

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 5
JUN-JULY



10¢

MAD

YOU SAY YOU
LOST YOUR VOICE
AND YOU WANT ME TO
FIND IT?... **AT LAST
AN EXCITING
CASE!**



KANE KEEN
PRIVATE
EYE

BILL ELDER

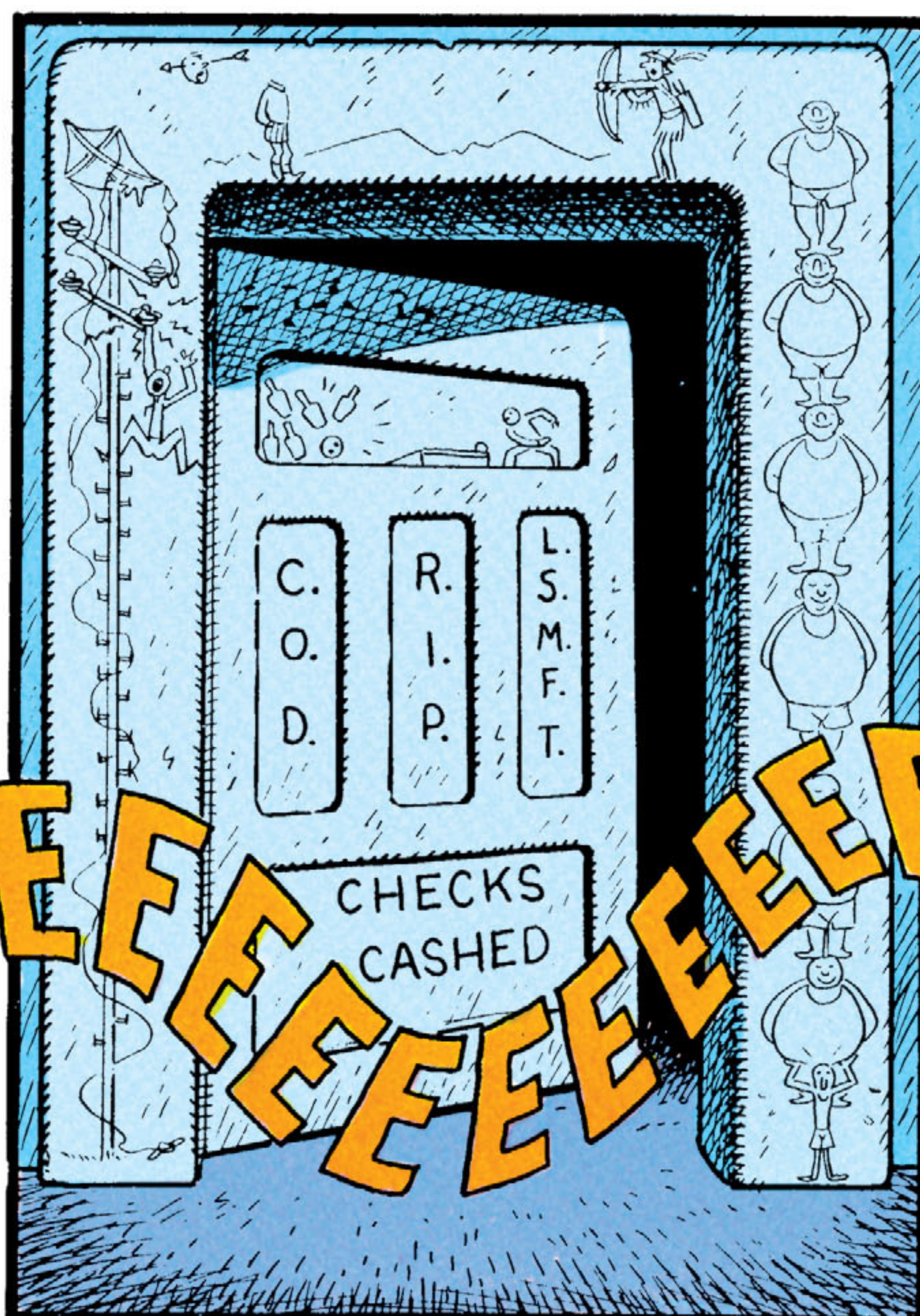
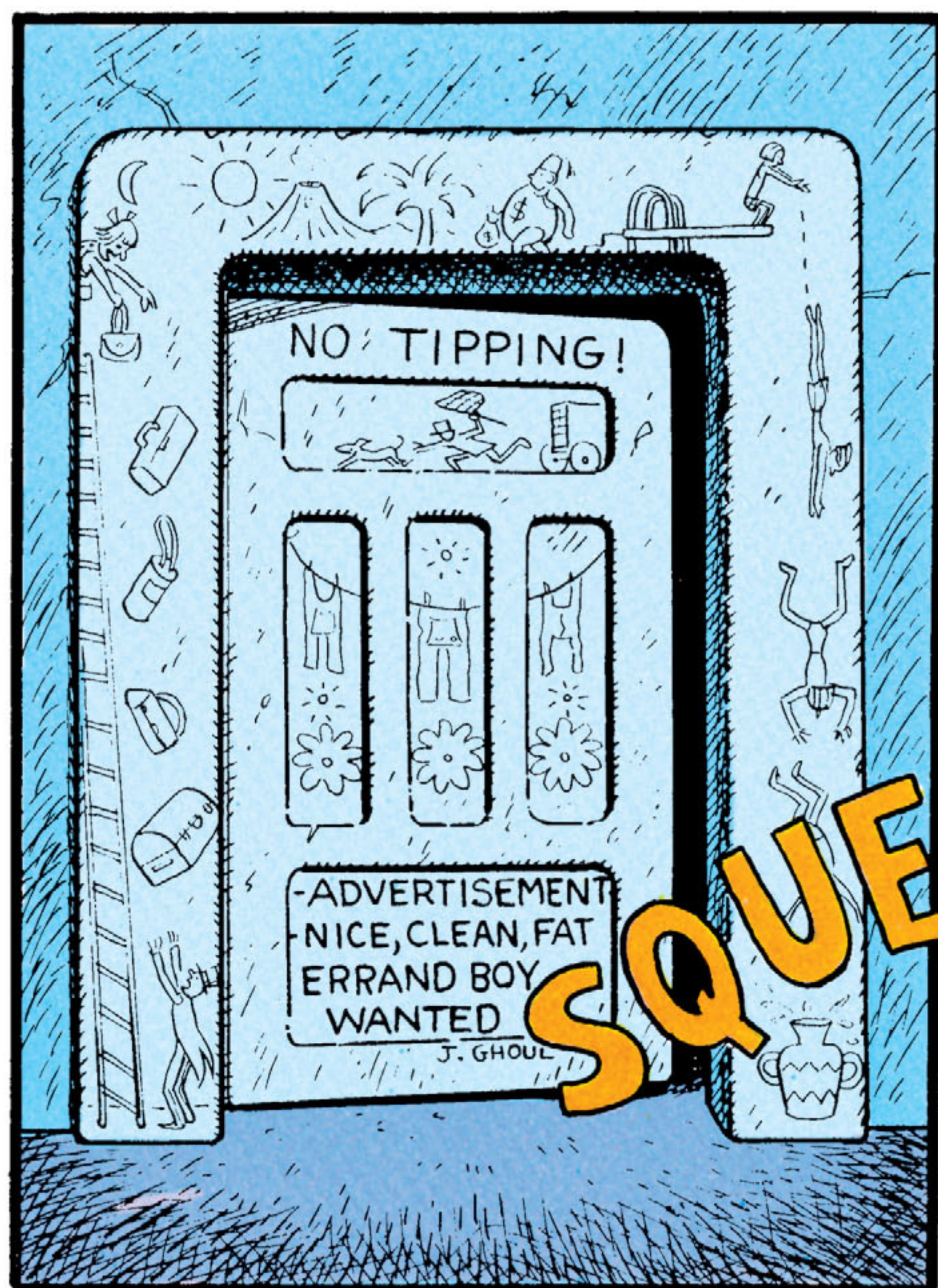
THE
EC
"PUBLISHER
OF THE
ISSUE"
WILLIAM M.
GAINES
ALIAS MELVIN



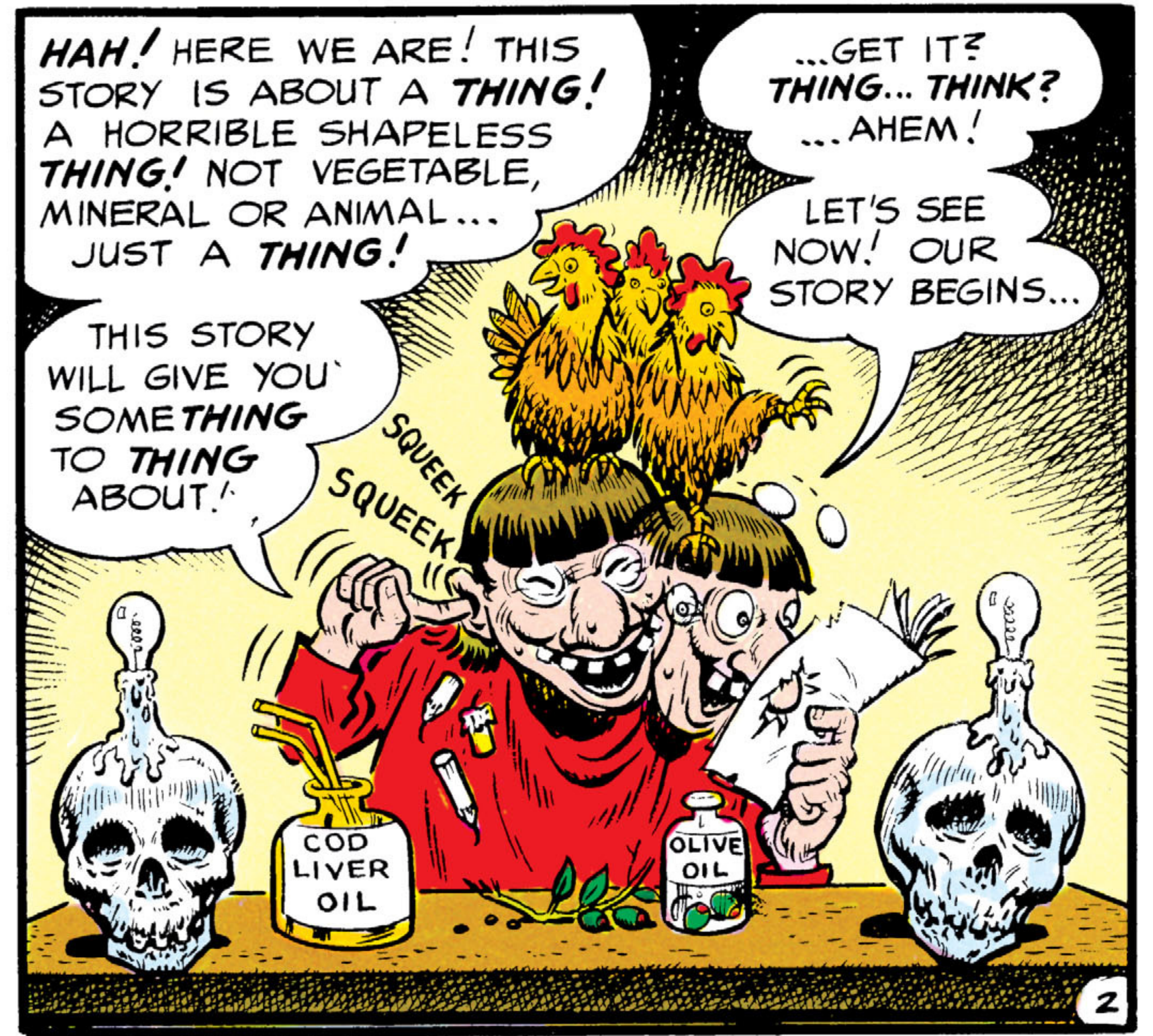
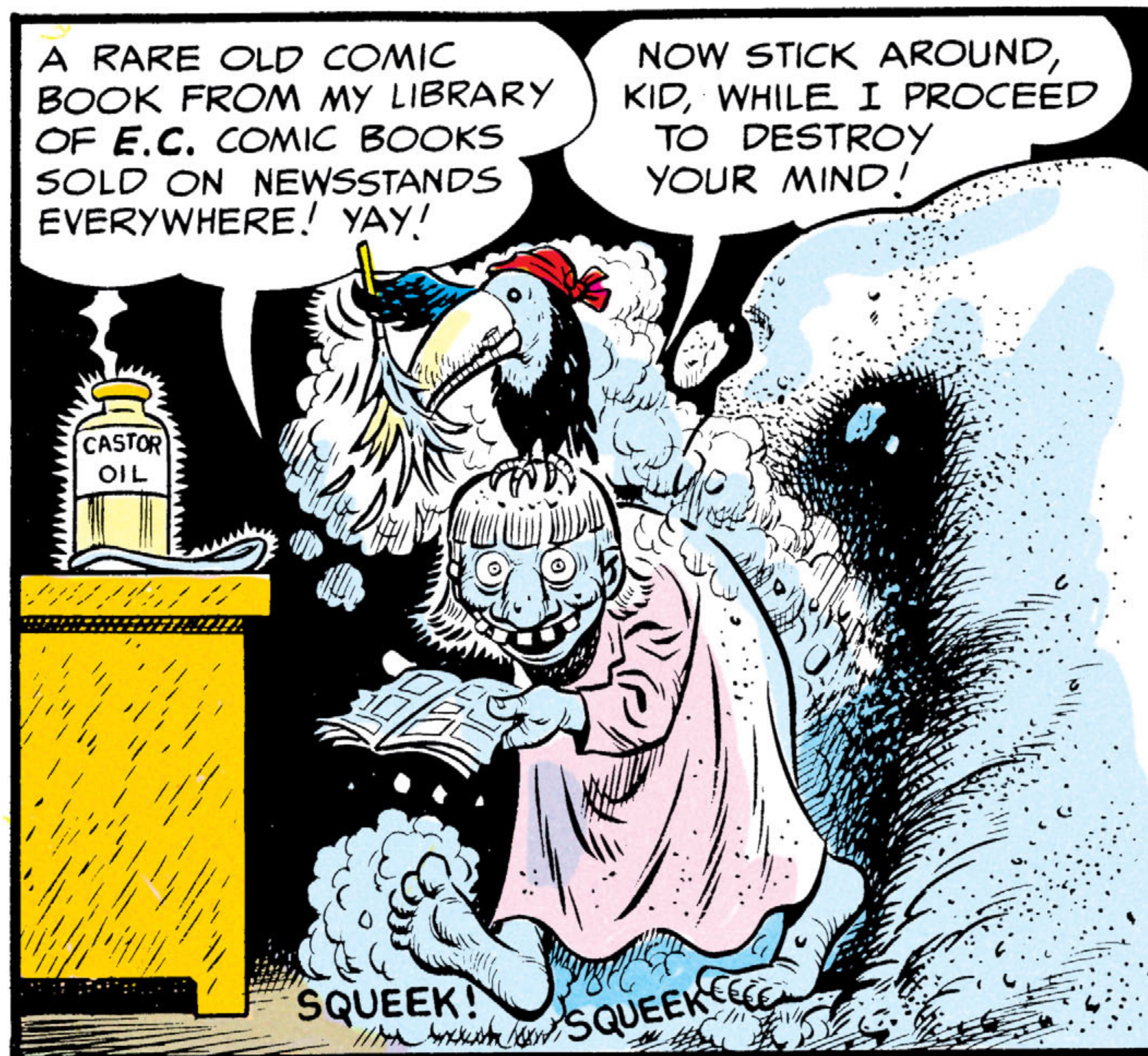
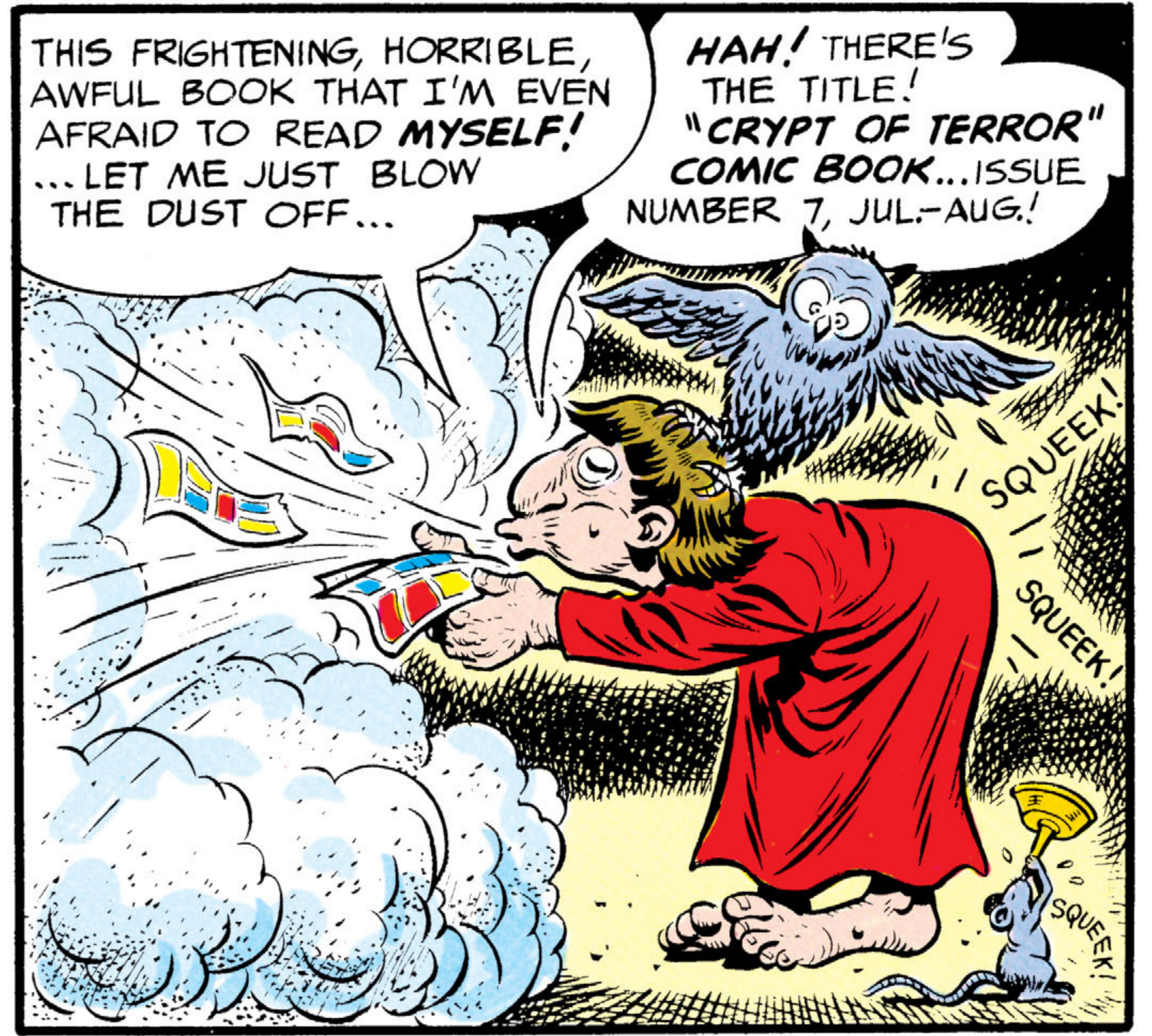
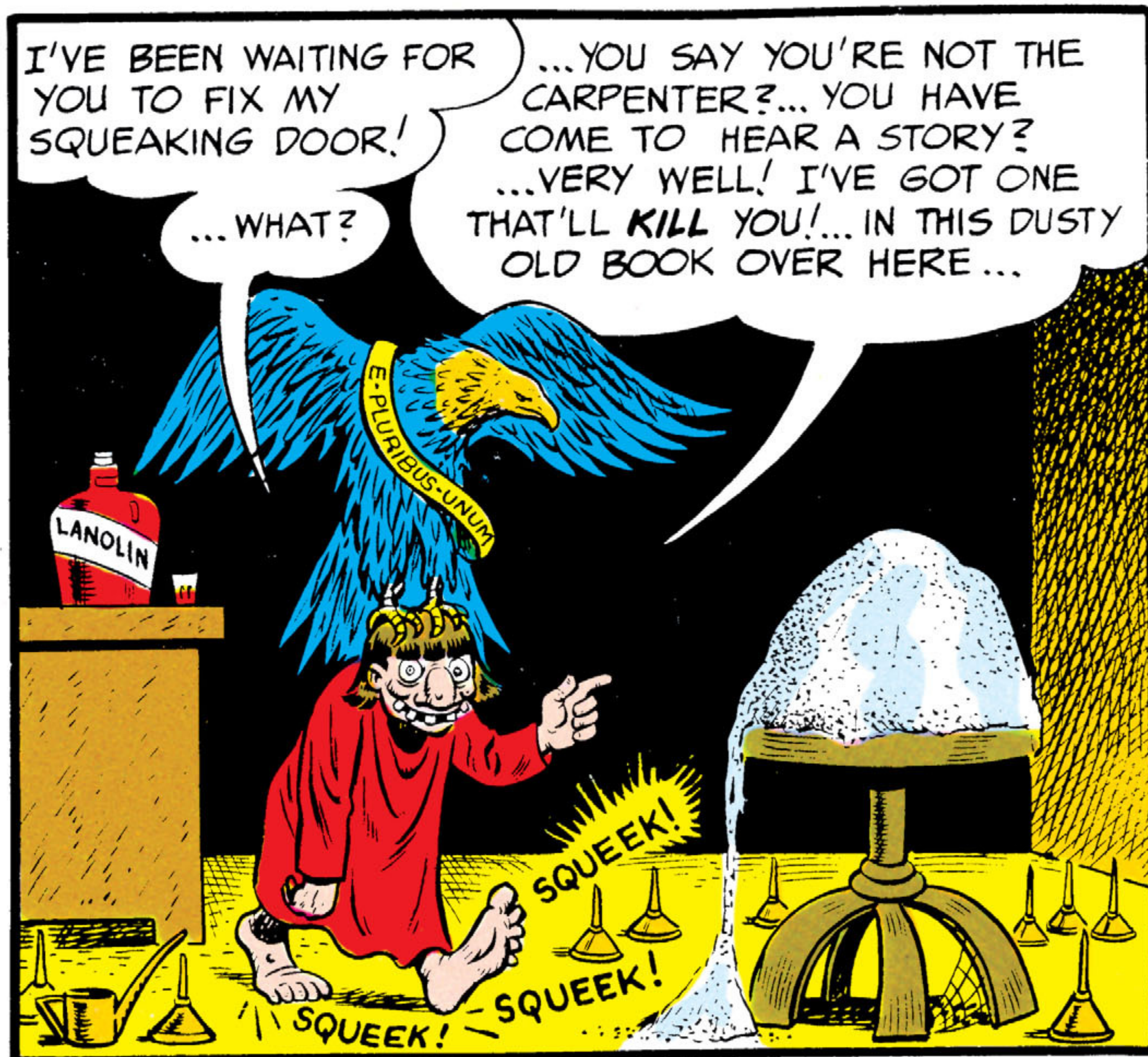
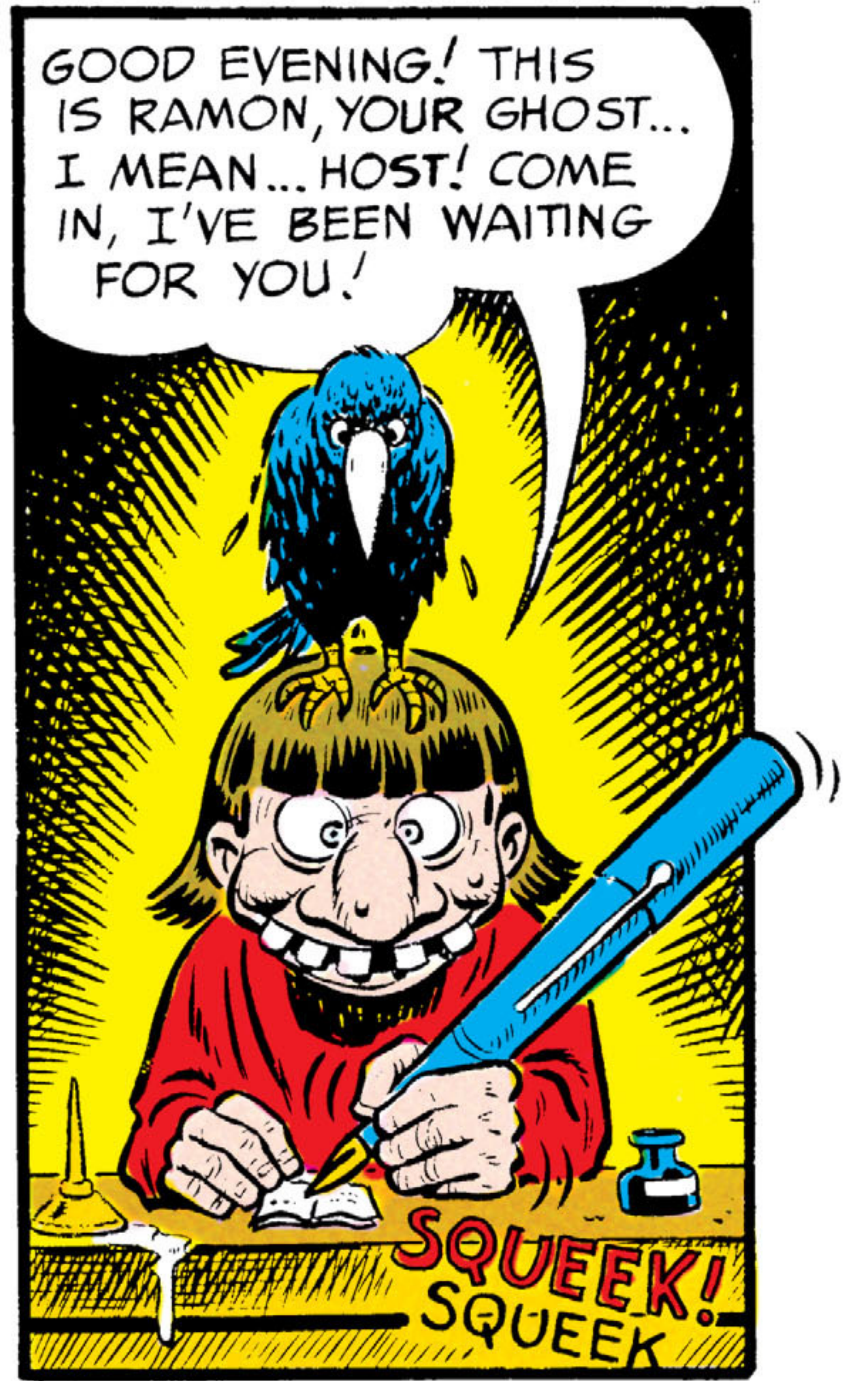
William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don' care if it don't gotta plot! I don' care if it don't got grammar! I don' care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get inta every story *sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes*, and all the rest of that *esoterica* what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester County, N. Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

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 ...

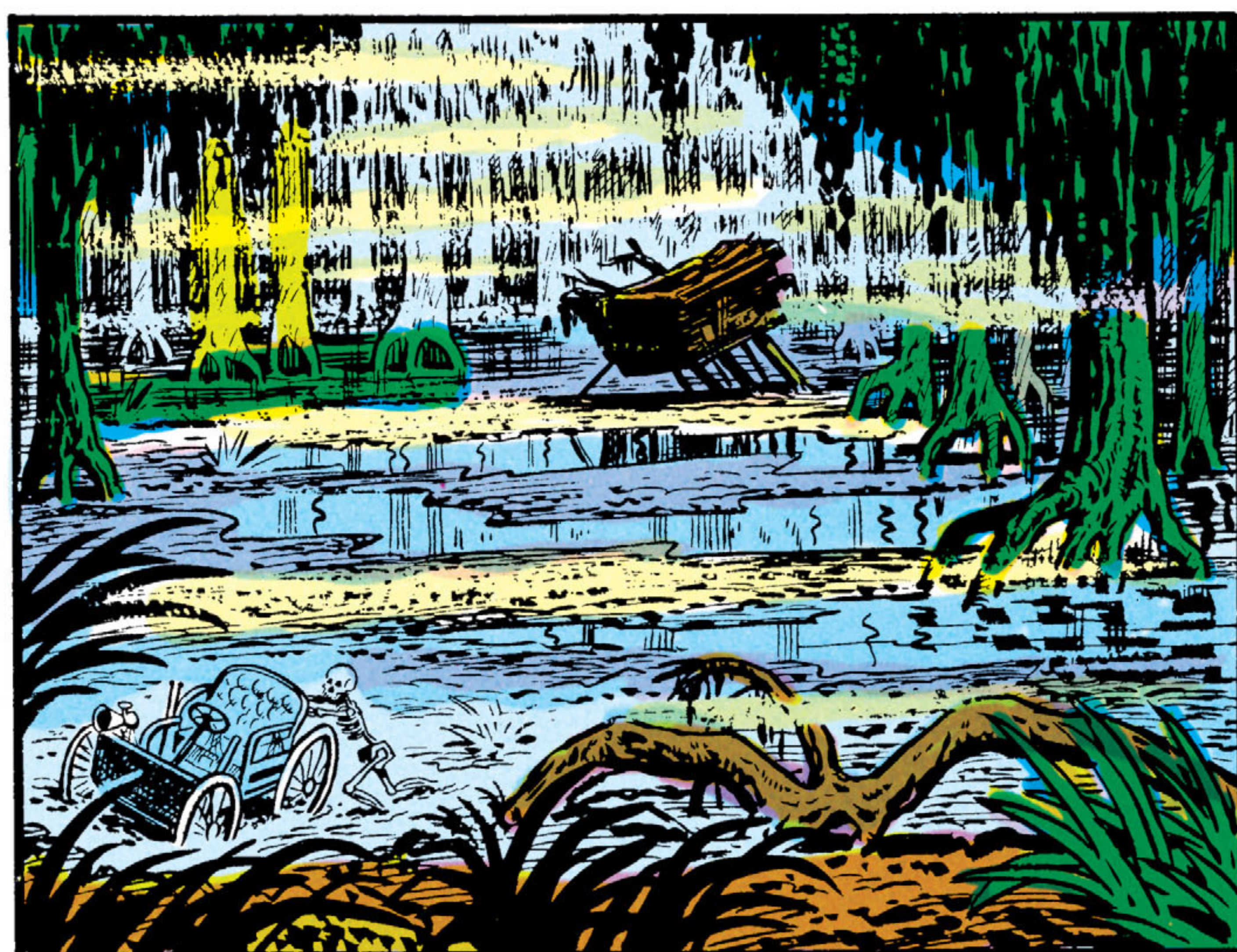
OUTER SANCTUM!



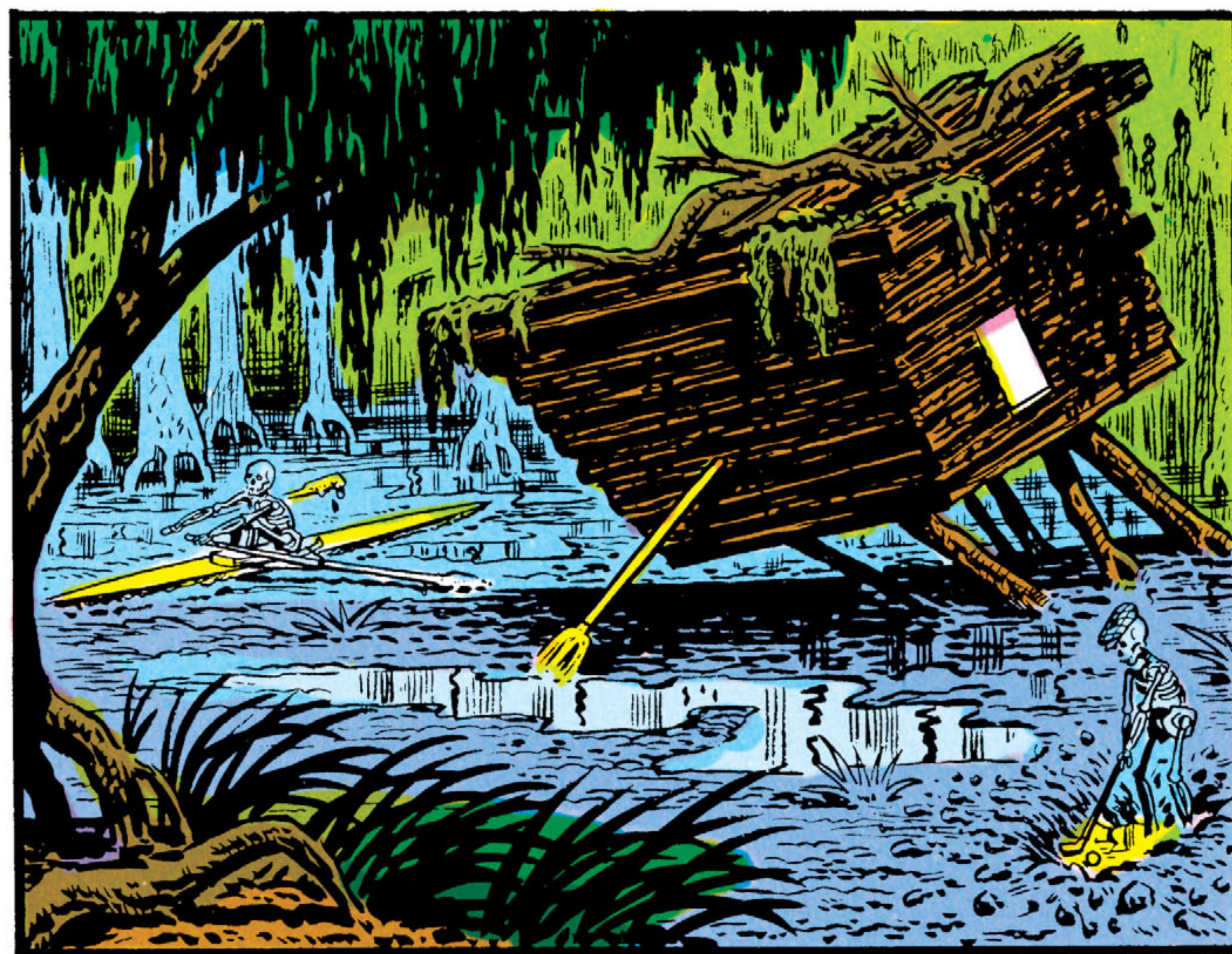
CONT-
IN-
UED.



...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!

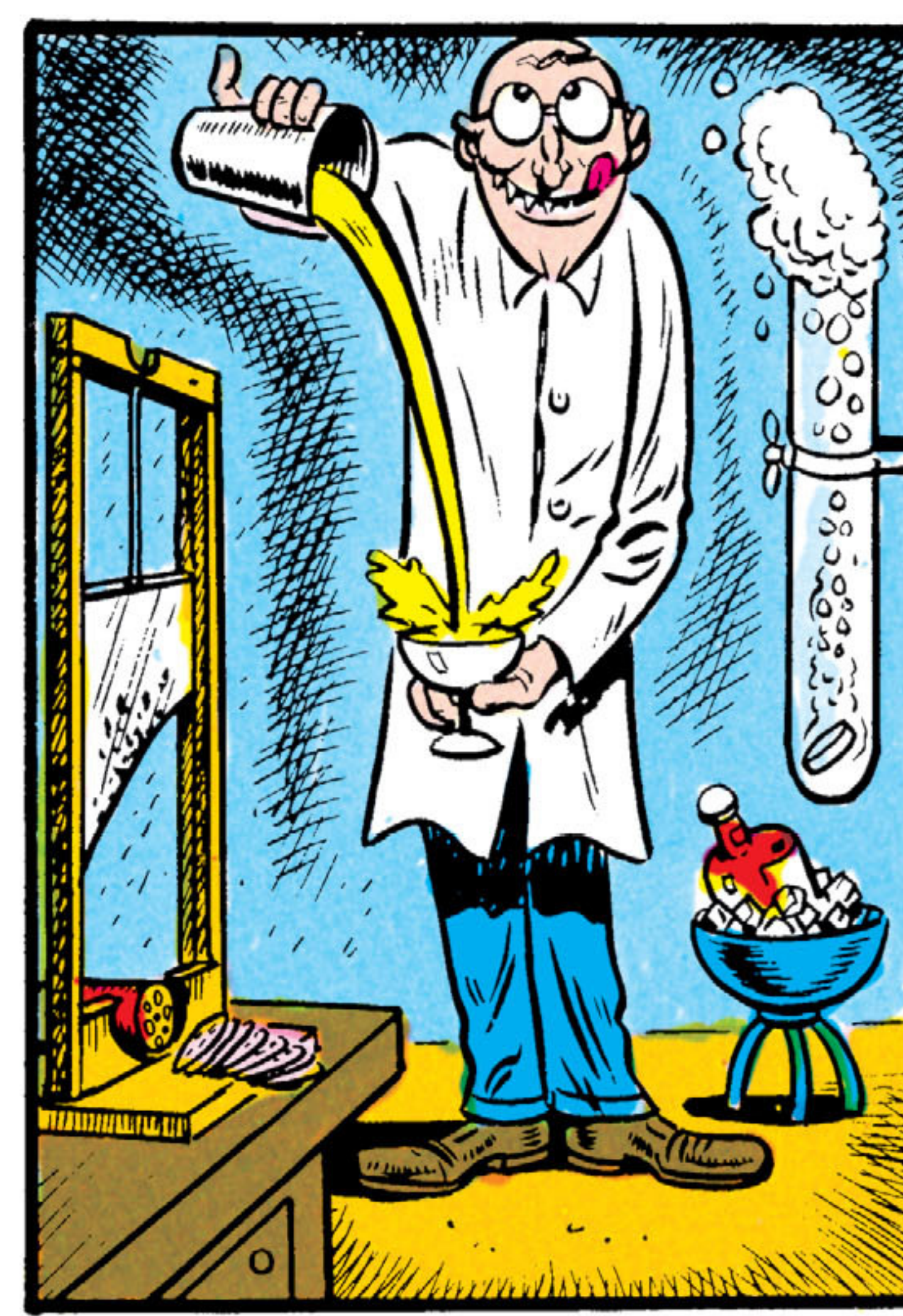
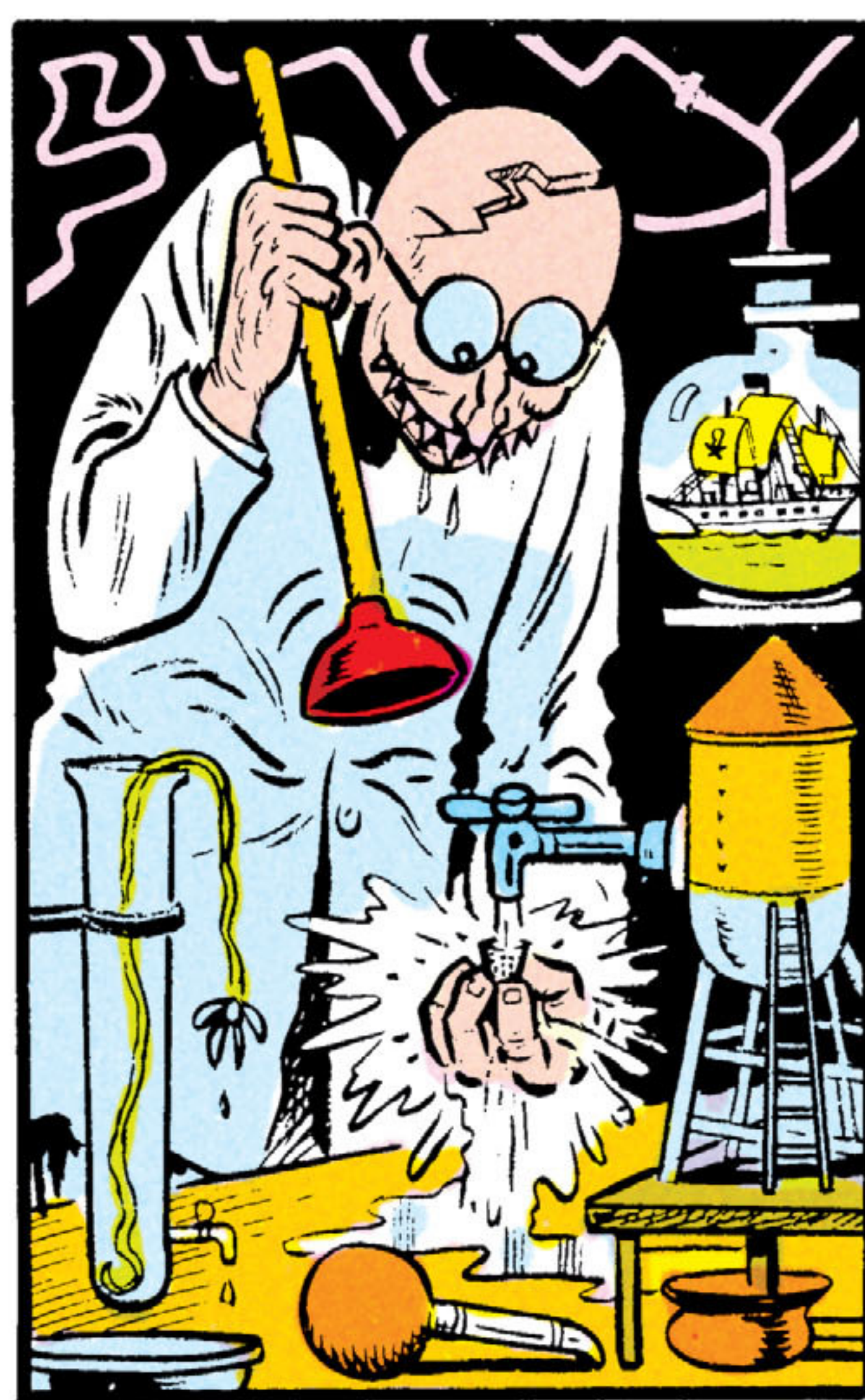
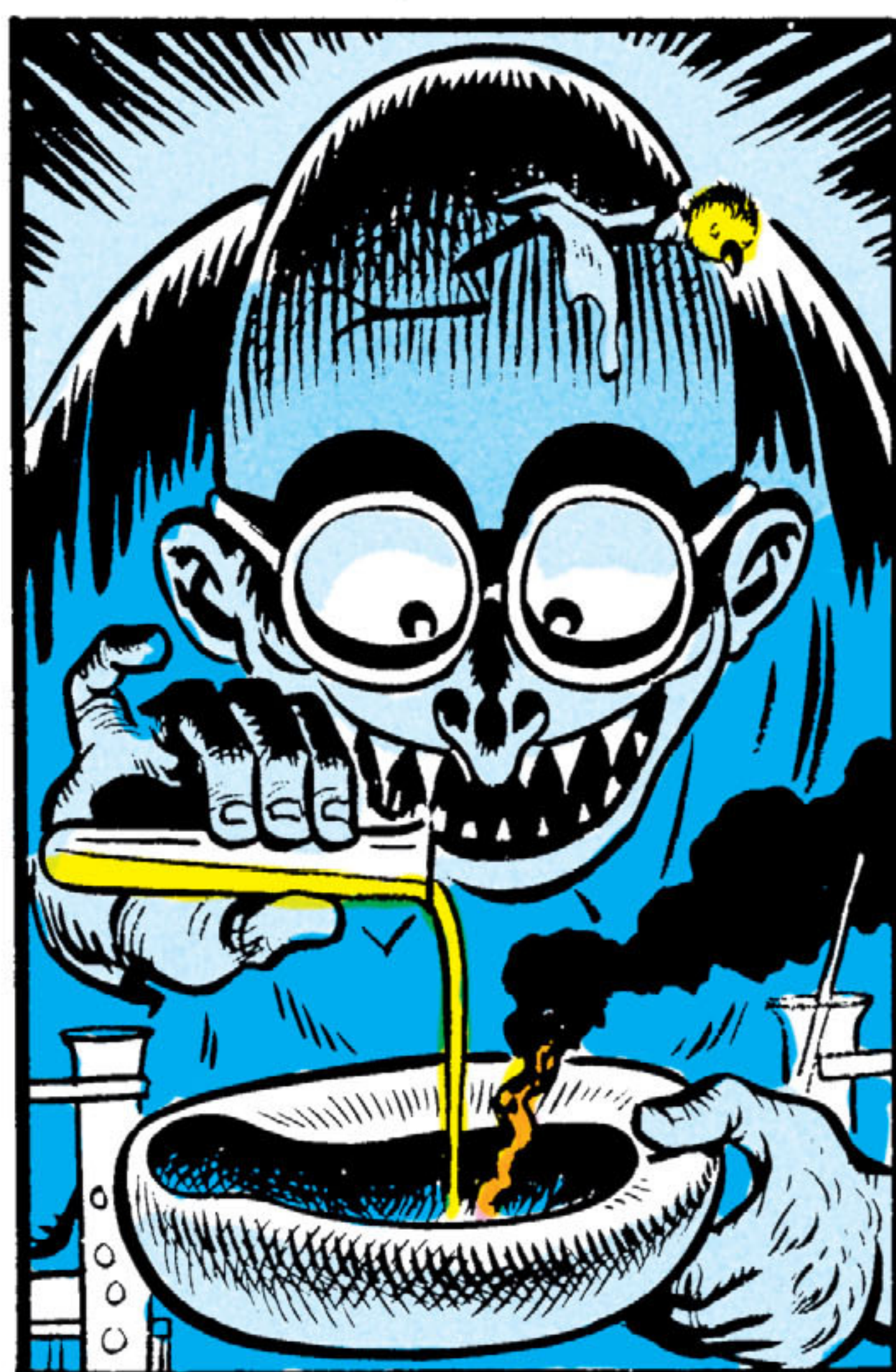


INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE '**PROFESSOR**'!

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

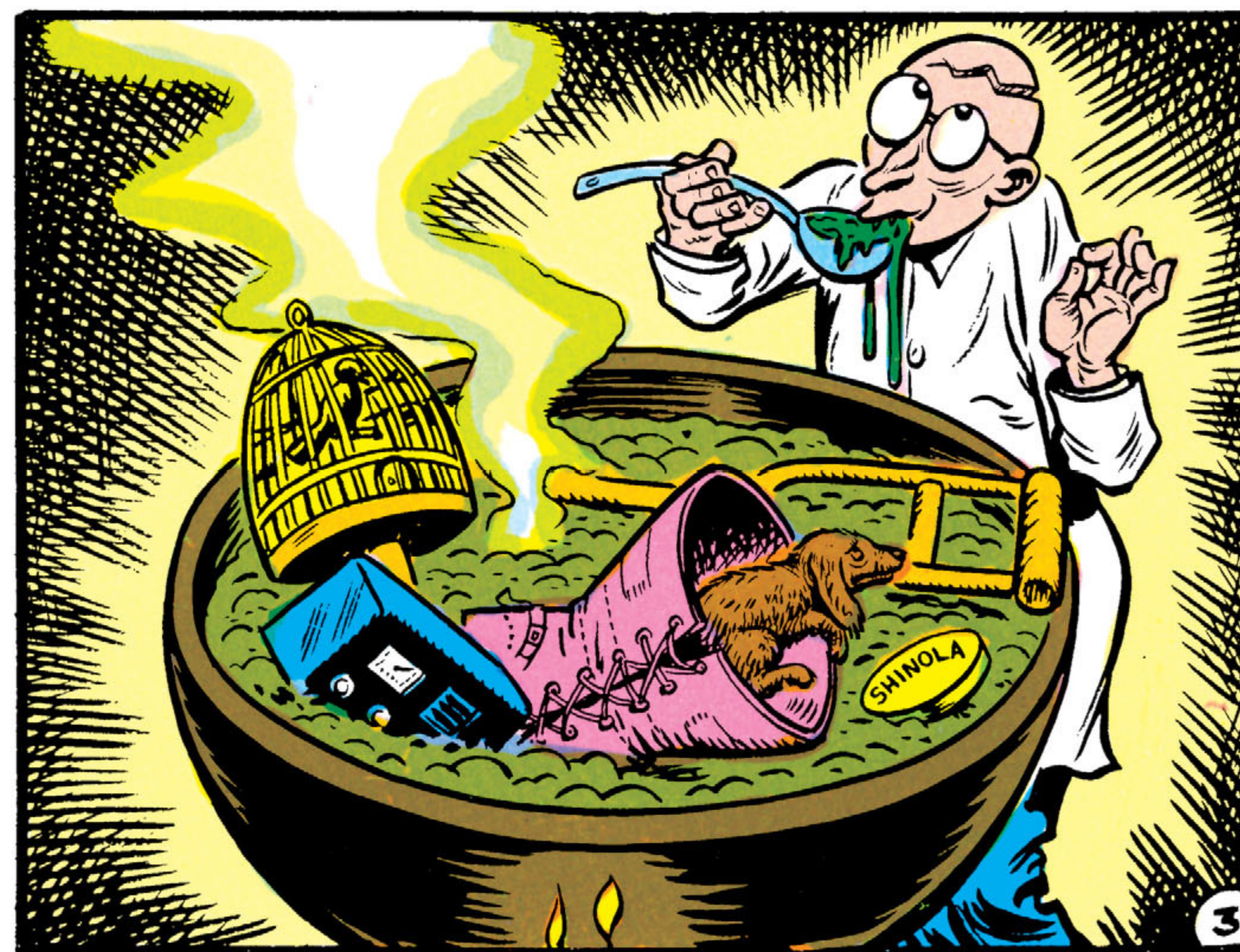
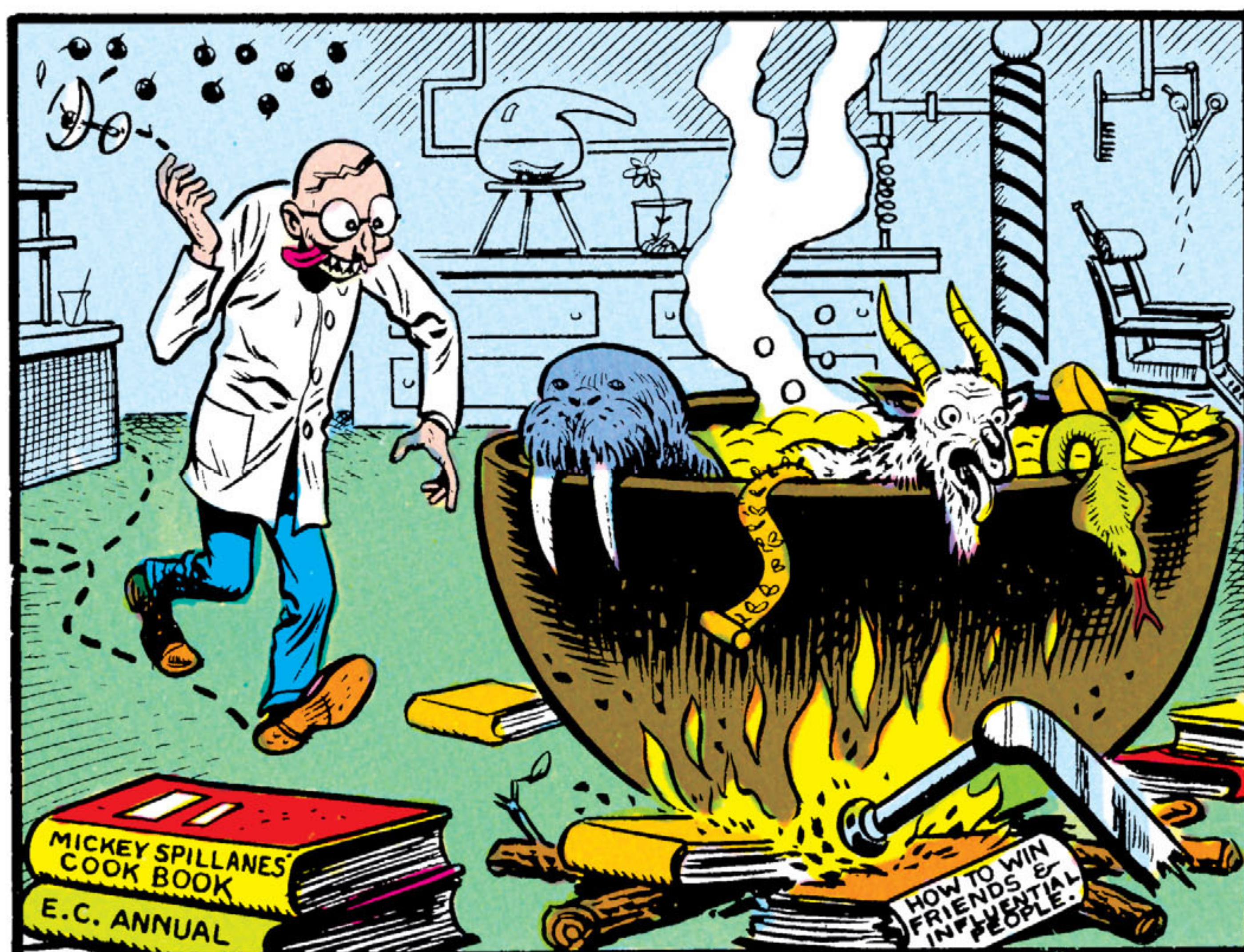
...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!

