

# THE NOSTALGIC



No. 1  
OCT.-NOV.



~~10¢~~  
FREE

# MAD

THAT THING!  
THAT SLITHERING  
BLOB COMING  
TOWARD US!

WHAT  
IS IT?

IT'S  
MELVIN!

WORLD  
A  
WEATHER  
D  
MELVIN

BROADCAST THRU YOUR RADIO

... (text describing radio broadcast details) ...

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
Humor In A Jugular Vein
No. 21 MAR. 10
Look At These Things You Get. Wow!



34 pages 4 colors
4 stories 7 advertisements
Letter page 2/strips
MAD's new feature is what you need to get. Just think - calculated to drive you mad! You can't read MAD without a grin on your face. If you aren't already, order today!



MUSCLE BUILDER
... (text describing Muscle Builder product) ...



POWERFUL MARKSMAN AIR PISTOL
... (text describing Air Pistol) ...



STAND OF GRAPE SHOT
... (text describing Stand of Grape Shot) ...



LIVE CROCODILE SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES
... (text describing Live Crocodile) ...



Big Bang Cannons
... (text describing Big Bang Cannons) ...



Walkie-Talkie Phone Set
... (text describing Walkie-Talkie Phone Set) ...



BULLETS
... (text describing Bullets) ...



\$1.25 MIDGET CAMERA
... (text describing Midget Camera) ...



NEW JET ENGINE BURNS GASOLINE!
... (text describing New Jet Engine) ...



Fencing Set
... (text describing Fencing Set) ...



Powerful Midget Motor
... (text describing Powerful Midget Motor) ...



ADULT LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS - "COME TO LIFE" WHEN WORN
... (text describing Adult Life-Like Rubber Masks) ...



CROSSBOW
... (text describing Crossbow) ...



ELEPHANT TOWER
... (text describing Elephant Tower) ...



SHELL
... (text describing Shell) ...



Handsome Man's Wig
... (text describing Handsome Man's Wig) ...



7-POWER TELESCOPE \$1.75
... (text describing 7-Power Telescope) ...



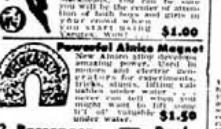
SCORPION
... (text describing Scorpion) ...



REAL MIDGET GUN \$1.95
... (text describing Real Midget Gun) ...



SURPRISE PACKAGE \$1.00
... (text describing Surprise Package) ...



68 PIECE MILITARY SET
... (text describing 68 Piece Military Set) ...



4-SHOT AUTOMATIC BLANK GUN
... (text describing 4-Shot Automatic Blank Gun) ...



COMPRESSED AIR TORPEDO
... (text describing Compressed Air Torpedo) ...



MAGAZINE LOAD
... (text describing Magazine Load) ...



LUMINOUS PAINT
... (text describing Luminous Paint) ...

NERO 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!... BOINGSWOOOSH!...  
 LOOK!... UP IN THE SKY!... IT'S A BIRD!... IT'S A PLANE!... IT'S...

# SUPERDUPERMAN!



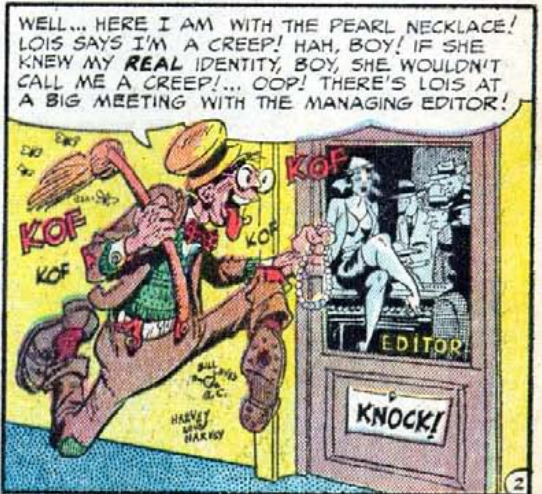
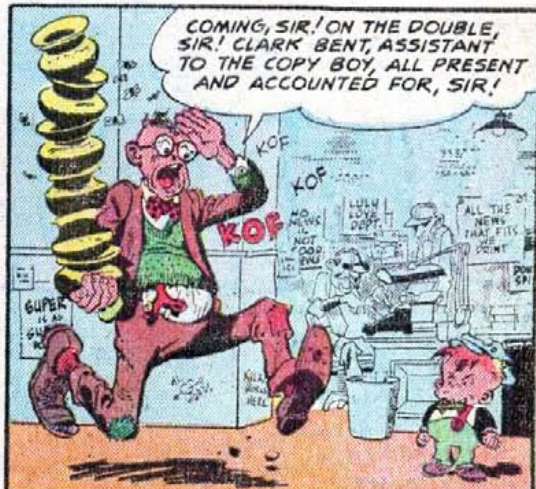
OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING NEWSPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!

