



COMPOSITION

Name Mad Number 20, Feb. 104

Subject Humor in a Jugular Vein



**IT'S TRUE I BOUGHT THE
LAST MAD ON THE NEWS-
STAND, BUT THEY STILL
HAVE A COPY OF PANIC
WHICH IS PRACTICALLY
THE SAME AS MAD!**

HOWEVER, IF PANIC ISN'T AVAILABLE
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PANIC ☐ MAD ☐

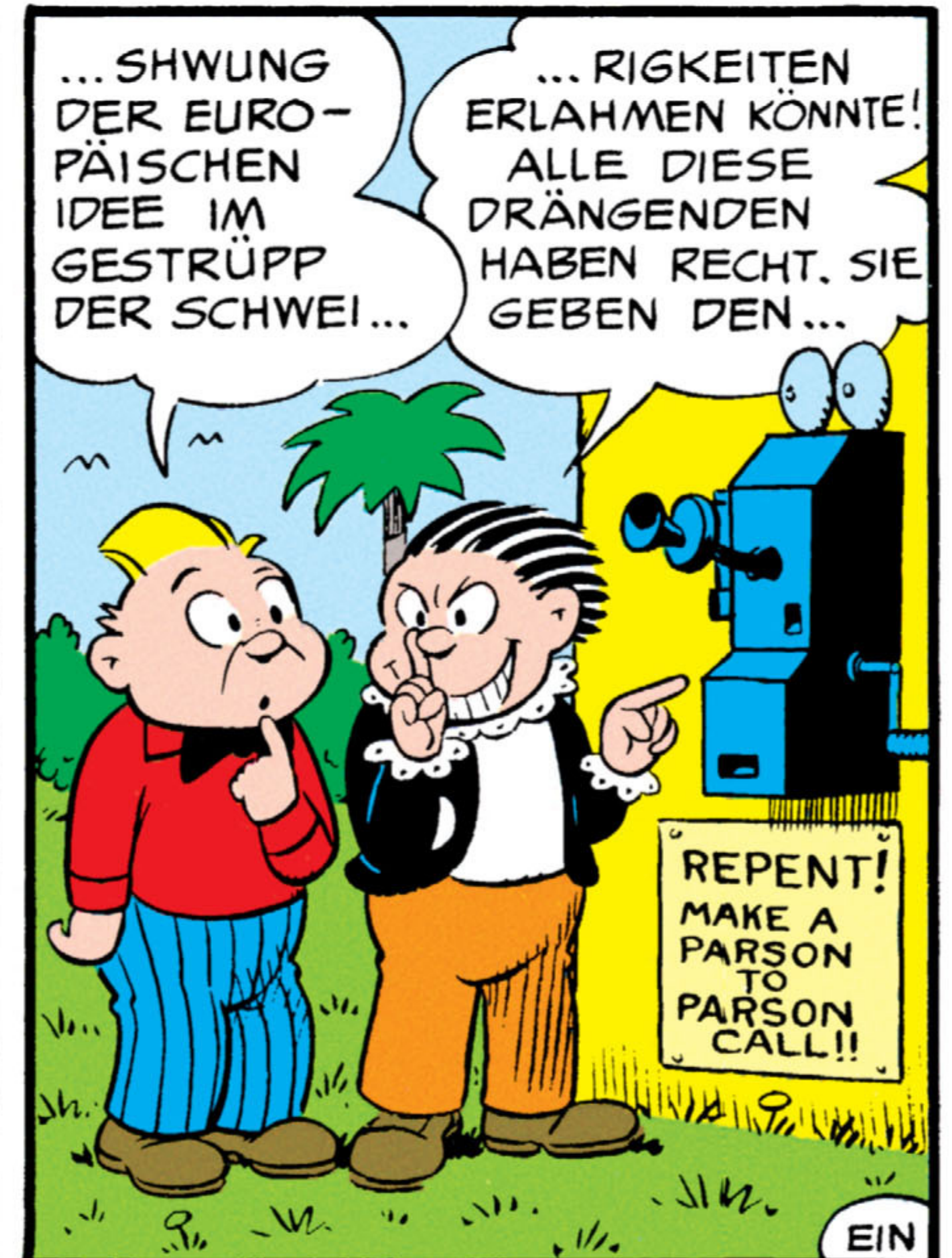
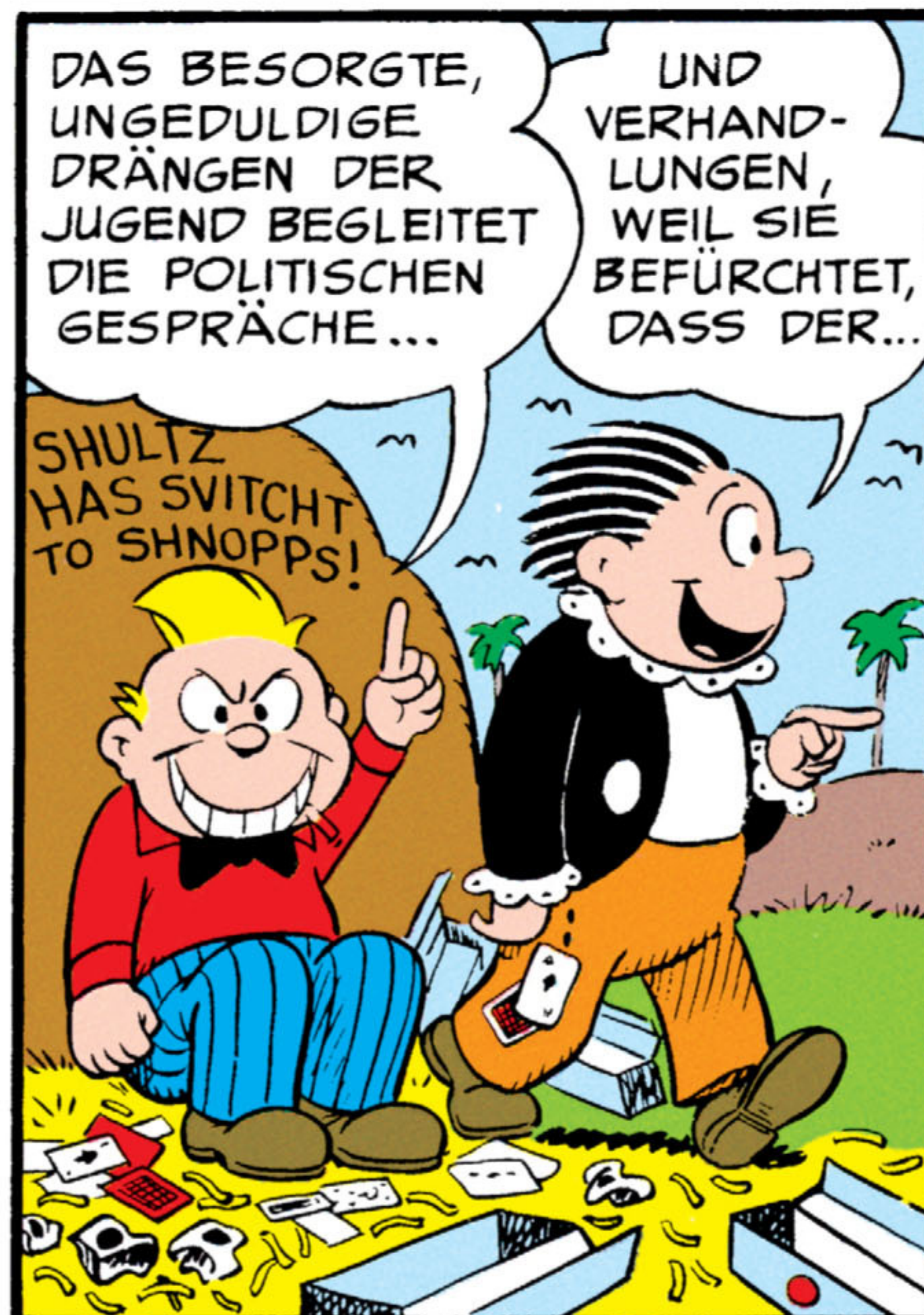
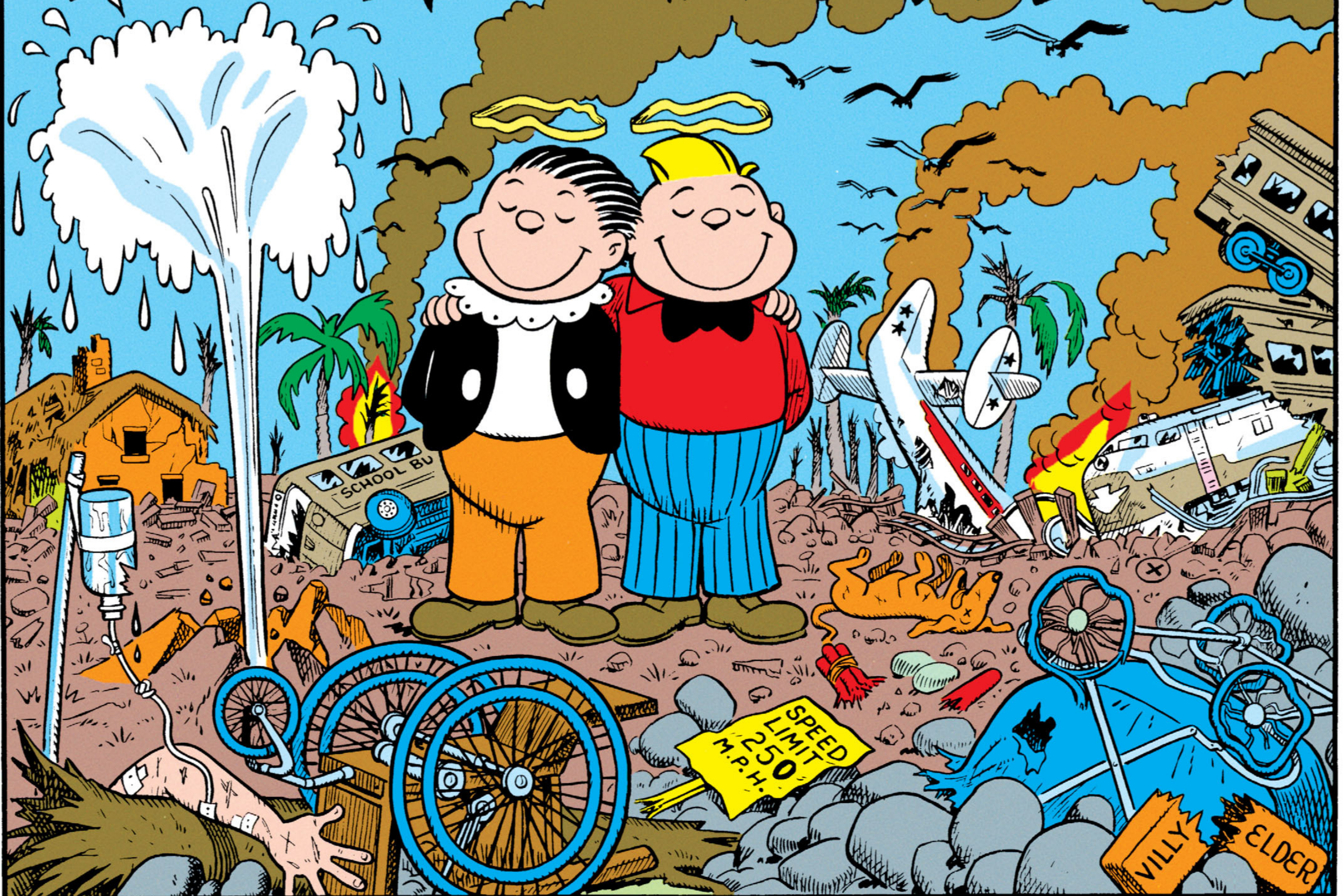
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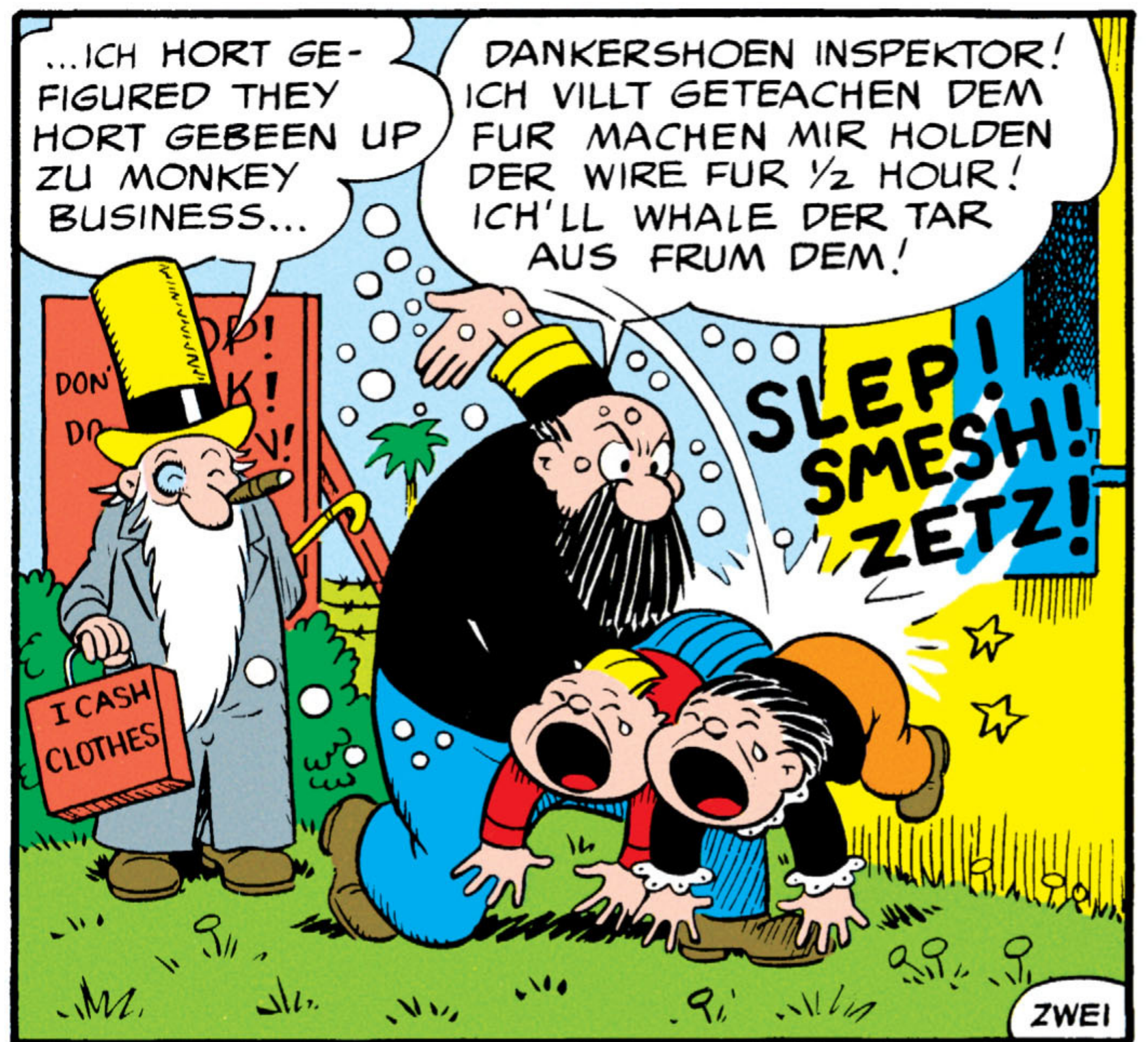
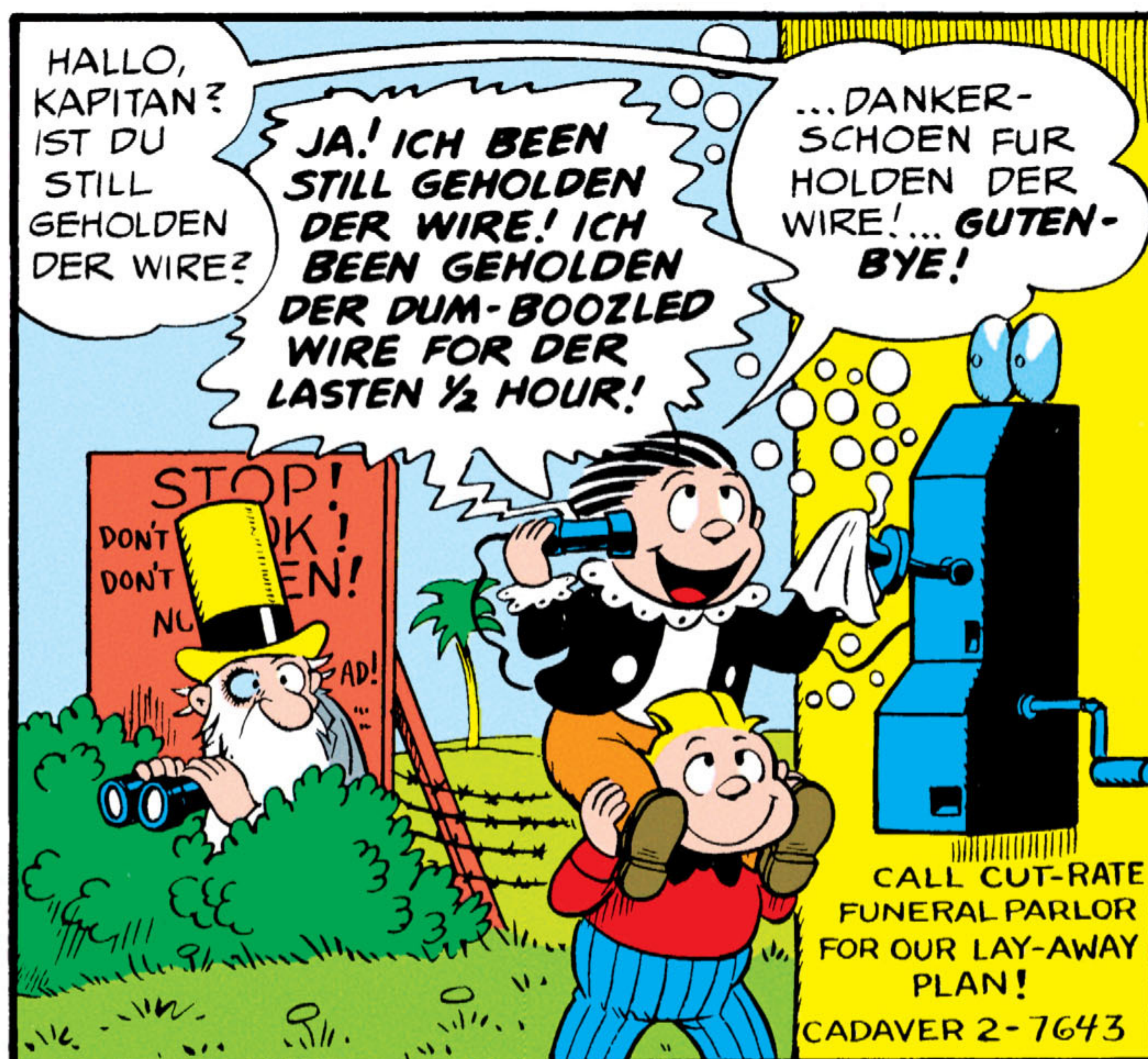
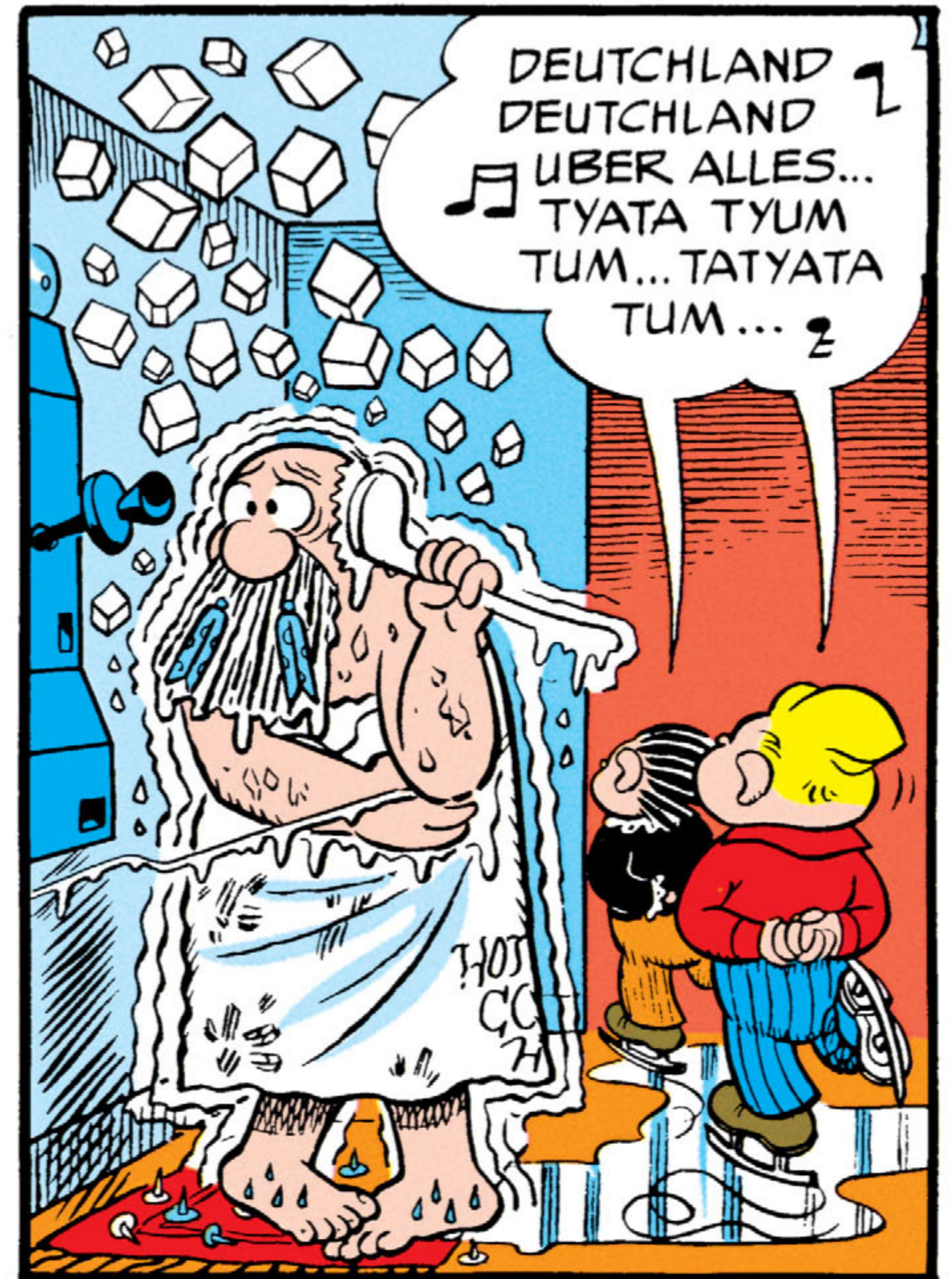
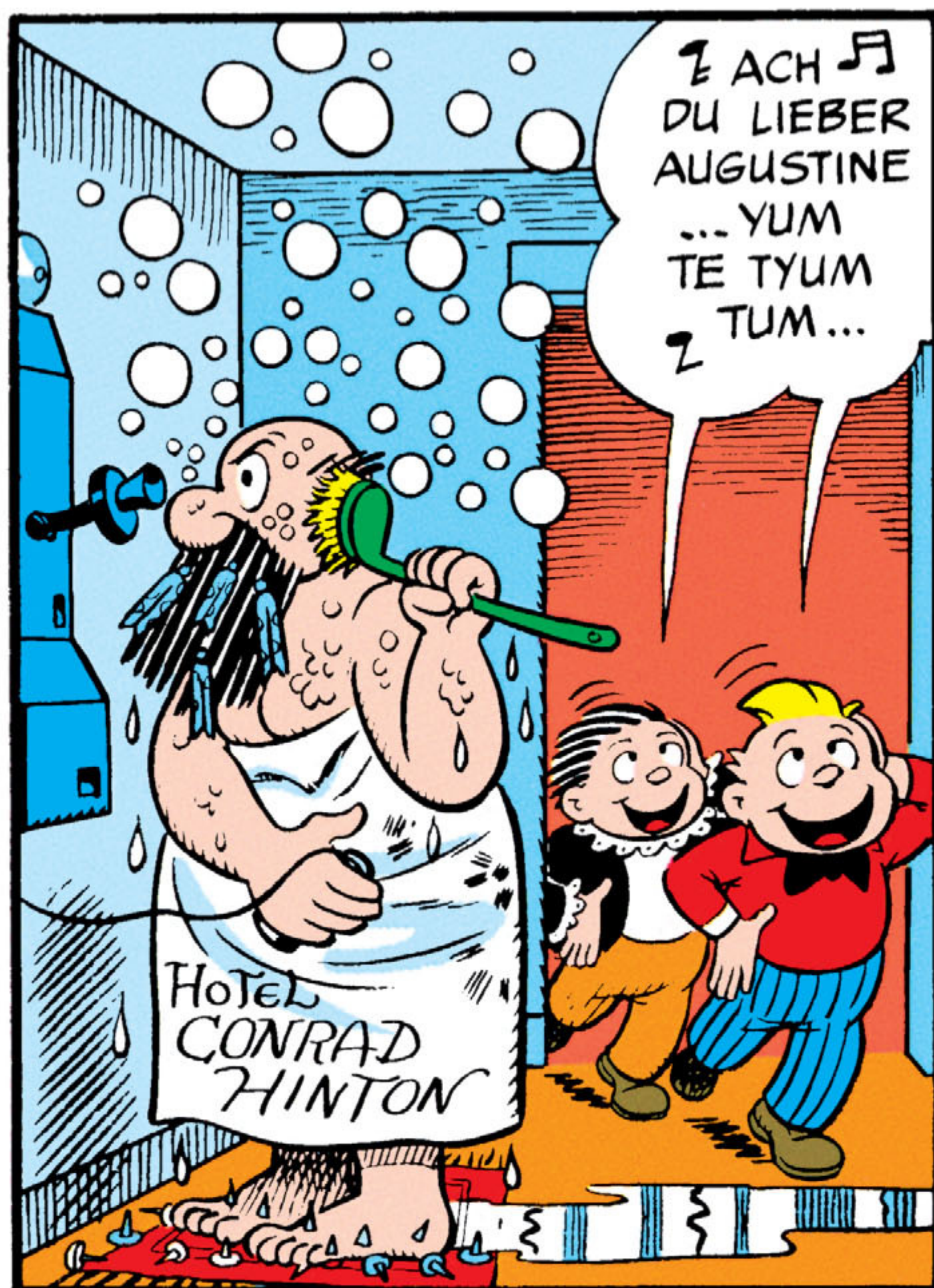
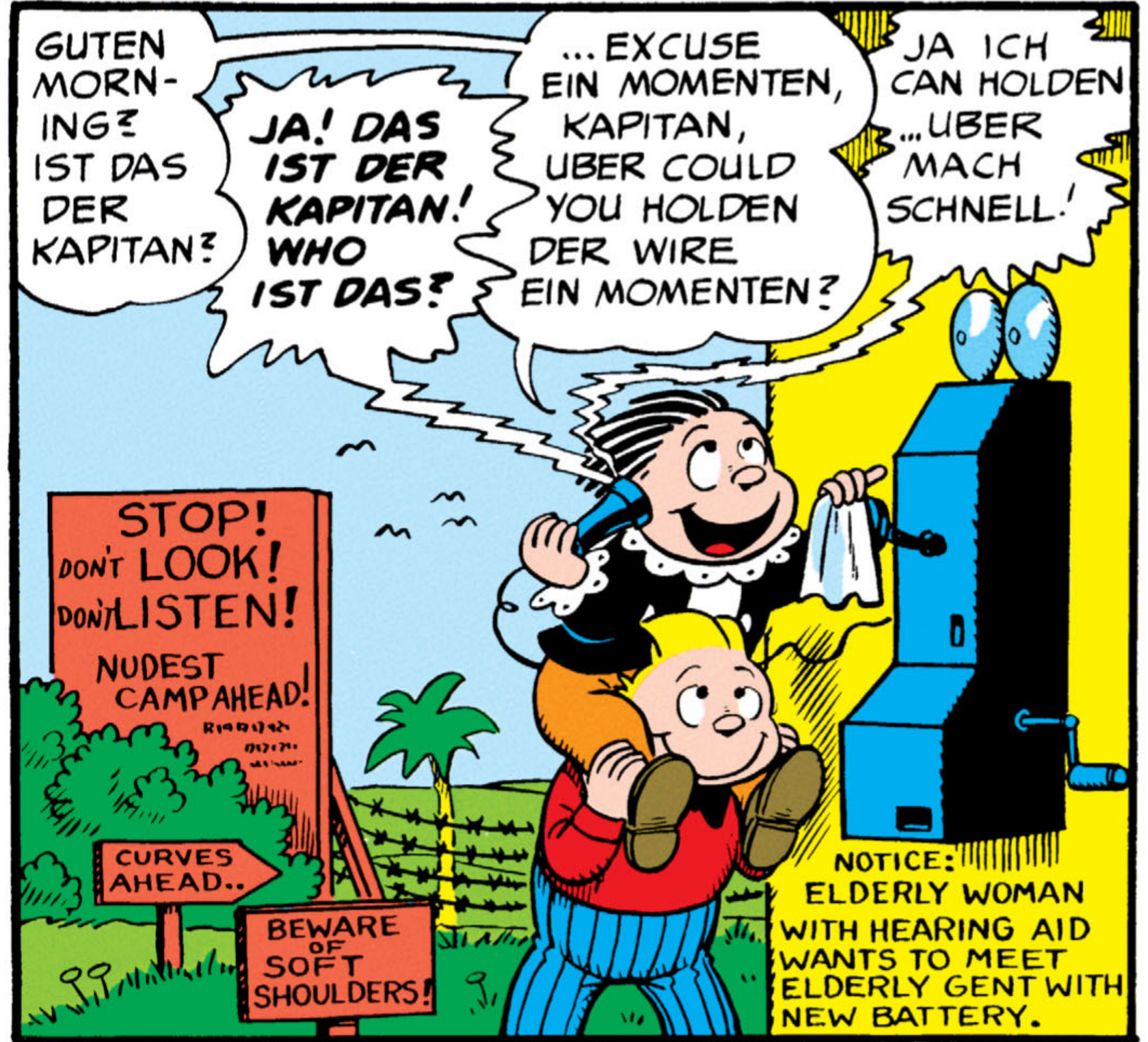
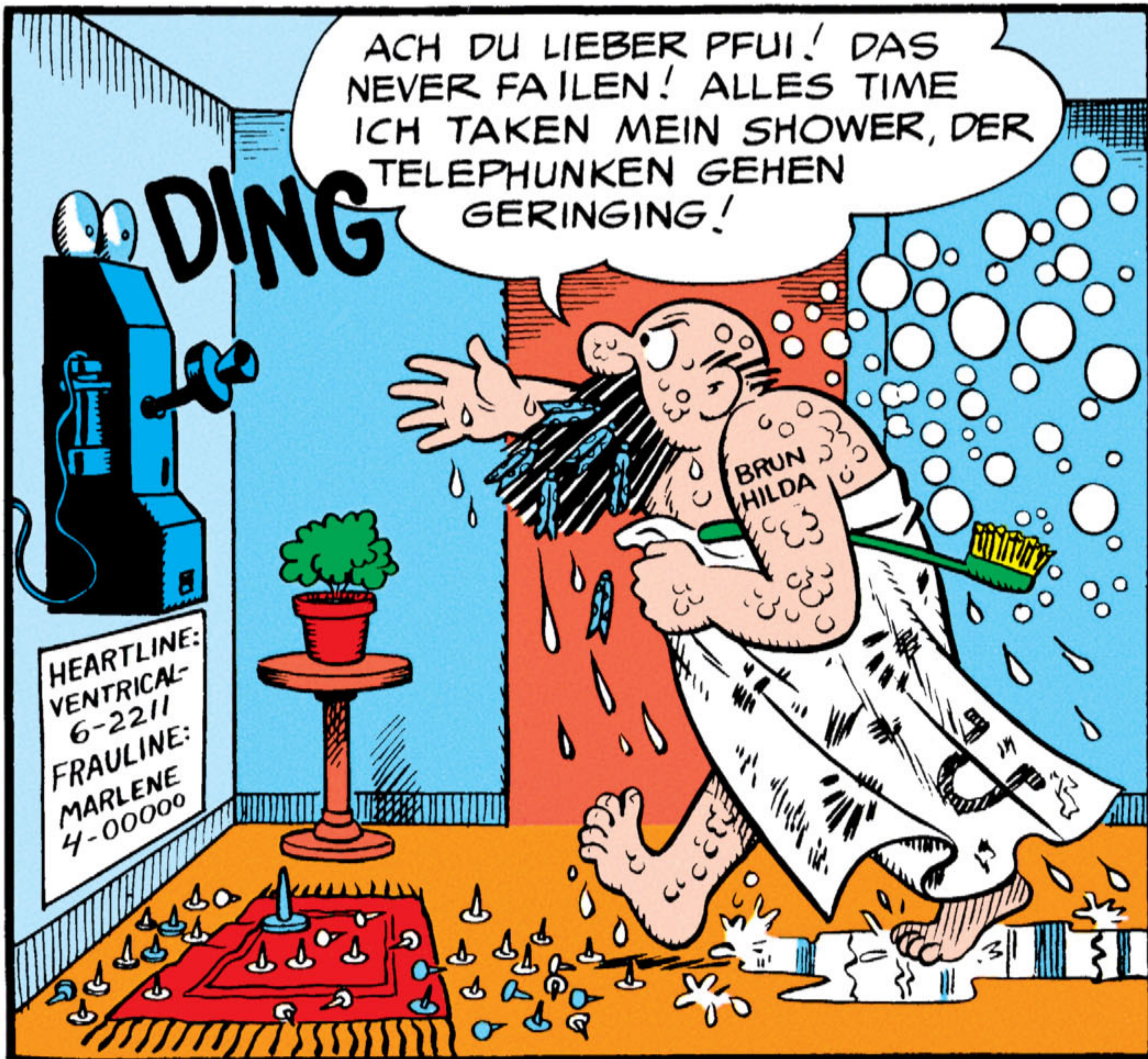
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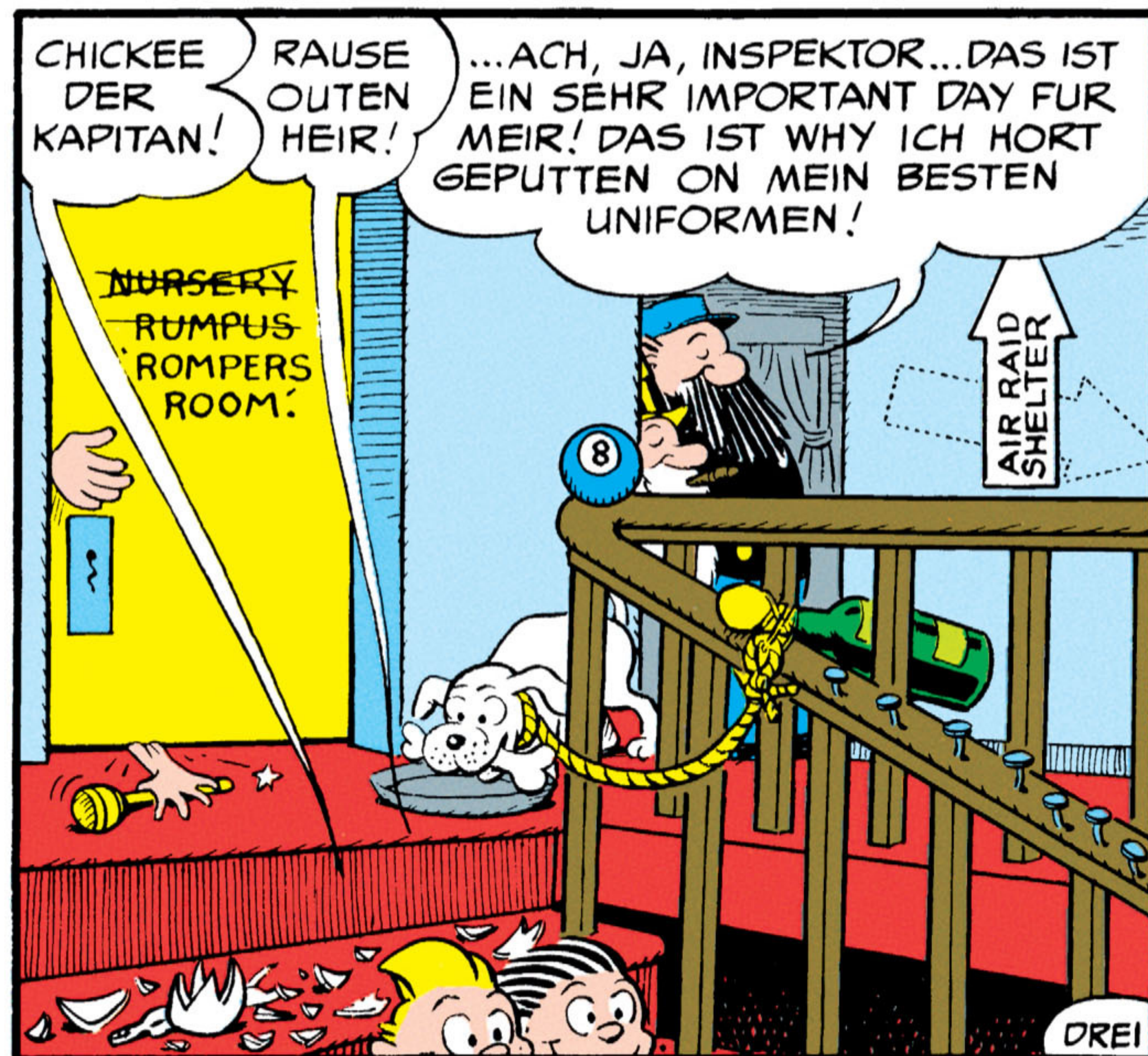
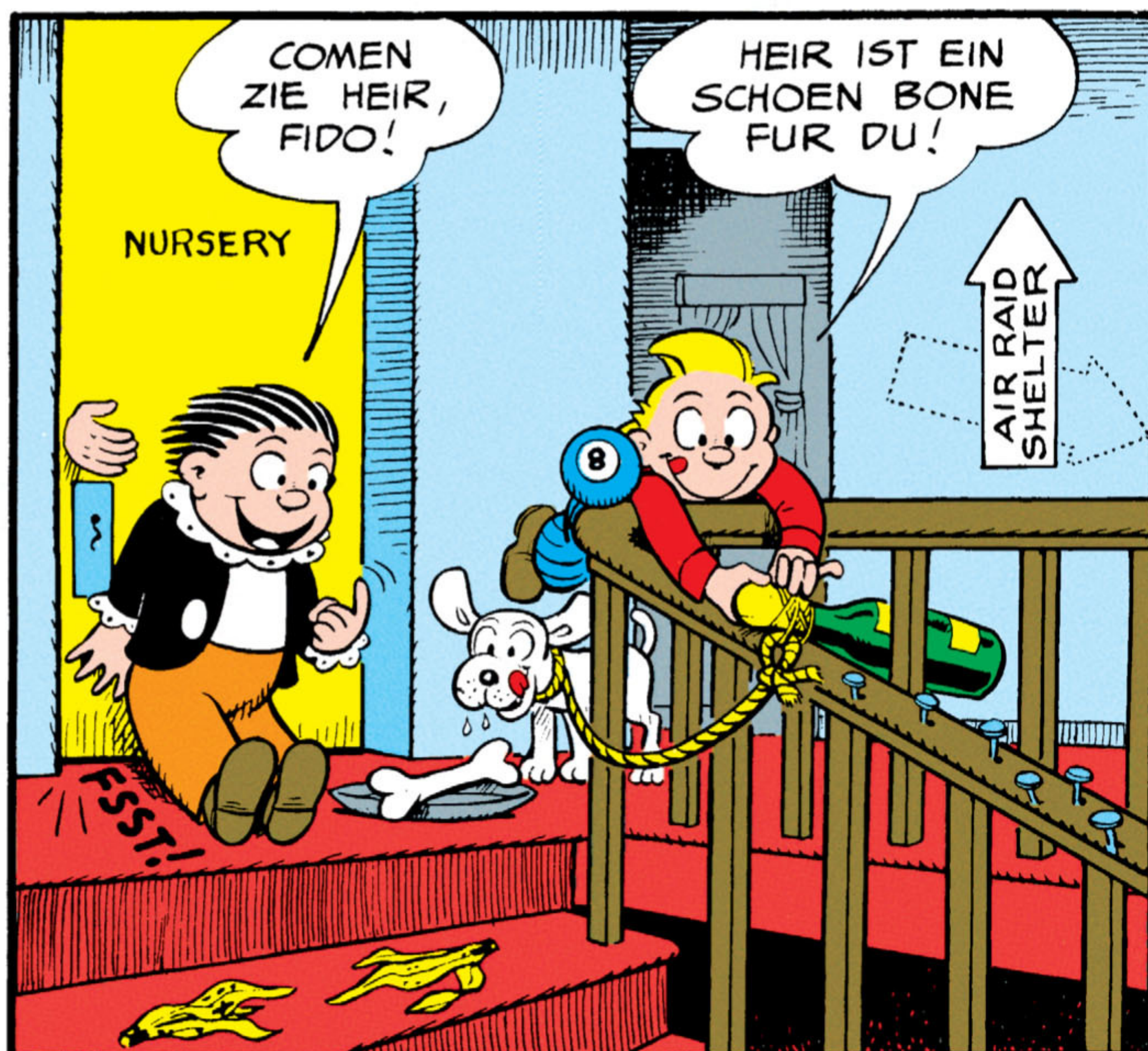
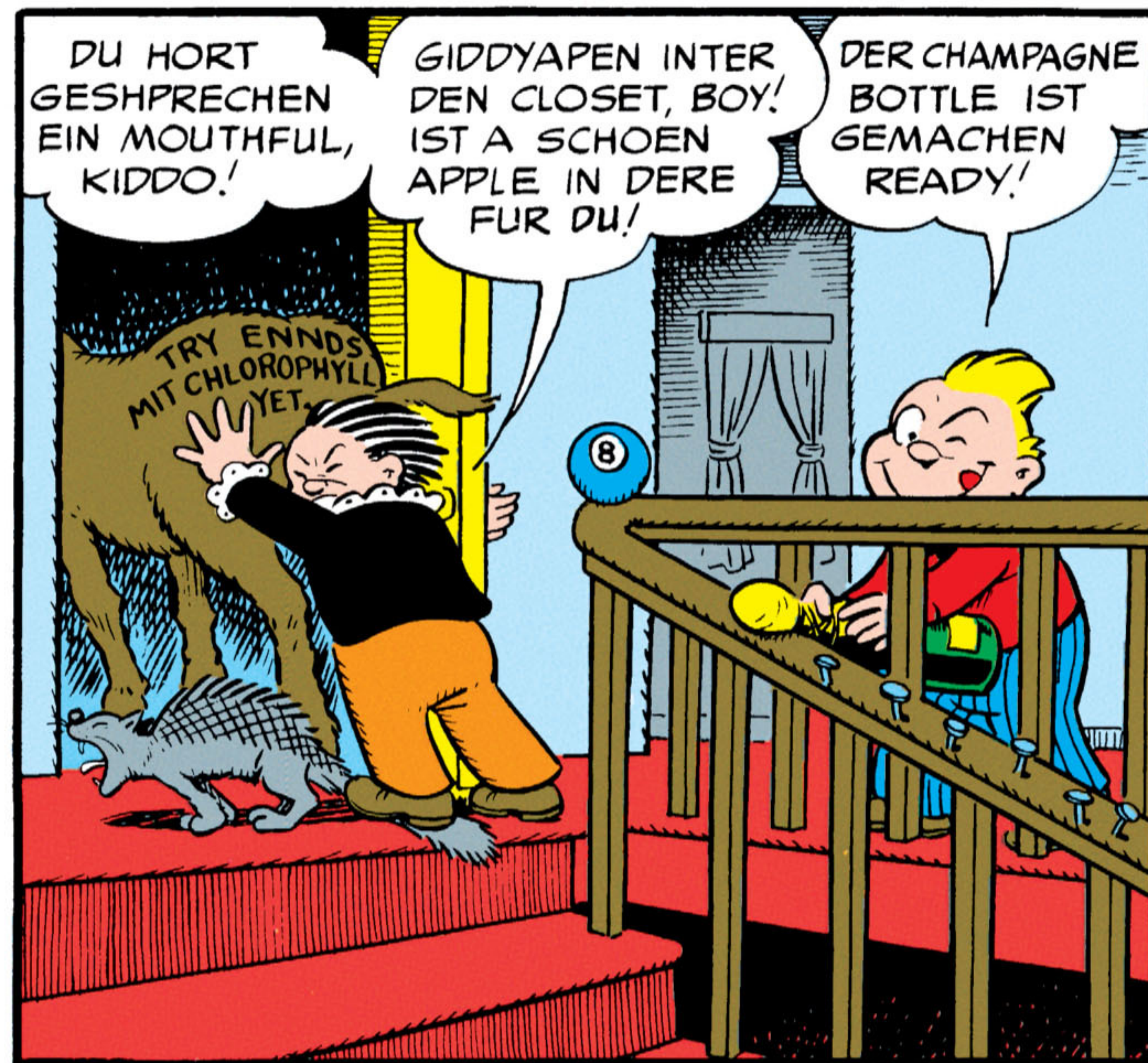
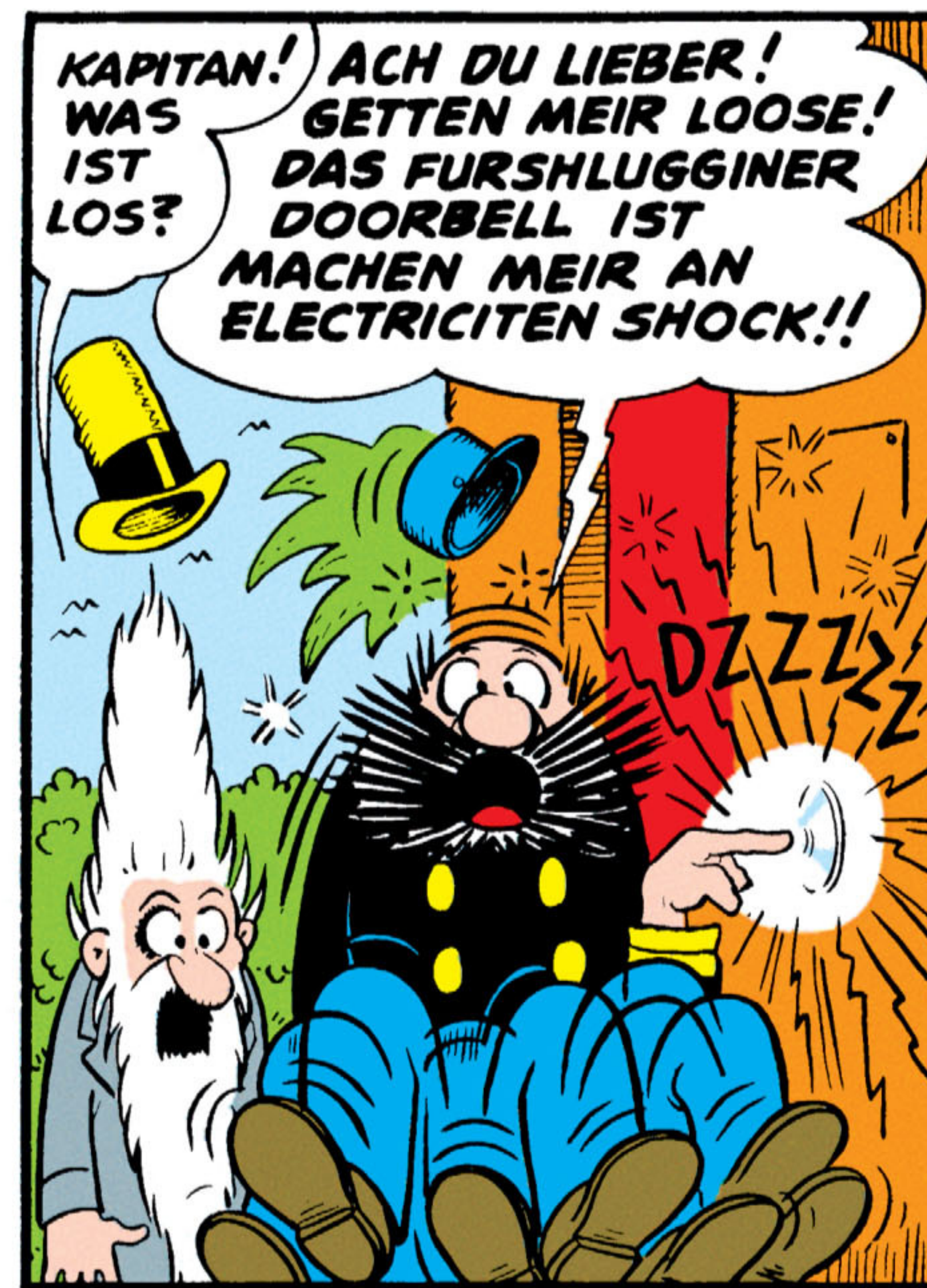
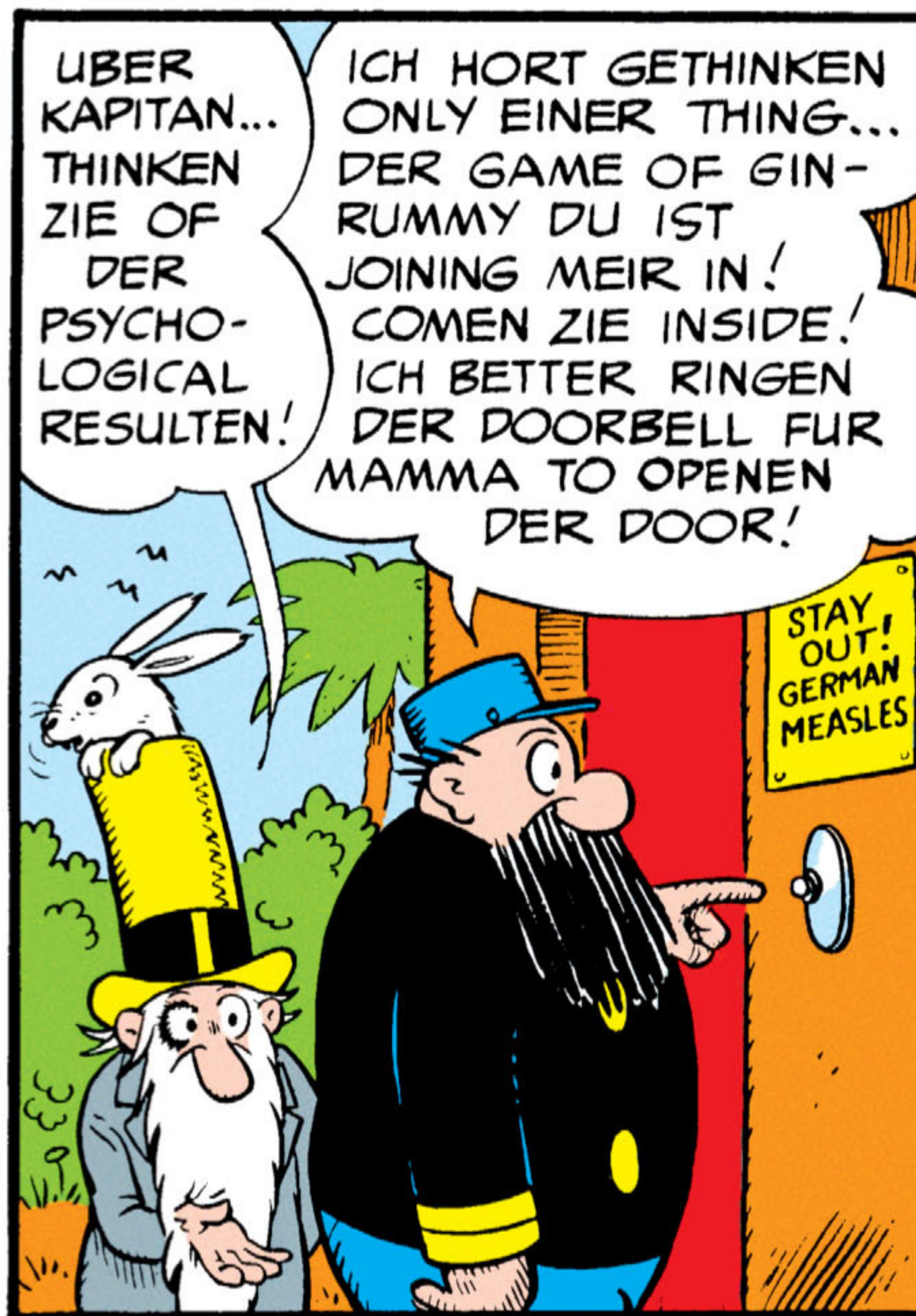
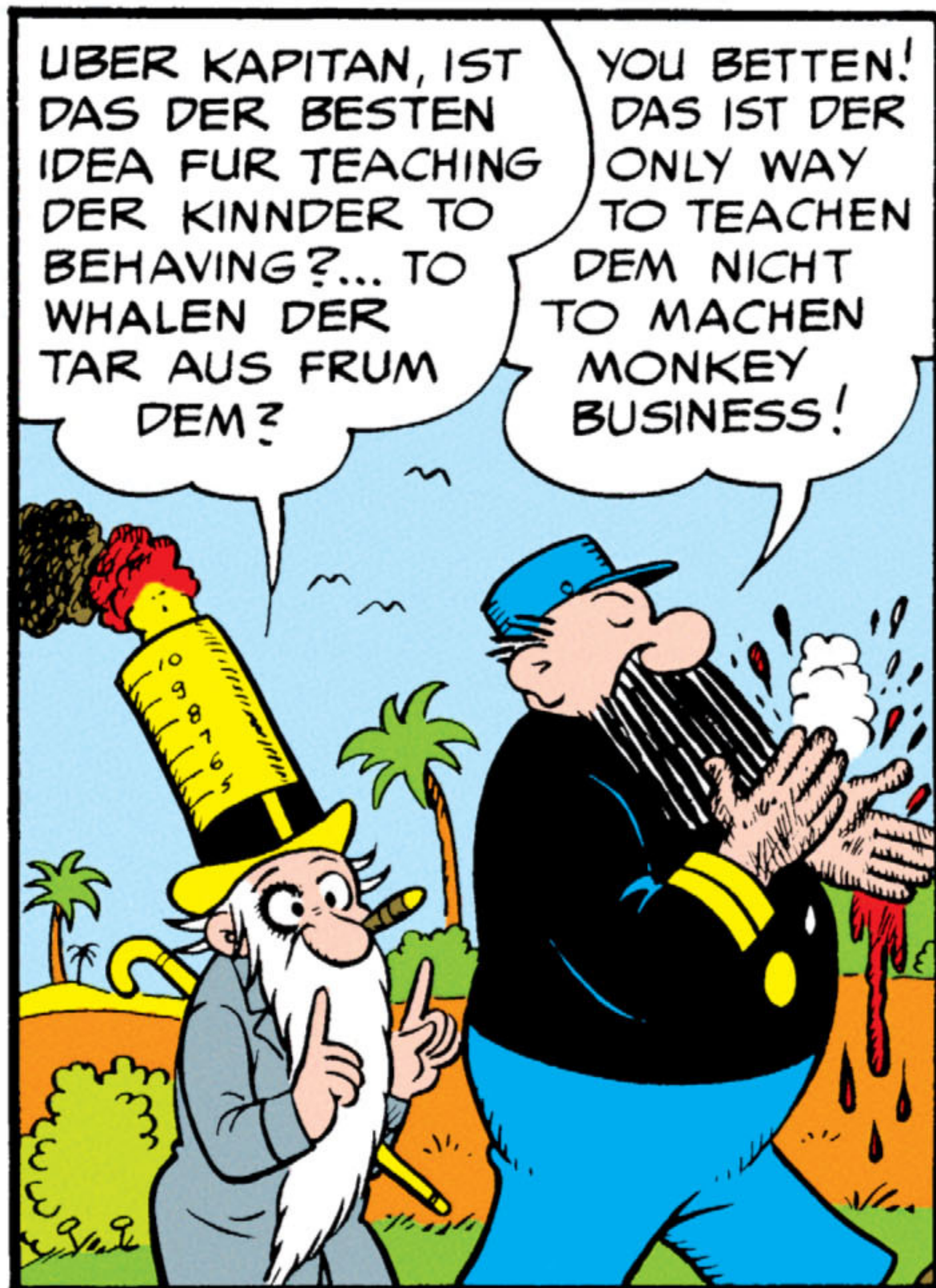
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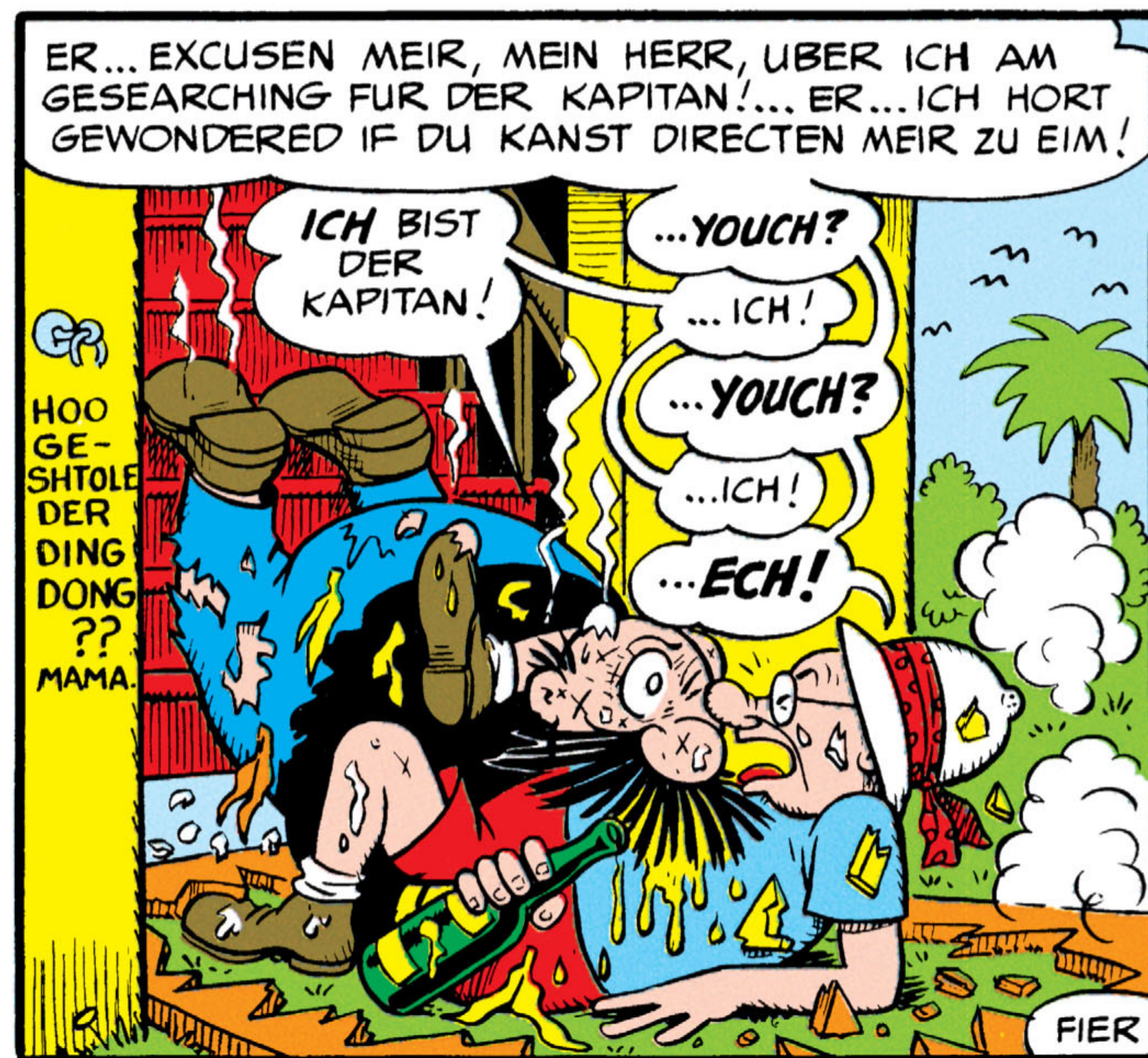
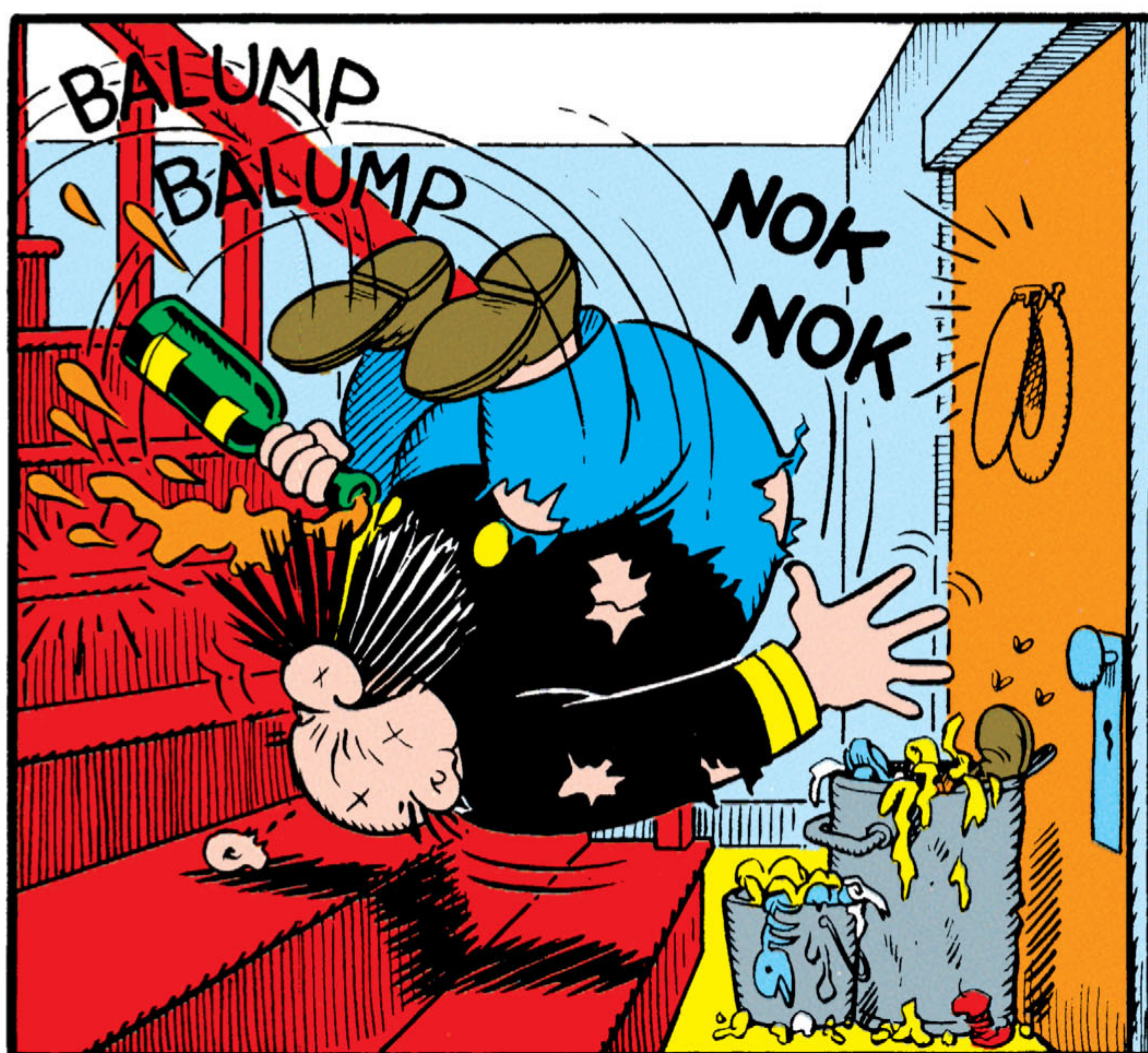
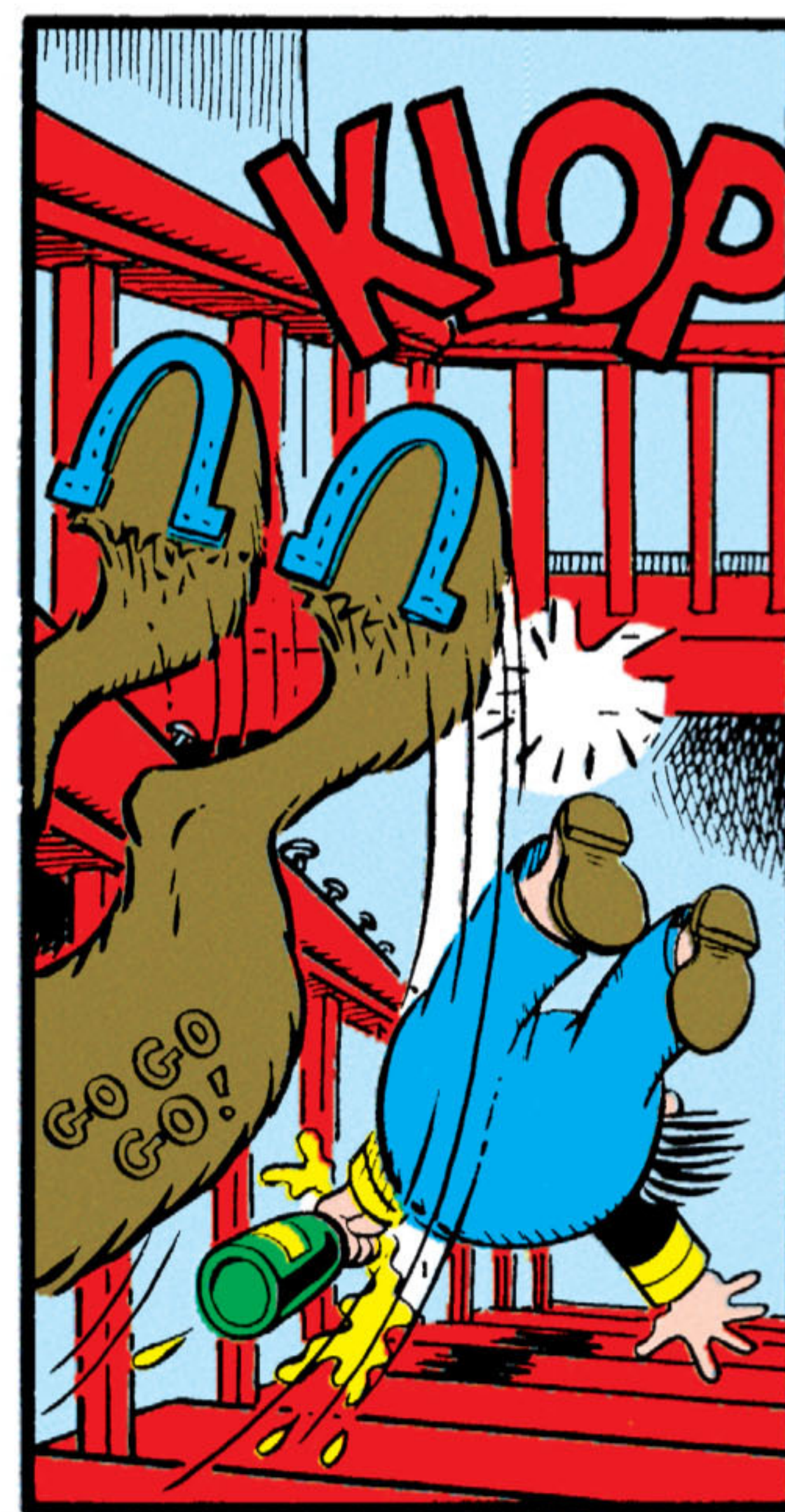
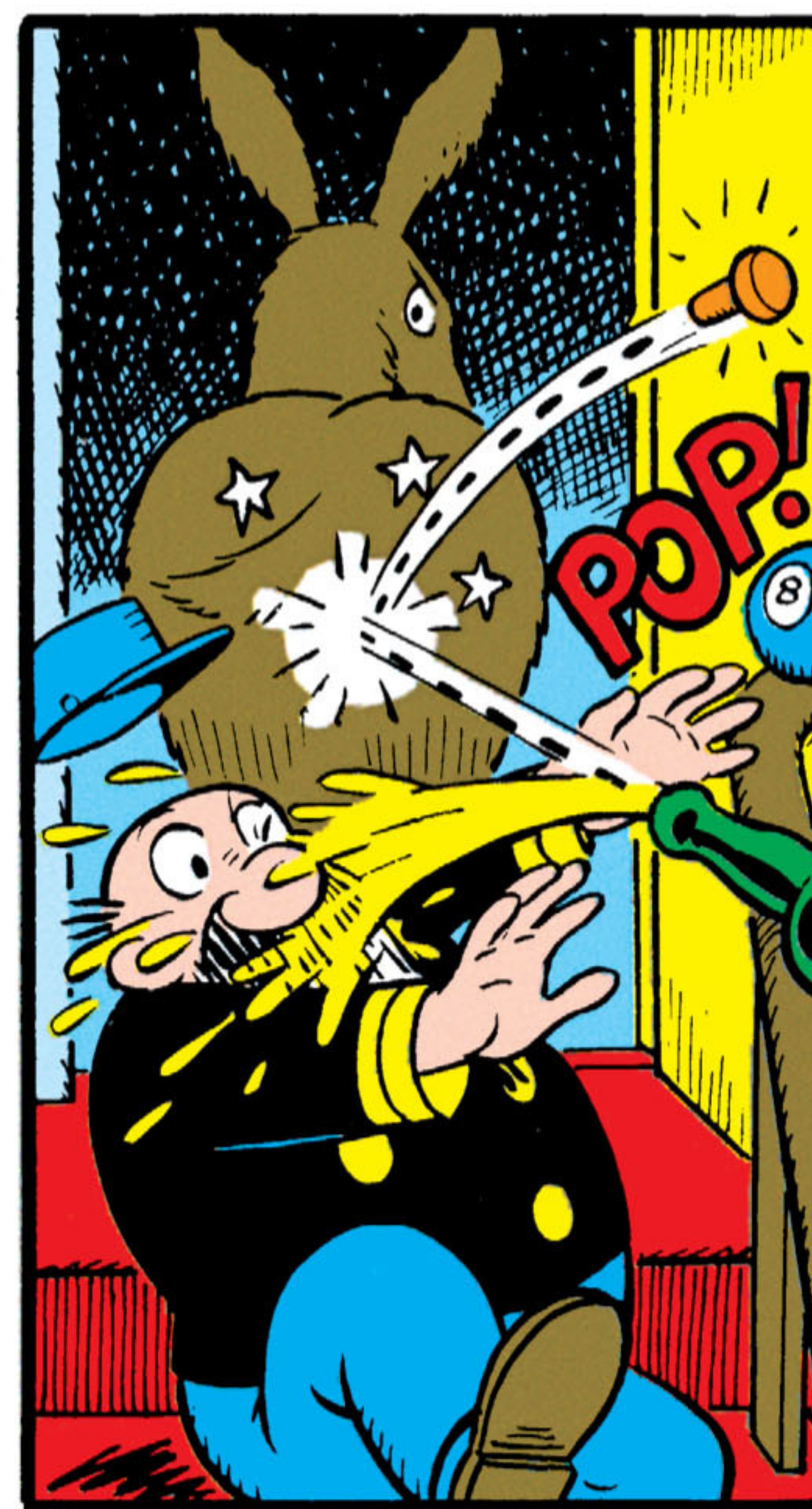
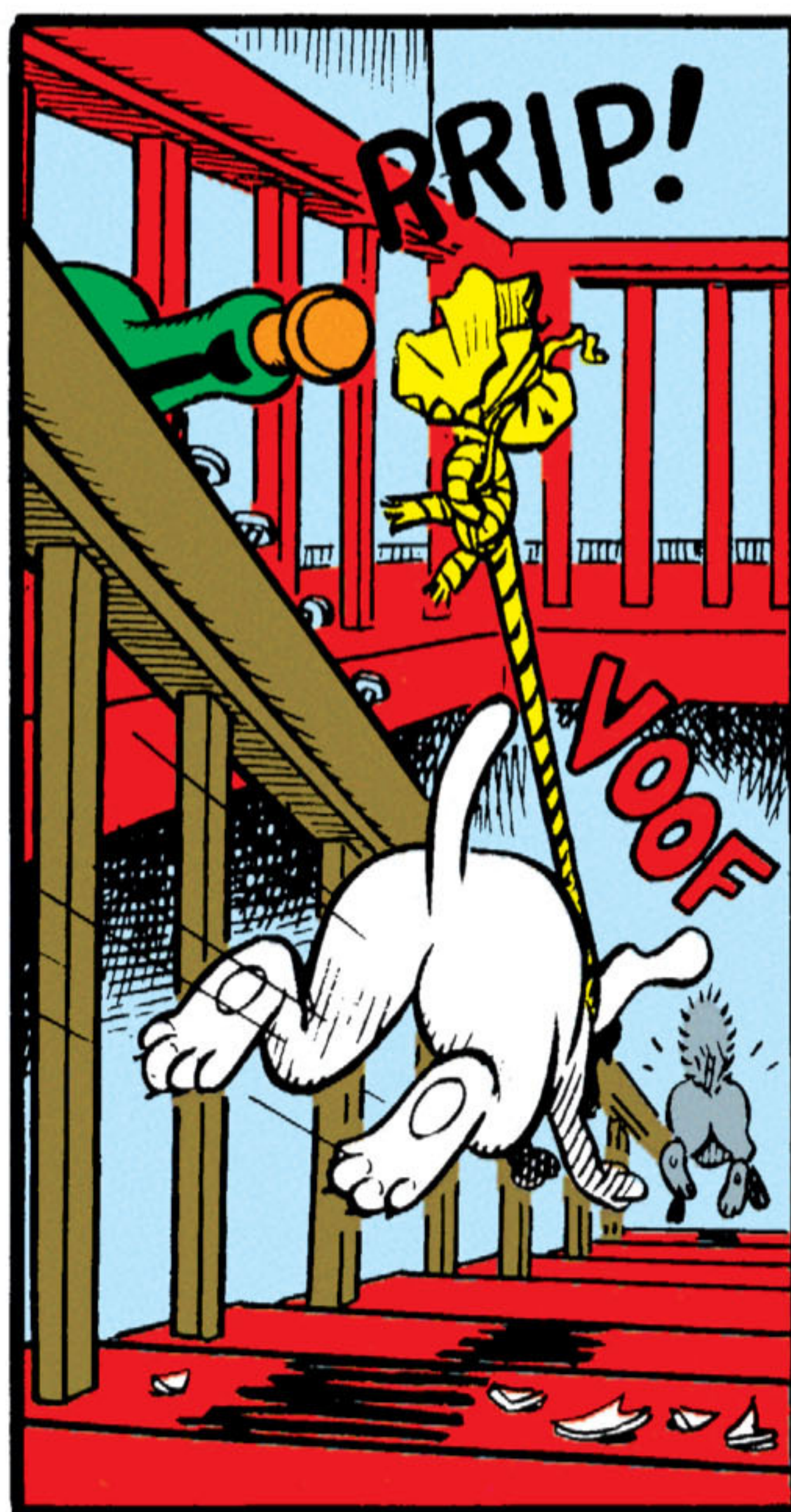
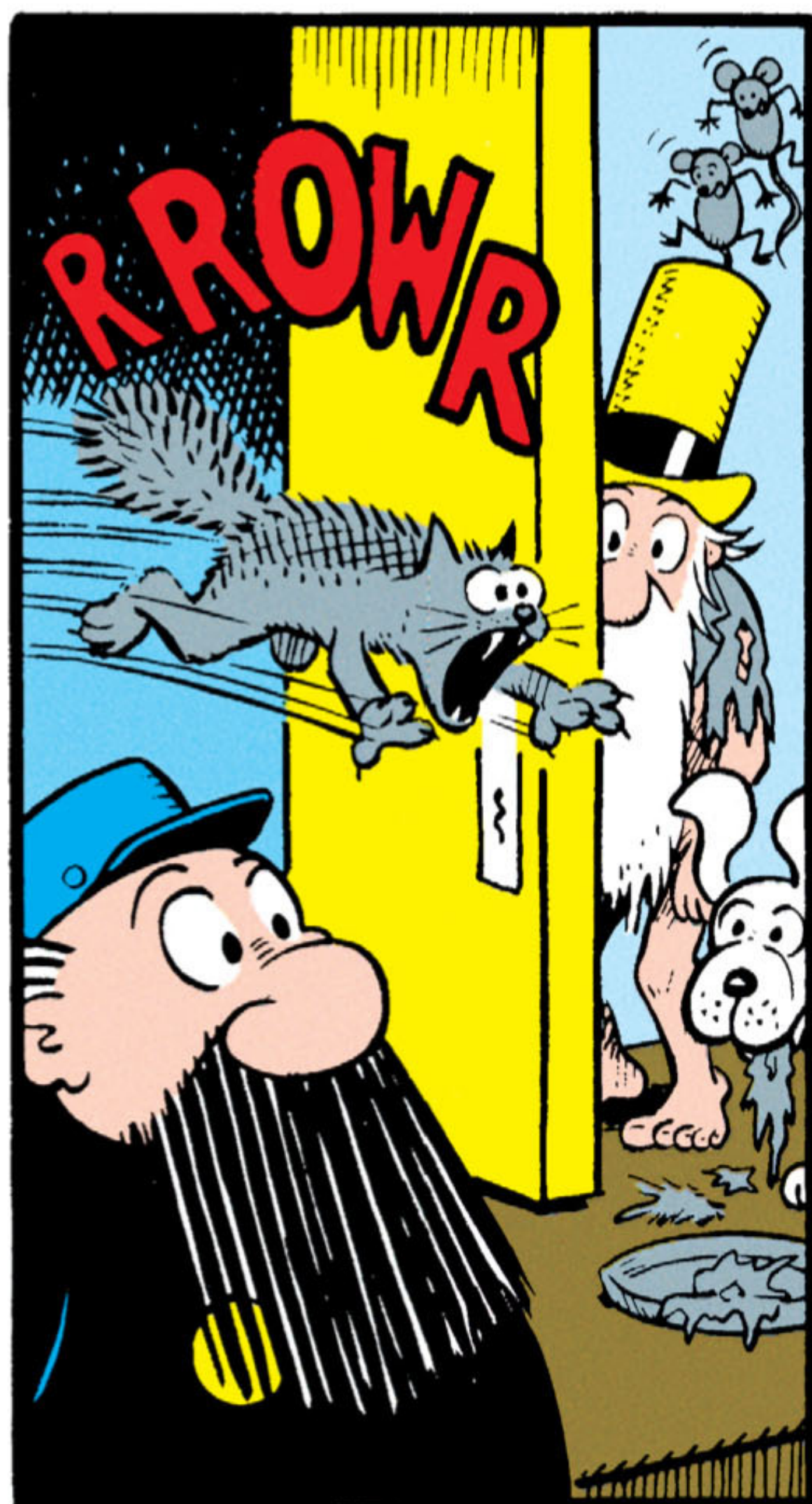
NEWSPAPER CARTOON DEPT.: TODAY, WE PRESENT TWO CHARMING BOYS WHO, FOR YEARS, HAVE BEEN MAKING MISCHIEF ON SUCH A SCALE THAT ALTHOUGH IT ISN'T PUBLICIZED, THEY HAVE MADE THEIR HOME A SHAMBLES AND LAID WASTE TO THE LAND!...YES...YOU GUESSED IT!...THOSE TWO LOVEABLE LITTLE RASCALS, HANS AND FLEETZ... THE ...

