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TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

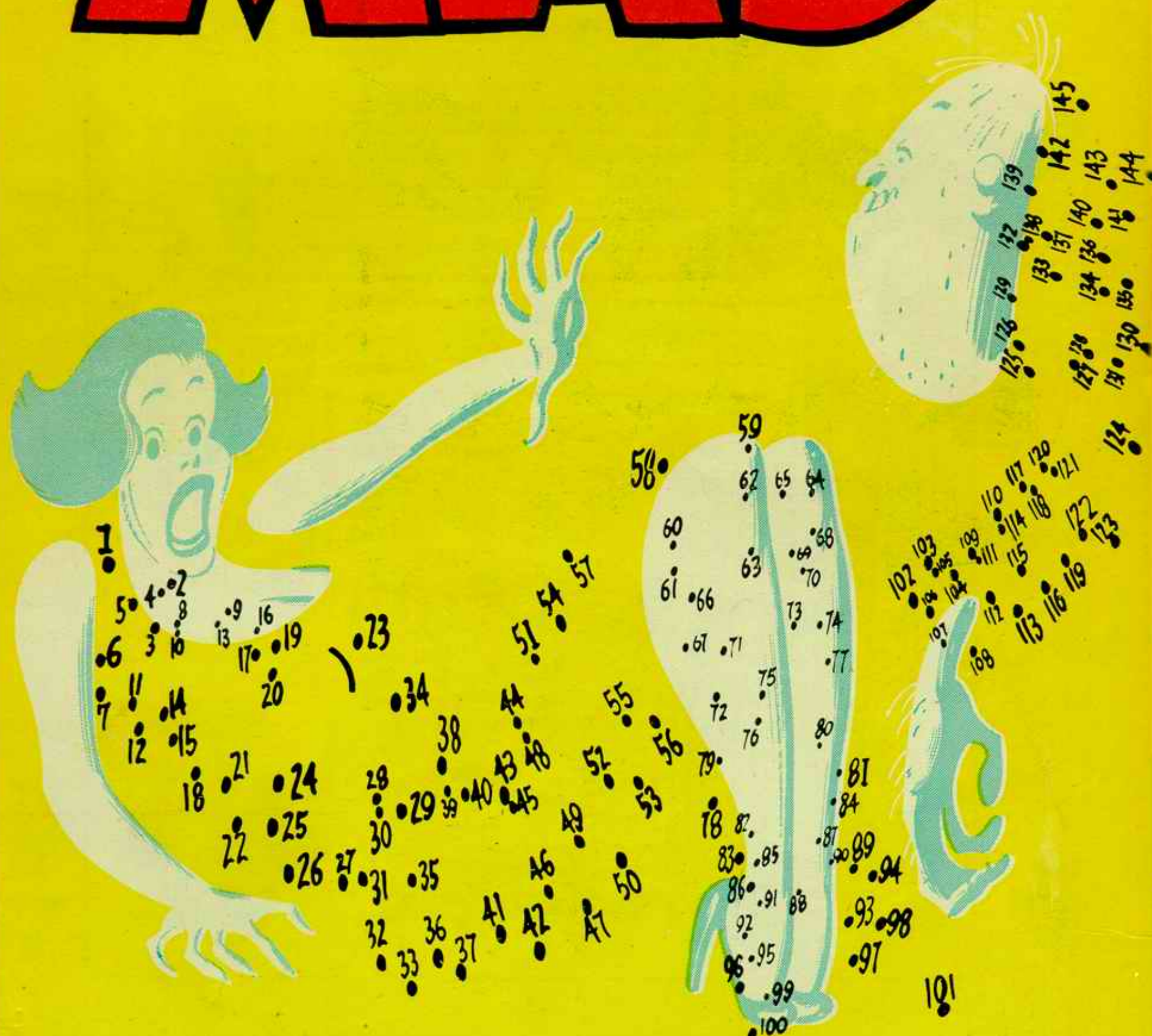


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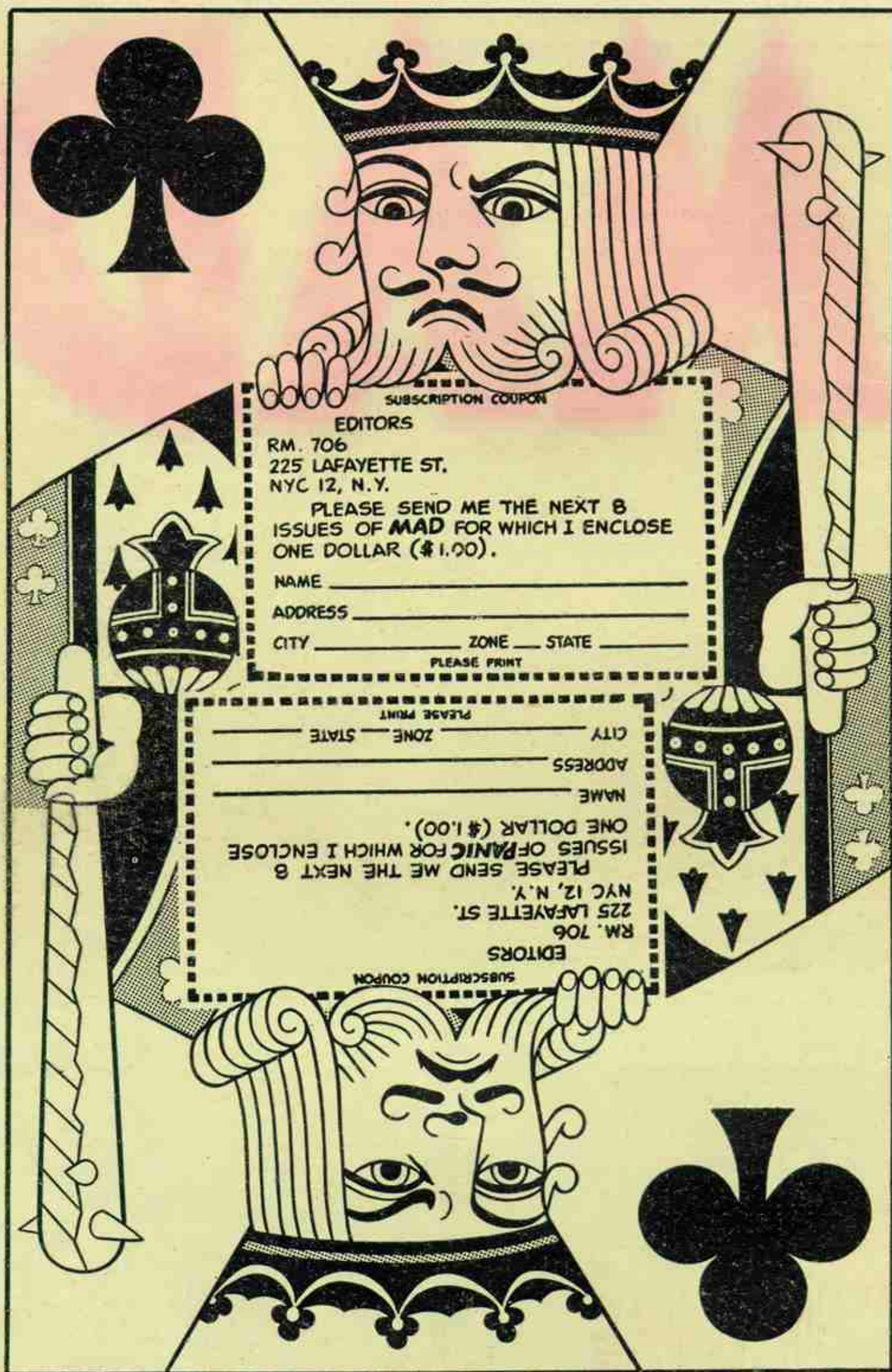
10c

MAD



LOOK GANG! ANOTHER SURPRISE! IN
THIS ISSUE...**YOU** DRAW THE COVER!

K
♣



♣
K

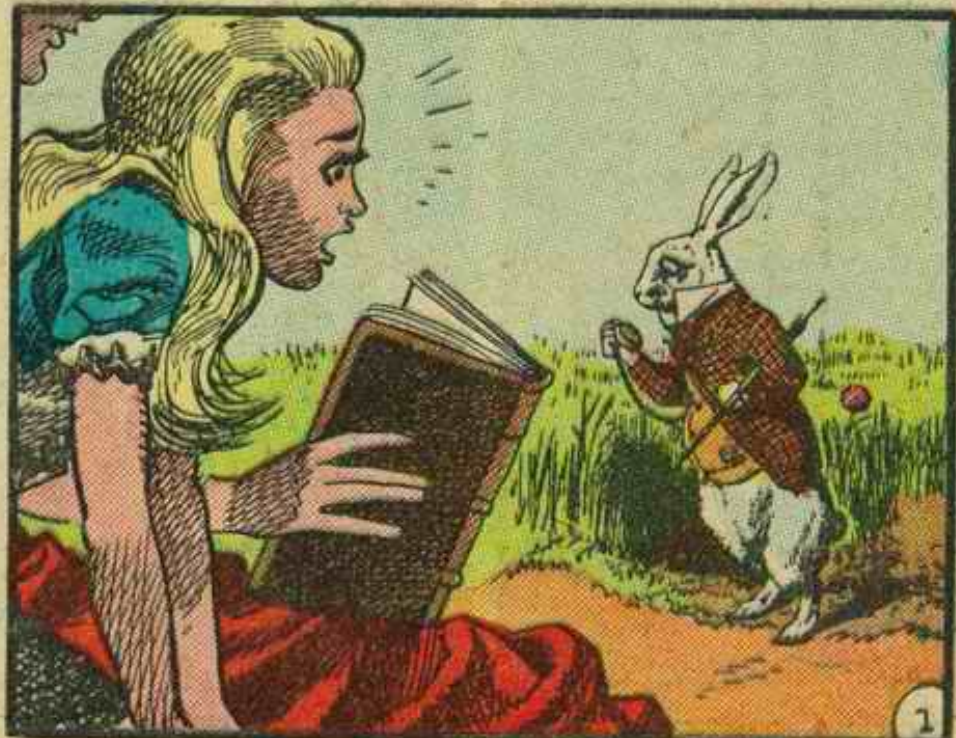
THE CLASSICS DEPT.:...HELLO! READY FOR ANOTHER IDIOTIC SESSION OF **MAD** READING?...GOOD!...TODAY, IN THE CONTINUED INTEREST OF DESTROYING THE CLASSICS, WE TURN TO A STORY LONG DEAR TO OUR HEARTS, AND WE PRESENT TO YOU THE **MAD** VERSION OF THAT QUAIN'T AND DELIGHTFUL CLASSIC...

ALICE IN WONDERLAND!



Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister and having nothing to do. She had peeped into the book her sister was reading but it had no pictures...

...Suddenly a White Rabbit ran by. There was nothing so remarkable in that, but, when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, Alice started to her feet...



Burning with curiosity, she ran across the field just in time to see it pop down a rabbit-hole. Alice went after it...

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel and then dipped suddenly down and Alice found herself falling...

