

MAD

HUMOR IN A
JUGULAR VEIN—10¢



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



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU . . .

NUMBER 11...MAY

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



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

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



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



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

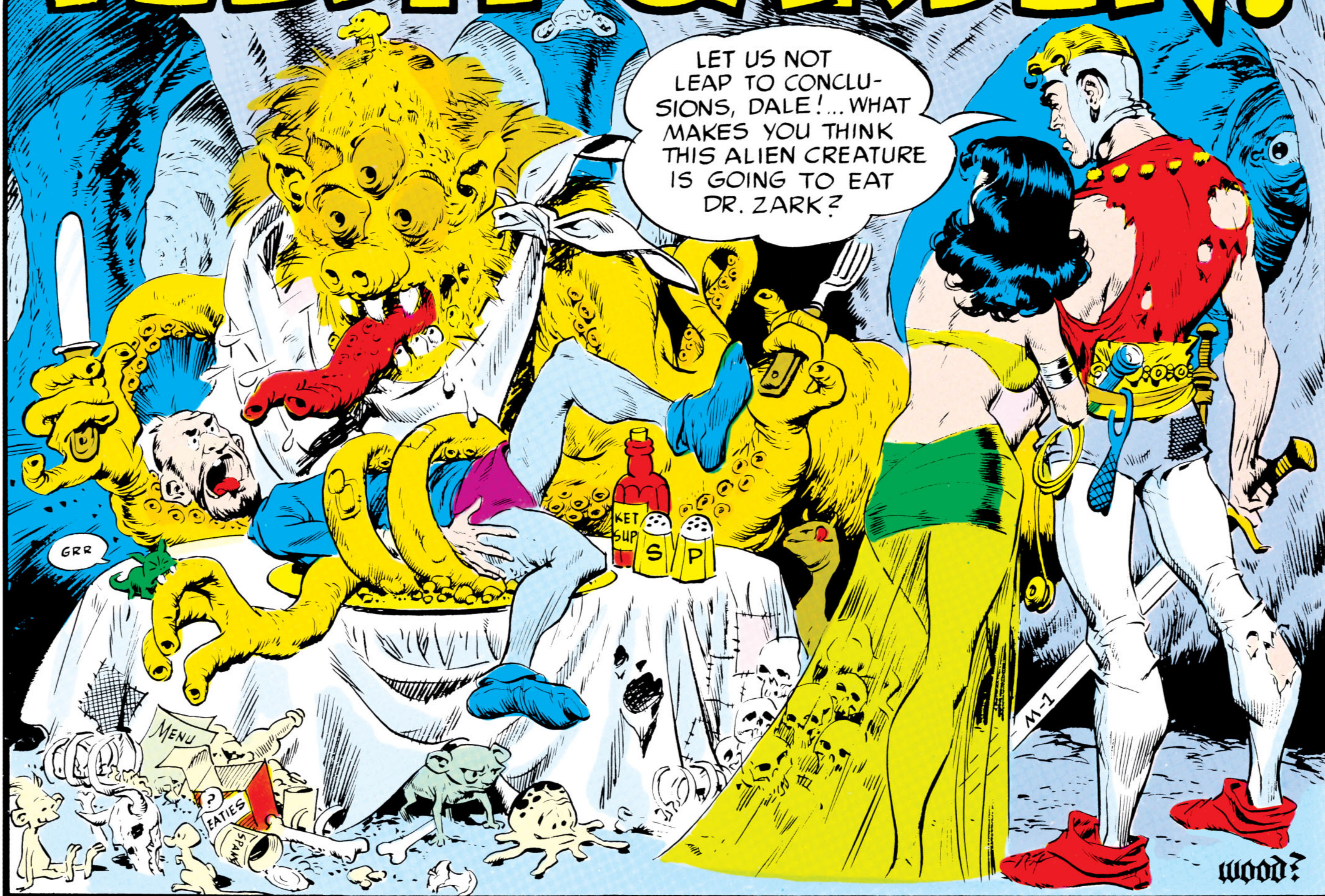


REMEMBER!... MAD IS Milder... MUCH Milder!

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

FLESH GARDEN!



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

WAIT, FLESH!



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

YOU SHALL STAY!

I SHALL GO!

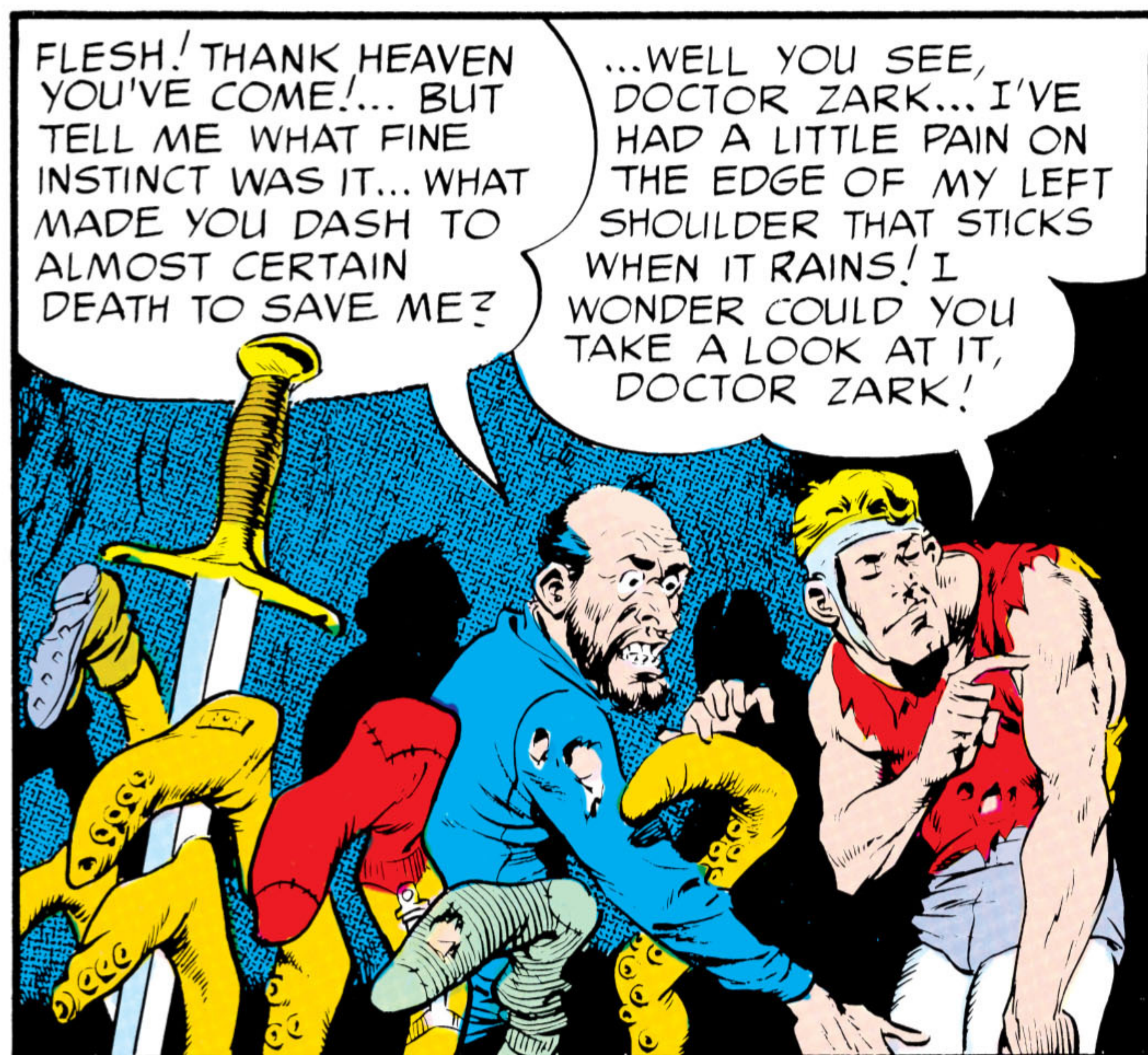
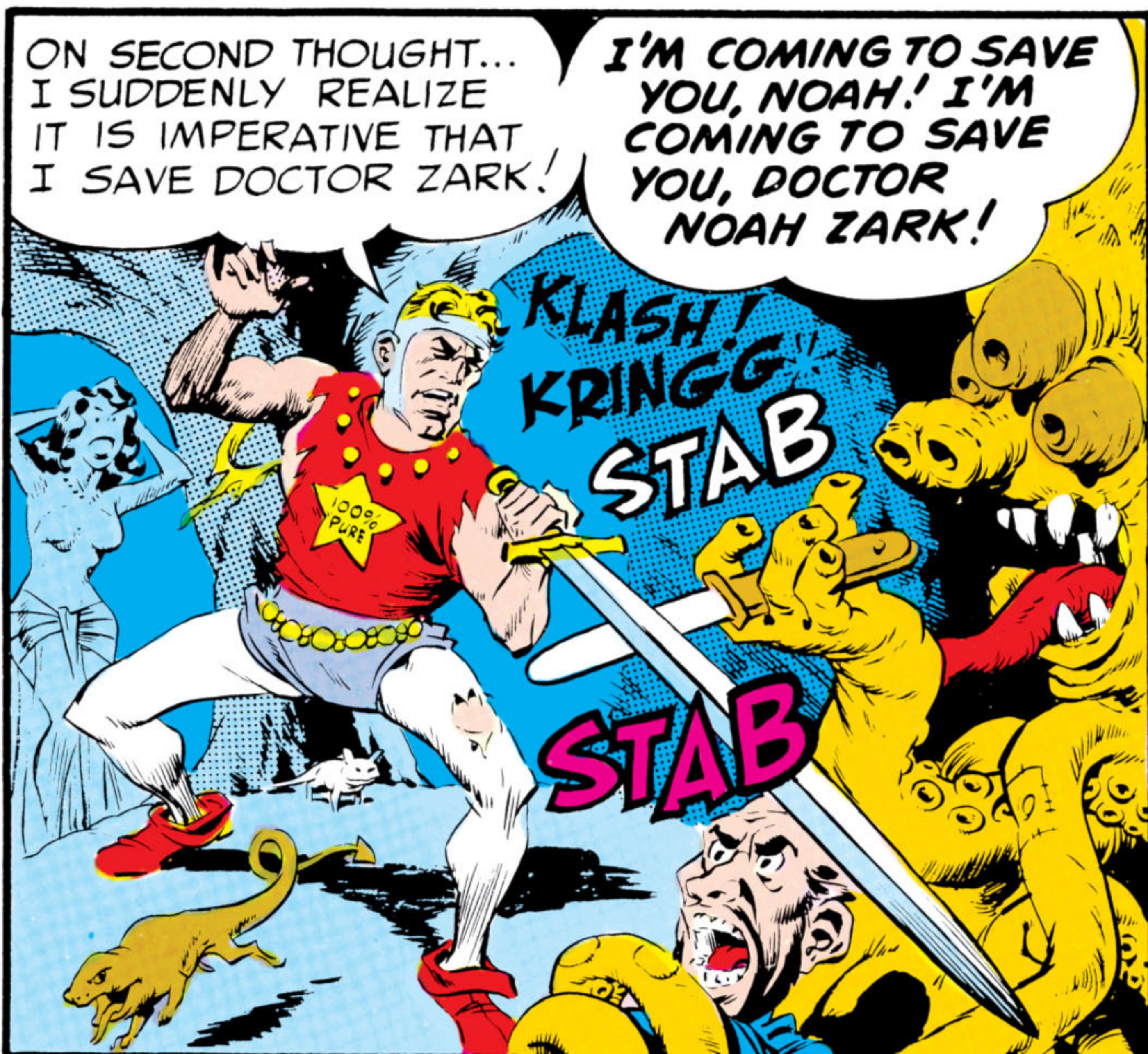
...STAY!

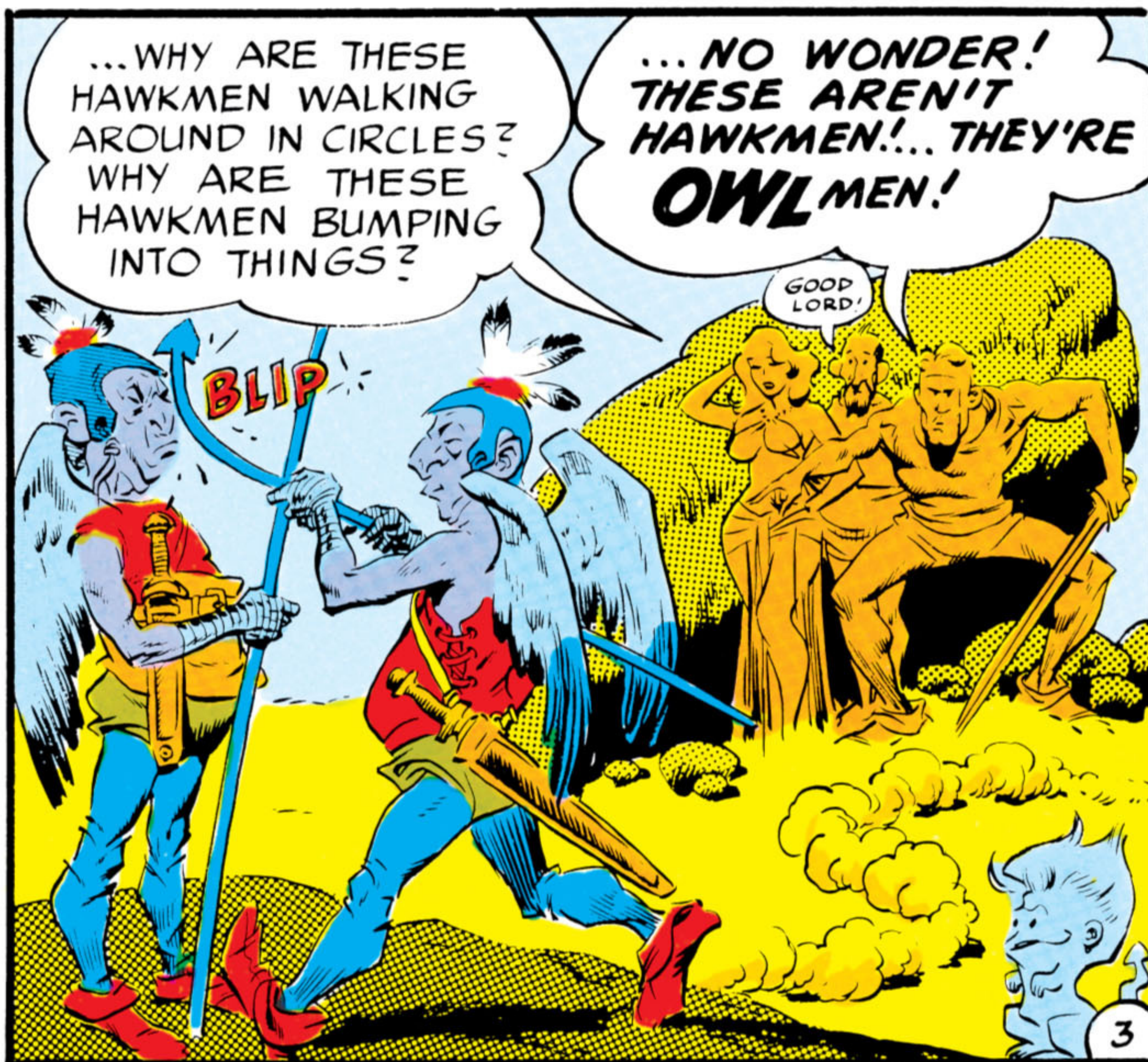
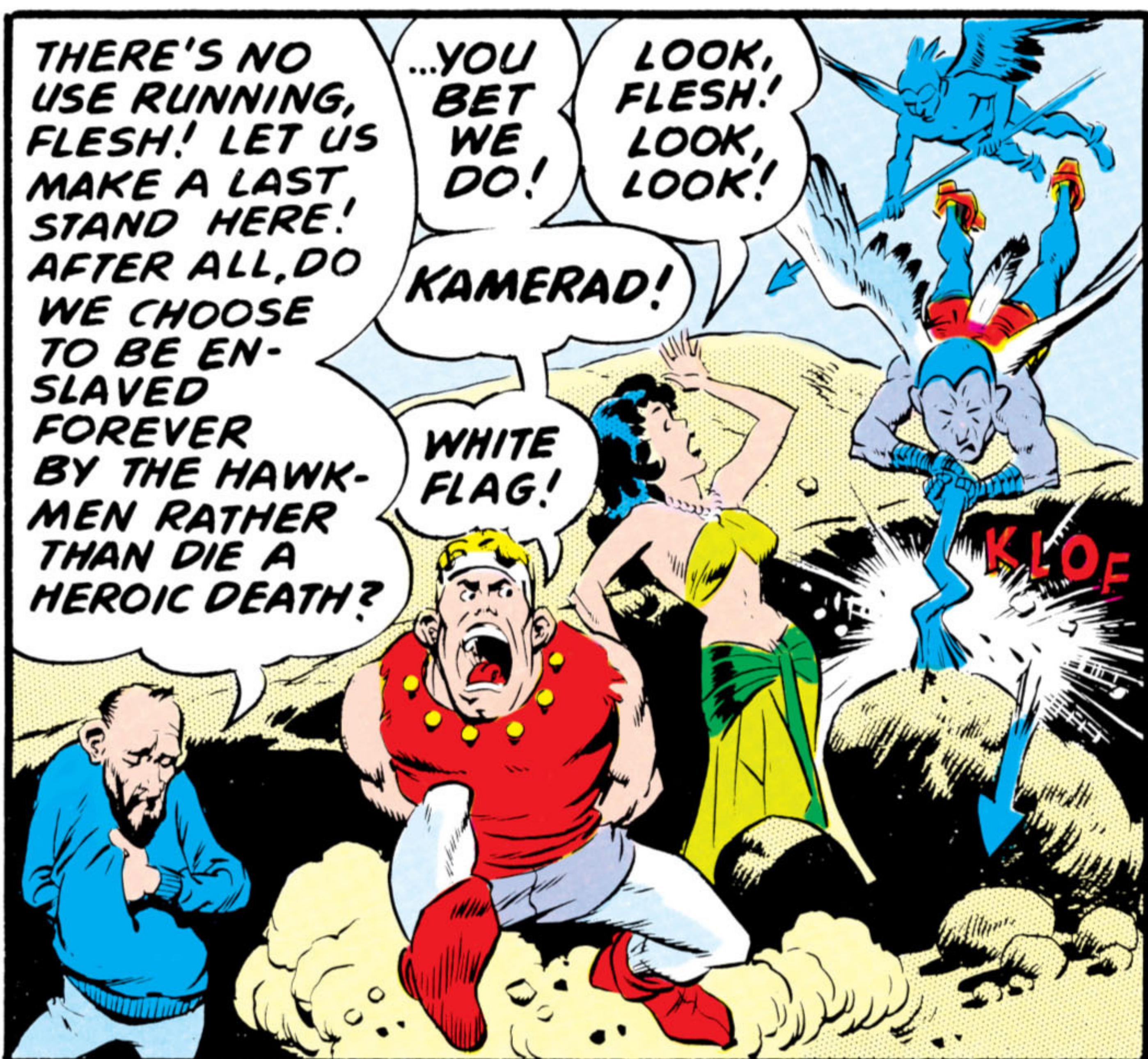
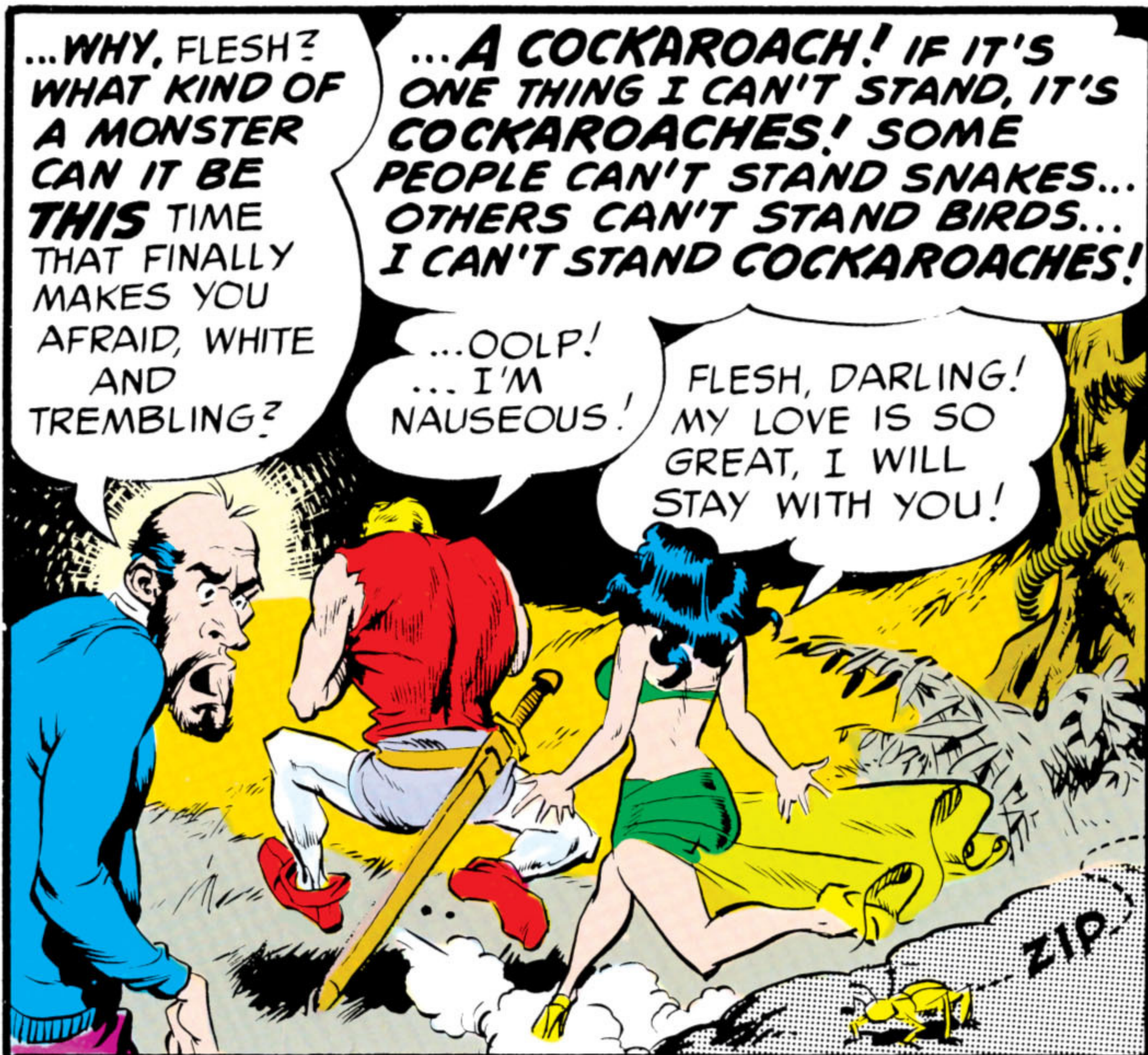
...GO!

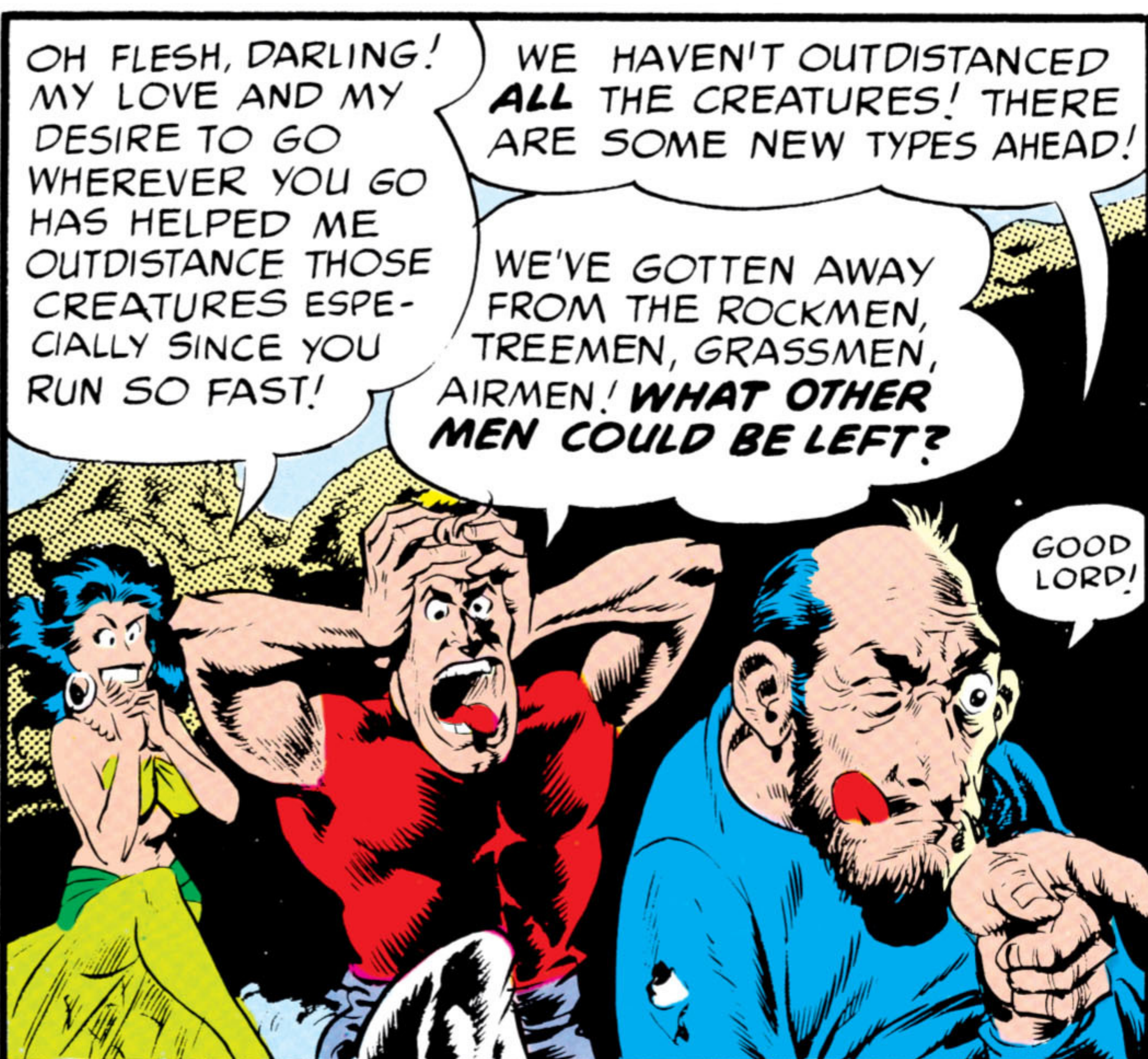
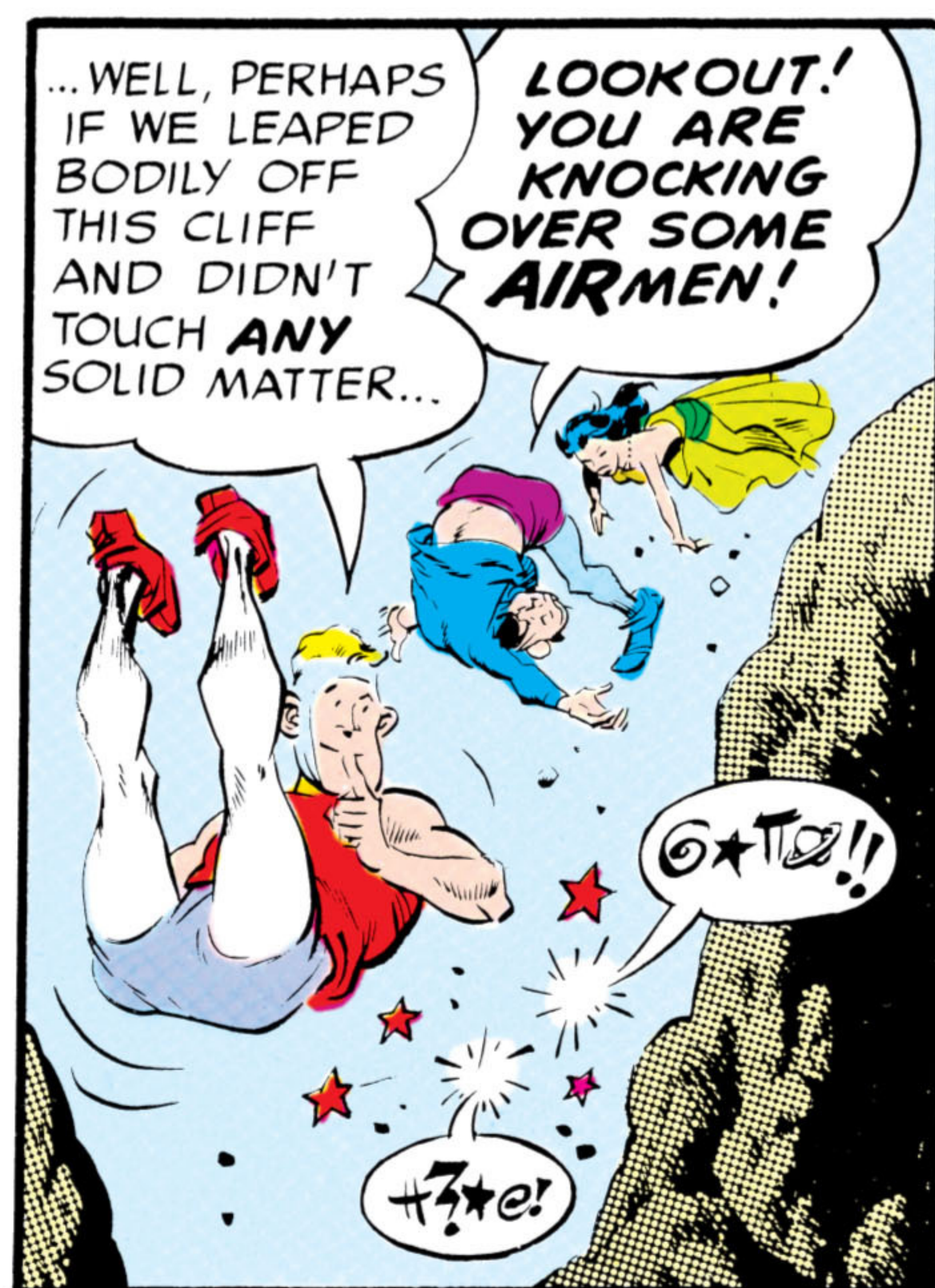
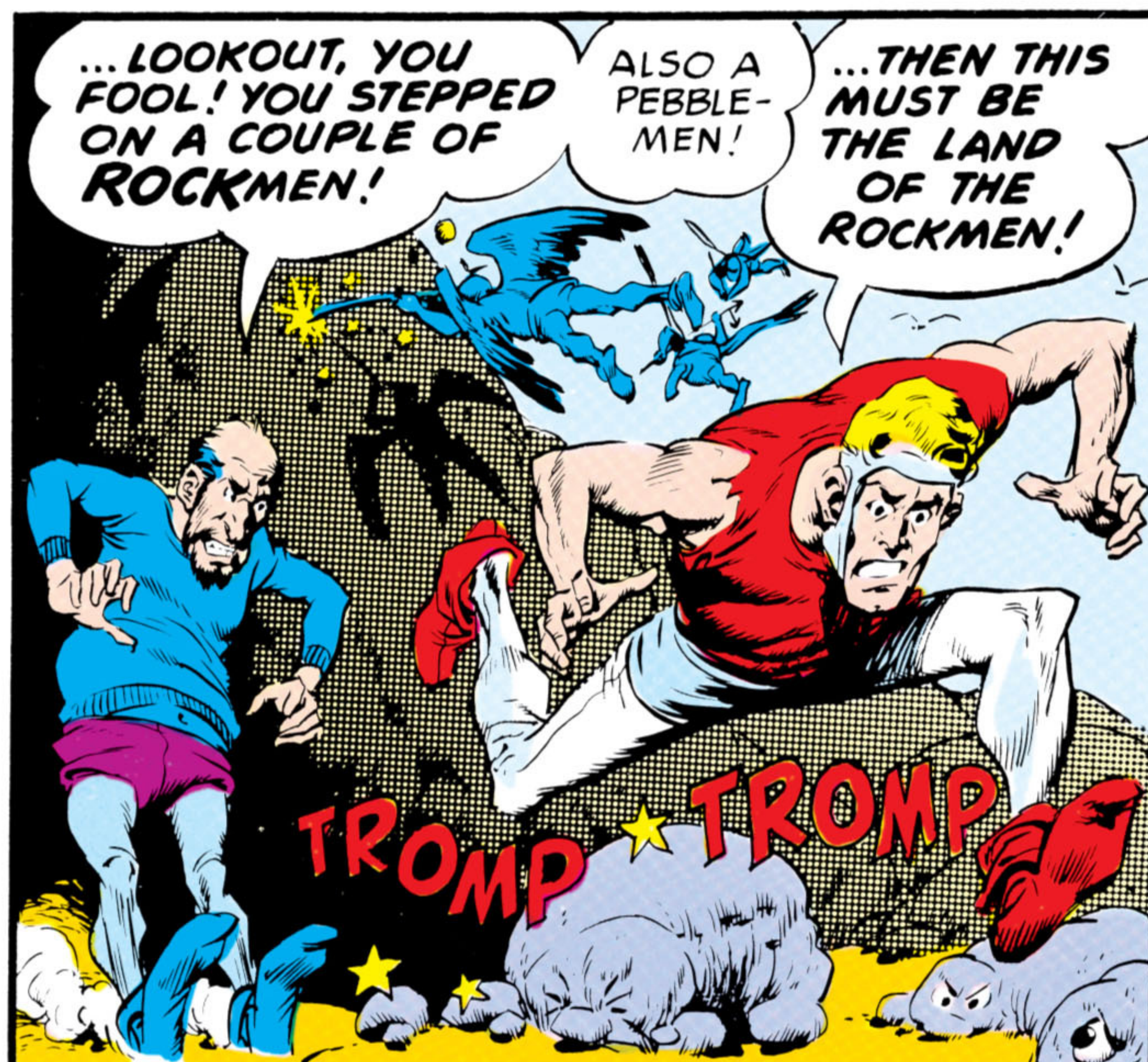
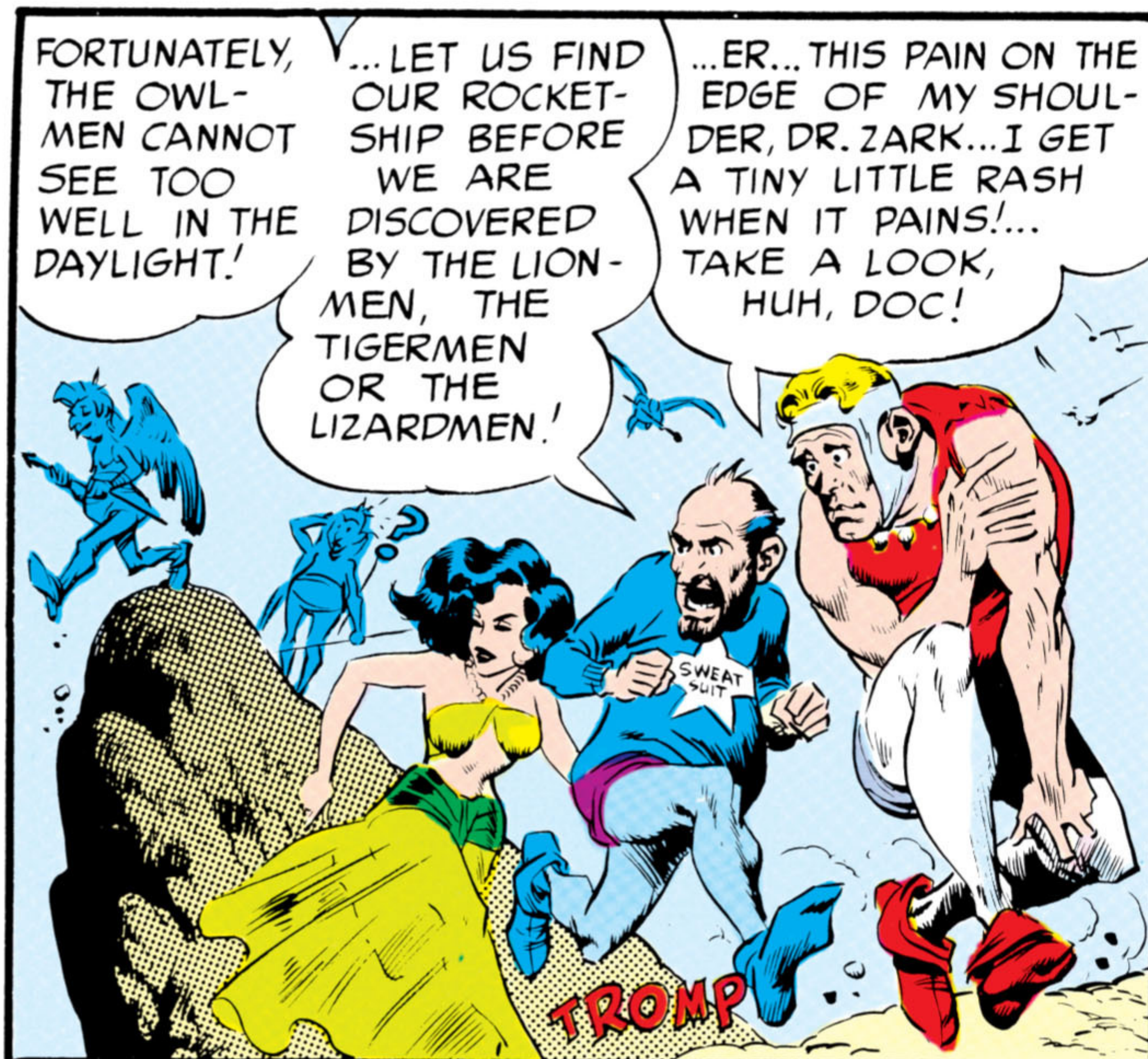


