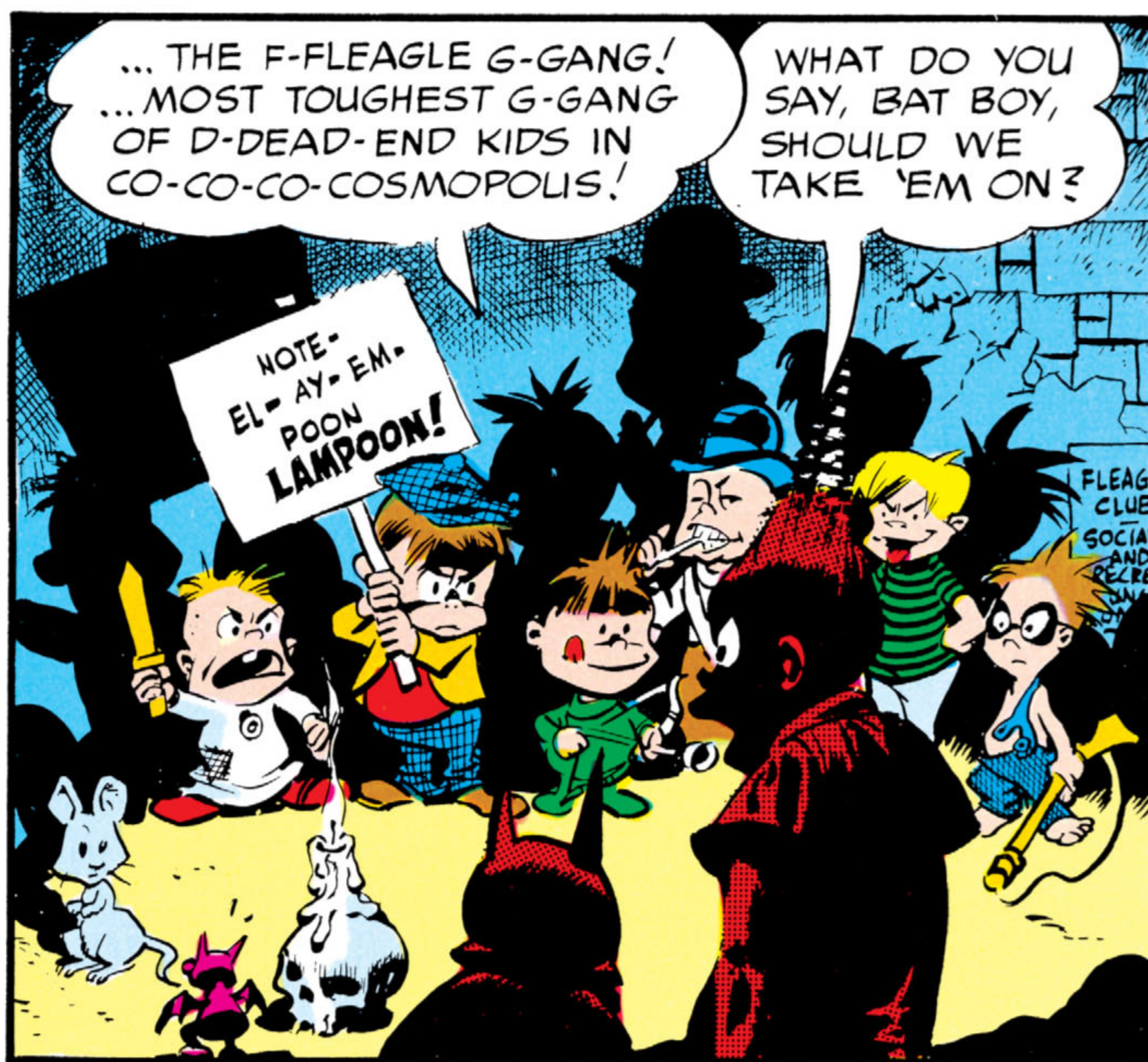
...I THINK WE SHOULD DO SOME SWINGING FROM SKYSCRAPERS! ...DEFTLY, I SHAKE THE LARIET OUT OF ITS VIAL!... DEFTLY I AIM IT TOWARDS THAT POST, AND DEFTLY, I THROW IT WITH UNERRING AIM...

WOW!

OOP! MISSED!

...TAKE 'ER AROUND AGAIN!



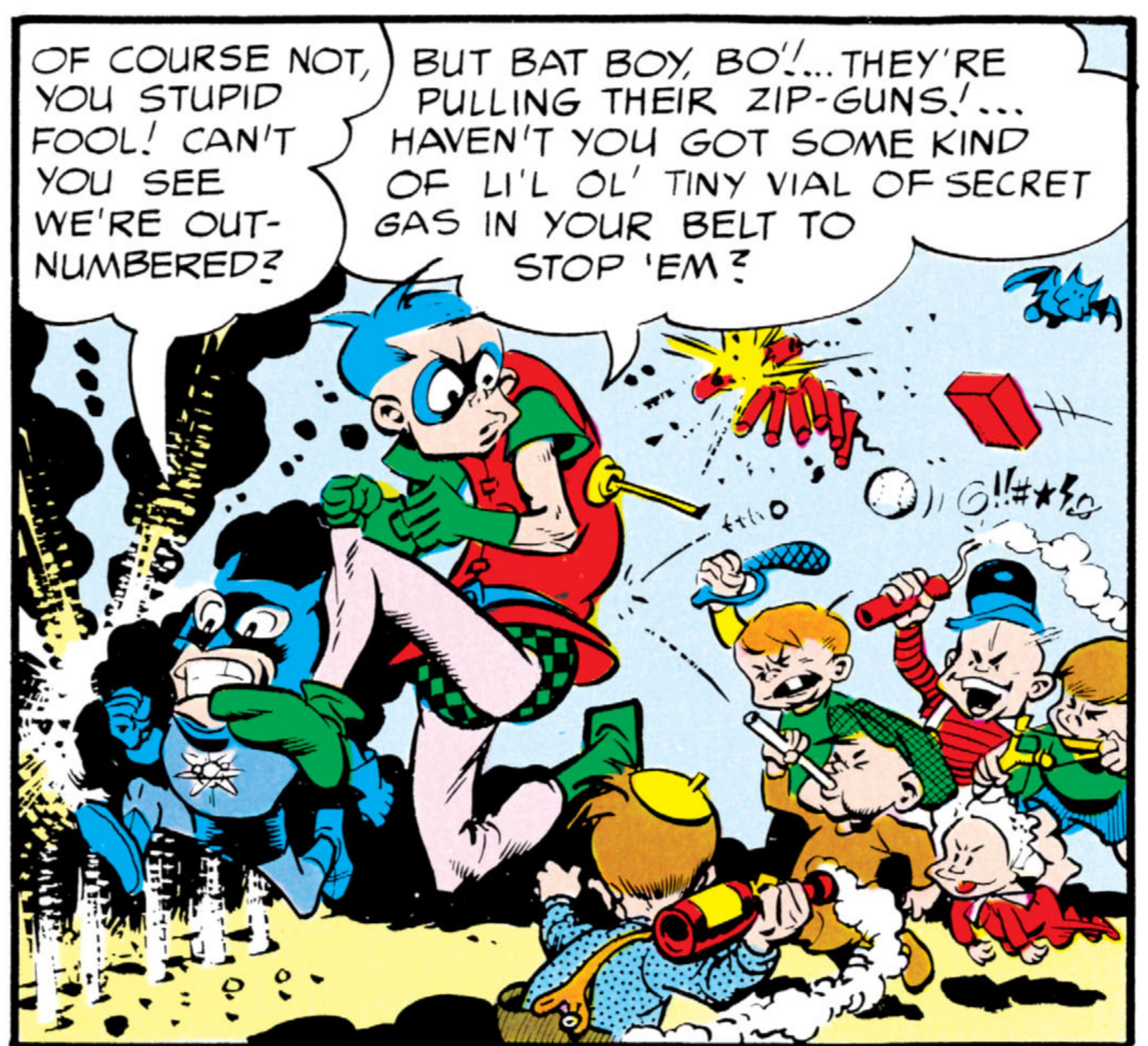


... THE F-FLEAGLE G-GANG!
... MOST TOUGHEST G-GANG
OF D-DEAD-END KIDS IN
CO-CO-CO-COSMOPOLIS!

WHAT DO YOU
SAY, BAT BOY,
SHOULD WE
TAKE 'EM ON?

NOTE -
EL - AY - EM -
POON
LAMPOON!

FLEAGLE
CLUB
SOCIAL
AND
RECREATION



OF COURSE NOT,
YOU STUPID
FOOL! CAN'T
YOU SEE
WE'RE OUT-
NUMBERED?

BUT BAT BOY, BO!!... THEY'RE
PULLING THEIR ZIP-GUNS!...
HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME KIND
OF LI'L OL' TINY VIAL OF SECRET
GAS IN YOUR BELT TO
STOP 'EM?



