

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



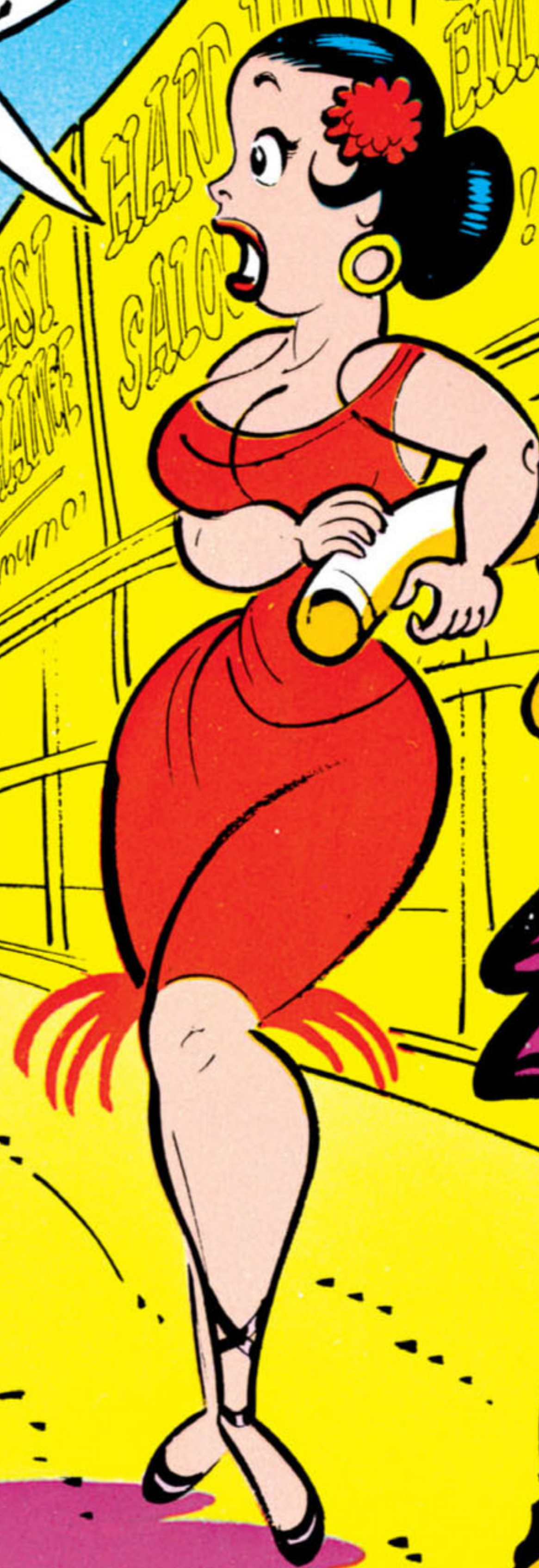
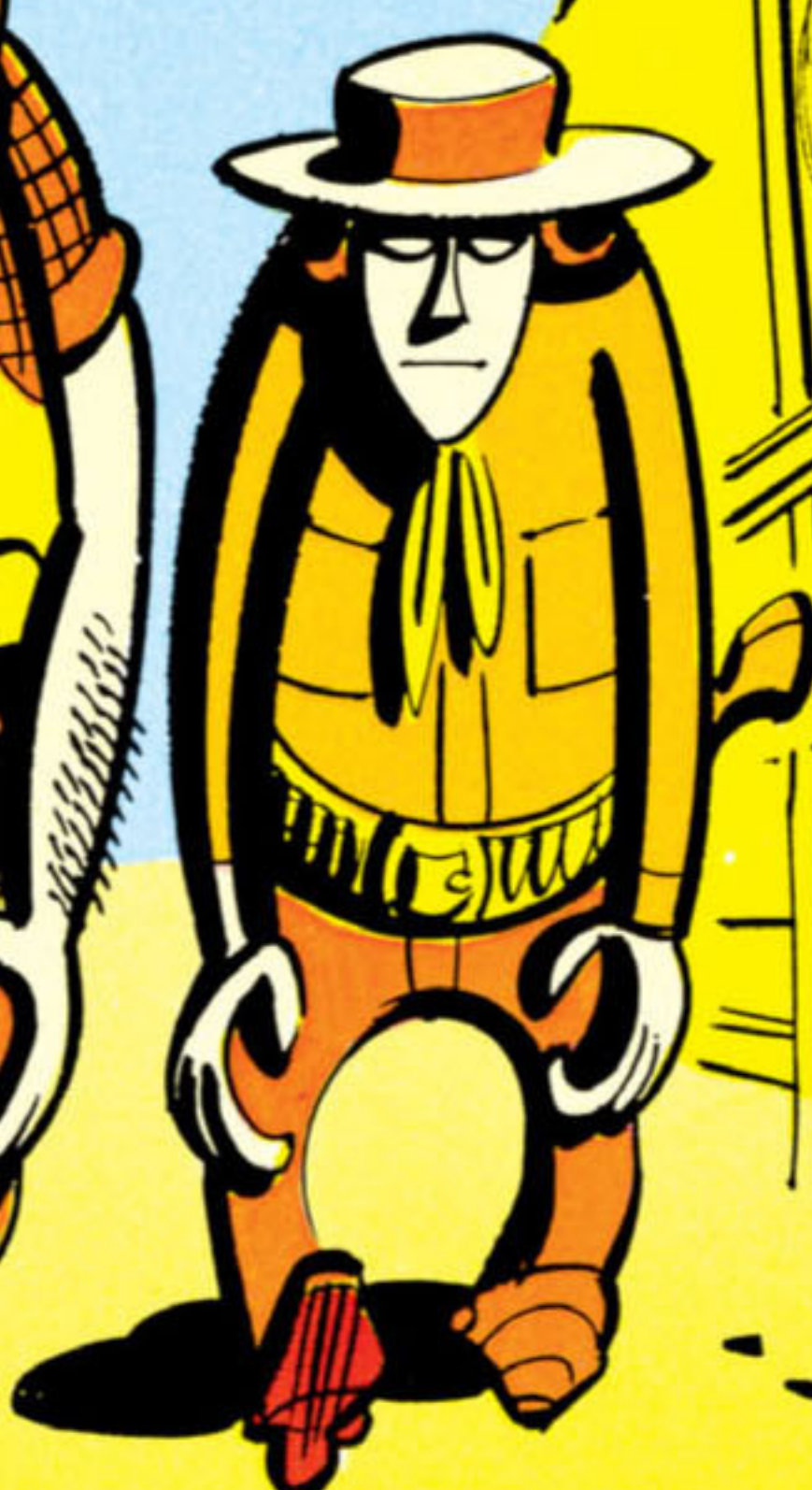
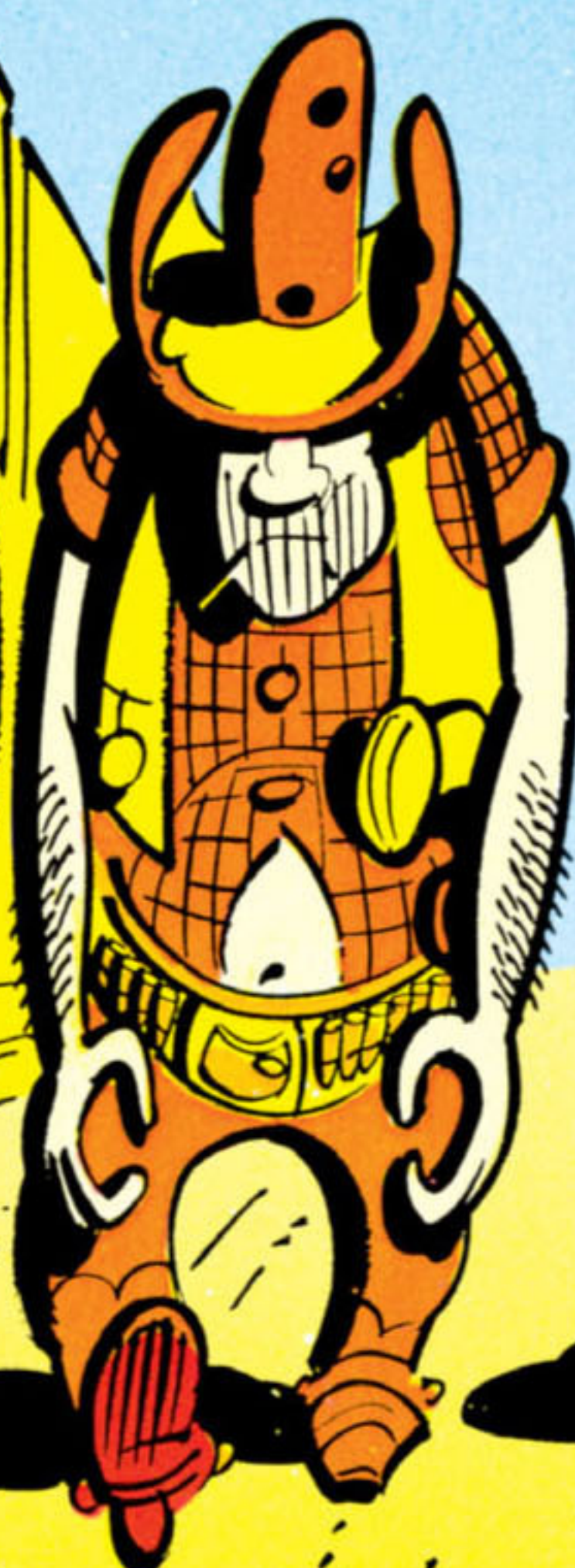
No. 9  
MARCH



10¢

# MAD

THE BAD ONES ARE  
COMING, MARSHAL.... BUT  
AS LONG AS I HOLD YOU, I AM  
NOT AFRAID, FOR I KNOW  
YOU ARE NOT AFRAID!



H. Kurtz





## SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH **25¢**. IF *FIVE OR MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH **25¢** FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY...* BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

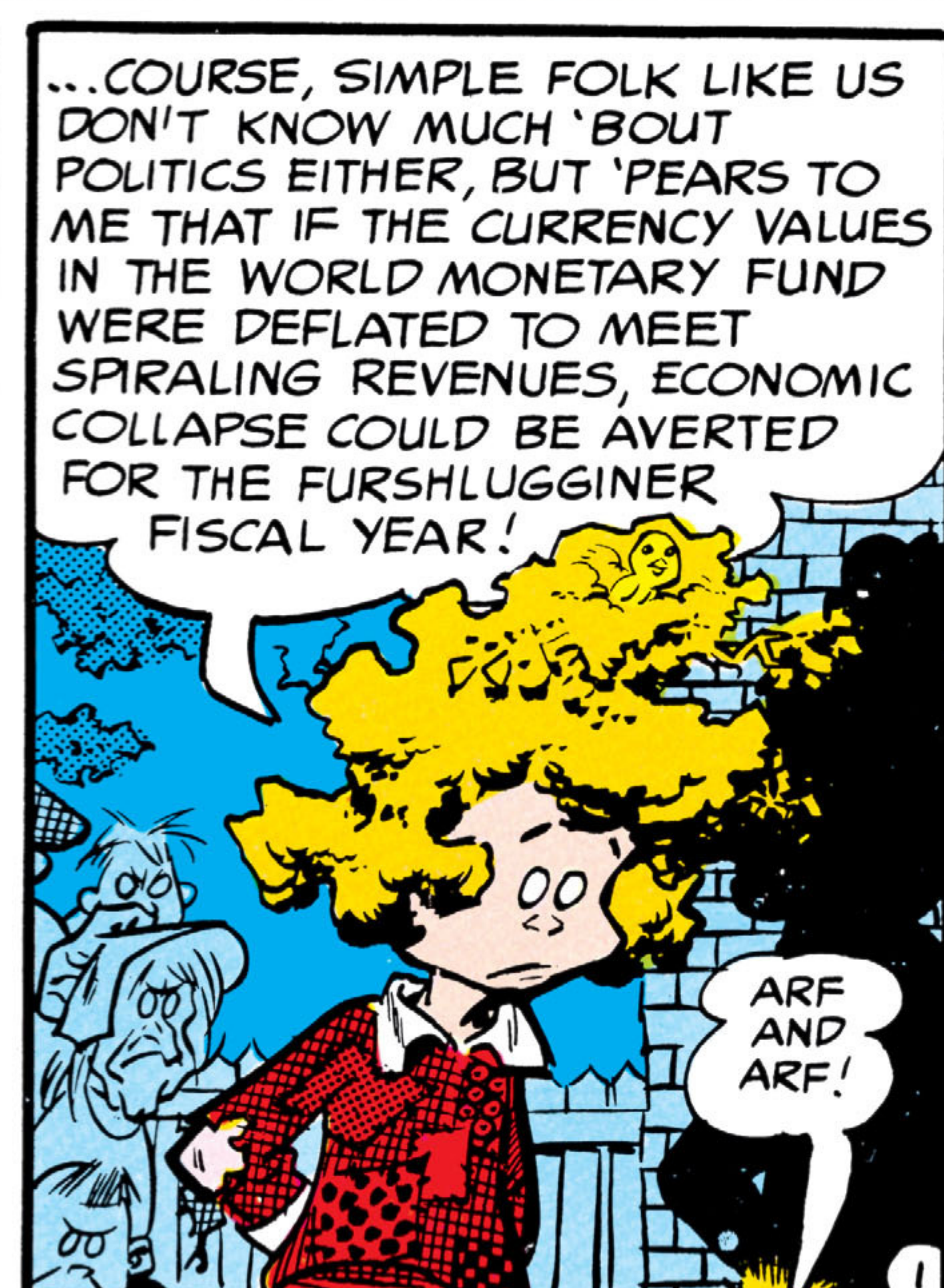
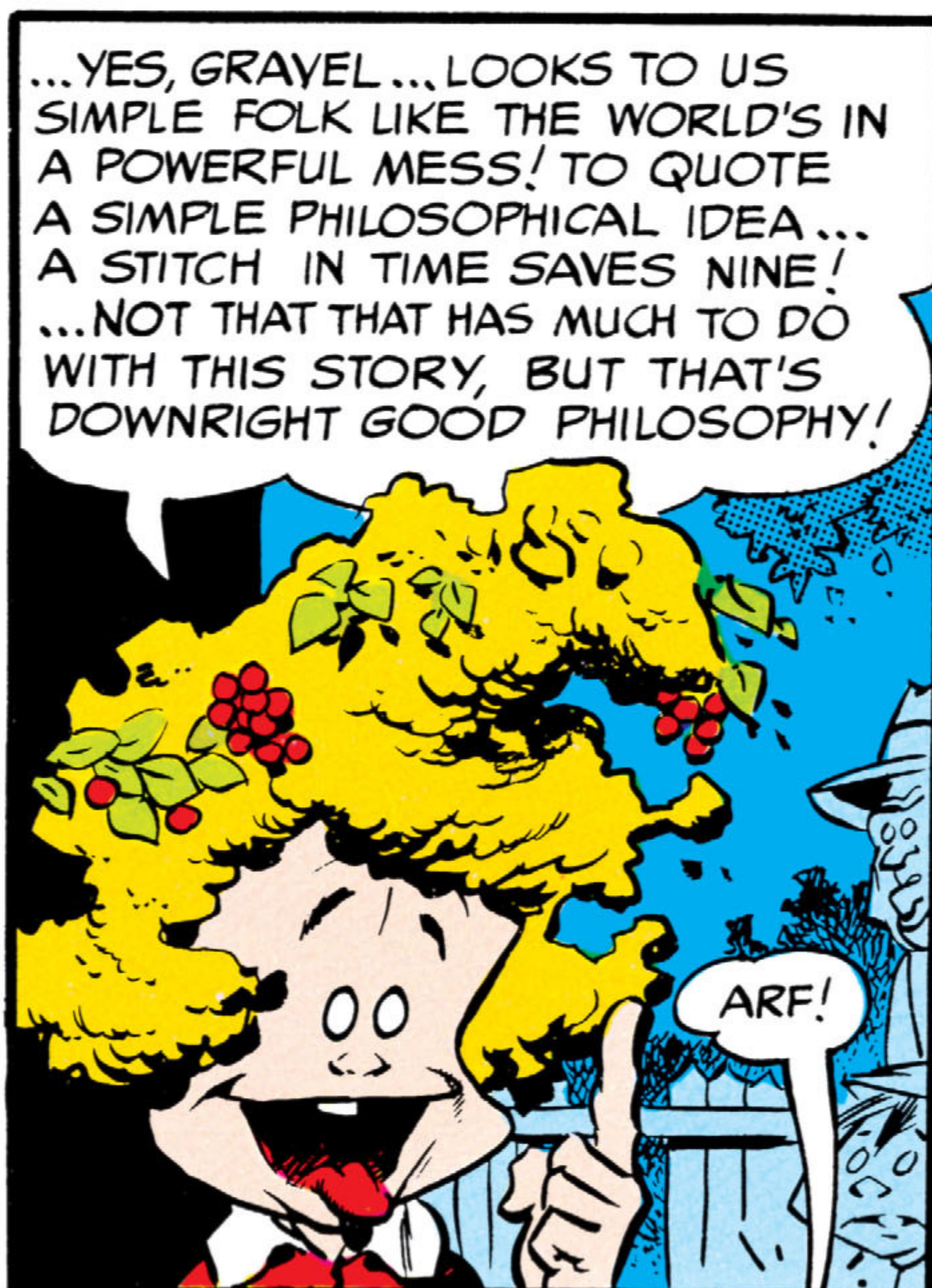
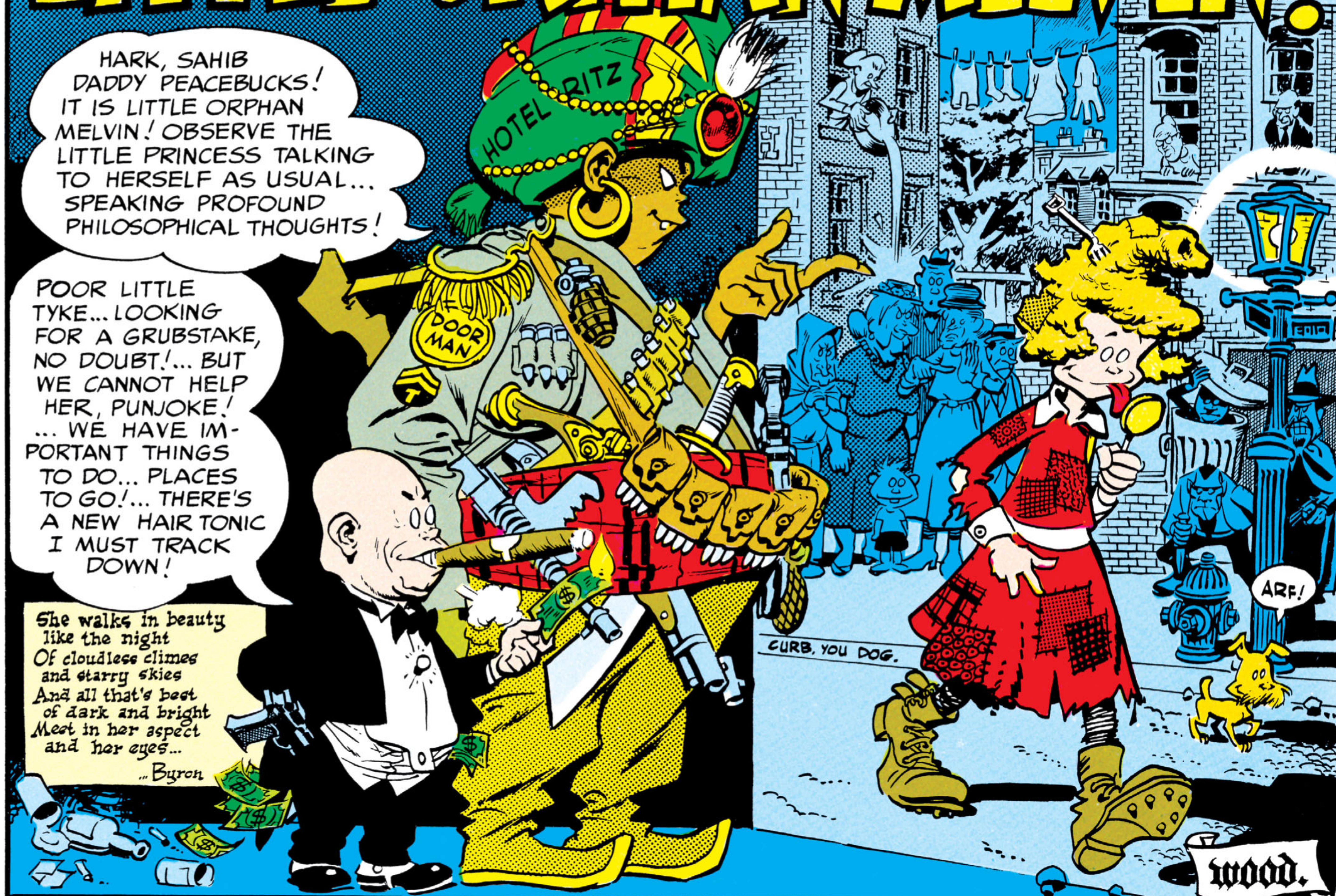
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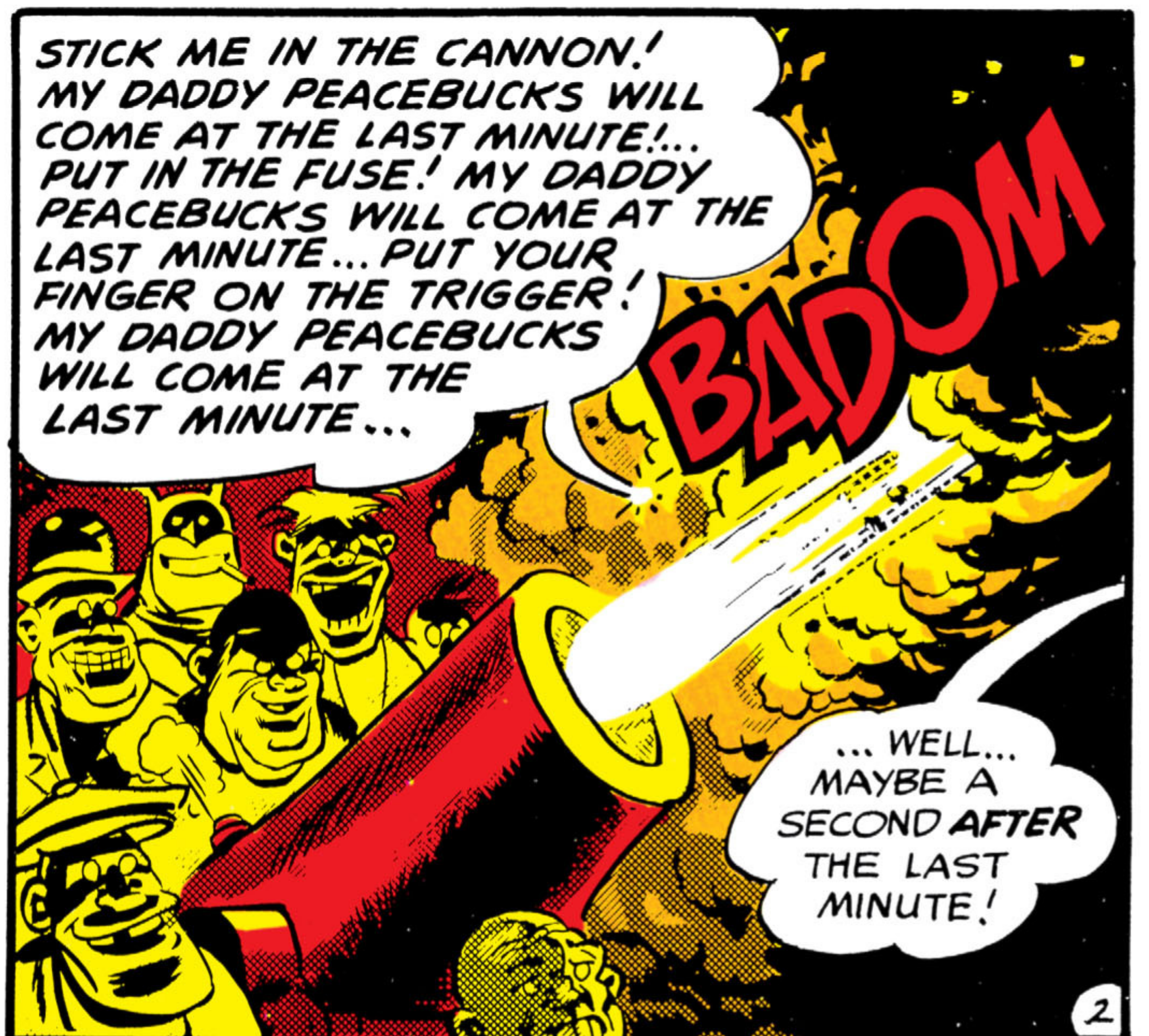
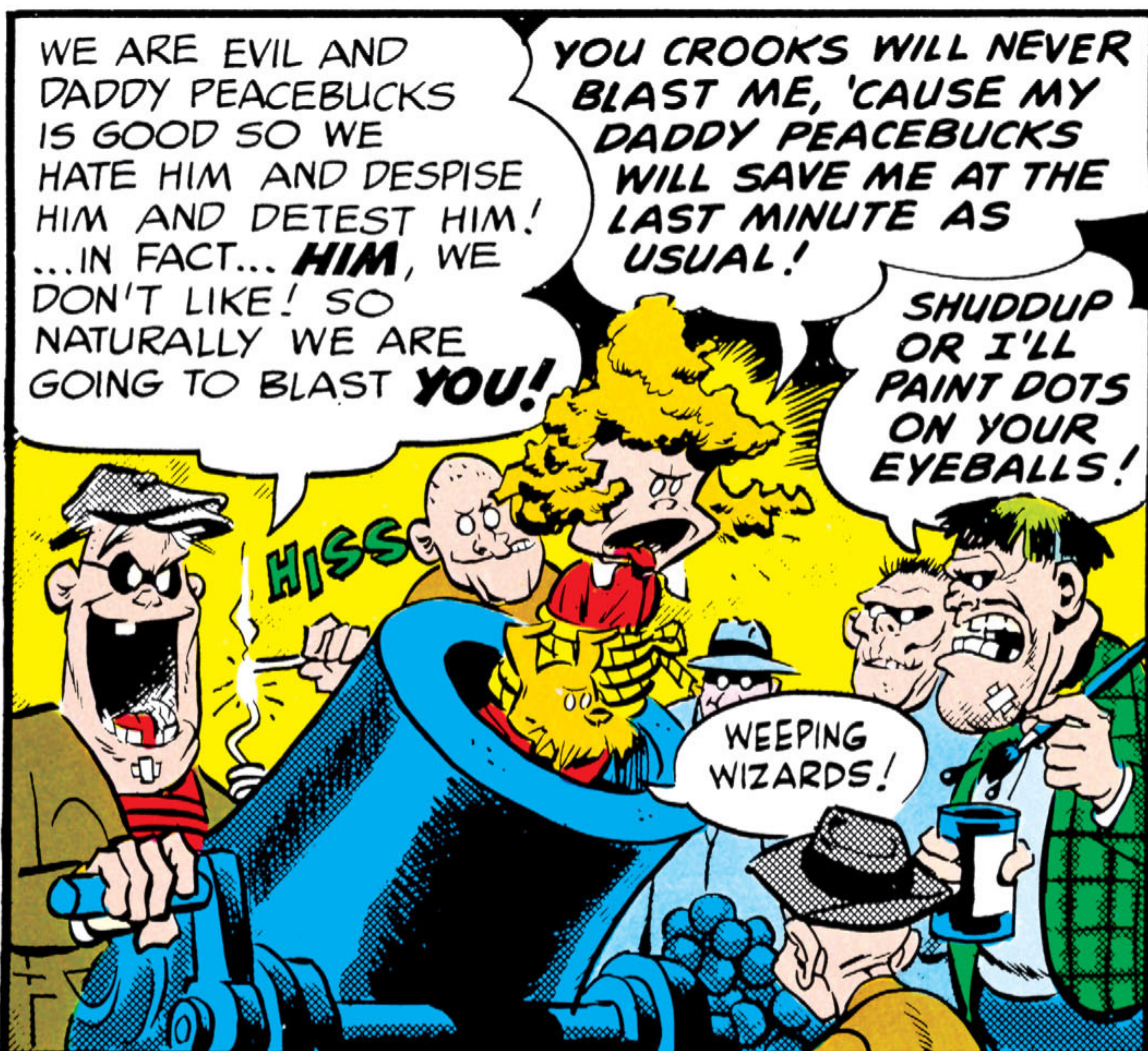
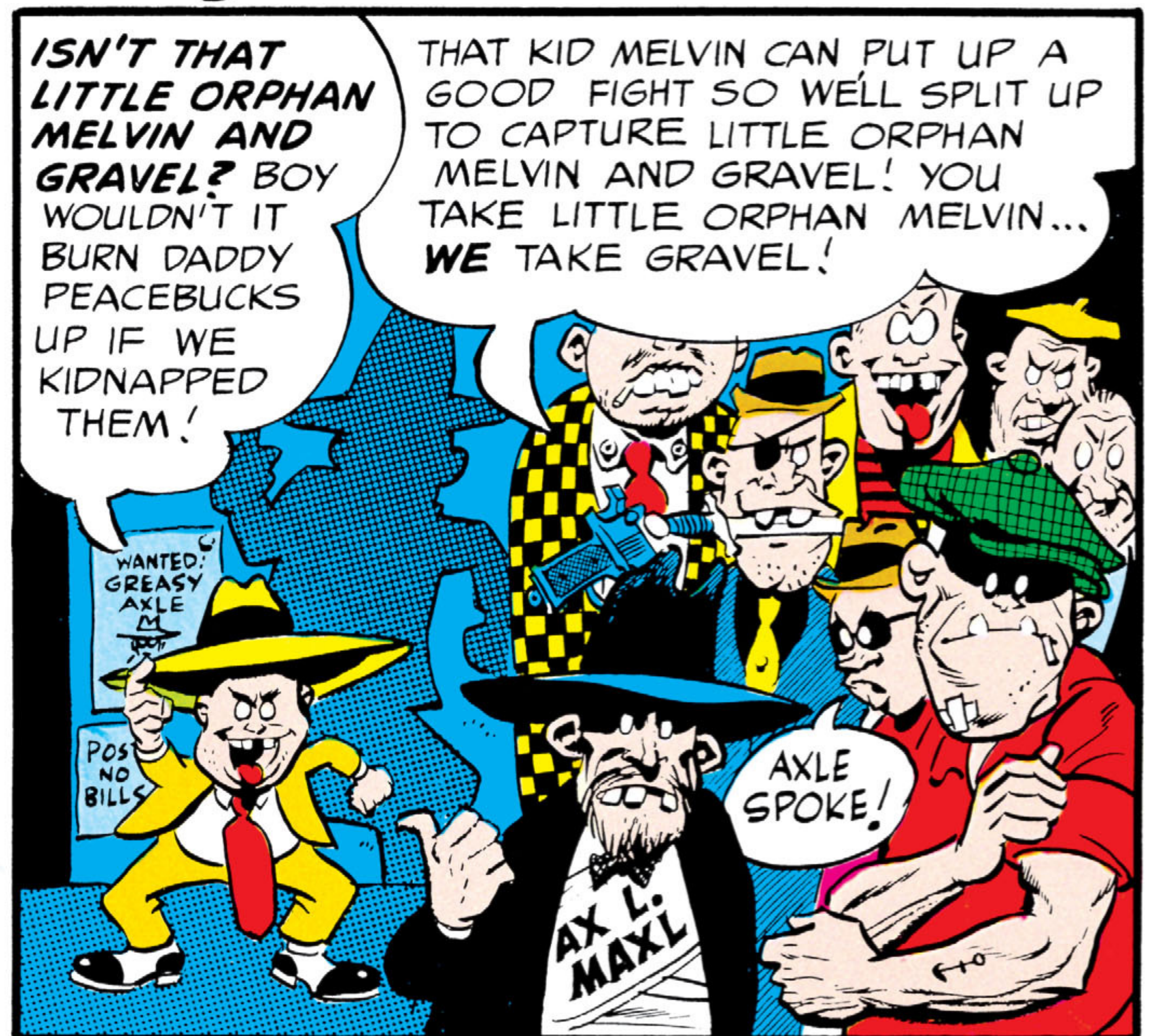
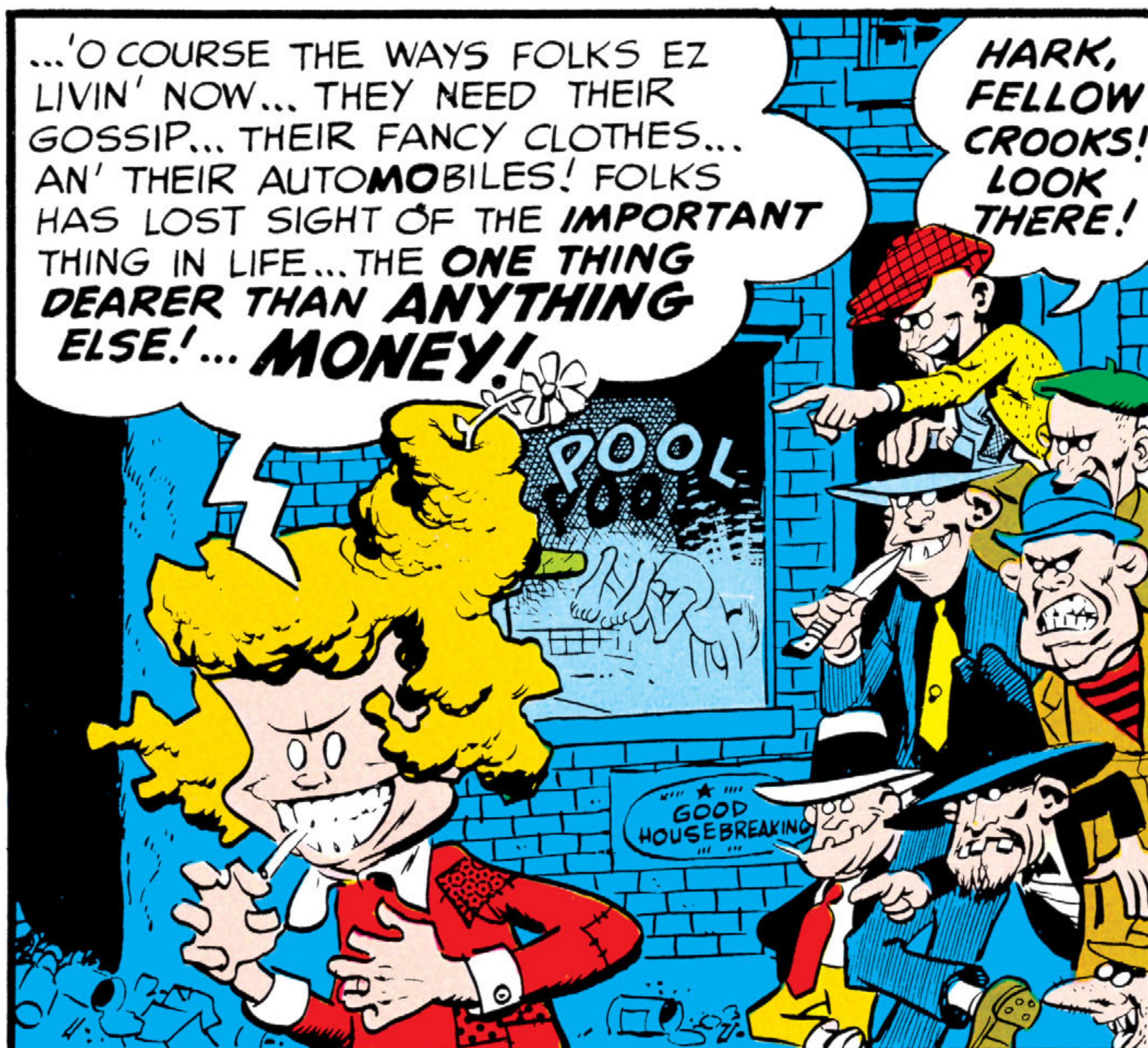
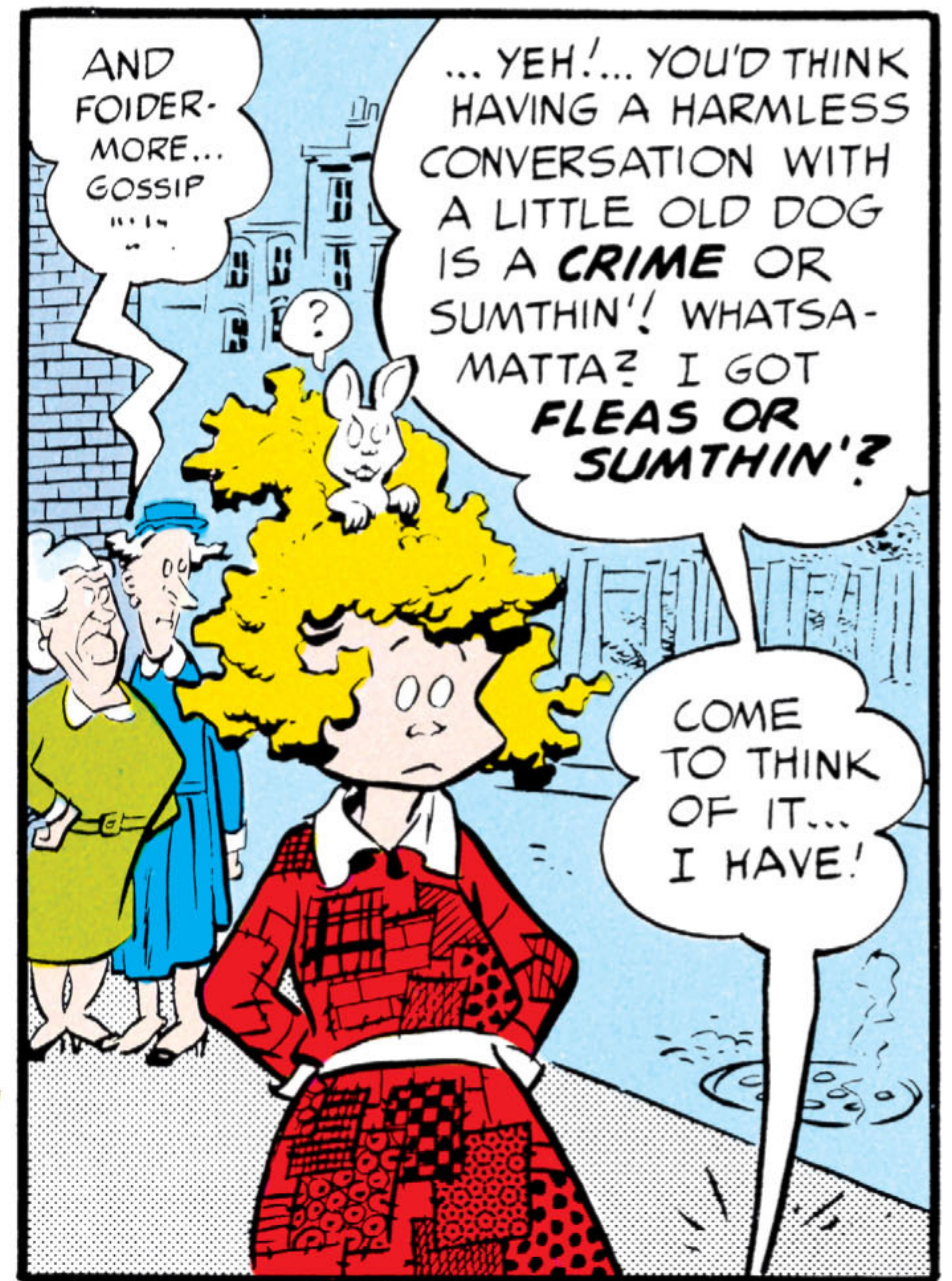
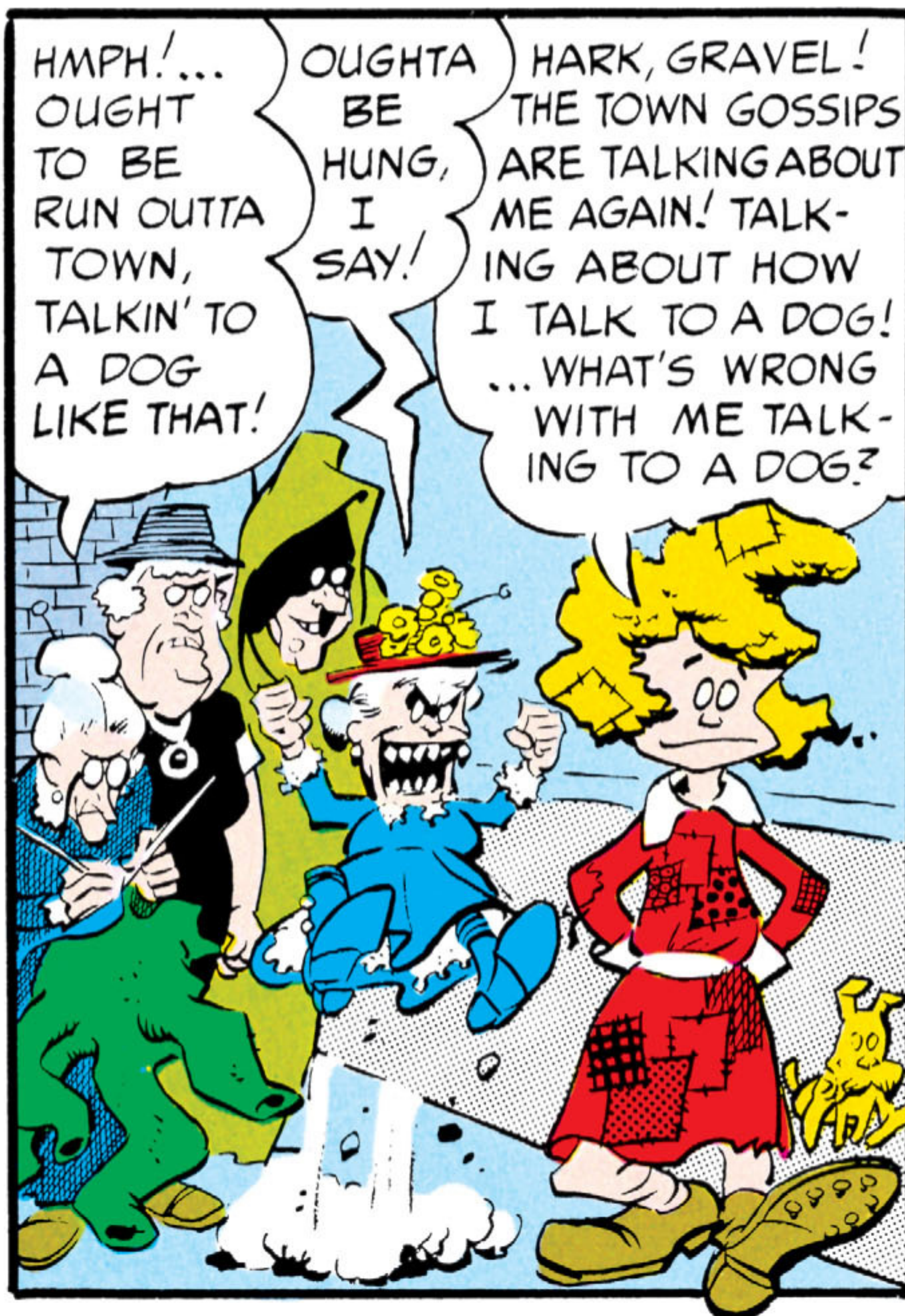
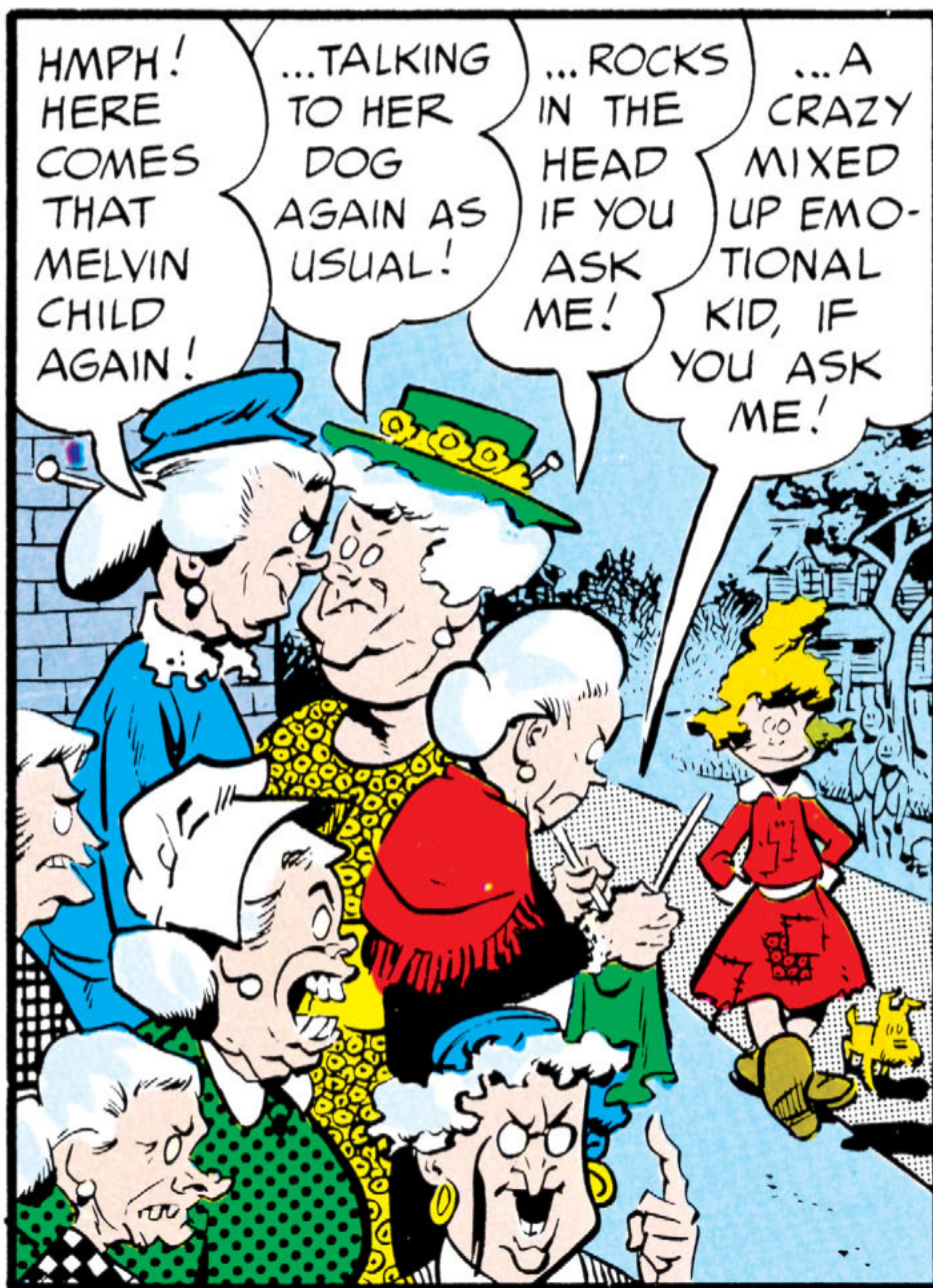


GIRL-AND-DOG-TYPE-STORY DEPT.: TAKE A HOMELESS, LONELY, ORPHAN-CHILD GIRL!... ADD A FAITHFUL, LOVEABLE, HIGHLY INTELLIGENT MUTT-DOG... AND YOU HAVE A COMIC STRIP THAT'LL TUG AT YOUR HEART-STRINGS AND LOOSEN YOUR PURSE-STRINGS!... AND SO WE PRESENT... A GIRL NAMED MELVIN AND A DOG NAMED GRAVEL, IN ...

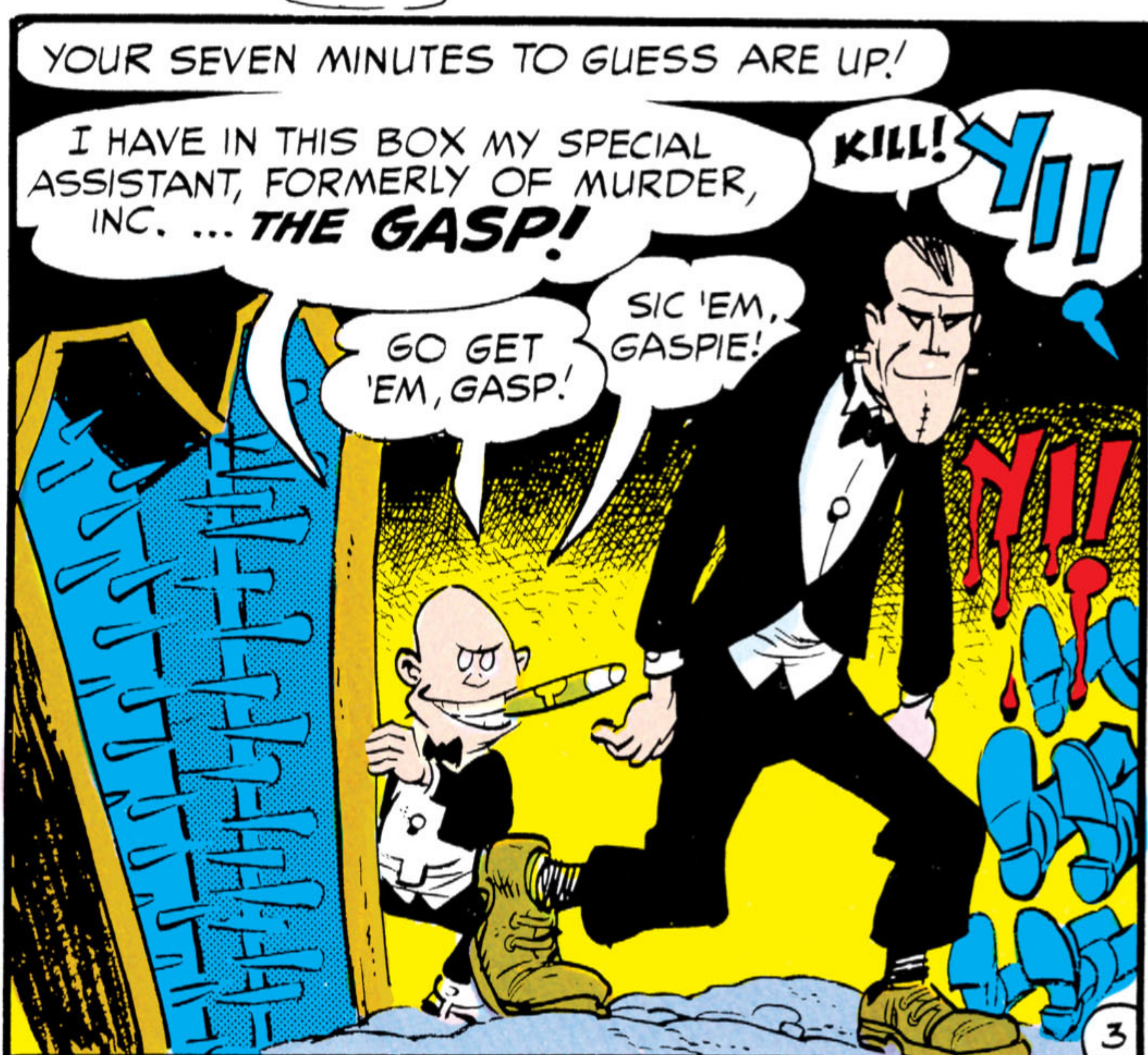
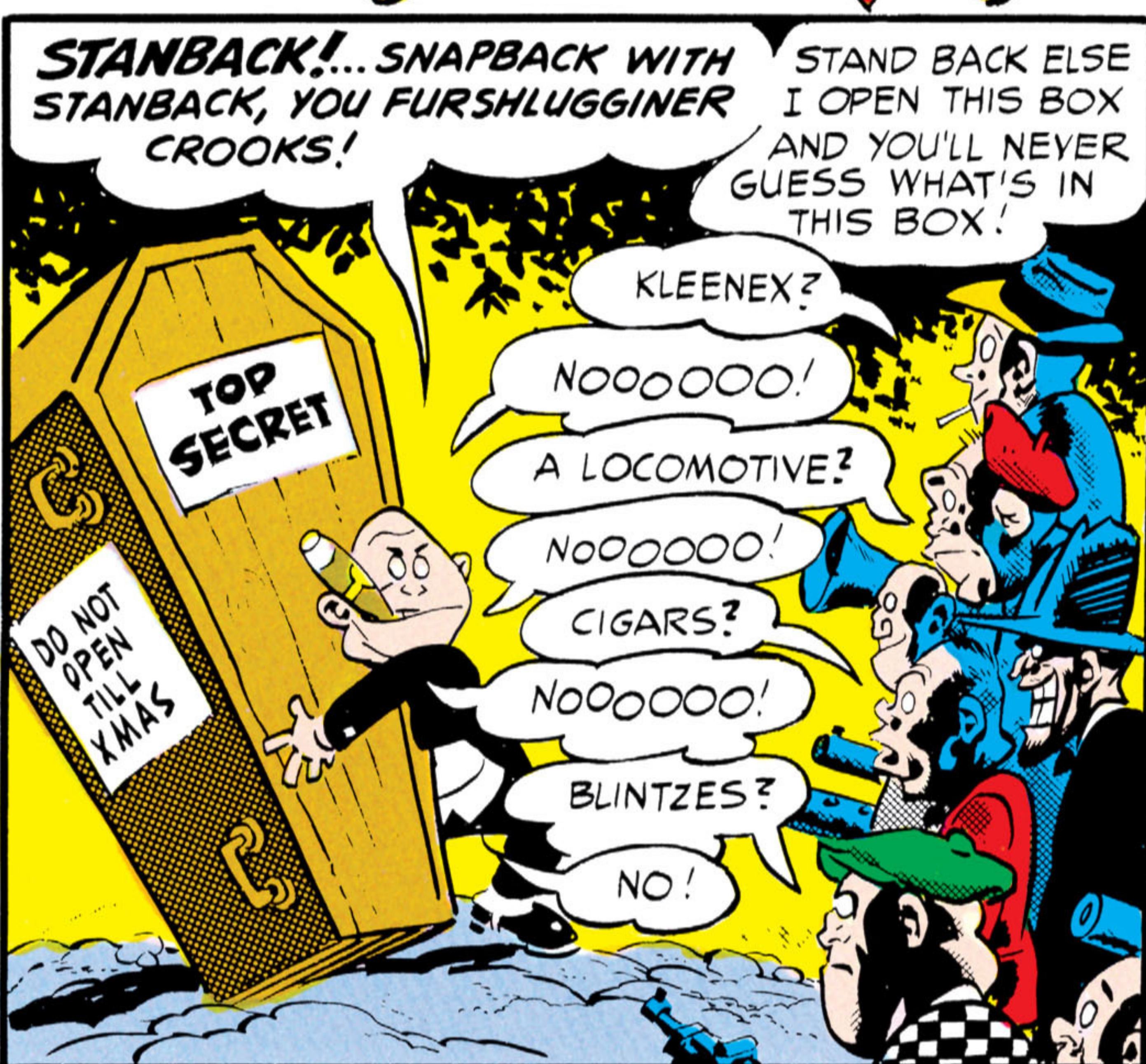
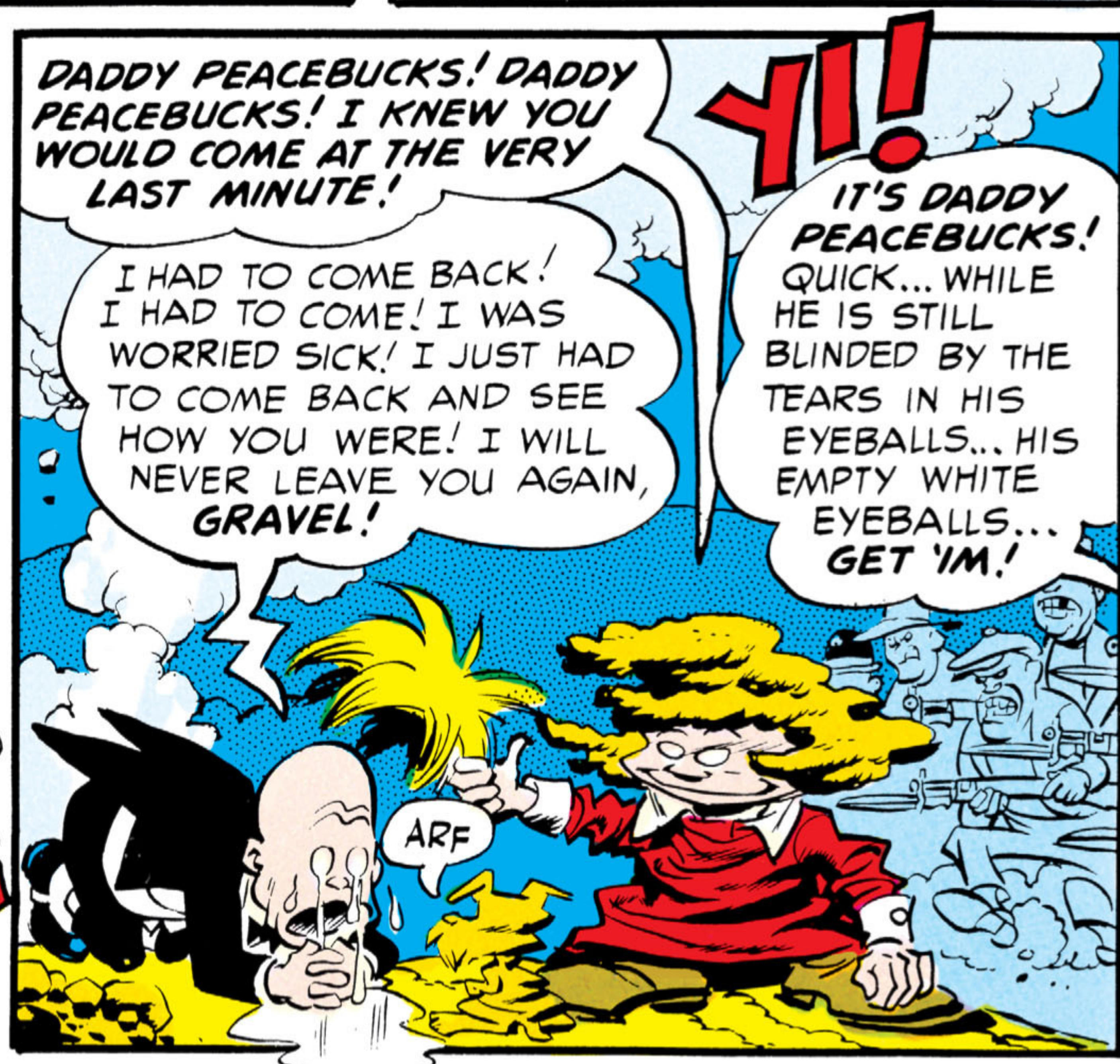
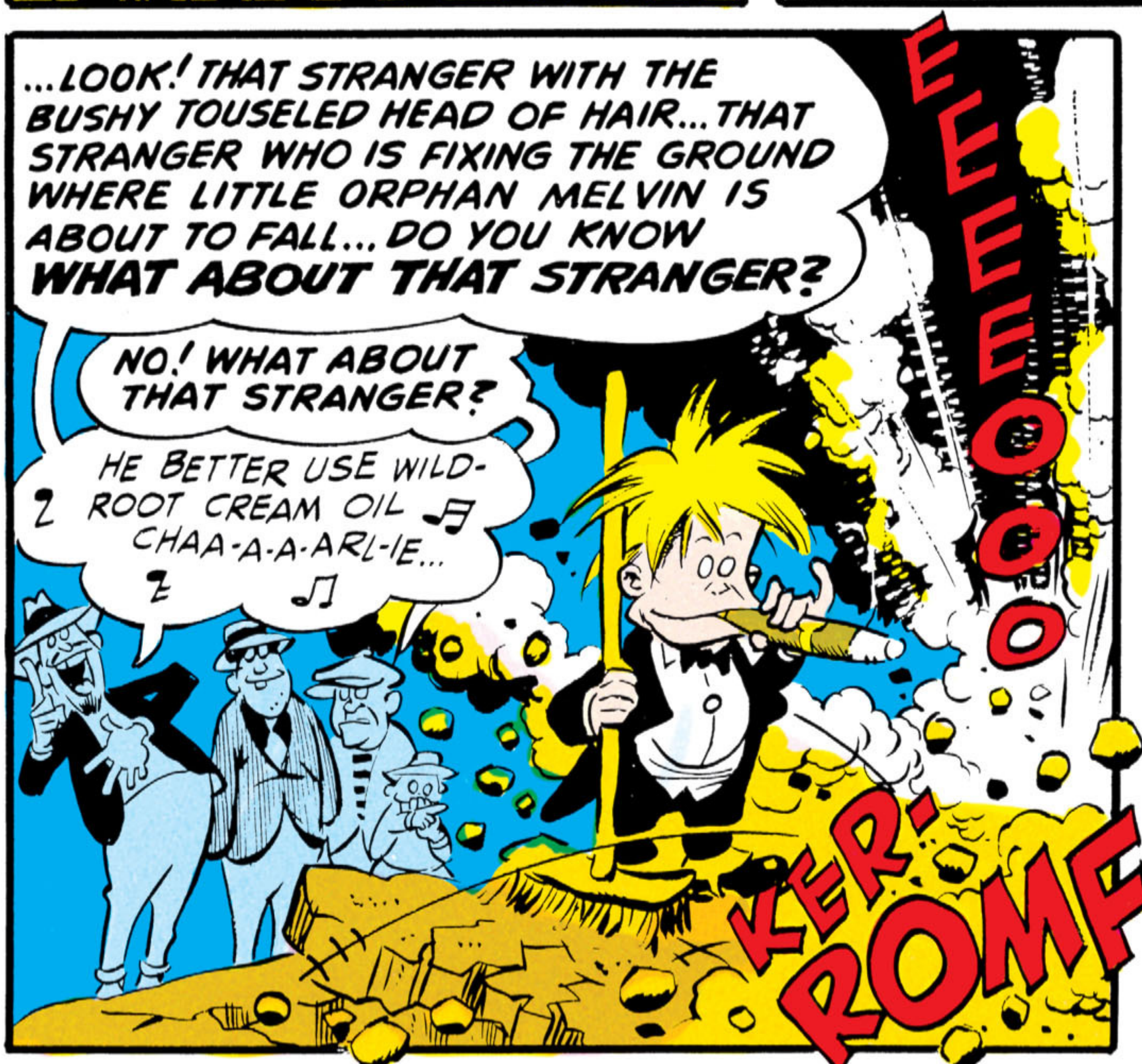
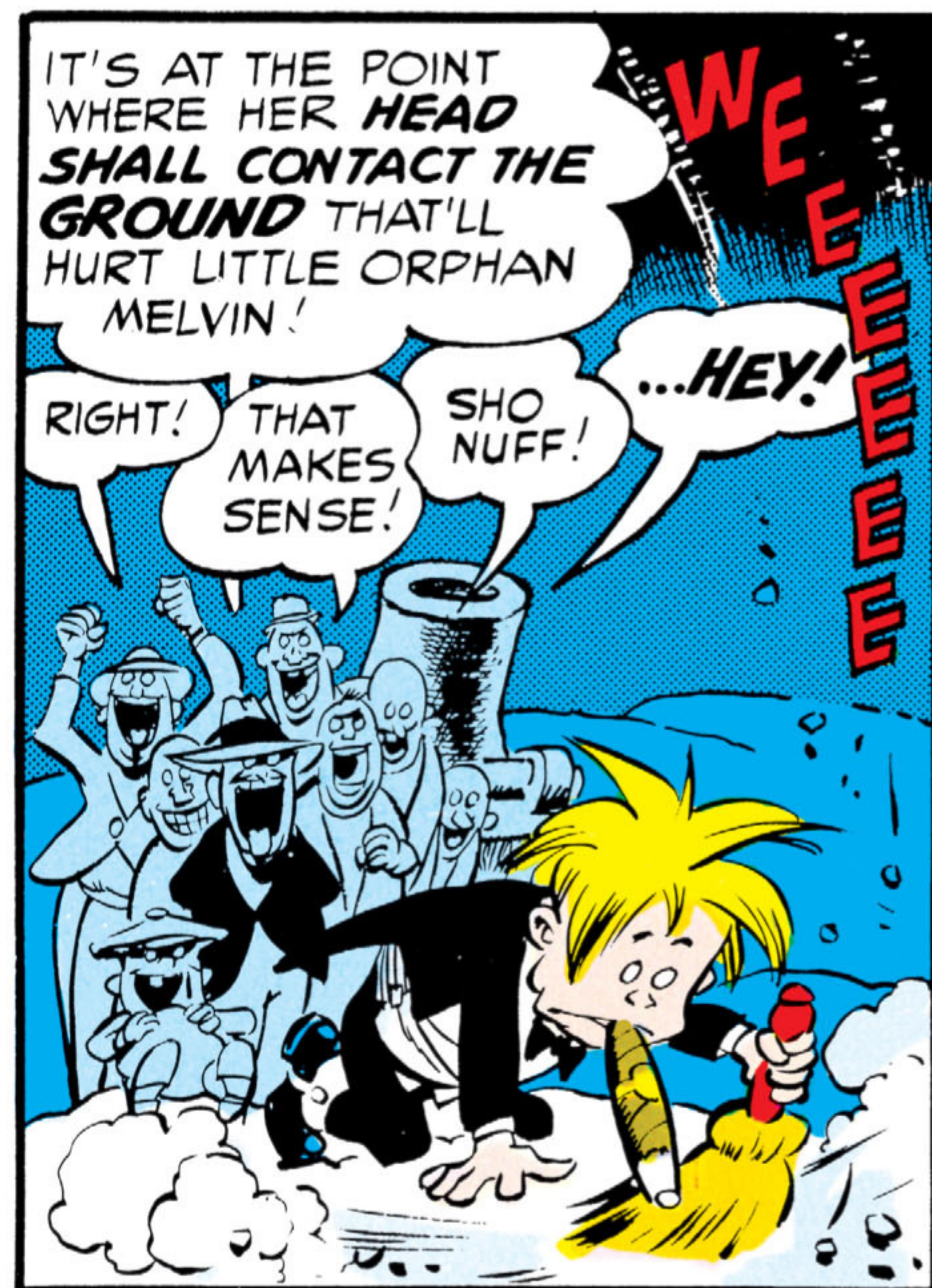
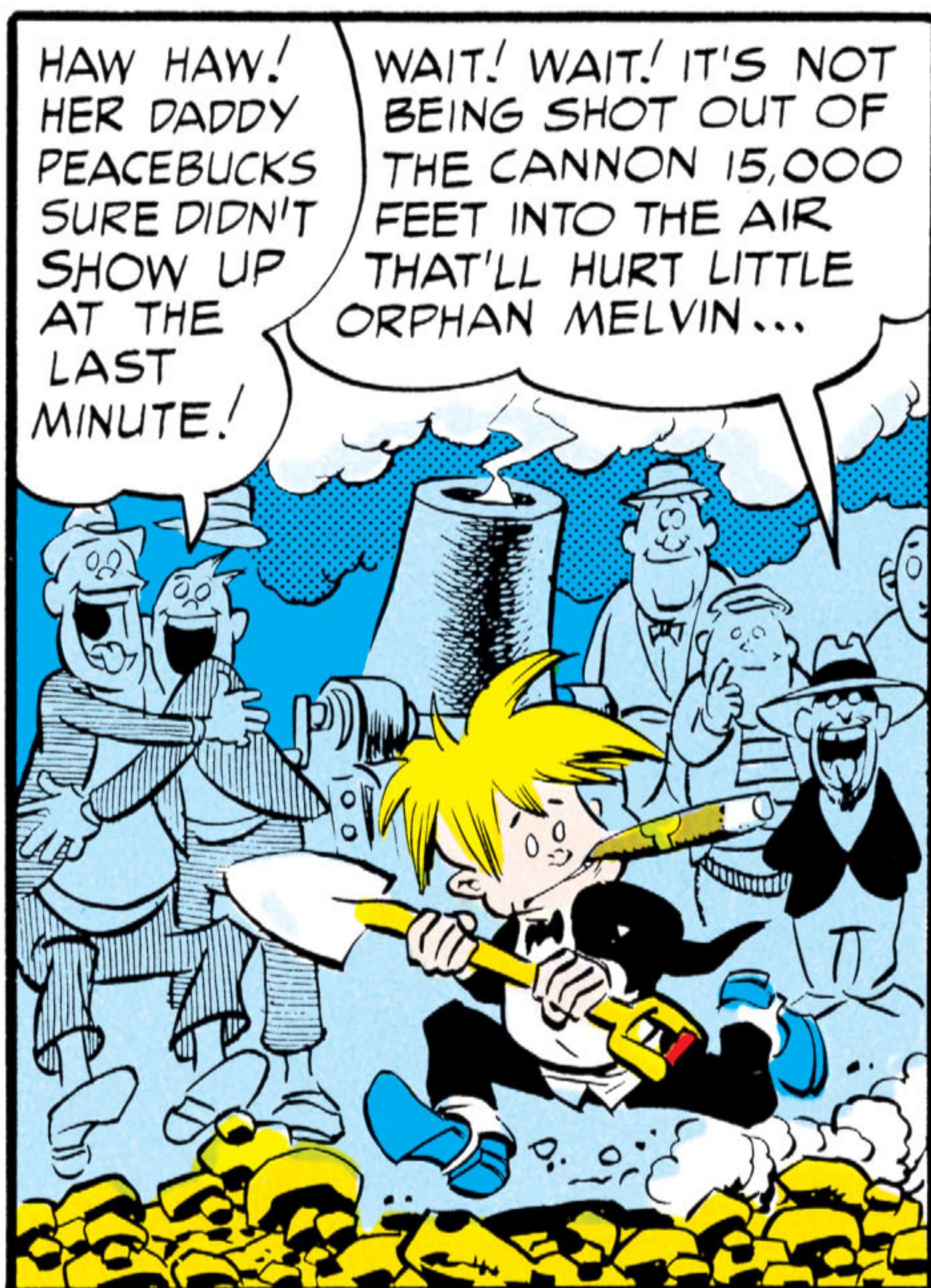
# LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN!



