

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 10
APRIL



10¢

MAD



...Another drink and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man. Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture-dead.

-FROM
THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR



YOU TOO CAN LEAP AND FALL ACROSS THIS COMIC BOOK DEAD WHEN YOU SEE **THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR** IN THIS ISSUE OF **MAD!**

H. Kurtz

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



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

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

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

NAME

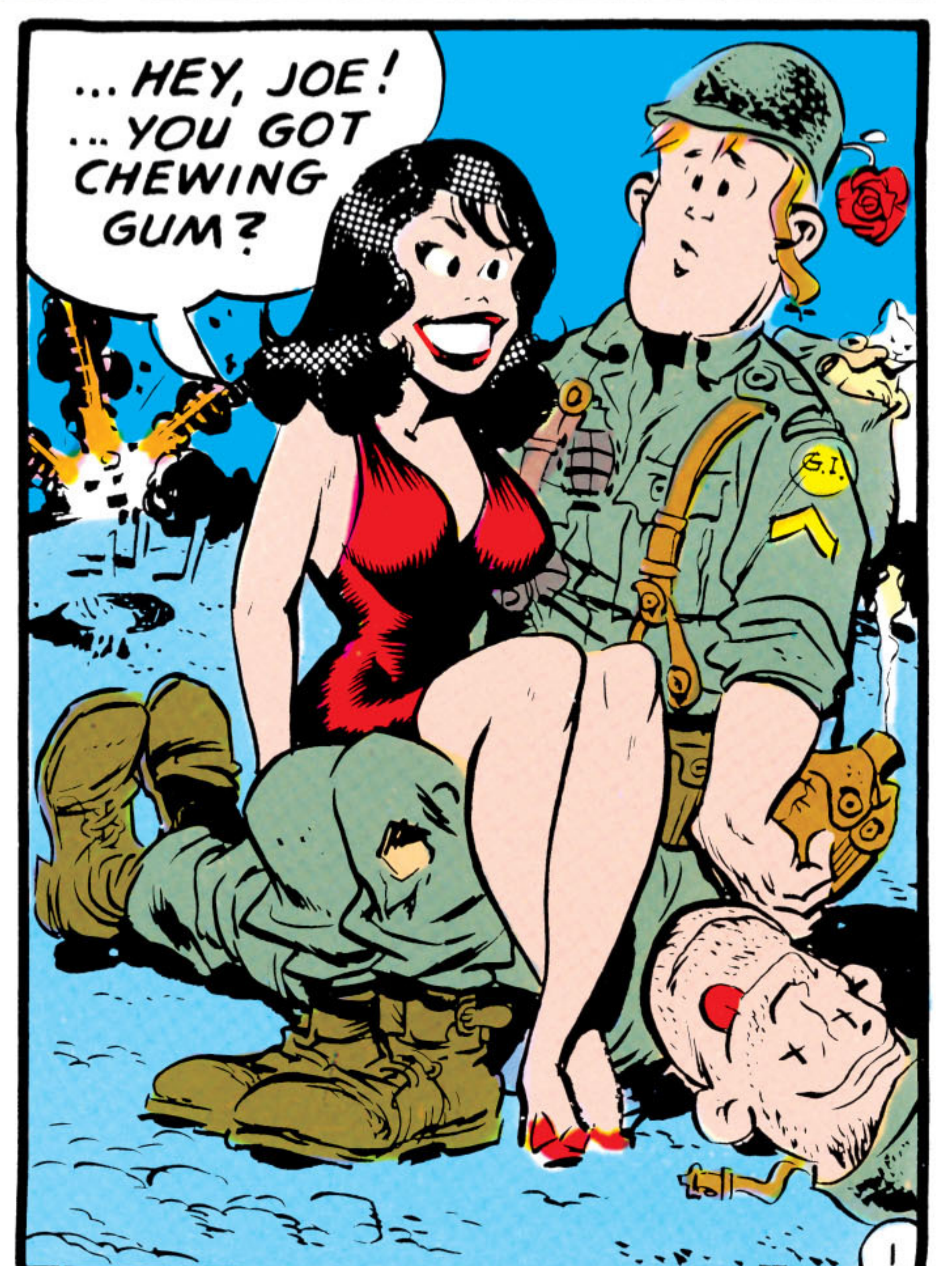
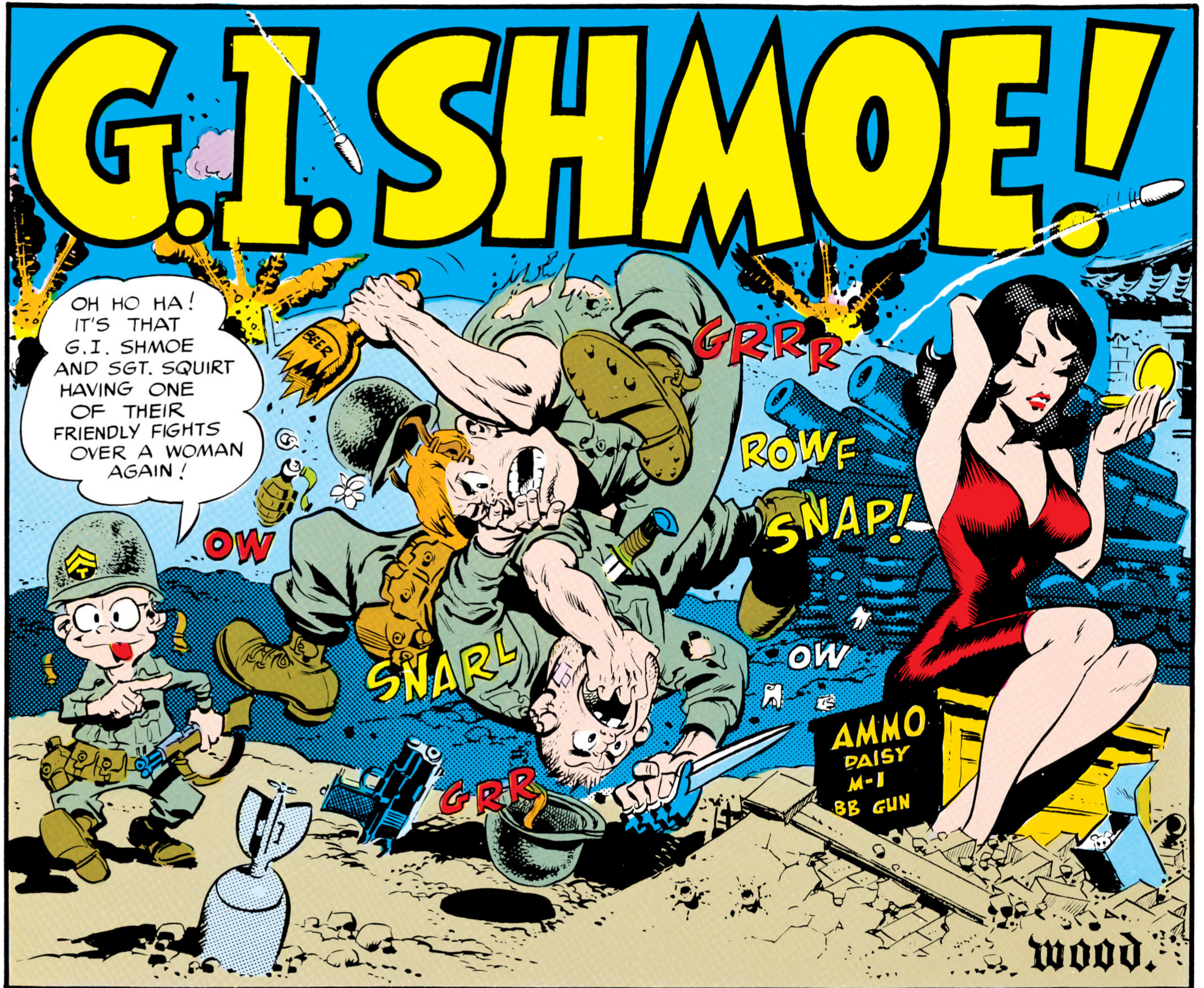
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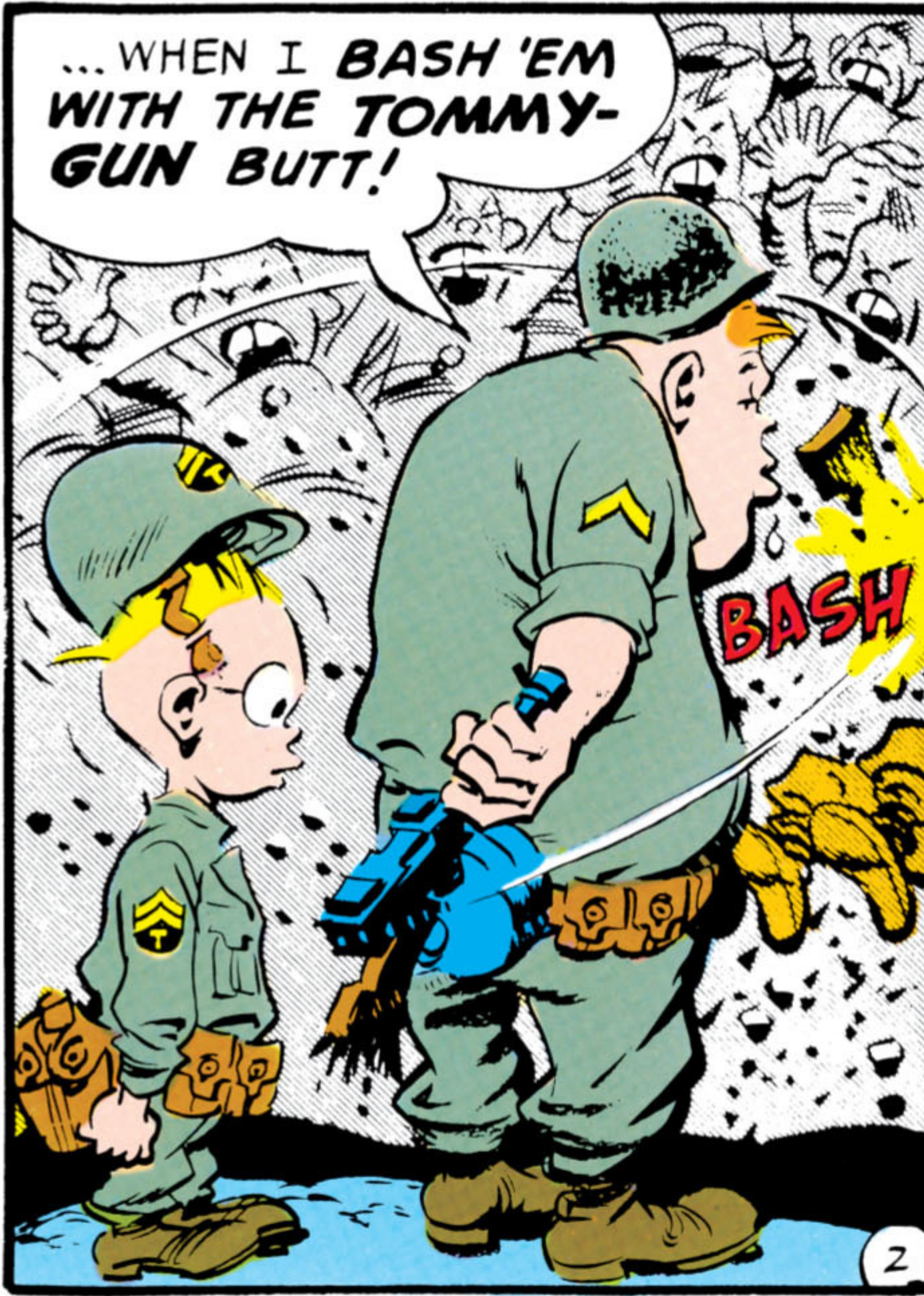
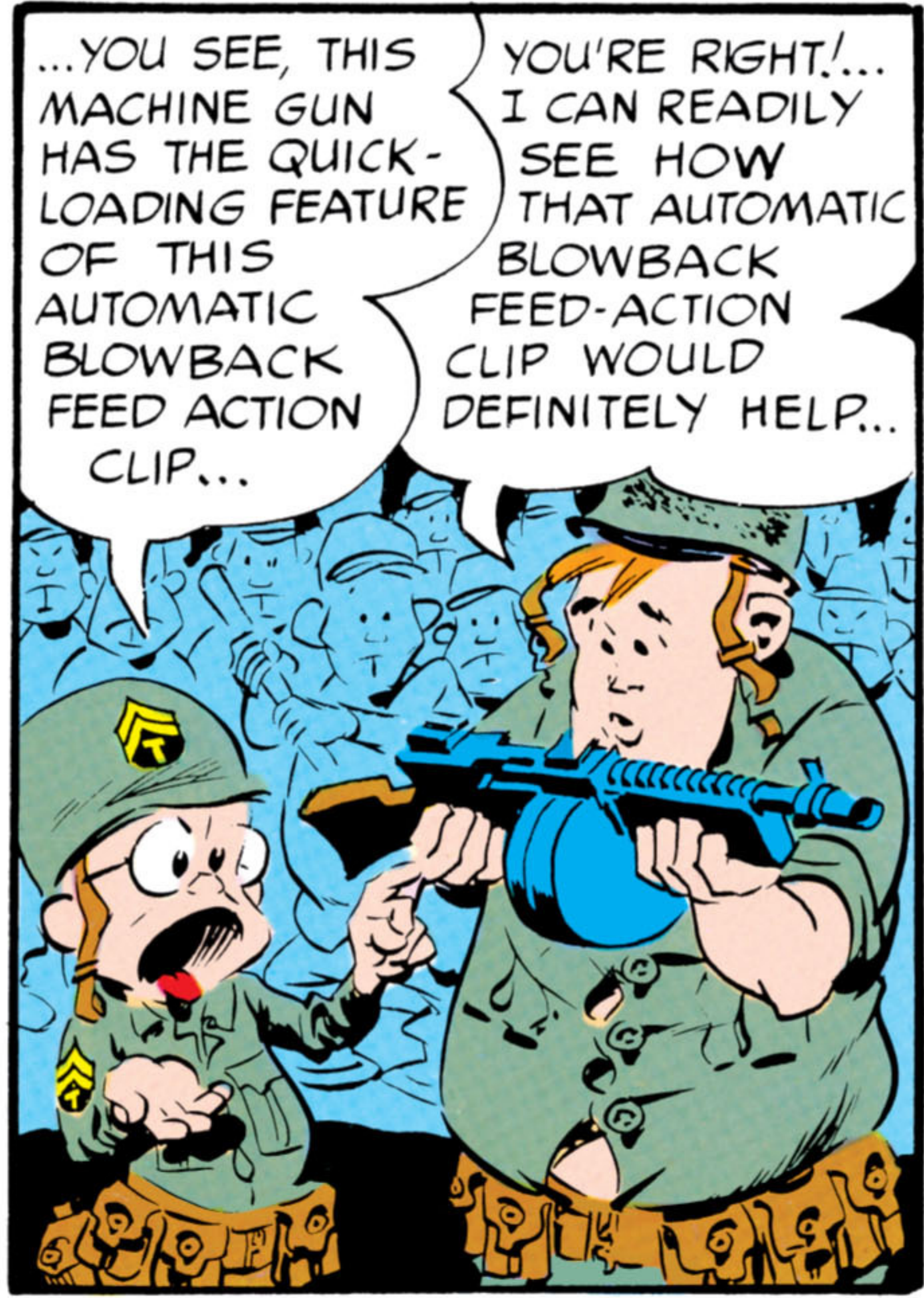
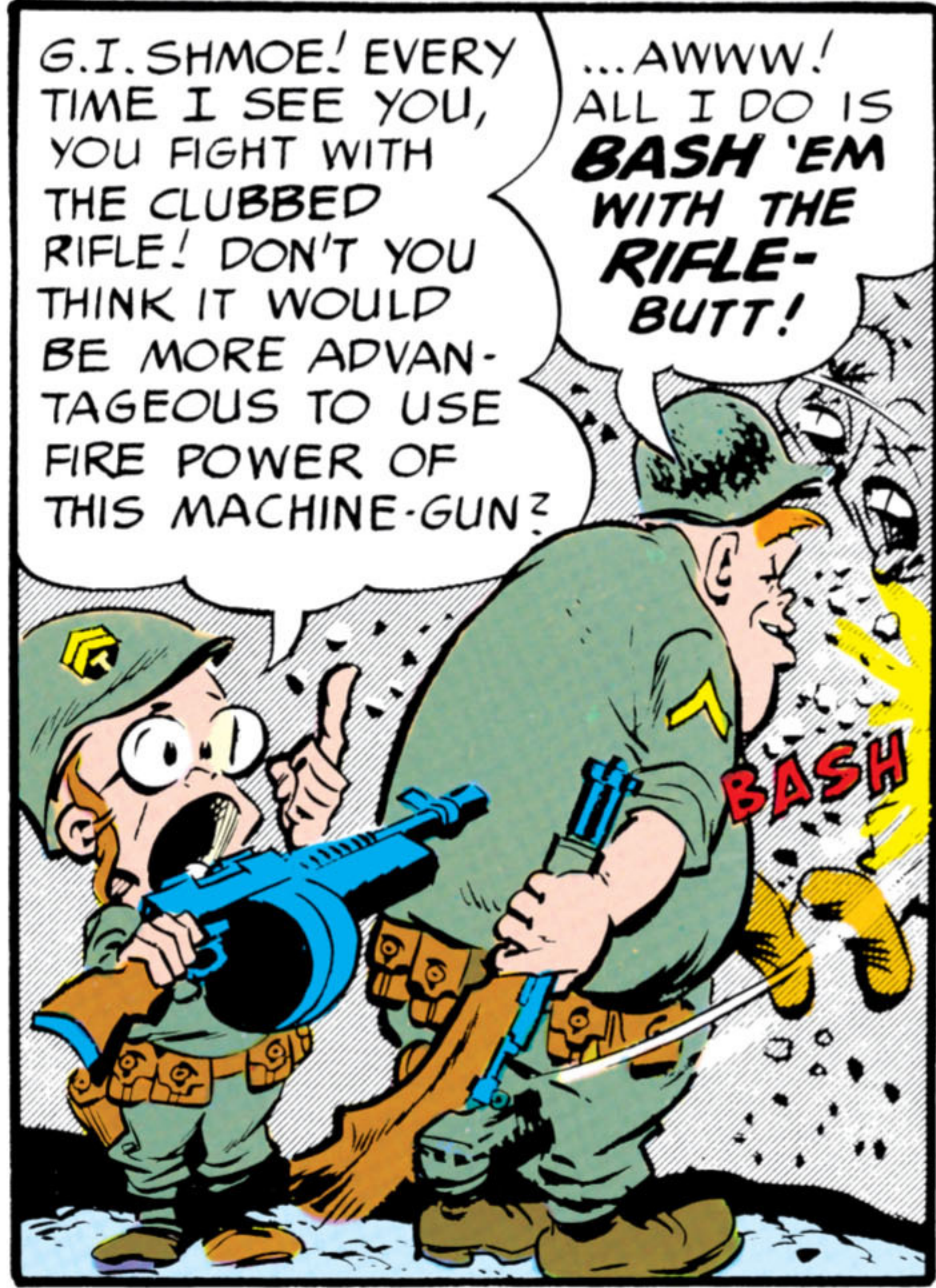
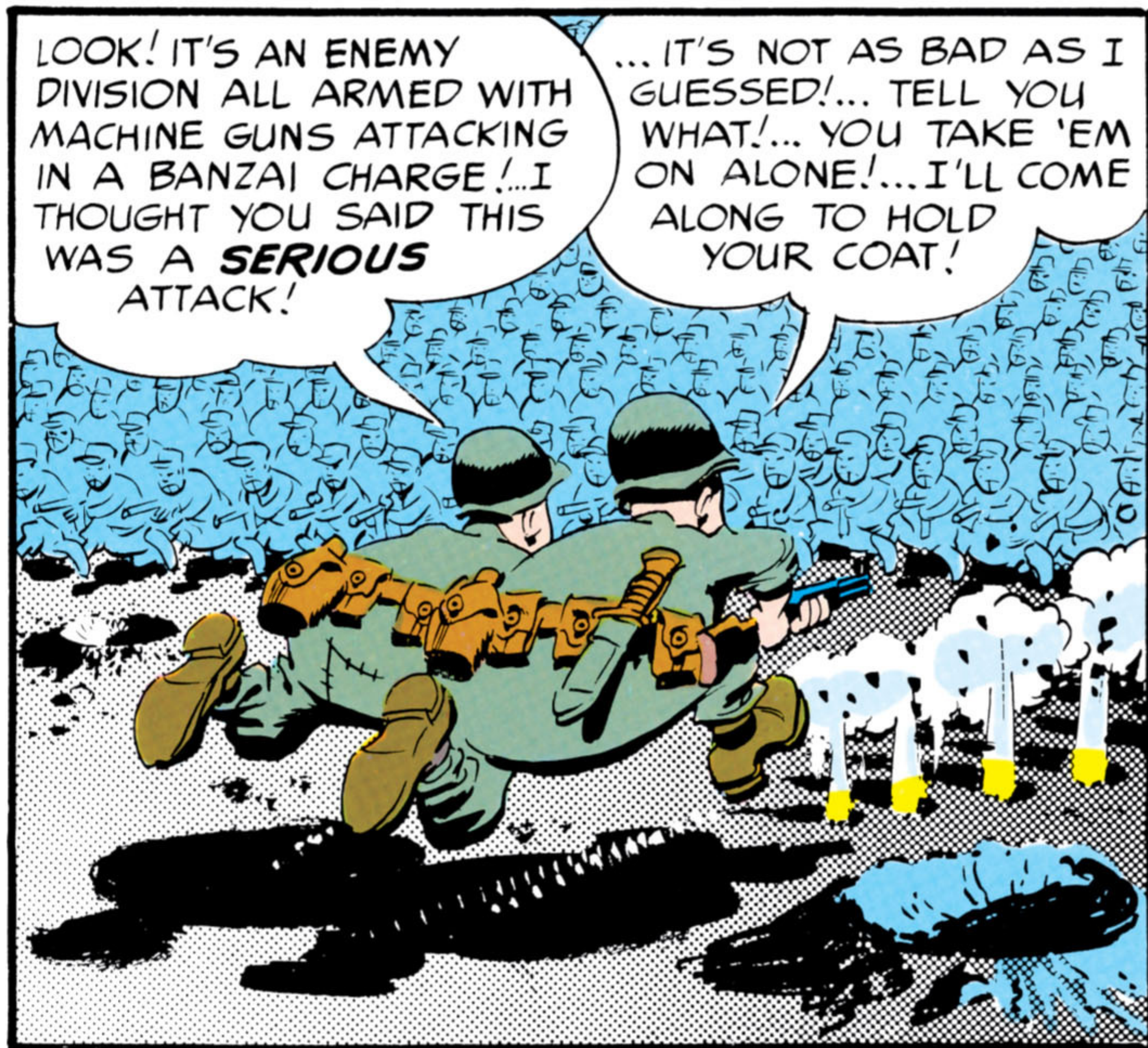
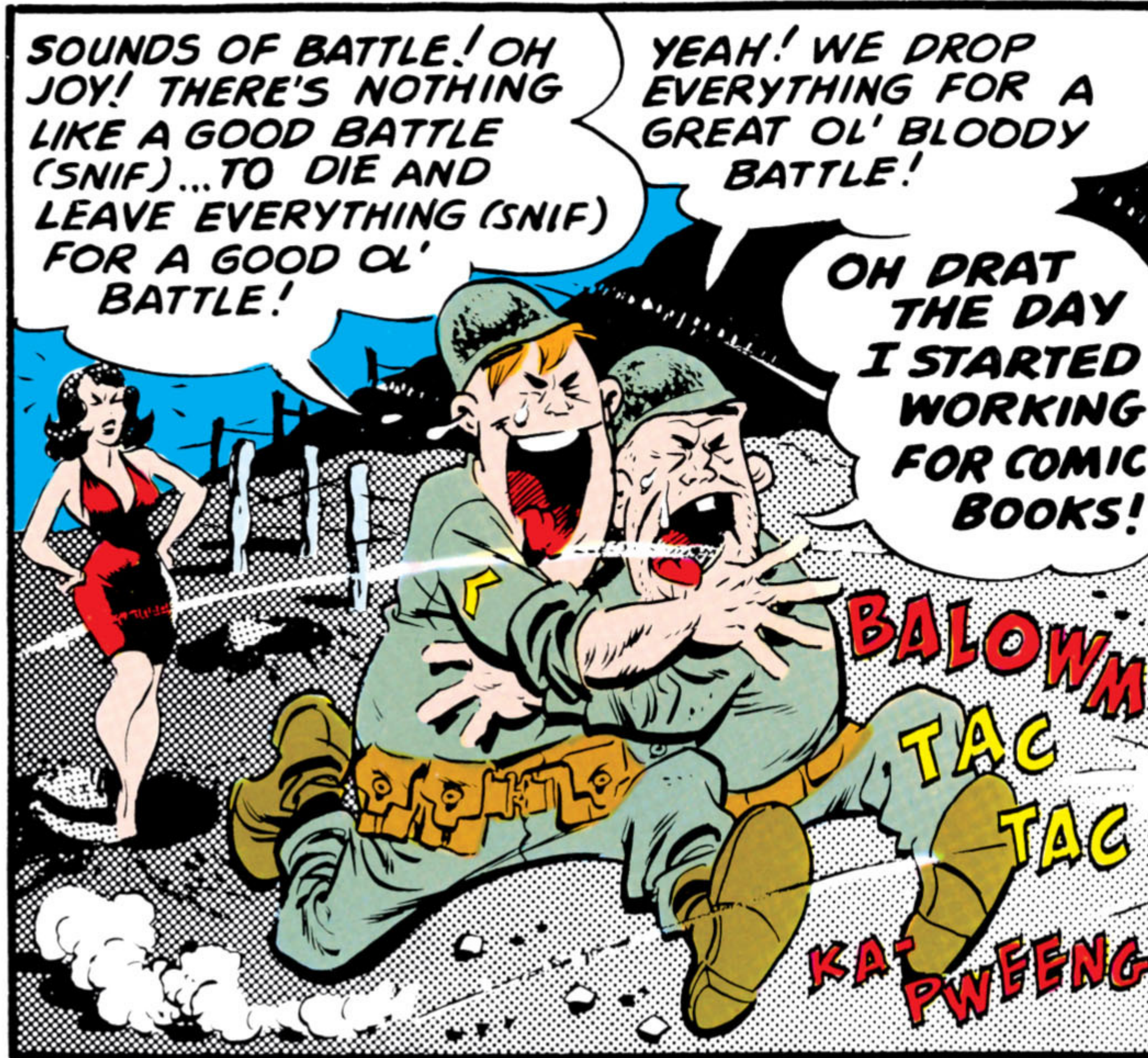
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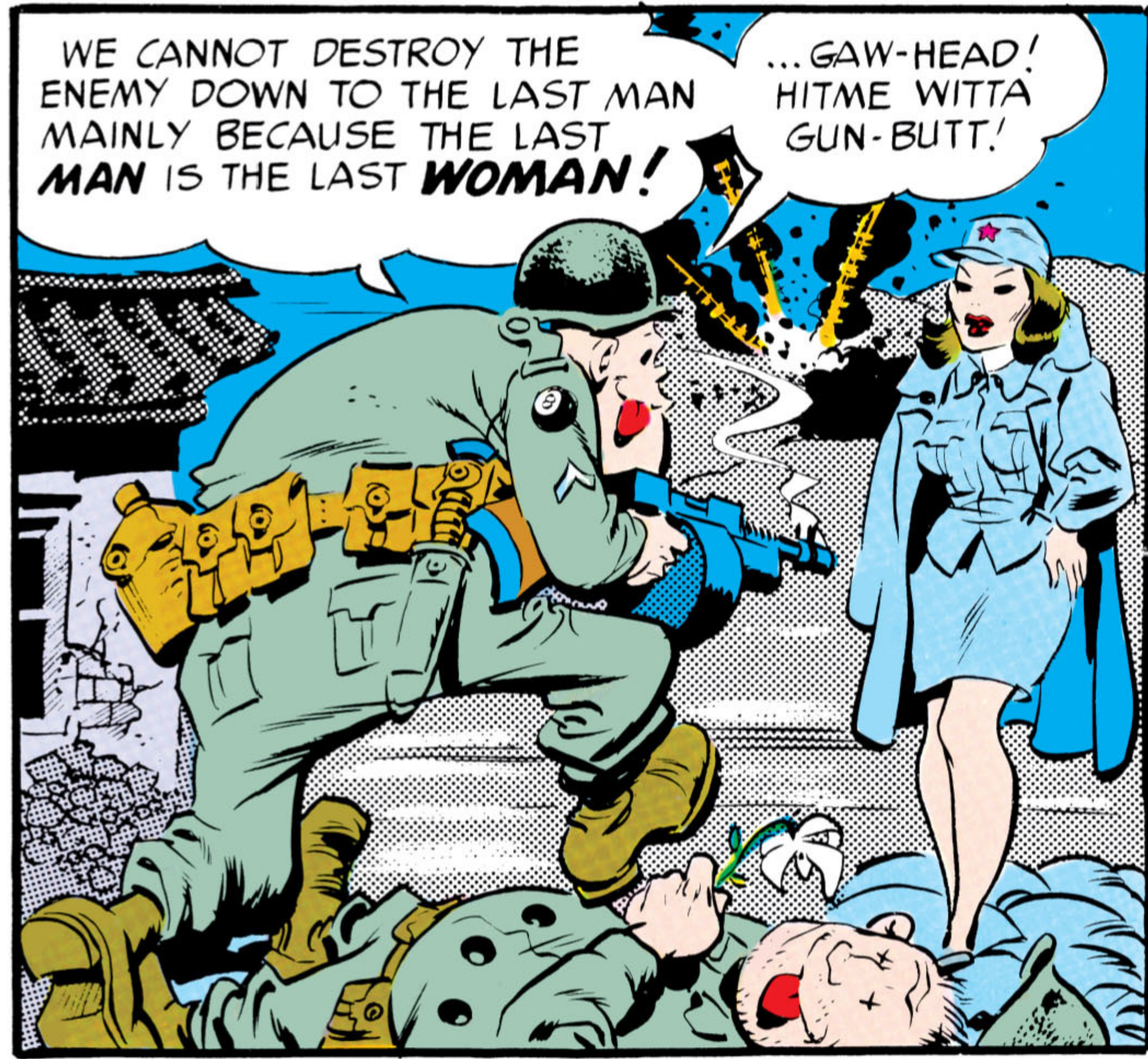
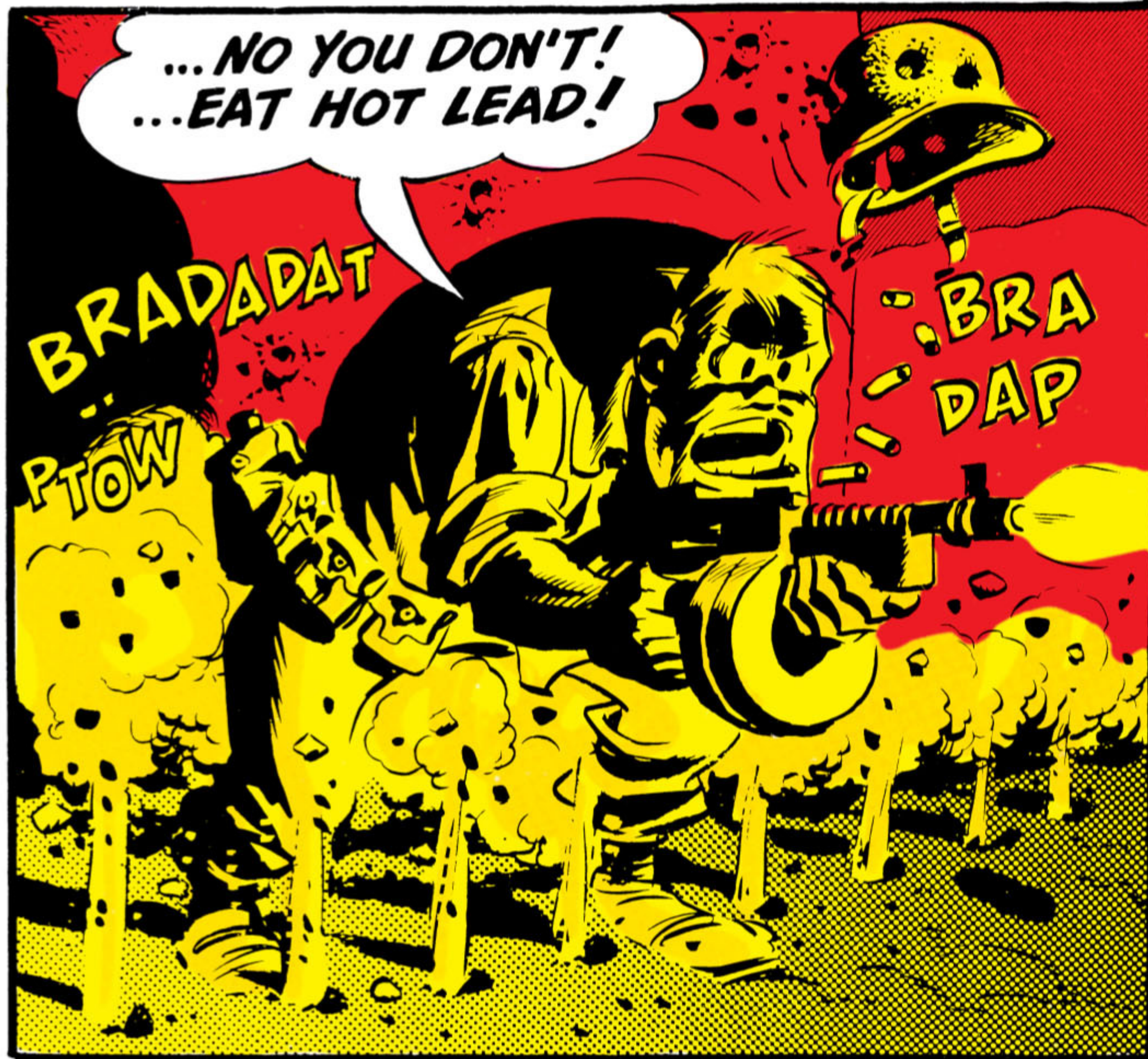
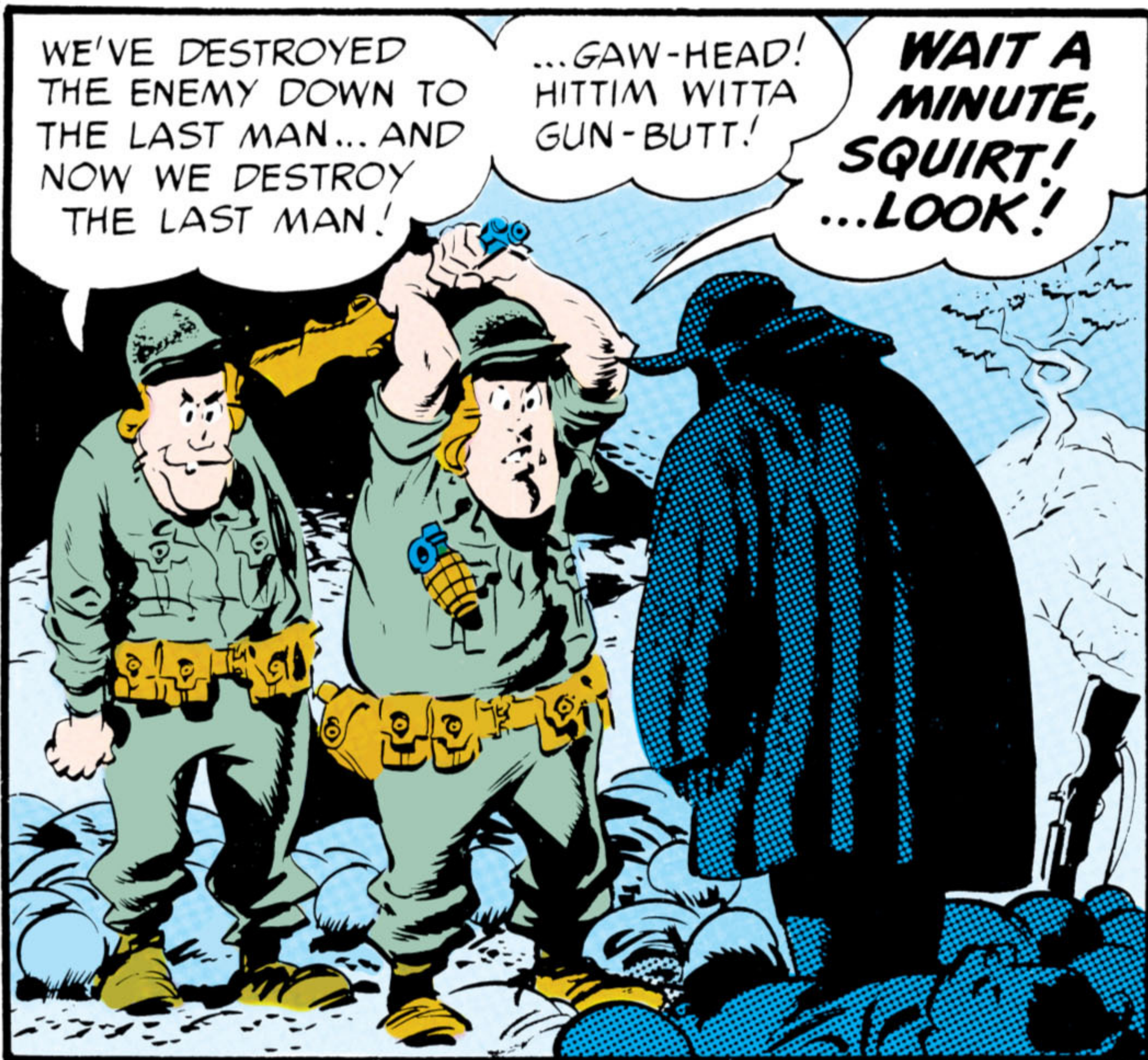
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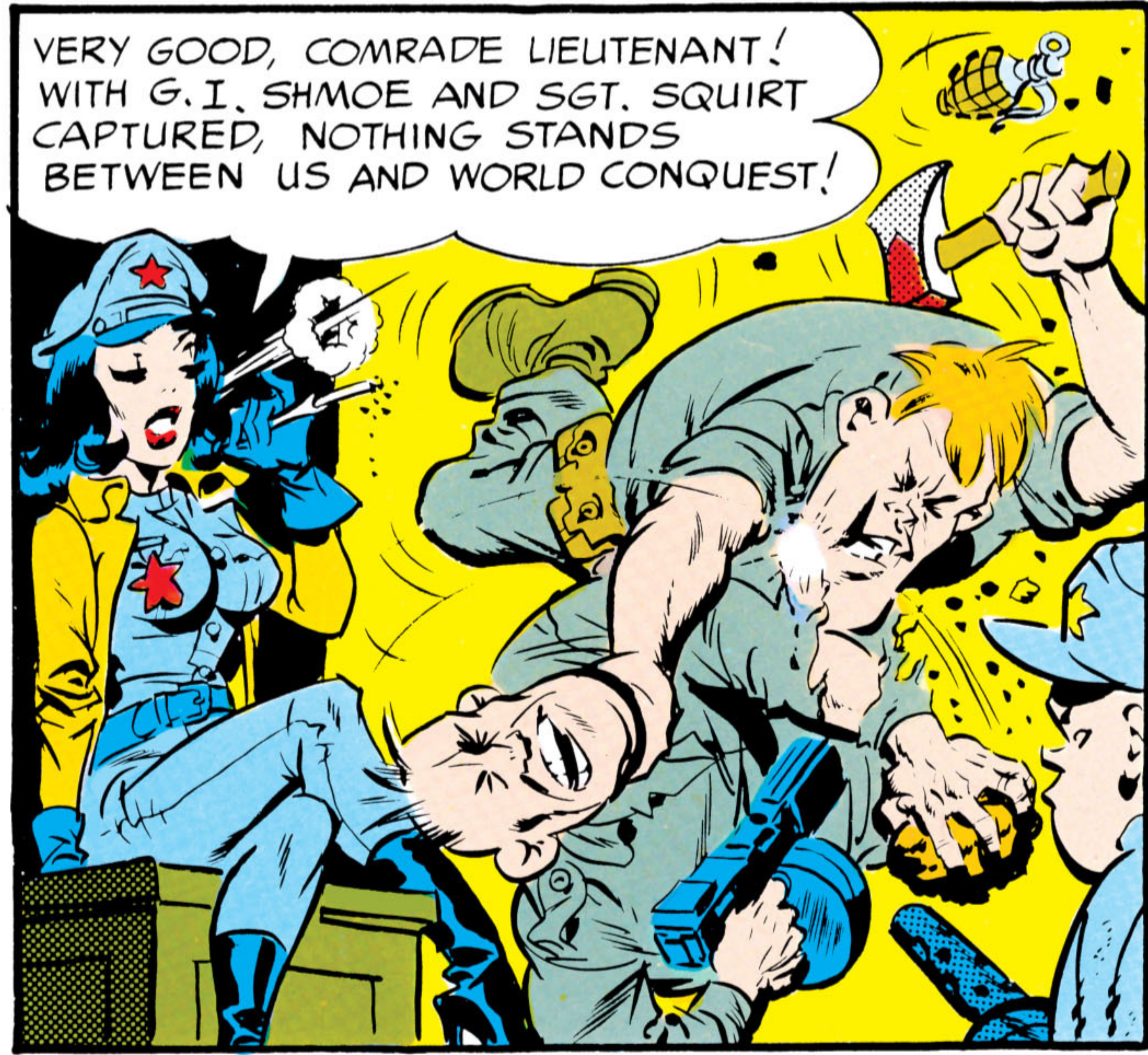
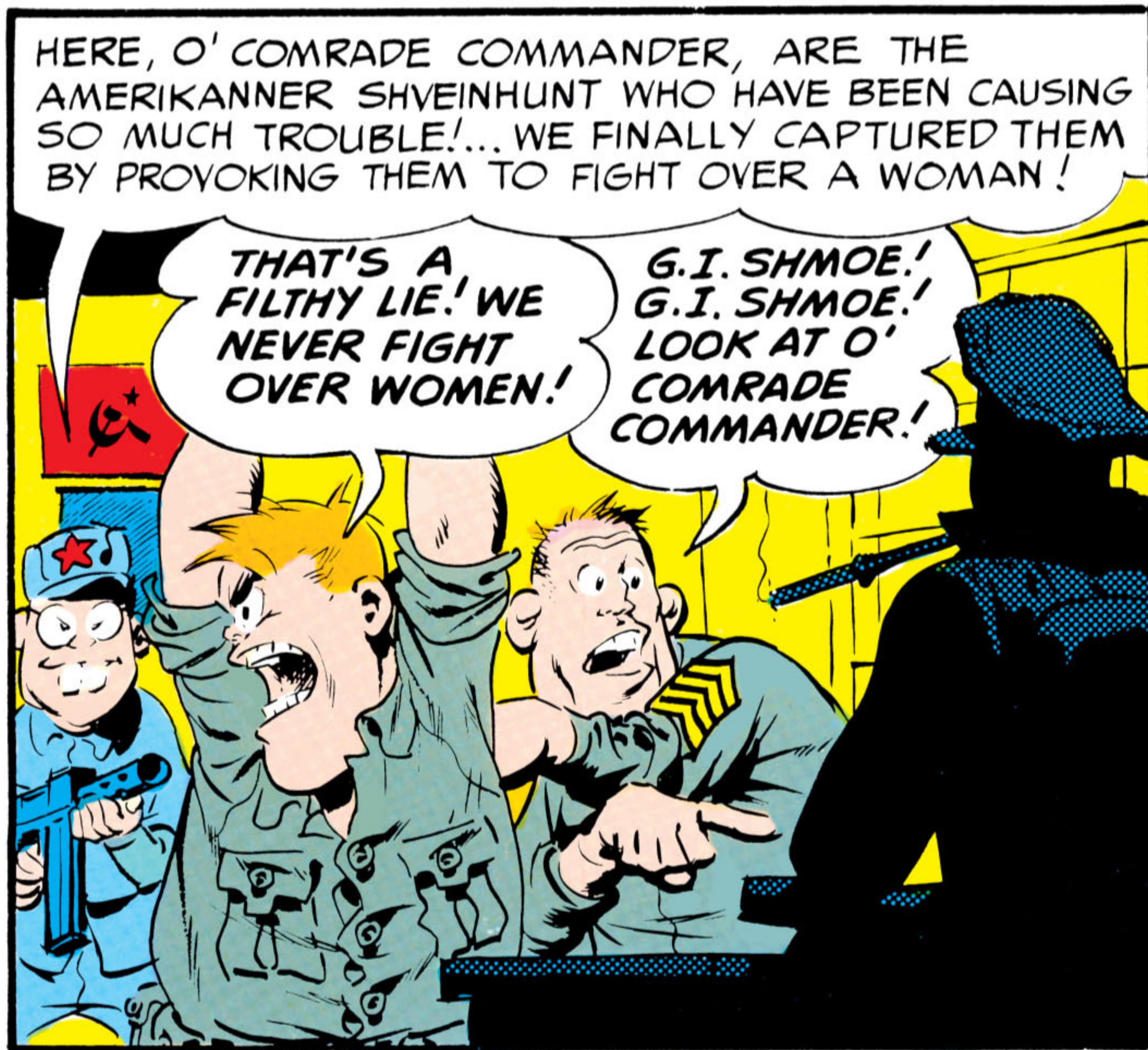
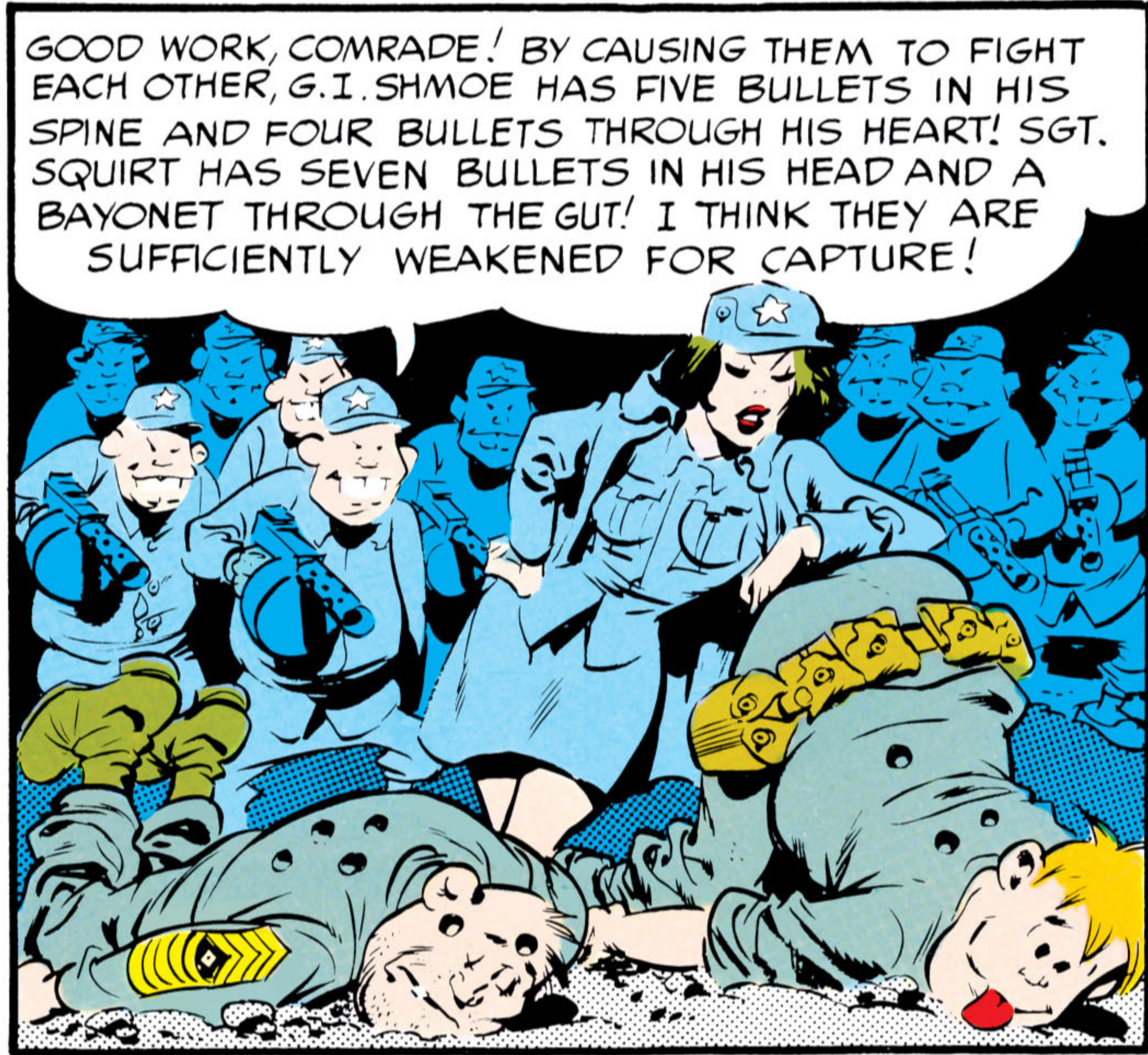
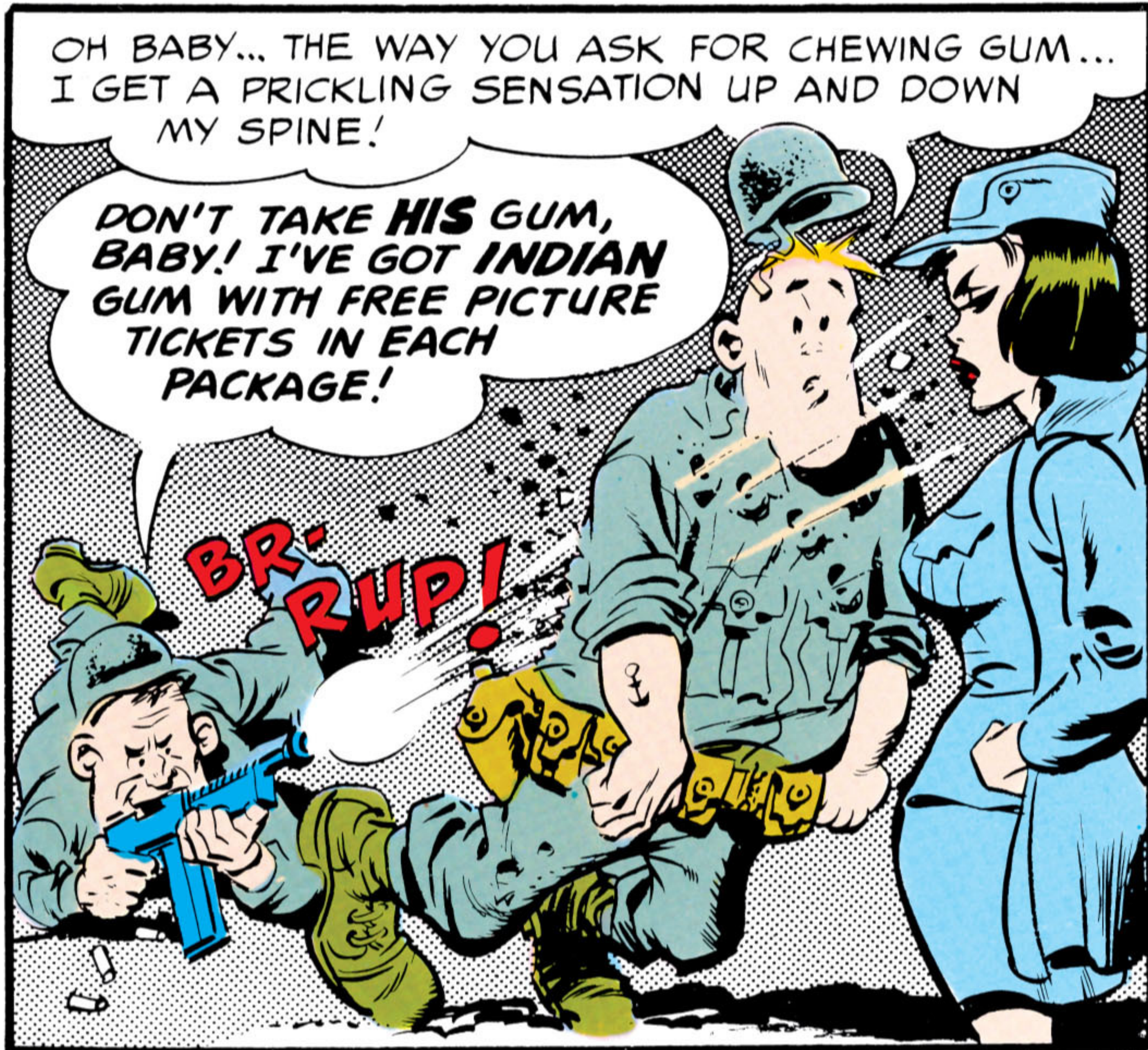
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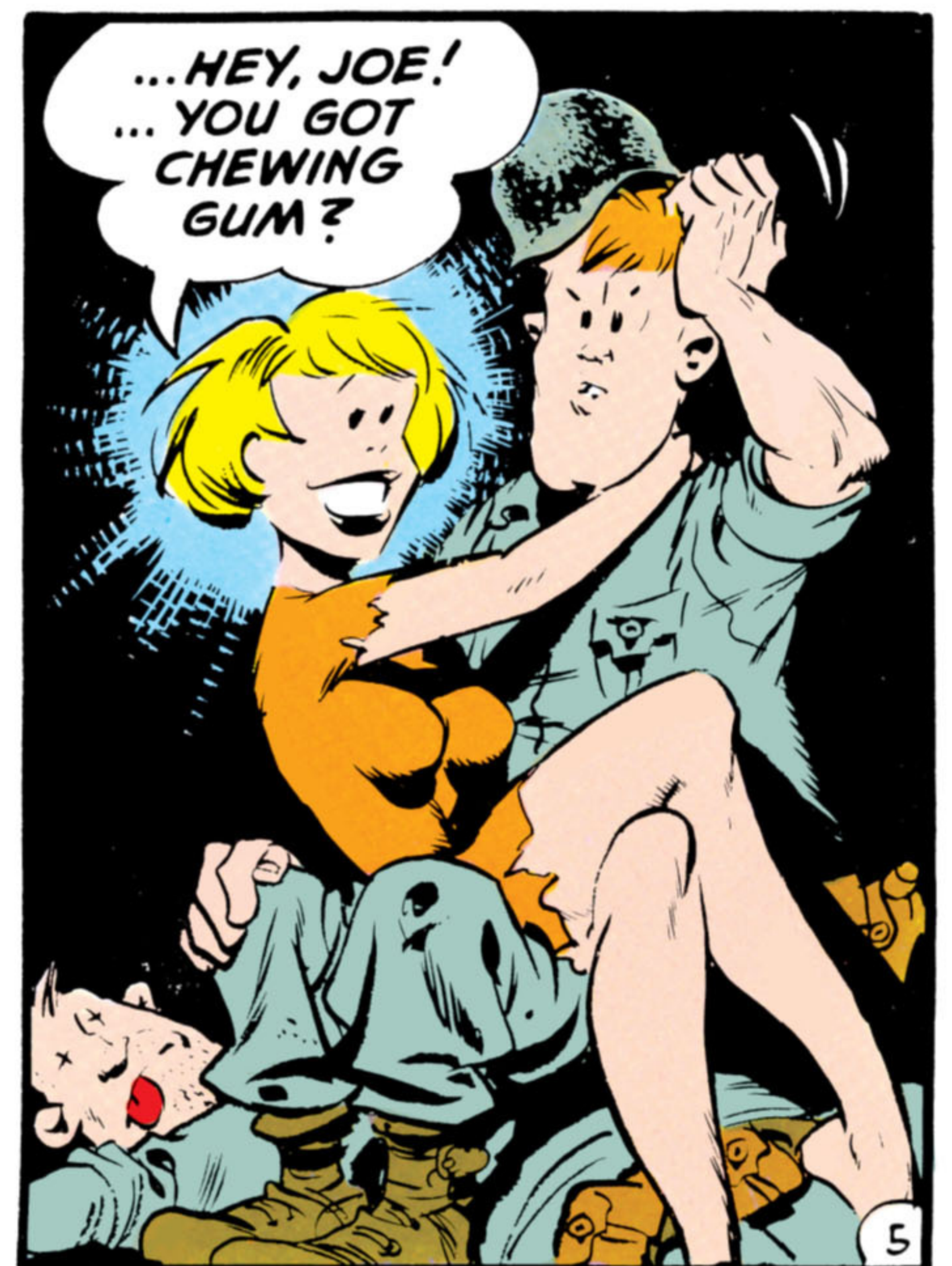
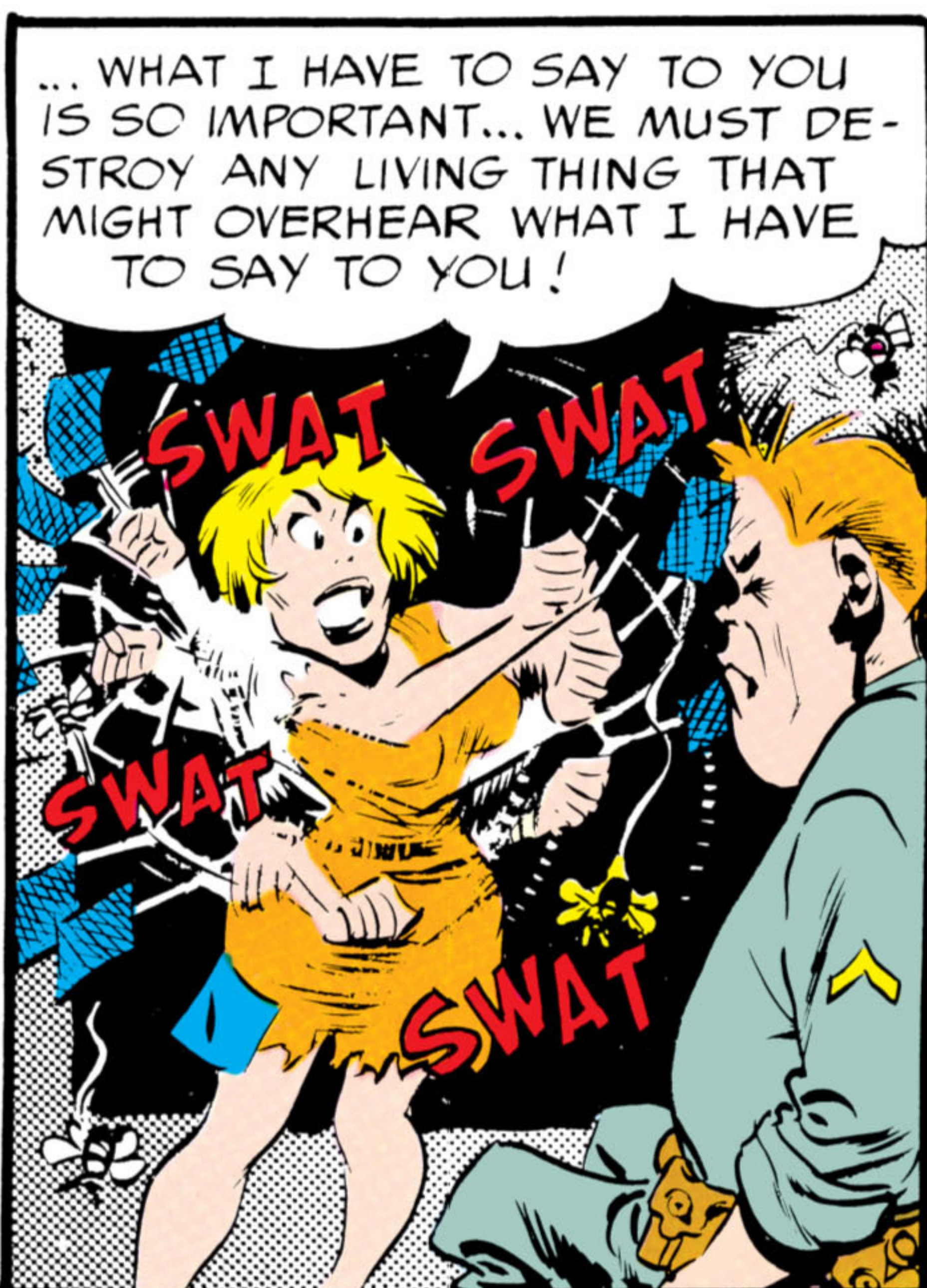
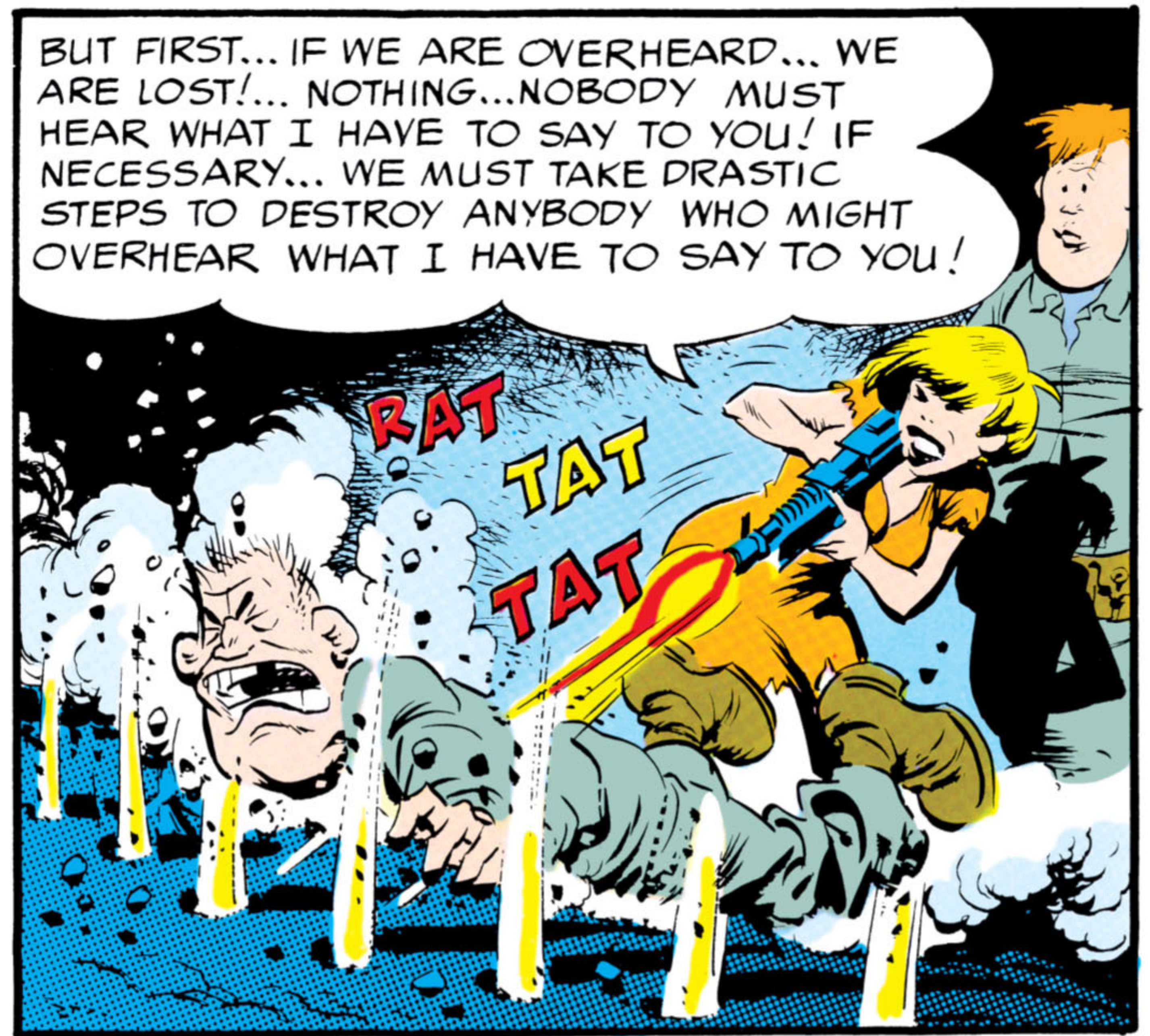
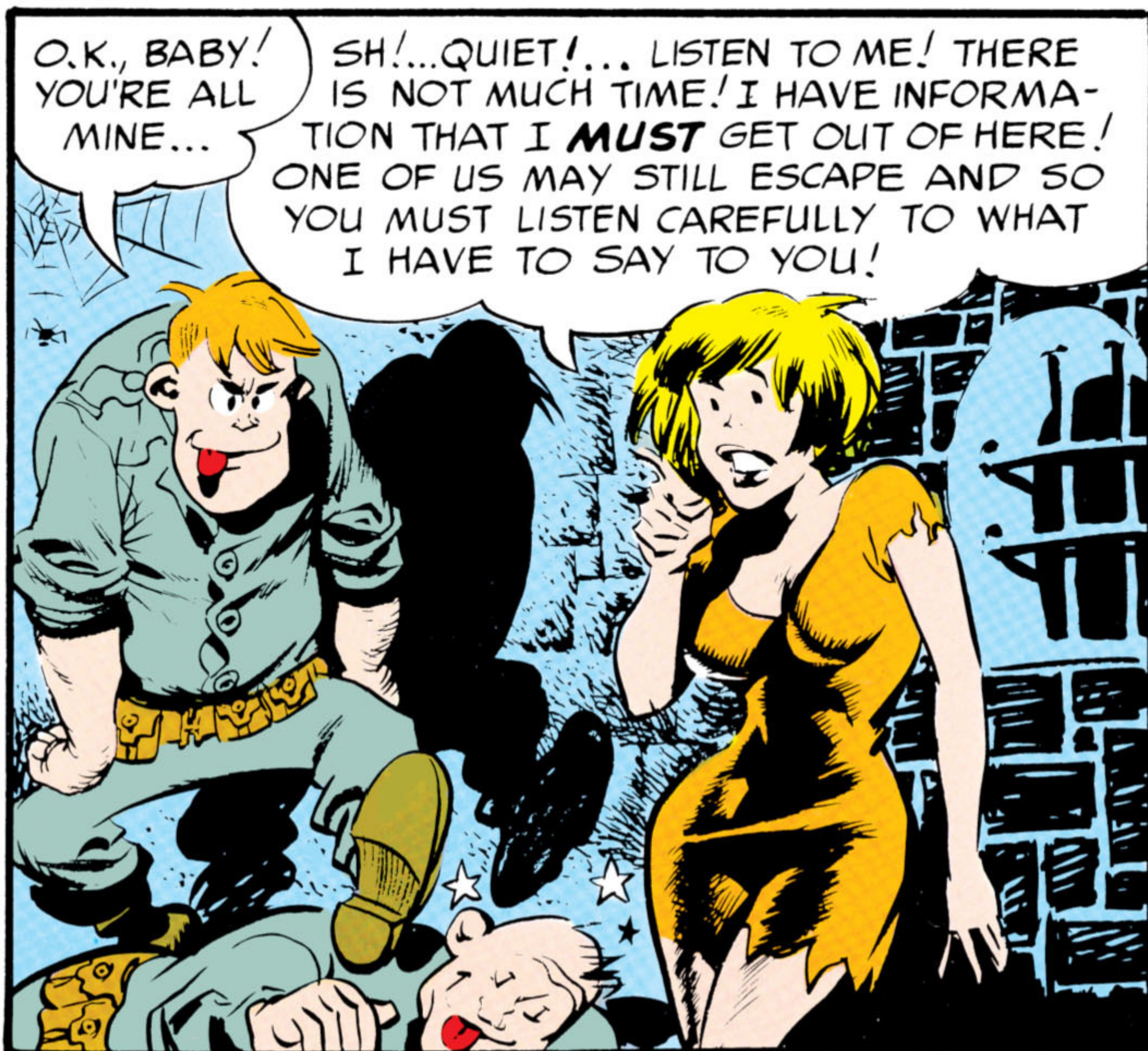
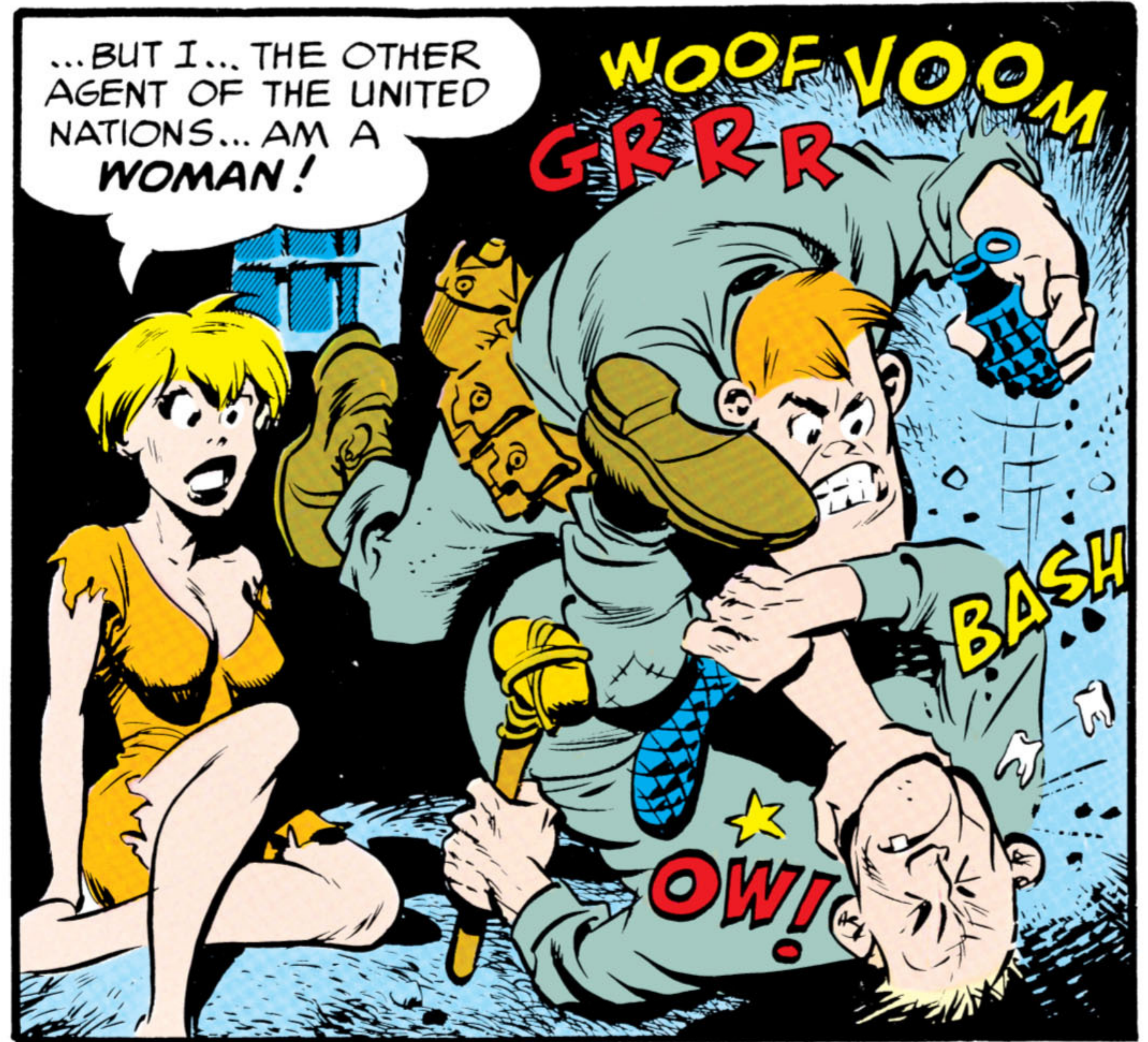
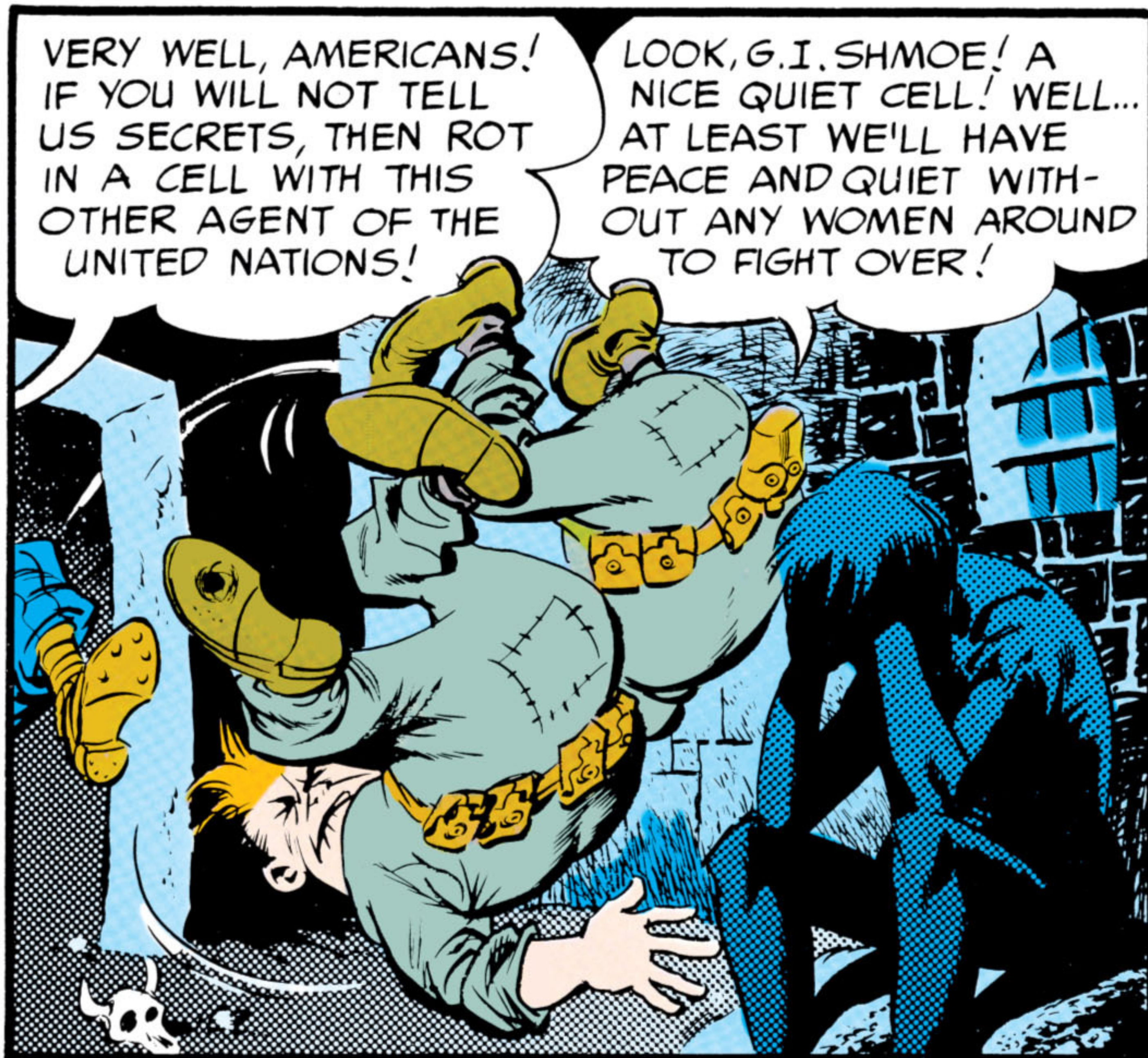
WAR COMICS DEPT.: THE TRUCE HAS BEEN SIGNED IN KOREA! FOR SOME TIME, WE HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO SINK OUR TEETH INTO ONE TYPE OF LITERATURE BORN OF THE WAR!...WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME! ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL WAR IS TOTALLY ACCIDENTAL!... IT IS WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT THAT WE DEDICATE THIS LAMPOON TO YOU *REAL* SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE *GLAMORIZED* WAR COMICS LIKE ...

