MAD SPECIAL

NUMBER NINE

OUR PRICE: 60c CHEAP!

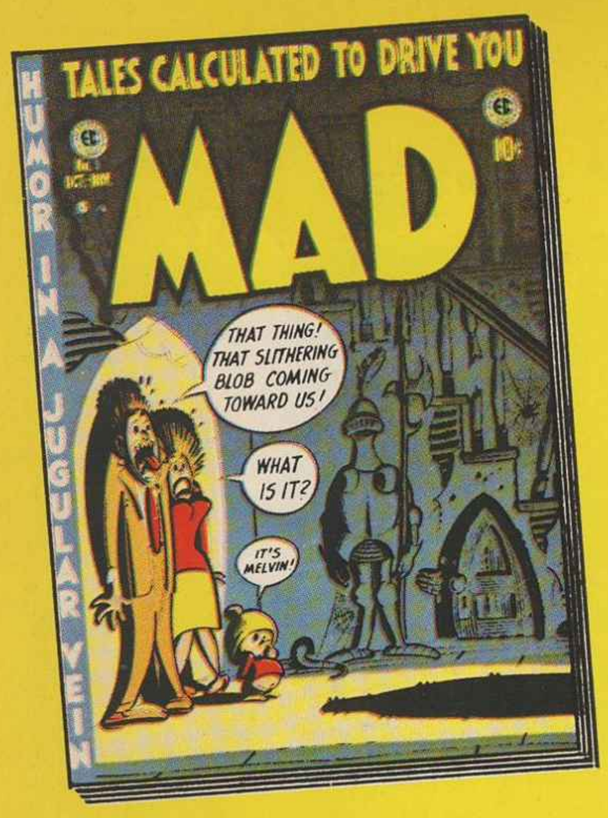
34080

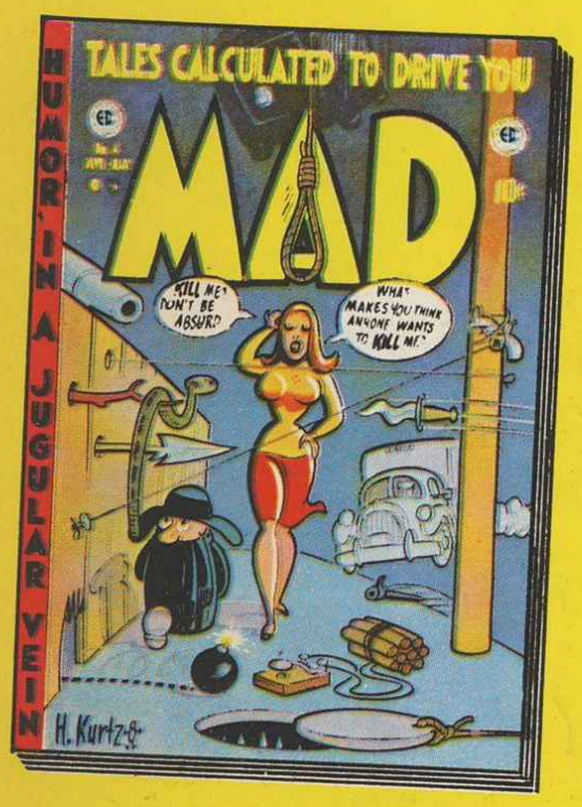
4.50

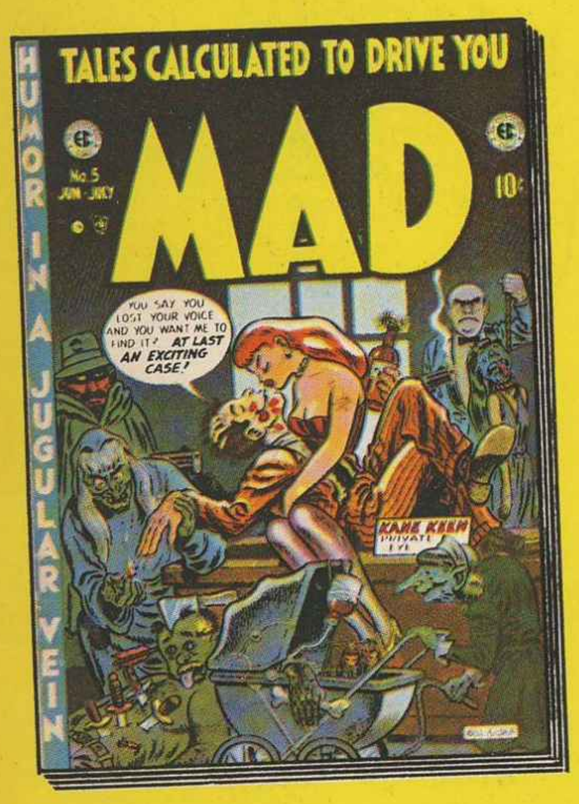
Including This Free 10c-Type Comic Book

"THE NOSTALGIC MAD"

An Assortment of MAD Collectors' Items From The '50's







HYSTERIA REPEATS ITSELF!

(MAINLY, OUR PAST RETCHES UP WITH US!)

OPEN THIS STAPLE

Simply open staples, remove your free bonus, and enjoy

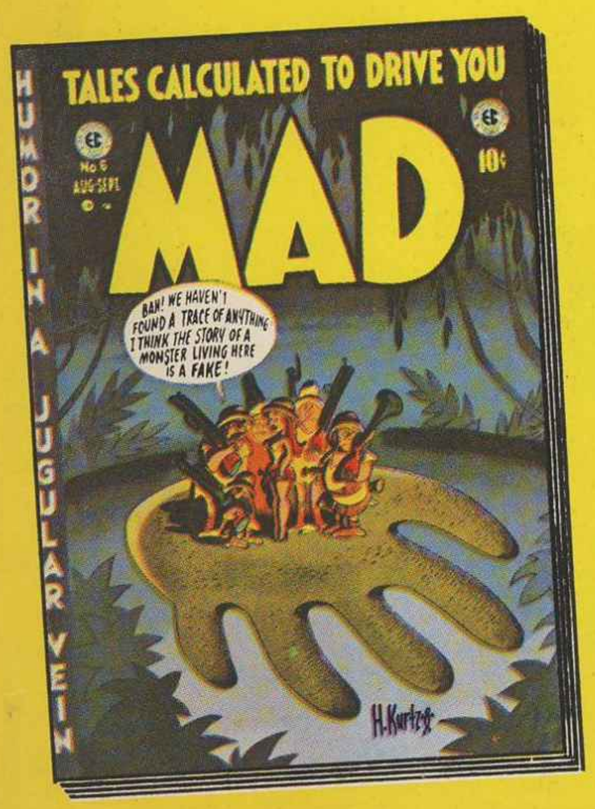
A THROWBACK TO "THE GOOD OLD DAYS"!

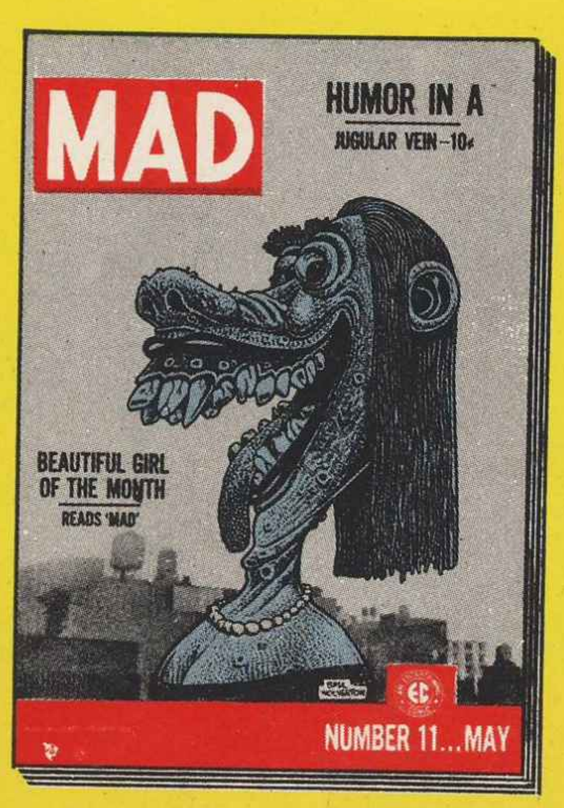
(which you may very well throw back at us!)

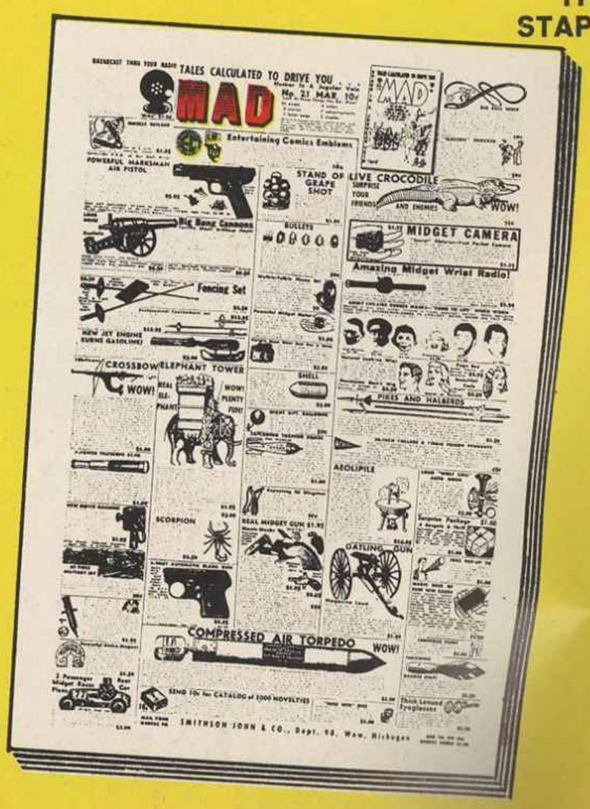
THE NOSTALGIC MAD

AN ASSORTMENT OF COLLECTORS' ITEMS FROM THESE VALUABLE ISSUES OF THE '50's

OPEN THIS STAPLE







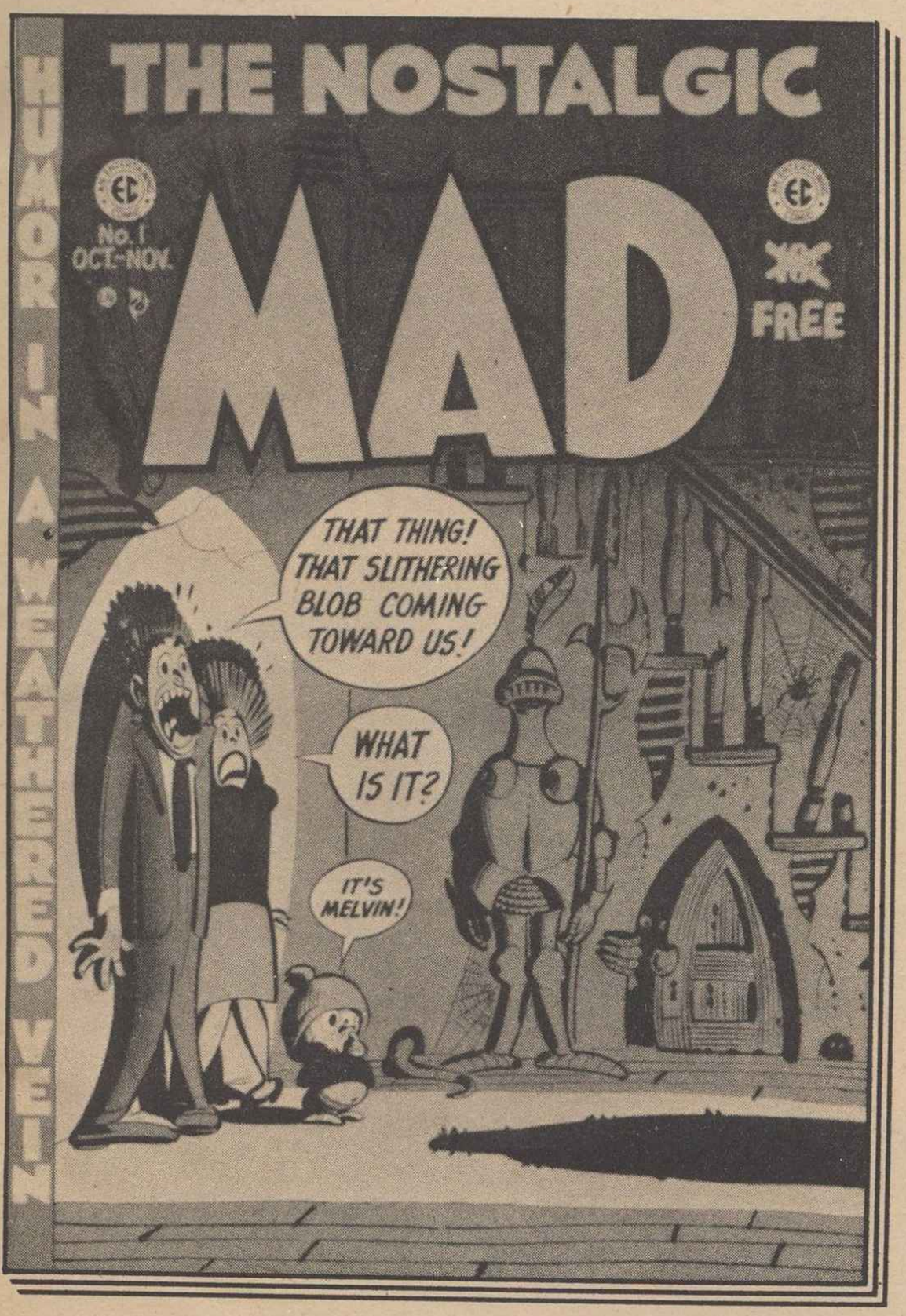
MAD SPECIAL NUMBER NINE

"The trouble with most neighborhoods is that there are too many hoods in them, and not enough neighbors!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS



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Printed in U.S.A.

DEPARTMENTS

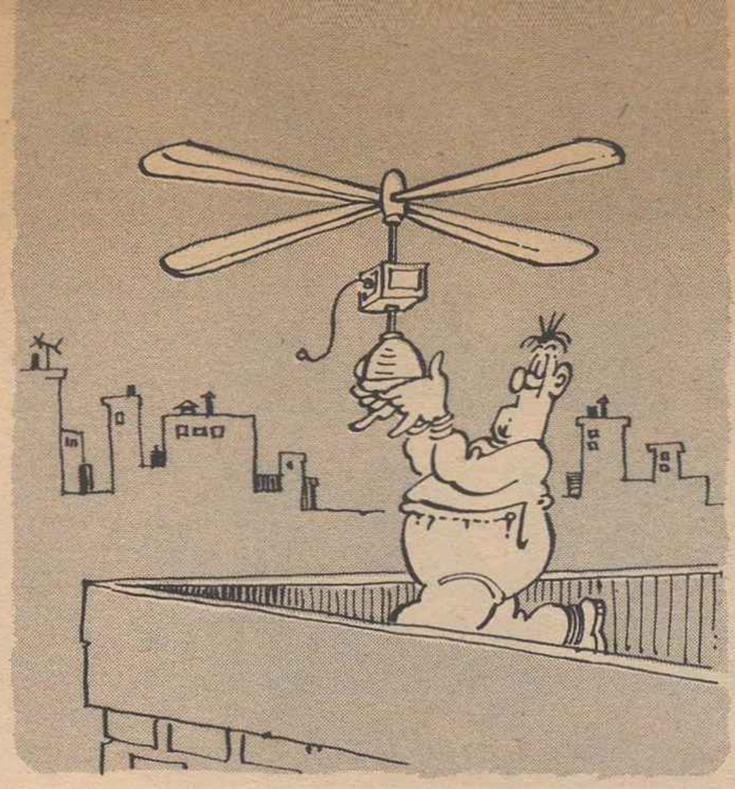
(In Order Of Their Appearance)

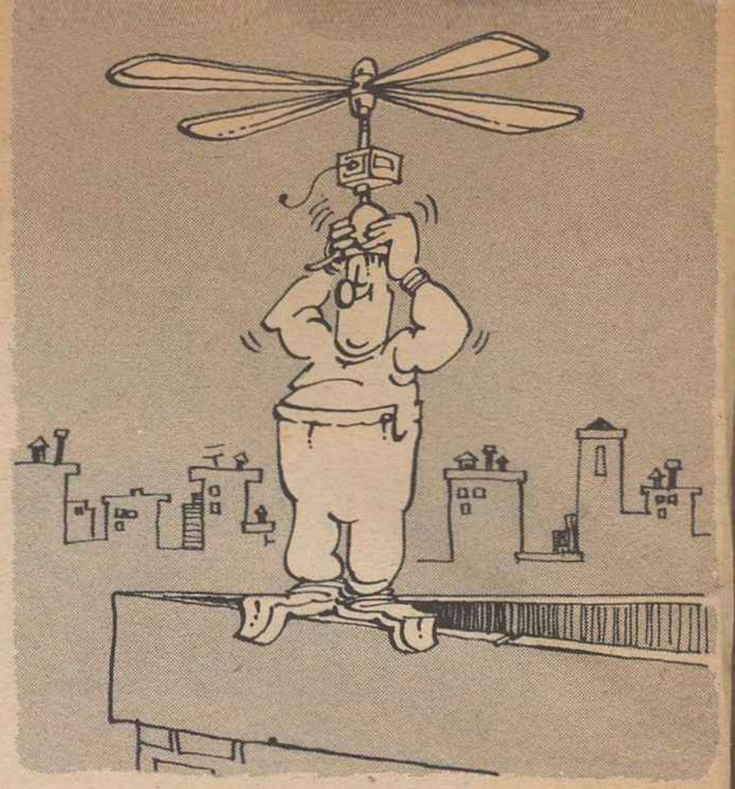
UP, UP AND OY-VAY DEPARTMENT
Don Martin Tries 8 New Ways To Fly 2
GOBBLE THE GOOK DEPARTMENT
MAD's Chemical Banquet 6
TOILET ARTICLE DEPARTMENT
Some Legendary Medicine Cabinets 8
SWEPT UNDER THE SHRUG DEPARTMENT
When "No Opinion" People Are Majority 11
LOWEST COMMON DENUNCIATOR DEPARTMENT
Criticism For The Common Man 14
KNIGHT-SHTICK DEPARTMENT
"Can A Lot" (A MAD Musical) 17
ROAD SHOW DEPARTMENT
The MAD Plan To Beautify America 24
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of American Tourists 28
The Lighter Side Of The Generation Gap 58
SPORT N' BLOOD DEPARTMENT
The MAD Ice Hockey Primer 33
TONGUE IN CHECK DEPARTMENT
Me And My Big Mouth 36
PEN-AND-INCULCATION DEPARTMENT
If Comics Covered Issues Of The Day 38
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
The Hunters 41
In a Fancy Restaurant 63
In An Italian Restaurant 80
SHIFTING IN-RE-VERSE DEPARTMENT
The MAD Poetry Round Robin 42
INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT
Behind The Scenes At An Airport 46
GOD HELP US, EVERY ONE! DEPARTMENT
Christmas Is 48
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy vs. Spy 51, 75
SPOOKING OF PICTURES DEPARTMENT
Horrifying Cliches 52
MANIKIN-DEPRESSIVE DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Realistic Dolls 55
POLL-TAXED DEPARTMENT
Polls And Surveys Through History 64
FOOD FOR THWART DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Frustration 66
TEENY-COPPERS DEPARTMENT
"The Odd Squad" (TV Satire) 70
DISPLAY AS YOU GO DEPARTMENT
Signs Of Status 76
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" by Aragones .....**

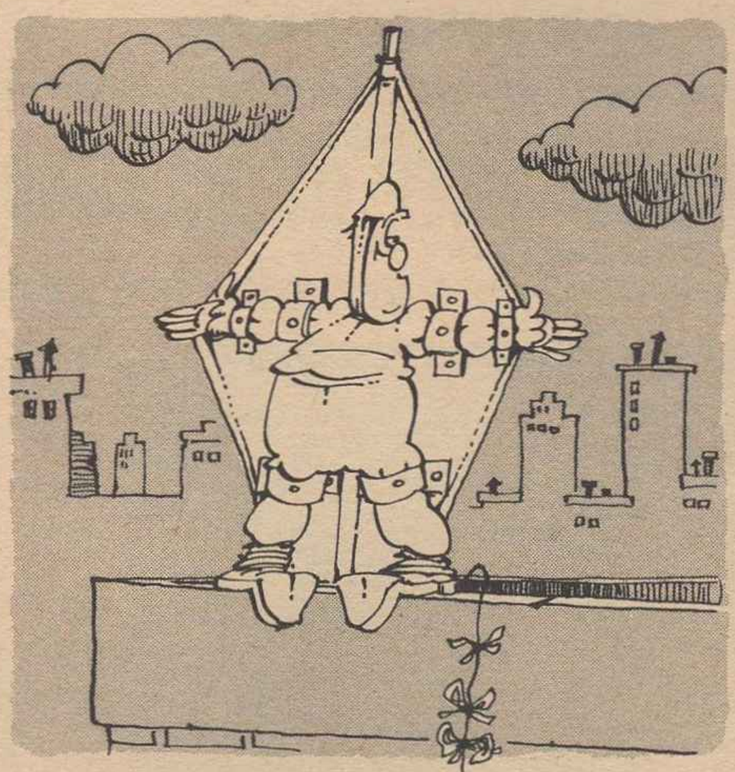
**Various Places Around The Magazine

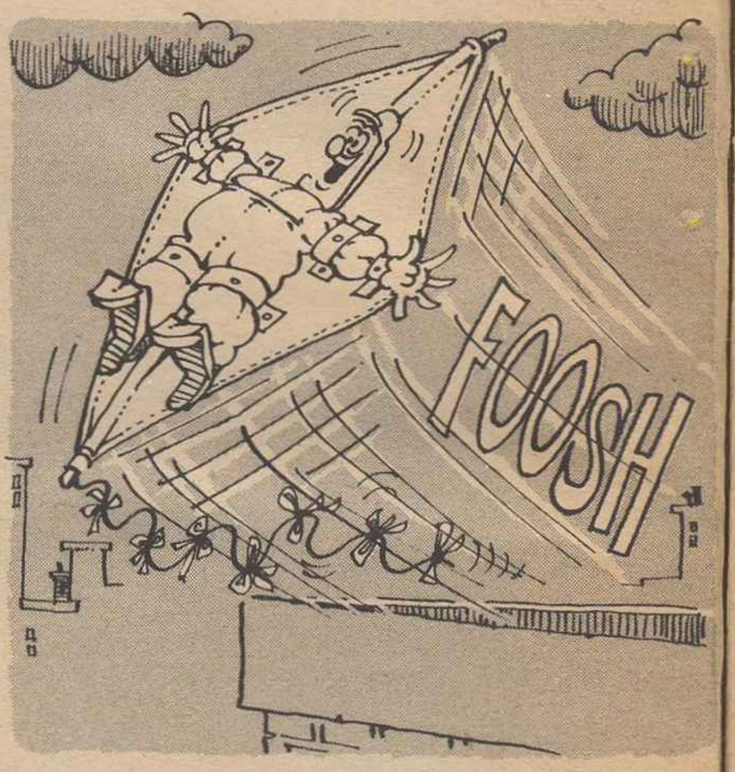
UP, UP AND OY-VAY DEPT.

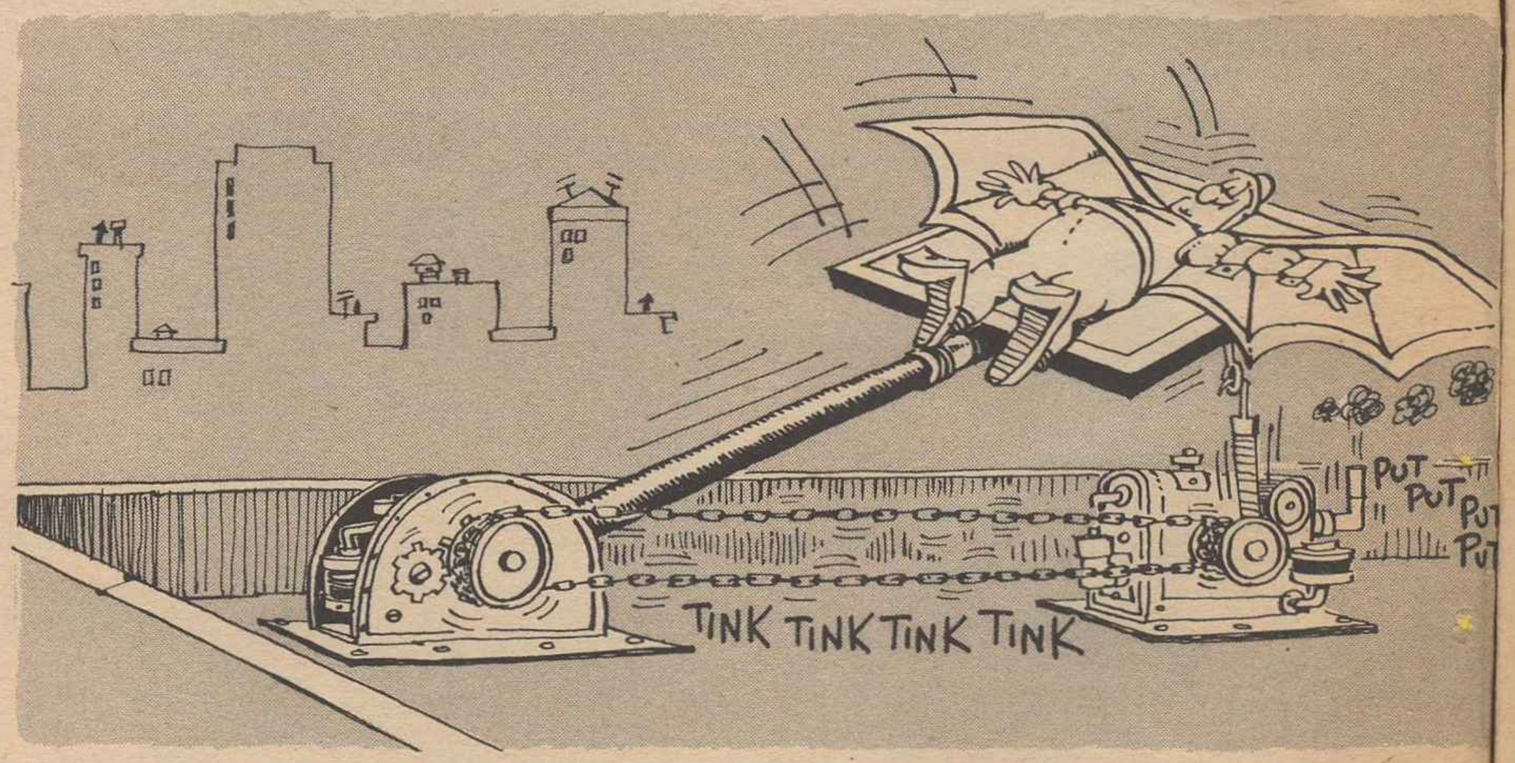
DON MARTIN TRIES 8 NEW WAYS TO FLY

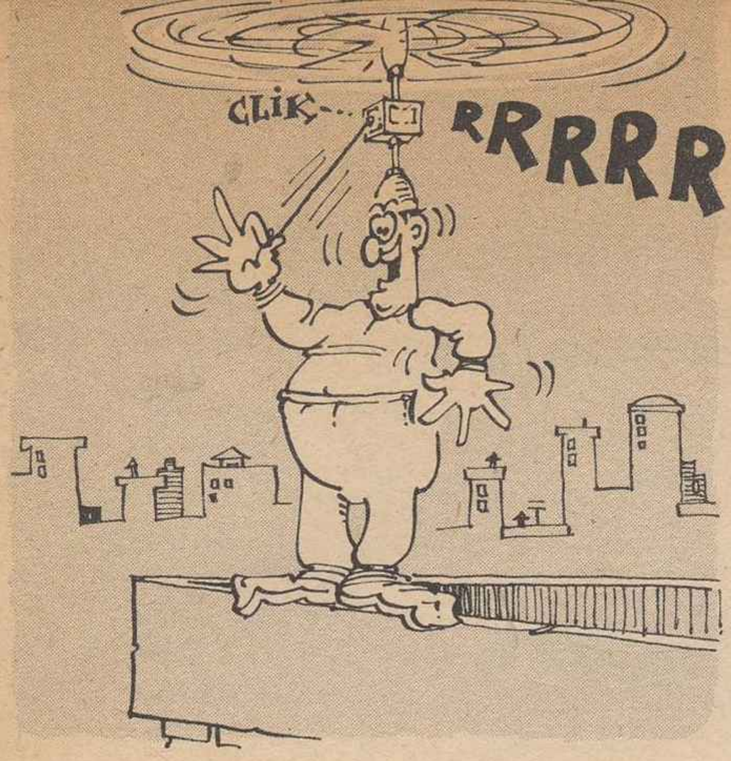




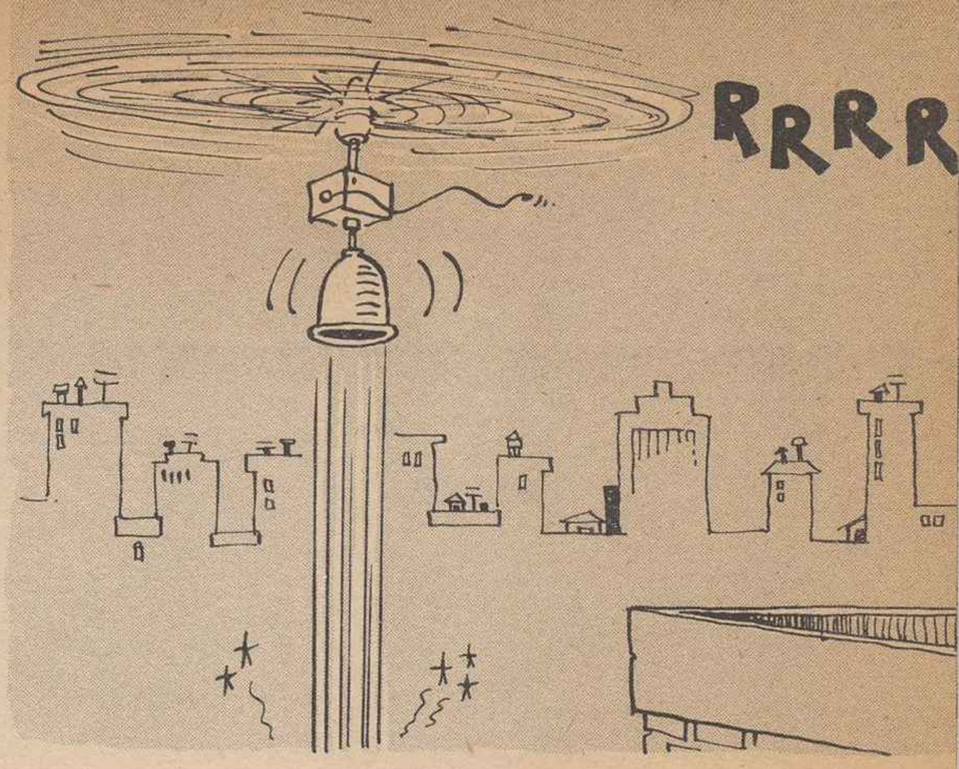







CLIK...
RRRRR

RRRRR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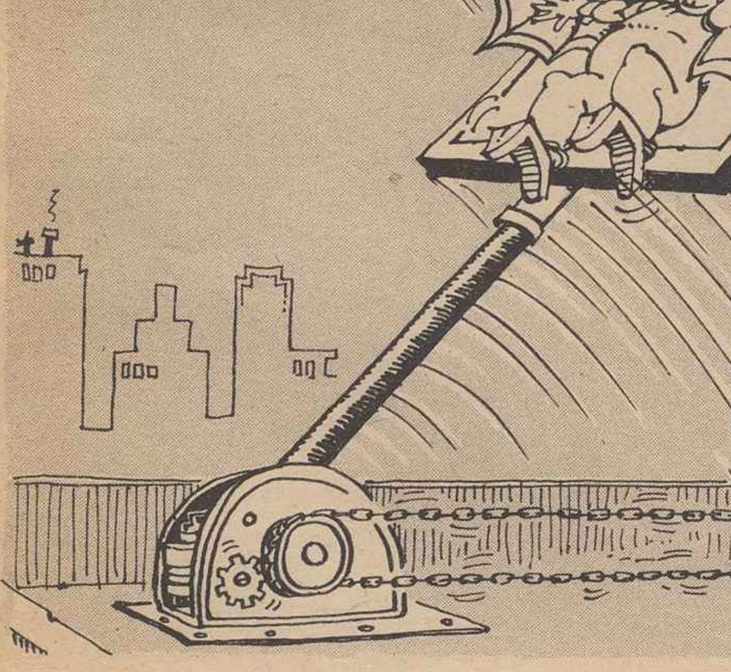
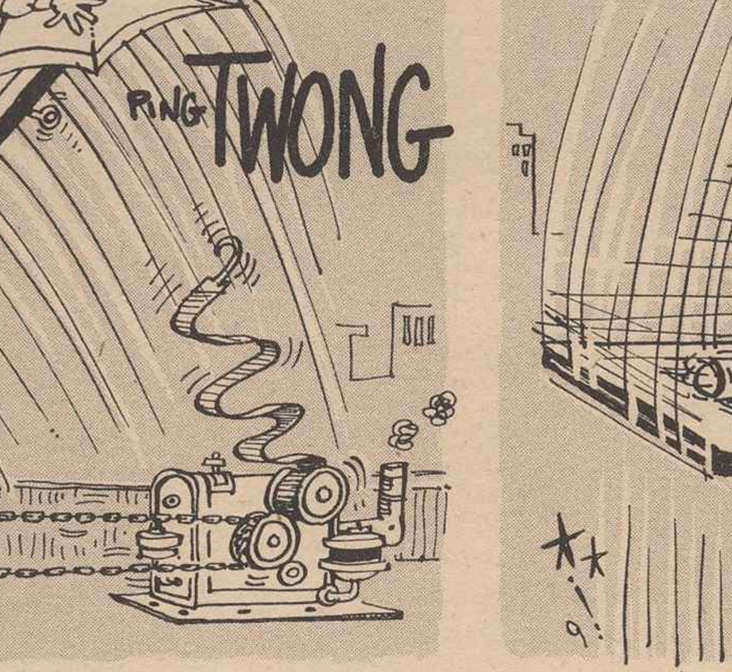
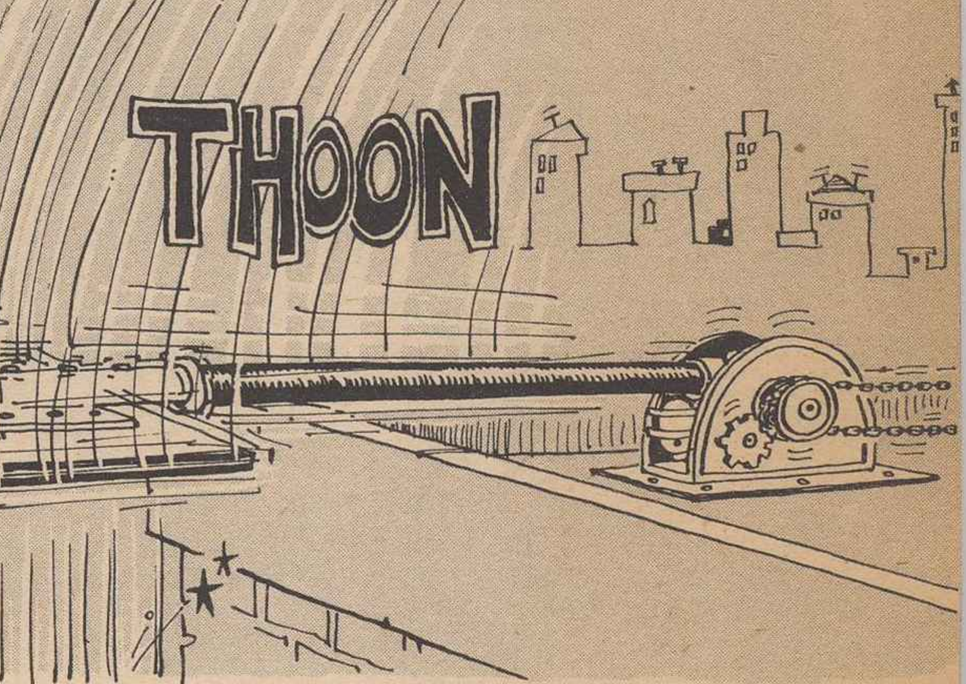



KRAKAZAK



RING TWONG

THOON

TWAK

POP CORN

KLIK-MMMMMMMMMM

CLIK

ROWM

FOOOSH

SPIT SPUTTER SPOP FAP

SITZ SITZLE

SSSSSSS

SSSSSSSSS

?

KLUNK

MMMMMMMMM

DIT!

CLIK

CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK

CLIK ROWM

POOFA
DOOM

GOBBLE THE GOOK DEPT.

Time was when we got food with our food. Nowadays, we're lucky if we get a little food with our chemicals. And we don't mean stuff like Mercury and DDT which sneaks in *accidentally*. We mean additives, preservatives, tenderizers, toughteners and all the other toxic garbage that's sneaked in *deliberately*. And with the blessings of the Food and Drug Administration, yet! Are all these chemicals harmful? Not necessarily. Although some are definitely dangerous if taken,

MAD'S CHEMI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD

How about a tasty glass of fruit juice to start? Of course, along with the juice, you'll be guzzling
SODIUM CITRATE
CALCIUM PHOSPHATE
SODIUM CARRAGEENAN
FERROUS SULFATE
and
BUTYLATED HYDROXANISOLE

The salad's delicious, once you scrub off the DDT! But if you use a ready-made Salad Dressing, be prepared to absorb helpings of
POLYSORBATE-60
GUM TRAGACANTH
SORBIC ACID
and
CALCIUM DISODIUM EDTA

Need a pinch of salt? At no extra charge, you also get generous pinches of
SODIUM SILICO
TRICALCIUM PHOSPHATE
ALUMINATE
and
POLYSORBATE-80

On to the Instant Mashed Potatoes which are just brimming with . . .
GLYCEROL MONOSTEARATE
CALCIUM STEAROLY-2
DIGLYCERIDE
SODIUM PHOSPHATE
SODIUM SULFITE
PROPYLENE GLYCOL
and
BUTYLATED HYDROXYTOLUENE

Yum! There's nothing like a thick juicy steak! Especially when it's been tenderized with stuff like
BROMELIN
PAPAIN and
STILBESTROL

And if it's been treated for that "fresh meat" look, you also get
SODIUM NITRITE
SODIUM SULFITE
and
SODIUM ASCORBATE

*OR SHOULD WE CALL IT "THE LAST SUPPER"?

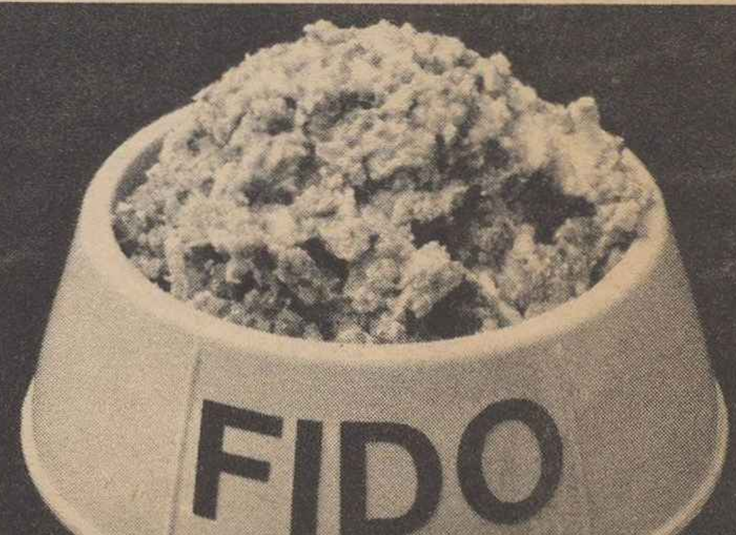
as the FDA puts it, "in large quantities." And nobody really knows for sure if all this crud builds up in our bodies...or what the long-range effects will be. Anyway, MAD thinks you deserve an honest look at the whole picture—to see what's really "going down." All of the goodies below are a regular part of your daily diet. So tune up your taste buds, grab your chopsticks, and join us at the groaning board for fun and feasting as a special guest at...

CAL BANQUET*

WRITER: SY REIT

Think maybe you'd be better off switching to "Dog Food"? Well, don't rush! Because Fido gets, along with his "100% all-meat" (take a deep breath now):

SODIUM CASEINATE	POTASSIUM CHLORIDE
DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE	CALCIUM CARBONATE
MAGNESIUM OXIDE	CHOLINE CHLORIDE
POTASSIUM IODATE	FERROUS SULFATE
CALCIUM PROPIONATE and	MANGANESE DIOXIDE



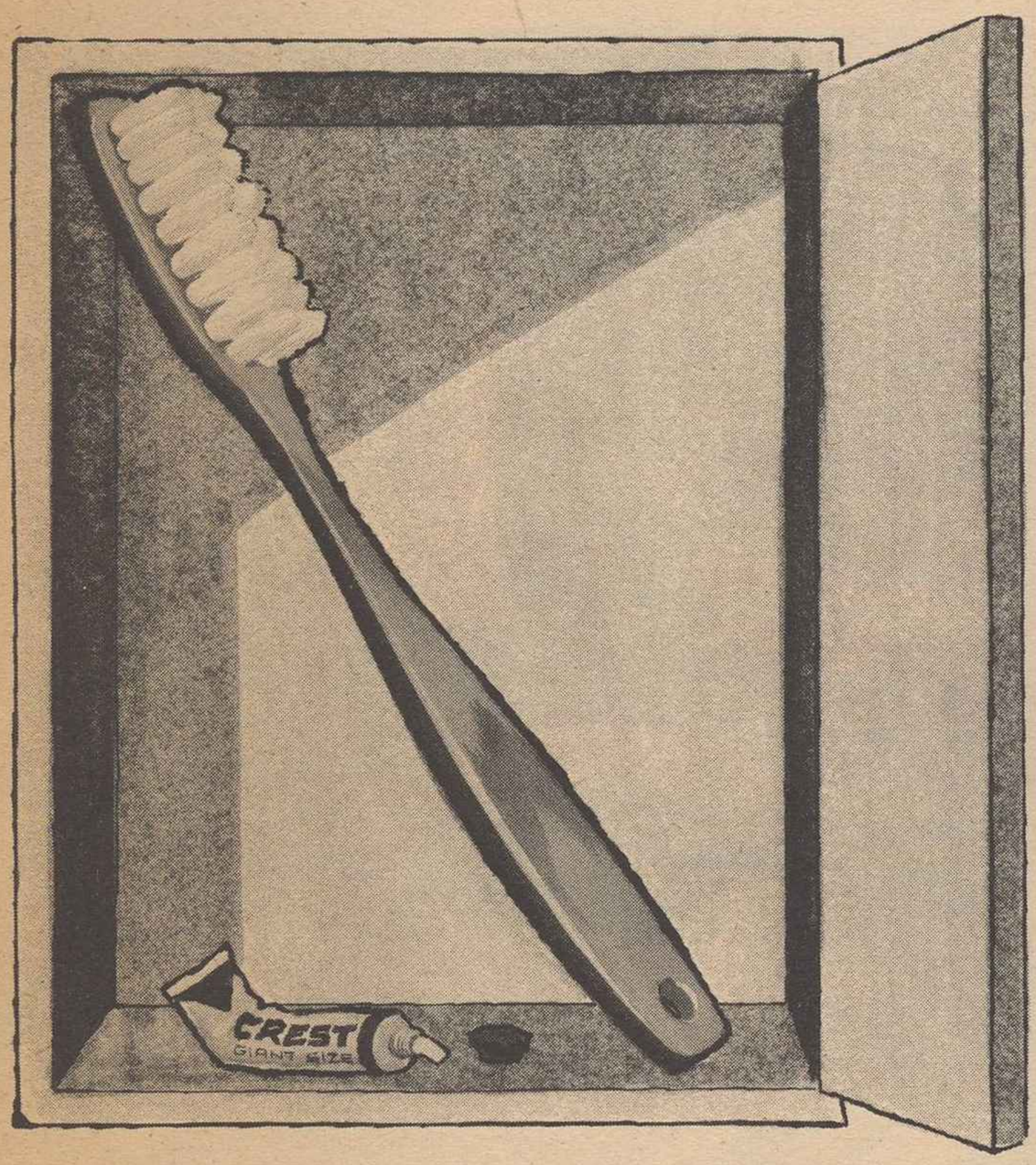
HEARTY APPETITE, GANG!!

TOILET ARTICLE DEPT.

A MAD PEEK INTO SOME... LEGENDARY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

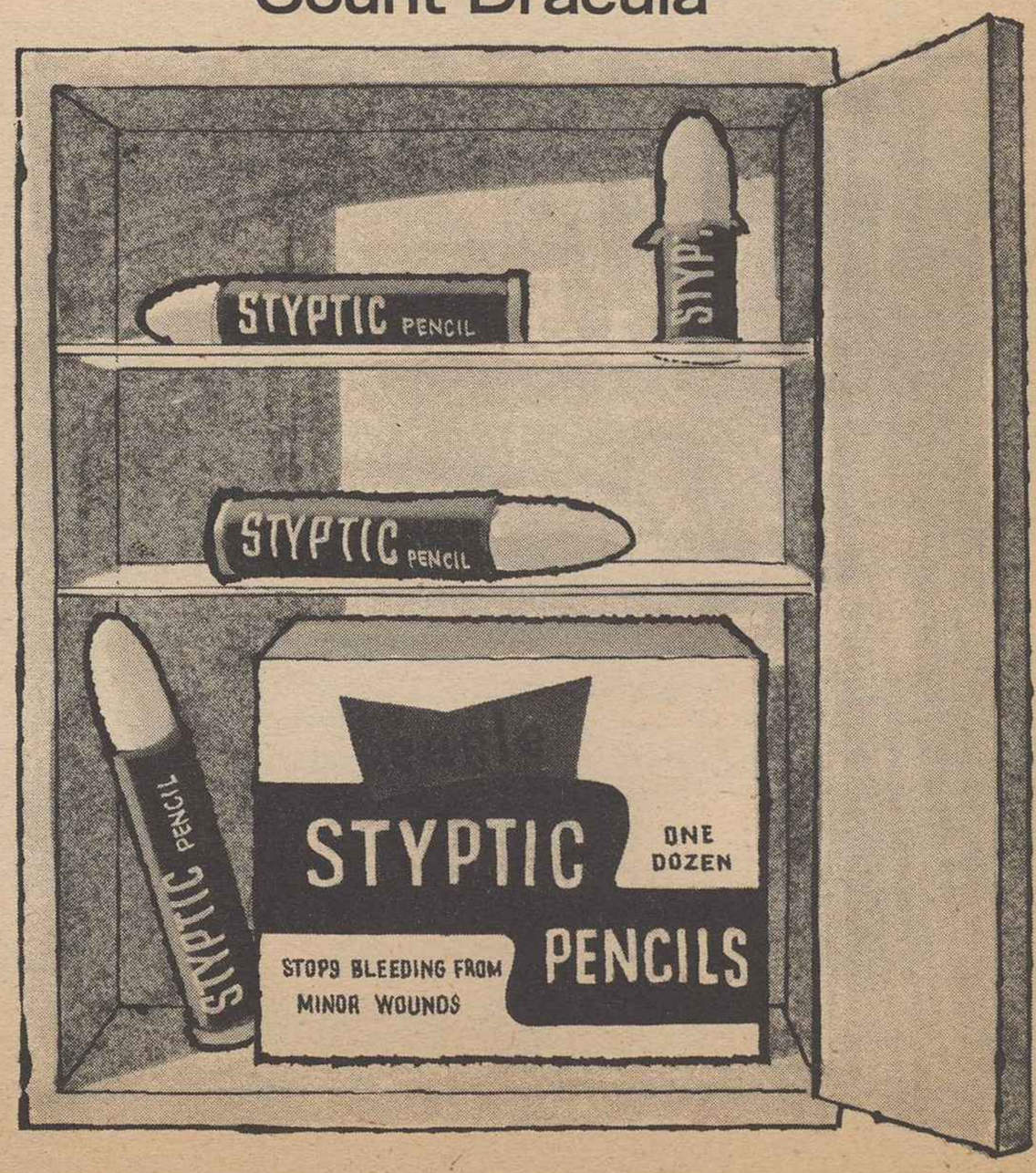
Paul Bunyan



Bacchus

Robinson Crusoe

Count Dracula

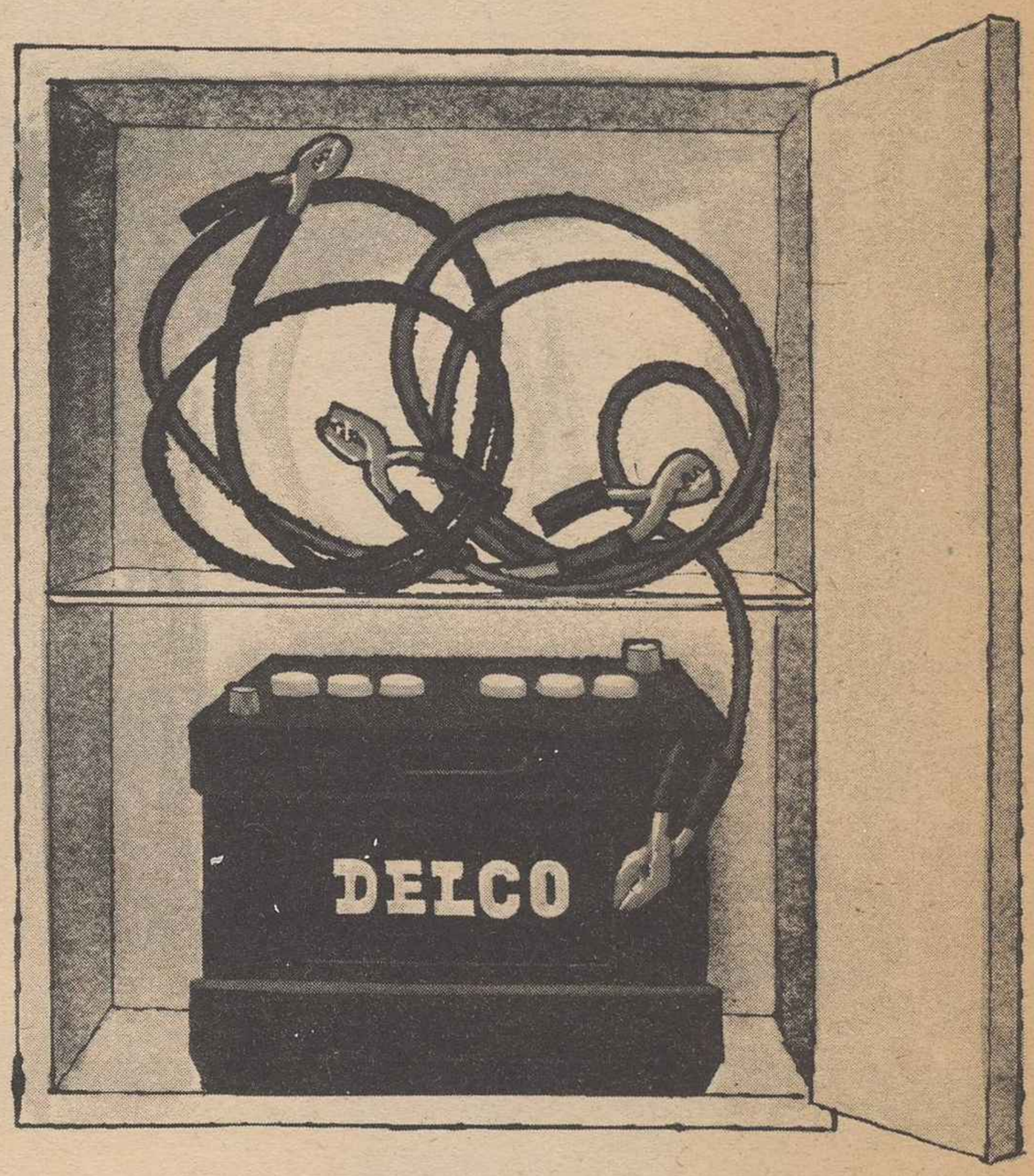


MEDICINE CABINETS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

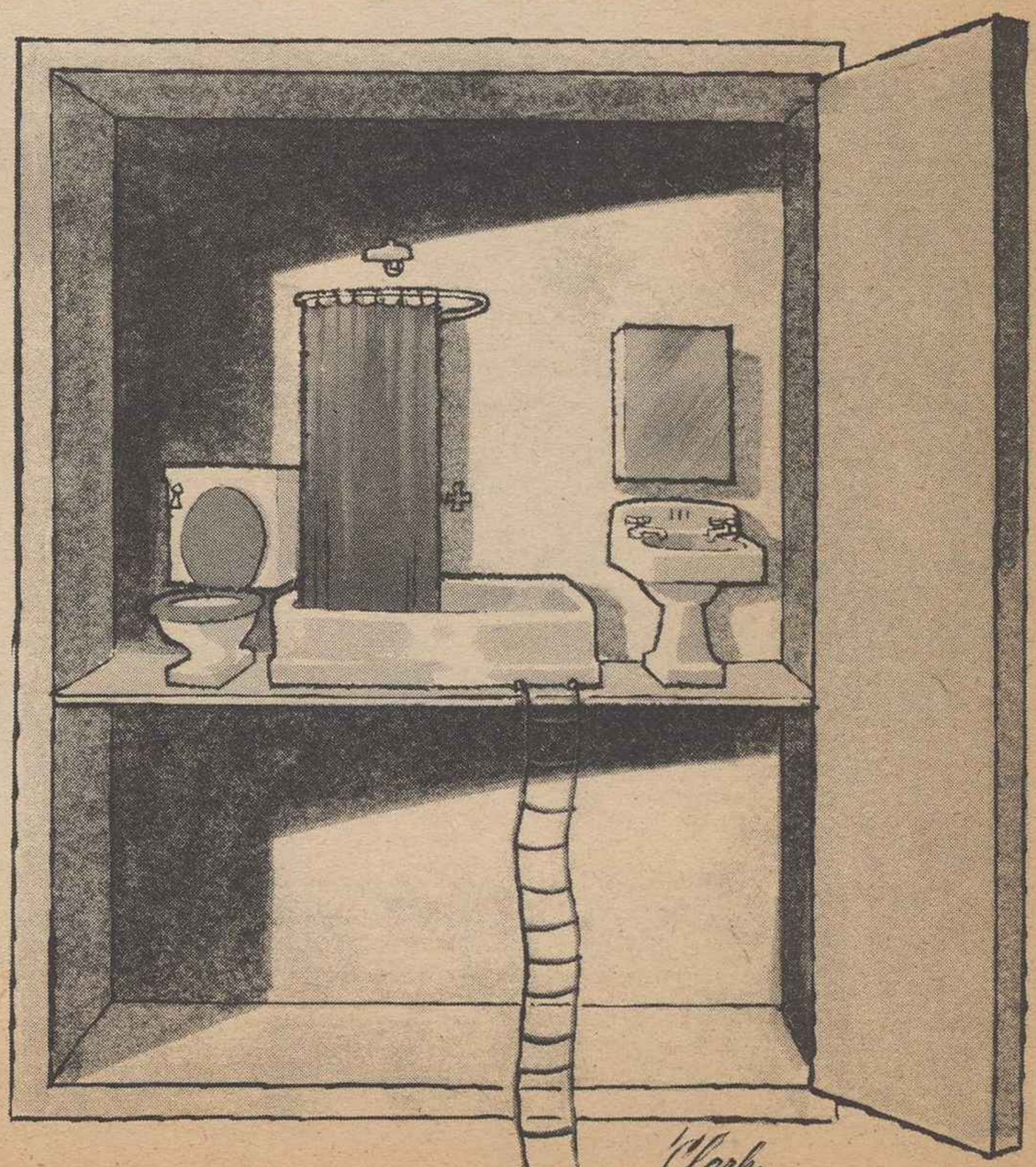
Atlas

The Frankenstein Monster

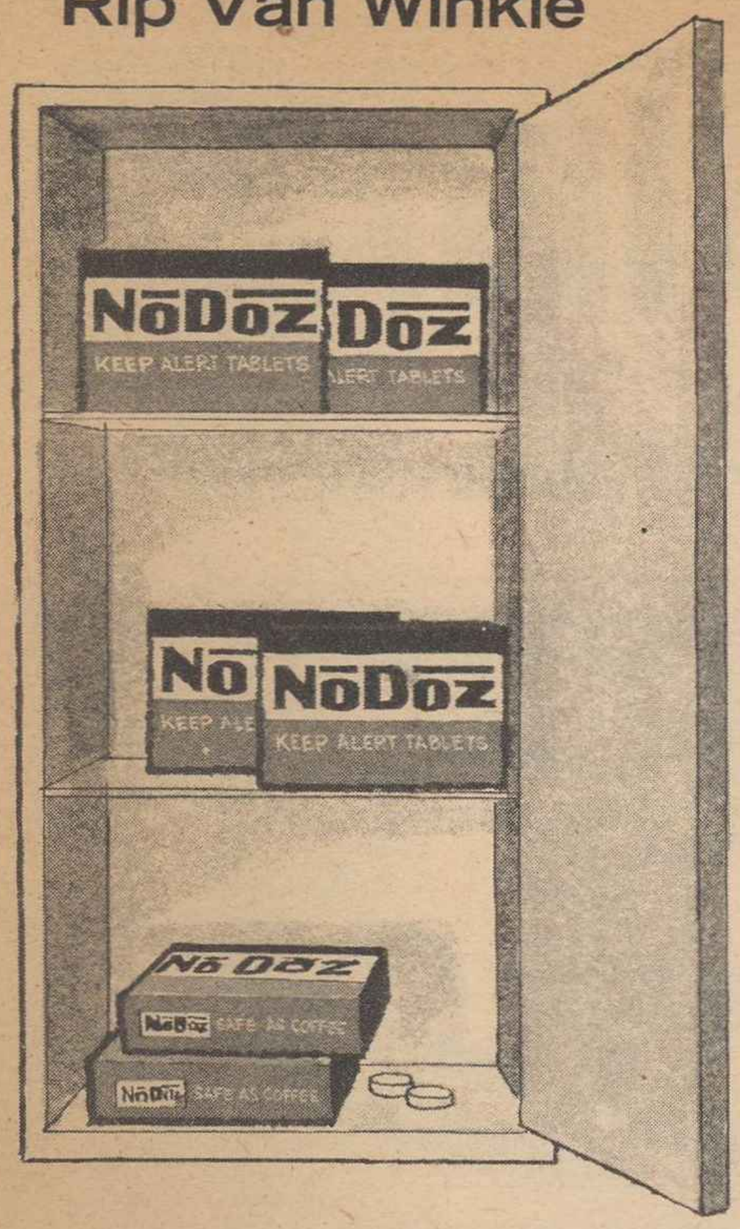


Cyclops

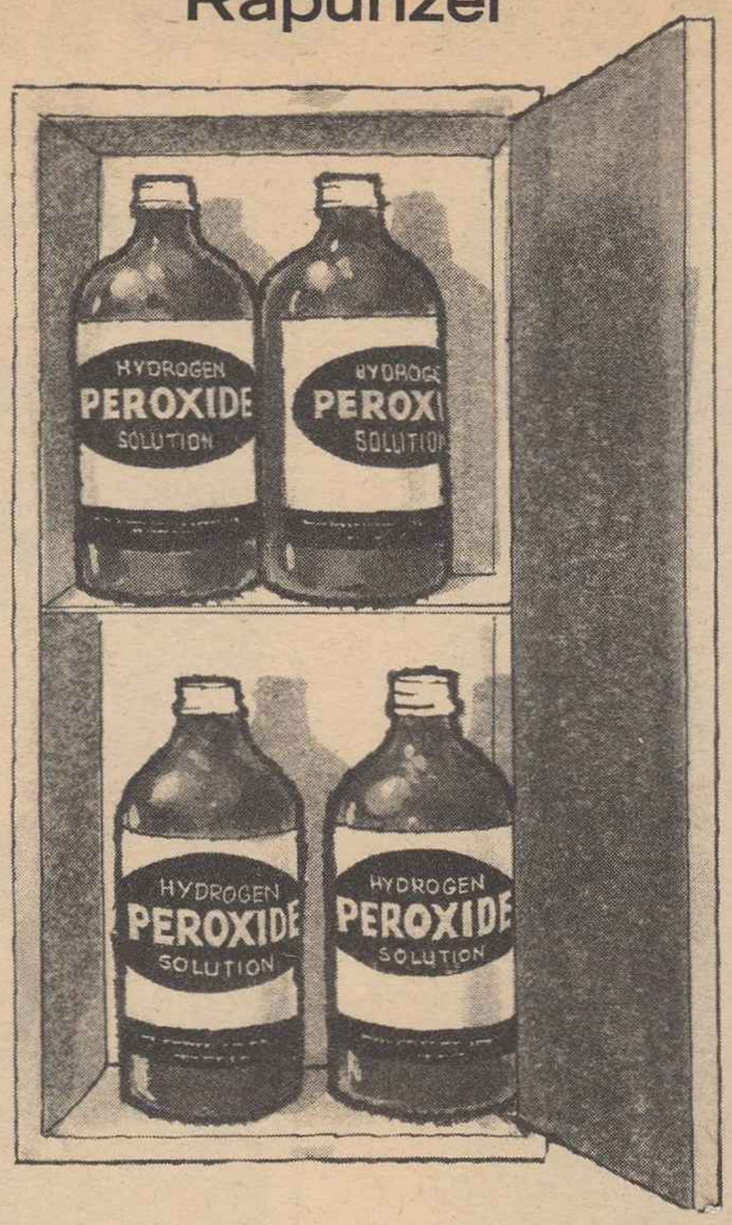
Tom Thumb



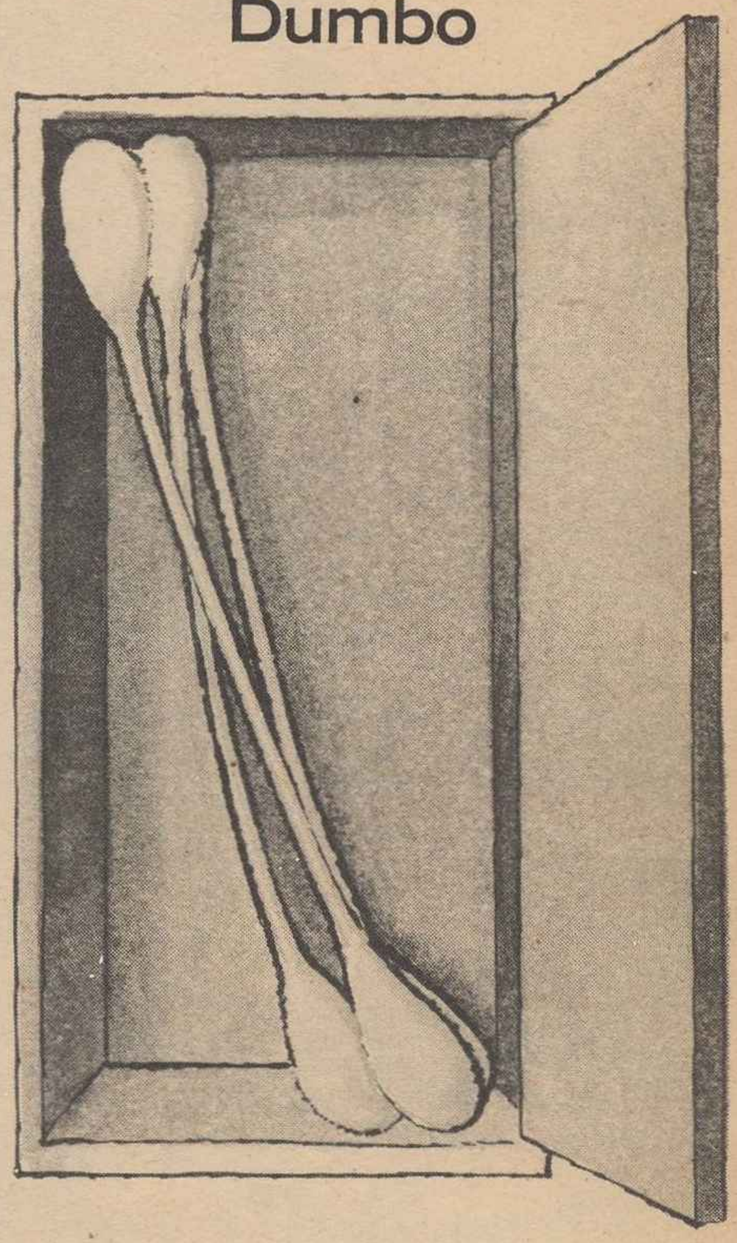
Rip Van Winkle



Rapunzel

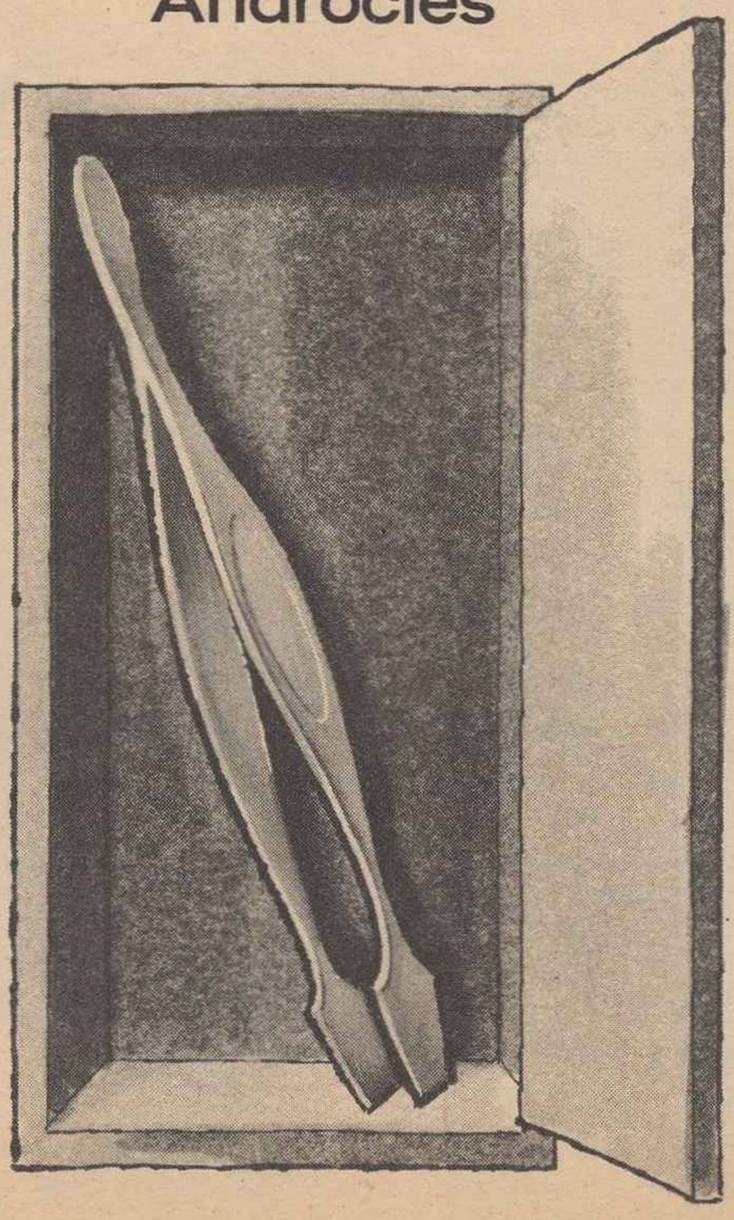


Dumbo

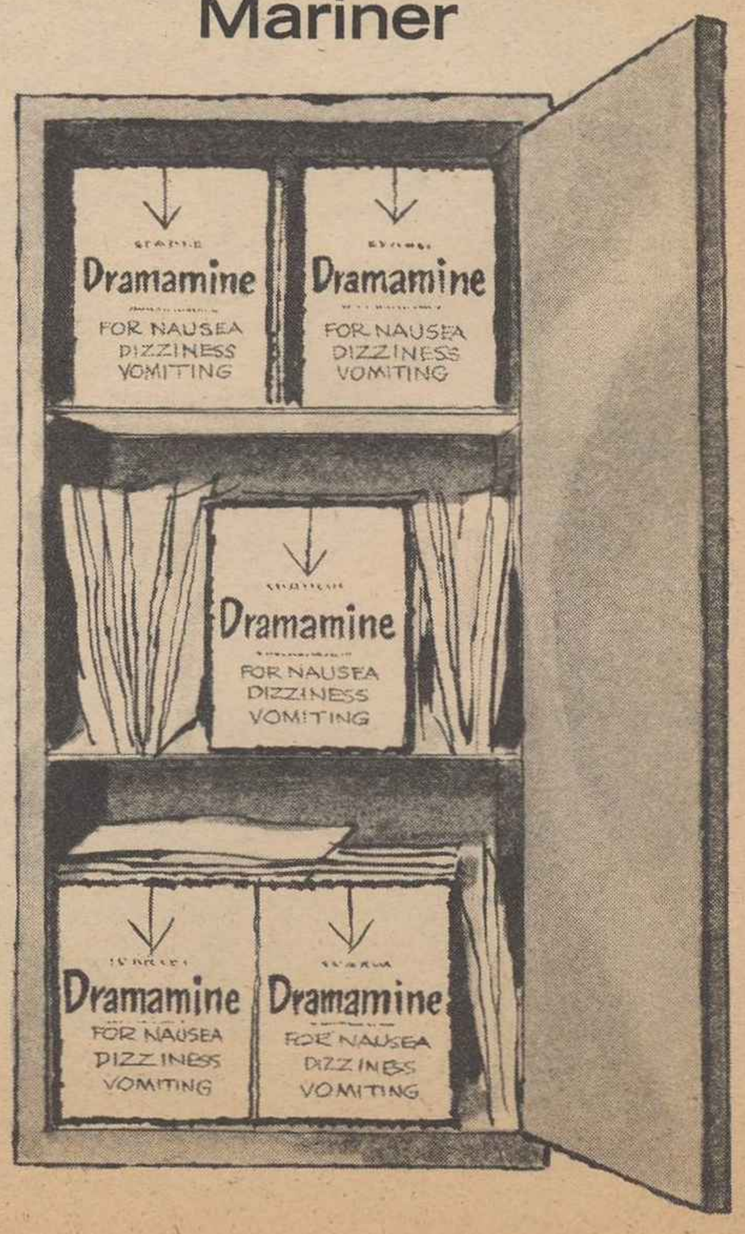


Pinocchio

Androcles

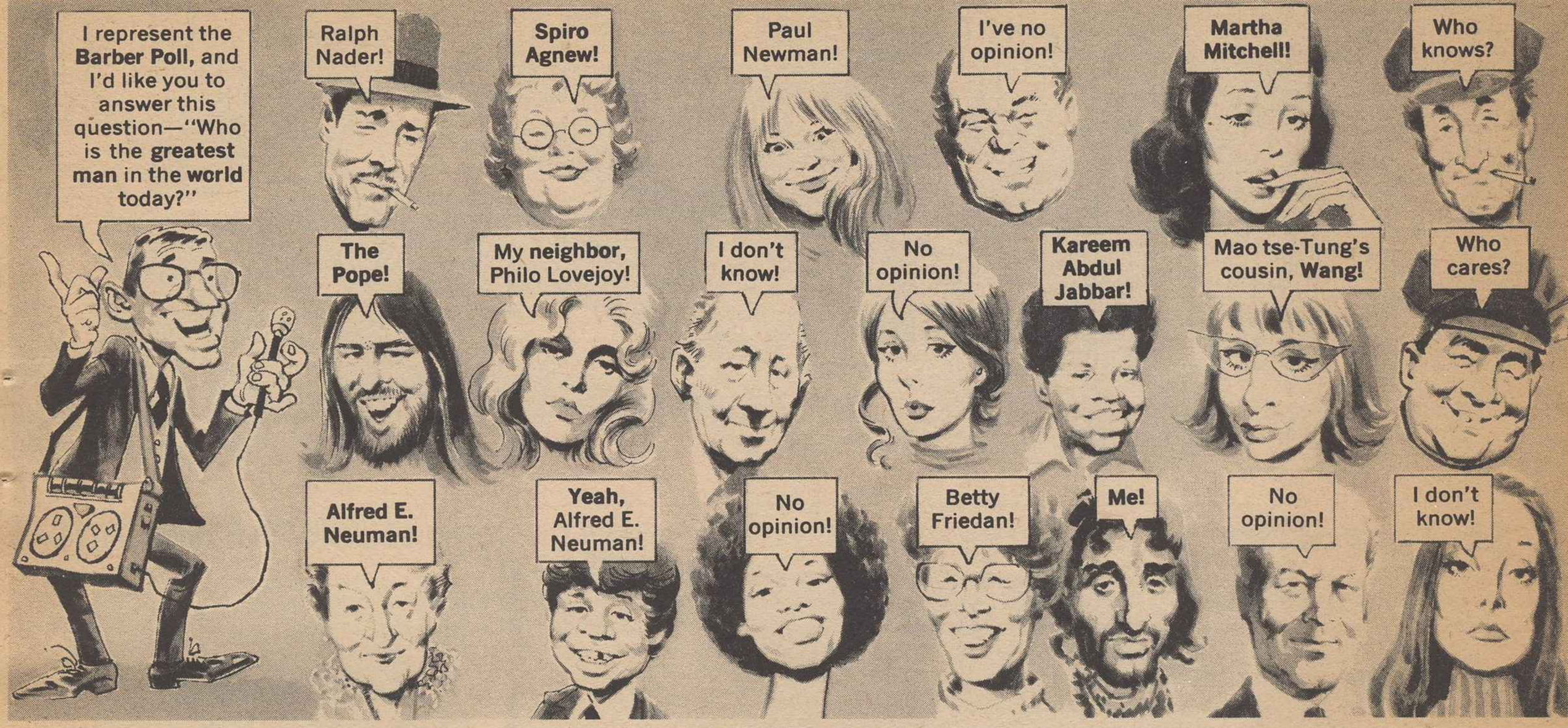


The Ancient Mariner



SWEPT UNDER THE SHRUG DEPT.