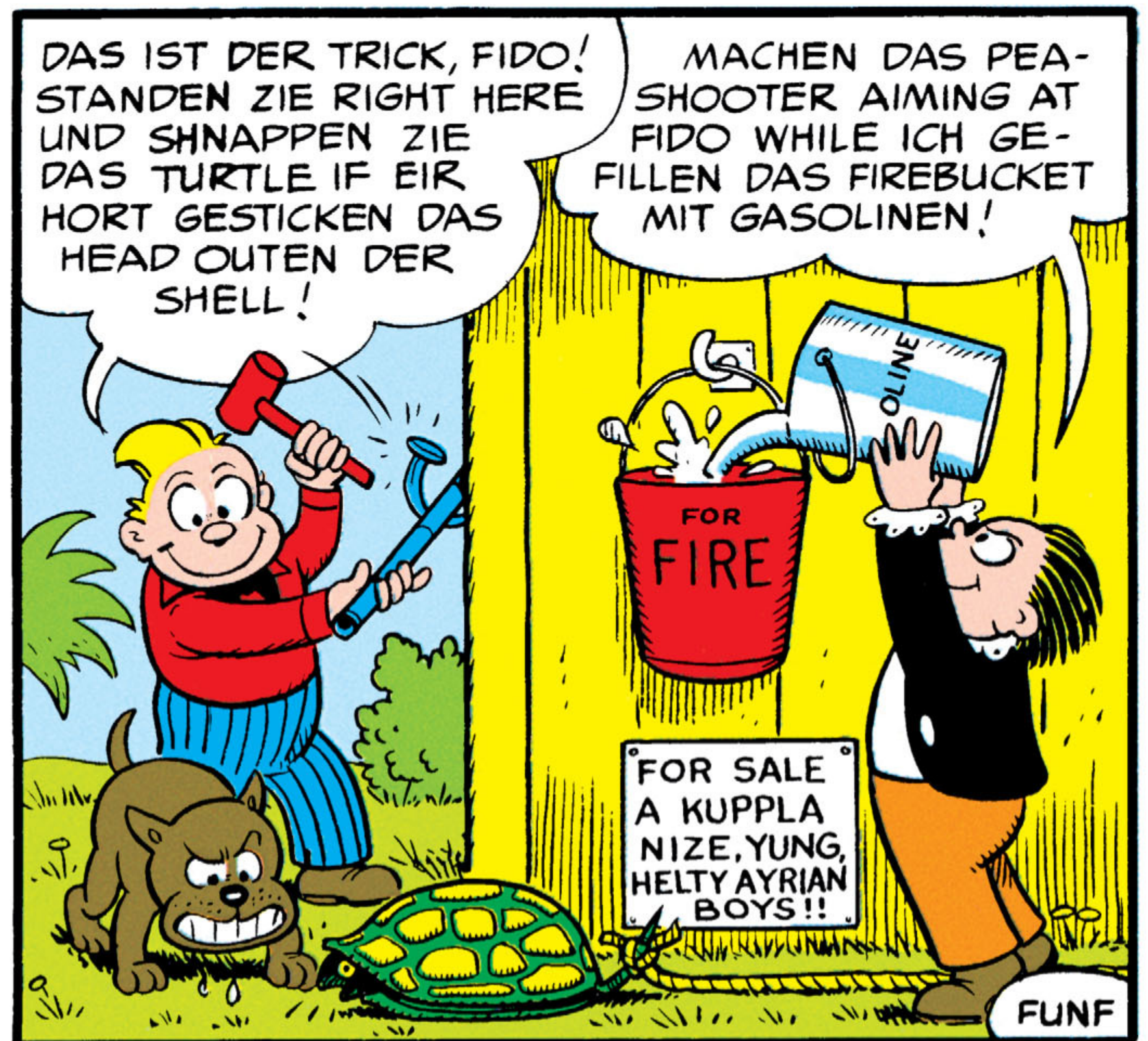
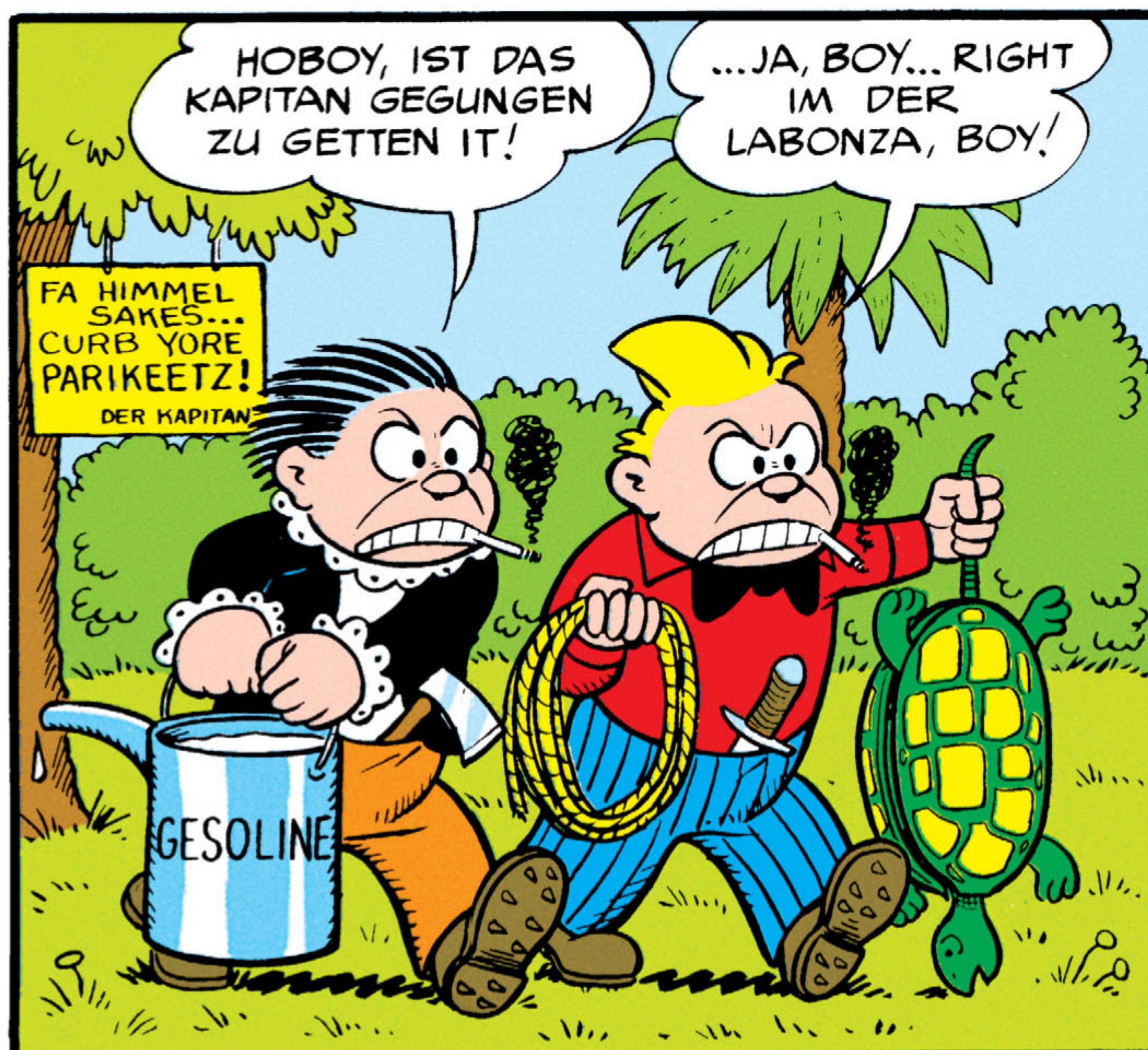
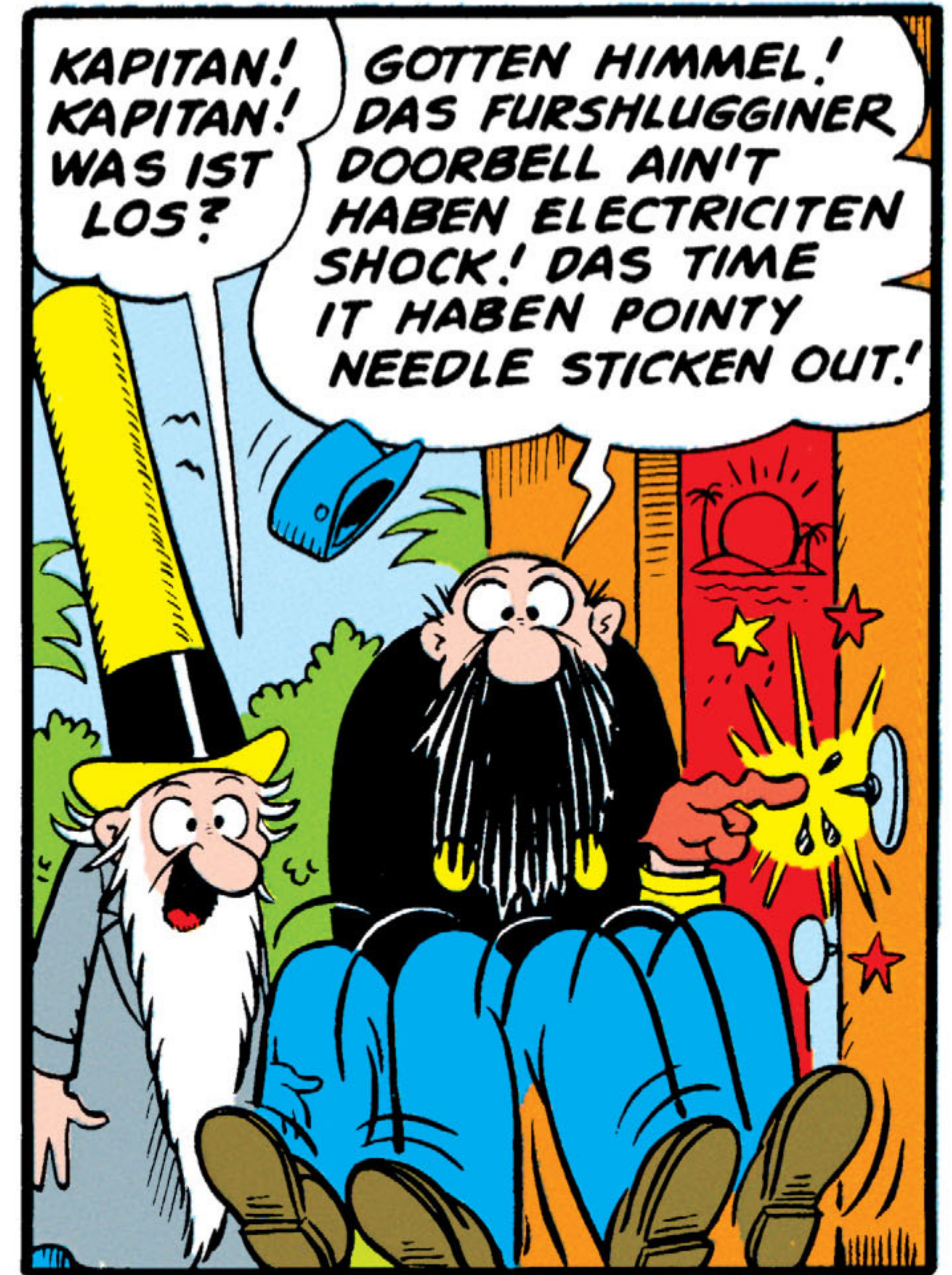
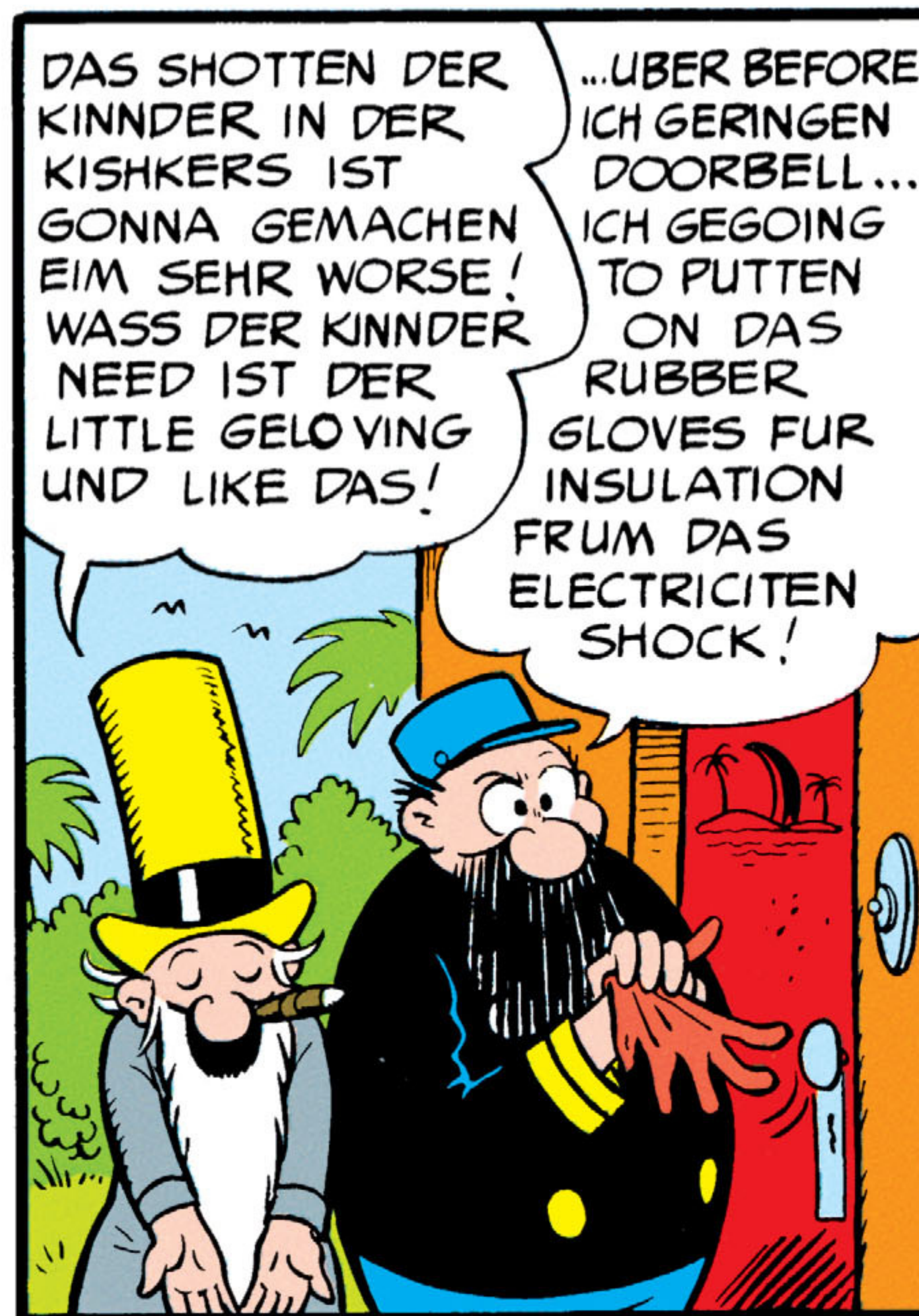
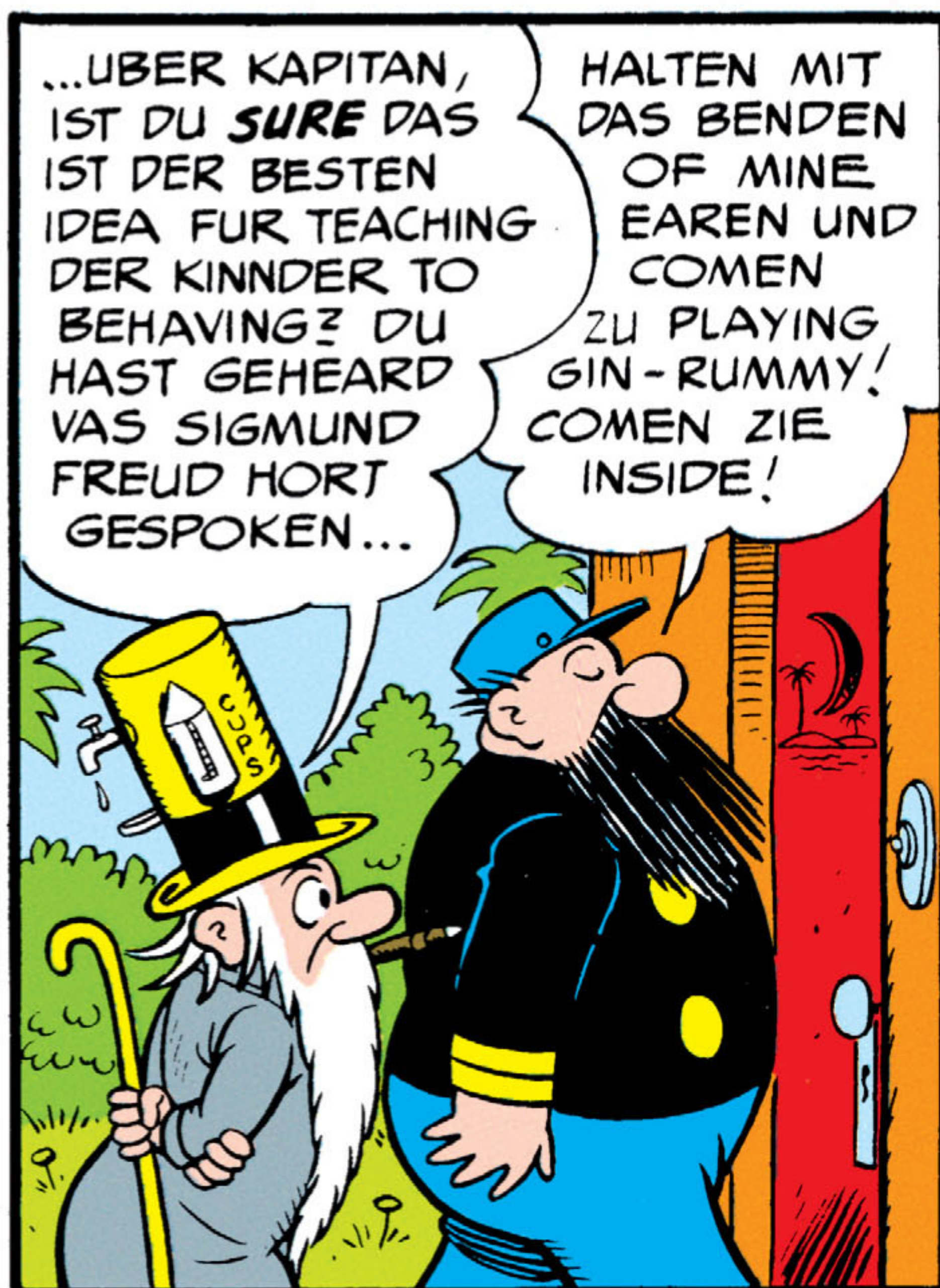
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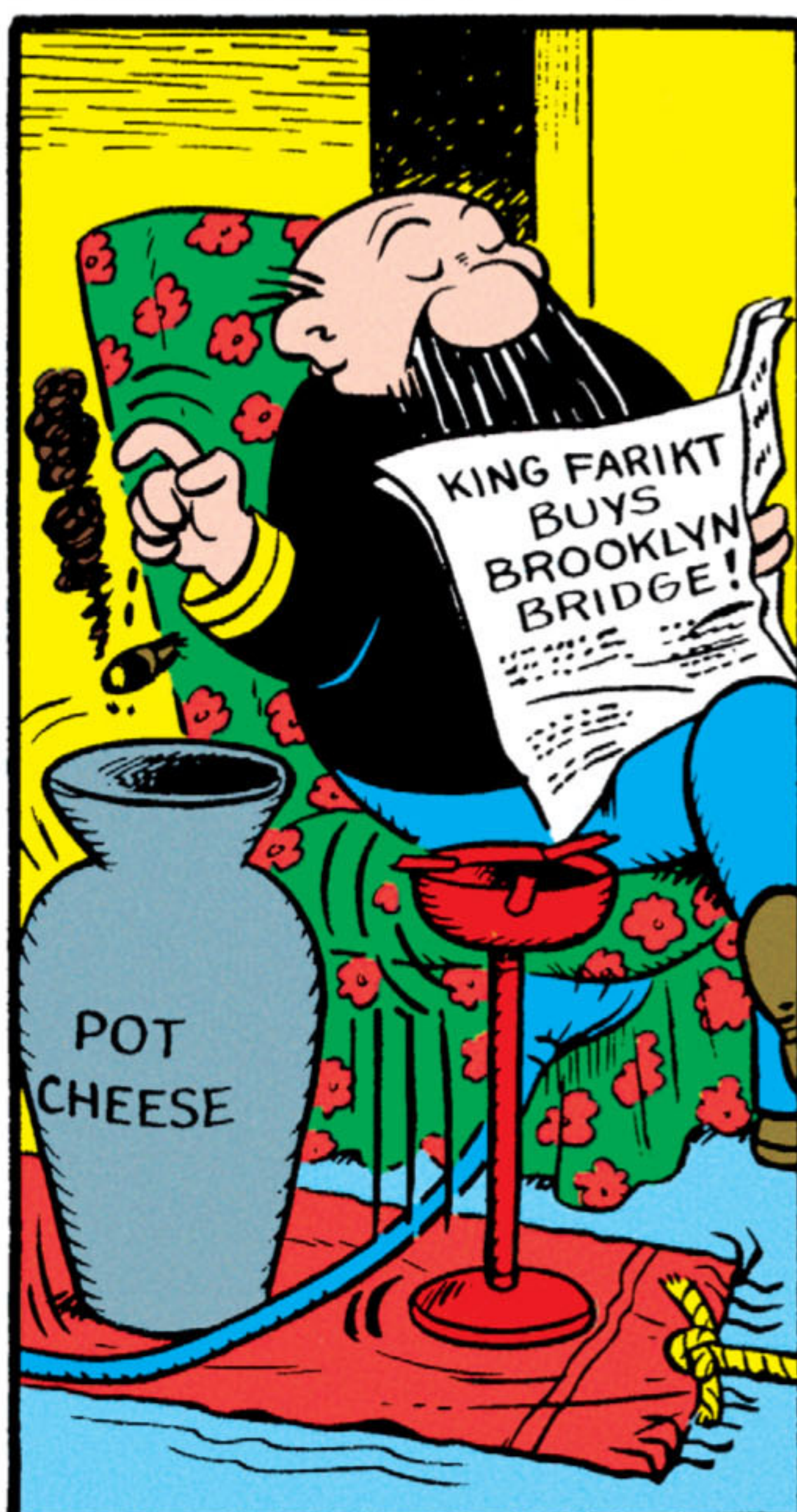
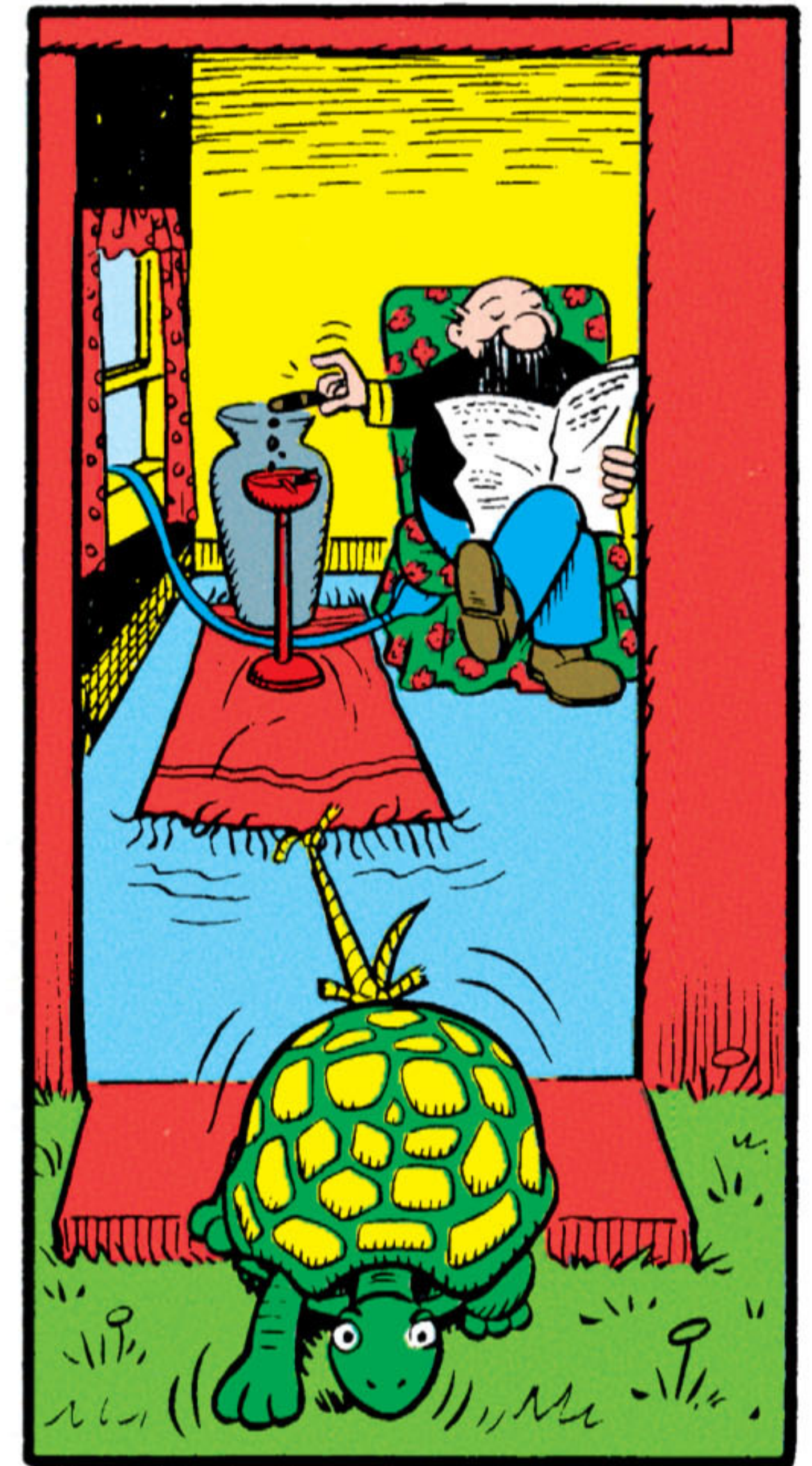
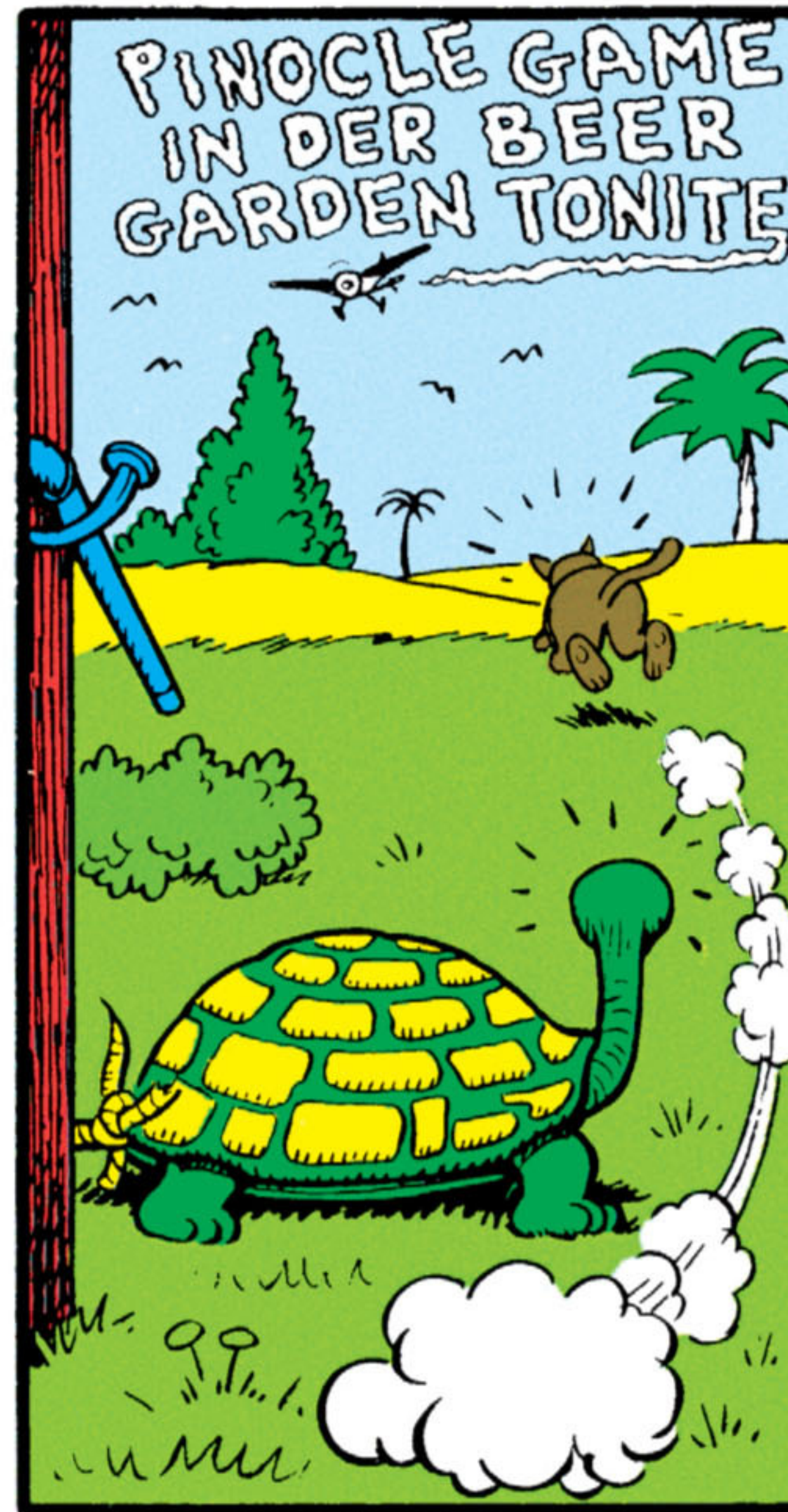
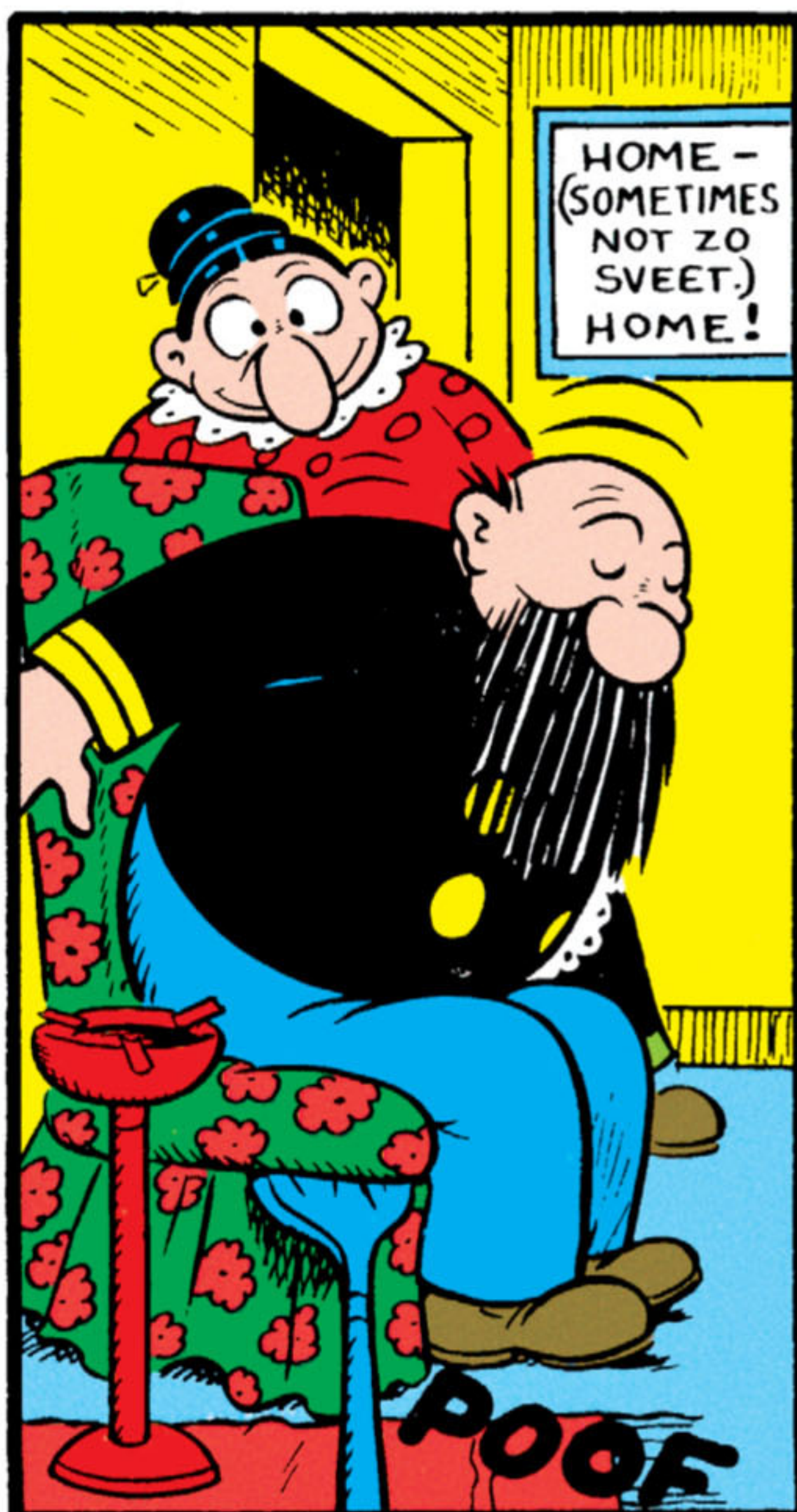
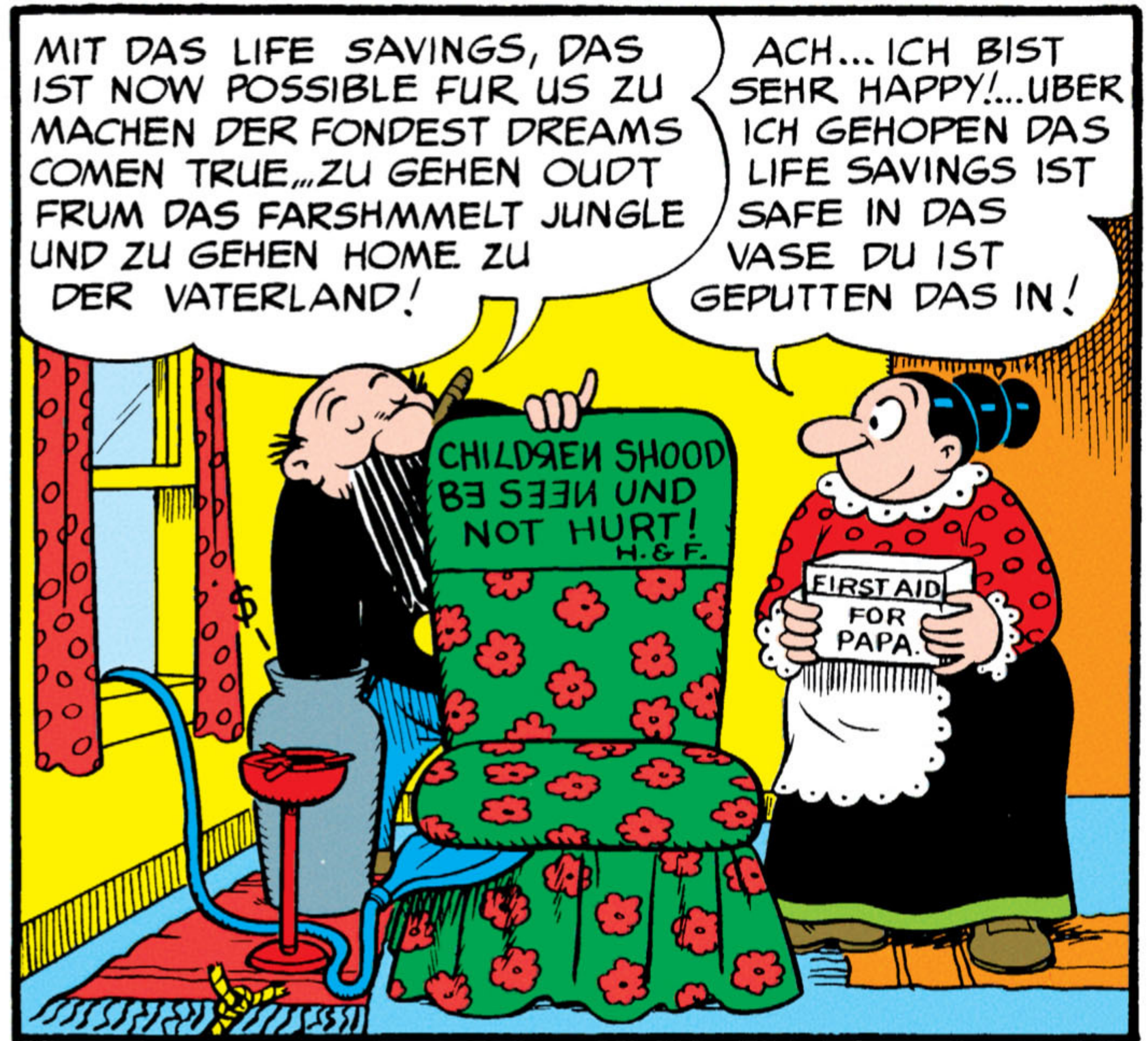
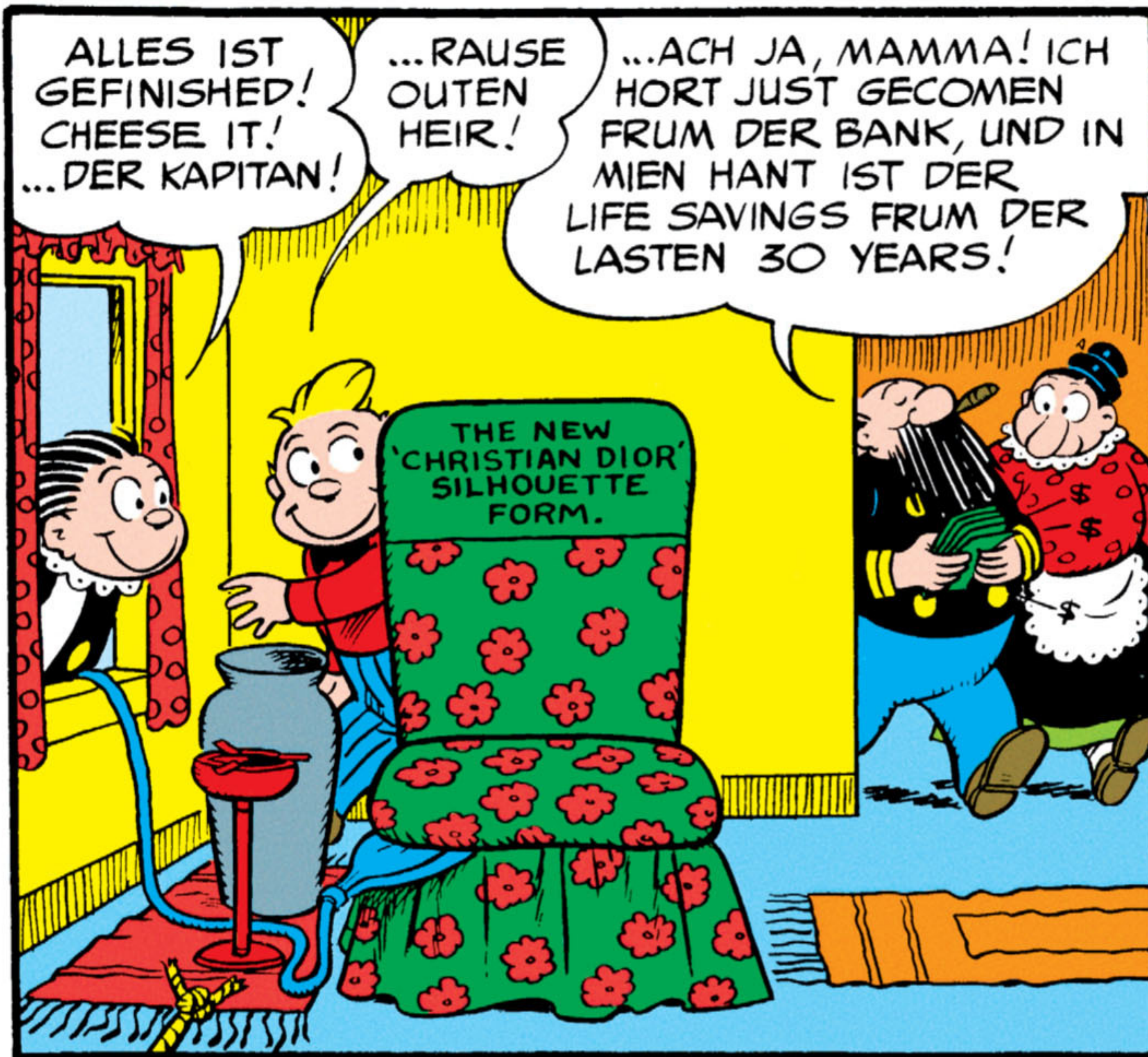