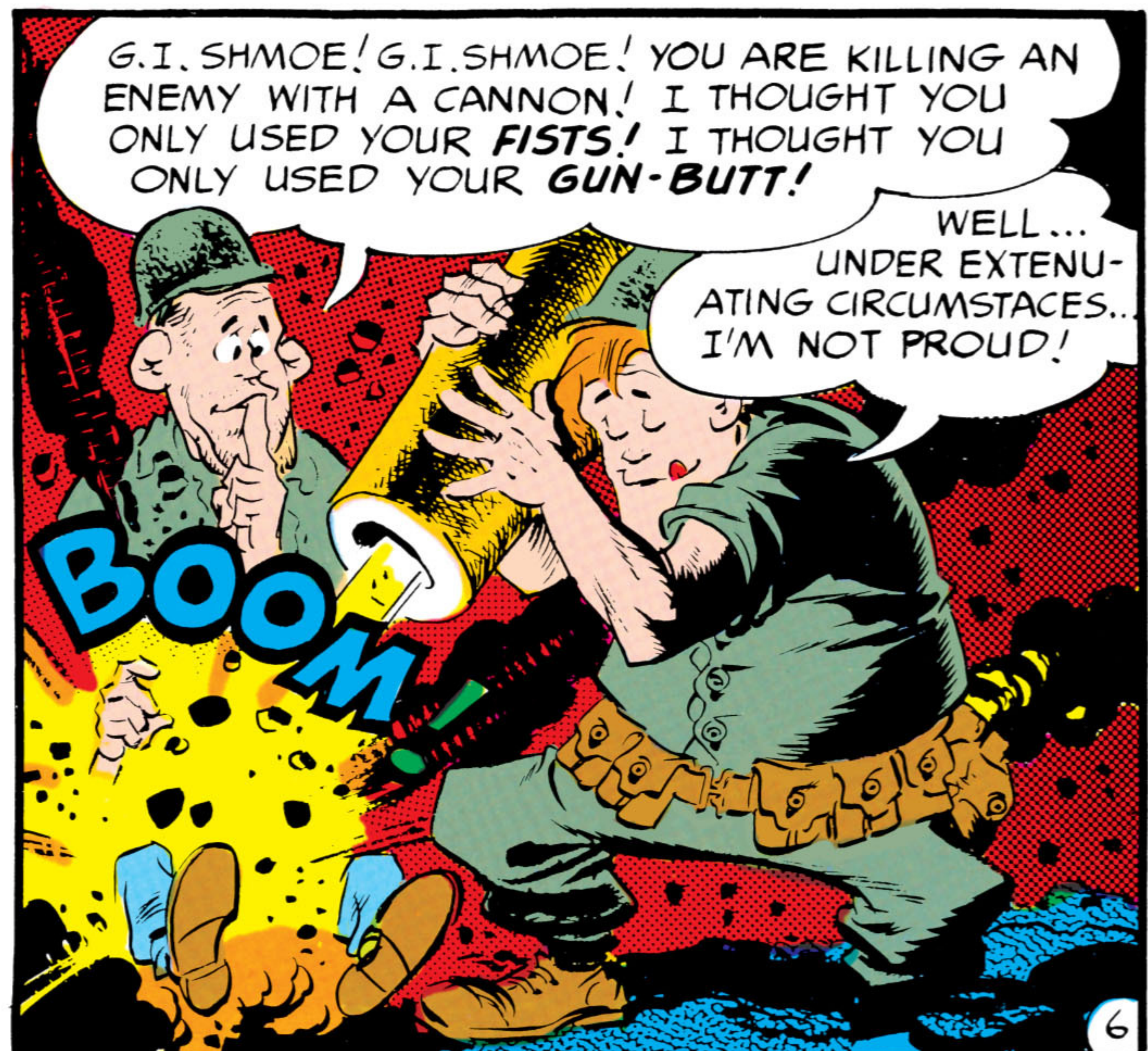
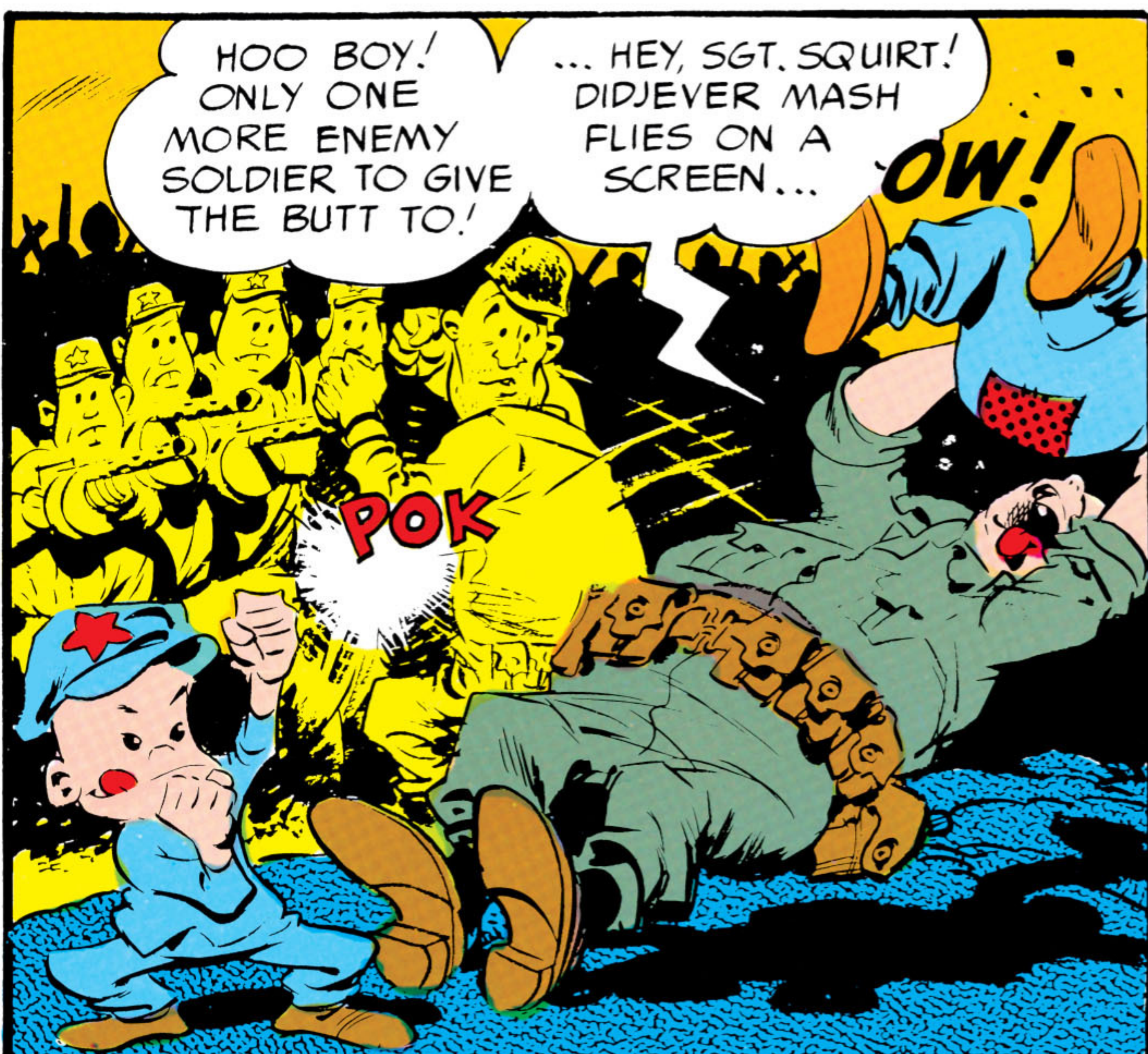
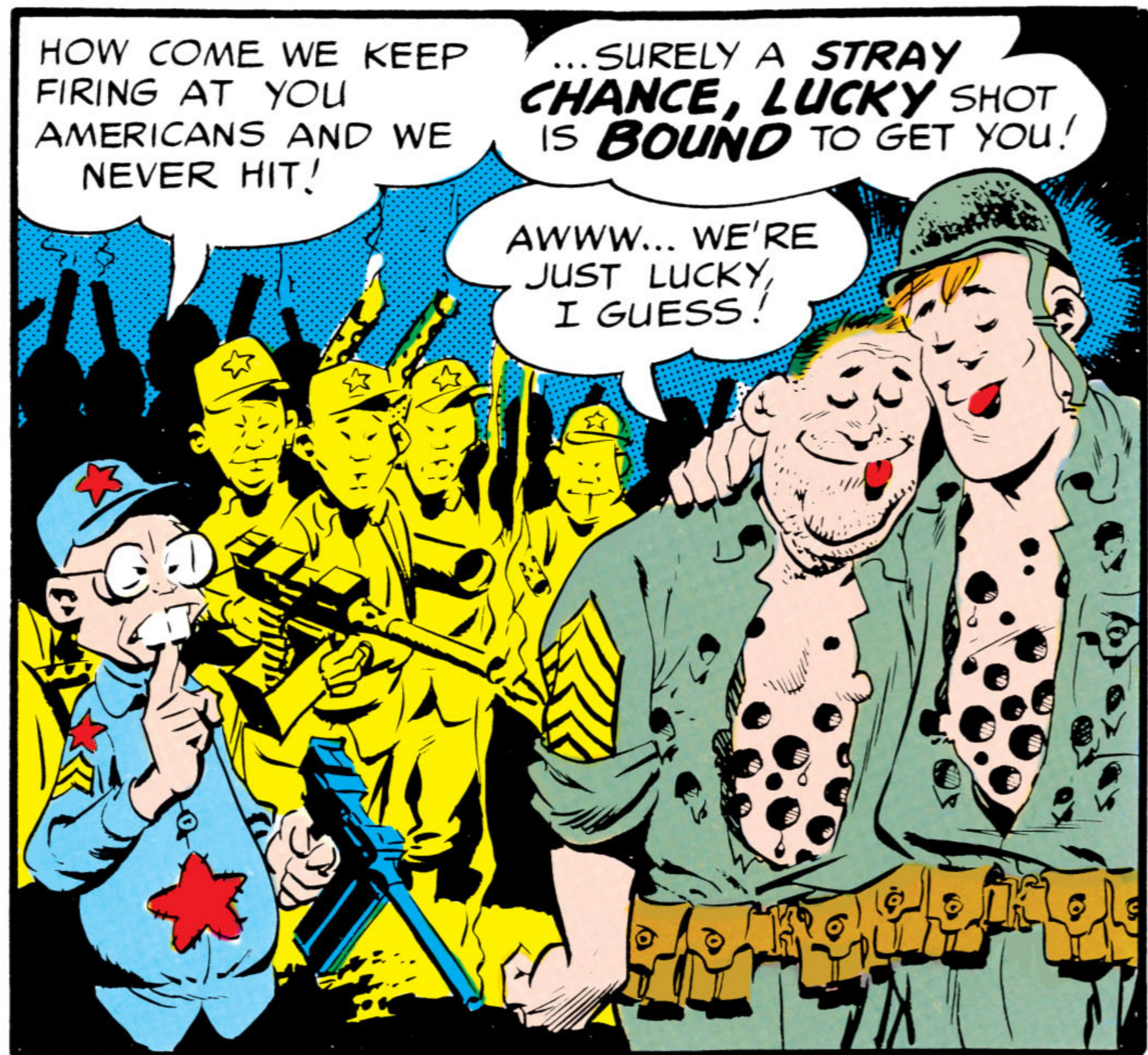
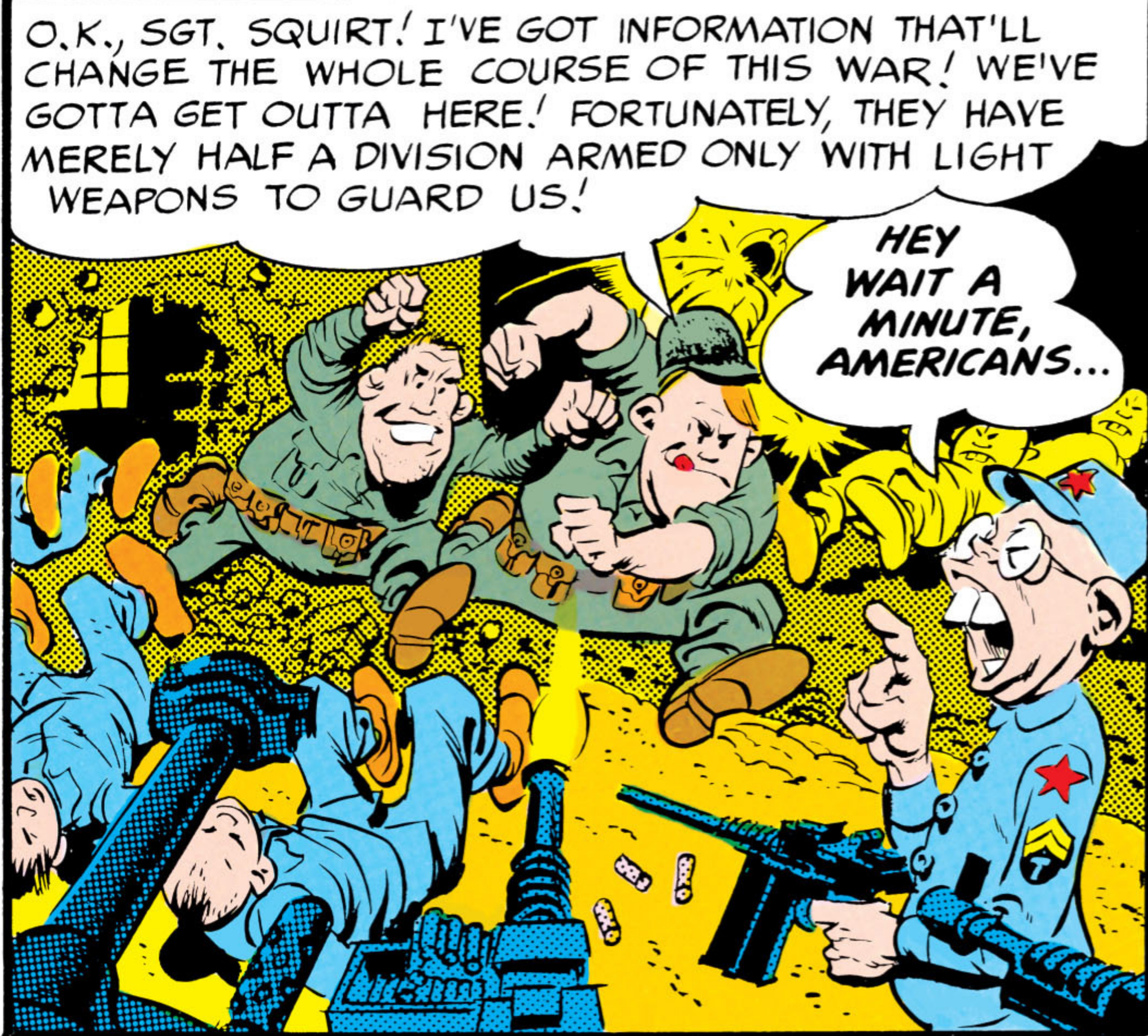


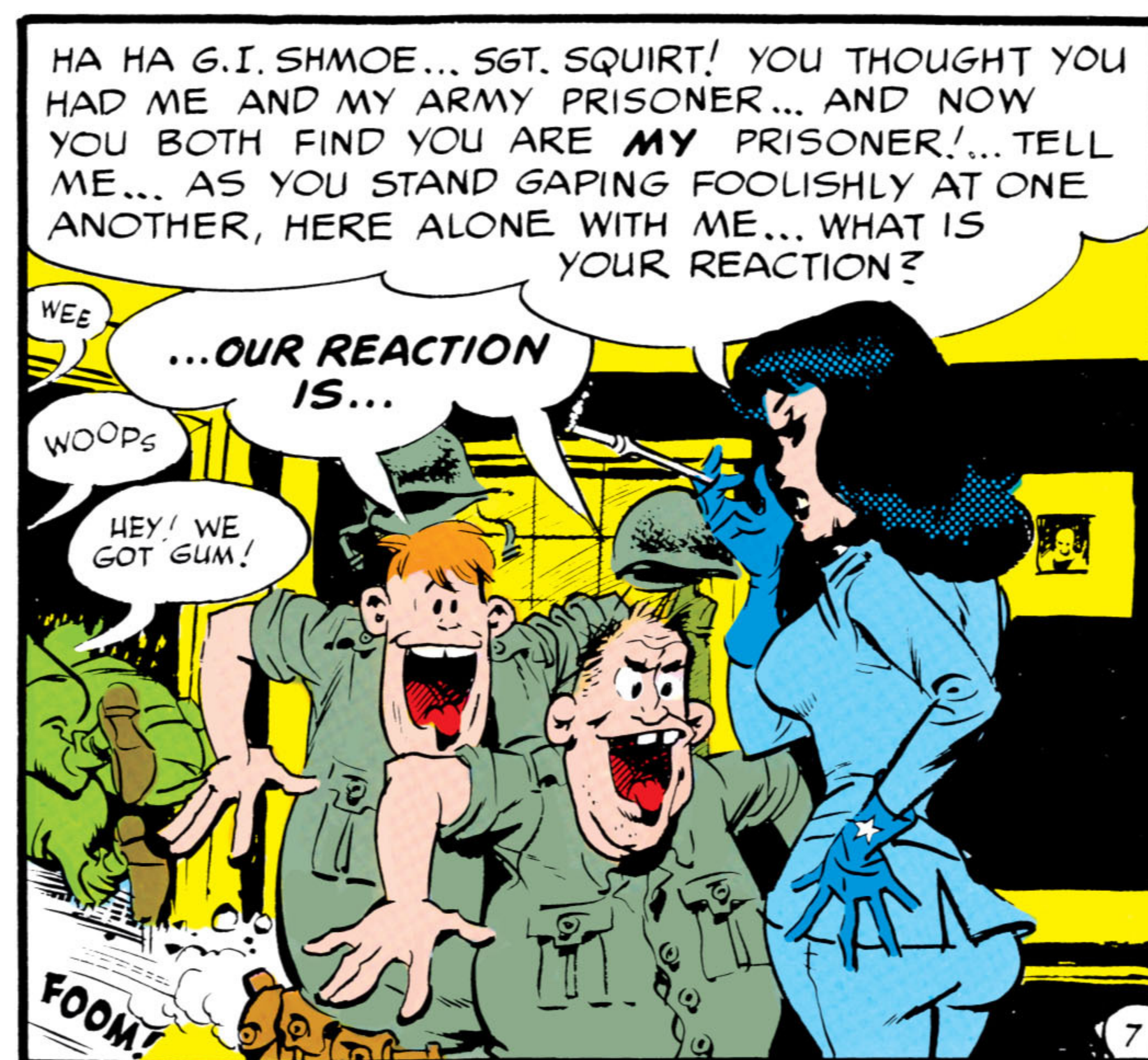
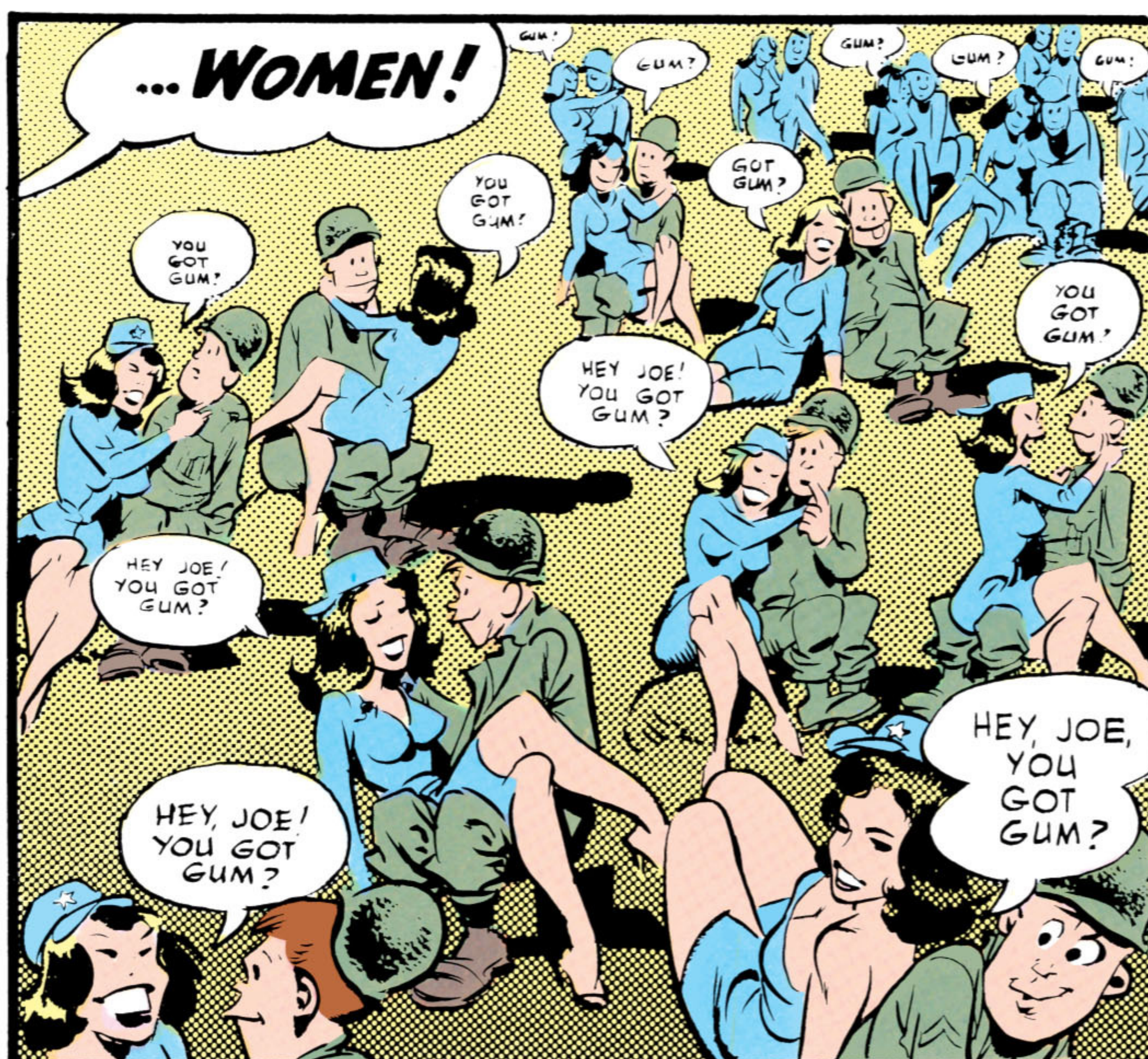
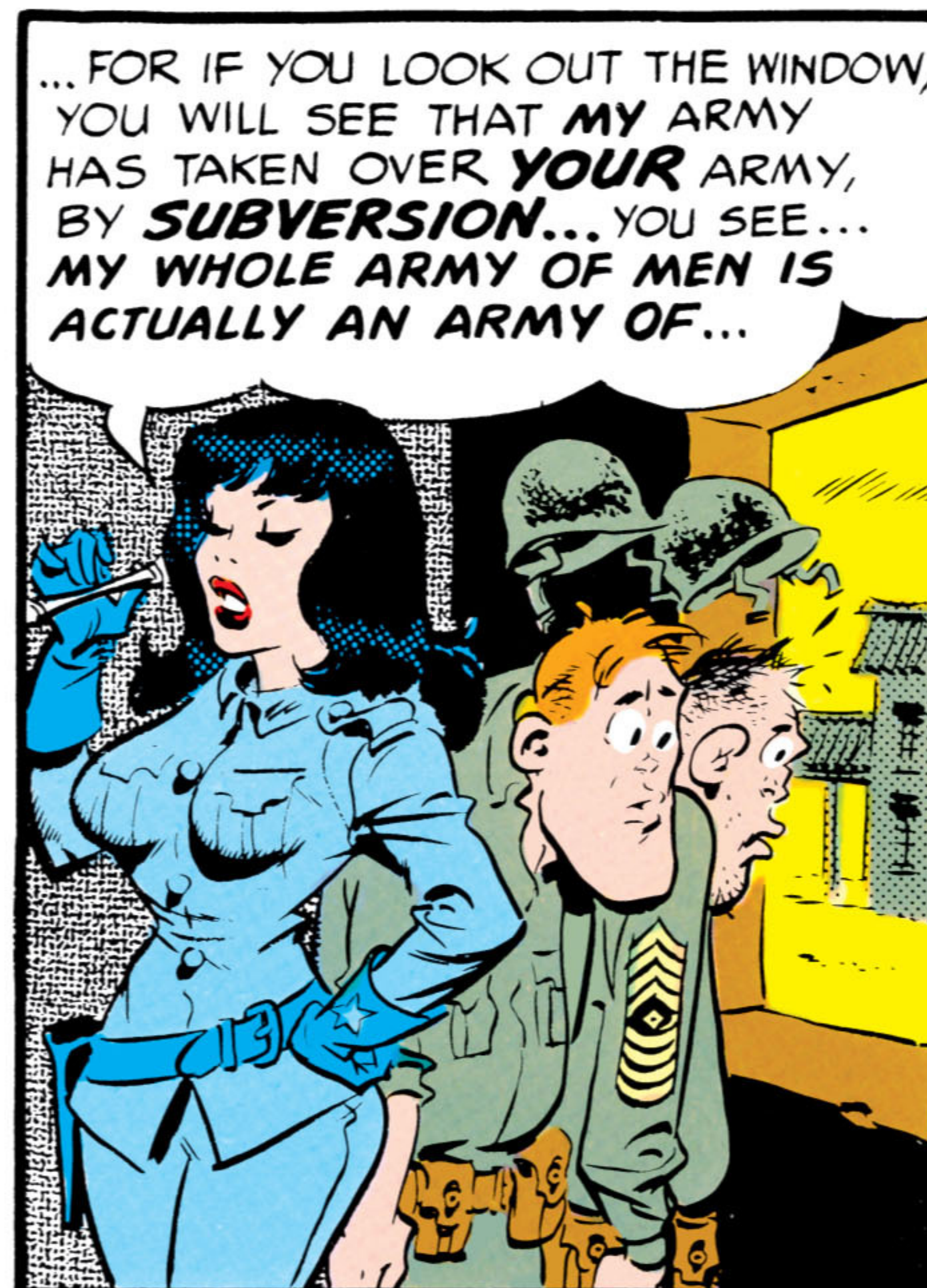
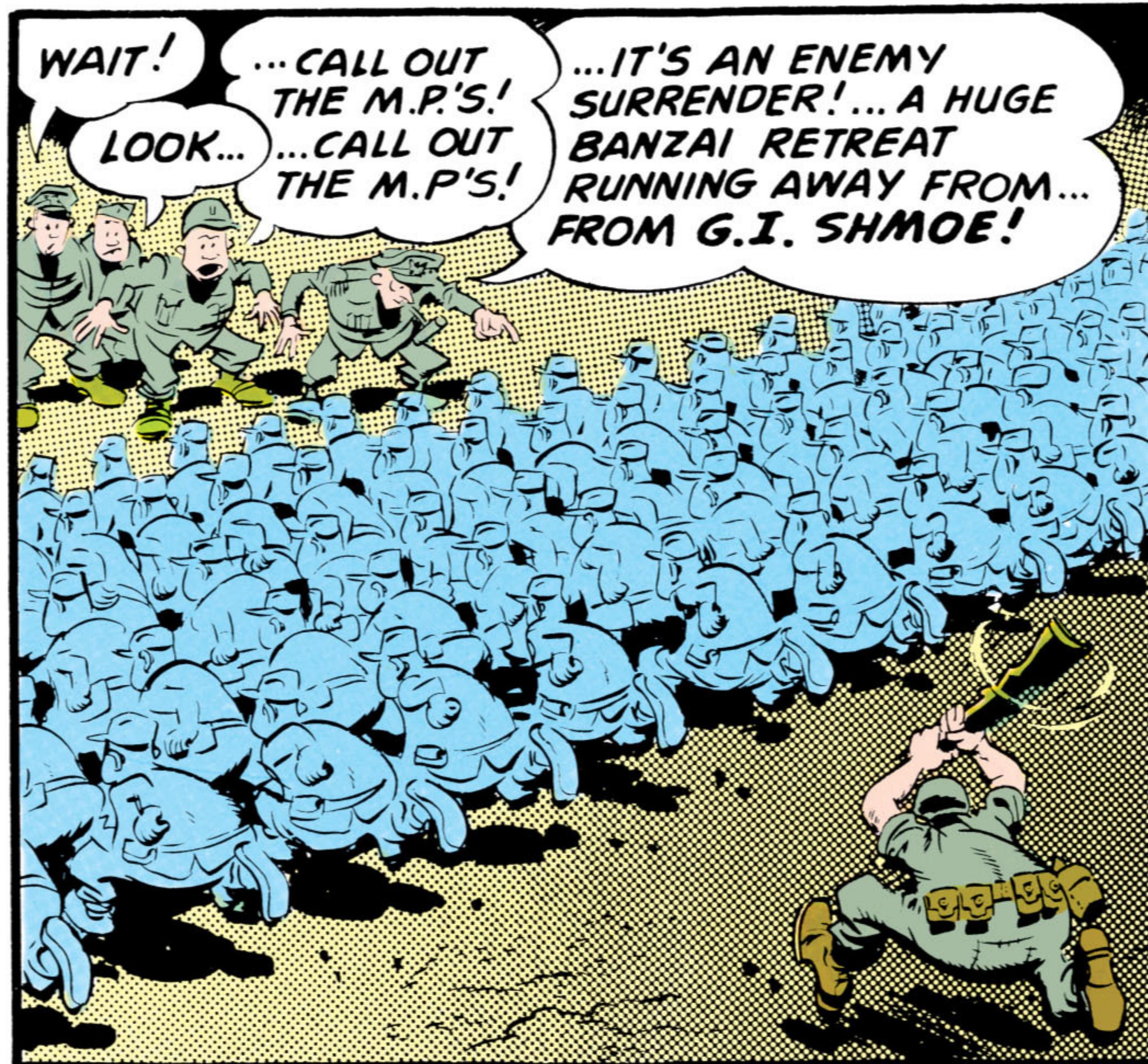
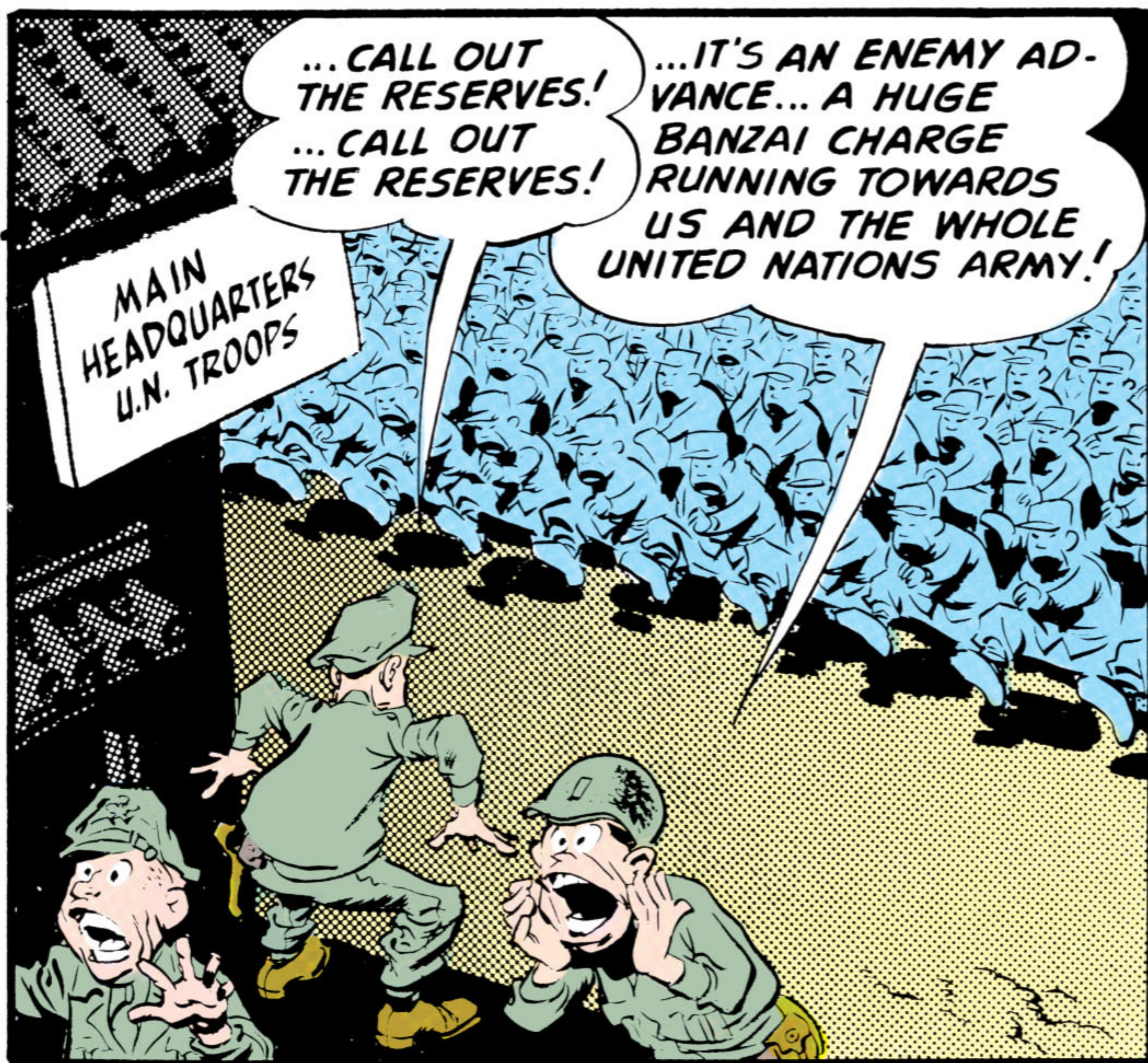