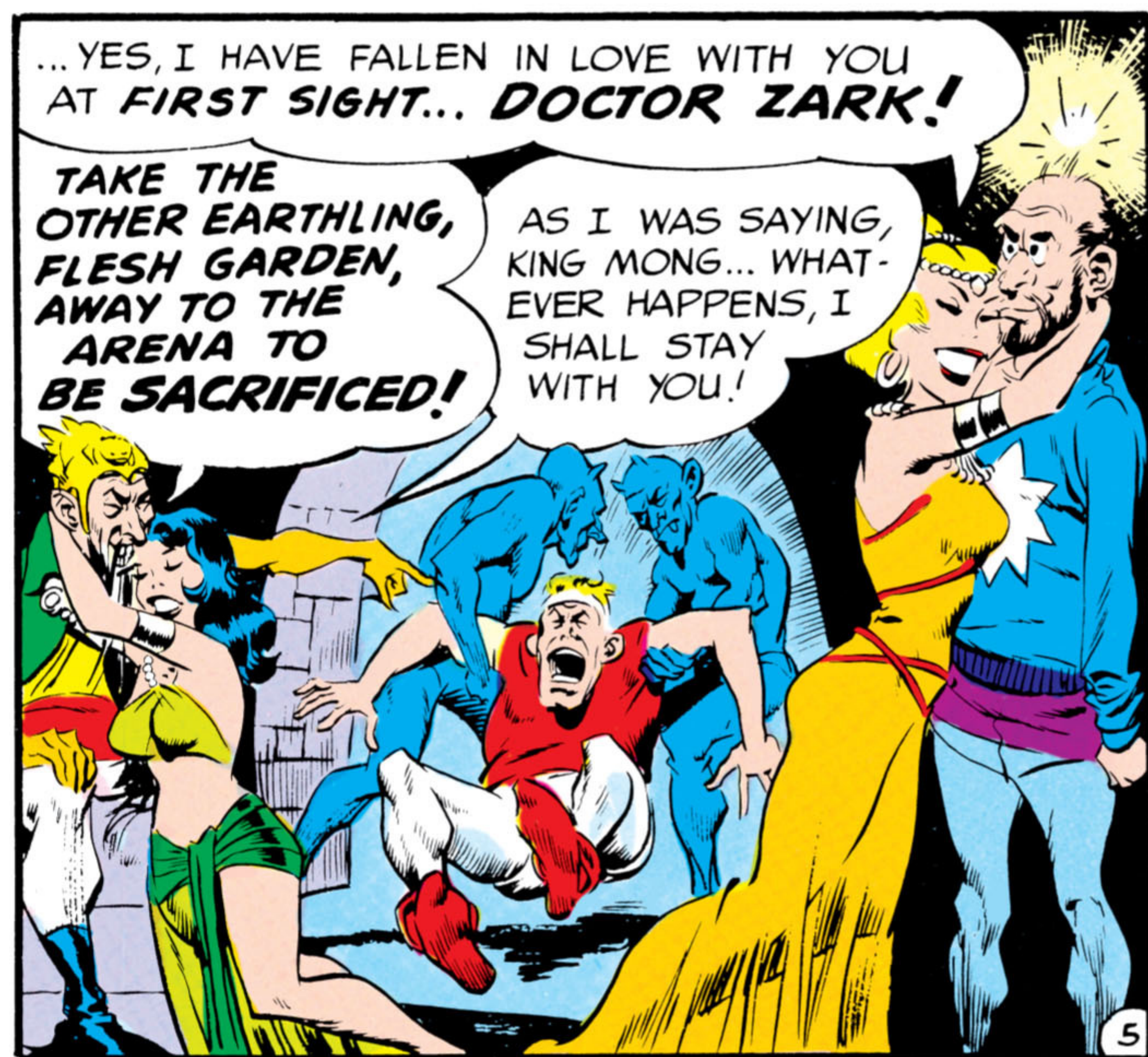
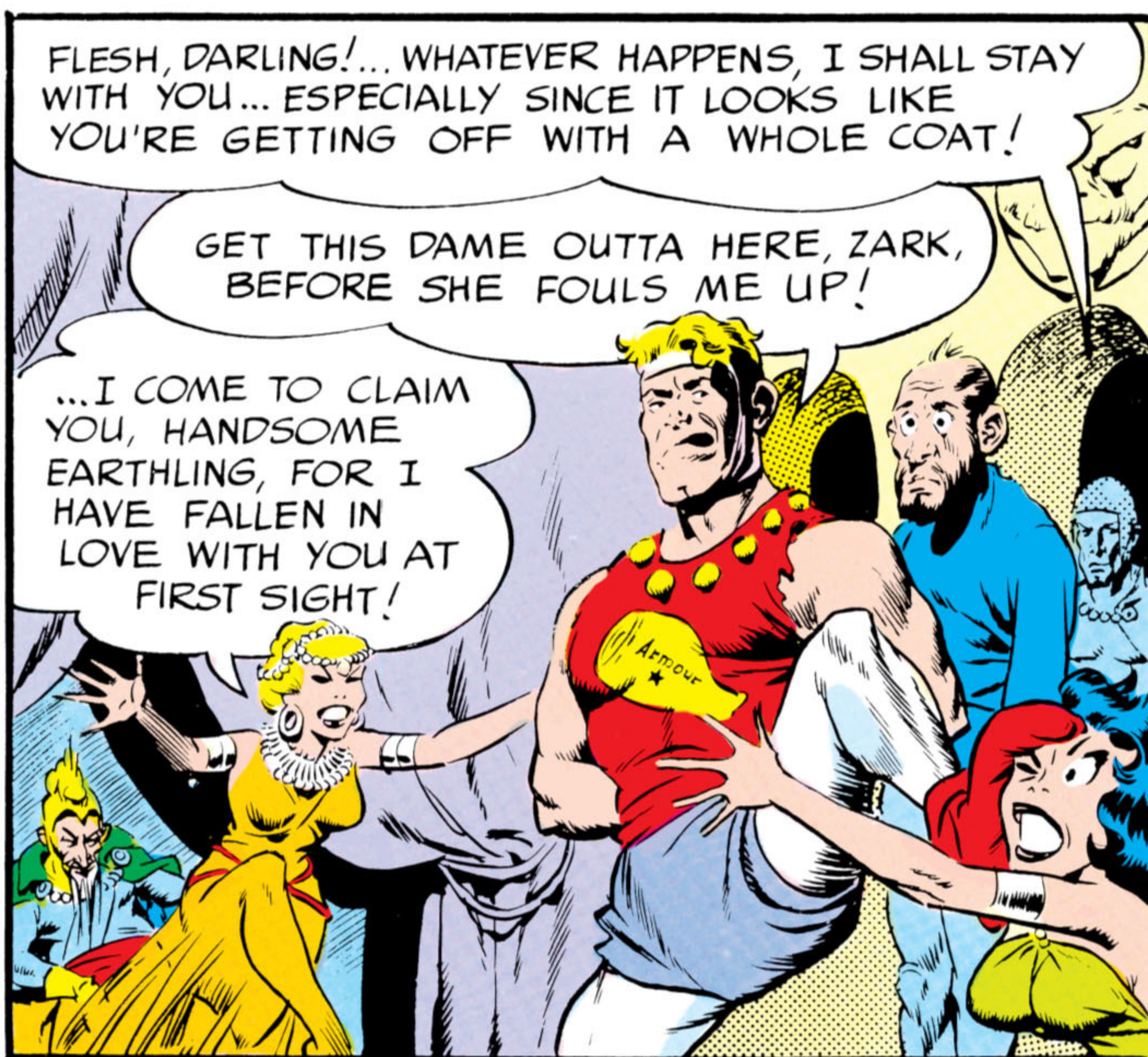
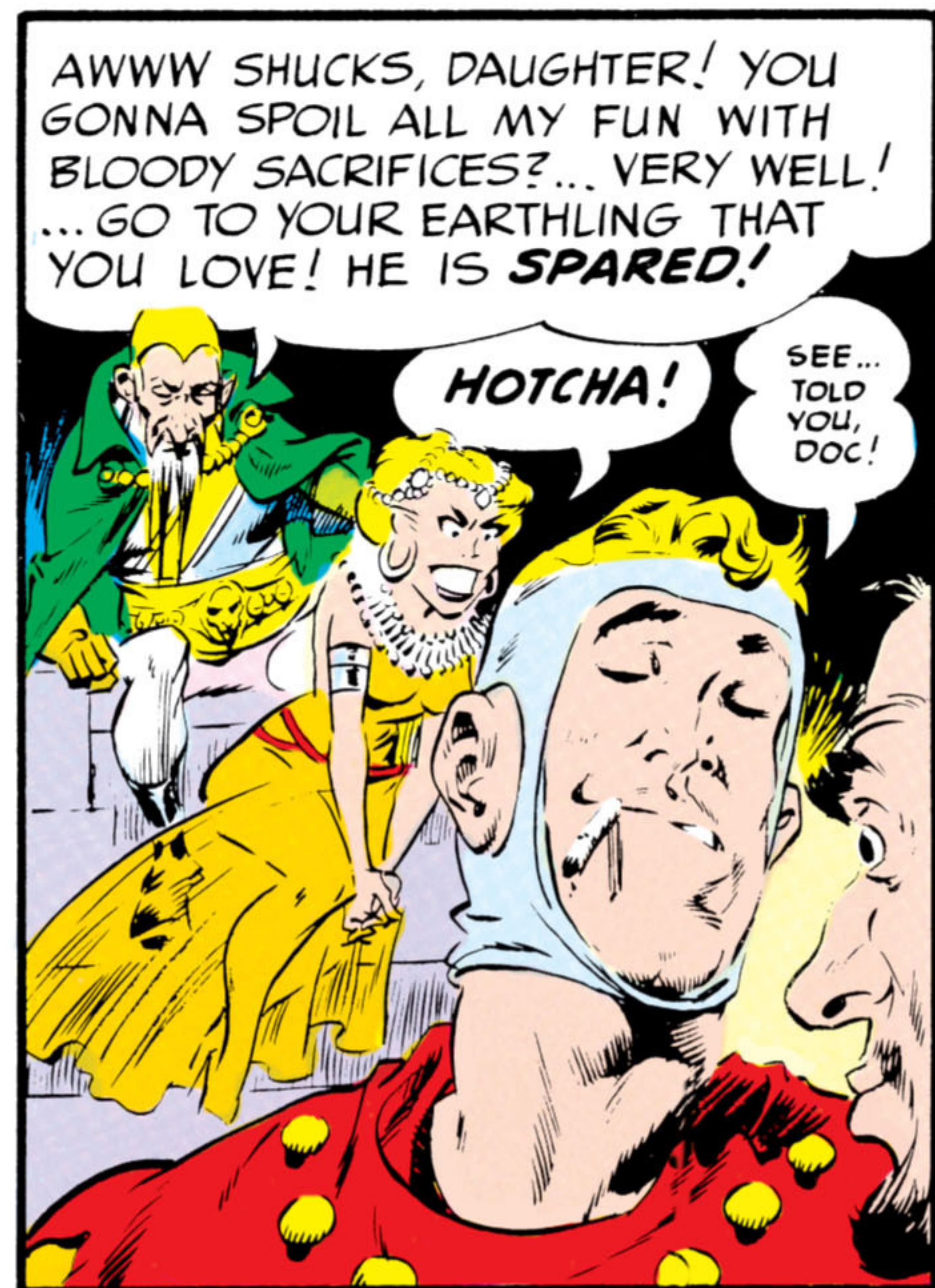
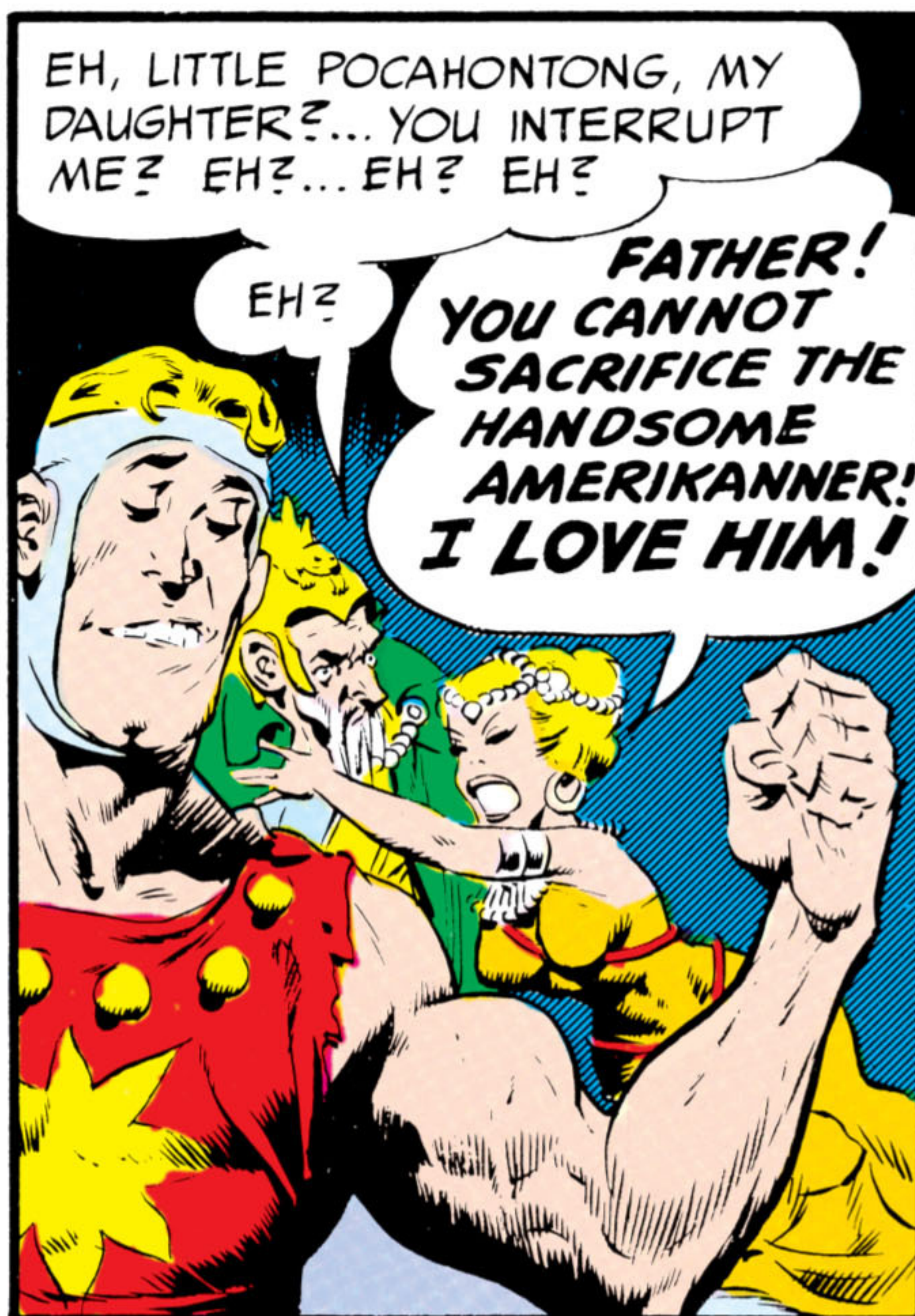
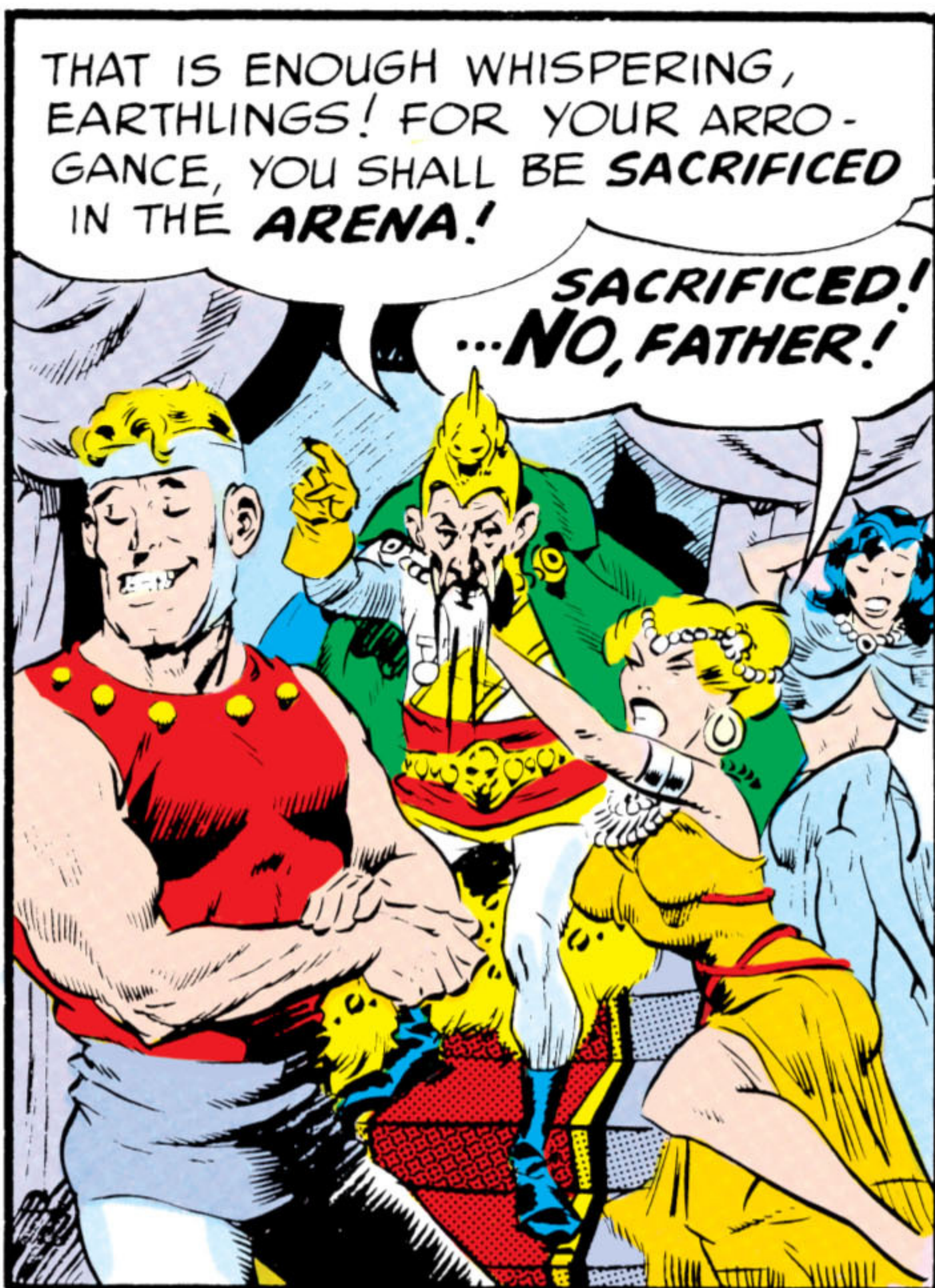
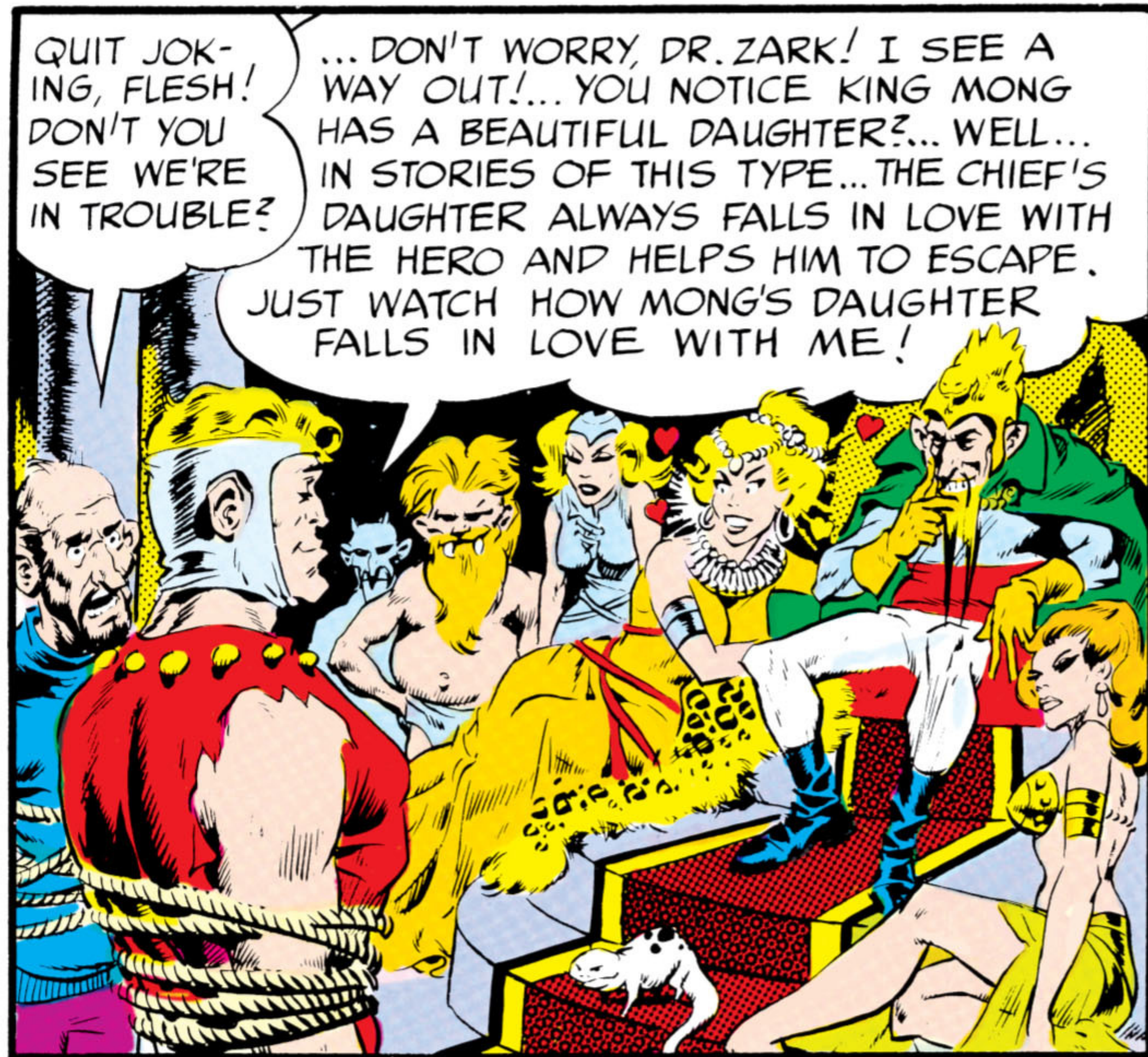
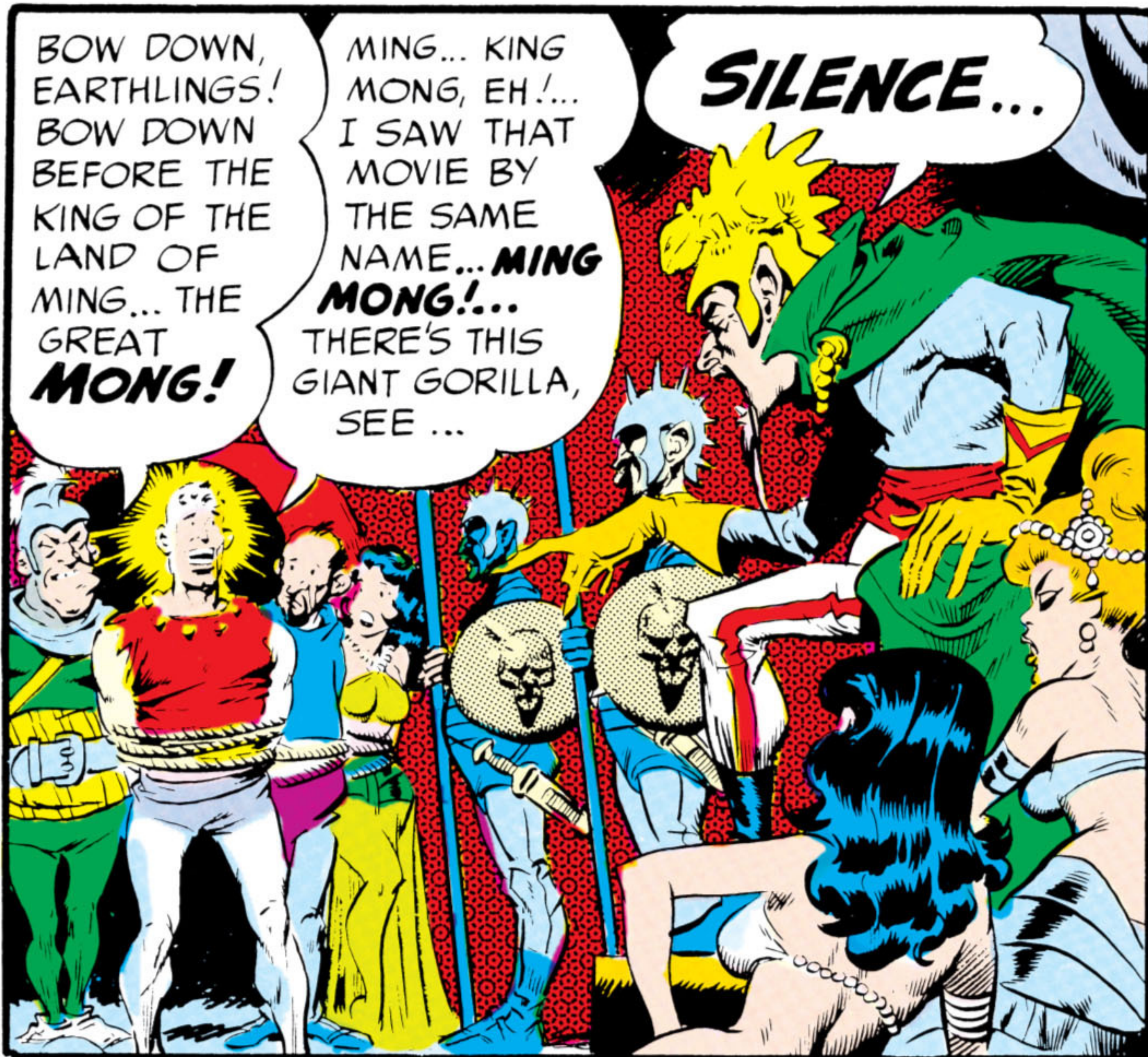
O.K.!... **GO!**... HERE'S MY SWORD!... NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING KILT!

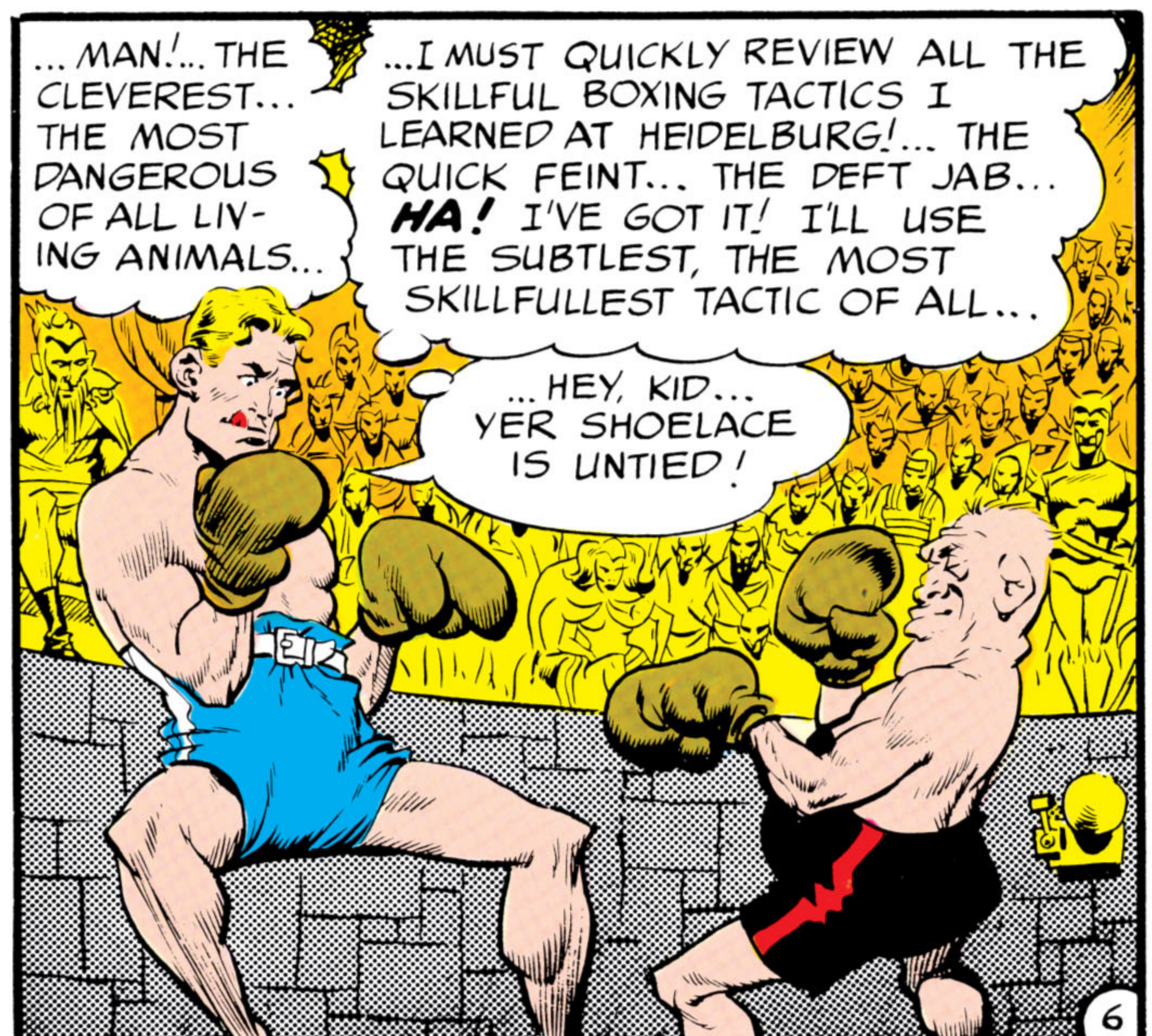
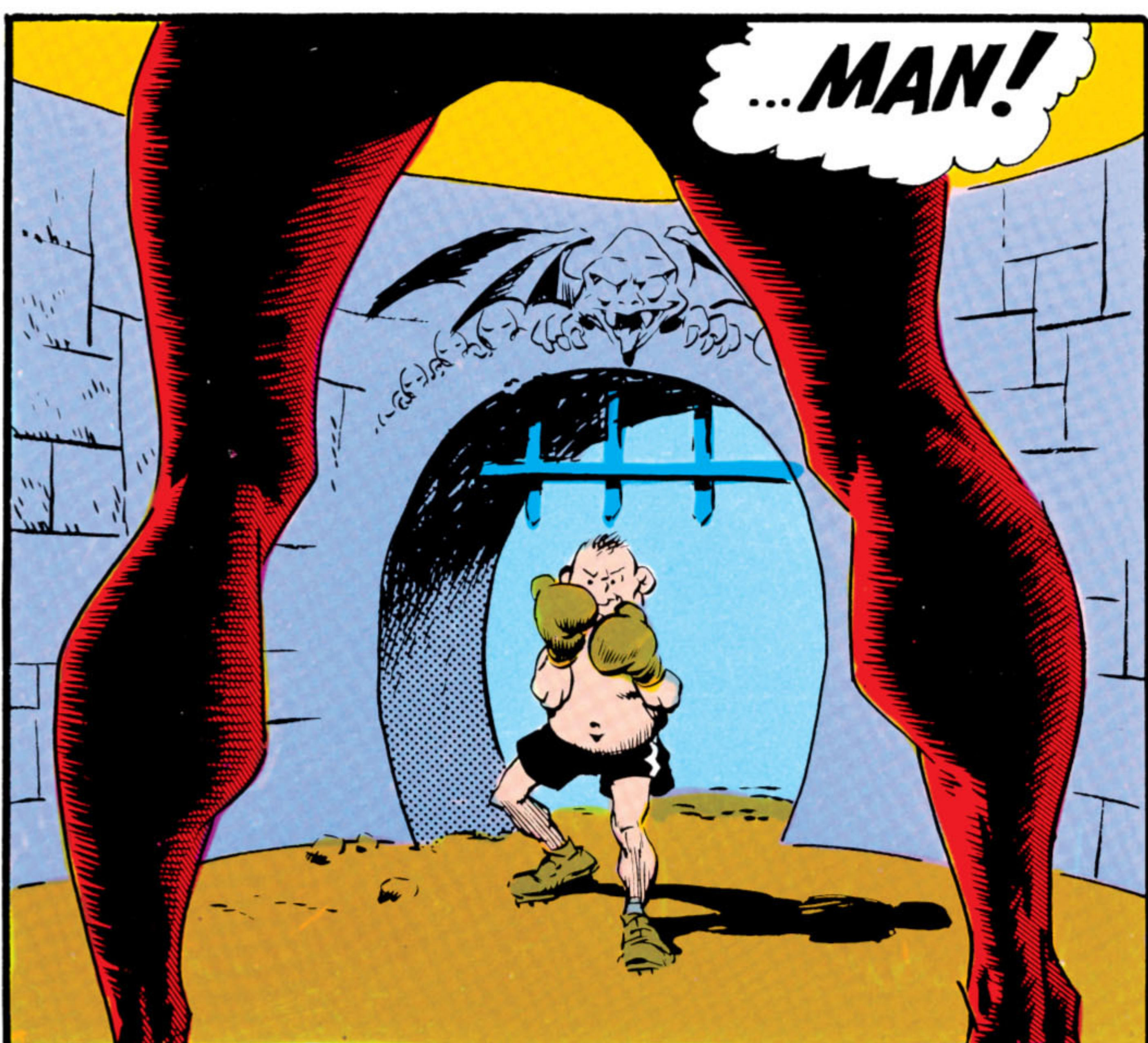
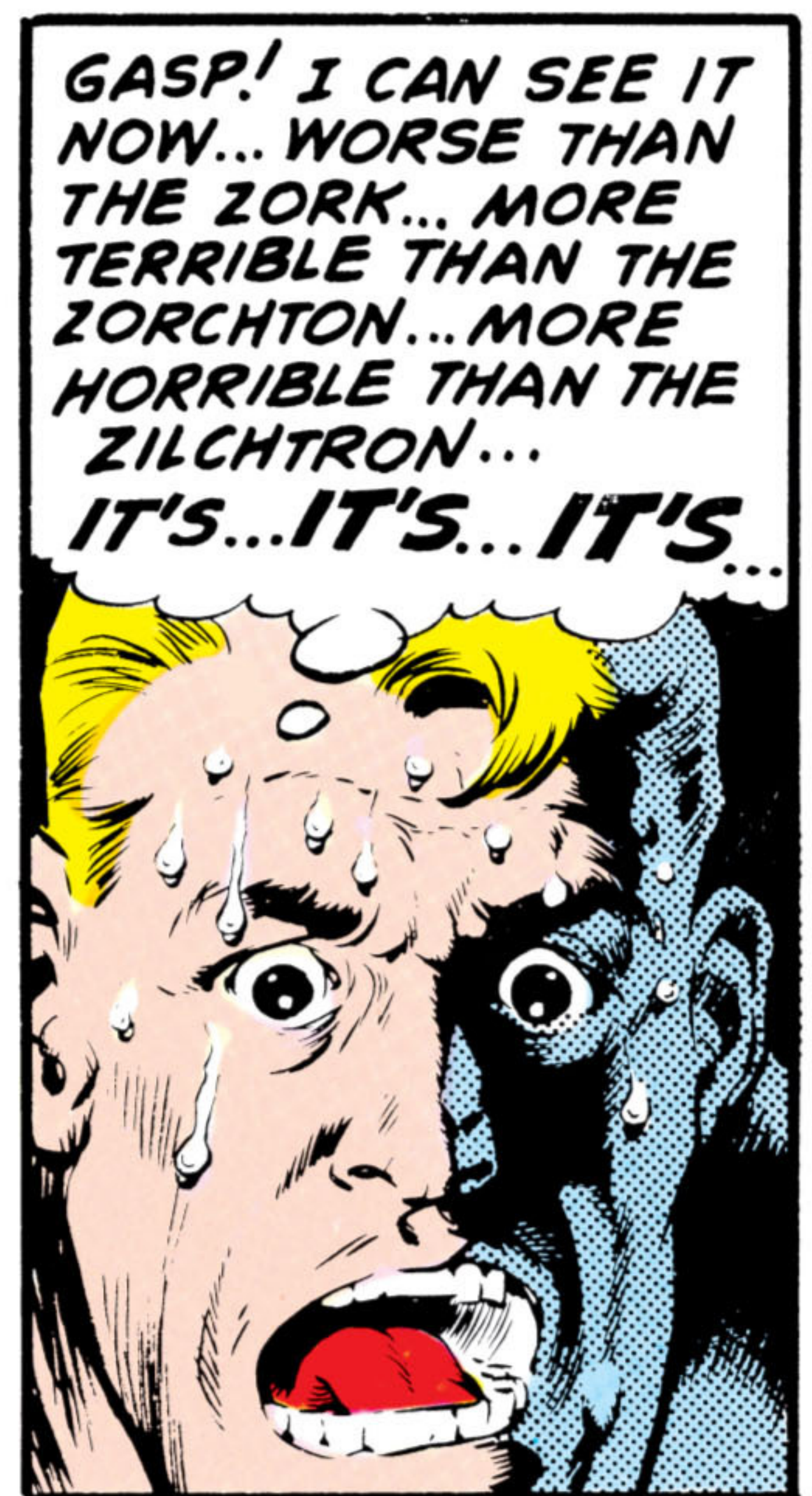
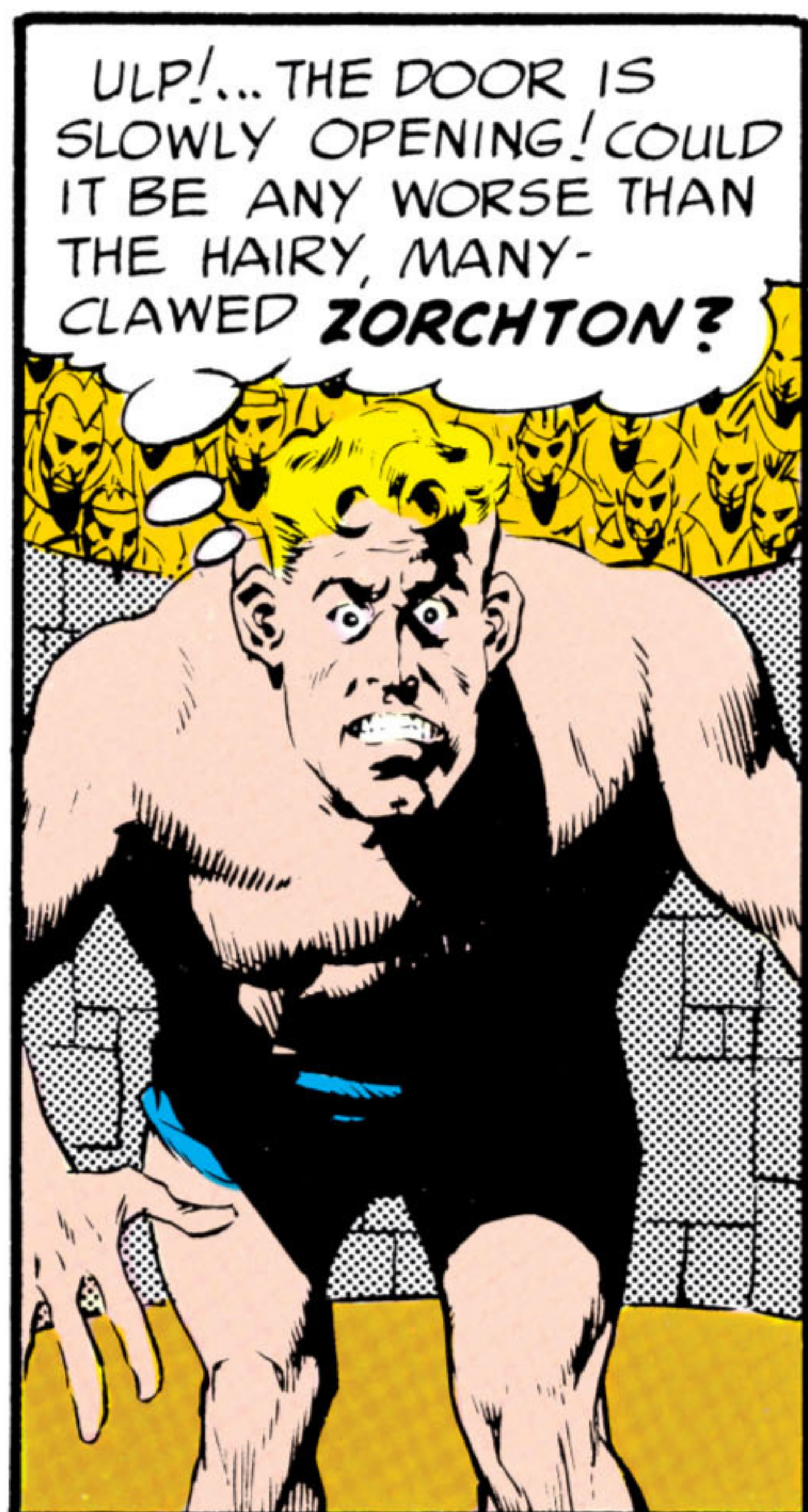
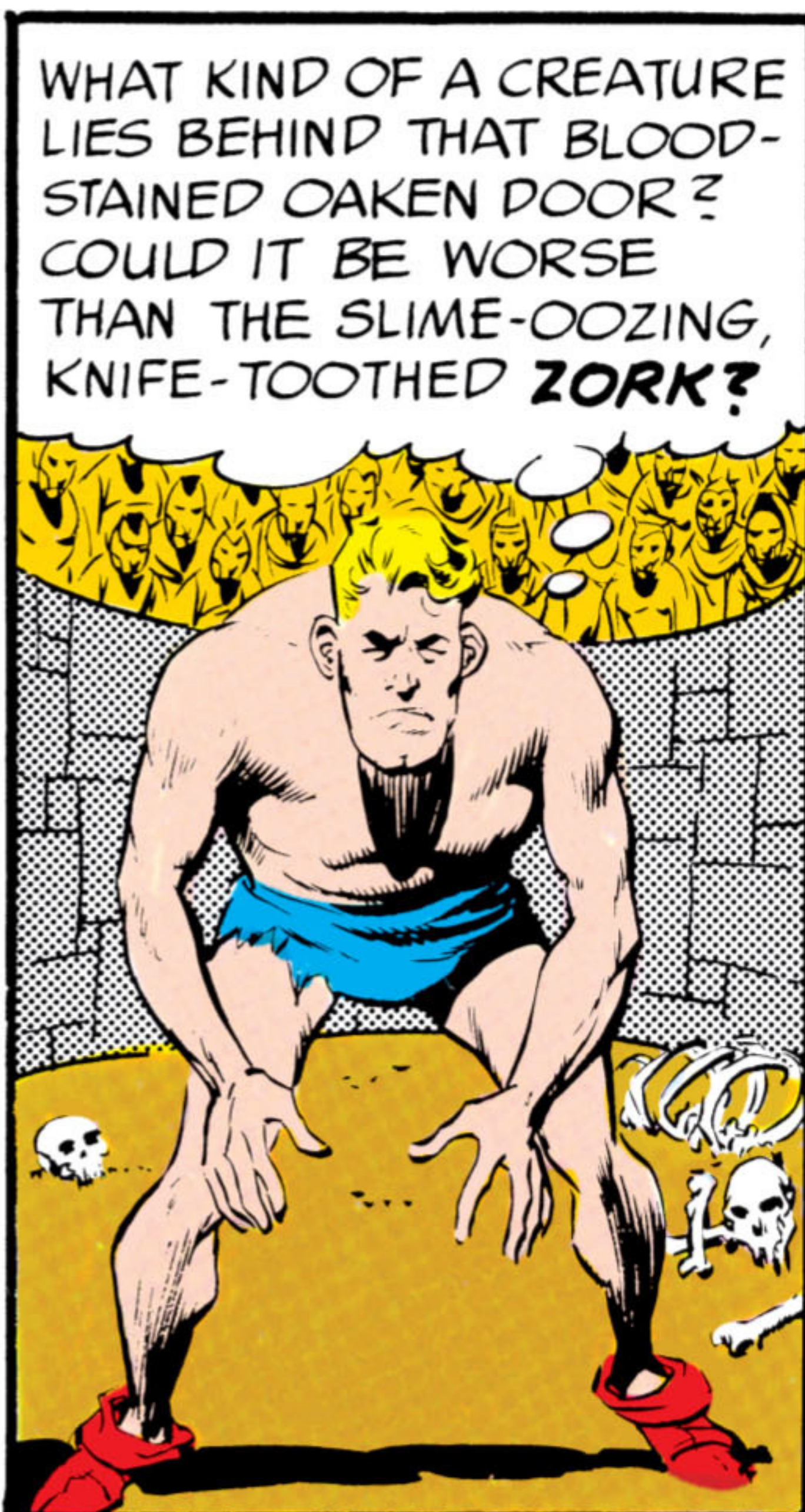
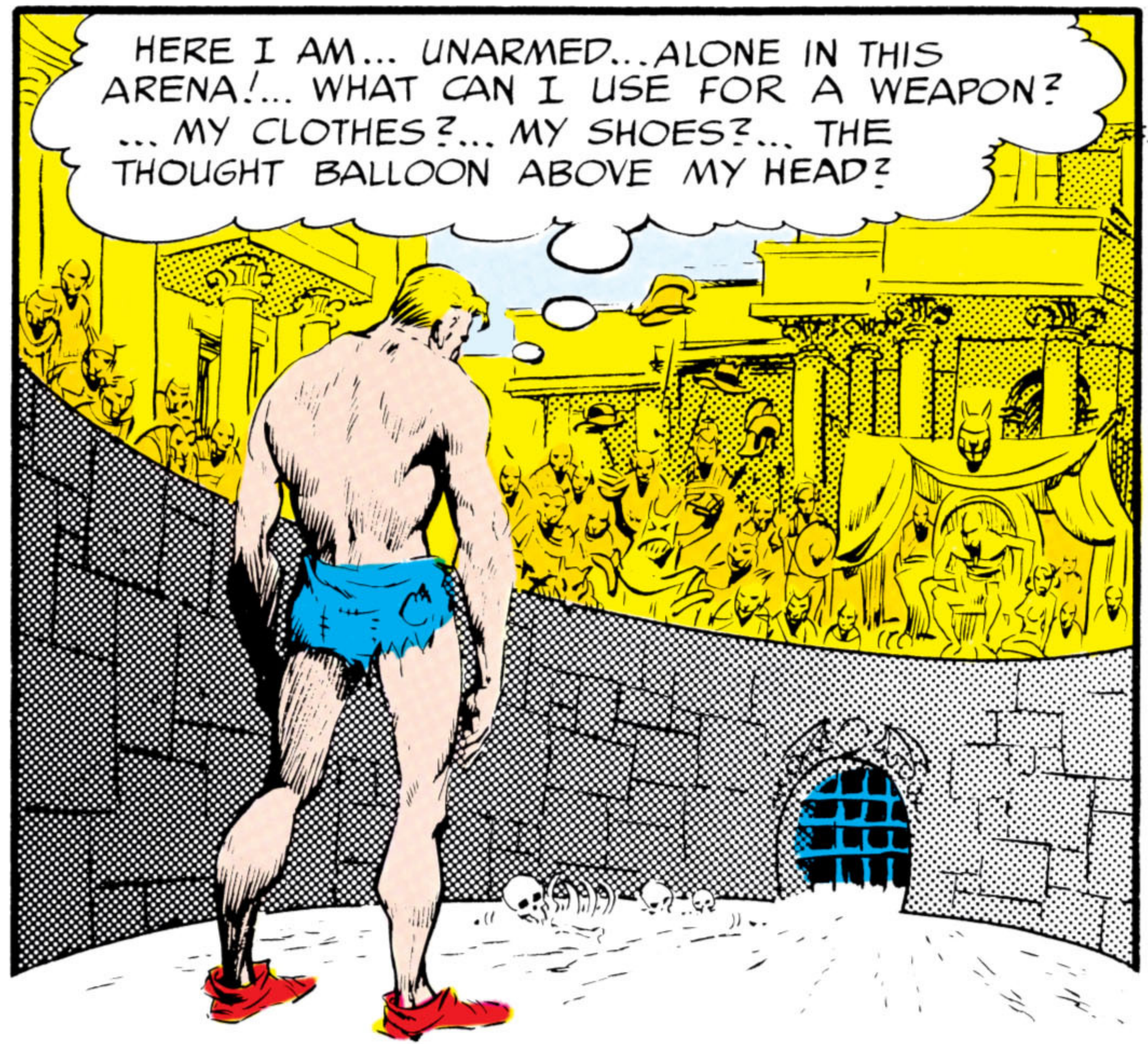
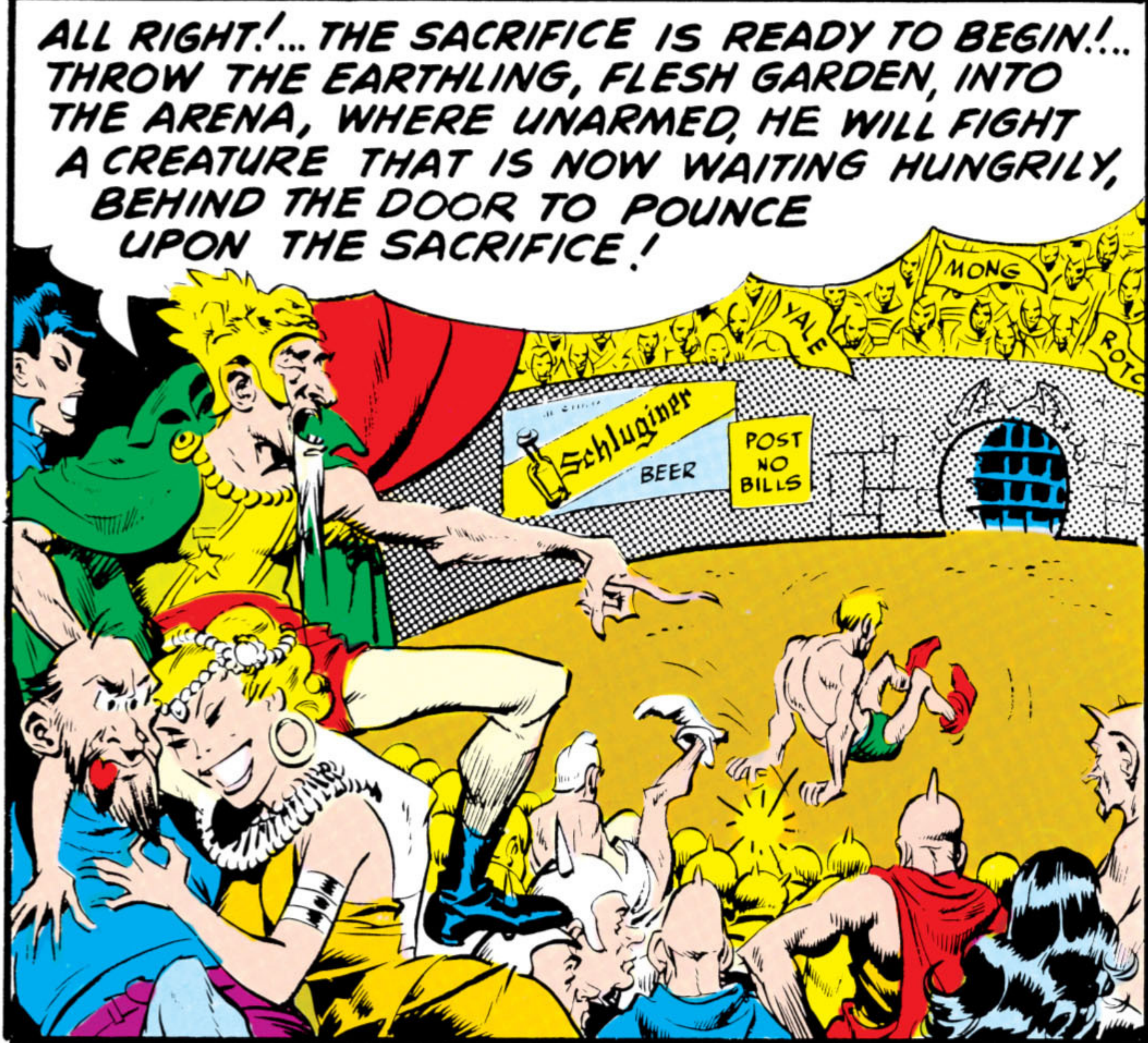