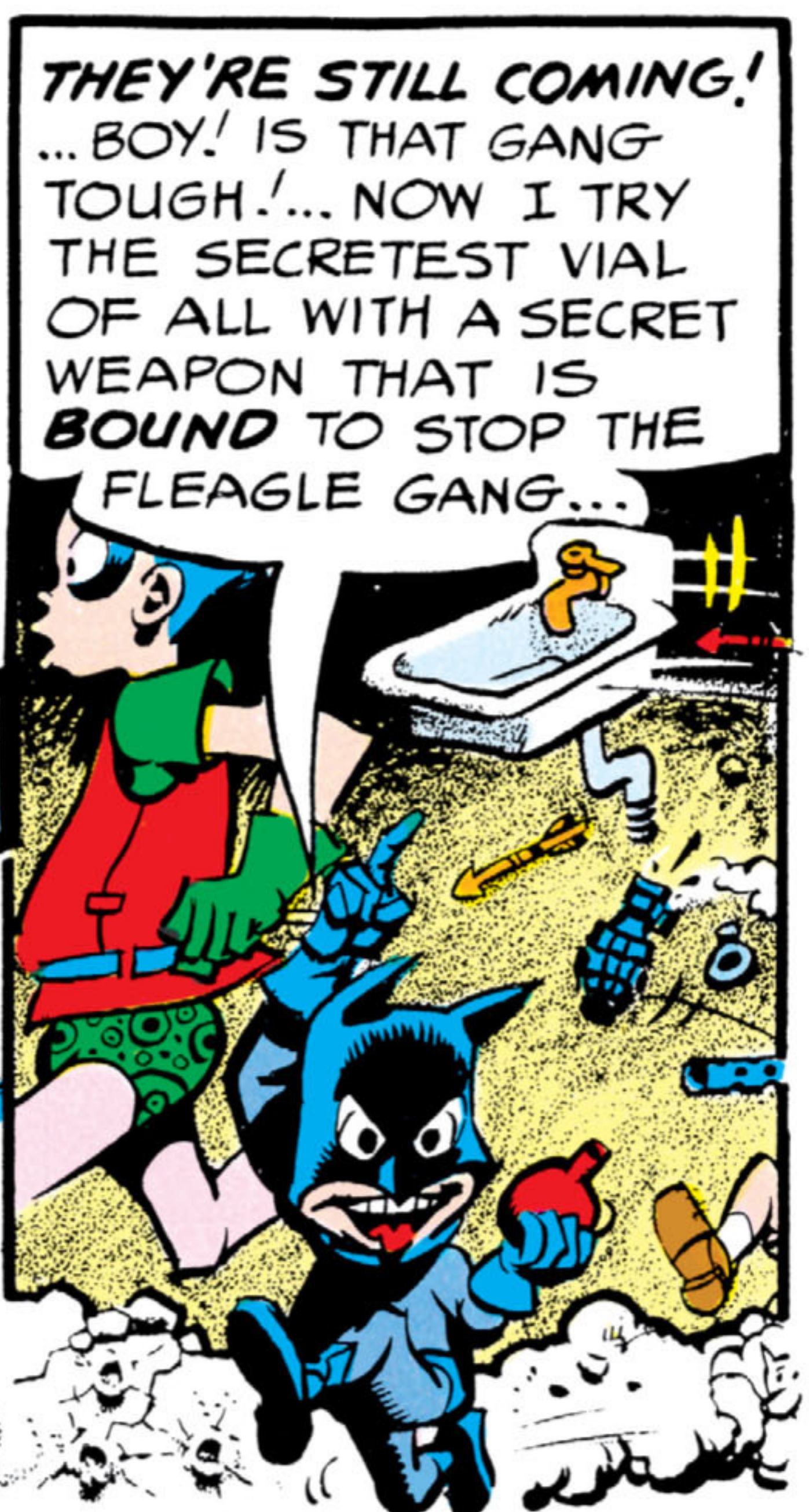
O.K.! HERE GOES TINY
VIAL NUMBER 1!... A
SECRET GAS THAT RIDES
THE BODY OF OFFENDING
ODORS AND... **OOP!** WAIT
A MINUTE!... THIS IS MY
'ARRID' SPRAY DEODORANT!



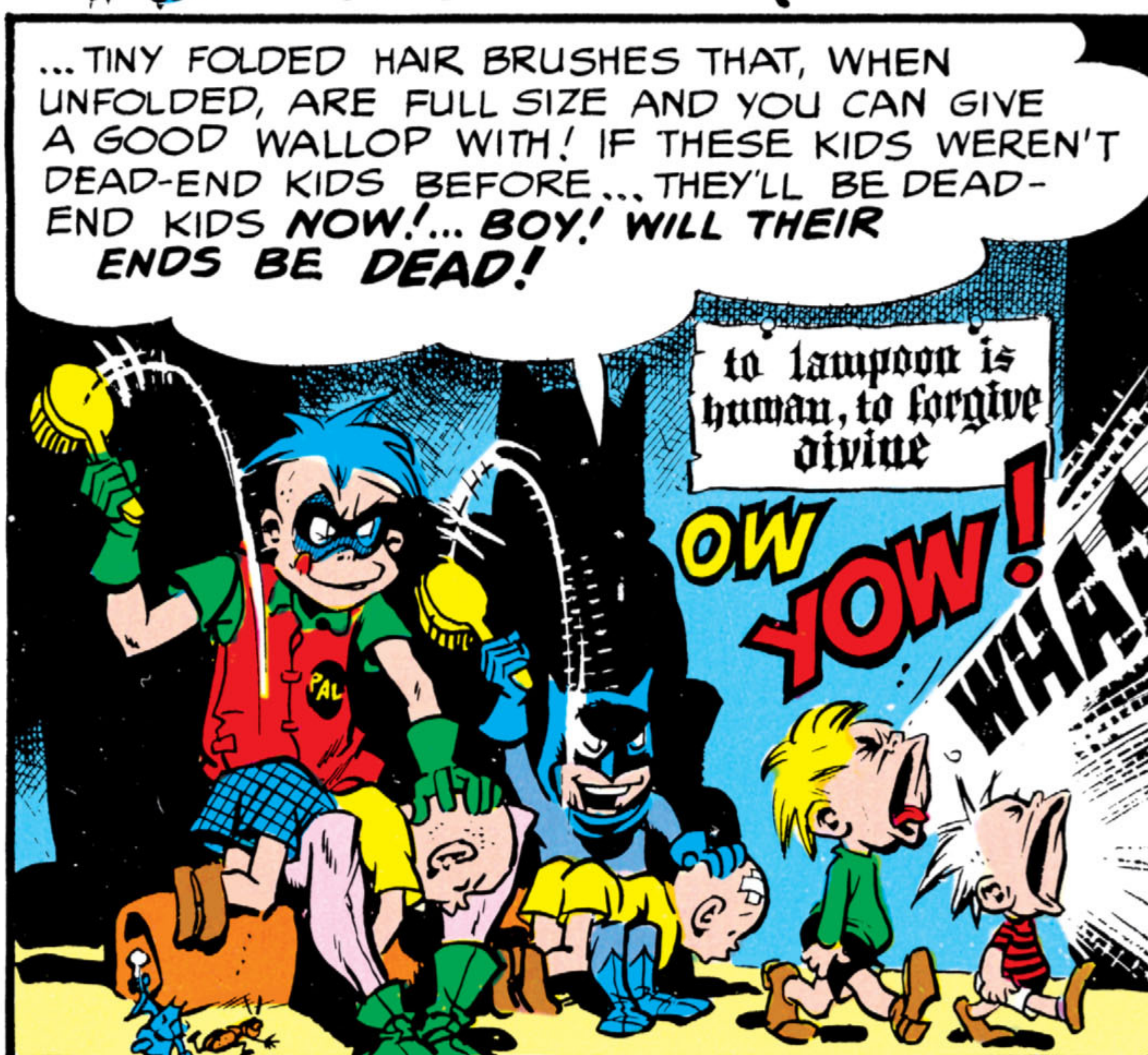
THEY'RE STILL COMING!
... O.K.! HERE GOES TINY
VIAL NUMBER 2! A
SECRET GAS THAT MAKES
CROOKS THINK THEY'RE
COPS, AND THEY PUT
THEMSELVES IN JAIL!



THEY'RE STILL COMING!
... O.K.! HERE GOES
TINY VIAL NUMBER 3!
... IT FIRES A SECRET 9
INCH SELF-PROPELLED
ARTILLERY SHELL!



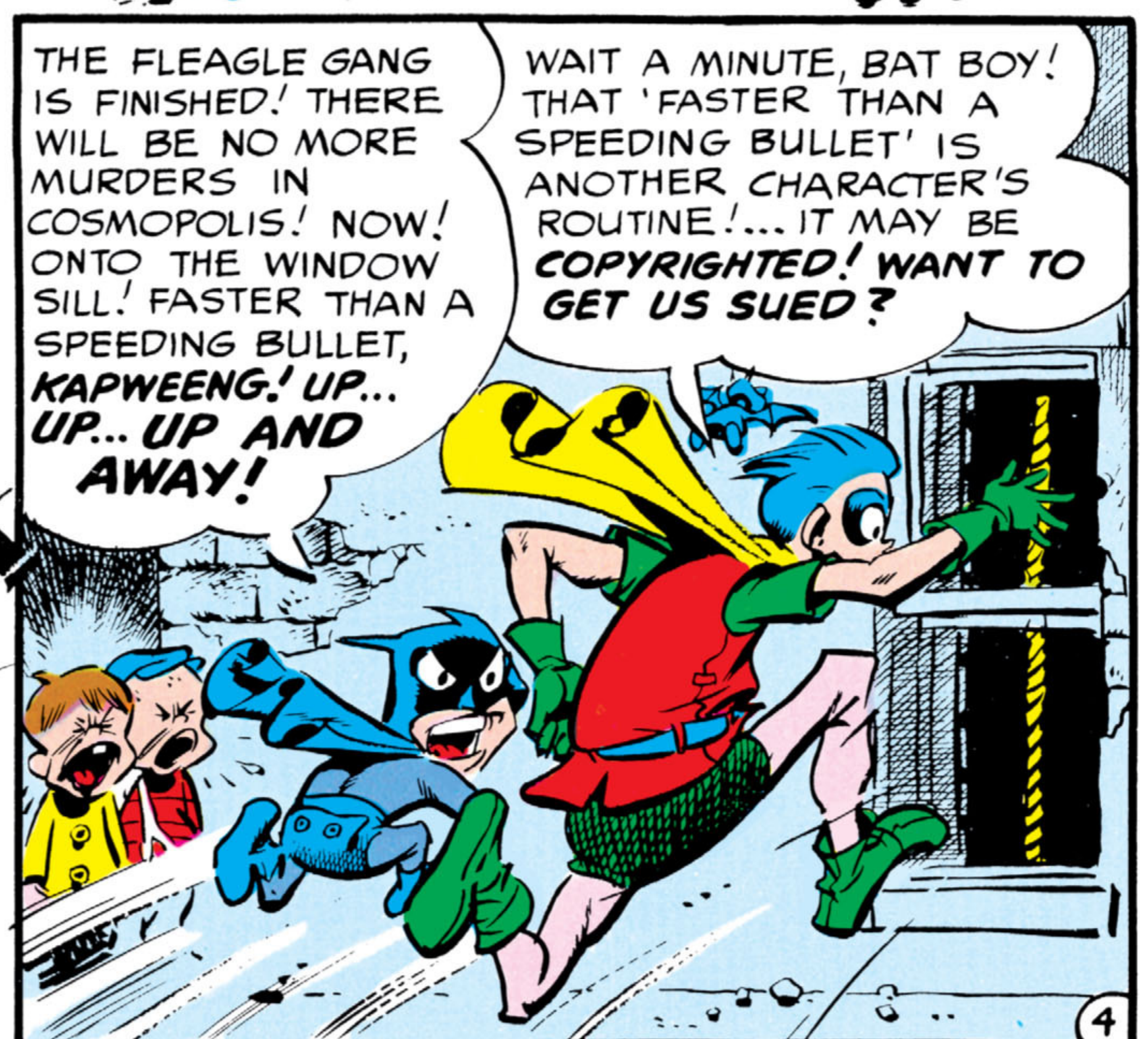
THEY'RE STILL COMING!
... BOY! IS THAT GANG
TOUGH!... NOW I TRY
THE SECRETEST VIAL
OF ALL WITH A SECRET
WEAPON THAT IS
BOUND TO STOP THE
FLEAGLE GANG...



