

MAD

HUMOR IN A
JUGULAR VEIN—10¢



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



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU . . .

NUMBER 11...MAY

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

FLESH GARDEN!



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



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



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



ON SECOND THOUGHT...
I SUDDENLY REALIZE
IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT
I SAVE DOCTOR ZARK!

**I'M COMING TO SAVE
YOU, NOAH! I'M
COMING TO SAVE
YOU, DOCTOR
NOAH ZARK!**



FLESH! THANK HEAVEN
YOU'VE COME!... BUT
TELL ME WHAT FINE
INSTINCT WAS IT... WHAT
MADE YOU DASH TO
ALMOST CERTAIN
DEATH TO SAVE ME?

...WELL YOU SEE,
DOCTOR ZARK... I'VE
HAD A LITTLE PAIN ON
THE EDGE OF MY LEFT
SHOULDER THAT STICKS
WHEN IT RAINS! I
WONDER COULD YOU
TAKE A LOOK AT IT,
DOCTOR ZARK!



LOOK, KID!... NO
FREE CONSULTA-
TIONS! I GOT
REGULAR
OFFICE HOURS
FROM 12:00
TO 2:00 AT
FIVE BUCKS
A VISIT!

ENOUGH GUM-
BEATING,
ZARK!... WE'VE
GOT TO GO
FIND OUR
ROCKET SHIP
... WE'VE GOT
TO FIND A
WAY TO GET
BACK TO EARTH!

**EEE!... FLESH!
...LOOK!... COM-
ING OUT OF
THE WATER... A
NAUSEATING,
SLIME-OOZING,
KNIFE-TOOTHED
ZORK!**



HAVE NO FEAR! I
AM NOT AFRAID OF
THE NAUSEATING,
SLIME-OOZING,
KNIFE-TOOTHED
ZORK!

**BUT FLESH!... WAIT A
MINUTE!... CRAWLING
OUT OF THAT CREVICE!
...A SICKENING, HAIRY,
MANY-CLAWED
ZORCHTON!**



...I AM NOT
AFRAID TO
LEAP UPON
THE SICKENING
HAIRY, MANY-
CLAWED
ZORCHTON!

**...FLESH!...
HERE COMES
THE WORST!
A HORRIBLE,
PALPITATING
LIMB-RIPPING
ZILCHTRON!**



...NOR DO I HESITATE TO COME
TO GRIPS WITH THE HORRIBLE
PALPITATING, LIMB-RIPPING
ZILCHTRON!

ZUK! ZUK! ZUK!

WHAT?... ANOTHER
MONSTER?... A ZUK?



NO, FLESH!
DALE IS
MERELY
CHOK-
ING ON
A PEACH
PIT!

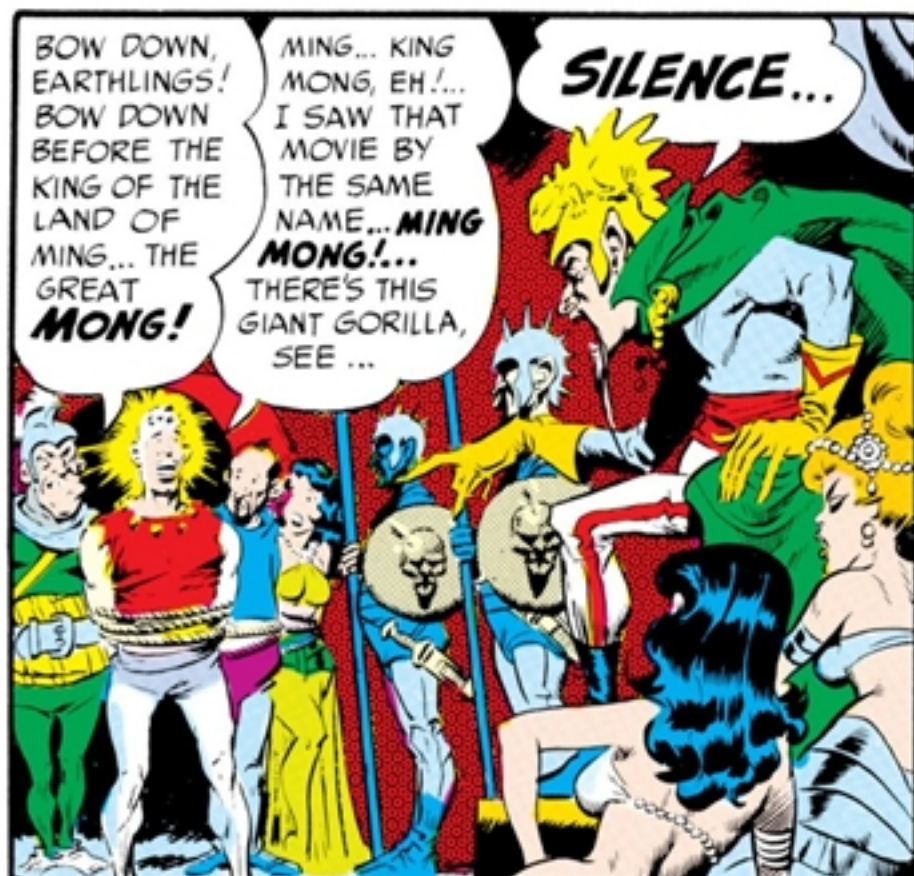
NOW,
SINCE
ALL THE
MONSTERS
ARE
CON-
QUERED,
WE CAN
GO LOOK
FOR A
ROCKET
SHIP!

**NO! ALL IS
LOST!
LOOK UP
AHEAD!...
I WILL NOT
BE ABLE TO
CONQUER
THIS!**





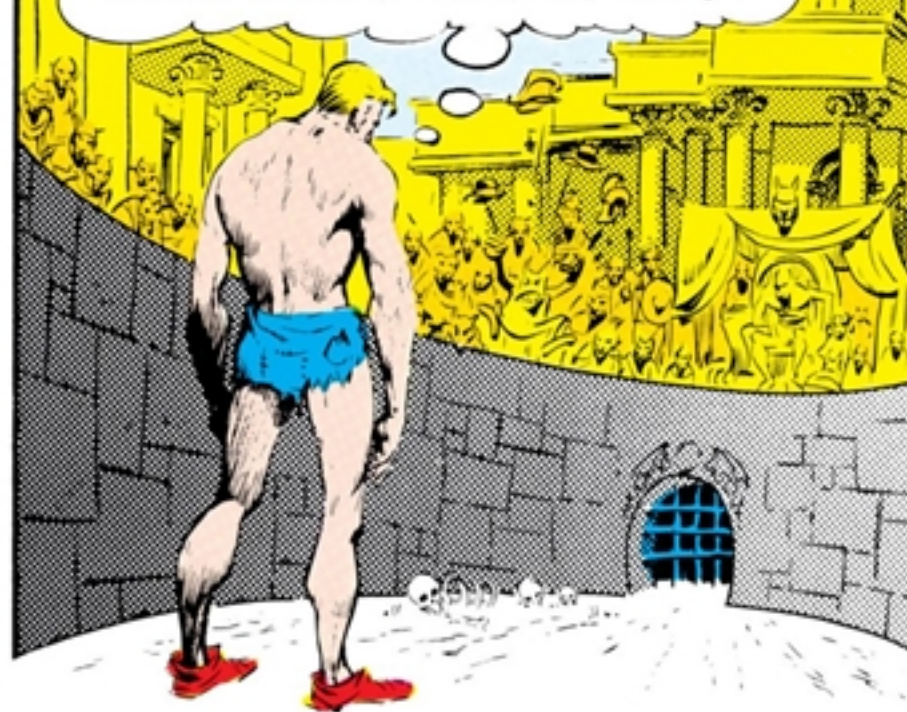




ALL RIGHT!... THE SACRIFICE IS READY TO BEGIN!...
THROW THE EARTHLING, FLESH GARDEN, INTO
THE ARENA, WHERE UNARMED, HE WILL FIGHT
A CREATURE THAT IS NOW WAITING HUNGRILY,
BEHIND THE DOOR TO POUNCE
UPON THE SACRIFICE!