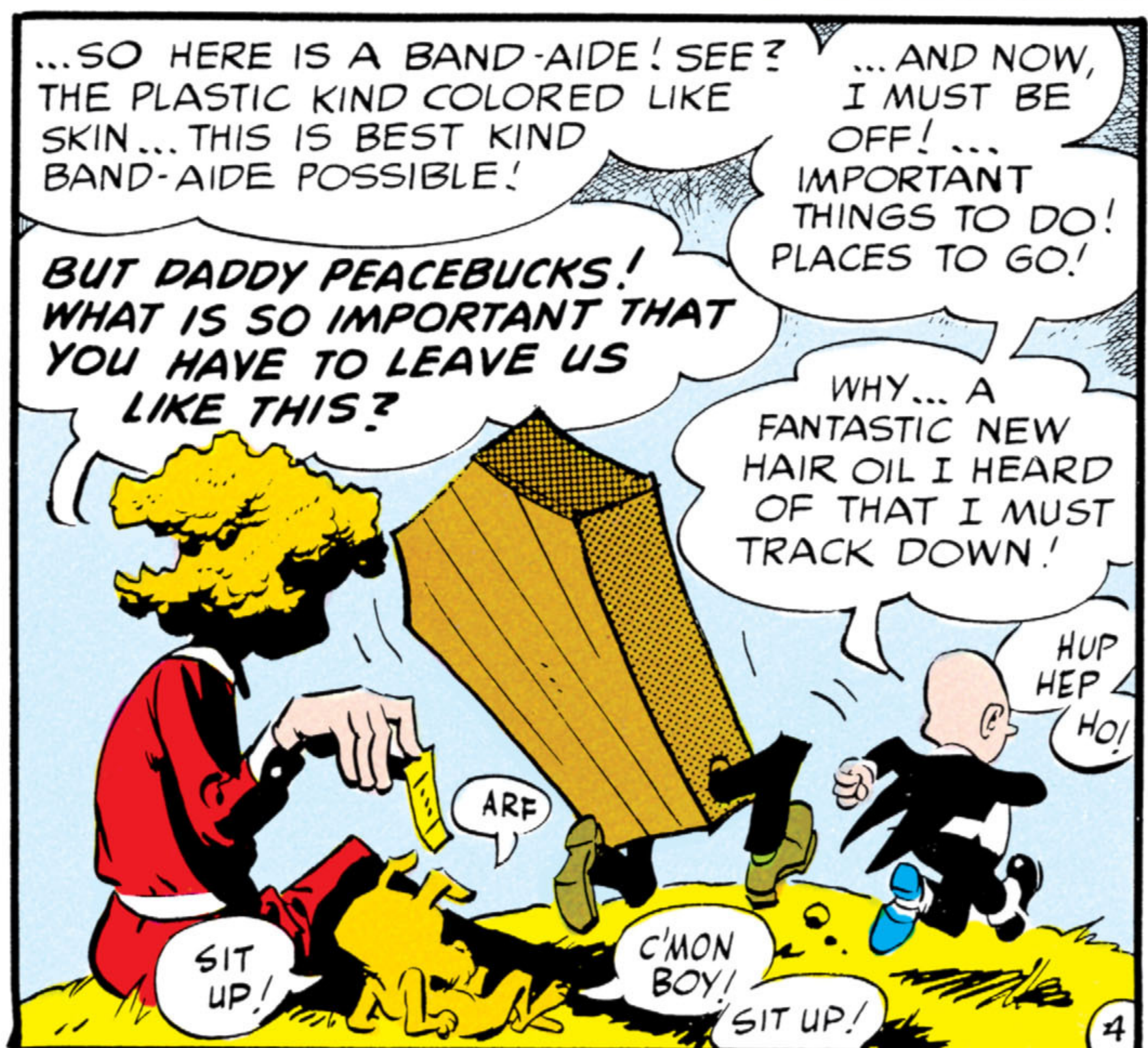
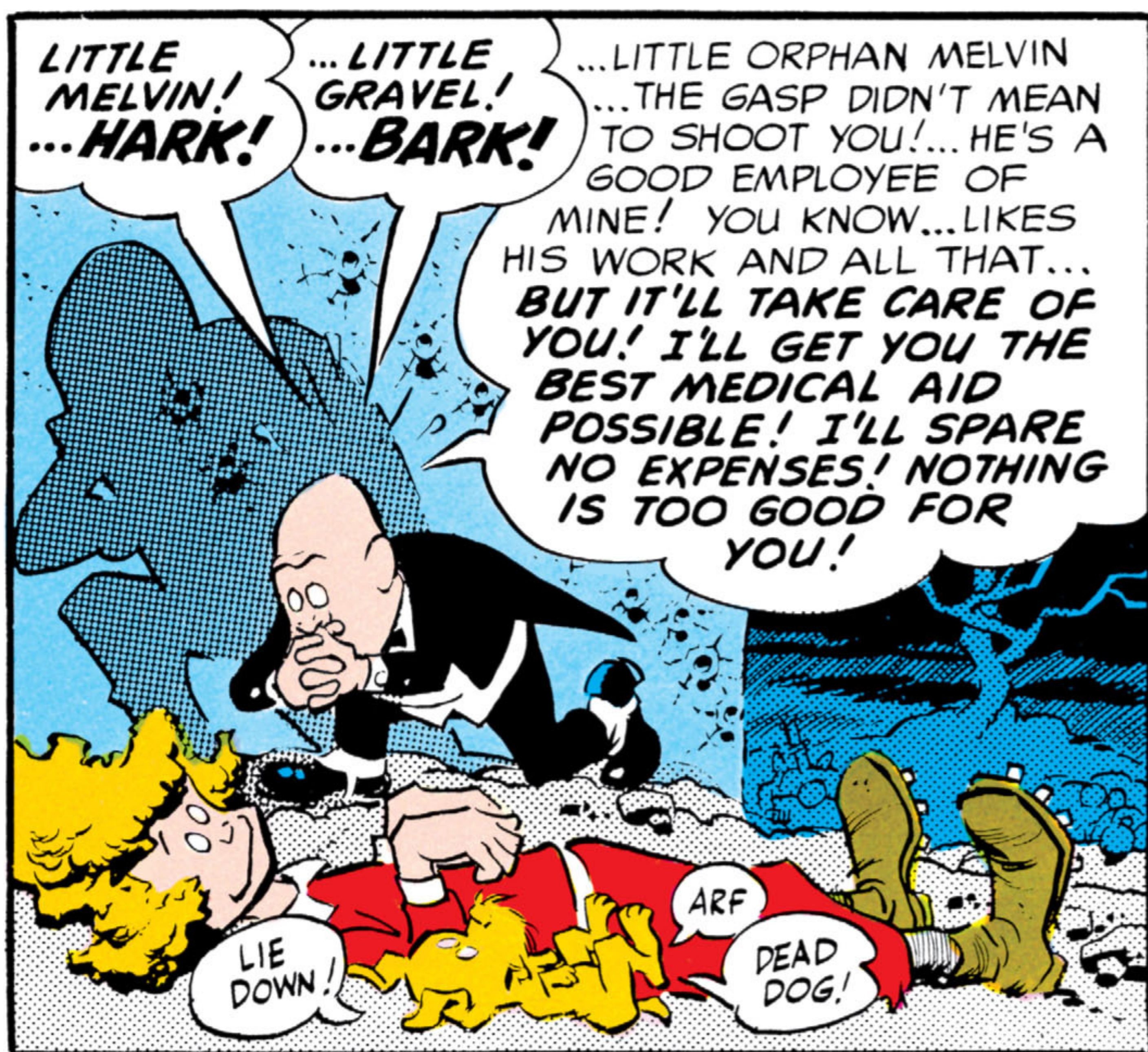
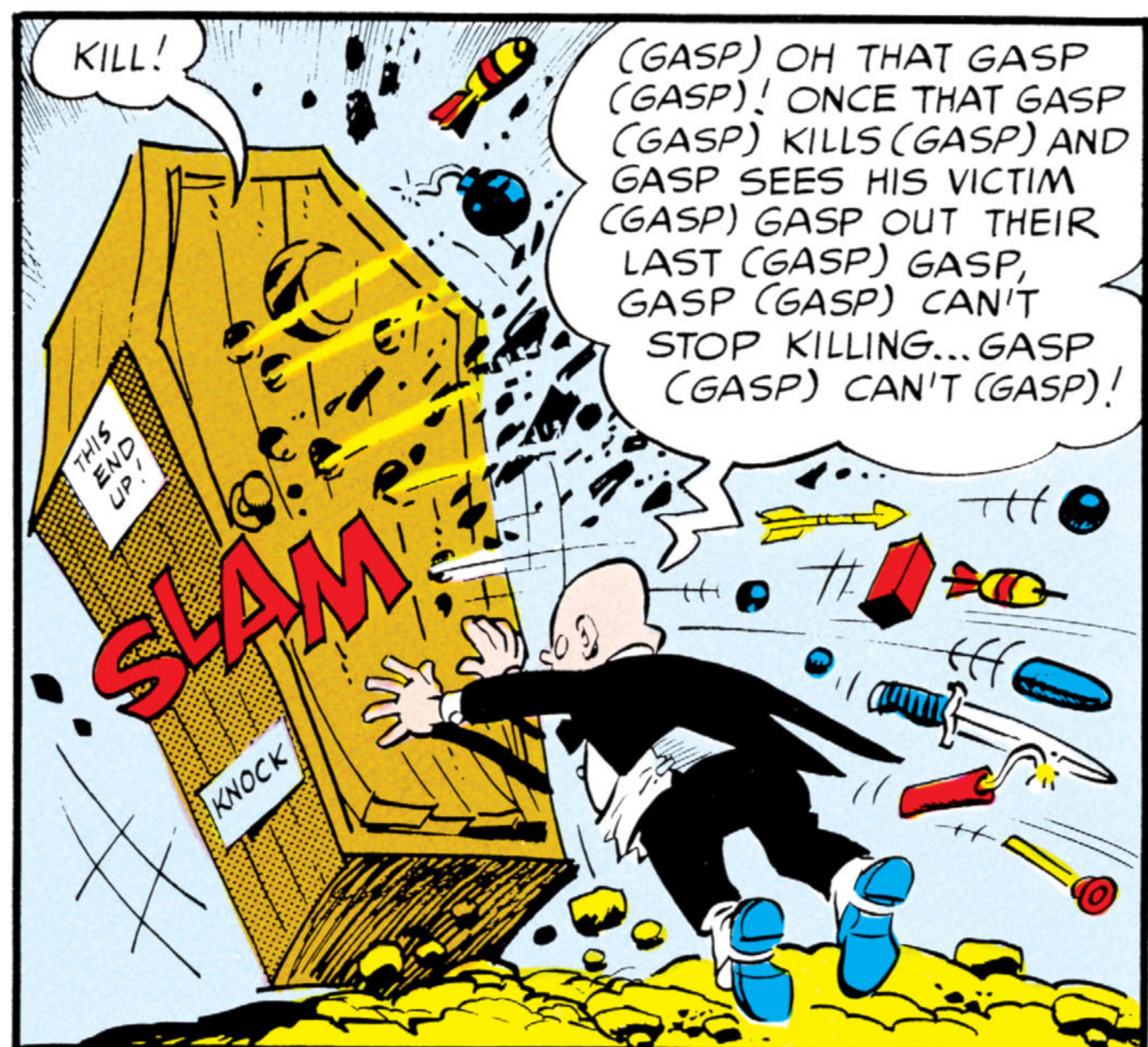
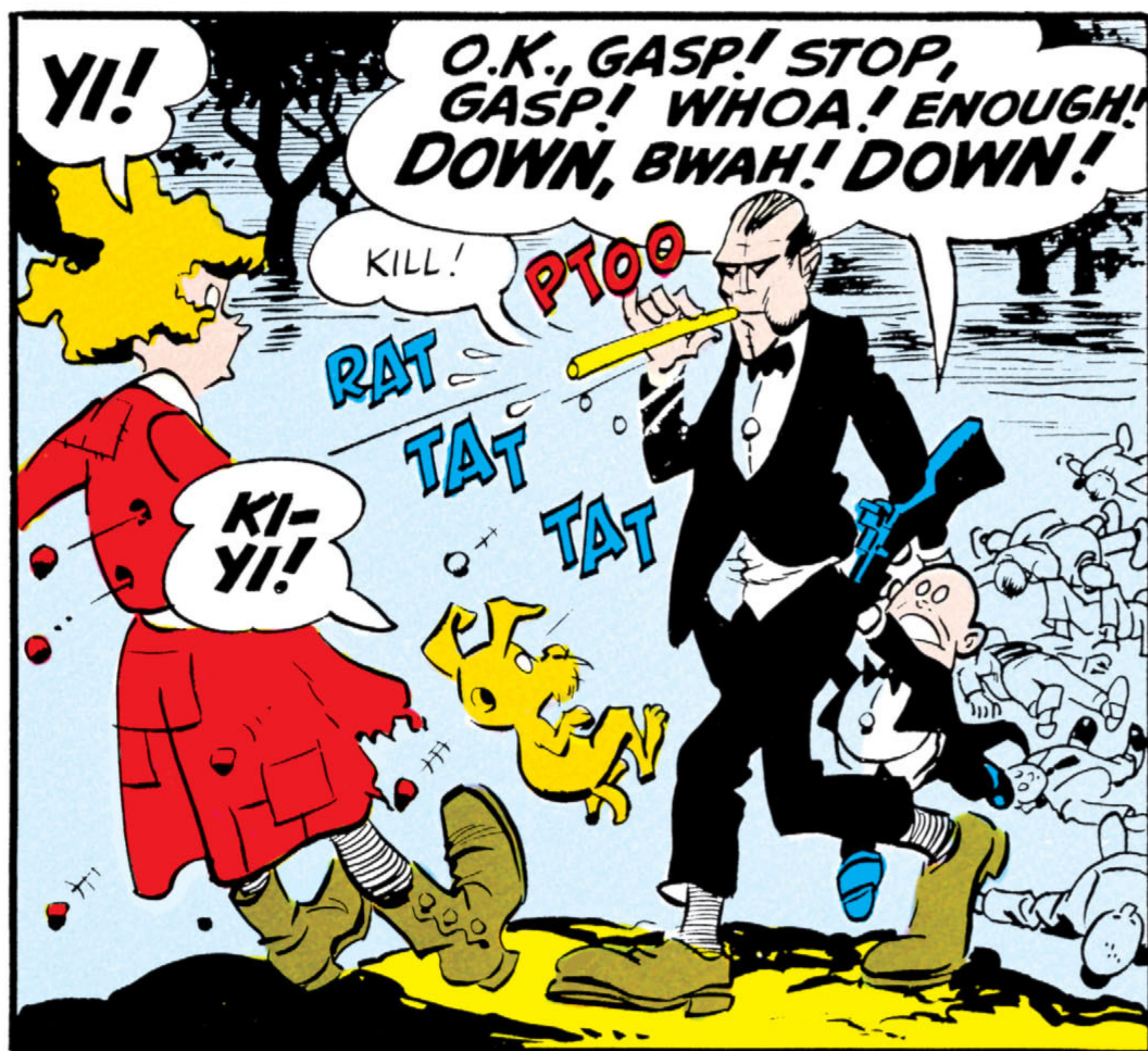
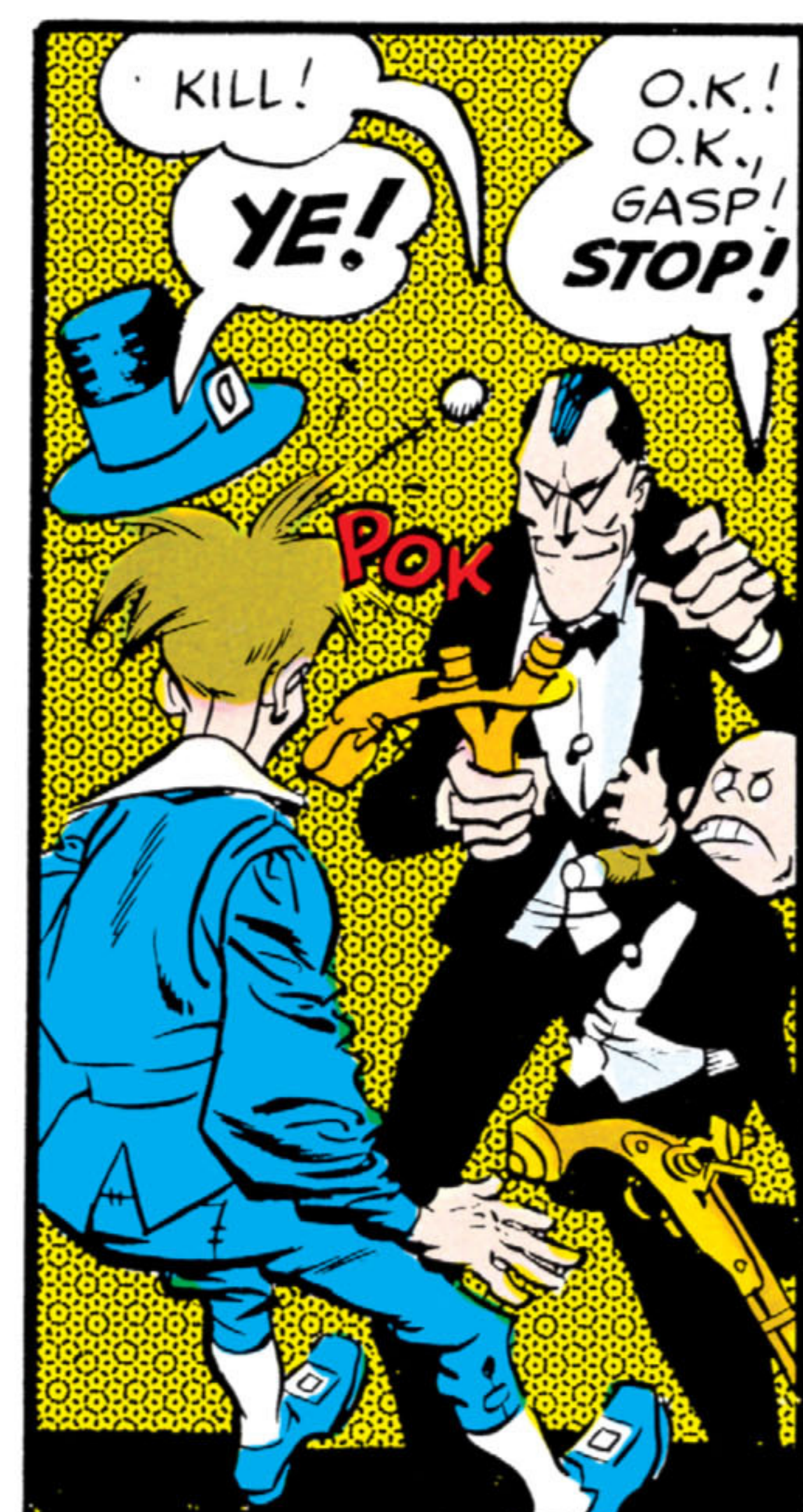
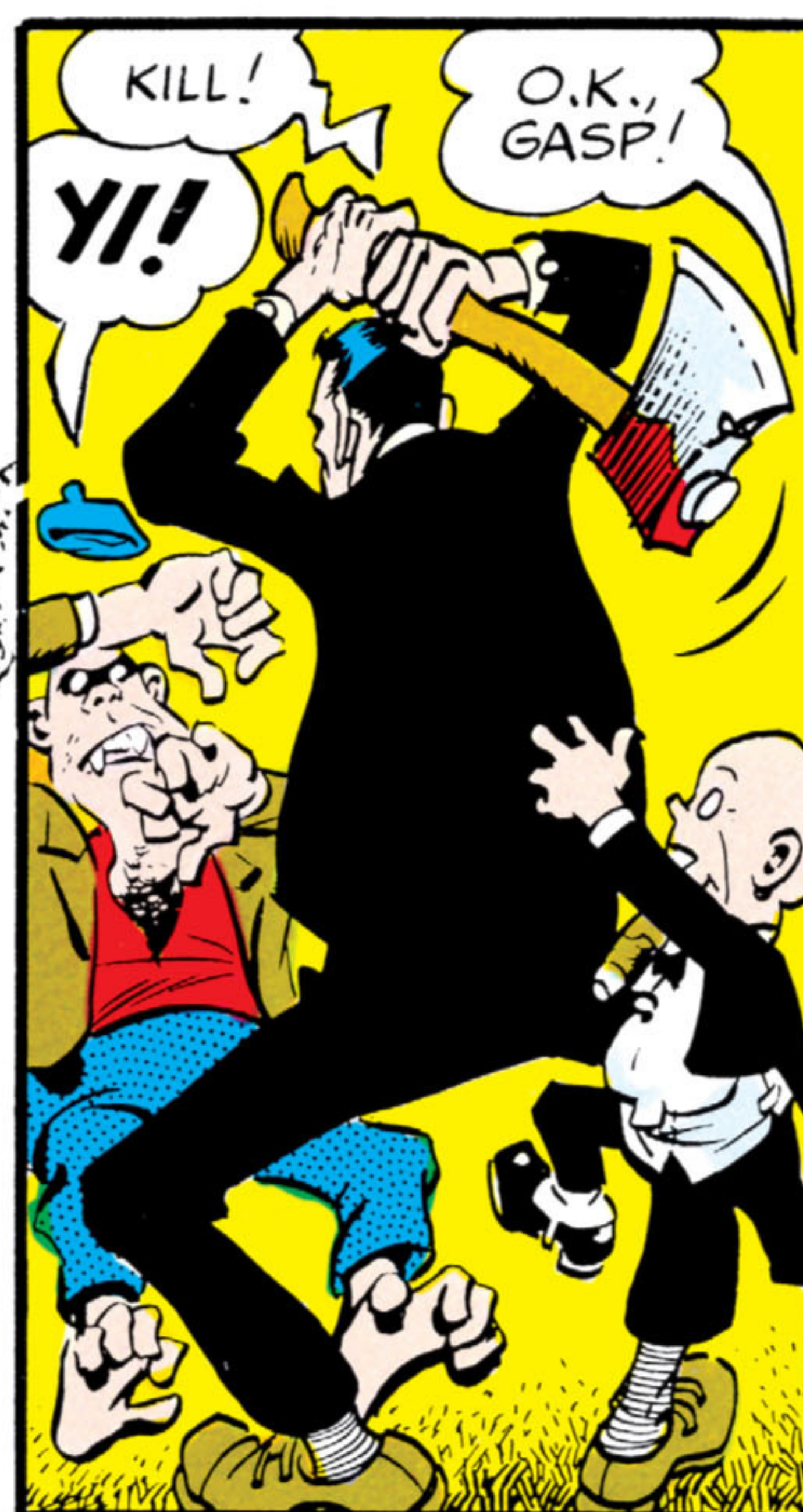
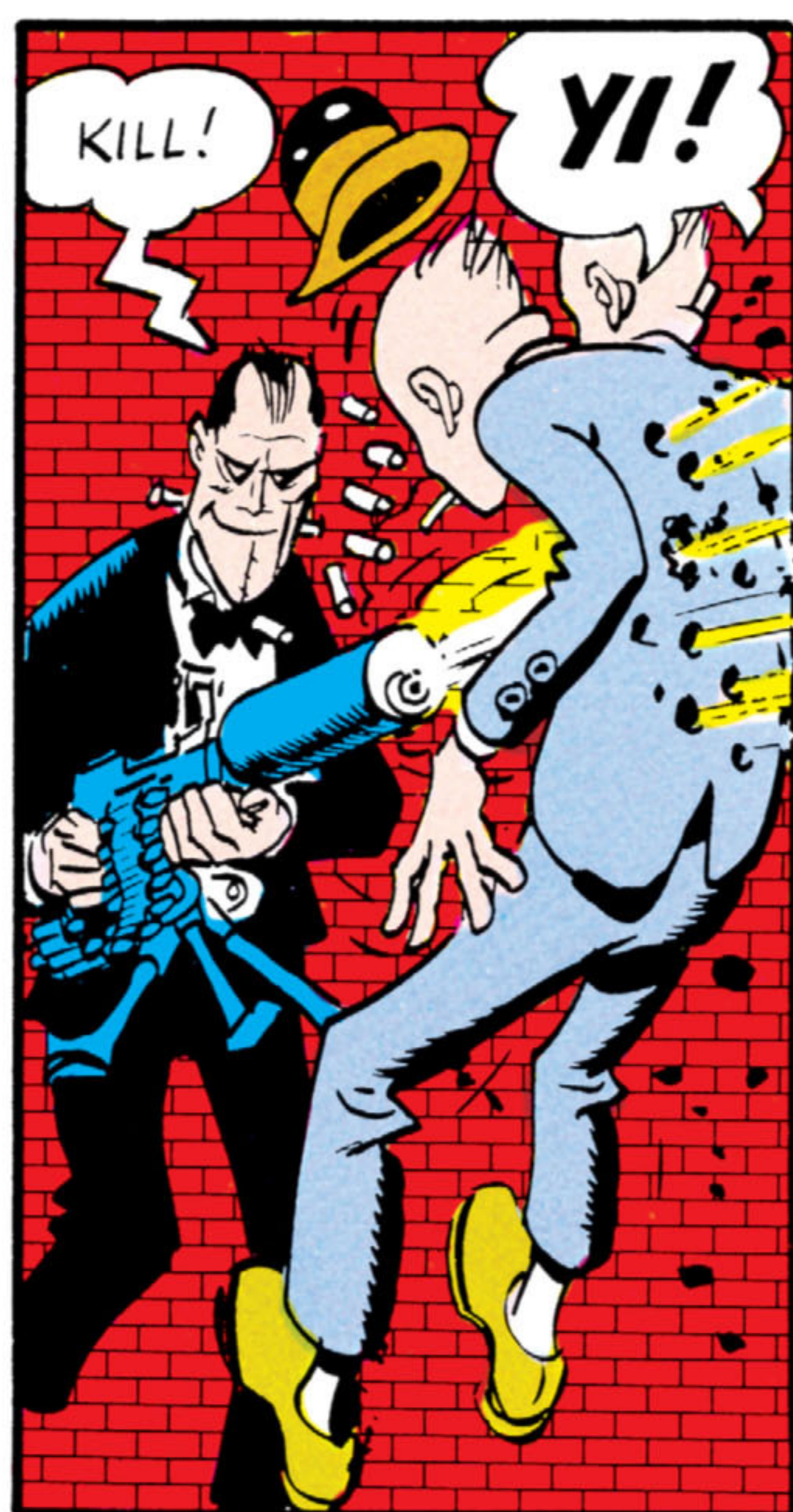
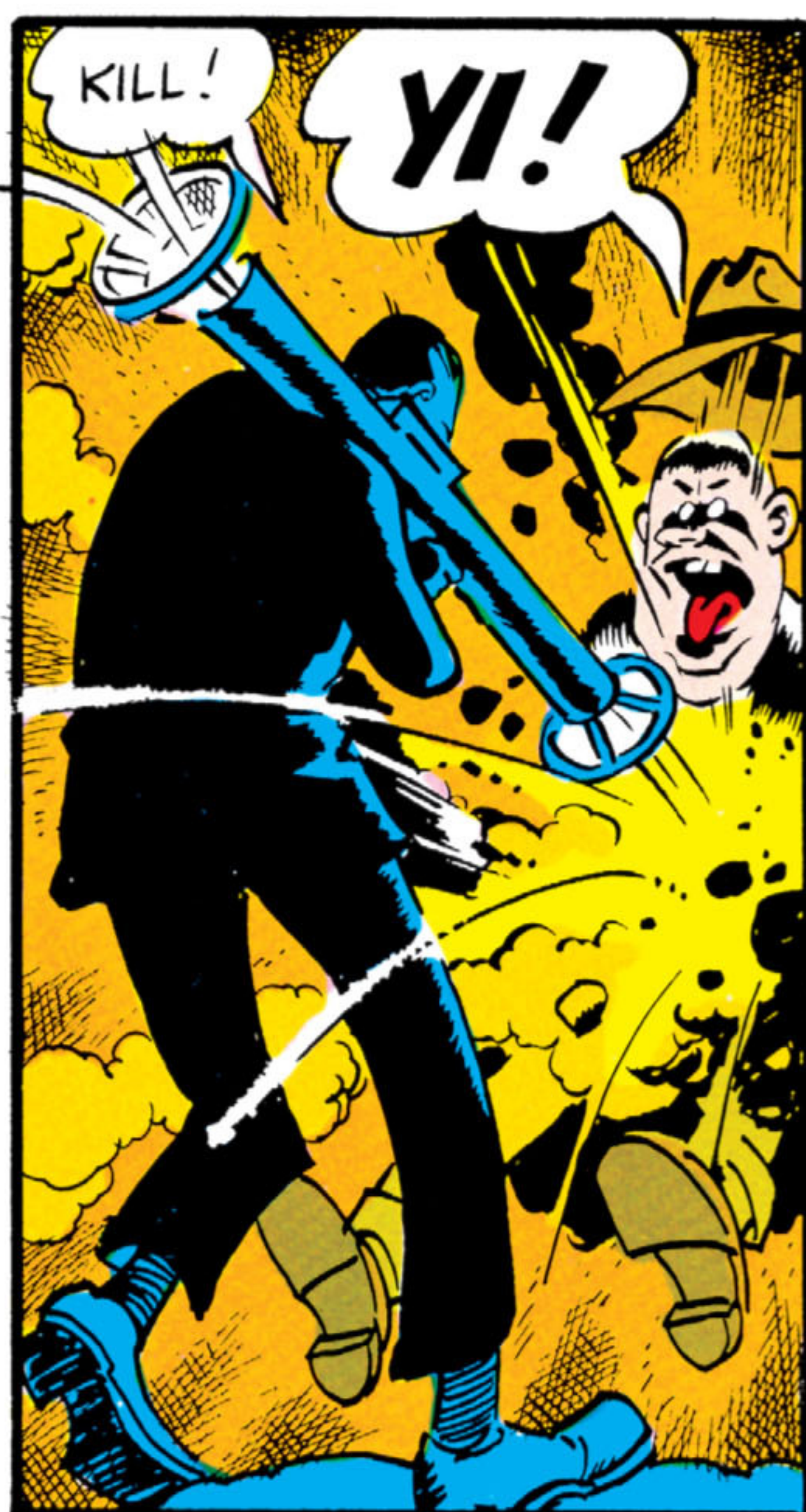




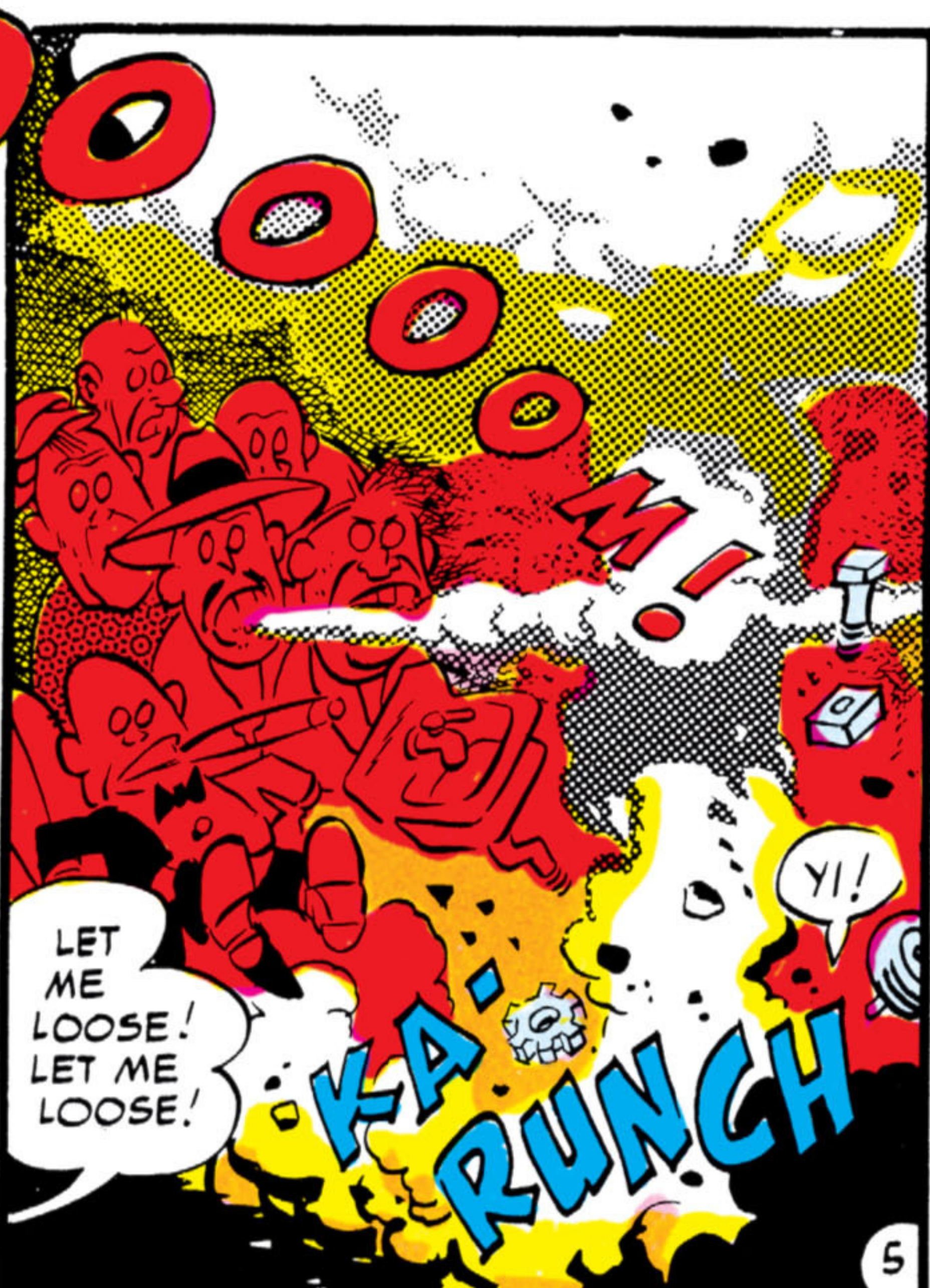
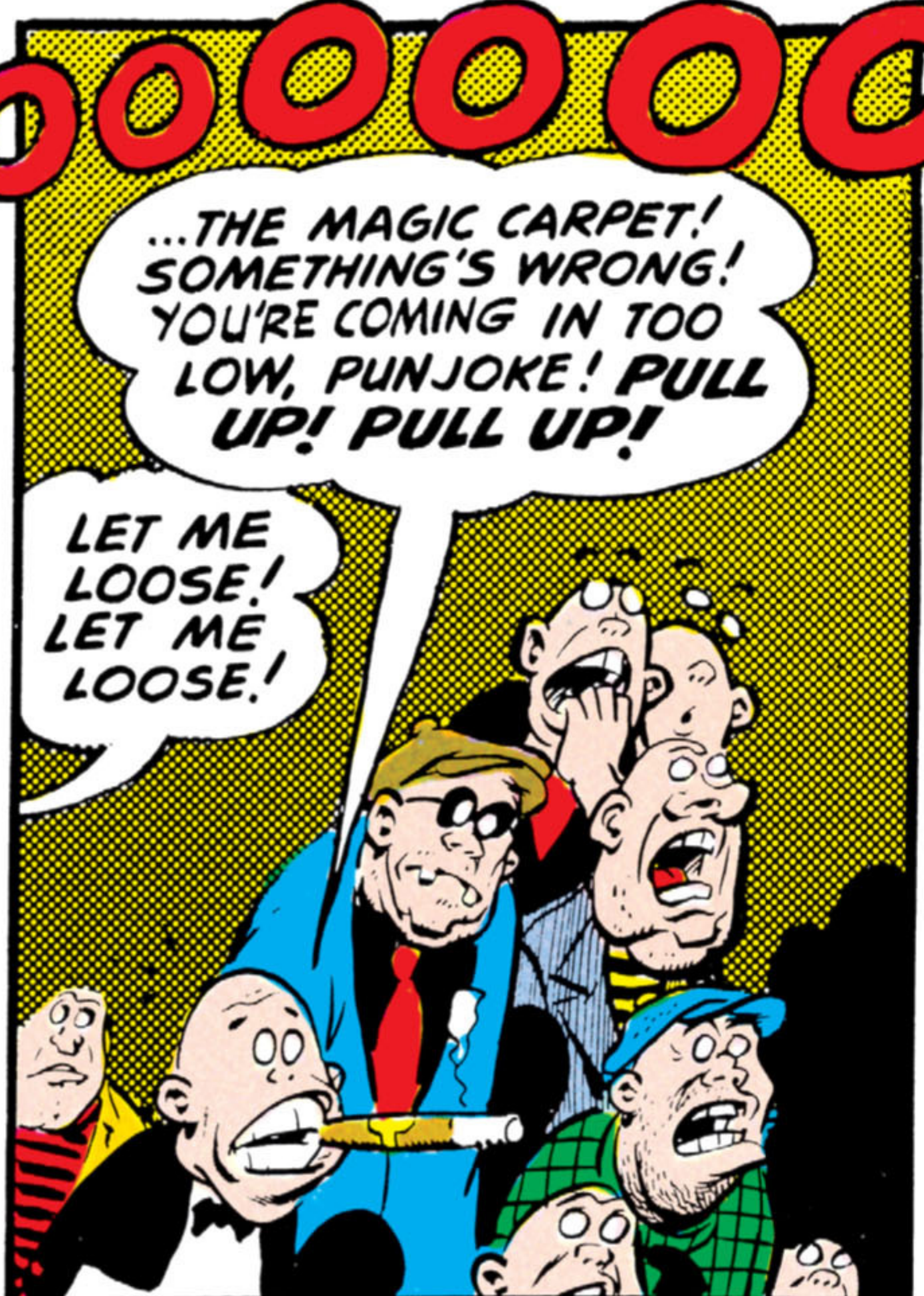
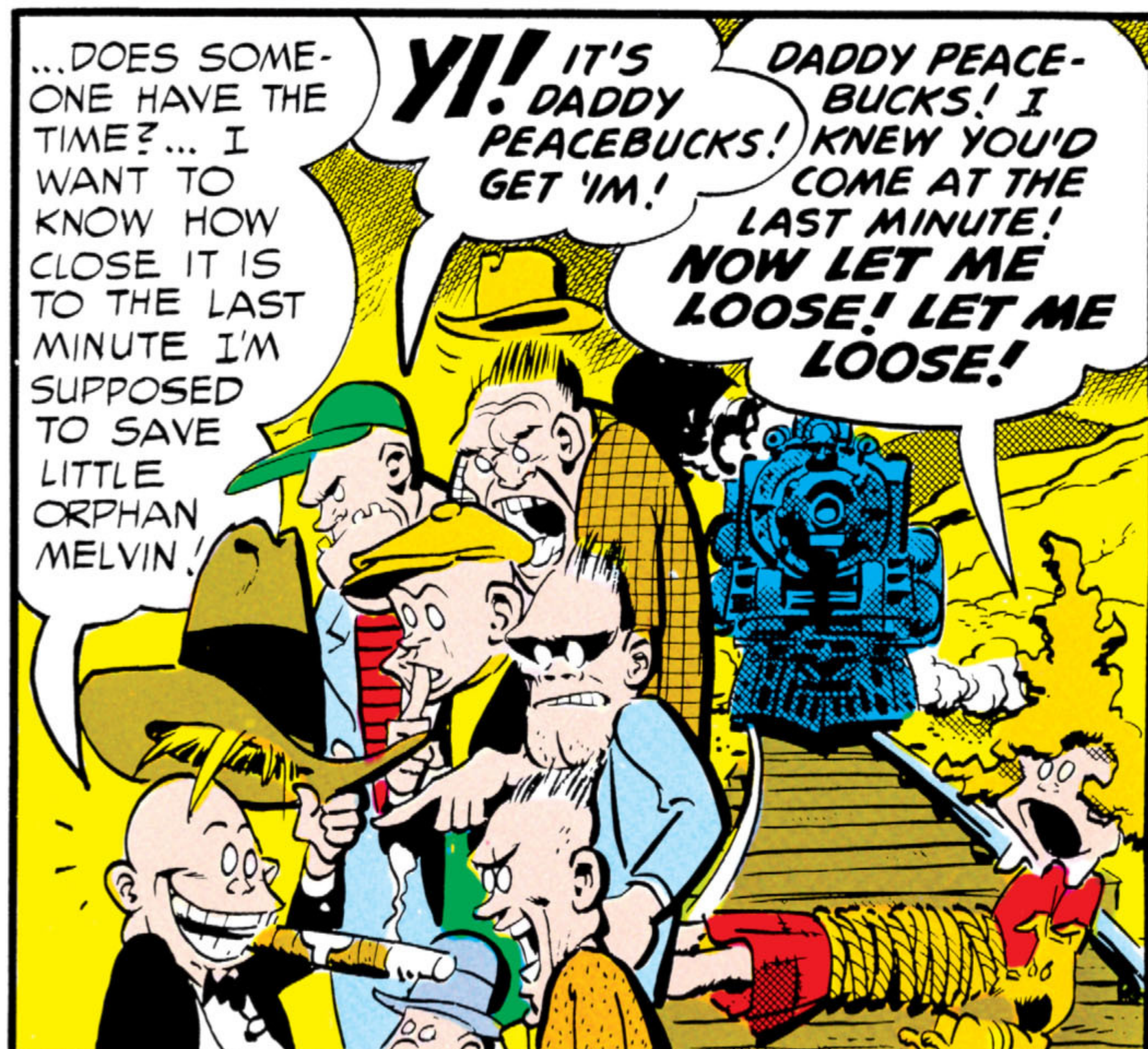
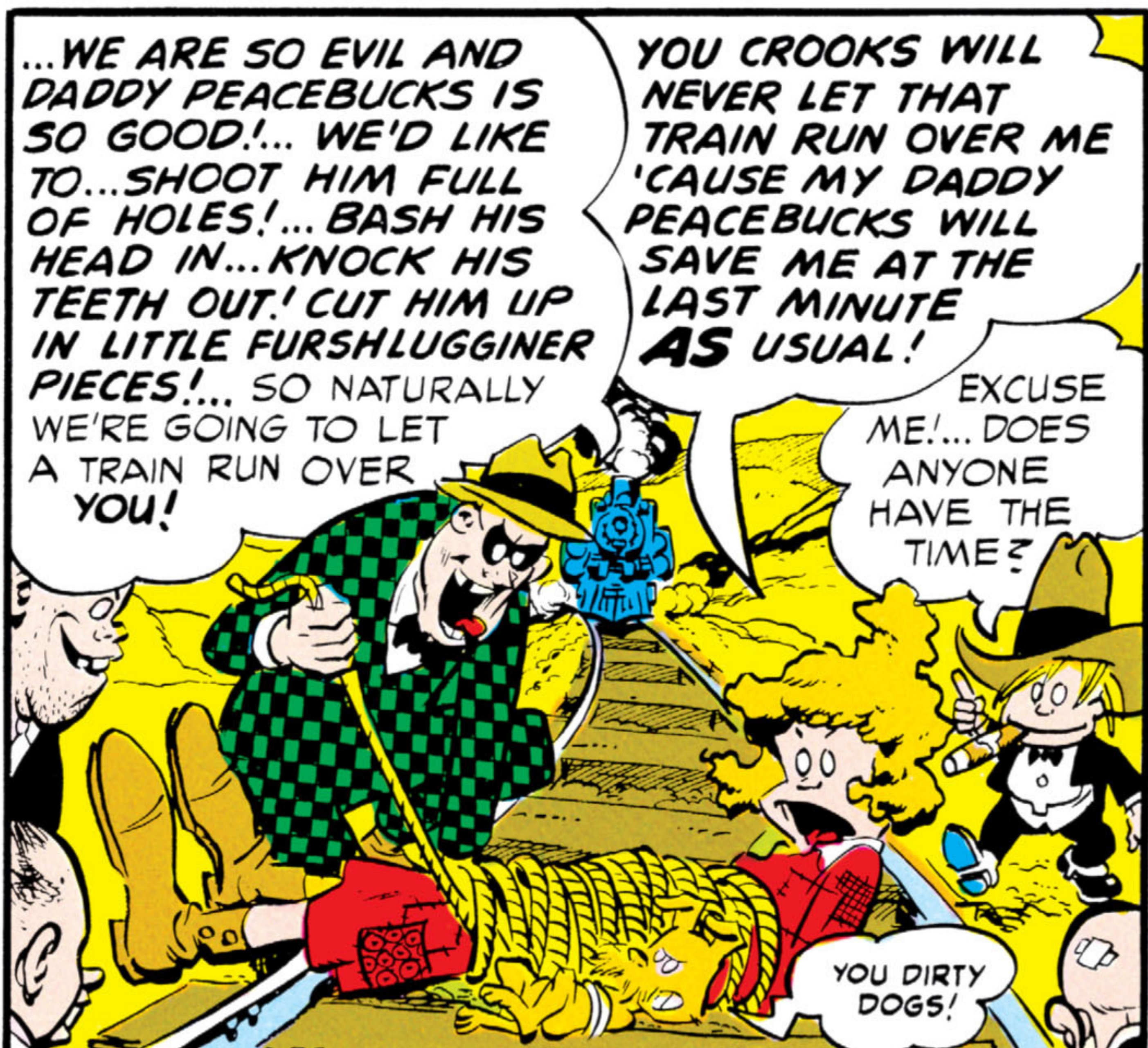
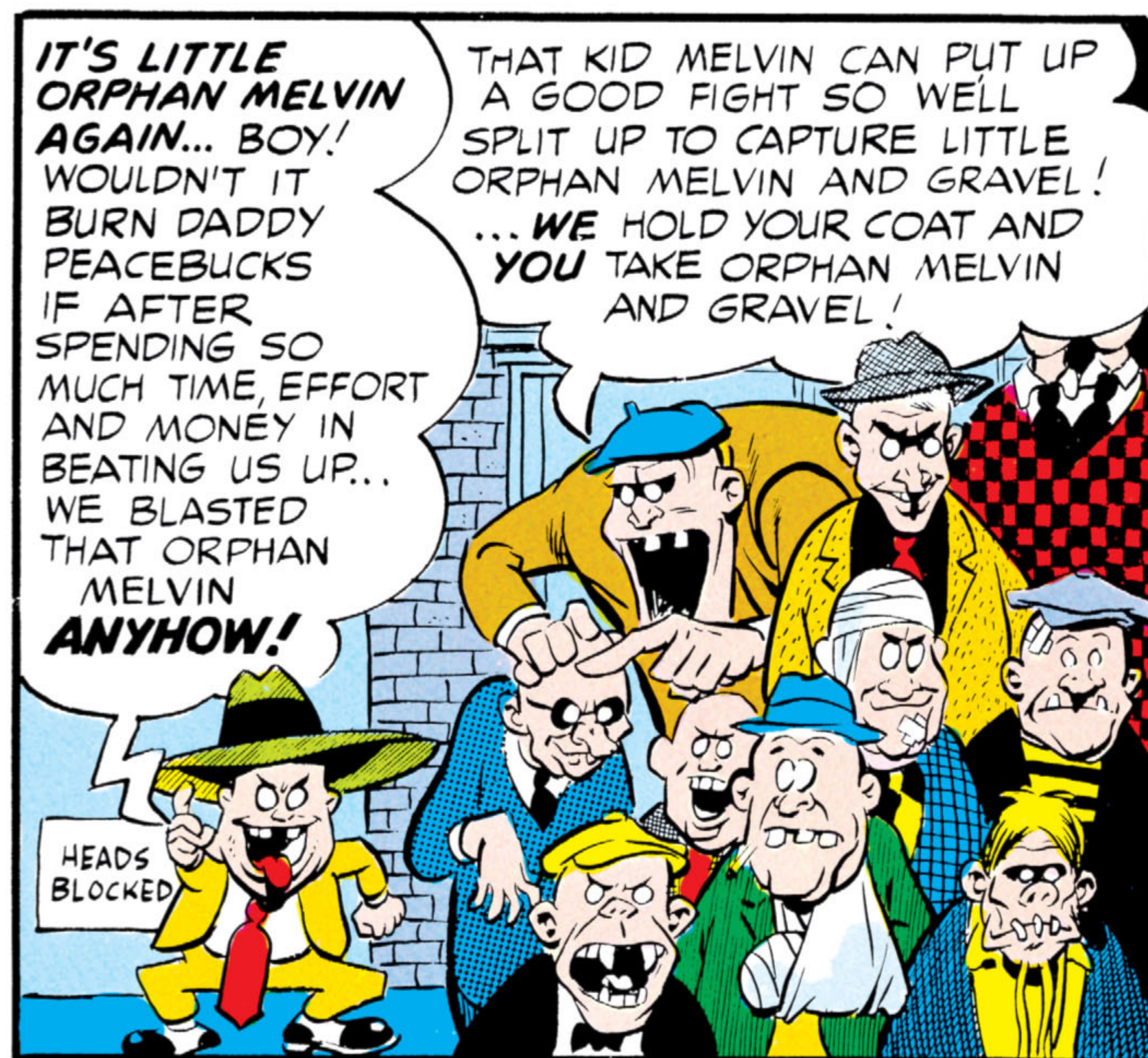
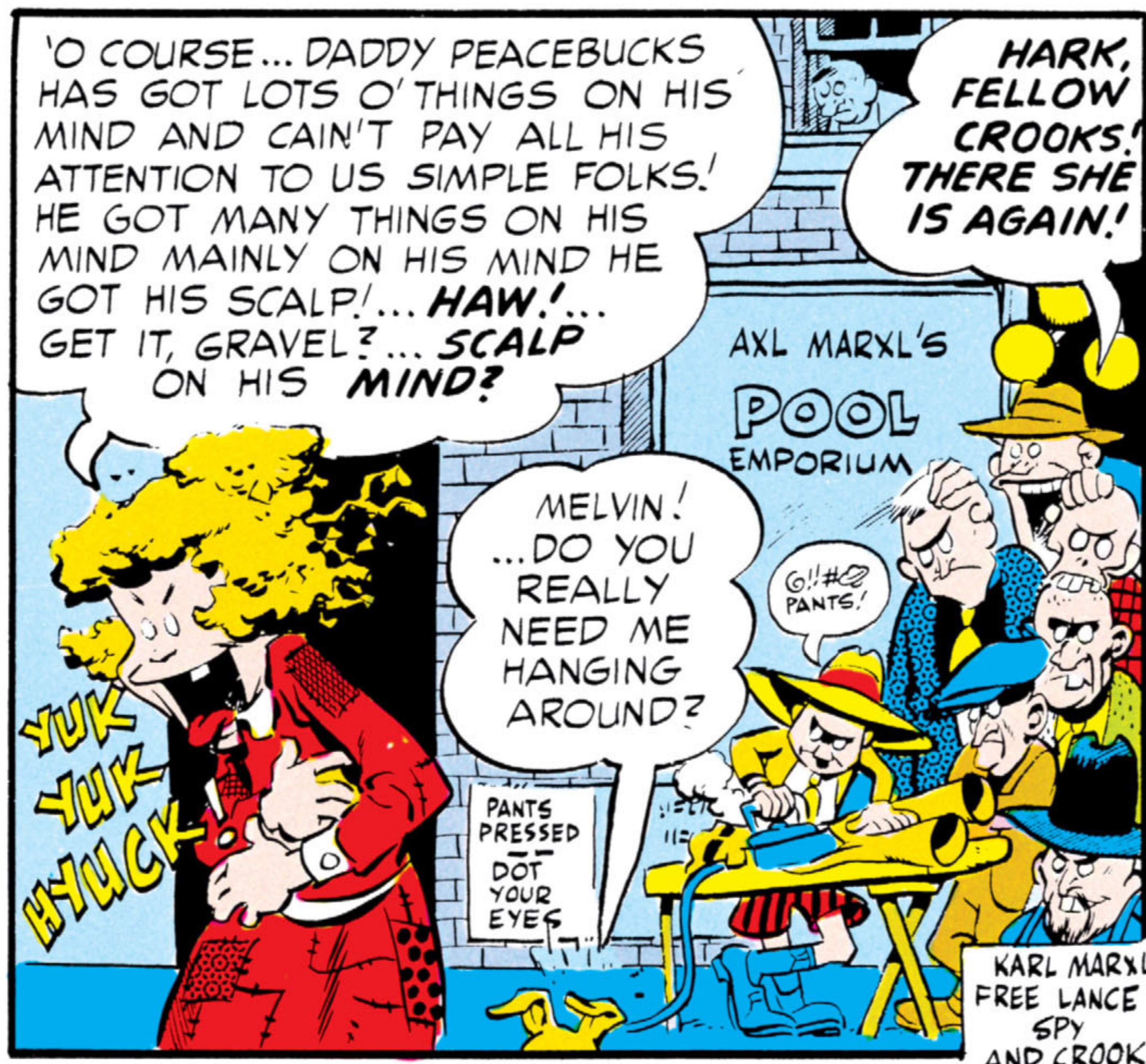