Whenever some group wants to know how the public feels about something, you can be sure there'll be a public opinion poll:



Thousands of people are asked this question and eventually their answers are tallied and released in a newspaper story:

POLL NAMES ALFRED E. NEUMAN AS "WORLD'S GREATEST MAN"

New York, N.Y. *(Combined Services)* The Barber Poll revealed this morning that the American public considers Alfred E. Neuman the greatest man in the world today.

Complete results of the poll follow:

Alfred E. Neuman	38%
Joe Namath	8%
Billy Graham	6%
Abbie Hoffman	4%
Carlo Gambino	3%
Philo Lovejoy	1%
All others	16%
No opinion	24%

You'll notice that there is quite a sizeable percentage of people who have **"No Opinion,"** which brings us to the point of this ridiculous introduction: Have you ever thought how muddled life would be if almost *everyone* had **"No Opinion"** or said they **"Don't Know"** or that they were **"Undecided?"** You haven't? Well, stick around as MAD now reveals what we all will ultimately have to contend with

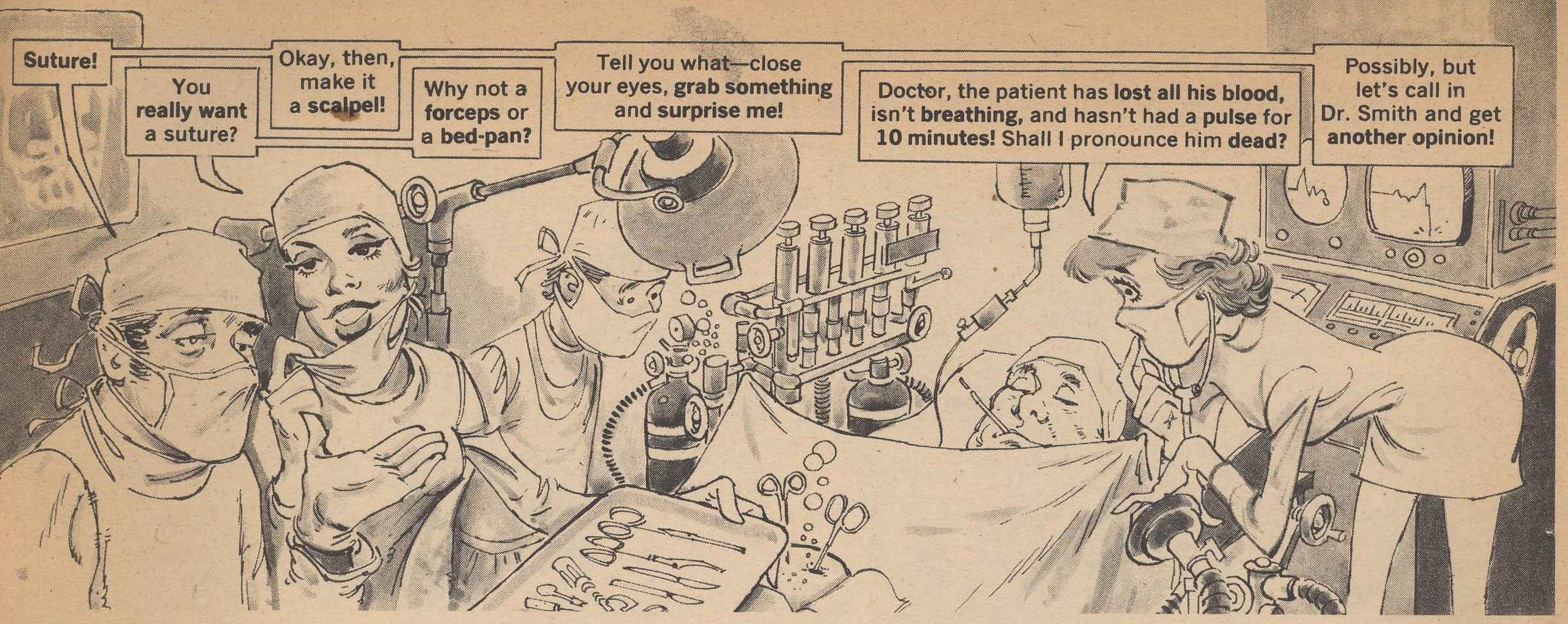
WHEN THE "NO OPINION" PEOPLE BECOME THE MAJORITY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IDEA BY: ELAINE DUNN

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

In A Hospital Operating Room



On Television

4:00 (3) SESAME STREET
15 minutes of non-commital rumors about the number 5. Films of unspecified animals that reveal nothing. The Moppets explain why going to the bathroom is debatable.

7:30 (5) GUNSMOKE
After Doc, Kitty and Festus are shot in cold blood by a gunslinger, Matt ponders a vague course of action without coming to a decision.

8:00 (2) FIRING LINE
William F. Buckley talks about the weather, hypothetically, of course, with Jerry Rubin.

9:00 (7) CAROL BURNETT
Carol and guest Andy Griffith spend 60 minutes wondering why they're there. Songs: "I Don't Know Why" (Carol); "It Ain't Necessarily So" (Carol and Andy), "I Don't Care" (Andy), "Maybe" (Carol or Andy).

11:00 (11) MOVIE—Drama?
Something or other with Joel McCrea, or somebody who looks a lot like him, also with some other actors we don't know if we should name.

11:30 (4) TO BE ANNOUNCED
But don't count on it.

12:00 (5) SERMONETTE?
The Reverend, or is it Rabbi, or is it Father Kyle Quigley talks about God. Or is it the other way around?

In Book Publishing

Everything you always wanted to know about sex

but were too uncommitted to have an opinion about it one way or the other *

* AS DOES THE AUTHOR

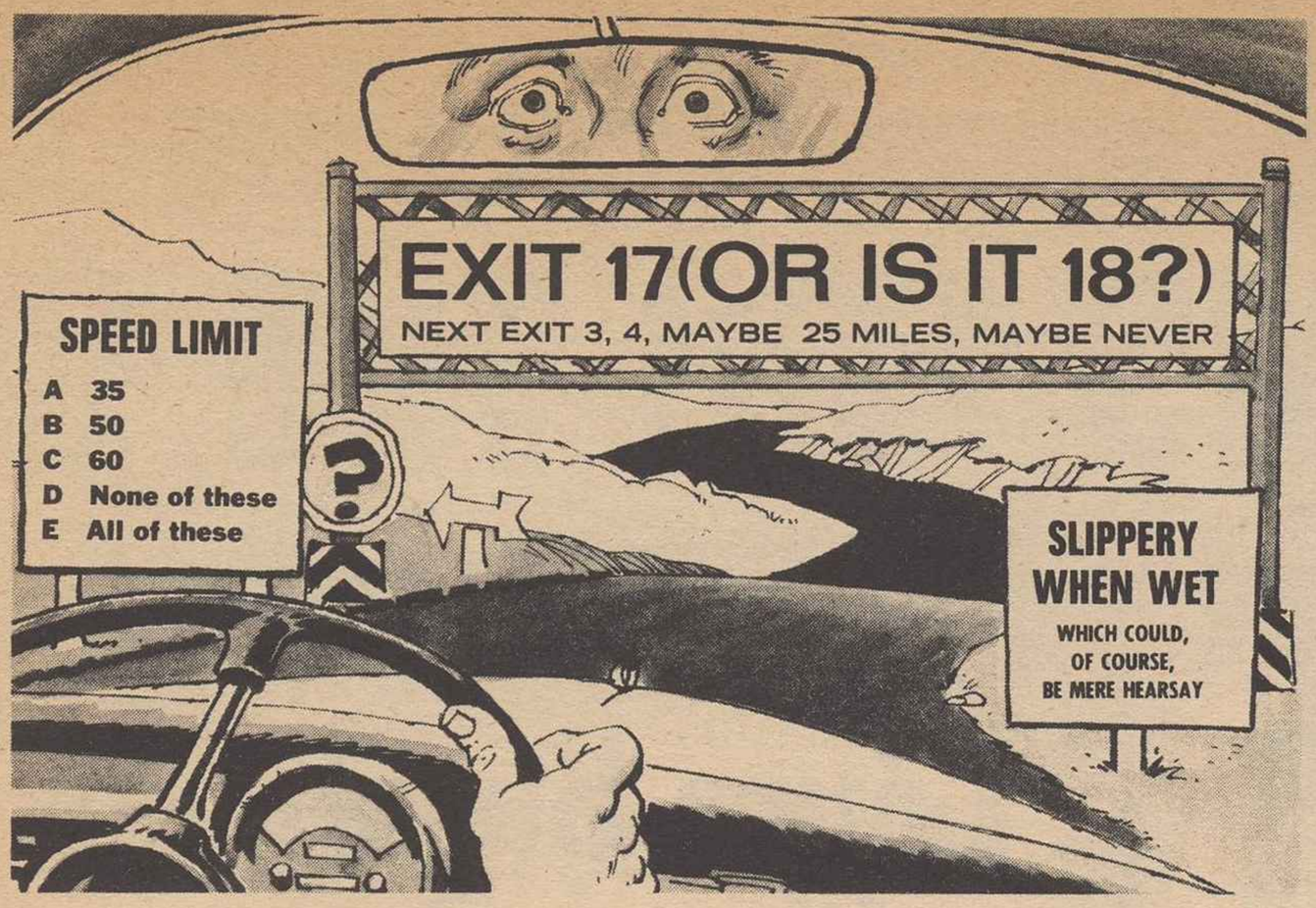
In Love Songs

I've grown indifferent to your face—
I haven't got a thing to say;
I've no opinion of your nose;
What's more, I must disclose
Your hair, your skin,
Your mouth, your chin
Will draw no comment from me now;
I've simply let them fade away;

I'll never know the beauty or
the ugliness in you—
Because I'm just a nothing jerk
without a point of view;
I've grown indifferent to your teeth—
Indifferent to your ears—
Indifferent to your face!

*Sing to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face"

On The Highway



In Astrology Forecasts

THE STARS AND YOU

Daily Forecast for March 5th

Aries: Make no decisions.
Taurus: Stall.
Gemini: Ignore this forecast.
Cancer: Cool it.
Leo: Don't get out of bed.
Virgo: Act uncertain.
Libra: Put it out of your mind.
Scorpio: Be ambiguous.
Sagittarius: Do nothing.
Capricorn: Wait for another time.
Aquarius: Yes and no.
Pisces: No comment.

(Repeat every day for the rest of your life)

In A Jury Room

We've been locked up with this case for **six months.** You've all heard the evidence: A mass murderer, found with a shotgun in his hand and eight victims at his feet! For the **178th time,** how do you find him —**innocent** or **guilty?**

Who wants to know?

Would you **repeat** the choices again?

Can I vote **"Maybe"?**

Let me call home and ask **my husband!**

The face of truth wears many masks!

I think it's snowing!

Some questions are better left unanswered

Only the goose sticks his neck out!

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?

I'd rather not become **involved!**

Can't we talk about something **else?!**

In Baseball

I'm **safe**— I think!

The **hell** you say! You're **out**—unless I'm mistaken! What do **you** say, Ump?

Beats **me!** Let's do it over again! If there's still a problem, we'll poll the fans! If **they** cop out, we'll flip a coin or try the **Ouija Board** again!

On The Telephone

When you hear the tone, the time will be **1:13 and 10 seconds.** This does not necessarily reflect the views of this recorded voice! **My** guess would be closer to 1:12 and 40 seconds! Yet my clock radio, which is hardly **ever** wrong, says it's 1:14 and 25 seconds . . .

LOWEST COMMON DENUNCIATOR DEPT.

Is it fair that only movies, plays and books are reviewed . . . when most of us will never direct a movie or act in a play or write a book? Suppose the same kind of reviewing techniques were applied to everyday performances? Then we might have something a lot like these

CRITICISMS FOR THE CO

Student Literature *Youth Movements*

MISS FAZULE COMPLETES COMPOSITION ON PETS

by Basil English

"My Kitty," the latest composition by Gloria Fazule, mirrors the complex ambivalence of the authoress's mind in a manner to which none but her richly obfuscating native idiom lends itself.

In sparse prose, Miss Fazule depicts the dark and brooding unnatural love of a seven-year-old girl for her cunning feline "companion."

Few writers have successfully achieved the ultimate fusion of identities between woman and beast as has Miss Fazule when she writes, "I luv my Kitty." Notice, if you will, the use of the prosaic word "Kitty"—not "Cat" as a lesser writer would have used. For "Kitty" implies innocence not yet betrayed . . . a clear forest pool unsullied by the dead leaves and pollution of experience.

The very structure of her sentences aims at a microcosmic synthesis of the opposing forces that inspire the overall pattern of Miss Fazule's work. She is surely conscious of the imperiousness of her demands when she laments, "I wish my Kitty would youse the littur box."

Gloria Fazule, struggling with the world no man has made, yet never attempting to abandon it, has constructed many worlds within it—permanently fresh and strange—as when she writes, "I want my Kitty to play with me but she wont. She rather go out and play with uther cats."

Miss Fazule's previous compositions, "My New Kitten," and her never-to-be-forgotten "My Kitten Plays With A Ball of Wull" showed the budding talent of a sensitive observer of the ever-changing history of man's relationship to the mystical nonverbal world of the beast. In "My Kitty," Gloria Fazule shows her growth and maturity as a writer. She has at last emerged into the pantheon of composition-writing "Greats"!

A rumor perists that Miss Fazule is currently working on still another provocative composition, perhaps her most ambitious work to date, entitled "Duz Anybody Want Some Kittens?"

Laura Burnbaum Cleans Room

by N. E. Momandad

Laura Burnbaum has conducted an experiment in lassitude in cleaning her room, second story, rear, at 114 Hudson Street.

It took courage for Laura to undertake the task —the same courage displayed by Hercules when he cleaned the Aegean stables. Because Miss Burnbaum's room was approximately in the same condition as the Aegean stables before the Greek performed his Herculean feat.

Miss Burnbaum is a room cleaner of the "Obvious Movement School", and her type of work has been seen before. She began her performance with shelf-dusting, using the traditional man's undershirt as a dust rag. In a rare display of enthusiasm, she actually moved her collection of stuffed animals to dust beneath them.

Her vacuuming of the floor, however, was somewhat lacking in inspiration. She ran the vacuum cleaner solely over the areas visible to the naked eye (Namely, her Mother's!), leaving entire areas (Under her bed, for example!) untouched, to await a future performance.

Miss Burnbaum did a credible job of windowwashing, until the Lavoris ran out, the Windex being inaccessible—in the kitchen closet . . . downstairs! She then resorted to the time-honored technique of breathing on the glass prior to wiping, which she accomplished with the aid of her brother's discarded pajama bottoms.

For a finale, Miss Burnbaum selected unwanted memorabilia from her dresser drawers, dividing them into two distinct piles on the floor. Then, with sober and resolute evaluation, she contemplated the "might as well hold on to" pile, which included an 8 by 10 glossy photo of Ringo Starr, and returned it to her dresser drawer. The "got to go" pile, which included a letter from a girl who had the bunk next to her in Summer camp in 1963, was consigned to the waiting and seldom-used waste basket.

Seconds later, she dumped the contents of the basket into her dresser drawer and pushed it shut with an air of satisfaction and accomplishment.

Miss Burnbaum's room cleaning, while far from a masterpiece, remains an important event, not likely to be repeated until she marries in seven or eight years.

WRITER: ALPHONSE NORMANDIA

MMON MAN

Business Communications

L. C. CRANSTON WRITES A NEW INTER-OFFICE MEMO

by Mimi Graff

It is a distinct pleasure for me to review the latest Inter-Office Memo of Mr. L. C. Cranston, whose works I have admired ever since I was a young upstart, painfully trying to teach myself the fine art of Memo-Writing. Even then, Mr. Cranston was a famous Memo-Writer. And, unlike many "flash-in-the-pan" Memo-Writers who write one or two great Memos and then rest on their laurels ever after, L. C. Cranston has remained in the forefront, constantly writing one great Memo after another—Memos which have become standards for all fledgling Memo-Writers to emulate.

Mr. Cranston's style has undergone subtle changes through the years. His flowery prose of the 50's, while right for the climate of those times, is inappropriate today. Consider one of his earlier Memos on "Getting To Work On Time"...

It has come to the attention of the management that some of our company's loyal and trusted employees have been over-extending their prerogatives of employment in regard to the hour of arrival at work prescribed by the . . . (etc.)

In contrast, notice the terse, almost sparse writing in this, his latest (and in my opinion, his greatest) Memo. He begins directly with, "To All Personnel! NOW HEAR THIS!!" No effete intellectualizing here. Pithy, and to the point.

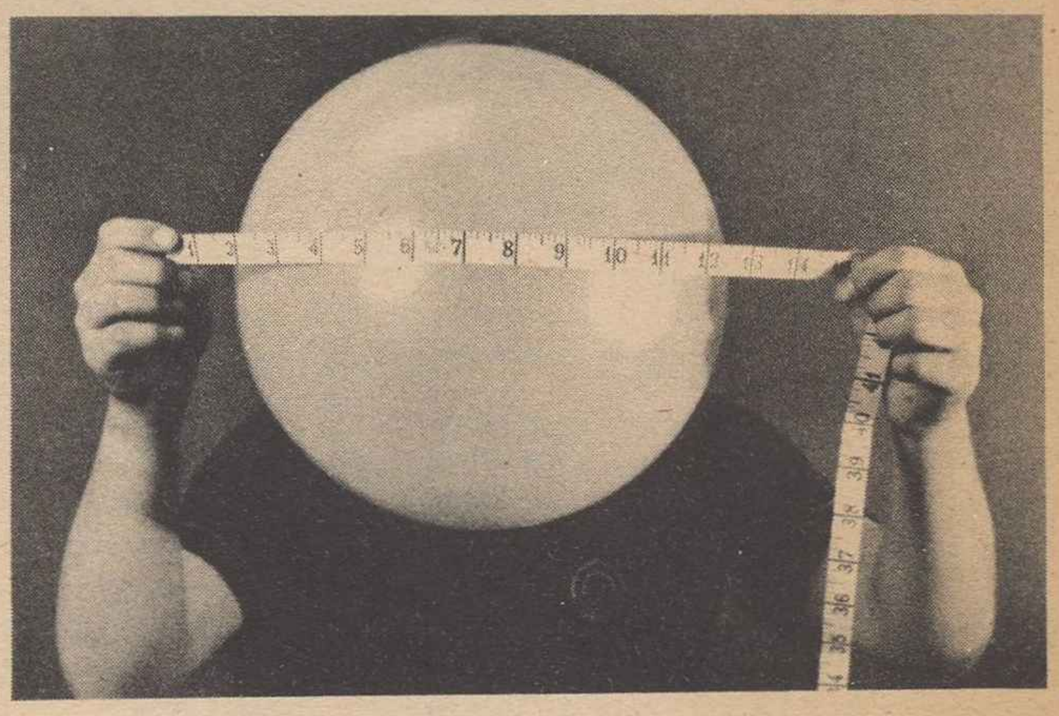
The bulk of the Memo magnificently sums up the problem of "Office Supply Waste." No words are wasted on frivolous digressions. Implied are all the hopes and fears of a benevolent company adrift in the stormy seas of increased competition and rising costs, about to flounder on the shoals of falling profits. Mr. Cranston synthesizes all of this as he writes, "Stop wasting paper clips!!"

L. C. Cranston is a rare individual of our times, a man who has found his place, a place of greatness, with his Memo pad. In concluding his latest work, he once again reiterates the classic phrase he has used time and time again with such telling effect: "PAPER CLIPS IS MONEY!!!"

They just don't write Inter-Office Memos like that anymore.

Gum-Chewing

LEONARD HUMPERDINK BLOWS MASSIVE BUBBLE



by B. Chnutt Fleer

It is indeed a rarity in this era of speed and assembly line mechanization to find someone pursuing his craft in the time-honored tradition. This is how Leonard J. Humperdink chews his bubble gum. Slowly, Carefully, Honestly. For Leonard J. Humperdink is a master bubble gum chewer of the old school.

Although Humperdink, a Junior at Austin Hoople High School, is a bubble gum chewer in the classical tradition, he is entirely self-taught. He has evolved his mastication technique through trial and error. And an intensely personal technique it is.

Humperdink unwraps his bubble gum with his left hand, gently flicking the enclosed little comic strip into the palm of his right hand with his thumb. Then, while reading the adventures of Bazooka Joe and His Gang, Humperdink nonchalantly flips the square of gum onto his tongue, using an inverted double twist.

However, Humperdink does not immediately begin to chew, as many tyro chewers are wont to do. He pushes the gum about in his mouth, softening it slowly until the gum has reached the proper consistency. (It is at this point, of course, that the gum is now referred to as a "wad.")

Humperdink's first actual bite is a down-chew, with the gum in the center of his lower teeth. His second bite is a "mouth right," and his third bite is a "mouth left." No random chewer is Leonard Humperdink. He chews to release the flavor of the "wad" evenly and deliberately over all of his taste buds. He chews at the rate of one closure every eight seconds. This is the actual chewing formula recommended by the late, great Wrigley Dentine, whose book, "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Gum-Chewing But Were Afraid To Ask," remains the definitive work in the field.

Making a small pocket in the "wad" with his tongue, Humperdink then proceeds to exhale between his teeth, causing a "bubble" of gum to issue forth. As more air is forced into the pocket, the bubble grows in size. On this occasion, Humperdink's tour de force reached a full 26 inches in diameter.

While this is startling, it is not half as impressive as the ever-present resulting explosion, an ear-shattering "SPLATT!" of deafening proportions.

I am sure that, with the additional experience that only time can bring, Leonard Humperdink will one day learn to re-inhale the massive bubbles he makes before they burst. For an exploded bubble of two feet or more makes a rather nasty mess.

Dining In

Katherine O'Leary Bakes Meat Loaf

by Igor May

Last Saturday evening, the jaded palate of this reviewer experienced the exquisite cuisine of Mrs. Patrick O'Leary, and my taste buds are still a-quiver over the specialté de la maison, "Meat Loaf O'Leary."

I have had exemplary Meat Loaf before. Particularly memorable was the twelve-foot Meat Loaf of Mess Sergeant Alphonso "Cooky" Raab, served al fresco at Camp Pickett, Virginia in 1957. Nor will I ever forget a Snake Meat Loaf served under somewhat unusual circumstances last Summer in Death Valley, California. But "Meat Loaf O'Leary" is not just a good Meat Loaf, it is a *great* Meat Loaf!

The circumstances of the gourmet dinner I attended undoubtedly added to the luster of the evening. The dining area was tastefully done in alternating harp-and-shamrock wallpaper, upon which was hung Kelly-green framed oil portraits of St. Patrick, St. Brendan and St. Michael. Patrick (Pat) O'Leary, proud husband of the prize recipe holder and kitchen savant, presided over the table, surrounded by eight red-headed, freckle-faced, voracious, plate-rapping children, Grandmother O'Leary and a man whose name I never did catch. It was amidst this warmth and happy tumult that Katherine O'Leary brought out her memorable culinary triumph.

Nothing makes a dish taste better than an attractive presentation. And Mrs. O'Leary's Meat Loaf is no exception. It is always laced with brandy prior to serving, and set aflame. And it is, indeed, a spectacular sight to see "Meat Loaf O'Leary Flambee," the flames highlighting the green of the meat. Yes, Mrs. O'Leary, in true culinary showmanship, always tints her meat green with a harmless vegetable dye.

Each portion is garnished with Potatoes O'Leary (Idáho potatoes boiled in beer), and Broccoli O'Leary (tender broccoli stalks glazed with a gin and brown sugar sauce.)

The recipe for Meat Loaf O'Leary has been passed down from mother to daughter for seven centuries, and it was only after persistent persuasion on my part that Mrs. O'Leary finally gave me permission to reproduce it here.

MEAT LOAF O'LEARY

2 pounds ground meat
14 cloves garlic, whole
1 tamale, finely chopped
12 tablespoons salt
1 pound ground osso bucco
18 onions, ground
3 cups cornflakes, whole
1 pound chocolate kisses

Mix ingredients until smoothly blended.
Form into loaf with garden trowel, place in moderate oven (350°).
Very important: ADD 1 QUART WHISKEY
Bake for 6½ to 12 hours.

Dinner is served at the O'Leary's as early as 3:00 P.M. and as late as 11:00 P.M., depending upon Patrolman O'Leary's tour of duty for the week at the 39th Precinct. Dinner guests would be wise to confirm their reservations.

Folk Art

THADDEUS J. SCHMUTZ PAINTS 80 HURON ROAD

by Moe Digliani

There is virtue in being an amateur. Not knowing the rules and paths already traveled, one is free to take new roads—to go in new directions. Thaddeus J. Schmutz, who painted the exterior of his house at 80 Huron Road, is an amateur housepainter. He is entirely self-taught. His work shows flashes of brilliance (His "paint-stirring" brings to the surface what other housepainters leave at the bottom of the can!) and spurts of mediocrity (His "dropcloth-spreading" over the foundation plantings was sadly inadequate, causing untold damage to his driveway, which is now permanently splotched with gobs of white paint!). But whatever he does, Schmutz paints adventurously. He is not afraid to try.

Schmutz's "paint-scraping" is magnificent, although he has a tendency to choke up on the handle of the scraper. His use of the putty knife can be compared favorably to the famous work of W. "Studs" Kleinschord, the almost legendary housepainter of yesteryear who could only paint on rainy days.

Although Schmutz's housepainting had previously been limited to interior work, notably his bedroom (sadly, a failure because of a bucket of purple paint spilled on the bed), and his kitchen (a commendable effort despite his splattering red paint on the stove and refrigerator), he has approached the painting of the exterior at 80 Huron Road with that devil-may-care nonchalance so typical of the creative amateur. Not being hampered by conventional rules, Schmutz was free to innovate, to experiment creatively. And this is how art evolves—through men who are not afraid to try.

Schmutz, in painting his home, decided to blaze a new trail through the traditions of housepainting. From ancient times to today, housepainters have used small brushes when painting around windows, being very careful not to get paint on the panes. If spots of paint accidentally spattered on the glass, they were wiped off immediately.

And this is where Schmutz's brilliance was demonstrated. He reasoned that he could save hours of time by painting the entire window, glass and all—then simply wipe the paint from the panes. And this he set about doing, painting the entire house nonstop, window glass included, planning to wipe the panes clean when he was finished.

Unfortunately, we will never know if Schmutz's brilliant theory was sound. One thing we do know, his ladder wasn't! At the height of his triumph, he fell from his defective ladder, ending up with white paint on his wisteria—and himself in the hospital.

Naturally, during his enforced sojurn in the hospital, the paint on the window panes dried thoroughly, and Mrs. Schmutz, apparently fed up, packed her belongings and left forever. The taxi driver who took her to the station heard her say, "I'll be darned if I'll live in a house with solid white window panes!"

Thus ended Thaddeus's noble experiment. Whether it succeeded or not is of little import. What *is* important is that Mr. Schmutz was not afraid to try.

Vera Gwen
Arthur King's
Private Secretary

Arthur King
President of the Excalibur
Wax Fruit Company

Lance A. Clod
The Firm's
Efficiency Expert

KNIGHT-SHTICK DEPT.

ALL OVER the country, audiences are streaming out of theatres raving about "Camelot." Unfortunately, they're streaming out long before the film is over, and what they're raving can't be printed here. Now why is "Camelot" such a bomb? Maybe it's because its story seems too unreal and old-fashioned. Who cares about a bunch of knights fighting each other when today we can watch the real-life vicious struggle between management and labor? Maybe that's it. Maybe all the film needs is some updating, a slight twist in the plot, and some changes in the characters. If so, we might just end up with a musical called

CAN A LOT

Artist: Sir Mort Drucker

Writer: Sir Frank Jacobs

Morbread
A Labor Union
Negotiator

PLUS
A Supporting Cast of Clerks, Typists, Accountants, Machinists, Shop-Workers, Finks, Goons, Thugs and Scabs

Merlyn M. Merlyn
Chairman
Of The Board

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE: *The Office of Arthur King*

Just look at the charts, Merlyn! Orders up! Sales up! Wages down! I tell you, it's a **glorious** year for Excalibur Wax Fruit!

Don't count your profits yet, Arthur! I've heard the men are forming a **union!** We're going to have to bargain with them, and unions can be mighty **tough!**

Bah! You make it sound like the **union** has all the power and the company has none! I wish I knew what the **other** corporations are doing . . .

ORDERS

SALES

WAGES

A song cue if I ever heard one!

* I wonder what big firms
Are paying today?
What salaries are big firms
Outlaying today?

How goes it at GE,
At Ford and RCA?
I wonder what the terms
Are up to today?

How go negotiations
At gigantic corporations?
Are they happy with the
contracts that they've got?

Well,
I'll tell you what big firms
Are paying today—
A lot! A lot!

You mean that a firm as big as Boeing
Meets with a union full well knowing
They'll never win against the union's might?

Right!

A firm so immense as Lever Brothers
Runs for the hills like all the others
Each time a union puts them under stress?

Yes!

You mean that terrific quivering
Is only a steel firm shivering
Whenever a union contract
comes in view?

True!

You wonder what big firms
Are thinking today?
They're thinking about their profits
Shrinking today!

At Goodyear and Pan Am,
At Westinghouse and Shell!
They're paying through the nose
For their personnel!

And oh, the trepidation
As they're forced in arbitration
And they find that Labor's heart
is made of stone!

Well,
I'm learning what big firms
are doing today—
They moan!
They sigh!
They howl!
They cry!
And that's what big firms
are doing today!

MANAGEMENT

LABOR

*Sung To The Tune Of *"I Wonder What The King Is Doing Tonight"*

Excuse me, Arthur, but Morbread, the vile, sniveling **Union Representative** is here to see you!

I don't mean to rock the boat, Arthur, but unless you can comply with this list of demands, the men are going to **walk out!**

FORE!

You can't be **serious!** No firm in its right mind would go along with a 20 hour week, profit sharing, 3 month vacations at double pay, and new sweat socks for the bowling team!

We're prepared to **compromise.** Scratch off the **sweat socks!**

Why are you out to **ruin me,** Morbread? Why? Why? **Why?**

Because you pay **starvation** wages!

No one would believe **that** in a musical today!

Because you make us work under **substandard inhuman** conditions!

No one would believe **that** in a musical today!

Because I'm a hopeless neurotic with an Oedipus complex, and by destroying you and your firm I'm really destroying my **father!**

Now **that's** something an audience can believe! But enough of this nonsense! Leave me alone with my efficiency expert and I'll talk to you later.

Vera . . . send in Lance A. Clod!

Sorry I'm late, Arthur. I've been trying to find a way to cut down on paper clips!

Stash your paper clips, noodnick! We're in **trouble . . .**

*The Bible says that we should
love our neighbor,
That we will go to hell if we do not;
Today if Moses dealt with union labor
He'd can a lot!

The union now is threatening a walk-out;
Their pay demands have put me on the spot;
I'd much prefer to cut the stupid talk out
And can a lot!

Can a lot! Can a lot!
I'd love to clear them from the shop!
If I can a lot . . . can a lot . . .
My labor pains would stop!

They want a workday starting at 10:30,
With overtime commencing right at 3;
Before they call the shot
And profits go to pot,
I've got to find a legal way for me
To can a lot!

FRENCH STRIKE

* Sung To The Tune Of "*Camelot*"

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO: *The Labor-Management Round Table*

What's this meeting all about, Arthur?

Lance seems to think we can settle our differences if there is **less waste!**

Oh, not **that** again! He's such a **bore!**

As efficiency expert, I've been going over some figures which show that Excalibur Wax Fruit will go bankrupt unless we all economize . . .

* Save more! Save more!
Believe me or else!
My calculations don't lie!
I take offense
At any expense–
Save more, save more, say I!

A drop of ink–
I cry when it spills!
I mourn over rubber bands!
I can't help think
The cure for our ills
Just might be right in our hands!

Save more! Save more!
Let's pull in our belts!
Let's use each paper cup twice!
Though I may seem
a tight-fisted creep,
Incredibly small, incurably cheap–
It surely is worth the price!
Save more!

*Sung To The Tune Of "*C'est Moi*"

Save more? That's the most **ridiculous** thing I've ever heard!

Not if we all possess the proper attitude of **frugality.** A penny here, a penny there!

Oh, come off it, you overgrown **yo-yo!** There's only **one way** to deal with these Union goons, and that's to **get rid of all of them!**

Oh, yeah? You'd better hear **this** song first:

Shall we strike?

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Shall we hold up production Shall we strike?

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Hey, that song isn't from "Can A Lot"! You're singing a song from "The Fink and I", namely "Shall We Strike", which is sung to the tune of "Shall We Dance!" Besides, if you strike, I'll **can** the lot of you . . .

STRIKE

STRIKE

STR

No you won't, Arthur, and here's why . . .

* If ever you should can us
It cannot be for striking;
Canning us for striking you'll find is unfair!
You'd simply be breaking
The new labor laws;
What's more we're protected
By a contract clause!

And if you ever can us
It cannot be for slowdowns
Canning us for slowdowns
you just wouldn't dare!
Don't try an injunction–
You'd get no support;
We've bought off the judges
At the local court!

Nor can you can us,
Though it makes you tear your hair
That we get drunk at work,
And what's more–we don't really care

If ever you should can us
It cannot be for boo-boos;
Canning us for boo-boos
you haven't a prayer!
Oh, no, not for boo-boos,
Slowdowns, strikes or a brawl–
No, you can never can us–at all!

*Sung To The Tune Of "*If Ever I Should Leave You*"

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE: *Merlyn's Office*

Oh, Merlyn, Merlyn, my company is crumbling around me! The workers are out on strike! Morbread is gloating that he's licked me! Lance is a buffoon! Oh, tell me, Merlyn, where did I go **wrong?**

Don't you remember the **lessons** I taught you when you were a rising young executive?

MORE PAY

ON STRIKE

Sure I do! You told me that a young businessman should learn from the **animals and birds!** That he should develop the kindness of a **cobra,** the vision of a **lizard,** the humility of a **peacock,** the honor of a **jackal!** But the one thing you never taught me was **how to handle a union!**

* How to handle a union?
There's a way that is tried and true,
A way known to business leaders
Who've been caught in a bind like you!

Do I beg them to stop making trouble?
Do I give in to my deepest fears?
Do I promise that I'll pay them double
With a pension in five years?

How to handle a union?
My advice I shall now submit:
The way to handle a union
Is to crush it . . . simply crush it . . .
Firmly crush it . . . crush it . . . crush it!

*Sung To The Tune Of "*How To Handle A Woman*"

But how can I crush the union, Merlyn? I want to lay them off, but their jobs are **protected by law!**

Only as long as those jobs **exist!**

I don't understand! Explain yourself—in **key,** if possible!

* The union says there'll never be a lay-off!
They think that you will soon capitulate!
But now we've got them good,
and here's the pay-off:
We'll automate!

They'll holler that your heart is black as onyx!
But they cannot escape their dismal fate!
We'll just replace them all with electronics
And automate!

Automate! Automate!
With ease we'll dump a thousand slobs!
When we automate, automate—
We'll simply dump their jobs!

Our labor costs will drop to next to nothing
There'll be no coffee breaks to bleed us dry!
My profits will be great!
Oh, I can hardly wait
To count the money rolling in as I
Now automate!

*Reprise To The Tune Of "*Camelot*"

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO: *The Factory*

Look at them, Vera! Well-trained, intelligent laborers—every last one of them! And they **thrive** on work! No nonsense with strikes, benefits, overtime!

But what happened to all the workers you **canned?**

They're **unemployed,** I guess!

Really? They must lead interesting lives, not knowing where their next meal is coming from—

* What do the unemployed do
When bosses have told them
they're through?
When poverty gets closer
And hunger they can't stem—
What happens when their grocer
Says "No, sir!"
To them?

How are they paying their rent
When all of their savings they've spent?
However do they manage
To barely just exist?
Oh, what do unemployed do
To subsist?

* Sung To The Tune Of *"What Do The Simple Folk Do"*

Once I saw a crowd
Of people all in line
Inside a building ugly as a jail—
Waiting there all day
So they at last could sign
And get their fifty dollars without fail!
And that's what unemployed do!
That's the tale!

They collect?

Through the mail!

What else do the unemployed do
When boredom is making them blue?
What do they do that's thrilling?
What makes their spirits climb?
What plan have they for filling
And killing
Their time?

How do they ever survive
The weekdays from 9 until 5?
You've simply got to tell me
Or we can't end this song—
Oh, what do unemployed do
All day long?

Once upon a street
I saw a great parade
Of people making quite a loud display;
Chanting angry words
And waving signs they've made,
They shouted things against the U.S.A.!
And that's what unemployed do—
So they say!

They protest?

L.B.J.!

DOWN AGAINST

ACT TWO, SCENE THREE: *Arthur's Office*

Great news, Arthur! I've just upped production **100%!**

Explain yourself, you moronic hulk!

I will, in a **reprise** to the tune of "C'est moi . . ."

Slave more! Slave more! I've told the machines! Slave more . . .

I can't stand that idiotic baritone of yours! Don't **sing** me, **tell** me!

It's very simple! I've programmed the robots so they'll work **24 hours a day** instead of the usual **twelve!**

But that will wear them out beyond **repair!**

It doesn't matter! The additional 12 hours per day we get from them will **more** than pay for new replacements. It's easier to **junk** them than to **maintain** them!

Fantastic! This is the best idea **I've** ever come up with!

Your idea?

I'm **glad** you like it!

ACT THREE: *A Hill Overlooking The Plant*

Everything I've built— **up in smoke!** Why? Why? **Why?**

The **robots,** Arthur! They went **berserk!**

They resented **your** plan to work them 24 hours a day, so they set fire to the place. They're only inhuman, you know!

Excalibur Wax Fruit is **bankrupt!**

I think he's had it! By George, he's **had it!**

Well, despite the ruin, the havoc, the destruction, and the icky smell of burnt wax, I can still find a **moral** in this final, nostalgic number:

*I realized that none of you
is caring
About what really happened
on this spot—
That once there was a boss
who had the daring
To can a lot!

Although my plant is now
a heap of rubble,
In 15 minutes all will be forgot
That once there was a man
who took the trouble
To can a lot!

Can a lot! Can a lot!
Though you may end up
in a jam—
When you can a lot . . . can a lot
The world won't give a damn!

To those of you who've finished
with this story—
I'm sure that you'll forget it if you can;
In short there's simply not
A less important plot
Than this one dealing with a silly plan
To can a lot!

*Another Reprise Yet, Sung To The Tune Of "*Camelot*"

ROAD SHOW DEPT.

HOLD ON THERE A MINUTE! BEFORE WE START RUNNING AROUND, TEARING DOWN

THE MAD PLAN TO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

SPEEDY

Relief is just a swallow away

Alka-Seltzer

THEY'RE JUICIER!

Sunkist ORANGES

Got a Legal Problem?
CONSULT
SID ASHER
ATTORNEY AT LAW

yum! yum!
NABISCO COOKIES

In Your Bereavement...turn to
FINSTER
Funeral Directors

FOR MORE FAMILY FUN
PLAY
MONOPOLY

figure perfect!
playtex
LIVING BRAS & GIRDLES

LEARN TO TYPE
ACME
SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

SOFT SHOULDERS

SPEED LIMIT 65

SPEEDERS LOSE THEIR LICENSES

YIELD

PHONE AHEAD

DO NOT PASS

ALL THOSE BILLBOARD SIGNS THAT DISGRACE OUR HIGHWAYS, LET'S LOOK AT

BEAUTIFY AMERICA

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

FORGING A BETTER AMERICA

BETHLEHEM STEEL CO.

The best bulbs you see are made by...

Surround your home with a real OUTDOOR CARPET!

SCOTT LAWN PRODUCTS

For Fun For Health...

BOWL

AT BUDDY'S BOWL-A-RAMA

Make your skin feel Softer with

SARDO in your bath

RELAX AT Maxine's MOTEL

the mouthwash DENTISTS use! LAVORIS

Watch your Savings Grow!

5 1/2% INTEREST PER ANNUM

SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIAT

YOU'LL SMILE when you say PHILADELPHIA BRAND CREAM CHEESE BY KRAFT

PHILADELPHIA

EXIT 16

FOUR LANES AHEAD

FOOD-GAS

SQUEEZE RIGHT

STOP

DANGEROUS CURVES

NEWLY SEEDED

Clarke

...BY REMOVING THOSE EYE-SORE BILLBOARDS, AND YET AT THE SAME TIME

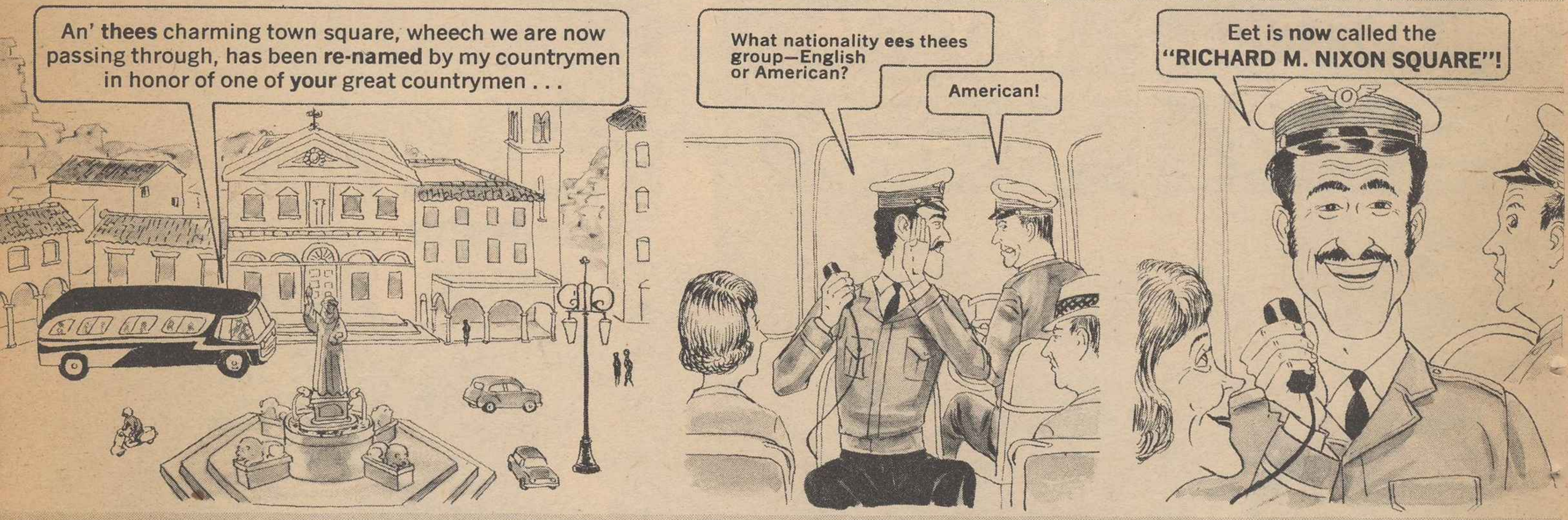
...WITH INTEGRATED

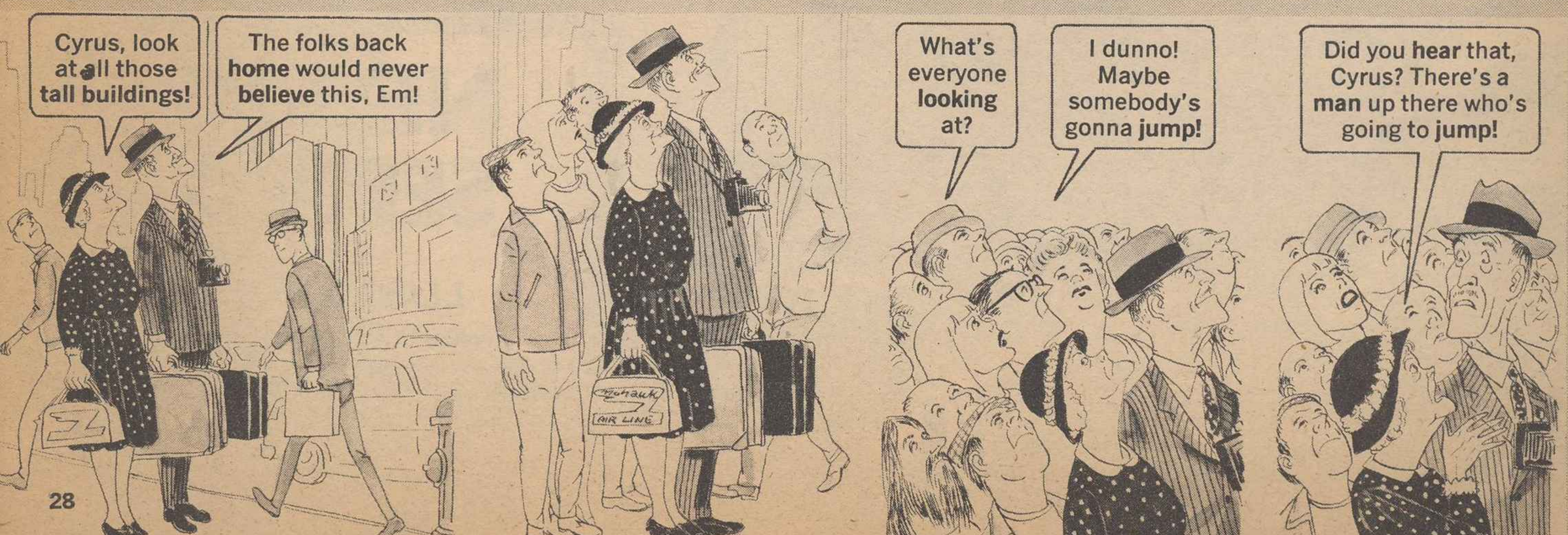
PRESERVING THE ADVERTISING REVENUE (SO WE CAN MAYBE LOWER TAXES)...

HIGHWAY SIGNS

BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

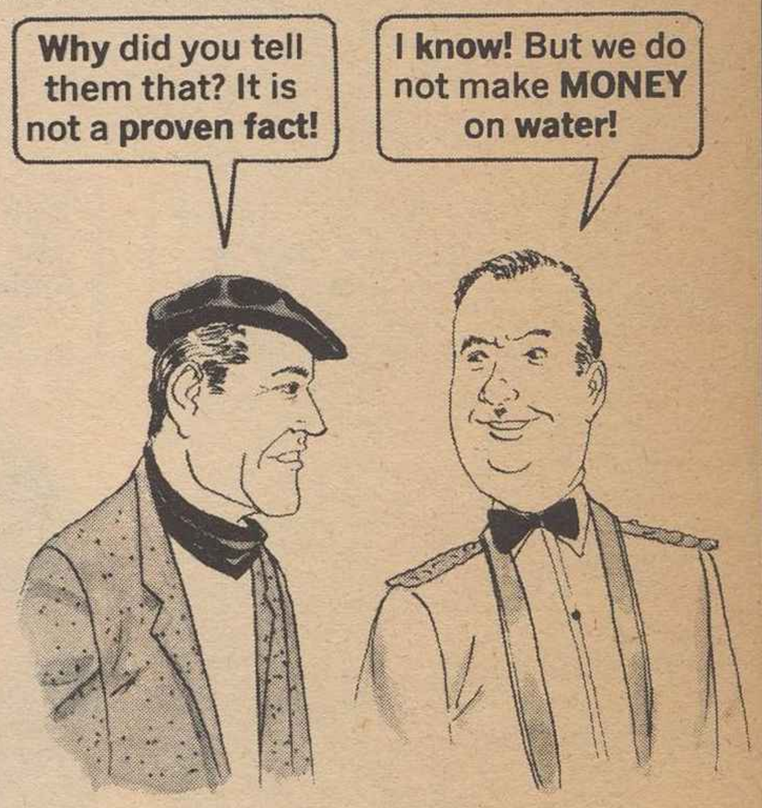
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF AMERICAM

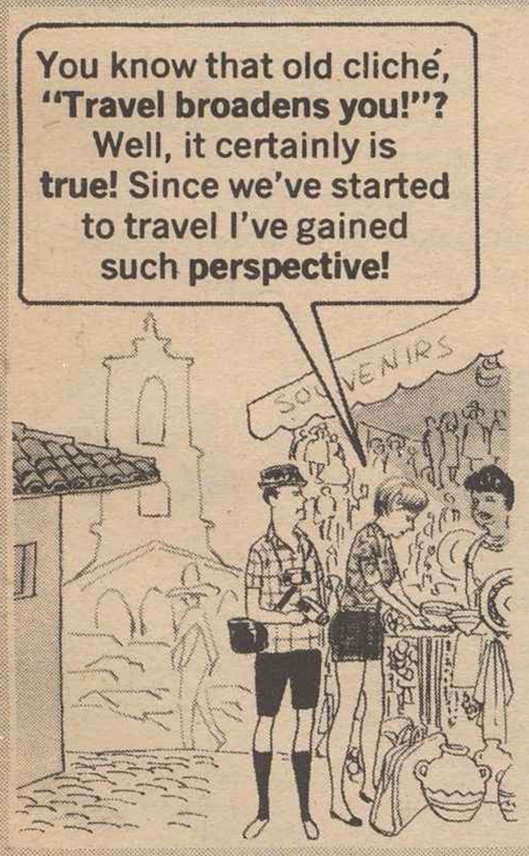


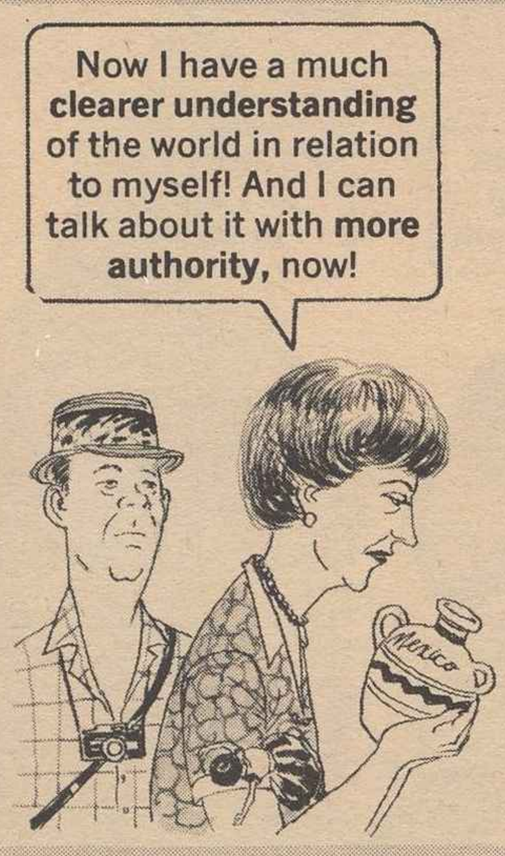


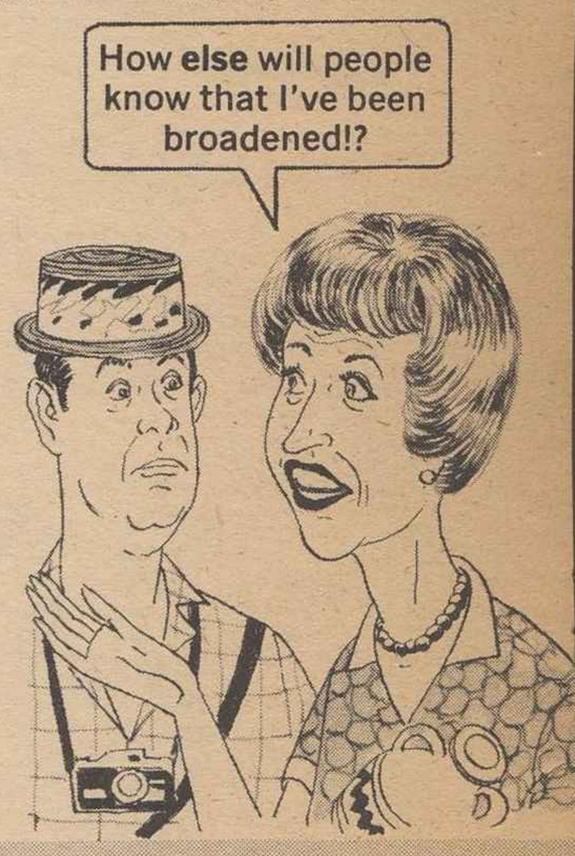
TOURISTS

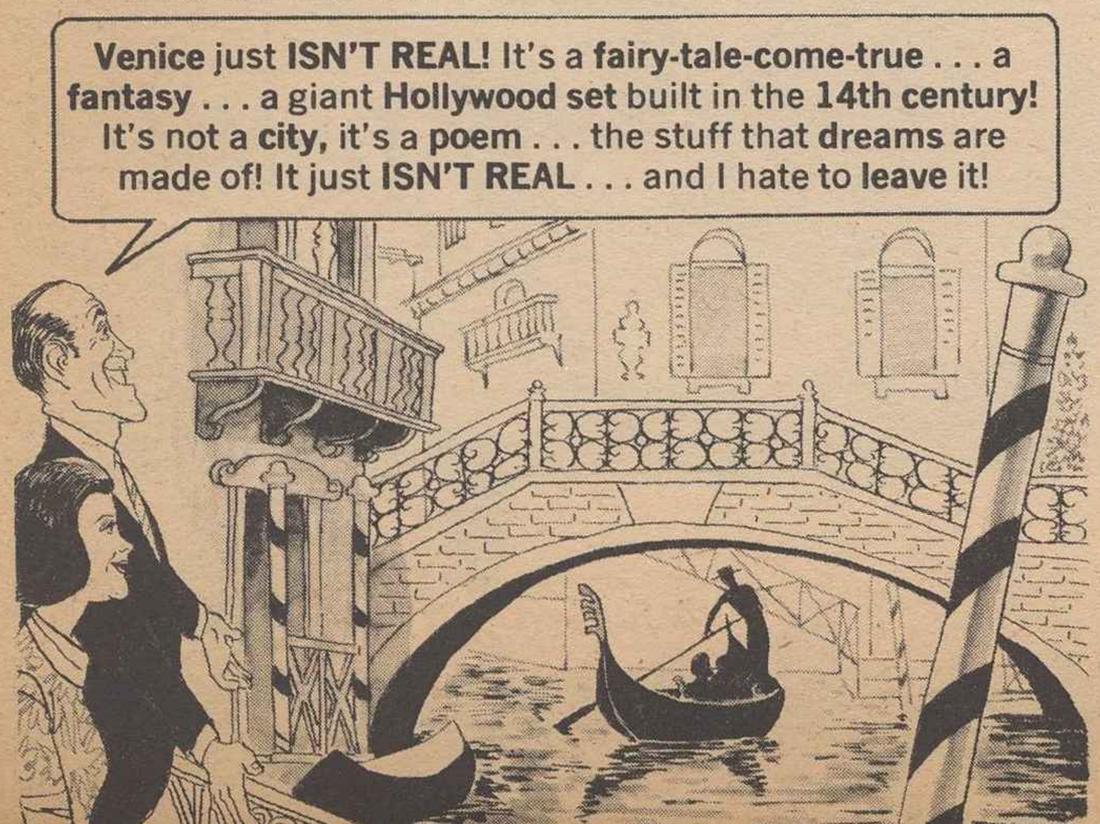
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

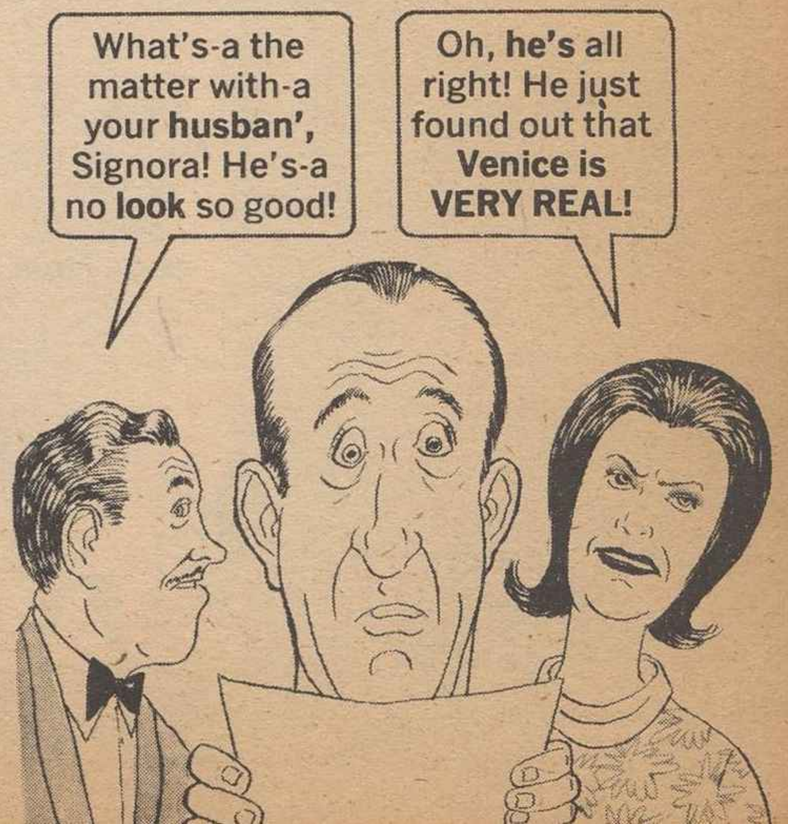












Before we left on this trip, I was rushing like crazy to get the **basement** painted . . . but I only managed to finish **one coat!**

Did you two spend **all this money** and fly **3000 miles to Europe** just to talk about things at **home?**

You missed **every word** the Guide **said** back there!

Sorry! What did we miss?

He said that an artist spent **three years on his back** on a **scaffold,** painting the **ornate ceiling** of that room!

NO KIDDING! THREE YEARS?!

Ladees and gentlemans, I mus' **apologize** for zee **insulting markings** on zee walls! Please do not be **offended!**

YANKEE IMPERIALIST WAR MONGERS GO HOME!

You mus' understand zat eet ees done by a small group of **radicals** who blame ze **Yankee** for all ze **ills** of ze **world!**

You needn't apologize!

We're not offended!

It doesn't concern us in the least!

You see, **we-all** are from the **SOUTH,** suh!

Hey, Man! Are you **with** it?

Huh?

Are you **hip?** Do you **make the scene?**

EH??

Cool it, Pops! **Hang loose!** You dig **English?**

Oh! You mean, do I **speak English?**

Of **course** I do! I **AM** English! But I say, ol' boy . . . **what** language are **YOU** speaking?

Every American that **goes abroad** must consider himself a **"Good-Will Ambassador"** representing the **U.S.A.!**

Okay, Mr. Ambassador, order me **another cup of tea!**

Oh, waiter . . .

GARÇON ! !

HEY DUMMY!

He must've used **TWO COATS ! !**

HEY ! ! My **flight bag** is missing!

You mean somebody **stole** it?

Yes! Those **darn foreigners!** You can't trust **any** of them! They're **all thieves!**

Gee— that's **terrible!** What was **in** it?

The **ash trays** and the **towels** and the **silverware** we took from the **hotel!**

Isn't it **marvelous** how they **re-construct** these historic sites and then hire **actor-models** to dress up in **authentic costumes** and **live** here! It makes you feel as though you're **actually back in the 17th century** with all its **primitive simplicity!**

This is the **Fontainebleau** in **Miami Beach,** so I need your **advice,** Sidney! Now, what do I wear—my **Dior dress** with the **plunging neckline,** or my **Pucci** with the **low back?**

Your **Pucci** with the **low back!**

And **with** my Pucci with the low back, what do I wear— my **pearl necklace** or **my diamond-and-opal ring and pin?**

Your **diamond -and- opal ring and pin!**

And **with** my Pucci with the low back and my diamond-and-opal ring and pin, what do I wear —my **mink coat** or my **chinchilla wrap?**

Your **mink coat!** But **hurry up,** Shirley . . .

. . . or we'll be **late** for **BREAKFAST ! !**

Well, you just **blew** your **whole diplomatic career!**

Hey, **look** who's here at the airport, **too!** Good ol' **Charlie!**

Hi!

Say, you look **beat!** You sure can **USE** a vacation!

USE one?! I'm just **coming** from one ! !

We spend a **fortune** on **new clothes, new luggage, plane tickets** and **hotel rooms** just so we can come to **sunny Hawaii** . . . and what do **YOU** do? **Sit inside,** writing **post cards!**

And who are you **writing** to? **Jerks** like Roger Kaputnik, Frank Glurk, James Schlepp and Robert J. Harrington!

Those are people you **can't stand!** You haven't **spoken** to them in **years!** Why the devil are you bothering to send them **post cards** from **Hawaii?**

So they should **eat their hearts out!!**

Boy, when you take one of these **"Group Plan Guided Tours",** it's **rush, rush, rush** all day long! They just try to cram **much too much** into one short trip!

We're a little behind on our **schedule,** folks, so we'll have to move through this museum rather **quickly!**

Remember now, NO LOOKING!!

And for my **favorite sister,** look what I brought back from **Italy!** A pair of **elbow-length leather gloves** that cost **THREE THOUSAND LIRE!!**

You spent **THREE THOUSAND LIRE** on **me?!** That's so **expensive!**

Nothing is too expensive for my **sweet, darling sister!**

BIG DEAL! THREE THOUSAND LIRE IS LESS THAN FIVE BUCKS, AMERICAN!

And for my **obnoxious nephew,** look what I brought back from Italy! A **GAG** . . . to stuff into his **BIG MOUTH!!**

We had this **long week-end,** so we went down to **Washington, D.C.** Holy cow, was it ever **exciting!**

I was there once, and it **sure is!**

The **Lincoln Memorial** and the **Washington Monument** and the **White House** and the **Capitol!** Boy, **I'll** say it's exciting!

I didn't see any of that

You **didn't?!** Then what **was** so exciting?

The **demonstrations** . . . and the **riots!**

David Berg

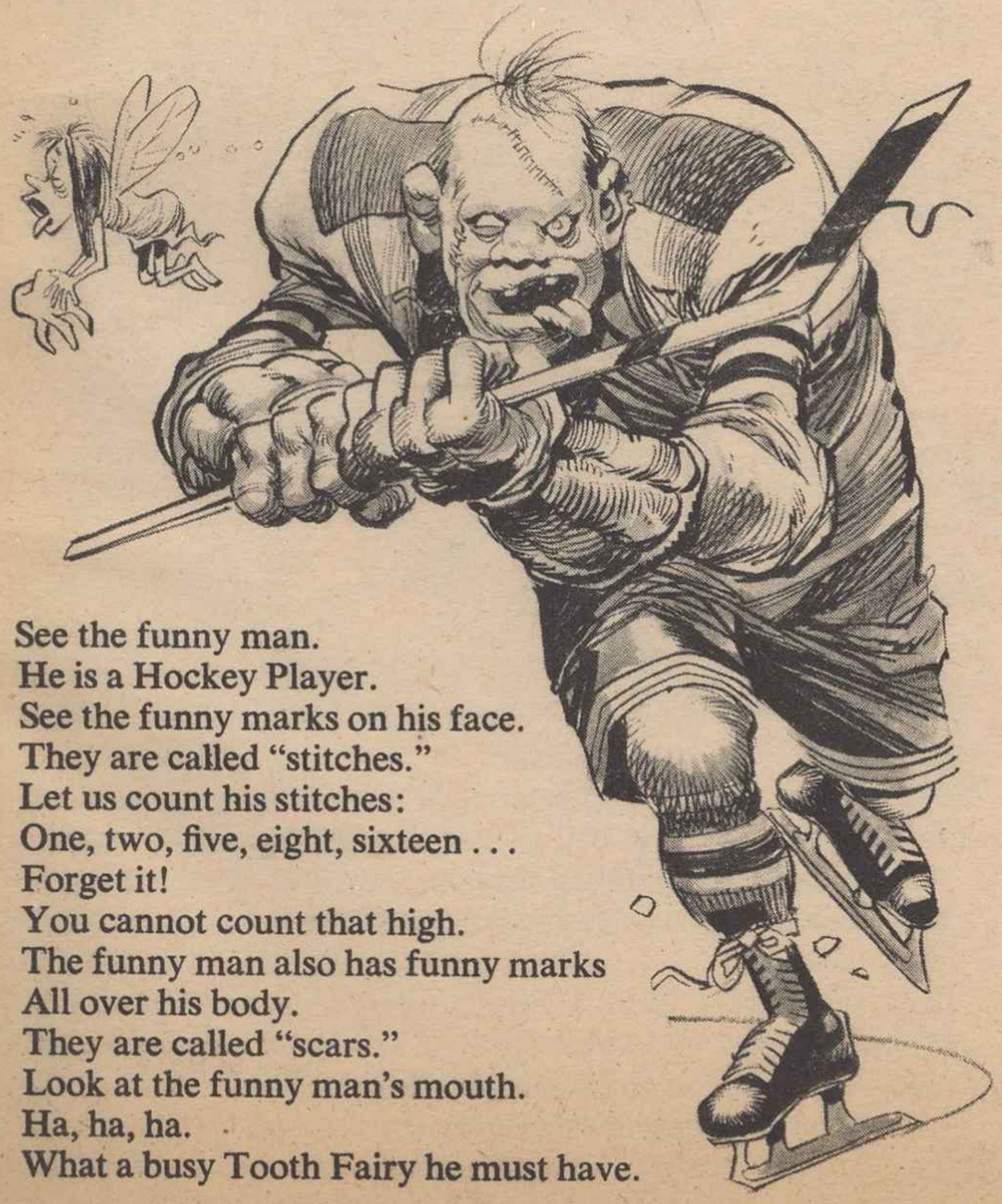
Back in MAD #95, we described a ridiculous game called "43-Man Squamish." Since then, thanks to Television, we've discovered an even more ridiculous game... ICE HOCKEY! And so, to explain this complicated game, we now present

THE MAD Ice Hockey PRIMER

Illustrated by JACK DAVIS

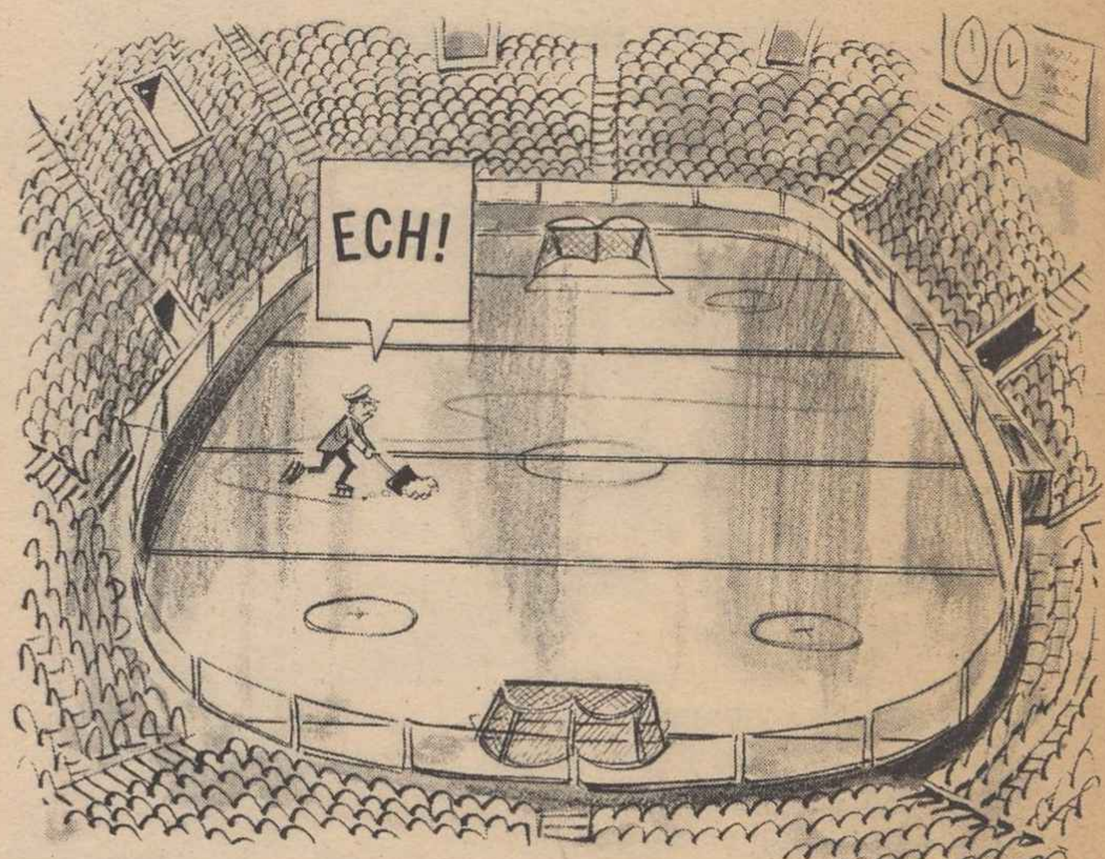
Written By LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1.
The Hockey Player



See the funny man.
He is a Hockey Player.
See the funny marks on his face.
They are called "stitches."
Let us count his stitches:
One, two, five, eight, sixteen . . .
Forget it!
You cannot count that high.
The funny man also has funny marks
All over his body.
They are called "scars."
Look at the funny man's mouth.
Ha, ha, ha.
What a busy Tooth Fairy he must have.