HERE I AM... UNARMED... ALONE IN THIS
ARENA!... WHAT CAN I USE FOR A WEAPON?
... MY CLOTHES?... MY SHOES?... THE
THOUGHT BALLOON ABOVE MY HEAD?



WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE
LIES BEHIND THAT BLOOD-
STAINED OAKEN DOOR?
COULD IT BE WORSE
THAN THE SLIME-OOZING,
KNIFE-TOOTHED **ZORK**?



ULP!... THE DOOR IS
SLOWLY OPENING! COULD
IT BE ANY WORSE THAN
THE HAIRY, MANY-
CLAWED **ZORCHTON**?



GULP!... THERE'S SOME-
THING STANDING THERE!...
COULD IT BE ANY WORSE
THAN THE PALPITATING,
LIMB-RIPPING
ZILCHTRON?



GASP! I CAN SEE IT
NOW... WORSE THAN
THE **ZORK**... MORE
TERRIBLE THAN THE
ZORCHTON... MORE
HORRIBLE THAN THE
ZILCHTRON...
IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...



...**MAN!**

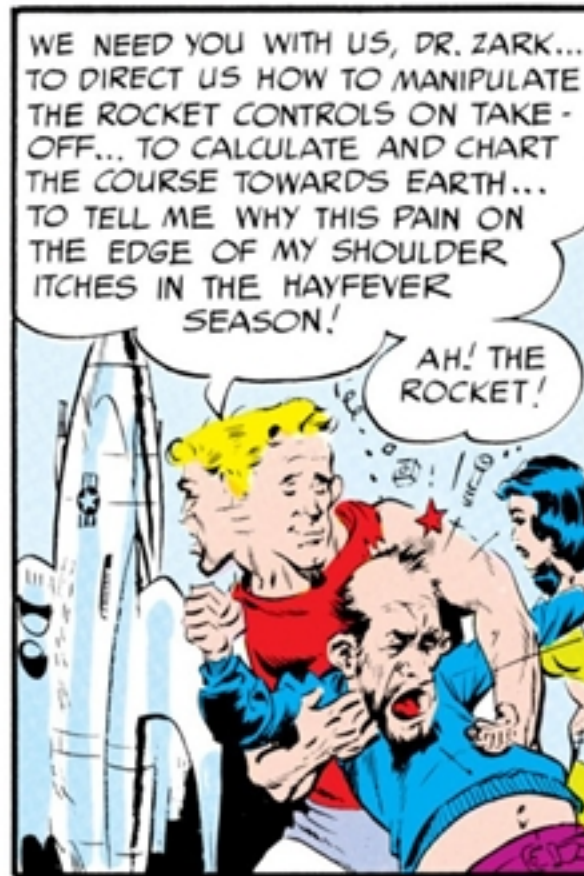
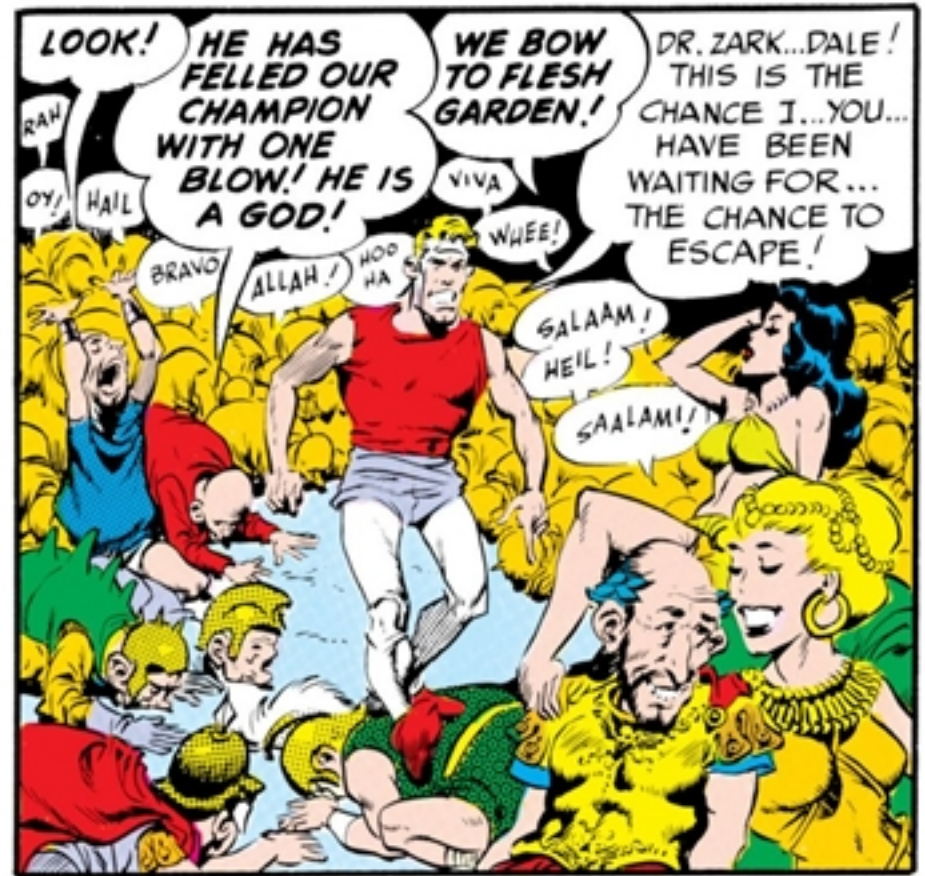
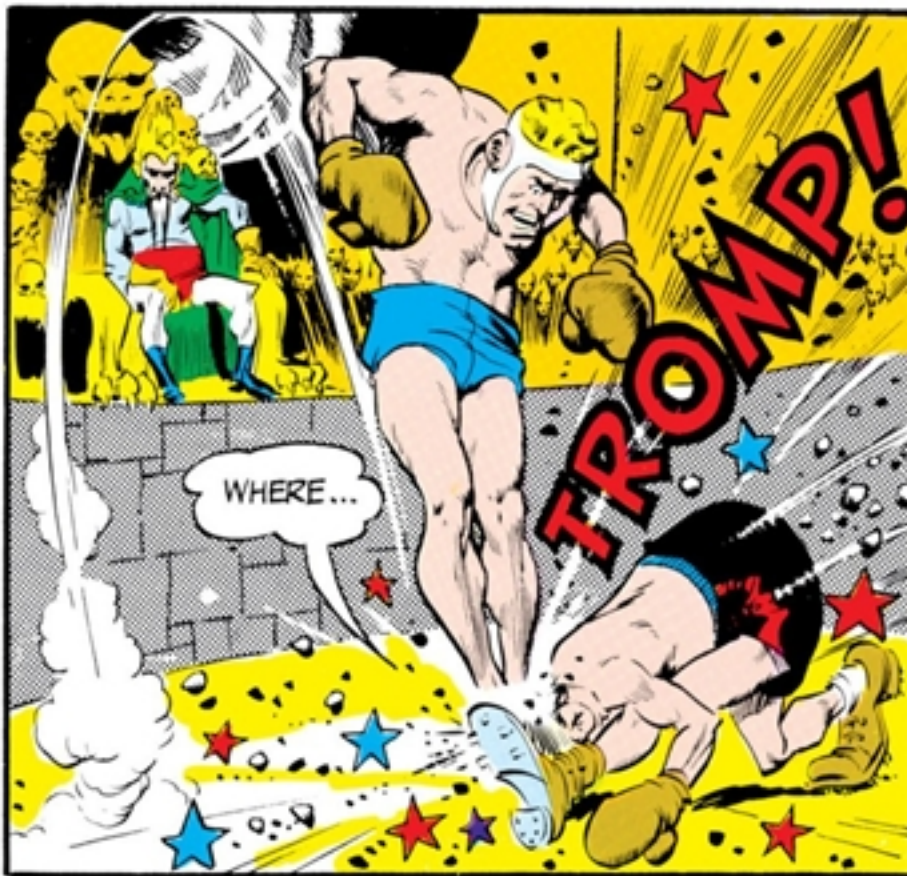


