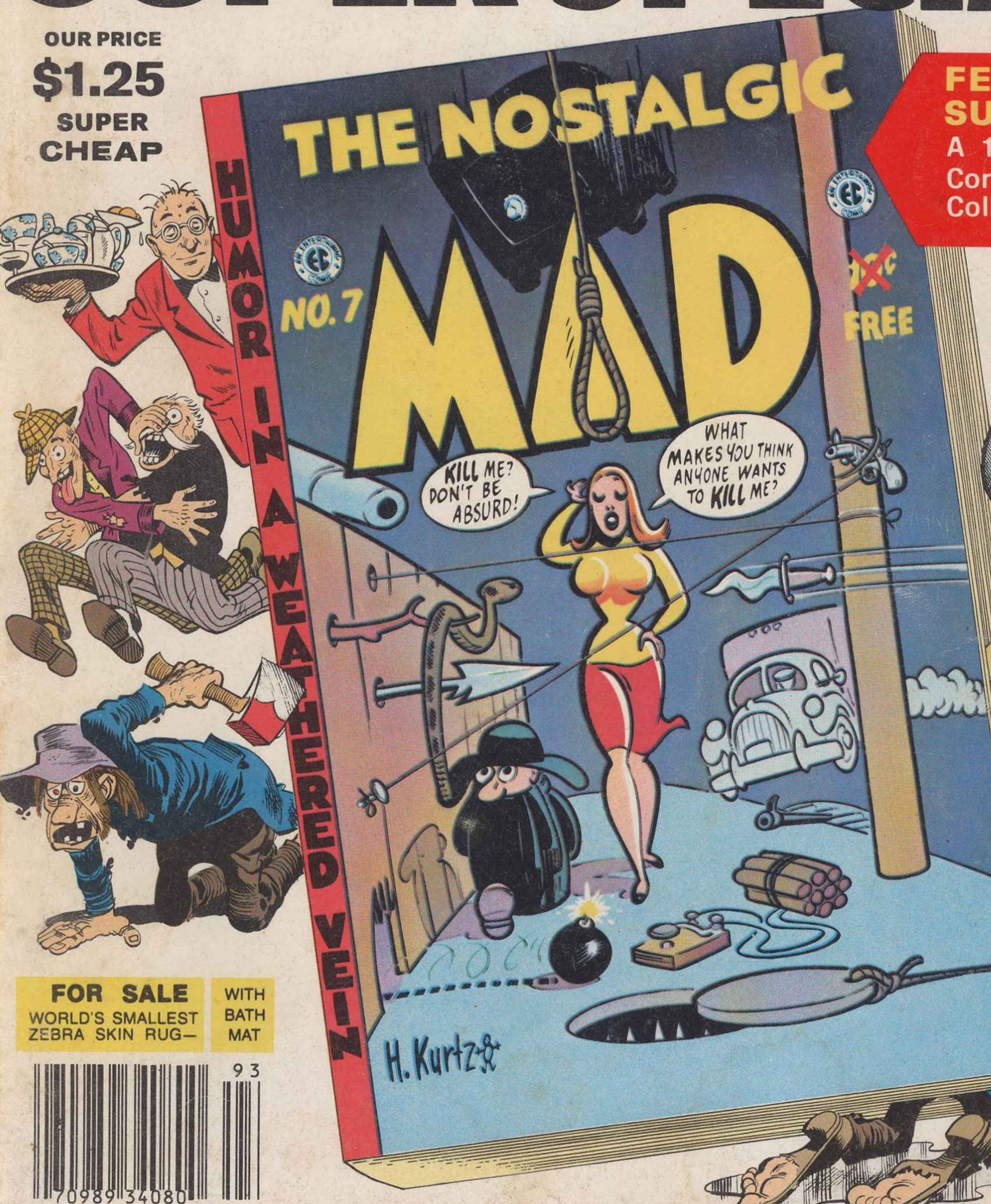
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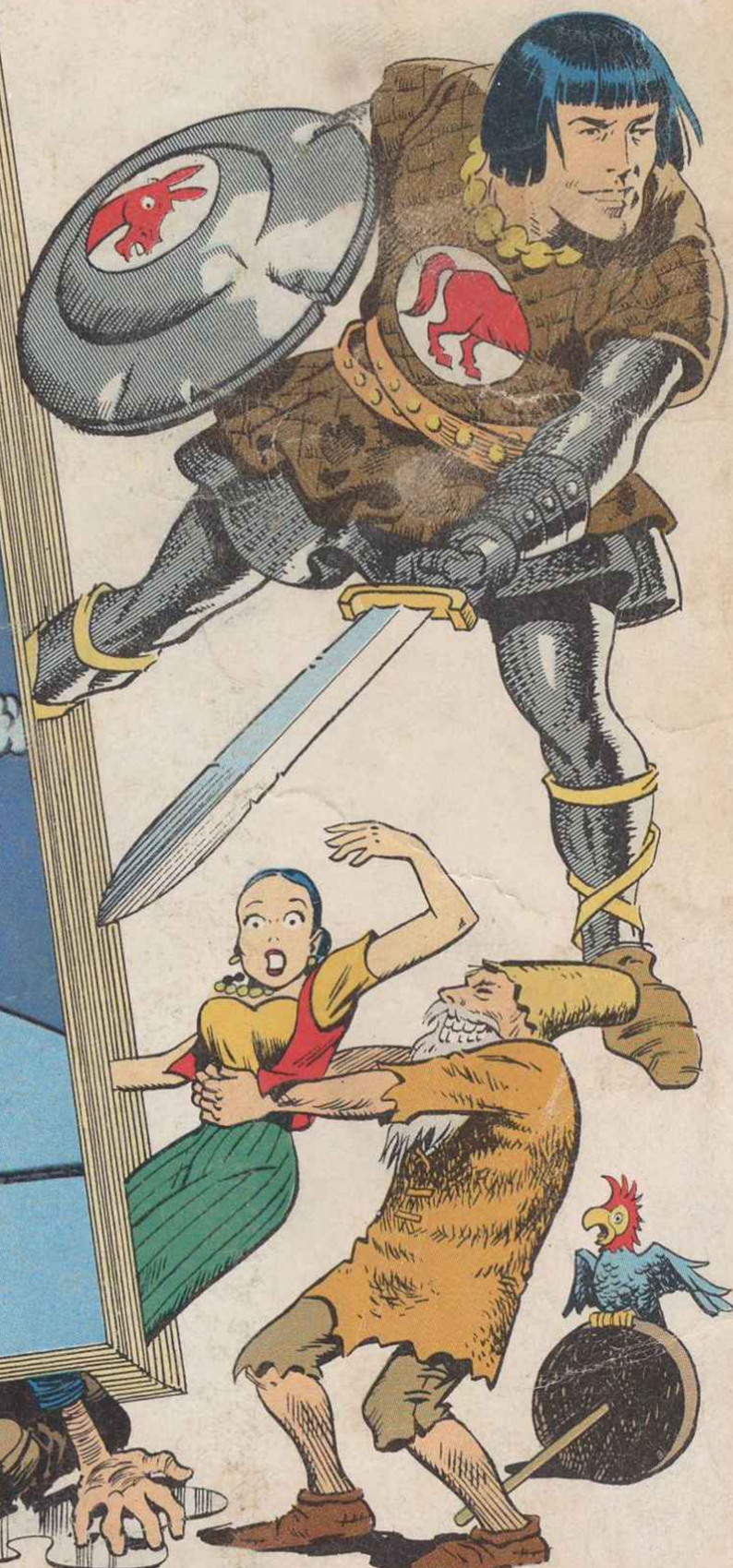


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SUPER CHEAP



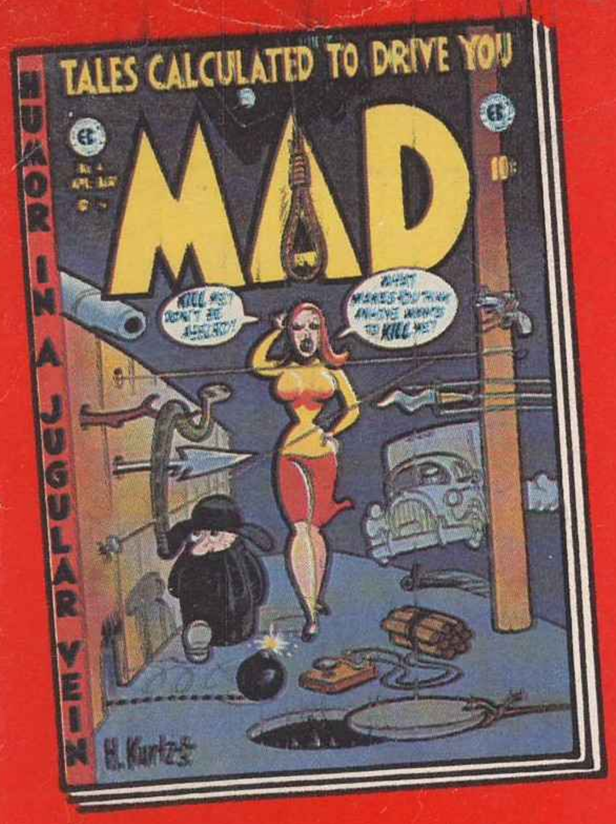
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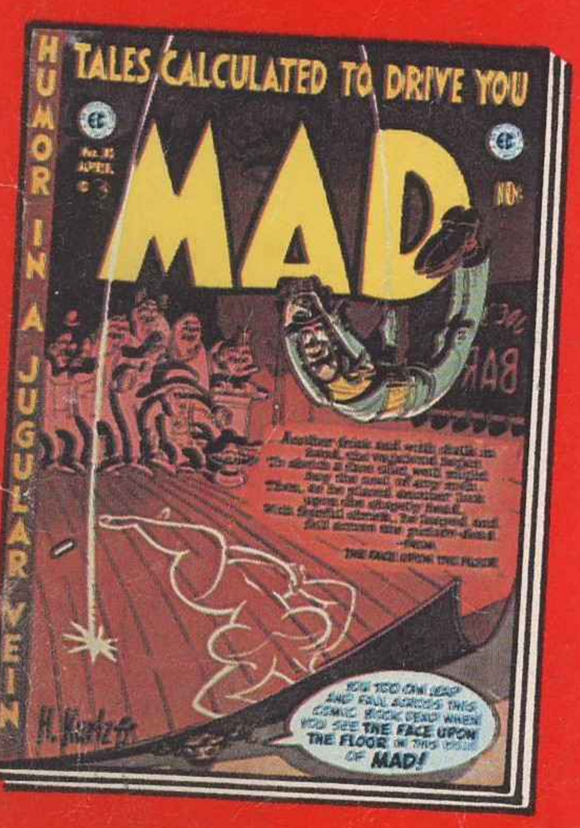


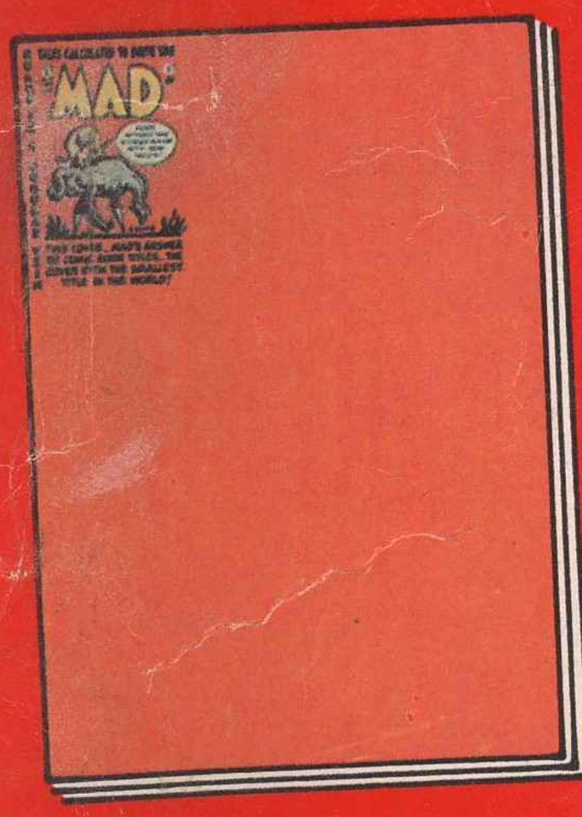
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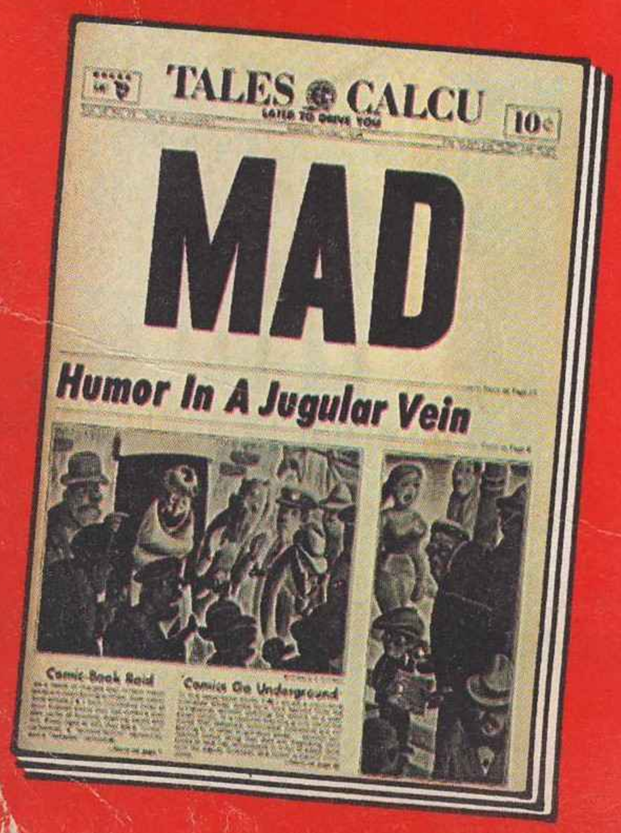
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HOO-HAH... HYSTERIA REPEATS ITSELF AGAIN!

MAINLY, OUR PAST RETCHES UP WITH US ONCE MORE...IN...

ANOTHER THROWBACK TO THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

(which you may very well throw back at us!)



THE NOSTALGIC MAD

NUMBER SEVEN

OUR SEVENTH ASSORTMENT OF COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM THESE VALUABLE ISSUES OF THE '50'S

WARNING: AS YOU'VE PROBABLY LEARNED, AFTER SIX PREVIOUS CATASTROPHIES, ATTEMPTING TO REMOVE "THE NOSTALGIC MAD" FROM THIS "MAD SPECIAL" IS IMPOSSIBLE! BUT IF YOU STILL WANT TO TRY, JUST GRAB HOLD OF IT AND TUG SHARPLY! ONLY DON'T BLAME US IF YOU END UP WITH A HANDFUL OF TORN PAPER!

MAD SUPER SPECIAL FALL 1979

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT

"The President's 'Economic Theories' means putting your money where his mouth is!" —Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots



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Printed in U.S.A.

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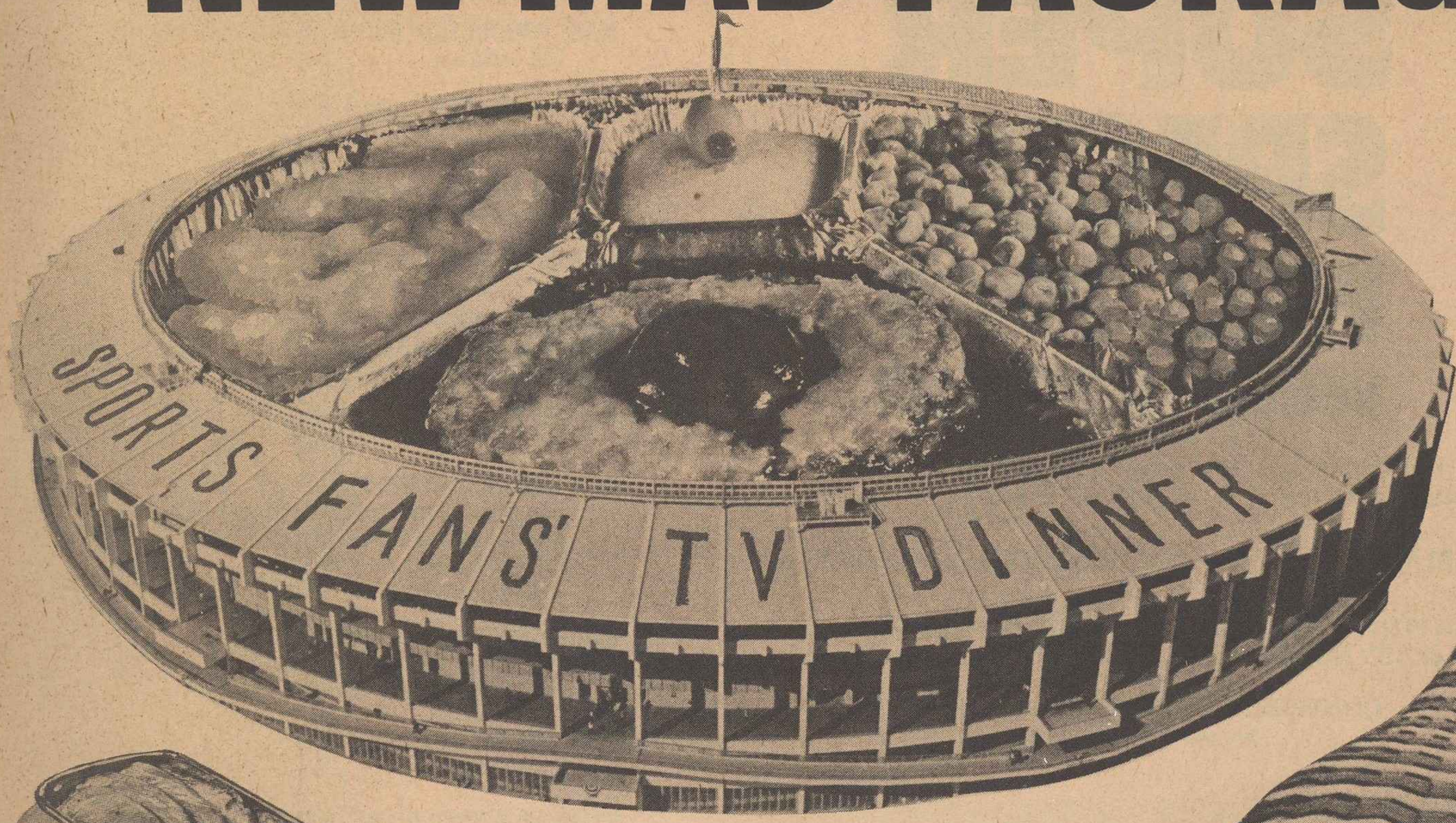
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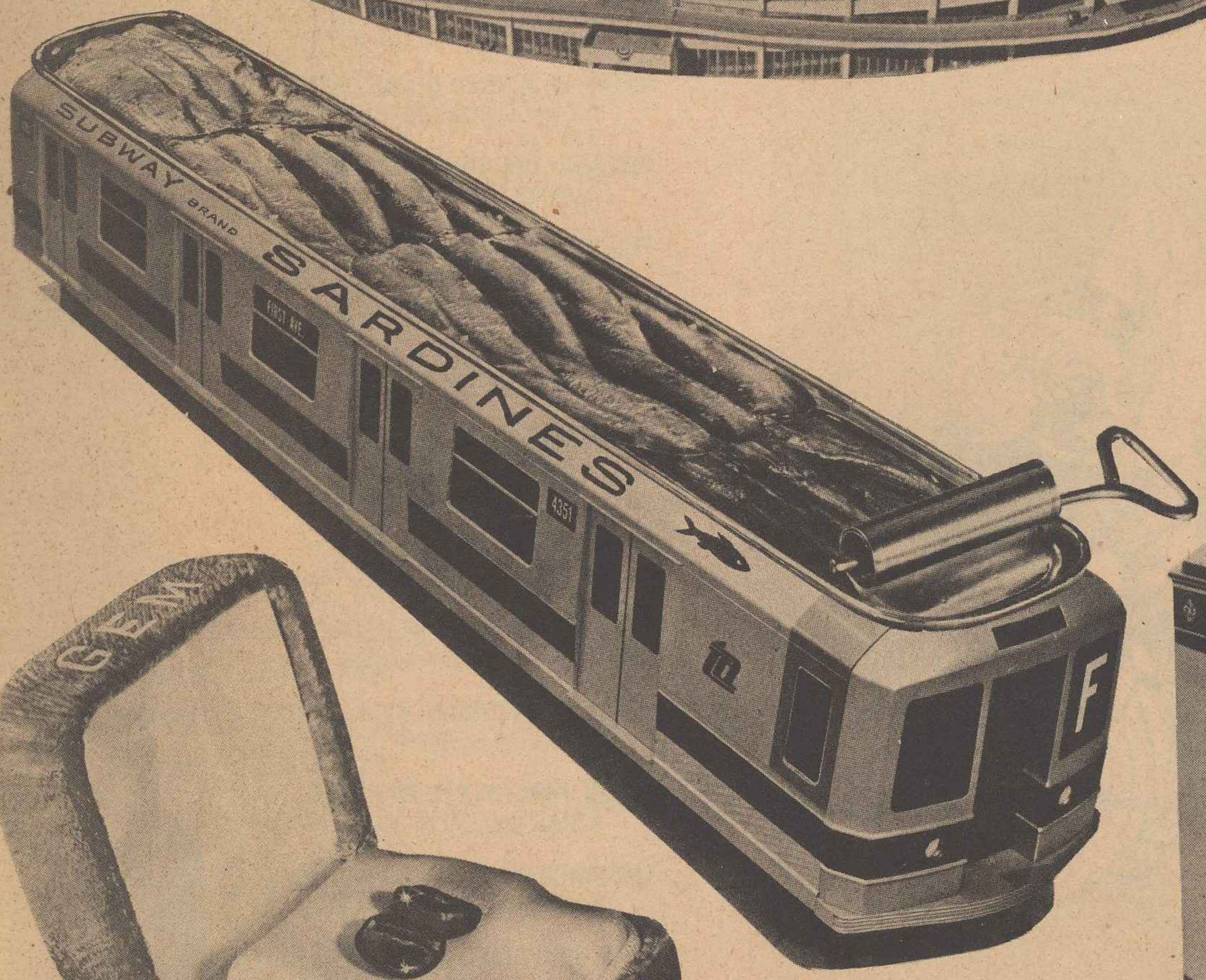
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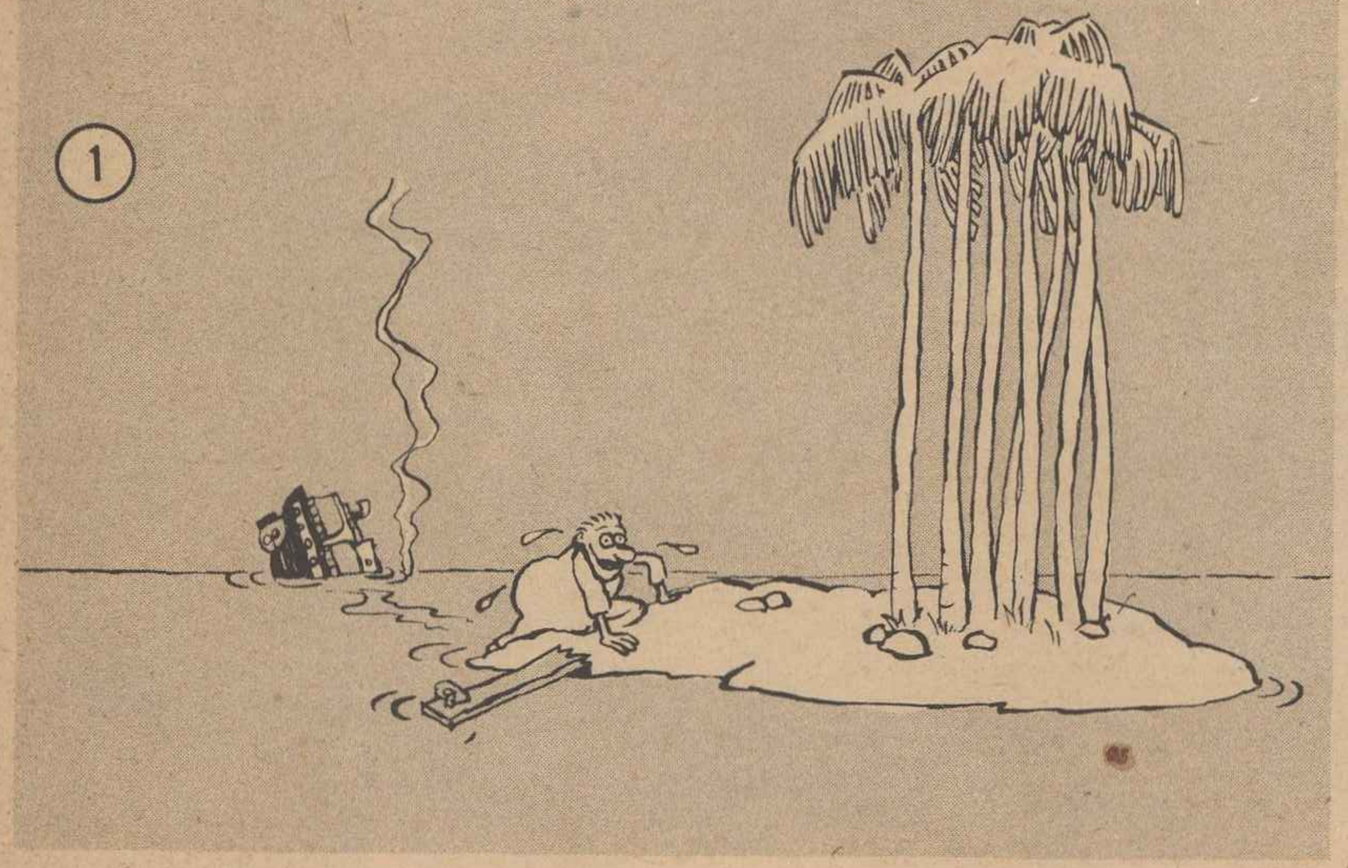
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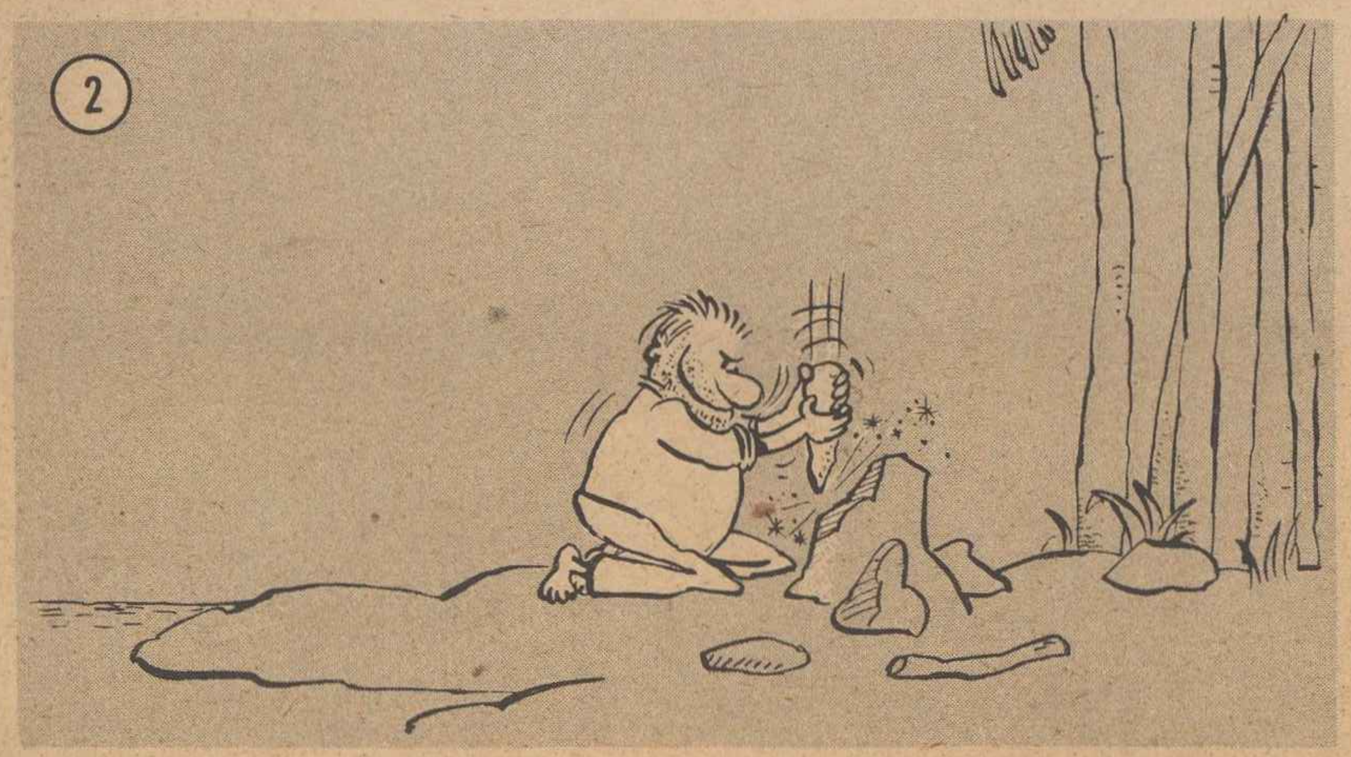


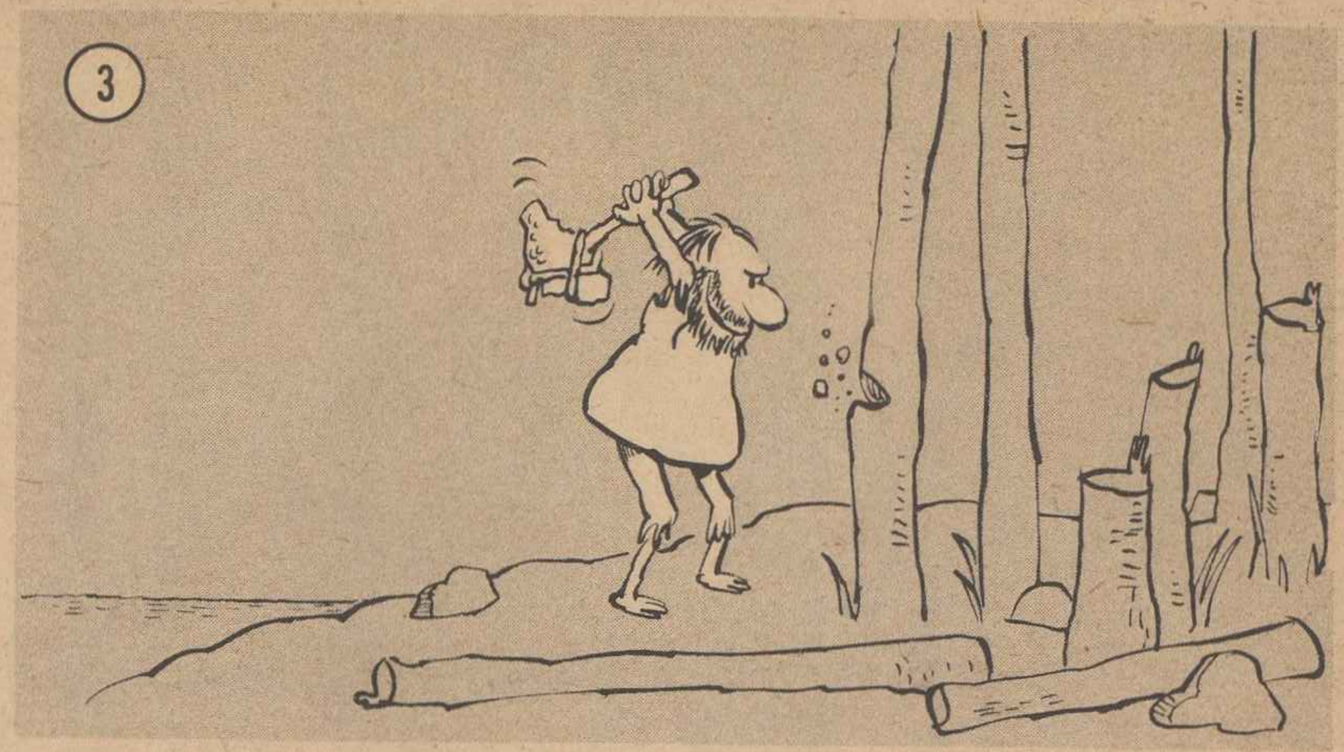
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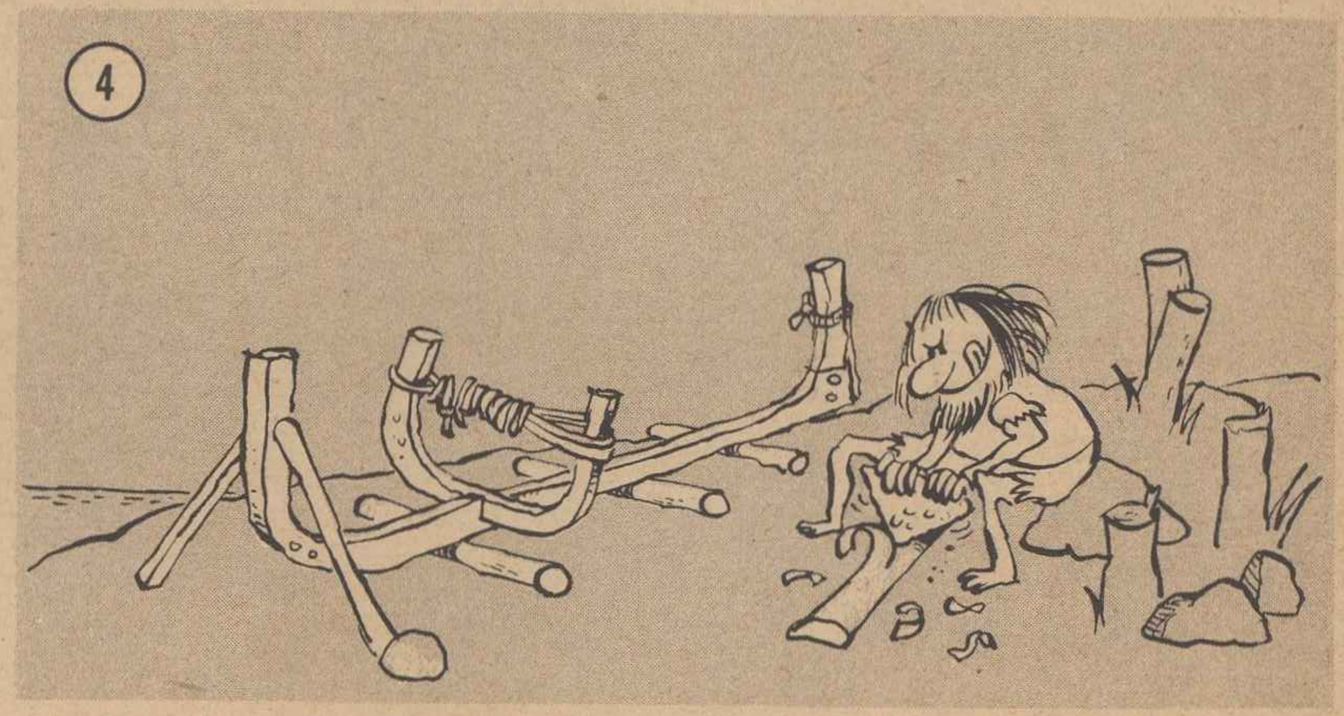

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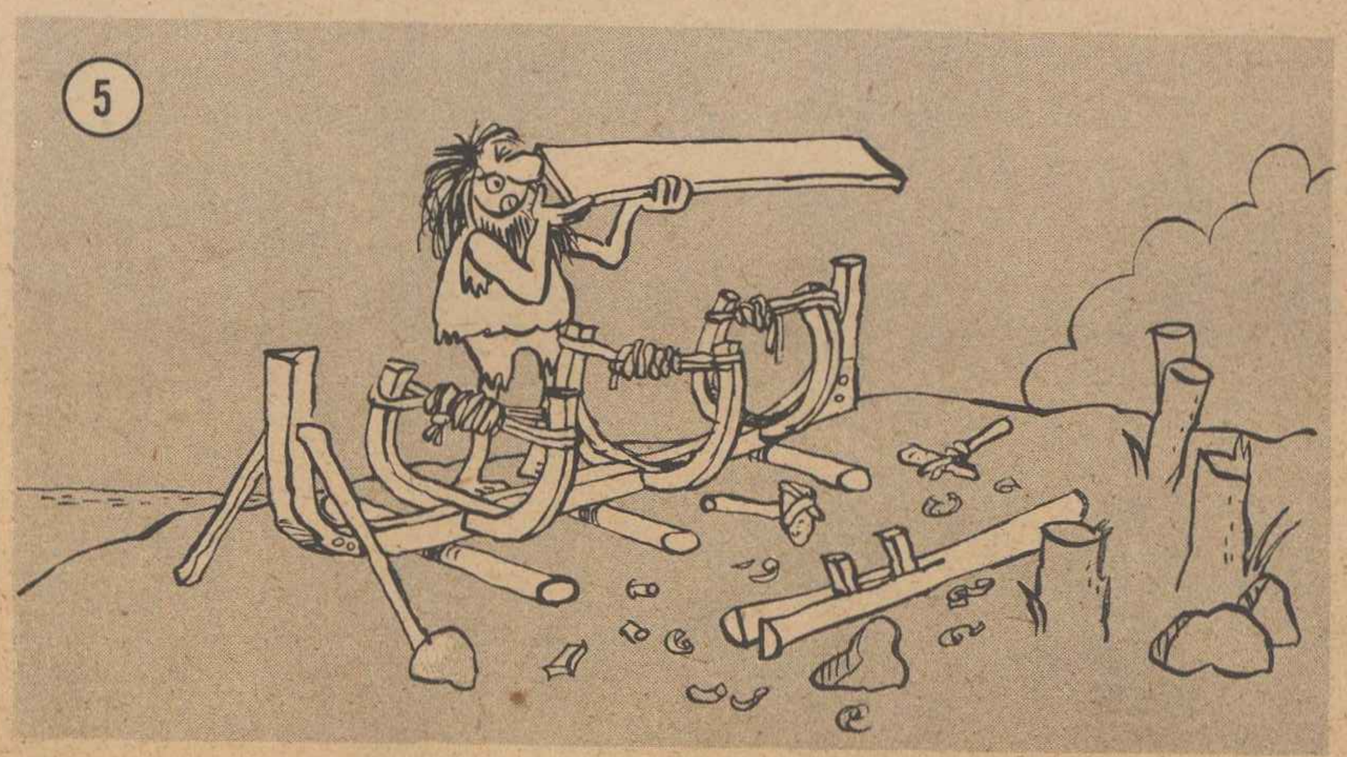
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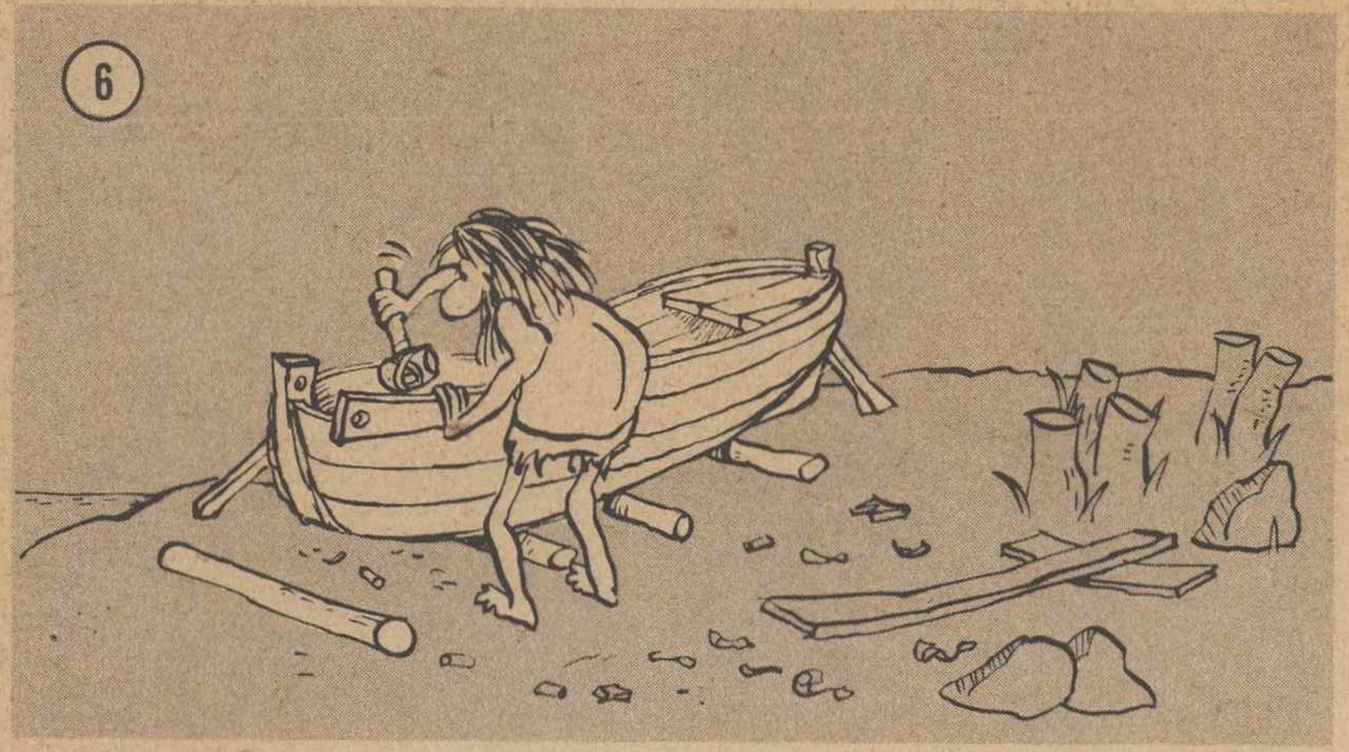






ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

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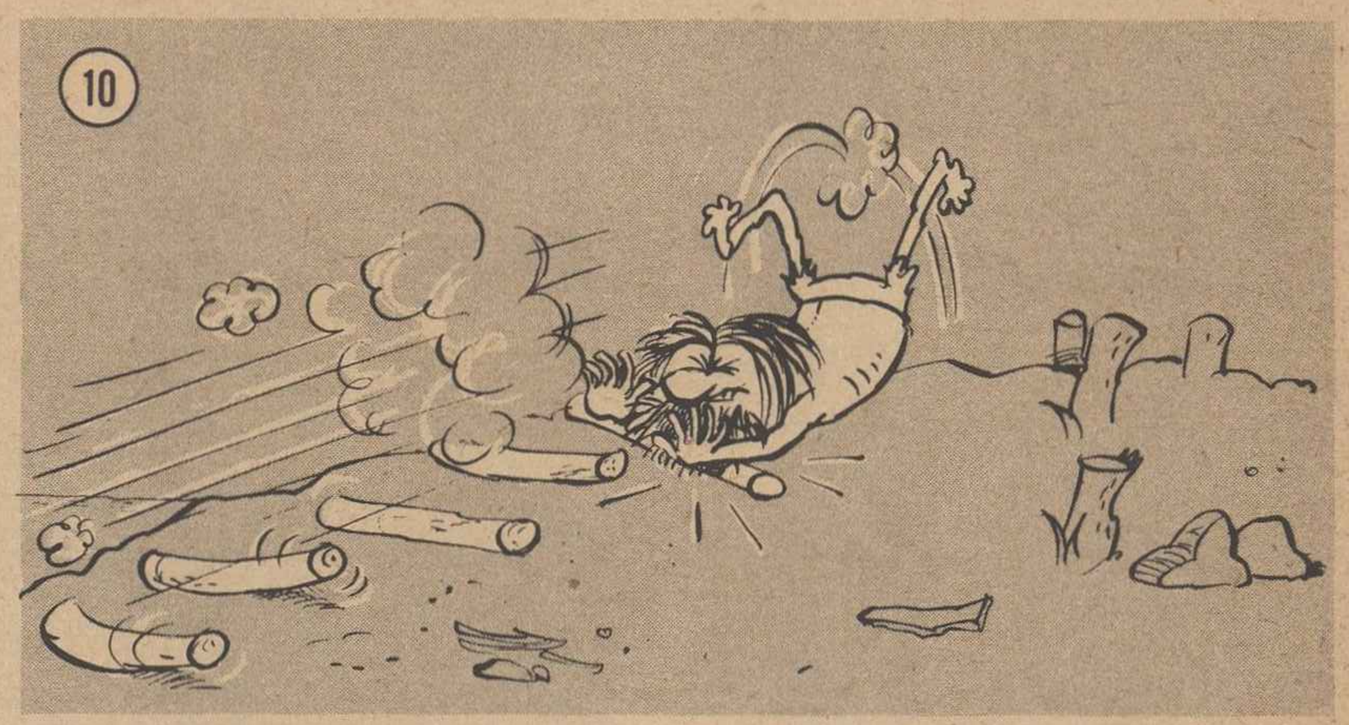
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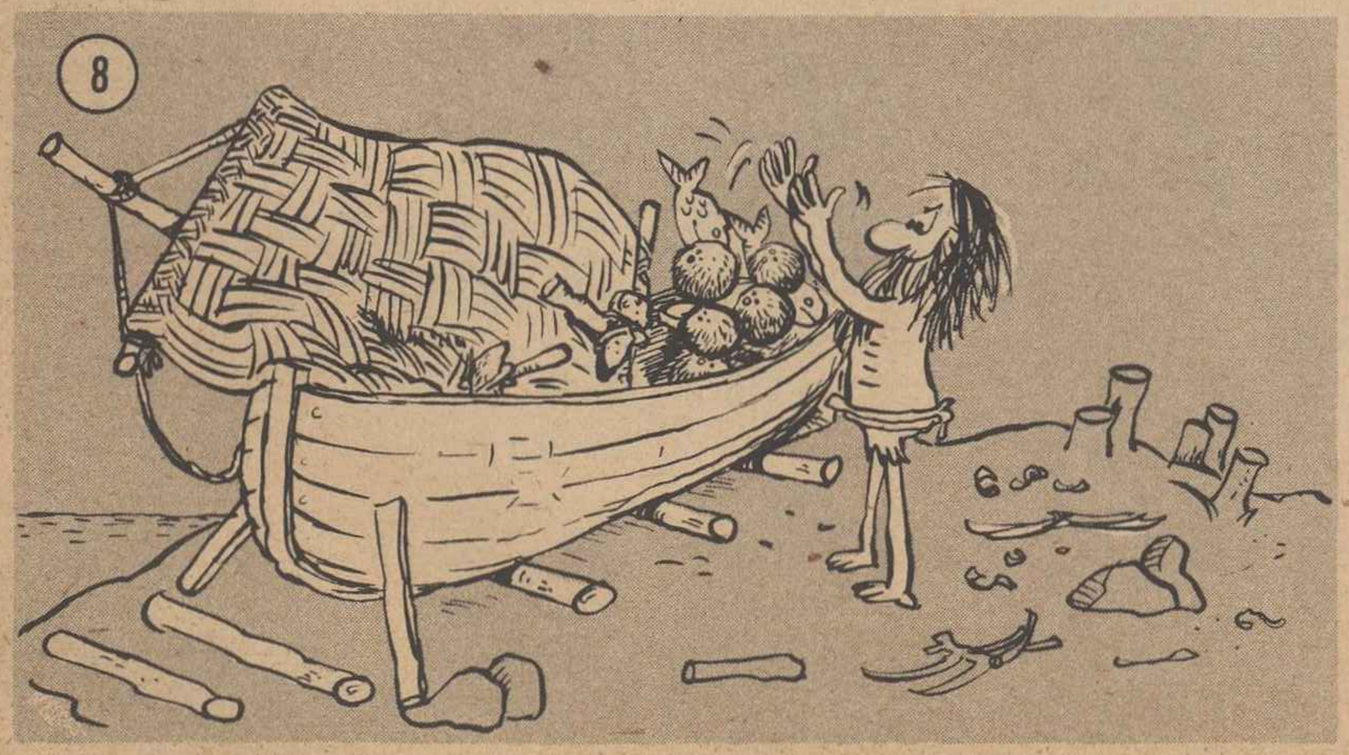
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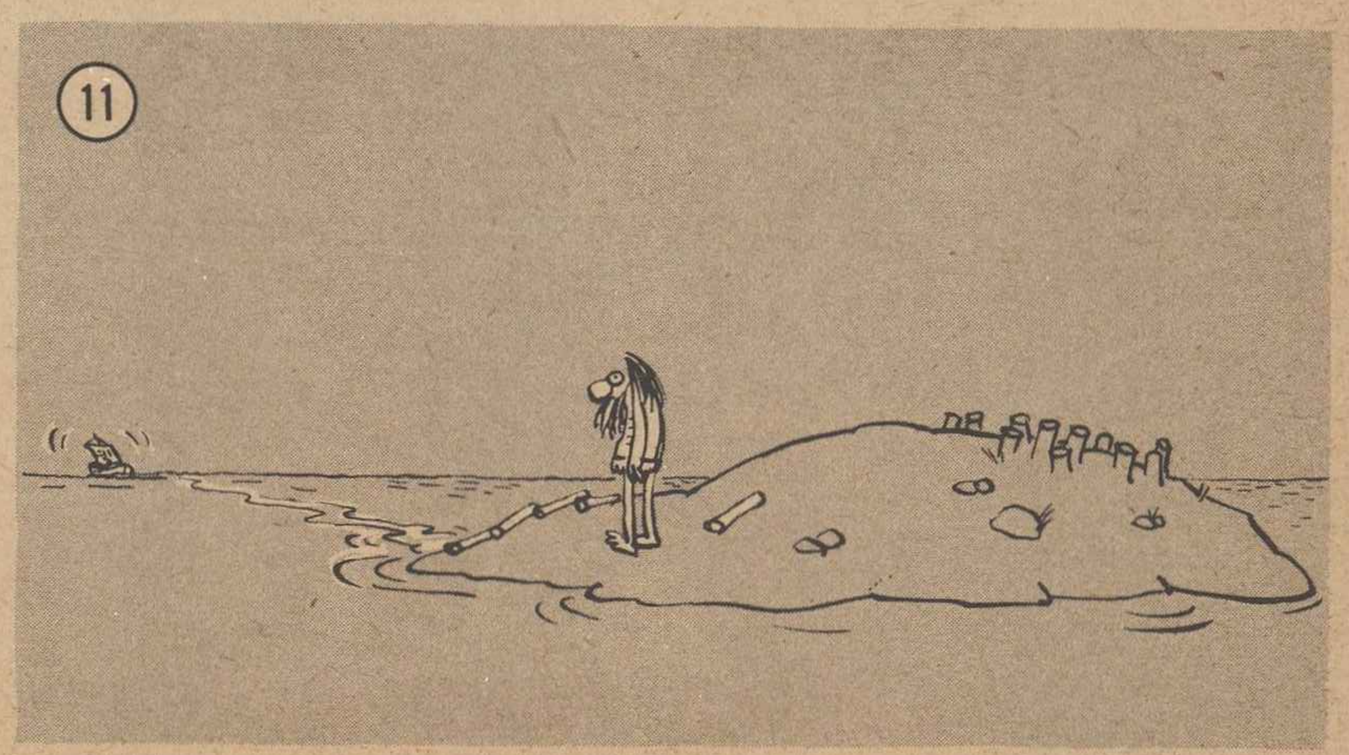
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Do you know the difference between going to a football game and going to a hospital? At a game, you can relax and enjoy yourself because you were able to buy an Official Program that tells you what's going to happen . . . and exactly who's going to do it. Unfortunately, as a new arrival at a hospital, you don't have a publication to help you become oriented to unfamiliar faces and surroundings. So all you can do is lie there and tremble in fear of the unknown. MAD feels that it's downright inhuman to give sports fans more information about what the future holds for them than is given to the ailing and infirm. Hospital Administrators should follow the lead of Stadium Owners and provide new patients with breezy, colorful, fact-filled Programs like . . .



ANGEL OF MISERY HOSPITAL

ORIENTATION GUIDEBOOK & OFFICIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM

INCLUDING VITAL "NEW PATIENT" FEATURES LIKE:

PICKING A SURGEON WHO'S ON A WINNING STREAK

• • •

10 Tips For Making The Nursing Staff Tolerate You

• • •

IS LEAVING YOUR BODY TO MEDICAL SCIENCE TAX DEDUCTIBLE?

• • •

Proper Etiquette For Throwing Up During Visiting Hours

• • •

HOW TO LOCATE THE INTENSIVE CARE UNIT WITHOUT A NURSE'S HELP

• • •

Cut Your Hospital Bill To $3000 A Week With Our "No Frills" Plan

PRICE: $7.50

Which You Will Hardly Even Notice When It's Added To All Of The Other Shockingly Expensive Items On Your Bill

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: TOM KOCH

FORGOT IT? FORGET IT!

"After 23 years of running a hospital gift shop, I know exactly what new patients are most likely to forget to pack," oozes Mrs. Birdie Pharrlapp, proprietress of the *Angel of Misery Gift Shoppe*. "That's why I make it a point to stock fuzzy stuffed pandas at only $39.50 each, glass paperweights with tiny statues of elves inside, dried flowers artistically glued to pieces of driftwood, and simulated gold charm bracelets with souvenir miniature replicas of your stay: such as bed pans, thermometers, hypodermics, I.V. Bottles, etc.



Gift Shoppe's own Birdie Pharrlapp demonstrates new line of bean bag furniture which can be found along Shoppe's east wall between weed killer and kites.

YOUR VISIT ISN'T COMPLETE UNTIL YOU HAVE VISITED

ANGEL of MISERY HOSPITAL GIFT SHOPPE

A Word of Gratitude from Our Chief Administrator
THANKS FOR SUPPORTING ANGEL OF MISERY

As you leaf through this orientation booklet, you should feel a surge of pride to realize that you have chosen our small, privately supported hospital as the place to enjoy your present illness. The nation's understaffed and poorly equipped Class "B" institutions, such as *Angel of Misery*, have long served as a farm system for the more glamorous big city health centers. Without people like yourself who are willing to take their chances at a minor league hospital, a great medical tradition would come to an end.

By spending your hard earned dollars at *Angel of Misery*, you are helping to support a grateful staff of doctors who may never have the opportunity to practice at a first rate hospital, simply because they lack the talent. God bless you!

Ellsworth D. Teztlaff, B.A.
Director of Administration

PATIENT'S GLOSSARY OF COMMONLY USED MEDICAL TERMS

During your confinement at *Angel of Misery*, you will often hear staff members using unfamiliar medical terms that may create worry and confusion in your mind. Usually, this is the intended effect. However, there are some phrases that doctors and nurses are willing to have defined for the benefit of the curious layman, like these which are listed below for your better understanding...

DOWN AND OUT PATTERN—In hospital parlance, this refers to the fourth floor corridor, the back stairs and the side door of the building. It is through this exit pattern that our unluckier patients are carried down to the garage and out to the coroner's office.

OFFSIDE—The side of the abdomen where the appendix is **not** located. You will be comforted to learn that almost 60 percent of our doctors and nurses know which side is your "offside," and will not cut there needlessly, in case they decide to diagnose your illness as appendicitis.

CRISS-CROSS PATTERN—The type of stitching generally preferred by surgeons for sewing up your incision. This method, while uglier in appearance, is considered superior to others because of the discomfort caused by the stitches being removed later on.

SHOWBOAT—Used interchangeably with "hotdog," this term refers to any surgeon who performs operations in a flamboyant manner. For example, a doctor who regularly makes incisions while holding the scalpel behind his back or between his toes might come to be known as a "showboat."

MAMA'S BOY—A derogatory term used by staff members to describe an adult male patient who whimpers when subjected to extreme pain. Female patients who display a similar lack of character as most often labeled "spoiled brats" or "crybabies."

CORRECTIVE SURGERY—From your standpoint as a layman, "corrective surgery" does not differ greatly from any other kind, so you need not concern yourself with the term. However, you may overhear it used in conversations between doctors. They often refer to any operation performed solely because a surgeon's bank account is out of balance as being "corrective surgery."

OFFENSIVE FORMATION—Anything growing on your body that a surgeon may not like the looks of, and that he may, therefore, decide to cut off while he has you under an anesthetic anyway.

BUSH LEAGUER—A term that you may hear our staff doctors using when they speak of your own family physician. Do not be overly alarmed, as this may not mean that your doctor is incompetent. He could merely be engaging in some naive, "bush league" act, such as failing to charge his full house call fee when he looks in on you at the hospital.

OFFICIAL NURSES' SIGNALS MADE EASY

Occasional brushes with a registered nurse may constitute your only real contact with *trained* medical personnel during your hospital stay. Therefore, an understanding of the official *hand signals* employed by our nursing staff in communicating with doctors and patients may enhance your pleasure and knowledge of the whole sickness experience on which you have just embarked.



This is the most encouraging signal from nurse to doctor that a patient can hope to see during his hospital stay. It indicates that your bank balance and insurance coverage have been found satisfactory, and that you will, therefore, receive whatever medical care hospital staff presumes is necessary to save your life.



Holding her wrist watch up to her ear to see if it's still running may constitute a nurse's first official indication that your pulse rate has become wildly erratic. Look for this preliminary signal to be followed by either (A) a painful injection, (B) emergency surgery or (C) last rites of the church of your choice.



This signal covers a wide variety of patient rule violations, any one of which may shatter the tender sensibilities of the nursing staff. Undoubtedly, you will be aware of what you've done to merit this gesture, and will be prepared to suffer the consequences.



This signal, sometimes delivered silently and sometimes with accompanying verbal abuse, is given only to adult male patients. It advises you to keep your cotton pickin' hands to yourself, and warns that even one passionate lunge will result in serious injury that could make you forget about passionate lunges for years.



Most often observed in the operating room, this gesture quickly informs all surgeons present that the patient's life signs are weakening, and that this case will have to be chalked up as a loser. Since you are a non-member of the staff, this signal does not really concern you, unless, of course, it happens to be **you** they're losing.



This official nursing gesture will give complete assurance that your case is being discussed with some higher ranking staff members and that your illness is a lot more serious than you had once feared.



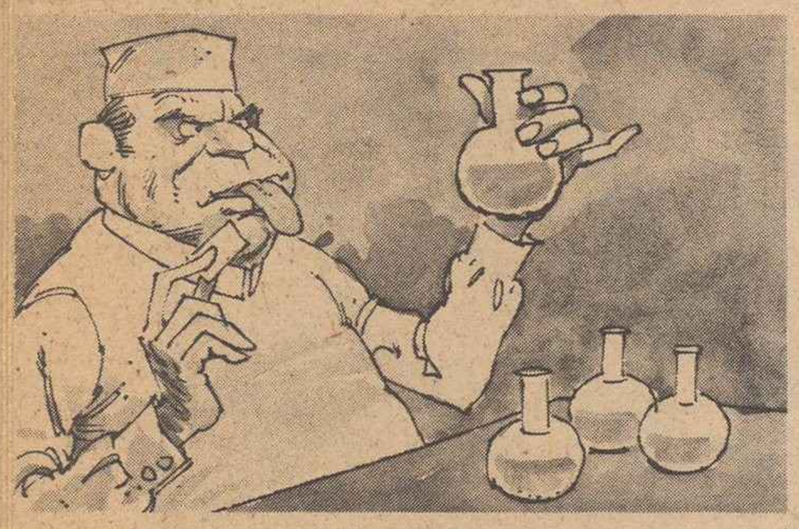
You will soon discover that nurses have a number of ways of signaling their displeasure with patients who fail to eat all of their mooshed up vegetables, or barf all over the bedclothes, or, worst of all, ring for nursing service. This gesture is one of the milder ones employed by nurses to express their exasperation.



Often mistaken as another signal expressing a nurse's displeasure with patients' behavior, this gesture actually has less serious implications. It merely means that the hospital has officially given up all hopes for your recovery, and the floor nurse is about to walk out on your case.

ANGEL OF MISERY'S

ALL-STAR ROSTER



DR. LEPLEY GLIMMERT

Chief Night Urologist

5′-6″ 230 pounds

Once processed 183 specimens in 24 hours, mislabeling only 35 of them. Named Urologist of the Year by his fellow country club members, 1967.



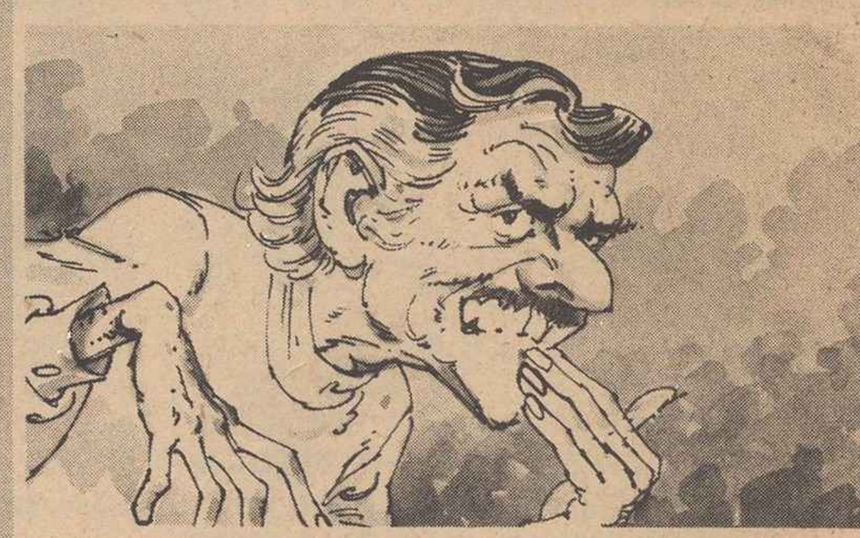


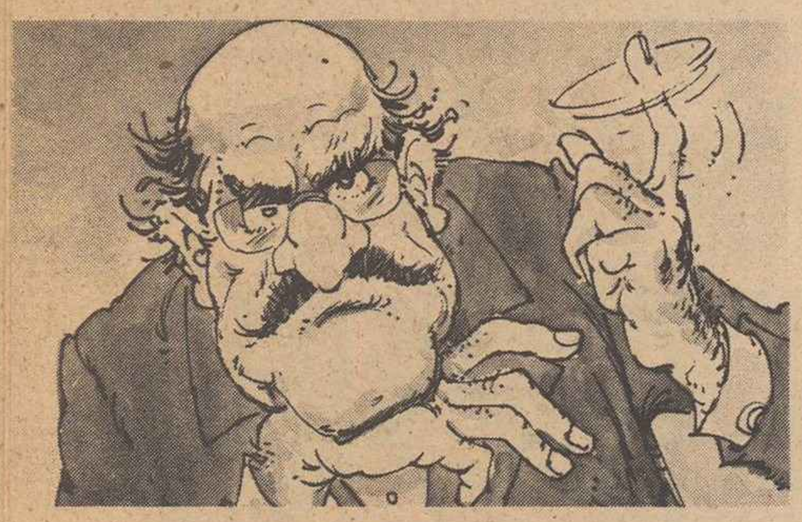
DR. GIDEON WAXFARB

Chief Day Urologist

6′-9″ 155 pounds

Graduate of Kansas U., where he was voted Tallest Urologist on Campus, 1949. Author of best selling medical monograph, "Whither Bed Wetting" in Amer. Journal of Urology.



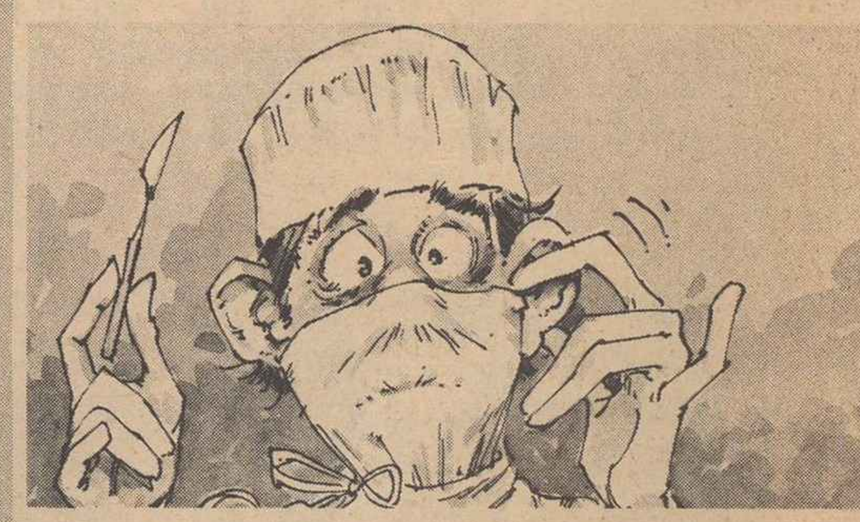


DR. LIEBLING STRIBLING

Offensive Psychiatrist

6′-2″ 220 pounds

Former psychiatrist U.S. Army where, he proudly states, "Nobody put nothing over on me!" Browbeat 422 troubled patients into a state of complete psychosis, from 1955-1973.





DR. SANFORD NINNY

Defensive Psychiatrist

5′-3″ 115 pounds

Prefers not to talk about his early life, especially the part about his mother dressing him up like a girl because she had secretly wished for a beautiful baby daughter, 1936-53.





EDDIE KLUMMITT

Roving Ambulance Driver

6′-1″ 205 pounds

Taught himself to play "Yankee Doodle" on the soprano ambulance siren, 1969. Holds hospital record for the Most Accidents Caused While Rushing to the Scene of an Accident, 1973.



Even those who have been patients at Angel of Misery before, and who merely are returning to have some of our earlier mistakes corrected, will notice many new faces on the staff. This is because Angel of Misery is always on the look-out for talented newcomers who appear ready to turn pro. This year, Management believes it has put together a staff that is stronger at every position. Hence, we take great pride in presenting our new line-up of capable first stringers...

LUCRETIA BLOTCHNEY
Loudmouth Night Nurse
5′-10″ 190 pounds

Champion hog caller, Yell County, Arkansas, 1956. Took correspondence course in nursing, 1962, but still waiting for three lessons to arrive that somehow got lost in the mail.

DR. RATSO FREEP
Leering Gynecologist
5′-8″ 160 pounds

Our only first string doctor who never attended medical school, but prides himself on being self-taught. Hobbies: Catching lightning bugs and providing free treatment for those patients he happens to like.

DR. JUNUS PULSIFER
Smart Aleck Brain Surgeon
5′-9″ 170 pounds

Performed Angel of Misery's first unsuccessful head transplant, 1972. Author of popular recipe for making fermented Bavarian sauerkraut, 1974.

DR. EINO KKIKKIKIN
Pig-Skinned Dermatologist
6′-0″ 185 pounds

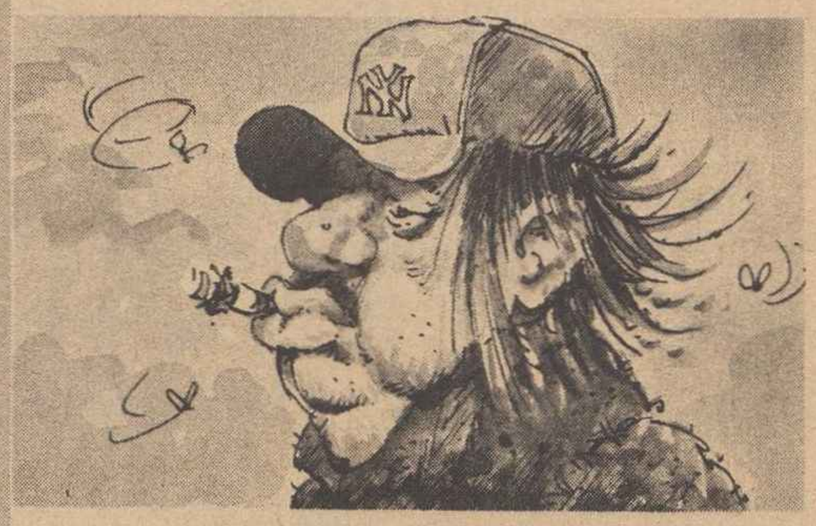
Only doctor born in Finland ever to be expelled from the Alabama Medical Association. Only Angel of Misery staff member still attending the 1973 Christmas Party in 1977.

LOMA JEAN FURNDITTY
Giggly Nurses' Aide
5′-1″ 92 pounds

Famed for insisting that patients who just died be billed for books returned late to the Library Cart. Hobby: Catching every disease in the Isolation and Contagious Wards.











ERWIN HACKENBUSCH, M.D.
Safety Valve Anesthesiologist
5′-11″ 180 pounds

"Shaky" joined the staff in 1975 and hasn't stopped drinking to his own success ever since. He's responsible for giving people enough anesthetic to put them out, but never enough to actually kill them.

JOY WESSEL
Inept Gray Lady
5′-6″ 118 pounds

Dean of hospital's Volunteer Worker Corps, Joy makes her Wednesday afternoon rounds fluffing the pillows for the bedridden, including those with severe neck or head injuries.

BRUNO "NEWSY" STITZVIK
IRATE VENDOR
5′-1″ 236 pounds

Began supplying newspapers to A. of M. patients in 1969 for one dollar a copy, advising those who thought the price high to "Run down and get it for cheaper on the street, sicko!"

JULIO MUERTA
"Runs-giving" Staff Cook
5′-2″ 120 pounds

Joined A. of M. Kitchen Crew 1966, after 2-year stint with Guatemalan Guerilla Army of Liberation where he learned to do great things with anteater meat and boiled bananas.

AGATHA TARBUSH
Tight-Fisted Finance Administrator
5′-9″ 103 pounds

"Miss Aggie" is stern and efficient despite her cold and prissy appearance. Hobby: Cleverly inserting a few extra charges on patient's bill and watching them meekly pay it rather than confront her with "error."

A LOOK AT THE RECORD

WITH PIERPONT U. FISCAL
CHIEF ANGEL OF MISERY STATISTICIAN

In seeking treatment of illness, as well as in any other business or recreational activity, it's great to know that you've put your money on a winner. And at *Angel of Misery* the record has been one of glorious achievement over the years.

Check out the following "box score," and then feel a surge of pride to know that you are doing your part, however small, to perpetuate the traditions of this fabled institution.

SAMPLE YEAR	PATIENTS ADMITTED	PATIENTS SURVIVED	PCT.	AVERAGE DAILY ROOM RATE	INEDIBLE MEALS PER WEEK
1950	6,192	3,917	.632	$48.20	12.37
1955	9,044	6,821	.754	$63.10	13.09
1960	11,720[1]	5,502[1]	.469	$74.50	13.41
1965	13,987	9,330	.667	$98.35	14.52
1970	21,556	14,010	.649	$132.25	15.03
1975	29,749	18,991	.638	$144.50	16.22
1980 (Projected)	38,700	23,200	.599	$206.00	18.35

FOOTNOTE:

1.–1960 figure includes 2,066 patients treated by a "Doctor Snavely," who was later found to be a deranged aluminum siding salesman with a forged medical license. This little joke on us lowered the patient survival average for the year by almost 100 percentage points.

BEST OF LUCK, NEW PATIENTS, From Eddie's Medical Center Bar



Where Angel of Misery's Staff Doctors Gather to Relax.
Come Join Us for the Happy Hour if You Ever Recover.

SUPPOSE YOUR CONDITION IS MORE SERIOUS THAN YOU THINK!



If you're like most newly admitted hospital patients, you've probably tried to convince yourself that you'll be completely well and back on your feet in no time. But is this comforting pipe dream really fair to the loved ones who will have to arrange for your funeral after you turn out to be mistaken? Of course not! Deep inside, you know you're being neglectful and selfish.

Luckily, it's still not too late for you to do "the right thing." One quick phone call is all it takes to bring one of our representatives to your hospital room with a legally binding Death Bed Contract. Merely sign it in the brief time you have left, and rest assured that you will receive the deluxe funeral of your choice within a few short days after you check out of the hospital.

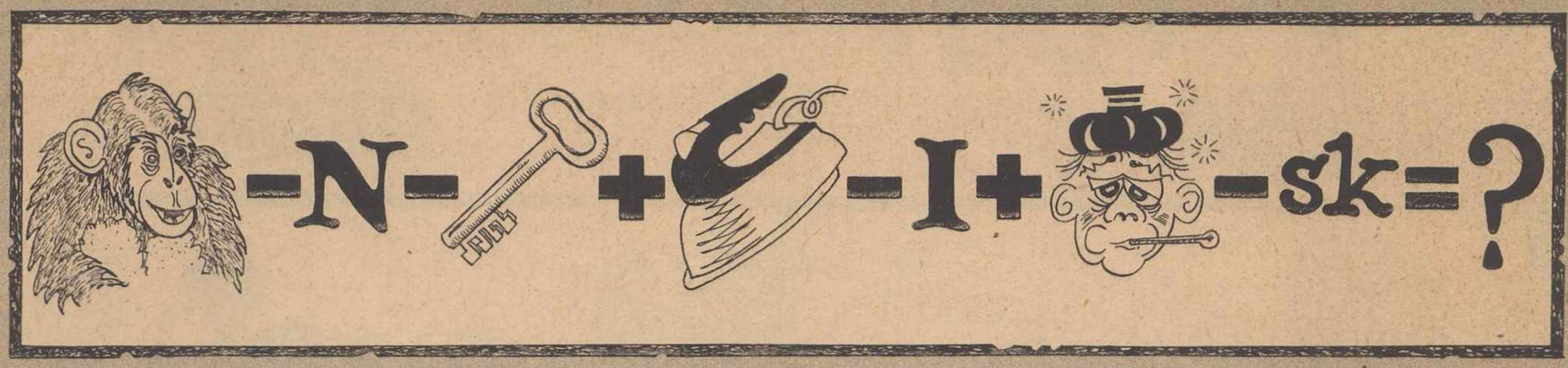
Wee Embalmers O' The Heather

Mortuary—Mausoleum—Valet Parking

FOR QUICK SERVICE
CALL 555-0719

SYMBOL MINDED DEPT.

Remember the "Rebus" puzzles that we all loved when we were kids? Here's an example:

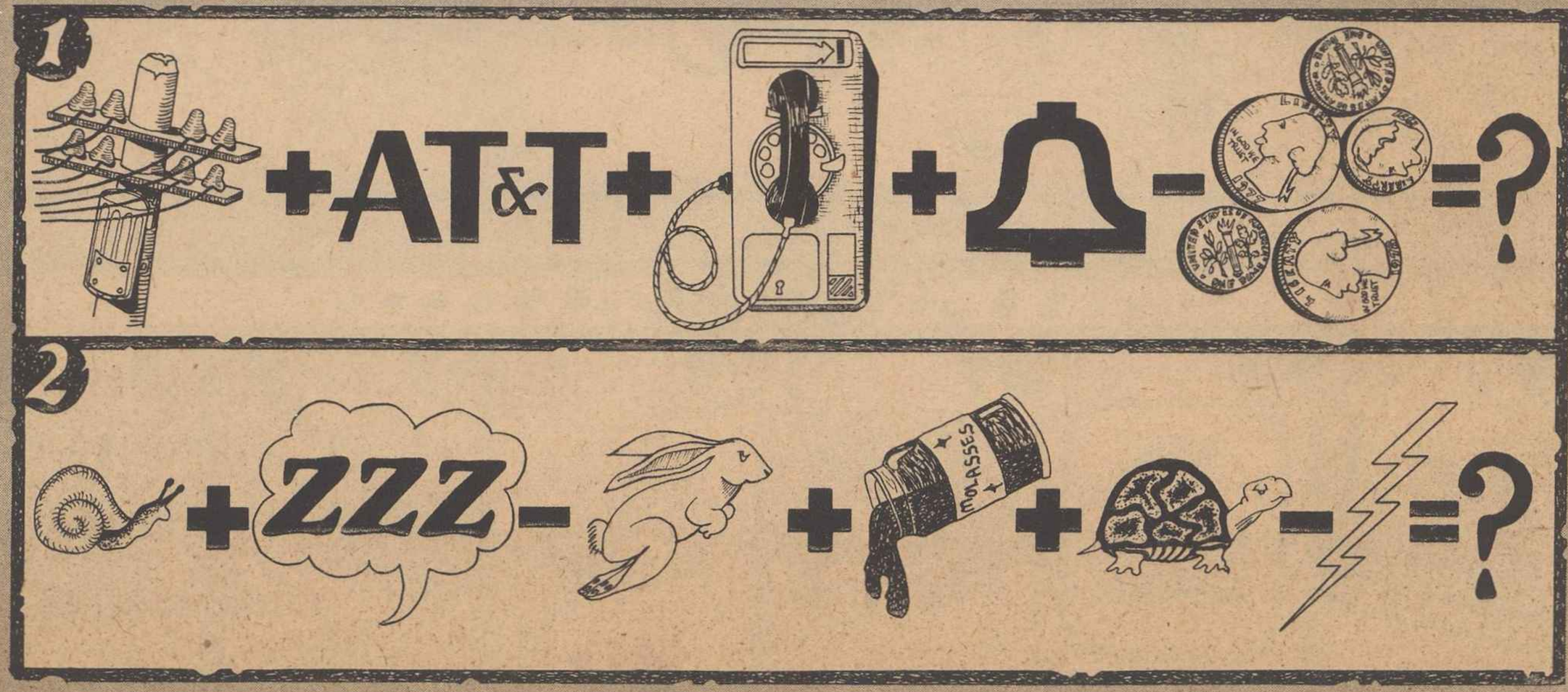


The idea was to identify the pictures and then add and subtract the letters in their names to get the answer. Now if you studied the Rebus above and said, "MORONIC!" . . . (MONKEY − N − KEY + IRON − I + SICK − SK) . . . you were right, both about the puzzle and the answer. Because Rebus puzzles are old-fashioned, somewhat silly, and totally irrelevant! But sharpen your pencils and put on your thinking caps, gang! We here at MAD have up-dated the Rebus and brought it into the twentieth century! Get ready to have some good, solid, brain-teasing fun trying to figure out the correct answers to:

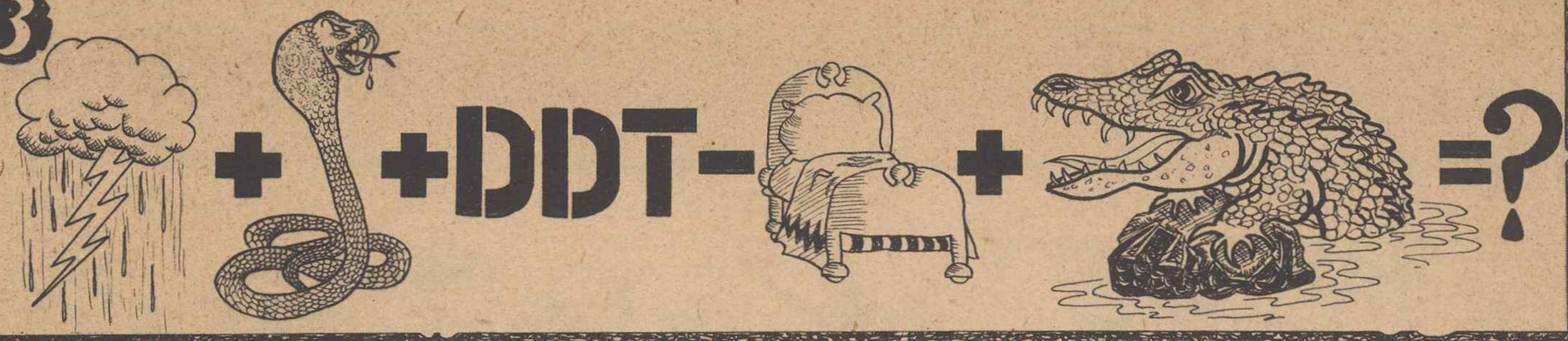
MAD'S MODERNIZED REBUSES

ANSWERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE NEXT TWO PAGES.... NO CHEATING, CLODS!