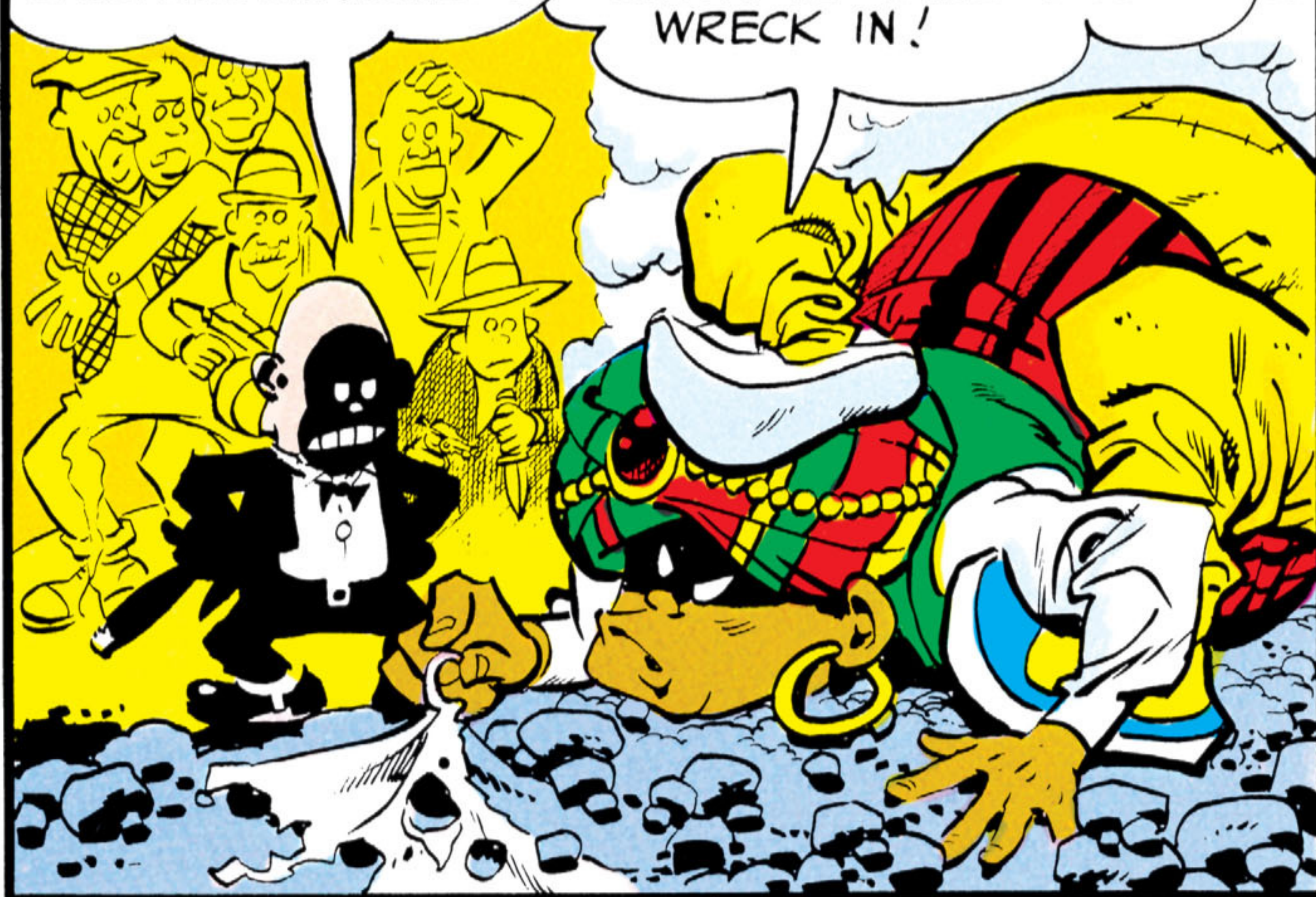






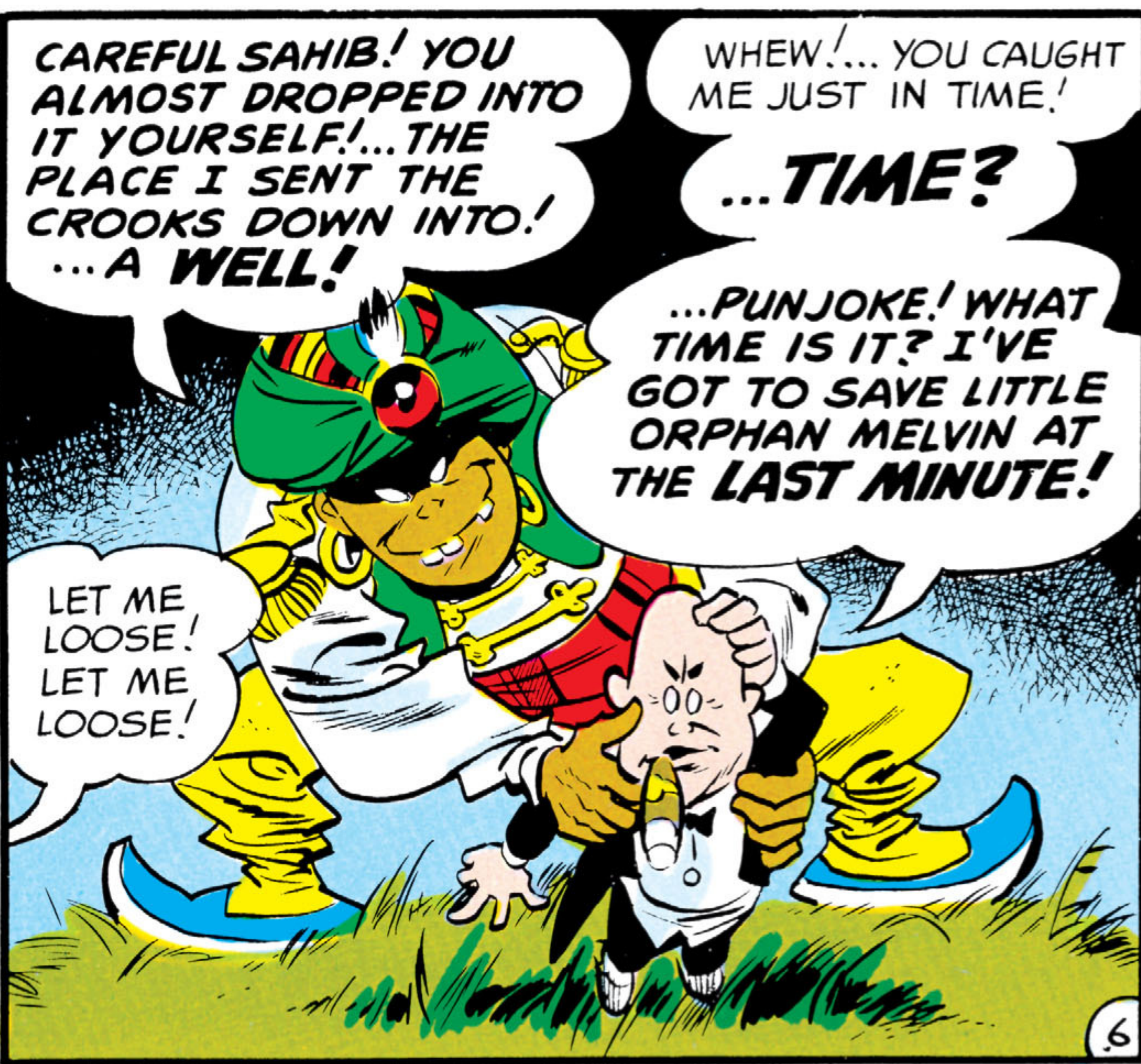
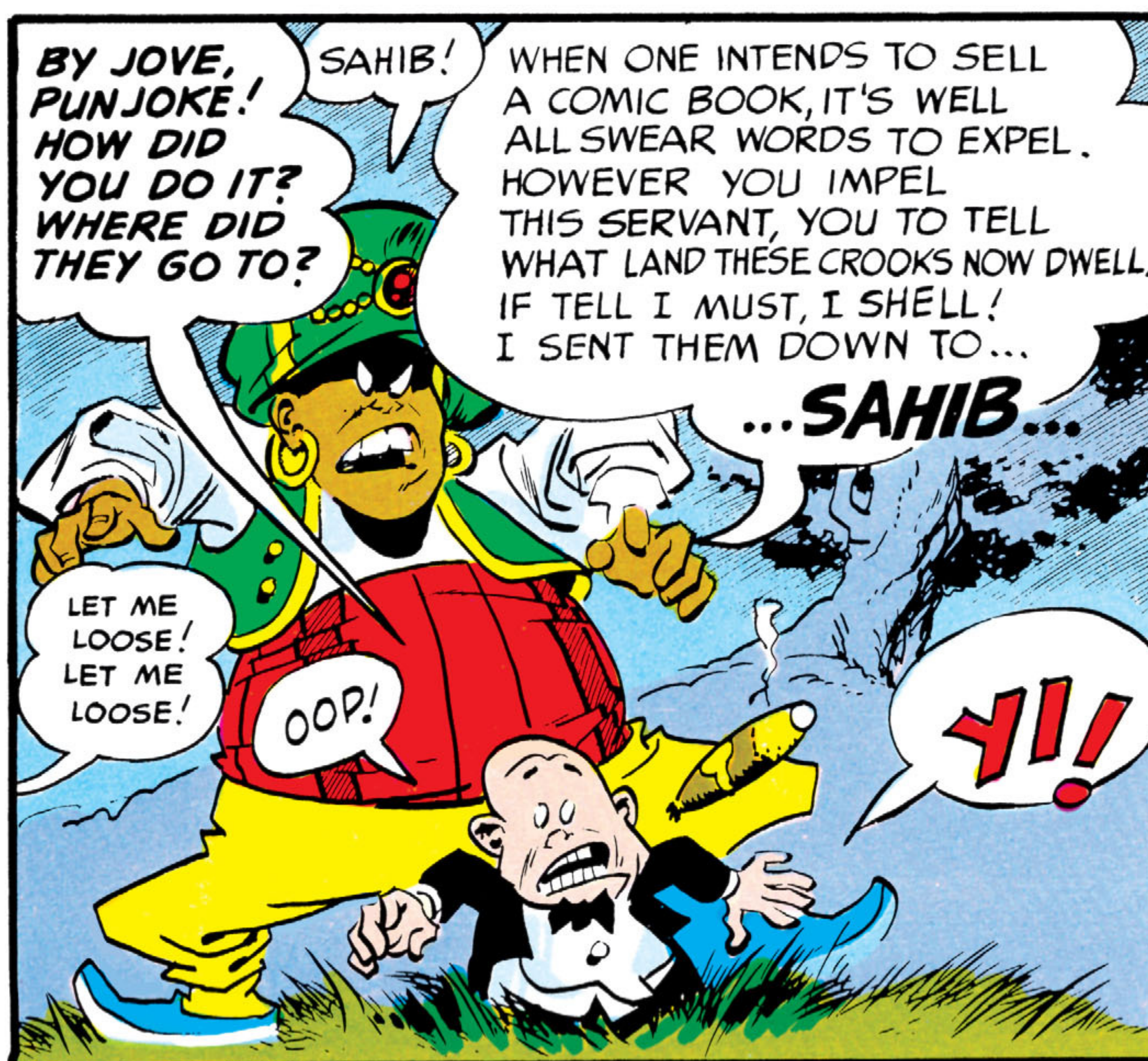
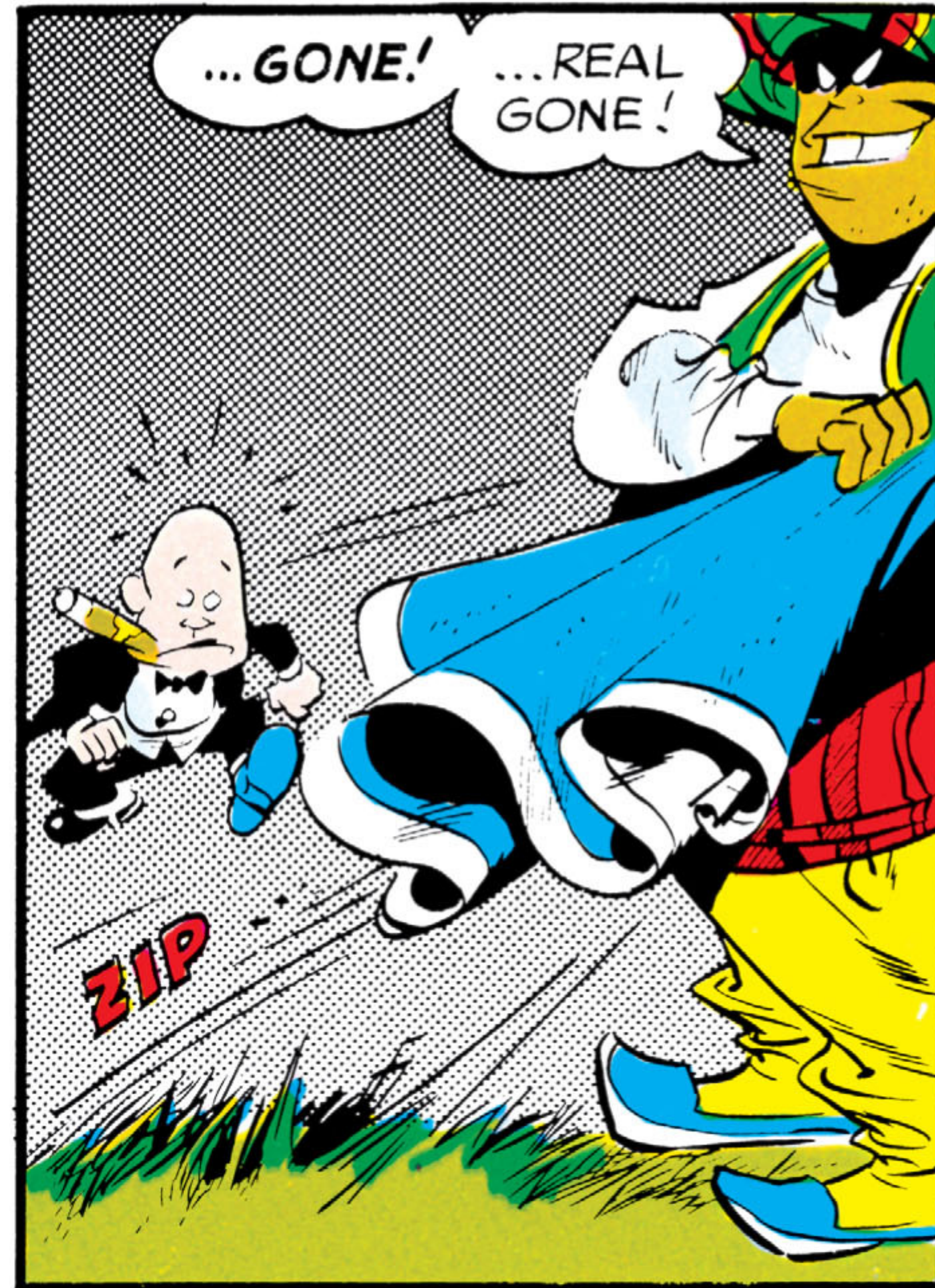
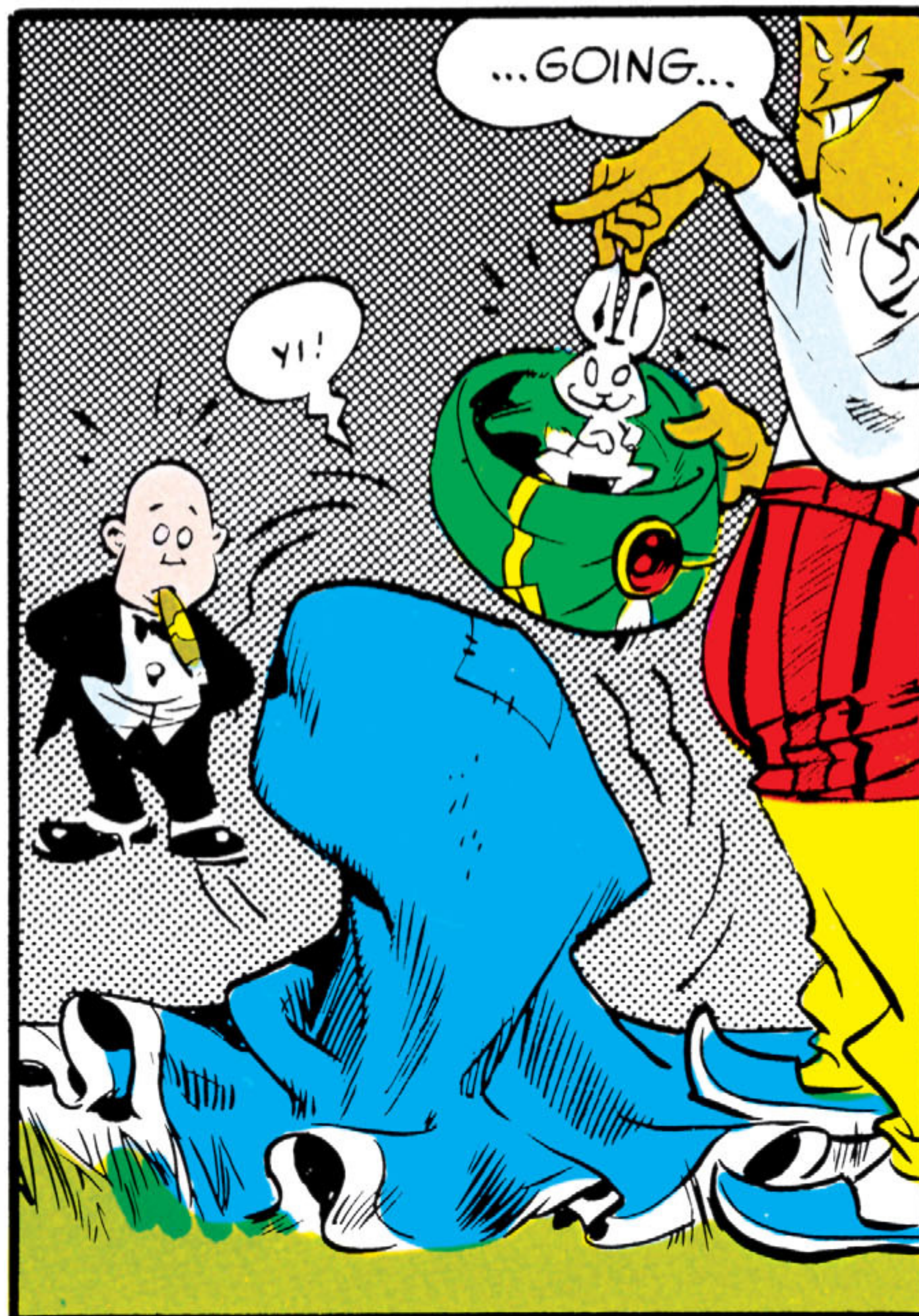
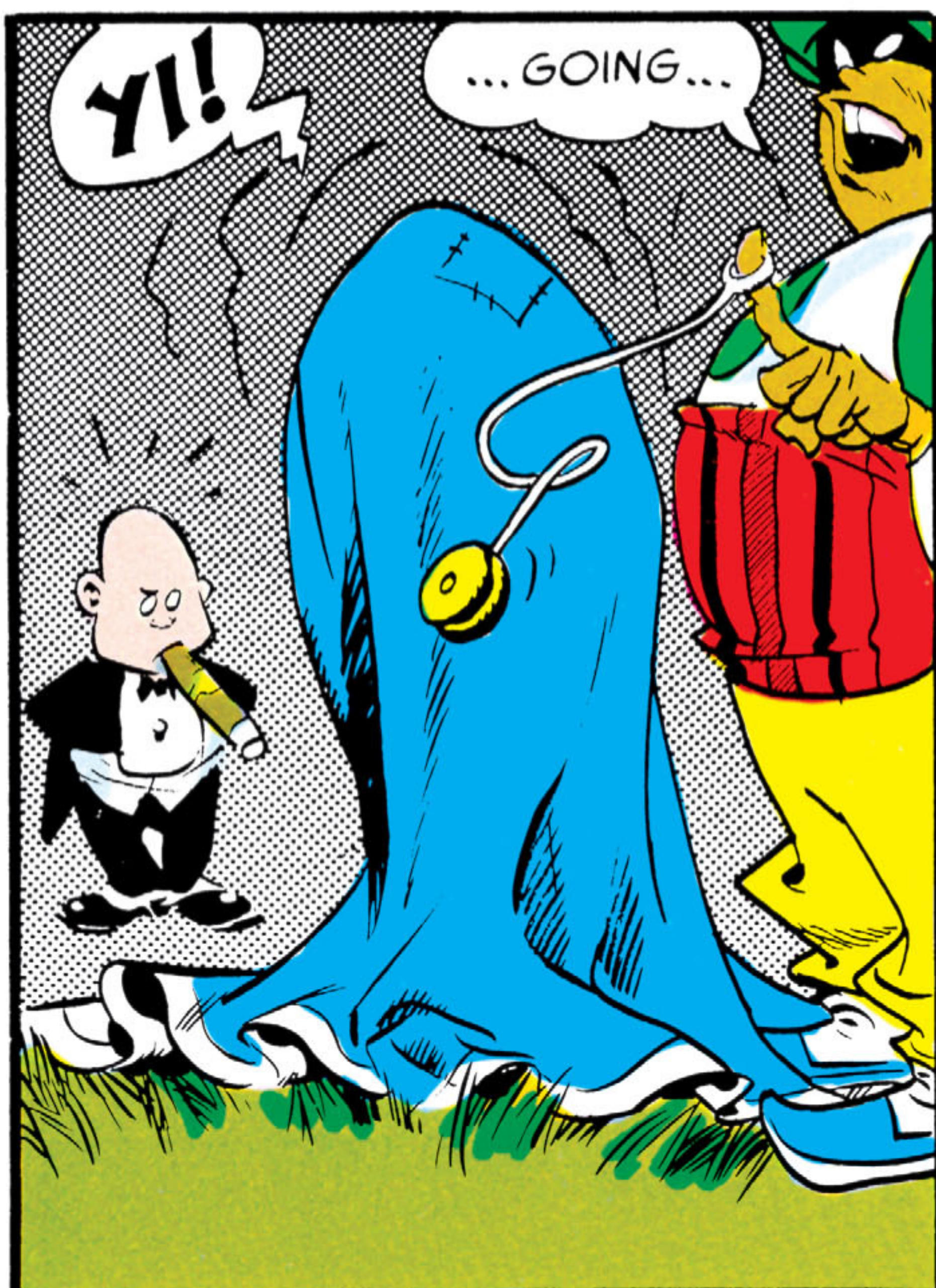
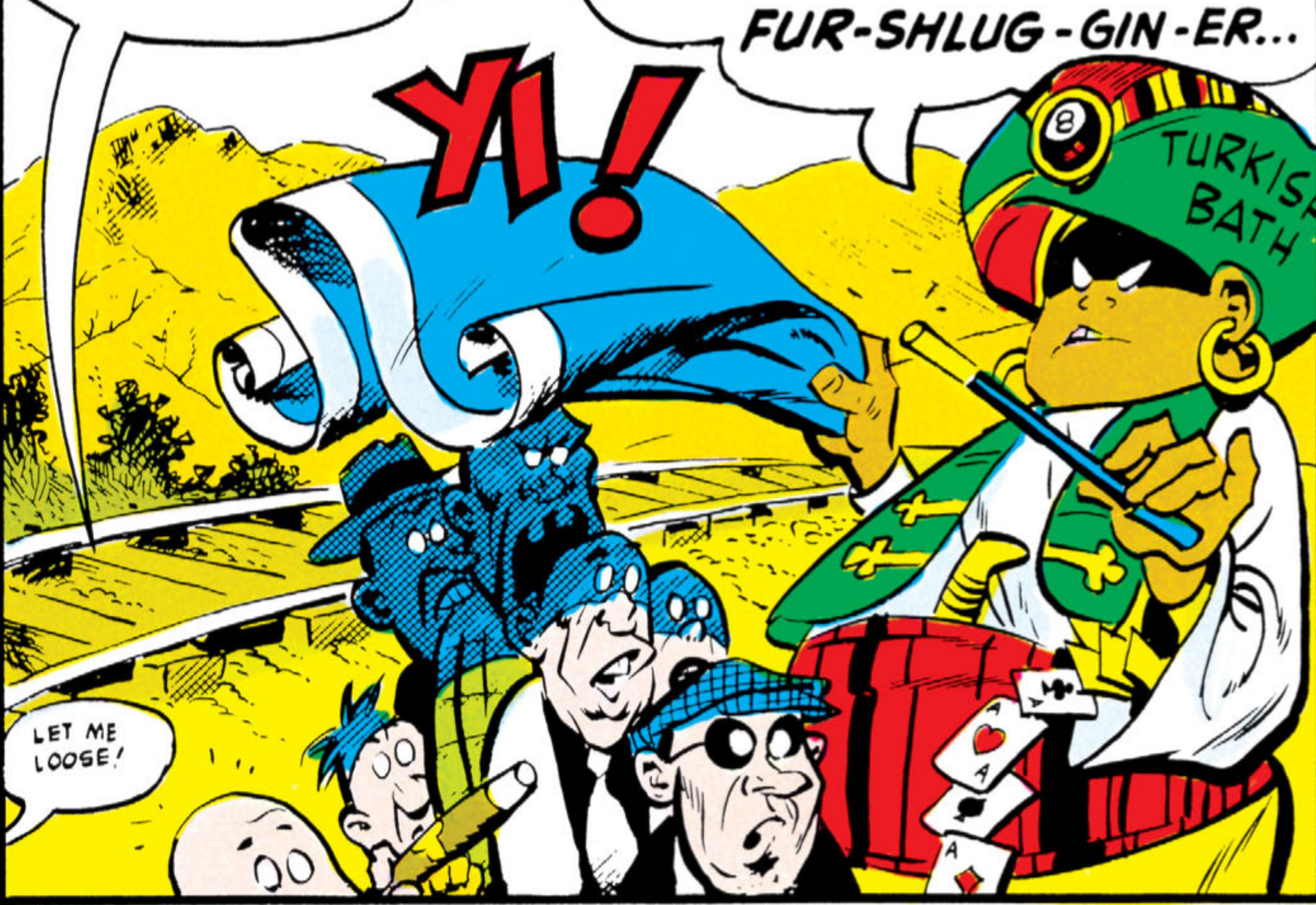
**PUNJOKE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SUCH RECKLESS FLYING! I'LL HAVE YOUR FLYING LICENSE REVOKED!**

PLEASE, SAHIB! OBSERVE! THIS IS A HOOKED RUG AND SOMEBODY UNHOOKED ONE OF THE HOOKS!...SABOTAGE! WE'D BETTER CALL A TOW TRUCK TO TAKE THIS WRECK IN!



NO! WAIT, PUNJOKE! FIRST USE YOUR **STRANGE INEXPLICABLE ORIENTAL POWERS** TO GET RID OF THESE CROOKS!

AH, SAHIB!...YOU WANT ME TO SEND THEM AWAY! IT IS WELL! I TAKE MY MAGIC RUG!... I THROW IT OVER THEM! I SAY THE MAGIC WORDS... **FUR-SHLUG-GIN-ER...**



**BY JOVE, PUNJOKE! HOW DID YOU DO IT? WHERE DID THEY GO TO?**

SAHIB! WHEN ONE INTENDS TO SELL A COMIC BOOK, IT'S WELL ALL SWEAR WORDS TO EXPEL. HOWEVER YOU IMPEL THIS SERVANT, YOU TO TELL WHAT LAND THESE CROOKS NOW DWELL. IF TELL I MUST, I SHELL! I SENT THEM DOWN TO...

...**SAHIB...**

**CAREFUL SAHIB! YOU ALMOST DROPPED INTO IT YOURSELF!...THE PLACE I SENT THE CROOKS DOWN INTO! ...A WELL!**

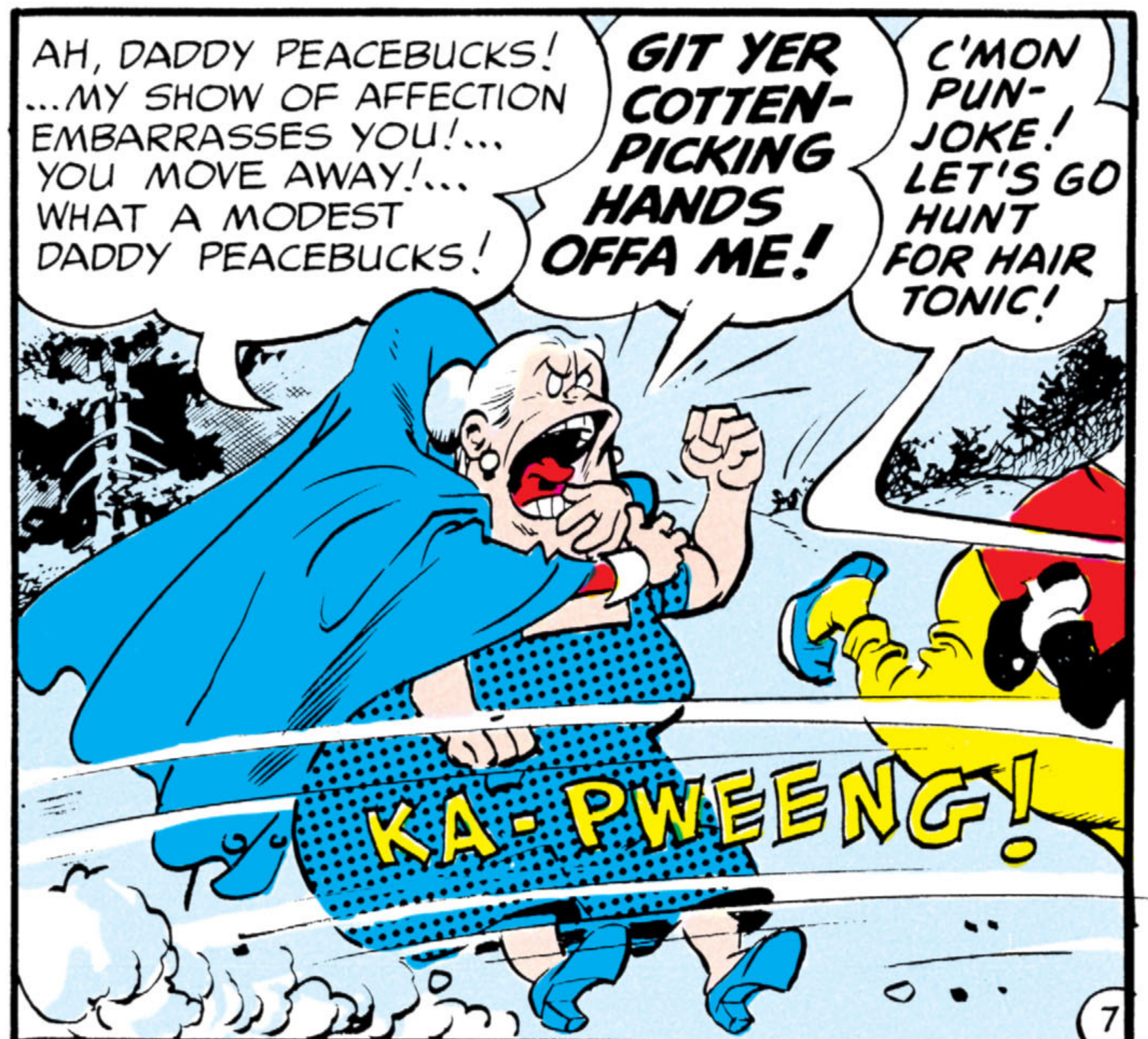
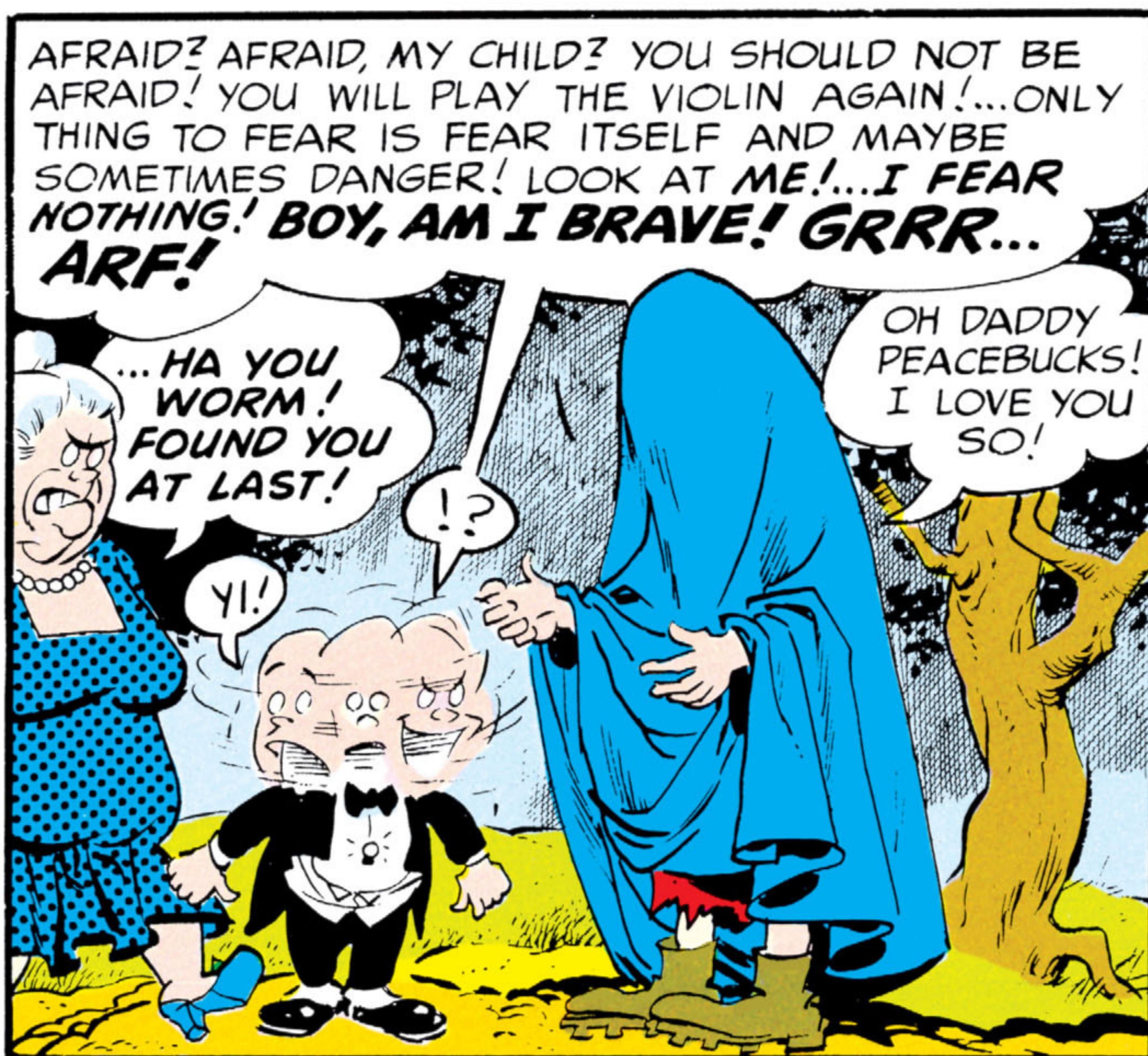
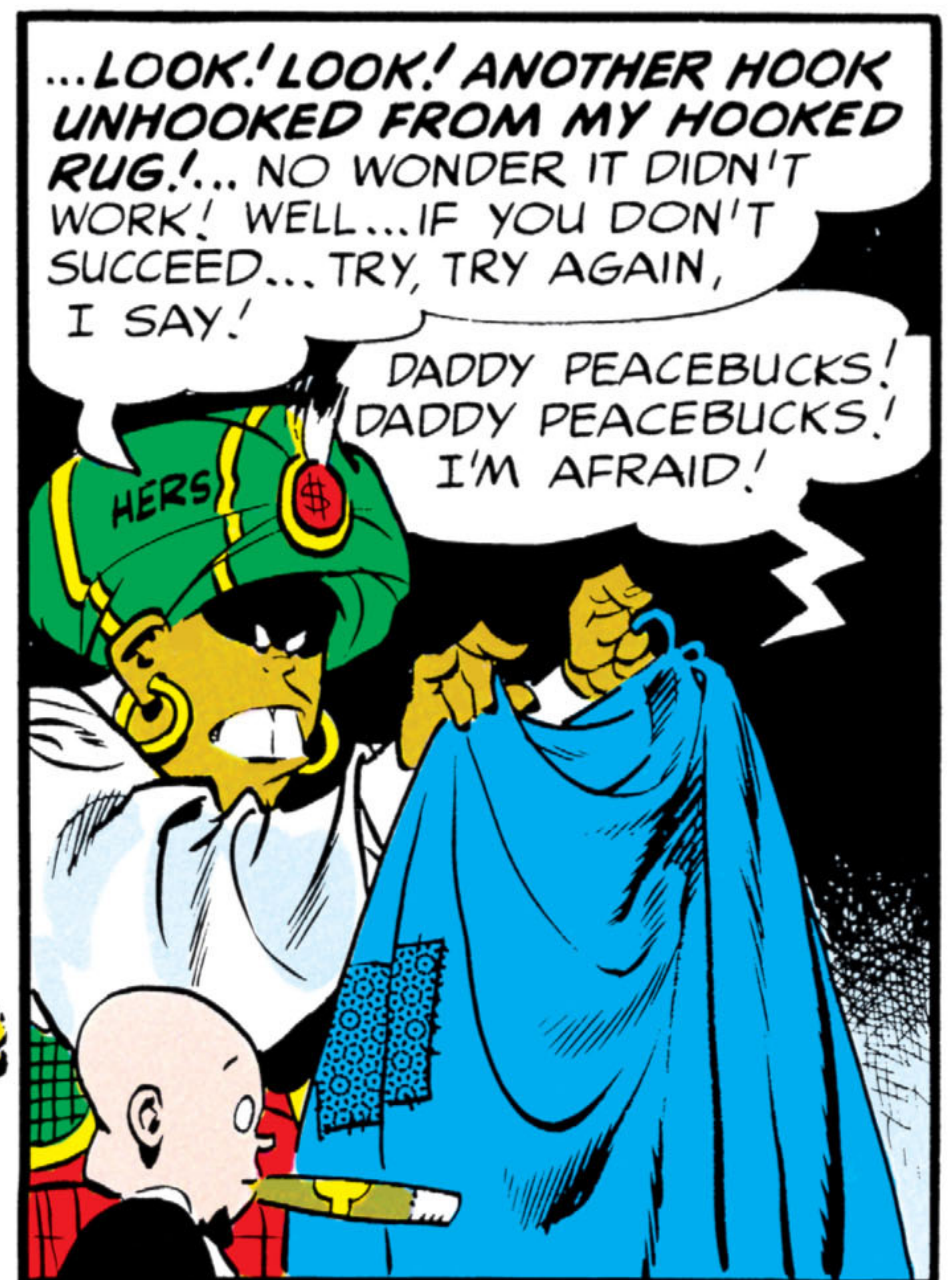
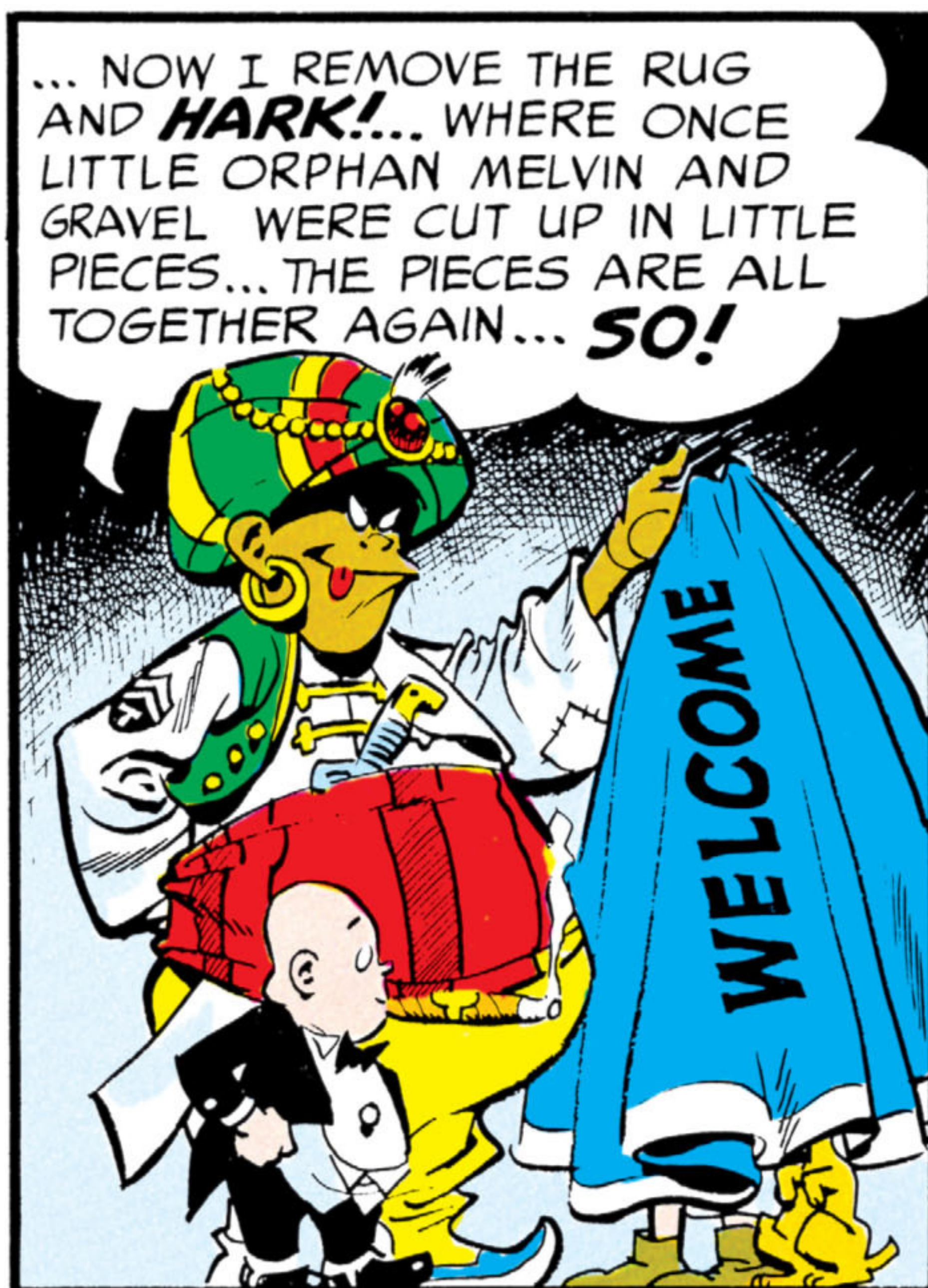
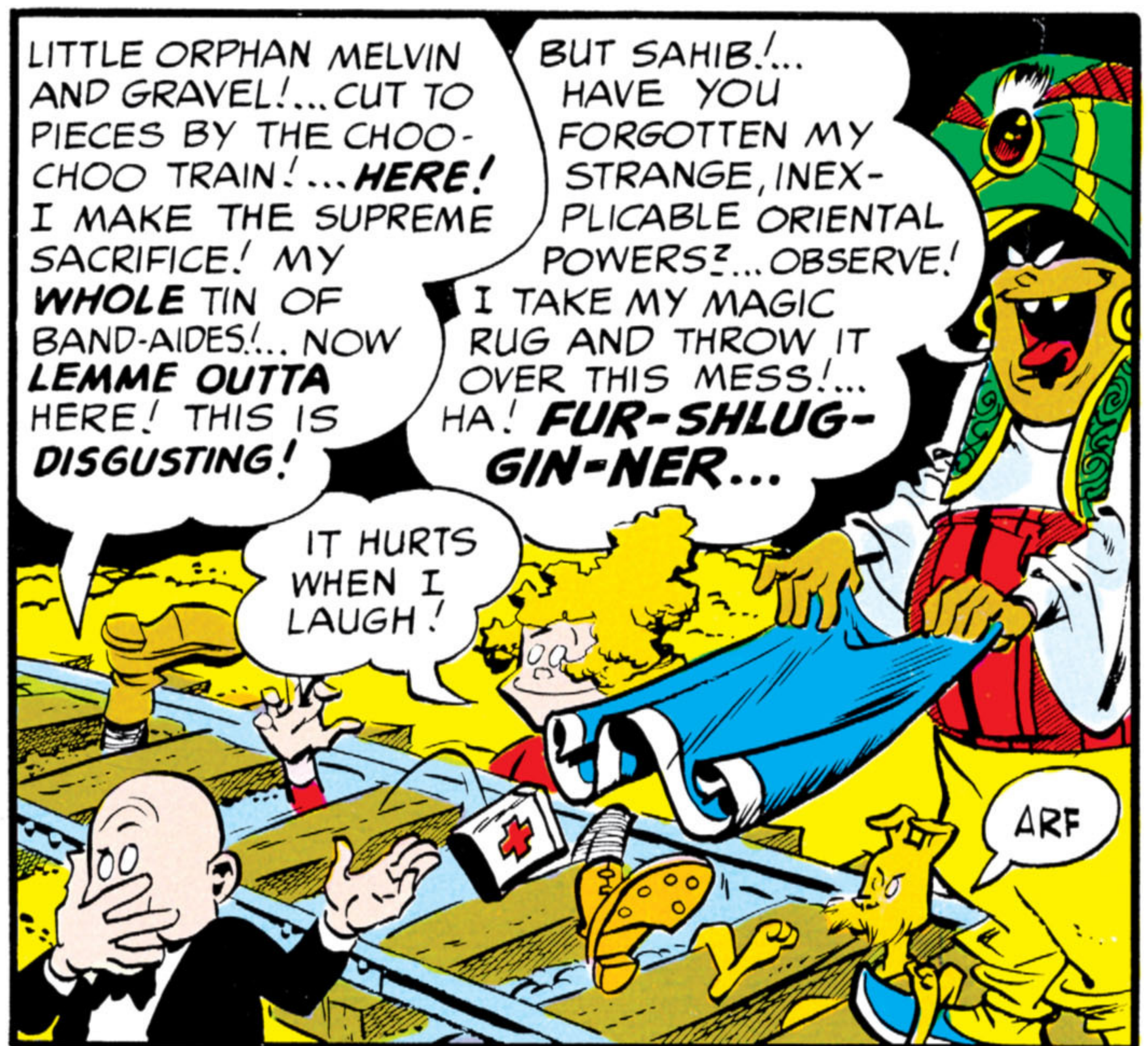
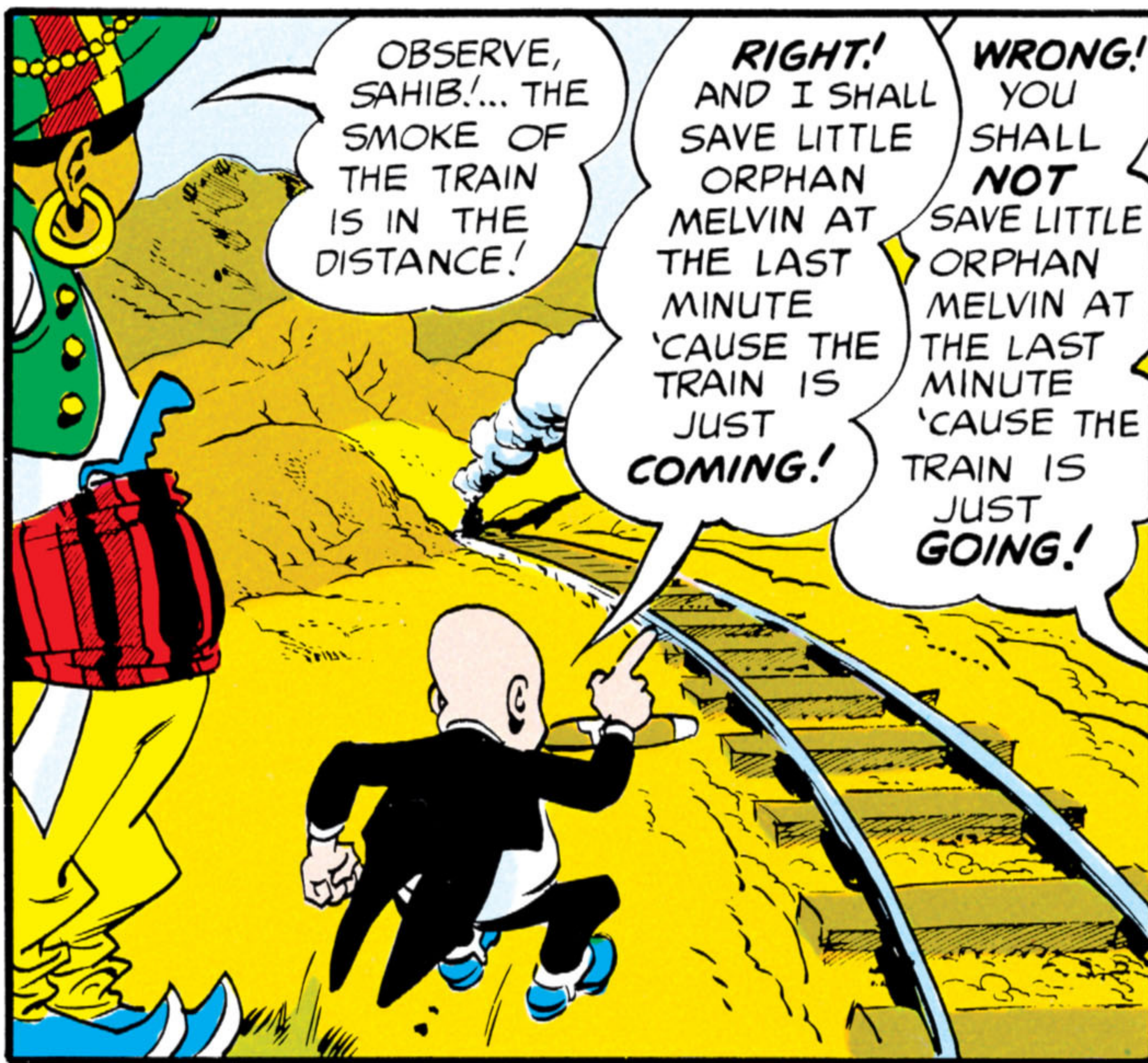
WHEW!... YOU CAUGHT ME JUST IN TIME!