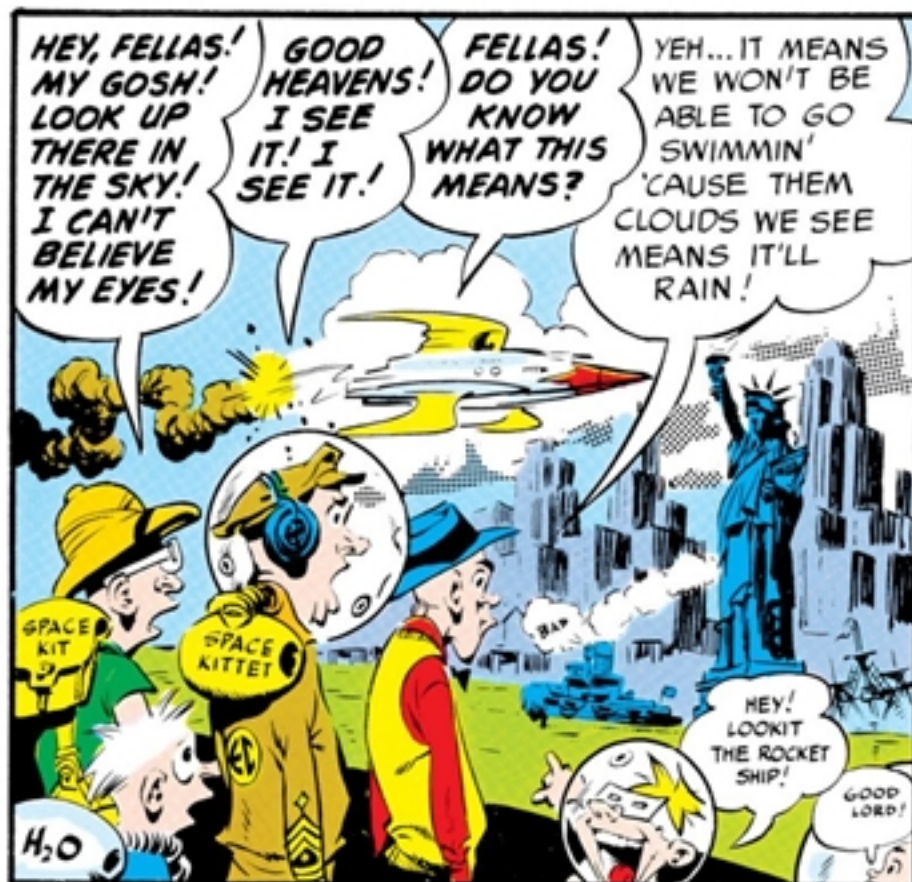
...MAN!... THE
CLEVEREST...
THE MOST
DANGEROUS
OF ALL LIV-
ING ANIMALS...

...I MUST QUICKLY REVIEW ALL THE
SKILLFUL BOXING TACTICS I
LEARNED AT HEIDELBURG!... THE
QUICK FEINT... THE DEFT JAB...
HA! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL USE
THE SUBTLEST, THE MOST
SKILLFULLEST TACTIC OF ALL...



...HEY, KID...
YER SHOELACE
IS UNTIED!





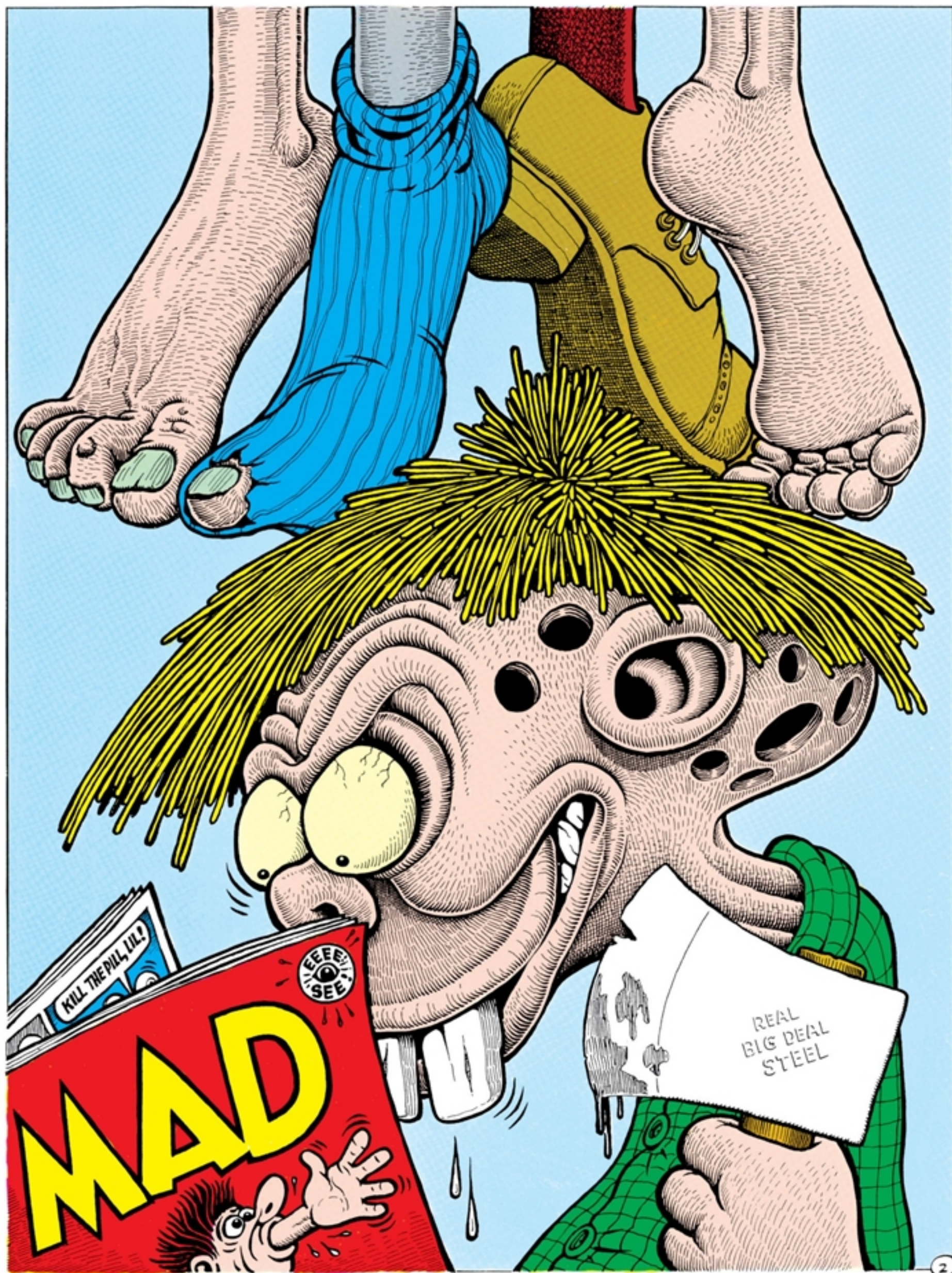
SPECIAL FEATURE DEPT. : DEAR READERS!... THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES ARE SO DISGUSTING... SO NAUSEATING, THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK FOR DAYS TO COME!NOW THAT WE'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST... HERE'S A FEATURE ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW VERY WELL!... *VERY VERY* WELL! HERE IS A FEATURE ABOUT *YOU*... OUR...

MAD READER!