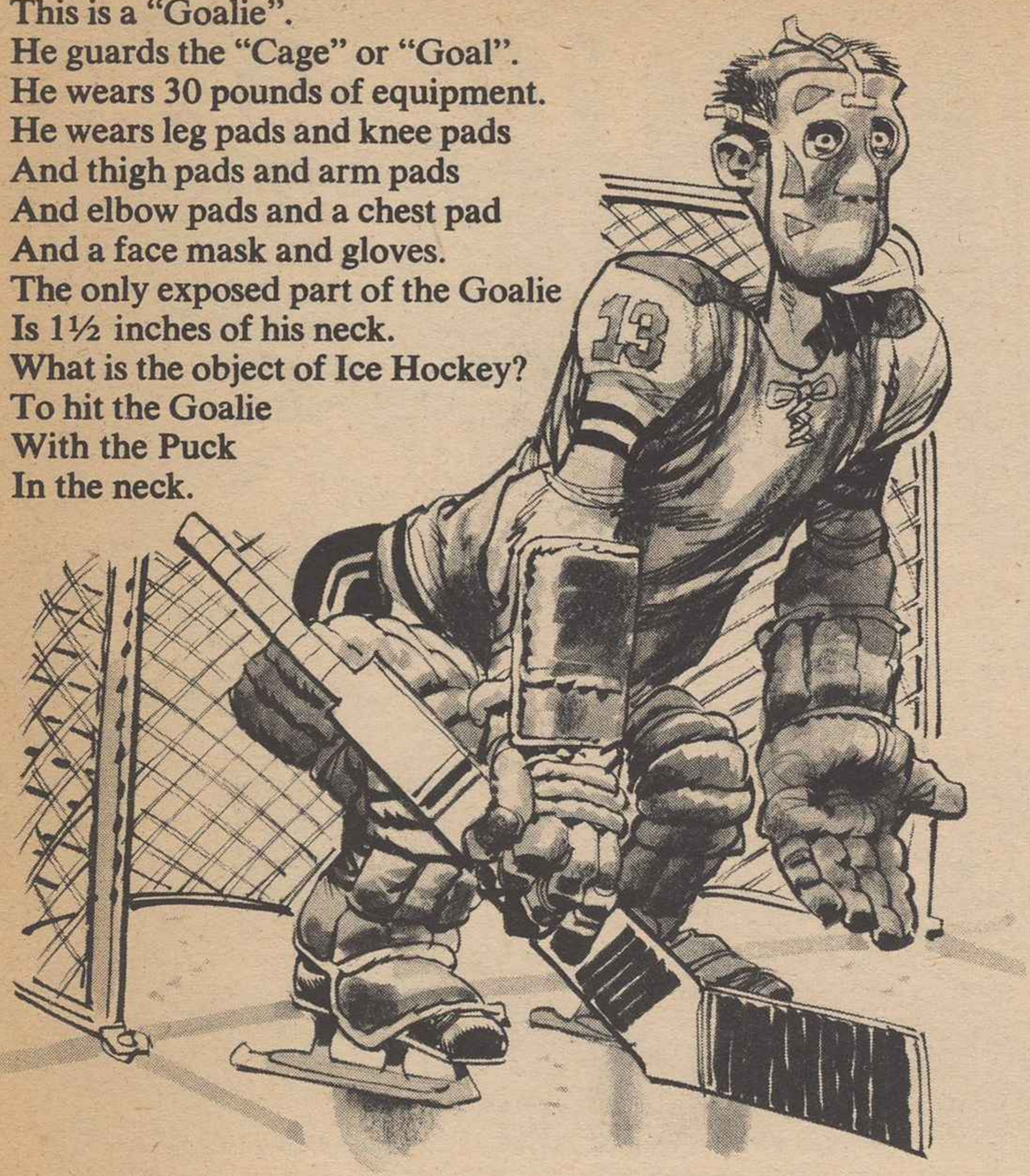
CHAPTER 2.
The Rink



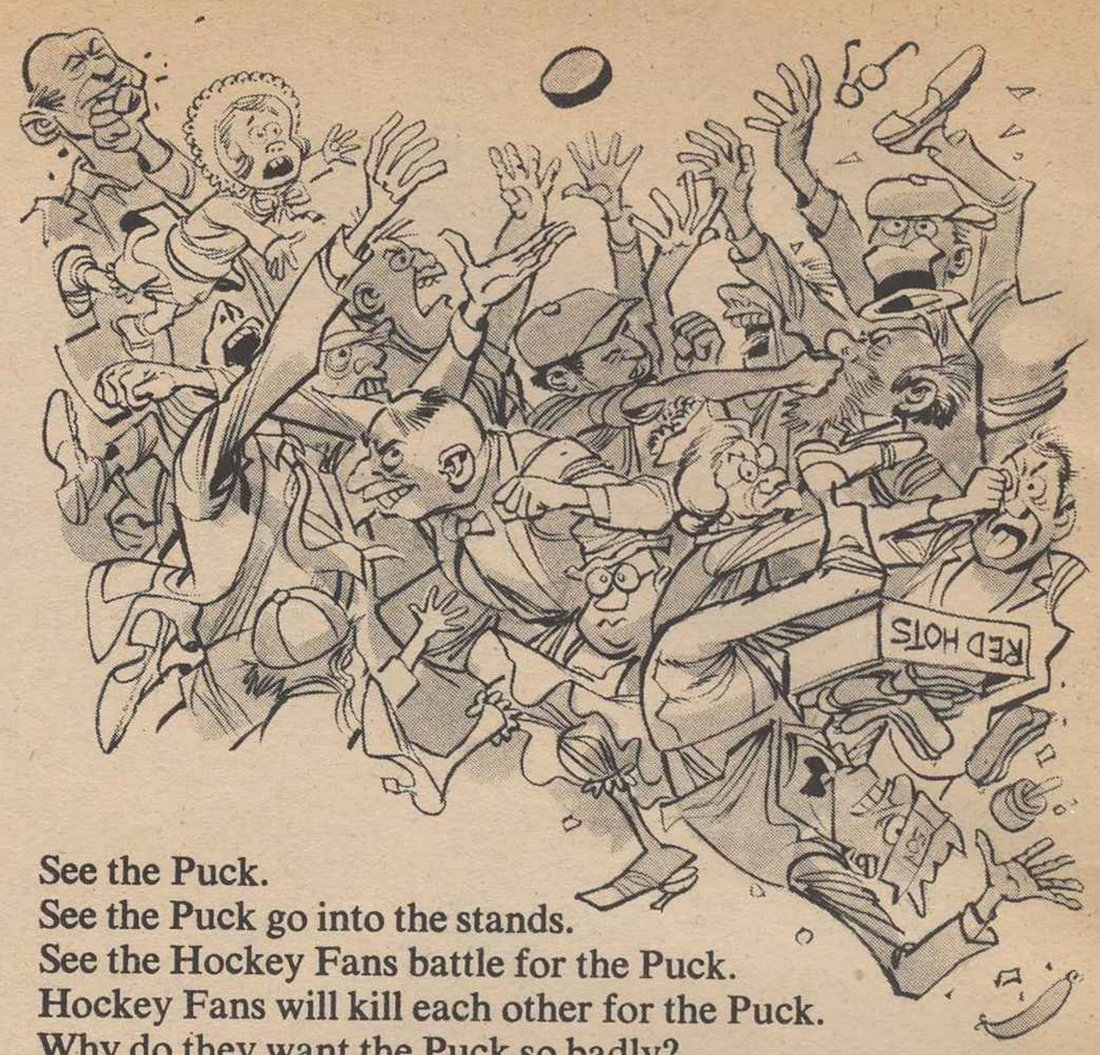
This is where the funny man
And a lot of other funny men play Hockey.
It is called a "Rink".
See those objects at each end of the Rink.
They are called "Cages".
See the playing surface of the Rink.
It is covered with a frozen sheet of Man-made liquid.
It is called "Blood".

CHAPTER 3.
The Goalie

This is a "Goalie".
He guards the "Cage" or "Goal".
He wears 30 pounds of equipment.
He wears leg pads and knee pads
And thigh pads and arm pads
And elbow pads and a chest pad
And a face mask and gloves.
The only exposed part of the Goalie
Is 1½ inches of his neck.
What is the object of Ice Hockey?
To hit the Goalie
With the Puck
In the neck.

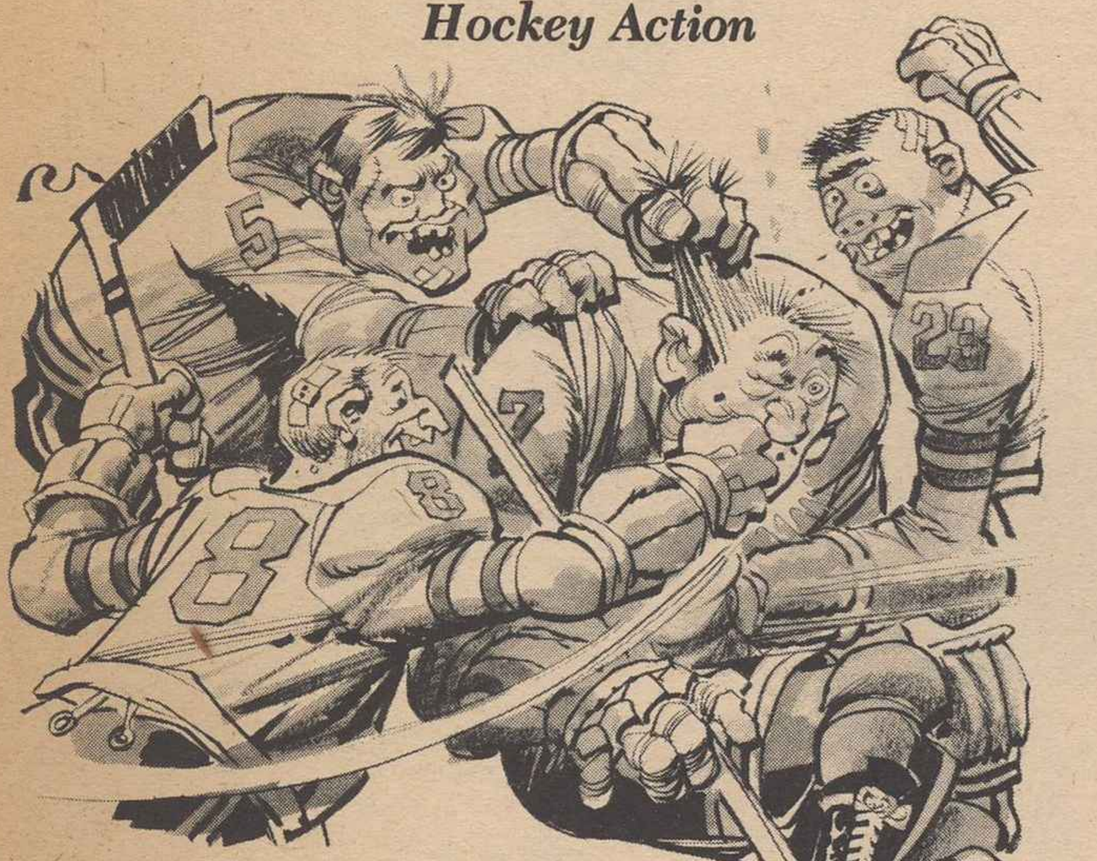


CHAPTER 4.
The Puck



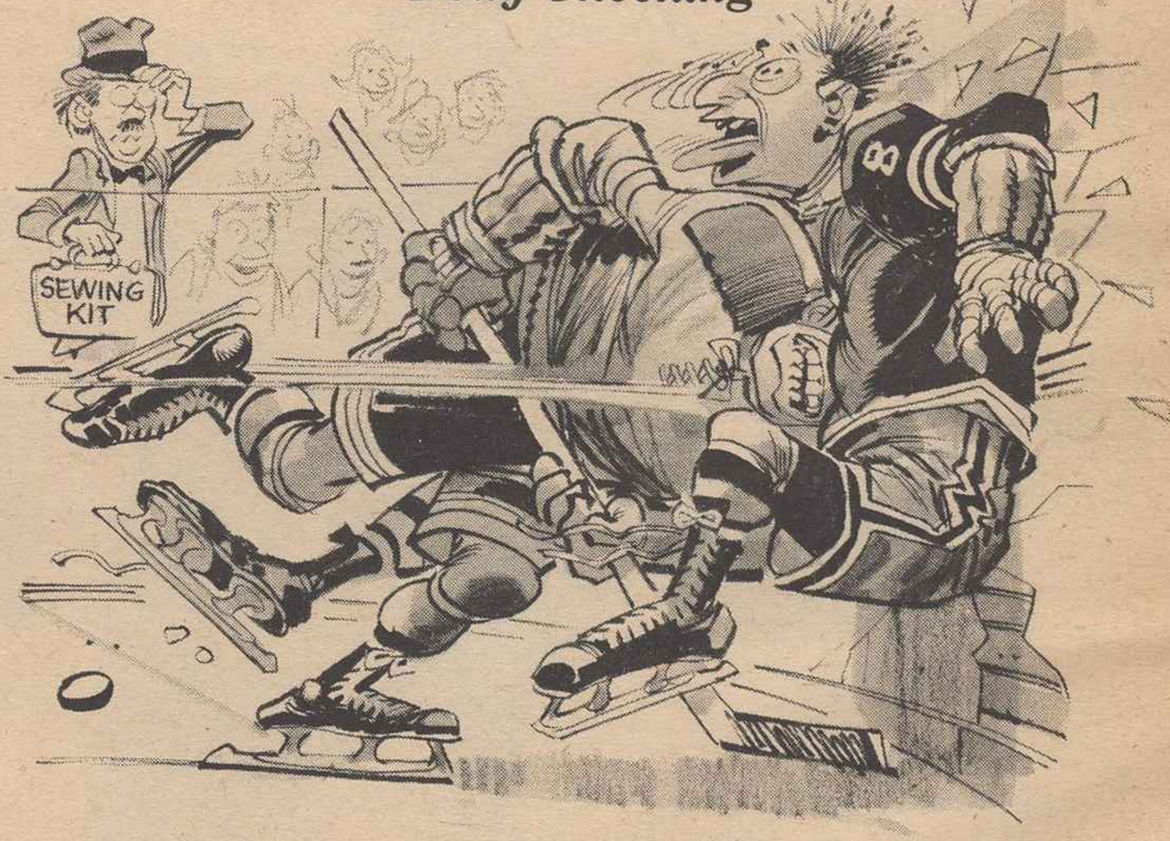
See the Puck.
See the Puck go into the stands.
See the Hockey Fans battle for the Puck.
Hockey Fans will kill each other for the Puck.
Why do they want the Puck so badly?
Because Hockey Pucks are very valuable.
They can be used for many important things in everyday life.
Like . . . er . . . like for stoppers in very wide bathtub drains!
Or to put heavy furniture on to protect the carpet!
Or as skull caps for religious midgets!
So if ever you're lucky enough to catch a Hockey Puck,
Guard it with your life.

CHAPTER 5.
Hockey Action



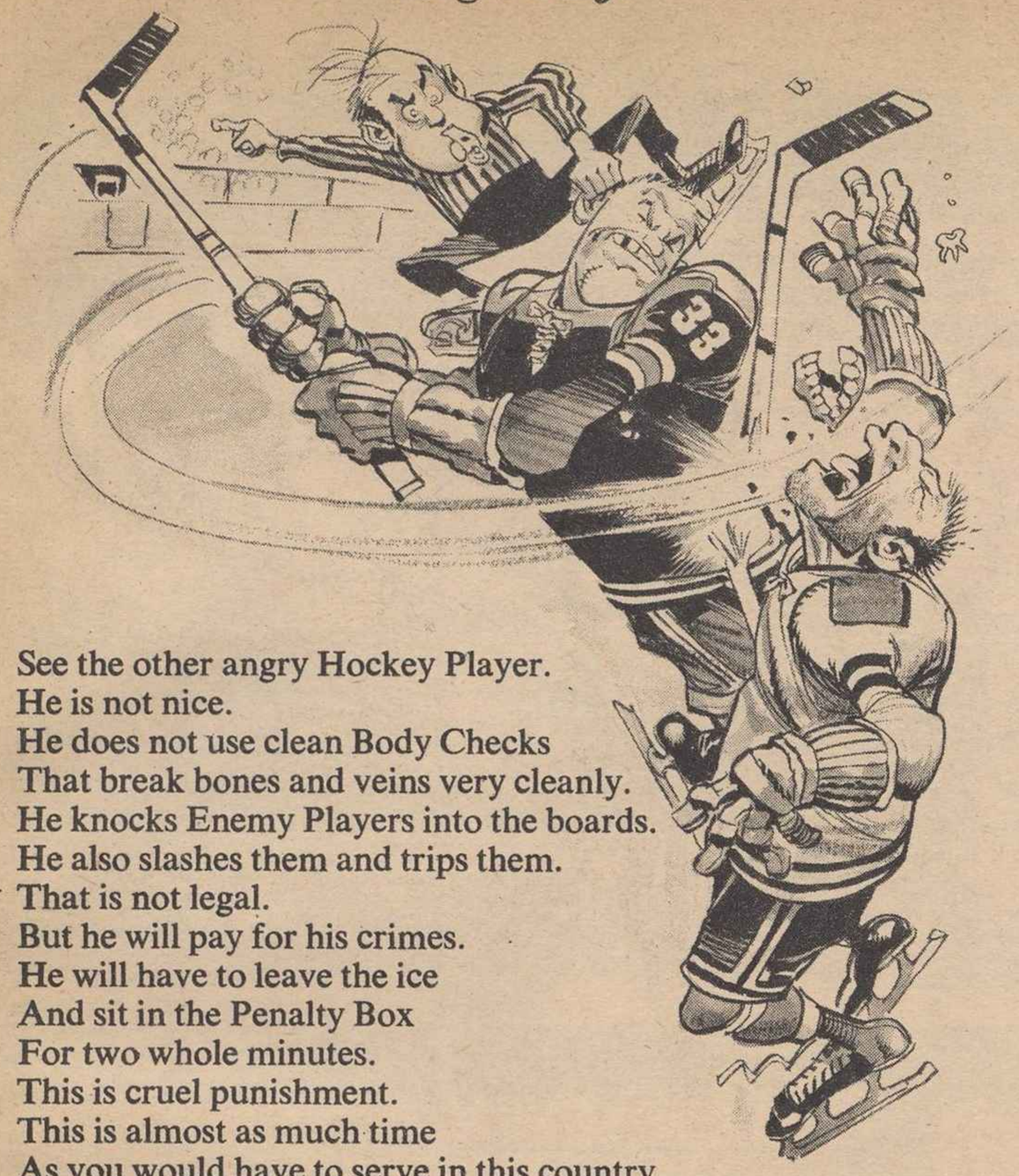
Hockey is a very vicious game.
See the men pull that Player's hair.
See them pound his back.
See them hit his face.
See then slash him with their sticks.
See what a bloody mess he is.
I'll bet you think he's an Enemy Player
Ho, ho, ho! You are wrong!
He is on *their team!*
He has just scored a goal for them.
That is how Hockey Players show their appreciation.
You should *see* them when they are *angry!*

CHAPTER 6.
Body Checking



See the angry Hockey Player.
See him smash into that Enemy Player.
What he is doing is called a legal "Body Check".
It is legal if it is done very cleanly.
See him break 26 bones and several veins.
Very cleanly.
Soon the Enemy Team Doctor will fix up the injured Player.
Stitch and sew, stitch and sew.
You have heard of heart transplants?
On this man, the Doctor will attempt
The world's first *head* transplant.

CHAPTER 7.
Illegal Plays

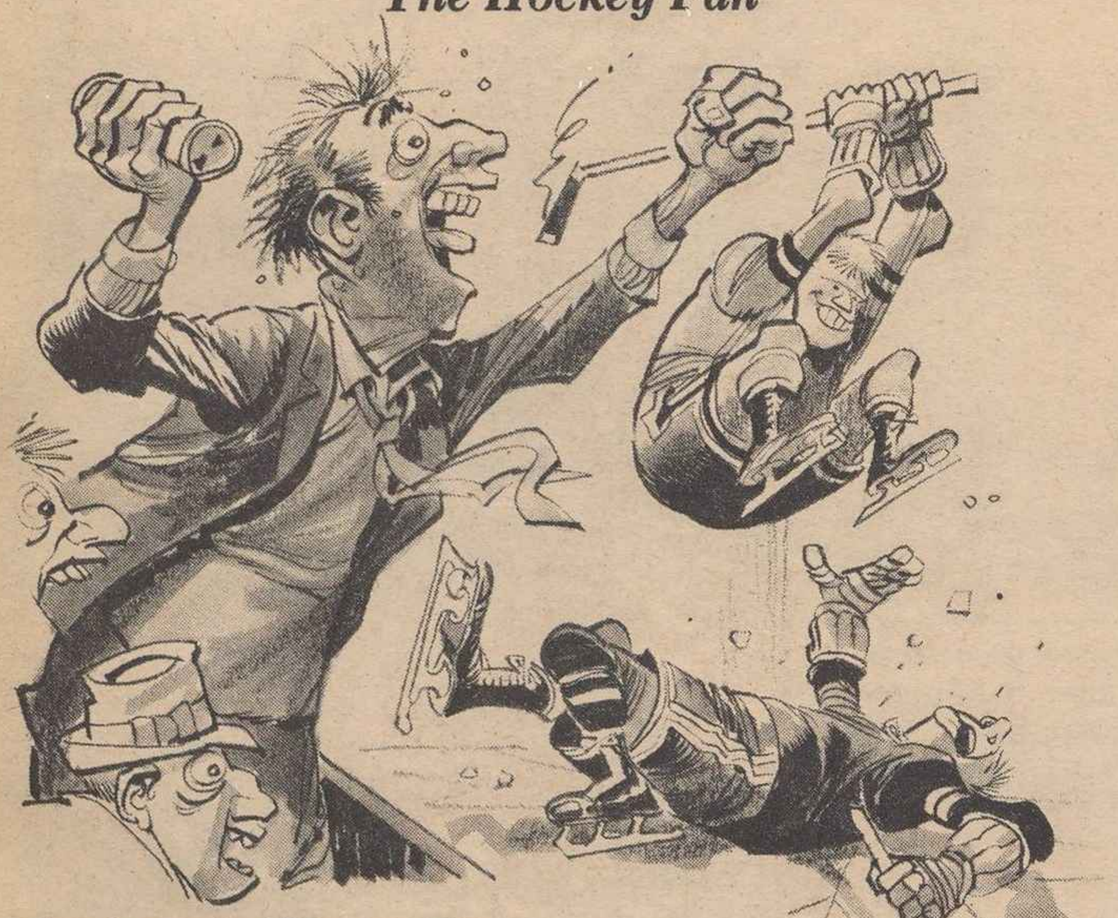


See the other angry Hockey Player.
He is not nice.
He does not use clean Body Checks
That break bones and veins very cleanly.
He knocks Enemy Players into the boards.
He also slashes them and trips them.
That is not legal.
But he will pay for his crimes.
He will have to leave the ice
And sit in the Penalty Box
For two whole minutes.
This is cruel punishment.
This is almost as much time
As you would have to serve in this country
If you were a convicted mugger!

CHAPTER 8.
The Penalty Box

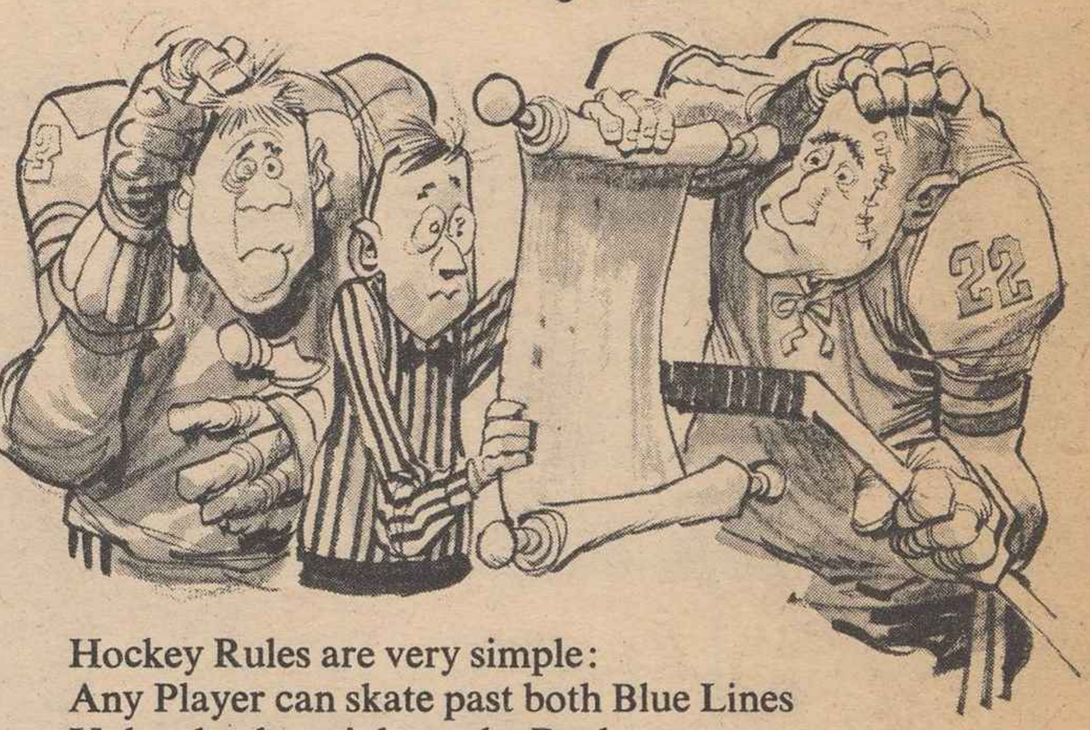
See the Penalty Box.
See how silly the Hockey Player looks
Sitting in the Penalty Box.
Can you blame him?
How would you feel
If you were 25 years old
With 98 scars on your face
And you had to wear short pants
And be punished by sitting in a Box?
Hockey Players hate the Penalty Box.
It is so degrading.
They would prefer a more sensible
And dignified form of punishment—
Like a spanking.

CHAPTER 9.
The Hockey Fan



See the typical Hockey Fan.
He loves Body Checks.
He loves to see Defensemen get kicked in the groin.
He loves to scream, "Kill the Goalie!"
Kill! Kill! Kill!
Tomorrow, he may demonstrate
Against Police Brutality in Harlem
And against the use of Napalm in Vietnam.
He considers violence to be "Un-American".
Lucky for him, most Hockey Players are Canadian.

CHAPTER 10.
Hockey Rules

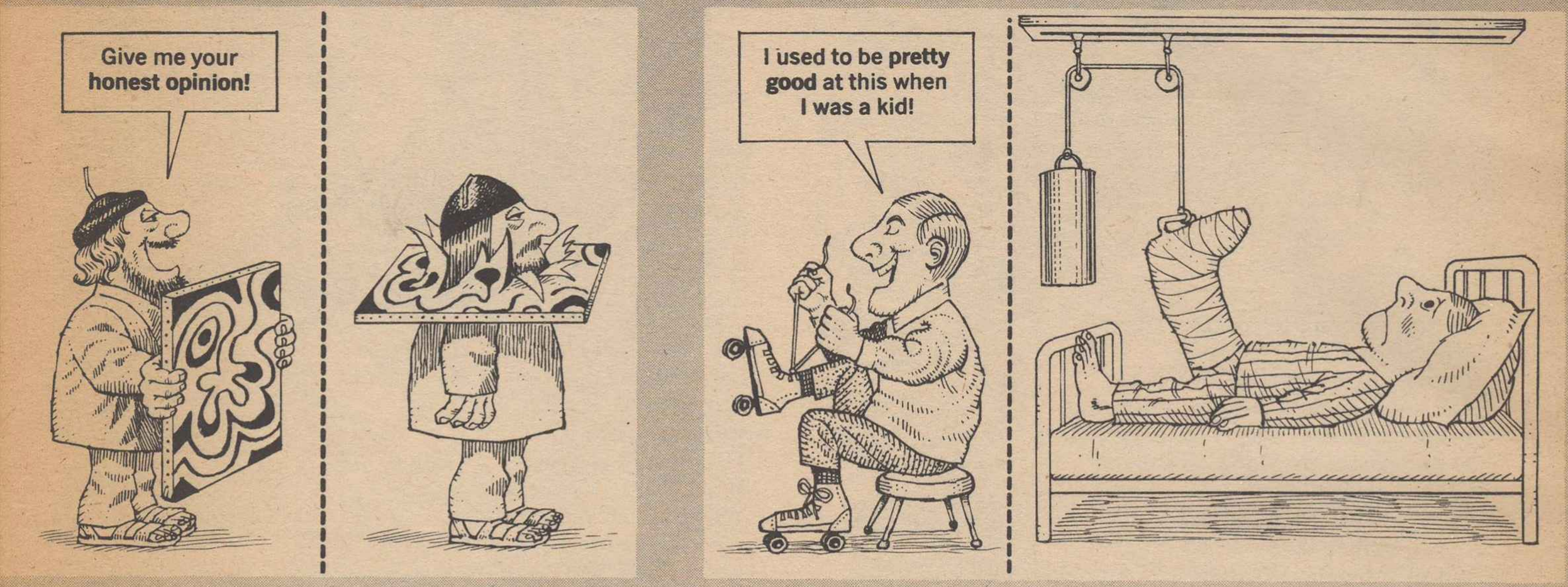


Hockey Rules are very simple:
Any Player can skate past both Blue Lines
Unless he doesn't have the Puck,
In which case he can skate past his own Blue Line only
And wait for the man with the Puck
Who can skate past Blue Lines
Unless another teammate
Skates past the second Blue Line first,
In which case the other teammate must go back
Unless he gets the Puck,
In which case the first teammate must go back.
Isn't that simple?
Do you know who wrote Hockey's "Blue Line" rules?
The same man who wrote "The Dead Sea Scrolls"!
If you are very good
Some day we will tell you about the three RED lines!

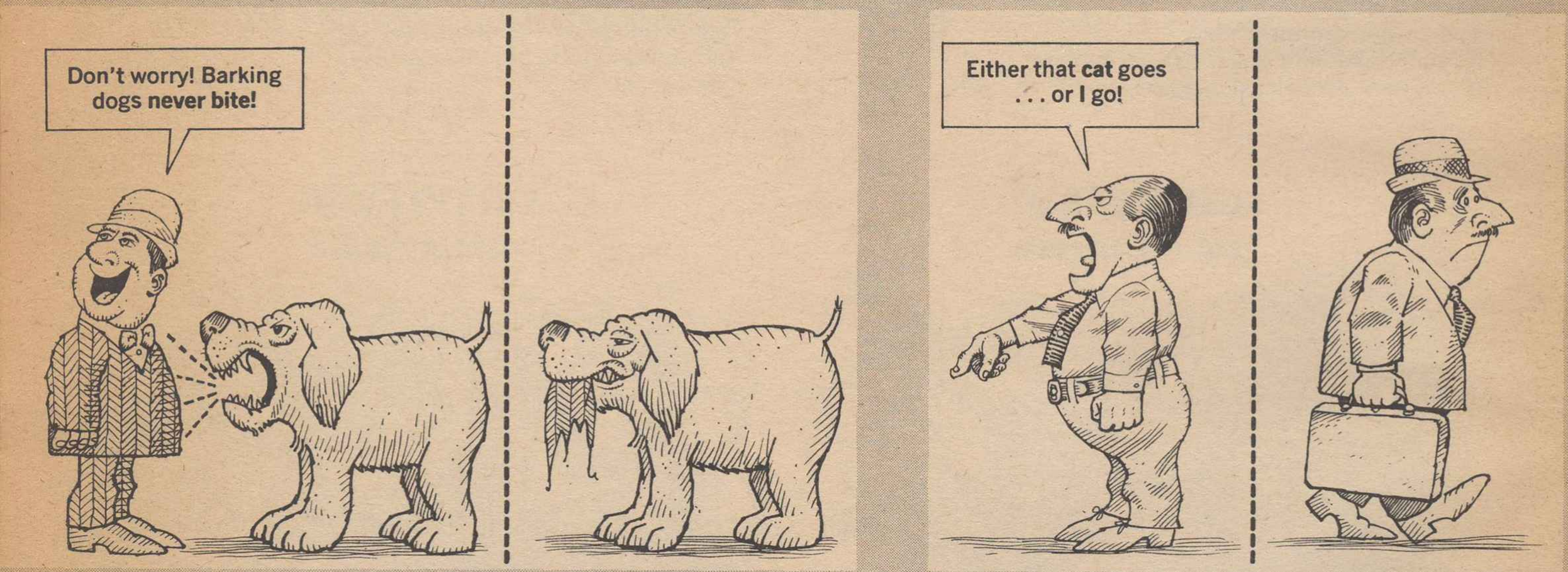
TONGUE IN CHECK DEPT.

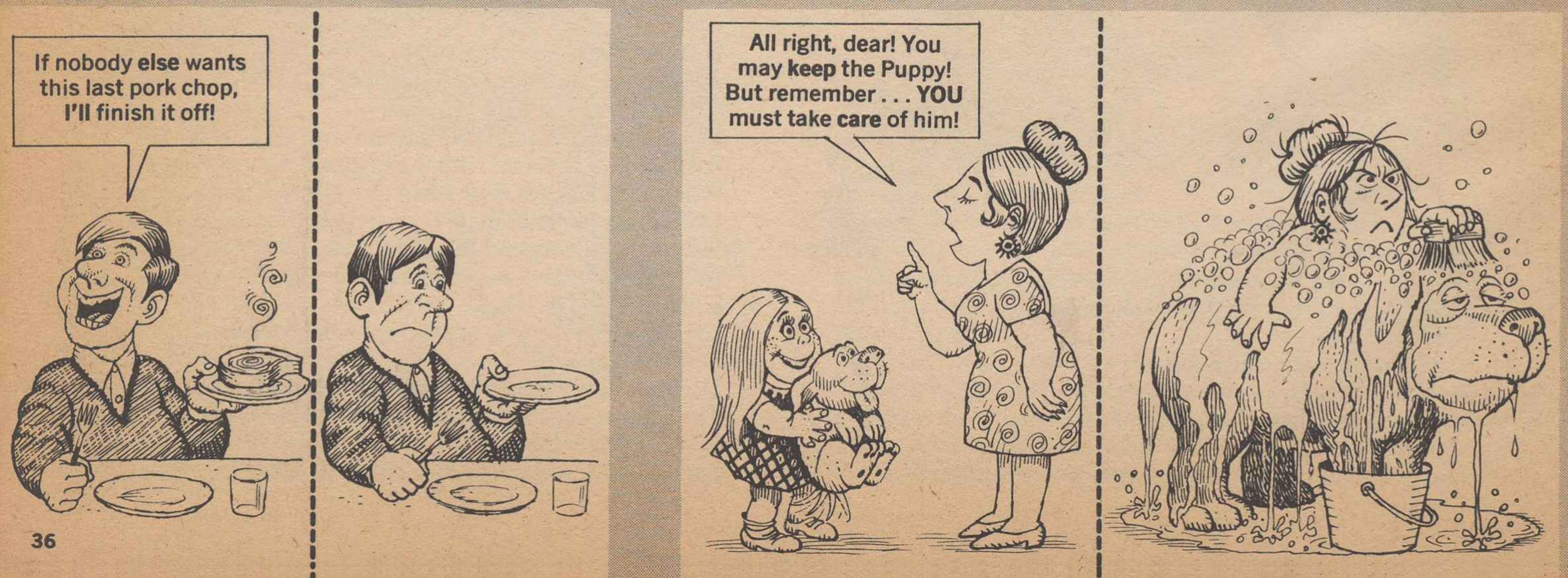
"ME AND

Here we go again with another look at clods who make bragging remarks or antagonizing statements—only to have their words later explode in their faces, prompting them to say:

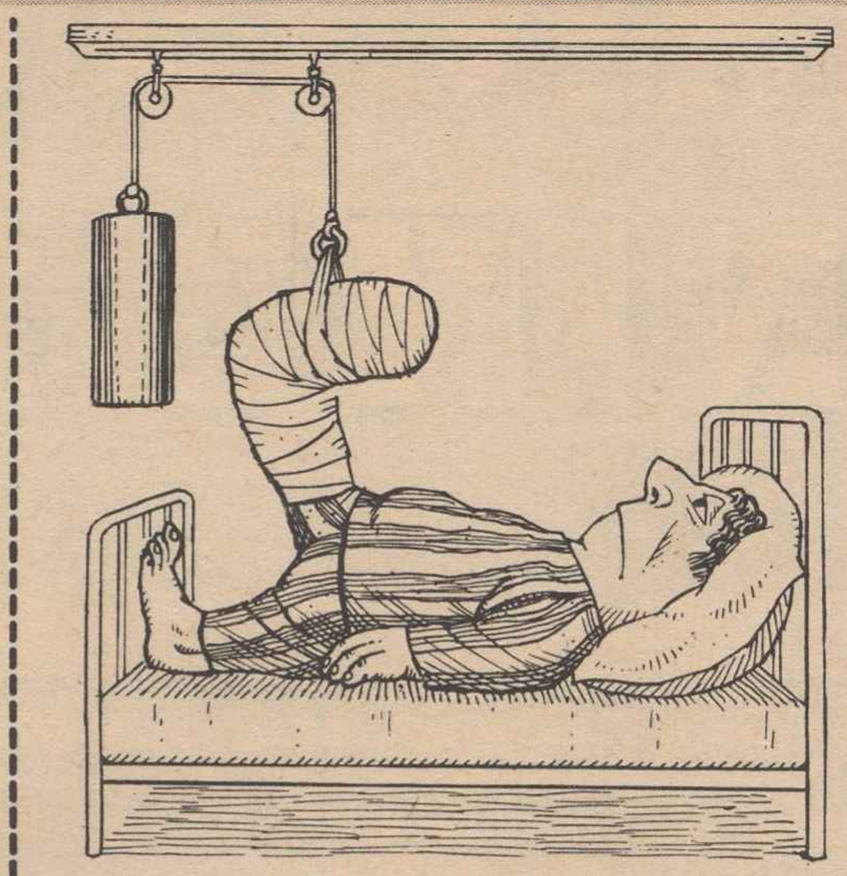


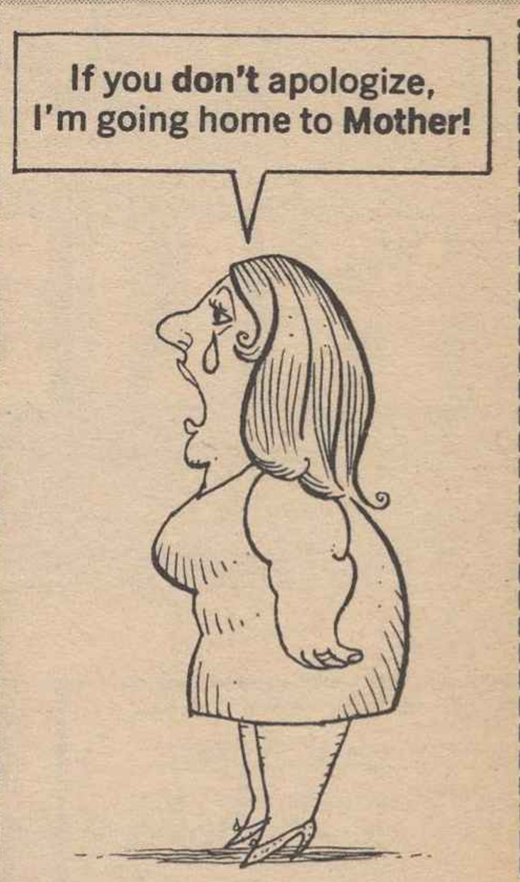
ARTIST : AL JAFFEE



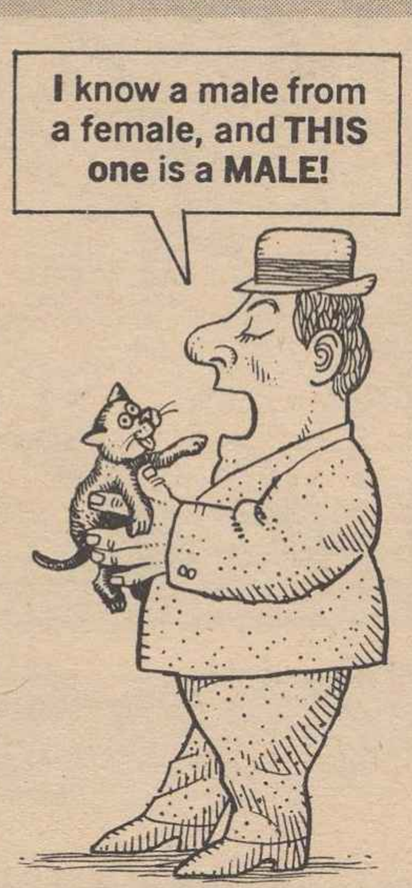


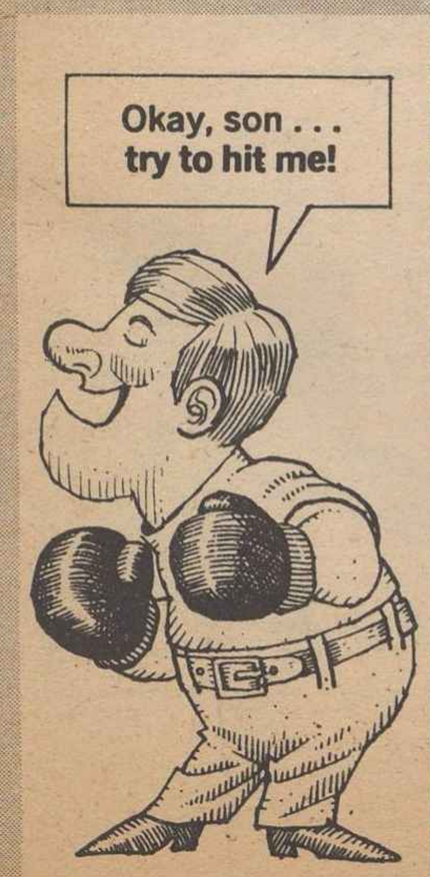
MY BIG MOUTH!"

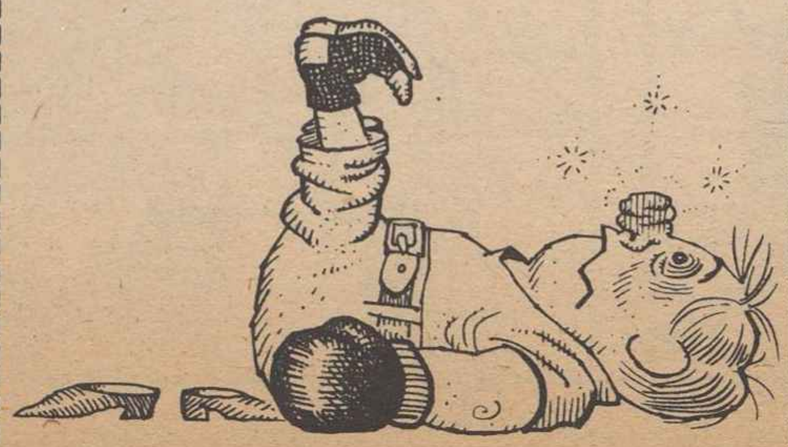


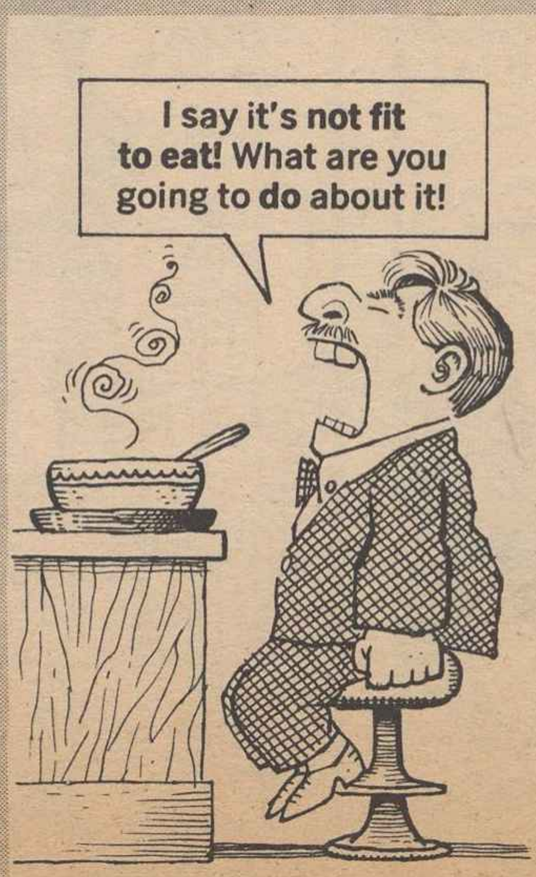


WRITER: DEAN NORMAN









PEN-AND-INCULCATION DEPT.

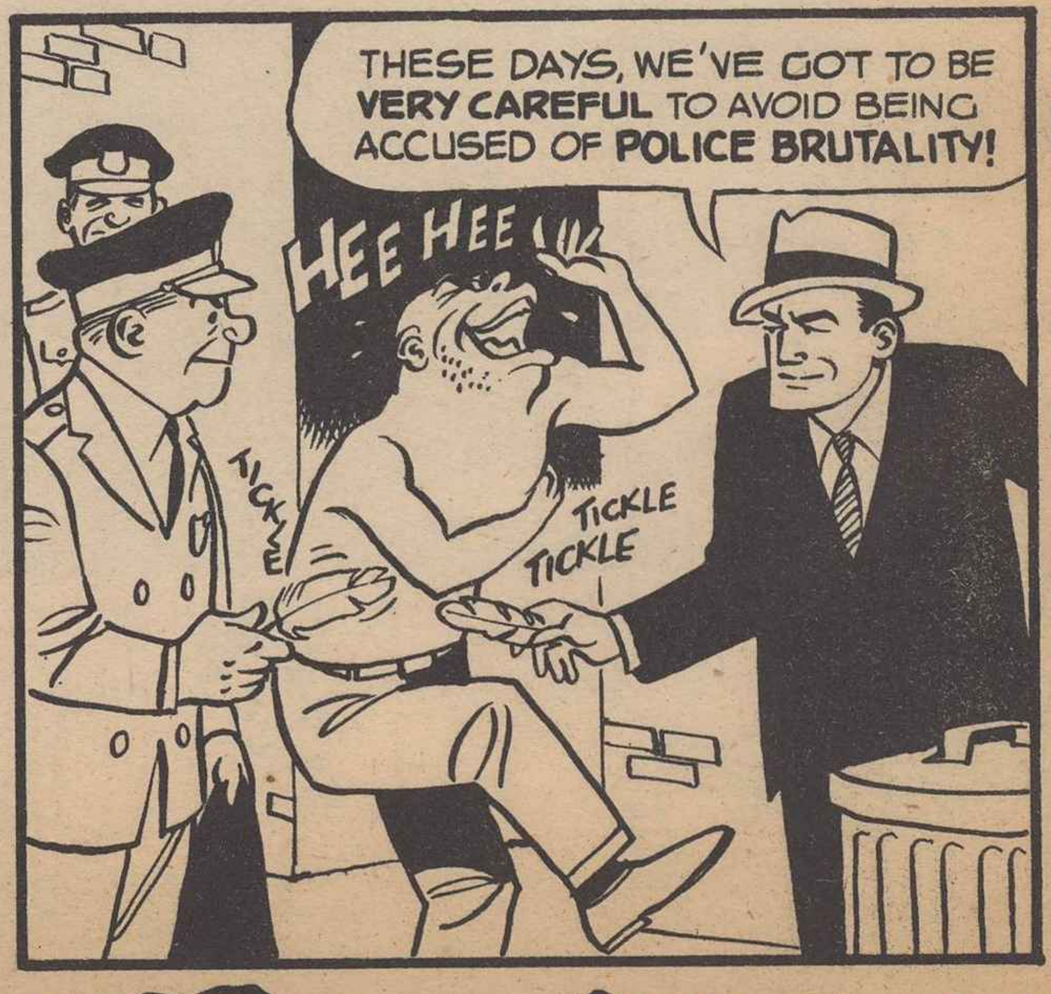
All we know about most of the characters in Newspaper Comic Strips is that they amuse and entertain us. But what about the serious problems of the day . . . like Hippies . . . and Protest Marches . . . and War and Peace . . . and Race Relations?

IF COMIC STRIP BURNING ISSU

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

SUPERMAN

DICK TRACY

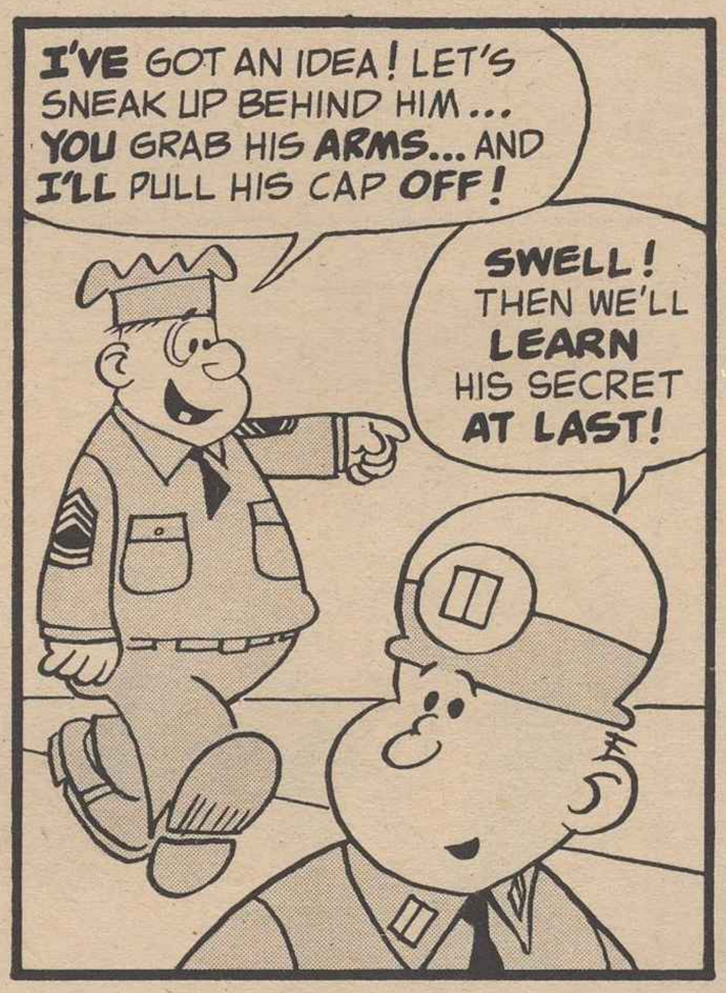


Where do the Comic Strip Characters stand on these burning issues? The trouble is, they haven't voiced any opinions, so we don't really know! Which brings us to the subject of this article. Here is MAD's idea of what it would be like . . .

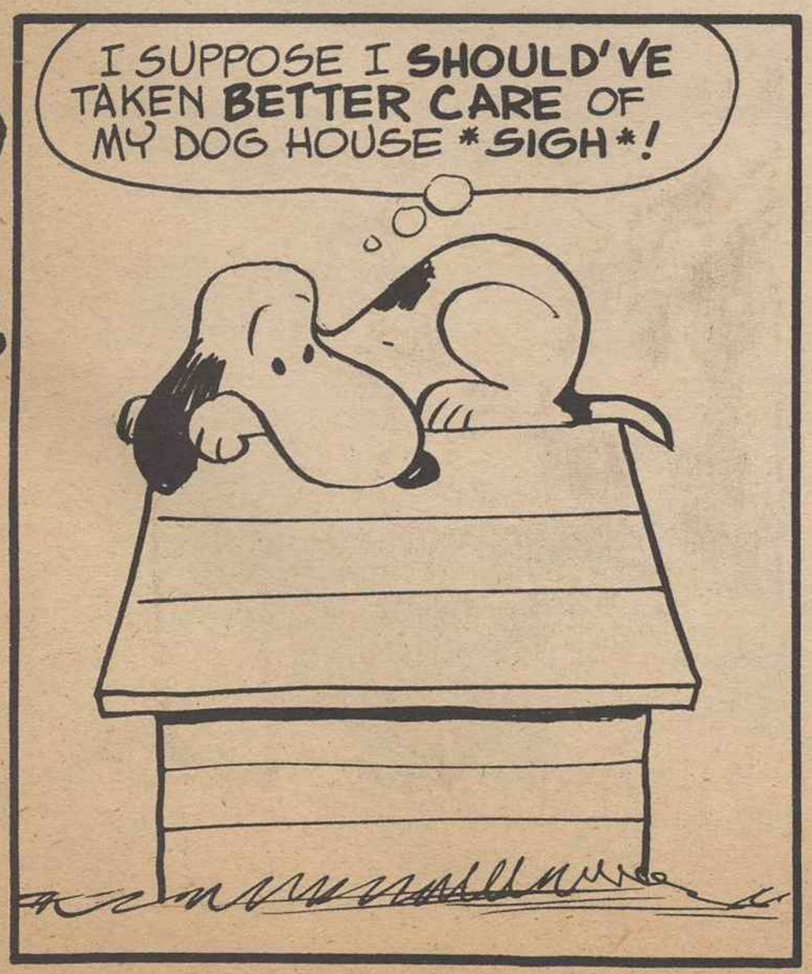
S COVERED THE ES OF THE DAY

WRITER: FRANK RIDGEWAY

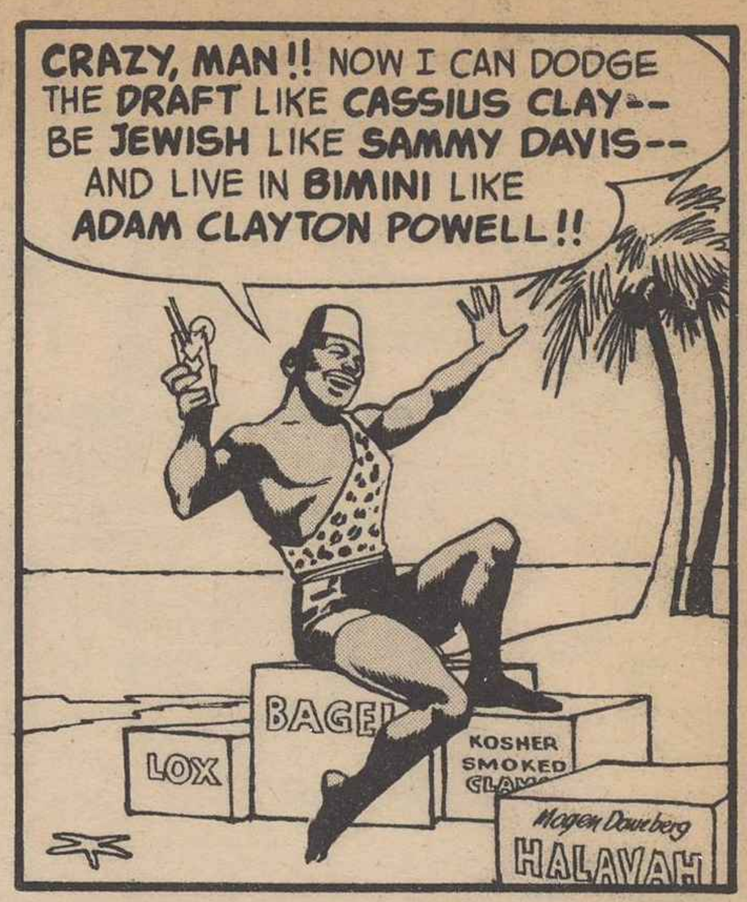
BEETLE BAILEY



PEANUTS

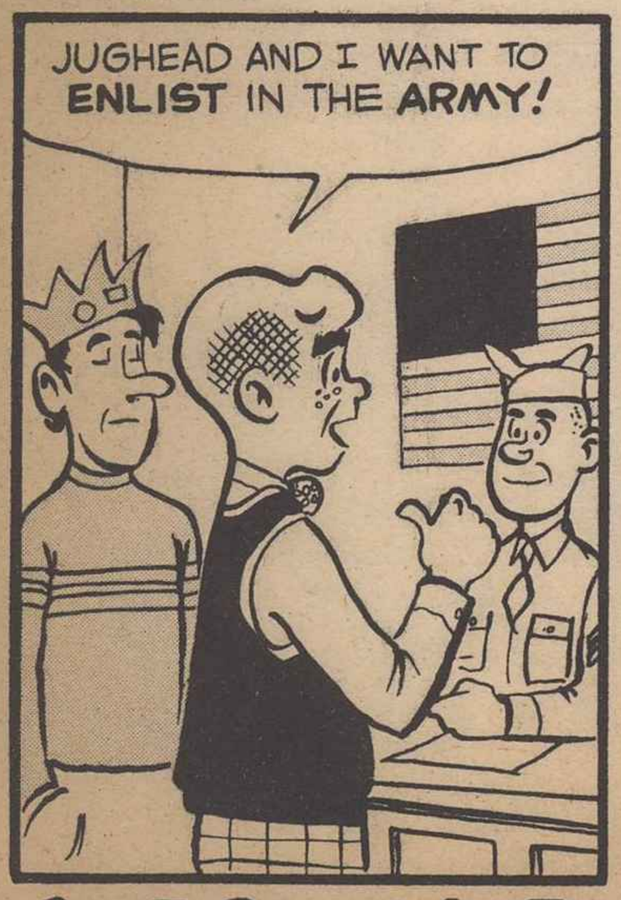


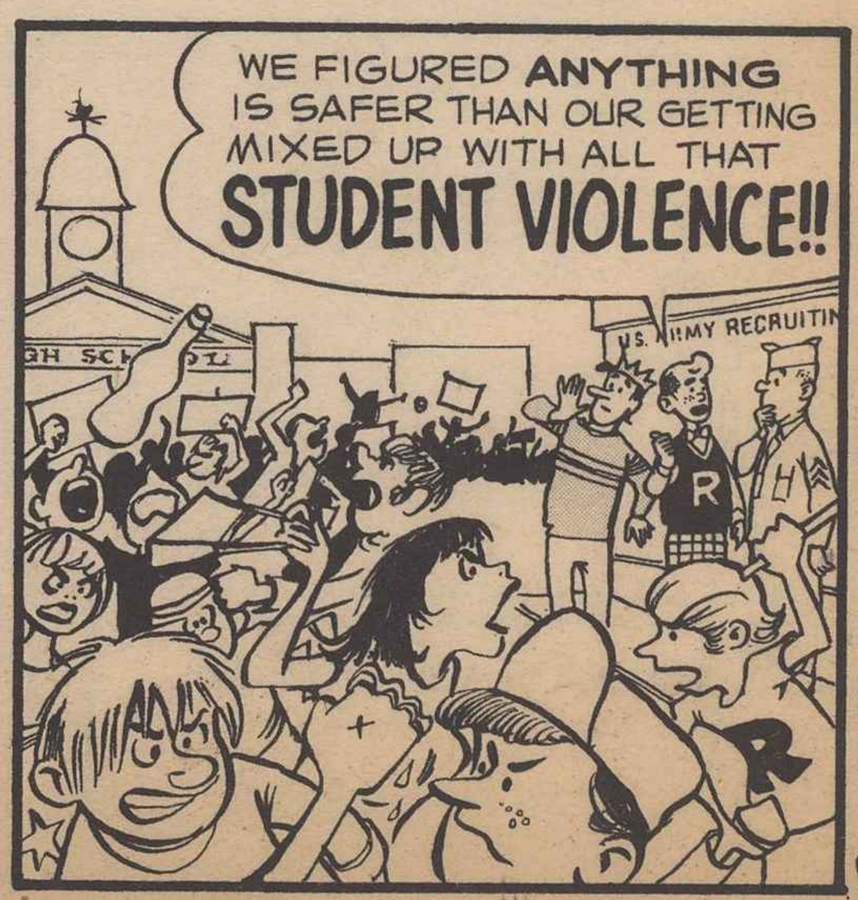
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



POPEYE

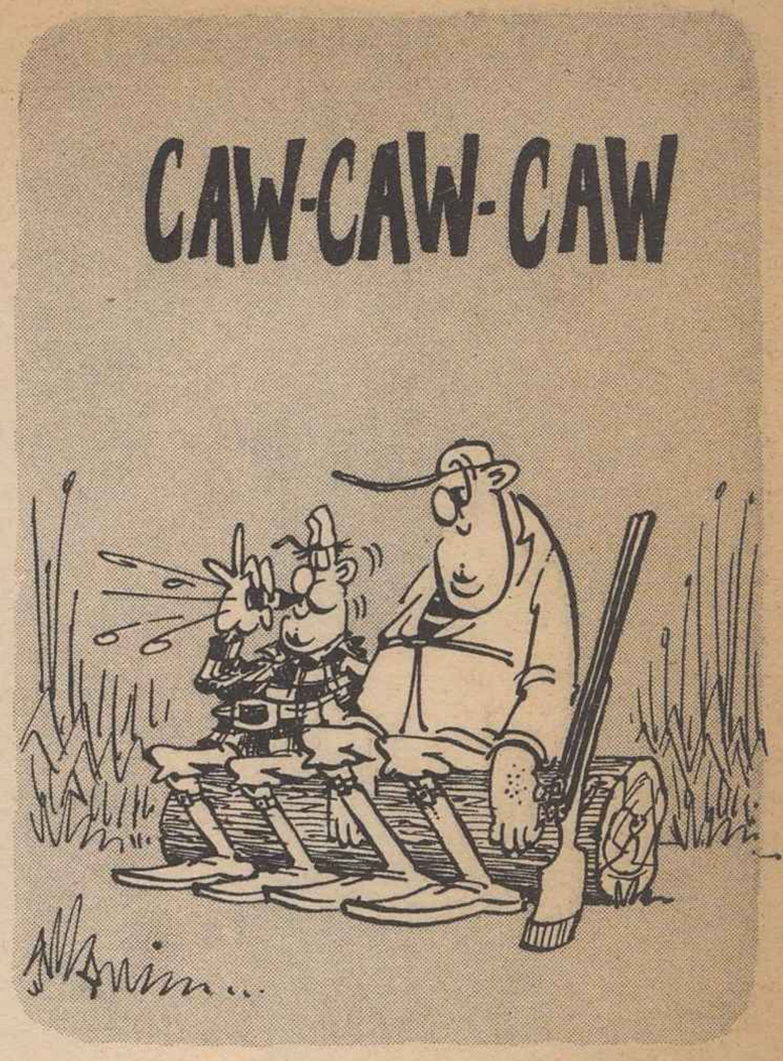
ARCHIE





THE HUNTERS

AMAZE-O
WILD GAME CALL
Produces Over 20 Different
And Distinct Mating Calls
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK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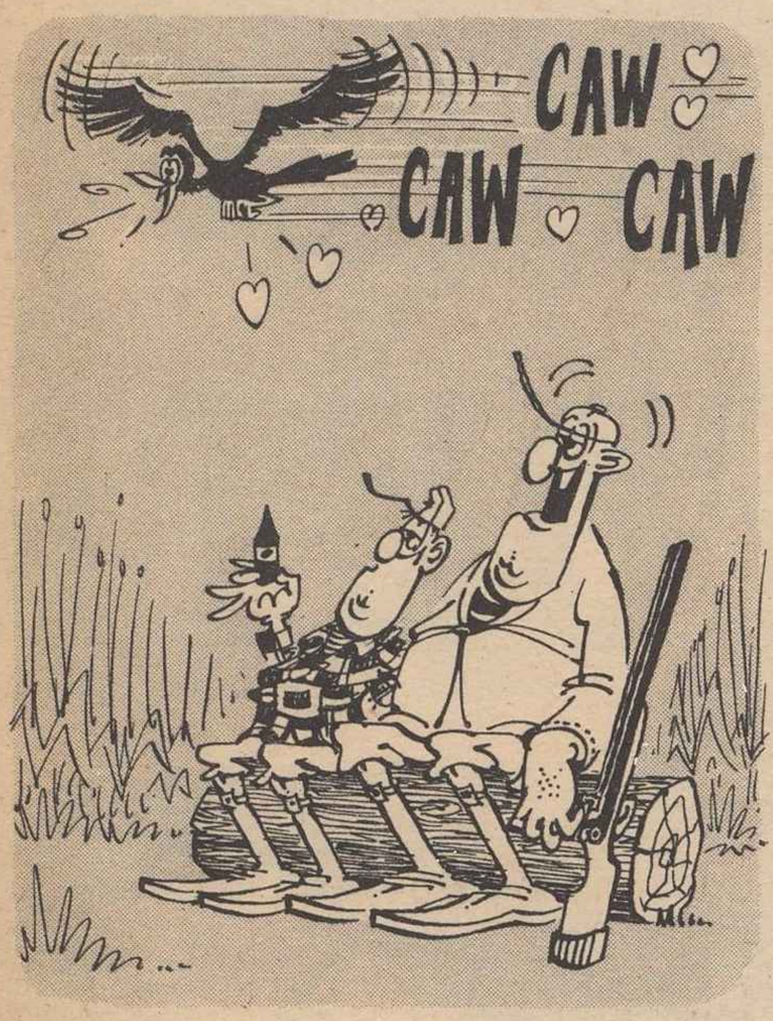
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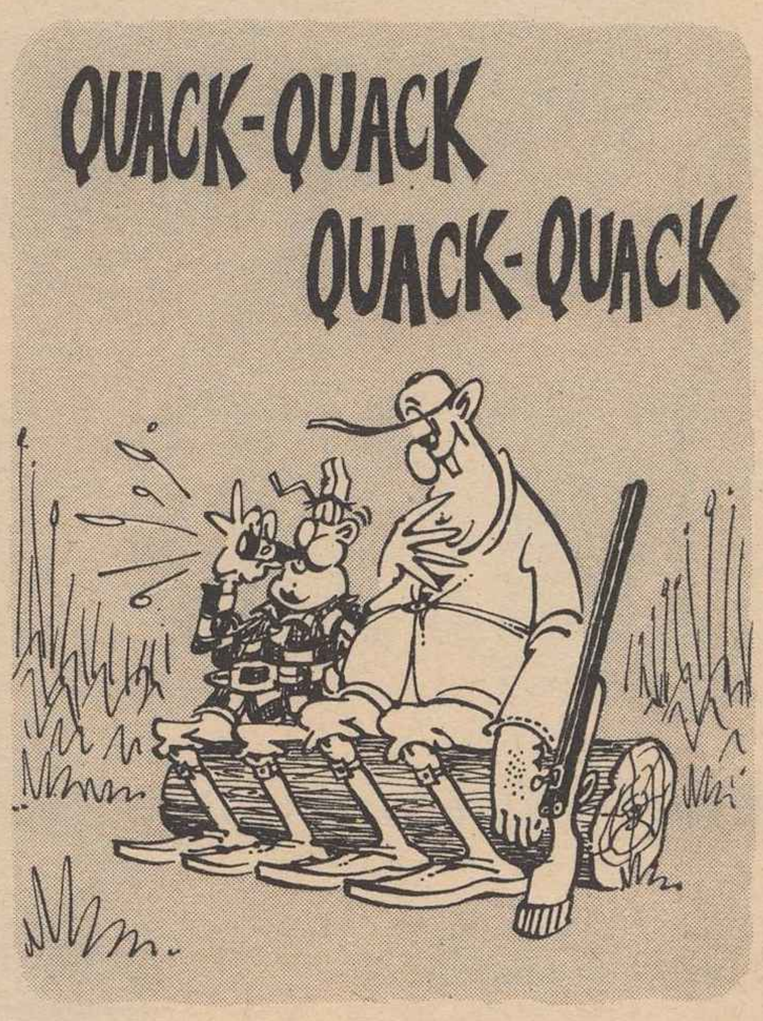
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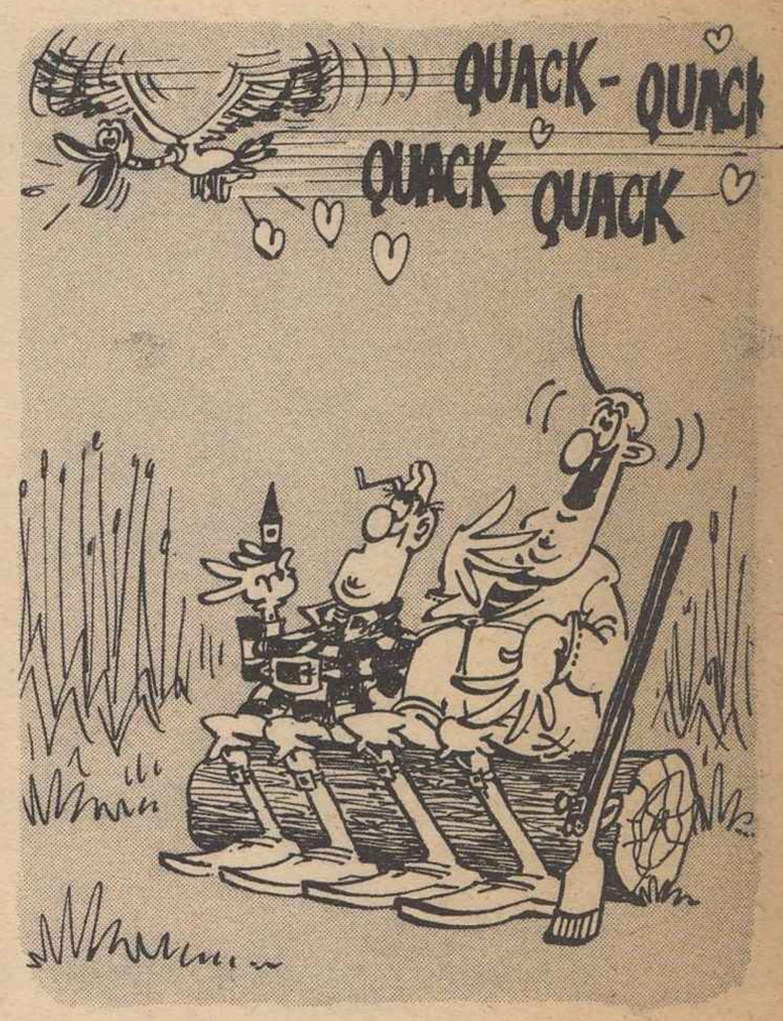
QUACK-
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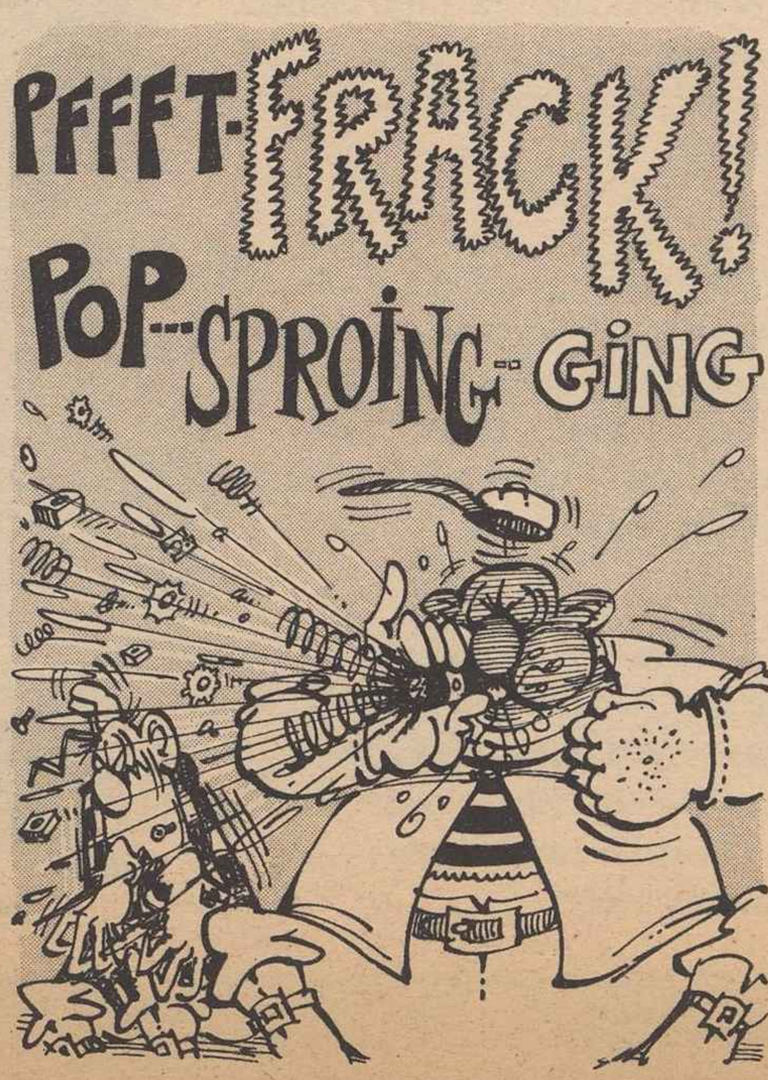
FWISK

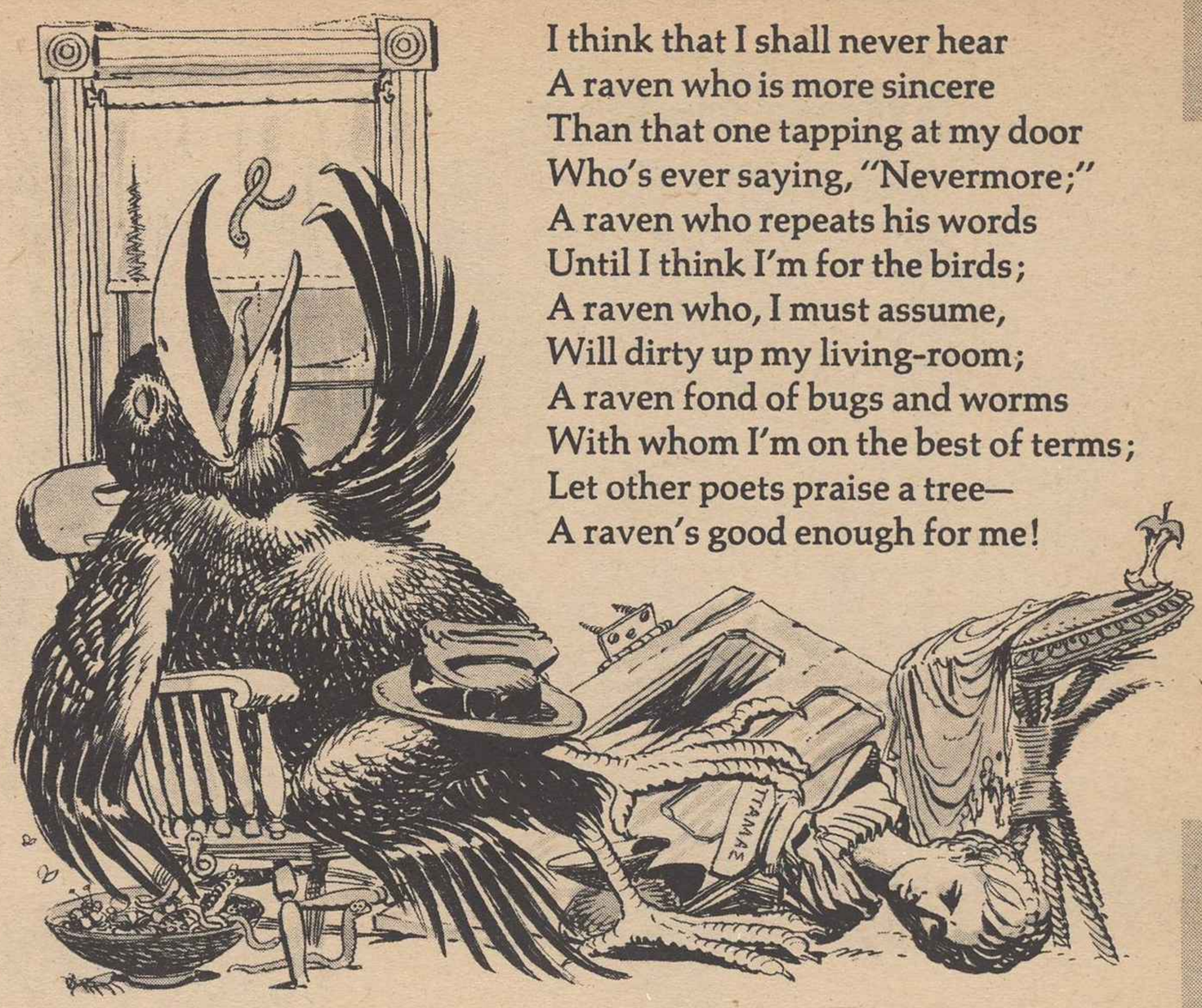

PFFFT-
FRACK!
POP---SPROING--GING

PFFFT-
FRACK!
POP---SPROING-GING
PFFFT-
FRACK
POP---SPROING-GING

START HERE

Or Any Place Else For That Matter!