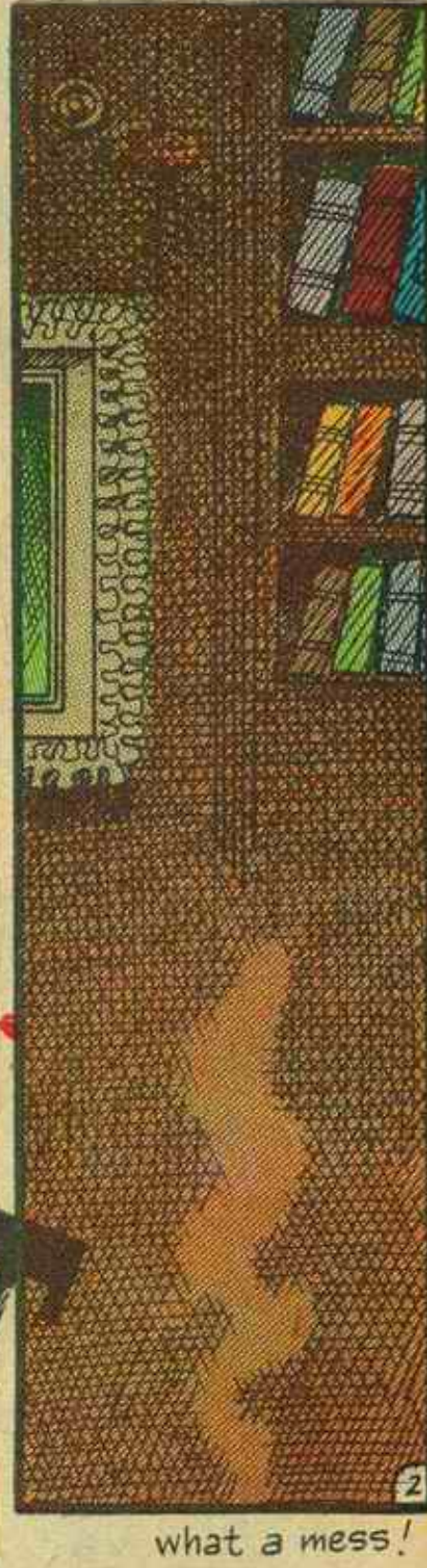
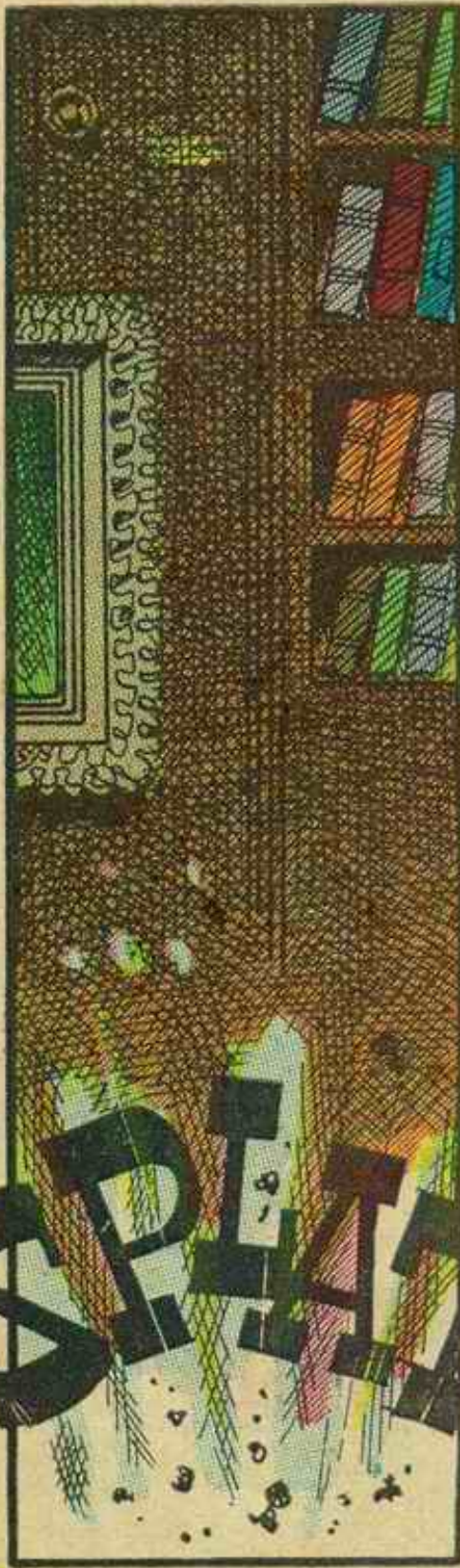
...down what seemed to be a very deep well. First she tried to look down but it was too dark to see!



Then she noticed the sides were filled with cupboards and book-shelves.

Down, down, down... "I wonder how many miles I've fallen!" she said... when suddenly...

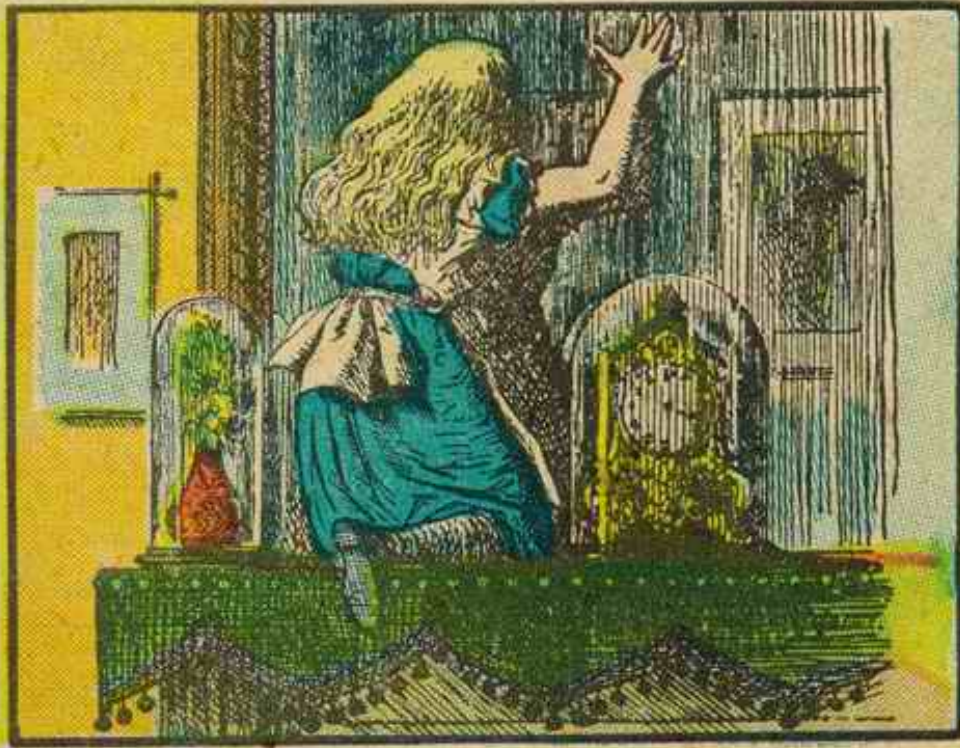
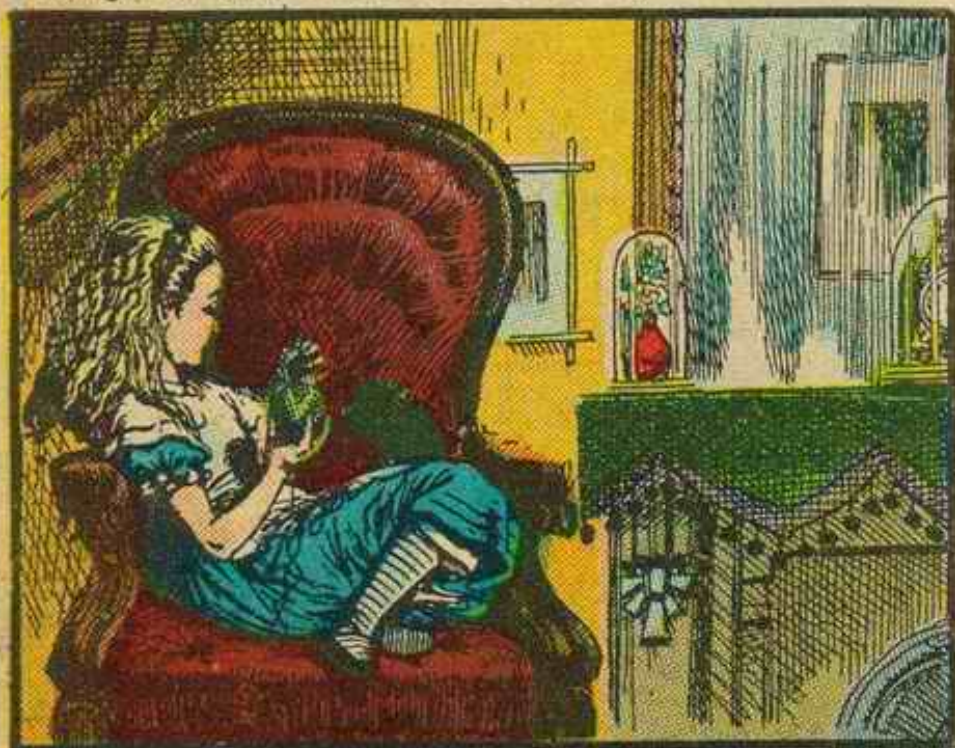
...thump! thump! Down she came upon a heap of sticks and the fall was over.



what a mess!

...Well... that's the way it goes!... And so, on to our next adventure... "Through the Looking Glass"! Alice had been sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair...

"How nice it would be to get through into Looking Glass House," said Alice... "I'll pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze." She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this...



...Though she hardly knew how she had got there, the glass was beginning to melt away like a bright silvery mist! In another moment Alice was through the glass...

By George! That "pretending" business sure can get a body into trouble!... The whole gol-durned mirror... smashed to smithereens! Alice began looking about...



...and there was the Rabbit hurrying along. Alice fancied she heard him say something like "Updok!"

At the end of the hall appeared a doorway through which the Rabbit flew with Alice right after.

However, the door being fifteen inches high, and the wall being harder than her head, Alice was unable to follow!



Suddenly, Alice came upon a table of solid glass with a tiny golden key on it and beside the key, a tiny bottle inscribed with the words "DRINK ME."

Since it would do her no good to open the tiny door, she turned to the bottle and finished it off. "How curious! I must be shutting up like a telescope!" said Alice.



And now her size was OK... the door was OK... She went to get the key... but Alice was too small!

So she grew big again from a cake that said "EAT ME"... got key OK... went to door... but Alice was too big!

...Drank more "DRINK ME" bottle... size OK... door OK... went to get key... but Alice was too small!



...ate cake... key OK... table OK... size OK... but the door was too big!

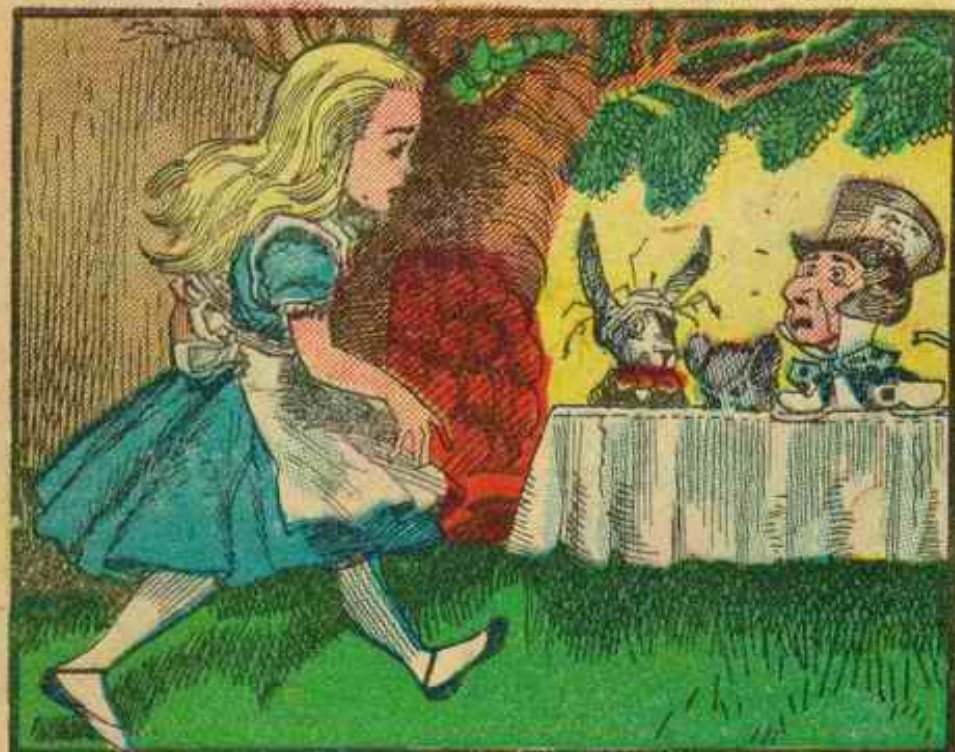
...more bottle... key OK... size OK... door OK... but the room was too small!