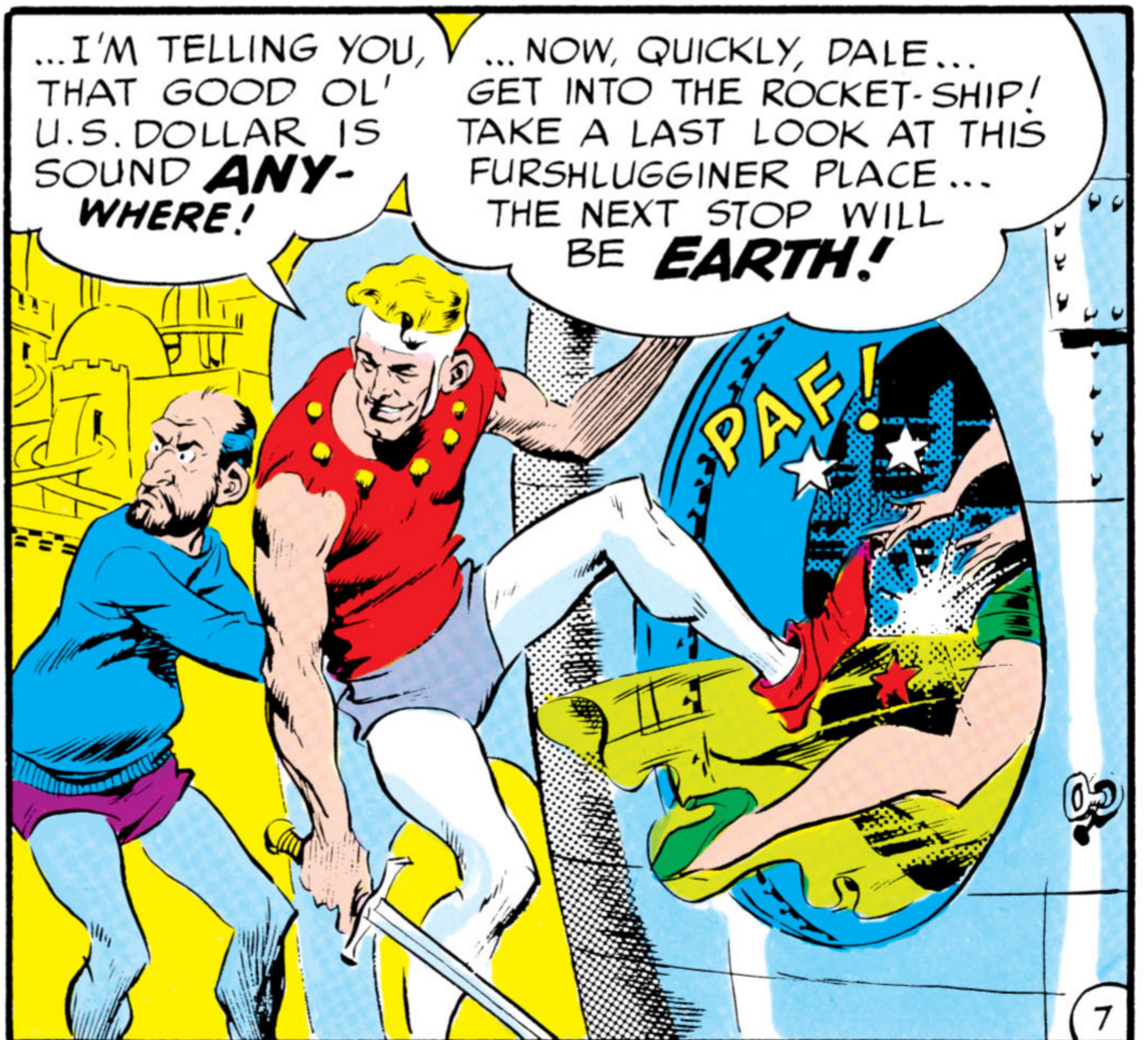
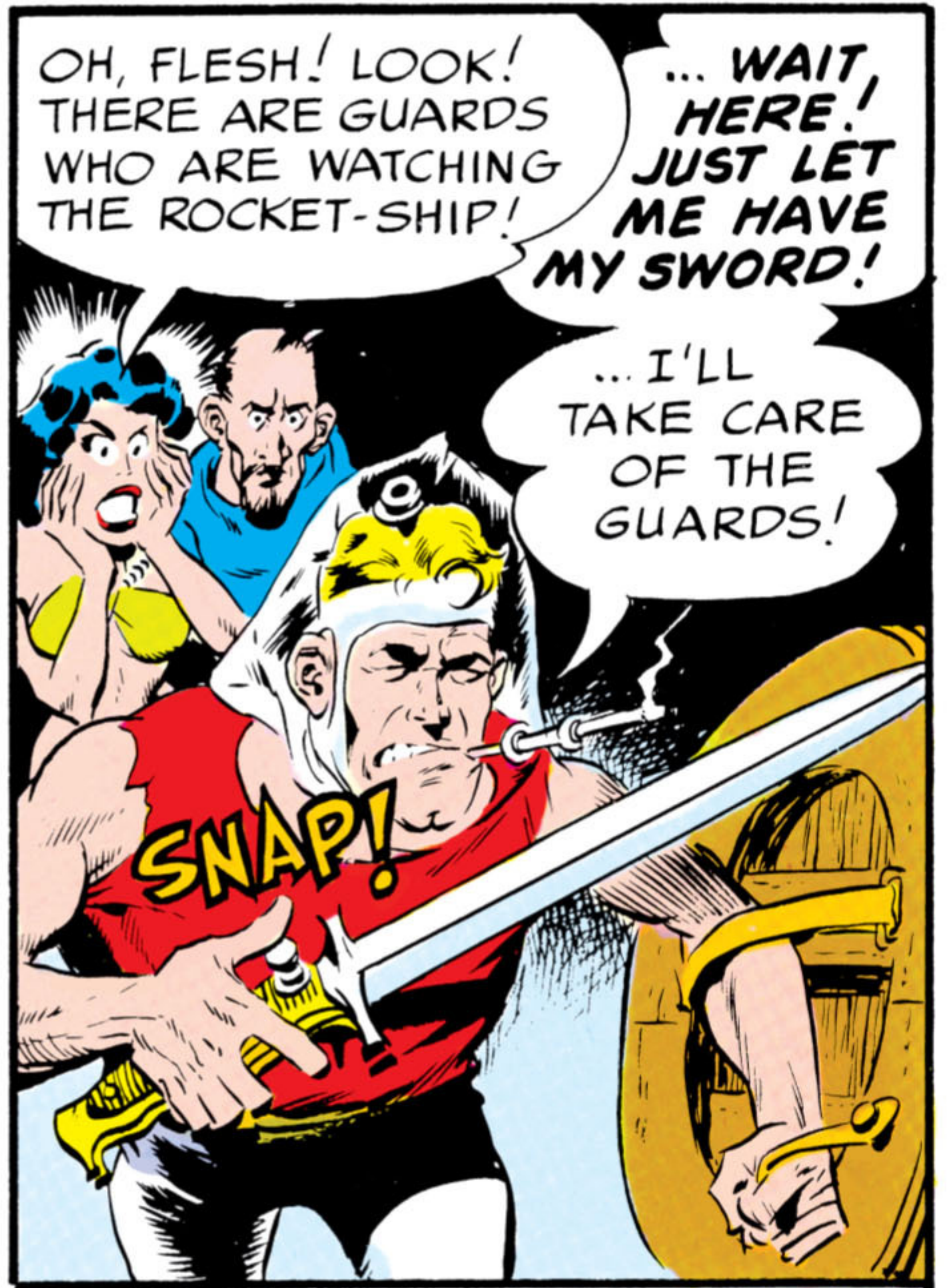
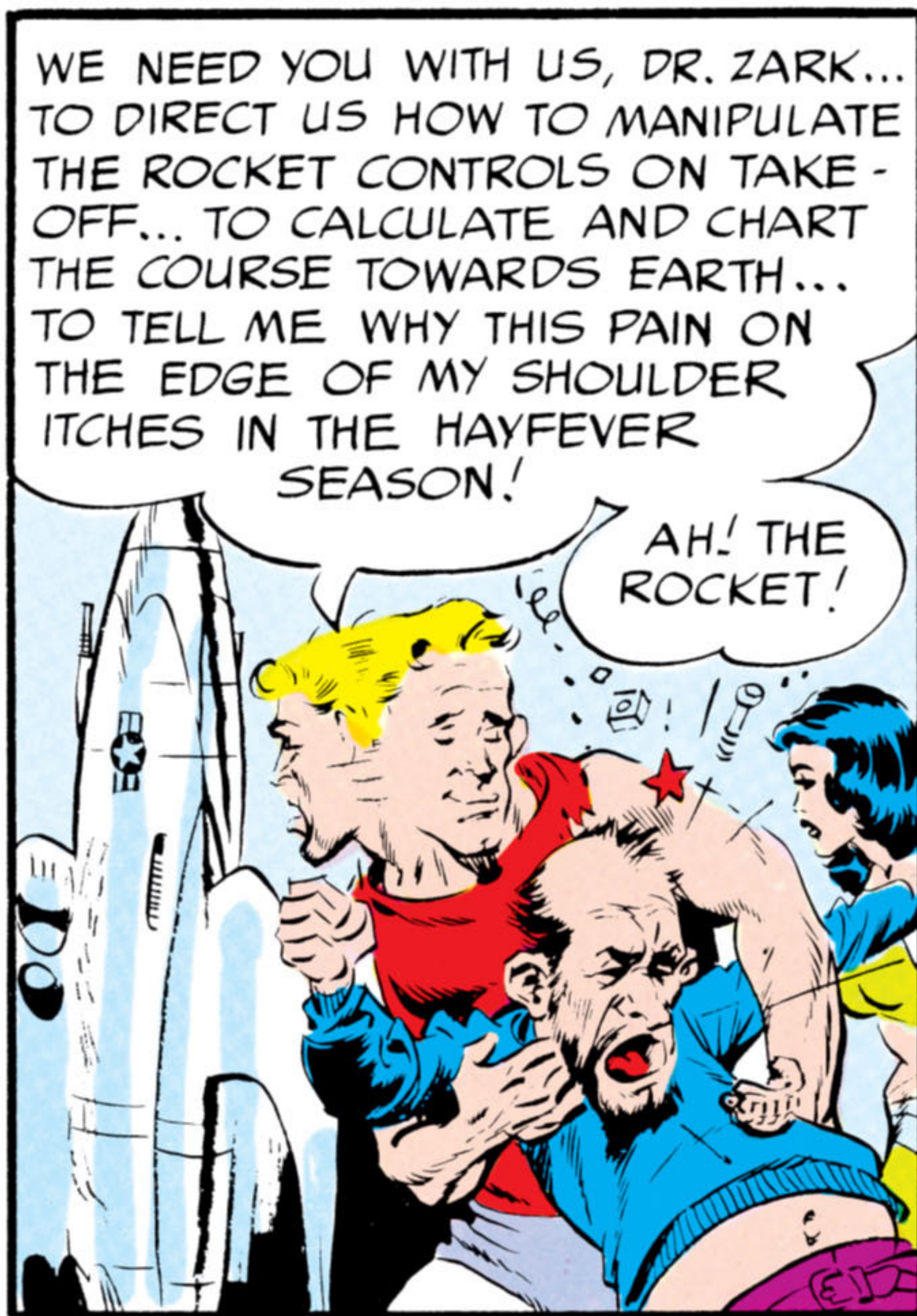
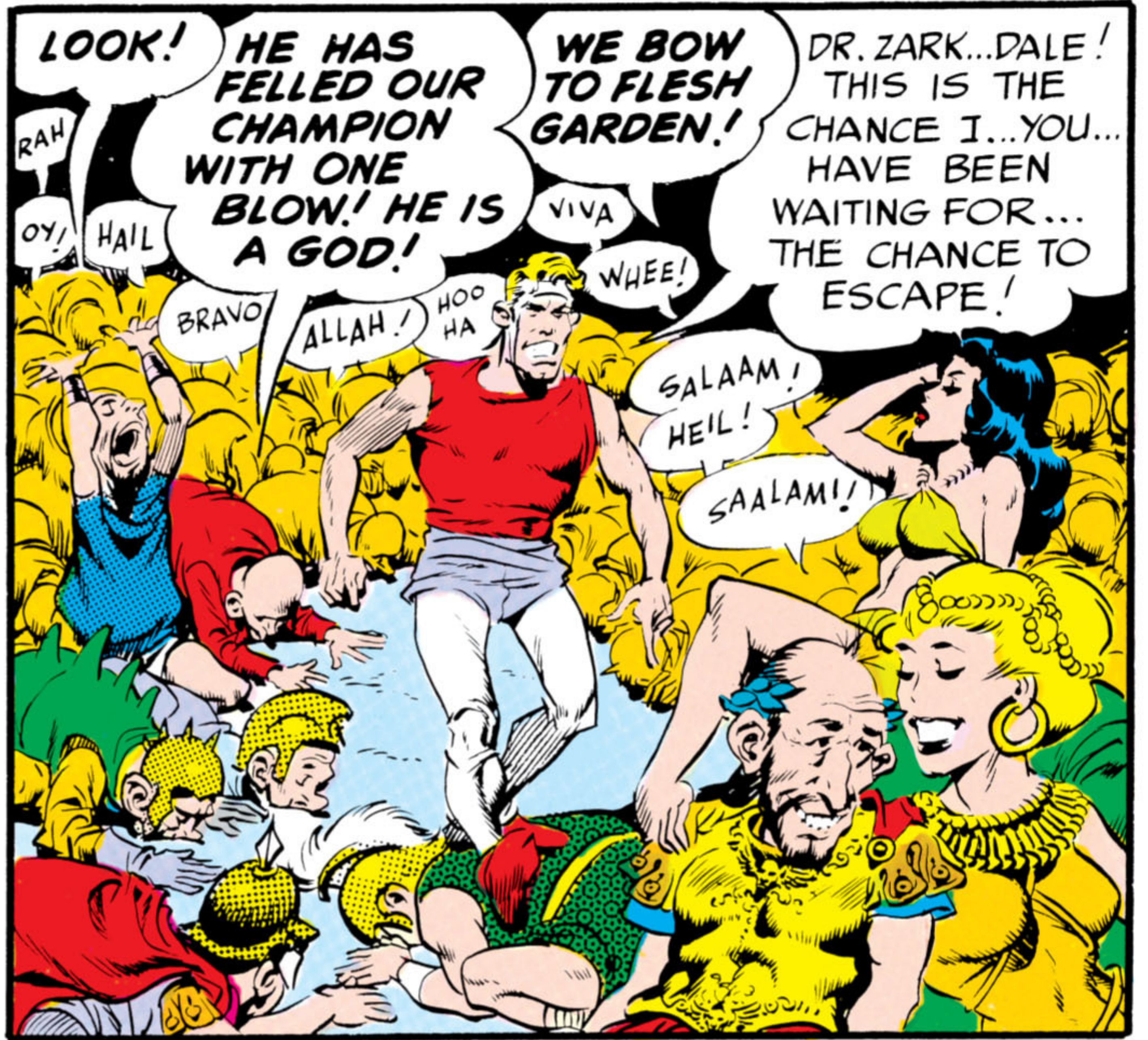
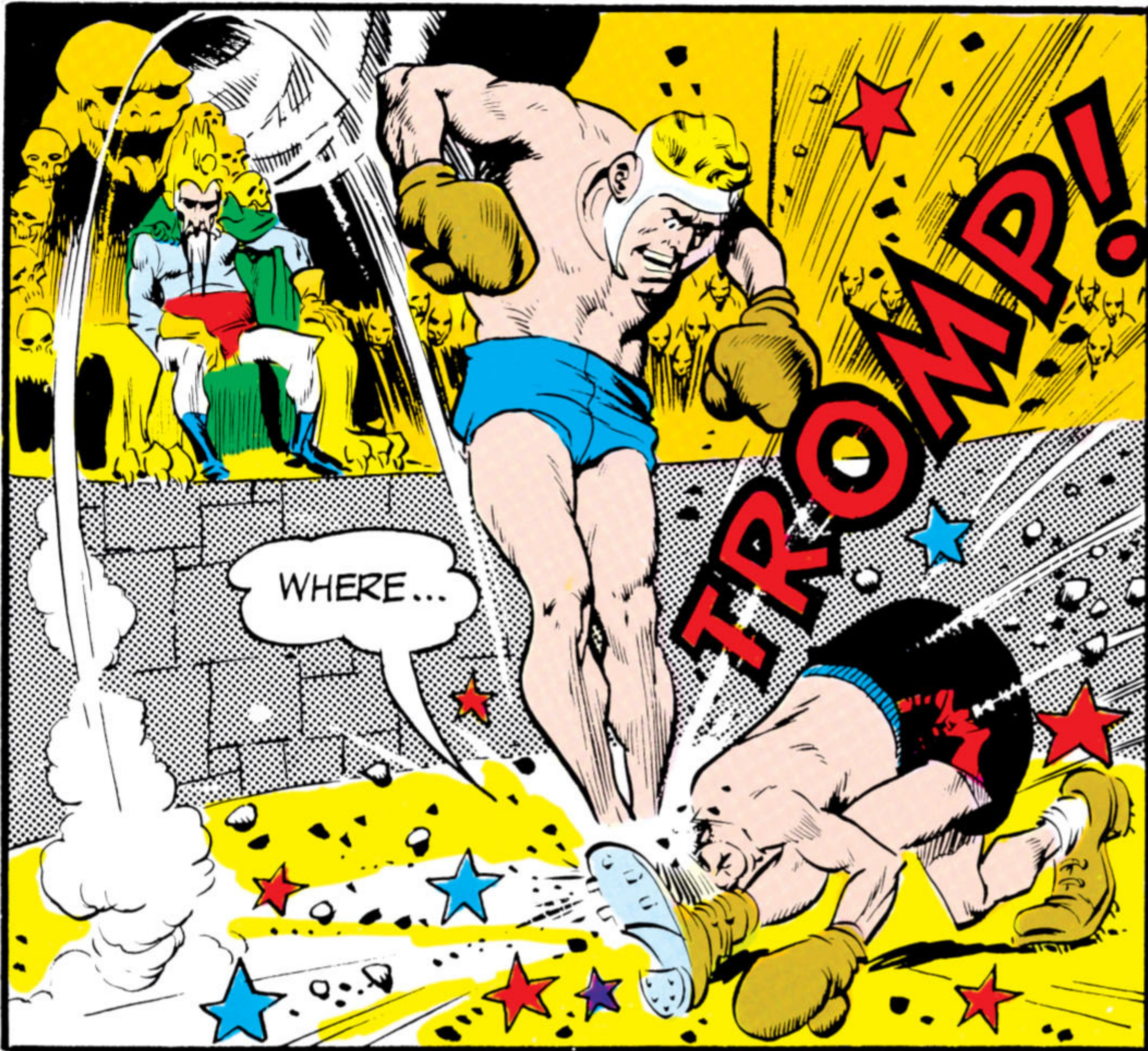


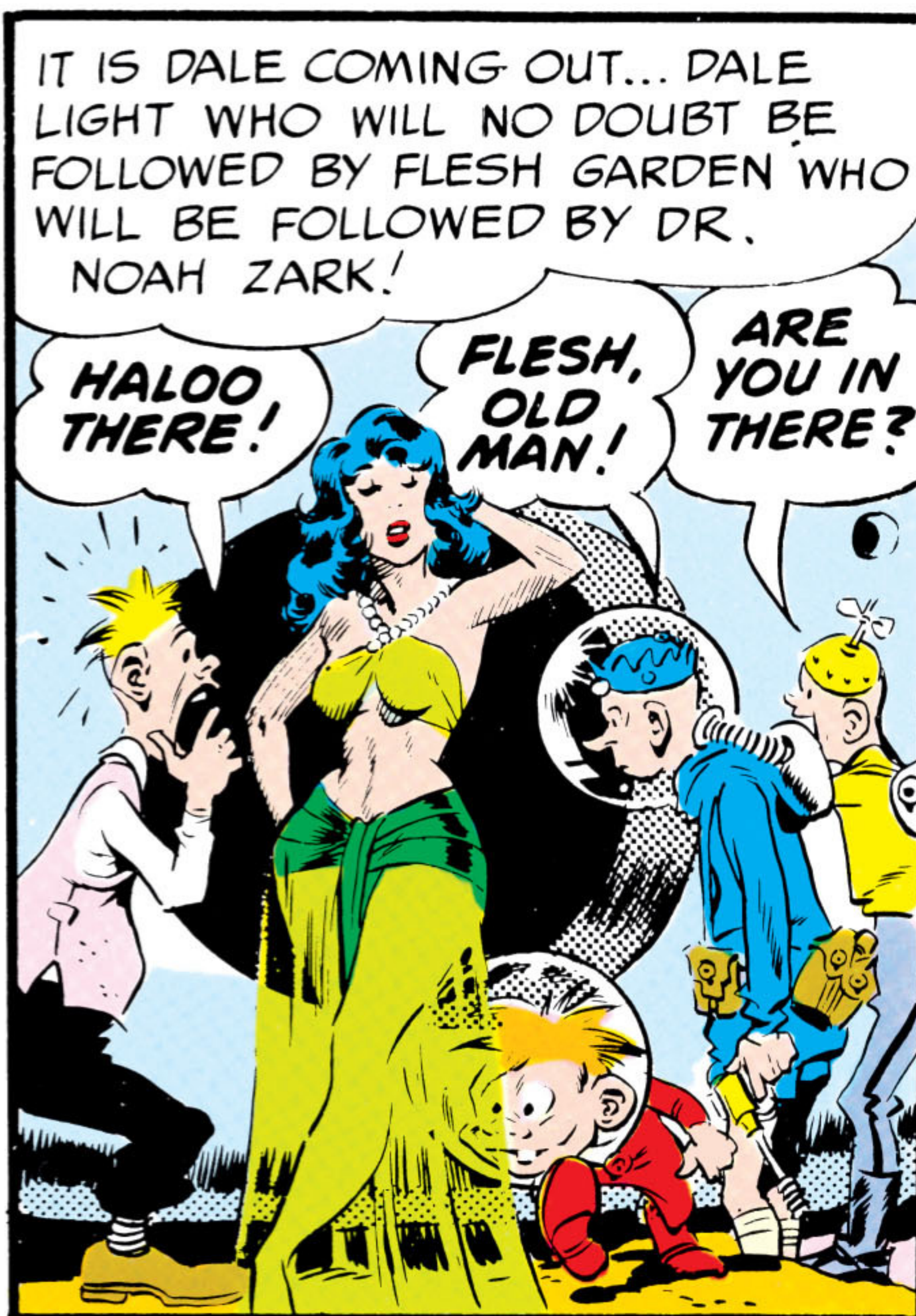
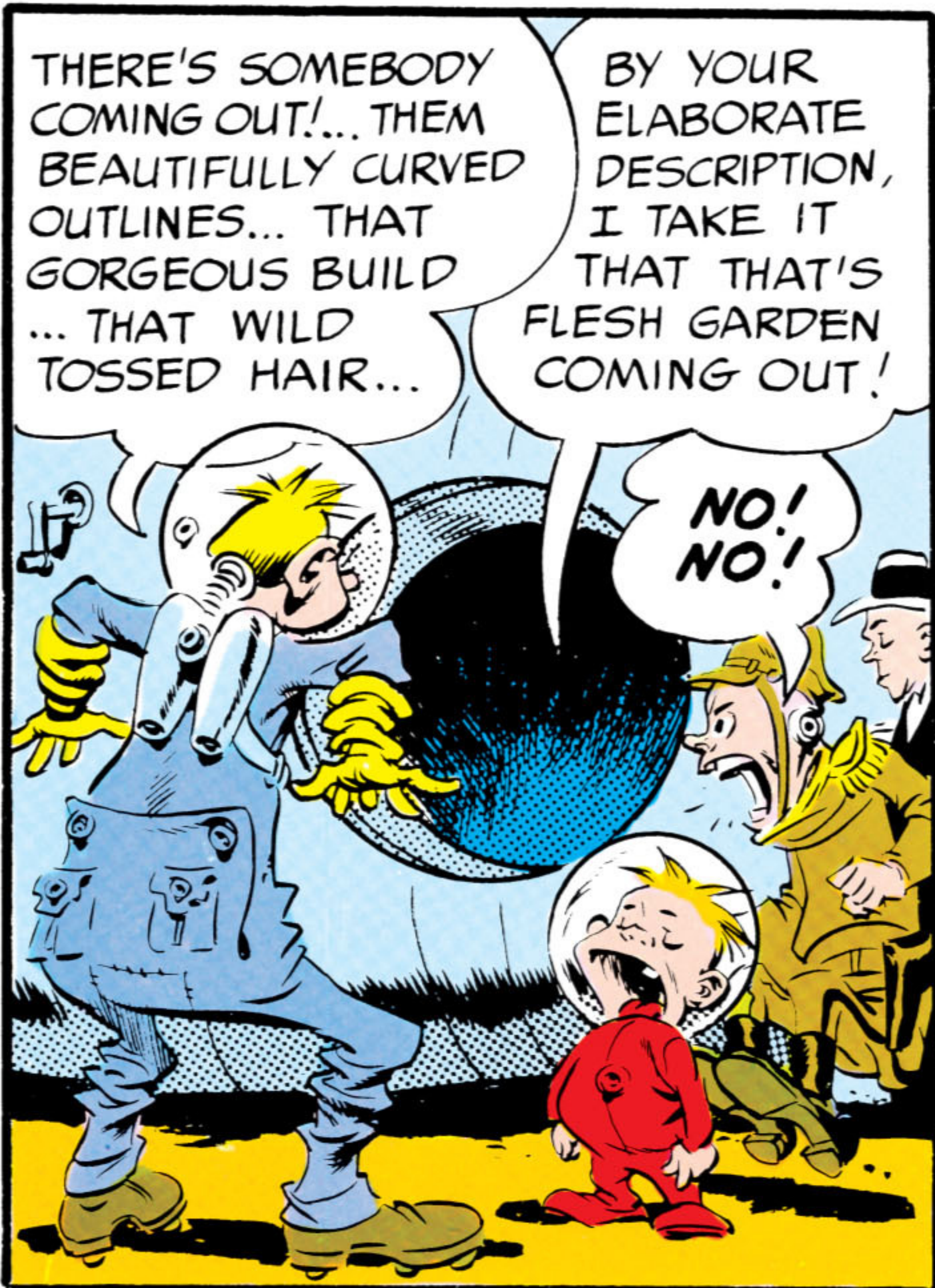
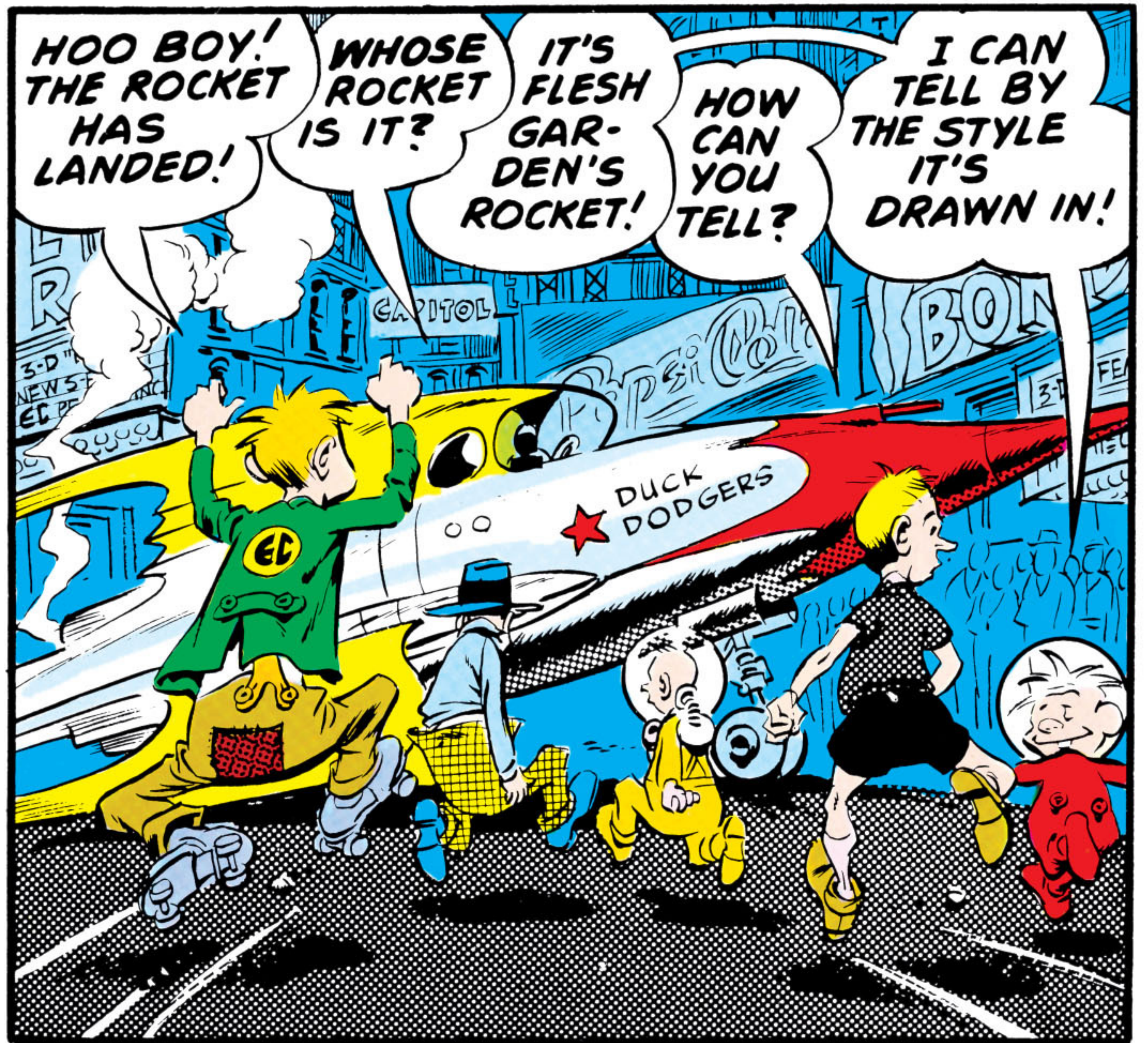
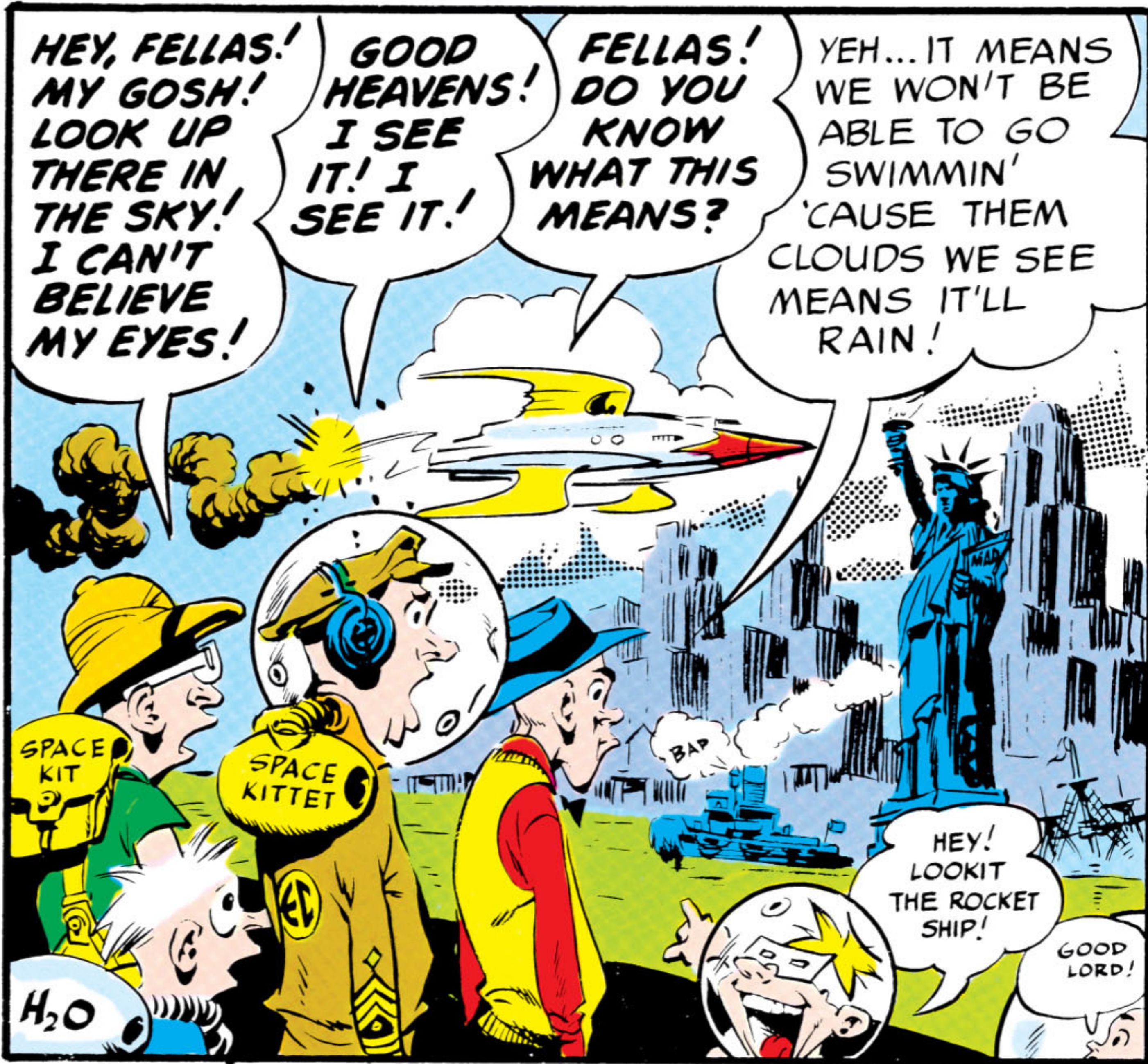