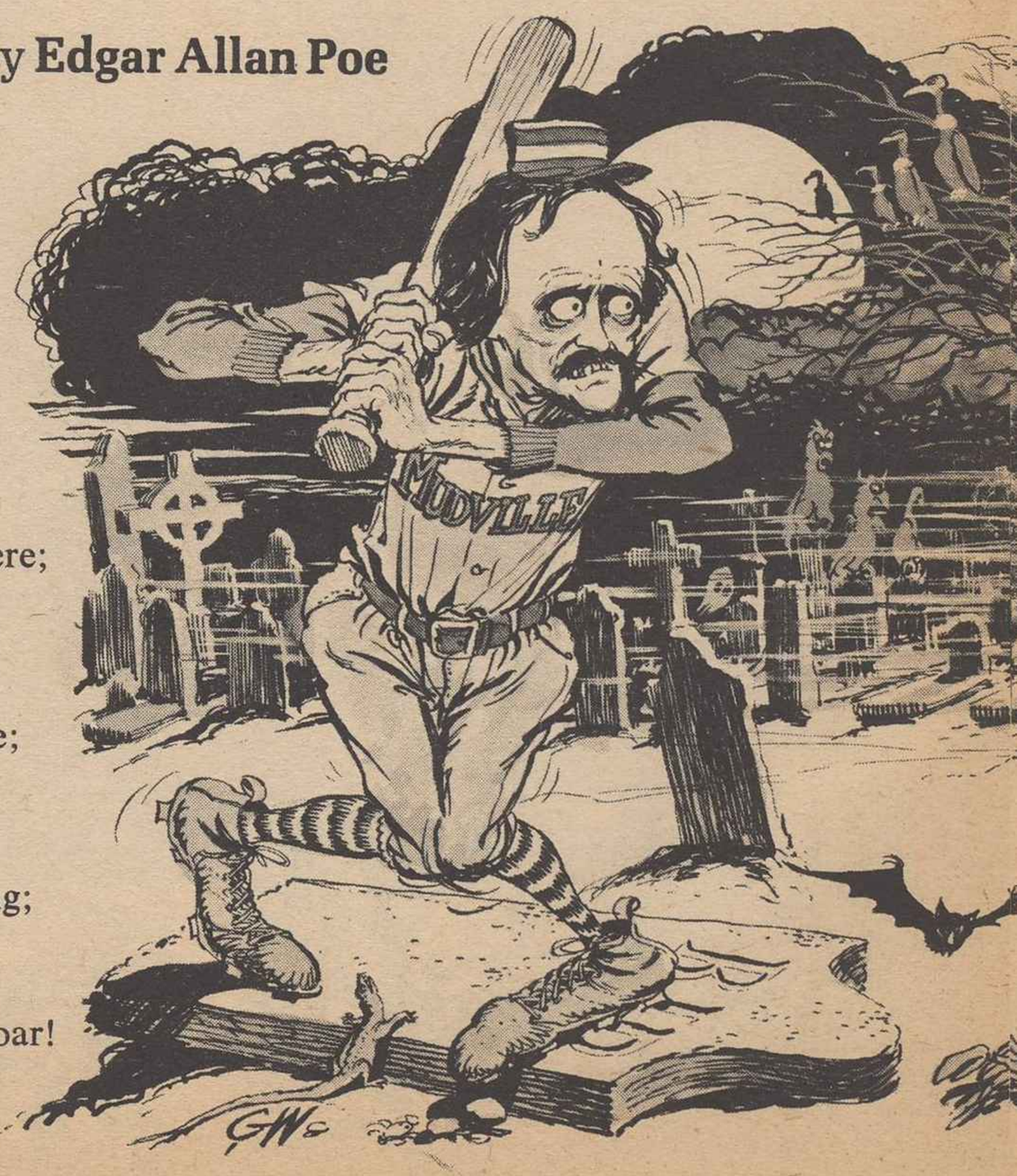
If **Poe's "THE RAVEN"** Were Written By **Joyce Kilmer**



I think that I shall never hear
A raven who is more sincere
Than that one tapping at my door
Who's ever saying, "Nevermore;"
A raven who repeats his words
Until I think I'm for the birds;
A raven who, I must assume,
Will dirty up my living-room;
A raven fond of bugs and worms
With whom I'm on the best of terms;
Let other poets praise a tree—
A raven's good enough for me!

THE MAD POETR

If **Thayer's "CASEY AT THE BAT"** Were Written By **Edgar Allan Poe**



Once upon a final inning, with the other ball-team winning,
And my Mudville teammates trailing by a score of 2 to 4,
With two outs, my fate it beckoned, for with men on third and second,
I could win the game, I reckoned, or at least tie up the score!
Crazed, I was, that final inning, just to win or tie the score—
Only that, and nothing more!

Ghastly, gaunt and grim I stood there, gripping my great bat of wood there;
In my brain dark, ugly demons danced a dirge from days of yore;
Then the fast-ball came by flying, and, inside, my soul was dying
As I heard the umpire crying words from baseball's ancient lore:
"Strike one!" were the words he hollered, out of baseball's ancient lore;
Just "Strike one!" and nothing more!

Once again I stood there quaking, while a curve-ball whizzed by, breaking;
How I wished that awful aching in my soul I could ignore!
But, alas, my fear grew colder, and the bat stayed on my shoulder,
While the ump, his voice now bolder, called out "Strike two!" with a roar!
Wretched was the dread within me as I heard his awful roar:
Just "Strike two!" and nothing more!

If **Kilmer's "TREES"** Were Written By **John Masefield**

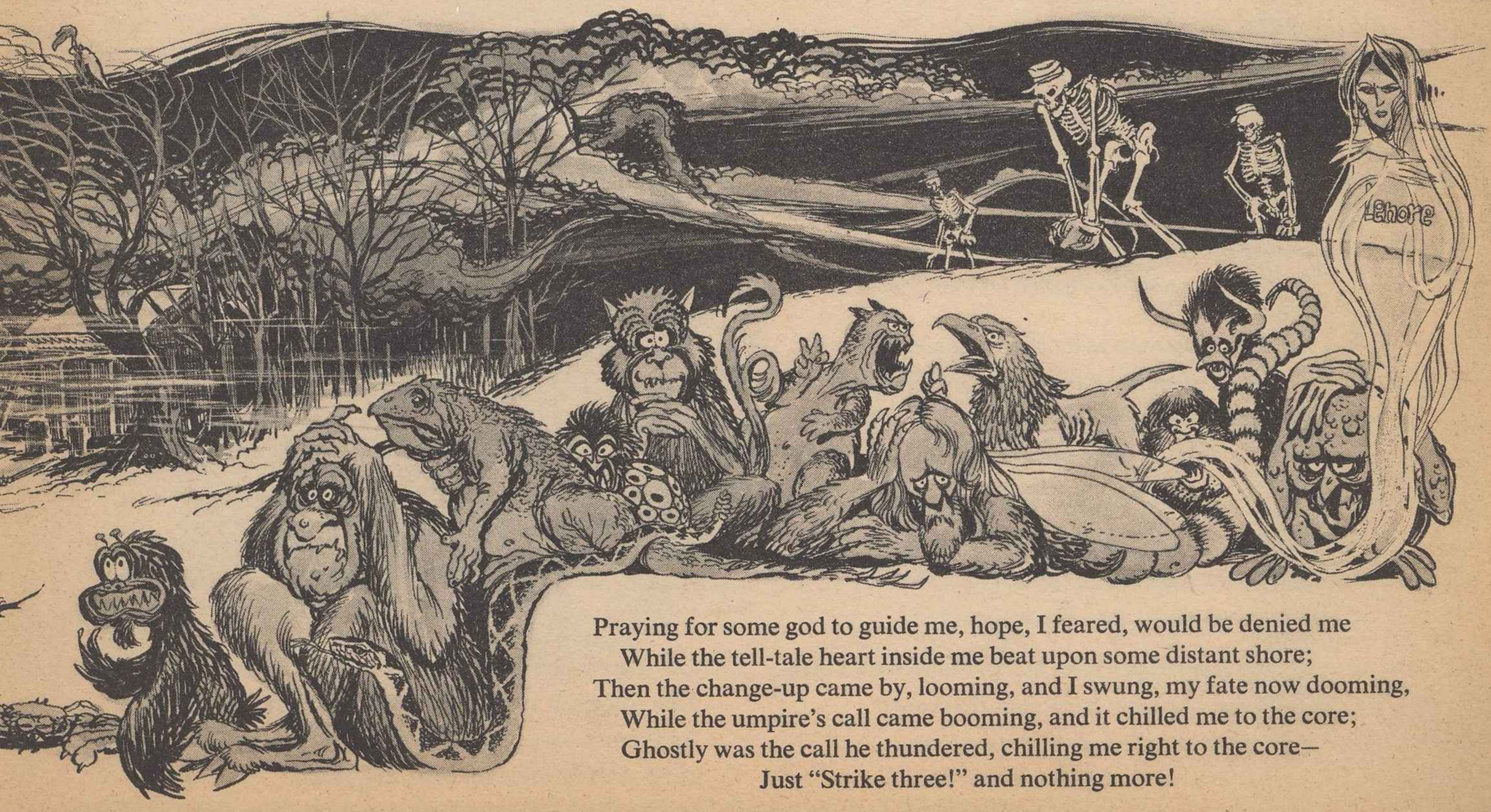
I must go up in a tree again
and sit where the bullfinch warbles;
Where the squirrel runs up and down a limb
and the owl has lost his marbles;
And the squawks and hoots and chirps and squeaks
that all the birds are making
Fill the air around so I can't hear
the branch beneath me breaking!

I must go up in a tree again,
from where people look like ants,
And all I ask is a branch that's smooth
so I won't rip my pants;
And a dozen bugs running up my leg,
and the sap so sticky,
And the cooing doves and the screaming crows
making messes icky;

GO TO NEXT PAGE!

Y ROUND ROBIN

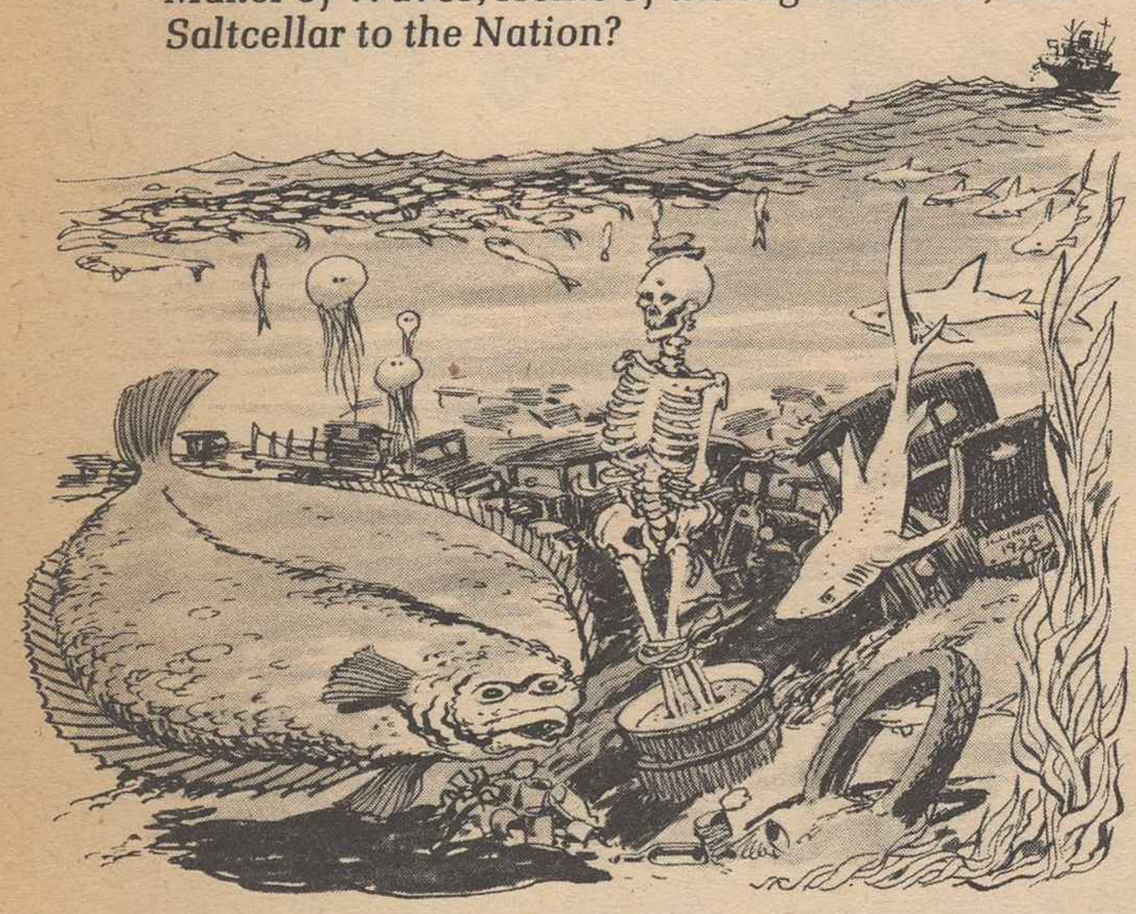
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Praying for some god to guide me, hope, I feared, would be denied me
While the tell-tale heart inside me beat upon some distant shore;
Then the change-up came by, looming, and I swung, my fate now dooming,
While the umpire's call came booming, and it chilled me to the core;
Ghostly was the call he thundered, chilling me right to the core—
Just "Strike three!" and nothing more!

If **Masefield's "SEA FEVER"** Were Written By **Carl Sandburg**

Fish Tank for the World,
Shark Breeder, Maker of Waves,
Lousy with Herring and the Nation's Saltcellar;
Briny, bottomless, undrinkable,
Home of the Big Flounder:
They tell me you are stormy, and I believe them;
for I have crossed you on a tramp steamer
and have lost my lunch at the poop rail.
And they tell me you are messy, and my reply is:
Yes, it is true I have swum in your surf and
have emerged yecchy, with seaweed.
And having answered, I ask myself: Why am I not
writing a poem about Chicago instead of a poem
about the Fish Tank for the World, Shark Breeder,
Maker of Waves, Home of the Big Flounder, and
Saltcellar to the Nation?



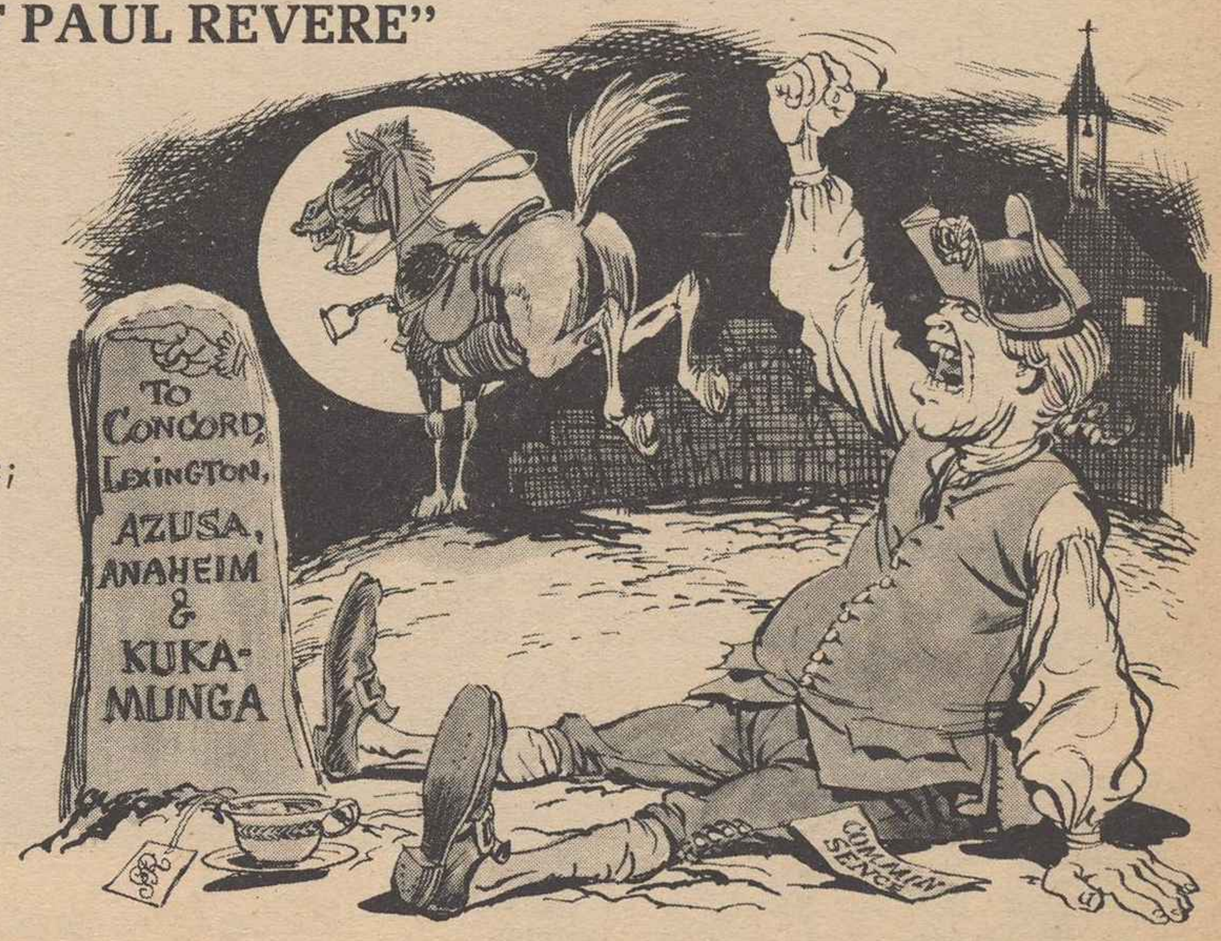
If **Carl Sandburg's "CHICAGO"** Were Written By **Rudyard Kipling**

You can talk of Mandalay,
Of Calcutta or Bombay,
Where the heat'll make a fuzzy-wuzzy fry;
But if to drink you're driven
And don't give a damn for livin'
Then you oughta hit the road for windy Chi.

It's a town where hoods and thugs
Like to send a dozen slugs
Right through a copper pretty as you please;
Where the breezes blow like hell,
And that awful stockyard smell
Is enough to bring a blighter to his knees.

For it's Chi! Chi! Chi!
Guns are shootin' and I'm just a passerby!
Though your buildings may be pretty,
You can keep your bloomin' city
'Cause I'm headin' back to Injia, windy Chi!

If **Longfellow's "THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE"** Were Written By **Ernest Lawrence Thayer**



It looked extremely rocky for the Colonists that night;
The British were attacking with no hope of help in sight;
So, with villages in danger from the enemy so near,
They had to send a warning, and they called on Paul Revere.

There was ease in Paul's demeanor as he climbed upon his mare;
There was pride in Paul's expression as he sat so tall and fair;
And then the horse grew skittish, and she gave a sudden jump,
And Paul fell from his saddle, landing smack upon his rump.

GO BACK TO PAGE 43!

With a smile of Yankee courage, Paul rose smartly to his feet,
And once again upon the saddled mare he took his seat;
But as he gripped the reins, she made a sudden turn around,
And once again Paul plummeted onto the dusty ground.

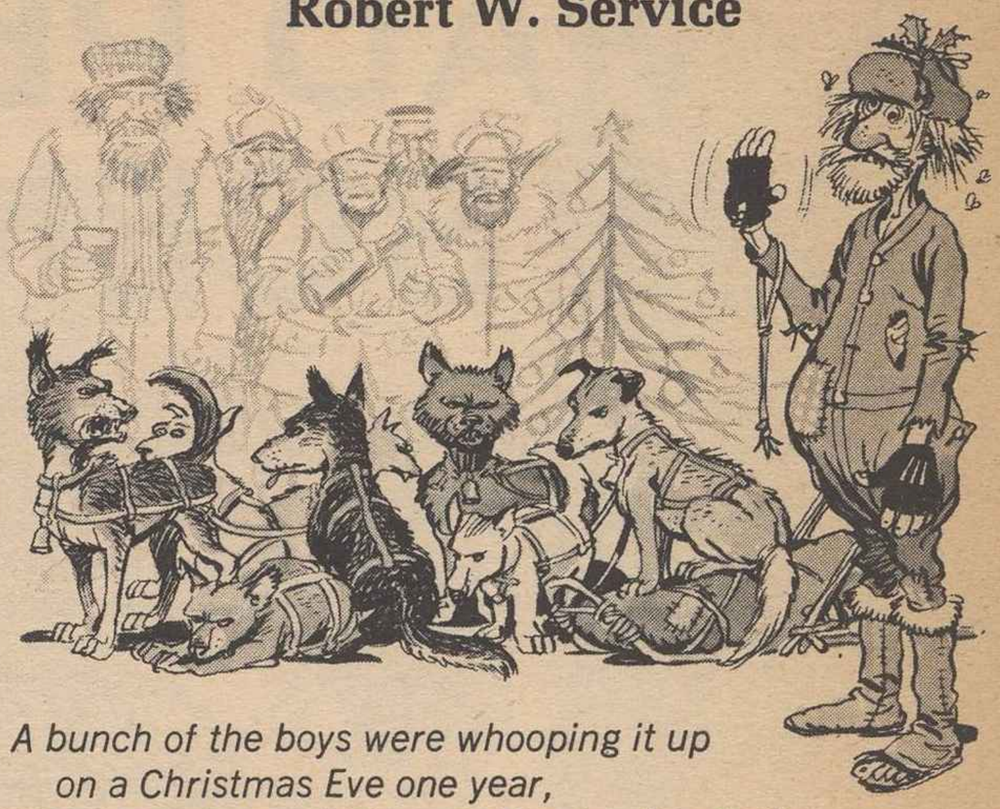
The smile has vanished from Paul's face, his eyes burn with a glare;
He grips the bridle fiercely as again he mounts the mare;
And now he tells the horse to gallop, in an urgent tone,
And now the air is shattered as the horse takes off—alone;

Oh, somewhere in this war-torn land the people safely know
That Redcoats are invading, taking captives as they go;
And somewhere people are prepared to flee the British force,
But there's no hope for New England—
Paul Revere can't ride a horse!

If **Kipling's "GUNGA DIN"** Were Written By **Clement Clarke Moore**

'Twas the night of the battle, and all through the slaughter,
Not a creature was stirring—we all needed water;
The canteens were slung on the sand-dunes with care,
In hopes that old Gunga Din soon would be there;
When what should appear to our wondering eyes
But a skinny brown native—oh, what a surprise!
I cheered with delight as he crossed a ravine,
For I knew right away that it was Gunga Din!
His garment was merely a cute little rag,
And he brought along with him a big water bag!
Then he went right to work in a manner quite shocking—
He shunned our canteens and instead filled each stocking!
It all seemed so senseless and, making things worse,
I knew there was something quite wrong with this verse!
I remarked, "What a strange thing to do in a war!"
And he said, "That's because you are Clement Clarke Moore;
"I'm confused by your verses, so rhythmic and rippling—
"Please write about Christmas, and give me back Kipling!"

If **Moore's "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"** Were Written By **Robert W. Service**

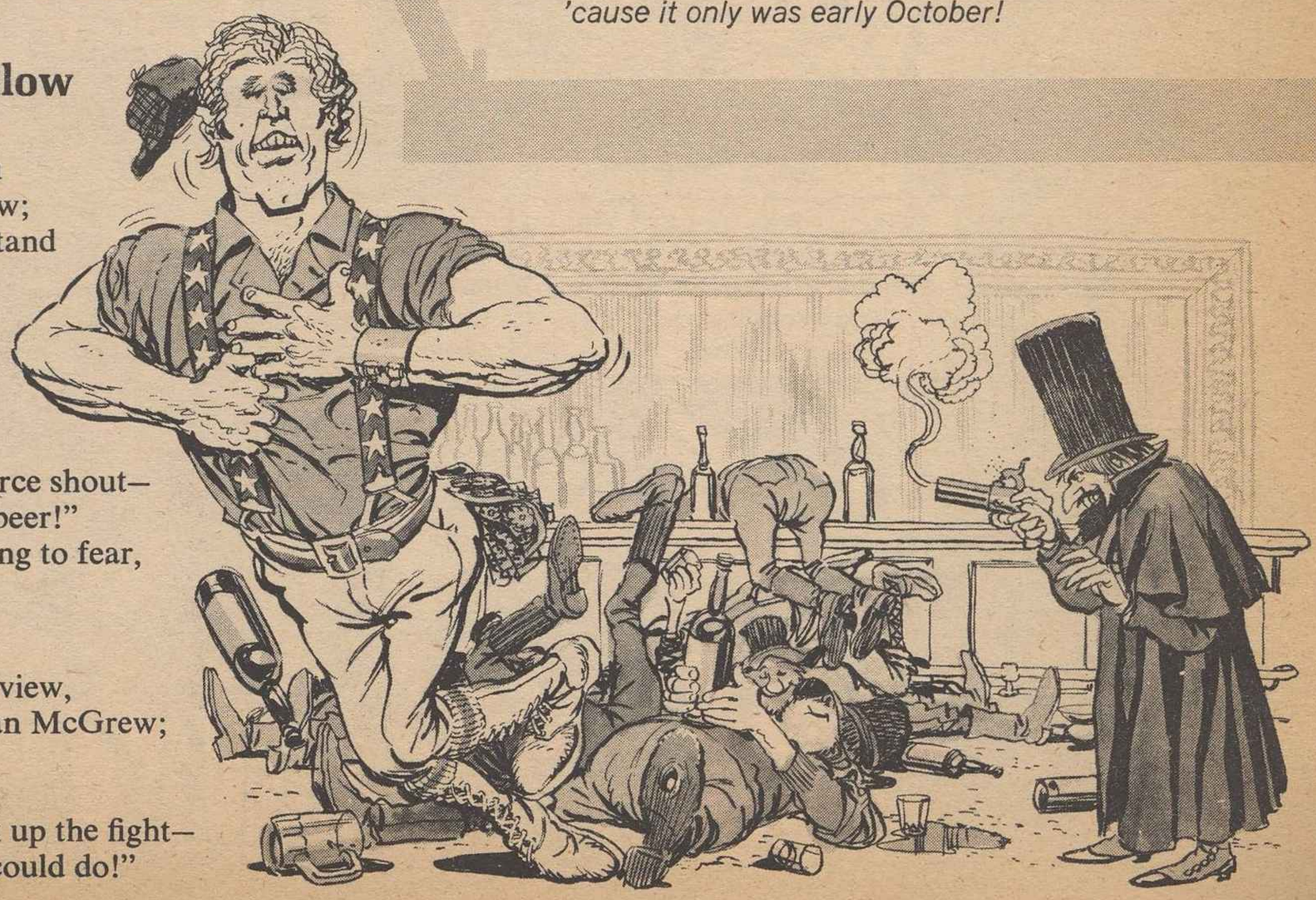


A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
on a Christmas Eve one year,
All full of cheap whiskey and hoping like hell
that St. Nick would soon appear,
When right through the door and straight out of the night,
which was icy and cold as a freezer,
Came a broken-down sled, pulled by eight mangy dogs,
which were whipped by an old bearded geezer.

His teeth were half missing, and flapping his frame
was a tatter of red-colored clothes;
He was covered with snow from his head to his toe,
and an icicle hung from his nose;
The miners all cheered when the geezer appeared,
and the poker game stopped in mid-bet;
Each sourdough smiled like a young, happy child
at the thought of the gifts he would get.

They pushed him aside and went straight for his bag
to be sure that they'd all get their share;
And, oh, how they cried when they found that inside
there was nothing but old underwear;
So they plugged the old geezer, which was a great shame,
for if anyone there had been sober,
He'd have known double-quick that it wasn't St. Nick,
'cause it only was early October!

If **Service's "THE SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW"** Were Written By **Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**



Listen, my children, and I'll tell you
Of the valiant death of Dan McGrew;
With a patriot's pride he made his stand
While foes assailed his native land
And threatened to tear down
the red, white and blue!

When the struggle for freedom
lay hanging in doubt,
He cried to the bartender, with a fierce shout—
"One if it's whiskey, and two if it's beer!"
He drank like a man who had nothing to fear,
While brave men around him
were all passing out!

At last, the dread enemy came into view,
And a cowardly bullet cut down Dan McGrew;
How the hopes of a nation
were shattered that night!
And yet men could say as they took up the fight—
"A bullet achieved what no rotgut could do!"

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Here we go again, gang, with the fourth installment of our new series which explores that hidden world where dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable. This one is . . .

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES

AT AN AIRPORT

We've got the money for **two new runways**, a **fancy new Control Tower**, and an **IBM Reservation System**—

—and yet we **can't afford** a $90-a-week **Clerk** to check **Baggage stubs!**

STOP, THIEF!!

BAGGAGE CLAIM

HORIZONS LTD.

GATE

With proper medical care and attention, he **may** be straightened out in **six weeks . . .**

What happened to Harry?

He was testing the new **"Economy Class"** airline seat for Eastern!

Nuts! A flight just arrived at the **wrong time**—and now our whole **landing schedule** is screwed up!

Which flight arrived at the wrong time?

The **12:52** from Chicago!

What time did it **arrive?**

12:52!!

You're mean and you're **rotten** and you can **drop dead!**

Oh, yeah?! Well, you're meaner and **you're rottener** and you can **drop dead first!**

Gee, it's great to get off a flight, relax, drop those nauseating smiles, and just be our **own real nasty selves!**

OOOHH! OWWWW! Ouch, my ears!!

Okay, make 'em a **little tighter** and have 'em **dig in a little deeper** and they'll be **fine!**

What are **those** guys doing?

Testing the **passengers' earphones** for the **recorded music system!**

We've got **50 planes** flying **one on top of the other** waiting to land! It's a **new airport stacking record!**

Wait till I tell the boys at **O'Hare Field!** And they thought **they** had the most crowded airport in the world!

Control Tower to Pan Am Flight 16! **Why** do you say we're stacking the planes too high?

Repeat—**Why** do you say we're stacking the planes too high?

Because we are the **top plane** and we just went into **ORBIT!**

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

BOAC Flight 17 from London . . . requesting permission to make a **direct landing . . .**

Hold it! Hold it! You can't come in over water like that!

Before you land, you've get to circle over at least **14 towns! You know the Airport Code!!**

Rattle windows . . . Break dishes . . . Shake foundations! People expect that!

Atrocious!

Terrible!

Stupid!

Nauseating!

Boring!

Awful!

They're screening some new **"In-Flight Movies"** for TWA!

guess **that one won't make it!**

No . . . it's **perfect!!**

Whoops! There go the **dinners** for Flight 114's **"Excursion Fare" passengers!**

Stop worrying and pick them up! No one will ever know the difference!

Hey, look at the old guy dragging that suitcase! Ten-to-one he gets a heart attack!

Ha-ha!! Look at that old lady lugging that trunk! Isn't she a riot?!

But I thought Porters were supposed to help passengers with their bags?

Only inside the terminal! Never from the Parking Lot!

PASSENGER ENTRANCE

FLY TRI-MOTOR FORD

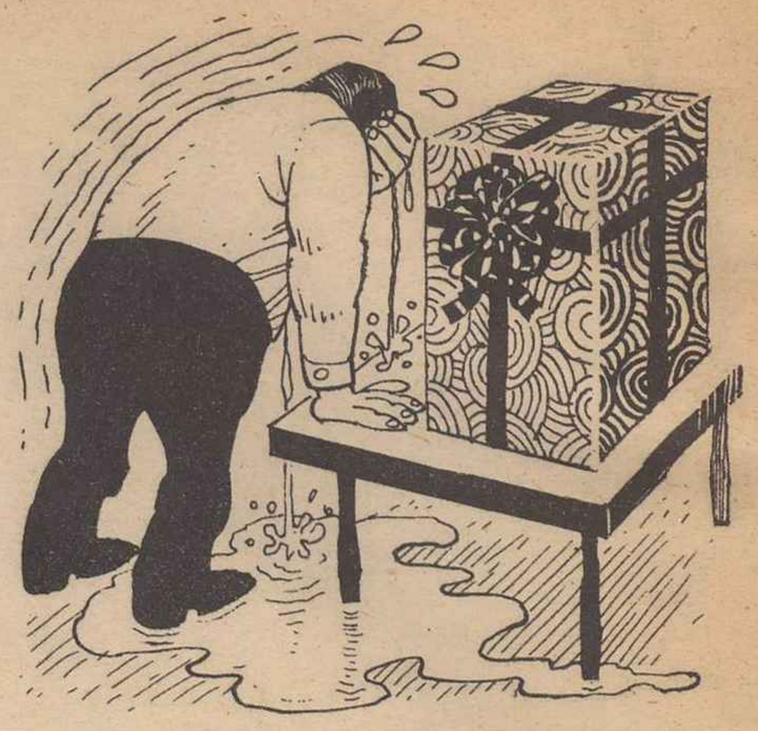
CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . a wobbly tree stand.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . a week of inspiration and morality on TV screens that are filled with crime and violence the other 51.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . having to tear open that gift you wrapped so beautifully because you just remembered the price tag was still on it.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . trying to wrap a bicycle so nobody can tell what it is.

GOD HELP US, EVERY ONE DEPT.

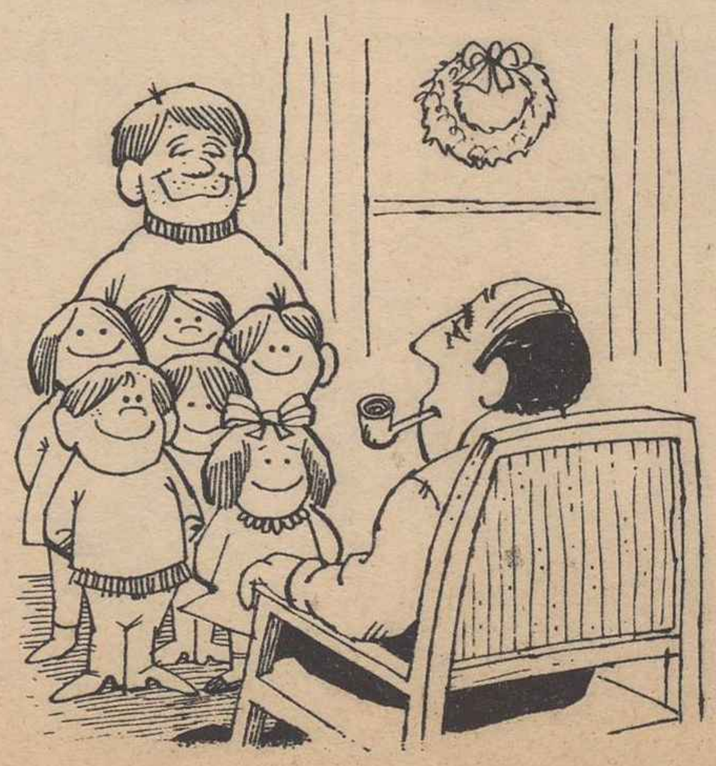
Christmas

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE WRITER: GILBERT BARNHILL

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

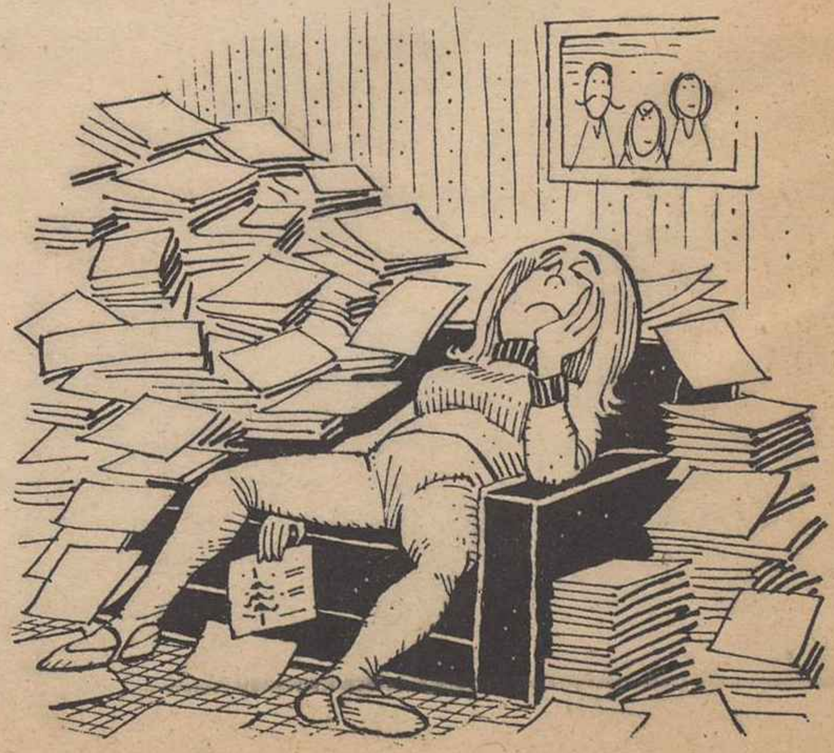
. . . when, while you're looking for a salesman, somebody buys the great tree you picked out.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . when kids who don't believe in Santa Claus any more ask what he's going to bring them.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . when you're surprised with a bunch of cards from the very same people you finally decided to cut from your Christmas card list this year.

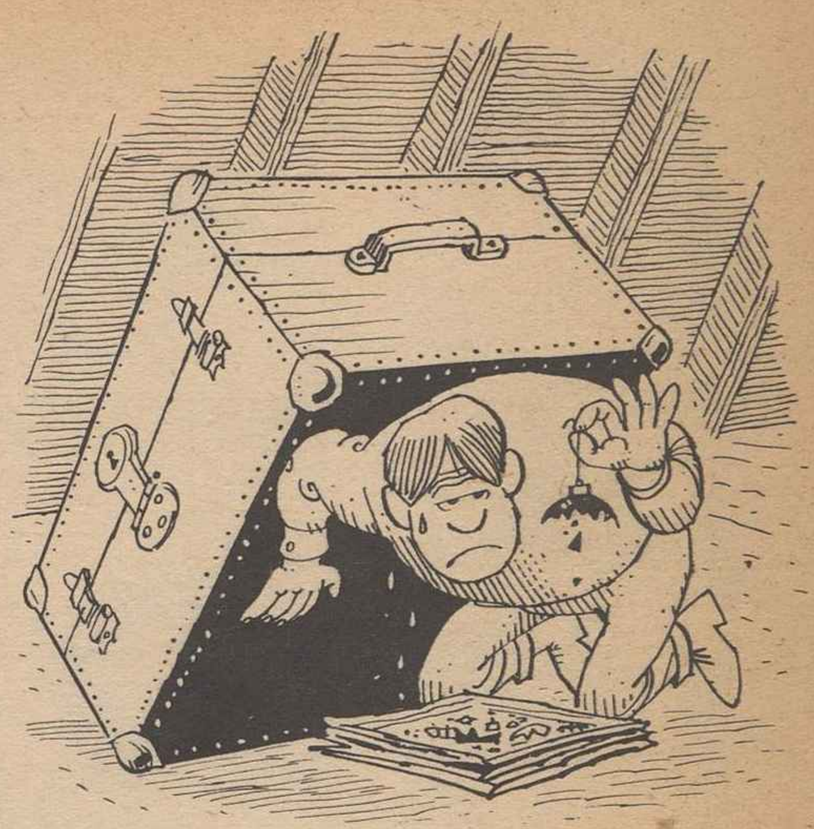
CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . trying to explain to a bright four-year-old how it's possible to pass 6 Santa Clauses in one block.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . when you get a dozen calendars in the mail . . . and on January 1st, you can't find a single one.

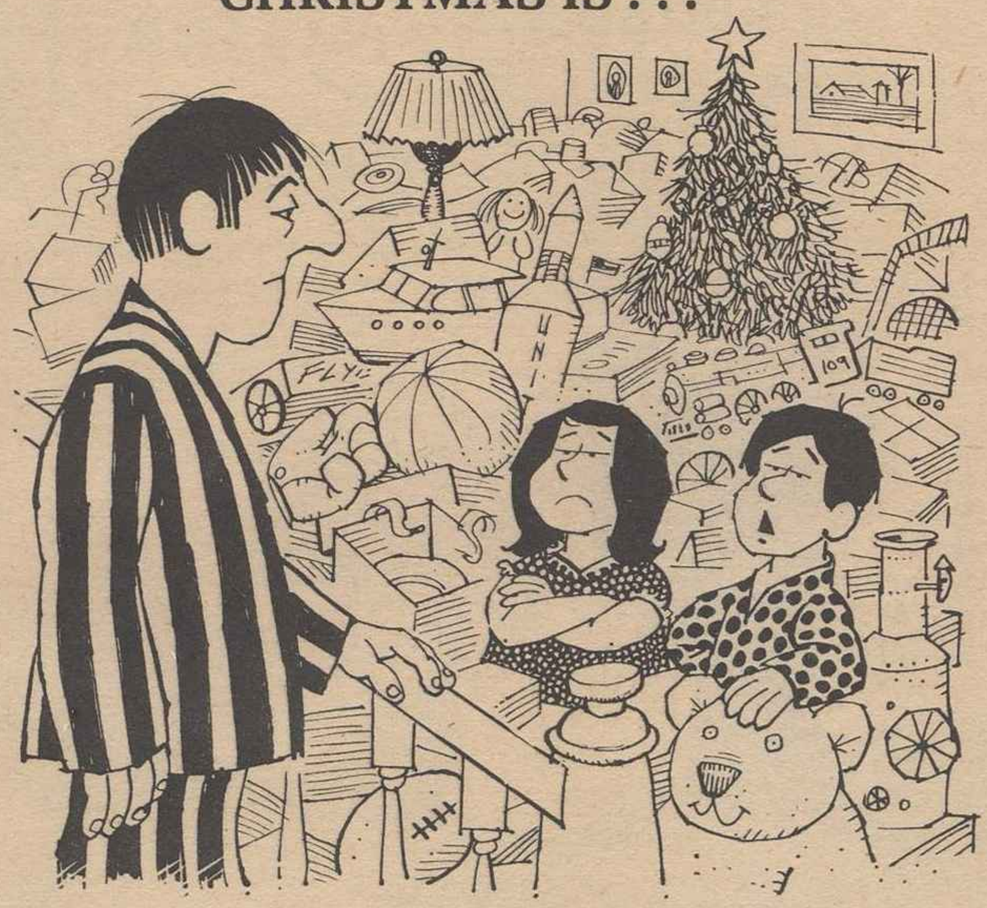
CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . when you discover some idiot put a trunk on the tree decorations you stored so carefully last year.

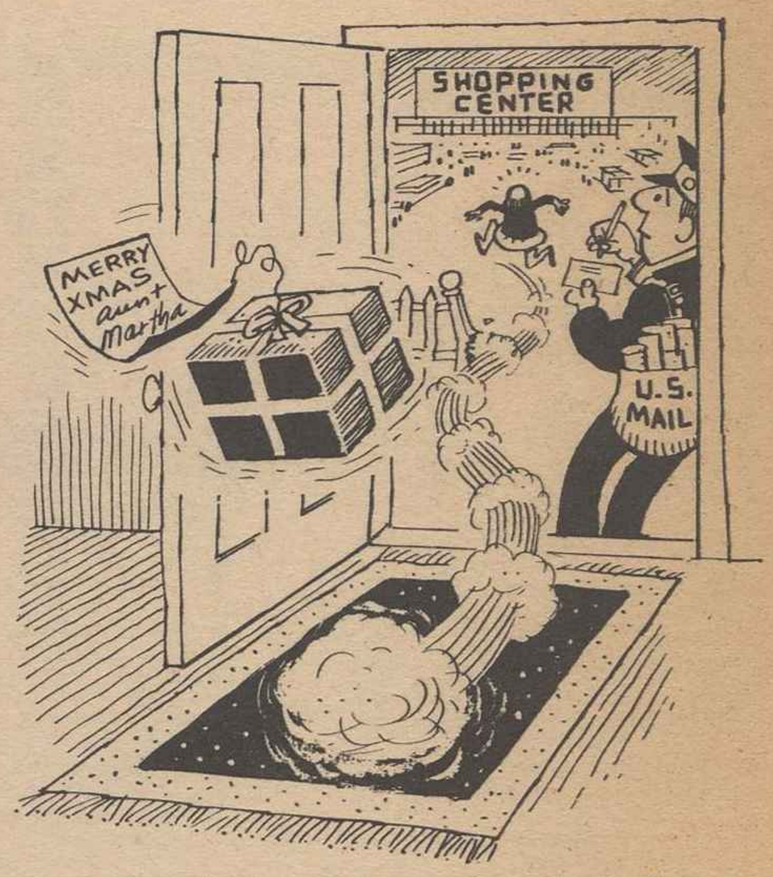
Is...

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . when you can't walk into the Living Room for all the toys, and your kids say, "Is that ALL?"

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

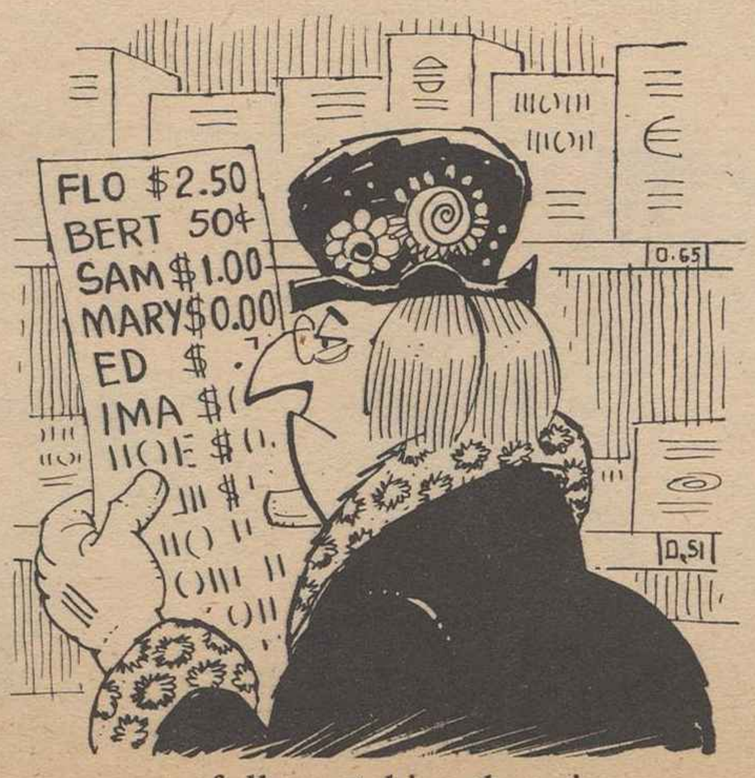


. . . frantic last-minute shopping when a gift arrives from a relative you forgot.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

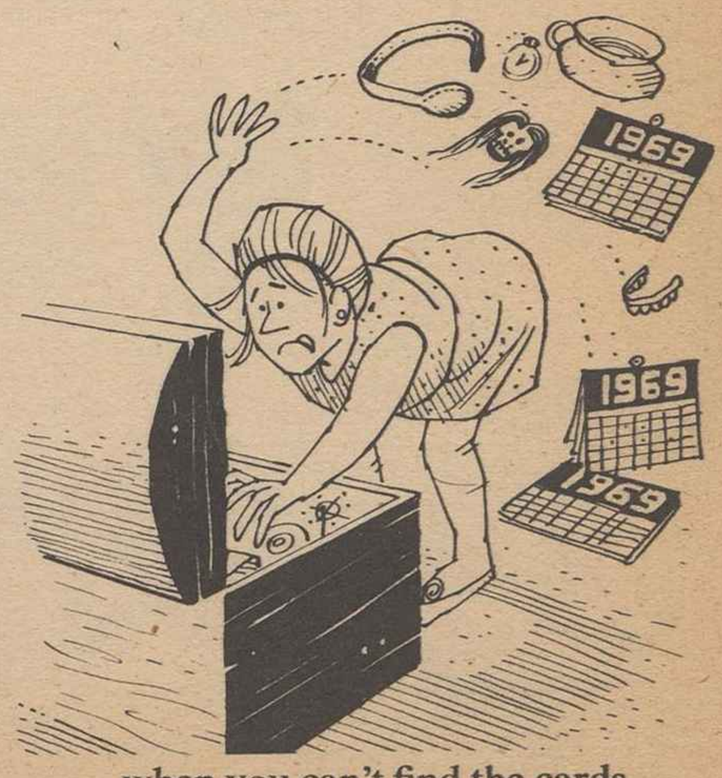
. . . the end of two weeks of courteous smiles from tip-hungry people who are surly sourpusses the rest of the year.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . carefully matching the price of the gift you're giving this year to the gift you got last year.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

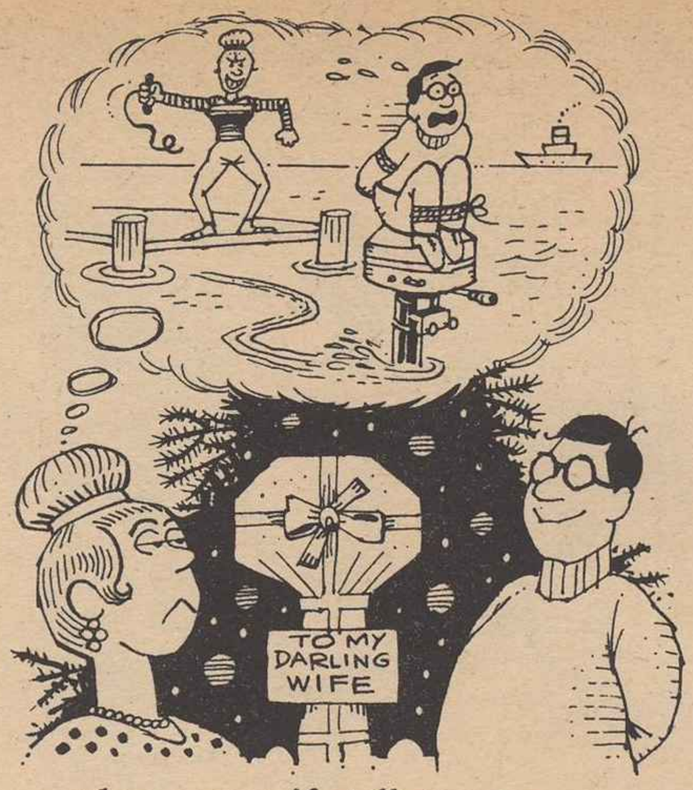


. . . when you can't find the cards you bought for half-price at that "White Elephant Sale" last January.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . giving your kids money so they can buy you a present.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . when your wife tells you to "surprise" her . . . and then complains when you buy her an outboard motor.

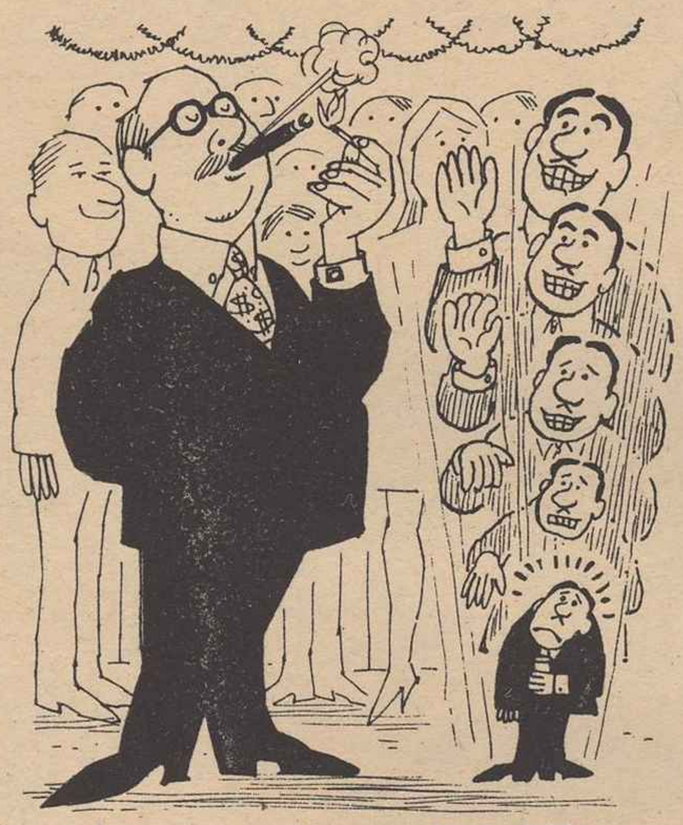
CHRISTMAS IS . . . ZZZZZZ

. . . having to watch your third child in that same old school "Christmas Pageant".

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . when you burn all the wrappings and then discover you can't find the 20-dollar bill you got as a present.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

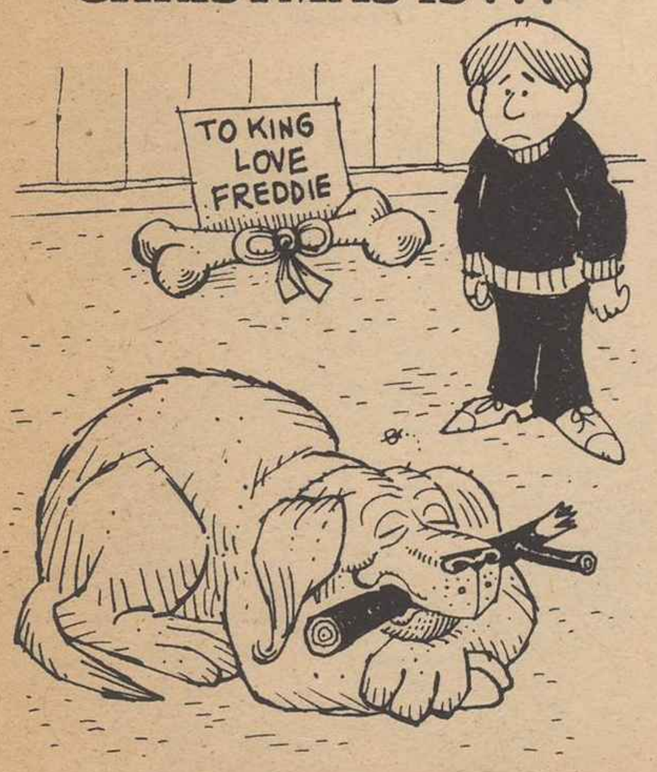


. . . when you go to your 18th Office Christmas Party, and the Big Boss asks you your name for the 18th time.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

. . . when the Grandparents bring the very same toys you swore you'd never let your children have.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

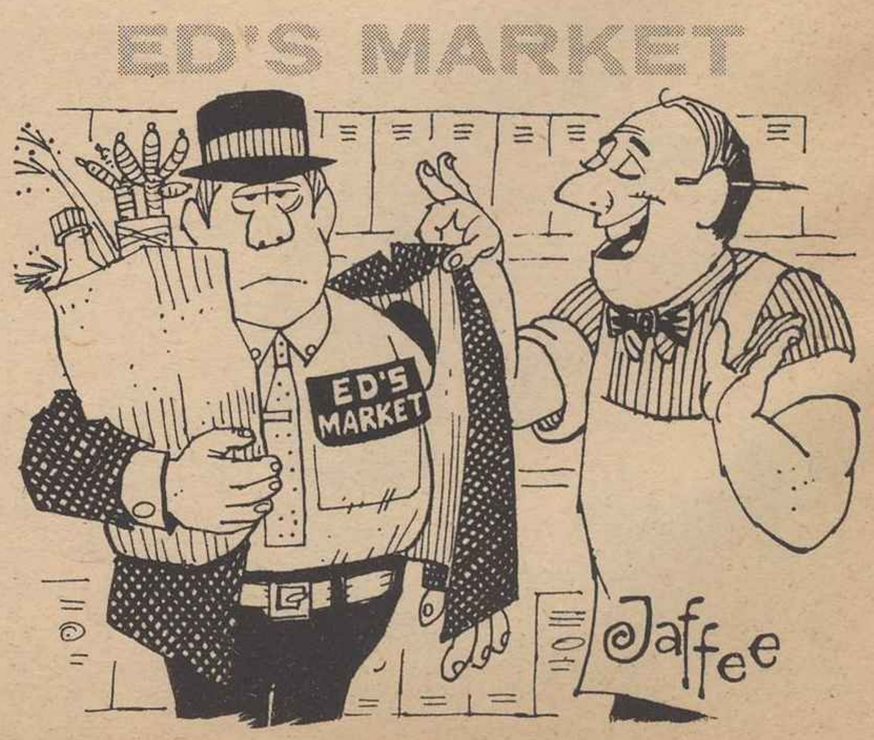


. . . when you buy your dog a neat toy out of your own money, and he won't play with it.

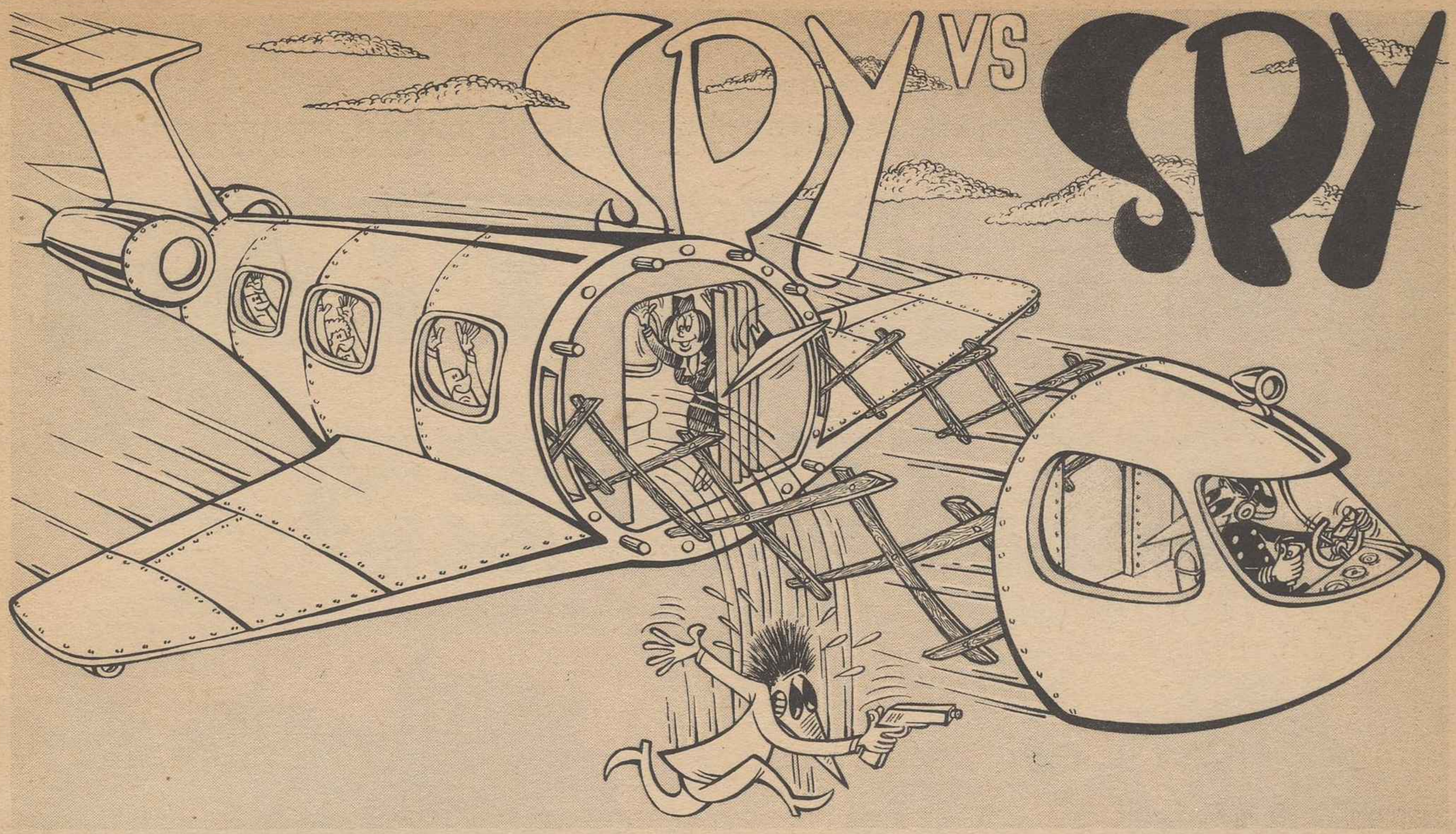
CHRISTMAS IS . . .