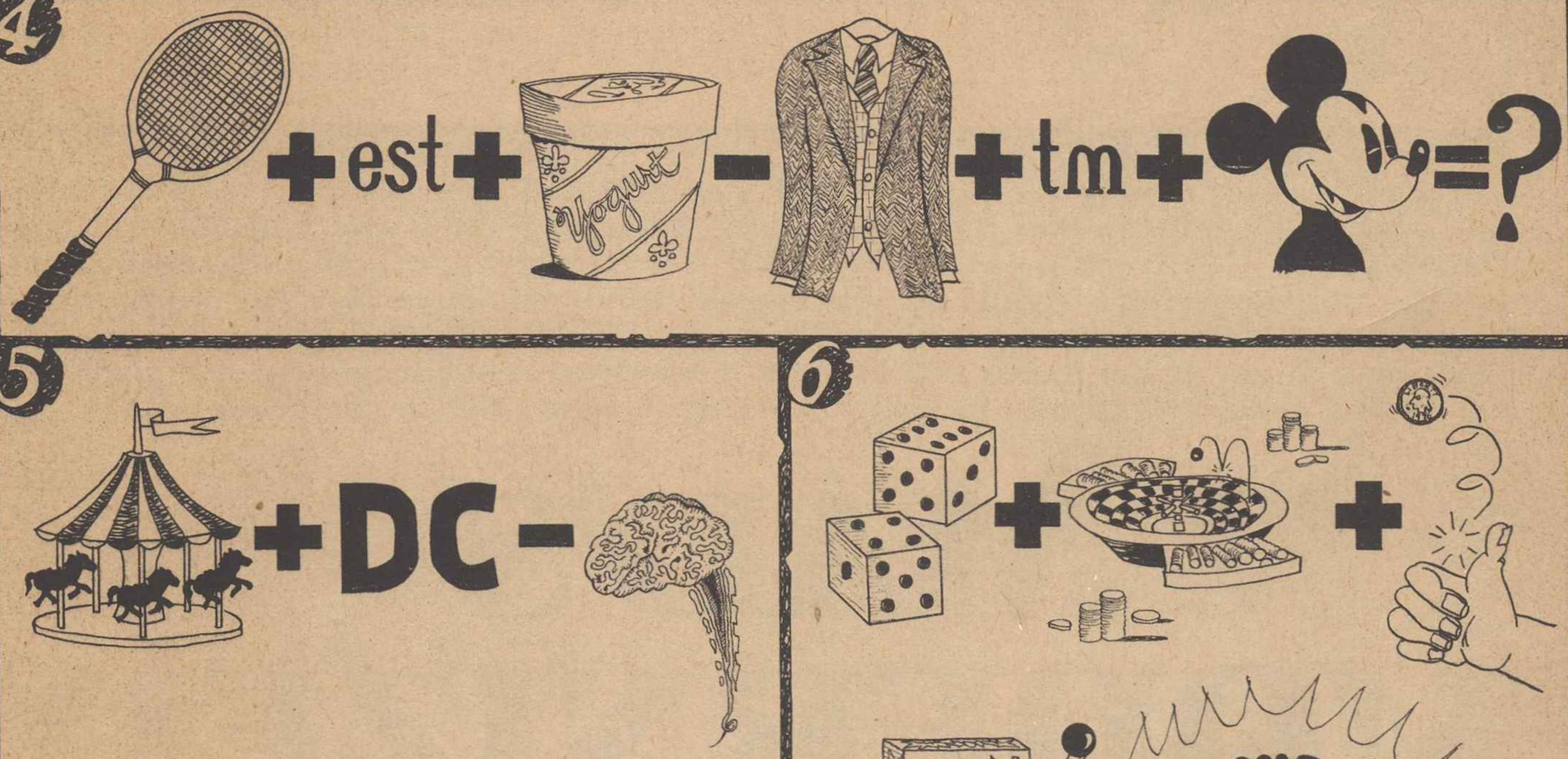
WRITER & ARTIST: HENRY CLARK



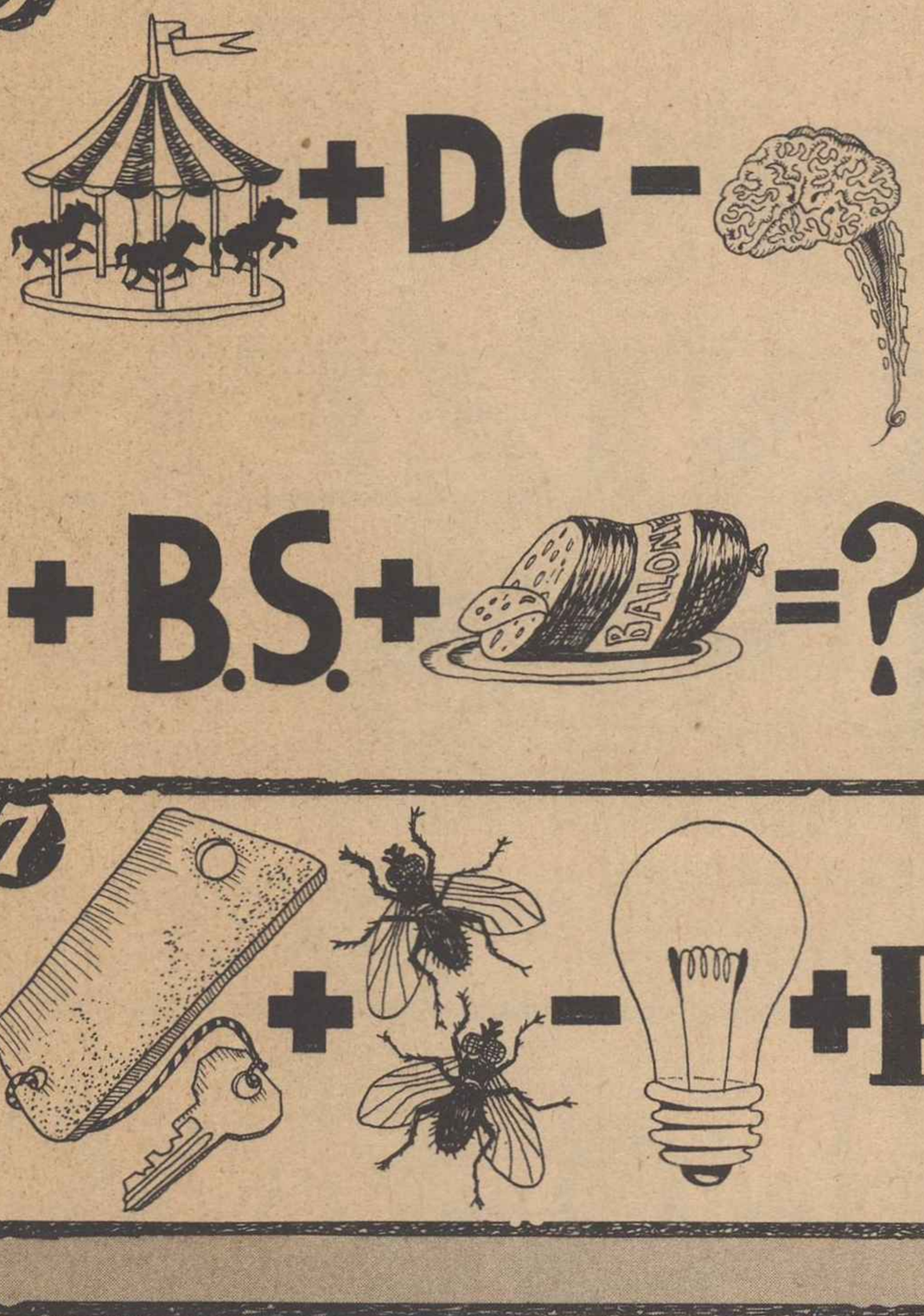
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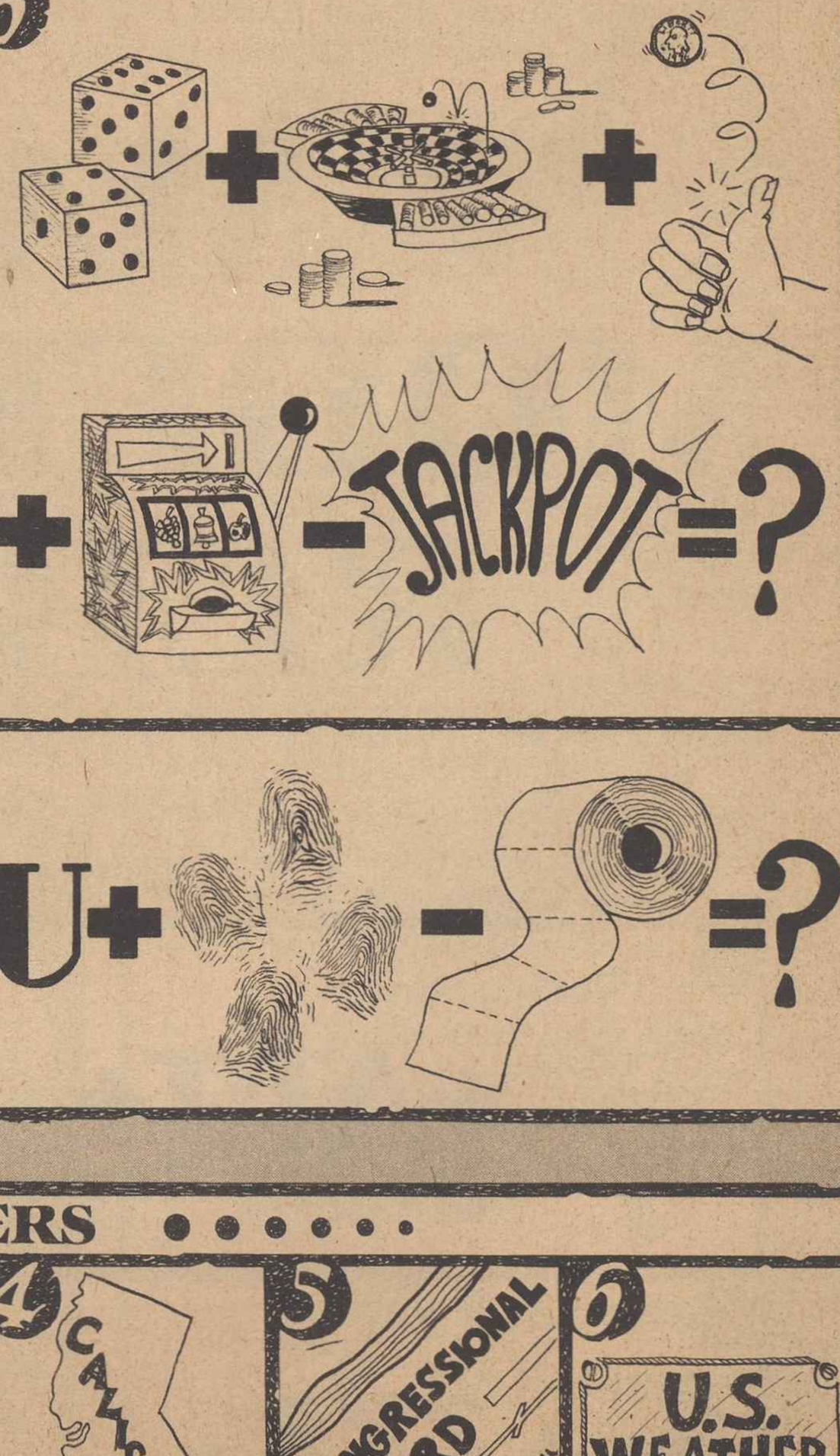
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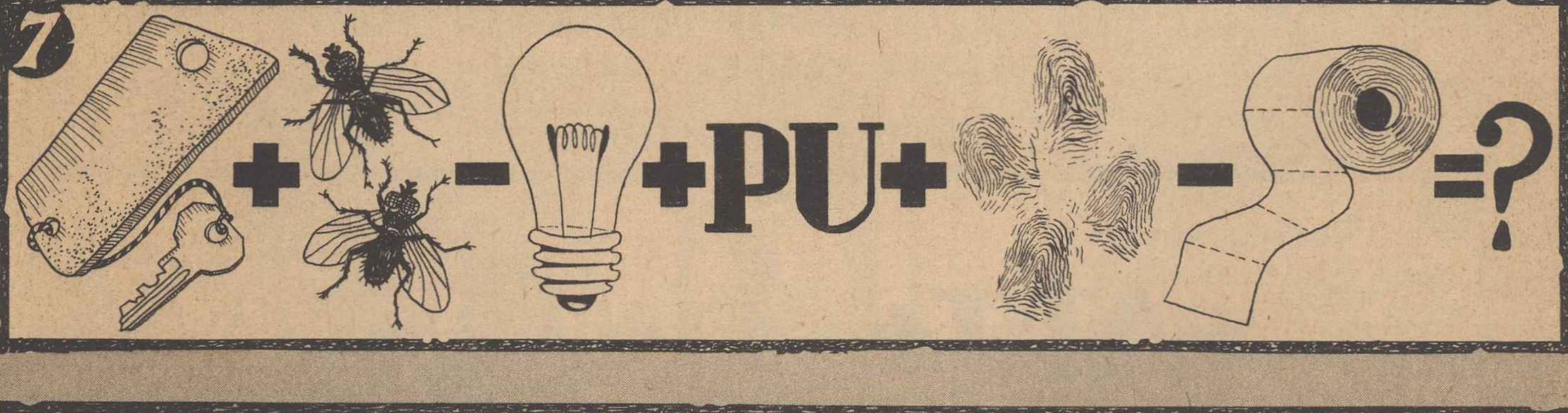
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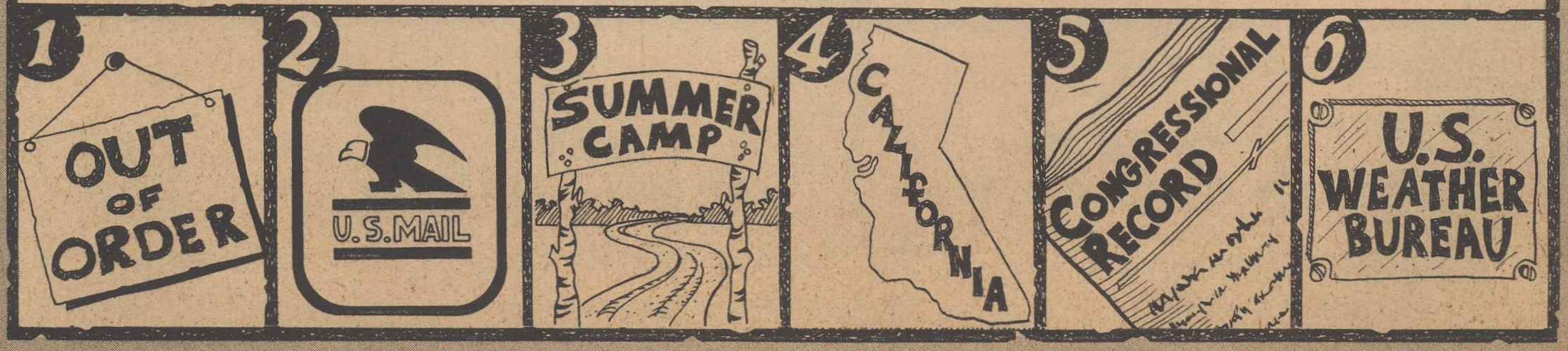
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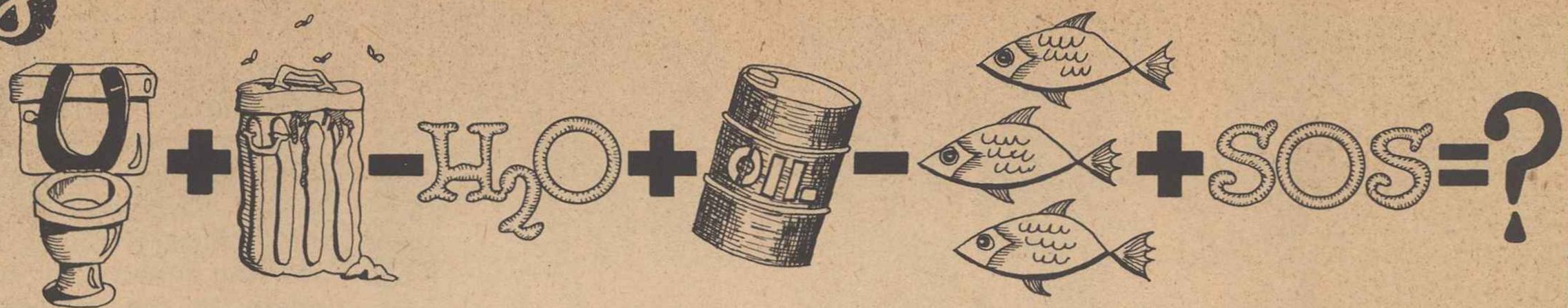
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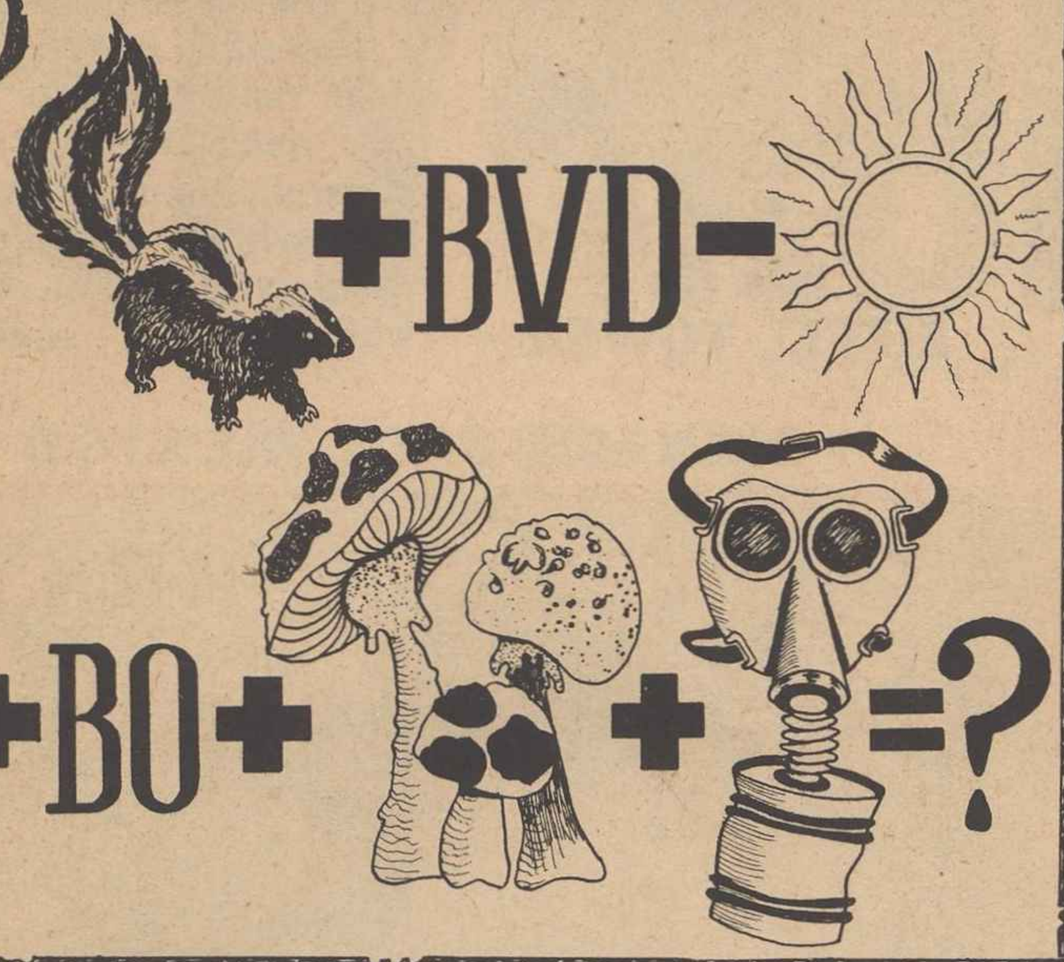
ANSWERS



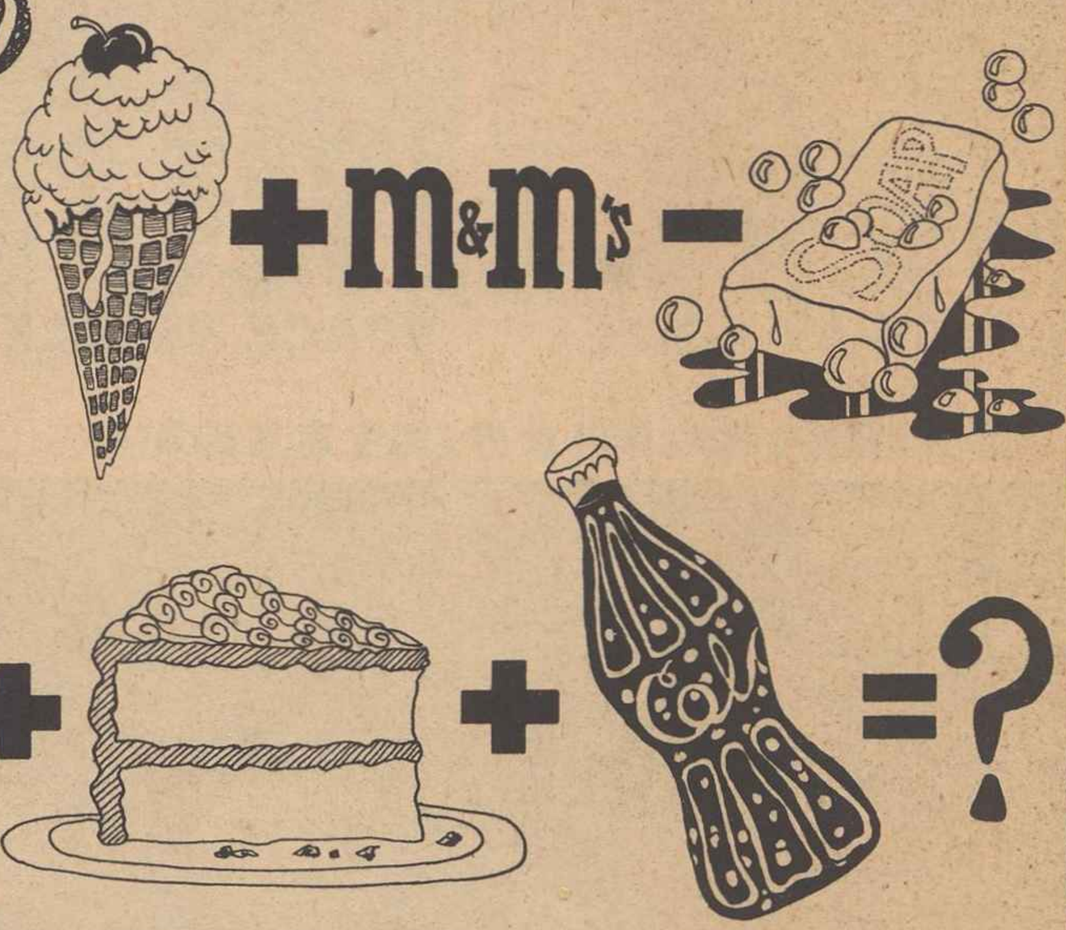
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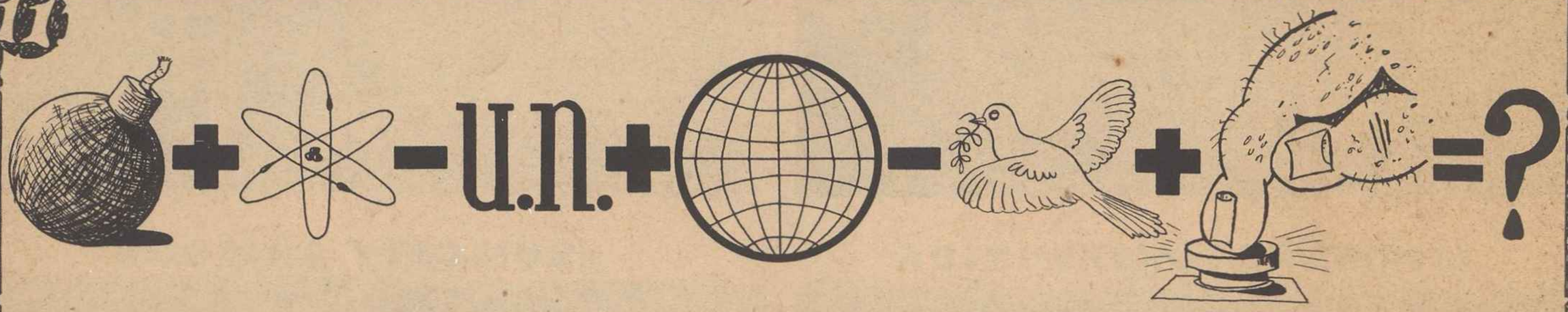
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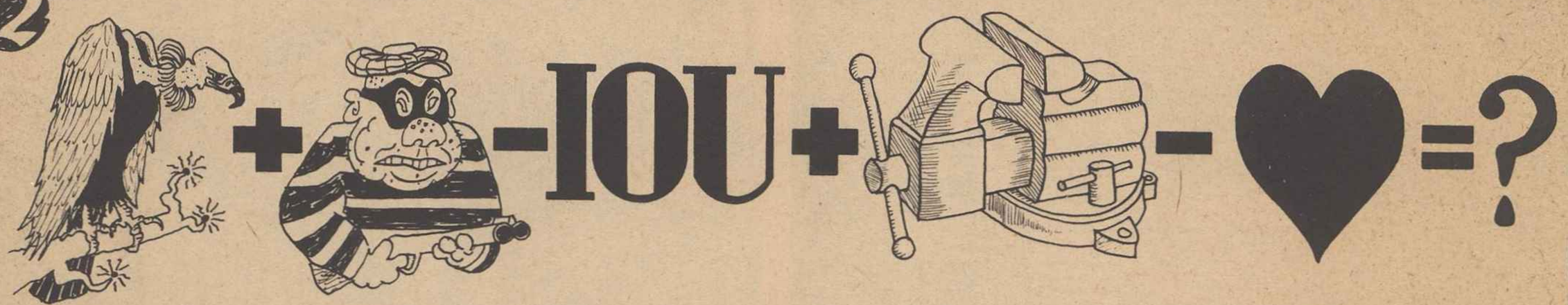
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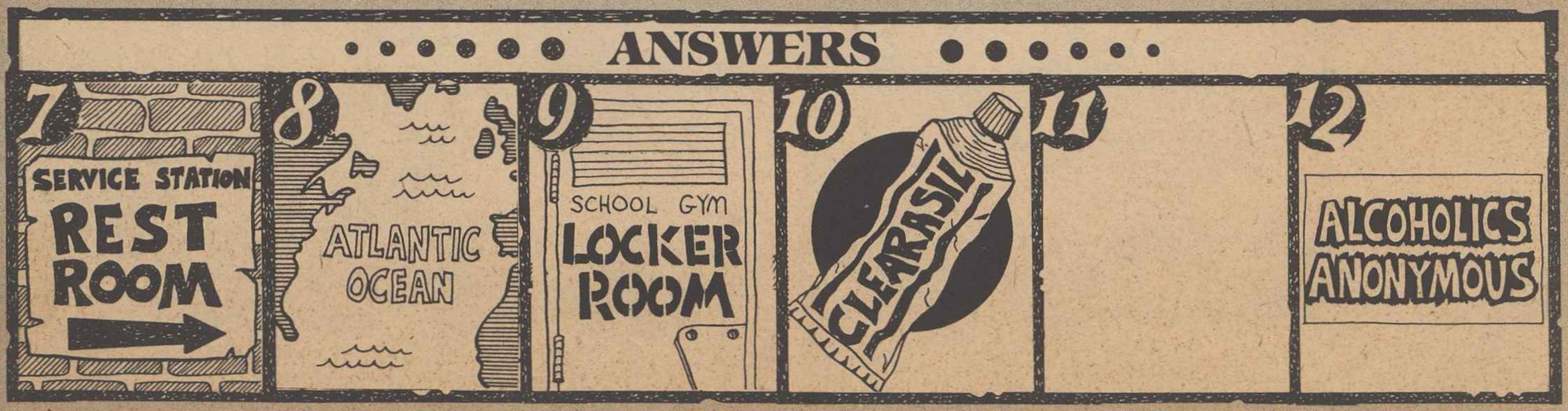
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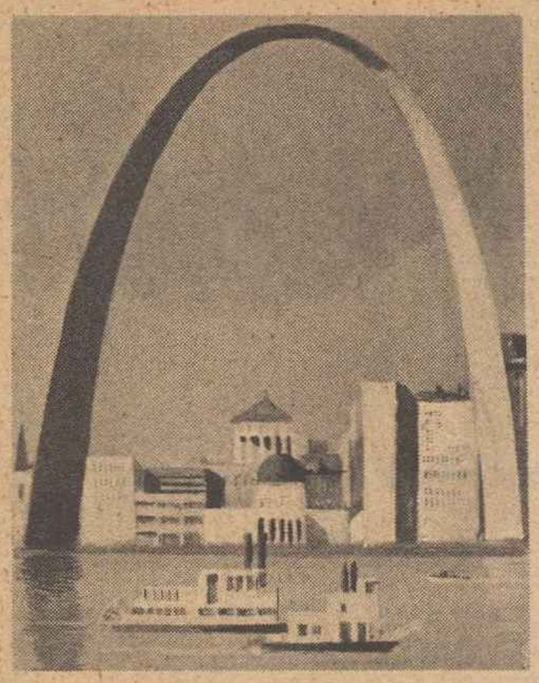
12



ANSWERS



*If you got "NOTHING" as the answer to 11, you were correct!



ST. LOUIS has its GATEWAY ARCH



SEATTLE has its SPACE NEEDLE



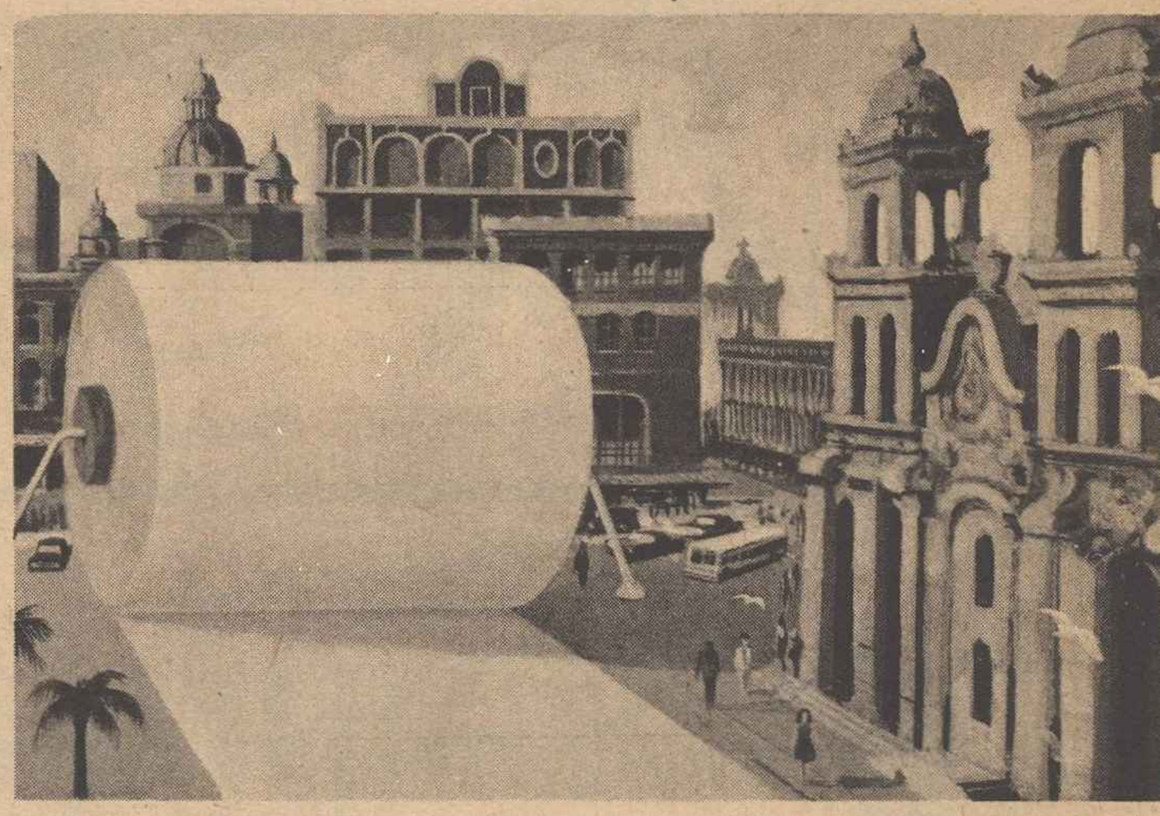
PARIS has its EIFFEL TOWER

Ever notice that cities seem to have a habit of erecting monuments that don't mean a damn thing to anyone. Like what do these big nothings have to do with the life of their cities? How about erecting monuments that relate to the everyday life of the people in a particular community? How can they do that, you ask? Well, if you knew the answer, you'd be writing instead of reading this article which we've entitled:

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA



MEXICO CITY, MEXICO



MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA



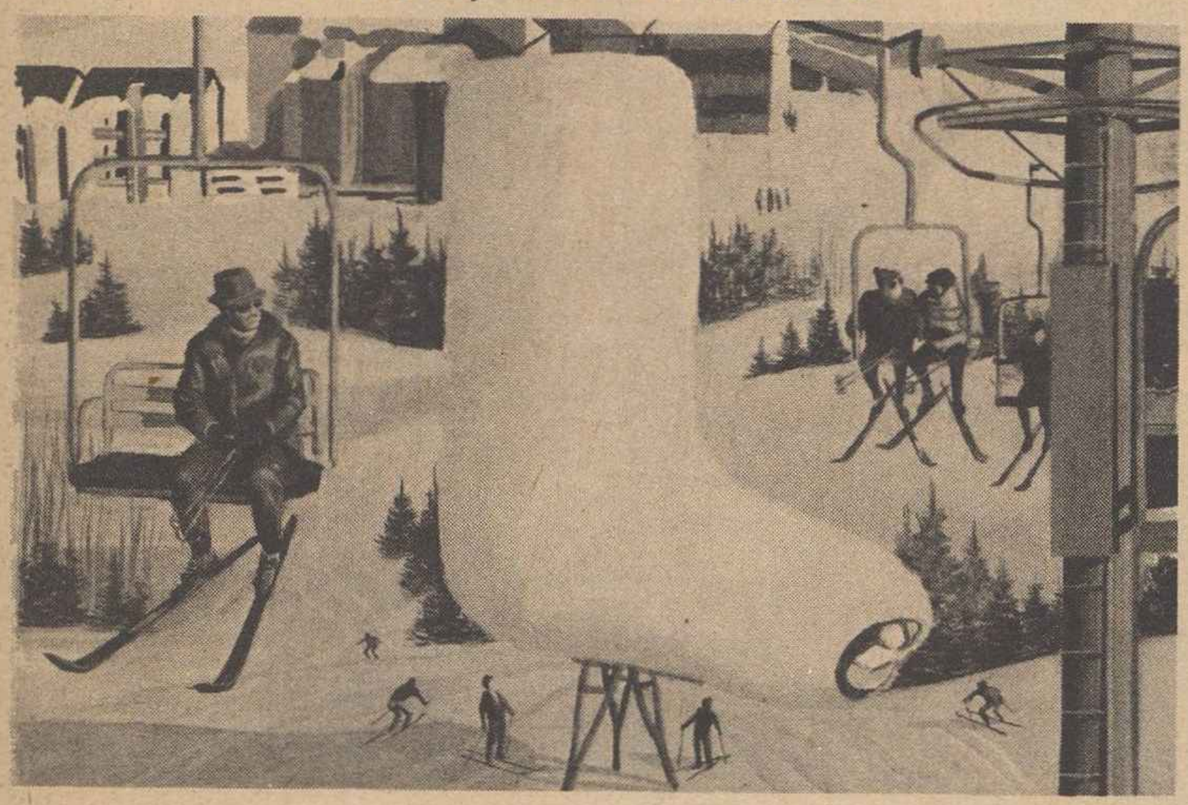
SUN CITY, ARIZONA



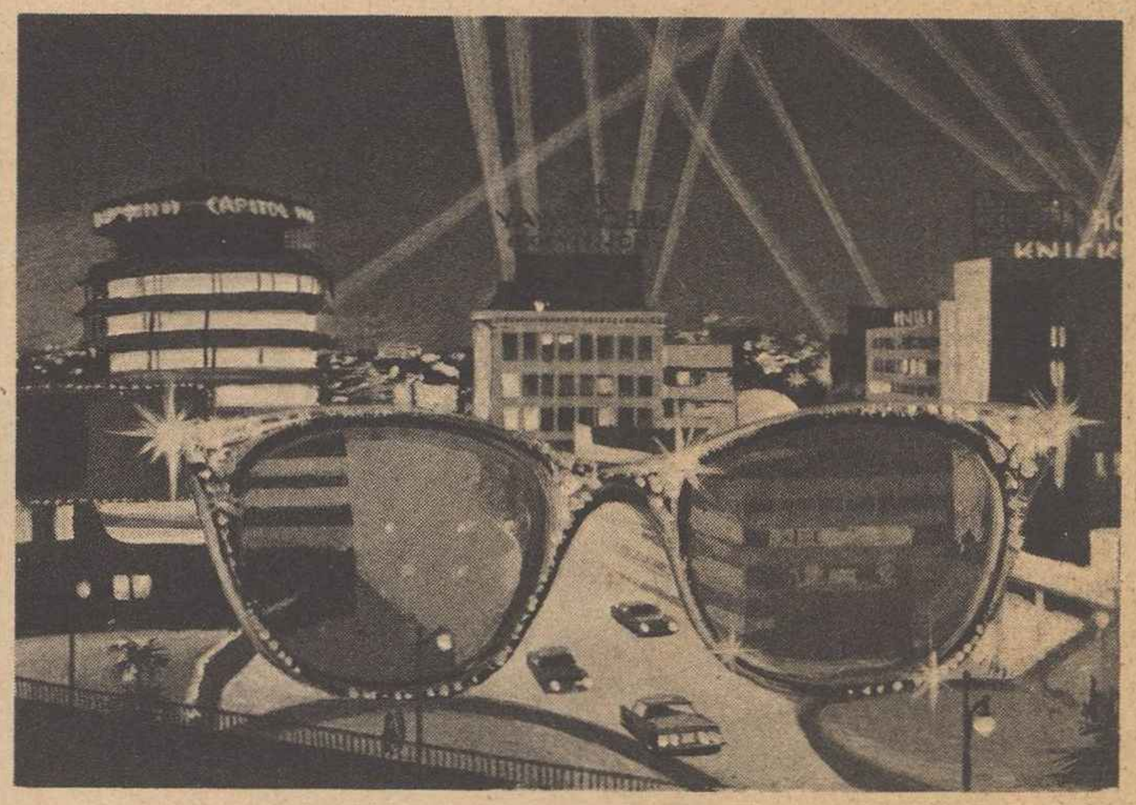
MAD'S MORE REALISTIC CITY MONUMENTS

WRITER: STAN HART ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

VAIL, COLORADO



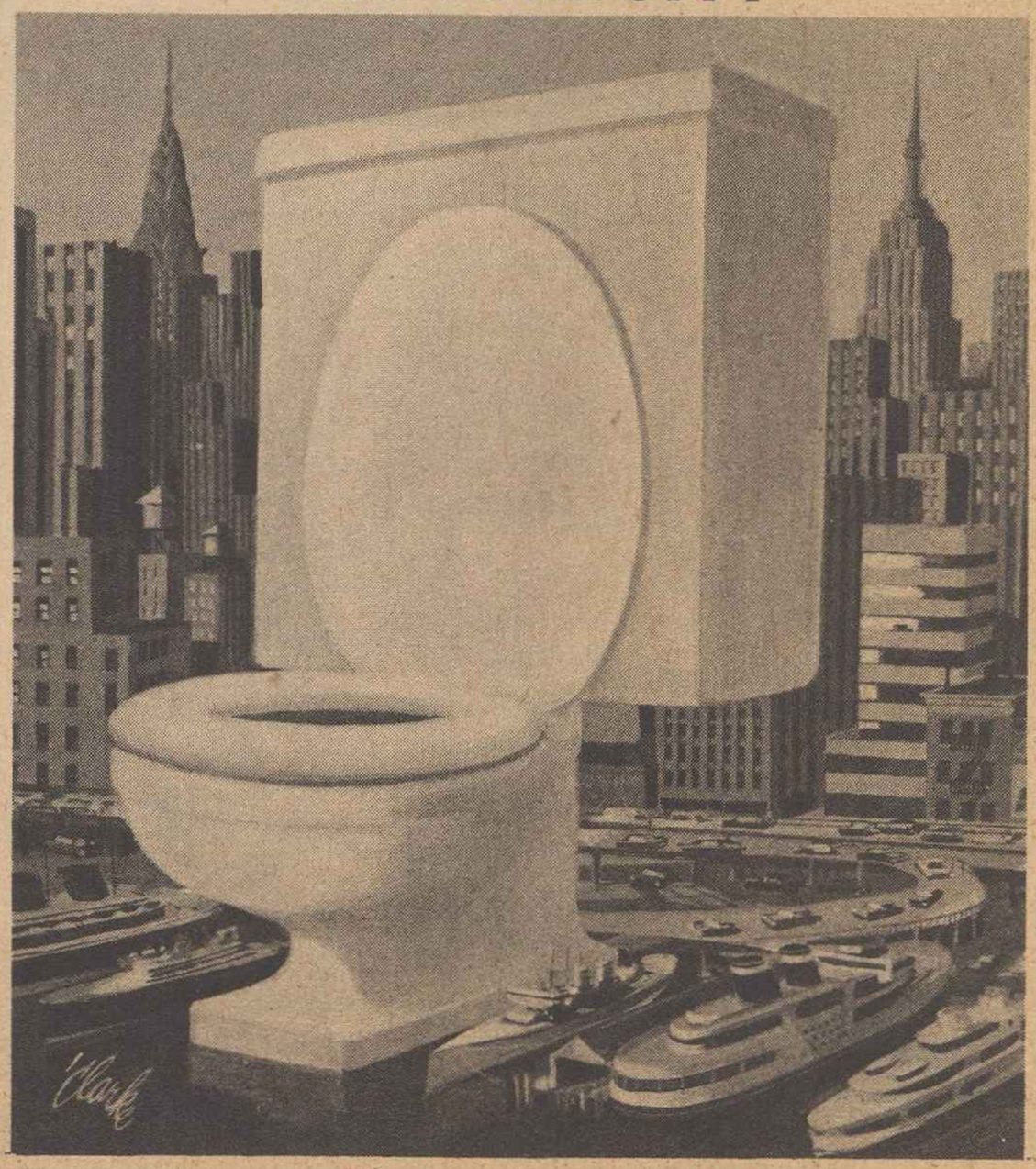
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA



DETROIT, MICHIGAN

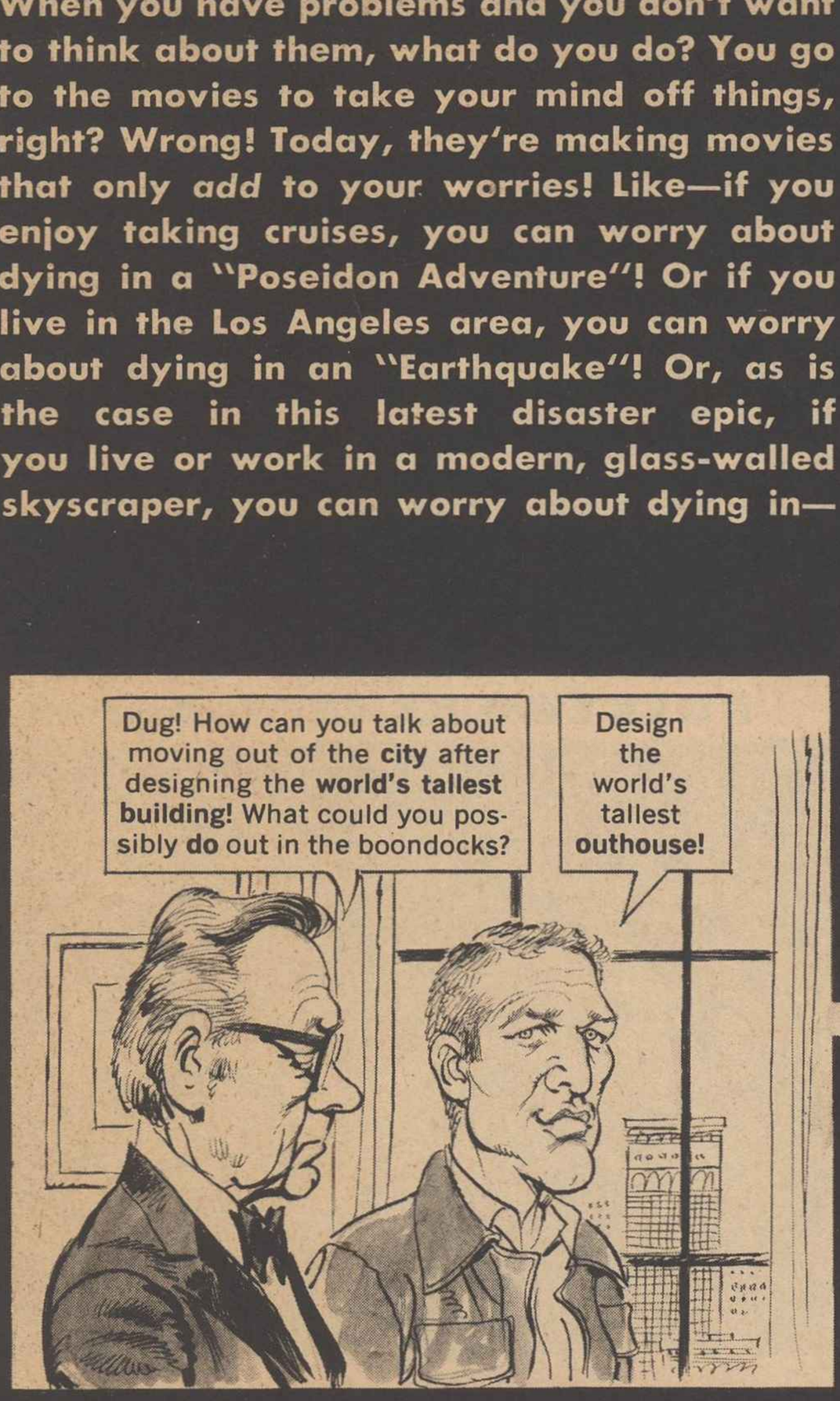


NEW YORK CITY

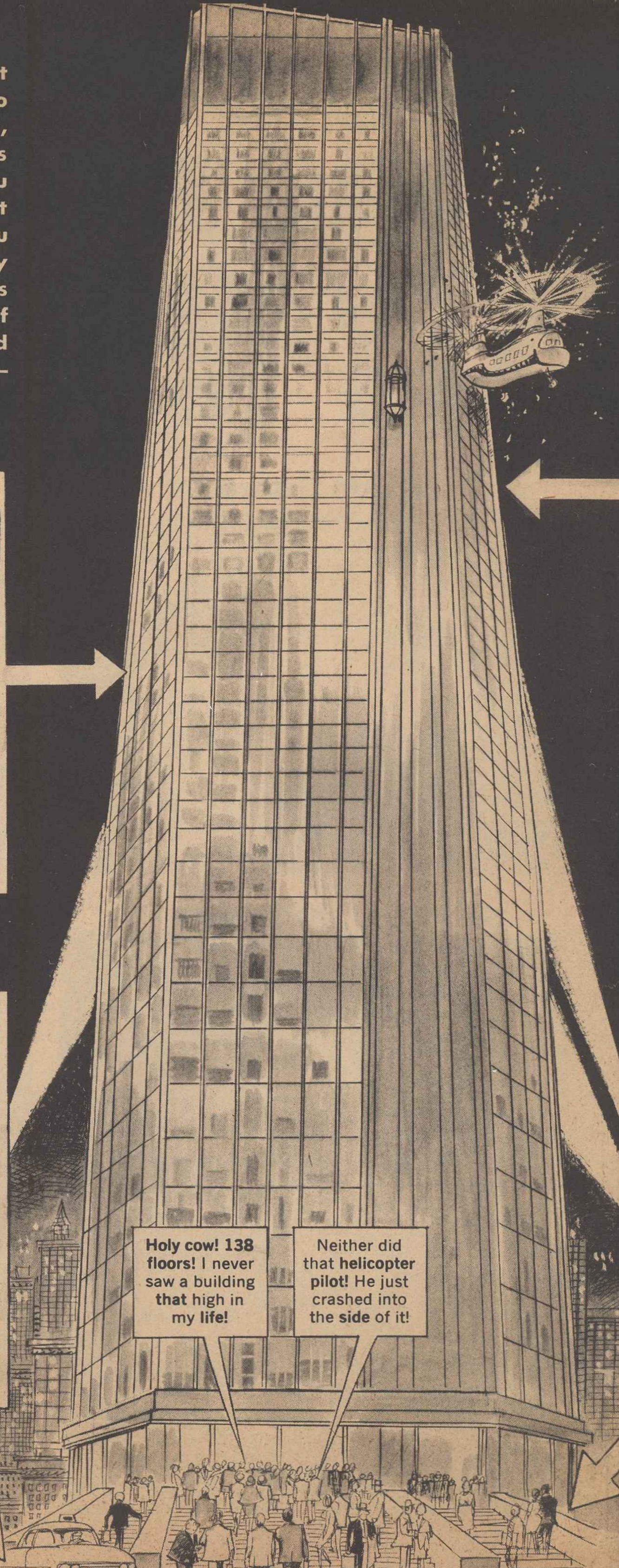


PLOT-BOILER DEPT.

When you have problems and you don't want to think about them, what do you do? You go to the movies to take your mind off things, right? Wrong! Today, they're making movies that only *add* to your worries! Like—if you enjoy taking cruises, you can worry about dying in a "Poseidon Adventure"! Or if you live in the Los Angeles area, you can worry about dying in an "Earthquake"! Or, as is the case in this latest disaster epic, if you live or work in a modern, glass-walled skyscraper, you can worry about dying in—







THE TOWERING STERNO

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Ever see anything as **advanced** as this **Electronic Security System?** If anything goes **wrong** in the building, the computer knows about it **instantly!** It's an **absolutely perfect system!**

Er . . . Uh . . . It's a perfect system . . . with **one minor flaw!**

And when it **knows** something's wrong . . . how does it **tell** us?

Dug, that new **High-Rise** you designed in **Salt Lake City** is starting to **lean!**

Mr. Rivets, that reproduction of **The Leaning Tower of Pisa** that you designed for the new **World's Fair** is starting to **straighten up!**

Mr. Rivets, your **Fiancee's** in your **private office,** and she insists upon you seeing her **immediately!** I think it's an emergency **medical** problem!

What makes you say **that?**

She's **waiting** in **BED!**

Now look what you've done! You—you've caused a **short circuit!** Didn't I tell you not to plug any **heavy duty equipment** into this line?!

Heavy duty equipment . . . ?! All I plugged in was my **electric razor!!**

Your **electric razor . . . AND** your **transistor radio!!** Just how much **overloading** do you think this building can **stand?!?**

This was so **clever** of you to have a **bed** installed in your office . . .

I figured the movie should start off with a **bang!**

By the way, I can't move out into the **sticks** with you! The **magazine** I work for finally gave me what I've **always wanted!**

What? An **Executive Editor** position?

No! A **better "Route"** . . . and a **brand new bicycle!**

MORT DRUCKER

The **wonderful feature** of this building is . . . you can **live** on **one** floor and **work** on **another!**

It sounds **great!** But . . . why is **that** room in **flames?**

Oh, **that!!** *Er*—that's **another** one of the—*uh*—wonderful features of this building! There's a **complete garbage incinerator** on **every floor!**

Wow! You've thought of **everything!!**

Hey, **look** A **red "85"** just started flashing on the **Emergency Panel** . . . and a **dime** just came out of the little slot!

That's the system **working!** It means there's a **fire** on the **85th floor!!**

Yeah, but what's the **DIME** for?!?

What else?!? To call the **FIRE DEPARTMENT!!** Boy, you sure don't understand **sophisticated equipment!**

Hey, Dug . . . we've got a **disaster** on our hands!

No, **that** was the disaster in Irwin Allen's **LAST** picture! The disaster in **this** picture is a **FIRE!!**

Let me guess! The building just turned **upside down!**

Could've fooled **me!** I thought the disaster in **THIS** picture was the **CORNY DIALOGUE!**

I **must** ask **Dodger Summons** if he made any **changes** in my **specifications!** And . . . to **remind** me, I'll tie this piece of **string** around my **finger!**

String?!? That's the **"heavy duty" electric cable** Dodger used throughout this building!

Did **you** mess around with my **original specifications** for the **wiring** in the Tower?

Dug . . . I did everything by the **book!**

What book?

This book!

HOW TO WIRE YOUR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS SAFELY

This **Opening Celebration** is going to be the **biggest** party **ever!** Boy, are we gonna have a **hot time** up there tonight!

It **may** turn out to be a **hotter** time than you've **planned!** The **building** is **on fire . . . !**

Oh, well! I guess we'll just have to **postpone** it!

Gee! And I thought you'd be **upset** about having to cancel the party!

Hey, **who's** talking about **cancelling the PARTY?!** We're just going to have to **postpone the FIRE!!**

Everybody's been **asking** for you, Dug! How come you're not at the **party?!?**

Because we have a **FIRE** on our hands! The **85th floor** is **aflame!**

You're **over-reacting,** Dug! Or **over-acting,** at the very **least!**

You mean you've got that much **confidence** in this building that you're willing to **remain upstairs** while a **fire** rages **below?!?**

Who's upstairs? I'm calling from a **phone booth** down the **block!!**

What building's on fire?

The Glassy Tower! It's on the **85th floor!** Gee, I never **fought** a fire in a **modern skyscraper building** before! What's the **first** thing we **do?**

We **wait** till the fire burns down to the **5th floor** . . . so we can **reach it** with our **hoses!**

Hi! I'm the **Architect!** Can I give you any **vital information?**

Does the building have a **Sprinkler System . . . ?**

Of course! And we expect to **connect it up** with the **water** supply **next week!**

How about **Fire Exits?**

Two on every floor! But they're—*uh*—**locked!** We should have **keys** for them on **Wednesday!**

Ventilating System . . . ?

Definitely On **every floor** . . . in **packing crates** . . . waiting to be **installed!!**

Just **WHAT** safety precautions **DOES** this 138-story glass death-trap **HAVE** at this moment?!?

Well . . . we've installed **"NO SMOKING" signs** in each and every **elevator!**

Dodger, did you **change** any of Dug Rivets' **original electrical specifications?**

Sure I did! When you **ordered me** to shave **4 million dollars** off the **budget** for the building, did you ever ask me **HOW** I did it? Did you ever wonder **WHY** our monthly electric bill for all 138 stories is only $6.00?

Well, I'll **TELL** you! This entire building is **plugged into the lamppost** on the **corner!**

Do you think anyone **suspects** we're having an **affair?**

Nahh! As far as everyone is concerned, you're just my **secretary** working from **9** to **5!**

Yes . . . but working from 9 at **night** to 5 in the **morning** might arouse **SOME** suspicion!

Did you leave a **cigar** burning?

I don't **think** so, especially since I don't **smoke** cigars! I'll go check!

Was I **right?** Did someone leave a **cigar** burning?

No . . . a **cigarette!** A **KING SIZE one!** But, **don't** worry!! I'll call for help!

HELP! HELP!

Wouldn't you get more **response** if you said that into the **PHONE?**

Not with the phone service in **THIS** building! **HELP . . . ! !**

They sure are calling out the **equipment** for this fire! What company are **you** guys with . . . ?

The **122nd Battalion!**

That's a **long way** from **downtown San Francisco,** isn't it?

I'd **say** so! We're based in **New York City!**

Please, folks! **Please!** No **pushing!** No **shoving!** There's room for **eleven people** in that elevator!

But the **sign** says the elevator holds **TWELVE!**

That's **right!** It holds eleven people . . . and **ME!!** So, **please—** no **pushing!!** No **shoving!!**

The **Fire Door** is **jammed shut!** Isn't there supposed to be a **Fire Axe** for **just such an emergency?**

Sure! It's located just on the **other side** of the Fire Door!

C'mon! Help me go through the **building** and arouse all the **Tenants!**

To warn them about the **fire?**

That . . . and also to see if we can collect **next month's rent** in **advance!**

Hey, must you wear that **radio** throughout the entire picture?

I do, if I want to hear some **ENTERTAINMENT!**

We'll be **safe** going down these **Fire Stairs** . . . except that I **DO** think I smell **leaking gas!** I'll light a **match** and see if I can tell where it's **coming** from—

BOOM!

Good work, Mr. Rivets! You sure found that **gas leak!** You may know a lot about **electricity,** but you know **beans** about **gas!**

Okay! We've got to **keep walking down!** And you'll notice that, to **join** me, all you have to **take** is **ONE STEP!** So I suggest you **close your eyes . . .** because that **one step** is now **four stories high!**

Behind this panel is a **shaft** that runs the length of the building! I already **GOT** the shaft **ONCE** . . . when I agreed to **do** this movie!

Now I'm going to get it **again** . . . when I **use it** to climb up to the **party** in the **Marmalade Room . . .**

So while I'm **gone,** Fullip, I want you to act like an **adult!** Do you know what **that** means?

Yeah . . . I should **cry** and **yell** and **scream** and **carry on** a lot!

Gee, but that's **thoughtful!** Here we are, in the middle of a **holocaust . . .** and the kitchen sends up an elevator full of **barbecued beef!**

Man, **that's no barbecued beef!** Unless they've **dressed it** in the **clothes** the people who just went **DOWN** in the elevator were **wearing!**

You— you mean those are members of the **CAST?!?**

Boy, I've heard of being **roasted** by the **Critics** . . . but **this is ridiculous!**

The **elevator's gone!** I'm taking the **Fire Exit!**

My **Agent** said the **same thing,** but I'm **going anyway!**

The Fire Chief said there is **no way out . . . !**

Go ahead! Make an **ASH** of yourself!

FIRE EXIT

You're **back! You couldn't make it . . .** could you!?!

Of **course** I could have! It's just that I felt **guilty leaving** you here!





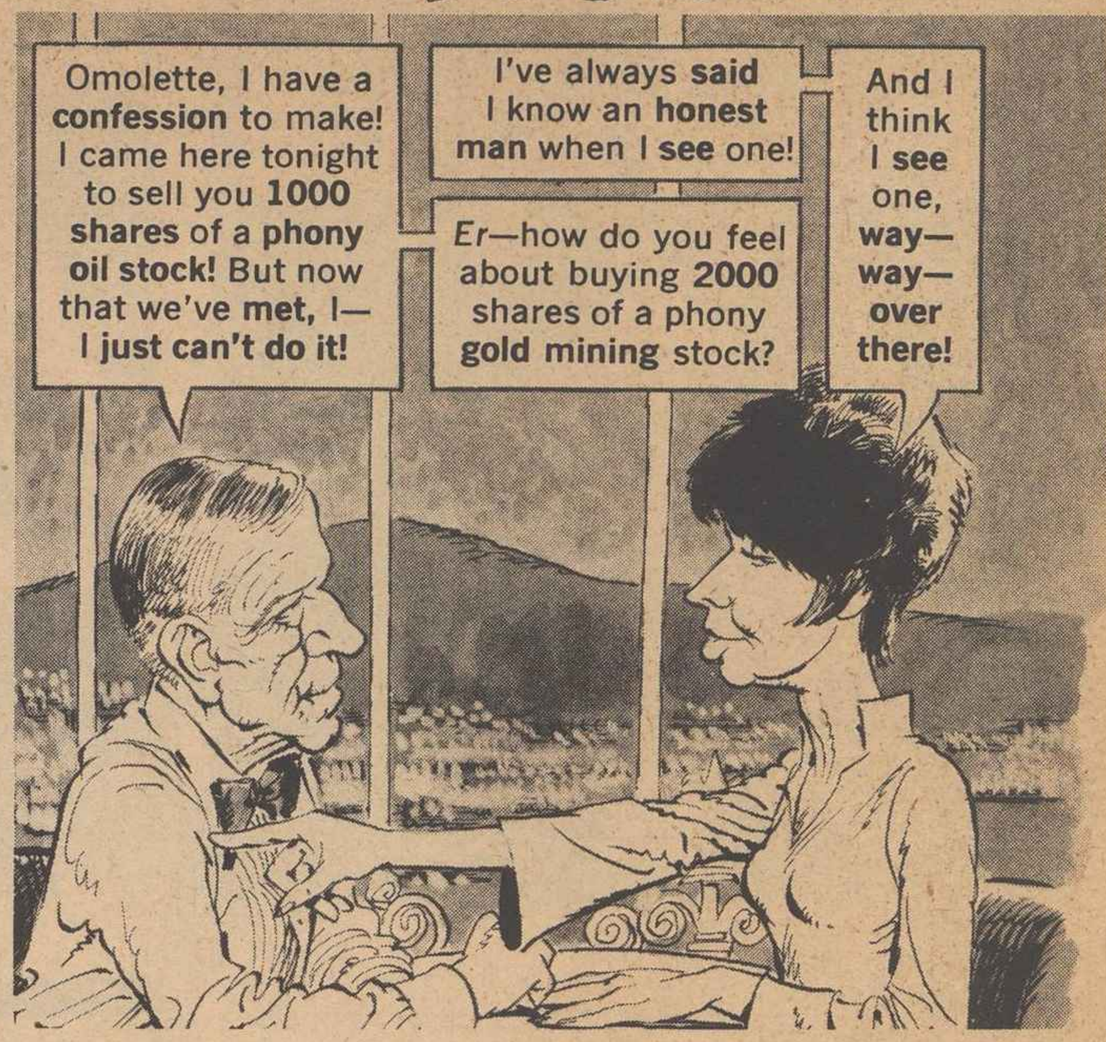


Omolette, I have a **confession** to make! I came here tonight to sell you **1000 shares** of a **phony oil stock!** But now that we've **met,** I— **I just can't do it!**

I've always **said** I know an **honest man** when I **see** one!

Er—how do you feel about buying **2000** shares of a phony **gold mining** stock?

And I think I **see** one, **way—way—over there!**



Look! Helicopters! They're going to **evacuate** you folks from the **roof!!**

It's **five bucks** for each **kid, ten bucks** for each **adult,** and **$18.50** for a **couple!** You . . . *er* . . . **still feel** that way about **American ingenuity!**

Oh, **thank God** for **American ingenuity!**

How's the evacuation from the **roof** going?

Gee! I **thought** the rates were **reasonable!** Do you think we should offer **group discounts?**

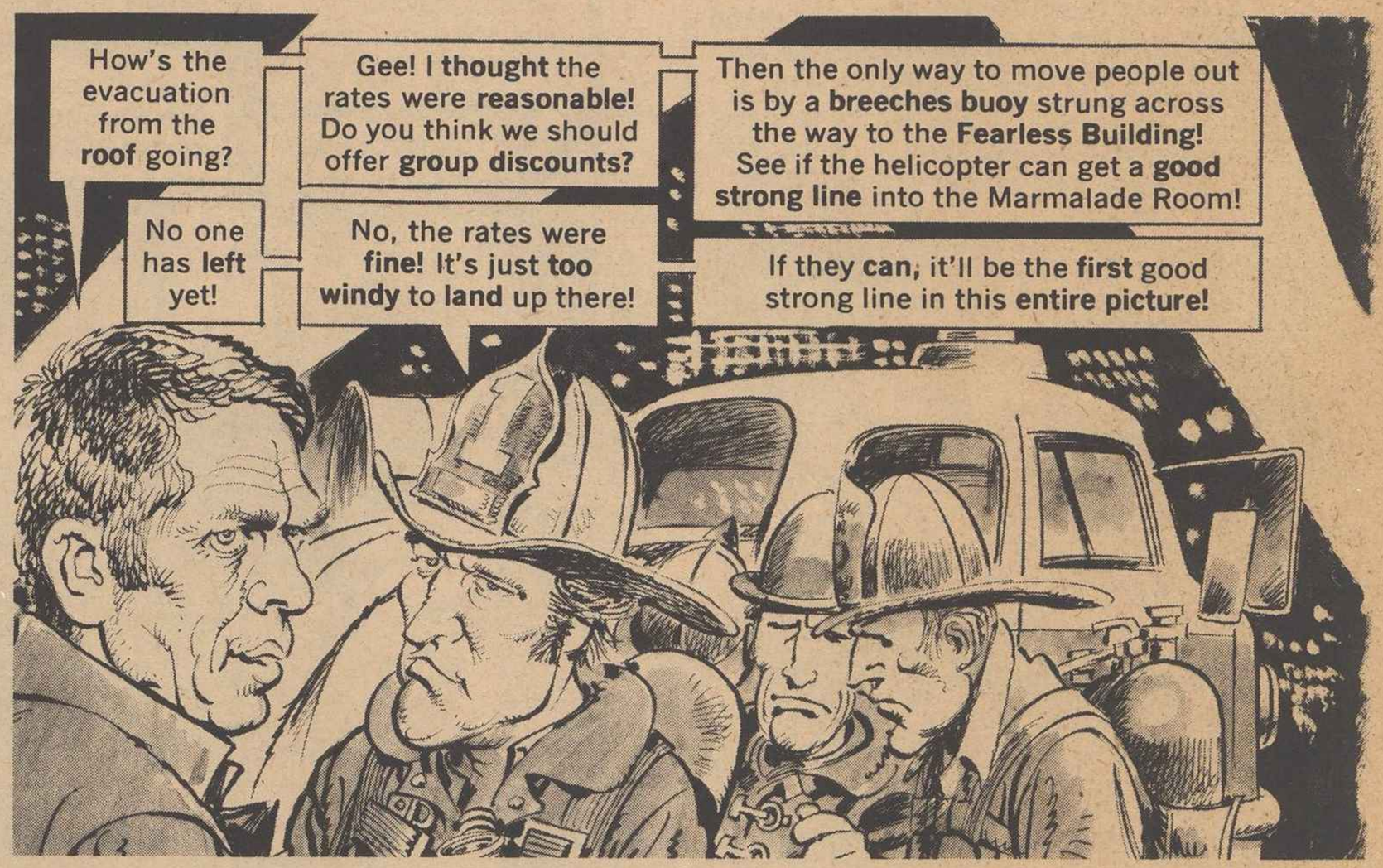
Then the only way to move people out is by a **breeches buoy** strung across the way to the **Fearless Building!** See if the helicopter can get a **good strong line** into the Marmalade Room!

No one has **left** yet!

No, the rates were **fine!** It's just **too windy** to **land** up there!

If they **can,** it'll be the **first** good strong line in this **entire picture!**





I know you're supposed to break a **window** so the helicopter can get a **line** in here, but why are you smashing **ALL** of the windows?

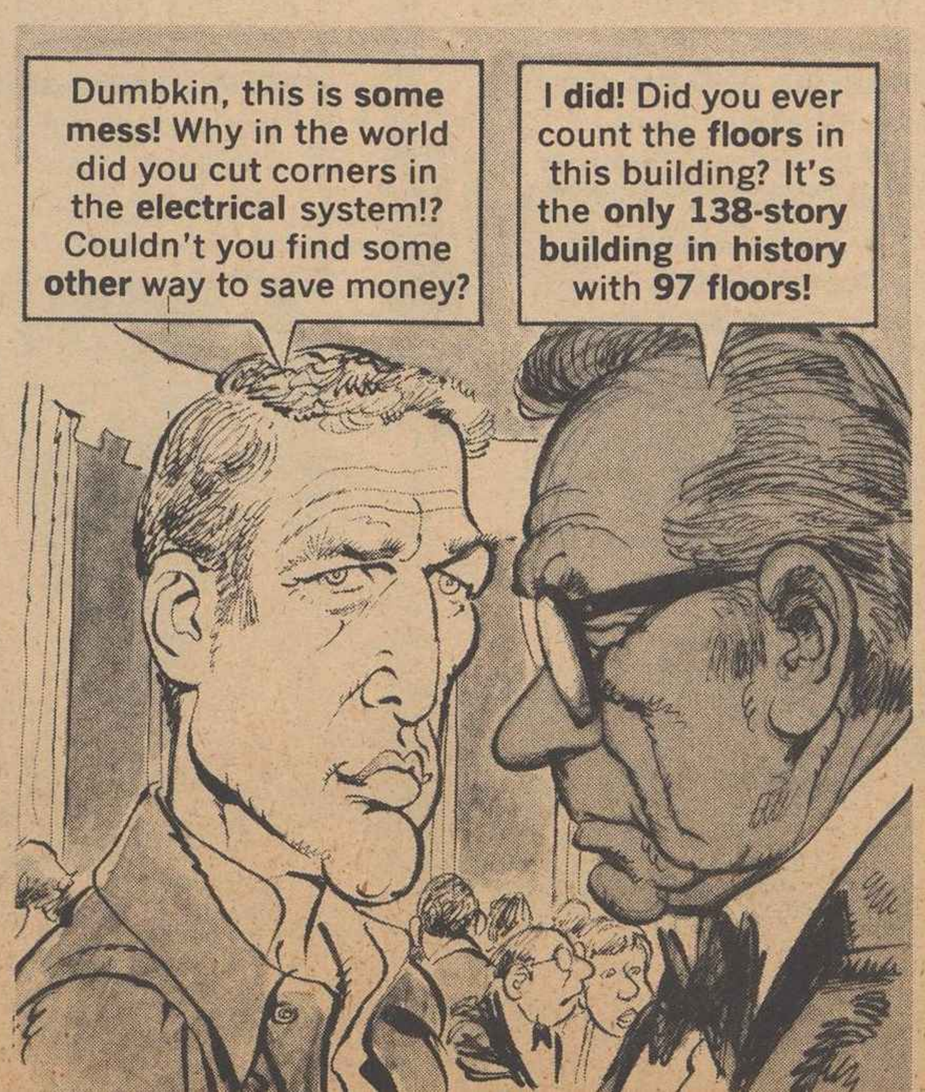
Busting windows is like **eating potato chips,** Lady! Smash **one** —and you gotta smash 'em **all!**

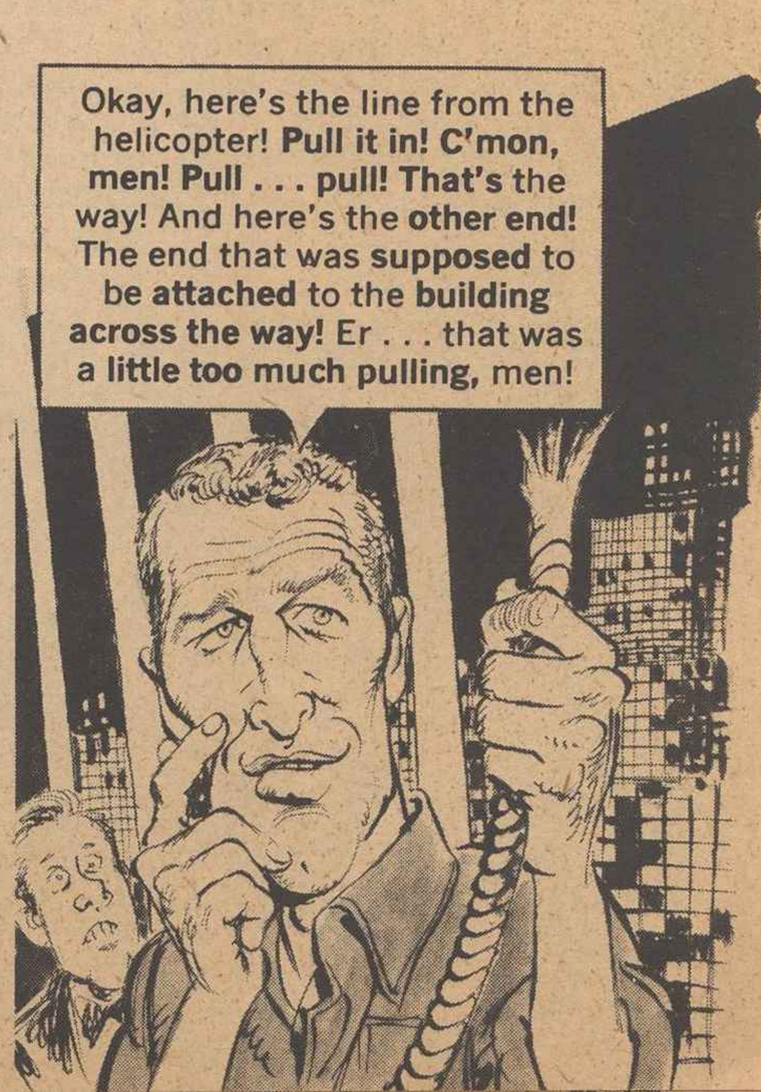
Dumbkin, this is **some mess!** Why in the world did you cut corners in the **electrical** system!? Couldn't you find some **other** way to save money?

I did! Did you ever count the **floors** in this building? It's the **only 138-story building in history** with **97 floors!**

Okay, here's the line from the helicopter! **Pull it in! C'mon, men! Pull . . . pull! That's** the way! And here's the **other end!** The end that was **supposed** to be **attached** to the **building across the way!** Er . . . that was a **little too much pulling,** men!







This is **terrible!** Simply **TERRIBLE!**

Yes . . . ! Are you concerned about your **loved ones?**

No, I'm concerned about my **business!** I'm the Agent who sold the **Fire Insurance Policy** on this building!

Wow! **MORE** Fire-Fighting Equipment!! How far away did **YOU** guys come from?

もと遠い

We never **had** any **Fire Drills!** They **promised** us **Fire Drills,** but we never **had** any!

We just can't **please** you Tenants! Here, we give you a **REAL LIVE FIRE,** and **you** want a **Fire Drill!!**

Listen, I just figured out a way to get **twelve people** down by using the **Scenic Elevator!**

You mean by **releasing** the **mechanical brakes?**

Gee, that's even **better** than **MY** idea! I was going to **cut the cable!**

I want **11 civilians** on this elevator . . . plus someone who's an **expert** on **fires!**

Okay, **I'LL** go!!

You?!? You're an **expert** on **fires?!?**

I was responsible for starting **this** one, **wasn't** I?!?

Okay! The **other** end of this rope is connected to the **building** across the **street!** What should we tie **this** end to?

How about the **Script Writer's Neck?**

Chopper One . . . this is O'Hollerin! The **Scenic Elevator** was **blown off its track** and **Omolette** fell to her **death!**

That's **awful!** The **rest** of the Cast must be **really green with envy!**

I want you to **pick me up,** and put me down on **top** of the **Scenic Elevator!** I'll attach a **cable** to it, and then you'll pick up **me AND the elevator** and set us all safely down on the **ground!** Can you **do** that, **Chopper One?**

Sure, And then we'll all visit the **Fairy Princess** together!!

I'm looking for a **crippled 747** that's **off its course . . . !**

I'm looking for a **crippled Scenic Elevator** that's off it's course . . . !

Wow! And I thought **OUR plot** was **far-fetched!**

Don't we have **ENOUGH** problems?! Who the hell pushed the **"UP" button?**

Will you tell me **why** we're **here . . .** placing **explosives** on these **tanks?**

There are **two million gallons of water** in these tanks! We're going to **blow them up,** so the water will **pour down through the building** and **put out** this **blasted fire!**

Sure! And **while** all that water is pouring down through the building, putting out the fire, it's **also** going to **DROWN** everyone!!

Sorry about that! It's **my** job to **put out fires** and **save people** from **burning to death!** If you want to save people from **drowning,** call in the **Coast Guard!**

BLAM!

BOOM!

CHOOM!

Here comes the **water!**

The **fire** is **OUT!** The **fire** is **OUT!!**

Big deal!! I can't swim!!

And **I'm** being washed out of the **windo-o-o . . .**

And **I've** got a **ten-ton BEAM** on my stomach!

We were **better off** with the **FIRE!**

It's a **miracle . . . a miracle!**

That we're **all still alive?**

No, that we're **all down here on the street** when, **twenty minutes ago,** there wasn't an **elevator working** or a **stairway standing!** I sure wish I knew how we **did** it!

You guys will keep making these fire-traps **higher** and **higher,** and I'll keep eating **smoke** until somebody asks **ME** how to build them **RIGHT!**

Okay, **I'M asking!** My new building has a **seven million dollar budget** for **Fire Safety Equipment** . . . and **every** dollar you **save,** you can **keep!**

Well, **first** of all, **why** do we need **Fire Axes** and **Sprinklers** on **every floor!** Every **OTHER** floor is **plenty!** So what if you have to **walk up** a few steps!? And also . . .

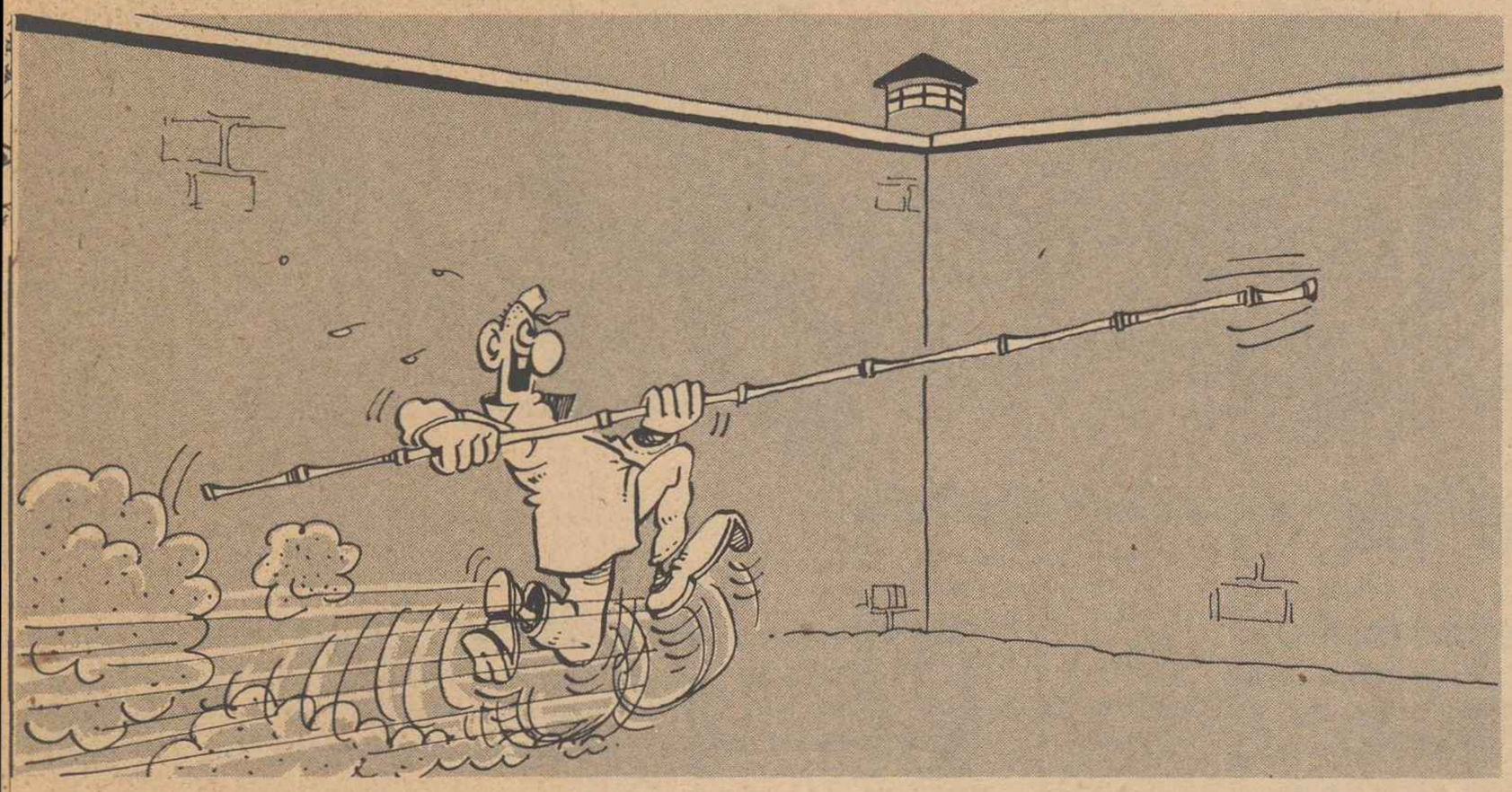
All we can do is pray to God that we can **stop** this kind of terrible thing from **ever happening again!**

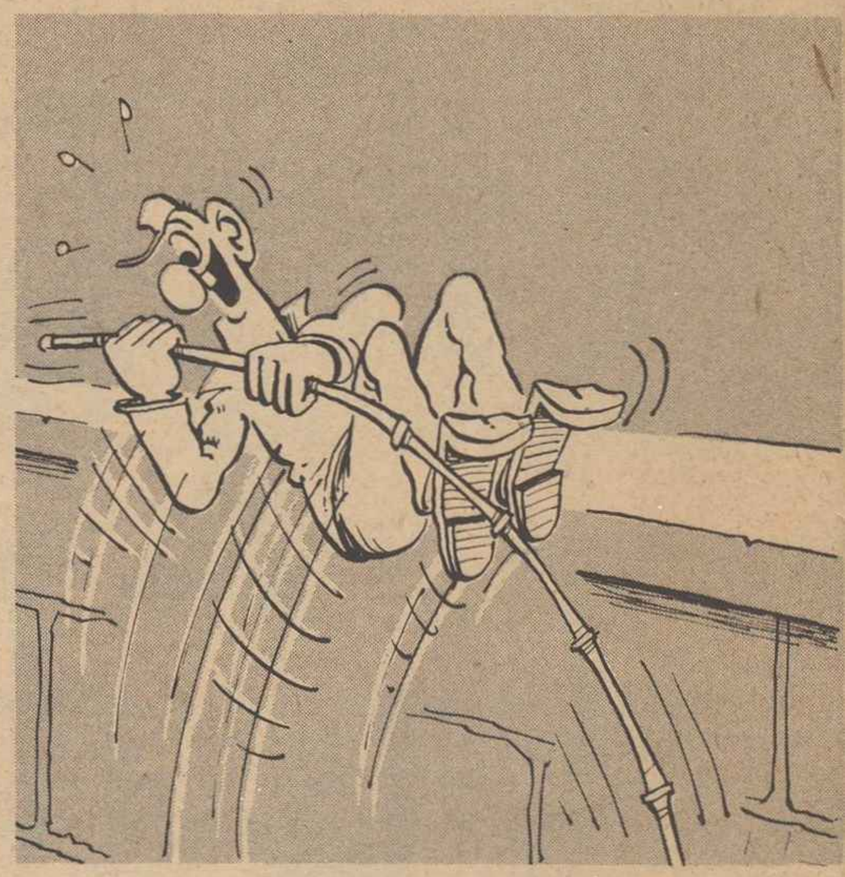
You mean **another fire** like this??