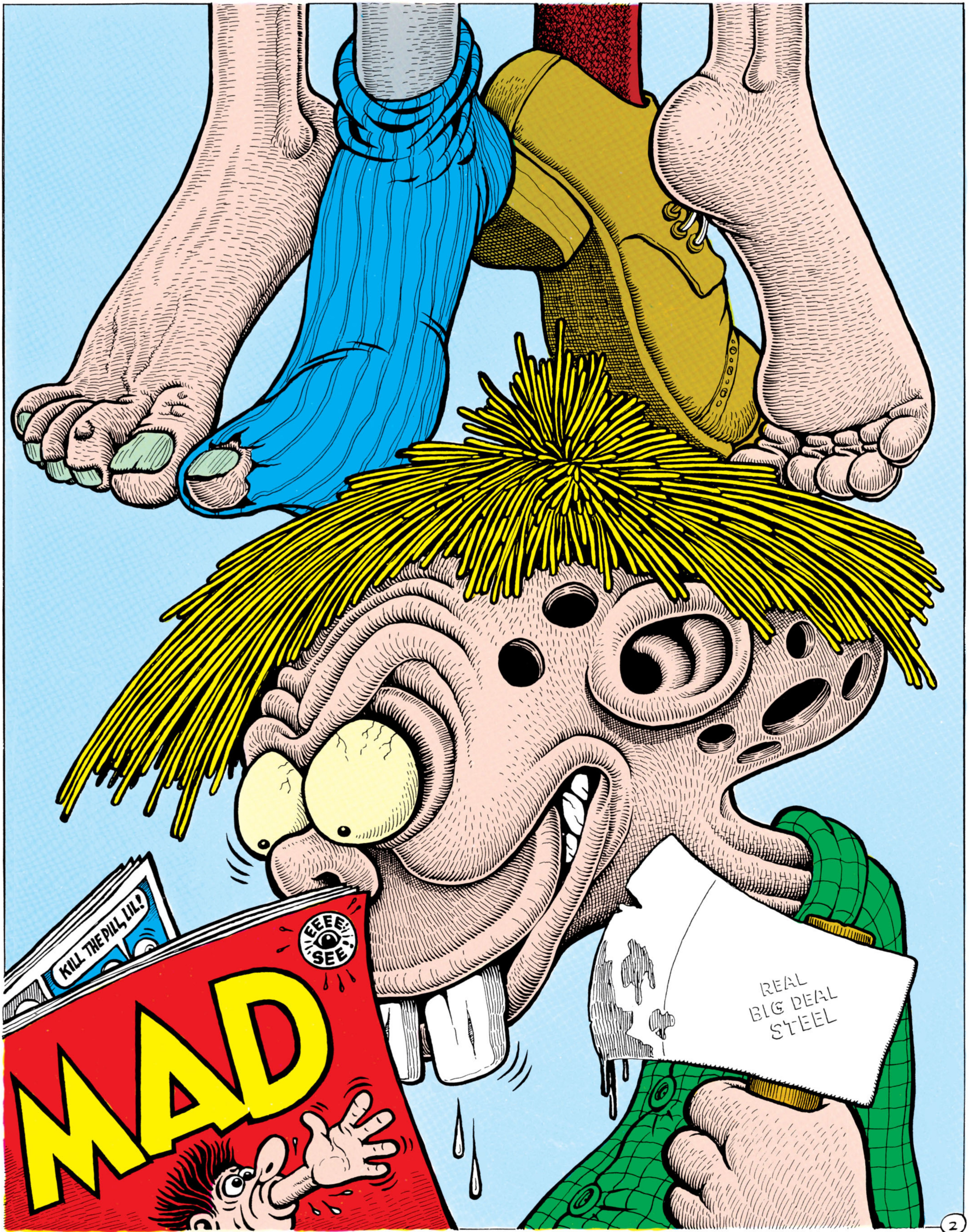


SPECIAL FEATURE DEPT. : DEAR READERS!... THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES ARE SO DISGUSTING... SO NAUSEATING, THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK FOR DAYS TO COME!NOW THAT WE'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST... HERE'S A FEATURE ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW VERY WELL!... **VERY VERY** WELL! HERE IS A FEATURE ABOUT **YOU**...OUR...

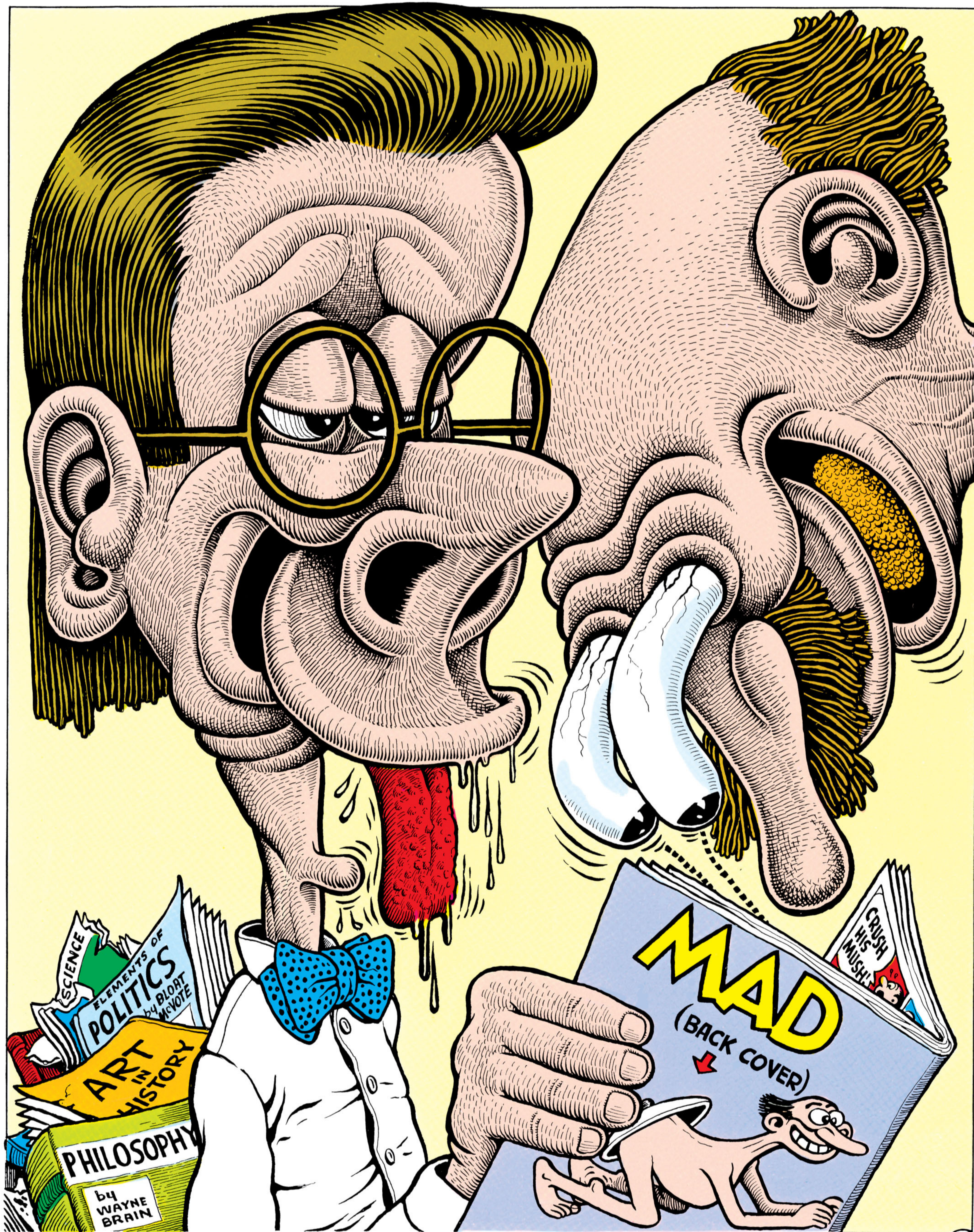
MAD READER!



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



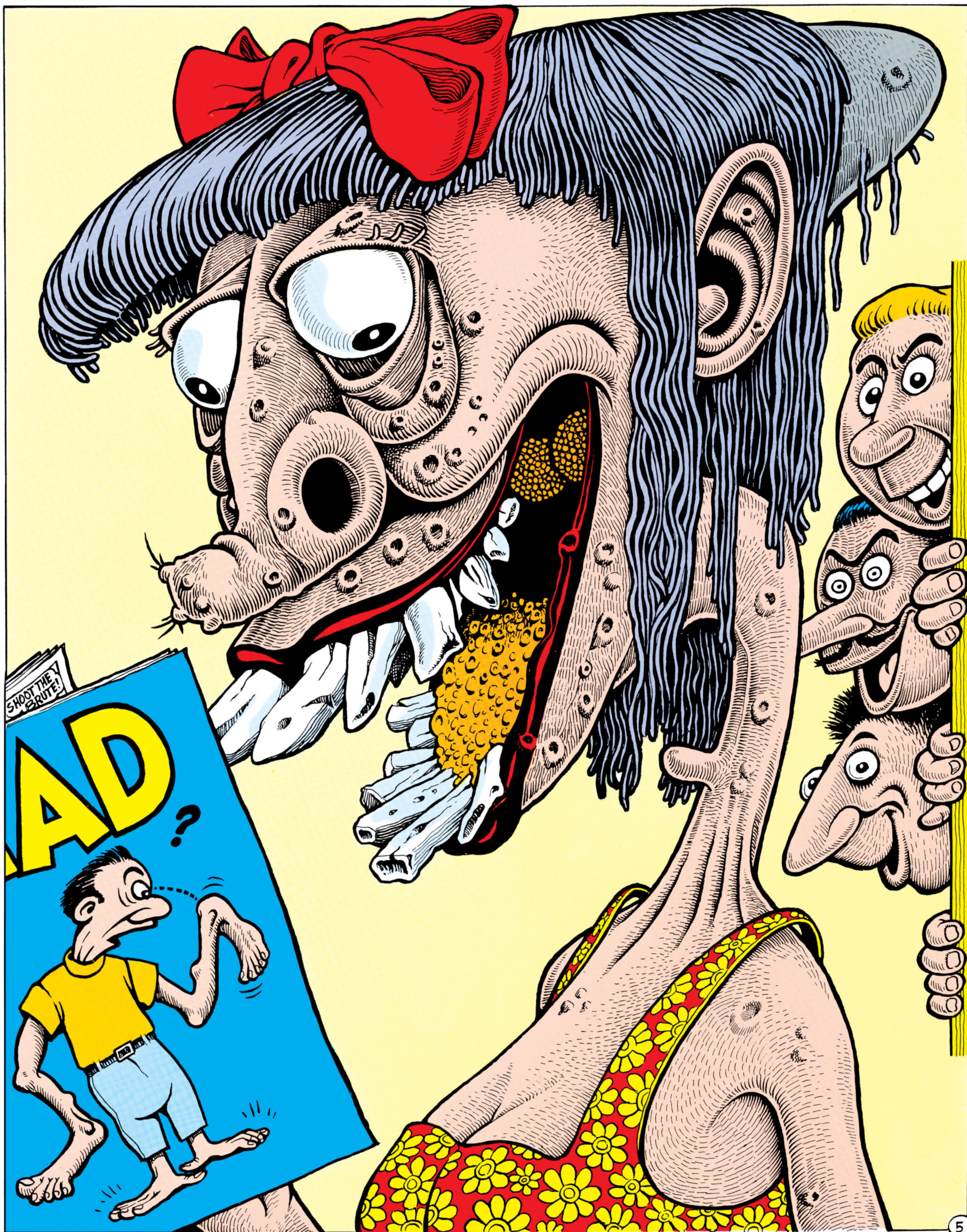
THE YOUNG MAD READER (WITH MOTHER AND FATHER): HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE CLEAN WHOLESOME AFFECT **MAD** HAS ON OUR YOUNG READERS! FOR INSTANCE, BEFORE READING **MAD**, THIS YOUNG MAN VERY OFTEN USED AN AXE ON HIS PLAYMATES! WHEN HE READ **MAD**, HE REALIZED HOW UGLY AND SORDID AXING HIS PLAYMATES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



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



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



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



6

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

[illegible]

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS

CITY

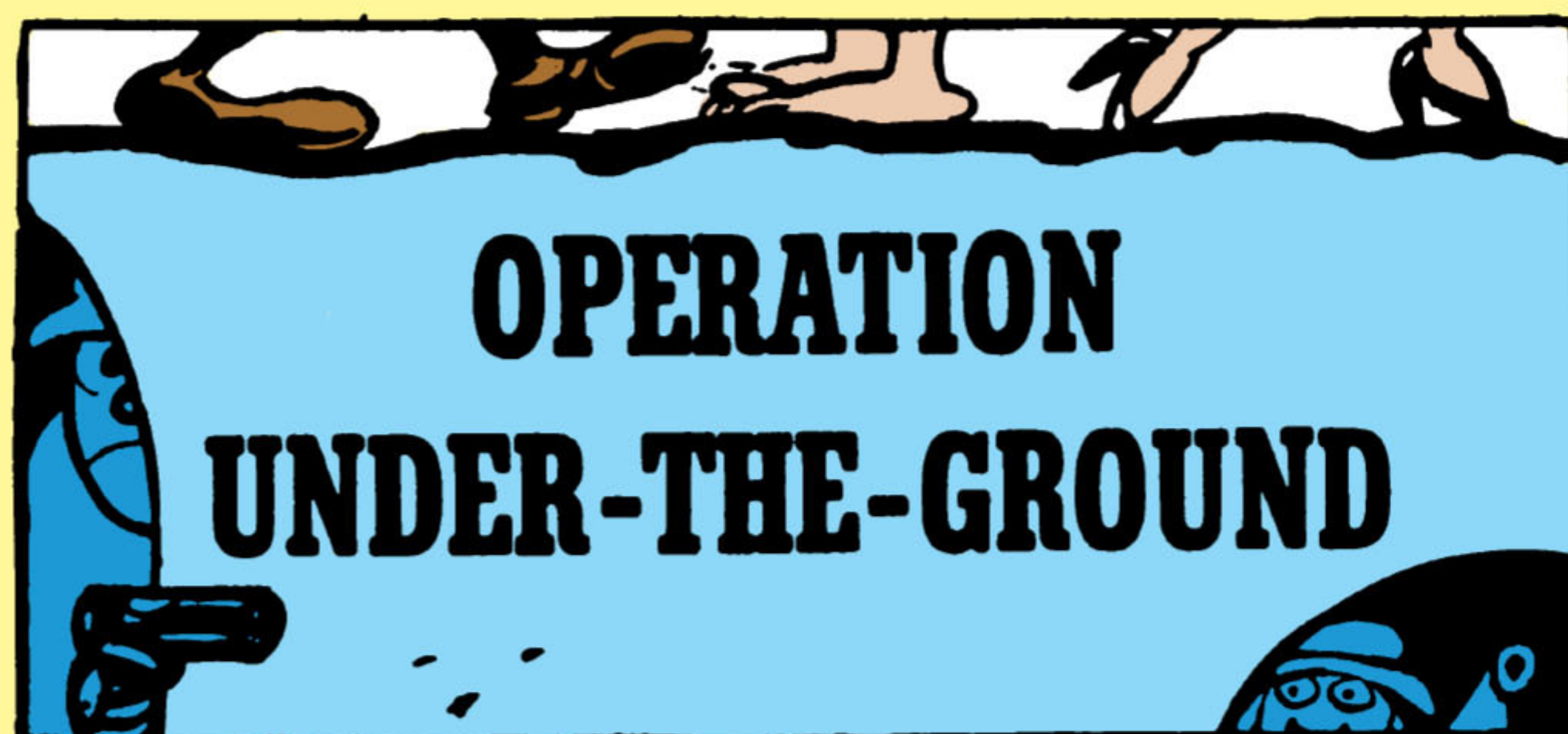
ZONE

STATE

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

.

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

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

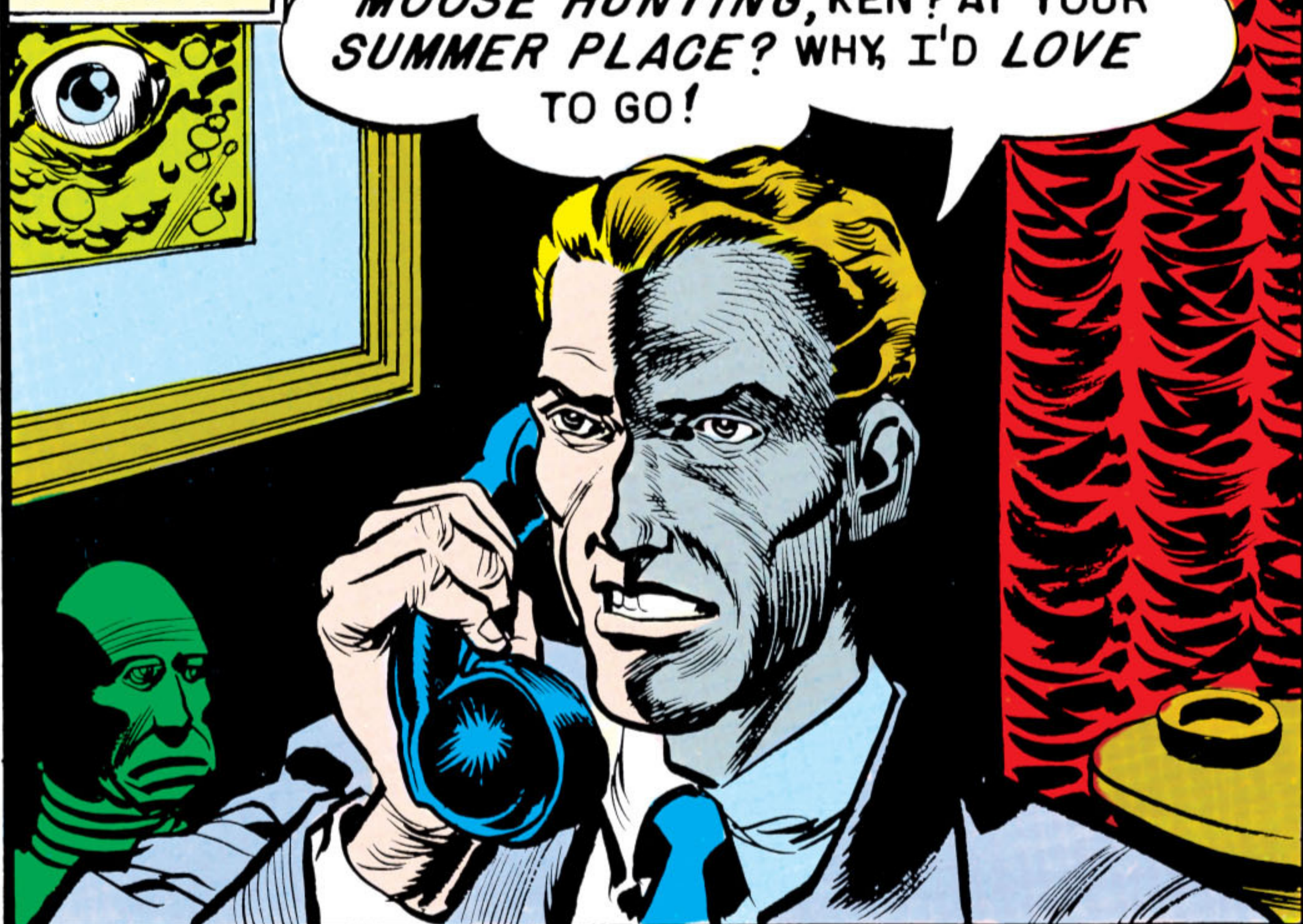
QUICKIE COMIC DEPT.: NOW, WE PRESENT A NEW FEATURE... A STORY PRESENTED IN TWO VERSIONS... THE FIRST VERSION BEING A TYPICAL COMIC-BOOK STORY THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE READ BEFORE!... THE SECOND VERSION BEING A TYPICAL 'MAD' INTERPRETATION OF THE FIRST VERSION! AND SO WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST VERSION...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

MURDER THE HUSBAND!



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

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



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

HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT, KEN?

ONLY A FEW MORE MILES, WALT!



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

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

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



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

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

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



WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

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



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

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

IT'S *PERFECT*, KEN!



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

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



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

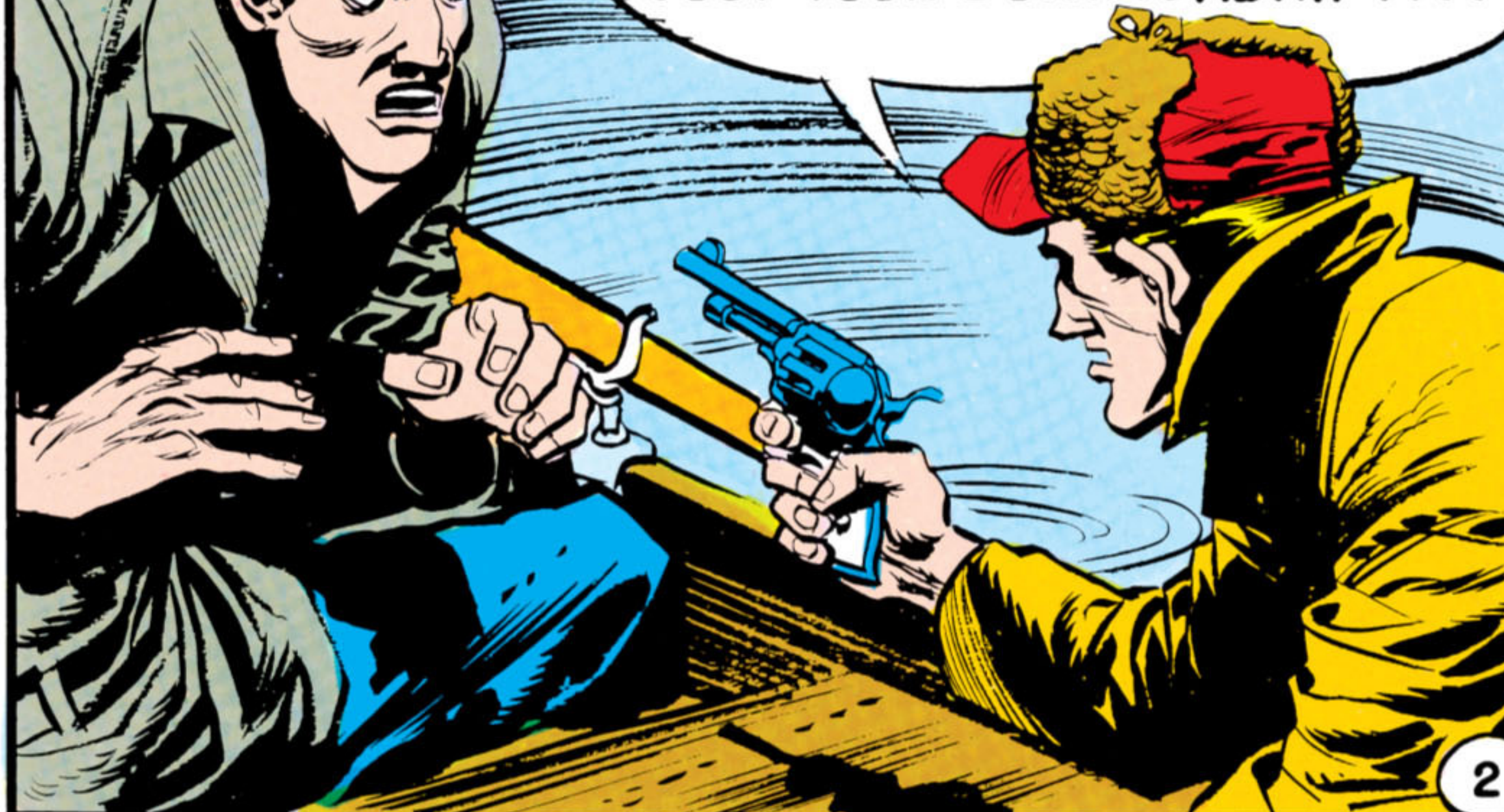
WALT! I... I DON'T GET IT! WHY THE *GUN*?

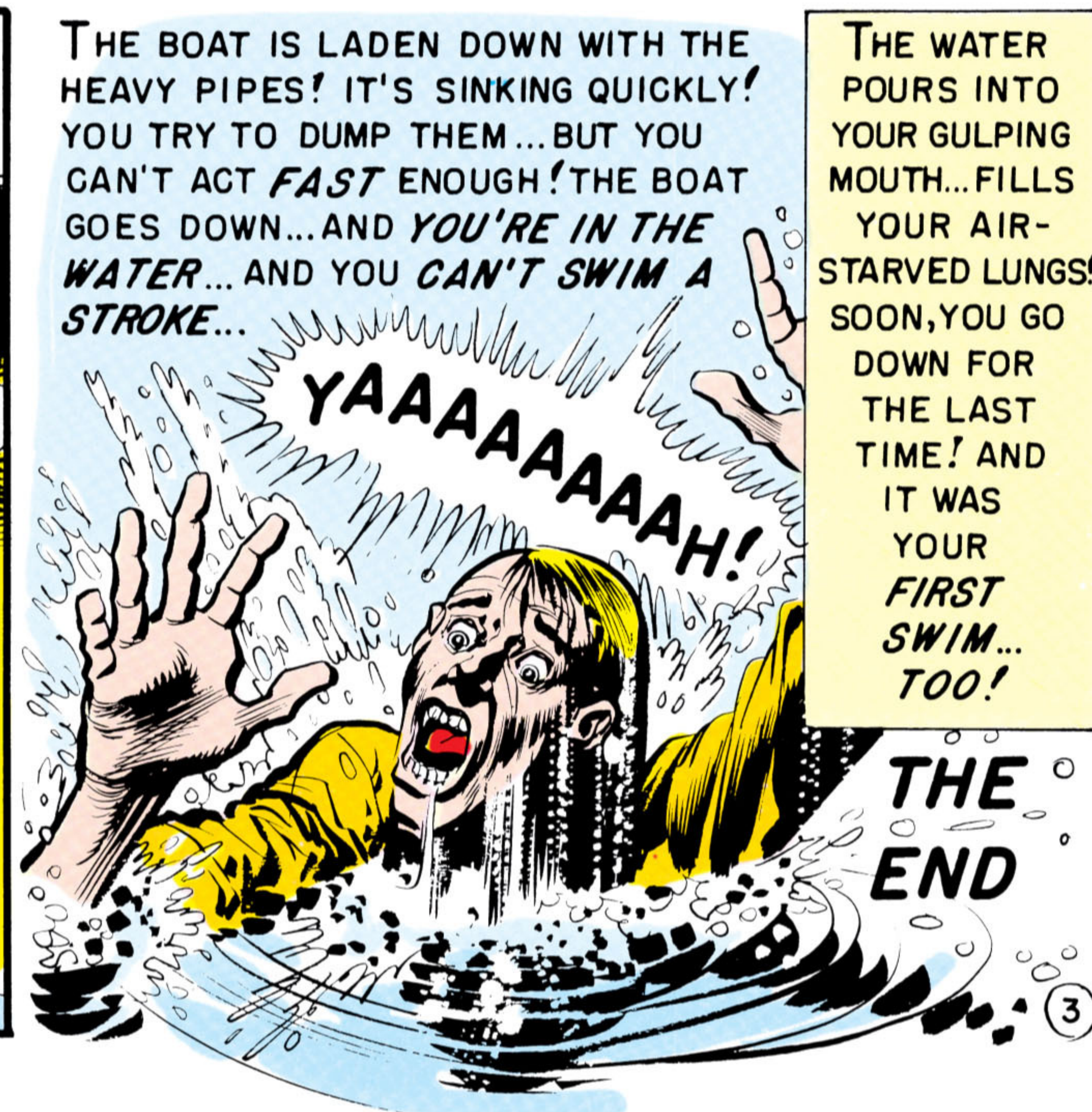
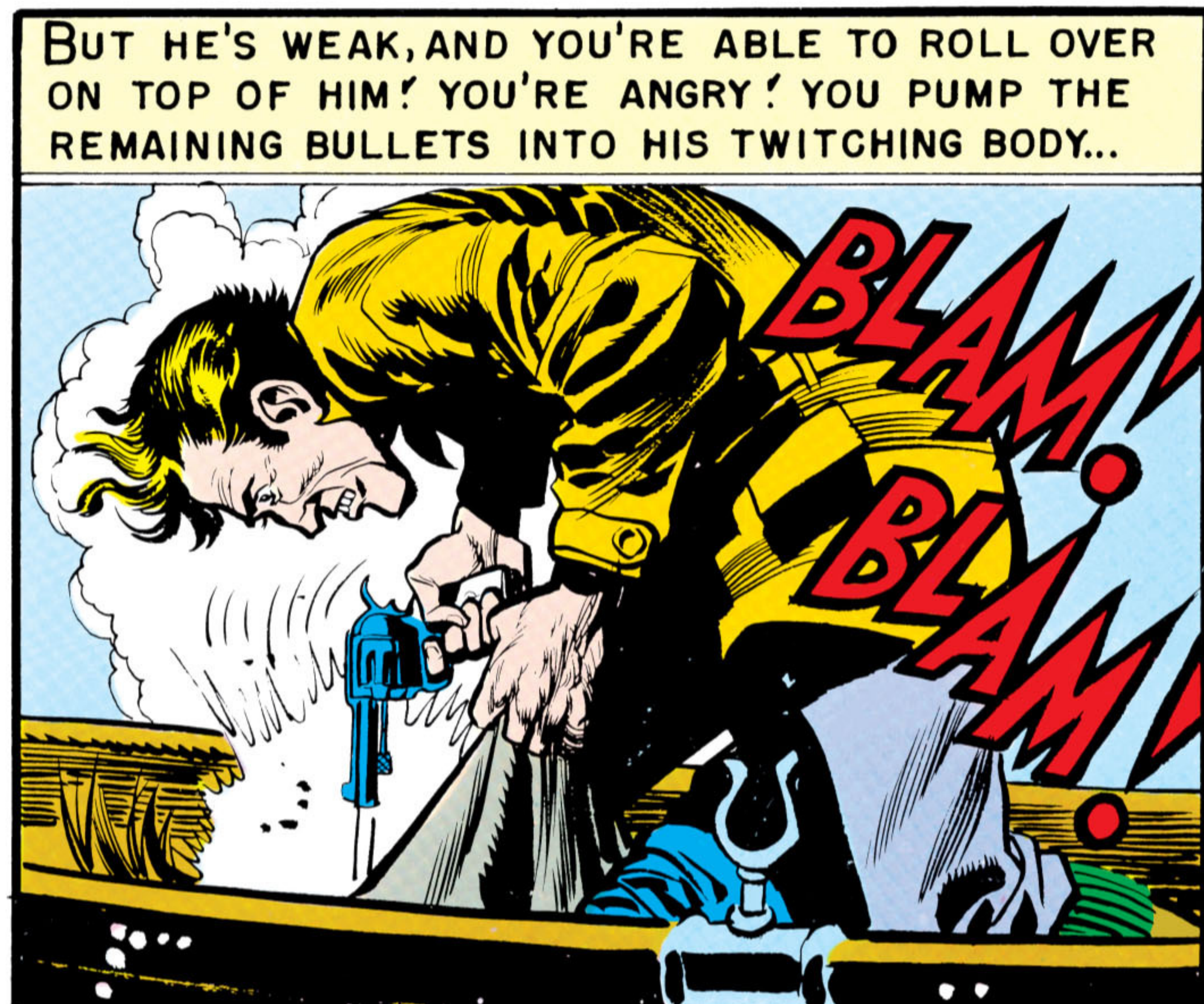
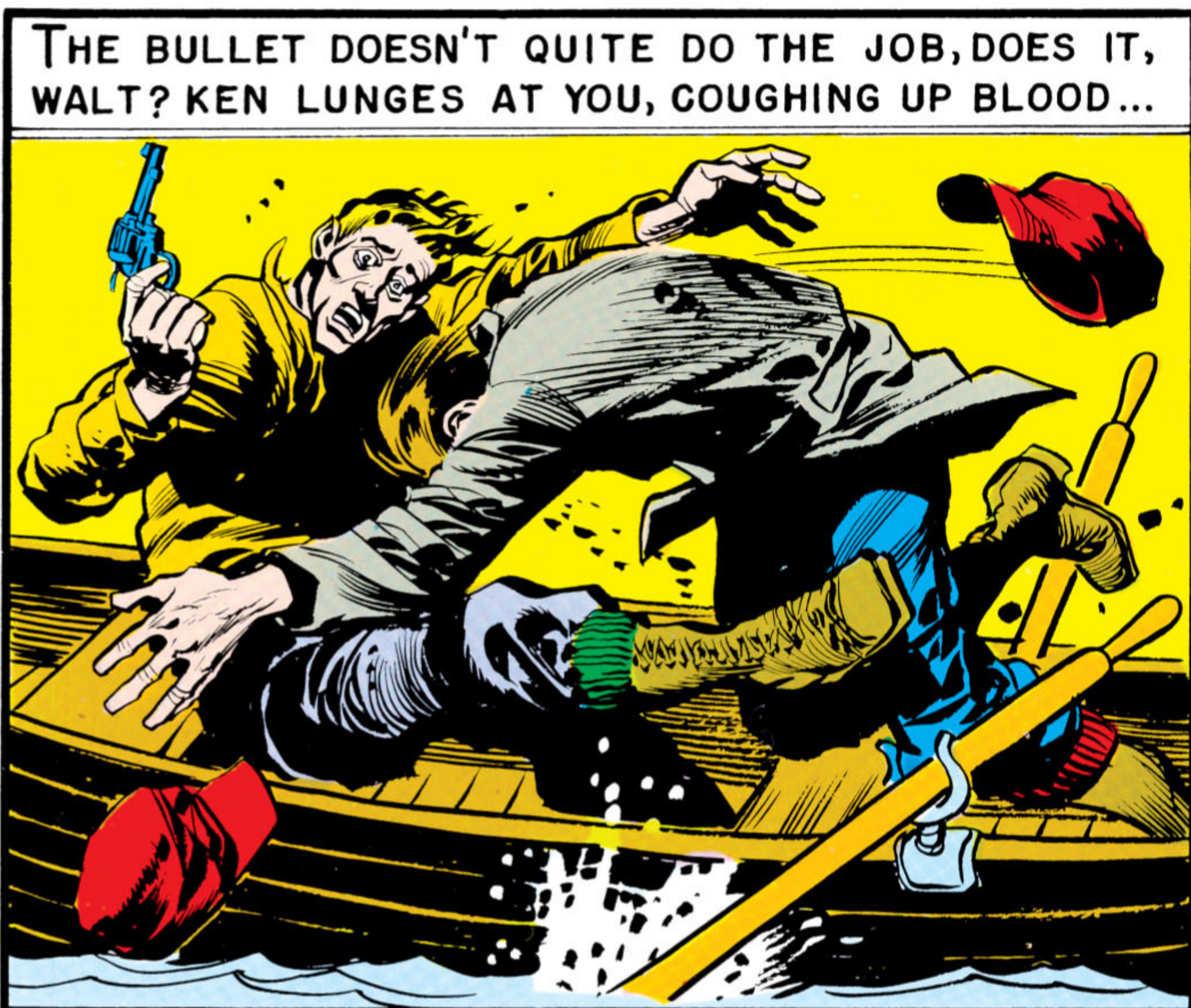
I'M GOING TO *KILL* YOU, KEN! IT'S THE *ONLY WAY*! *JEANNE* AND I ARE *IN LOVE*!