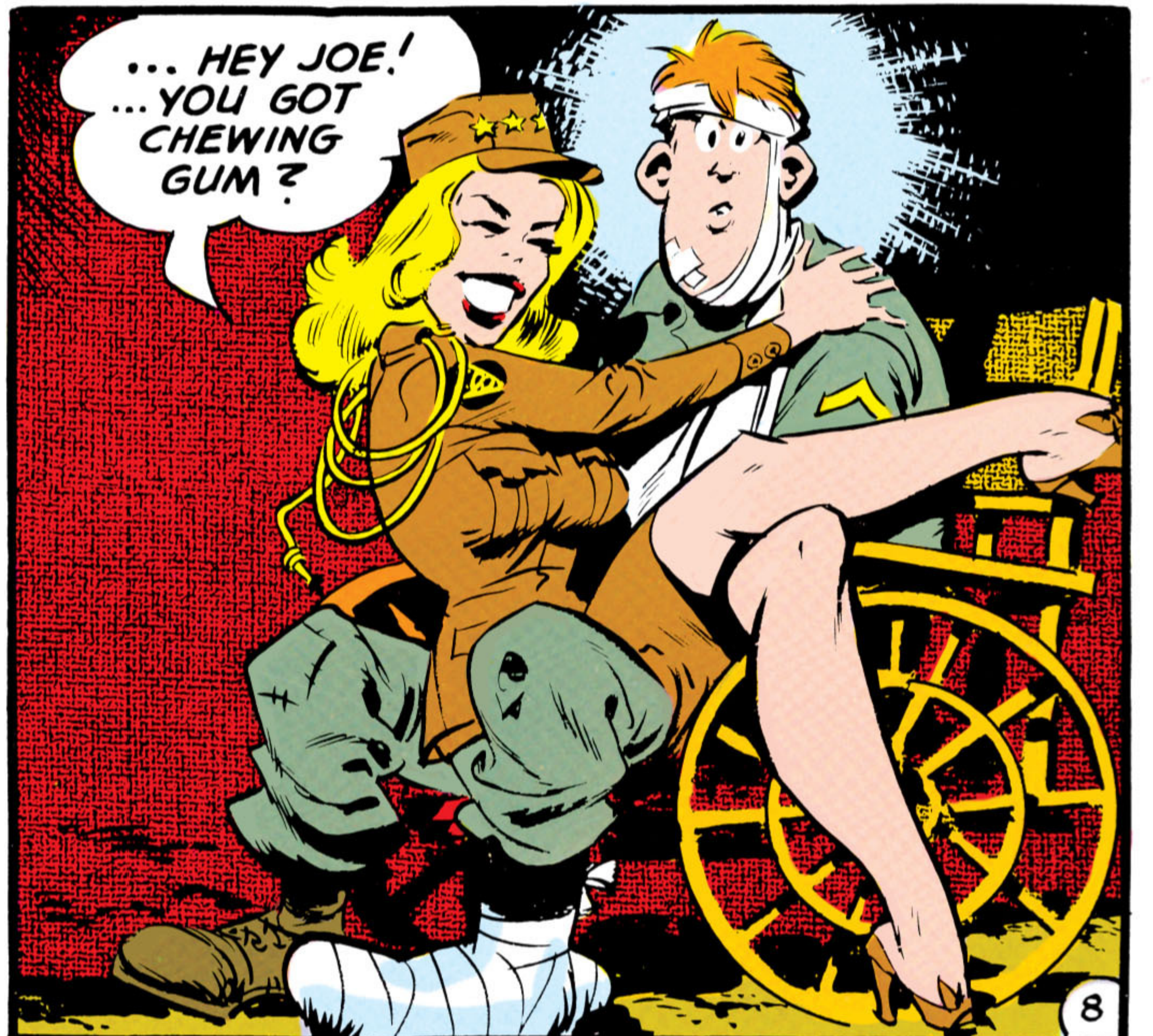
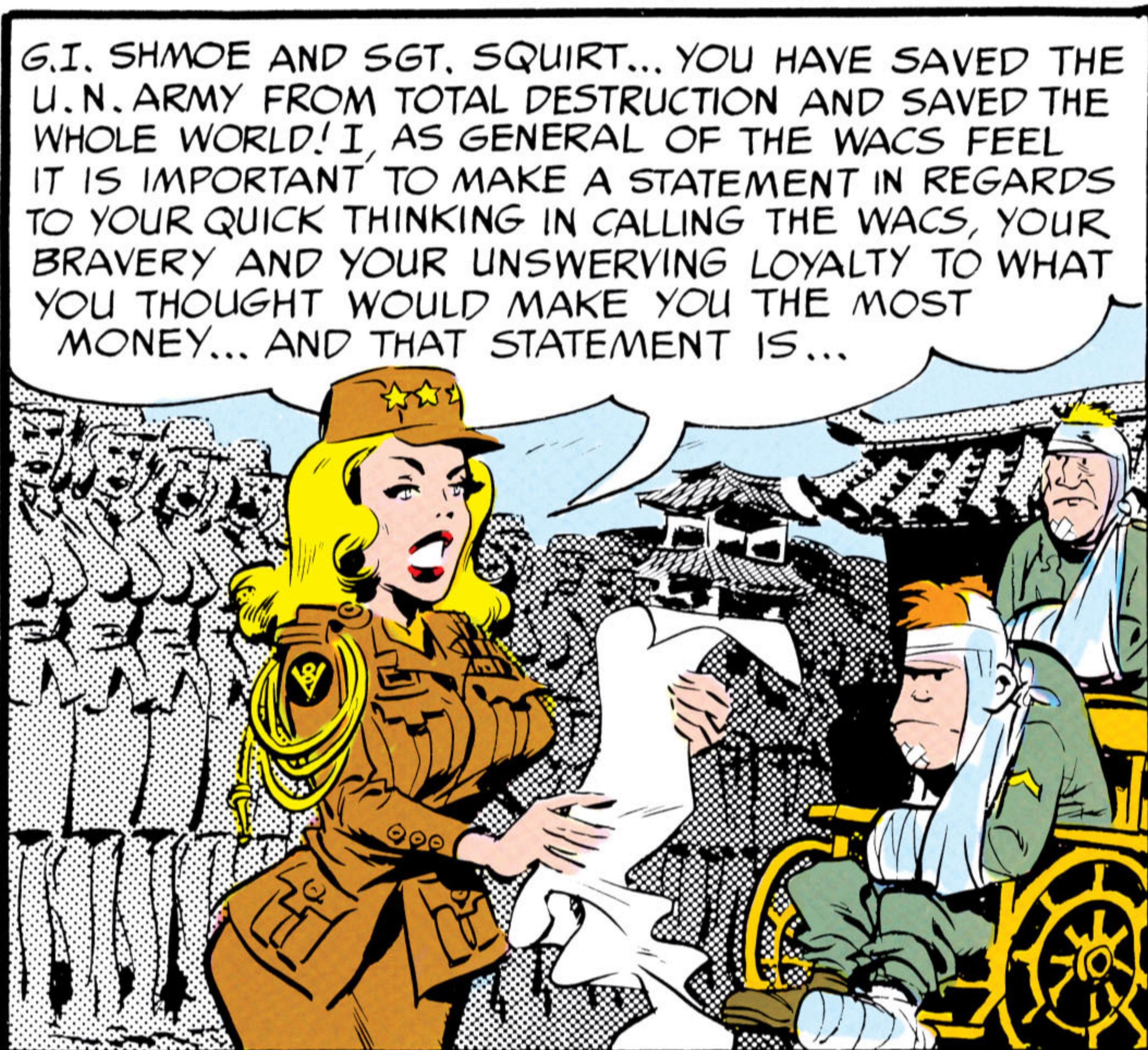
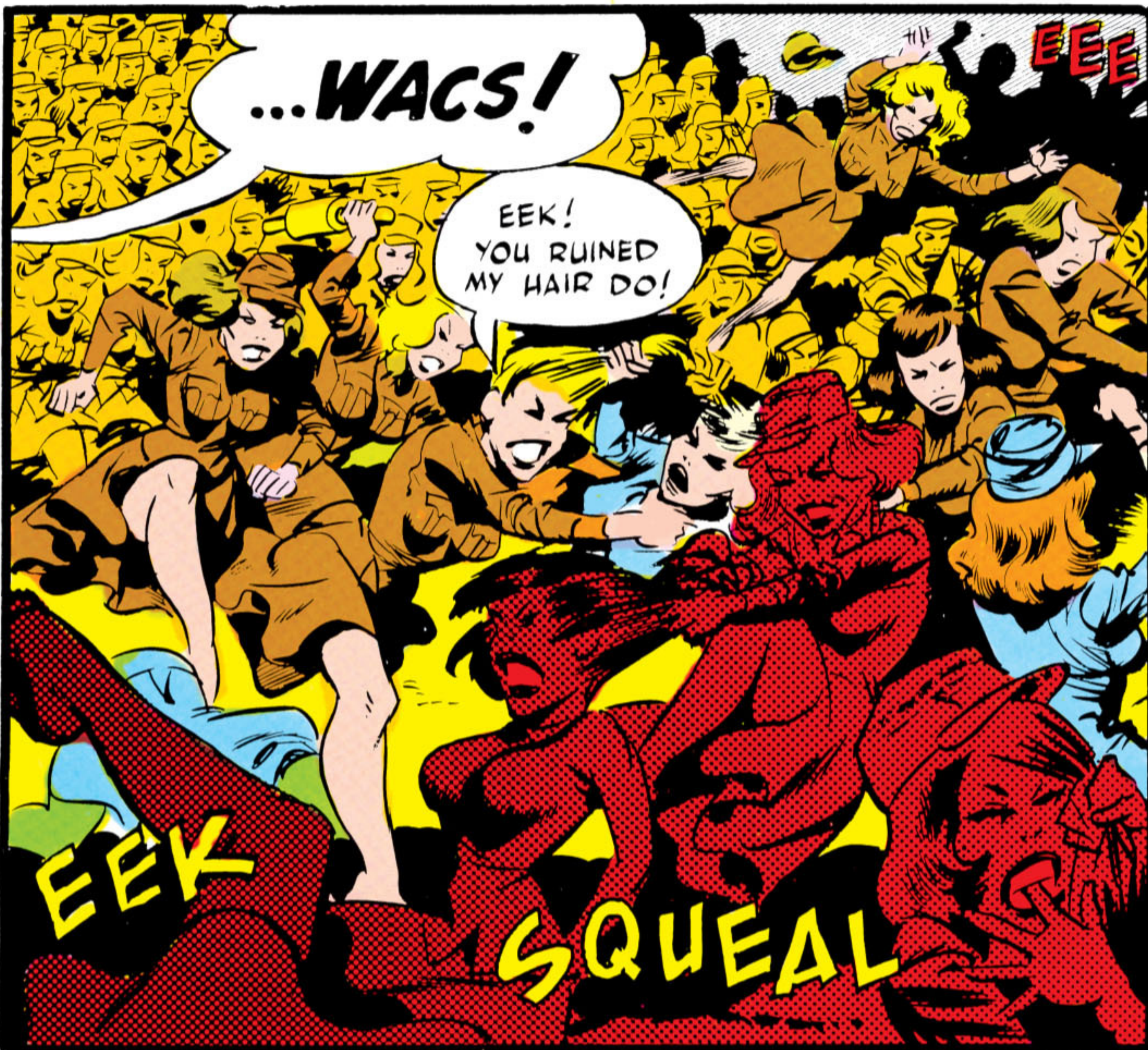
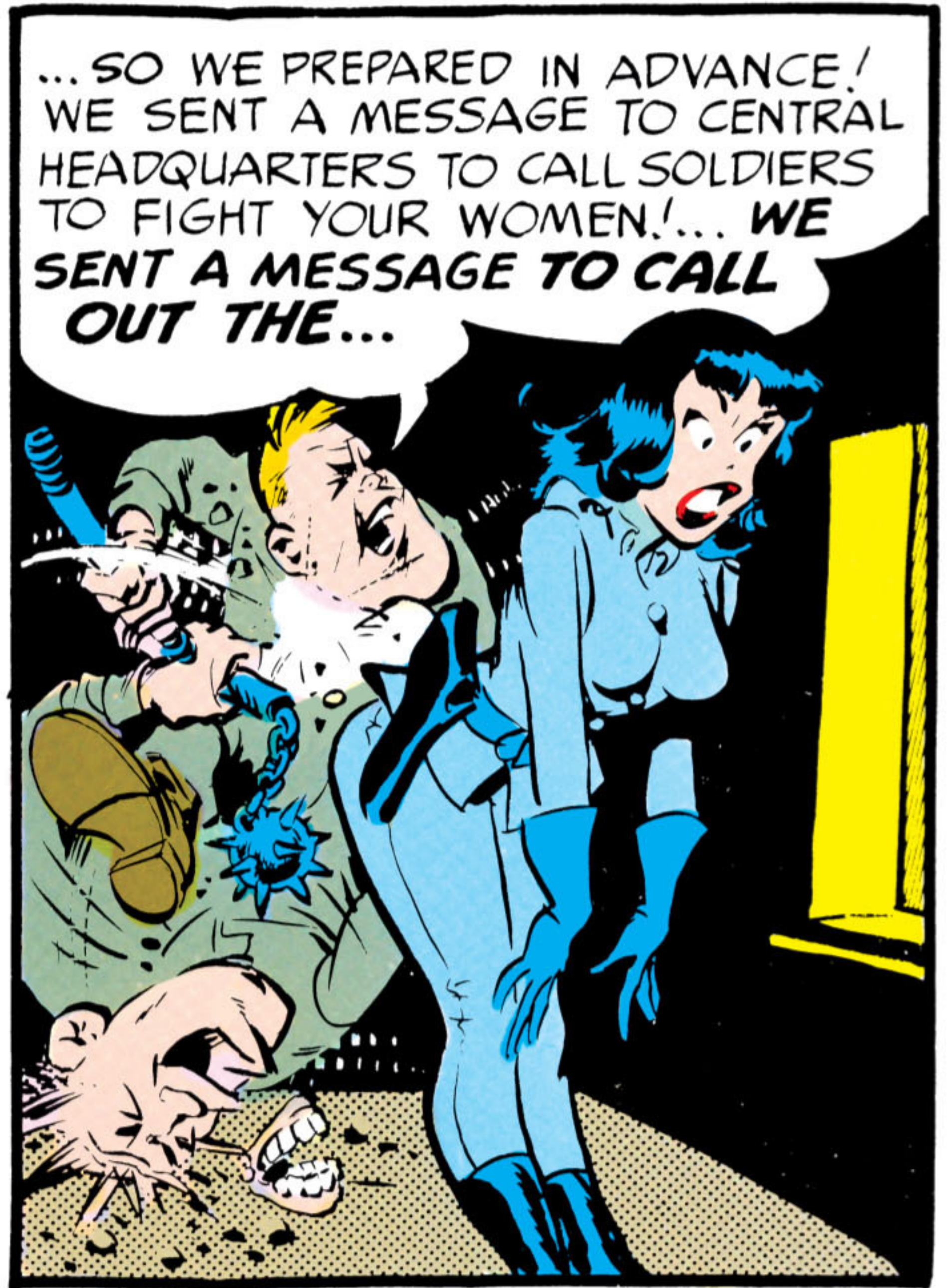












WESTERN DEPT.: ... WESTERN HOLLYWOOD, THAT IS! ... TENSION WAS RISING ON THE PLAINS! SQUATTERS... FARMERS... WERE MOVING ONTO THE UNFENCED CATTLE RANGES... PUTTING UP FENCES... PUTTING UP BARNs... PUTTING UP HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANTS! INTO THIS FURSHLUGGNER MESS RODE A STRANGER WITH THE CRAZY NAME OF...



SANE!



SEVERIN

HSST! LOOKIE!
... A STRANGER
RIDIN' INTO THIS
FURSHLUGGNER
MESS!

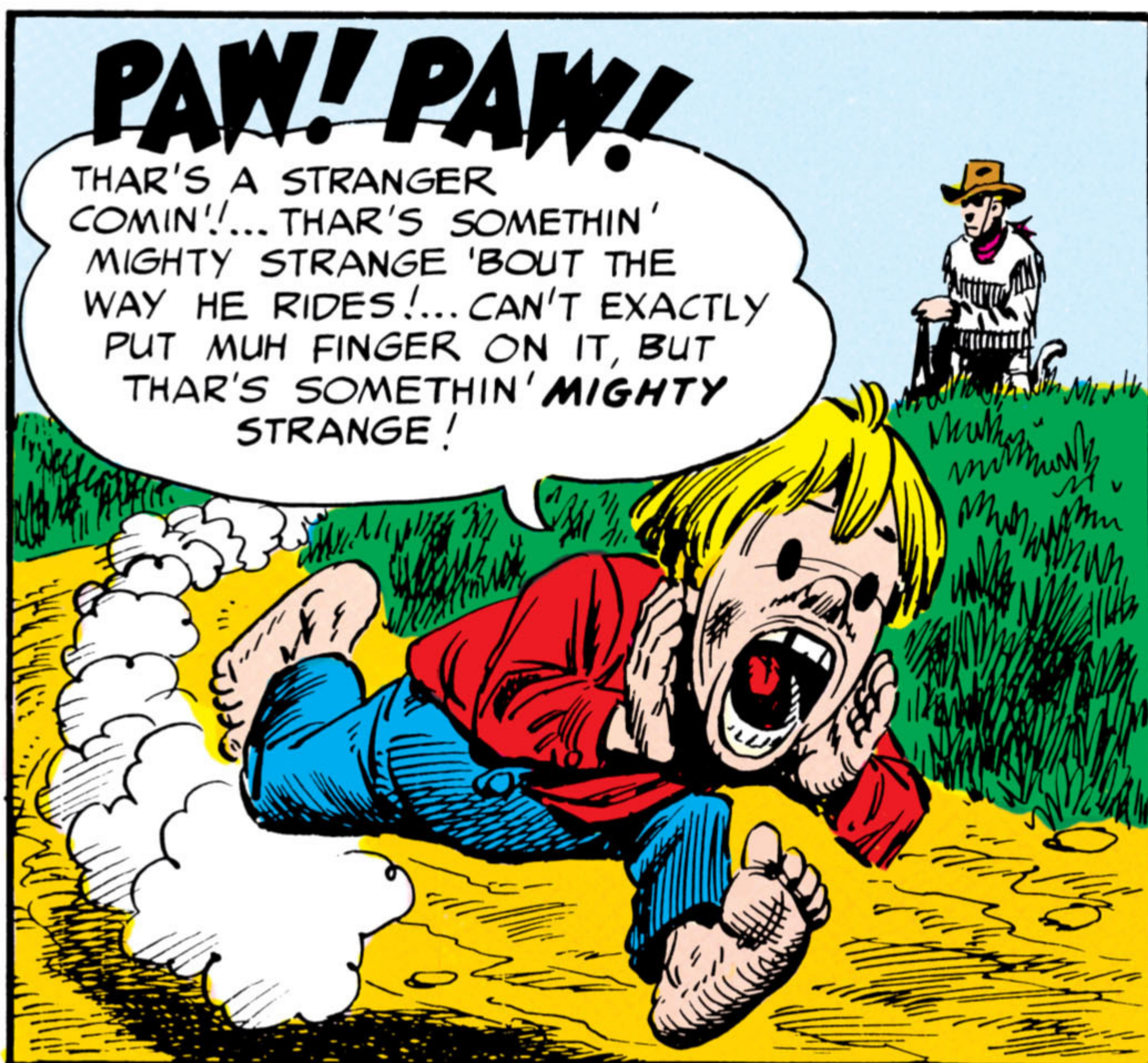
HE AIN'T
ONE OF US
CATTLEMEN!
HE MUST BE
A FARMER!
LEMMIE GUN
HIM!

... WAIT!
THAR'S SOME-
THING MIGHTY
STRANGE 'BOUT
THE WAY HE RIDES!
... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT
MUH FINGER ON IT,
BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY STRANGE! ...
LET'S TELL THE BOSS!



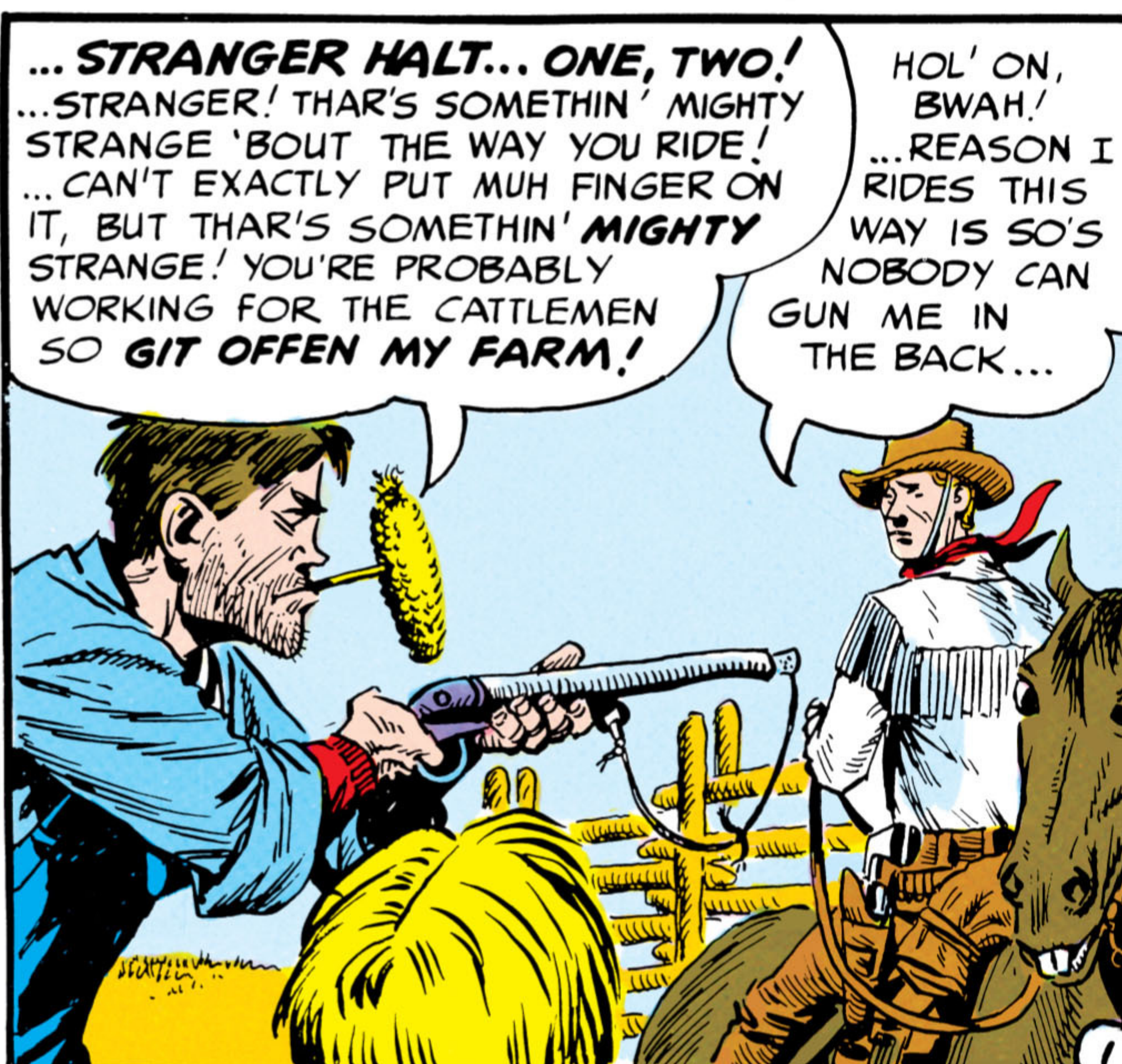
PAW! PAW!

THAR'S A STRANGER
COMIN'! ... THAR'S SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY STRANGE 'BOUT THE
WAY HE RIDES! ... CAN'T EXACTLY
PUT MUH FINGER ON IT, BUT
THAR'S SOMETHIN' **MIGHTY**
STRANGE!



... **STRANGER HALT... ONE, TWO!**
... STRANGER! THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY
STRANGE 'BOUT THE WAY YOU RIDE!
... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MUH FINGER ON
IT, BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN' **MIGHTY**
STRANGE! YOU'RE PROBABLY
WORKING FOR THE CATTLEMEN
SO **GIT OFFEN MY FARM!**

HOL' ON,
BWAH!
... REASON I
RIDES THIS
WAY IS SO'S
NOBODY CAN
GUN ME IN
THE BACK...



LISTEN, MISTUH! I DIDN' COME LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE...I MERELY COME LOOKIN' FER A REST ROOM!

...NOW, DON'T GET MAD, STRANGER!... SAY!... I COULD USE A HIRED HAND ROUND-ABOUTS HYAR! LOOK AT MY FINE HOLSTIEN COW! WILL YUH STAY?

I'M A-GOIN'!

THIS BEEF CERTIFIED TO BE A LOT OF BULL

...HOL' ON! HOL' ON, STRANGER! LOOK AT MY FINE BOY... WILL YUH STAY?

I'M A-GOIN'!

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!

...HOL' ON! HOL' ON! HOL' ON, STRANGER! LOOK! LOOK AT MY FINE WIFE!... WILL YUH STAY?

...I'M A-STAYIN'!

...WHY DIDN'T YUH TELL ME YOU HAD ONE O' THESE IN THE FIRST PLACE!... LOOK AT THE WAY SHE STANDS... TALL AN' PROUD... SOFT BROWN EYES... DELICATE NOSTRILS, FLARED AND QUIVERING! MAN! LOOKIT THEM LINES!... LOOKIT THEM CURVES!... I'VE JUST GOT TA GO OVER AND STROKE HER!

NAOW... HOL' ON, STRANGER!

... HAIN'T YOU A-CARRYIN' THIS THING A MITE TOO FUR?

OLD MACDONALD

MISTUH!... WHEN I SEES A THING OF BEAUTY... I JUST GETS ALL MUSHY INSIDE! THAR'S NUTHIN' AS BEAUTIFUL AS A GOOD LOOKIN' **HORSE!**

PUSH

OH-BOY, SANE! YOU'RE STAYIN' ON, HUH, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO SHOOT, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO GUN MY PLAYMATES, SANE? WHAT'S YOUR GUN FOR, SANE? YOU CAN SHOOT, CANTCHA, SANE? YOU'RE A **GUN-FIGHTER**, AINTCHA, SANE? THAT'S A SPECIAL QUICK-DRAW GUN-FIGHTER GUN, AND YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW, HUH, SANE?

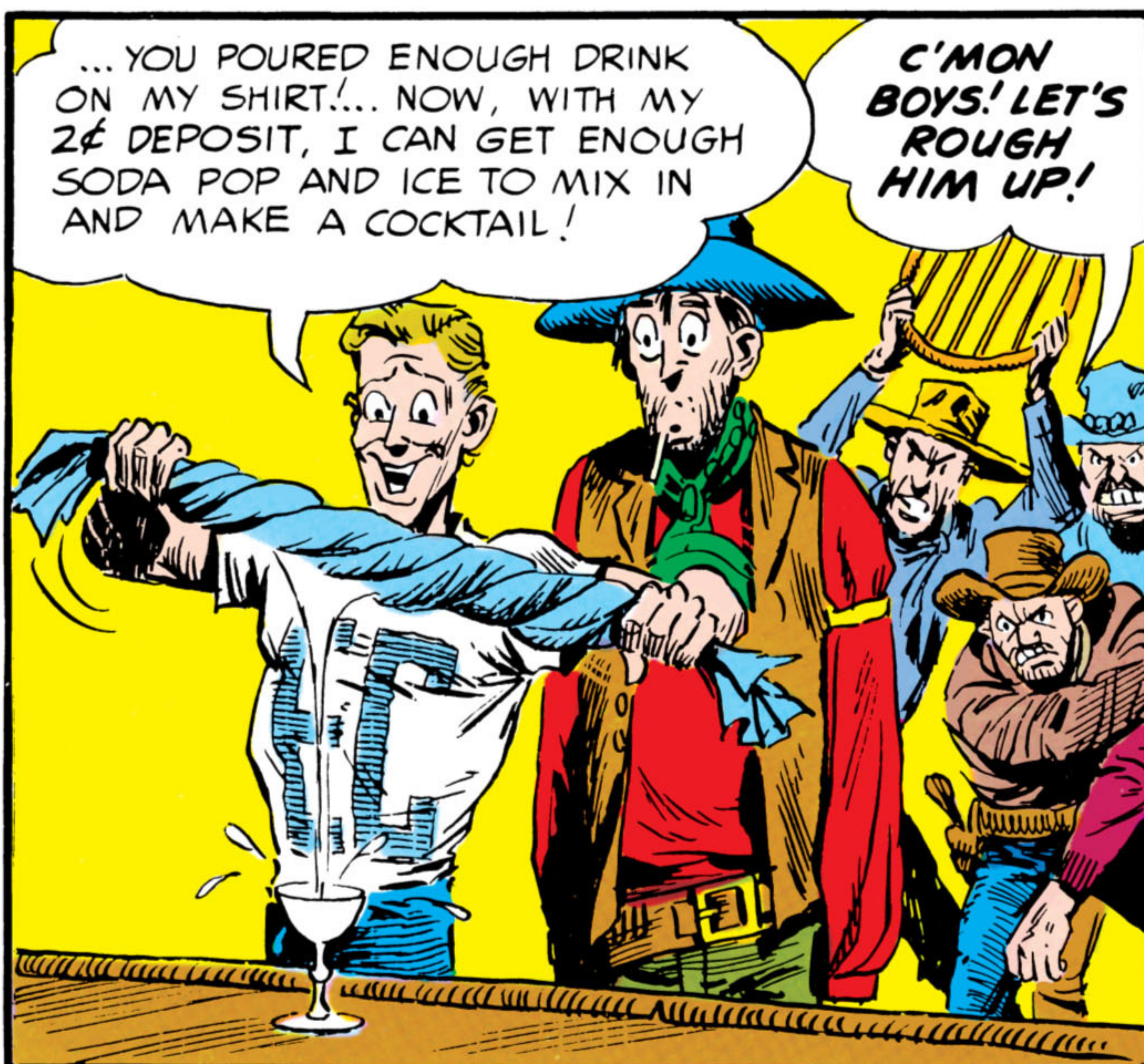
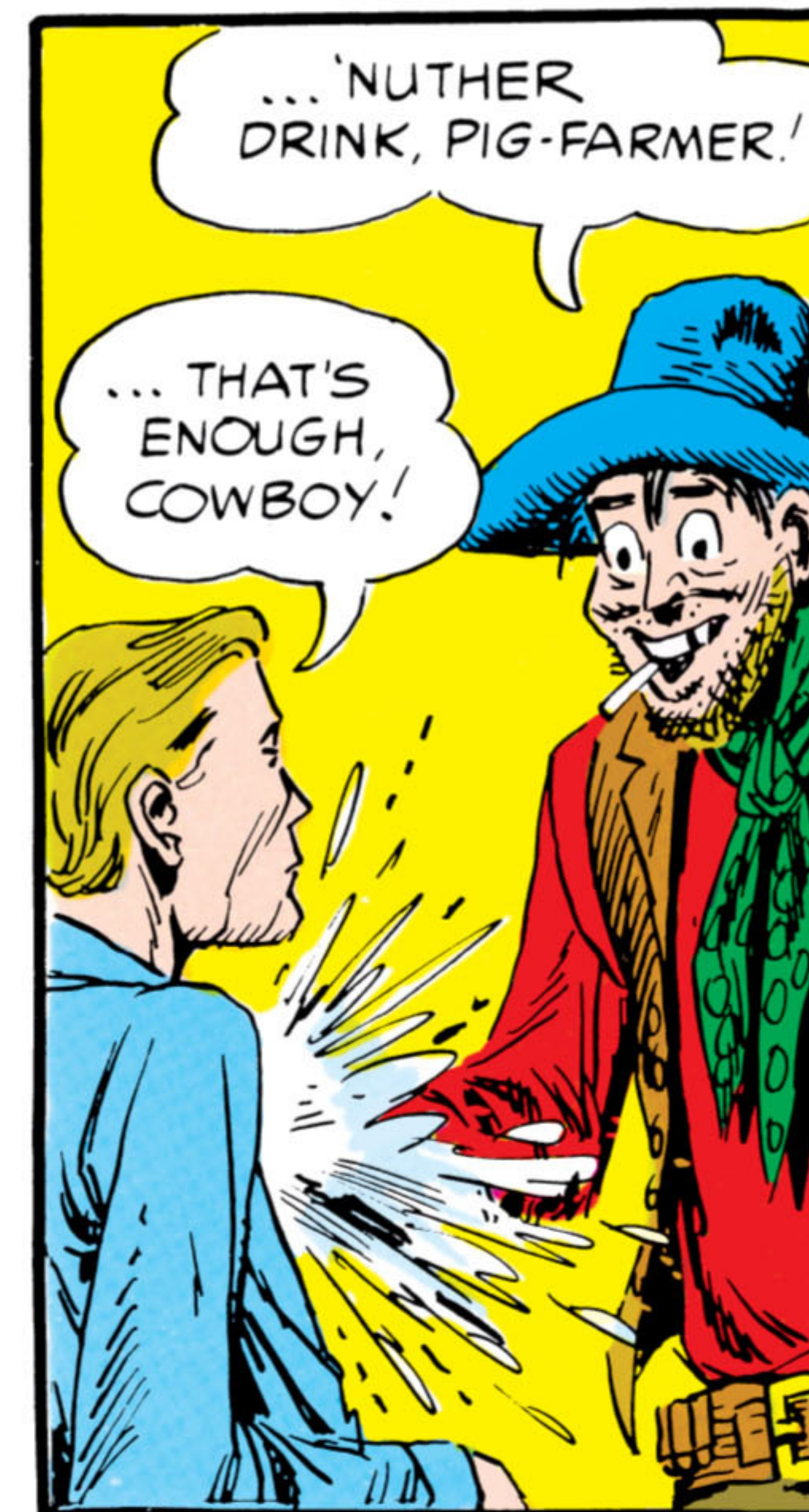
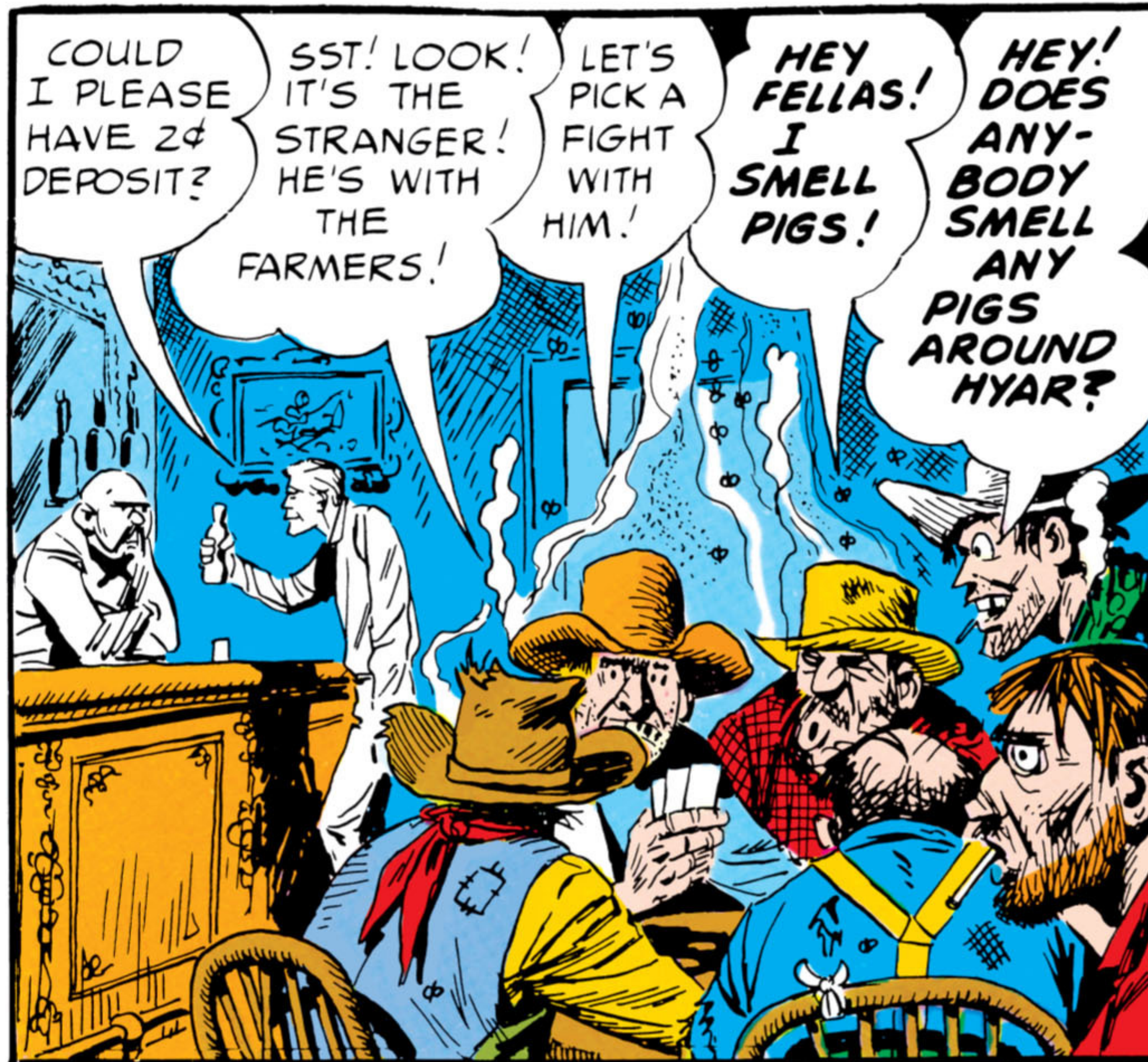
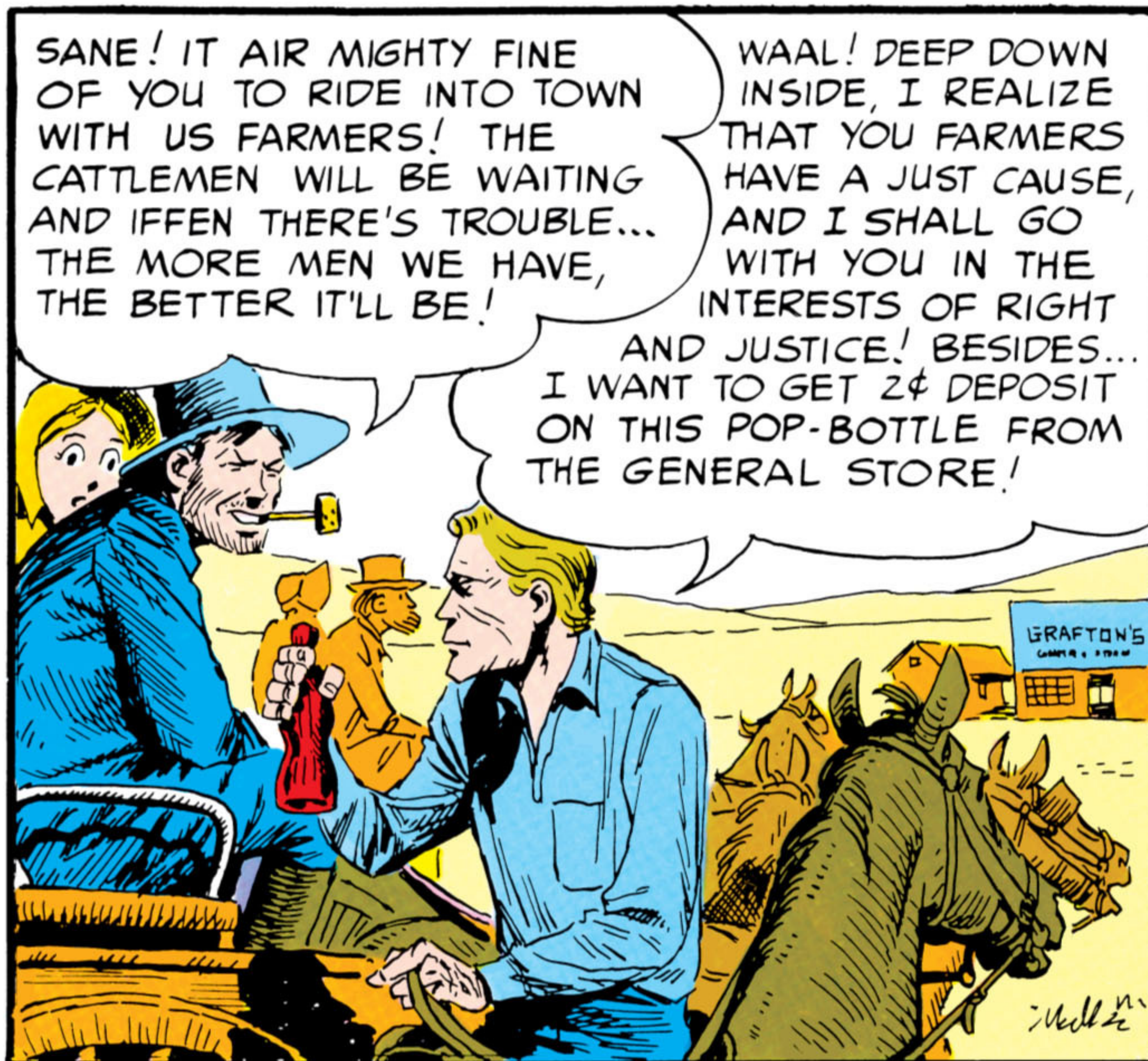
NAOW, JOEY BOY... YOU RUN ALONG NAOW...

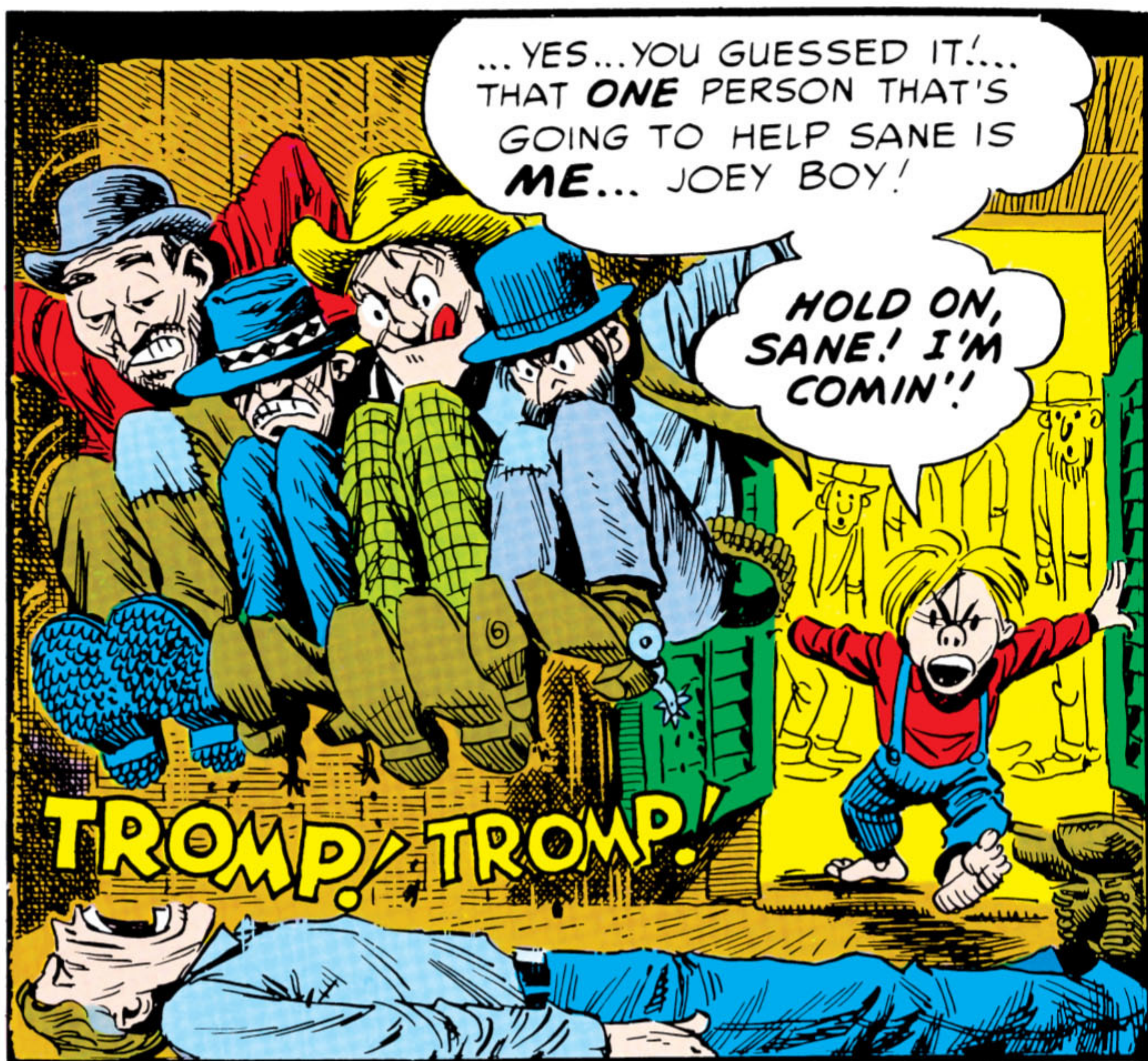
BUY RANG TODAY

I KNOW SANE'S A GUN-FIGHTER! I JUST KNOW SANE KIN SHOOT!

AH, ME! CHILDREN HAVE SUCH FANTASTIC IMAGINATIONS...ALWAYS LIVING IN A LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE... WEAVING A WHOLE WEB OF FICTION ABOUT SUCH SIMPLE THINGS AS MY NOVELTY RONSON CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

© 1964 Ronson Co. LITTLE PEST!

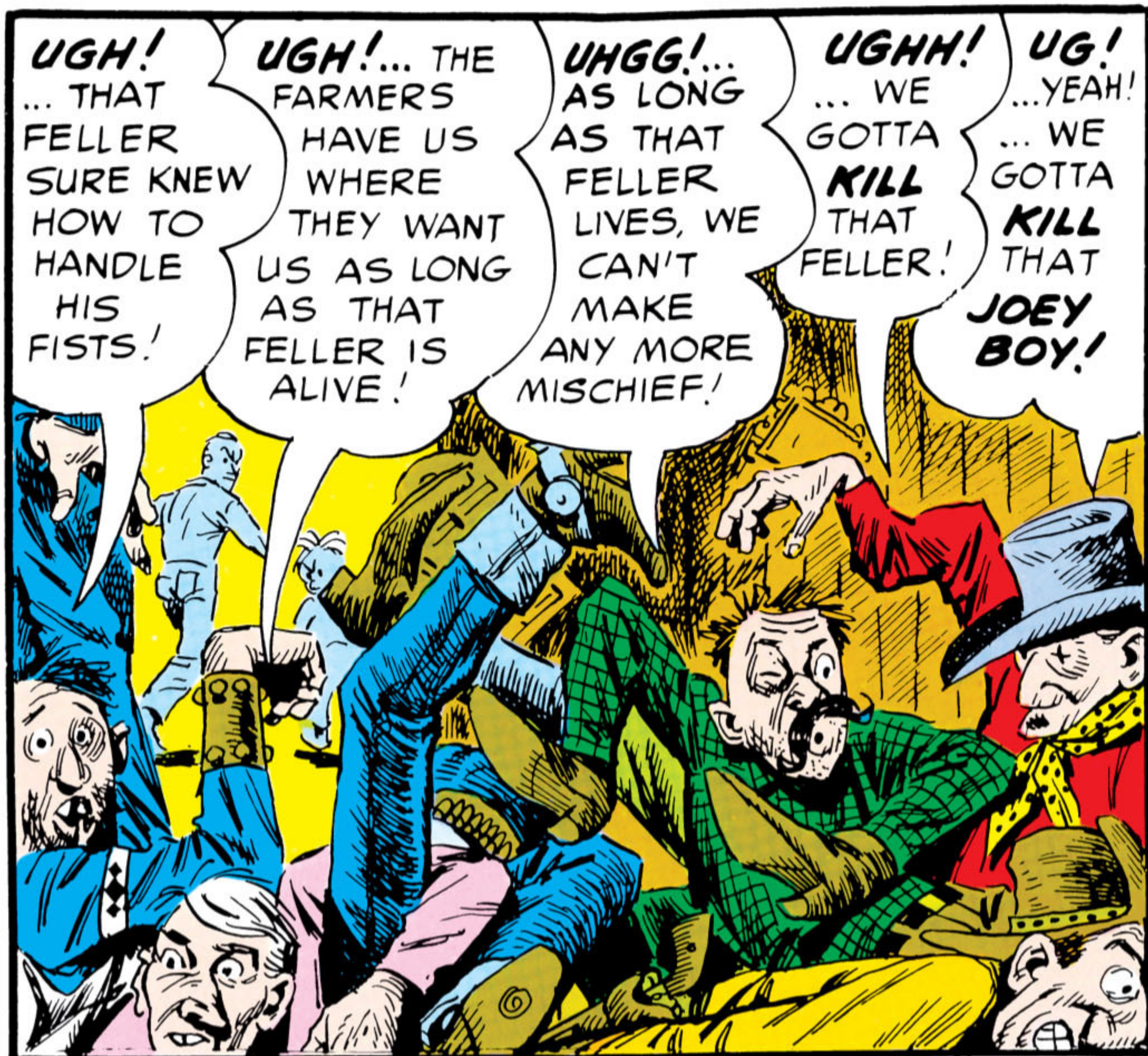




... YES... YOU GUESSED IT!... THAT **ONE** PERSON THAT'S GOING TO HELP SANE IS **ME**... JOEY BOY!

HOLD ON, SANE! I'M COMIN'!

TROMP! TROMP!



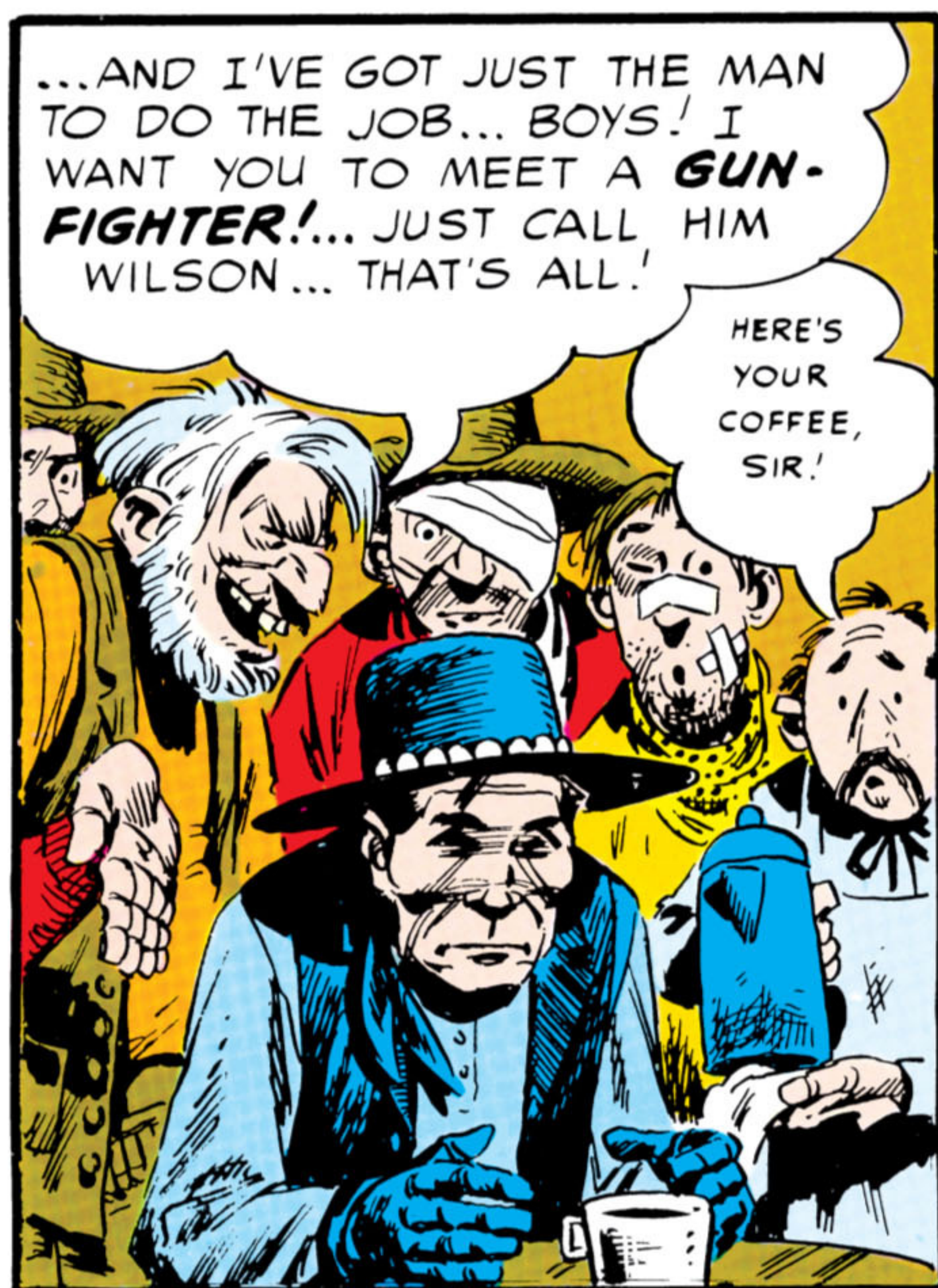
UGH!... THAT FELLER SURE KNEW HOW TO HANDLE HIS FISTS!

UGH!... THE FARMERS HAVE US WHERE THEY WANT US AS LONG AS THAT FELLER IS ALIVE!

UHGG!... AS LONG AS THAT FELLER LIVES, WE CAN'T MAKE ANY MORE MISCHIEF!