...more cake... door OK... size OK... table OK... but the key was too big.

...bottle... key OK... door OK... size OK... table OK... but the picture was too small!



This whole business was getting ridiculous so Alice called the 'super' who let her out with the pass key! Outside were a March Hare, a Mad Hatter and a Doormouse.



"No room!" they cried at Alice who said, "Gracious, a talking March Hare!" However, the March Hare wasn't really talking. It was the Doormouse (who was a ventriloquist.)*



*And don't tell us you haven't heard **that** one before!

"Very well," said the Hatter springing from his seat. "You may join our tea-party! Come, let's put on our war-paint!"

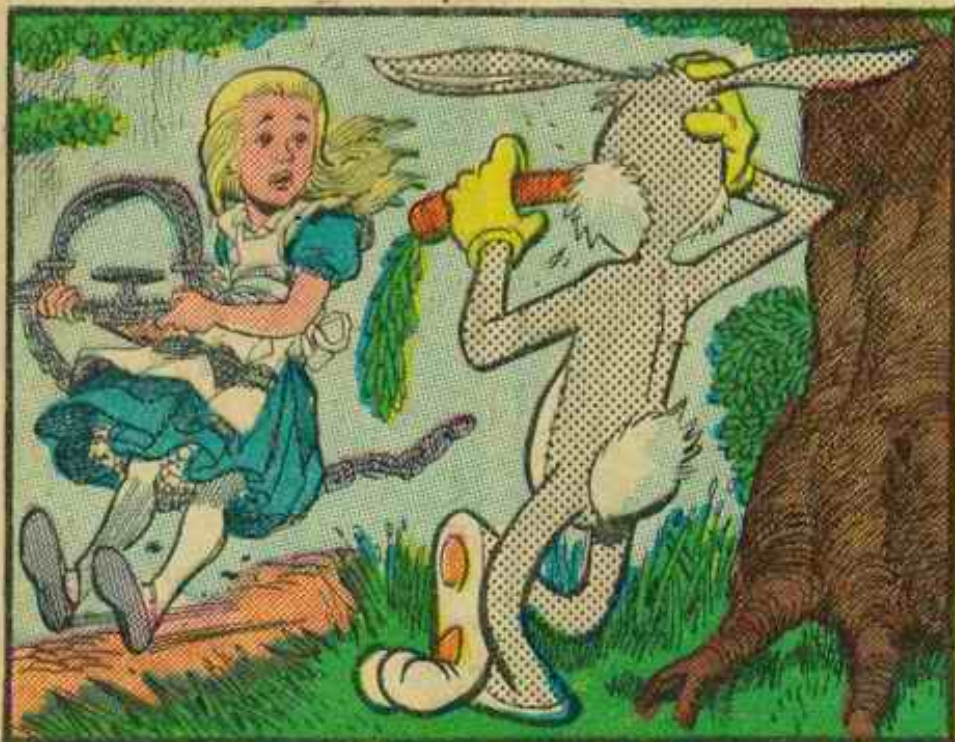
"But what has war-paint to do with a Mad Tea Party?" said Alice. "**Mad** Tea Party? Who said **Mad** Tea Party..."

"...This is going to be a **Boston** Tea Party," said the Hatter. But Alice had been distracted by the White Rabbit..."

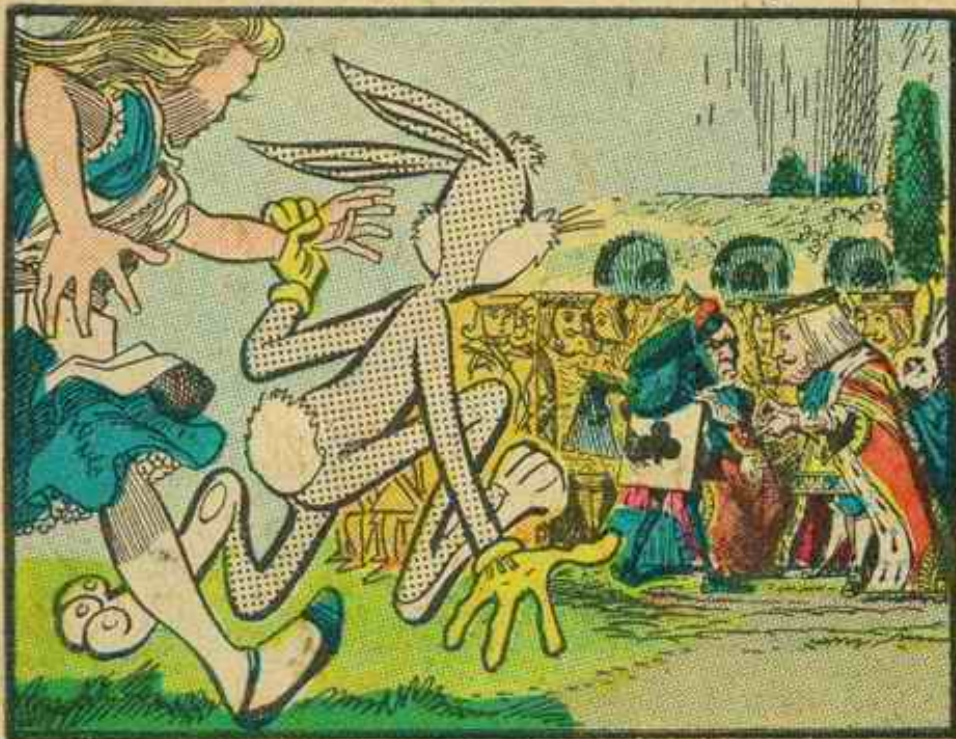


This time she was determined to catch him...to learn what that strange sound, "Updok" meant!..."Updok... What's Updok... **What's up-doc?**... Now she knew!

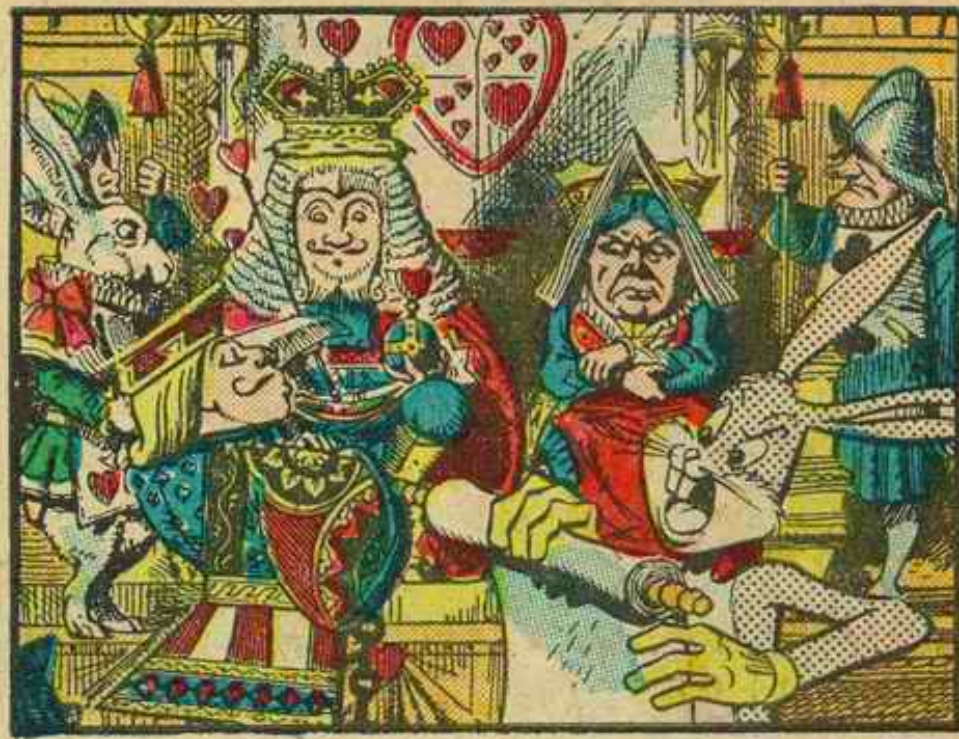
An instant later, bravery was fear... hunter turned hunted...for Alice suddenly realized from movies she'd seen...**this Rabbit was very dangerous to chase!**



In any case, a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance. "Come on!" cried the Rabbit. Ahead of them, the King and Queen were holding court.



It seems that the Knave of Hearts stole some tarts. And so...don't ask us why, but we now come to part where White Rabbit reads most classic poem of book called "Jabberwocky!"



JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought —

So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"That's a poem?" said Alice!

"That by you is a classic poem supposed to live through ages?"

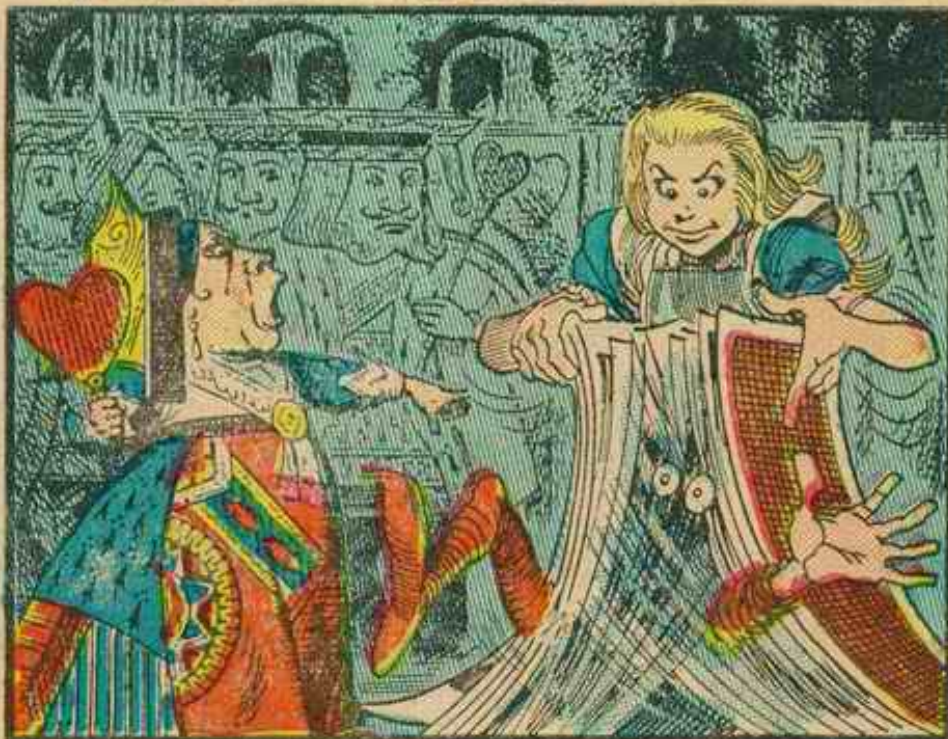
"Is it educational? Does it teach a moral? Will it sell?" said Alice!