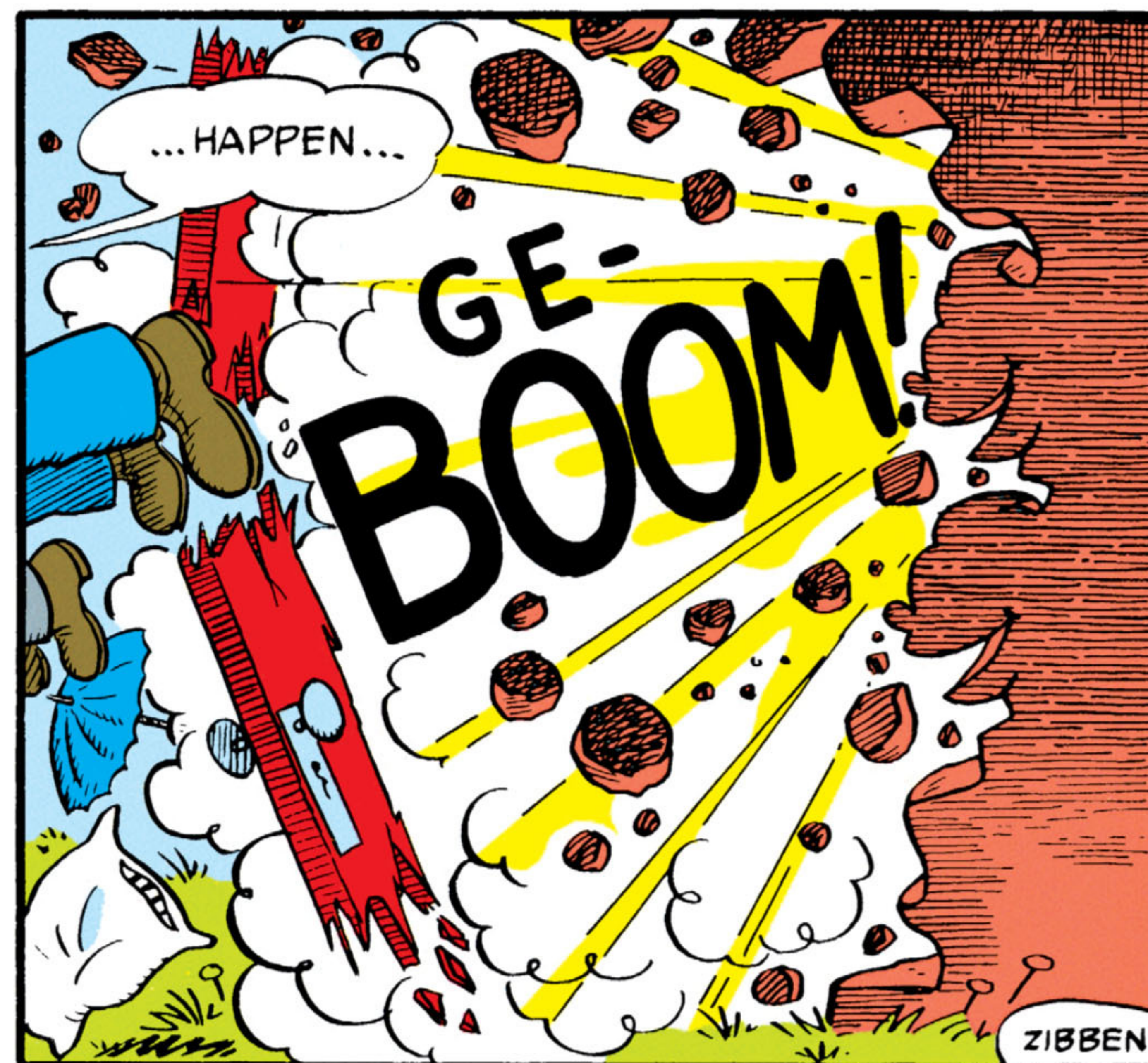
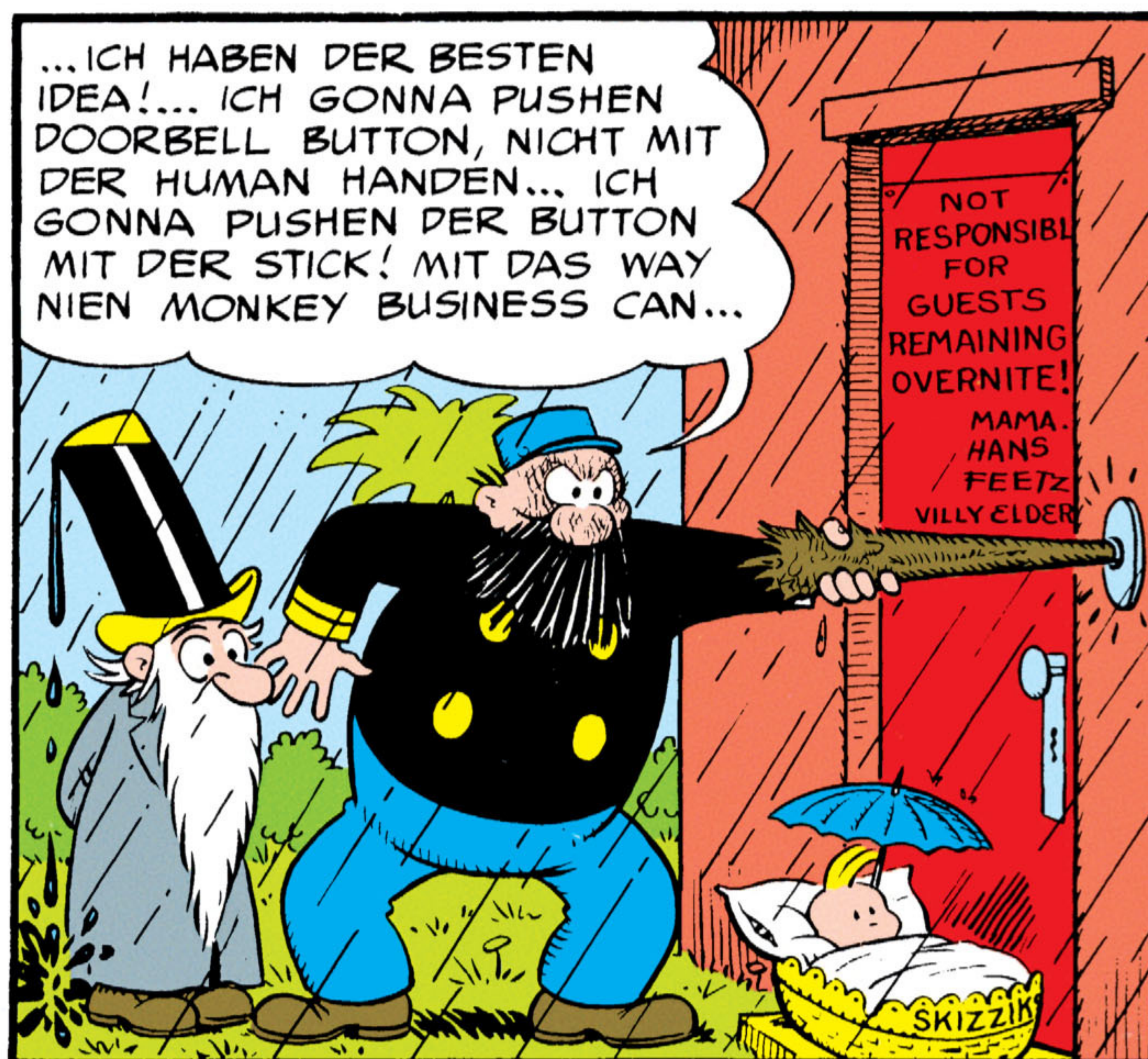
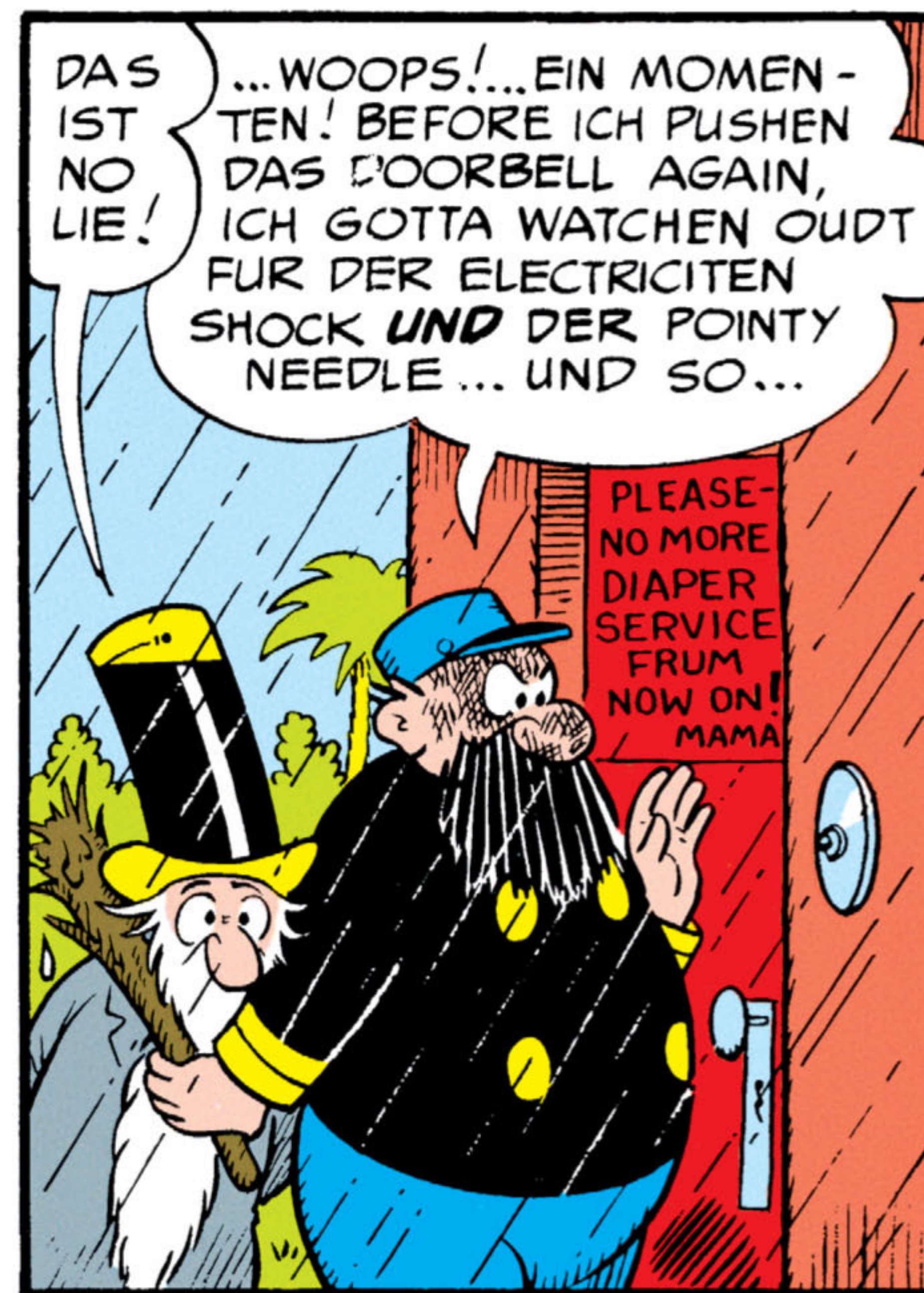
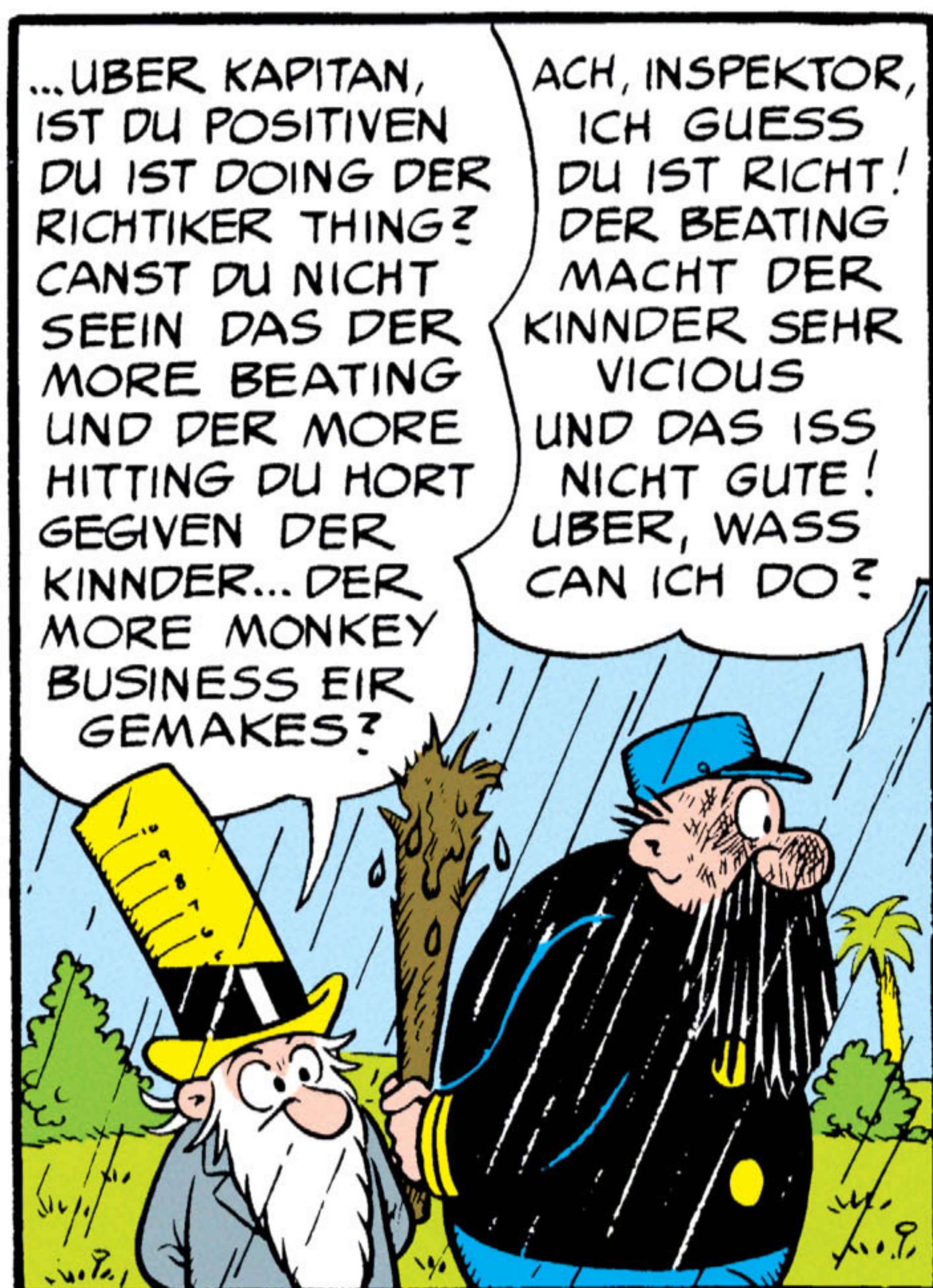
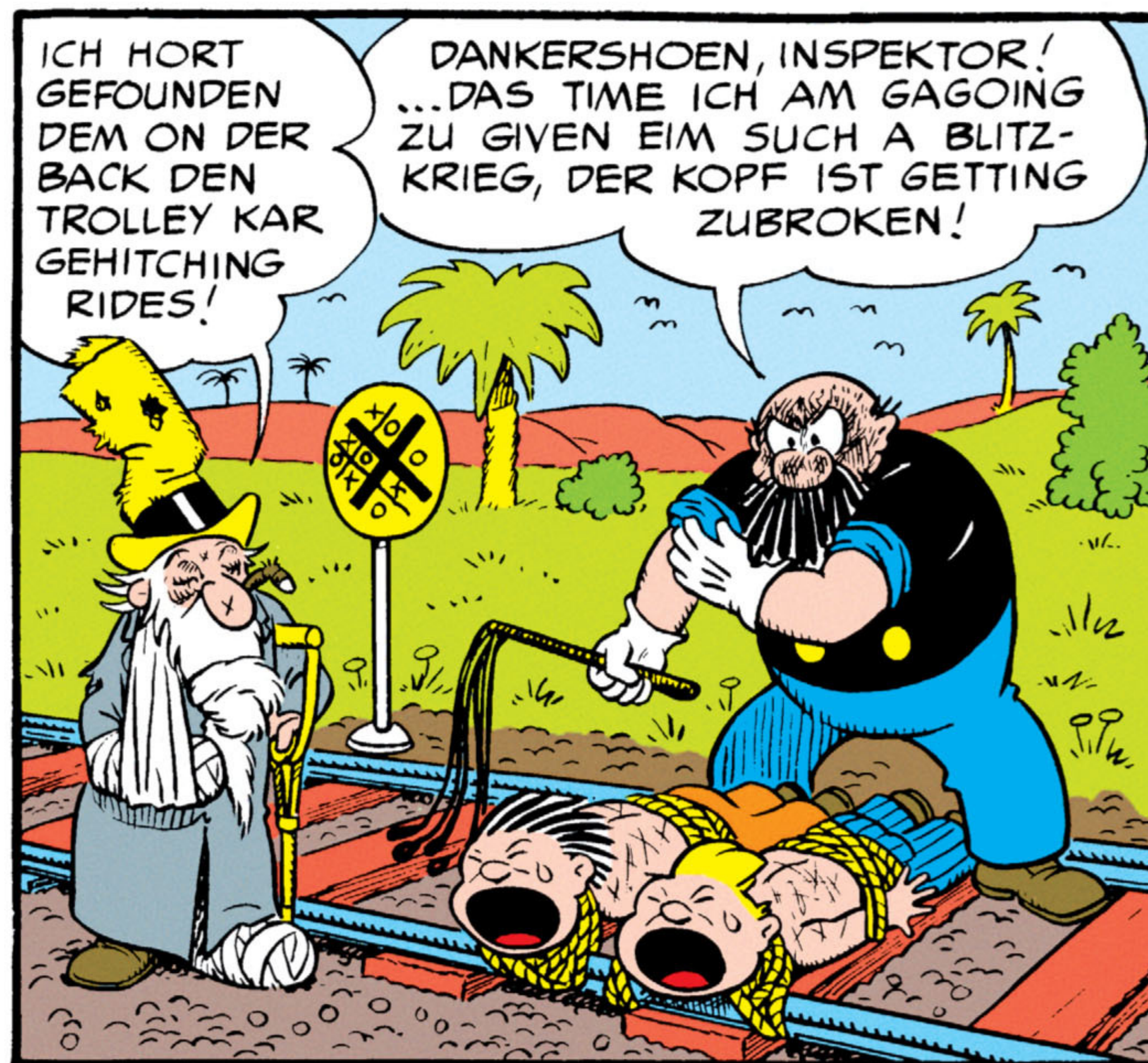
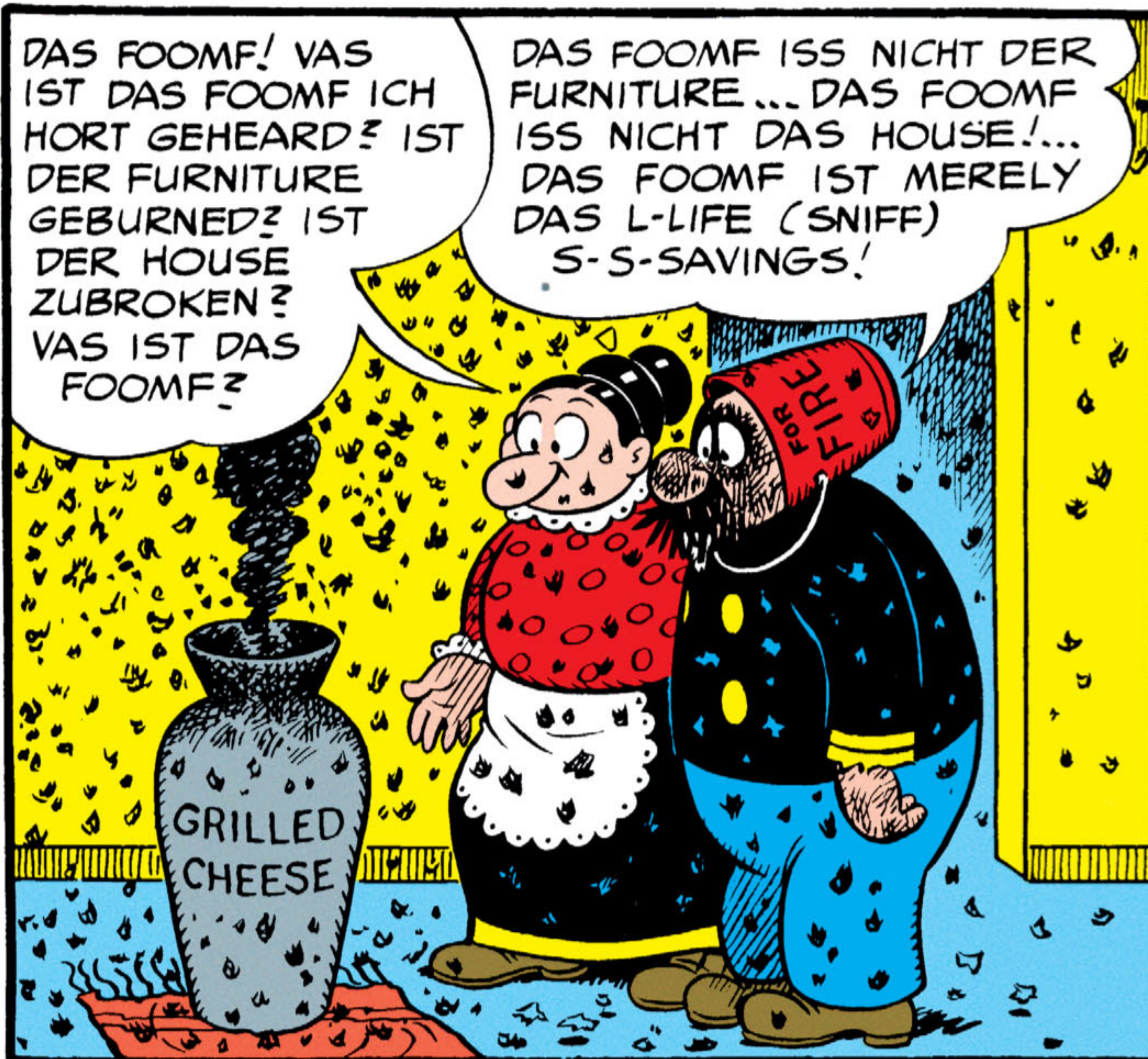