... TINY FOLDED HAIR BRUSHES THAT, WHEN
UNFOLDED, ARE FULL SIZE AND YOU CAN GIVE
A GOOD WALLOP WITH! IF THESE KIDS WEREN'T
DEAD-END KIDS BEFORE... THEY'LL BE DEAD-
END KIDS **NOW!**... **BOY!** WILL THEIR
ENDS BE DEAD!

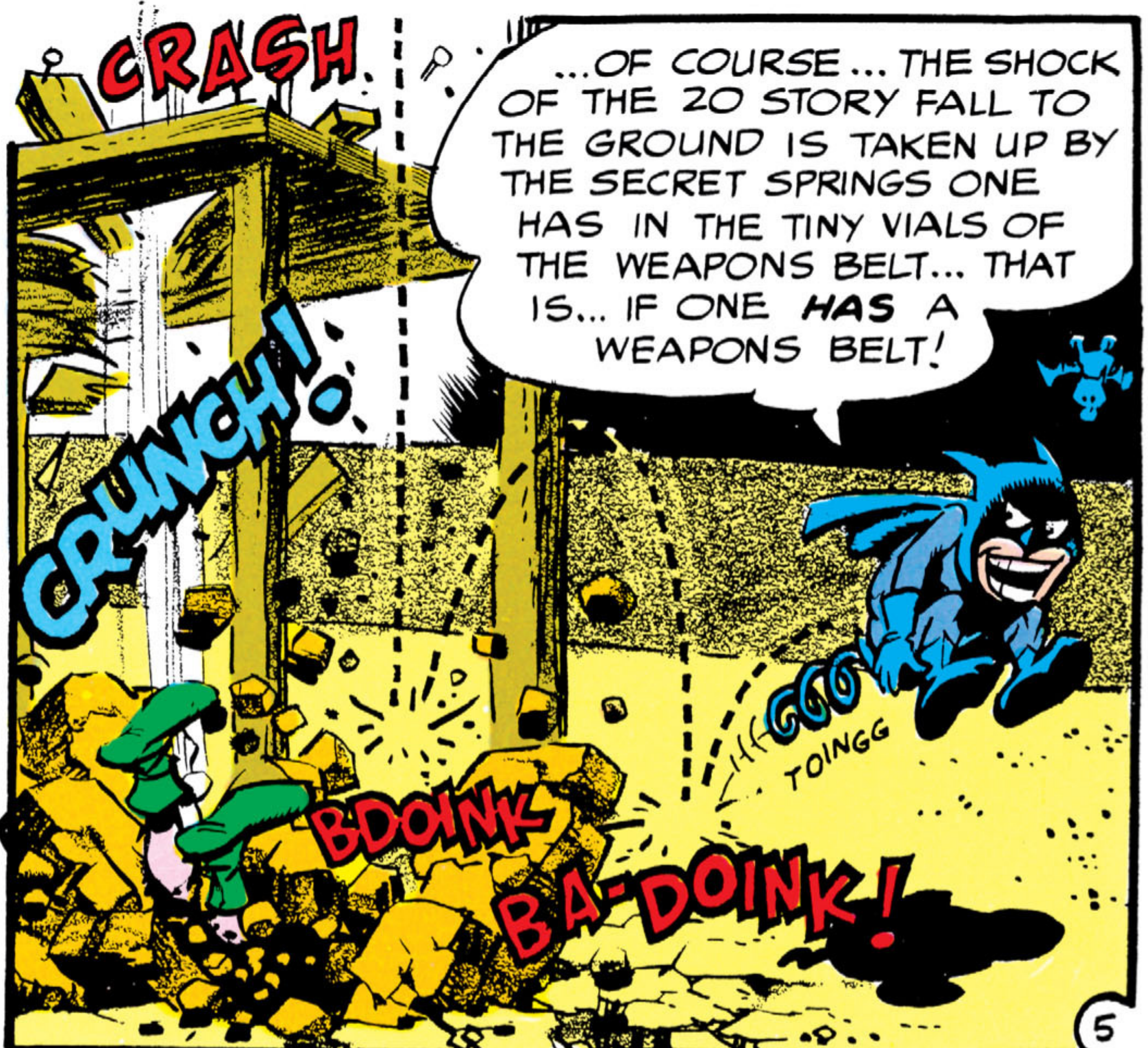
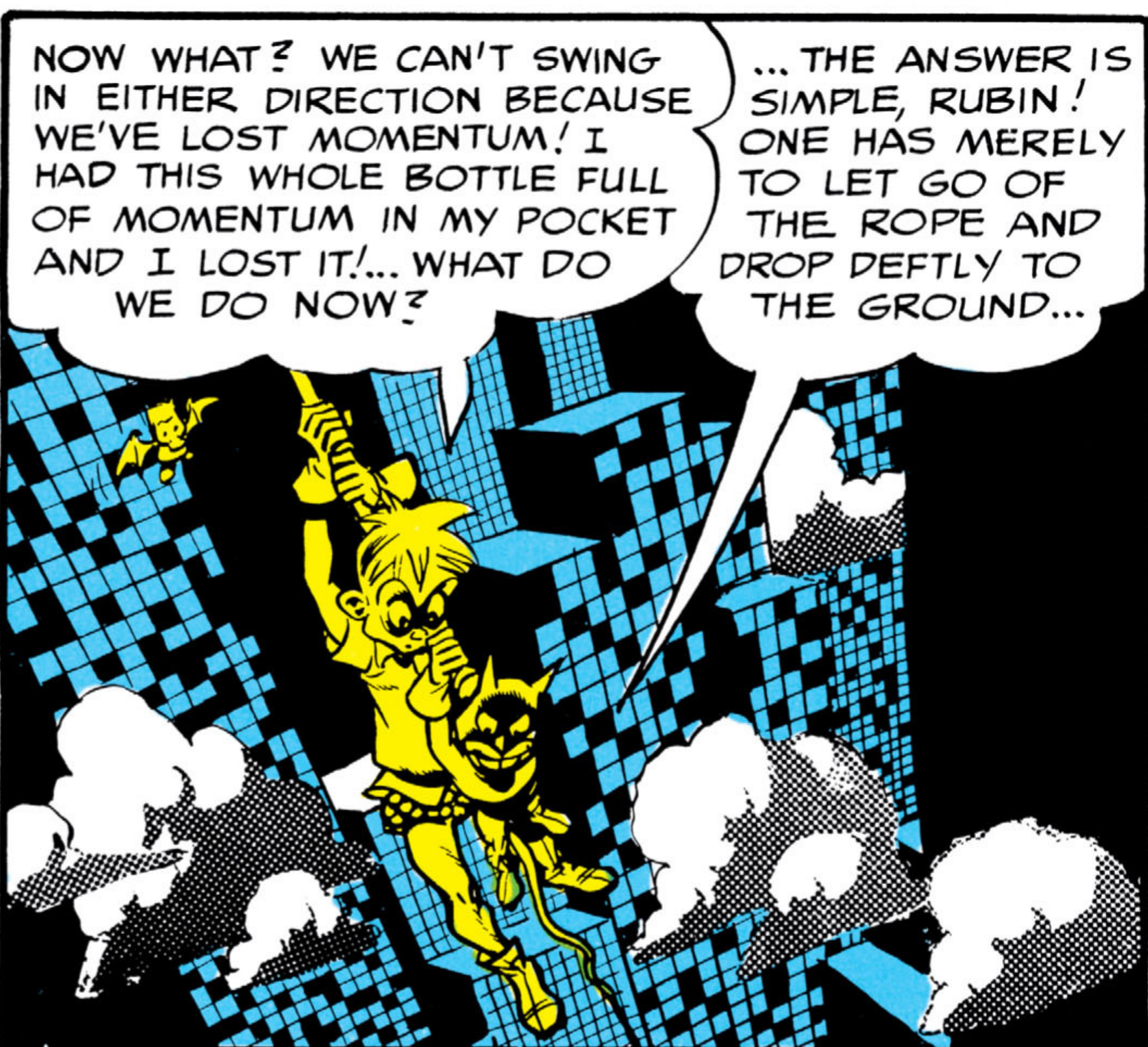
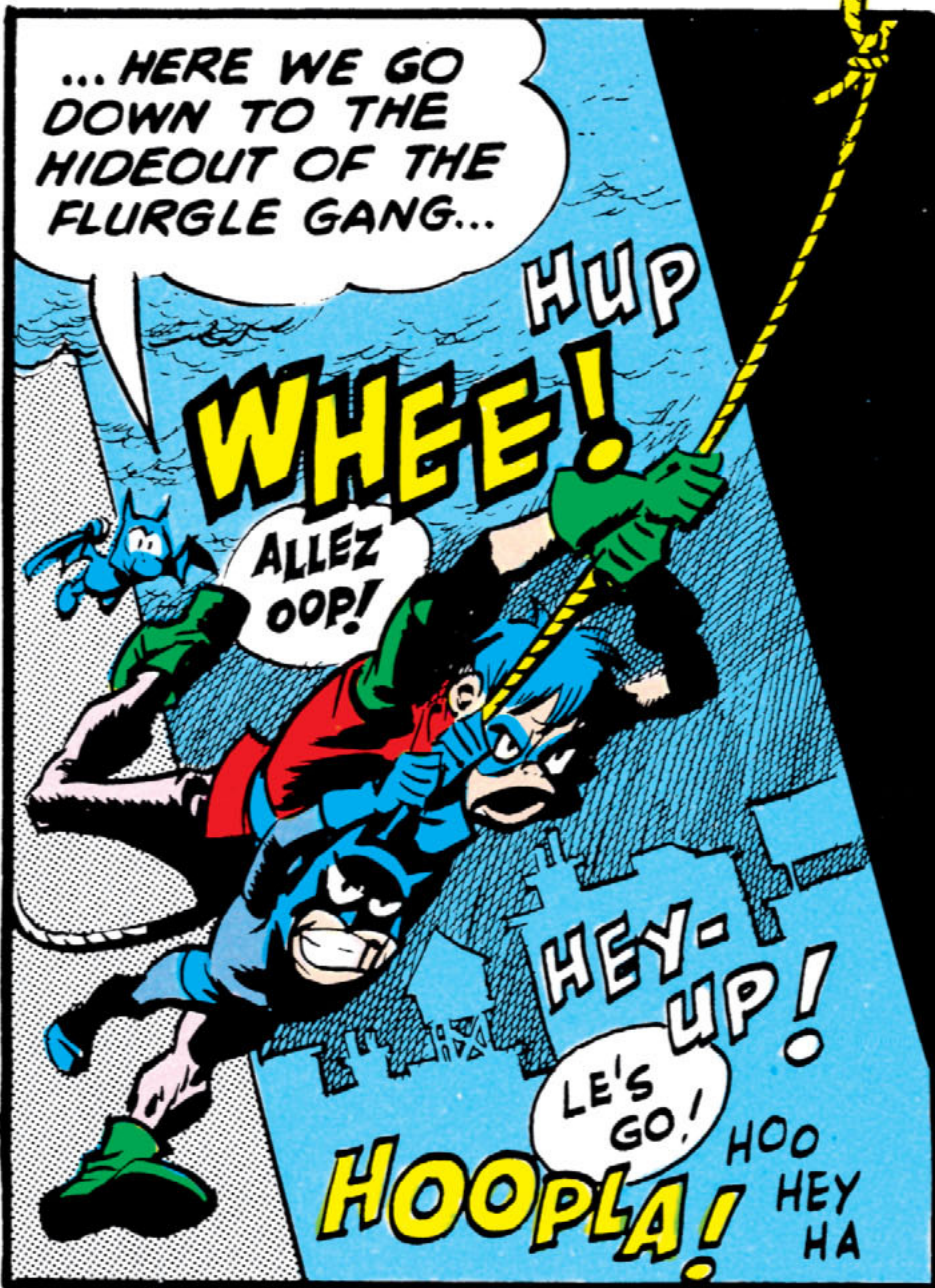
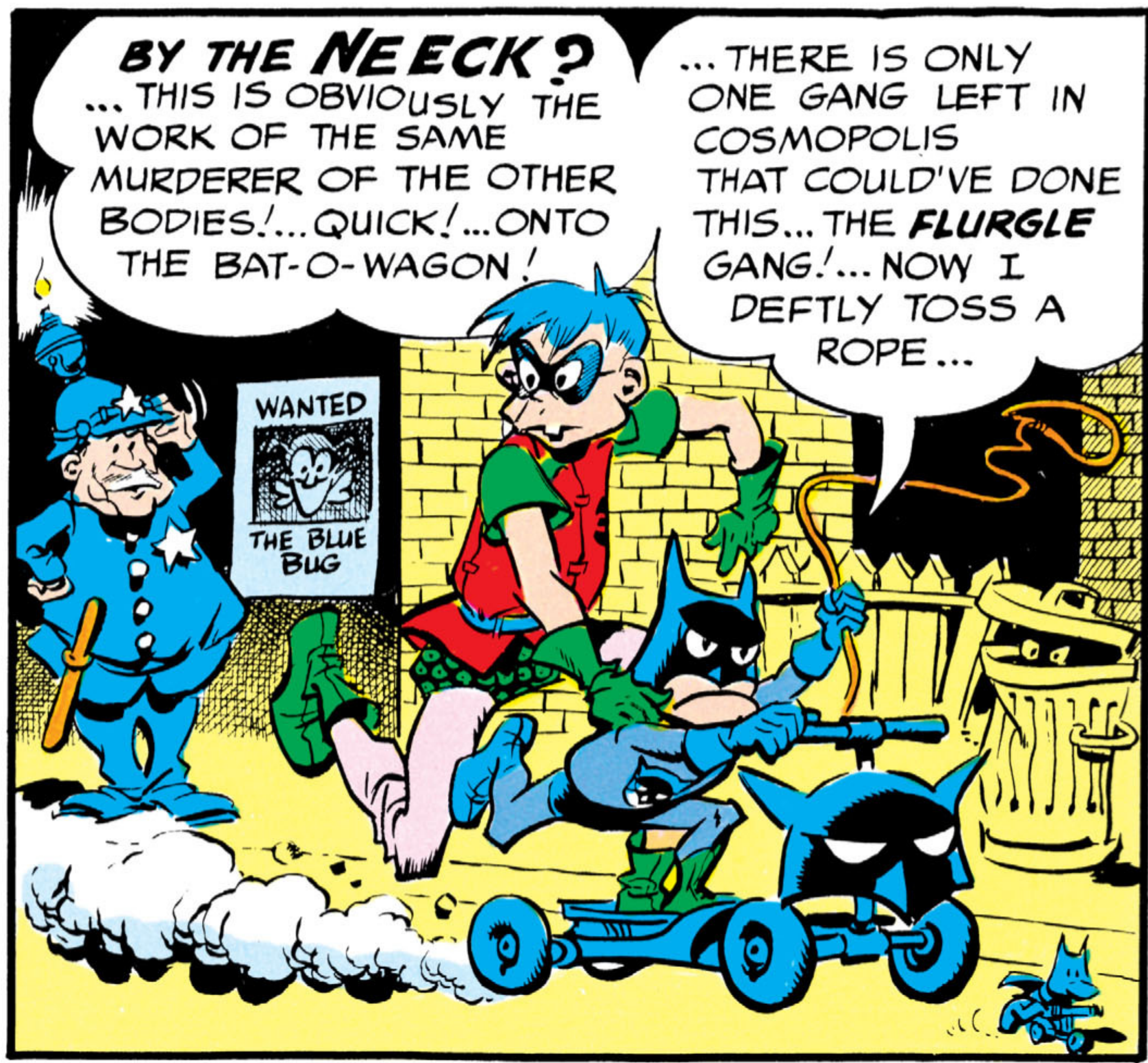
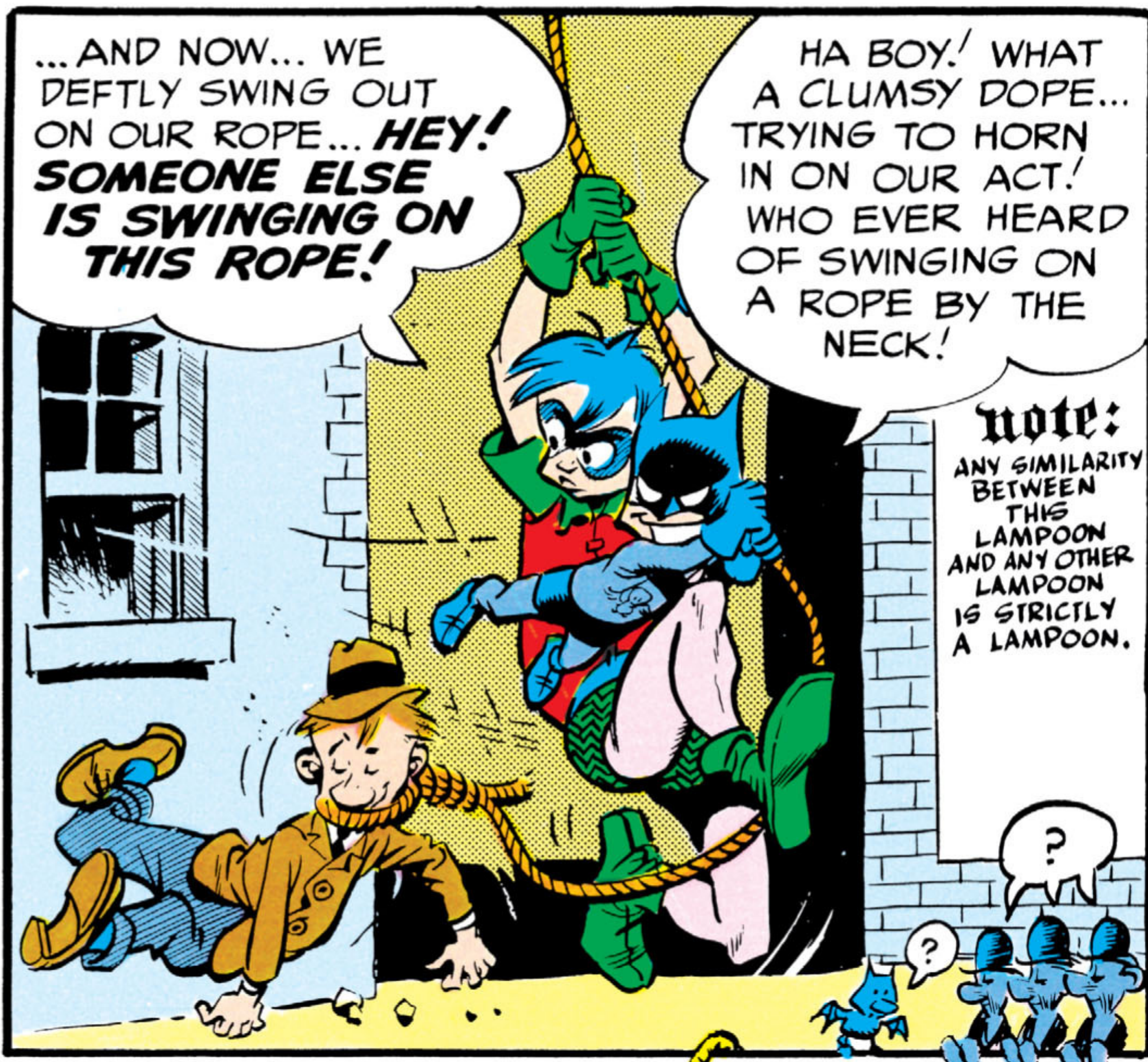
to lampoon is
human, to forgive
divine