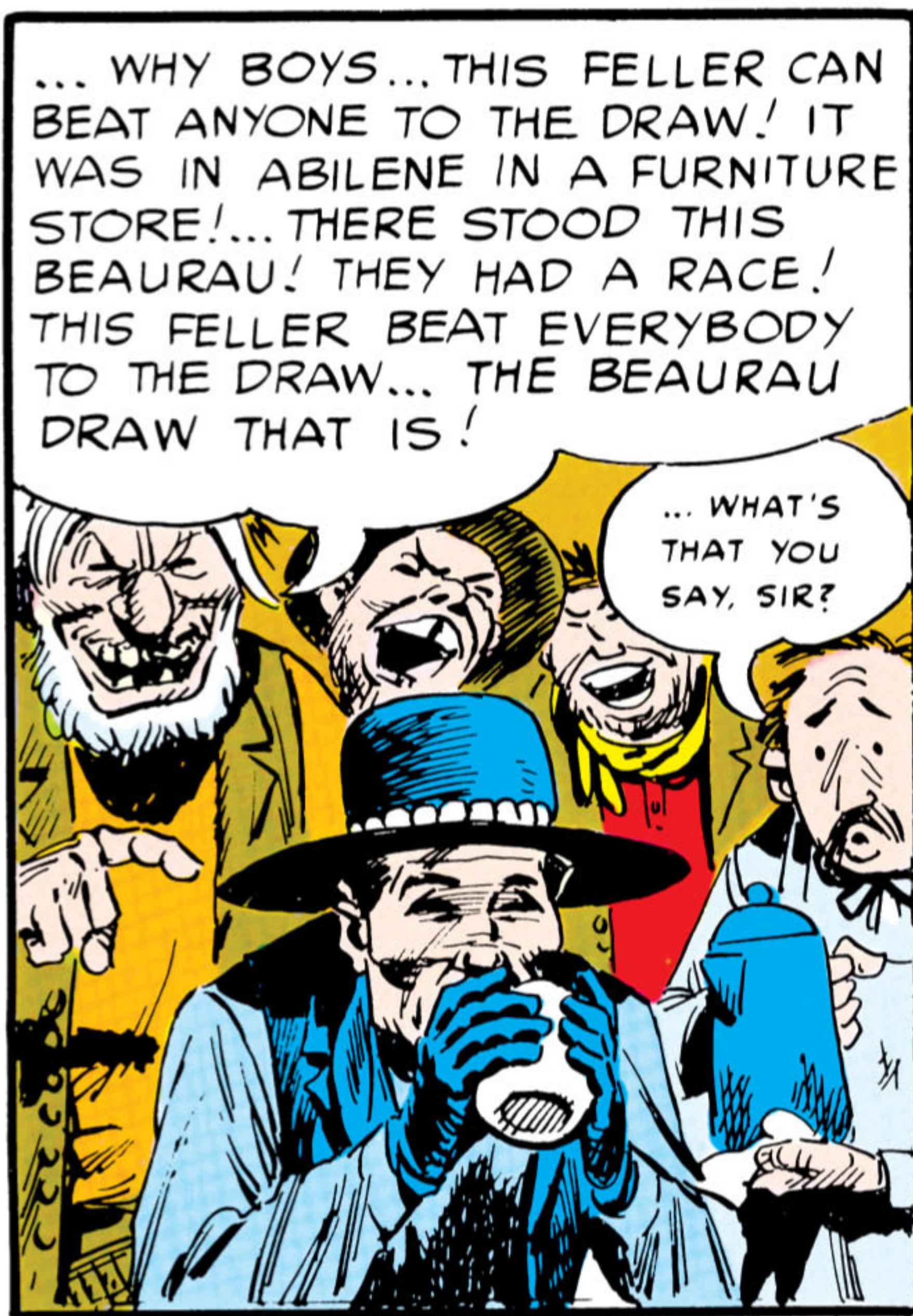
UGHH!... WE GOTTA **KILL** THAT FELLER!

UG!... YEAH!... WE GOTTA **KILL** THAT **JOEY BOY!**



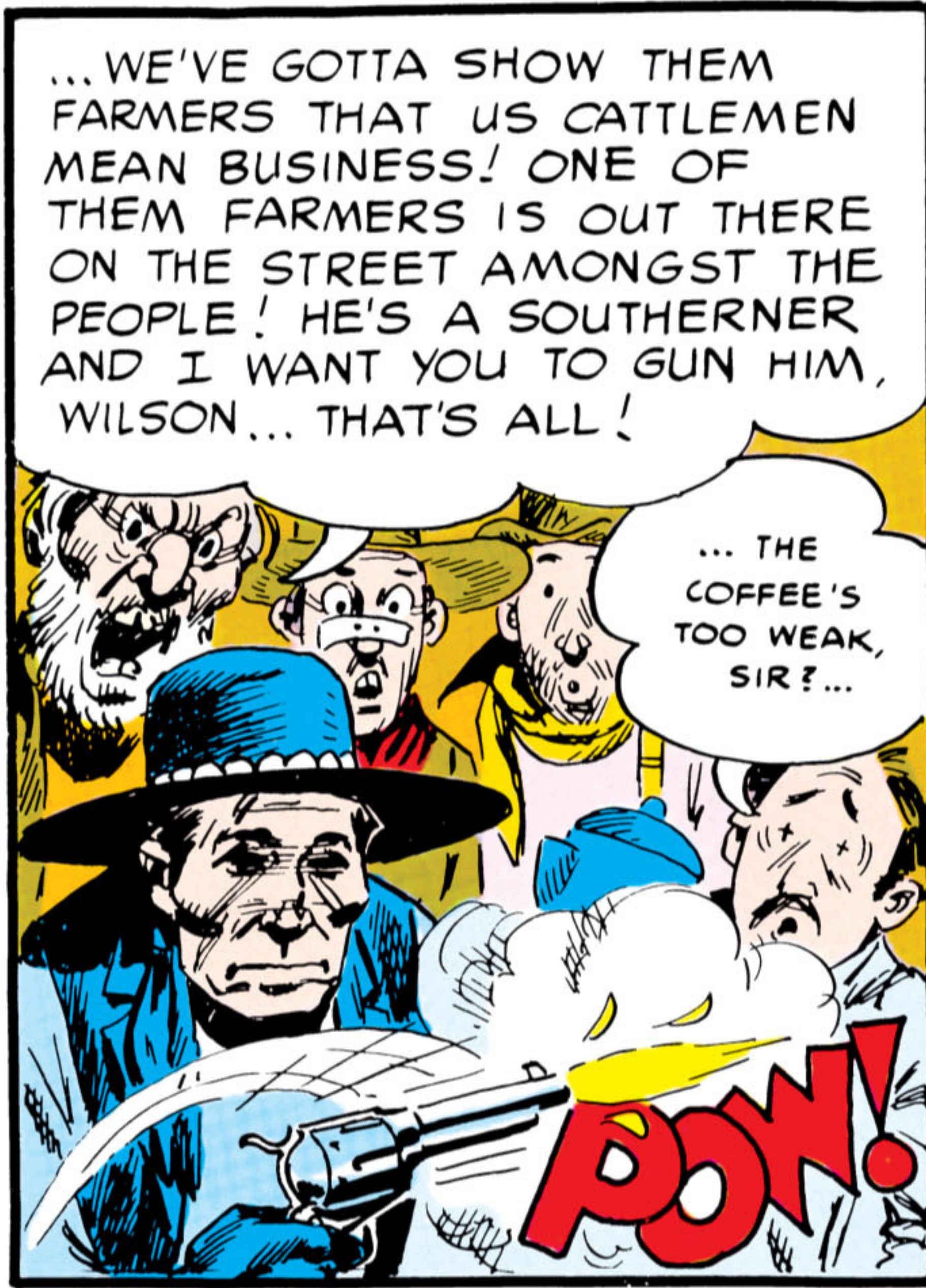
...AND I'VE GOT JUST THE MAN TO DO THE JOB... BOYS! I WANT YOU TO MEET A **GUN-FIGHTER!**... JUST CALL HIM WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

HERE'S YOUR COFFEE, SIR!



... WHY BOYS... THIS FELLER CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW! IT WAS IN ABILENE IN A FURNITURE STORE!... THERE STOOD THIS BEAURAU! THEY HAD A RACE! THIS FELLER BEAT EVERYBODY TO THE DRAW... THE BEAURAU DRAW THAT IS!

... WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, SIR?



... WE'VE GOTTA SHOW THEM FARMERS THAT US CATTLEMEN MEAN BUSINESS! ONE OF THEM FARMERS IS OUT THERE ON THE STREET AMONGST THE PEOPLE! HE'S A SOUTHERNER AND I WANT YOU TO GUN HIM, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

... THE COFFEE'S TOO WEAK, SIR?...

POW!

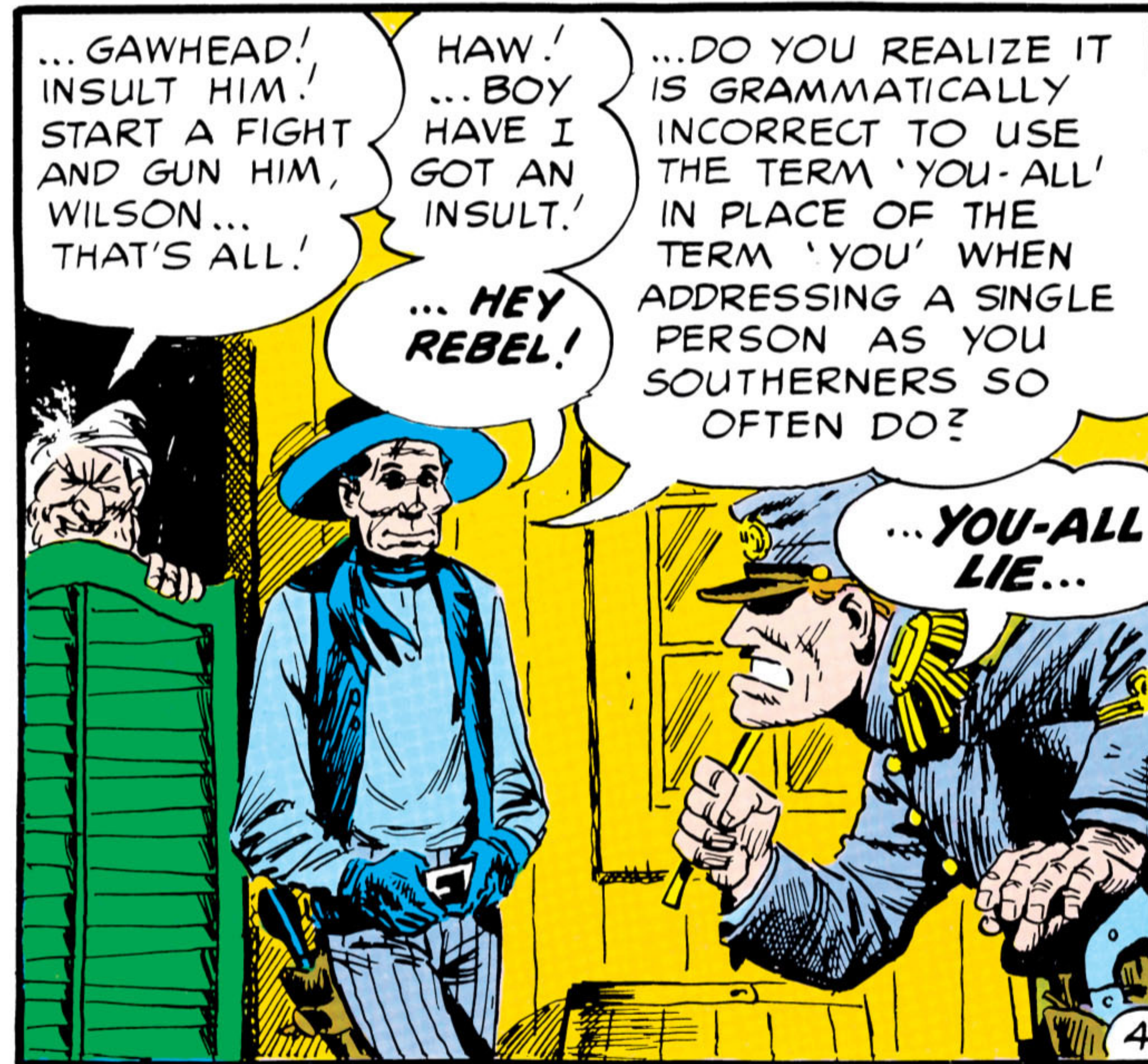


... I SEE THE PEOPLE... ONLY, HOW CAN I POSSIBLY RECOGNIZE THE SOUTHERNER!

... IT'S RELATIVELY SIMPLE!

... IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY, YOU WILL NOTICE THAT HIS LEFT INDEX FINGERNAIL IS SLIGHTLY SPLIT!

JOH, I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE!



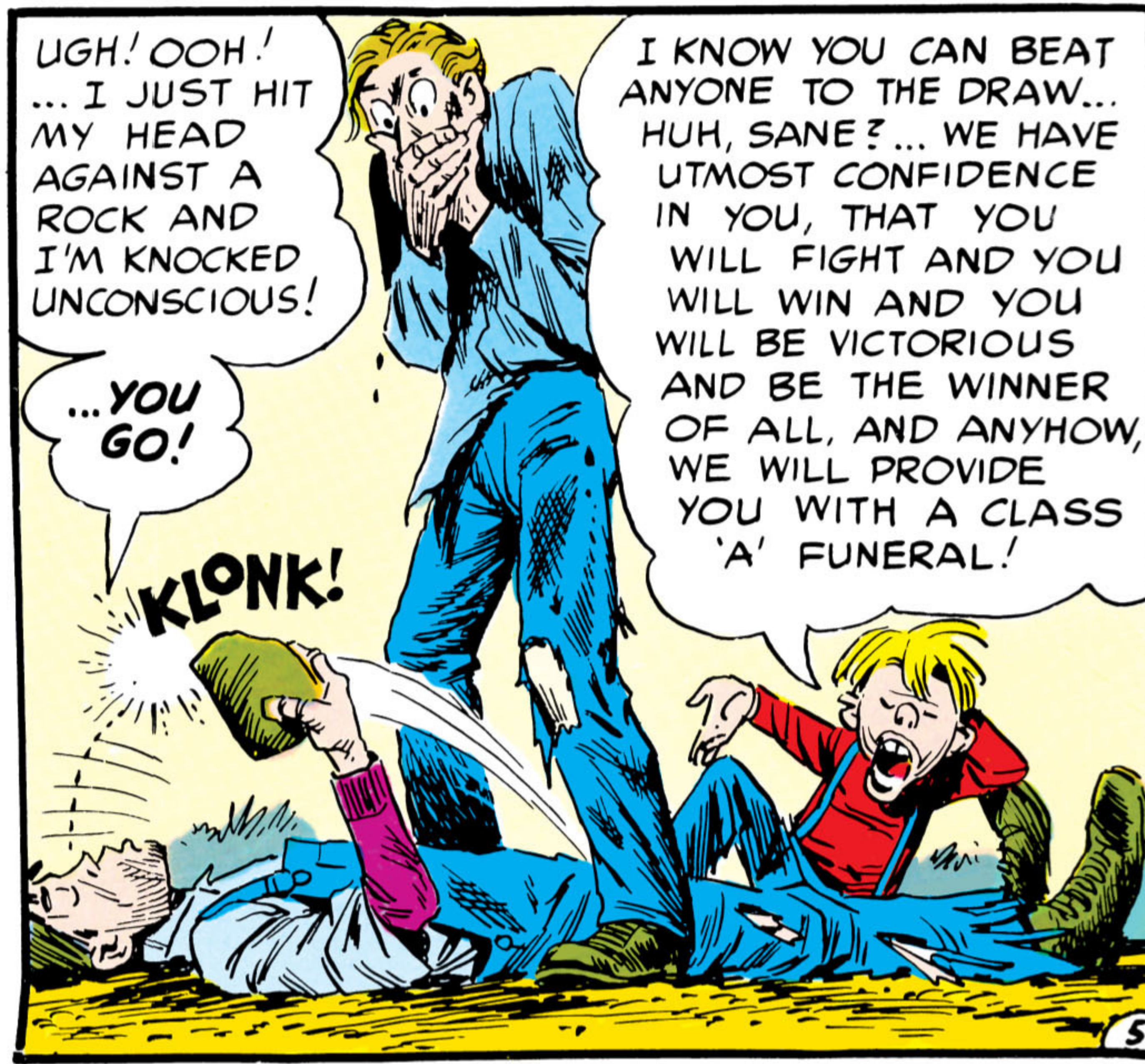
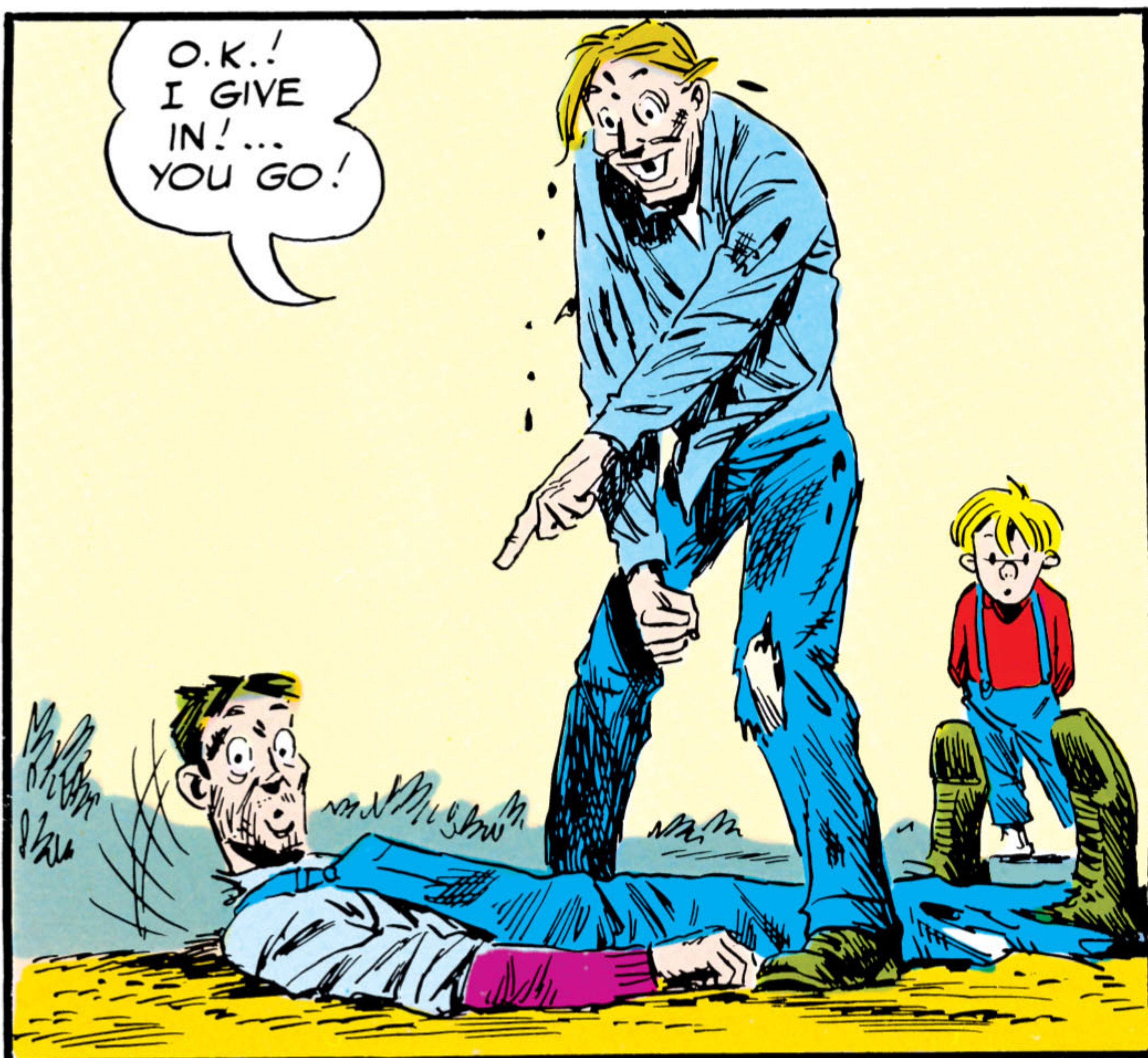
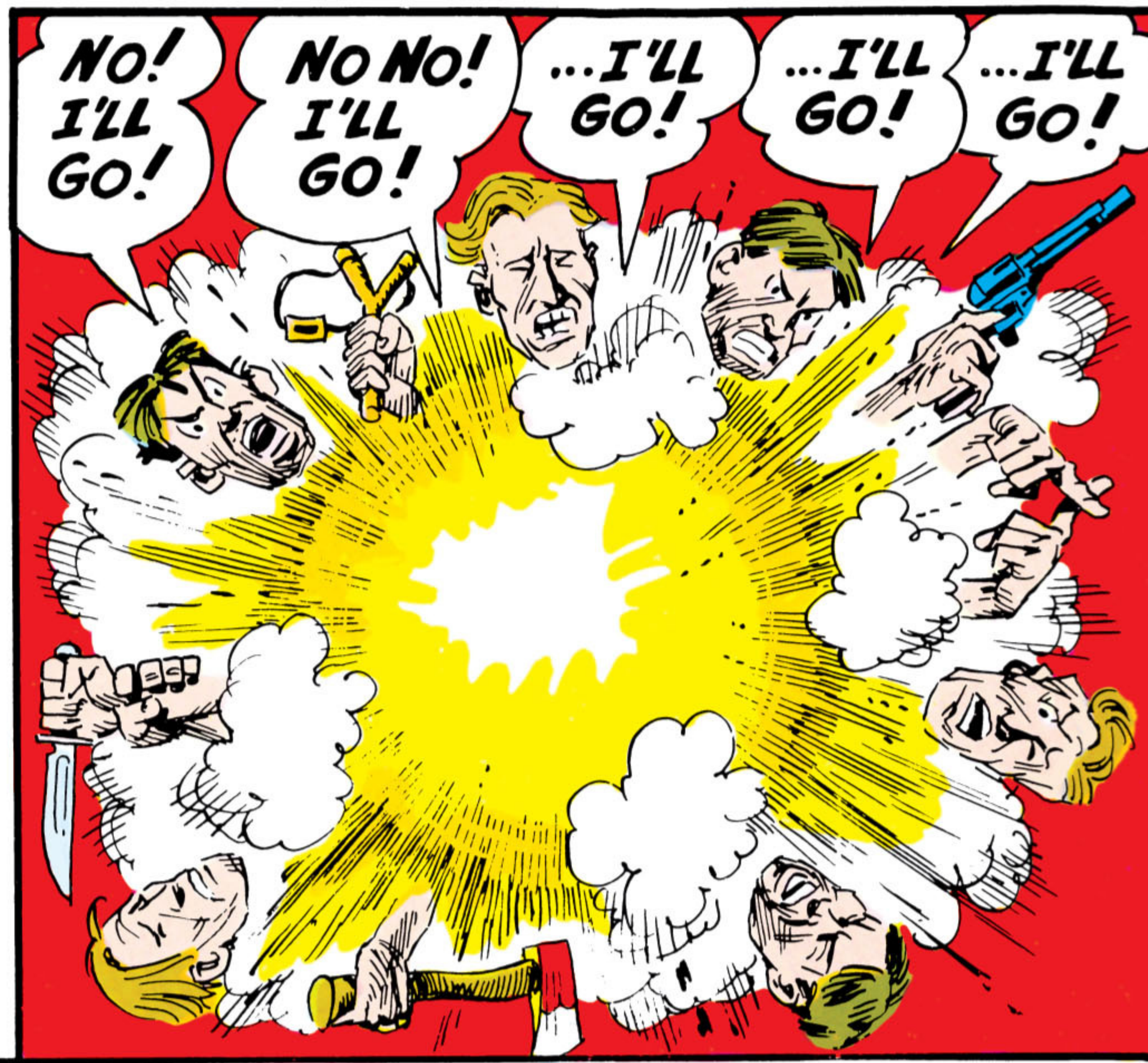
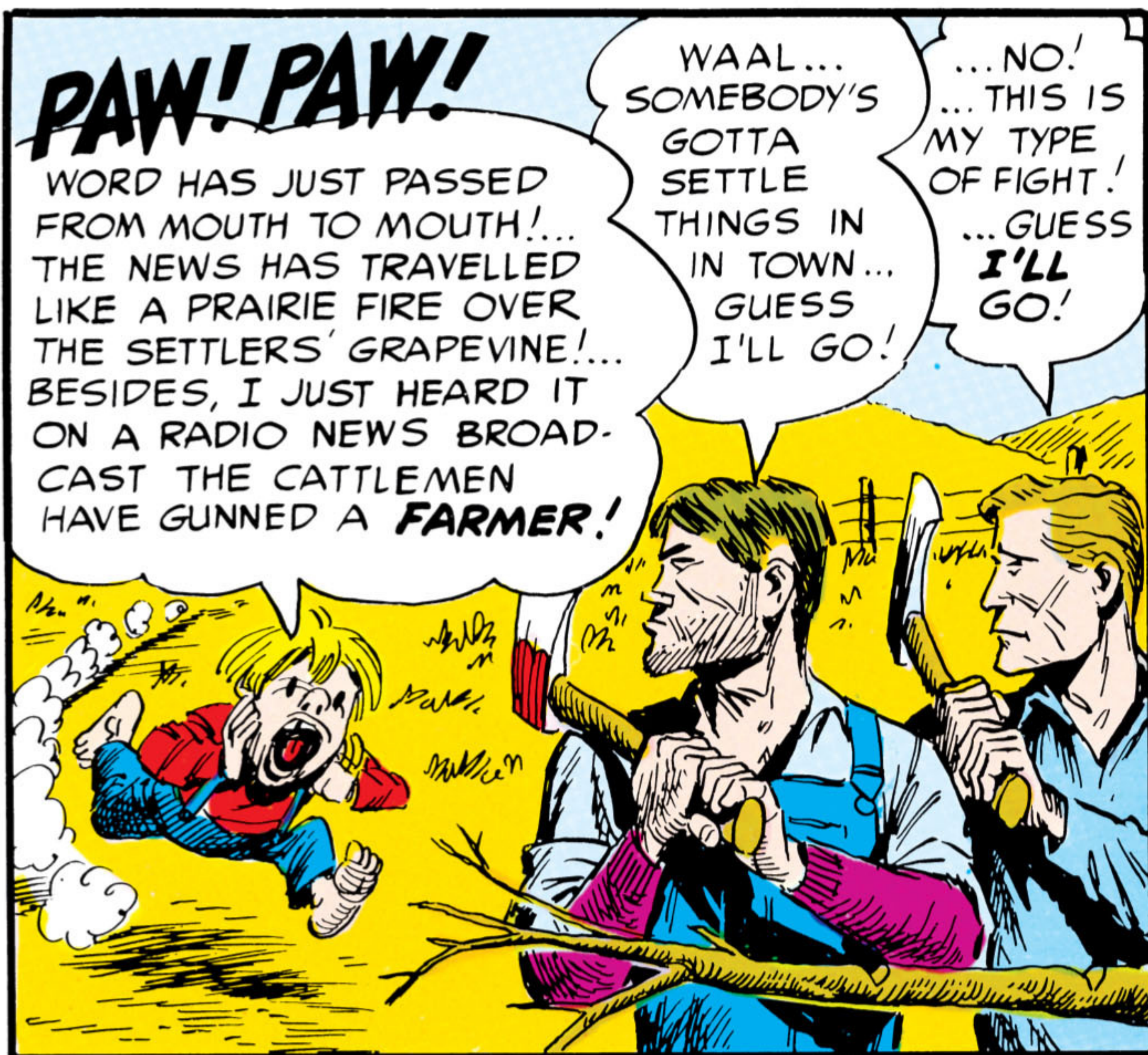
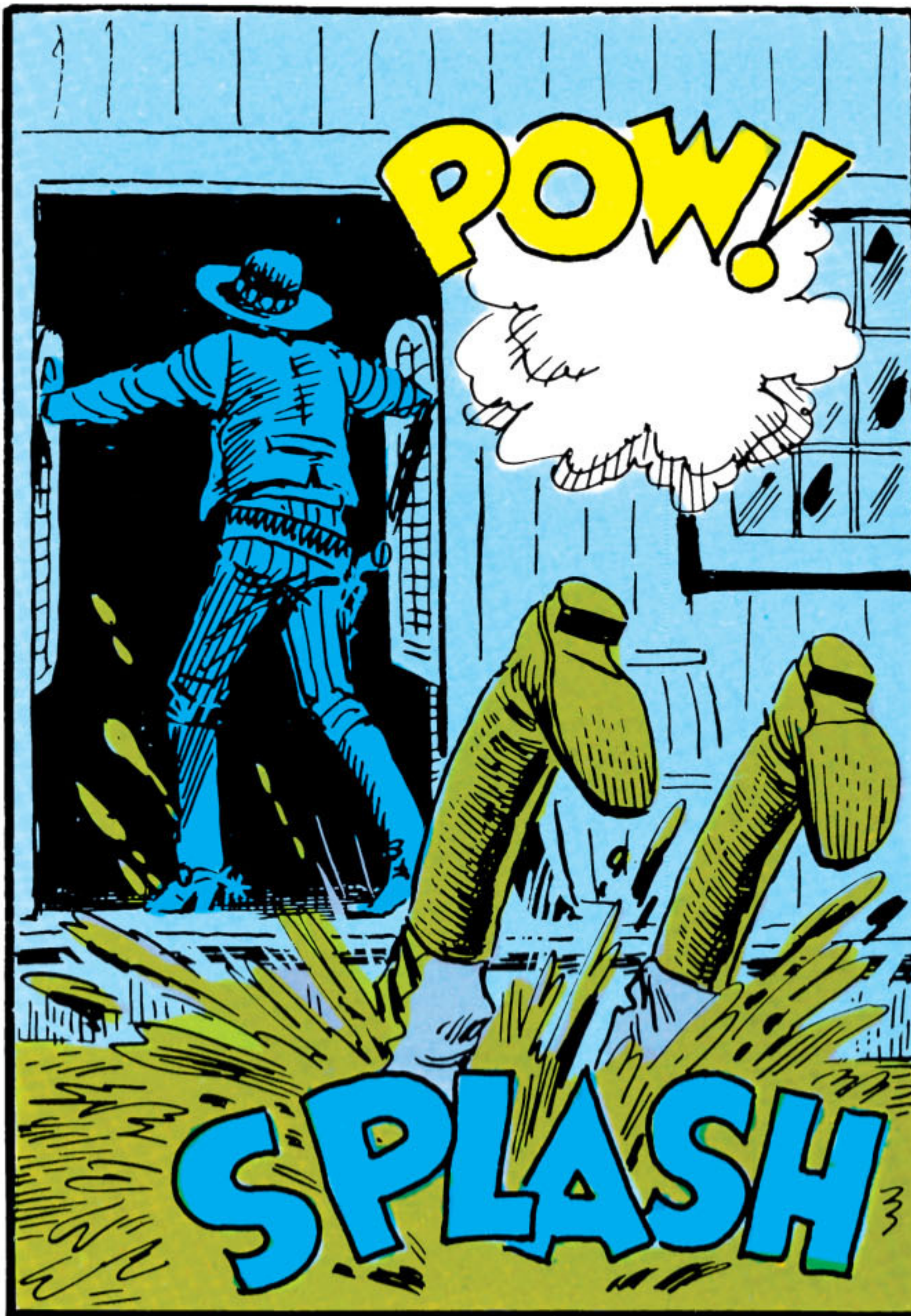
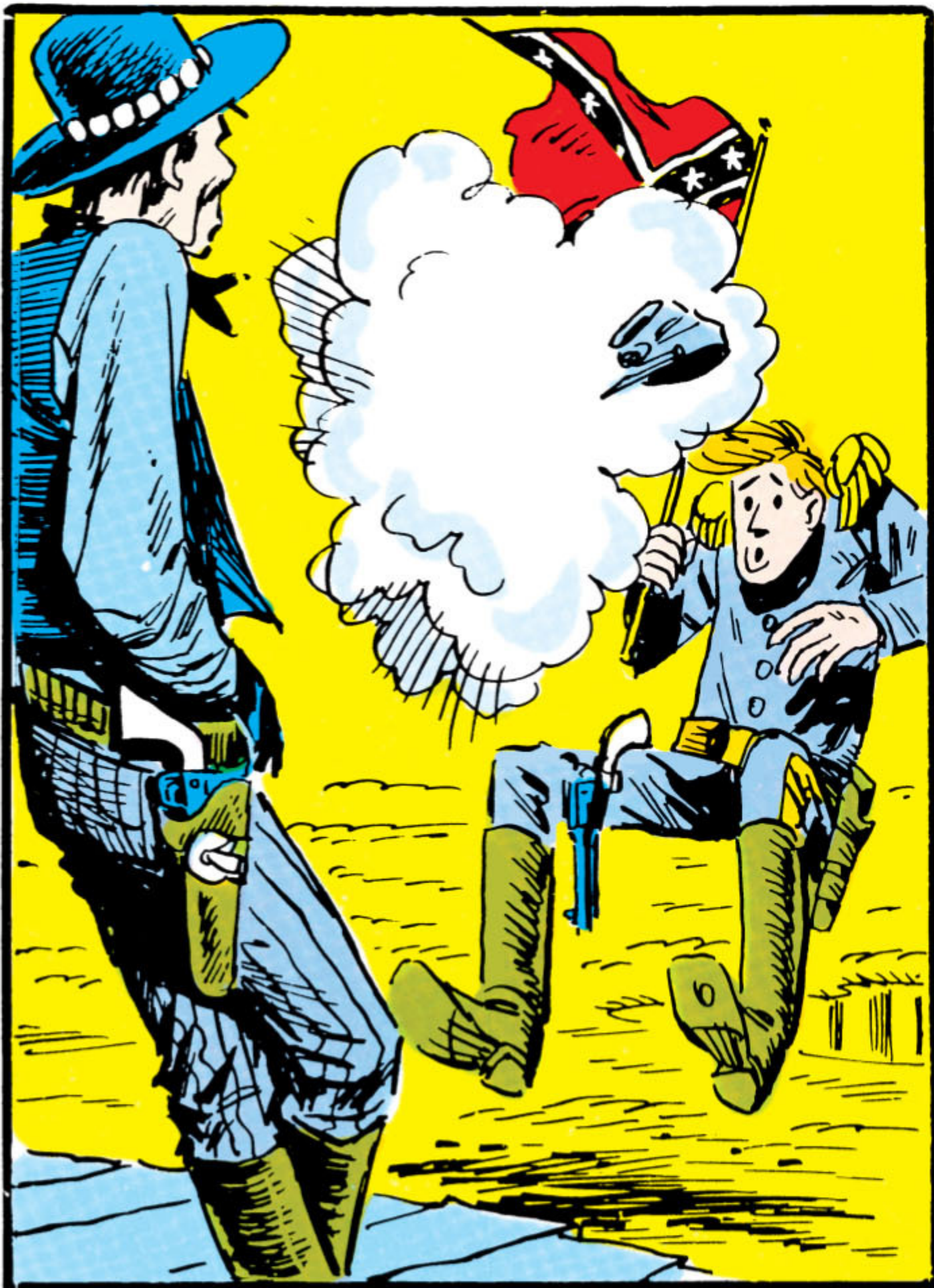
... GAWHEAD! INSULT HIM! START A FIGHT AND GUN HIM, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

HAW! ... BOY HAVE I GOT AN INSULT!

... **HEY REBEL!**

... DO YOU REALIZE IT IS GRAMMATICALLY INCORRECT TO USE THE TERM 'YOU-ALL' IN PLACE OF THE TERM 'YOU' WHEN ADDRESSING A SINGLE PERSON AS YOU SOUTHERNERS SO OFTEN DO?

... **YOU-ALL LIE...**

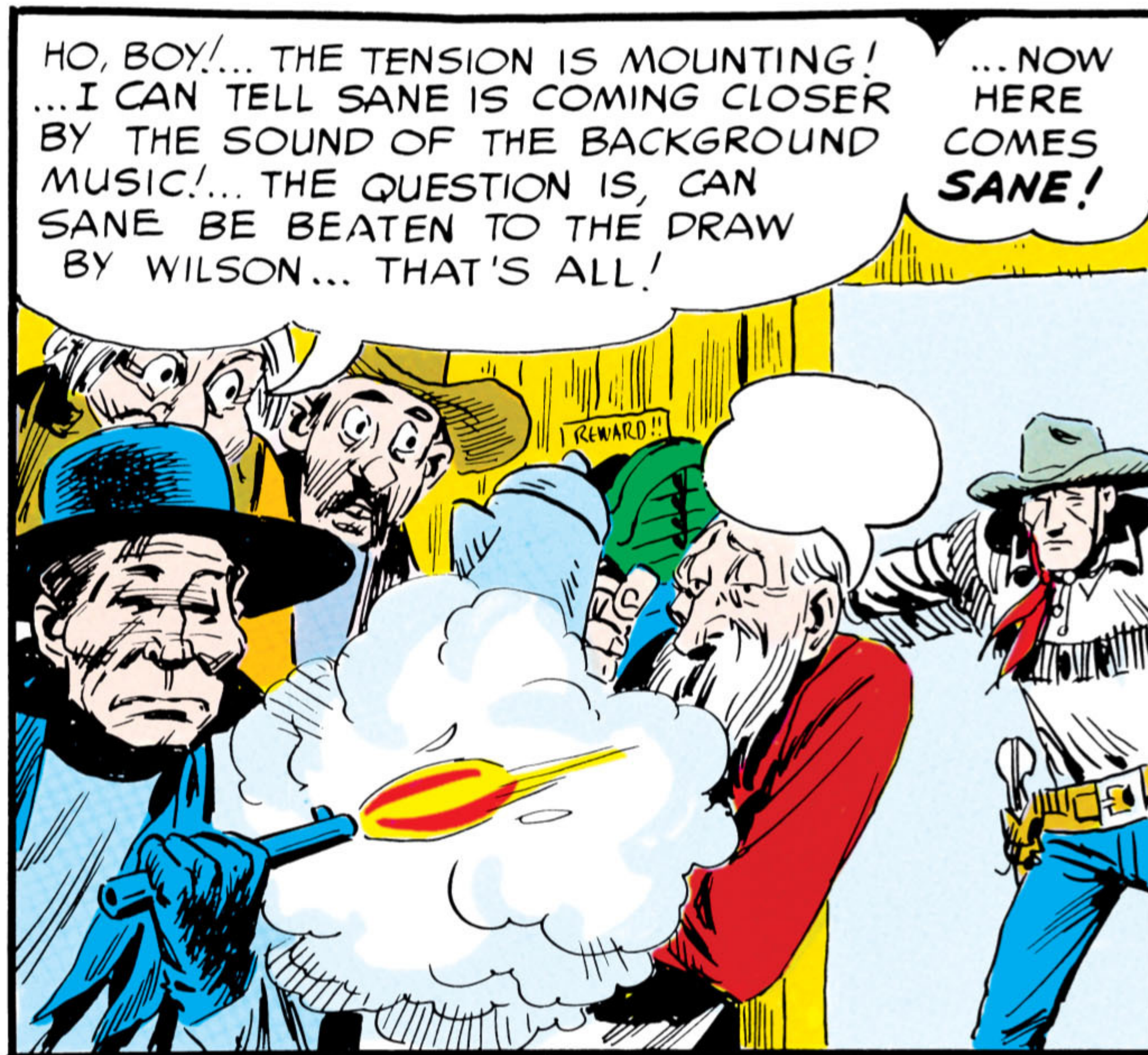




SANE'S COMIN' INTO TOWN, WILSON... THAT'S ALL! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM, WILL YUH?

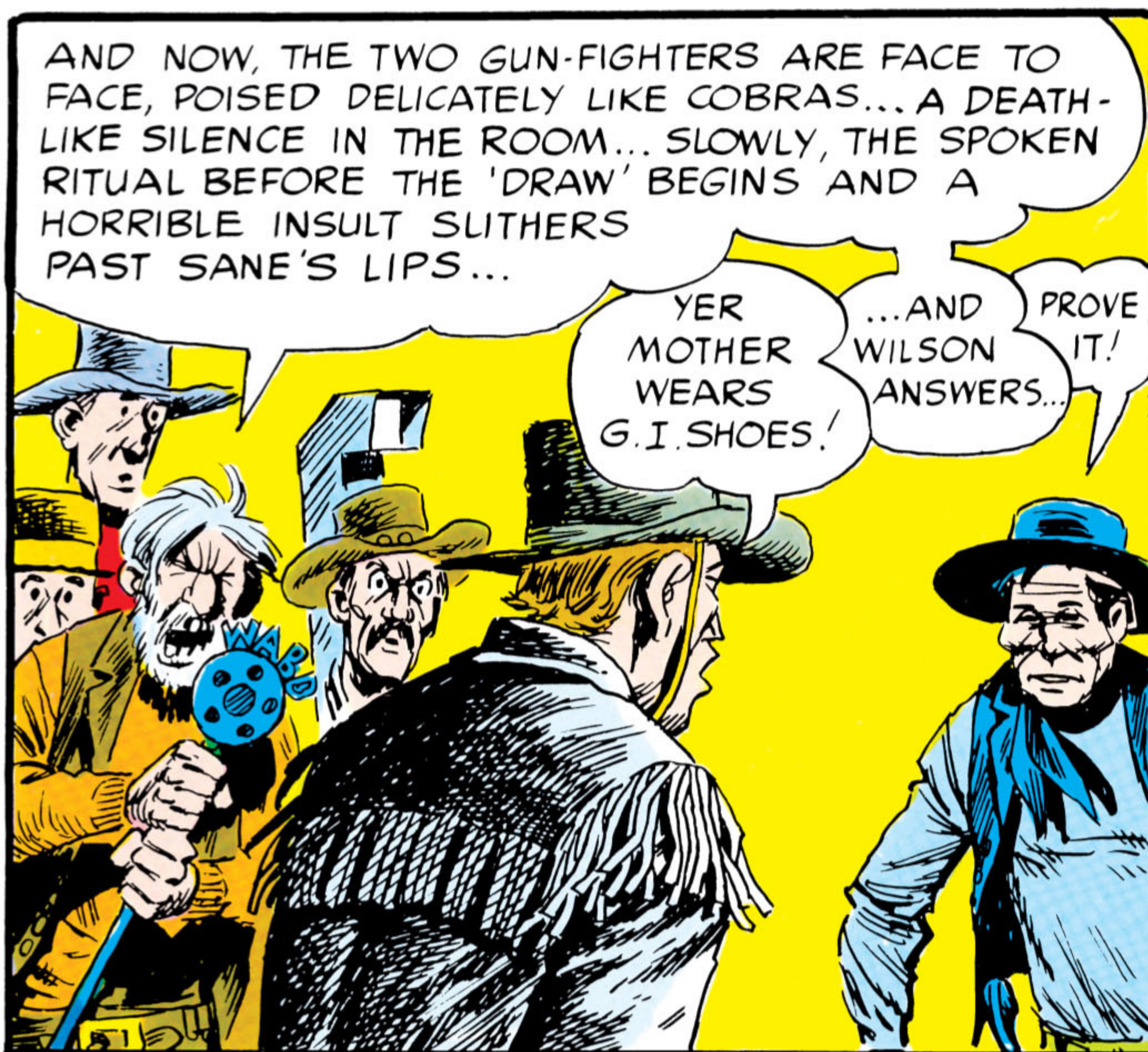
NAH!... AS LONG AS I CAN GET MY GUNS OILED PROPER!... WHERE'S MY OIL CAN? ... HOW'D IT GET OVER THERE?

... YOUR COFFEE, SIR!



HO, BOY!... THE TENSION IS MOUNTING! ...I CAN TELL SANE IS COMING CLOSER BY THE SOUND OF THE BACKGROUND MUSIC!... THE QUESTION IS, CAN SANE BE BEATEN TO THE DRAW BY WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

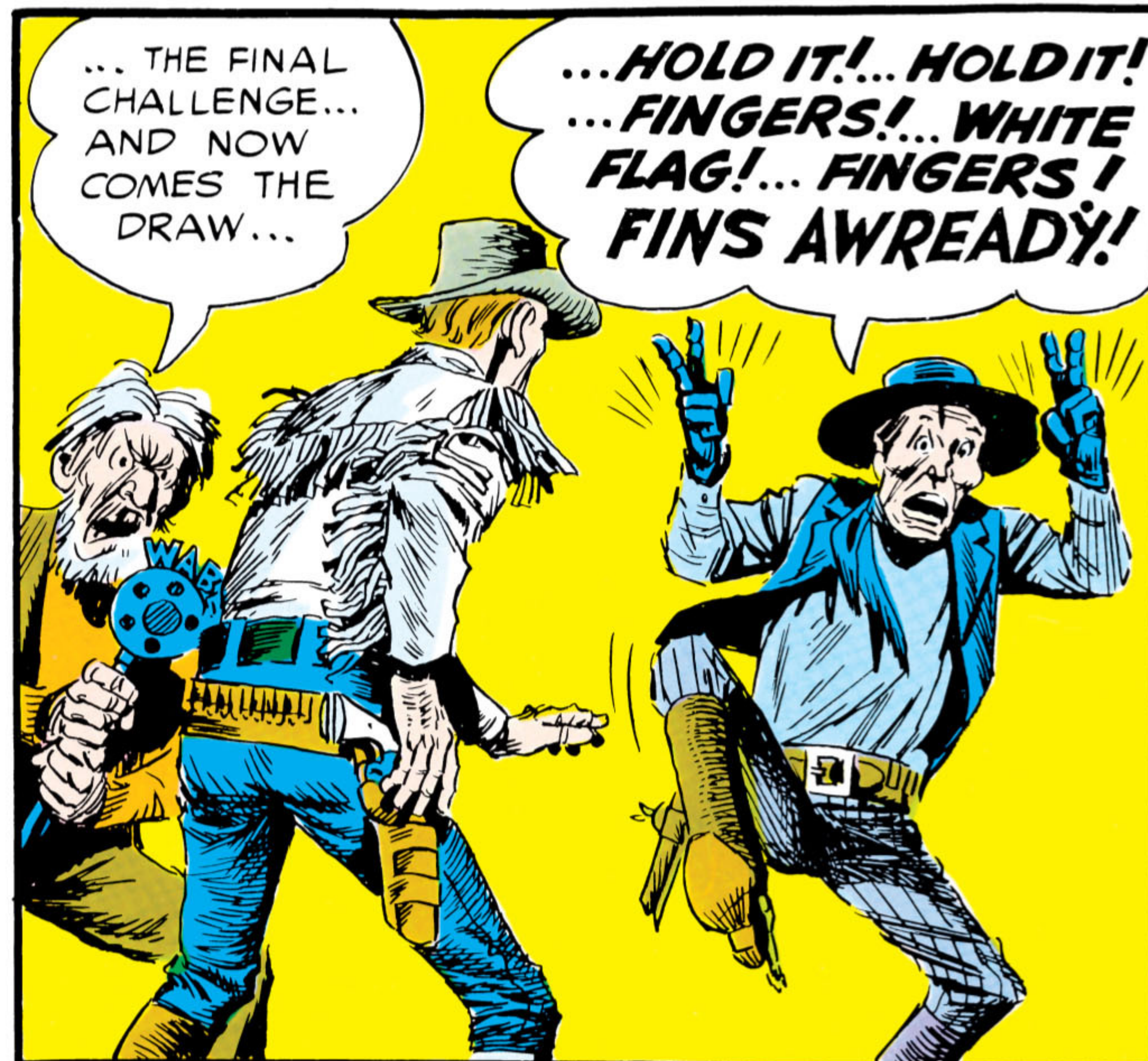
...NOW HERE COMES SANE!



AND NOW, THE TWO GUN-FIGHTERS ARE FACE TO FACE, POISED DELICATELY LIKE COBRAS... A DEATH-LIKE SILENCE IN THE ROOM... SLOWLY, THE SPOKEN RITUAL BEFORE THE 'DRAW' BEGINS AND A HORRIBLE INSULT SLITHERS PAST SANE'S LIPS...

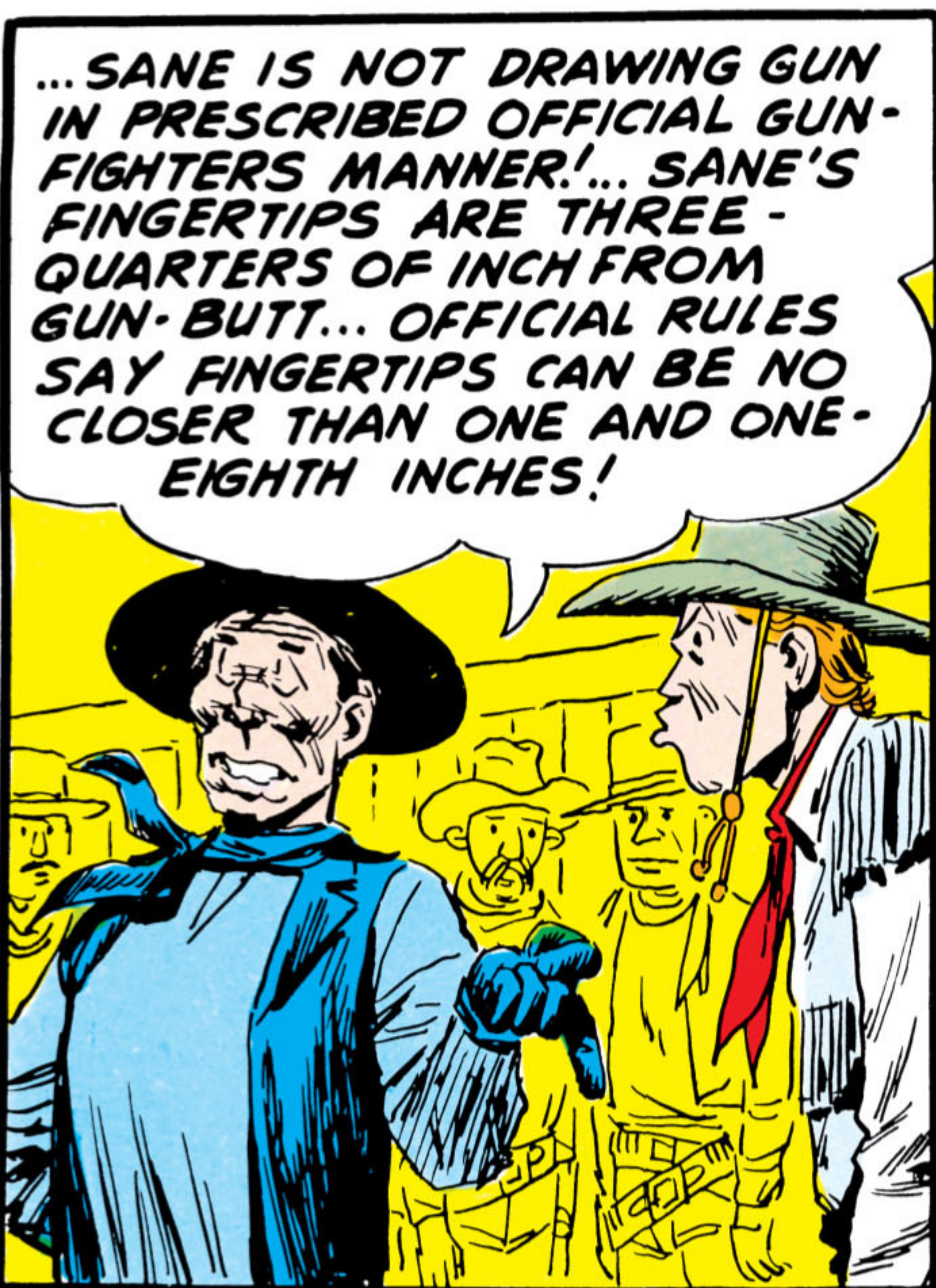
YER MOTHER WEARS G.I. SHOES!

...AND WILSON ANSWERS... PROVE IT!



... THE FINAL CHALLENGE... AND NOW COMES THE DRAW...

...**HOLD IT!... HOLD IT! ...FINGERS!... WHITE FLAG!... FINGERS! FINS AWREADY!**



...SANE IS NOT DRAWING GUN IN PRESCRIBED OFFICIAL GUN-FIGHTERS MANNER!... SANE'S FINGERTIPS ARE THREE-QUARTERS OF INCH FROM GUN-BUTT... OFFICIAL RULES SAY FINGERTIPS CAN BE NO CLOSER THAN ONE AND ONE-EIGHTH INCHES!