...**TIME?**

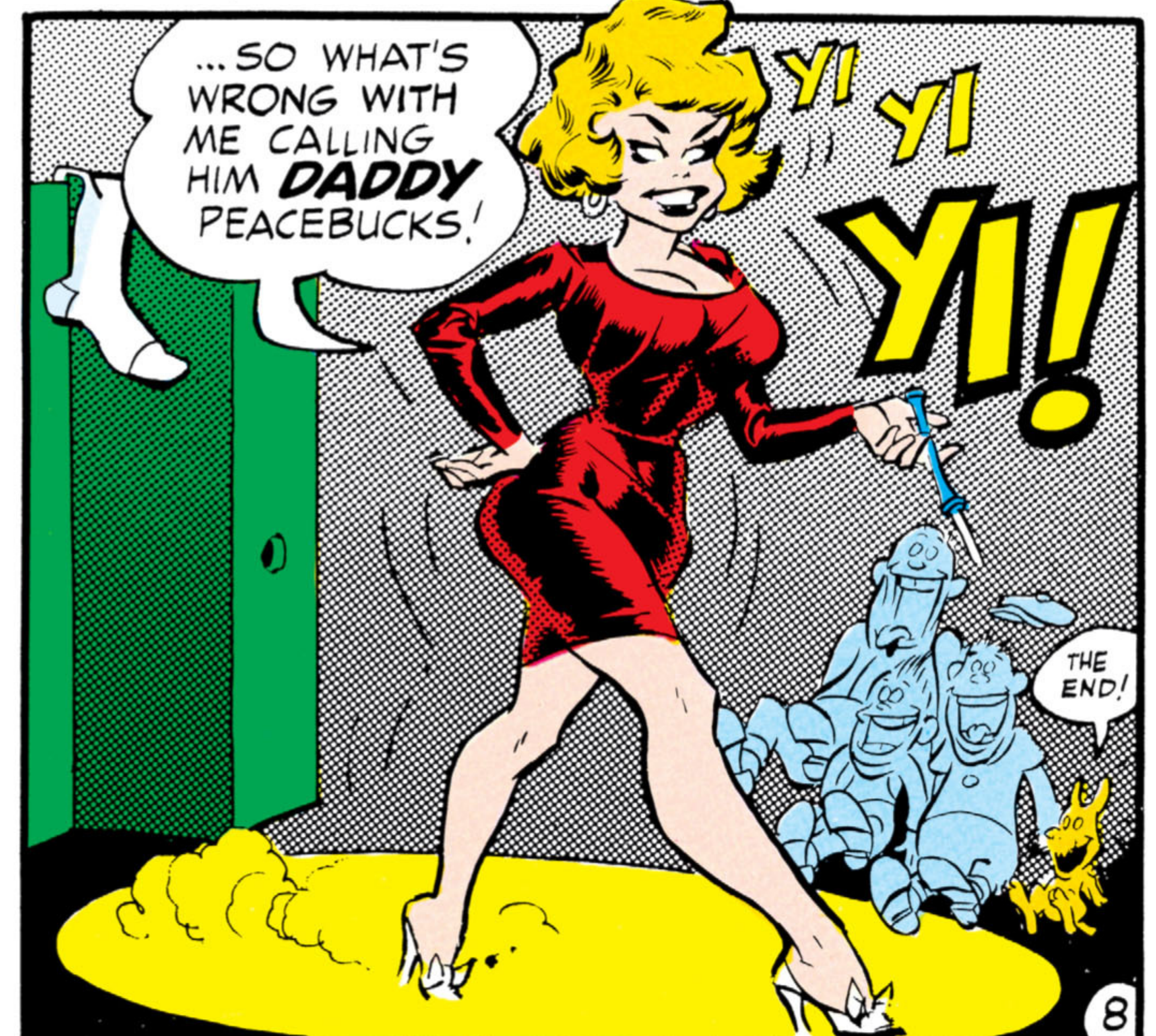
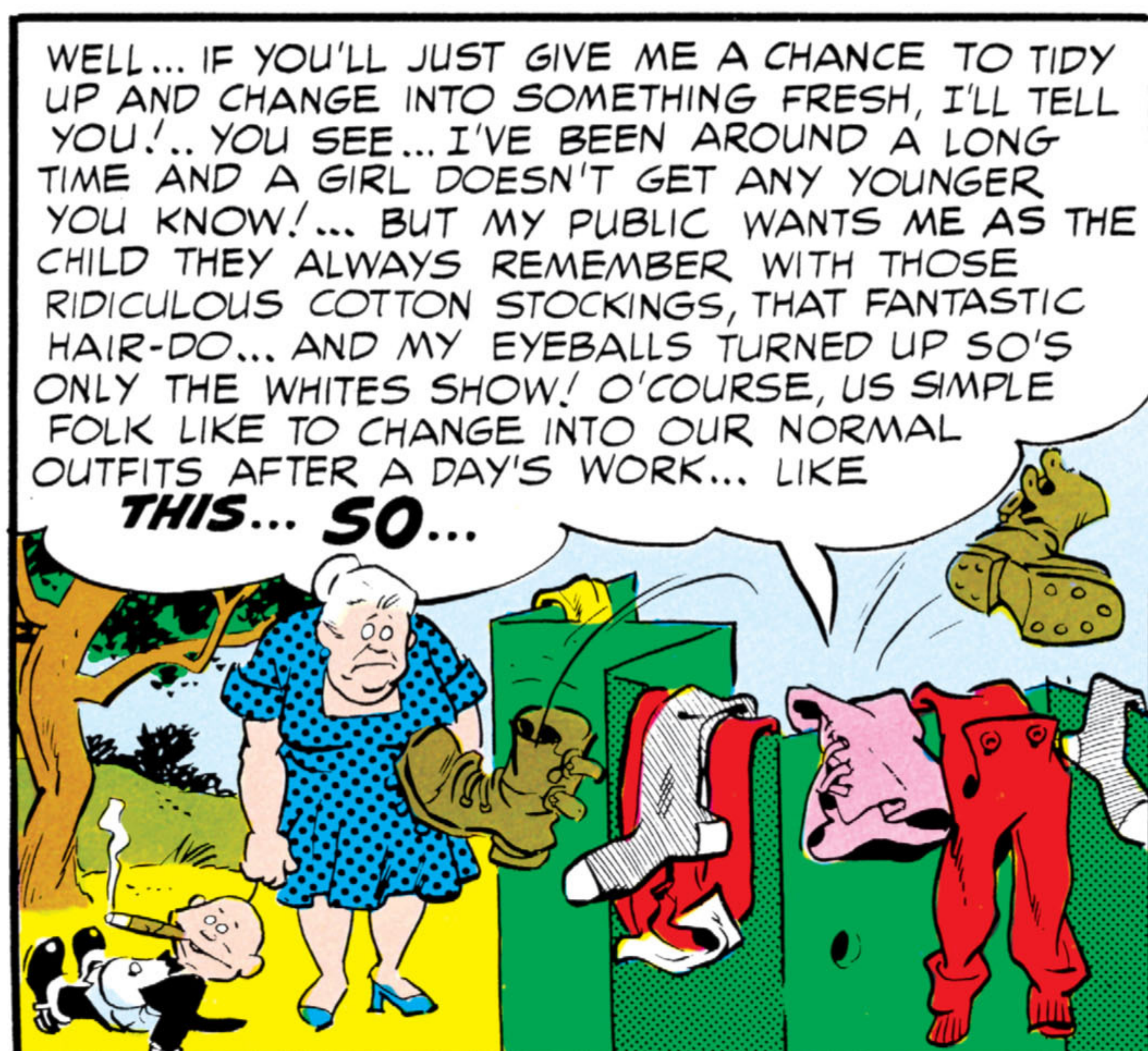
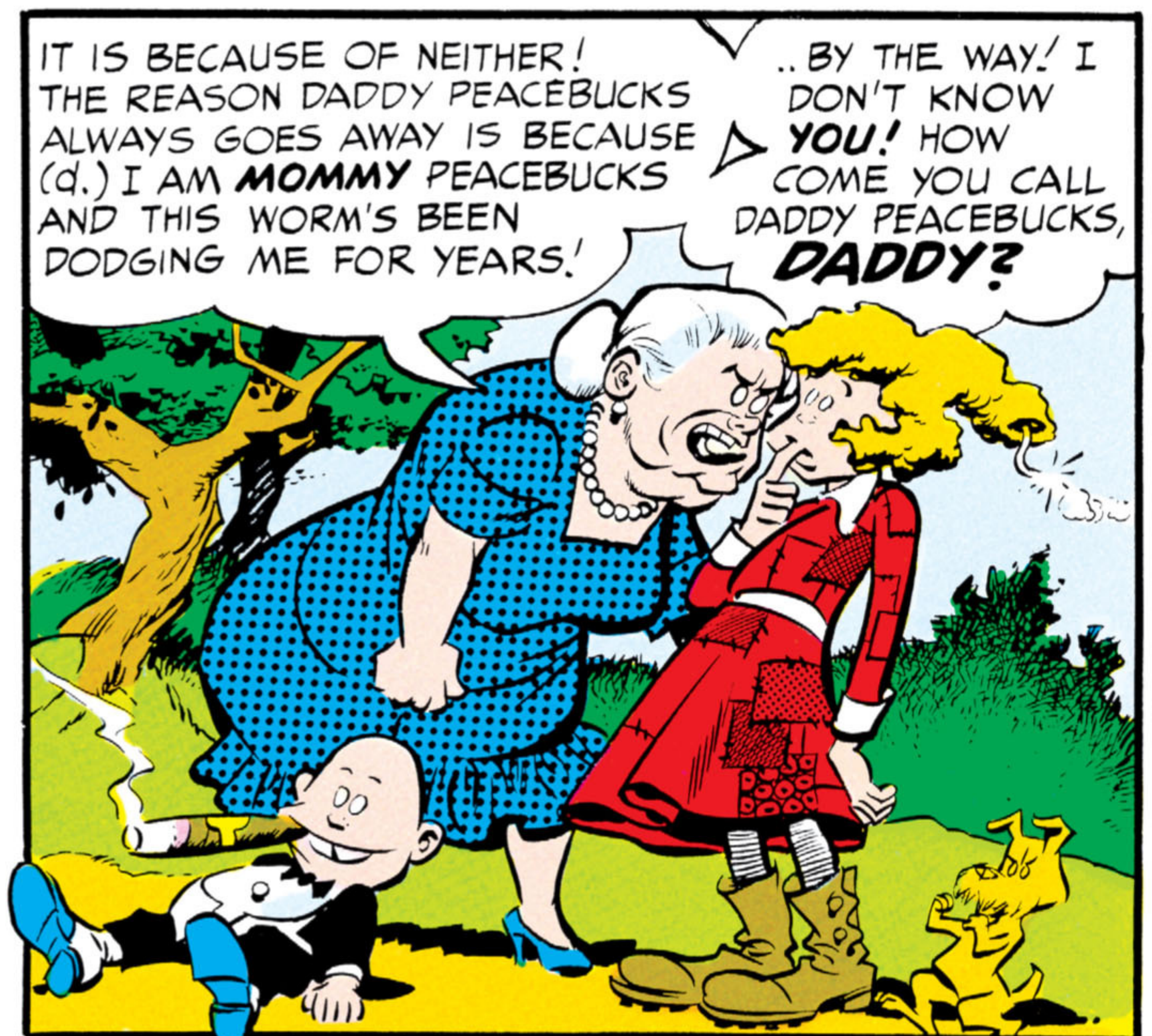
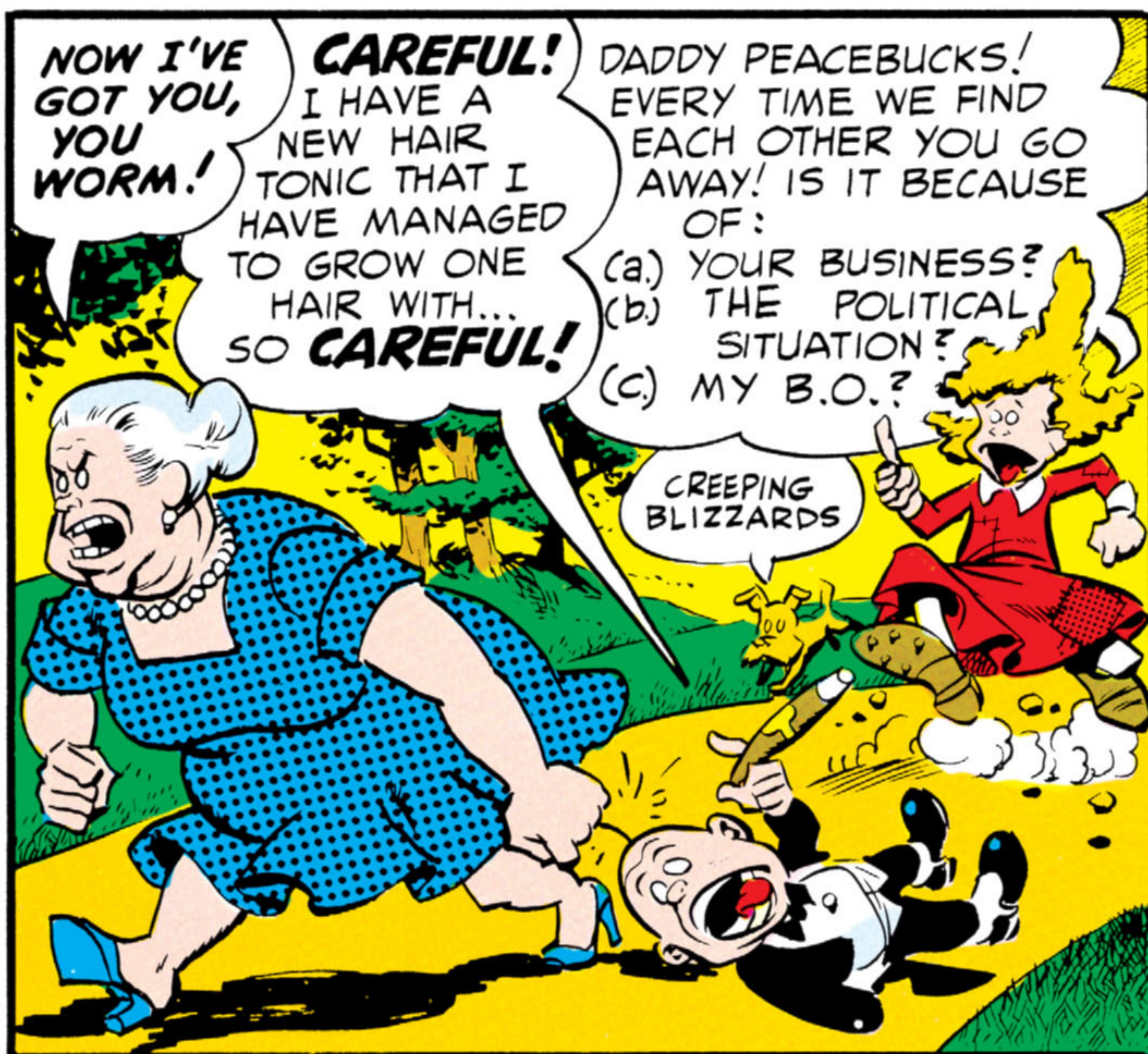
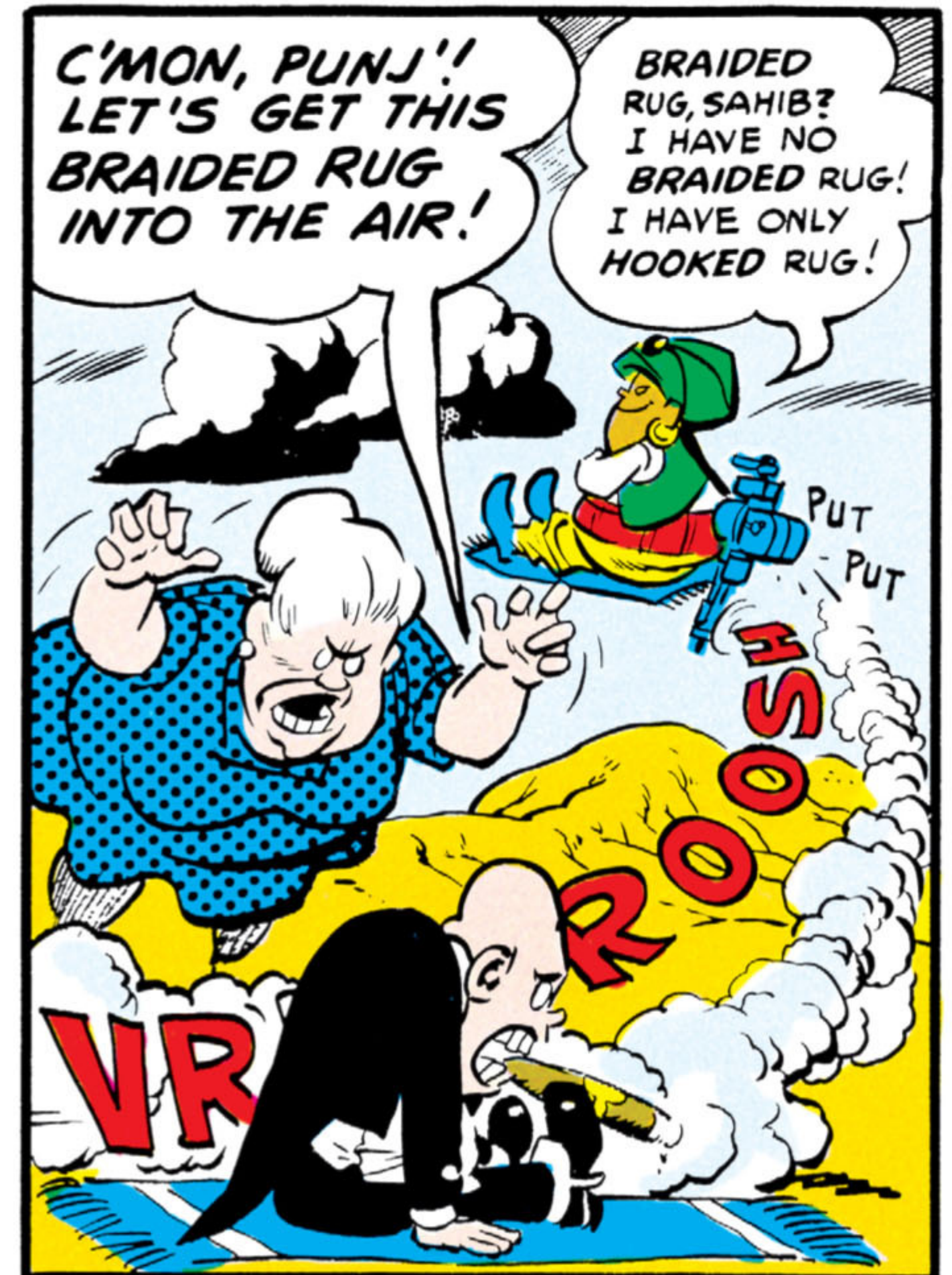
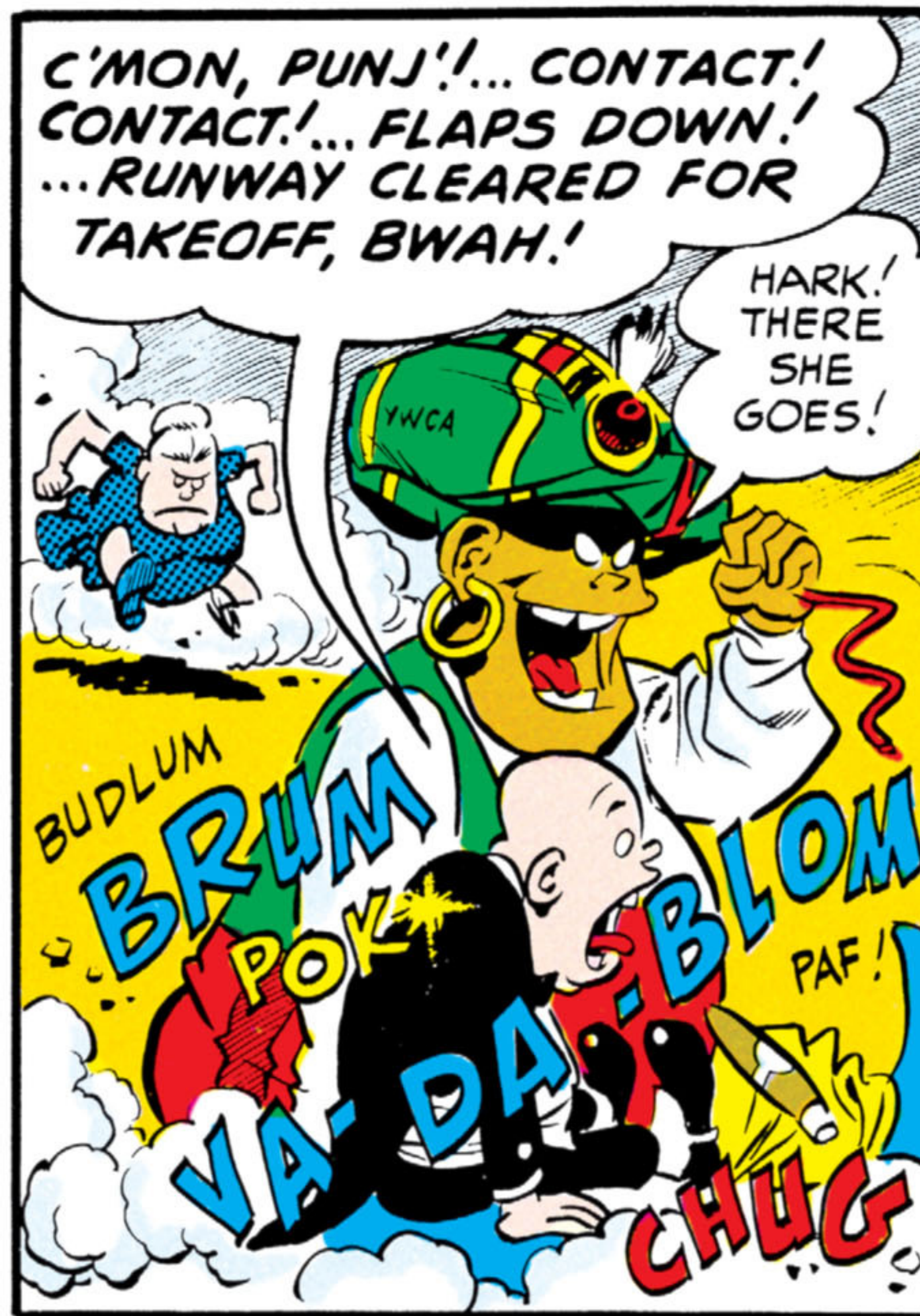
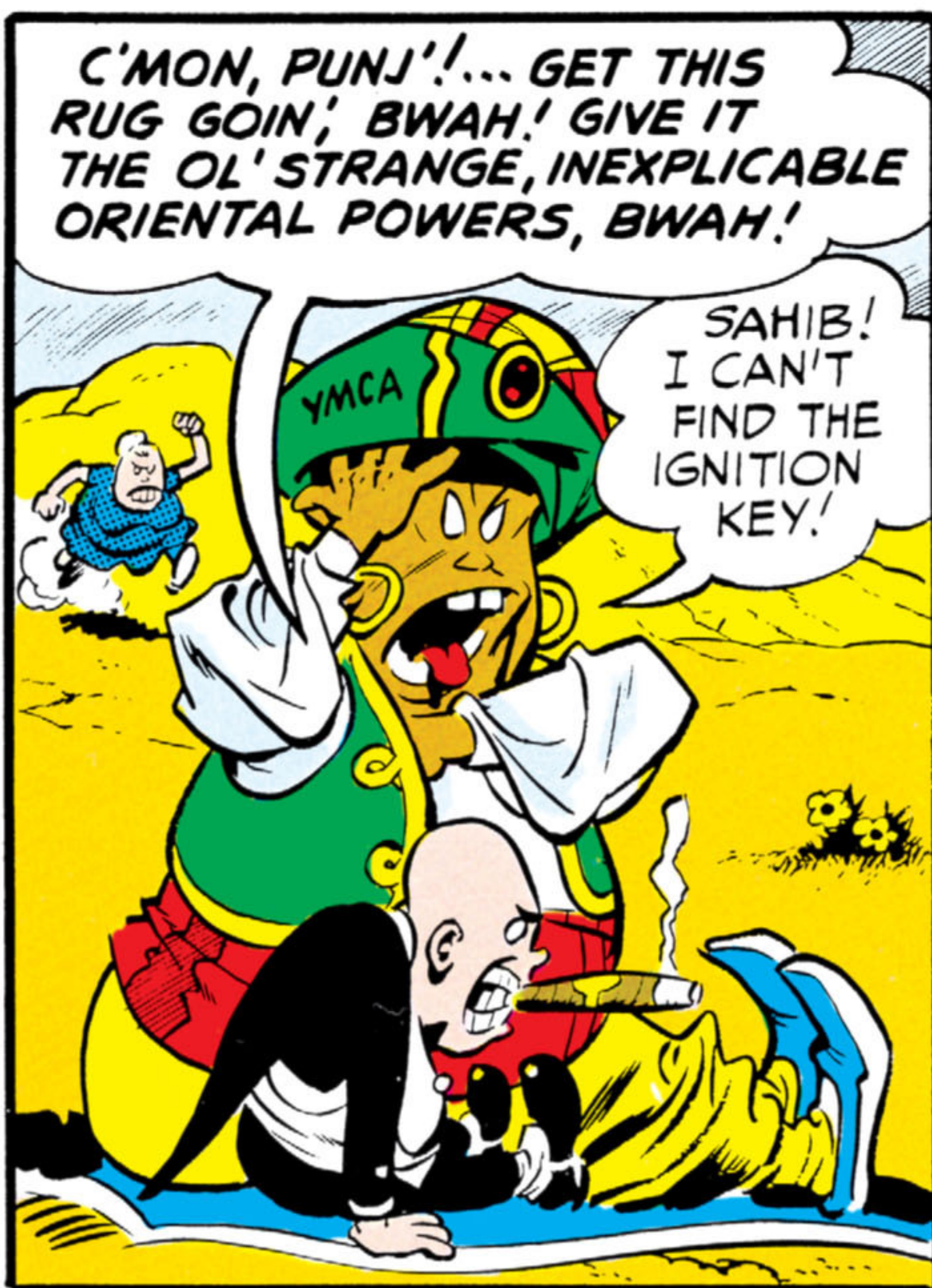
...**PUNJOKE! WHAT TIME IS IT? I'VE GOT TO SAVE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AT THE LAST MINUTE!**

LET ME LOOSE! LET ME LOOSE!











CLASSICAL TYPE COMICS DEPT.: ONCE UPON AN EVENING DREARY, WHILE WE PONDERED WEAK AND WEARY IN THE PUBLIC LIBREARY, ON A COMIC STORY PLOT; WHILE WE NODDED NEARLY NAPPING, CAME AN ATTENDANT A-TAPPING, ON OUR HEAD SO GENTLY RAPPING, SPOKE "THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT"!...OOH WERE WE MAD! WE HOWLED! WE RAVED! AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT...

# THE RAVEN

By EDGAR ALLAN POE TRY.

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
while I pondered, weak  
and weary,  
Over many a quaint and  
curious volume  
of forgotten lore —  
While I nodded, nearly  
napping,  
suddenly there came a  
tapping,  
As of some one gently  
rapping,  
rapping at my chamber  
door.  
"Tis some visitor," I  
muttered,  
"tapping at my chamber  
door —"

Only this and  
nothing more."

CLOONK  
CLOONK  
BASH  
BAM

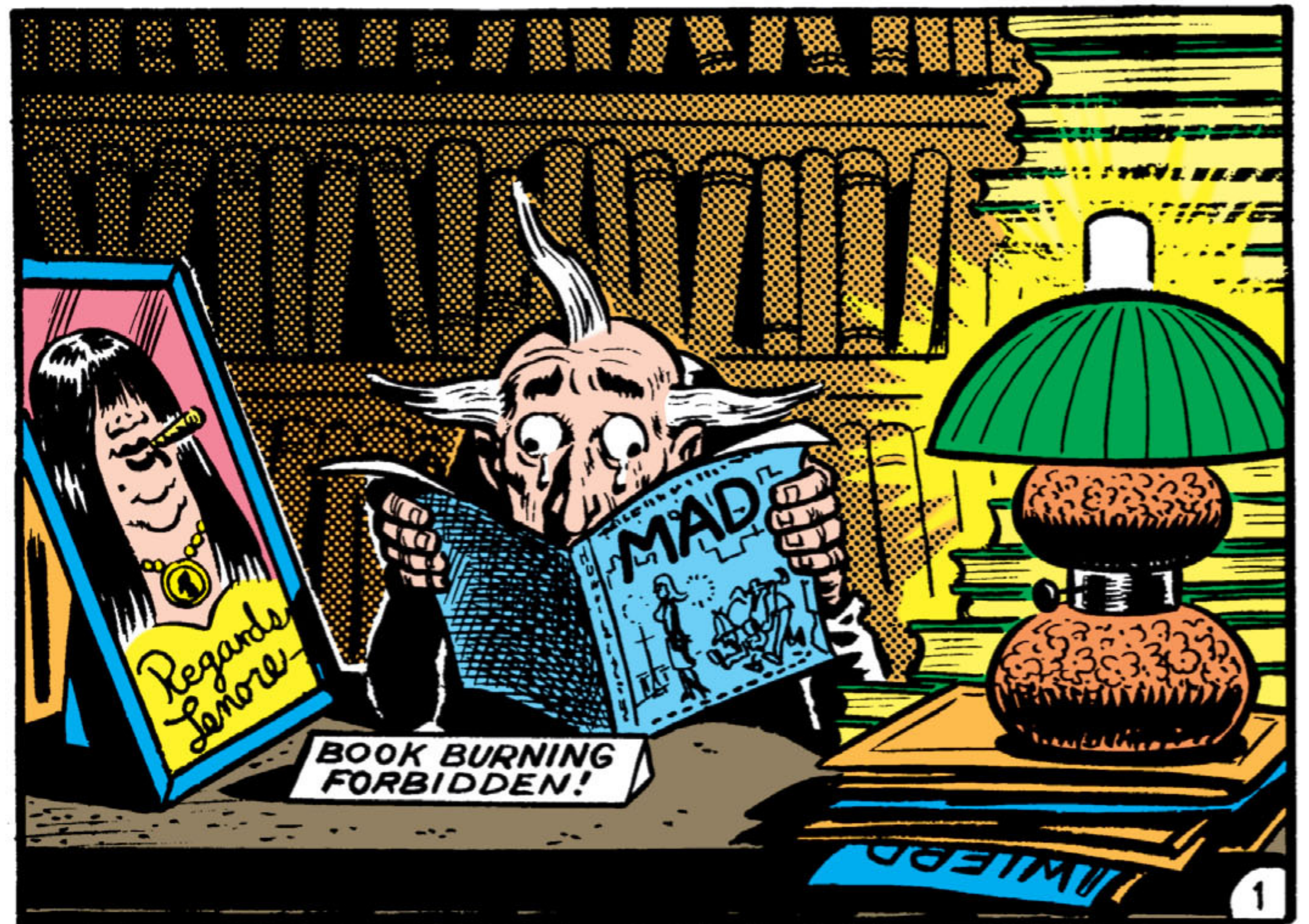


That Raven  
Maniac,  
Elder.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon  
the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow-sorrow for the lost Lenore —  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Nameless **here** for evermore.





And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never  
felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

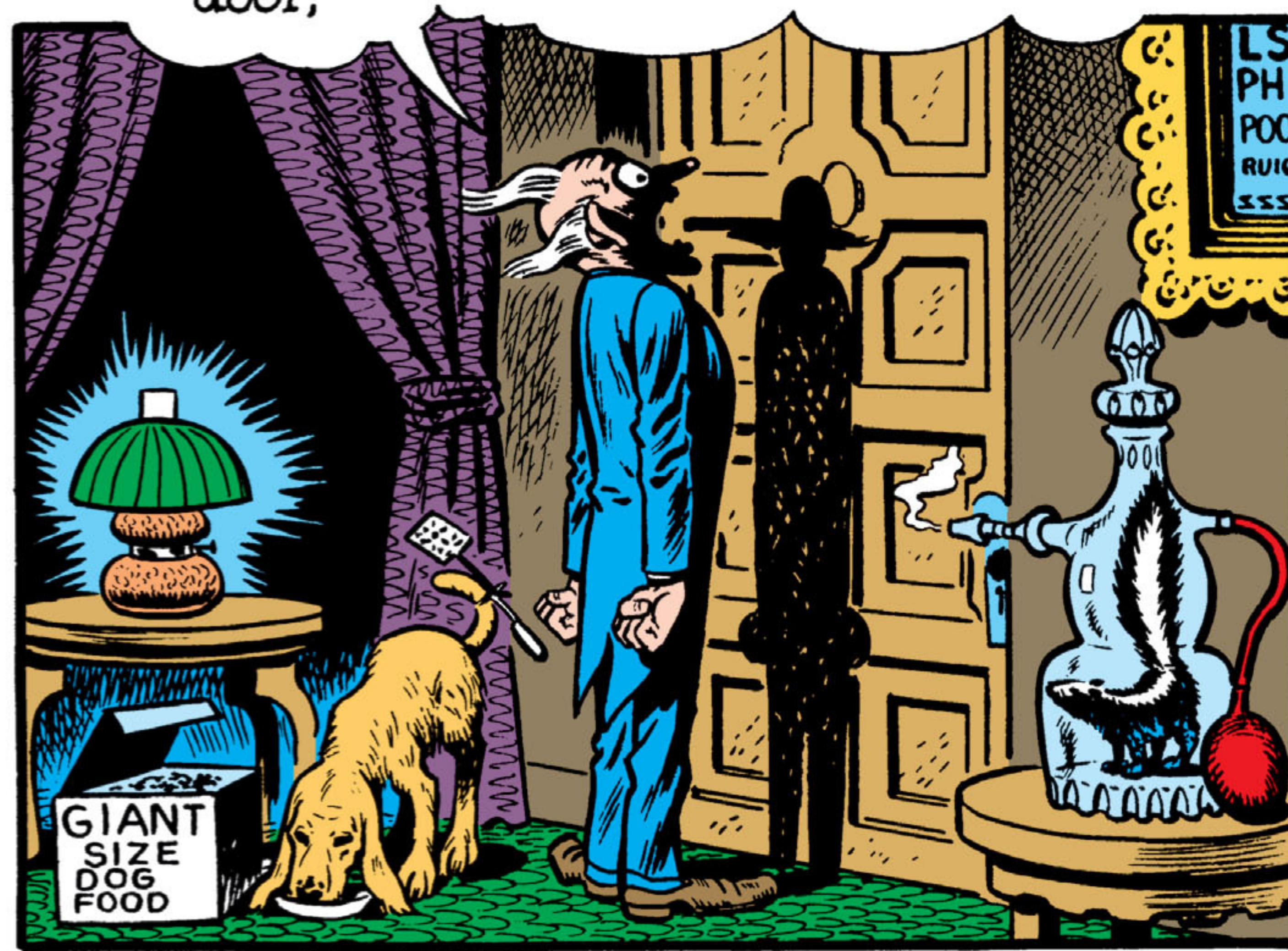
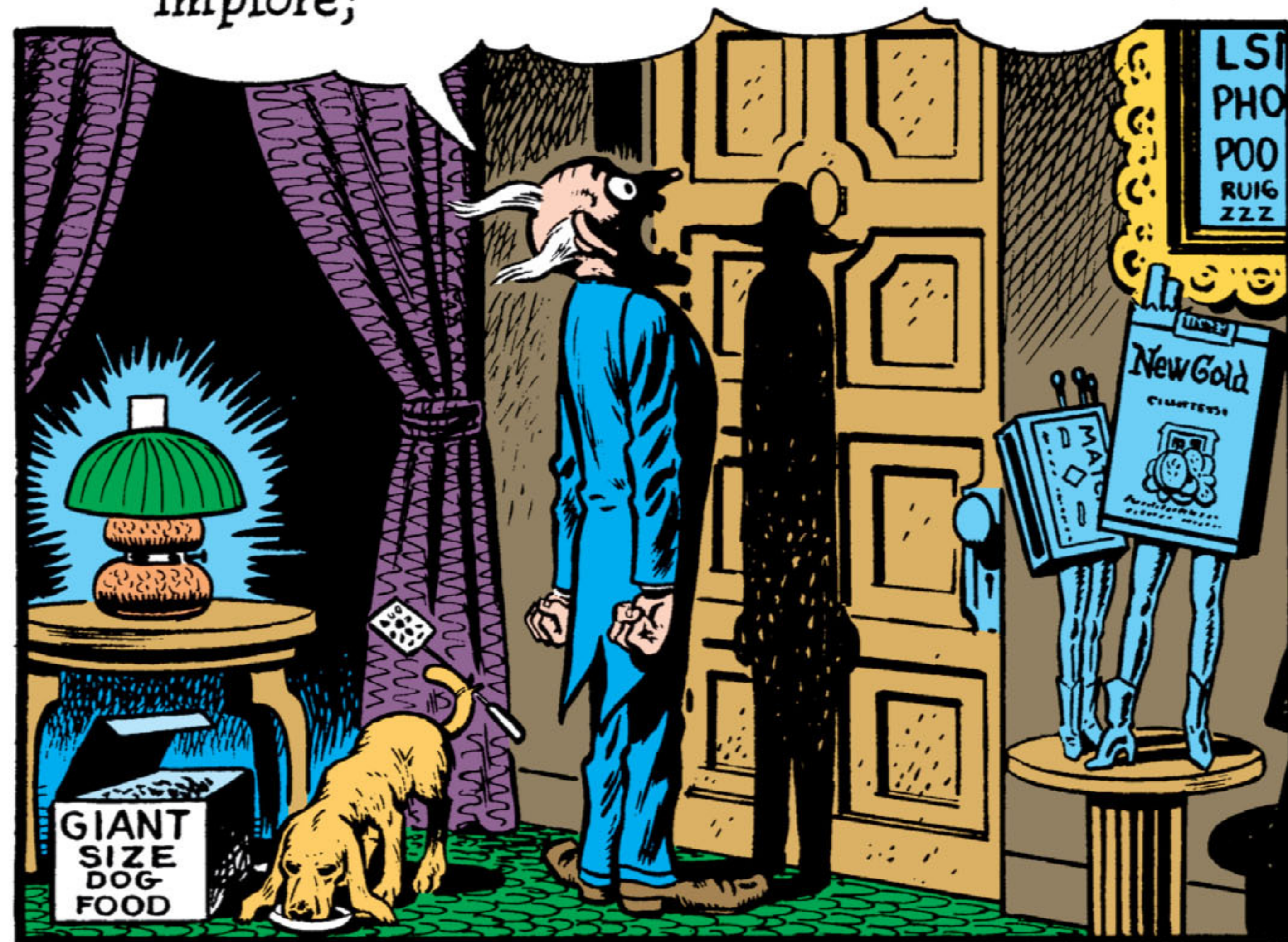
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—

This it is and nothing more."



Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no  
longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I  
implore;

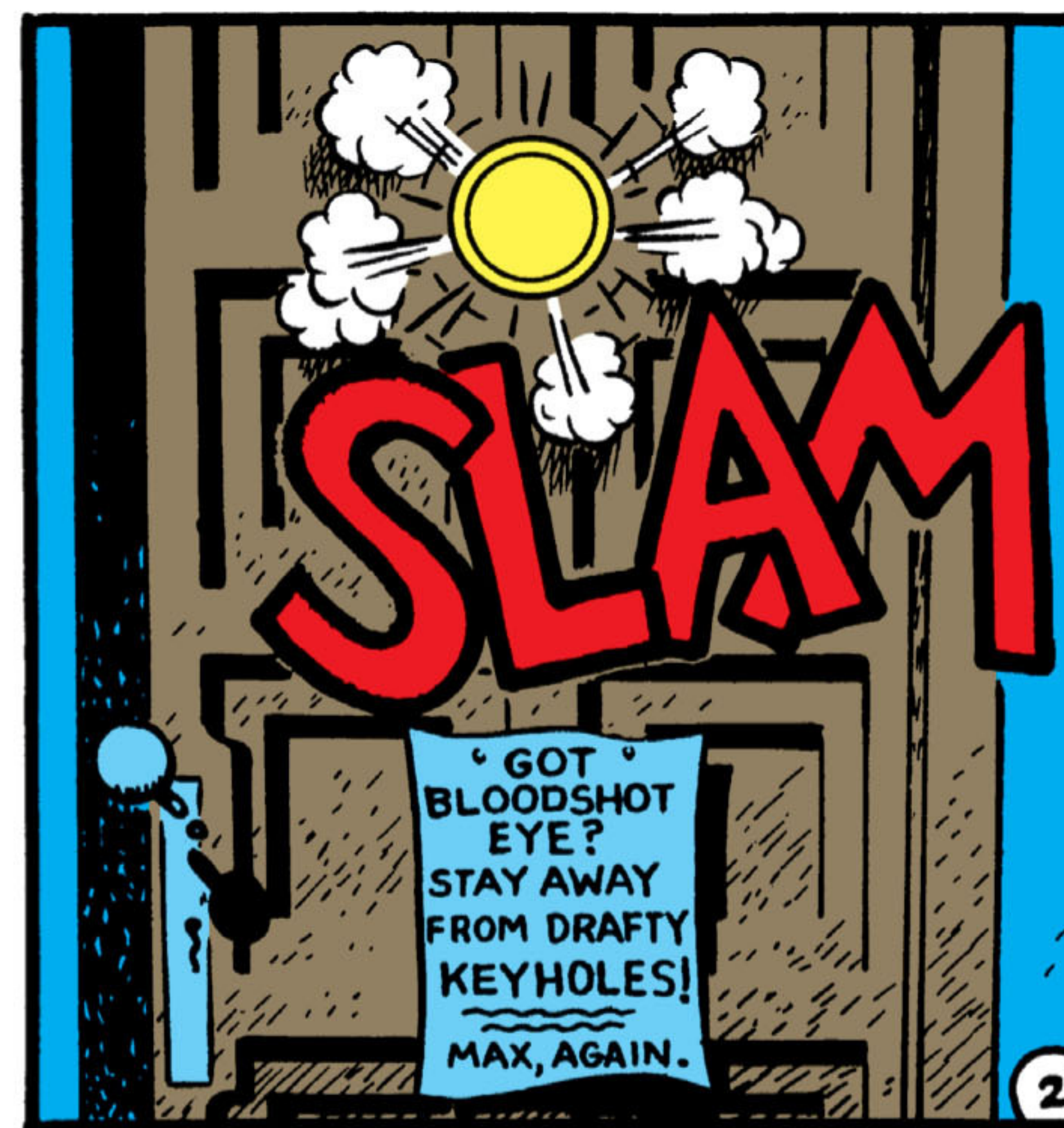
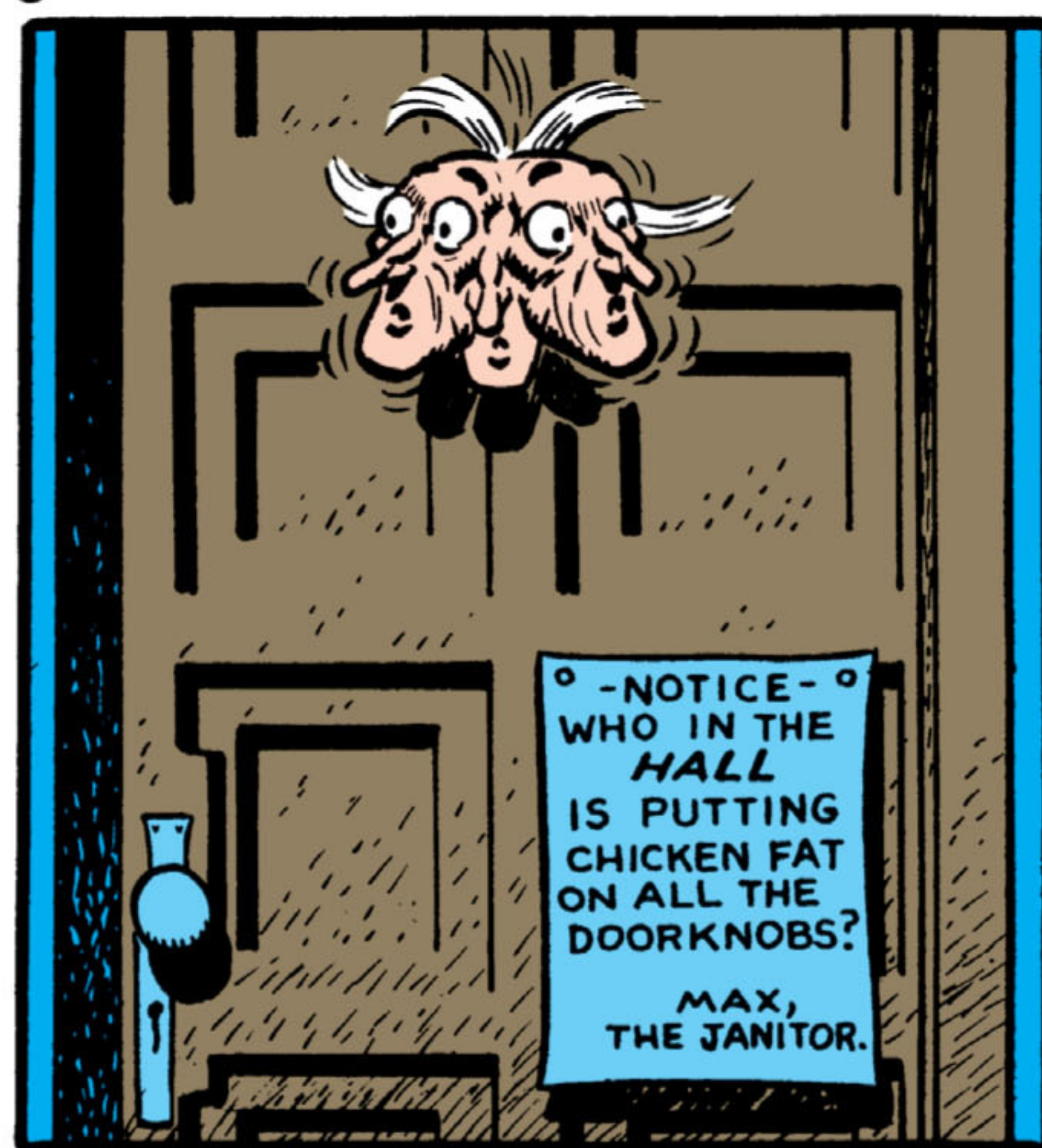
But the fact is I was napping and so gently you came  
rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber  
door,



That I scarce was sure I heard you"— here I  
opened wide the door;—

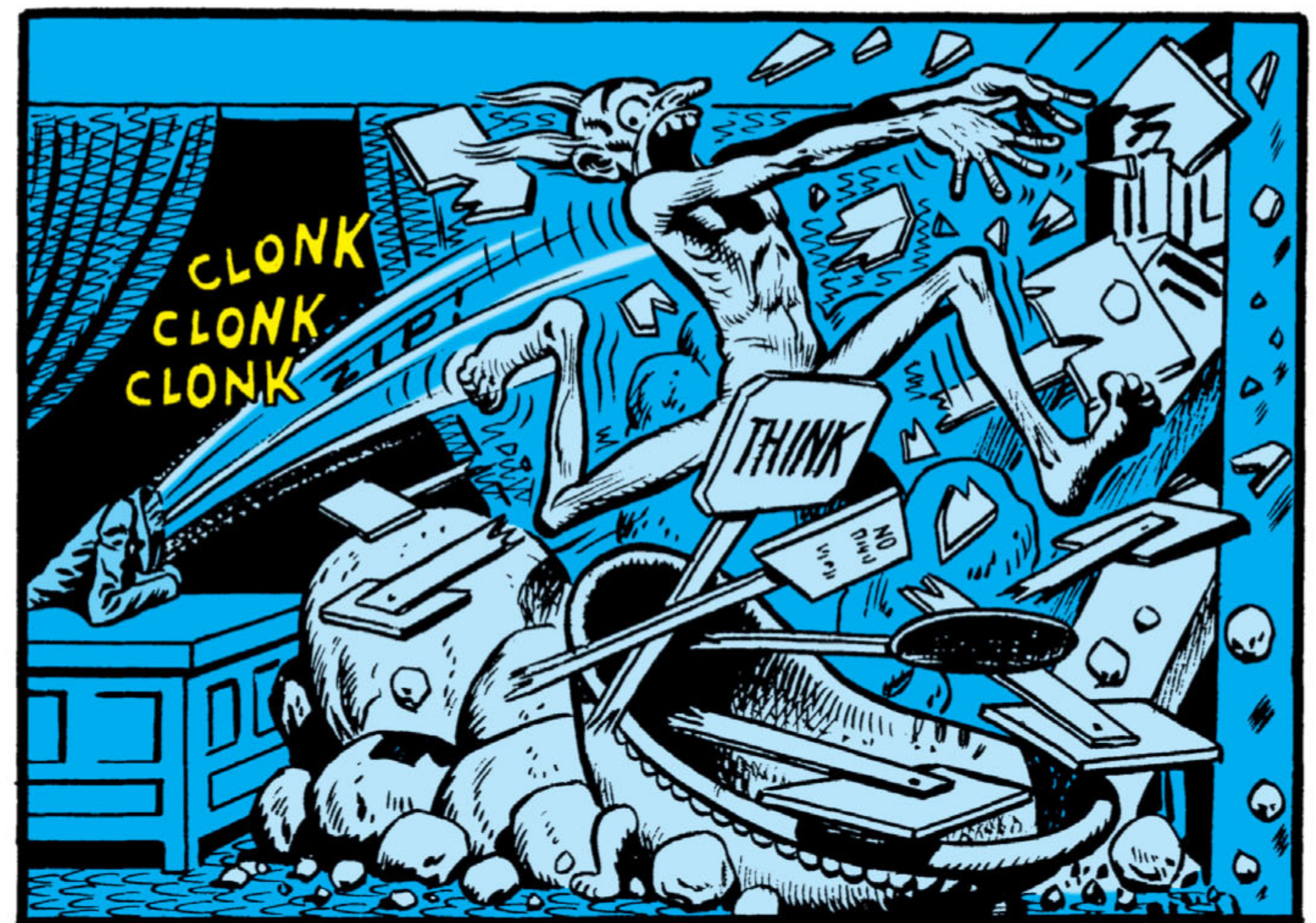
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there  
wondering, fearing  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,



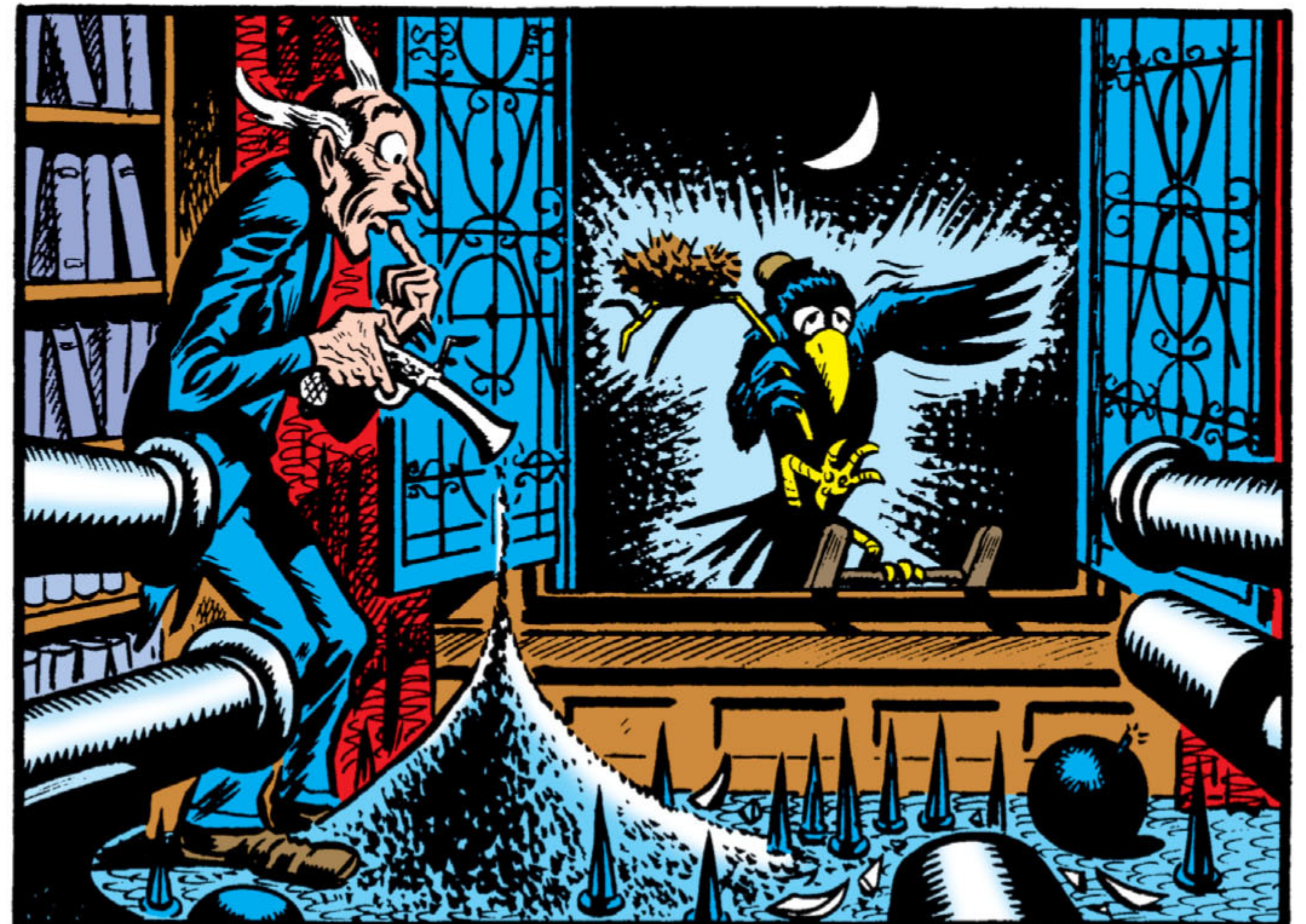
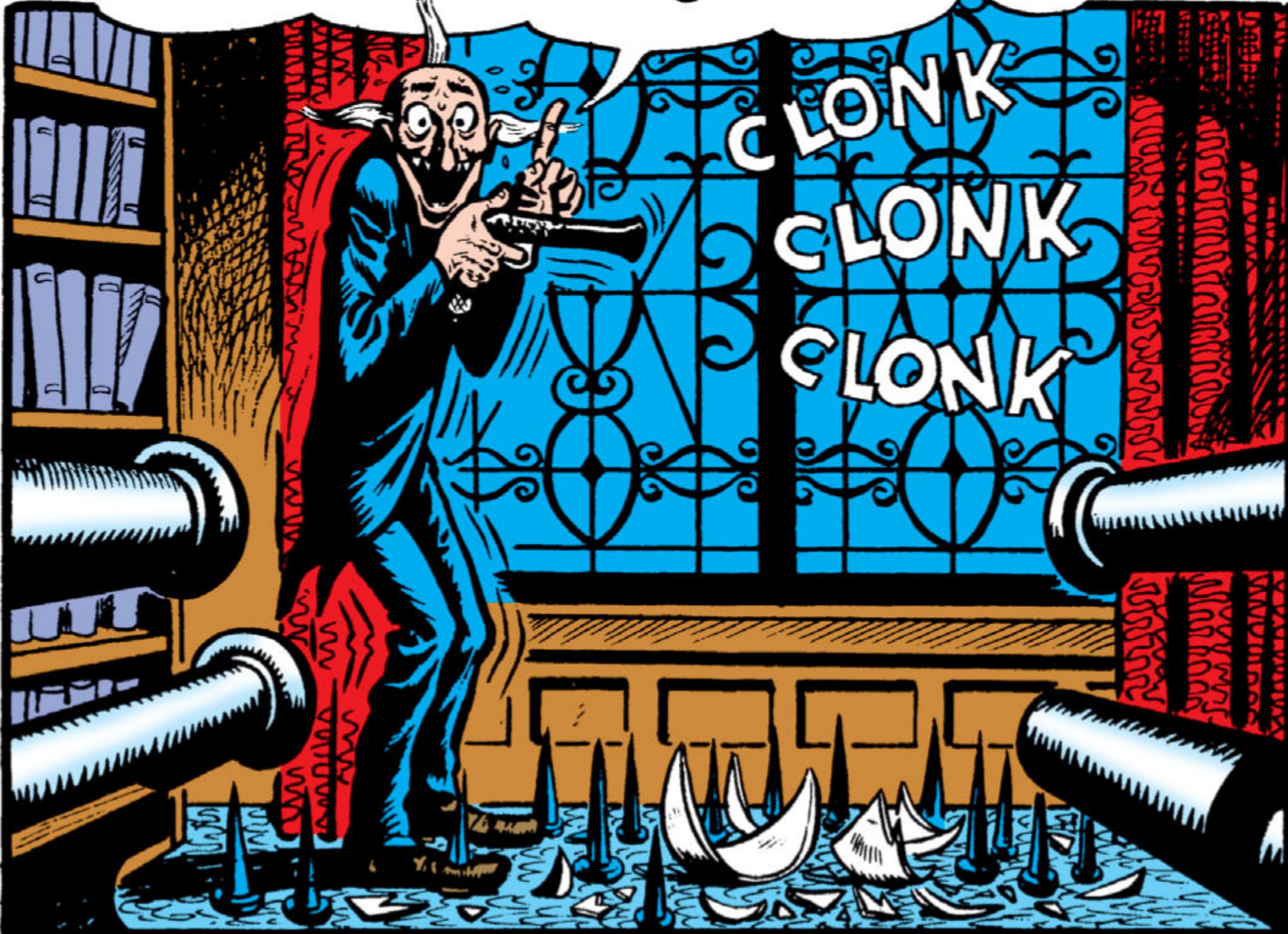


And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?" Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!" Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
 "Surely, said I, "surely that is something at my window  
 lattice;  
 Merely this and nothing more.



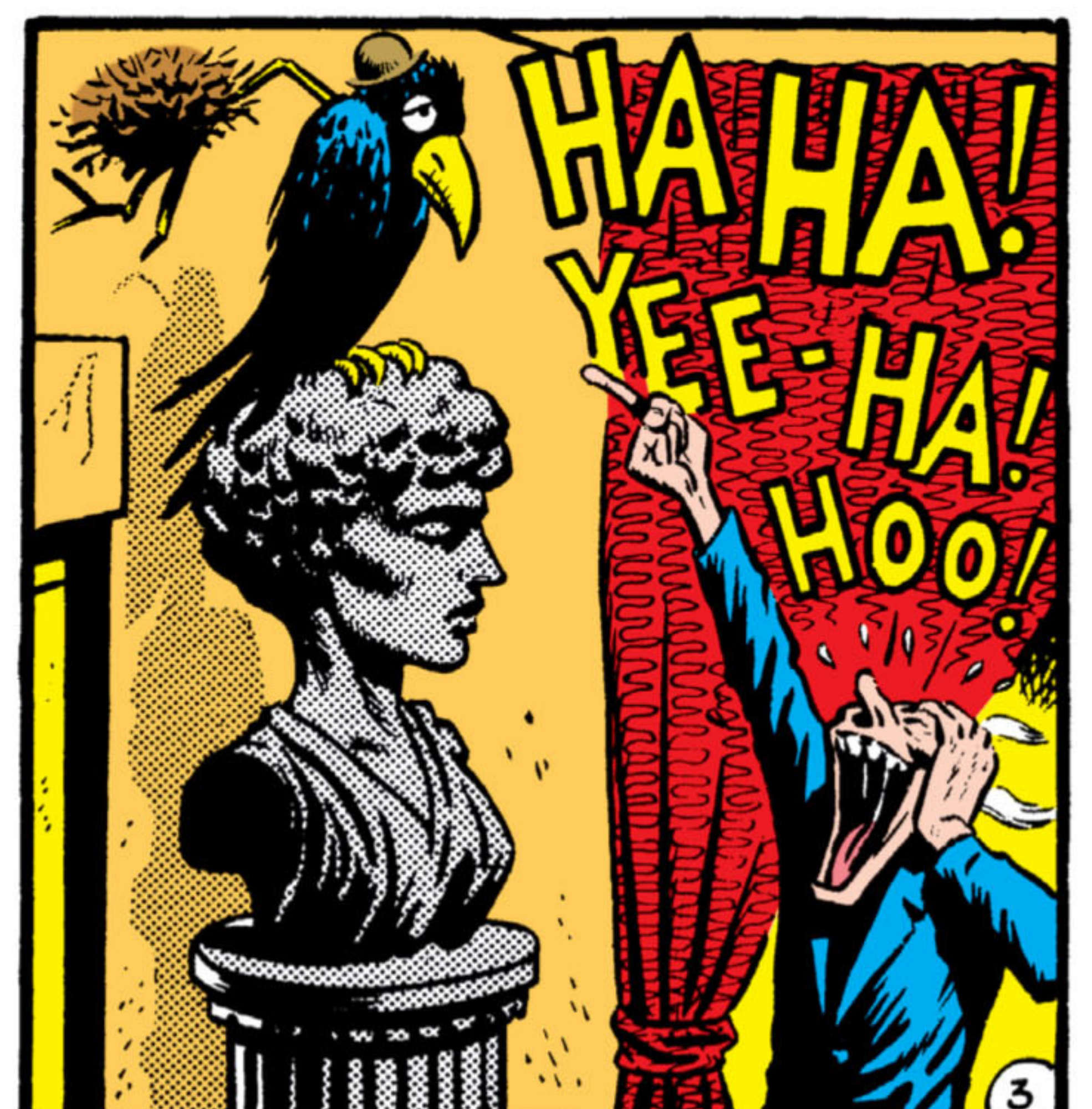
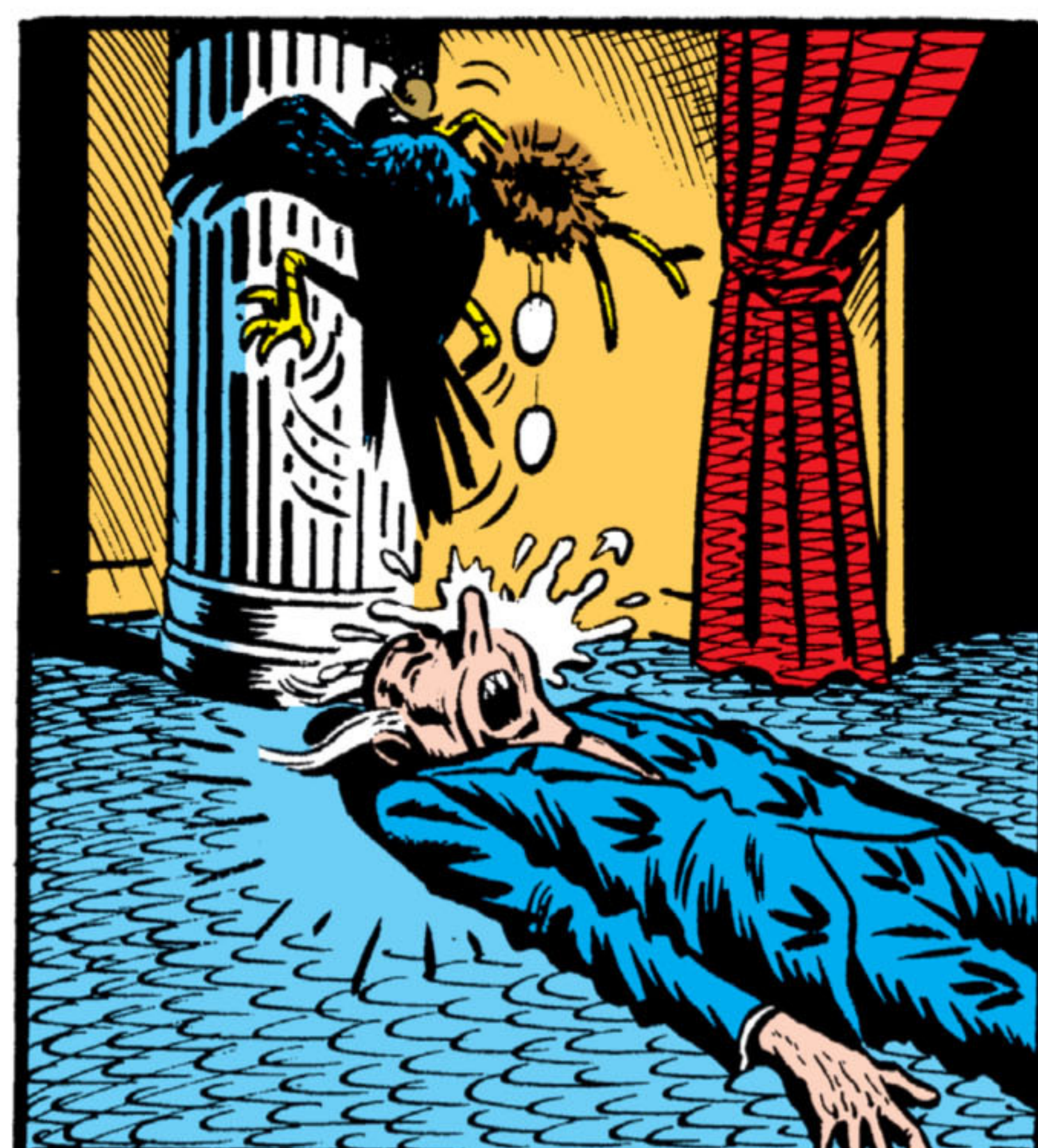
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —  
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —  
 'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped  
 or stayed he;



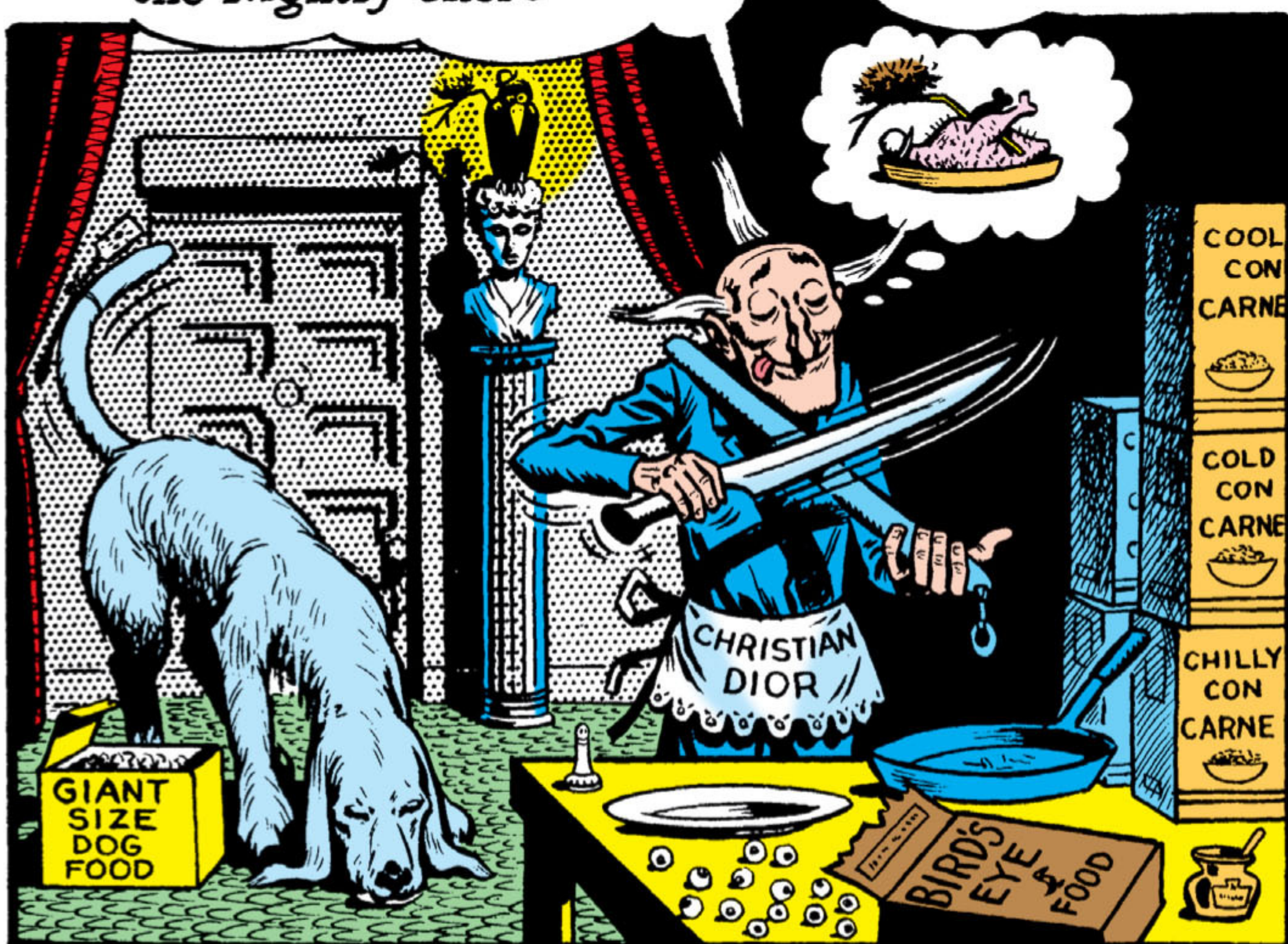
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just **above** my chamber door—  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
 smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance  
 it wore,



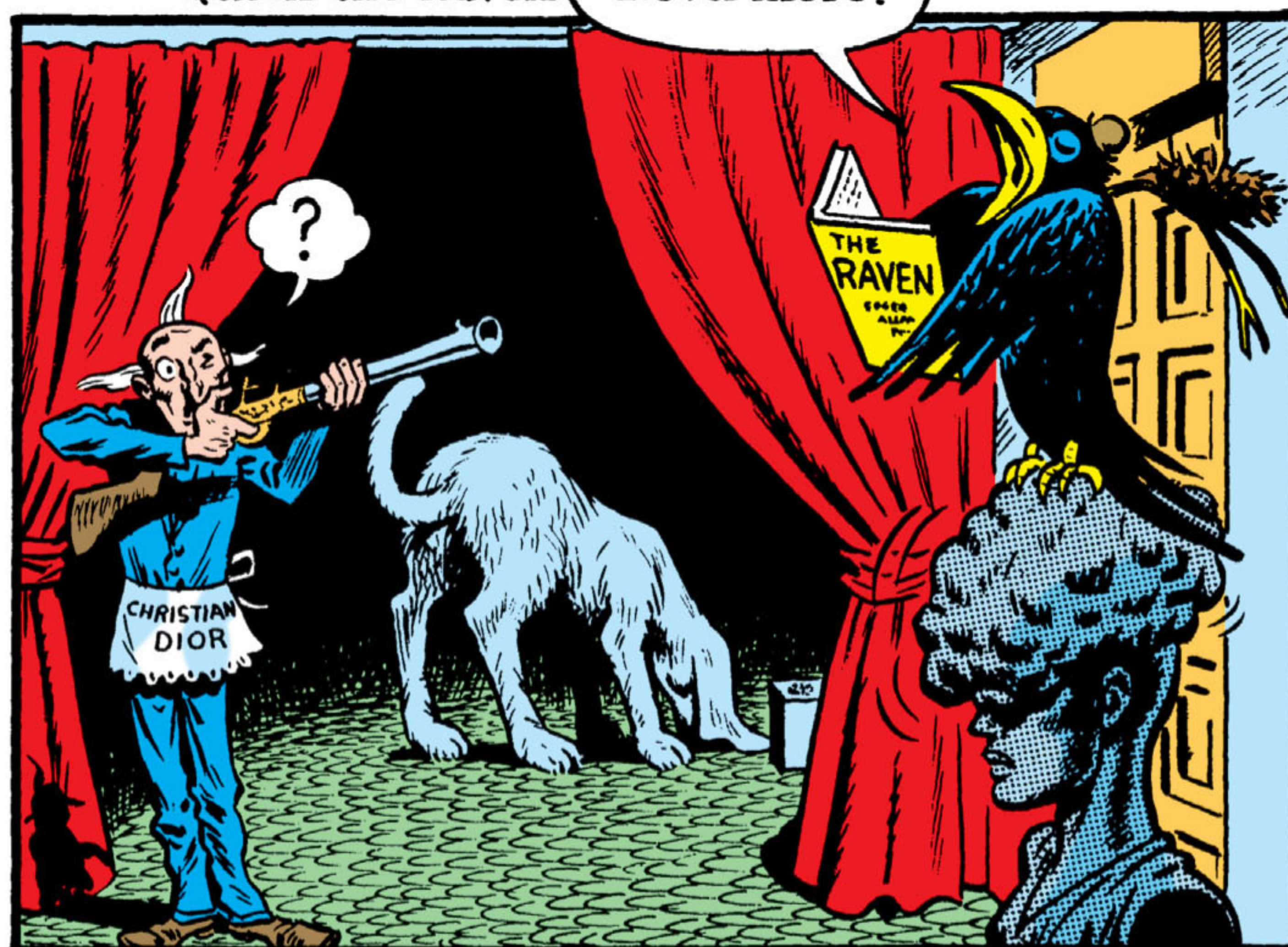


"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,  
"art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from  
the Nightly shore—



Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's  
Plutonian shore!"