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...

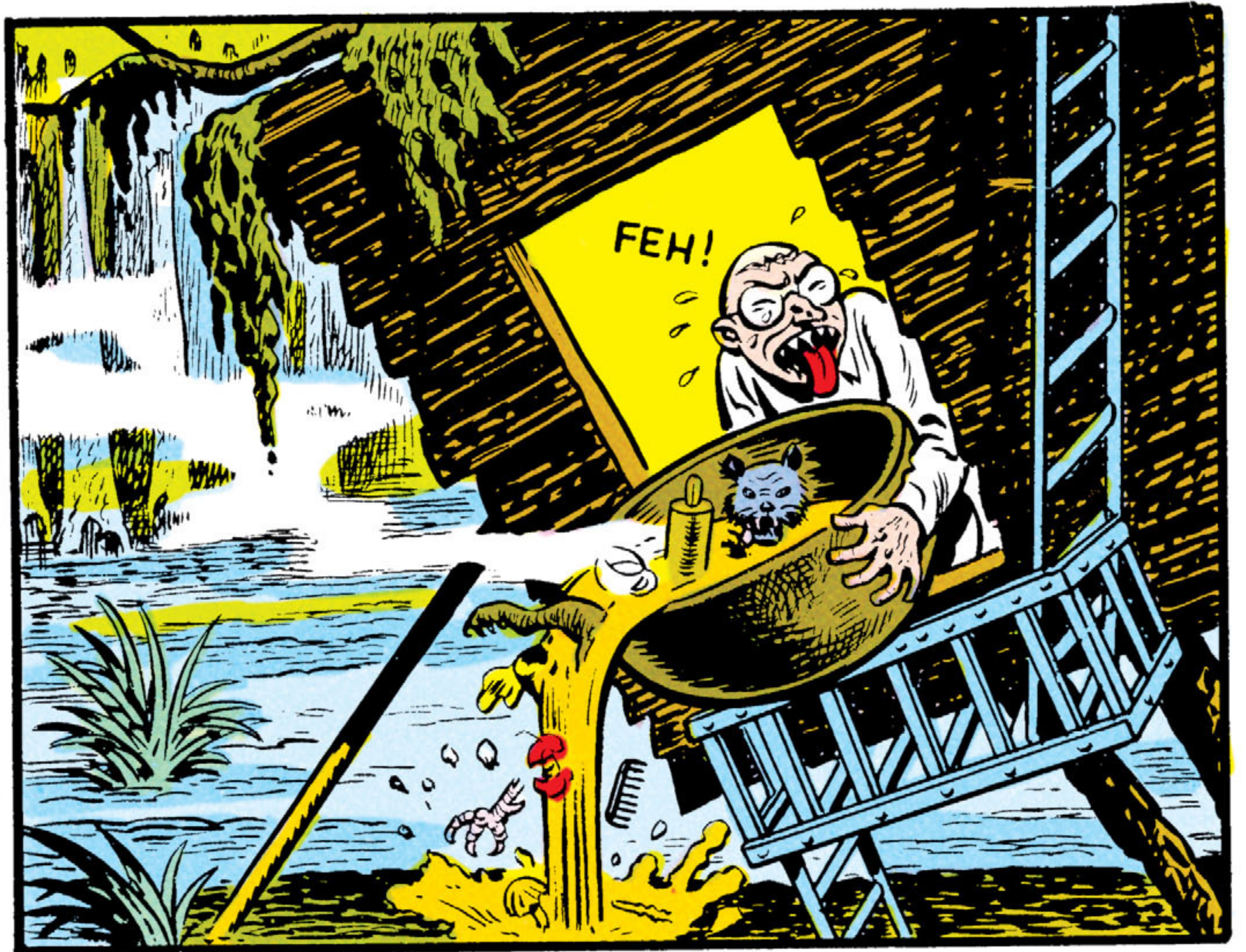
...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE...A MIXTURE **OF THIS SWAMP!**



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



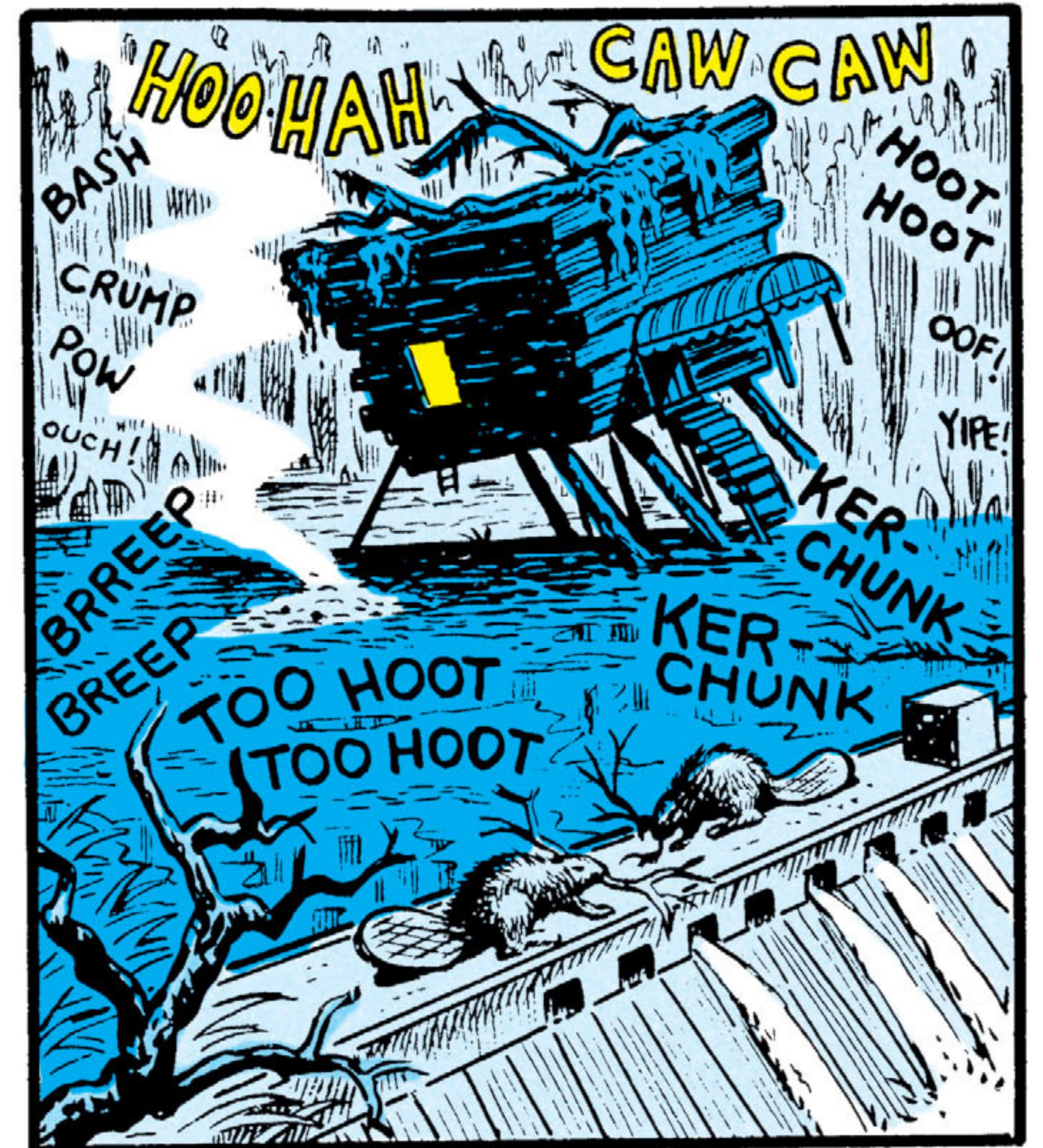
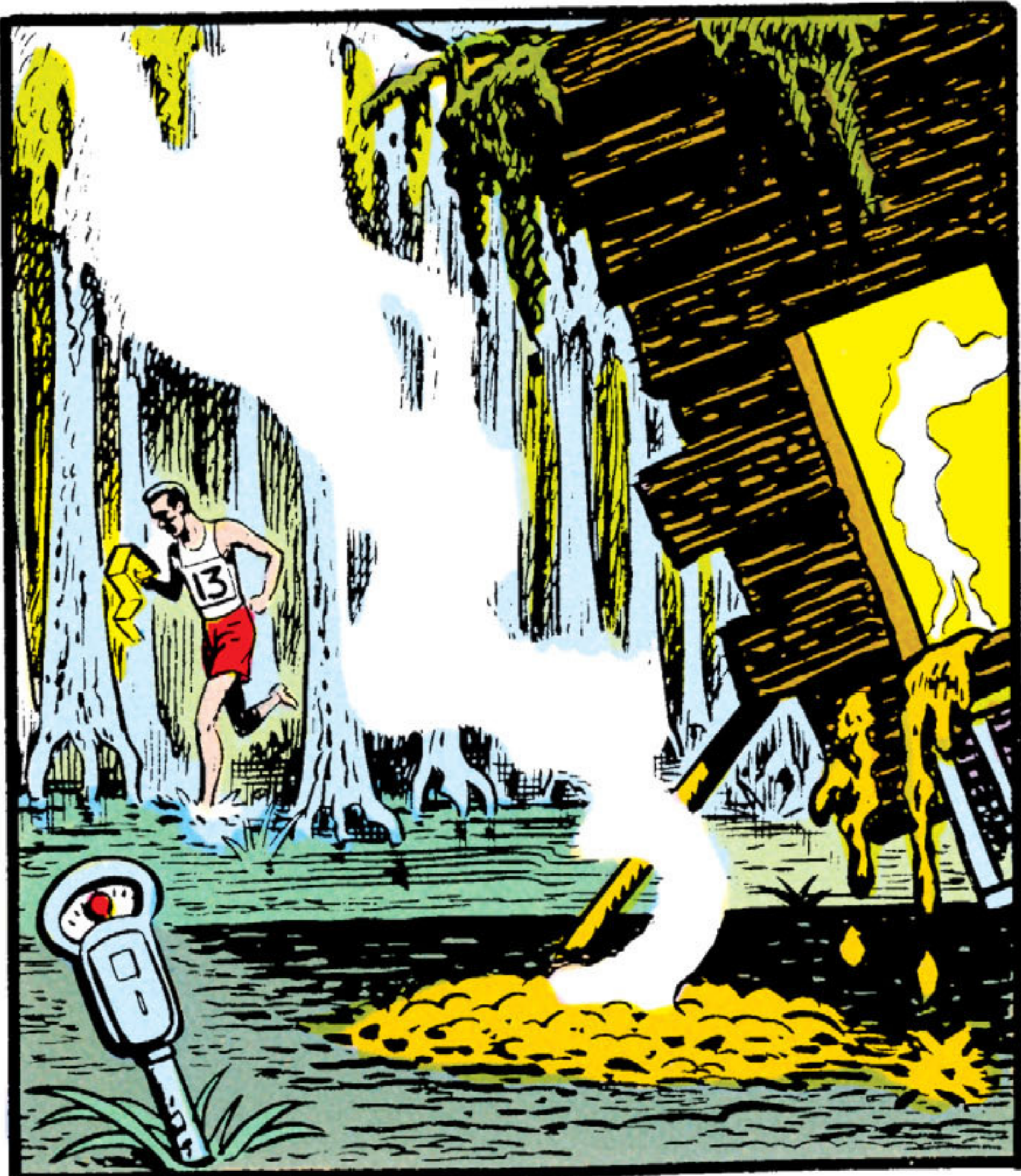
SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-SEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!



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

NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENO-KEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF *THINGS*... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

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

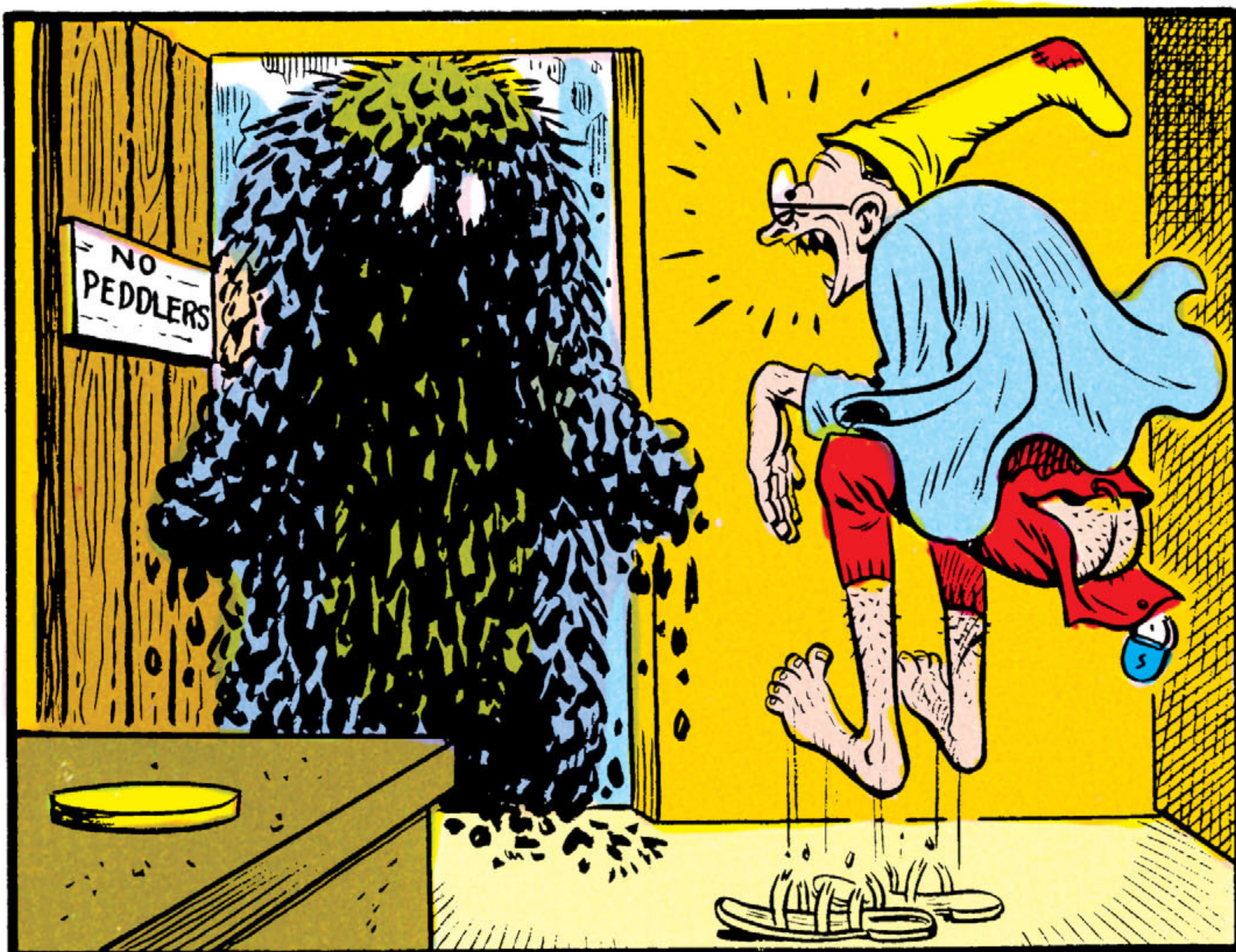


...AND... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN... **PULSATED... QUIVERED... AND GREW!**

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



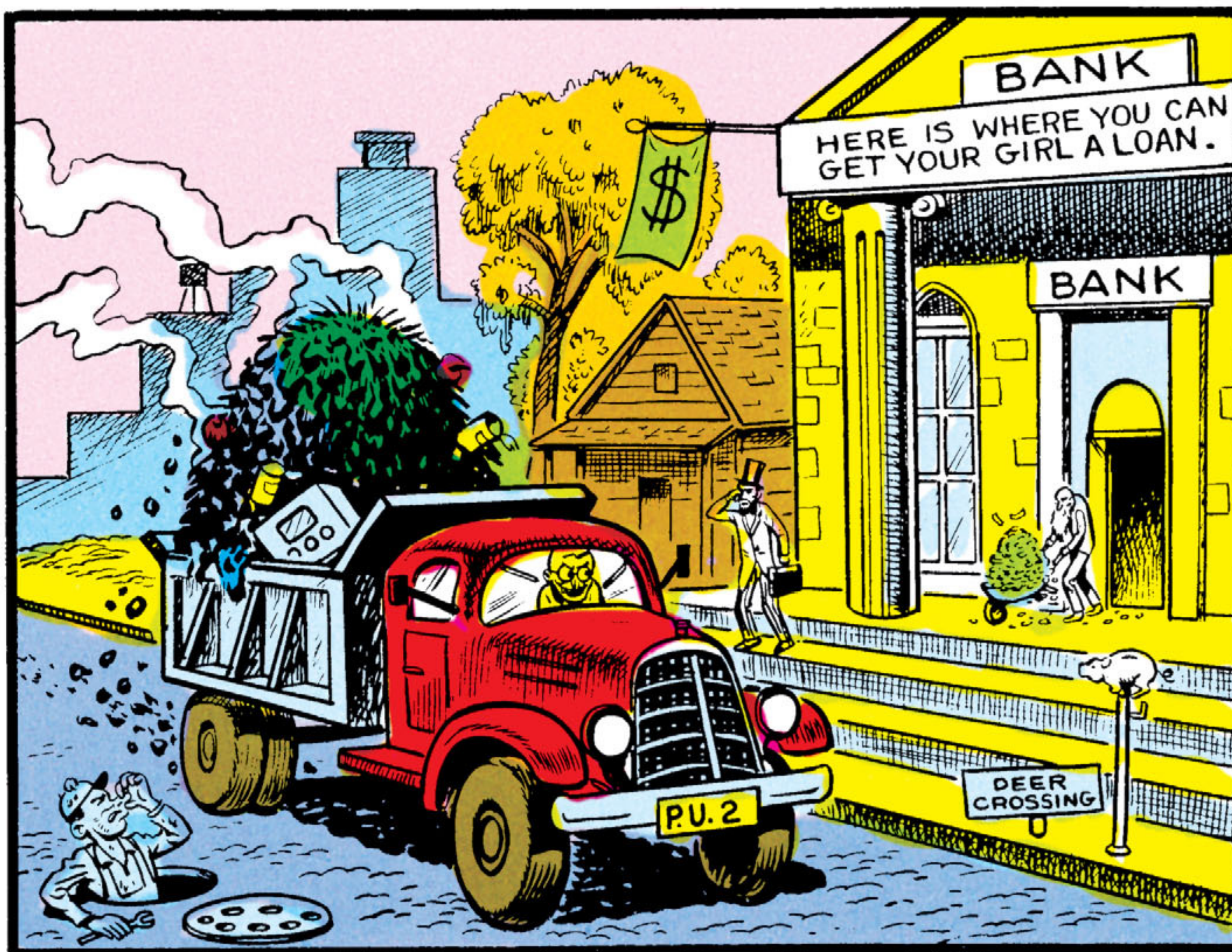
WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND **IT!**...**'HEAP'**,
STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE
INSIDE THIS '**HEAP**' CAME A CROAK...THAT SOUNDED LIKE...'**PAPA!**'



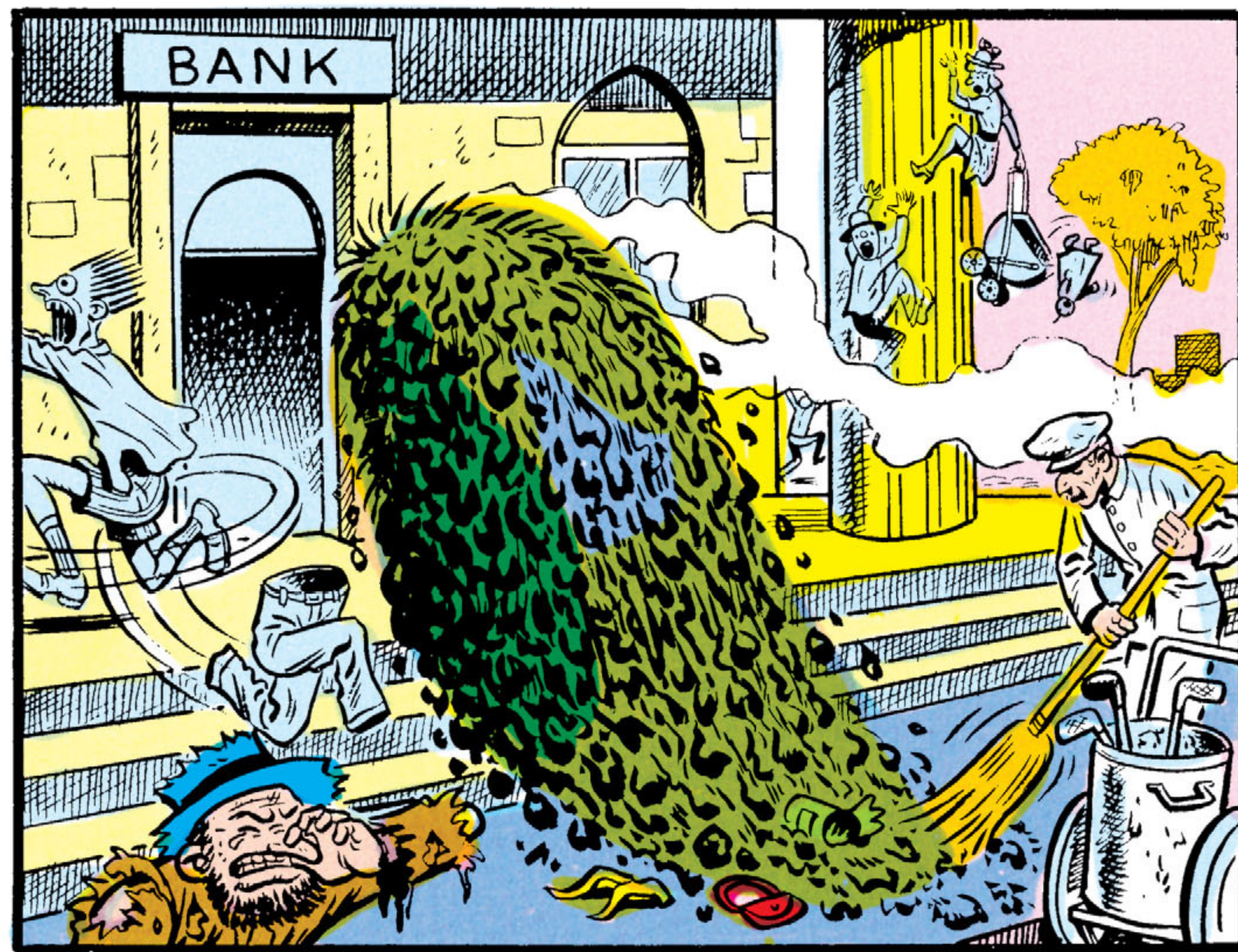
...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS '**HEAP'S**' FATHER! AND
AS '**HEAP**' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN
CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!



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
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!



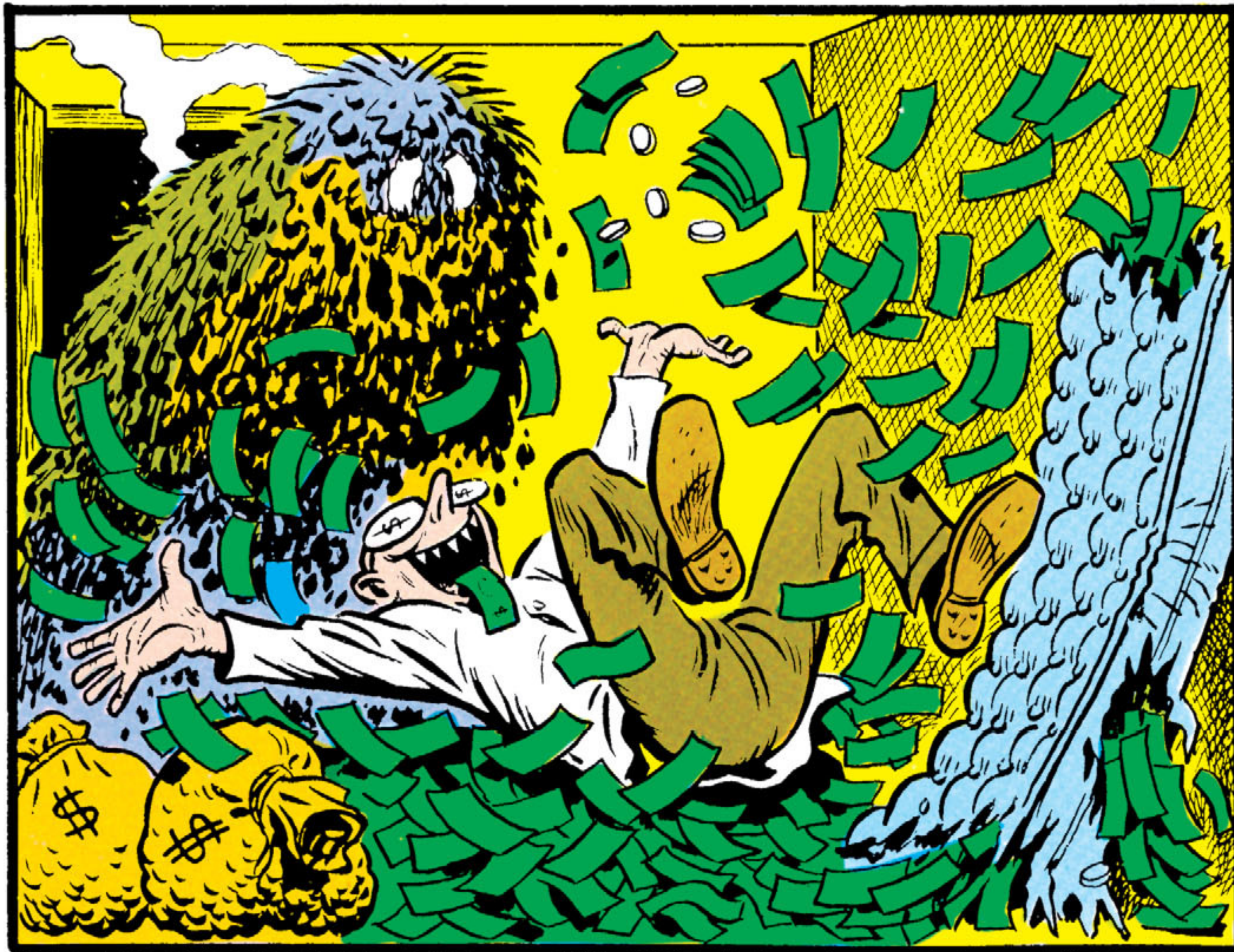
ITS WORK WAS DONE! **IT** POURED OUT
THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE
HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!



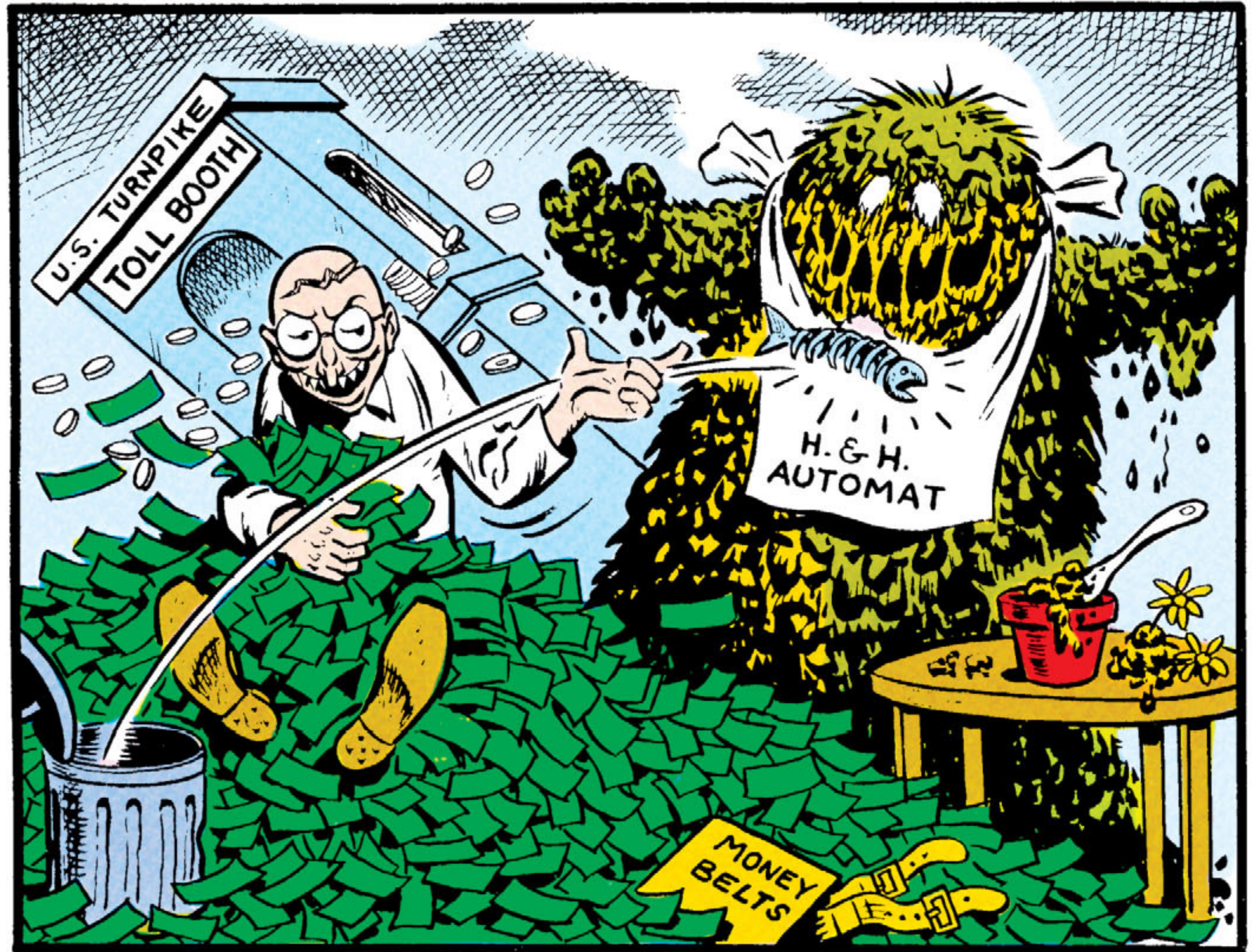
LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND
DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK
AND WAS GONE! **HEAP HAD STRUCK!**



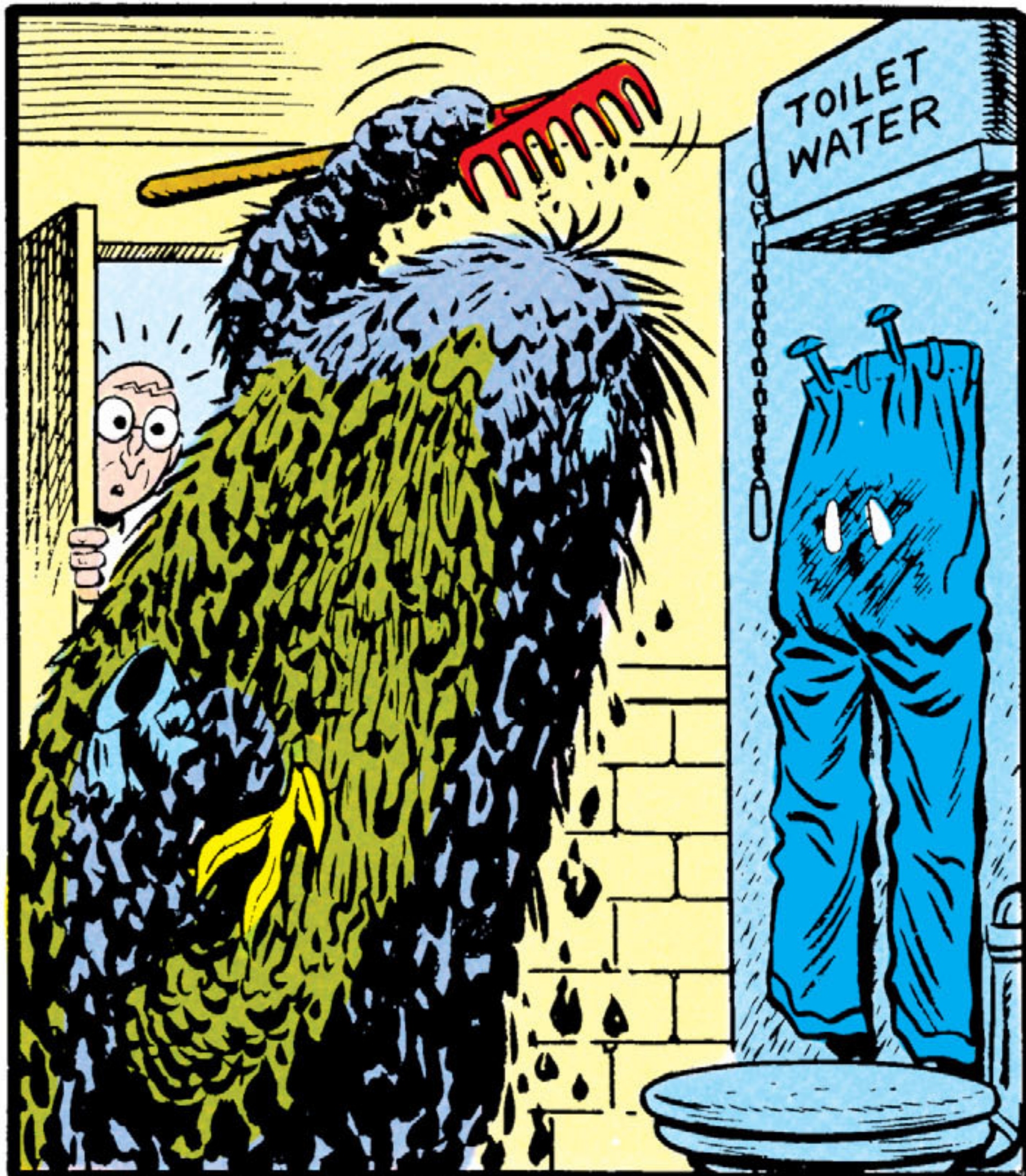
BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENOKEDOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS 'HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!



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!

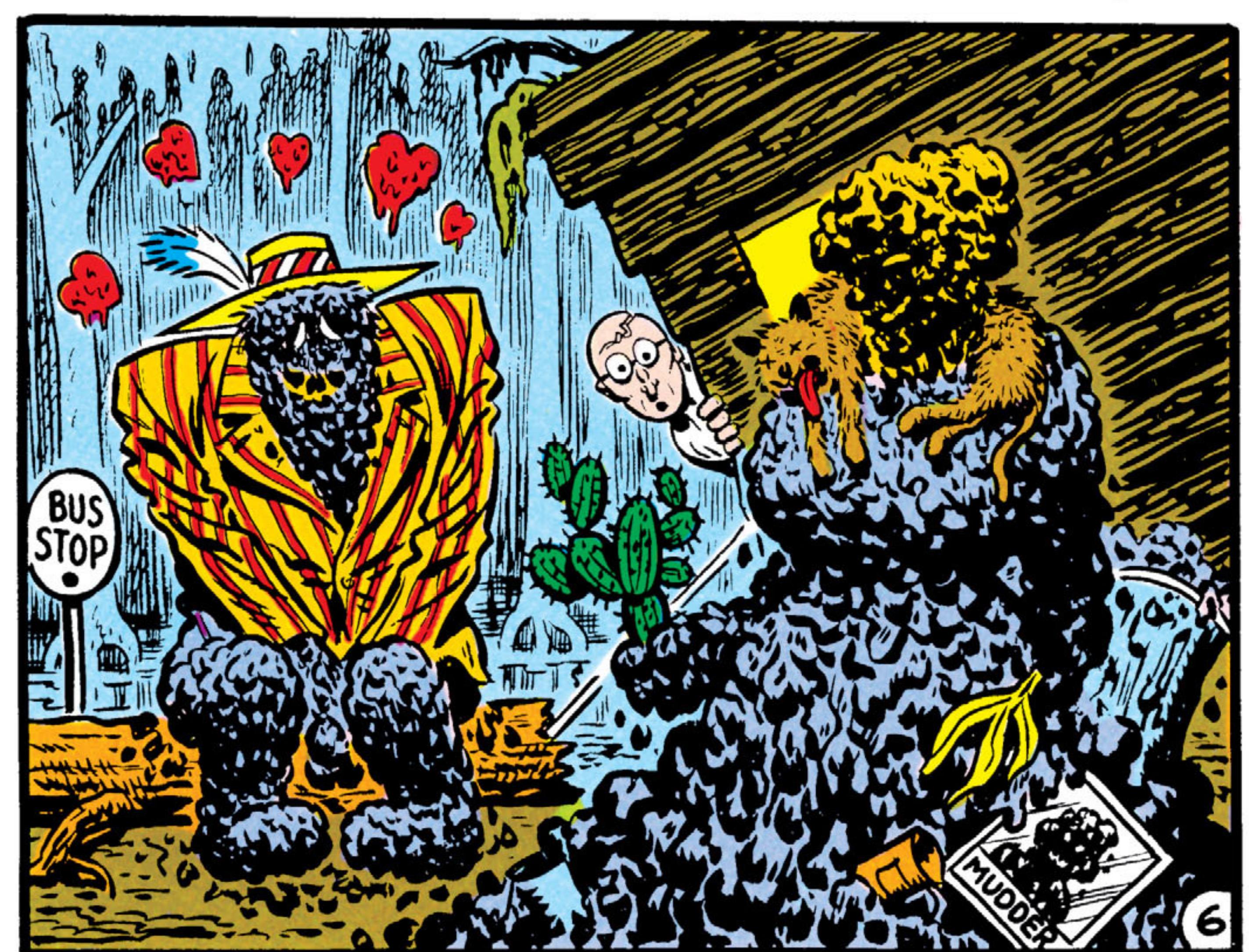
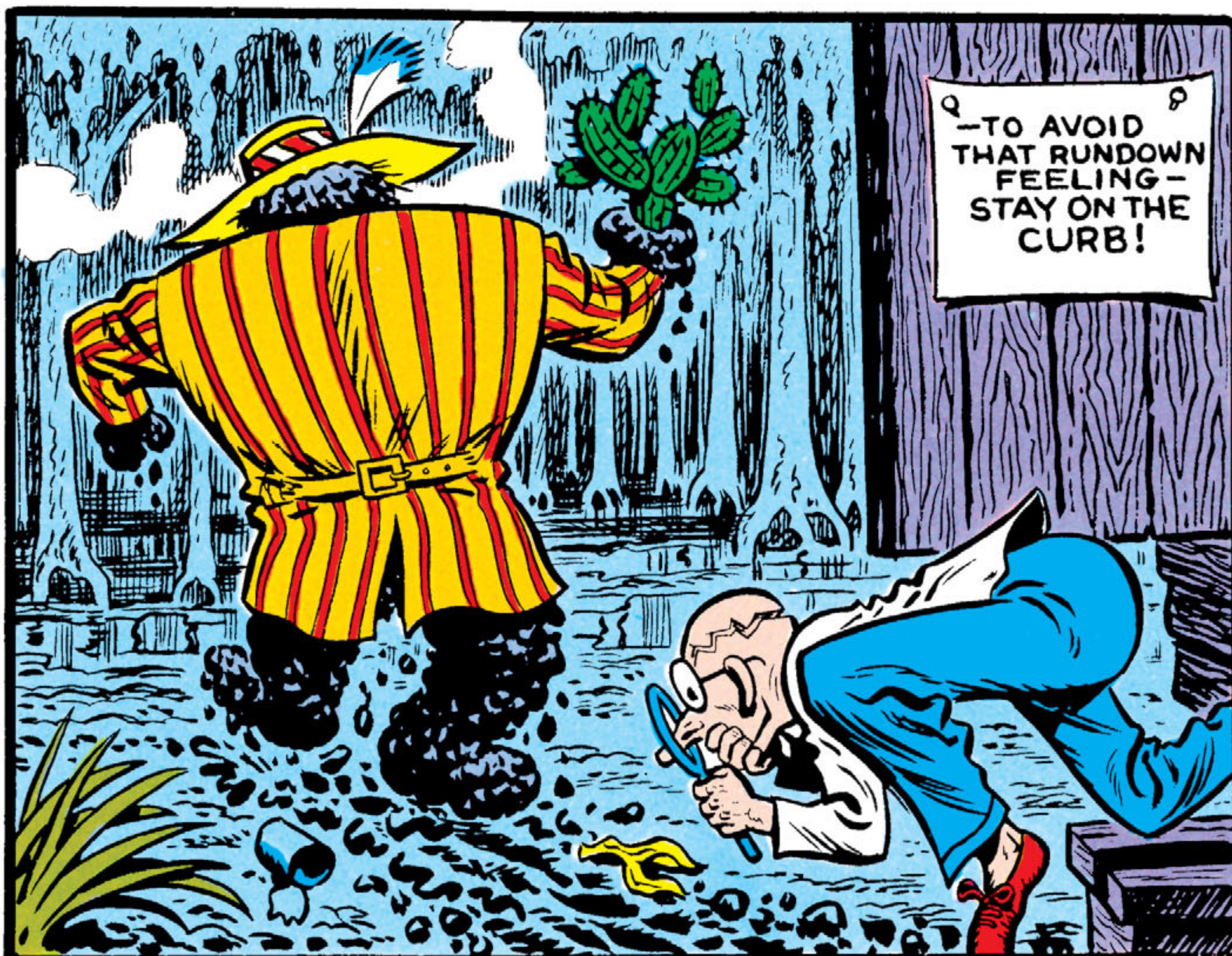


AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!



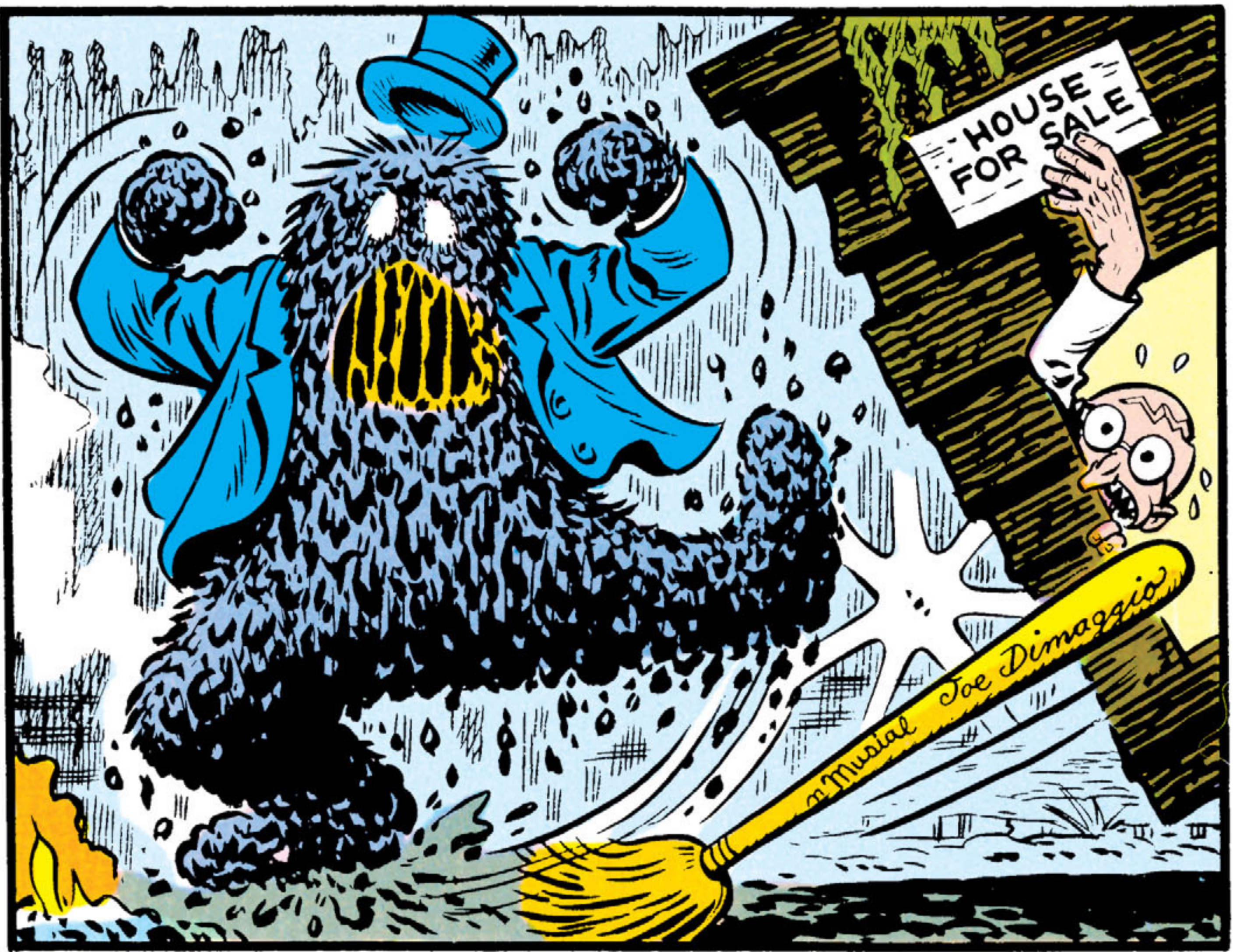
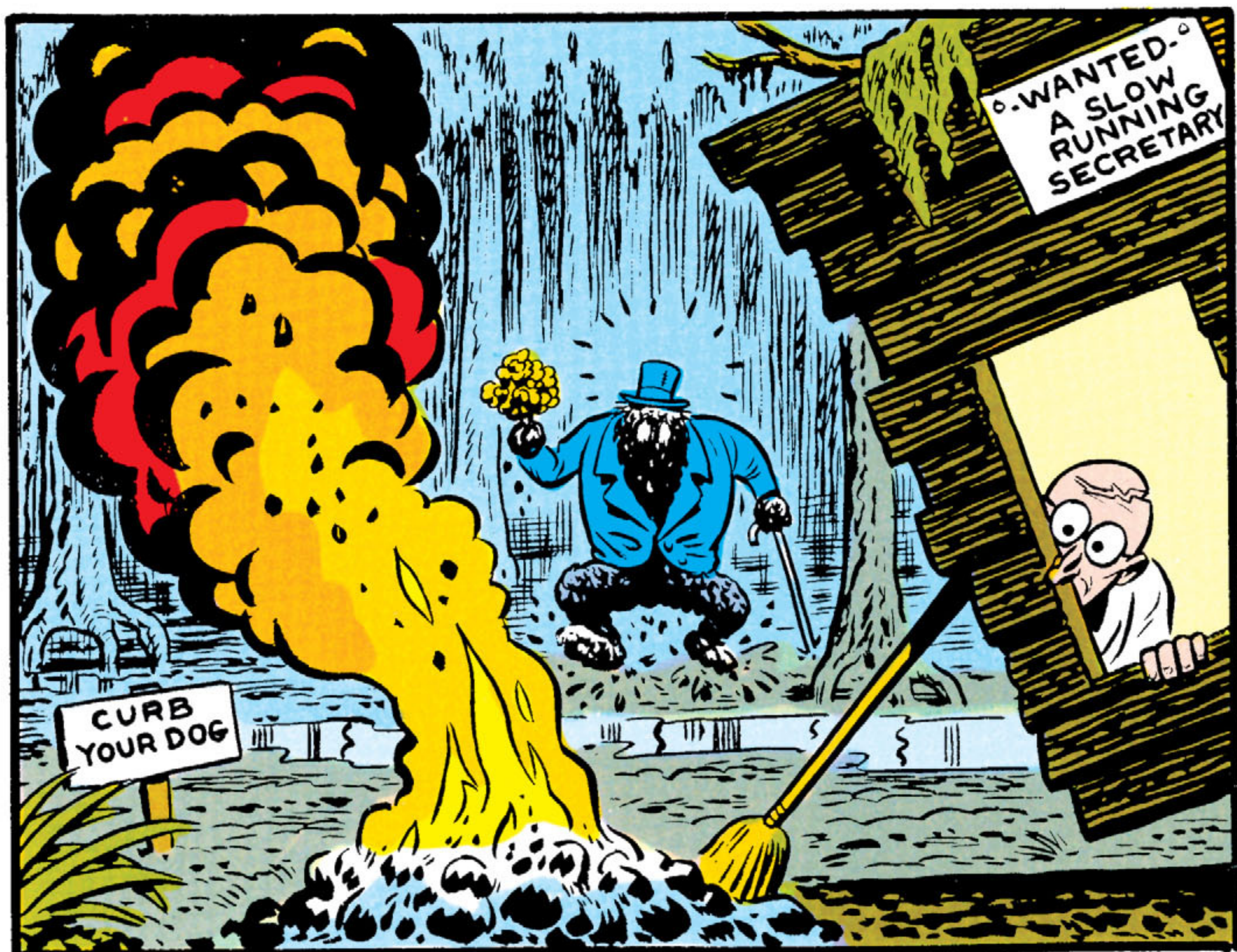
ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... 'HEAP' WAS IN LOVE! THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!

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!