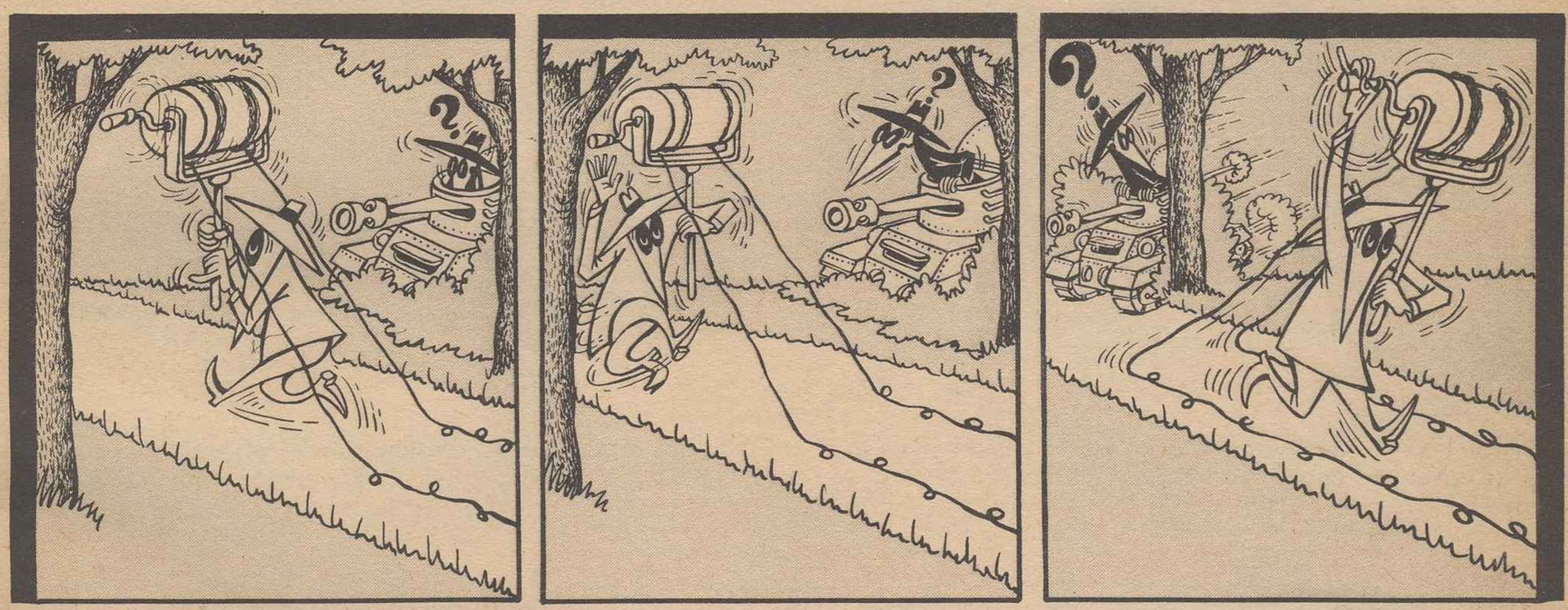
. . . when you suddenly discover that all the cards you had printed and all the envelopes you finally addressed are not the same size.

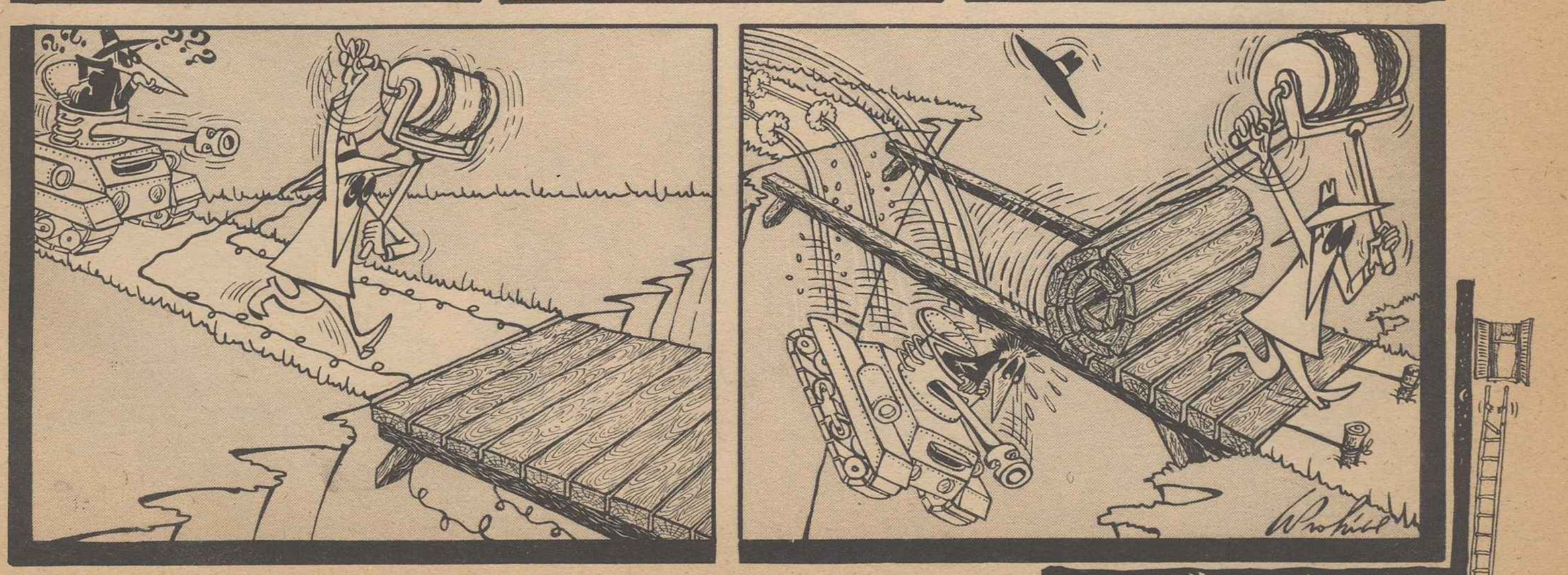
CHRISTMAS IS . . .



. . . when the Grocer where you spend about $5000 a year shows his appreciation by giving you a plastic shirt pocket protector with the store's name on it.


SPY VS SPY

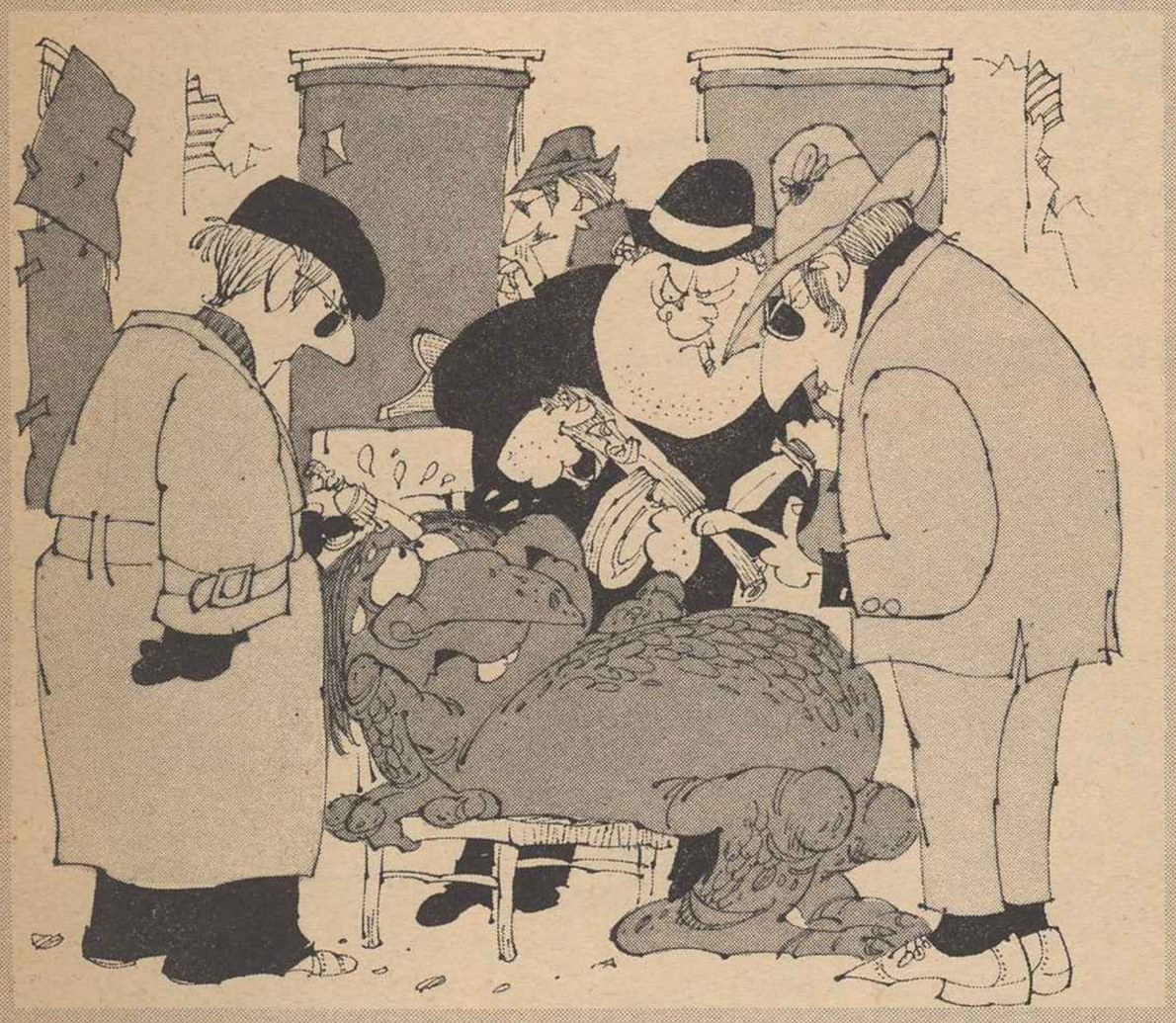




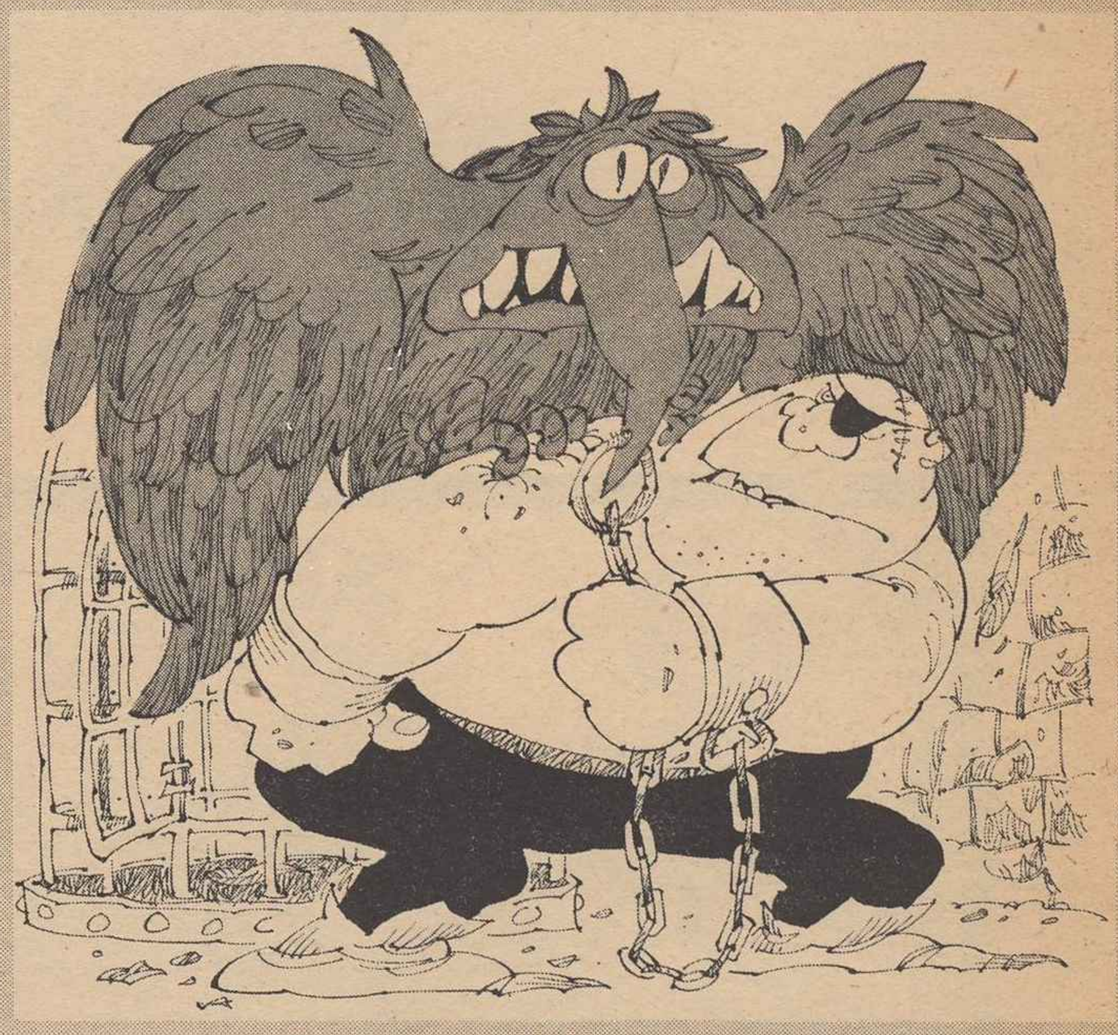
Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're—

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

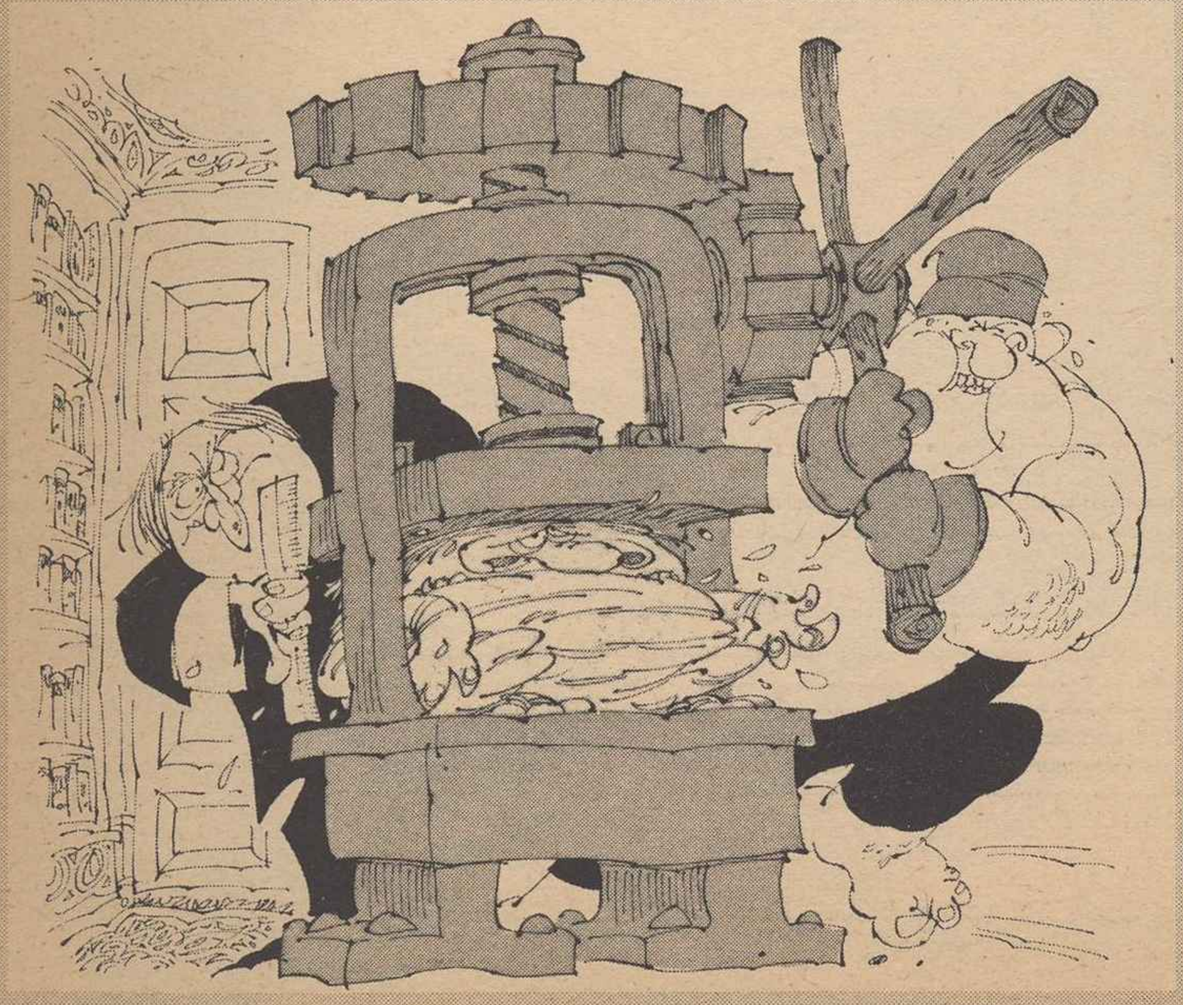
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITERS: MAY SAKAMI & E. NELSON BRIDWELL



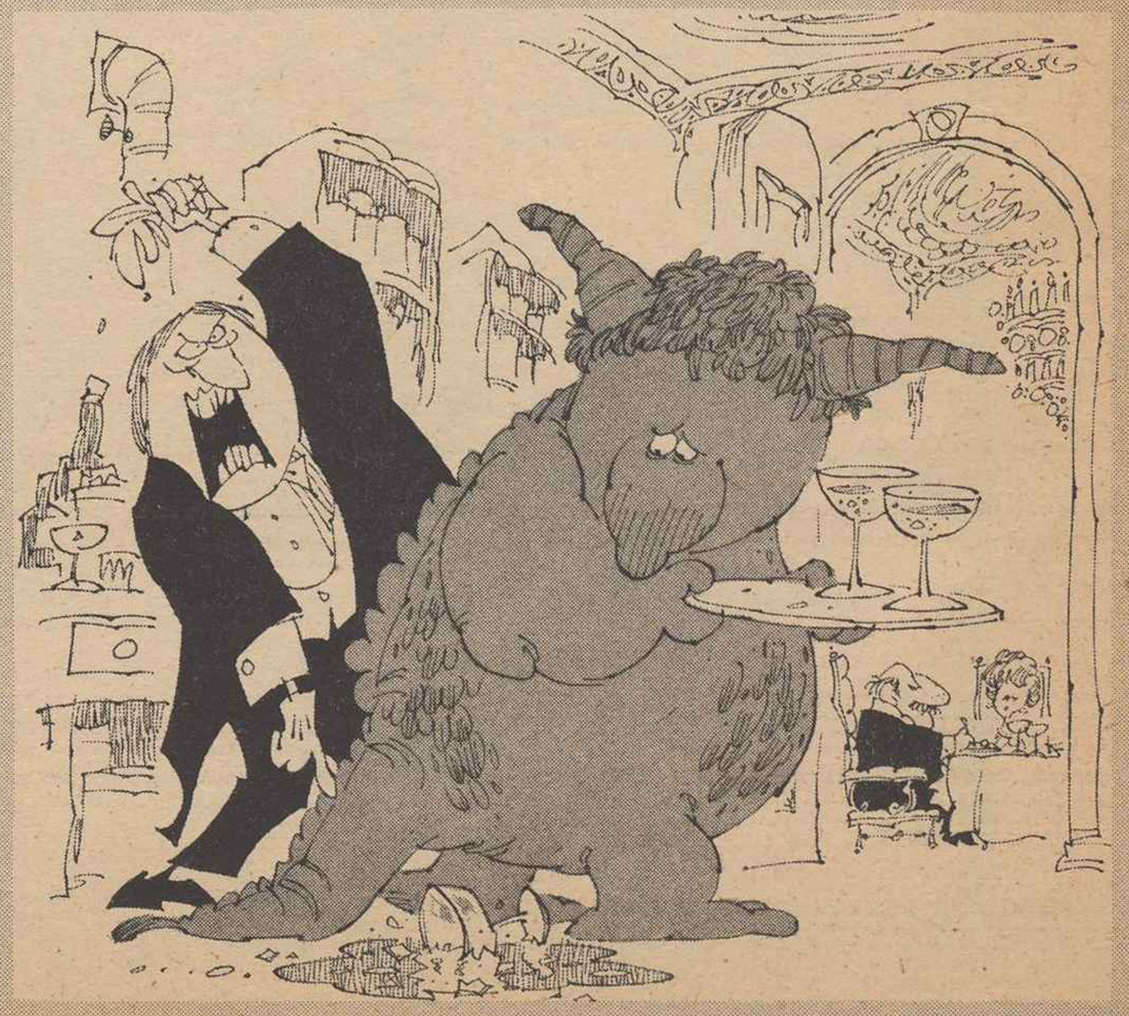
Leaning heavily on an EXPERIENCE



Shouldering a RESPONSIBILITY



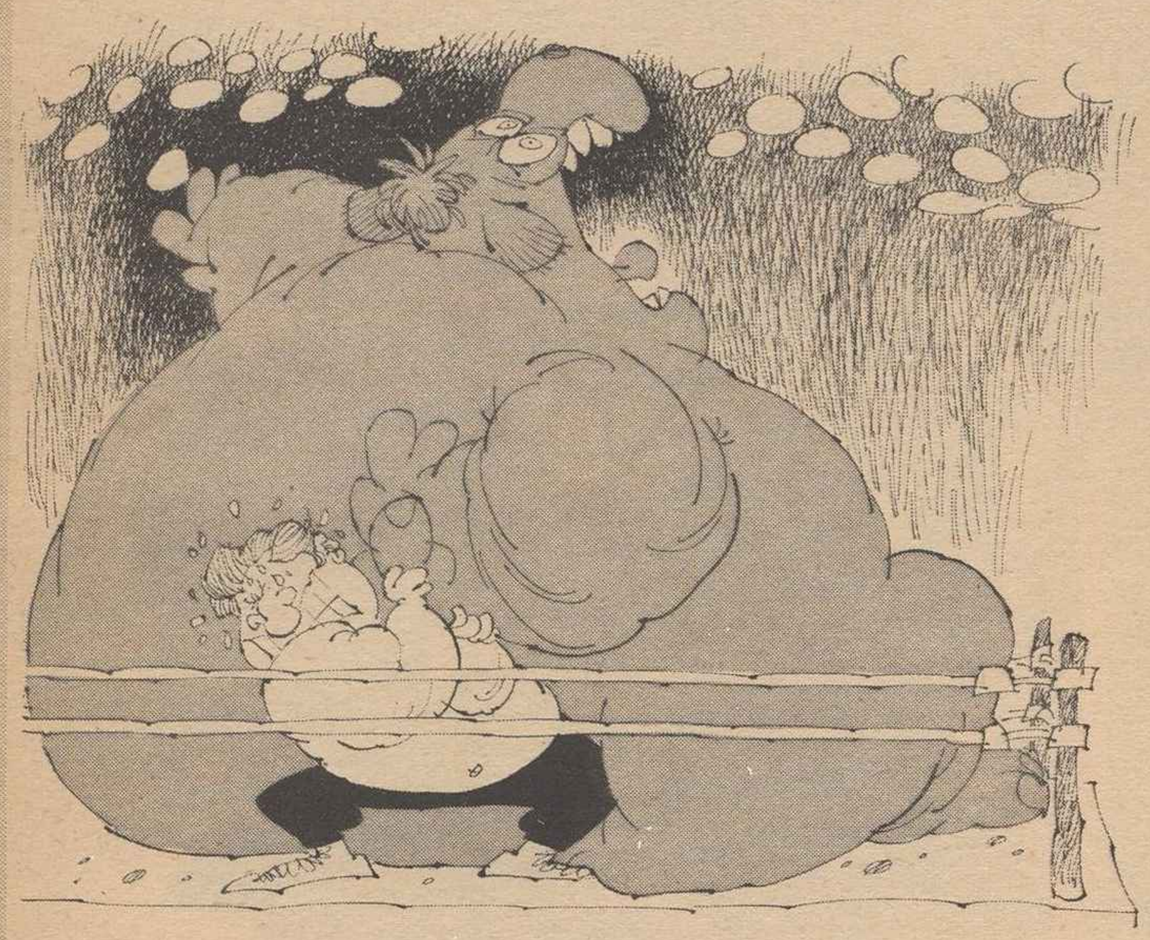
Making a LONG STORY short



Striking a CARELESS POSE

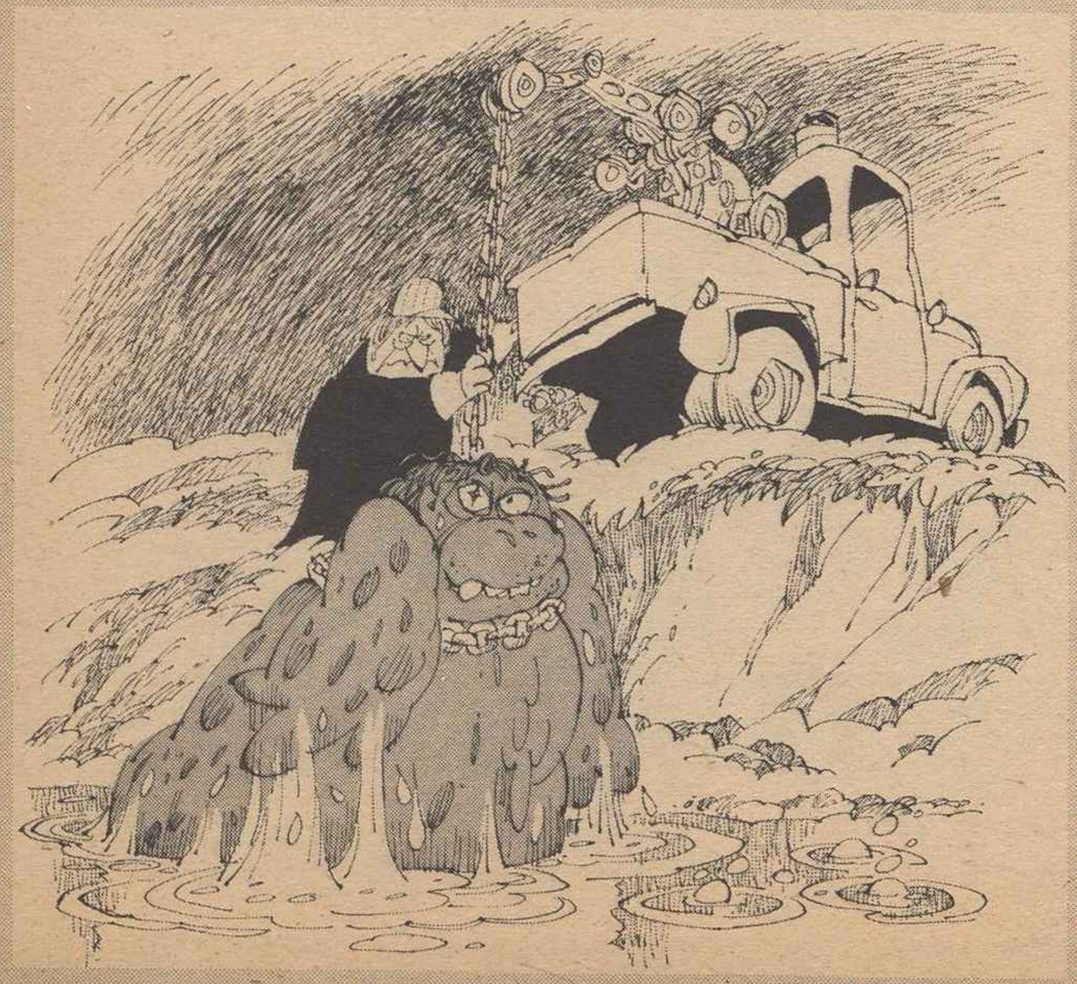
Cementing a RELATIONSHIP

Creating a DISTURBANCE

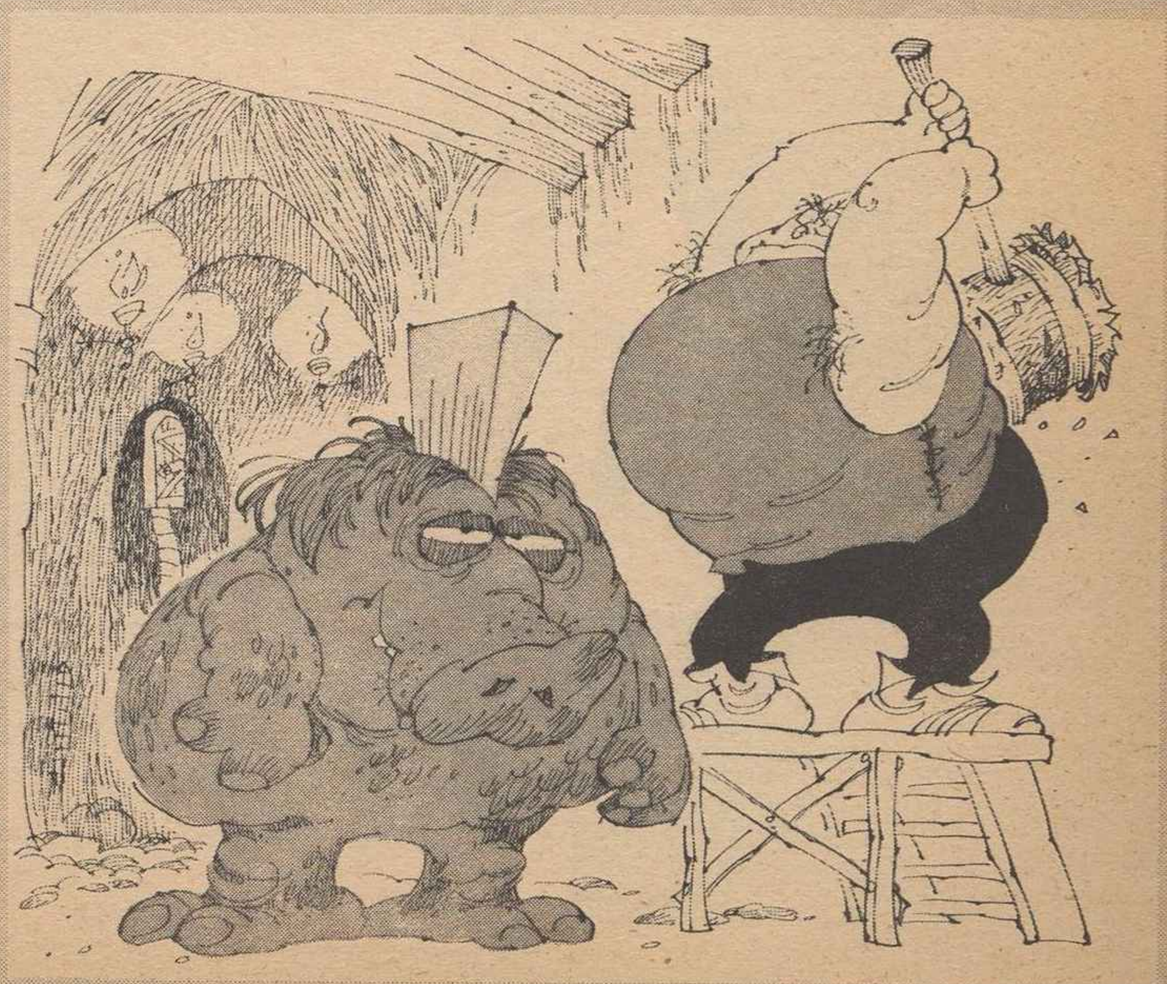


Wrestling with a WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Carried away by an ENTHUSIASM



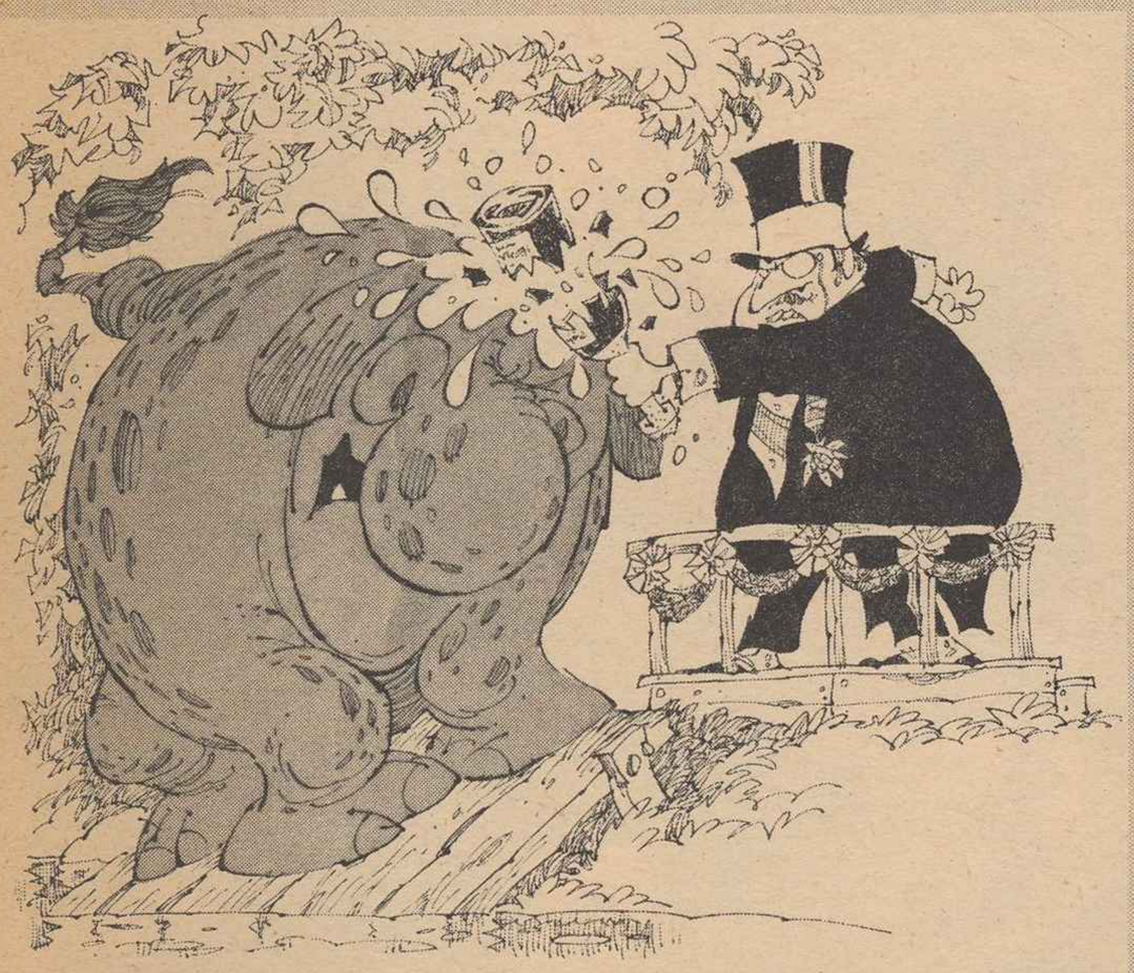
Raising a RUCKUS



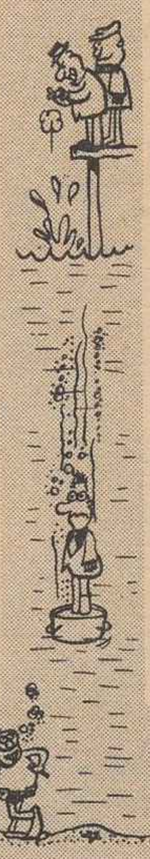
Splitting an INFINITIVE

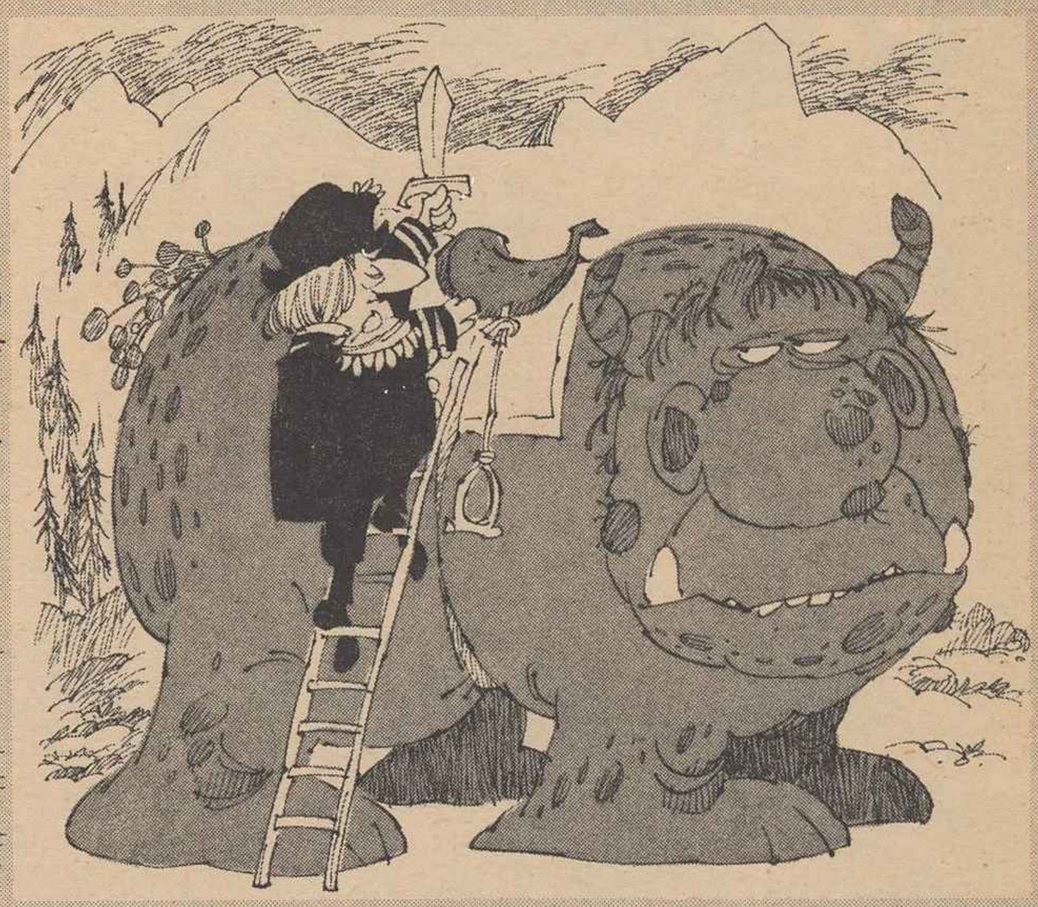
Ironing out a DIFFICULTY

Getting out of a TIGHT SQUEEZE

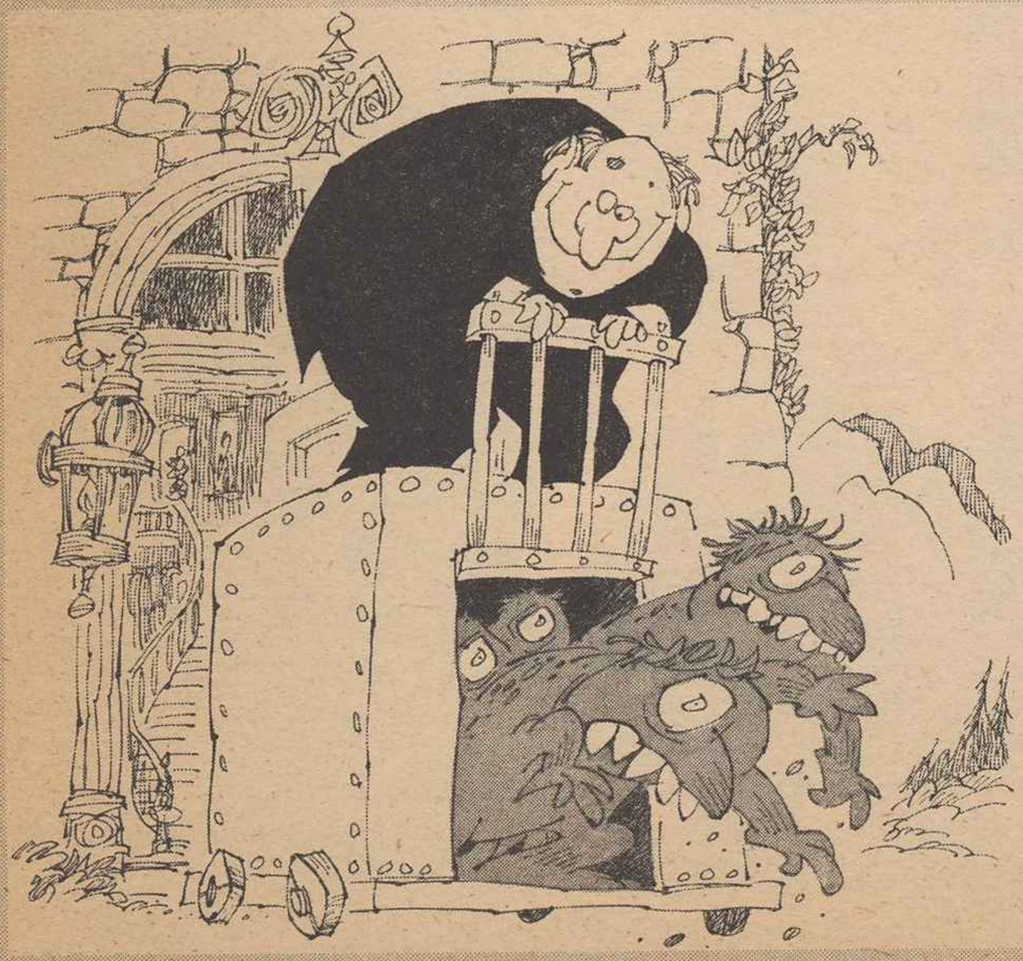


Launching a CAREER





Mounting an OFFENSIVE



Releasing one's INHIBITIONS

Killing off a few IDLE HOURS

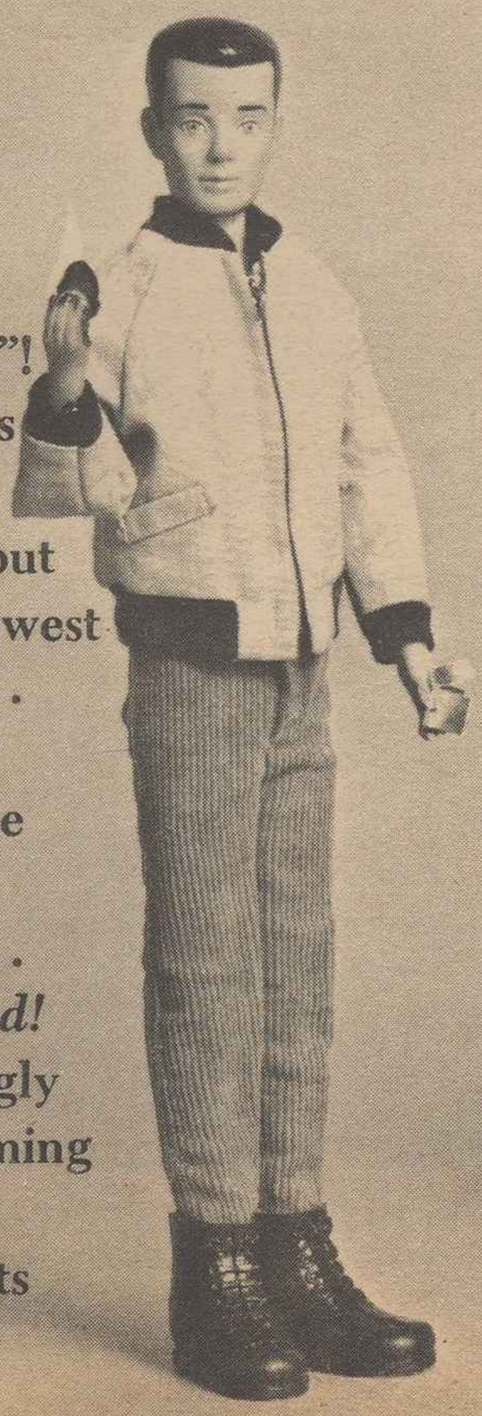
MANIKIN-DEPRESSIVE DEPT.

Maybe the reason many teenagers and young adults are escaping from reality through the use of Marijuana and LSD and other drugs these days is because they were *exposed* to reality at much too early an age... mainly when they were still playing with dolls! We're talking about *realistic* dolls! Those VERY *realistic* dolls! We'll show you just what we mean as we take...

A MAD LOOK AT REALISTIC DOLLS

The doll on our right, of course, is the very popular "G.I. Joey" doll. He is completely flexible. In other words, he has no mind of his own, and bends to every command . . . regardless of *what* it is, or *who* it comes from. Go ahead! Give G.I. Joey an order! Ask him to kill somebody! He will! His commanding officer, Major Hawk, wishes he had more dolls like G.I. Joey under his command! Today, Toyland... tomorrow, the World!

WRITER: HAROLD MORRISON **PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD**



This is "Keen"! He is Boobie's boyfriend. He's testing out one of his newest accessories . . . his *cigarette lighter*, on one of his oldest accessories . . . his *Draft Card!* Keen is strongly against becoming a "G.I. Joey" doll and wants us to know it!

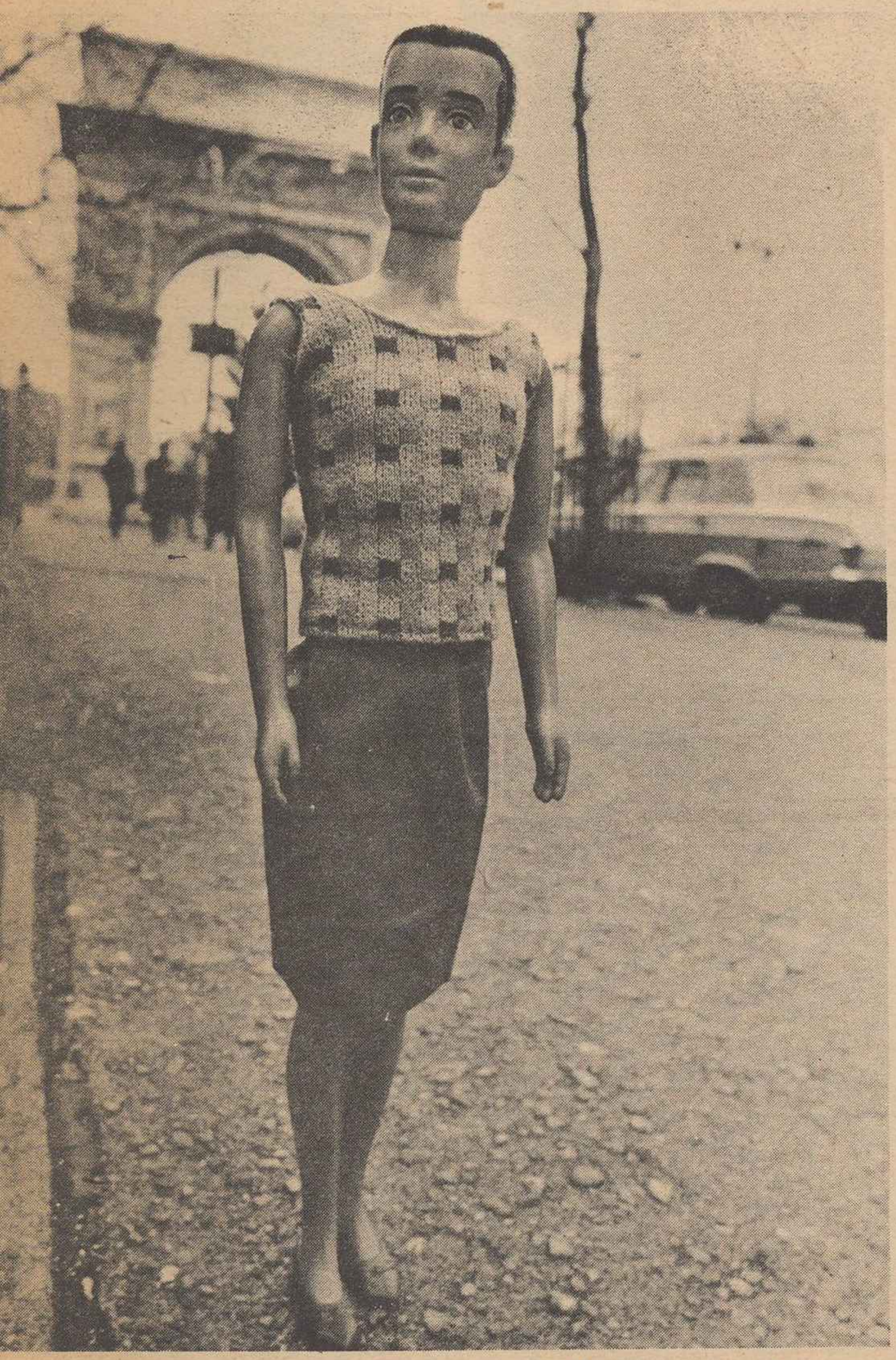
This is "Boobie"! Now, *there's* a doll! A *living* doll! She comes equipped with everything that a young girl of today might wish for: Personality, good looks, and pure femininity. Too bad! She'll have to *change* all that if she expects to be accepted today!

This is Boobie's friend, "Afro"! She is a "Token" doll. She is a very nice doll. She is a credit to her doll race! But despite her intelligence and charm, G.I. Joey (And even Keen!) cannot ask her for a date! The Doll World isn't *ready* for that sort of thing!

This is "G.I. Jerry"! He was an *enemy* of G.I. Joey once. Now he is a *friend! Half* of him, anyway! The *Western Half!*

This is "G.I. Jap"! *He* was an enemy at one time, also! Now, he and Joey have an *understanding!* If Joey will forget about *Pearl Harbor*, G.I. Jap will forget about *Hiroshima!*

This is "G.I. Red"! He was a friend at one time! Then . . . he *wasn't* one! Then . . . he *was!* Then he *wasn't!* What is he *today?* Which way is the *wind* blowing?

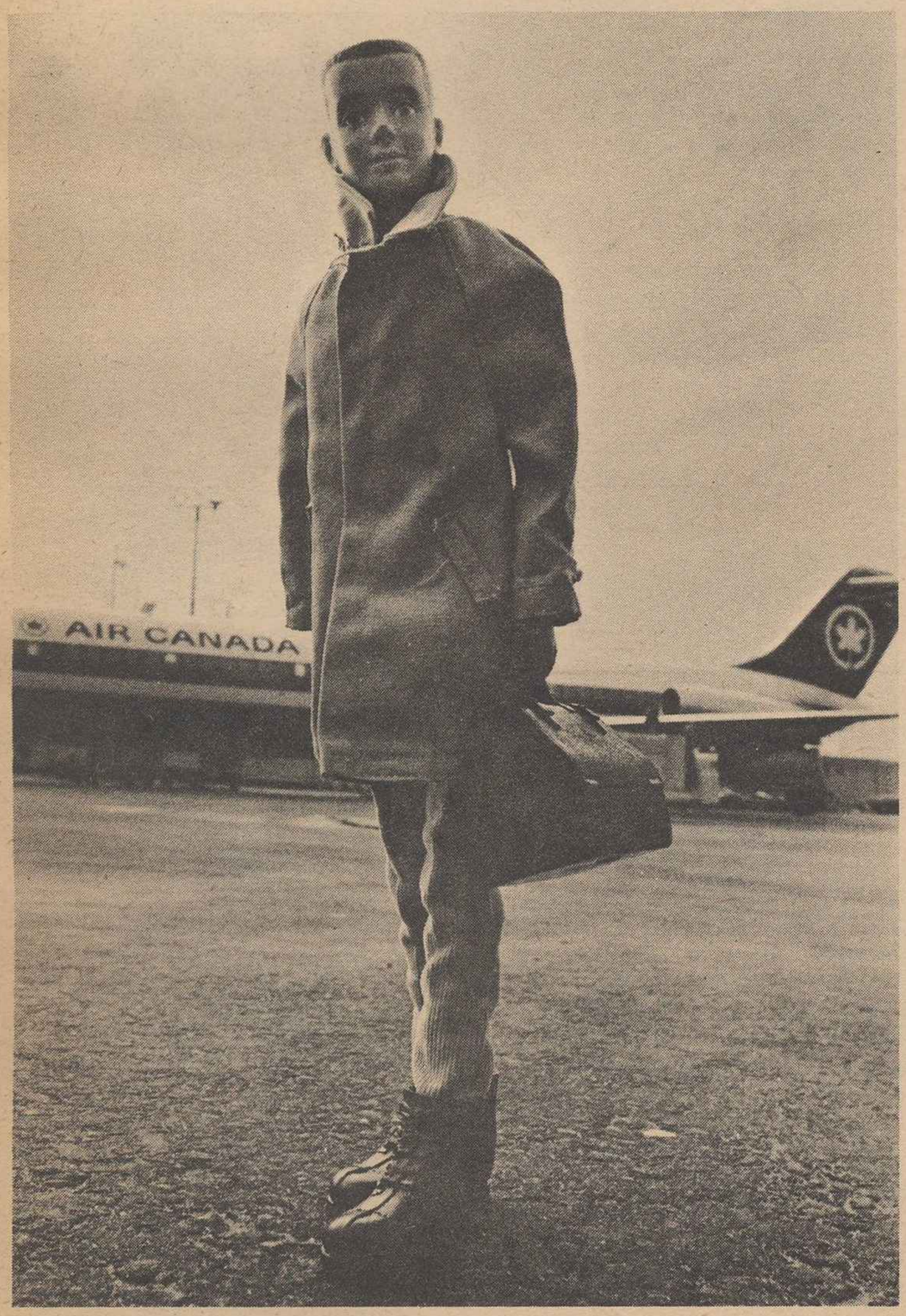


Here is "Keen" again. He is practically the same size as Boobie, and has the same delicate features. He can even fit into some of Boobie's clothes. That Keen will go to *any lengths* to avoid ending up as a "G.I. Joey"!

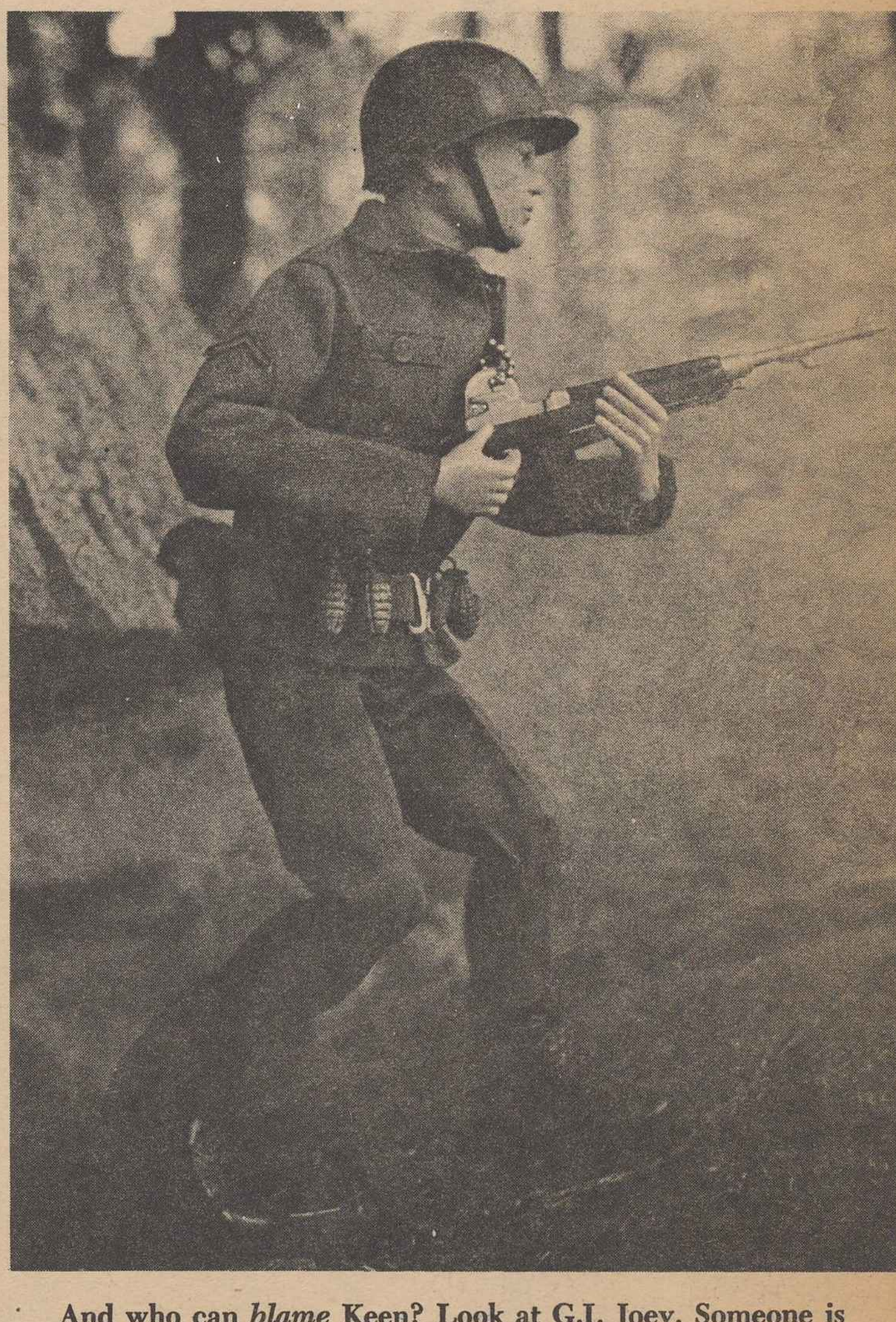
Talk about clothes, here is Boobie in her third outfit today. That's all she ever *thinks* about is clothes. It takes a lot of *money* to keep her in the latest fashions. *Think* about that before you marry a doll like Boobie!

This is "G.I. Frog"! He is a French doll. He, too, was a friend, once. And he claims he still is. *Ha!* With friend-dolls like *this*, you don't need *enemy-dolls!*

This is "G.I. Limey"! He was a friend once. And he is a friend now! They say the sun never sets on English friendship!



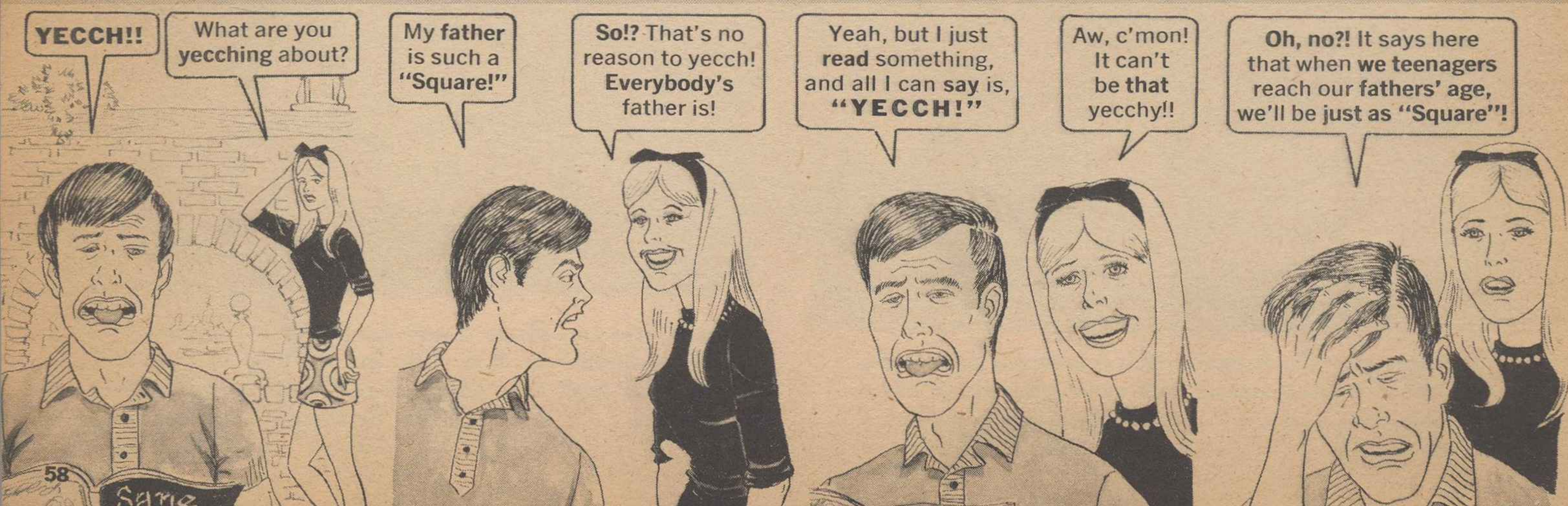
Hey, there goes Keen again. He's wearing a new outfit, too! And it comes complete with matching luggage and a one way ticket to Canada. Looks like Keen is making a *last-ditch effort* to keep from becoming a "G.I. Joey"!



And who can *blame* Keen? Look at G.I. Joey. Someone is firing *bullets* at him. Not *toy* bullets, either! Who is it? G.I. Jap? G.I. Jerry? G.I. Frenchy? No, it's a *new* enemy . . . "G.I. Cong"! G.I. Cong comes with many accessories. You can look them up in G.I. Red's catalogue!

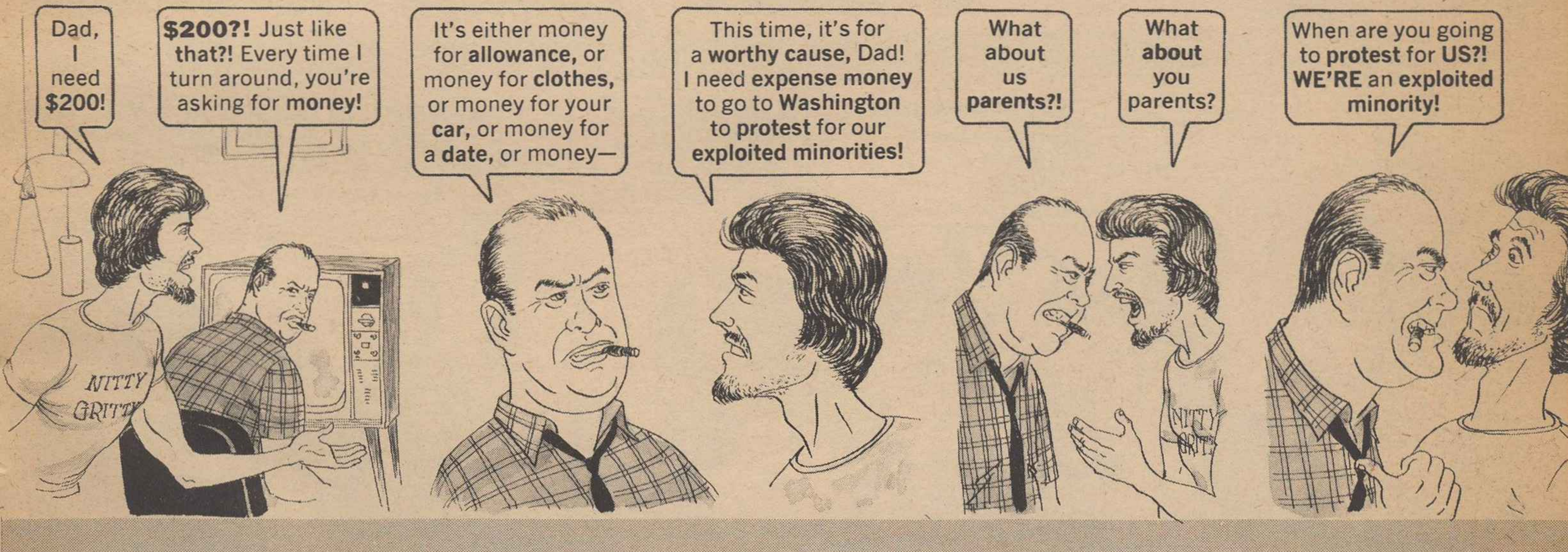
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

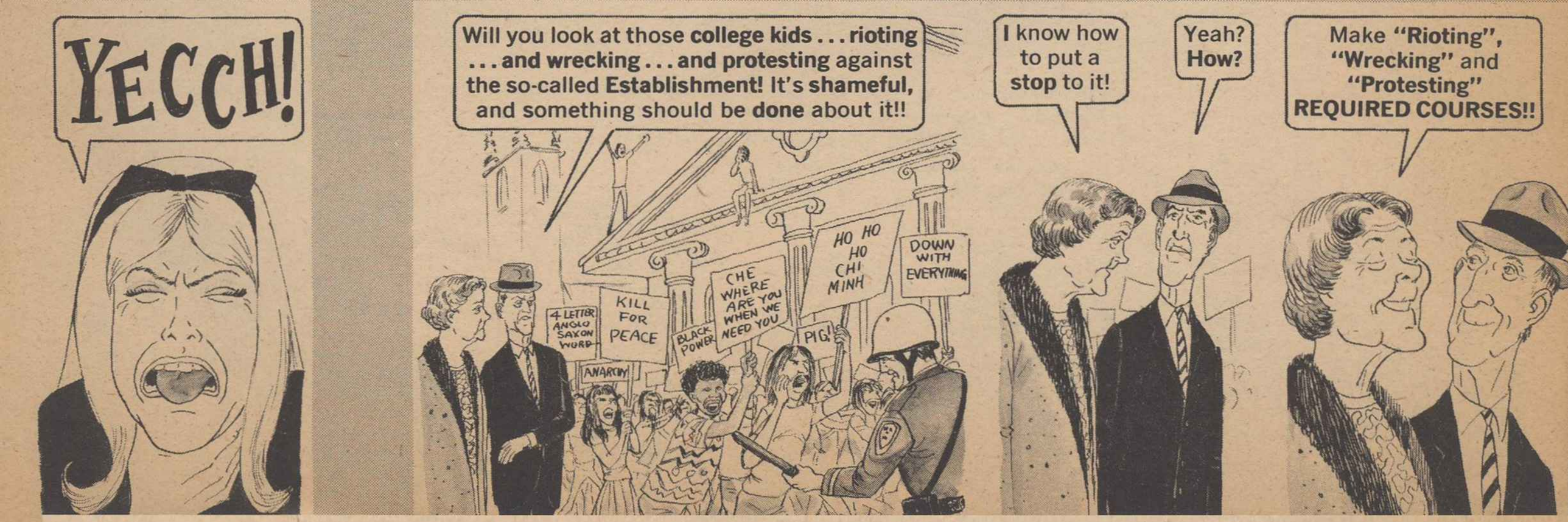
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE GENER



RATION GAP

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





I grew up during the **Depression!** We had **nothing!** I had to work **darn hard** for every little thing! Now, when I look **back** on it, I realize that I'm a **better person** for it! It tempered my **steel!** It was a **schooling** . . . and a **privilege!**

Then, when I started making **good money** and acquiring **material things,** I was able to **appreciate** them **all the more! I cherished** and **valued** each item!

You, on the other hand, grew up amid **affluence!** You never **knew** what it was like to **"go without"** . . . therefore you can **never fully appreciate** what you've got!

Gee, I never **realized** it before . . .

I'm an UNDERPRIVILEGED KID!!

Well, son, what did you learn in **school** today?

I learned **PLENTY!!**

Like what?

Like Bobby Forman gets a **bigger allowance** than I do!!

Gee, I was talking to an **ADULT** the other day, and I couldn't **believe** it! He was so **patient!** He **calmly heard me out,** and then gave me such **wise advice!**

That's strange! I had a **similar experience** recently!

Good Lord!! These **kids** and their **music!** It's **awful!!**

Y'know, I **used** to feel that way . . .

. . . but I **listened,** and I learned to **like** it! This **Beatle** record, f'rinstance . . . it really **has** something!!

Did I **hear** you right, Mom? You **like** this Beatle record??

When **adults start liking** what we **kids like** . . .

. . . then there **MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT!!**

Why can't you be a **Straight "A" student** like **Victor Freeman?**

Victor Freeman is a **fagot!!**

Victor Freeman is a **FAGOT?!** I suppose **Jed Novak,** the Captain of the **Football Team,** is **also** a **fagot!!**

Jed Novak?! He sure **IS** a **fagot!!**

And **Mitch Montana . . .** the **Don Juan of the school?** Is **he** a fagot?

The **worst kind!!**

But I thought a fagot was . . . I mean . . . What in heck **IS** a fagot **anyway??**

Gee, Dad . . . I never **knew** you could **ice skate!**

When I was **your** age, I won a **medal** for ice skating!

You must be **putting me on!** I'm absolutely **shocked!** That's . . . that's beyond my **wildest imagination!**

What?! That I won a medal for **ice skating?!**

No, not that!

I can't believe that **you** were ever **MY AGE!!**

This guy wasn't like **my father** at all! The minute **WE** try to talk to each other, it gets all **emotional** . . . with **hollering** and **stuff!**

Don't I know it! It's the same in **my** house, **too!**

But **this** guy was **different!**

Mine, too! Like **night** and **day!**

Who were you guys **talking** to?

HIS FATHER!!

MY FATHER!?!

When **I** was young, kids were **much tougher** than the kids of today! That's because we were locked in a **life-and-death struggle** with a **real tough enemy . . .** the **Nazis!!**

They were **ruthless,** and **cruel,** and **dictatorial,** and **oppressive,** and **domineering,** and . . .

Gee, **we kids** have the **same** kind of enemy **today!!**

They're called **"Parents"!!**

Anyone who can do something **I CAN'T DO** is a **fagot!!**

You young people with your **wild ideas** about **Sexual Experience** and **Free Love!!** Le'me tell you, it may be **FREE,** but it's **NOT LOVE!!** It's **just plain FREE LUST!!**

What's the world **coming** to?? Those kids make me so **mad** I could **bust!!**

Calm down! You can't **change** things! What are you so **angry** about?

Because I'm not **part** of it!

Dad, if you **love** me, you'll buy me a **car!**

It's **because** I love you that I **won't** buy you a car!

You call that **love** . . . denying me something that I **want** so badly?

You **bet** I do! I didn't put seventeen years of **care** and **worry** into you so you can get **racked up in an accident!** I'm **protecting** what I love!

I know you're disappointed, but isn't it nice to know that your father **loves you?**

Yeah . . .

. . . only maybe I'd be **better off** if he **HATED me a little!**

I see my son is getting **serious** about that **Gail What's-Her-Name?! Well,** I want you to know that **I do not like her!!**

That's **too bad!** But **you** won't have to **live** with her, Mom **. . . I WILL!!**

CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?!!

I don't have to stay here and listen to this! **Good-bye!!**

Can you imagine it?! That **witch . . .** that **ruthless hussy . . .** has weasled her way into **my son's heart!**

I didn't realize that you **disliked** Gail so much! How long has **this** been going on?