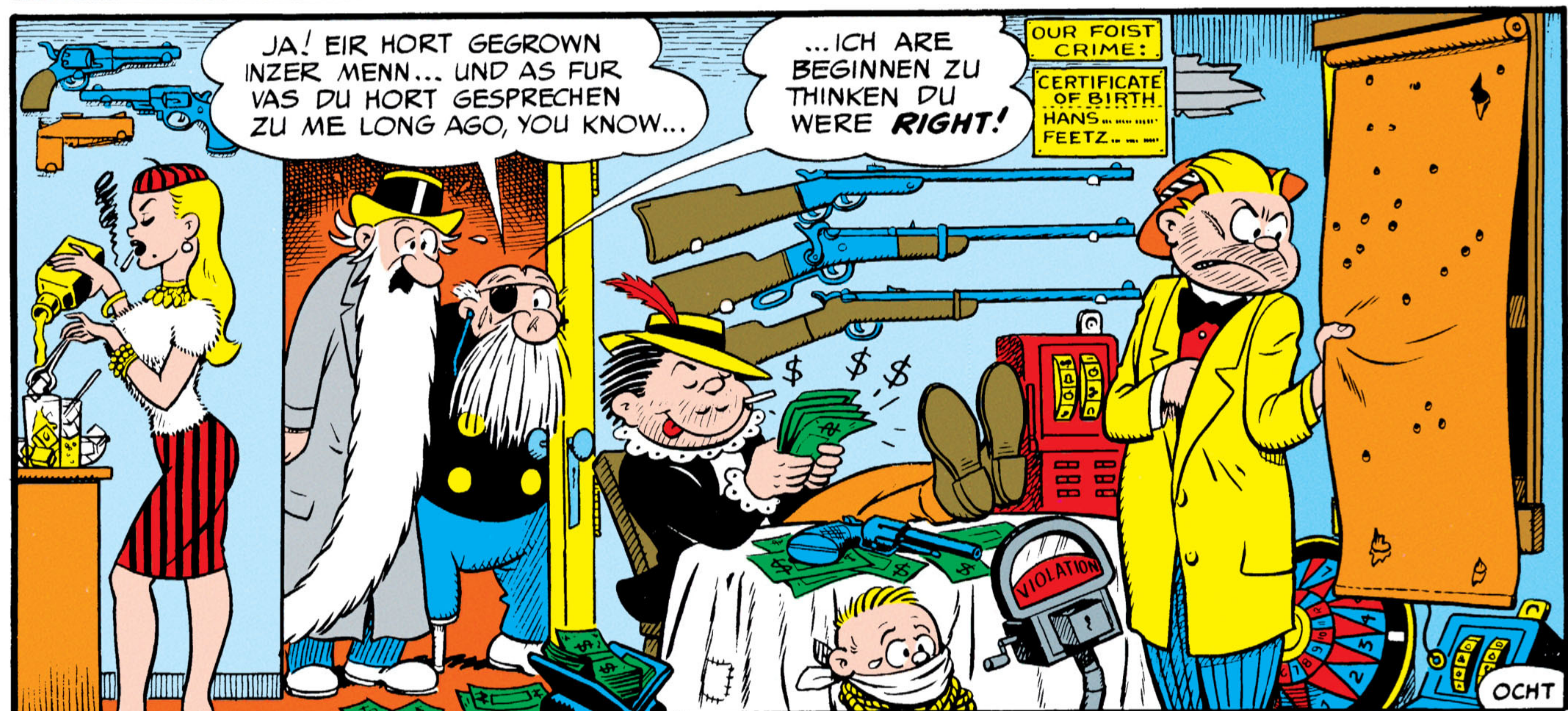
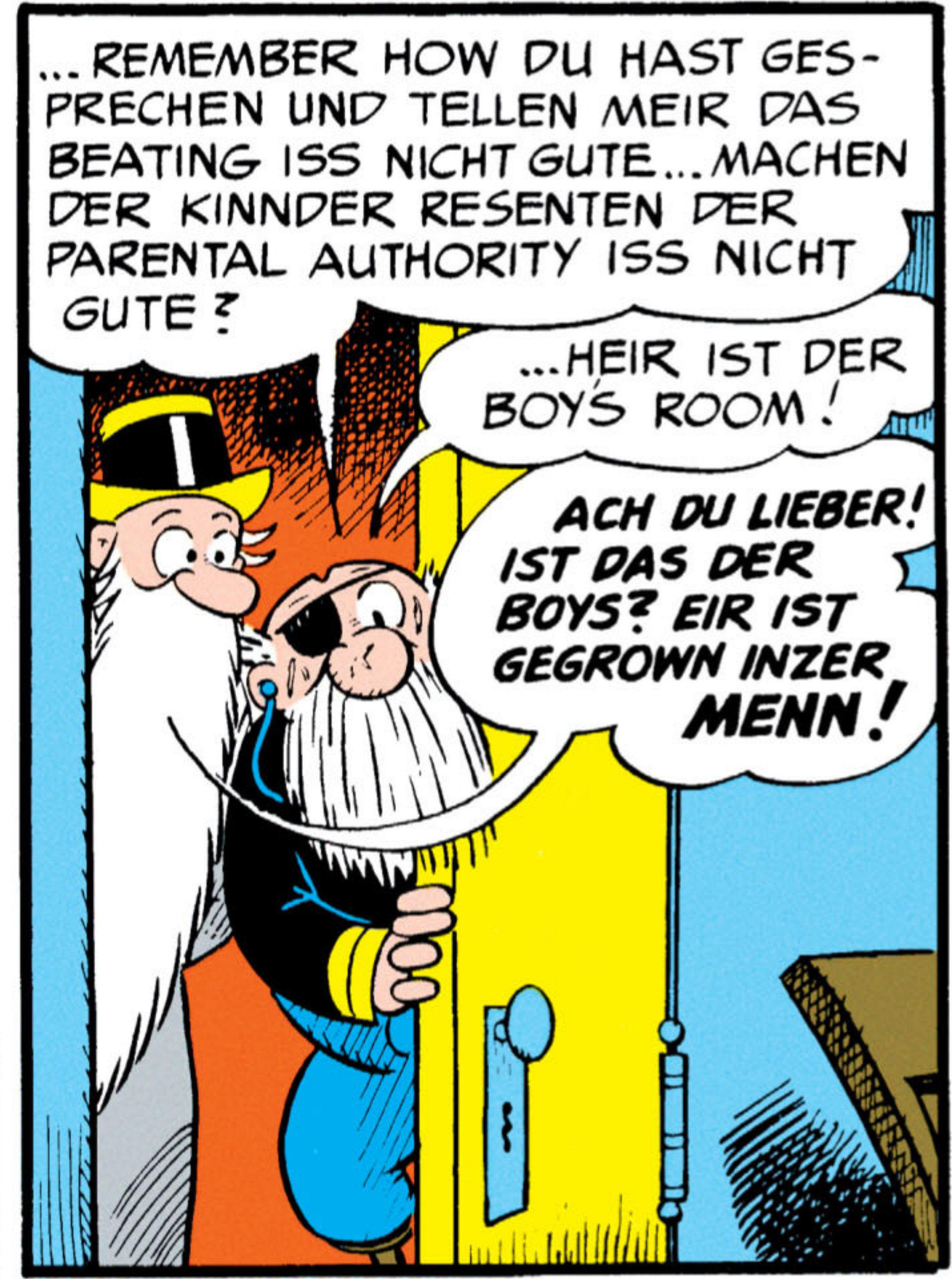
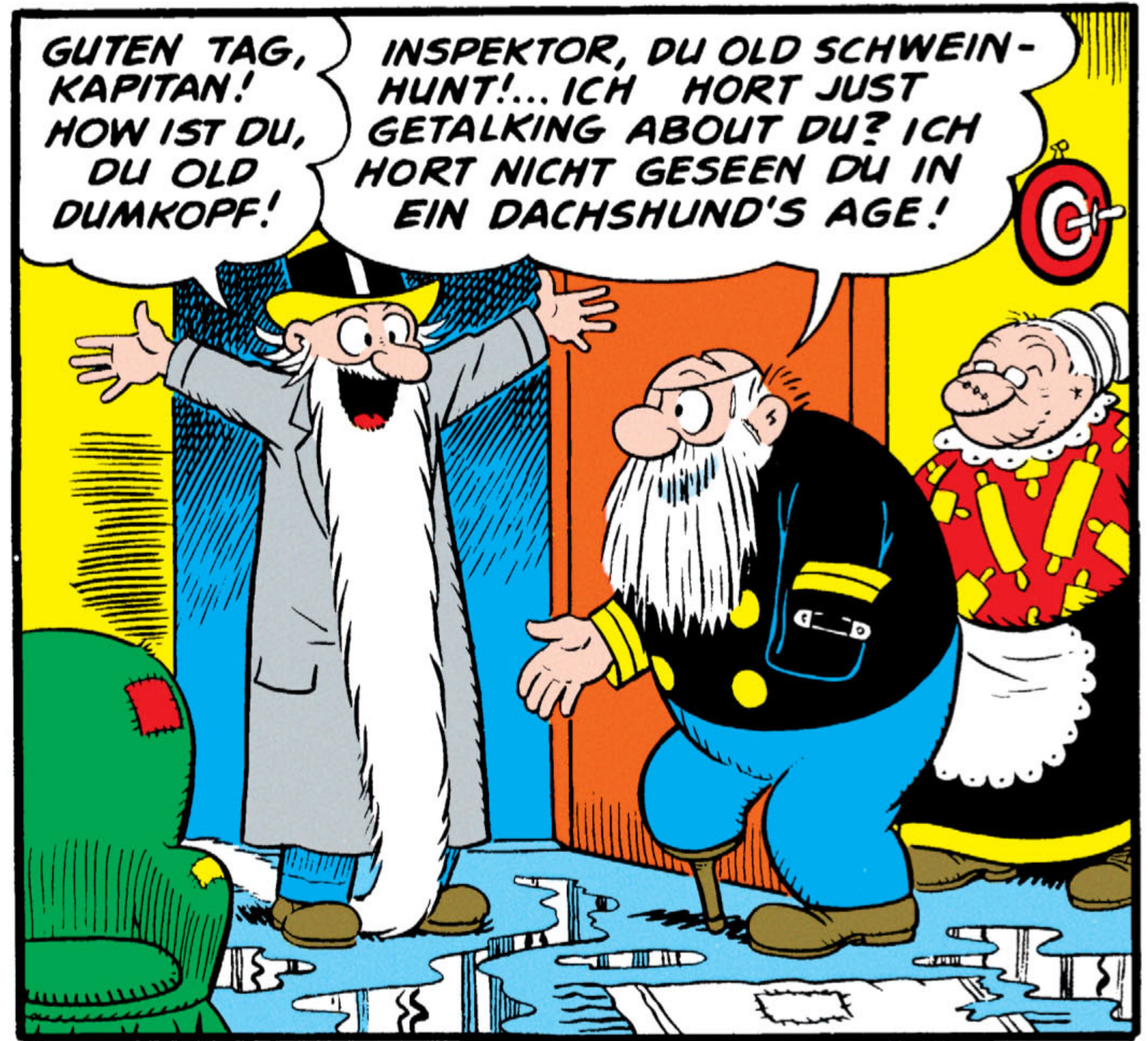
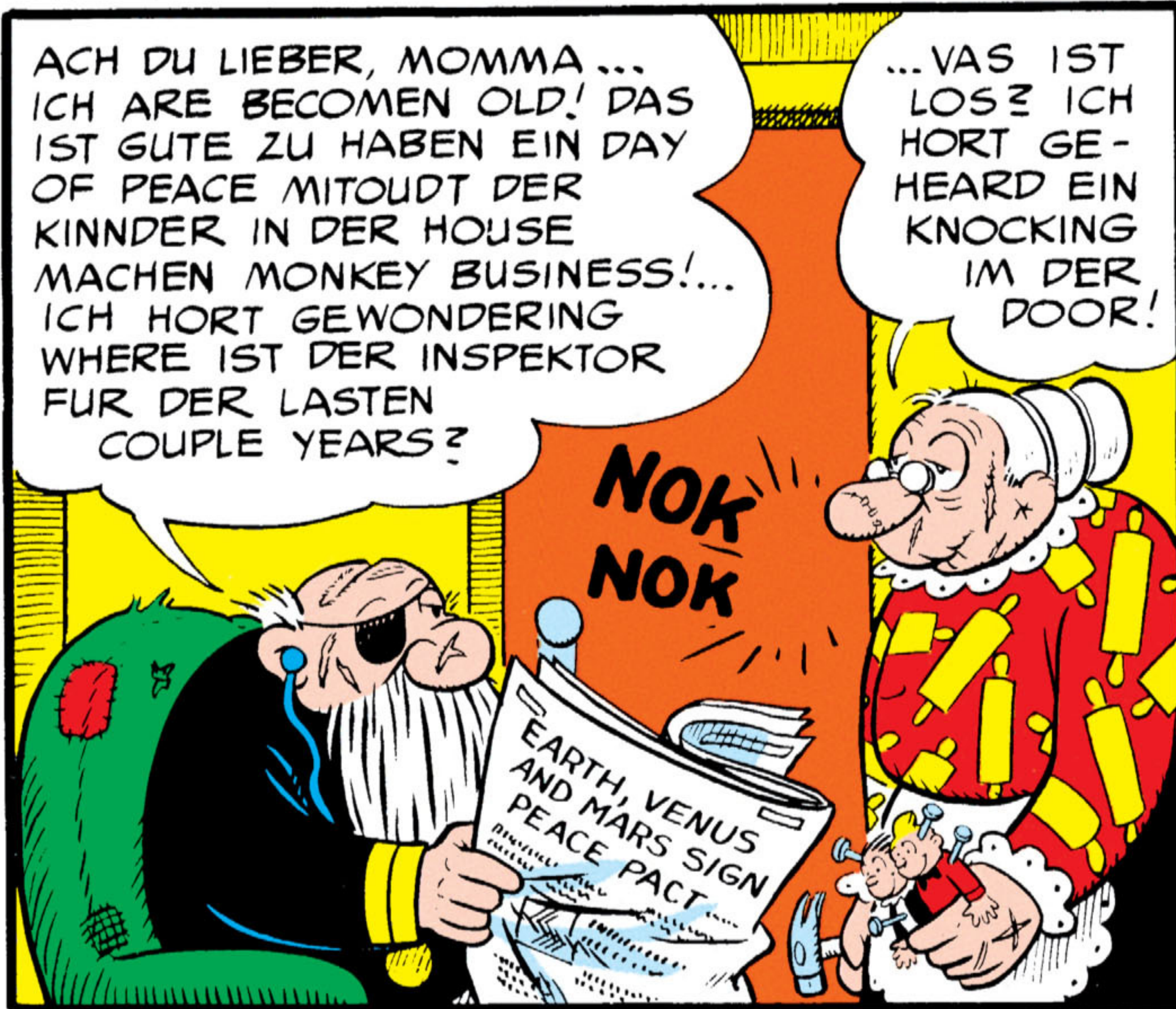




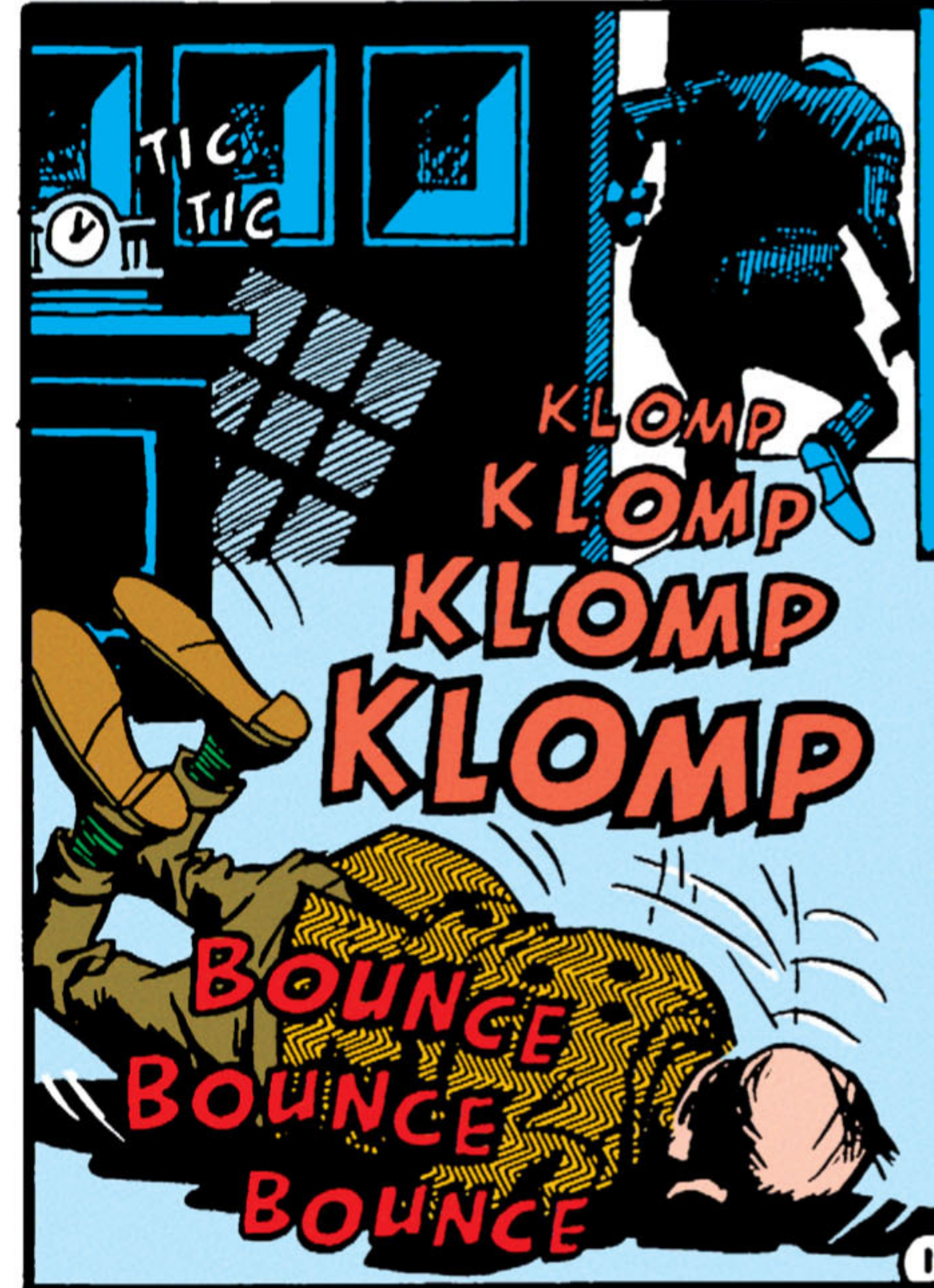
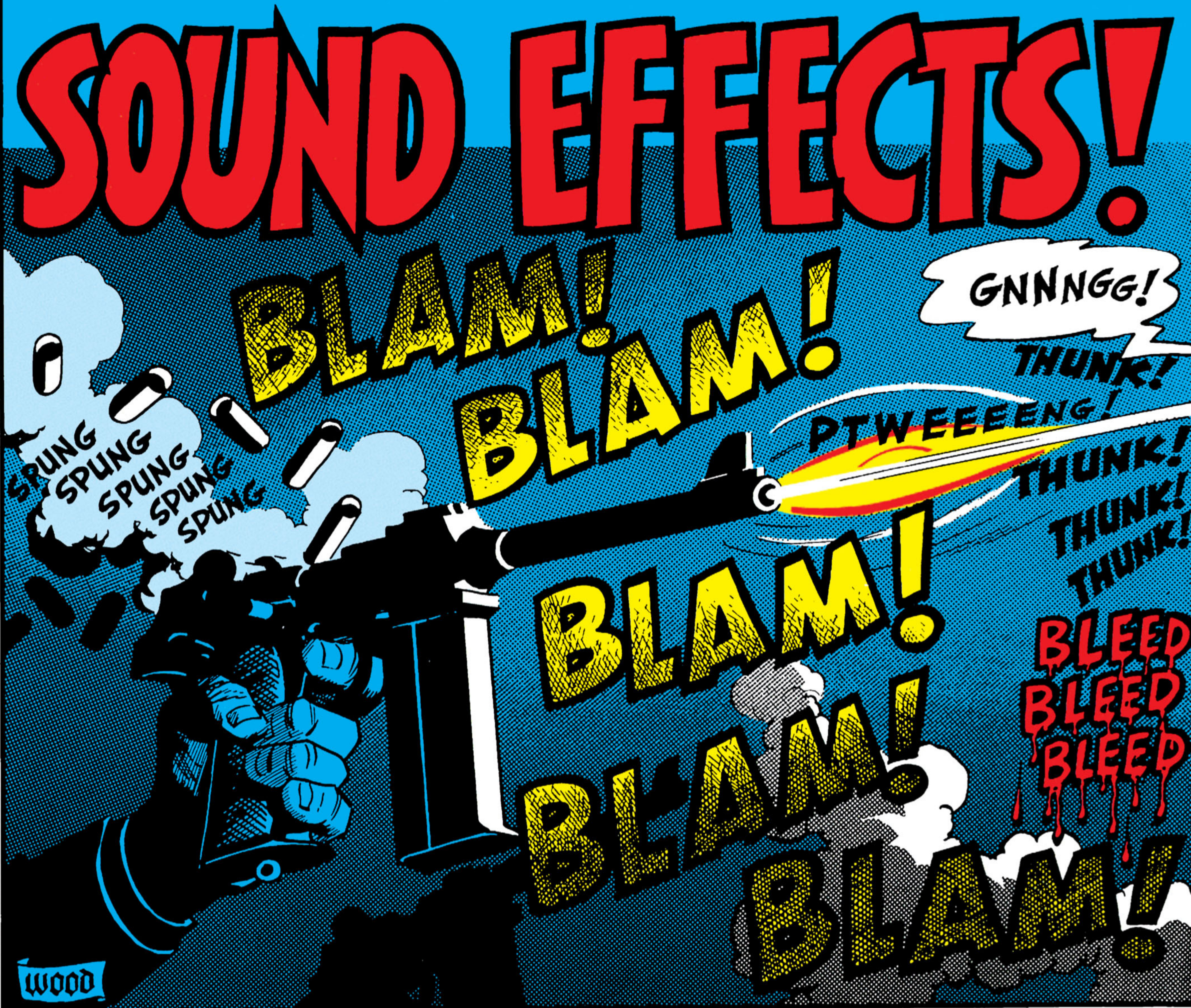


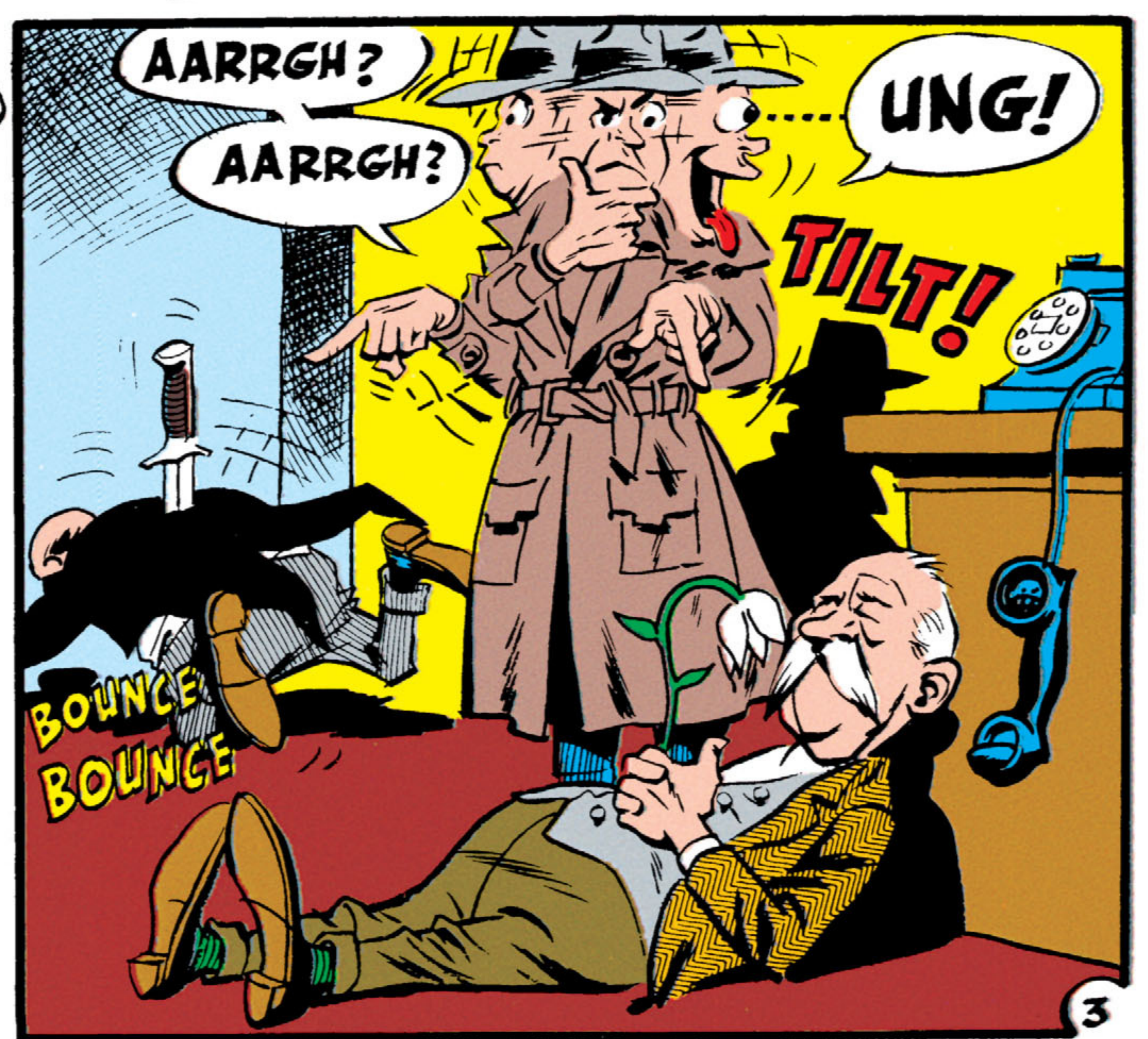
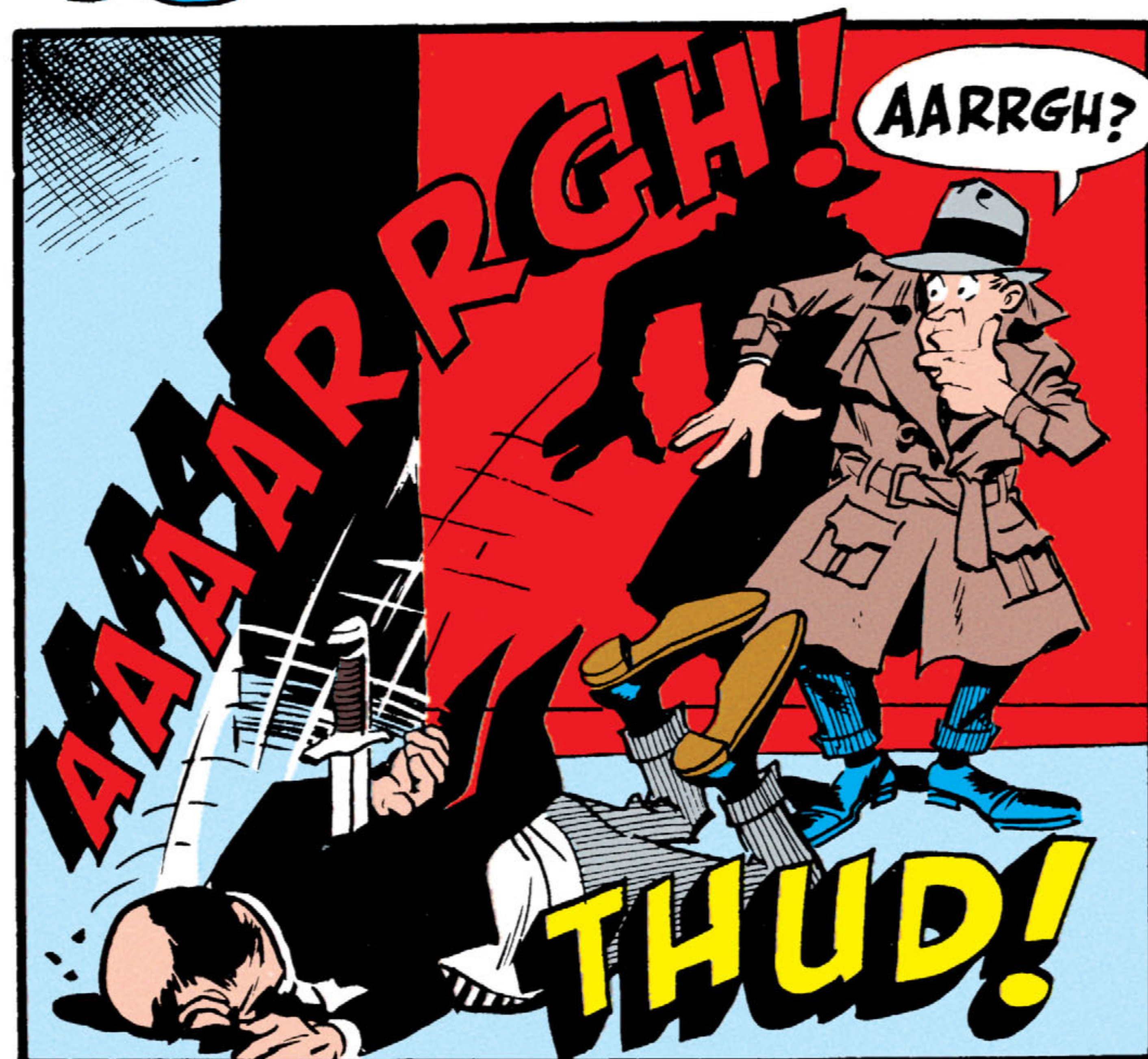
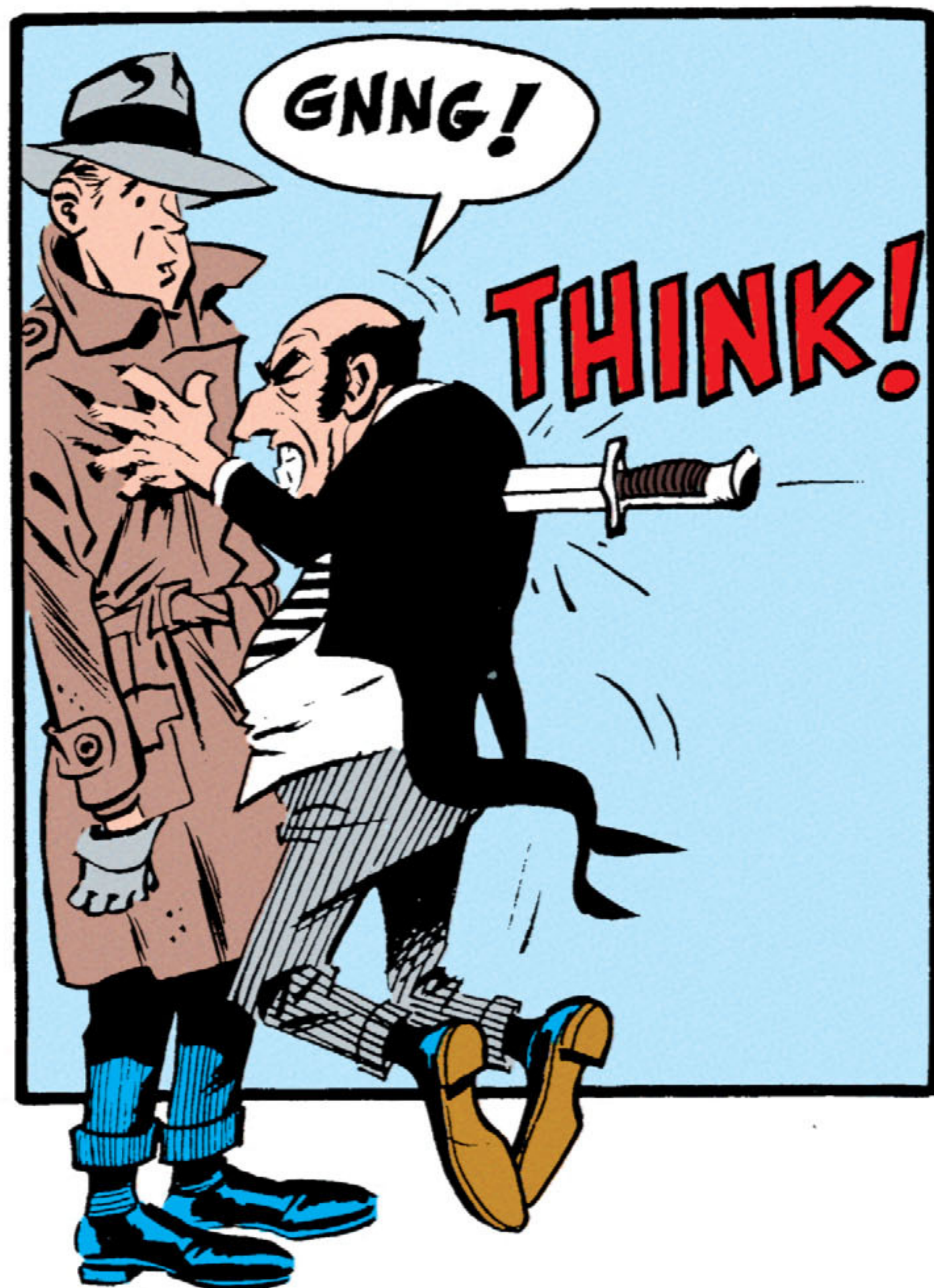
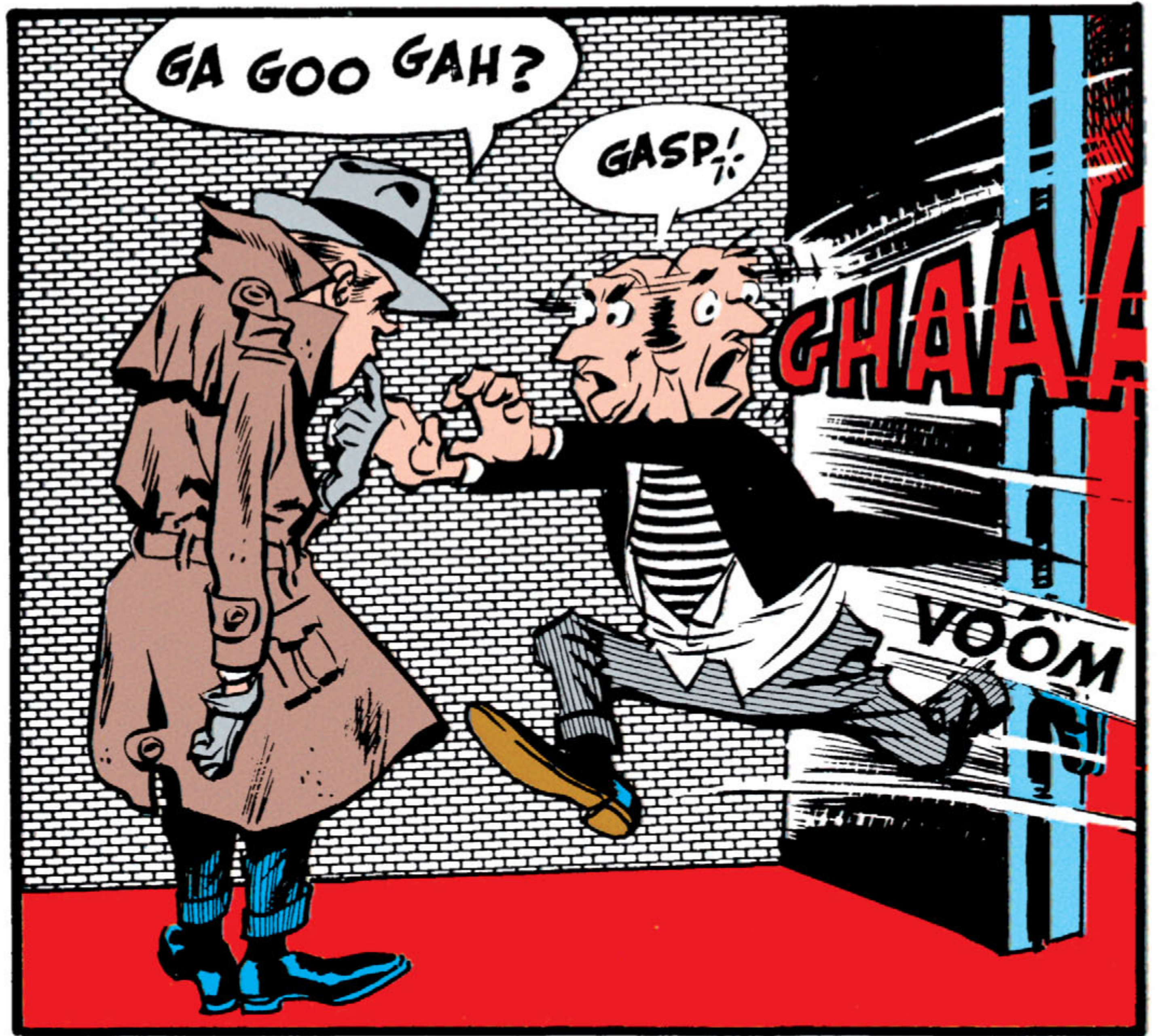


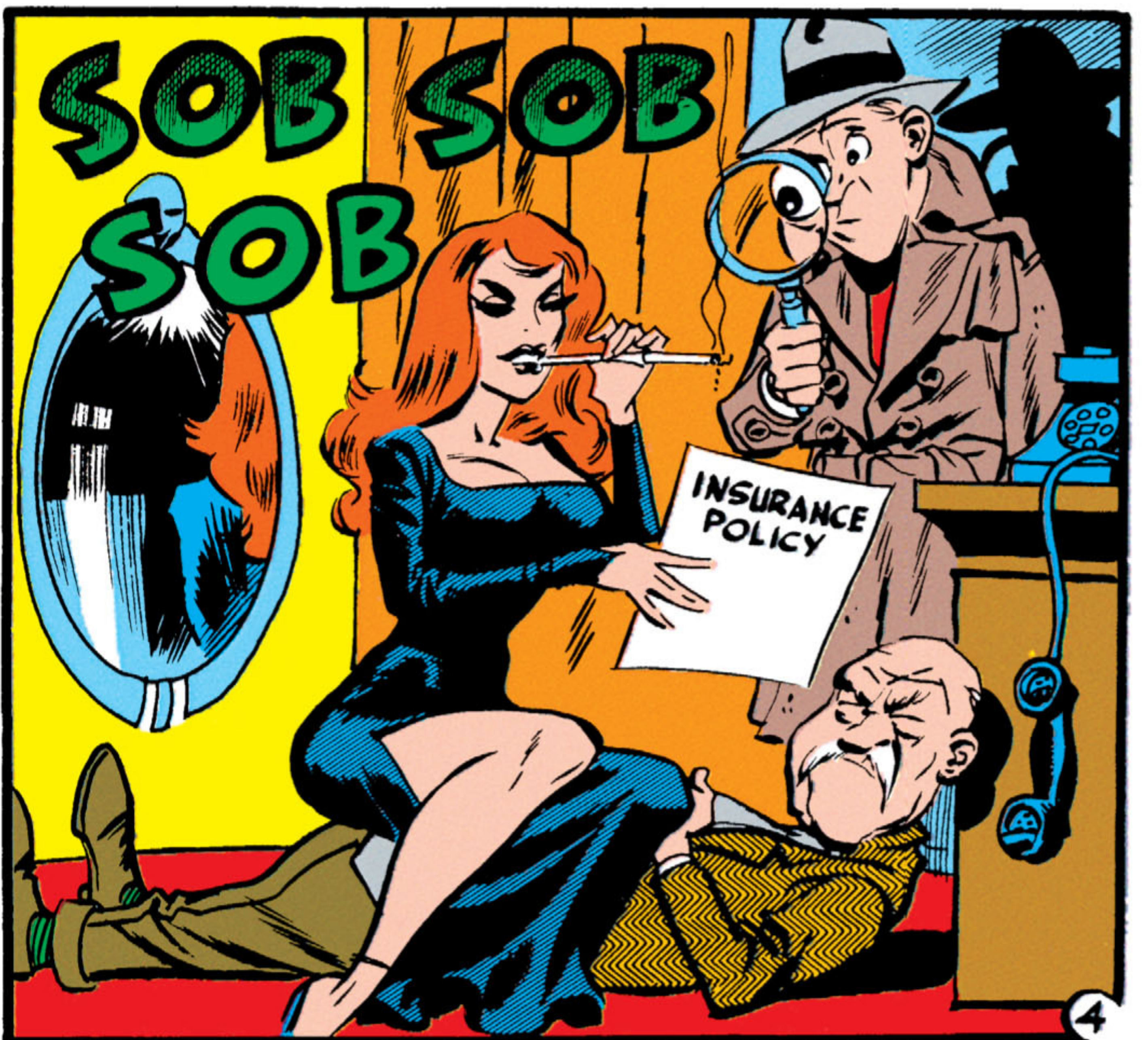
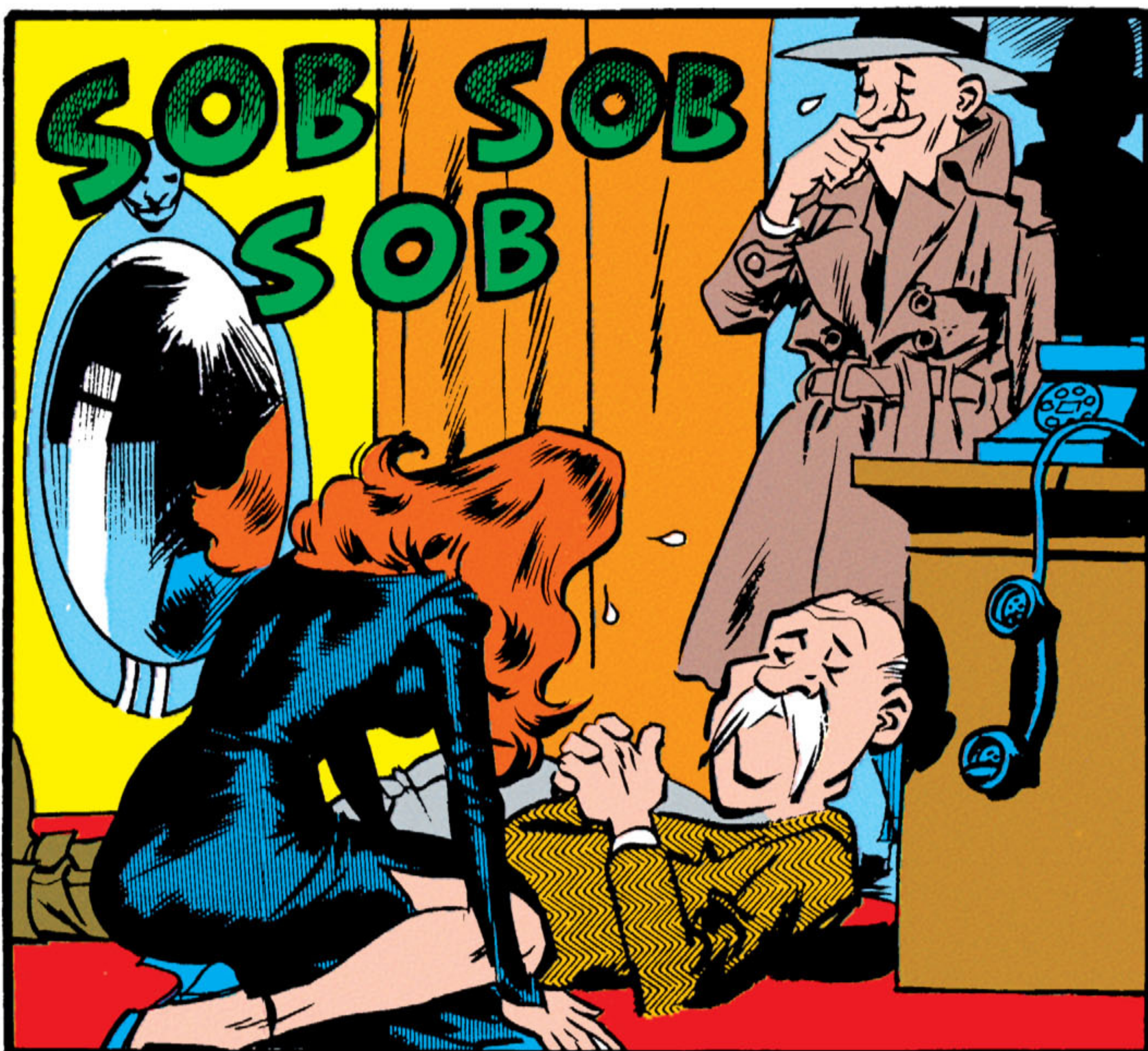
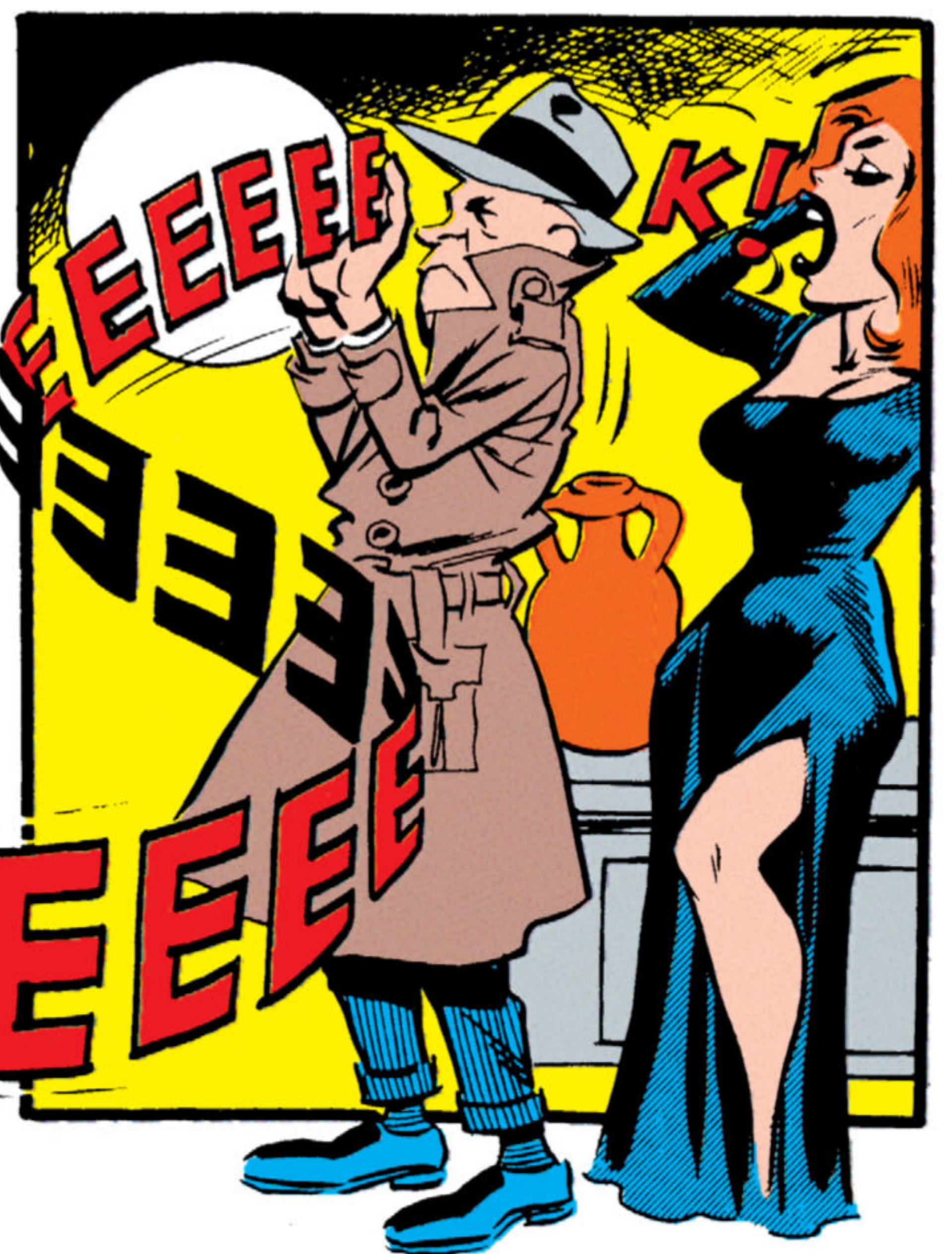
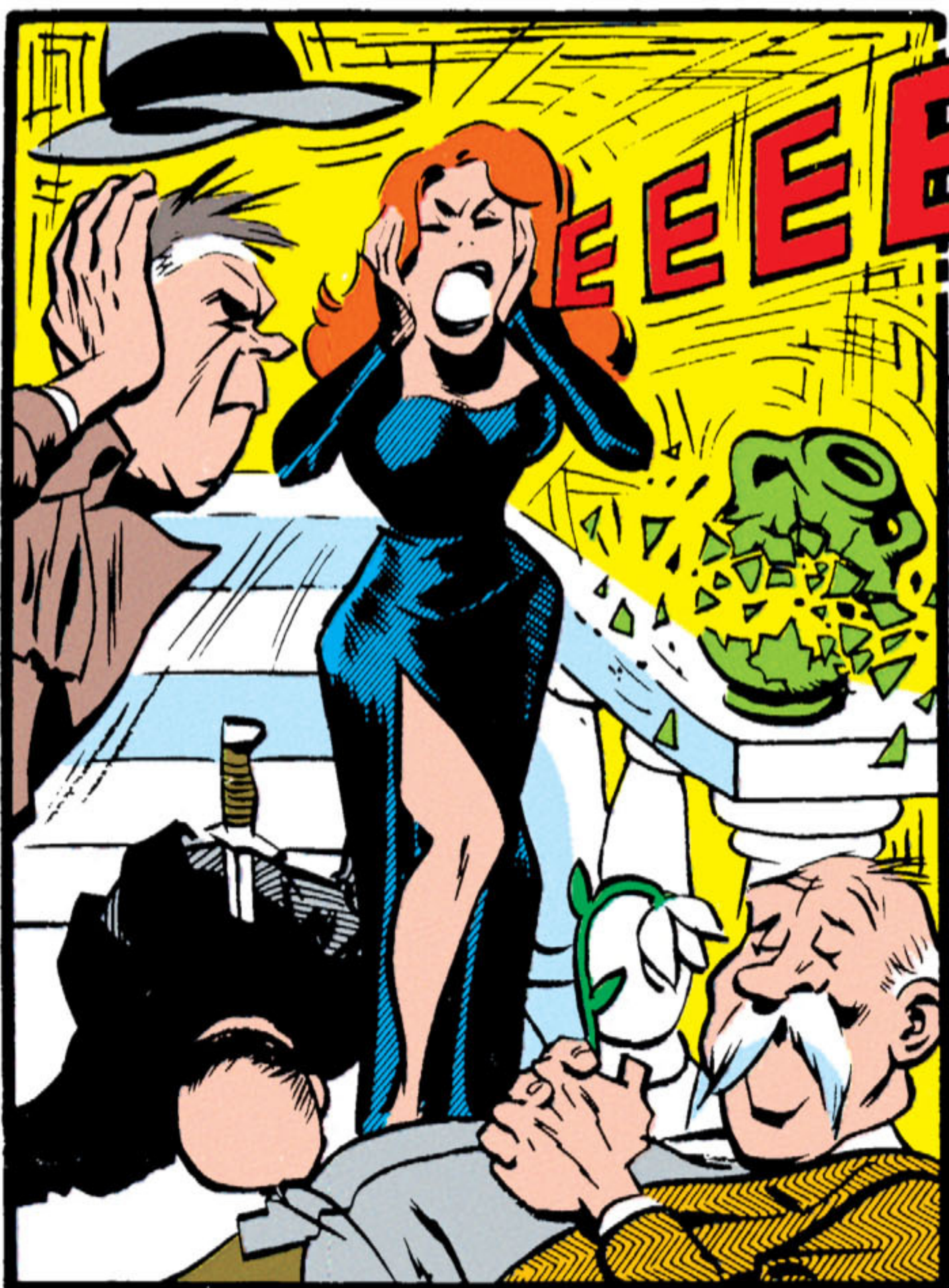
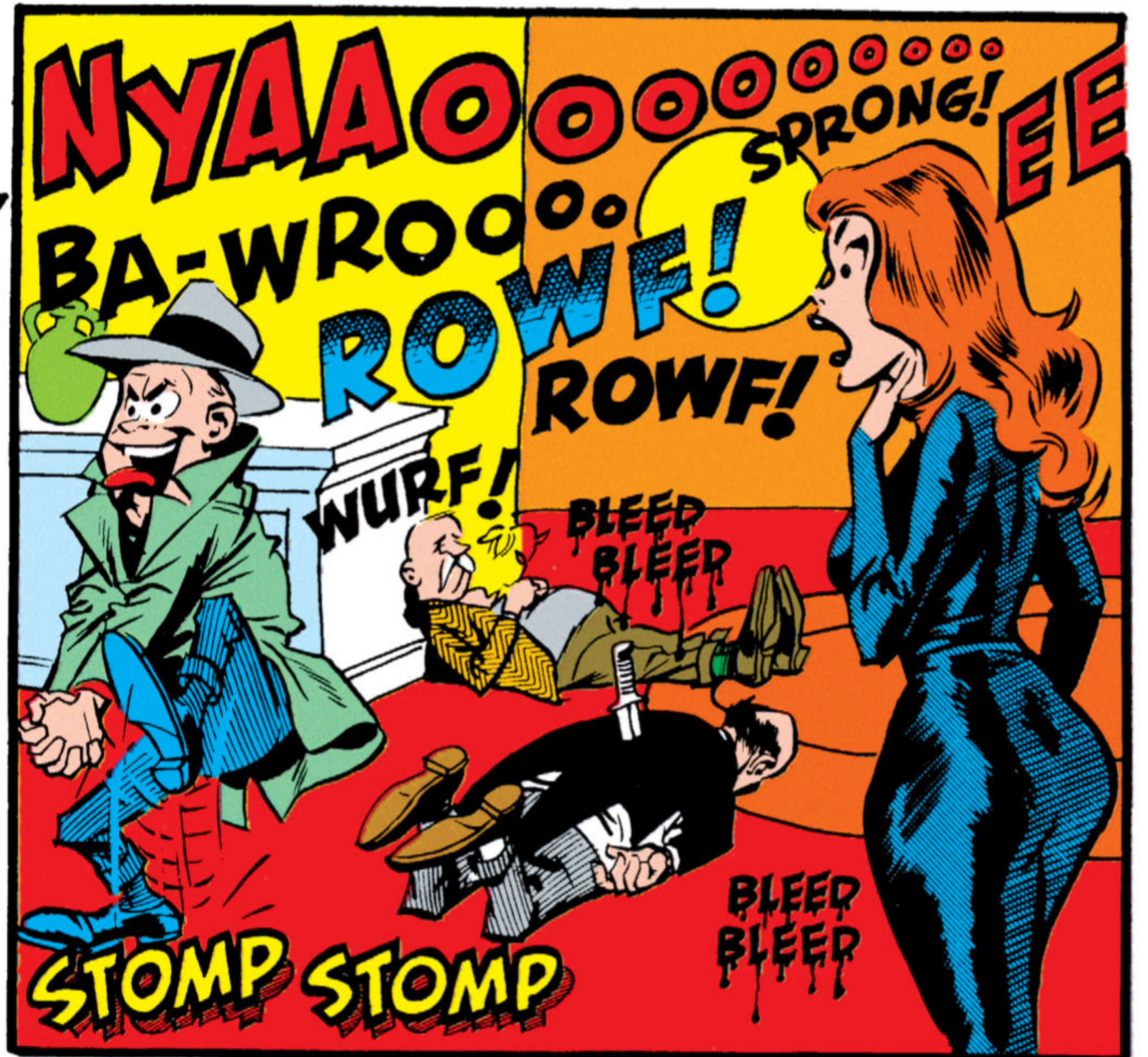
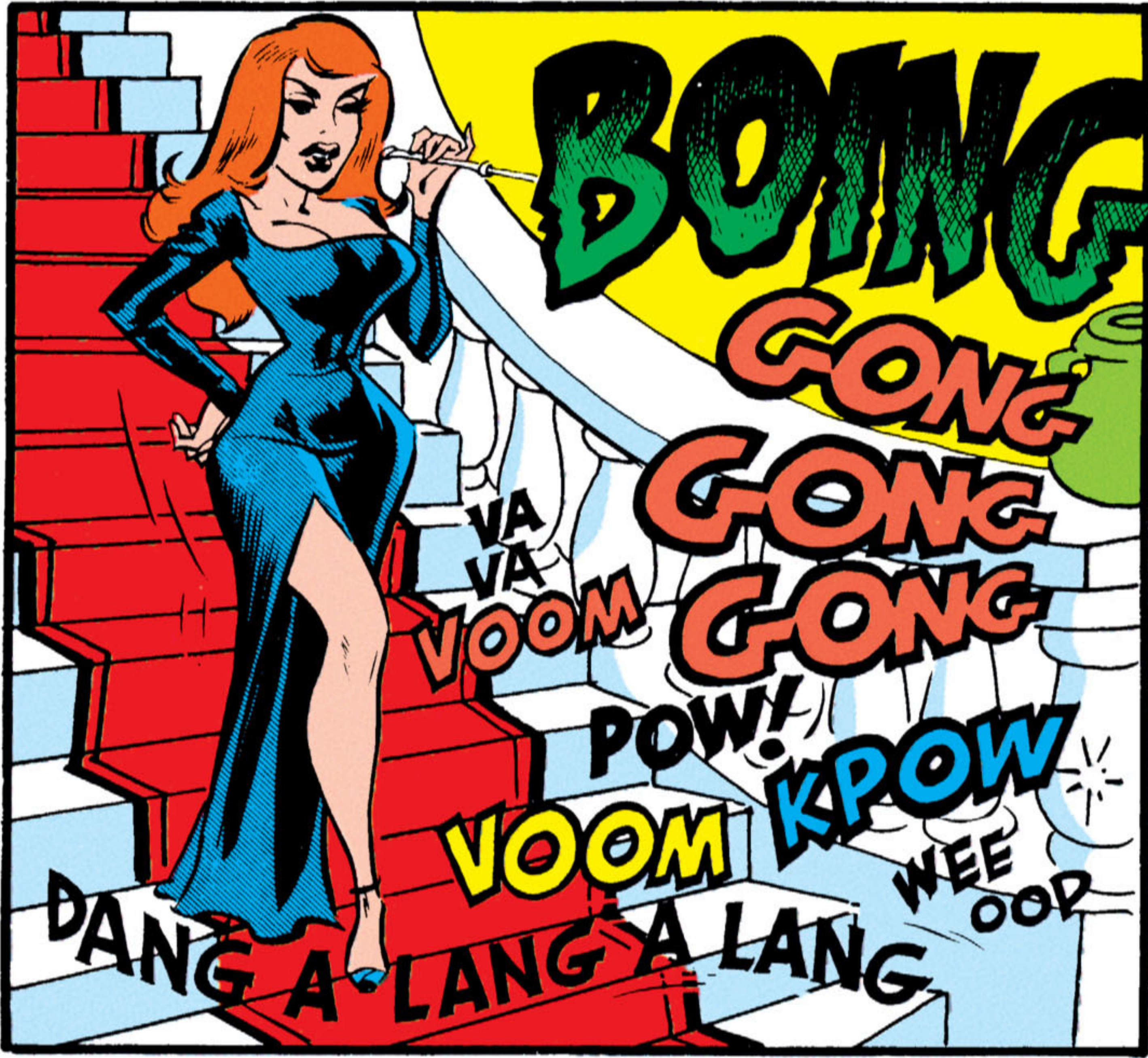
MANY YEARS LATER...