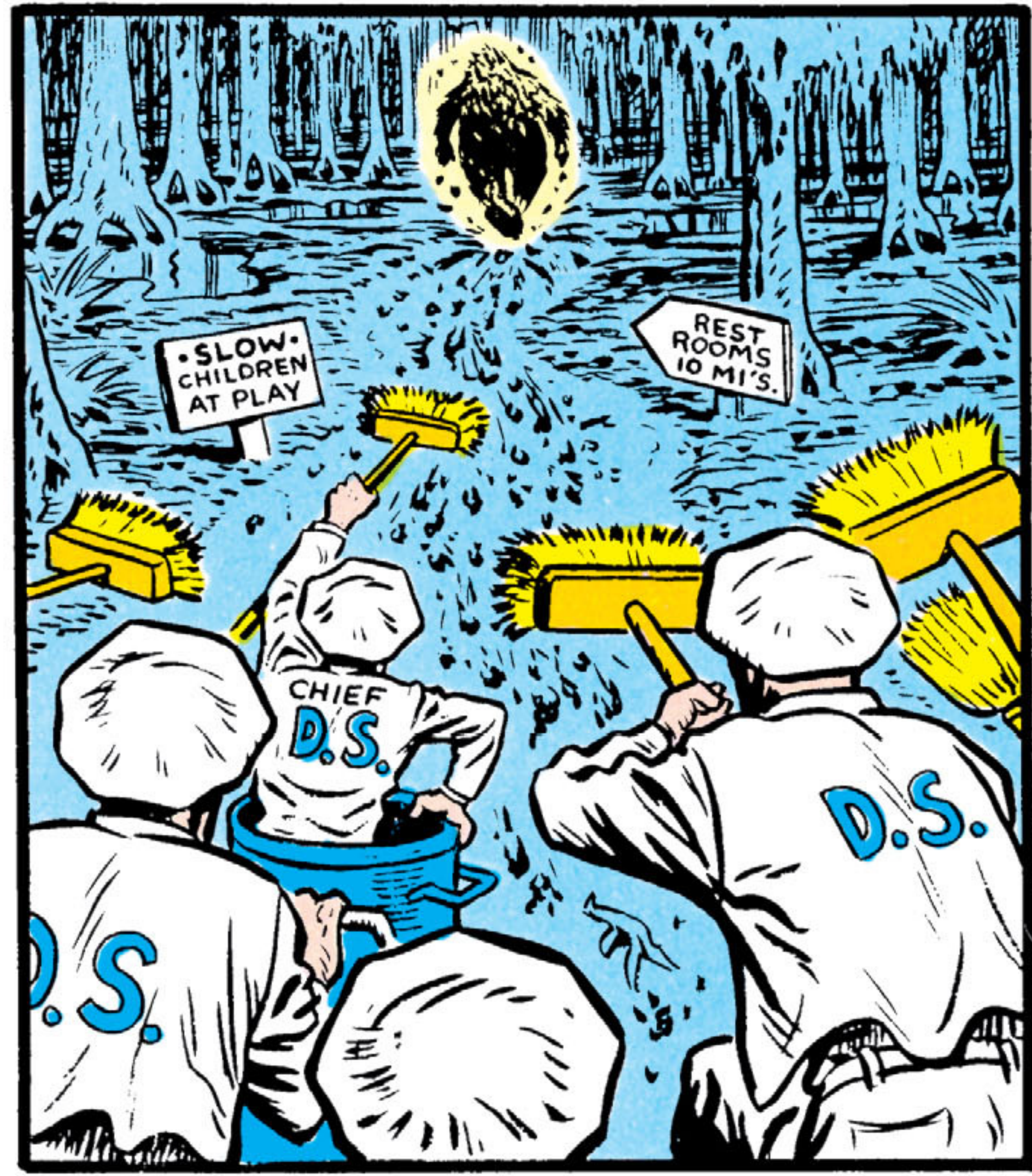
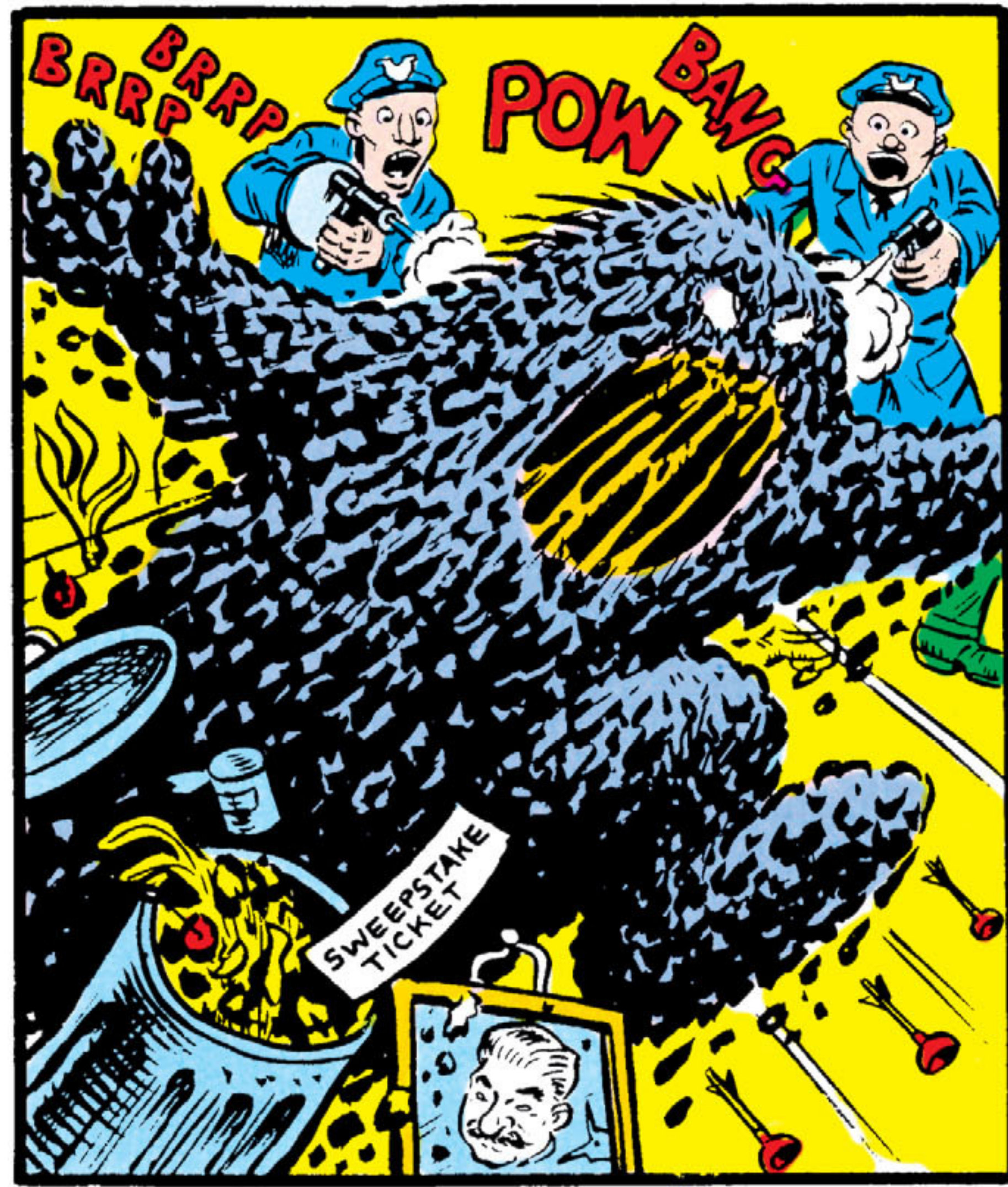
AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF 'HEAP,' AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...



...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRING-
ING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING
DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!

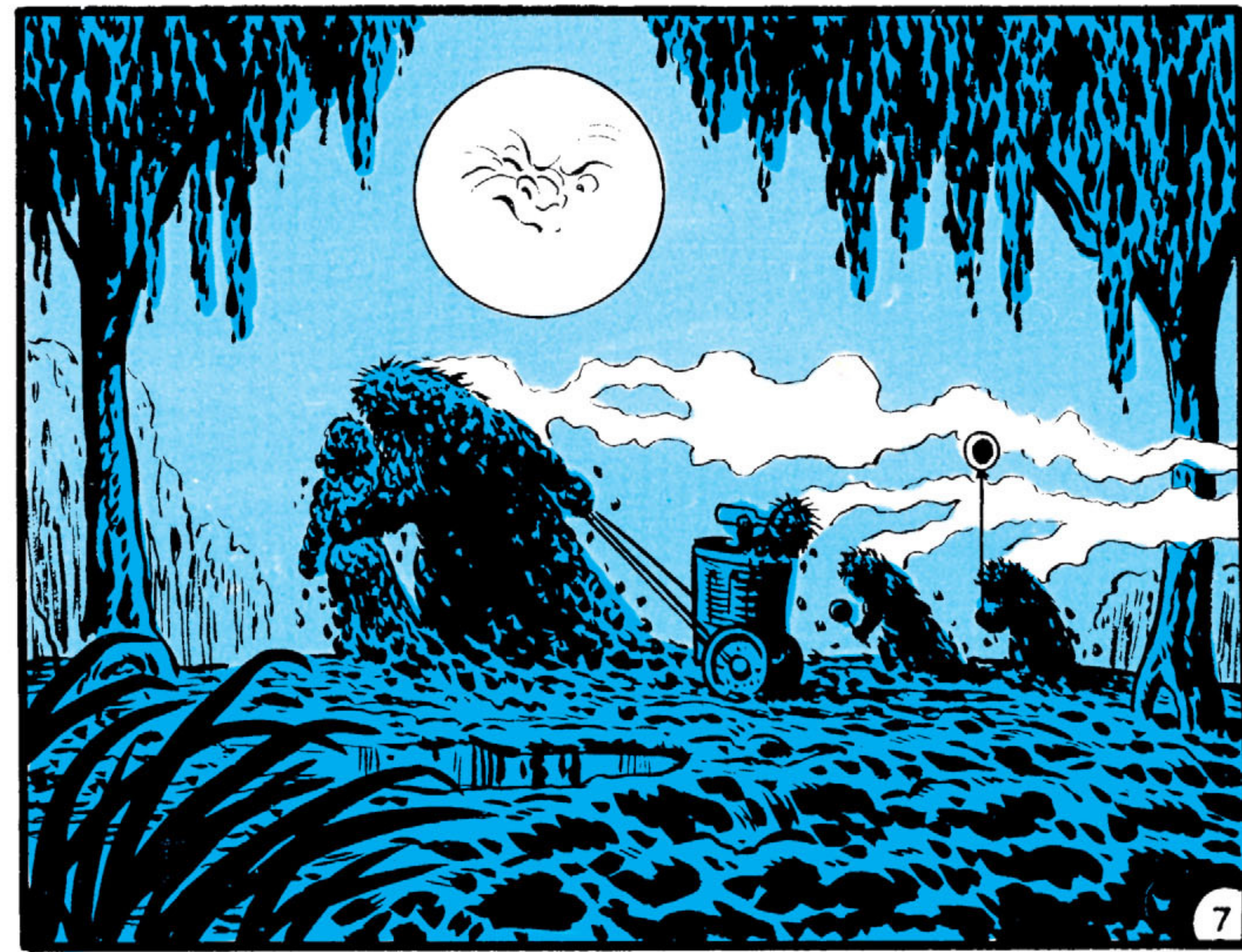
THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE ...
FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UN-
MINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!

...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF
GARBAGE CLEANERS, 'HEAP' DIS-
APPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...



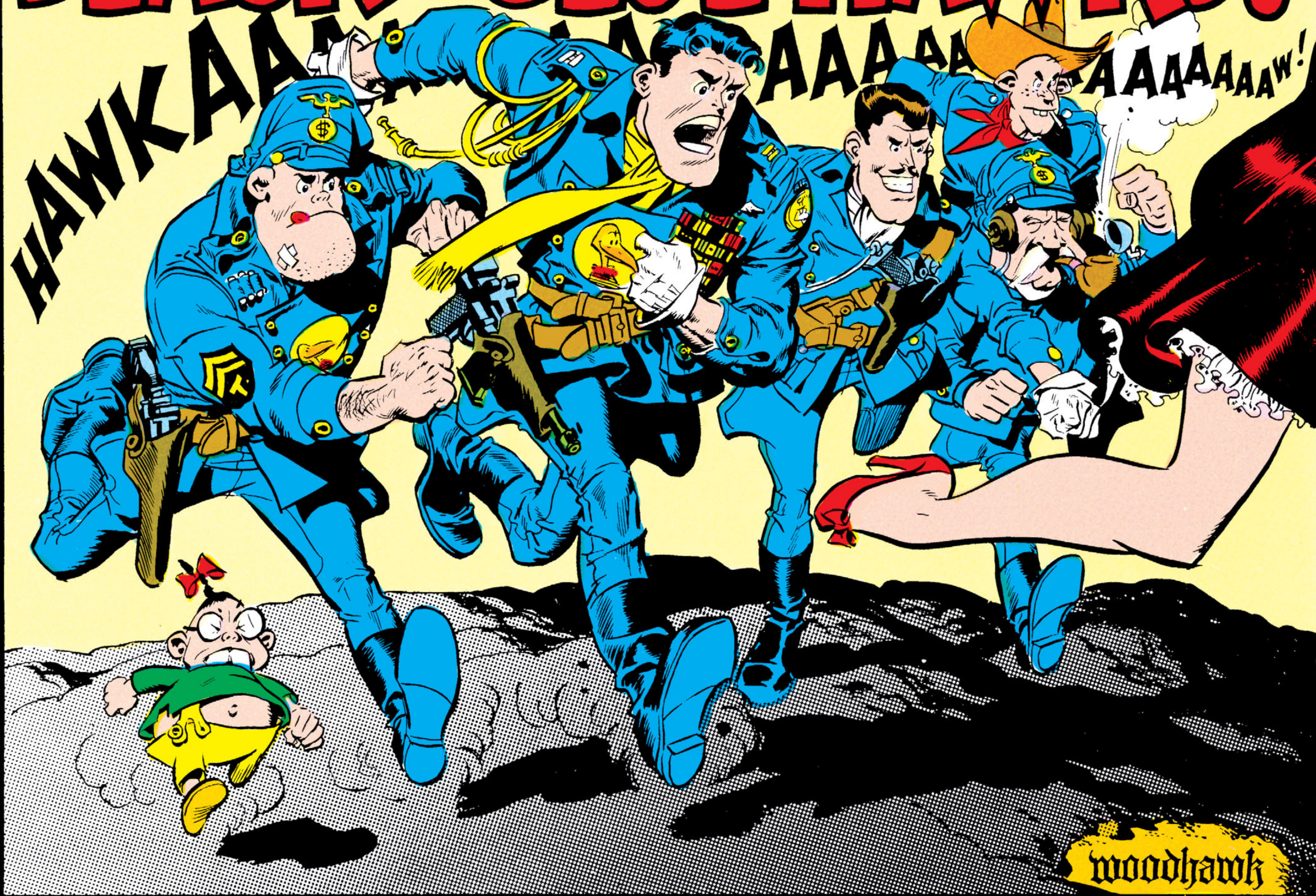
...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!...SOME SAY WHEN THE
MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE *IT* WANDERING OVER THE
CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

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!

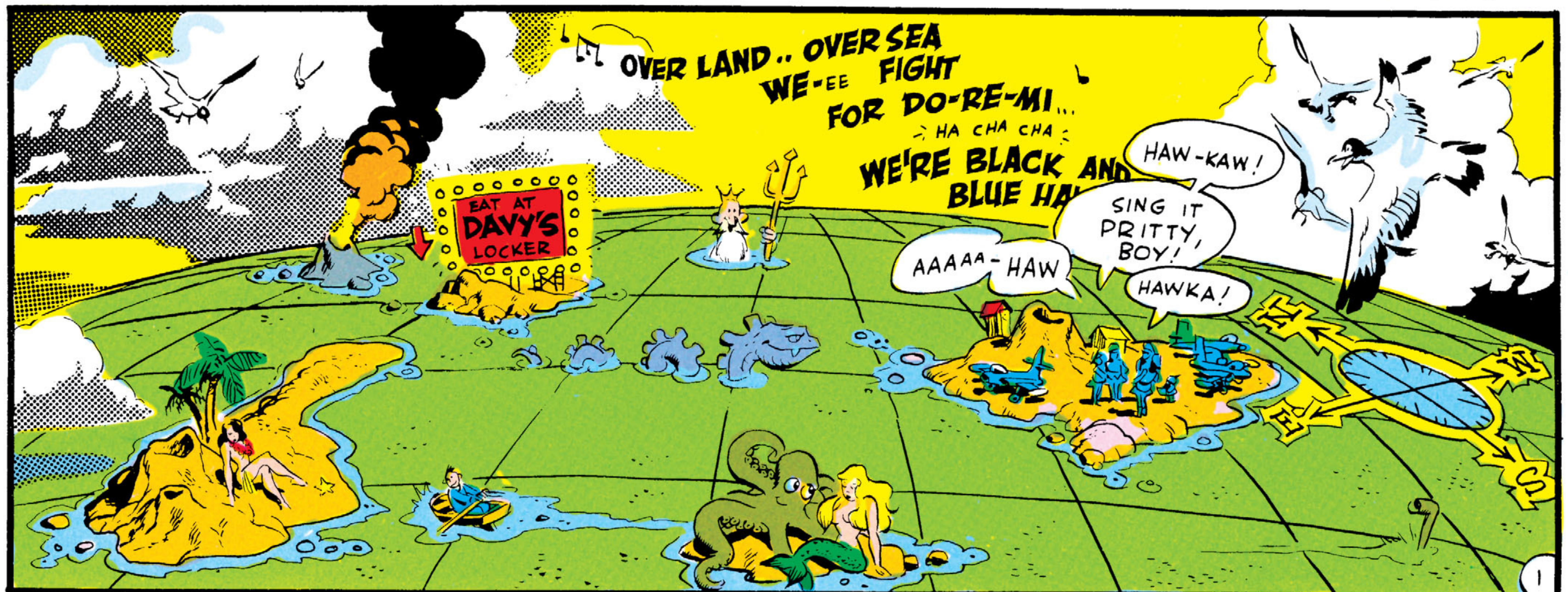


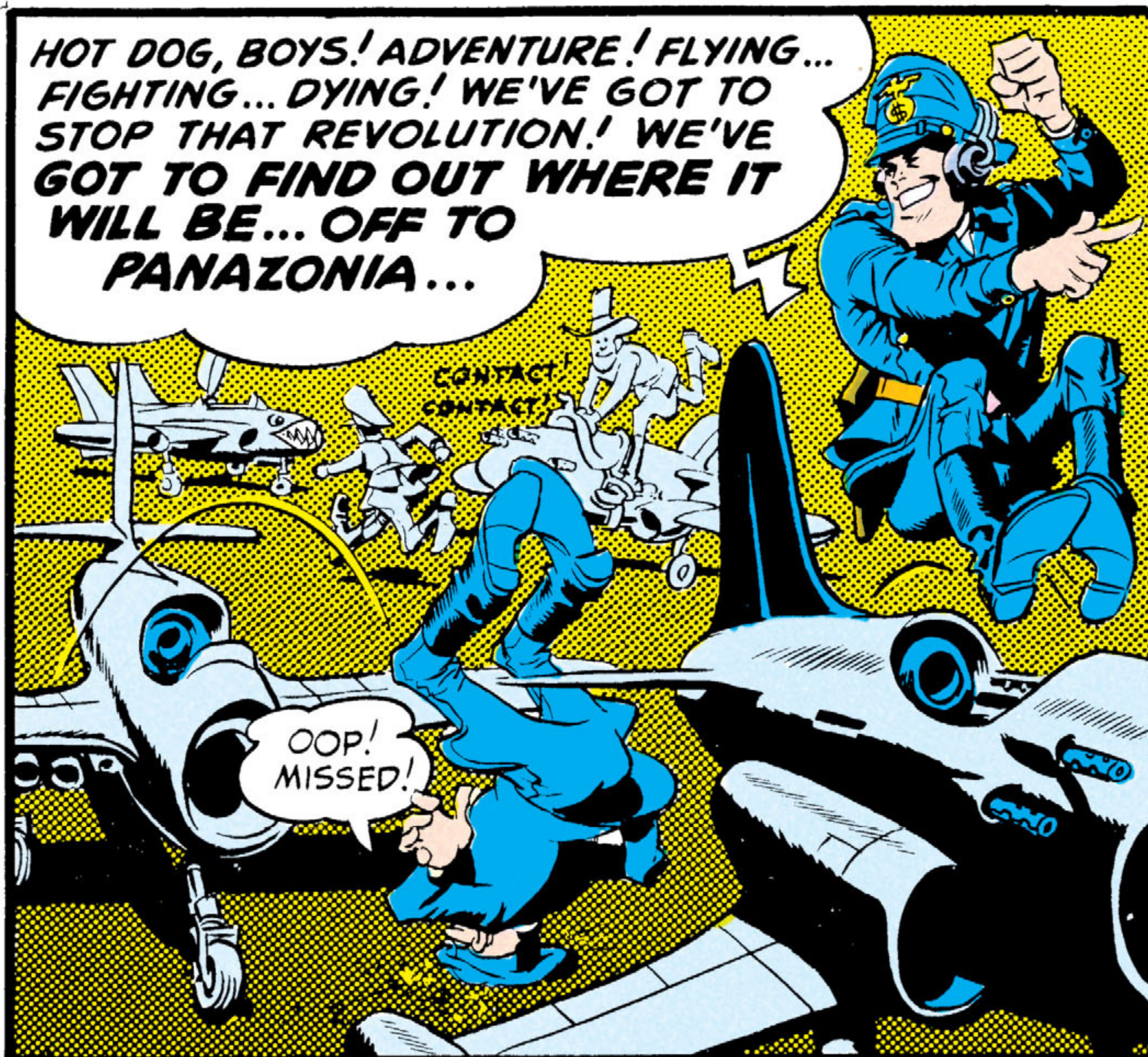
FIRST THERE IS 'SADDLESORE'... SIX FOOT LANKY TEXAN, 'SAURBRATTEN'... WALRUS-MUSTACHED DUTCHMAN, 'ROBESPIERRE'... SUAVE PARISIEN FROM LA BELLE FRANCE, 'BOSS HAWK', LEADER OF THE GANG, 'YOHNNY YOHNNSON', FIGHTING SWEDE, AND 'CHOP CHOP CHOP'... CAMP FOLLOWER! ALL MEN OF PEP, VIM AND VIGOR, SNAP CRACKLE AND POP... ALL...

BLACK and BLUE HAWKS!



YES, DEAR READER, THESE ARE THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS... **FLYING, FLYING, DYING** FOR THE FUN OF IT! OH, I'M TELLING YOU... WHAT FUN! COME, THEN! **COME**... TO A TINY ISLAND FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN! LATITUDE ... **ADVENTURE**, LONGITUDE ... **DANGER!** FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF... THE **ROOST** OF... THE **COOP** OF... **THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!**

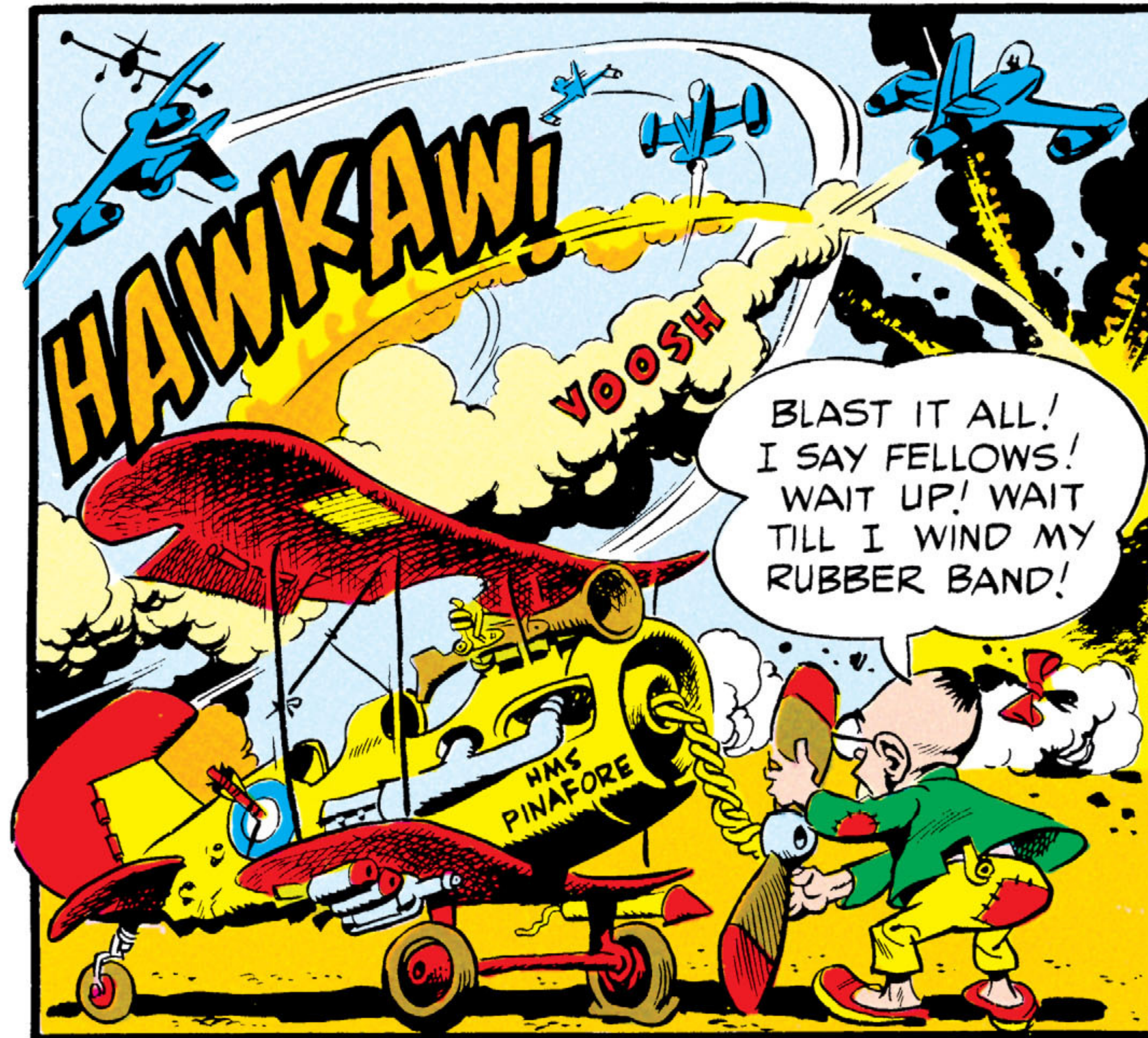




HOT DOG, BOYS! ADVENTURE! FLYING... FIGHTING... DYING! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT REVOLUTION! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE IT WILL BE... OFF TO PANAZONIA...

OOP! MISSED!

CONTACT! CONTACT!



HAWKAW!

VOOSH

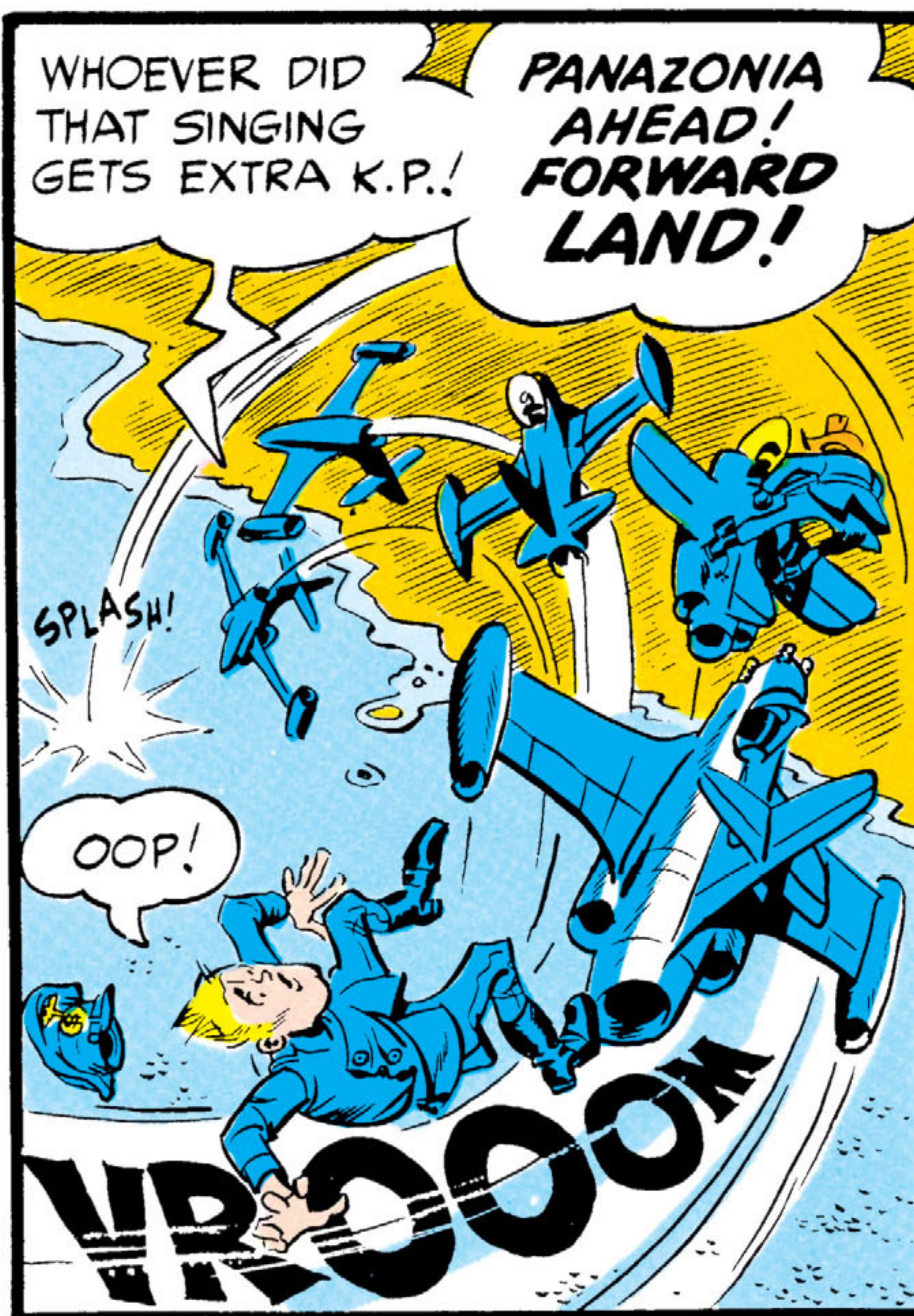
BLAST IT ALL! I SAY FELLOWS! WAIT UP! WAIT TILL I WIND MY RUBBER BAND!



OVER LAND OVER SEA... WE FIGHT FOR DOE-RE-MI... FOR WE'RE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS...

SWEET ADALINE, MY ADALINE...

HEY! WHO'S SINGING THE WRONG SONG OVER THE INTERCOM?



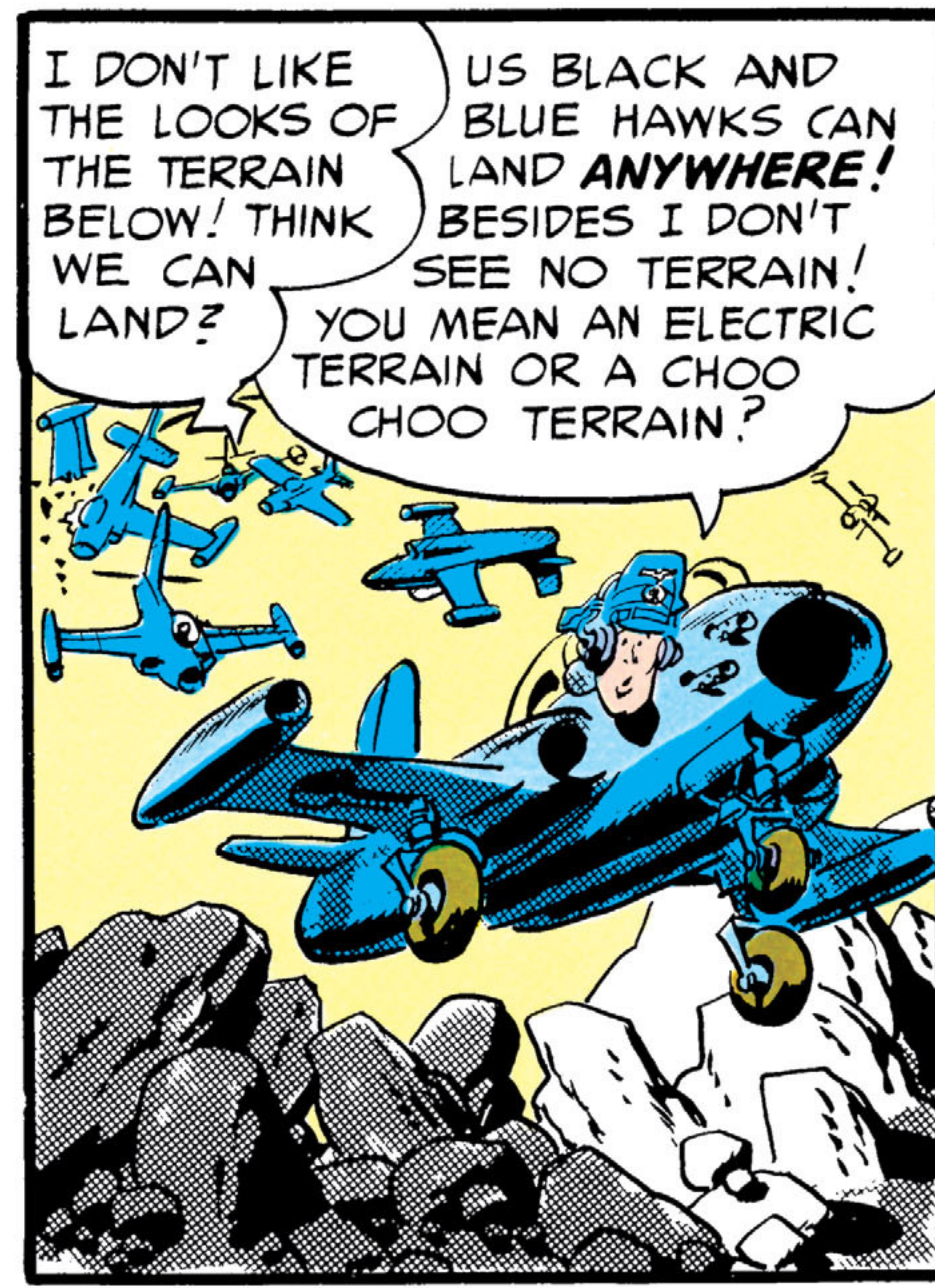
WHOEVER DID THAT SINGING GETS EXTRA K.P.!

PANAZONIA AHEAD! FORWARD LAND!

SPLASH!

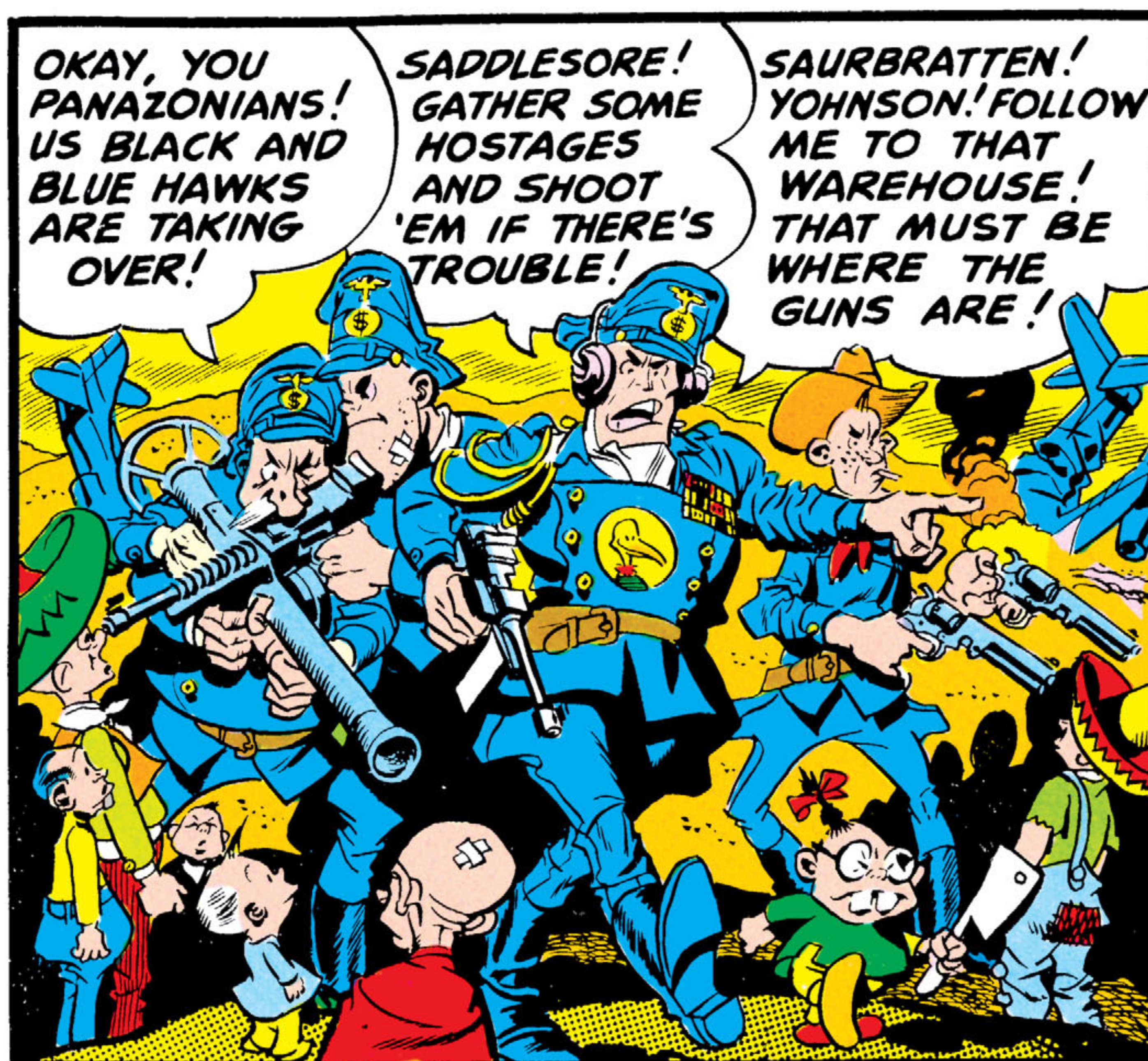
OOP!

VRROOOM



I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE TERRAIN BELOW! THINK WE CAN LAND?

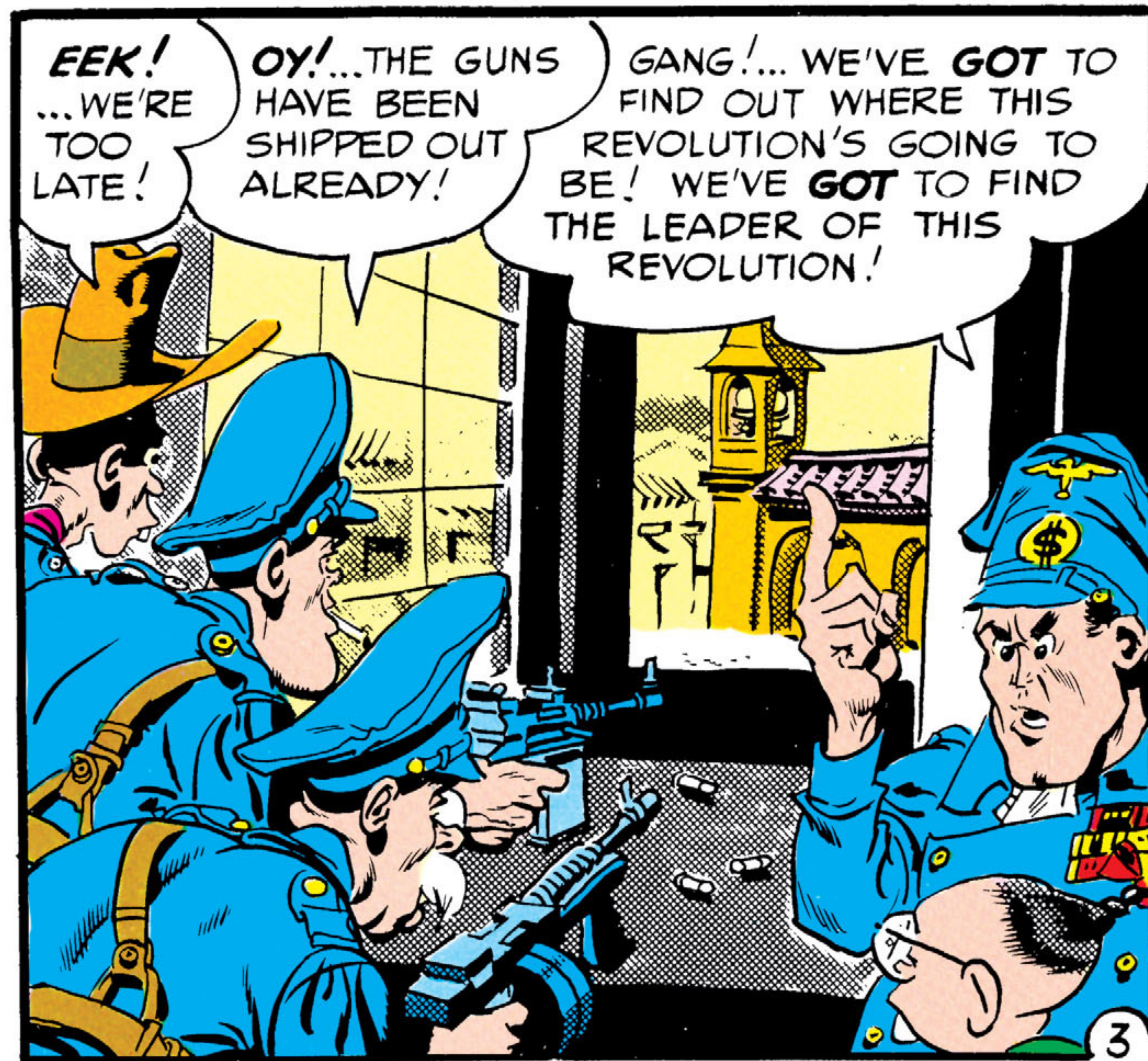
US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS CAN LAND ANYWHERE! BESIDES I DON'T SEE NO TERRAIN! YOU MEAN AN ELECTRIC TERRAIN OR A CHOO CHOO TERRAIN?



OKAY, YOU PANAZONIANS! US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS ARE TAKING OVER!

SADDLESORE! GATHER SOME HOSTAGES AND SHOOT 'EM IF THERE'S TROUBLE!

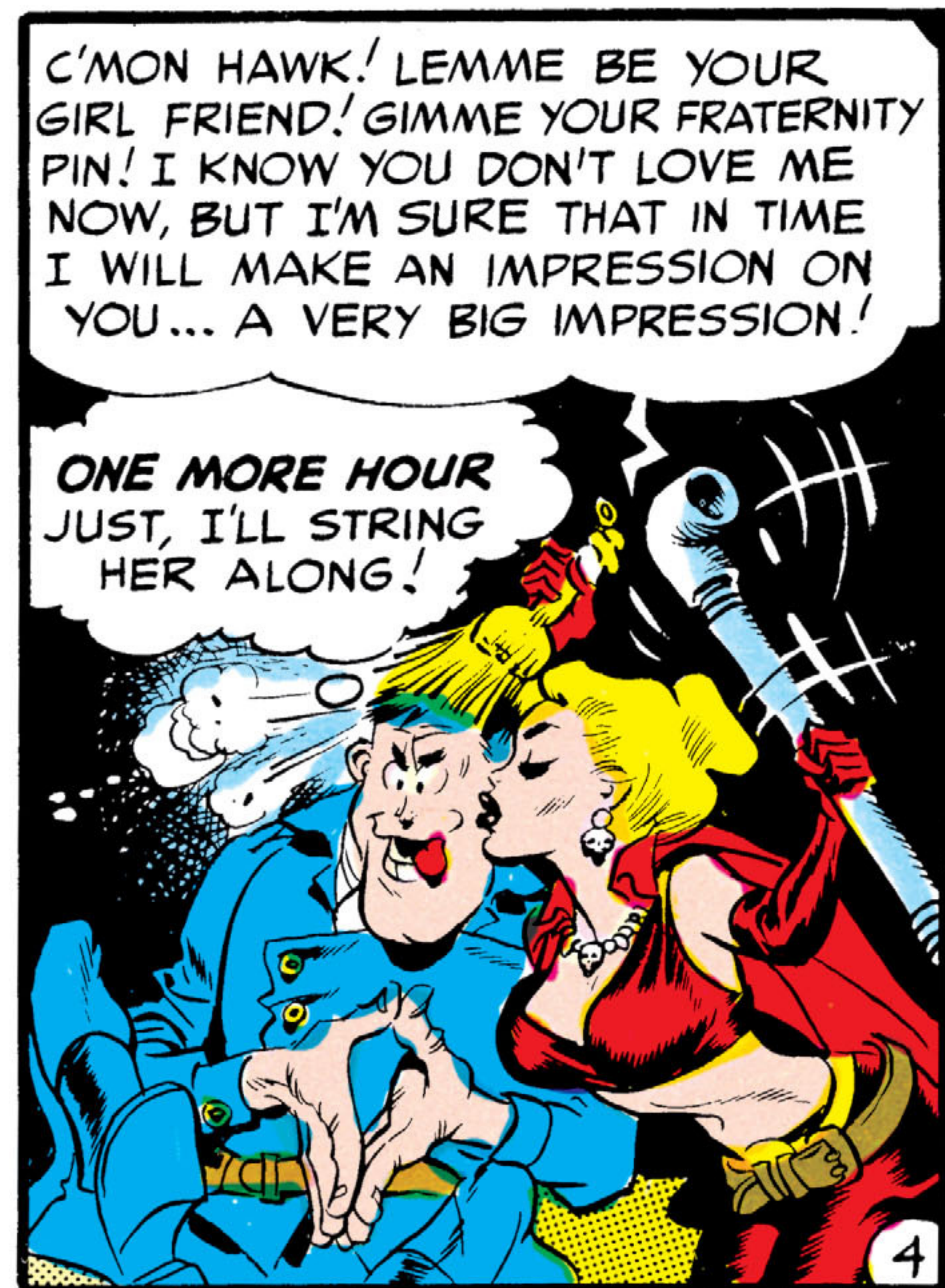
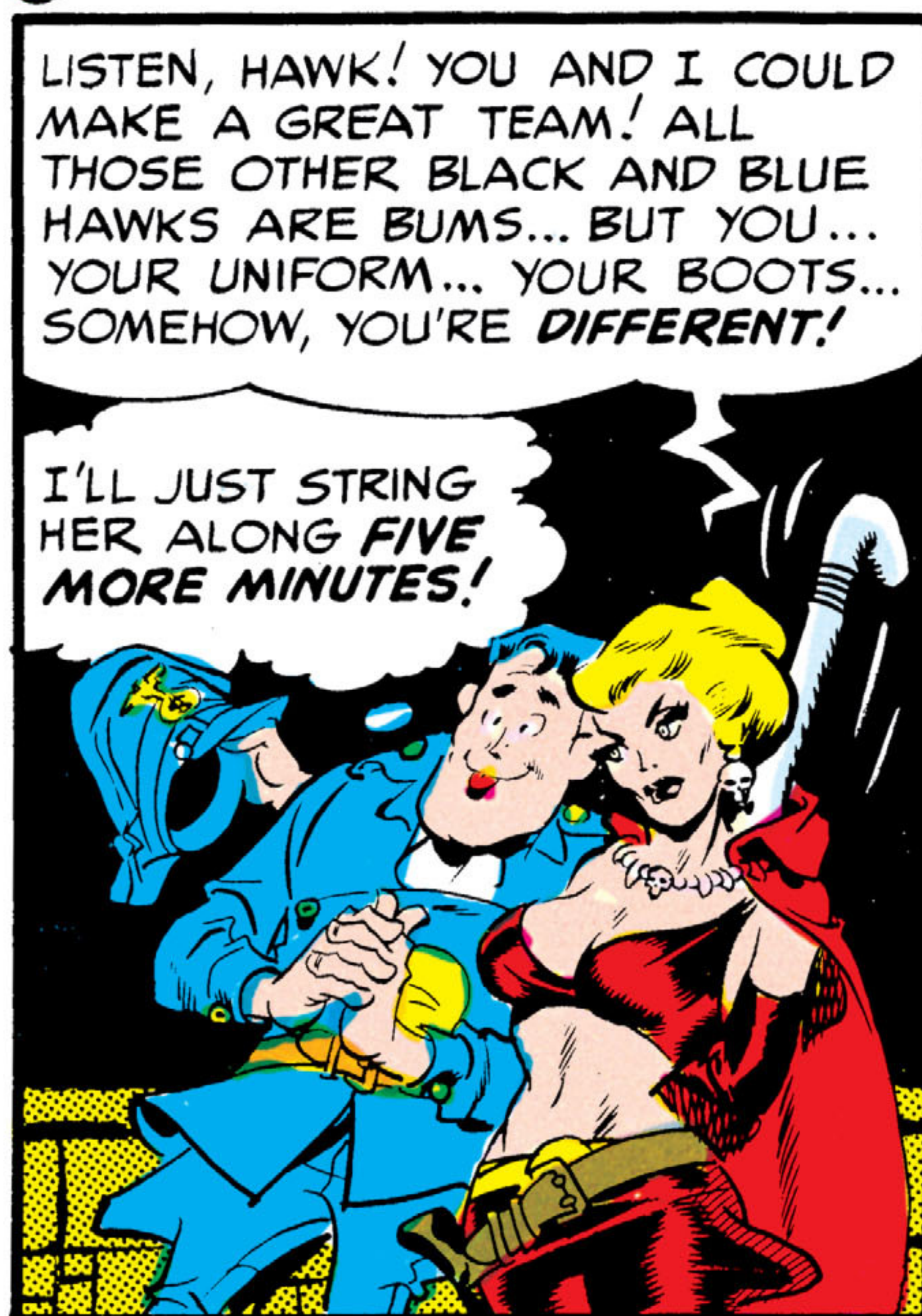
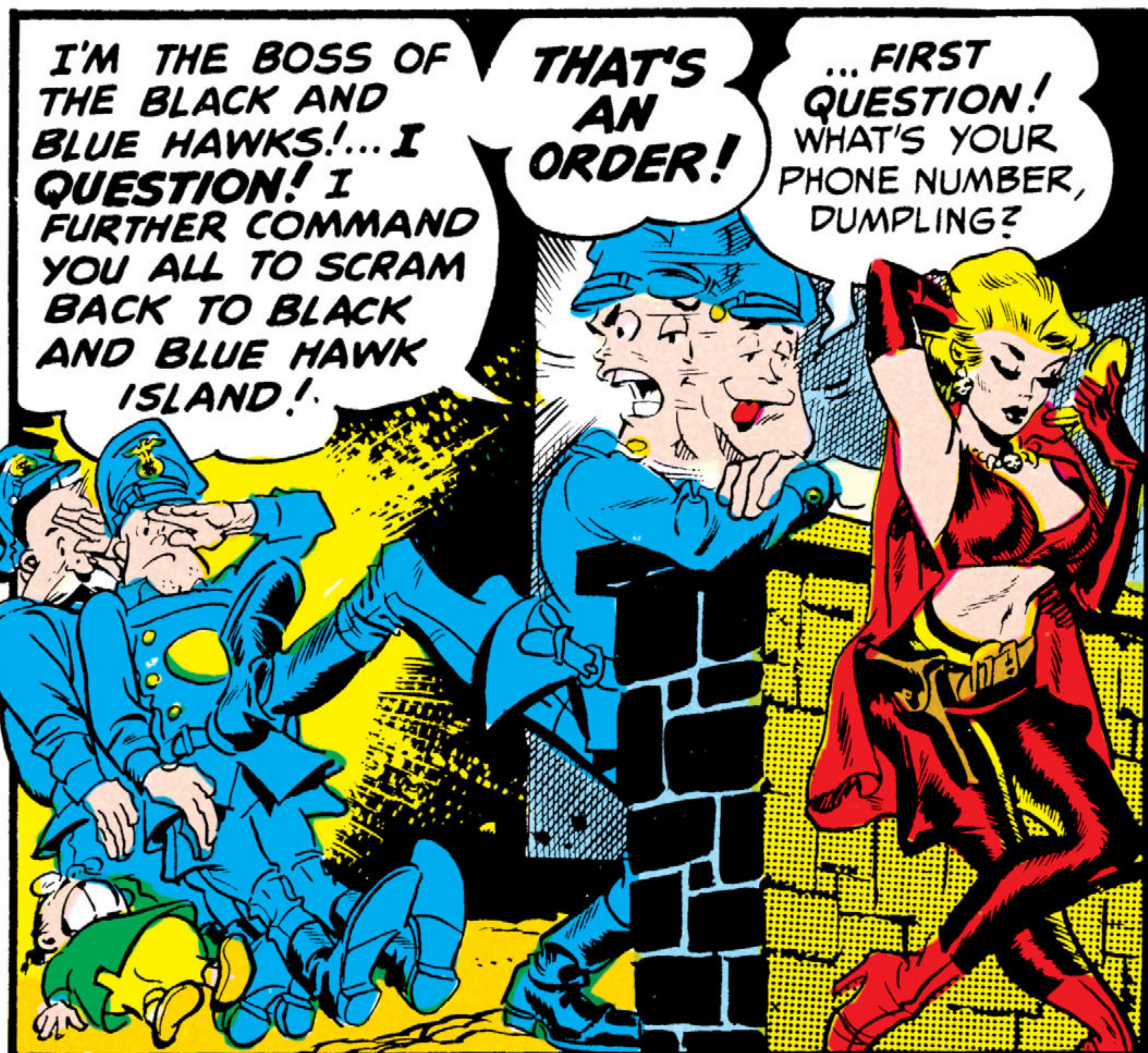
SAURBRATTEN! YOHNSON! FOLLOW ME TO THAT WAREHOUSE! THAT MUST BE WHERE THE GUNS ARE!