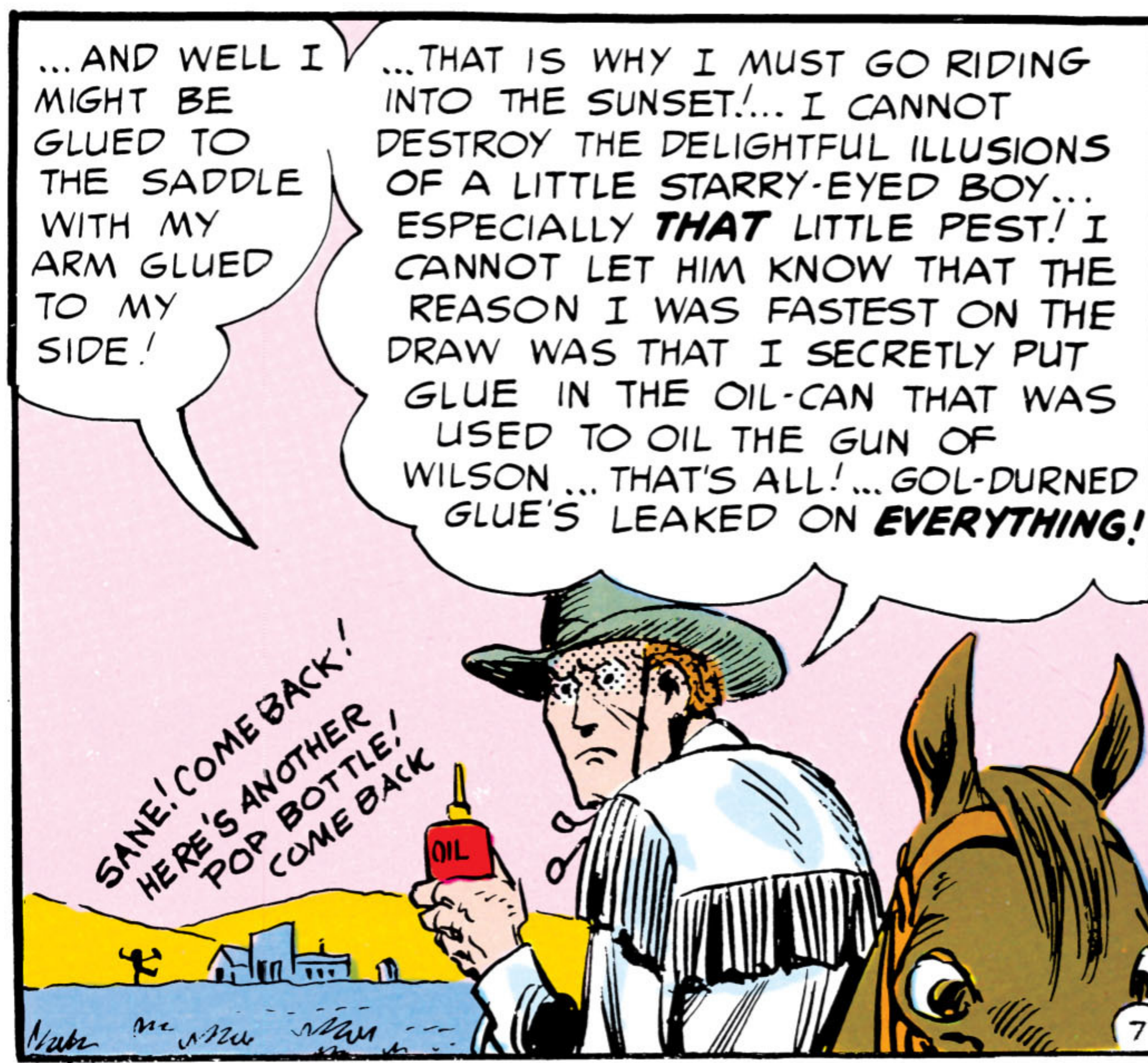
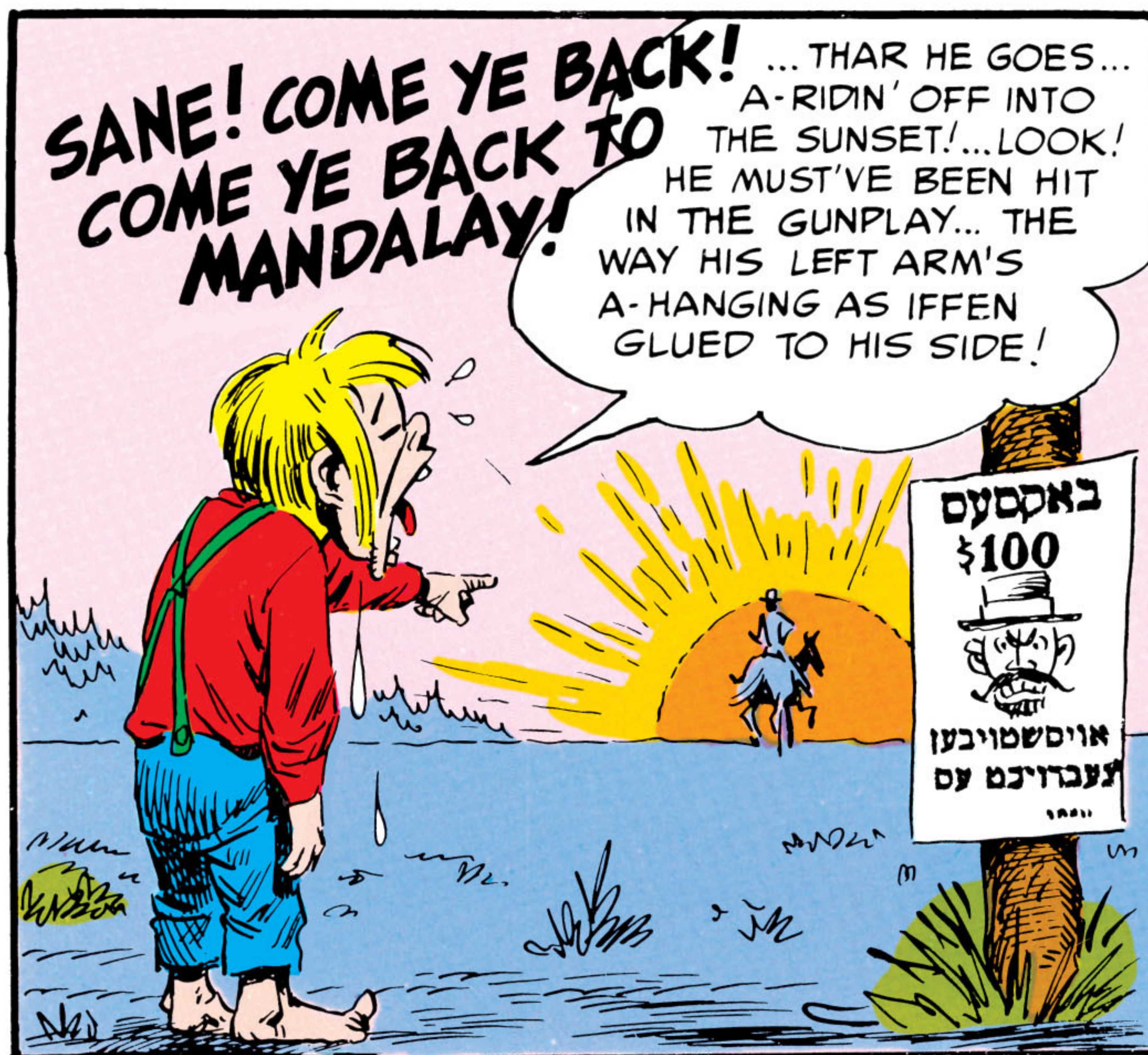
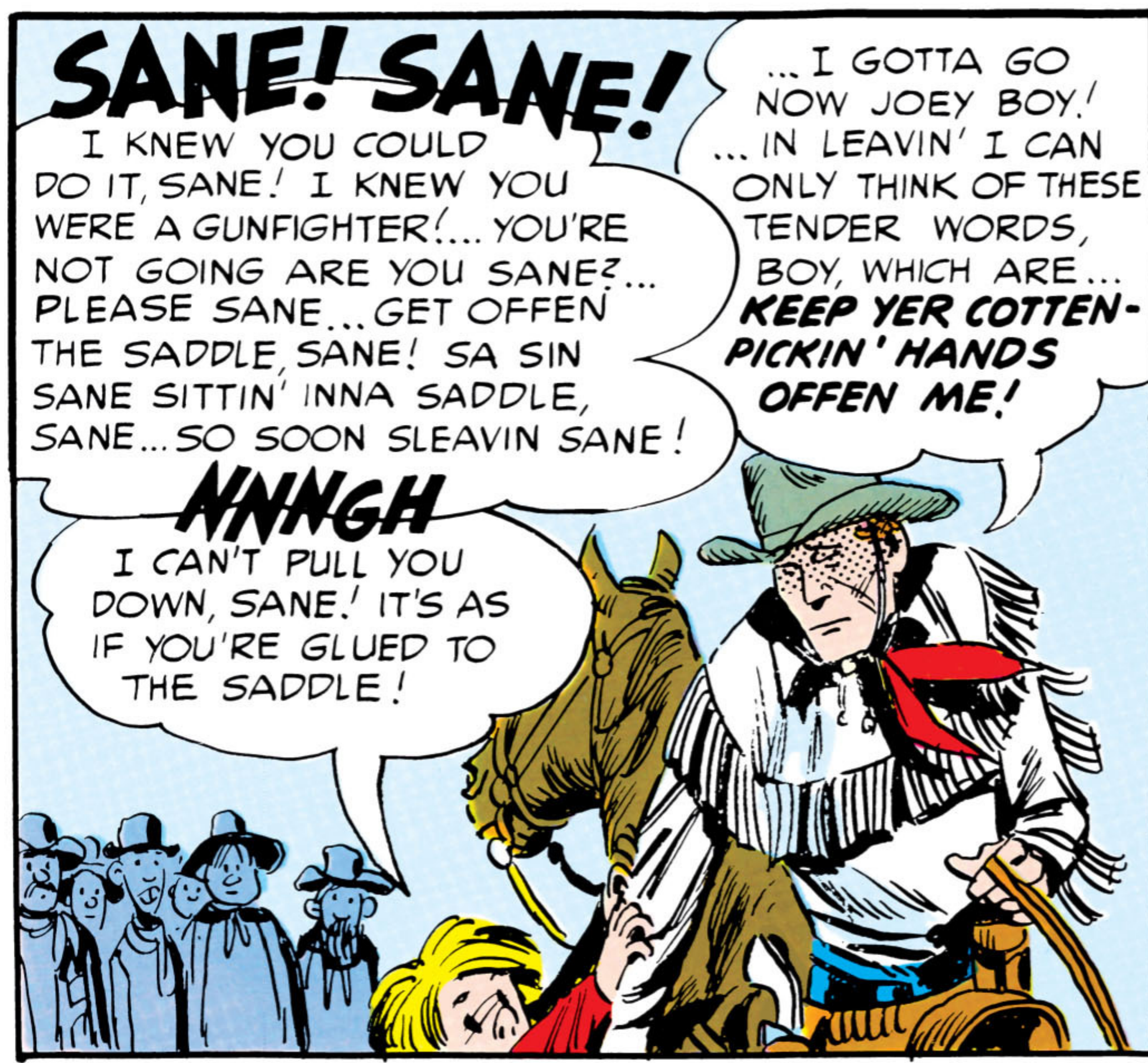
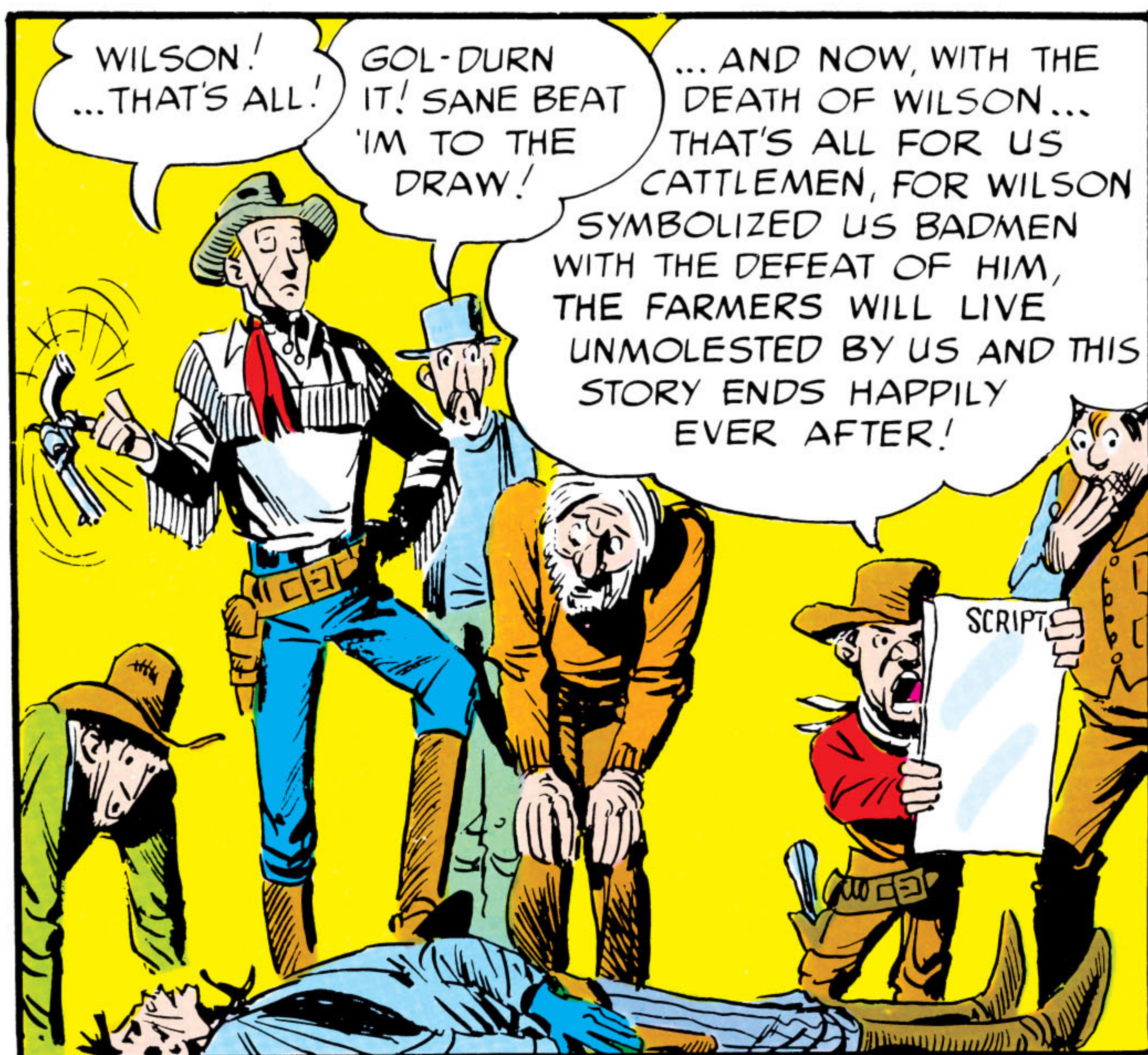
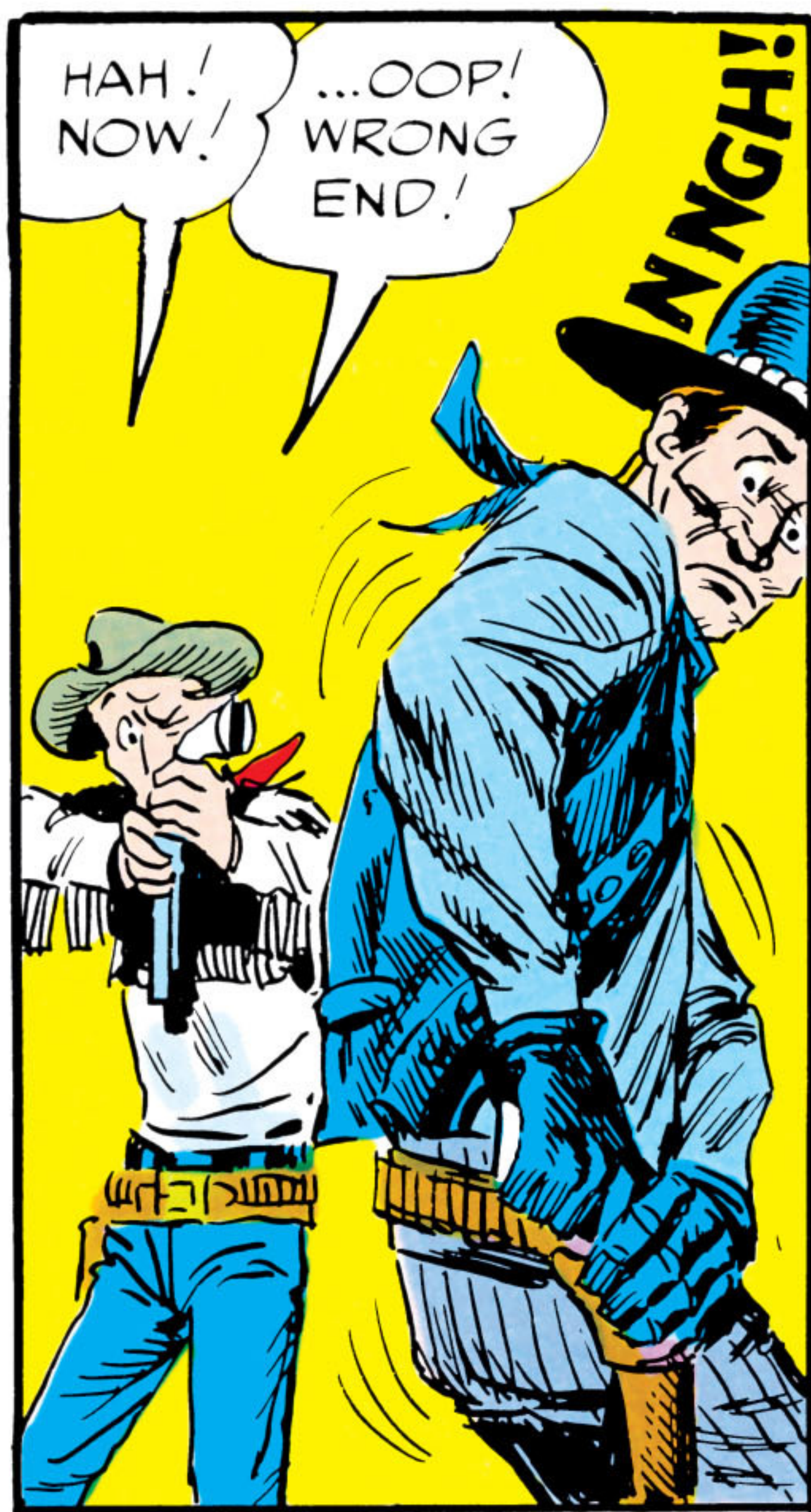
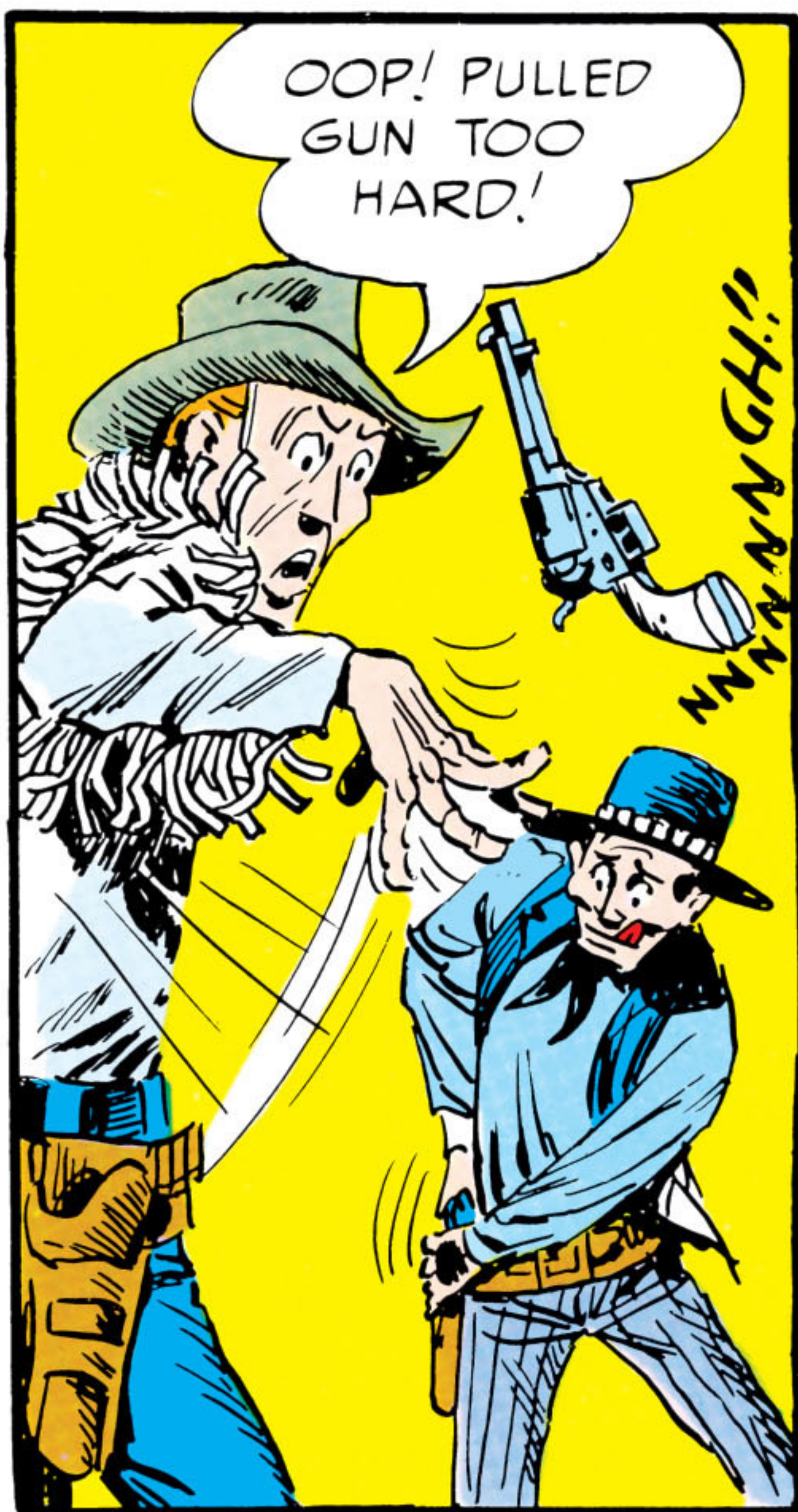
O.K.!...WE'LL START ALL OVER, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

YER MOTHER WEARS G.I. SHOES!

PROVE IT!



ZING!



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

As you remember Jones he was scrounging around the Gremlin disguised as a spy—or was he spying around the Gremlin disguised as a scrounge? Any how when we last left Jones, he was being approached by Floppova Movova, luscious blond spy queen of the secret police. At this point Jones left, and so, on to Chapter 35 of . . .

OPERATION UNDER-THE-GROUND

Jones twitches his cardboard mustache at Floppova Movova. She hauls him into a bar and orders some vodka. Then he makes a big mistake. He tries to outdrink Floppova and the next minute what does he do? . . . You guessed it! . . . Floppova! Instantly, a BVD whizzes into view and drags Jones away for

drunken drinking. Floppova follows, trying in vain to tell the BVD's in short . . . (or shorts, however you prefer) that she was about to prove Jones a spy.

Jones is carted through the Gremlin gates into the office of . . . Lavrenti Buried, Chief of Police. Buried wears red flannel underwear to denote his high rank in the BVD's. The BVD's tell Buried about Jone's Floppova and Floppova's Jones!

"Take him to the torture chamber.", says Buried! "I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now." . . .

. . . Well, now! Will Buried and his BVD's subject Jones to some horrible torture? Will the next chapter reveal the escape of Jones from Buried of the BVDs? Or will Jones be Buried IN his BVDs?

Tune in next month at this same time for chapter 4, when we will introduce a new character called Mr. Ground who backs into an electric fan and has to go to the hospital. Yes—tune in to Chapter 4 of *OPERATION UNDER GROUND*.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of MAD published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.

Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

[SEAL]



YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

SEND FOR YOUR **MEMBERSHIP KIT** TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED **CERTIFICATE**, A STURDY WALLET **IDENTIFICATION CARD**, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED **SHOULDER PATCH**, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH **BAS-RELIEF PIN**.

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

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____

MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

I am shocked at the suggestion of some of your other readers that you put out a monthly *Mad*. Please! Pity my poor bank account —Clare Gottfried—Long Island, New York

Heh, heh, heh! No mercy for your money-belts from us! With this issue, Mad goes monthly.—ed.

... I have enjoyed many of your E.C. mags, but then along came *Mad* and wrecked my whole opinion of your company. I think all *Mad* comics should be burned and the ashes dropped into the ocean. It is a very silly, no-count book, but don't be injured too much because of my opinion. You see I work for your competitors.—Disgustingly yours—L.S./M.F.T.

... I don't understand why some people don't like *Mad*. I work at night and when I get home I want to read something restful to settle my nerves. Reading *Mad* is just like talking to my next door neighbors.—Hettie Chesney—Grave 3, Plot 35, Old Franklinton Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio—P.S. I would like to contact good, red-blooded American boys. Any living in the vicinity should drop down some evening. (Those with O type, RH negative are especially welcome.)

Meine lieben Herren

In eurem letztem magazine sie haben shvienhunt falsch geschrieben. Es ist nicht shvienhunt sondern schweinehund. Ich hoffe ihr schreibt es nicht mehr falsch in der Zukunft.—Manfred Waechter—Woodside, Long Island

... I am 10 years old, a Junior at MIT, and deem *Mad* to be the most gliesmuk, the most raveningly lz-cha, sroummp publication ever produced on Terra. I am an alert, amiable, personable, likeable, tidy, neat, orderly, courteous, clean-living, 100% green-blooded Venusian kid, and all I got to say is: Your old lady sucks chicken-guts!—Melvin Talipida—Woolworth, Tenn.

... Please tell me what in the world "Furshlugginer" means.—Larry E. Lenge E.M.F.N.—c/o F.P.O., New York, New York

It means the same as Petrzeble.—ed.

... **GRIPE DEPARTMENT:** I've got glubbins of the glibbins. I'm a casket case. I'm living in a *Mad* world! Wottamigoingtoto? Up until yesterday, I was a sweet, innocent, woolly lamb. I nibbled my own little patch of greens. I ventured not, I wanted not. But it all changed. Some character came into my Inner Sanctum and thrust an (ugh!) Comic Book on my heretofore unblemished

desk. (For the record: I don't read 'em!) I glared, I sneered, I was aloof. Then I made my first mistake: I picked it up. It was *Mad*! My second mistake followed my first: I read it. My third mistake followed the first two (and this one cost me money): I subscribed. Not only am I leaving myself open to MADness, but I'm wanting a shoulder patch for my strapless office suits. I'm a FAN-ADDICT!—Gwynne DeCoverly—Chicago, Illinois

... Finally your completely untalented and unoriginal rivals have come out with imitations of *Mad*. One of the largest comic houses came out with two *Mad* imitations, both monthly, with seven inside pages of paid ads to your one, although the mags have the same amount of pages. Another company came out with an equally sad imitation, in 3-D yet, at two-bits a throw. These are probably just the beginning of a long line of imitations yet to come. There oughta be a law! —Ed Spiegel—Troy, New York

... How about a biog on your color artist?—Roger Schenkman—Santa Monica, California

Marie Severin, our colorist, is one of the unsung heroines down here at E.C., and some day we intend to devote a page to describing her efforts. Let it suffice to say here that the talented Marie has been and is responsible for all the color you see in the whole line of E.C. publications, and you'll excuse us for being slightly prejudiced, but we think that our Marie is the best comic book colorist in the U.S.A.—ed.

Before going into the commercials ... be advised there is a two page feature about E.C. Publisher and Managing Editor Bill Gaines in the first issue of a new "vest-pocket" size magazine called TOPS, dated March, 1954 ... and scheduled to hit the stands around the end of January. Feature includes Bill's picture ... and a few panel reproductions from *Shock SuspenStories*. (Of considerably more interest is the center spread of many, many beautiful gals!)

Second issue of PANIC is on the stands! Good try! (Sub coupon on preceding page!) Fan-Addict Club membership about ten thousand at this writing. (Details on inside front cover!) Subscription to this rag ... one buck for 8 issues! Address for comments, sub orders, etc. is:

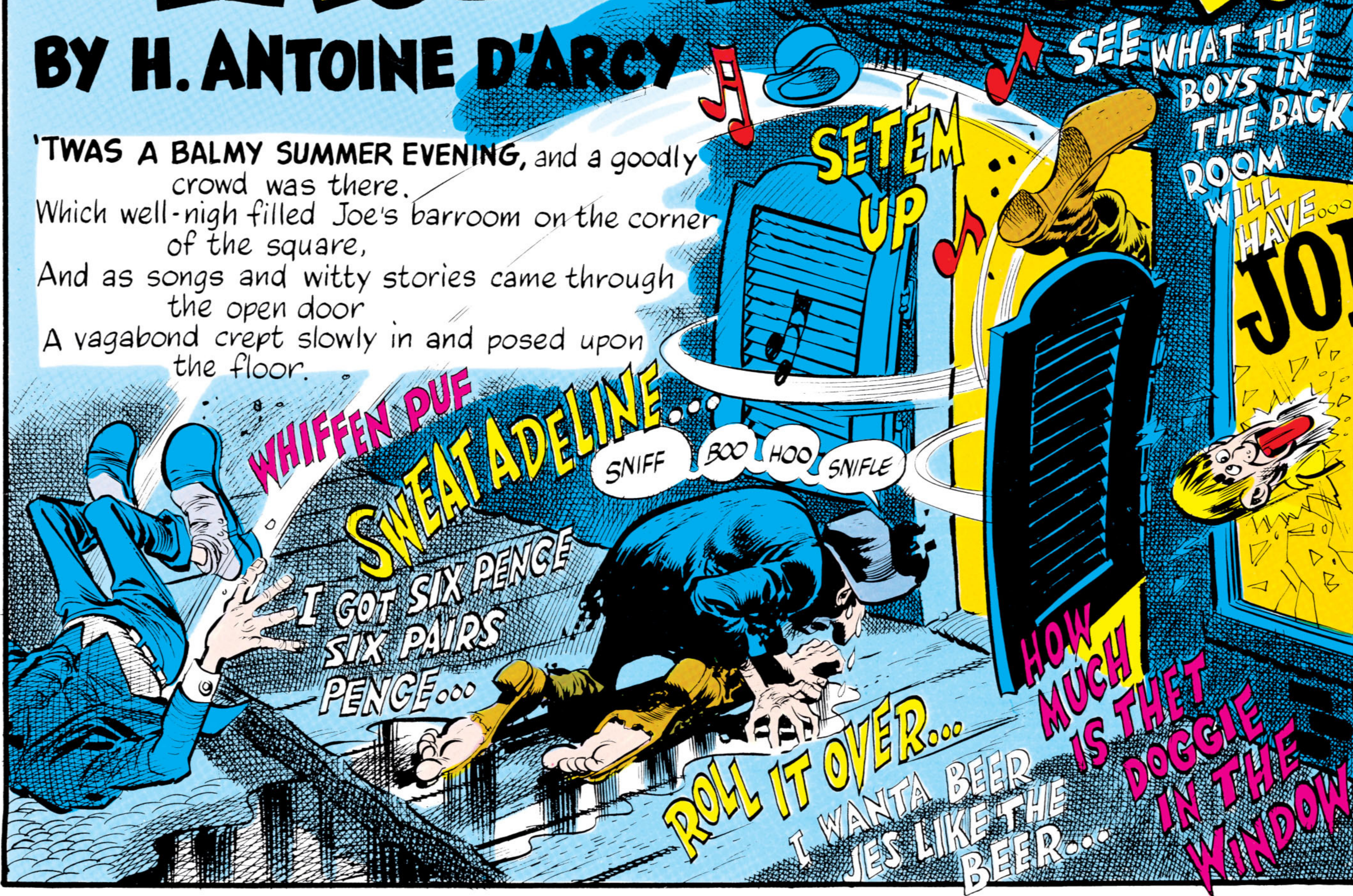
Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 10
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12

POETRY DEPT.: THERE IS A FAMOUS POEM WHOSE NAME IS USED NO MORE!... YOU'VE HEARD OF IT BY TITLE IT REALLY NEVER WORE (... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD...WELL,KID,YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!)...AS TIME HAS PASSED,THE NEWER NAME HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR...**THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR FOR.**

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR!

BY H. ANTOINE D'ARCY

'T'WAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING, and a goodly crowd was there.
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

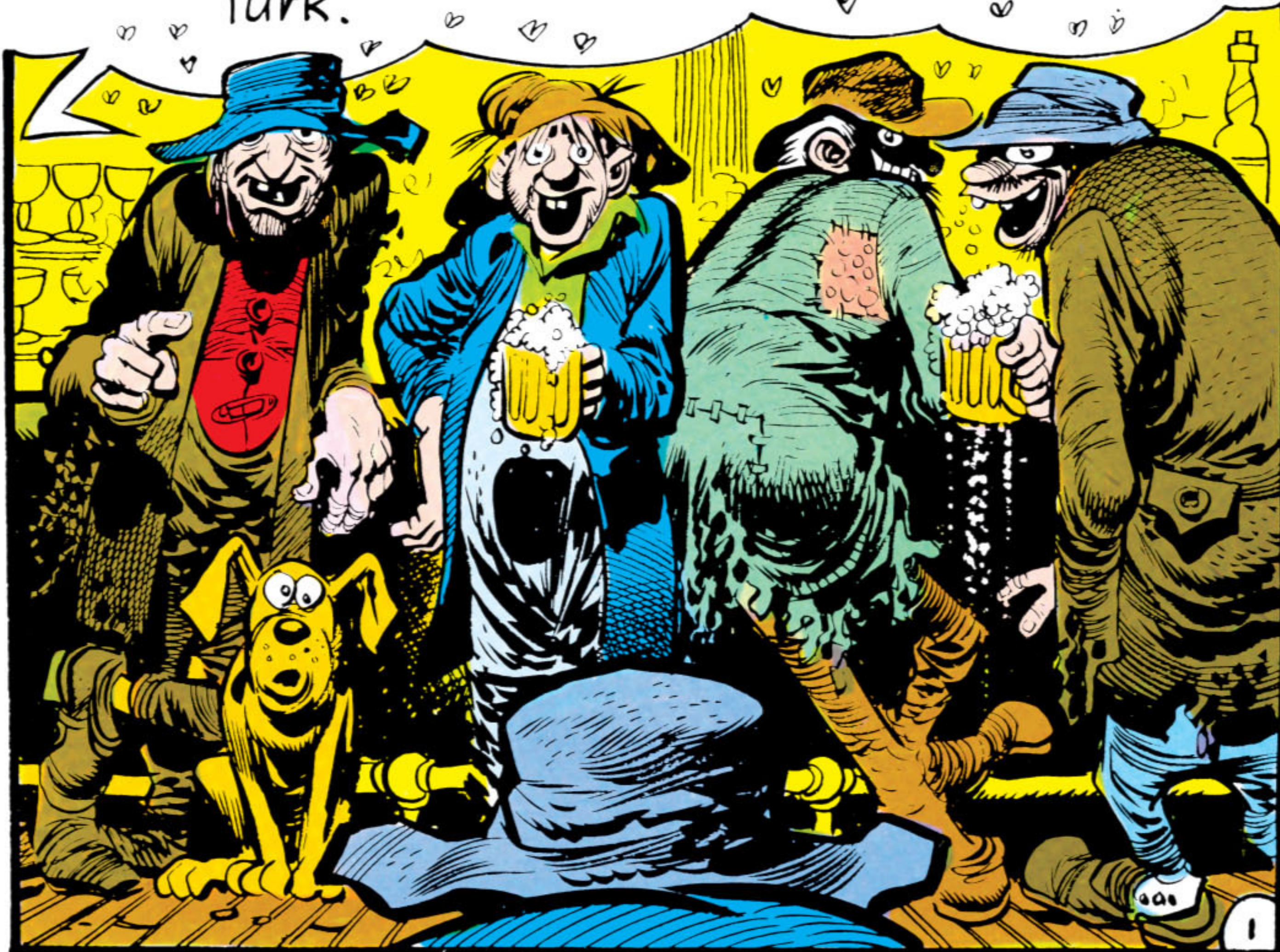


"Where did it come from?" someone said: "The wind has blown it in."

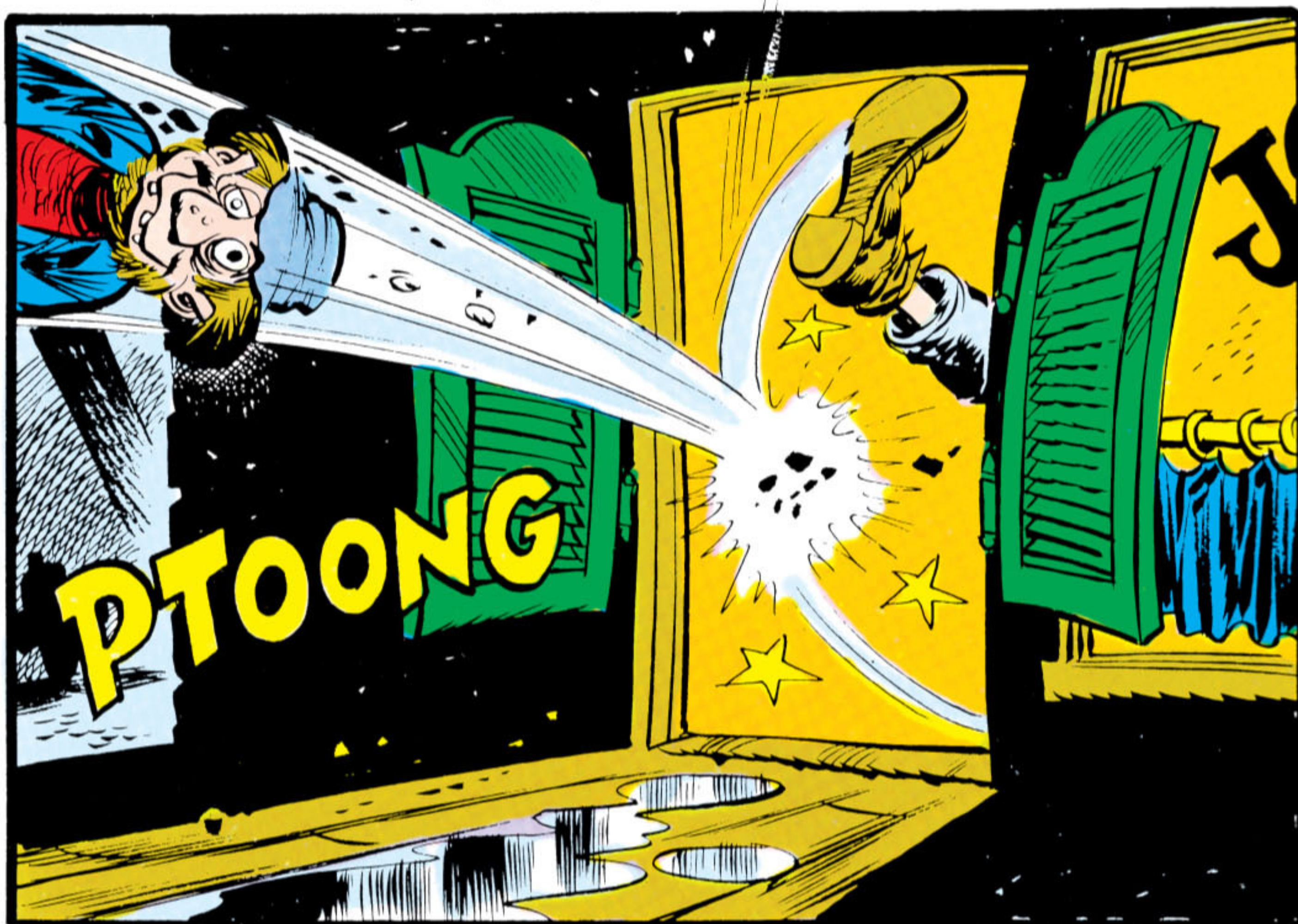
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal
to the work —

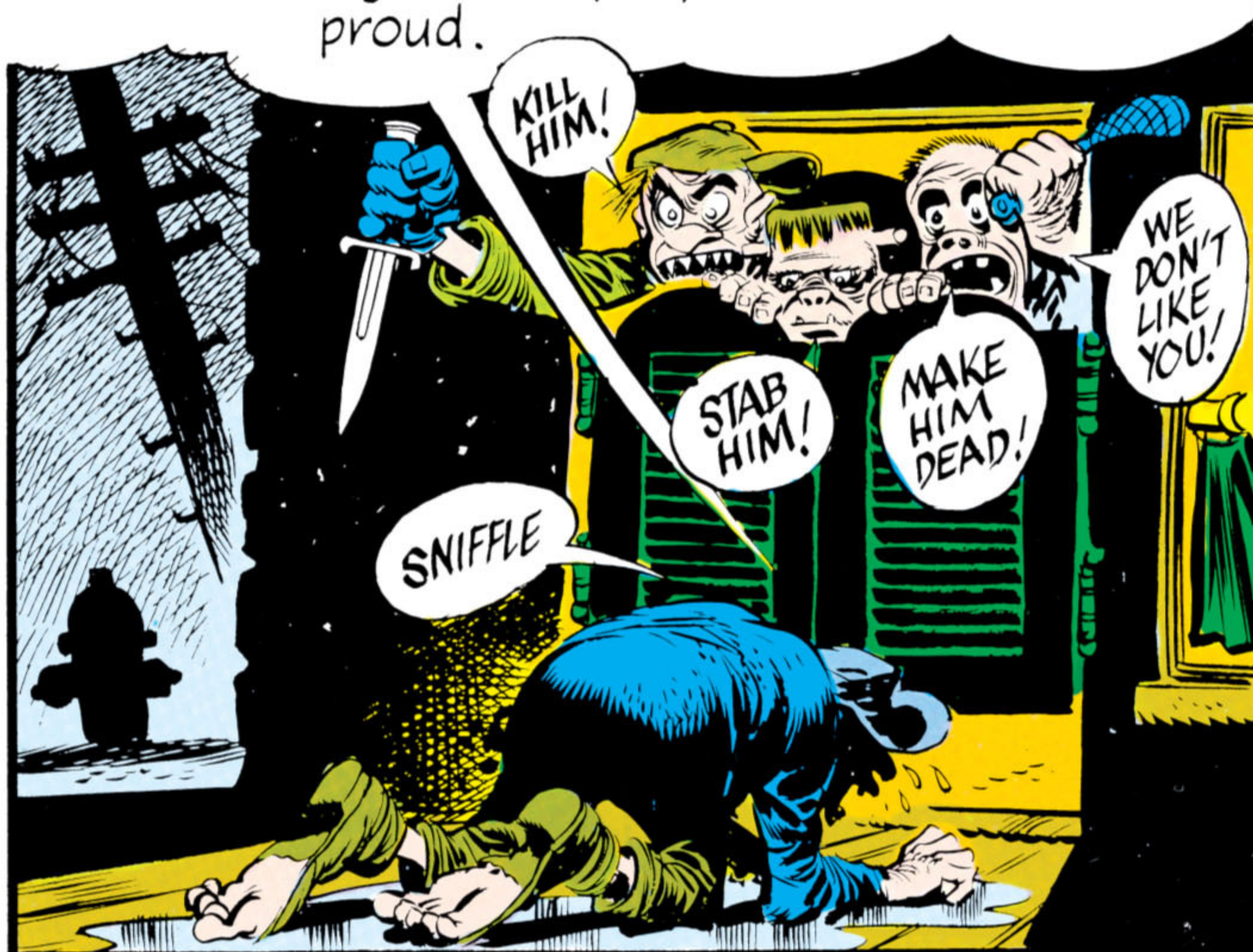
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."



This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical
good grace;
In fact, he smiled as though he thought he'd struck
the proper place.



"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so
good a crowd —
To be in such good company would make a deacon
proud.



"Give me a drink — that's what I want — I'm out of
funds, you know;
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand
was never slow.



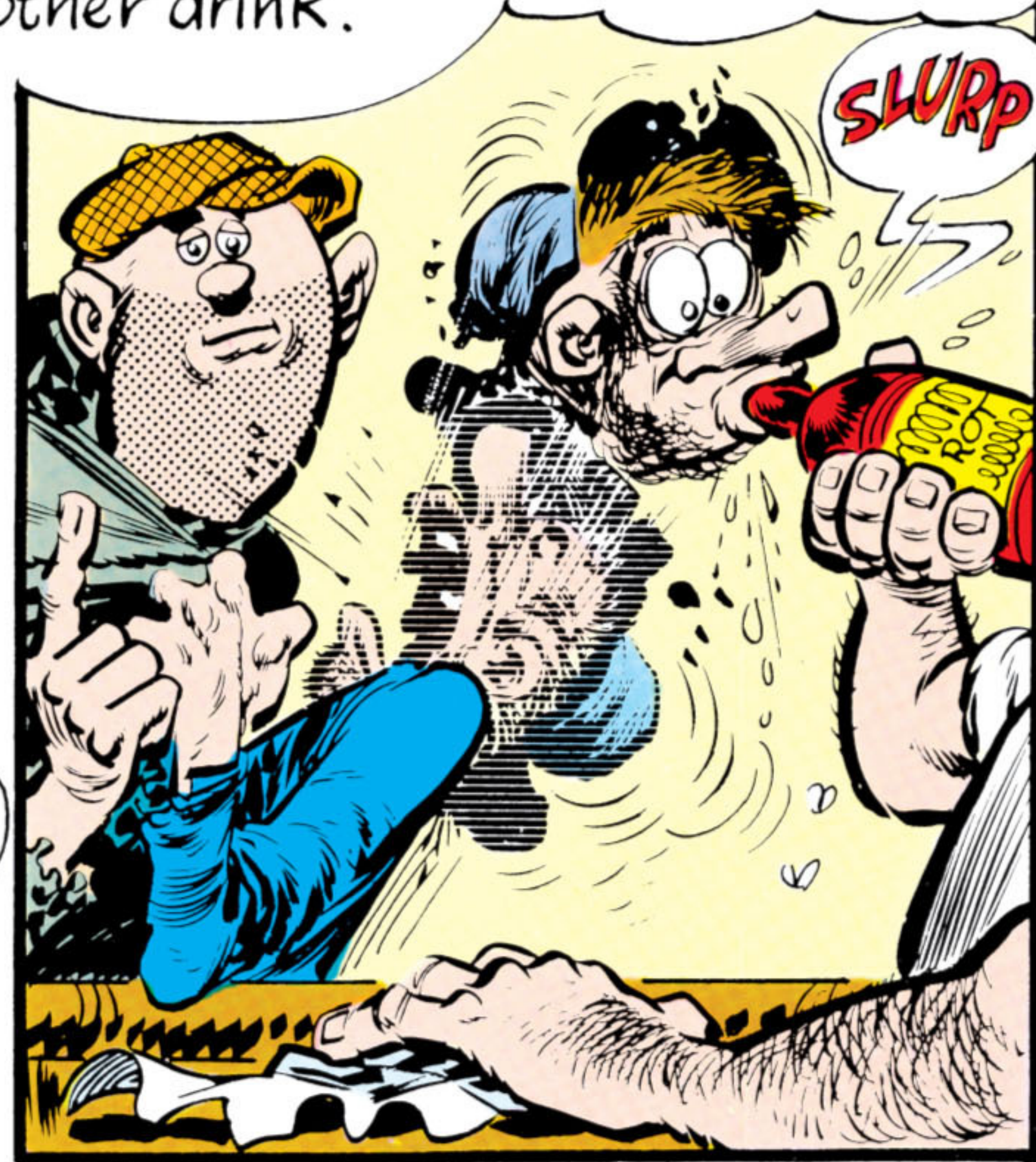
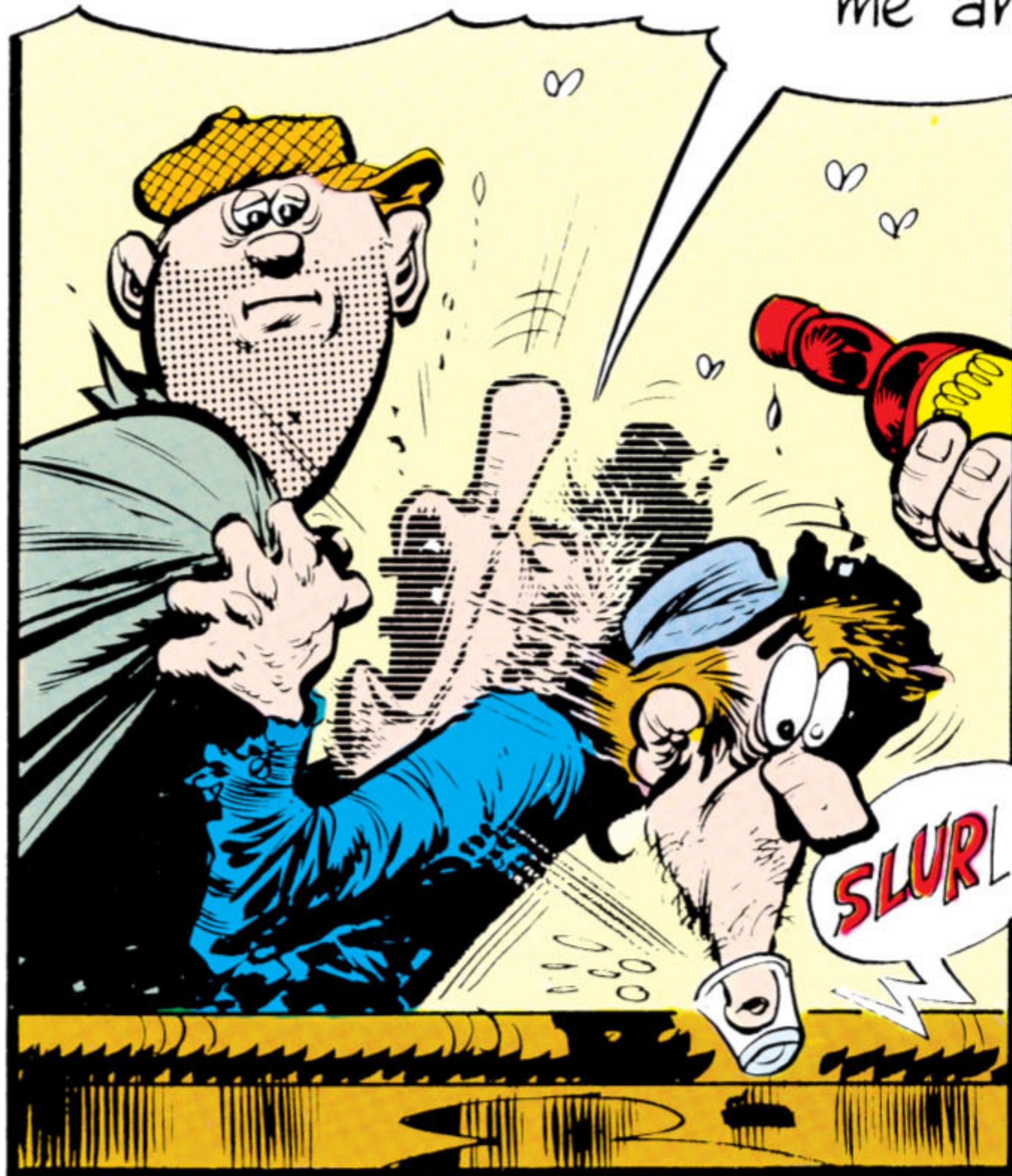
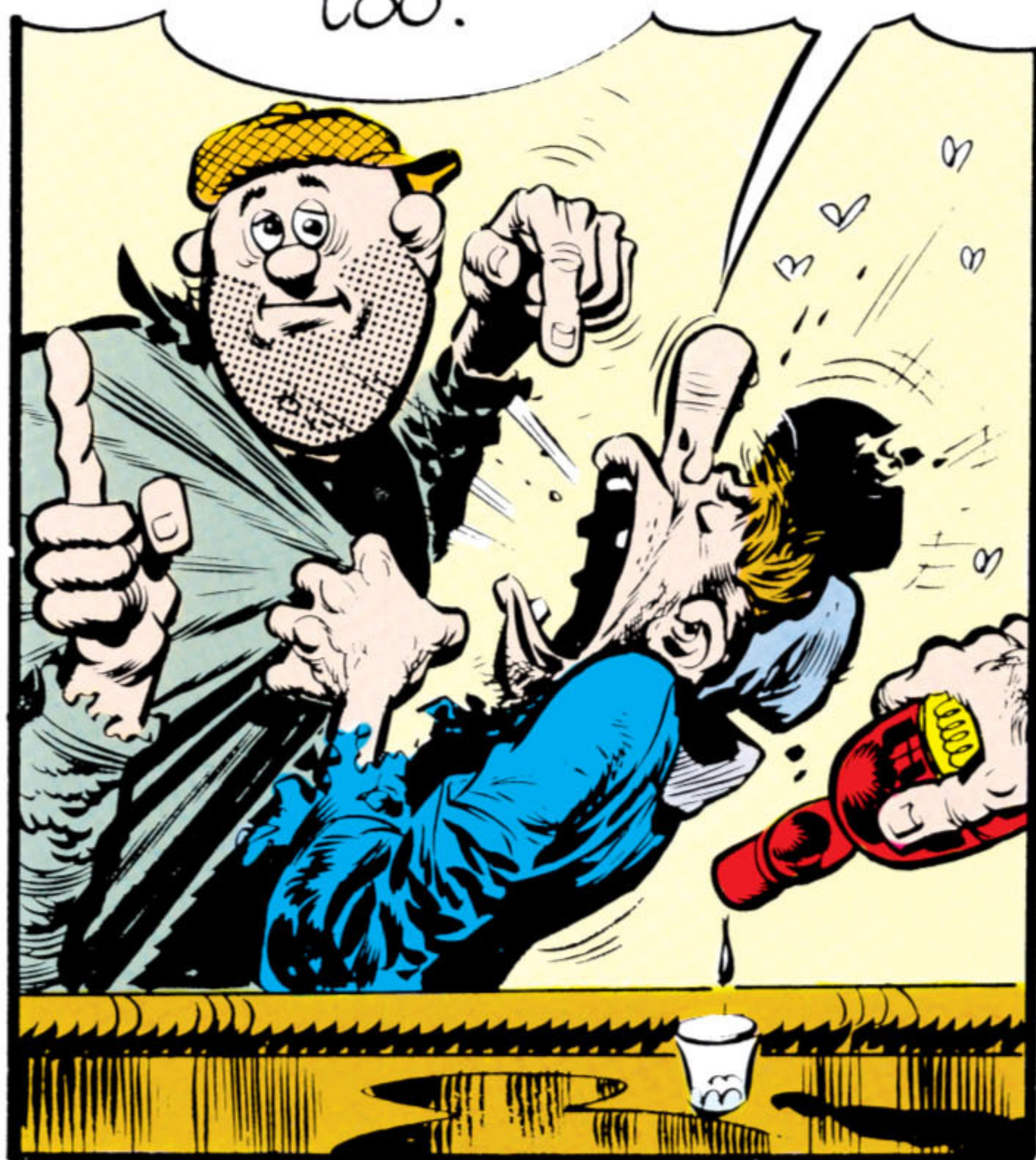
"There, thanks; that's braced me nicely; God bless you
one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make
another call.



"Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing
days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my
lungs are going fast.

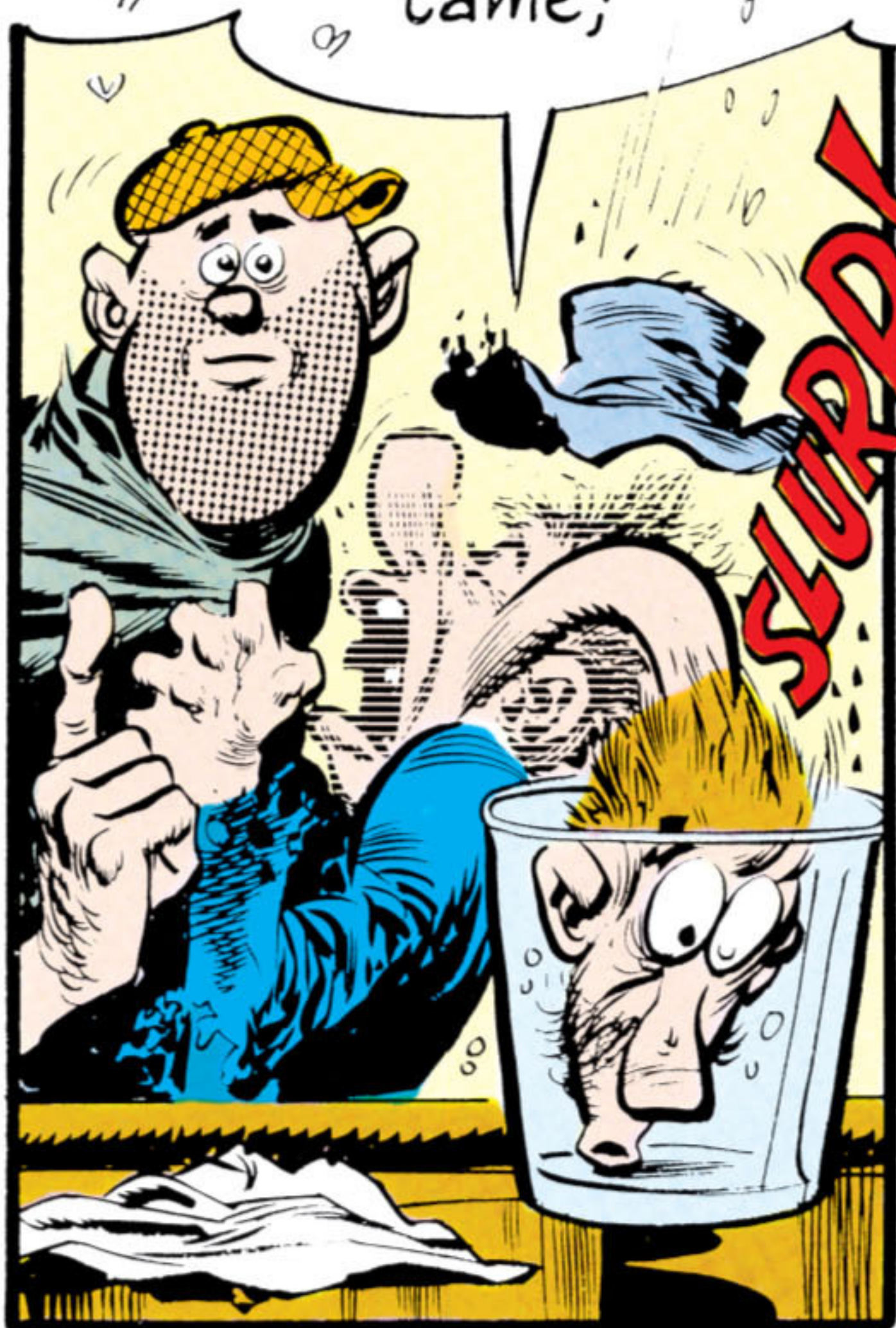


"Say! Give me another whisky, and I'll tell
what I'll do —
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise
too.