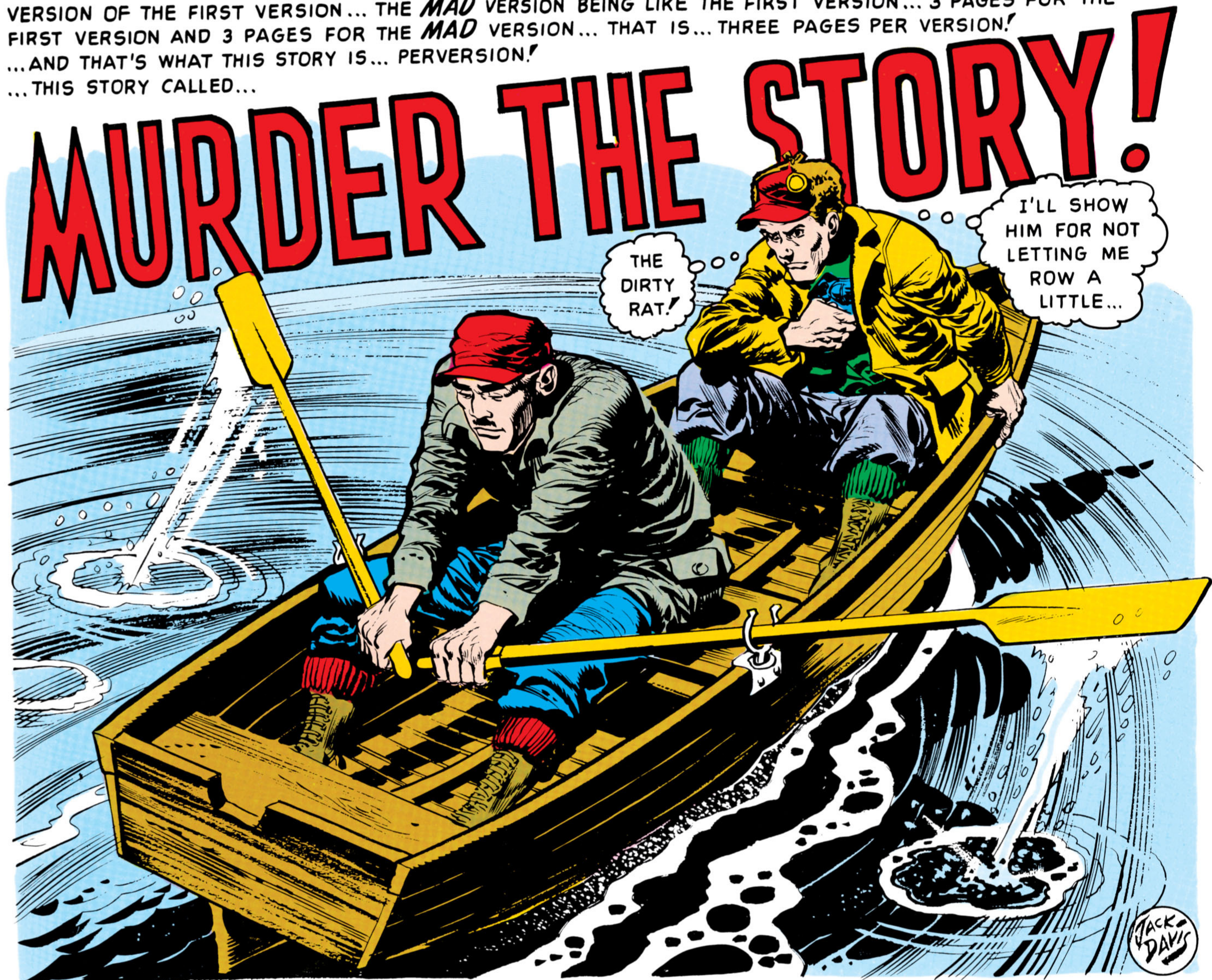
YOU... AND *JEANNE*!

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





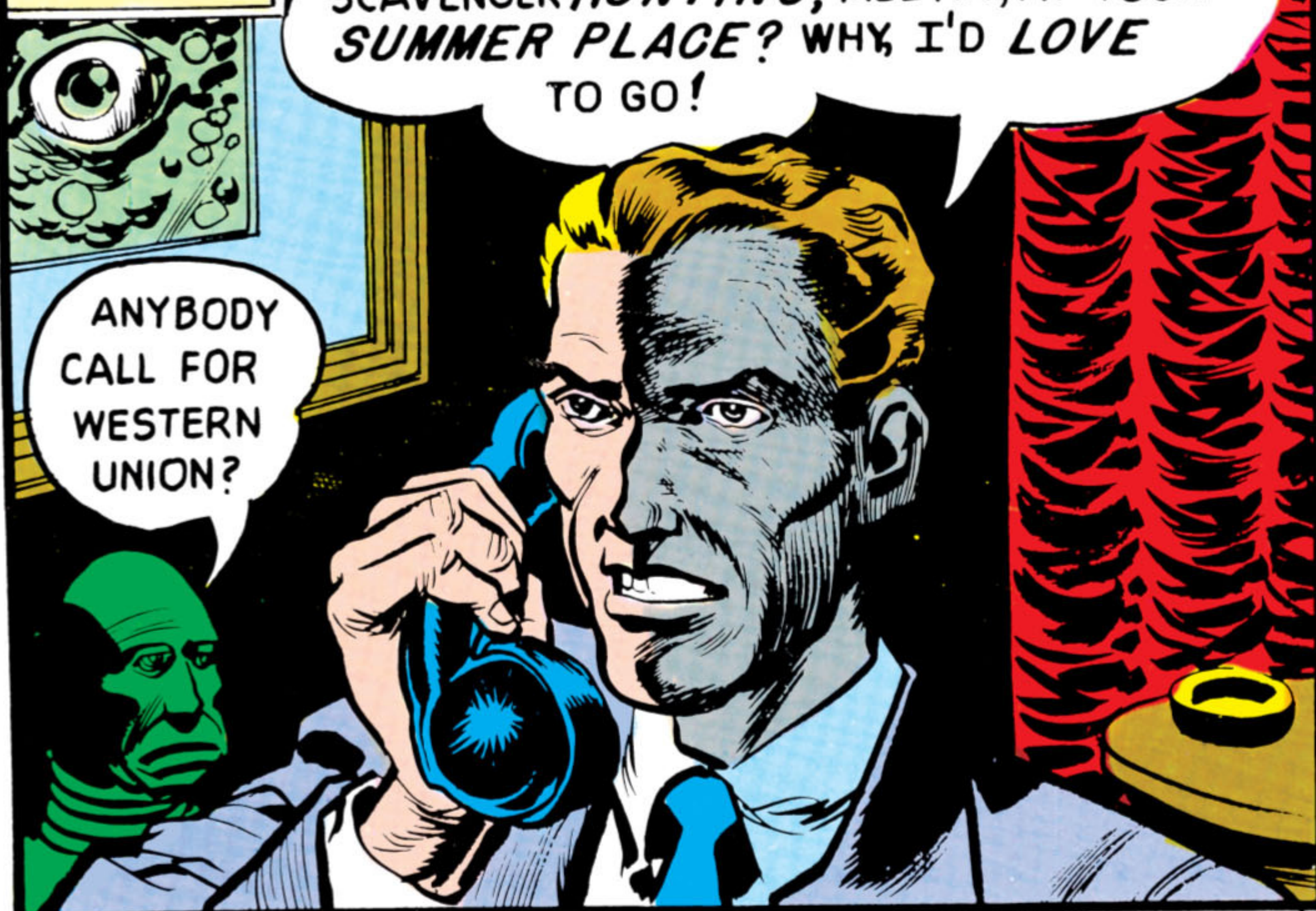
WE TRUST YOU ENJOYED THE FIRST VERSION AND NOW FOR THE SECOND VERSION WHICH IS *MAD'S* VERSION OF THE FIRST VERSION... THE *MAD* VERSION BEING LIKE THE FIRST VERSION... 3 PAGES FOR THE FIRST VERSION AND 3 PAGES FOR THE *MAD* VERSION... THAT IS... THREE PAGES PER VERSION!
 ...AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY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



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

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

ANYBODY CALL FOR WESTERN UNION?



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

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

商大接美如
務氣術寫小
快喝字中圖
捷順等西案



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

竹湯昌洗靚舞大
笋飽記淨大貨財
綠油墨牛生海冬
豆飽飽翅翅味蔬



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

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

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

ΤΗΣ ΤΕΛΕΛΗΣ
ΠΡΟΕΞΗΡΧΕΝ
Ο ΣΕΒ.
ΑΡΧΙΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟ
ΜΕΓΑΛΟΠΡΕΠΕΙΣ
ΑΙΘΟΥΣΑΙ ΔΙΔΑ
ΣΥΓΚΕΝΤΡΩ
ΣΕΩΝ. - ΤΟ
ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΟΝ



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



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

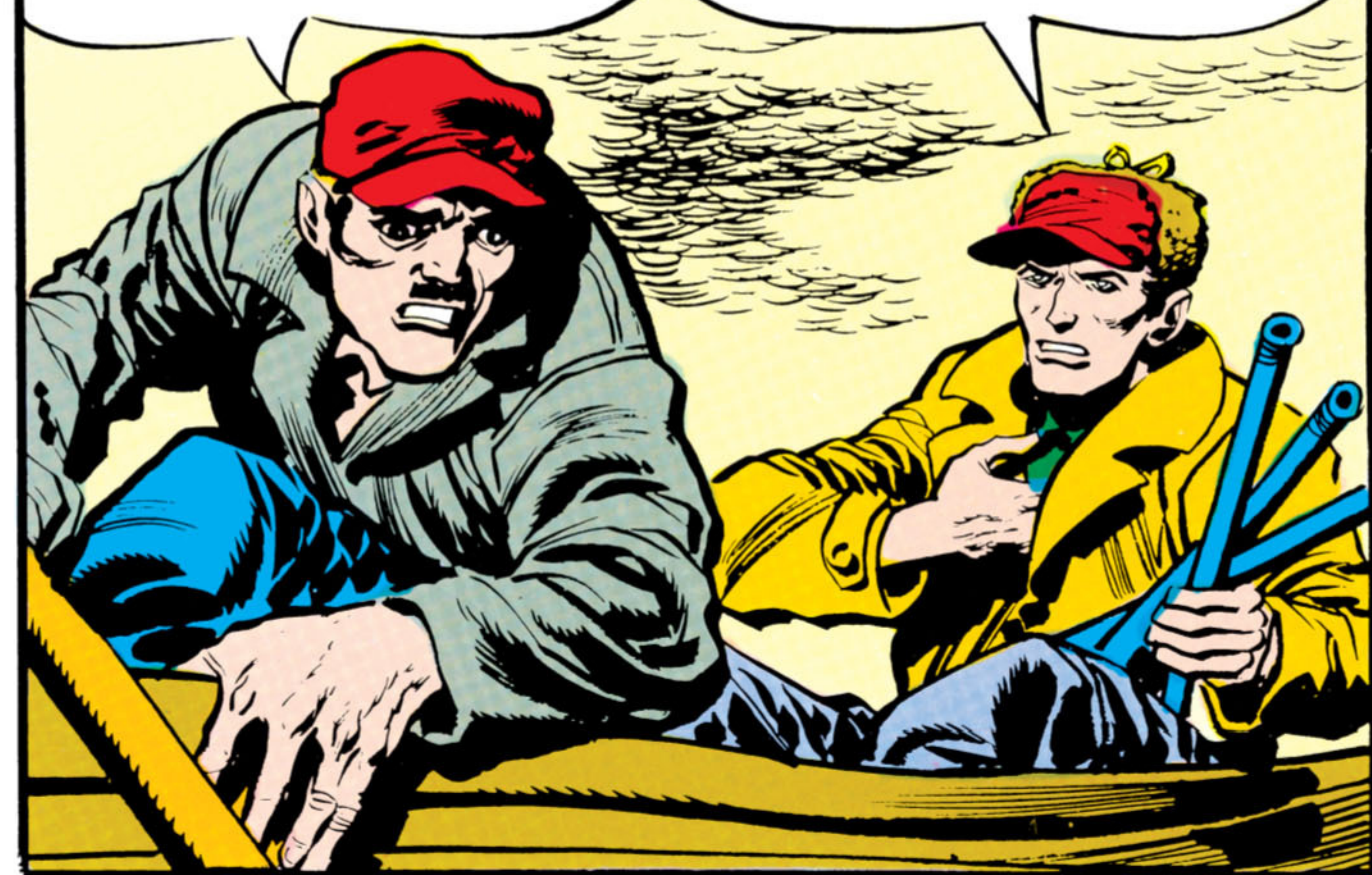
Unterstützung... zusammen mit der aller guten Amerikaner unserer Stadt, für die kommende WON'T IT?

IT'S **PERFECT**, KEN!



КИТАЯ В СОСТАВ ПРОТИВ ДОПУЩЕНИЯ INDIAN GUM TICKETS?

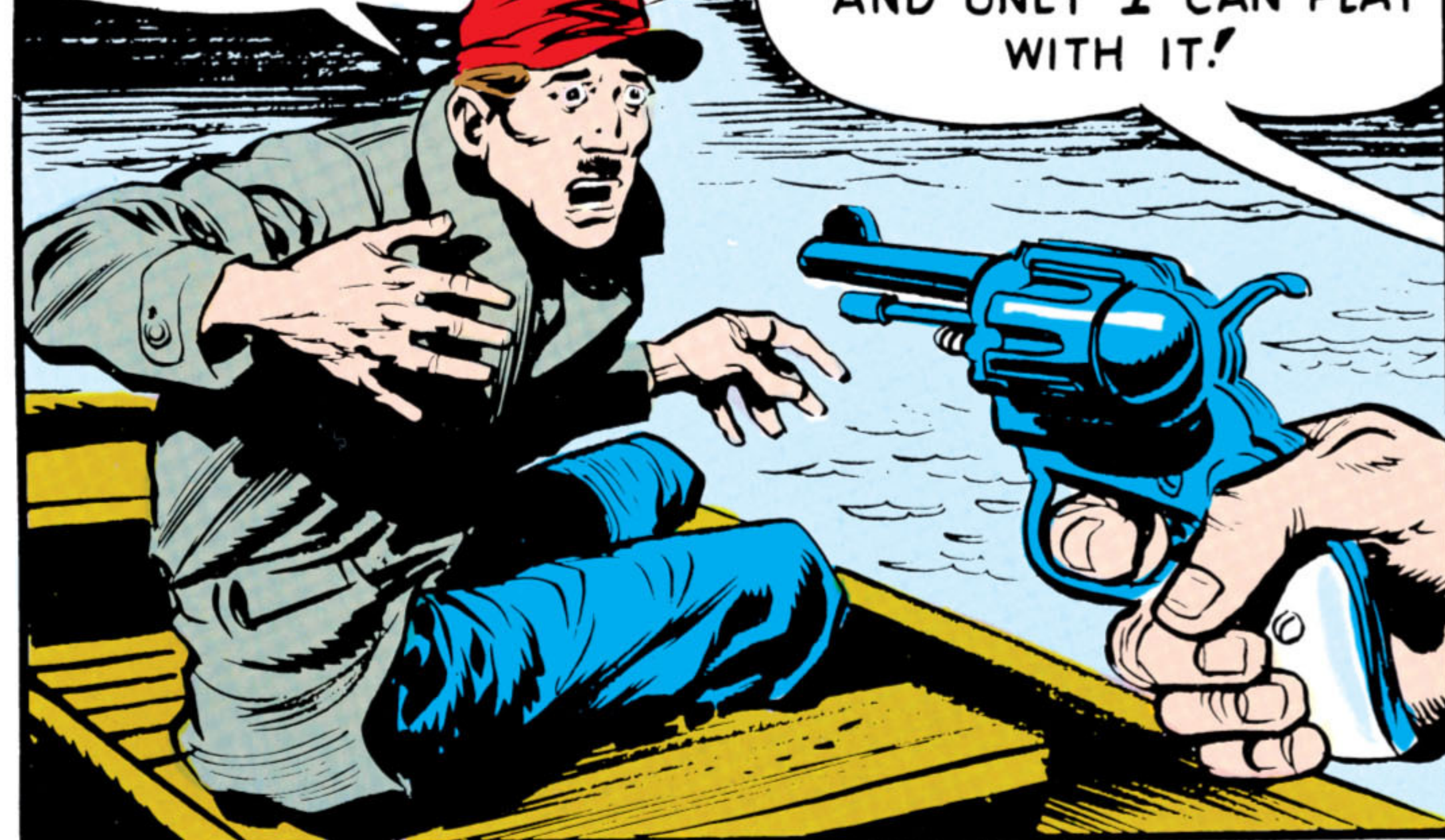
...NO SIR!... WE SPLIT THOSE TICKETS FIFTY-FIFTY EVEN THOUGH THIS *IS* YOUR SUMMER PLACE!



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

דענישער קעניג
דומען צו דורכר אין דעפערטאנען
HOPALONG CASSIDY?

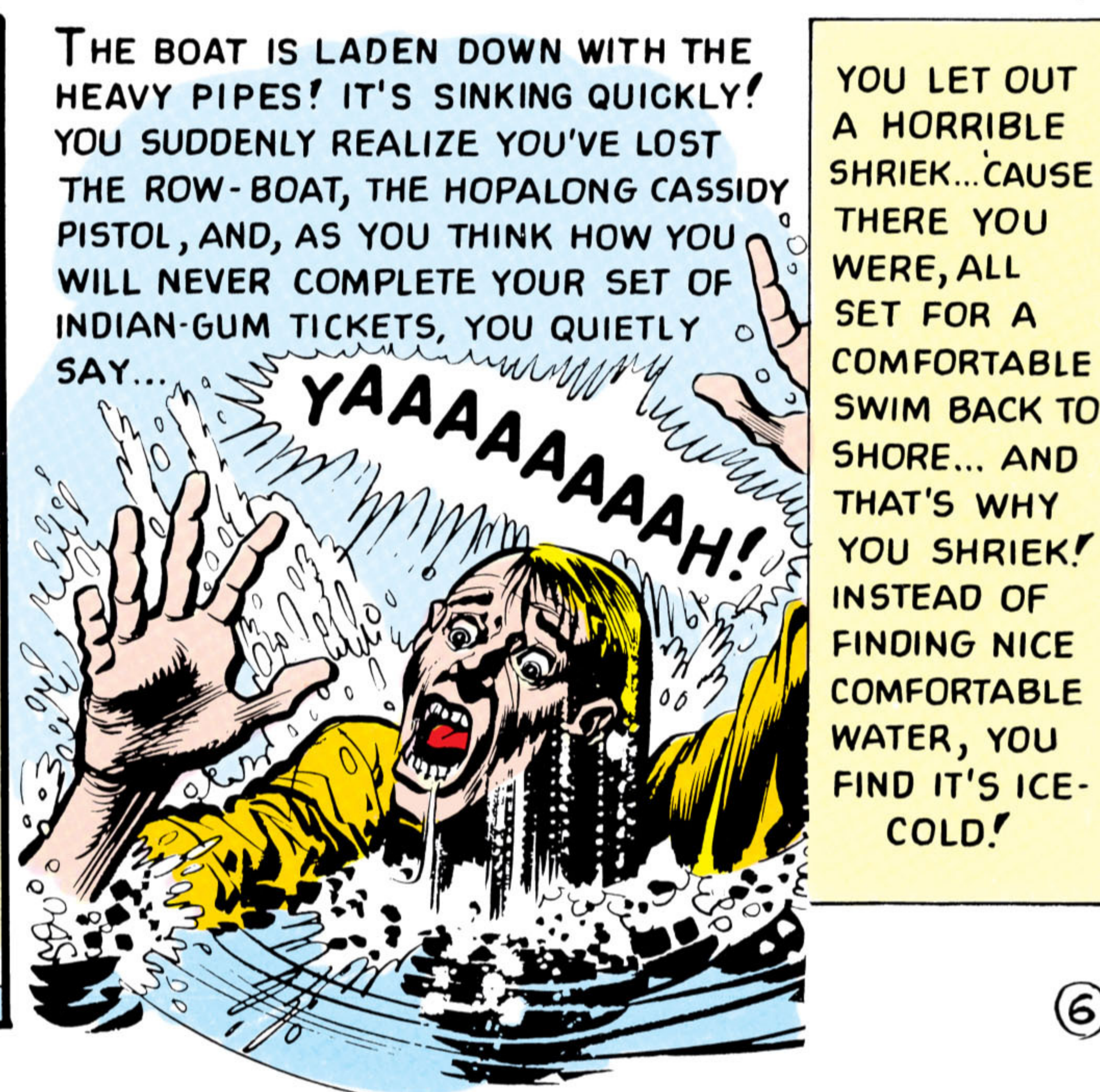
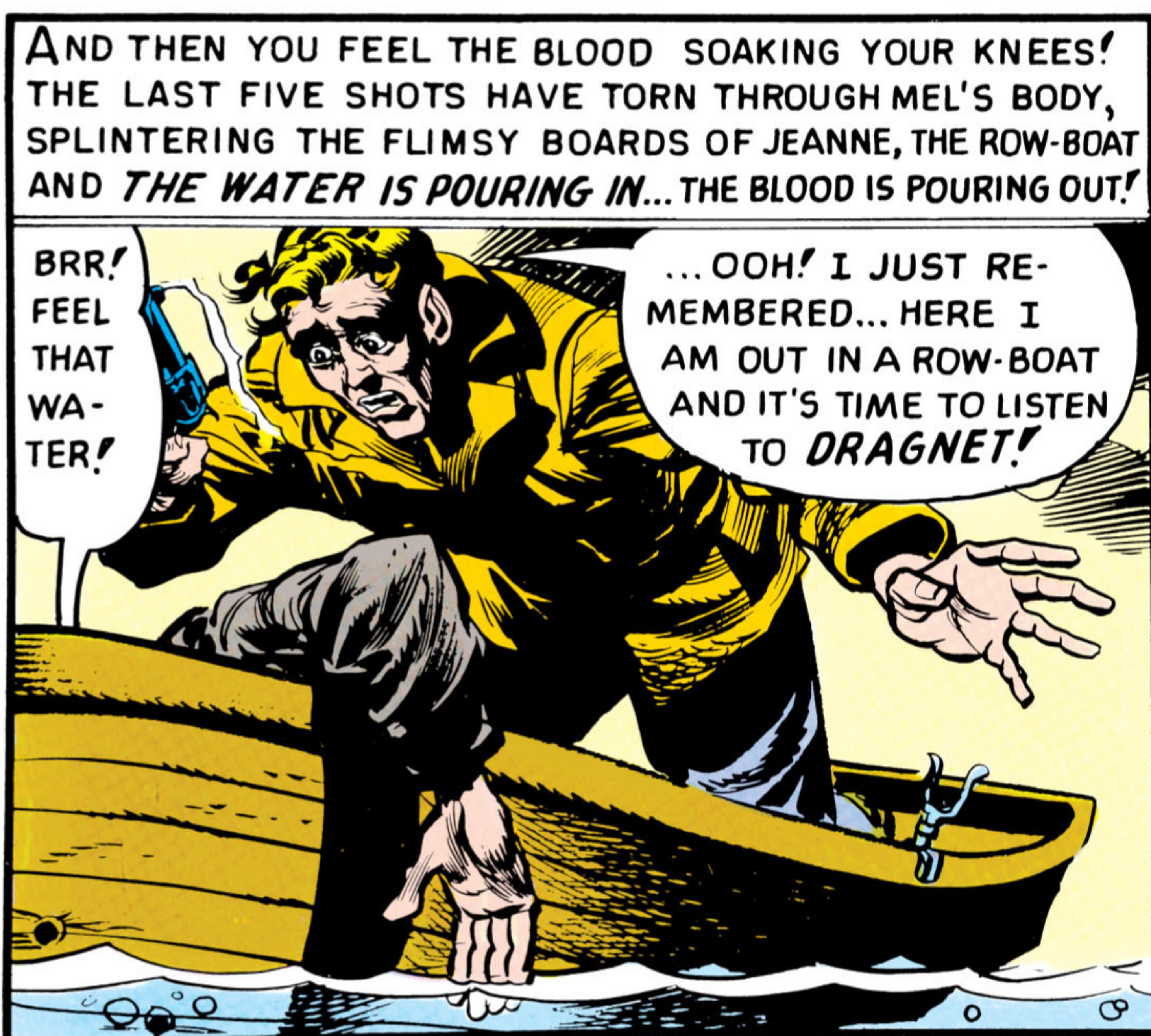
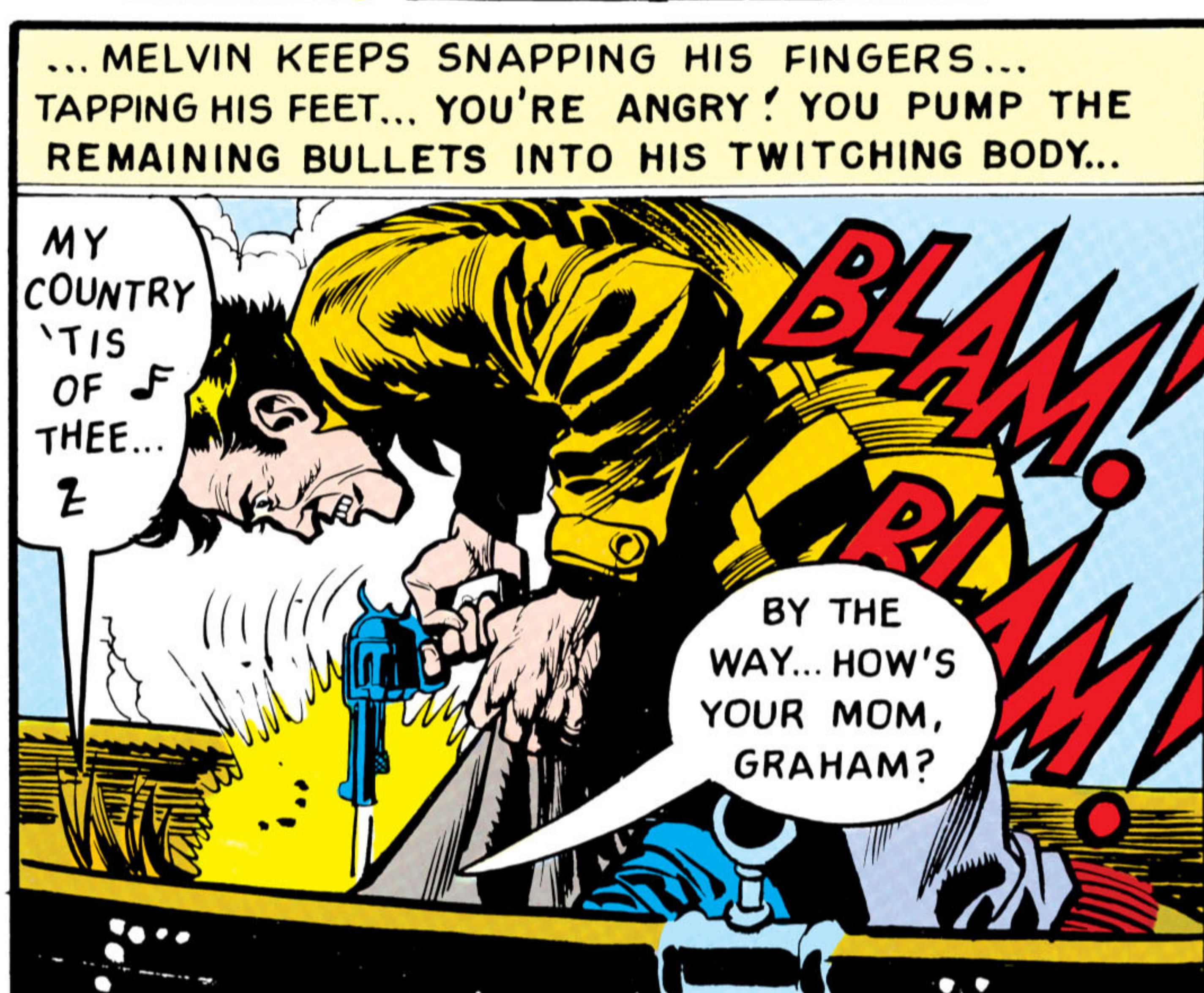
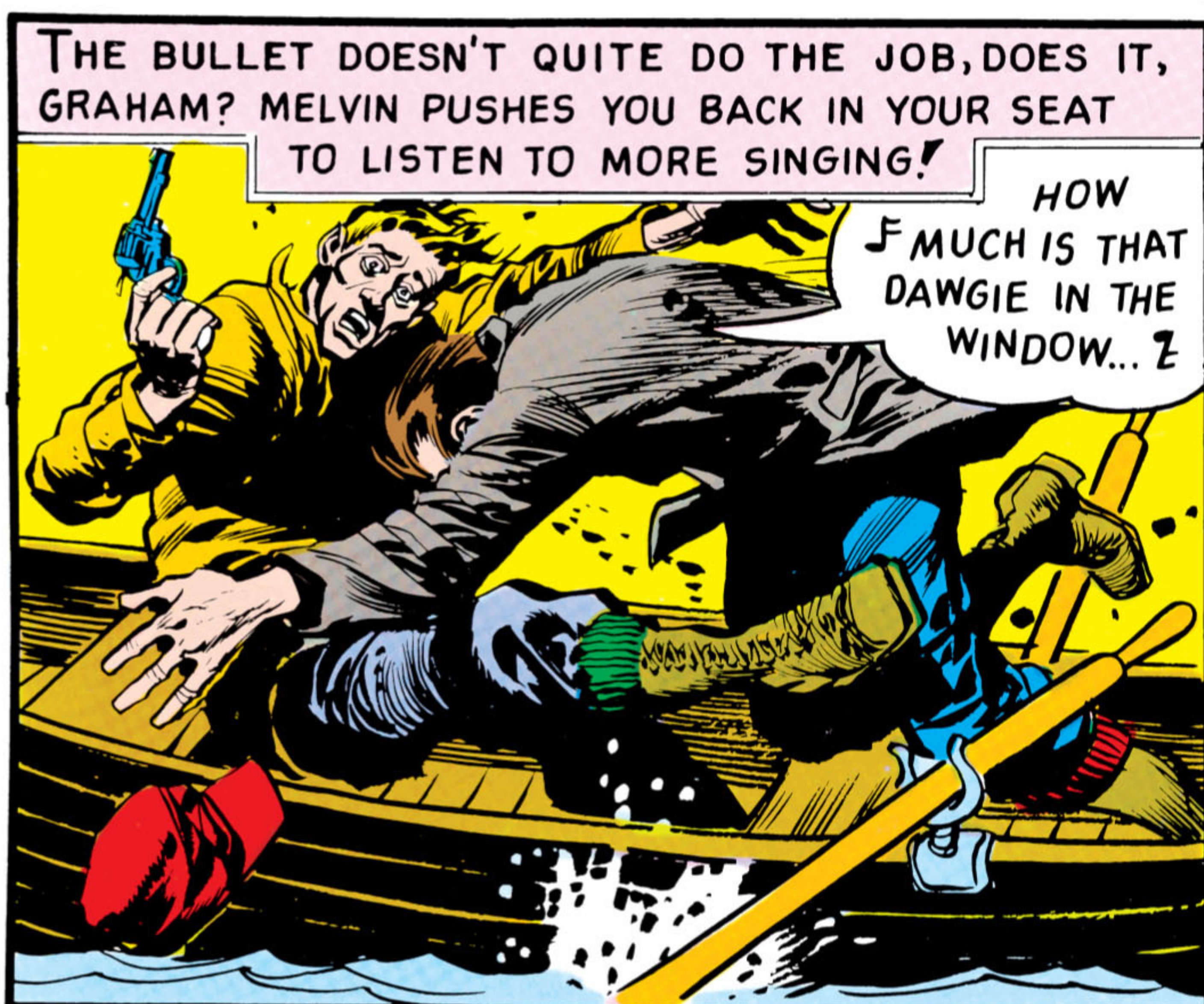
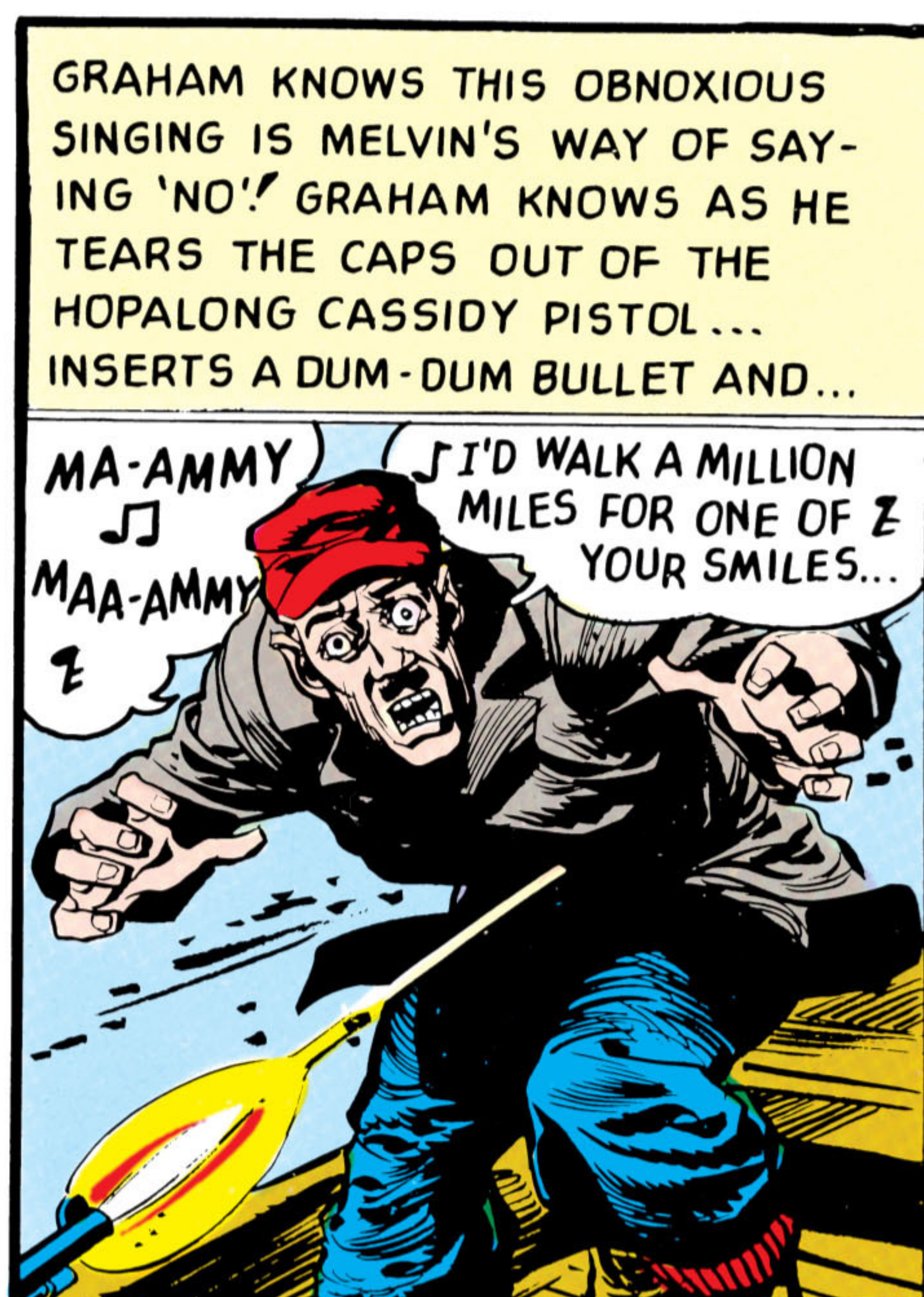
...YES... A HOPALONG CASSIDY CAP-PISTOL... AND ONLY *I* CAN PLAY WITH IT!