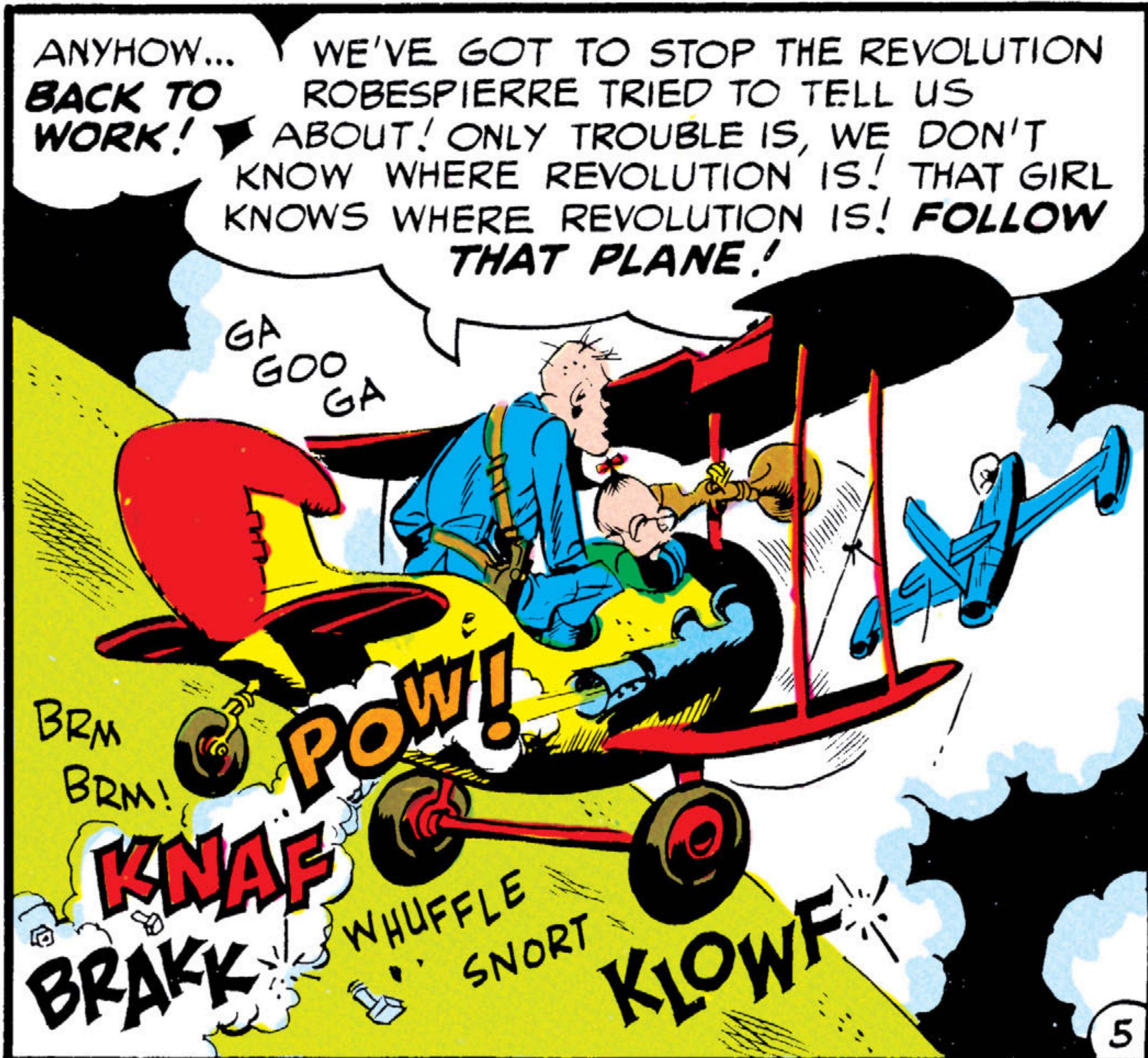
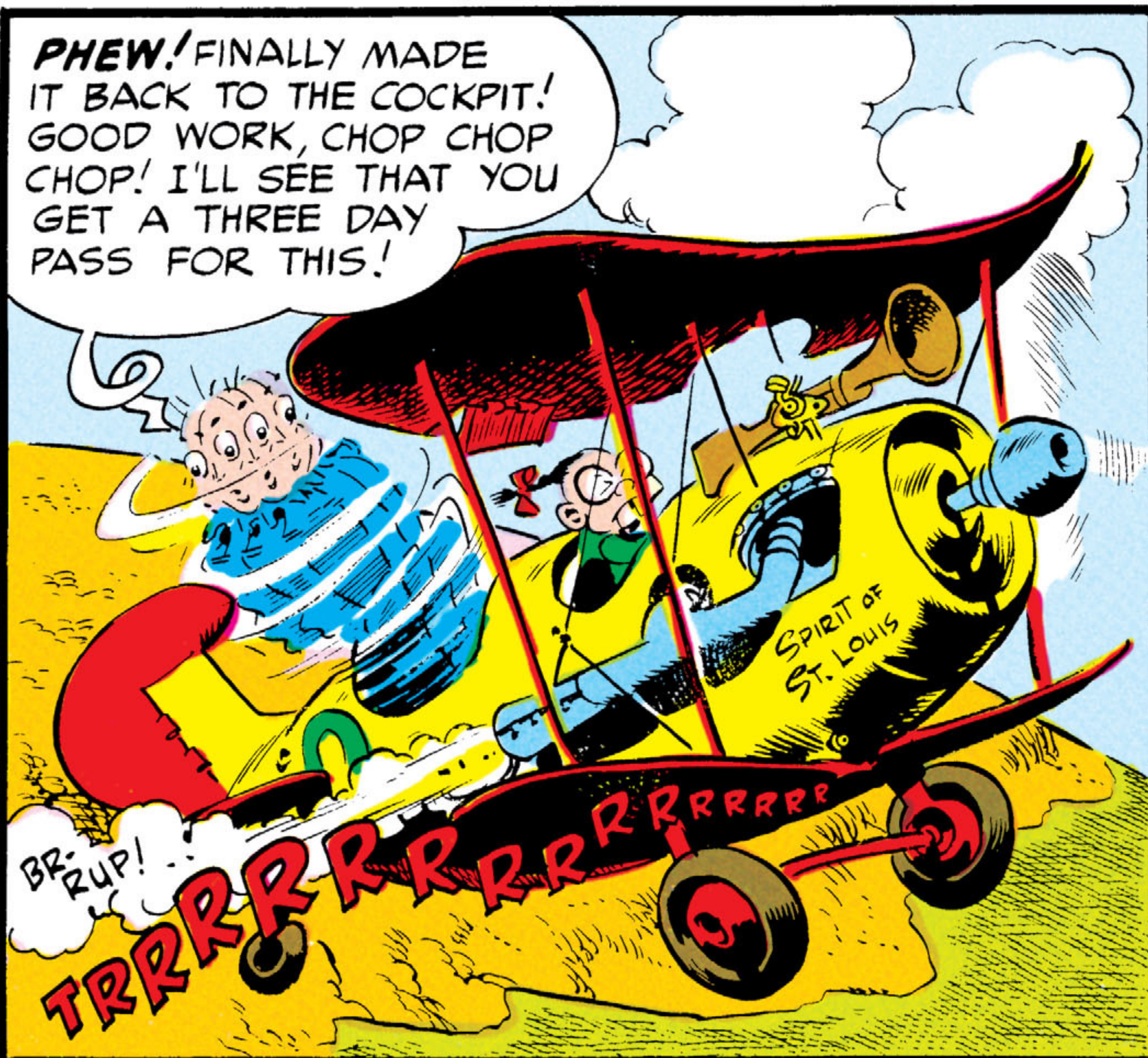
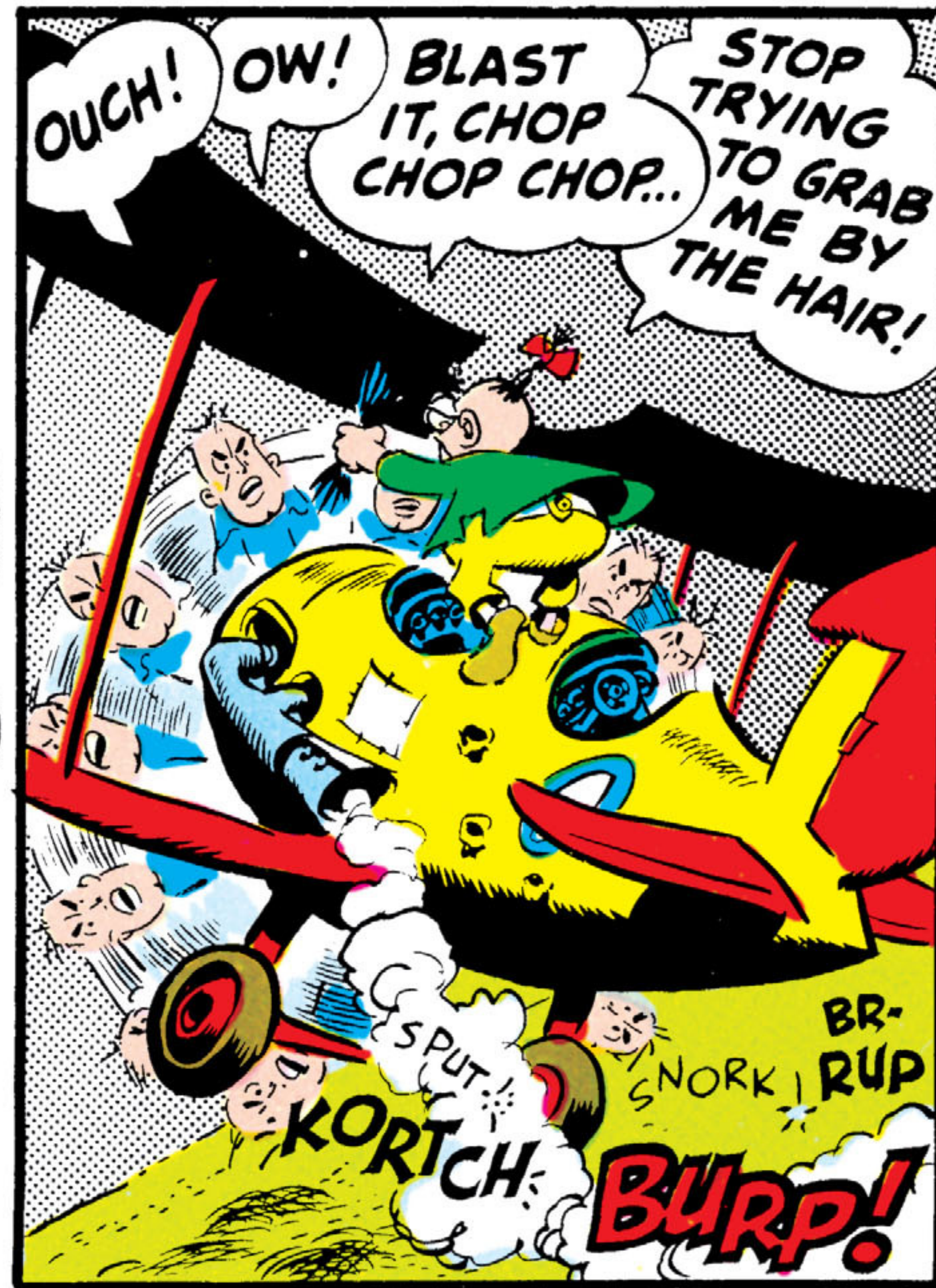
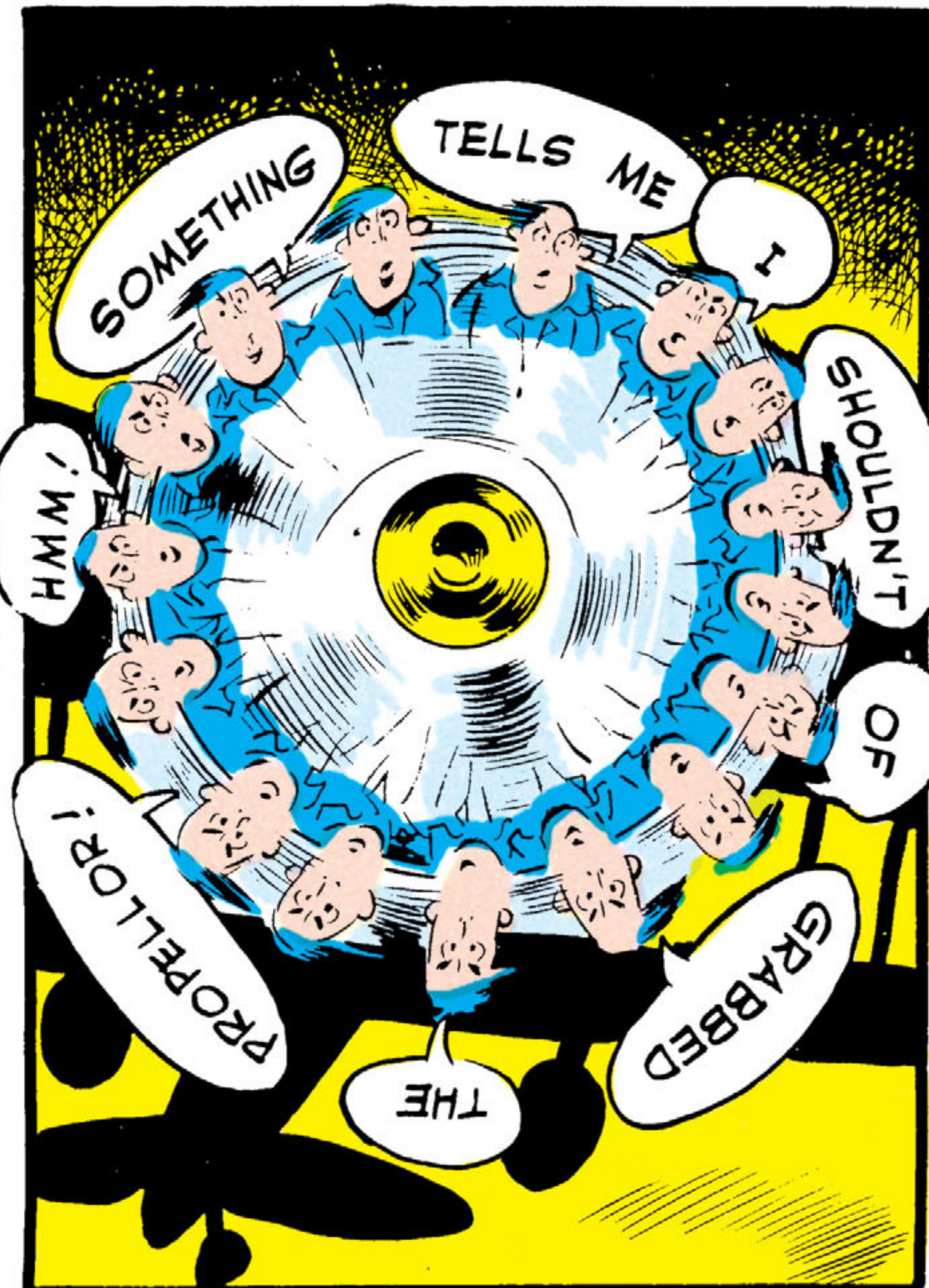
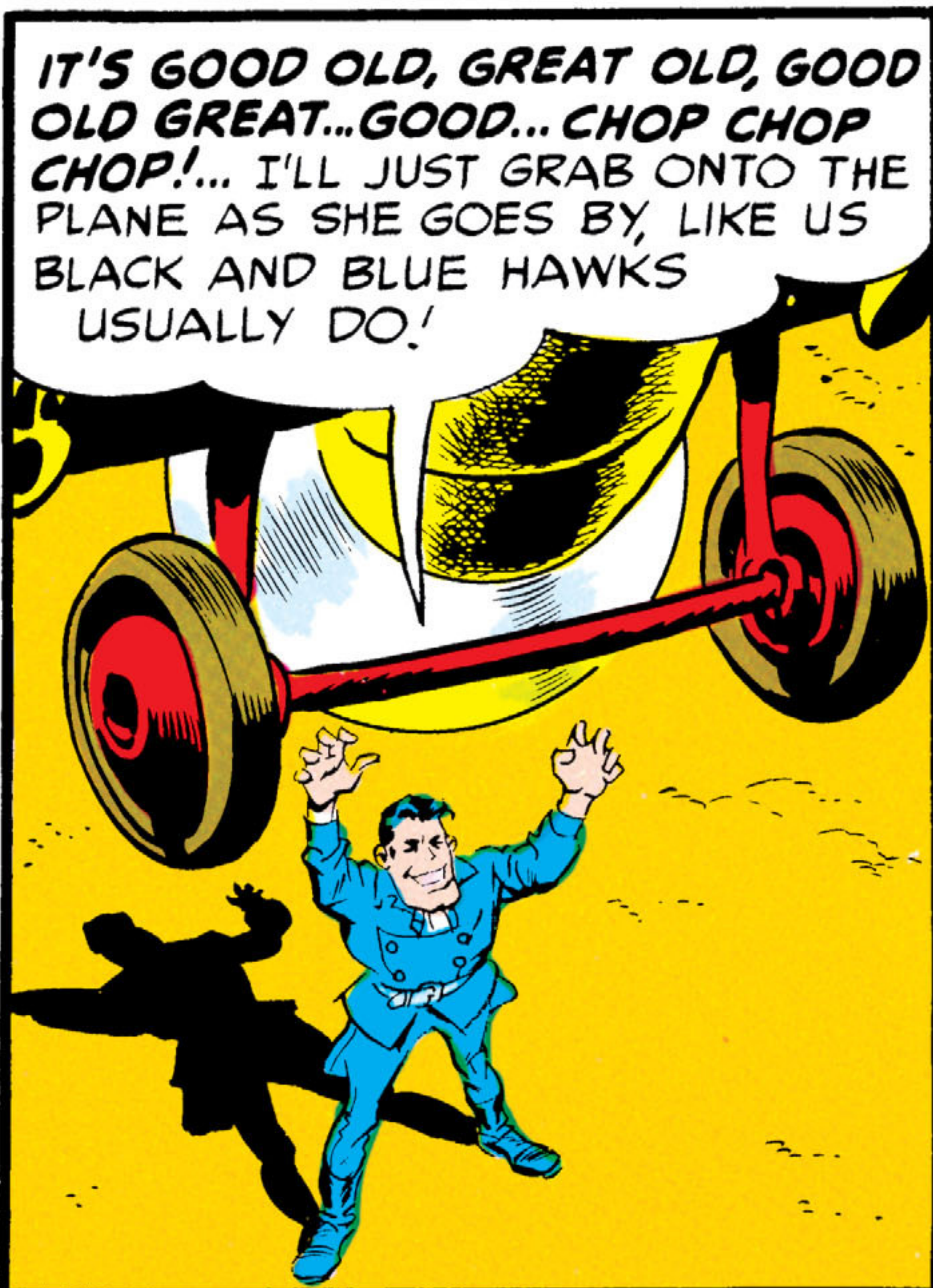
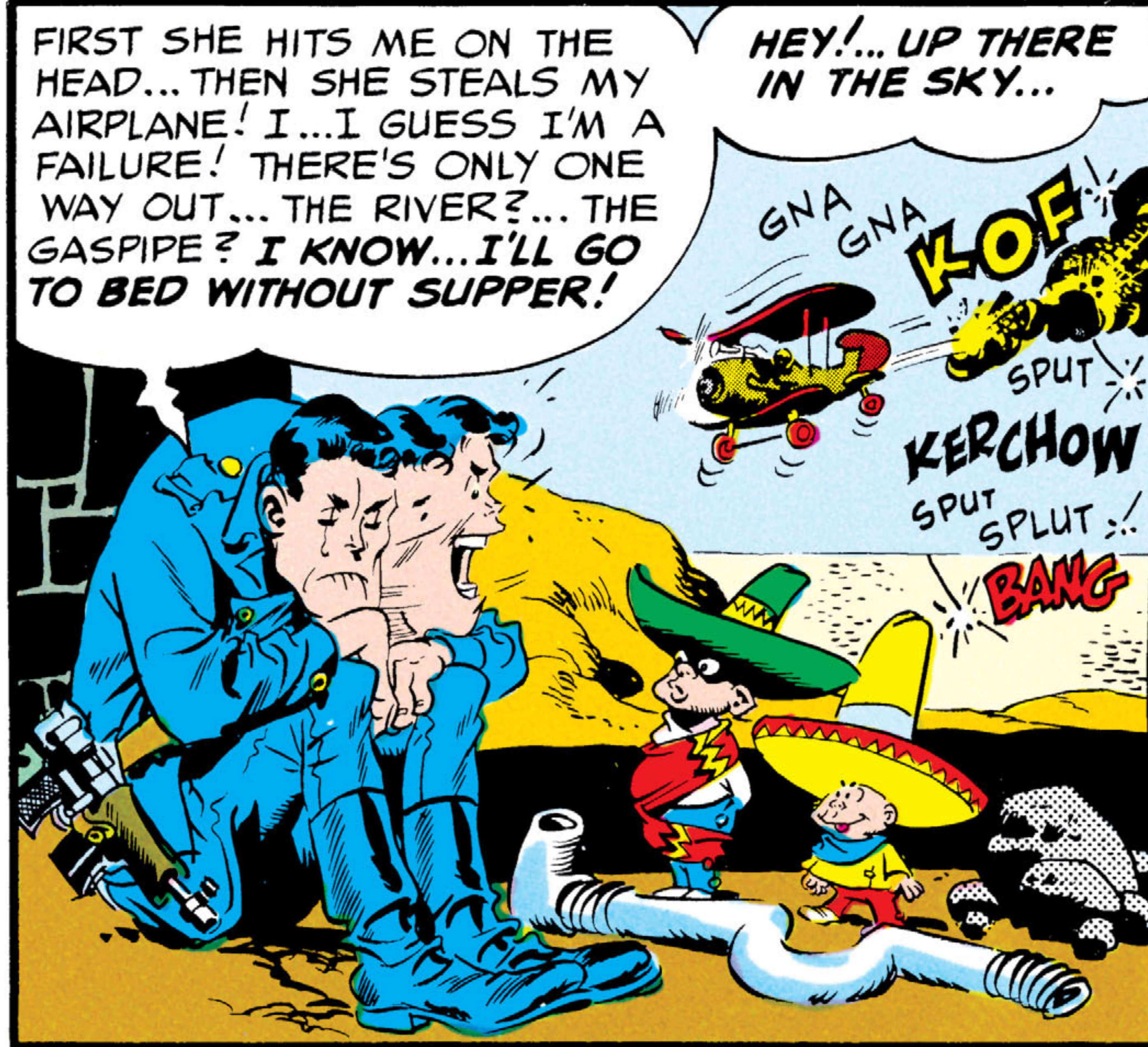
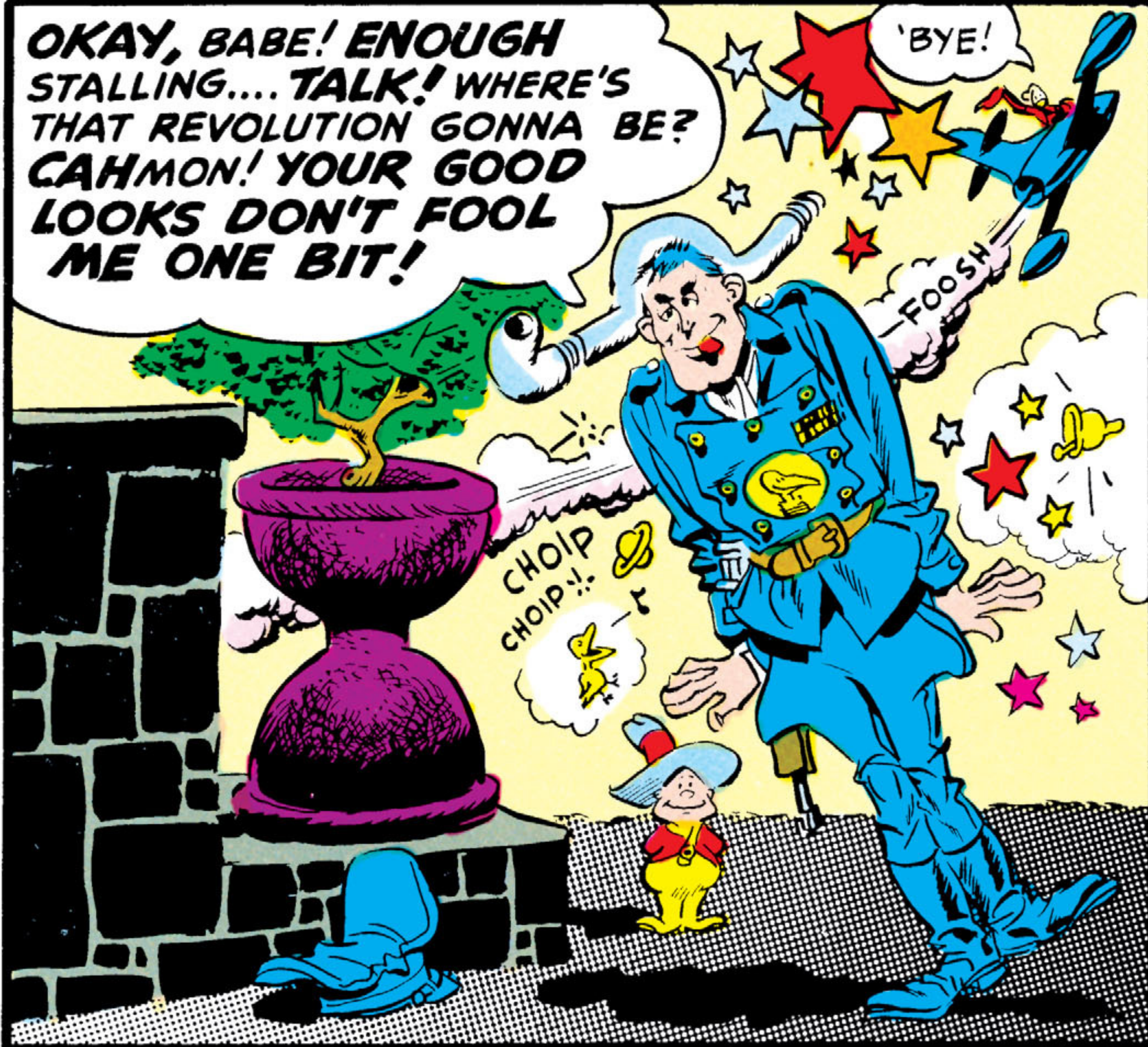


EEK! ...WE'RE TOO LATE!

OY!...THE GUNS HAVE BEEN SHIPPED OUT ALREADY!

GANG!... WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THIS REVOLUTION'S GOING TO BE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LEADER OF THIS REVOLUTION!





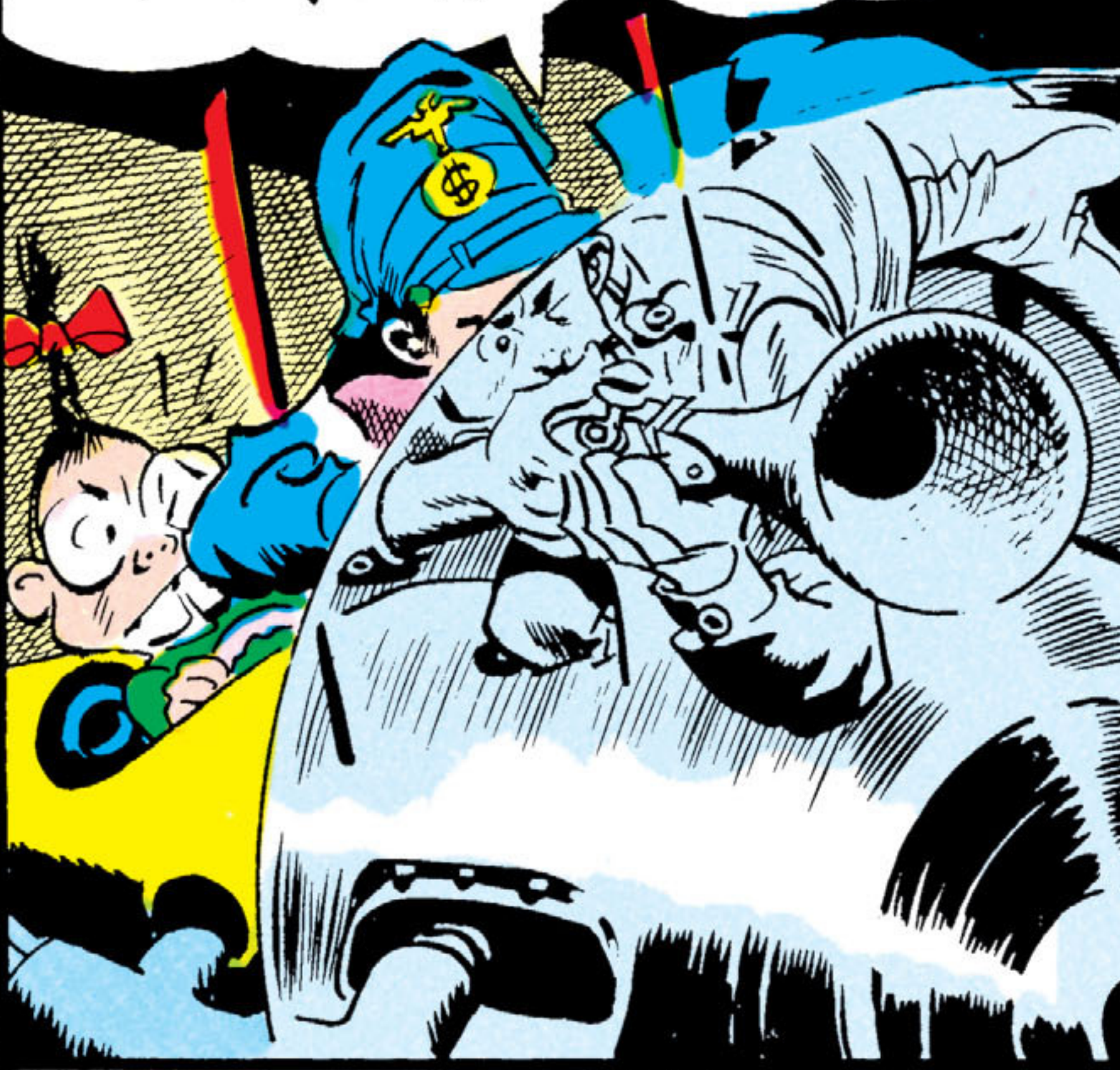
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT WOMAN!
OF COURSE BEING A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK... ONE MUST BE A
PERFECT GENTLEMAN AT ALL TIMES,
ESPECIALLY WITH A WOMAN!

BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFER-
ENT! STAND BACK WHILE
I BLAST 'ER!

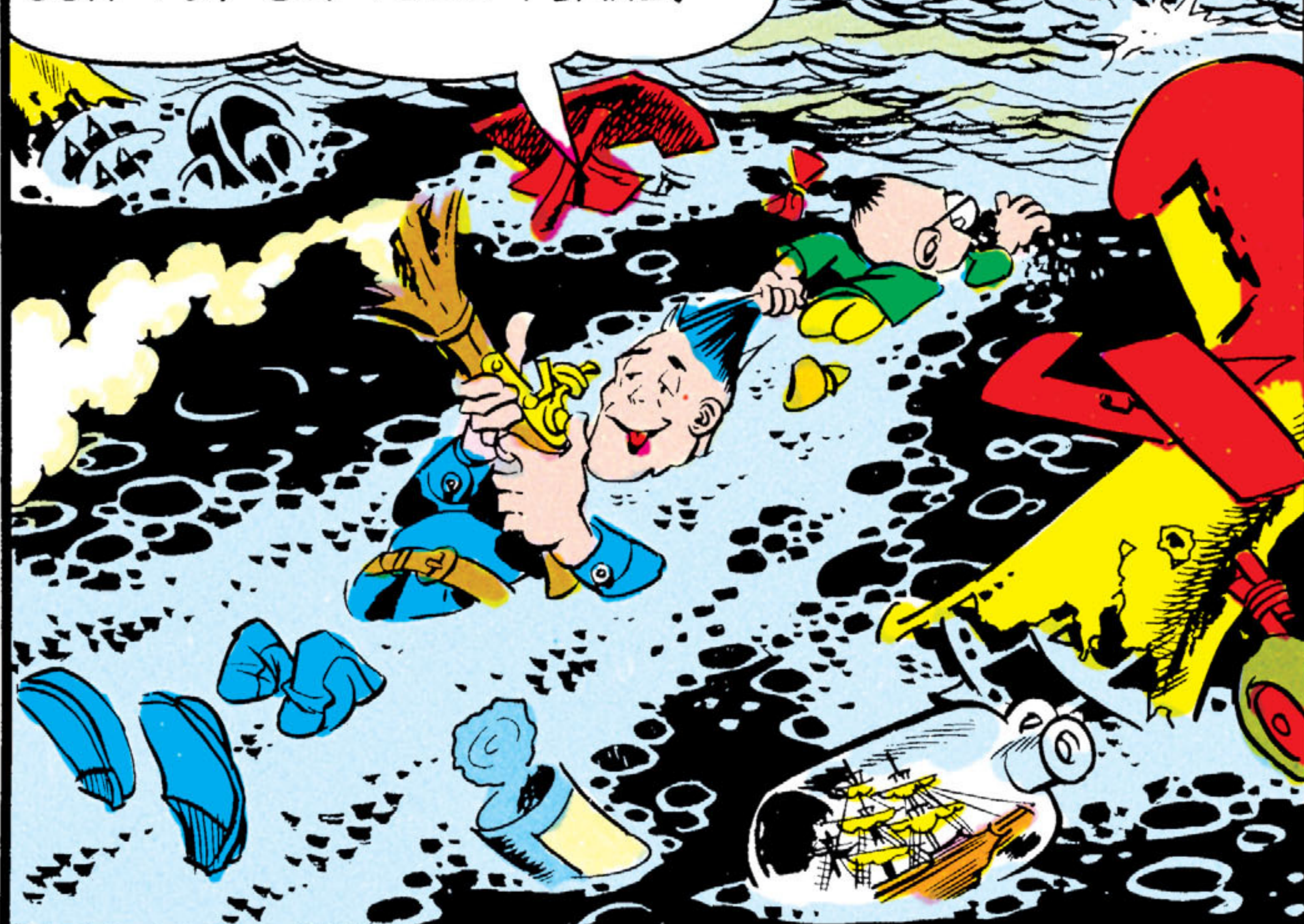


I SAY, CHOP
CHOP CHOP!
DIDN'T WE EVER
GET AROUND TO
GIVING YOU A
BLACK AND BLUE
HAWK AIRPLANE
JET, M-1, YET?

OKAY!
STAND BACK
NOW! THIS
GUN IS
READY...
AIM...
FIRE!

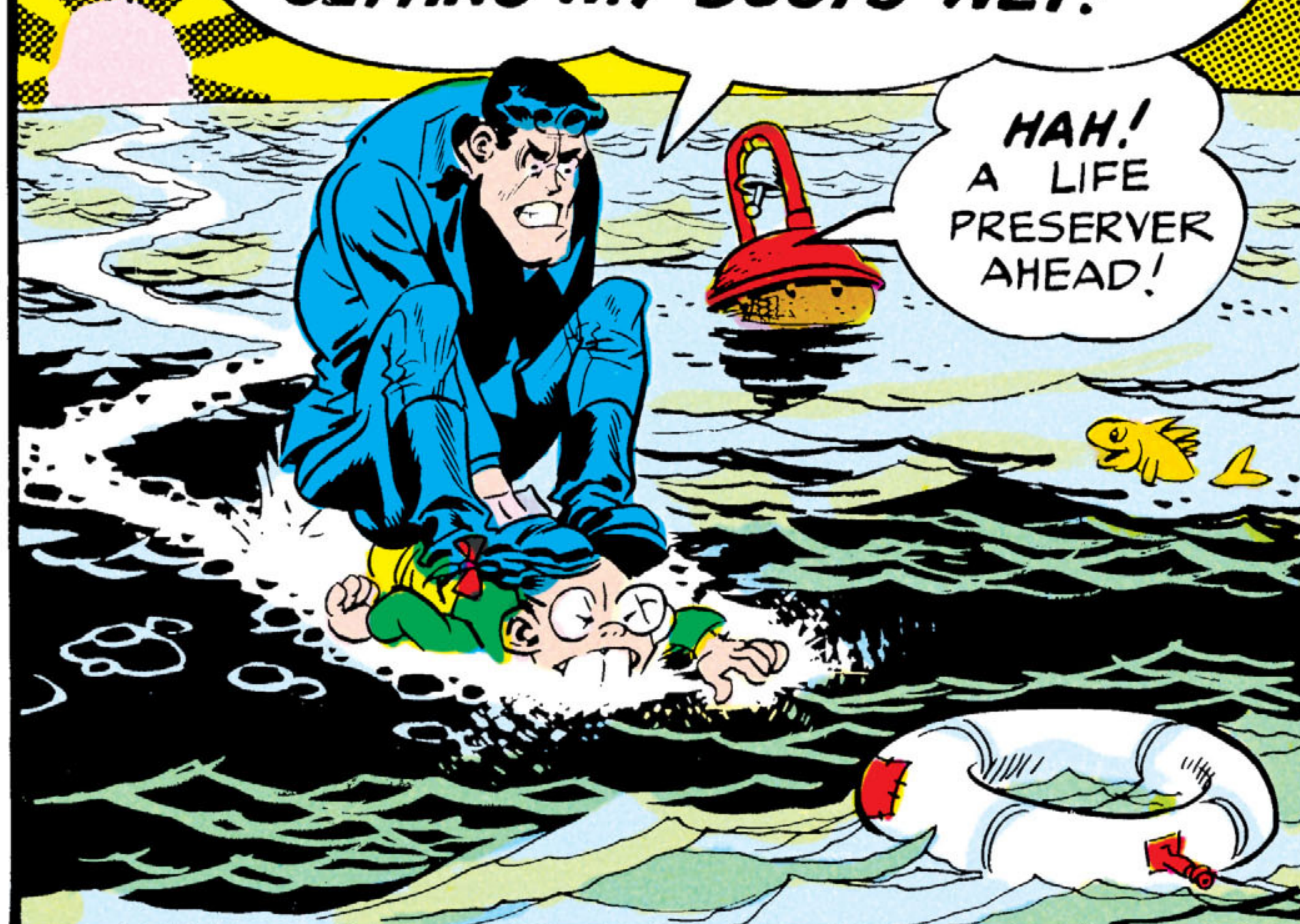


GOOD OL', GREAT OL' CHOP CHOP
CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A
FOUR DAY PASS! REMIND ME TO
HAVE A NEWER TYPE MACHINE-
GUN PUT ON YOUR PLANE!

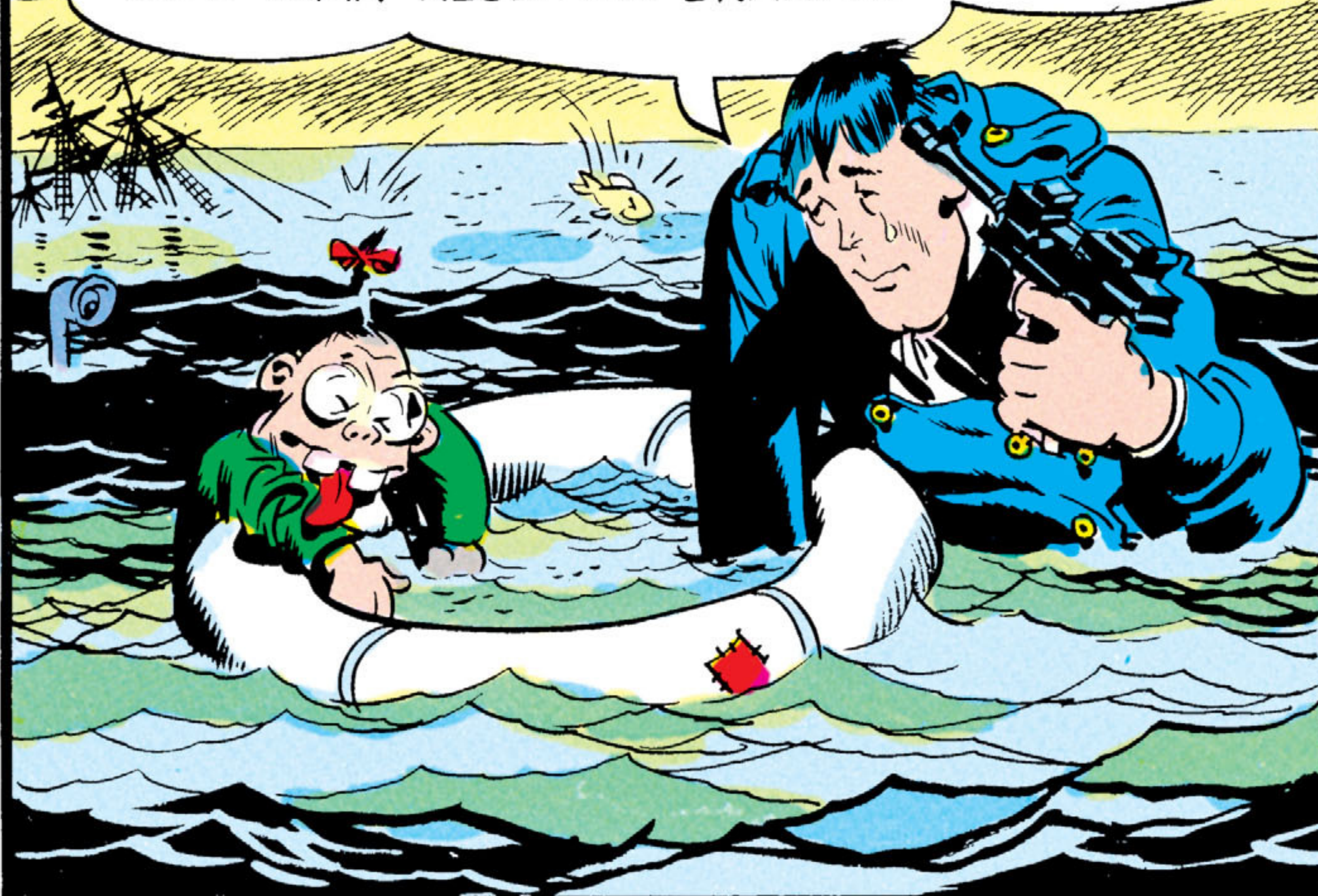


WE'RE LOST OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
OCEAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE!
**CAREFUL, YOU DUMKOPF! YOU'RE
GETTING MY BOOTS WET!**

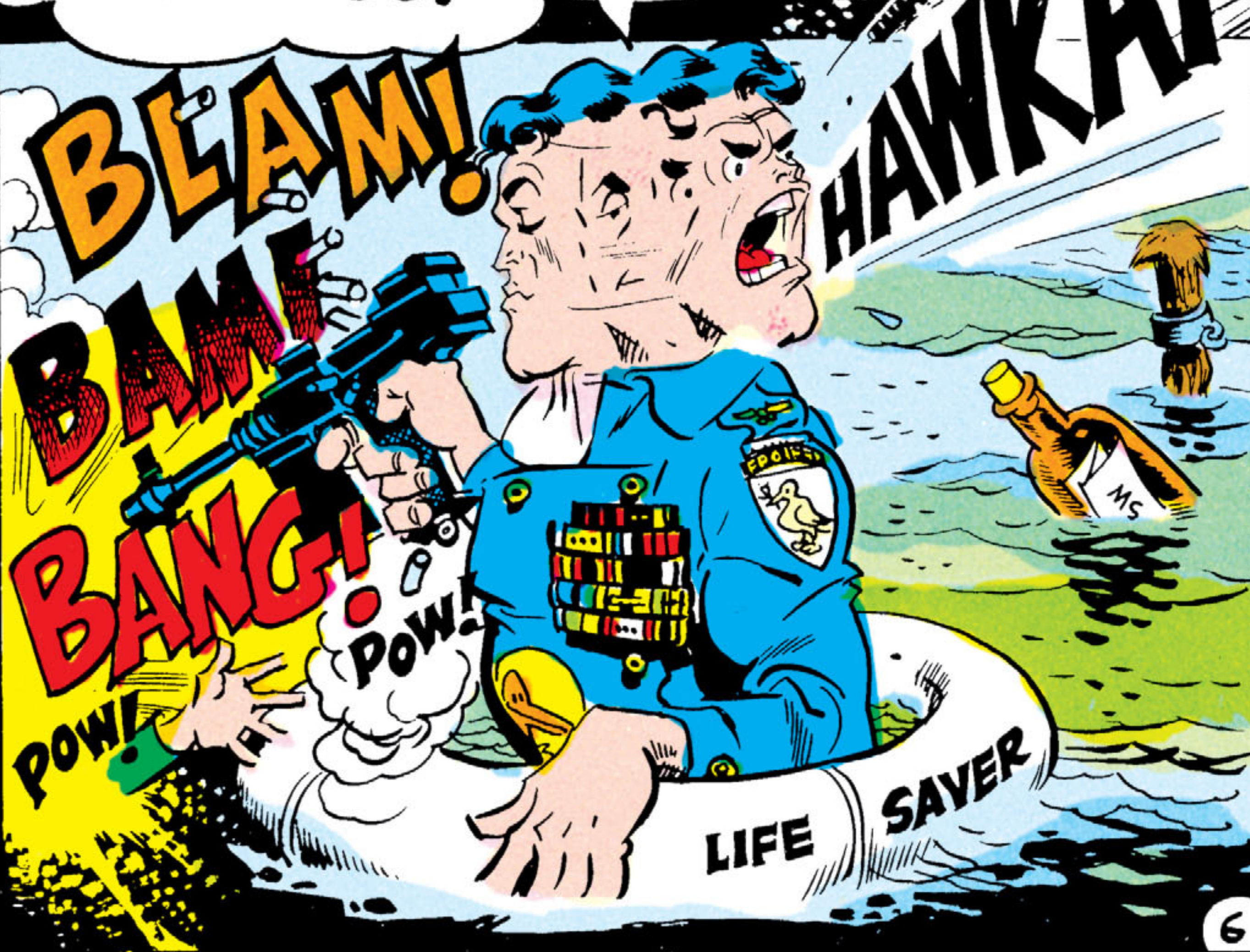
HAH!
A LIFE
PRESERVER
AHEAD!