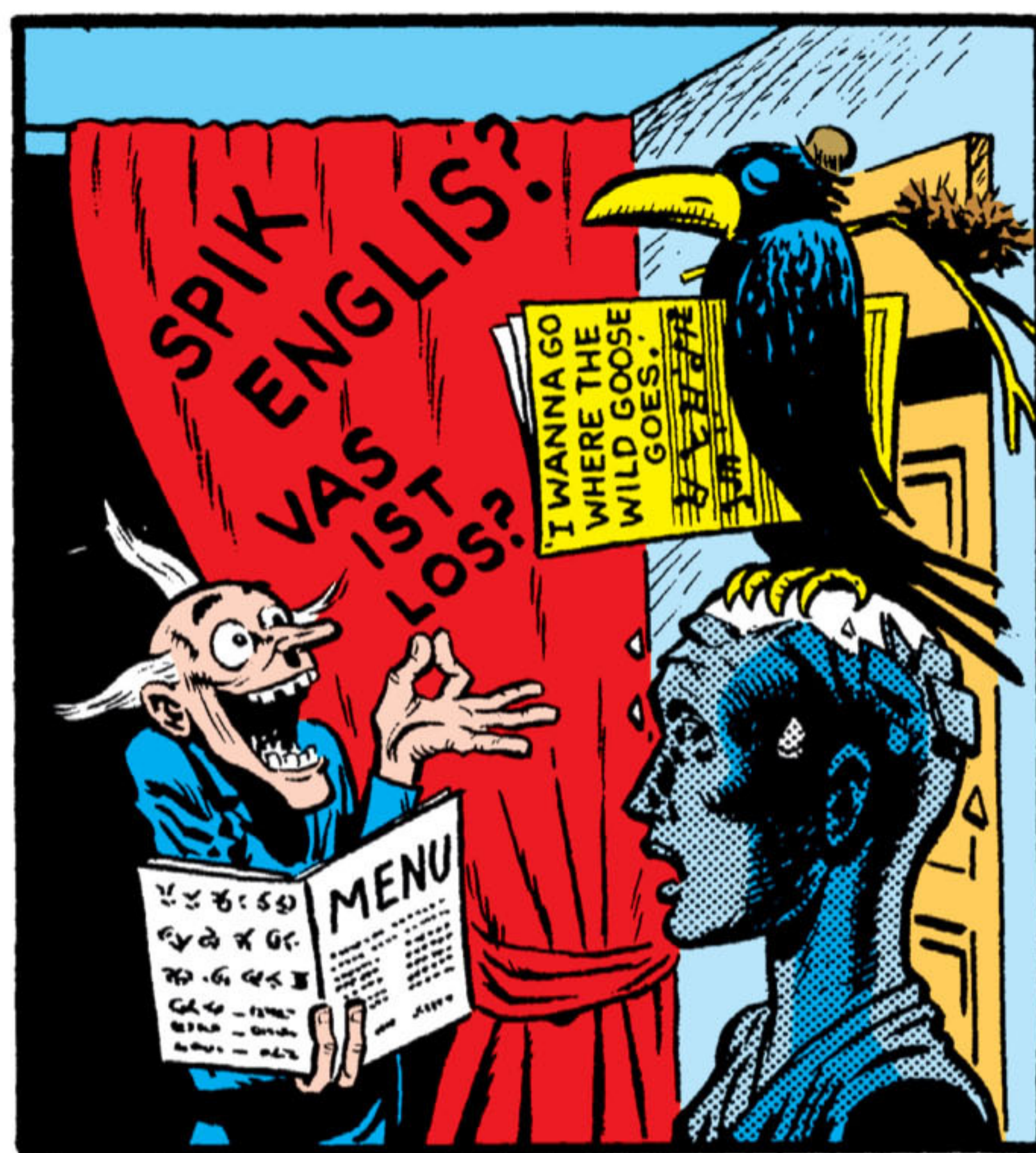
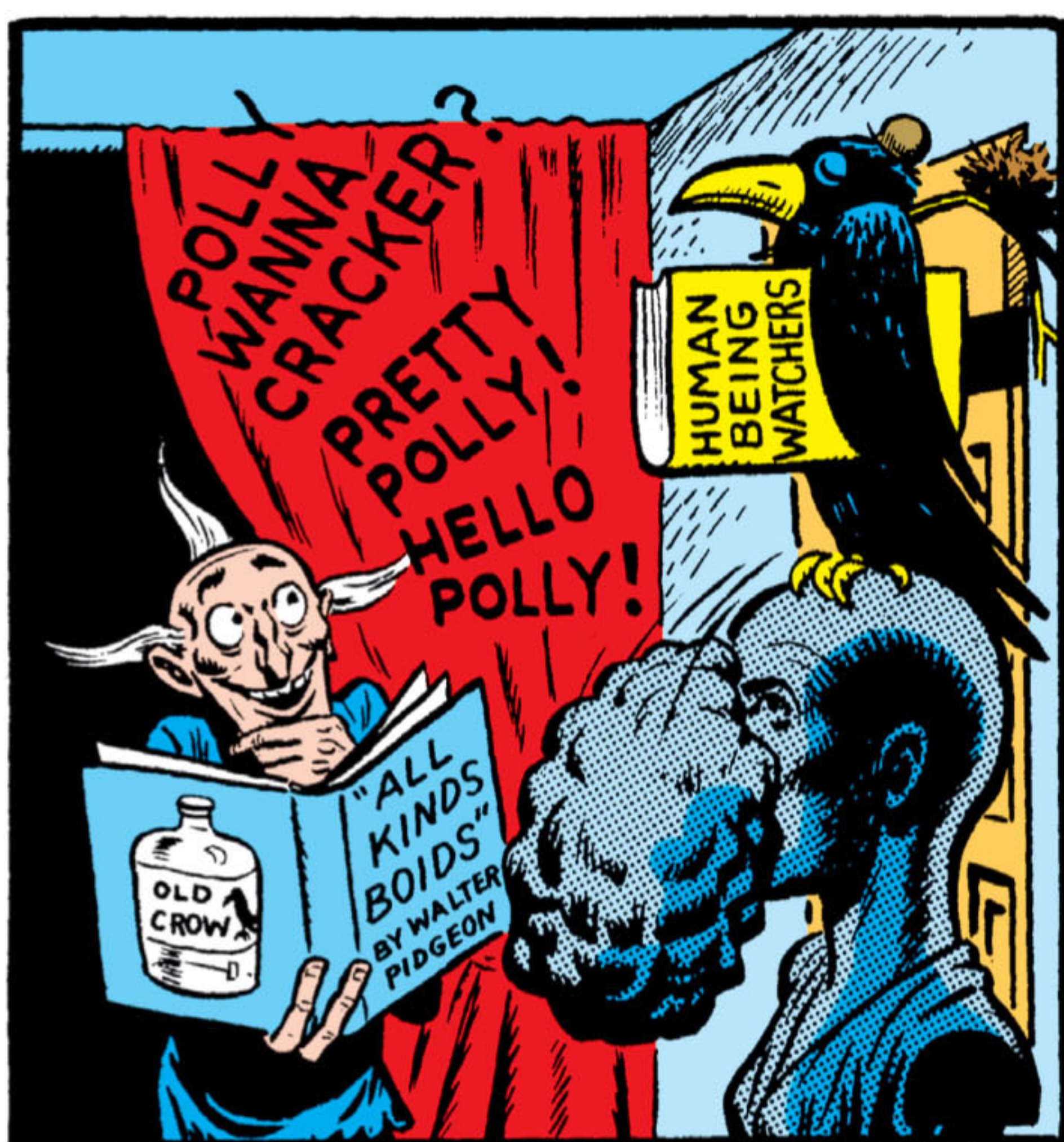
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

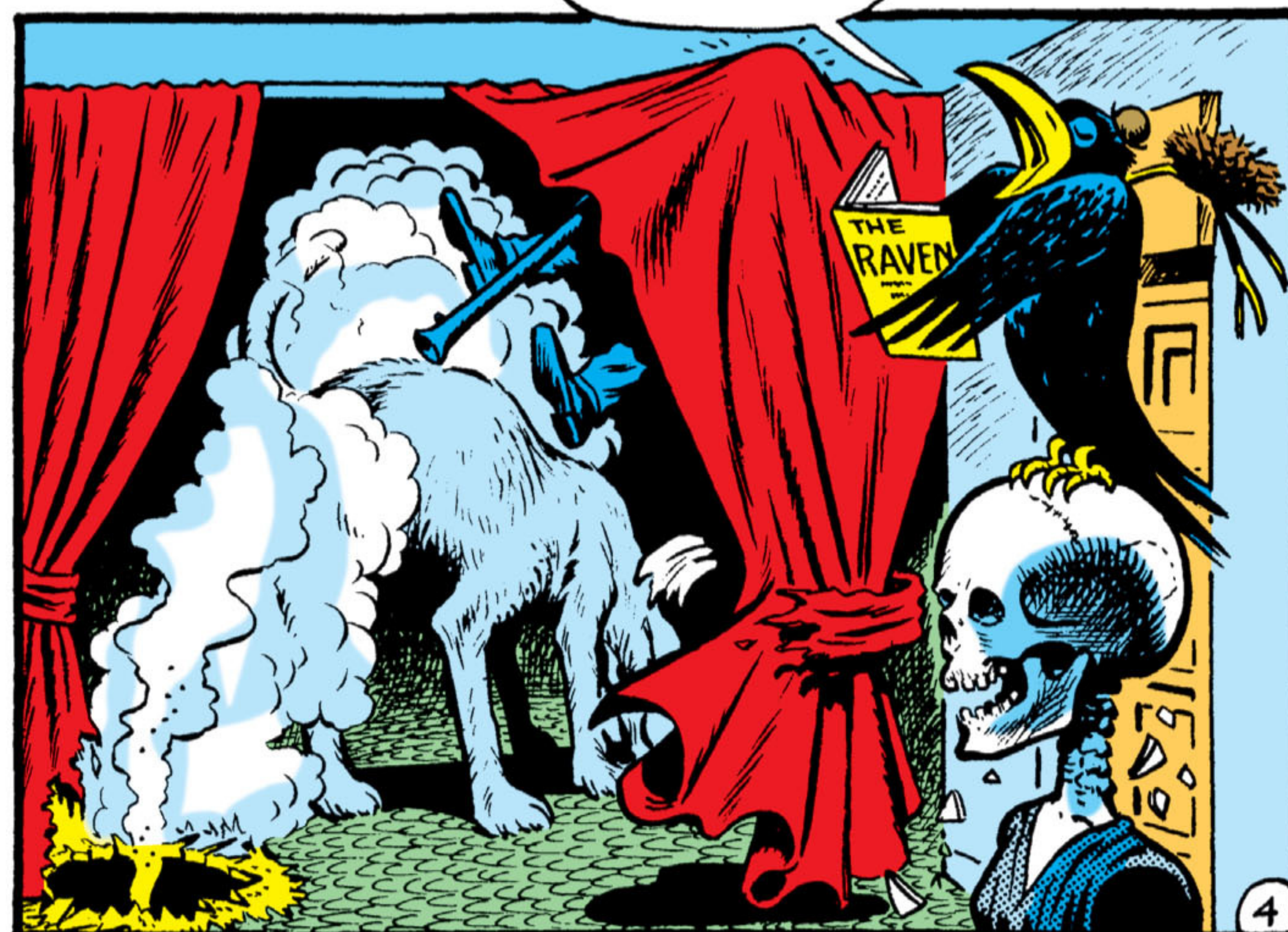
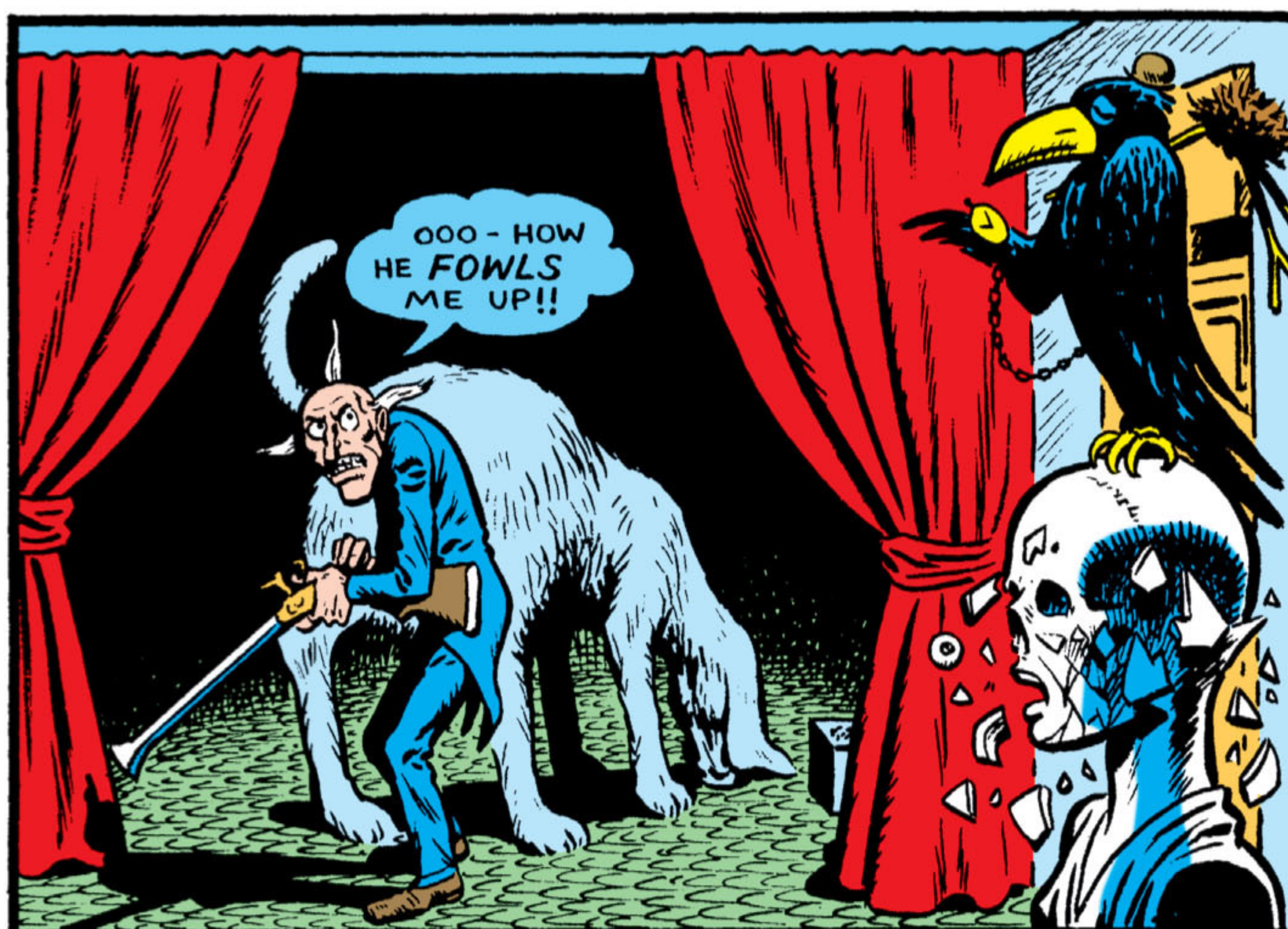
With such name as "Nevermore."



But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then  
he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow **he** will leave me as my hopes have flown before."

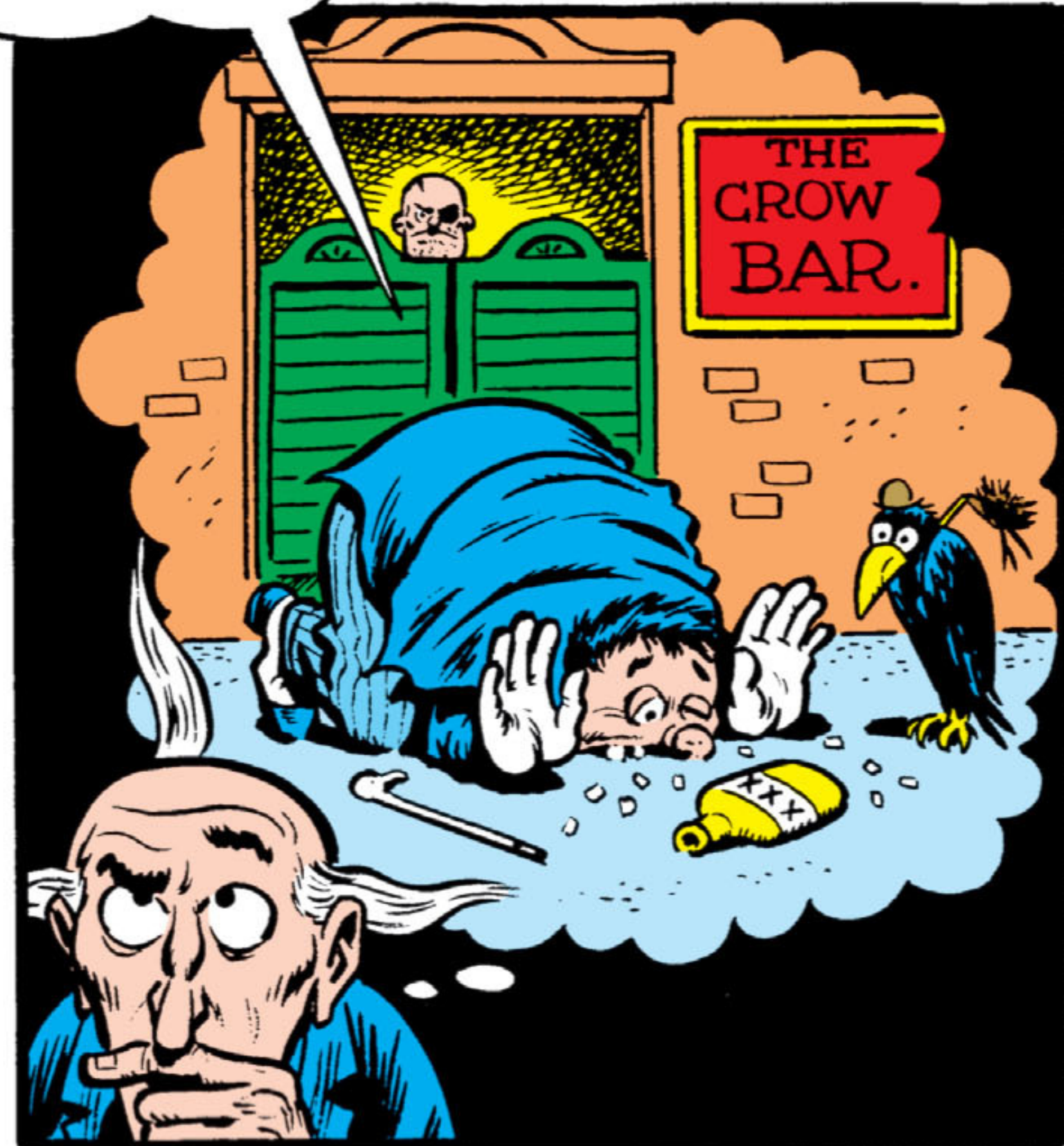
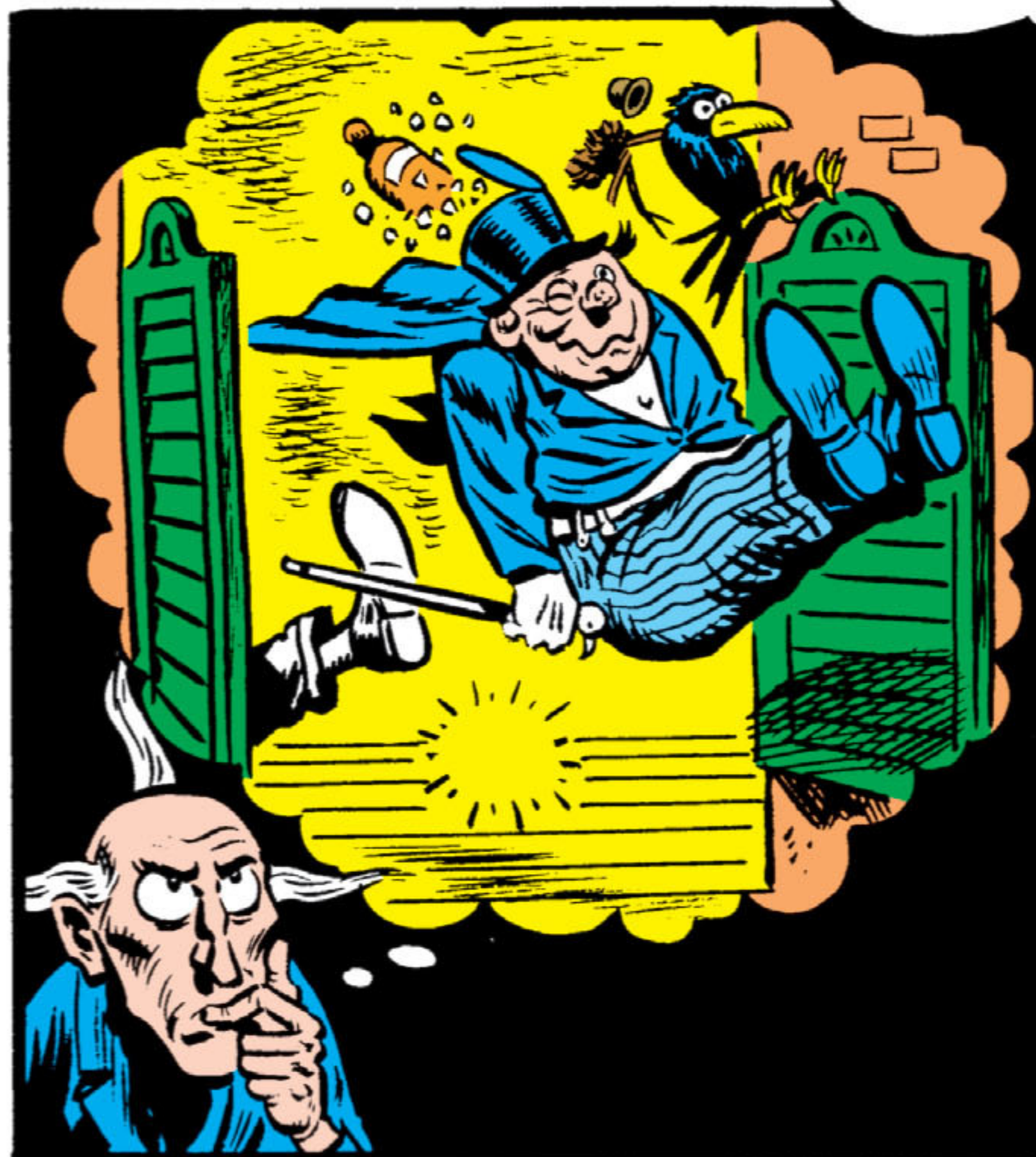
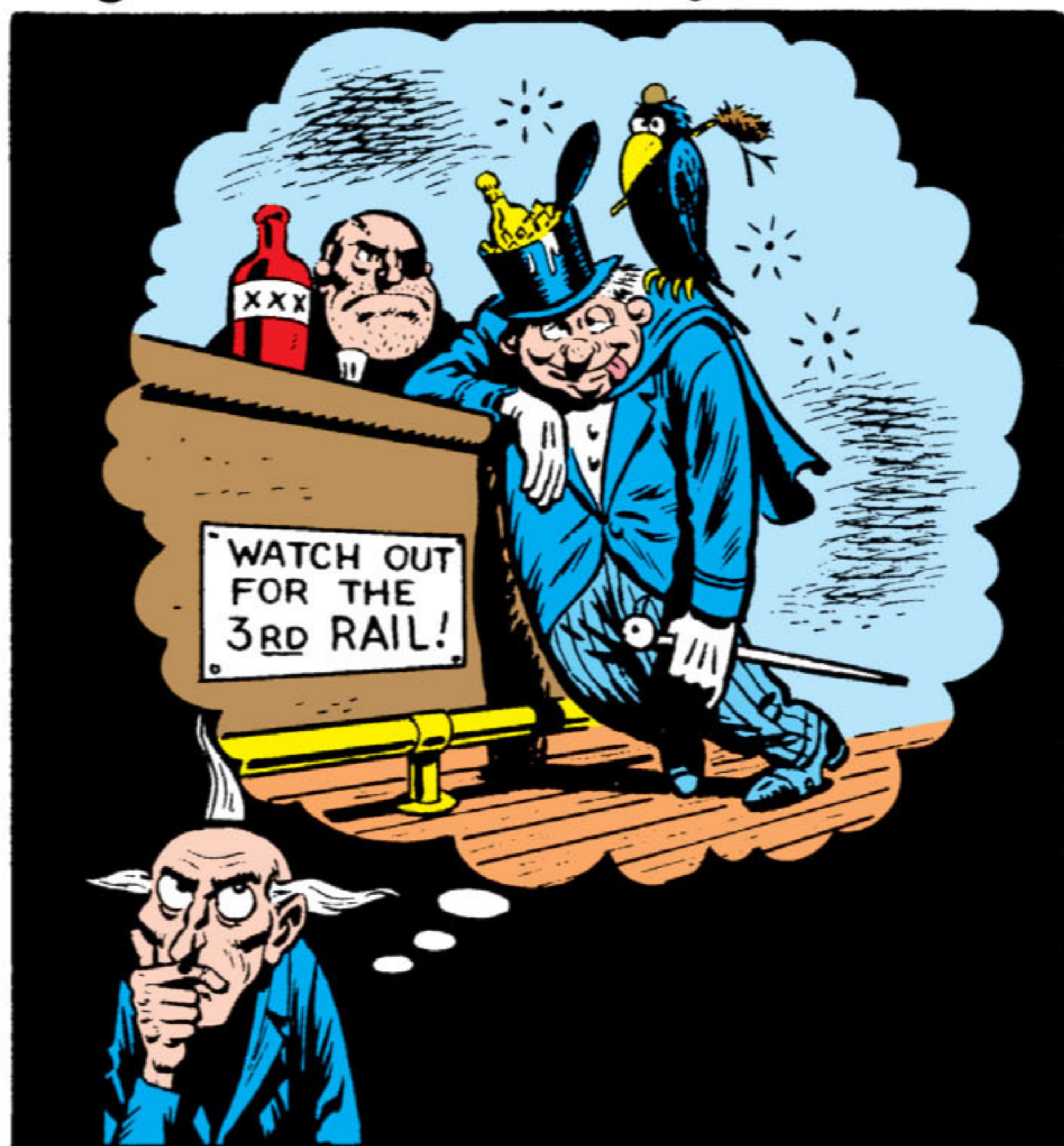
Then the bird said ("Nevermore!")





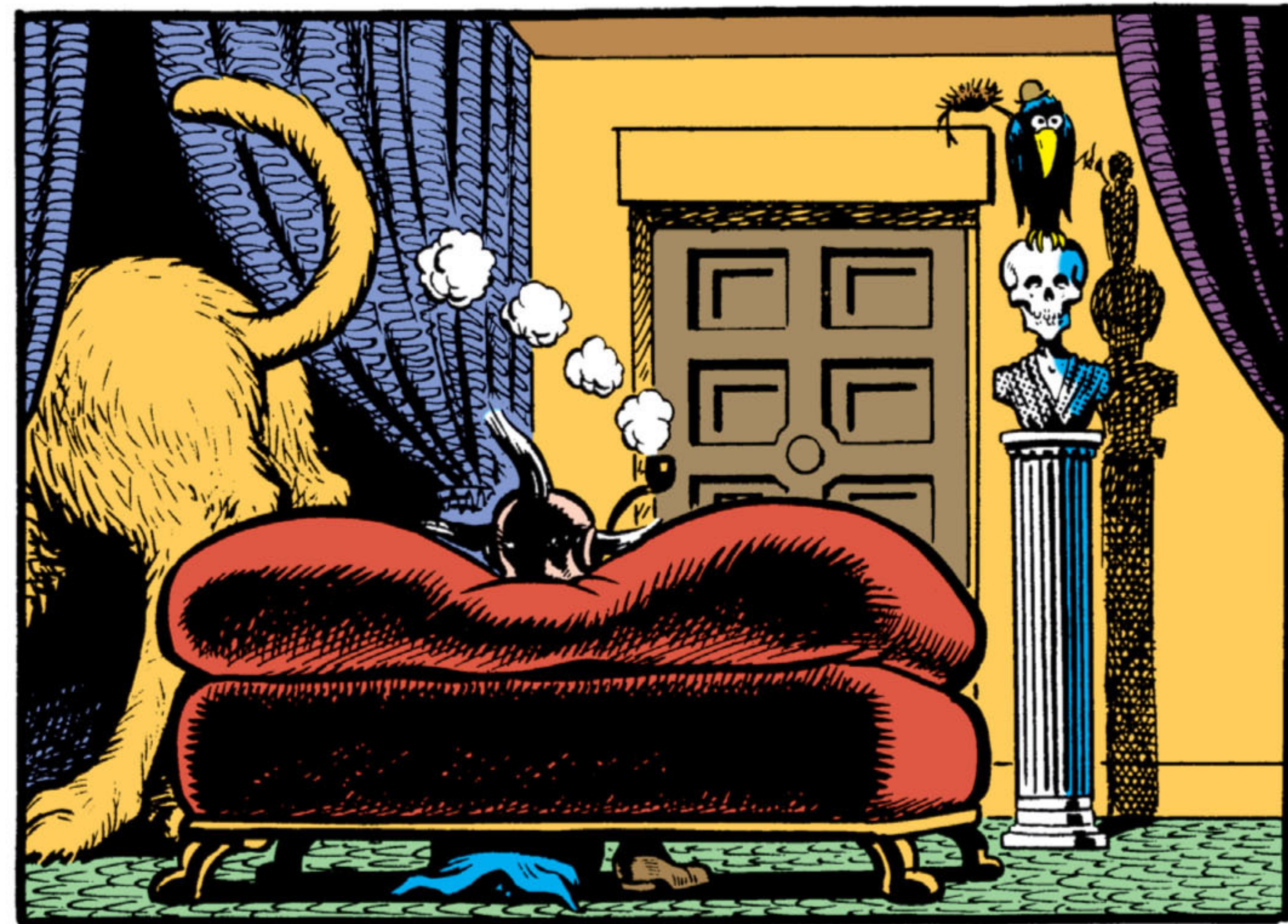
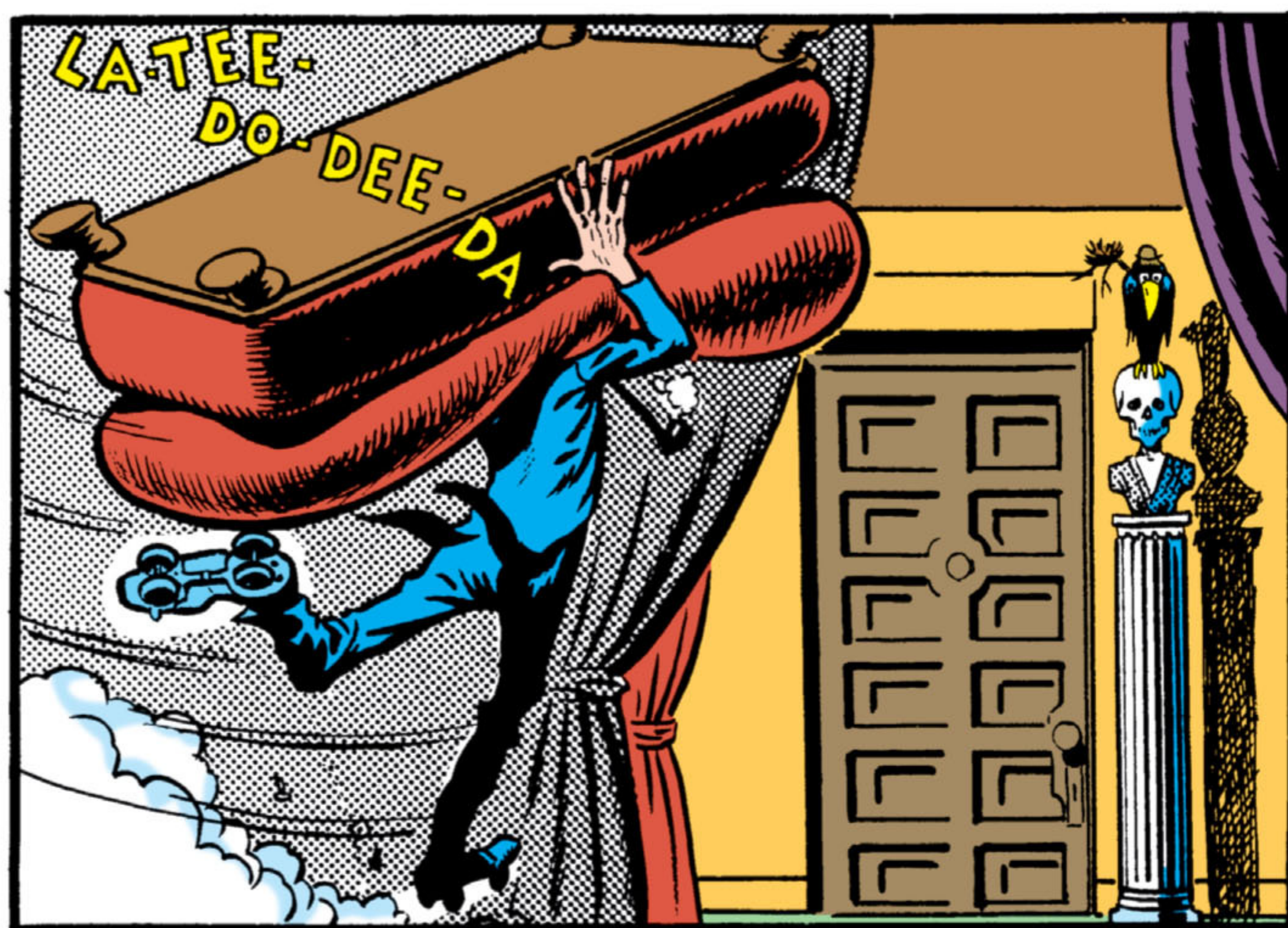
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock  
 and store  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore-  
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
 Of 'Never - Nevermore.'"



But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into  
 smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,  
 and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to  
 linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird  
 of yore -

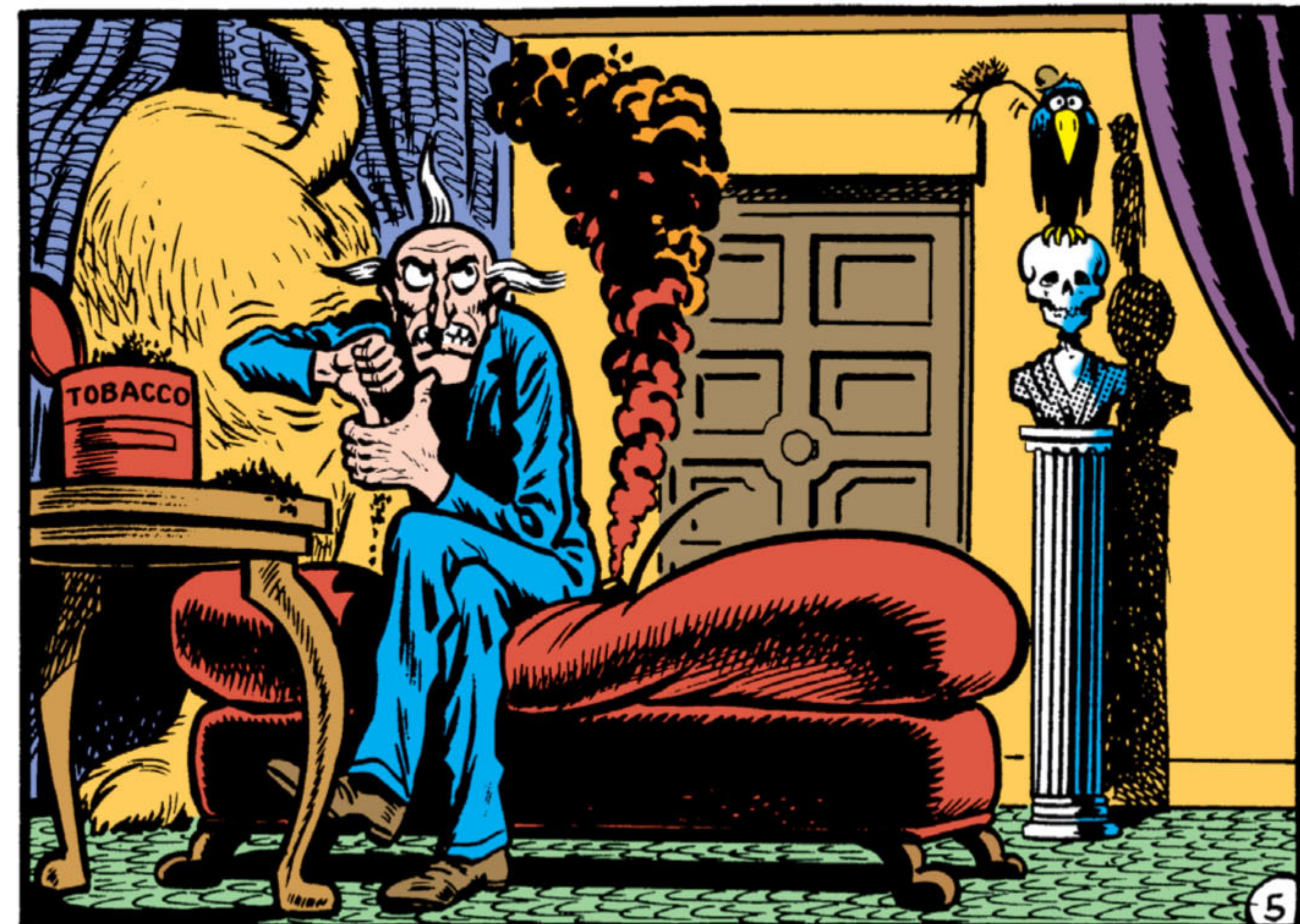
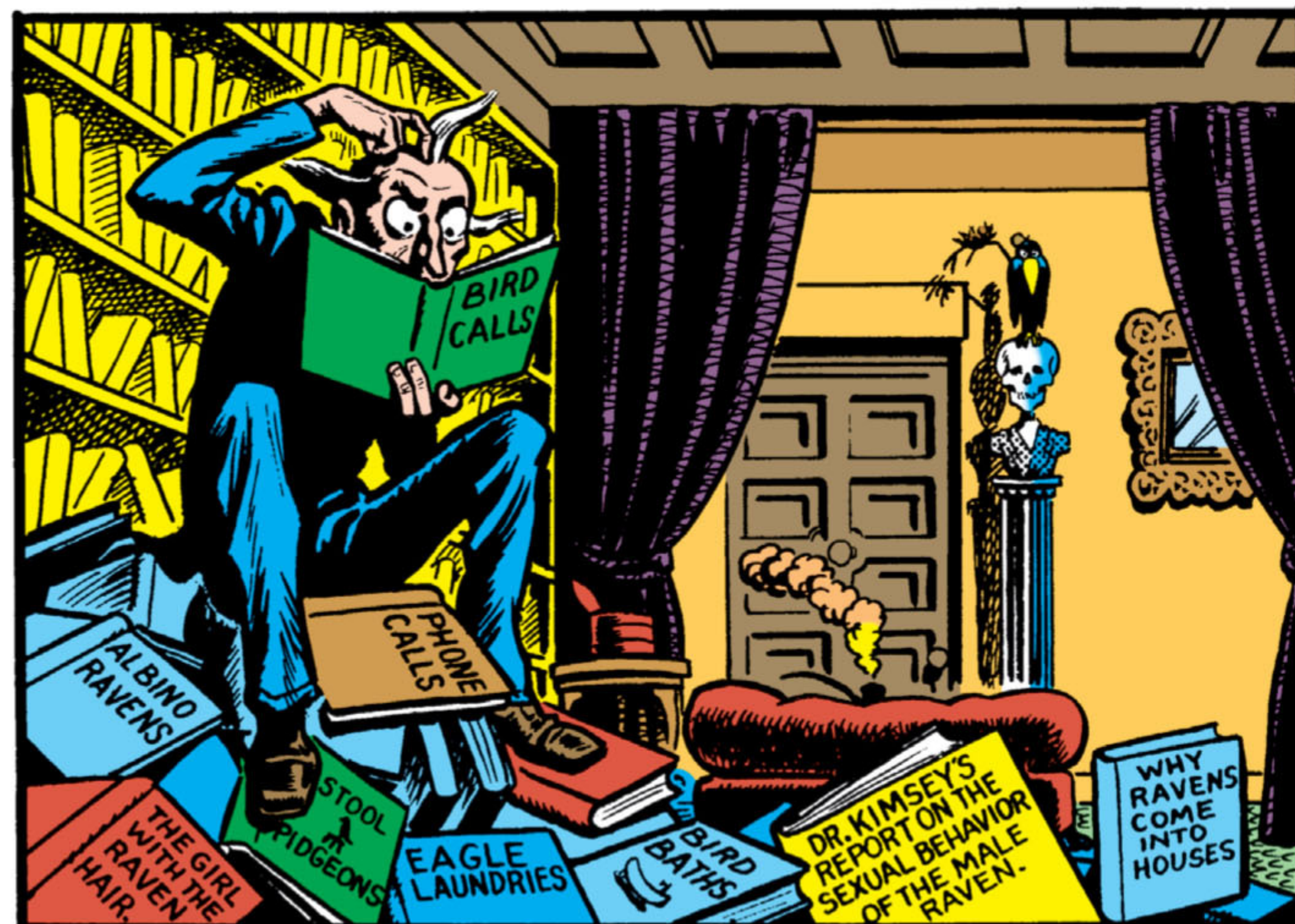


What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous  
 bird of yore

This I sat engaged in guessing but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's  
 core;

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

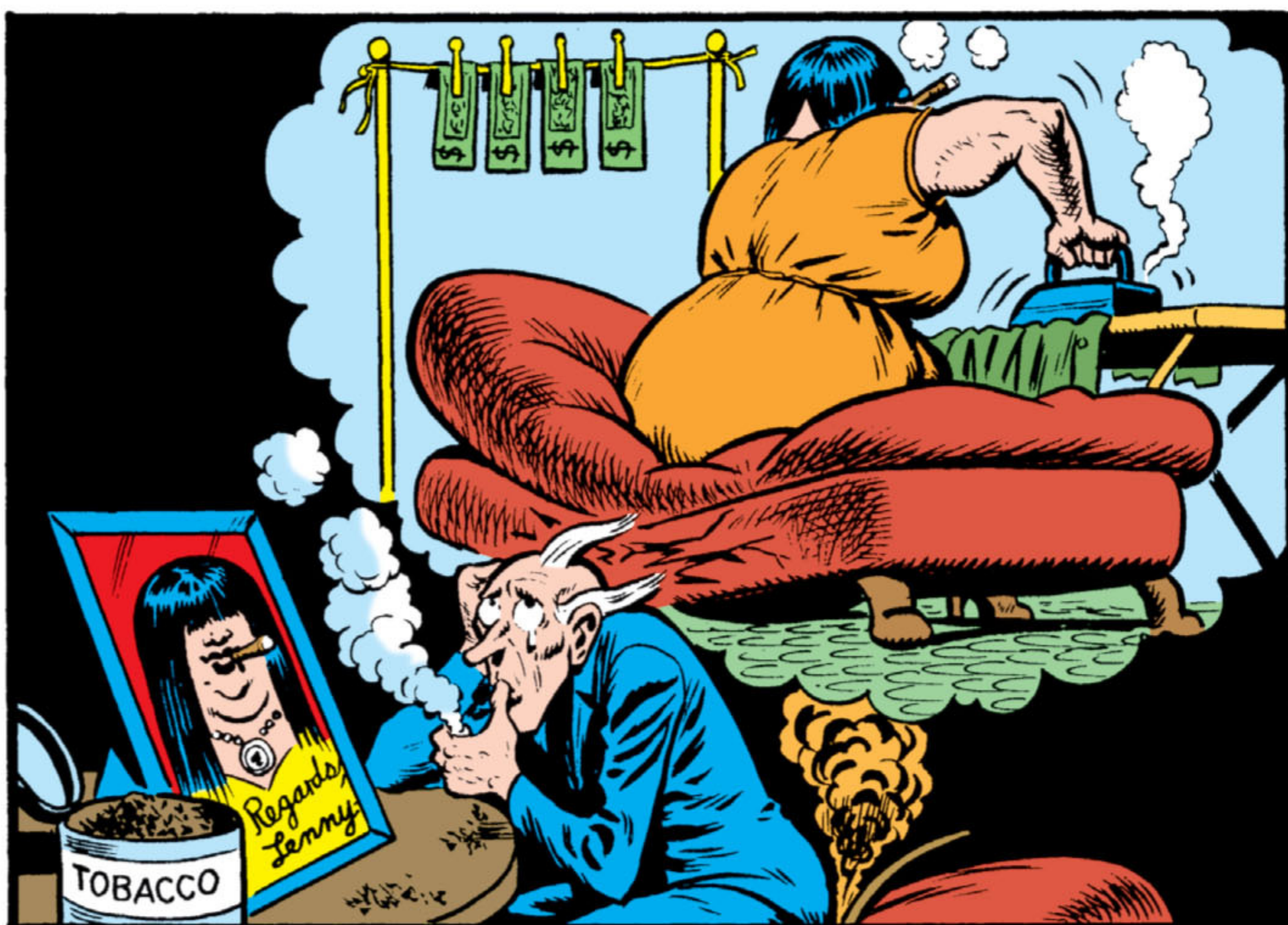




On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

**She** shall press, ah, nevermore!

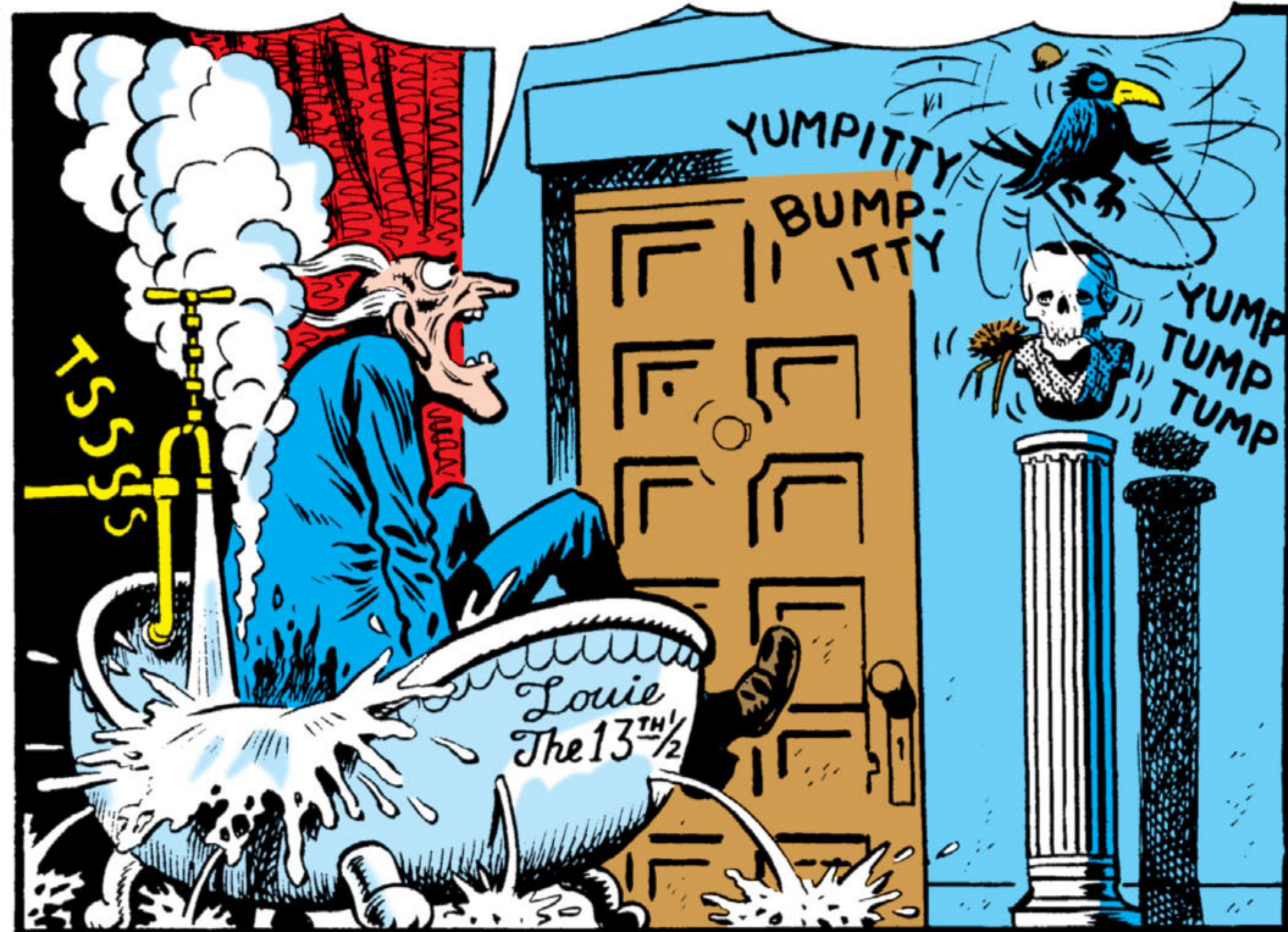
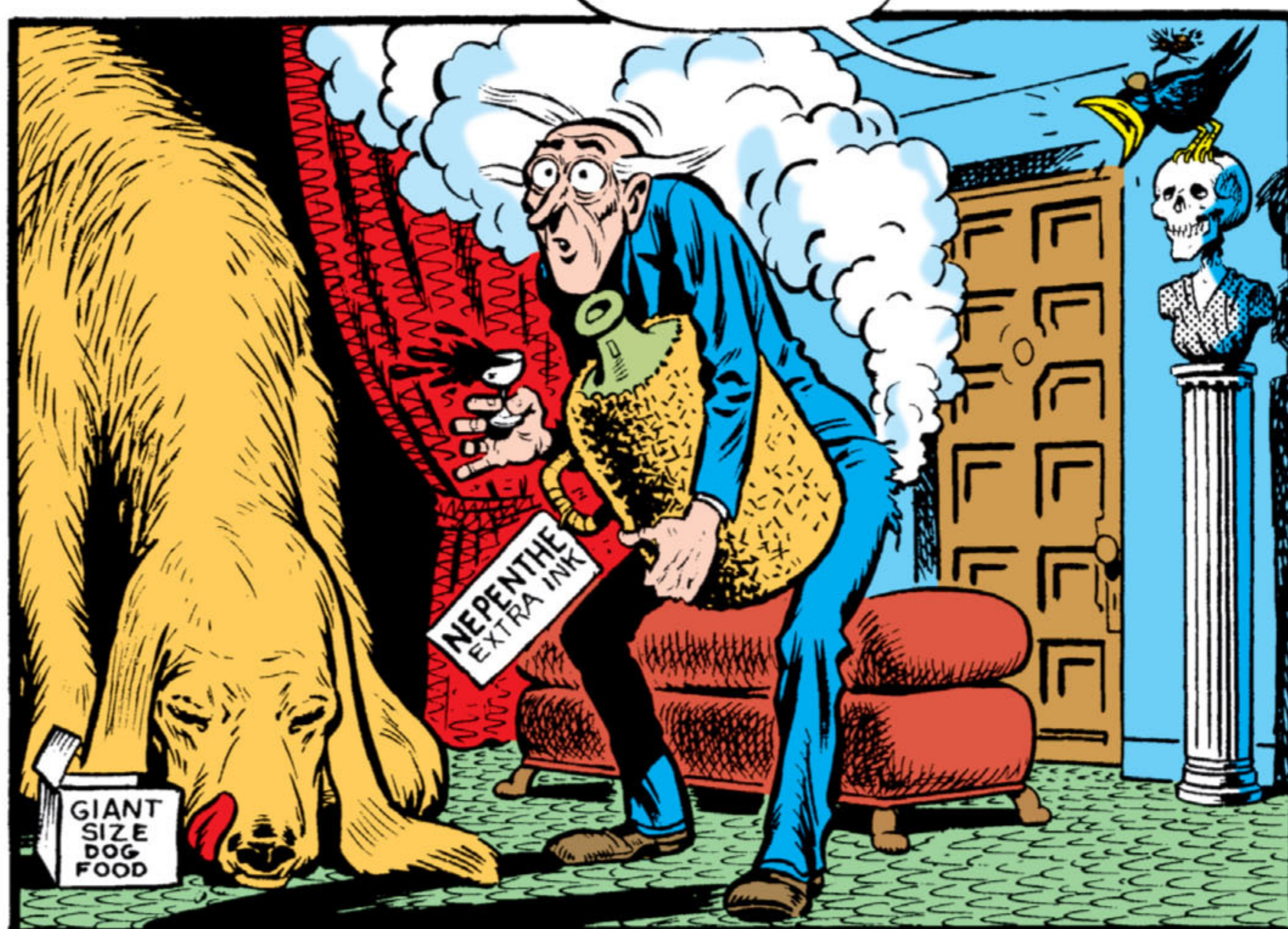
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the **tufted floor**.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee - by these angels  
he hath sent thee



Respite - respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore;  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

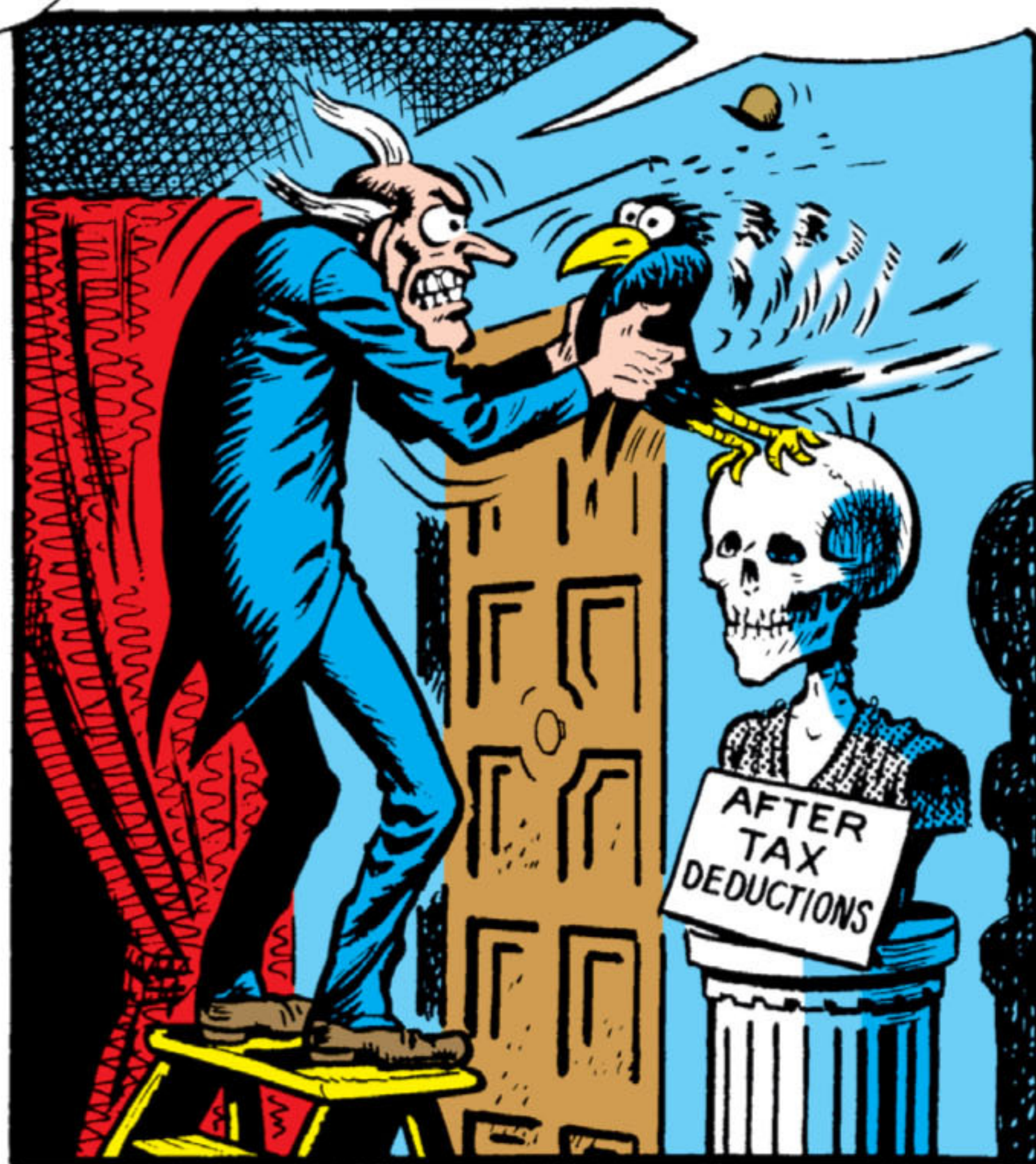
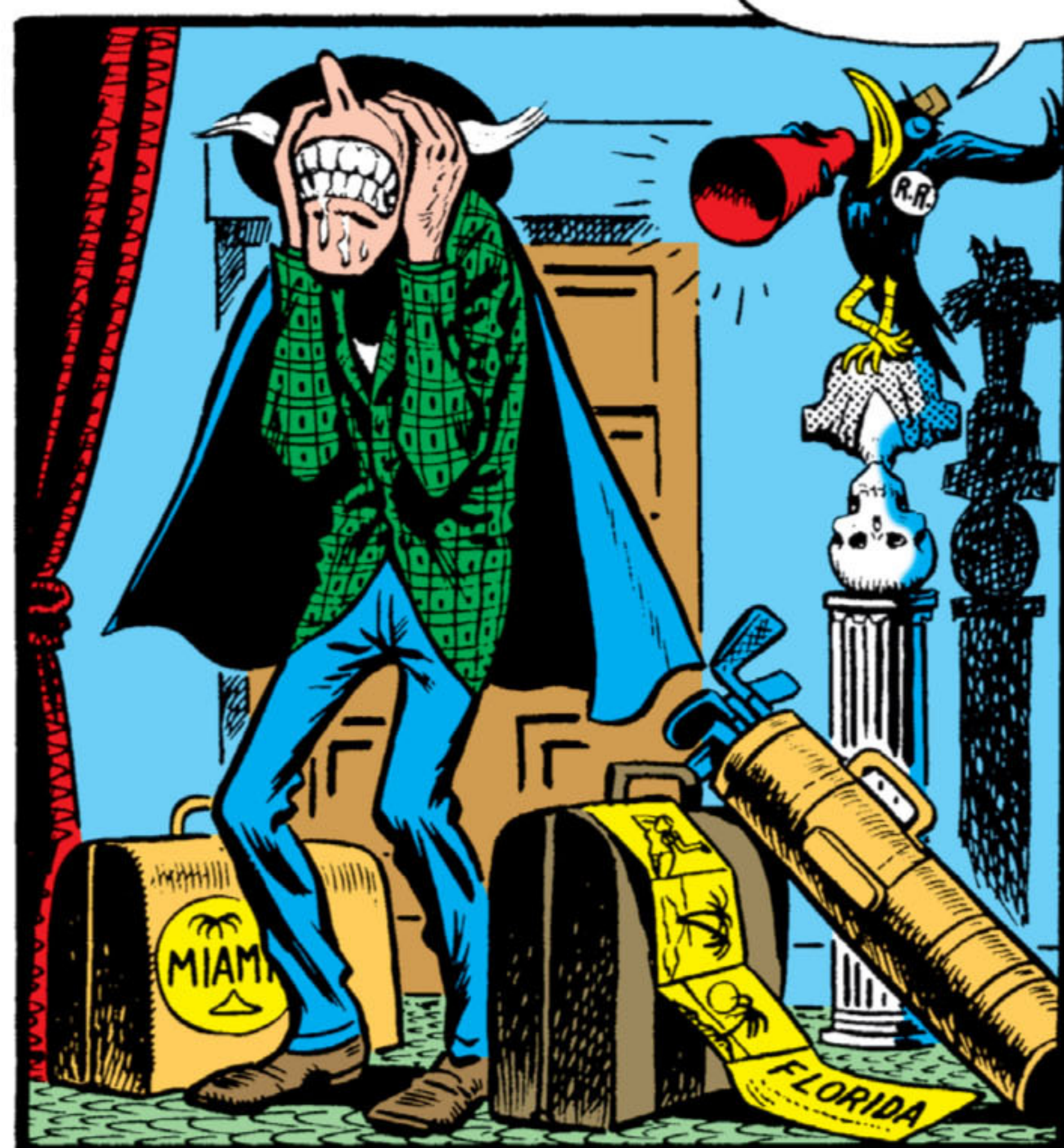
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or  
devil! -  
Whether Tempter sent, or tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -