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

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



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 U'L OL' X-RAY VISION!



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'!



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!



WHATAYA WANT, YOU INCREDIBLY WRETCHED OL' CREEP!

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



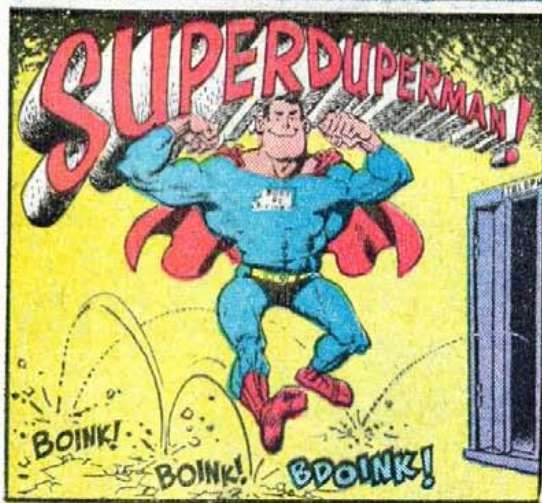
TWO SNIFFS IS ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT THE WAY, BOY! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET A STORY ON THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' FOR GOOD OL' 'DAILY DIRT'!

PLEASE! PLEASE!

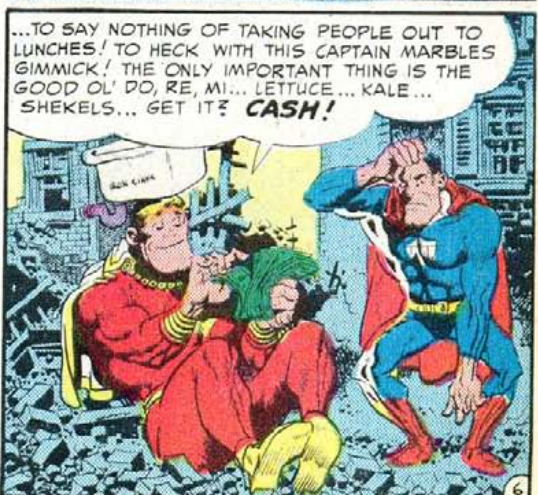


...CREEP!











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!



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



NOW AN IMMELMAN TURN AND A LUP-BERRY CIRCLE... ...OOHOO, MARBLES! OVER HERE!



GOOD TRY, OLD MAN!



...NOW A WALTZ ...A MOMBO AND A HULA... ...OOHOO, MARBLES!



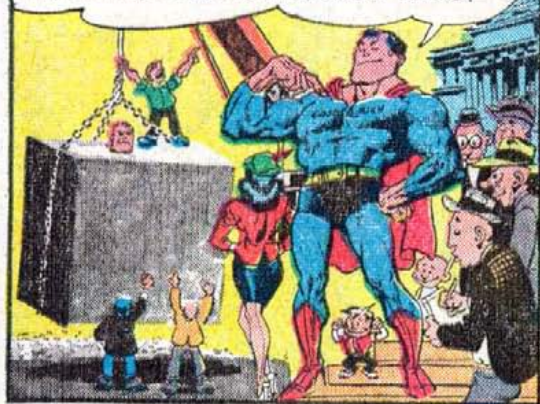
GOOD SHOT, OLD CHAP!



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



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!



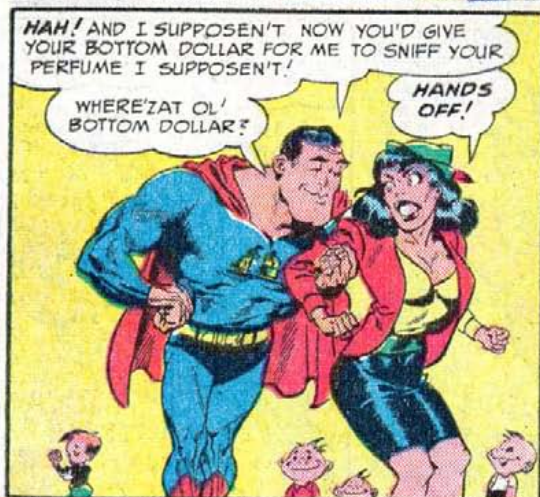
AND AS FOR YOU, HAH, LOIS PAIN, GIRL REPORTER... I JUST SO HAPPENS **MY** TRUE IDENTITY IS **CLARK BENT**... MAN ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY! WHATA BURNER ON YOU, HUH?