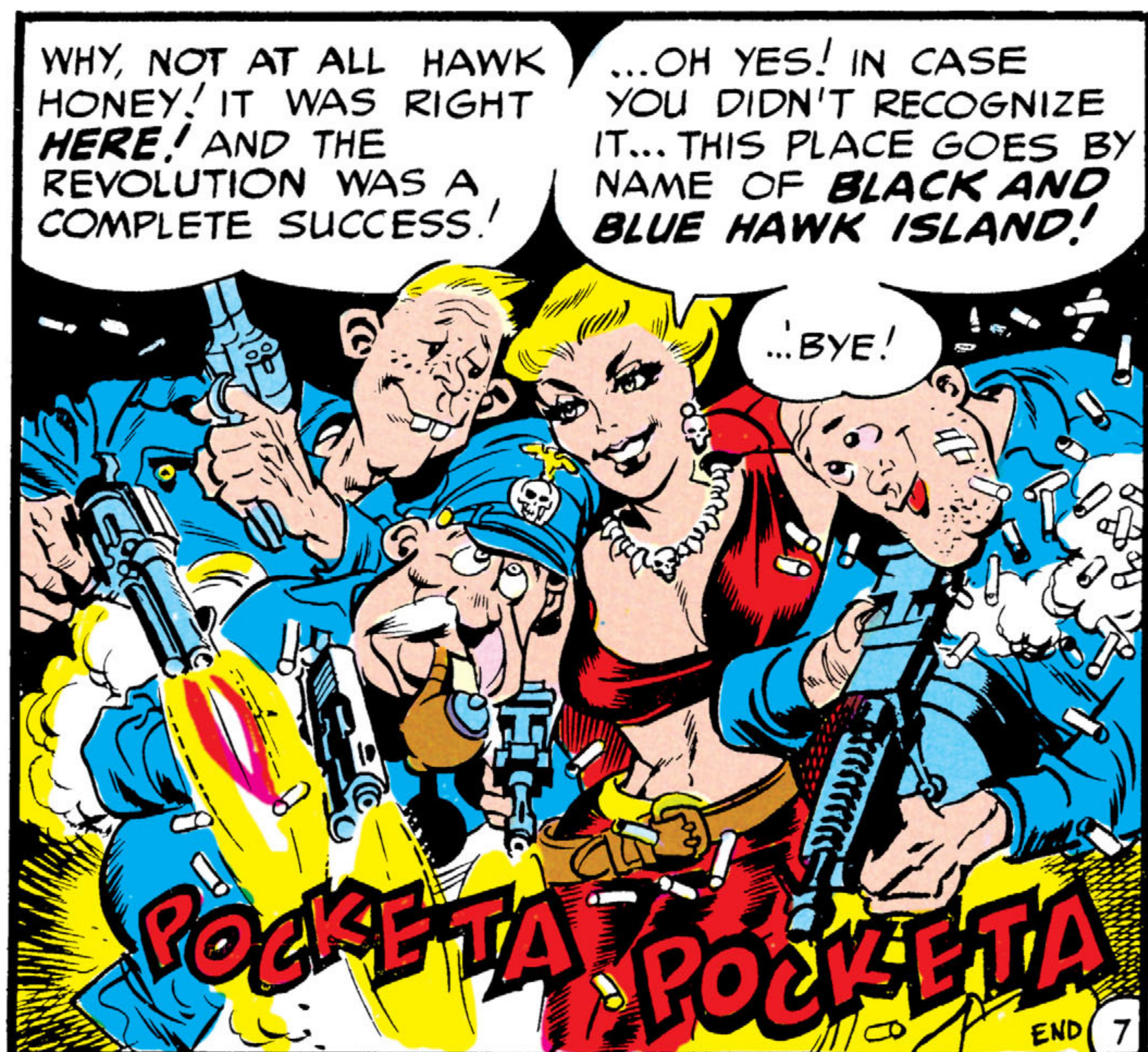
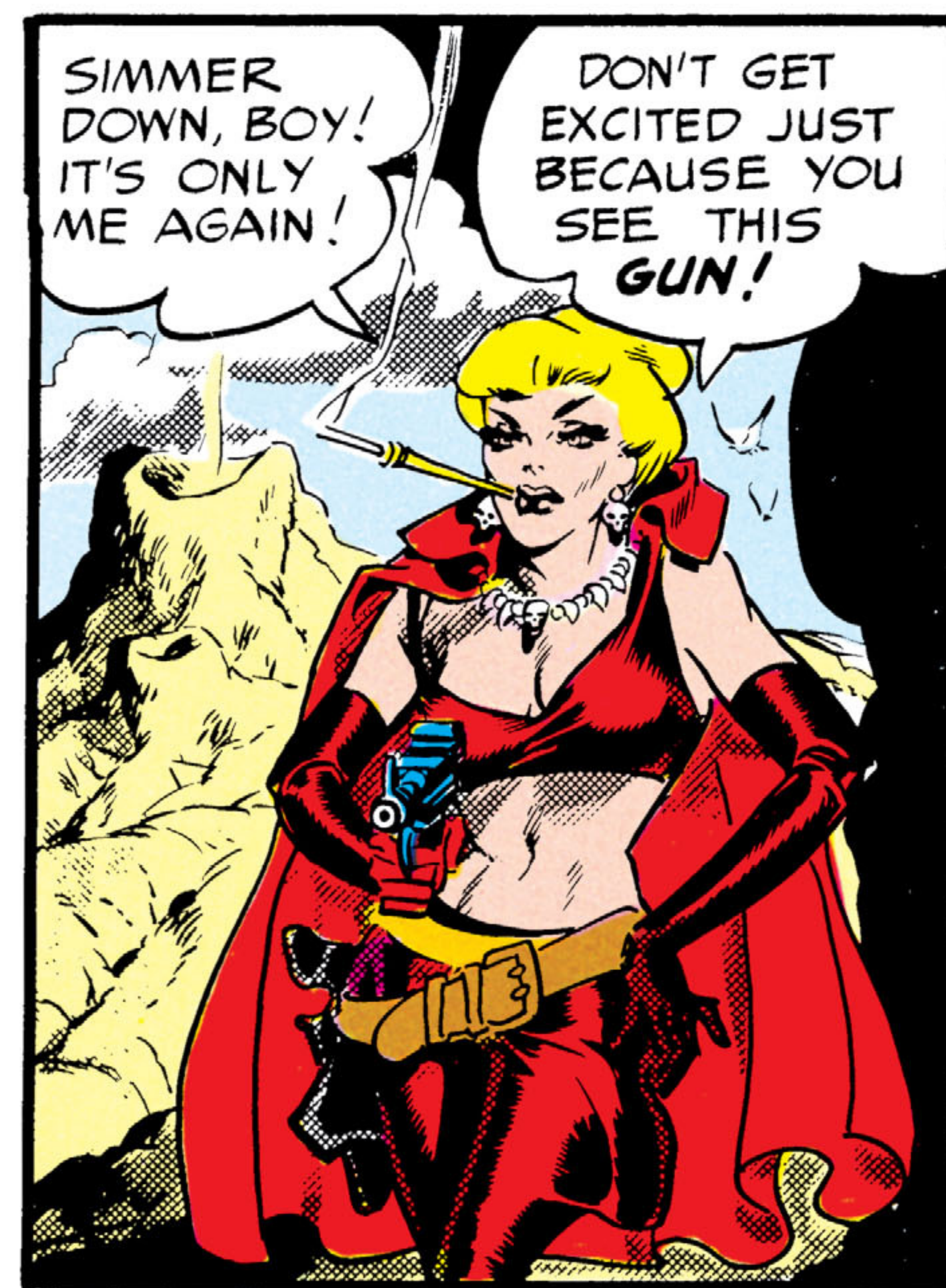
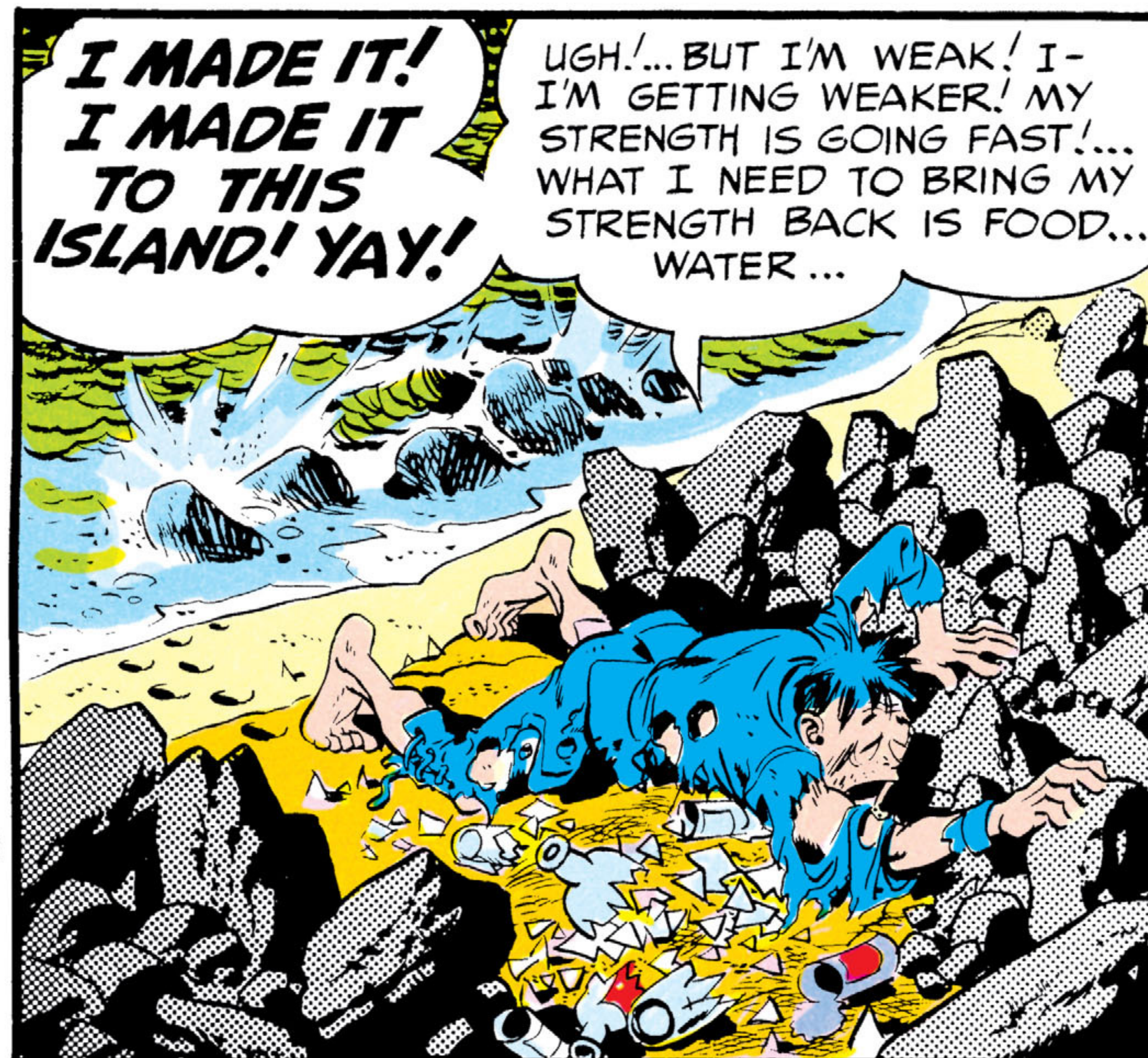
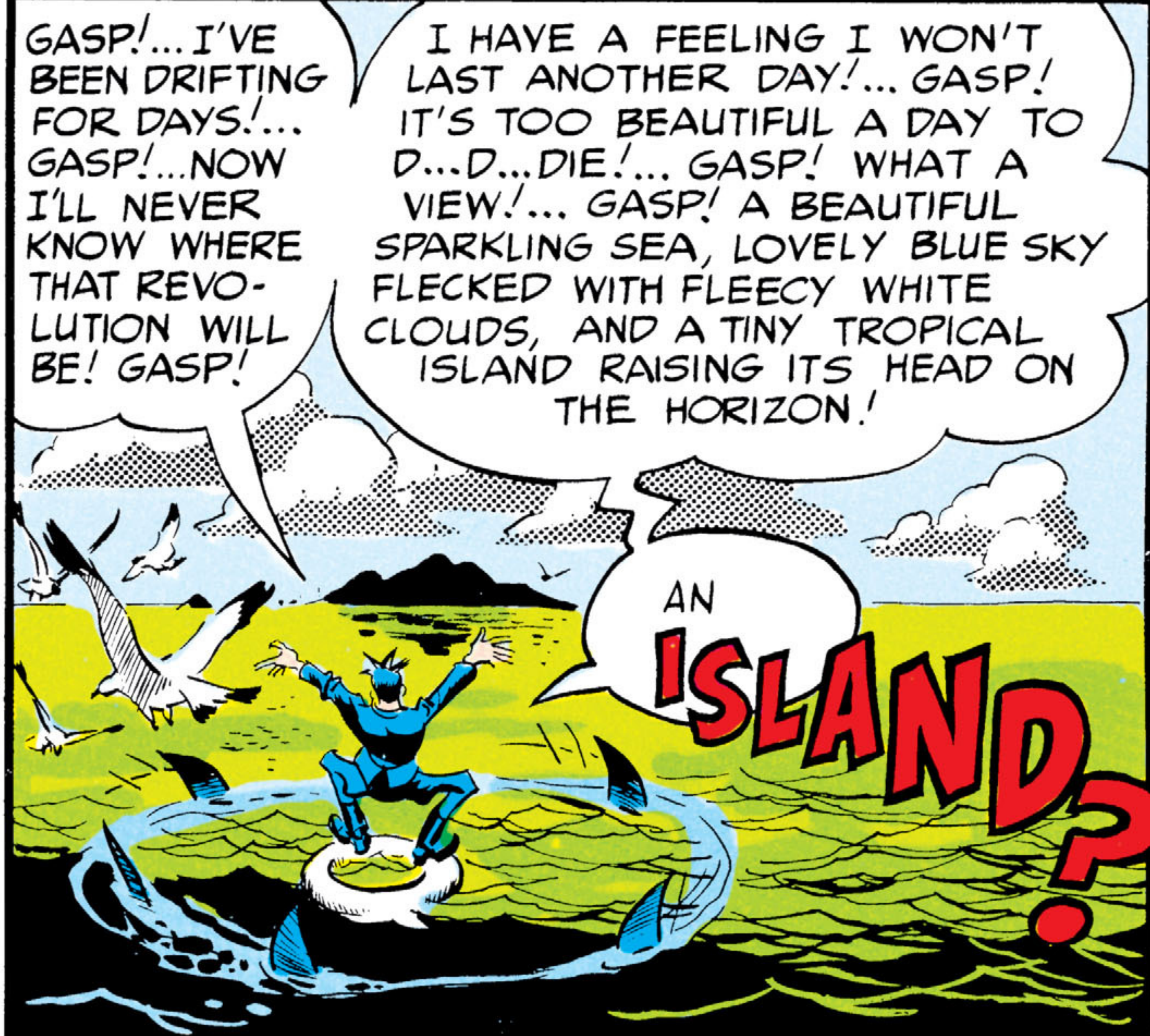


SMIFF! THIS LIFE PRESERVER IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH
FOR ONE OF US! SNIFF, SNIFF!... A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK IS TRAINED TO BE UNSELFISH... SNIFF...
TO GO WITHOUT... SNIFF... IN ORDER THAT OTHERS
MAY HAVE... SNIFF SNIFF... THAT IT IS BETTER TO
GIVE THAN RECEIVE... SNARF...



SO I'M GIVING YOU THE
WORKS, CHOP OLD MAN! AFTER
ALL... YOU'RE NOT REALLY
ONE OF **US!**





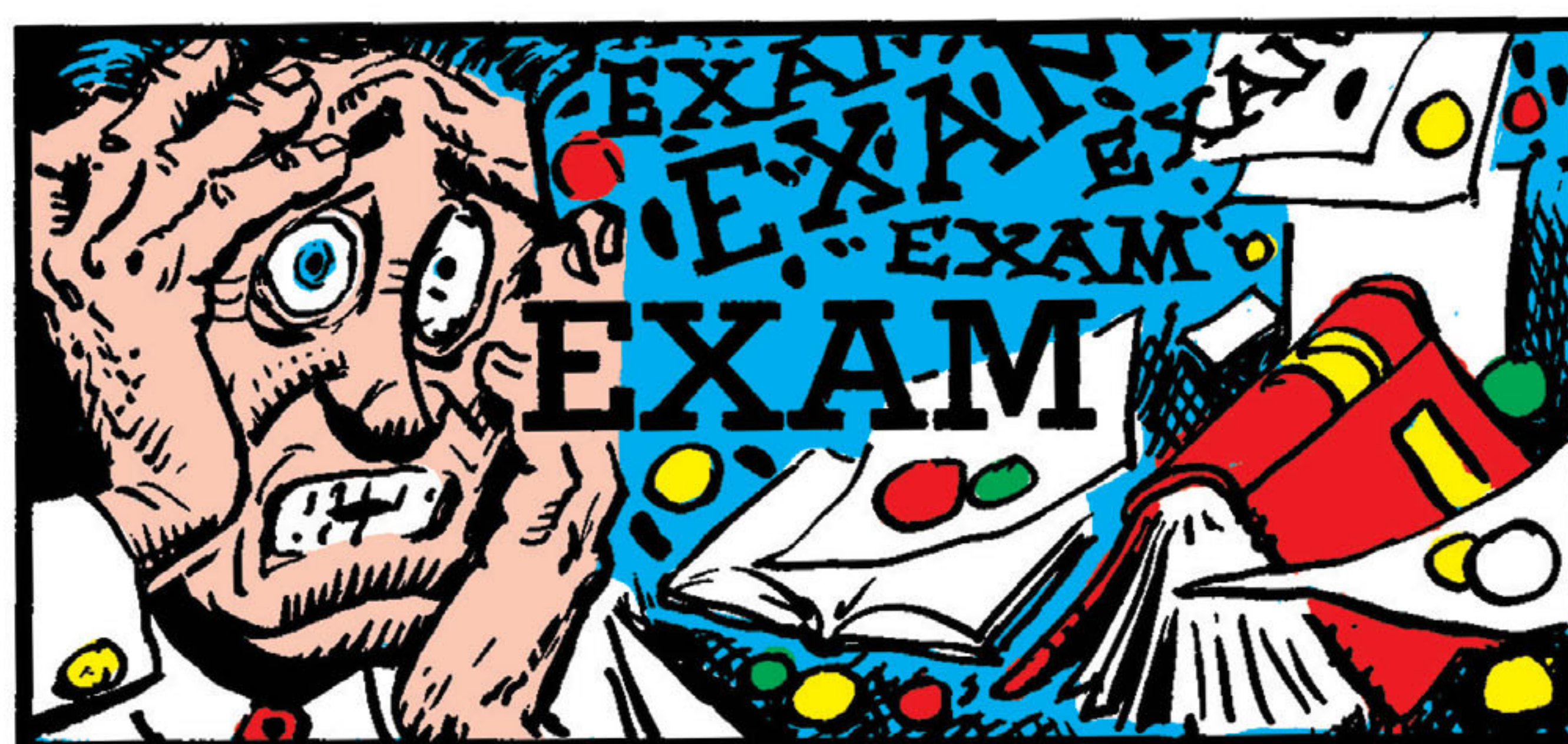
**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR
THESE SEALS
WHEN YOU BUY!**

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MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
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Examination days are occasions inseparably associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average college student on an exam day!

11:30 p.m. to 6:31 a.m.:

Grotesque dream of the entire faculty, becomingly clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.

A.M.:

6:32—Awoke from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.

6:33—Wished to be in Tahiti.

6:34—Wished to be back in the third grade.

6:37—Washed savagely. Soap in eye. No towels.

6:42—Button on collar refuses to function. Ripped it off in desperation and pulled up tie until it threatened strangulation.

7:00—Greeted family with inarticulate grunt. Bore their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.

7:05—Hearty breakfast of one piece of toast and one cup of coffee.

7:20—Departed, slamming door.

7:25—Sneered at traffic cop.

7:39—Boarded train in a half-hope for an open switch and a sort of miraculous wreck that would ruin the train without injuring anybody.

7:45—Made conductor wait for ticket.

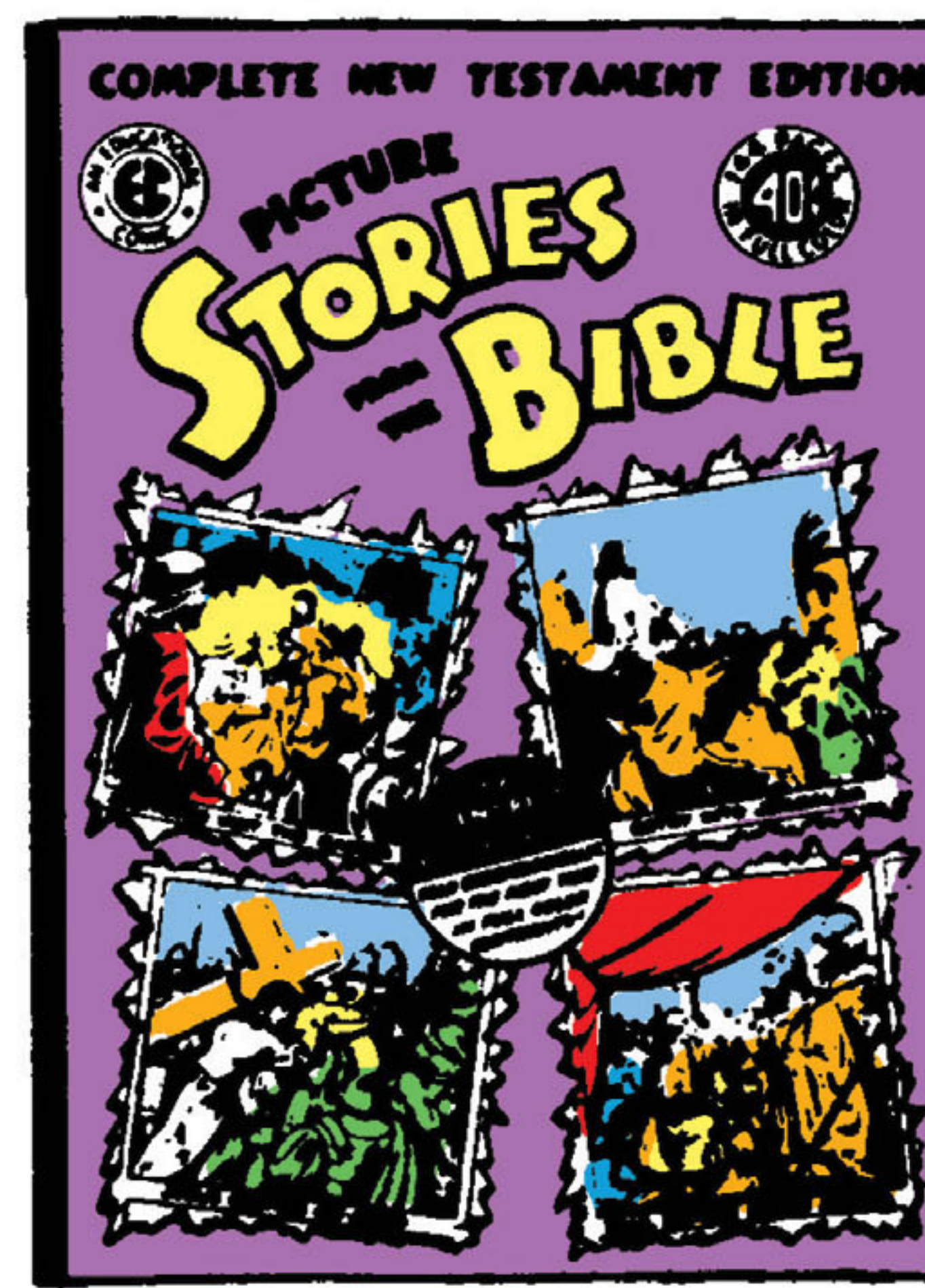
7:48—Tried to think of what Archimedes did and why he did it.

7:51—Opened Physics book.

7:52—Closed Physics book.
 8:10—Left train regretfully.
 8:15—Hailed classmate and walked together in gloomy silence.
 8:30—Arrived in silent, oh so silent, students' lounge.
 8:35—Smoked.
 8:40—Looked at watch.
 8:41—Asked friend the time.
 8:42—Wondered what time it was.
 8:45—Stared at stricken figures of classmates.
 8:47—Had serious talk with self. Decided that there was nothing to fear.
 8:48—Began to tremble.
 8:50—Resolved to do a lot of studying *next* term.
 8:52—Straightened tie as first bell rang.
 8:55—Arrived in classroom. Managed sickly smile and faint greeting for the proctor.
 9:00—Looked over exam. Feeling in stomach became acute.
 9:01—Wondered if that pain might be appendicitis.
 9:05—Coughed.
 9:07—Began examination.
 9:45—Looked out window. Envied child in baby carriage.
 10:20—Made desperate search of mind for that formula needed for problem.
 10:30—Felt inspired. Wrote something.
 11:05—Handed in exam paper with a silent prayer.
 11:10—Dashed hysterically for the train.
 11:33—Boarded train.
 11:45—Thought of correct formula for that problem.
 11:50—Inspected fingernails.

P.M.:

12:20—Arrived home.
 12:22—Answered all queries with, "I'll know when the marks come out!"
 12:23—Coughed.



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We've said it in our advertisements! We've said it on our covers! **MAD IS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD!** We, the editors of MAD do not make false statements! We said we'd drive you mad . . . **AND WE MEANT IT!** Now . . . here is proof . . . proof positive that MAD is driving our readers quite insane! Here is a sampling of letters from some of our MAD readers! Read them and see what MAD did for THEM! **SEE WHAT MAD CAN DO FOR YOU!**

Dear Editors,

I rushed to buy a copy of MAD and showed it to all of my friends. They both died laughing. Here is the coroner's report: ". . . as a direct result of asphyxiation, and due to hilarious and sustained laughter."—David S. Hawley—Albuquerque, New Mexico

. . . I keep my MAD Classics on the same shelf with my Harvard Classics.—John R. Williams—Groton, Conn.

. . . When my brother was reading your latest edition of MAD, he laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gut. He did! Am enclosing bill for one busted gut!—Tim Rice—Wash., D. C. (Hey . . . you mean EEE-see, don't ya Tim?—editors)

. . . I love MAD. Don't pay any attention to those uncouth persons who are criticizing you.—Ernest Gardner—Newark, N. J.

. . . Melvyn has the qualities of making a good president. Long Live Melvyn! Long Live Mad.—The Mad Cadets of Greenbrier Military School—Lewisburg, W. Va.

. . . Next to MAD, we all love Marilyn Monroe. Can you work HER into a take-off? Bring back Melvyn of the Apes.—Bob Olson—Culver Military Academy [no address given] (Don't know about a take-off, Bob, but we'd gladly EXCHANGE Mad for Marilyn!—ed.)

. . . Mad is real cool. It's real frampton, George, and that sort of tommyrot.—Daniel J. Saffer—North Wales, Pa.

. . . I like your MAD so much that I'm playing ping-pong with my head.—Bubba Bailey—Wichita Falls, Texas (That's O.K. if your head is rubba, Bubba!—ed.)

. . . I am an airplane stewardess. I found the first issue of Mad flung on a seat of one of our planes. The entire crew have been loyal readers since.—Bev Evans—Northern Pacific Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

. . . I have just finished reading your latest copy of MAD and the little men in the white jackets are here.—Elaine North—Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . (!)—Stan Shapiro—Chicago, Ill. (??—ed.)

. . . I saw the word "pizza Pie" in your "Dragged

Net" story, and I'm sorry to say that in Italian, the word "pizza" means "pie." So what you really were saying was, "pie pie"! John Anastasio—New Haven, Conn. P.S. What in the world is "borscht"?

"Borscht" is a soup! Quite often, pizza pie is DUNKED in borscht. This is nothing as delicious as borscht-sopped pizza pie, with an Irish stew chaser!—ed.

. . . I don't know how I'd face life without MAD! It has everyone around here screaming. Please continue stories like "Dragged Net" and "Mole."—David Cassell—Erie Pa.

. . . I am the librarian for my ship, and I distribute the various magazines among the crew. All my shipmates have read the one copy of MAD we have on board. Although the cover of this mag is now off, and the pages are ragged, I am still retaining my original copy to show to my friends when I go home.—Ralph Cassol—U.S.S. Badoeng Strait CVE H6, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

. . . I am manager of the Lake Theater in Lake Worth, Florida. "Dragged Net" had me in stitches, and I showed it to the ushers. I couldn't get any work out of them all night long!—Charles Cassini—Lake Worth, Fla.

Bet the neckers in the balcony had a good night, Charlie!—ed.

. . . What I like best in your issue was the "Sheik of Araby," which I believe might easily be a satire on "Beau Geste." Whoever rigged it up deserves a lot of credit. Your MAD is satirical subtle, and sophisticated, and I am bewitched, bothered, and bewildered. It's actually a "high-brow" comic, but I hope the public takes to it!—Robert L. Drazen—Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . After reading Mad, I got a little room all to myself. Funny thing . . . it's got pads? Don't give up the book . . . I've just begun to read!—Donald Cole—USAF, Albuquerque, N. M.

O.K., D.C. (D.C.? . . . NO . . . EEE SEE!) If'n ya promise not to buy till ya see the whites of our E.C. emblems!—ed.

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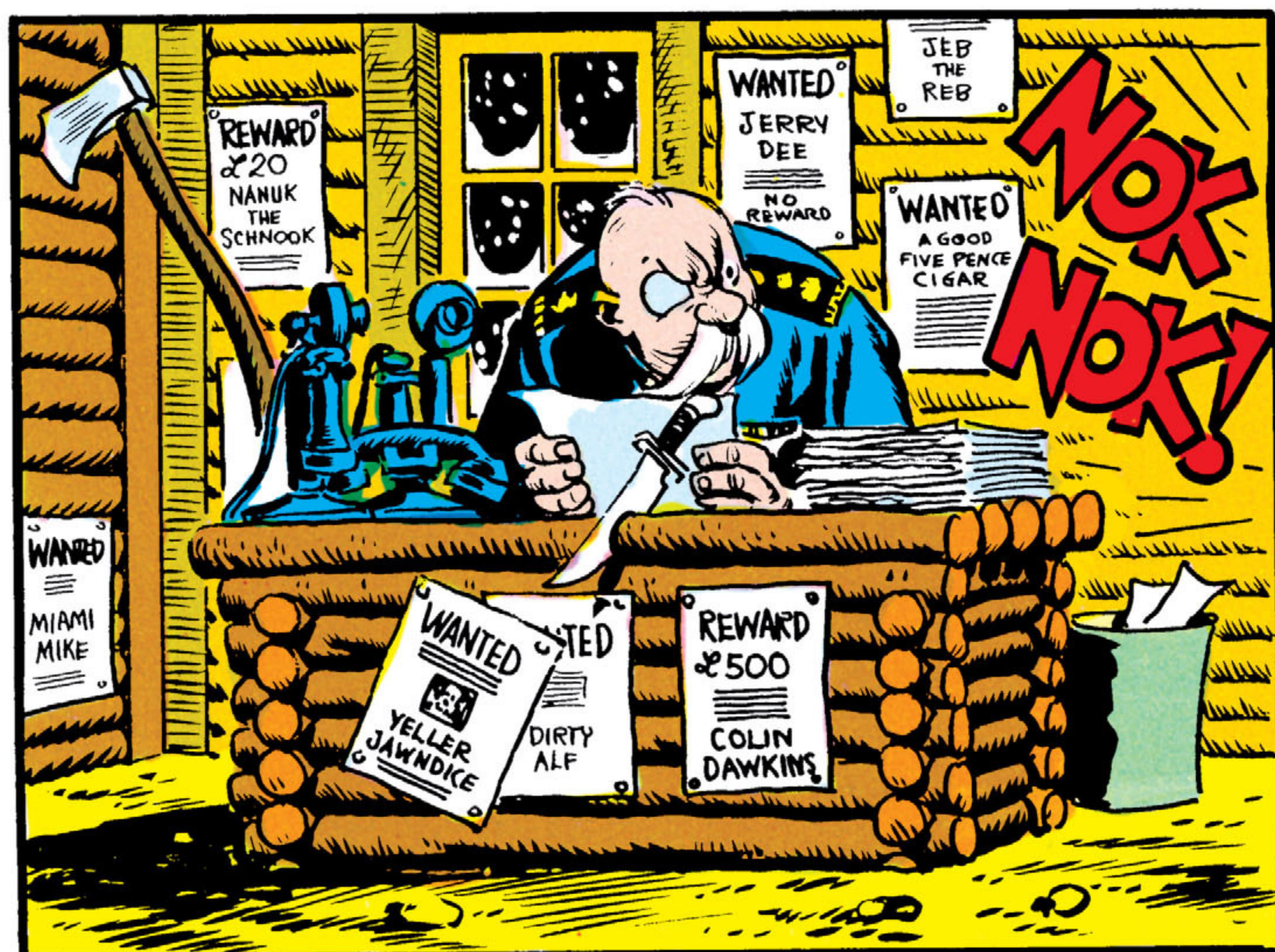
Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 5
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST DEPT.: THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES HAVE HAD MANY A SHINING HERO...
RENFREW OF THE MOUNTIES, **KING** OF THE MOUNTIES, **SILVER EAGLE** OF THE MOUNTIES... AND MANY MORE!
 BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO A STORY ON THE **MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL!** YES... YOU GUESSED IT...

MILTIE OF THE MOUNTIES!

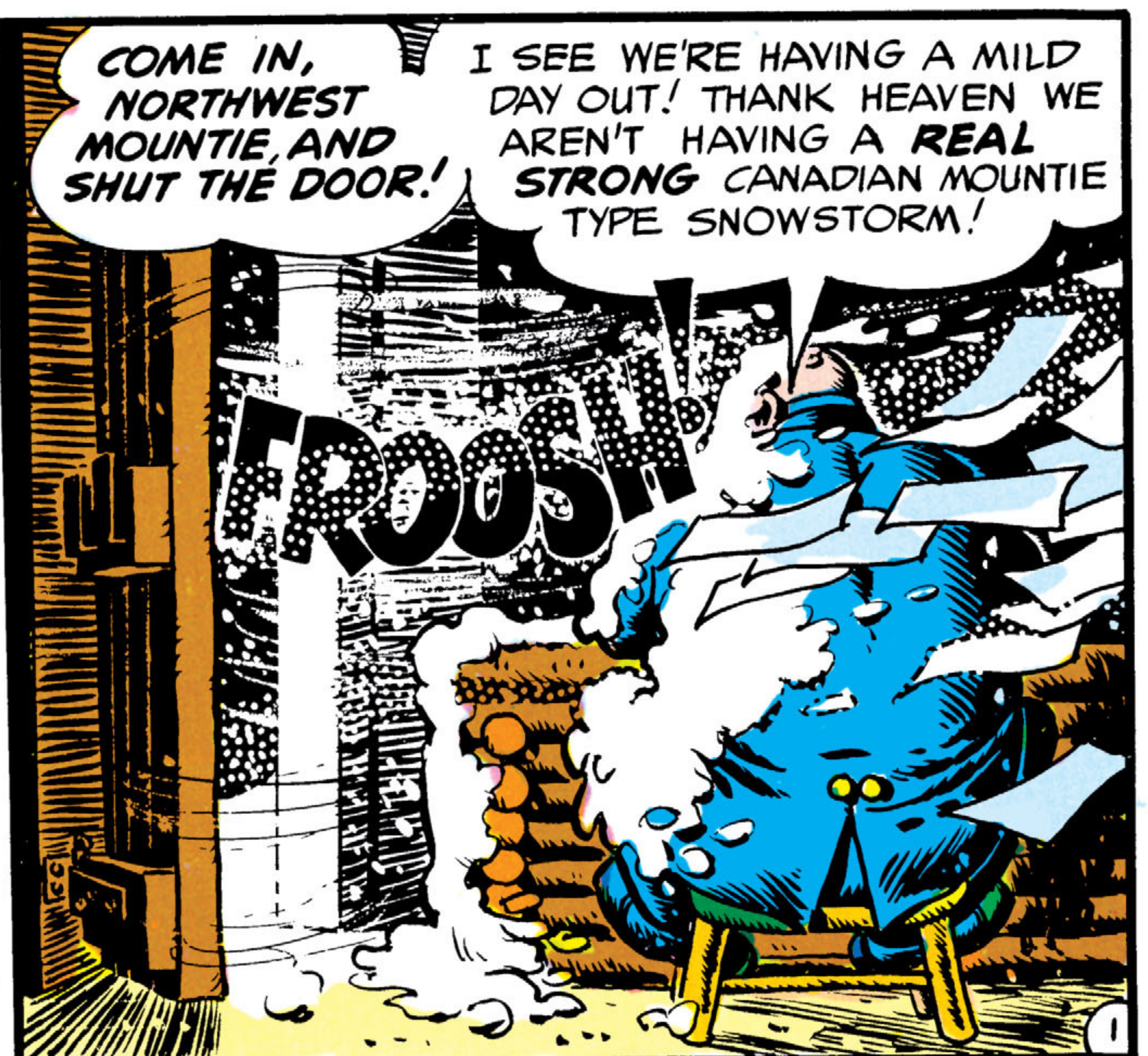


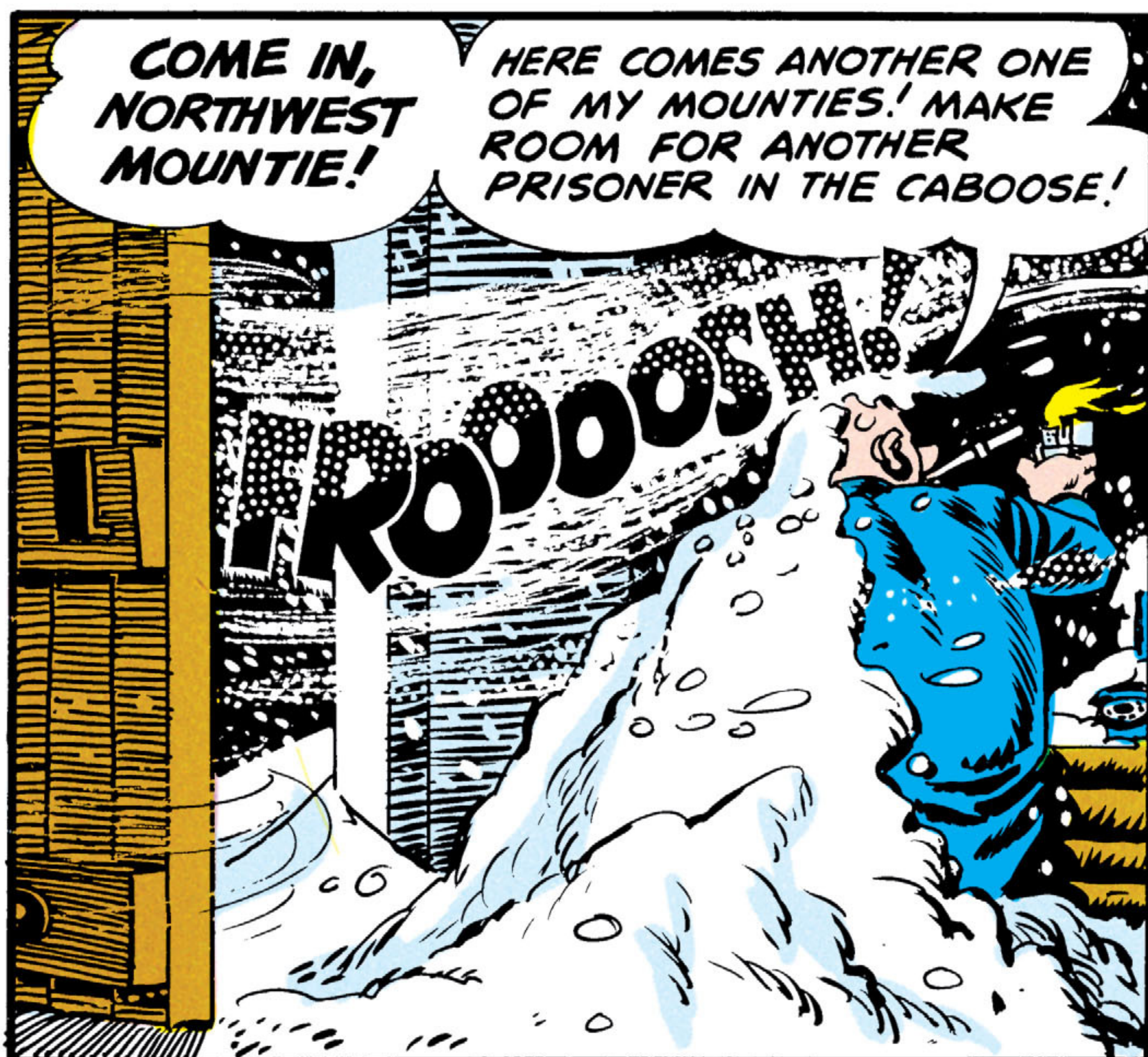
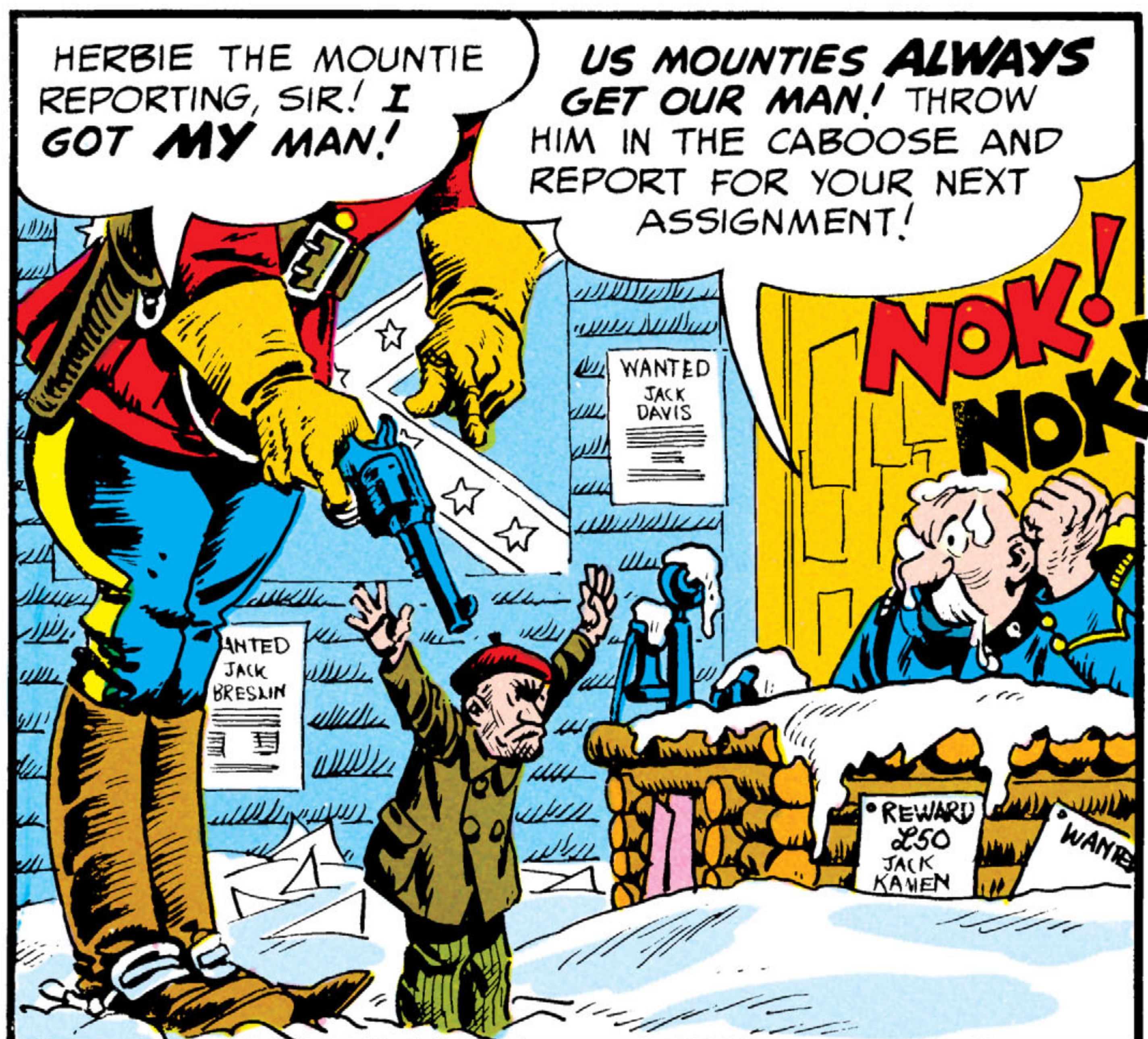
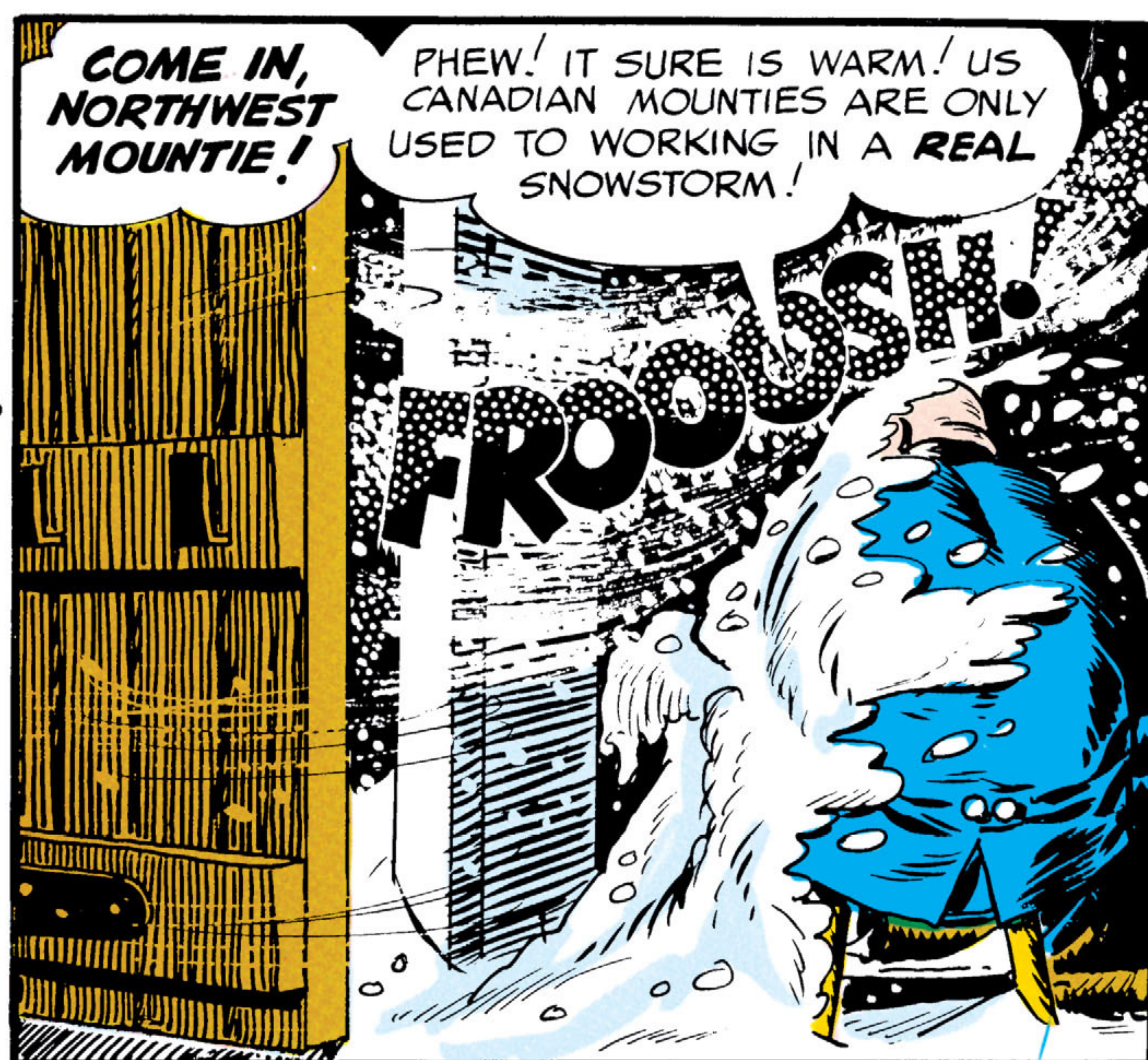
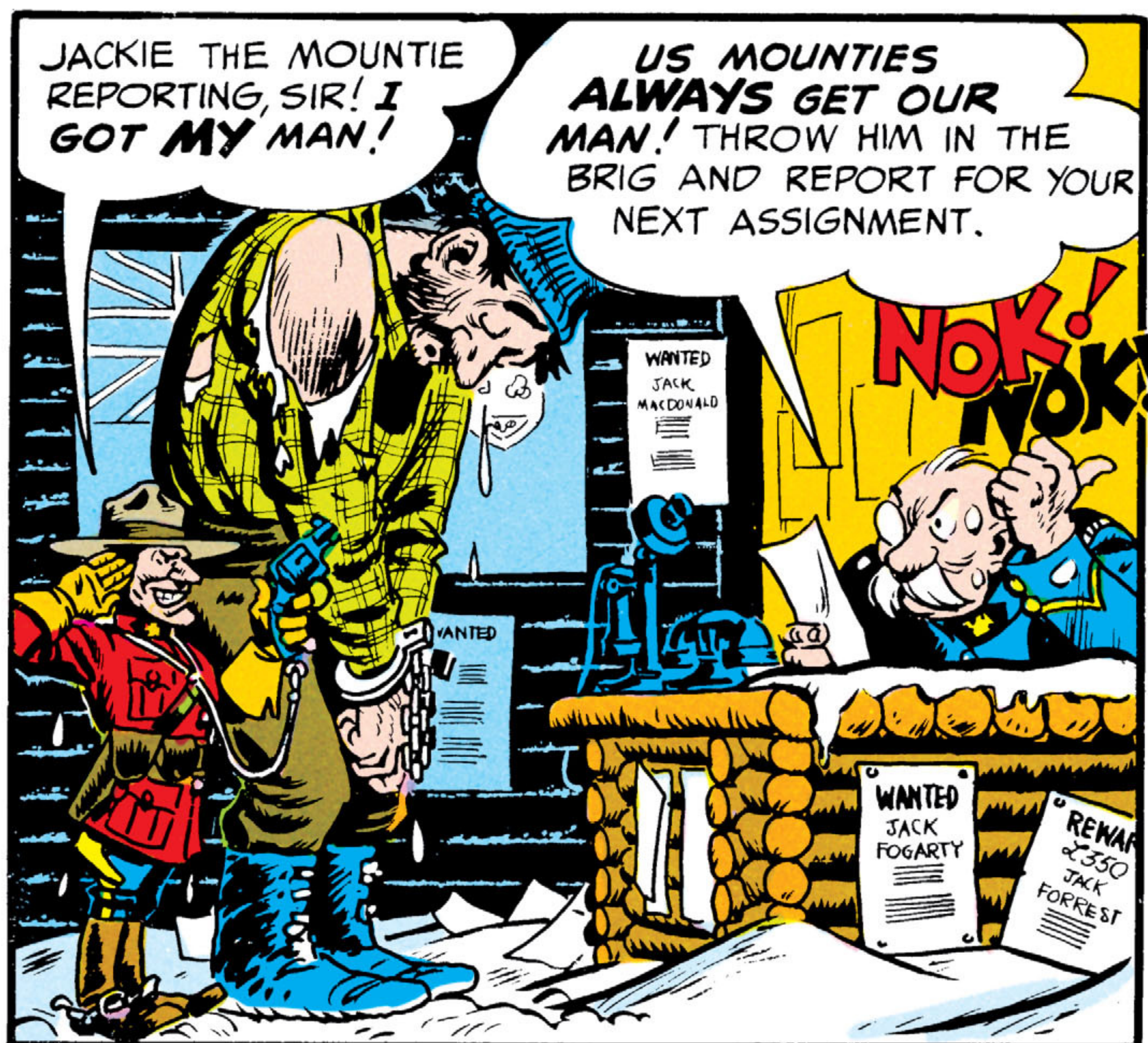
OUR STORY STARTS IN A LOG CABIN OFFICE BUILDING IN THE UPPER MANITOBA SWAMPLANDS! SEATED BEHIND A LOG CABIN DESK, SITS SCOTT YARDLAND, **CHIEF** OF THE ROYAL MOUNTIES!