On this home by Horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -  
Is there - **is** there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird  
or devil!  
By that heaven that bends above us - by that God we  
both adore -

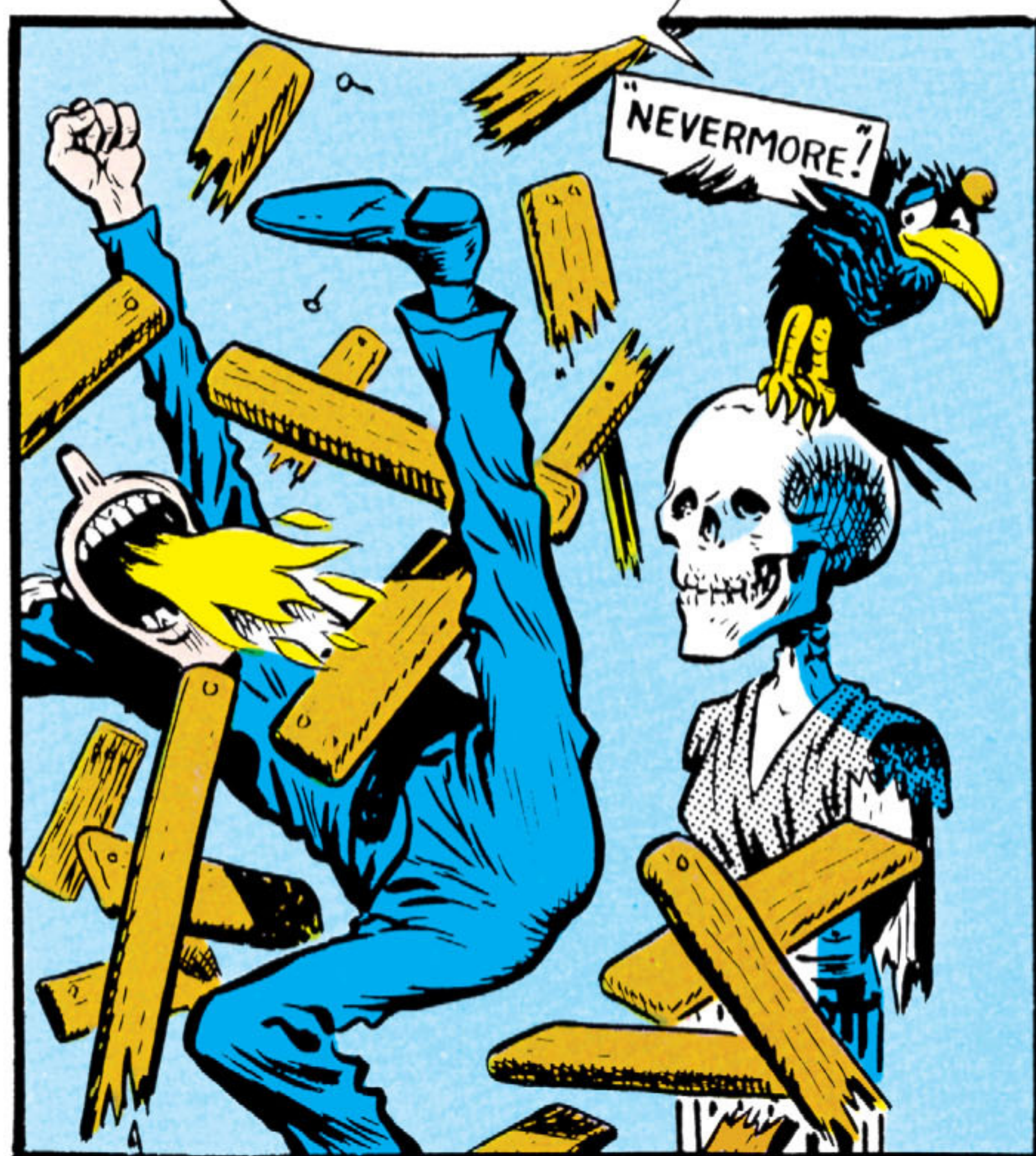
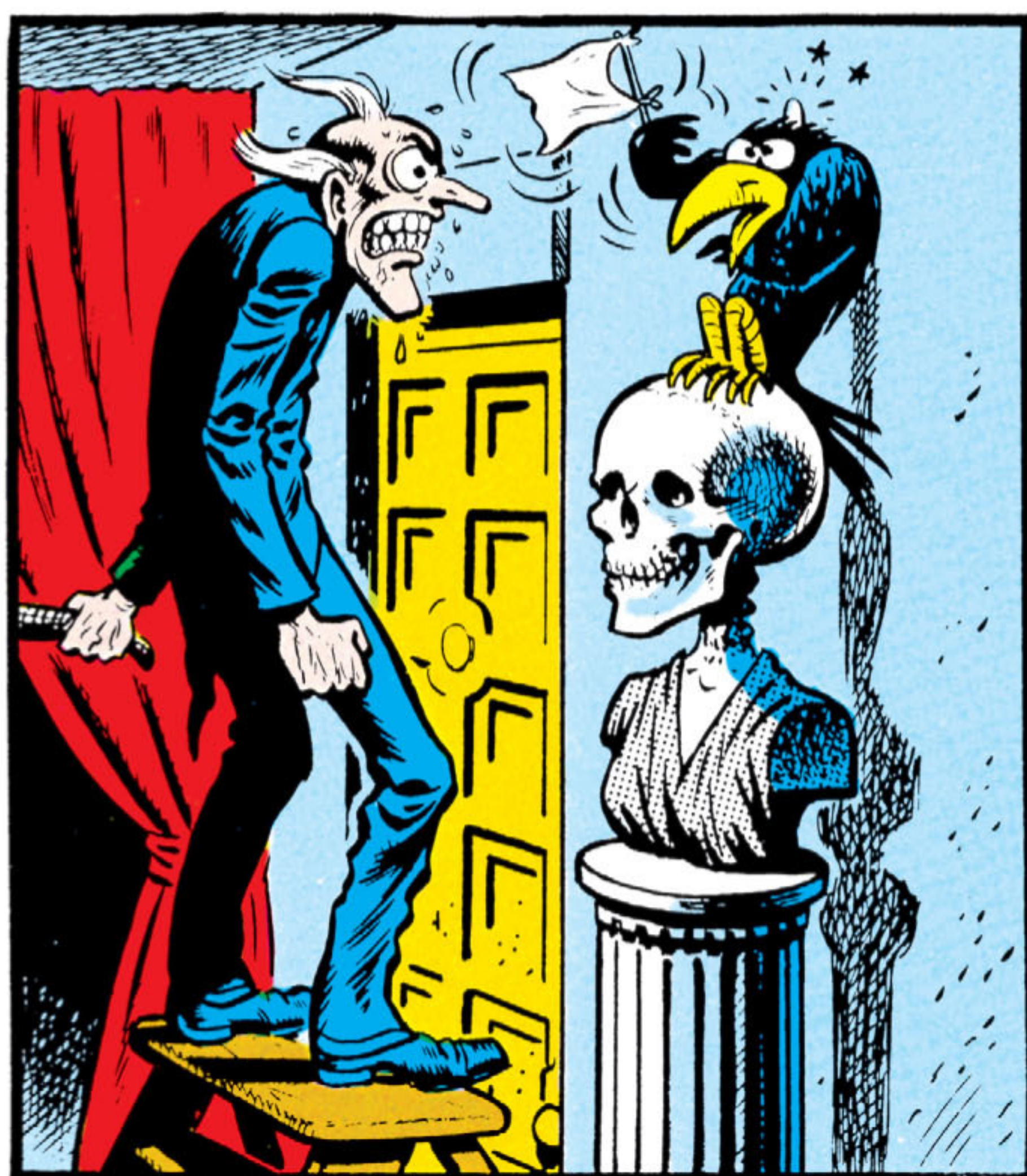
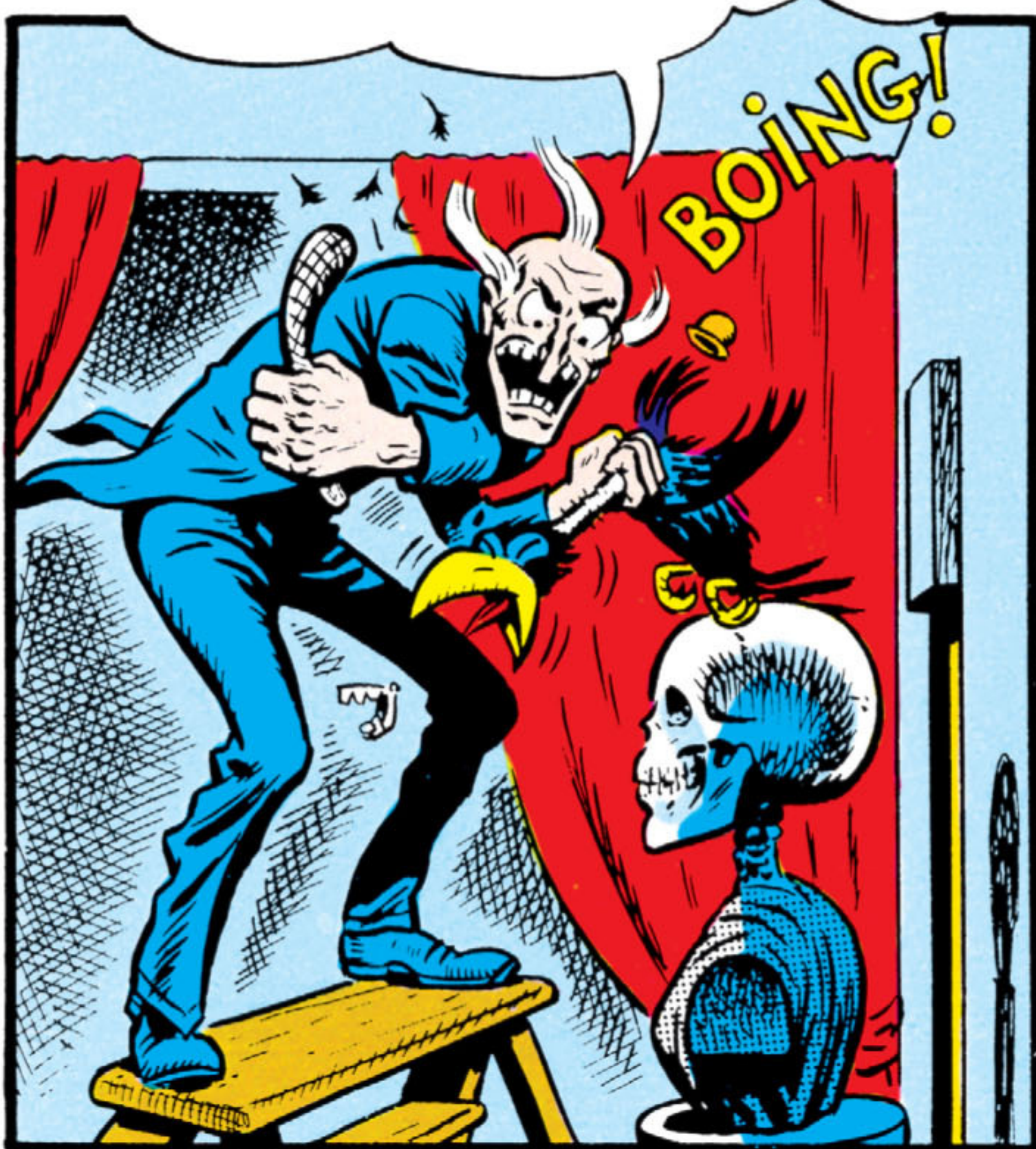




Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the  
distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore."

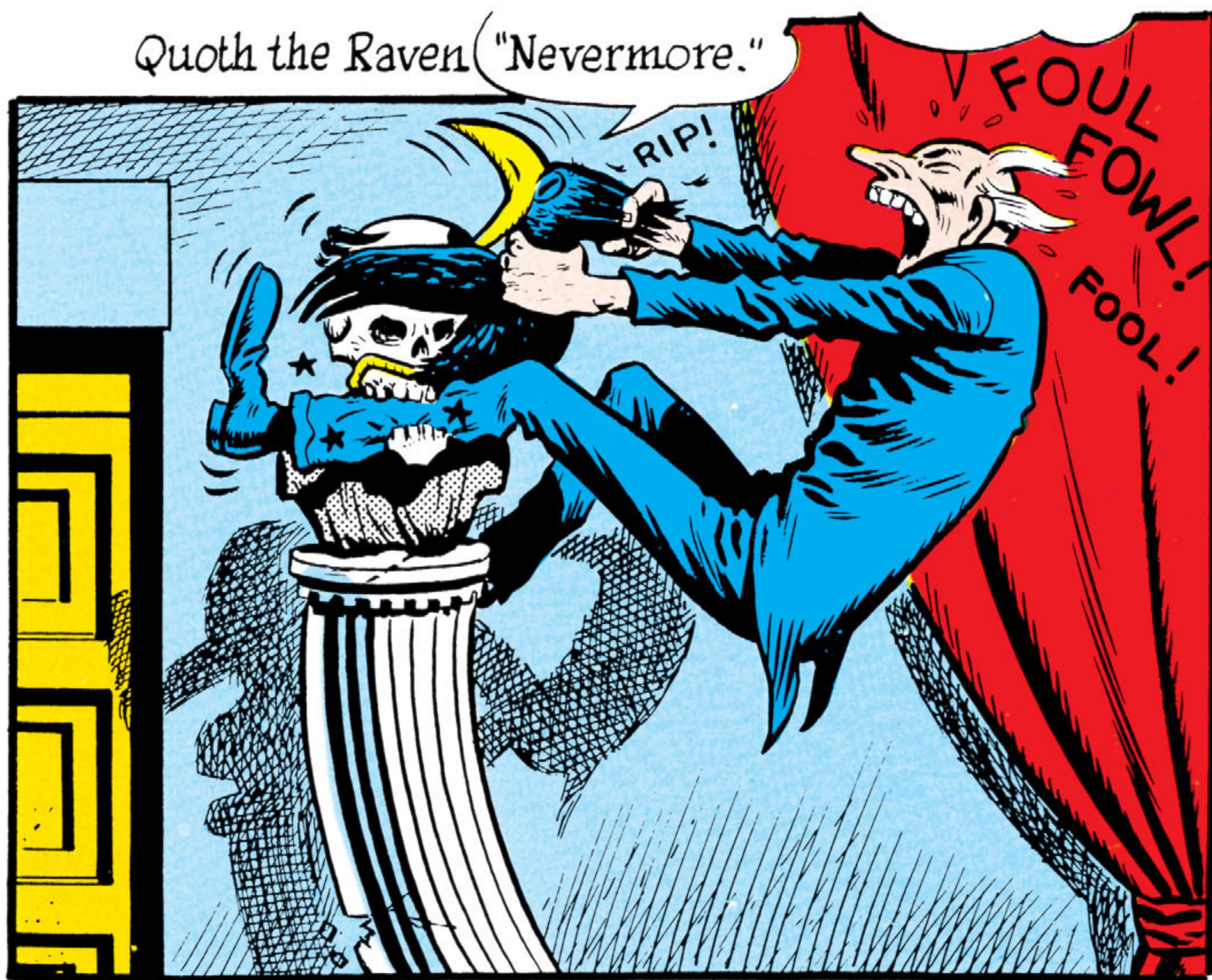
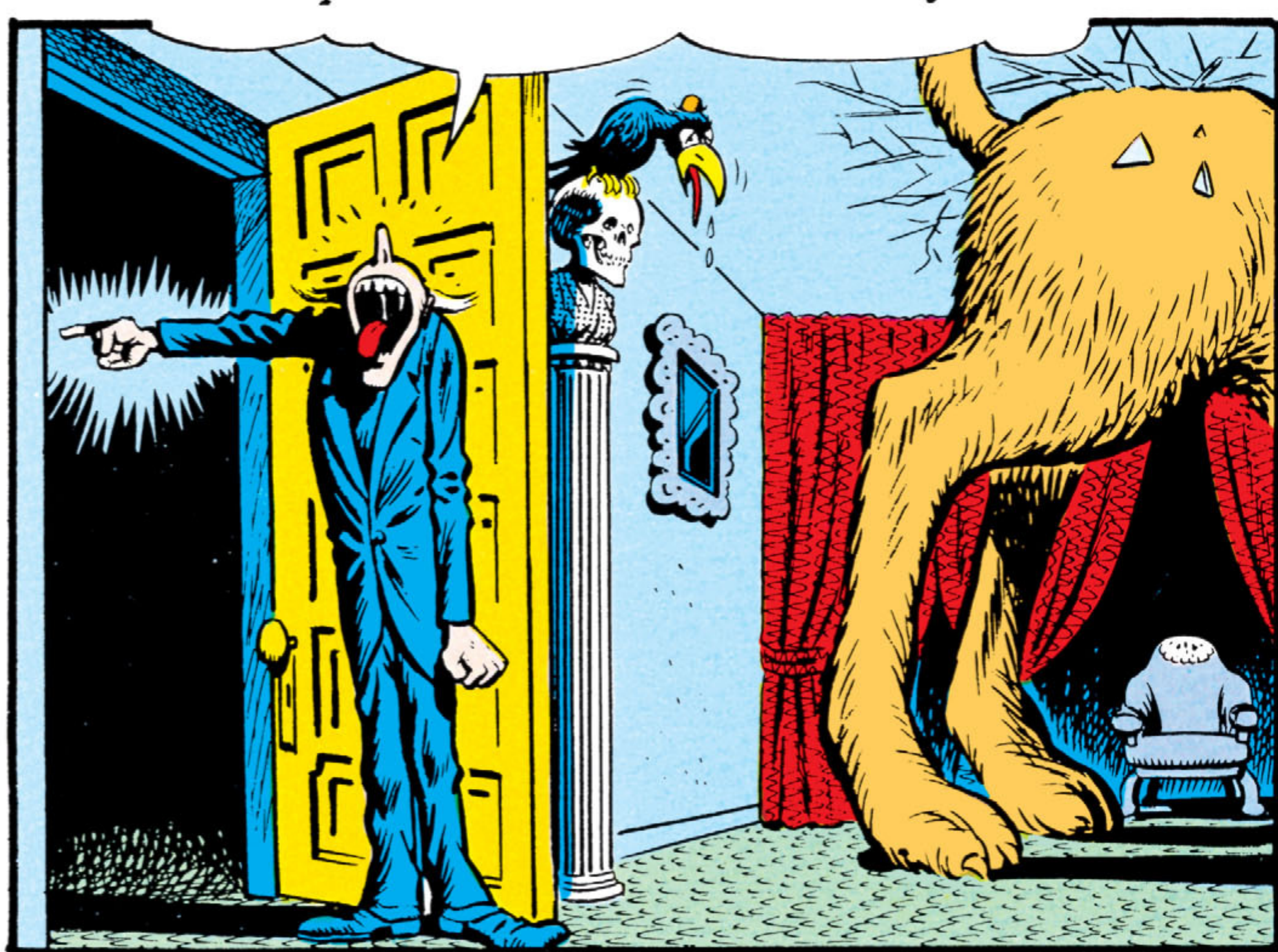
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I  
shrieked, upstarting —  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!"

Leave my loneliness unbroken! - Quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

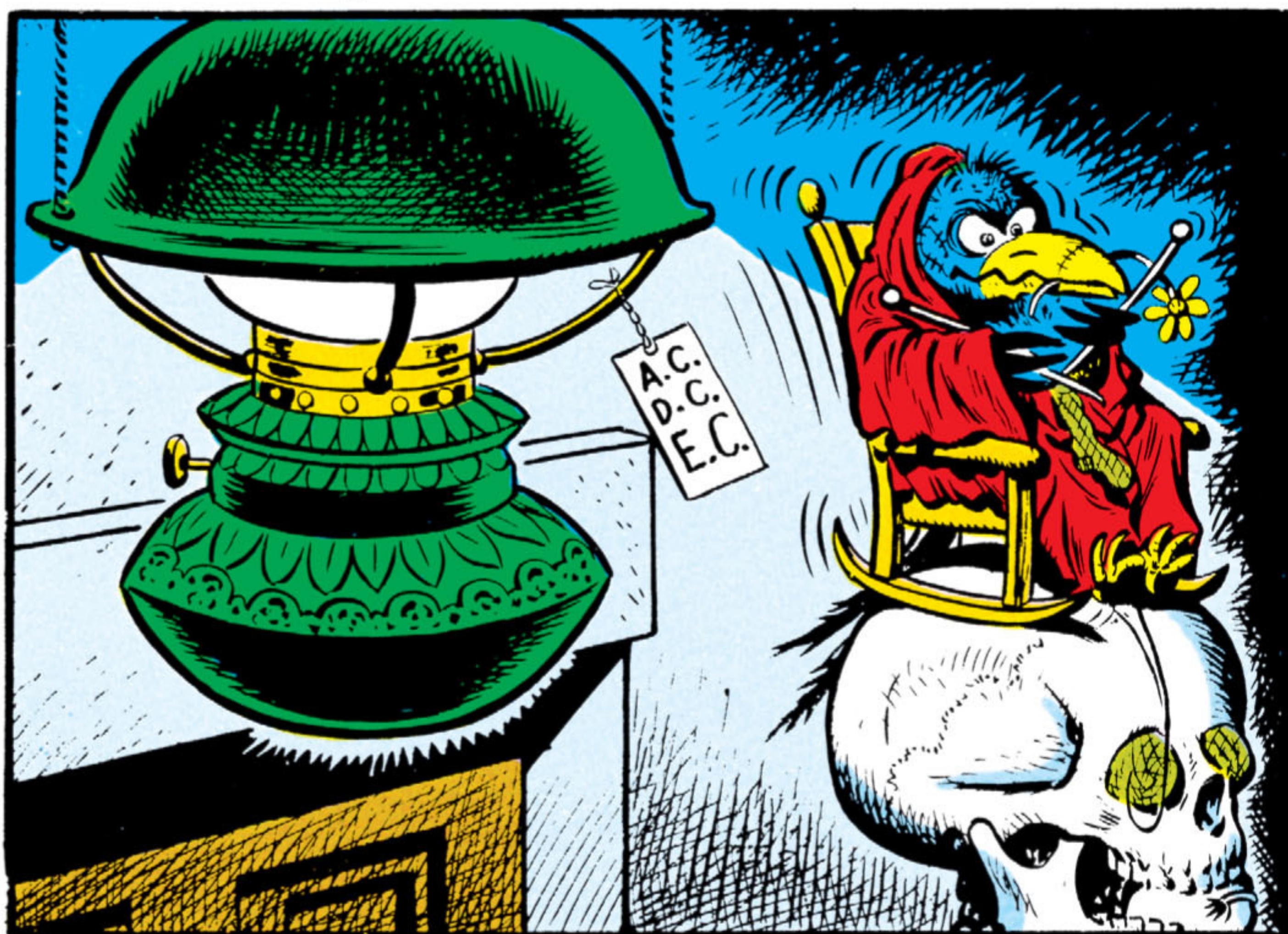
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



And the Raven, Never flitting, still is sitting, **still** is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is  
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!







# MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

You bloomin' blighters 'ave done it again. In *Mad* No. 7, you 'ave Shermlock Shomes and Dr. Whatsit riding in a soapbox with left 'and drive. Don't you jolly well know the British have right 'and drive? I think Elder is getting older.—Henry Hartz—Utica, New York

... How about publishing a sympathetic story once in a while, such as one about a *Canis Familiaris* or a *Felis Domesticus*?—Keith Nutt (*Arachis Hypogaea*)

—Midland, Texas

... I'm sorry to hear about Harvey Kurtzman (H. Kurtzman was sick with yellow jaundice), and I'd like to change places with him.

—No. 856-7859—Sing-Sing

... I'm beginning to feel like one of those guys in the desert. Everywhere I go, druggists and clerks shout, "No *Mad*." Get it, nomad?

—Ann Slavin—West Haven, Conn.

... La lettre de David Platt, dans votre sixieme revue de *Mad* est beaucoup plus plein d'erreurs qu'etait votre histoire du "Shiek of Araby," elle-meme.

Sais pas si vos editeurs connaissent cette langue... mais c'est tres evidemment vu que le bon M. Platt ne connait pas le francais assez bien qu'il croit. Par exemple, il a dit: "... vous avez eu un Francais qui a dit 'N'est pas,' Ce n'est pas correcte, est-ce-t-il? Il a etre 'n'est-ce-pas.' Merci beaucoup (sic) mes amis." Ca, c'est tout a fait absurde! Il y en a plus de fautes la qu'en ce que M. Platt a si mal tache de correcter!

Me? I'm a Spanish major myself.

—Dick Clarkson—Harvard University,  
Cambridge, Mass.

... liv wivish yivou wivould nivot privint sivuch livittivers ivas thive ivone bivy "Mons. David Pait." liv ivam nivo Fivrencmivan, sivo liv civant rivead Fivrench.

—Ben Jones—Quinwood, W. Va.

... Here in Rochester we have started the "Mad Mumblers Club." Anyone interested in joining write to 49 Kohlman St. for a membership card. We want to get a nationwide club. P. S. All members must be *Mad* Haters.

—Jerry Schuler—Rochester, N. Y.

... I hope you will talk the *Mad* Melvin Club up and tell all the *Mad* fans about it. To be a member you must have all the *Mads*. Anyone interested write Secretary Clyde

Waddell, 2433 Marye St., Alexandria, Louisiana; or Pat Armstrong, Pres., 2424 Vance Ave., Alexandria, Louisiana.

... Within the past year you have received thousands of letters, both ill-written and well-written, chock full of such dynamic adjectives as "classic," "priceless," "delightful," and even a sprinkling of such indelicate modifiers as "horrible," "rotten," and "disgusting!" But I shall say only this: A solid core of attractively unbalanced students at Cornell have adopted your magazine as a way of life. Acute frothing at the mouth has become a common disease and has proven deliciously dangerous during epidemic seasons. One of the fraternities there has an annual Monster Party. This year their source book was, of course, *Mad*... and the happy outcome was that 37.8% more participants than ever before were removed in a frightened coma. Gentlemen, it was a sight to see! Thank you, comrades in the bonds of spoofery.

—Ann Busch—Buffalo, New York

... I am long out of my "funny-book reading days;" thus, even though I do work in a drugstore, I've never given your magazines a thought. Recently two sane, healthy-looking and responsible individuals asked if I had a certain comic book on the stands—that in itself was a time for skepticism, for every one knows only children and idiots read comic books. The name of the book was *Mad*. After the second incident I became curious and began thumbing through the pages. To my utter surprise it was hilarious—funniest thing I had read for years! In short your satire magazine was excellent. I am eagerly anticipating the next issue of *Mad*.—Raoul D'Arcy—(no address given.

'Course, you've heard about E.C.'s companion mag to *Mad*... thing called *PANIC*! Written and edited by Feldstein. Not bad! Not as funny as *MAD*, but not bad. Try one! Why not?!

Subscriptions to *MAD* cost money. Buck! But for your buck, you get eight issues! Only costs you 20c more than if'n ya bought 'em on the newsstands. But you save so much bother! Manila envelopes. Go ahead. Spend a buck. Why not?! Address for mail or sub orders is:

MAD EDITORS  
Room 706, Dept. 9  
225 Lafayette St.  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.





HEY, WASN'T  
THERE S'POSE T'BE  
A BIG BOWL GAME  
HERE T'DAY, MELVIN?  
SO WHERE'S ALL  
THE PEOPLE?  
SO?

SO HAVEN'T YOU  
HEARD, IRVING? THE  
FIRST ISSUE OF E.C.'S  
NEW HUMOR MAG IS  
OUT. THE PEOPLE ARE ALL  
DOWN AT THE NEWSSTAND...  
BUYING **PANIC!**

YEP, KIDDIES! E.C.'S NEW HUMOR MAG, **PANIC**  
IS ON SALE. SO RUSH DOWN TO YOUR  
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND AND GET YOUR  
COPY. HOWEVER IF YOU **DON'T** WANT  
TO **MISS** ANY FOOTBALL GAMES...  
IF YOU WANT TO **READ PANIC**  
AND **SIT IN THE BOWL** AT THE  
**SAME TIME... SUBSCRIBE!** FILL  
OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL TO...

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

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

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

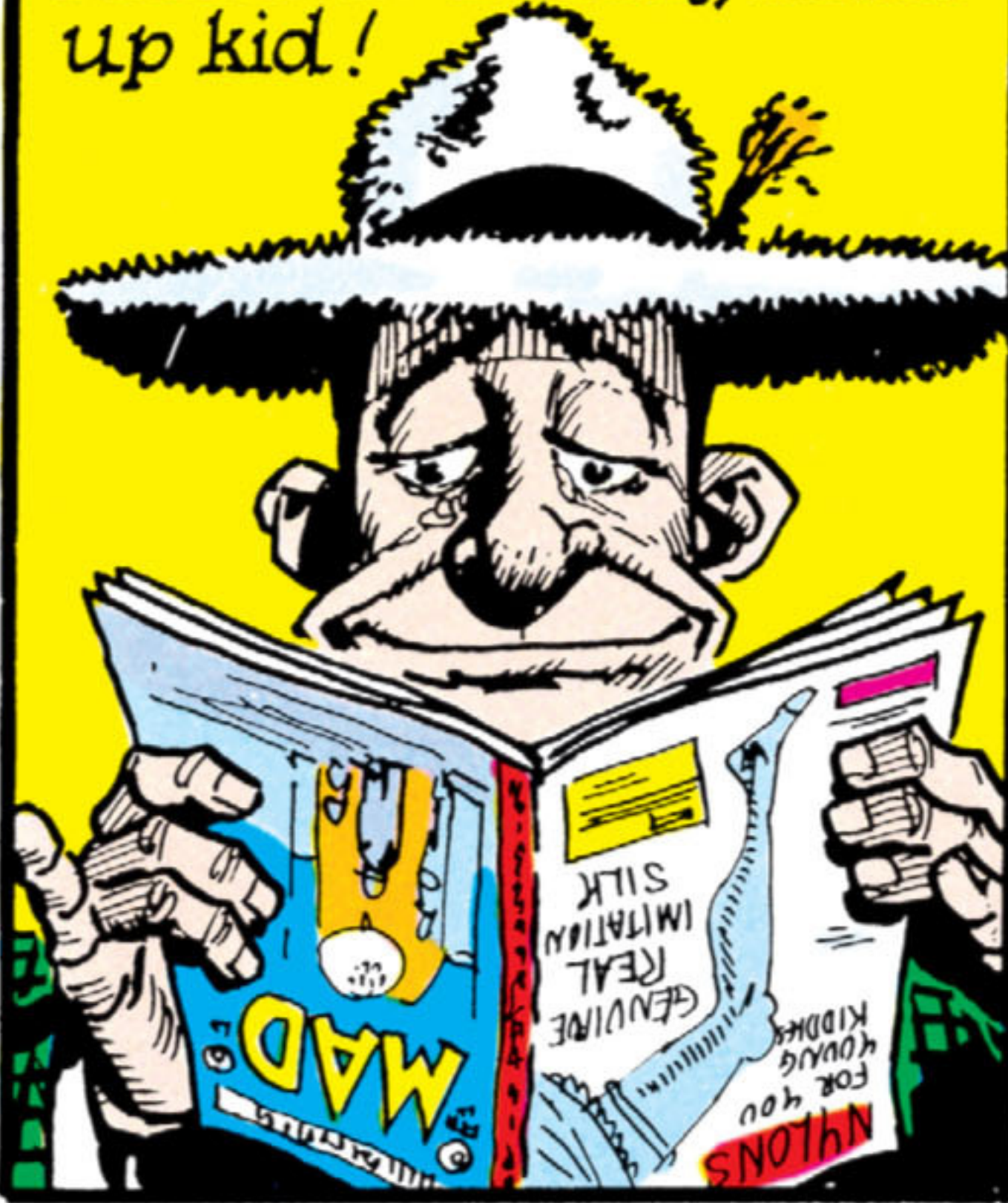
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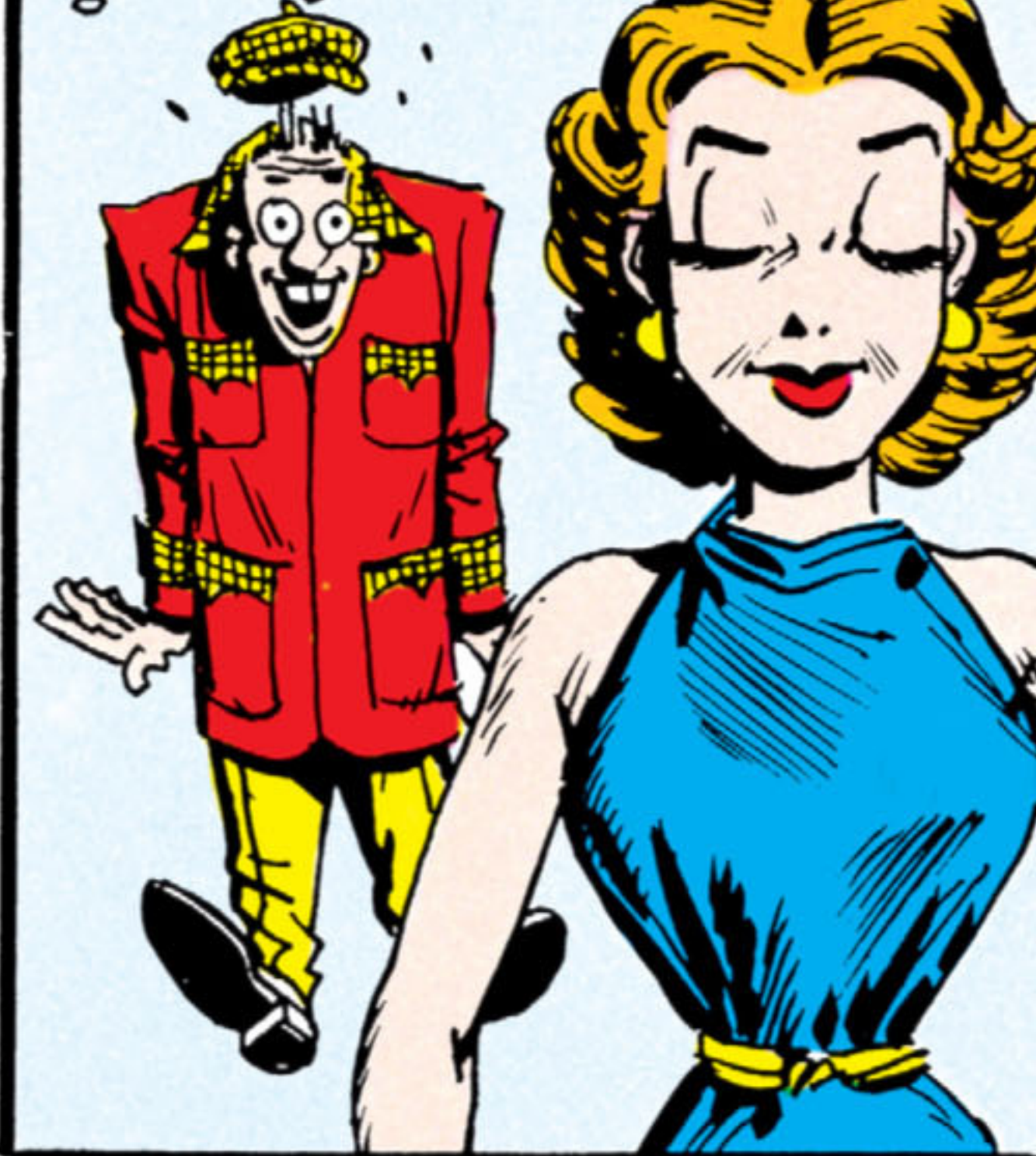


# BOP DICTIONARY

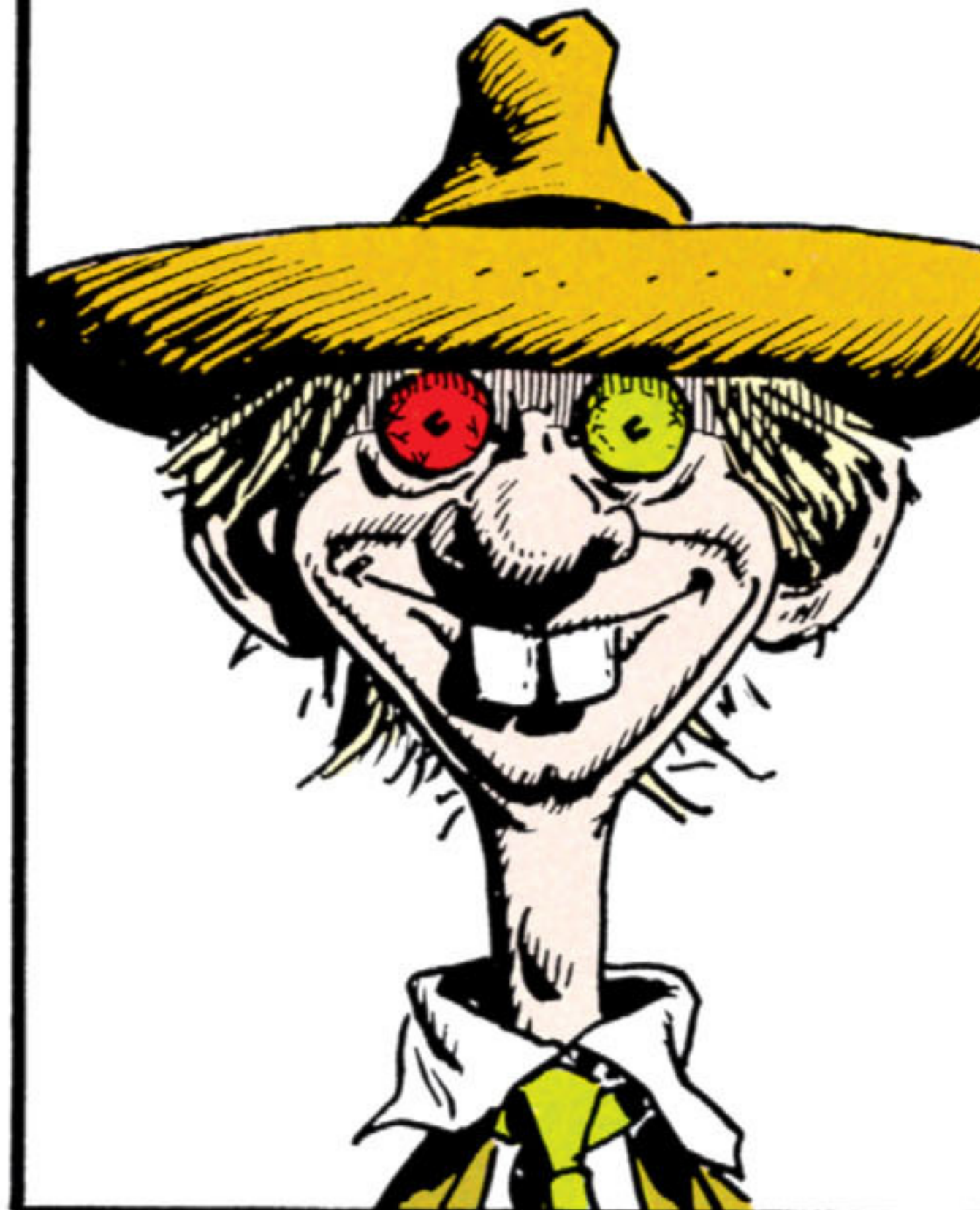
**CRAZY**-odd!... a MAD reader is a crazy, mixed-up kid!



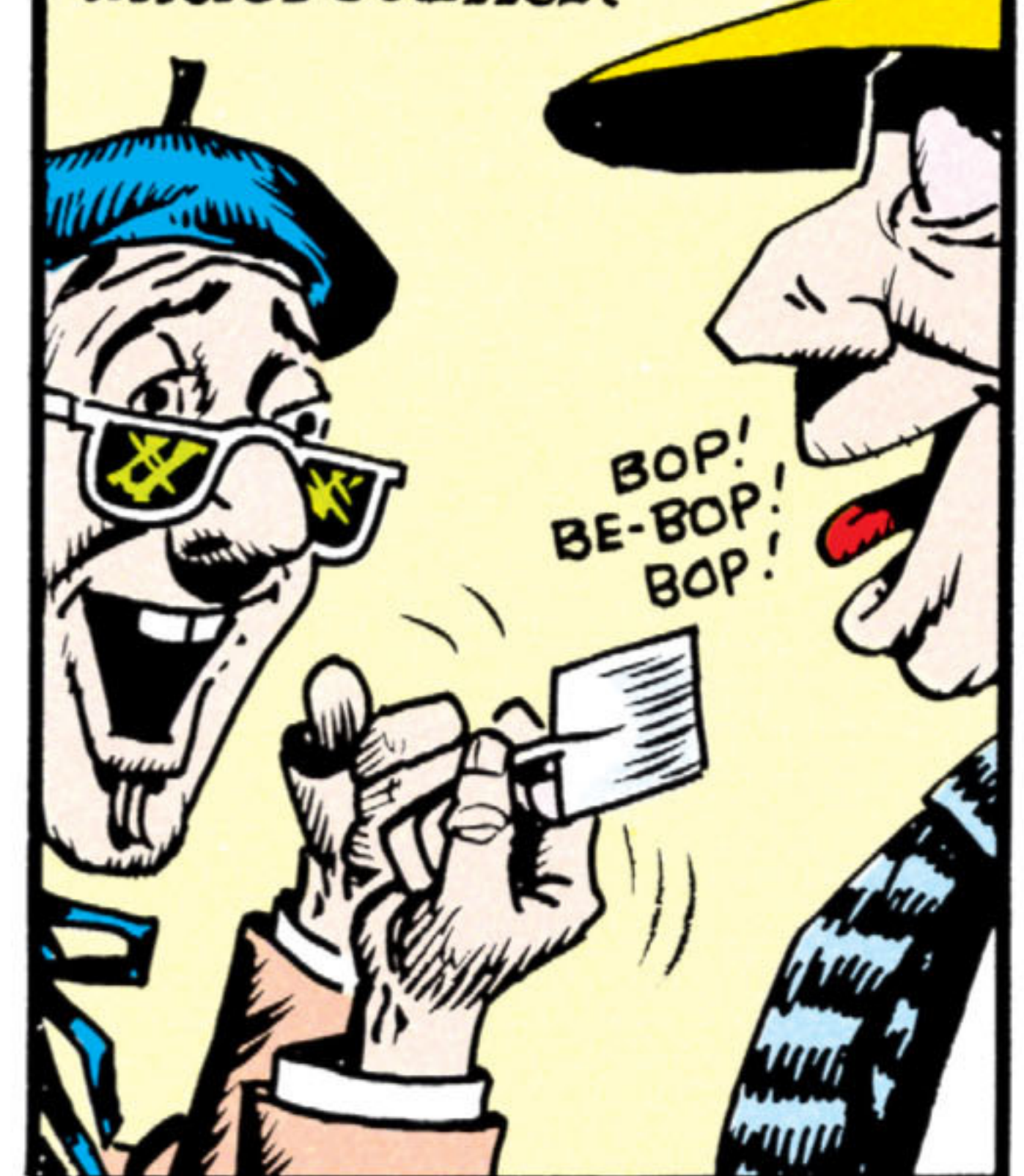
**COOL**-real nice!... much like gone, gassed and groovy!



**CUBE**- a 3-D square!



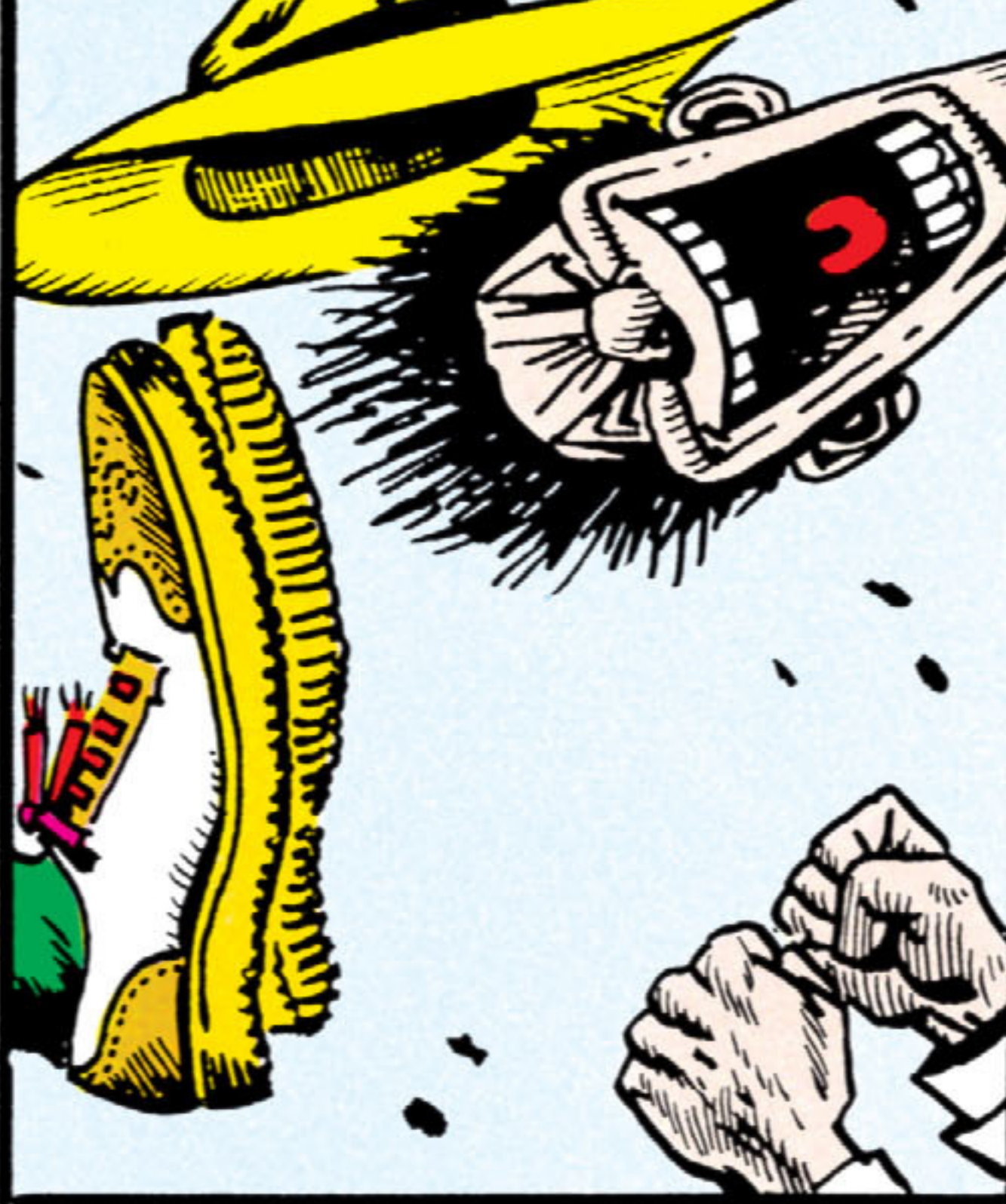
**DIG**-to be hep... to understand!



**FLICKS** - movies!



**FLIP** - to react enthusiastically!



**HOLLYWOOD-EYES** - cute girls!



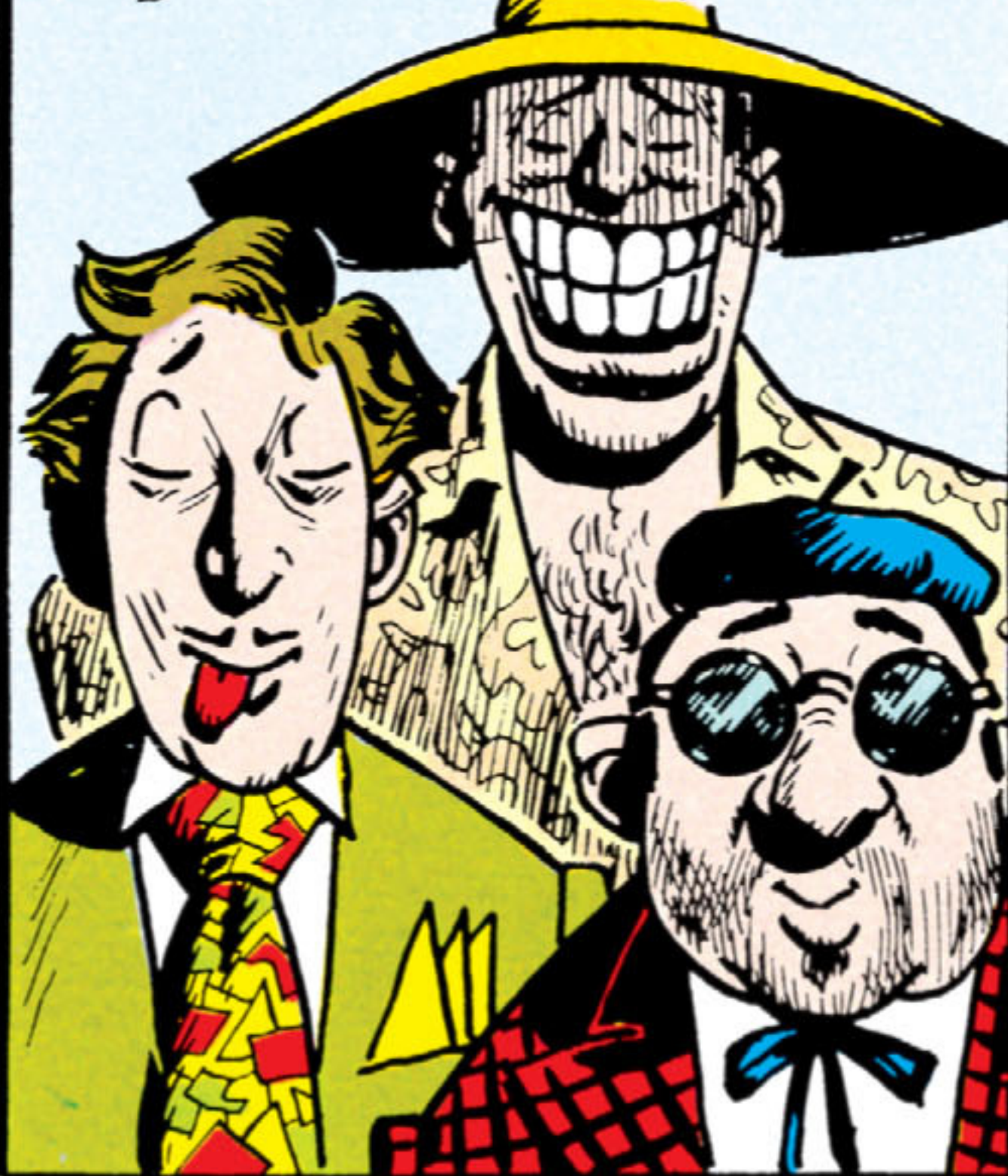
**HUB-CAP** - a Kat who thinks he's a big wheel!



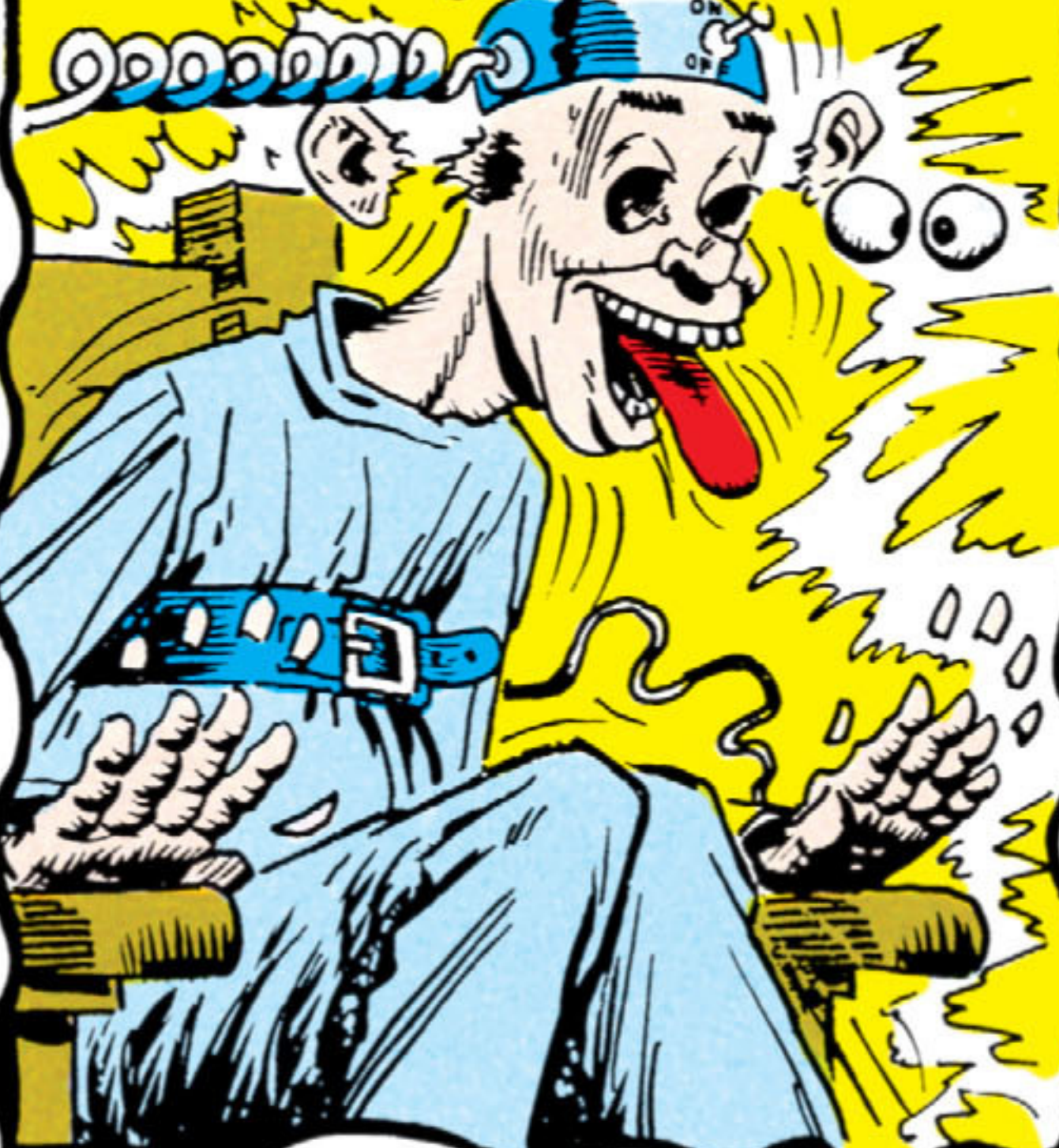
**JELLY-TOT** - a very young cat who is a hub-cap!



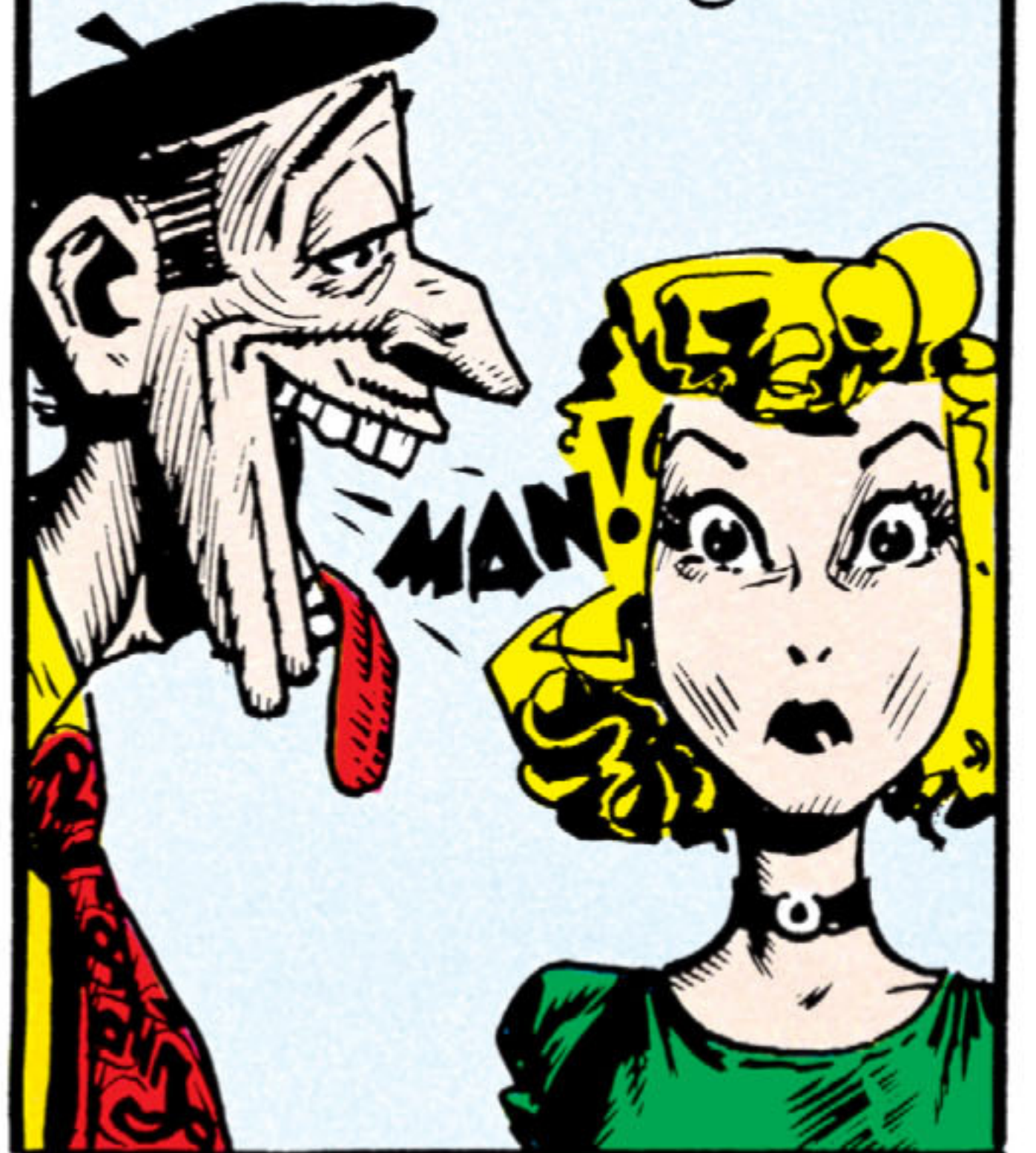
**KAT** - latest version of hep-cat and hipster!