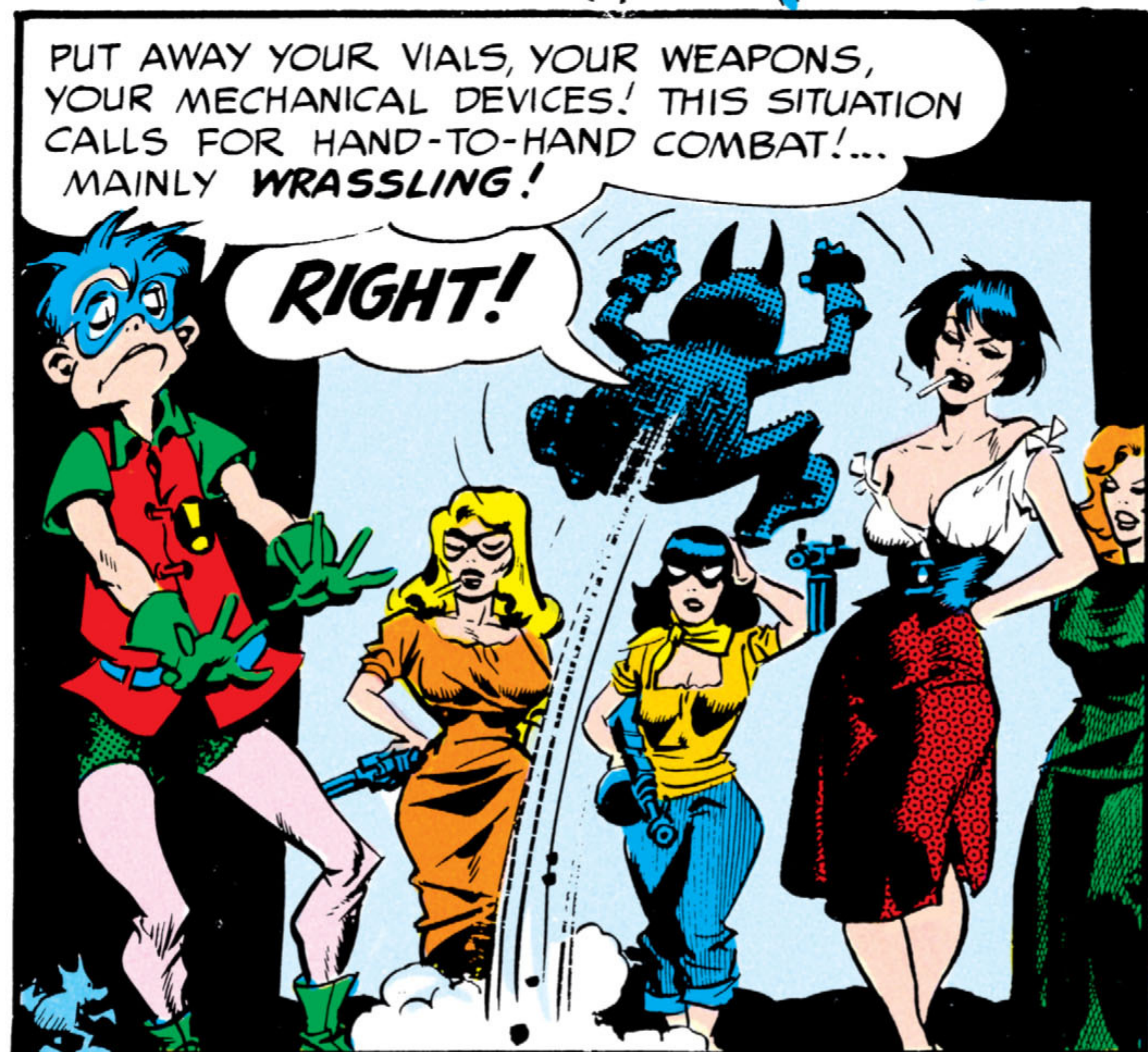
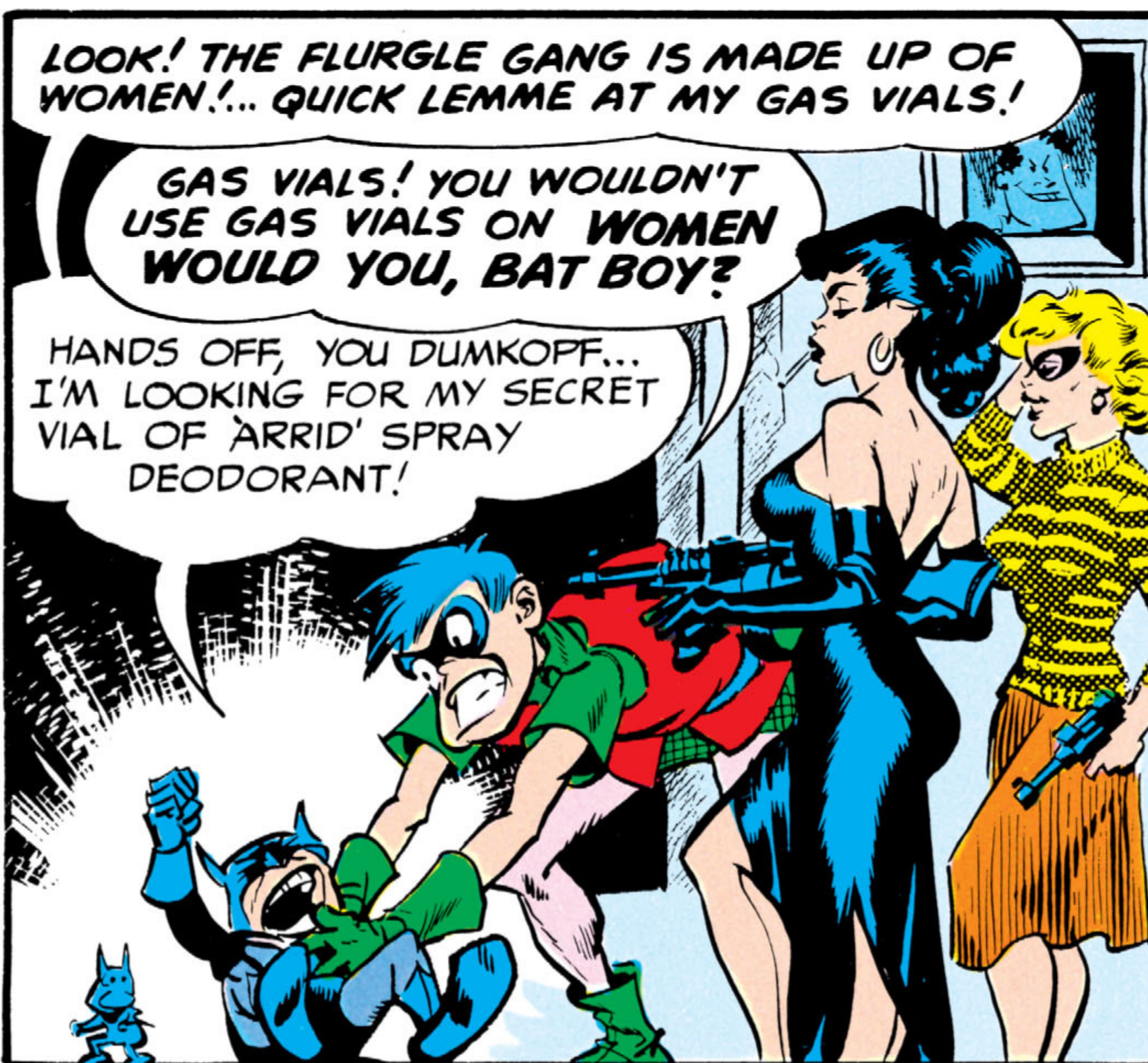
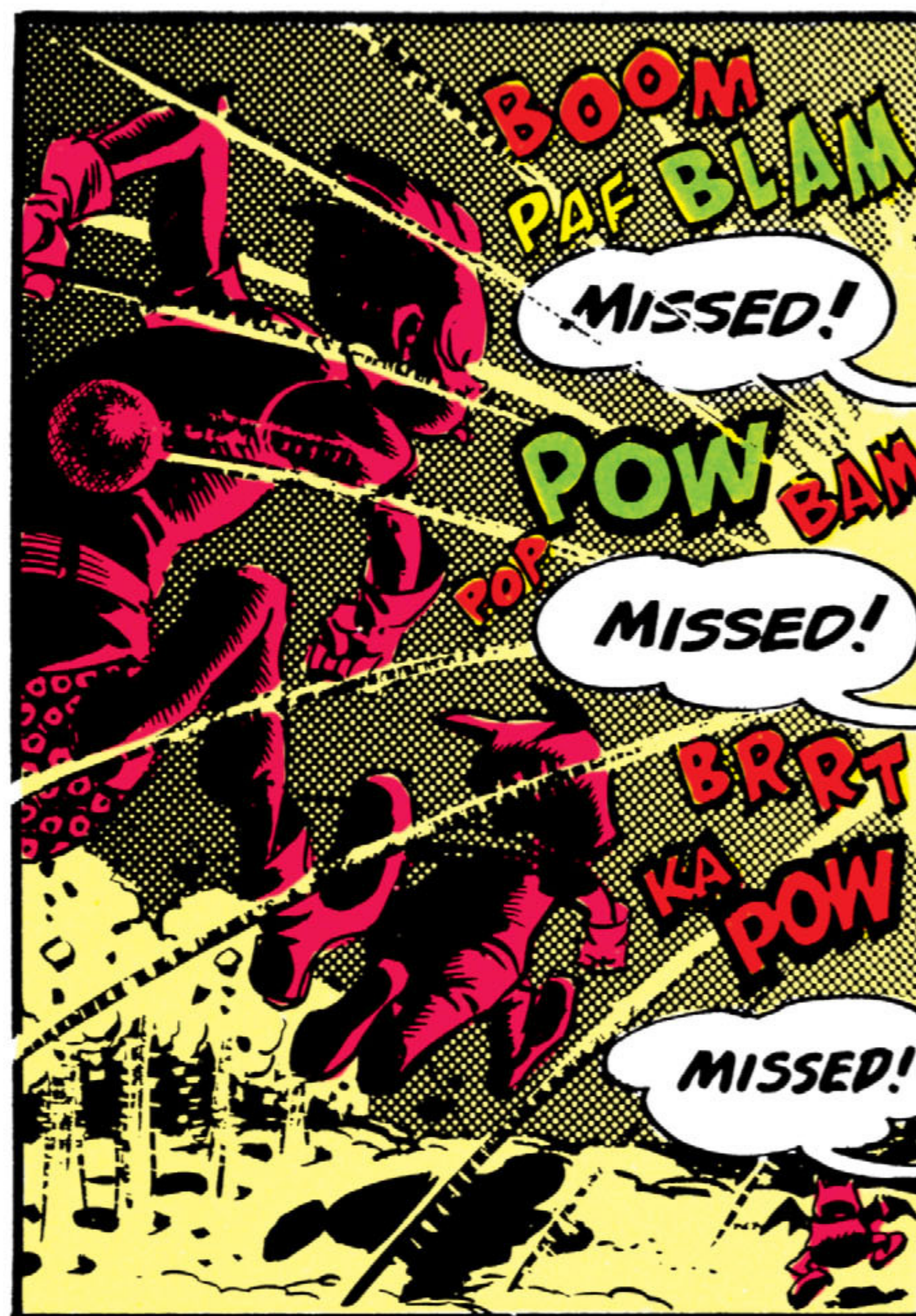
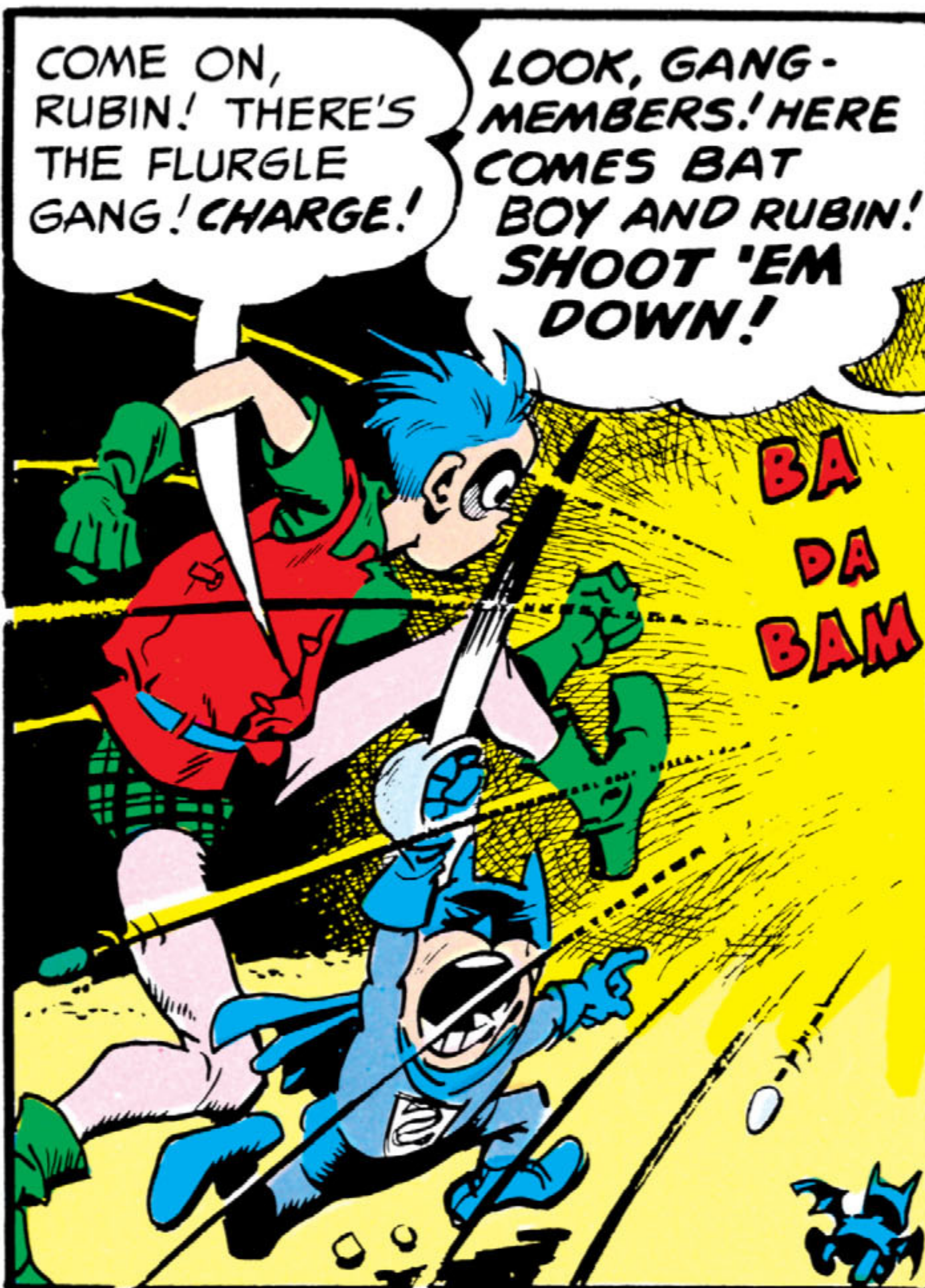
OW
YOW!
WHAM!