FROM THE VERY MOMENT MY SON WAS BORN!!

I'm ashamed to tell people you're **my son!** Get a **HAIRCUT!!**

I WILL NOT!! YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!!

Actually, it **bugs** me that people are always **staring** at me with my hair this way . . . and it **bugs** me that it's always getting in my **eyes . . .**

. . . and it **bugs** me that I can't wear a **hat** in winter . . .

So **why** don't you **get a haircut?**

BECAUSE IT BUGS MY PARENTS MORE!!

I sit down to eat with my **family,** and **what do I see: Hippies, Yippies,** members of the **New Left, Draft Card** burners, **Flag** burners, **Pot** smokers, **Sit-Iners,** and advocates of **Sexual Freedom!**

And **we** see **YOU**—a representative of **The Establishment!** People like **you** make **wars** and send young people like **us** to **fight** them!

Enough arguments, already! Say the prayer and **let's eat!**

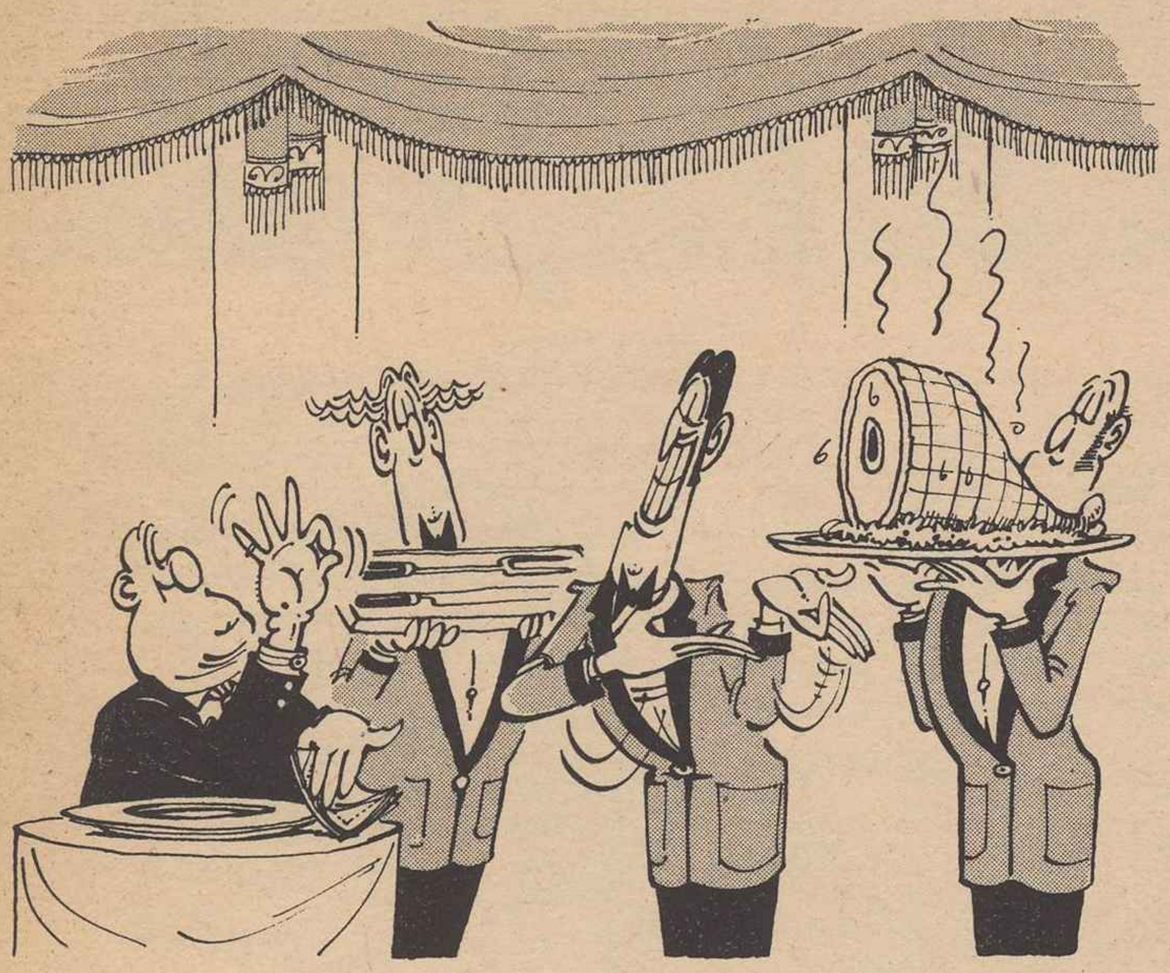
Dear Lord, I **thank** Thee—for Thou hast preparest a **table** before me in the presence of mine **enemies . . .**

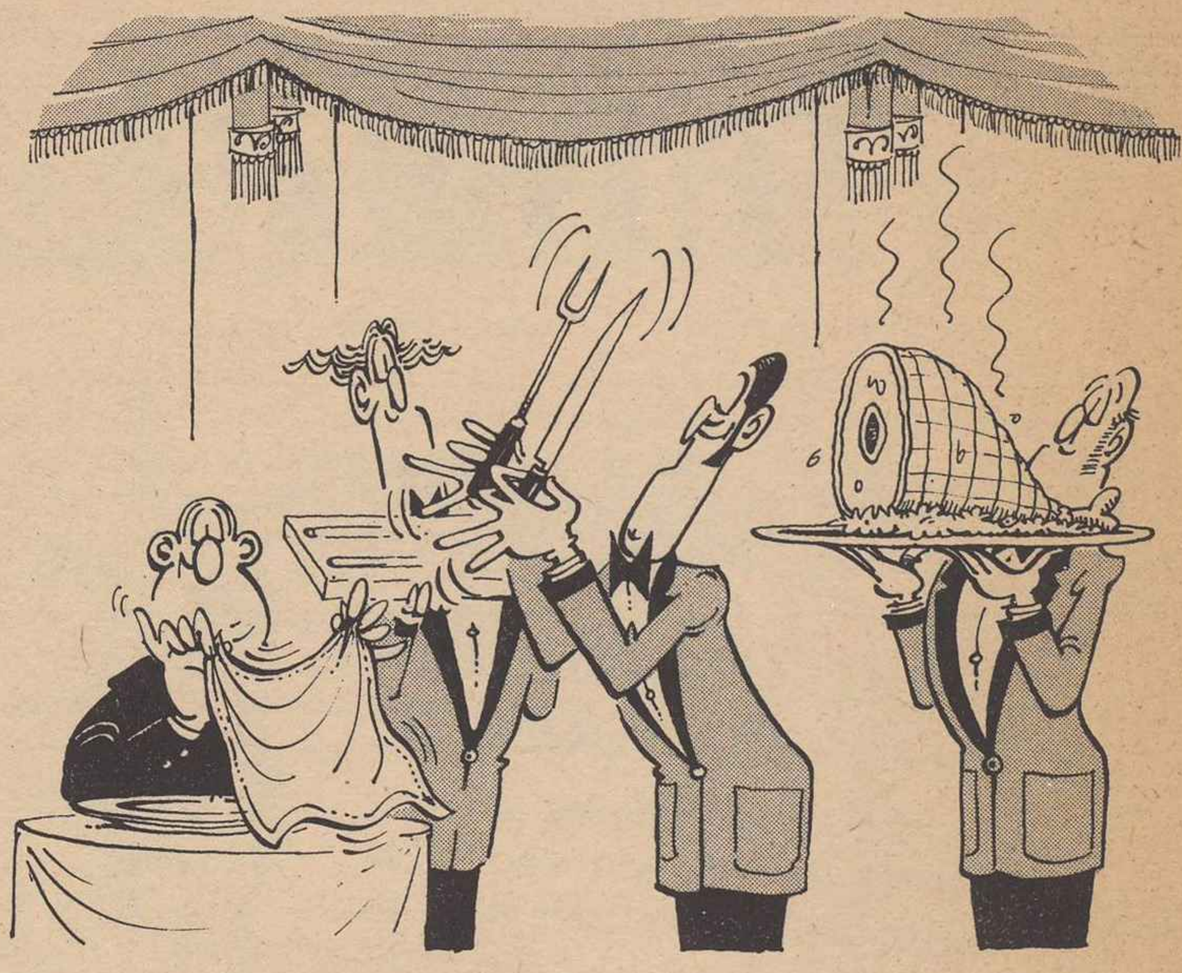
. . . ALL THOSE UNDER THIRTY!!

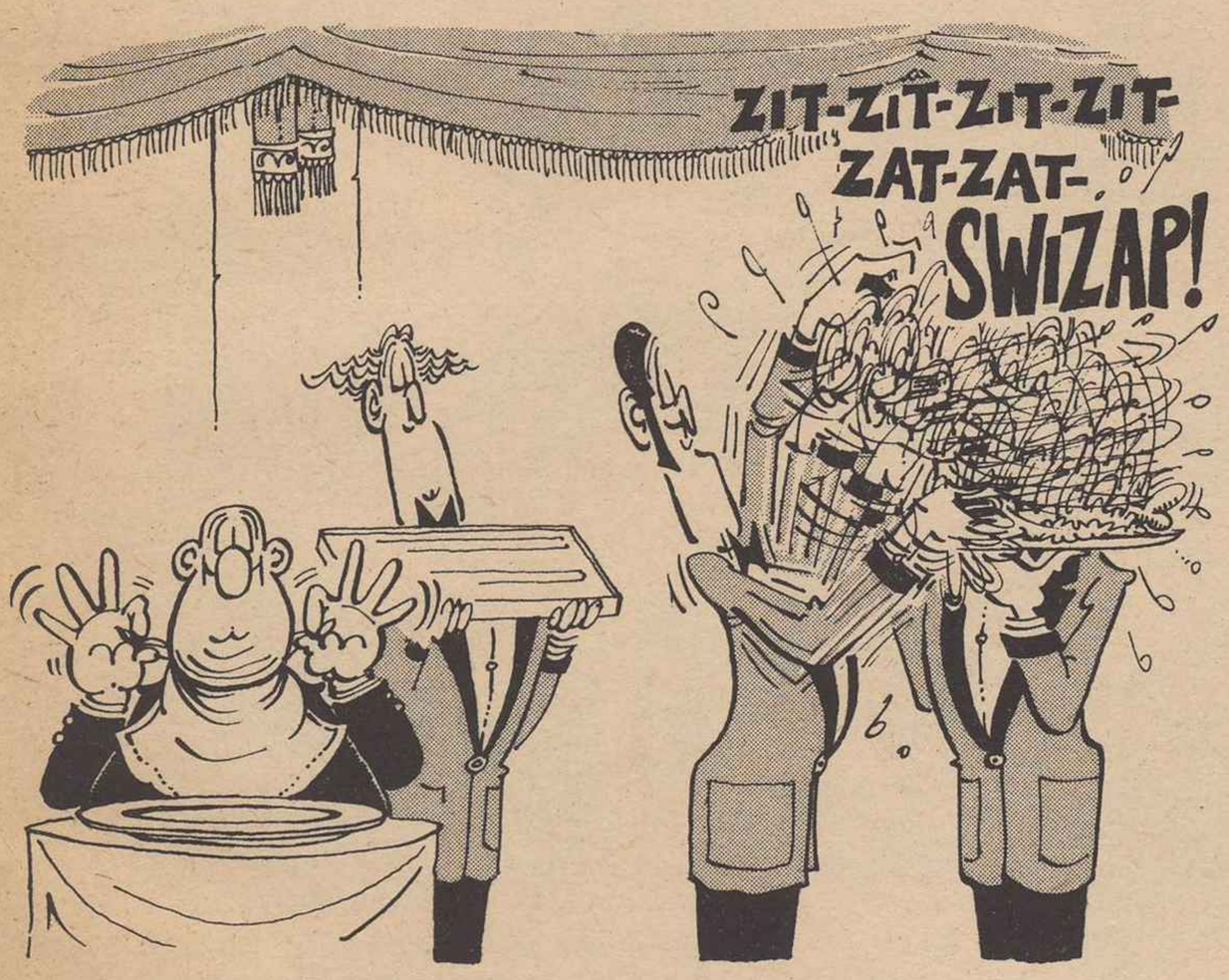
David Berg

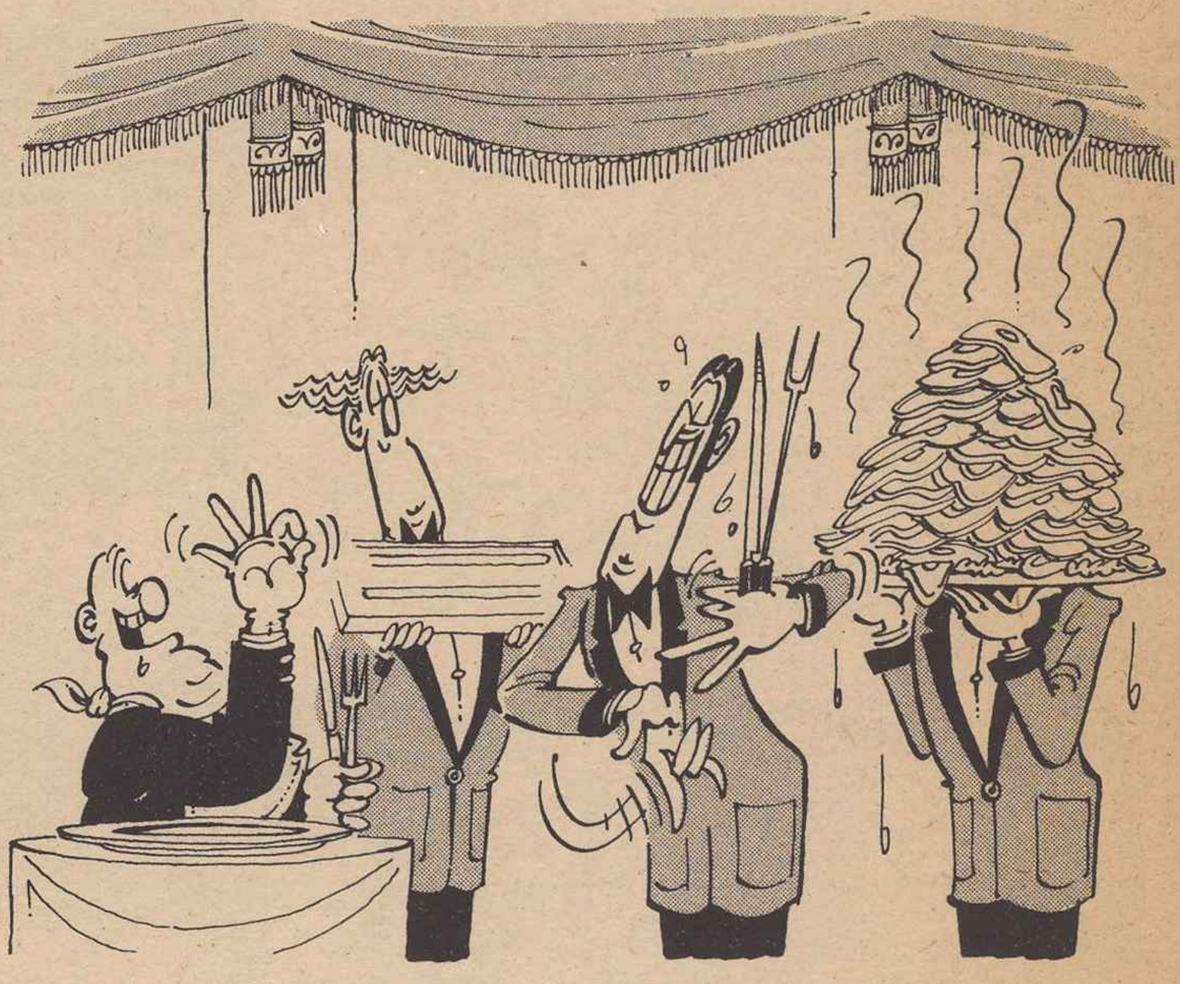
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

IN A FANCY RESTAURANT









POLL-TAXED DEPT.

It is impossible to pick up a newspaper these days without reading about some ridiculous new "Opinion Poll." Thanks to Gallup, Neilsen, Harris, Trendex and so on, America has become a "survey-happy" nation. And we at MAD feel this is a dangerous trend. (Well, to be exact, 67.5% feel it's a dangerous trend; 10.5% feel it's okay; and 22% couldn't care

If Polls And Surveys Had

CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO BE ABANDONED

ROME, 97 A.D.—Disciples and followers of the religion known as "Christianity" have decided to drop all plans for further developing their unusual creed. Recent public opinion polls conducted in Rome, Damascus and Alexandria show a heavy "No" response to the new idea.

Of those polled, 73% were opposed to the Christian doctrine; only 9% were in favor; and 18% had "no opinion". In view of the public reaction, leaders of the Christian faith now feel there is no hope that their ideas will ever win wide acceptance.

They polled a Preview Audience, and only 7% liked it. 34% hated it, 41% found it depressing, and 18% fell asleep. Obviously, it was a bomb!

OPENING SOON!

A New Play By

William Shakespeare

"HAMLET"

Starring

Production Cancelled

advance ticket holders may apply at box office for refunds

Globe Theatre
Bankside-London

Mad

Ye Olde Chalmar

G. WUDEBRIGG

Mr. President! The Japanese are bombing Pearl Harbor! The Pacific Fleet is in ruins, and thousands of Americans have been killed!

Mr. Secretary, give the order to mobilize at once!

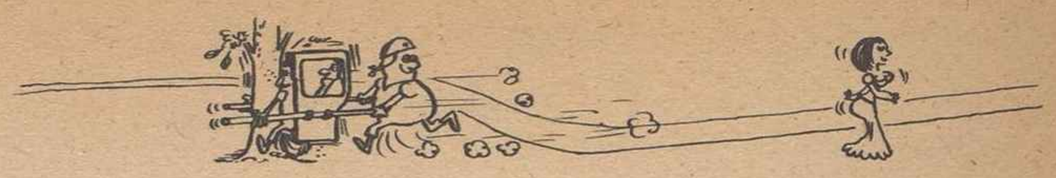
Yes, sir! We mobilize the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, the Coast Guard and the Marines?

No, Stupid!

We mobilize the Public Opinion Poll-Takers! Nobody's sticking his neck out around here until we can spot a National trend!

Washington Post

less!) Why do we feel it's a dangerous trend? Because polls report majority opinions—and majority opinions are usually wrong. Can you imagine where we'd all be today if the world had relied upon polls and surveys since the dawn of time? You can't imagine, you say? Well, for you clods with no imagination, let's take a look at what might have happened . . .



Been Used Through History

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

April 10, 1775

Dear Neighbor—

Tired of tension? Fearful of the future? If so, you may be interested in "Operation Redcoat"—an exciting new Service Organization now being set up to alert Massachusetts residents if and when the British troops should appear in this area.

DO YOU WISH TO BE AMONG THOSE NOTIFIED?

We hope so! Please indicate your preference by filling out the attached card and returning it to us:

tear on dotted line

Yes, I am interested in "Operation Redcoat". Wake me up whenever the British are sighted, even if it is the middle of the night ☐

Yes, I am interested in "Operation Redcoat", but do not wake me up after .....P.M., or before .....A.M. ☐

No, I am not interested in "Operation Redcoat" ☐

I am undecided. Please send me additional information about "Operation Redcoat" (I understand that this will not obligate me in any way)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TO: Paul Revere, Concord, Mass.

FROM: The Sons of Liberty, Boston, Mass.

Paul—
No soap! We mailed out hundreds of these cards and only got a 3% return. You'd better sell the horse and forget the whole thing!

Bill Dawes

Fourscore and seven years ago, 62% of our forefathers—with 10.4% disagreeing and 27.6% abstaining—brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated by 63.2% of its citizens—with 9.8% against and 27% "don't knows"—to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, 78% of us—with 9% remaining neutral and 13% showing marked Southern sympathies—are engaged in a great civil war . . .

Sorry, boys, but the results of the poll are in. Of the 500 adults polled here in Liverpool, 72% think your hair is ridiculous, 81% think your music is terrible, and 91% think that any group with an idiotic name like "The Beatles" hasn't got a chance! So if you want my opinion, you'll give up the idea of making it big in Show Biz!

POTRZEBIE POLLS, INC.

April 5, 1952

Mr. William M. Gaines
E.C. Publications, Inc.
New York City

Dear Mr. Gaines:

We have completed the Opinion Poll you requested. As per your instruction, 5,672 people were asked how they felt about your plans to publish a new satire magazine to be called "MAD".

Our sampling included educators, scientists, Congressmen, psychiatrists, business tycoons, advertising agency executives and other members of the so-called "Establishment".

Amazingly, the vote by this distinguished group was 100% SOLIDLY OPPOSED to the magazine you are planning. Never in my years as a pollster have I run into such unanimous nausea and total repugnance to an idea.

Sincerely yours,

Sturdley Twinch

Sturdley Twinch, Pres.

MAD

INTEROFFICE MEMO

TO: THE EDITOR FROM: THE PUBLISHER

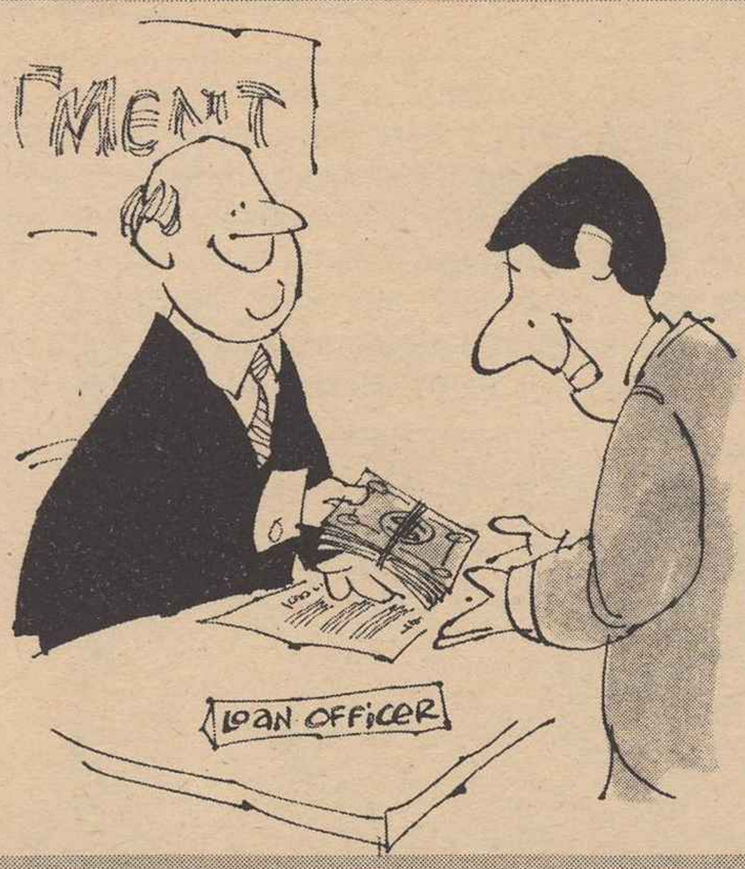
Al--

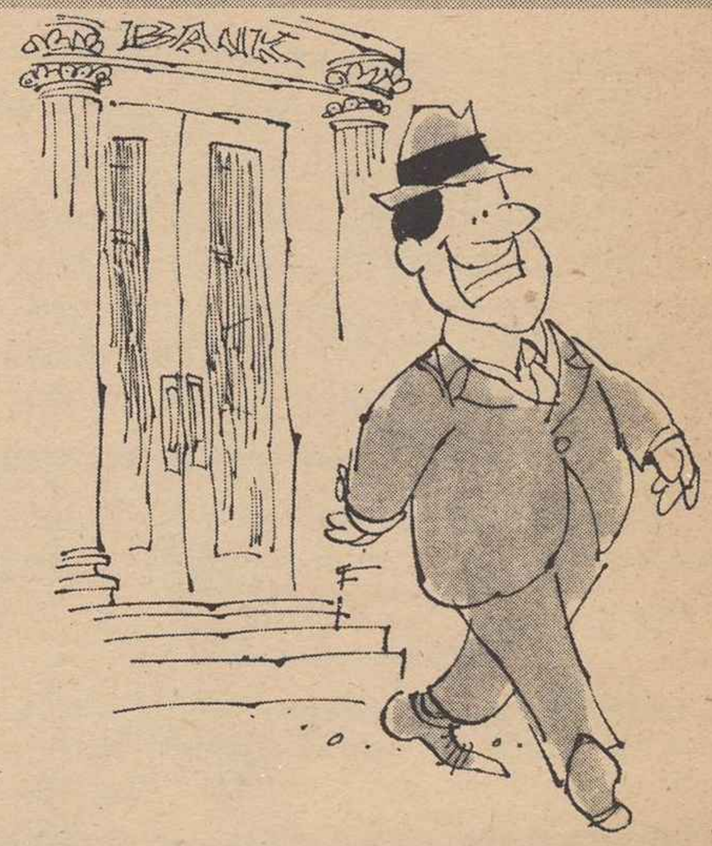
looks like we're on the right track! Let's start those presses rolling!

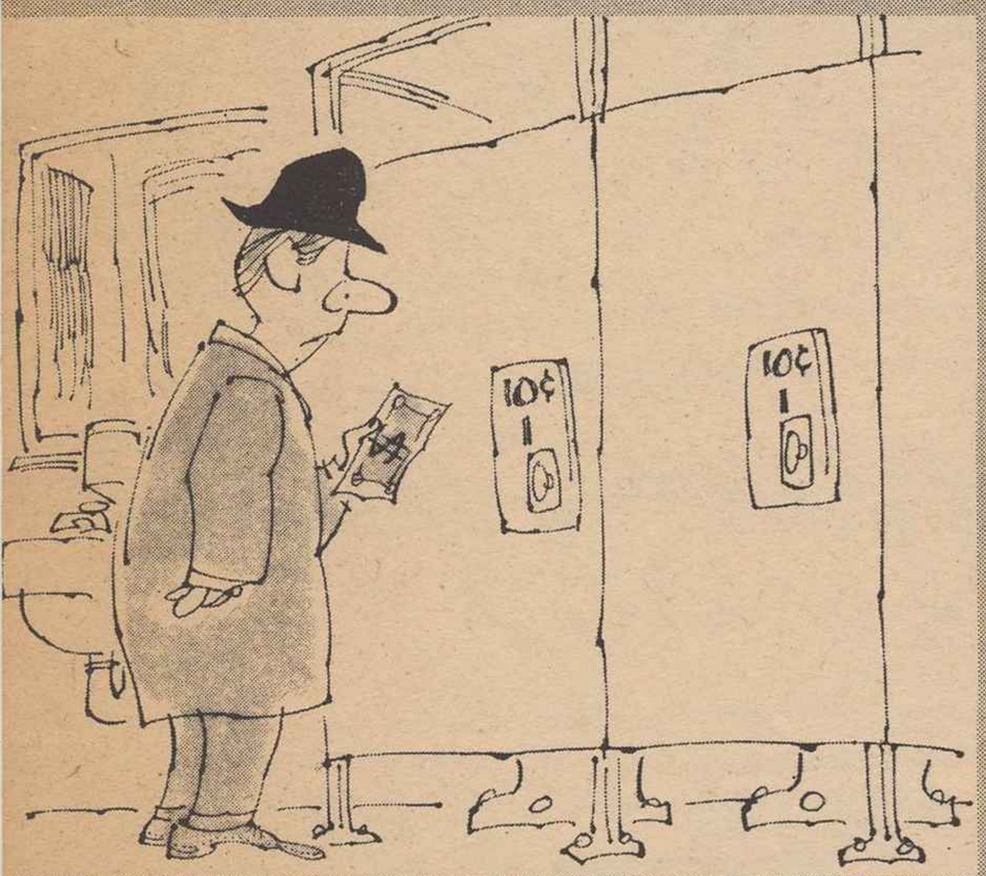
Bill

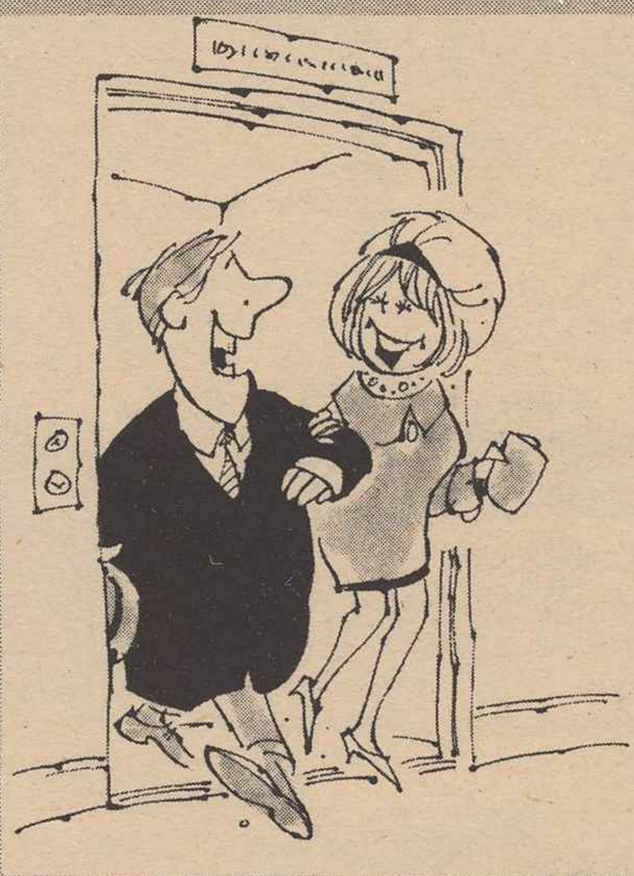
FOOD FOR THWART DEPT.

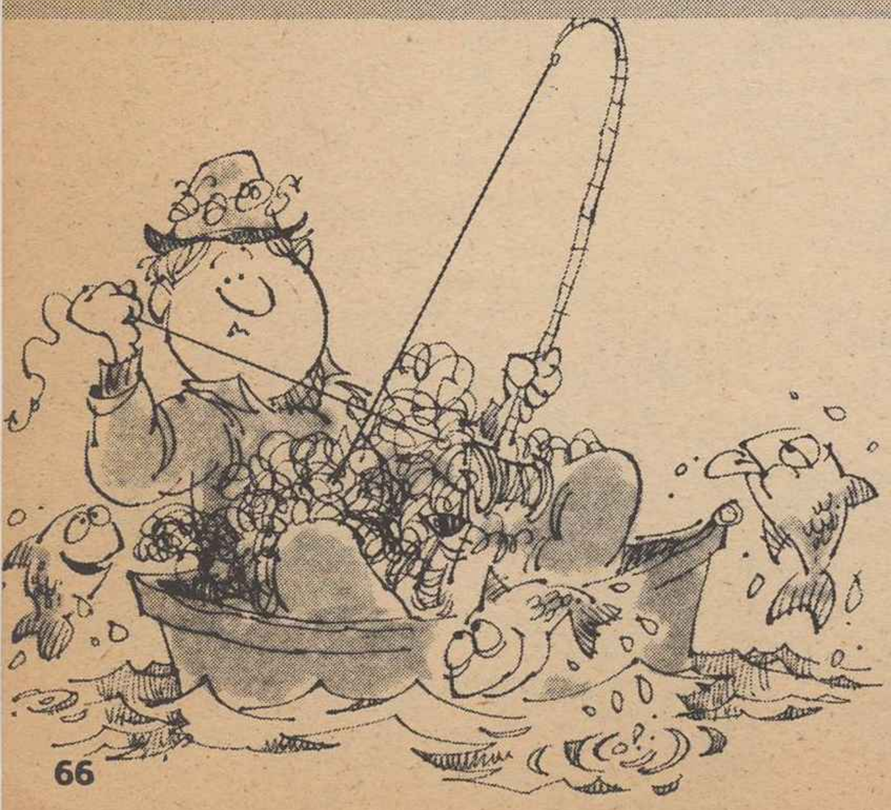
A MAD LOOK AT...

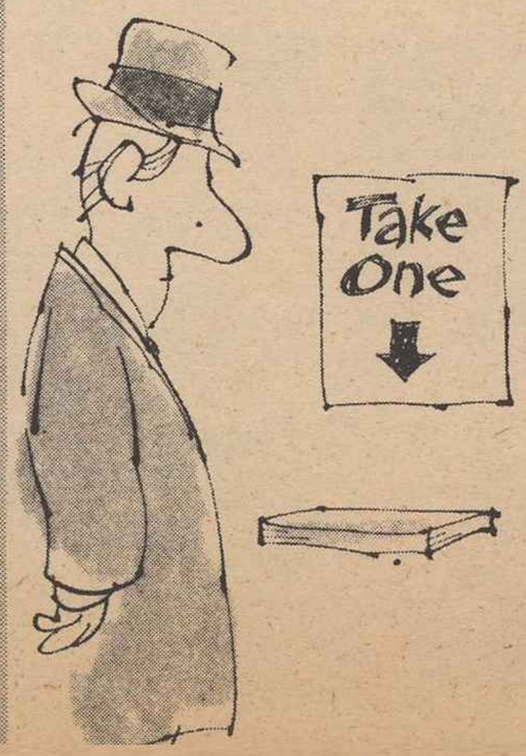


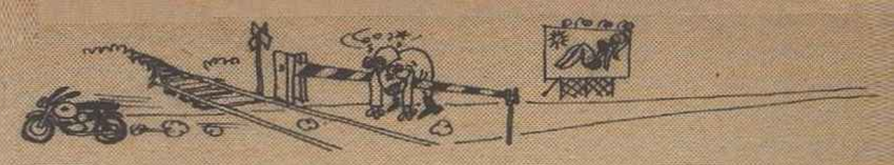






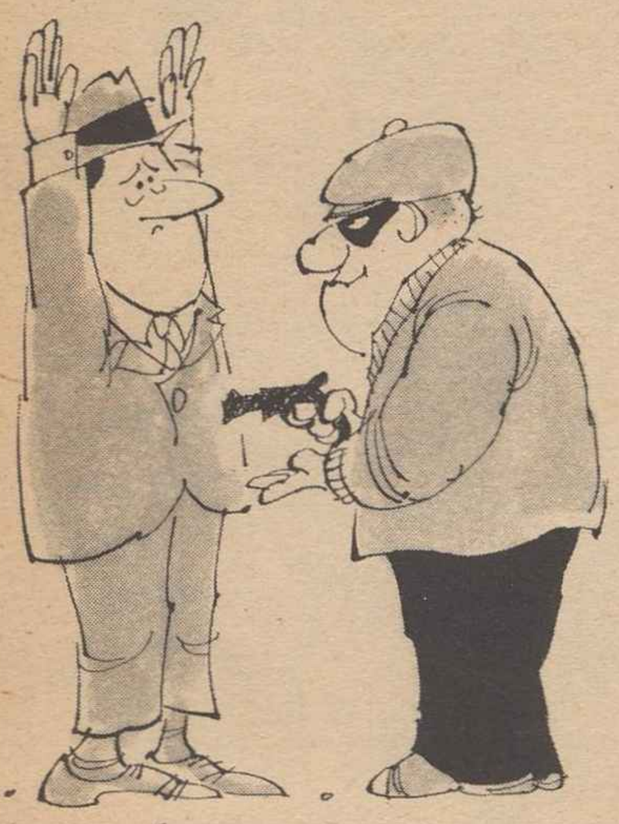


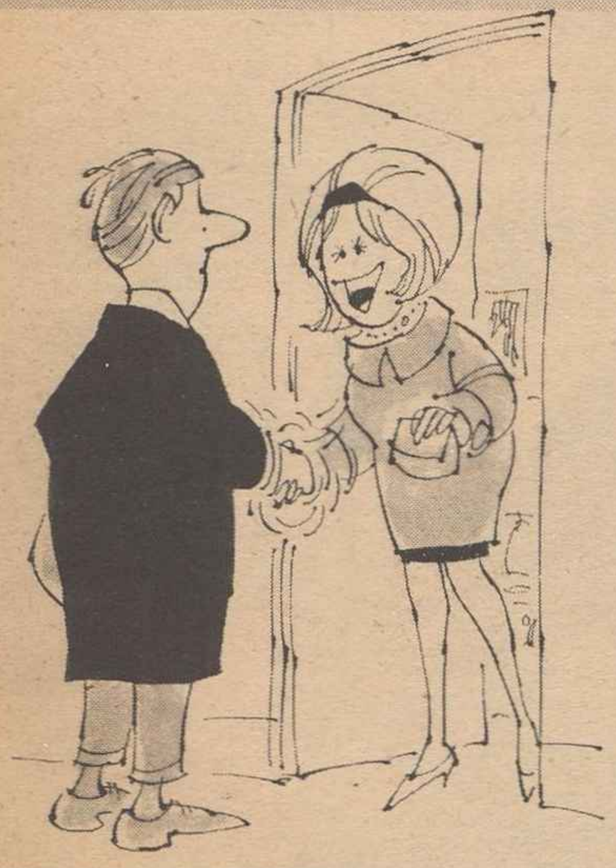


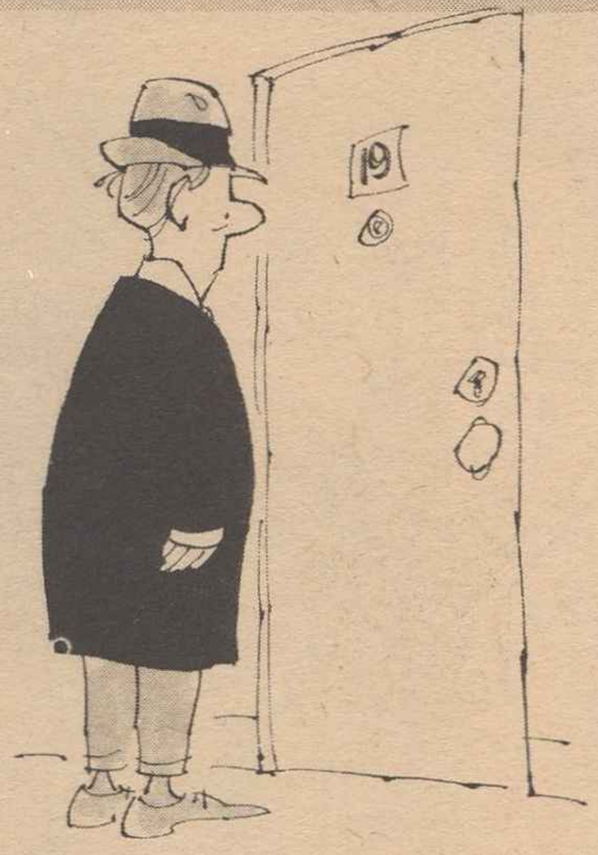


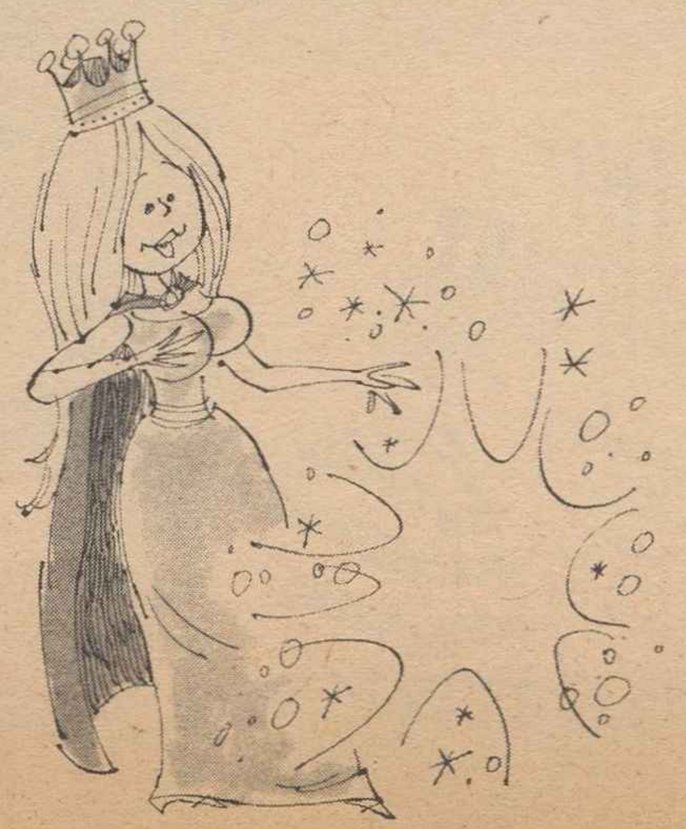
FRUSTRATION

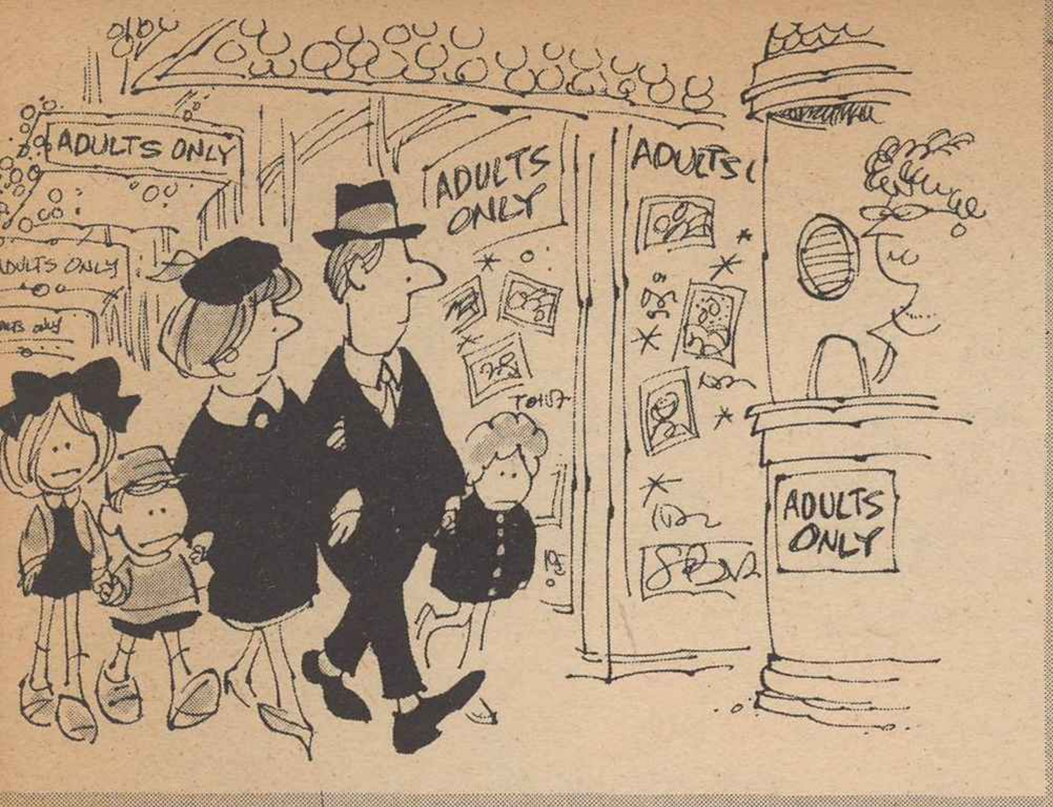
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: JACK KENT







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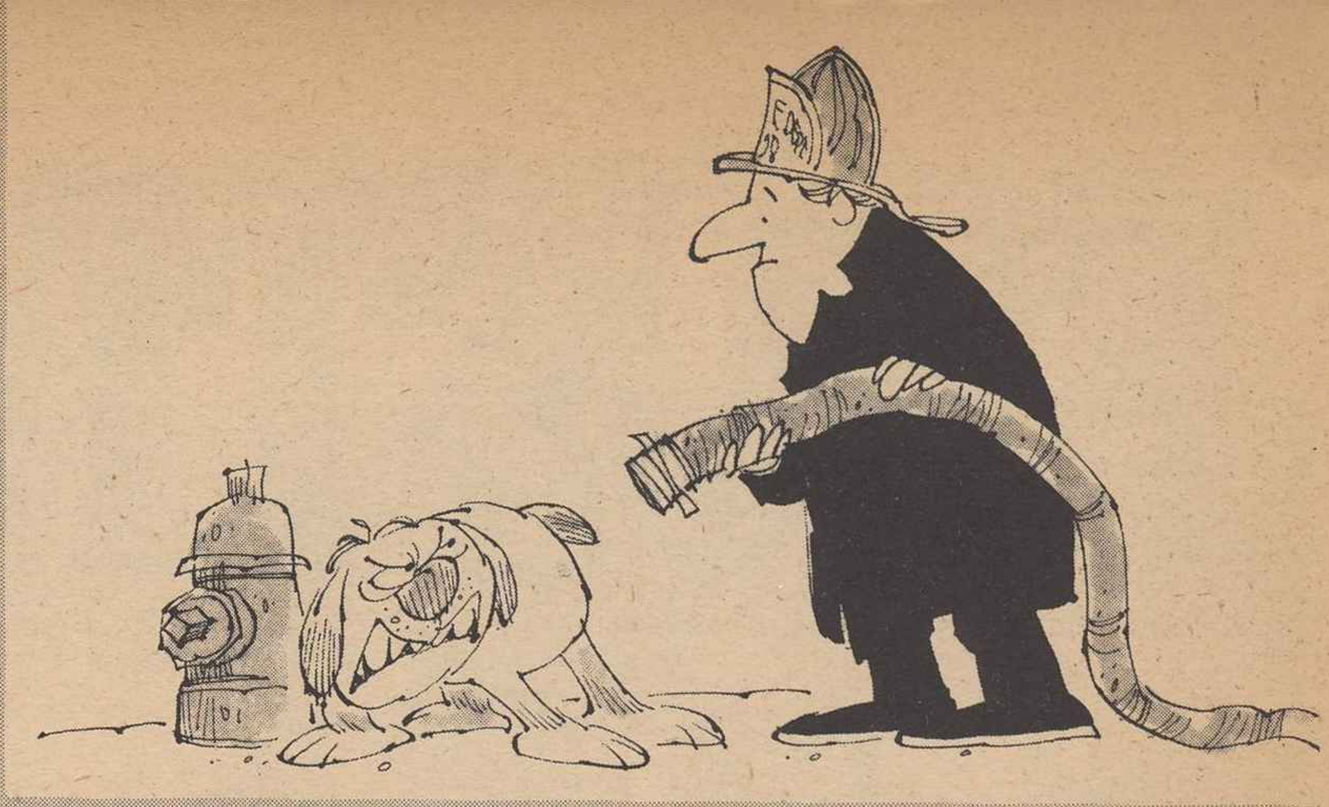

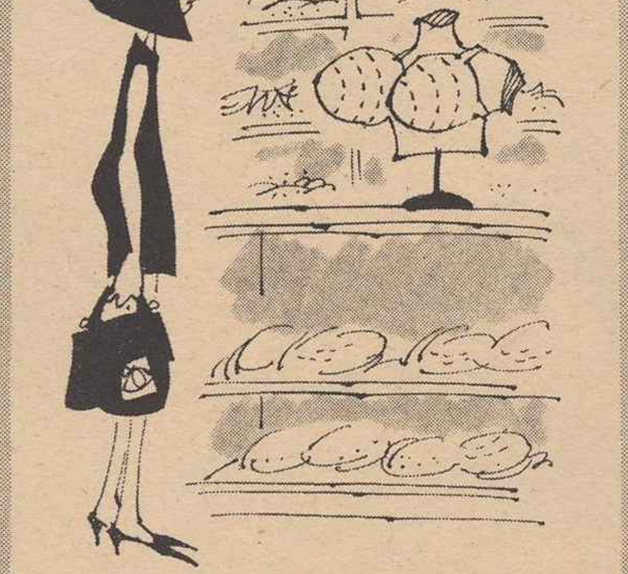
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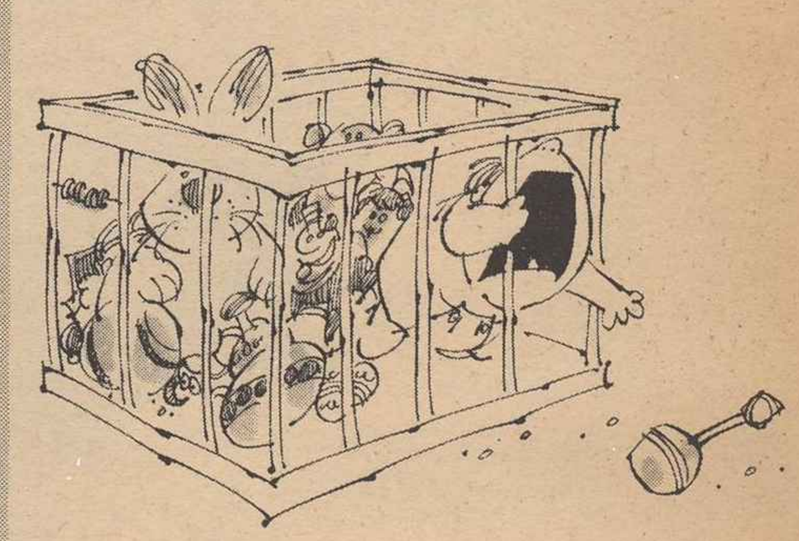
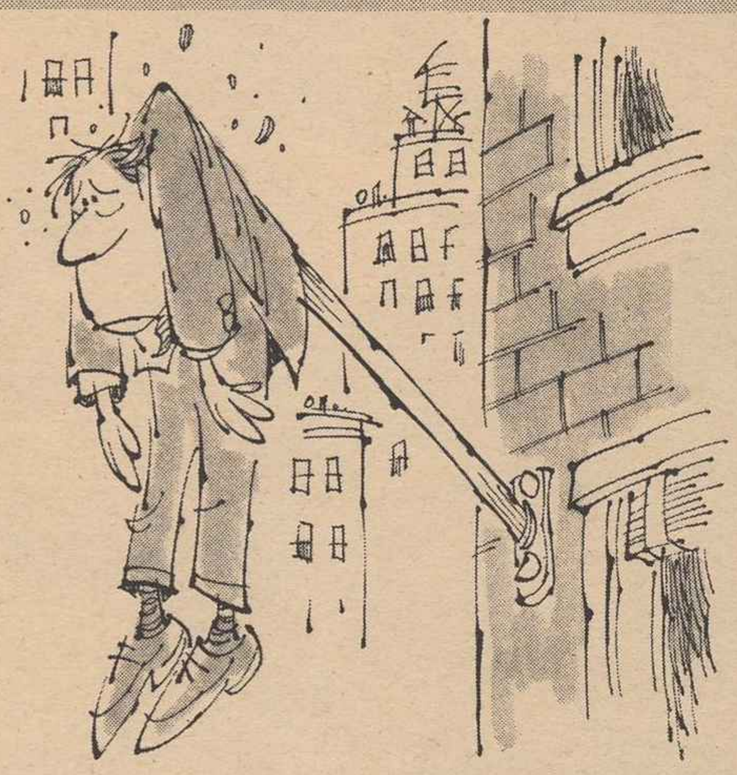
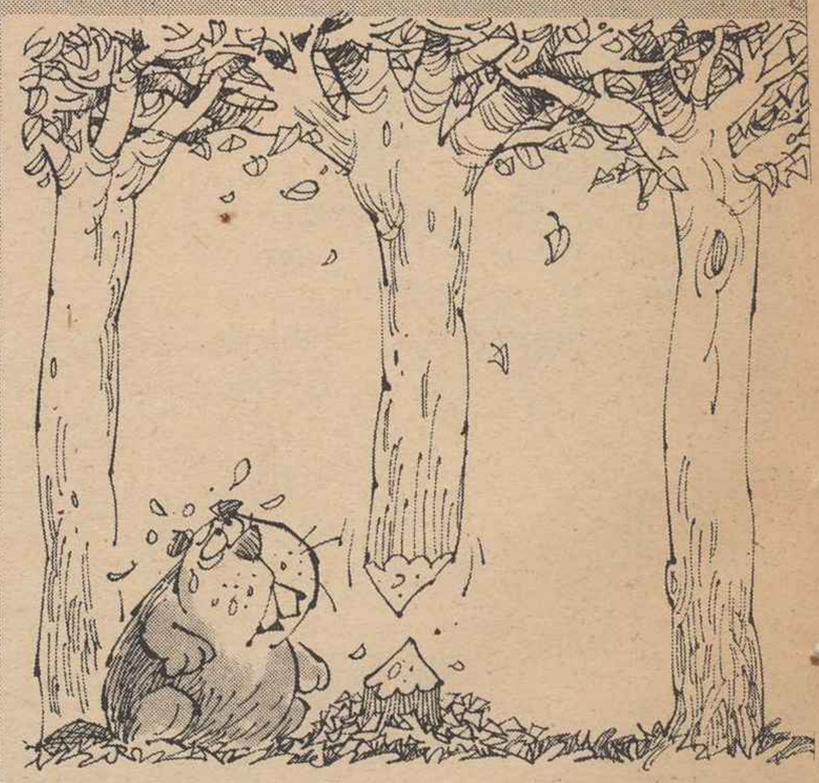
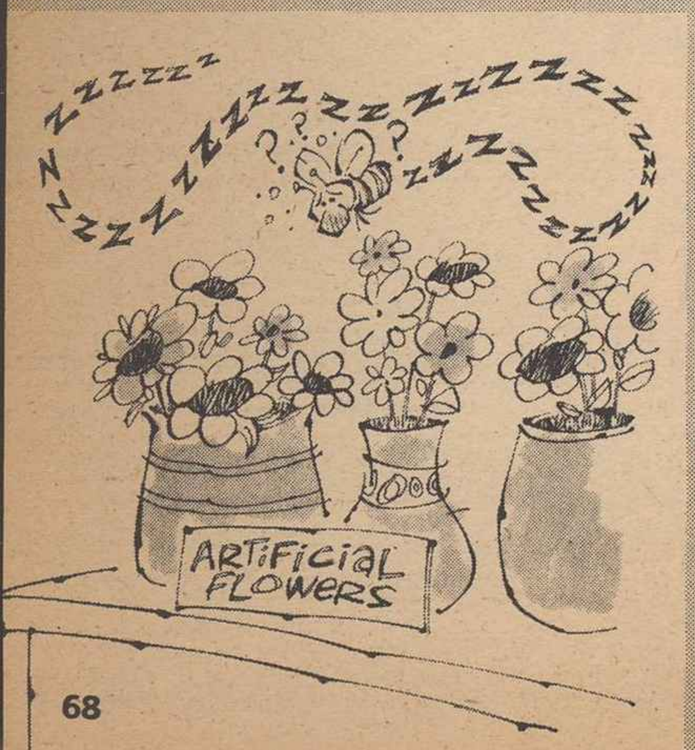


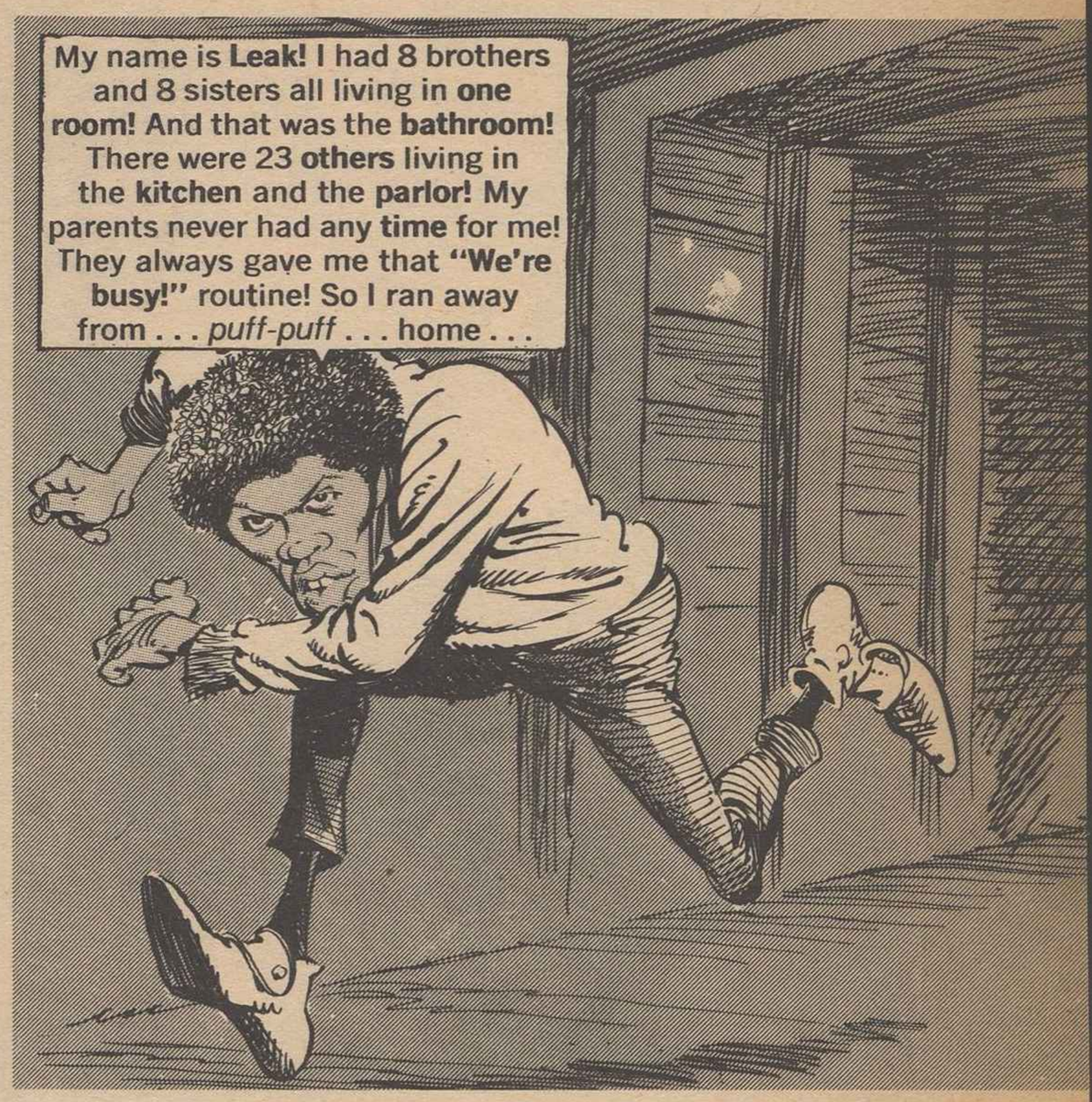


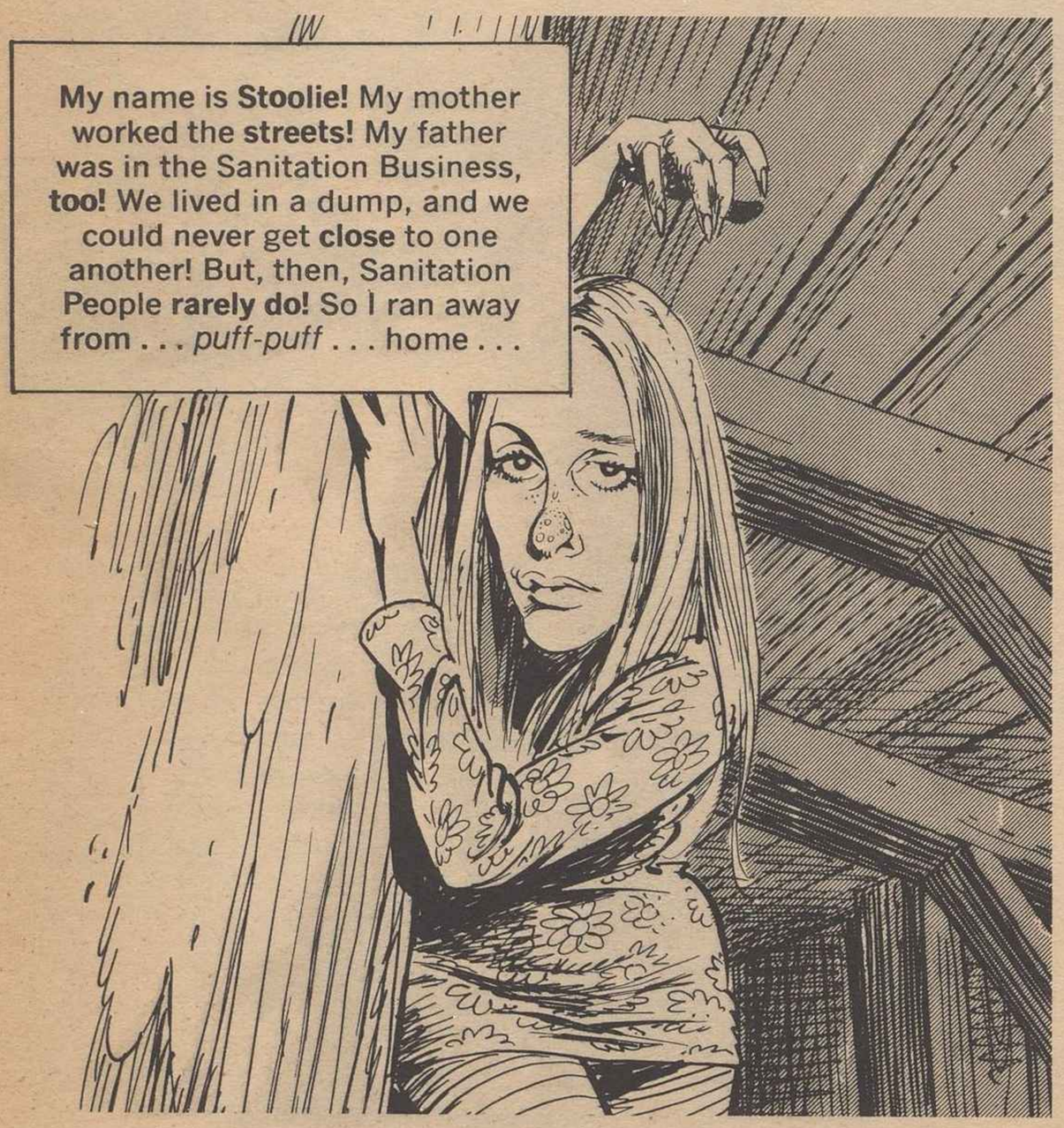


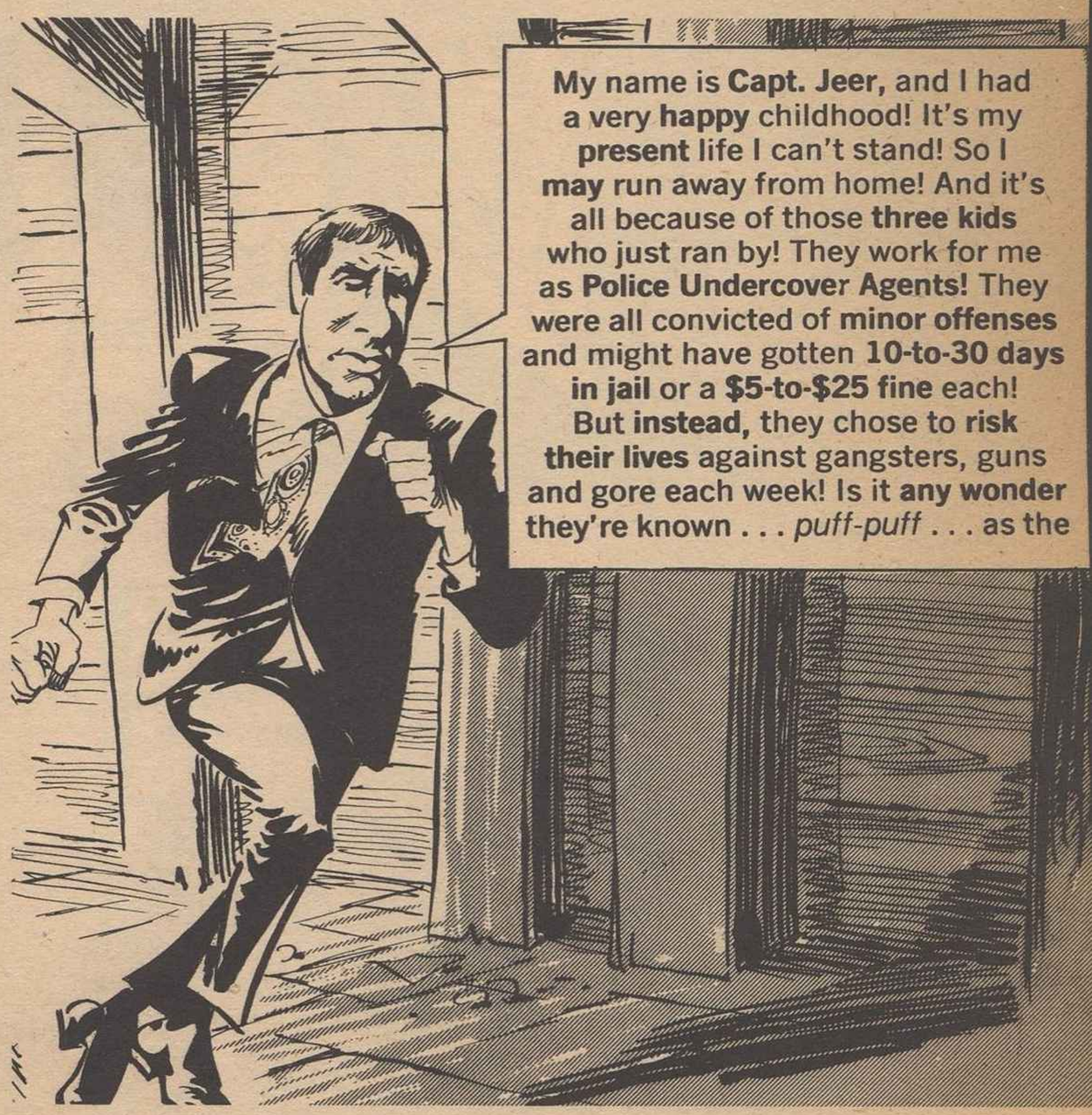

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

Congratulations! You Have Just WON A WORLD CRUISE

HEY, GANG! LET'S TAKE A MAD LOOK AT THAT GREAT NEW "IN" TV SERIES THAT BEGINS EACH EPISODE LIKE THIS:







"ODD SQUAD"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Why do we have to run through the **tunnels** all the time? Couldn't we take a **train** just once?!

Hey, man! You **know** we're **anti-subway!**

But it's so **damp** and **wet** down there!

Dampness is my **bag!** I never **had** dampness when I was a kid! All I ever had was **dry!** Do you know you could blow your **mind** with too much dry?

And it's also so **black** down there!

Something **bugging** you, Capt.? Why don't you get it off your **chest,** baby?

Nothing's bugging me!

Then how come you never say it's **WHITE** down there?!

Hey, like, **wow,** man! Don't be so **uptight!** We don't want a **bad scene!**

It's **too late!** We just **had** one!

SUBWAY

IND SUBWAY

Hold it!

Okay . . . **now I** can tell you what we're up against!

Why'd you put those **phony shades** on for?

Because I'm going to talk **"Official Business"** and this is an **official disguise!**

But, man— there ain't no cats for **blocks** around!

Yeah, but you never know what direction the **Mount Palomar telescope** is pointing!

OFFICIAL DISGUISE KIT CO.

Capt. Jeer, sometimes you are **way out—** and other times, you are **GONE!**

Let me smell that **cigarette** you're smoking, Captain!

Now, listen! This is the **toughest assignment** we've ever had. A man was murdered in a **toy store** last night. As he died, he whispered the name, **"Bobby Smith"!** We don't know **who** this "Bobby Smith" is— where he **lives**—or **anything!**

Cool the **mouth** a minute, Capt.! Here comes an old **class-mate** of mine . . .

Hiya, Bobby!

Hiya, Leak!

Be sure to give my regards to your mother . . . **Mrs. Smith!**

Okay, man! But don't tell anybody you **saw** me, y'hear!

He's an old **class-mate** of mine!

Looks like a **real nice guy!**

He **has** to be! He's **our age!**

You'll do your best to **help** me, won't you, kids?

Don't **furrow** your **square dome,** Captain!

What's **that** mean?

That means **"yes"!**

HOTEL

I need your **help**, Leak! I **killed** a man yesterday! But it **wasn't my fault!** He stepped in front of my **gun** just as it **went off!**

Swing, baby! Tell me **all!**

FUZZ!

Huh?! Er— who **told** you that?

Fuzz! Your **couch** is covered with **FUZZ!**

Oh, yeah! My **white cleaning girl** quit! Tell me about the **killing!**

Well, this guy comes up and offers me a chance to make some **quick bread!** I should have **known** something was wrong! After all, he was . . . an **ADULT!**

Keep spilling your **guts,** baby!

FEZ!

I didn't **want** to be! It was **that,** or go to **jail . . .**

There's a **guy** down there wearing a **FEZ!**

For cryin' out loud, **finish your story!!**

Hi, Leak! **Peak** and **I** had an **idea** about—

FIZZ!

Who told **him?!** Leak, you **know** that's a **secret!!**

FIZZ! It's like **"Fresca"** only **better!** Try some?

He's **THE "Bobby Smith"** —and you're **hiding** him, **aren't** you Leak? You couldn't **trust** us! You couldn't trust us because you have something in common with **him** that you don't **share** with us! You're **both TALL!!**

Let us **help you** before **Captain Jeer** finds out what's happening!

FUZZ!

Hey, man! You already **told** me about the **couch!!**

What couch!?! You're **FUZZ! COPPERS!! FLATFOOTS!! JOHNNY LAWS!!** You're working for **Capt. Jeer!**

But we're **NOT** Fuzz! We **help** people! In the last 13 weeks, we helped **10 muggers, 3 rapists,** and **5 murderers** get off **scot-free!** They're back on the **streets** now, thanks to us!

Man . . . **Fuzz** is **Fuzz,** and I'm cuttin' **outta** here!

Just wait till I tell the **other** tall people that you're hangin' around with **SHORTIE folk,** Leak!

Who was **that** guy? Why was he in such a **hurry?** You're **holding out** on me, **aren't** you? You still think **"cop"** is a **three-letter word,** huh?

Don't you think I'd **understand?** Don't you think I've got **feelings?**

Captain, you're sitting on my **hot plate!**

Shove all that "hip" talk! Tell it to me in **plain English!**

That **IS** plain English! You're **sitting** on his **HOT plate!** Don't you have any **feelings?!**

All right, here's what we've found out so far! **Bobby Smith** was employed by a **Toy Manufacturer** named **Wayne Gibson!** We know a **few** things about Gibson. He likes to **swim** at the **Y.M.C.A.!** Stoolie—**you** go down to the "Y" and poke around the **locker room!** See what you turn up!