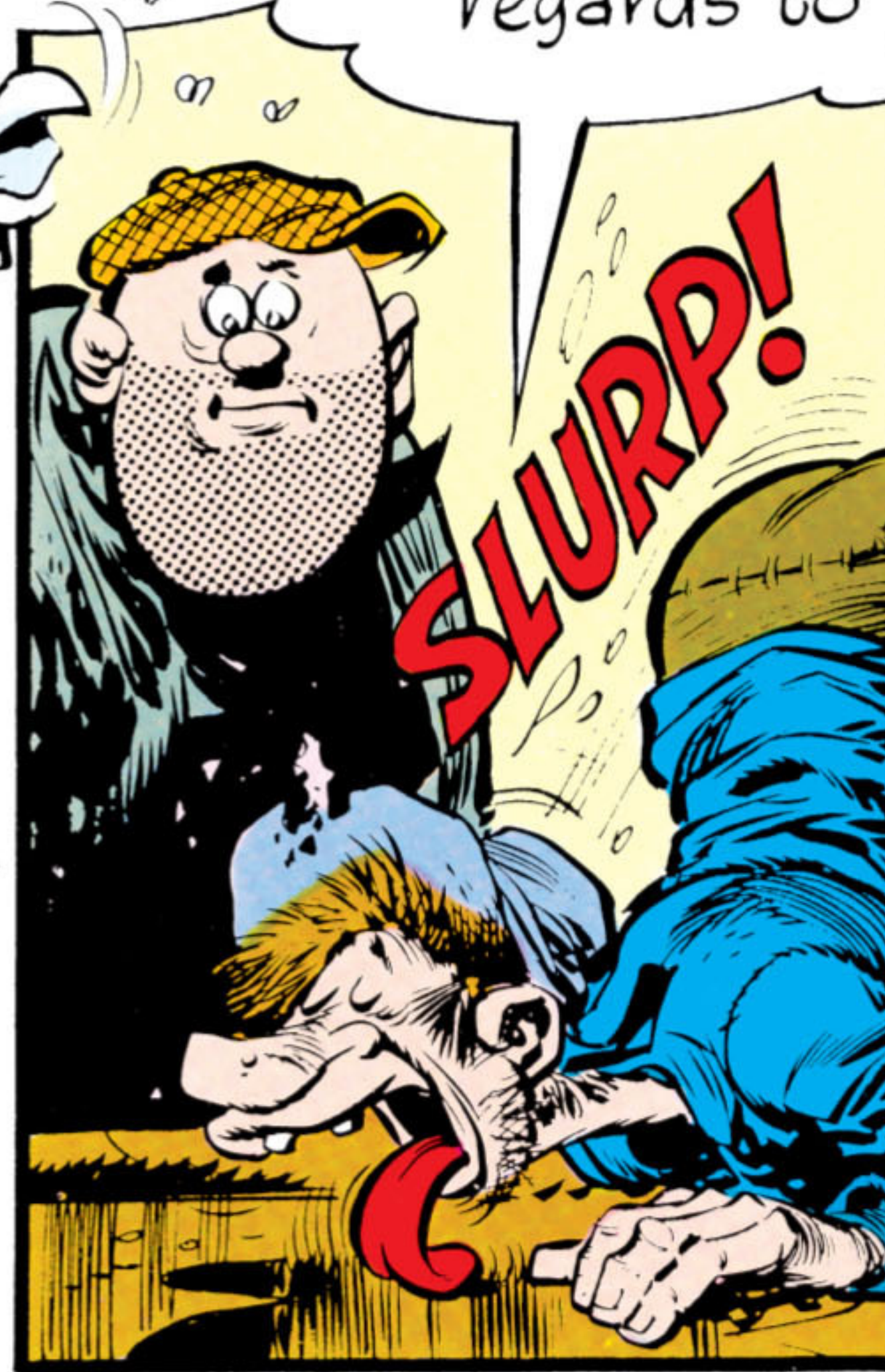


"That I was ever a decent man not one of you
would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give
me another drink.

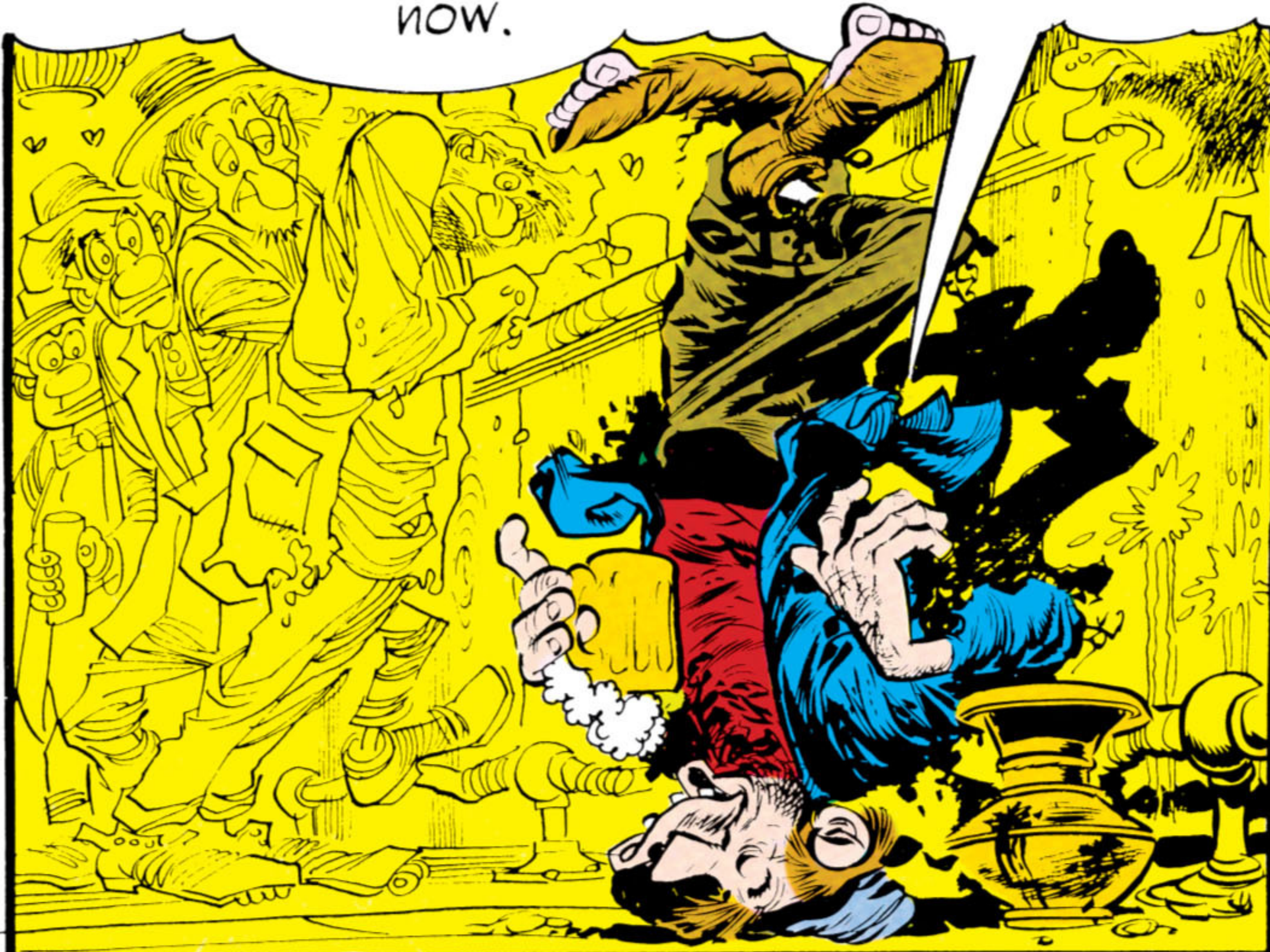
"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my
frame —
Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably
tame;



"Five fingers — there, that's the scheme — and
corking whisky, too.
Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best
regards to you.



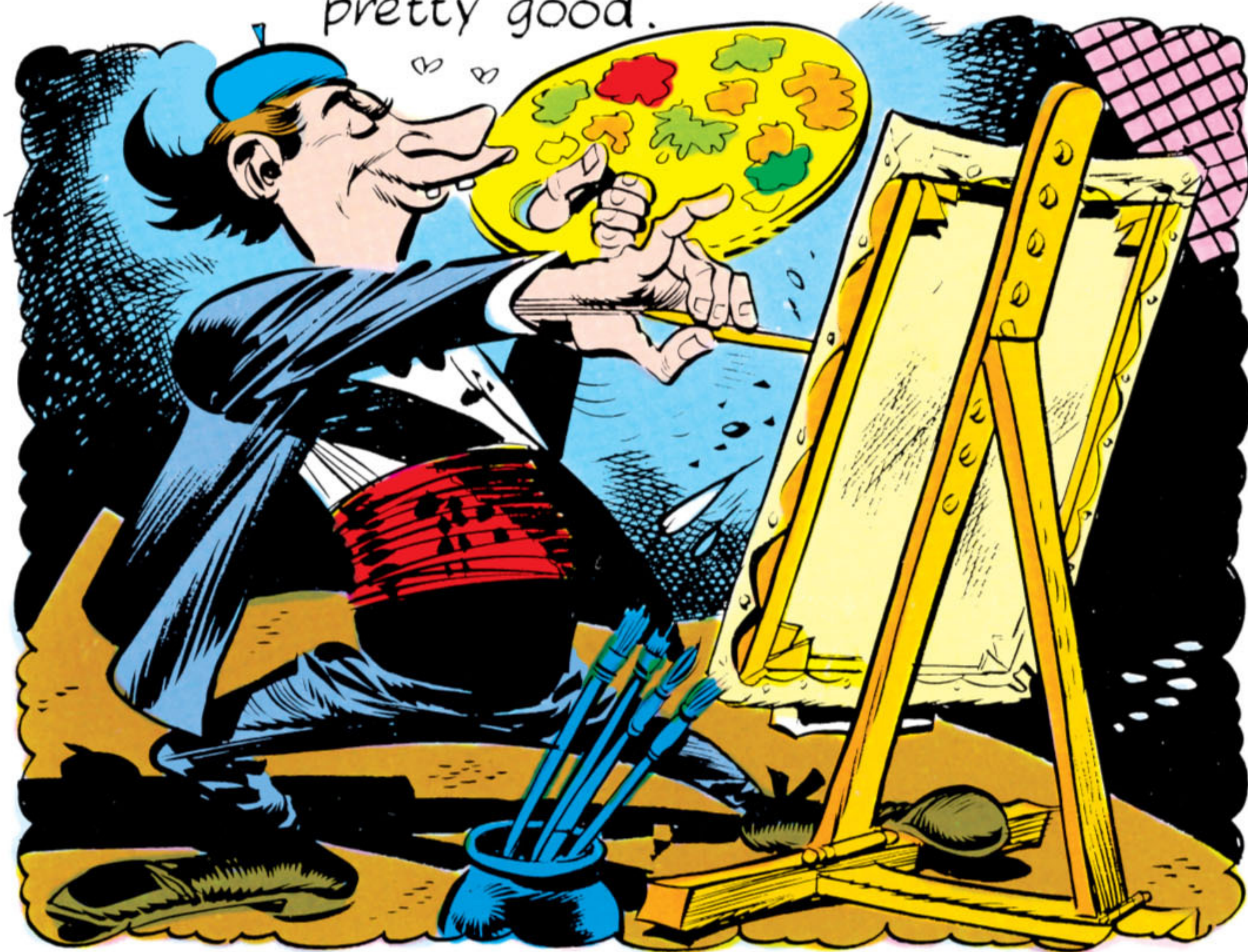
"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to
tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you
now.



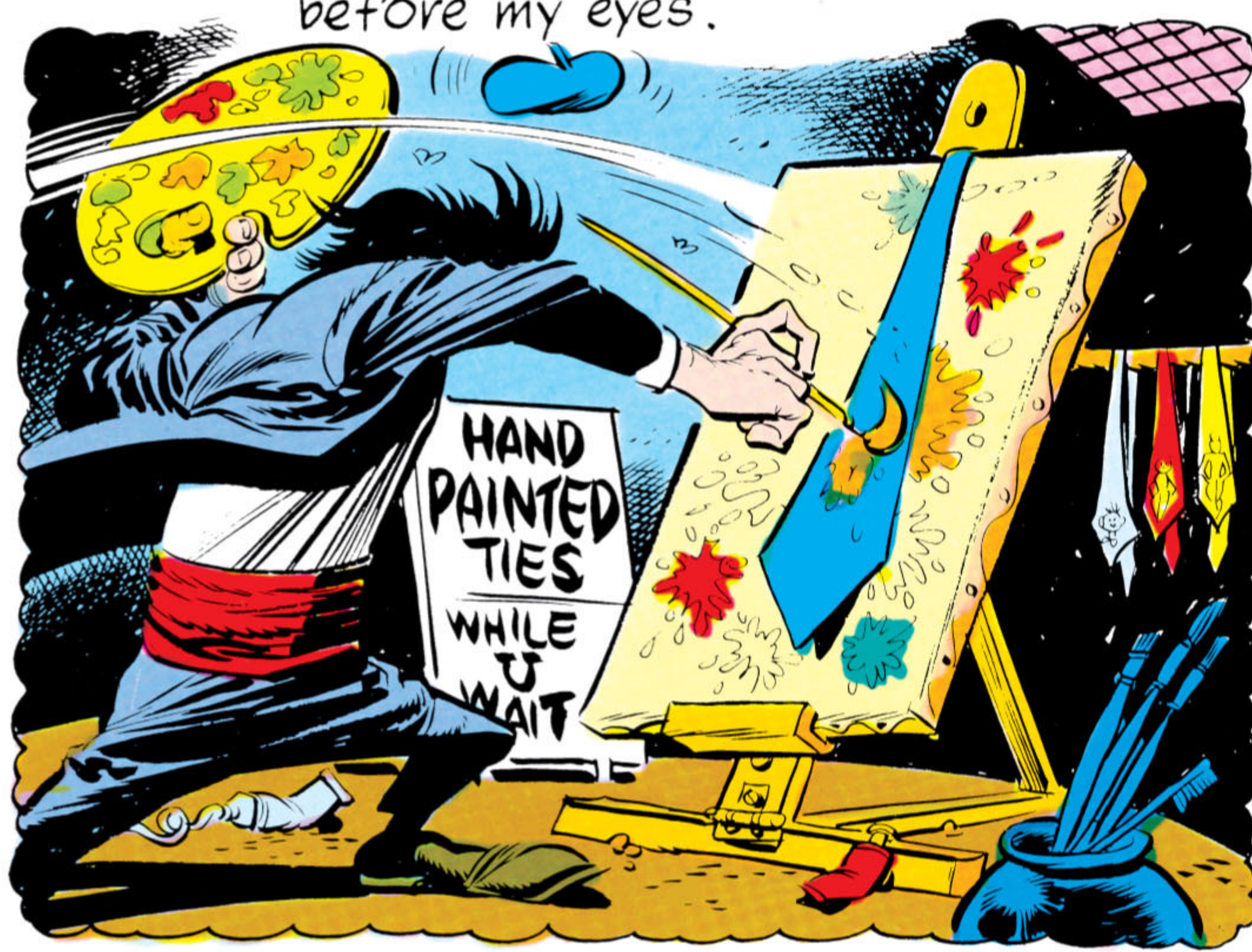
"As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle,
frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made
considerable wealth.



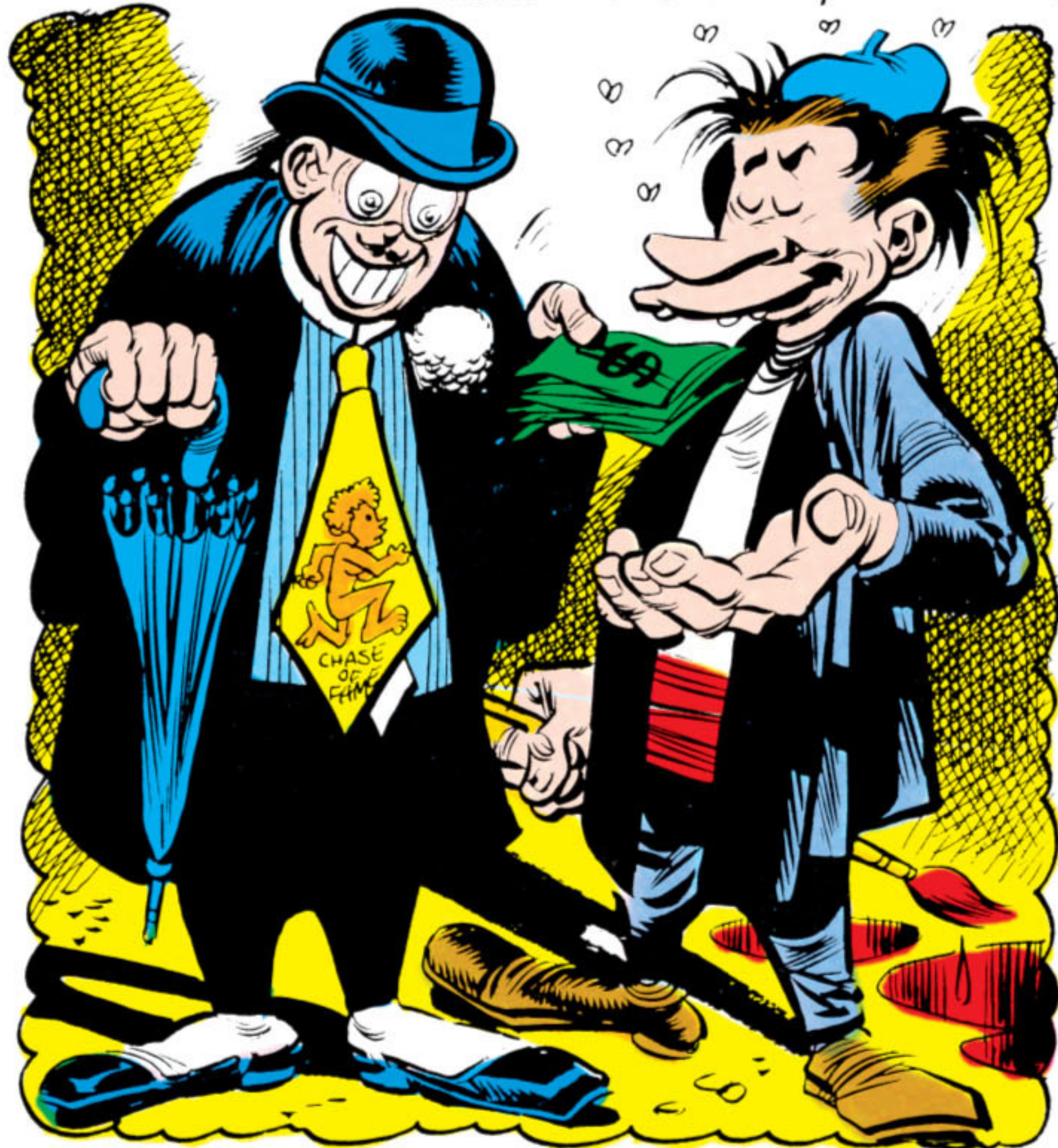
"I was a painter – not one that daubed on bricks
and wood
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated
pretty good.



"I worked hard, at my canvas and was bidding
fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame
before my eyes.



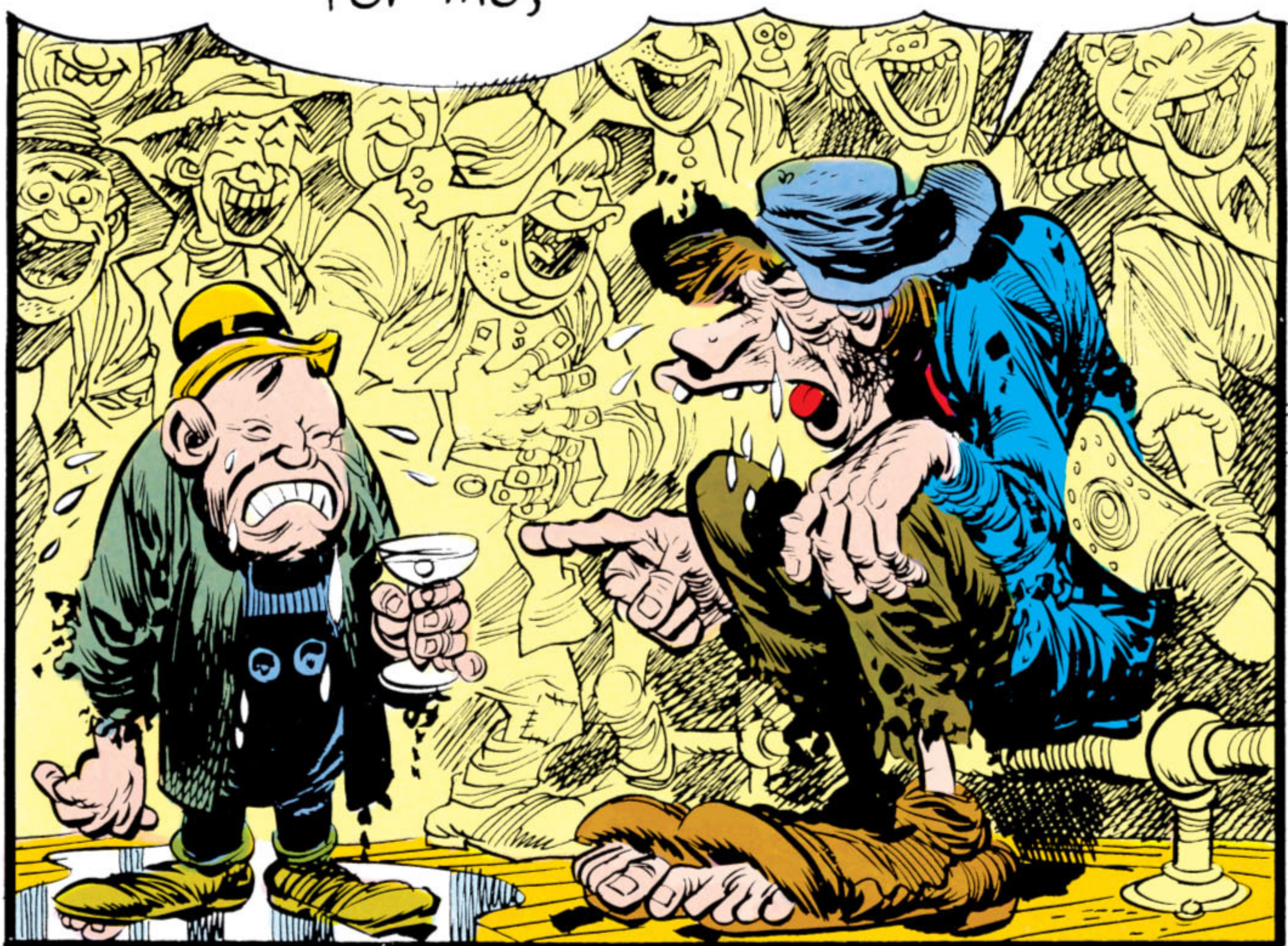
"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called
the 'Chase of Fame';
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and
added to my name.



"And then I met a woman – now comes the
funny part –
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk
into my heart.



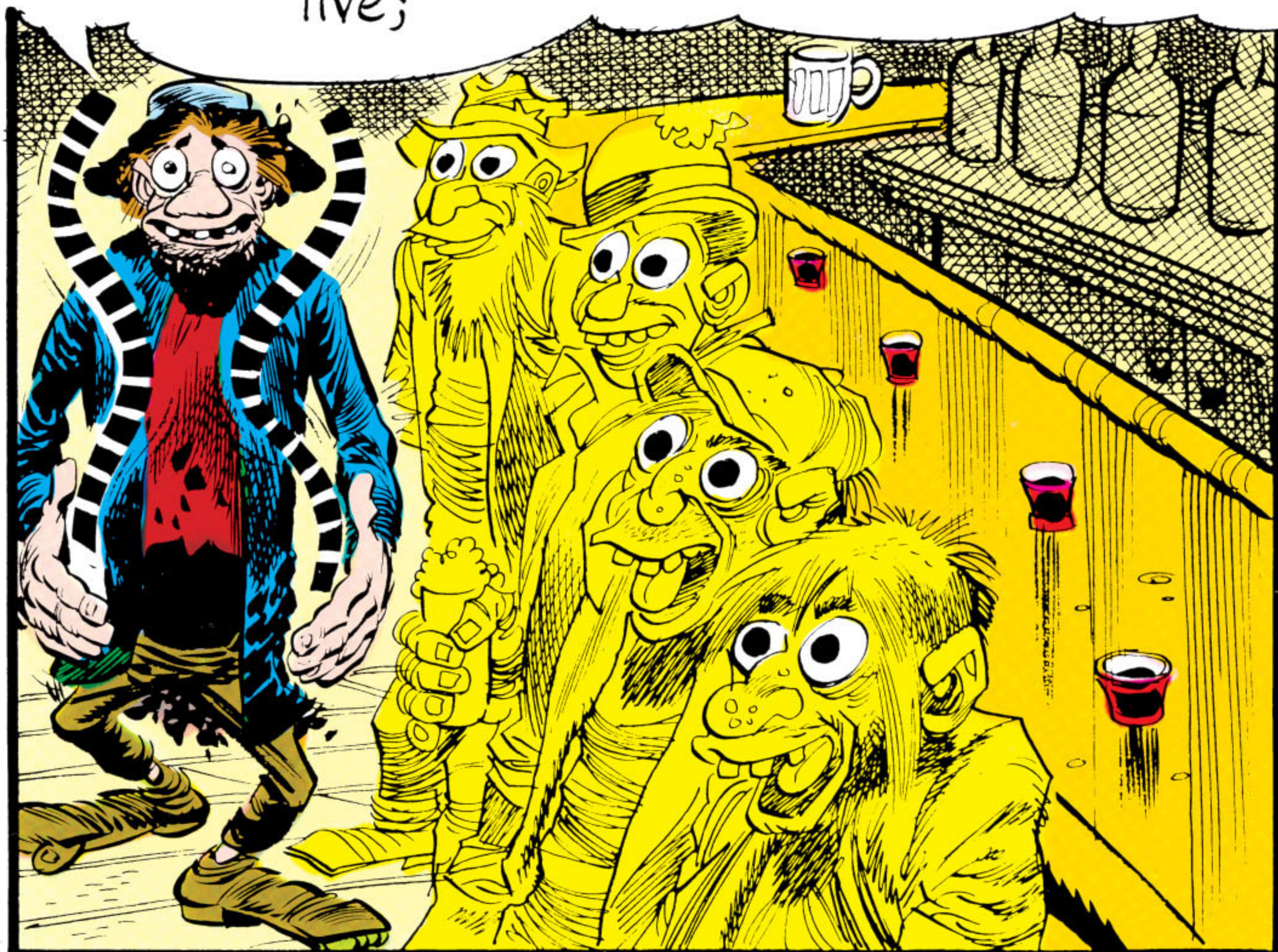
"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond
you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love
for me;



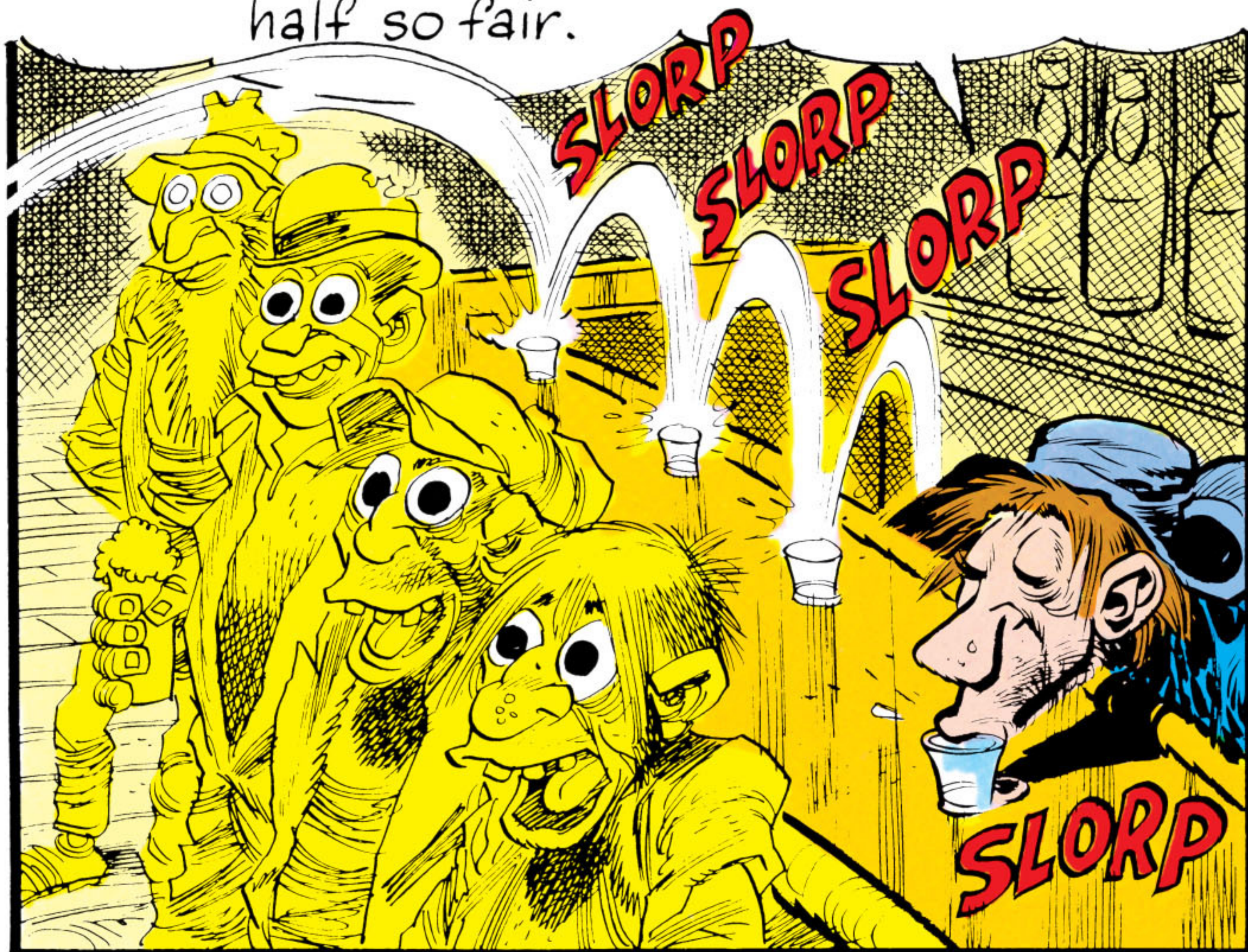
"But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her
smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine it
carried me to heaven.



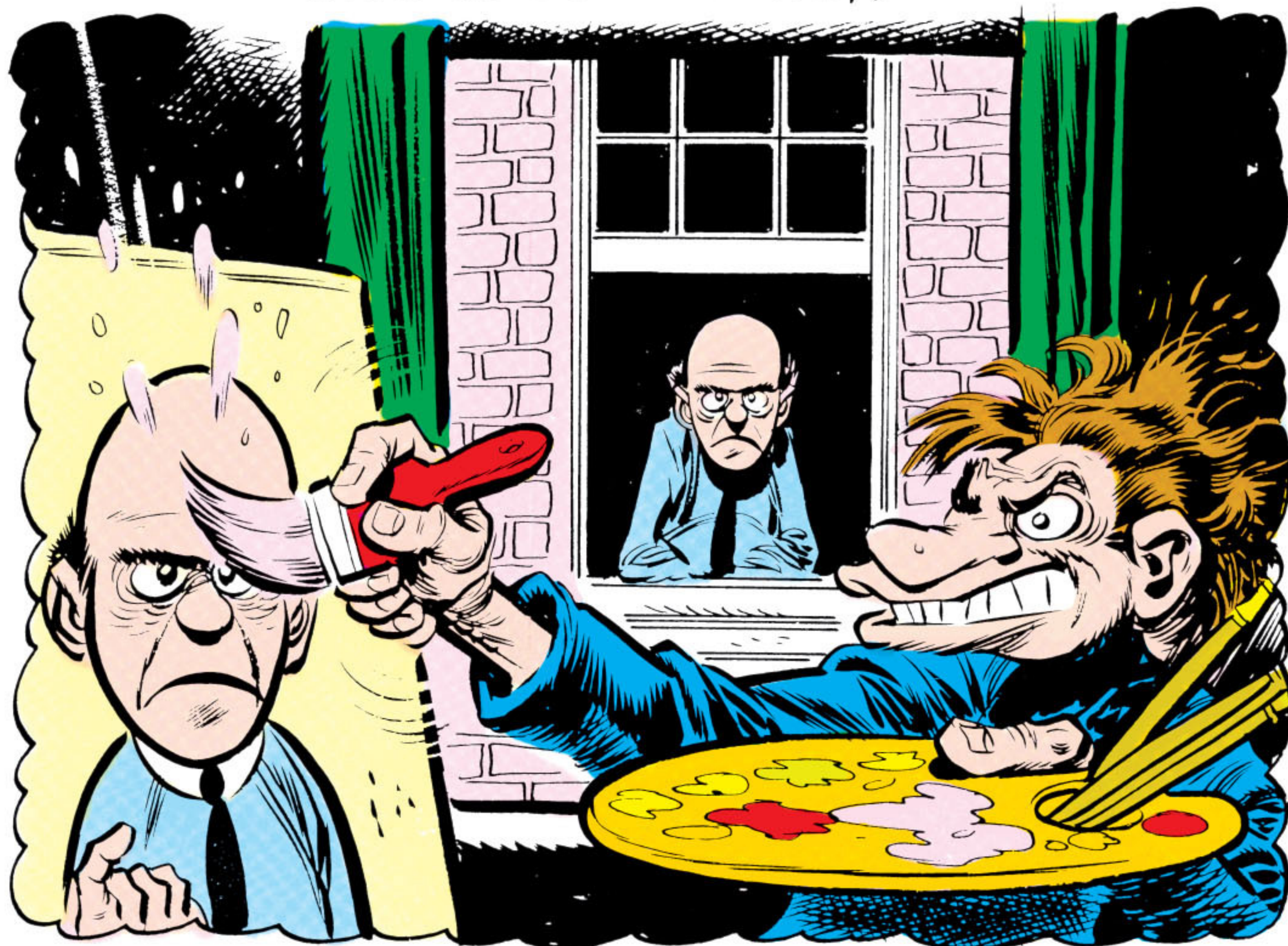
"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul
you'd give
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to
live;



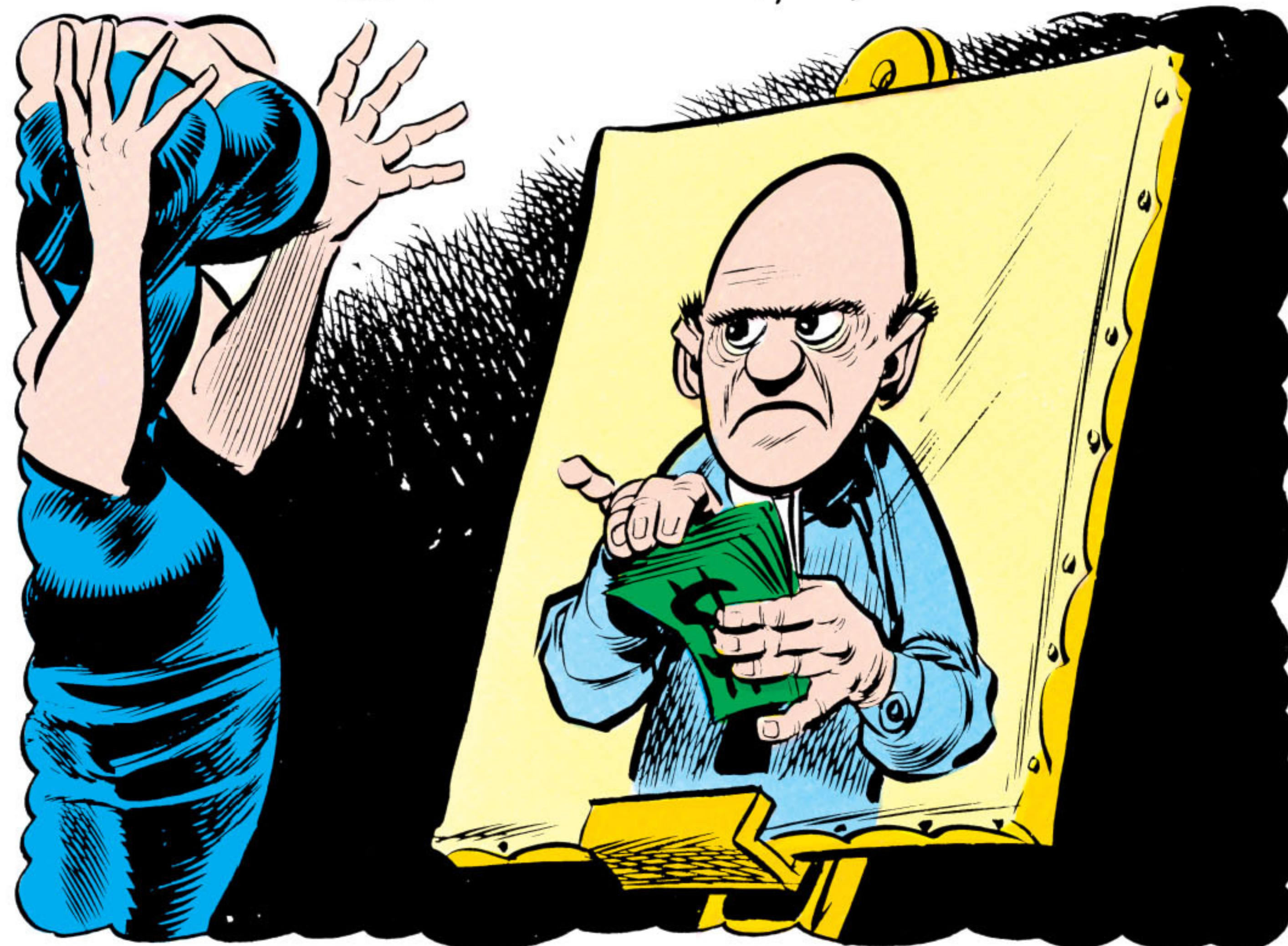
"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and
a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another
half so fair.



"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon
in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who
lived across the way,

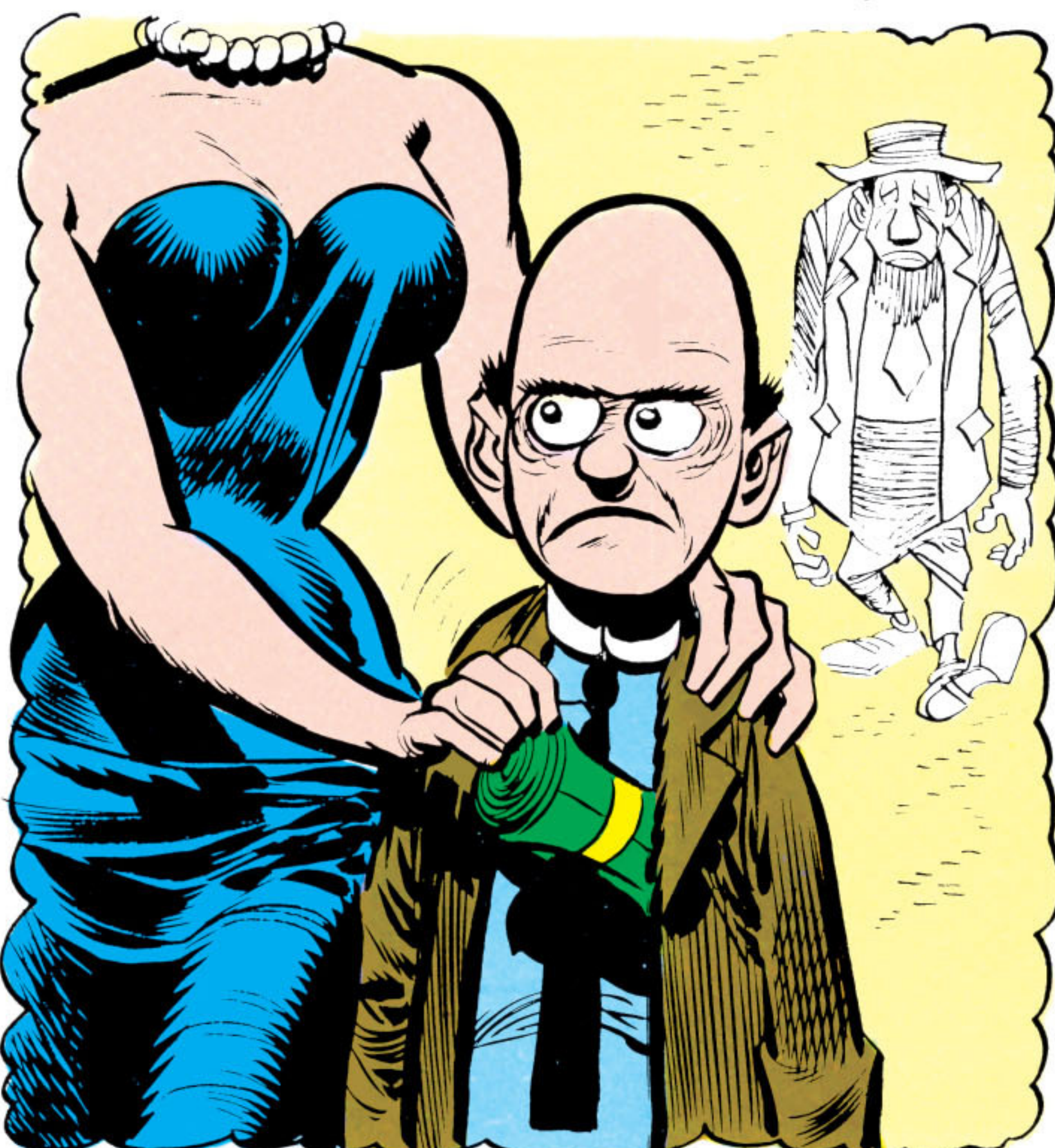


"And Madeline admired it, and much to my
surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that
had such dreamy eyes.



"It didn't take long to know him, and before
the month had flown
My friend had stolen my darling, and I
was left alone;

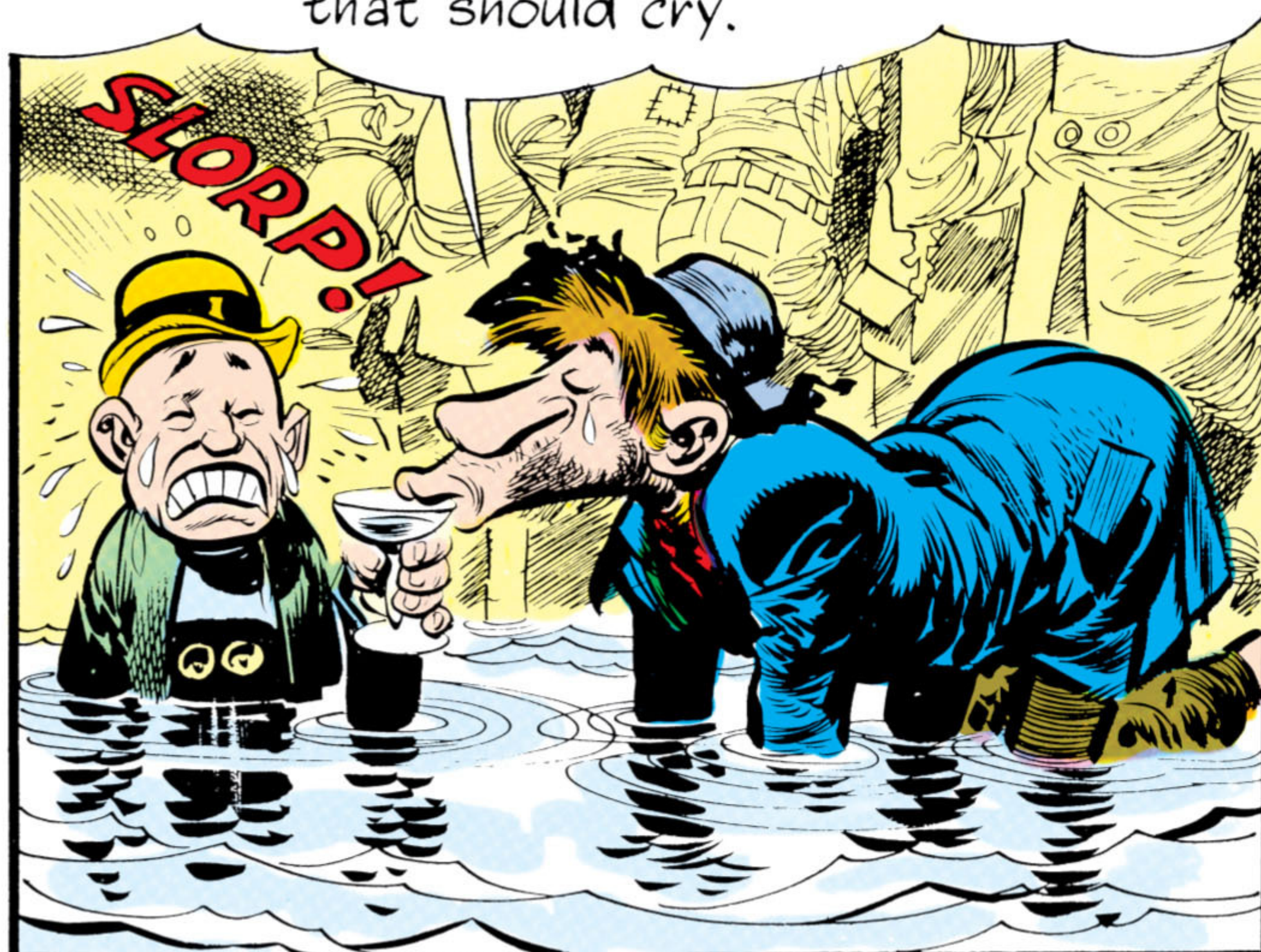
And, ere a year of misery had passed above
my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished,
and was dead.



"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile, I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while."



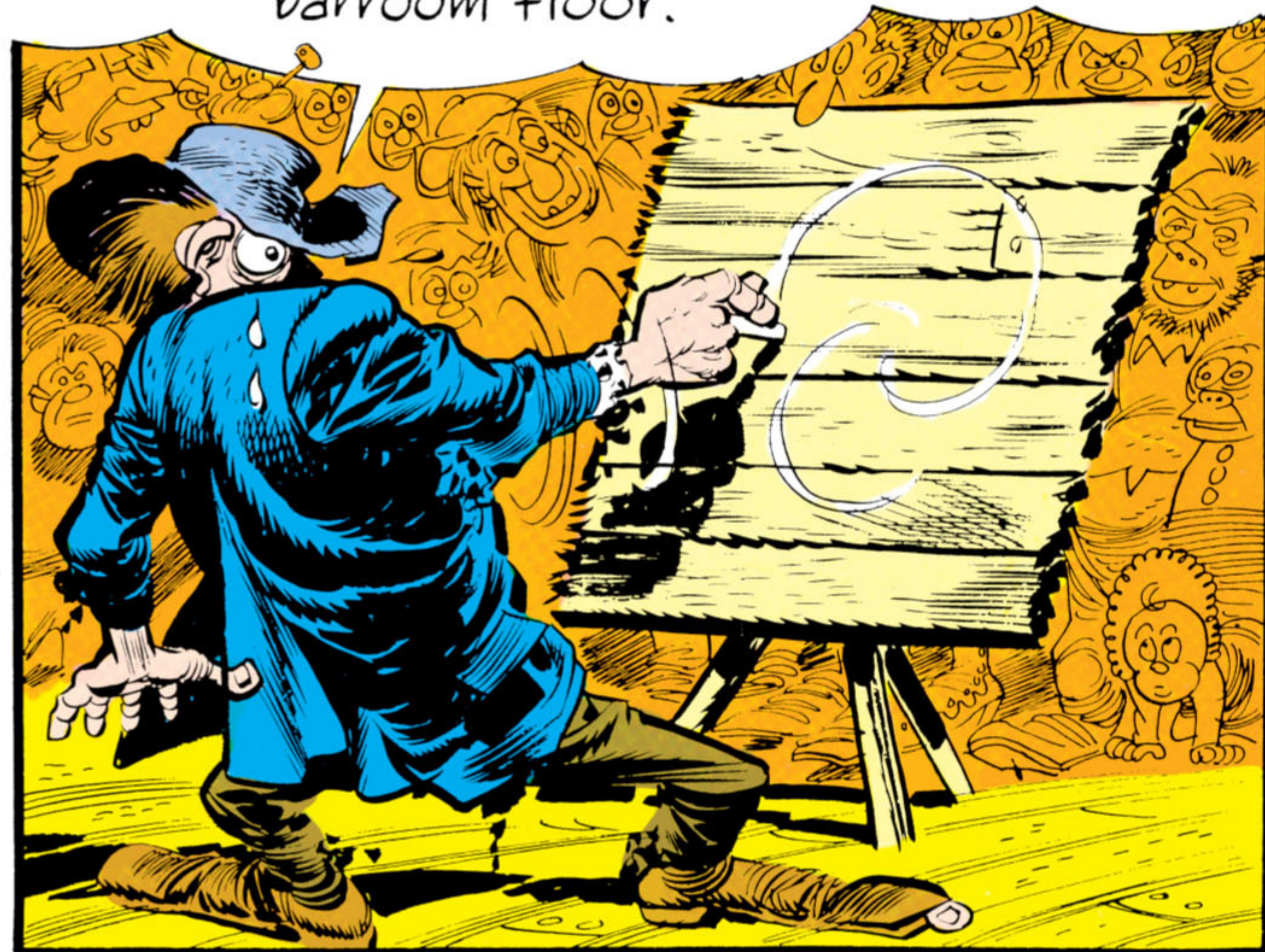
"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye, Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry."



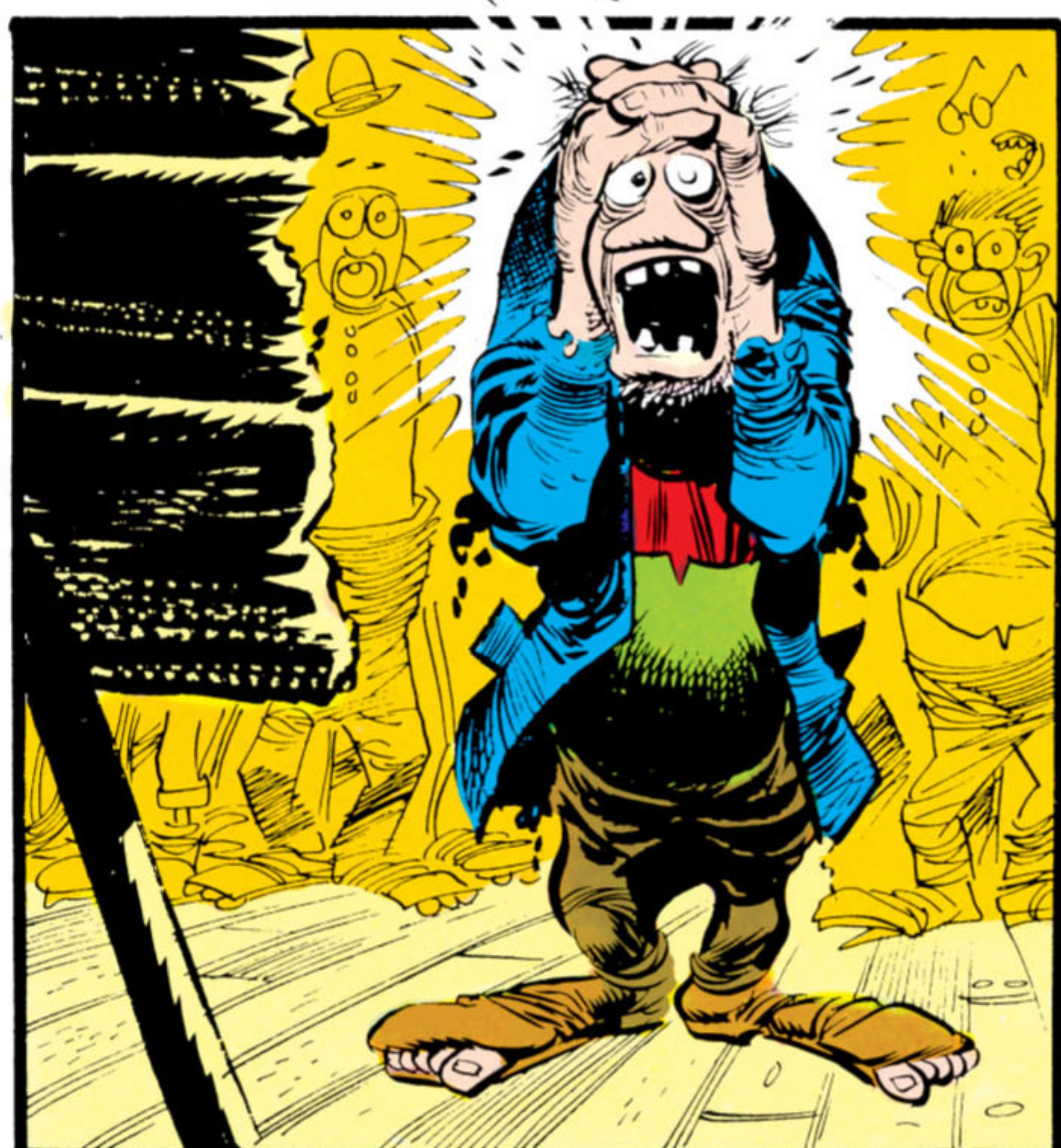
"Say, boys, if you give me just another whisky, I'll be glad, And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad."