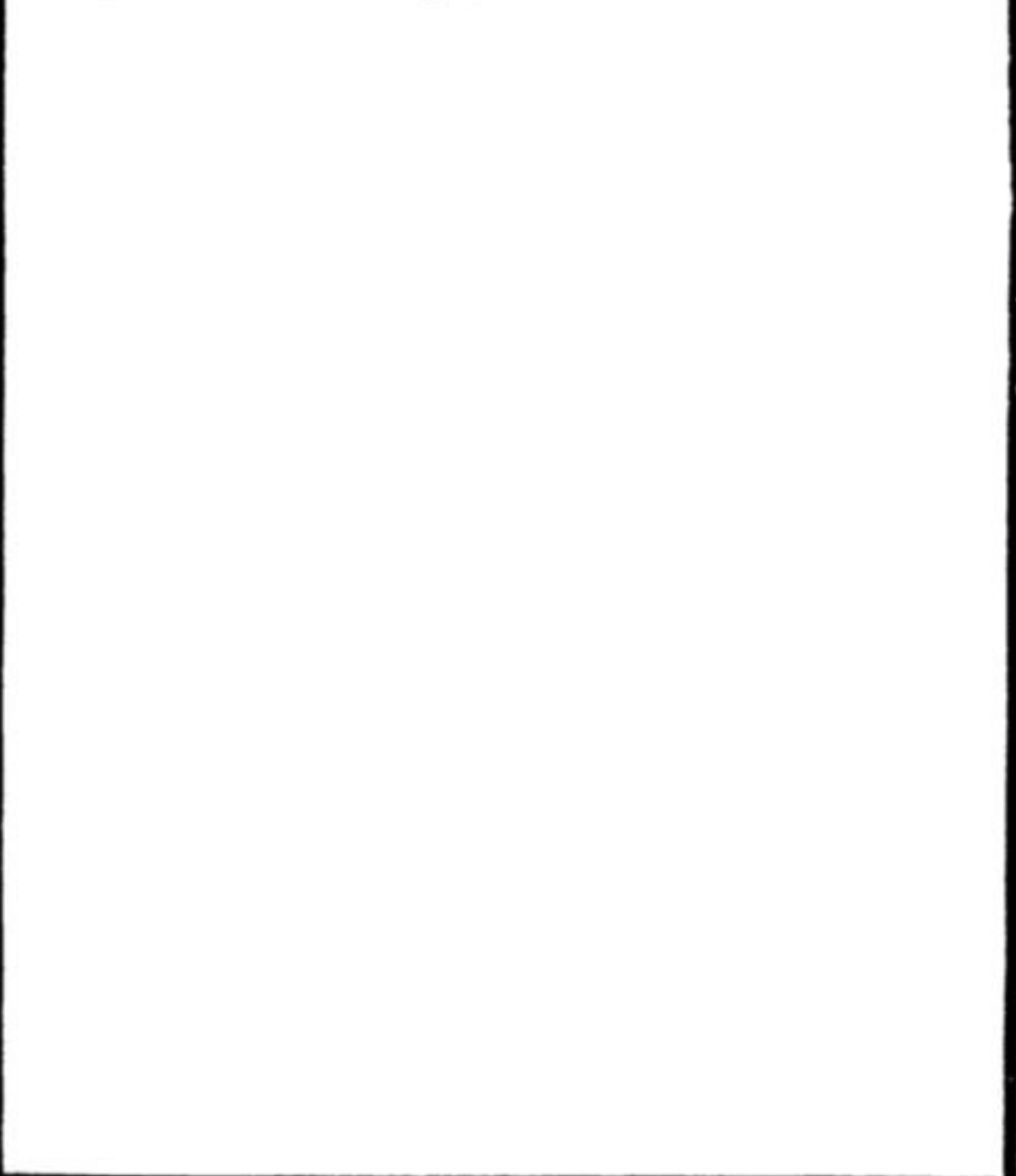
**KICK** - thrill... as in: he disguised his head like a football just for kicks!



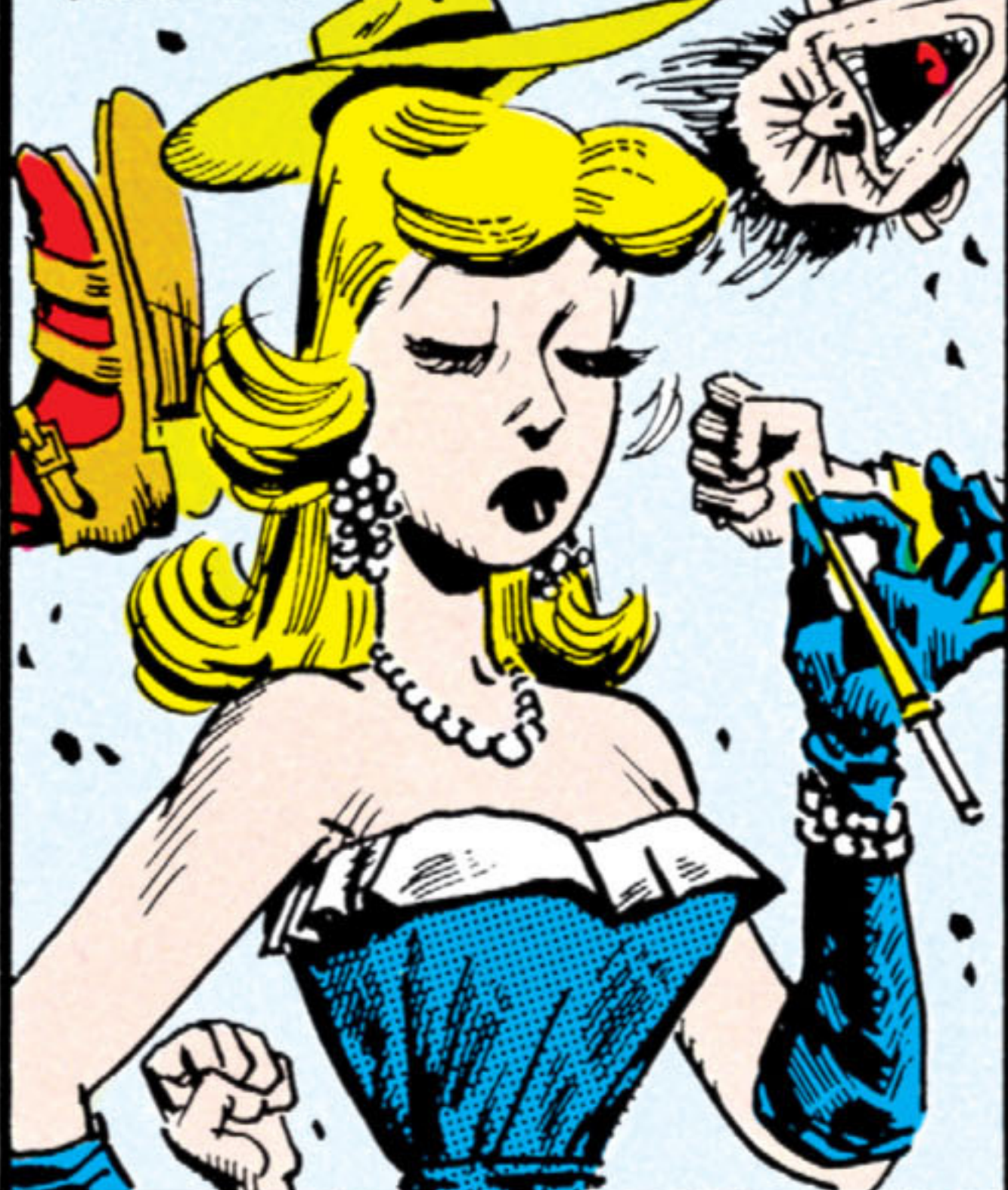
**MAN** - exclamation when addressing Kat!



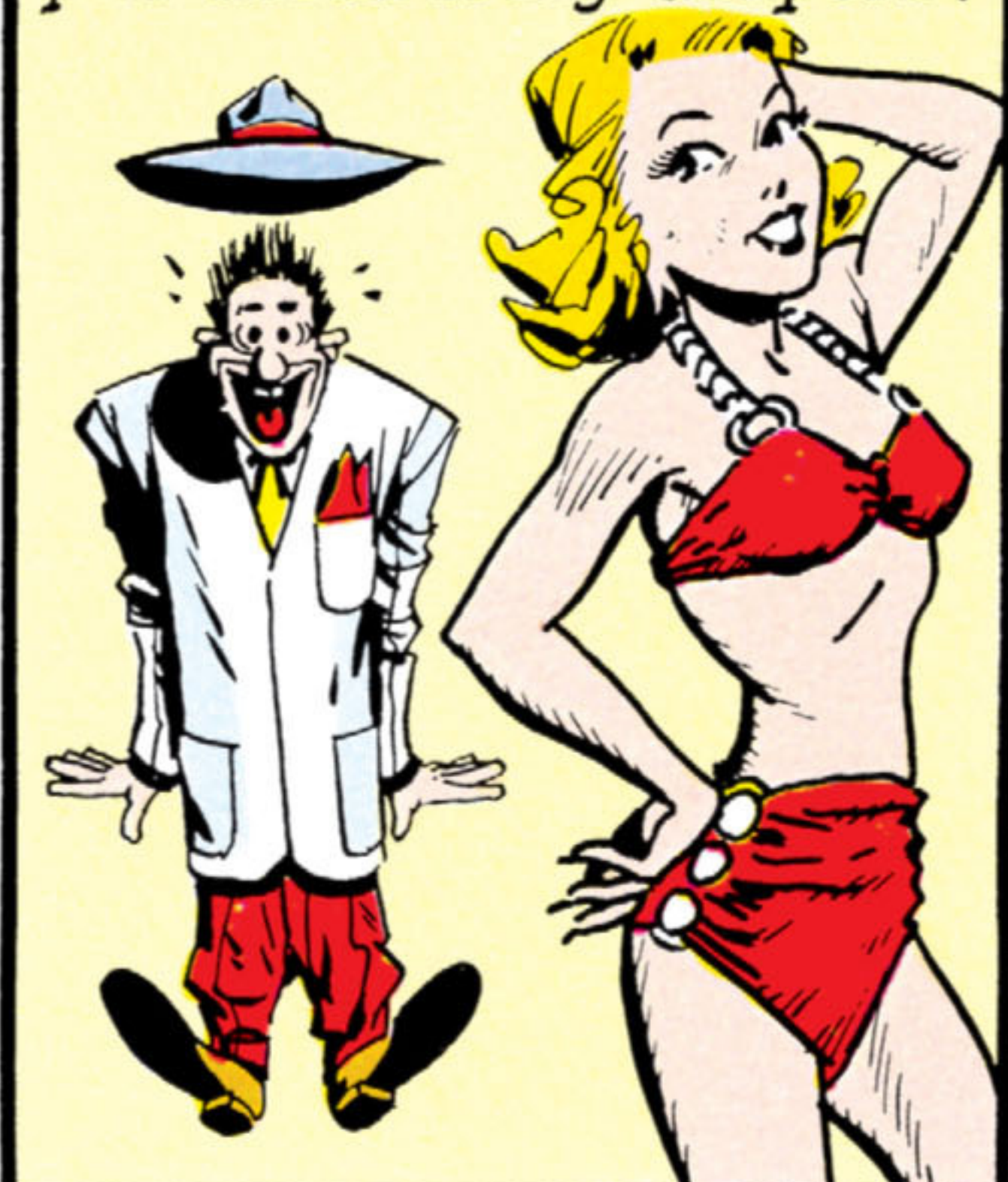
**NOWHERE** - condition of a cube!



**OUTEST** - a-way out... the best!



**PIN** - to look at... as in: pin them crazy diapers!



**STONED** - joyous state of mind, crazy, cool, flipping and kicks rolled into one!

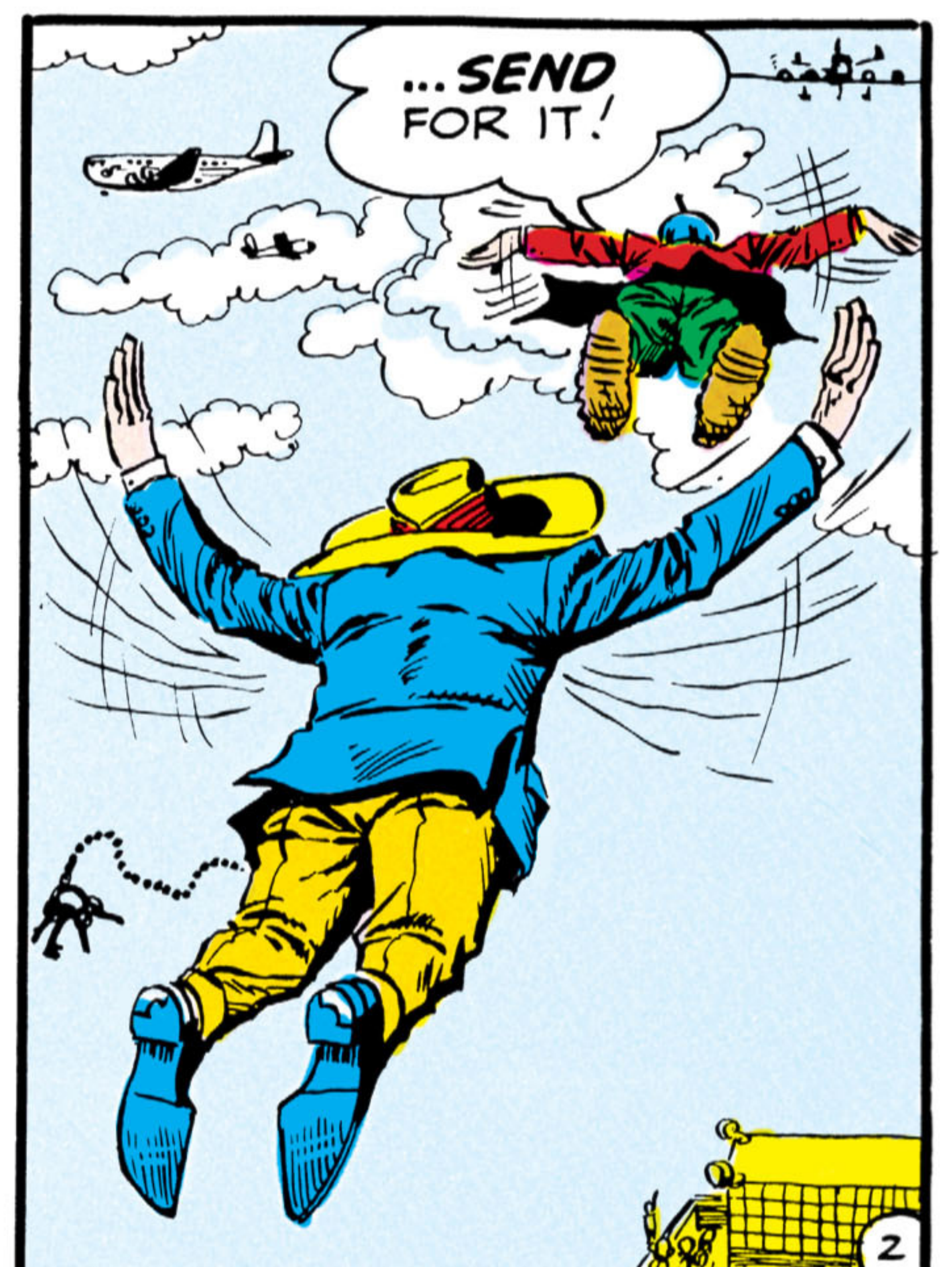
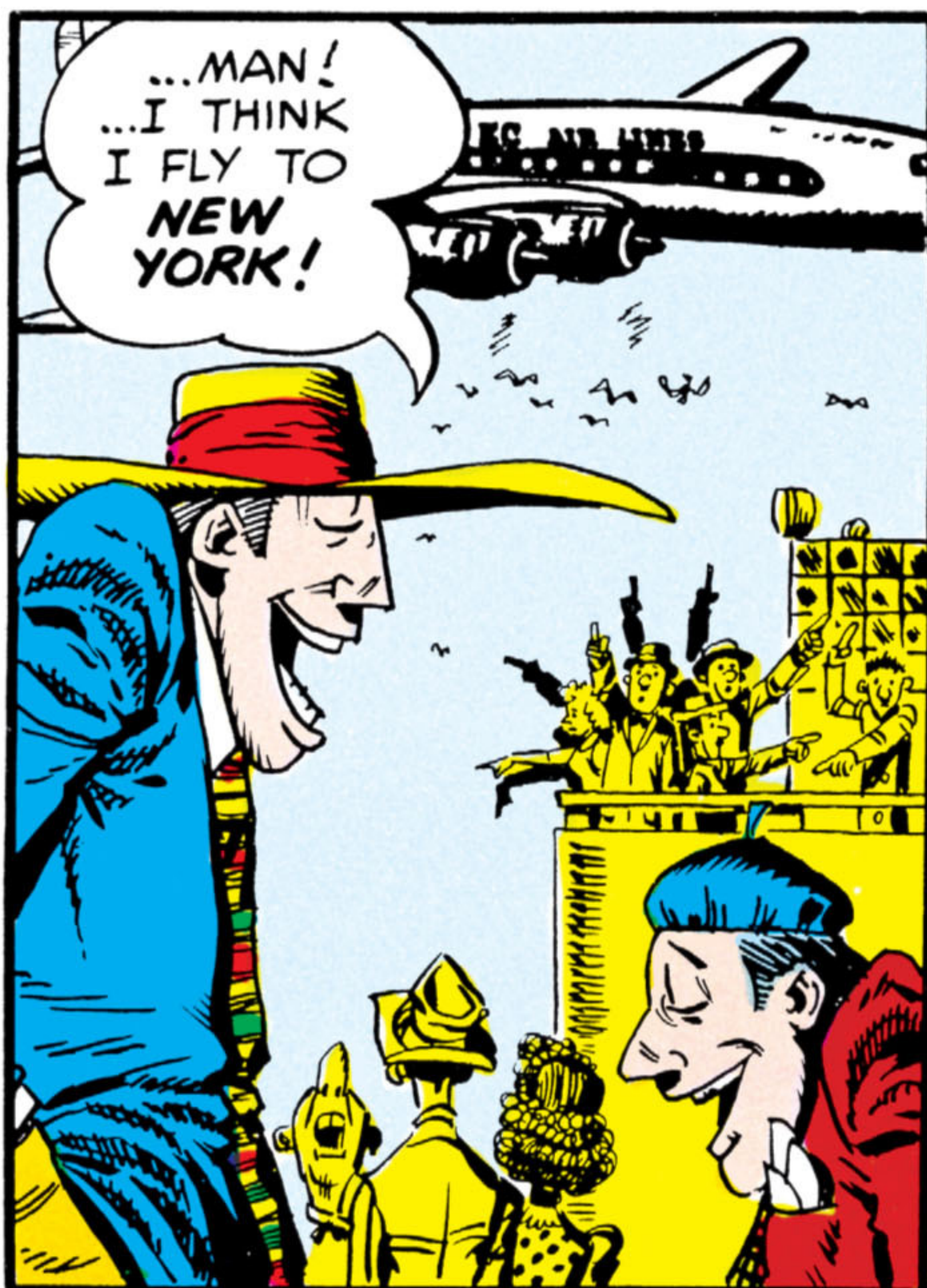
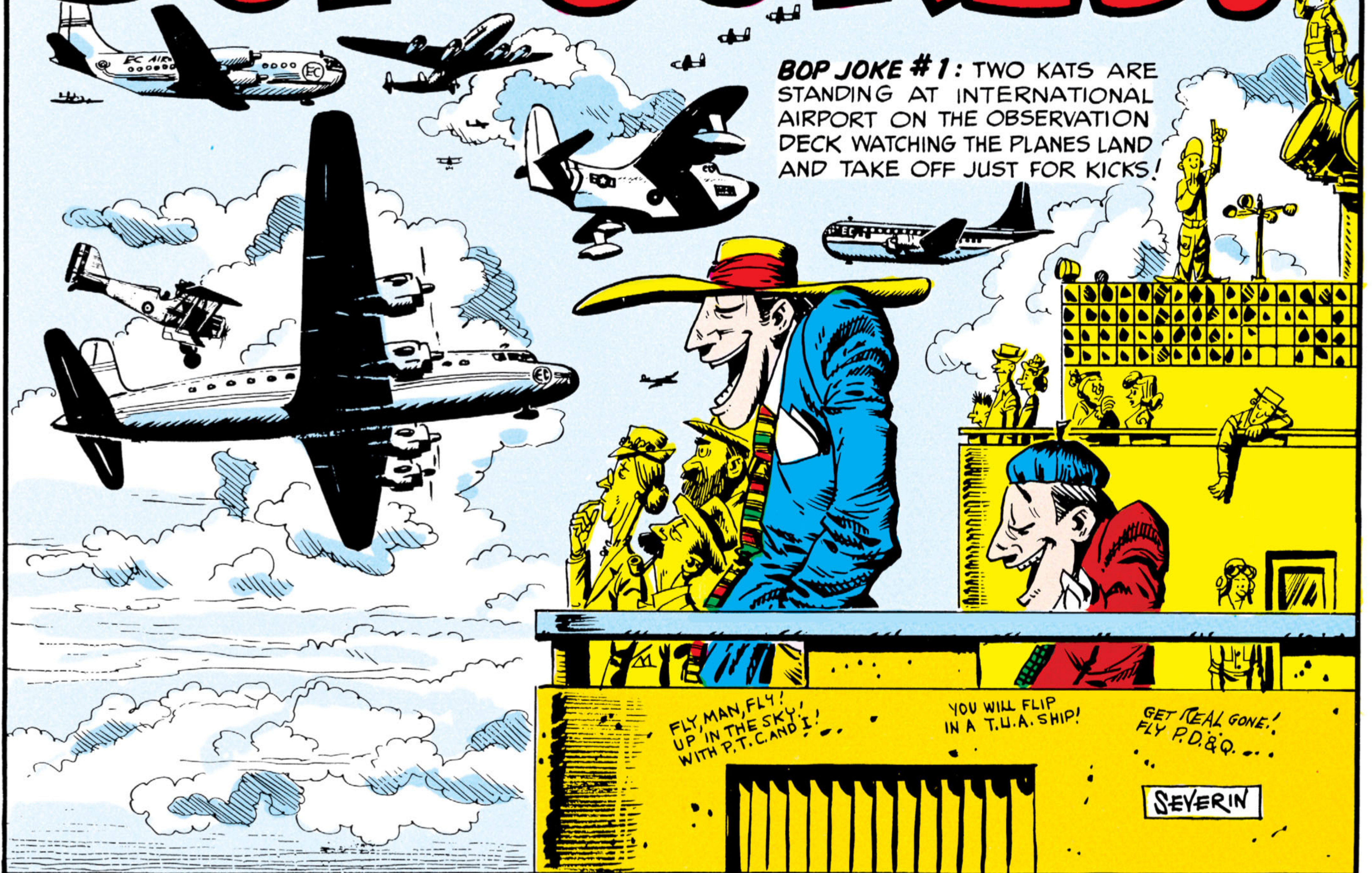




NOW THAT YOU HAVE PINNED THE BOP DICTIONARY AND ARE HEP, PREPARE TO GET STONED! WE DIG FROM YOUR LETTERS THAT MANY OF YOU READERS ARE REAL CRAZY KATS!... SO JUST FOR KICKS WE HAVE GATHERED FOR THE KATS AND CUBES ALIKE... THE LATEST AND OUTEST COLLECTION OF...

# BOP JOKES!

**BOP JOKE #1:** TWO KATS ARE STANDING AT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT ON THE OBSERVATION DECK WATCHING THE PLANES LAND AND TAKE OFF JUST FOR KICKS!

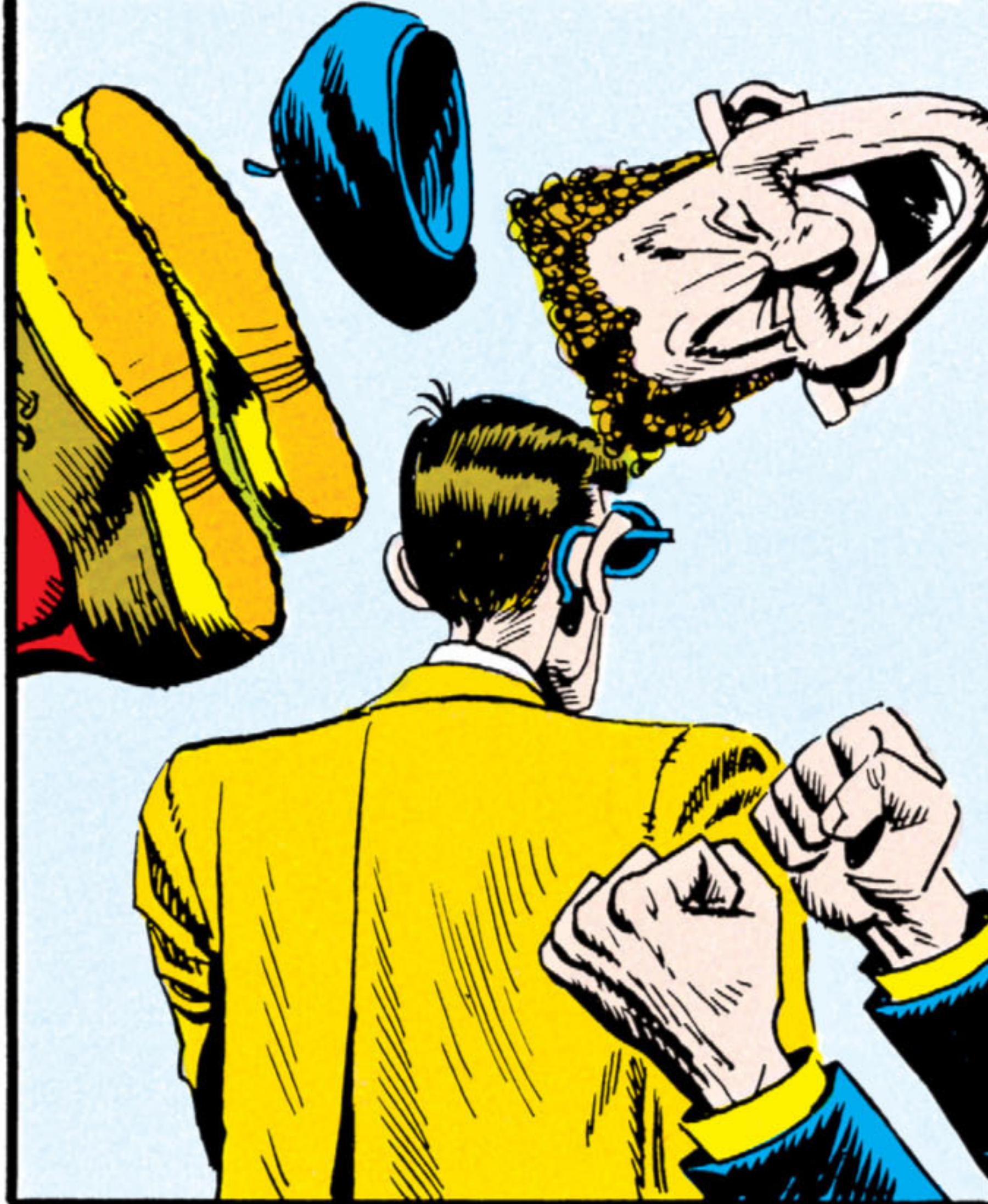




**BOP JOKE #2:** TWO KATS WALKING DOWN THE STREET JUST DIGGING ALL THE SQUARES!



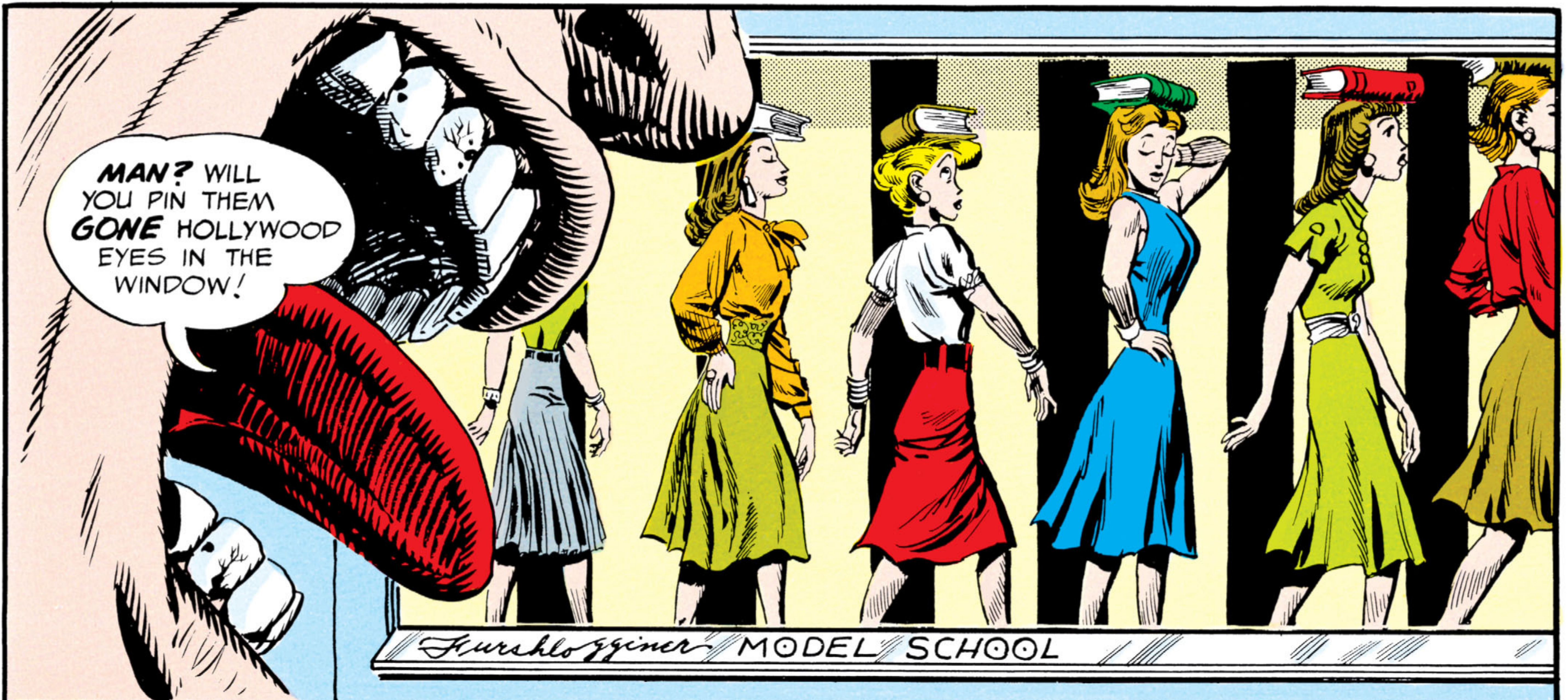
...SUDDENLY ONE KAT FLIPS AS HE PINS THE WINDOW OF A MODELING SCHOOL UP ABOVE WHERE...



SOME REAL COOL HOLLYWOOD-EYES ARE PRACTICING POSTURE BY BALANCING BOOKS ON THEIR HEADS!

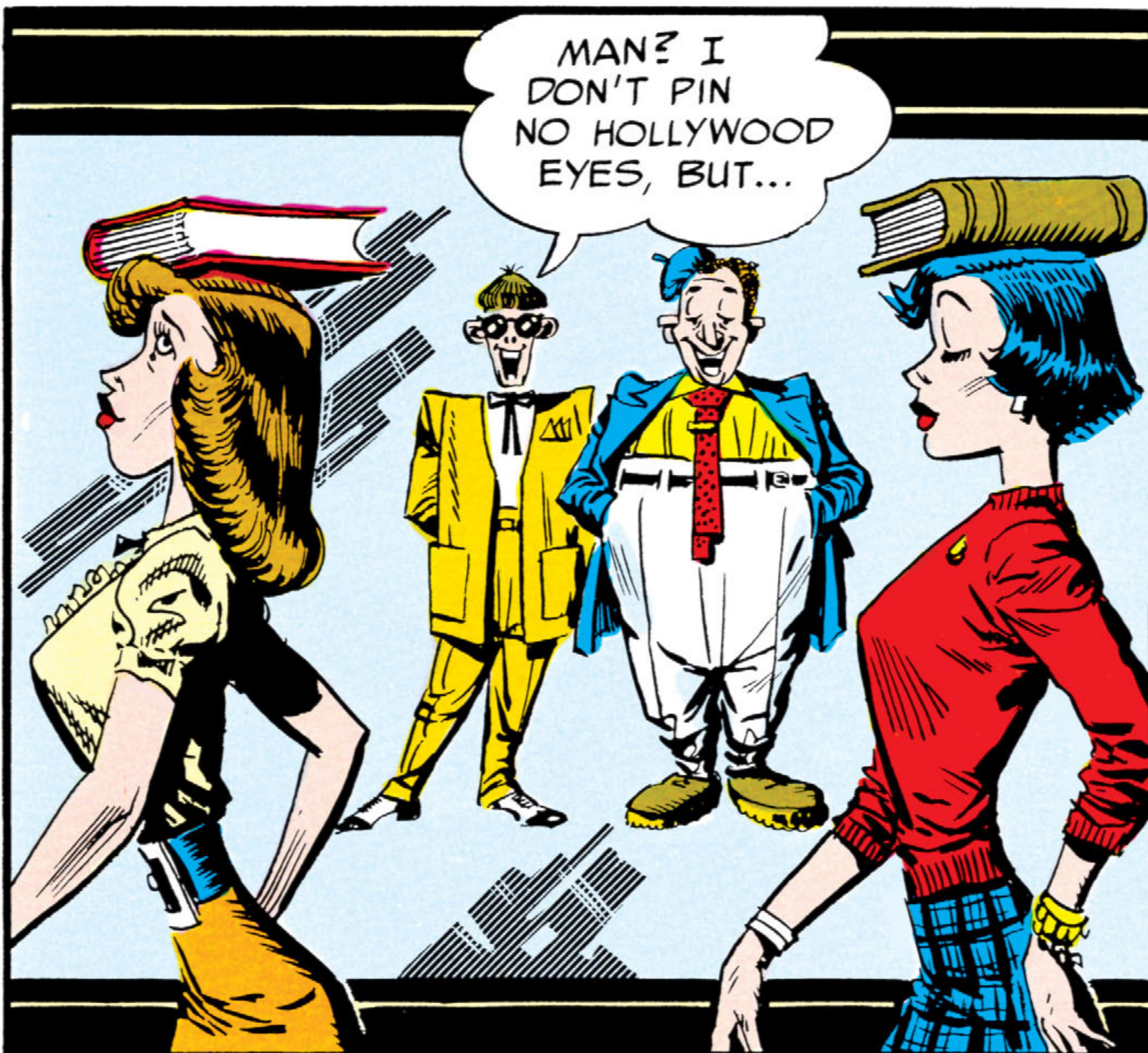


MAN? WILL YOU PIN THEM **GONE** HOLLYWOOD EYES IN THE WINDOW!

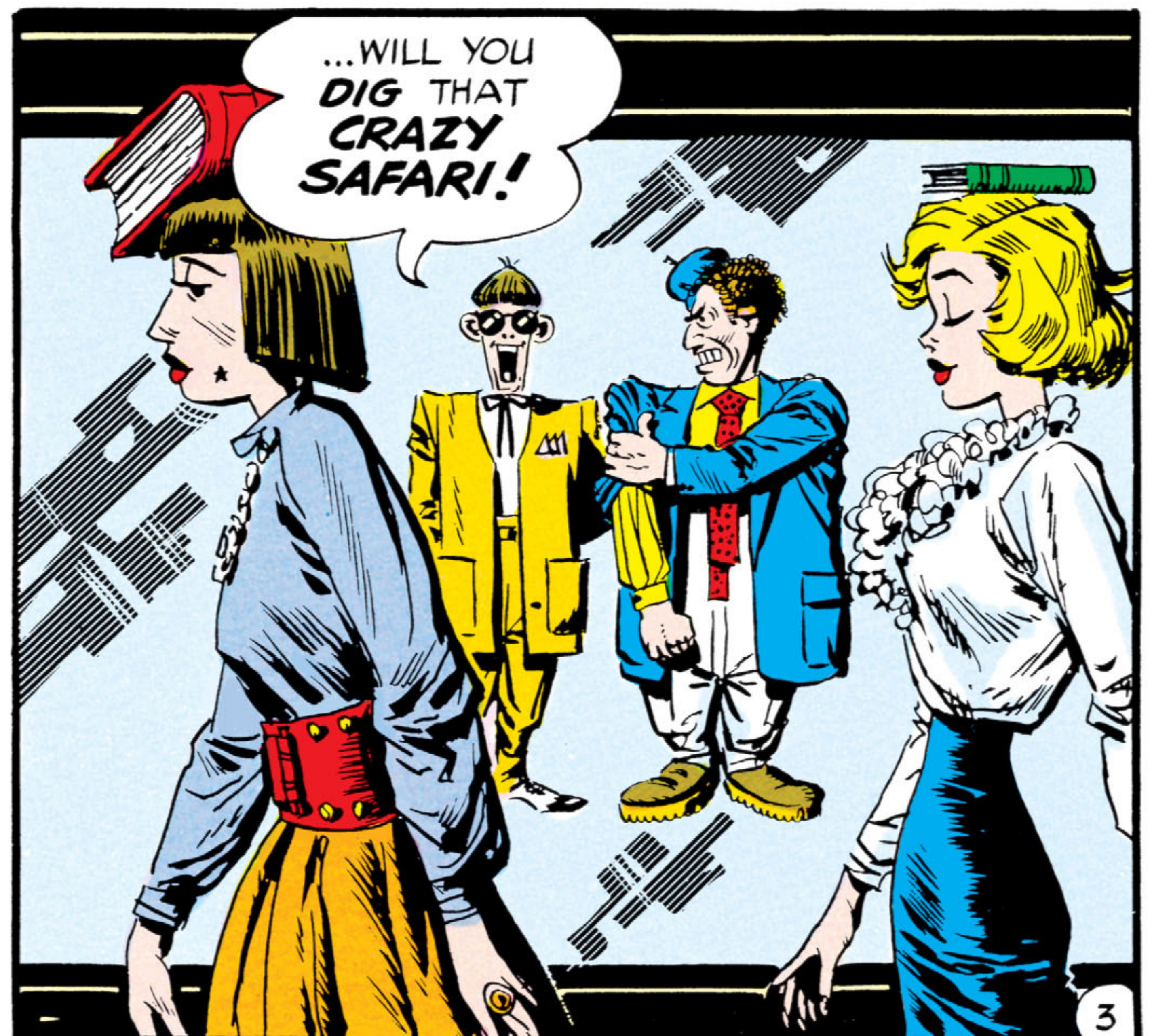


*Shushlogginer* MODEL SCHOOL

MAN? I DON'T PIN NO HOLLYWOOD EYES, BUT...

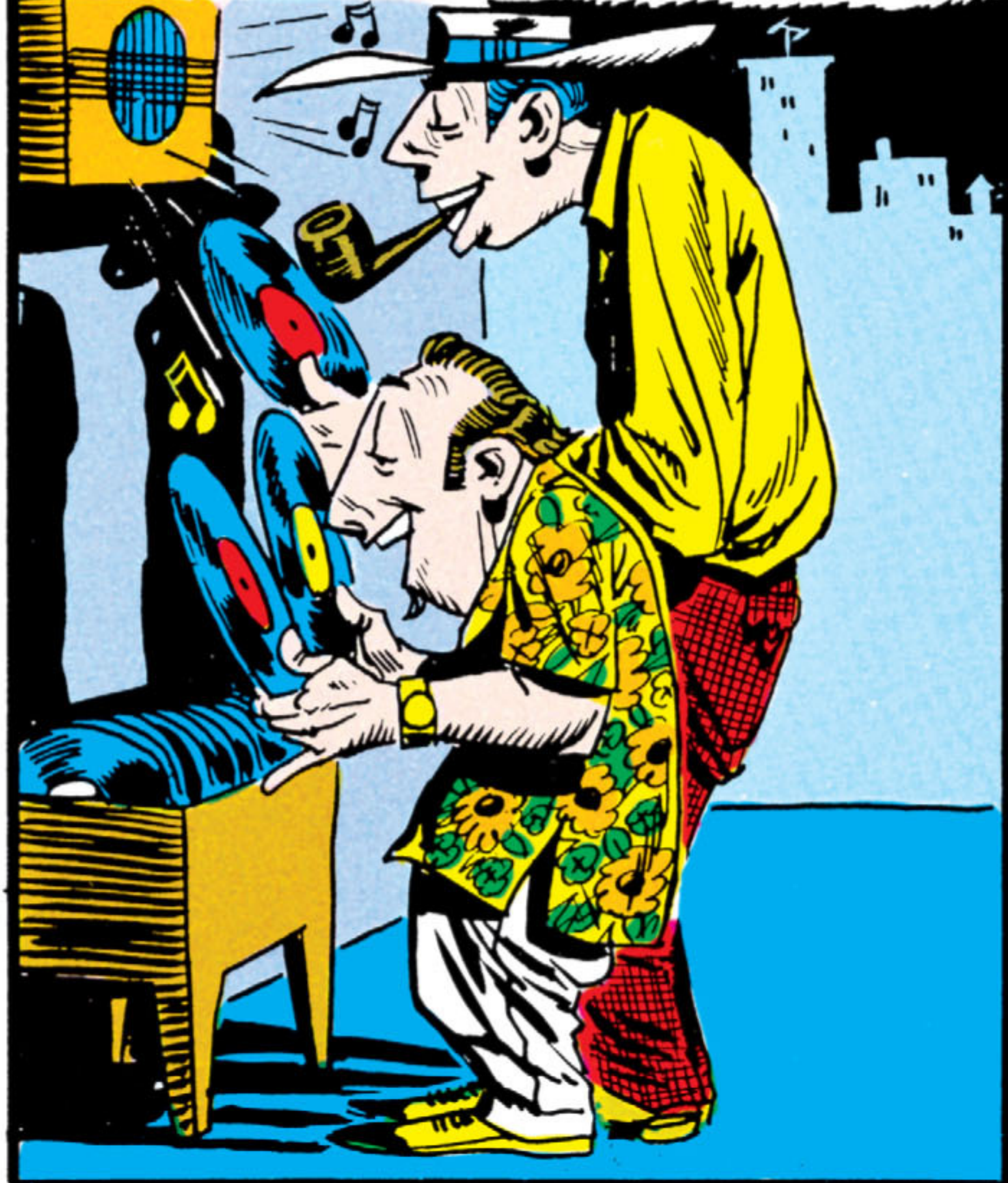


...WILL YOU **DIG** THAT **CRAZY SAFARI!**





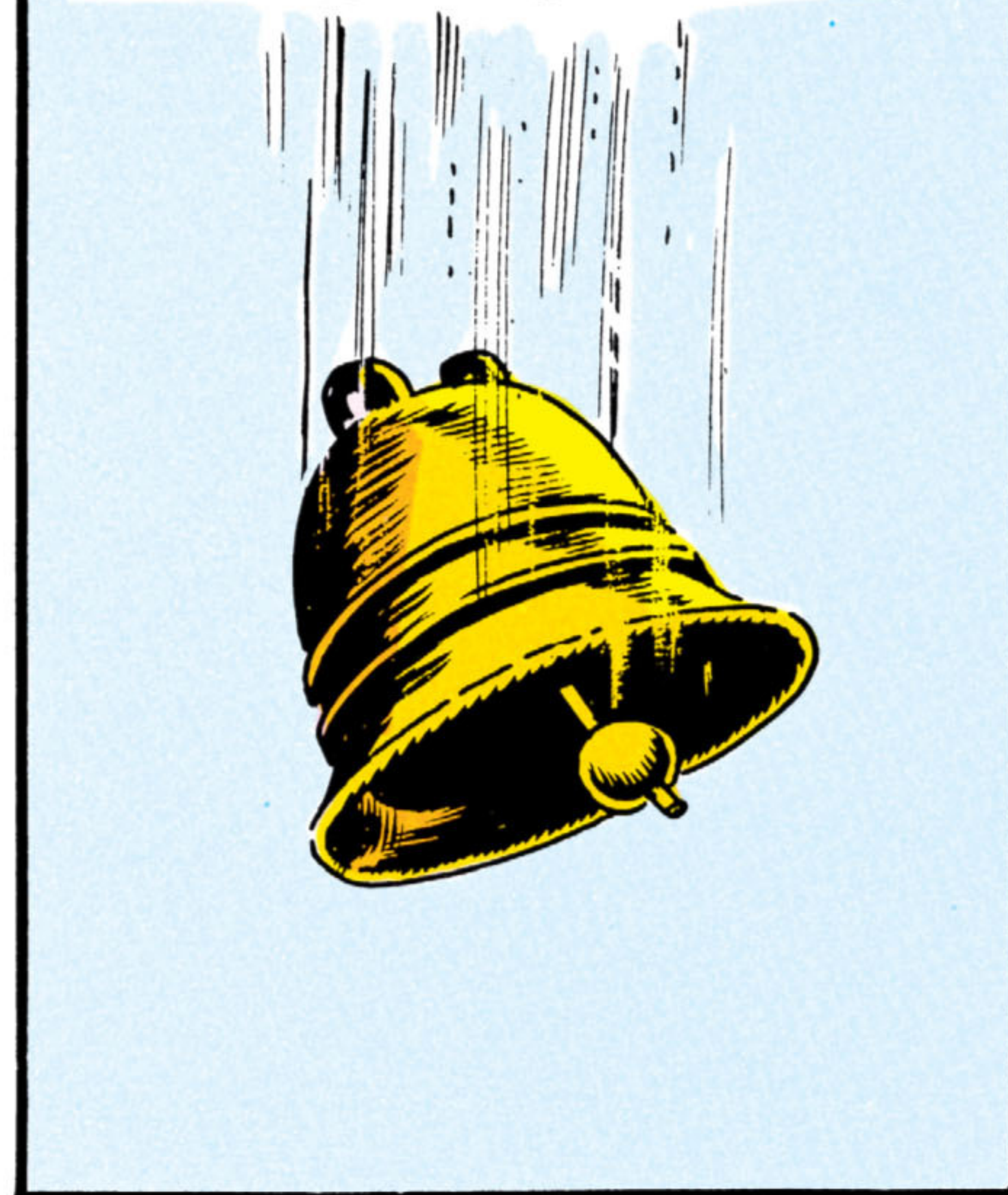
**BOP-JOKE #3:** TWO KATS IN FRONT OF A RECORD SHOP DIGGING A CHARLIE PARKER RECORD!...UP ABOVE...



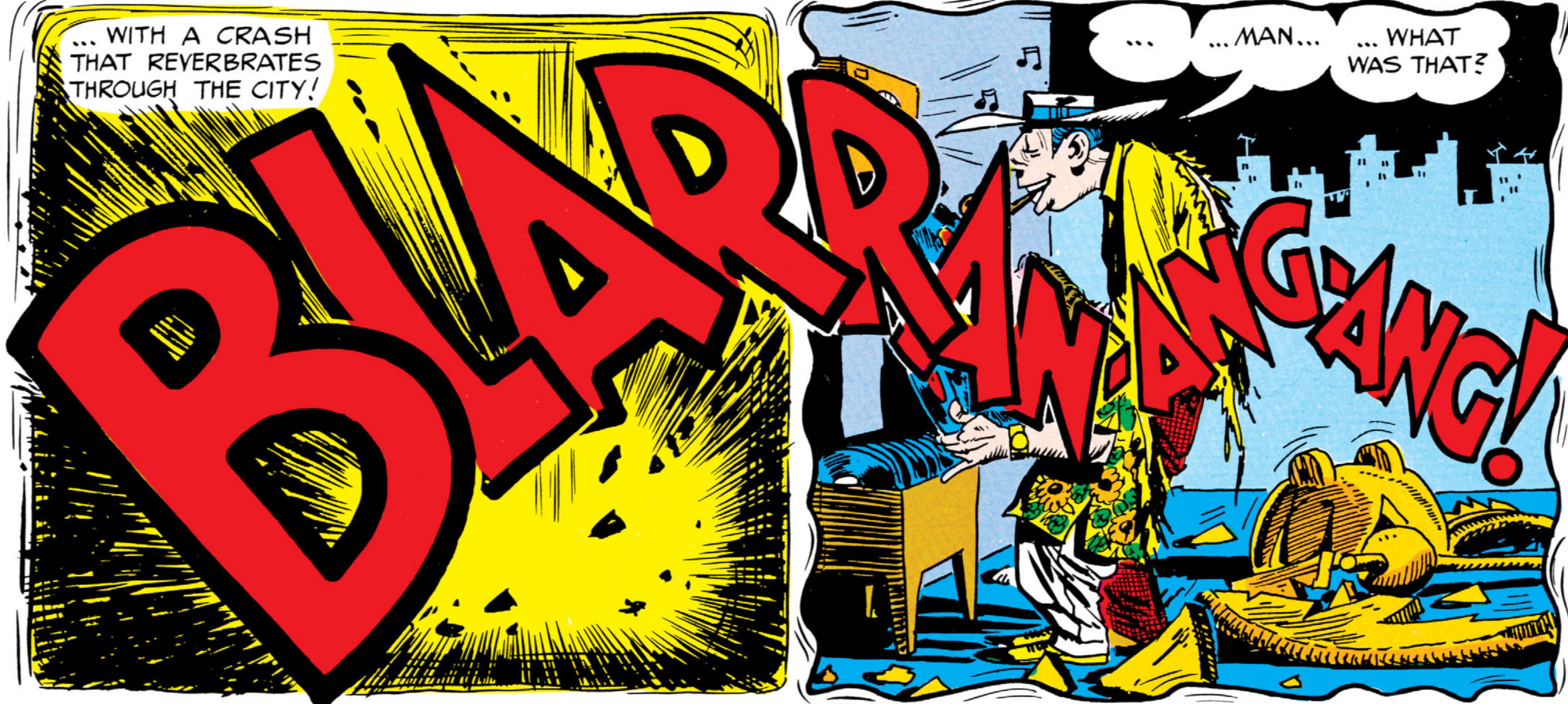
... 30 STORIES IN THE AIR, TWO CRAZY STONE MASONS BUILDING A BELL TOWER ACCIDENTALLY...



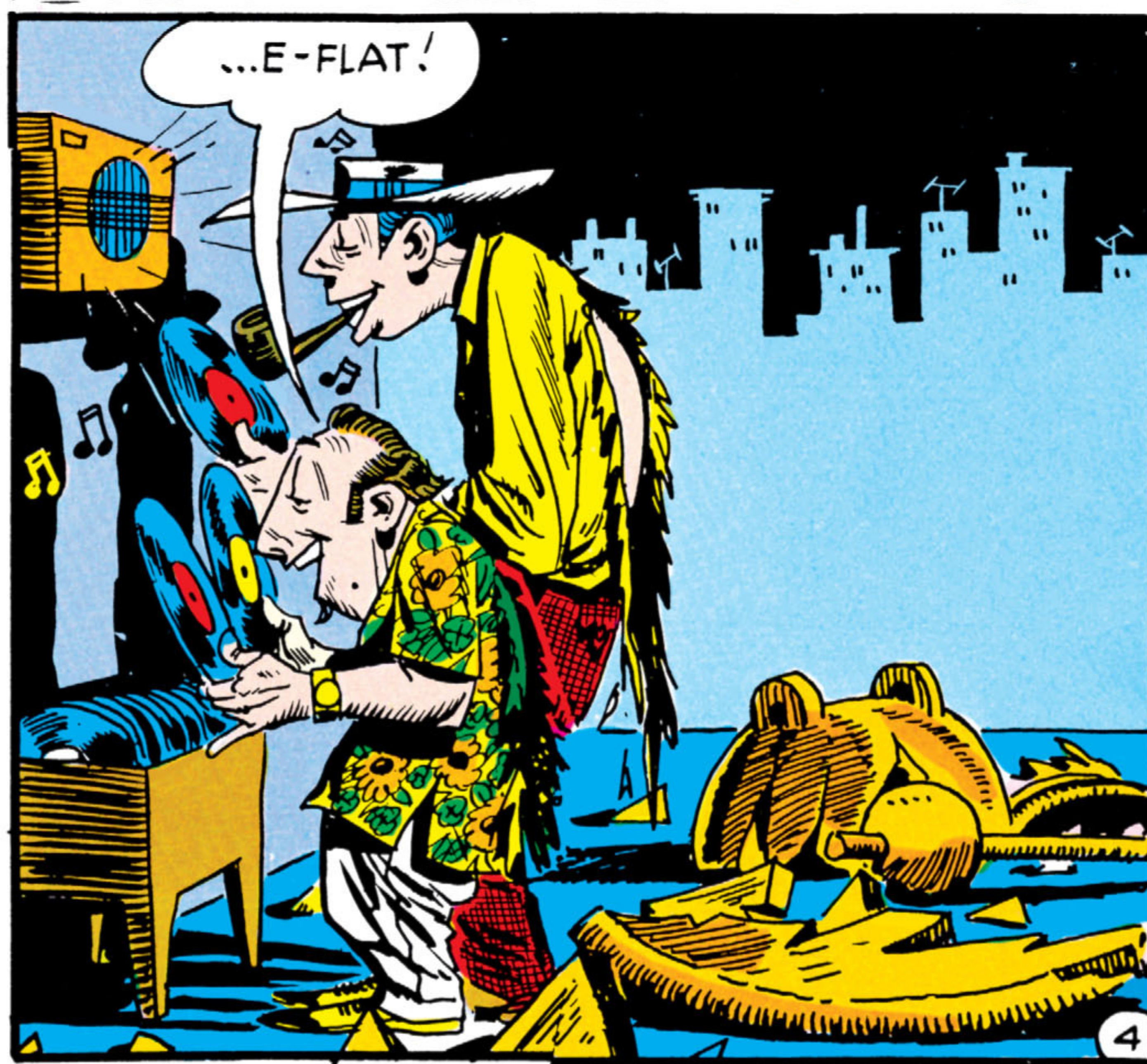
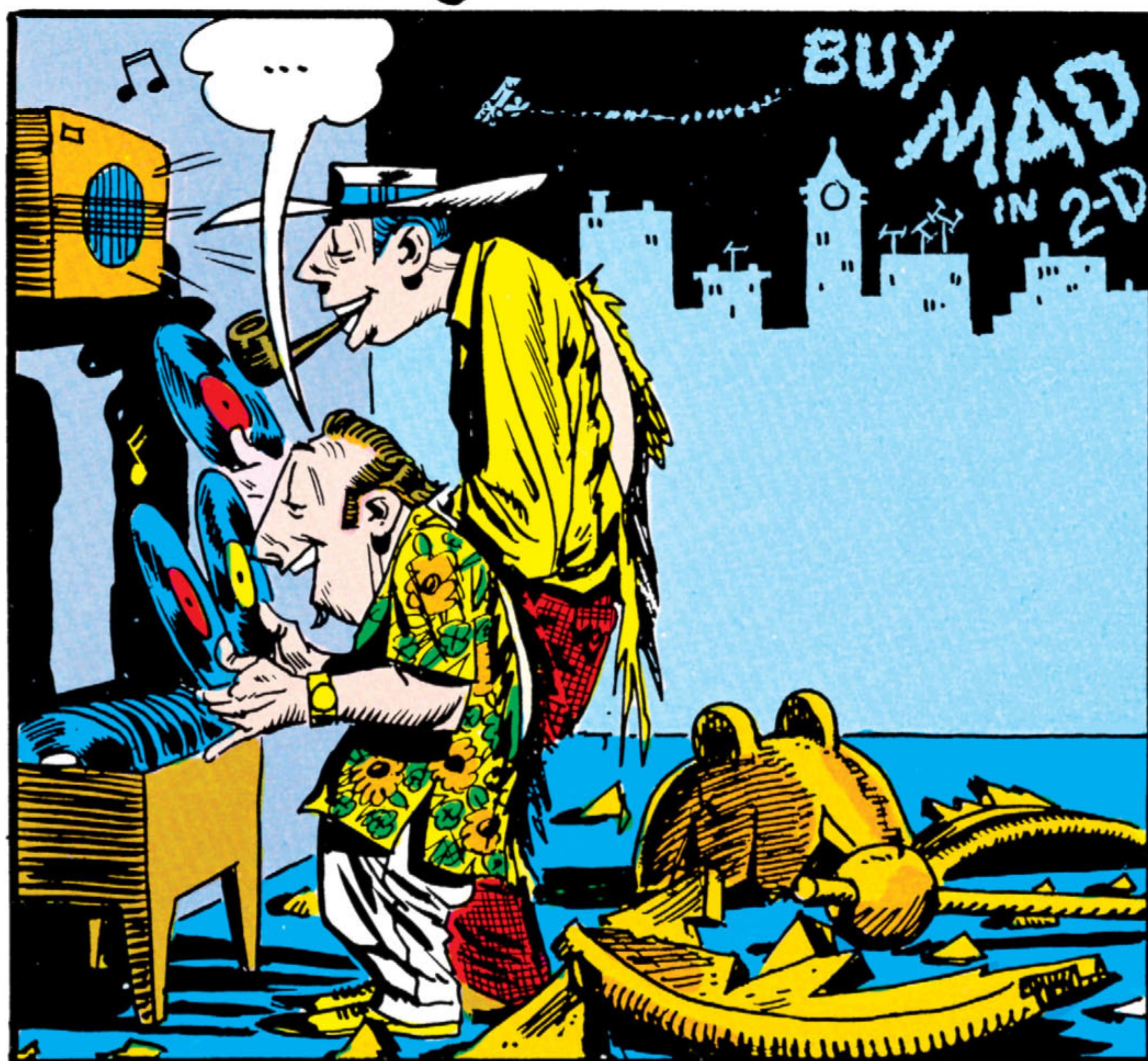
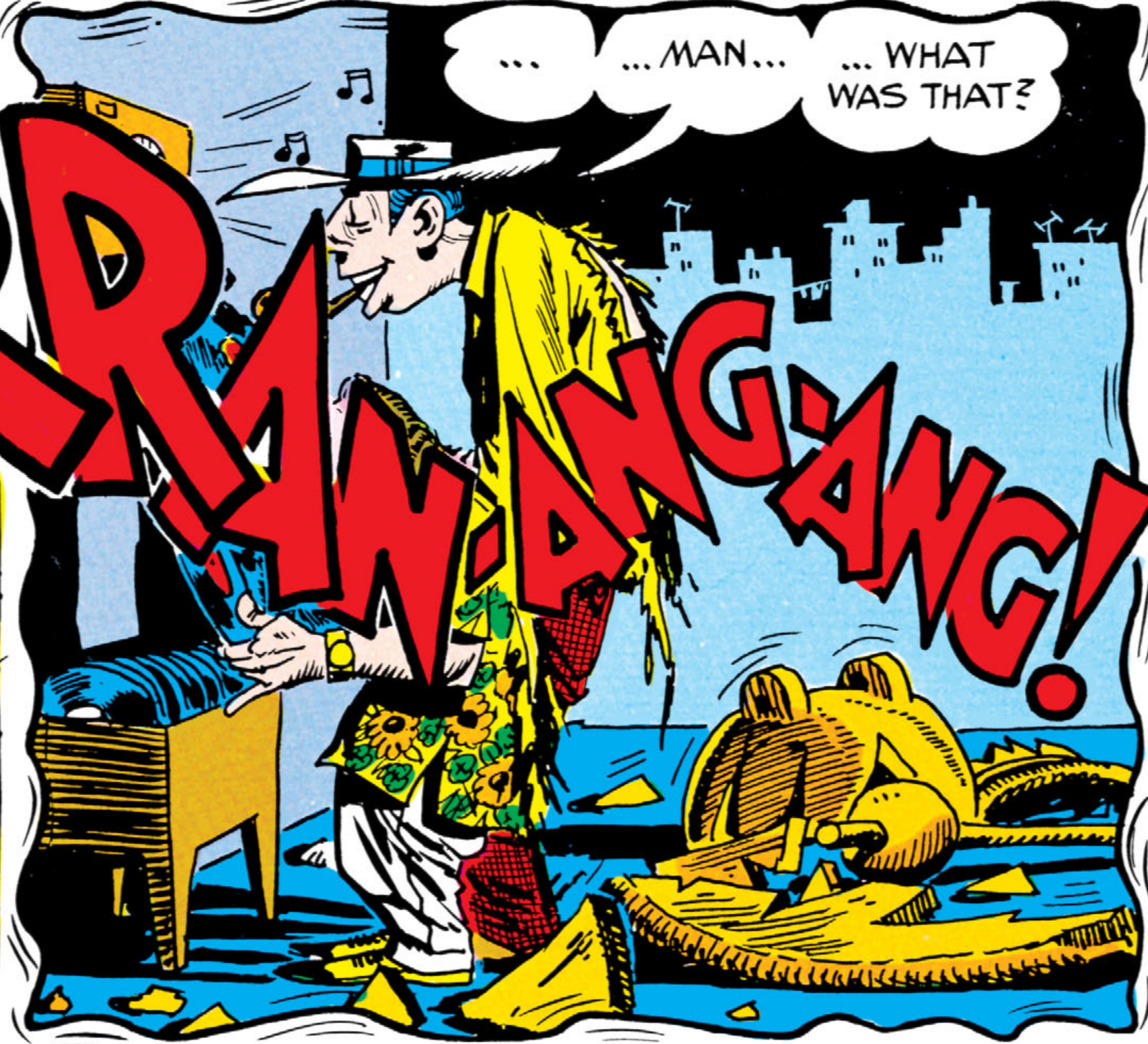
...PUSH OVER THE BELL WHICH HAS BEEN PERILOUSLY BALANCED ON THE CORNICE! IT FALLS...



... WITH A CRASH THAT REVERBERATES THROUGH THE CITY!