And we know that Gibson Toys were featured recently in a magazine article! Peek, **you** go to the offices of **"Ebony Magazine"** and scour the back issues! Tell them you're looking for a picture of your **brother!**

And Leak—**you** find out all you can about this **cancelled check** we found in the murdered man's safe. It's made out to some company with the initials **"K.K.K."!** Visit all the organizations with those initials! Start with the **Ku Klux Klan!**

Well, I never **promised** this work would be **EASY!!**

But, **Captain . . .**

But, **Captain . . .**

But, **Captain . . .**

THE NEXT DAY

Hi, gang! Any **luck?**

Hmmm! Okay, let's try **another** plan! One of you will pose as a **camera-girl** in a **night club!**

Leak . . . ?

Peek . . . ?

Not **me,** Captain!

Forget it, Captain!

Then I'm afraid it will have to be **you,** Stoolie!

Here's a photo of Gibson! When he comes into the **night club,** take his **picture** with whoever he's **with!** We want to know his **accomplices!**

Which night club do I **go** to?

There are **8000** in the city! Pick **any one** of 'em!

Peek! You'll pose as a **bank guard!** When you see Gibson come into the bank, try to learn how much he **deposits,** and who the checks **came** from!

Which bank will I **guard?**

There are **4,580** in the city! Pick **any one** of 'em!

Leak! You'll pose as a **cab driver** and pick up Gibson as a **fare!** When you do, try to **listen** to his conversation if he's **with** someone, or **make** conversation if he's **alone!**

Where's the **best place** to pick him up as a **fare?**

Where **else?! Mid-town!** The way **this** show goes, **you'll ALL score!!**

Good morning, Mr. Gibson! How are you today!

I'm fine! But—must your **guard,** here, stand **so close** to me?!

Oh, **he's** all right! That's our **Mr. Jones!** He's loved and trusted by **all** of us! In fact, the **Bank President** has even given him the **combination** to our **vault!**

Oh, **really?** How long has he been **with** the bank?

About 4 hours!

Cabbie! **You . . . Cabbie! Wake up!** Are you **working** or **not?**

Hey, man! Lay **off** me and go bug some **other** taxi jockey for his wheels! I'm waiting for **a special fare!**

Nobody talks to **Wayne Gibson** like that!

Wayne Gibson!? Well, it's **about time!** What **kept you,** man? **Get in . . . !**

TAXI

HACK STAND NO PARKING

35¢ 1

. . . and **that's** the story of my **life,** Cabbie!

Well, everybody's got their **own bag,** Mr. Gibson! Here we are . . . the **"All-Hours Night Club"!**

So **fast?!** You're a **good listener,** and you sure know your **job!** How long you been **driving** a cab?

Oh . . . about **four hours!**

ALL HOURS CLUB

LOUNG

BUS STOP

What'll it be, Mr. Gibson?

I'll have a Martini . . . and my two accomplices will have Bloody Marys!

Excuse me! Are you **Mr. WAYNE** Gibson . . . ?

Yes, that's me!

Oh, may I take your picture?

No, thanks! I already **got** one!

But . . . I'd like **THIS** one for **myself!**

23

Please, Mr. Gibson, **let** her take your picture. Her work is going to be featured in **Popular Photography,** she's going to have a **one-woman show** at the **Museum,** and she's the **talk** of the **photo industry!**

Really!? How long you been **foolin' around** with this photography?

Oh, **about four hours!**

Has anybody seen our **fearless leader?**

I'm right over **here!**

Why the **disguise?**

There are **always EYES . . . watching our every move!**

At **MIDNIGHT?!** In a Zoo that's been **closed** for seven hours?!

What about all the **animals?**

Before you give me your **reports,** let me tell you what **I've** come up with **myself!**

I've arrested thirteen kids on **drunken driving charges,** twelve kids for **passing bum checks,** ten for **pushing pot,** and six—

Cool it! They're all innocent! Let 'em go!

Gibson gave me the **whole story** while I drove him cross-town in my cab! He's running a **racket!** He hires kids as **Toy Salesmen** for his **phony company,** and just before they go into stores to demonstrate his products, he **switches** the **toy guns** in the sample cases with **real ones** so they **kill** the store owners **unintentionally!**

Then, in the **confusion** that follows, he runs into the store and **empties the cash register!**

So you can **let** all them kids you arrested **go free!**

WANT ME TO TELL YOU WHEN THREE MINUTES ARE UP?

P.D.

SCAN MEETING TONIGHT AT BARRY'S HOUSE

WHY?? Gibson's racket **may** explain **Bobby Smith's** story, but it **doesn't** explain **drunken driving, passing bum checks, pushing pot—**

Man, he was, like, a BAD INFLUENCE on those kids! He DID live in the SAME CITY!!

Y'know! A rotten apple spoiling the others in the barrel and all that jazz!

CHARLIE IS A POTHEAD

BENNY IS A SNITCHER

AND I DON'T HONOR CREDIT CARDS!

In other words, a kid who kills **isn't** a murderer . . . and a kid who steals **isn't** a thief! It's all the fault of the **adults** around him!

Oh, you're so **groovy,** Captain! You're beginning to **understand!**

If I'm beginning to understand a **crazy theory** like **THAT,** I'm not groovy . . . I'm **out of my mind!**

But I **would** like to understand **ONE thing,** Stoolie! It's this **weird triangle** of yours!

You three are always together! I never see you date! So it's hard to **tell!**

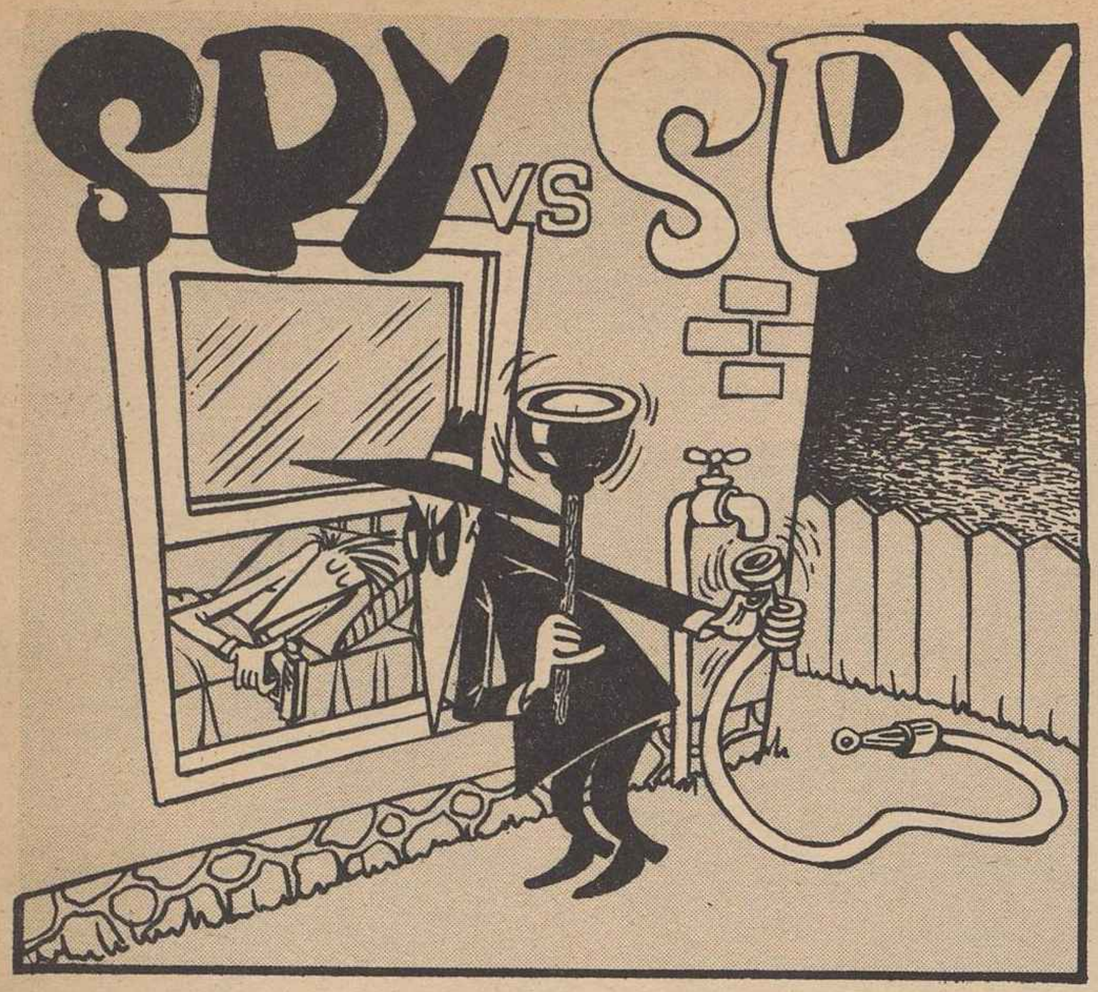
Clue me in! Where is the ROMANTIC INTEREST in this show?

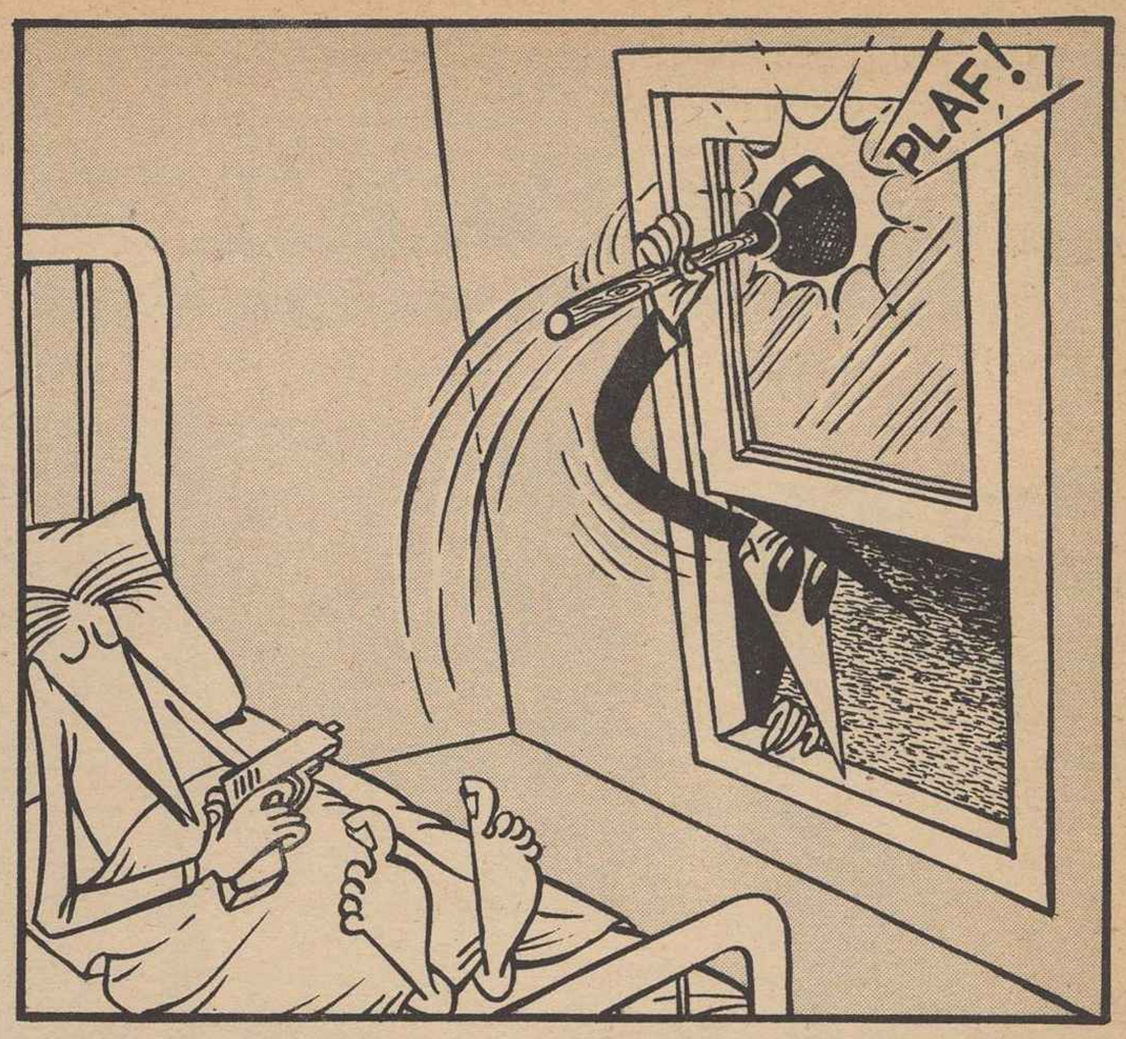
Well, if you must know, Captain, **it's between those two guys!**

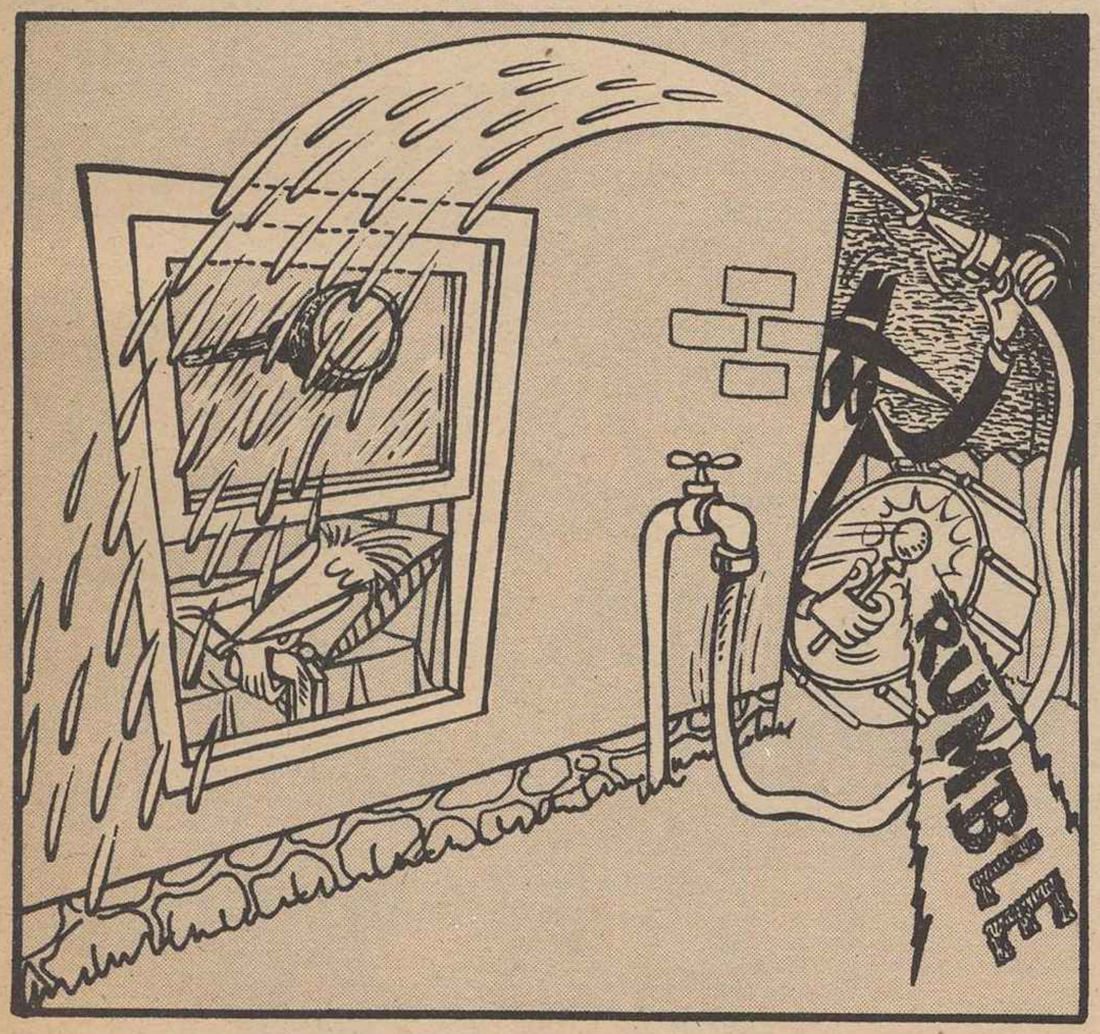
I KNOW that! I guess it's **too controversial** for **television** to tell me **WHICH** guy, huh?

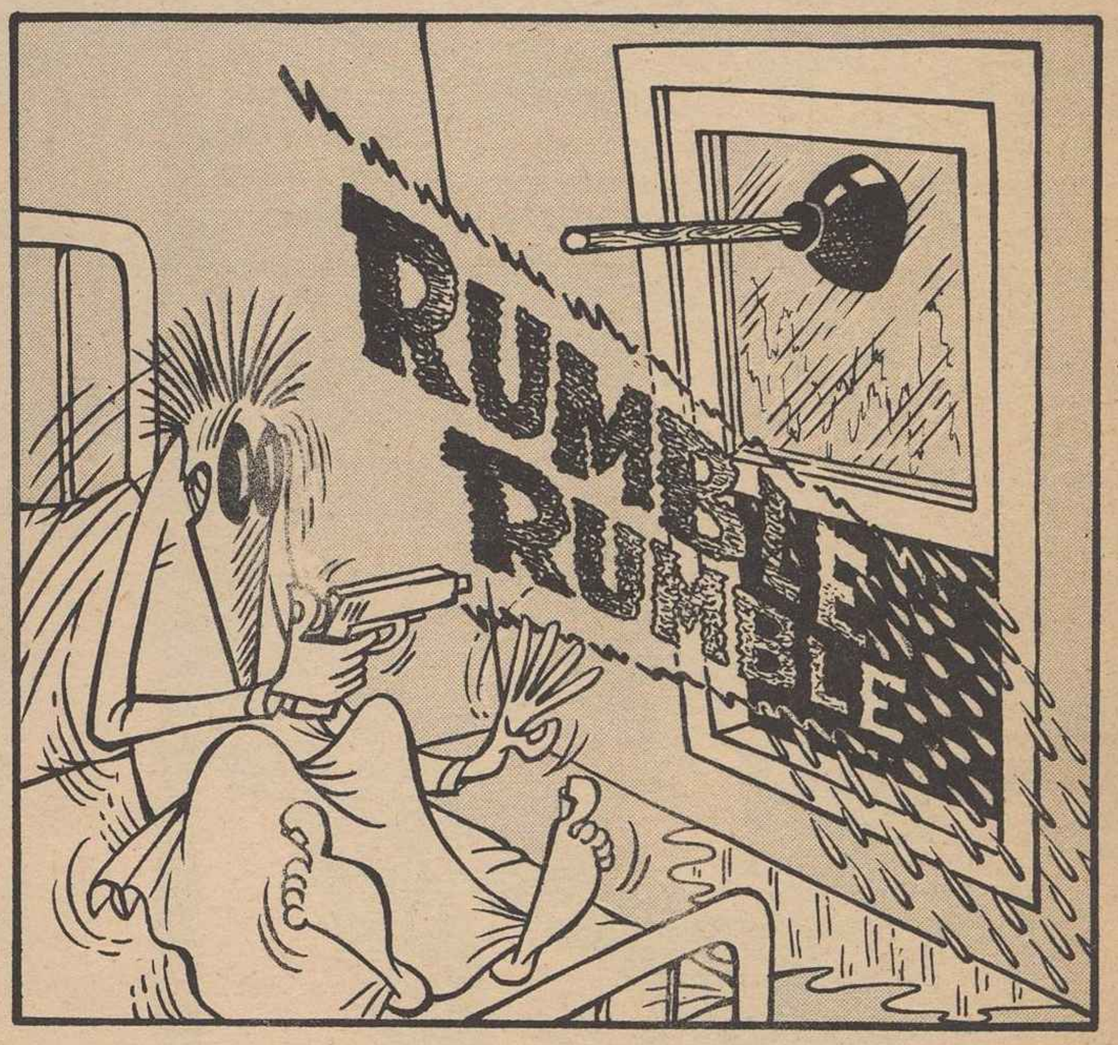
It **may** be too controversial for television, but I **just TOLD you!** The **ROMANTIC INTEREST** in **this** show is **between THOSE TWO GUYS!!**

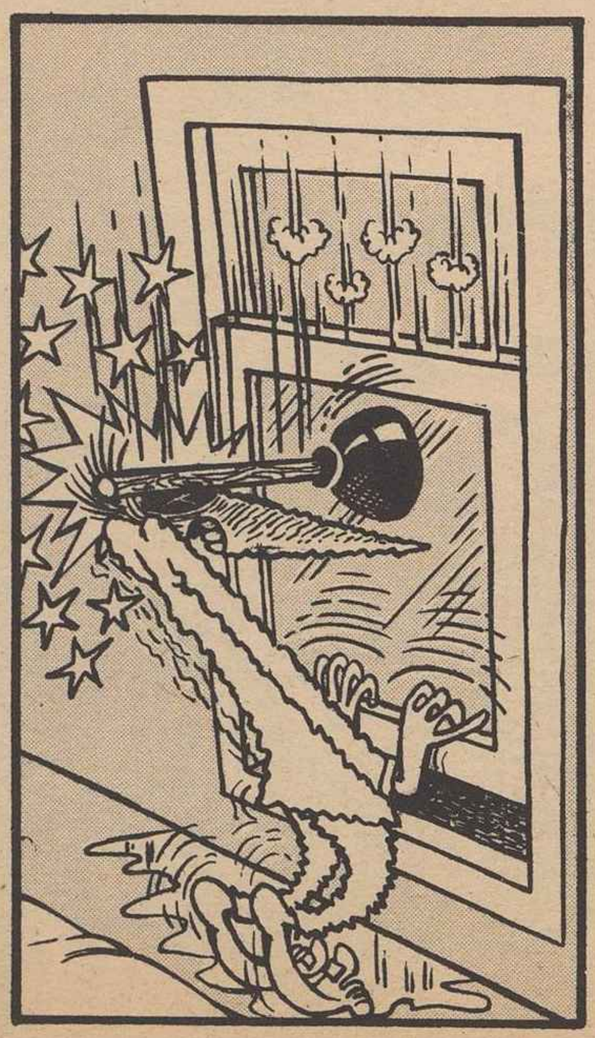
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

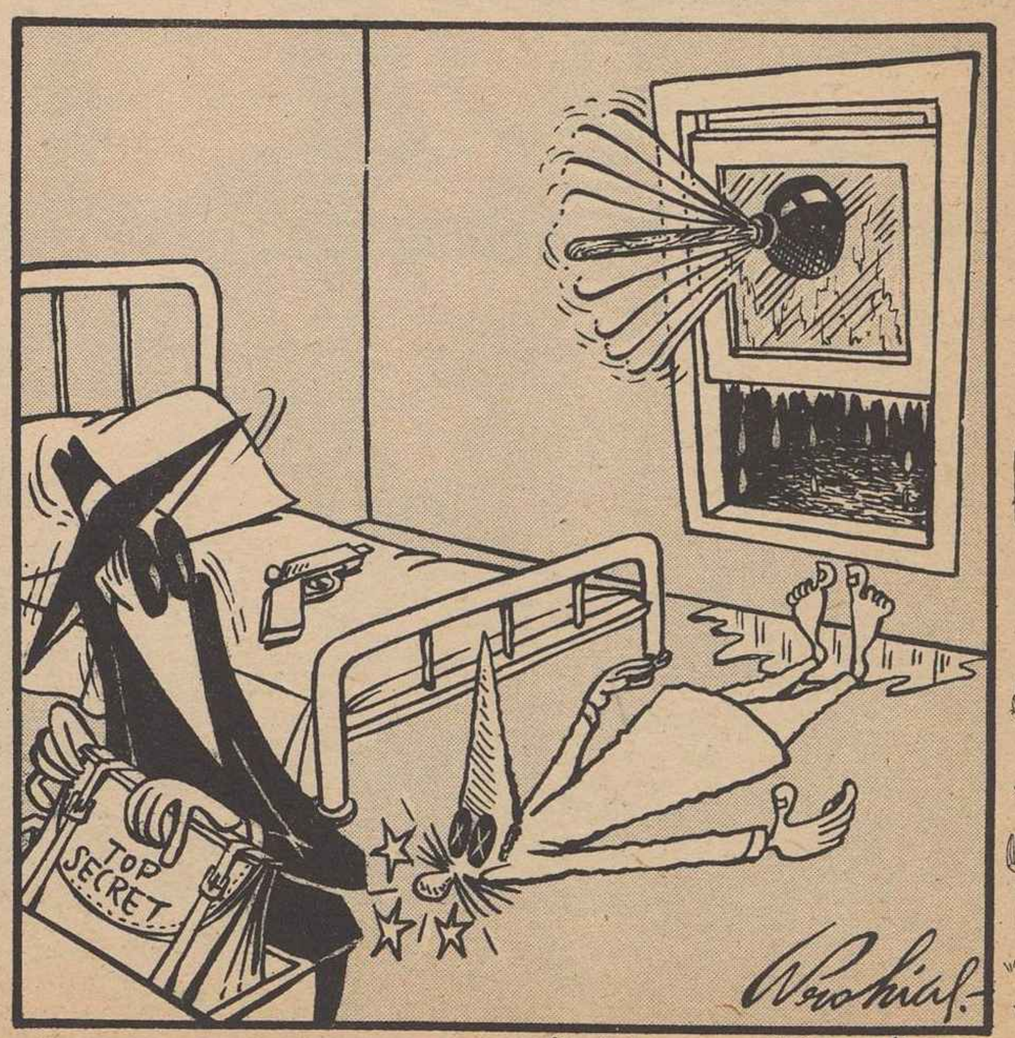








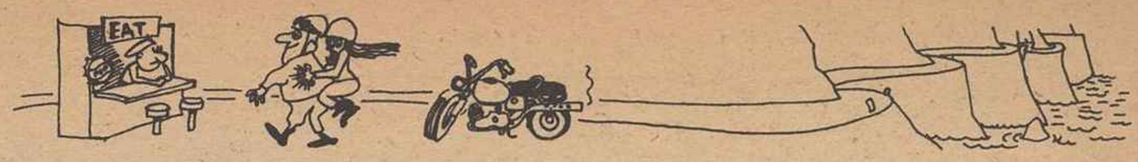




DISPLAY AS YOU GO DEPT.

SIGN

Nowadays, nearly everyone is involved in our Society's sick sad scramble to acquire "things". For the most part, these "things" are acquired to impress other people, and they actually carry this message rather clearly, as though they were printed signs. In fact, here is what we almost see when we look at these . . .



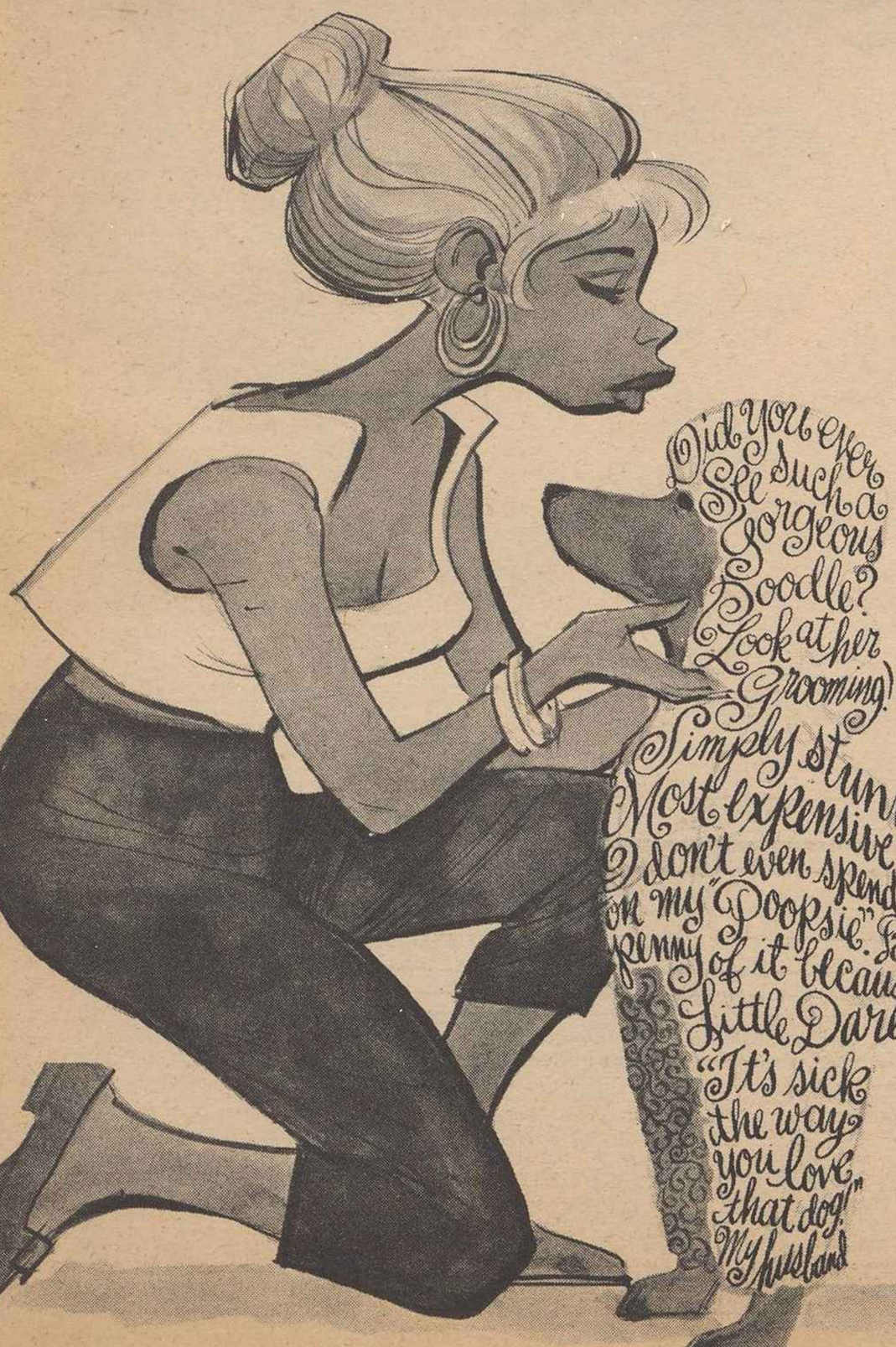
S OF STATUS

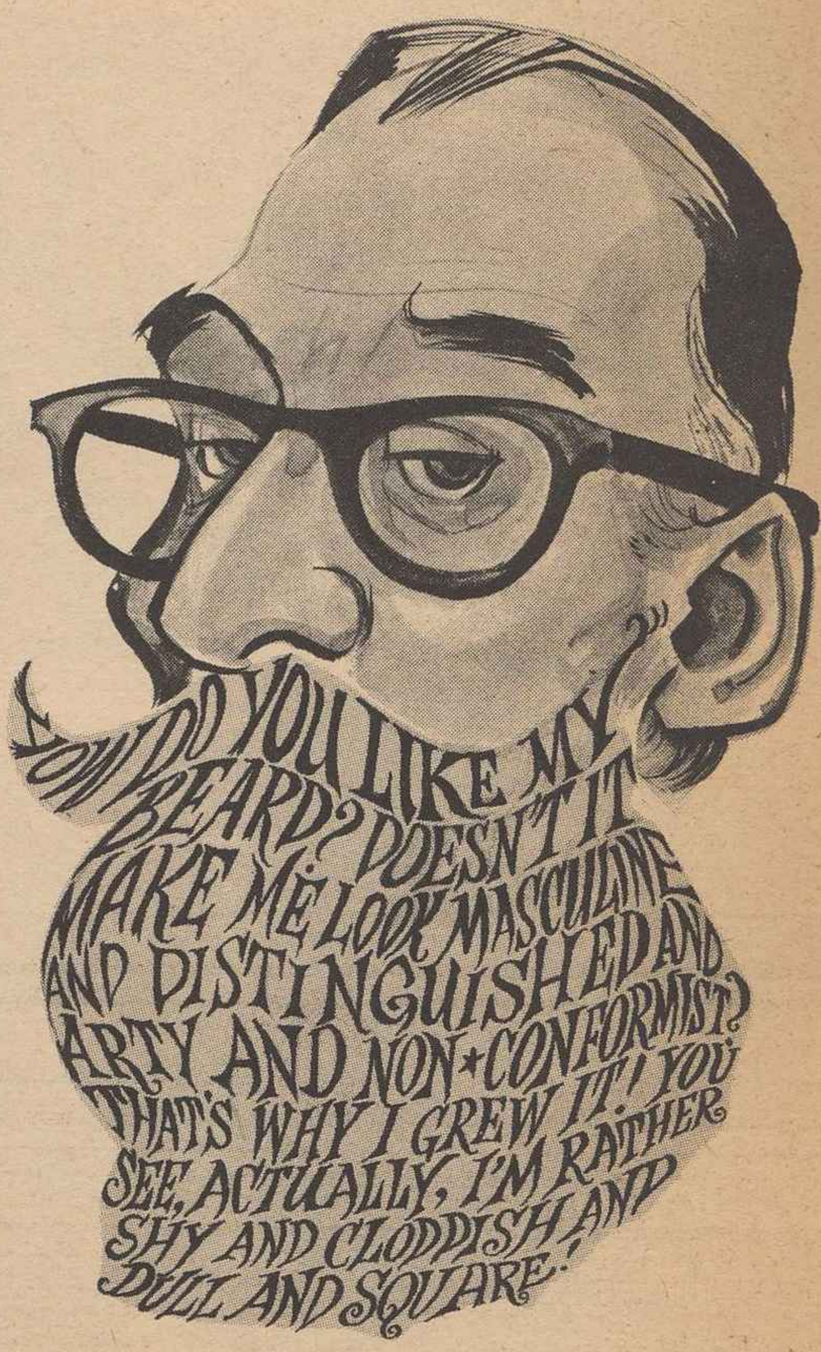
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

LOOK AT THIS MAGNIFICENT CASKET! ITS EXTERIOR IS SOLID BRONZE AND ITS INTERIOR IS PURE SILK! THE INSULATED CONSTRUCTION INSURES PERFECT TEMPERATURE CONTROL FOR ETERNAL COMFORT. A CASKET LIKE THIS COSTS A FORTUNE, BUT AS THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR POINTED OUT, "WHAT IS MONEY AT A TIME LIKE THIS?" THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO SHOW EVERYONE HOW LOVED AND RESPECTED THE DEAR DEPARTED WAS." SO NEVER MIND THAT HE LIVED A LIFE OF LONELINESS AND ABJECT POVERTY WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A PENNY'S HELP! THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE RELATIVES WHO CARED ABOUT HIM AND LOVED HIM AND RESPECTED HIM AS THIS EXPENSIVE FUNERAL CLEARLY SHOWS!

Bon Voyage

R.I.P.





LOOK AT MY WIFE! SOME WIFE, EH? NOW LOOK AT YOUR WIFE! YECCH! IT TAKES A FANTASTIC MAN TO HAVE A WIFE LIKE THIS! DONT YOU WISH YOU HAD WHAT IT TAKES ...MAN-WISE?

Menu

SEE MY ORIGINAL ABSTRACT, SIGNED BY A VERY FAMOUS ARTIST? YOU PROBABLY DON'T APPRECIATE IT OR UNDERSTAND IT, BUT YOU CAN'T ADMIT THAT AND REVEAL YOUR IGNORANCE. WELL, FORTUNATELY FOR THE WORLD, THERE ARE ART-LOVERS LIKE MYSELF WHO CAN APPRECIATE ITS VALUE..WHICH INCIDENTALLY HAS DOUBLED SINCE I BOUGHT IT! AND THAT'S SOMETHING I UNDERSTAND!

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A VALUABLE ANTIQUE! SEE HOW CAREFULLY WE'VE PRESERVED ITS FINE AGED LOOK! ALL OF THE ORIGINAL STAINS, SCRATCHES, BLEMISHES AND SPLOTCHES HAVE BEEN LOVINGLY LEFT EXACTLY AS THEY WERE. ALTHOUGH ITS ORIGINAL USE IS OBSCURE, WE FEEL IT MAKES AN ATTRACTIVE, INTERESTING AND DIGNIFIED FRAME FOR OUR FAMILY PORTRAITS, AND IT CERTAINLY LENDS TO OUR LIVING ROOM. NOW, IF WE CAN AIR of DISTINCTION WHAT TO DO WITH THE OTHER ANTIQUE WE BOUGHT ONLY FIGURE OUT WITH A CRESCENT MOON CUT IN IT...THAT CAME ...A DOOR THE SAME STRANGE LITTLE FARM FROM BUILDING THIS CAME FROM!

THIS IS MY SON, THE DOCTOR! YOU CAN TELL HE'S A DOCTOR! NOT JUST BY THE LITTLE BLACK BAG HE CARRIES, BUT BY THE WAY HE CARRIES HIMSELF...AS A PERSON! YOU CAN TELL BY THE PROUD WAY HE WALKS, BY THE CONFIDENT WAY HE TALKS, BY THE SURE WAY HE DRIVES HIS CADILLAC, BY THE BRISK WAY HE ENTERS HIS TWENTY-ROOM HOUSE IN LUXURY HEIGHTS, BY THE UNFLINCHING WAY HE KEEPS RAISING HIS FEES

OH, YES, THERE'S "DOCTOR" WRITTEN ALL OVER MY SON! THERE'S A LOT FOR A MOTHER TO BE PROUD OF!

TOO BAD HIS FATHER WHO WORKED AND SLAVED TO PUT HIM THROUGH MEDICAL SCHOOL ISN'T ALIVE TO SEE HIM NOW!

SOME YACHT, EH? EVER SEE SUCH LUXURY? TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF ITS FANTASTIC APPOINTMENTS: EVERY DECK IS COVERED WITH WEATHER-PROOF WALL-TO-WALL CARPETING! IT SLEEPS EIGHT ON COMFORTABLE FULL SIZE BEDS IN FOUR SEPARATE STATEROOMS, EACH WITH ITS OWN BATH ROOM AND SHOWER. THE GALLEY IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH DISHWASHER, REFRIGERATOR, FREEZER, ELECTRIC STOVE AND DISPOSALL. THERE'S EVEN A LAUNDRY ROOM WITH A WASHER, DRYER AND ELECTRIC IRONER, AND THE BAR IS READY TO SERVE YOU ANY DRINK YOU'D CARE TO NAME. YEP, WE'VE GOT ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME ON THIS OCEAN-GOING PALACE, AND ONE OF THESE DAYS WE MAY EVEN TAKE HER OUT FOR A CRUISE. BET THOSE BIG 350 HORSEPOWER ENGINES REALLY KICK UP A WAKE!

MAD

THESE AWARDS AND CITATIONS

ALL OVER MY LABORATORY WALLS MERELY TELL YOU ONE THING FOR CERTAIN:

I AM A RENOWNED SCIENTIST

DOING IMPORTANT AND SECRET RESEARCH FOR A HUGE CORPORATION.

THEY BEGIN AT THE TOP WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FOR THE SIMPLE DISCOVERIES OF AN IDEALISTIC YOUTH, BARELY OUT OF COLLEGE, AND CULMINATE

AT THE BOTTOM WITH HONORS FOR MY

GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO MANKIND THUS FAR:

NAPALM!

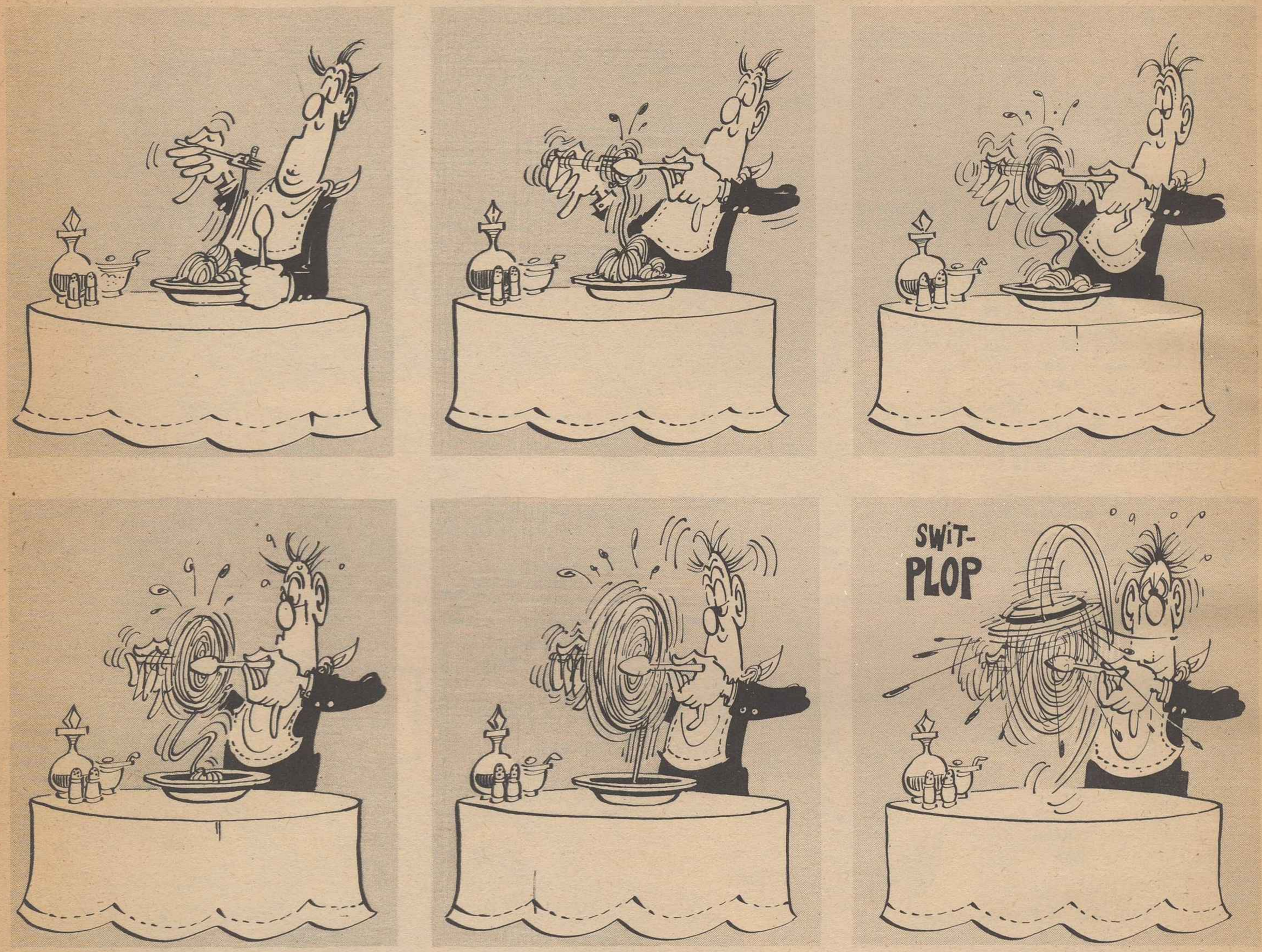
THIS IS OUR HOUSE! QUITE AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE HOME EH? IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THAT OURS IS JUST ABOUT THE BEST-KEPT HOUSE ON THE BLOCK! THE REST OF THE HOUSES LOOK LIKE SLUMS BY COMPARISON! NOTICE THAT NOT A THING IS SHODDY OR WORN OR OUT OF PLACE! EVERYTHING IS SPIC 'N' SPAN... FROM THE TIP OF THE COLOR TV ANTENNA ON THE CHIMNEY RIGHT DOWN TO THE PAINSTAKINGLY-MANICURED LUSH LAWN! BUT ALL THIS DOES NOT COME EASY! IT TAKES CONSTANT CARE AND MONEY TO KEEP A HOUSE LOOKING LIKE THIS! AND IT DOESN'T LEAVE ANYTHING FOR FRIVOLITIES SUCH AS HAVING PARTIES, OR GOING OUT TO DINNERS, OR SEEING SHOWS, OR TAKING VACATIONS! BUT THEN WHO NEEDS ALL OF THAT WHEN YOU'VE GOT A HOME LIKE THIS TO LIVE IN AND BE PROUD OF? YEP, THIS IS REALLY LIVING!

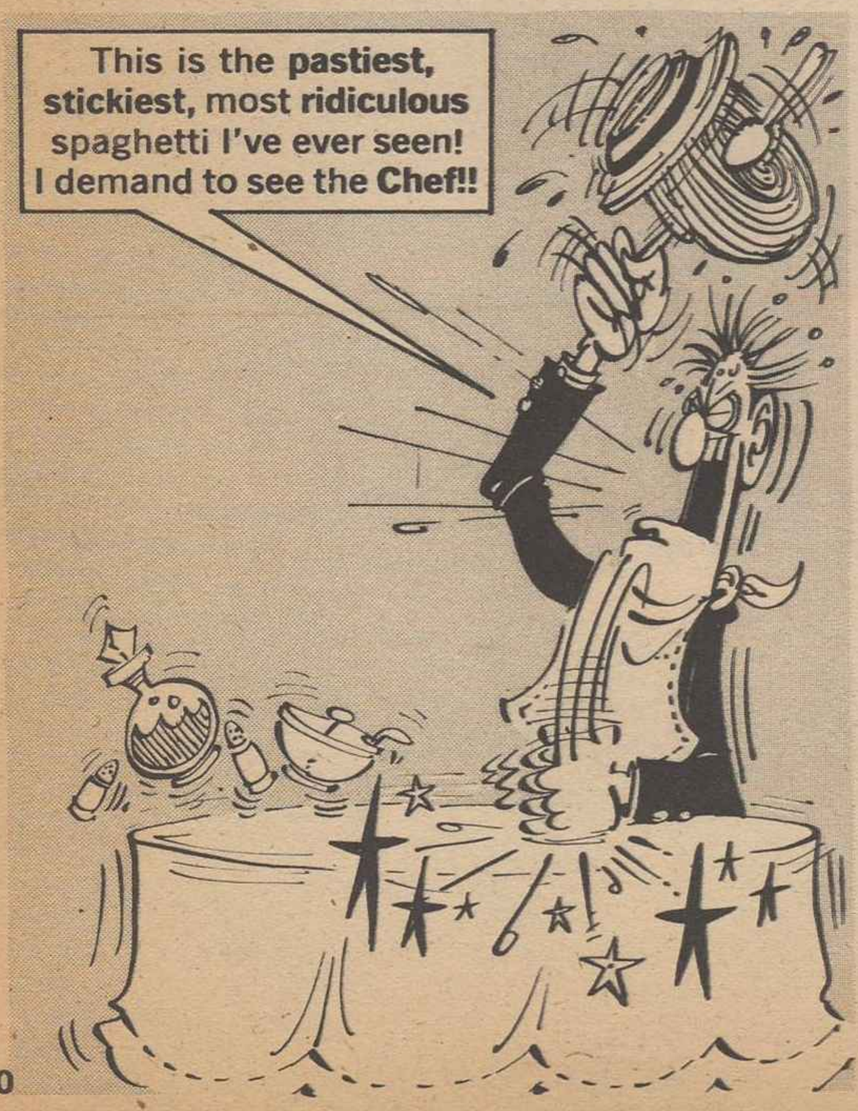
US MAIL

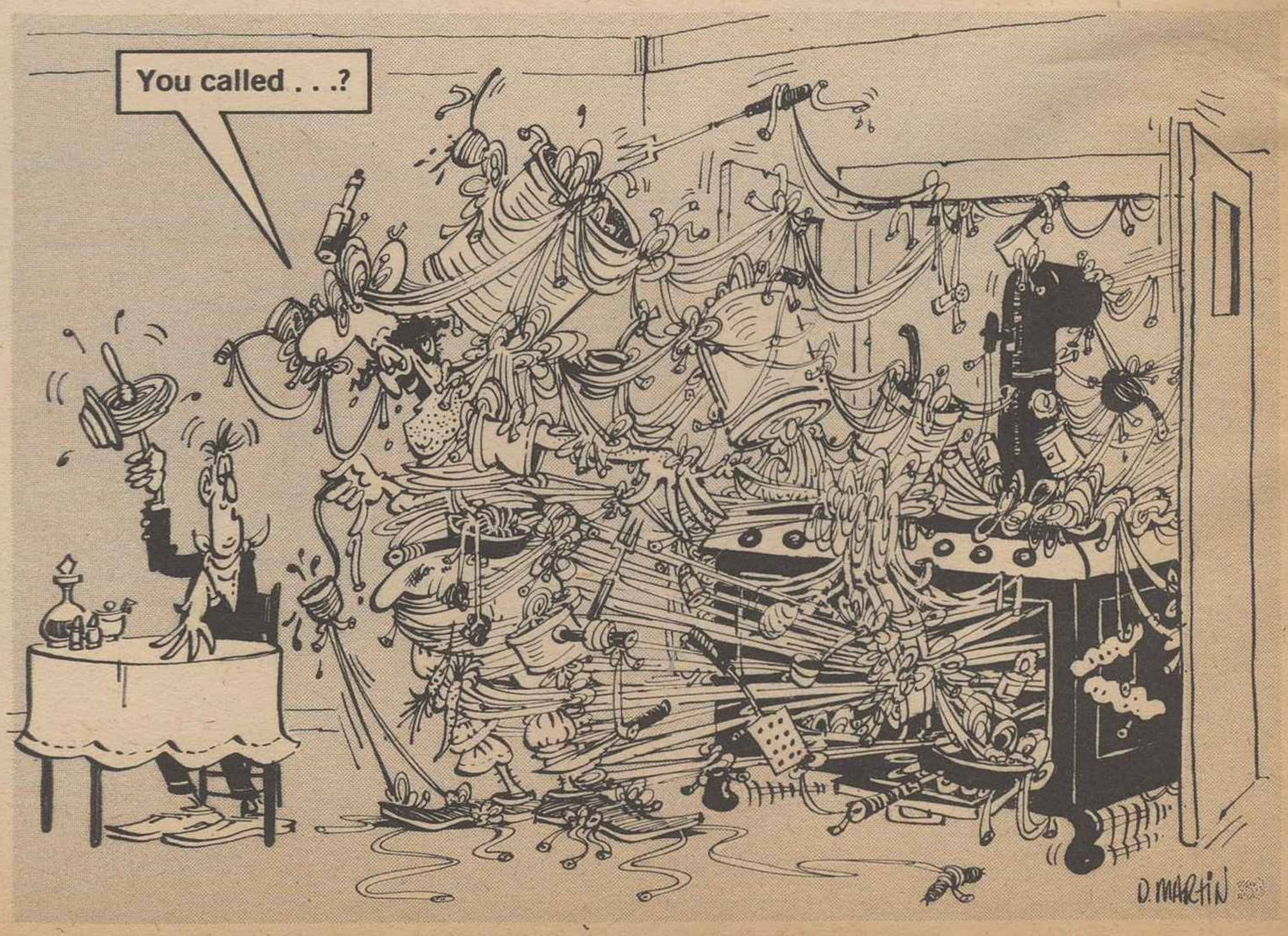
Clarke

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

IN AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT







WHAT GIFT WILL MANY HOLIDAY PARTY REVELERS PICK UP ON THE DRIVE HOME?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

The Holiday Season brings gay rounds of partying and good fellowship. And it also brings a special problem: that "Surprise Gift" many party revelers usually pick up on the drive home. To find out what this last-minute gift is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

AFTER THE TYPICAL, WILD OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY, REVELERS HEADING FOR CARS FILL THE AIR OF WINTER WITH CAREFREE LAUGHTER AND JOYOUS SONGS

A ▸ ◂ B

WHAT GIFT WILL MANY HOLIDAY PARTY REVELERS PICK UP ON THE DRIVE HOME?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◗◖ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A PAIR OF WINGS

A ◗◖ B

A MAD NATIONAL MONUMENT WE'D LIKE TO SEE

"THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SMOKER"

HUMOR

AMAZING

ADVENTURE

THE NOSTALGIC MAD

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

No. 1
OCT.-NOV.

LN

10¢

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

10¢ FREE

THAT THING! THAT SLITHERING BLOB COMING TOWARD US!

WHAT IS IT?

IT'S MELVIN!

BROADCAST THRU YOUR RADIO

Broadcast your voice on programs coming through your radio set — make announcements from any part of the home — inject wise cracks — sing or mystify friends — in other words, make a big pest out of yourself. Just think how you can drive your family nuts. You can make believe war is declared n'everything when they turn the news on. Picture the expression on Mom's face when you imitate an announcer and you announce that you fell off the roof.

'Mike' $1.50

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU . . .

MAD

Humor In A Jugular Vein

No. 21 MAR. 10¢

Look At These Things You Get. Wow!

34 pages	4 colors
4 stories	7 advertisements
1 letter page	2 staples

Here's a magazine you'll want to get. Just think; "calculated to drive you mad". You can be the leading idiot in your neighborhood if you aren't already. Order today.

BIG BULL WHIP

Train animals, people, etc. Do tricks. Experts knock ashes off end of cigaret. You can knock tip off end of nose, gun out of hand, yank people off feet, etc. You never can tell when you'll be walking along the street with your bull whip and you'll have to knock a gun out of someone's hand or yank him off his feet. Imagine your friends' surprise as you yank them off their feet. Wow! **10c**

"ELECTRIC" SHOCKER

Famous "Joy Buzzer" gives real SHOCK! Worn like ring concealed in palm. Gives 'em violent SHOCK when you shake hands. Put in bed, on chair. Tickles like a mouse, shocks like electricity. Comes with 2 wet-cell batteries and sling to strap batteries on back. Can deliver a shock to render the strongest man insensible. With additional batteries, can even throw a lightning bolt. Greatest joke ever **50c**

MUSCLE BUILDER

Build hand, wrist and arm muscles fast. In just a matter of weeks, you'll be able to crush your friends hands to jellied pulp. Picture the expression on your friends' faces. Wow!

Set of 2 with exercise charts... $1.25

Sorry—No C.O.D. at Our Cash Prices

Entertaining Comics Emblems

Get these Entertaining Comics Emblems. Very useful, especially if you are a rival publisher and you want to imitate our magazine. All three emblems can be purchased together. As a matter of fact, when you purchse these three emblems, you get a free comic-book attached. E.C. emblem meaning Entertaining Comics, L.N. emblem meaning Leader News and I.D. emblem meaning Independent Dealers; only ..... **10¢**

POWERFUL MARKSMAN AIR PISTOL

Wow! So powerful that post office has ruled it UNMAILABLE and must be shipped to you EXPRESS! You know what that means, don't you kids? This little baby can really do damage. Shoots BB's, pellets and darts (both poison tipped and regular), and various and sundry projectiles. And on top of that it looks exactly like the .45 cal. Colt Army automatic. As a matter of fact . . . it IS the .45 cal. Colt Army automatic.

$5.95

BB's, 25c; Pellets, 25c; Darts, 25c; curare, 25c

GUN NOT MAILABLE. Shipped by express, you pay shipping charges on delivery. Estimated charges vary from $1.50 to $1.95, depending on distance from Detroit.

STAND OF GRAPE SHOT

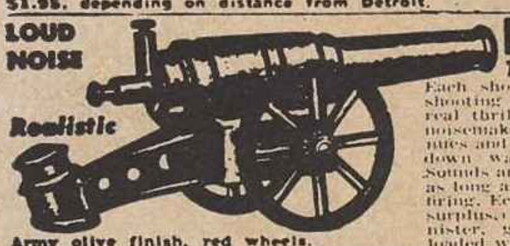
Here's a very useful item: a stand of grape shot all ready to load into your Big Bang Cannon. Loaded with 18 solid balls, each 4" in diameter, this baby can do terrible work in a crowd. Won't your friends be surprised as you cut a bloody swath through the gang..... **$1.98**

LIVE CROCODILE SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES WOW!

Get one of these wonderful animals. Study its habits. Learn to keep out of its way. This seven foot animal will provide hours of entertaining and educational fun. Also great fun in a swimming pool. Imagine the surprised expressions on the faces of your friends as they are suddenly pulled under the surface. Great fun!..... **75c**

LOUD NOISE Big Bang Cannons

Terrific Blast! Brilliant Flash!



Army olive finish, red wheels.

Each shot is loud cannon roar with bright flash shooting out of cannon's mouth. Echoes for blocks; real thrill day or night. Used for starting races, noisemaker, celebrations, commanding streets, avenues and approaches; also can be used for knocking down walls, all kinds of demolition purposes. Sounds and looks like a real cannon, only harmless; as long as you don't stand in front of muzzle when firing. Economical to use. Uses old Civil War army surplus. Send for price list on solid shot, canister, grape-shot, etc. Can also be effectively loaded with scrap.

17-inch Field Gun. With automatic charger—rapid firing. Big, handsome gun. $5.50 Extremely destructive.....

25-in. Mammoth Big Bertha Cannon. Tilting body—aim & fire. Terrific shooter. $8.50 A real Blockbuster.....

Cannon ammunition not included; order plenty; can be ordered singly or in carload lots. When ordering please specify amount, whether you just want a single cannon ball or more.

BULLETS

Carton of Bullets, all types as illustrated above without the cartridge cases. Notice the different types we are offering here: the conventional conical bullet, the blunt lead bullet that flattens on impact, the explosive bullet that carries a powder charge, the shrapnel bullet that also explodes into uniform fragments, and finally a barbed bullet that really does a job as it rips its way through. Wow! Only.. **50c**

Walkie-Talkie Phone Set

2-way electronic phones, talk between any two places up to ½ mile apart. Self generating electro-magnetic design; needs NO BATTERIES, NO ELECTRICITY, runs on the same goombah that there New Movie Machine uses. Just remember when you talk from ½ a mile apart, yell at the top of your lungs. **98**

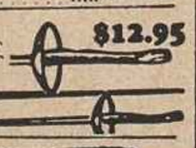
Powerful Midget Motor

For models. Lift 50 lb. weight (using gear box), yet weighs 1½ oz., Hundreds of practical uses like forinstance . . . ah . . . er . . humm. Remember, lifts 50 lb. weight using that old gear-box! ONLY **$1.98**

Variable Speed Metal Gear Box & Motor

Here's the gear-box we mentioned, and this is for you who already bought the Midget Motor. Sucker! The motor lifts 50 lb. with the gear-box, but it don't lift nuthin' without it. So now you gotta buy gear box. **$3.98**

Professional Tournament Set $12.95



Here's a set you'll like to own. One foil is six inches longer than the other; however is unnoticeable. It's touche for you every time with this set. Picture the expression on your friends' faces as the tempered, resilient steel plunges home. SET OF 2. Only **$12.95**

Fencing Set

$2.50 Same Strategy as Boxing! Learn to Think & Act Quickly! It's Fun to Fence & Fight With Swords! Thrilling Sport!

Set of 2 steel foils equipped with blunt tips that can be easily removed when you want to get down to business. Note curare advertised with AIR PISTOL can also be used here..... **$2.50**

NEW JET ENGINE BURNS GASOLINE!

For boats, cars and plane models. Just think. Now you can attach this jet engine to your car and take off down the road at 600 miles per hour. Won't your friends be surprised when as they see you tearing by, you suddenly break through the sound barrier. COMPLETE..... **$3.00**

100-Power CROSSBOW WOW!

Here's something that the gang will envy; a genuine, real firing cross-bow that comes with a goat's foot lever for drawing back the bow string. This interesting little instrument of death packs a mighty wallop for its size. Can penetrate a 2" pine board better than a bullet can. You can get cross-bow bolts in a number of styles. We have them smooth; then there's the barb-tipped bolt; and then we have the bleeder type with sharp knife edges. Needless to say, this device too can be used together with the curare to achieve dramatic results. Lots of fun for target practice or for hunting and fishing and just plain killing in general. You can keep using the same ammunition over and over again. Complete kit: Crossbow, Goat's foot lever, and complete set of Crossbow bolts. Only..... **$1.00**

7-POWER TELESCOPE $1.98

Magnifies 50 areas, whatever that means. More power for less money. Now you can look at the moon close up. Now you can see the wonders of the heavens; distant planets and stars. But mainly, now you can see into that window that you've been straining your beady little eyes on for so long. Quality ground lenses melted from the best sand out of the finest quality ground you ever saw. Pocket size, 15½ inches open; 3/16 of an inch closed. Wow!..... **$1.98**

NEW MOVIE MACHINE

SEE MOVIES! Enjoy movies anywhere. No electricity, no batteries, no bulb, no dark room needed. How then do you enjoy movies anywhere, you ask? Why just buy a ticket and walk right in. There ought to be a movie house near you somewhere. With plastic trim and bakelite finish..... **$1.95**

Shorts, Assorted Subjects. Each 10c; 3 different 25c.

65 PIECE MILITARY SET

Play Army-Navy-Air war games. Study military strategy. Practice dropping atomic bombs, etc. 65 pieces including SOLDIERS, PLANES, TANKS, GUNS, SHIPS and a HAND-GRENADE so's you can blow up the whole furshlugginer mess. Price of whole furshlugginer mess, wow..... **98c**

Be good looking. Vacutex removes blackheads in seconds. You will note in illustration how Vacutex resembles ordinary lead pencil. Vacutex IS ordinary lead pencil merely with a colored lead which colors greenheads over blackheads. You can be sure you will be the center of attention of both boys and girls in your crowd when you start using Vacutex. Wow! **$1.00**

Powerful Alnico Magnet

New Alnico alloy develops amazing power. Used in motors and electric generators for experiments, tricks, stunts, lifting valuables under water . . . never can tell when you might want to lift some li'l ol' valuable under water. **$1.50**

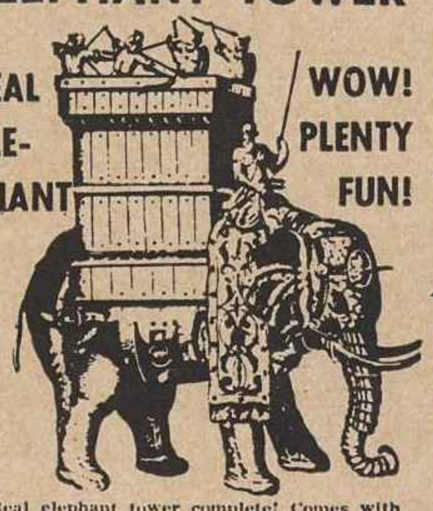
2 Passenger Midget Racer Plans — Real Car

Midget road car

Excellent runabout. Easy to build for about $35. Goes 50 mph; gets 40 m.p. gallon. Uses motorcycle or outboard motor, old auto parts. Fun building. Fun driving. Only hitch is, you have to pedal. Complete Plans. Merely..... **$2.00**

ELEPHANT TOWER

REAL ELEPHANT — WOW! PLENTY FUN!



Real elephant tower complete! Comes with accessories and everything. We are only able to make this sensational offer because of the stock of war surplus material that we still have on hand from the Greco-Roman wars. Here's what you get: A 20 foot tower with fittings to securely fasten to medium sized bull elephant, metal elephant armor with a big spike sticking out of the forehead. A platform at the top of the tower enables you to use your AIR PISTOL, your CROSSBOW, and your BIG BANG CANNON with surprising effectiveness. Sorry, no elephant! **$1.95**

Elephant: comes in choice of colors, grey and pink **$3.99**

SCORPION

Throws a scare into 'em every time. Place this little nifty on a book, a table, on the couch in front of the television set. Picture your friends' surprise as they find a real live Scorpion crawling on their collar. And do they jump when they get stung. Wow! Takes very little to take care of these creatures. **$2.50**

6-SHOT AUTOMATIC BLANK GUN

Scare burglars, loud noise-maker, starting gun, stage gun, etc. Looks like .25 cal. automatic. Need we say more? Small enough to be baked into a cake and shipped to any prison. Much more effective than a saw or file. A very small investment to get your hubby out of the pen. **$8.95**

Cartridges, Per 100..... **$1.00**

SHELL

Giant blockbuster artillery shell. This can also be used in the Big Bang cannon. Digs a crater approximately 75 ft. deep. No home should be without this handy little item. For extra fun order a delayed fuse type. This type will blow up days or even weeks after it has been fired **$3.98**

GIANT 4-FT. BALLOONS

12 ft. around, 4 ft. in diameter. Wow! You can fill this one up with gas and take off. Won't you be the envy of your neighborhood as you go sailing up out of sight. Double Wow... **59c**

EXPLODING TORPEDO BOMBS

Real explosion

Shoot off indoors or outdoors. At parties, dances, celebrations, SCARE PEOPLE! Can't you visualize the effect of one of these babies exploding in a crowded room. Imagine the surprised expression on the faces of your friends as they stampede for the exits, trampling each other to death. Wow Wow! You'll be the leading juvenile delinquent in your neighborhood. Each shot contains a sizeable amount of gunpowder and digs a crater approximately 4 ft. deep. **$1.00**

Repeating BB Slingshot

150 SHOT. Magazine load slingshot. Designed for accuracy and power. Hard hitting. Do not take this little wolloper too lightly. Remember, it's silent! Yet it achieves the same effect as a noisy old pistol. Strike quietly. .. **98c**

REAL MIDGET GUN $1.95

Shoots Blanks — Only 1¾" Long

Precision working model of real gun.

Western Style open to Duel Style

Loud as 22 cal. blank (louder than cap gun). Easily concealed. Doesn't make a bulge under your coat like those big old pistols. You can walk around with this midget gun ANYWHERE! Banks, the U.S. Mint: ANYWHERE! Comes in three styles. DUELLING STYLE, yours **$1.95**

WESTERN STYLE, soft metal on top so's you can cut notches..... **$2.45**

DUELLING STYLE, his. Matches the other duelling style one, only this one has a scaled muzzle and doesn't fire. You'll win your duels every time! Imagine his surprise when while he's duelling you, his pistol backfires in his face. Hours of entertainment here! Gun uses blank cartridges but, HAW, it shouldn't be too hard to find the real thing. Cartridges not mailable. Must go by express. Pay express charge when package is delivered. Or better still, by opening package while expressman is still there, you can make HIM pay YOU..... **25c**

LIVE CROCODILE SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES WOW!

Get one of these wonderful animals. Study its habits. Learn to keep out of its way. This seven foot animal will provide hours of entertaining and educational fun. Also great fun in a swimming pool. Imagine the surprised expressions on the faces of your friends as they are suddenly pulled under the surface. Great fun!..... **75c**

$1.25 MIDGET CAMERA

Uses Color Black & White Film

"Secret" Pictures—Vest Pocket Camera

Midget camera takes secret pictures, and you never can tell when you'll want to take some secret pictures. Perfect for anybody who wants to become a spy. Can take good pictures of secret plans, blueprints, etc., suitable for enlarging. You can actually conceal this camera in the palm of your hand or in the end of your nose. WITH FLASH ATTACHMENT **$1.25**

Amazing Midget Wrist Radio!

Enjoy music, sports programs with your own private portable Wrist Radio. Use indoors or outdoors. Worn like a wrist watch yet receives regular radio stations. NO BATTERIES! NO ELECTRICAL PLUG INS! NO RADIO! NO NOTHING! Actually this is a cheap old surplus earphone. All you need to use it outdoors is a few thousand feet of cable to plug into your radio at home. We caution you to use special care not to run the cable over any trolley tracks and like that. You'll be the center of attention as you walk around town all day with your wrist pressed to your ear. **Complete. $2.98**

ADULT LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS—"COME TO LIFE" WHEN WORN

Moulded of thin latex rubber, finished to appear amazingly realistic. MASK REFLECTS YOUR FACIAL EXPRESSIONS—COMES TO LIFE—EAT, DRINK, SMOKE and TALK WITH THEM ON. Now you can have a fresh start in life and begin all over again under a new identity. Wow!

Mad Monster $1.29 — Devil $1.29 — Idiot $1.29 — Blond Beauty $1.29 — Comic $1.00 — $1.00

Are you bald as an egg, or do you maybe have a hole in your head? Soft natural-looking wigs, even from close up. Made from the finest rat's fur and polecat tail hairs. At these prices, what do you want, mink? Wow!

Handsome Man's Wig Choice of Blonde or Brunette. ONLY..... **$2.50**

Blonde or Brunette....

Page Boy (Left) Choice of Blonde or Brunette.. **$2.95**

Beautiful Curls (Right) Choice of **$2.50**

PIKES AND HALBERDS

No home is complete without one of these. You know those uncomfortable situations where his reach is longer than yours and you can't get at him. Well, this is the item you'll want to have. You can do all the damage you want to that bully and he won't get within 7 ft. of you. Notice we are offering pikes and halberds for sticking, hacking, slashing and chopping. Please indicate the type that you want, with your order. Stand 7 ft. aways as you watch the surprised expressions on the faces of your friends. Swell for poking fun at people. **$1.50**

30-INCH COLLEGE & COMIC PRISON PENNANTS

ALCATRAZ

Full size pennants. We guarantee that all of these pennants have been felt. COLLEGES: Aachen Tech., Aconibamba U., Akonolinga State, Altamahaw U., Anahuac Tech., Azerbaidzan U., Babushkin U., Berhampore Tech., Bijapur U., Byhalalia U., Caernarvon U., Cizizek U., Dedougou State, Dunfermline U. Evak Tech., Uwajima U., Zvenigorodka U. COMIC JAIL PENNANTS too: Atlanta, Joliet, Leavenworth, etc. Just think how happy your friends in Atlanta, Joliet, Leavenworth etc. will be to receive these comic pennants. Show off where YOU were and hang them in your room. Make attractive cell decorations. Wow!..... **45c**

AEOLIPILE

What house is complete without a genuine, operating aeolipile. If you haven't gotten an aeolipile by now, send for one right away. After you've received and used it, you will say, "How did I ever get along for such a long time without an aeolipile." Aeolipiles can be shared by the whole family. Be one of the crowd. Show them that you too have an aeolipile. Imagine the surprise on the faces of your friends when in the middle of nowhere, you whip out your brand-new aeolipile. Wow. The girls will really admire you when they hear that you have an aeolipile. **$14.95**

LOUD "WOLF CALL" AUTO HORN

Sounds like wolf or yelping-dog. Loud and funny! Heard for blocks! By George; see a pretty girl as far as 3 blocks away and you can give her a blast on your "wolfcall" horn. The females really go for this. We guarantee you will attract every female wolf on the block with this **$3.98**

Surprise Package $1.00

A Bargain & Thrill

Columbus took a chance—why not you? Made up to get rid of surplus items, samples and close-outs we get from all over world. Be a sport, get a real thrill as you open our package and find absolutely nothing inside. **$1.00**

GATLING GUN

Magazine Load

Here's a rapid fire gun you'll want to have. Fires BBs, darts or 30 cal. bullets. Crank operated and it'll come in very handy if you are a crank. This gun especially useful in case you happen to be going to India up around that Rudyard Kipling neighborhood and that Gunga Din territory. Good for shooting bloody 'eathans. Just imagine your friends' surprise as you rouse the outpost with this. **$1.50**

JOKE POP-UP TIE

Greatest Comedy gag of the century! Imagine your surprise when this thing, specially weighted, pops up and slams you in the head. Wow! **$1.00**

MAGIC DECK OF SURE WIN CARDS

Looks entirely normal even on close examination, but does amazing tricks without practice. Secret: differs from standard deck in 2 ways—(1) backs have secret code marks—read face values from back; (2) "strippers"—deck cut so cards are tapered—one end slightly narrower. Desired card located in middle of deck by feel. Mechanical operation: no practice. You can be the best cheat in your neighborhood. This, plus our "Sure Win" dice guaranteed to make you a bum **$1.50**

LUMINOUS PAINT

Shines in the dark! How would you like to shine in the dark. Throw those old electric light bulbs away. Read by the light of yourself **$1.00**

THROWING DAGGER KNIFE

Properly shaped and balanced for throwing. Hunt small game and small friends. Penetrating point tool steel. Hard hitting, easy to throw. Need we say more. Fits comfortably inside the sleeve or collar behind the neck. **$1.50**

COMPRESSED AIR TORPEDO WOW!