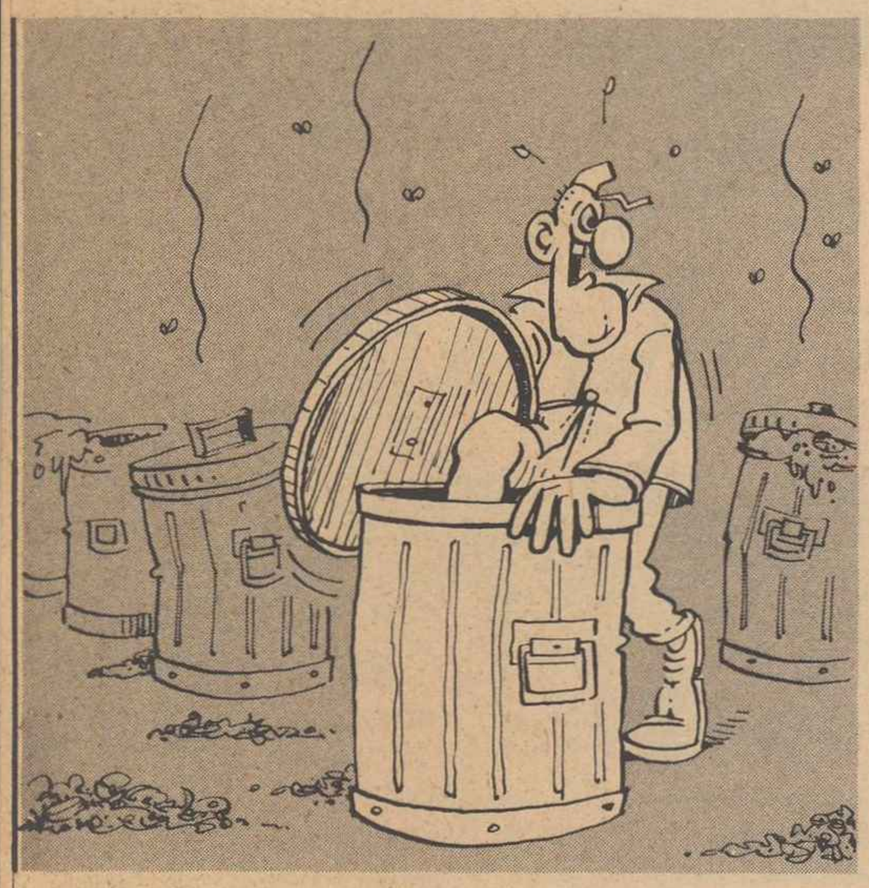
No, **another MOVIE** like this! How **many** disasters can we **take?**

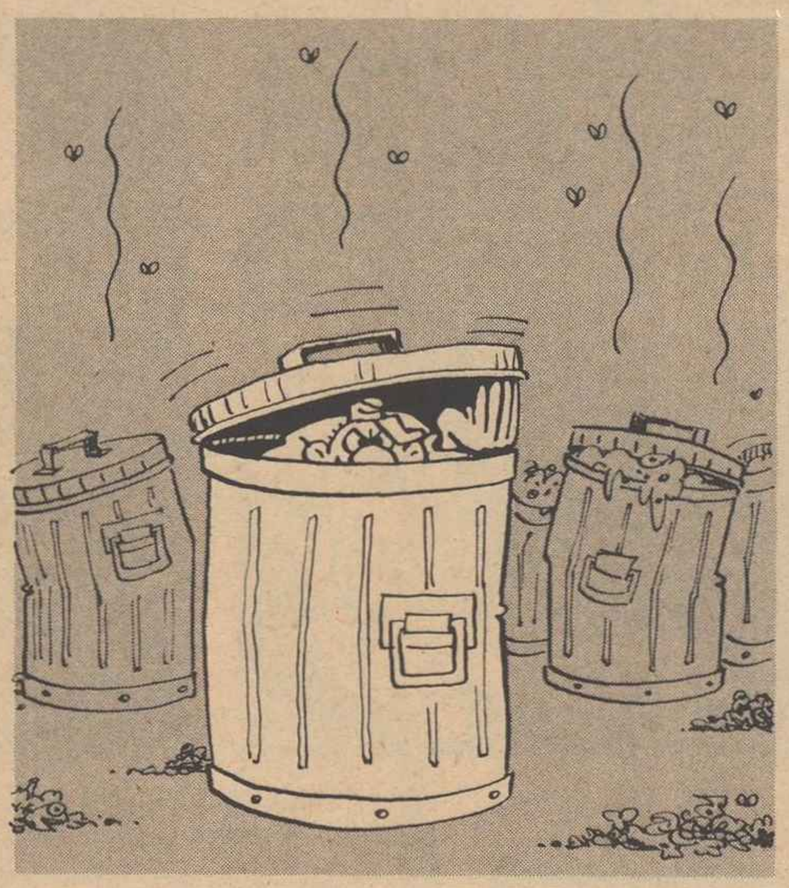
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

DON MARTIN

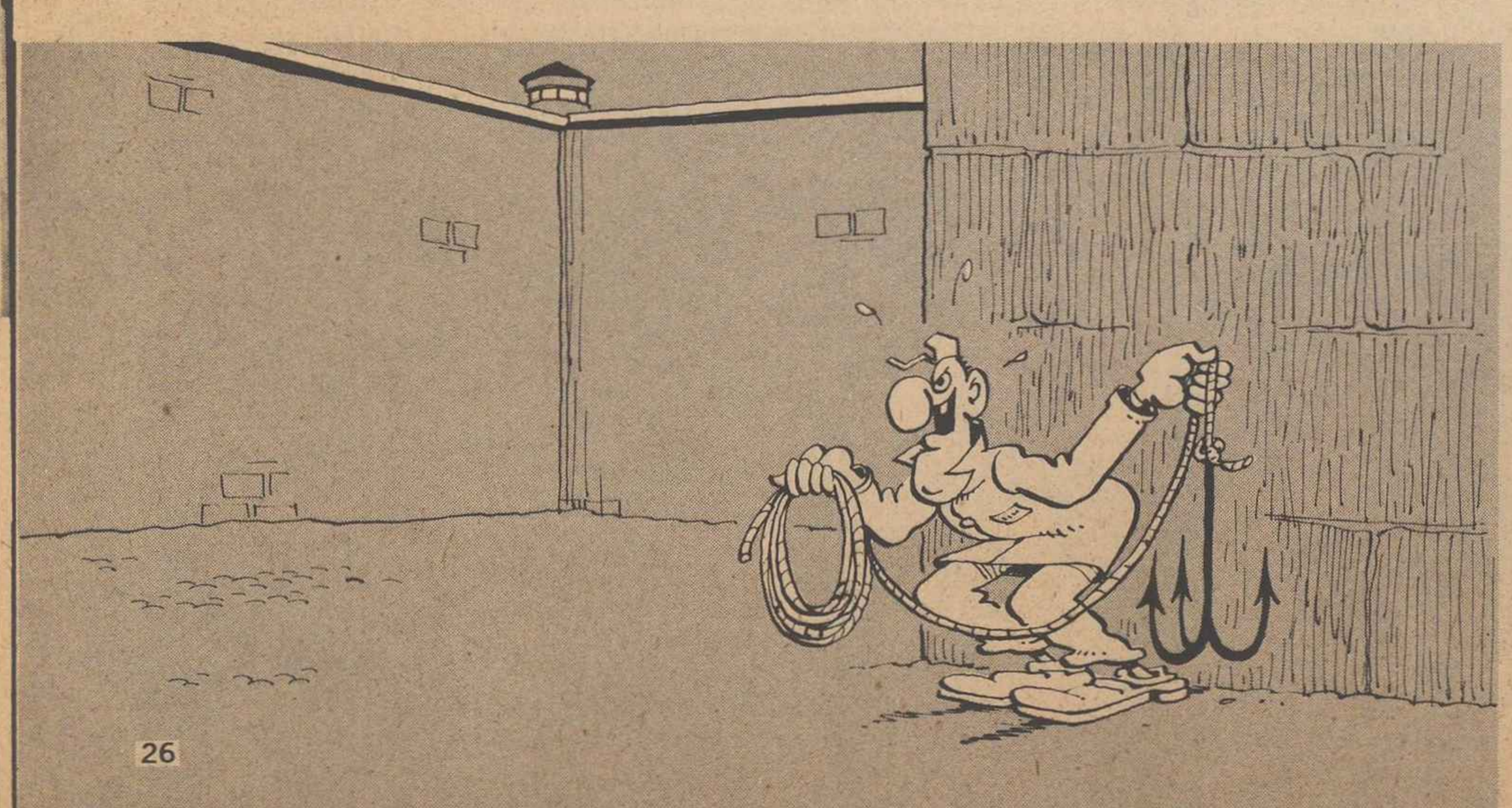


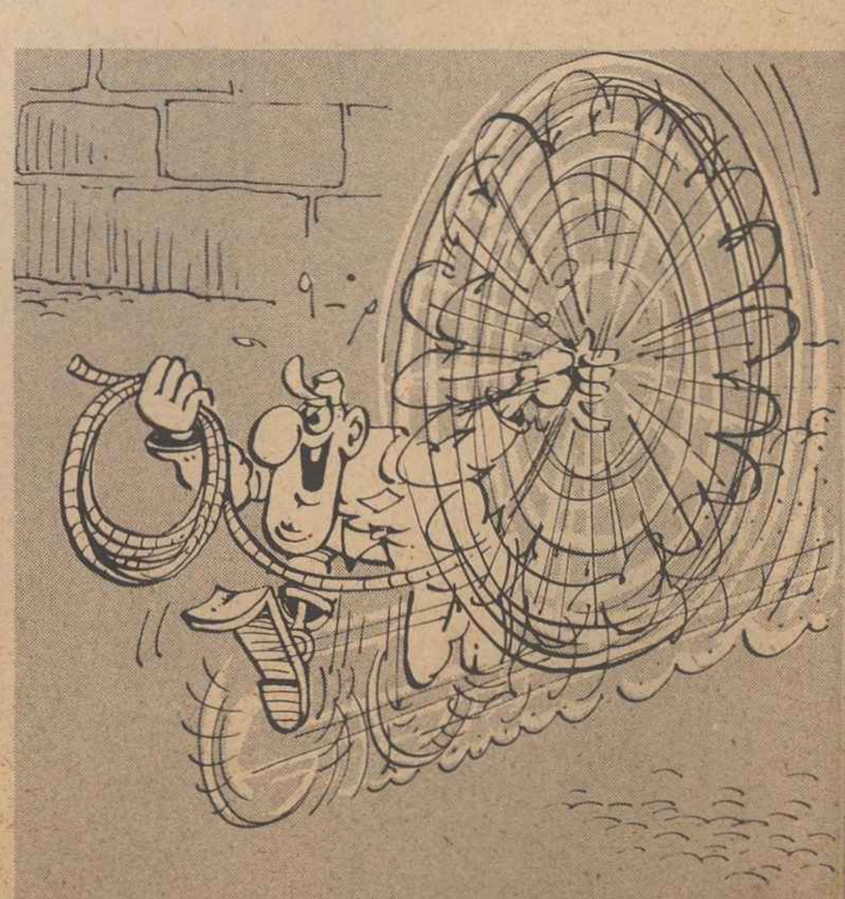




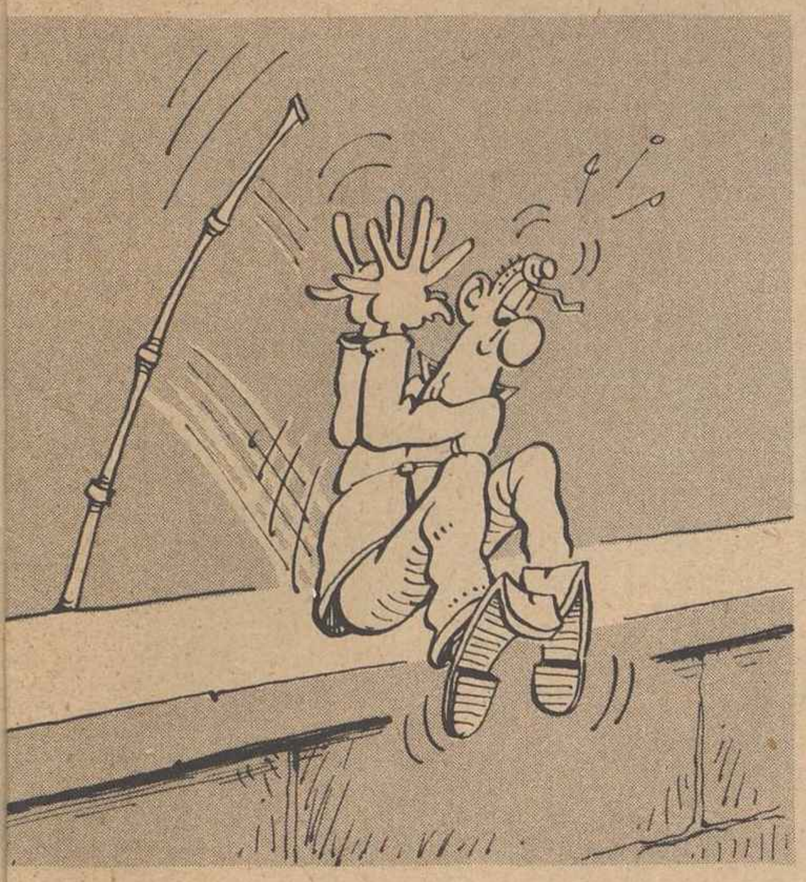


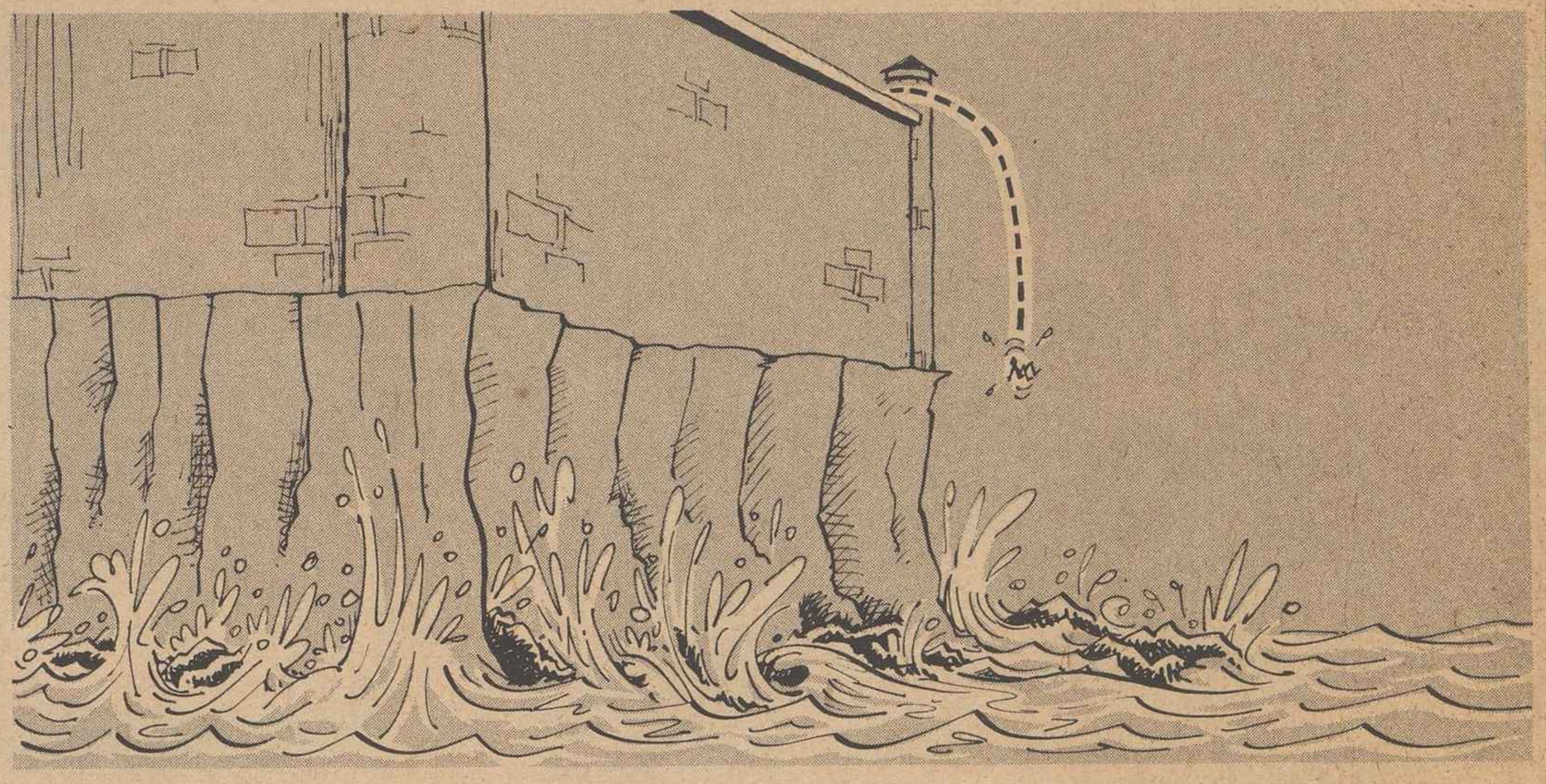


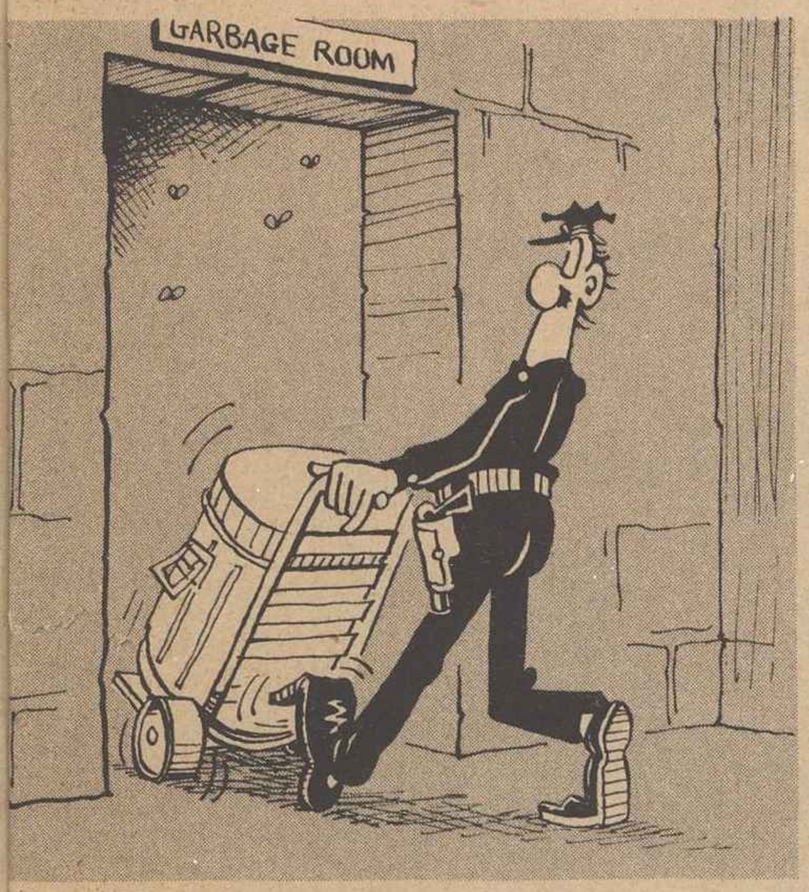


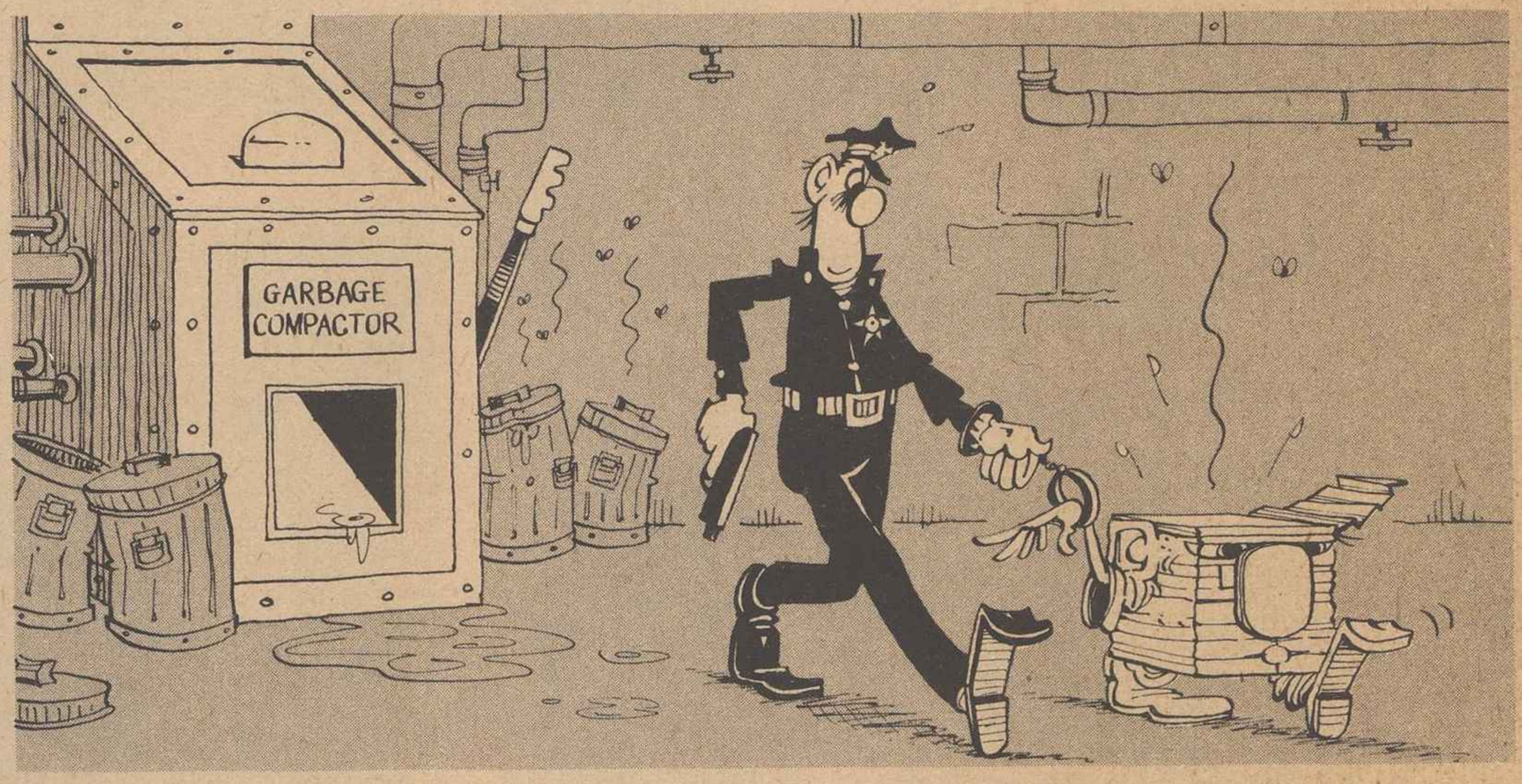


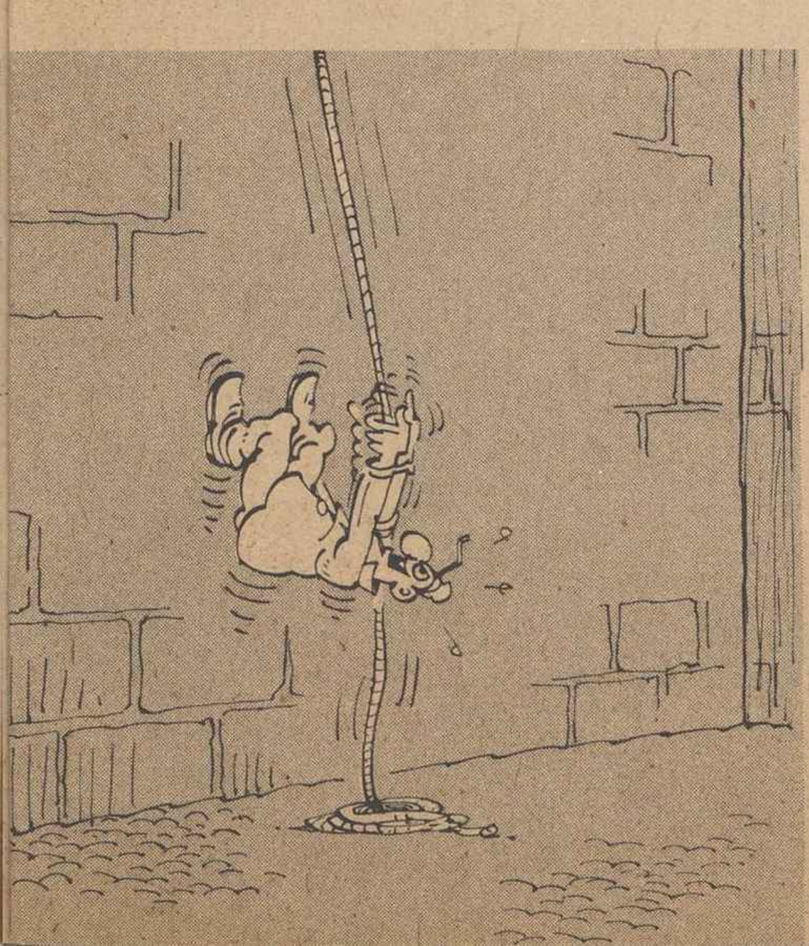
ESCAPES ...FROM PRISON... ALMOST!

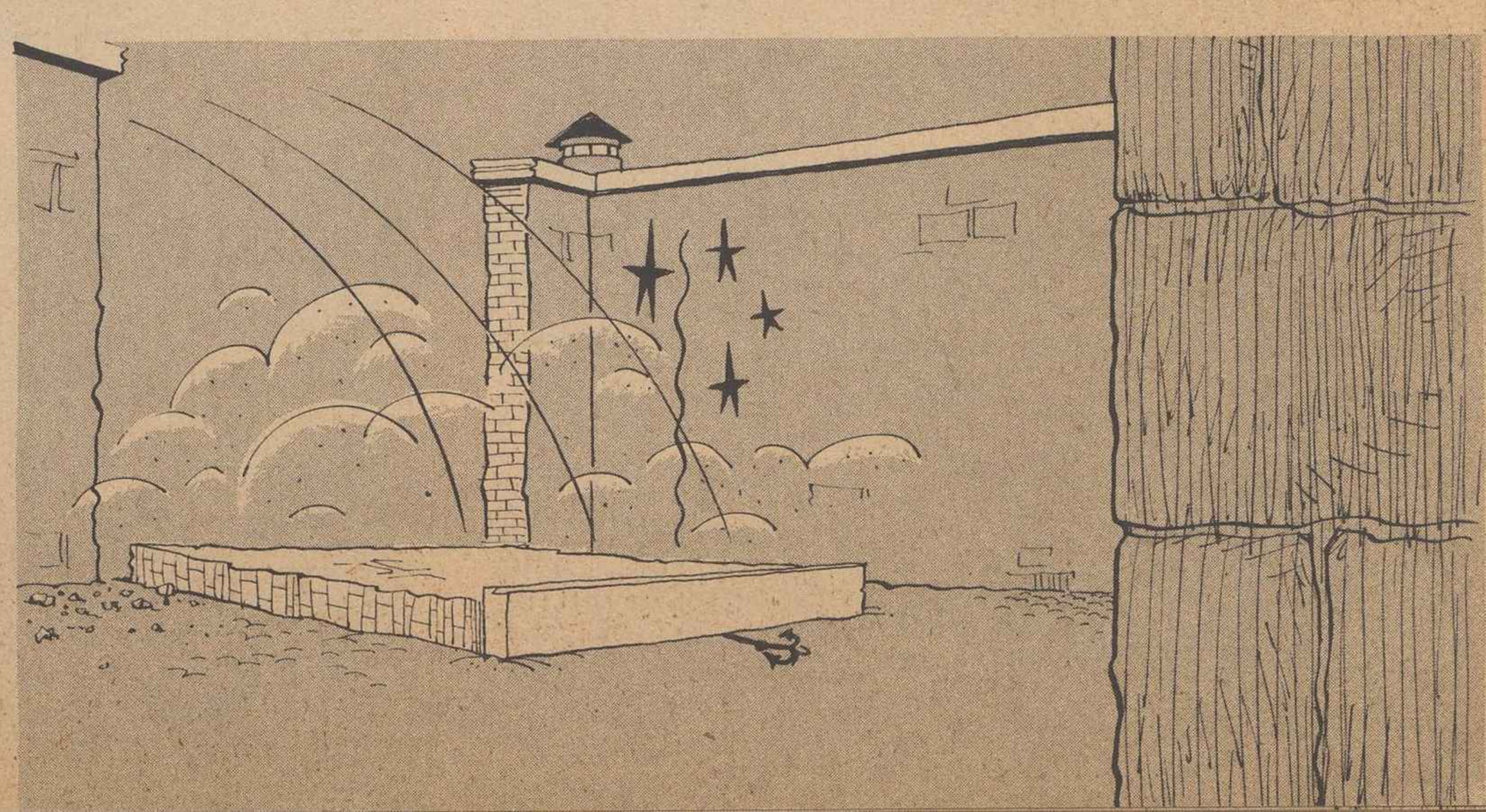


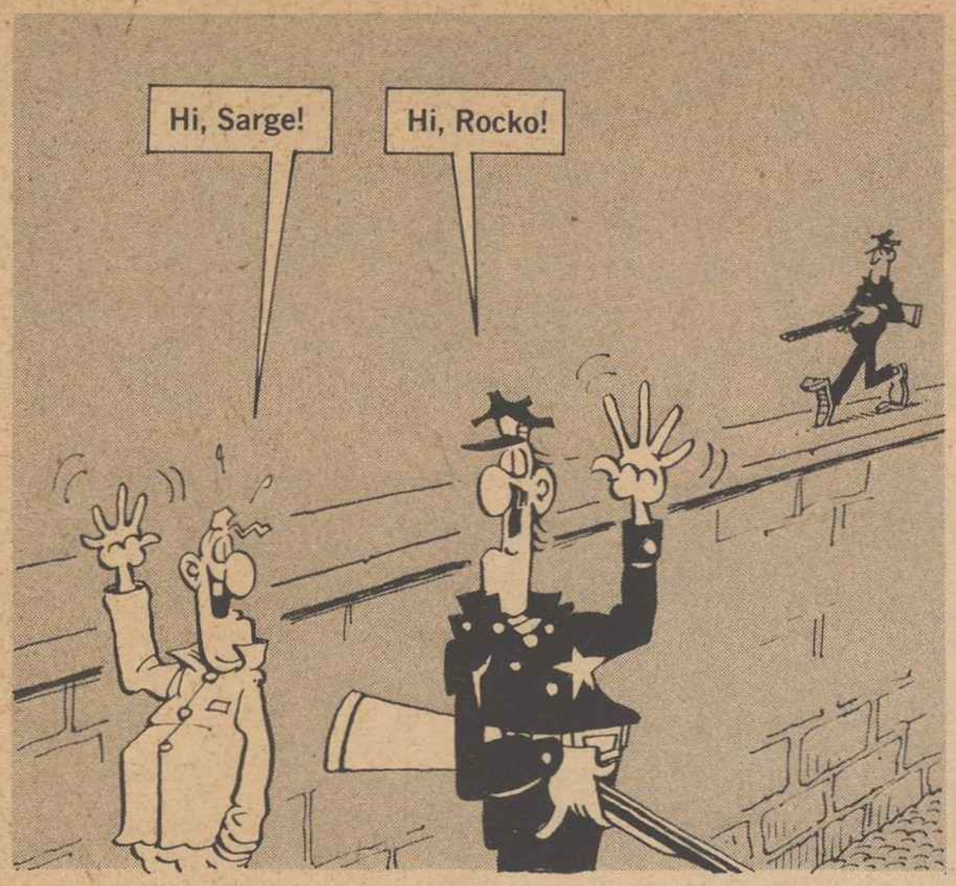


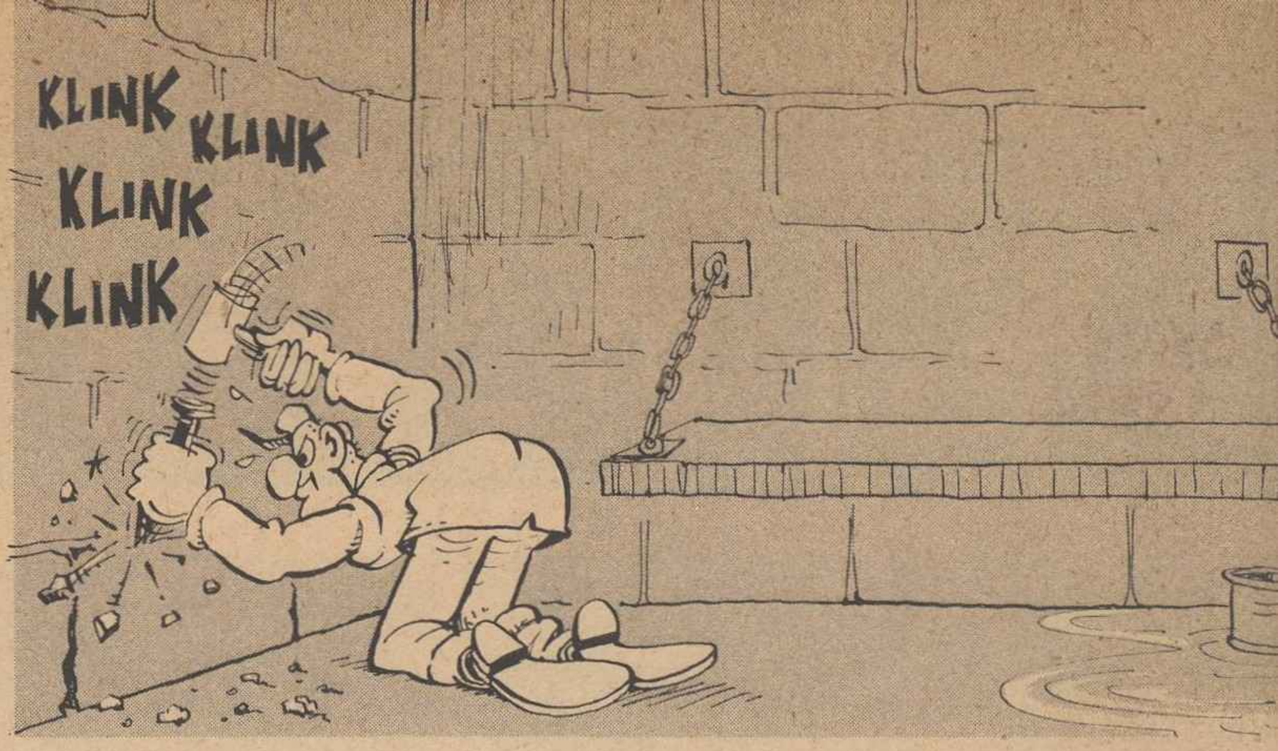


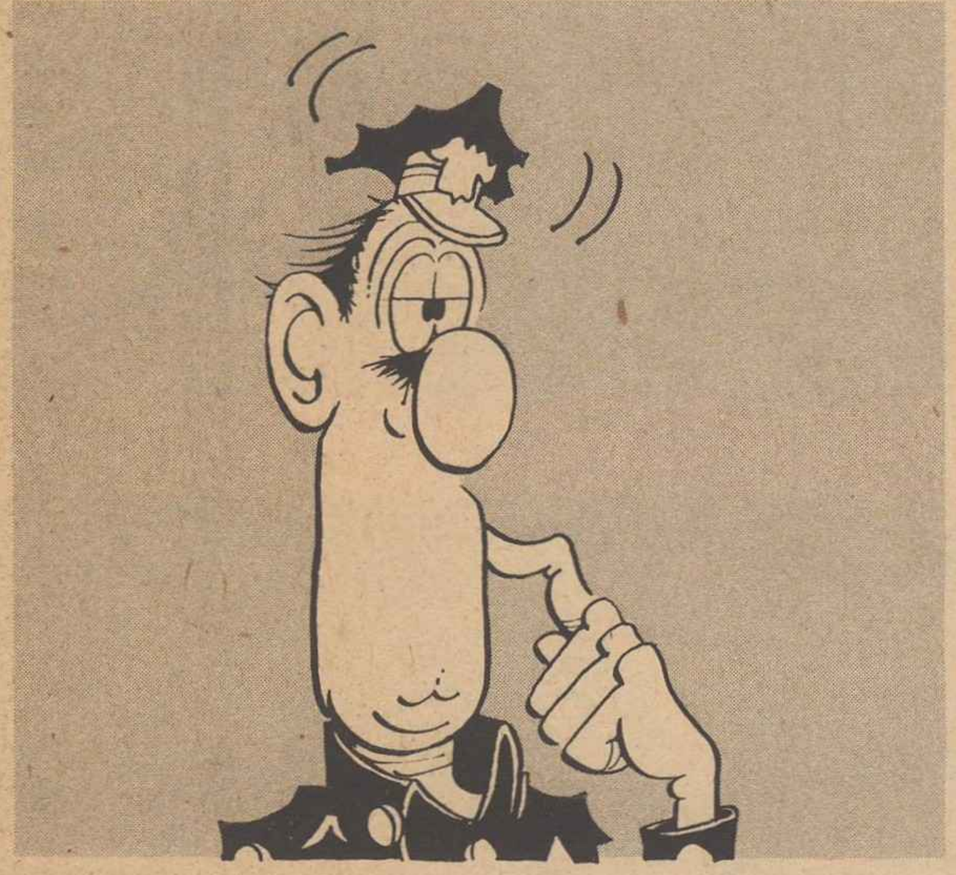


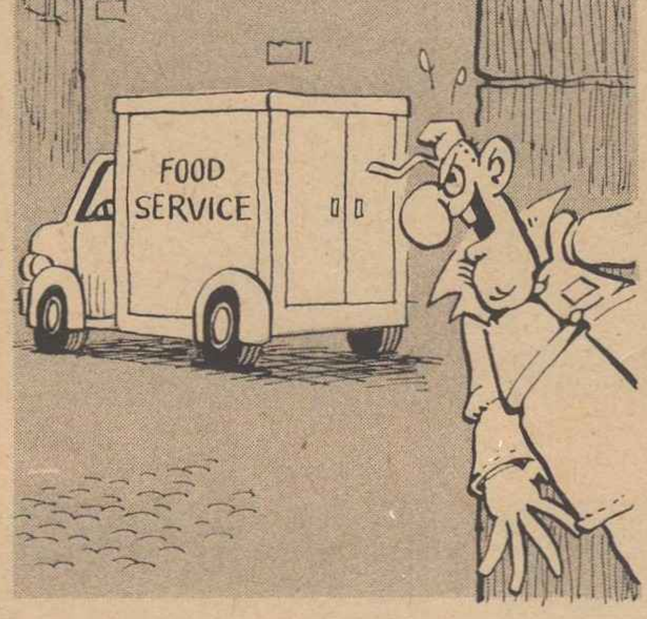


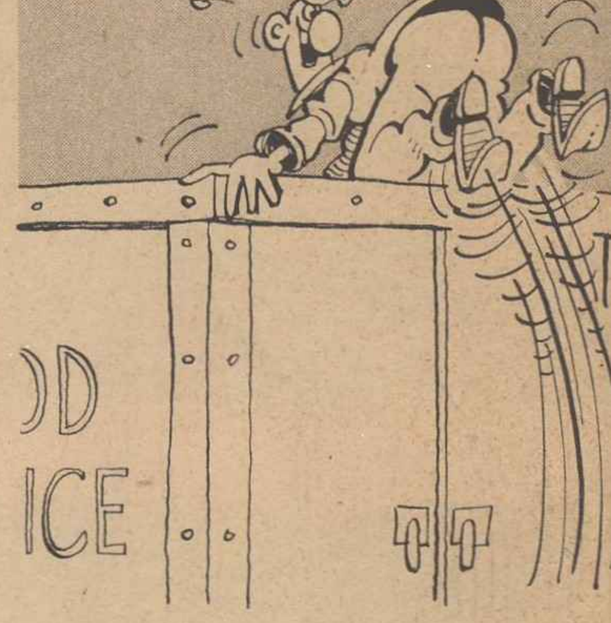


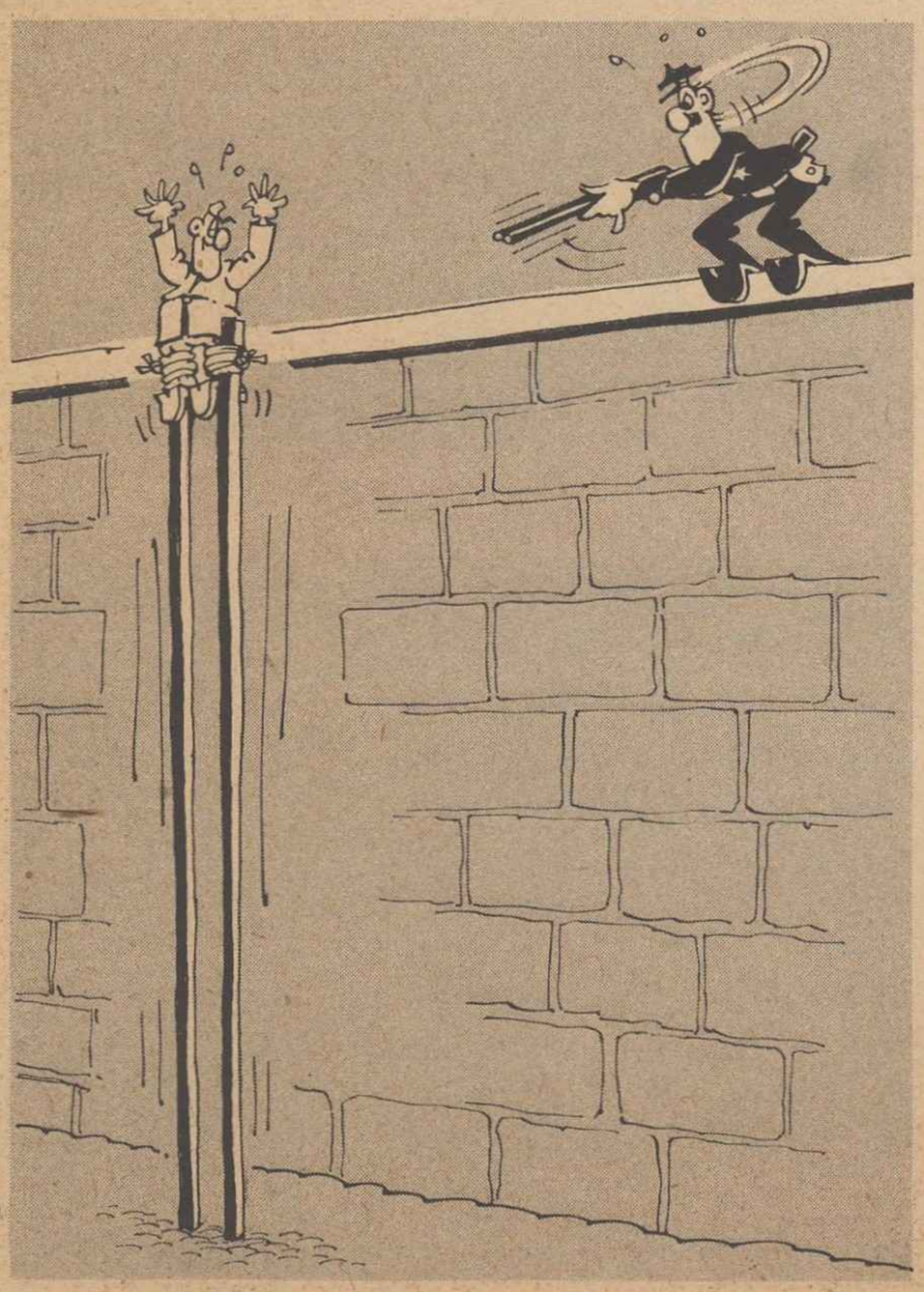

Hi, Sarge!
Hi, Rocko!


KLINK
KLINK
KLINK
KLINK

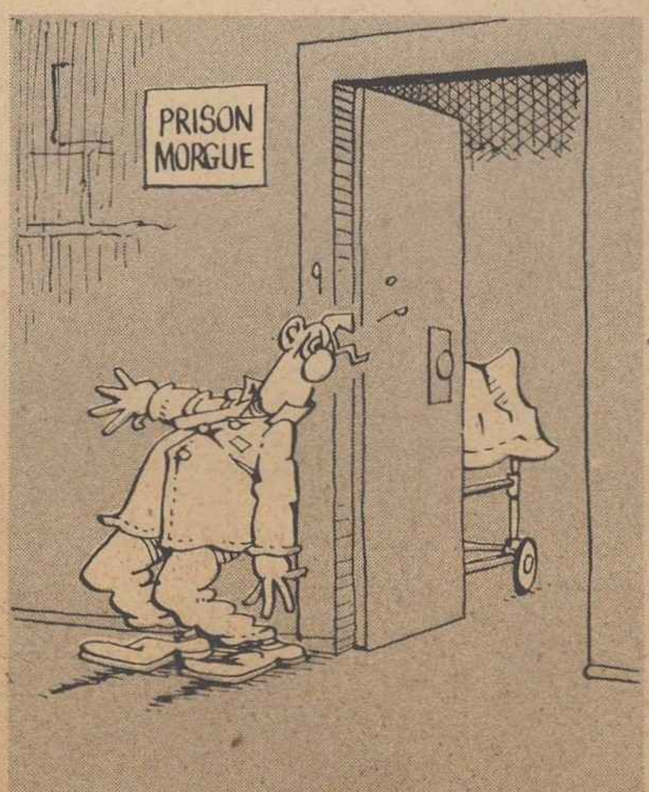



FOOD
SERVICE

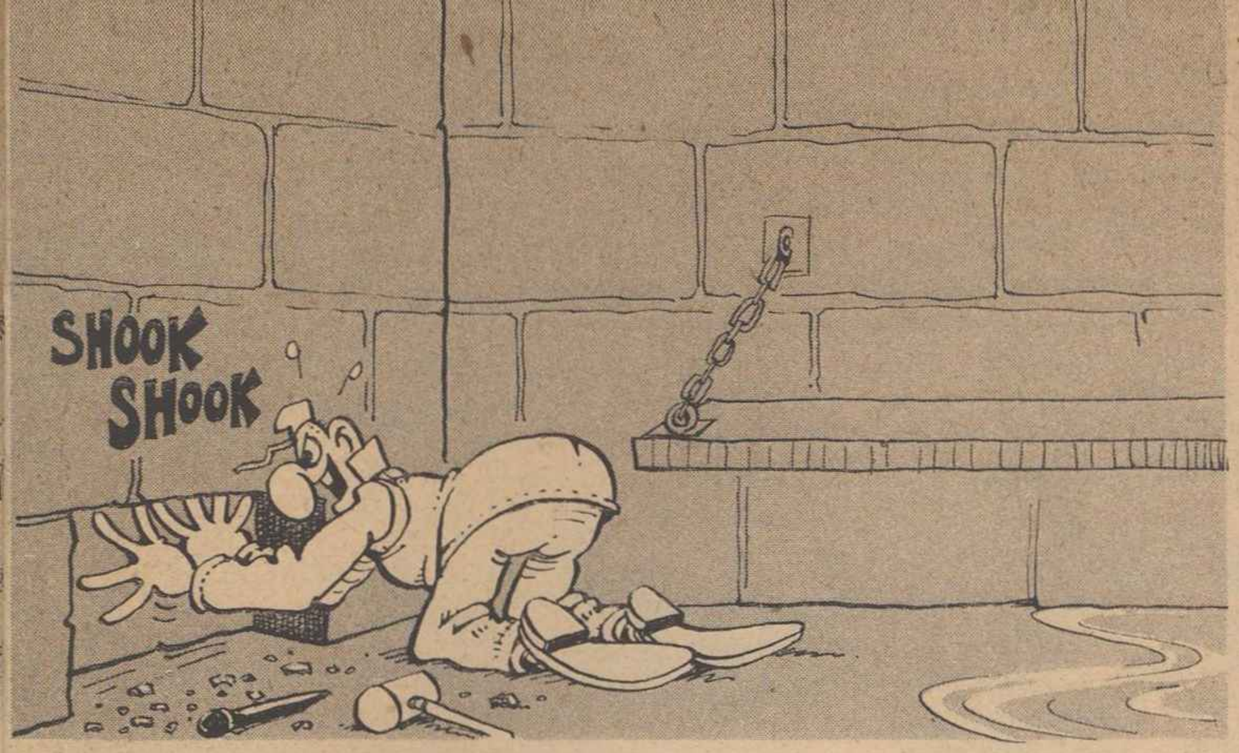

ICE

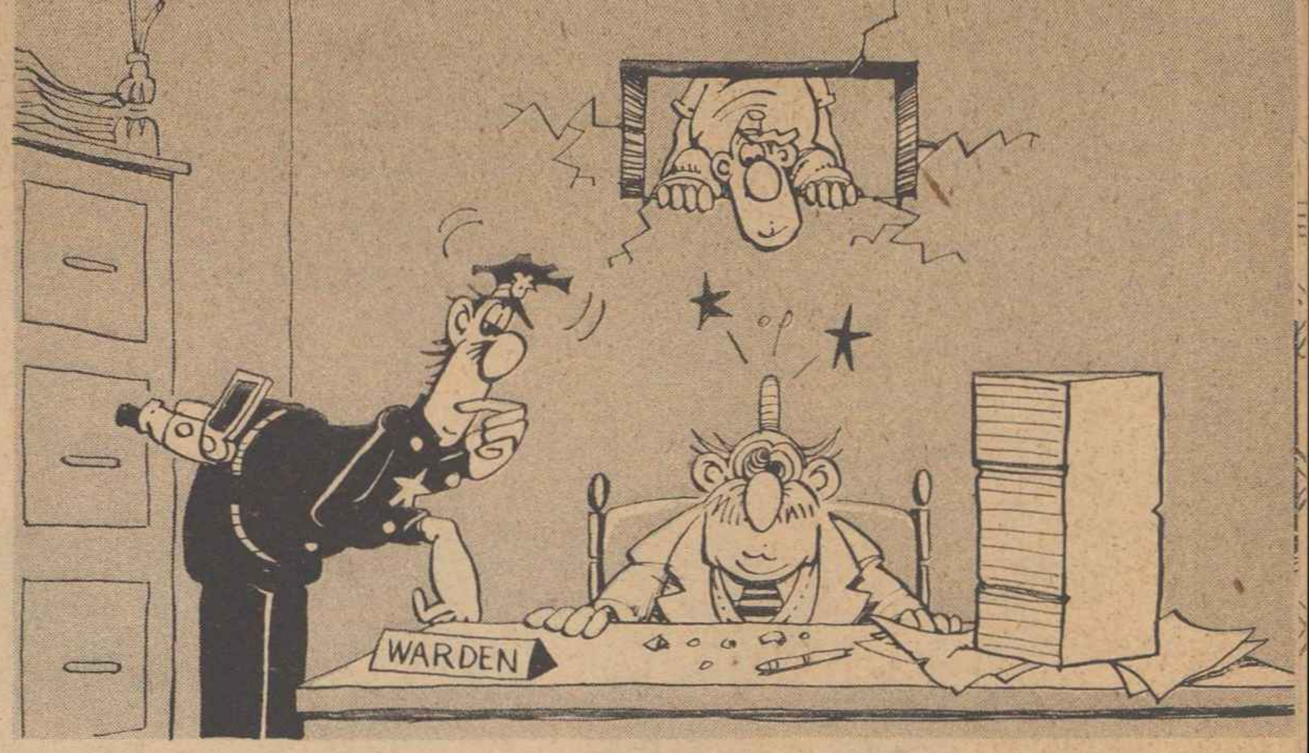


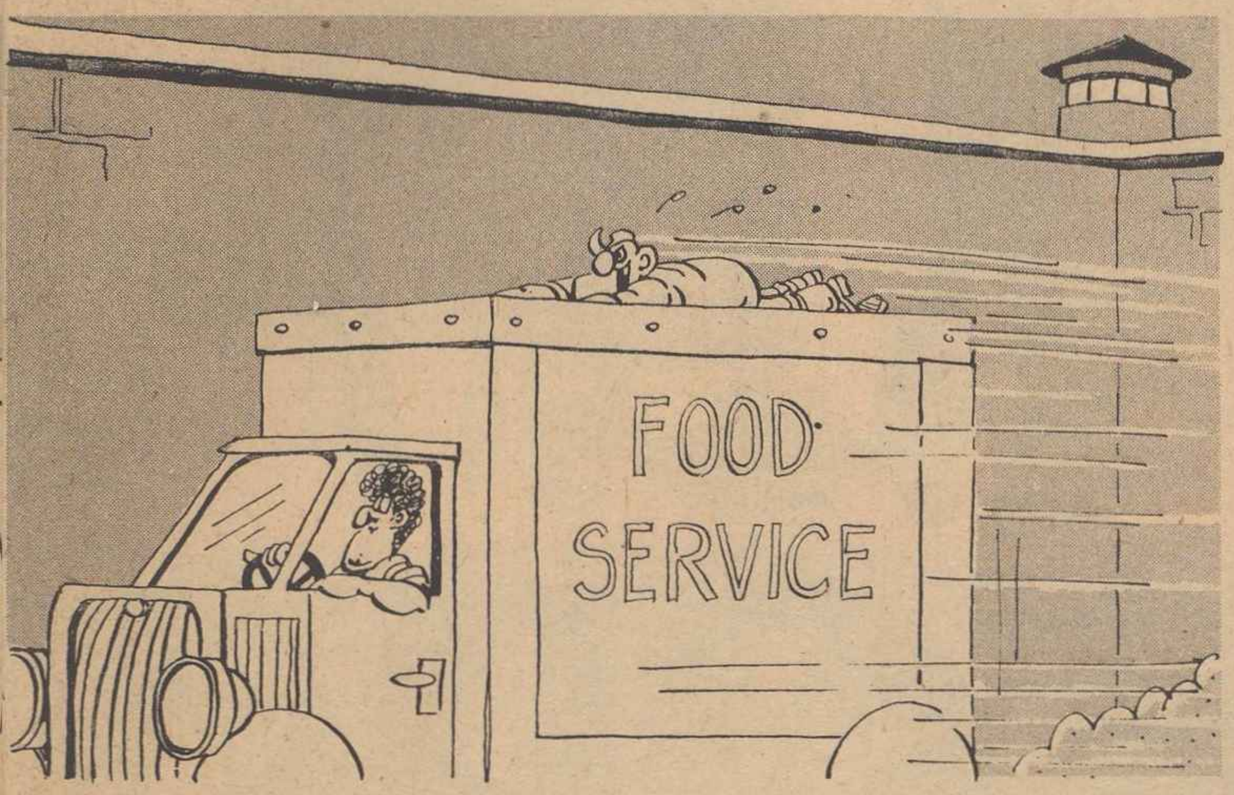

WUNK

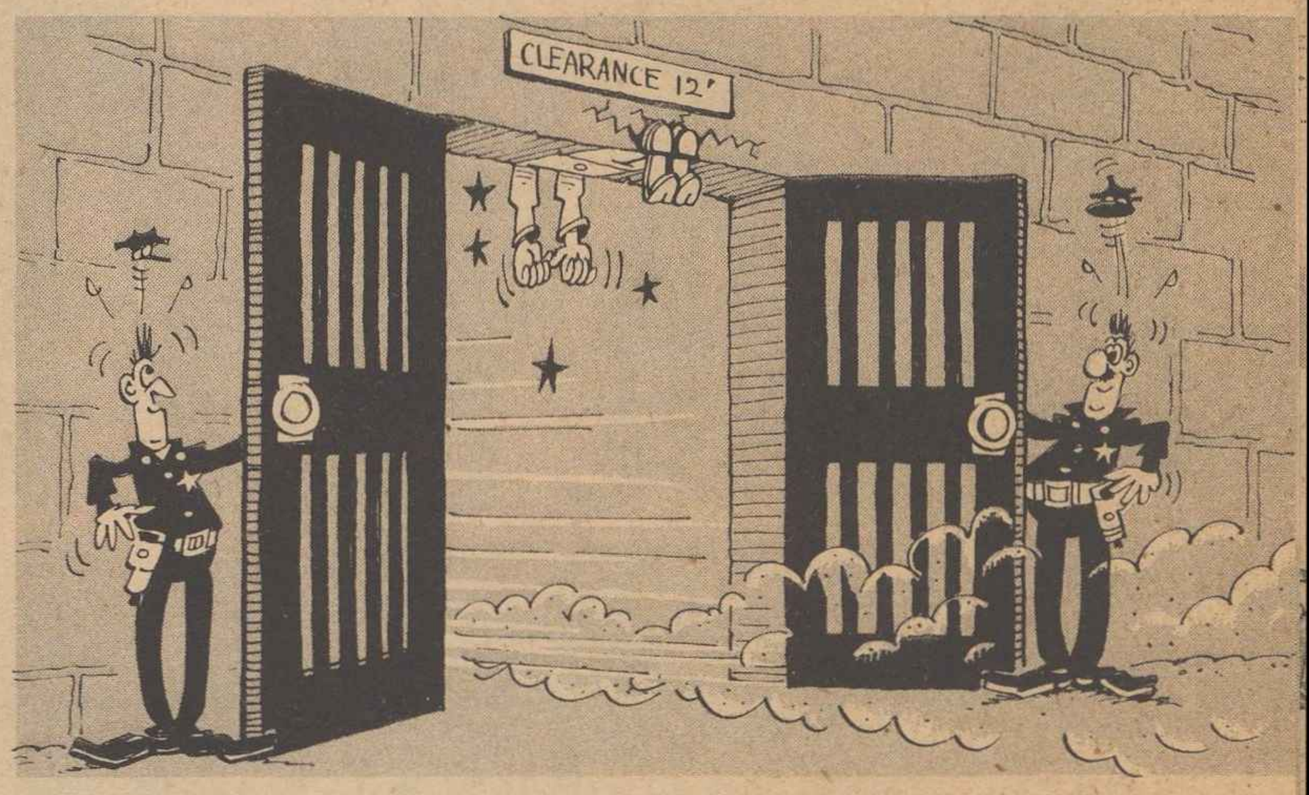

PRISON
MORGUE



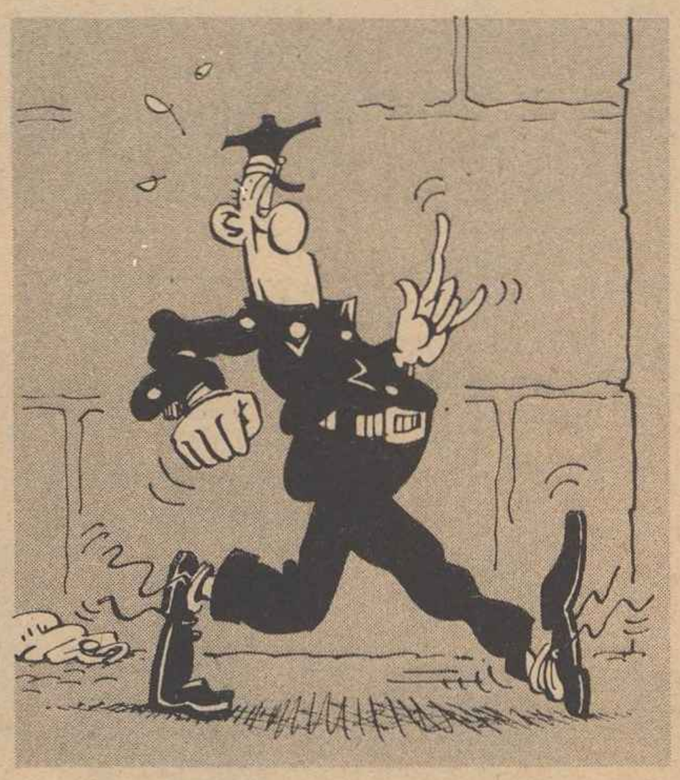

SHOOK
SHOOK

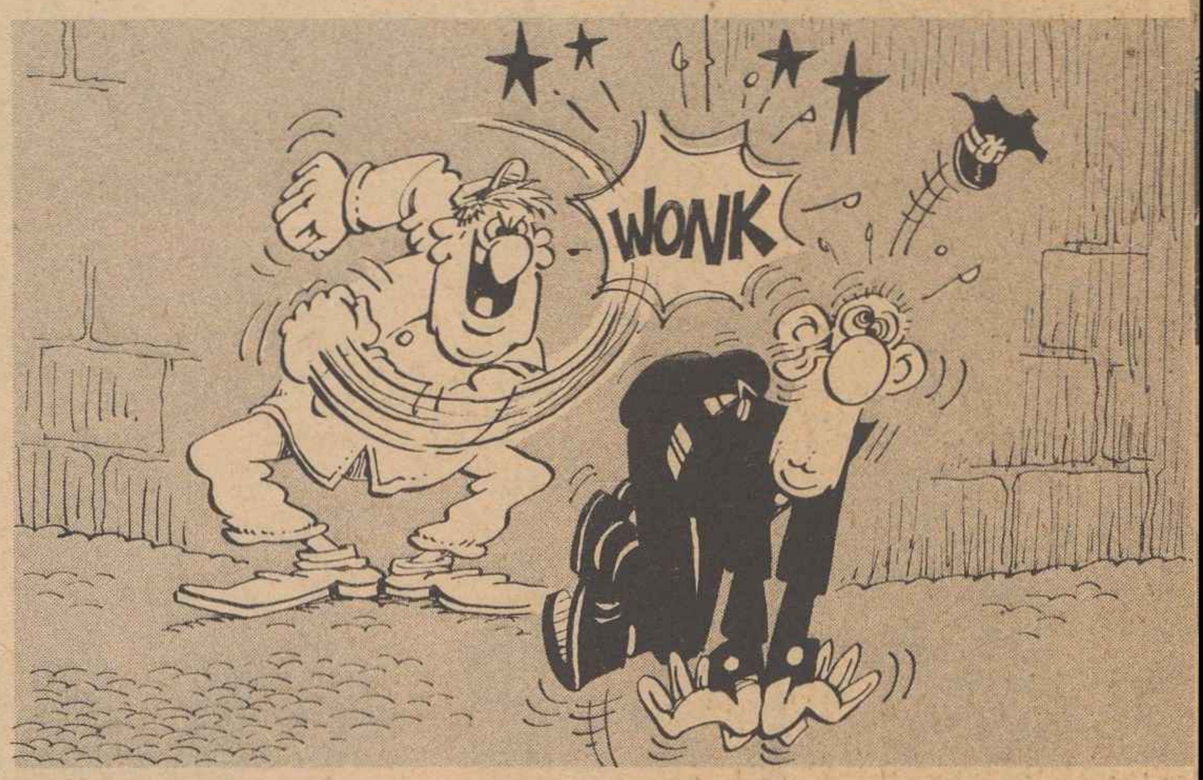

WARDEN


FOOD
SERVICE


CLEARANCE 12'

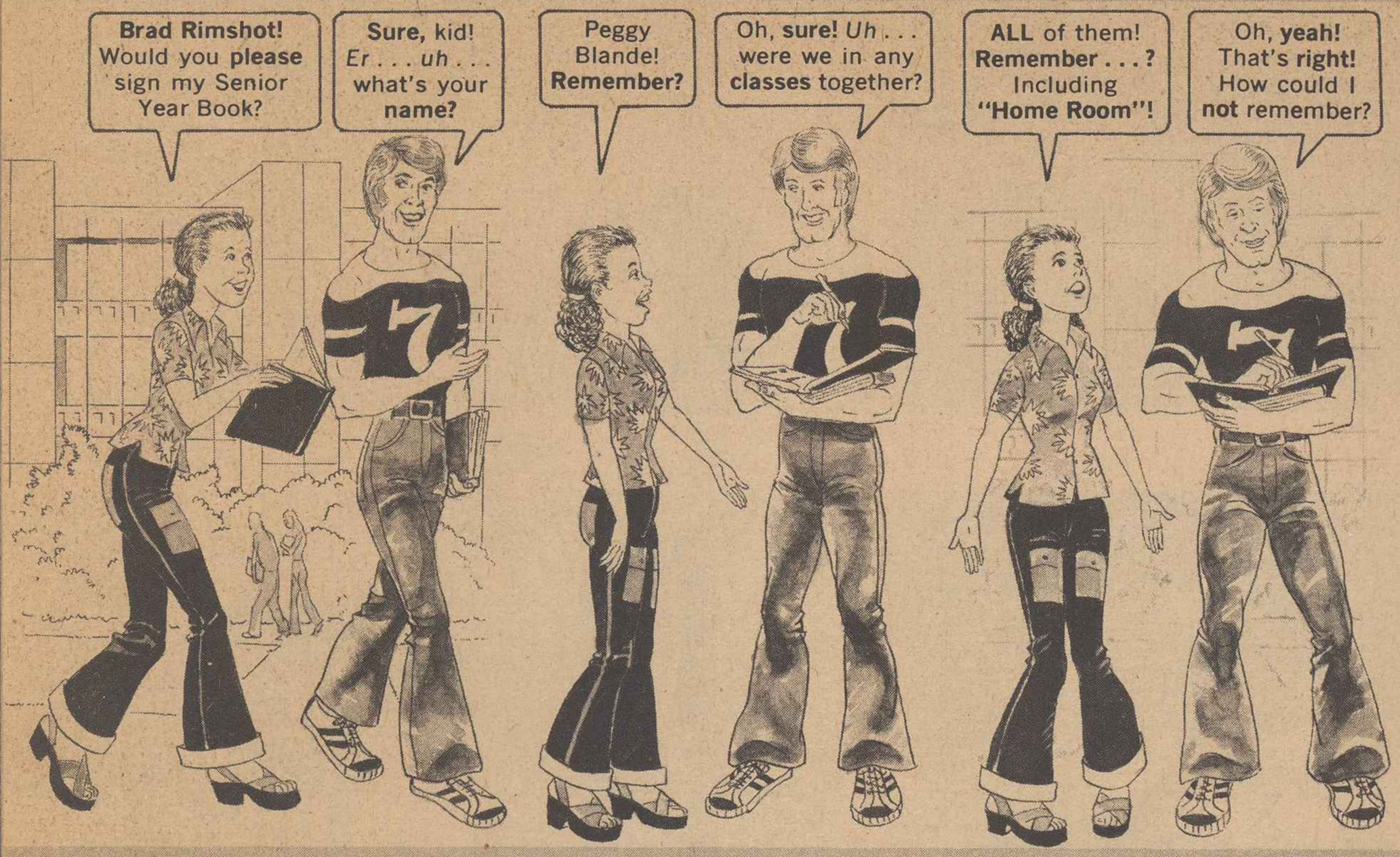


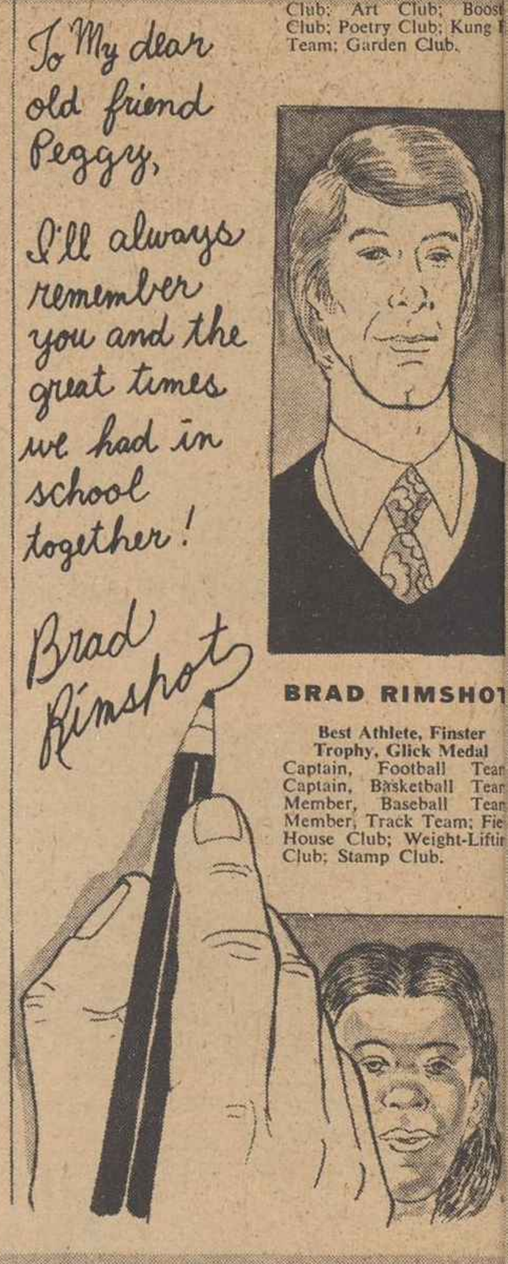



WONK

PRISON
MORGUE

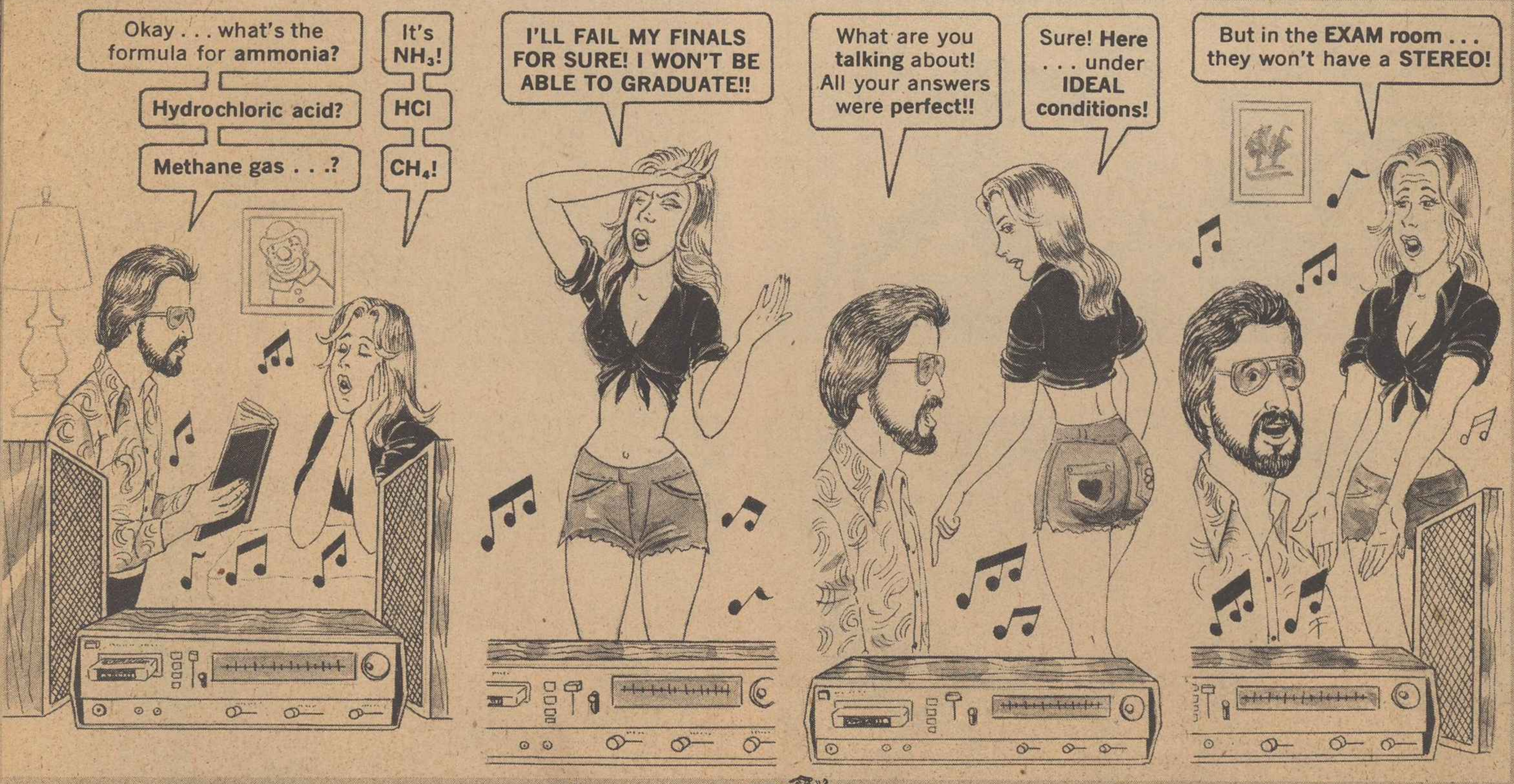
CREMATORIUM
O. MARTIN...





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... GRA



Boy, am I glad I came to **visit** this College! You can **forget** about all the **others! I LOVE** this place! The **campus** . . . the **buildings** . . . the **dorms** . . . the **atmosphere!** It's what I always **dreamed** a College would be **like!**

Let's rush over to the **Administration Building** and submit my **application!**

YOU'LL BE SORRY!!

DUATION

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

My parents have given me a **choice:** Get a **JOB,** or go on to **COLLEGE!** It's really a **momentous decision!** I'll have to weigh the **attributes** of **both pursuits** and **decide!**

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL FOR COMMENCEMENT EXERCISE TUES. 2:30

It's a matter of **which** will **enlarge** my **capabilities** for **coping** with our **technological society . . .** and which will further my **understanding** of the **conflicting factors** affecting our **competitive life styles!**

Sounds like a **very difficult problem!** How do you intend to **solve** it?

On a purely **rational** and **intellectual** level!

Where will I meet **more fellas?!**

NRHS

First, I was a Freshman . . .

The top dog **Juniors** and **Seniors** looked **down** on me like I was a **LOSER!**

But now **I'M** a **Senior! A WINNER!! A TOP DOG ABOUT TO GRADUATE!!**

Next semester, I'm gonna be a Freshman again . . .

Aren't you going to your **High School Prom?**

So far, it looks like I'm **not!**

Why not?!? And why are you **sitting** there, staring at the **telephone?**

It's hard to **explain!** Things have **changed** since **you** were a graduate!

How much could things have changed? A boy is still a **boy** . . . and a girl is still a **girl** . . . and you **still** haven't told me **WHY** you're not going to the Prom!

Because, **so far,** no girl has **asked** me!

The **Mathematics Prize** goes to **Richard Lippin**

What? **Another** one?!

Richard seems to be copping **most** of the **Scholastic Awards!**

Is it **any wonder!?**

While the **rest** of us are out having a **good time** . . . boozing it up and smoking pot and sniffing coke . . . **Richard Lippin** stays **home** and **studies** and **studies!**

Boy, is **he dumb!!**

Let me **see** your Junior High School Graduation Album!

It's **no big deal!**

What are you **talking** about! The first one I turned to is **darling!**
"First comes love . . .
Then comes marriage . . .
Then comes Deena
With a baby carriage!"
Signed . . . "Charles Rudik"

That Charles Rudik is a very **clever** and **original** young man!

He **sure is!**

And when you look through the **album,** you'll see **six MORE** of **exactly the SAME** clever and original poems!

What a cruddy-looking bunch of **creeps!** They shouldn't even **let** such slobs into the Graduation Exercises!

ZIG ZAG

Now, **THERE'S** a fine-looking group of young people! There's the **REAL hope** of the world!

These caps and gowns are **rented!** They have to be **returned!**

Yeah, but we can **keep** the **TASSEL** as a **souvenir** of a very important **day** in our lives!

I'm gonna hang **mine** on the **rear view mirror** of my **car!**

I'm putting **mine** in a **hand-carved jewel case** where I keep my **mementos!**

Where are you putting **yours,** Arnie?

Considering the **immense value** of a **Post-Graduate Degree** in today's **job market,** I'm placing **mine** with **great care** into a **strong metal container!**

Boy . . . I sure am glad **THAT'S** over with! **High School** was a **DRAG!!**

Really? Le'me take **inventory** on that! I was on a real **ego trip** when I had the lead in the **school play!** I had a **blast** with the **Photography Club!** Winning that **Basketball Scholarship** was a **nice surprise!** And **making out** with the **Captain** of the **Cheering Squad** was absolutely **sensational!!**

Yep! All in all, I'd say **High School definitely was NOT A DRAG!!**

Did it ever occur to you that **YOU** were the drag?!?

Congratulations, my Darling! You **did it!** You've **graduated!**

Hold it, just like that! I want to get a **shot** of this!

Oh, Daddy . . . you always **embarrass** me by making such a **PRODUCTION!** If you **must** take a picture, will you do it **quickly?!**

I'd **LOVE to!** But all the **OTHER "Production-Makers"** are **in** my **way!**

FANTASTIC!! After **twelve long years** of **required education,** I'm **FREE!** I've **GRADUATED!!** I never have to go back to school **again!**

What a **great feeling!** I can **GO** anywhere . . . **DO** anything . . .

So what **ARE** you going to do?

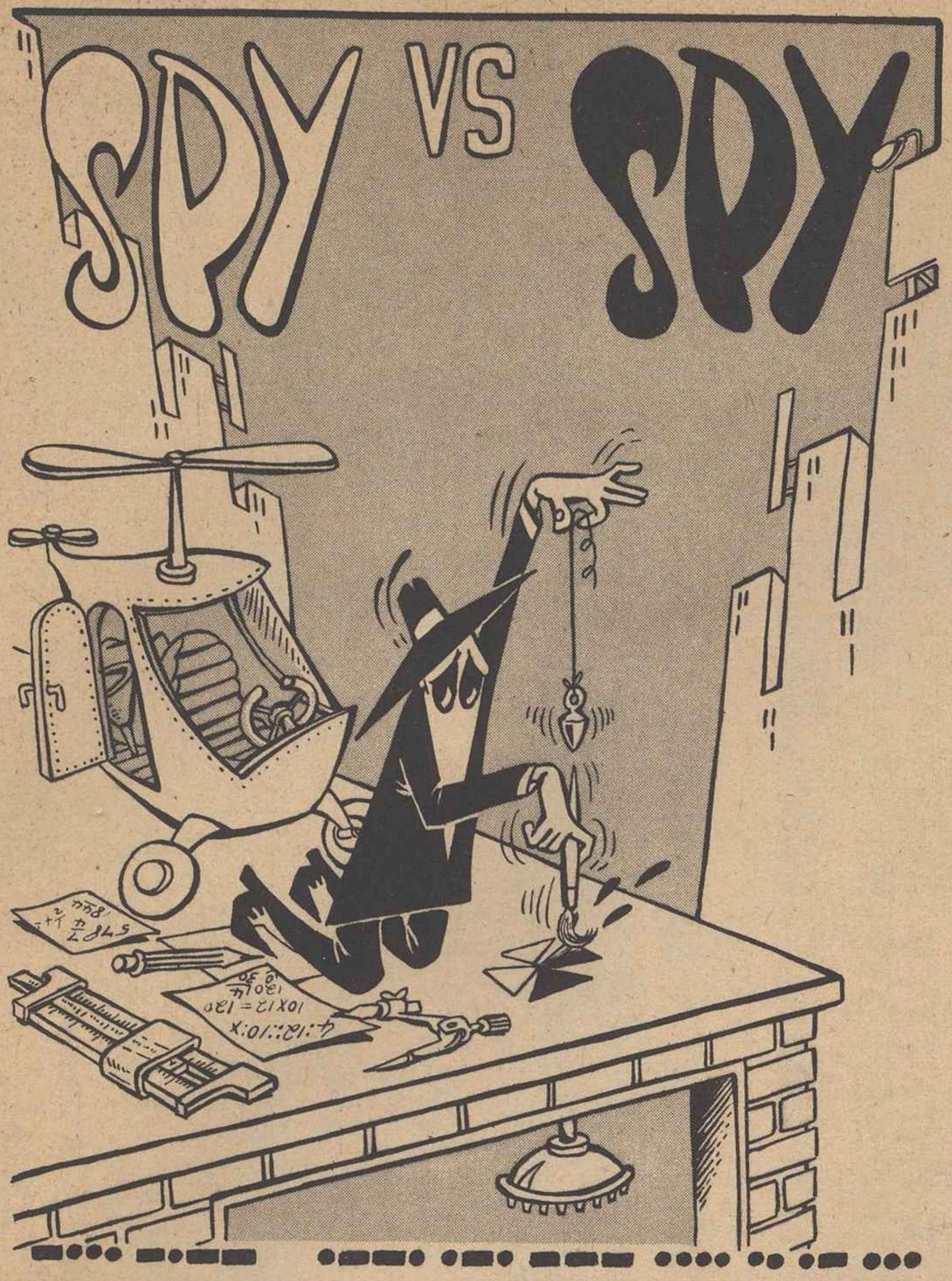
Nothing! Just hang around!

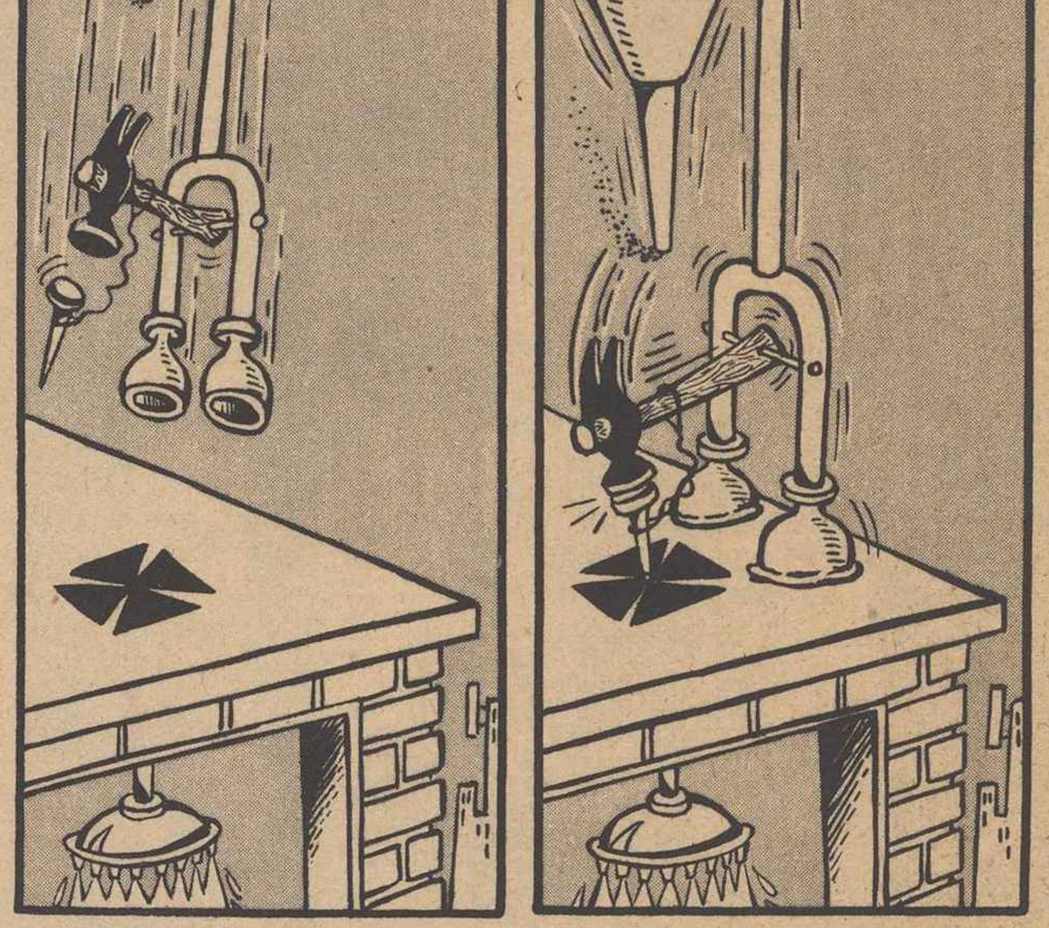
And **where** are you going to **hang around?**

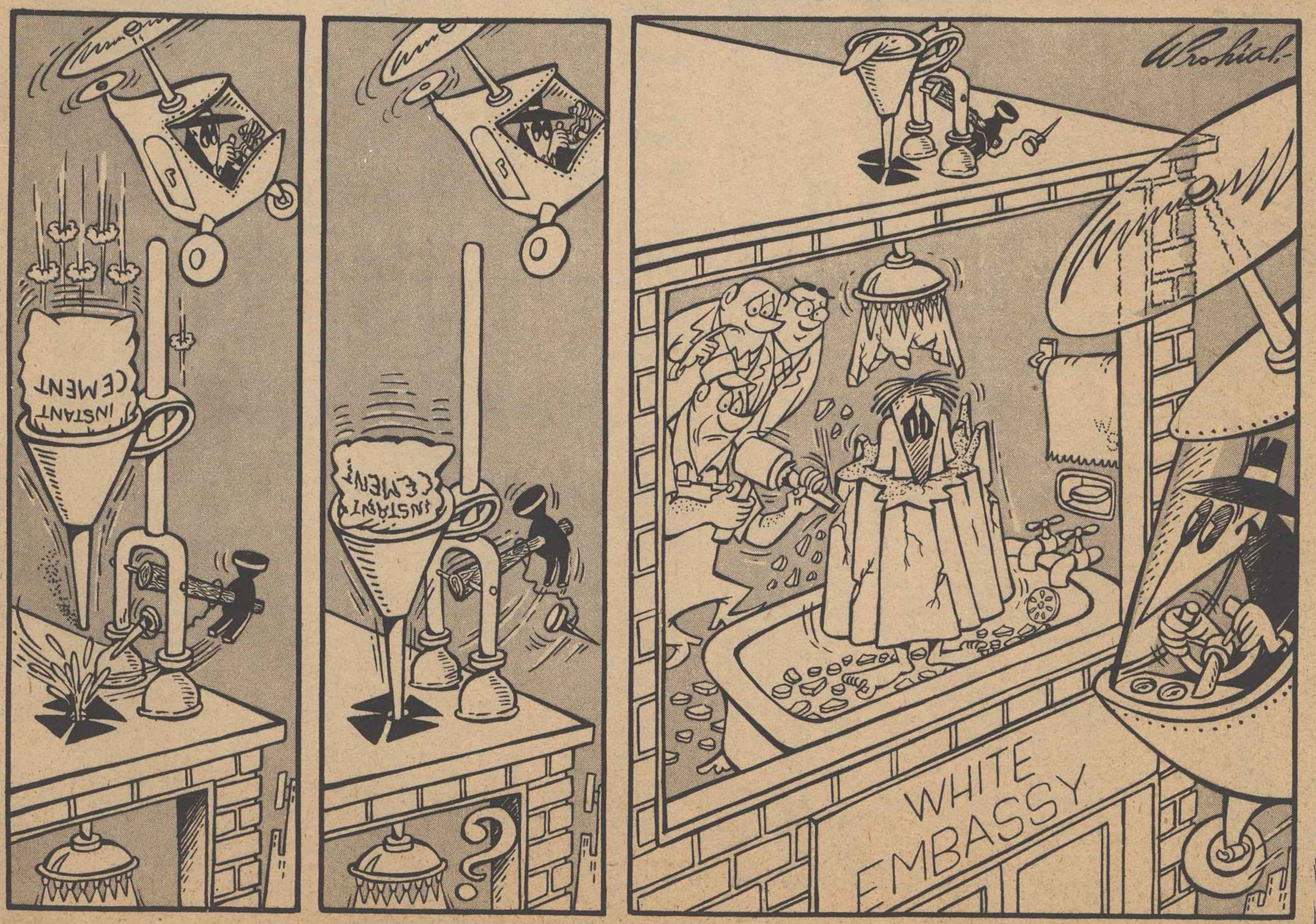
The **schoolyard!!**

David Berg

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I









A SECOND MAD COLLECTION

NARROW-MINDED DEPT.



THE EMOTIONAL RANGE OF ALI MacGRAW

WELL-GROOMED ACID ROCK GROUPS

SUCCESSFUL UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS OF THE C.I.A.

WHERE ME AND NIXON DISAGREE Gerry Ford

THE MODESTY OF MUHAMMAD ALI

PROMINENT BLACK YACHTSMEN

GUIDE TO U.S. CITIES WITH ACCEPTABLE AIR QUALITY

THE NUTRITIONAL VALUE OF "FAST FOODS" —Ronald McDonald

BLACK EXPLOITATION MOVIES THAT HAVE MADE SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR CULTURE

Naughty Things I Have Done In My Lifetime—Pat Boone

THE CHARISMA OF HUBERT HUMPHREY

RECENT MOVIES YOU CAN TAKE YOUR KIDS TO

THE ACTING TALENTS OF JOE NAMATH AND MARK SPITZ

LIBERALS WHO HAVE BEEN MUGGED—AND ARE *STILL* LIBERALS

PROFOUND BARBERS

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF H.R. HALDEMAN

A CATALOGUE OF INNOVATIVE JAPANESE PRODUCTS

HOWARD HUGHES AS THE CAMERA SEES HIM

THE OSMOND BROTHERS' CONTRIBUTION TO THE ART OF MUSIC

HONESTY IN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, 1968-1974

MAFIA MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES

A Quarter Century Of Intelligent TV Commercials

TV Game Show Contestants With I.Q.'s Over 65

A Picture Guide To Militant Women Libbers With Sex Appeal

Getting On Top And Staying On Top — Rowan & Martin

MEMORABLE MOMENTS FROM MY TV SHOWS—Don Rickles

MY LIFE ON LAND—Jacques Yves Cousteau

THE CLASSIC FILMS OF STEPHEN BOYD

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION OF NEIL SIMON'S FLOP PLAYS

THE NEHRU JACKET'S LASTING IMPACT ON MEN'S FASHIONS





THE WORLD OF EXTREMELY THIN BOOKS

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

ROCKING THE QUOTE DEPT.