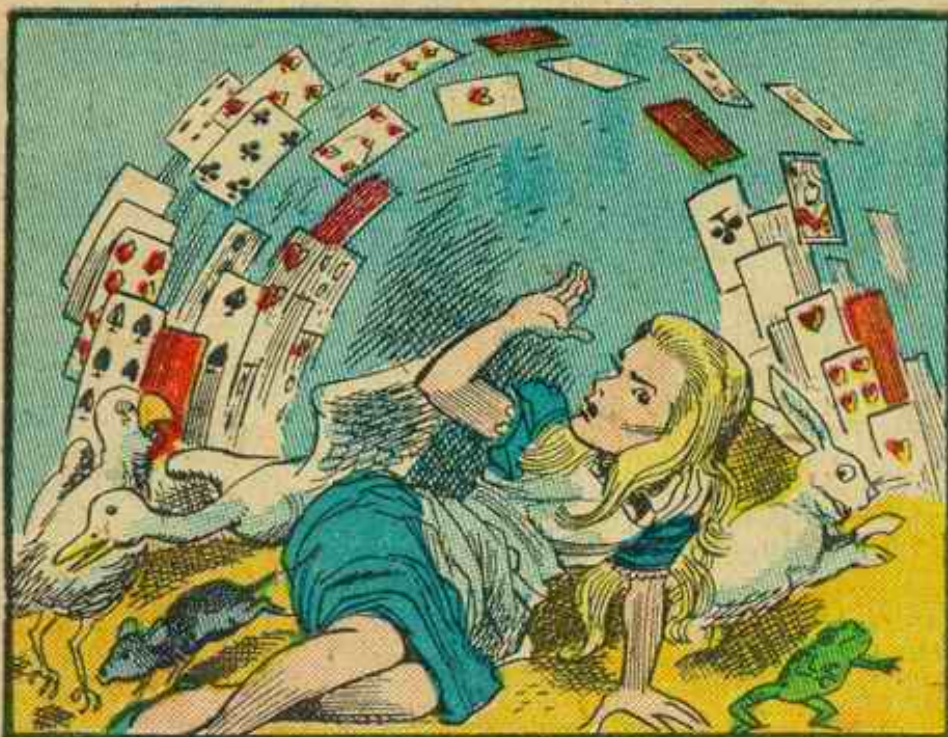
"The Knave is guilty!" says the Queen. "Off with his head!" Alice flips! But the Knave says, "It's O.K.! Since I'm a playing card, I've got a head to spare!"



And that's why Alice flips...the card deck, that is, 'cause all the while she's playing solitaire...and cheating. "Off with her head!" the Queen shouts.



"Who cares for you?" says Alice. "You're nothing but a pack of cards!" At this, the whole pack rose up into the air and came flying down on her!



She tried to beat them off and found herself lying on the bank with her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves from her face.



"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "You've been dreaming!" "What?" said Alice, "The old 'dream' plot?"

"Whew! That old routine where an adventure turns out to be a dream, is the corniest plot in history!"

And so she told her sister of her curious dream as well as she could remember...



...And when she had finished, her sister said, "It certainly was a curious dream" and so took Alice off to see a psycho-analyst.

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319 STAMPS

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25¢



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SAN MARINO—from the world's smallest and oldest republic you get 3 multi-colored airmail triangles!

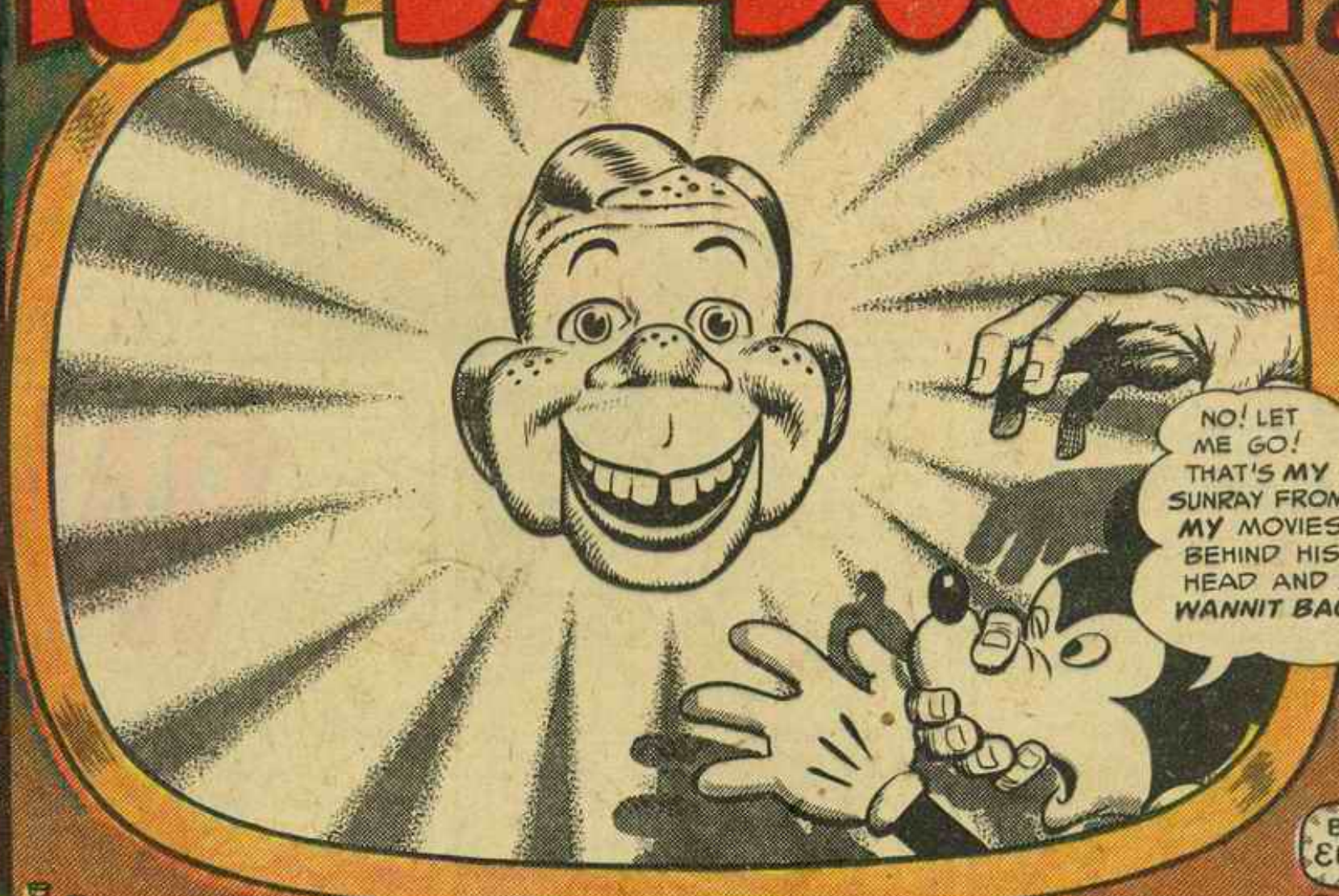
ZENITH CO., Dept. LB-1
81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
Here's my 25¢. Send me entire collection described in this ad—319 all-different stamps—**plus FREE "Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps."** Include, for free examination, your latest Bargain Approvals.

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Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

ZENITH CO. 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

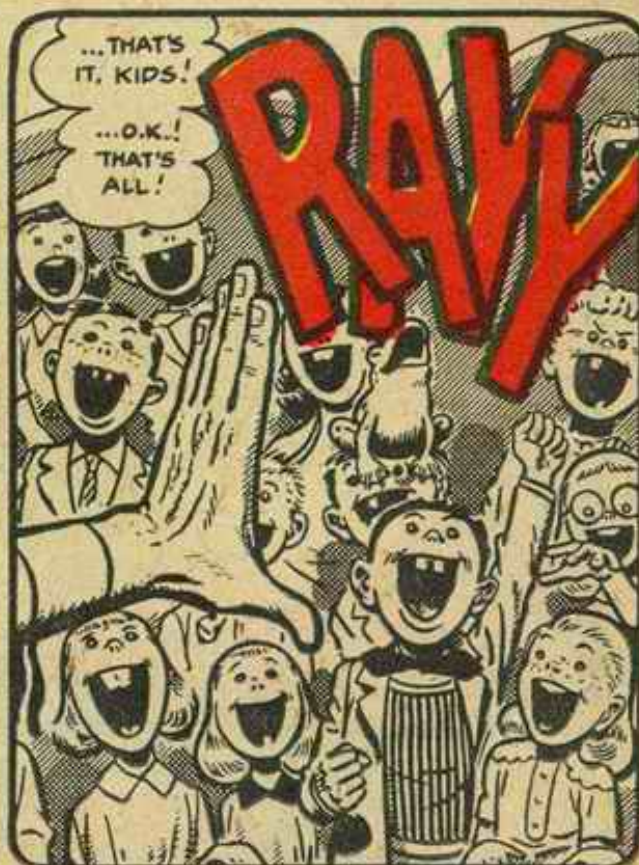
T.V. DEPT.: OUR CONSTANT READERS HAVE NO DOUBT NOTICED OUR SUDDEN SHIFT TO TELEVISION! WE ARE GIVING SPECIAL ATTENTION TO T.V. BECAUSE WE BELIEVE IT HAS BECOME AN INTEGRAL PART OF LIVING... A POWERFUL INFLUENCE IN SHAPING THE FUTURE... BUT MAINLY WE ARE GIVING ATTENTION BECAUSE WE JUST GOT A NEW T.V. SET!... SO HERE'S OUR STORY...

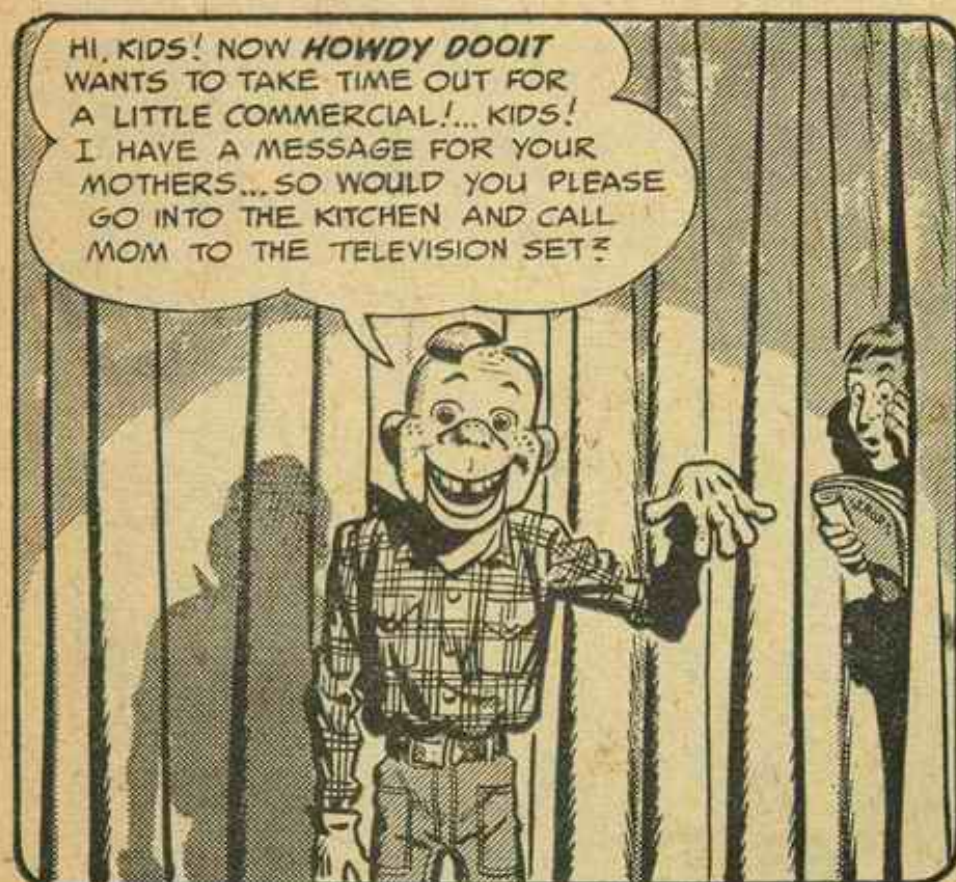
HOWDY DOOIT!