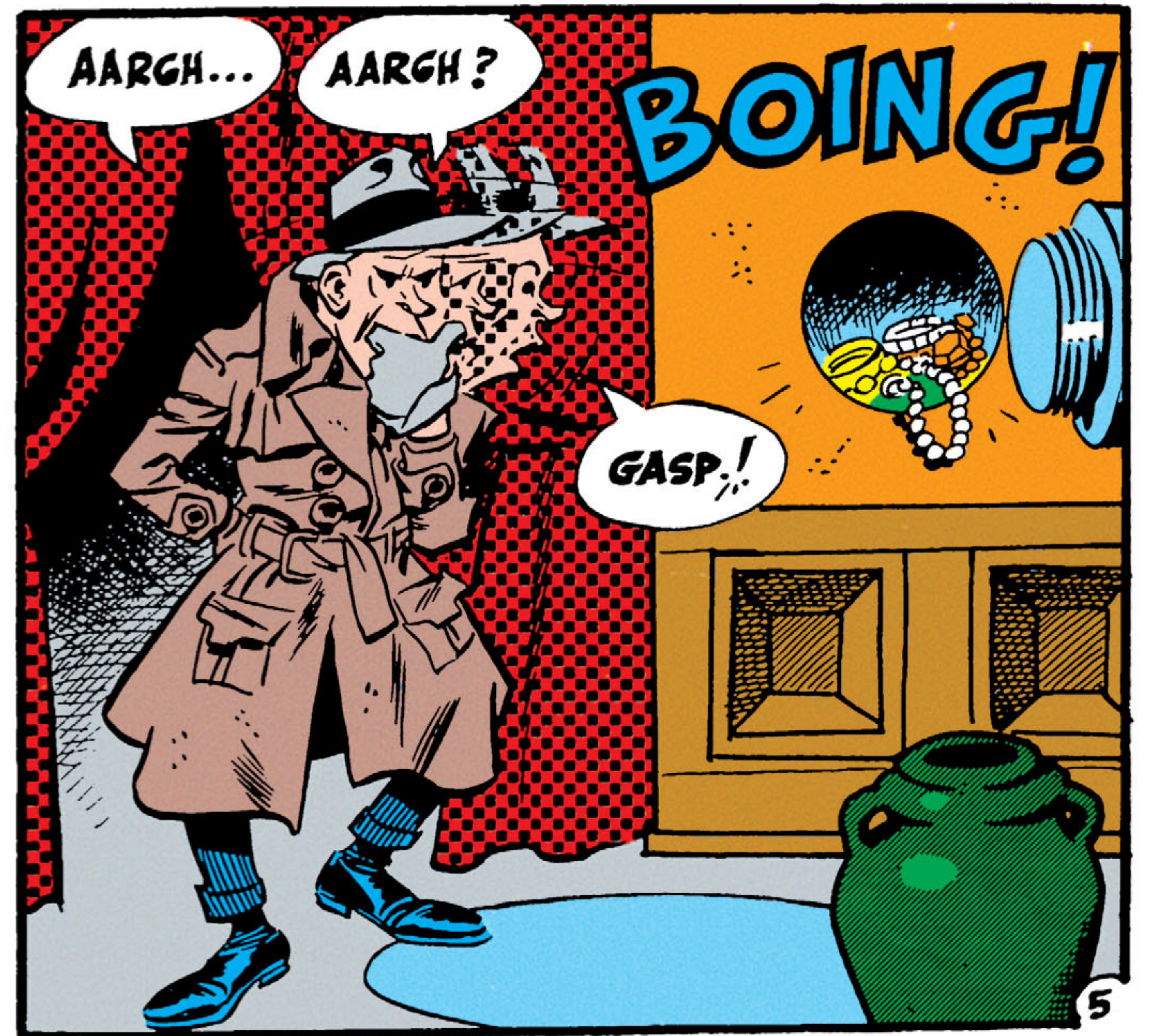
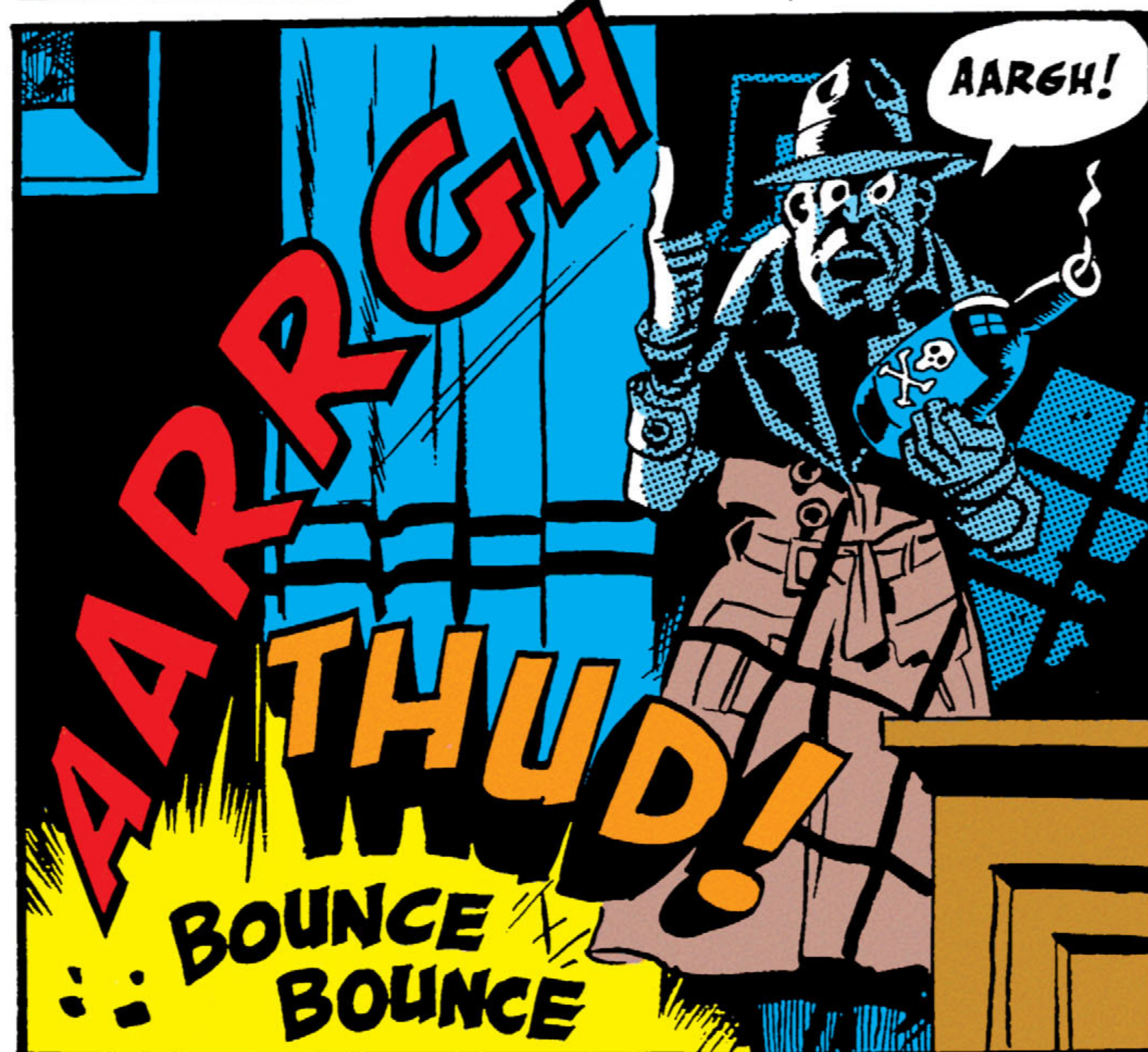
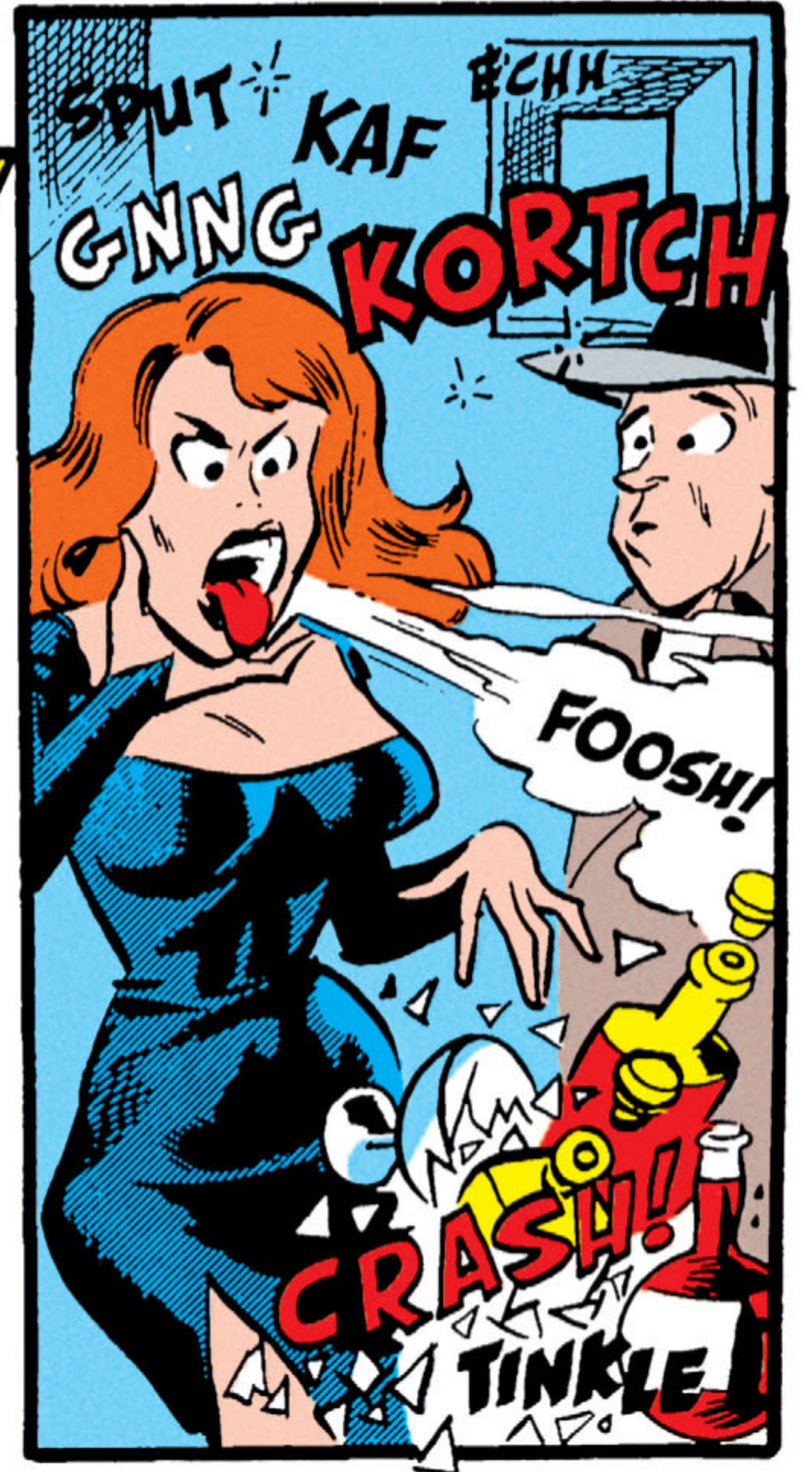
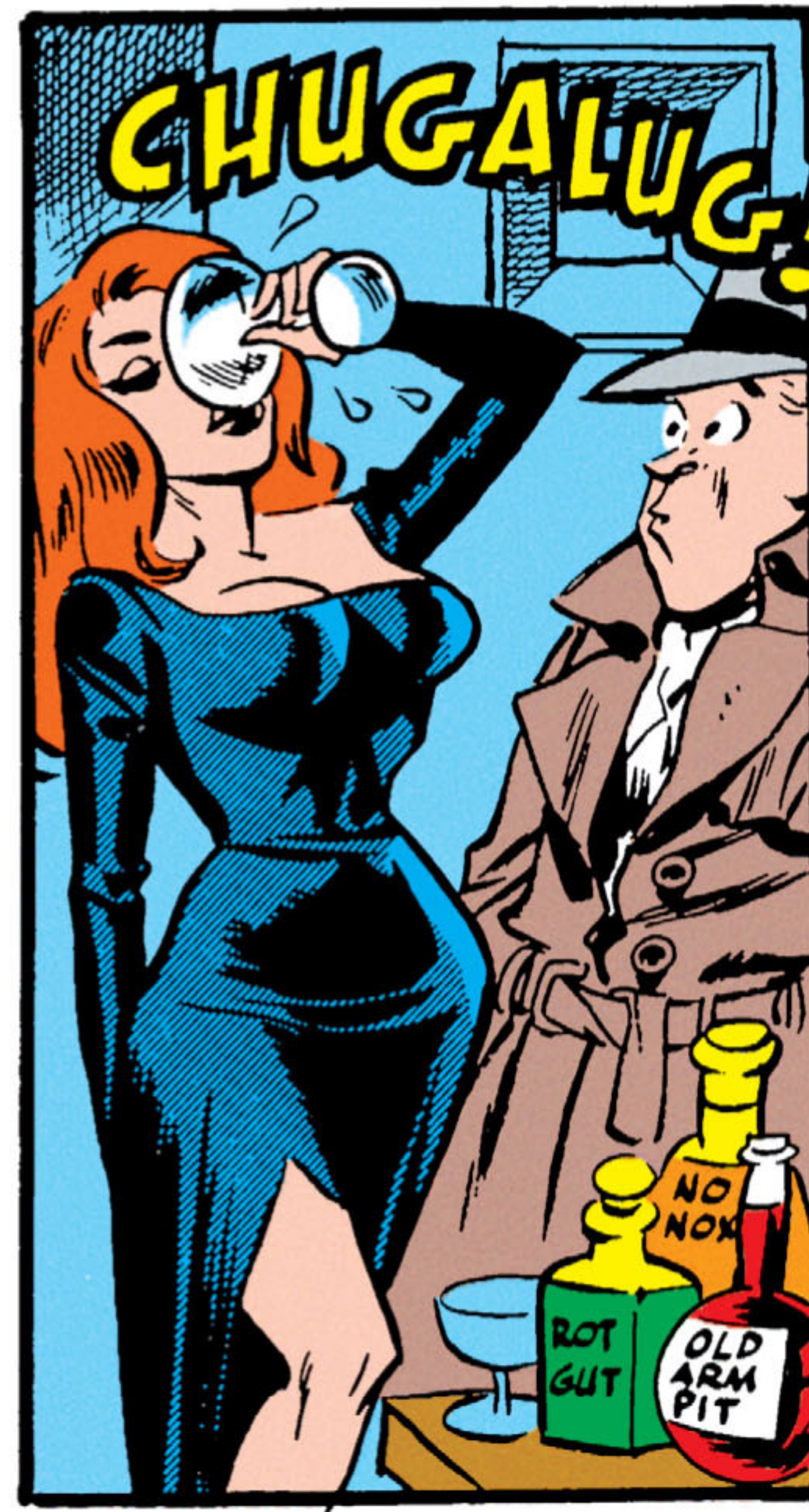
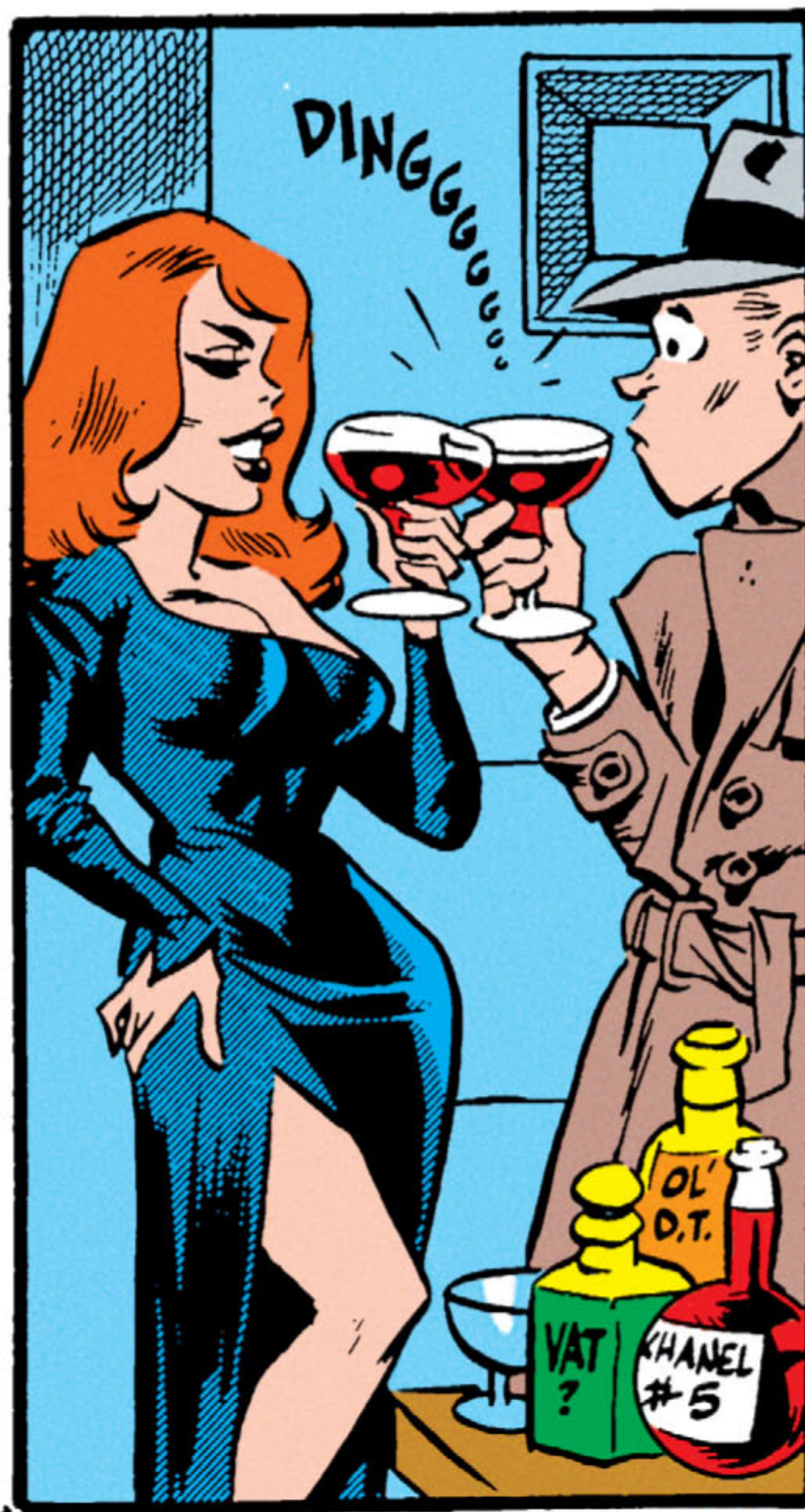
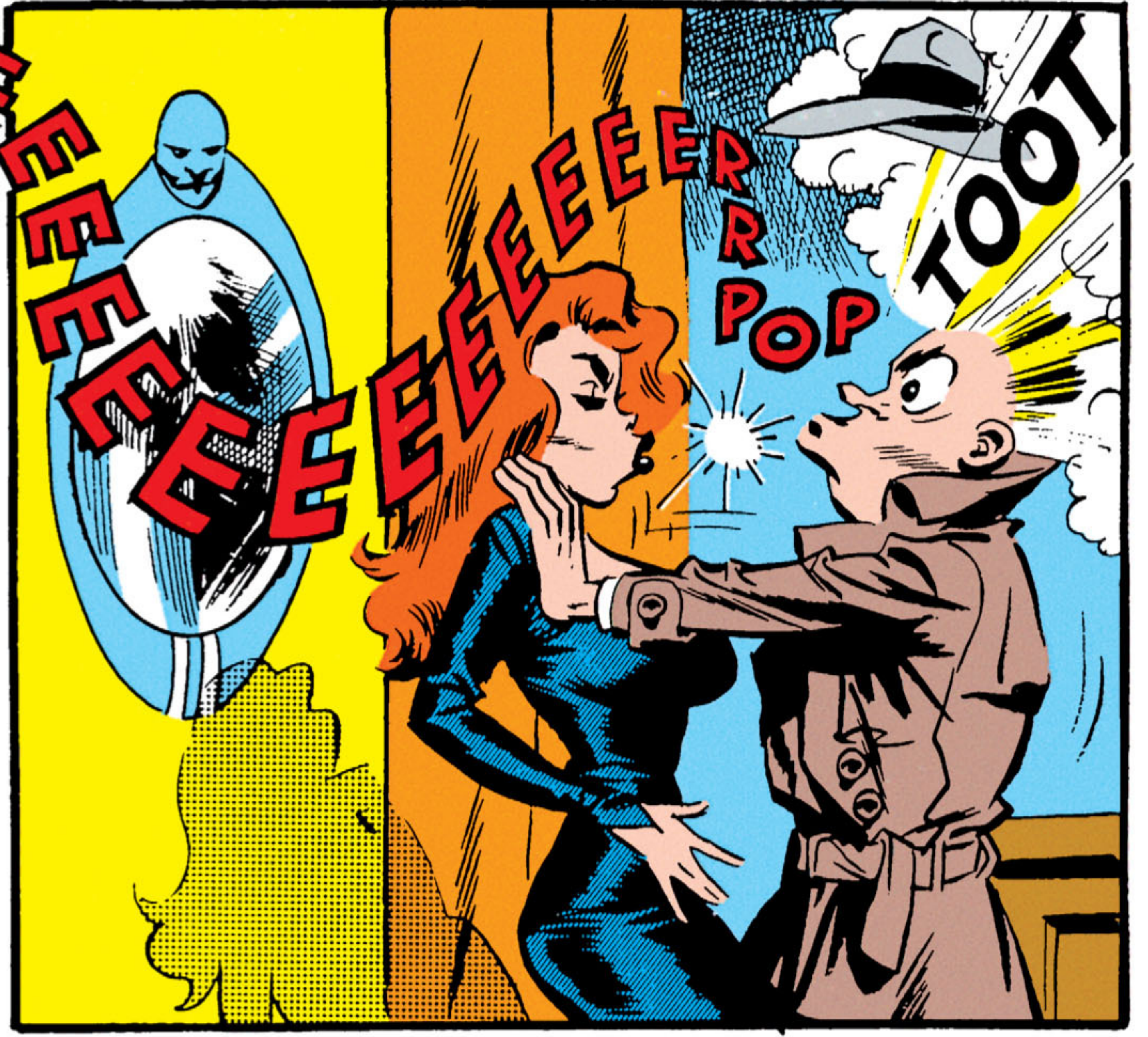
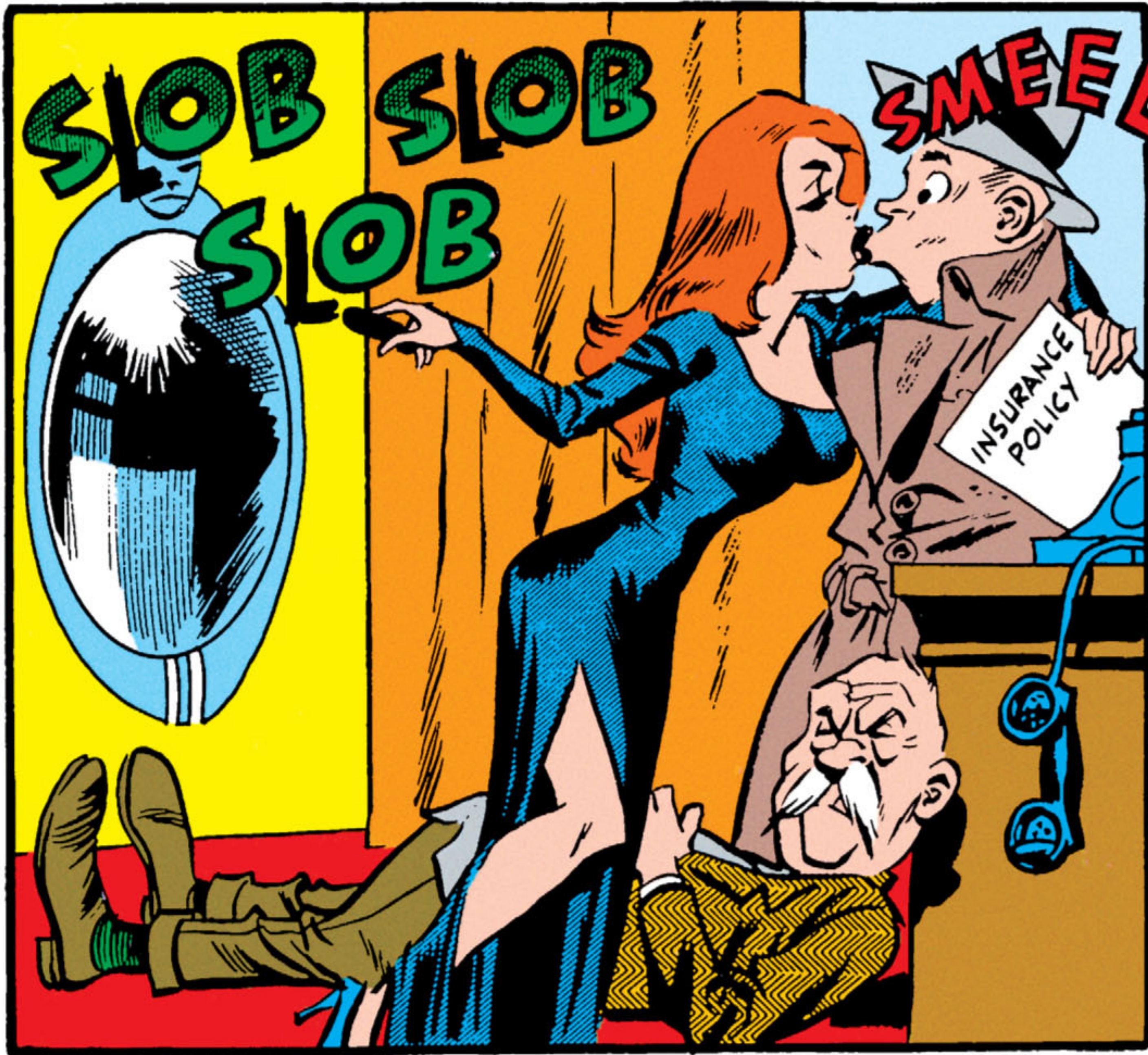


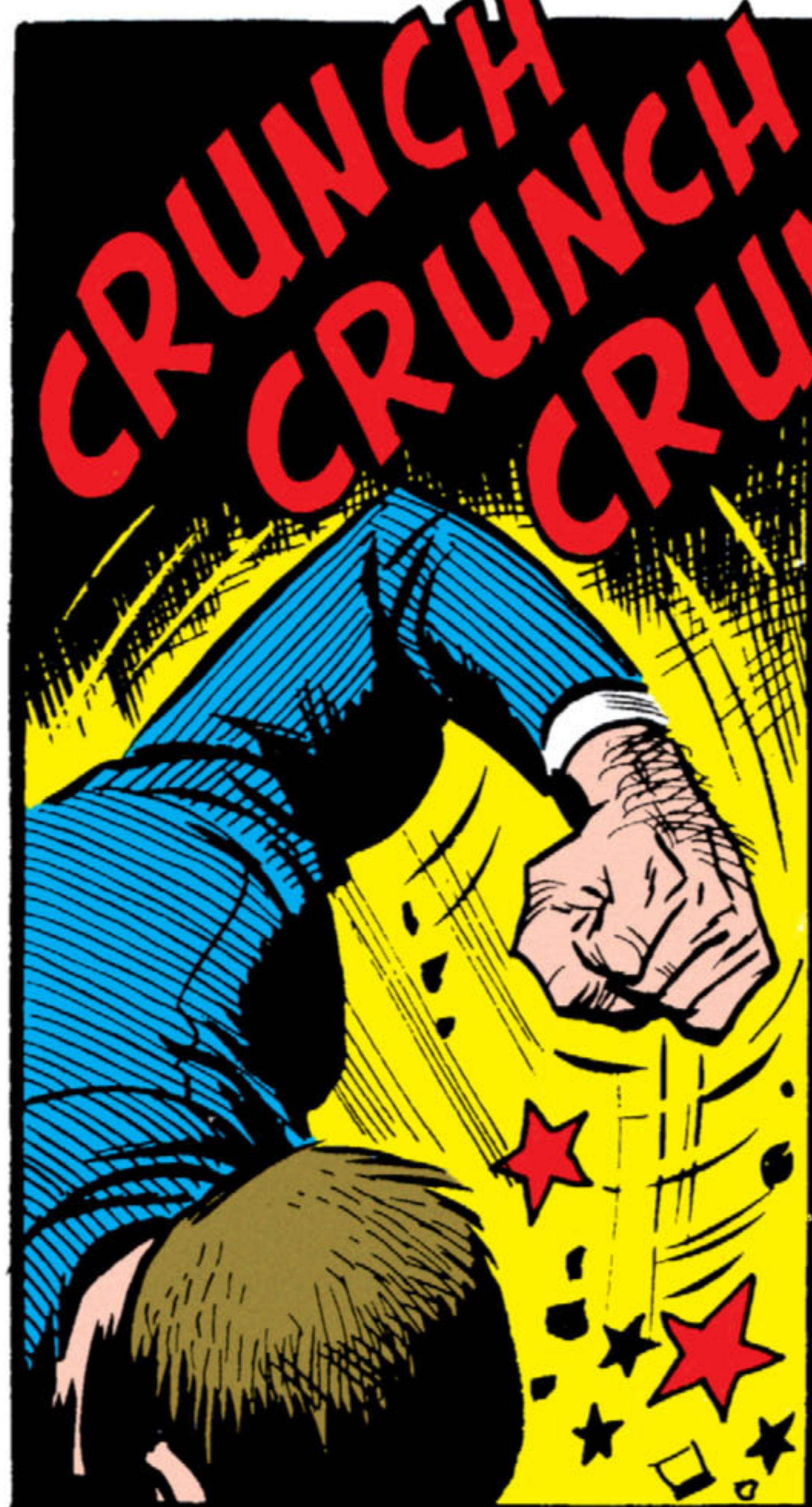
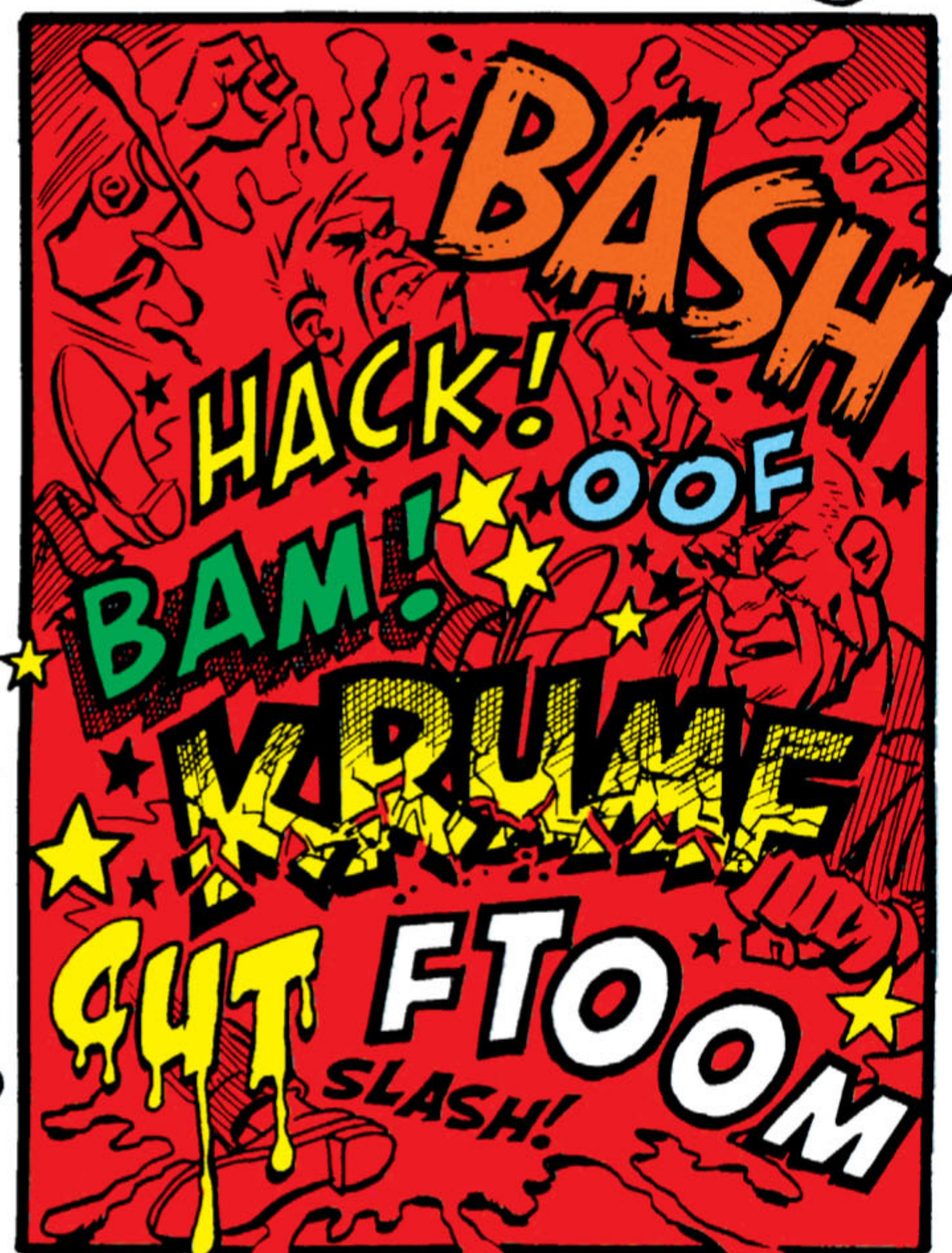
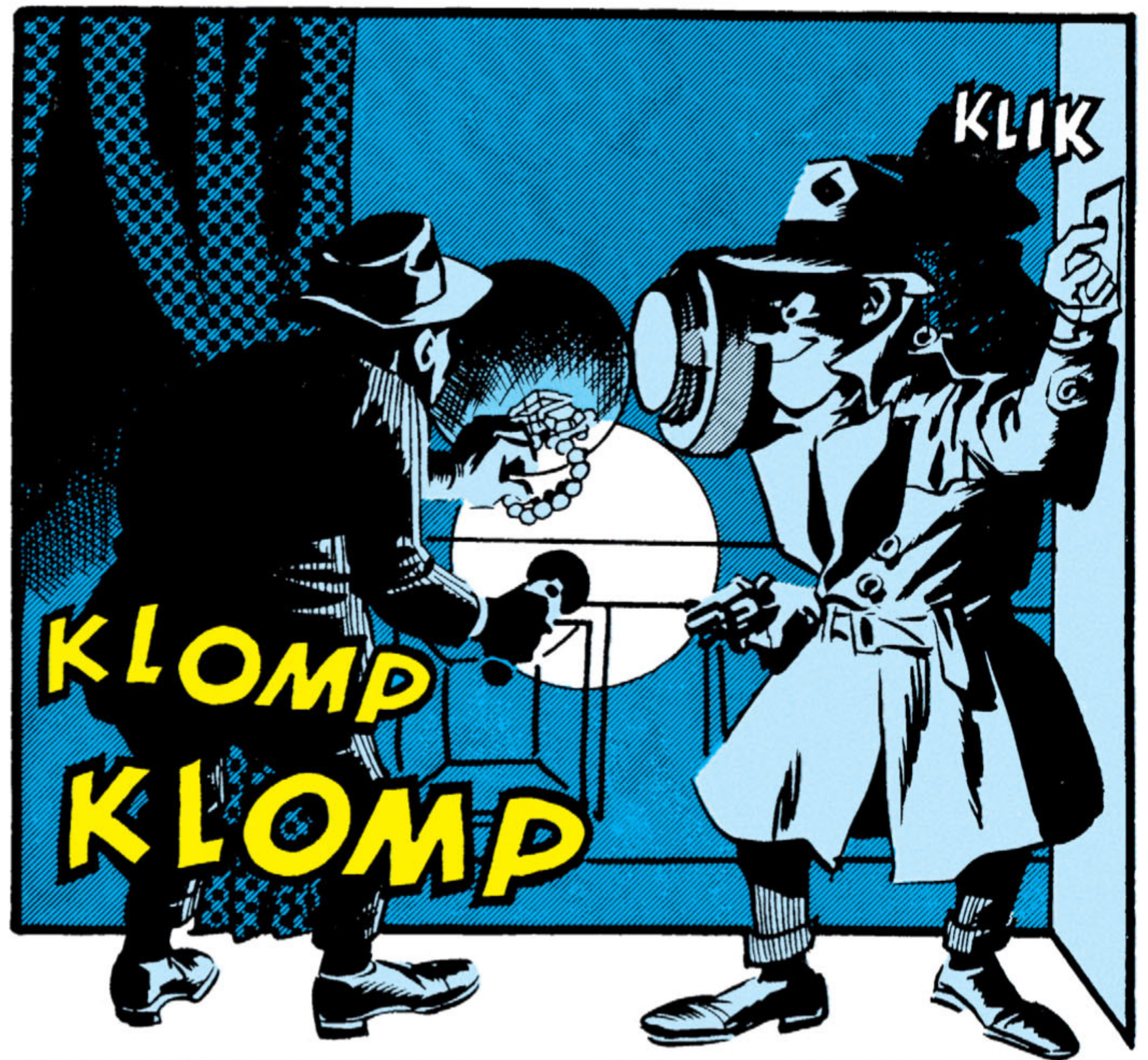
COMIC BOOK DEPT.: YOU KNOW...IN A COMIC-BOOK, THERE'S PLENTY GOING ON YOU SOMETIMES DON'T NOTICE! TAKE FOR INSTANCE, WHEN THE VILLIAN IS GETTING STABBED HE GOES "GNNNG!" DO YOU APPRECIATE WHAT GOES INTO WRITING THE "GNNNG"? SO FOR THIS WHOLE STORY, WE GAVE IT TO WRITE TO OUR MAN WHO WRITES THE "GNNNG" AND ALL THE REST OF THE **COMIC BOOK**...