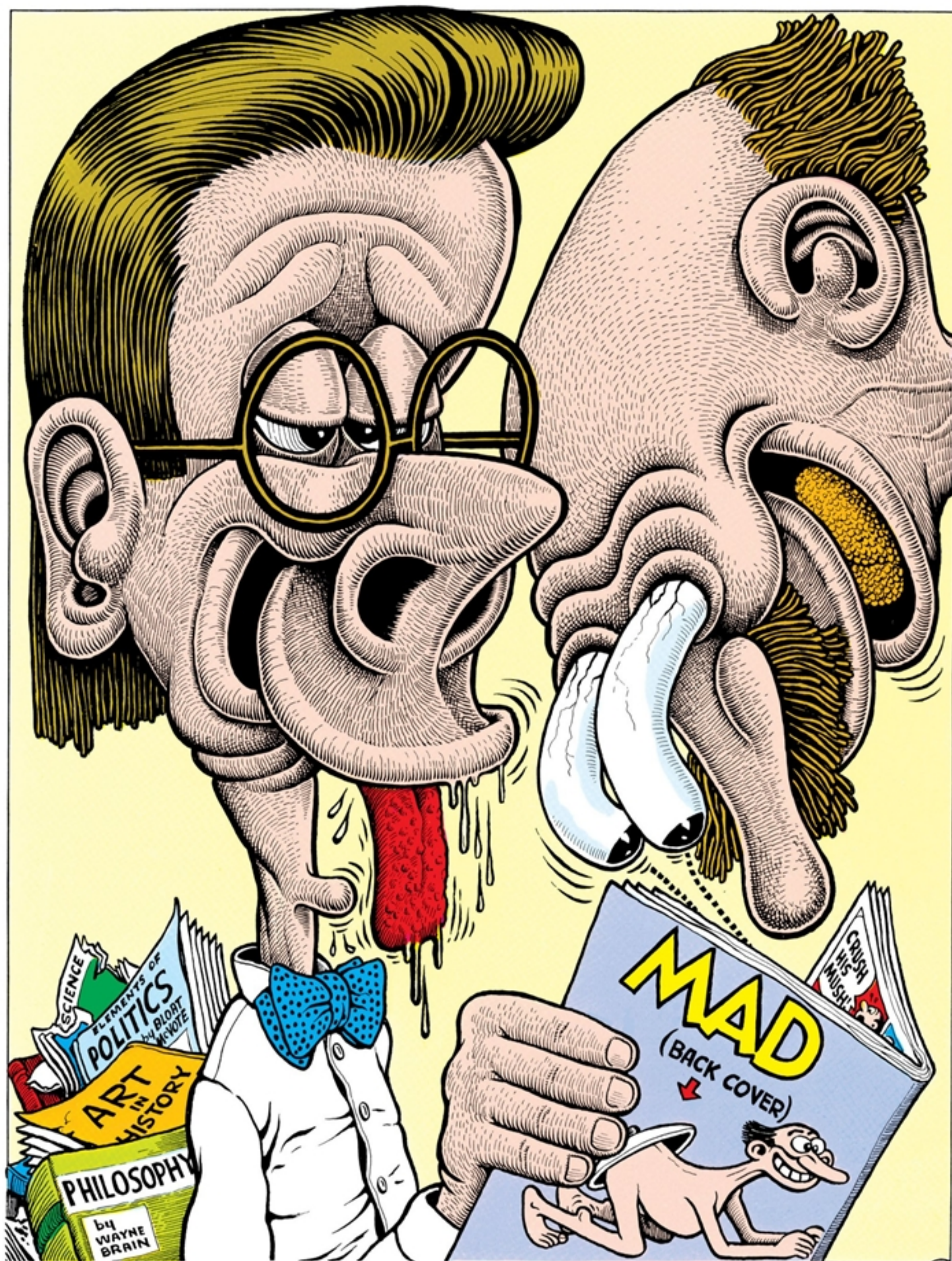


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© ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING FIVE PAGES ARE VIEWS OF WHAT WE, THE EDITORS OF **MAD**, BELIEVE TO BE A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PEOPLE WHO READ **MAD**!... AND SO, WHILE YOU WANDER THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PAGES, SMIRKING, GUFFAWING AND RETCHING AT WHAT YOU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



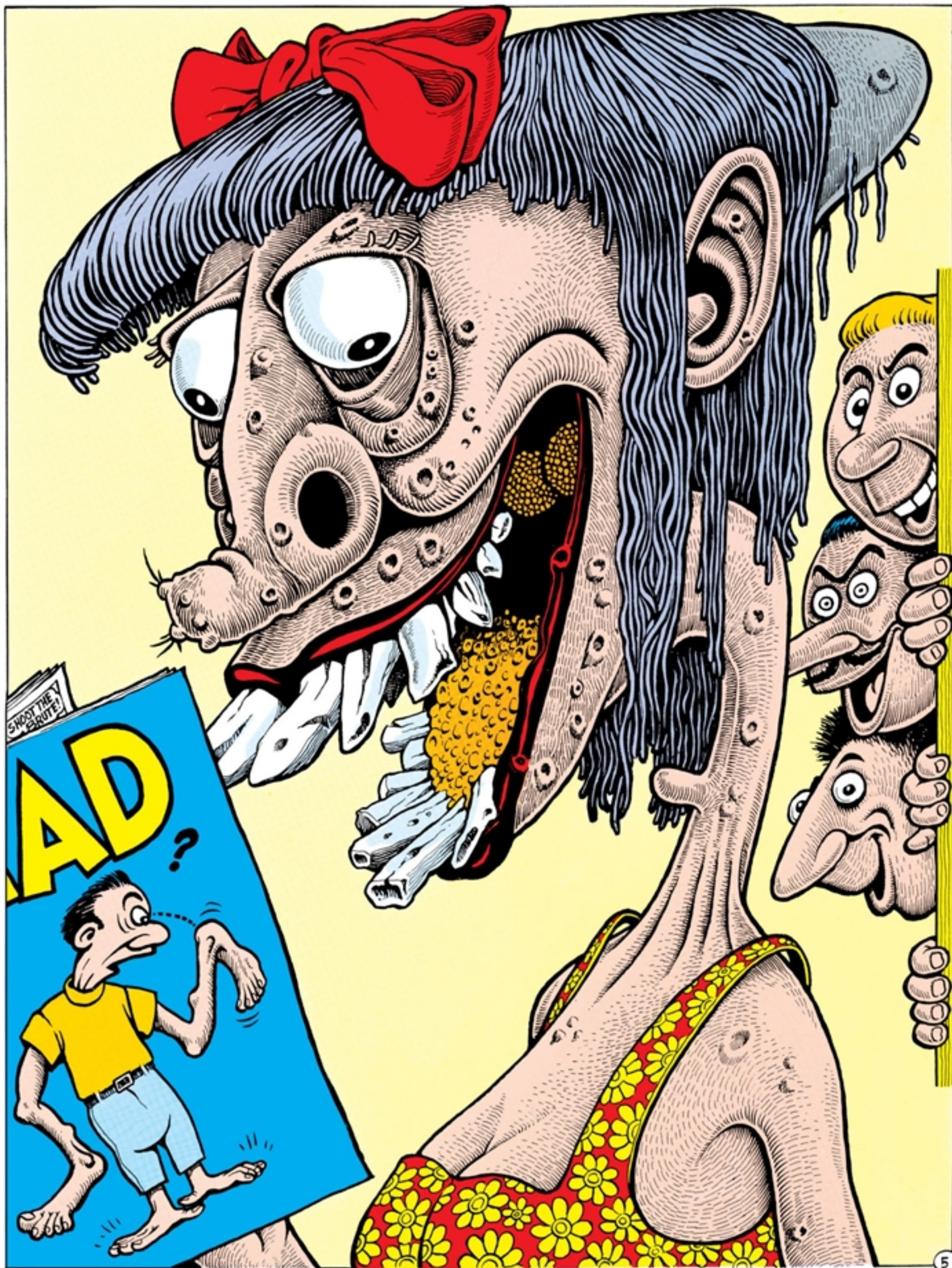
THE YOUNG MAD READER (WITH MOTHER AND FATHER): HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE CLEAN WHOLESOME AFFECT **MAD** HAS ON OUR YOUNG READERS! FOR INSTANCE, BEFORE READING **MAD**, THIS YOUNG MAN VERY OFTEN USED AN AXE ON HIS PLAYMATES! WHEN HE READ **MAD**, HE REALIZED HOW UGLY AND SORDID AXING HIS PLAYMATES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



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



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



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



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

I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my **PANIC** MAGAZINE!



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR **PANIC!** RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

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

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

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

MURDER THE HUSBAND!