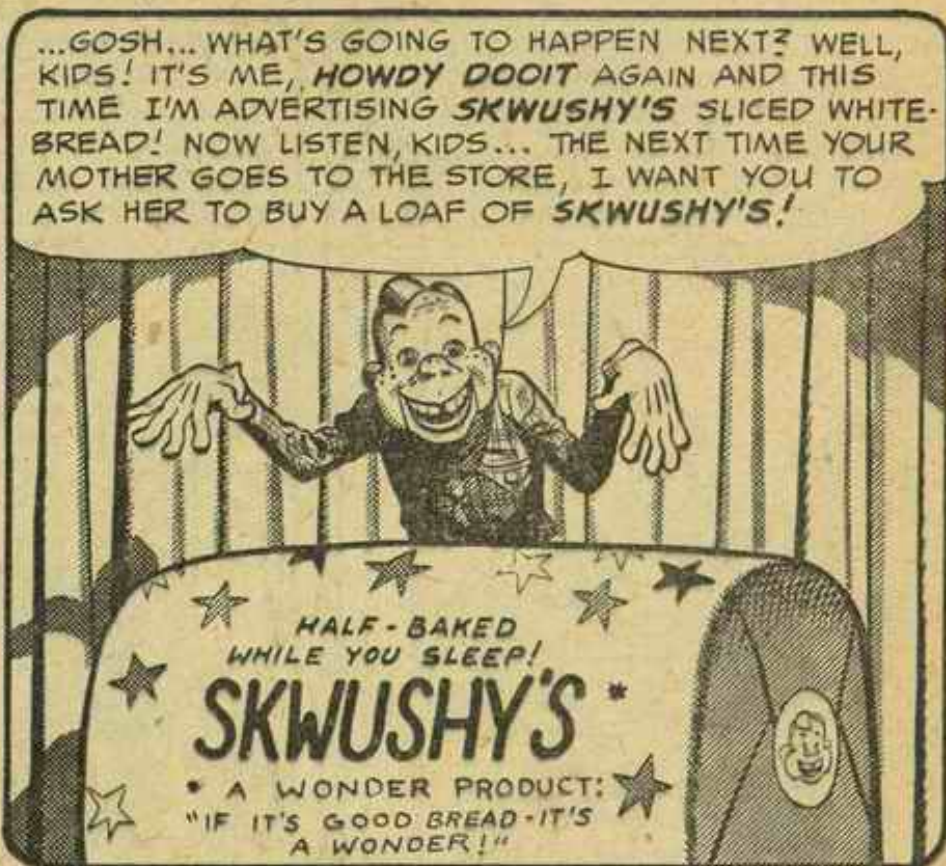


BILL Elder









...NOW
BACK TO
OUR
STORY!

IT'S NO USE! HE'S ALREADY WHIPPING
THOSE THINGS OUT OF THAT BOX!...
HERE COMES THE SELTZER BOTTLE!... WE
MIGHT AS WELL STAND AND MEET
OUR FATE!



NOW YOU
KNOW IT
AIN'T RIGHT
TO SQUIRT
SELTZER,
CLARABELLA!

...ESPECIALLY
TO SQUIRT
SELTZER ON
TELEVISION!

ESPECIALLY
TO SQUIRT
SELTZER ON
THIS
TYPE
PROGRAM!

... AND
MAINLY
ESPECIALLY
TO SQUIRT
SELTZER ON
SCOTCH!



EXCUSE ME AGAIN, KIDS, BUT I WANT TO TELL YOU
ABOUT PHUD CEREAL FLAKES! PHUD CEREAL
FLAKES DON'T SNAP, CRACKLE OR POP! PHUD
JUST LAYS THERE IN THE BOWL IN ONE SOGGY
MESS!... NOW KIDS, LET ME SUGGEST HOW
YOU CAN GET YOUR MOM TO BUY PHUD!



...IF MOM
WON'T BUY
YOU PHUD,
YOU JUST
STAND IN THE
NEXT ROOM
AND YELL
LIKE THIS...



IF SHE STILL
WON'T BUY IT,
FALL DOWN ON
THE FLOOR AND
YELL LIKE THIS...



...IF THAT DOESN'T WORK,
THEN, START TWITCHING AND
JERKING IN HORRIBLE
CONTORTIONS, ALL THE
TIME YELLING LIKE THIS...



... MEANWHILE, HOLD YOUR
BREATH AND MAKE YOUR FACE
TURN BLUE! I GUARANTEE THAT
IF YOU AIN'T GOT PHUD BY
THIS TIME, YOU AIN'T GON' BE
'ROUND LONG ENOUGH TO EVER
GET PHUD!





OF COURSE... ADVERTISING AND ENTERTAINMENT ARE LUCRATIVE FIELDS IF ONE HITS THE TOP BRACKETS... MUCH LIKE **HOWDY DOOIT** HAS! IN OTHER WORDS... WHAT I WANT TO DO WHEN I GROW UP, IS TO BE A HUSTLER LIKE **HOWDY DOOIT**! I WANT TO BE WHERE THE **CASH** IS... THE **GREEN STUFF**... **MOOLAH... POUND NOTES... GET IT? ... MONEY!**



BUT CHILD... **HOWDY DOOIT** IS NO "HUSTLER"! HE NEEDS NO MONEY! NO DOLLAR BILLS TO SMILE... NO MERCENARY INCENTIVE TO PASS OUT HAPPINESS!

AWW COME OFF IT, **BUFFALO BILL**!



NO, CHILD... **HOWDY DOOIT** IS A HAPPY WOODEN MARIONETTE, MANIPULATED BY STRINGS! **HOWDY DOOIT**, CHILD, IS NO MERCENARY, MONEY GRUBBING HUSTLER...

...I, **BUFFALO BILL**, AM THE MERCENARY, MONEY GRUBBING HUSTLER!



I'LL SHOW YOU WHO THE HUSTLER IS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHILD?

WAIT!



SOMEONE GRAB HIM!

STOP HIM, SOMEONE!

HOLD HIM!

SNAP SNIP SNOP



WHAT DID HE DO?... WHAT'S WRONG WITH **BUFFALO BILL**?

...CUT THE SCENE!
...CUT THE SCENE!
...CUT! CUT!

...THAT KID!... HE HAD A PAIR OF SCISSORS!

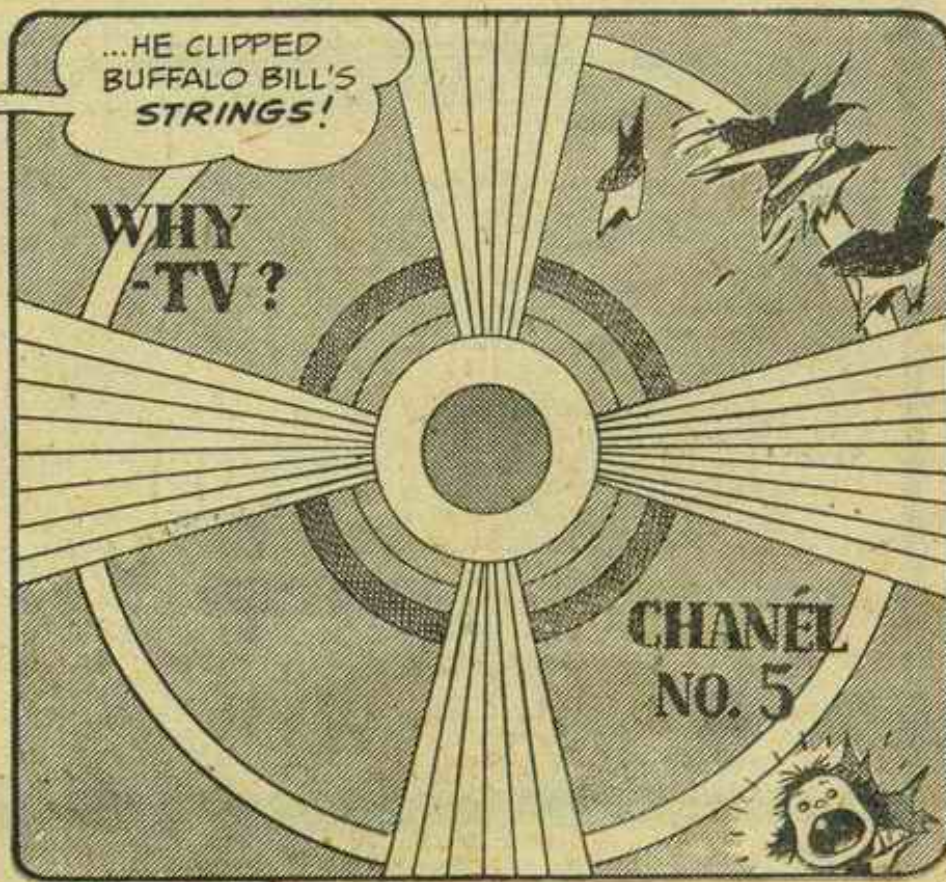
CLIK CLIK CLIK



...HE CLIPPED **BUFFALO BILL**'S STRINGS!

WHY -TV?

CHANÉL NO. 5



Zebra-Snake Design



STYLE #400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only.

\$2.98

STYLE #500

Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front or Rear.

\$2.98

RUSH

ORDER TODAY!

LEOPARD-COWHIDE DESIGN



REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — SERVICE GAUGE PLASTIC
FOR LONG WEAR

• Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only **\$2.98** each. Complete set for Front & Rear only **\$5.00**. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

5 day Money Back Guarantee!

**TERRACE SALES . DEPT. EC 100
EAST ROCKAWAY, NEW YORK**

Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible
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☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
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☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

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ILLUSTRATED ACTUAL SIZE



Send for this retractable ball pen with the miracle ink that writes dry, can't leak, transfer, soil hands or clothing, approved by bankers. With it free you also get matching fountain pen with two-way gold plate point that writes bold or fine. . . . AND automatic

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List names for engraving additional sets on separate sheet.

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ON ALL 3 PIECES (PRINT) _____

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Let Us Quote on Quantity Orders for Business Firms

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TODAY**

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Amazing 3-Piece Matched Set

1. Retractable Ball Pen with Miracle Write-Dry Ink, 2. Matching Fountain Pen, 3. Automatic Pencil . . .

Complete with your Name in Golden Letters on Each Piece!

**This Sensational Offer
Void After 60 Days**

75,000 word refill 35c everywhere



To Eject Point, Simply Press Button For Miles and Miles of Writing.



To Retract Point, Touch Clip and Automatic Point Jumps Back Into Barrel.

Here again, we devote our text page to a serious discussion of the state of the world . . . to a **sounding** out of political, social, and economic affairs. In this issue, we would like to discuss how statements and opinions of our hemisphere might sound to the ears of the other side of the world. How do our views sound in the far-east, for instance, and how do their views sound to us. For, although an opinion may sound one way to you, the same opinion may sound completely different in a distant land because of the complete difference of circumstances. And so, here is our article . . .