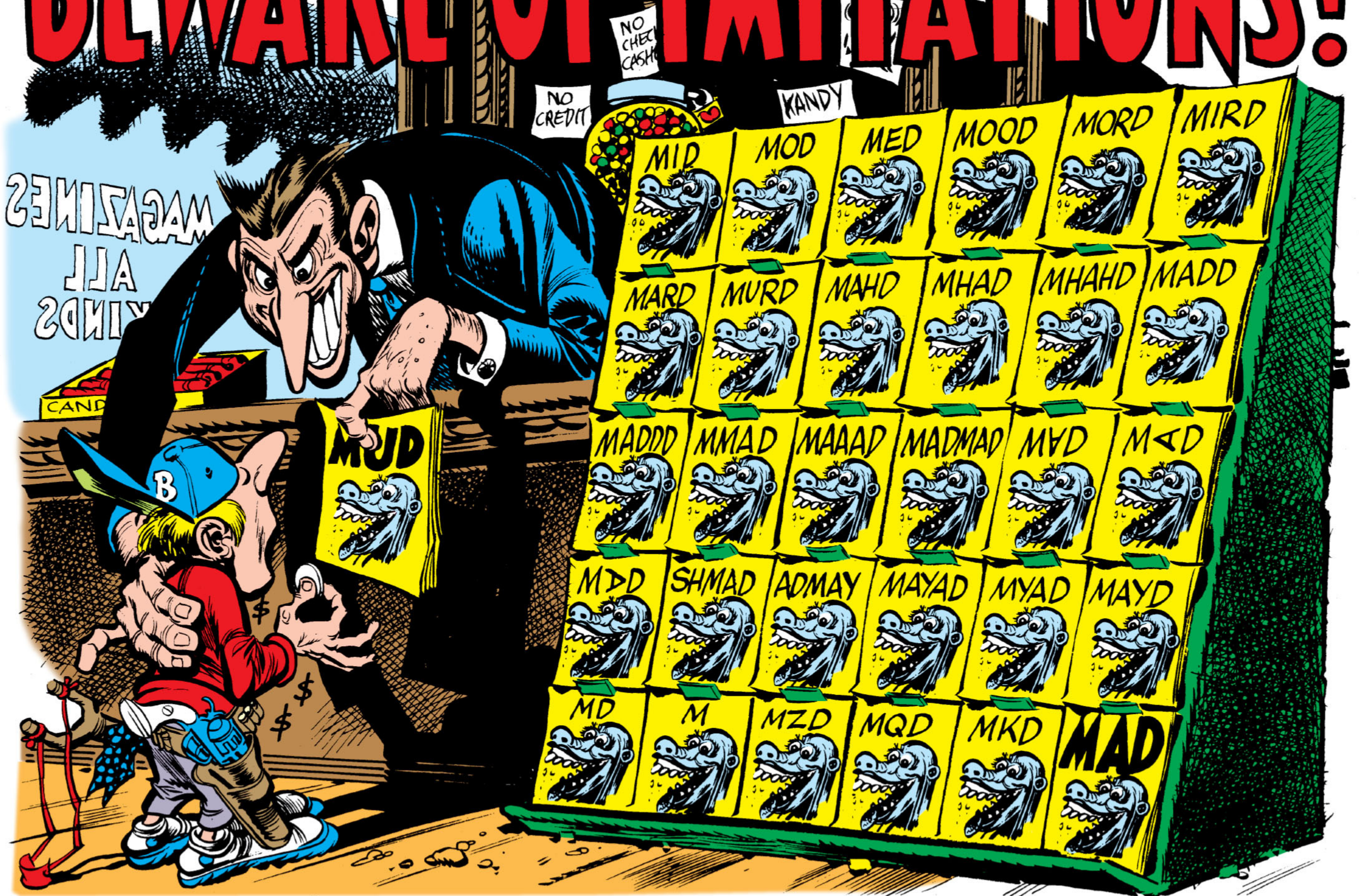
Potrzenie

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



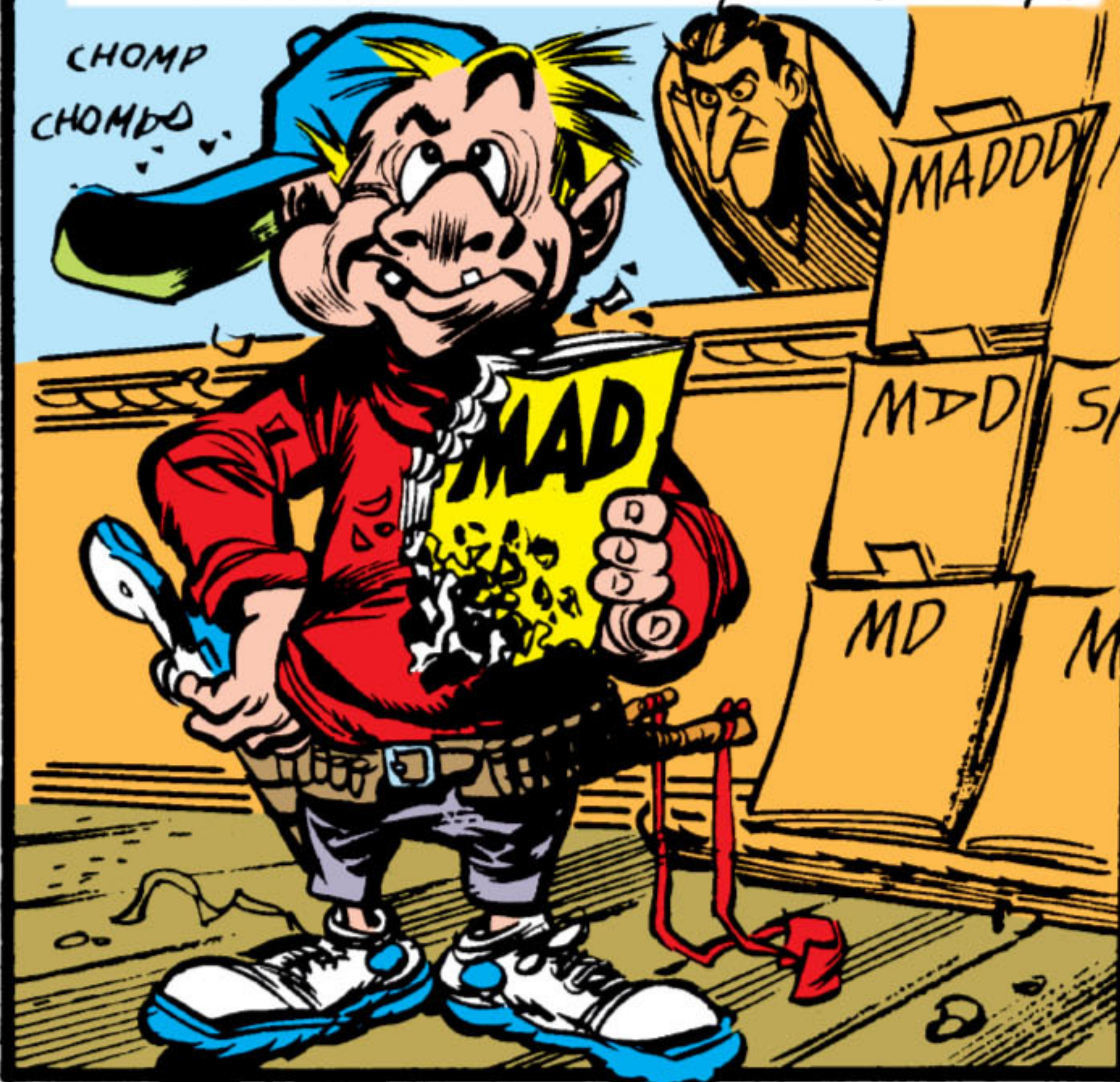


BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

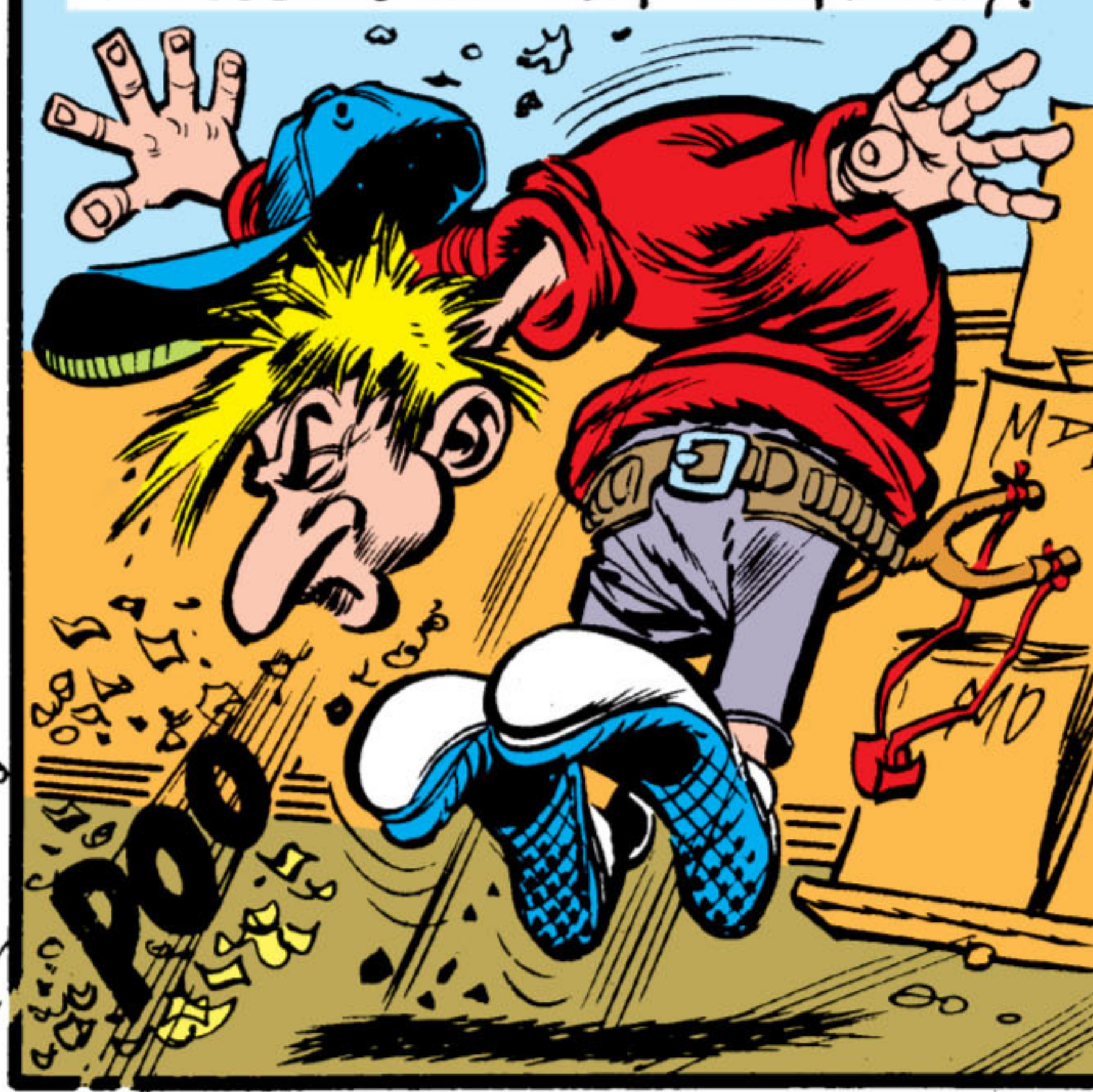


BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... THERE ARE MANY IMITATORS OF **MAD** WHO WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THEIR PRODUCT IS SUPERIOR TO **MAD**!... HOWEVER, ONLY **MAD** USES YOUNG, TENDER PAGES THAT ARE SEASONED IN OUR WAREHOUSE!... DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TASTE-TEST!

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



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



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



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



MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

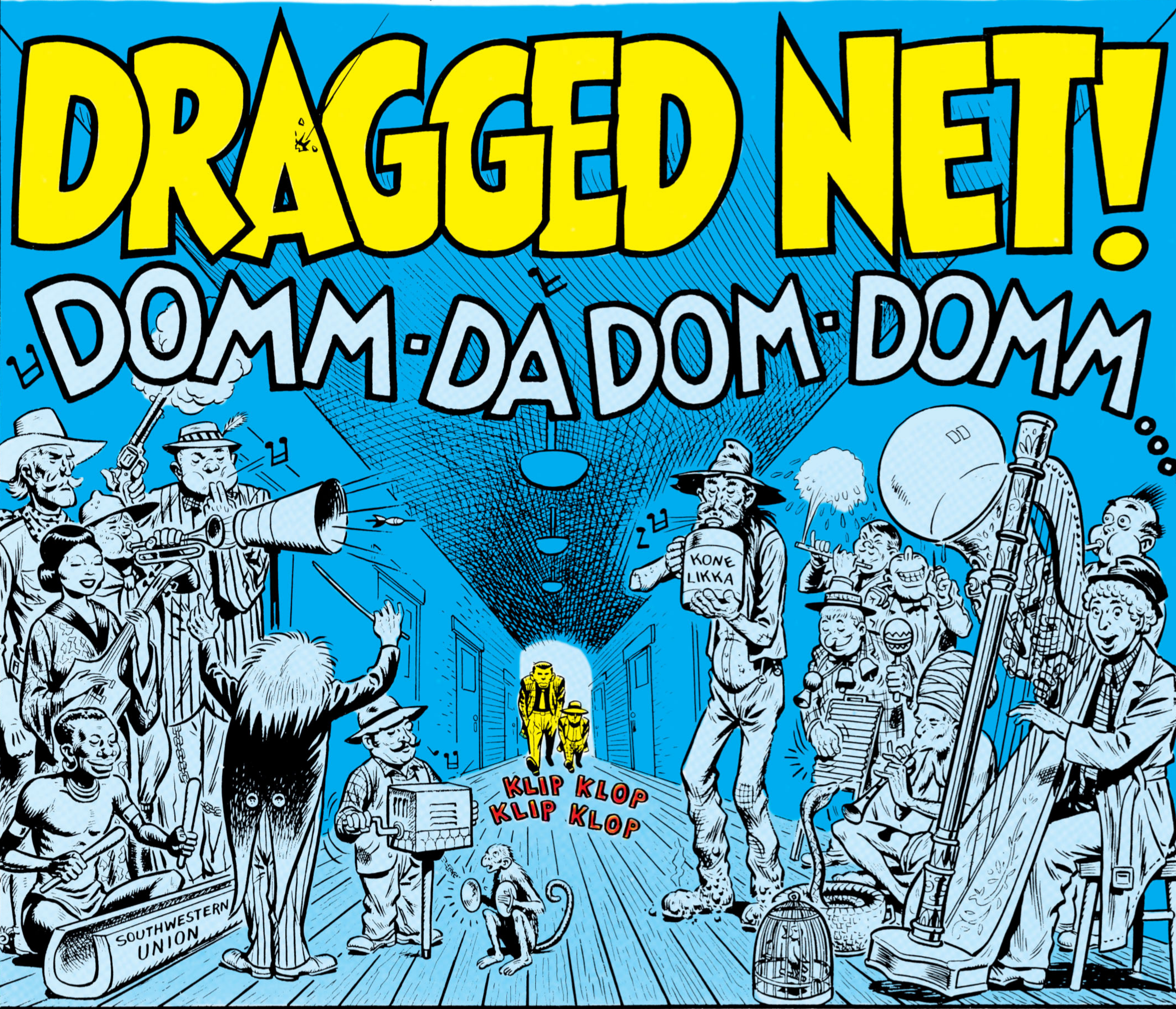
. . . I am fastenated at the wonders of your comic book. Frankly I never thought that modern humans were so skrewy. (I do not understand your stories verry well for I am a cave man.—Zogg

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

Subscriptions to MAD . . . one buck for eight issues! Address for money or just plain fan-mail:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 11
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

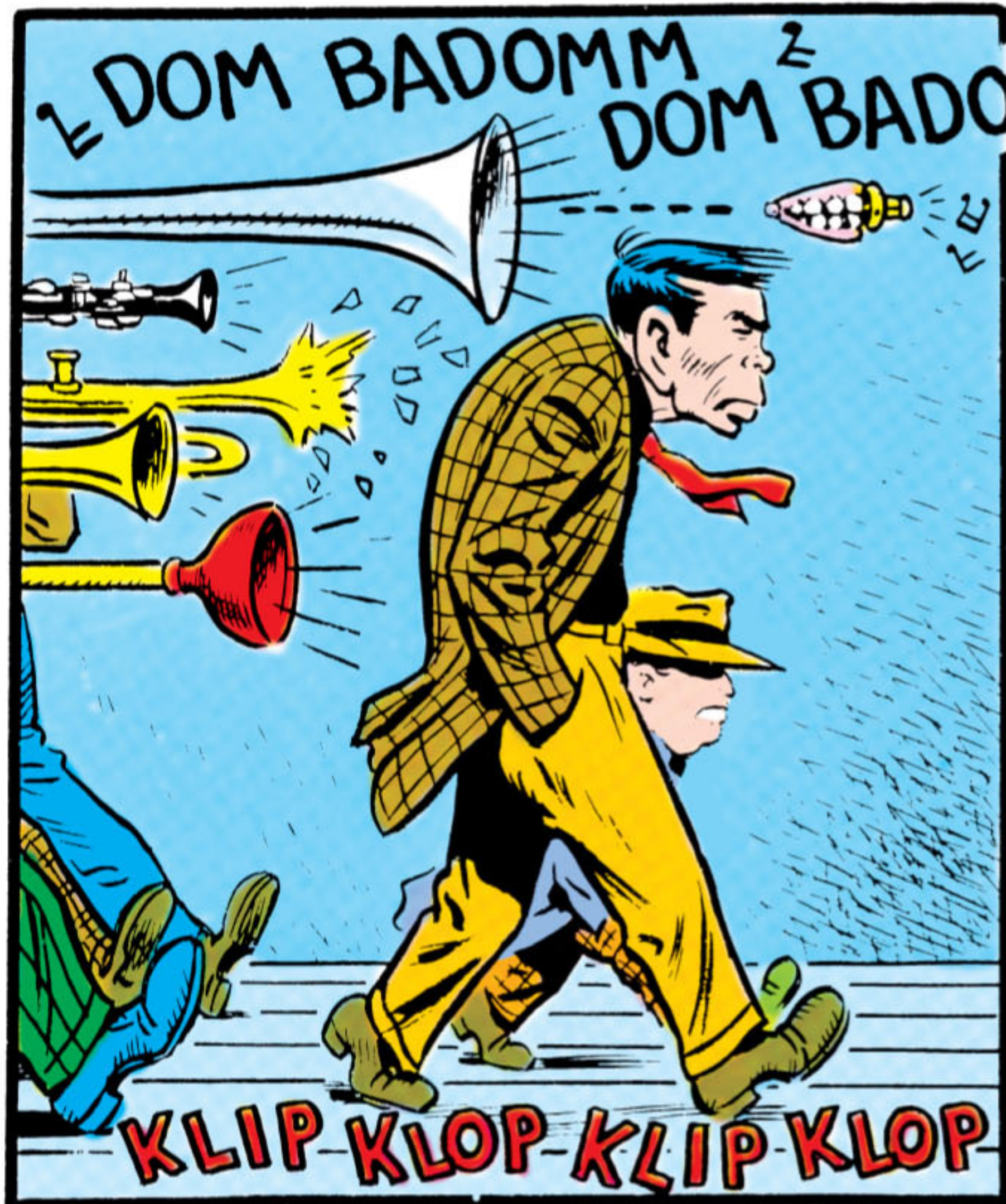
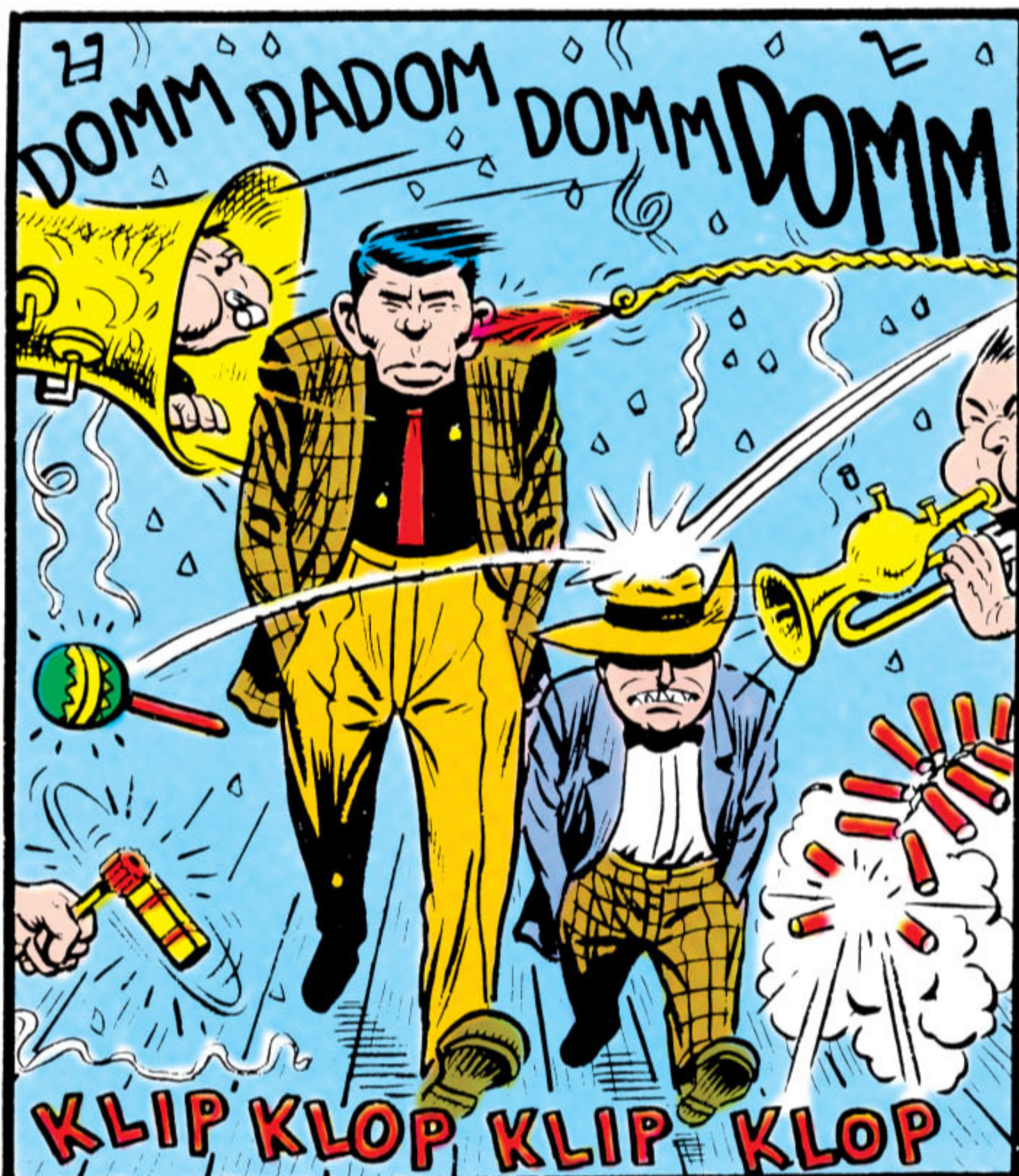
CRIME DEPT.: THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE!... ONLY THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THIS COMIC BOOK! AND NOW **MAD** COMIC BOOK, THE COMIC THAT IS HIGHEST IN QUALITY... LOWEST IN NICOTINE WITH NO IRRITATION TO NOSE, THROAT OR SINUSES... **MAD** COMIC BOOK AGAIN PRESENTS...

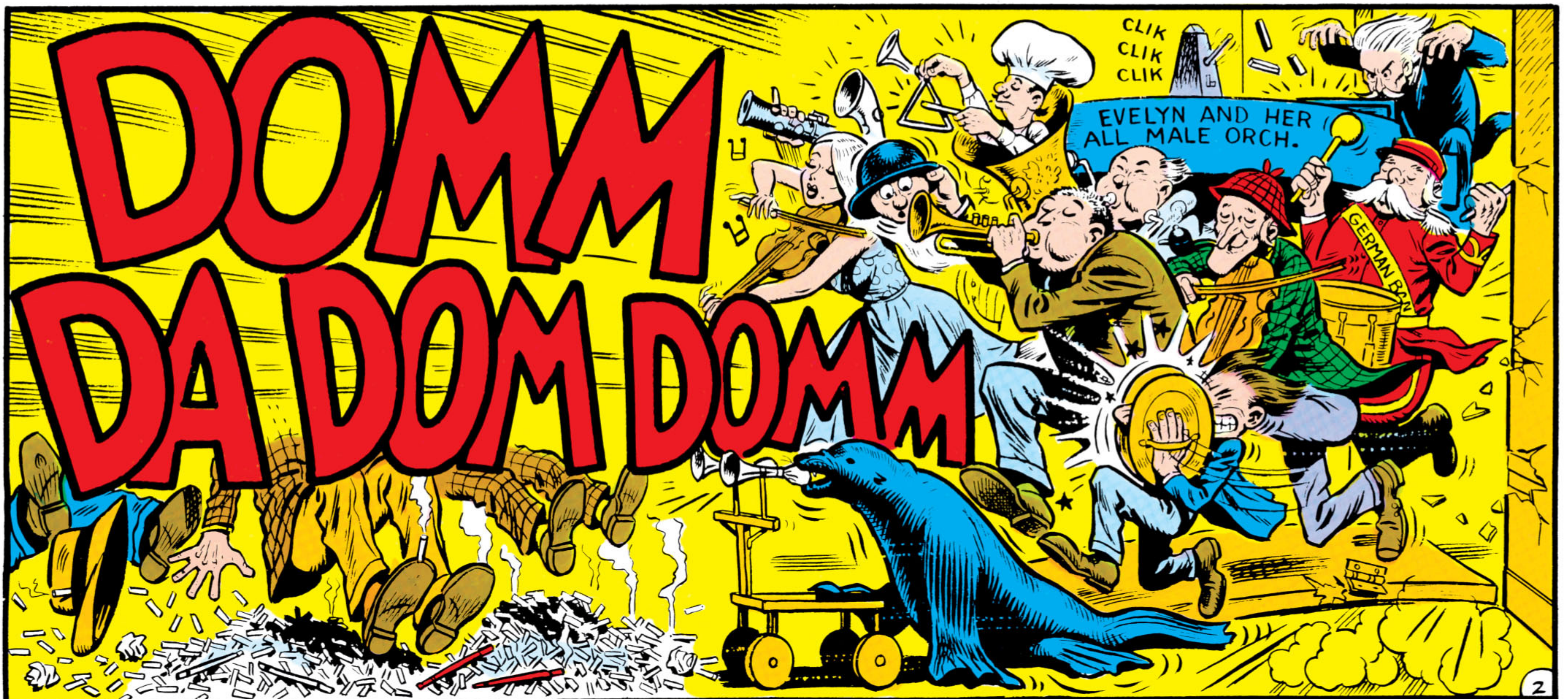
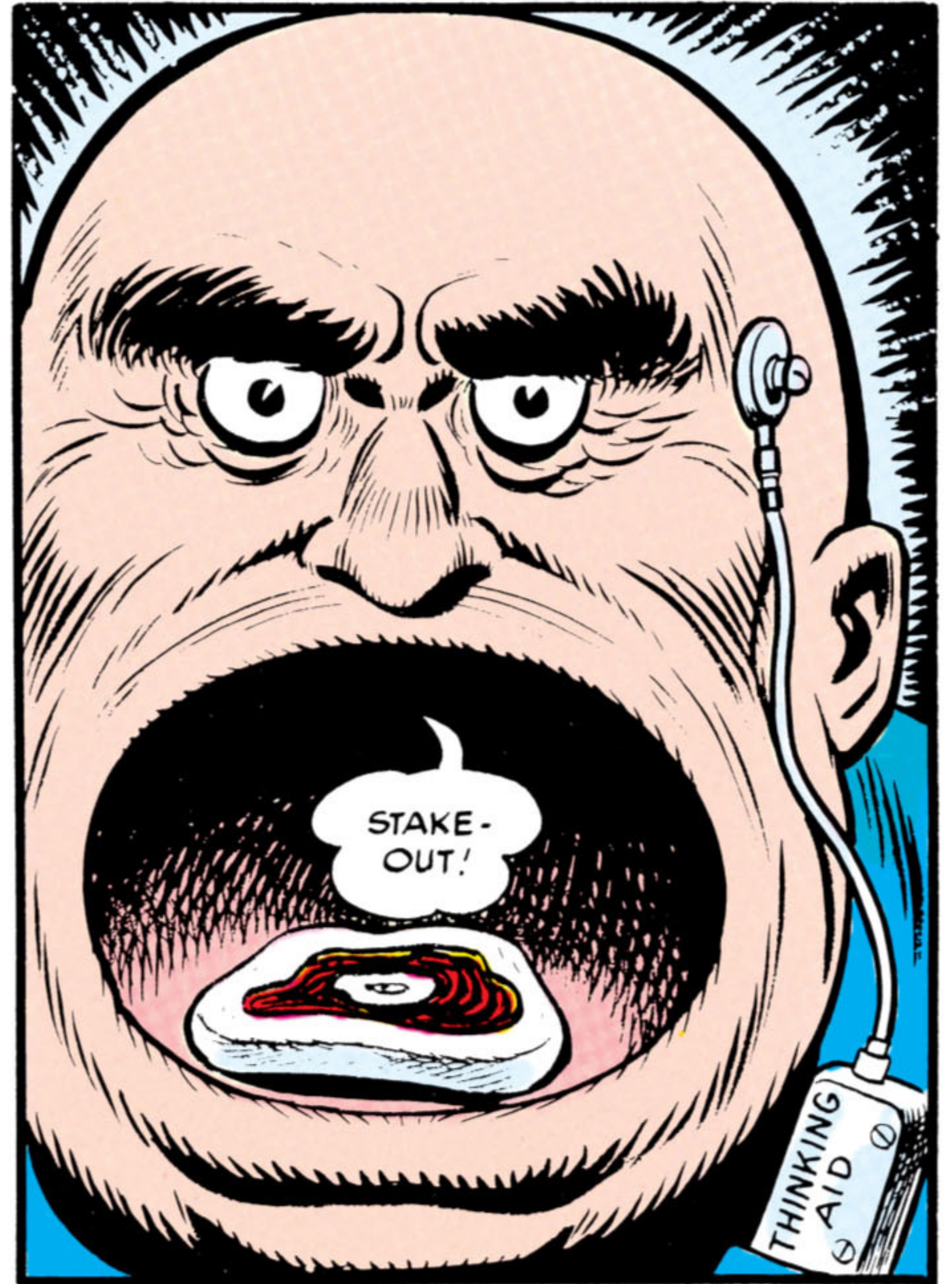
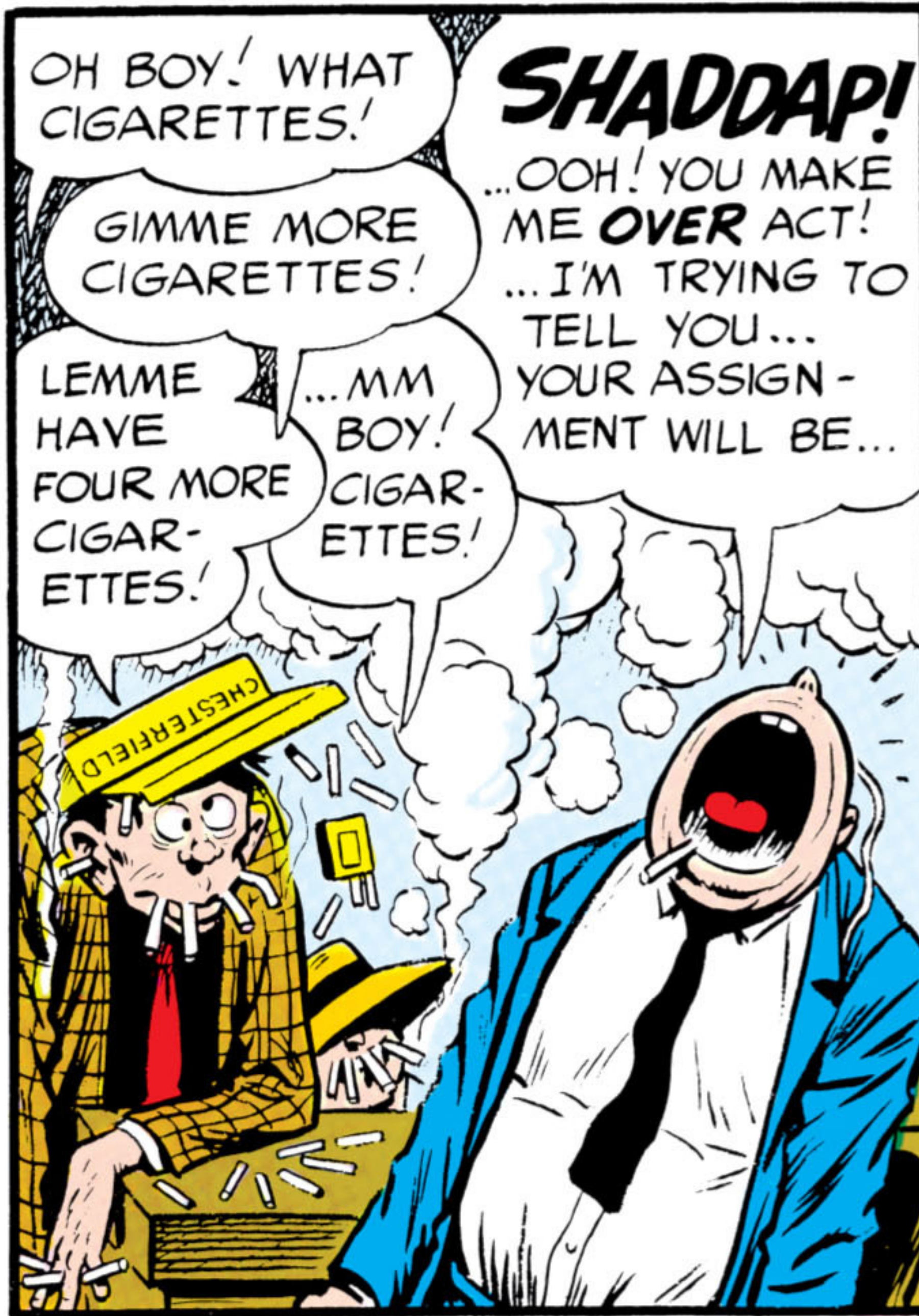
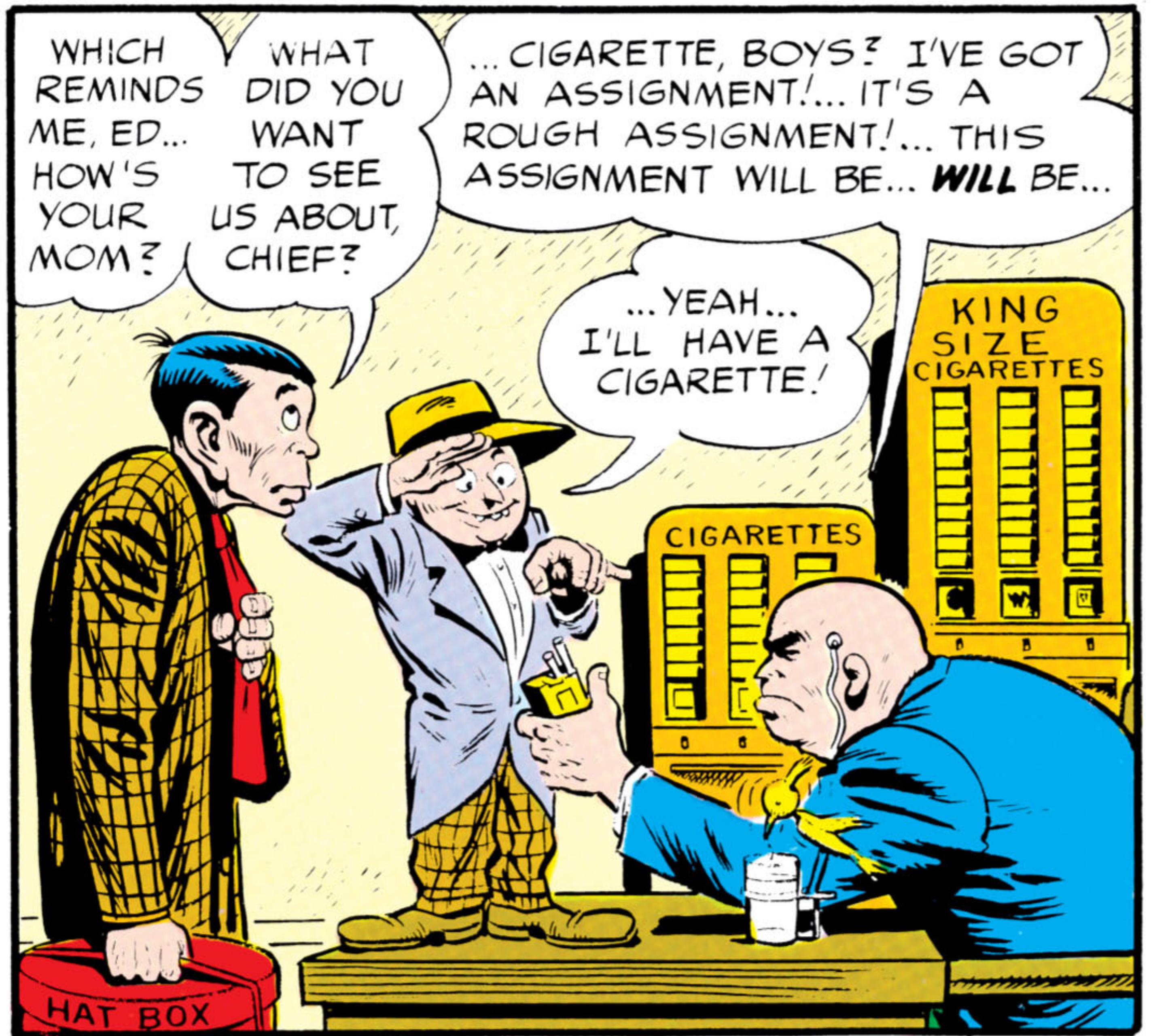
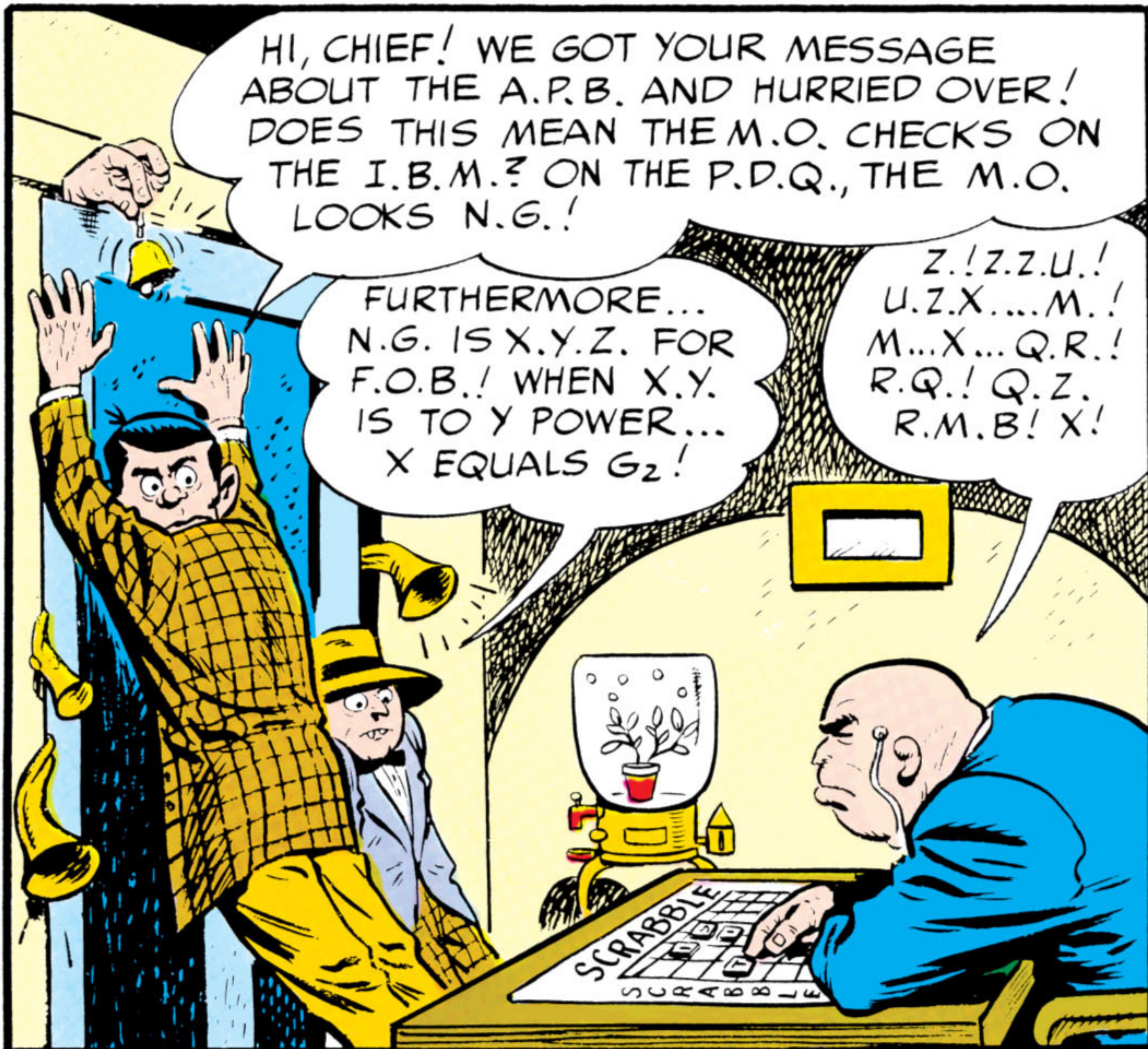


MY NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY! MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY! OUR CHIEF IS MIKE SUNDAY!