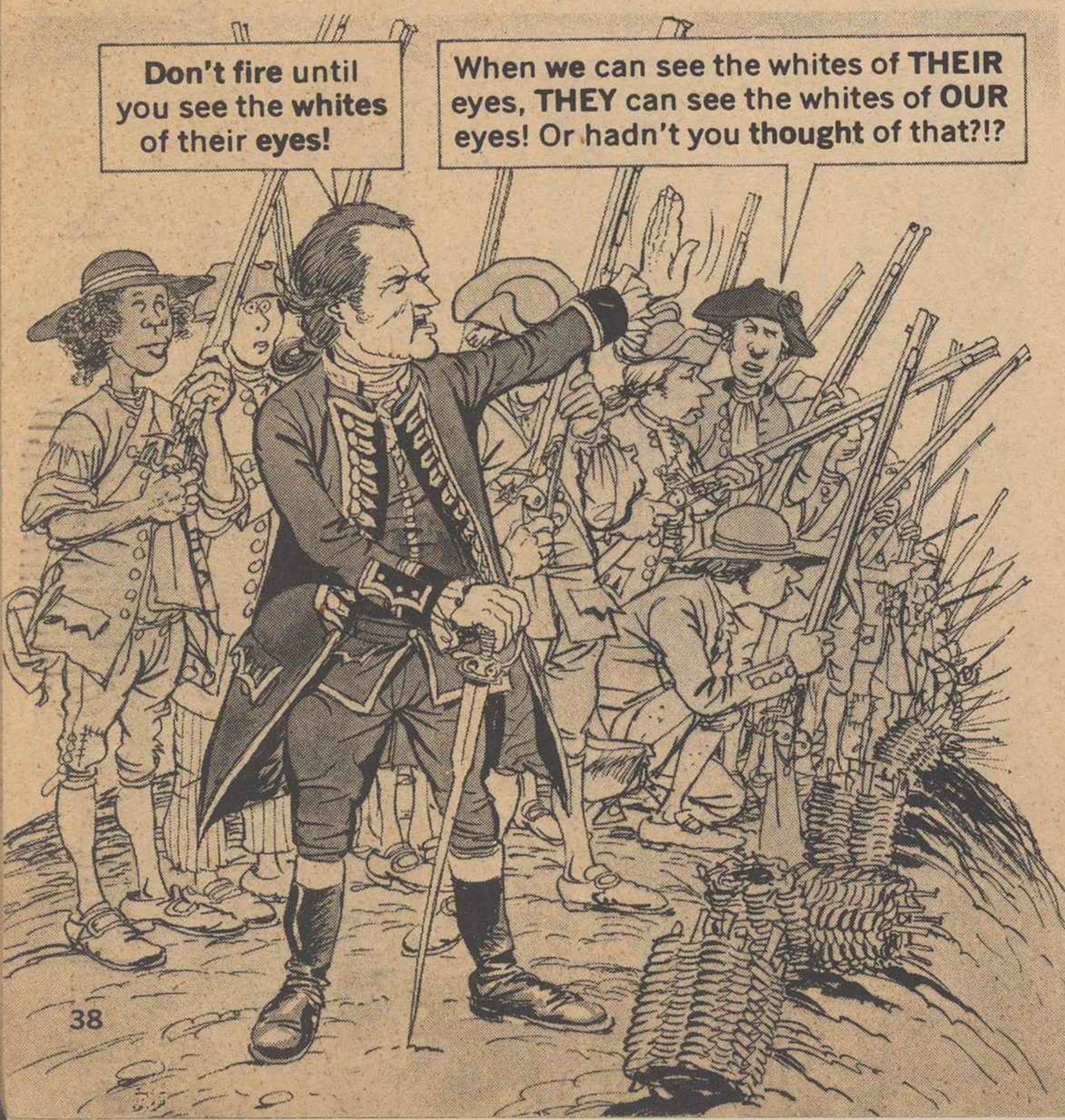
History has recorded the famous words uttered by famous men . . . words that we all know well. But did it ever occur to you that maybe the other people present didn't just stand around applauding

ZAPPERS THAT H

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE







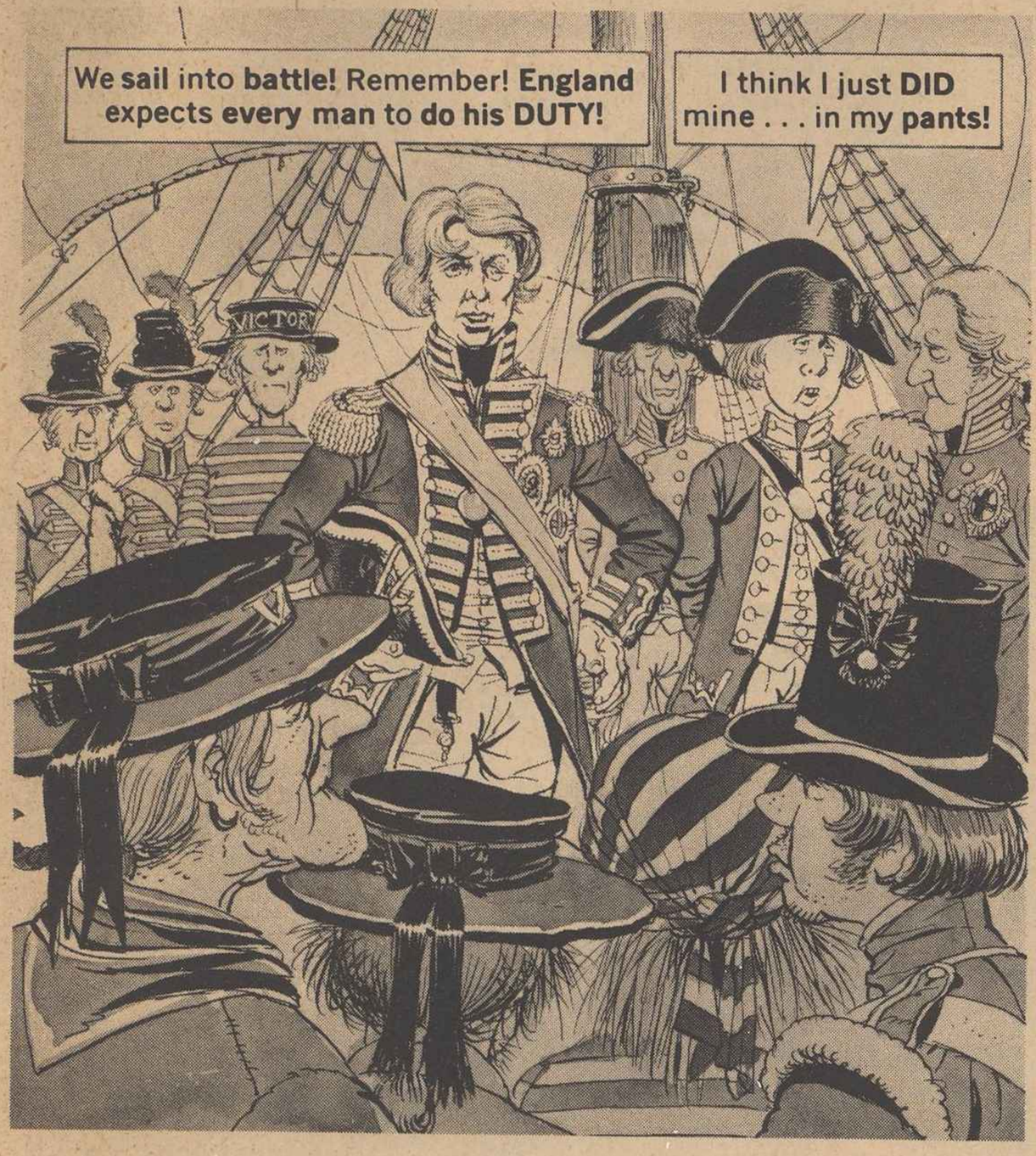


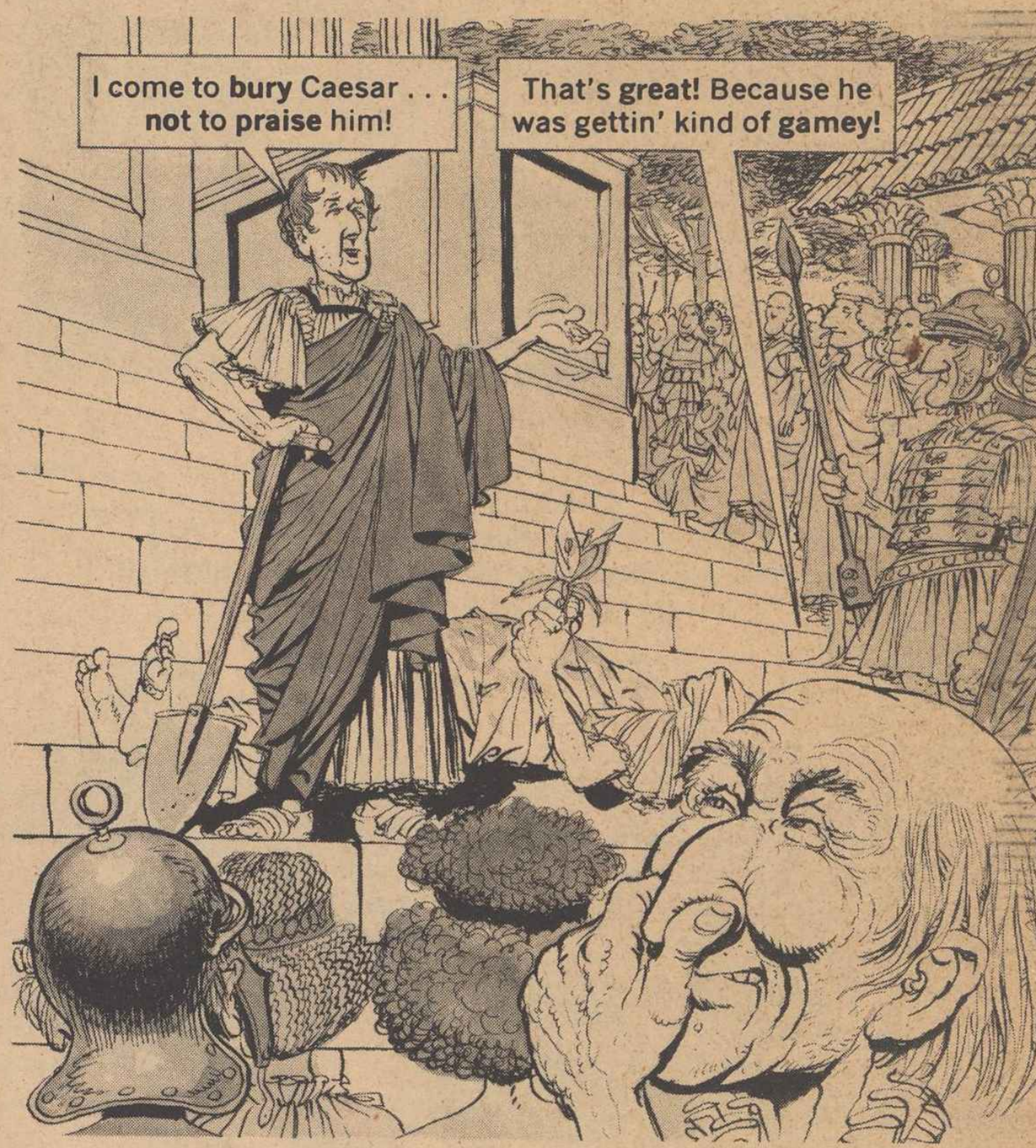


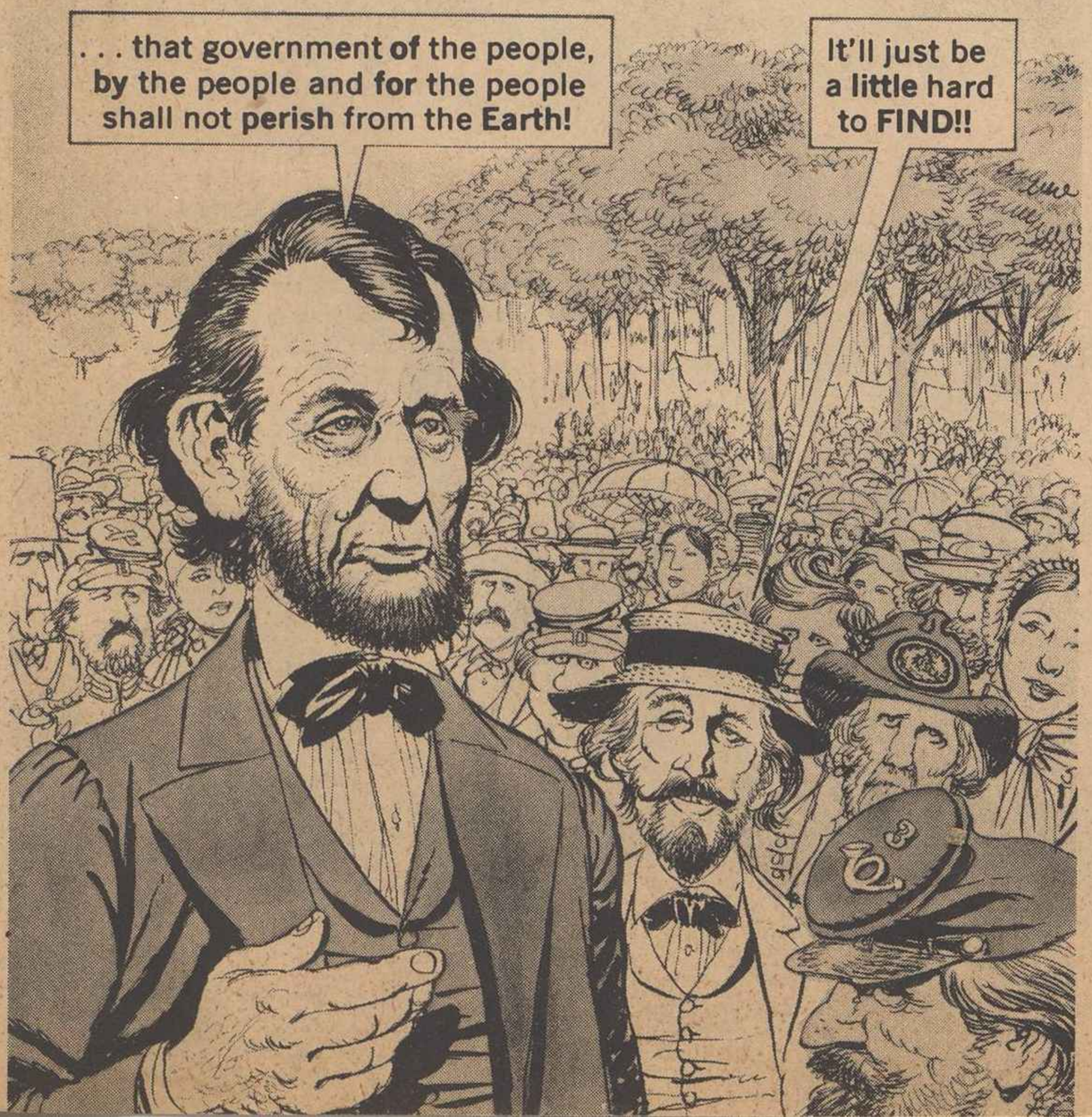
when those words were said . . . that maybe somebody else had an answer or a topper or some equally important words to say in rebuttal . . . only we're not familiar with those words because they're the

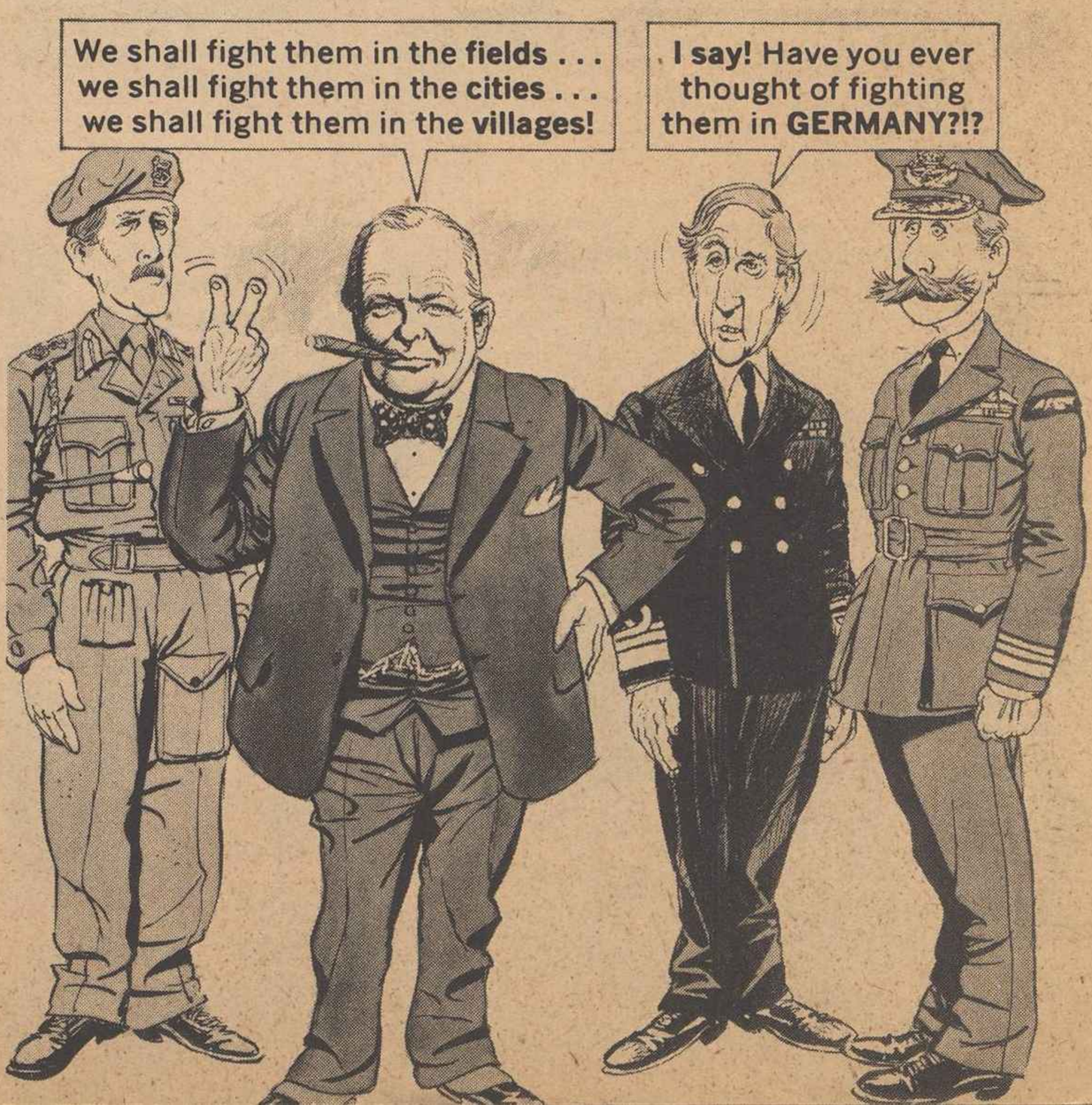
ISTORY FORGOT

WRITER: ALEN ROBIN









I shall **return!**

So will a **bum check!**

I regret that I have but **one** life to give for my **country!**

WE'RE not complaining Every little bit **helps!!**

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise!

Or a **milkman!**

Give me **Liberty**— or give me **death!**

That's the **trouble** with this country! Everybody's got their **HAND** out!!

Ask **not** what your country can do for **you!** Ask what **you** can do for your **country!**

I'd like to **start SMALL!** What can I do for **East Nyack?**

I have **not yet begun** to **fight!**

Well, don't you think it's about time you **did?!** The bloomin' ship's about **had** it!!

I am a Roman Catholic.
In case of accident,
please call a priest.

In the event they are hit by a passing car or incapacitated by a passing mugger, many people carry special cards, like the one at the left. These cards bear vital information, which can be of great help to the people who come across the body. And now—with this necessary, but thoroughly dull, introduction out of the way, let us herewith present a random selection of

IN-CASE-OF-EMERGENCY CARDS for Special People

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

I am a Jewish Mother.
In case of stroke, nervous
collapse or, God forbid, pains
in my chest, call my son
and tell him it is
much worse than it looks.

I am Harold Pemberton, who,
until a recent operation, used
to be known as Harriet Pemberton.
In case of serious injury,
tell the doctor not to be too
surprised at what he finds.

I am a masochist.
In case of accident, please
don't call anyone. Just let me
lie back and enjoy it.

I am a Mafia Don.
In case of sudden accident,
call my Capo and tell him
to rub out "Legs" Fazio.

I am a Garment Center Executive.
In case of mortal accident,
phone my partner, Sol,
and tell him I'll be
watching him from Up There.

I am a physical coward.
In case of accident,
please tell me my
wounds are superficial.

I am a lawyer.
Should I be hospitalized and
fail to pull through,
institute a suit for malpractice.

I am the leader of a
spiritualist cult. In case of
death, notify my followers to
expect me at their next seance.

I am a Christian Scientist.
In case of illness,
it's just your imagination.

I am a neurotic beset by traumas
dating back to my childhood.
In case of death, call up
my father and tell him
I forgive him.

I AM BILLY SMITHERS,
AGE 5. IN CASE OF
ACCIDENT, PLEASE
GIVE THE FROG IN MY
POCKET A GOOD HOME

I AM A VAMPIRE
In case of accident, my
blood types are A, O, AB, X,
RH Negative & RH Positive.



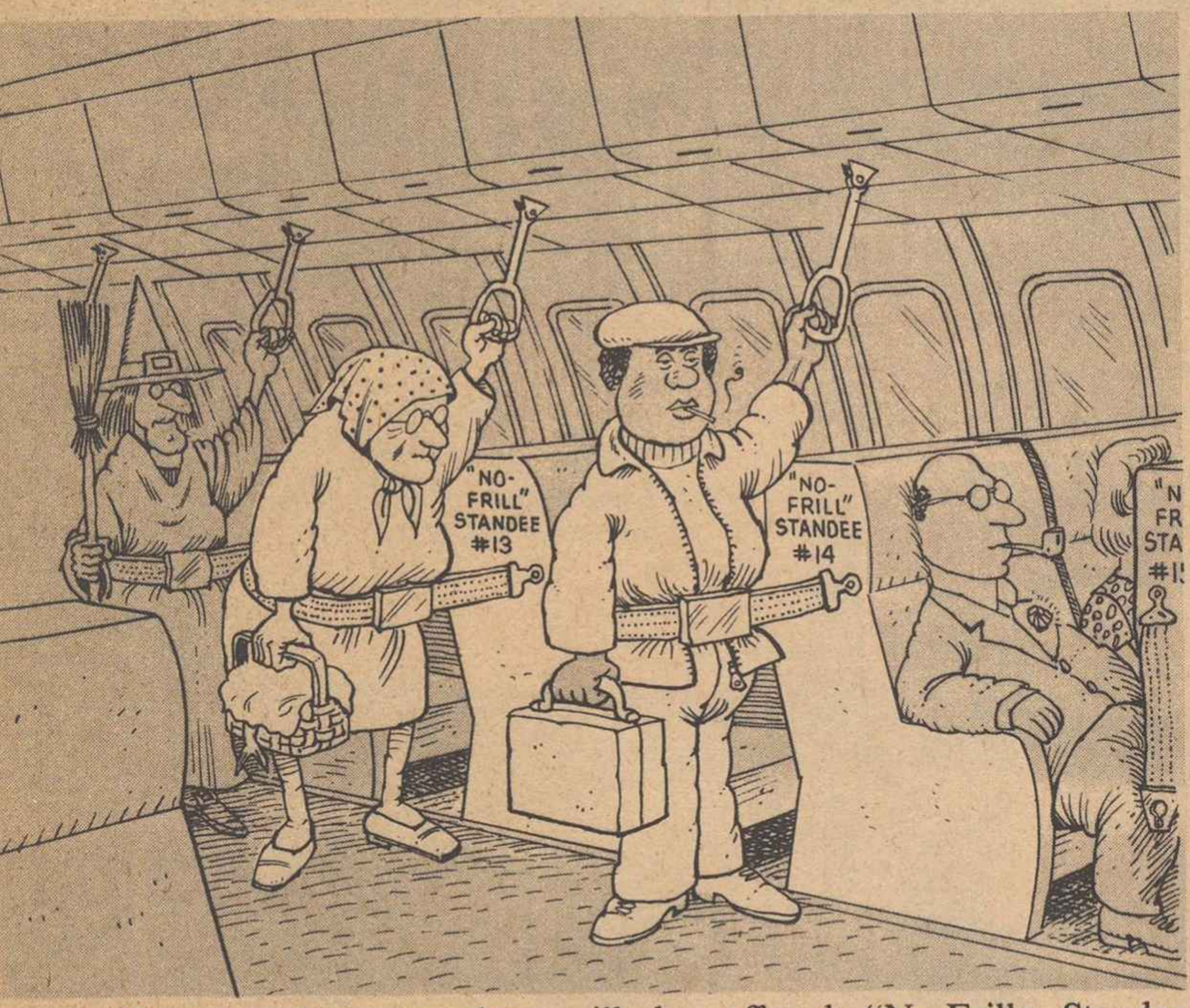
VENAL FLY TRAPS DEPT.

The Airline Industry is in serious financial trouble. Because of inflation, operating costs, such as fuel, food, personnel and fancy services, have skyrocketed. However, because of the recession, it is no longer possible to pass these increases on to the passengers. And so, in order to make air travel cheaper and

FUTURE "NO-FRILLS A

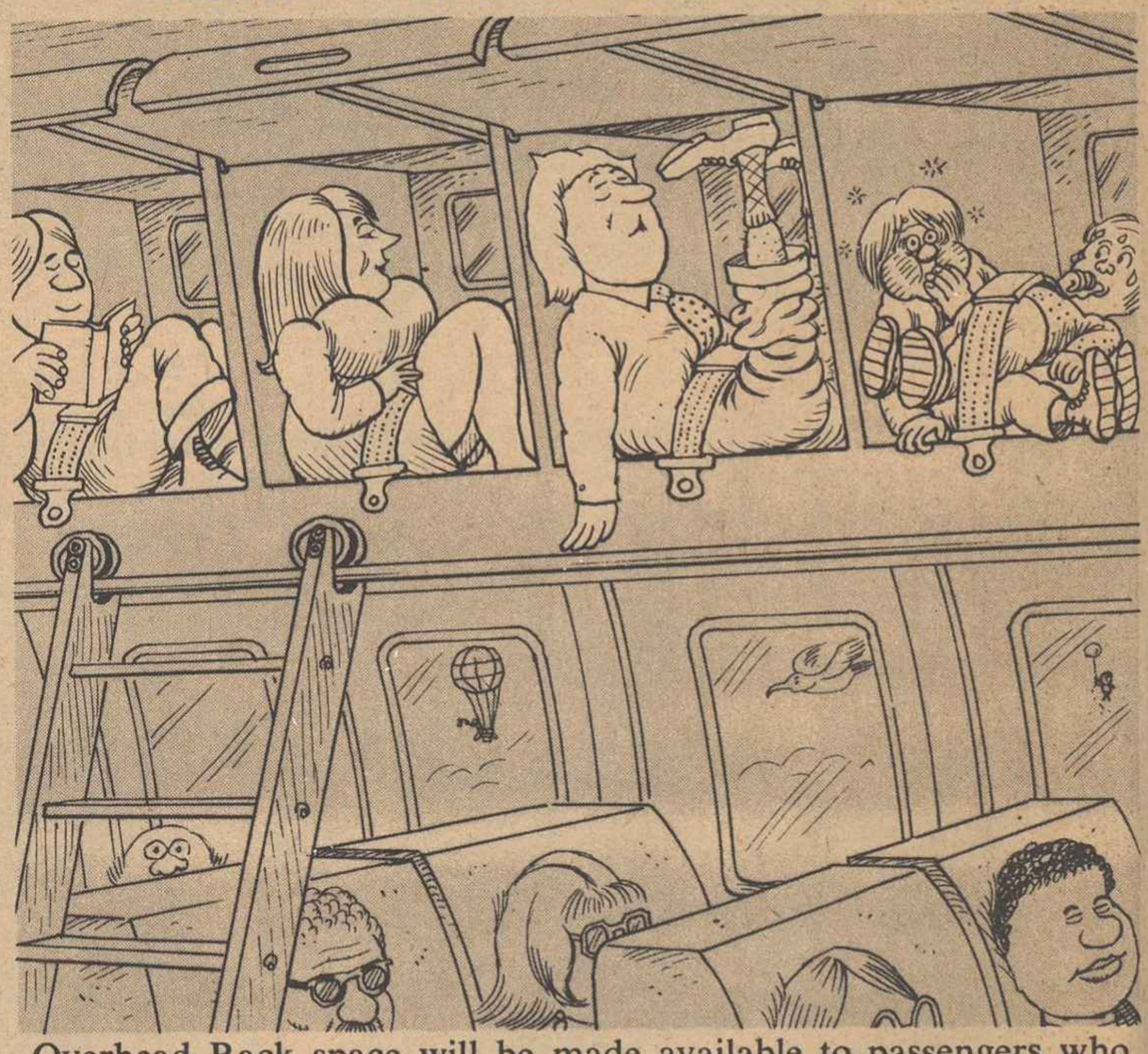
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

"FRILL-FREE" STANDING ROOM PASSENGERS



Cost-conscious travelers will be offered "No-Frills Standee Accommodations" which consists of flying erect from point to point securely tucked into their Standing Room Safety Belts.

"FRILL-FREE" OVERHEAD RACK PASSENGERS



Overhead Rack space will be made available to passengers who do not care to stand coast-to-coast, and will happily settle for the cramped "No-Frills Individual Cubicle Accommodations."

"FRILL-FREE" BAGGAGE HANDLING

All "Frill-Free" passengers will be required to store their own luggage aboard the aircraft before flight, and will also be required to retrieve it upon arrival at destination.

"FRILL-FREE" TOILET ACCOMMODATIONS

Fancy Johns with free goodies like soap and French perfume will be out for "Frill-Free" passengers. One "Pay Toilet" with "Coin-Operated Necessity-Dispenser" will be available.

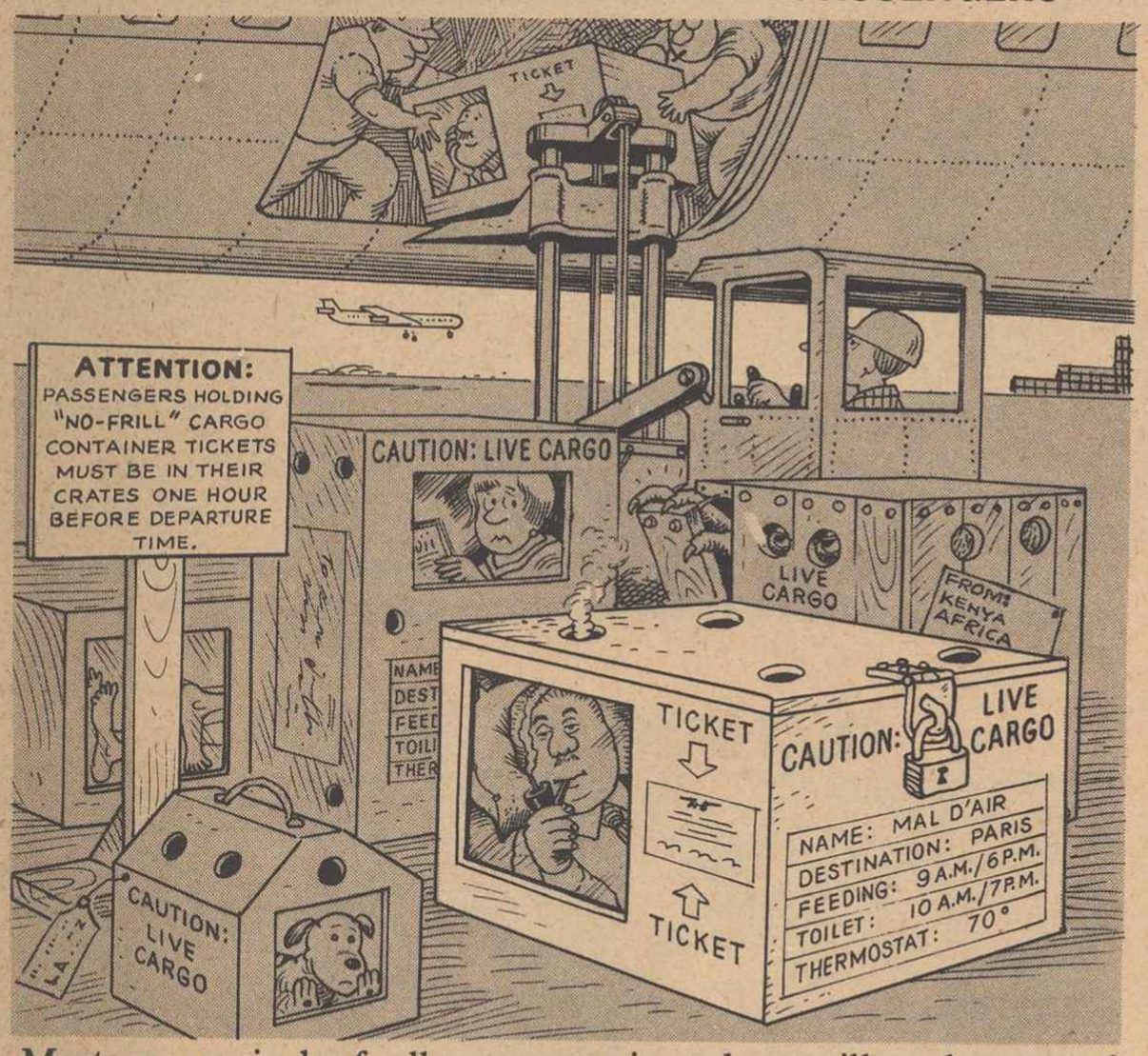


thus attractive to more people, something called "No-Frills Flying" has been introduced. This plan offers lower fares for a more austere type of air travel in which some of the fancy services such as "meals" have been eliminated. If the economic crunch continues and the idea catches on, we may soon be seeing these...

IR TRAVEL" GIMMICKS

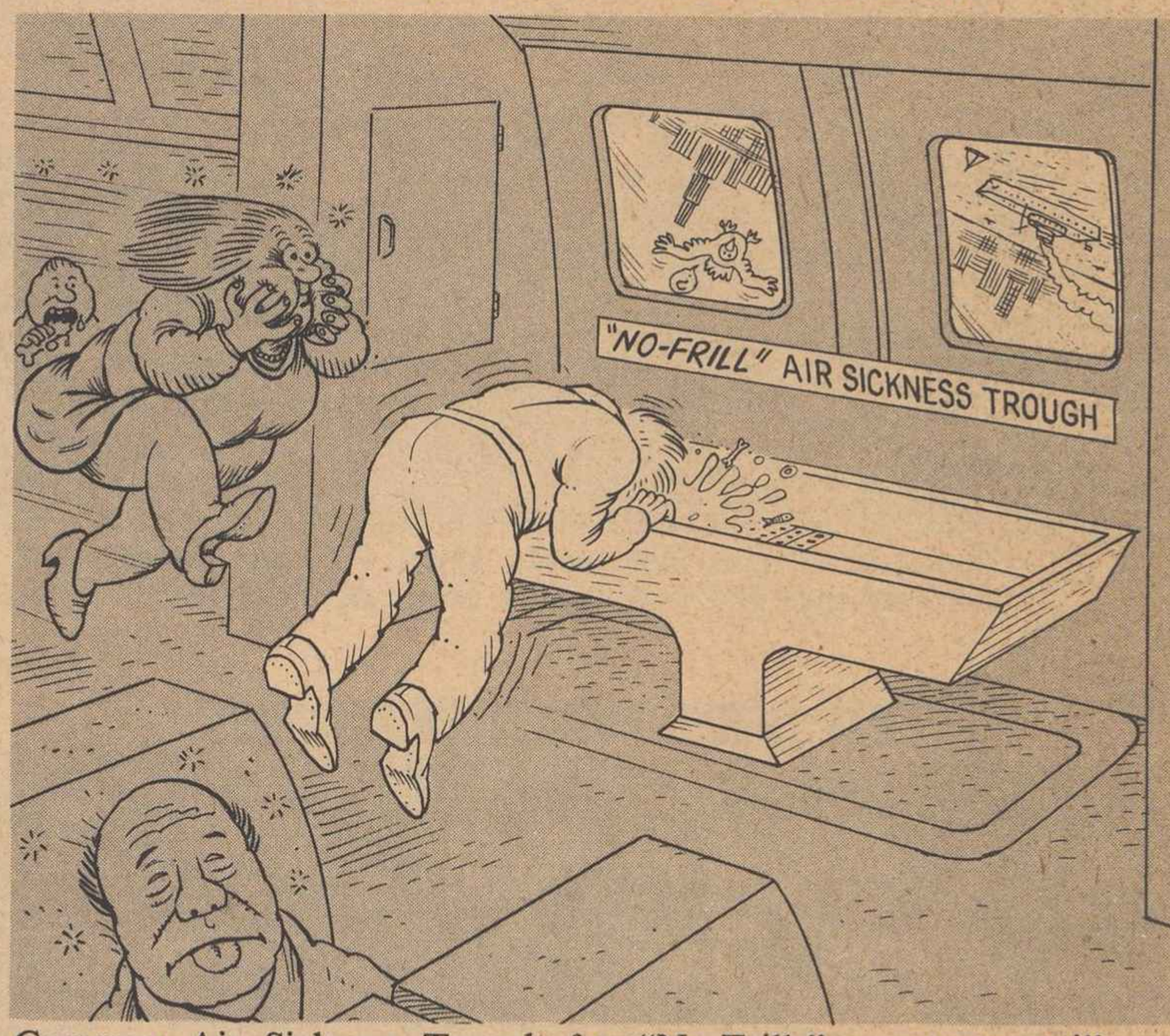
WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & AL JAFFEE

"FRILL-FREE" CARGO CONTAINER PASSENGERS



Most economical of all money-saving plans will make use of Cargo Container Holds, where the budget-minded air traveler will be offered "No-Frills Individual Crate Accommodations."

"FRILL-FREE" ROUGH RIDE TREATMENT



Common Air Sickness Trough for "No-Frills" passengers will eliminate need for expensive Individual Air Sickness Bags, and will also eliminate cost of removing used (ecch) bags.

"FRILL-FREE" EATING ACCOMMODATIONS



Since costly gourmet meals will be eliminated, a "Frill-Free Snack Bar" will be installed for use by "Frill Free" passengers. Unfortunately, Snack Bar will only seat two at a time.

"FRILL-FREE" EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT



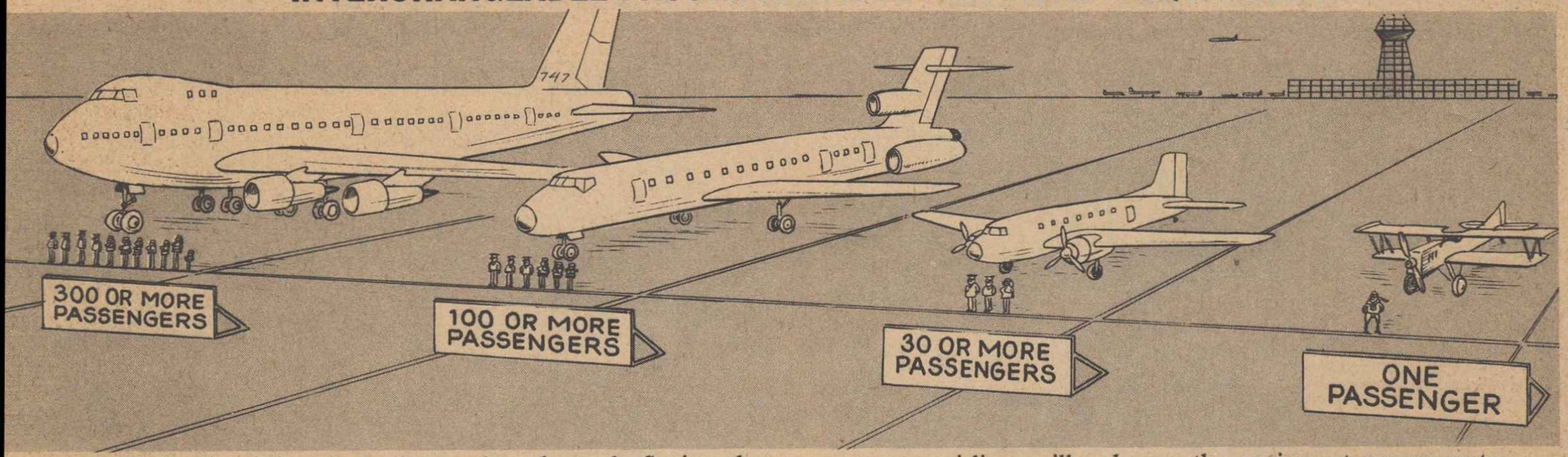
Airlines now provide costly Life Vests and Emergency Oxygen equipment. "Frill-Free" passengers will be satisfied with simple-to-understand Swimming Instructions and an Air Tube.



IN ADDITION TO "FUTURE 'NO-FRILLS' AIR TRAVEL GI

HOW AIRLINES CAN INCREA

INTERCHANGEABLE PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION EQUIPMENT



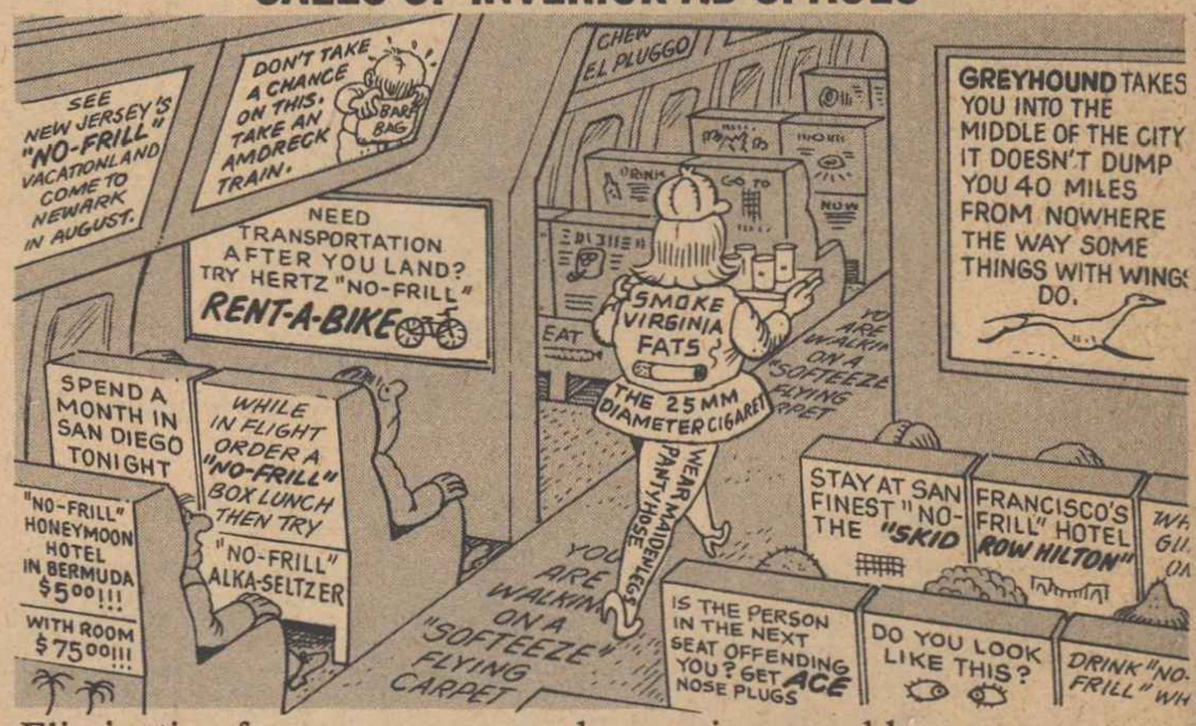
Obviously airlines lose plenty when 6 people fly jets that normally seat 365 and require crews of 18. With this new system, airlines will only use the equipment necessary to accommodate the exact number of passengers that show up.

FRANCHISED PASSENGER SERVICES



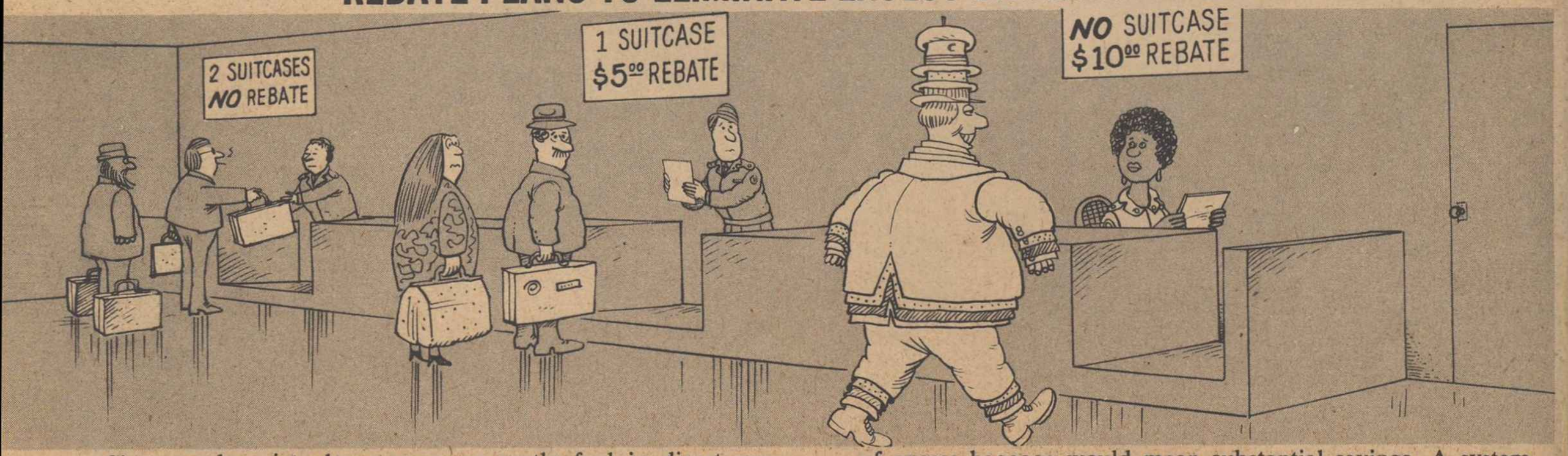
Airlines can save millions by eliminating all free meals, and then earn additional revenues by selling franchises to Concessionaires who would supply passengers with food.

SALES OF INTERIOR AD SPACES



Eliminating free newspapers and magazines would save money, and then the airlines can earn additional income by selling spaces for ads... which bored passengers will eagerly read.

REBATE PLANS TO ELIMINATE EXCESS BAGGAGE WEIGHT

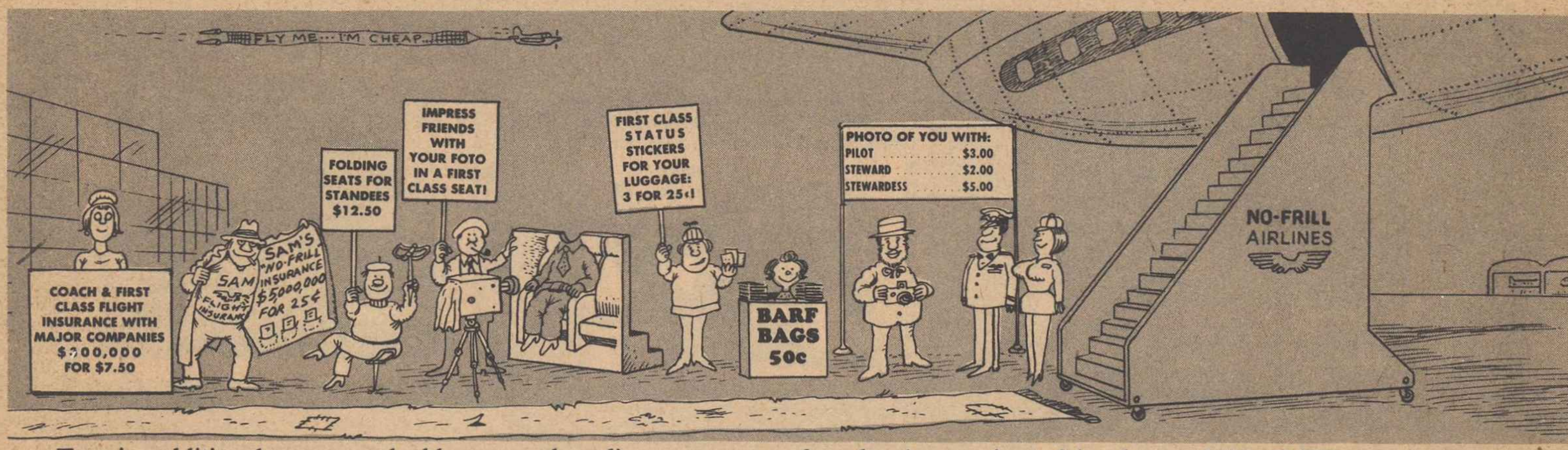


Since modern jet planes consume costly fuel in direct proportion to the amount of weight on board, the elimination of excess baggage would mean substantial savings. A system of "No Bag" or "One Bag" rebates could prove very effective.

MMICKS", HERE ARE SOME OTHER MAD IDEAS ON...

SE REVENUES AND PROFITS

RENTAL OR LEASING OF VALUABLE BOARDING APRON SPACE



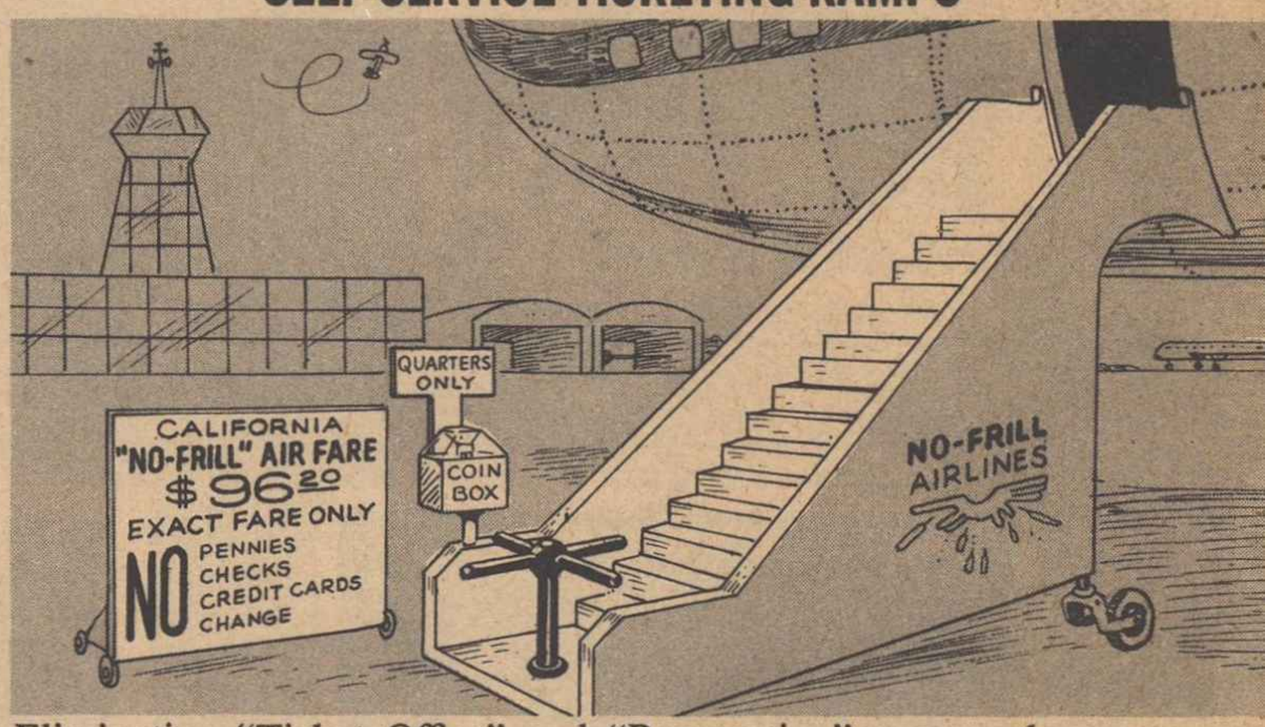
To raise additional revenue valuable runway boarding space can be rented to Concessionaires who will sell everything from local souvenirs to fake photos of "No-Frill" passengers sitting in what looks like the First Class Section on board.

COIN-OPEATED SEAT DISPENSERS



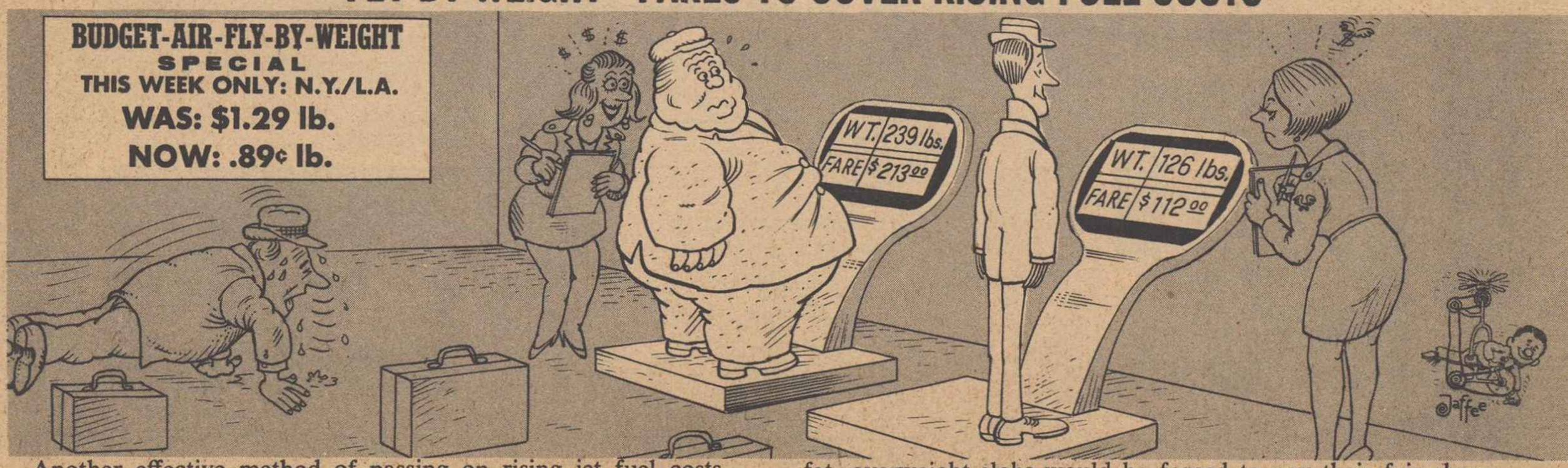
Airlines can generate huge revenues by charging for all the services that are now supplied free. A coin operated seat-dispenser will give passenger his choice—for a slight fee.

SELF-SERVICE TICKETING RAMPS



Eliminating "Ticket Office" and "Reservation" personnel can effect huge savings. One way airlines can accomplish this is to introduce "Pay-As-You-Enter" ramp-systems for all flights.

"FLY-BY-WEIGHT" FARES TO COVER RISING FUEL COSTS



Another effective method of passing on rising jet fuel costs is to institute a "Fly-By-Weight" system in which all of the fat, overweight slobs would be forced to pay their fair share of flying expenses in relation to all the skinny light slobs.

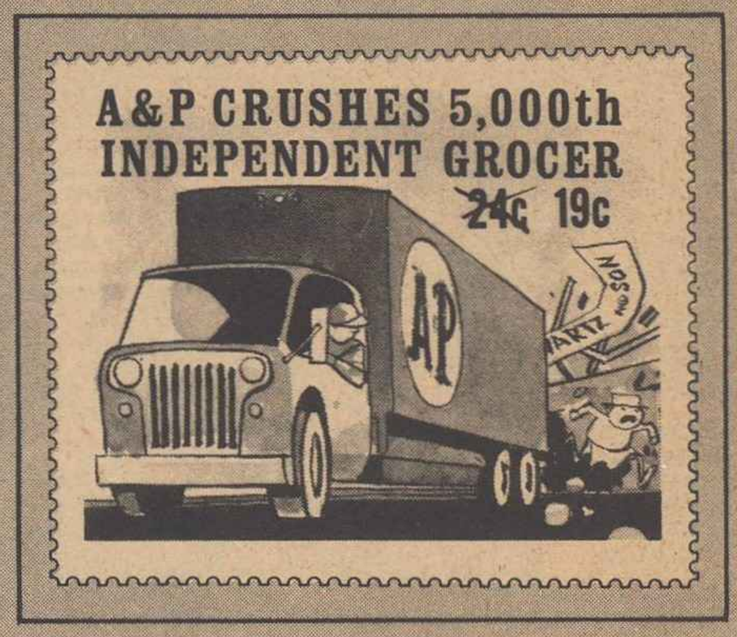
PHILATELIC LIKE IT IS DEPT.

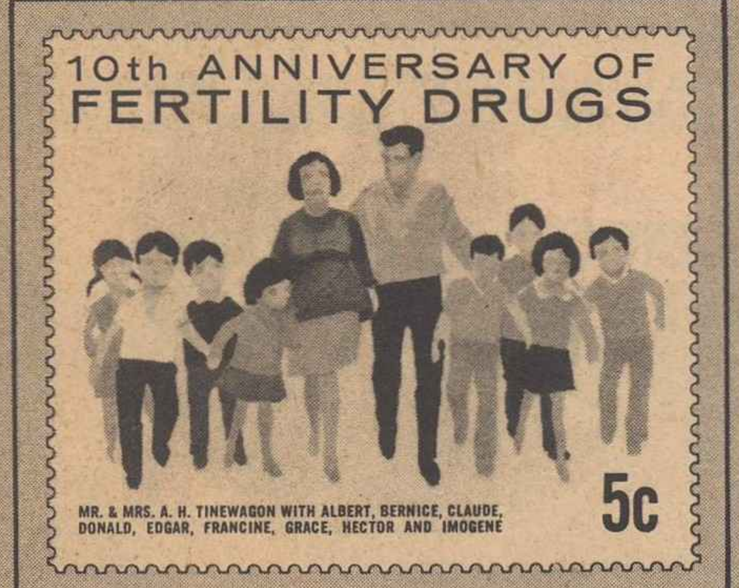
U.S. COMME

Every year the Postal Service issues a batch of new commemorative stamps, and every year we see the same old kind of subjects. You know—great Presidents, anniversaries of cherished events, renowned scientists, stuff like that. If MAD had it s way, the Postal Service would issue stamps that told it like it really is. Not that it will ever happen! That's why we've titled this article





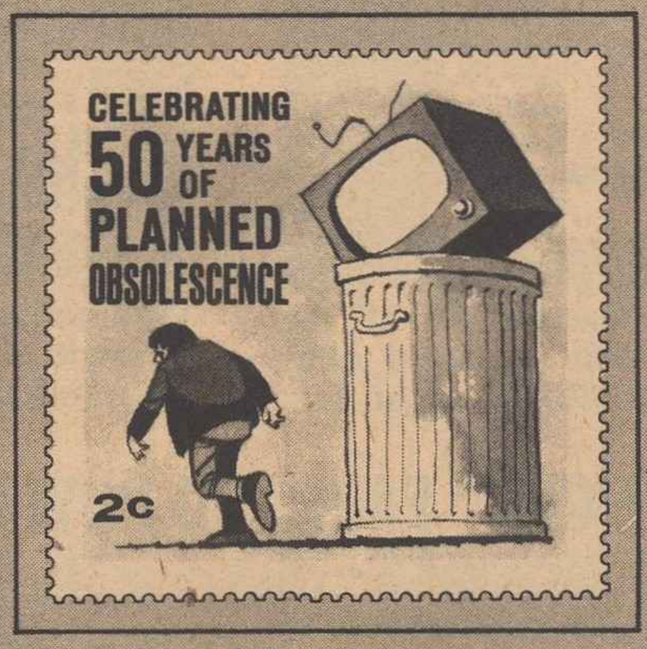


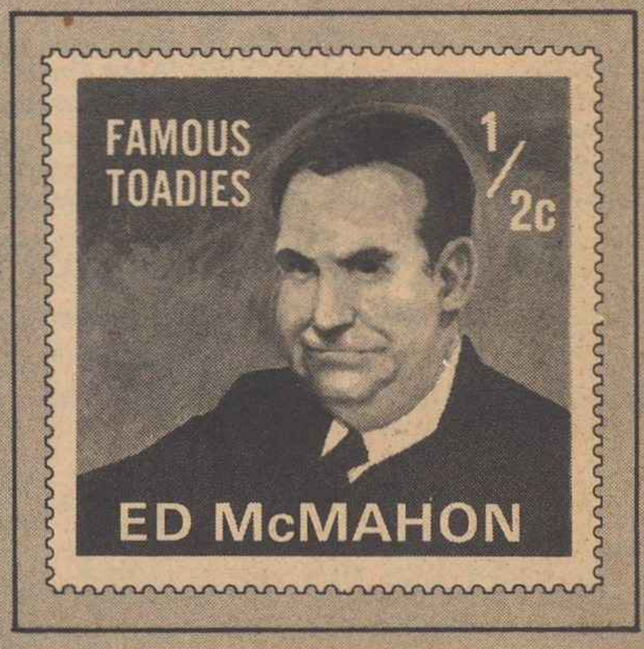


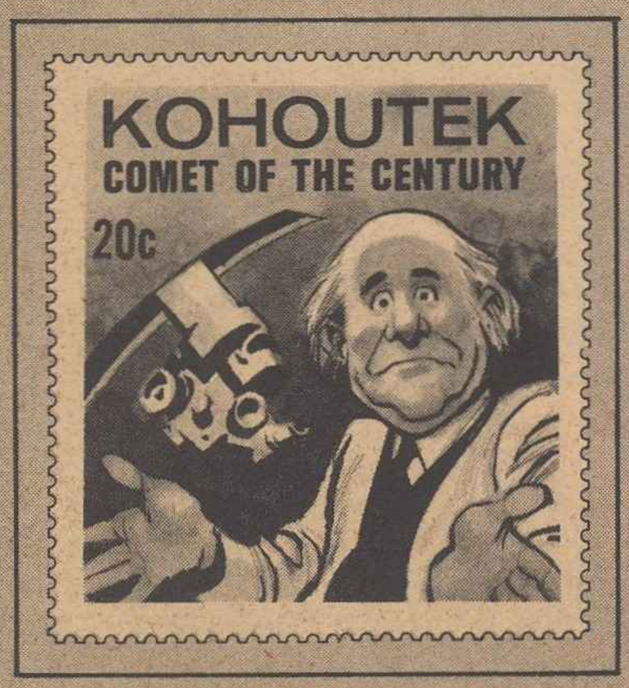
LINDA LOVELACE
Commemorative
$2.00
Deep Blue



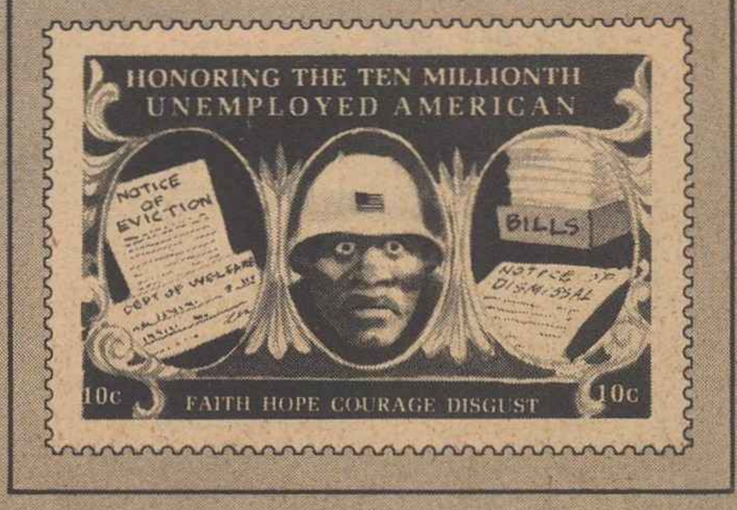








Commemorating
THE COLLAPSE OF
THE AMERICAN
DOLLAR
0 c
Gold & Silver

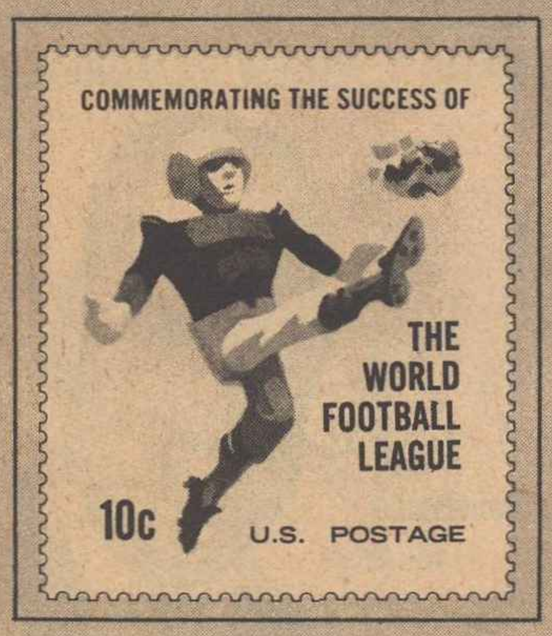


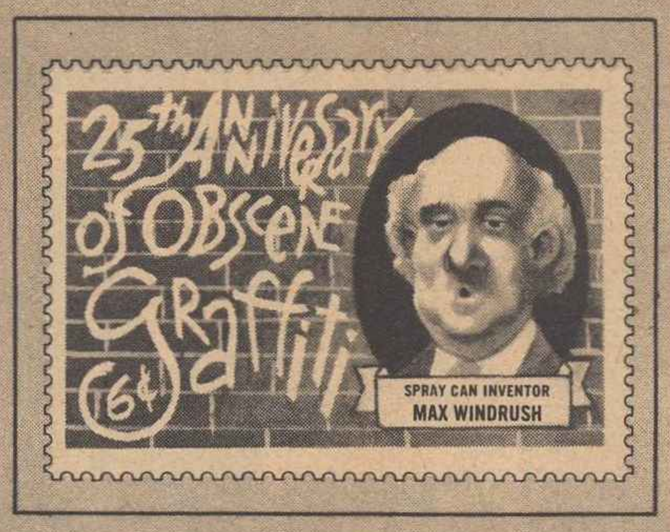
MORATIVE STAMPS

That We'll Never Get To See

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



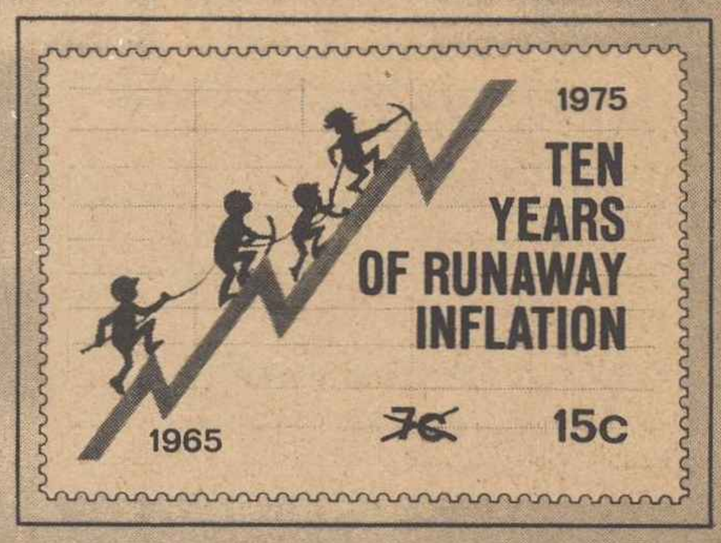






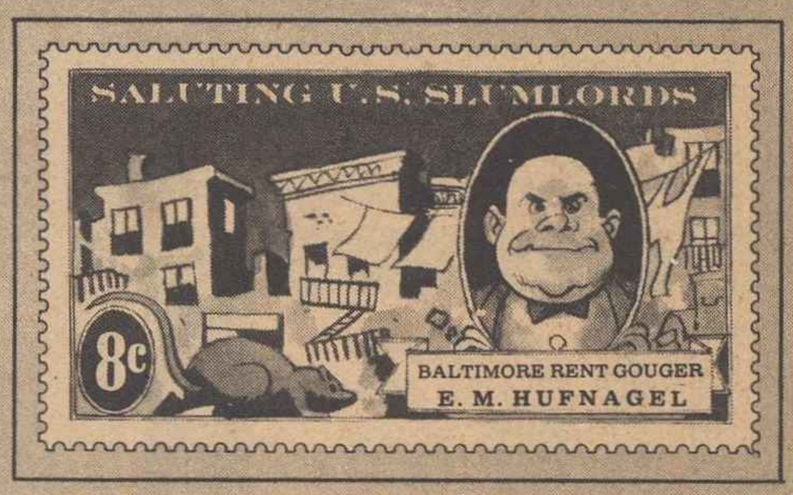
10th Anniversary
of
School Busing
6 c
Black & White

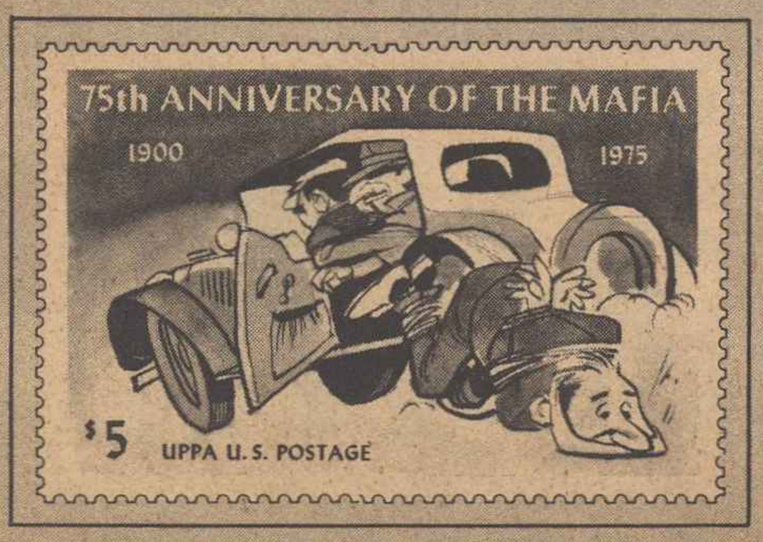










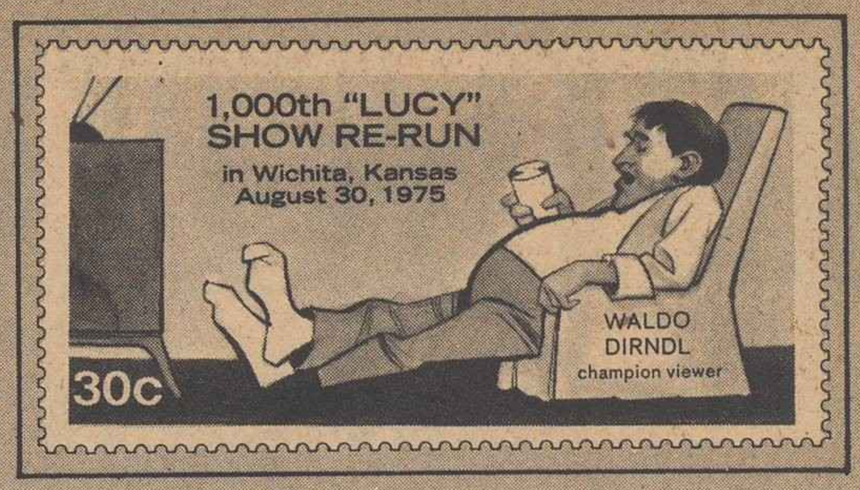


50th Anniversary
AMERICAN
COMMUNIST PARTY
3 c
Red





Howard Johnson
Commemorative
29 c
Chocolate, Vanilla
Strawberry, Cherry,
Peach, Pistachio,
Butter Pecan,
Coffee, etc.

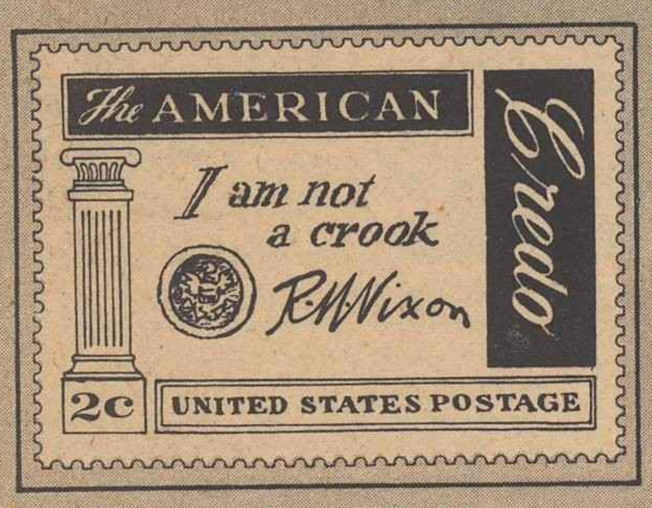


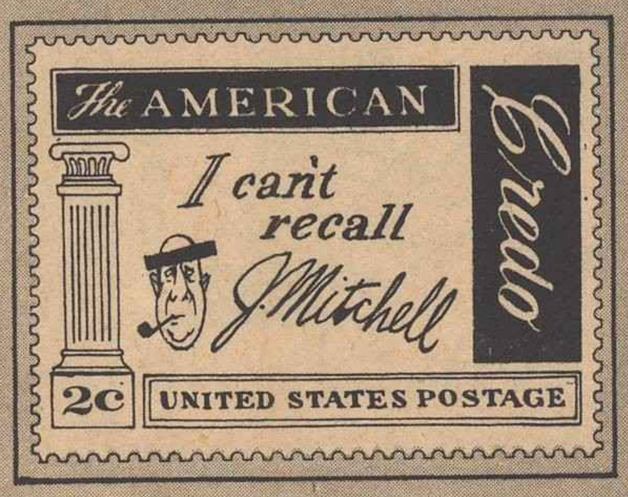


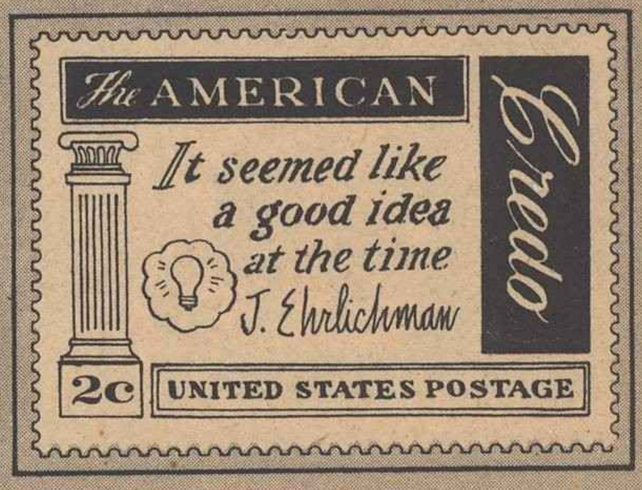


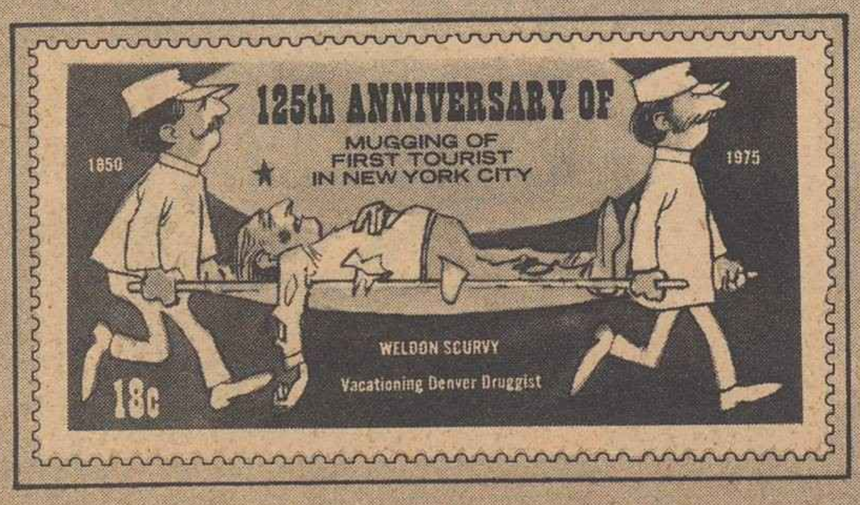
Saluting America's
Used Car Dealers
7 c
Lemon











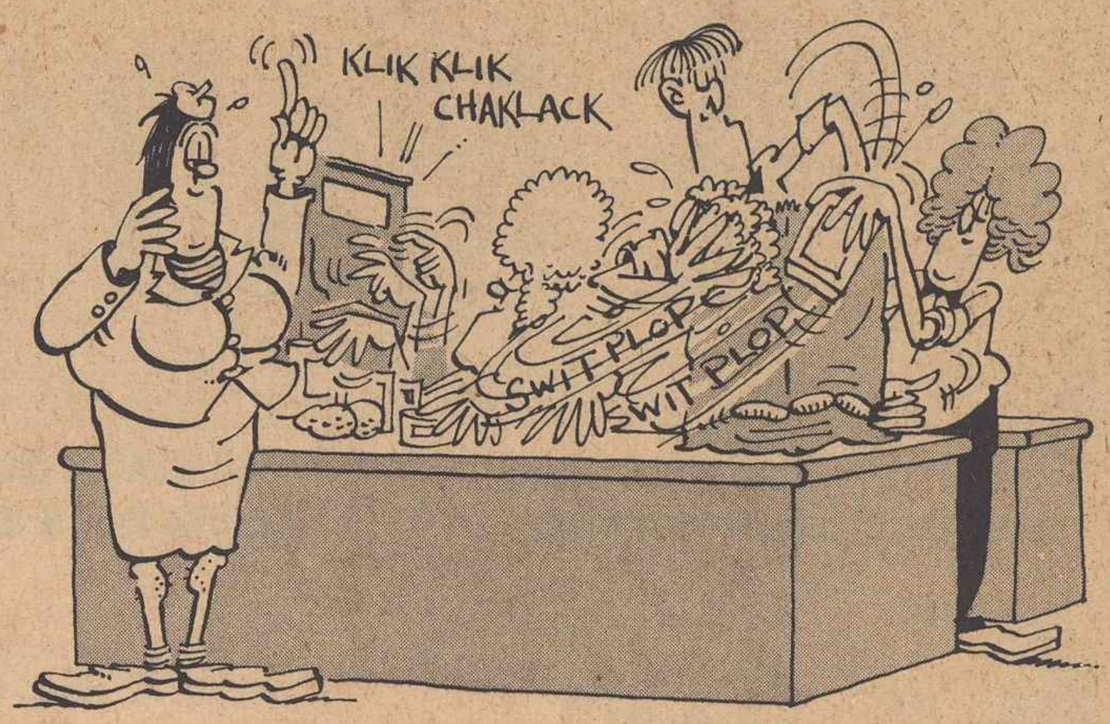


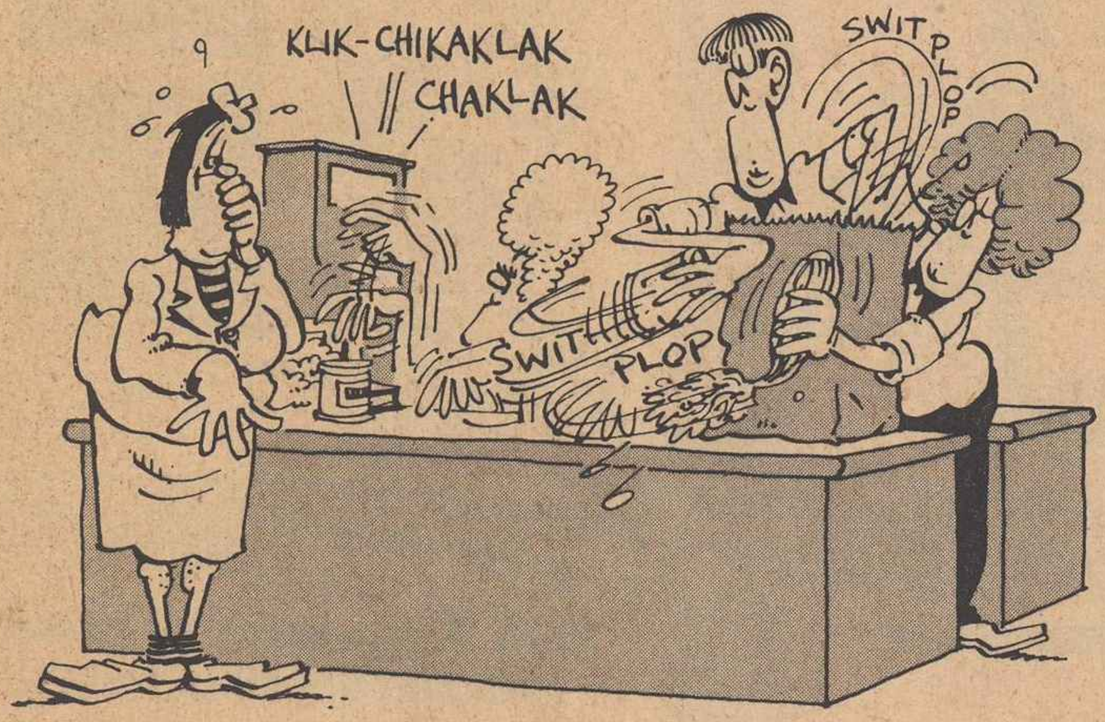


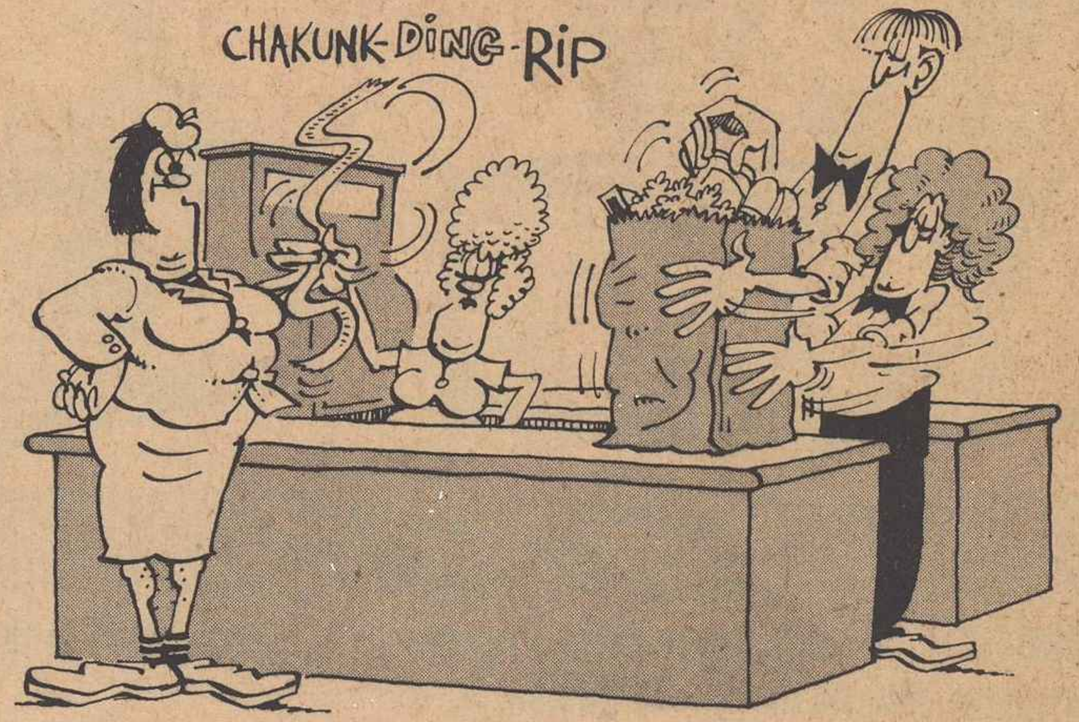
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

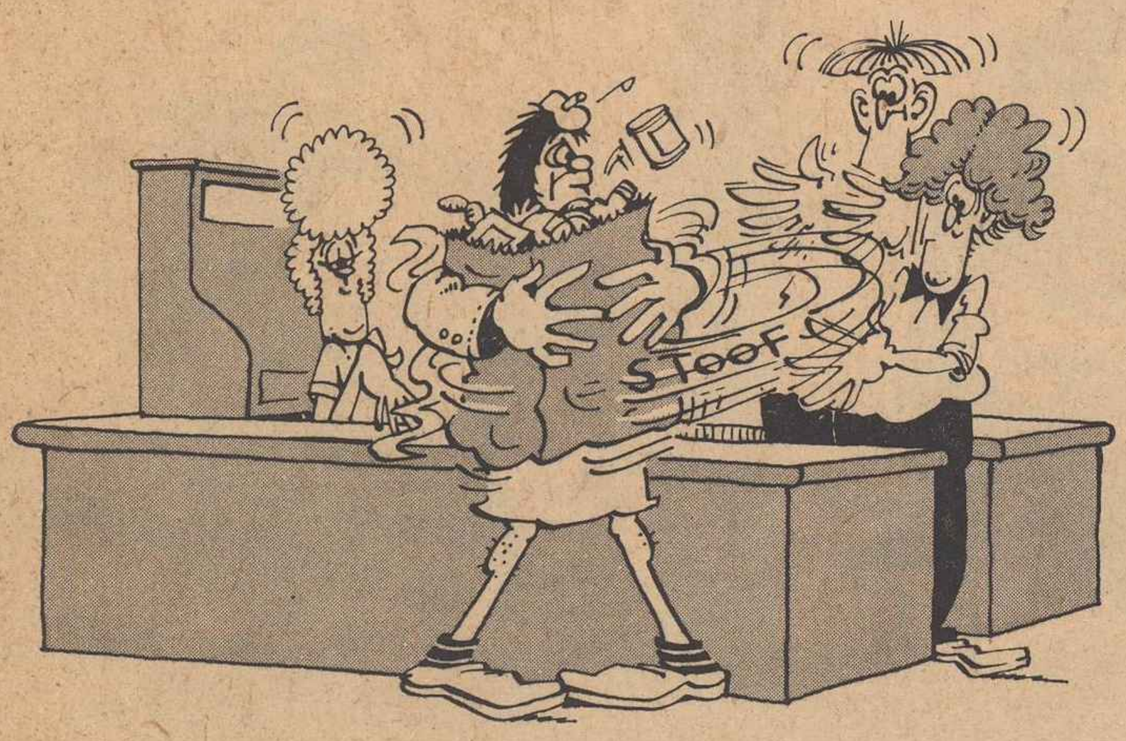
ONE SATURDAY MORNING IN A SUPERMARKET

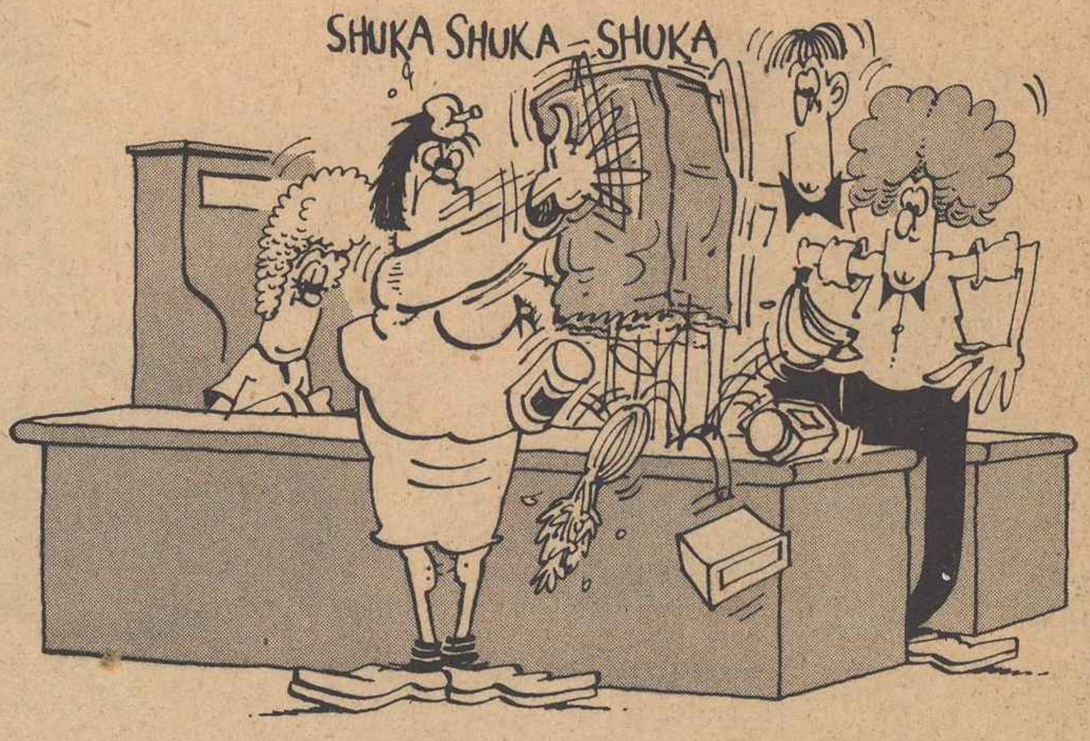




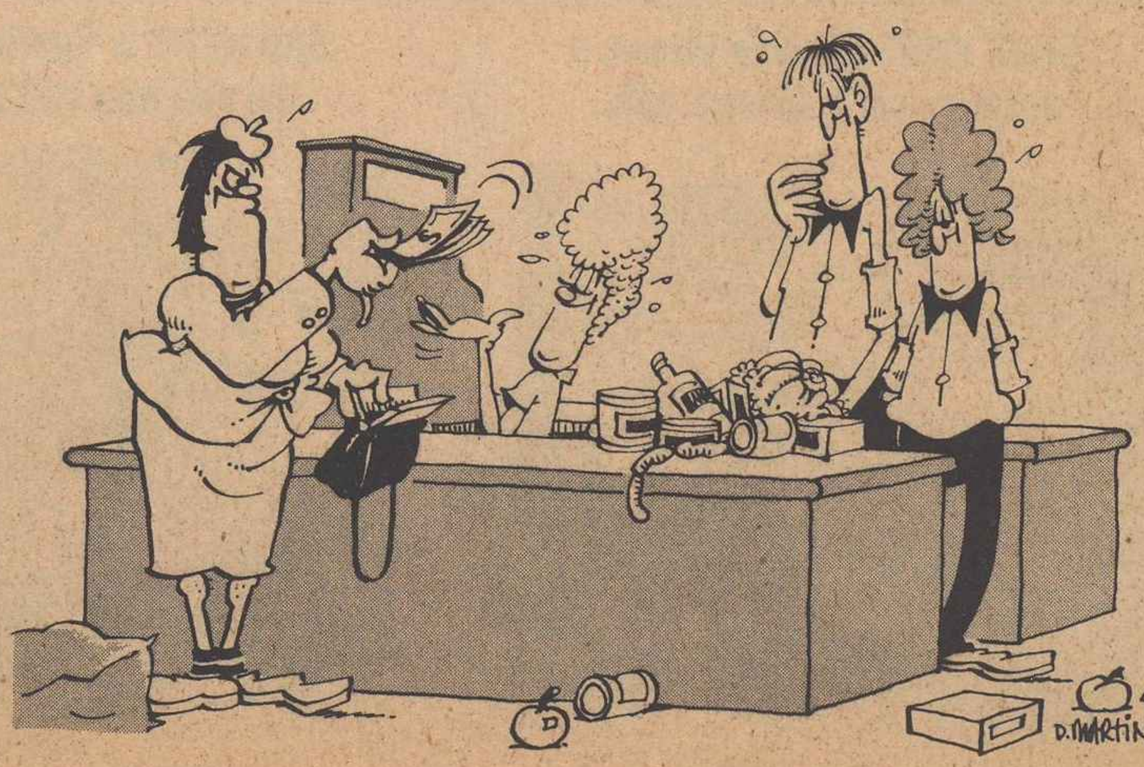












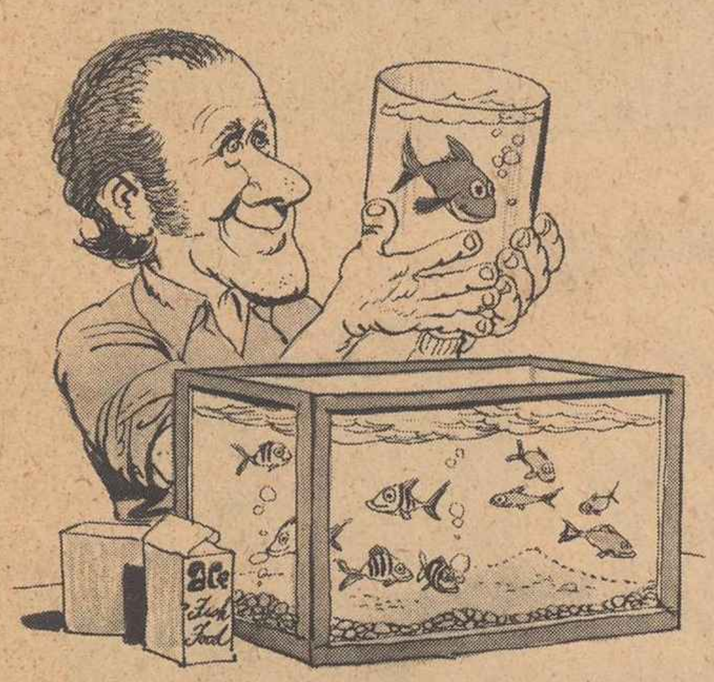
FLIP/FLOPS DEPT.