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

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



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

HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT, KEN?

ONLY A FEW MORE MILES, WALT!



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

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

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



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

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

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



WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

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



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

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

IT'S *PERFECT*, KEN!



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

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



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

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

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



YOU... AND *JEANNE*!

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



AND THEY'LL KNOW I DIDN'T GO OUT ON THE LAKE WITH YOU...BECAUSE I'M AFRAID OF BOATS! I CAN'T SWIM!

YOU'RE CRAZY, WALT! THIS IS INSANE!



AFTER I SHOOT YOU, I'M GOING TO TIE THESE HEAVY PIPES TO YOUR BODY AND THROW YOU OVERBOARD... THEN ROW BACK AND SET THE BOAT ADRIFT!

WAIT, WALT! PLEASE! I...



BUT YOU DON'T WAIT, DO YOU, WALTER? YOU SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND WATCH KEN'S EXPRESSION FREEZE AS THE SLUG RIPS INTO HIM...



THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, WALT? KEN LUNGES AT YOU, COUGHING UP BLOOD...



BUT HE'S WEAK, AND YOU'RE ABLE TO ROLL OVER ON TOP OF HIM! YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...



AND THEN YOU FEEL THE WATER SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH KEN'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF THE ROW-BOAT... AND THE WATER IS POURING IN...

THE BOAT! IT'S... SINKING!



THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU TRY TO DUMP THEM... BUT YOU CAN'T ACT FAST ENOUGH! THE BOAT GOES DOWN... AND YOU'RE IN THE WATER... AND YOU CAN'T SWIM A STROKE...



THE WATER POURS INTO YOUR GULPING MOUTH... FILLS YOUR AIR-STARVED LUNGS! SOON, YOU GO DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME! AND IT WAS YOUR FIRST SWIM... TOO!

THE END

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

MURDER THE STORY!



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

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

ANYBODY CALL FOR WESTERN UNION?



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

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

服如美裝大商
務盆術寫小藥
快轉字中圖廣
捷類等西案告



大罈冬饅
鮮貨海味
靚大生翅
洗淨牛翅
昌記墨鮑
湯飽油飽
竹筍綠豆

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

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

Τῆς τελειῆς
προεβήρχεν
ὁ Σεβ.
Ἀρχιεπίσκοπο
Μεγαλοπρεπείας
αἰθουσα διδα-
σκειν. — Το
ἐπίσημον

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

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

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

IT'S
PERFECT,
KEN!

КИТАЯ В СОСТАВ ПРОТИВ ДОПУЩЕНИЯ INDIAN GUM TICKETS?

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

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

FOUNDED... דענישער קעניג
סומען צו הוברה אין קאפענהאגן
HOPALONG CASSIDY?

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

Potrzebie

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



BUT I'LL MAKE A FAIR TRADE!... LET ME HAVE THIS ROW-BOAT AND YOUR SHARE OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS!

...WAAY DOWN UPON THE SWA'NEE RI-VER...



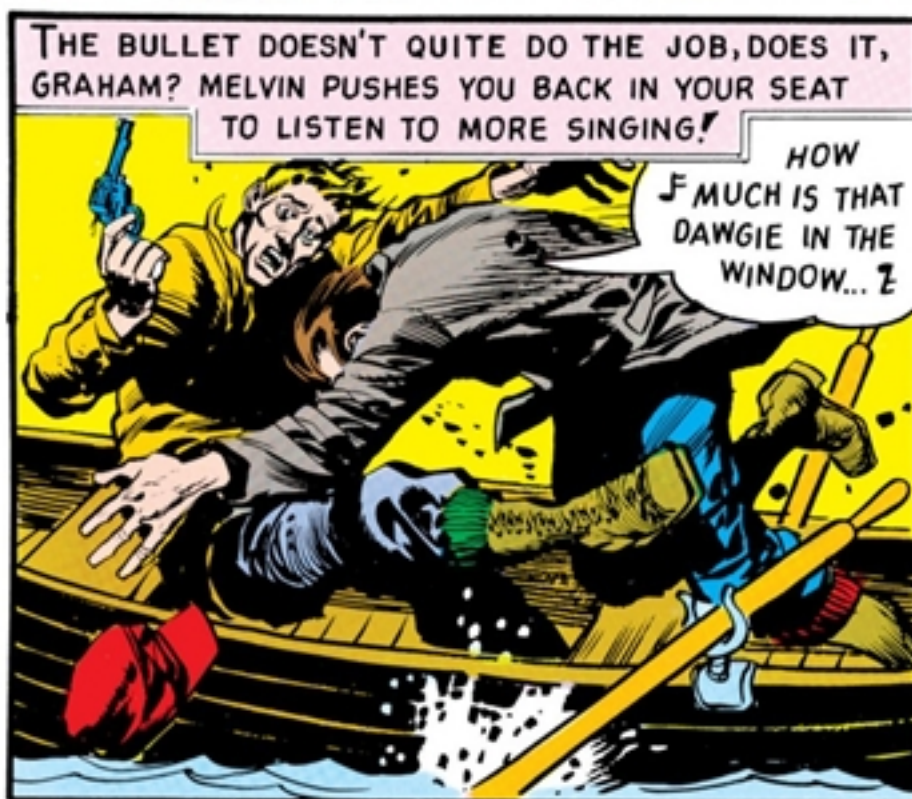
WHAT DO YOU SAY! A FAIR TRADE! THIS CAP-PISTOL FOR YOUR ROW-BOAT AND TICKETS! ...BLAST IT! STOP THAT INFERNAL SINGING!

MULE TRAAIN! ...KLIPPETY KLOPPIN' THRU THE WIND AND RAIN...



GRAHAM KNOWS THIS OBNOXIOUS SINGING IS MELVIN'S WAY OF SAYING 'NO!' GRAHAM KNOWS AS HE TEARS THE CAPS OUT OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL... INSERTS A DUM-DUM BULLET AND...

MA-AMMY MA-AMMY I'D WALK A MILLION MILES FOR ONE OF YOUR SMILES...



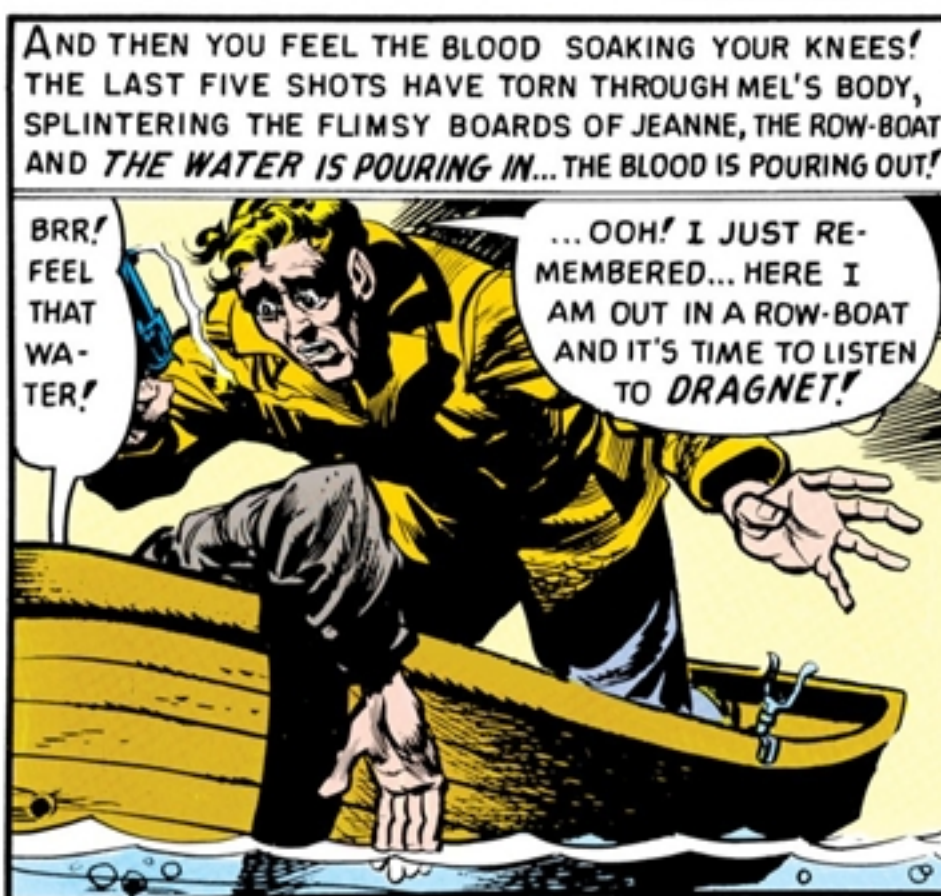
THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, GRAHAM? MELVIN PUSHES YOU BACK IN YOUR SEAT TO LISTEN TO MORE SINGING!