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

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

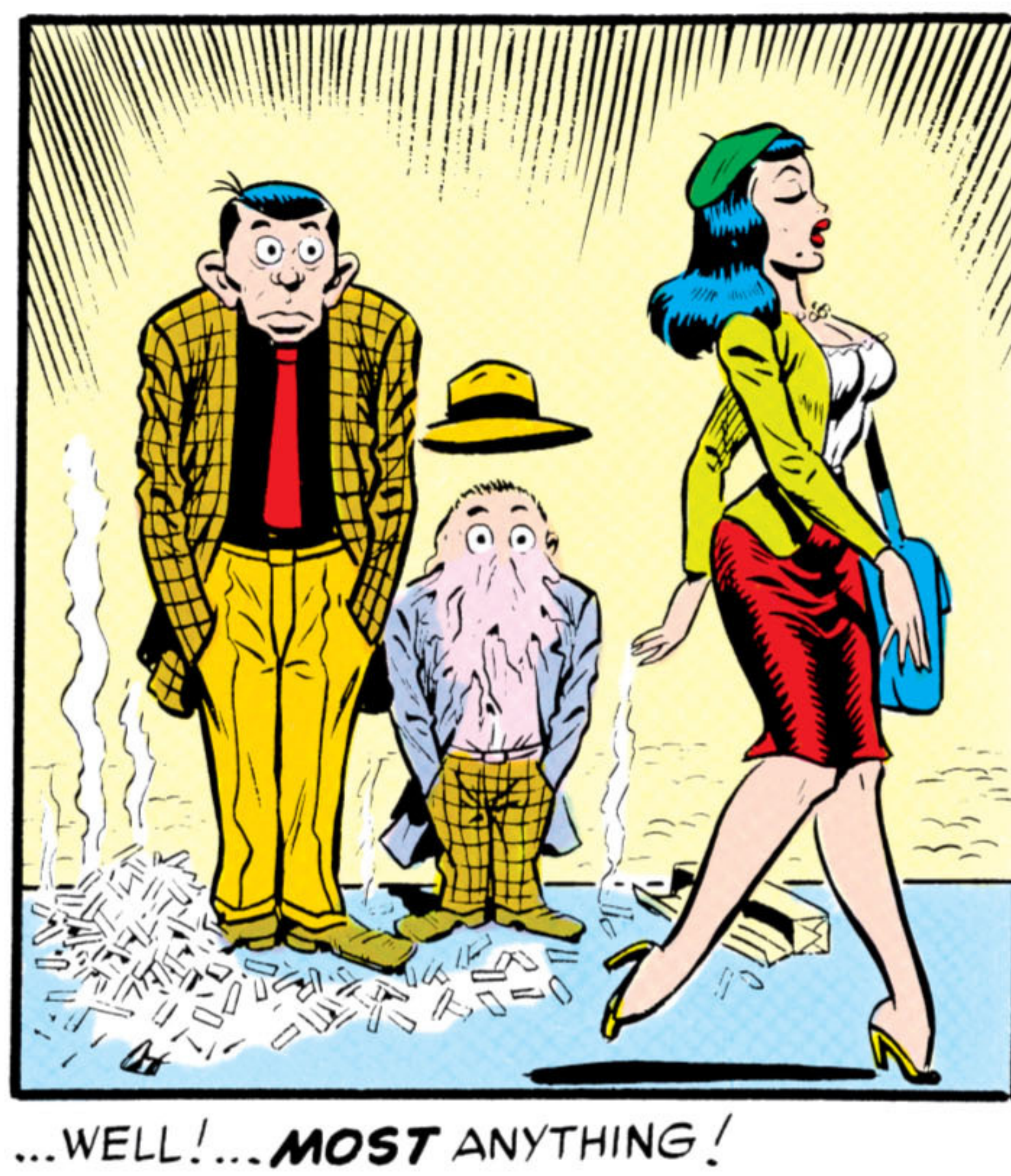
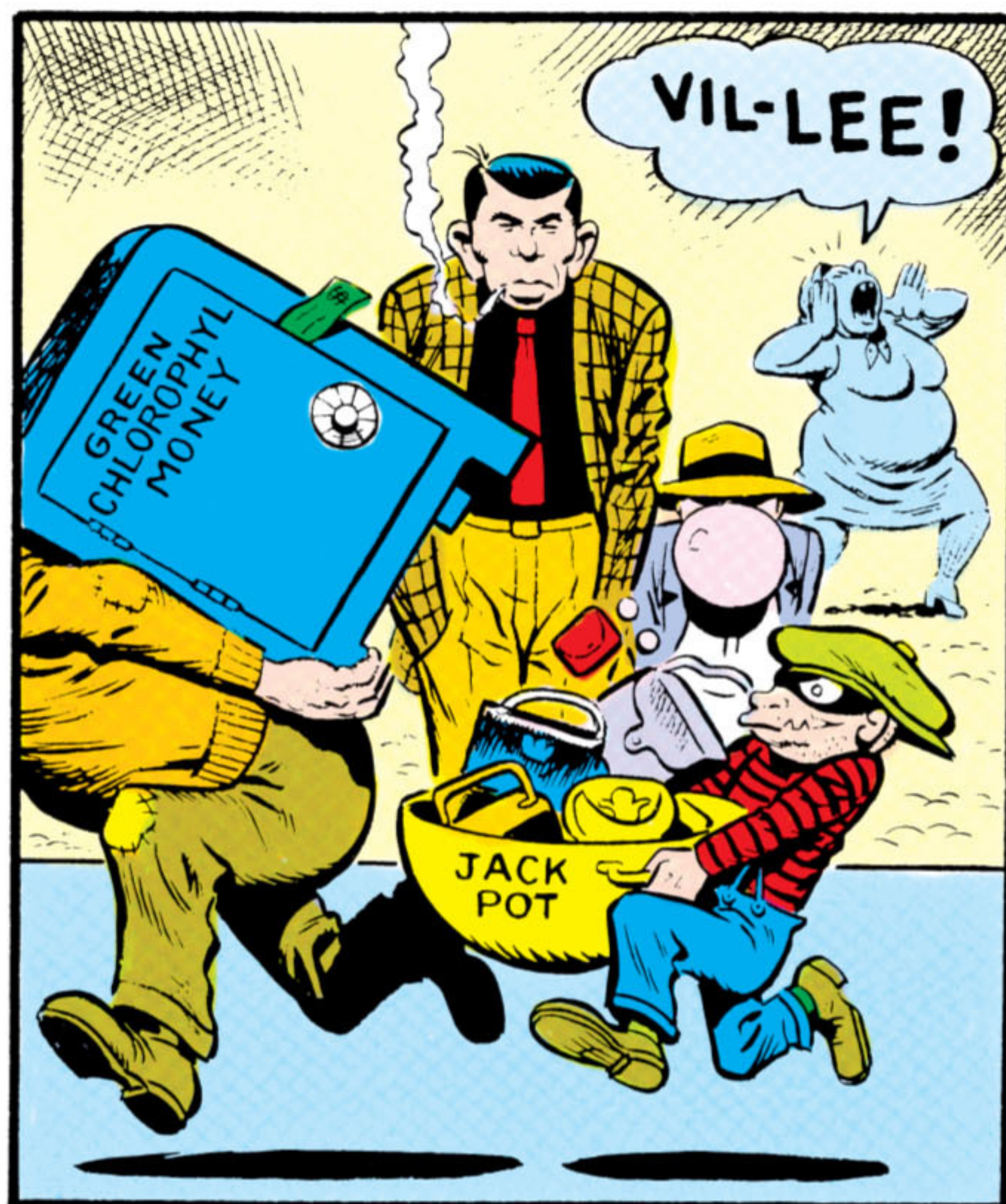




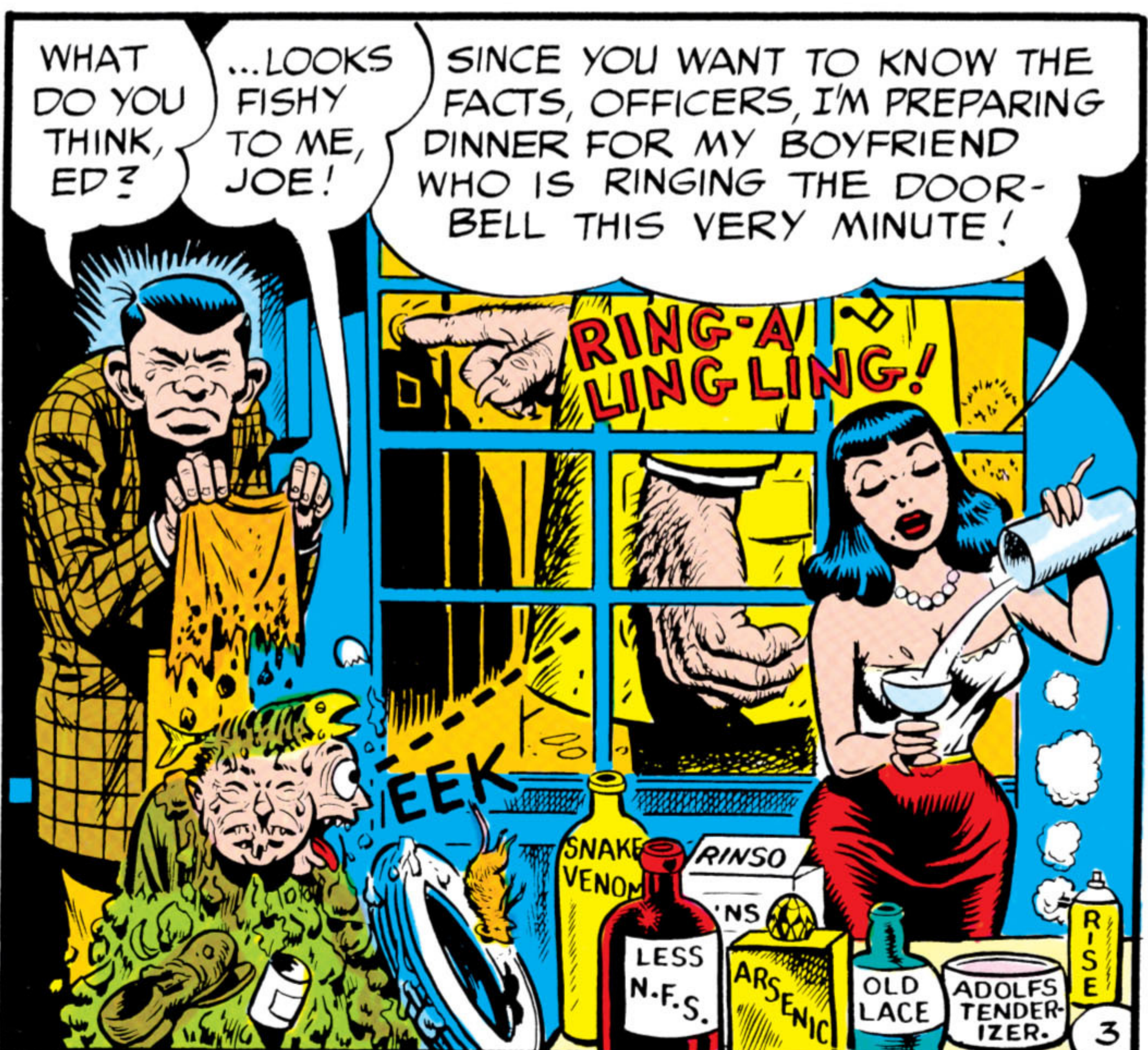
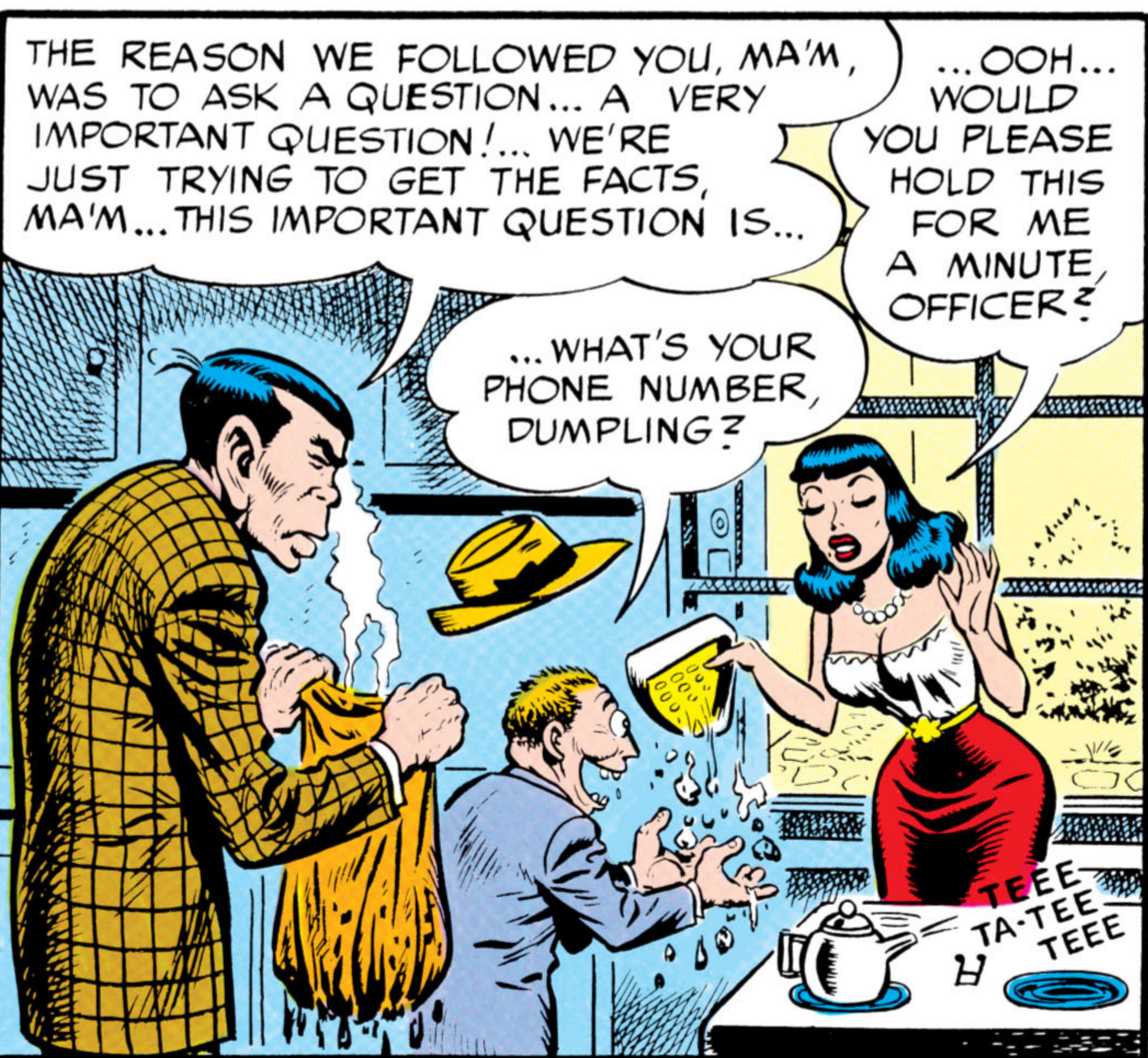
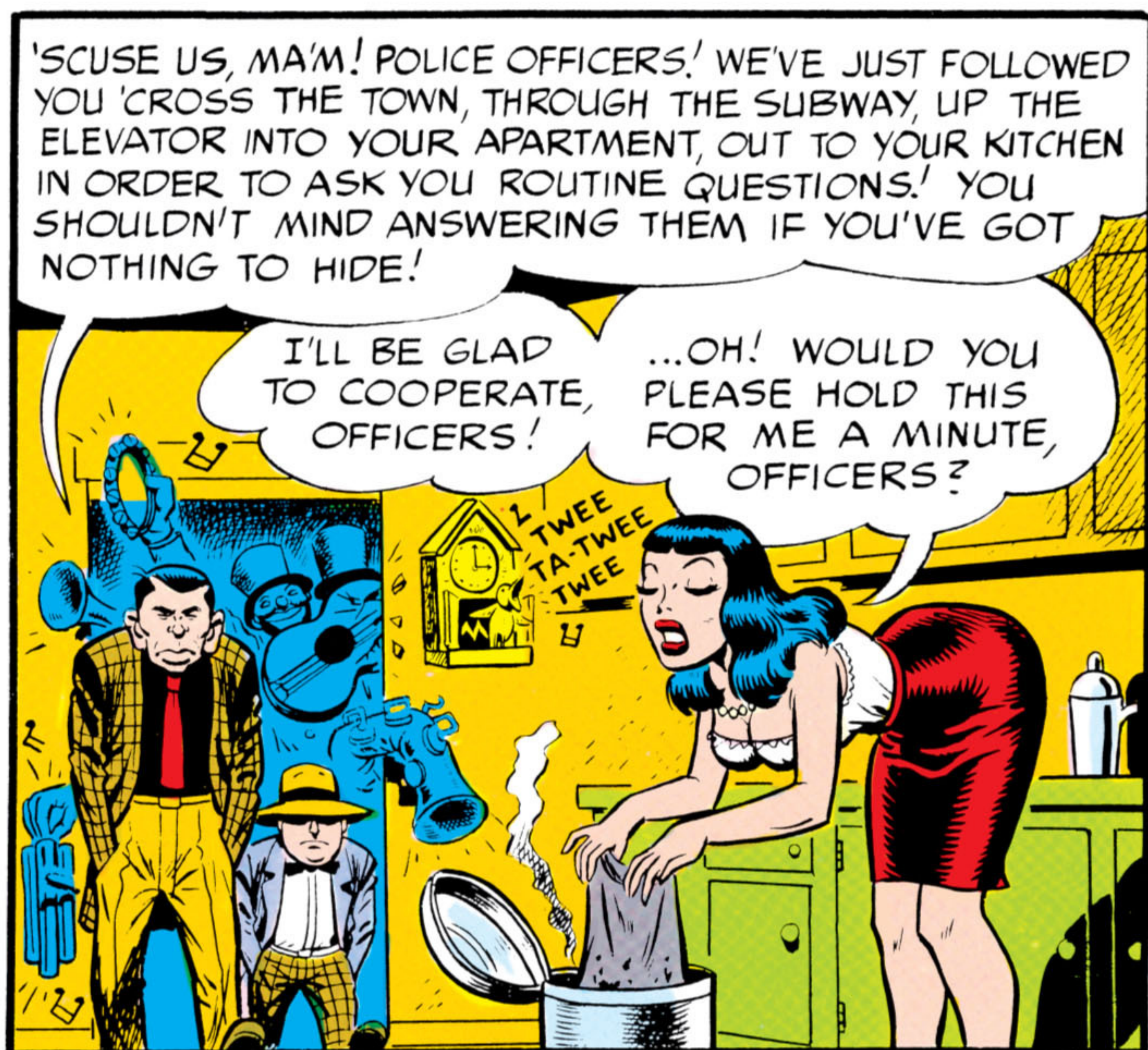
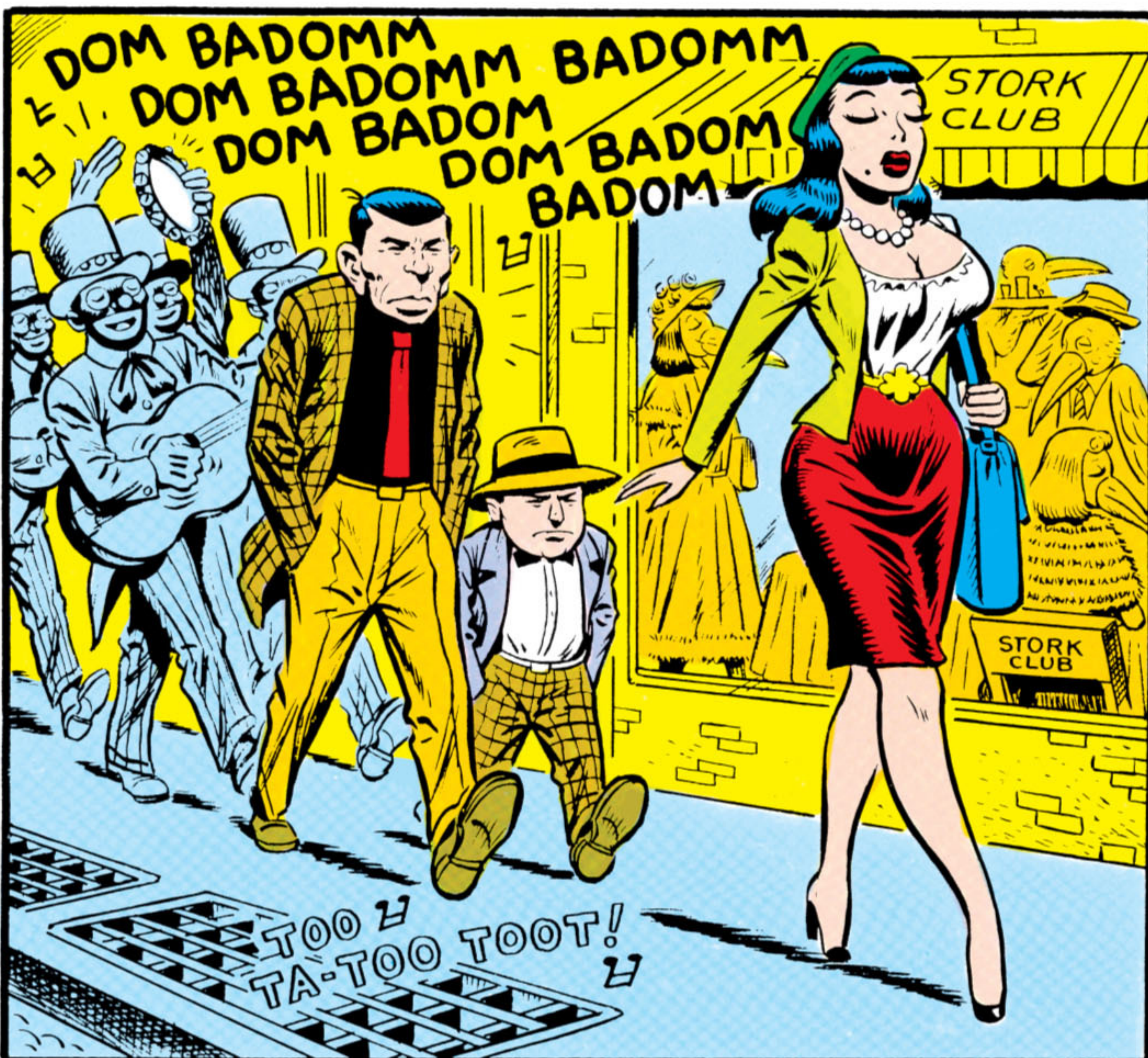
AT 9:30, WE WENT ON STAKE-OUT!
WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE
MUSTN'T LET ANYTHING DISTRACT ONE!

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

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

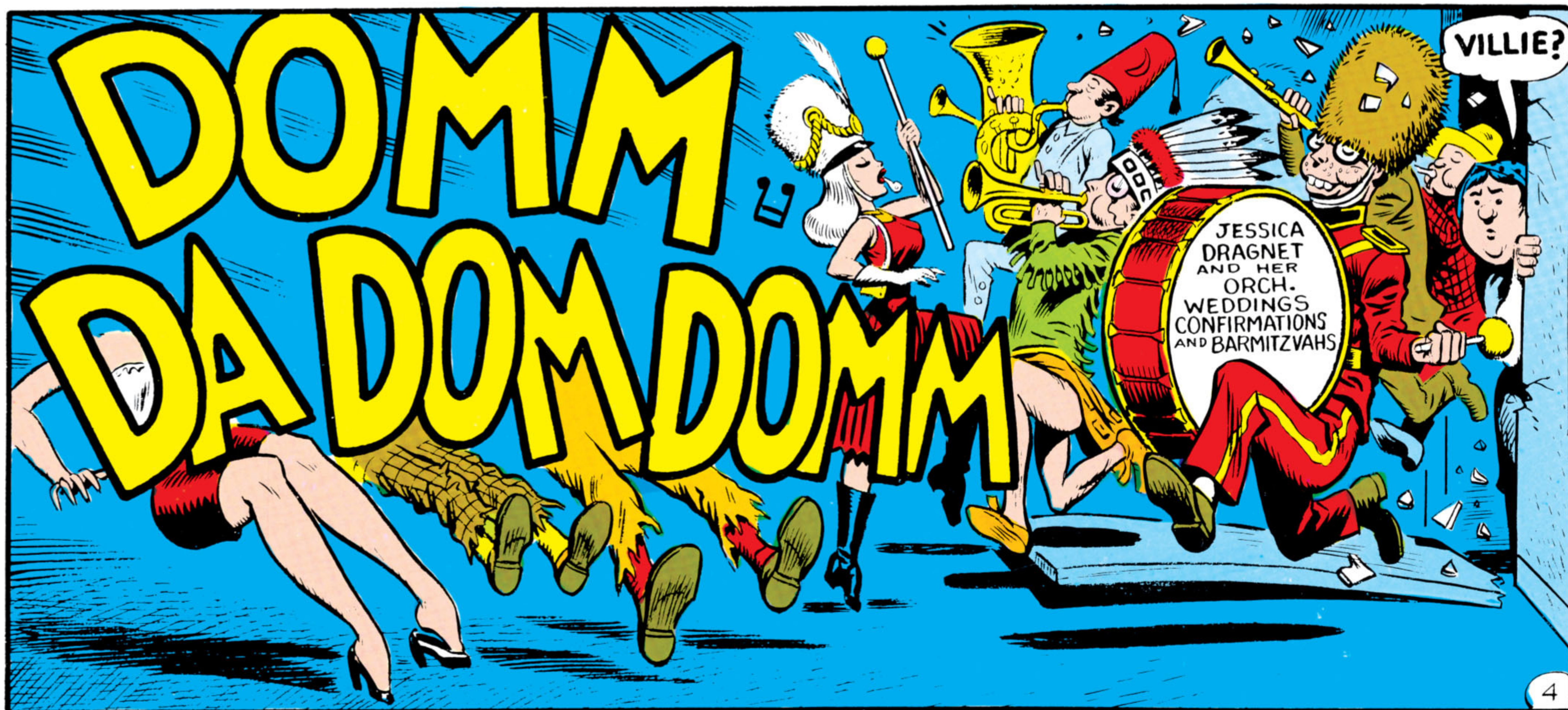
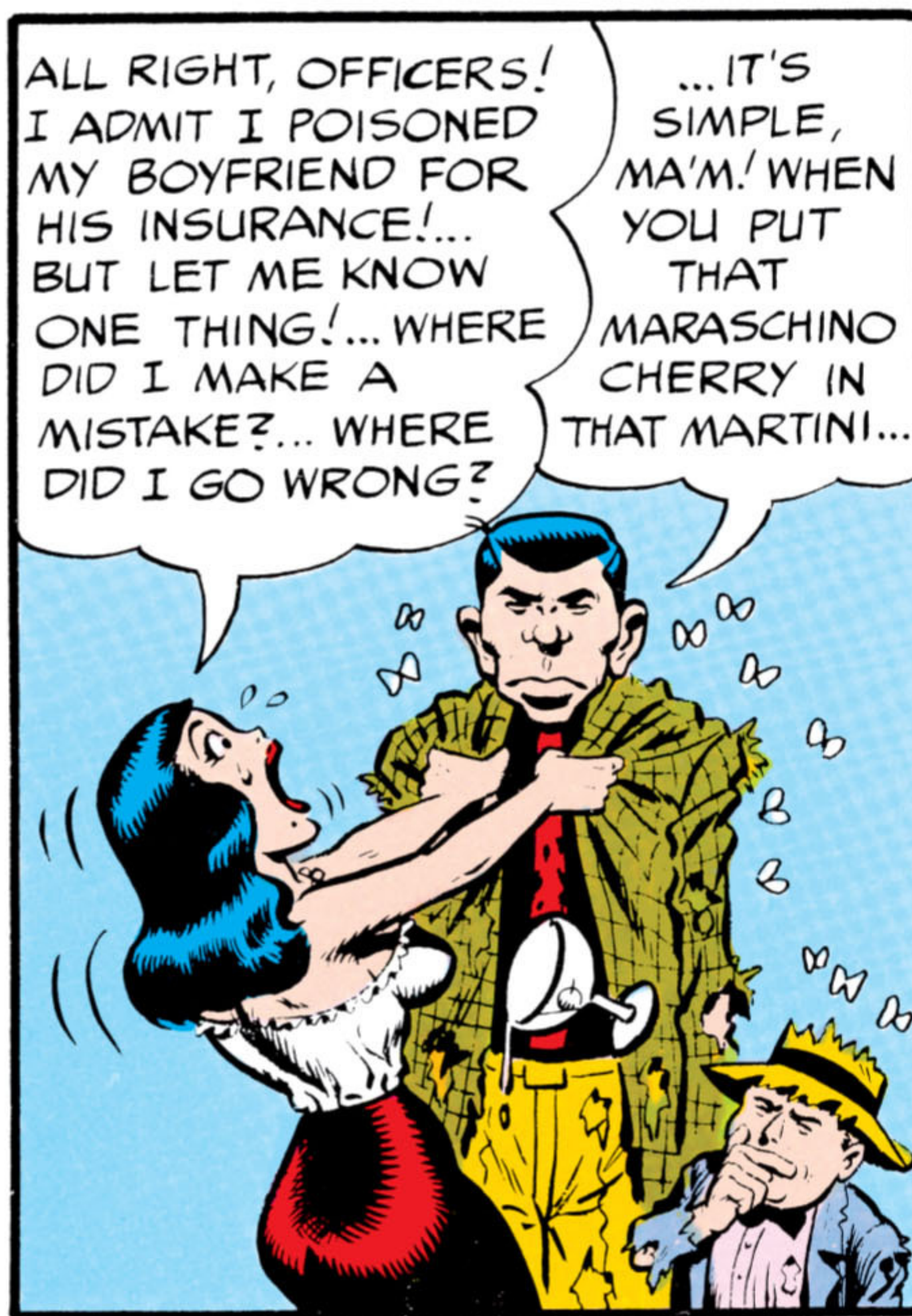
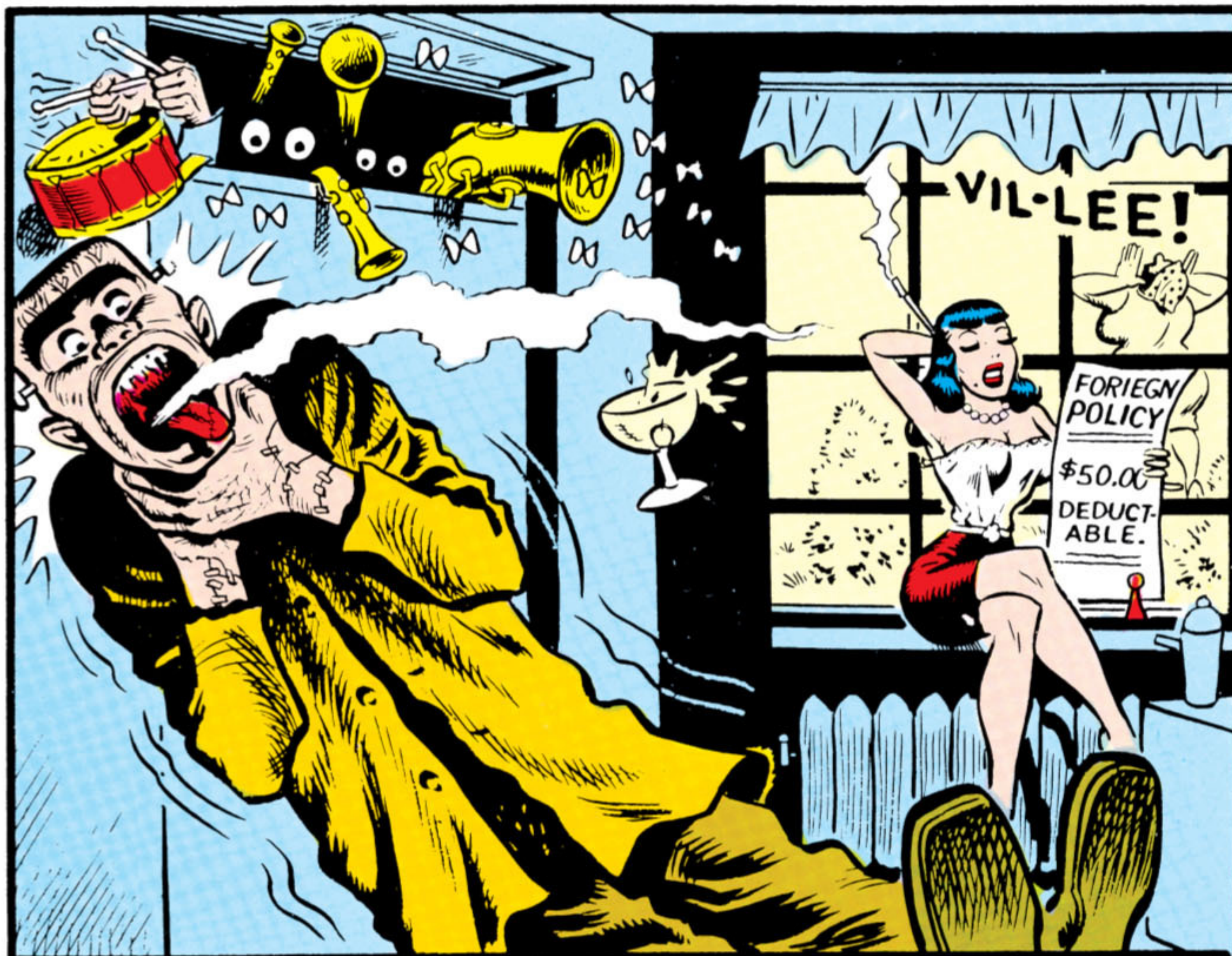
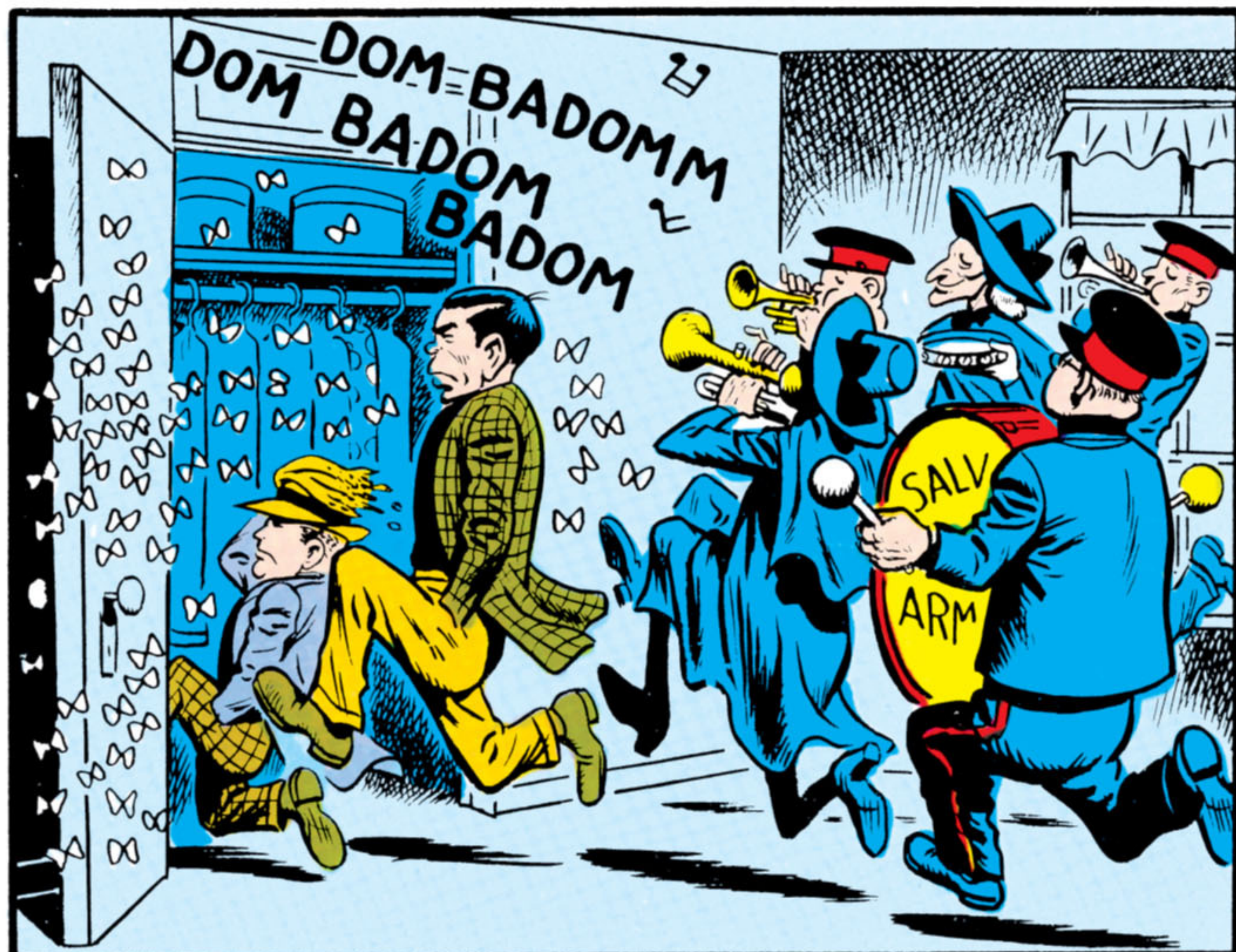


...WELL!... **MOST** ANYTHING!

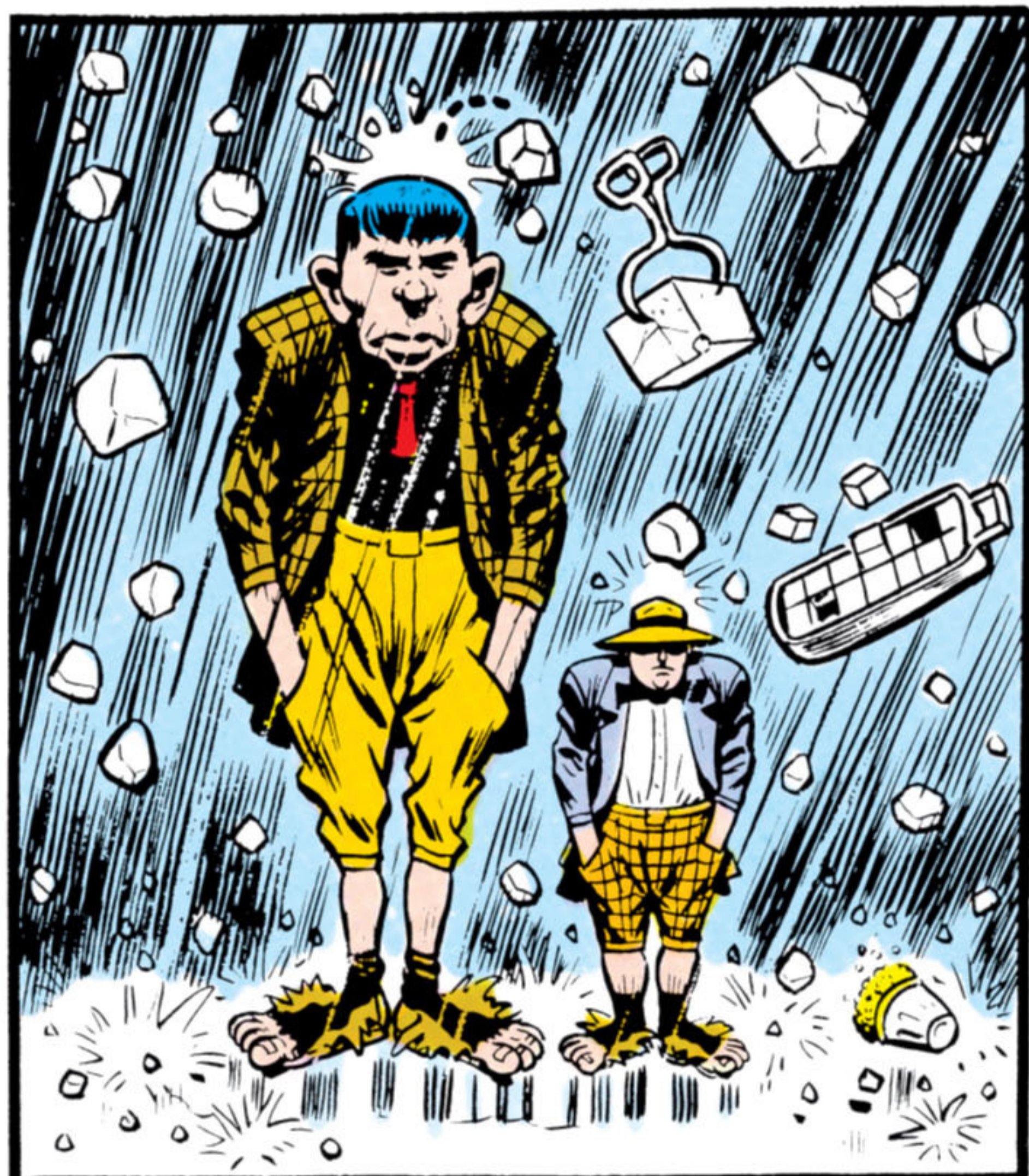


WE DECIDED TO HIDE IN THE CLOSET BECAUSE SOMETHING **WAS** FISHY... ESPECIALLY SINCE ED HAD BROUGHT THE BAG OF GARBAGE INTO THE CLOSET WITH US!