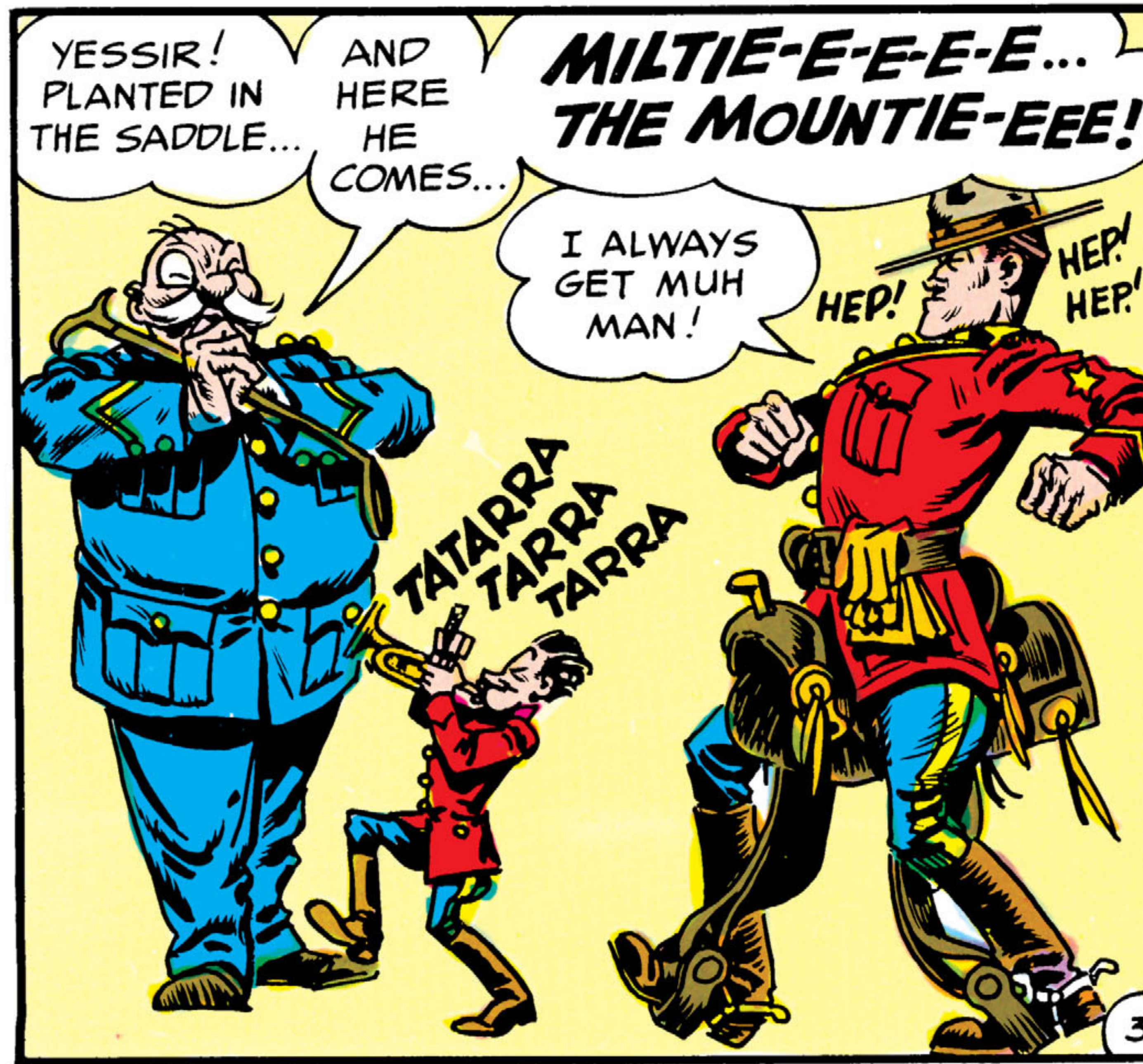
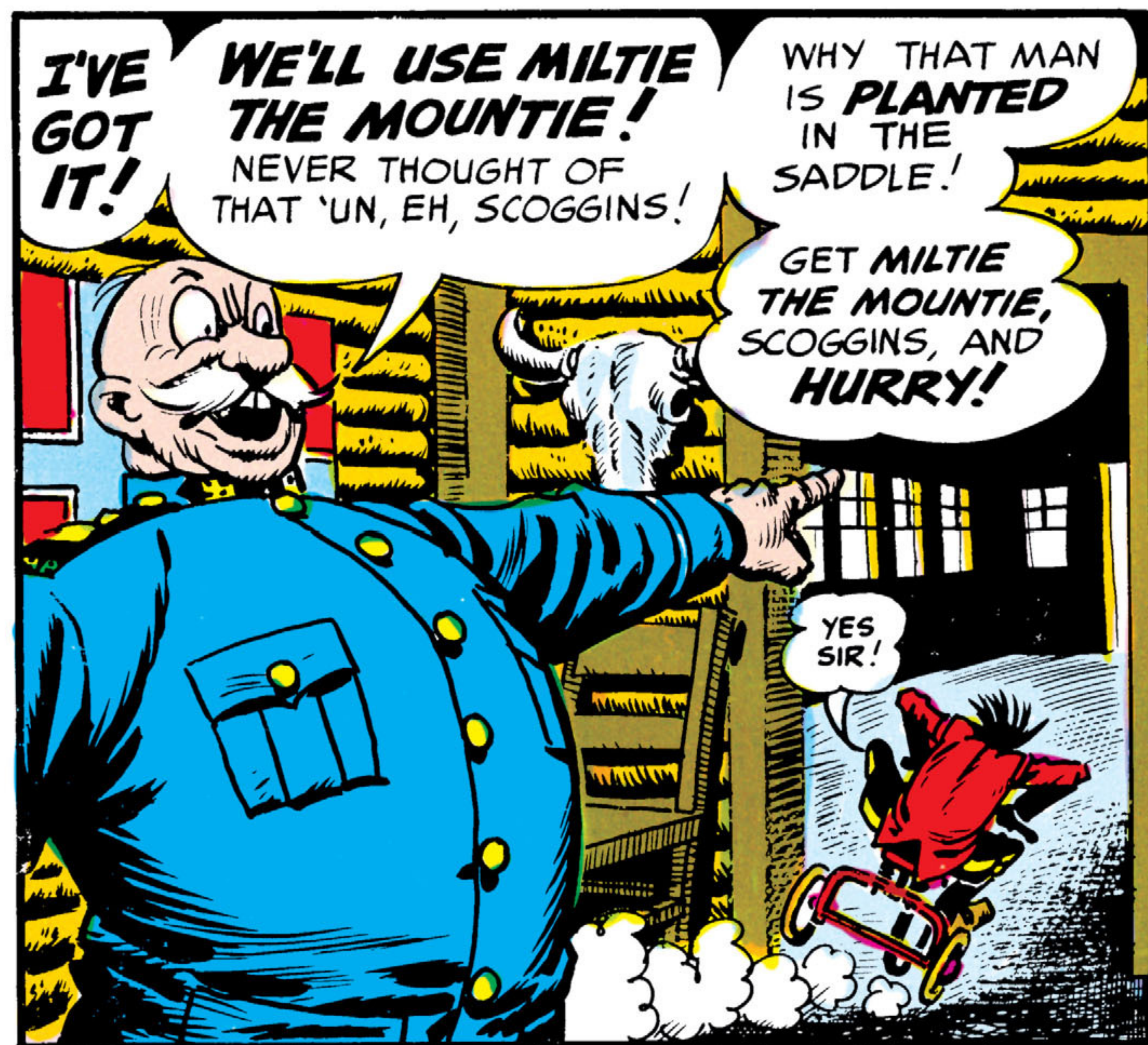
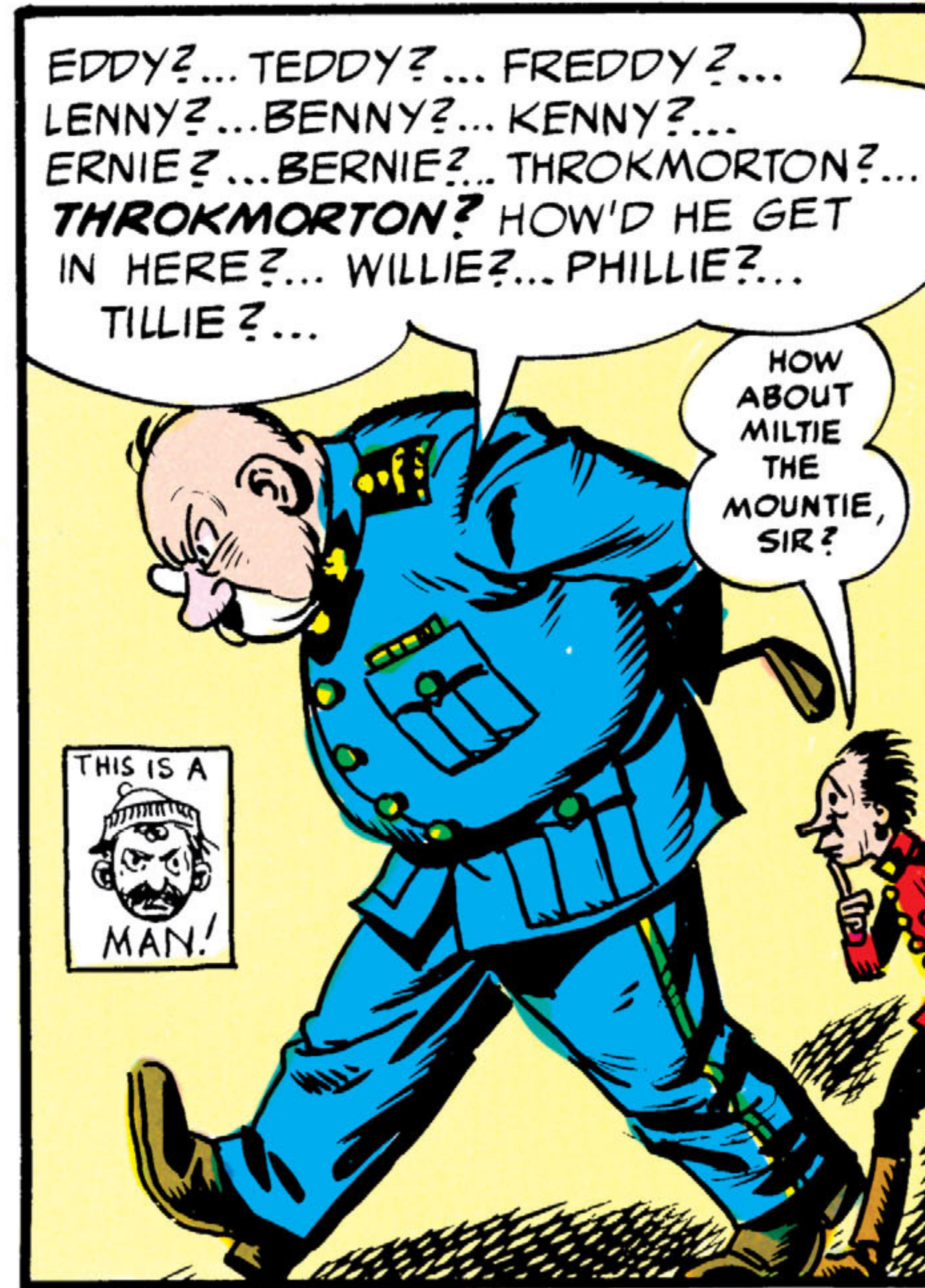
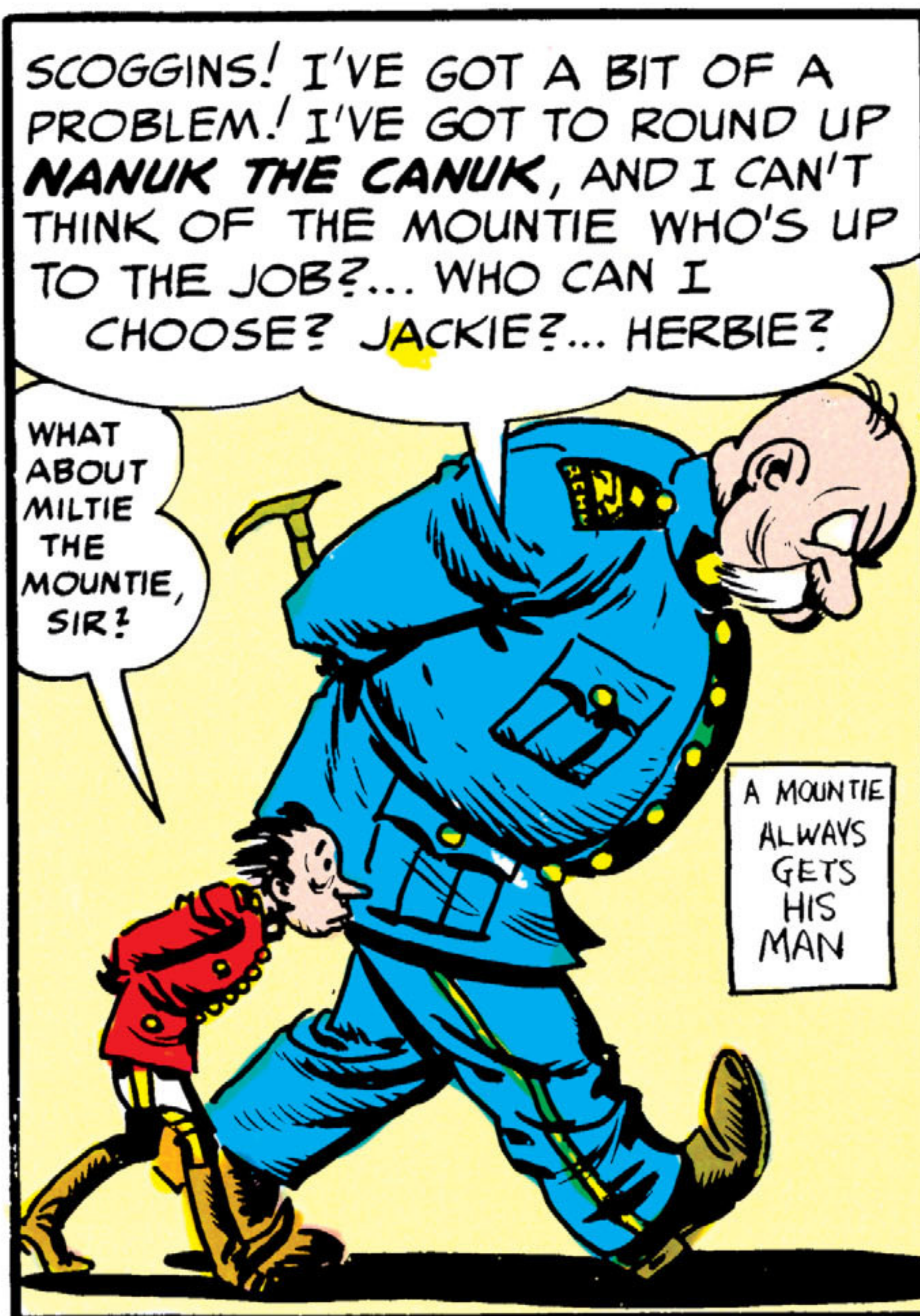
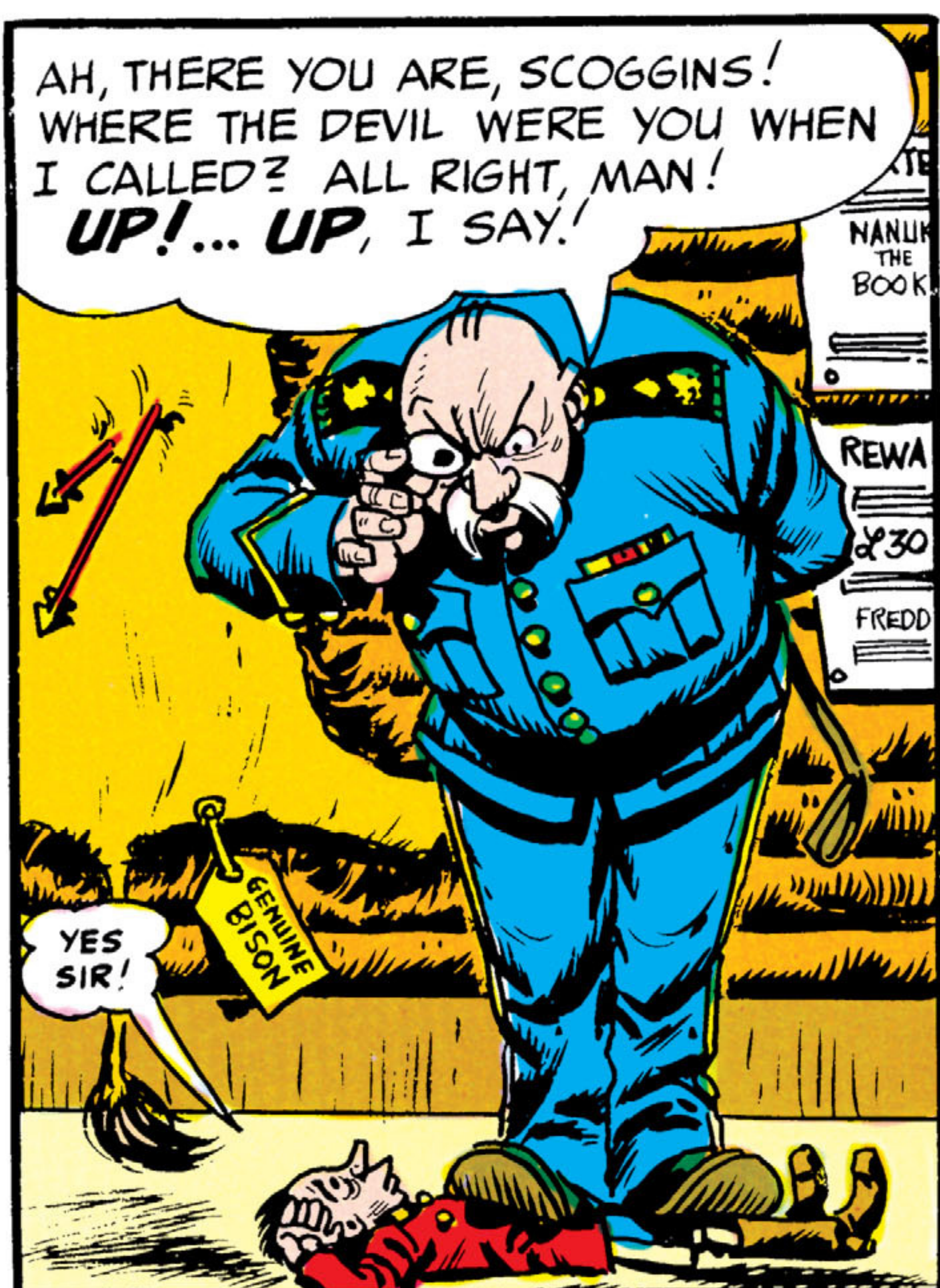
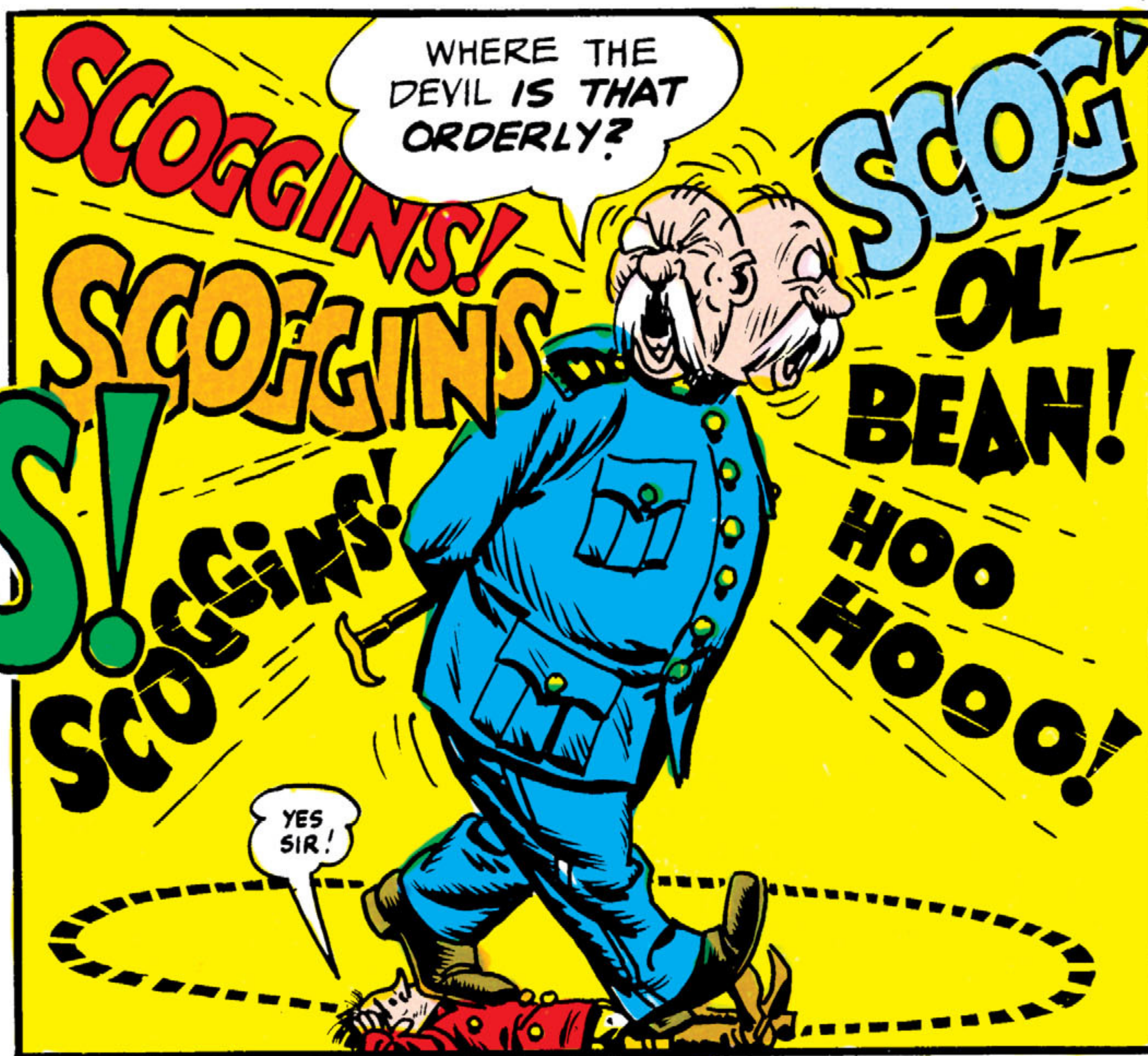
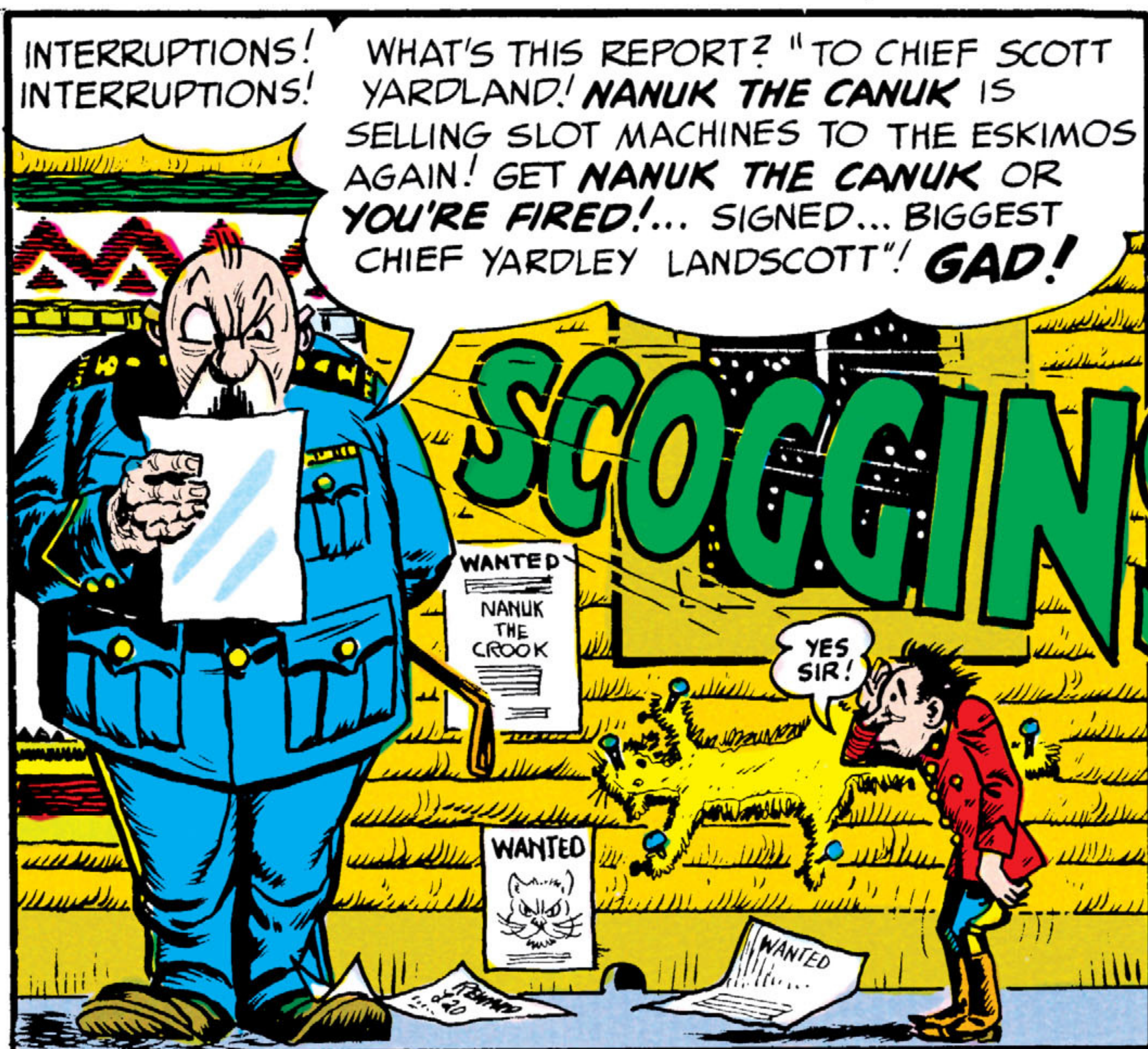


**COME IN,
NORTHWEST
MOUNTIE, AND
SHUT THE DOOR!**

I SEE WE'RE HAVING A MILD DAY OUT! THANK HEAVEN WE AREN'T HAVING A **REAL STRONG** CANADIAN MOUNTIE TYPE SNOWSTORM!







HAH! THE TRAIL IS JOINED
BY **ANOTHER** SET OF PRINTS!
AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER
AND ANOTHER AN! AN! THE!....

**WOW! NANUK
HAS A WHOLE
ARMY!**



PHOOEY! SO
MANY FOOT-
PRINTS, I LOST
THE WHOLE
TRAIL!

HEY, FELLA?
... YOU SEE
THIS HERE
NANUK THE
CANUK?

YEAH! I'M NANUK
THE CANUK! I
DECIDED TO BRING
MYSELF IN FOR THE
REWARD MONEY!



... YOU CRAZY, BOY?
THE **MAN** DON'T GET
HIS **MAN**! THE
MOUNTIE GETS
HIS **MAN**!

**YOU'LL
NEVER
GET ME,
MOUNTIE!**

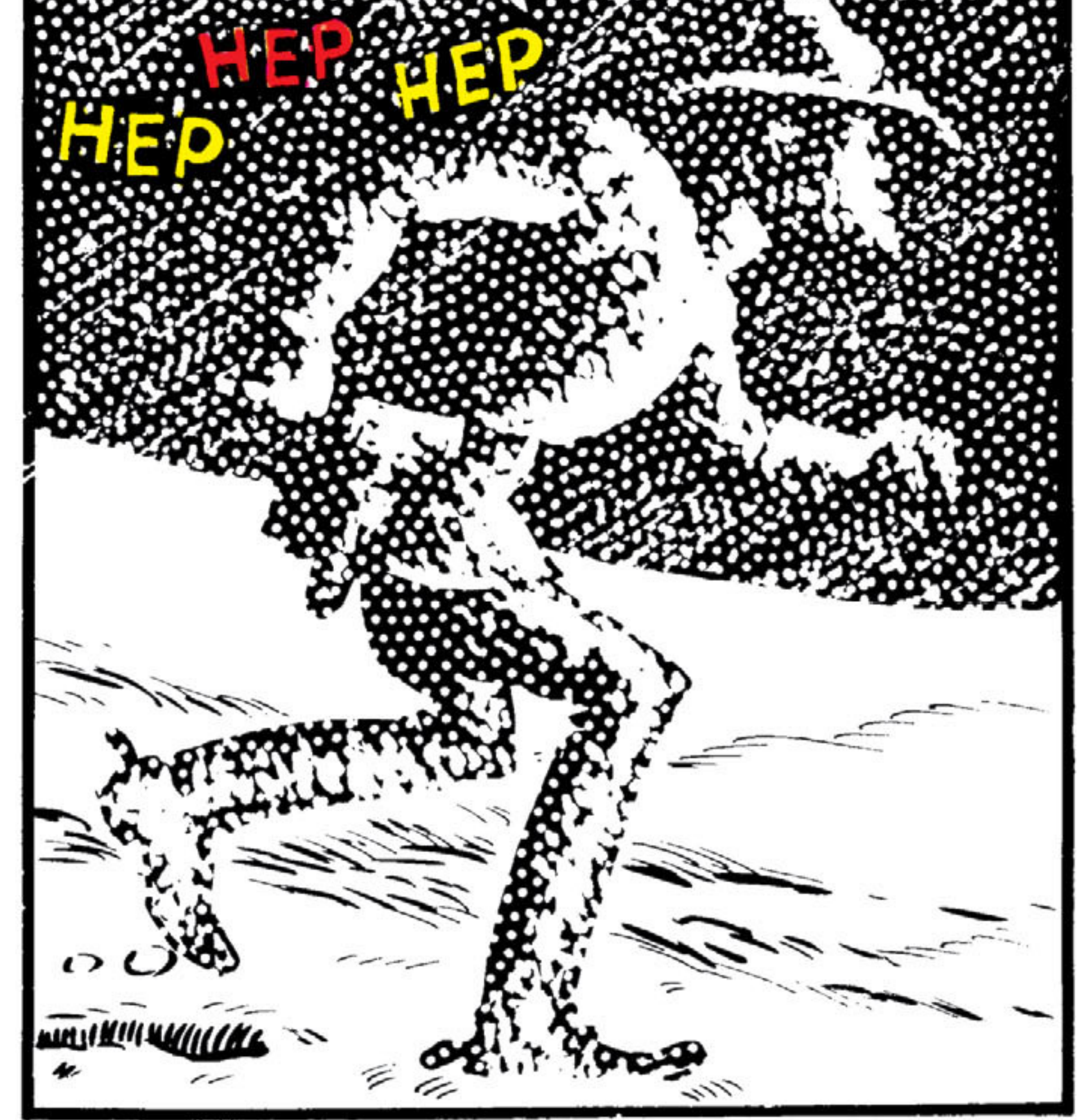


I, **MILTIE
THE MOUNTIE**,
ALWAYS
GET **MUH MAN**!

I'LL FOLLOW
YOU...**THROUGH
THE RAIN...**



...**THROUGH
THE
SLEET...**



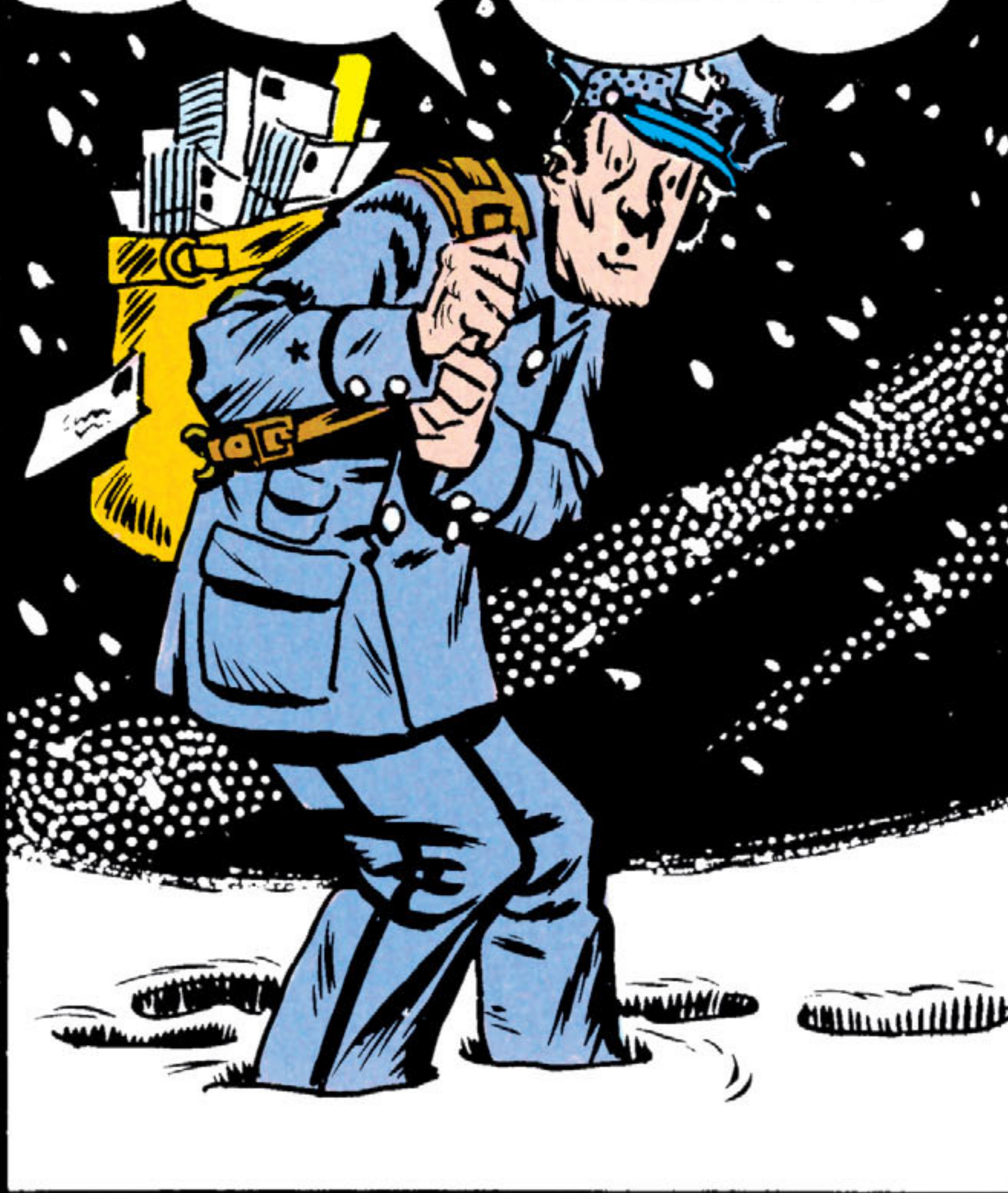
... **THROUGH
THE SNOW
AND HAIL...**

HEP HEP HEP



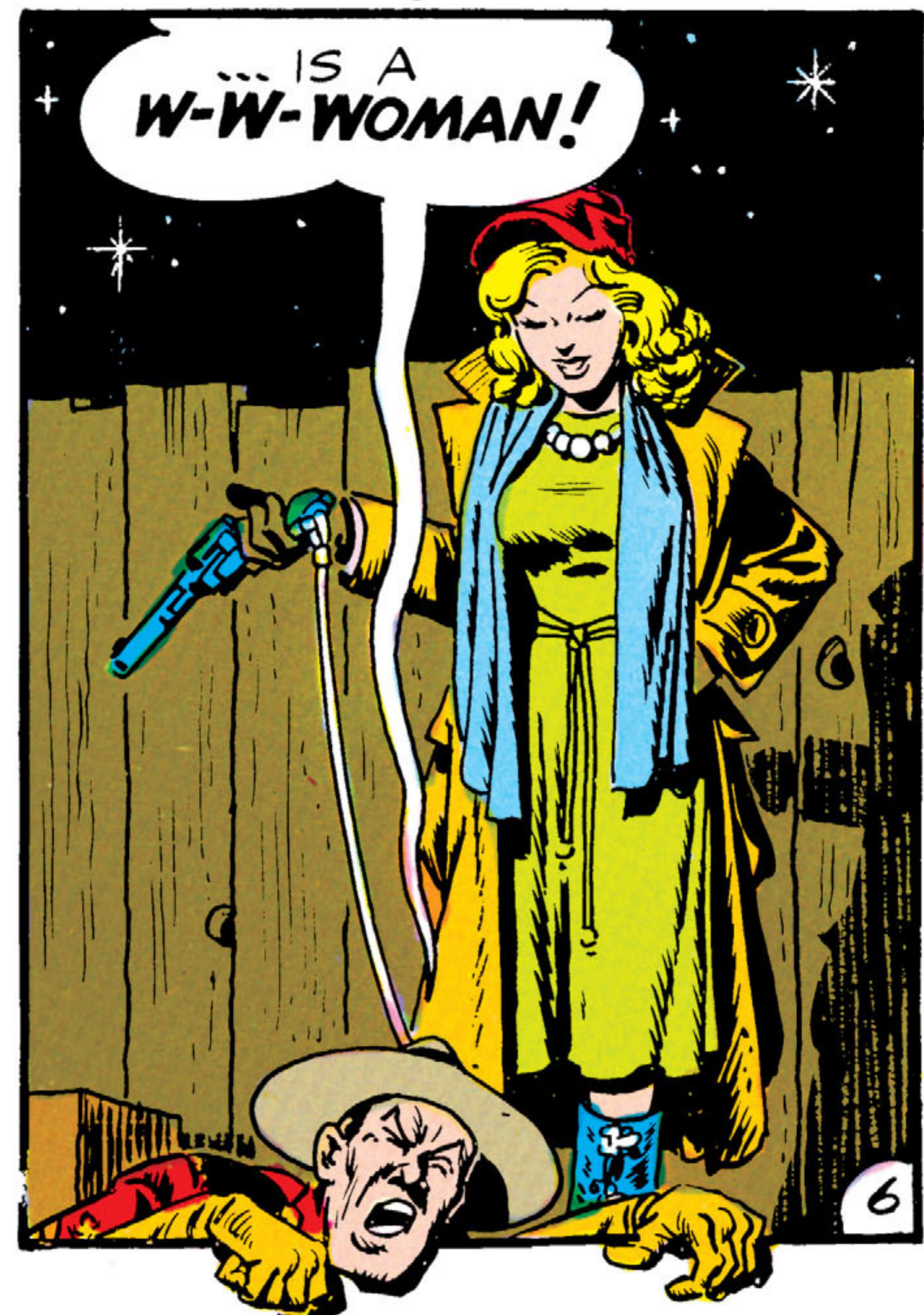
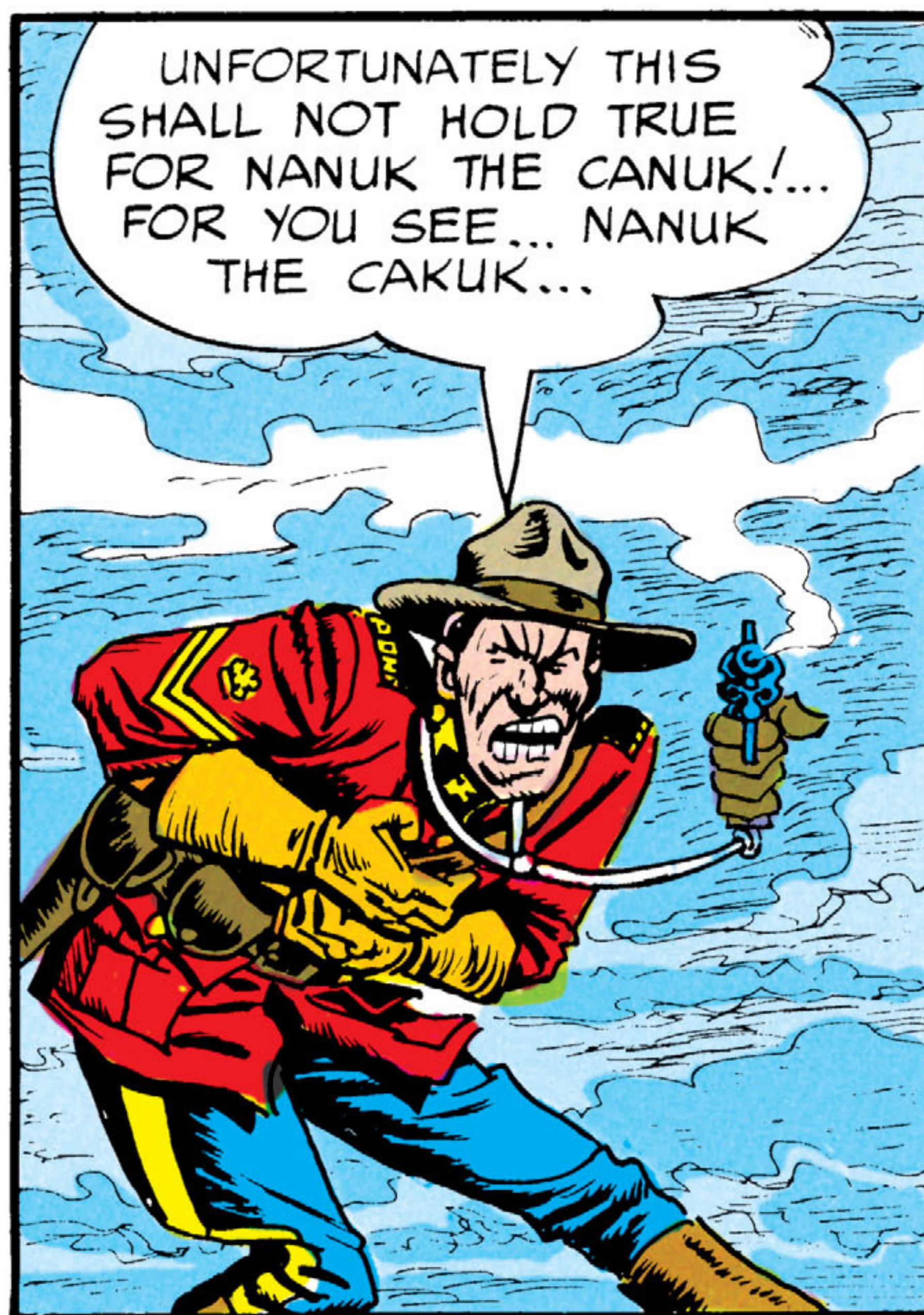
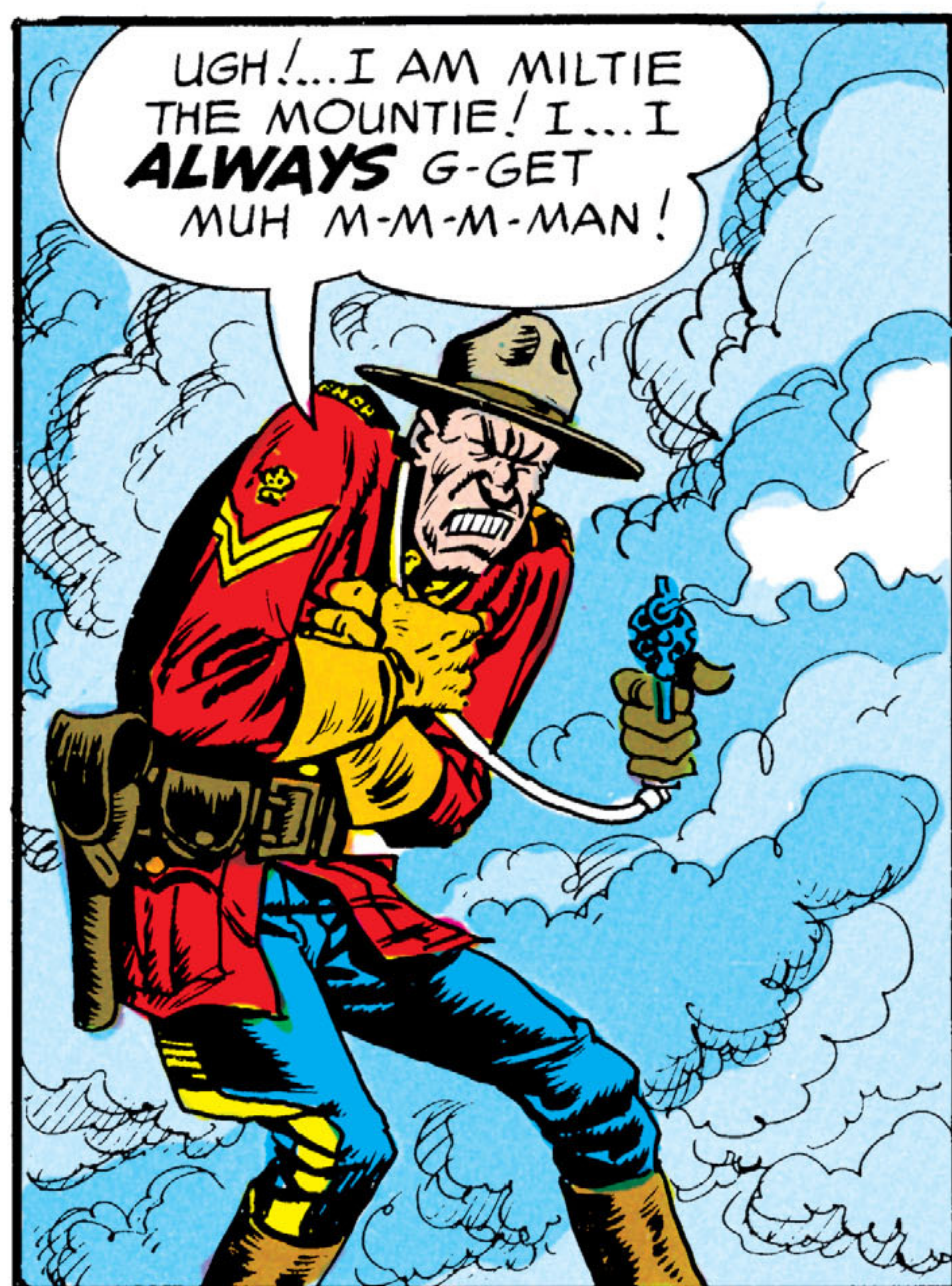
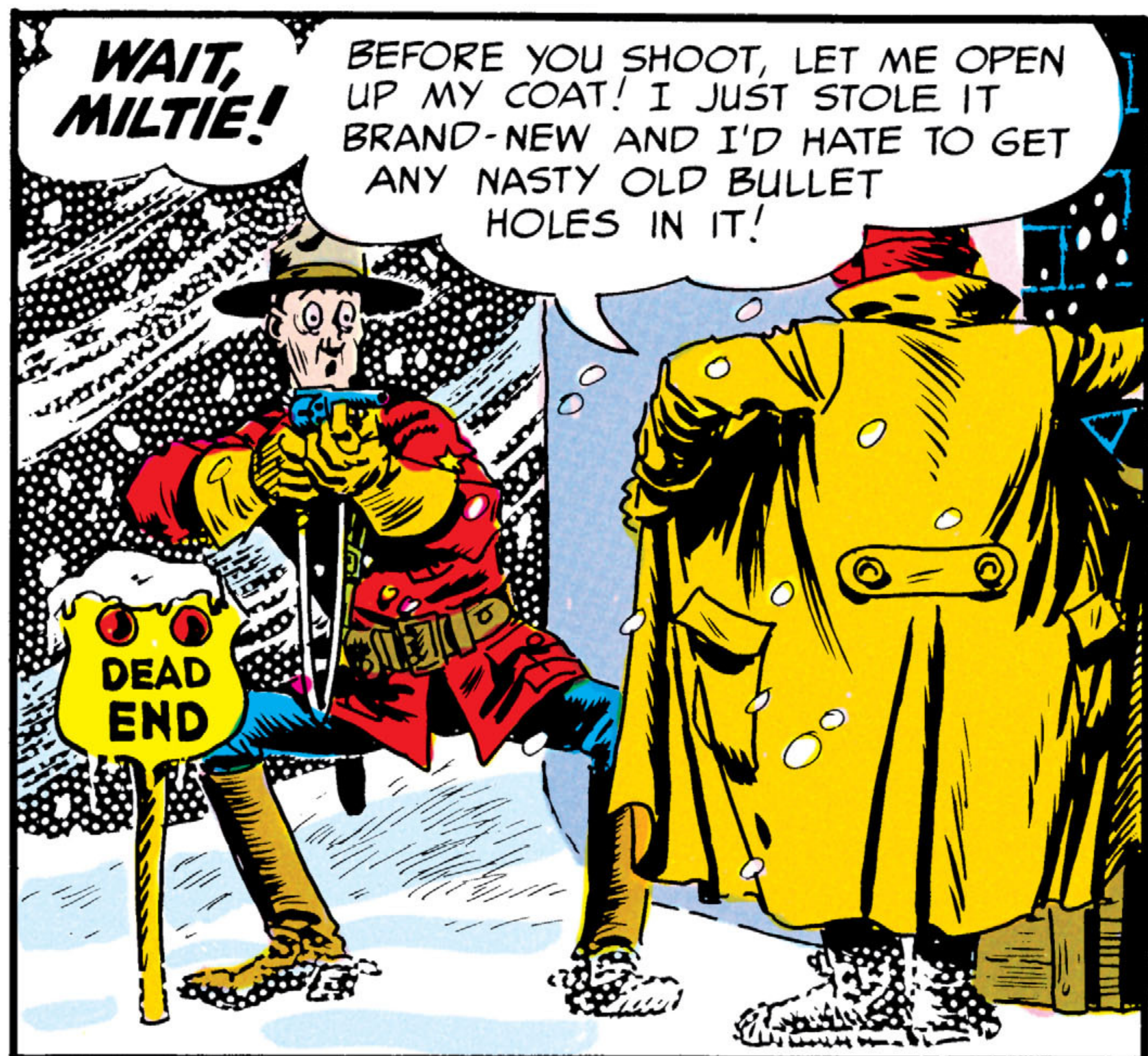
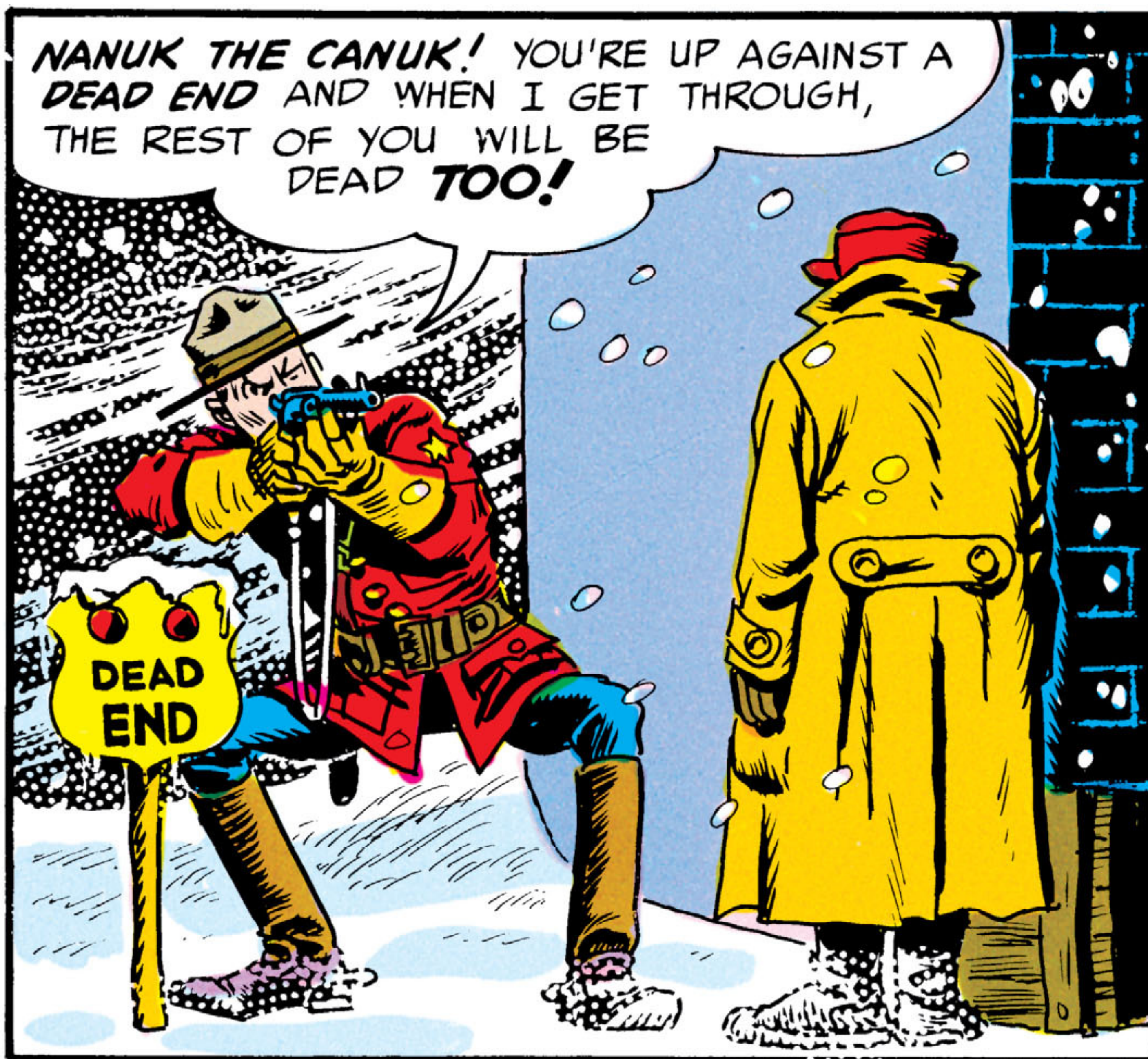
...**THE MAILS
MUST GET
THROUGH!**

HEY, WAIT A
MINUTE!... I'M
NOT A
MAILMAN!



... I'M **MILTIE THE MOUNTIE**, AND I'M
CHASING **NANUK THE CANUK**! HE'S
TRAPPED IN A DEAD END AHEAD!
I **TOLD** YOU I ALWAYS GET
MUH MAN!

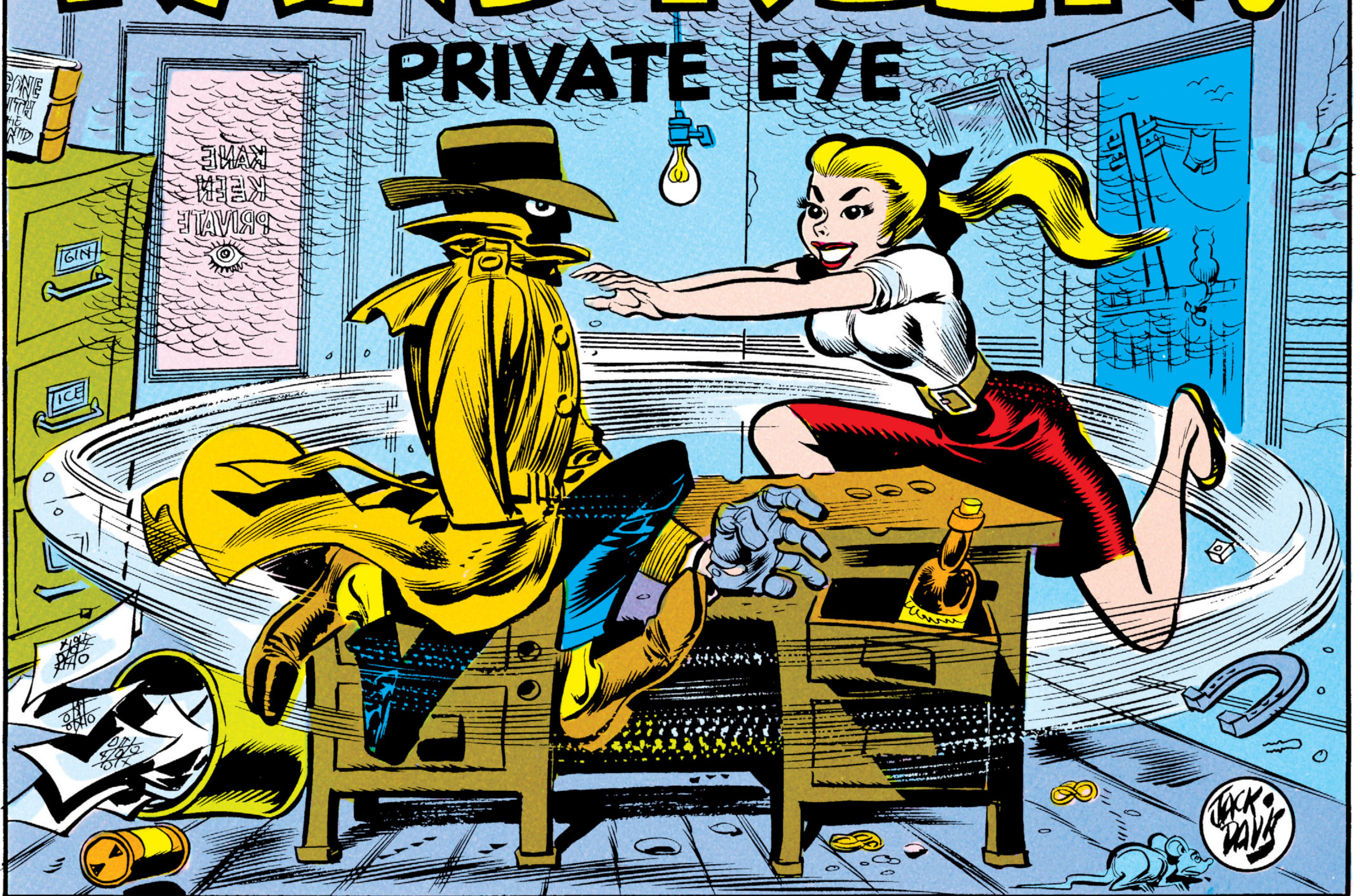




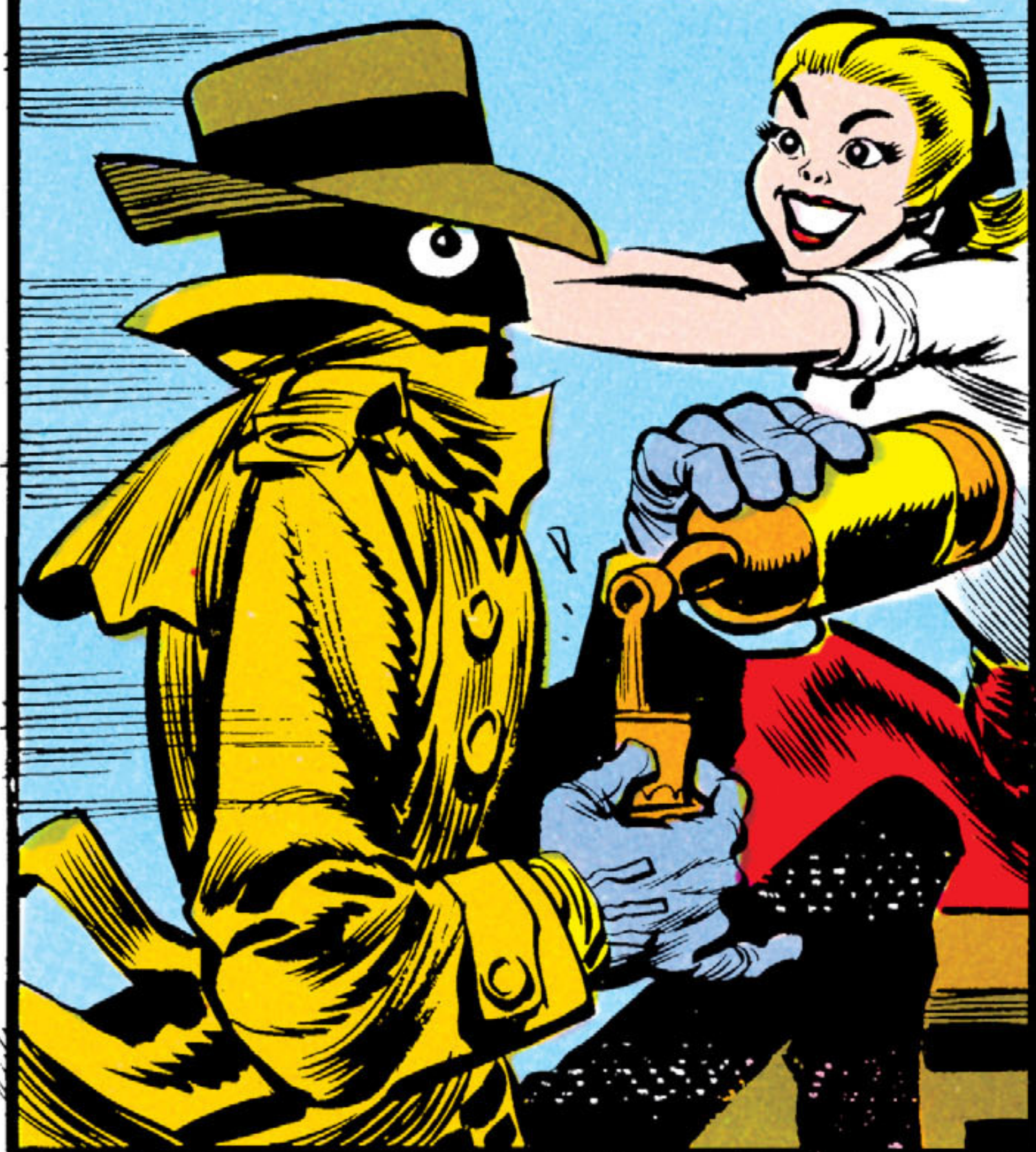
CRIME DEPT.: IN A DINGY TWO BY FOUR OFFICE ON THE MAIN STEM...AROUND A BULLET-SCARRED DESK, WELL-PACKED WITH REVOLVERS, SCOTCH, SODA, PRETZELS, ICE... BEING CHASED BY A BLONDE SECRETARY, ALSO WELL-PACKED... RUNNING WITH TRENCH COAT COLLAR UP, BELT PULLED TIGHT... RUNS...