Life, as everyone knows, is full of GOOD NEWS and BAD NEWS. Sometimes the GOOD NEWS turns into BAD NEWS. Sometimes the BAD NEWS turns into GOOD NEWS. And sometimes the GOOD NEWS,

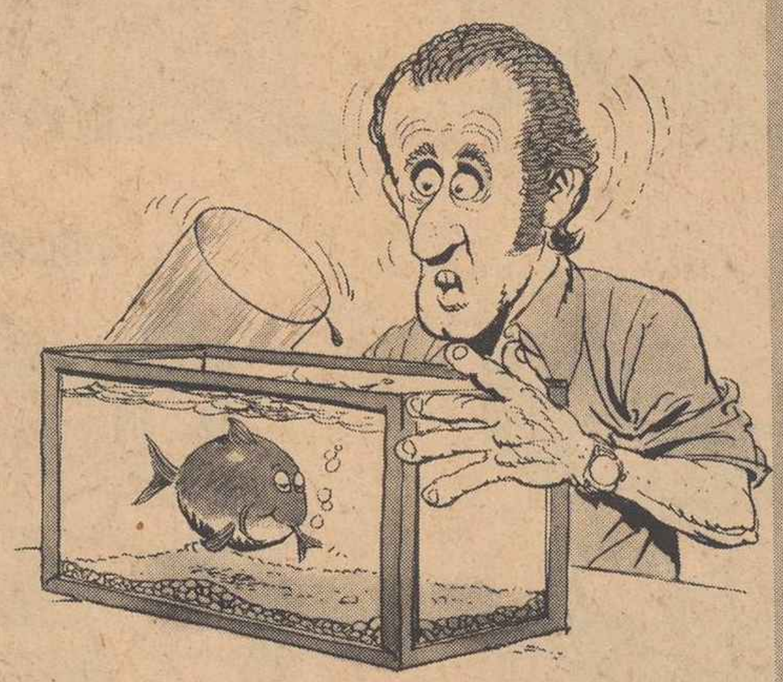
THE MAD "GOOD NEWS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

GOOD NEWS is being given a new, rare tropical fish for your tank.



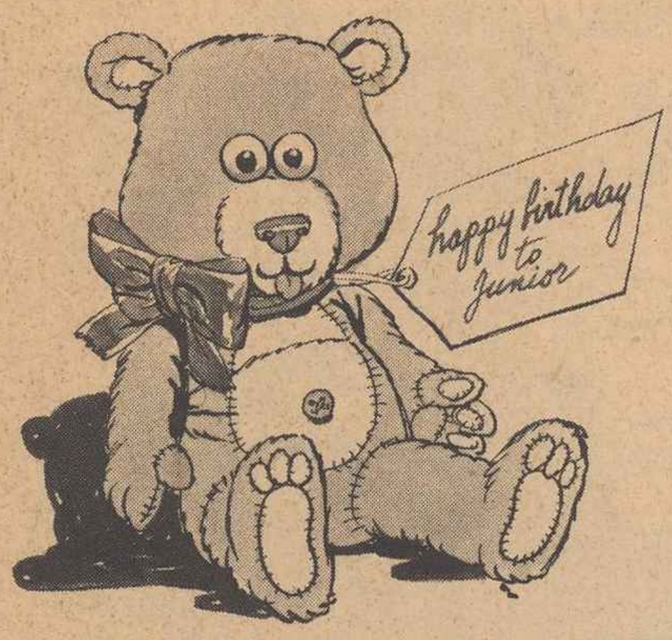
BAD NEWS is discovering that its favorite food is other tropical fish.



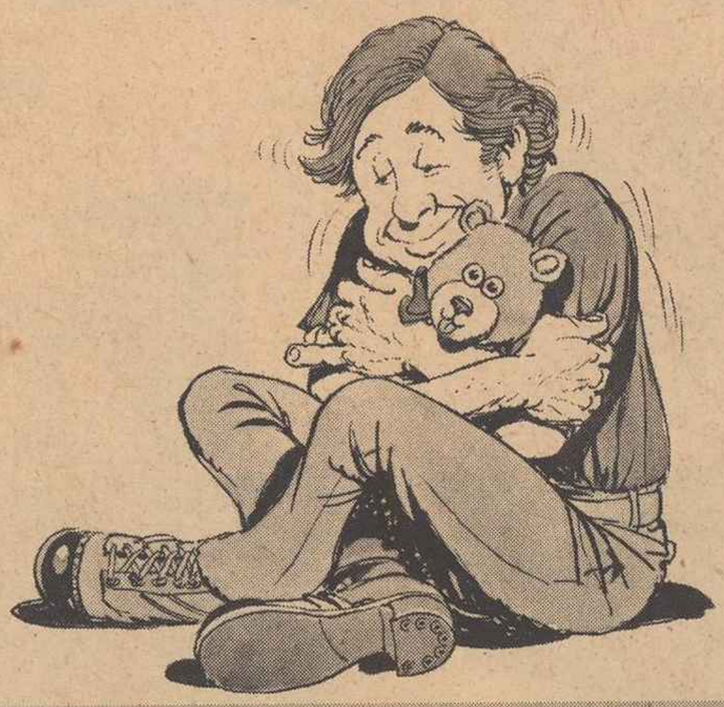
GOOD NEWS is finding out that you and your date share many common interests.



GOOD NEWS is asking for a cuddly Teddy Bear for your birthday, and getting it.



BAD NEWS is that you're turning 18.



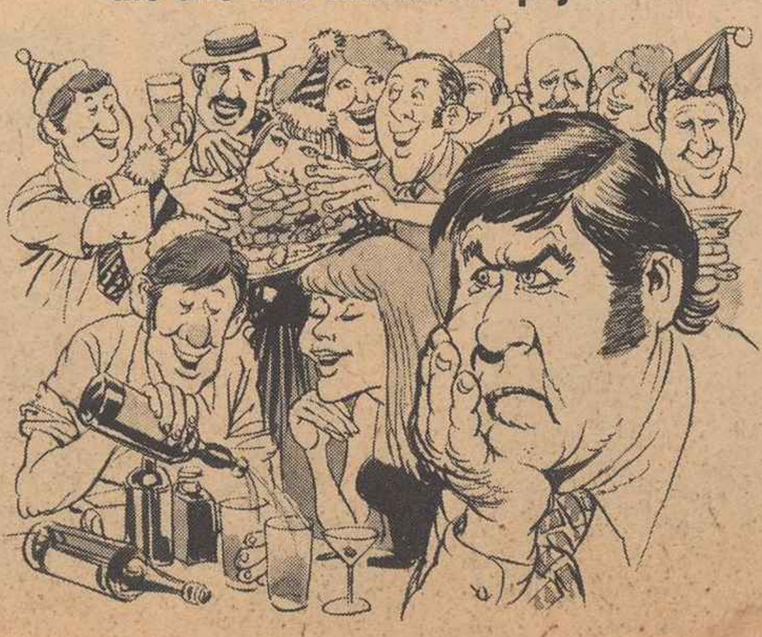
GOOD NEWS is sliding into second base, and being called "Safe!"



GOOD NEWS is being thrown a surprise party by your wife.



BAD NEWS is figuring out that you're the one who still has to pay for it.



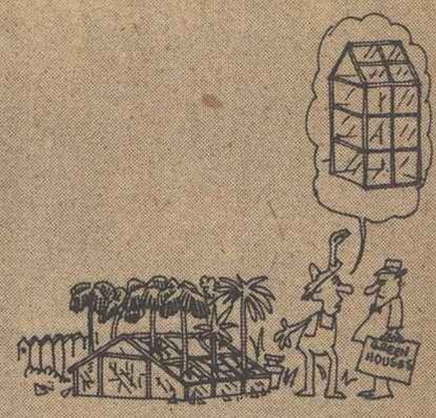
GOOD NEWS is going through an entire winter without once getting sick.



which was the BAD NEWS, turns into BAD NEWS again. And sometimes . . . well, you get the idea.

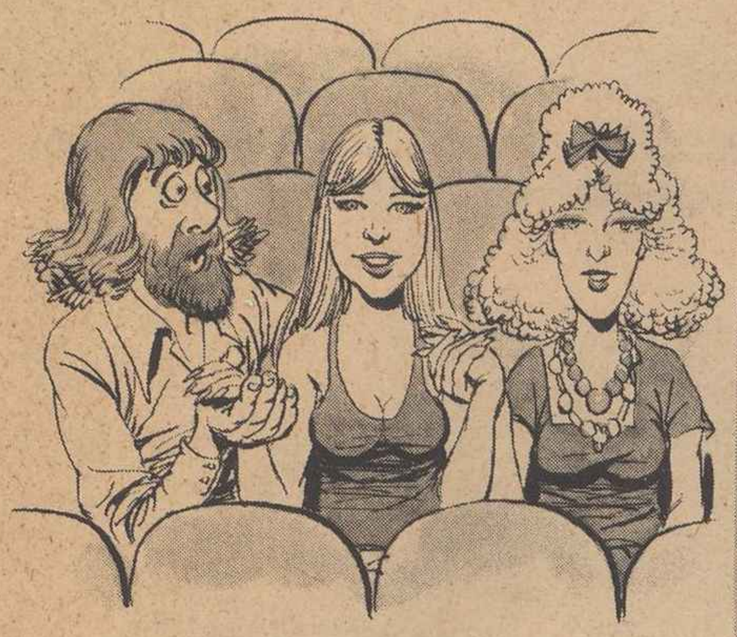
This ends the introduction, which is GOOD NEWS, and brings us to the following article, which is

—BAD NEWS" BOOK



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BAD NEWS is discovering that one of your common interests is girls.



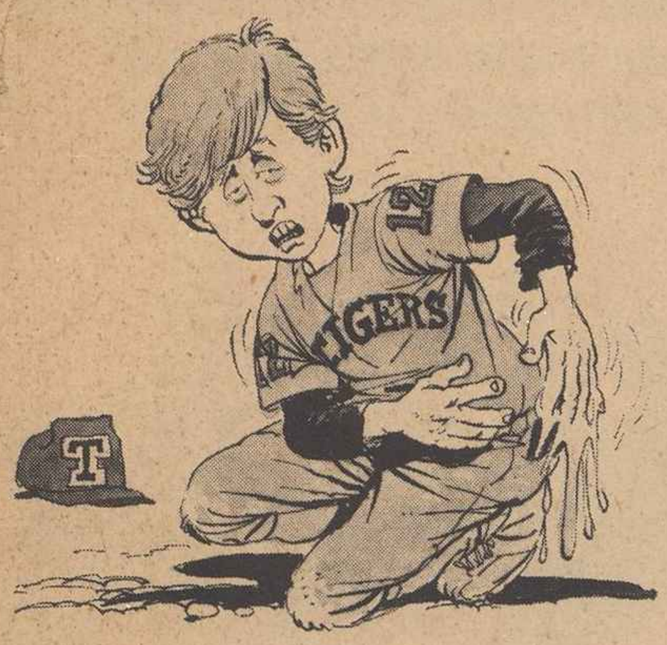
GOOD NEWS is conscientiously dieting to lose forty pounds.



BAD NEWS is succeeding . . . but in all the wrong places.



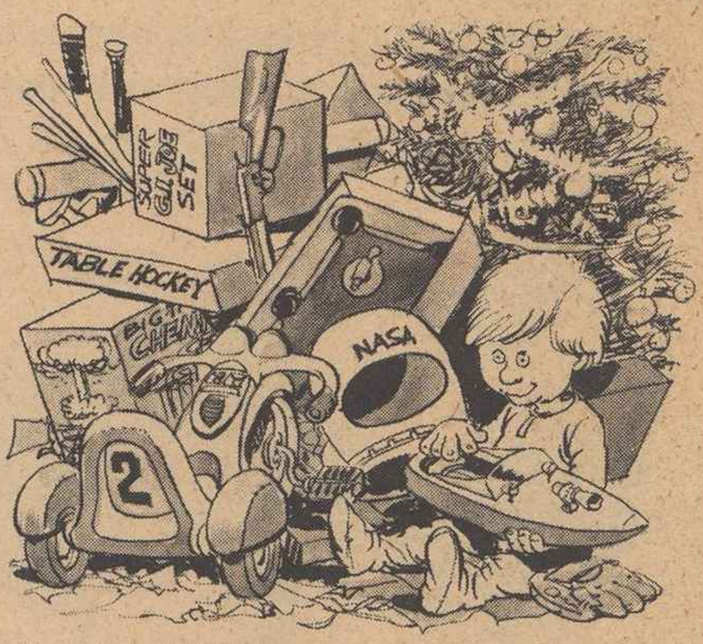
BAD NEWS is remembering you had six live caterpillars in your back pocket.



BAD NEWS is finding out there's no Santa Claus.



GOOD NEWS is realizing that it doesn't make any difference.



BAD NEWS is you're a hypochondriac.



BAD NEWS is finding out your Dad is an Accountant.



GOOD NEWS is finding out your Dad is Joe Namath's Accountant.



BAD NEWS is a building going up on your favorite vacant lot.



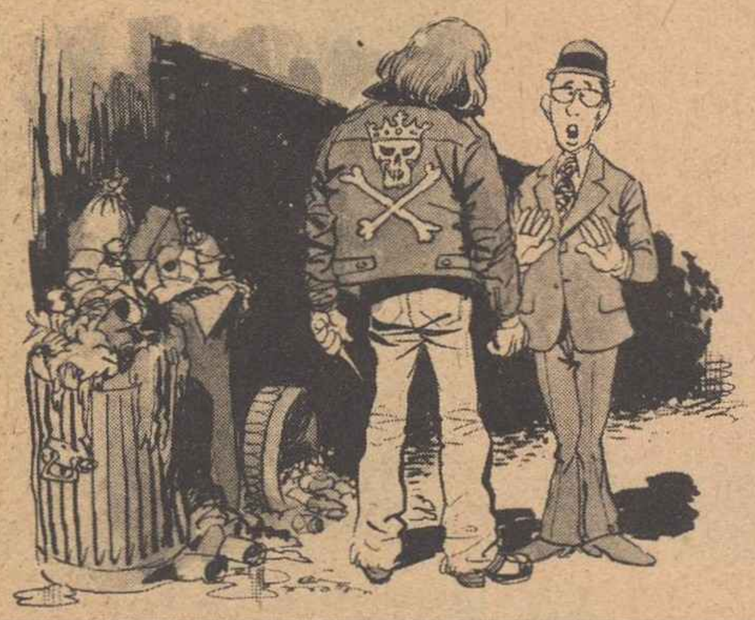
GOOD NEWS is finding out it's going to be an Ice Cream Parlor.



BAD NEWS is discovering the place has a fancy name and charges 75¢ a scoop.



BAD NEWS is meeting up with a mugger.



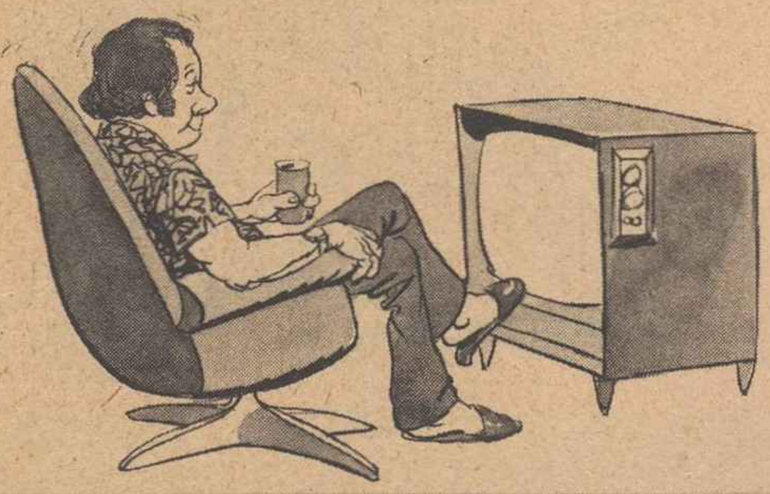
GOOD NEWS is finding you've only got three dollars in your pocket.



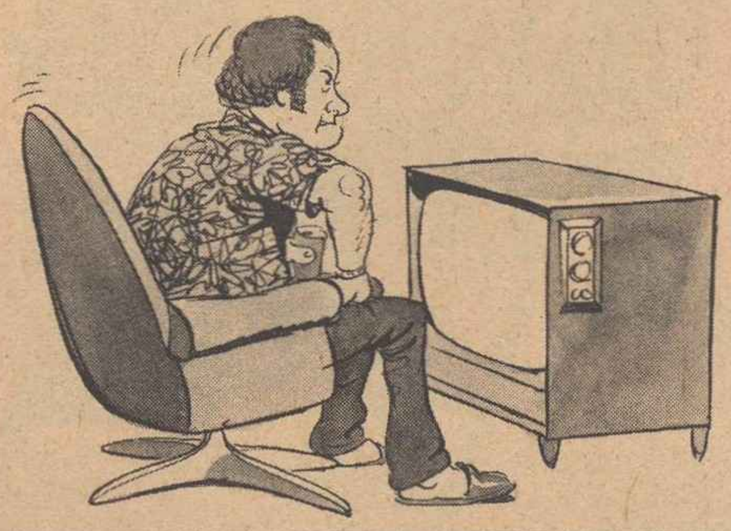
BAD NEWS is discovering that three dollars is a big insult to a mugger.



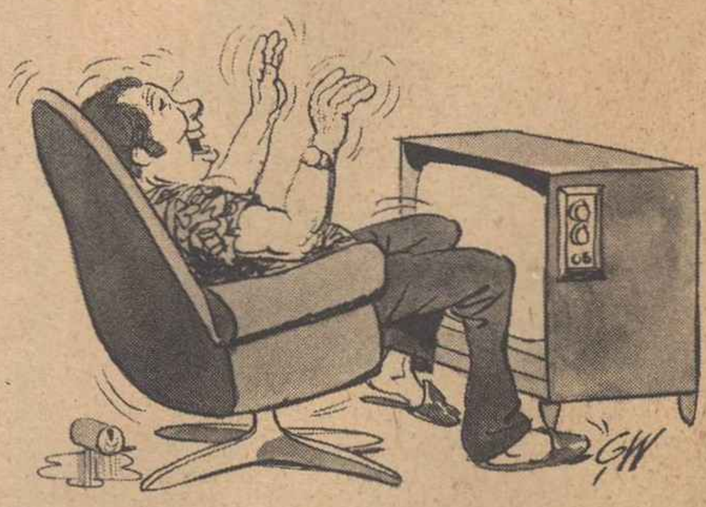
GOOD NEWS is settling down at your TV set to watch your favorite comedy.



BAD NEWS is finding it's pre-empted by Ford explaining his economic policies.



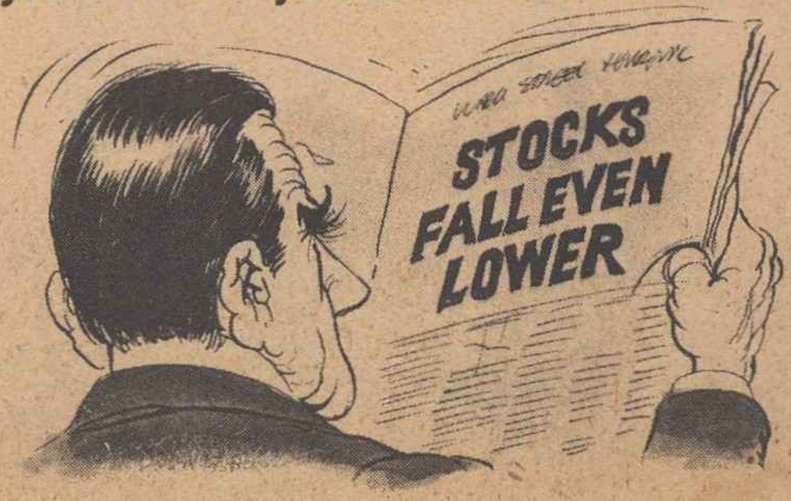
GOOD NEWS is discovering that you're getting twice the laughs.



BAD NEWS is continuing to get BAD NEWS instead of the GOOD NEWS you felt you were due after the BAD NEWS.



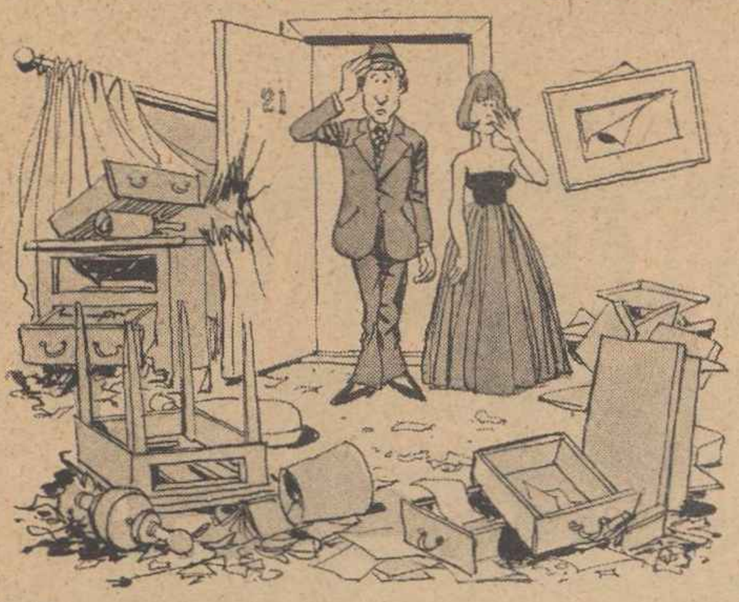
GOOD NEWS is continuing to still get BAD NEWS, which is GOOD NEWS because you know you're now really due for some GOOD NEWS.



BAD NEWS is trusting in cycles.



BAD NEWS is coming home at night and discovering you've been burglarized.



GOOD NEWS is calculating that your Insurance will cover the entire loss.



BAD NEWS is finding the unmailed premium in your jacket pocket.



BAD NEWS is going out with a female friend and being spotted by your Wife.



GOOD NEWS is discovering that she's out with a male friend.



BAD NEWS is noting she's having a much better time than you are.



BAD NEWS is being sent to bed without any dinner.



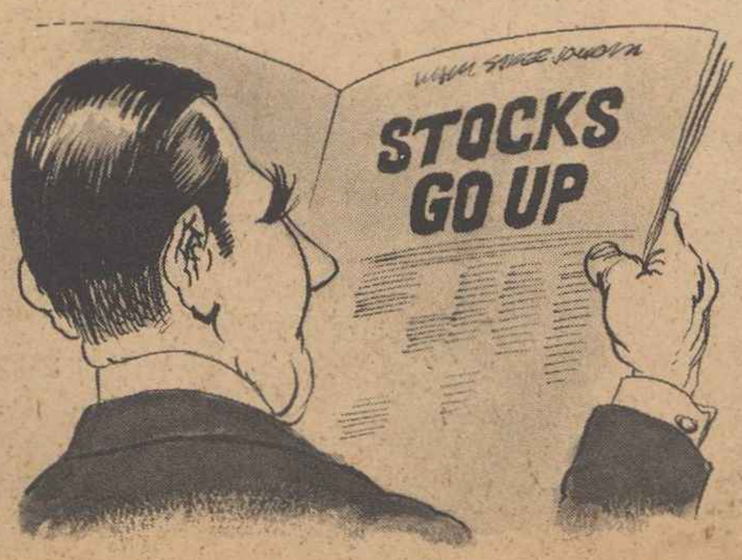
GOOD NEWS is finding out that dinner is a broccoli and eggplant casserole.



BAD NEWS is your Mother worried about you getting hungry . . . and sneaking a plate up to your room.



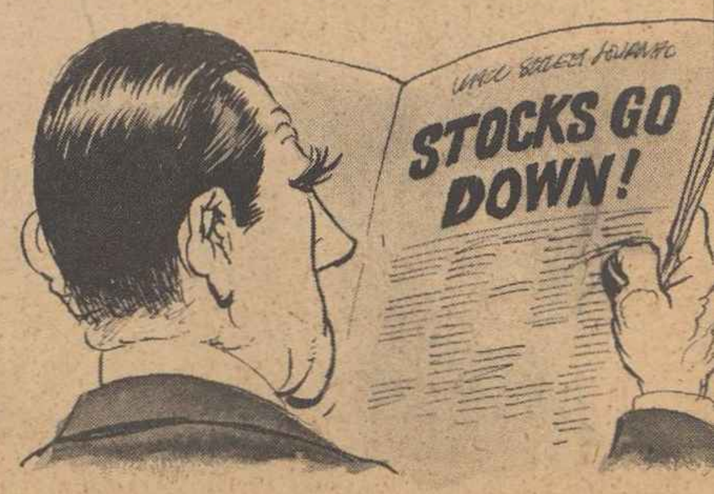
GOOD NEWS is getting GOOD NEWS.



BAD NEWS is getting more GOOD NEWS . . . which bothers you because you know you're now due for BAD NEWS.



GOOD NEWS is finally getting BAD NEWS . . . which relieves your mind because you know you're again due for GOOD NEWS.



REMAINDERS TO BE SEEN DEPT.

What is the best way to sell an unsaleable item? Make it look like a bargain! Most people can't refuse a bargain, and will gladly fork up the 40% necessary to take advantage of the 60% off sale price, despite the fact that the item isn't worth 10% to begin with! Book publishers, well aware of this phenomenon, have flooded the mails and media with ads, brochures, and book club offers designed to empty their turkey-filled warehouses with ads like this . . .

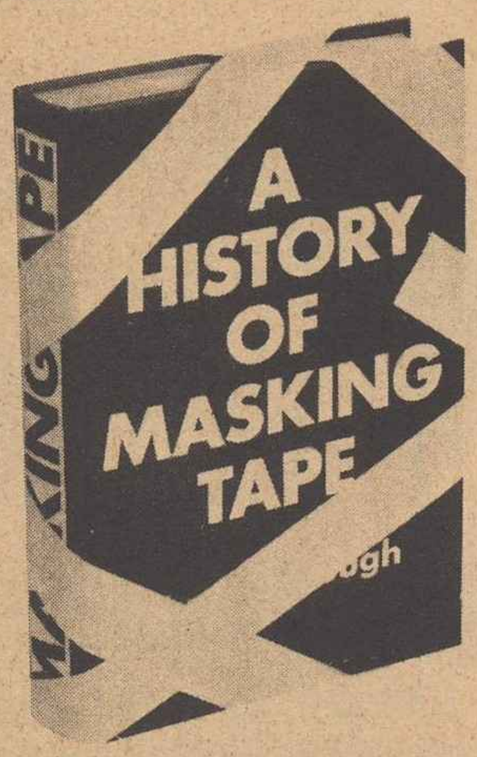
PUBLISHERS CLOSEOUT SALE

Many of these books are selling for as much as 40% or more off wholesale prices, 60% or more off retail prices and 100% or more off author's royalties.

2345. THE FRENCH HORN AS A PERCUSSION INSTRUMENT. By Ira-Schmidt Von Coward. In this musical thesis, Dr. Von Coward proposes that the French horn should be struck rather than blown in order to produce its best sound. *342 pp. Illustrations 64 pages.*

3427. FROM ARTHUR TO WASHINGTON, Or, The Presidents Alphabetized. By Dr. Asa Inglefinger. Here for the first time is a handy reference booklet of United States Presidents listed according to the alphabet. (Previously, they've been listed chronologically, necessitating page-fumbling and lost time for readers.) Dr. Inglefinger, who teaches American History and Enemy Aircraft Recognition at Stanback University, defends his filing Martin Van Buren under "B" instead of "V" in a remarkably strident preface. *98 pp.*

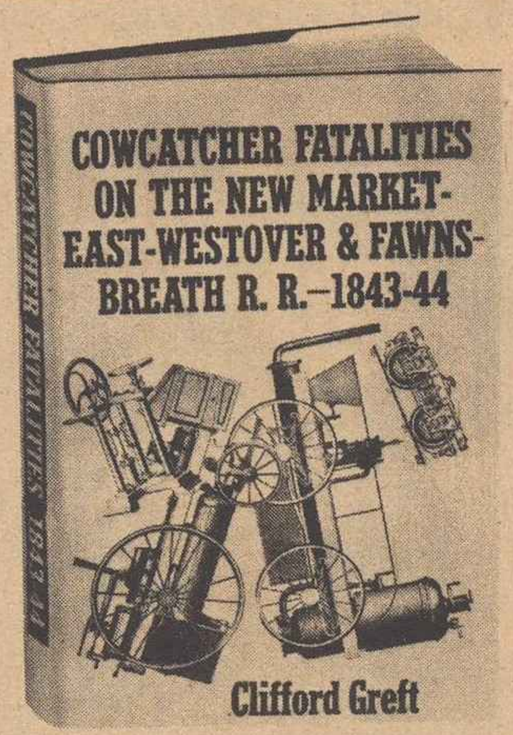
3786. OYSTER SKETCHES OF OTTO TANTREP. Edited by Carlo Maria Hamburger. Otto Tantrep (1884-1972) was one of the world's most eccentric artists in that he drew nothing but oysters during his entire career. He worked in a variety of interesting media, however, in addition to standard water colors and oils—e.g., soap-on-insulation board, chalk-on-liver, and icepick-on-styrofoam. All of these media have been brilliantly reproduced on lovely two-color pages. *12 illustrations, 64 pp.* with an introduction by Pinkerton Hanoi.



3459. A HISTORY OF MASKING TAPE. By Hunrith Slough. Historical explanation of a hitherto-unmentioned topic. In this book, Mr. Slough dramatically describes what World War II might have been like without masking tape. *398 pp. Index. Plain jacket.*

3455. SINGLE-FLAG SEMAPHORE. By Lt. Commander Upton Defft. "Semaphore code is a very useful means of communication," Commander Lefft points out in his preface, "but what would happen if you lost one flag, or even worse, an arm?" To fill this void, Lefft has devised an emergency system of single-flag semaphore code. His written description of the positions, in the absence of illustrations, is adequate. *829 pp.*

3428. FROM ADAMS TO WOODROW, or The Presidents Alphabetized. By Dr. Asa Inglefinger. Second edition of his earlier book, with several minor errors corrected. *102 pp.*



3334. COWCATCHER FATALITIES ON THE NEW MARKET-EAST WESTOVER-FAWNS-BREATH RAILROAD, 1843-44. By Clifford Greft. Never before published report on a series of railroad mishaps which baffled government officials for hours. *1002 pp.*

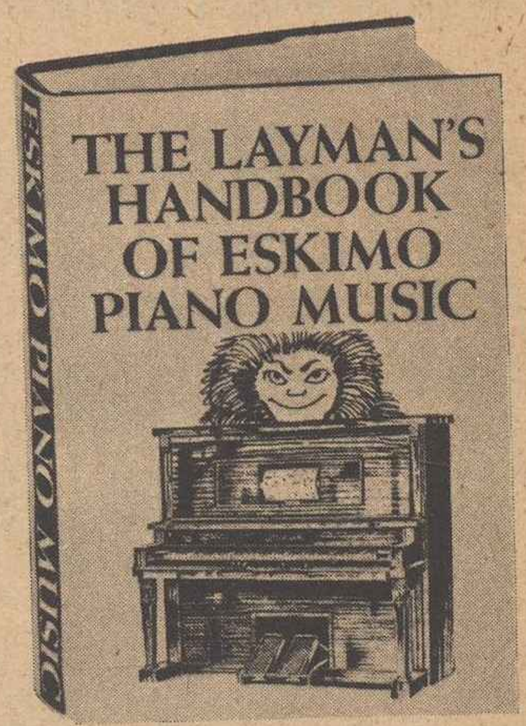
4543. THE ANTHILL PHOTOGRAPHS OF PARDO LOMOTIL. Edited by Dudd Casper. Without doubt, PardoLomotil, before his untimely death in 1963 from underexposure, was already firmly established as the world's finest anthill photographer. This book does nothing to refute that fact, in one way or the other. *98 pp. No illustrations.*

2345. INCA TEMPLE ADMISSION PRICES. By Targe O'Malley. In this volume, Professor O'Malley offers the suggestion that the Inca Indians operated their religious services on a commercial basis, with a graduated scale of prices for the natives. *636 pp. 76 fold-out illustrations.*

3980. DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME AND ITS EFFECT ON MOORISH TRADITION. By Largo Albert Factotum. A provocative study from which Mr. Factotum, an associate professor of Laundry Science at USC, draws some startling conclusions. *329 pp.*

3334. WAIST SIZES OF BYZANTINE EMPERORS. By Hugo Uruguag and Olga Myhan. Through an ingenious and painstaking examination of ancient writings, old paintings, engravings, and contemporary supermarket gossip, Mr. Uruguay and Ms. Myhan have succeeded in nailing down the waist sizes of more than ten centuries of Byzantine rulers. "How much difference does this make to the average American?", asks Uruguay in his preface, then follows with an incisive response: "It makes a lot of difference, that's how much!" *120 full-page illustrations, 96 pp.*

5654. A CENTURY OF ARM RESTS. By Carlo Glugetti. A fascinating historical examination of arm rests, from the earliest models in Wells Fargo stagecoaches to prototypes developed and used by General Motors. *36 illustrations, 574 pp.*



3349. THE LAYMAN'S HANDBOOK OF ESKIMO PIANO MUSIC. By Wolfsong Cantalupo. Never-before-published sonatas of Eskimo composers, whose distinctive musical style results from their wearing mittens even while writing music. *87 pp.*



4528. THE SPANISH MAIN, by Horatio Chapi. Not an old sea story, as the title suggests, but the nearly-as-exciting biography of a Spanish sewer maintenance employee. *412 pp. with underground maps of Madrid and Barcelona.*

3429. FROM ADAMS TO WILSON, Or, The Presidents Alphabetized. By Dr. Asa Inglefinger. Third and final edition of his earlier books. *104 pp.*

2235. ROC ON THE TELEGRAPH LINE. By Ezra Pagloomer. We all know what a common sparrow looks like perched on a telegraph line, but have you ever wondered what some extinct birds would look like if they were still around today? Mr. Pagaloomer, in response, has taken 113 extinct birds and painted them perched on lines extending from modern utility poles. Includes such interesting species as the roc, albatross, passenger pigeon, robin, dodo, and lavender skink. *212 pp. 116 illustrations.*

WRITER: GEORGE GIPE

WE'RE SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS DEPT.

Hi! This is **Joan Byez** with another in-depth interview for MAD Magazine! A **strange choice** for a guest interviewer? Well, not **nearly** as strange as the **man** I've been asked to interview! This is **Special Agent G. Howard Wasp . . .**

MAD'S CIA AGENT OF THE YEAR

Agent Wasp . . . I must **congratulate** you on your use of this **airline** as a **cover** for your **CIA activities!**

How did **you** know this is a **CIA company?**

It's the **only** airline in the country making a **PROFIT!!** But tell me—what is the **real purpose** of the CIA?

Our **main** thrust is the **gathering of intelligence!** By **using** this vital information, we help keep our nation **strong** and our people **free!**

And how do you **gather** this vital information?

By **bugging offices . . . tapping telephones . . .** reading **private mail** . . . breaking into **psychiatrist's offices** and **stealing files . . .**

And are **these dirty tricks** used against the people that the CIA considers to be **America's ENEMIES?**

Naahh . . . this is what we do to **AMERICANS!!**

We could **never** get away with that sort of hanky-panky in a **FOREIGN COUNTRY!**

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

But, Agent Wasp . . .

Er—would you mind speaking a bit **louder** into this **plant . . . ?**

I have a very strange feeling that this plant is **bugged . . . !**

Hmmm, you seem to be **familiar** with **Undercover Methodology!**

Oh, **I AM!** I've **seen almost every James Bond movie!**

What would you say was the **most successful operation** of the CIA . . . ?

Hmmm! There were so **many!** Personally, I liked the recovery of that **Russian submarine!**

Do you think it was **worth** spending over **300 million dollars** for a **section** of an **18-year-old submarine!**

It so happens we recovered some **pretty valuable stuff** when we raised that section!

Oh . . . ? You picked up some **secret Russian decoding information?**

No . . . we picked up **six cases of Russian Vodka!** The **good** stuff! You can't get it **anywhere!**

Hey!! That's **SABOTAGE!**

All I did was throw a **gum wrapper** into your **wastepaper basket . . . !**

It may be **just** a wastepaper basket to **you,** but in **enemy hands,** it's a **gold mine of intelligence information!** We have **trash inspection twice a day,** and if the Chief finds anything **important** in any of them . . . man, it's **bad news!**

I'm **sorry!** Had I **known,** I would have **SWALLOWED** the stupid thing!

Don't joke! The CIA has a **phony Cleaning Service** that picks up the trash from **foreign embassies** and **airlines,** recovering valuable items like **this!**

It looks like a—yecch—a **USED Kleenex!**

Only to **YOUR un-trained eye!** But to **us,** it tells us **plenty** about the **health** of a **Russian biggie!** See? He has a **COLD!**

Lucky he doesn't have **diarrhea!**

This is one of the **most important Departments** of our organization!

Is this where you plan your **COVERT strategies?**

No, this is where we dream up **excuses** in case anything goes **wrong!**

Speaking of things going **wrong,** would you tell us about some of the CIA's **more famous BLUNDERS?**

Er . . . we refer to such things as our **"Counter-productive Operations" . . . !**

How about a few words on the **"Bay of Pigs"** fiasco?

I'm afraid I'll have to invoke **"National Security"** on that one!

But wasn't it **sheer insanity** to attempt to **invade Cuba** with a badly-trained army of **1400 men** . . . pitting them against a crack Military force of **400,000** . . . ?!?

Not when **GOD** is on our side! **You forget!** They were **400,000 GODLESS COMMIES!**

love, XXX's and God Bless— Billy

Frankly, was the CIA involved in any way with **Watergate?**

The total extent of our involvement was in providing fiendishly clever **disguises** like **this one** to the perpetrators!

But if **WE'd** handled the Watergate account, you can rest assured **WE** would've linked the Democrats to the Commies . . . even if we had to **manufacture** the evidence!

And what's **this?** Your **Secret Code Room?**

No, these are just some **abbreviations** for the **Intelligence Reports** we submit to the **President** so he'll know what's **going on** in the world!

Which one does he consider to be the **most RELIABLE** and **USEFUL** source of information . . . ?

The New York Times!

DFA

PFCKLE

COMINT

NIE

SNAFU

LS

ELINT

CYA

FBIS

RJ

How do you explain the **failure** of your people to come up with **accurate intelligence** in Vietnam?

Listen, study the figures on this **chart** if you want to know the **REAL story** of 'Nam! According to **OUR "kill rate"** and **OUR "body count"** and **OUR "captured or destroyed enemy weapons,"** we **WON** the war in **1967!**

Since most of the information the CIA gets comes through **legitimate channels,** why do you spend so much time with the **"Cloak and Dagger"** stuff?

We have to keep ahead of the **KGB** in the all-important **"Dirty Tricks" War!** I hate to **say** this, but **they** receive much better cooperation from **their** citizens then **we** do from **ours!** Every Russian **tourist** or **performer** or **dancing bear** that goes abroad **works** for the **KGB!** All the **American tourist** is interested in is **food, booze** and **sex!**

And **another** advantage the **KGB** has over **us** is: When one of **THEIR** agents has his job terminated, it's **Siberia** for him . . . if he's **lucky!** When one of **OUR** guys drops out, he writes a **book EXPOSING** the CIA!

COMMIE RAT FINK

Is it true that you people used **rain as a weapon** in Vietnam . . . ?

But isn't that **dangerous?** Aren't you **afraid** of tampering with the weather?

You bet your **galoshes** we did! We resorted to **weather modification** to break up **demonstrations** when **regular** methods of mob control—tear gas, clubs and itch powder—**failed!** We seeded the **clouds** and caused a **deluge** on those gooks!

Afraid? Never **heard** of the word! We're even experimenting with a way of **piercing** the **protective ozone layer** so we can **wipe out entire populations!** By God, we intend to **insure peace** and make the world **safe** for **Democracy!**

XX007 BENEVOLENT INCAPACITATOR

PULL

Where are we going now?

I have to call on one of our **most important associates . . . a real biggie!**

The **President?**

Even **bigger!!**

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

TOP SECRET

FOUR MORE YEARS

You may rise . . .

Thank you, Godfather! I have come to ask a **favor . . .**

We foolishly allowed a **small Banana Republic** to hold a **free election!** And even though we spent **millions buying votes,** those peasants elected a **Left Wing President!** So we want to **destabilize** the **government!**

You . . . **WHAT?!?**

We . . . we would like this new government **subverted!**

You mean you want us to **HIT** the guy!!

Why don' you guys learn t' speak **English!** I come from **Sicily** an' I speak better'n **you!** You shoulda come t' me in the **first** place! I woulda put out a **contract,** an' there woulda **been no election!!**

You will see to it that the situation is—*uh*—**re-adjusted?**

Consider this **FAVOR** you've asked of me **DONE!!**

Thank you, Godfather! We will **pay you anything you ask!**

I **don' want money!** I consider it an **honor** t' help my country! But . . . of course . . . I may call upon **YOU** to do **ME** a small favor **in return** . . . someday . . .

Anything! If the **IRS,** or a **Crime Commission** gets on your back, **let us know! We'll handle** it!

I'm **shocked!** I am **really shocked!** I can't believe an official agency of the United States Government would do business with **ORGANIZED CRIME!**

Listen, lady! We're engaged in a **life-and-death struggle** with the Commies, and we'll accept assistance from **ANY source** to help preserve and spread the American way of life! Besides, if you want somebody **rubbed out** . . . where **ELSE** can you go?

Excuse me one minute, Miss Byez! I have to make a **contact!**

Hey, man, it's **about time** you got here with the bread! It's **not easy** to get those college kids to riot! This ain't the **60's,** y'know! **Today,** all them dudes worry about is **finding jobs** after they **graduate!**

Well, do the best you can! Remember, your country's **counting** on you!

Today's college kids just **don't** have any **spirit!**

You mean you **PAY** dissidents to stir up unrest on college campuses!

Of course we do! We **finance** . . . and **we infiltrate many Left Wing groups on campuses** in order to determine if they're being **influenced** in any way by **subversives** from **abroad!** Besides, if **we** don't help them, the **enemy will!**

Like **Russia** and **China?**

No, the **FBI!**

You mean you regard the **FBI** as **"the enemy"?**

They're a **disgrace** to **undercover work!** If **OUR** company had the **Hearst account,** you can rest assured that Patty would have been **wasted long ago,** no matter **how** many doors we had to kick in!

But isn't domestic spying actually **forbidden** by the **CIA Charter?**

Listen, if people have nothing to **hide . . .** why should they **object** to being **checked out?**

The old **"If you're clean,** why should you **care?"** philosophy!

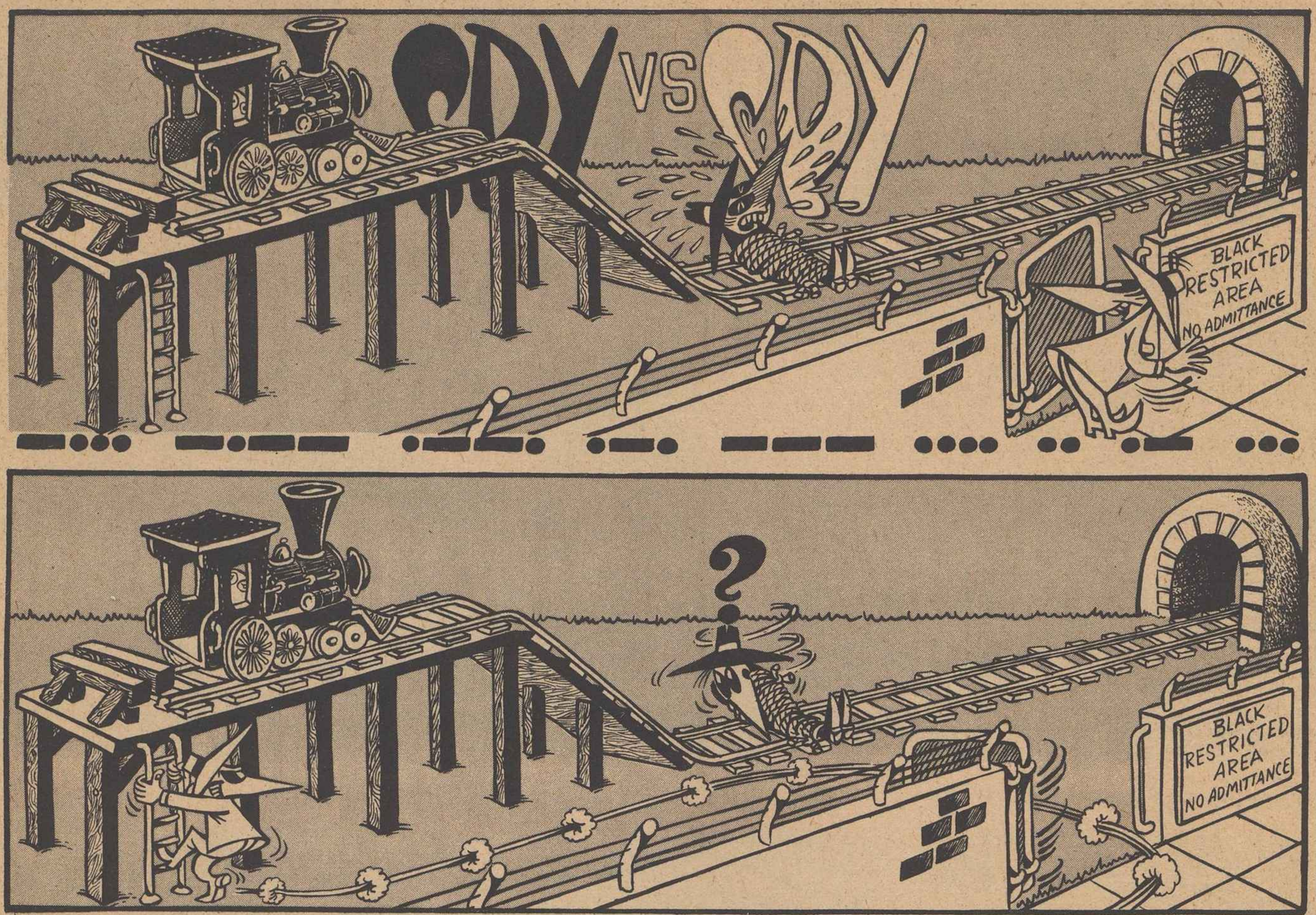
Glad you understand! It makes my job so much **easier!** Now . . . how much **money** did you earn last year? I can check with **IRS,** y'know! What **magazines** and **newspapers** do you read?

What **organizations** do you belong to?

Do you contribute to any **political party** or **group?**

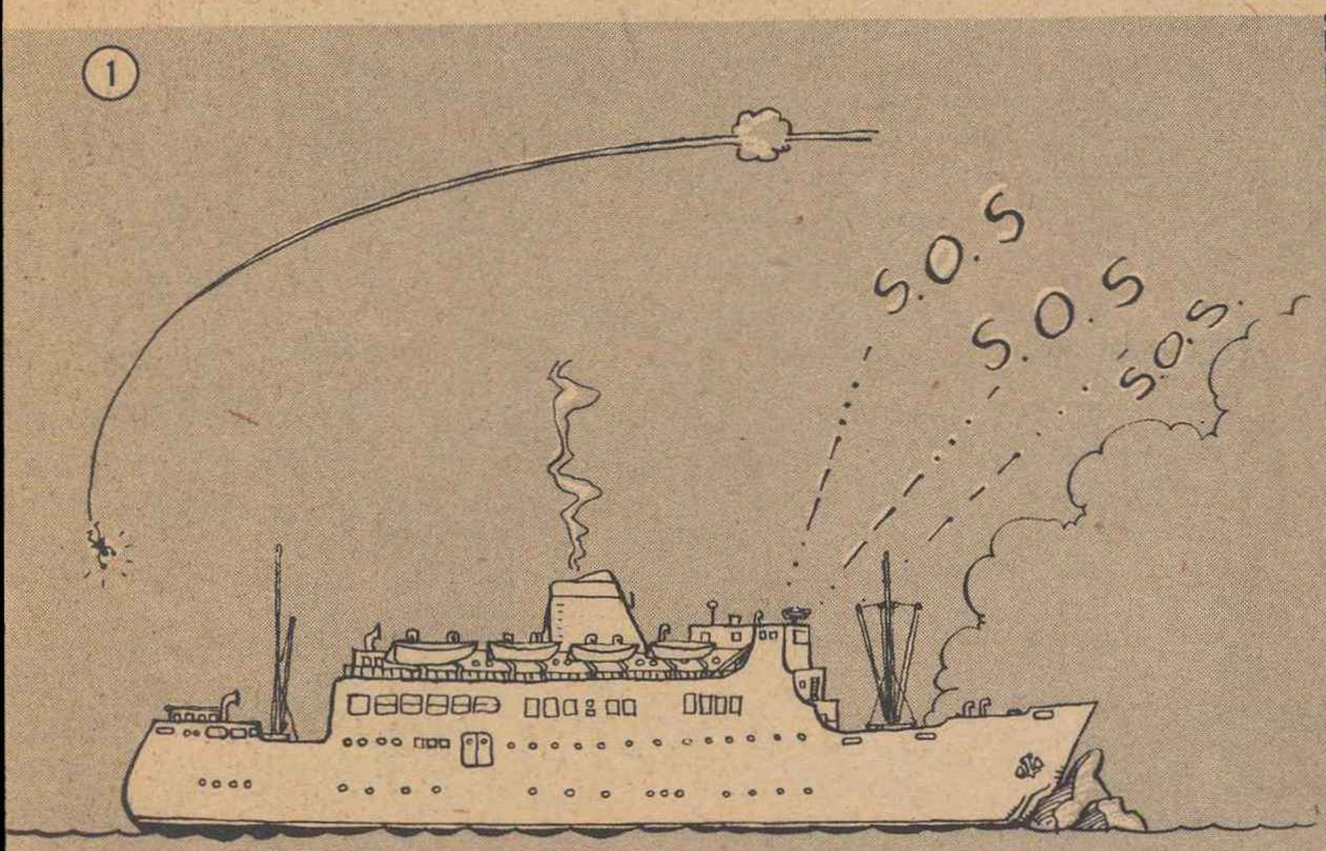
How **often** did you and your husband—

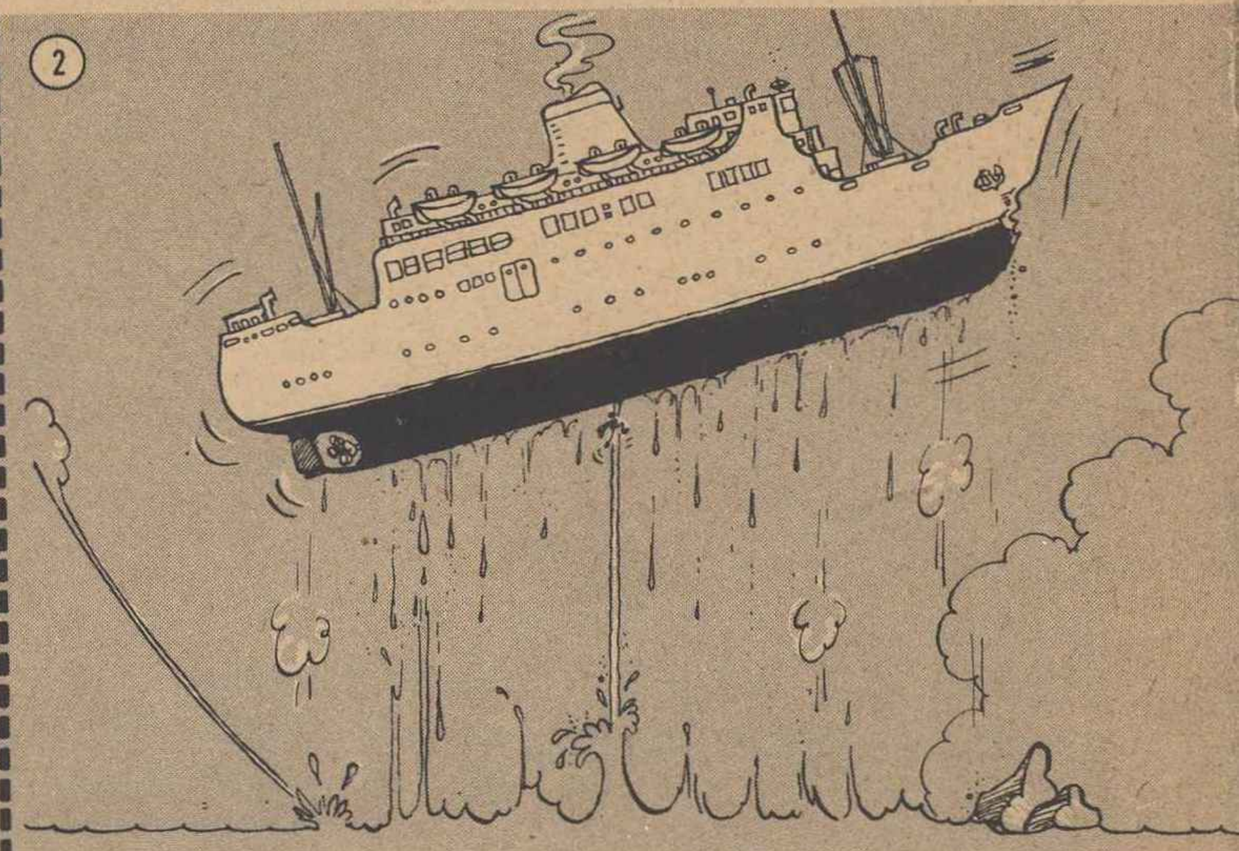
This is **Joan Byez**—signing off, and returning you to **MAD Magazine!**

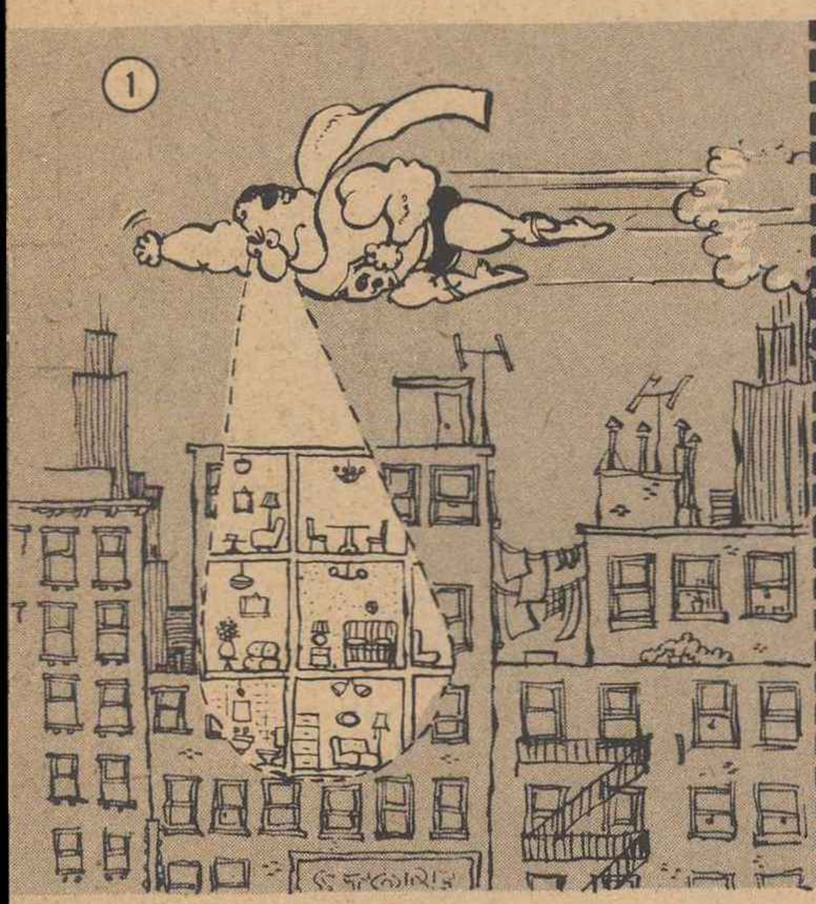

SPY VS SPY
BLACK RESTRICTED AREA NO ADMITTANCE
?
BLACK RESTRICTED AREA NO ADMITTANCE
CLICK
BLACK RESTRICTED AREA NO ADMITTANCE
LOVERS LEAP
MOTEL

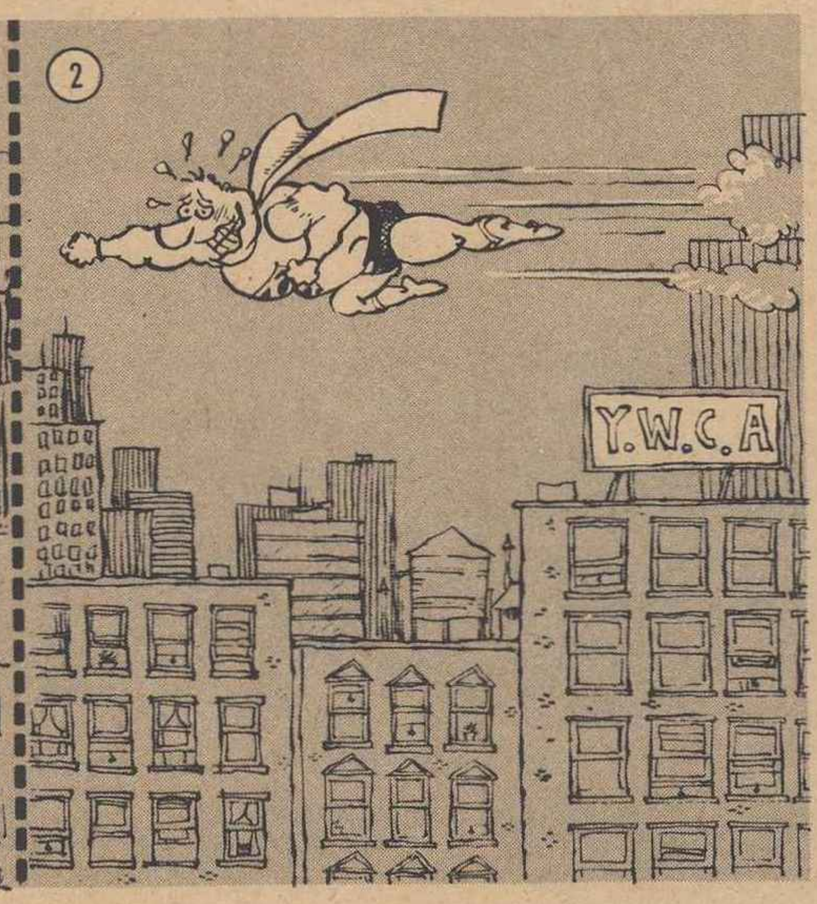
COMIC SHNOOK'S DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT SUPE