HOW OUR OPINIONS SOUND

by G. Clef

Tempo I.

rall. *ta* *ta* *lento.* *pp una corda*

diminu. a poco

Tempo I.

rall. *ta* *ta* *lento.* *pp una corda*

ta *ta* *ta*

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation, likely a manuscript for a piano piece. The notation is arranged in several systems, each consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The music is written in a style characteristic of the 18th or 19th century, with clear notes, rests, and bar lines. Dynamic markings such as 'cresc.' (crescendo) and 'allora' (then) are visible, indicating changes in volume and mood. The paper appears aged, with some discoloration and wear at the edges. The handwriting is elegant and precise, typical of a professional composer or scribe.

E.C. WENT TO SEA IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...



AND WE CAME UP WITH...
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...



PIRACY



**NOW YOU SEARCH
FOR IT!**

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY*
AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU
CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER
WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF
CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-
LUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BILGE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME!
I ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES
OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZONE
NO. _____

COLLECTORS ITEM DEPT:
YOU COLLECTORS, ALL 2 OF YOU AN-
OTHER REPRINT* OF THE ADVENTURES
OF YUCCA PUCCA GULCH'S FAMOUS...

POT-SHOT PETE...

IF'N YOU FLINCH AT
THE SIGHT OF BLOOD
OR BLENCH AT
THE THOUGHT
OF DEATH...
**DO NOT READ
THIS STORY!**

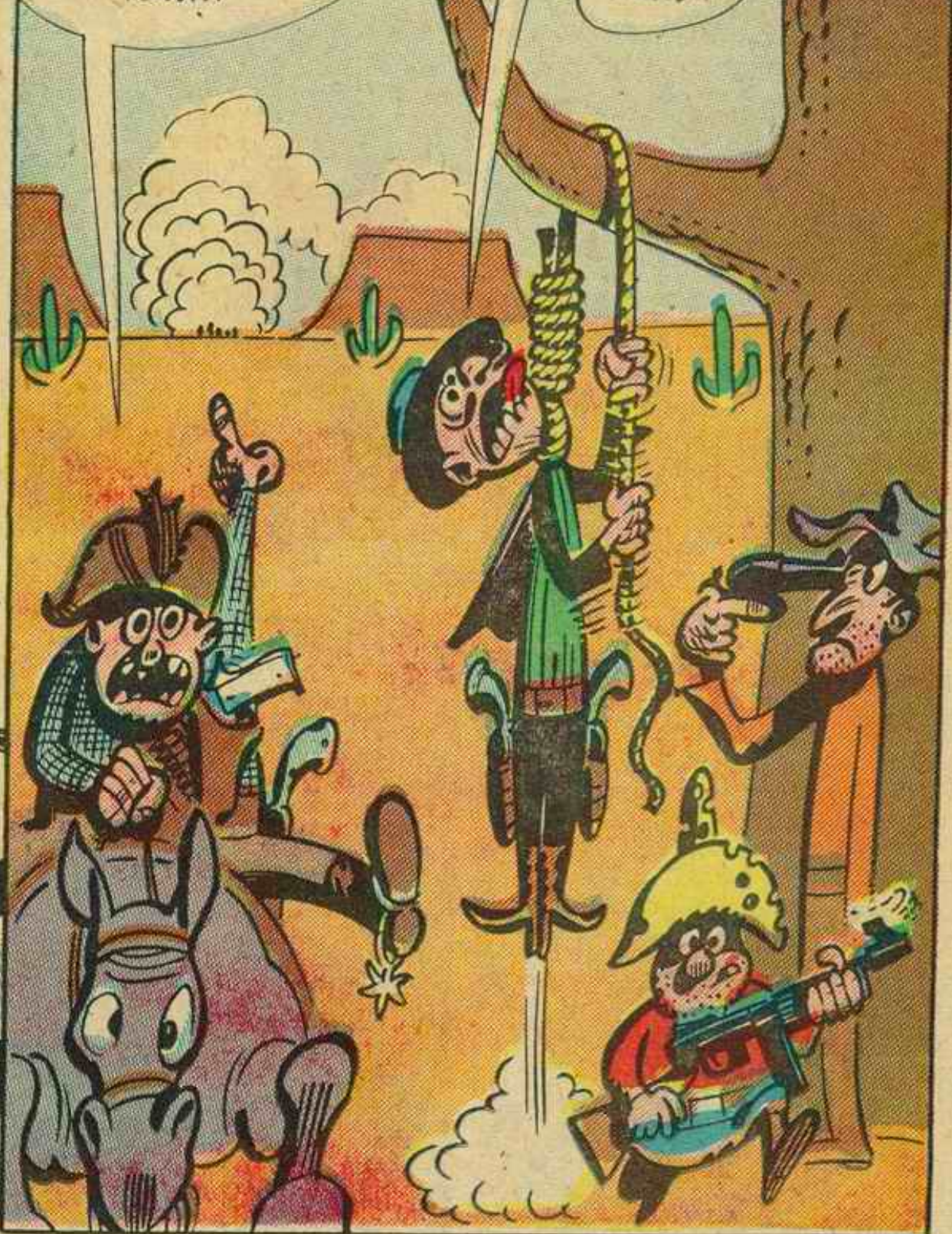
THIS IS NOT A
STORY FOR
WOMEN, CHIL-
DREN OR
SISSIES!

AS A MATTER
OF FACT, WE
DON'T REALLY
KNOW WHO
THIS STORY
IS FOR!



THAT DUST CLOUD OFF
TO THE WEST! IT'S POT-
SHOT PETE AND HIS
POSSE! US BED MEN
BETTER CL'AR OUT'N
TOWN!

NO USE TRYN' TO OUTFRIN SHERIFF
POT-SHOT PETE 'MIGHT AS WELL HANG
OURSELVES RIGHT NOW 'CAUSE WE'RE
AS GOOD AS
DEAD!



INTO YUCCA PUCCA GULCH
COMES POT-SHOT AND HIS POSSE
...LEATHER-TANNED, HARD RIDING
MEN, COVERED WITH THE ALKALI
DUST OF THE TRAIL!



**YOUTH HOSTEL...
HALT!**



DID YOU
WATCH THAT
SHERIFF,
POT-SHOT,
RIDE!

YEAH!
ALL THE
WAY...
NO
HANDS!

**SHERIFF
POT-SHOT
PETE!**



H. Kurtz

POT-SHOT! I'VE BEEN HITTING LEATHER, NIGHT AND DAY... RIDIN', RIDIN', RIDIN'! THAR'S DANGER ON THE TRAIL, AND YOU, THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST, ARE THE ONLY MAN THAT CAN HELP!



YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WEST O' THE BRAZOS... NOT AFRAID OF ANYONE, HUMAN NOR OTHERWISE... QUICKER'N A RATTLESNAKE... YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN BRING IN THE ...



...WHO CAN BRING IN THE McVETNIT BOYS!



HE'S FAINTED, AMIGOS! GIVE ME THE SMELLIN' SALTS! POT-SHOT! SPEAK TUH ME!



POOPY! WHUT HAPPENED? I MUSTA HAD A TOUCH OF SUN!

THEM OL' BULLET WOUNDS O' MINE START ACTING UP ONCE AND A WHILE! NOW, WHUT WERE YEW A-SAYIN', POOPY?



...I WAS A-SAYIN' YOU'VE GOTTA BRING IN...

...THE McVETNIT BOYS!



ME NOT POT-SHOT PETE! MY NAME, 'HALF-SHOT SHMETE'! POT-SHOT PETE, HIM GONE THATAWAY!

HAW-HAW! THIS PETE! IT'S HIS SENSE OF HUMOR THAT REALLY MAKES HIM THE ALL-AMERICAN COWBOY THAT HE IS!



LAST I SAW OF THE McVETNIT BOYS, THEY WERE GOIN' THATAWAY! GET 'EM, POT-SHOT!



RIGHT!

POT-SHOT! FERTEN Y'ARS WE BEEN COURTIN', AN I HAIN'T BEEN KISSED! KISS ME, POT-SHOT!



THATAWAY!

RIGHT!

THAR HE GOES, FLAKES O' STEEL
FLASHING IN HIS COPPERY GIMLET
EYES! NOTHING HAD BETTER GET
IN THE WAY OF POT-SHOT PETE!



ON THIS DAY, LORD HAVE MERCY
ON ANYTHING, HUMAN NOR OTHER
WISE THAT GETS IN THE WAY OF
POT-SHOT PETE!



UPAHEAD... A GUN-HAPPY YOUNG
GUNZEL LEANS ON A HITCHING
RAIL, LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!



IT'S KNOWN FAR AND WIDE THAT ANY
GUNZEL THAT BEATS POT-SHOT PETE
TO THE DRAWZEL WILL BE THE
BIGGEST GUNZEL IN THE WESTZEL!



SHERIFF POT-SHOT! YOU LOW-DOWN
OWL-HOOT! I WANT YOU TO
FAN LEATHER 'CAUSE I'M A-GOIN
TO BEAT YOU TO THE DRAW!



AH! I'M OUT TO BRING IN THE Mc-
METNIT BOYS, AN' NO PUNK GUN-
ZEL'S A-GOIN TO PULL ME INTO A
GUN FIGHT AND DETER ME F'UM
MY PURPOSE!



LOOKEE, POT-SHOT! MY GUN IS
SPITTING LEADEN DEATH AT YOUR GAL-
FRIEND! NOW WILL YOU TRY AN' BEAT
ME TO THE 'DRAW?

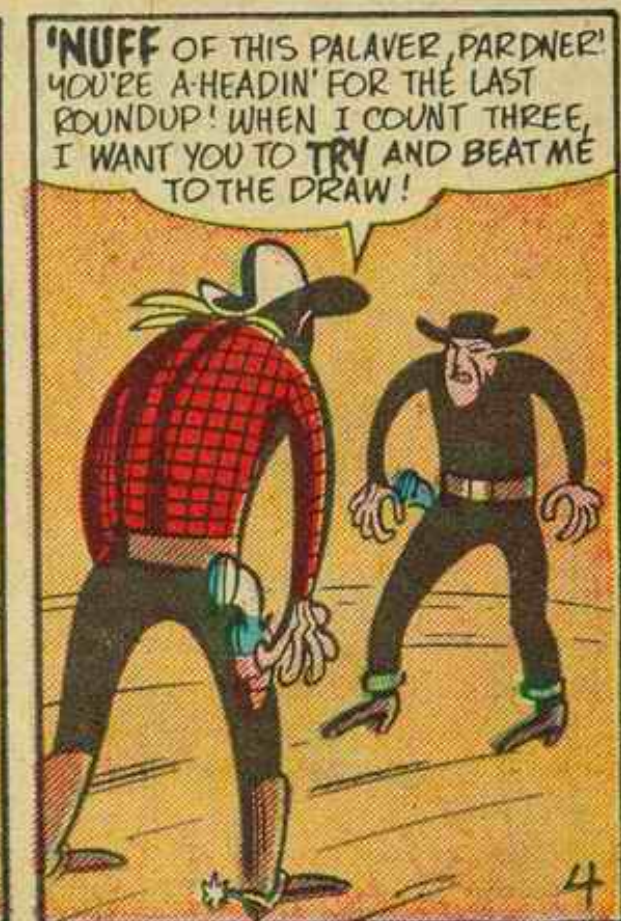


GOTTA BRING IN THE McMETNIT
BOYS! HAIN'T GOT TIME TO MESS
WITH GUNZELS!