KANE KEEN!

PRIVATE EYE



YEAH... THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! DOES SOMEONE WANT TO MURDER YOU? DID YOU GET A PARKING TICKET? MY GUN IS FOR HIRE!

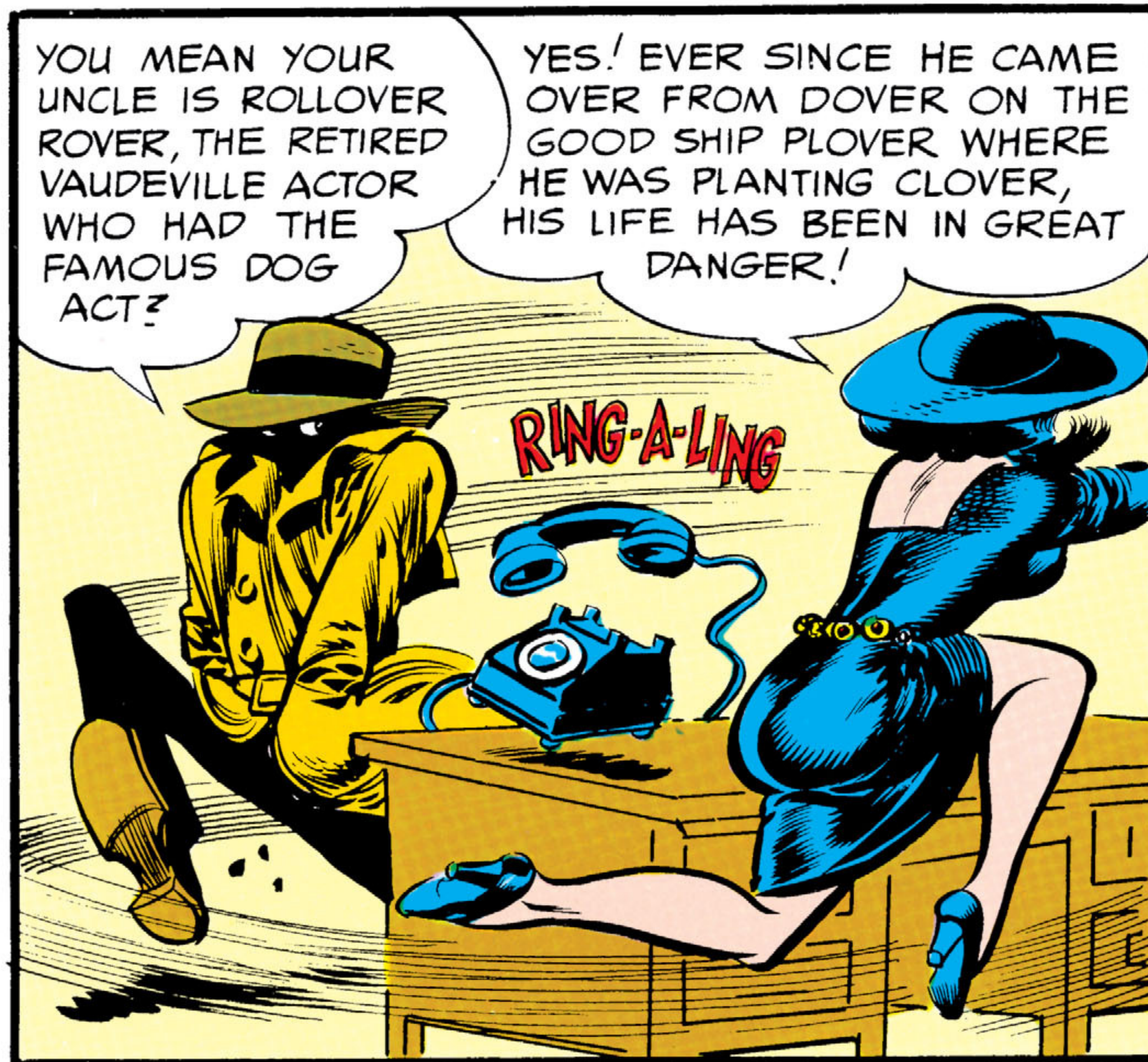
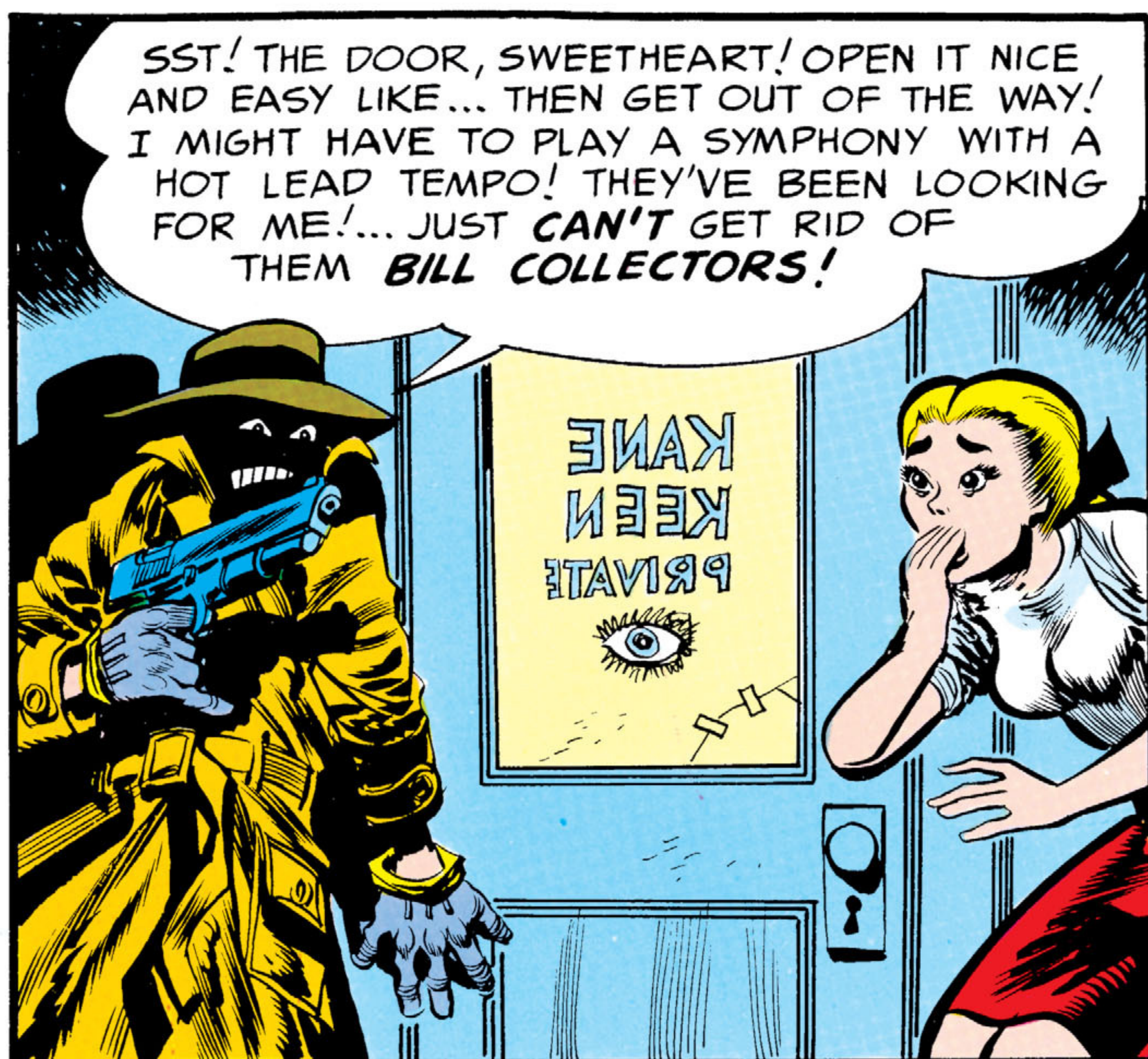


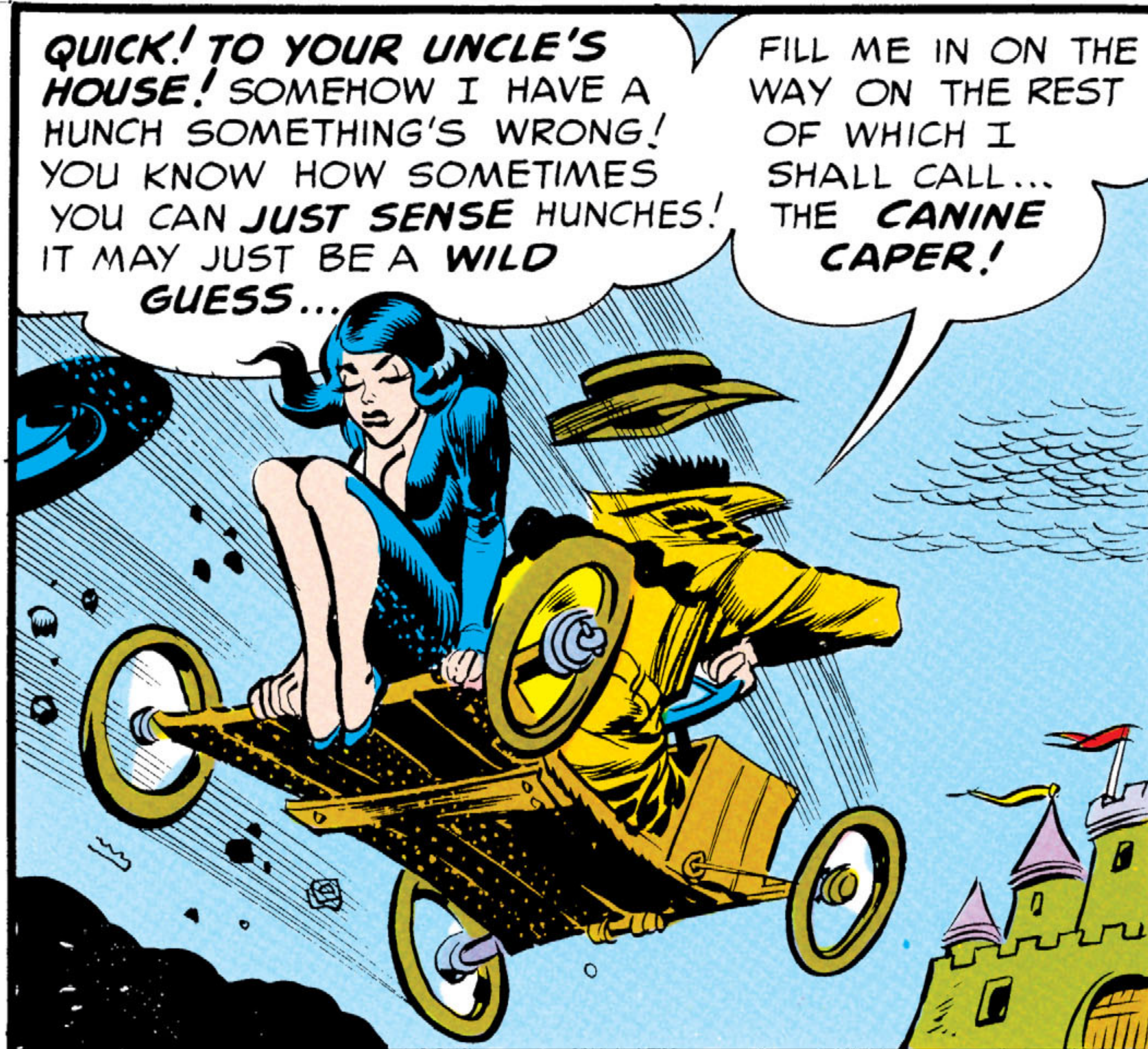
THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN! THE UNDERWORLD HATES ME! THE WOMEN FIND ME IRRESISTABLE! YOU SEE, I USE BURMA-SHAVE!



AT THE MOMENT I AM TRYING TO SHAKE MY SECRETARY WHO HAS BEEN TRAILING ME ALL DAY! ...HAH! A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!

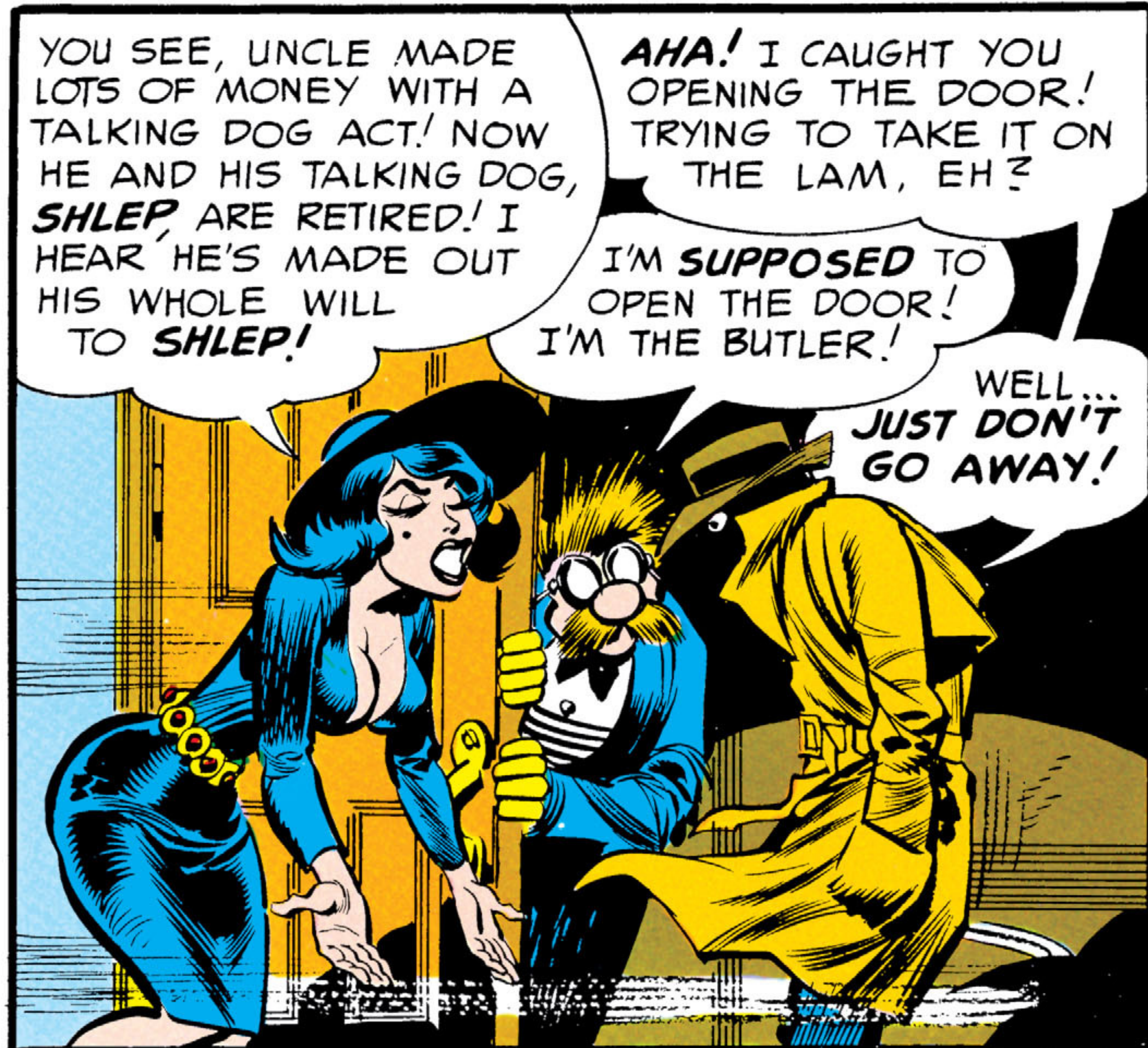






QUICK! TO YOUR UNCLE'S HOUSE! SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG! YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU CAN **JUST SENSE** HUNCHES! IT MAY JUST BE A **WILD GUESS...**

FILL ME IN ON THE WAY ON THE REST OF WHICH I SHALL CALL... THE **CANINE CAPER!**

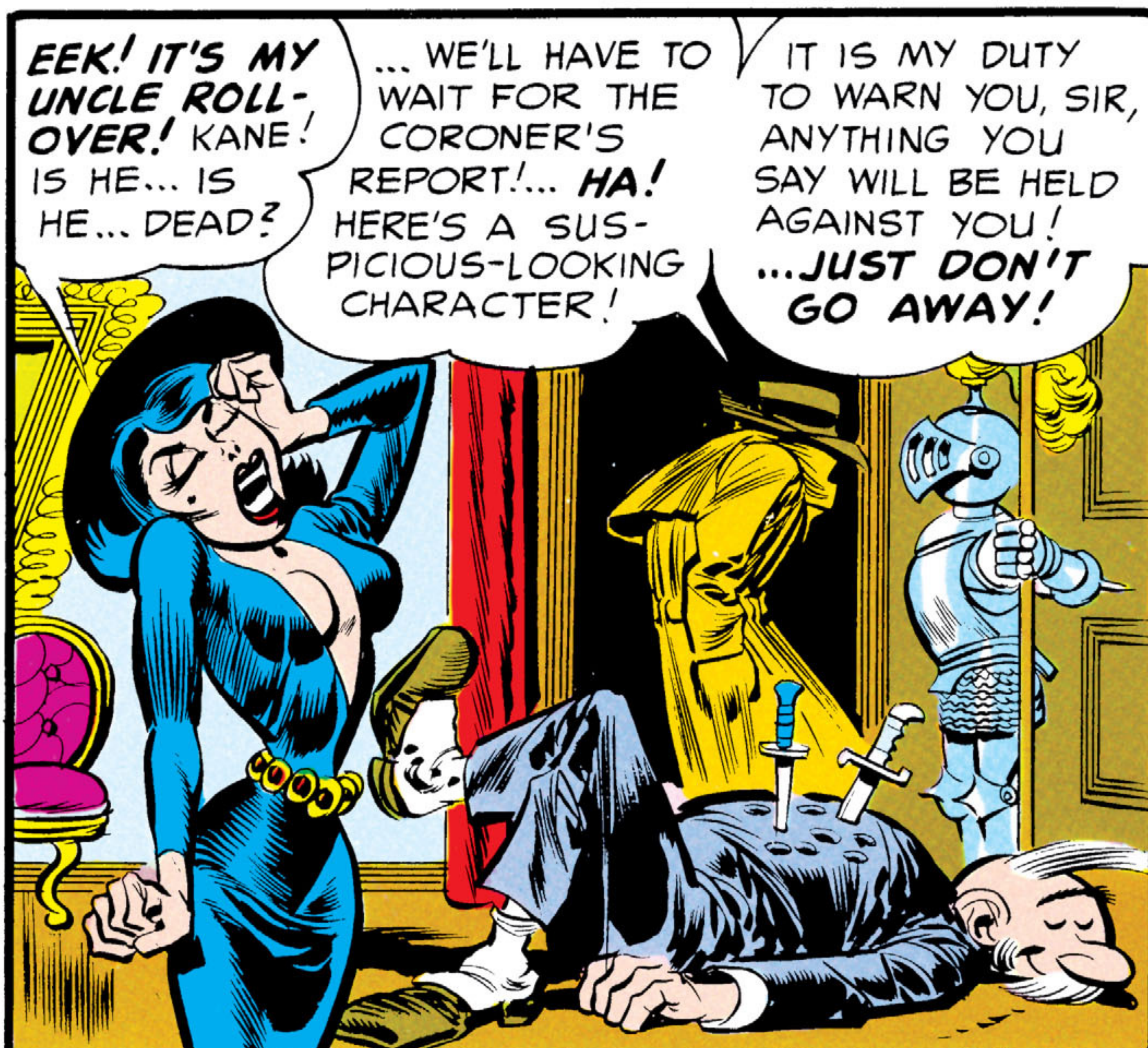


YOU SEE, UNCLE MADE LOTS OF MONEY WITH A TALKING DOG ACT! NOW HE AND HIS TALKING DOG, **SHLEP**, ARE RETIRED! I HEAR HE'S MADE OUT HIS WHOLE WILL TO **SHLEP!**

AHA! I CAUGHT YOU OPENING THE DOOR! TRYING TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM, EH?

I'M **SUPPOSED** TO OPEN THE DOOR! I'M THE BUTLER!

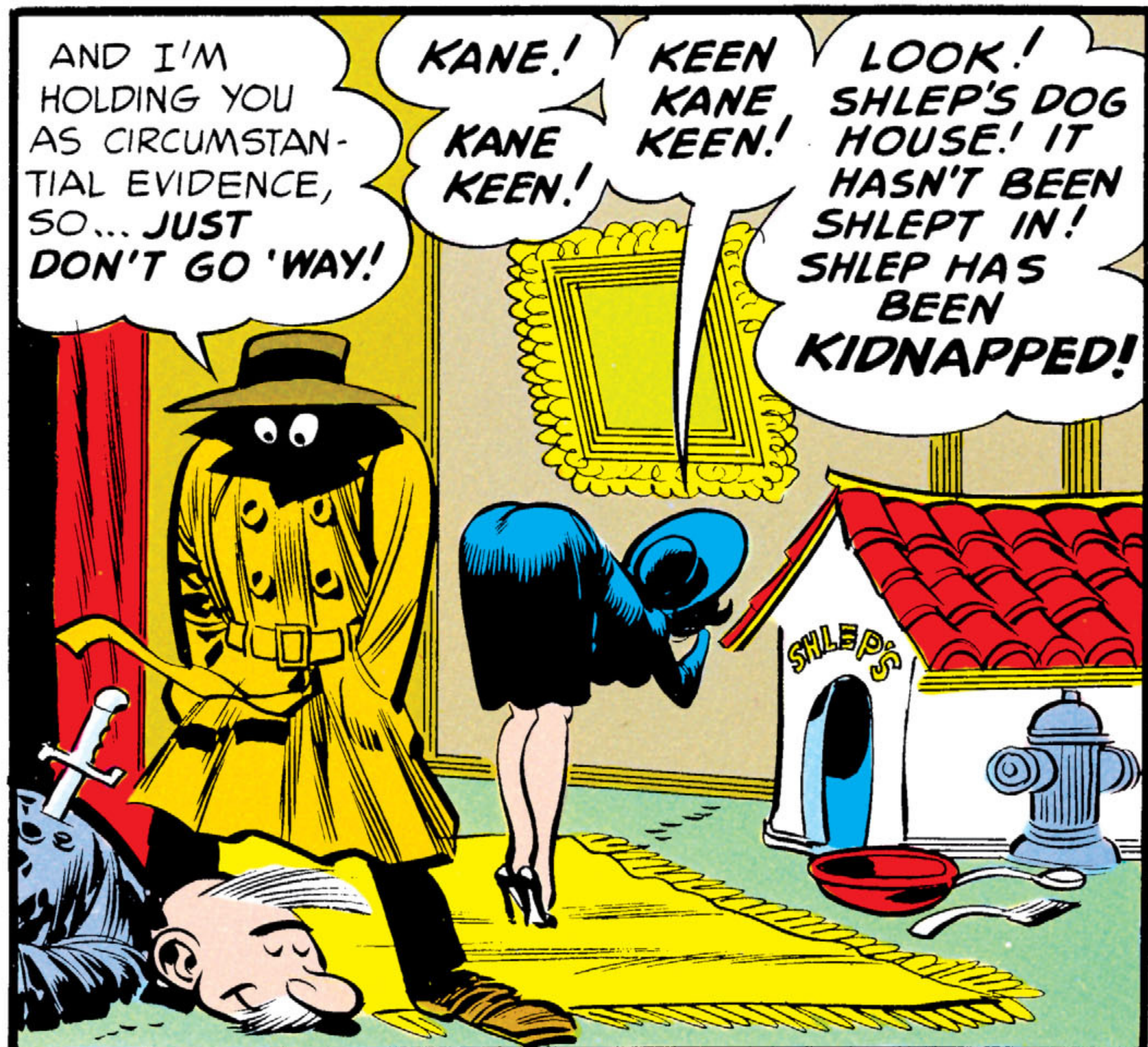
WELL... **JUST DON'T GO AWAY!**



EKK! IT'S MY UNCLE **ROLL-OVER!** KANE! IS HE... IS HE... DEAD?

... WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE CORONER'S REPORT!... **HA!** HERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTER!

IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN YOU, SIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU! ...**JUST DON'T GO AWAY!**

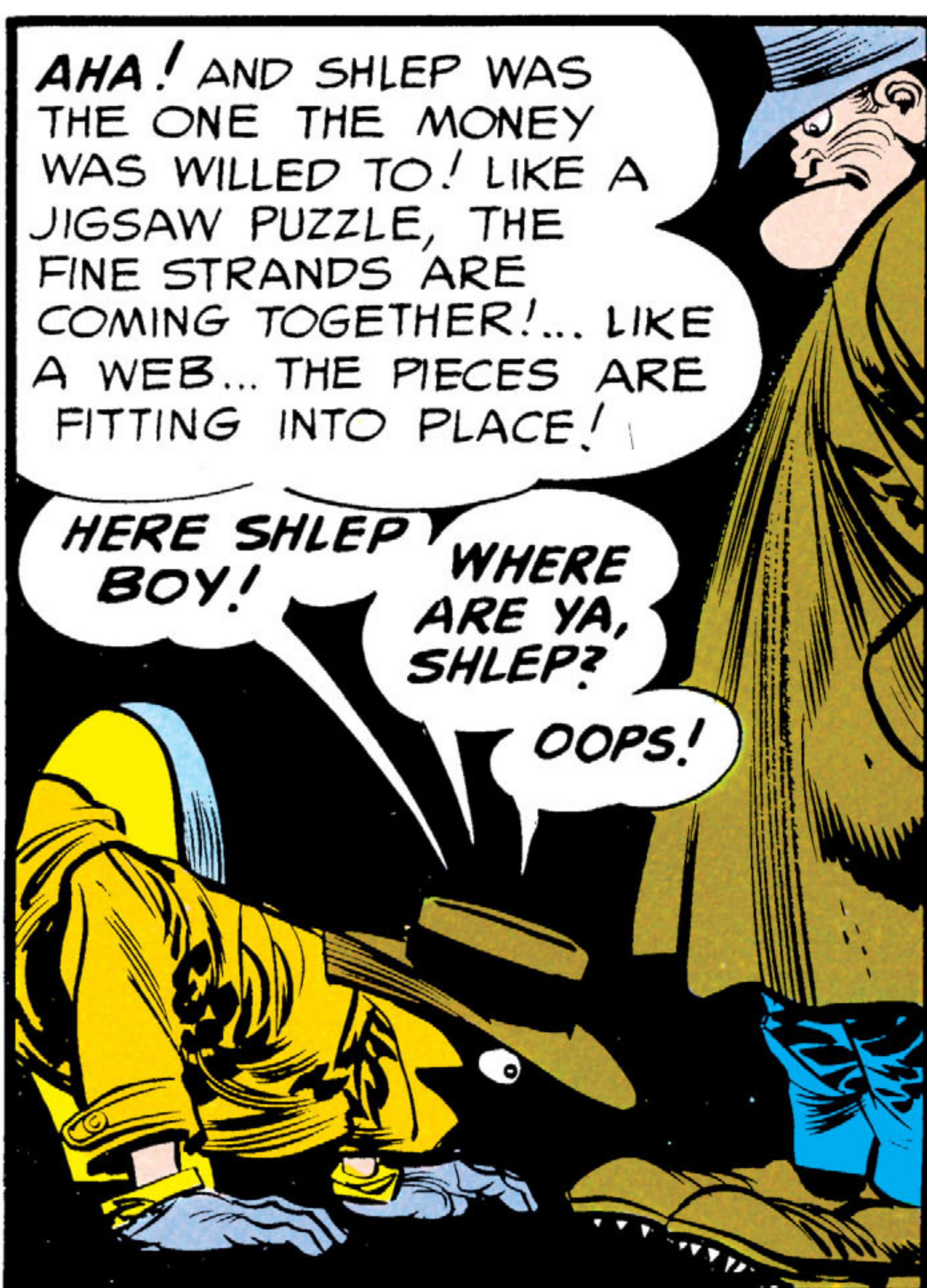


AND I'M HOLDING YOU AS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, SO... **JUST DON'T GO 'WAY!**

KANE!
KANE KEEN!

KEEN KANE KEEN!

LOOK! **SHLEP'S DOG HOUSE!** IT HASN'T BEEN **SHLEPT** IN! **SHLEP** HAS BEEN **KIDNAPPED!**

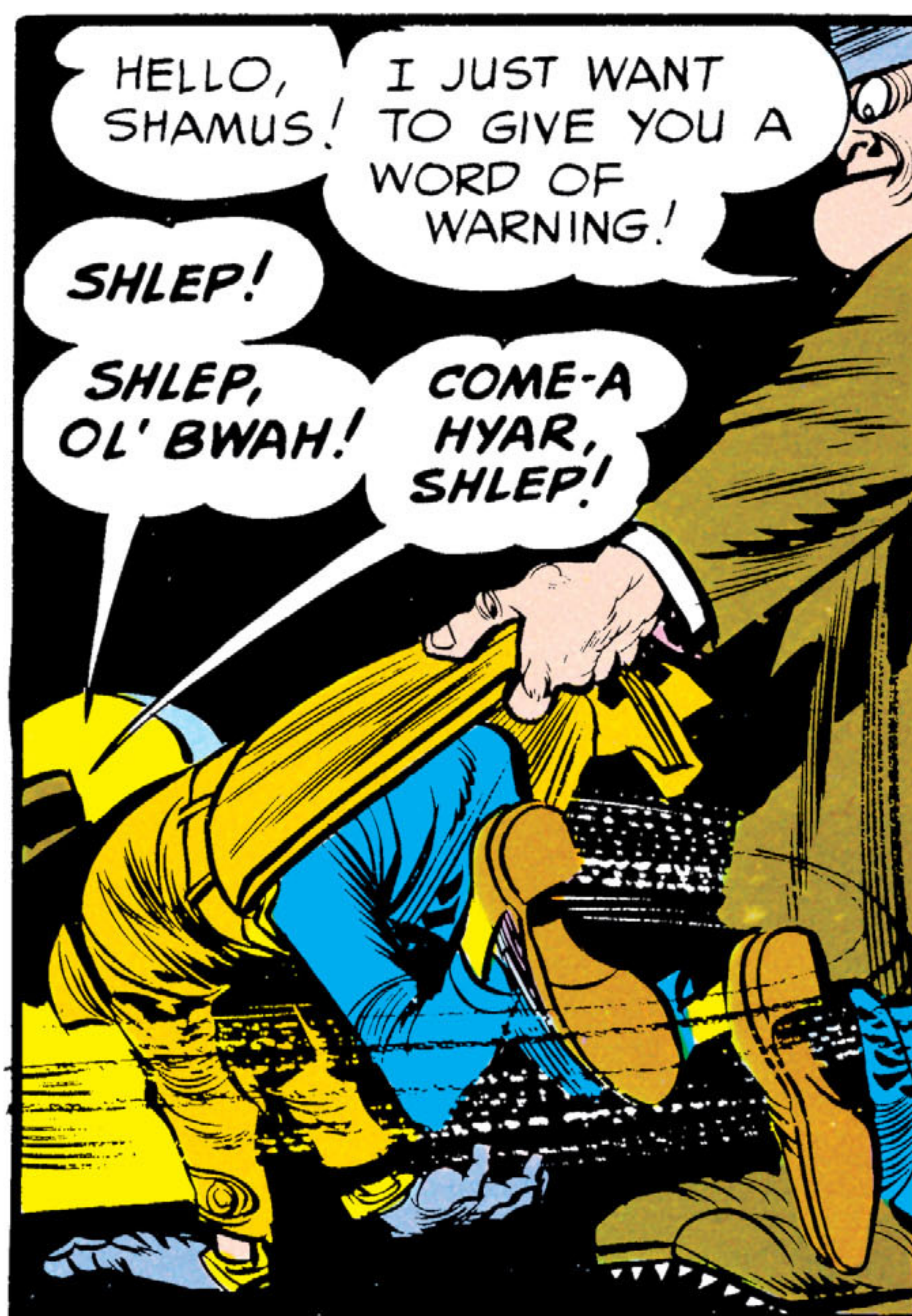


AHA! AND **SHLEP** WAS THE ONE THE MONEY WAS WILLED TO! LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE, THE FINE STRANDS ARE COMING TOGETHER!... LIKE A WEB... THE PIECES ARE FITTING INTO PLACE!

HERE **SHLEP** BOY!

WHERE ARE YA, **SHLEP?**

OOPS!



HELLO, **SHAMUS!**

I JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU A WORD OF WARNING!

SHLEP!

SHLEP, OL' BWAH!

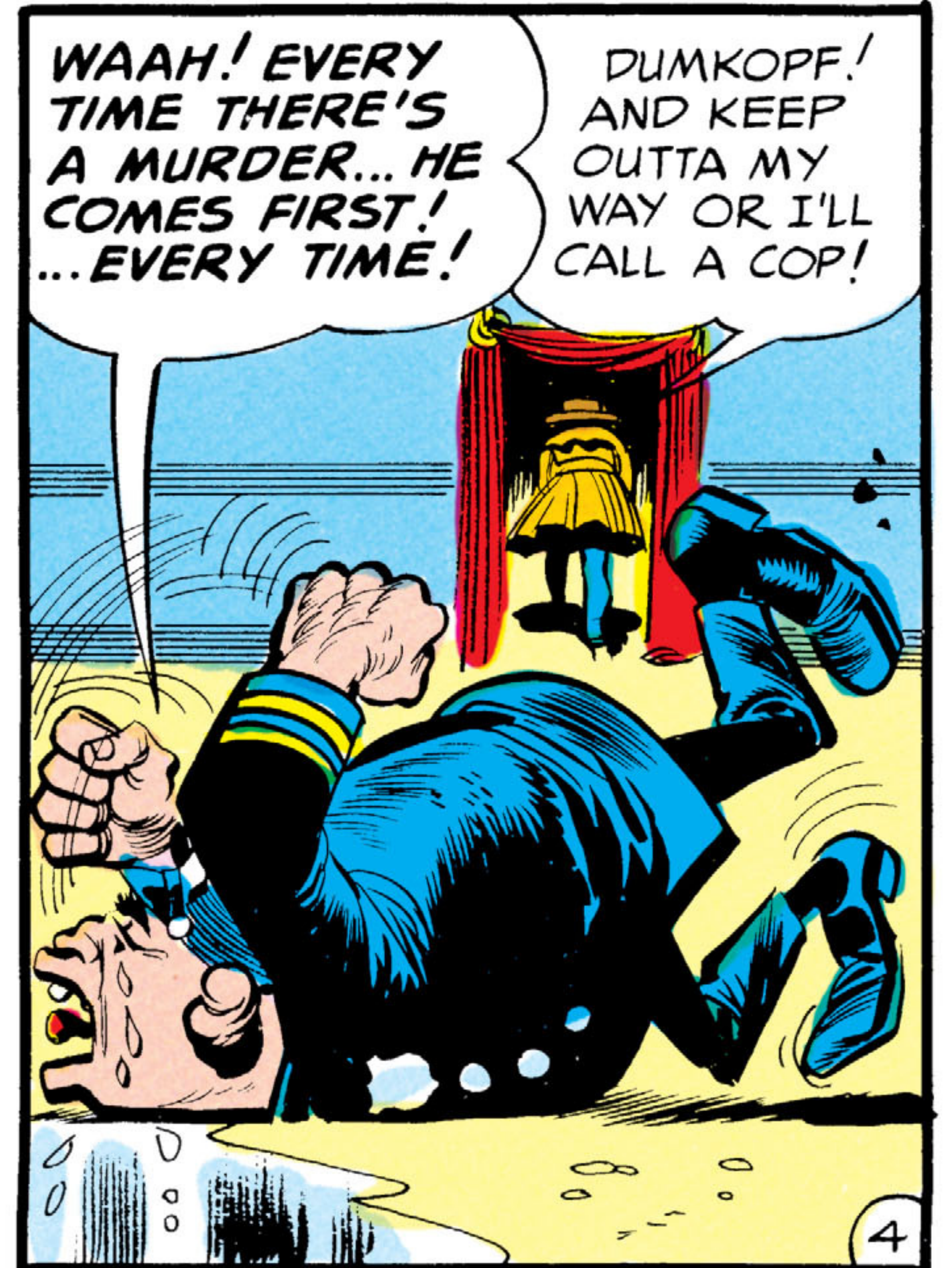
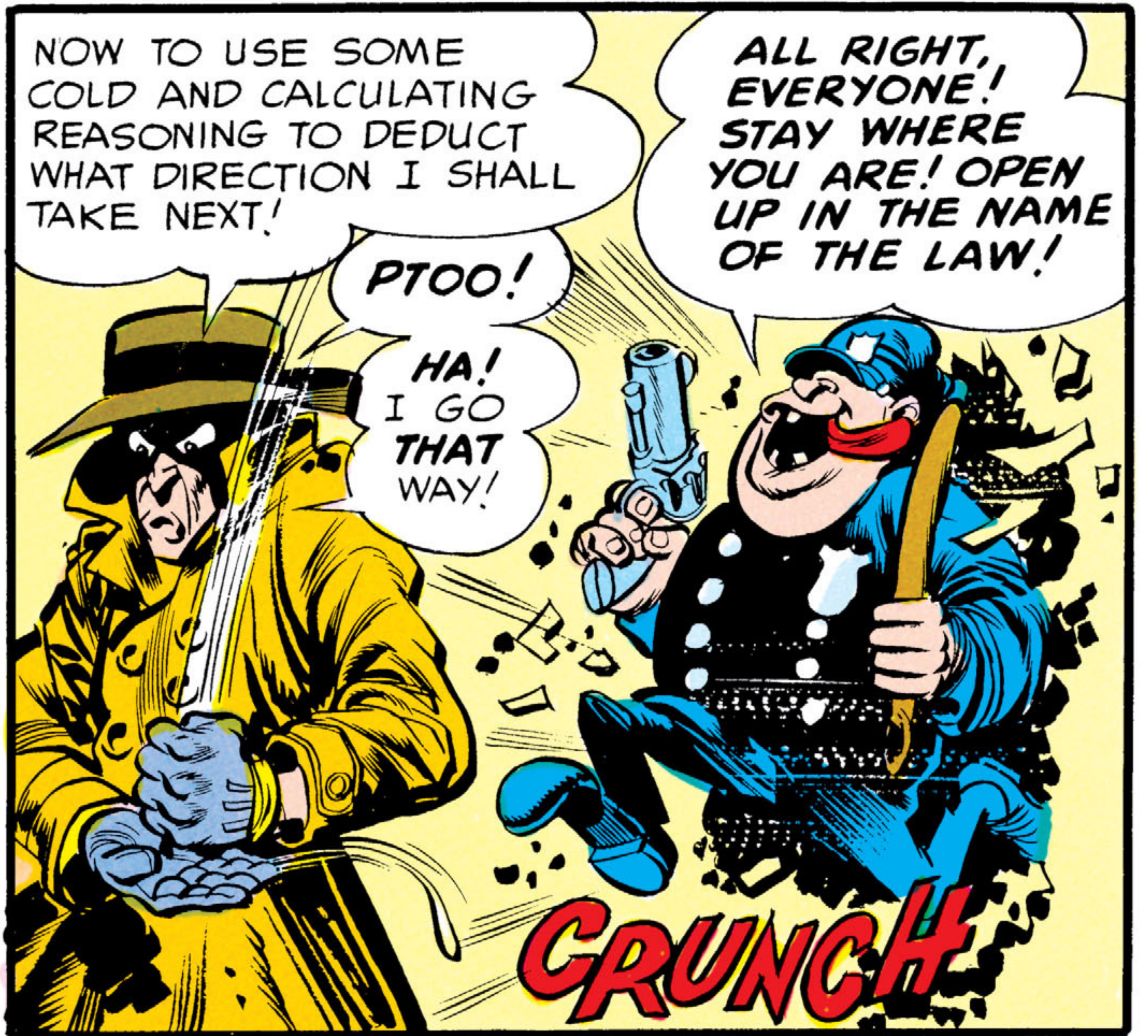
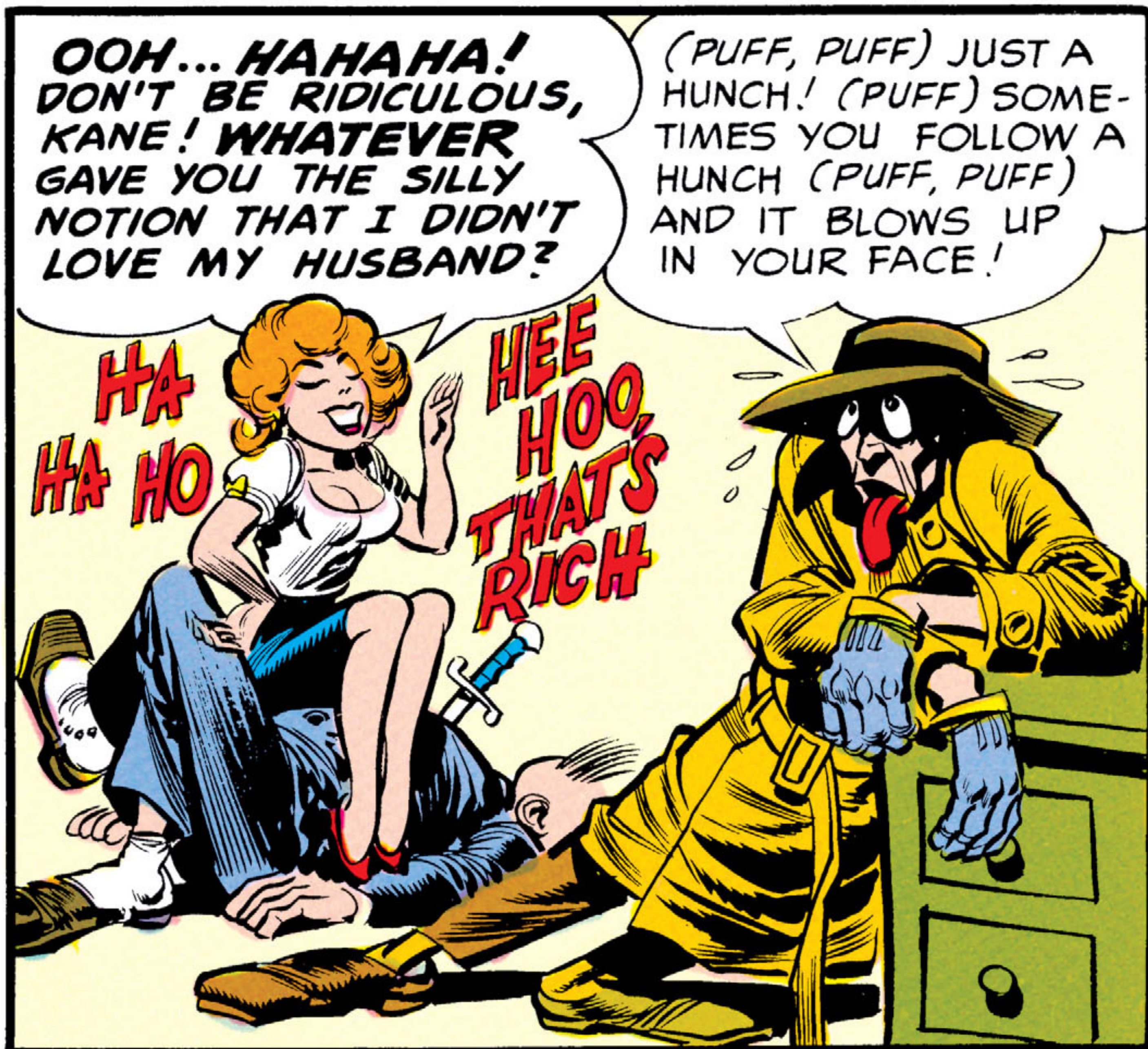
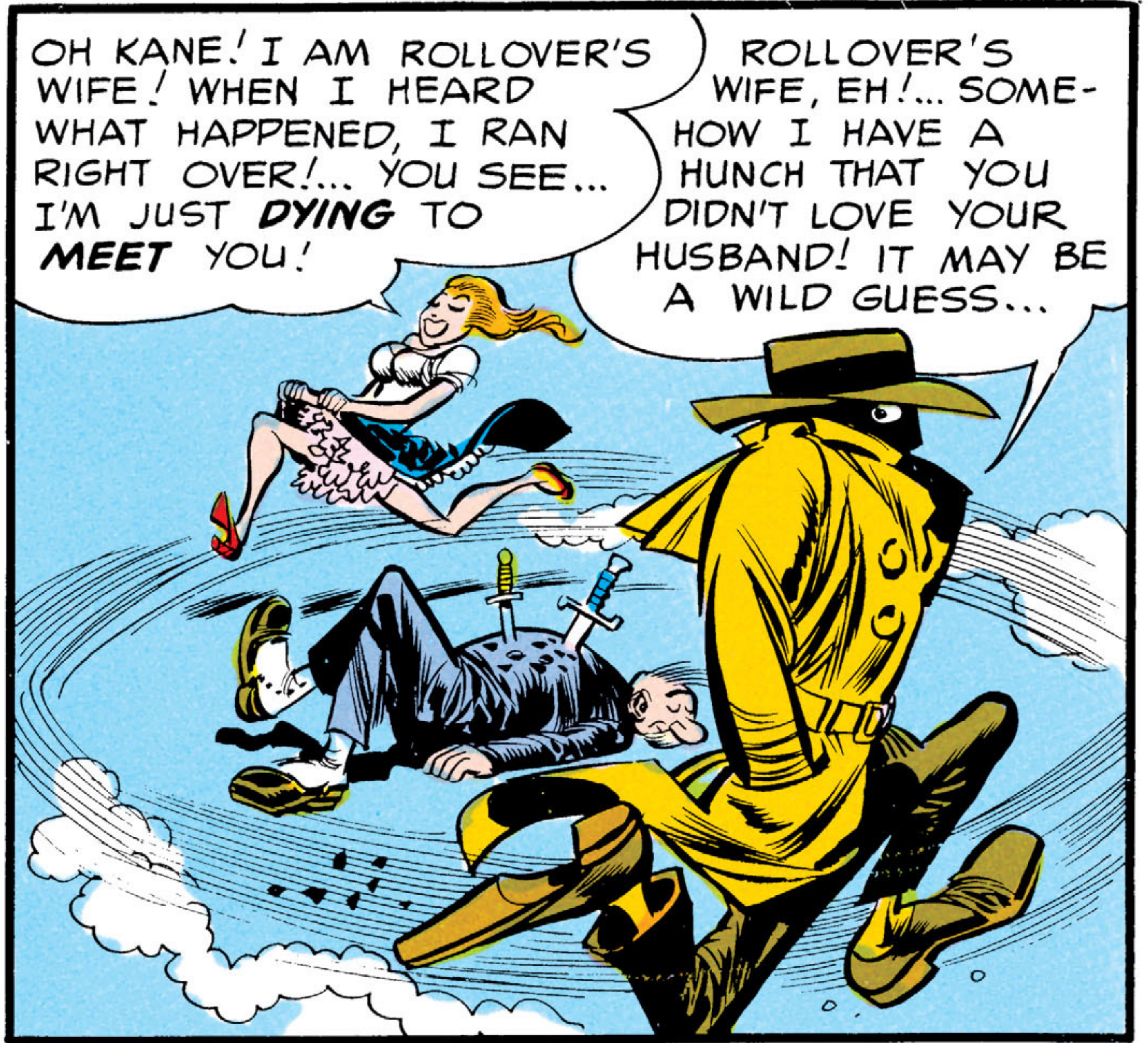
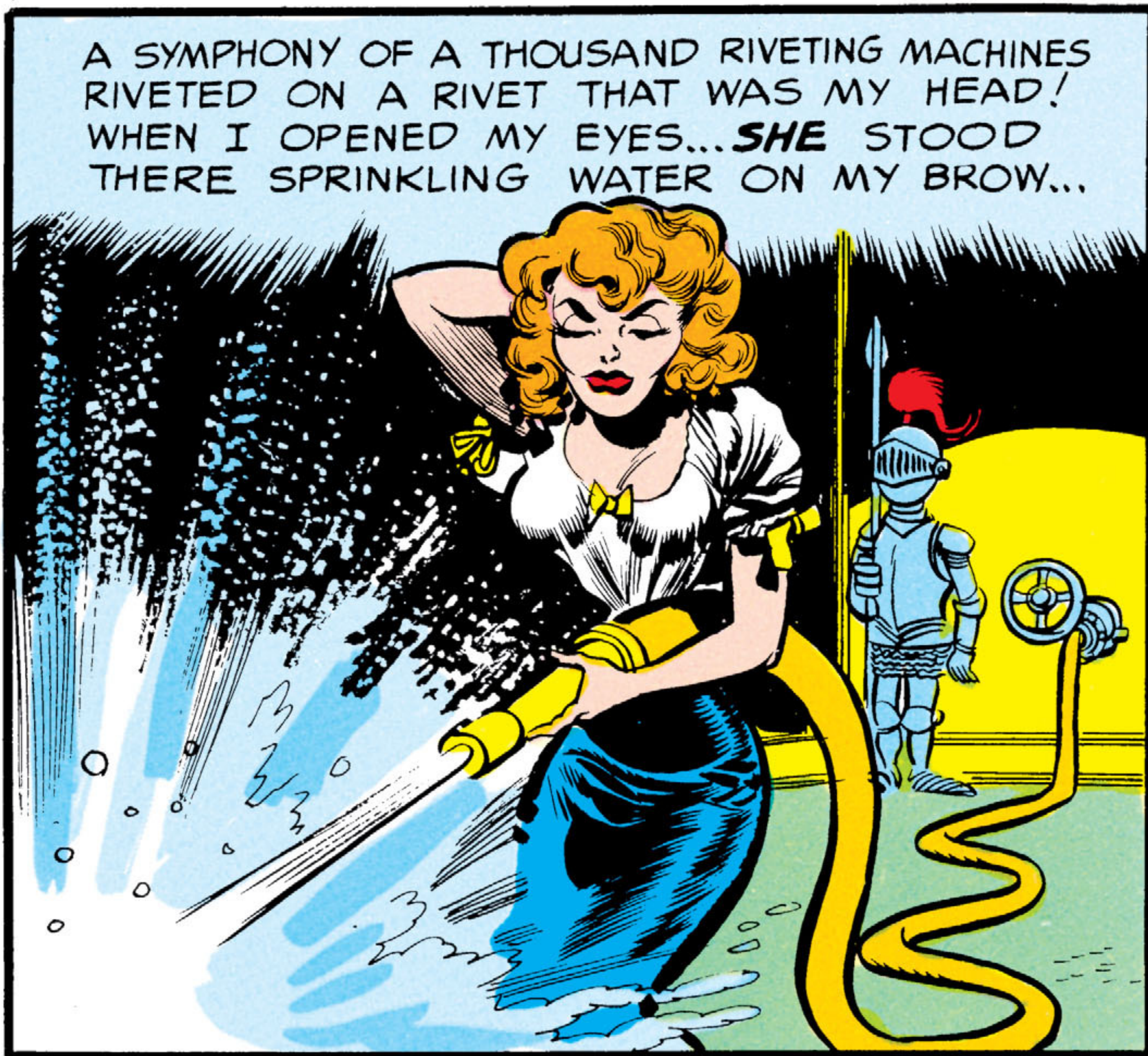
COME-A HYAR, SHLEP!