HOW MUCH IS THAT DAWGIE IN THE WINDOW...



... MELVIN KEEPS SNAPPING HIS FINGERS... TAPPING HIS FEET... YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE... BY THE WAY... HOW'S YOUR MOM, GRAHAM?



AND THEN YOU FEEL THE BLOOD SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH MEL'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF JEANNE, THE ROW-BOAT AND THE WATER IS POURING IN... THE BLOOD IS POURING OUT!

BRR! FEEL THAT WATER!

...OOH! I JUST REMEMBERED... HERE I AM OUT IN A ROW-BOAT AND IT'S TIME TO LISTEN TO DRAGNET!

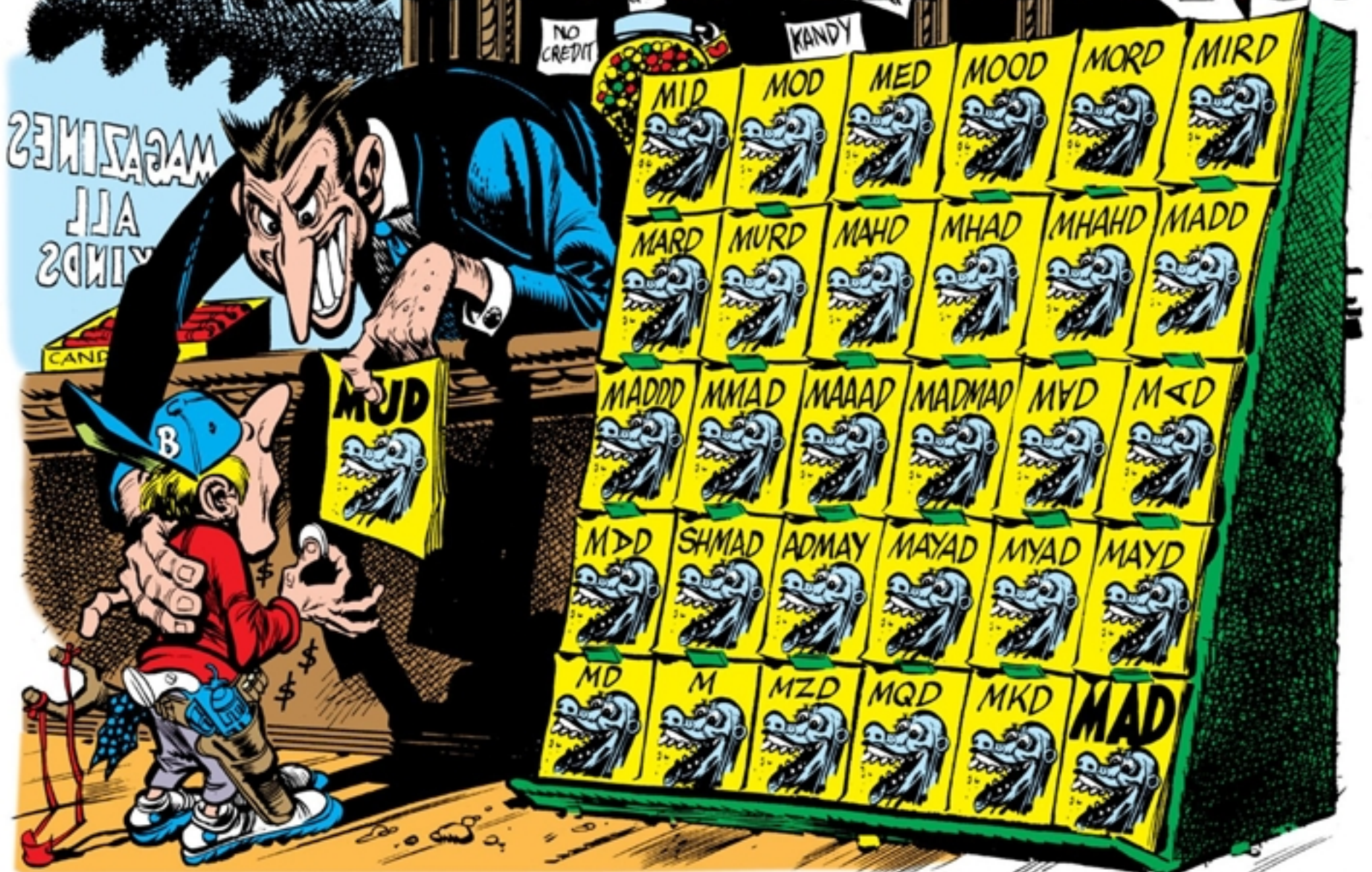


THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE YOU'VE LOST THE ROW-BOAT, THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL, AND, AS YOU THINK HOW YOU WILL NEVER COMPLETE YOUR SET OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS, YOU QUIETLY SAY...

YAAAAAAAH!

YOU LET OUT A HORRIBLE SHRIEK... CAUSE THERE YOU WERE, ALL SET FOR A COMFORTABLE SWIM BACK TO SHORE... AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHRIEK! INSTEAD OF FINDING NICE COMFORTABLE WATER, YOU FIND IT'S ICE-COLD!

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!