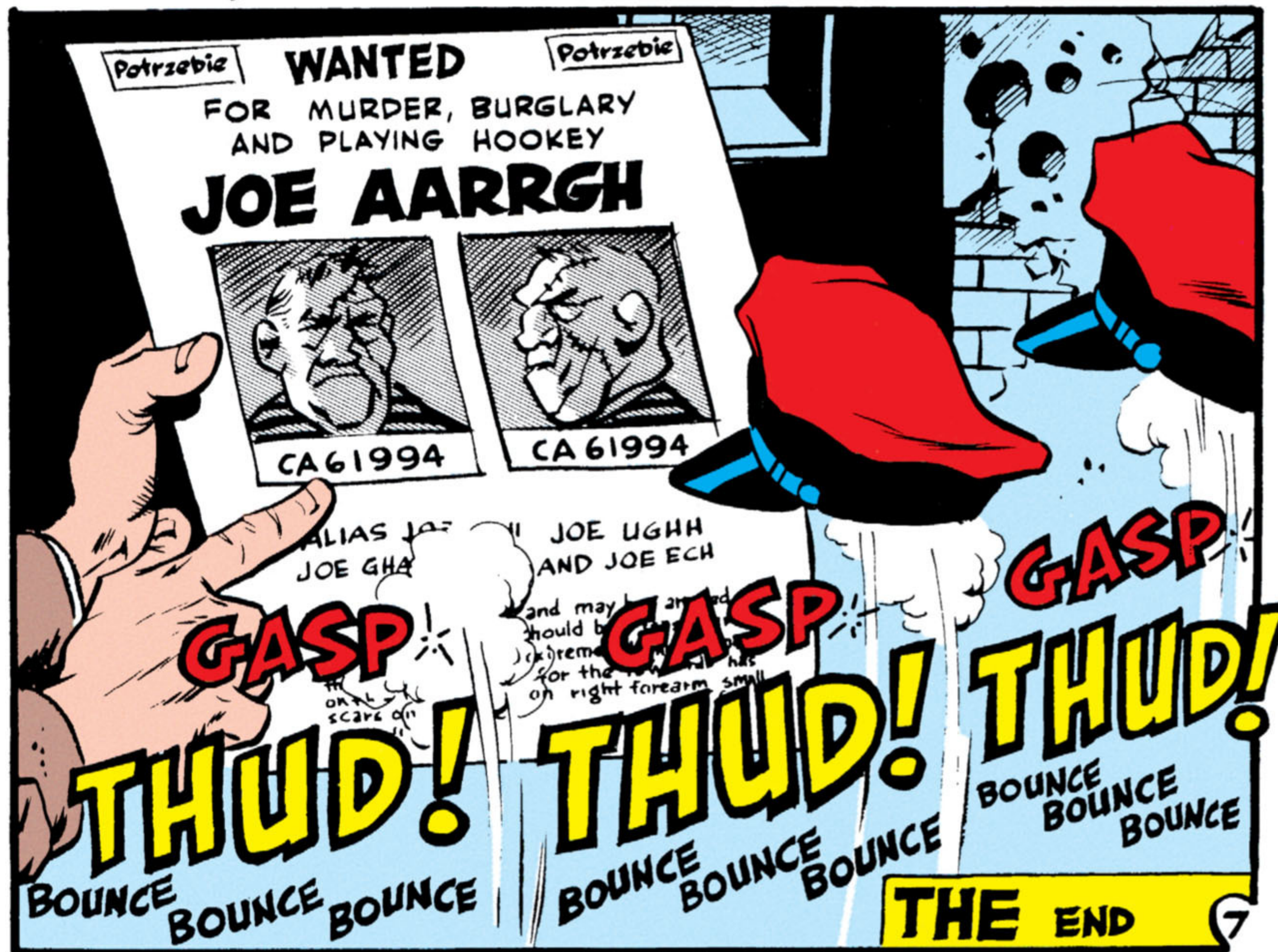
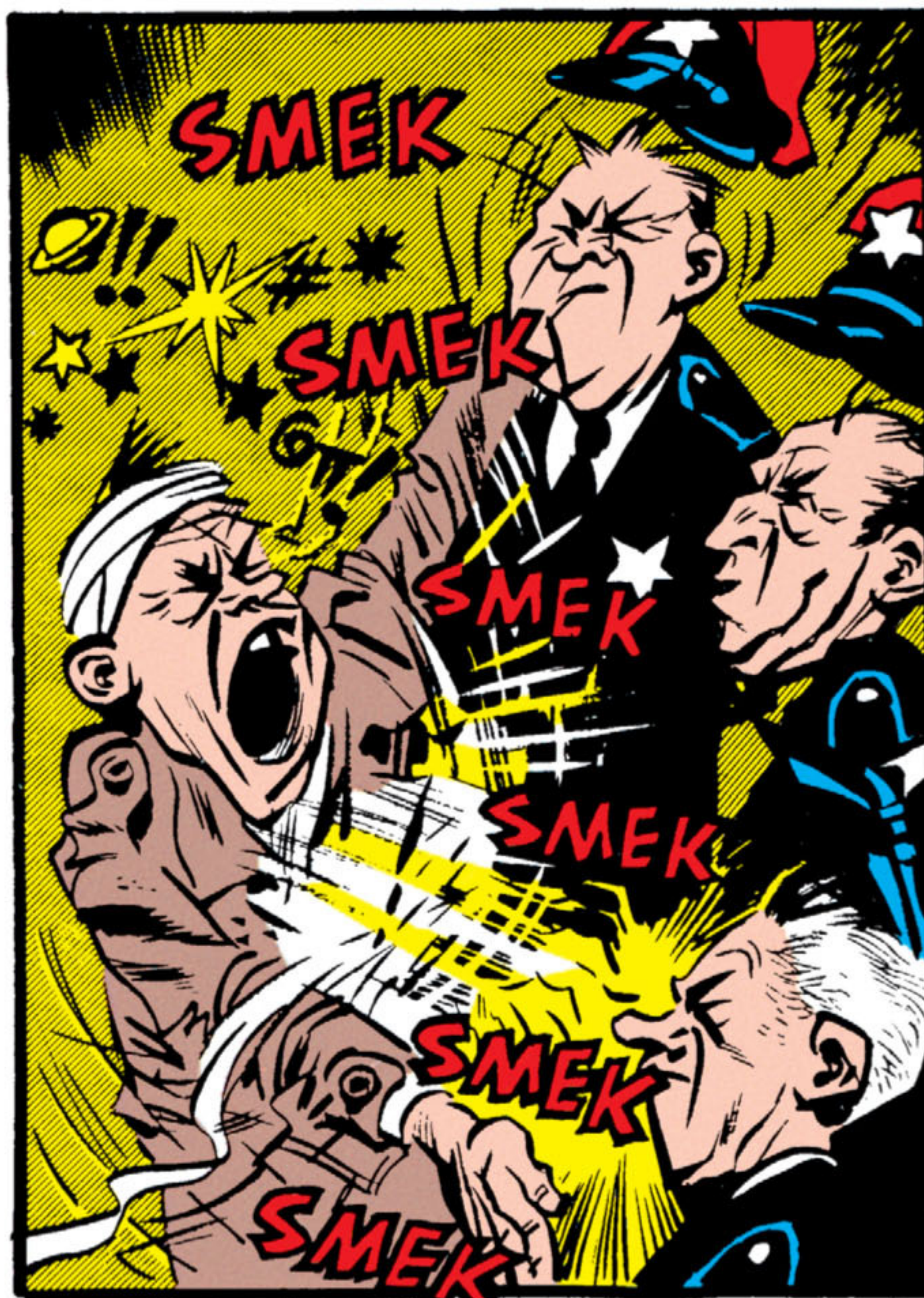
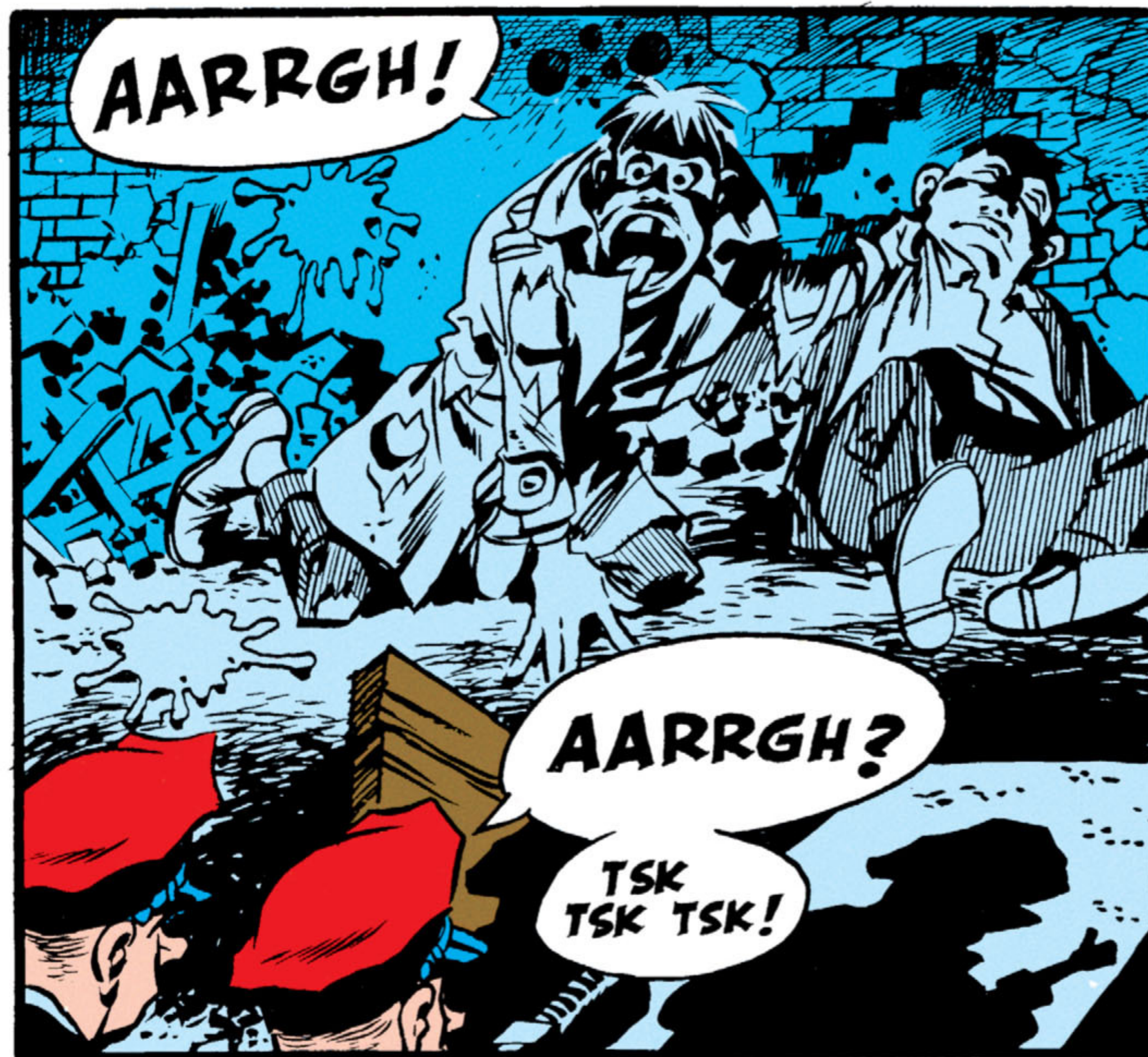
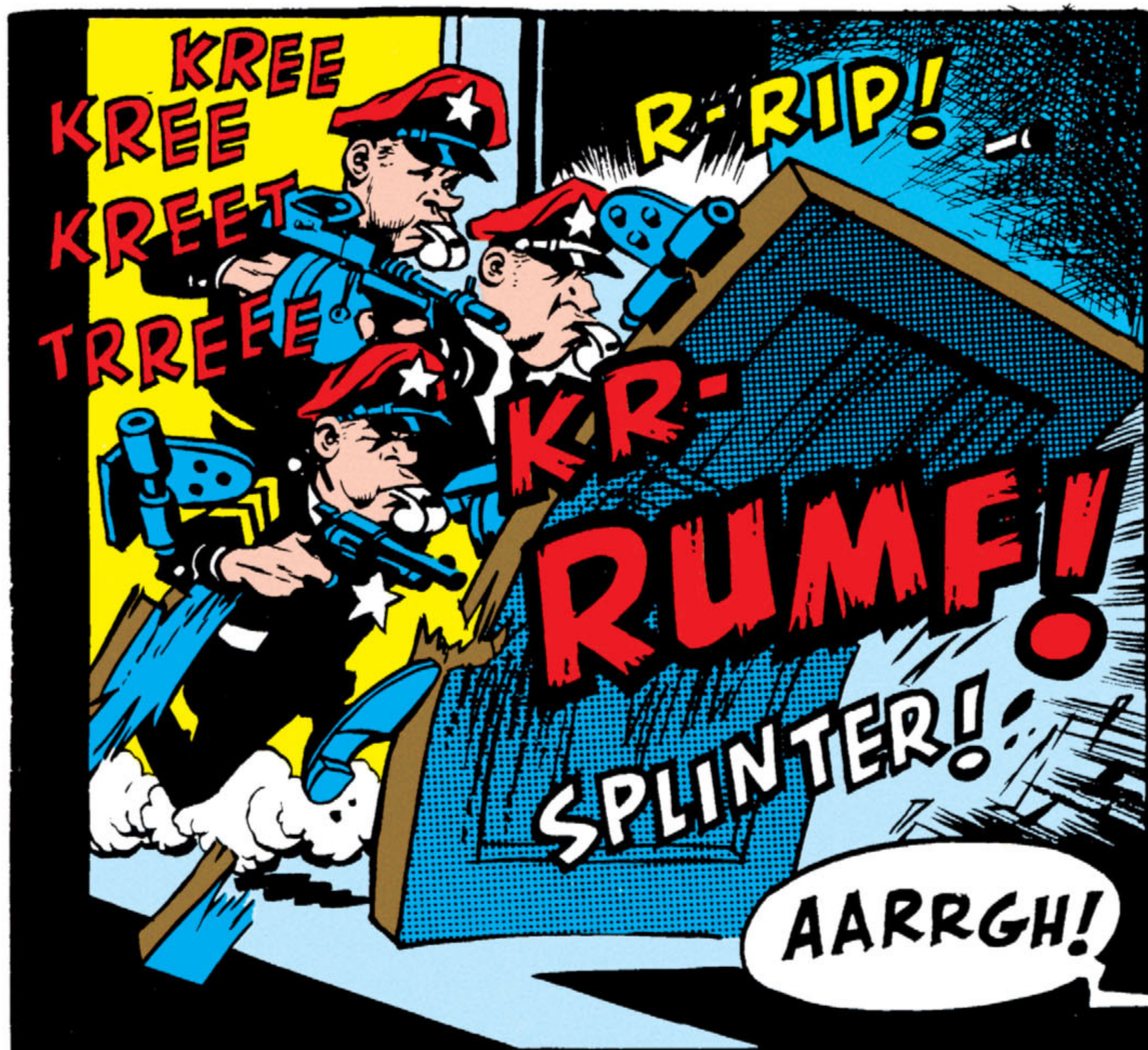




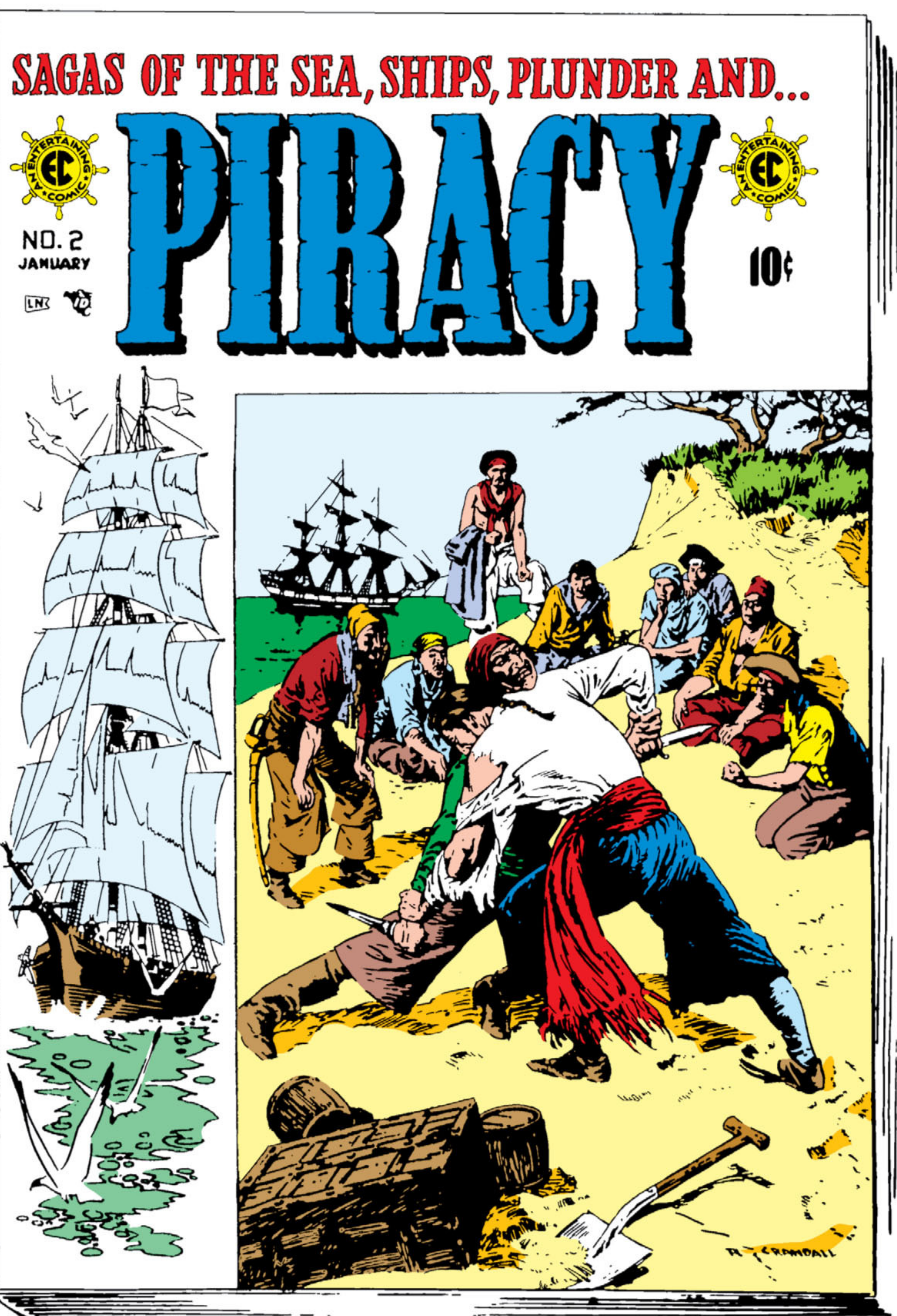








WE **KNOW**
 YOU'LL ENJOY
 THE LUSTY,
 SWASHBUCKLING
 ADVENTURES
 IN OUR NEW
 SEAGOING MAG!
"PIRACY" IS
 A TREASURE
 CHEST OF SALTY
 SEA YARNS
 PRESENTED IN THE E.C. TRADITION!



SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR
 LOCAL NEWSSTAND, MATES...
 DO A LITTLE EXPLORING
 THROUGH THE REST OF THE
 BILGE... AND COMMANDEER
 YOUR COPY. IF YOU'RE NOT
 THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND
 WOULD RATHER IMPORT
"PIRACY", YOU CAN
 SUBSCRIBE! JUST FILL OUT
 THE COUPON AND SHIP
 OFF, TOGETHER WITH ONE
 HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT
 (THAT'S ONE BUCK,
 LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

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

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M
 SHANGHAIED! HERE'S \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT
 EIGHT ISSUES OF **PIRACY**!

NAME _____

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STATE _____



MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

...I felt that I had to answer LeRoy Furguson's letter (Mad Mumblings #16). He says that the first issues of Mad appealed to the "intelligentsia." Then may I say that the intelligentsia certainly lowered itself because the first issues of Mad were puerile and downright miserable. Since then, Mad has raised its standards to the highest point in the entire comic industry. The Times has a circulation of over 600,000. Guess the intelligentsia isn't as elite as it once was, allowing so many of the "proletariats" to join them. Because I know that you don't have to have an I.Q. of over 150 to enjoy the Times. I read it and so do my friends and we aren't Einsteins. Mr. Furguson strikes me as conceited. How long could any comic-book last if the "proletariat" didn't buy it. The only way I feel you could satisfy Mr. Furguson would be to publish Mad in Sanskrit.—Abe Lieberman—Brooklyn, N. Y.

...After reading reader Furguson's letter, I decided to find out what a "proletariat" was. I found out that it means "wage earner." Therefore, Furguson must mean all the so-called "intelligent" people he speaks of must be a bunch of loafers.—Gene Compton—Mibone, N. C.

...I wrote this letter to let you know that I sympathize with you in your crusade against those vile, abominable, base, villainous, detestable, execrable, cursed, accursed, diabolic newspapers that are filling our parents' heads with venomous, corrupting, virulent, deadly, and corrosive thought.—Eddie Evans—Dallas, Tex.

...No sooner had I ignited my pipe and settled myself with your October issue for what I had every reason to believe would be an entertaining and instructive hour, when I was confronted with your article on Egypt, by ~~THE EGYPTIAN~~. May I say, sir, with all due respect to the reputation your magazine enjoys, that the man is a palpable ass of the first order.—Lawrence Rogers—Seattle, Wash.

...After reading your cotten pickin' article on Egypt, we discovered you goofed. Everything was fine until we got down to where the cotten pickin' cotten pickers were pickin' cotten where we discovered the furshlugginer story started repeating. Would you please continue the story in a future issue of Mad?—Walter Sandvik, Richard Whitman—Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

...This thing you call a comic is no more than trash fashioned to degenerate the youth of our country. The illicit remarks and pornographic drawings which appear in your magazine is fit only for

the lower classes.—Margaret Charles—New York City

...I can't understand why some of these stupid people write in and say Mad is a filthy, no-good, rotten comic, and a contributor to the cause of juvenile delinquency and all that corny junk.—Doug Polling—Toledo, Ohio

aP, llamoorB-atnaB werdnA—.sdrawkcab delleps potrzebie naht esle gnihton si eibezrtop taht ees ot elba eb dluohs (toidi na si daM sdaer ohw ydobyna dna) redaer daM citoidi ynA .snaem eibezrtop tahw uoy gniksa srettel yzarc eseht lla dnatsrednu t'nac I...

...I think you worded your meaning of furshlugginer, potrzebie, blintzes and halavah just a little wrong. I think it should have been "Who stuffed the furshlugginer blintzes with potrzebie? That was a halavah thing to do."—G. G. G.—Derby, New York

...Would you remind repeating the answer to what potrzebie means. It kinda got smudged in issue #16.—Jere Thomas—Mobile, Ala.

...I noticed where the explanation of potrzebie was. I took a little jug of Printers Ink Remover of Fifth Avenue and put it on the paper. The results came in about ten minutes. THERE WASN'T ANYTHING UNDER THE SMUDGE! EXPLAIN YOURSELVES!—Tom Lathrop—Los Angeles, Cal.

...This is not just another letter asking what potrzebie means. It's a letter of sorrow. I'm sorry you can't think of an answer. You crack-pots better pull your thinking-caps over your fat heads and think. You started it in Mad #10 and I'll be interested in seeing how you get out of it. I'm not, and the rest of the Mad fans, satisfied with an ink smudge as an answer. Brothers, you're in an A-1 spot.—Glenford Griffen—Portland, Or.

...As this poor uneducated, unlearned, unread college student understands it, potrzebie means simply "inkspot."—Al Teaff—Houston, Tex.

...I can't sleep at nights wondering what potrzebie means, so please tell me.—Louis Grimshaw—Ontario, Canada

Potrzebie bounces.—ed.

Remember! You can buy 24,000 issues of Mad for only \$3,000.00. Keep writing! Send mail to:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 20
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, New York

BOP

Due to the many requests for a master Bop dictionary, we are devoting this page to all the Bop terms that we have picked up in the past year. You will notice that the following words are arranged in alphabopical order.

ABE'S CABE—a five-dollar bill
BIG GEORGE—a quarter
BLAZE—to go
BLOOD—wine
BREAD—money
BRIGHT—day
BROWN ABE—a penny
CHEATERS—eye glasses
CHLOROPHYLL GEORGE—a dollar
COOL—nice
CRAZY—odd
CRIB—house
CUBE—3-D square
CUT—make fun of
CUT OUT—leave
DIG, TO DIG—to understand
DUCE—a two dollar bill
ENDS—money
FLICKS—movies
FLIP—react enthusiastically
GONE—wonderful
GREASE—eat
HENCHMEN—friends
HOLLYWOOD EYES—cute girls
HUB CAP—important fellow
JAMS—bop records
JELLY TOT—young hub cap
KAT—latest version of hipster
KICK—thrill
LATER—I'll see you
LAY DEAD—wait
MAN—opening word when
addressing a kat

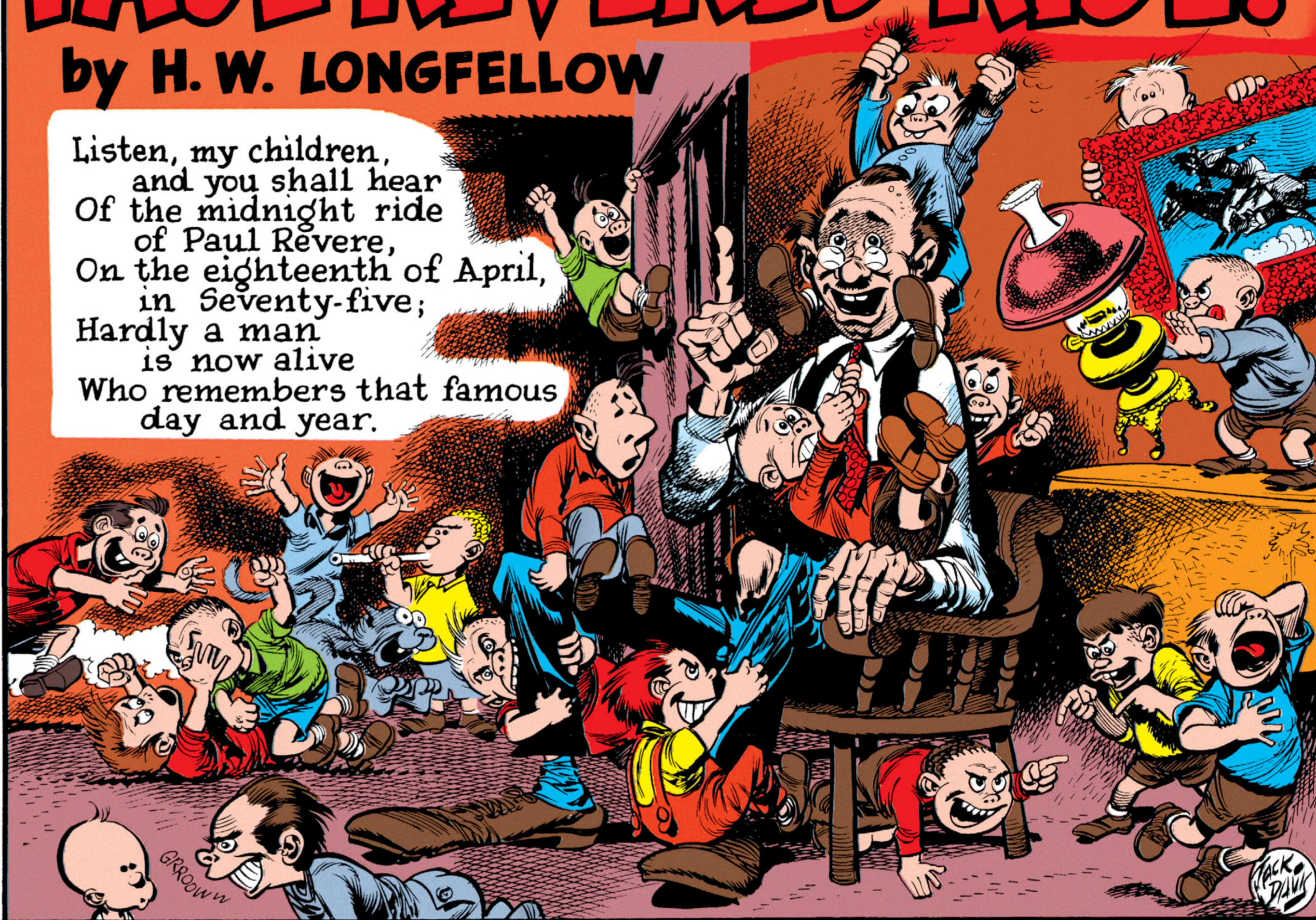
MAN, MY—friend, comrade
MAN, THE—Stan Kenton
NOD—sleep
NOWHERE—condition of a cube
OUT, THE OUTEST—best
PLAYER—popular fellow
QUIT, QUIT IT—leave
RANCH—house
RANK—stupid
SCARF—eat
SCROUNGY—bad
SIDES—bop records
SILVER JEFF—a nickel
SILVER WING—a half dollar
SLAMMER—door
SONNET—radio commercial
SPLASH—rain
SPLIT—to go
SQUAT—sit
SQUARE—one who is nowhere
STOMPERS—shoes
STONED—ecstatic
STROLLER—car
STRUGGLE—dance
THIN ONE—dime
TICKS—minutes
TUNES—bop records
TURKEY—square
WASTED—broke
WHEELS—car
WILD—nice
YARD, A YARD—a hundred dollars

POETRY DEPT.: OUR TITLE GLORIFIED, TO FAME IS FIRMLY TIED! WHY FAME CHOSE THE NAME... WHY NAME CHOSE THE FAME... WE SHALL TO YOU CONFIDE!...THE REASON CUT AND DRIED, YOU PROBABLY ESPIED WHEN YOU ATE YOUR LAST MEAL FROM REVERE STAINLESS STEEL... AND NOW...

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE!

by H. W. LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children,
and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride
of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April,
in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man
is now alive
Who remembers that famous
day and year.

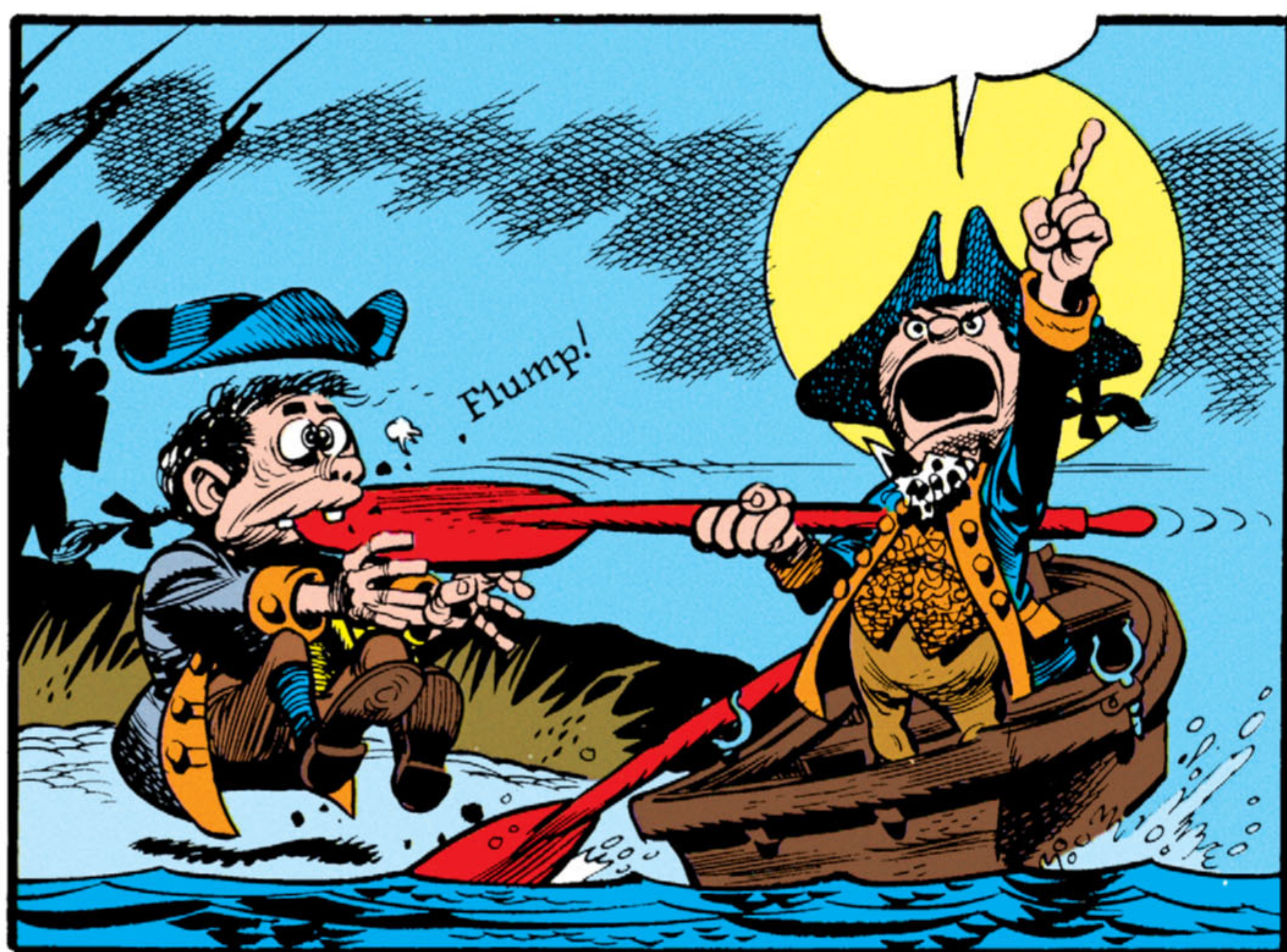


He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern in the belfry arch..."

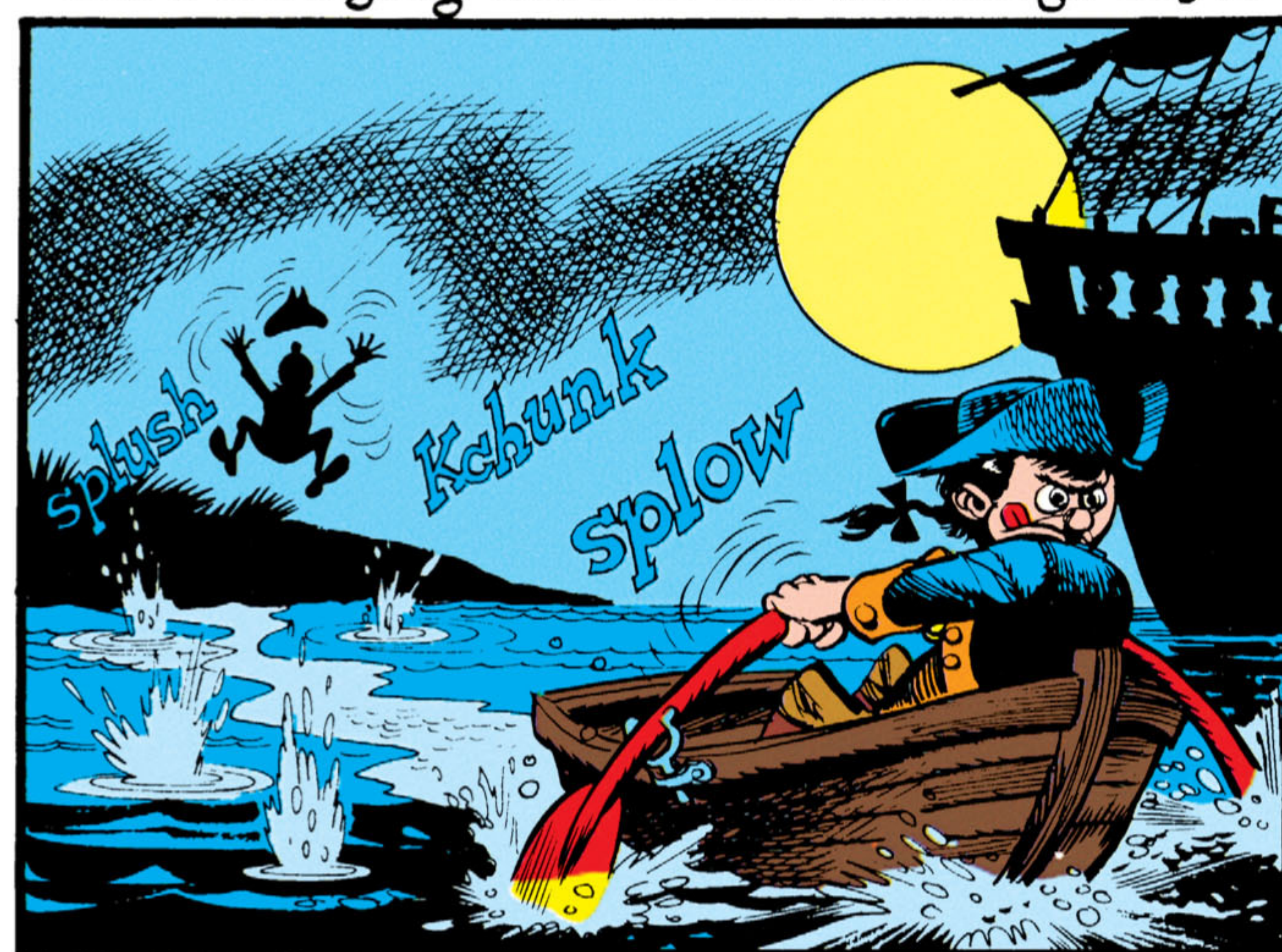
Of the Notch Church tower as a signal light,-
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,



Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."



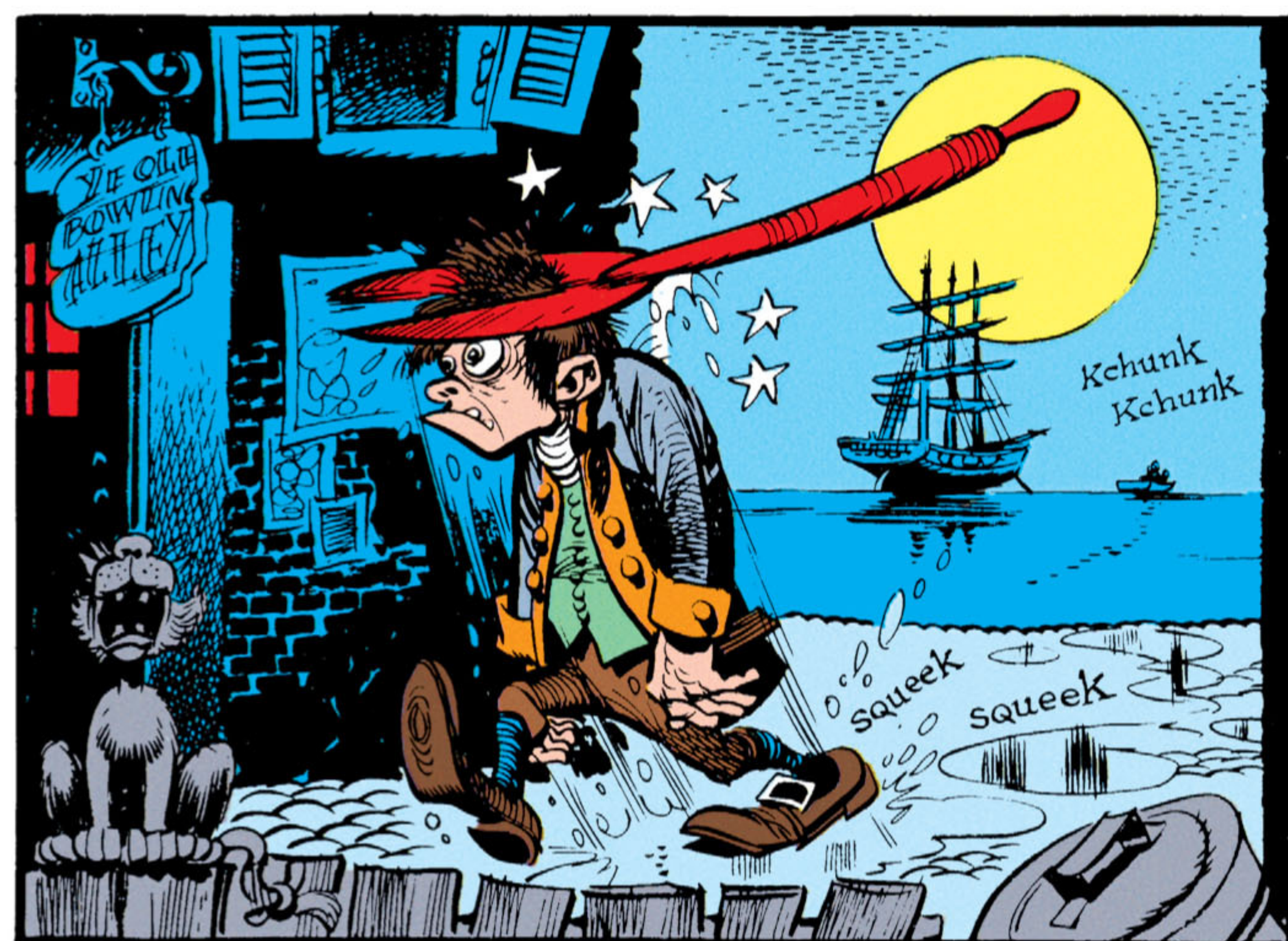
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay...



The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified...



By its own reflection on the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears...



The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore,



Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs with a stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch...



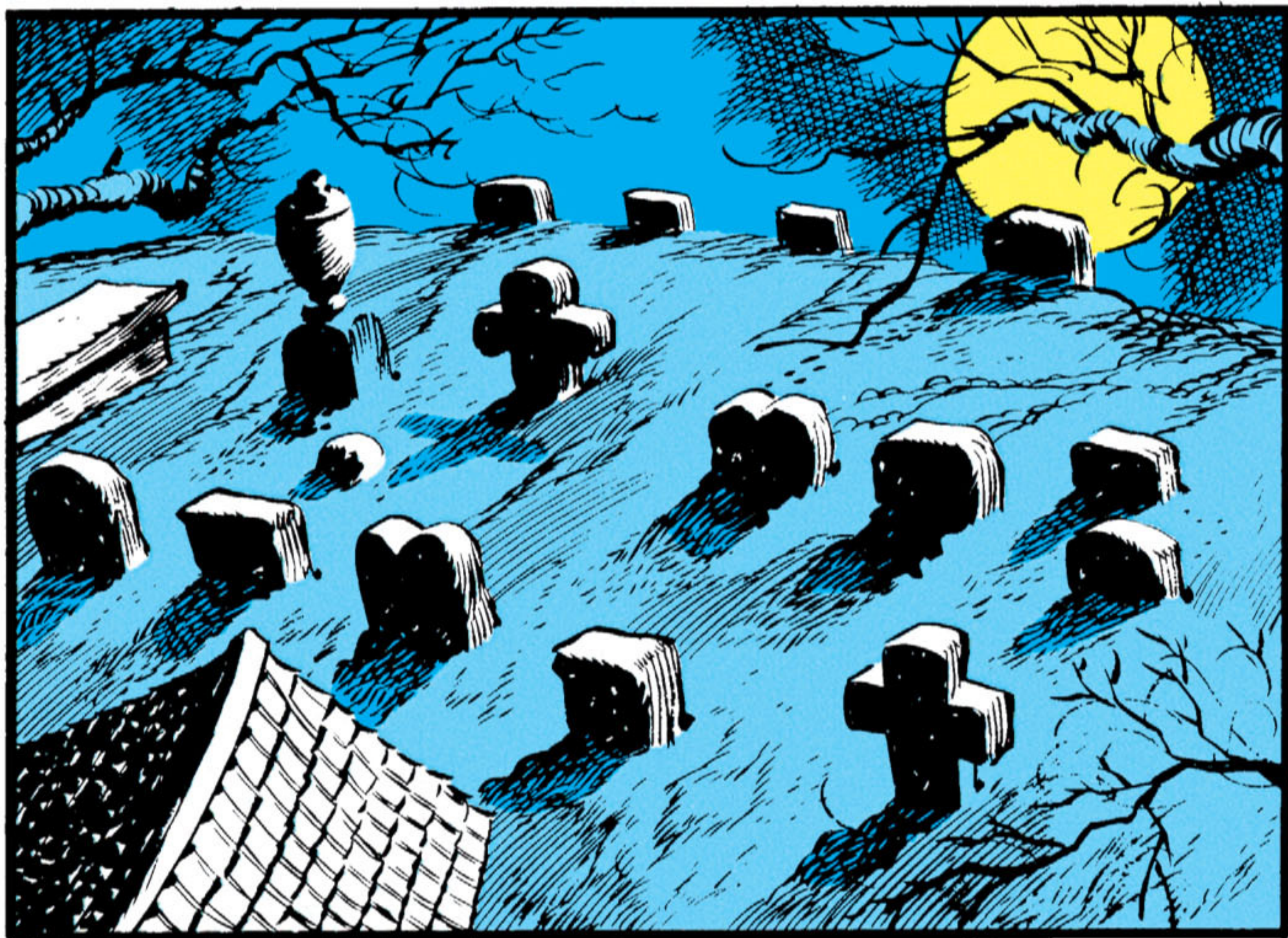
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,



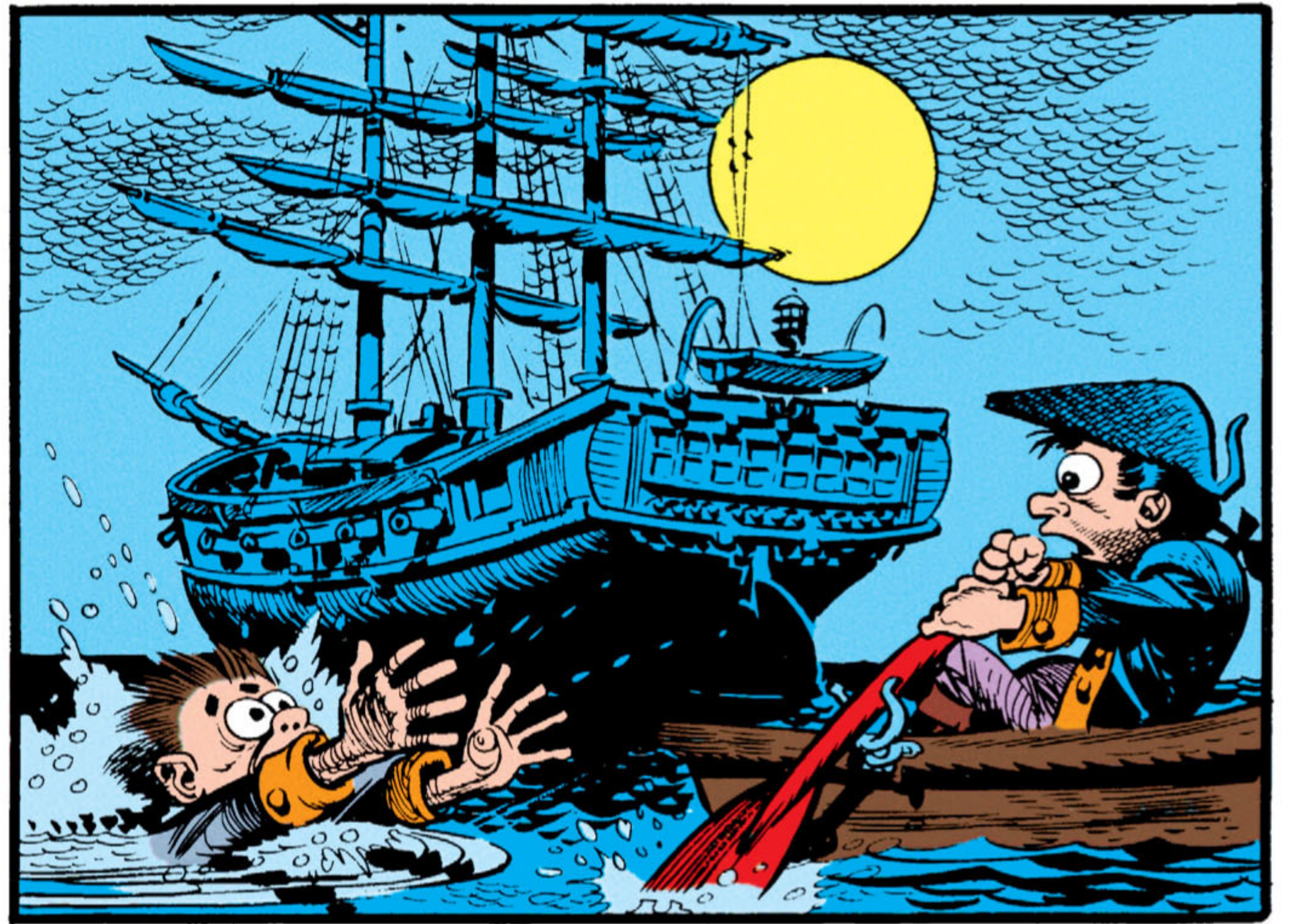
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town
And the moonlight flowing over all.



Beneath in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

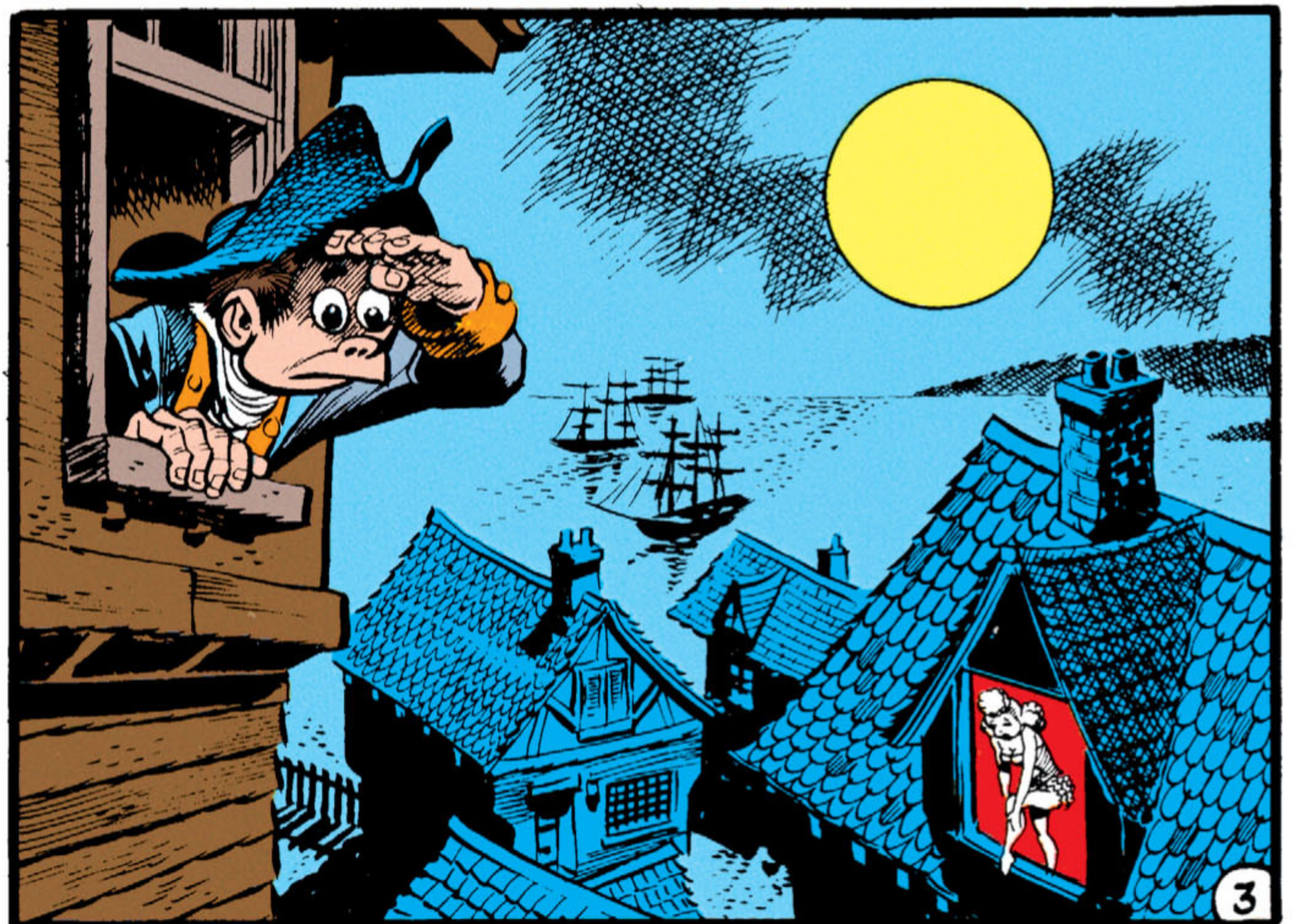
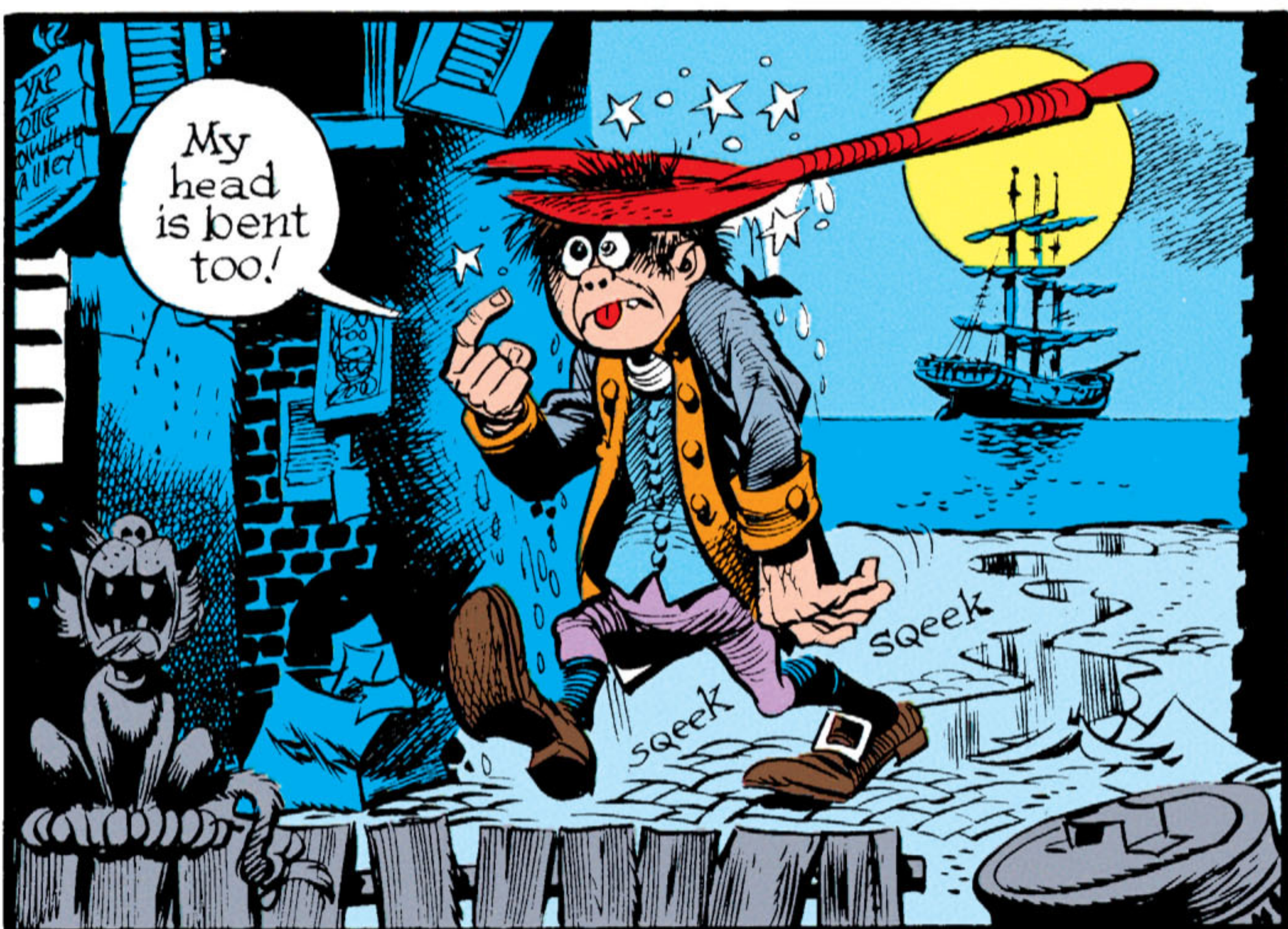


The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell...