SHERIFF POT-SHOT PETE! YER A VALLER
LIVERED 'PELADO' AND YOU DRINK
ASH TRAYS AND I'M GOING TO SHOOT
YOU IN THE BACK! NOW WILL YOU
TRY AN' BEAT ME TO THE DRAW?







end

MAD MUMBLINGS



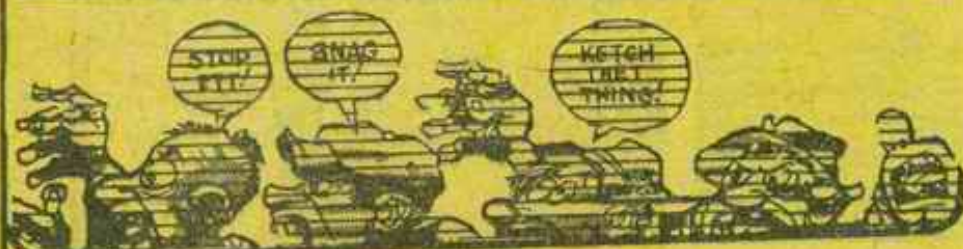
Dear Editors,

At our humble little base here in North Africa, Everyone enjoys MAD tremendously. Everyone, that is, except two guys I know of, but they're □'s anyway. MAD is the furshlugginest book in circulation.—Pete McDole, U.S.N.—Africa

Isn't it curious that when one cleverly re-assembles the three letters, "M A D", one gets "cow-kettle-soup"?—Anonymous

In "Gasoline Valley" (MAD #15), you show Skizziks saying, "Gosh! ... spelled backwards is shog ... I've got news! Gosh spelled backwards is HSOG, not SHOG! Has Elder been eating blintzes again?"—Roland Juge—New Orleans, La.

In Captain Tvideo, did those farshimmelt idiots ever catch that rocket model?—Yale Greenspoon—Bayonne, N. J.



Lookout! Here they come again!—ed.

I sent my little brother to the store this morning to get a copy of MAD. Instead, he got MUD/¼, an imitation. I pulled out my .45 caliber sword and shot him 16 times. Melvin fell to the floor ... dead. I quick called the cops and they arrested him on charges of buying an imitation and catching 16 bullets in his left head.—Anonymous

Just finished reading my first MAD comic today. Positively the most timely, up to date, modern humor I have ever read.—Genghis Khan—(No address)

You have all the boys at our high-school so interested in MAD comics, that they don't pay any attention to the girls anymore. I know, because my beau was the class wolf last year. Now he's more like a translator. He comes in and I say, "Boy, am I ever tired," and do you know what he says? "Look doll, you mean 'Bwah!'"—a girl in Oswego

I think you guys are the most. All of us kats around here have had our minds brain-washed with your trash.—Dick Regentz—Pekin, Ill.

I just read in MAD MUMBLINGS what a frustrated mother said about your sweet magazine. That gripes me, calling your great literary accomplishment "imbecilic, moronic rot." If you have a well-balanced, stable mind, this kind of humor should

appeal to you. As for me, I ... unk, doodle, ugh; look mommy, a cat! ... cat ... CAT? ... I'M A LITTLE SPARROW! ... tweet tweet! —Virginia Barron—Hialeah, Fla.

I think that MAD's are the best and the most entertaining comic-books out. More sensible people should read them. I collect them all. I also collect dead bodies.—Gary Barler—N. Tonowanda, N. Y.

I want to congratulate you for your slow but sure comeback in a field of rotten corn.—Pat McKelvey—Little Rock, Ark.

I have been a faithful follower of E.C. for many years. Just thought I'd drop you a line to tell you that I think of the last three issues of MAD. They're terrible and stupid and personally, I think you guys are going broke.—Bill Mattson—(no address)

I am a faithful reader of MAD, but I soon won't be if you don't start cleaning up your comic. If you keep having dirty pictures and stories, my whole gang and I will stop buying MAD.—Coraline Haas—San Jose, Cal.

Today I brought home another issue of MAD. I think that if you keep up that kind of work, and leave off some of the dirt and vulgarity that I am sorry to say I found in one story of yours, (only one) you should really have a top-notch mag.—Anonymous

What you publish is cheap, miserable trash! Fortunately, I also am cheap miserable trash!—Anonymous

Your magazine is not fit for human consumption. But I eat it anyway.—Mike Melner—Reno, Nev.

One thing that steams me are those full pages devoted to "Discussion of Affairs in Greece" ... Nothing but junk with a few POTRZEBIES thrown in!—Carol Craven—Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

I found your article on Greece highly informative, sympathetic, and mindful of the vicissitudes of human life. Felicitations!—Anonymous

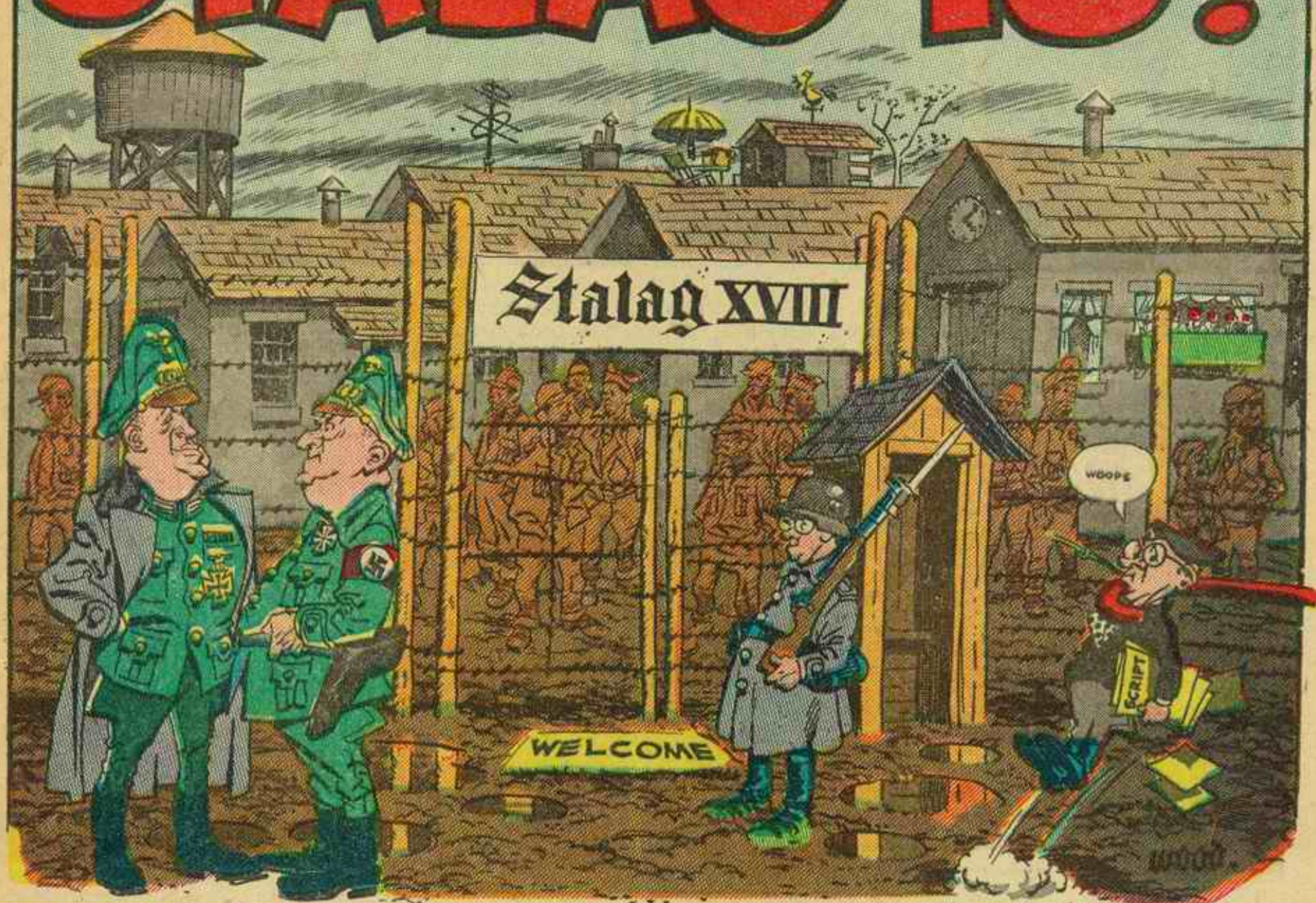
advertisement

As ever, subscriptions to this magazine, complete with shiny covers, two staples, and in full color, gang, is still \$1.00 for eight, (8), ate, 4+4, issues. Send that good old money to:

MAD Editors
Room 706, Dept. 18
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

MOVIE DEPT.: THEY MADE THE STORY OF GERMAN PRISONER OF WAR CAMP INTO A PLAY... STALAG 17! THEY MADE THE STORY INTO A MOVIE... STALAG 17!... AND NOW... NOW THEY MAKE A STORY INTO A COMIC BOOK...! STALAG 17?... NO!... THIS STORY IS OF THE STALAG A TEENCHY BIT OVER FROM STALAG 17...

STALAG 18!



YES... THIS WAS STALAG 18... A GERMAN P.O.W. CAMP FOR AMERICAN SERGEANTS!... BUCK SERGEANTS, TECH SERGEANTS, FIRST SERGEANTS, MASTER SERGEANTS...

YES... JUST SERGEANTS... A FURSHLUKKINER MESS!... ALL DAY LONG ALL ... WHAT THESE SERGEANTS, ORDERING EACH OTHER AROUND!



YES... THIS WAS STALAG 18...
AND THIS WAS LT. WUNBAR...
WITH US TEMPORARILY...



...AND THIS ONE, FOR SOME
UNEXPLAINABLE REASON,
WAS CALLED 'THE ANIMAL'!



...AND THIS ONE... A
TYPICAL AMERICAN TEEN-
AGER, WAS CALLED 'SECURITY'!



...AND THIS ONE WAS 'STEPTON'!
NO MATTER HOW ROUGH IT GOT,
STEPTON ALWAYS HAD IT EASY!



THAT'S BECAUSE STEPTON RAN A RAT-RACE! IT WASN'T
SO MUCH THE WAY HE TRAINED THE RATS TO RACE... IT
WAS THE WAY HE GOT THE MICE TO RIDE THEM...



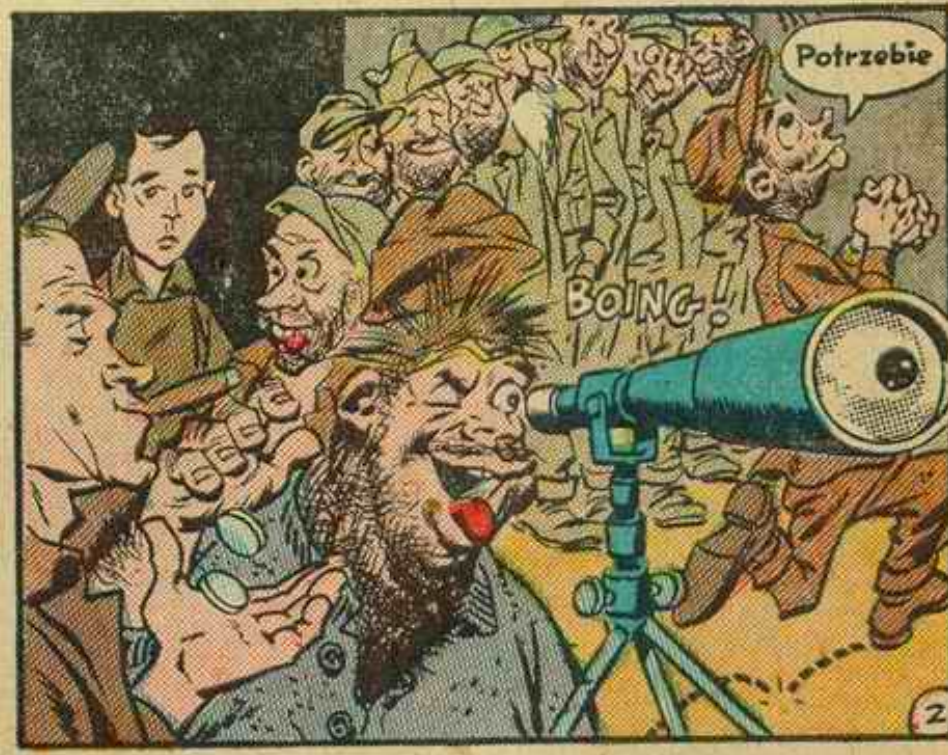
STEPTON RAN A STILL AND WHATEVER HAPPENED, THE
STILL STILL RAN... NEVER STILL!... THAT IS... THE STILL WASN'T
STILL... THAT IS, THE STILL WAS A STILL BUT STILL WASN'T... STILL!