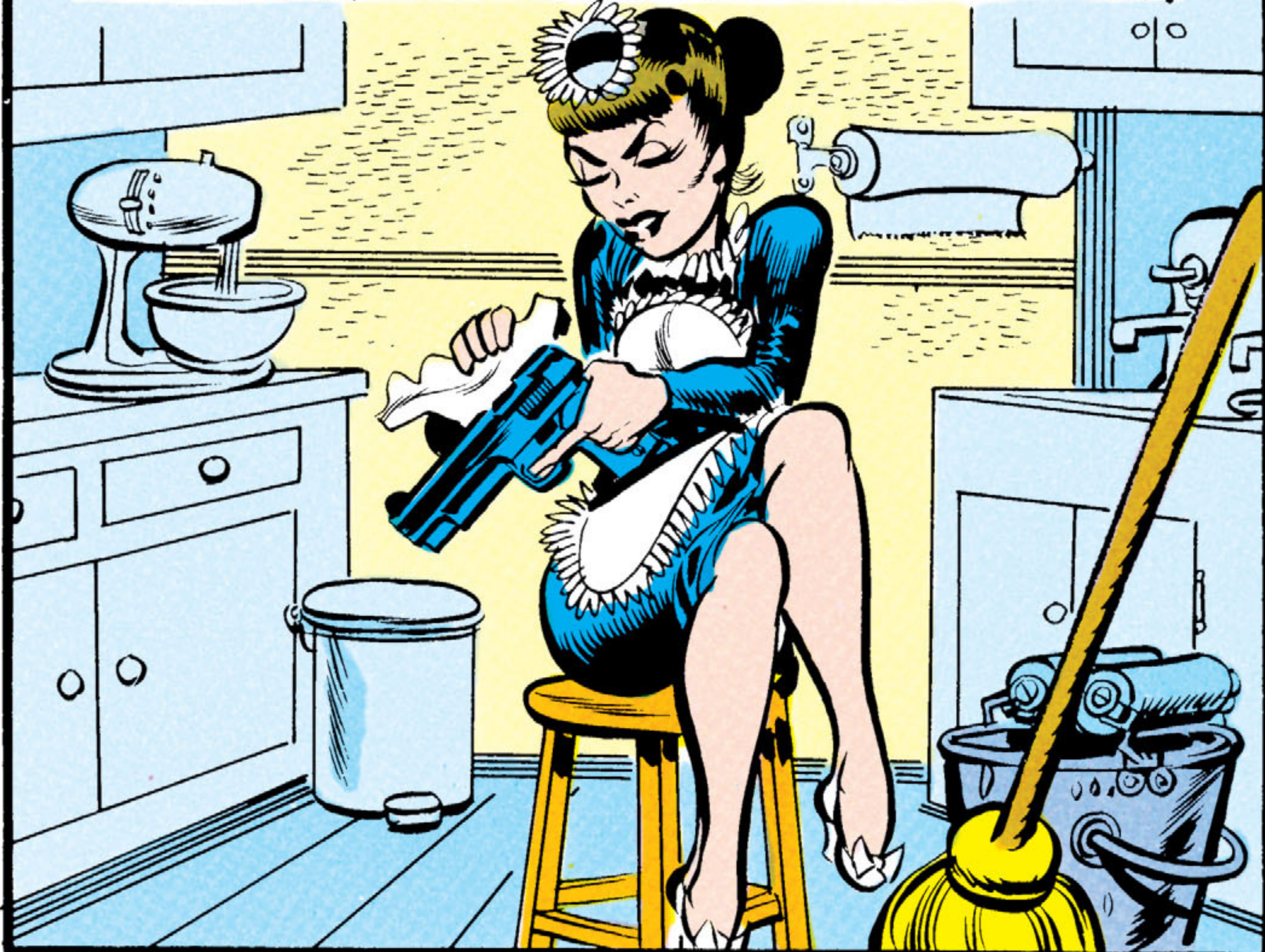
I'M WARNING YOU TO **KEEP OFF** OF THIS CASE!

CLONG

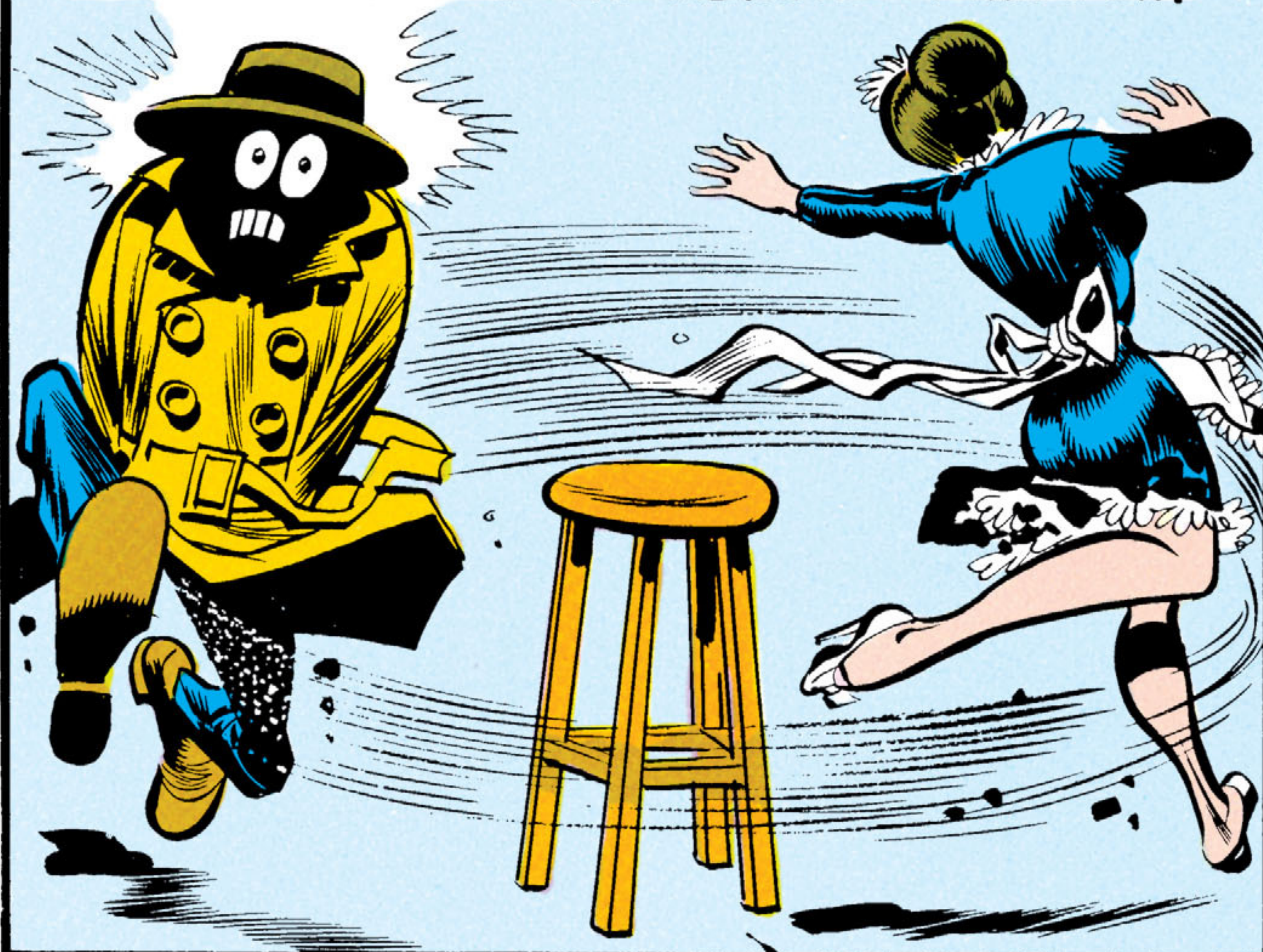
HOOP



I STROLLED THROUGH THE ROVER MANSION LOOKING FOR THE MURDER WEAPON! SUDDENLY ALL CONCENTRATION WAS BLASTED BY A SYMPHONY OF LIPSTICK, HIGH HEELS AND A PAIL OF SLOP!



IT WAS THE UPSTAIRS MAID DOWNSTAIRS CLEANING... CLEANING A COLT 45! I BACKED AWAY... THEN RAN... NOT FROM THIS BEAUTY! I RAN BECAUSE I HAD UNWITTINGLY BACKED INTO THE **MURDER WEAPON!**



DANG DANG DANG DANG



OOPS! YOU AGAIN!

HEY, SHLEP!

HEY, BWAH!

SHLEPPY!

SHAMUS! ARE YOU STILL ON THIS CASE!

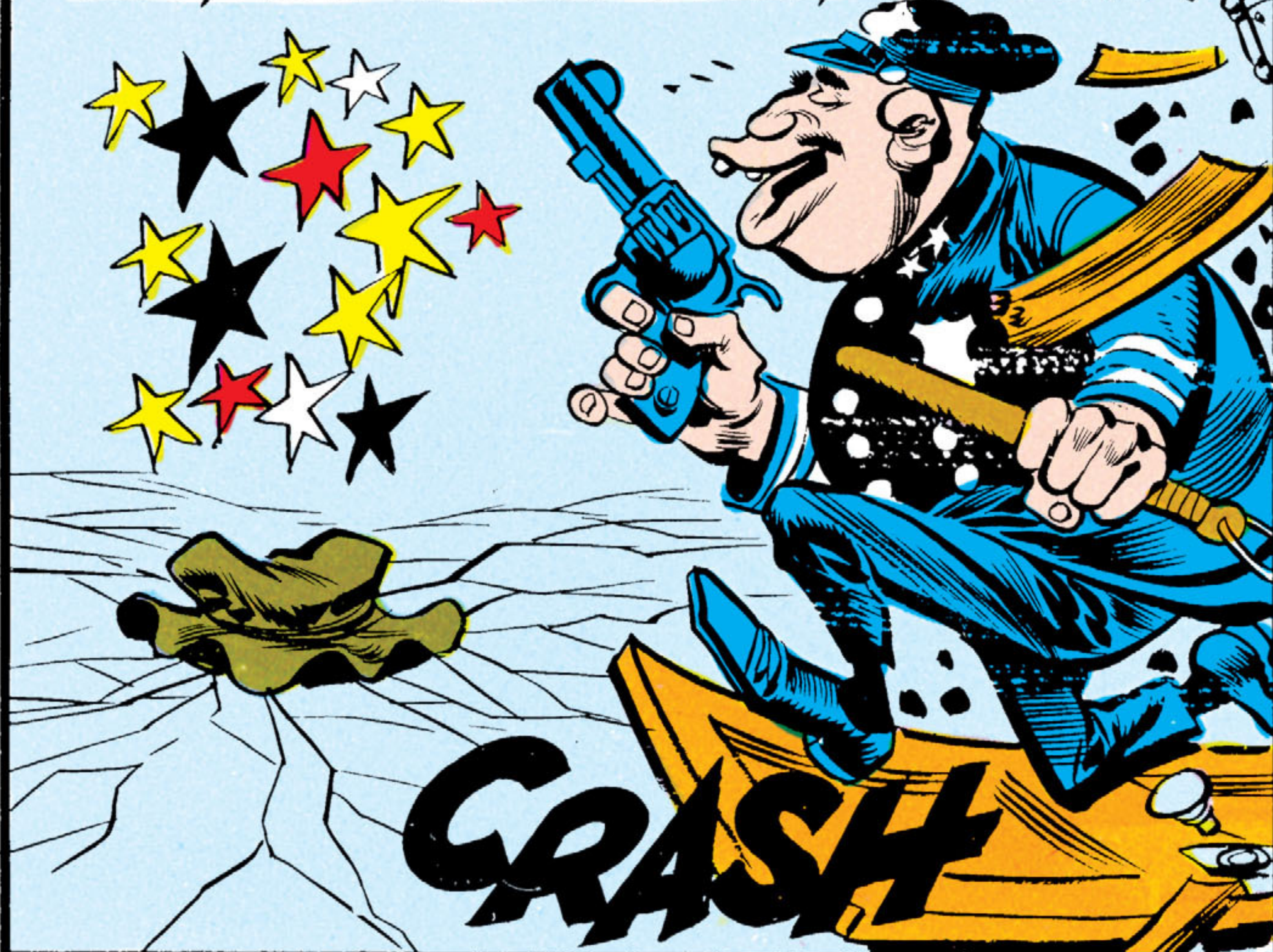


I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE SECOND TIME... **KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!**

WHO CASE? WHAT CASE? WHERE...

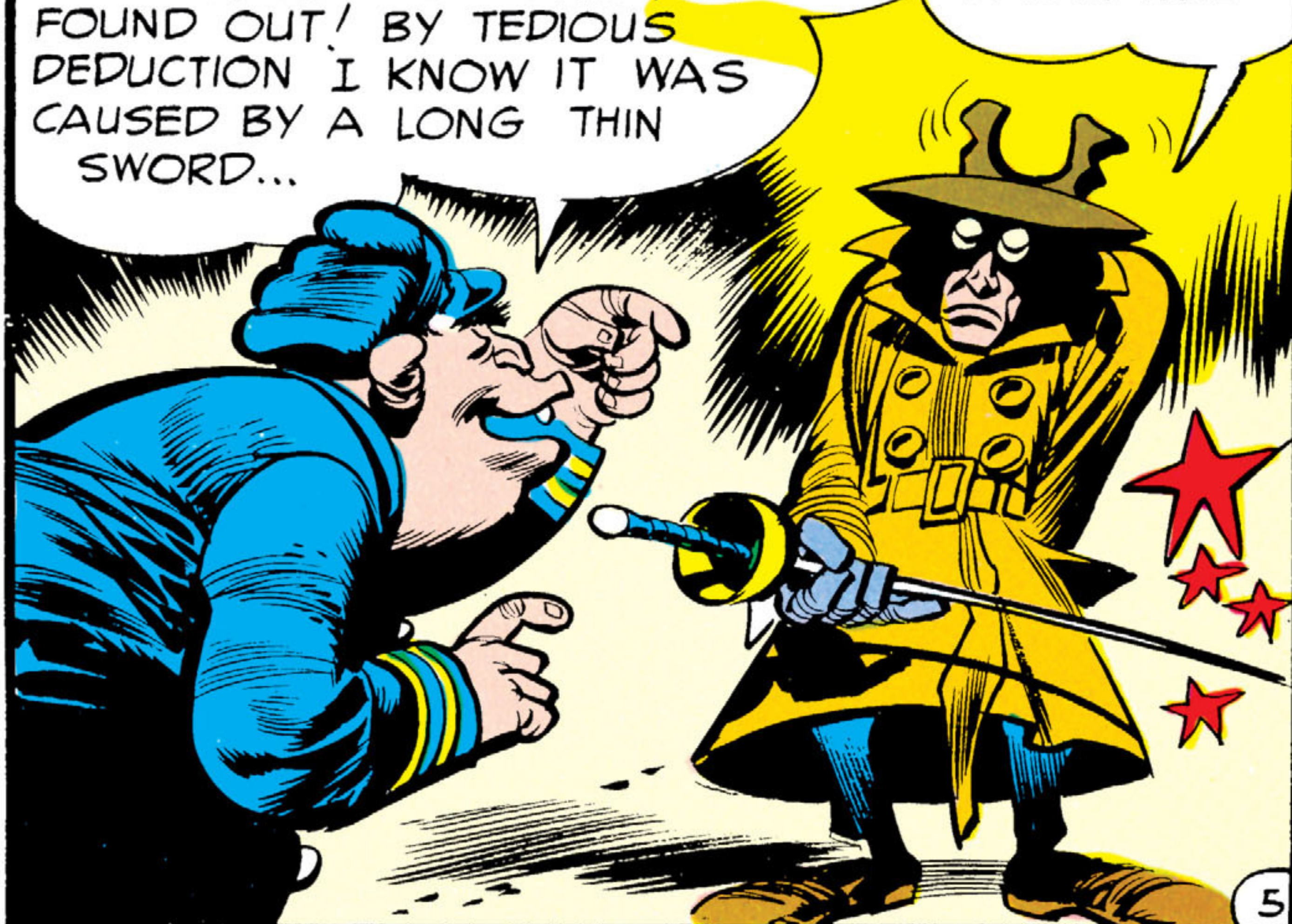


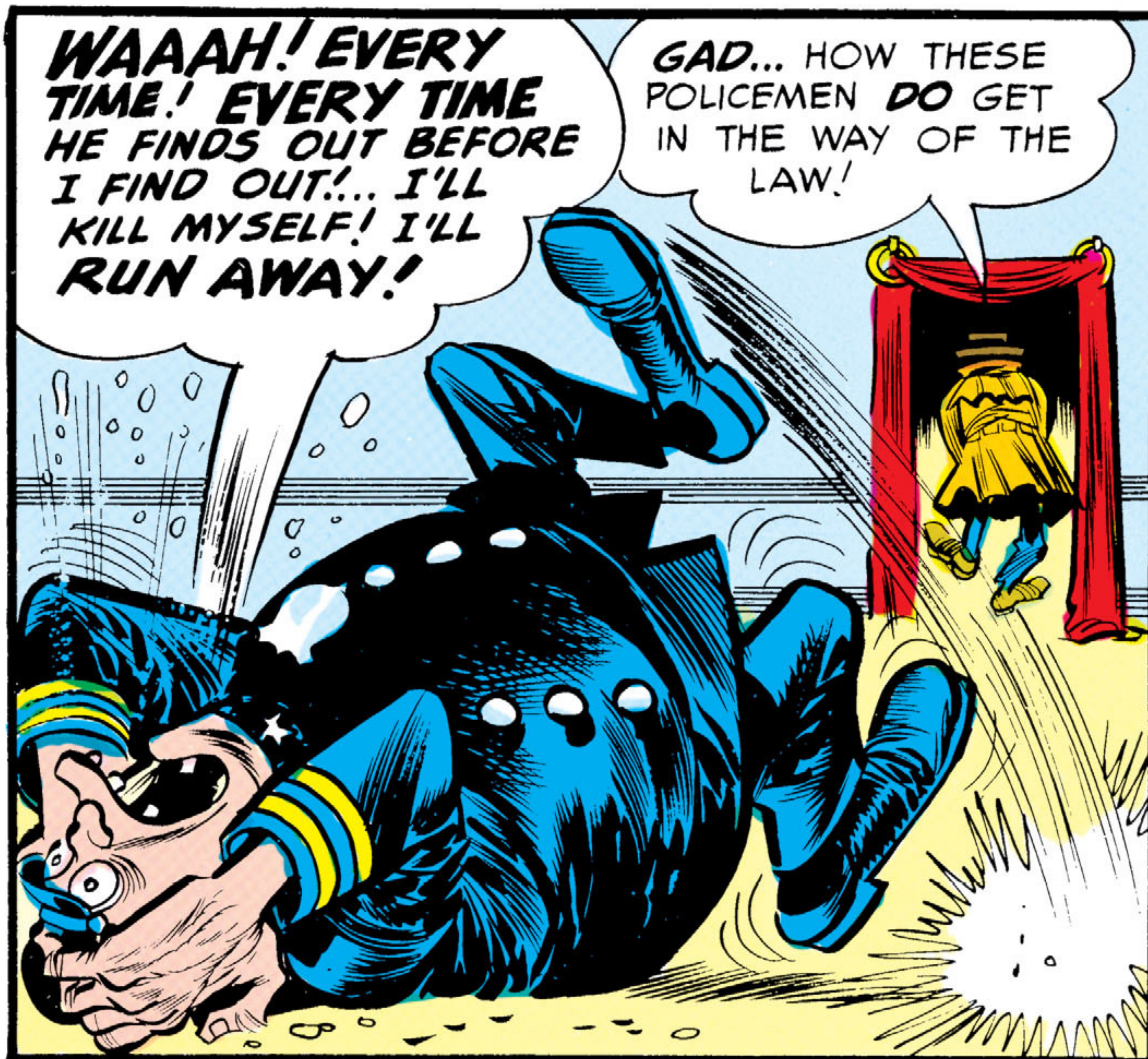
A THOUSAND HAMMERS PLAYED A SYMPHONY BY SPIKE JONES IN MY BRAIN! I BREATHED A PRAYER THAT NONE OF THE CRACKS IN MY HEAD, FROM PREVIOUS CAPERS, HAD OPENED!



HAH! KANE KEEN! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU YOU'RE NOT SO SMART! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU I FOUND OUT WHAT THE MURDER WEAPON WAS BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT! BY TEDIOUS DEDUCTION I KNOW IT WAS CAUSED BY A LONG THIN SWORD...

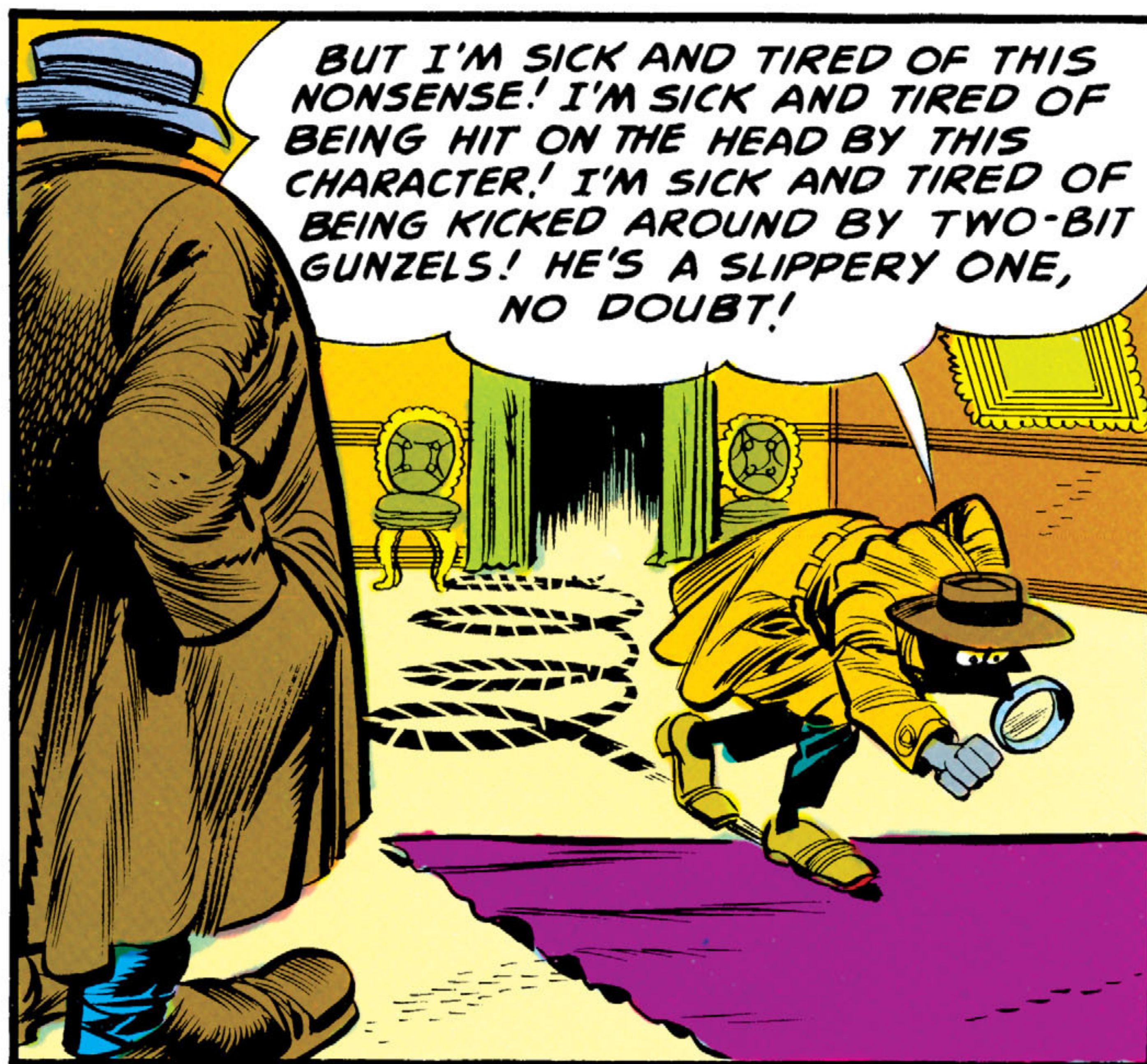
YOU MEAN AN ÉPÉE... A DUELING SWORD LIKE... **THIS?**



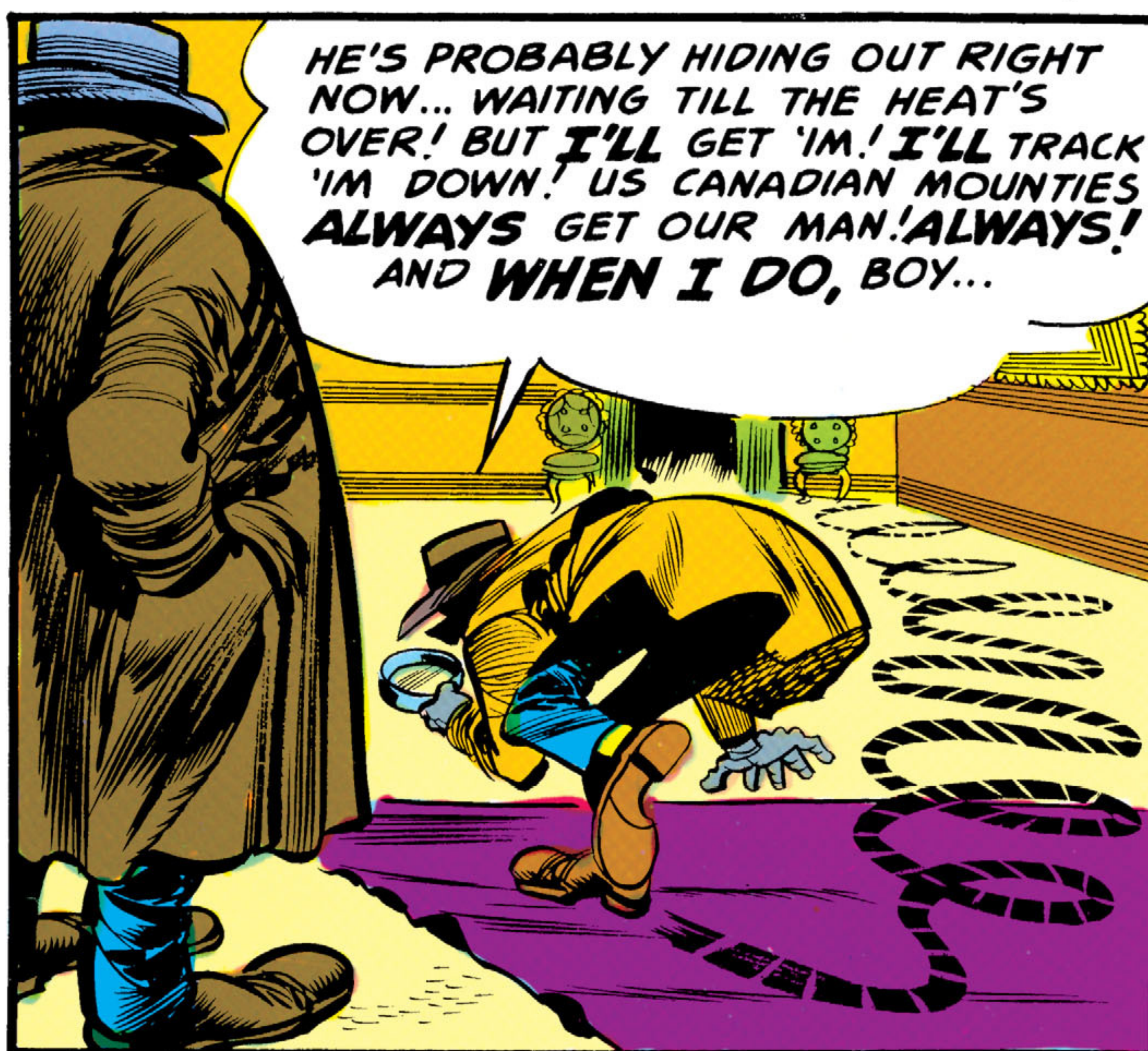


WAAAH! EVERY TIME! EVERY TIME HE FINDS OUT BEFORE I FIND OUT!... I'LL KILL MYSELF! I'LL RUN AWAY!

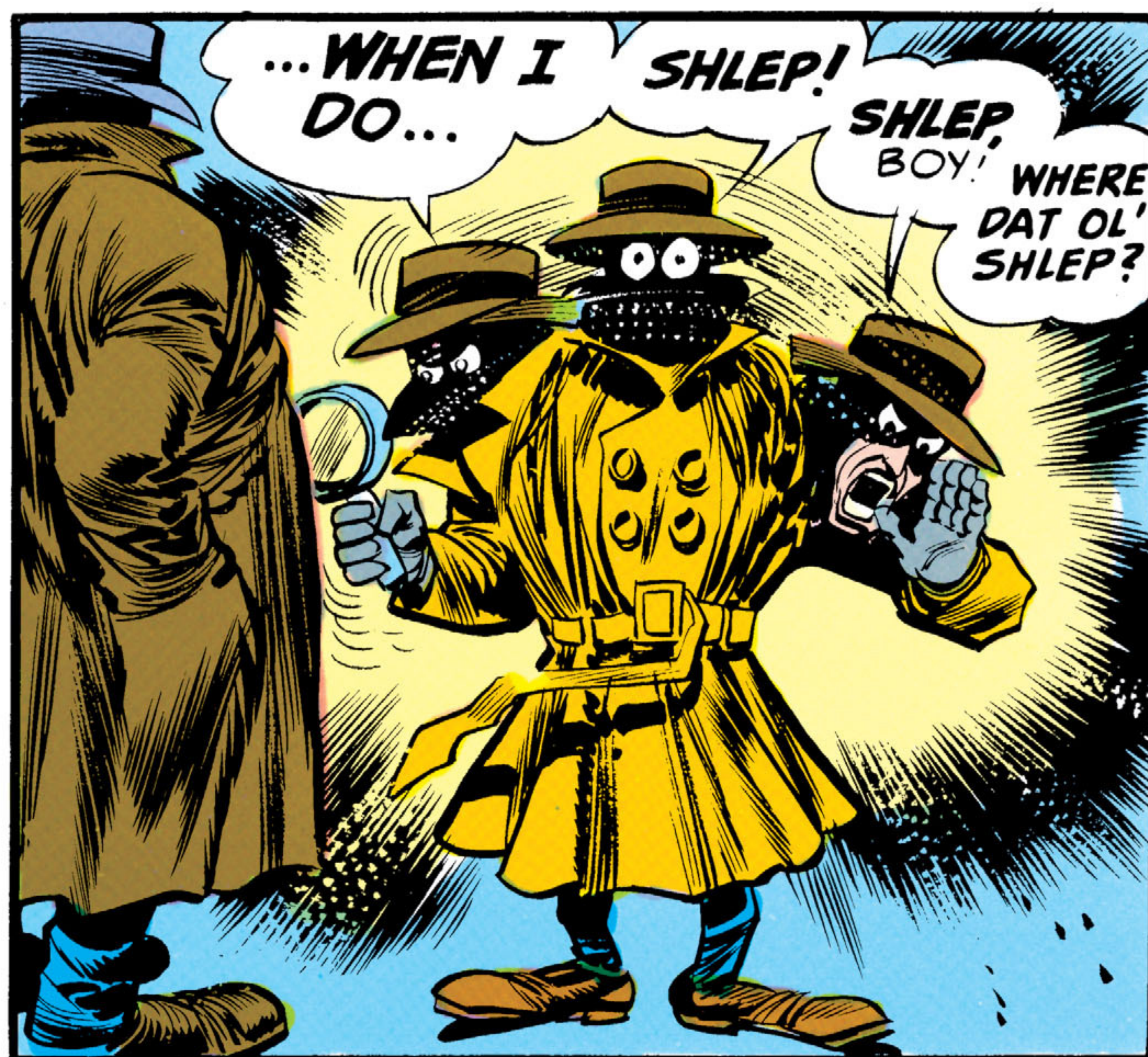
GAD... HOW THESE POLICEMEN **DO** GET IN THE WAY OF THE LAW!



BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS NONSENSE! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING HIT ON THE HEAD BY THIS CHARACTER! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING KICKED AROUND BY TWO-BIT GUNZELS! HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE, NO DOUBT!



HE'S PROBABLY HIDING OUT RIGHT NOW... WAITING TILL THE HEAT'S OVER! BUT **I'LL** GET 'IM! **I'LL** TRACK 'IM DOWN! US CANADIAN MOUNTIES **ALWAYS** GET OUR MAN! **ALWAYS!** AND **WHEN I DO**, BOY...

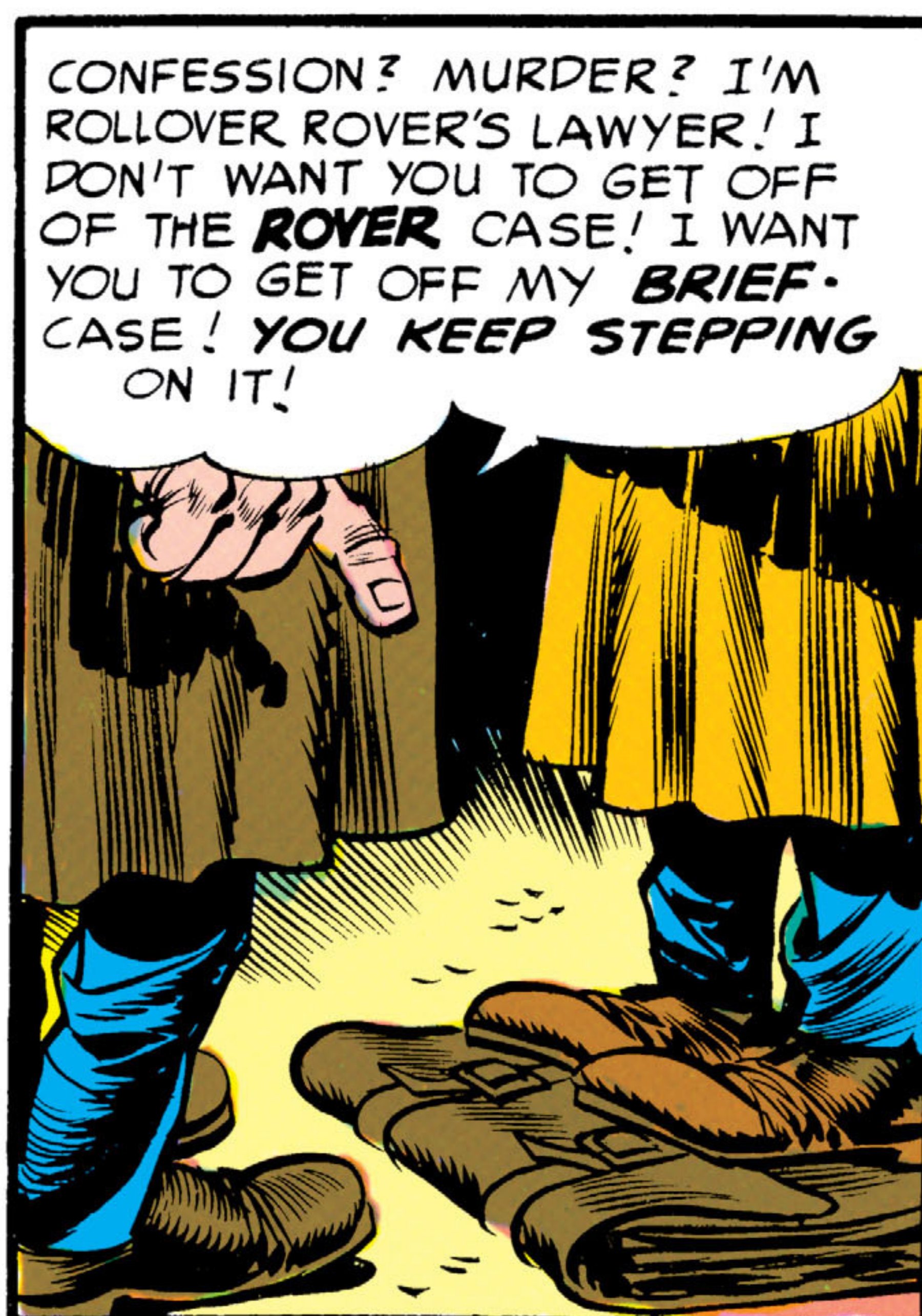


...WHEN I DO... SHLEP!

SHLEP, BOY! WHERE DAT OL' SHLEP?



HA! SNAP ON THE HANDCUFFS BOYS! WE GOT 'IM WHERE WE WANT 'IM! TYPE UP A CONFESSION! HE'LL SIGN IT! HE'S THE MURDERER! HE WANTED ME TO GET OFF THE ROVER CASE!



CONFESSION? MURDER? I'M ROLLOVER ROVER'S LAWYER! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET OFF OF THE **ROVER** CASE! I WANT YOU TO GET OFF MY **BRIEF-CASE!** YOU KEEP STEPPING ON IT!

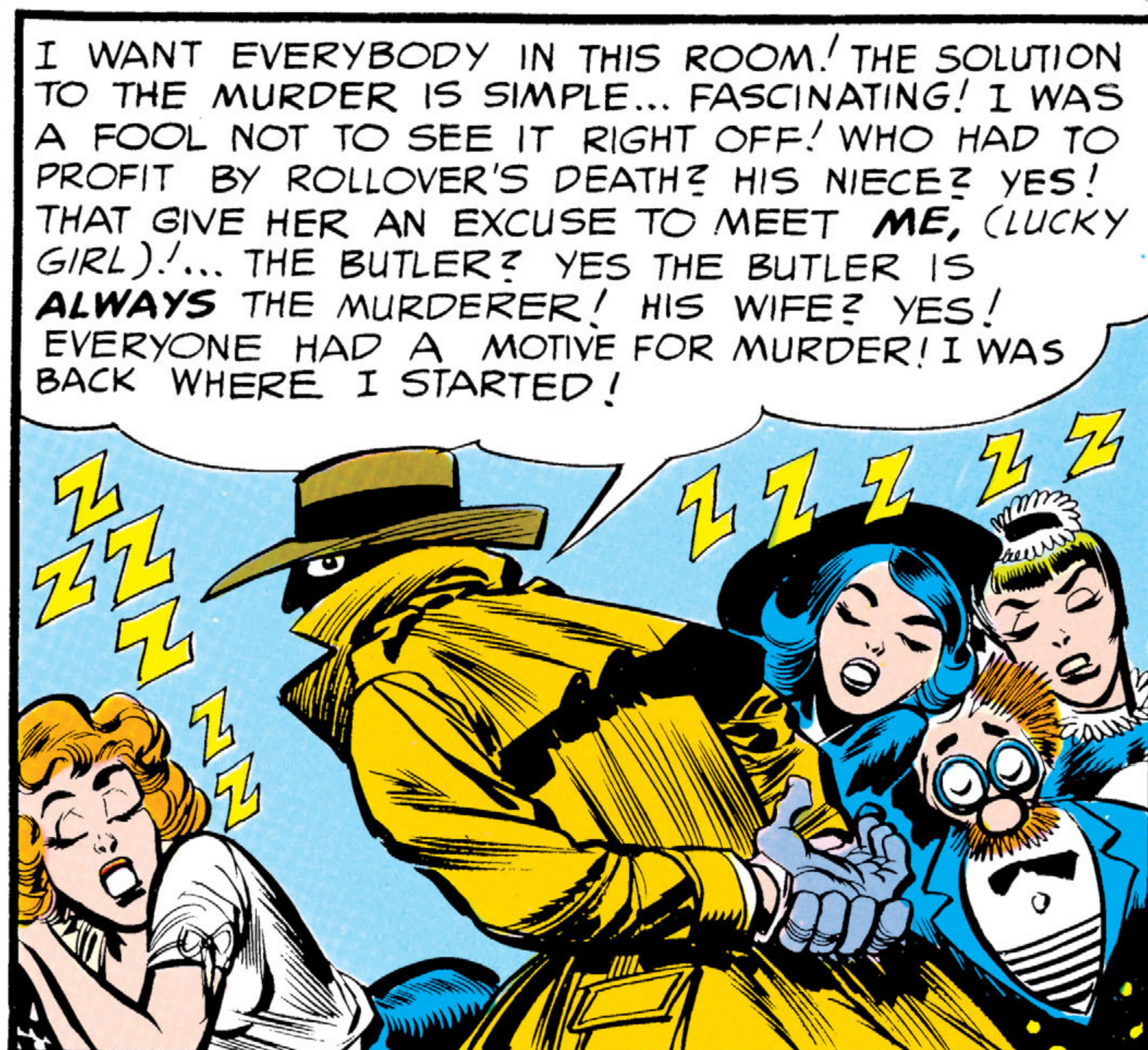


ONCE AND FOR ALL... GET OFF OF THE CASE!



HA! SUDDENLY
MY MIND IS
CLEAR AS A
BELL!

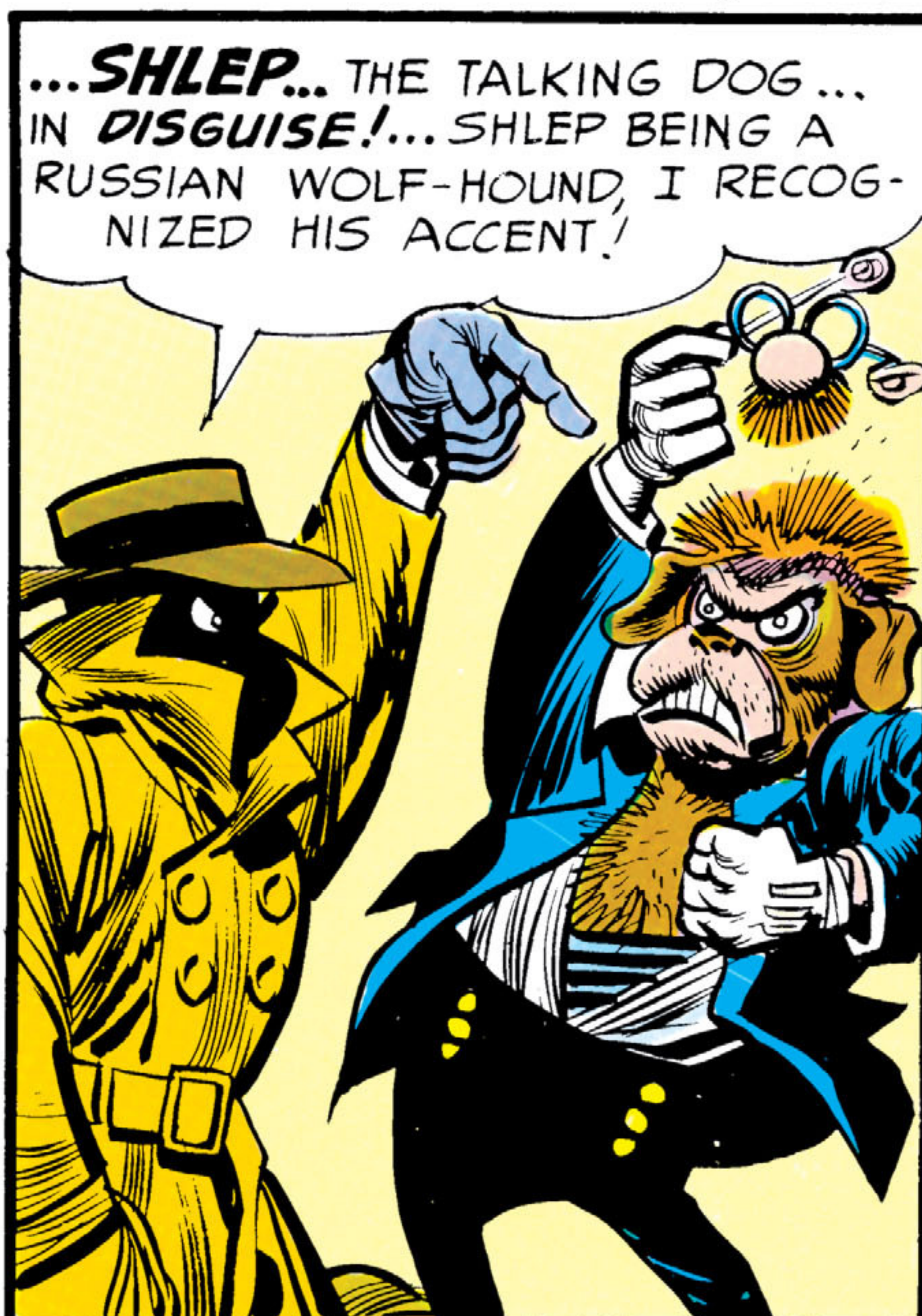
THE SOLUTION
HAS SUDDENLY
STRUCK ME!



I WANT EVERYBODY IN THIS ROOM! THE SOLUTION
TO THE MURDER IS SIMPLE... FASCINATING! I WAS
A FOOL NOT TO SEE IT RIGHT OFF! WHO HAD TO
PROFIT BY ROLLOVER'S DEATH? HIS NIECE? YES!
THAT GIVE HER AN EXCUSE TO MEET **ME**, (LUCKY
GIRL)!... THE BUTLER? YES THE BUTLER IS
ALWAYS THE MURDERER! HIS WIFE? YES!
EVERYONE HAD A MOTIVE FOR MURDER! I WAS
BACK WHERE I STARTED!



SO I TOSSED A COIN AND IT
SHOWED THE MURDERER **WAS**
THE BUTLER... WHO IS IN
REALITY...



...**SHLEP**... THE TALKING DOG ...
IN **DISGUISE**!... **SHLEP** BEING A
RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND, I RECOG-
NIZED HIS ACCENT!



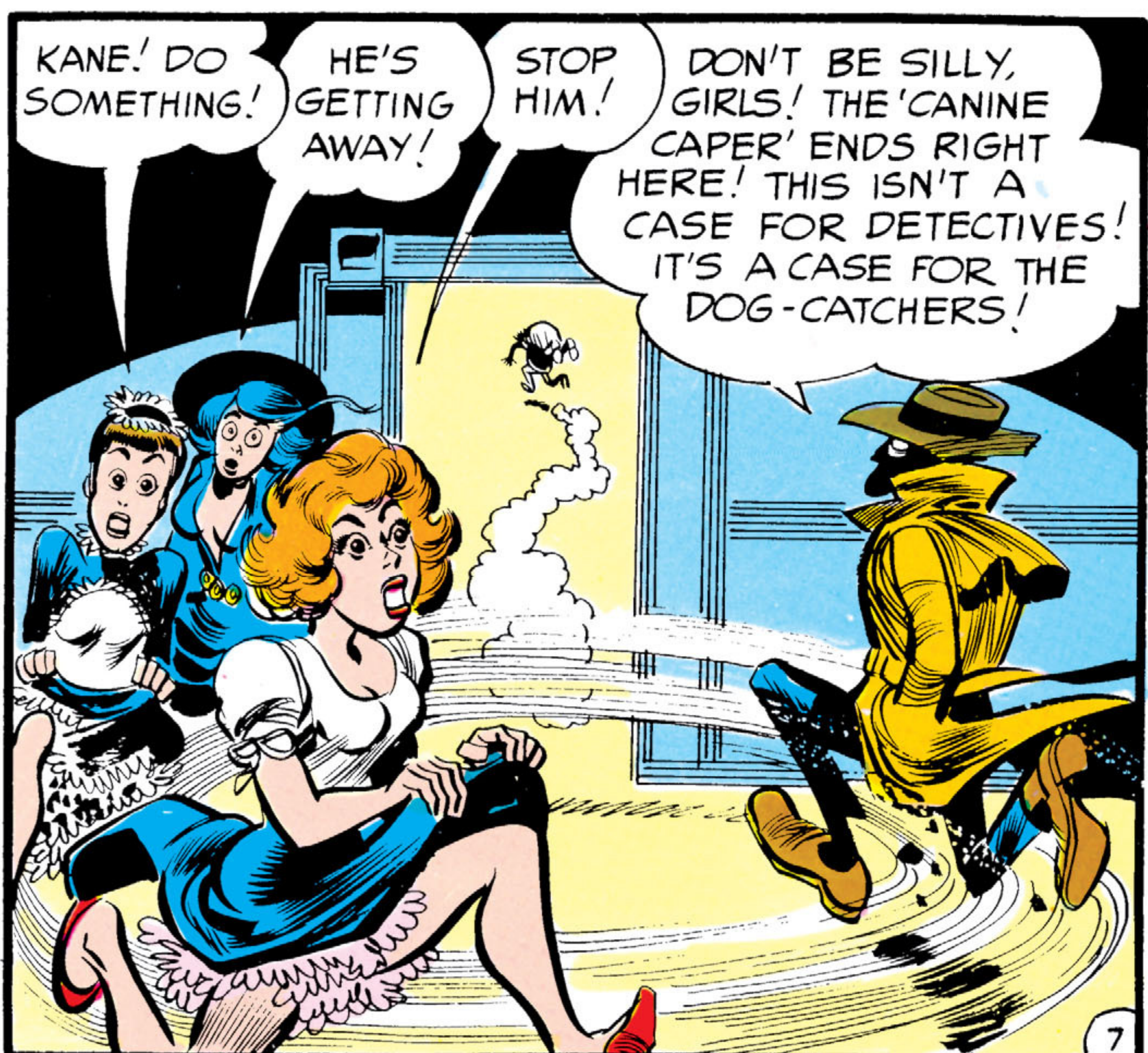
HEY, KANE!
THERE YOU ARE!
I BET **I** FIGGERED
OUT SUMP'N **YOU**
DIDN'T!

I FIGURE
THE **BUTLER**
DID IT!

CRASH



AWRIGHT, EVERYONE! DON'T MAKE A
MOVE OR I'LL BITE THIS COP! I'M
GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AND NO ONE'S
GONNA STOP ME! AND FURTHERMORE...
RROWF... ARF... AND BARK!



KANE! DO
SOMETHING!

HE'S
GETTING
AWAY!

STOP
HIM!

DON'T BE SILLY,
GIRLS! THE 'CANINE
CAPER' ENDS RIGHT
HERE! THIS ISN'T A
CASE FOR DETECTIVES!
IT'S A CASE FOR THE
DOG-CATCHERS!