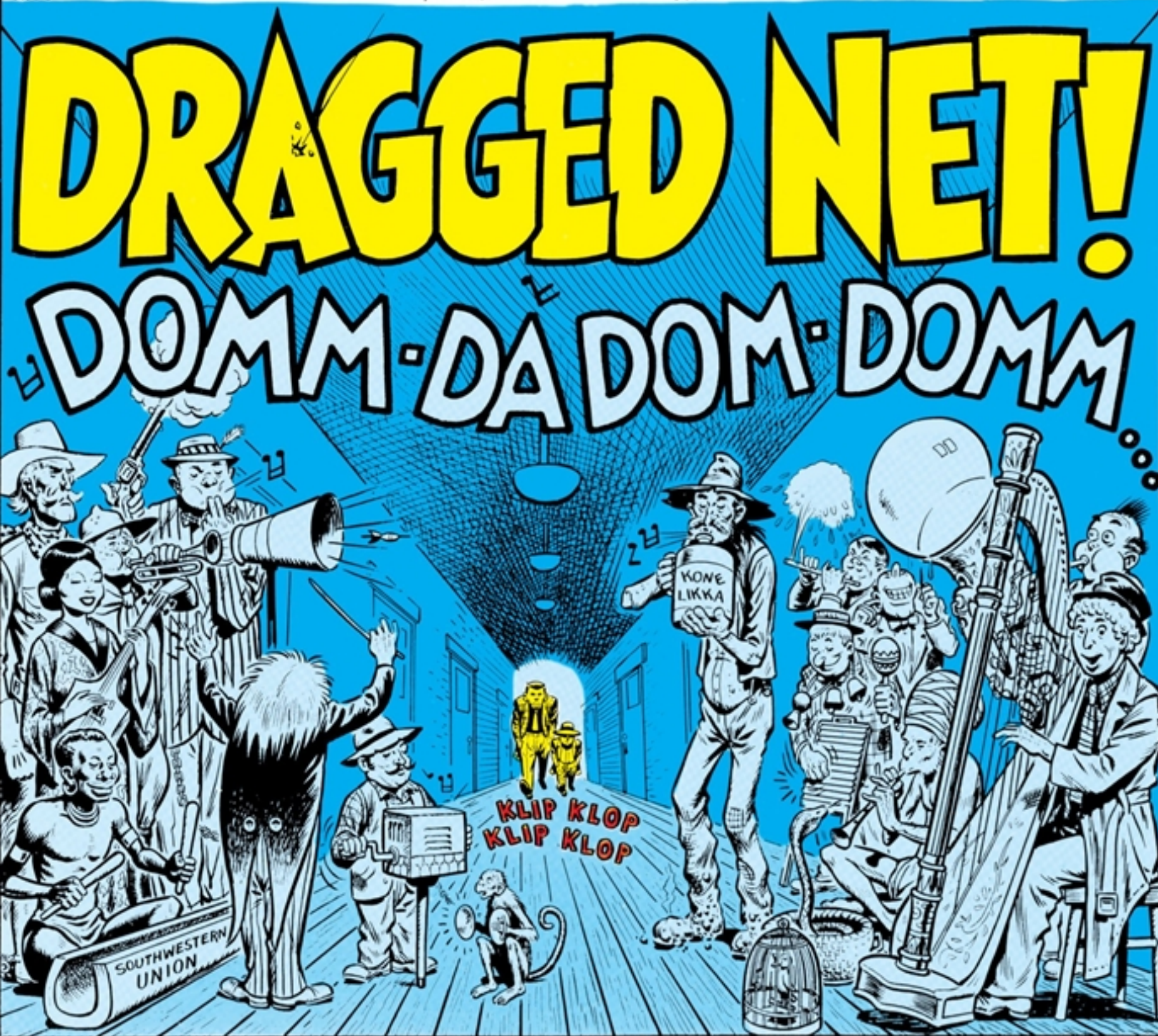


Make the taste-test yourself! Make the taste-test and you will see why leading doctors say that more people eat **MAD** than any other comic magazines!



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

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

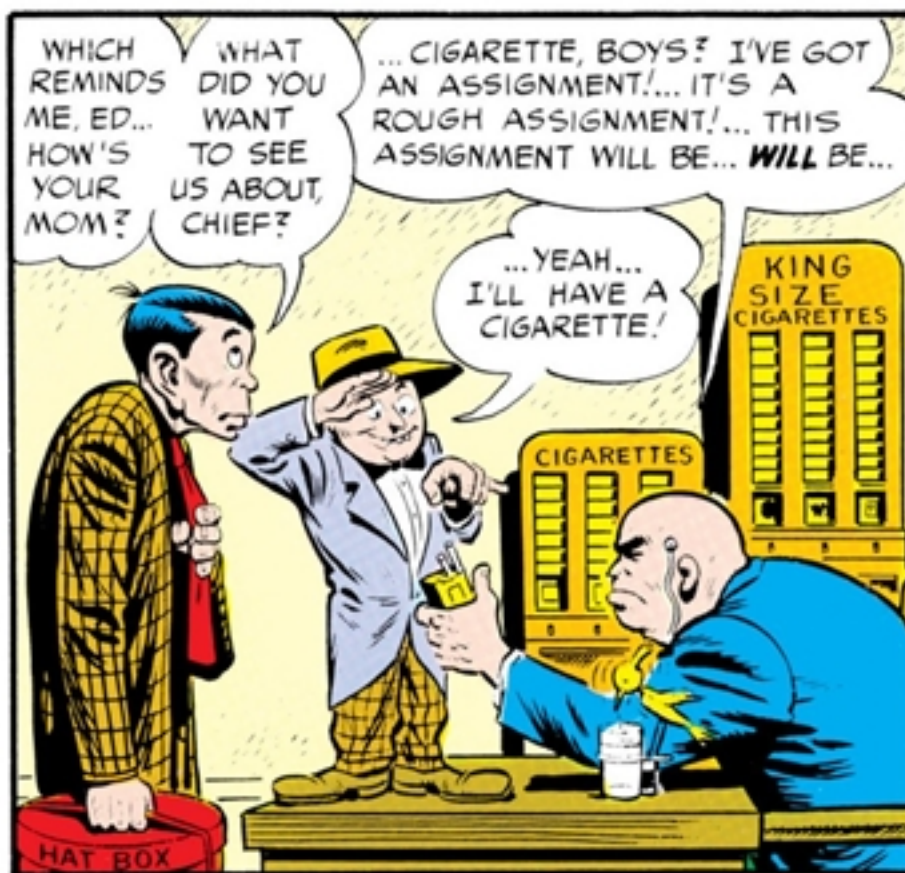
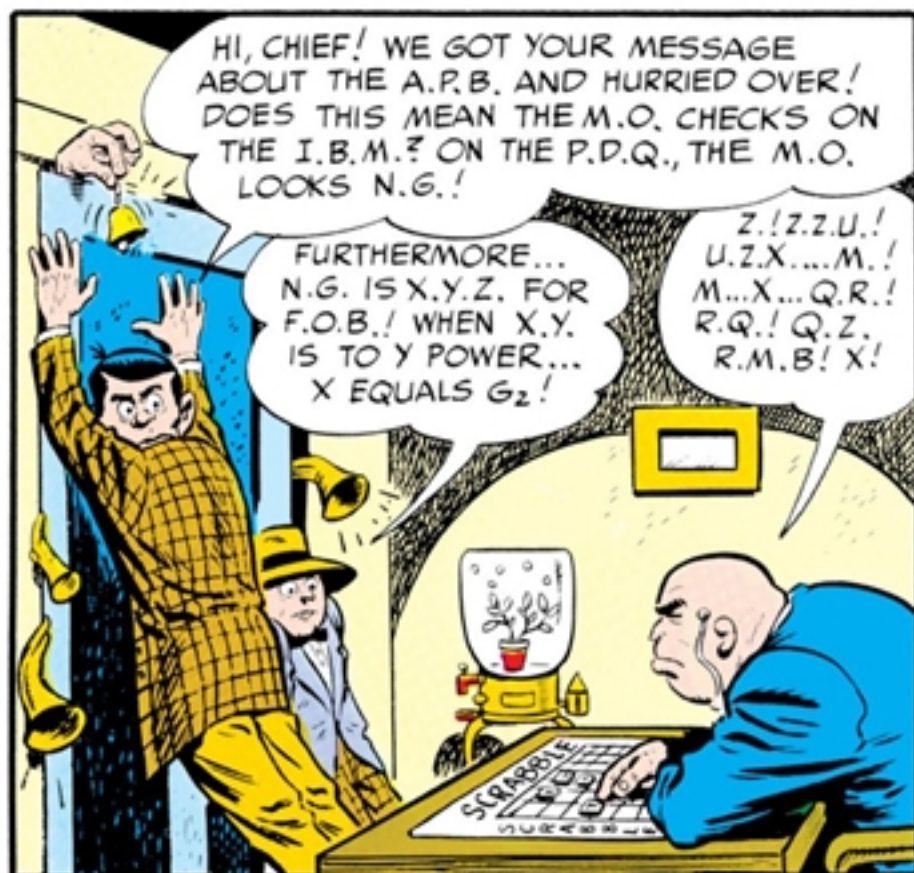


MY NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY! MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY! OUR CHIEF IS MIKE SUNDAY!