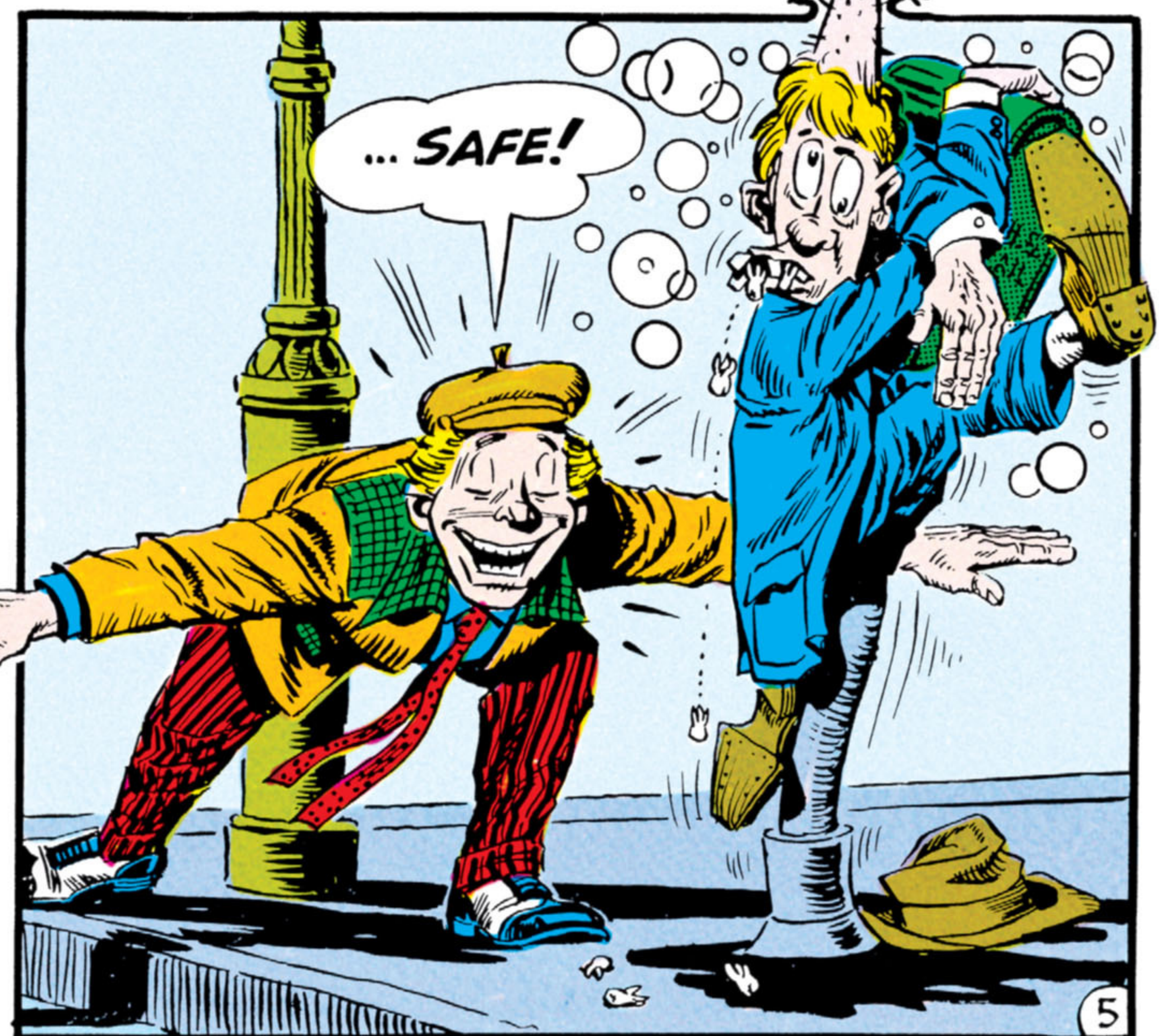
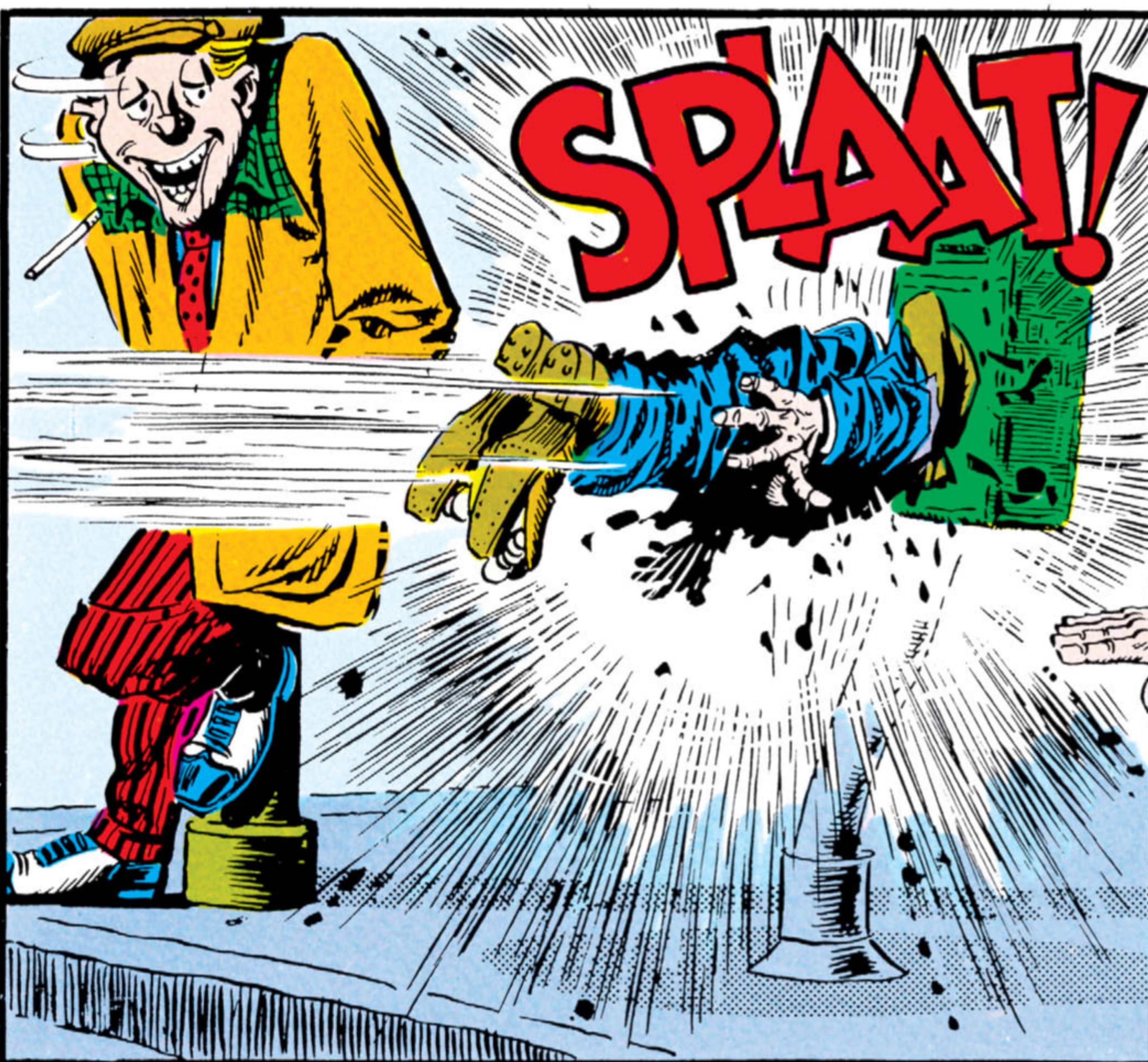
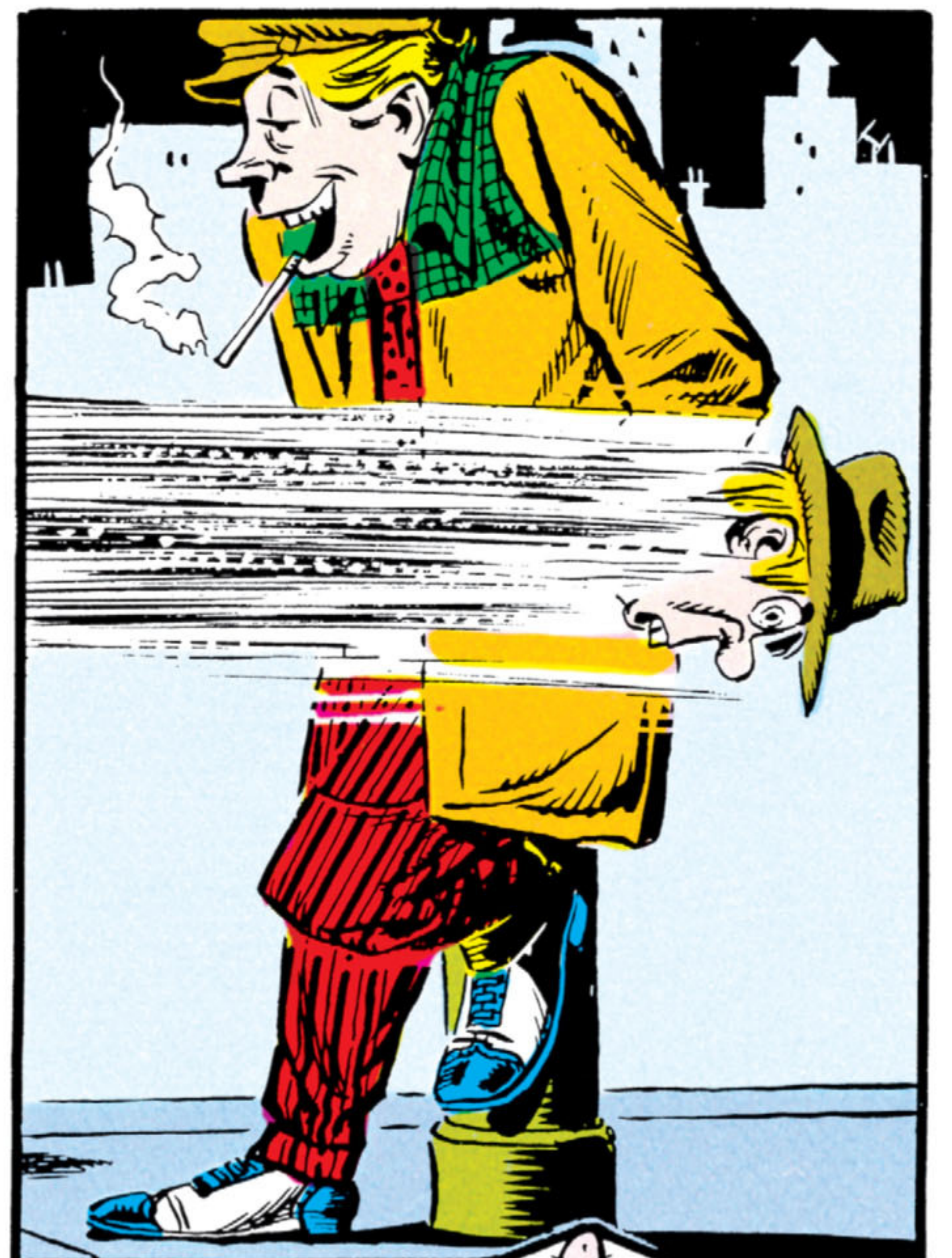
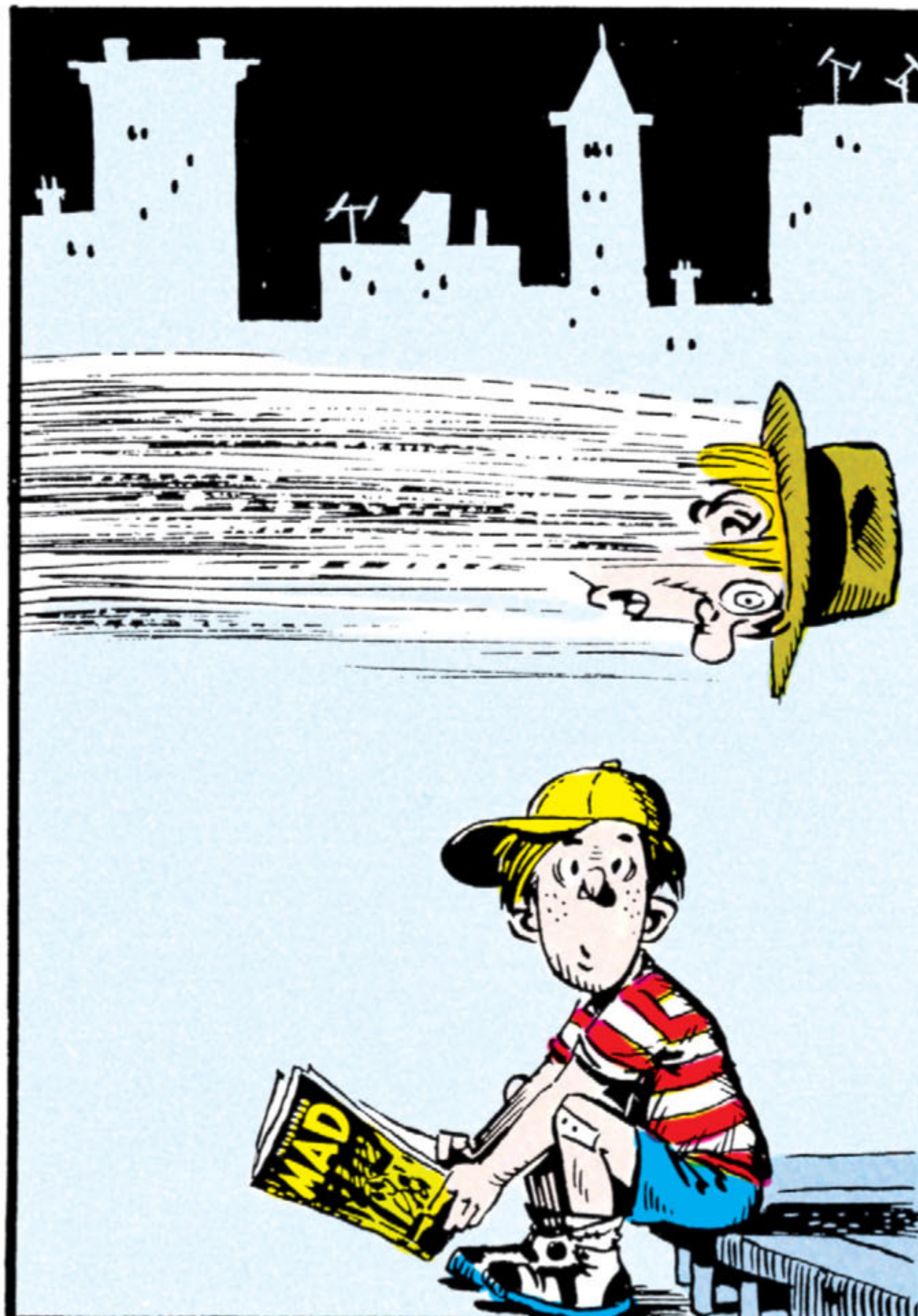
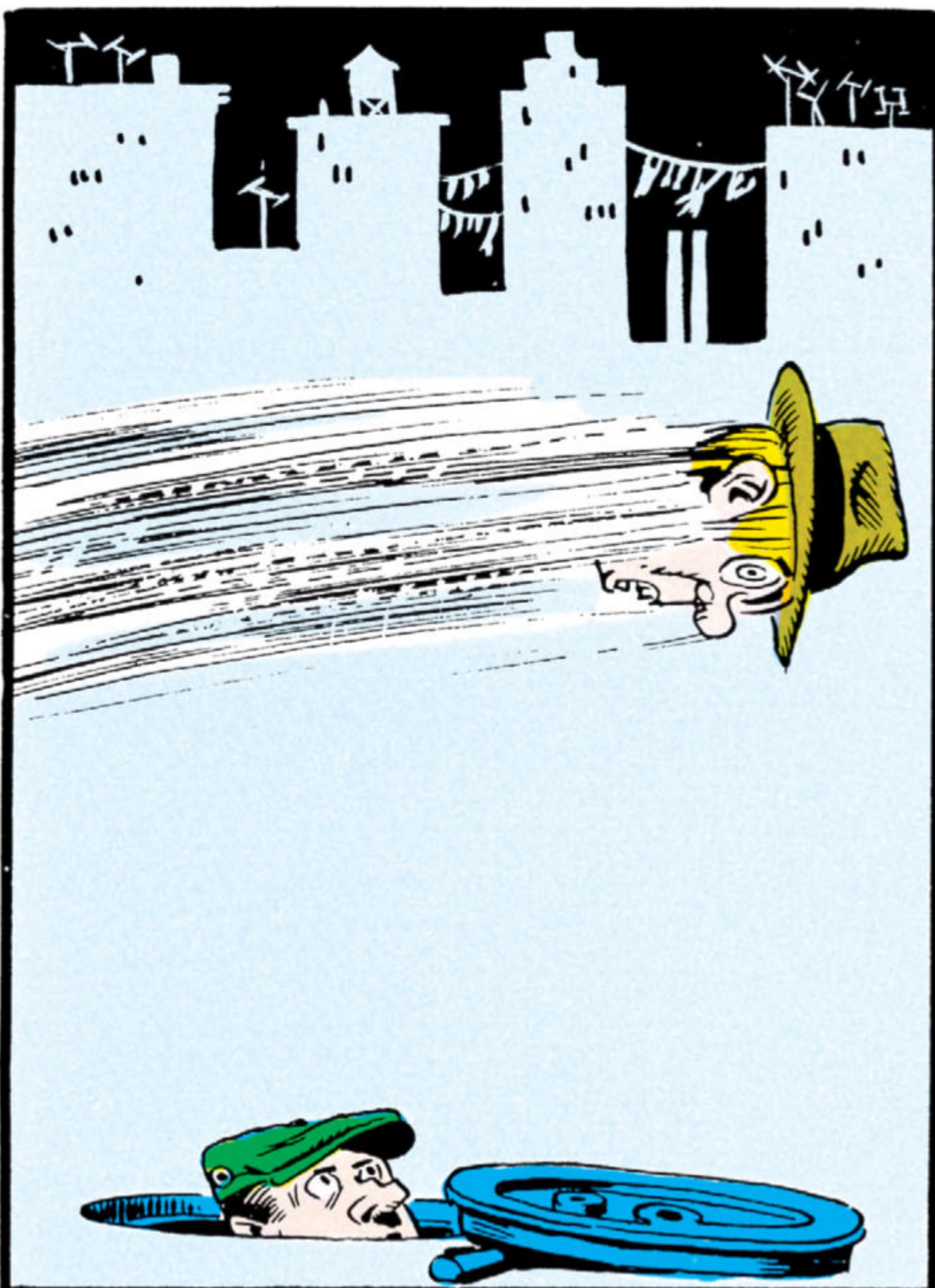
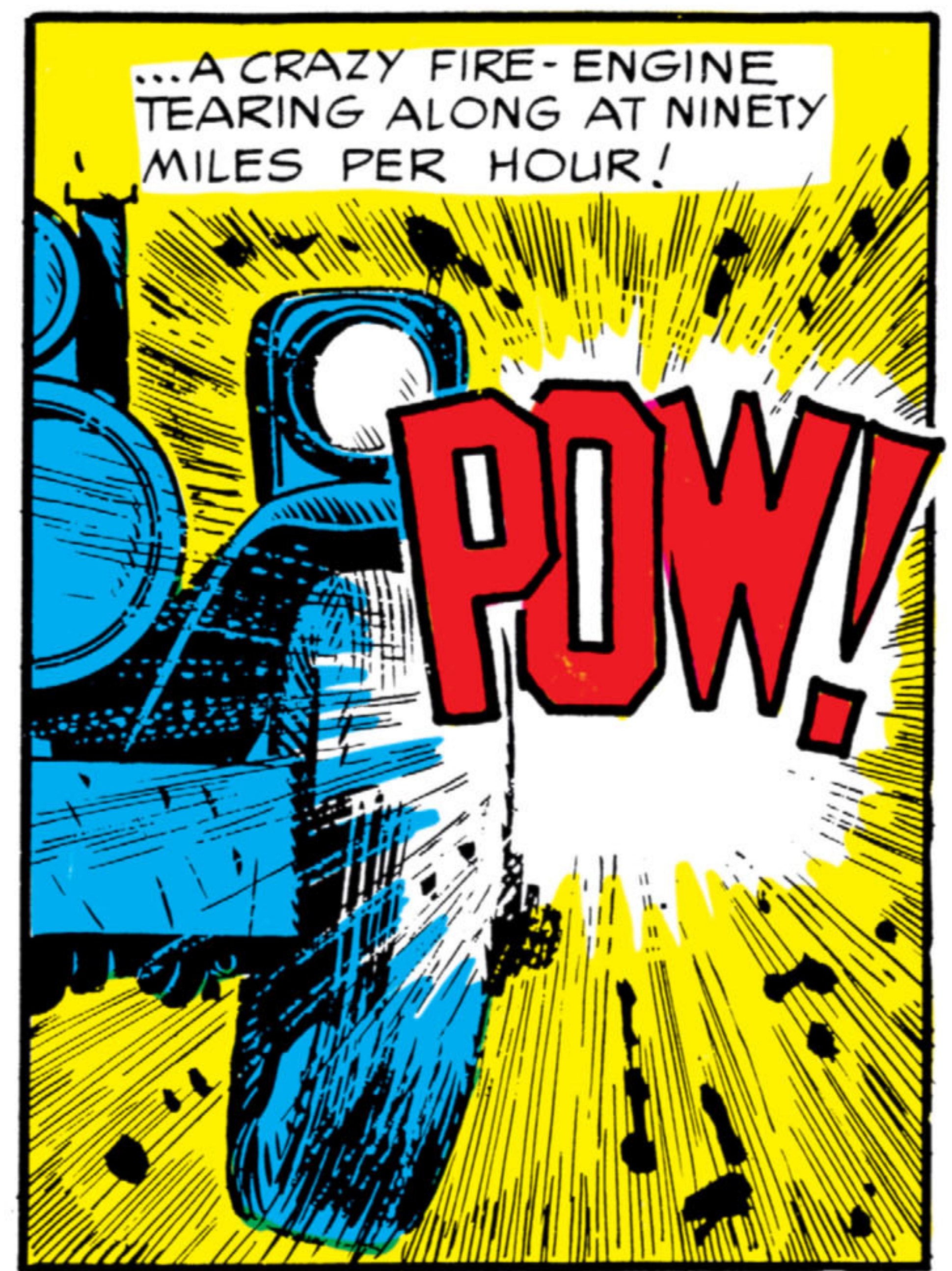
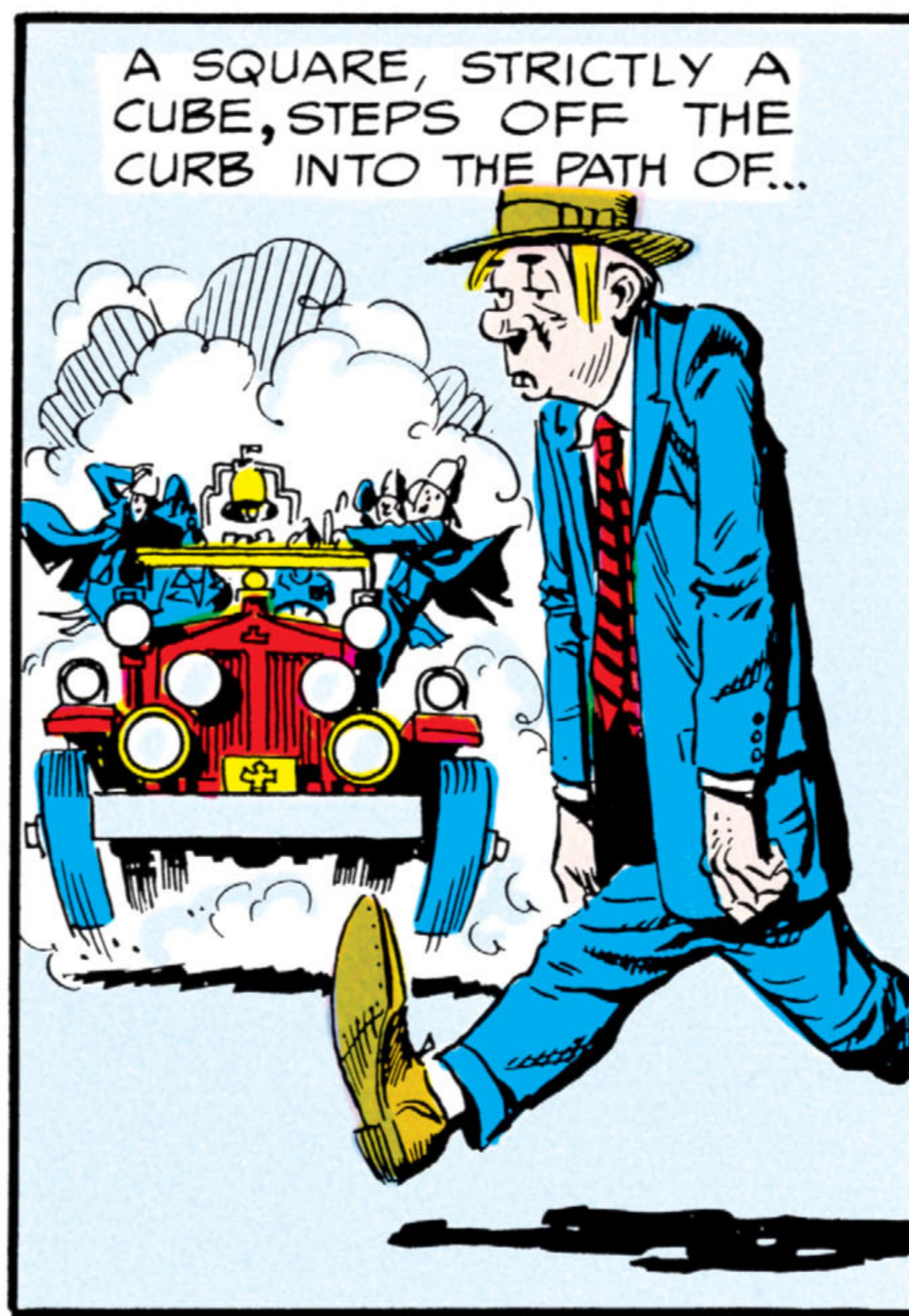


... MAN... ... WHAT WAS THAT?



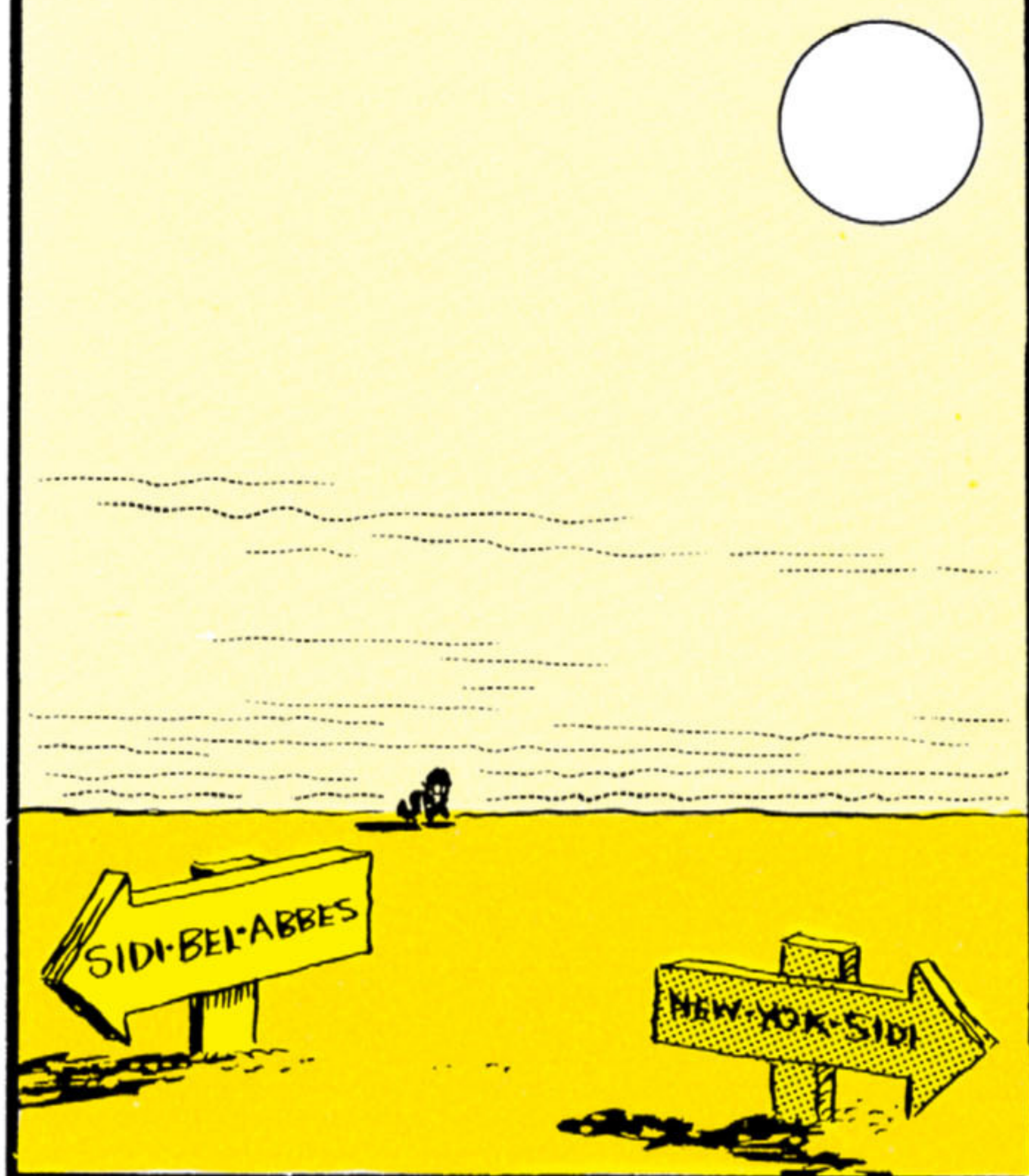
...E-FLAT!







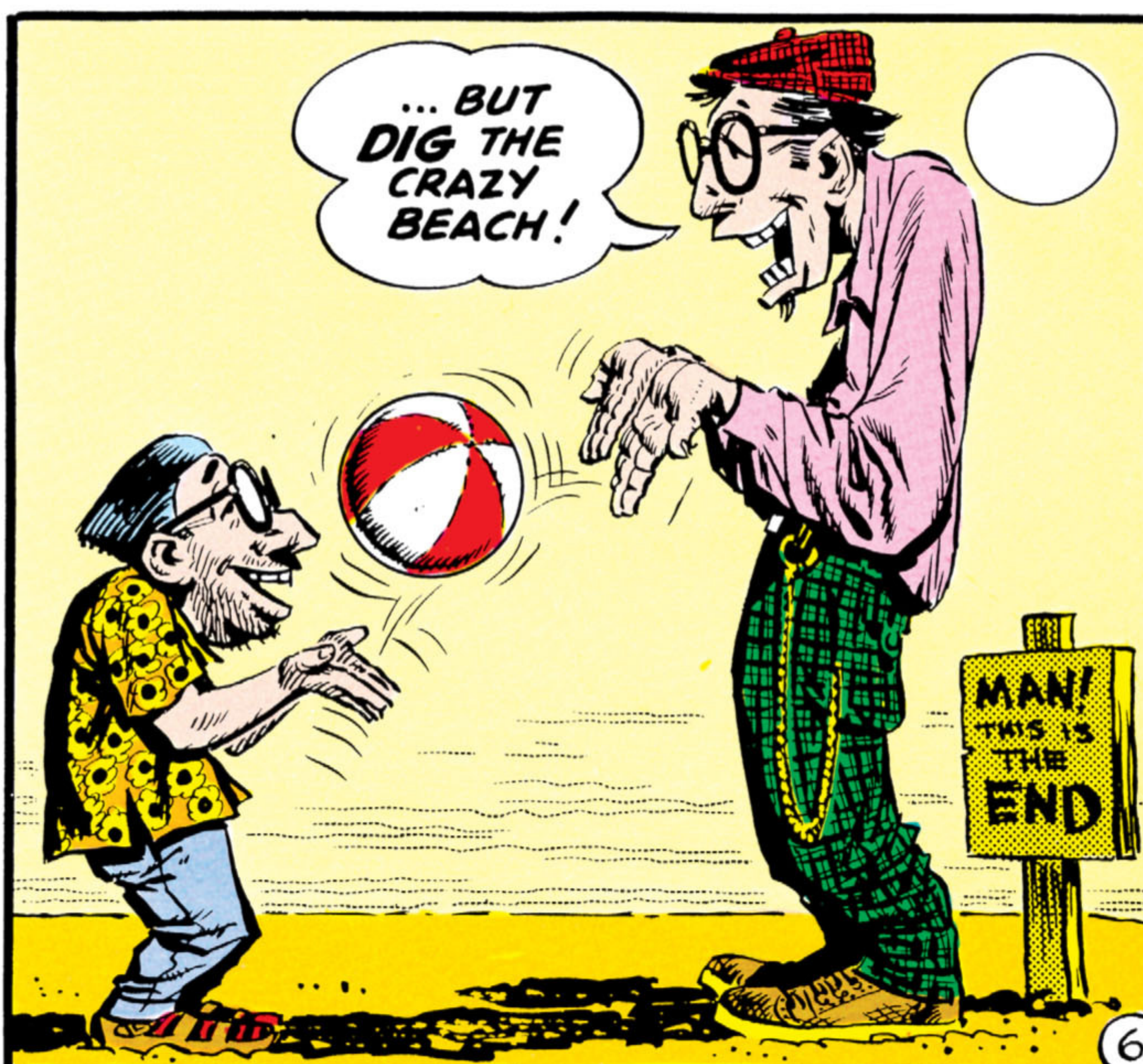
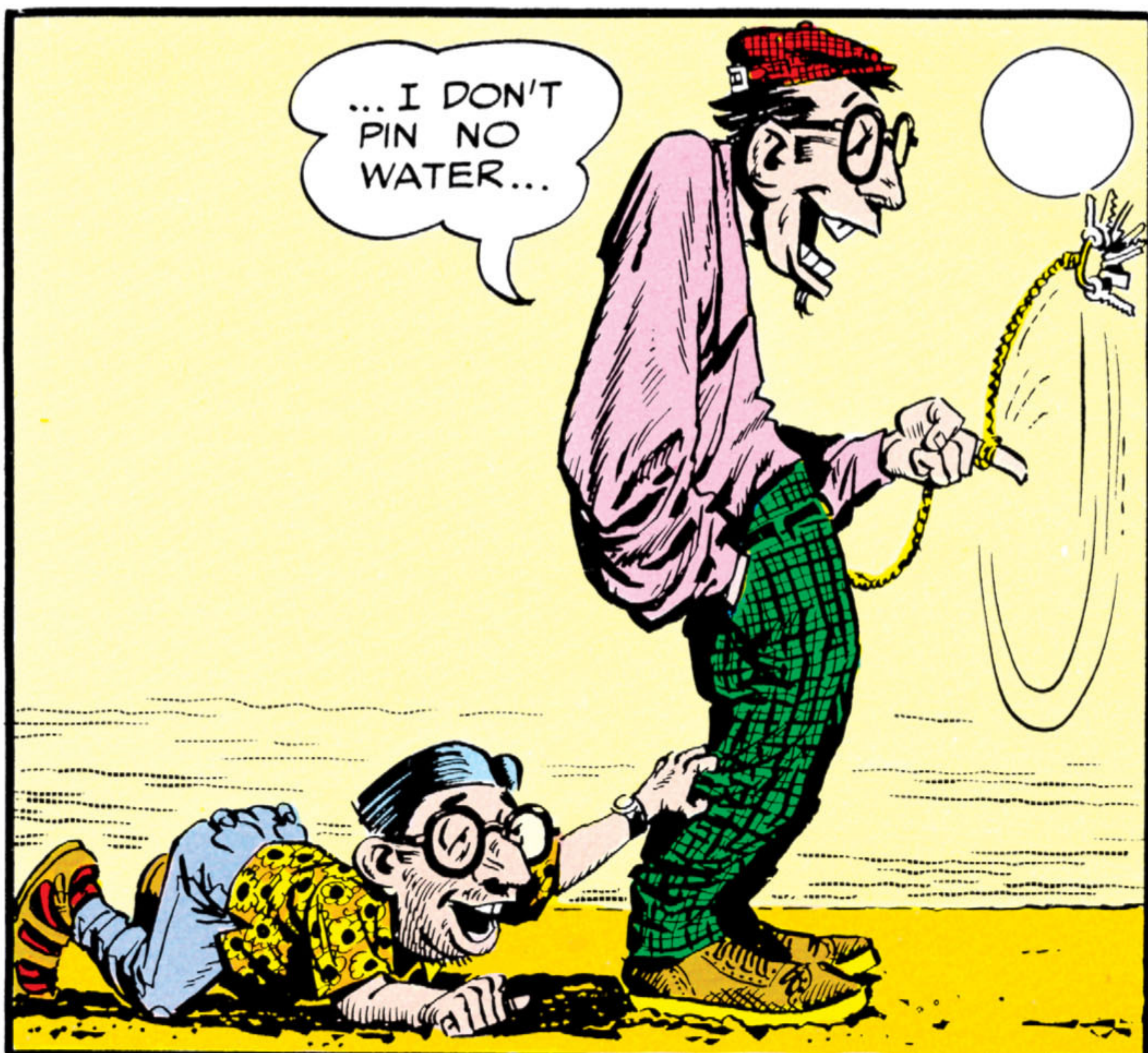
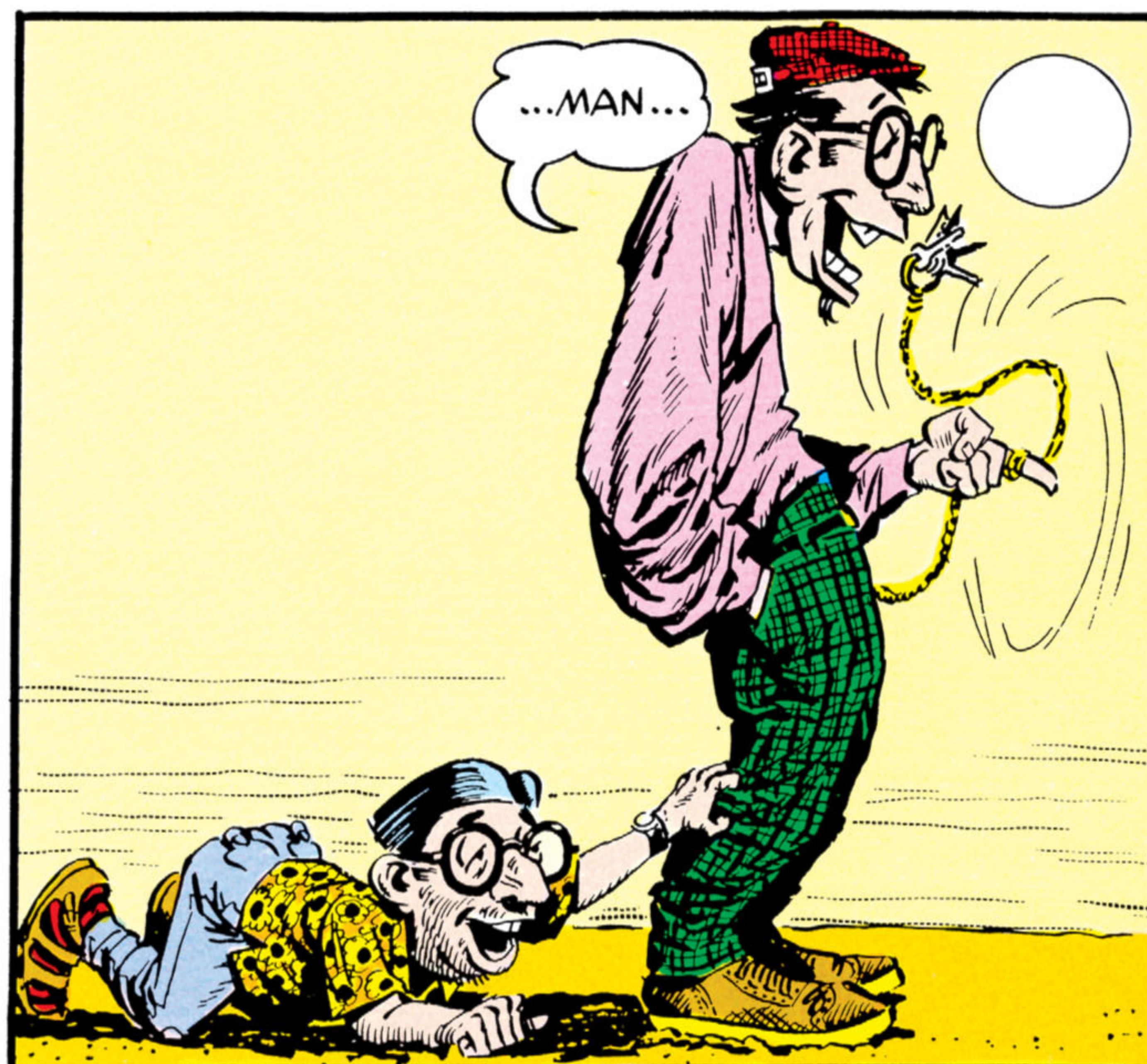
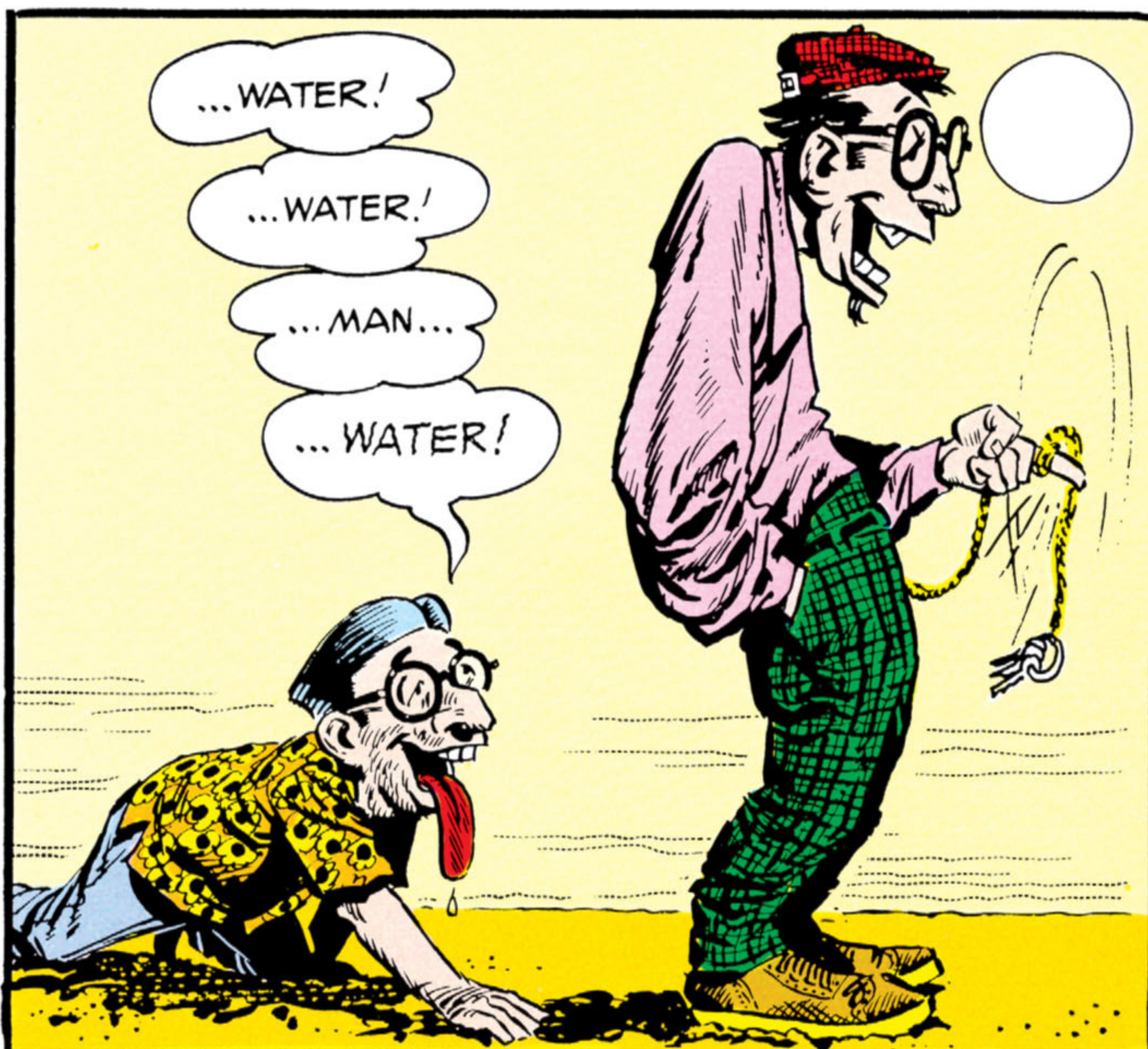
**BOP JOKE #5:** SOMEHOW A KAT  
MANAGES TO BE CRAWLING  
ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT!



HE IS VERY THIRSTY AND FEELS  
NOWHERE! SUDDENLY IN THE  
DISTANCE UP AHEAD...



...HE SEES, REPLETE IN FLANNEL  
PEGS, BLUE SUEDES, AND  
GAUCHO SHIRT, ANOTHER KAT...





CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, the THIRD chapter in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you no doubt recall, when last we left Jones, (under the nom de plume of Shovel) he was in a sewer...and who can blame us for leaving him in a sewer. In any case . . . Jones is still in the sewer beneath Moscow, preparing to find out about the filthy Russian plot to manufacture artificial dirt. As our scene opens, Jones's chief is giving him final instructions . . .

## OPERATION UNDER THE GROUND

Voices waft up through the sewer grating. "Shovel, here's your destination; the outer gates of the Gremlin in Moscow. You're to use a disguise, of course, during all your operations. Get going, man! Track down that dirt manufacturing plant! GO SHOVEL!"

The grating creaks up cautiously and out crawls Jones disguised as a pushcart peddler named Ivanikoff Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomisla-varichicaboosko.

The Russian police, the BVD, are everywhere. They all wear the BVD shoulder patch on their bermuda shorts. Every time a BVD passes, the gloomy street crowd flash pepsodent smiles.

Jones drags his pushcart through Moscow . . . past a sign scrawled on a wall reading "I LIKE IKE," and across it is slashed the word, PURGED . . . past a store window with a tommy gun advertised, "BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY" . . . past another store featuring "waterproof, wrinkleproof Gargoyle Socks," which are actually stove pipes with a bend in them . . . past giant tanks shooting at a dove of peace which drops the olive branch and the Russian soldiers pounce on the olives hungrily and eat them up

. . . past a newsboy who carries a paper bearing the headline "RUSSIAN SCIENTIST DISCOVERS WORLD IS ROUND!" . . . past a gigantic crowd gathered around a mechanical pencil in a window! A little guy in the crowd says, "I still say that black is not white." Immediately a B.V.D. rakes the whole crowd with his tommy gun!

Jones now starts snapping pictures of such useful subjects as a blank wall, the rear end of a horse, a portion of the sky, and a posey growing in the road. He is trying to detect signs of dirty work. He still drags his cart in and out of side streets in search of the artificial soil.

A luscious blonde sidles up to him. "My name is Floppova Movova an' I like you, you beeg mans. Those shoulders and muscles, ahhhhh . . ." She squeezes his muscles and they collapse with a soft POOOOooooohh...

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. . . Well! . . . Who is Floppova?

. . . Does Shovel really Movova?

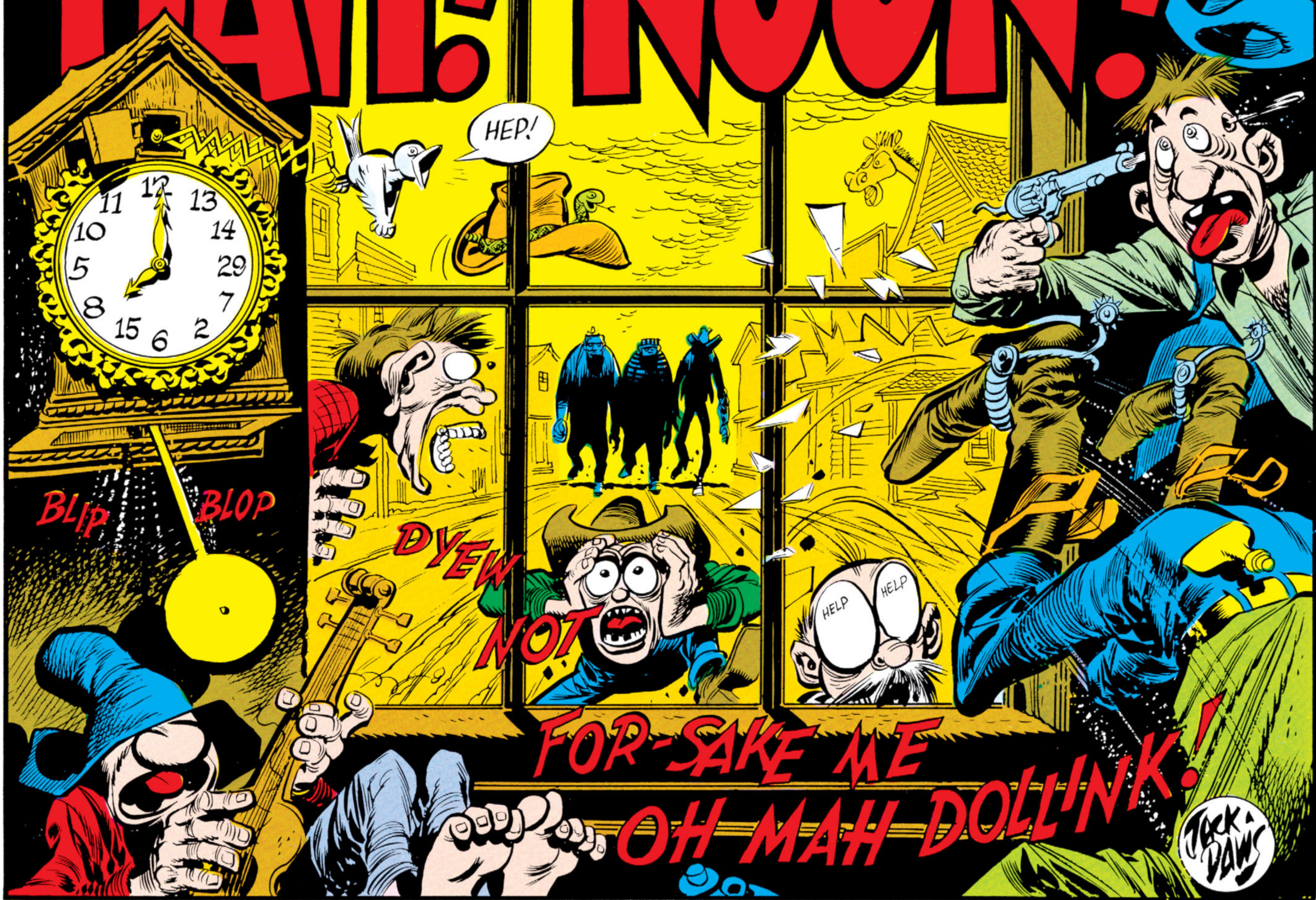
. . . What is the meaning of POOOOoooooh?

. . . Who cares?

Find out in the next issue of Mad... the magazine calculated to drive you!

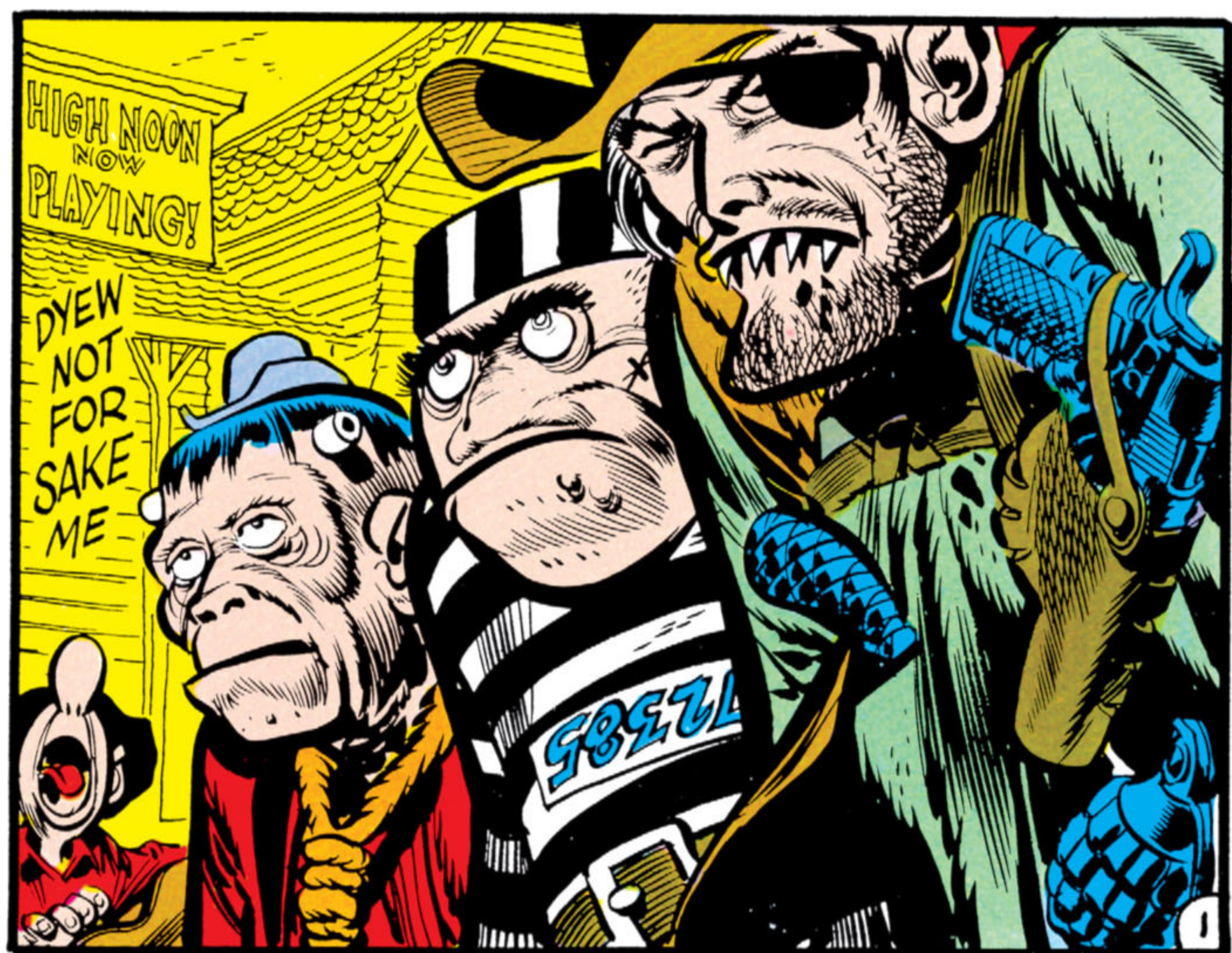


**WESTERN DEPT.: ...FAR, FAR WESTERN DEPT.! IN FACT... HOLLYWOOD!... ANYHOW, A HOT SUMMER SUN LOOKS DOWN ON A TERRIFIED COW-TOWN WHERE WORD IS FLYING FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH..."GOSH! KILLER DILLER MILLER IS OUT OF JAIL!..."CHEE! HE'S A-COMIN' TO TOWN!..."DURN! HE'S A-COMIN' ON THE TRAIN!..."HOOH! WHEN'S HE A-COMIN'?"**



THREE MEN STRIDE DOWN THE DUSTY STREET WHICH IS  
QUIET BUT FOR THE QUICK SCUTTling OF CITIZENS  
DISAPPEARING INTO DOORWAYS AND RAIN BARRELS!

...AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MEN... NUTHIN' YOU COULD PUT YOUR **FINGER** ON... BUT SOME STRANGE SIXTH SENSE **SOMEHOW** TELLS YOU THEY'RE **ORNERY!**



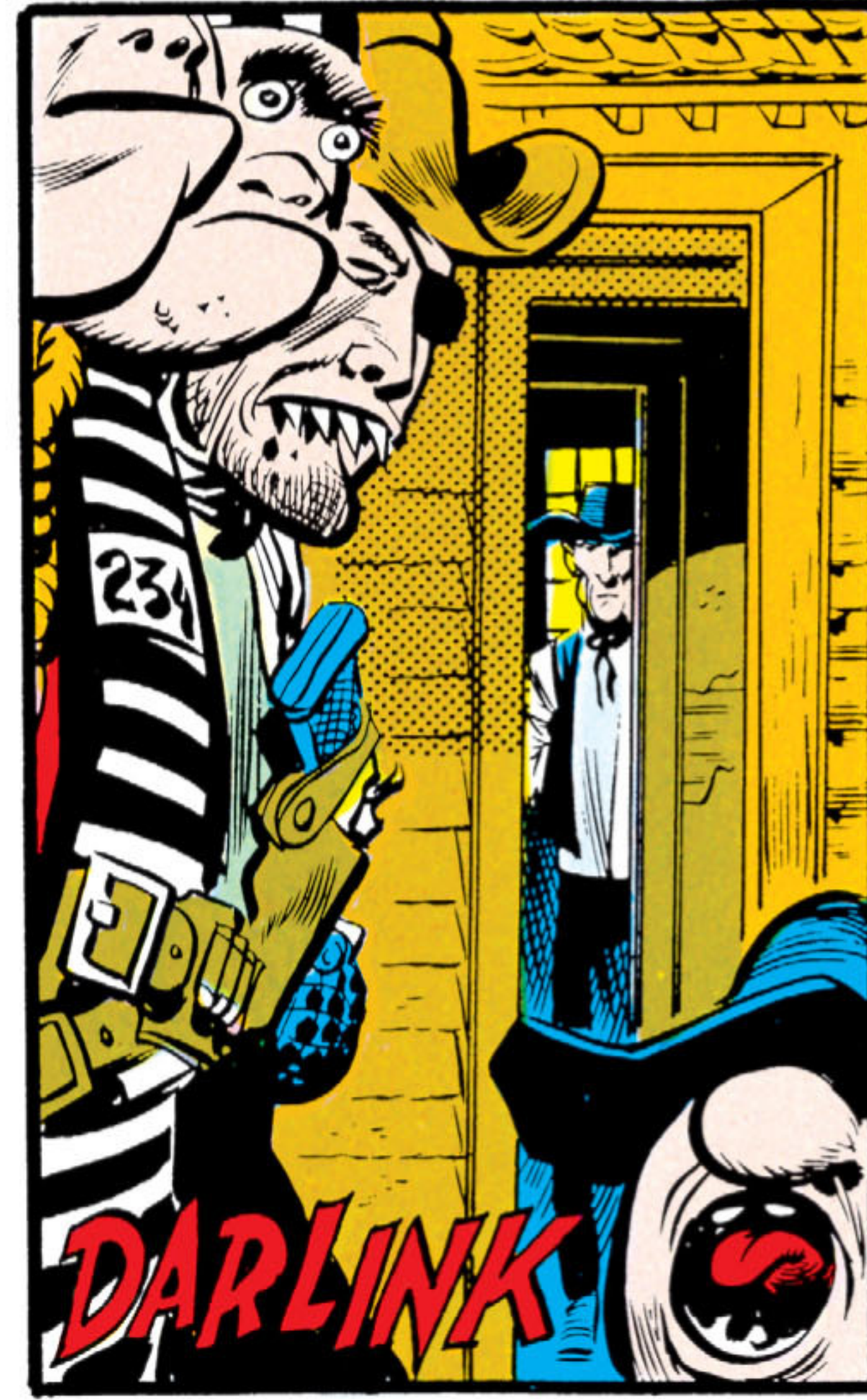


...OFF TO THE SIDE, ONLY **ONE** MAN IS BRAVE ENOUGH TO STAND HIS GROUND!

...ONLY **ONE** MAN DOES NOT MOVE AN INCH FROM WHERE HE STANDS!

...ONLY **ONE** MAN TAKES NO STEP BACKWARD AS HE SURVEYS THE SCENE!

...MARSHALL KANE CALMLY WATCHES THE THREE OWL-HOOTS STRIDE BY!



**DYEW NOT FOR SAKE ME OH MAH DARLINK**

**MARSHALL! MARSHALL! MARSHALL! LISTEN!...** THEM OWL-HOOTS WHO JUST CUM INTER TOWN!... THEY'RE GOIN' DOWN TO THE TRAIN STATION!... THEY'RE GOIN' TO WAIT FOR THE HIGH-NOON TRAIN! THEY'RE GOIN' TO WAIT FOR KILLER DILLER MILLER AND THEY'RE GOIN' TO COME AND **KILL YOU!**

**OH NO! WE'VE JUST BEEN MARRIED! THEY CAN'T KILL HIM!... NOT AT HIGH-NOON! KANE WAS GONNA TAKE ME TO THE MOVING PITCHERS TONIGHT!**

DO NOT FOOSAKE ME

HMPH! KILLER DILLER MILLER'S BEEN OUT TO GET ME EVER SINCE I SENT HIM UP!... THERE WE WERE AT THE CONEY ISLAND PARACHUTE JUMP AND I SENT HIM UP!... I RECKON THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I GOTTA GO MEET THAT TRAIN!

UH-OH! HE'S A-PUTTIN' ON HIS GUNS... A-PUTTIN' ON HIS HAT... AN' A-PUTTIN' ON HIS 'OLD SPICE' COLOGNE WITH THE HE-MAN AROMA!

**No!**

ON THIS OUR WEDDIN' DAY!

**NO, NO! DON'T GO, KANE, HONEY!... DON'T GO, KANE, SUGAR!... SUGAR KANE... DON'T MEET THAT TRAIN, BWAH!**

GITCHA COTTON PICKIN' HANDS OFFEN ME, GAL! KILLER DILLER MILLER'S A-COMIN' GUNNING FER ME AND I'VE GOT TO MEET THAT TRAIN!

DEW NOT FOSAKE ME OH MAH DARL

KANE! IF YOU MEET THAT 12:00 O'CLOCK TRAIN, KILLER DILLER MILLER WILLER KILLER YOU... AND I'LL **NEVER** GET TO GO TO THAT MOVING PITCHER!

**12:00 O'CLOCK TRAIN? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A TWELVE O'CLOCK TRAIN! I GOTTA MEET THE 11:45 O'CLOCK TRAIN AN' GIT THE HECK OUTTA HYAR!**

DYEW NOT FOR SAKE ME

WANTED DEAD!