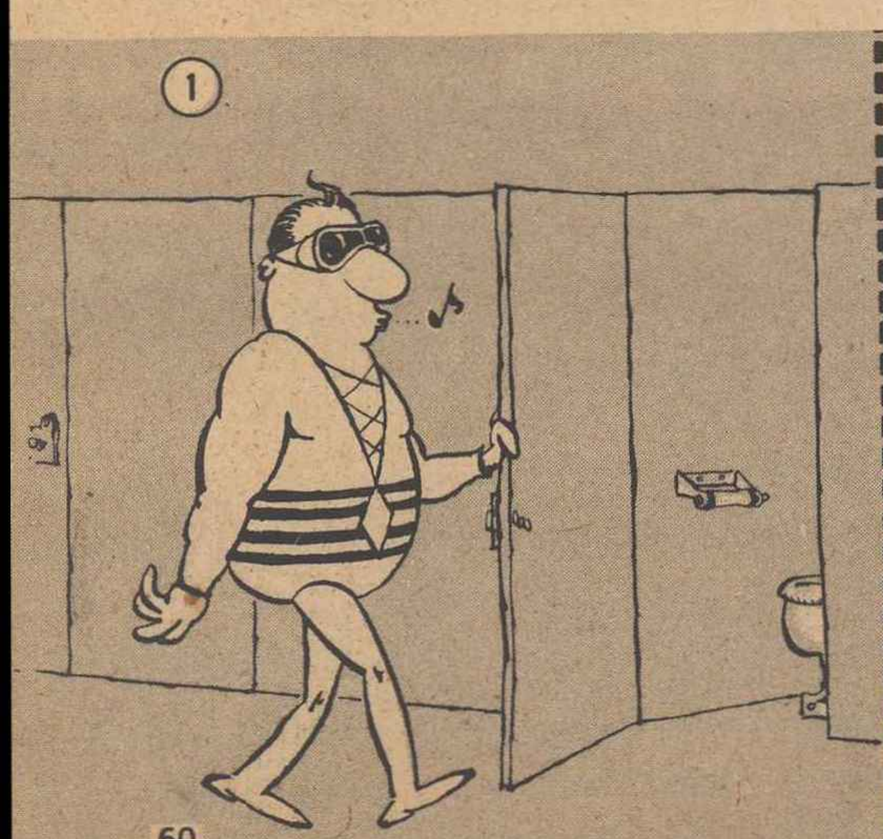


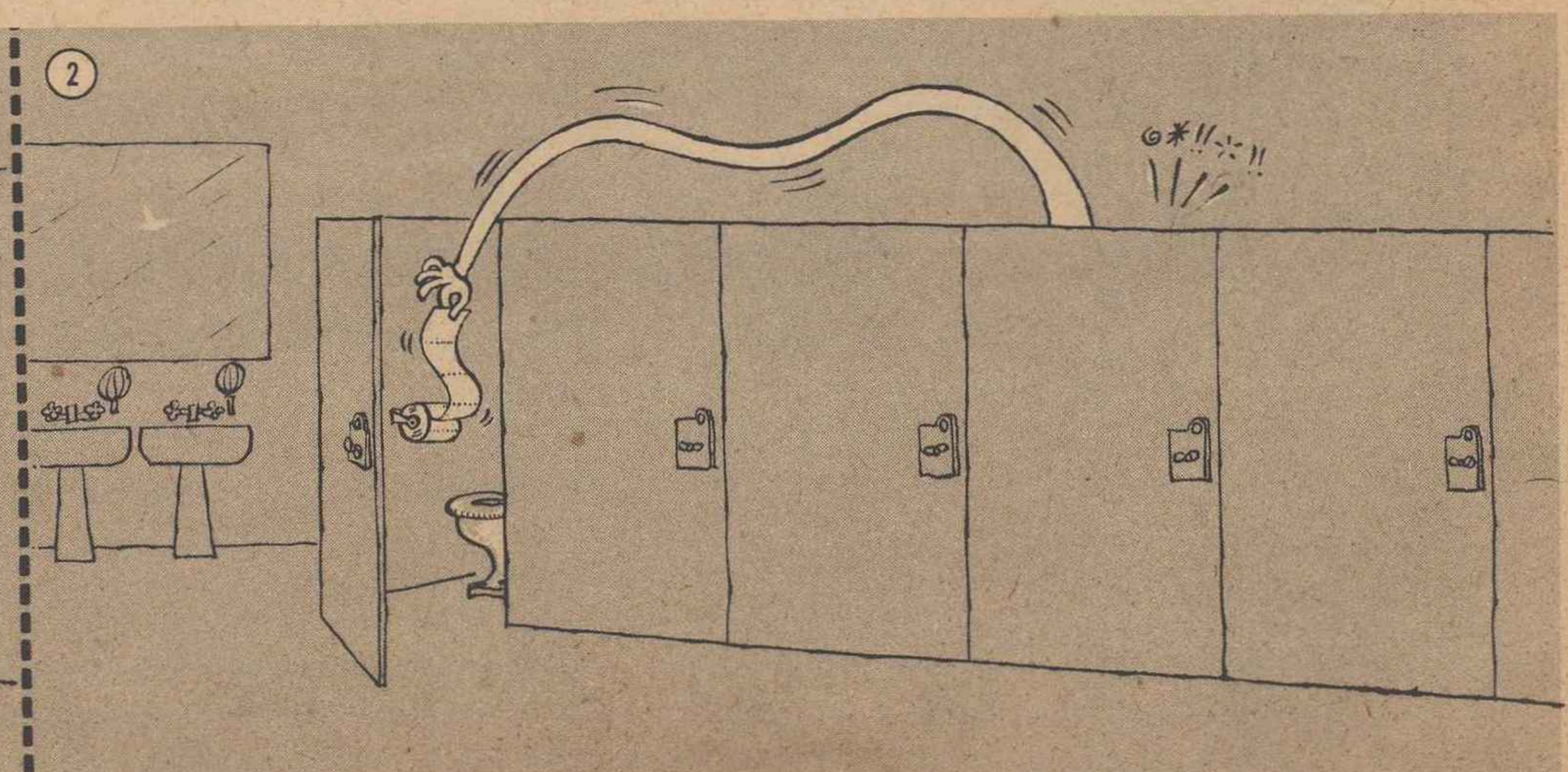






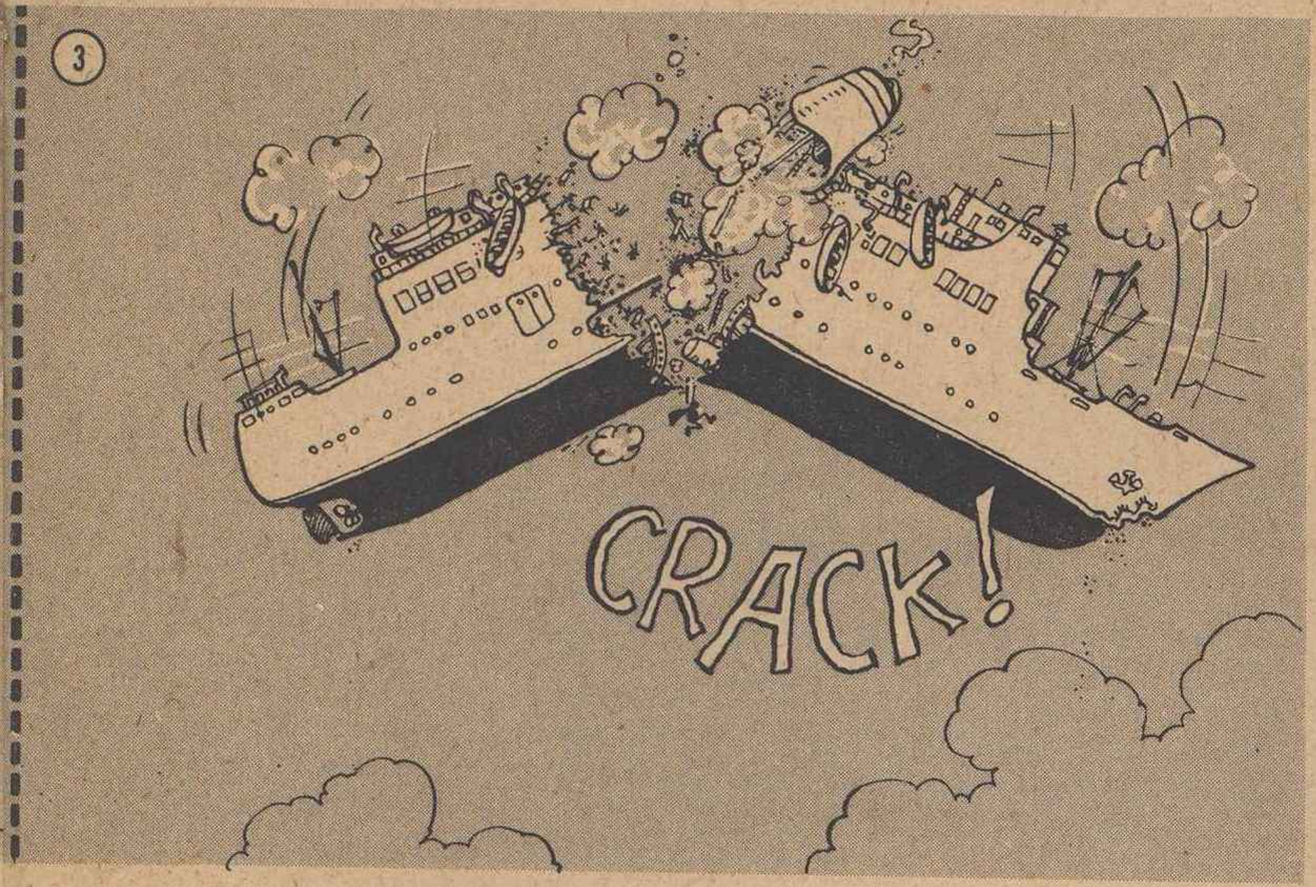


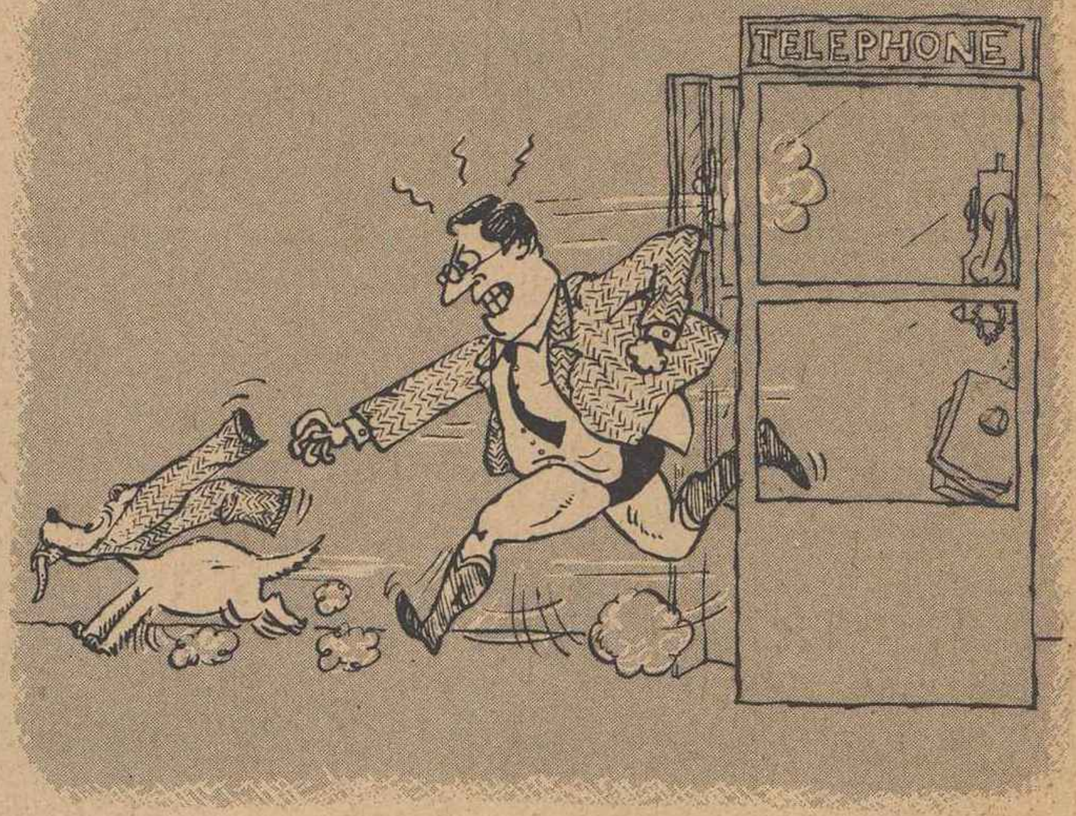




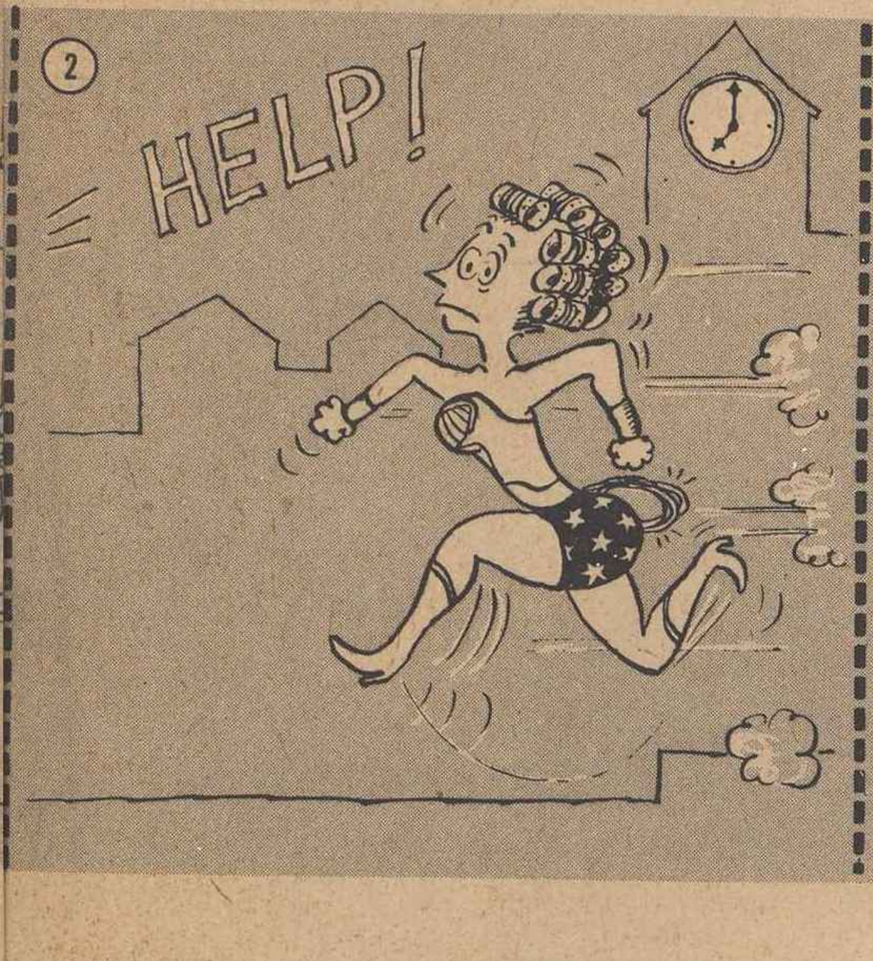
R HEROES

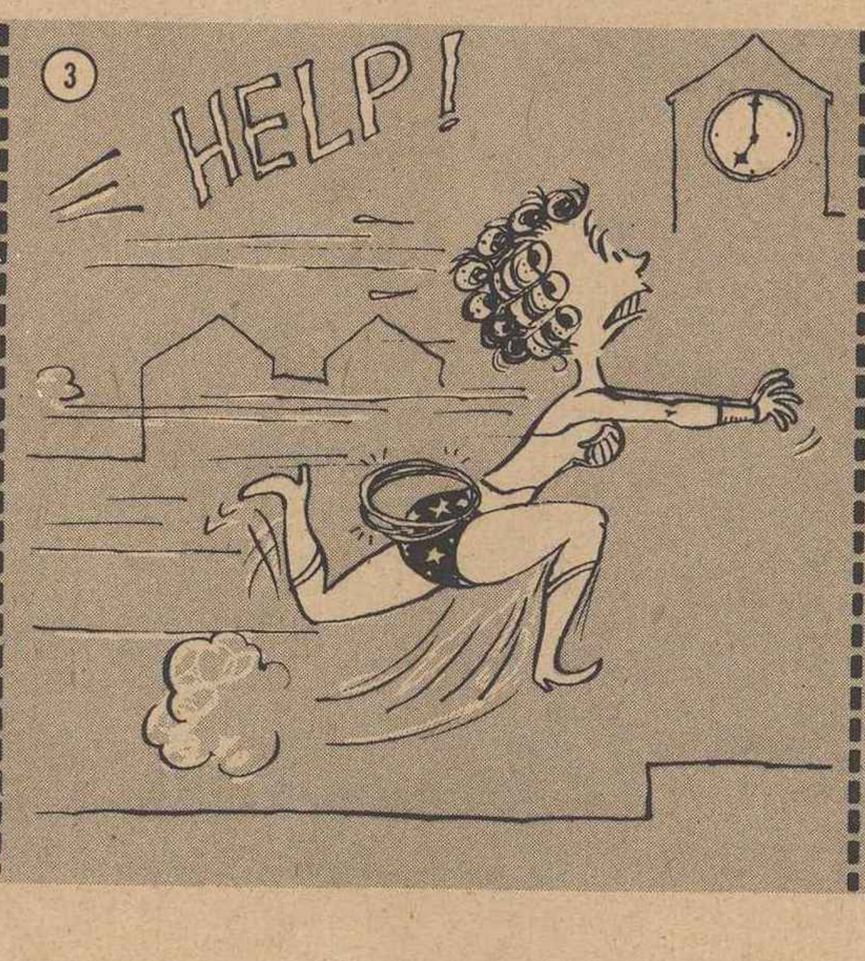


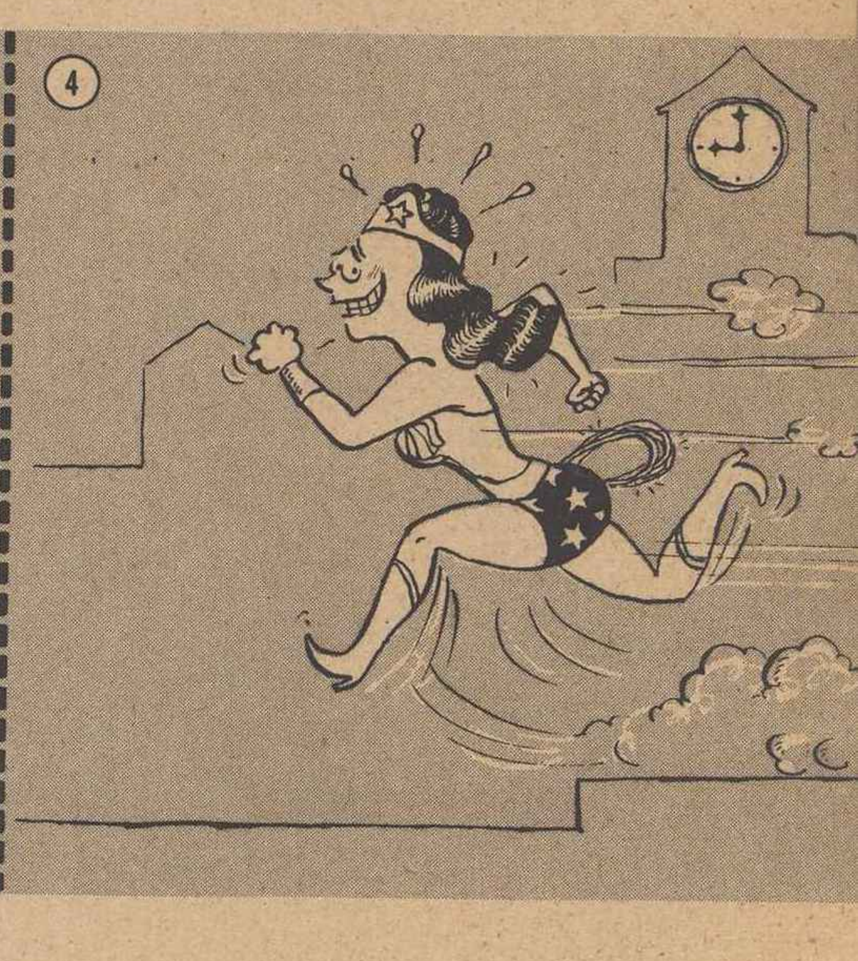




ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

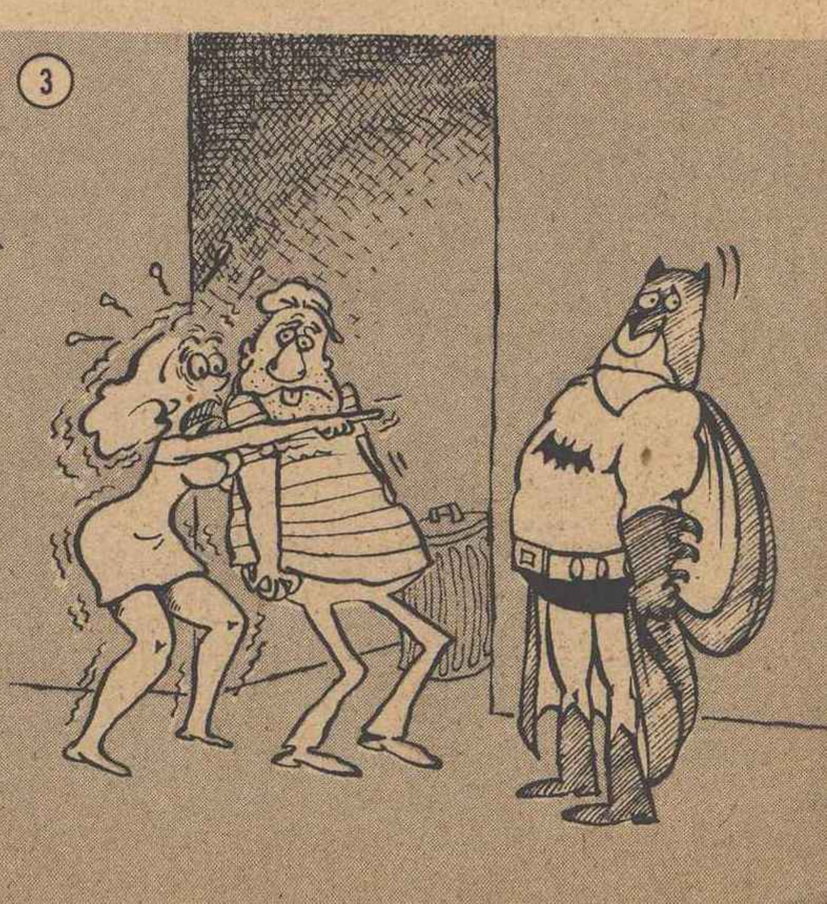


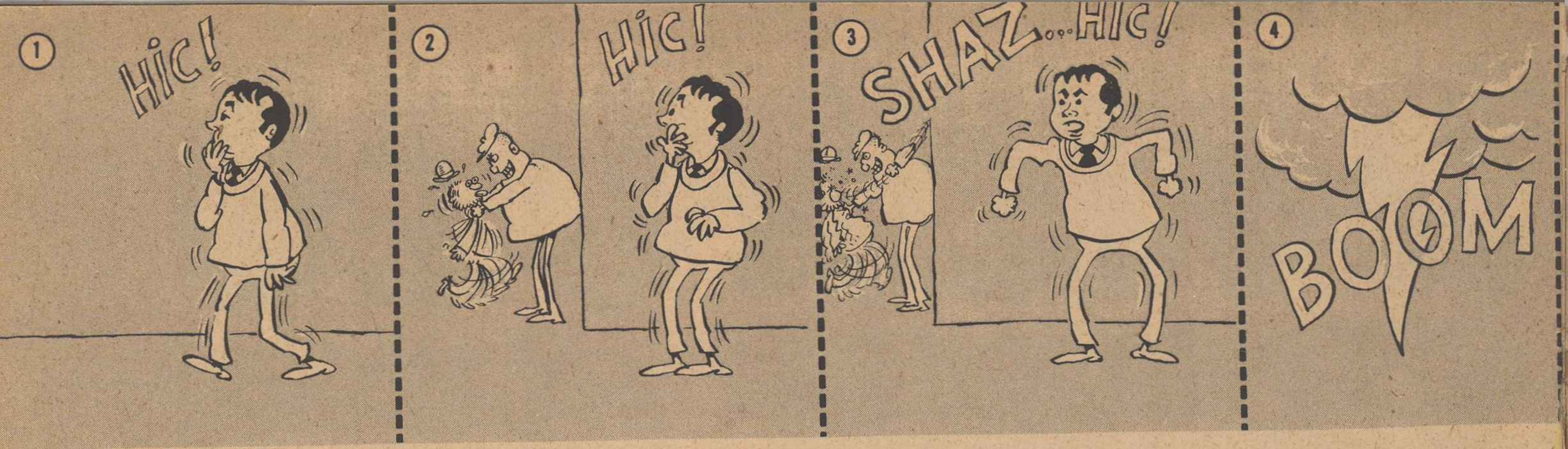


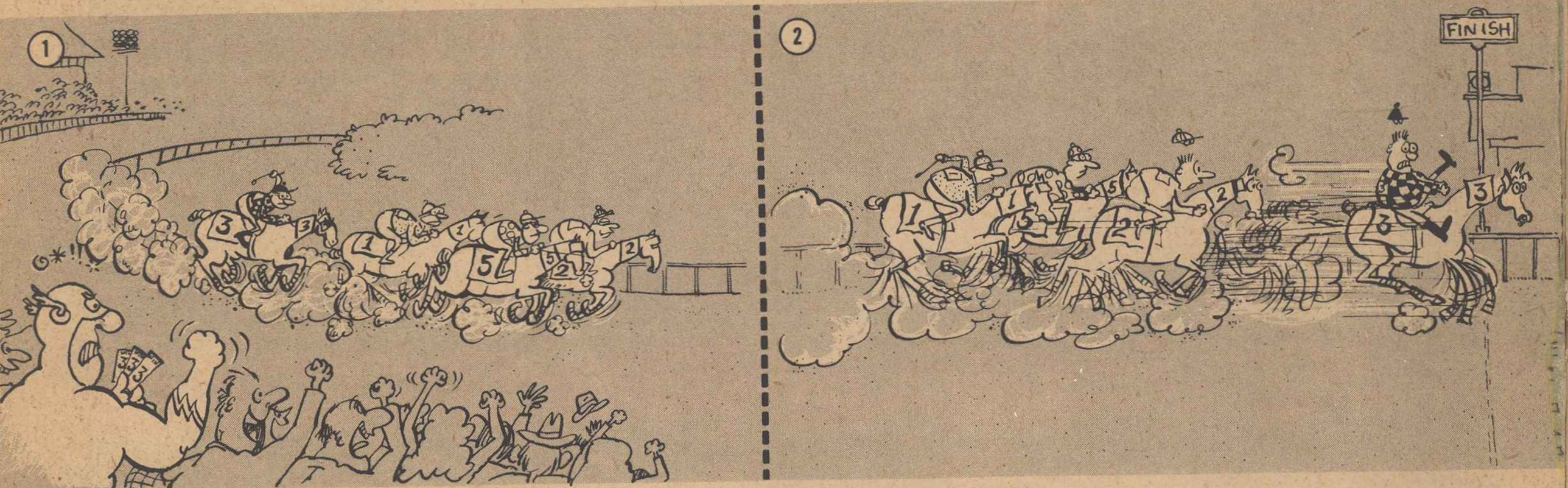


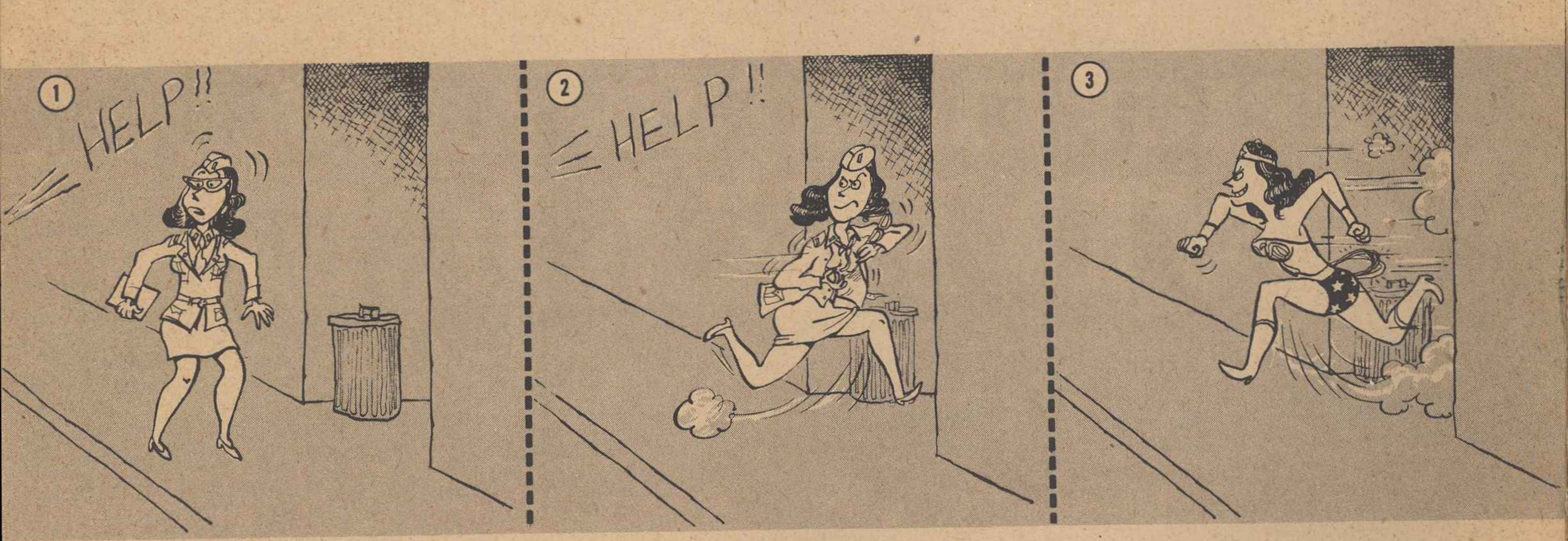


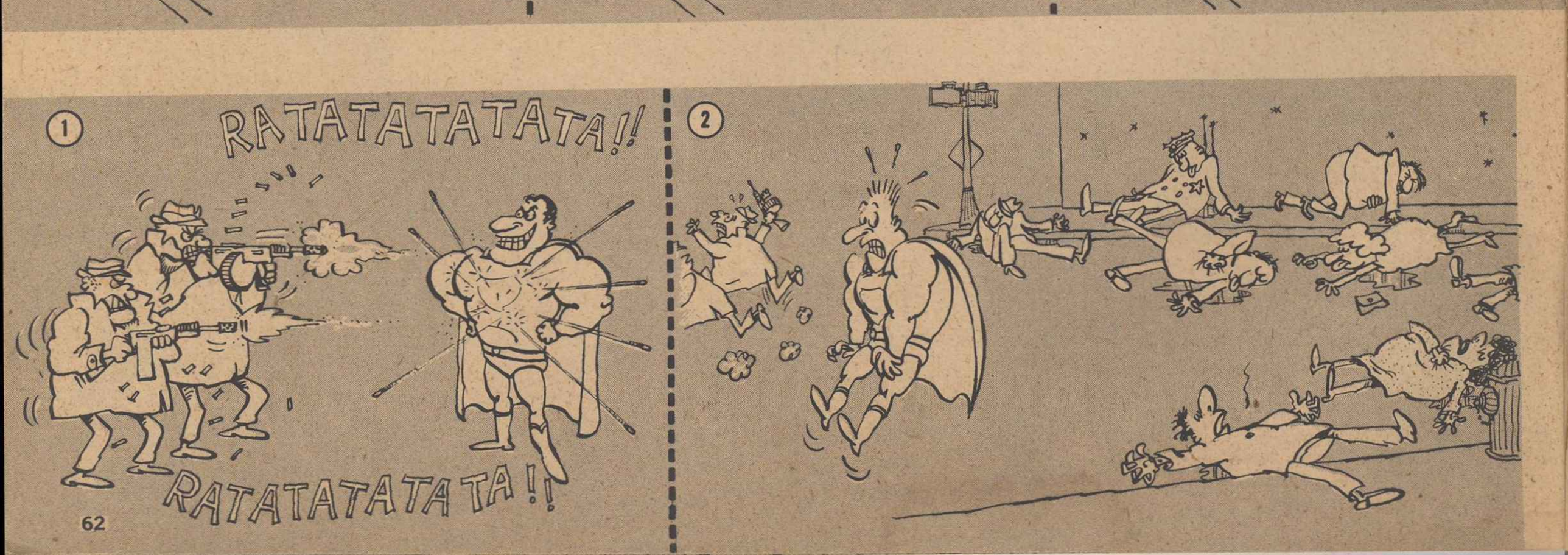


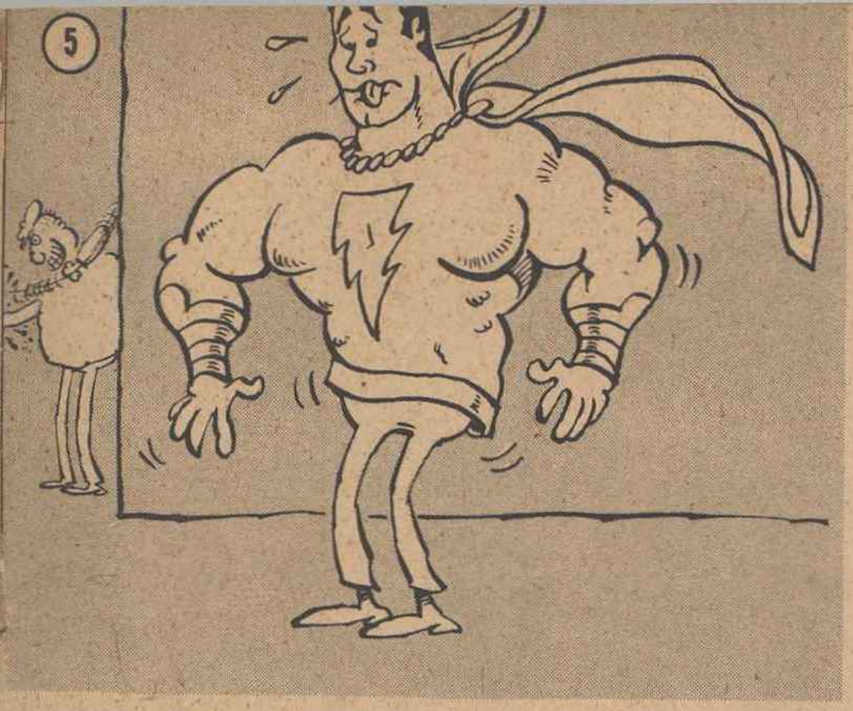



1
HIC!
2
HIC!
3
SHAZ...HIC!
4
BOOM

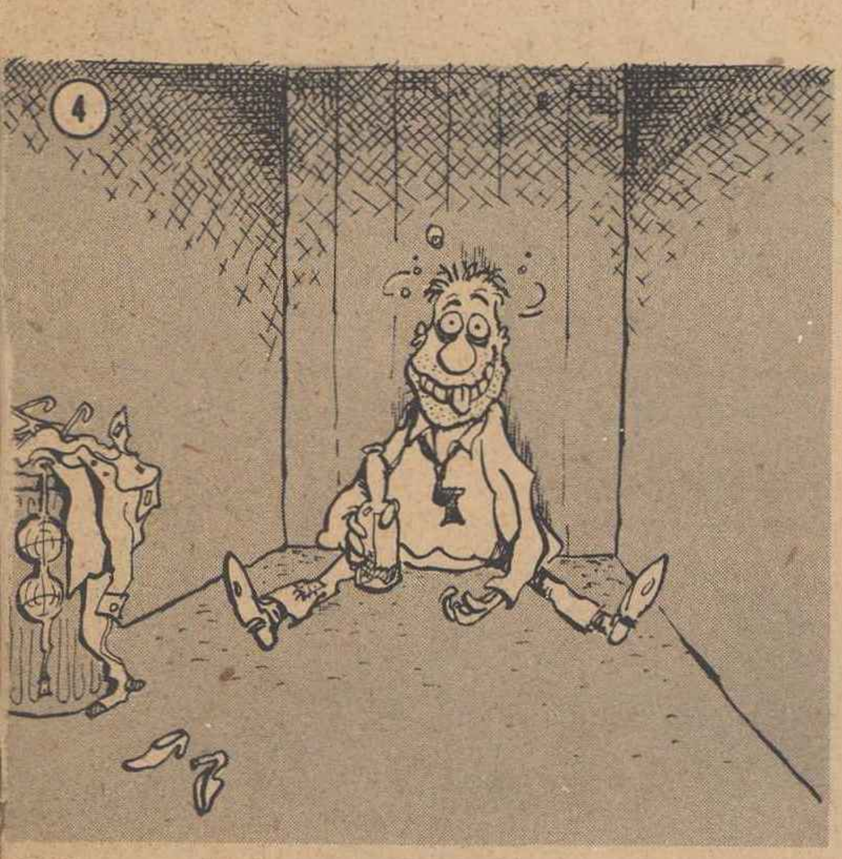

1
2
FINISH


1
HELP!!
2
HELP!!
3

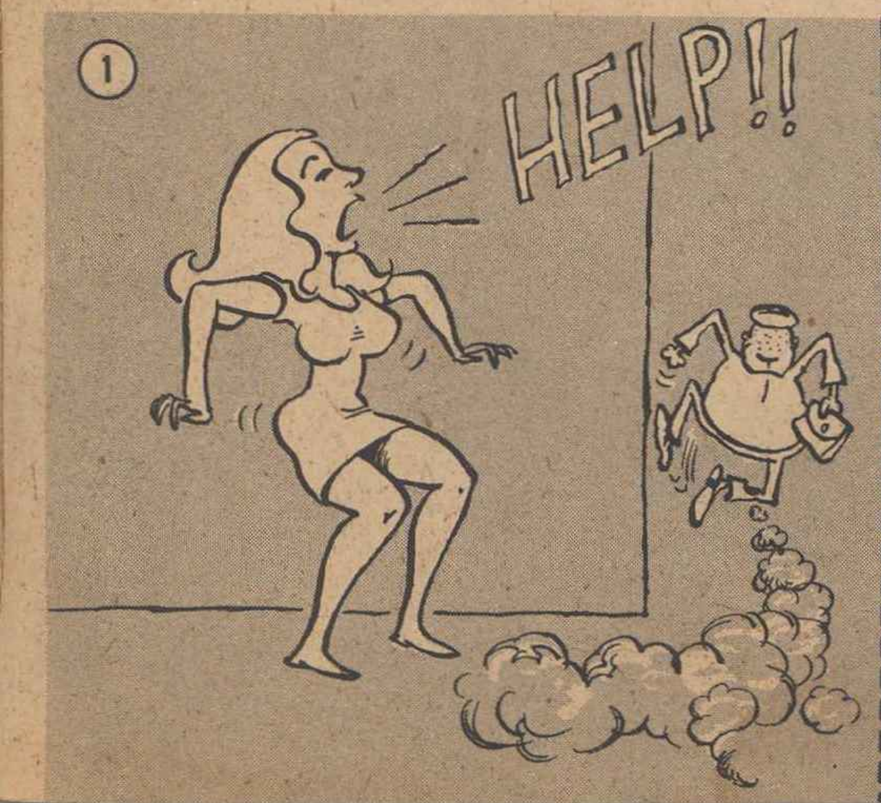

1
RATATATATATA!!
RATATATATATA!!
2


5


3


4


1
HOTEL
"HELP!"
2
"FOOM!"
3
"HELP!"


1
"HELP!!"
2

Consider the **history of Mankind!** In the beginning, the **jungle** was **dangerous** and **threatening!** And so, for **comfort** and **safety,** Man moved inside **protective dwellings!**

Today, Civilization has reached **great heights!** And yet, Mankind **still** feels threatened and in danger! So we've **reversed** the process! **Today,** for comfort . . .

. . . we bring the **JUNGLE** inside our **dwellings,** as my **Wife** has done!

You said it, Pal!

Including the **WATERFALLS!**

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

INDOOR GAR

What a **healthy-looking** vegetable **garden!**

Well, it gave me **plenty of trouble!** I really **wanted** a successful garden this year, but I ran into a **problem!**

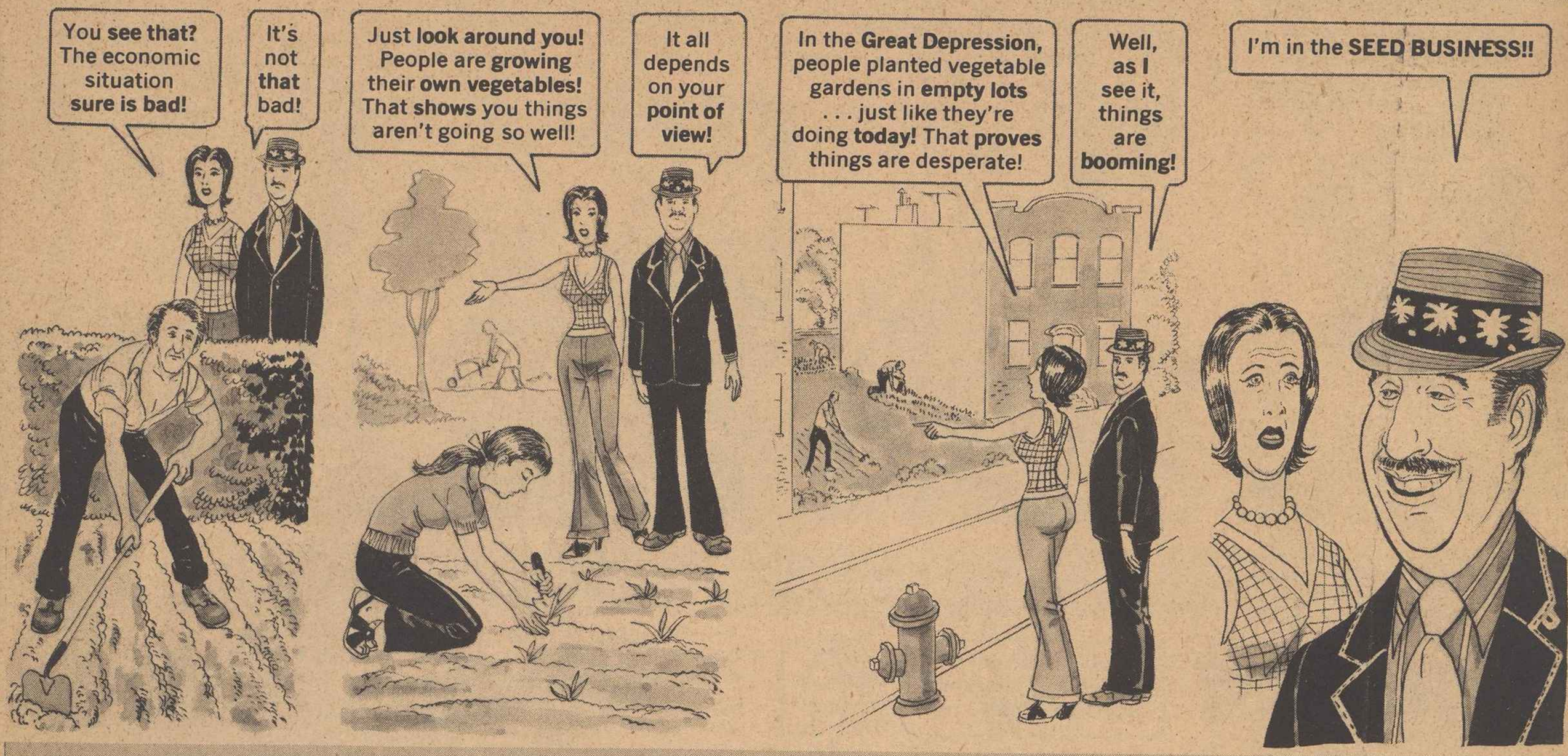
Weeds kept sprouting and choking off the **seedling plants!** I started a **real battle** with them, **raking** —and **pulling them out**— and using **weed killers!**

Well, you must've **won** the battle! You have a **beautiful crop . . . !**

Actually, I **lost** the battle!

Those are the WEEDS!!

PSTTT



AND OUTDOOR GARDENING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Hey, you gotta see Noah Seaman's **garden!** It's only as big as a **postage stamp,** but he **works it** like it's a big-time **farm** operation!

Hey, Noah! How's your **tomato crop** coming along?

Not growing tomatoes! This year, it's **carrots!**

What's the **matter?** Did you get **tired** of **eating** all those **tomatoes?**

You know how it is with **us farmers!**

I'm **ROTATING MY CROPS!**

Hi, there, neighbor! Can we offer you some **nice ripe apples . . . ?**

No, thank you!

We have OUR OWN!!

DAVY LIPMAN LOVES NANCY ♥ SUE

My **Florist** is like a—a **Doctor!** I go to **him** with all my **plant problems!**

Like a Doctor, my Florist tells me what **vitamins** and **minerals** to feed my plants!

Like a Doctor, my Florist **diagnoses** what **diseases** my plants have, and then tells me how to **cure** them!

And **like** a Doctor, your Florist **OVERCHARGES!!**

CRUNCH!

I see you have **quite** a collection of **plants!** There are so many **varieties** of plants, and all of them have **names** . . . like *Guzmania Lingulata* and *Tillandsia Ionantha!* Do **you** know the **names** of **YOUR plants . . . ?**

I **sure do . . .** most **intimately!**

This one is **"Irving,"** and this one is **"Gloria,"** and this one is **"Sidney,"** and this one is **"Carol,"** and—

How do you keep your **lawn** looking so **lush?**

I **water it religiously** . . . every single day!

But . . . what if you're **not home?**

I've got an **automatic timer** that turns the **sprinkler** on at the same time every day!

Speaking of **time,** what time is it **NOW?**

I **don't** have a **watch** with me!

But I can **tell** you . . . it's **precisely seven o'clock!!**

How are my **sweet little babies** today? **Mommy** has brought you some **nice cool water** to drink, and a **soothing insect spray** to **wash** you, and some **delicious plant food** to eat so you can grow up **strong** and **healthy . . .**

Sniff . . . Sniff . . .

When you wear that **perfume,** Baby, you **really turn me on!**

PLEASE, John . . .

NOT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN!!

I'm sick of **city life!** I'm sick **of polluted** air! I'm sick of **crime-ridden streets** and **traffic jams** and **graffiti-smeared walls!**

I want to **leave** this high-rise penthouse, and move out to the **GREEN suburbs!**

Are you out of your bird?!

And **leave my GARDEN . . . ?!?**

That's what I call a **healthy window box!**

It was here when I moved in!

I have a window box, **too!** Every Spring, I **seed it** and **water it** and **spray it** with **insecticides** and add **plant food** and **compost** and **peat moss** and **vitamins** and I even **talk** to it! And I **STILL** have **absolutely no luck** with it!

You must be doing **something right!**

I guess so . . .

I leave it alone!!

See that? This **"Gardening"** fad has **really** taken root! Even my late-blooming Hippie **son** has turned over a new leaf! He's now into **Gardening** in a **big way!**

How **nice** that he's doing something **useful** for a change! What's he **growing?**

I think it's something that will **improve** the quality of our **lawns!**

He told me he's growing a special kind of GRASS!

David Berg

SORRY FULL

AMBIANCE CHASERS DEPT.

Has it ever struck you as peculiar that the restaurants which seem to be the most fashionably "in" are the very same ones that offer the shabbiest service and lousiest food at the highest conceivable prices? Well, it always struck us as peculiar, until one recent day when the mailman delivered a damaging little catalogue to the MAD office by mistake. Now, we suddenly understand how the whole beastly system works. It's all based on the assumption by owners of exclusive dining spots that we are a nation of incorrigible snobs, hopeless masochists and complete idiots. If you don't believe it, you really ought to get a look at this catalogue. Of course, you probably wouldn't be able to get one because it's full of horrifying trade secrets that laymen are never supposed to find out. So, in order to satisfy your curiosity and put you on your guard, here is . . .

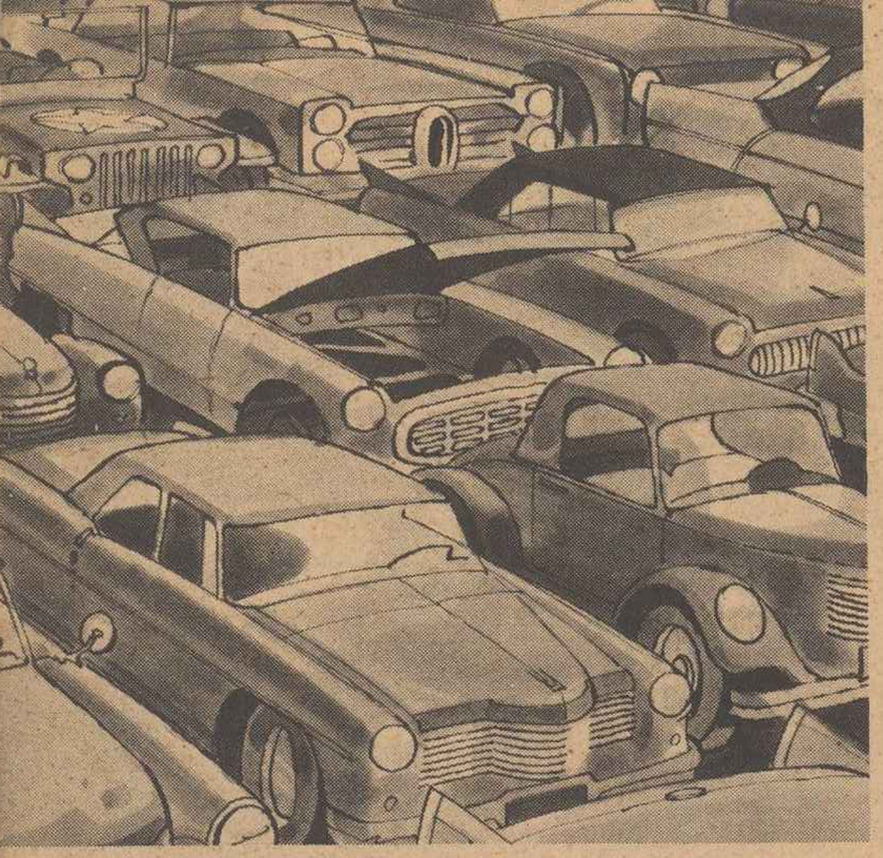
RIPOFF CAFE ACCESSORIES, INC.
RESTAURANT SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR PURVEYORS OF GOURMET CUISINE ONLY

Sales To The Common Rabble Forbidden

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

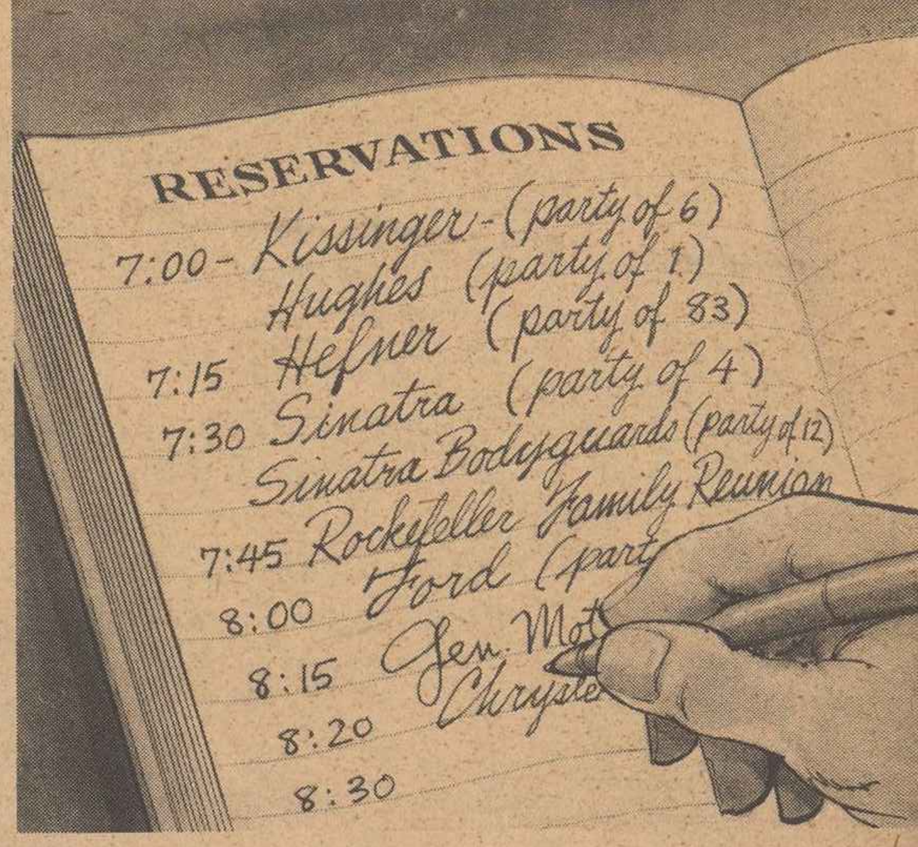


FILL YOUR PARKING LOT with abandoned cars to give the place that jam-packed look, even when there are no customers inside. These vehicles are not tell-tale total wrecks, but merely stripped down pre-1960 models with engines removed for easier towing to your location. Guaranteed to impress the few patrons you do have by making them walk several blocks to begin waiting for a table.

4793—UNRECONDITIONED BUT PARKABLE USED CARS
$695.00 doz.
(Specify type desired: Sick Studebakers, Dead DeSotos, Crippled Corvairs)

PRE-FILLED RESERVATION BOOK enables you to impress newly arrived patrons while you keep them waiting. Prominent names of your imaginary clientèle printed in large, bold script for all to see at a glance. Ideal for herding would-be diners into the bar without complaint to buy expensive drinks as they beg for one of your many empty tables.

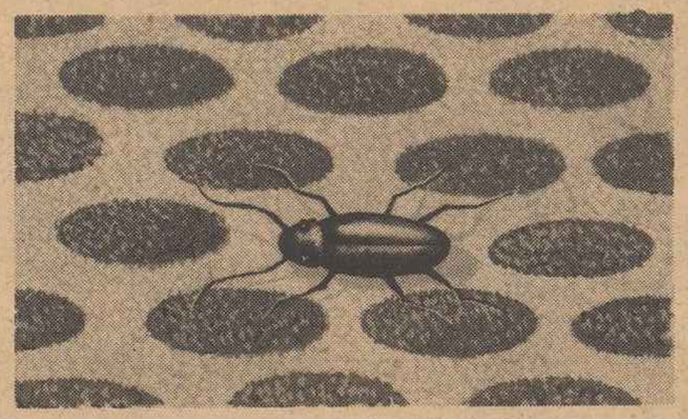
8755—BIG NAME—BIG PROFIT RESERVATION BOOK.....$11.95



DROWN OUT NAUSEATING KITCHEN SMELLS with tempting canned aroma of better food than you serve. There's never a need to replace old cooking grease or incompetent fry cooks once you've spritzed your dining area with one of these mouth watering essences. Prompts patrons to order what they think they smell, and minimize gagging on what they actually get.

27388—"YUMMY DUMMY" BRAND FOOD SMELL (Large Cans).....$11.50 doz.
(Specify aroma desired: Hickory Smoked Ribs, Broiled Lobster, Sweet & Sour Cantonese.)





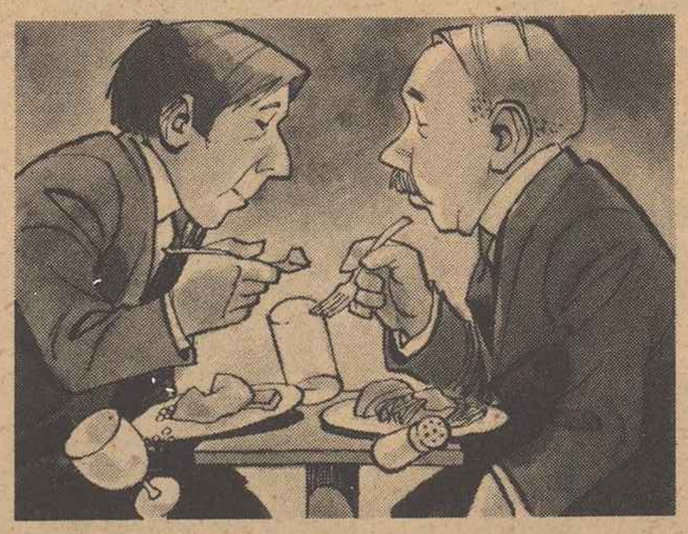
COCKROACH CAMOUFLAGE CARPET DESIGN tricks even the most eagle-eyed diner into believing that real insects are merely part of the rug pattern. Totally eliminates costly exterminator fees. May even convince Health Department inspectors to let you keep your license, assuming they never go into the kitchen.

4722—"EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS" BRAND CARPETING.....$14.50 per square yd.

TWO-WATT LIGHT BULBS save precious energy. Namely the precious energy you'd waste dusting furniture and vacuuming carpets if lights were bright enough for diners to see the filth. Dim illumination also provides more romantic atmosphere for patrons, and more hiding places for waiters.

8149—DISMAL ELECTRIC "FAINT-GLO" LIGHT BULBS.....$61.75 gross





TINY DINING TABLES let your head waiter dole out fitting punishment to those who fail to tip him. These little horrors put more money in your pocket, too, as they can easily be squeezed behind kitchen doors, into rest room alcoves and similar nooks you once considered unusable. Handy 14-square-inch size lets you seat 200 in a dining room designed for 50.

1837—ITTY-BITTY DINING TABLES $69.95 ea.

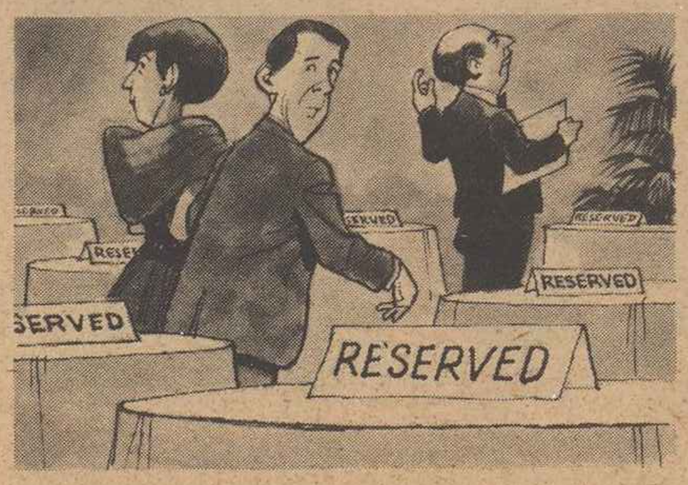
1838—ODDLY WOBBLY CHAIRS FOR ITTY-BITTY TABLES.....$49.95 pr.

PERSONALLY INSCRIBED CELEBRITY PHOTOS tell the world you cater to big shots. We supply pictures in one dozen lots to fill your walls with simulated adoration. Each photo is personally autographed by our experienced staff of forgery experts. Freedom from lawsuits guaranteed, as all dipicted celebrities have been dead for at least five years.

4756—GENUINELY PHONY AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES.....$9.75 doz.

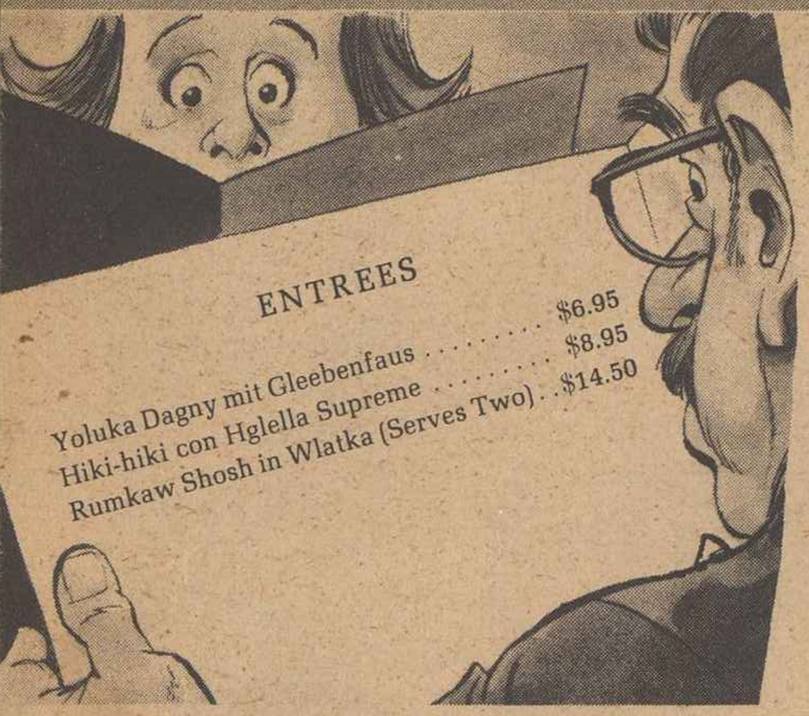
4756-A—DE LUXE SET WITH FRAMES AND PICTURE HOOKS.....$47.50 doz.





STOP PATRONS FROM WHINING when you seat them close to the kitchen for the convenience of your waiters. Boldly lettered "RESERVED" signs placed on desirable empty tables convince diners that they're lucky to be seated anywhere. High quality signs are printed in large type with luminous ink for easy visibility, even when kitchen grease fires fill the room with smoke.

23738—ATTENTION GRABBER RESERVATION SIGNS.....$3.50 doz.



MENUS IN OBSCURE FOREIGN LANGUAGES silence customer complaints forever! After all, who can squawk about your rotten food, high prices and mixed-up orders when patrons don't know whether they're getting what they asked for. Listed entrées are all sheep brains or hog liver exotically described in Albanian, Navajo and Nepalese.

44287—GARBLED GARBAGE DINNER MENUS.....$15.25 doz.



IMPORTED WINE LABELS cost considerably less than imported wine. Yet snob appeal to customers who don't know what they're drinking anyway allows you to charge your usual exhorbitant price. Easy paste-on labels are amply large enough to cover those of any cheap domestic brand you serve. Help relieve our national balance of payments deficit while you're helping yourself to enormous profits.

5622—ASSORTED FRENCH WINE LABELS.....$6.50 per gross
5623—ASSORTED ITALIAN WINE LABELS.....$3.75 per gross
5624—ASSORTED POLISH WINE LABELS.....69¢ per gross



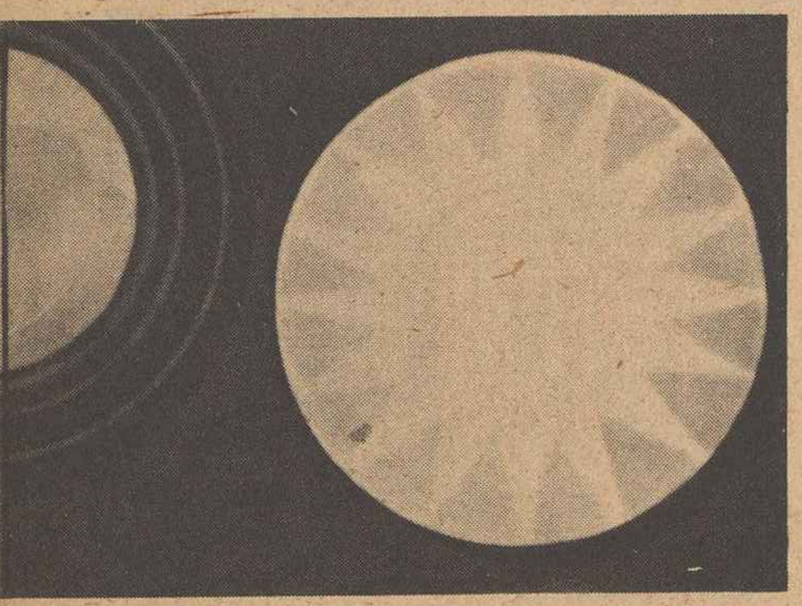
GLEAMING BRASS CHAFING DISH helps justify your $4.50 cheeseburgers by requiring three waiters to melt the cheese at patron's table. Also impressive for warming up pancakes left over from breakfast and selling them as crèpes suzettes at dinner. Heating mechanism operates on kerosene handsomely packaged in used brandy bottles. (Available at extra cost.)

56911—"PRETTY HOT STUFF" BRAND CHAFING DISH $24.95



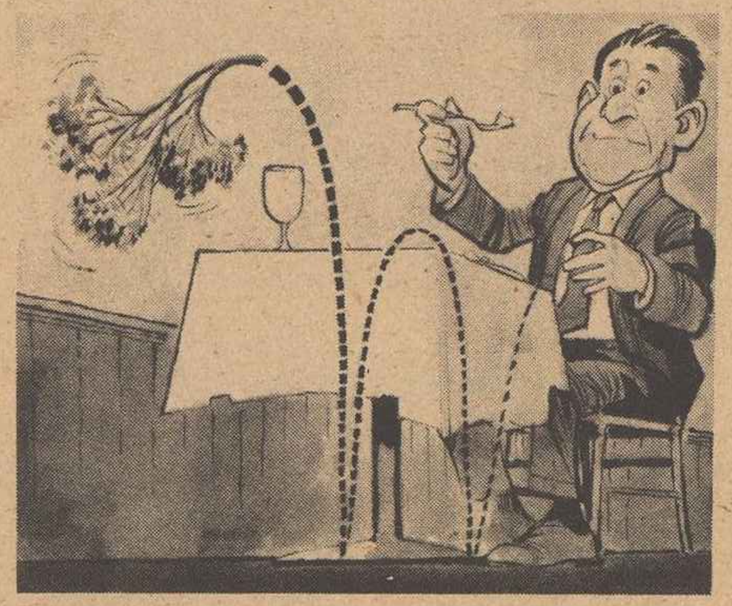
SUMPTUOUS PASTRY CART GOODIES often draws flies in restaurants lacking kitchen window screens and proper insect control. That's why we've fashioned these fake mocha tortes and éclairs from dark brown laundry soap. Let patrons make their selections from this authentic looking display before serving them chocolate Twinkies at $1.75 each. Soap can be used later for your monthly linen laundering.

4866—SUDSY SWEETS....$4.75 doz.



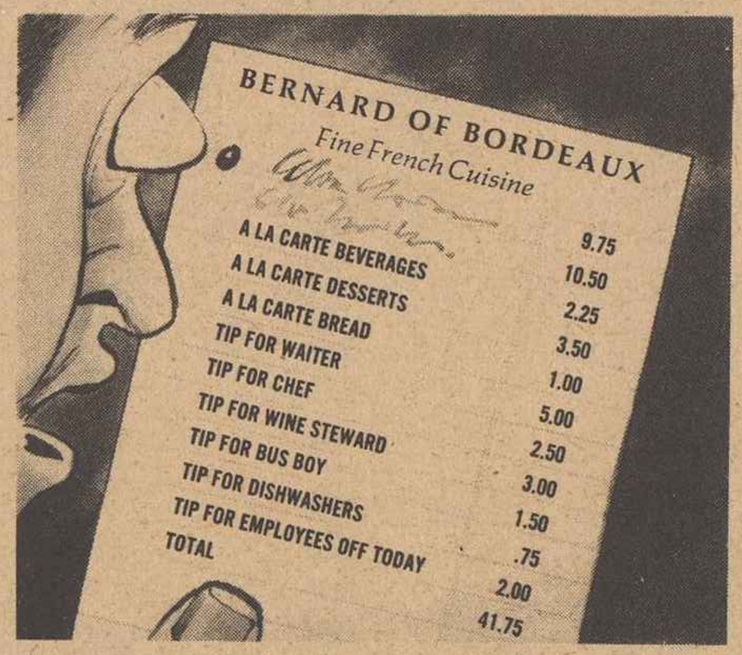
OPTICAL ILLUSION DINNER PLATES enable you to serve skimpier portions at even higher prices. Cleverly designed sunburst pattern makes smaller plates look at least as large as the old fashioned standard size, especially to customers who are half bombed. Yet new style holds 50% less food. You'll cut costs without risking howls of protest with these diminutive beauties.

47651—BIG LITTLE DINNER PLATES $17.50 doz.



STOP WASTING MONEY on parsley sprigs, frilly radishes and similar decorative food that nobody ever eats. Likelike rubber garnishes are equally effective for maintaining your ritzy reputation, yet they can be rinsed off and used again and again. (Not recommended for vegetarian restaurants catering to health freaks.)

5663—SHERWIN WILLIAM BRAND HIGH-GLOSS TABLE GARNISH $8.49 qt.



PRE-ADDED CHECKS eliminate your risk of losing money due to faulty addition. Also aids diners in remembering to tip all of your underpaid employees who need the cash badly. Checks are virtually inflation-proof as printed prices already reflect the increases you plan to make next year.

12709—"SUPERCHARGE" BRAND PRE-ADDED DINNER CHECKS $75 per 1,000



BICARBONATE OF SODA MINTS. Let after-dinner mints create a more pleasing final touch to your meals than the heartburn normally created by your greasy food. Use of sugary menthol spray has added so much phony flavoring that patrons will never dream they really eating antacid tablets. Also ideal for employees who forget to bring their lunch from home.

38117—STOMACH SAVER AFTER DINNER MINTS.....$2.69 lb.

VANISHING AMERICANISMS DEPT.

HAS ANYBODY EV

A DUNCE CAP



OR A BURGLAR WEARING A "LONE RANGER" MASK



OR A NEWSBOY YELLING "EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!"



OR A MAGICIAN

TIED TO THE END OF A STICK



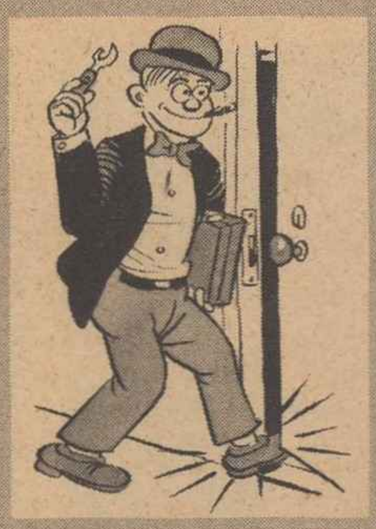
OR AN INDIAN THAT EVER SAID "HOW!" OR

OR A LADY FLIRTING WITH A MAN BY DROPPING HER HANDKERCHIEF



OR

IN A DOOR



OR TWO DRUNKS STAGGERING UP THE STREET SINGING "SW

OR A BILLY GOAT EATING A TIN CAN



OR THE "LIFE OF THE PARTY" WEA

ED OUT WITH SOAP



OR A MAN DRINK CHAMPAGNE FROM A LADY'S SHOE

WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND WITH A ROLLING PIN



OR A REPORTER WITH A



ER REALLY SEEN...

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SHARP



OR SOMEONE THROWING AN OLD SHOE AT A CAT ON A FENCE



HAT EVER SAID "ABRA CADABRA"



OR A HOBO WITH HIS BELONGINGS

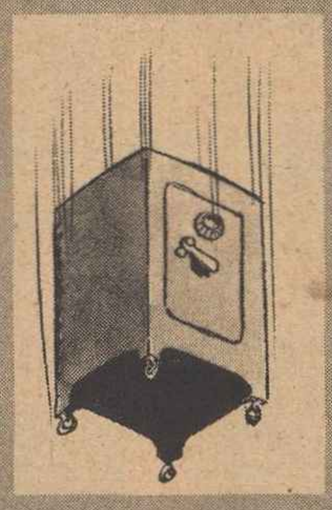
'UGH!"



OR A JUG OF WHISKEY WITH "XXX" MARKED ON IT



A SAFE FALLING FROM A HIGH WINDOW



OR A SALESMAN PUT HIS FOOT

EET ADELINE"



OR A ST. BERNARD WITH A KEG OF BRANDY



RING A LAMPSHADE ON HIS HEAD



OR A KID GETTING HIS MOUTH WASH-



OR "STARS" WHEN YOU'RE HIT ON THE HEAD

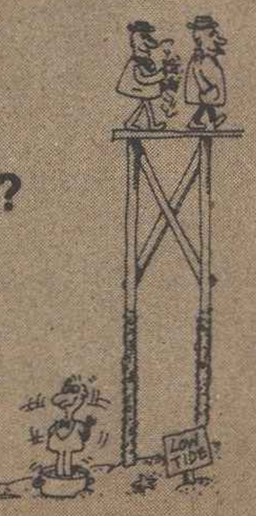


OR A WIFE

"PRESS" CARD STUCK IN HIS HAT BAND

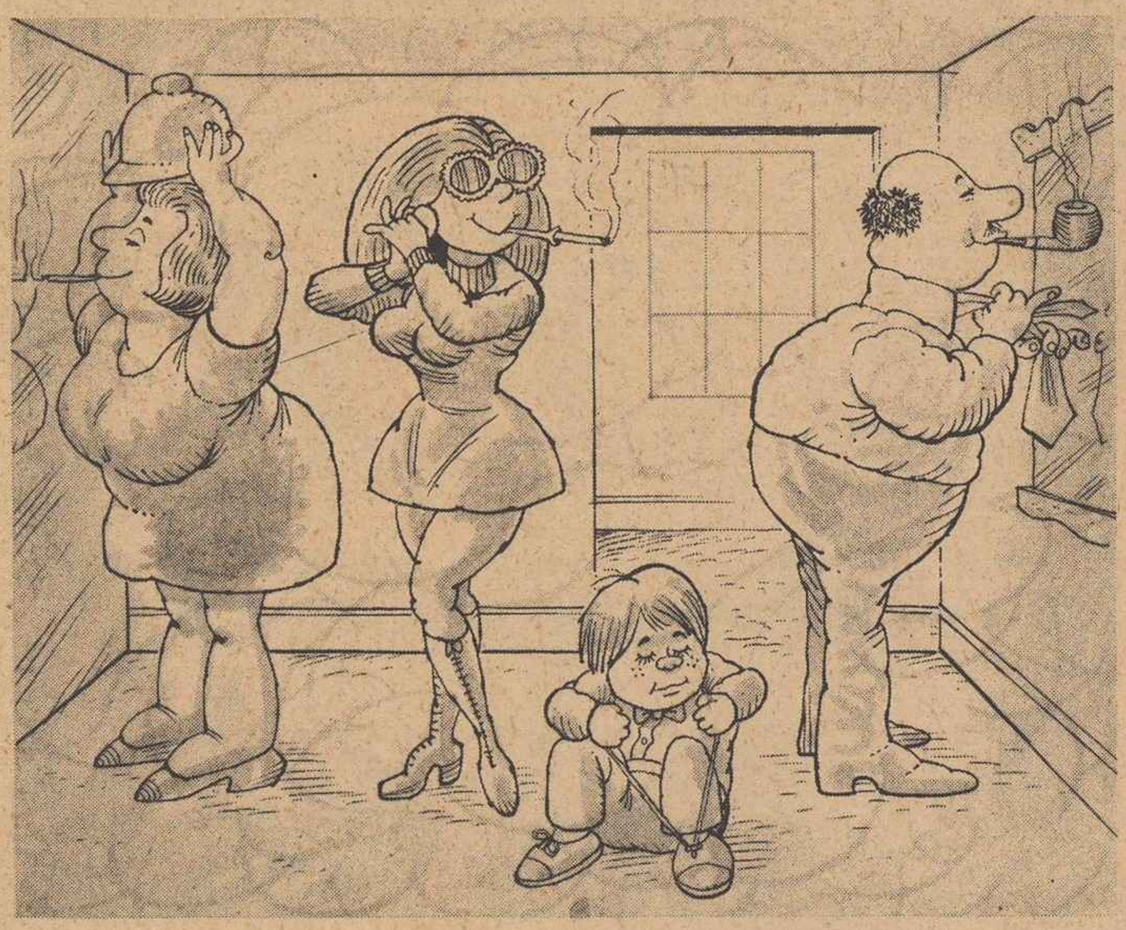


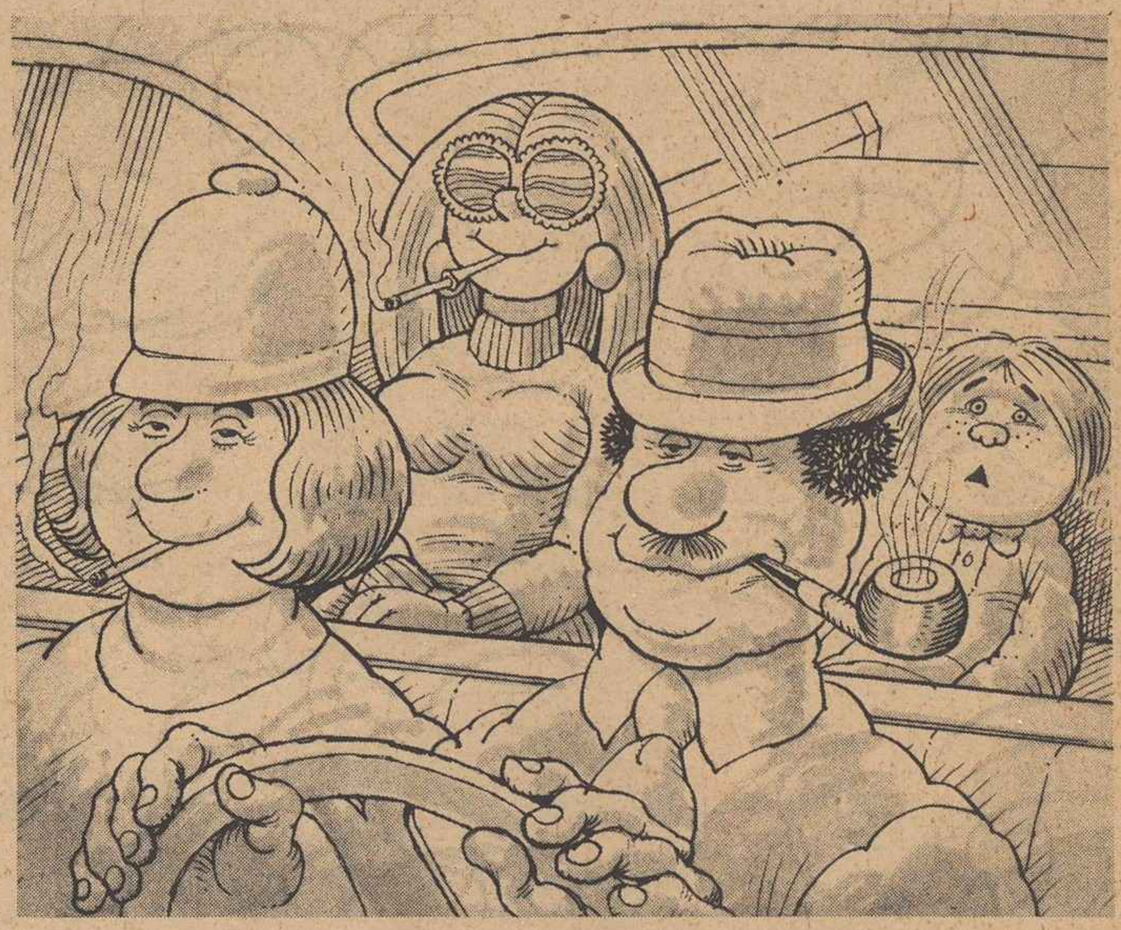
OR A FUNNY ARTICLE IN MAD?

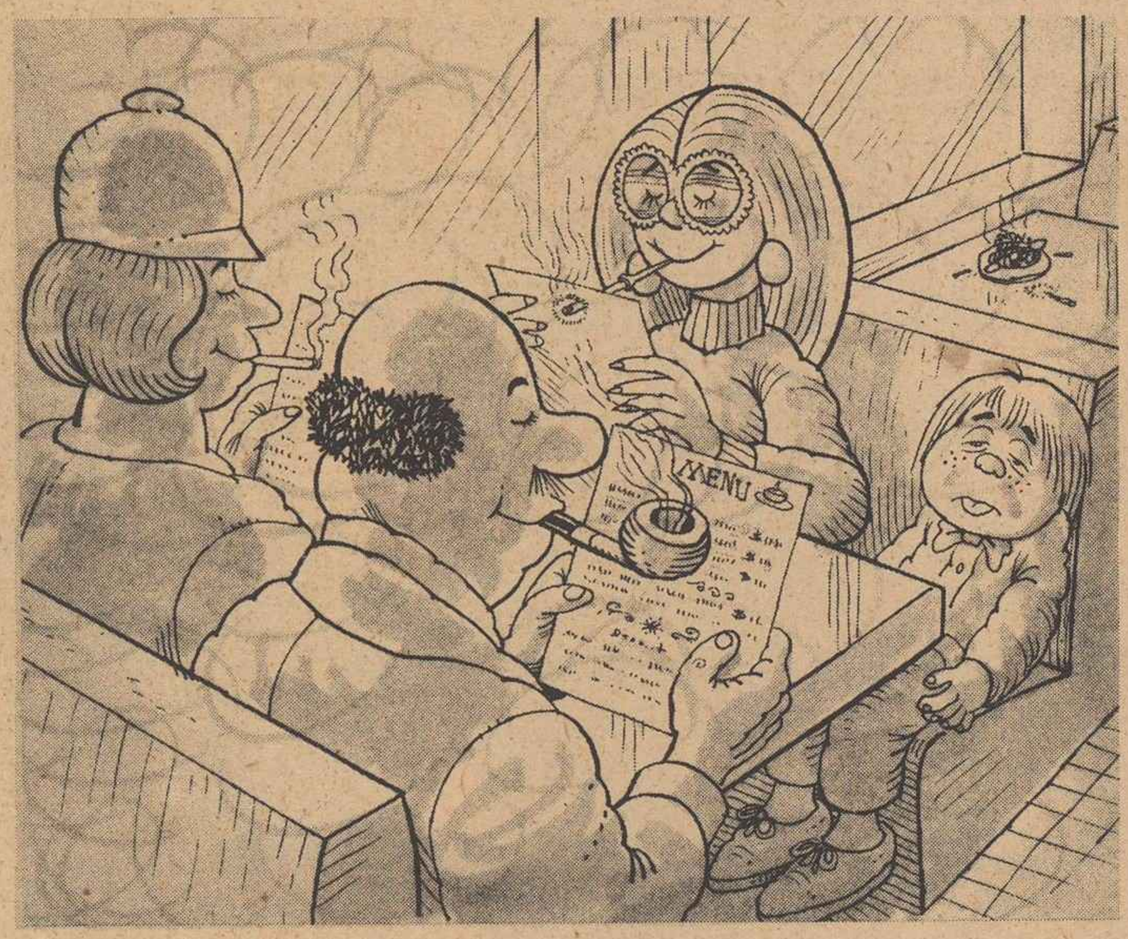


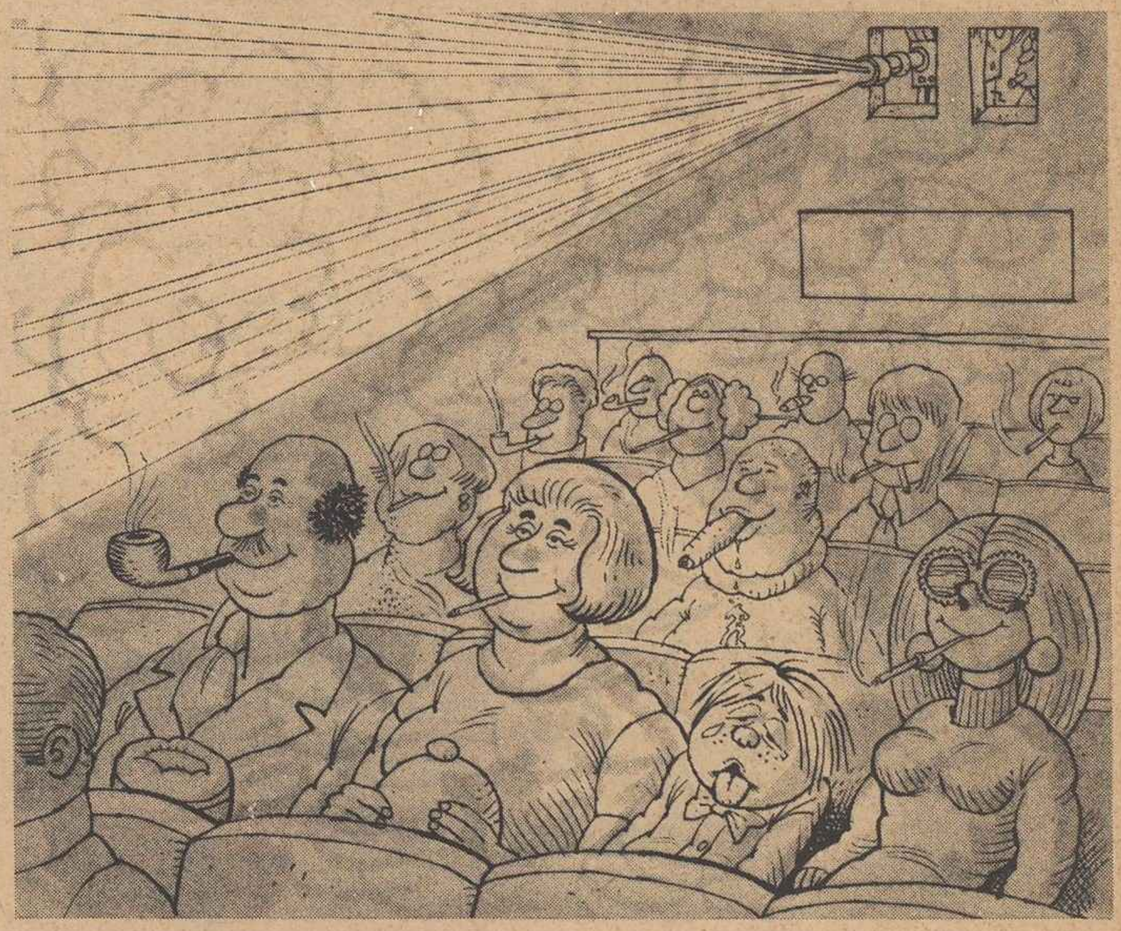
THE PROBLEM

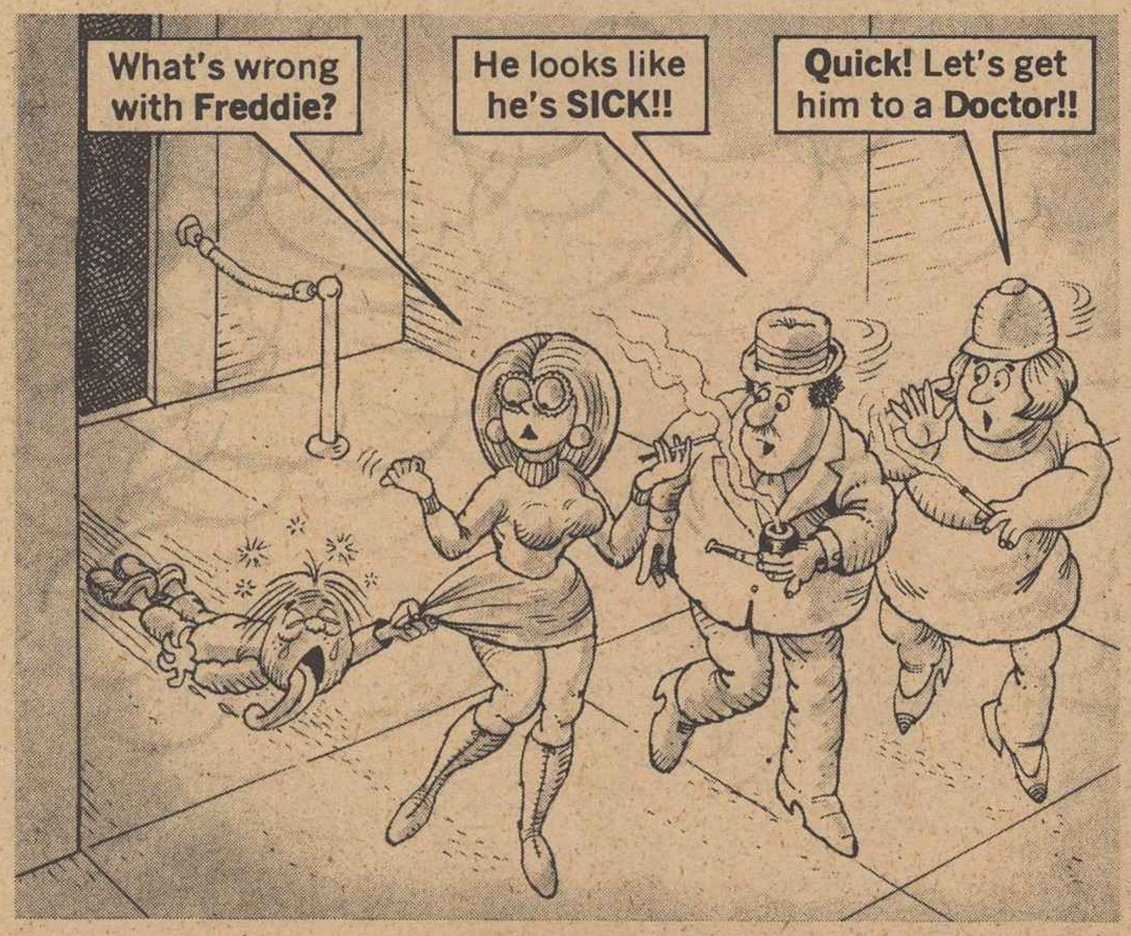
A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A NON-SMOKER'S DILEMMA

















WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S IRE DEPT.

Today, a silent war is raging (And sometimes, it's not so silent!) between "Smokers" and "Non-Smokers." Smokers are strong-willed and determined, insisting upon their God-given right to kill themselves. And Non-Smokers are equally strong-willed and determined, insisting upon their God-given right to breathe fresh air instead of that murderous Smokers' smoke. All kinds of solutions have been tried, such as "No-Smoking" sections in theaters, trains and planes, but with little success. (Like, how are you going to keep the smoke in the "Smoking Section" from wafting over to the "No Smoking" section?) And there are countless other places where Non-Smokers don't even have this minimal protection, such as offices, restaurants and even private homes. However, MAD feels that, with a little cooperation from both our Smokers and our Non-Smokers, the war between them can be happily ended . . . mainly by the use of these

MAD DEVICES DESIGNED TO SOLVE OUR SMOKER VS. NON-SMOKER PROBLEMS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

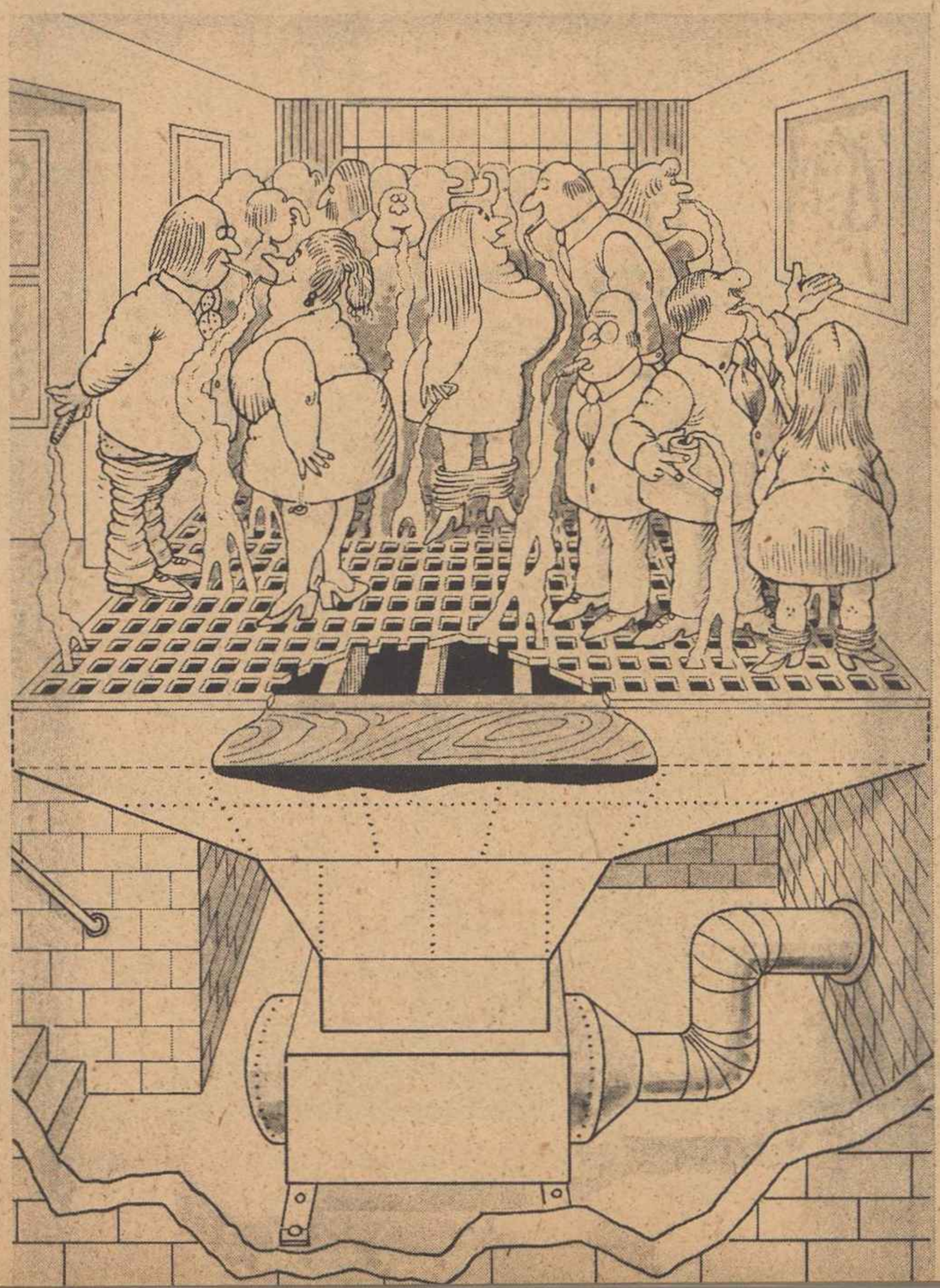
MAD'S SMOKE-FILLED, CROWDED ROOM DEVICES

The smoke-filled, crowded room presents a special problem that the ordinary, simple filtering device cannot handle conveniently or dependably. Here, then, are two sure-fire solutions that can take the smoke headache out of hosting.

THE GIGANTIC CEILING GRID & ATTIC BLOWER EXHAUST SYSTEM

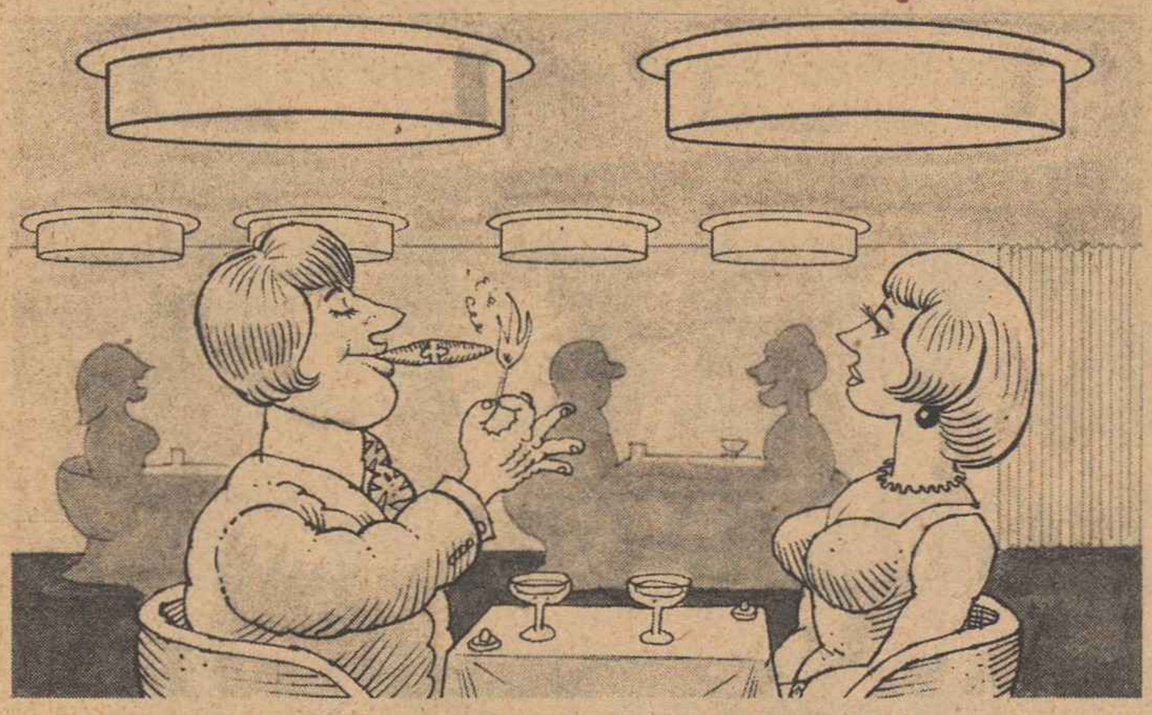


THE GIGANTIC FLOOR GRID AND CELLAR BLOWER EXHAUST SYSTEM

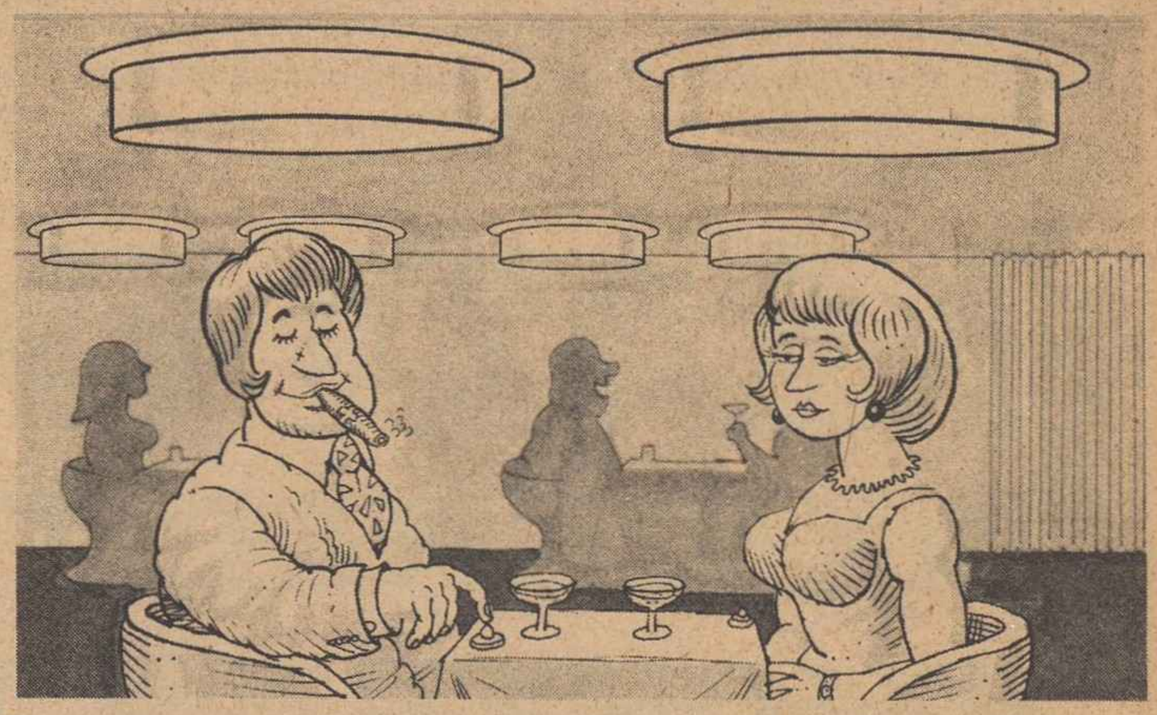


MAD'S PUBLIC AND PRIVATE GROUP SMOKE

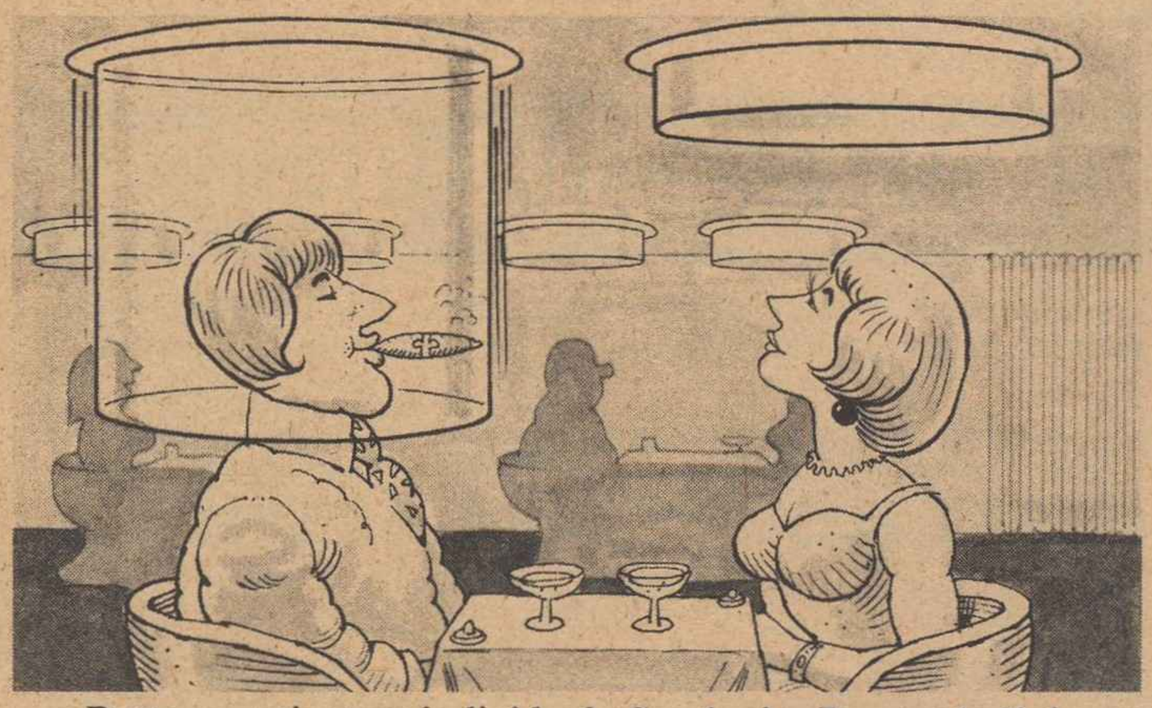
THE RESTAURANT SMOKER'S PERSONAL EXHAUST SYSTEM



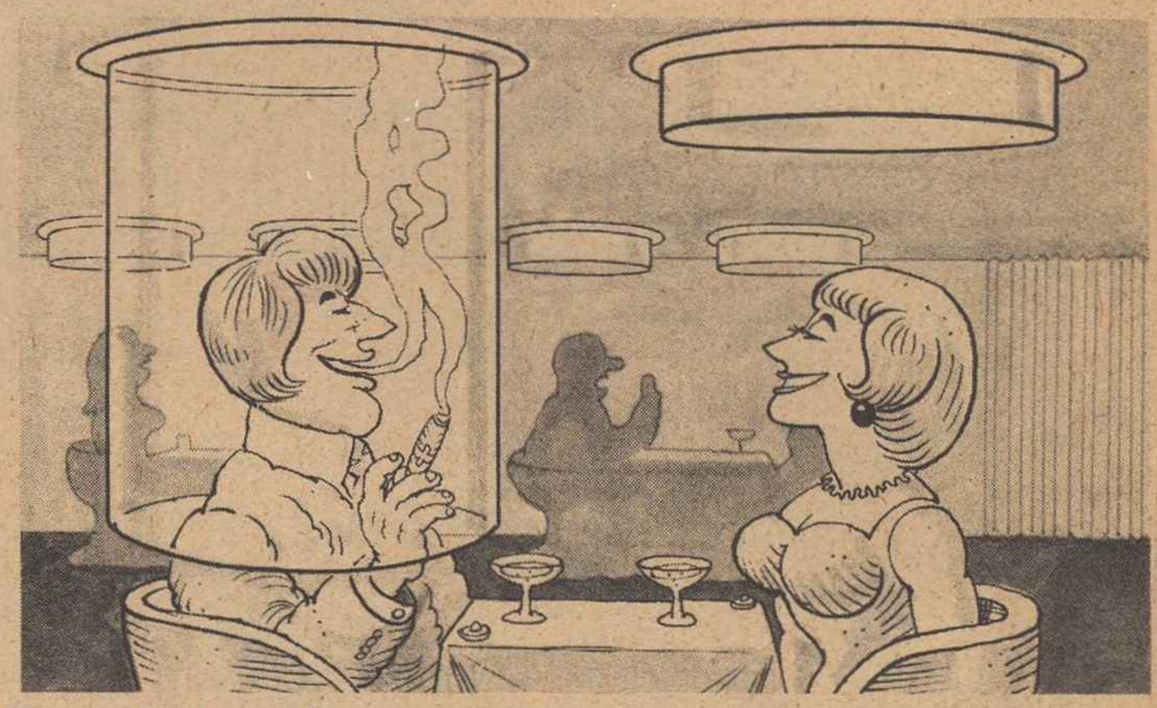
After a hearty meal, the restaurant diner lights up, much to the dismay of his date, who is a non-smoker, and pales with the anticipation of inhaling nauseating cigar smoke.



But unknown to her, restaurant has considerately installed a Smoker's Personal Exhaust System, which the smoker puts into operation by pressing button at his corner of table.

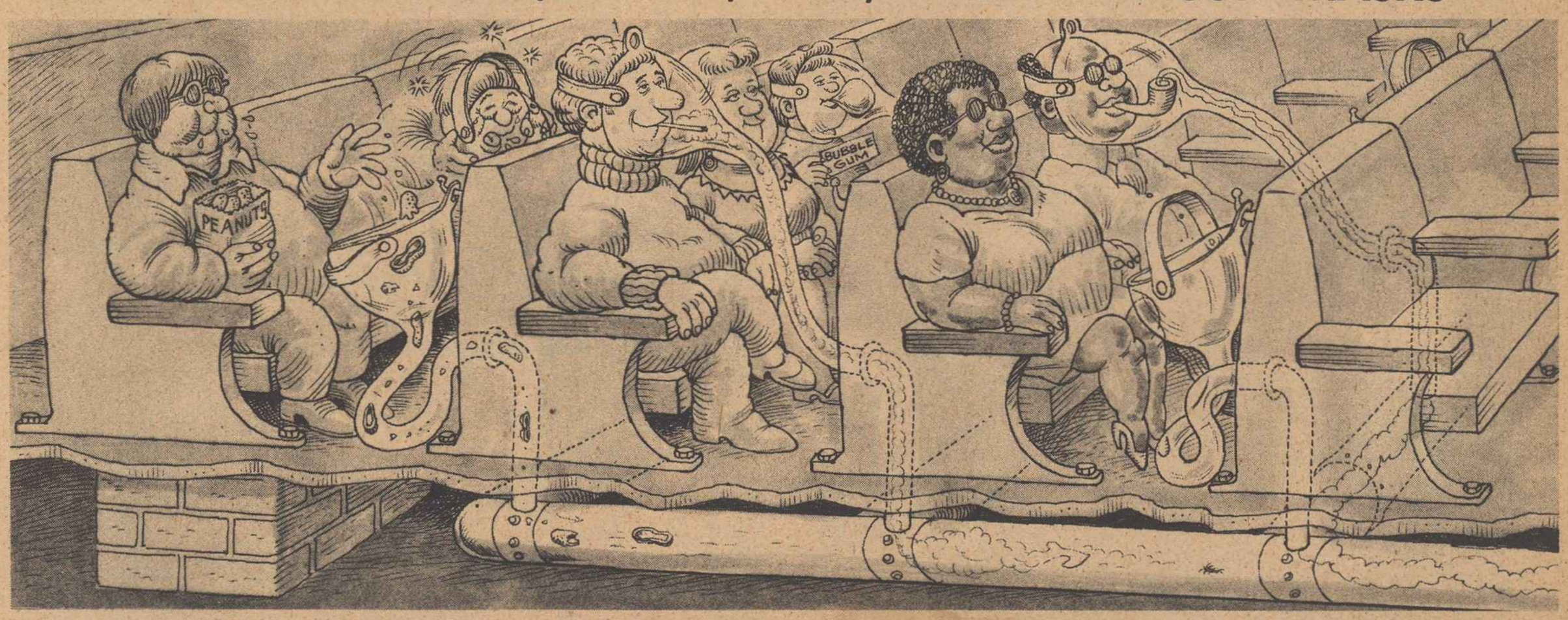


Button activates individual Smoker's Personal Exhaust System, which lowers large plexiglass tube over diner.



Once tube is in place, powerful exhaust fan removes all the offensive smoke, and diners continue to have pleasant time.