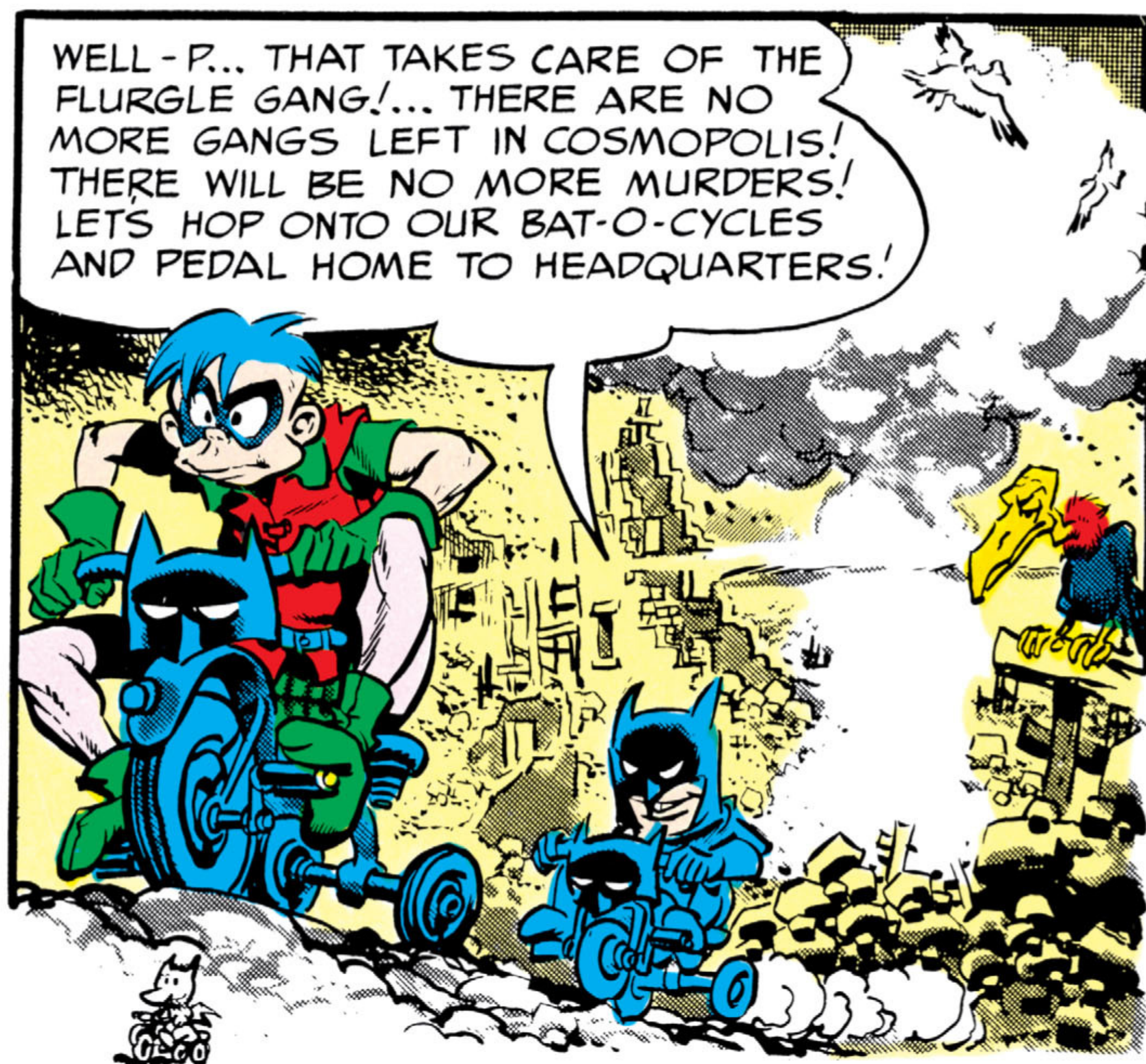


THE FLEAGLE GANG
IS FINISHED! THERE
WILL BE NO MORE
MURDERS IN
COSMOPOLIS! NOW!
ONTO THE WINDOW
SILL! FASTER THAN A
SPEEDING BULLET,
KAPWEENG! UP...
**UP... UP AND
AWAY!**