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



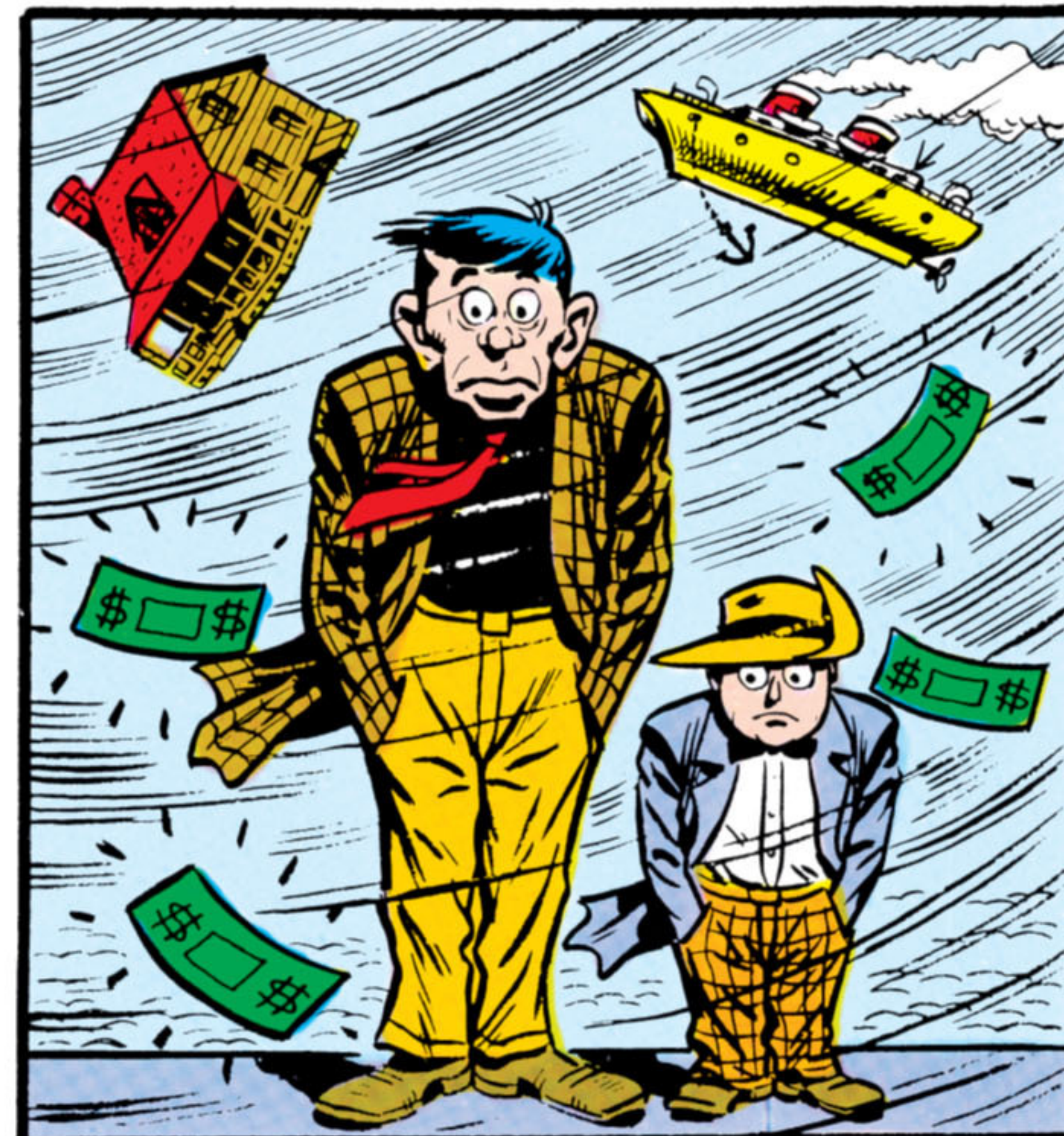
AT 9:30, WE WENT BACK TO OUR STAKE-OUT...OUR ASSIGNMENT, WATCHING AND WAITING AT THIS CORNER!



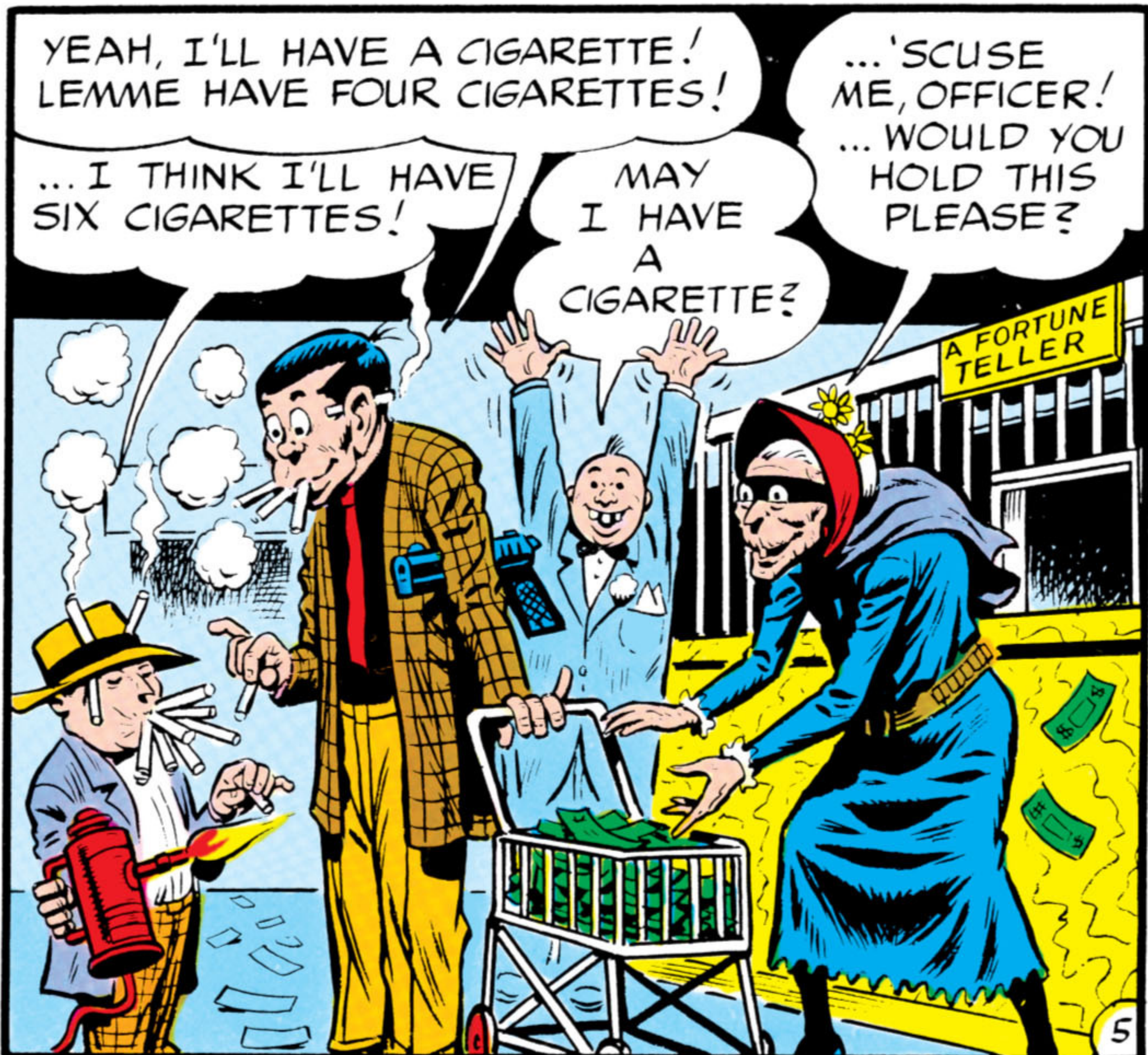
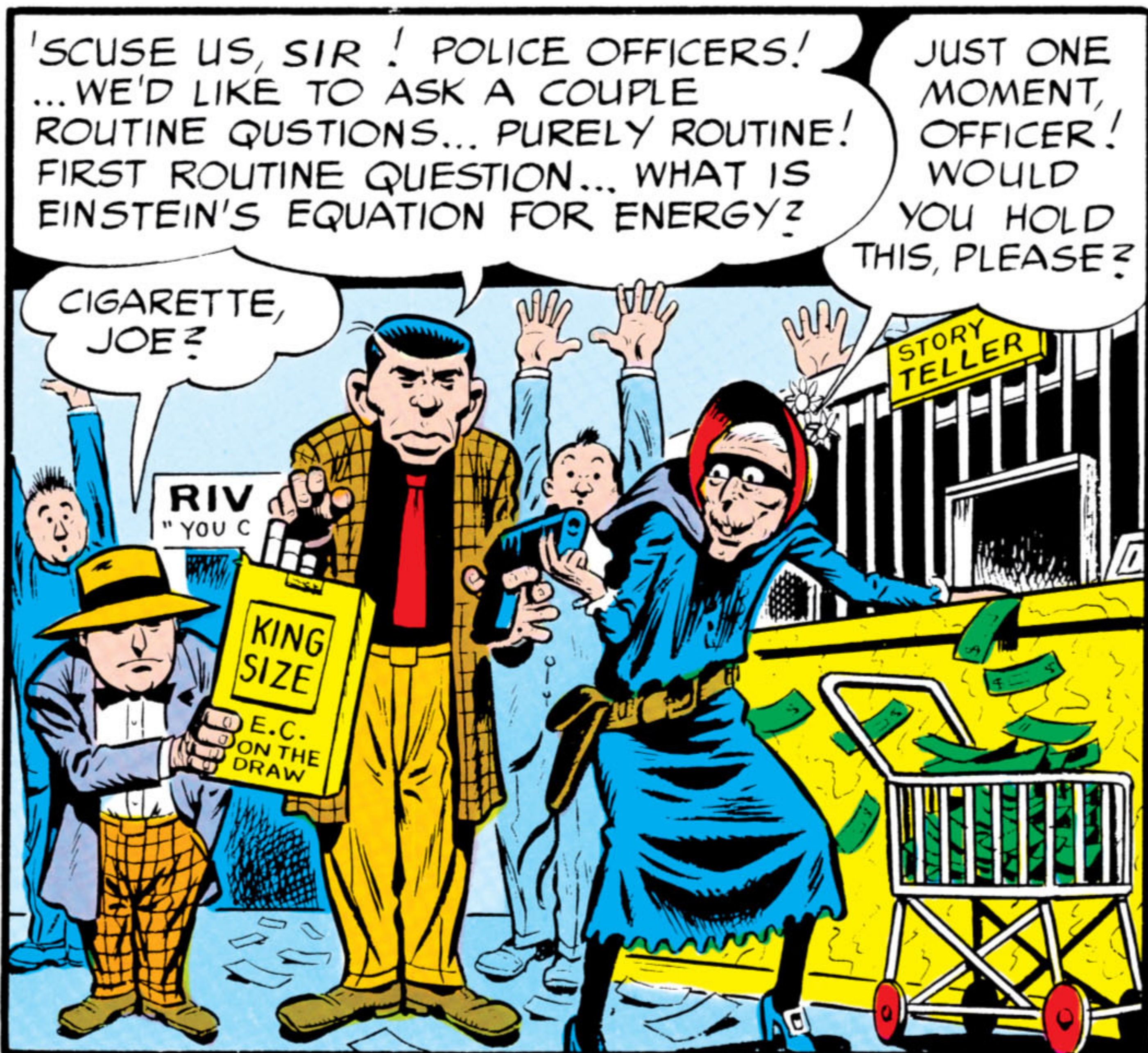
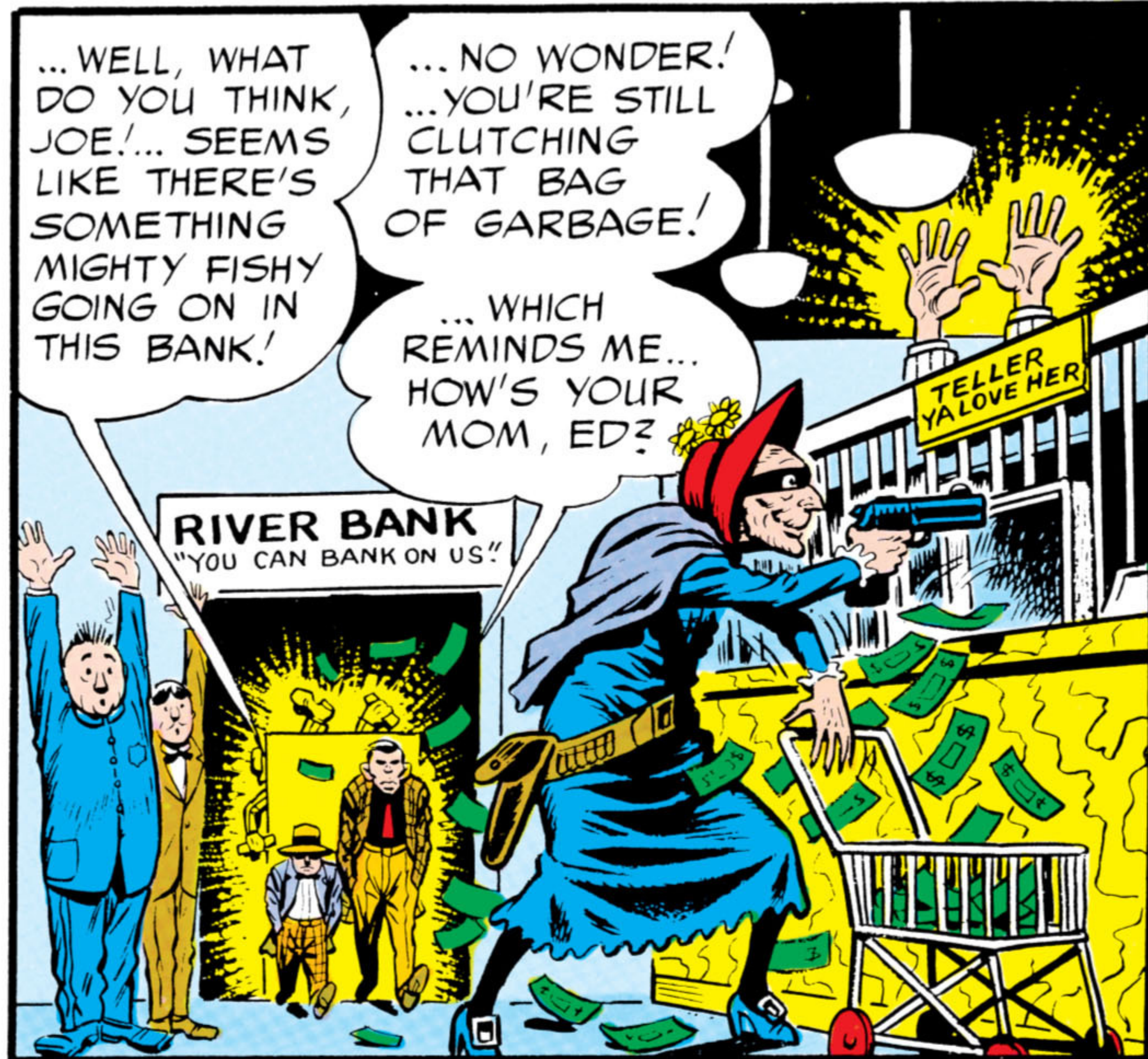
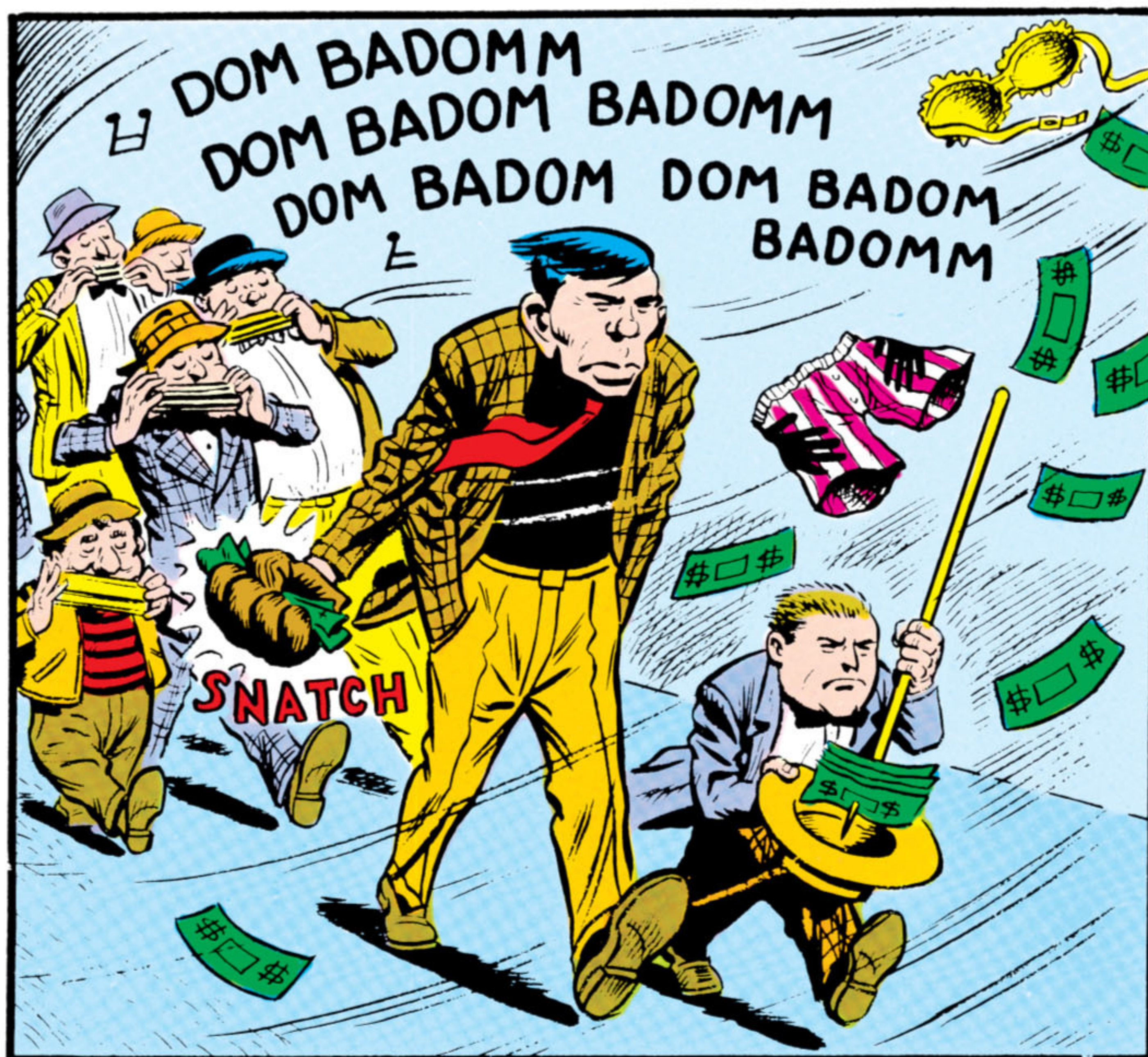
... A LITTLE LATER, AT 9:30, THE HAIL WAS REPLACED BY SNOW... BUT WE WERE ON STAKE-OUT...

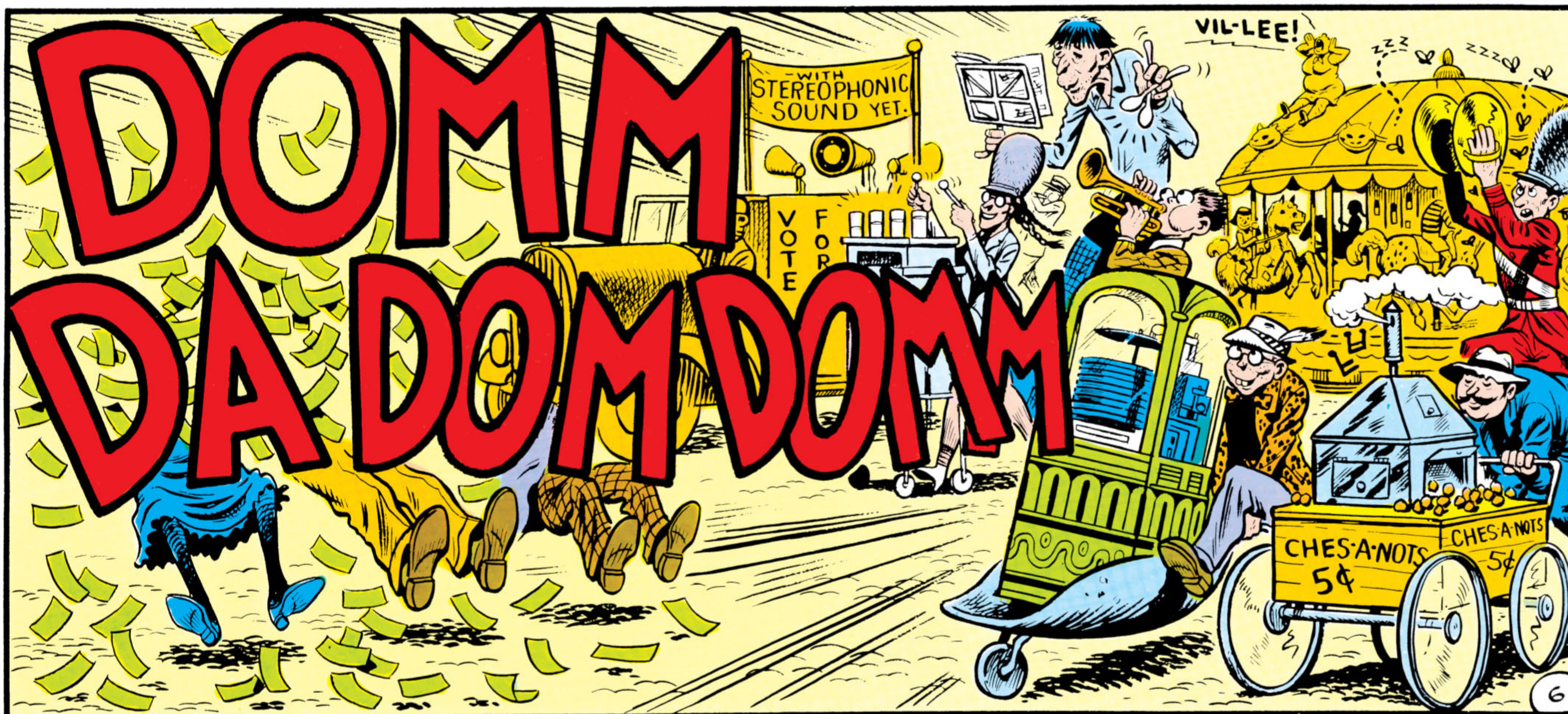
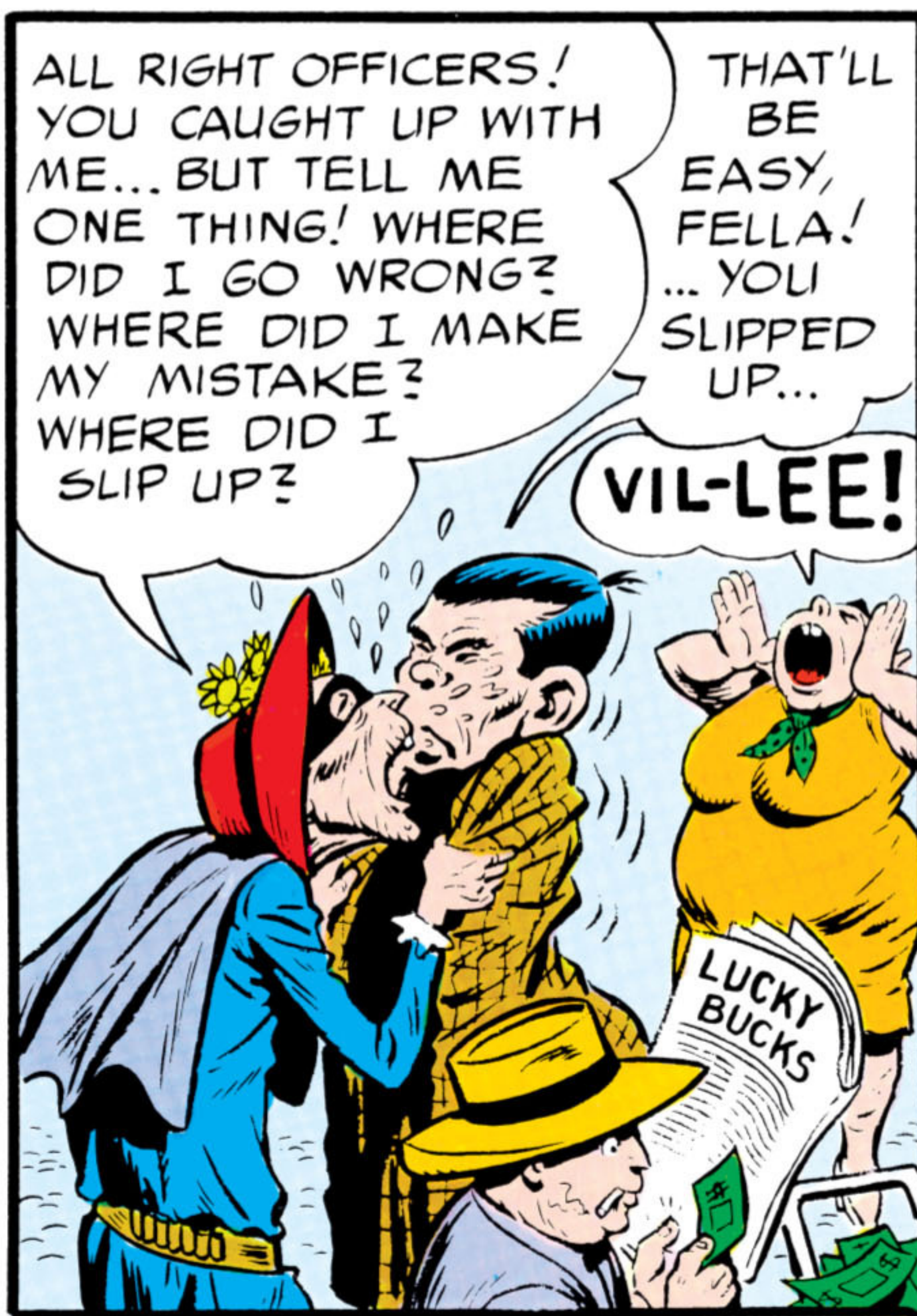
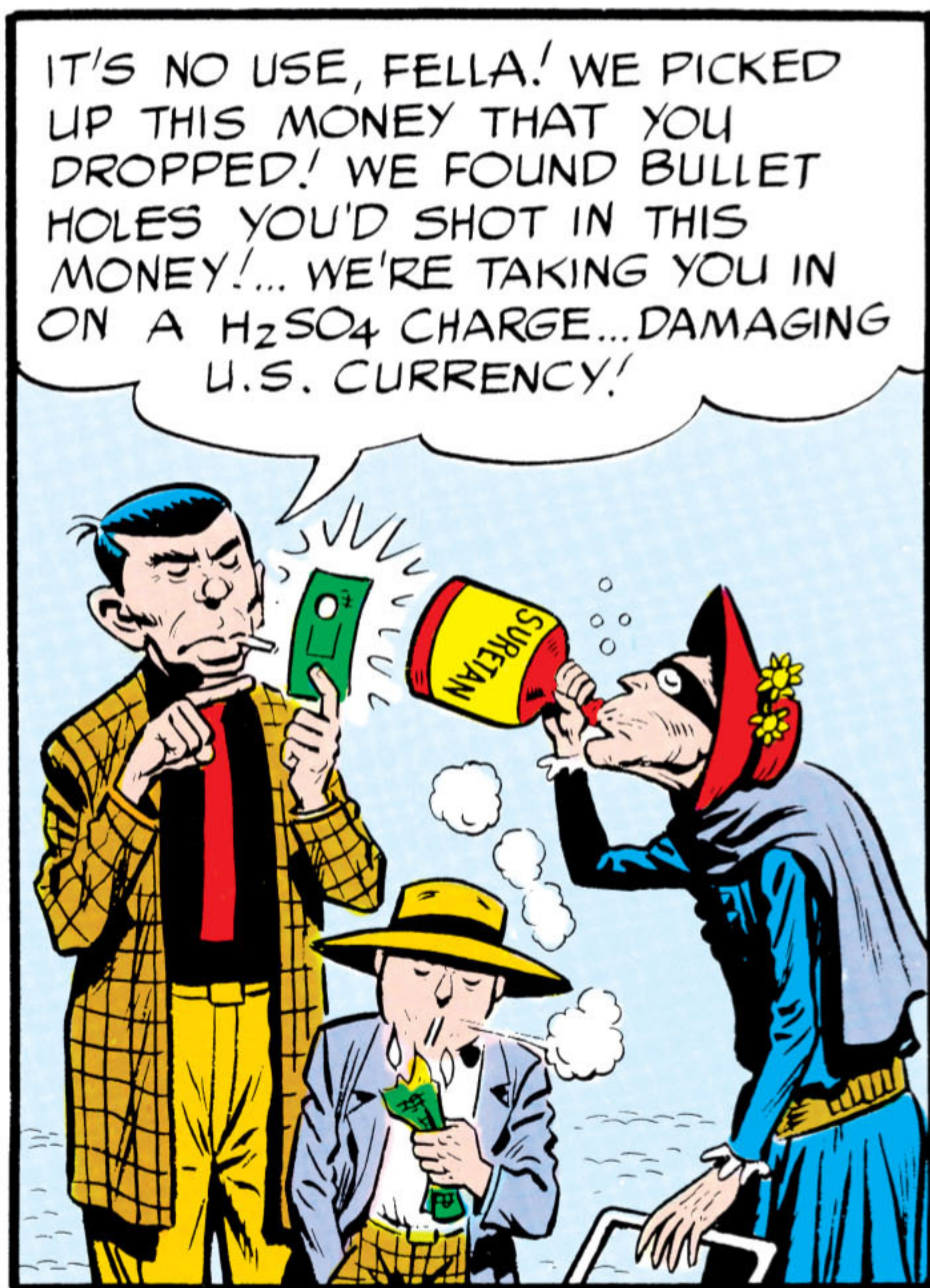
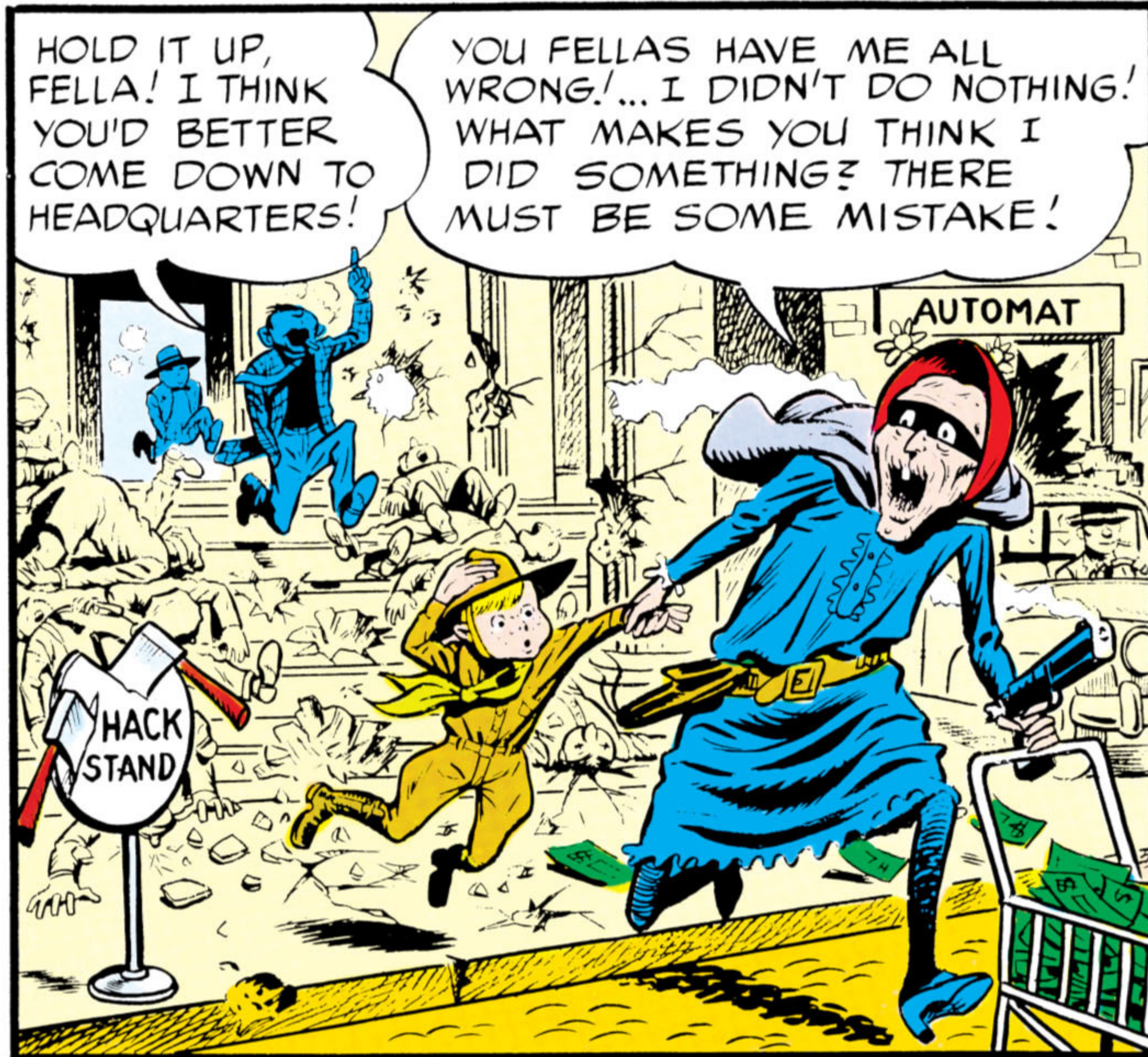
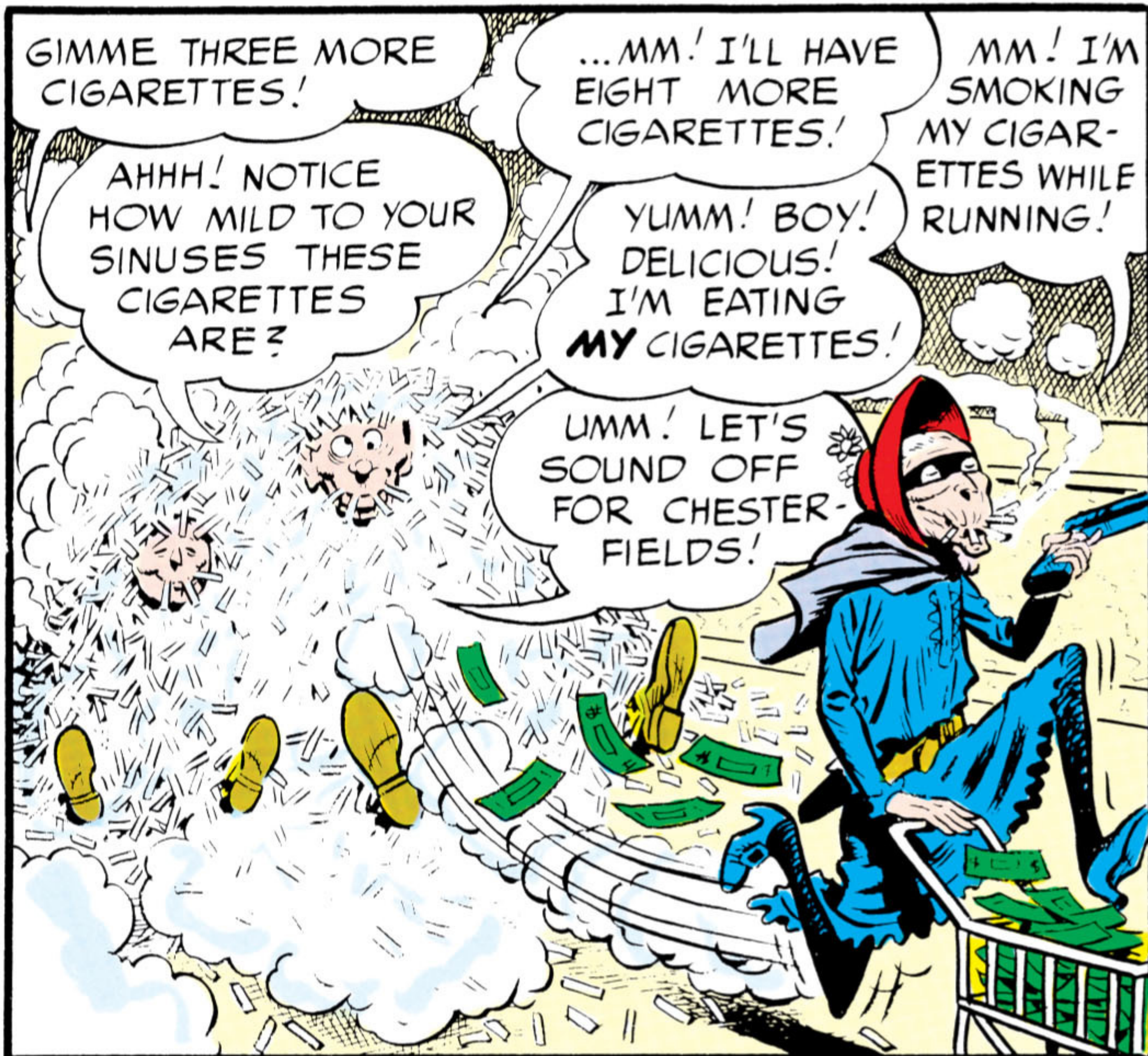


... AND WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE MUST NOT...ABSOLUTELY MUST NOT LEAVE ONE'S POST UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!



...WELL!...**MOST** ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!





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

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

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