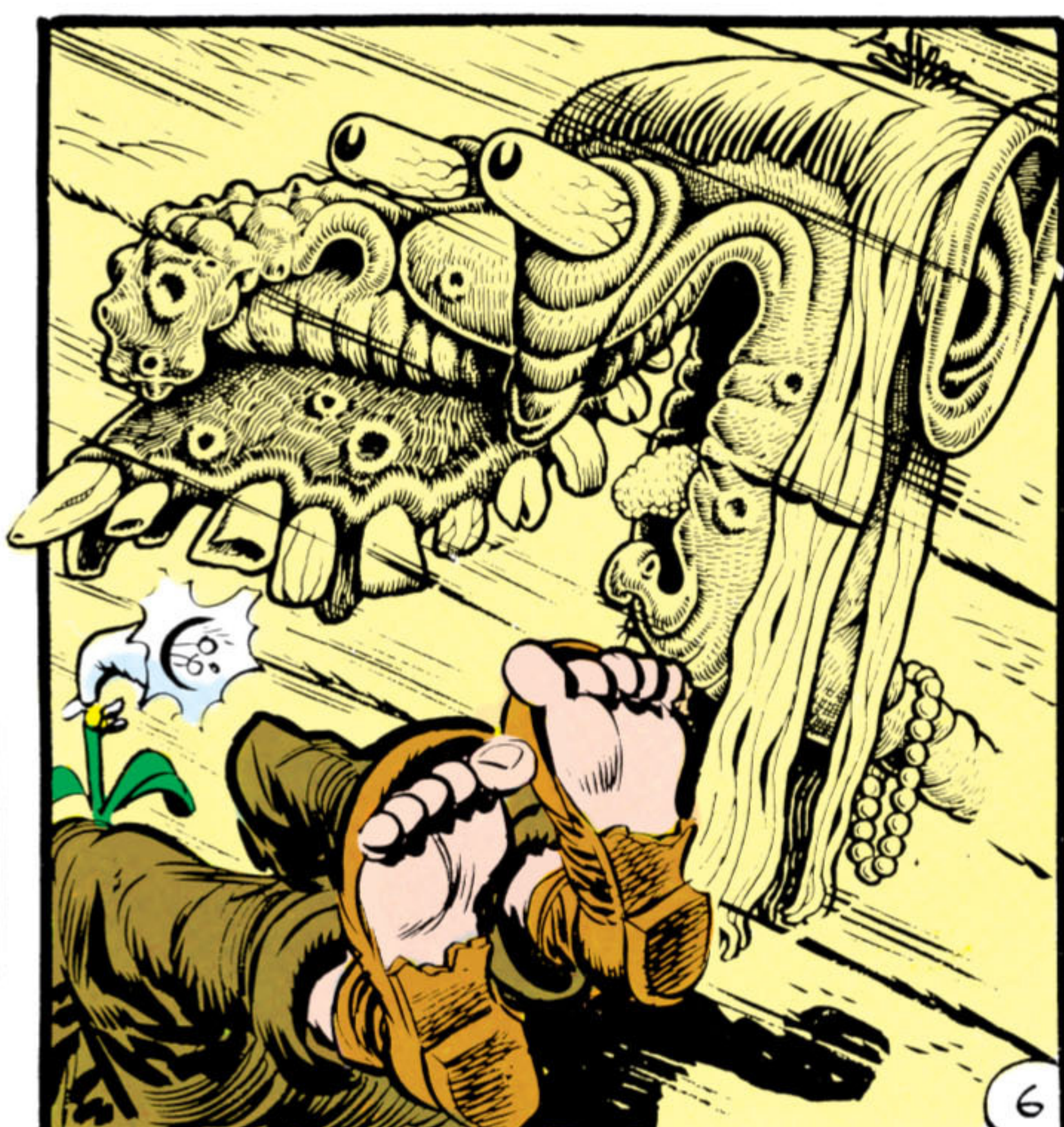
"Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score — You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."



Another drink, and with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.



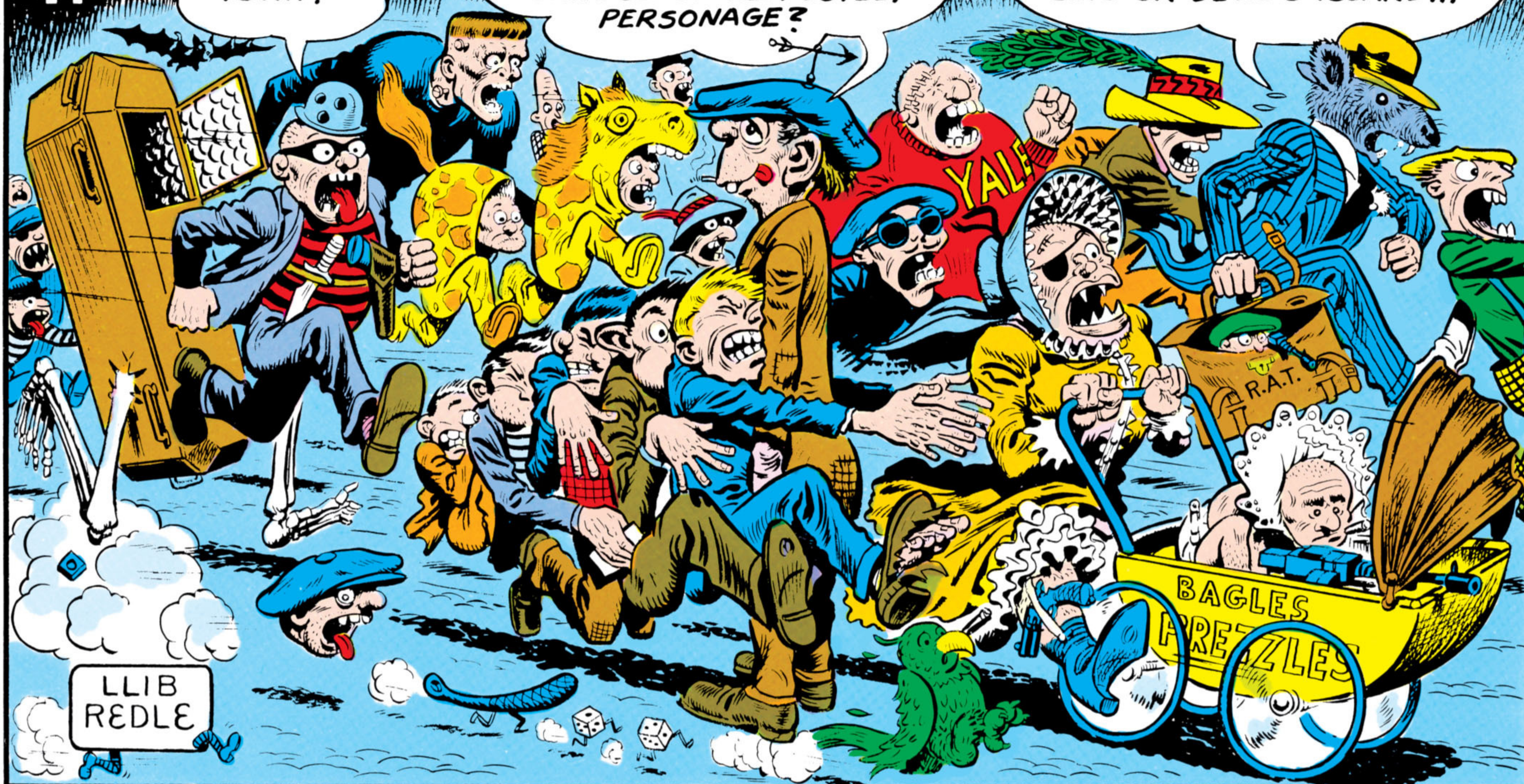
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture — dead.



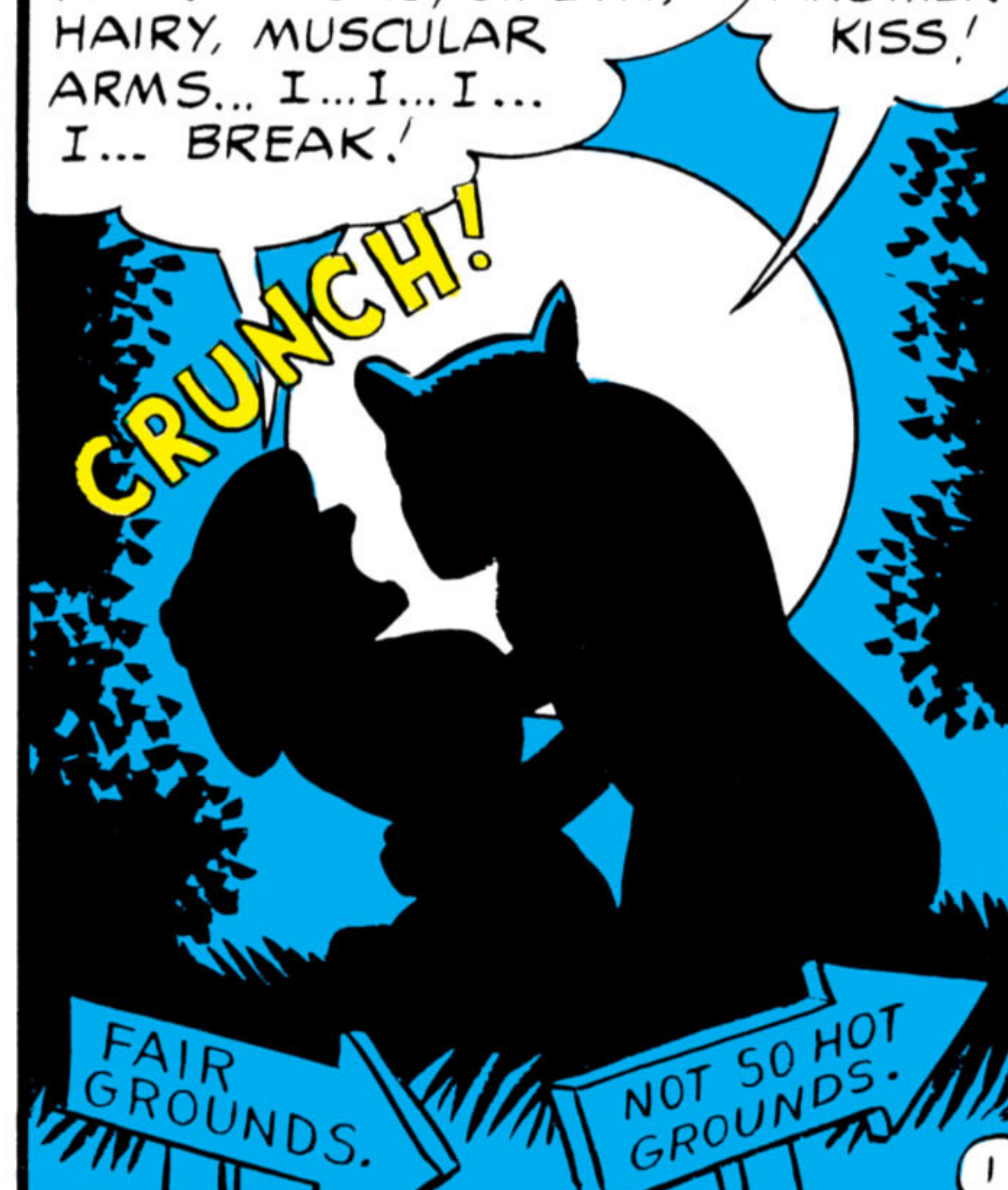
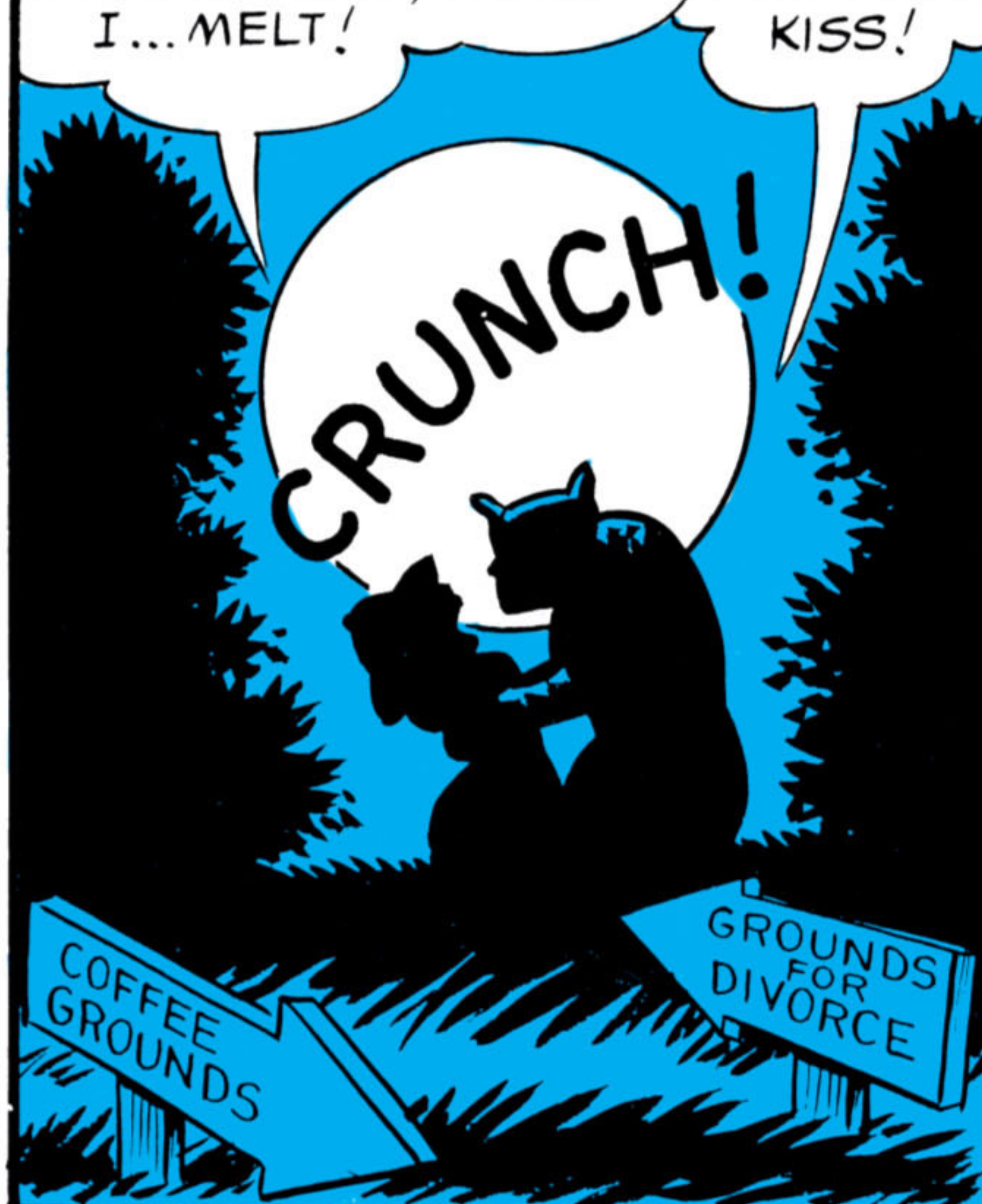
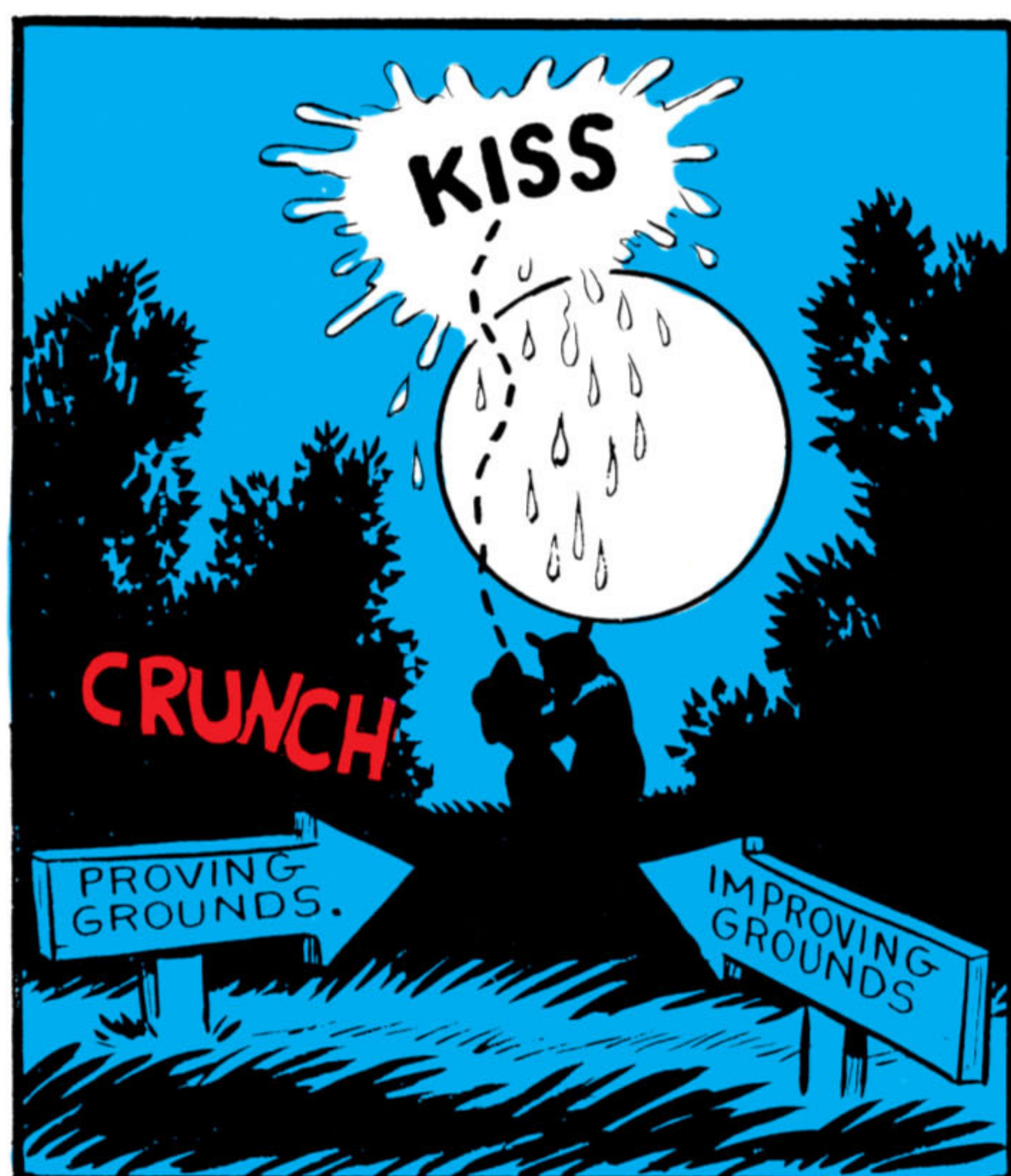
WOMAN WONDER!

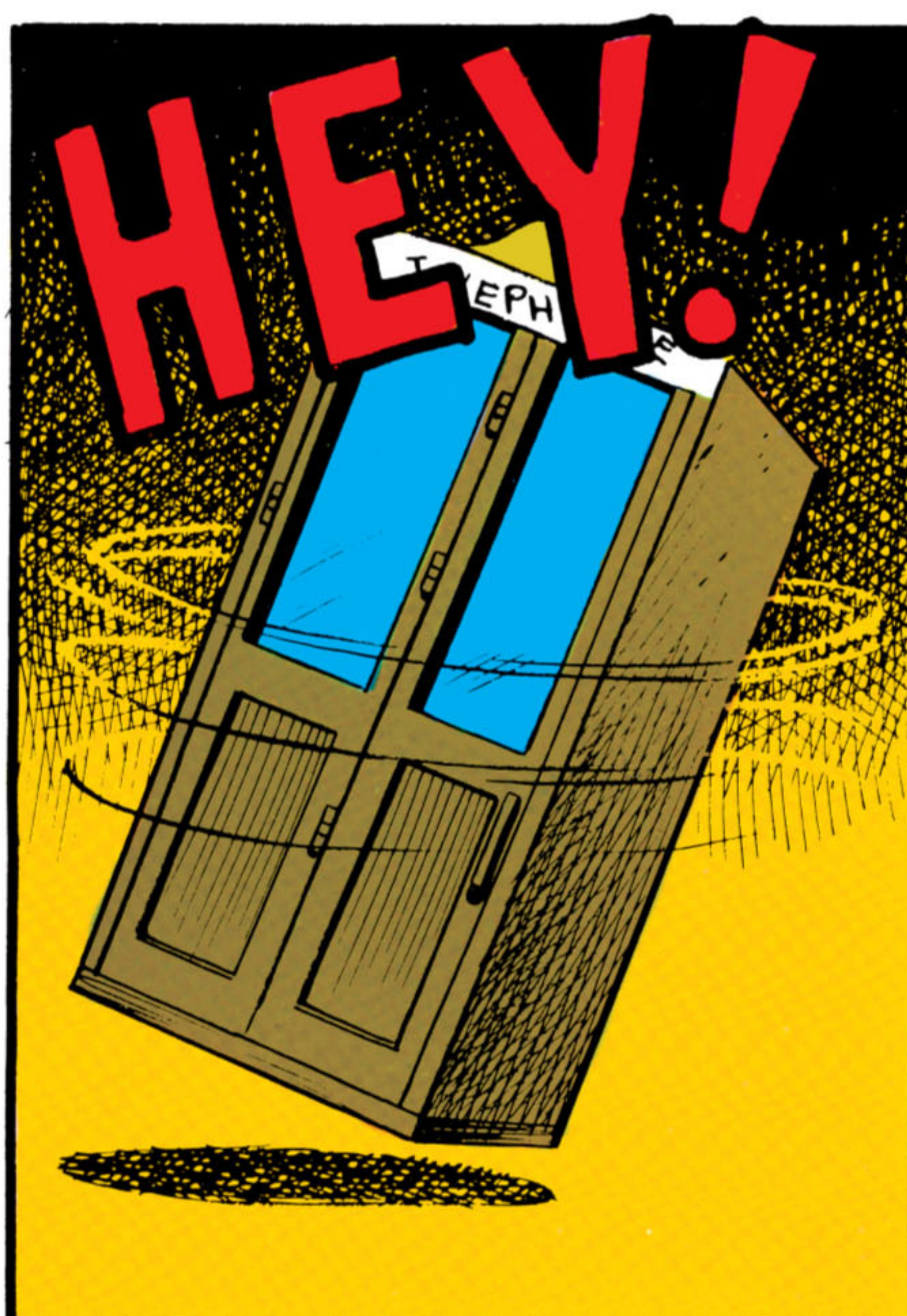
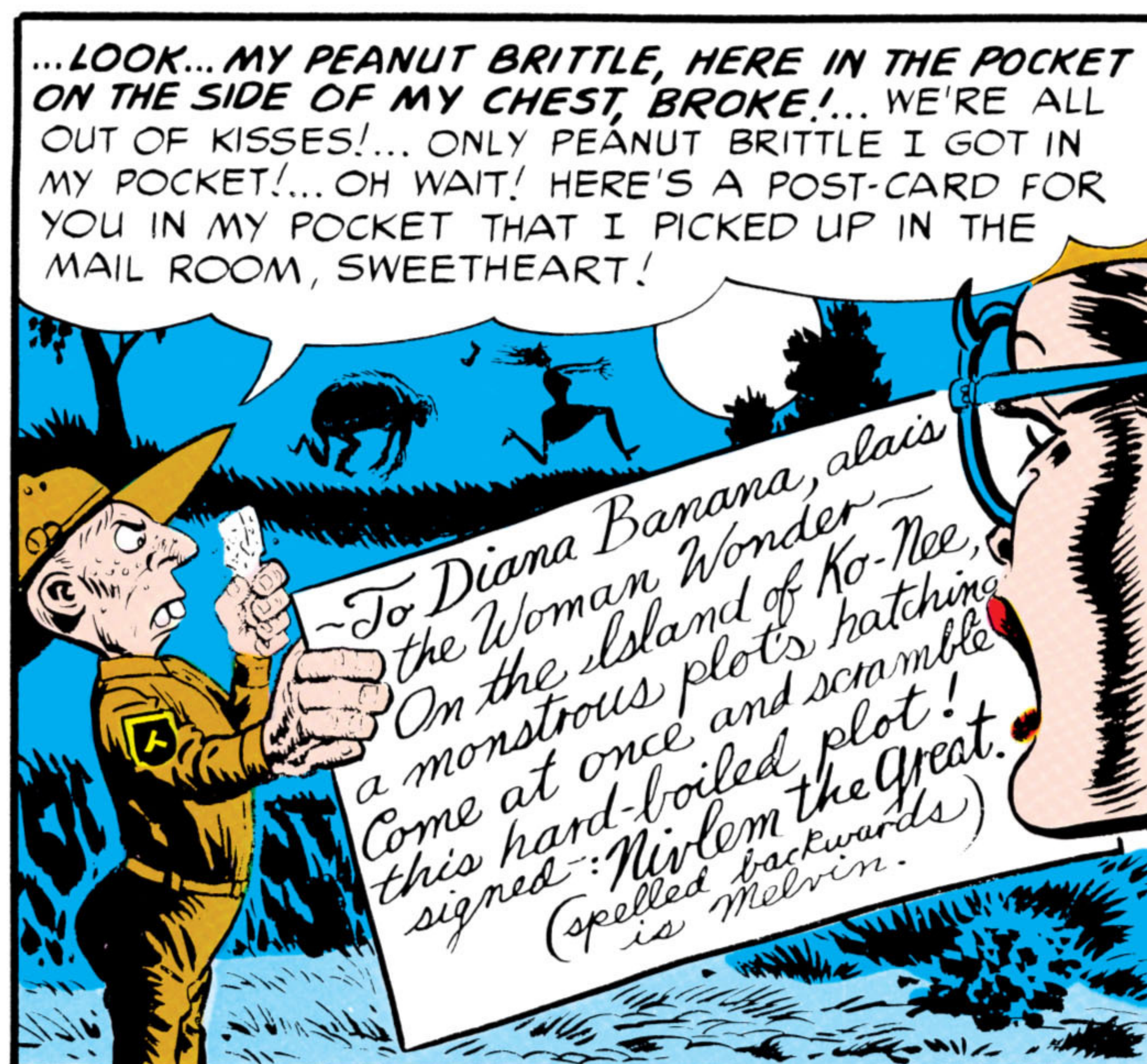
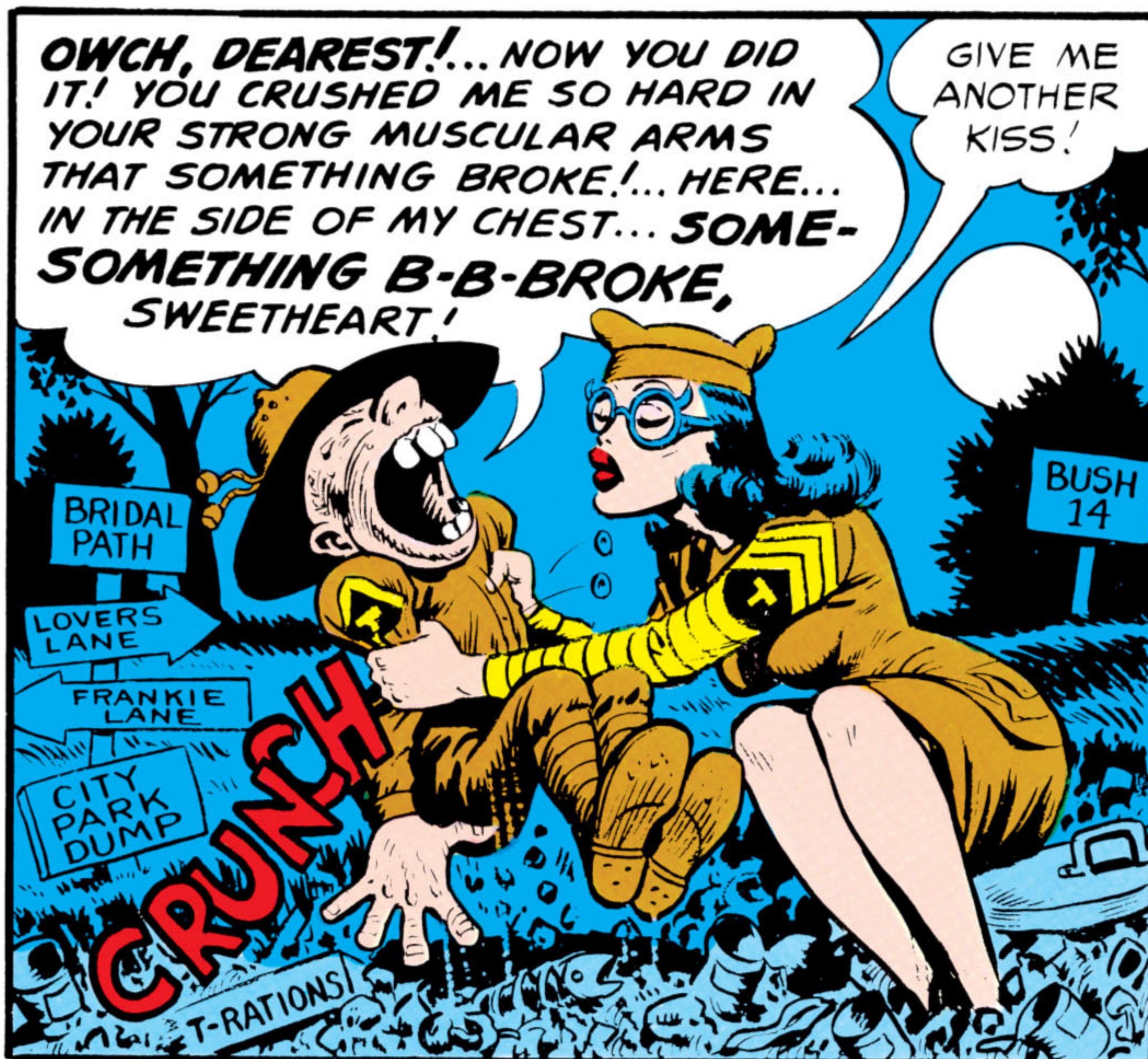
WOMAN WONDER!

WRONG! WE HAVE
HEARD OF THE WOMAN
WONDER'S GREAT **POWER**
AND WE ARE RUNNING **OUT**
OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER
PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-
SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...



GIVE
ME
ANOTHER
KISS!





HA, STEVE! THERE YOU ARE!... I FINALLY CHANGED INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!... I SURE HAD A HARD TIME FINDING A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE!... I FINALLY FOUND A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE! I FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY **PRIVATE ROBOT PLANE** INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!

YUH YUH!
...INSIDE YOUR
PLANE!

...YEAH!...I FINALLY CHANGED
INSIDE MY **PRIVATE GLASS**
ROBOT PLANE!

YUH YUH!...
INSIDE YOUR
PRIVATE **TRANS-
PARENT** GLASS
ROBOT-PLANE!
...YUH YUH!

SS NOW LISTEN! I
WANT YOU TO
CLIMB INTO THE PLANE
WITH ME...AND ONE
THING YOU SHOULD
REMEMBER... YOU
**SHOULDN'T SLAM
THE DOOR!**

PULL THE HATCH SHUT... PULL THE WINDOWS UP AND PULL THE EYE-BALLS IN! THIS ROBOT PLANE OPERATES BY THOUGHT CONTROL AND I'M ABOUT TO THINK!... **I'M ABOUT TO THINK!...**

... HMM! CAN'T THINK
OF ANYTHING TO
THINK OF!

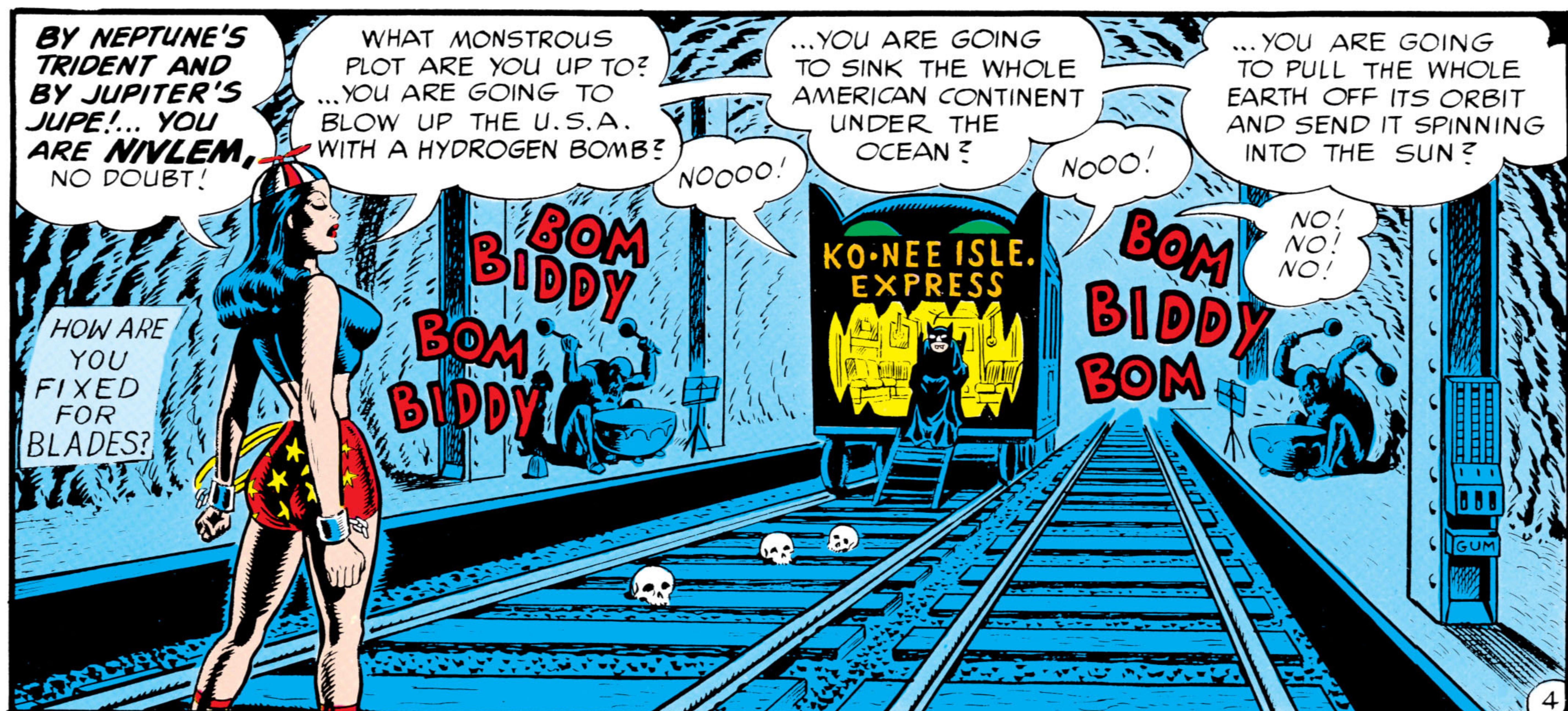
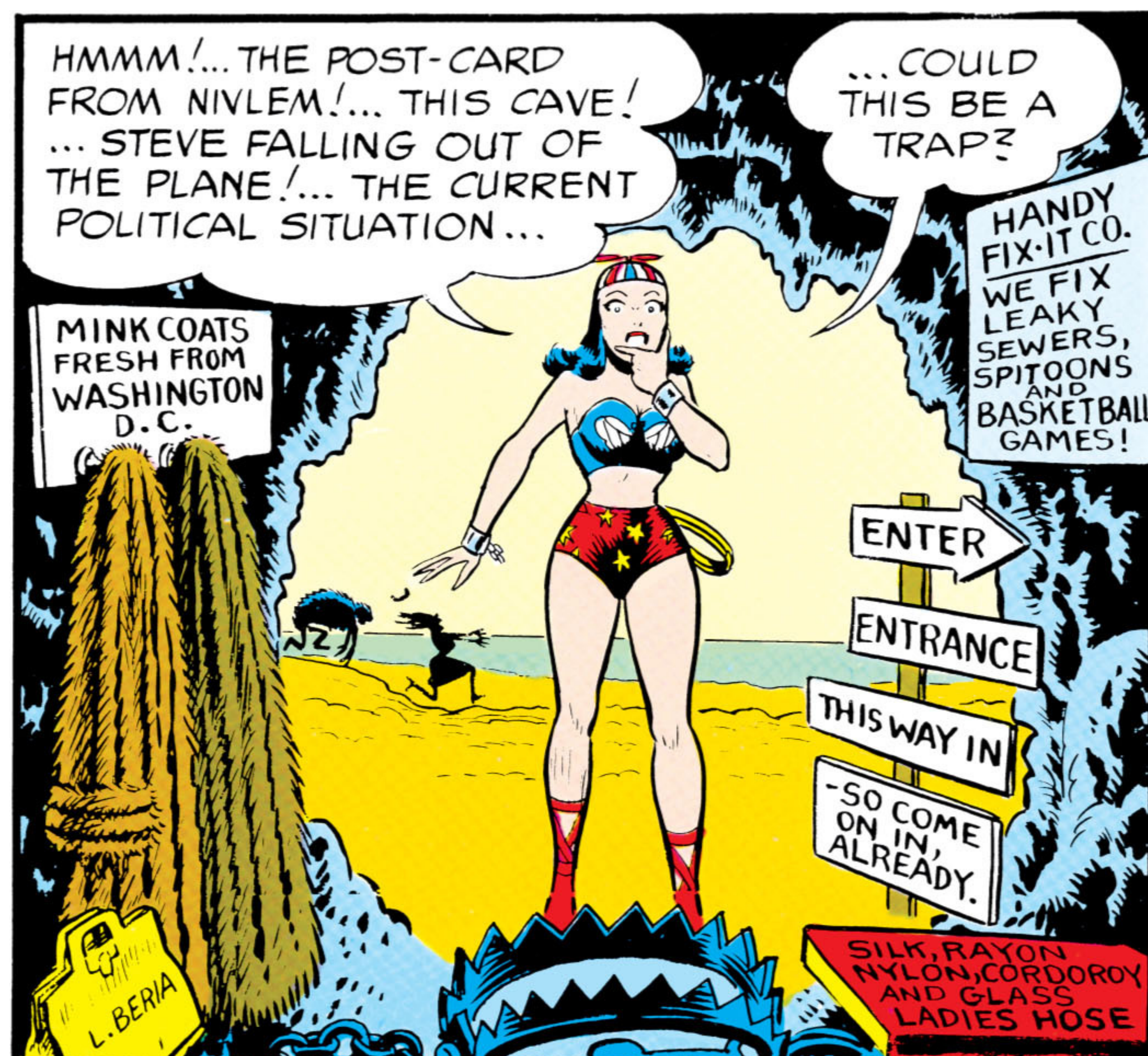
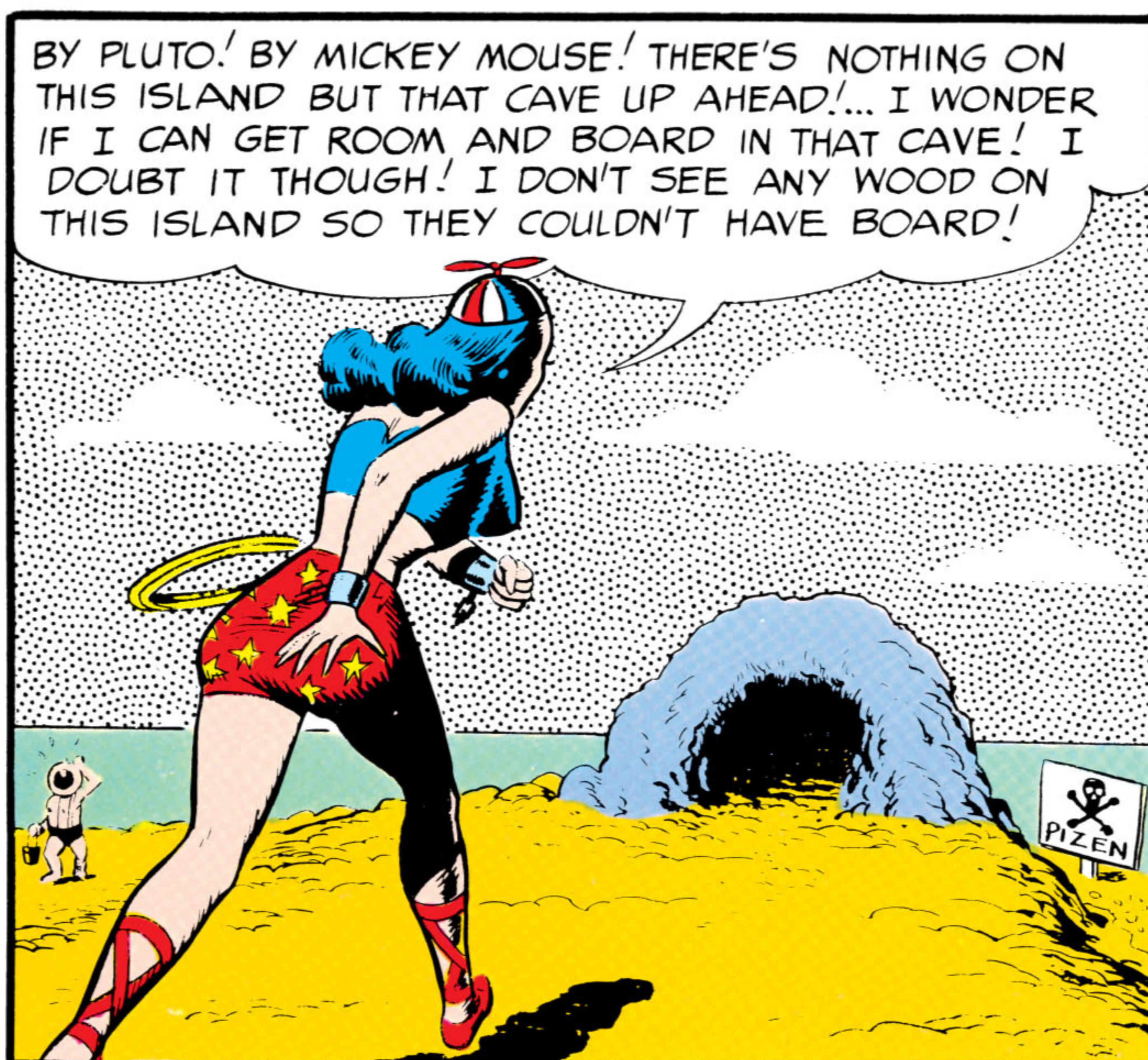
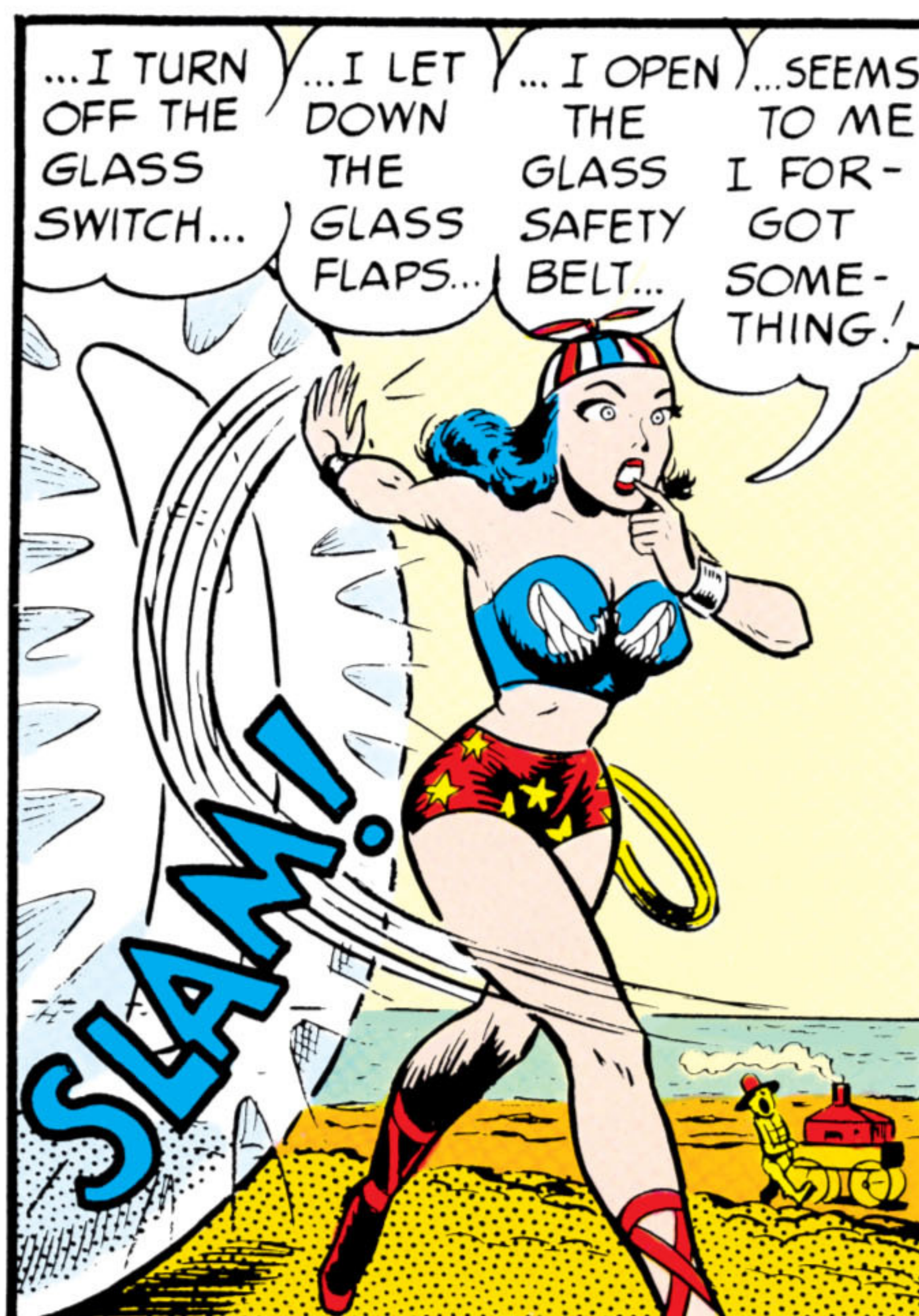
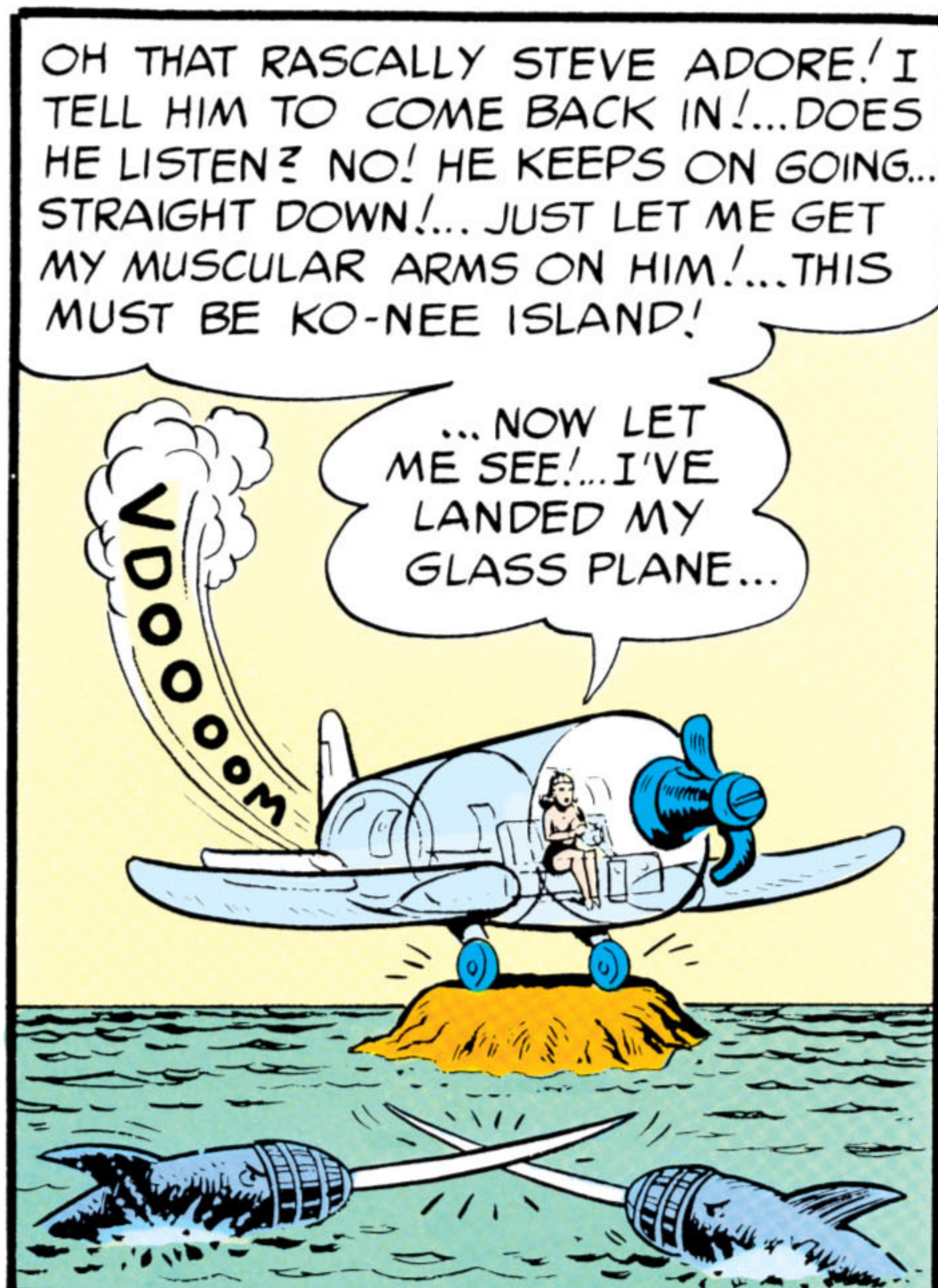
УИИ
УИИ!