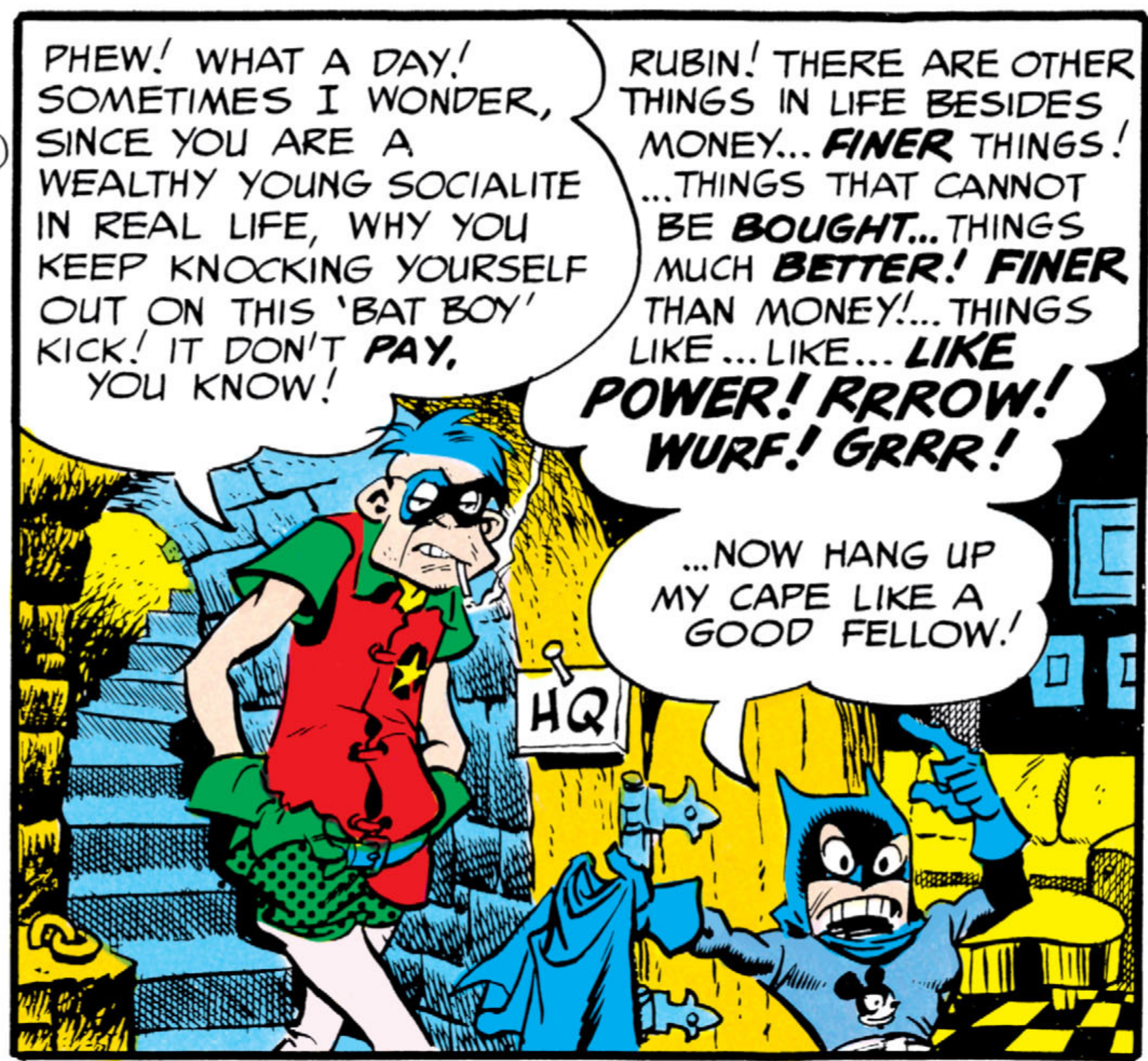
WAIT A MINUTE, BAT BOY!
THAT 'FASTER THAN A
SPEEDING BULLET' IS
ANOTHER CHARACTER'S
ROUTINE!... IT MAY BE
COPYRIGHTED! WANT TO
GET US SUED?







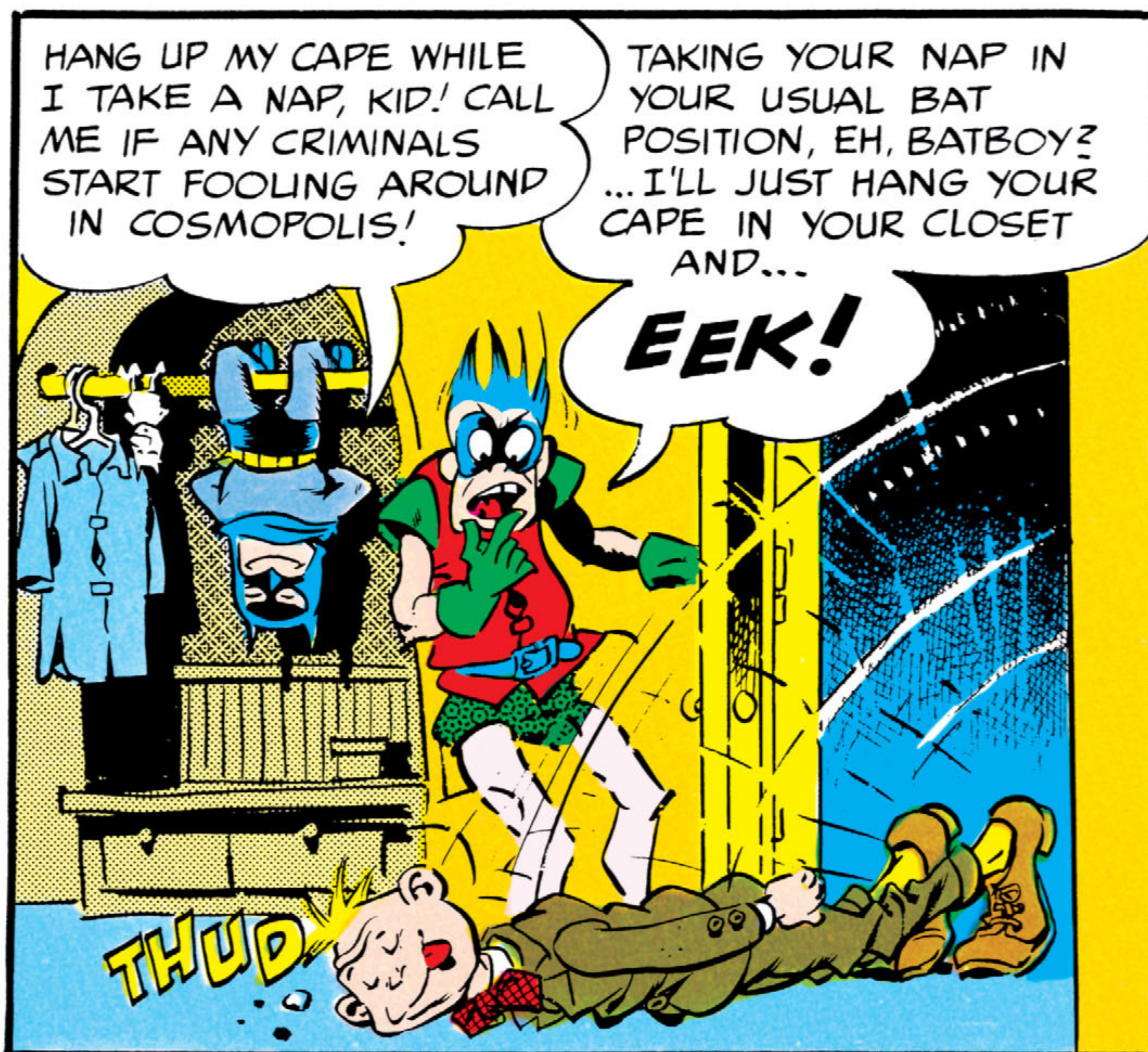
WELL - P... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FLURGLE GANG!... THERE ARE NO MORE GANGS LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS! LETS HOP ONTO OUR BAT-O-CYCLES AND PEDAL HOME TO HEADQUARTERS!



PHEW! WHAT A DAY! SOMETIMES I WONDER, SINCE YOU ARE A WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE IN REAL LIFE, WHY YOU KEEP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT ON THIS 'BAT BOY' KICK! IT DON'T PAY, YOU KNOW!

RUBIN! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE BESIDES MONEY... **FINER** THINGS! ...THINGS THAT CANNOT BE **BOUGHT**... THINGS MUCH **BETTER!** **FINER** THAN MONEY!... THINGS LIKE ... LIKE ... **LIKE POWER! RRROW! WURF! GRRR!**

...NOW HANG UP MY CAPE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!

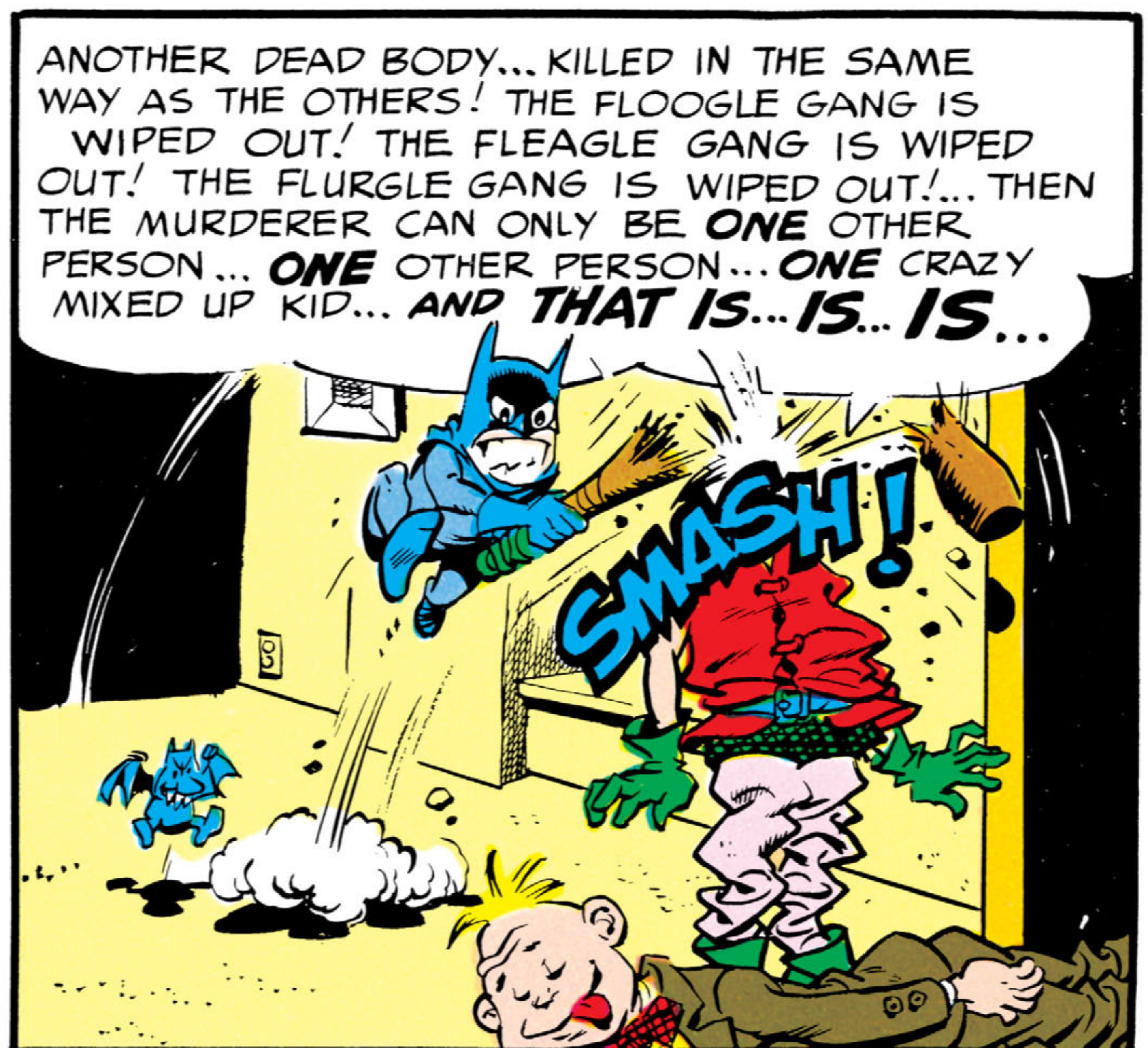


HANG UP MY CAPE WHILE I TAKE A NAP, KID! CALL ME IF ANY CRIMINALS START FOOLING AROUND IN COSMOPOLIS!