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

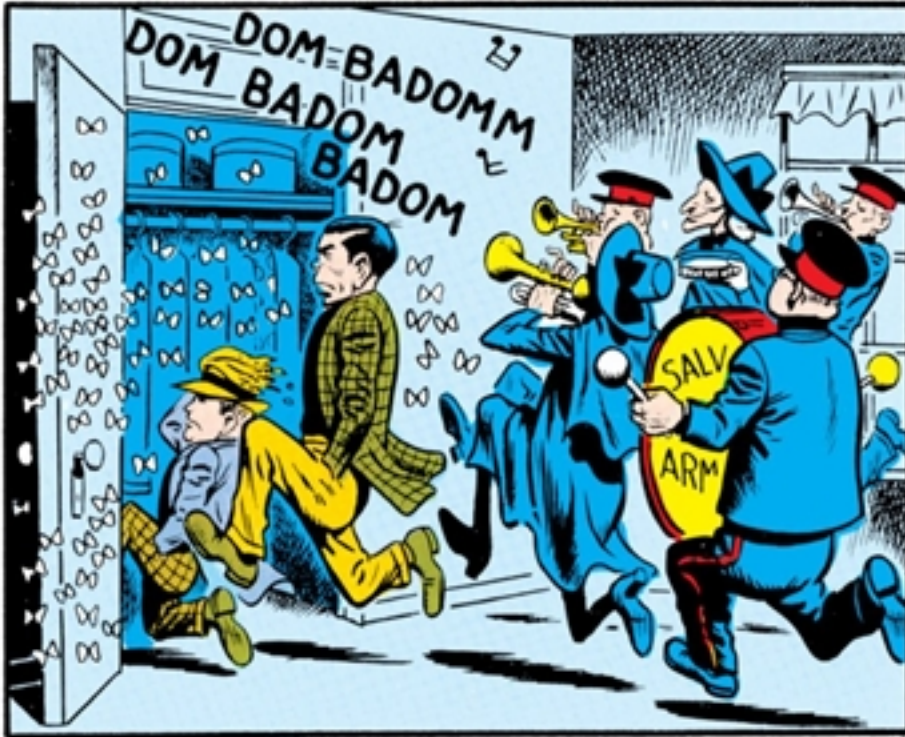
WE SHOULD'VE WORKED THE DAY WATCH OURSELVES BUT WE WORKED IT ON MONDAY... TOM MONDAY - HE'S THE JANITOR!





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

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

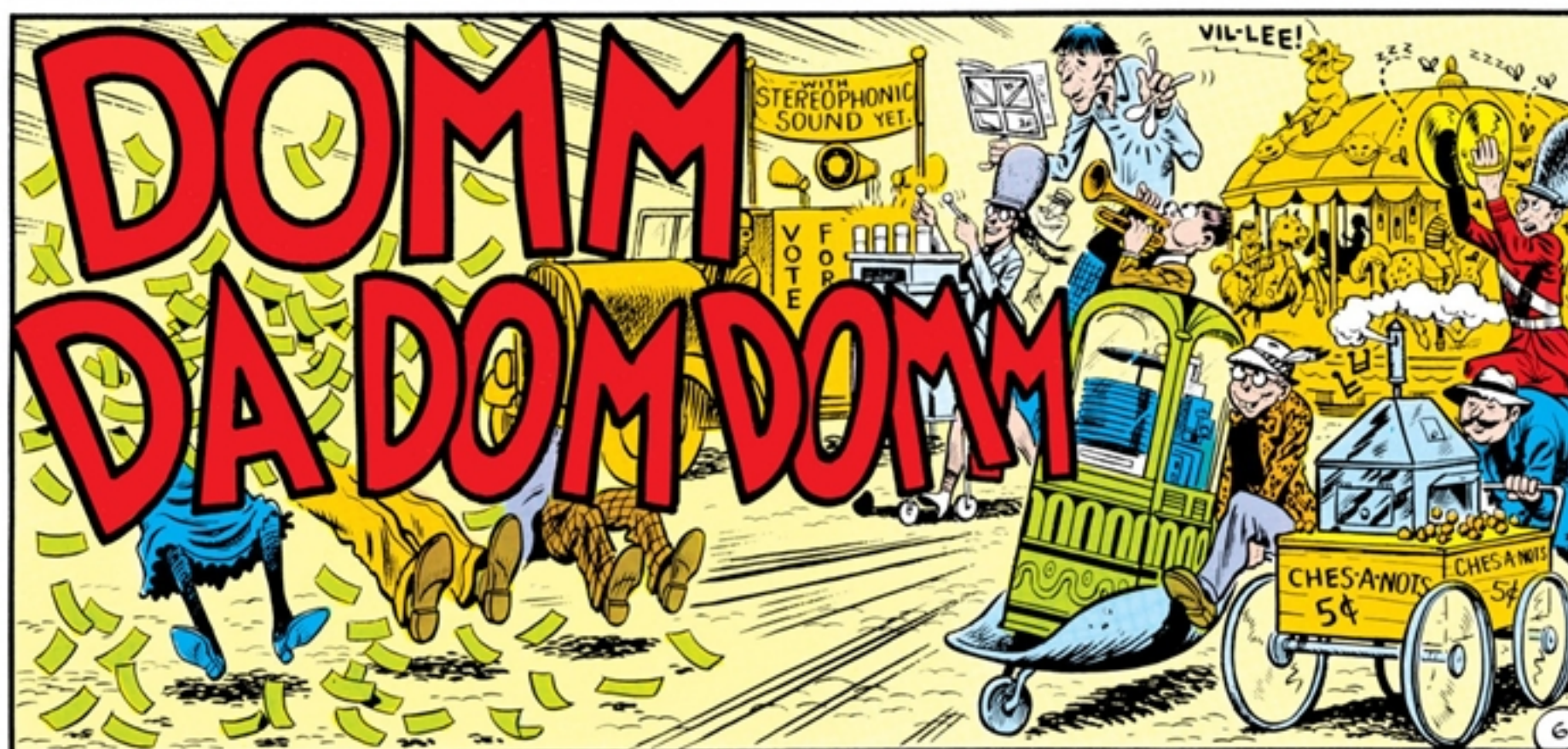
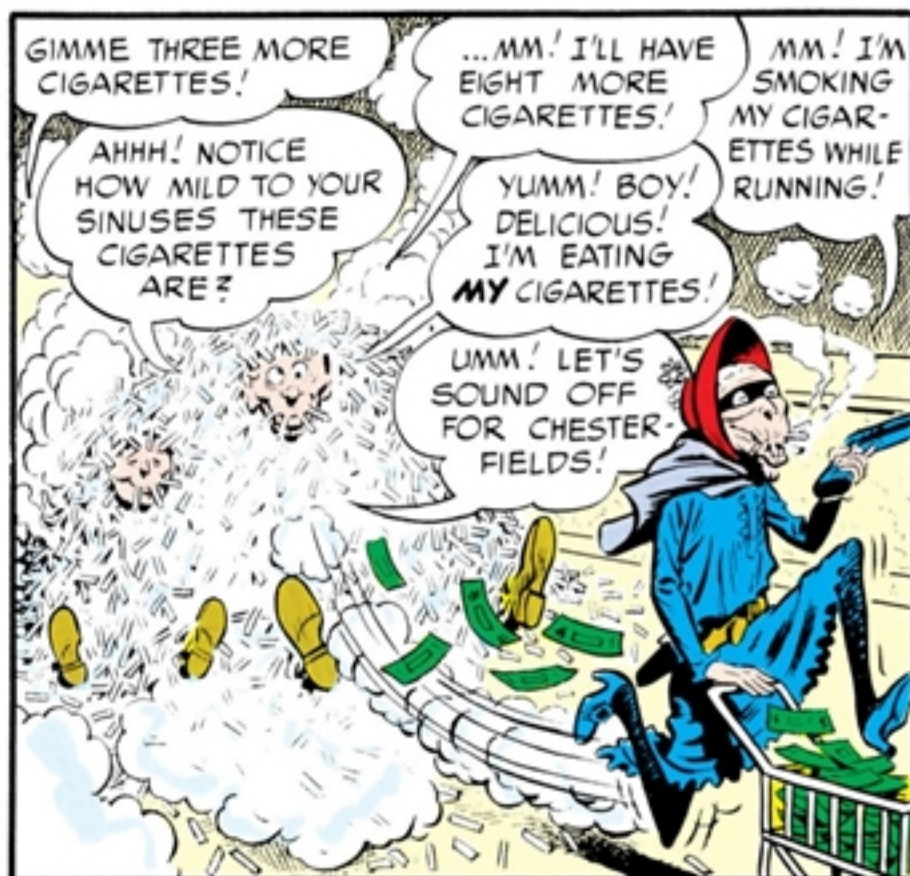


AT 9:30, WE WENT BACK TO OUR
STAKE-OUT...OUR ASSIGNMENT, WATCH-
ING AND WAITING AT THIS CORNER!

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

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





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