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 SPITCOON TO SPITCOON...

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

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 BRAD) RICE BURROWS

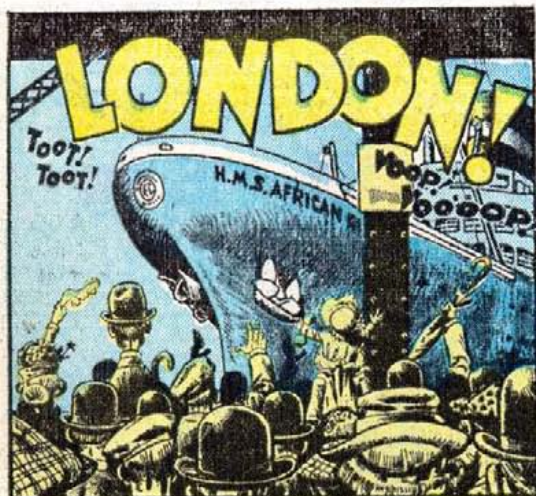


MELVIN SEVERIN



ZOO









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!



OH ISN'T THAT BEAUTIFUL MUSIC?

OOH I'M DYING!

HEY! WOT KIND ENTERTAINMENT IS DIS? DIS YOU CALL ENTERTAINMENT?

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

HOOOO  
HA!

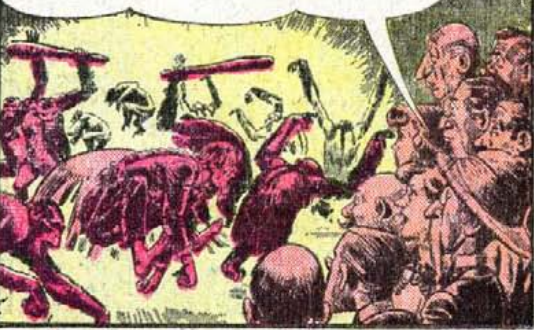


HO! ME CALL HAIRY FRIENDS FROM FORESTS AND ZOOS! WE SHOW YOU ENTERTAINMENT OF THE JUNGLE! WE GONNA HAVE SECRET RITUAL OF THE...

**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!



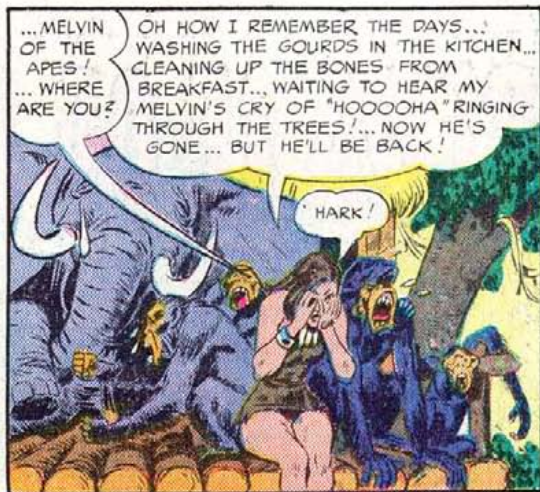
...AND AS THE POUNDING ON THE DUM DUM INCREASES, THE DANCING REACHES A FRENZIED PITCH AND THE DANCERS COME FORWARD AND TEAR THE FLESH FROM A SACRIFICE THAT IS LAYING BY THE MOUND...  
**A HUMAN SACRIFICE!**







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!



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



... 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!



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



IS EVERYBODY 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!

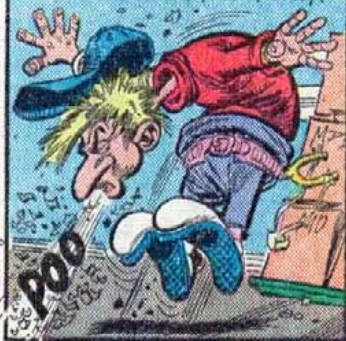


**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!**... THERE ARE MANY IMITATORS OF **MAD** WHO WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THEIR PRODUCT IS SUPERIOR TO **MAD**!... HOWEVER, ONLY **MAD** USES YOUNG, TENDER PAGES THAT ARE SEASONED IN OUR WAREHOUSE!... DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TASTE-TEST!