10 foot copper and gun metal torpedo with war-head, air chamber, engine propellers and rudder. Can attain a speed of 20 miles per hour, and carries enough explosives to wreck any battleship. Sails under water propelled by its own compressed air. Be the first in your neighborhood to get one of these. Can be sailed in the bathtub or in the gutter or any convenient rain-puddle you may find around the house. You can have hours of fun in a swimming-pool or if you are lucky enough to have a battleship floating around somewhere, wow! Of course, this torpedo will work just as well on any ship. If you're at summer camp and you don't like the counsellor, wait till he gets out on the lake in the canoe. They won't even be able to pick him up with a sieve. This torpedo can be obtained in an assortment of colors and war-heads. Please specify whether you want the torpedo with a homing device that tracks the target by itself or whether you want the plain old-fashioned type of torpedo that leaves a horrible white wake behind as it runs at the target. **$1.00**

Thick Lensed Eyeglasses

Heavy duty eyeglasses specially made for readers of our advertisements. You will notice by now, that your eyesight has gone quite bad from reading our small type. Save what's left with these heavy duty glasses. Wow! **$1.98**

SEND 10c for CATALOG of 3000 NOVELTIES

Contains thousands of novelties, tricks, jokes, puzzles, live animals, planes, boats, gadgets, knives, guns, cannons, ammunition, explosives, aardvarks, abaxials, abecedarians, ablatives, abluents, abreactions, abscissas, absorbefacients, acclephs, acanthaceouses, acanthocephalans, acanthopterygians, accappellas, acariasises, acarpelouses, acatelectics, acciaccaturas, accipitrines, acclivitouses, accpheloused, acerates, acerbates, acervates, acescents, acetanilides, bouncing potrzebies and like that.

"SURE WIN" DICE

WIN ALL! for magic trick or fun. Matched set of fair dice and "sure win" dice. Both pairs look alike, and anyone who wants a pair is a dirty, no-good bum thief **$1.00**

MAIL YOUR ORDERS TO SMITHSON JOHN & CO., Dept. 98, Wow, Michugan **ADD 10c ON ALL ORDERS UNDER $1.00**

HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET! KA-PWEENG! MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! ... CHUGACHUGACHUGA CHUG! ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND!... BOINNGSWOOOSH!... LOOK!... UP IN THE SKY!... IT'S A BIRD!... IT'S A PLANE!... IT'S...

SUPERDUPERMAN!

WHEN BETTER DRAWRINGS ARE DRAWRN...

THEY'LL BE DRAWRN BY

wood.

HE'S REAL GONE

ADVERTISEMENT

POST NO BILLS

MAD IS CRAZY, MAN!

DRINK EAT SUPER SOAP SMOKE SUPER CHEW SUPERS

E.C. FOR ME, SEE?

SUPER...

SUPER CRUNCHIES

MAD

NEW SUPER SOAP

GOOD HOUSEBREAKING

OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING NEWSPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!

DAILY DIRT

HIGH SUPER GOOKUM

SUPER SUSPENDERS

AN INCREDIBLY MISERABLE AND EMACIATED LOOKING FIGURE SHUFFLES FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON!

KOF!

POST NO BILLS

FOR THIS IS THE ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY... CLARK BENT, WHO IS IN REALITY, *SUPERDUPERMAN!*

DO IT NOW!

POST NO BILLS

KOFF

KOF

KOF

KOF

THINK!

PROCRAS IS THE T OF TIM

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD

AN ME PAR FOR AME

DON'T SPIT

NO SMOKI

MAN BITES

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LITTLE DO THOSE LADIES IN THE POWDER ROOM ACROSS THE HALL KNOW THAT I AM IN REALITY SUPERDUPERMAN, FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET... *KAPWEENG*... WITH LI'L OL' X-RAY VISION!

ASSISTANT COPY BOY!

O-C

SUPER CHLORAPHYL

LUDEST BANK PIGLET

COMING, SIR! ON THE DOUBLE, SIR! CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY, ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR!

KOF

KOF

KOF

LULU LOVE DEPT.

NO NEWS IS NOT GOOD NEWS

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT

DON SPI

SUPER IS A SU

BLAST IT ALL, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO SALUTE WITH YOUR **RIGHT HAND!**

FLIK

SODDY, YOU MISERABLE OL' WRETCH! LOST MY TEMPER! COPY BOY WORK DOES THINGS TO A MAN!... **COME** ON! **SNAP** TO! **COME** ON, BOY!

JOHN J. MUNSELMEYER

KOF

KOF

SMEK SMEK SMEK

KOF

I'LL TELL YOU WHY I CALLED YOU, OLD MAN! IT'S PAYROLL TIME! HERE ARE YOUR WEEK'S WAGES! SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, AND A GOOD BUS TOKEN! SPEND IT WISELY! ... **DISMISSED!**

KOF

KOF

KOF

KOF

KOF GASP KOFF!

SEVENTY-FIVE WHOLE CENTS! AT LAST! AFTER SCRIMPING AND SAVING MY EARNINGS FOR 10 YEARS, I NOW HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS ...ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT ON THAT PEARL NECKLACE FOR LOIS PAIN, GIRL REPORTER!

IMPARTIAL EDITORIAL DEPT.

HELP WANTED

KOF

KOF

KOF

KOF

WELL... HERE I AM WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE! LOIS SAYS I'M A CREEP! HAH, BOY! IF SHE KNEW MY **REAL** IDENTITY, BOY, SHE WOULDN'T CALL ME A CREEP!... OOP! THERE'S LOIS AT A BIG MEETING WITH THE MANAGING EDITOR!

KOF

KOF

KOF

EDITOR

KNOCK!

BILL LOVED E.C.

HARVEY LOVES HARVEY

LISTEN, GANG! A BIG STORY IS ABOUT TO BREAK! THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS BEEN TERRORIZING COSMOPOLIS FOR MONTHS, AND THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS! THIS MORNING THE D.A. GOT A LETTER FROM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!

W. TWITCHELL

TRASH

KNEEL!

THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS ANNOUNCED WHEN AND WHERE HE WILL STRIKE! THIS STORY IS *HOT*, BOY... *HOT... HOT!* *I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE, GANG! I WANT YOU TO FIGHT, I WANT YOU TO DIE, FOR GOOD OL' DAILY DIRT, GANG! NOW GET THAT STORY, GANG!*

PSST! LOIS!

WHATAYA WANT, YOU INCREDIBLY WRETCHED OL' CREEP!

PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T CHASE ME, PLEASE! I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU! PLEASE!

PLEASE... HUH? Please...

YAWN! ANOTHER PEARL NECKLACE! WAD DIT SET YOU BACK, CREEP?

PLEASE! PLEASE! I SPENT MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! PLEASE!

THANKS, CREEP! NOW GO AWAY, BOY! YOU BOTHER ME!

PLEASE! CAN I STAND HERE AND SMELL YOUR PERFUME FOR A MINUTE? PLEASE! PLEASE!

TWO SNIFFS IS ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT THE WAY, BOY! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET A STORY ON THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' FOR GOOD OL' 'DAILY DIRT'!

PLEASE! PLEASE!

SPENCER THE CENSOR

PAF!

HEAR SUPER SNOOPER WXYZ SPONSORED BY SUPER DUPER MUTUAL OF SUPERIOR

...CREEP!

KOF

SOB!

KOF

3

HA, BOY! SHE SHOULD ONLY KNOW I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! CHUGA-CHUGACHUG!... HAH!

KOF KOF KOF KOF

THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER', EH! THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPER-DUPERMAN!... I'LL JUST GO INTO THIS PHONE BOOTH...

...AND CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME...

EEK!

TELEPHONE

DRAT! FOOL PHONE BOOTH IS OCCUPIED! THIS ASSISTANT COPY BOY ROUTINE IS KILLING MY OL' X-RAY VISION!

EEEEE

OOO

EEEEE

HERE'S ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH! NOW, I'LL JUST TAKE OFF MY SHIRT... SWEATER... UNDERSHIRT... KNICKERS... T-SHIRT... VEST... SWIM TRUNKS... BRUSH MY TEETH ... WASH MY FEET... AND STAND REVEALED AS...

SUPERDUPERMAN!

BOINK! BOINK! BDOINK!

NOW... TO THE WINDOW... ON TO THE SILL... UP ...UP AND AWAAAAAAA

CRUNCH

CRASH!

CRUNCH

O.K., GANG! THERE'S THE SAFE THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' SAID HE'S GOING TO ROB IN JUST ***FIVE MINUTES!*** I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY HERE AND GET THIS STORY WHILE I GO BACK AND WATCH THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!

LOOK! UP THERE IN THE SKY!

IT'S A BIRD!

IT'S A PLANE!

IT'S A BIRD!

RELAX, BOYS! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! SUPERDUPERMAN IS HYAR! YOU CAN ALL GO HOME NOW! YOU, TOO, LOIS ***HAH*** PAIN!

HEY! YOU! BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME, BOY? YOU CAN GO HOME! AMSCRAY! AGITATE THE GRAVEL! HIT THE ROAD! STRIKE THE PAVEMENT!... GET IT?

SHAZOOM!

SHAZOOM? VAS IST DAS SHAZOOM?

STRENGTH
HEALTH
APTITUDE
ZEAL
OX, POWER OF
OX, POWER OF ANOTHER
MONEY!

ZIP!

PFUI!

ZZUT!

SNAP CRACKLE

POP!

WHAT HAPPENED TO BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER?

HE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY ME, ***CAPTAIN MARBLES!*** I AM THE ***'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!***

YOU? CAPTAIN MARBLES? HAVE TURNED RENEGADE? TAKE ***THAT!***

KLANK!

PASTAFAZOOLA! I GAVE HIM A BLOW HARD ENOUGH TO SLAY A THOUSAND ELEPHANTS!

HO-HUM! DID YOU FEEL A BREEZE JUST THEN?... JUST REMEMBER, SUPER-DUPE OLD MAN, ***I*** AM AS INVINCIBLE AS ***THOU!***

WELL! LIVE AND LET LIVE, I ALWAYS SAY!... JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME, OL' MAN! ♪ LA-TE-TYA! ♪

LISTEN, SUPERDUPE'! COME ON OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE!

LAA-TE-TEE ♪ I THINK I'LL LIFT THIS SAFE UP HERE... GOT TO KEEP IN SHAPE... ♪ LA DEEYOO ♪

TAKE A TIP FROM ME! I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE, KNOCKING MYSELF OUT TO FIGHT CRIME!

♪ LEELOO! JUST STAND RIGHT THERE... HUMM HUMM ♪ MY BUDDY ♪ MY BUDDY ♪...

HAH!

ONE DAY WHILE I WAS PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN...

BASH!

...PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN TO CAPTURE A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES! SUDDENLY IT HIT ME! WHY AM I PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN?

I GOT *TALENT!* NOT *EVERYONE* CAN PUNCH THEIR WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN! ESPECIALLY WITH THEIR *HEAD!*

♪ JUST KEEP STANDING RIGHT THERE... NO BUDDY QUITE SO TRO-O-O-O... ♪ ♪

...SO WHAT WAS I DOING PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN? DO I GET PAY?... TIME AND A HALF FOR OVER-TIME?... WHAT ABOUT EXPENSES FOR UNIFORMS... CLEANING AND PRESSING!... WHAT ABOUT BAND-AIDS?

VLA DA BALOWM!

...TO SAY NOTHING OF TAKING PEOPLE OUT TO LUNCHES! TO HECK WITH THIS CAPTAIN MARBLES GIMMICK! THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS THE GOOD OL' DO, RE, MI... LETTUCE... KALE... SHEKELS... GET IT? *CASH!*

IRON SINKS

MARBLES! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MARBLES! ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY FIGHTING! LET'S HAVE THIS OUT THE CLEAN AMERICAN WAY! **FISTICUFFS! AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT!**

CMON

MFF! HMF!

PUDDEM UP

CMON

HAVE AT YA

CMON LES FIGHT

MFF MFF!

CMON

BOUND BOUND

DUCK! WEAVE! PARRY! THRUST! **HAH! GOOD TRY, OLD FELLOW!**

KRUMF

FRAGILE

CURB YOUR

NOW, AN IMMELMAN TURN AND A LUF-BERRY CIRCLE...

...OOHOO, MARBLES! OVER HERE!

ZIP

KA-PWEENGGG

GOOD TRY, OLD MAN!

BOOM

ZIP

...NOW A WALTZ ...A MOMBO AND A HULA...

...OOHOO, MARBLES!

GOOD SHOT, OLD CHAP!

BA-ROOMPF!

THINK!

CAPTAIN MARBLES HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THE ONLY FORCE AS STRONG AS HE... **HE!**

HEE HEE HEE! WHEN HE SAID HE WAS KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!

SUPERDUPER-MAN WINS AGAIN! **KAPWEENG!**

PRE SHRUNK

HOKAY, BOYS! THAT CARBON STEEL BLOCK WE'VE CAST CAPTAIN MARBLES IN OUGHT TO HOLD 'IM! NOW GET OUT THE WAY 'CAUSE I THINK I MIGHT LEAP A TALL BUILDING AT A SINGLE BOUND!

AND AS FOR YOU, **HAH,** LOIS. PAIN; GIRL REPORTER... I JUST SO HAPPENS **MY** TRUE IDENTITY IS **CLARK BENT...** MAN ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY! WHATA BURNER ON YOU, HUH?

HAH! AND I SUPPOSEN'T NOW YOU'D GIVE YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR FOR ME TO SNIFF YOUR PERFUME I SUPPOSEN'T!

WHERE'ZAT OL' BOTTOM DOLLAR?

HANDS OFF!

SO YOU'RE SUPER-DUPERMAN INSTEAD OF CLARK BENT! ... BIG DEAL!

YER **STILL** A CREEP!

UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE 'DAILY DIRT'... GOING FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON...

...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE LOOKING CREEP... CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY...

WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES ***ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP!***

JUNGLE DEPT.: HERE IS AFRICA... ITS TANGLED BANYAN TREES AND ITS CREEPING GOOMBAH VINES! BUT HARK... SOMETHING IS MISSING! WHERE IS THE ROAR OF N'GANI, THE LION? WHERE IS THE SHRIEK OF N'GAWA, THE CHEETAH? THE JUNGLE IS STRANGELY SILENT... BUT FOR THE CLUMSY CRASHING THROUGH THE TREETOPS OF...

MELVIN OF THE APES!

by EGAD (LONG GREEN) RICE BURROWS

HEY, JANE! LOOKA DIS! ME JUMP TO NEXT VINE... USE ONLY ONE HAND! WATCH!

MELVIN SEVERIN

WOOPS!

LIFE SAVER

HUGGA BUGGA!

HO! ME OUTTA PRACTICE! ME BETTER GET WORKOUT IN GYM!

HEY! MELVIN! WHAT THAT?... UH-OH! IS **OOKABOLLA-KONGA ON WARPATH** AGAIN... ATTACKING HUNTER AND SAFARI! **WE GOTTA HELPUM!**

ZOO

HEY, YOU OOKABOLLAKONGAS! LISTEN! MELVIN, LORD OF JUNGLE IS HERE! LISTEN! ME WANNA TELL YOU SUMPTING! LISTEN...

Mother come home- We found your latest issue of MAD!

BOO!

WHEW! FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT THEY HAD ME!... MY NAME IS SIR WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE OF THE LONDON GREYSTROKES!... THIS IS A BIT OF LUCK!

YEARS AGO, ONE OF OUR KIN WAS LOST AS A LITTLE BOY IN THE JUNGLE! IT IS RUMORED HE WAS BROUGHT UP BY AN APE AND IS STILL LIVING! I HAVE COME TO FIND HIM! I WILL KNOW HIM BY A MOLE HE HAS, SHAPED LIKE THE GREYSTROKE CREST! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WERE BROUGHT UP BY AN APE!... STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE, PLEASE!

HUZZAH! CHEERS! A MOLE SHAPED LIKE THE ROYAL GREY-STROKE CREST!... YOU, MELVIN OF THE APES, ARE LONG LOST GREYSTROKE!... THROW A COUPLE OF LEOPARD SKINS INTO YOUR SUITCASE, KID!

...WE LEAVE FOR LONDON AT ONCE!

SNAP!

NO! ME NO LEAVE! IS TRUE, IN JUNGLE, IS UNCIVILIZED AND WILD! ONLY LAW IS LAW OF N'GOWA THE LION, N'GANDA, THE BULL APE... BUT IN CIVILIZATION IS WICKED WHITE MAN WITH LUST FOR GOLD AND POWER!... NO! ME NO LEAVE JUNGLE!

BUT, MELVIN! IF YOU COME WITH ME, YOU CAN HAVE THIS CADILLAC AND A RANCH-STYLE HOLLYWOOD TYPE HOUSE!

MELVIN! ... MELVIN OF THE APES! COME BACK!

...IS NO USE! HE HAS LEFT US FOR CIVILIZATION!... BUT HE WILL BE BACK! THE JUNGLE... THE LAW OF N'GAMBO...IS IN HIS BLOOD!...HE...WILL... BE...(SNIFF)... BACK...

LONDON

TOOT! TOOT!

H.M.S. AFRICAN

HOOP KOOOOP

PIP! PIP! THE BOAT IS IN!

EE-GAD! IT WOULD HAVE TO COME JUST AT TEA TIME!

SLIANTE GAEL!

BY JOVE! THERE'S SIR WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE!

HULLY CHEE! I WONDER WHAT HE BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM?

WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE, OLD MAN! GOOD TO SEE YOU! YOU'RE LOOKING TANNED AND FIT!

DASH IT, GRANDFATHER BLACKBLUE GREYSTROKE! YOU'RE LOOKING AT ONE OF MY TROPHIES!

...AND NOW I'VE GOT A SURPRISE! I'VE FINALLY FOUND... IN THE JUNGLE... LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!

LINE

LORD GREYSTROKE! I WANT YOU TO SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR COUSINS! COUSIN BROWN GREYSTROKE! COUSIN VERIDIAN GREYSTROKE AND COUSIN MAGENTA GREYSTROKE!

HOOO BOY! ME WANNA SAY HULLO TO DIS WAN BABE OVA HERE!

ME NO LIKE THIS SHAKING HANDS! IS TOO FORMAL! ME JUST COUNTRY BOY FROM STICKS! ME GIVE COUSIN QUAINT AND TENDER OOKABOLLAKONGA GREETING OF LOVE AND AFFECTION!

KLOK!

HO HO! DIS OOKABOLLAKONGA GREETING SOME FUN, HO BOYS? IT ALWAYS MAKE LASTING IMPRESSION!

KLOK!

KLOK!

COME, MELVIN! WE MUST RUN YOU THROUGH SHEEPDIP, IN TIME FOR THE SPECIAL DINNER IN YOUR HONOR TONIGHT!

OH, ISN'T IT EXCITING?

JUST EVERYBODY IS HERE!

THEY SAY LORD GREYSTROKE IS TALL AND HANDSOME!

OOH, I'M DYING!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HASN'T SHOWN UP YET?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!

LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!

LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!

LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!

...WHAT A SCENE IT WILL MAKE WHEN THE BRONZED GIANT, LORD GREYSTROKE STRIDES THROUGH THAT DOOR!... DASH IT! WHERE IS HE?

HO!

HO! ME SURPRISE YOU LIKE ME SURPRISE N'GANI, THE ANTELOPE IN JUNGLE! NOTE HOW KNEE IS IN POSITION TO BREAK BACK... KNIFE READY TO CUT THROAT! PRETTY GOOD, HO, BOY?

LORD, MELVIN! I WANT YOU TO MEET SOME OF THE GUESTS... DUKE AND DUTCHESS FUSCIA GREYSTROKE...

... DINNER IS SERVED!

KLOK!

KLOK!

DINNER, LORD MELVIN! THAT MEANS FOOD! FRUIT! MEAT!... YOU KNOW!

DINNER! OHO! YOU MEAN 'THE REWARD OF THE KILL'!... NO DOUBT IS SERVING RAW WARM SMOKING ZEBRA HAUNCH... OR MAYBE TORN ELEPHANT TRUNK ON PLANTAIN LEAVES! YUMMY!

OOK! OOK! OOK!

OOK!

OOK!

HEY! ONE T'ING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT! HOW COME "DINNER" IS UP ON DIS HIGH T'ING INSTEAD OF ON DIRT GROUND WHERE IT SUPPOSED TO BE?

DASH IT ALL, LORD MELVIN! THAT'S A TABLE... AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SIT IN THE CHAIR!

HEY! ME HOLD CHAIR LIKE YOU DO FOR SHE-MAN! ME MAKE BIG FUNNY TRICK LIKE YOU GONNA DO... HO, FELLA?

AAAH! HERE COMES THE MAIN COURSE... ROAST SUCKLING PIG!

ZIP

HOO HAA!

NOW...N'GUNGA, THE PIG! TASTE THE BLADE OF MY STEEL TOOTH!

I SAY! THAT SUCKLING PIG WAS FOR **ALL** OF US!

COME ON, OLD SPORT! PUT IT BACK ON THE TABLE!

AFTER ALL, OLD BOY! **WE'RE HUNGRY TOO!**

SLOP! SLOP! GNASH! GRRROWRR! RRRIP! RRRR!

GRROWR GRROWL

SUDDENLY, I HAVE LOST MY APPETITE!

STRANGE! SO HAVE I!

TENNIS ANYONE?

BACK, FRIENDS! STAND BACK!... LORD GREYSTROKE IS MERELY FOLLOWING THE UNWRITTEN LAW OF THE JUNGLE... THE LAW OF THE N'GOOMBAH, THE LION! TO HE WHO BRINGS DOWN THE KILL· BELONGS THE FIRST SHARE OF THE KILL! TO... TO HE WHO IS THE VICTOR GOES THE CHOICEST CUT!... TO HE WHO...

RRRRR! GRRROW! RRRROWR! SLURP! CHOMP! CHOMP! HIC!

...TO HE WHO WHO HE HE HE WHO!... SIGH! ...IT IS THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!

URP!... HOKAY, KIDS! NOW I HAVE TAKEN CHOICEST CUTS ACCORDING TO UNWRITTEN LAWS OF JUNGLE... YOU DIG IN!

ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! NOW THAT DINNER IS OVER, WE SHALL RETIRE TO THE MUSIC ROOM FOR A BIT OF ENTERTAINMENT!

ENTERTAINMENT! HO BOY! MAYBE YOU GONNA HAVE OOKA-BOLLAKONGA TYPE AFTER-DINNER RITUAL WHERE WE PLAY MUSIC AND SHRINK-HEAD TO CELEBRATE SUCCESSFUL HUNT!

OOK!

OOK! OOK!

OOK!

OH ISN'T THAT BEAUTI-FUL MUSIC?

OOH I'M DYING!

HEY! WOT KIND ENTER-TAINMENT IS DIS? DIS YOU CALL ENTERTAIN-MENT?

ME SHOW YOU REAL ENTERTAINMENT... SHOW YOU HOW TO LIVE IT UP A LITTLE! GIVE CRY OF BIG BULL-APE, N'GOOCHKA!

HOOO HA

HO! ME CALL HAIRY FRIENDS FROM FORESTS AND ZOOS! WE SHOW YOU ENTERTAINMENT OF THE JUNGLE! WE GONNA HAVE SECRET RITUAL OF THE...

DUM DUM!

TH...THE D-DUM DUM! I HAVE HEARD OF THE SECRET RITUAL OF THE DUM DUM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE LIPS OF A DYING NATIVE!... HOW THE GREAT N'GONGAS,... THE APES... DANCE ABOUT A MOUND, THE DUM DUM... AND HOW MELVIN, THE JUNGLE LORD, DANCES WITH THEM!

...AND AS THE POUNDING ON THE DUM DUM INCREASES, THE DANCING REACHES A FRENZIED PITCH AND THE DANCERS COME FORWARD AND TEAR THE FLESH FROM A SACRIFICE THAT IS LAYING BY THE MOUND...

A HUMAN SACRIFICE!

MELVIN!

...MELVIN OF THE APES! ... WHERE ARE YOU?

OH HOW I REMEMBER THE DAYS... WASHING THE GOURDS IN THE KITCHEN... CLEANING UP THE BONES FROM BREAKFAST... WAITING TO HEAR MY MELVIN'S CRY OF "HOOOOHA" RINGING THROUGH THE TREES!... NOW HE'S GONE... BUT HE'LL BE BACK!

HARK!

CLUMSY CRASHING AND VOICES IN THE TREE-TOPS!... I **KNEW** IT! I **KNEW** MY MELVIN WOULD BE BACK!

CRASH! CRASH!

...SILENCE AND THEN THE CRASH OF MY MELVIN AS HE MISSES ANOTHER VINE! I **KNEW THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE WAS HIS BLOOD!**

KRAK! CRASH!

THUMP! CRASH!

...THE THUD OF A BODY CHARGING INTO A TREE TRUNK... COMING CLOSER! I KNEW THE LAW OF N'KLUNKA, THE BULL APE WOULD CALL HIM BACK!

KERASH! BASH! SMASH! SMASH! BOP!

...CLOSER! CLOSER! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! BONGO! BONGO! BONGO... HE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO!

HUH! SMASH! CRASH! MASH! BASH! SLASH!

IS EVERY-BODY HERE?

YES!... THE WHOLE BLOOMING GREYSTROKE CLAN IS HERE!

ALL EXCEPT **ONE!**

... BUT LET'S NOT STOP! KEEP MOVING ... DEEPER! DEEPER!... INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA!

WE WANT TO GET AS FAR FROM THAT ONE AS POSSIBLE!

LET HIM KEEP THE ESTATE! ... THE MANSION!

KEEP GOING INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE JUNGLE!

MELVIN OF THE APES WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US **THERE!**

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!

HORROR DEPT.: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DROP THIS COMIC BOOK! GET RID OF IT! BURY IT! DO ANYTHING ONLY *DON'T LISTEN TO THIS STORY!* FOR IN FRONT OF YOU IS A DOOR, BEHIND WHICH LIES A STORY THAT WILL DO THINGS... *STRANGE* THINGS...TO *YOU*...TO YOUR *MIND*!...FOR THIS IS THE INNER DOOR TO THE...

OUTER SANCTUM!

TOMB IT MAY CONCERN

HEAD-CHECK GIRL

HEAD WAITER

DEDICATED BY THE 1ST FIRST AID STATION.

MEN'S ROOM

MAIL OR FEMAIL

SUGGESTIONS

HEADQUARTERS

BILL ELDER

E.C. COMICS

MAD

E.C. COMICS

NO TIPPING!

ADVERTISEMENT NICE, CLEAN, FAT ERRAND BOY WANTED

J. GHOUL

C. O. D.

R. I. P.

L. S. M. F. T.

CHECKS CASHED

GO SLOW - GHOUL ZONE.

TRY ADLERS COCKTAILS - AT LAST YOU CAN GET HIGHER THAN SHE CAN.

MENU

HANDS PRESSED WHILE U WAIT

SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

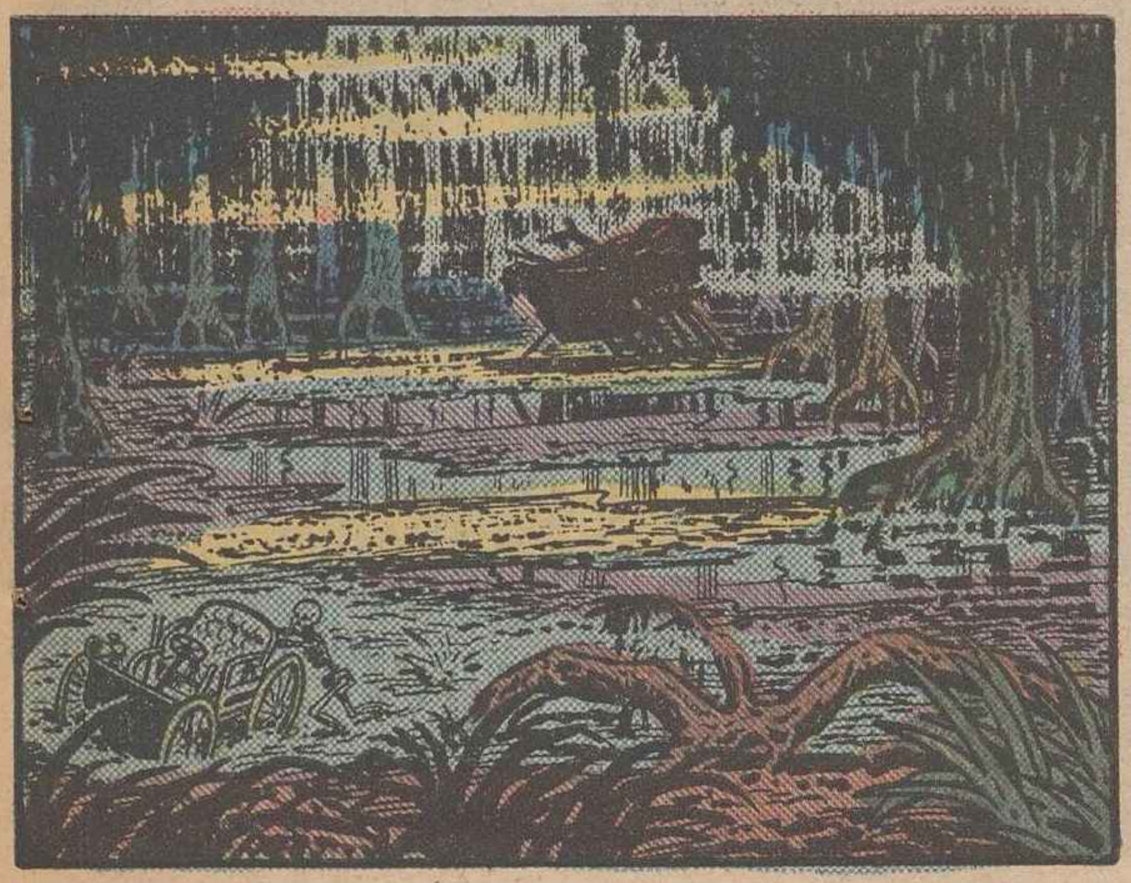
CONTINUED

WANTED A NICE FAT OLD LADY WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE. I.M.A VAMPIRE

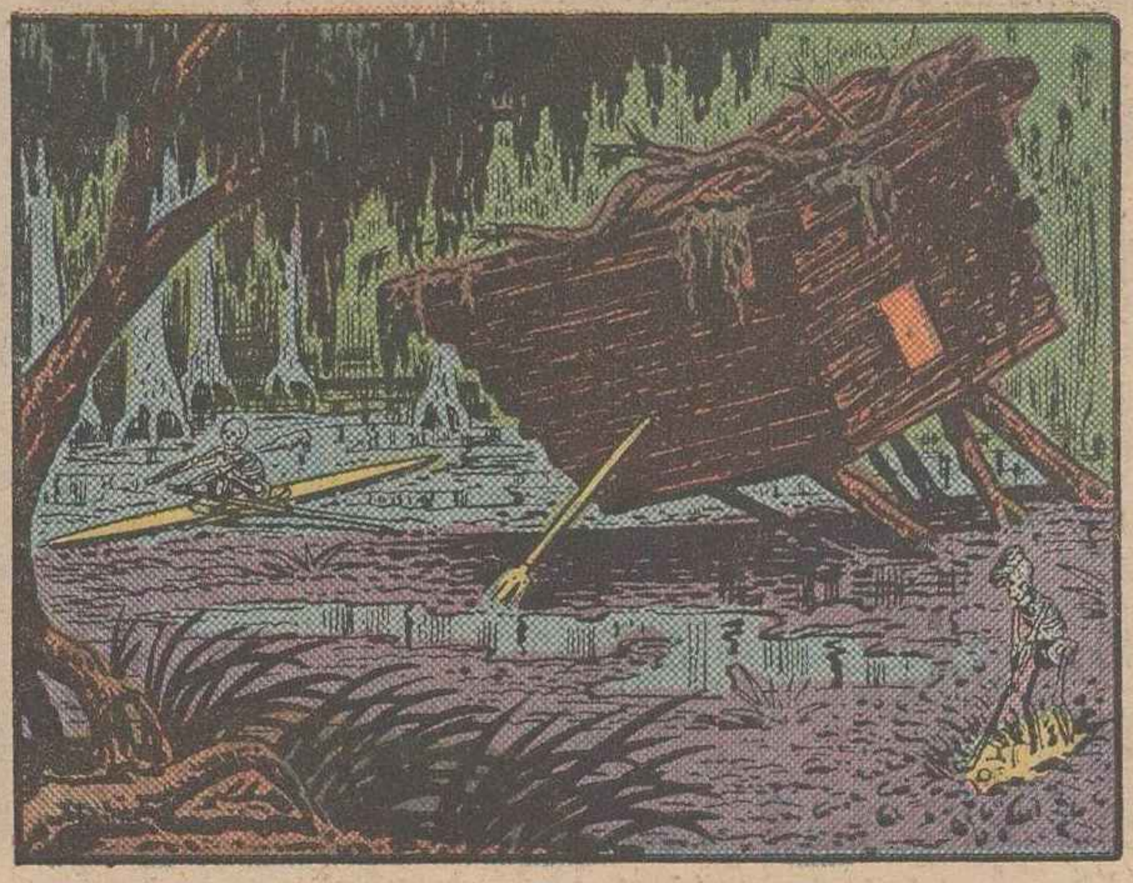
CONT-IN-UED

EEEESKEEE

...JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!

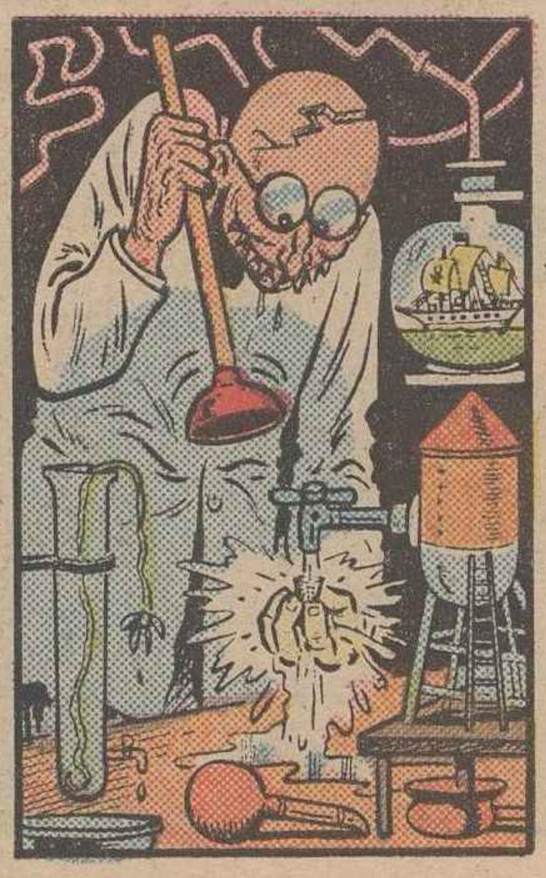


OKEEFENOKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE... **LOOK, PIC** OR **QUICK!** ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!



INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE *'PROFESSOR'!*

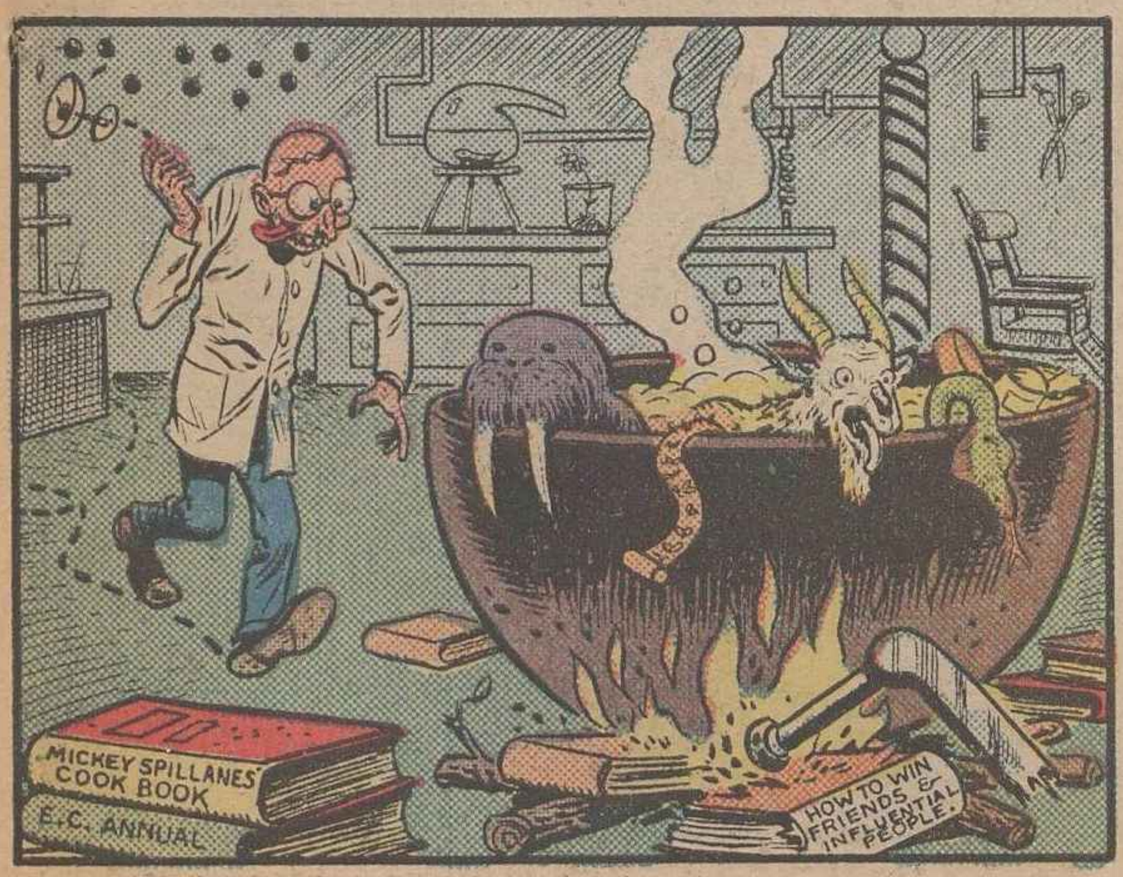
YES... A MAN WITH A BRILLIANT MIND WORKED, ALONE IN THE SWAMP!



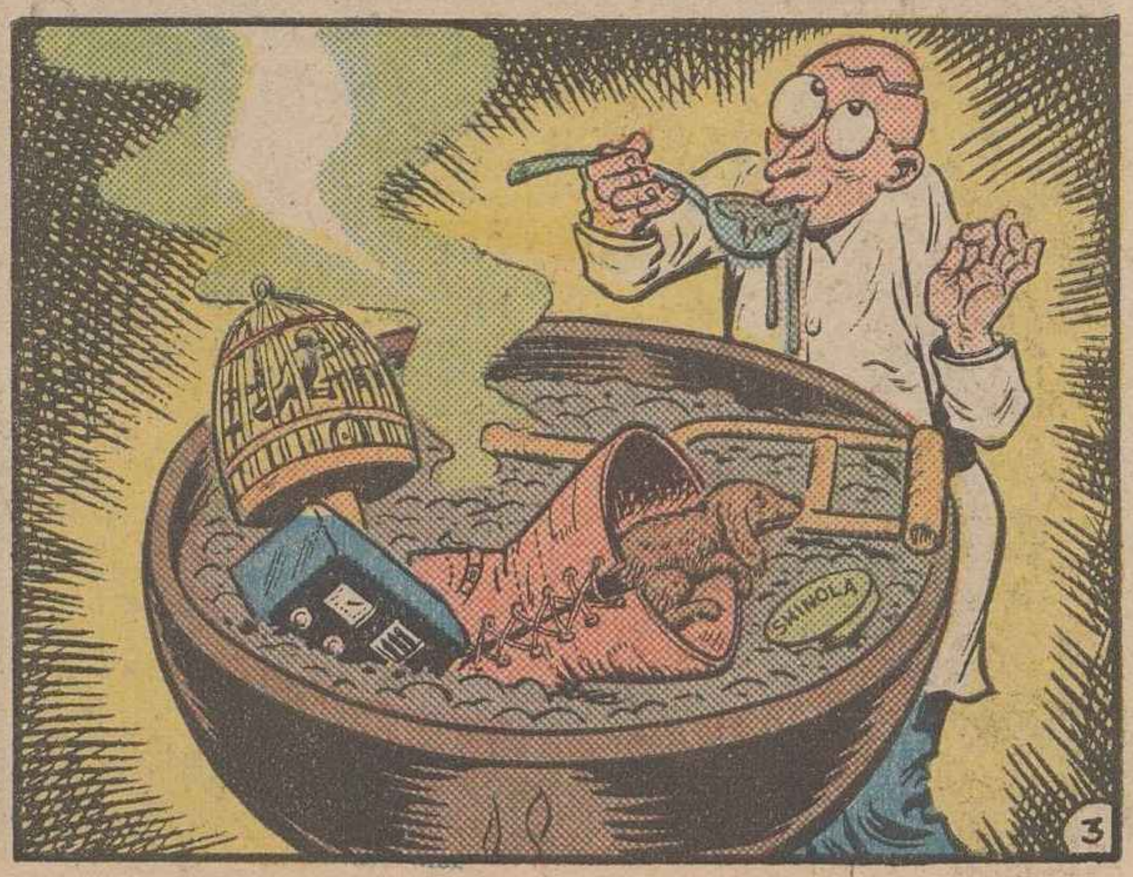
...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!

WORKED AGAINST TIME...NOW *THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE!* ***THE MIXTURE WAS READY!***

DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CONTENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING...

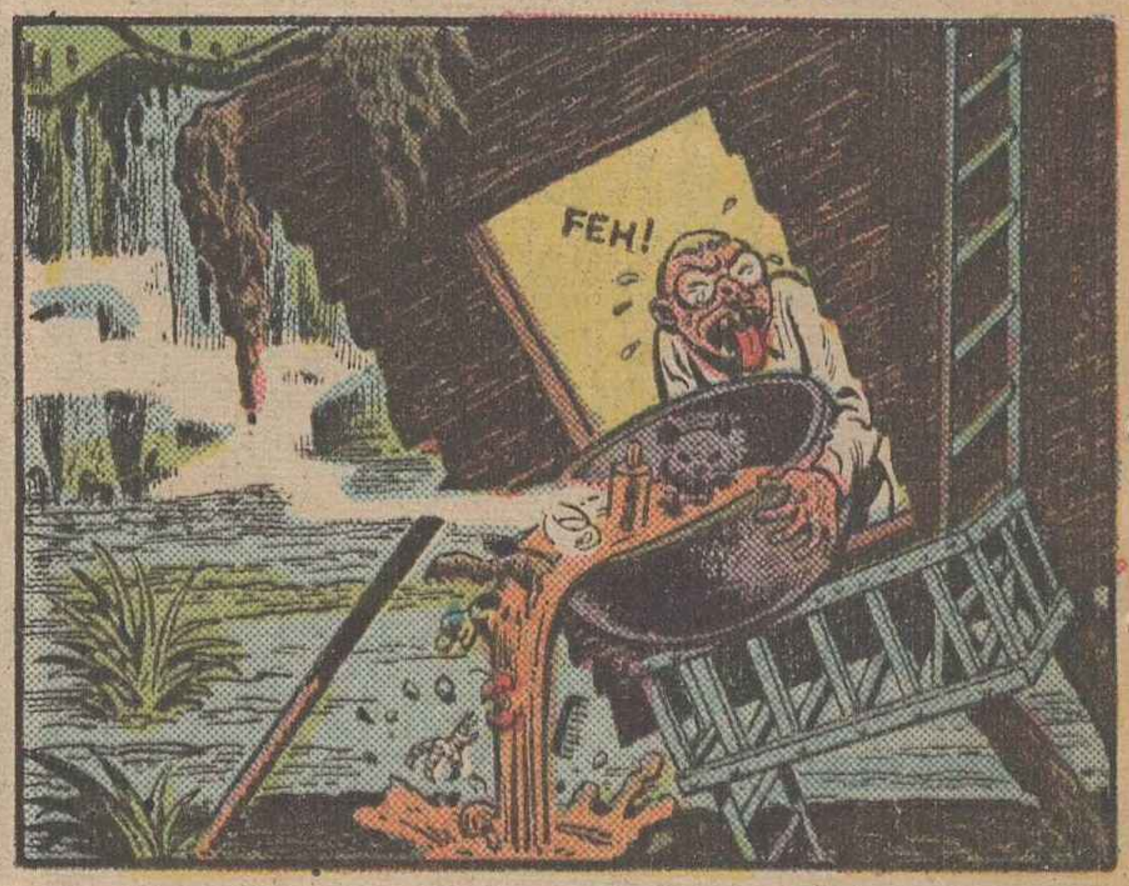


...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE... A MIXTURE ***OF THIS SWAMP!***

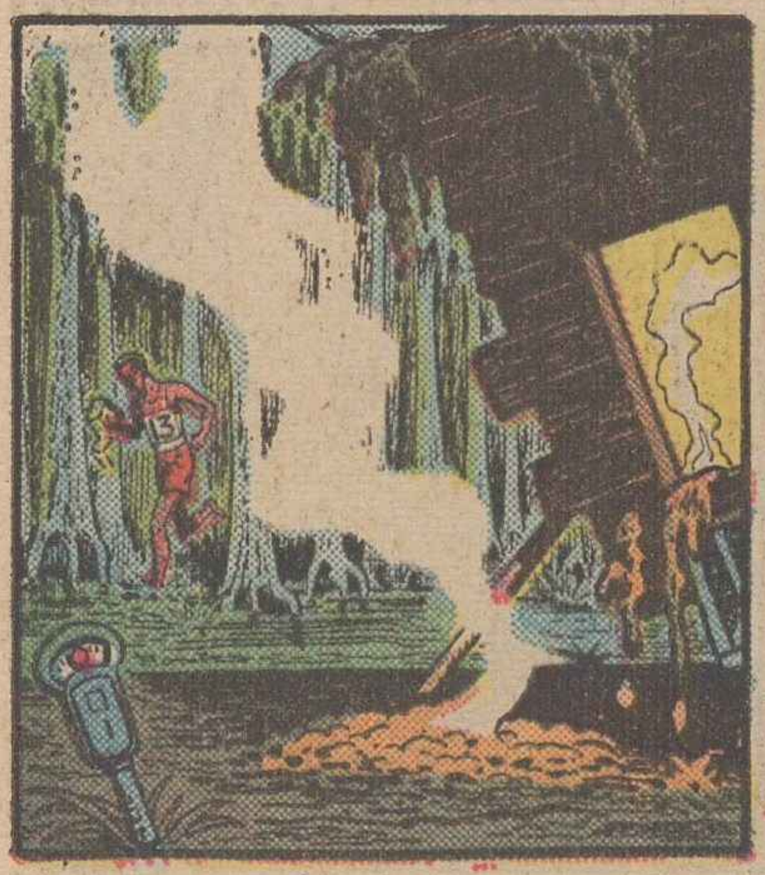


AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! "SKOFF, SKOFF!" THEY HAD SKOFFED! 'NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!'

SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-SEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!



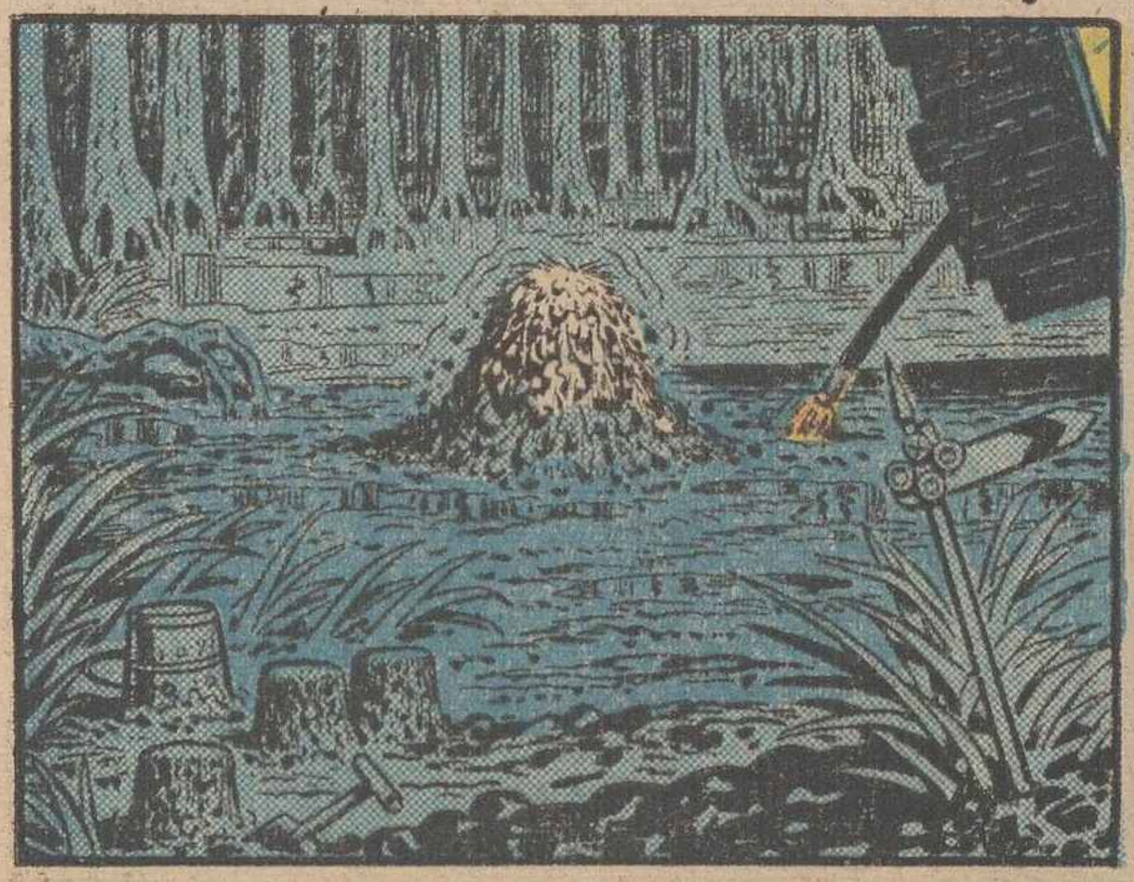
...SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY... COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!



NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENOKEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF ***THINGS***... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEEKENOFEE!

...AND... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN... ***PULSATED... QUIVERED... AND GREW!***

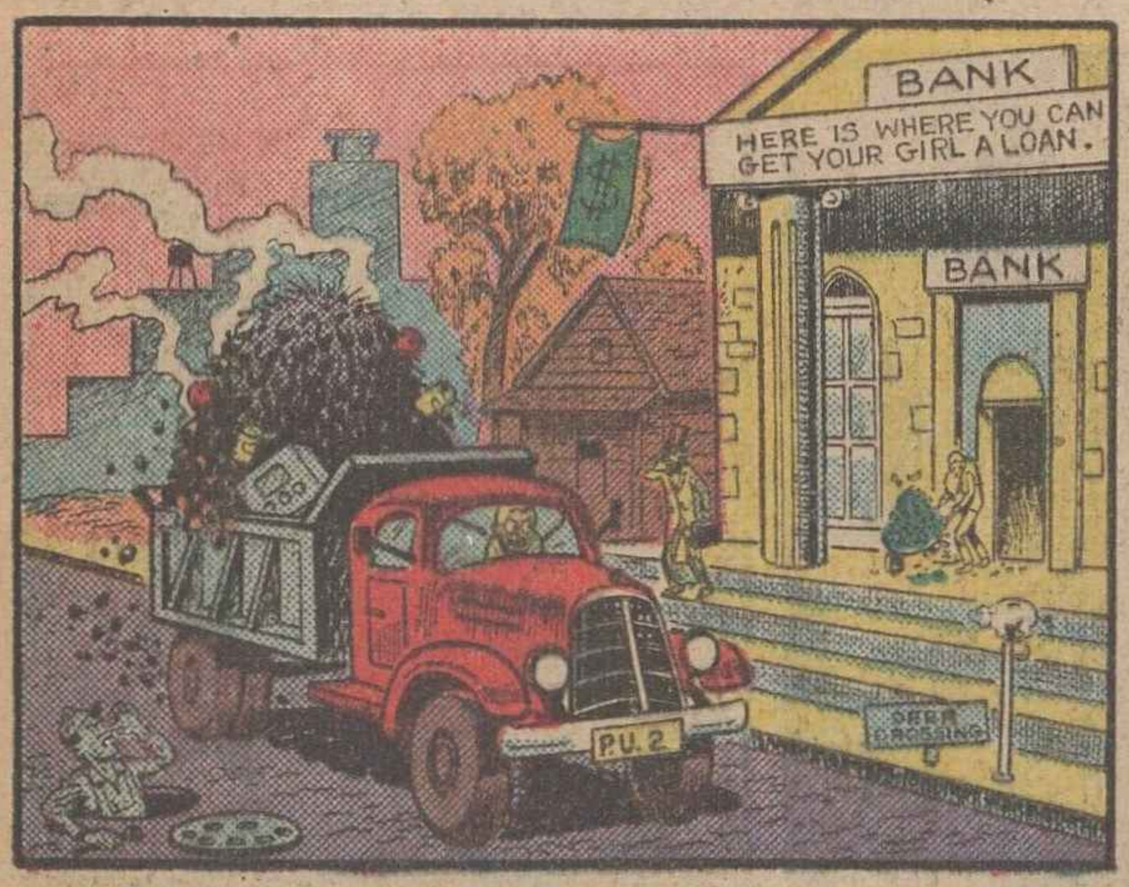


GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT... ***HEAP!***

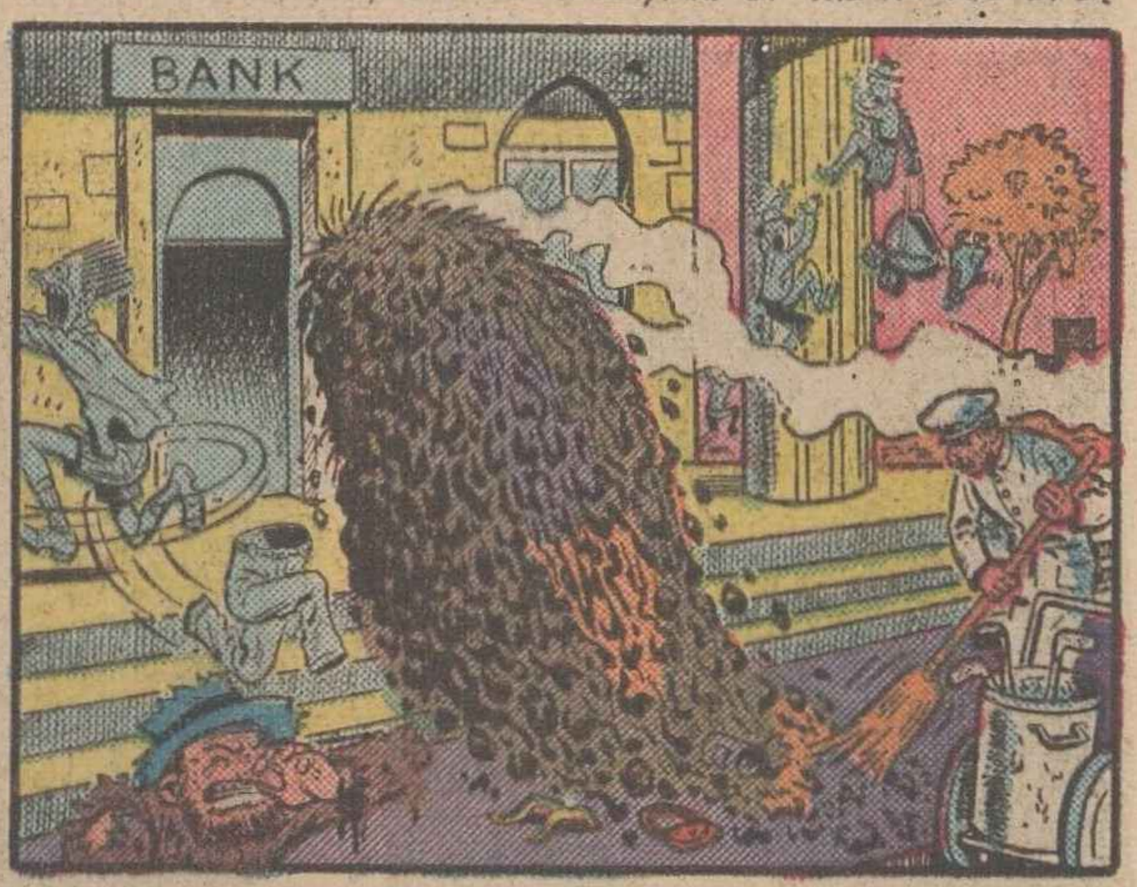
WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND *IT!*...'*HEAP*', STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THIS '*HEAP*' CAME A CROAK...THAT SOUNDED LIKE...'*PAPA*'!

...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS 'HEAP'S' FATHER! AND AS 'HEAP' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!

THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!



...AND THEN *IT* HAPPENED! THIS FESTERING, PALPITATING HEAP OF GARBAGE SUDDENLY CRAWLED OVER THE TRUCKS SIDEBOARDS, INTO THE STREET, AND UP THE BANK STEPS!



THEN...LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS 'HEAP' SLATHERED INTO THE TELLER'S CAGE AND SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!

ITS WORK WAS DONE! *IT* POURED OUT THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!

LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK AND WAS GONE! ***HEAP HAD STRUCK!***

BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENOKEEDOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS 'HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!

IT WAS EASY TO KEEP 'HEAP' HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ...COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS... A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWS-PAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL...

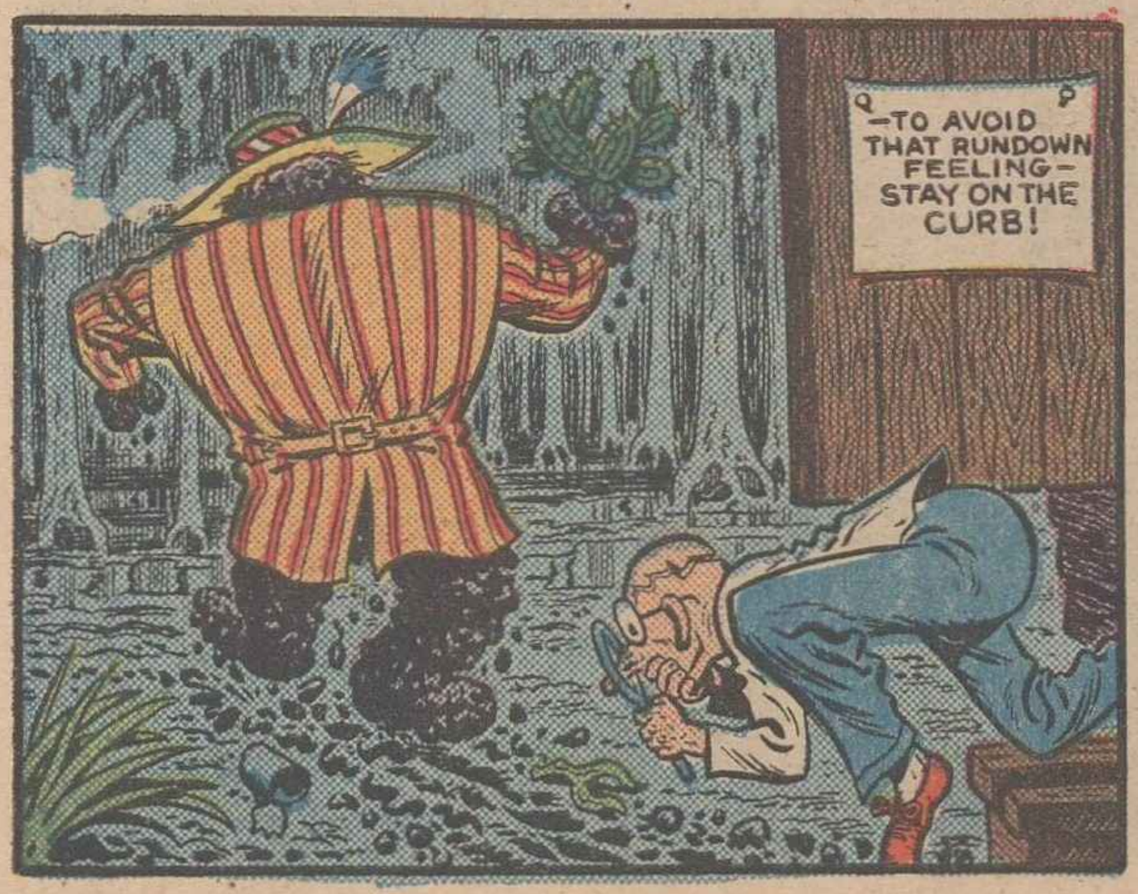
THEN... A CHANGE CAME OVER 'HEAP'! ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!

AND THEN, ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND 'HEAP' SPRINKLING HIMSELF WITH AFTER-SHAVE LOTION AND FLIT!

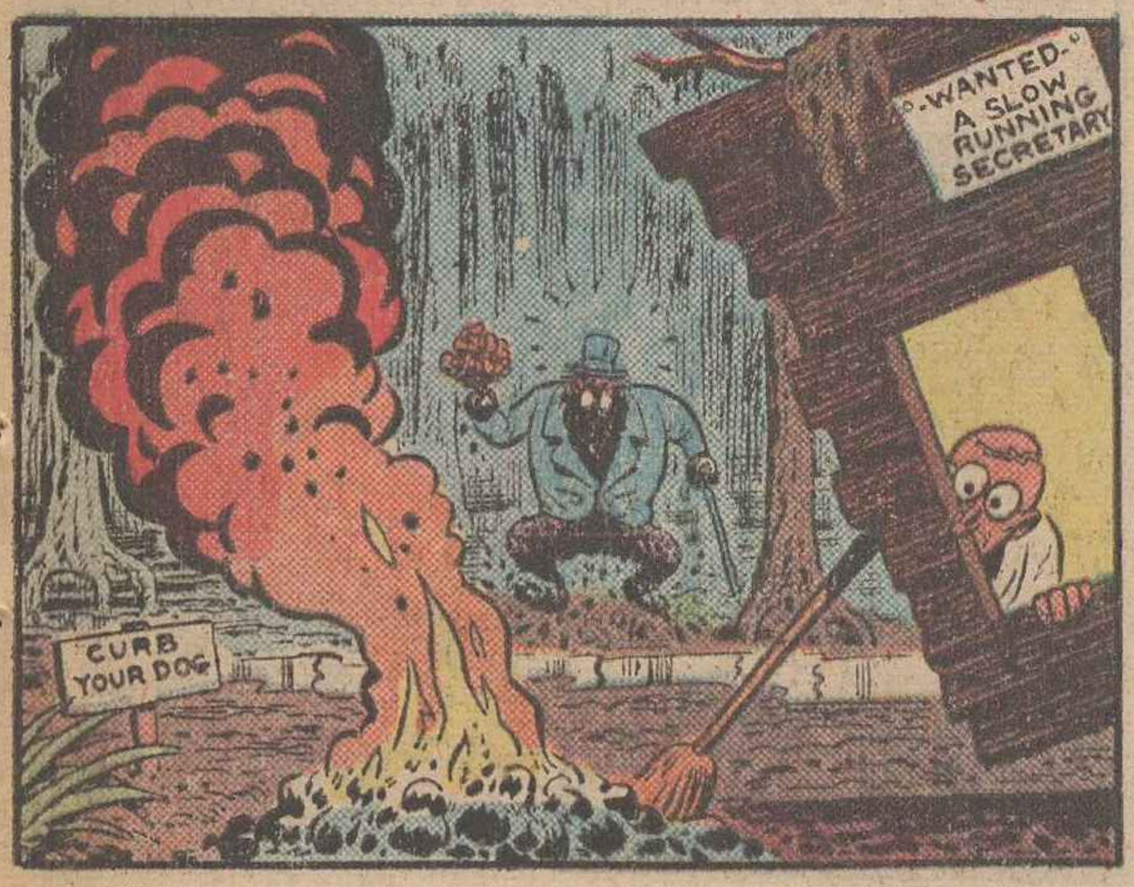
AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!

ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... 'HEAP' WAS IN LOVE! THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!

IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! BY GEORGE... THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!



THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN *'HEAP'* CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!



AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF *'HEAP,'* AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...

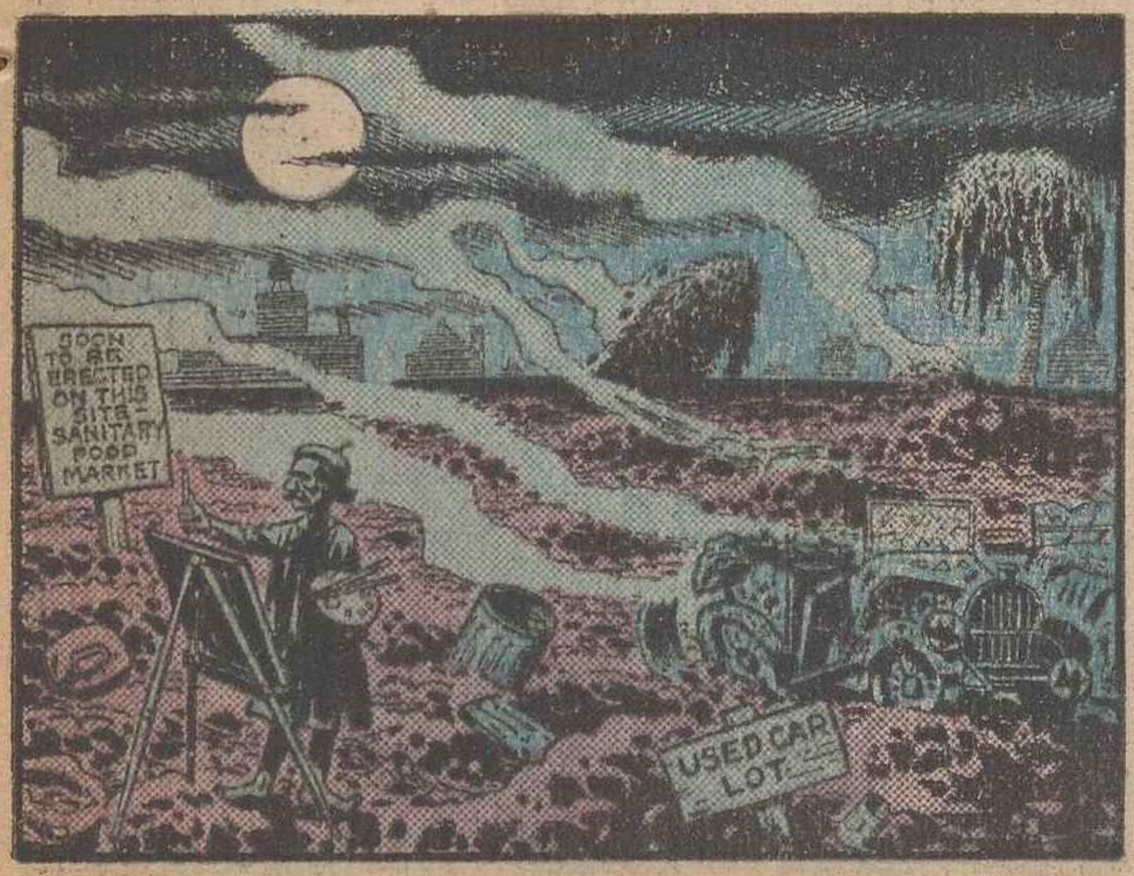
...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRINGING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!

THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE... FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UNMINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!

...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF GARBAGE CLEANERS, *'HEAP'* DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...

...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!...SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE *IT* WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

SOME SAY *IT FOUND* THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY *TINY* LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!



...YOU MIGHT SAY, THEY LIVED **HEAP**ILLY EVER AFTER!

FULLA APPLE SAUCE!

SQUEEK!

LOTTA BALONEY

BUT IT'S TIME TO CLOSE MY SQUEAKING DOOR NOW! THANKS **HEAPS** FOR LISTENING! NOW GO TO BED AND HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S **HEAP!**

~NOTICE~ SARAH COME HOME- WE FOUND YOUR LEASH. MOTHER

DOES YOUR NOSE RUN AND YOUR FEET SMELL? OH! OH! — YOU'RE BUILT UP-SIDE DOWN!

KURTZ

CA-G 1994

THINK!

SQUEEE

MAD

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN—10¢

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE MONTH READS 'MAD'

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU...

ID LN

NUMBER 11...MAY