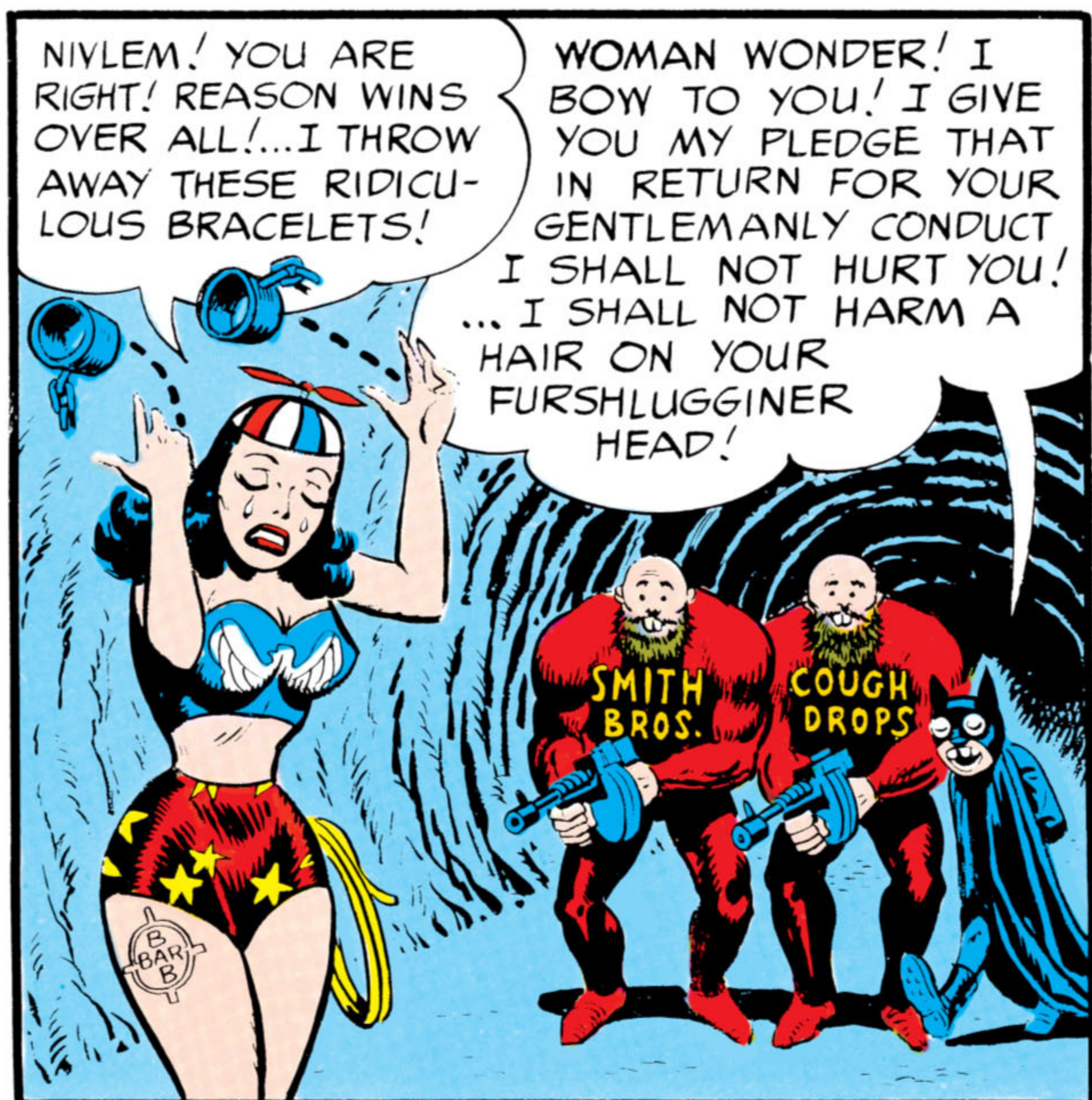
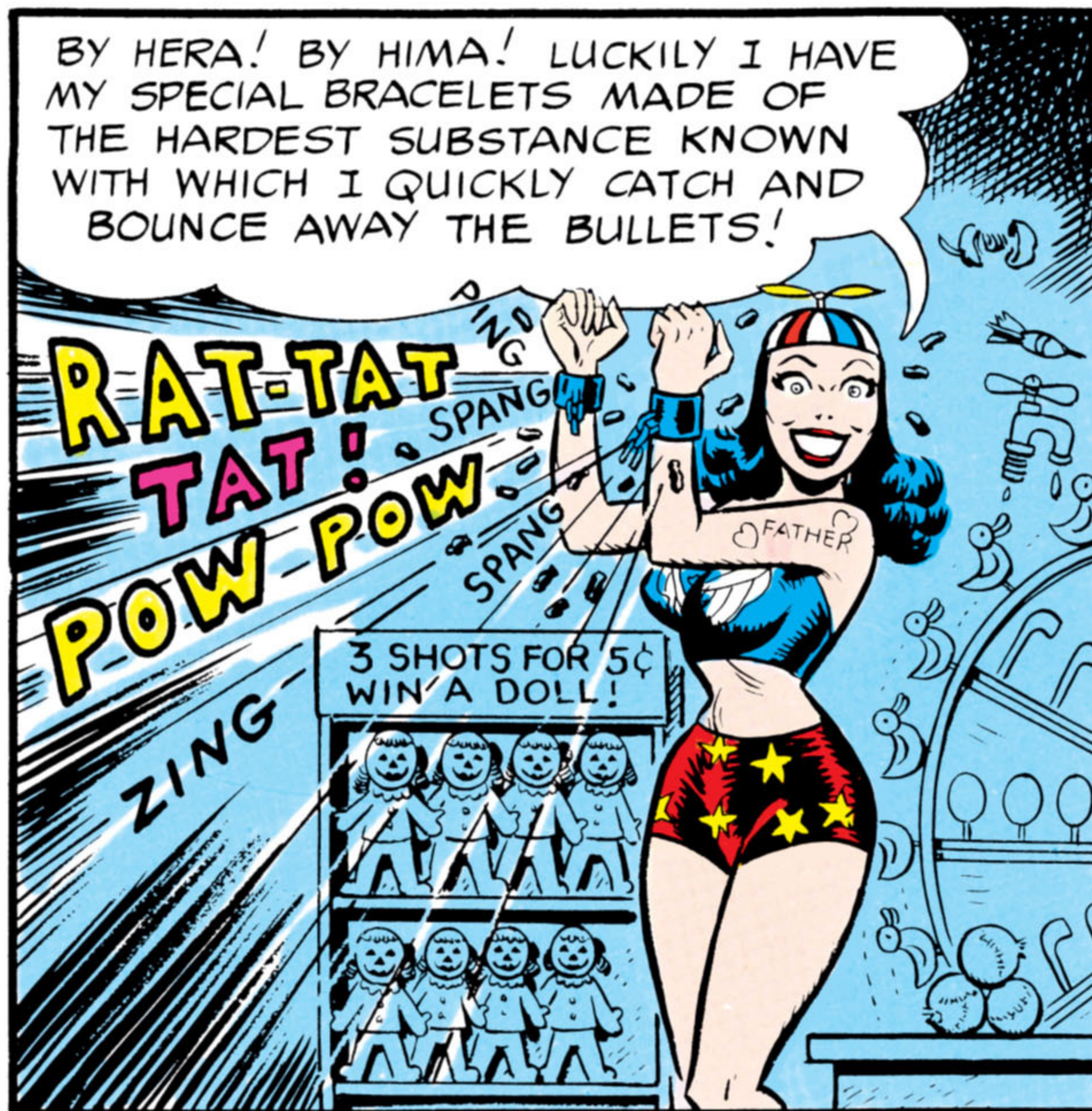
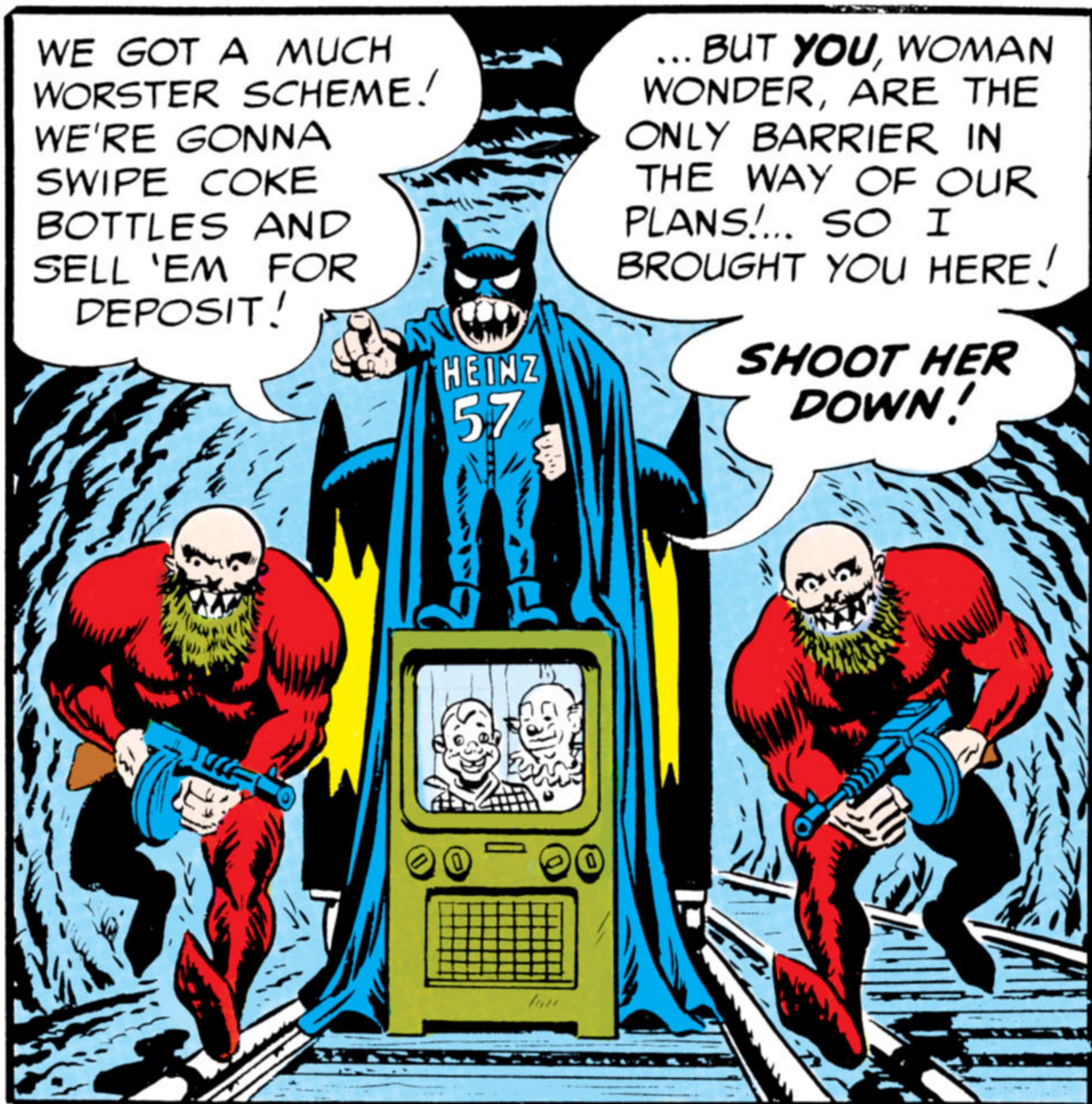
HA!... NOW FINALLY MY
CRAZY MIXED-UP MIND IS
STRAIGHTENED OUT AND WE
ARE FLYING GOOD!

STEVE! STEVE! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING BACK
THERE ON THE
INSIDE OF THE
ROBOT- PLANE
LOOKING OUT?

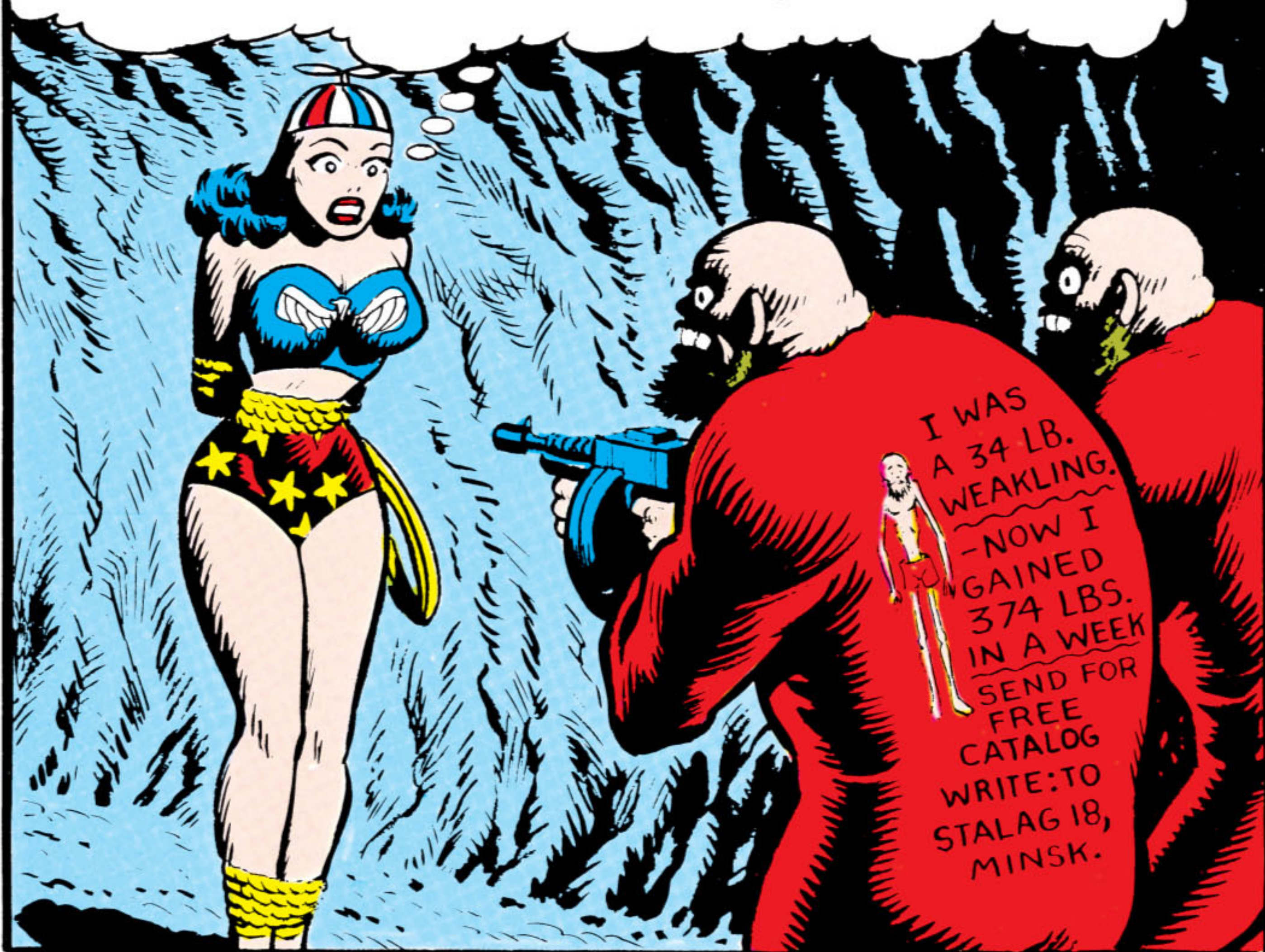
WOMAN WONDER.' WOMAN WONDER.' STOP THE PLANE, SWEETHEART, BECAUSE I AM ON THE *OUTSIDE* OF THE ROBOT PLANE LOOKING *IN!*

NOW ISN'T THAT
SILLY!... YOU COME
RIGHT BACK IN
HERE...AND YOU
**SHOULDN'T SLAM
THE DOOR!**

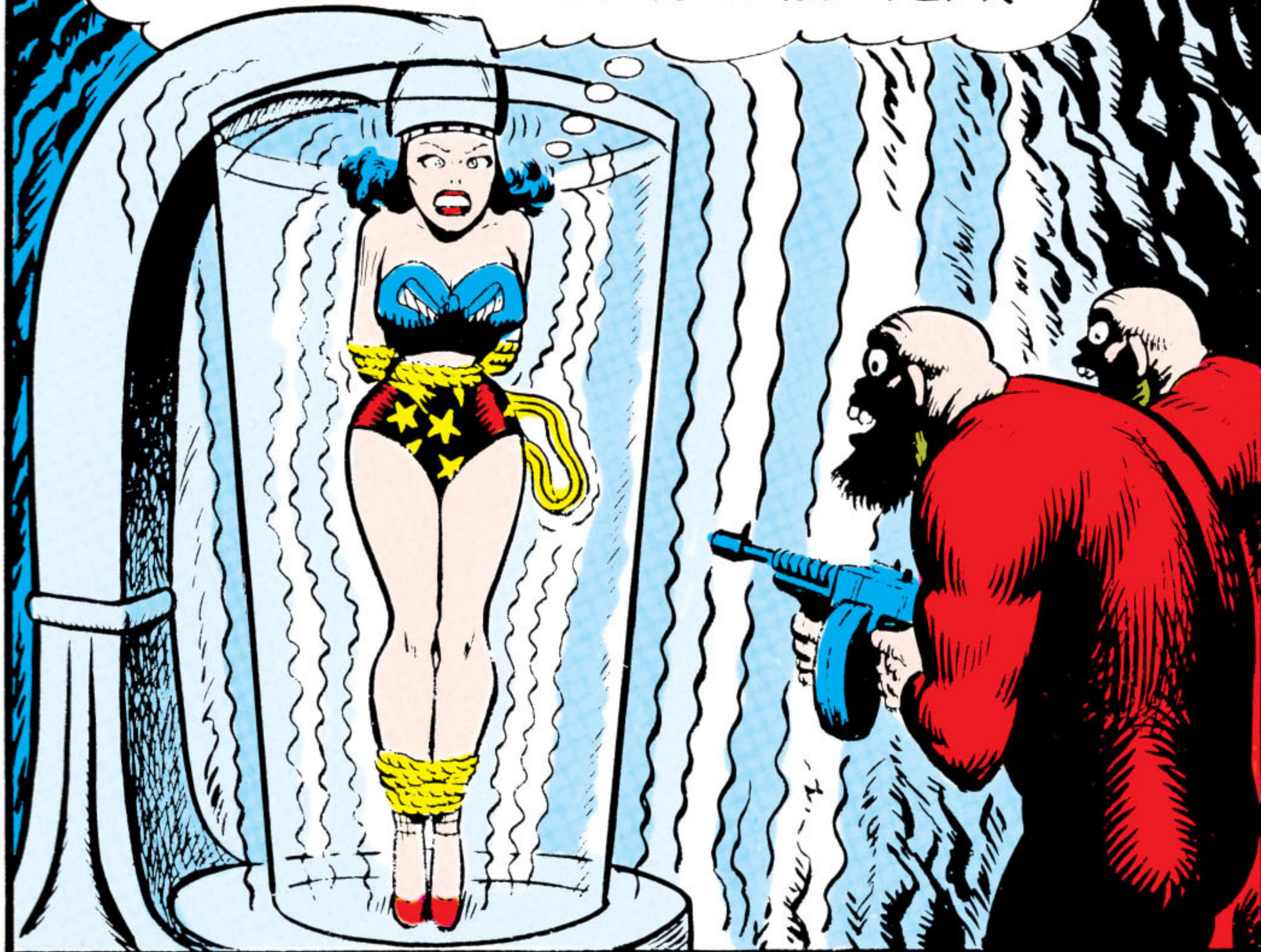




BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!... BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!



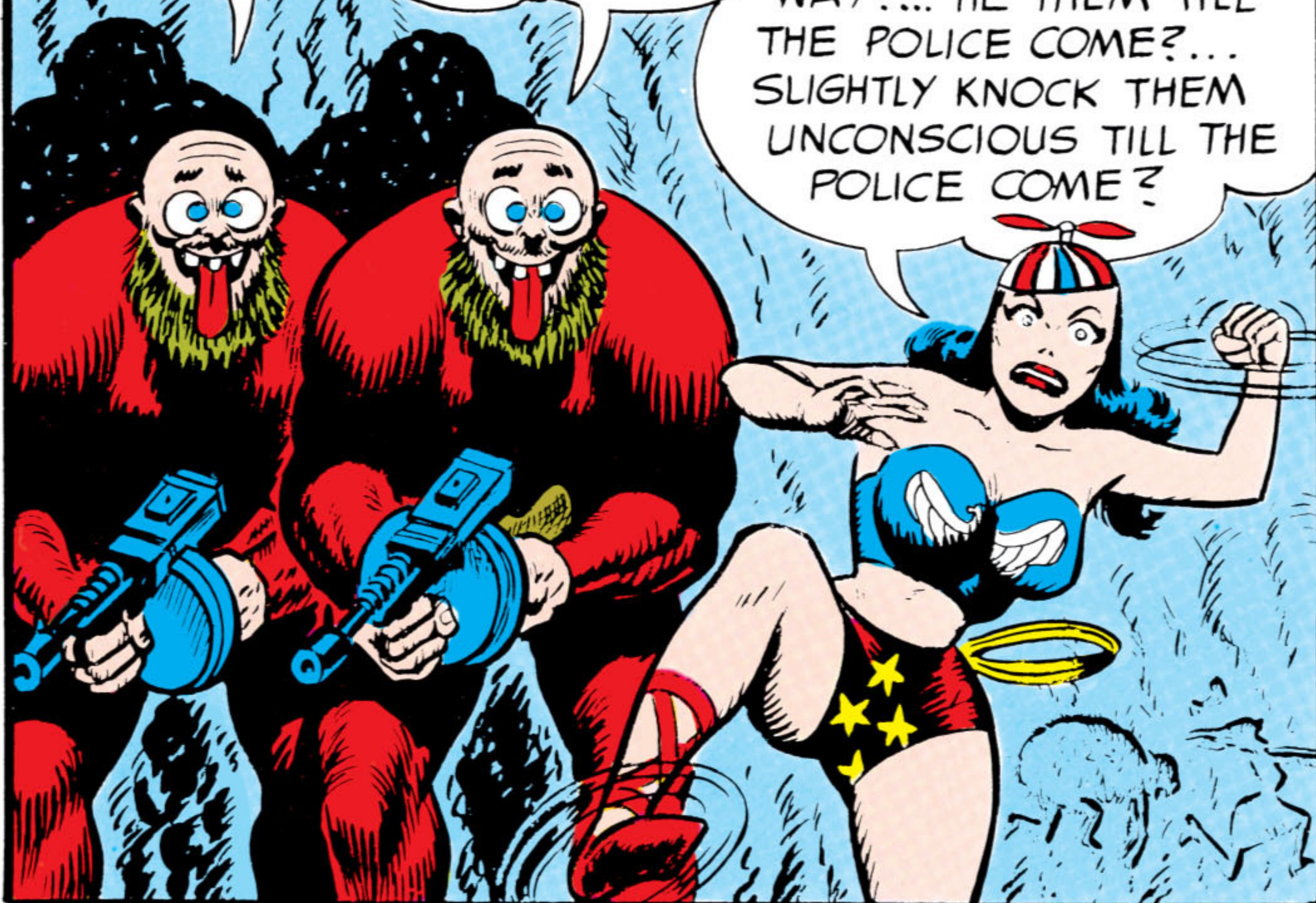
...VIBRATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR BREAKING ROPES... PARALYZING CROOKS... MASSAGING AND STIMULATING HAIR GROWTH ON THE SCALP... AND RELIEVING TIRED FEET!



YUH YUH! ONCE I SAW VIBRATIONS LIKE DAT IN MILLWAUKEE!

YUH YUH! ...DERE WUZ A GIRL IN DIS CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW...

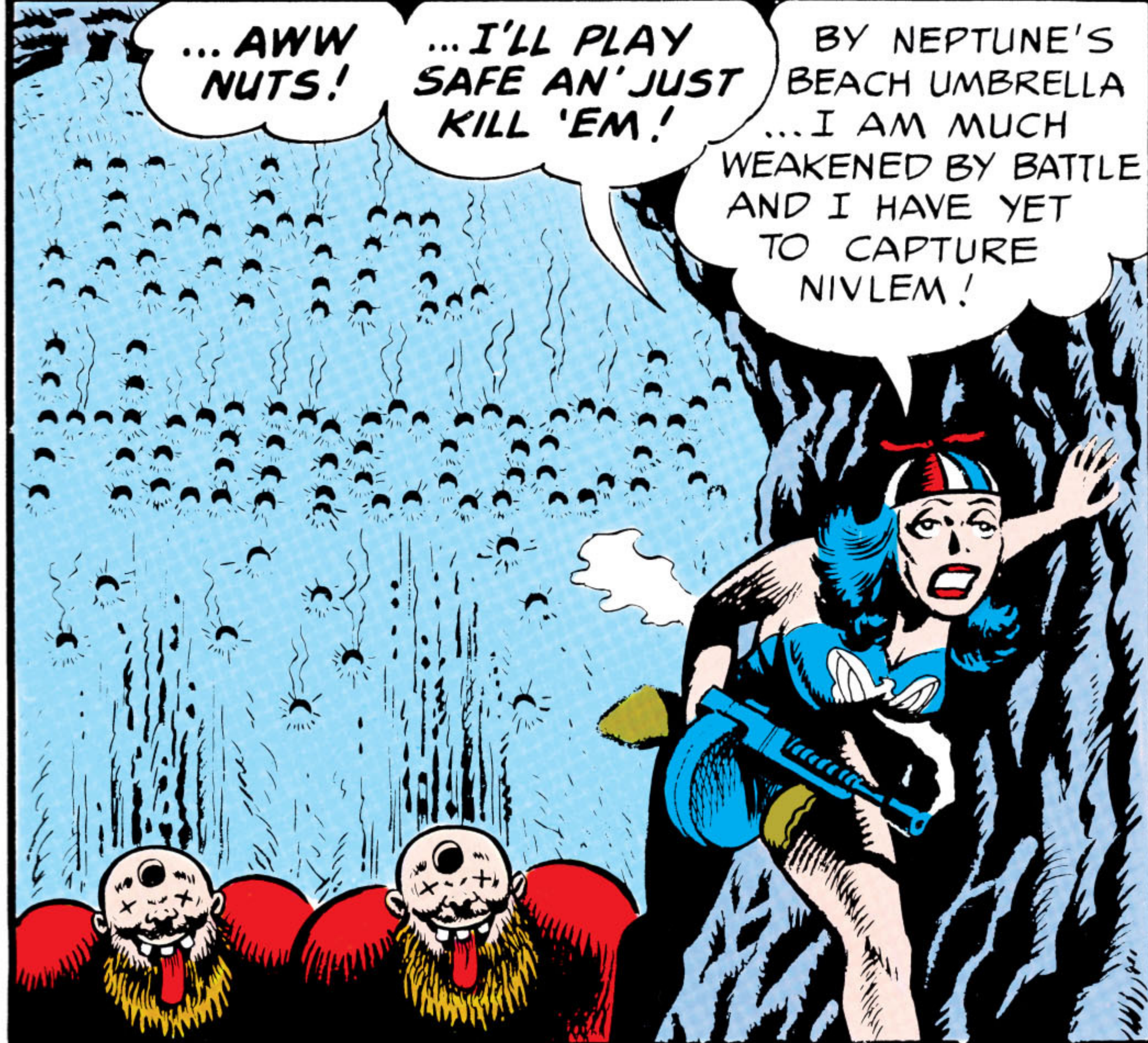
HAH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THEM PARALYZED MOMENTARILLY, WHAT SHALL I DO TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?... TIE THEM TILL THE POLICE COME?... SLIGHTLY KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS TILL THE POLICE COME?



...AWW NUTS!

...I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST KILL 'EM!

BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH UMBRELLA ...I AM MUCH WEAKENED BY BATTLE AND I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE NIVLEM!



BUT BY NEPTUNE'S SUN-TAN LOTION, I STILL HAVE MY LASSOO LEFT...MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO THAT MAKES ANYBODY WHO IS LASSOOED, PARALYZED... PROVIDED I ALSO DO VIBRATIONS WHILE LASSOOING!



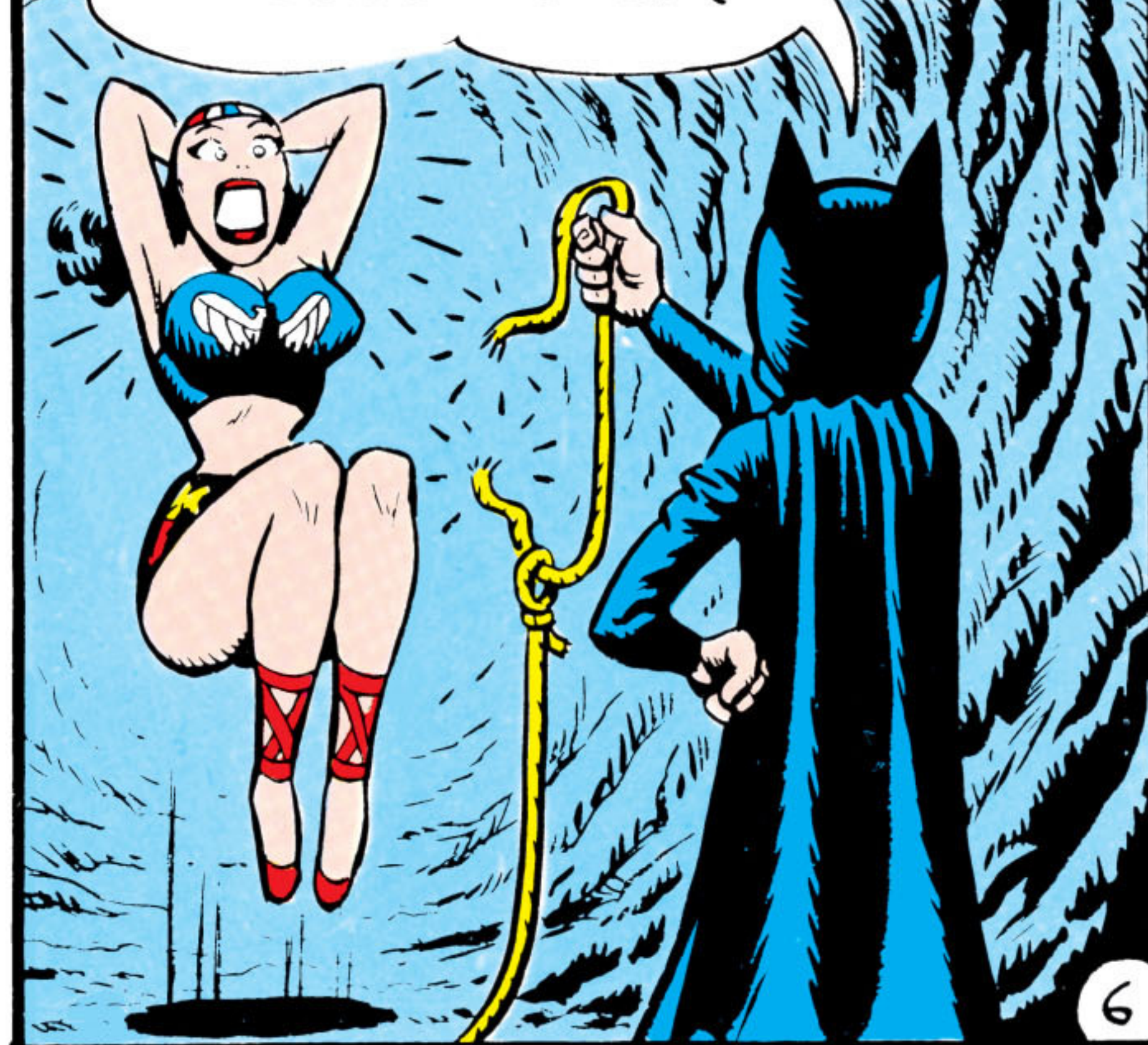
HAHAHA! YOU POOR FOOL! IT IS USELESS TO TRY AND STRUGGLE TO BREAK THROUGH MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO! **NOTHING** CAN BREAK THROUGH MY LASSOO UNLESS I SO WILL IT!

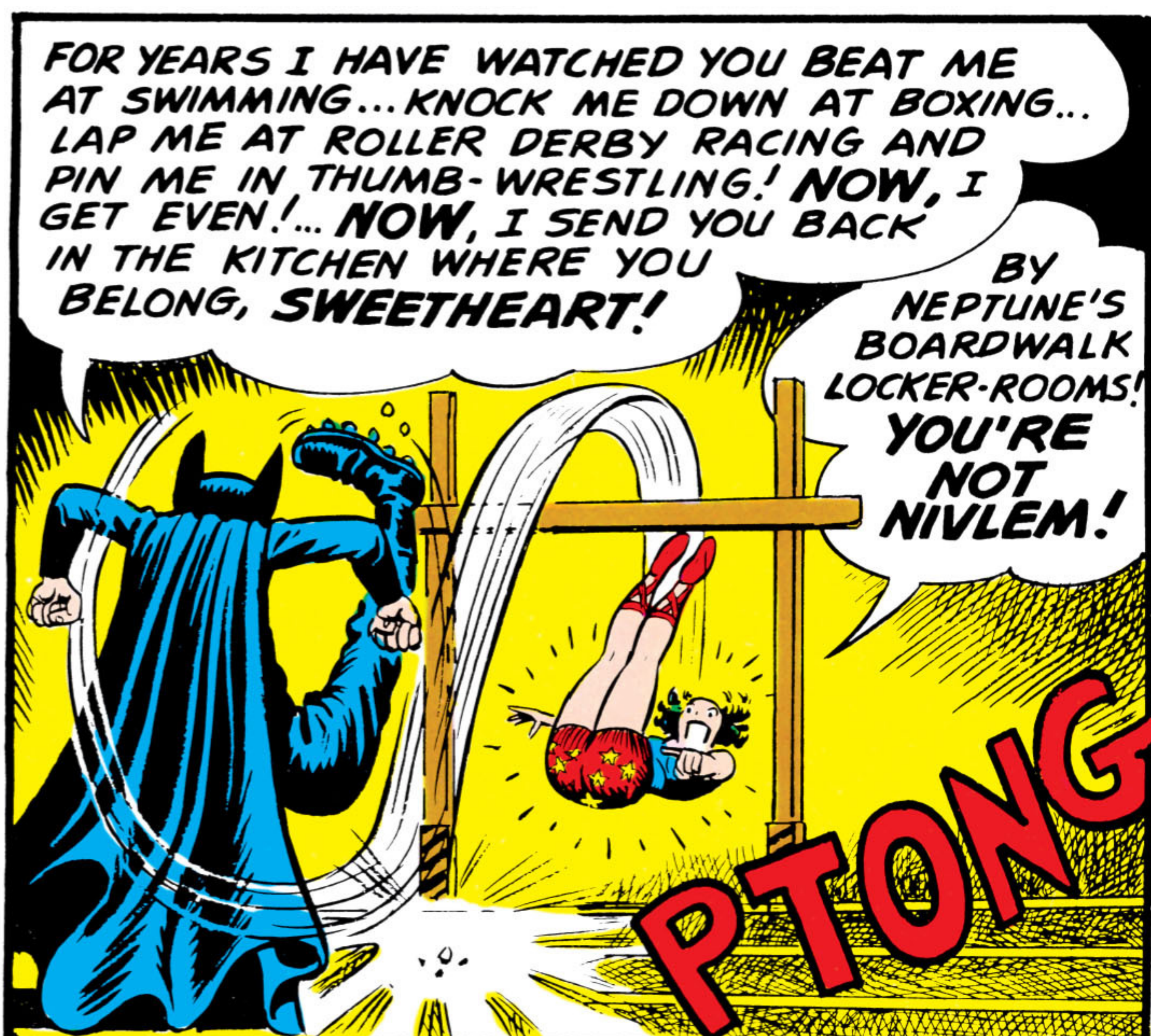
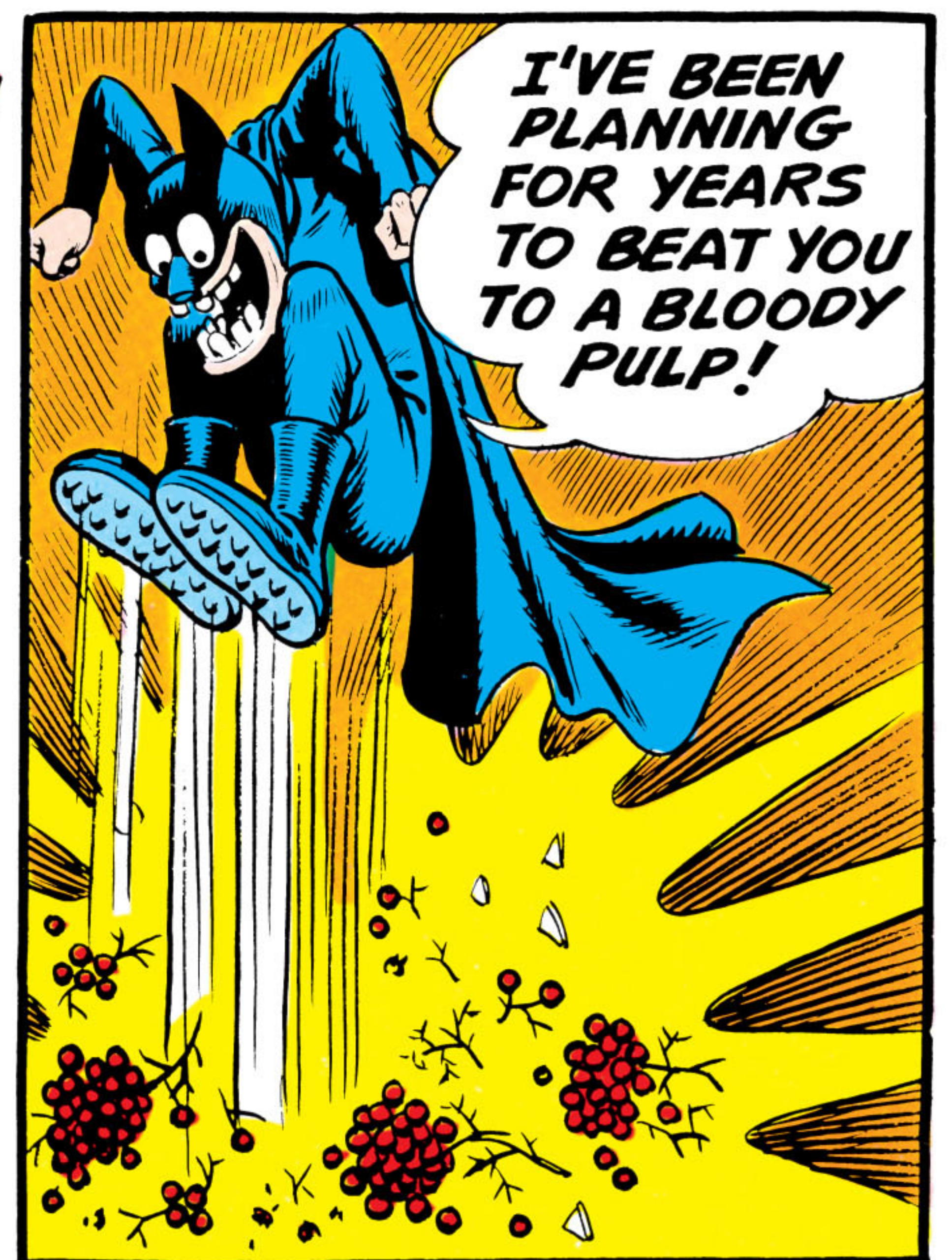
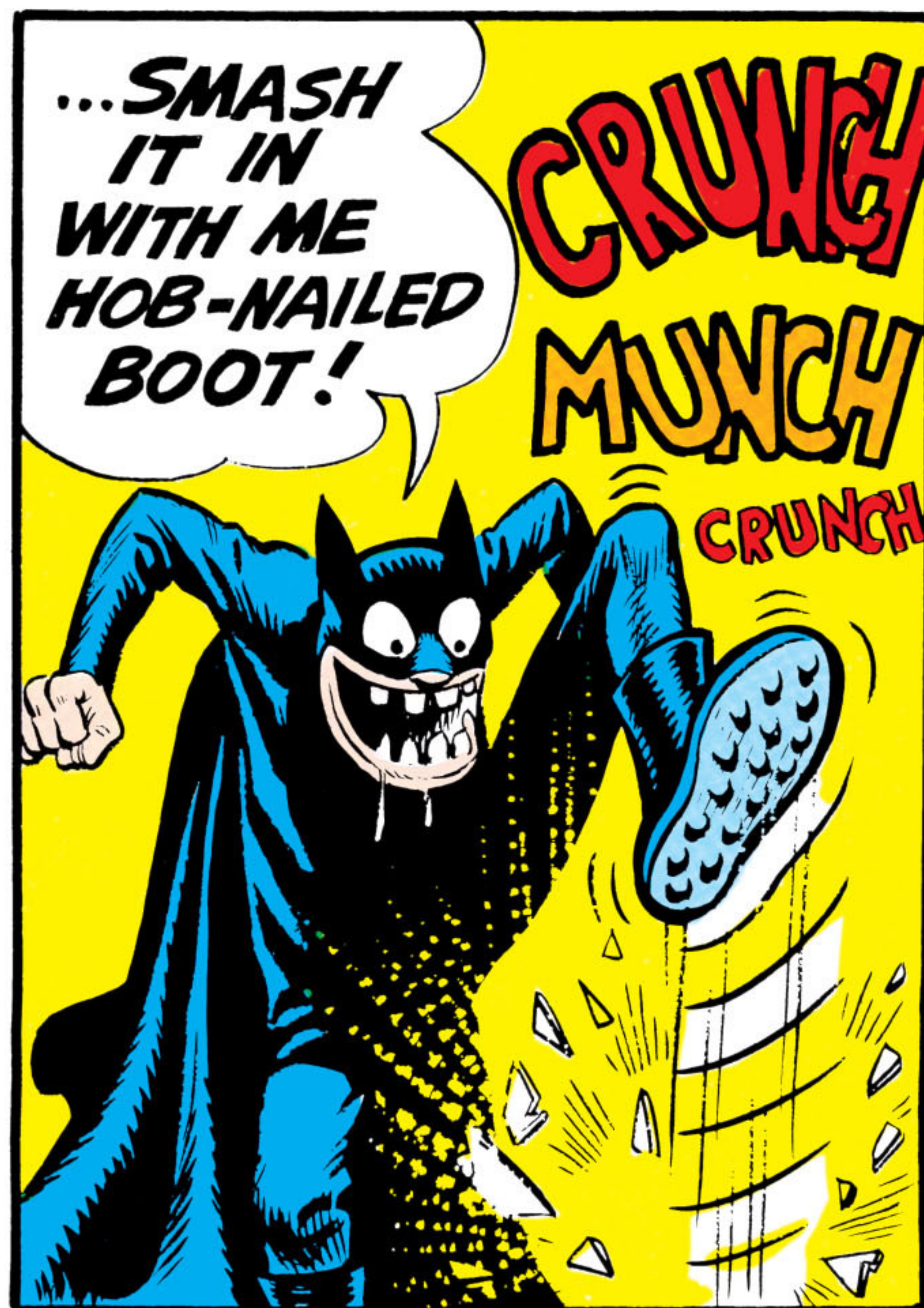
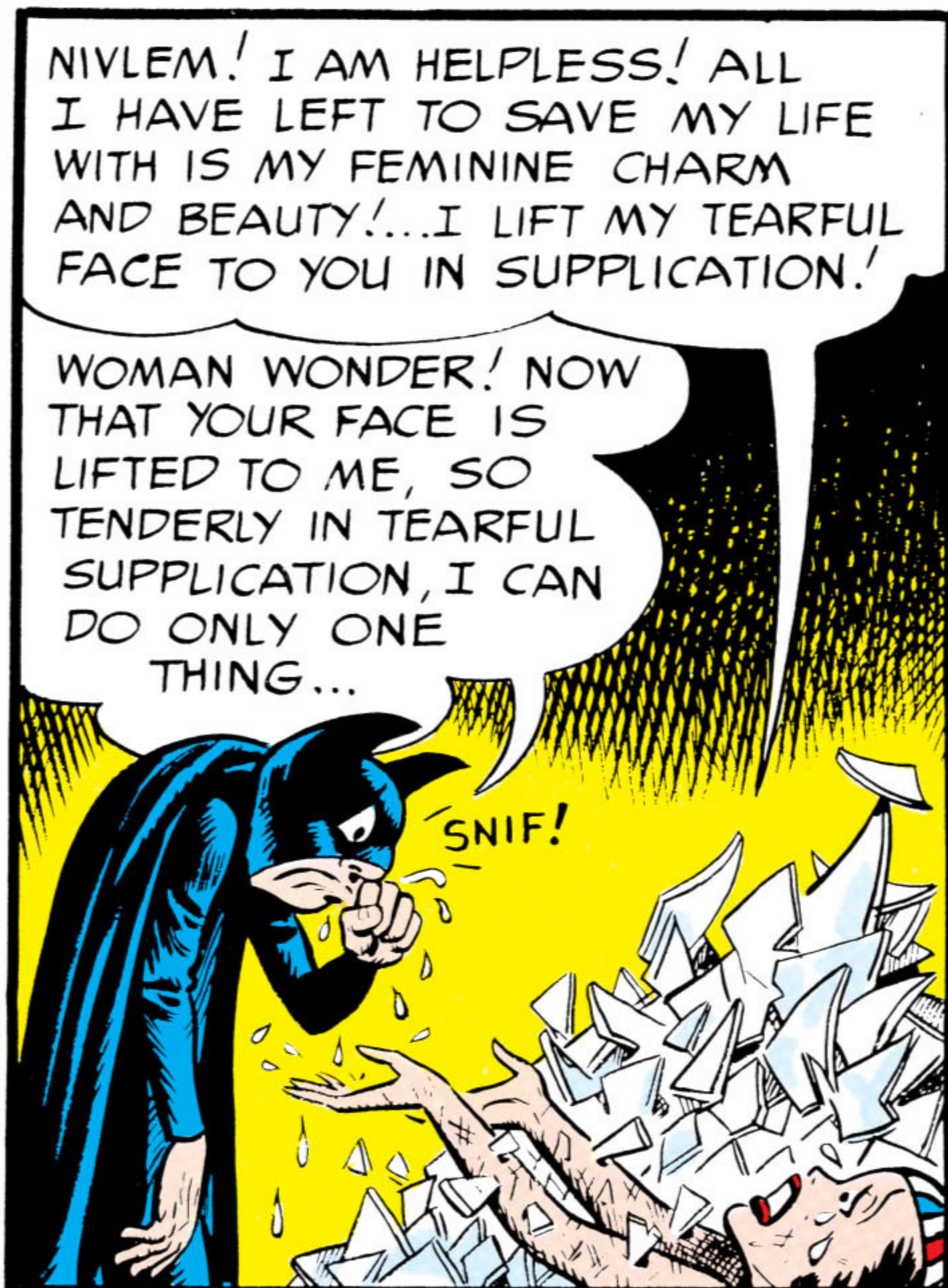
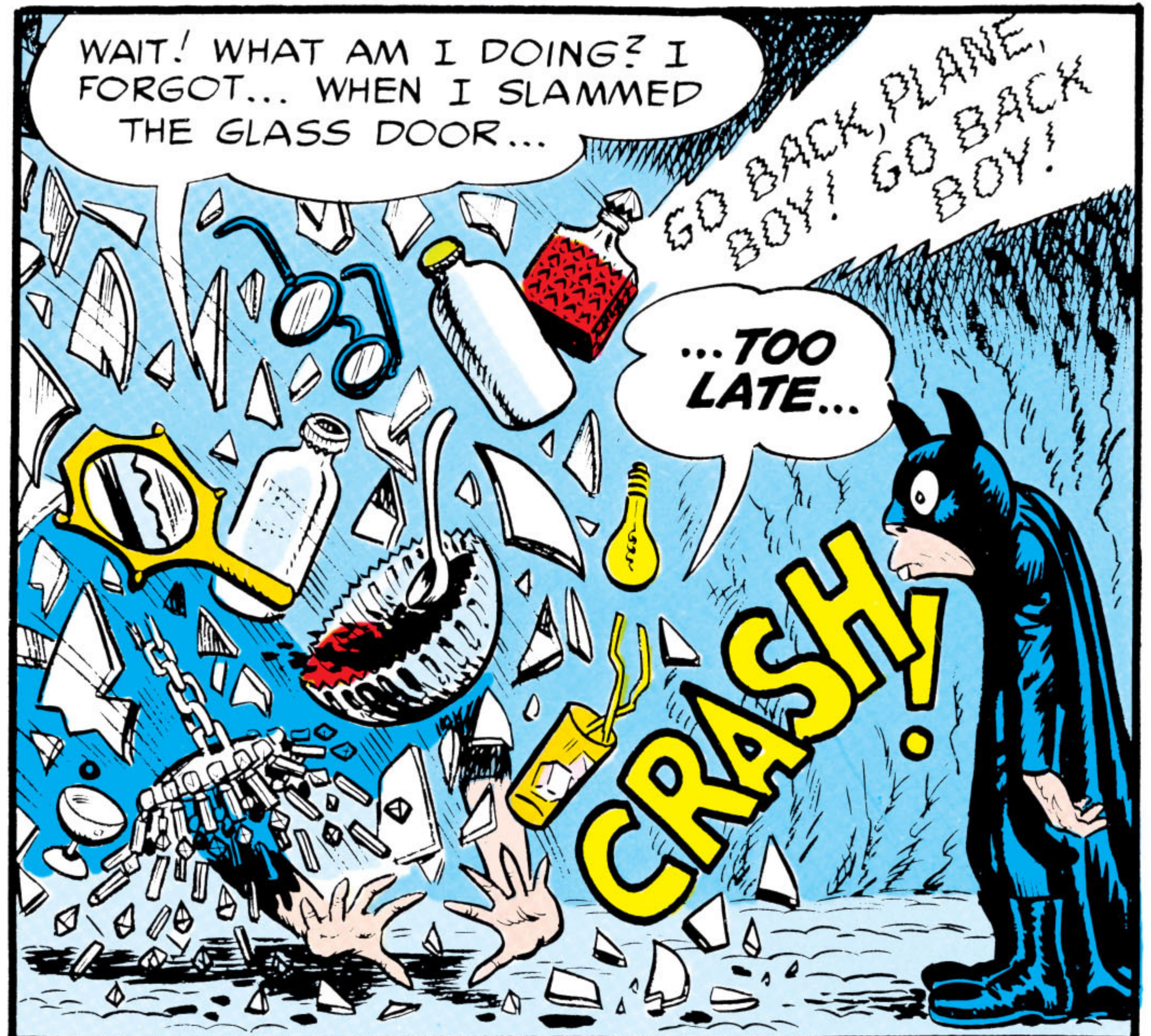
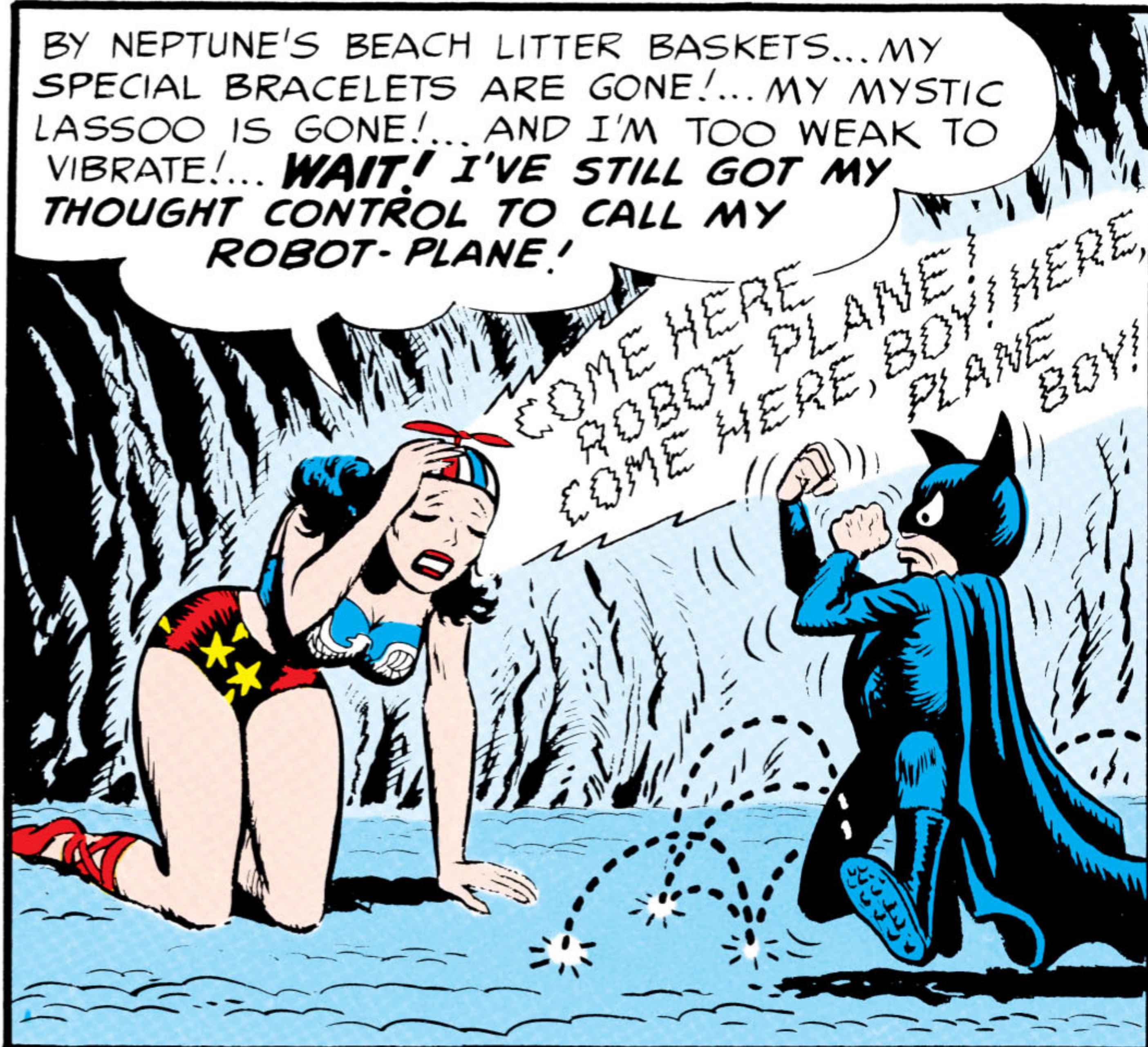


I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID!

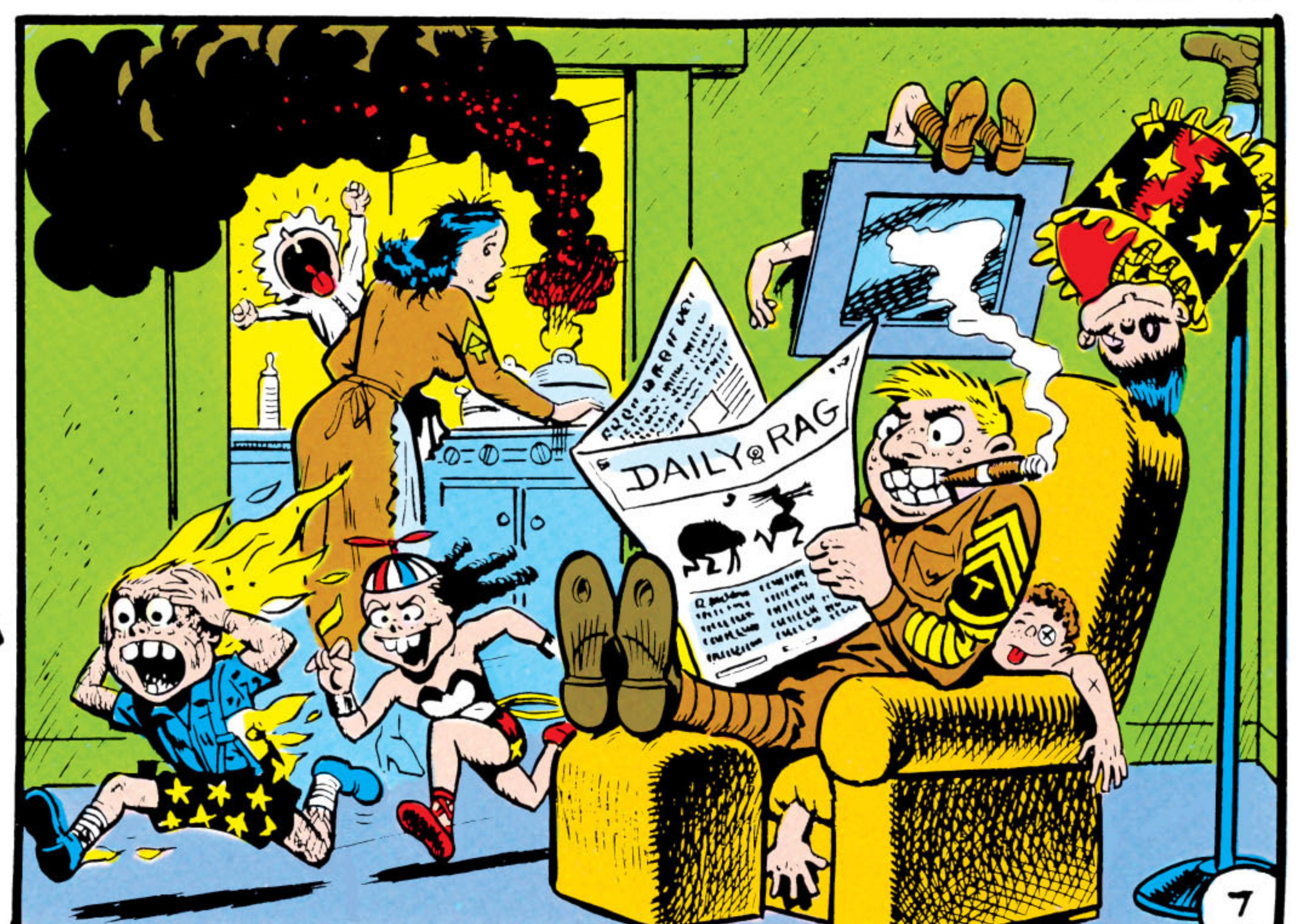
KILROY WASN'T HERE YET!

WOMAN WONDER! I STOLE YOUR POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO A LONG TIME AGO AND HOCKED IT FOR PLENTY CASH TO BUY THIS CAVE SET-UP! THIS LASSOO IS A SICKLY REALISTIC PLASTIC LASSOO I SUBSTITUTED!





STEVE ADORE, WHO IS IN REALITY, NIVLEM... AND DIANA BANANA...ARE NOW MARRIED! DIANA BANANA IS NOW CONTENT WITH THE NORMAL FEMALE LIFE OF WORKING OVER A HOT STOVE!



AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!