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!



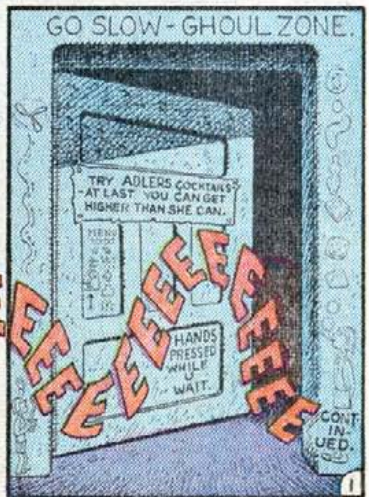
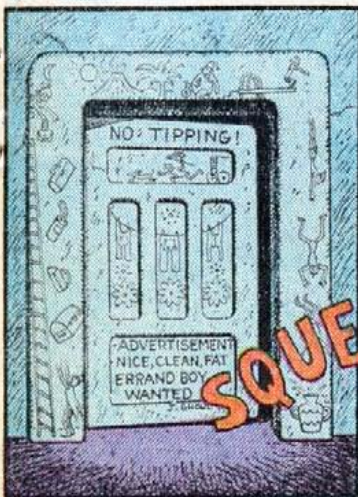
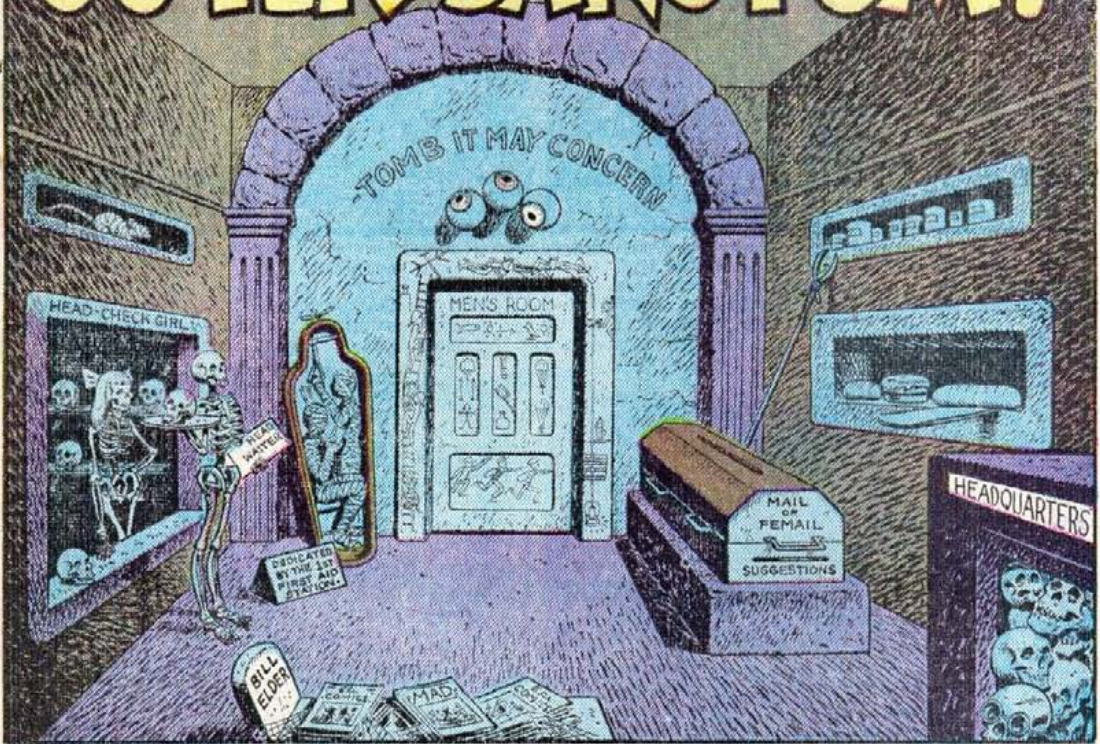
Make the taste-test yourself! Make the taste-test and you will see why leading doctors say that more people eat **MAD** than any other comic magazines!