STEPTON RAN A TELESCOPE... BECAUSE THE BOYS LIKED TO
LOOK AT RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN NEXT COMPOUND...
BECAUSE STEPTON SENT RUSSIAN PRISONERS HIS RATS...



... BECAUSE HIS RATS MADE RUSSIAN PRISONERS JUMP
UP ON THE TABLES AND PULL THEIR COATS UP... AND
MAINLY BECAUSE RUSSIAN PRISONERS WERE WOMEN!



WELL, BOYS... EVERYTHING'S
READY FOR YOUR ESCAPE!
REMEMBER... INTO THE STOVE
DOWN THROUGH OUR SECRET
PASSAGEWAY THROUGH THE
FLOOR... INTO THE TUNNEL
AND UNDER THE WIRE...

...THEY'LL NEVER IN
A HUNDRED YEARS
FIGURE THAT THE
TRAP DOOR IS
INSIDE ONE OF THE
STOVES!... WELL...
SO LONG!



OOPS!

**...WRONG
STOVE!**



I'LL LAY
ODDS THEY
DON'T
MAKE IT!

...SHUDDUP
STEPTON!
...HERE'S
THE RIGHT
STOVE,
BOYS!

...WELL...
SO LONG
AGAIN,
FELLOWS!



GOSH! THEY'VE
BEEN GONE
QUITE A
WHILE NOW!

...I WON-
DER IF
THEY'RE
OUTSIDE
YET?

**LISTEN!
SHOTS!**



DO YOU THINK
THAT MEANS
THEY DIDN'T
MAKE IT?

...RIGHT!... WE
DIDN'T MAKE
IT!



THEY
WERE
WAIT-
ING
FOR
US
WHEN
WE
CAME
OUT!

...THEY
WERE
TIPPED
OFF!
...THERE'S
A SPY
AMONGST
US!

**STEP-
TON!**

YEAH!
HOW
COME
HE
HAS IT
SO
SOFT!

...YEAH!
HOW
COME
HE
GETS
SO
MANY
FAVORS!

...YEAH!
HOW
COME
HE'S AL-
WAYS
HOBNOBBING
WITH THE
GERMAN
OFFICERS!

...YEAH!
HOW
COME
HE GOT
ACADEMY
AWARD!



GET HIM!

**BEAT HIM
UP!**

**GRAB
HIM!**

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS!
ARE YOU BEATING UP
STEPTON BECAUSE HE
SPENDS SO MUCH TIME
WITH THE OFFICERS,
AND YOU THINK
HE'S A SPY?





...OF COURSE NOT...

...WE'RE BEATING UP STEPTON BECAUSE HE SPENDS SO MUCH TIME WITH THE TELESCOPE AND WE NEVER GET A CHANCET!

ACHTUNG!

Schpitting verboten
Schmoking verboten



LOOK, FELLAS! IT'S FELD-WEßEL JOHANN SEBASTIAN SHMALTZ! ...WAS IST LOS, KID?

DON'T GET SO SHMART MIT ME, YOU BOYS!... OH FOR DER GOOD OLD DAYS YEN DEY MADE US NAZIS IN DER MOVIES, TOUGH, GOOD-LOOKIN' GUYS MIT DER BLONDE CREW-HAIRCUT... MIT DER SHNAPPY UNIFORMS... MIT DER DAGGERS IN DER BELTS...

OKAY, YOU BOYS! YOU GOTTA RAUSE OUTTA HERE FOR AN INSPECTION!



ACH JA... EFFERYBODY IS GONE... EFFERYBODY BUT YOU, HERR SECURITY... YOU, WHO LOOK LIKE A TYPICAL AMERICAN TEEN-AGER!

MAN... CALL ME A KAT! I DON'T DIG THAT SQUARE JIVE!

alles ist verboten



LIND NATURALLY, DAS IST YOU... YOU WHO LOOK LIKE A TYPICAL AMERICAN TEEN-AGER... NATURALLY YOU ARE DER CHERMAN SPY PLANTED IN DIS HERE STALAG!

JAWOHL HERR COMMANDANT!

SNAP! SNAP!



SO SPRECHEN MIT ME UND TELL ME DER LATEST POOP YOU DONE HEARD FROM DER AMERIKANER SHVIENHUNTS!

...DER LATEST POOP ISS, DEY GOT A LIEUTENANT WUNBAR HERE WHO ISS GOT ALL KINDS OF SECRET INFORMATION!



SECRET INFORMATION, HUH? ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE... DEN WE COULD SEND HIM TO BERLIN WHERE DEY COULD TORTURE DER INFORMATION OUTTA HIM AND MAYBE WE GET A PRIZE, HUH?

DOT'S DER CHENERAL IDEA, BOY! UND NOW I GOT TO GET OUTSIDE BEFORE DER REST GETS SUSPICIOUS!

...DONNER-BLITZEN... LOOK AT DIS JUNK IN DER DOORWAY!

KICK!



PY CHEORGE... DESE AMERIKANNERS GODT MORE JUNK UND OLD RAGS LAYING AROUND...

...WELL... DERE COMES DER CHENERAL OUTT OF DER HEADQUARTERS TO INSPECT DER MEN! I GODDA GO TELL HIM DER NEWS!

AUF WIEDERSEHN MON COMMANDANT UNTIL MINE NEXT MESSACHE!

...DOMM DO DOMM DOMM...





THIS IS ONE ESCAPE ROUTE THAT 'SECURITY' DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT!... THE BOYS HAVE BEEN WORKING ON IT FOR YEARS!... FIRST WE GO AROUND TO THE PRISON GARBAGE PILE...



...THEN WE FLOD OUR WAY TO THIS INNOCENT GARBAGE PAIL WHICH APPEARS TO BE FILLED WITH GREASE DRIPPINGS AND OLD SPAGHETTI!... WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, WE DIVE IN...



...AND FIND THE PAIL IS ONLY HALF FULL... THERE BEING AN OPENING INGENUOUSLY CONCEALED IN THE OTHER HALF, LEADING DOWN TO THIS TUNNEL WHICH WE'VE BEEN DIGGING FOR YEARS!



...FINALLY, AFTER CRAWLING A MILE OR SO THROUGH THE RANK WATER-FILLED TUNNEL, WE EMERGE BY THE BARBED-WIRE...



...WHERE WE PAINFULLY CUT OUR WAY THROUGH A DOZEN BARRIERS OF RAZOR-SHARP BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS WITH OUR WIRE-CUTTERS...



...EMERGING AT LAST, WITH A THOUSAND TINY WOUNDS... WHERE WE THEN HAVE TO CRAWL ON OUR STOMACHS OVER SHARP ROCKS TO THE UNDERBRUSH...



...WHICH CONSISTS OF THORN-BUSHES A HUNDRED TIMES MORE CUTTING THAN THE BARBED WIRE, AND WE CRAWL THROUGH...



...EMERGING AT LAST ON THE OPEN PLAIN!... GET UP, LT. WUNBAR!... GET UP!... WE'RE ALL RIGHT NOW! WE MADE IT! WE FINALLY MADE IT!



WE MADE IT? YOU SAY WE MADE IT?... WE GOT AWAY, THEN! WE'RE FREE! WE MADE IT TO SWITZERLAND AND WE'RE FREE! EH, STEPTON, EH? EH?

...FREE? ... WE'RE IN SWITZERLAND?



...SWITZERLAND! ... WHO SAYS WE'RE IN SWITZERLAND!

... WE'RE IN THE RUSSIAN WOMEN'S PRISON COMPOUND!

YOU GOT GUM?

CAR BURNING OIL?

Engineer's Discovery Stops it Quick

Without A Cent For Mechanical Repairs!

If your car is using too much oil—if it is sluggish, hard to start, slow on pickup, lacks pep and power—you are paying good money for oil that's burning up in your engine instead of providing lubrication. Why? Because your engine is leaking. Friction has worn a gap between pistons and cylinder wall. Oil is pumping up into the combustion chamber, fouling your motor with carbon. Gas is exploding down through this gap, going to waste.

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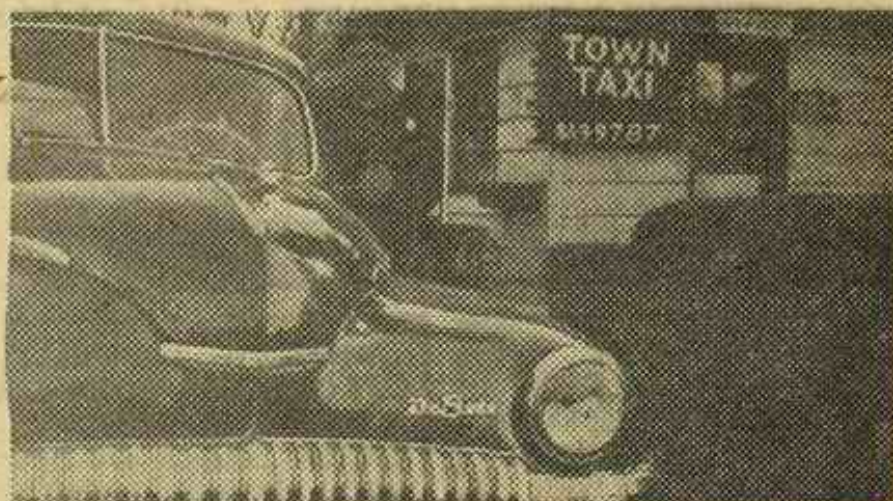
Just squeeze Power-Seal out of the tube into your motor's cylinders through the spark plug openings. It will spread over pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls as your engine runs and it will PLATE every surface with a smooth, shiny, metallic film that won't come off! No amount of pressure can scrape it off. No amount of heat can break it down. It fills the cracks, scratches and scorings caused by engine wear. It closes the gap between worn piston rings and cylinders with an automatic self-expanding seal that stops oil pumping, stops gas blow-by and restores compression. No more piston slapping; no more engine knocks. You get more power, speed, mileage.

This genuine plating is self-lubricating too for Moly, the greasy metal lubricant, reduces friction as nothing else can! It is the only lubricant indestructible enough to be used in U. S. atomic energy plants and jet engines. It never drains down, never leaves your engine dry. Even after your car has been standing for weeks, even in coldest weather, you can start it in a flash, because the lubrication is in the metal itself. That's why you'll need amazingly little oil; you'll get hundreds, even thousands of more miles per quart.

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BEFORE	90 lbs.	90 lbs.	105 lbs.	90 lbs.	80 lbs.	100 lbs.
AFTER	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	117 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.

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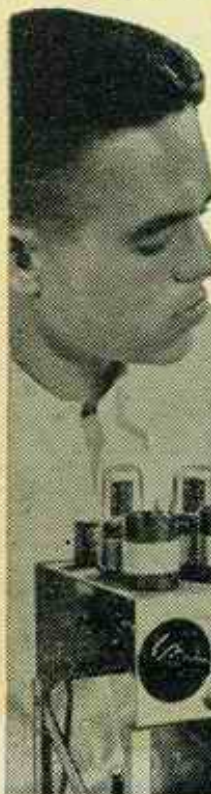
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Charles Atlas

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