THEATER, PLANE, TRAIN, BUS, ETC. EXHAUST MASKS

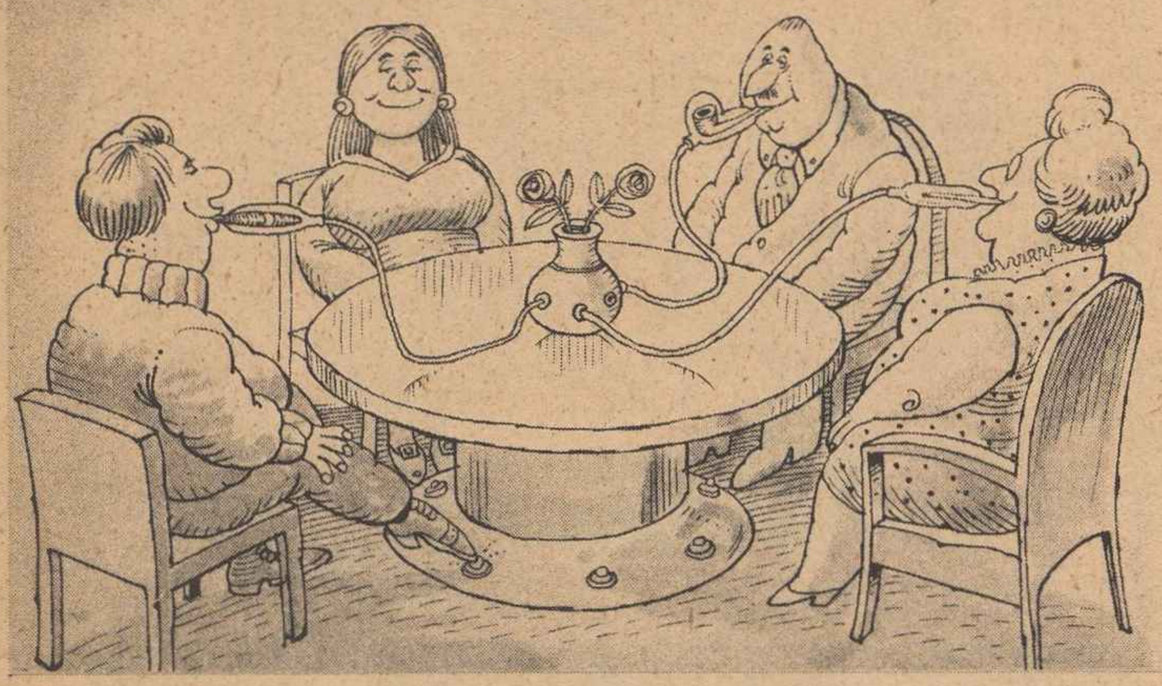


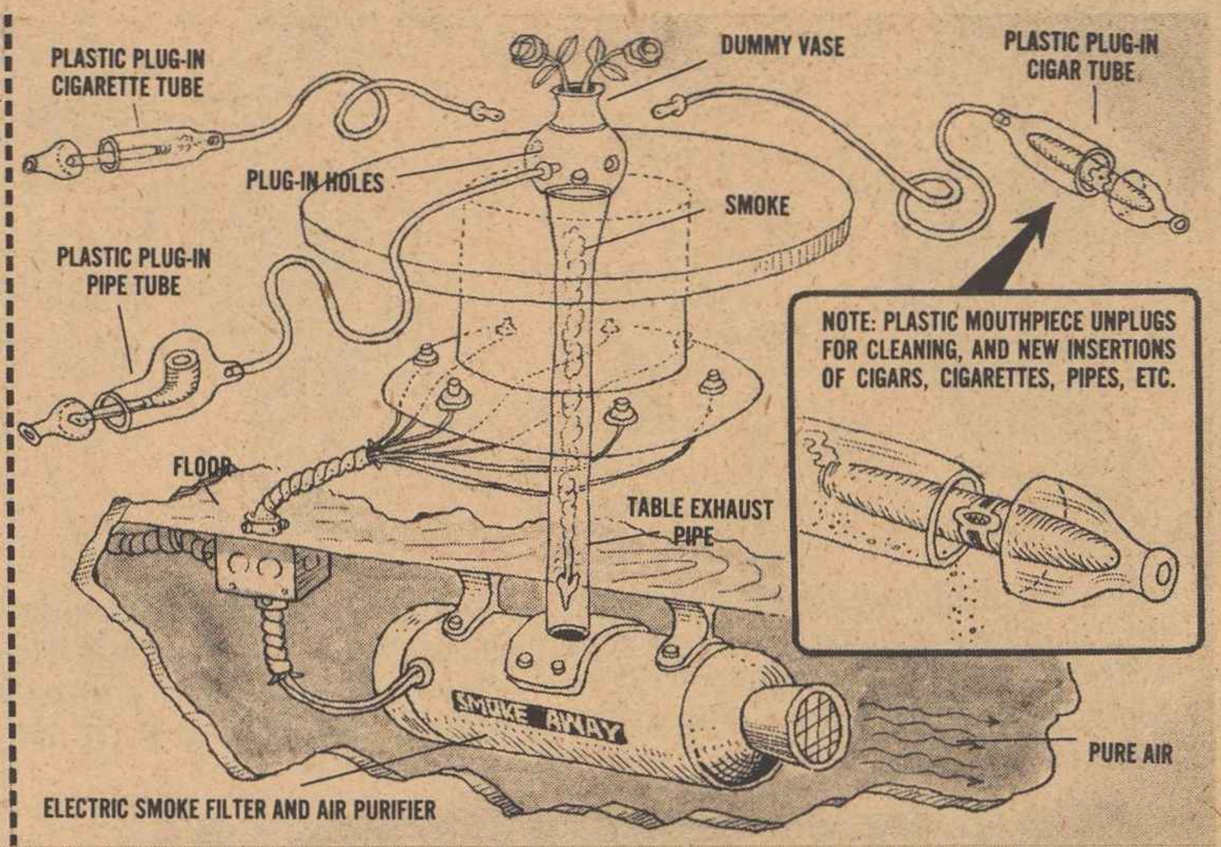
Any situation with crowded, fixed seats can be adapted to this 100% effective Smoke Control System. It eliminates impractical "Smoking" and "No Smoking" sections, and the splitting up of smoker—non-smoker friends and relatives.

FILTERING AND EXHAUST SYSTEM DEVICES

DECORATIVE SMOKE-EXHAUSTING DINING TABLE VASE

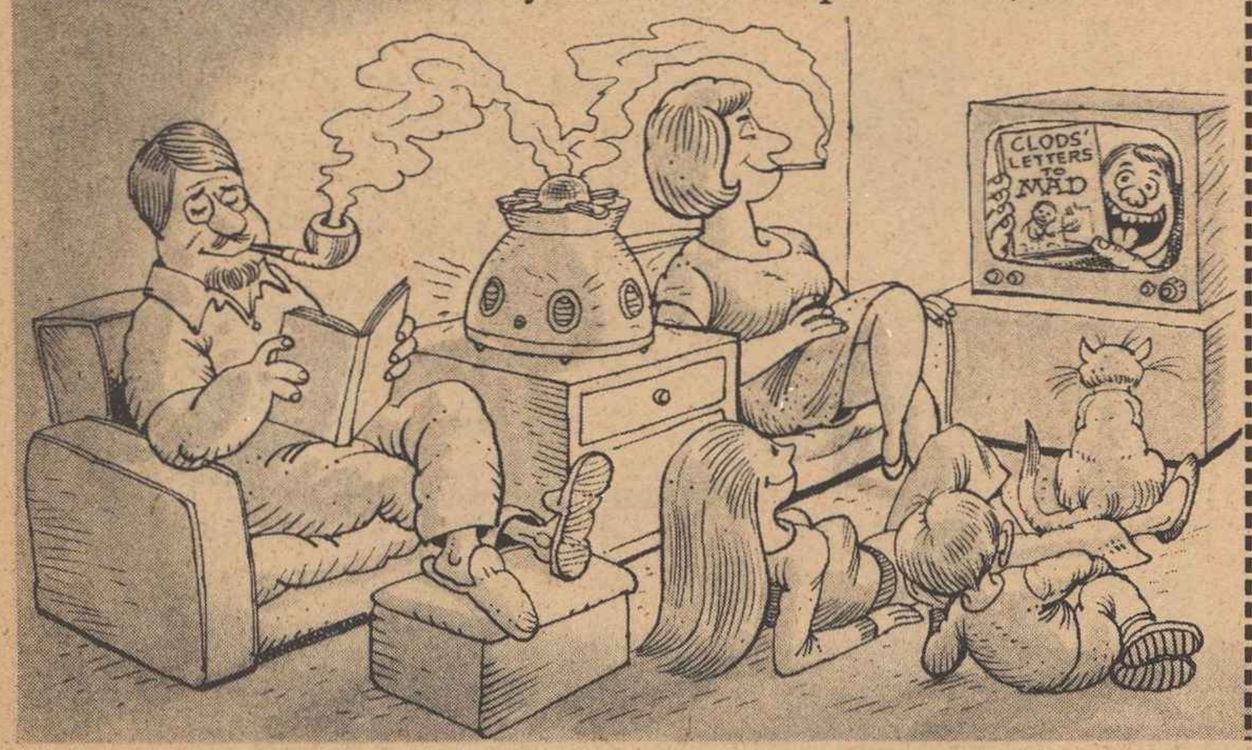
Individual, sterilized mouthpieces and tubes are supplied by host. Each one is plugged into the vase, where a powerful exhaust system removes the smoke to the utter delight of non-smokers at the table.

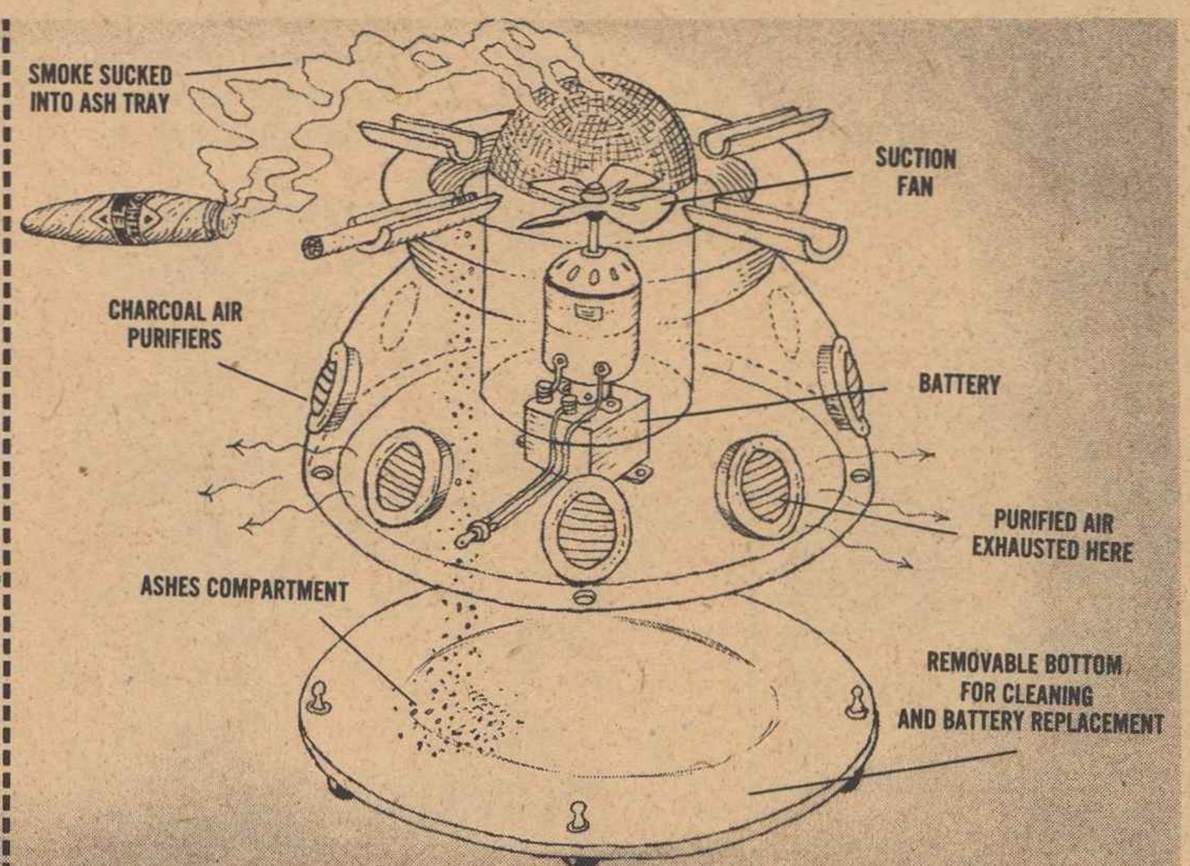




COMPLETELY SELF-CONTAINED ASHTRAY FILTER SYSTEM

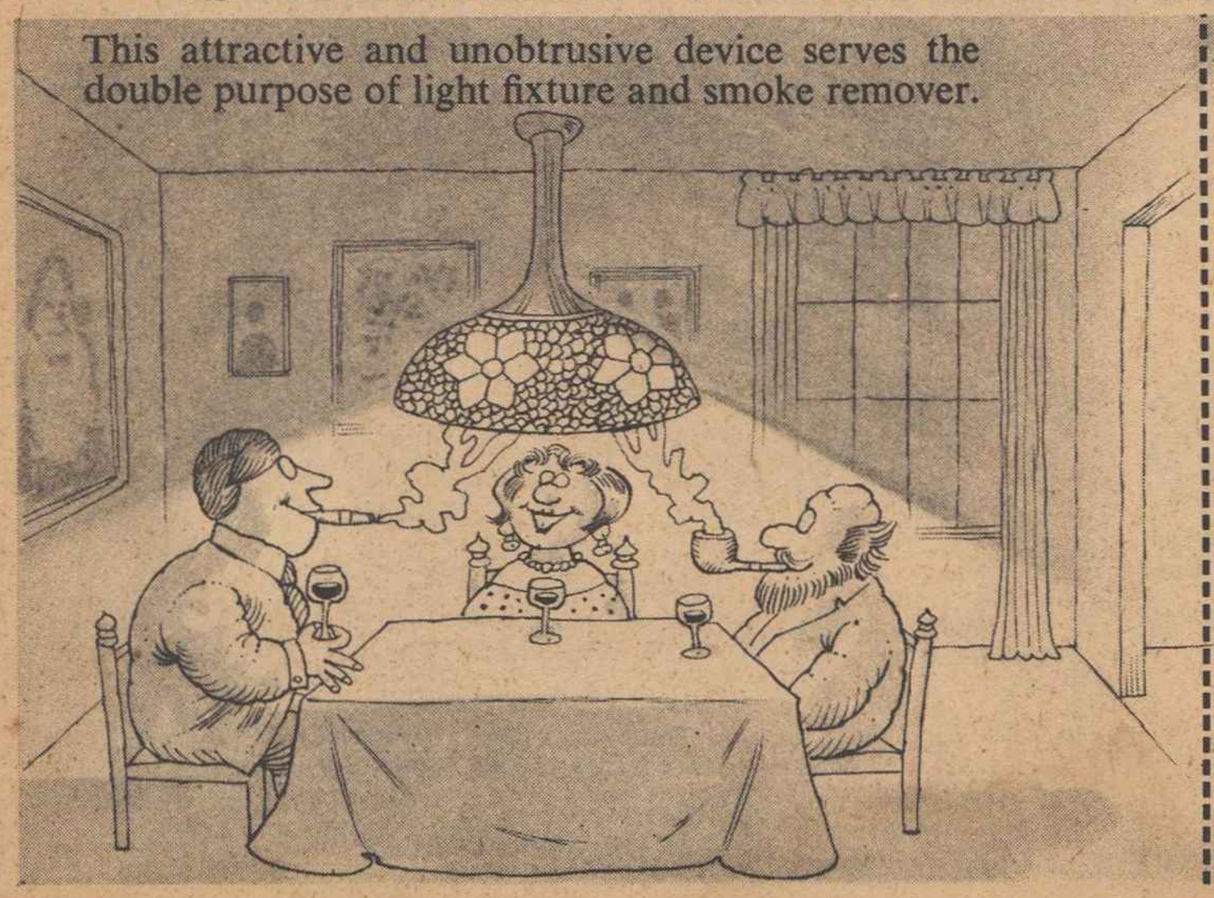
This compact and effective device runs on batteries or house current, and will draw smoke from as far as twenty feet away. Can also be used as ordinary air-cleaner for pollen dust, etc.

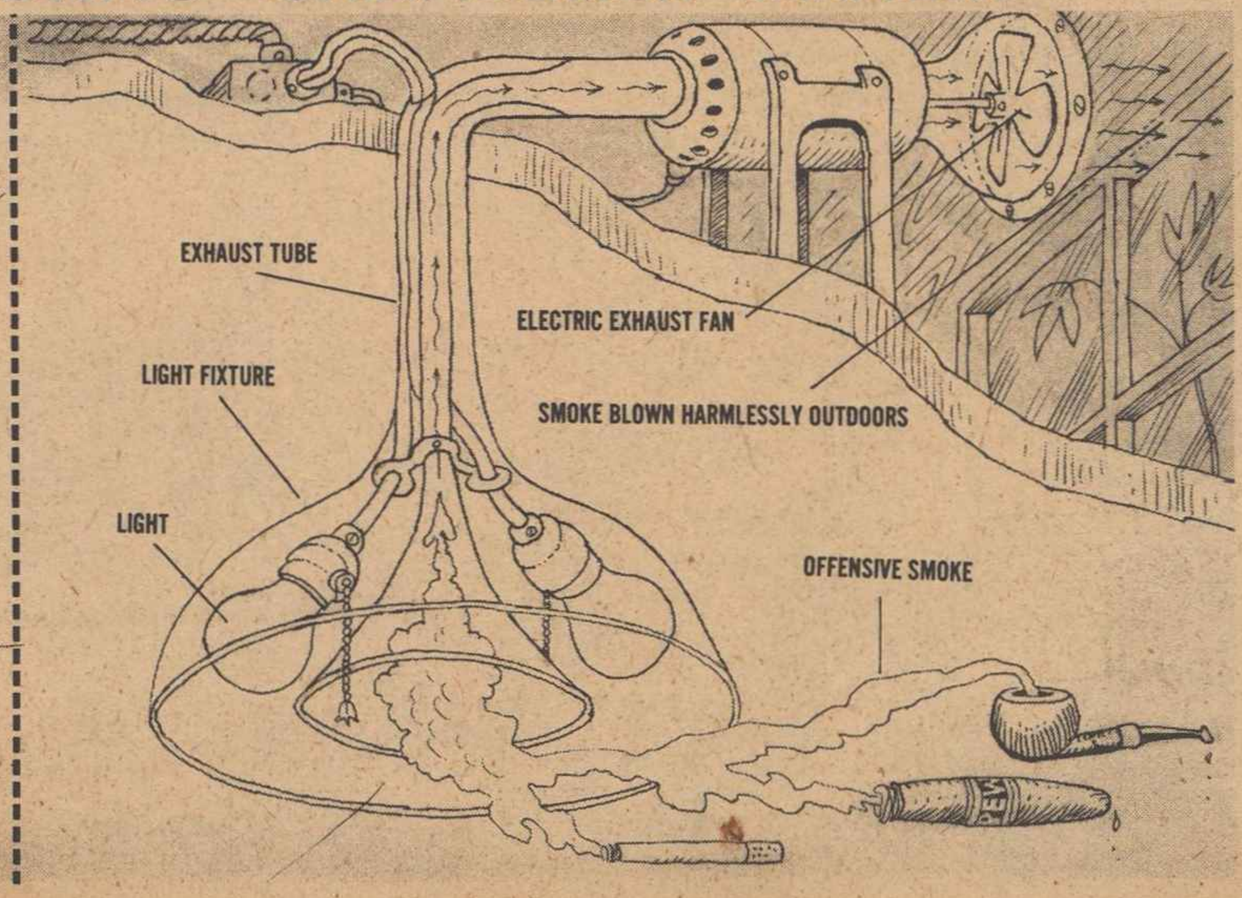




UTILITARIAN SMOKE-EXHAUSTING CHANDELIER SYSTEM

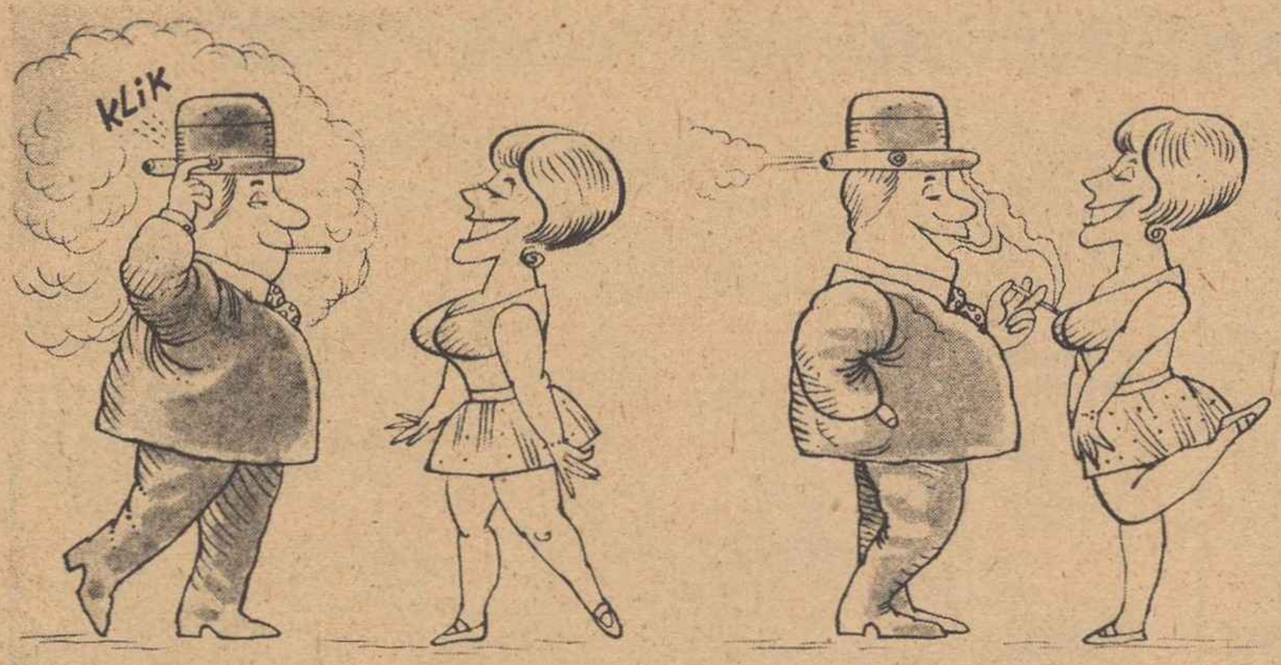
This attractive and unobtrusive device serves the double purpose of light fixture and smoke remover.





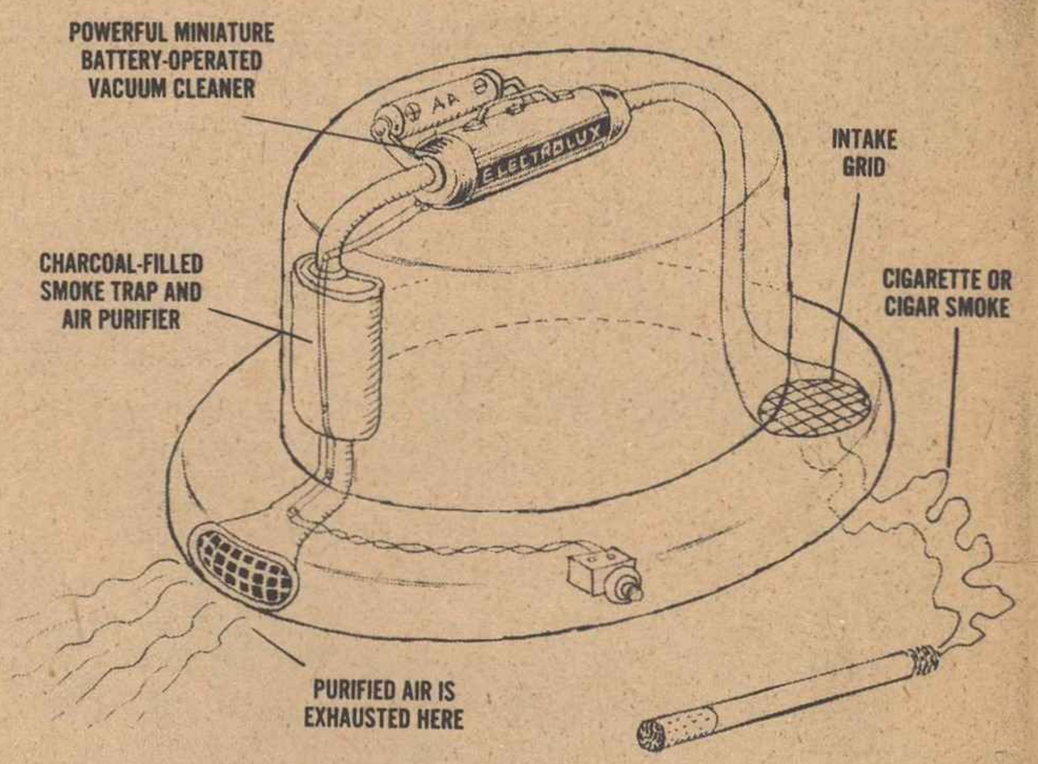
PERSONAL DEVICES FOR INDIVIDUAL SMOKERS

SMOKER'S AIR PURIFYING AND SMOKE FILTERING HAT



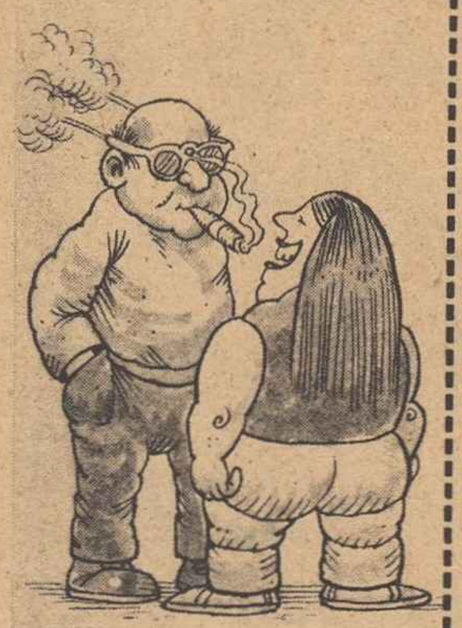
Upon meeting non-smoking friend, the smoker considerately presses a button on what appears to be a plain straw (or other style) hat.

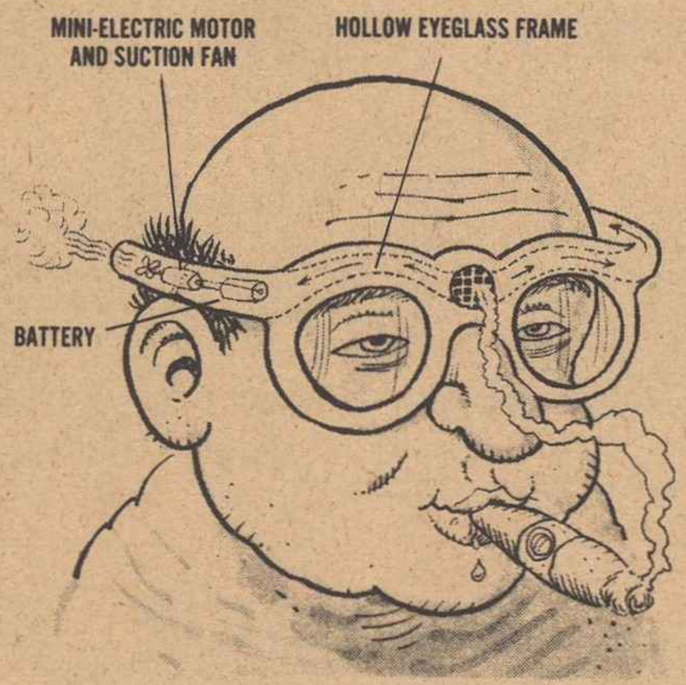
Suddenly, all smoke emanating from the smoker's cigarette or cigar miraculously disappears almost as fast as it is made.



SMOKER'S DUMMY EYEGLASS SMOKE EXHAUSTING DEVICE

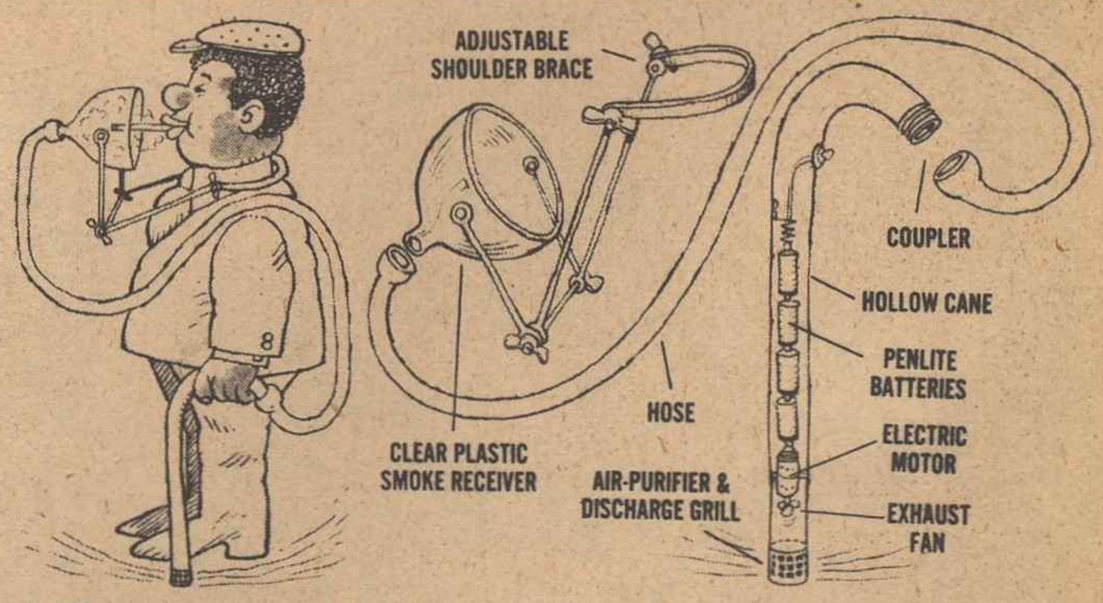
Smoke is drawn directly into grill located on eyeglass nose bridge piece, and then blown inoffensively through earpieces toward the rear and away from the non-smoker.





SMOKER'S PERSONAL MASK & CANE FILTERING DEVICE

Clear mask is supported by adjustable shoulder brace. Powerful mini-motor pulls smoke into mask, through a filter, and sends clean air out grill at base of cane.

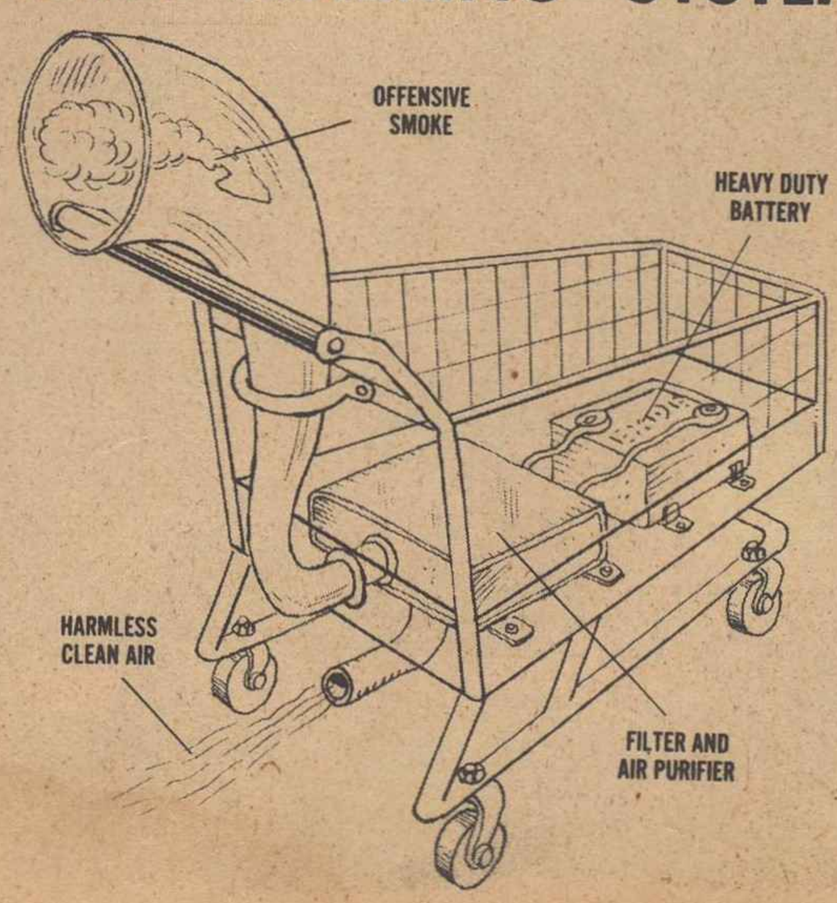


This principle can also be adapted for use with umbrellas, swagger sticks, crutches, stilts and other walking devices.

SMOKER'S SHOPPING CART SMOKE FILTERING SYSTEM

Shoppers can blithely and happily push these carts around without fear of stinking up entire store. Also reduces fire hazard so that many stores which do not permit smoking can now offer it as bonus.

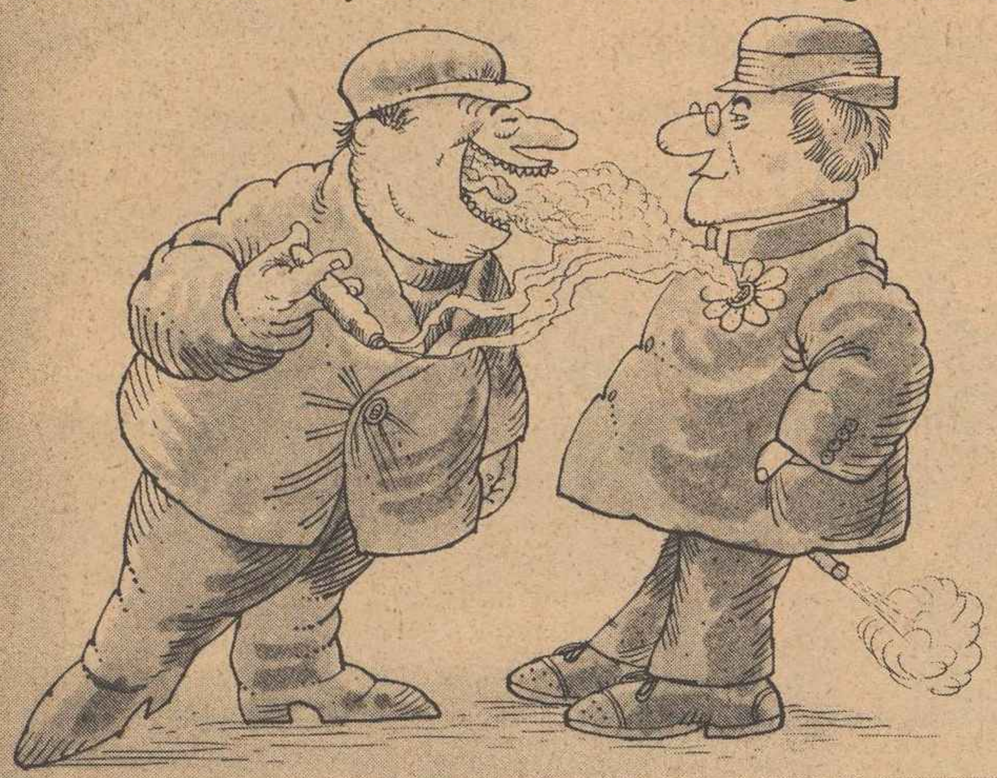


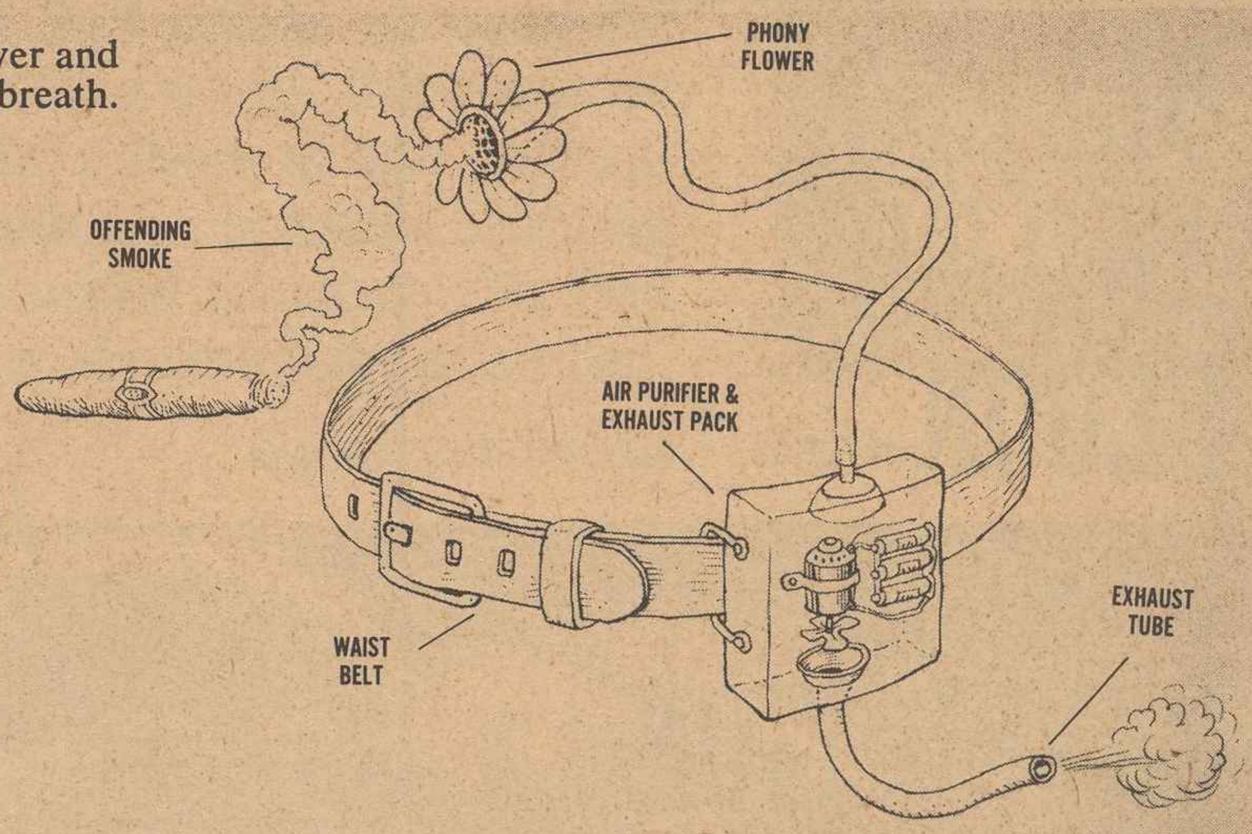


SELF-PROTECTIVE DEVICES FOR NON-SMOKERS

NON-SMOKER'S LAPEL FLOWER REAR SMOKE DISSIPATOR

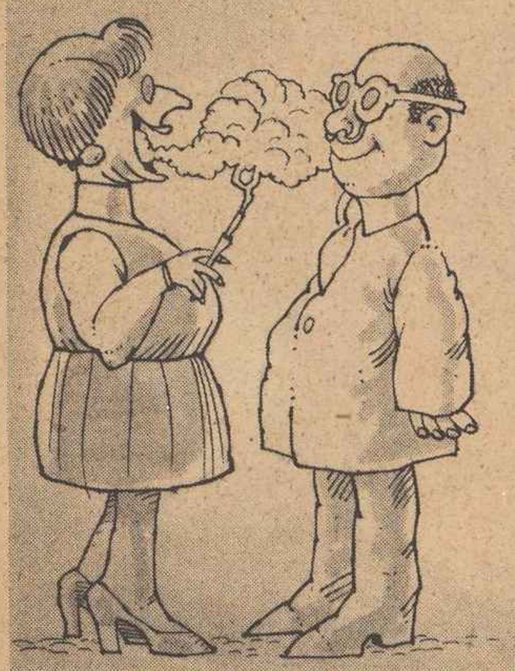
Powerful mini-blower pulls smelly smoke into dummy flower and sends it harmlessly out rear. Also effective against bad breath.

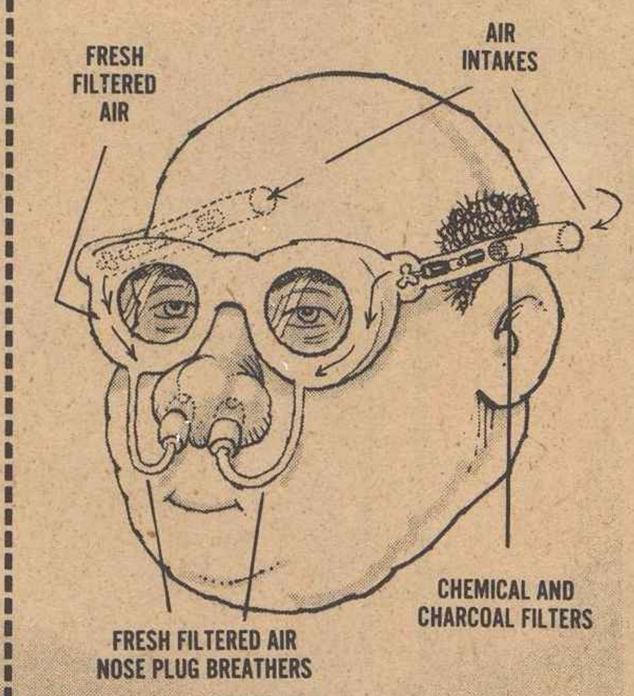




NON-SMOKER'S REAR INTAKE EYEGLASS AIR PURIFIER

Smoke being blown into non-smoker's face does not bother him because he breathes pure air taken from behind him.

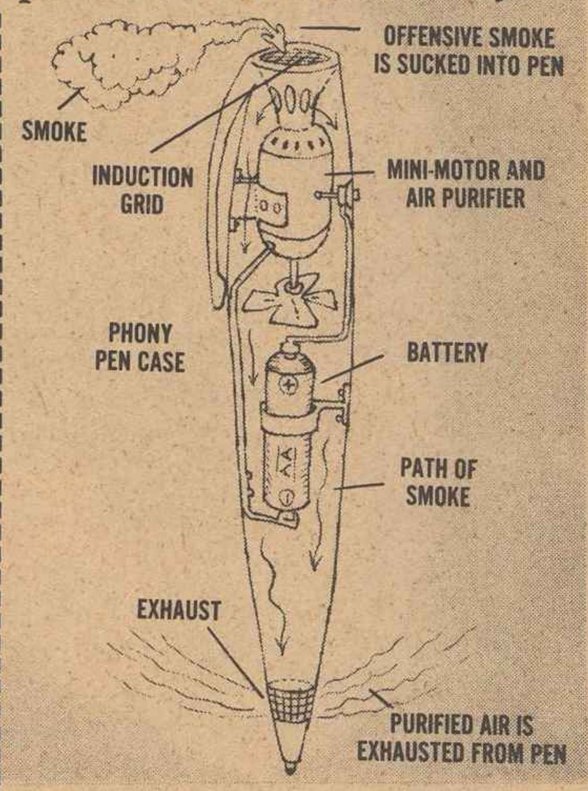




NON-SMOKER'S FOUNTAIN PEN SMOKE SUCTION FILTER

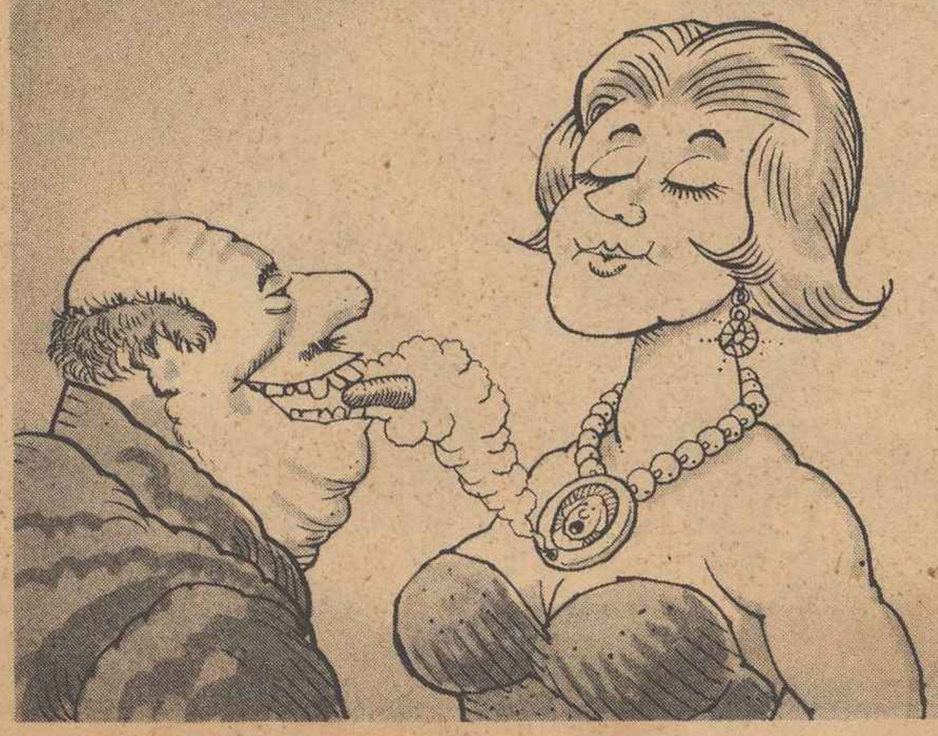
A marvel of miniaturization, this pen is a complete smoke filtering and air purifying plant and is carried easily.

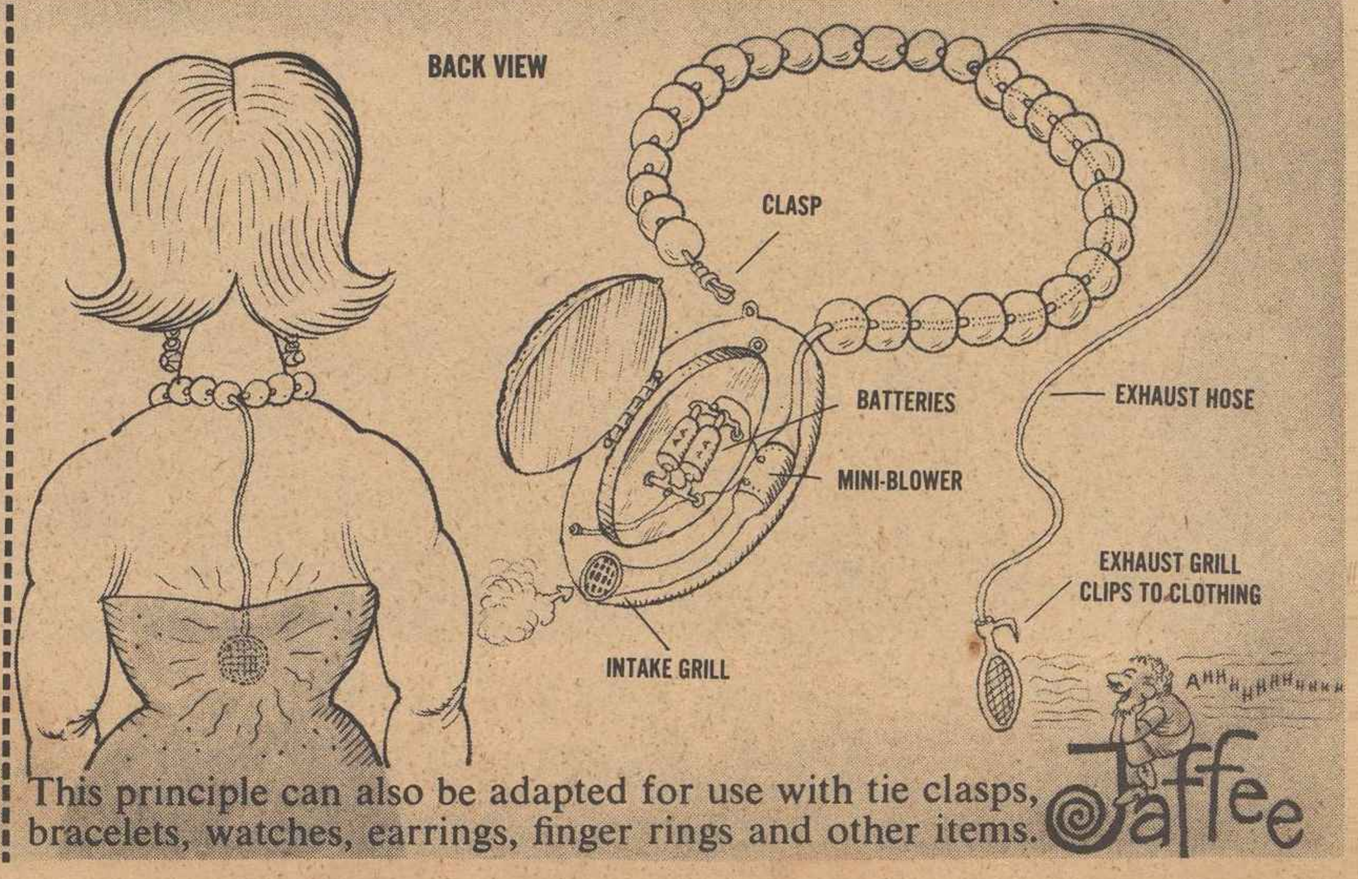




NON-SMOKER'S DECORATIVE BROOCH SMOKE EXHAUSTER

Attractive and easy to wear, smoke is drawn into brooch and pumped through hose to grill at wearer's back. This takes smoke (and breath) away from non-smoker's face.



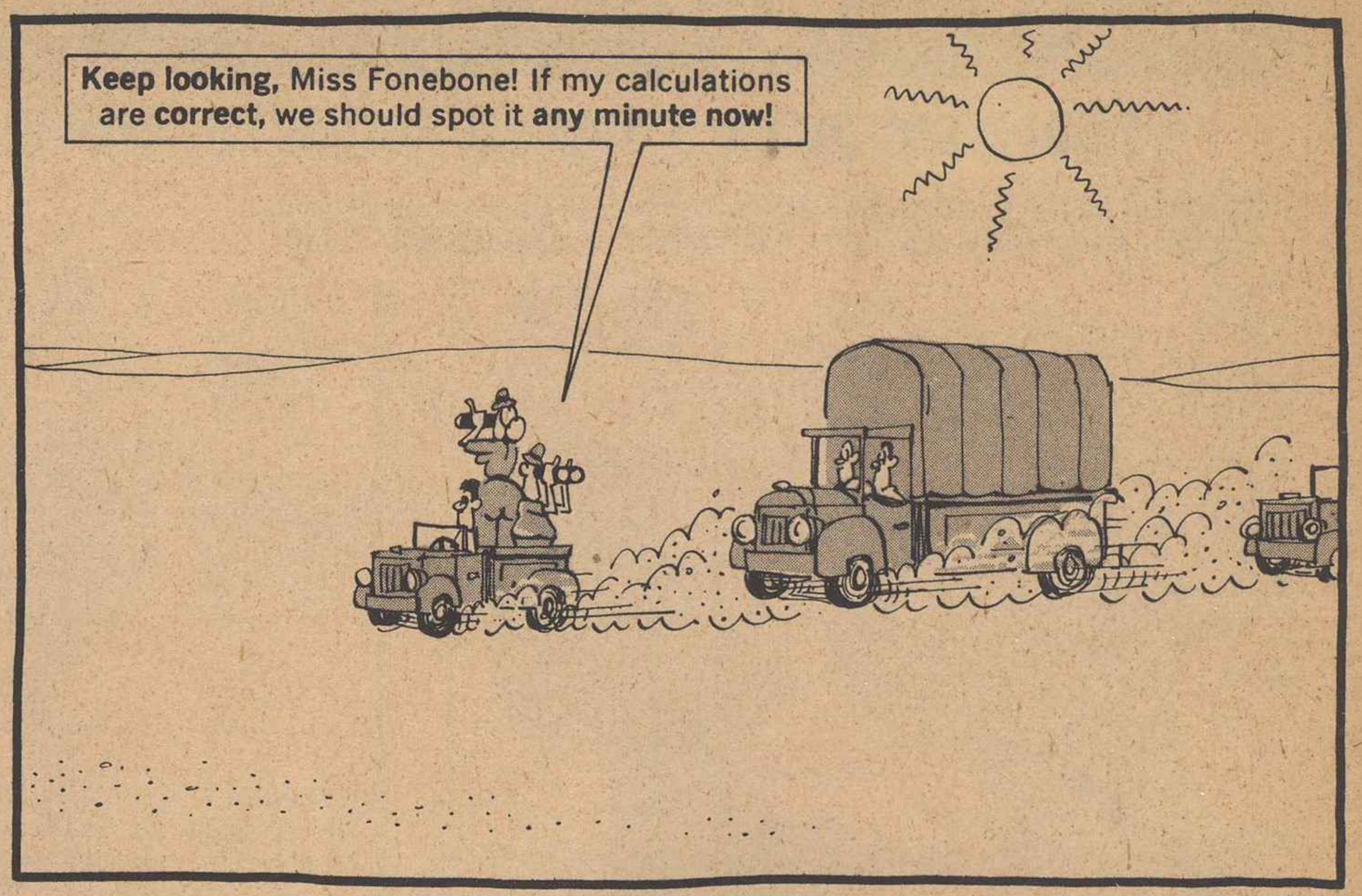


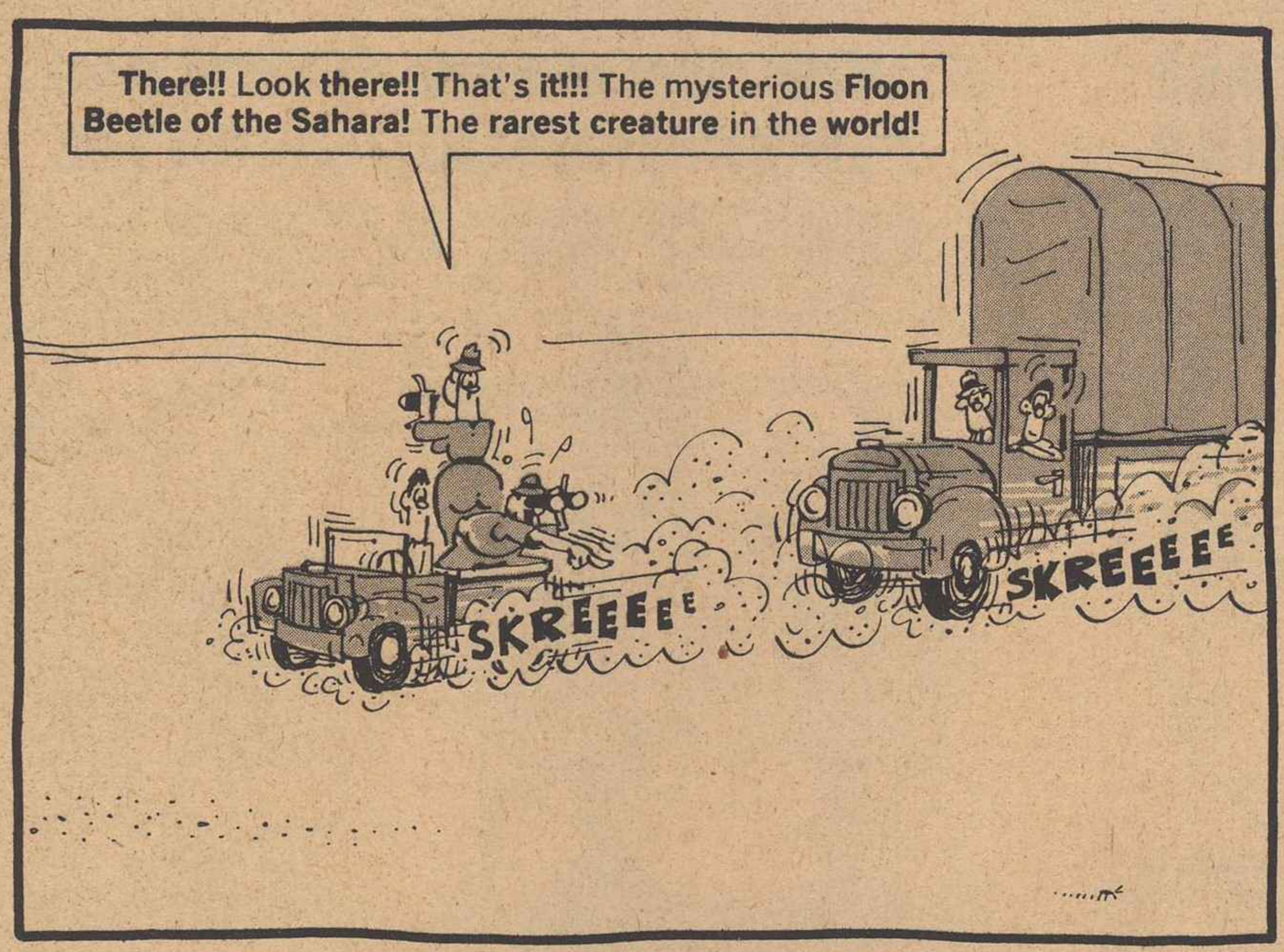
This principle can also be adapted for use with tie clasps, bracelets, watches, earrings, finger rings and other items.

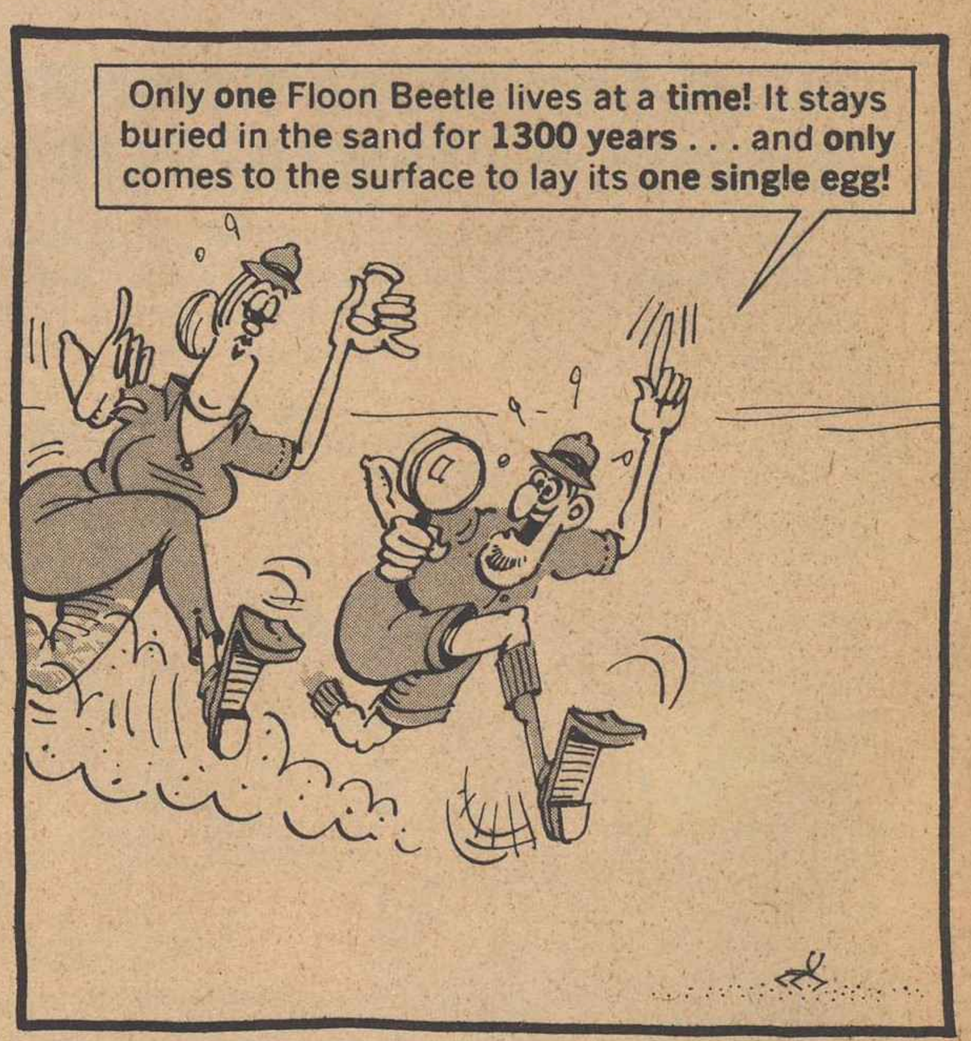
Jaffee

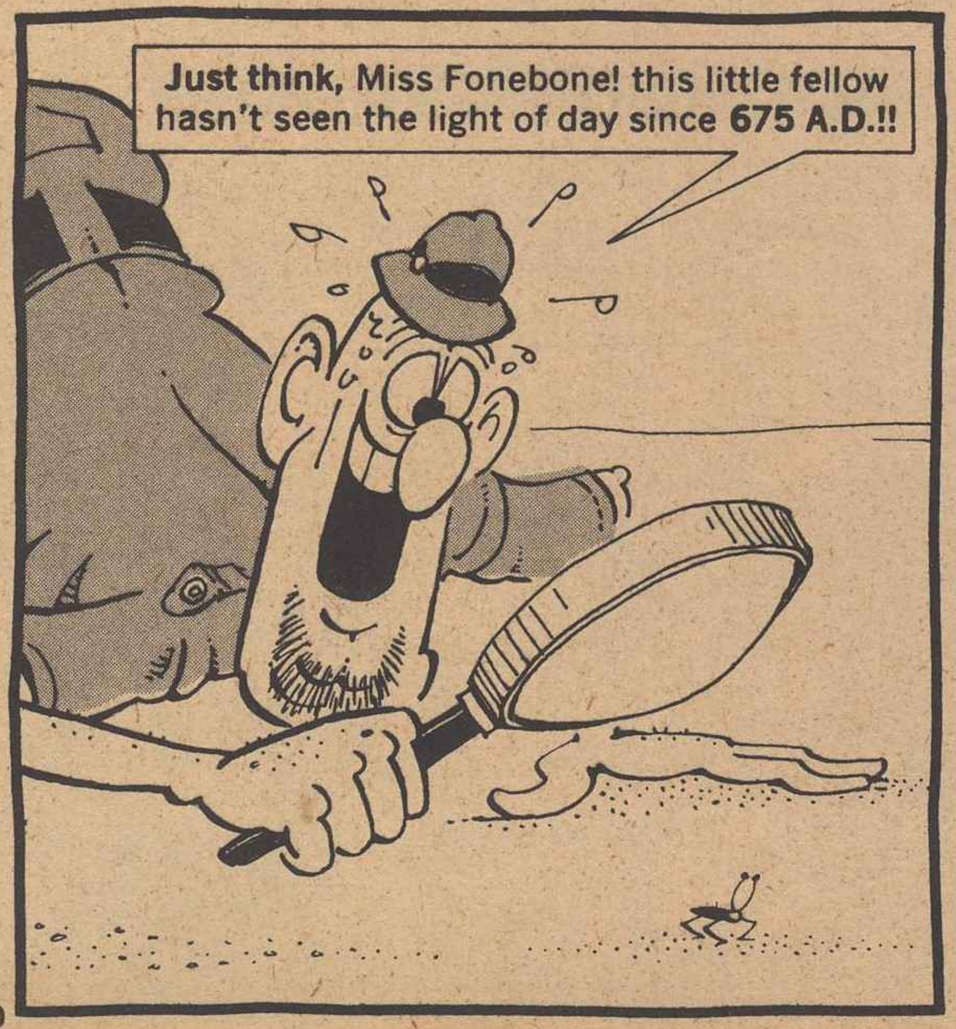
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

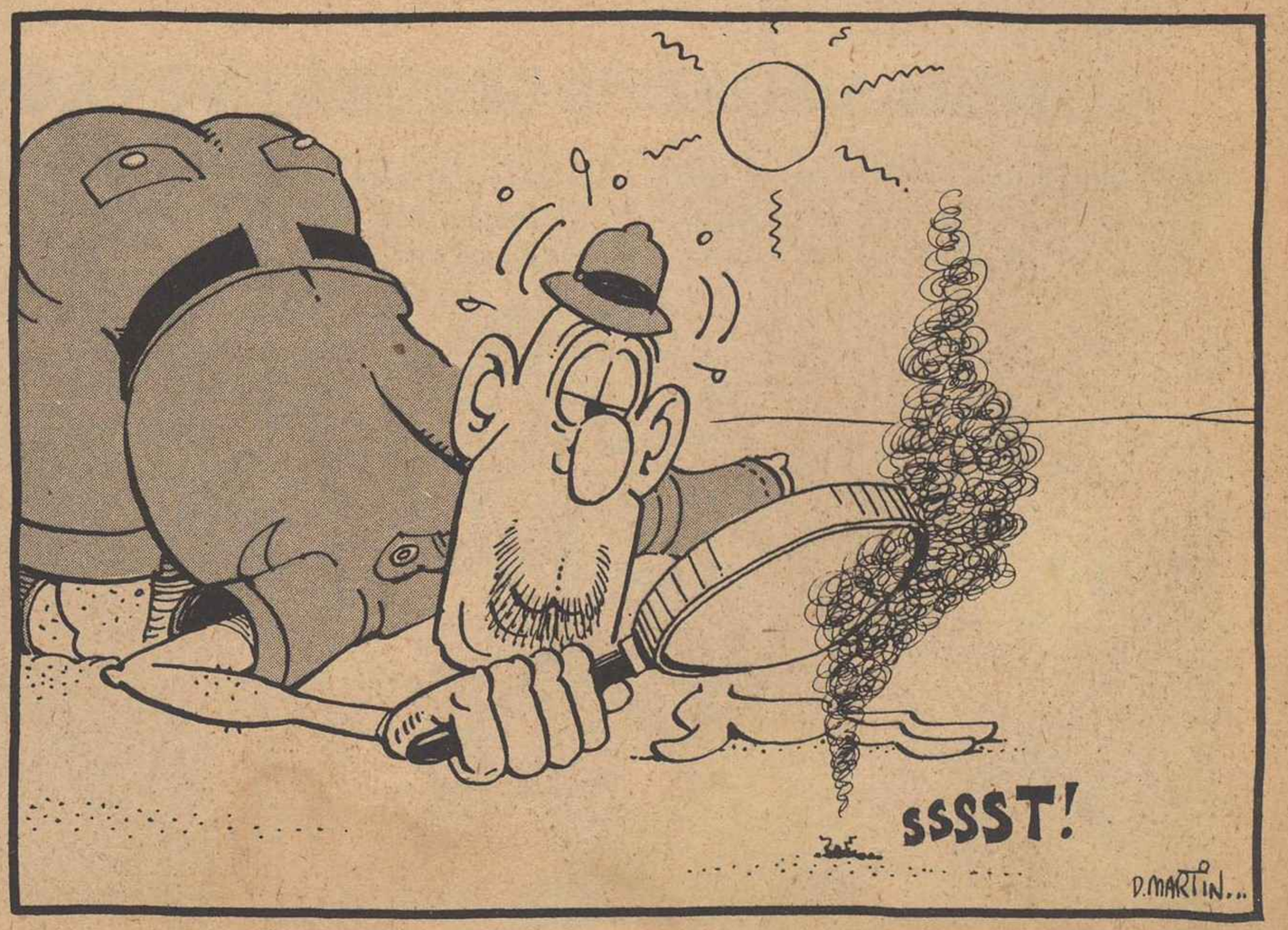
PROFESSOR BLEENT AND THE FLOON BEETLE EXPEDITION











WHAT SPECIAL-INTEREST GROUP IS BENEFITING MOST FROM OUR JAMMED COURTS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

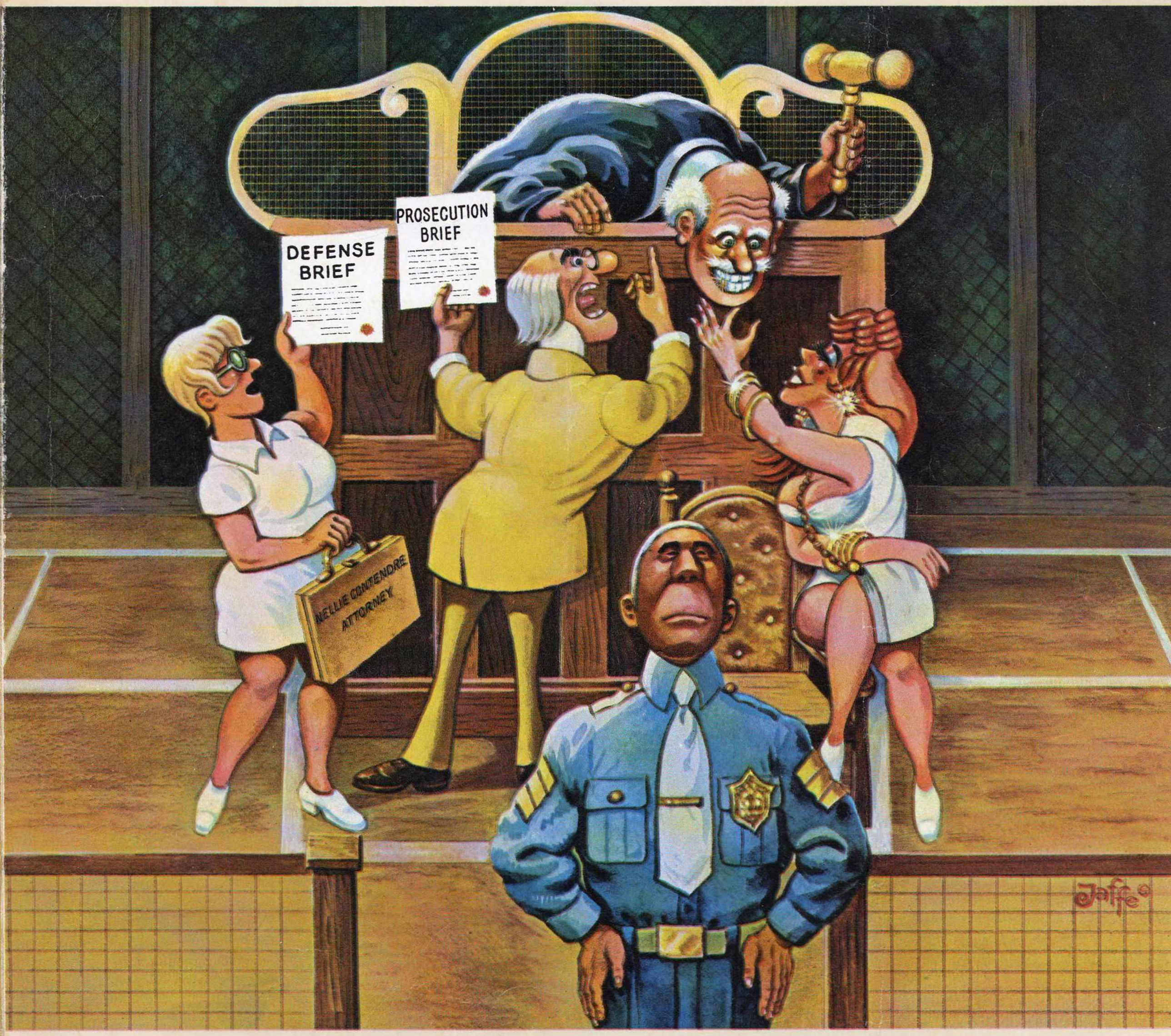
MAD FOLD-IN

Despite the fact that courts all over the country are operating under the pressure of long waiting-lists, there is one special-interest group which is actually profiting from this overcrowded situation. To find out which group, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



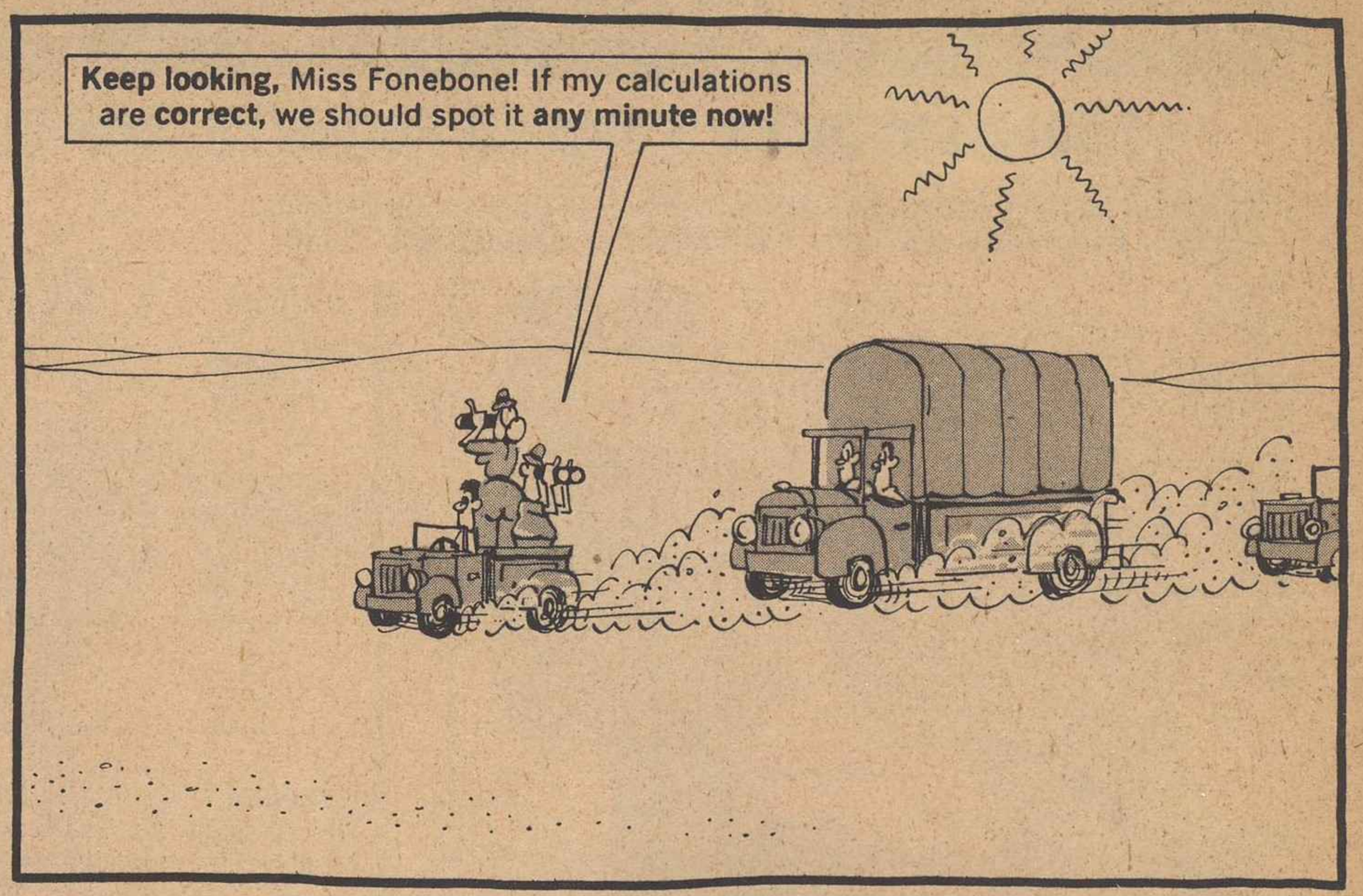
ARTIST & WRITER:
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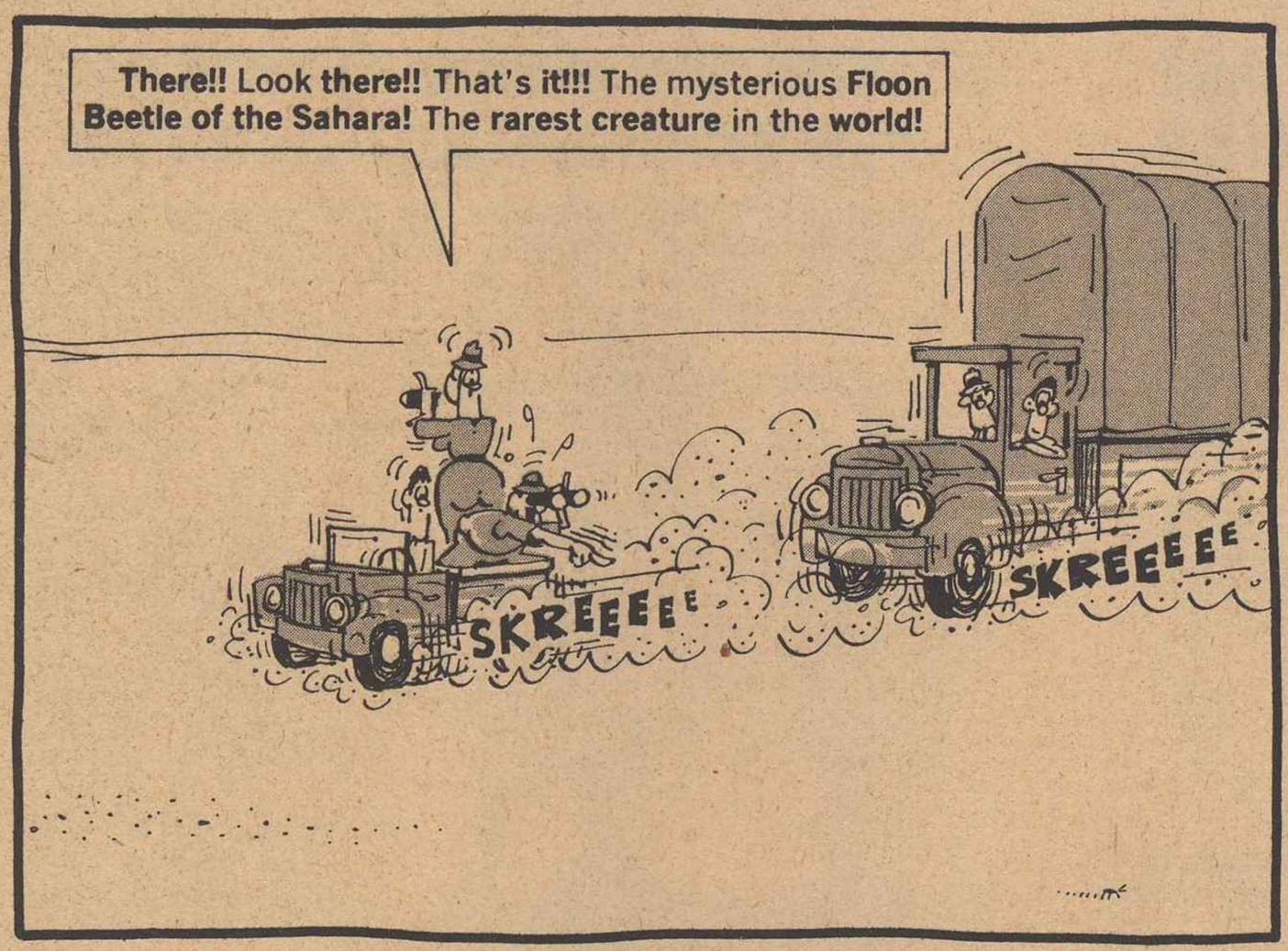
THE NATION'S JAMMED COURT CALENDARS HAVE THE TENDENCY TO SUBVERT JUSTICE. THIS CAN SPELL FINIS INDUBITABLY TO OUR CHERISHED DUE PROCESS SOPHISTRY

A▶ ◀B

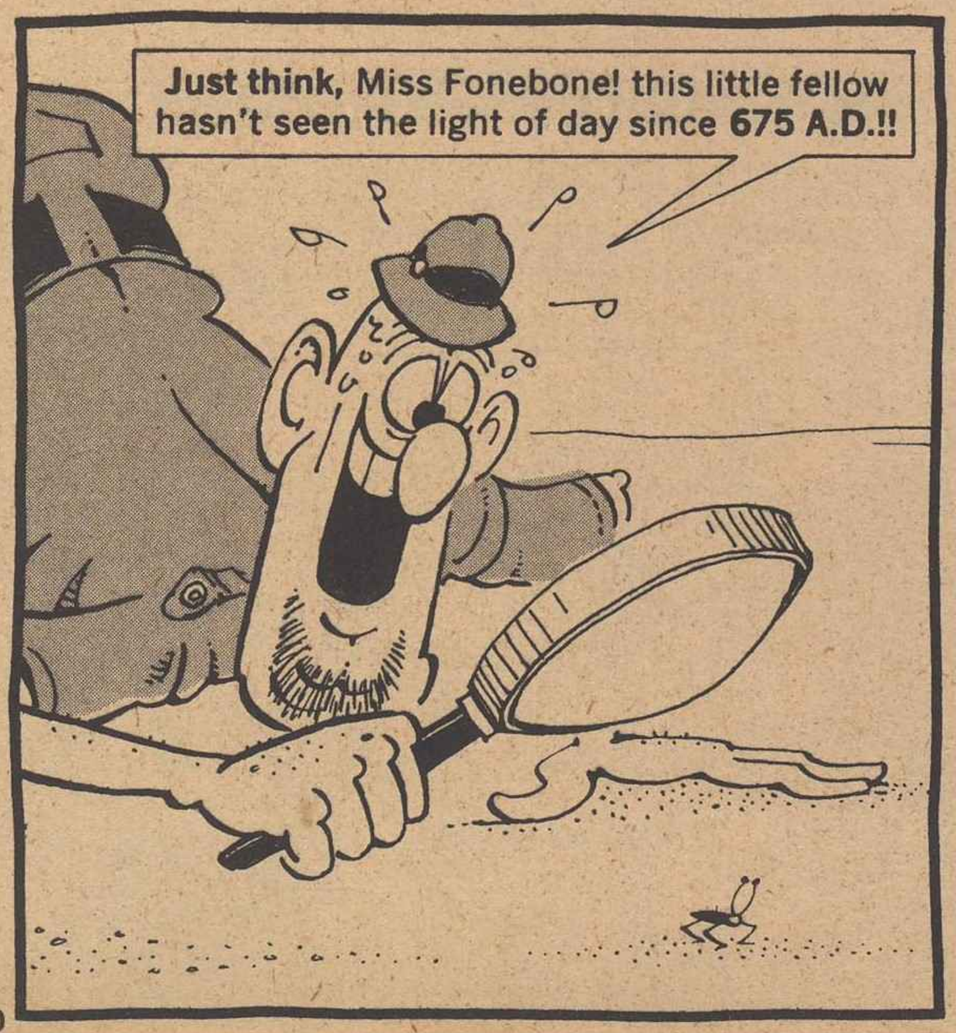
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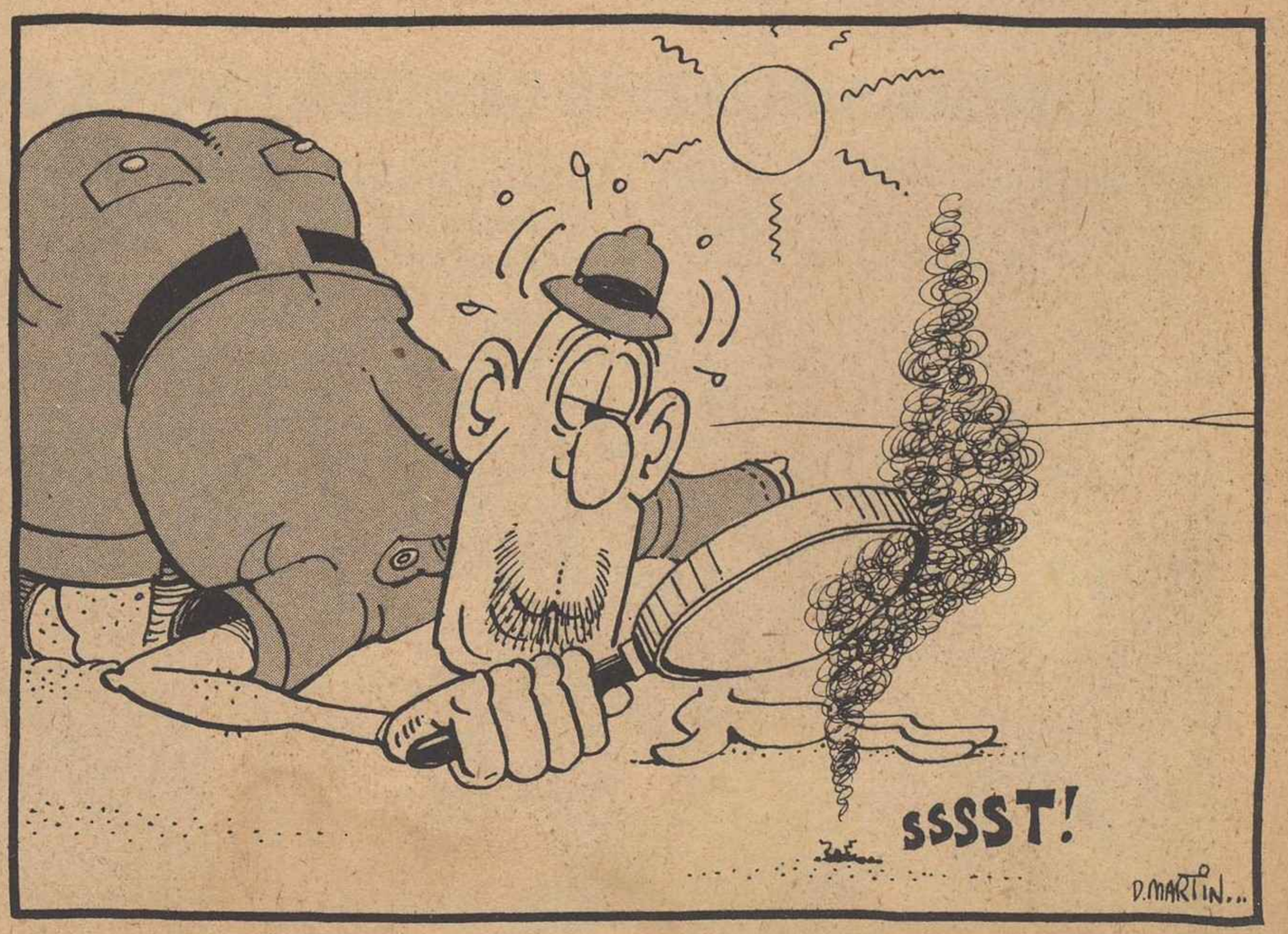
PROFESSOR BLEENT AND THE FLOON BEETLE EXPEDITION









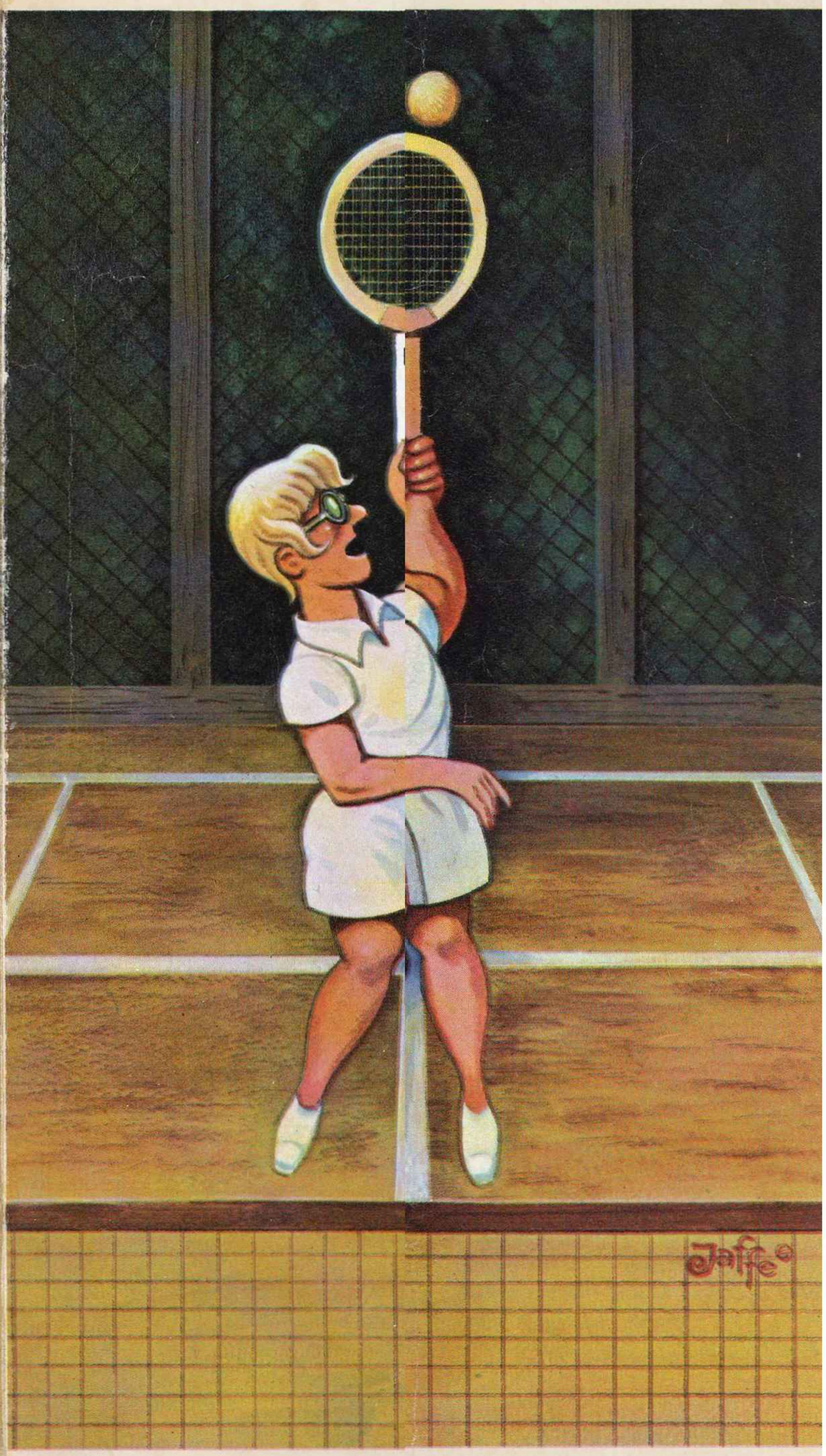


WHAT SPECIAL-INTEREST GROUP IS BENEFITING MOST FROM OUR JAMMED COURTS?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE TENNIS INDUSTRY

A▶◀B

WHO GOES UP... MUST COME DOWN!