**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...

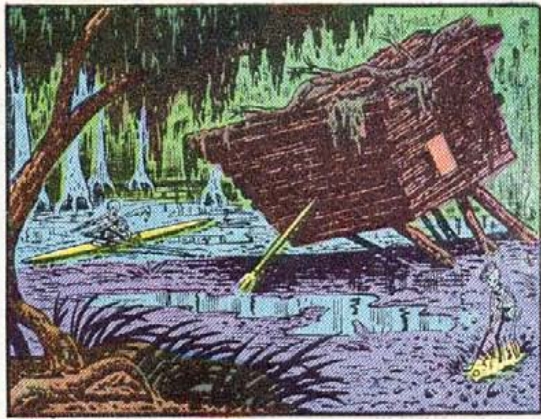
# OUTER SANCTUM!





...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 RESEARCH 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 OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF THINGS... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

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



...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!**



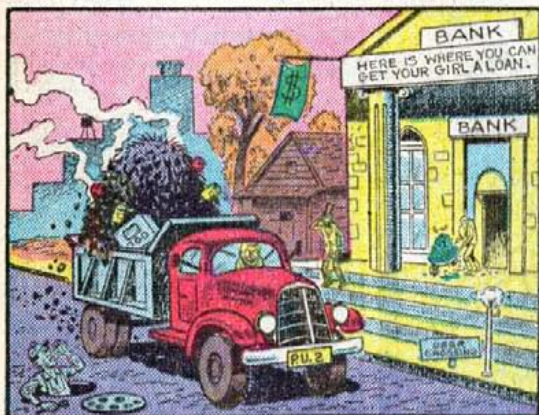
WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND IT!...HEAP,  
STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE  
INSIDE THIS 'HEAP' CAME A CROAK...THAT SOUNDED LIKE...PAPA!



...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  
TRUCK'S 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' OKEEFENKEEDOKEE 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!



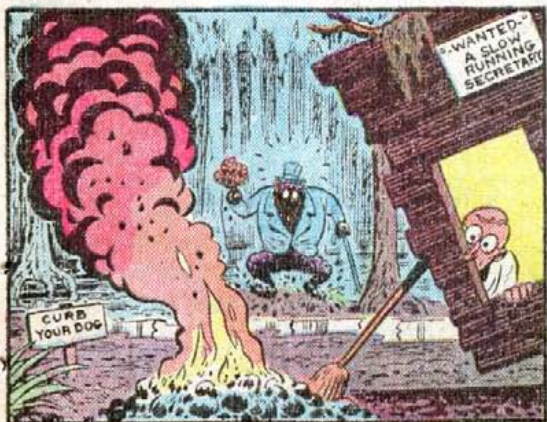
ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... 'HEAP' WAS IN LOVE! THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED -HEP!

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... FREING 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 HEAPILLY EVER AFTER!



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!

SQUEEEEEEE



DON'T STAY UP WAITING FOR THE 'HEAP' TO COME! THERE REALLY IS NO SUCH THING!



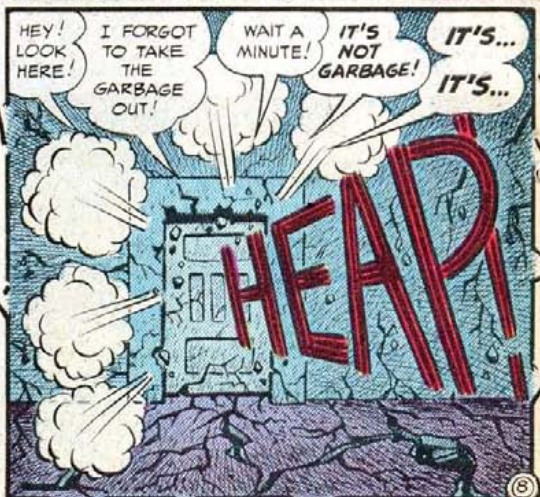
THE WHOLE STORY WAS THE FIGMENT OF SOME IDIOTIC WRITER'S IMAGINATION!



WHO EVER HEARD OF A PILE OF GARBAGE BEING ABLE TO STEAL MONEY FROM BANKS!



I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO RIDICULOUS!... WELL... GOOD NIGHT! PLEASANT DREAMS...HMMMM?



HEY! I FORGOT TO TAKE THE GARBAGE OUT!

WAIT A MINUTE!

IT'S NOT GARBAGE!

IT'S... IT'S...

HEAR!



# MAD

**HUMOR IN A**  
**JUGULAR VEIN - 10¢**



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



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU...



**NUMBER 11...MAY**