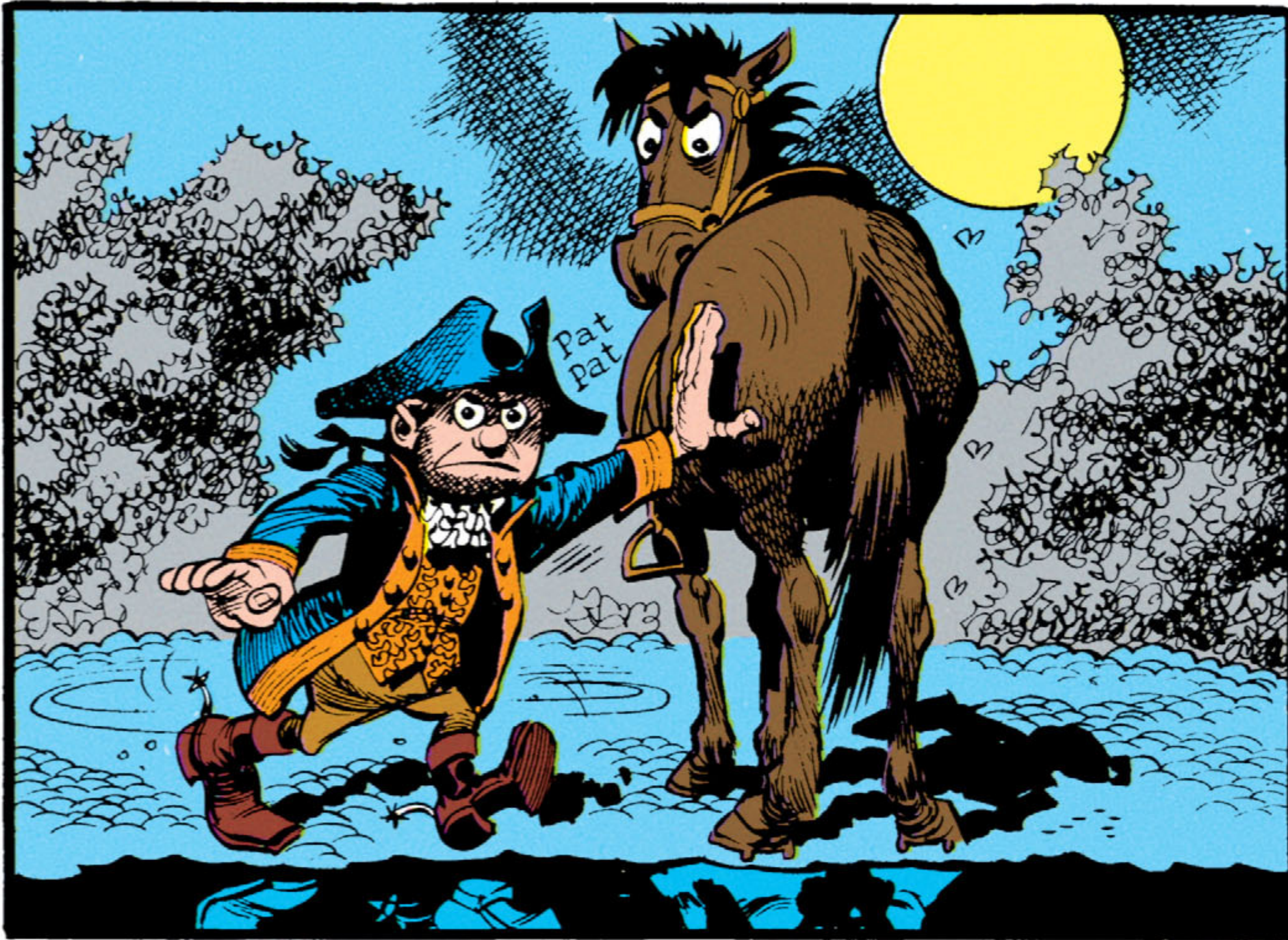


Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent...

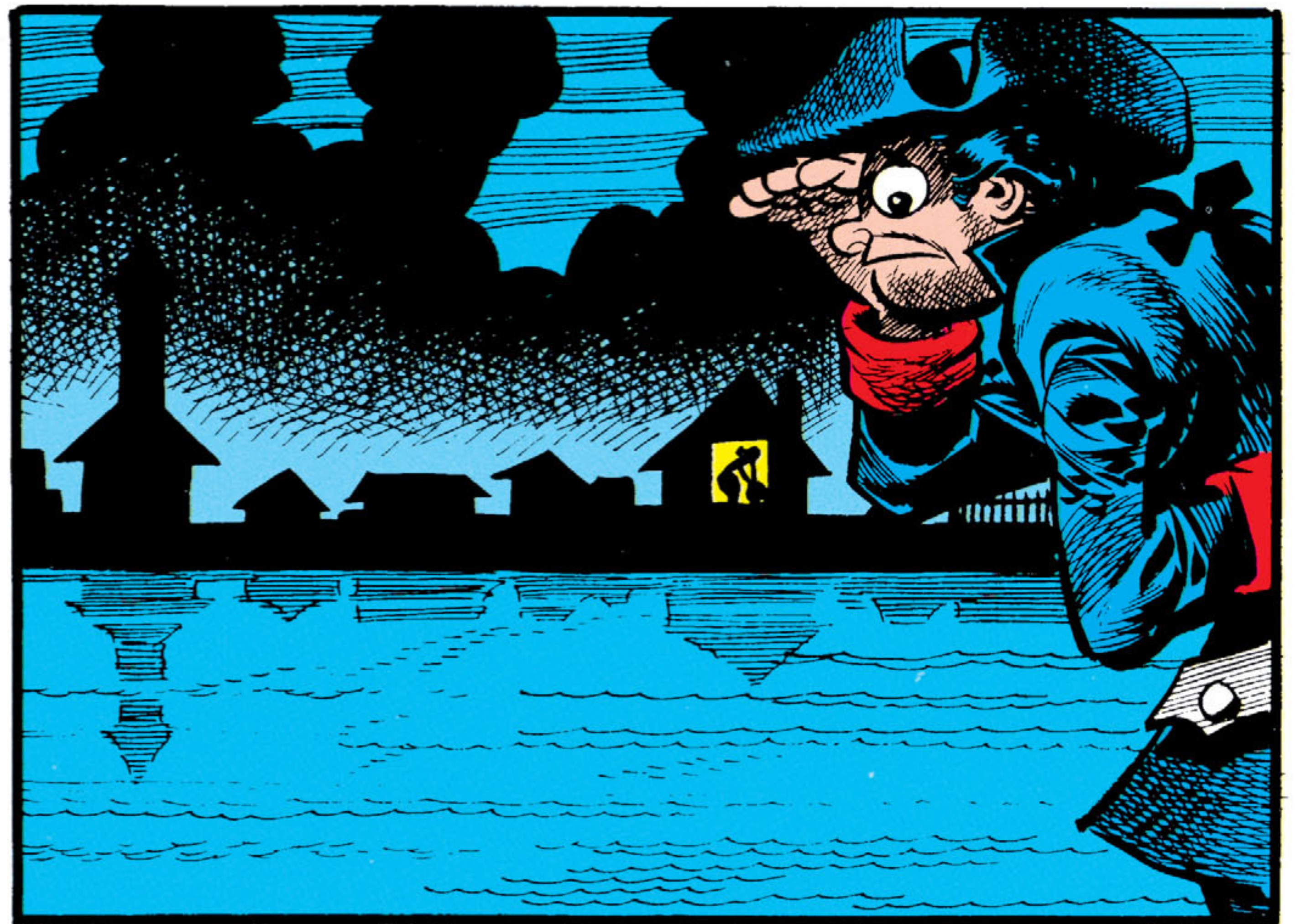
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.



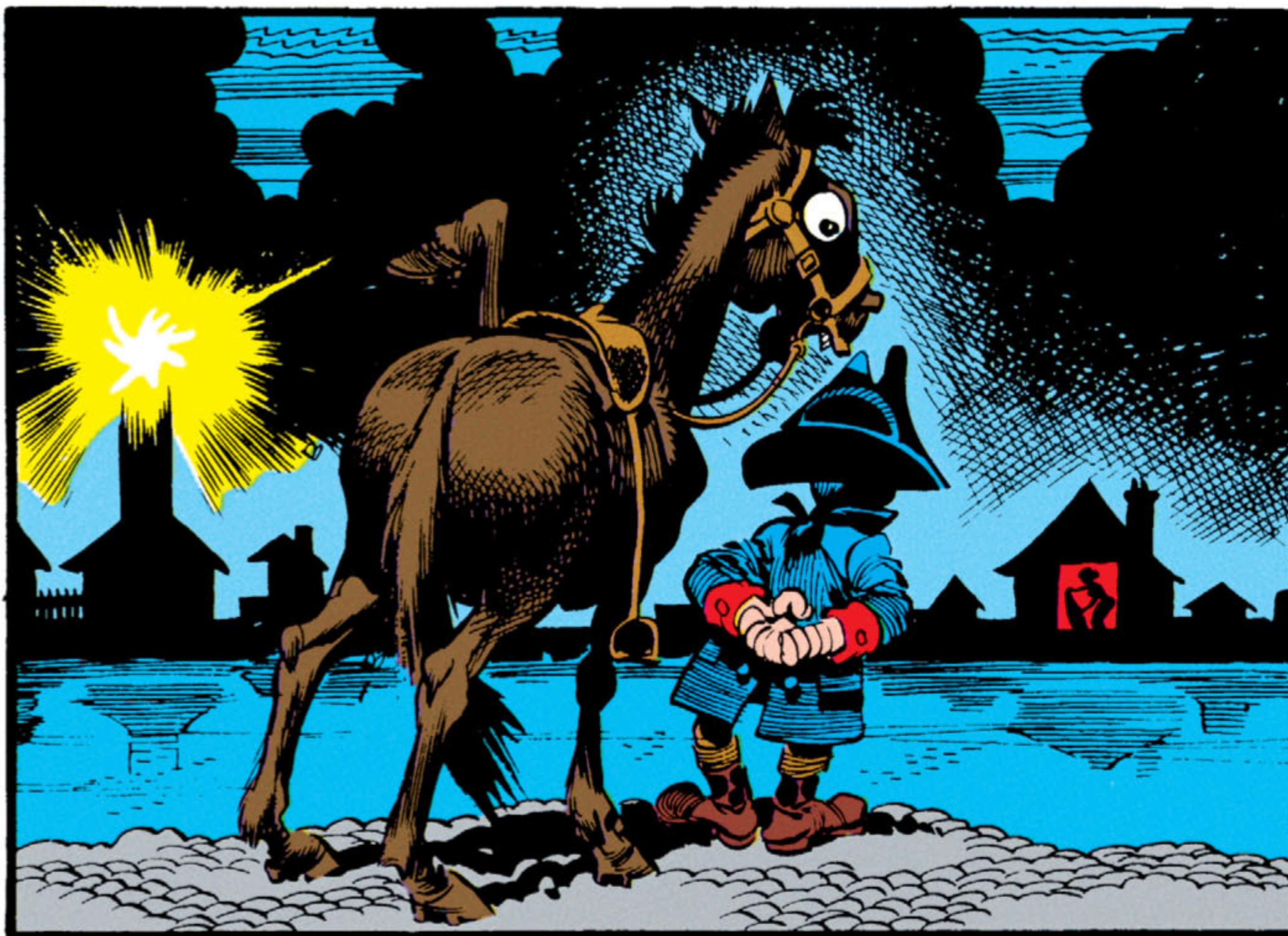
Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,



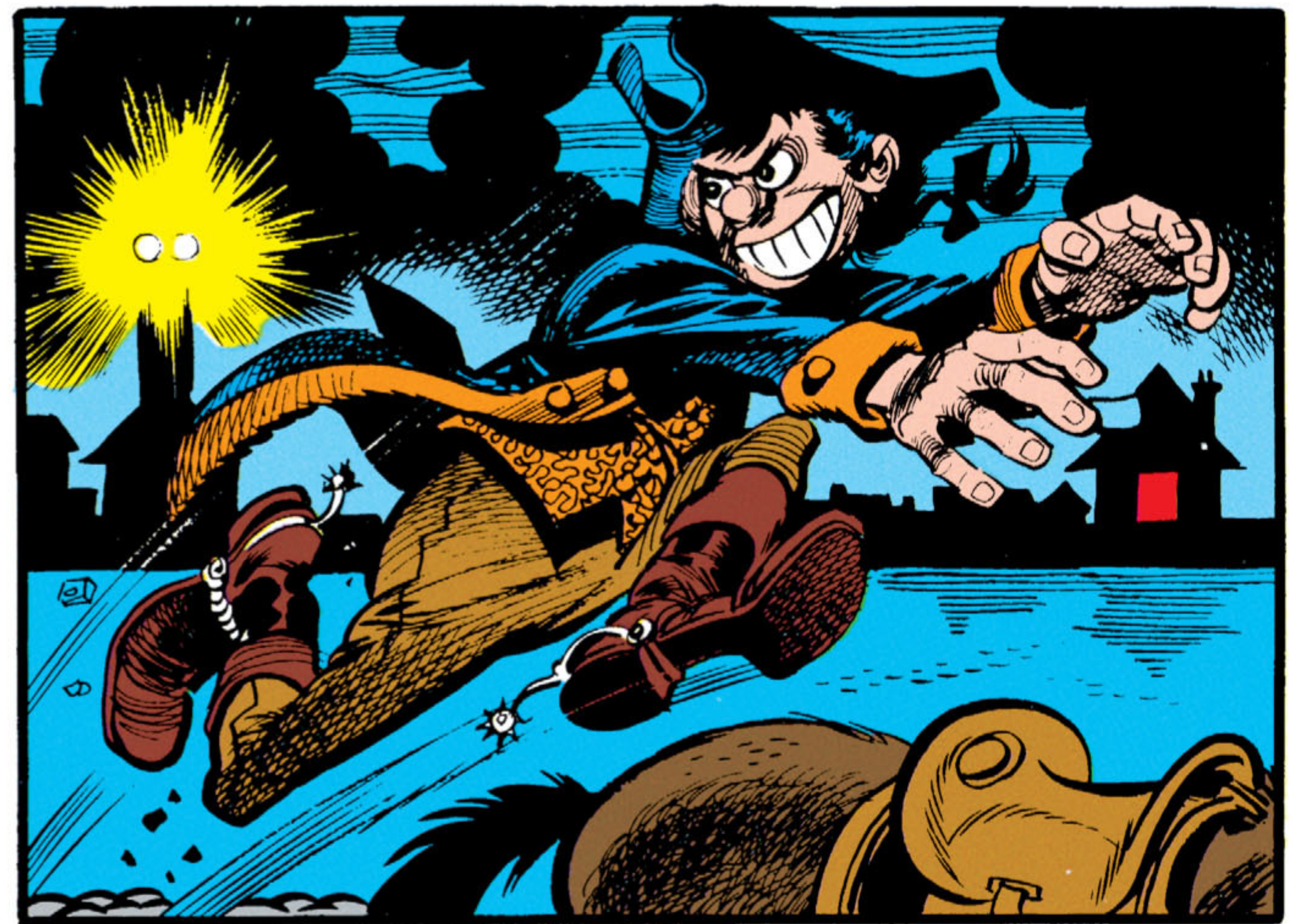
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search...



The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
Lonely and spectral and somber still.
And lo! as he looks on the belfry height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!

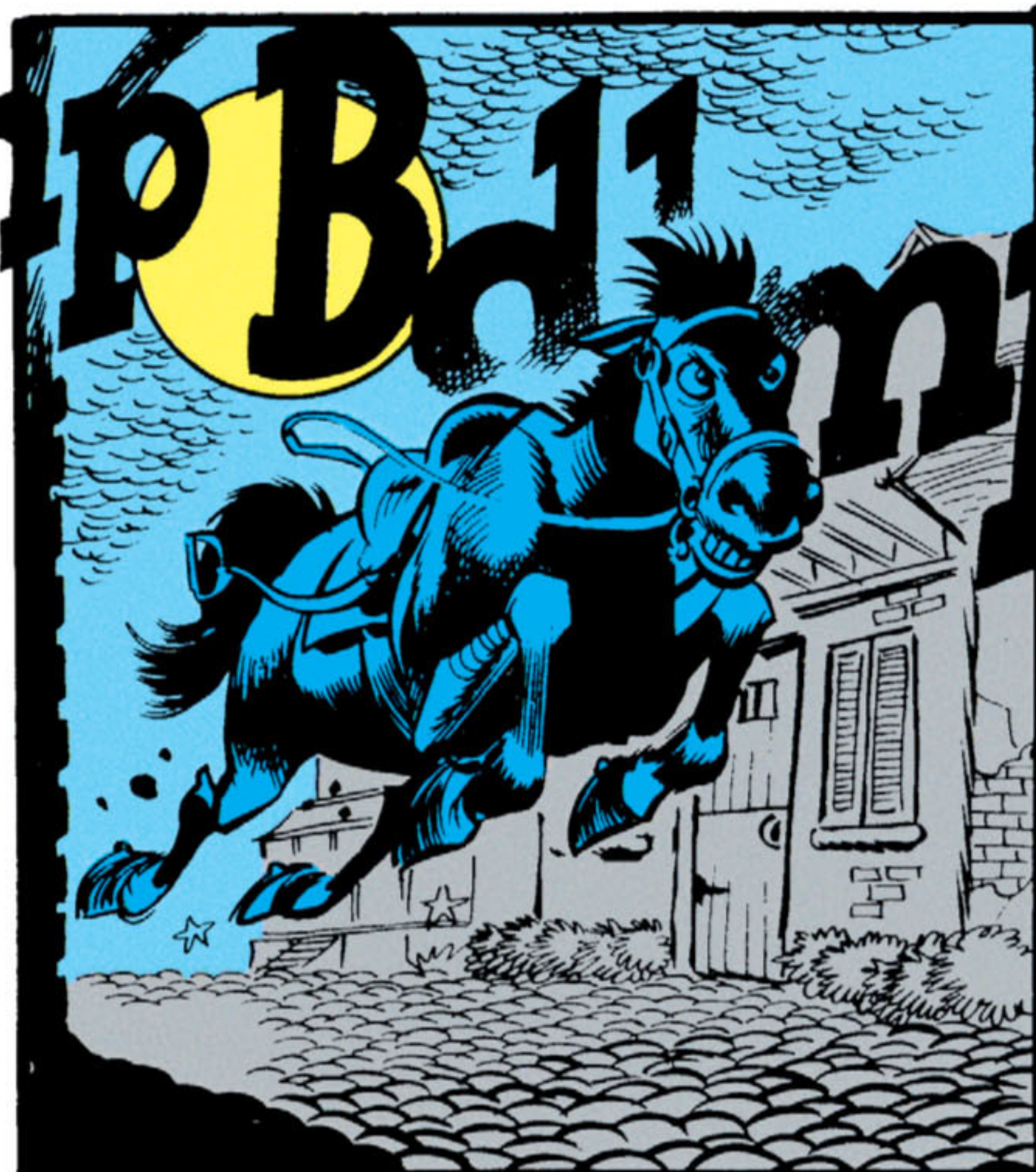
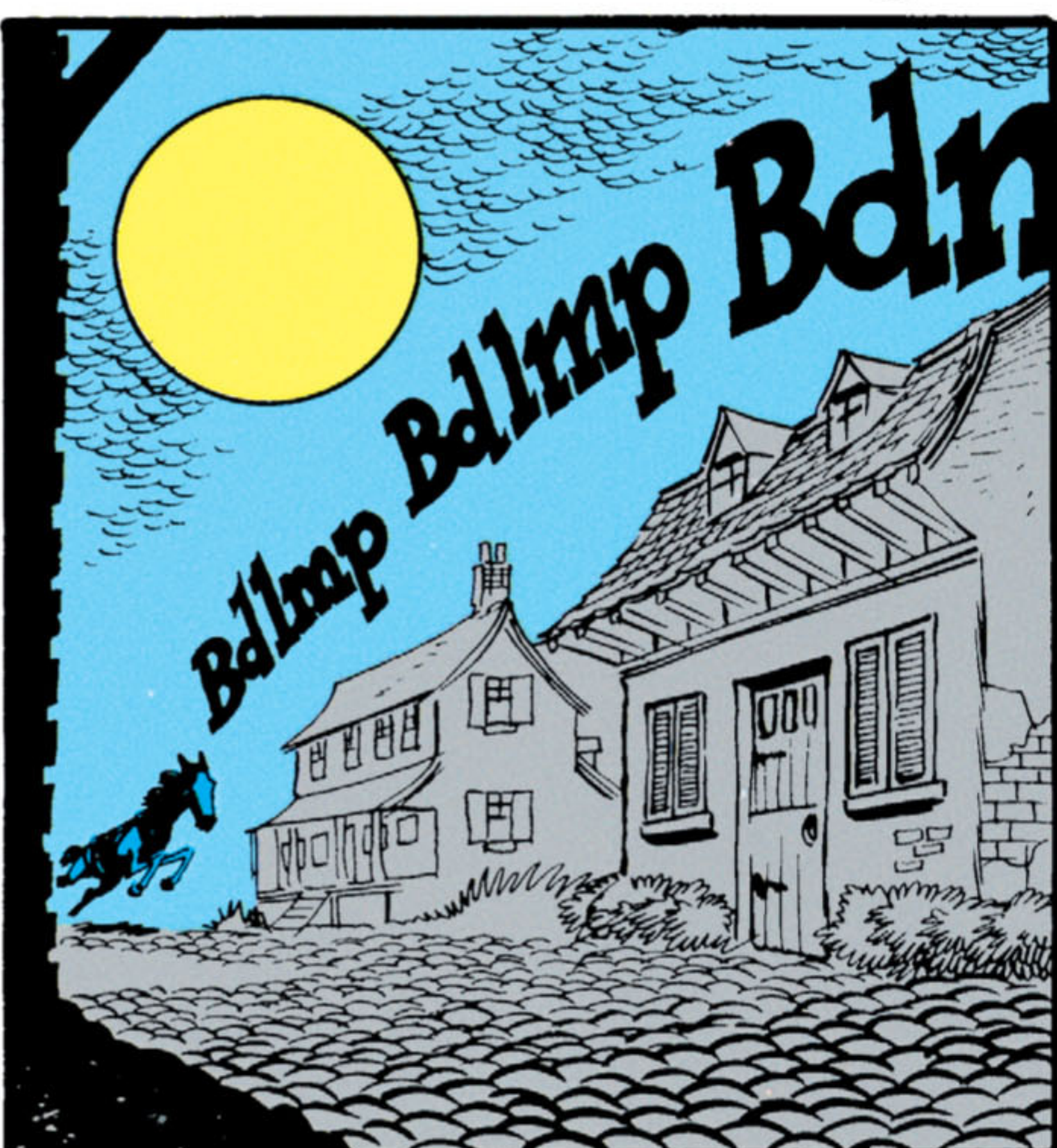


He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!



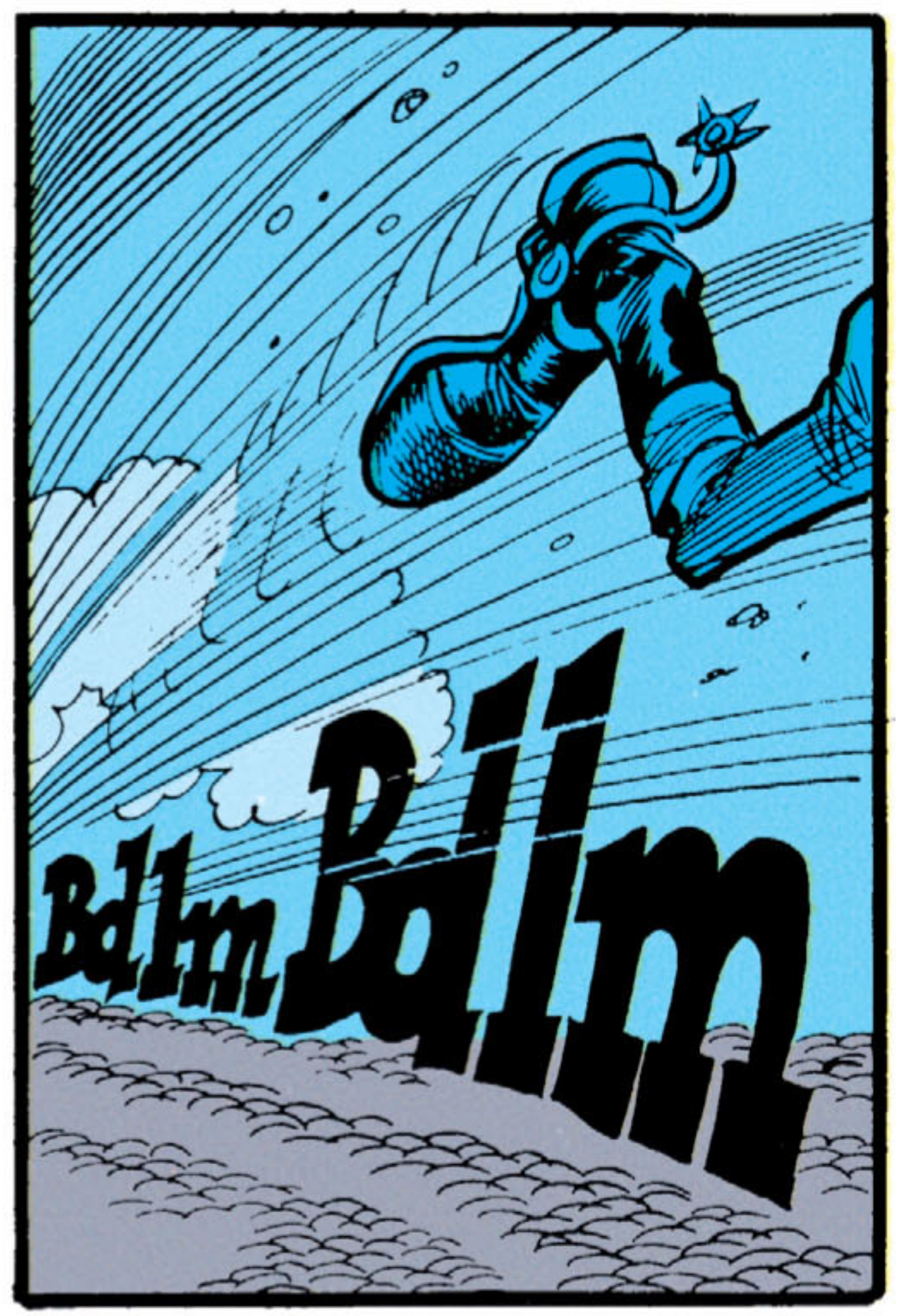
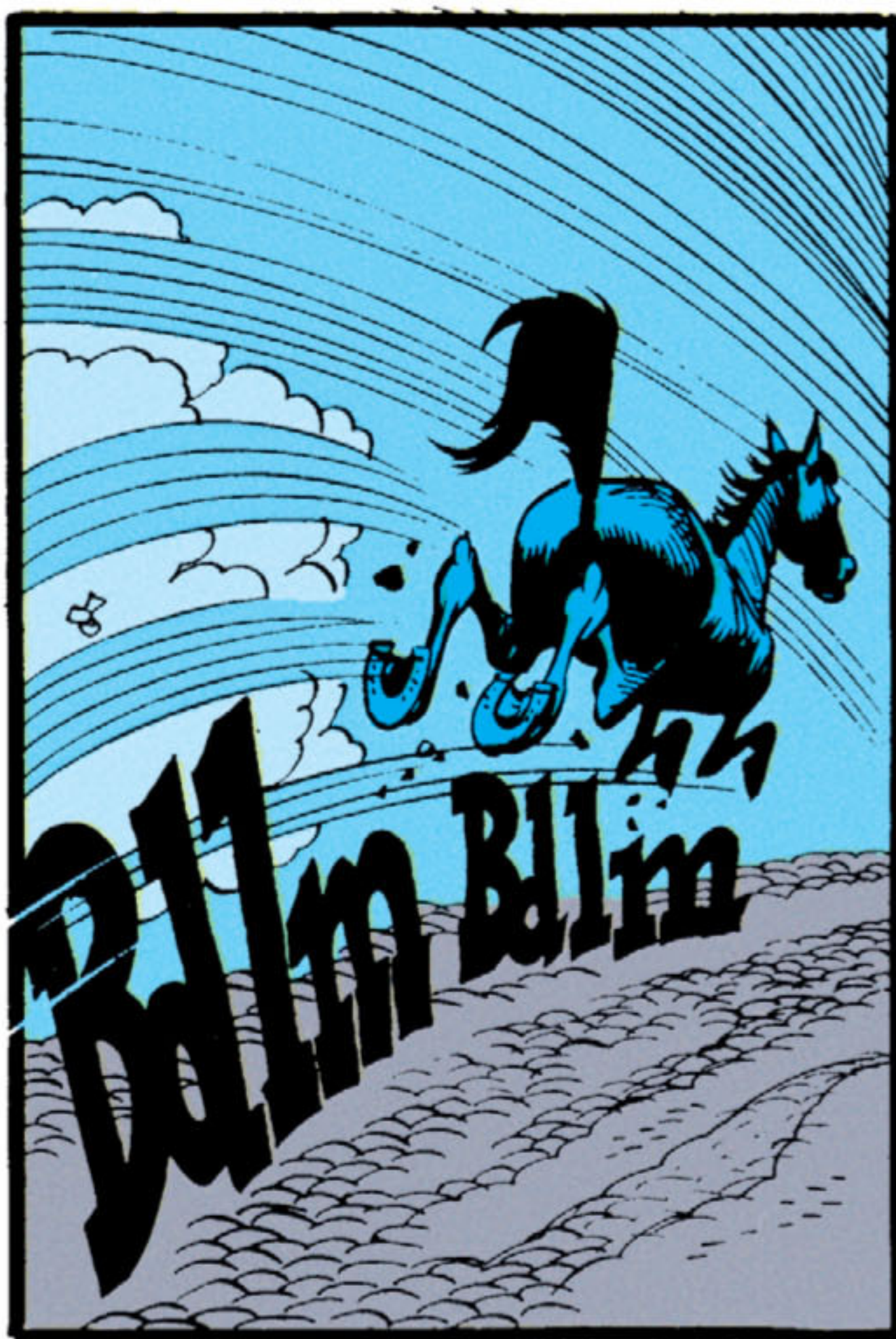
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by the steed in his flight...



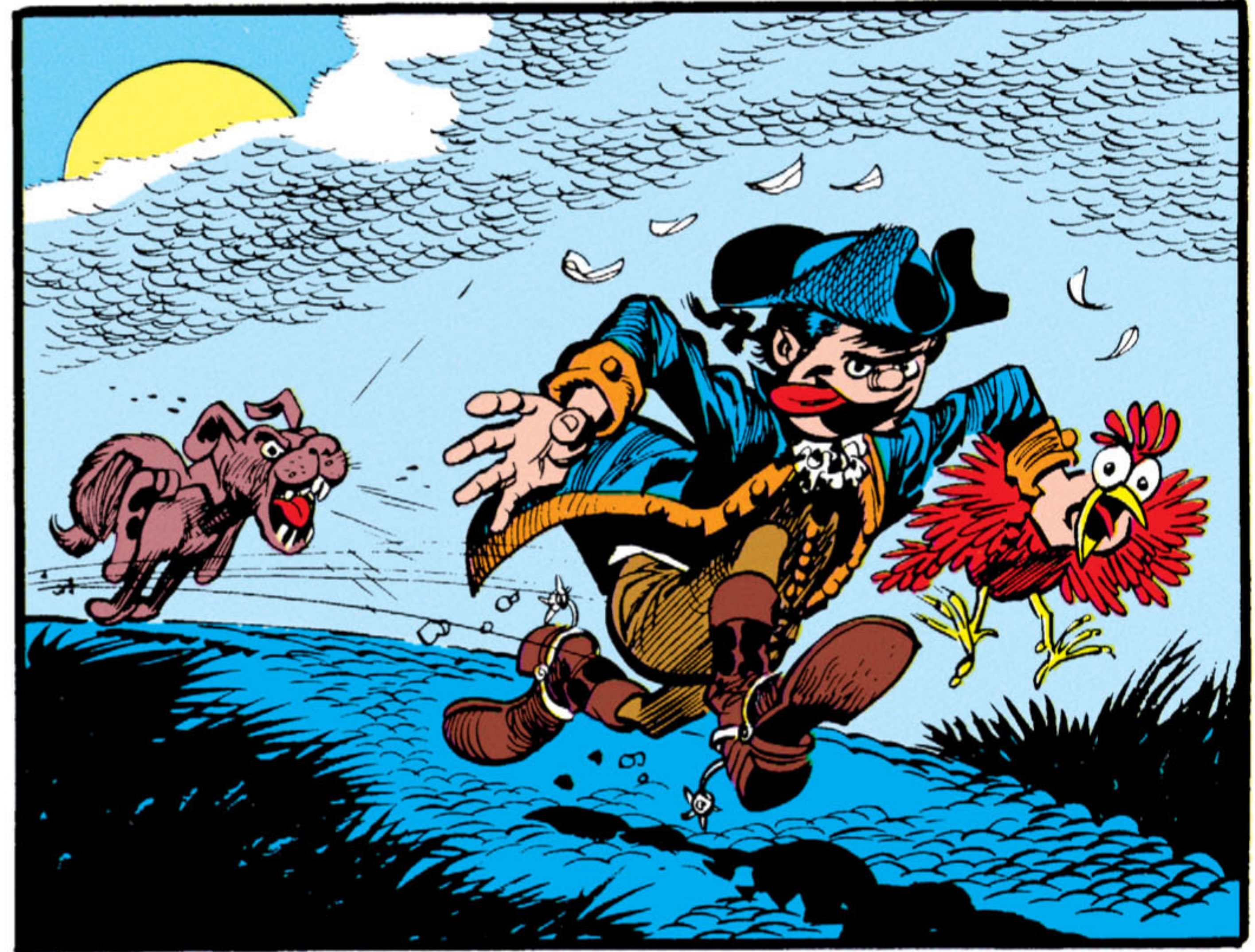
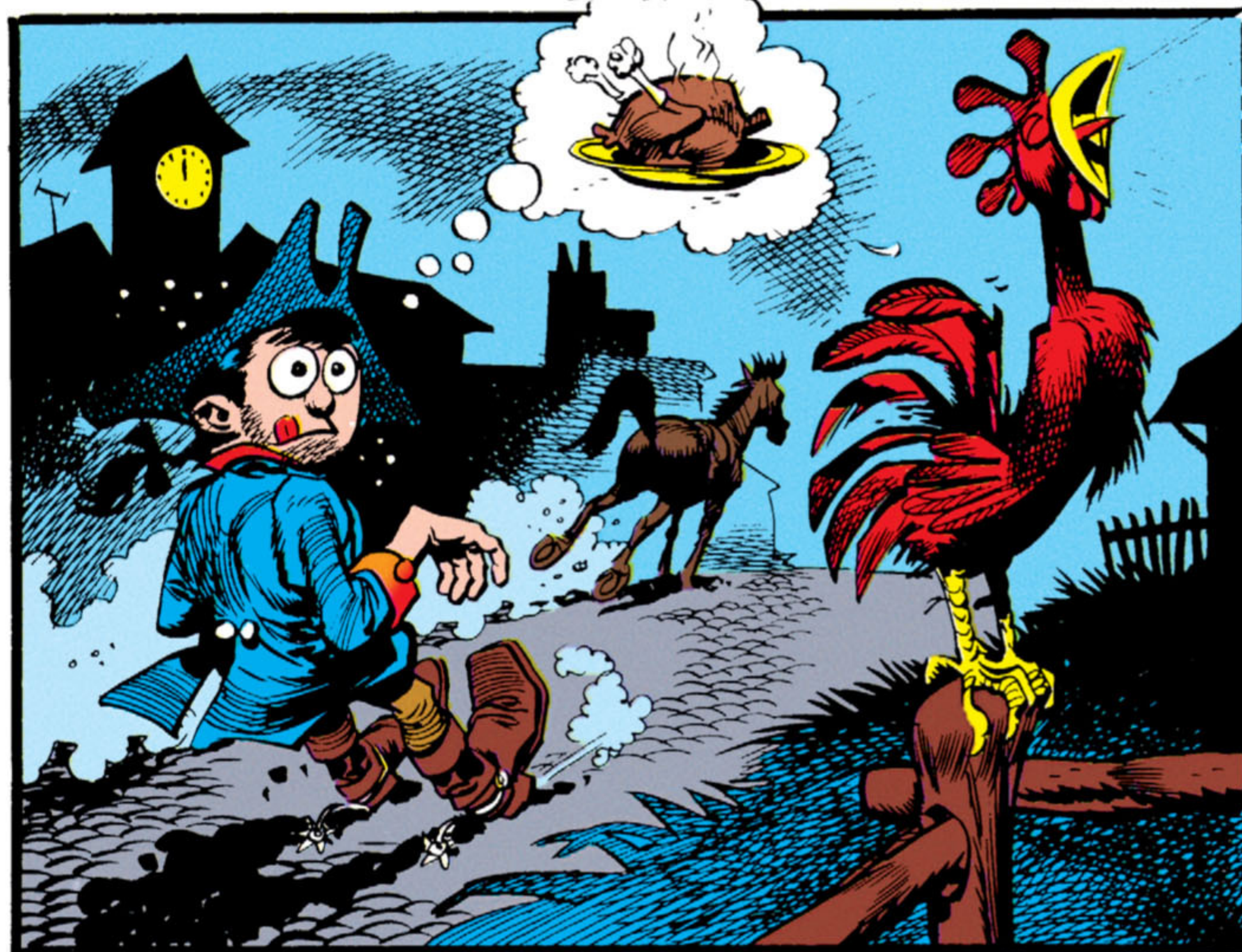
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad, and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.



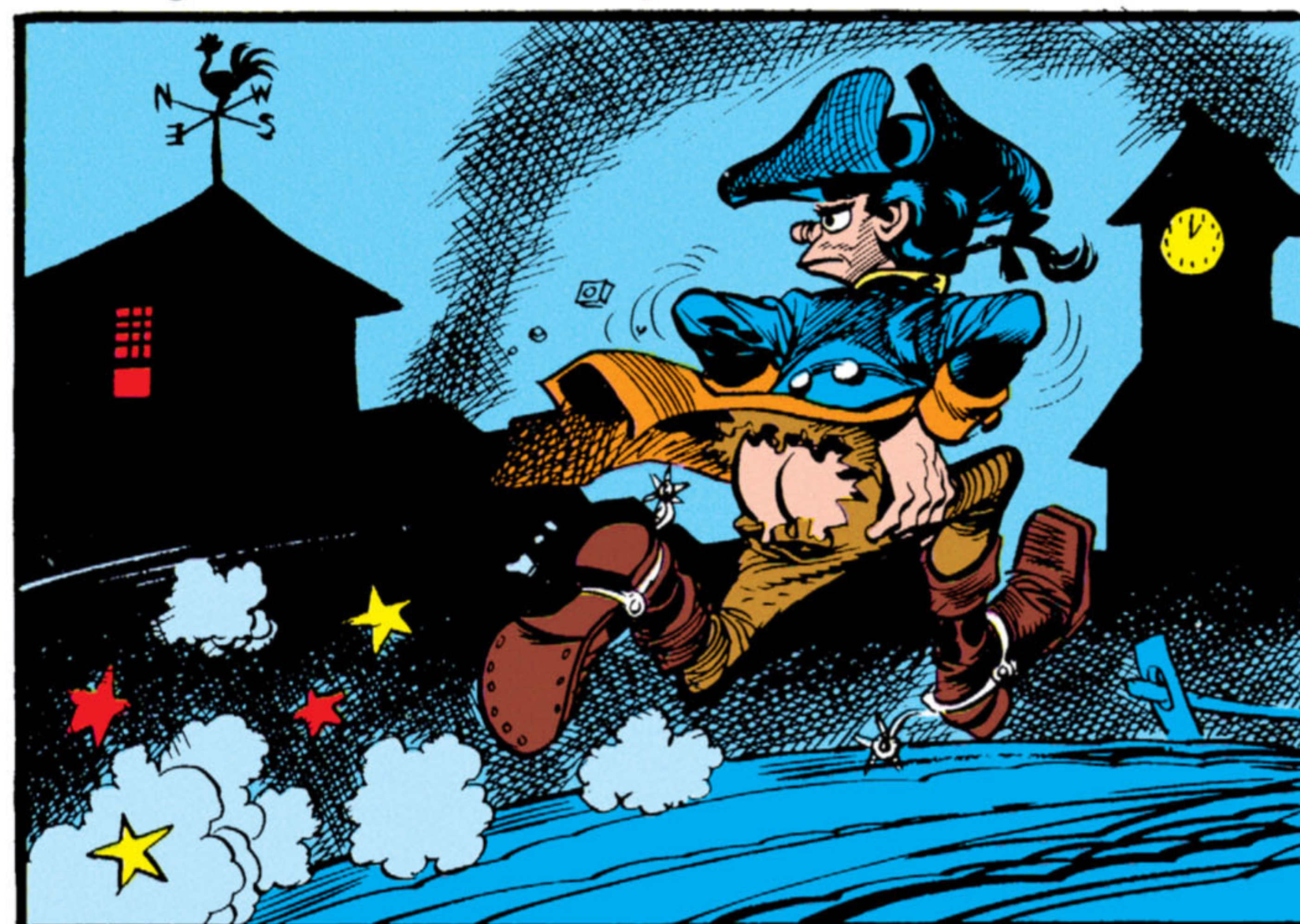
It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,

And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And he felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

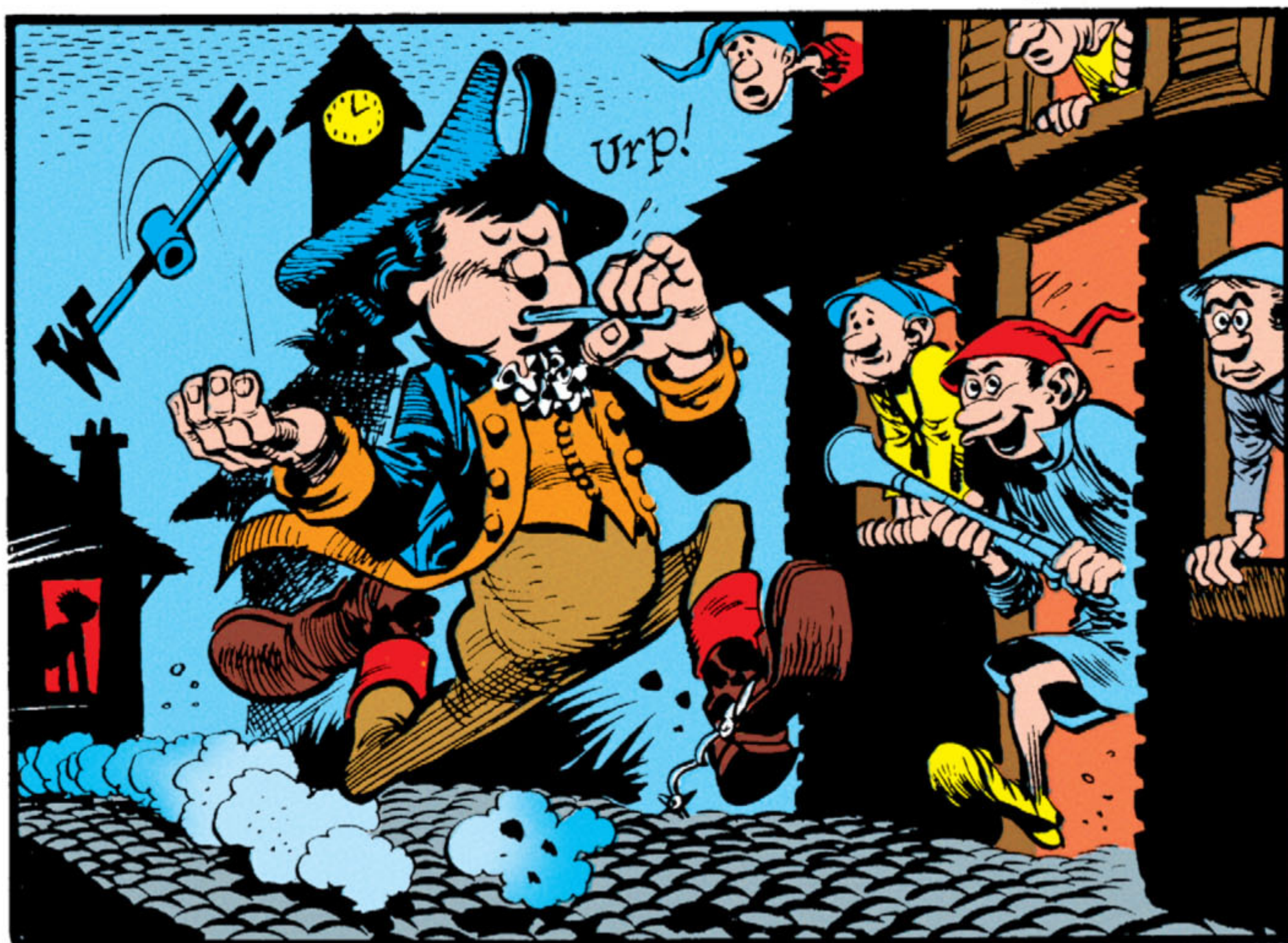


It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swing in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

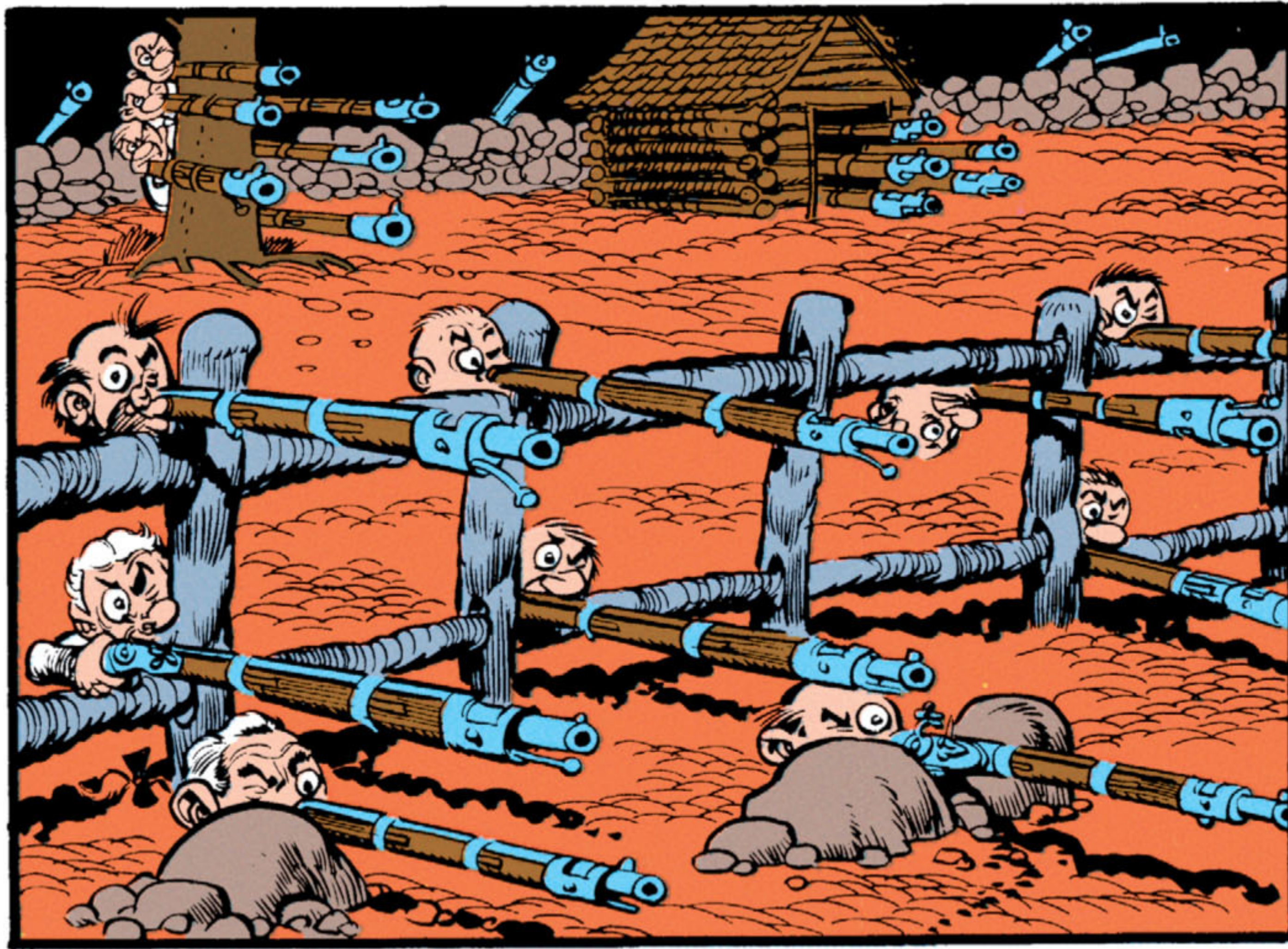


It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the...birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze...



Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

You know the rest. In books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,

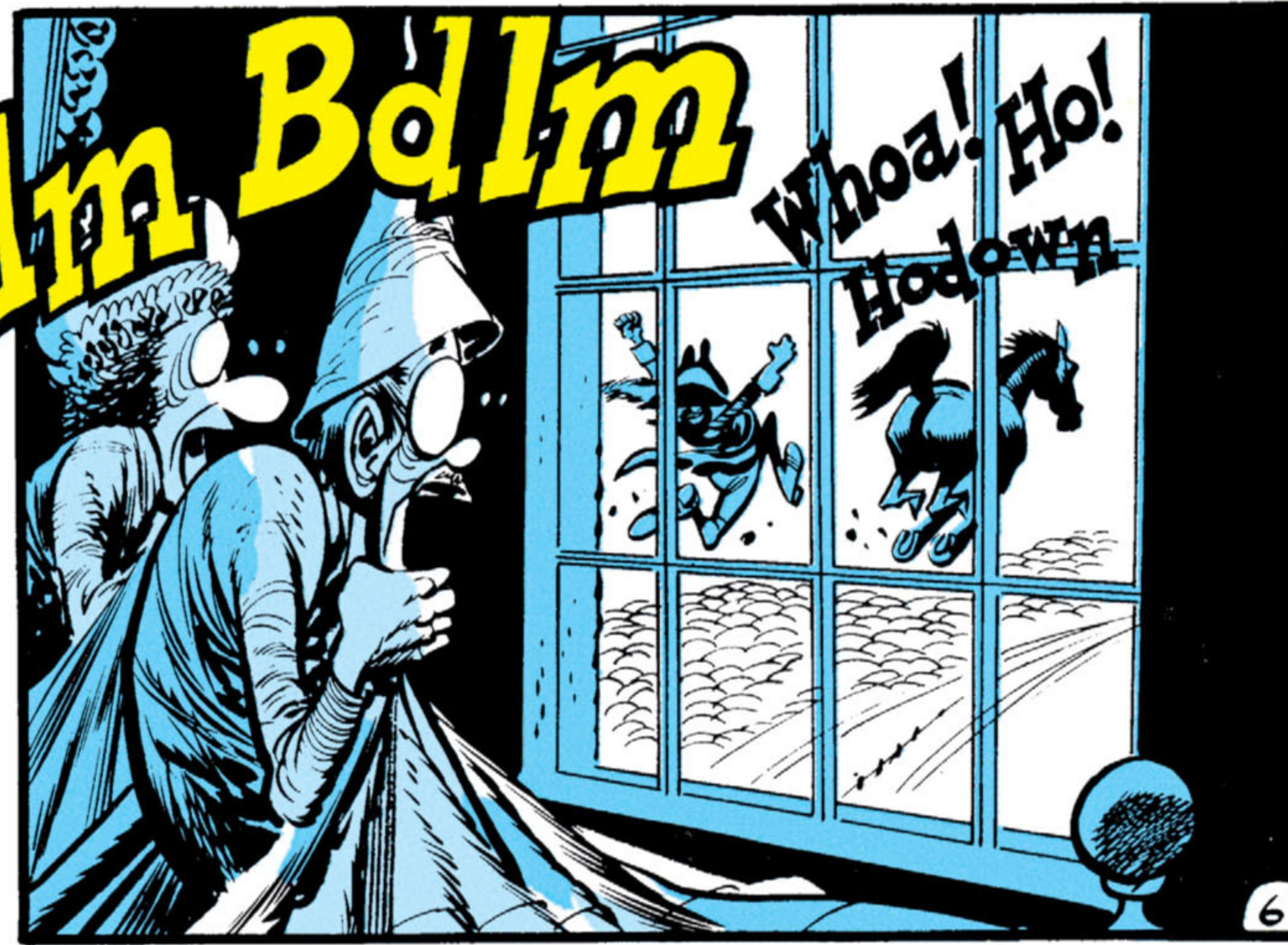
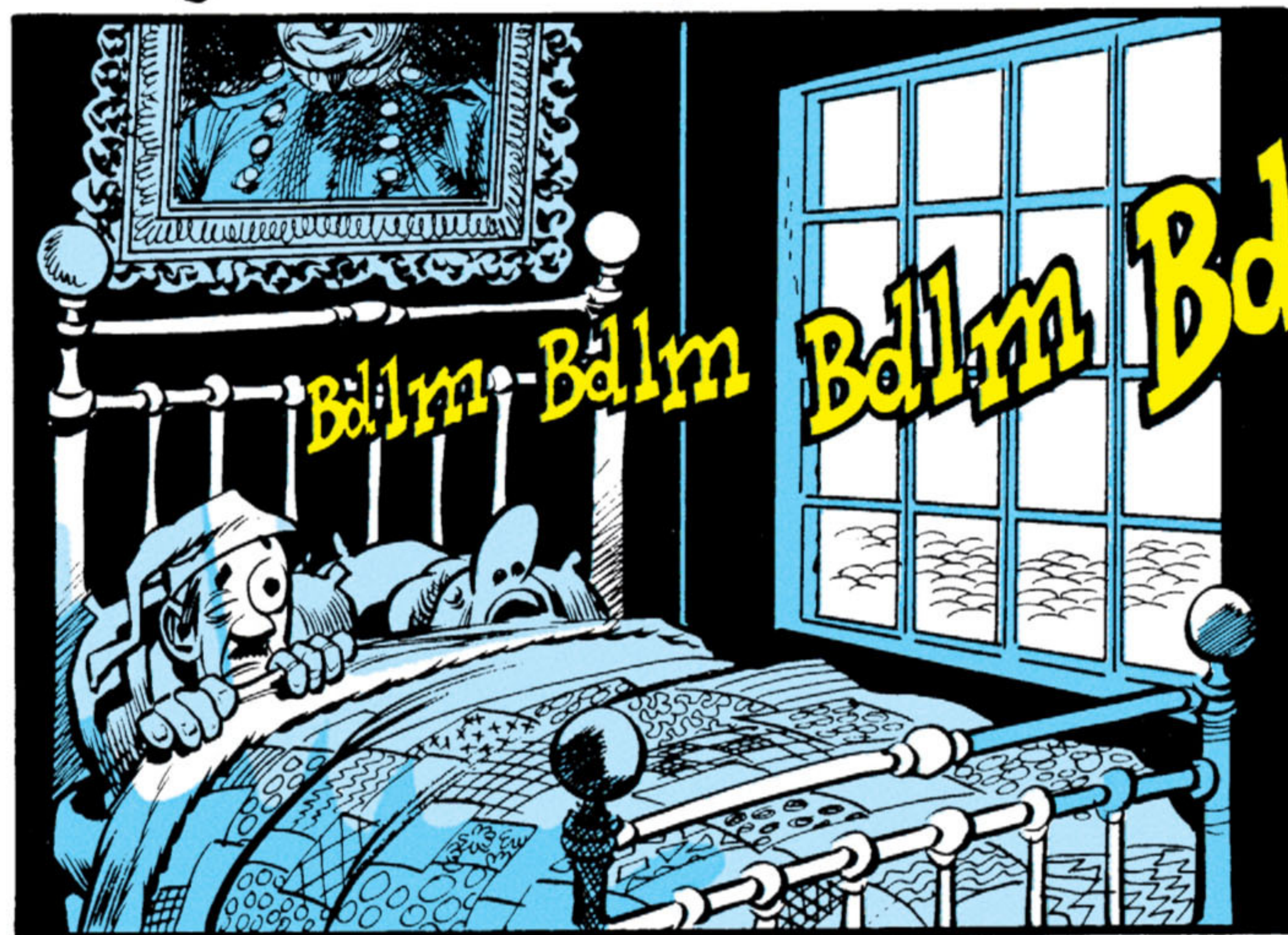


So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,



A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,

In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.



COMPARISON DEPT.: DID YOU EVER READ ANY AUTHENTIC STUFF ON THE OLD WILD WEST?... I MEAN REAL AUTHENTIC!... NEXT, DID YOU EVER COMPARE IT WITH THE MOVIE AND TELEVISION VERSION OF THE OLD WILD WEST? AIN'T IT A HOWL?... FOR INSTANCE, TO BE SPECIFIC, TAKE THE ...

COWBOY!



FIRST OF ALL, IN MOVIES AND TELEVISION, THE COWBOY IS USUALLY NAMED SOMETHING LIKE... **LANCE STERLING!**... NOT THAT YOU'D MEET ONE GUY IN A HUNDRED WITH SUCH A NAME!... MAINLY PEOPLE HAVE NAMES LIKE... GEORGE FREEBLE... IGGY SIEDENHAM... MELVIN POZNOWSKI...! COULD YOU EVER PICTURE A COWBOY HERO CALLED MELVIN POZNOWSKI?... SO HIS NAME IS LANCE STERLING!... AND HIS CLOTHES... OH BROTHER!... HAND TAILORED!... WITH GLOVES!... IN THE HOT SUN ALL DAY LONG, WITH GLOVES!... ANYBODY HERE EVER WEAR GLOVES IN THE HOT SUN ALL DAY LONG?... YOU BETCHA YOU DIDN'T! YOU'D GET A RASH AND YOUR HANDS WOULD ROT OFF!



NOW IN REAL LIFE... THE 100% GENUINE COWBOY HAD AN ORDINARY OLD NAME LIKE MAYBE... **JOHN SMURD!**... THEY'D HANG ANYBODY WITH A NAME LIKE LANCE STERLING! AND IF THEY COULD GROW THEM, MOST GENUINE COWBOYS HAD BIG WALRUS MUSTACHES WHICH WERE THE CUSTOM OF THE TIMES! CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE NAUSEATING THAN THE HOLLYWOOD COWBOY WITH SUCH A NAUSEATING MUSTACHE, GOING INTO A CLINCH WITH THE LEADING LADY?... NAUSEATING MAINLY SINCE THESE MUSTACHES OFTEN HAD TOBACCO JUICE SOAKED IN!... AS FOR CLOTHES... LET'S FACE IT! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO WEAR TO TEND COWS BESIDE A GOOD PAIR OF BOOTS?

IN MOVIES... LANCE STERLING NEVER WORKS!
...HE RUNS FROM POSSES!... HE HAS FIST FIGHTS!
...HE SHOOTS IT OUT WITH THE BAD GUYS!... BUT
HE NEVER WORKS! NOW TELL ME HOW CAN A
GUY SUPPORT HIMSELF IF HE NEVER WORKS?



OLD JOHN SMURD WORKED LIKE A HORSE!
HIS HORSE WORKED LIKE OLD JOHN SMURD!
THERE WASN'T NO COWBOY UNION THEN!
WHO HAD TIME FOR RUNNING FROM POSSES?
WHO HAD TIME FOR SHOOTING IT OUT WITH BAD GUYS?



LANCE STERLING ALWAYS HAS PLENTY TIME
FOR TROUBLE...AND IS USUALLY SOME NO-GOOD-
NICK HANGING AROUND WITH A THIN BLACK
MUSTACHE AND A BLACK HAT! **EVERY TIME**... A
THIN BLACK MUSTACHE AND A BLACK HAT...



AS FOR VILLIANS IN JOHN SMURD'S TIME ...
ONLY A GIGOLO FURRINER'D WEAR A THIN
BLACK MUSTACHE! VILLIAN'S MUSTACHE IN JOHN
SMURD'S TIME (EXCEPT MAYBE FOR SMELL)
WAS JUST LIKE JOHN SMURD'S MUSTACHE!



NOW IN THE MOVIES
WHEN THE HERO PULLS
HIS GUN, HERE'S WHERE
THE REAL PHONEY
BALONEY BEGINS!



OLD LANCE STERLING,
SIMPLE COWPOKE,
WHIPS OUT HIS GUN
LIKE THE CIRCUS
TRICK SHOOTER!



JOHN SMURD DIDN'T
HAVE MUCH EQUIPMENT
AND HAD TO DRAG **HIS**
SHOOTING IRON OUT OF
HIS SHIRT OR PANTS POCKET!



... MAIN THING WAS TO
HAVE RIGID ARM... STEADY
EYE... OR IN OTHER WORDS,
MAIN THING WAS NOT
TO BE SCAIRT.



THE WAY LANCE
FANS OFF SIX SHOTS
IN $\frac{1}{4}$ OF A SECOND...
HE'D HAVE TO PRAC-
TICE FIVE HOURS A DAY!



NOW I DON'T CARE IF
YOU'RE ANNIE OAKLEY!
YOU **GOT** TO MISS
YOUR TARGET **SOME-**
TIMES!...NOT OLD LANCE!



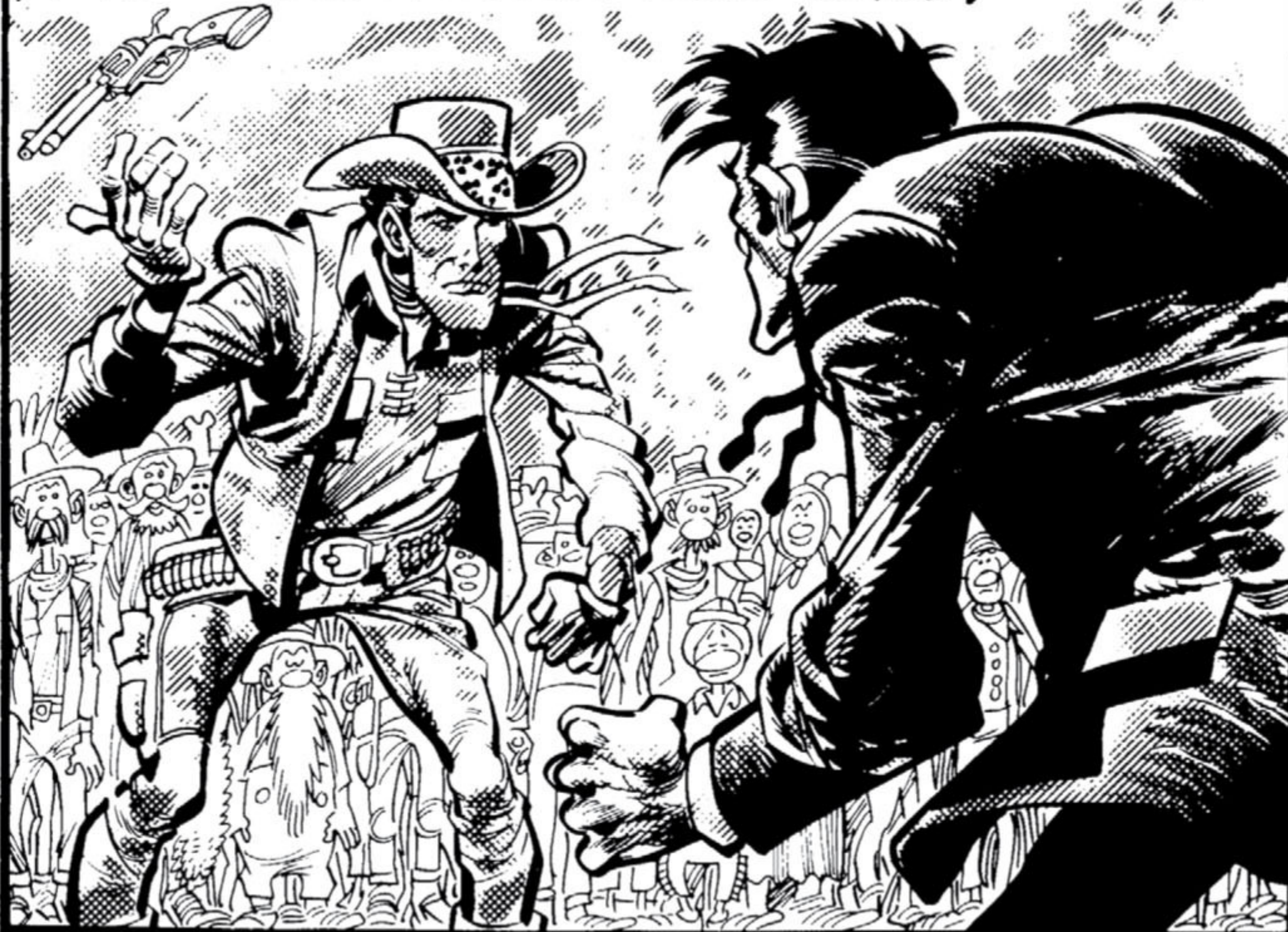
MEANWHILE ALL THIS
TIME OLD JOHN'D
STILL BE AIMING...
NOT ANY OF THAT FROM
THE HIP STUFF, EITHER!



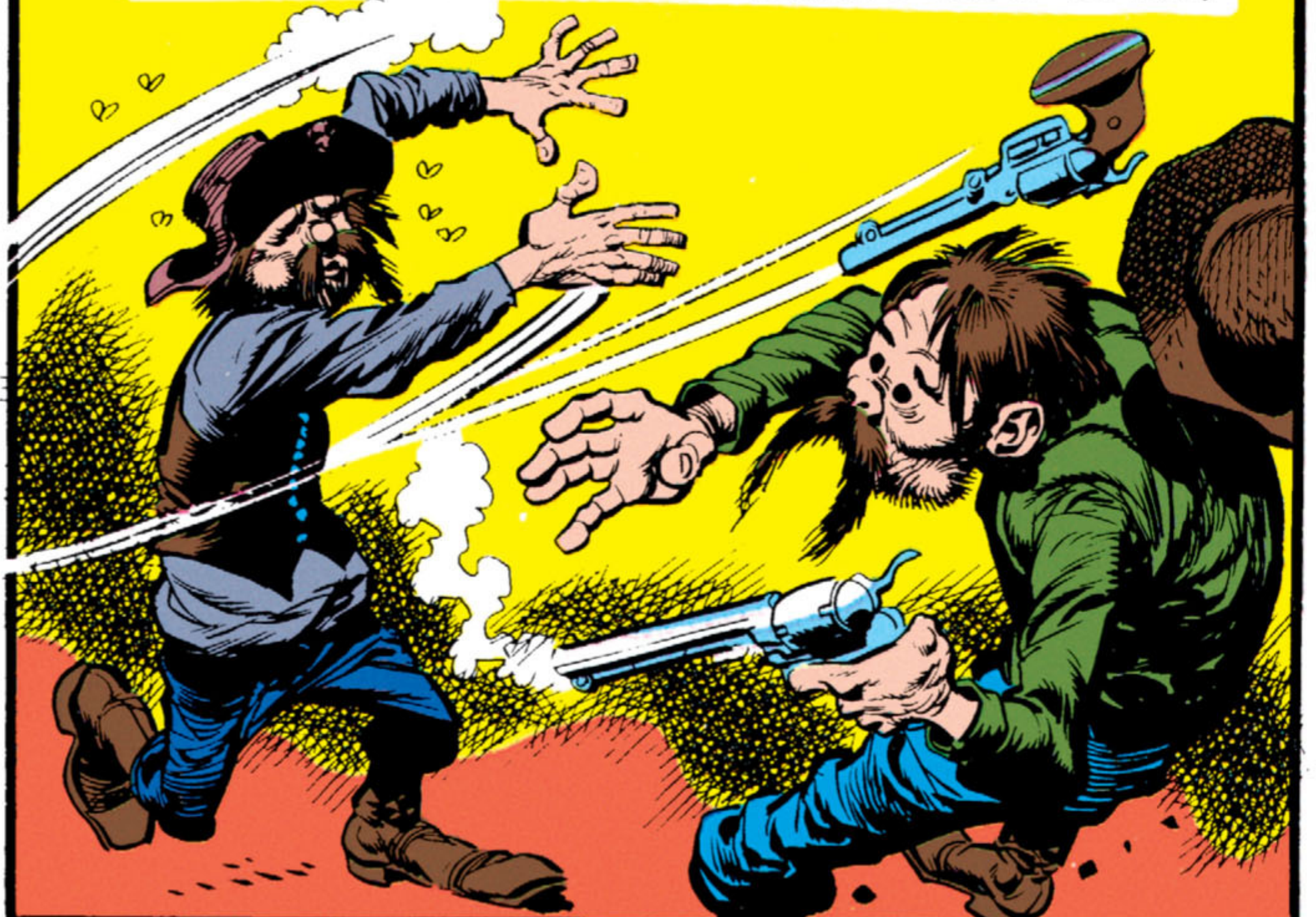
...AND HE'D OF BLOW'D
THE VILLIAN'S HEAD
OFF IF... AS OFTEN
HAPPENS IN REAL LIFE...
HIS GUN DIDN'T JAM!



NOW GET THIS!... HERE'S THIS VILLIAN WHO'S JUST
TRIED TO MURDER LANCE... JUST TRIED TO **MURDER**
HIM... I ASK YOU... WHAT DOES LANCE DO?... OLD
LANCE **THROWS HIS GUN AWAY AND GOES TO FIGHT**
THE VILLIAN FAIR FIST-FIGHT STYLE!



JOHN SMURD... HIS VILLIAN, MIGHT'VE BEEN NERVOUS
AND MISSED HIM WITH ALL SIX SHOTS! OLD JOHN
MIGHT'VE THROWN HIS GUN AWAY TOO... ONLY
THE REASON HE'D THROWN IT WAS BECAUSE HE
WAS TRYING TO BUST THE VILLIAN'S HEAD OPEN!



NOW COMES THE FIST-FIGHT! HERE THIS GUY
HAS JUST TRIED TO MURDER HIM... LANCE STER-
LING COMES OUT FIGHTING WITH ONLY FISTS
ALLOWED! NATURALLY, VILLIAN BUSTS HIM ON THE
HEAD WITH A NEARBY ARMCHAIR!



NOW IF JOHN SMURD GOT HIT WITH AN ARMCHAIR
... YOU THINK THAT CHAIR WOULD FLY TO FLIN-
DERS LIKE THEM HOLLYWOOD BALSA- WOOD
CHAIRS? THAT CHAIR WOULDN'T FLY TO FLINDERS!
MORE THAN LIKELY, JOHN SMURD'D FLY TO FLINDERS!



BACK TO LANCE STERLING!...THERE HE IS ... HELPLESS... WITH THE VILLIAN ABOUT TO TROMP HIM!



...HE COULD COME TO IN A SECOND... A MINUTE...AN HOUR...BUT **NO!** HE COMES TO **JUST** AS THE BOOT COMES DOWN!



OLD JOHN... HE'D'VE LAID THERE TOO! ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS... WHEN THAT CHAIR'D'VE HIT HIM...MAN, HE'D BE **OUT!**



...DIDN'T MATTER IF THE VILLIAN TRIED TO KICK HIM IN THE FACE OR NOT... HE'D'VE BEEN **OH-YOU-TEE... OUT!**



...OLD LANCE, HE'S UP THERE STILL FIGHTING FAIR... AND HE GIVES THE VILLIAN A BIG KNOCK IN THE HEAD!



...AND THE VILLIAN GIVES HIM A KNOCK IN THE HEAD! WHICH...IF YOU WENT BY THE SOUND EFFECT ...WOULD KILL AN ELEPHANT!



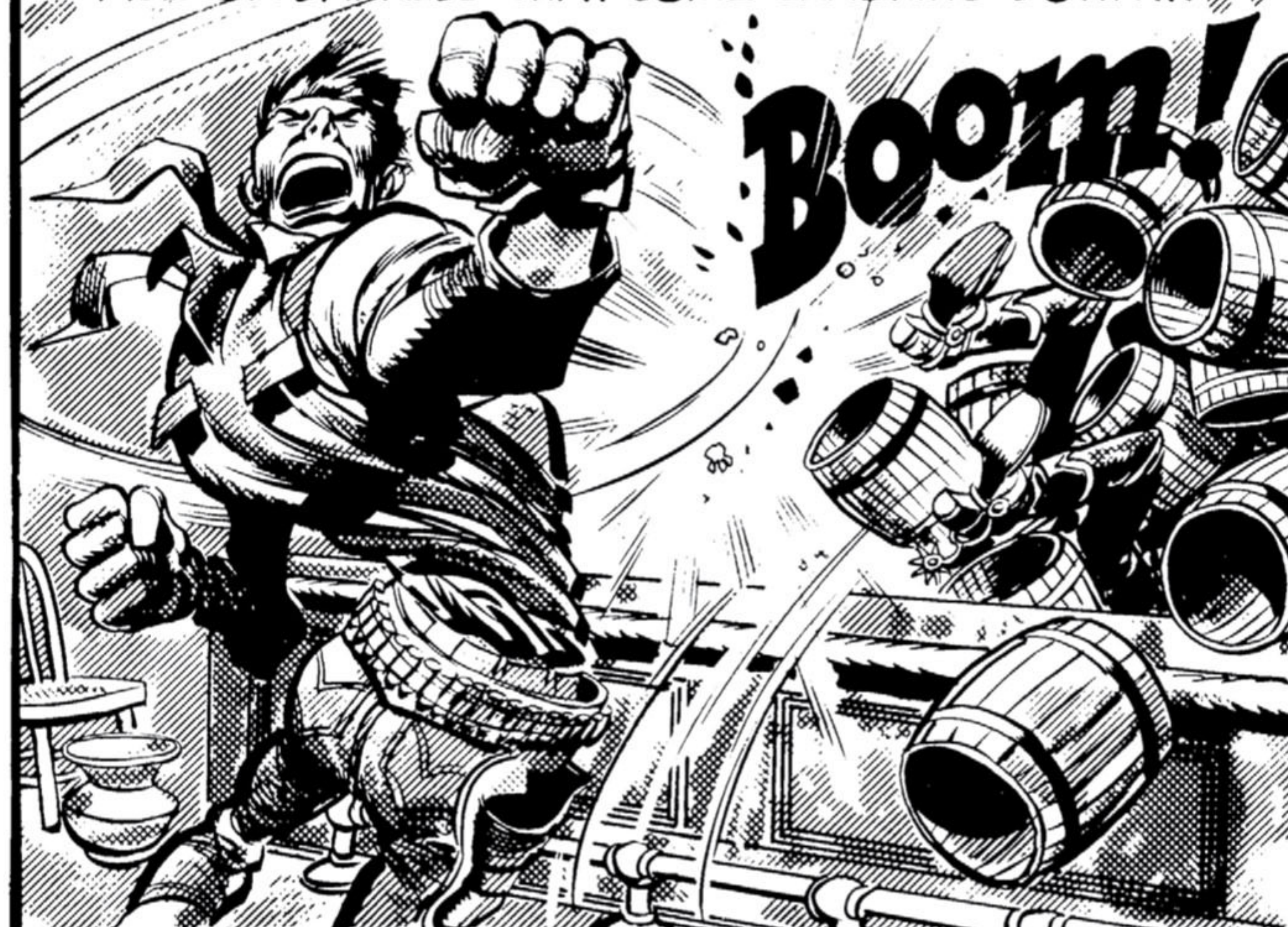
JOHN SMURD...HE'D'VE STILL BEEN OUT! I MEAN **OH-YOU-TEE!** BUT YOU COULDN'T FEEL TOO MAD AT THE VILLIAN...



...BECAUSE IF JOHN'D REACHED THE CHAIR FIRST, HE'D'VE BEEN TROMPING THE **VILLIAN!** ...MAN!...**OH-YOU-TEE!**



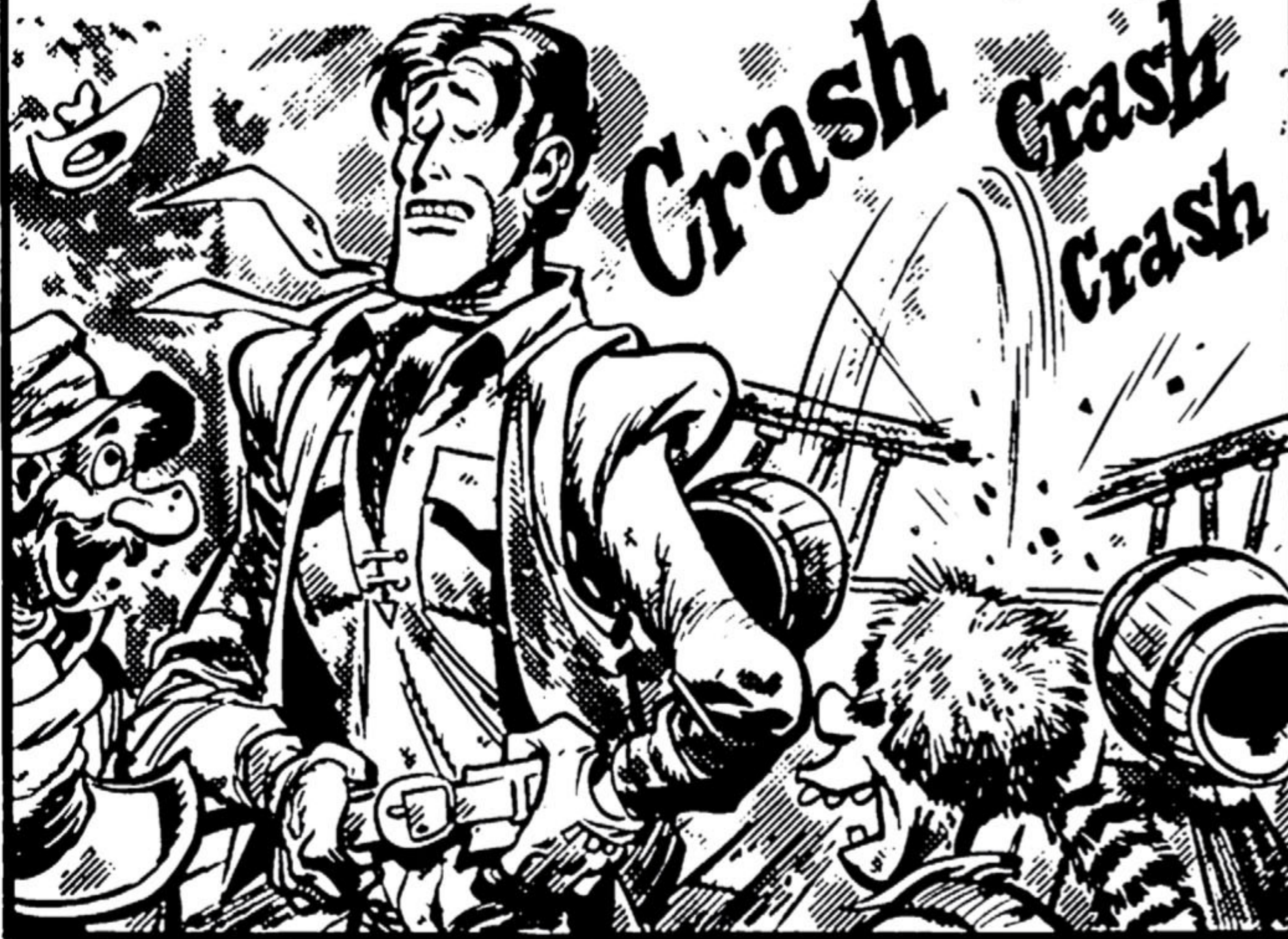
HALF AN HOUR LATER, THIS BIG MOVIE FIGHT ENDS WHERE LANCE, TO WIND IT UP, GIVES THIS VILLIAN SUCH A SMECK...THE VILLIAN GOES CRASHING OVER THE COUNTER, CRASHING THROUGH A PILE OF BARRELS THAT COME CRASHING DOWN...



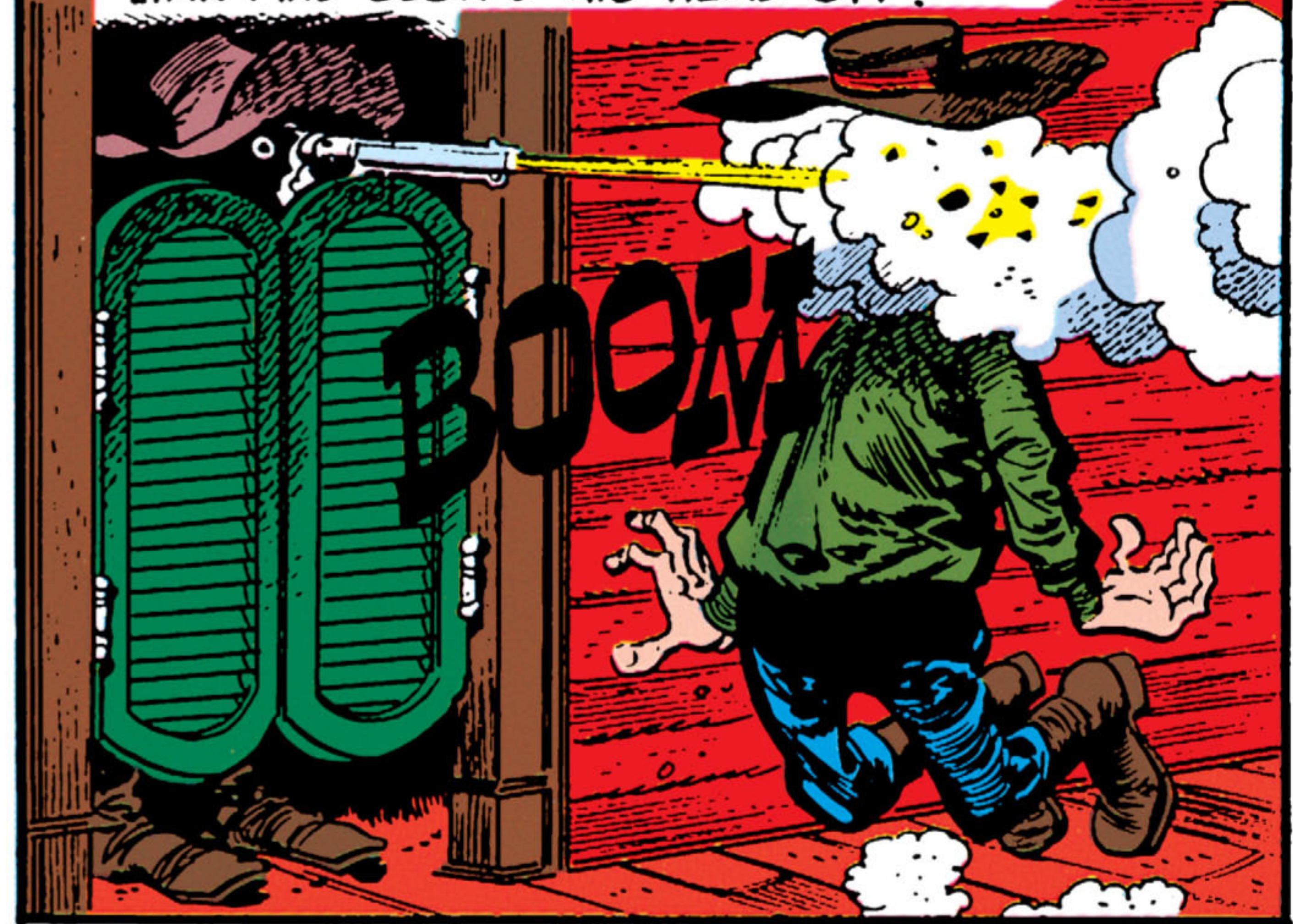
MEANWHILE, JOHN SMURD... HE'D'VE STILL BEEN OH-YOU-TEE... **OUT!** IF **YOU** EVER GOT HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A GOOD STOUT OLD CHAIR WITH A HAND CARVED SEAT-BOARD AND PEGGED JOINTS, YOU'D KNOW WHAT I MEAN!



BACK AT THAT MOVIE FIGHT AFTER CRASHING THROUGH THE BARRELS, THE VILLIAN KEEPS CRASHING BACK THROUGH THE DOOR THROUGH THE RAILING WHERE HE CRASHES DOWN ON THE GAMBLING TABLE TO THE FLOOR!



ON THE OTHER HAND, THE END OF JOHN SMURD'S FIGHT WOULD'VE ENDED WITH OLD JOHN STILL OH-YOU-TEE AND A MONTH LATER OLD JOHN WOULD'VE SNUCK UP ON THE VILLIAN AND BLOW'D HIS HEAD OFF!



AND SO, THE CITIZENS THANK LANCE STERLING FOR AGAIN BRINGING LAW AND ORDER TO ANOTHER TOWN!



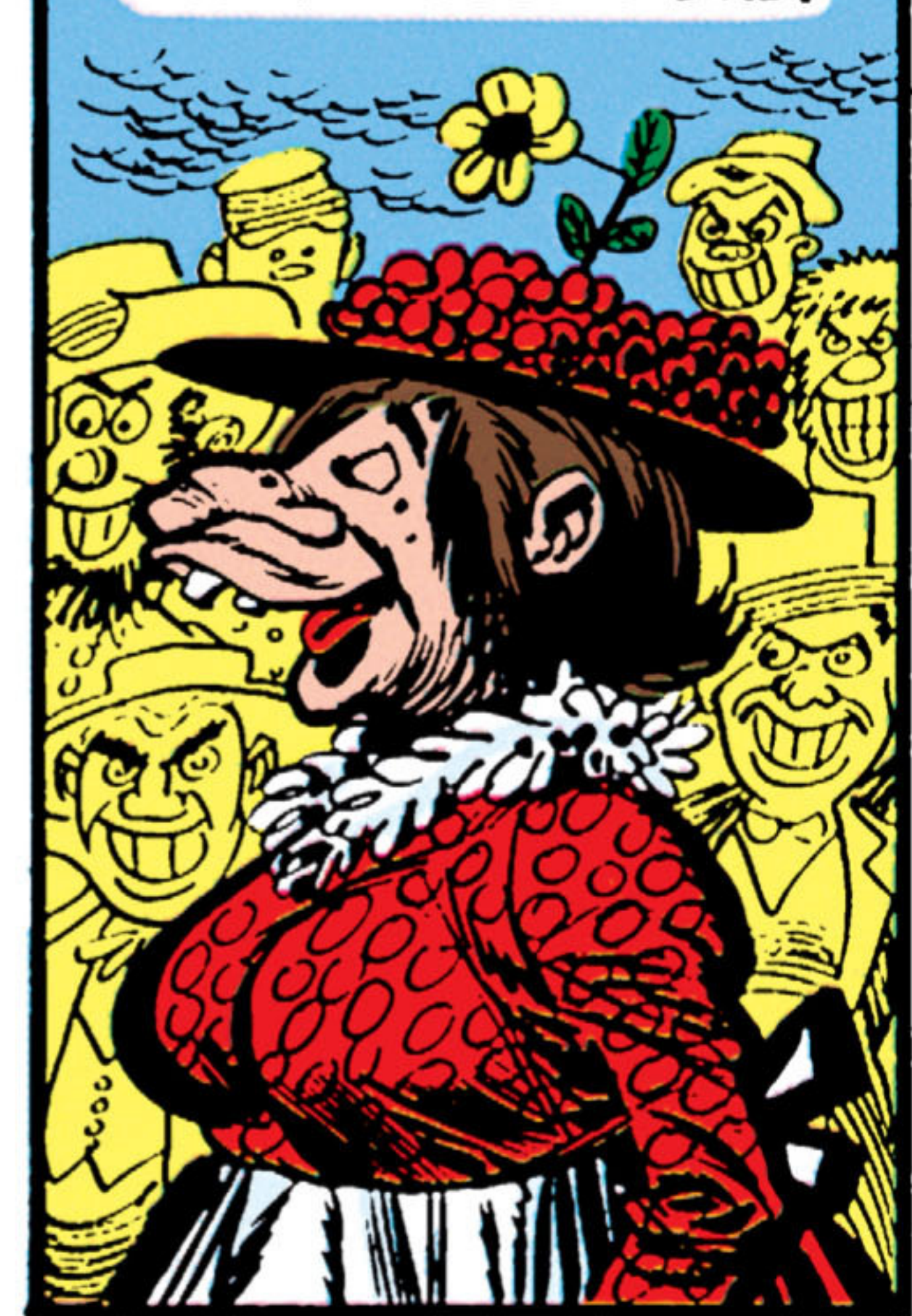
... AND IF THEY'D HAD GIRLS LIKE THIS, THE WILD WEST WOULD'VE BEEN A LOT WILDER!



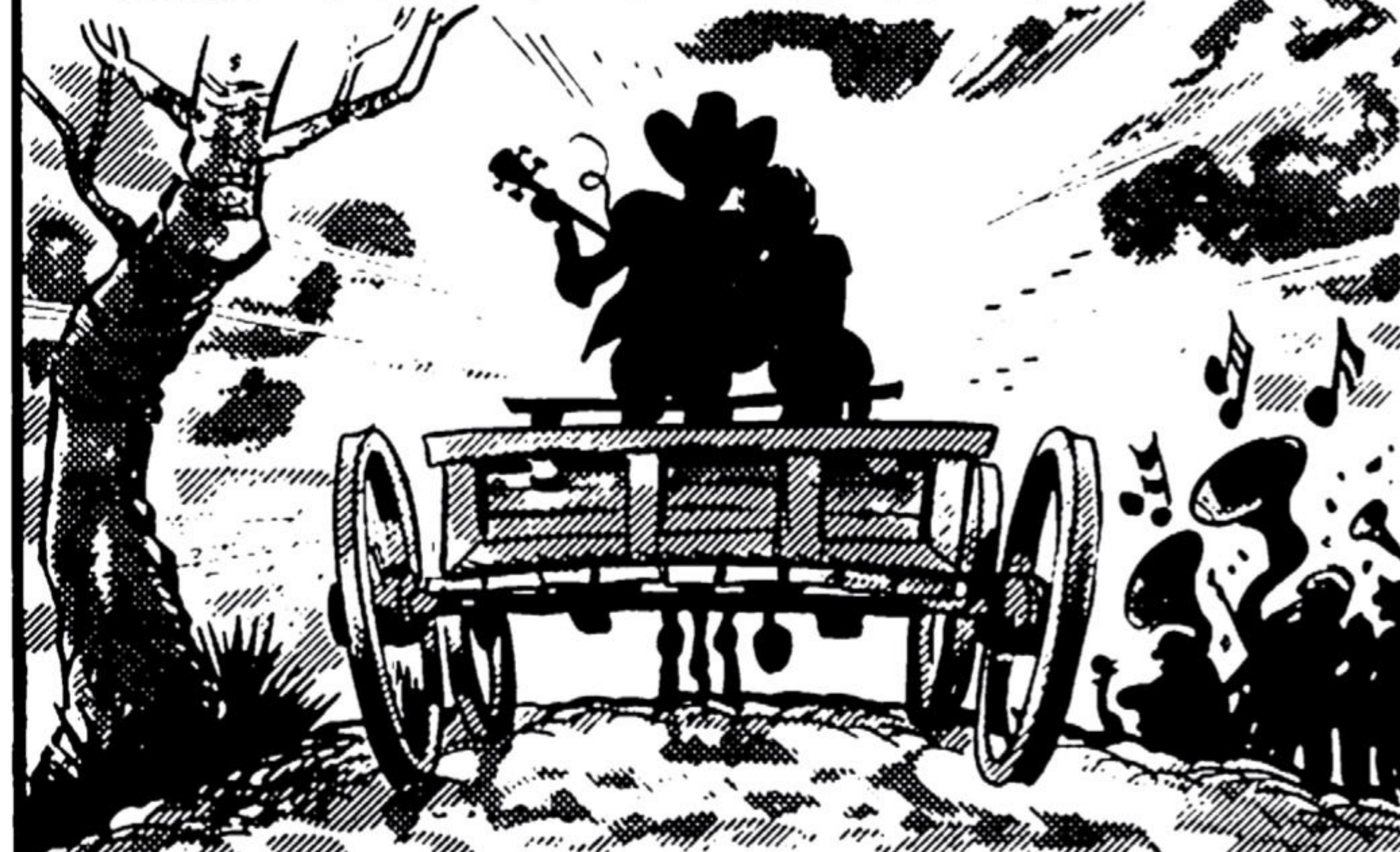
THE CITIZENS MIGHT'VE TURNED OUT FOR OLD COWBOY JOHN SMURD TOO (BEING CAREFUL TO STAY UPWIND)...



... AND IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.. THIS IS WHAT THE GIRL HE'D HANG AROUND WITH, MIGHT'VE LOOKED LIKE!

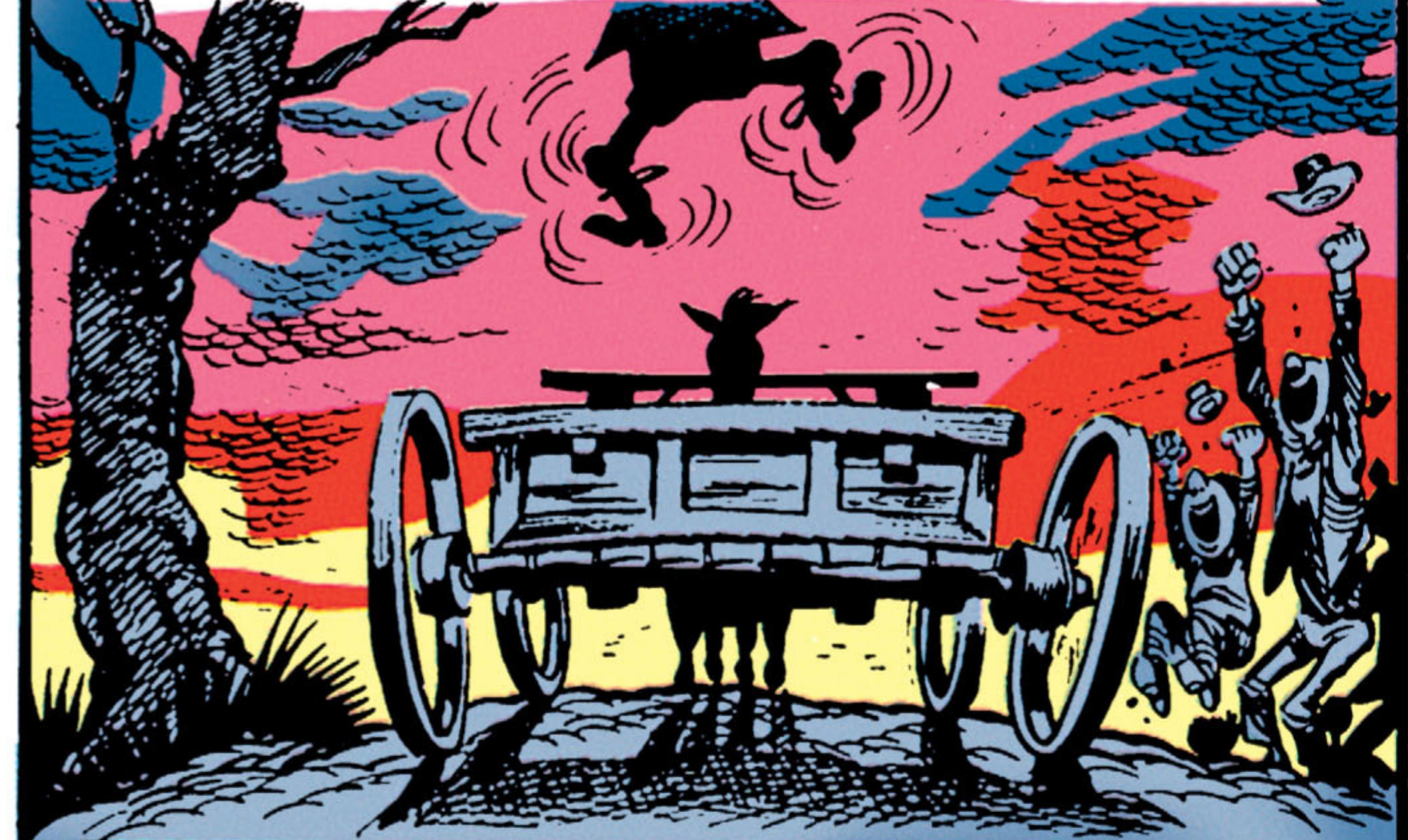


AS THE SUN SETS ON LANCE STERLING, HE LEAVES THE PARTY-MAKING AND THE DANCING AND RIDES AWAY WITH THE GIRL...PLAYING GUITAR WITH A PHILOHARMONIC ORCHESTRA ACCOMPANIMENT IN THE BACKGROUND!



AND YOU CAN BET WHEREVER THIS COWPUNCHER GOES ...THERE'LL BE MORE COWPUNCHERS PUNCHED THAN COWS!

AND AS THE SUN SET ON THE REAL AUTHENTIC WILD WEST... JOHN SMURD TOO MIGHT'VE LEFT THE PARTY-MAKING AND THE DANCING!... ONLY DIFFERENCE IS IT'D PROBABLY BE A NECKTIE PARTY AND HE'D'VE BEEN THE ONLY ONE DANCING!



WHAT WITH PLENTY OTHER PROBLEMS, WHO NEEDED BUMS AROUND WHO WERE ALWAYS GETTING IN TROUBLE!