TAKING YOUR NAP IN YOUR USUAL BAT POSITION, EH, BATBOY? ...I'LL JUST HANG YOUR CAPE IN YOUR CLOSET AND...

EEK!

THUD



ANOTHER DEAD BODY... KILLED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHERS! THE FLOOGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLEAGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLURGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT!... THEN THE MURDERER CAN ONLY BE **ONE** OTHER PERSON ... **ONE** OTHER PERSON... **ONE** CRAZY MIXED UP KID... **AND THAT IS... IS... IS...**

SMASH!

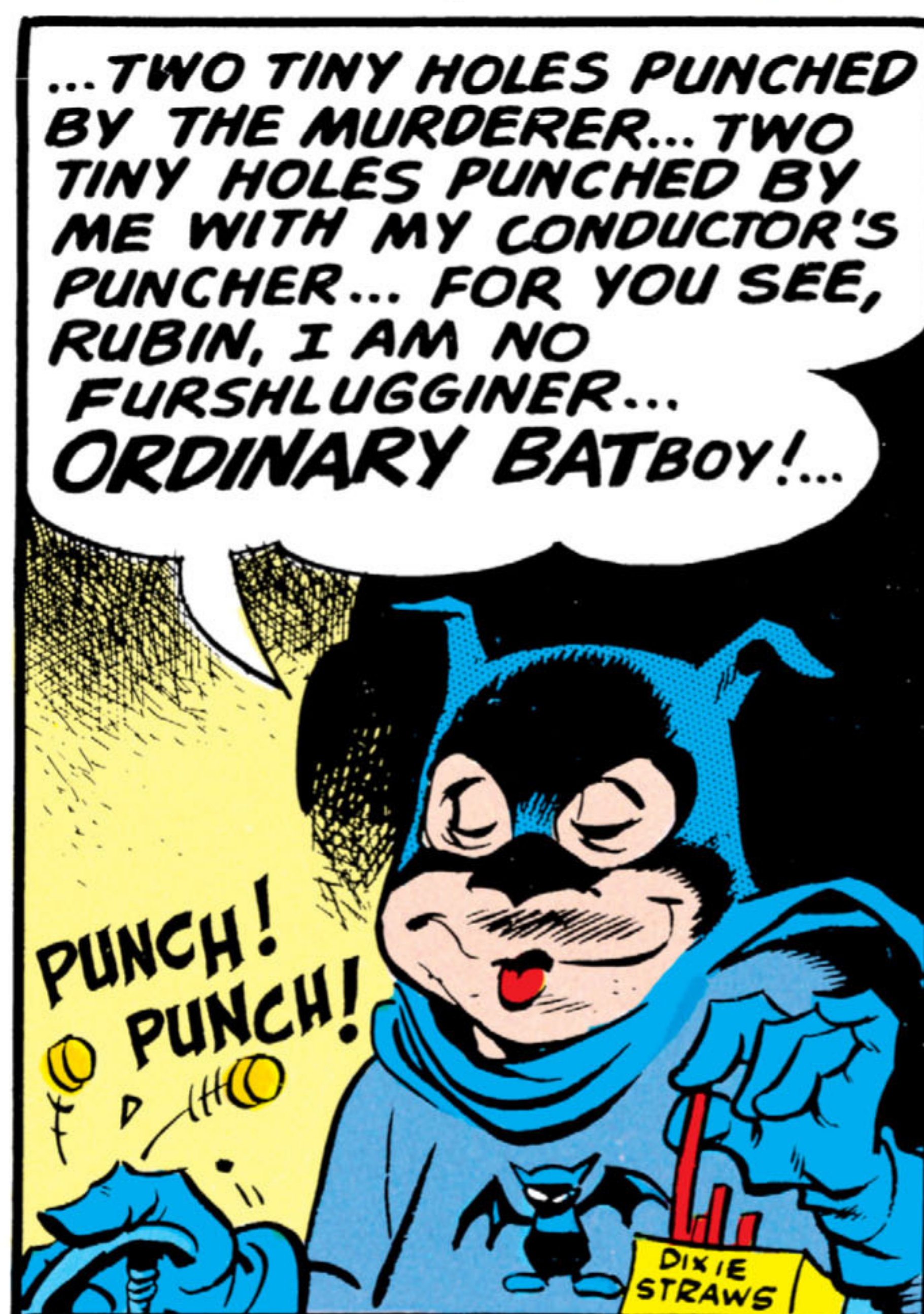


YES, RUBIN! THE VICTIM IS KILLED IN THE SAME WAY!... **TWO TINY HOLES ON THE VICTIM'S BODY... TWO TINY HOLES IN THE VEIN OF THE VICTIM'S BIG TOE...**

PFUI

UGH

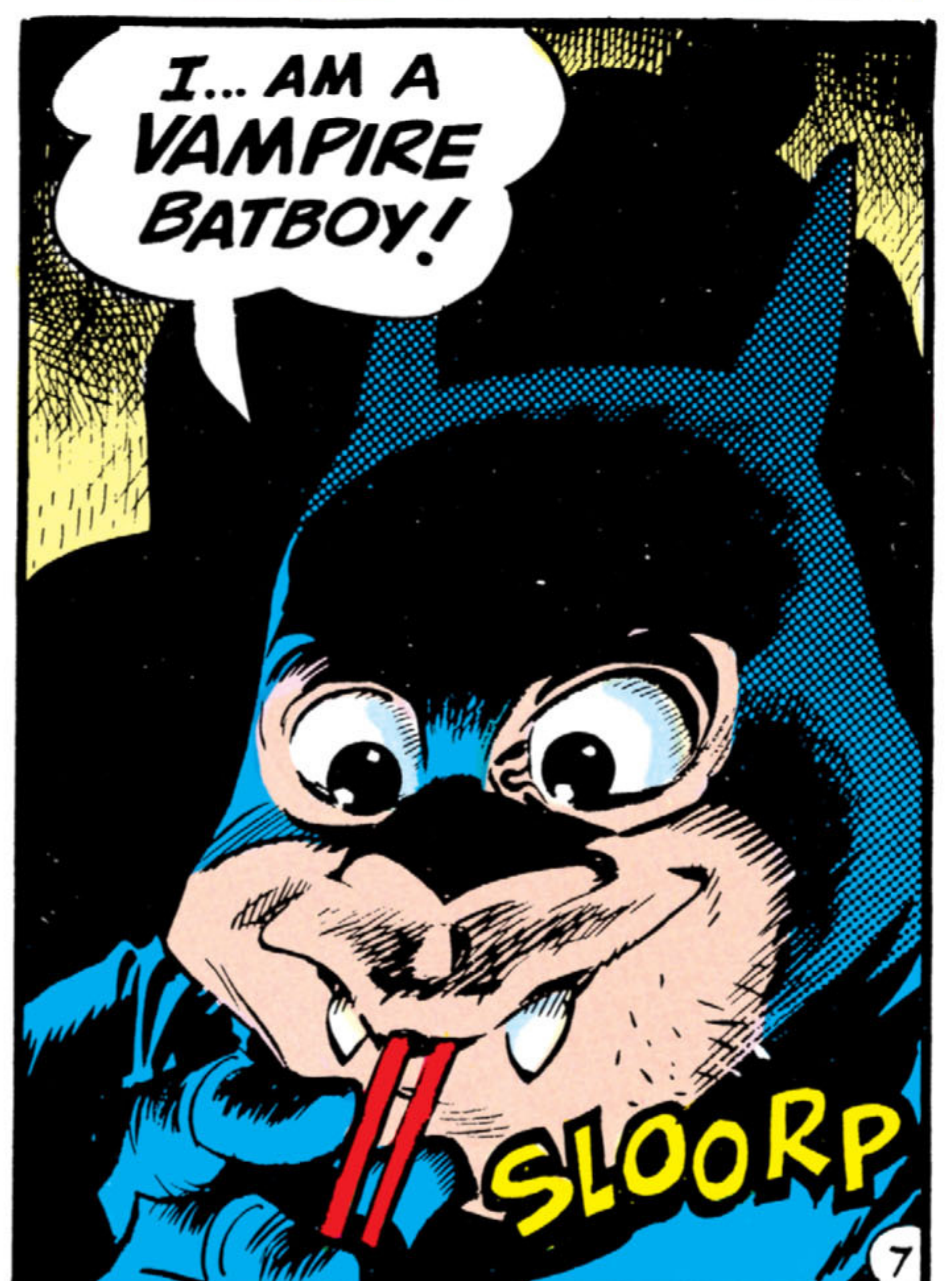
GAG:



...**TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY THE MURDERER... TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY ME WITH MY CONDUCTOR'S PUNCHER... FOR YOU SEE, RUBIN, I AM NO FURSHLUGGINER... ORDINARY BATBOY!...**

PUNCH! PUNCH!

DIXIE STRAWS



I... AM A VAMPIRE BATBOY!

SLOORP