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING SCHILD

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

THE NOSTALGIC

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NO. 7

MAD

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

~~10¢~~ FREE

KILL ME? DON'T BE ABSURD!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANYONE WANTS TO KILL ME?

H. Kurtz

PUBLISHED BY EC PUBLICATIONS, INC.

CLASSIC-TYPE COMICS DEPT.: WELL, GANG... HERE'S MORE GRIST FOR THE BOOK REPORT MILL! 'COURSE, YOU CAN MAKE A NICE, SANE BOOK REPORT FROM A CERTAIN COMPETITOR'S HIGH-CLASS CLASSIC-TYPE COMIC BOOKS... BUT JUST THINK HOW YOUR TEACHER WILL BEAT CHALK ERASERS ON HIS HEAD WHEN HE READS YOUR BOOK REPORT ON *OUR* VERSION OF...

ROBINSON CRUSOE!

STOMACH 'PUMP ROOM' SIDEWALK CAFE

AJAX--- THE FOAMING CLEANSER---BUB BUB BUB BUB BUB BUB BUB..

HELP!

AWWWKK! ...ROBINSON CRUSOE! ...NOT ENRICO CRUSOE BUT ROBINSON CRUSOE!

VIEN LA ROSA

BUK BUK BUK THAT'S GOOOOD!

BILL ELDER

STERNO

My name is Robinson Crusoe! In the year 1652, while sailing the ocean, I found myself suddenly in the water!

Although my vessel was sturdy enough, I was in great trouble because of the rough condition of the water!

You see, I was taking a bath below decks, and what with rocking of the boat, I had lost my cake of soap!

DIAL SOAP

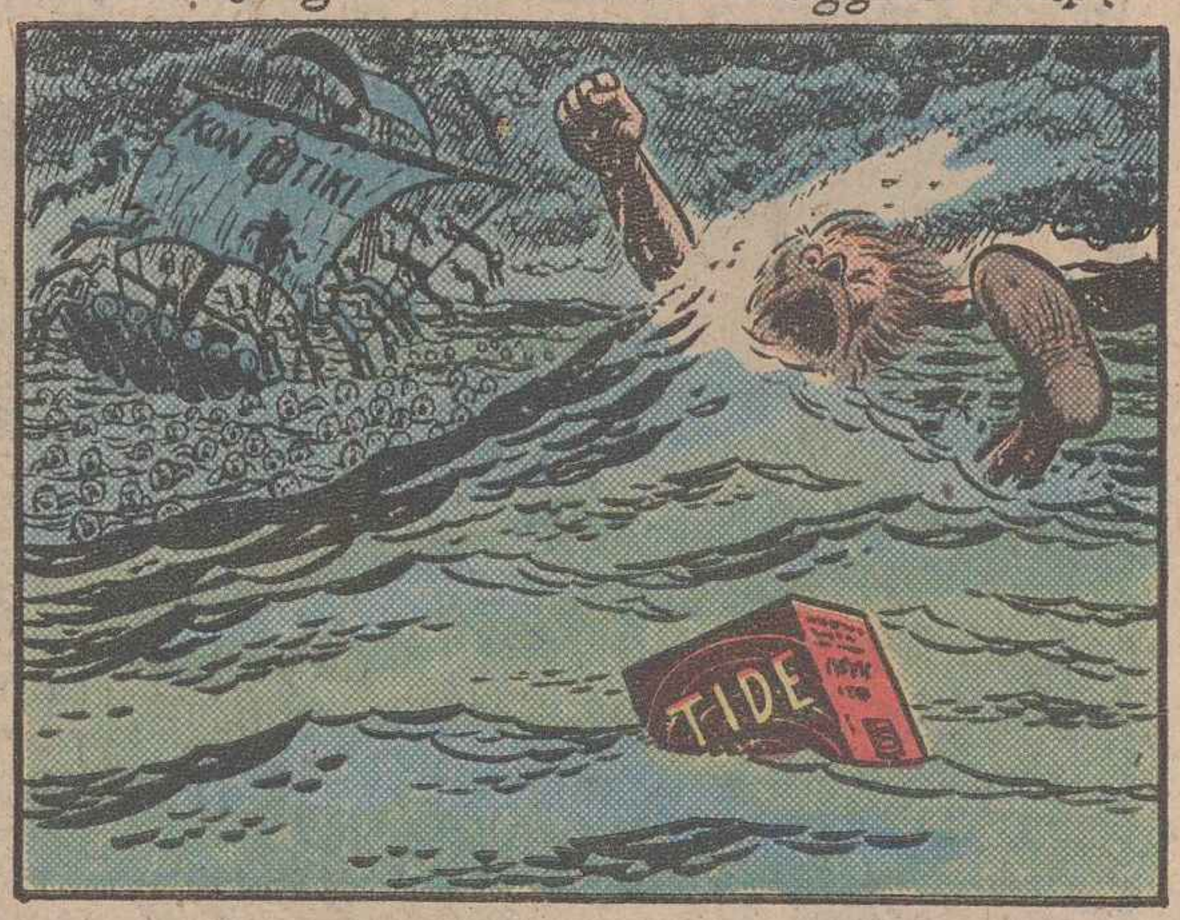
MAD

MAIL

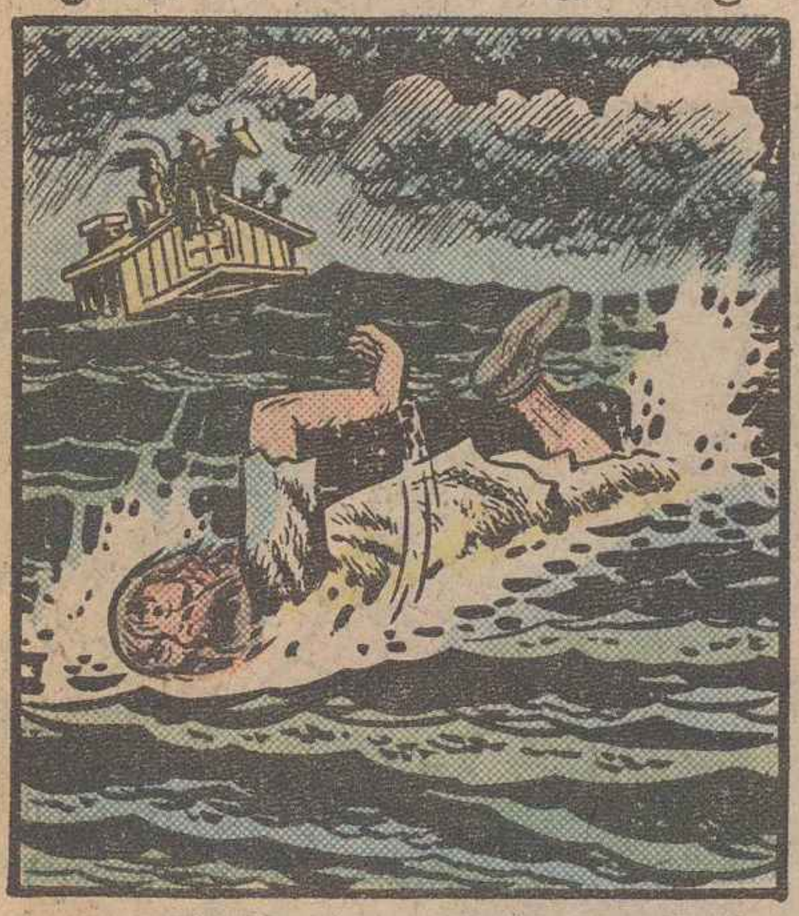
I finally left my bath...yes...I had my clothes on since it's not nice to be unclothed in a comic book as **well** as a movie! Imagine my surprise when I stepped out of the water...



...to find myself stepping into more water! Yes... the boat was sinking! Vainly I fought the monstrous waves...trying to find that furshlugginer soap!



Seeing the outline of an island, I swam in that direction, not too eagerly, in order to save my strength!



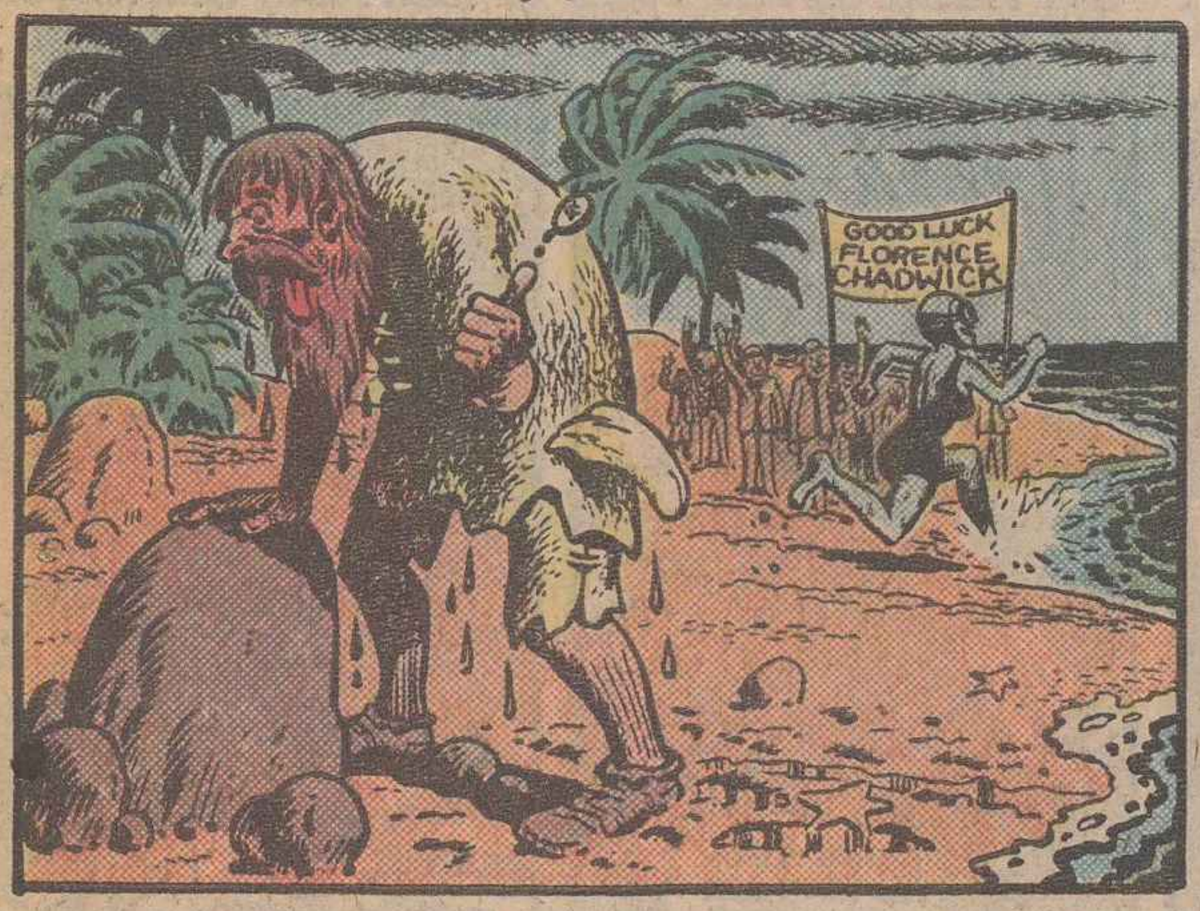
For eagerness could weaken me and I was determined not to be too eager for eagerness was no good!



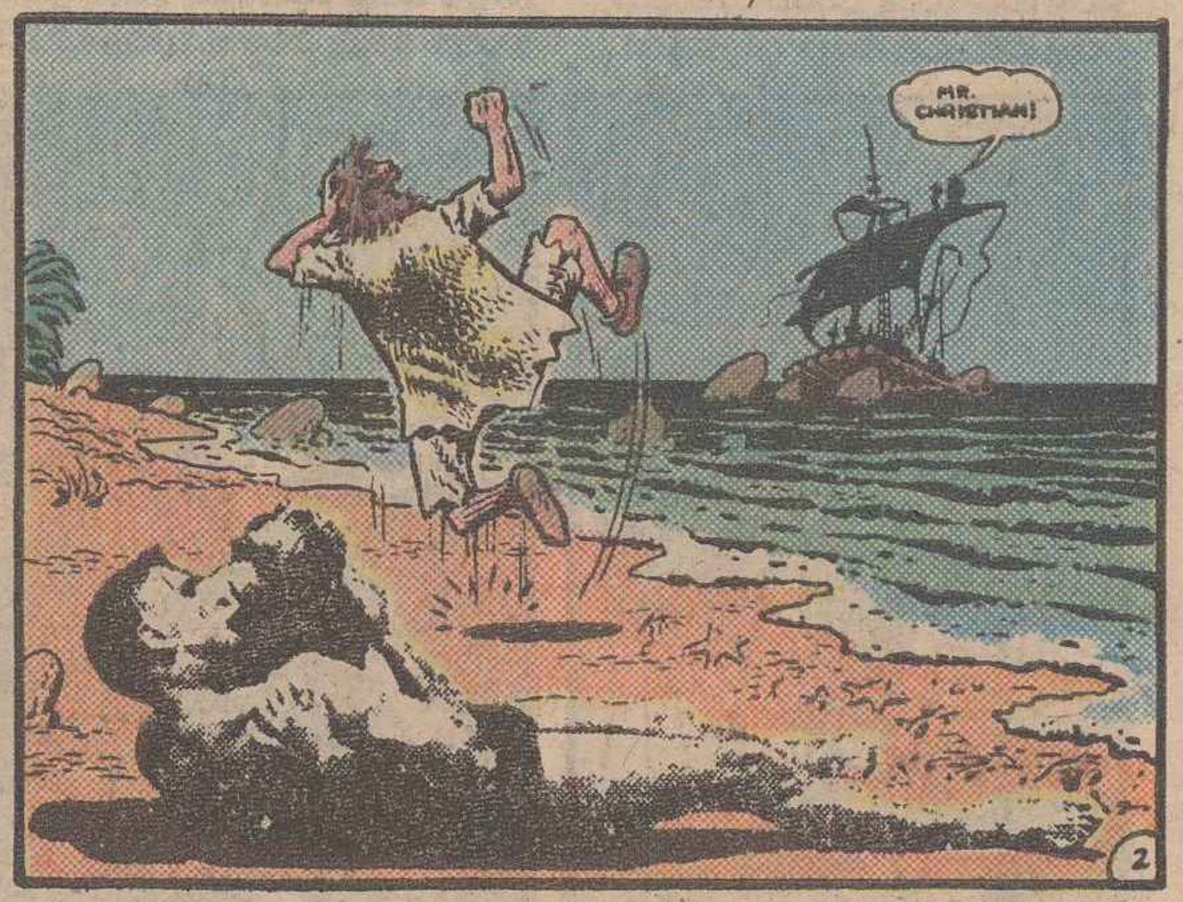
I wasn't gonna be eager! Not me, boy! Imagine my surprise when I found I had swum right over the island...



...the jagged rocky island! No wonder the water felt rough! I stood shakily on the shore of this wild island ...spent!...No money in my pockets...like I said...spent!

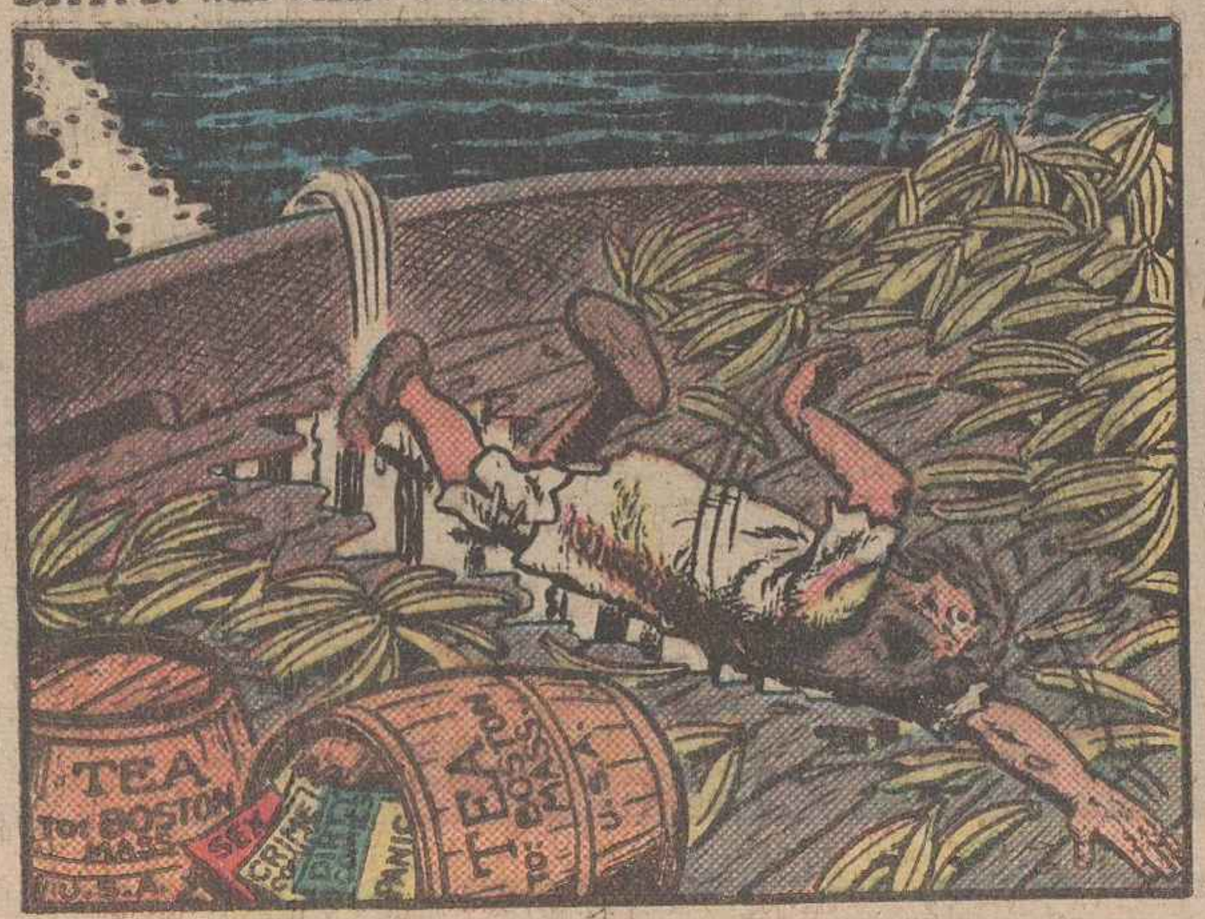


As I stood wondering how to stay alive, the storm abated and the water receded! You don't even have to imagine my surprise when I saw the ship...washed up on the rocks!

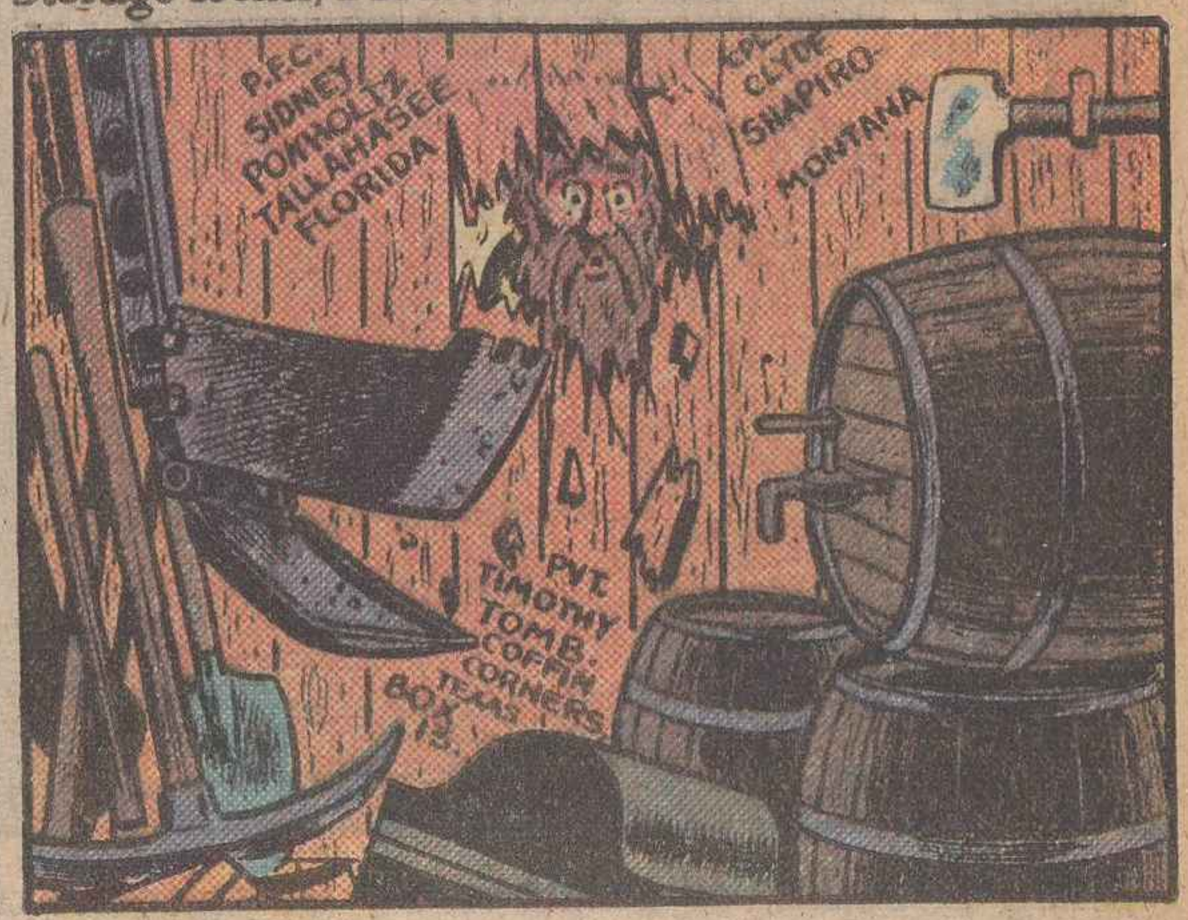


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Without a moment's hesitation, I plunged into the surf! Without a moment's hesitation, I plunged out again! Brrr! It was cold! I then swam to the boat!



Hoisting myself over the side, I found upon inspection, not a living soul aboard! Breaking into the storage locker, I found tools and a cask of rum!



Determined to move the ship supplies to shore, I removed the tools, and... to bolster me, I took a cup of rum!



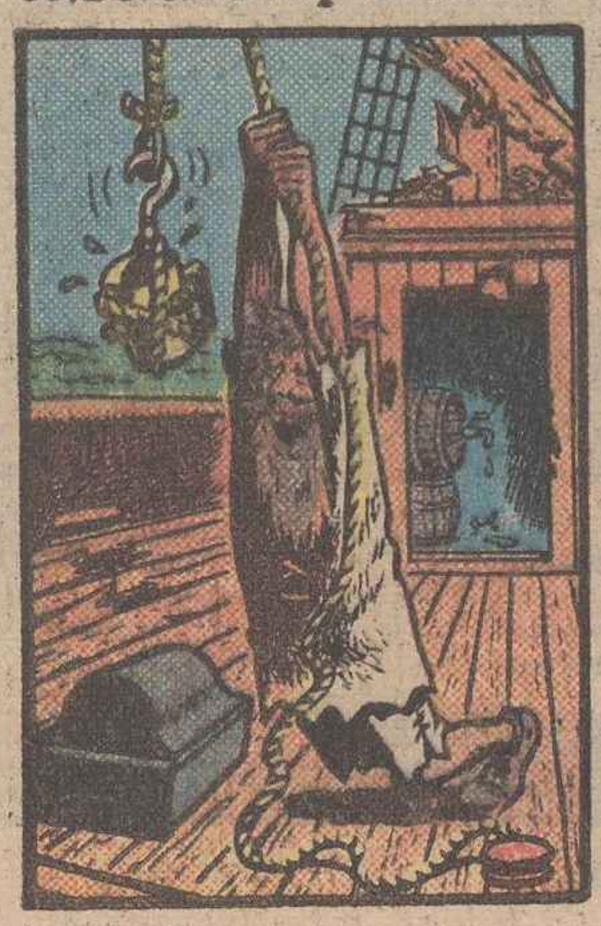
I then commenced cutting away lumber, which I threw over the side to fashion into a raft!



After lashing the lumber together, I was much fatigued and, to bolster me, I took another cup of rum!



With great pains, I hoisted down a tool chest... and so, I took a cup of rum!



I then got a load of powder kegs and canvas ready!... I went and cup a took of rum!



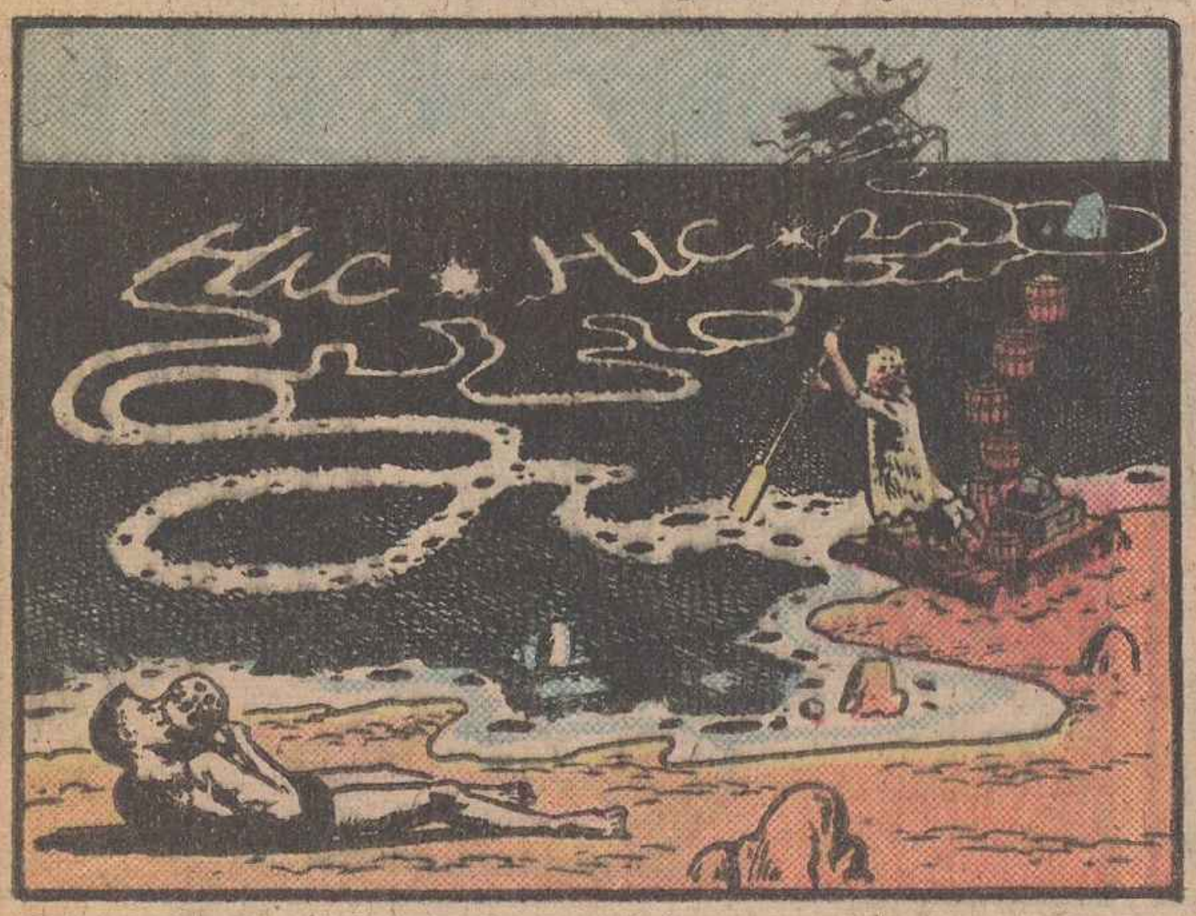
With much mishap, I further loaded the raft! I went and cupped a rum of took!



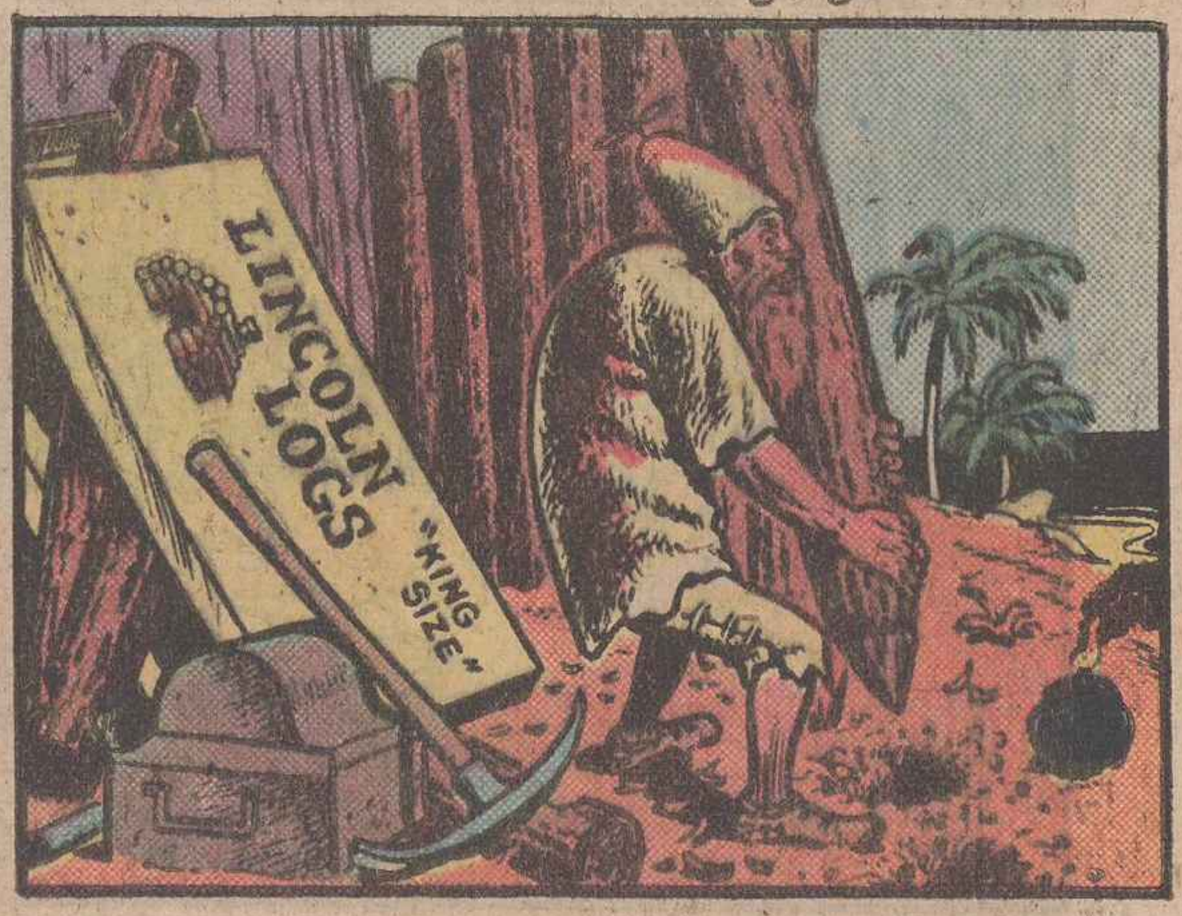
I then got another took of load ready and cupped it down on the rum...



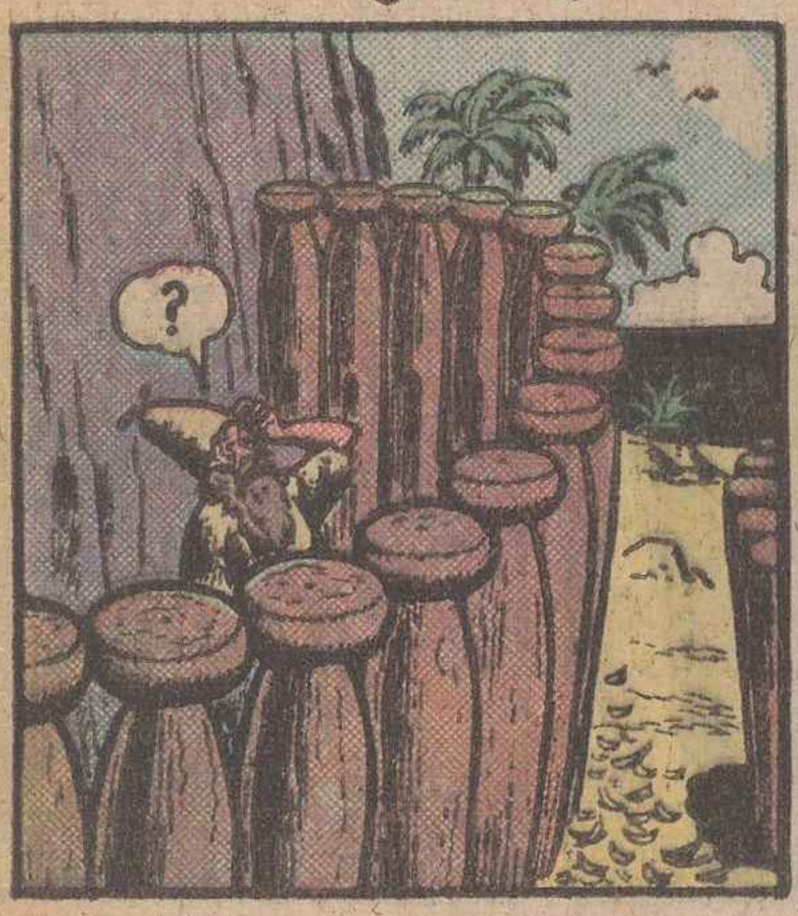
Boy! Was I drunk!... But the work had to be done, so I squared my shoulders, marched resolutely to my task... and fell overboard!... When I finally made my way to shore...



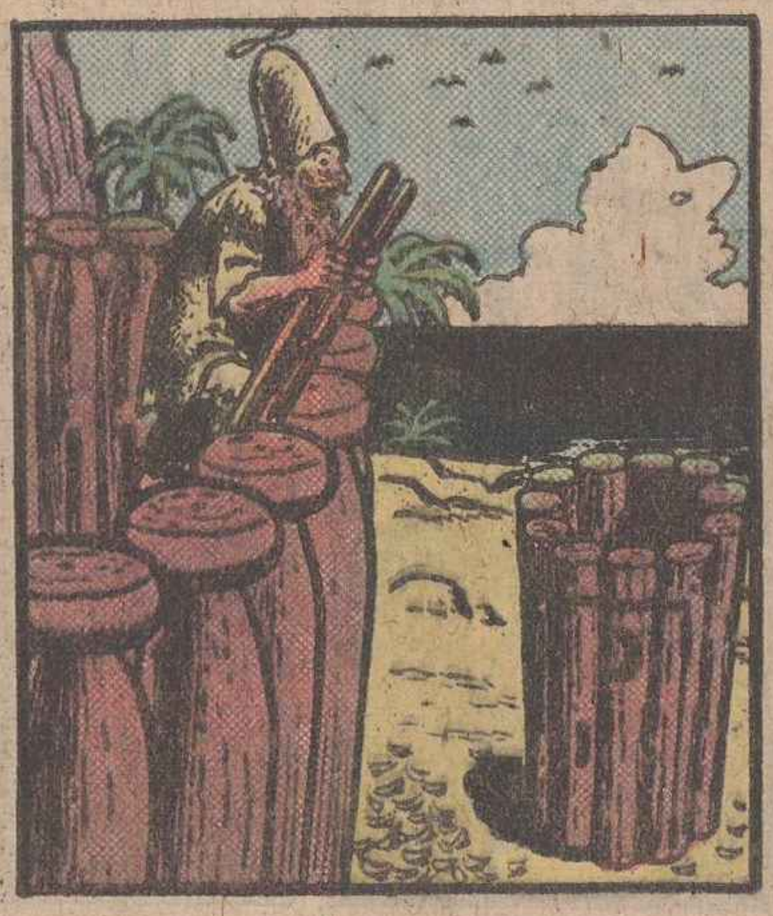
...I sought immediately to protect myself and my supplies from wild beasts and savages! Choosing a cliff wall, I built a stockade snug against it!



I built it high and strong so that nothing could get in, and too late I realized nothing could get out...



...for I had forgotten to build a door! However, I had all my tools and equipment and I made a ladder...



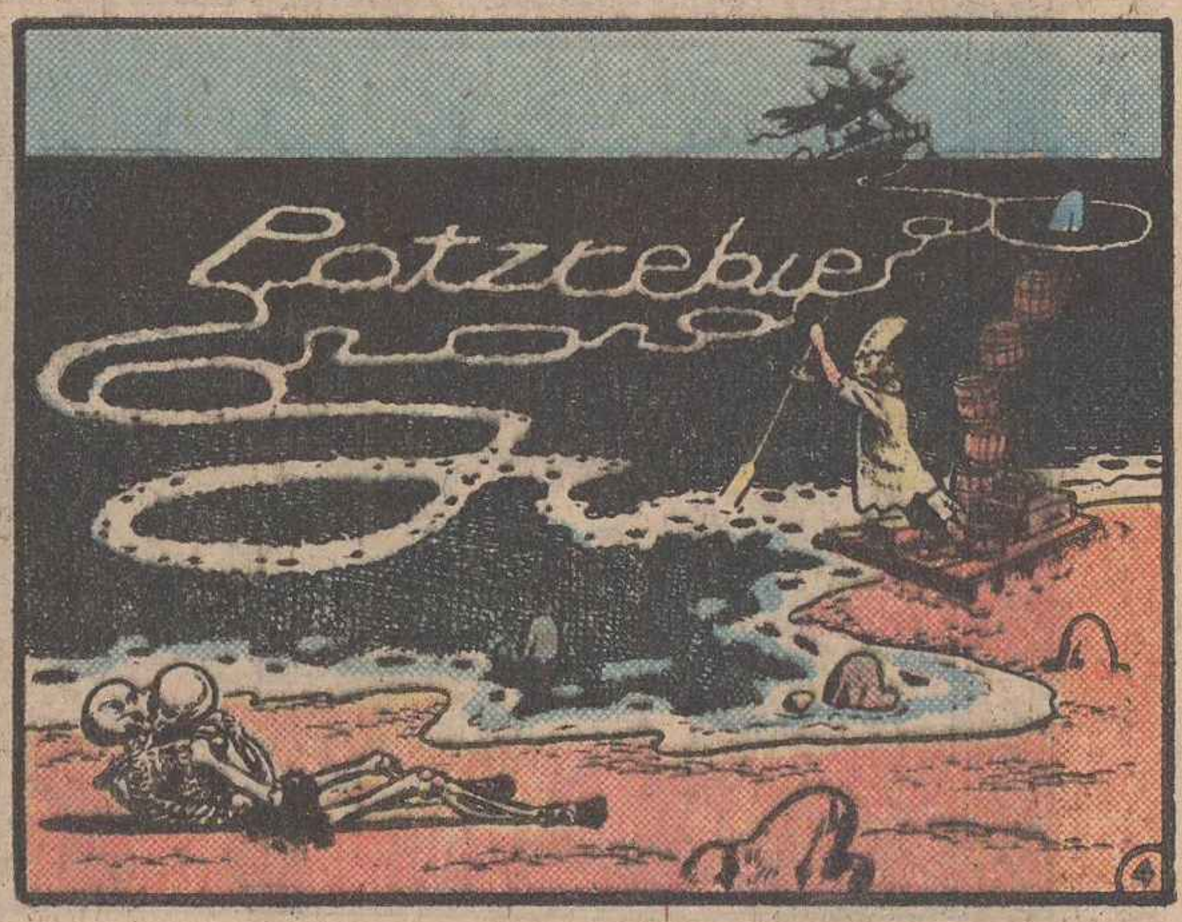
...and I got out...for man's ability to improvise...his ingenuity conquers all! Then it hit me!... How do I get in?



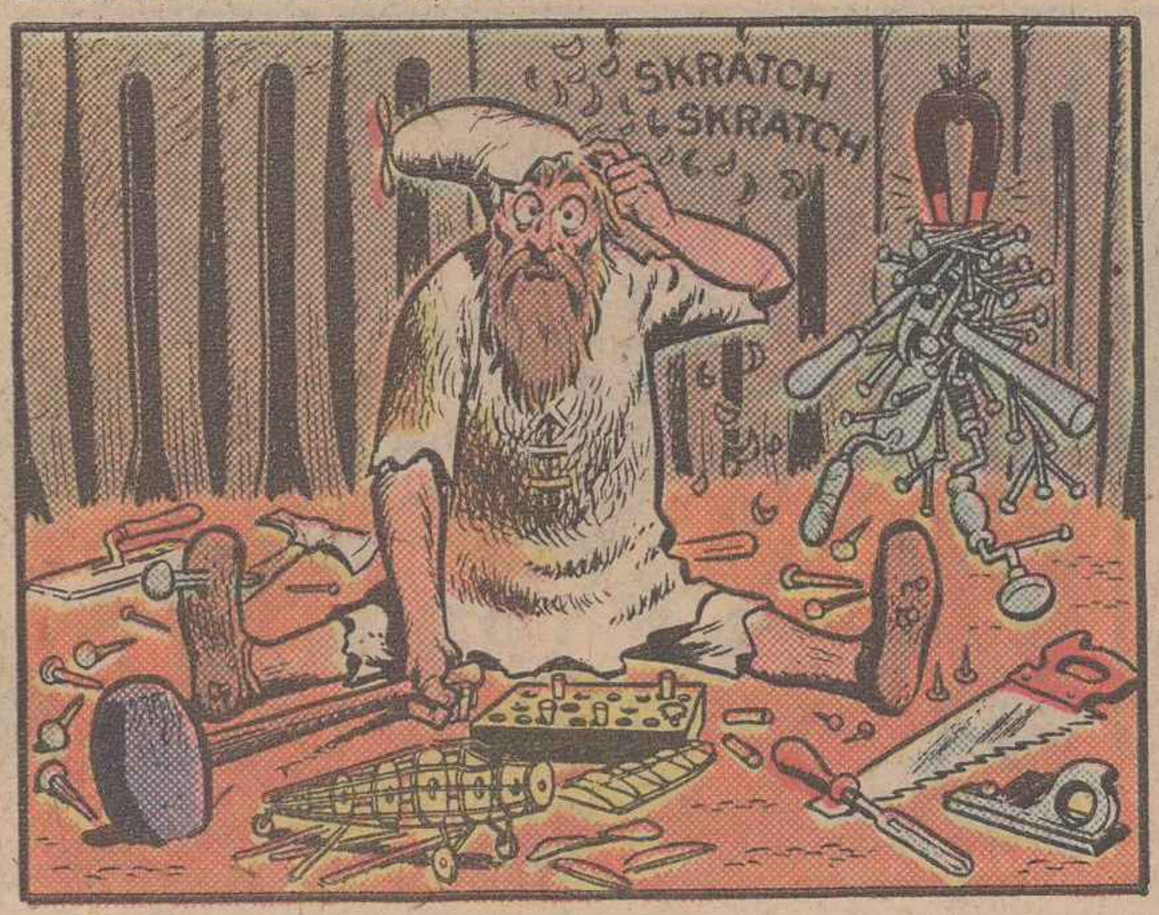
For the only way to climb the wall was with a ladder and the only ladder was inside the wall next to the only tools to make a ladder! Well... live and learn, I say!

...without a moments hesitation, I was plunging in and out of the surf... and soon came back from the ship with another load of tools and another load of rum!

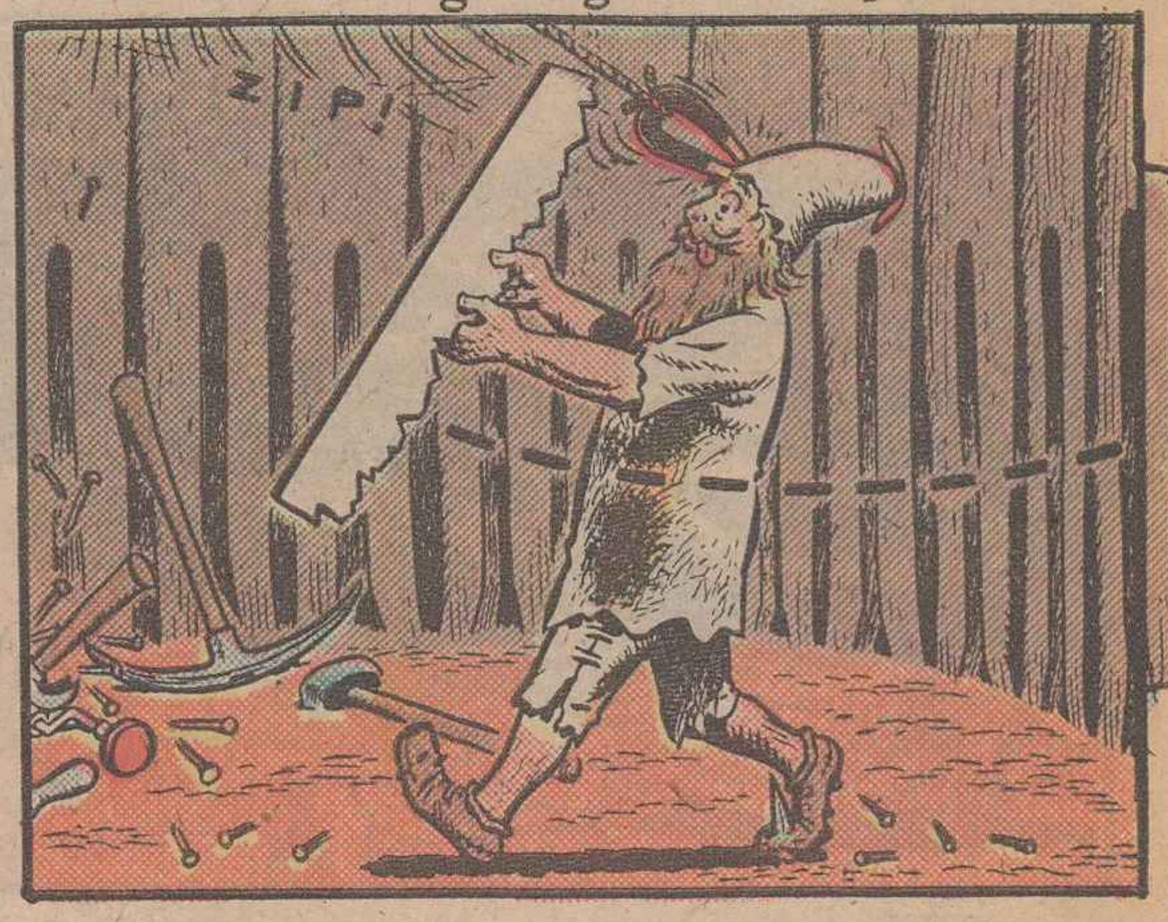




Realizing I might be on this island for a long time, I set about to the task of building quarters!... But since I had no ruler, I needed a rule to rule a ruler!



...and although I had the tools to make a ruler, I had no ruler to rule the straight edge for the ruler! So I cut a chunk of straight edge from the picture border!



Cutting wood for my projects was an unbelievable task! For example...



...not having a whip-saw nor help, I'd chop my tree and shape it with an axe!



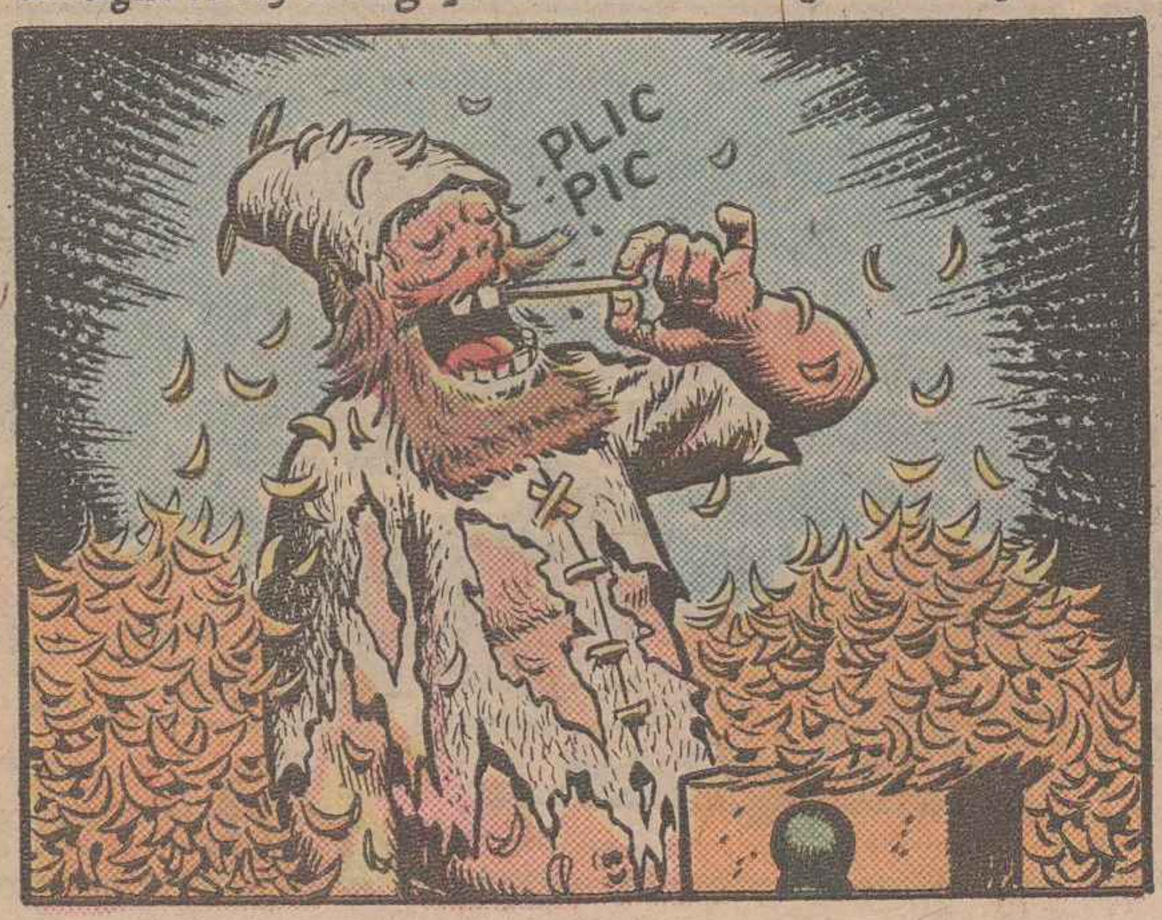
...when I'd gotten it adzed down to a single board, I could then saw out a block...



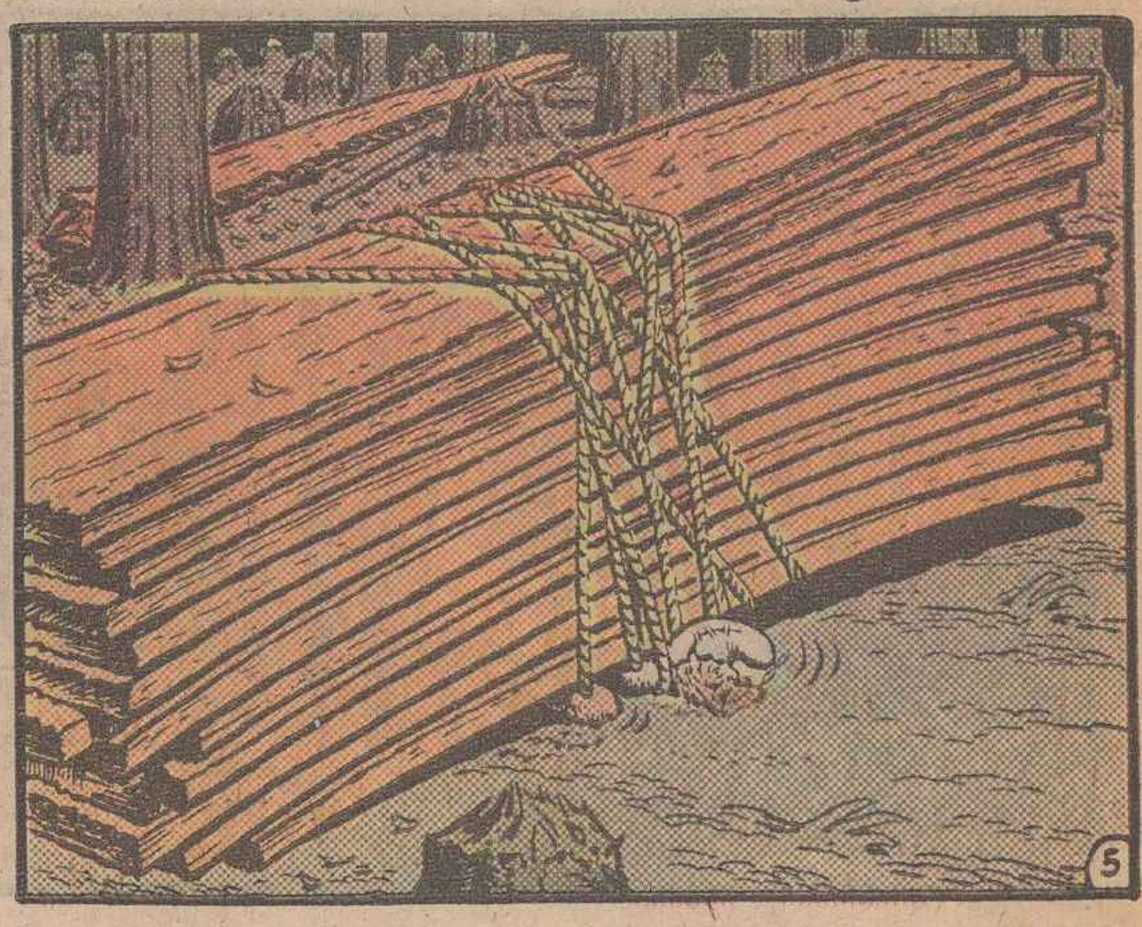
...which I might shape down to the final piece of work! I'm telling you...



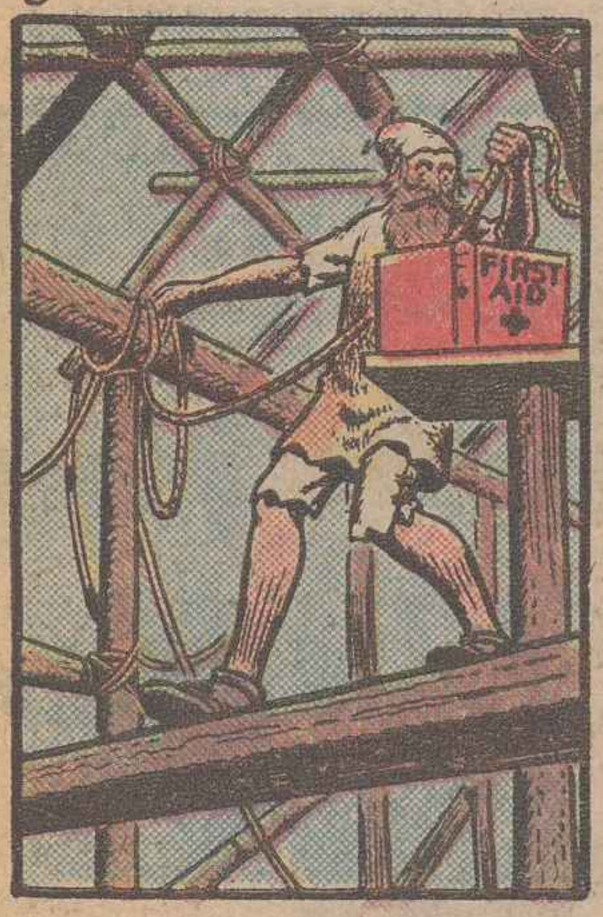
...it was ***more work*** making a ***mere toothpick*** than you could ever imagine!... But now, I had to give some thought to my living quarters!... I carefully chose my trees...



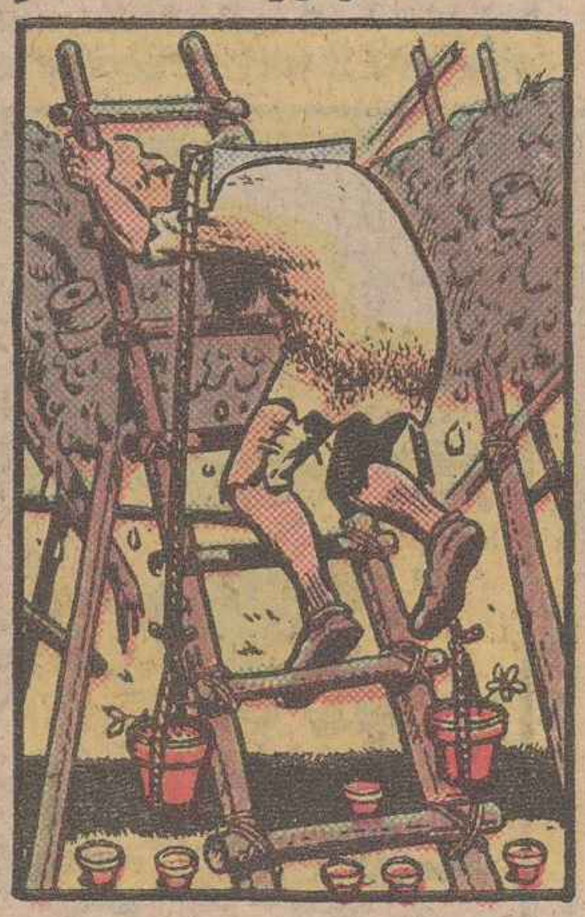
...I then chopped a quantity of trees... trimmed shaped and adzed them on the spot to facilitate carrying them back to the site where I was building my quarters!



Although I had some nails, I also fashioned pegs and grass rope for joints...



To roof, seal, and make secure withal, I had a plentiful supply of turf...



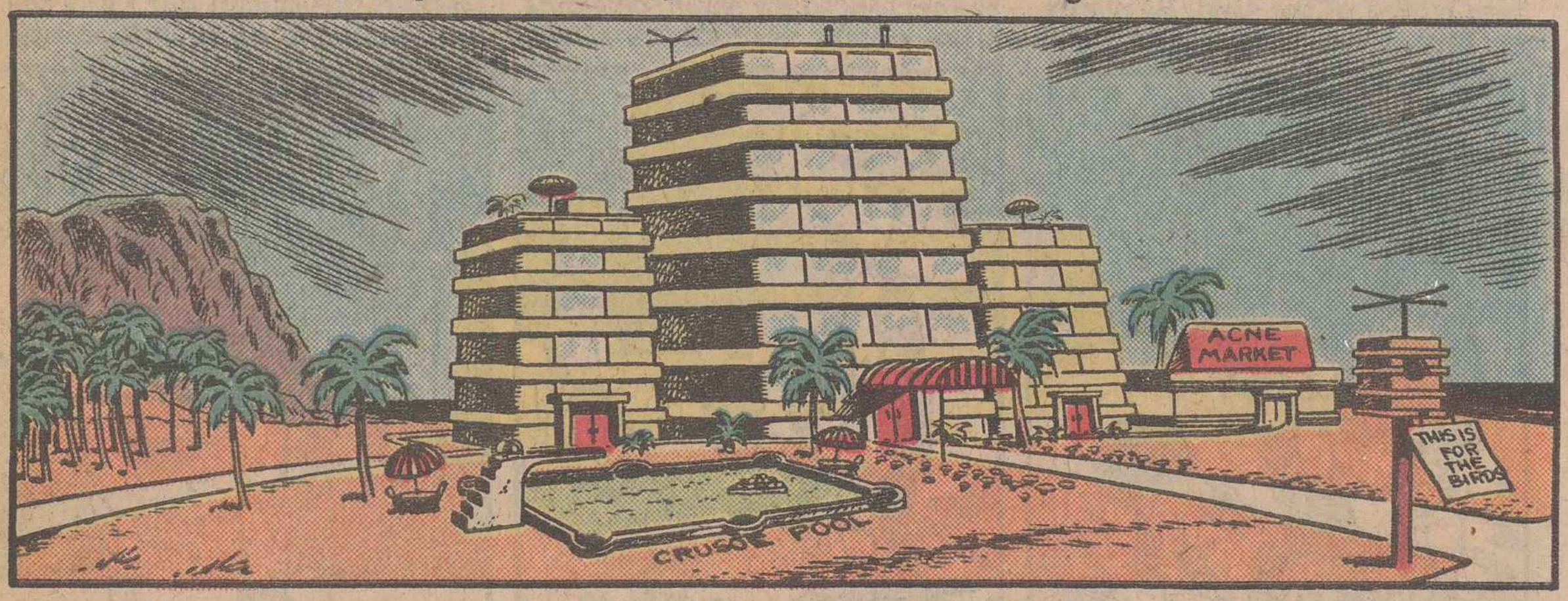
...Inside, I constructed with my crude knowledge of carpentry, shelves, furniture...



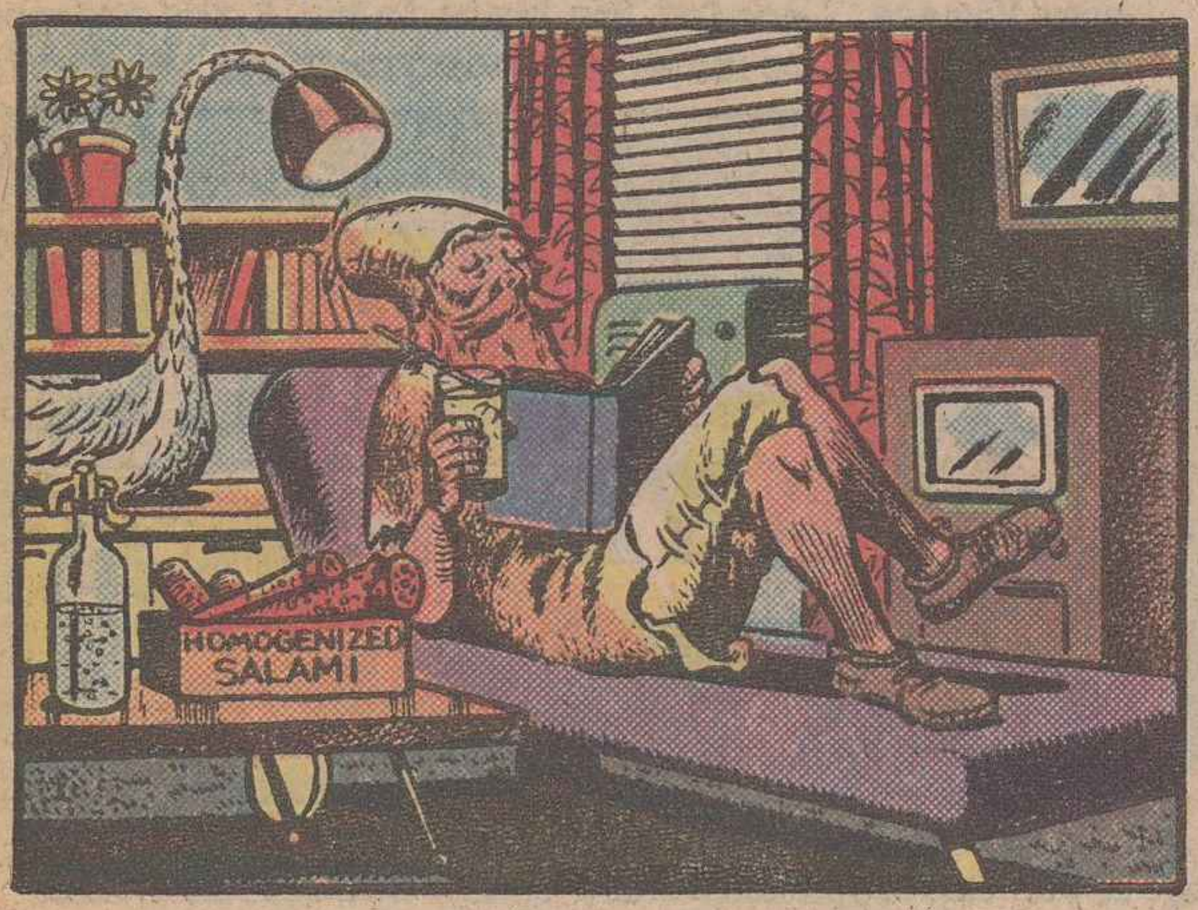
...fire hardened clay pots! It's fantastic what man can do with the crudest tools!



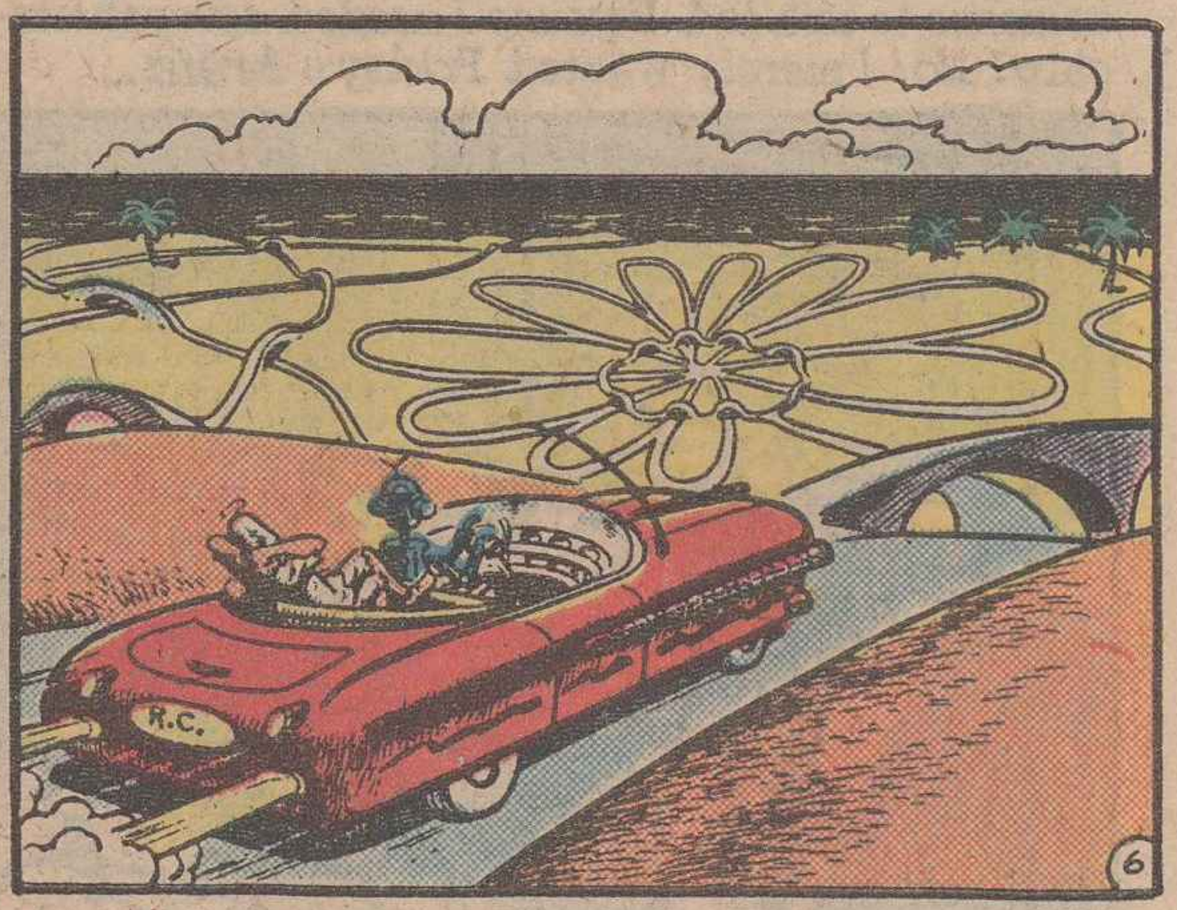
For that is how man is different from animal! Man has ingenuity to improvise and to make do with the crudest of tools... with the help of his hands and mind! And so, my living quarters rose above the island...a duplex apartment house...picture windows overlooking the sea ...hollywood kitchens...



Even though I was marooned alone on an island with only my wits to keep me going, I strangely enough began to feel quite at home, there in my duplex apartment...

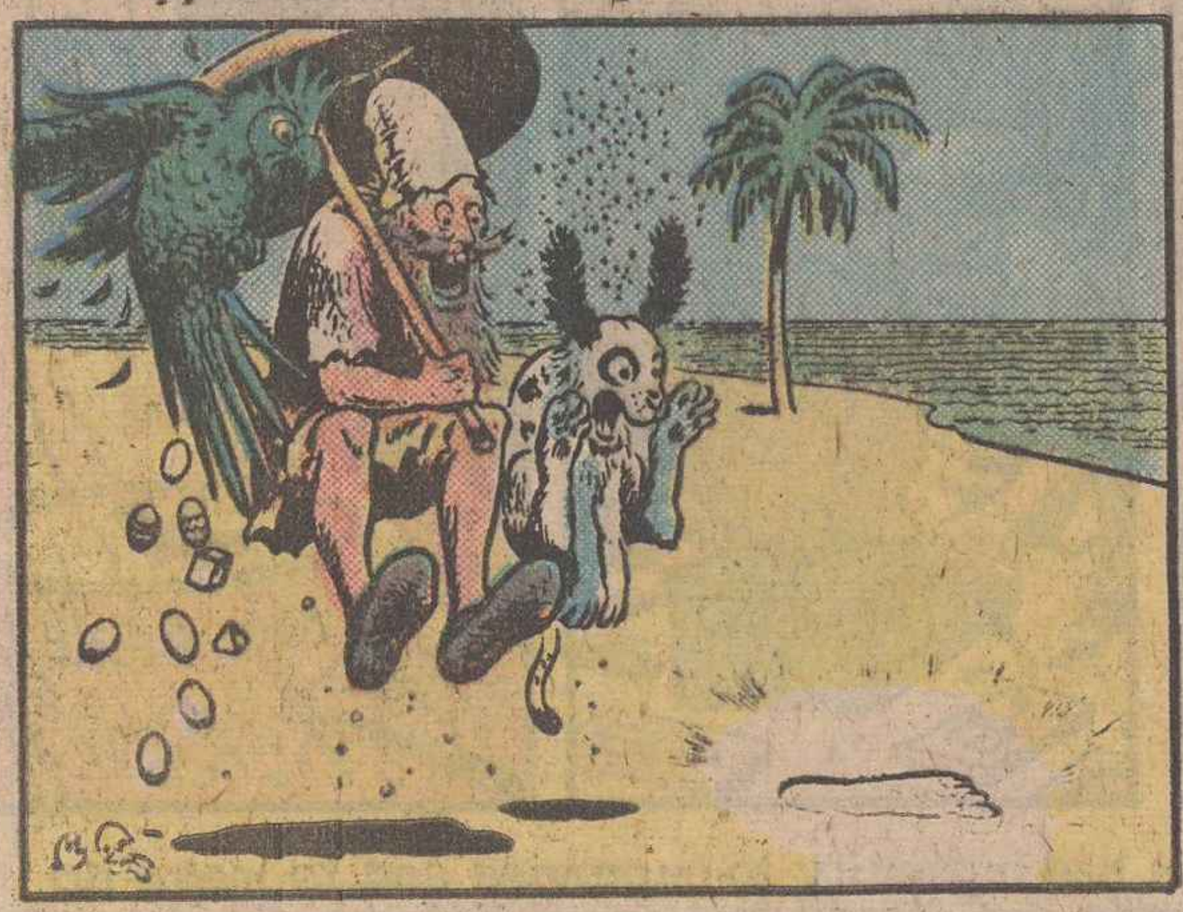


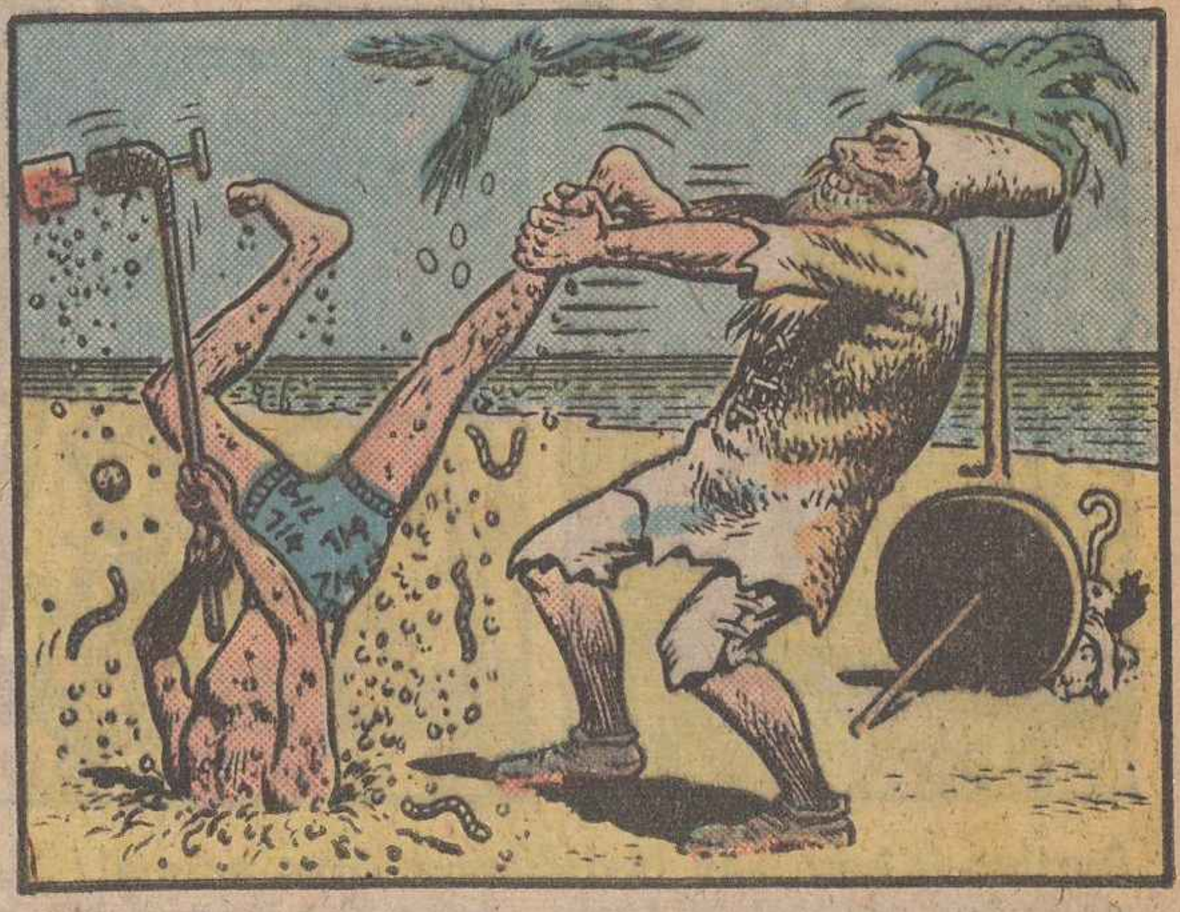
...However, I was still restless! I needed to build one more thing...I needed one more item to make my living complete! I went for a ride in my hand built car!



After driving a while on my hand-built highway, I got out to walk on the shore! It was there that I came across what appeared to be a footprint.

Needless to say, I was perplexed at finding a solitary footprint in the sand! But upon closer examination, I observed it was no ***footprint***... It was a ***foot*** in the sand!

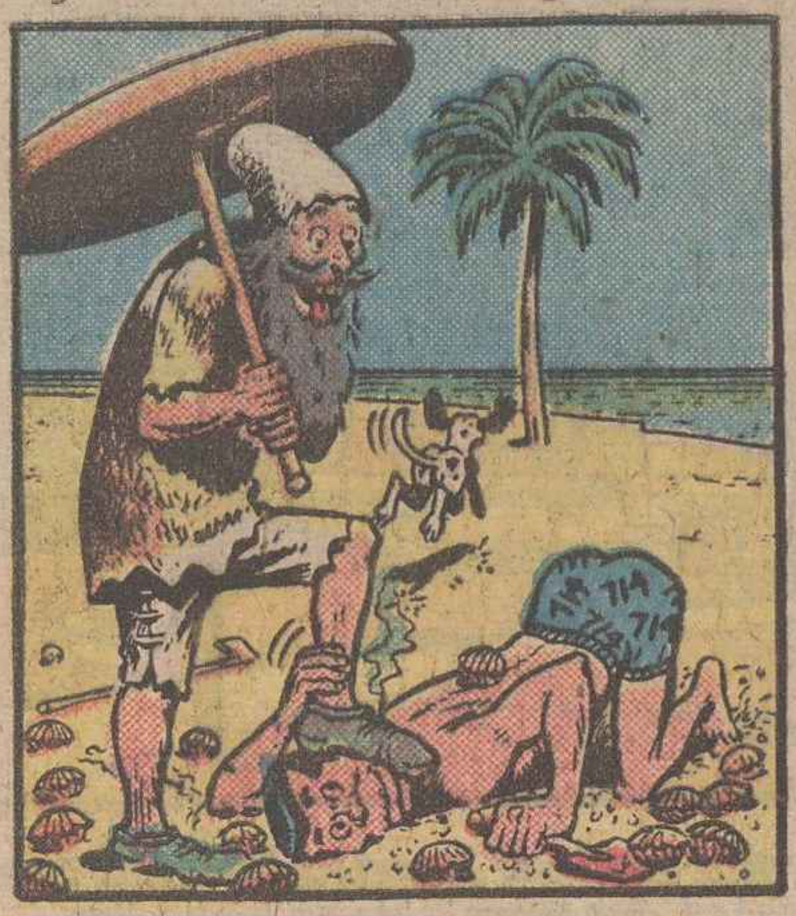




A foot belonging to a native, who had been buried in the sand! He placed my foot on his head in gratitude...

...a gesture he regretted since I hadn't changed my sox in some time. He said his name was Friday... Joe Friday!

Said he was from 'Dragnet' or something! However...this human being was the item I needed to make living complete!

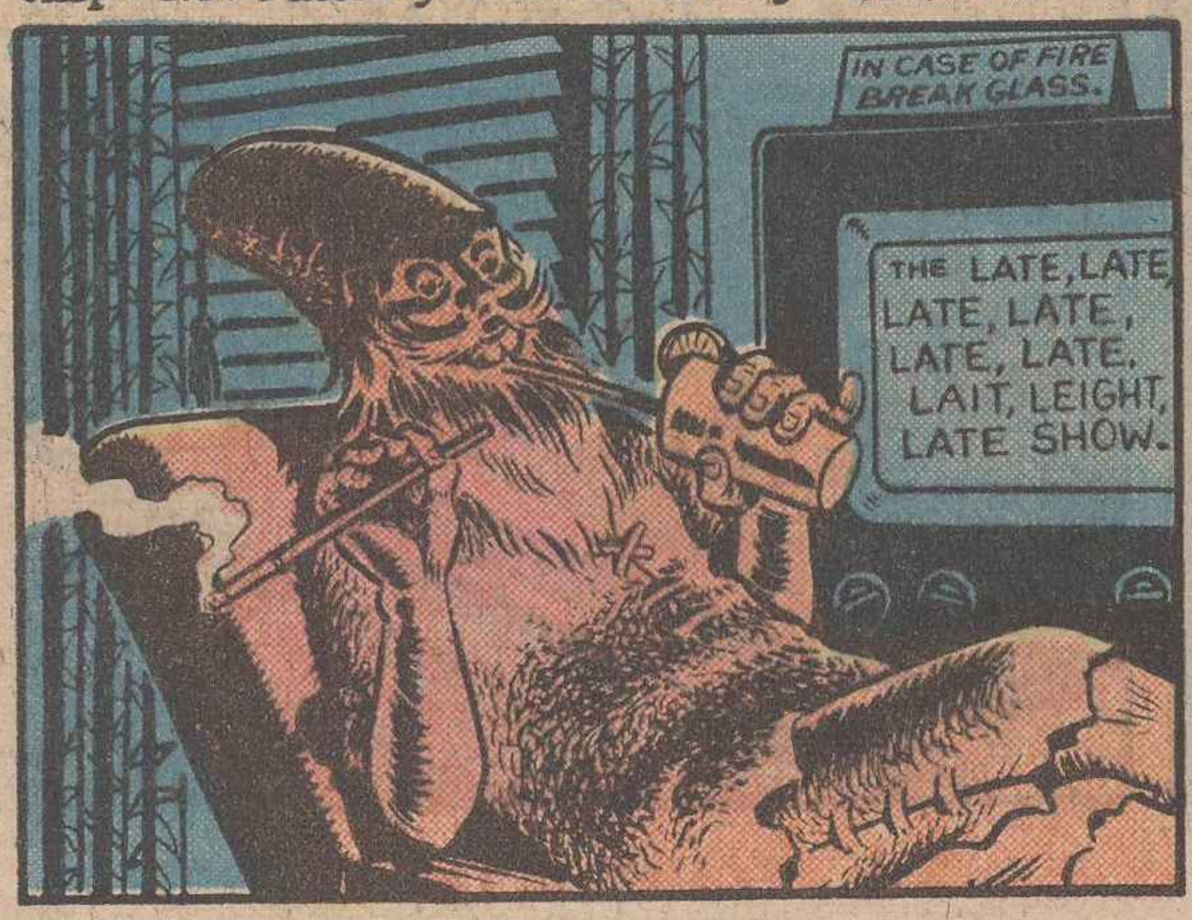


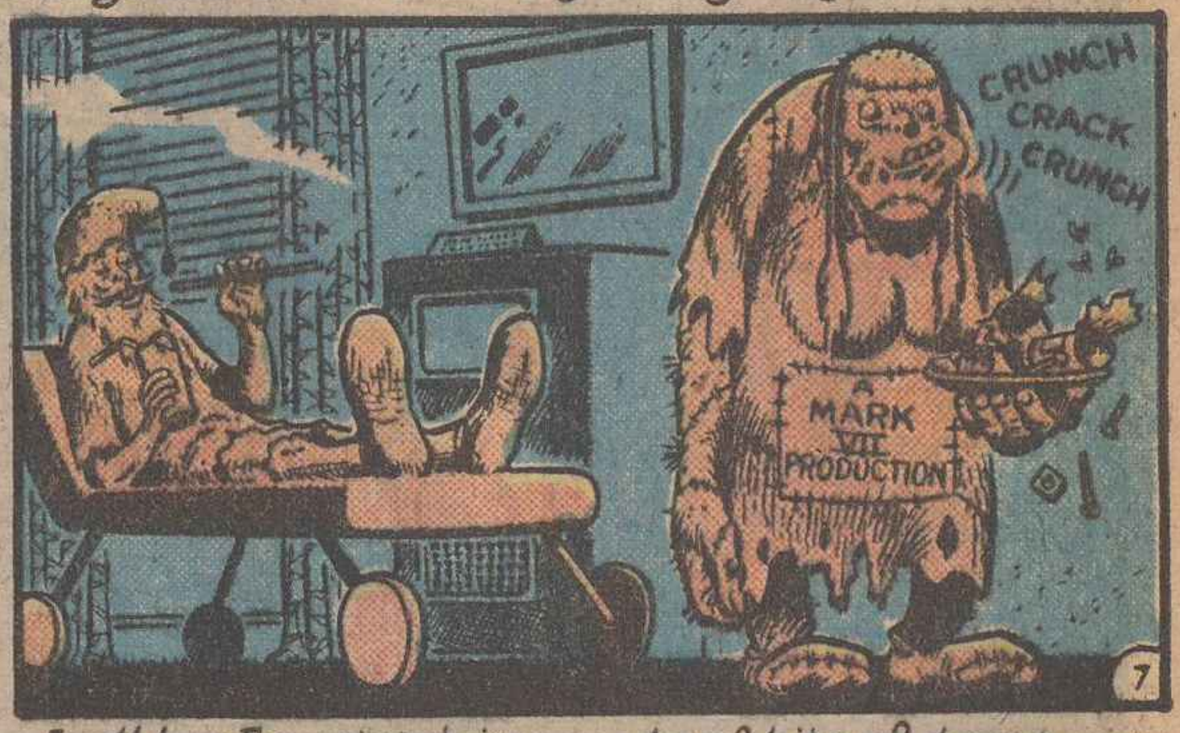




What's that you say? I needed Friday because I wanted someone to talk to?... Because I needed companionship? No! I merely wanted Friday's ***brain***...

...hacked the beggar open ten seconds after I saved him! You see...I needed his brain to build the one more thing I needed to make my living complete... ***WOMAN!***





...I call her Francinestein... made of bits of grass rope...turf...goatskin... It's truly wonderful what man can do with the crudest of tools...

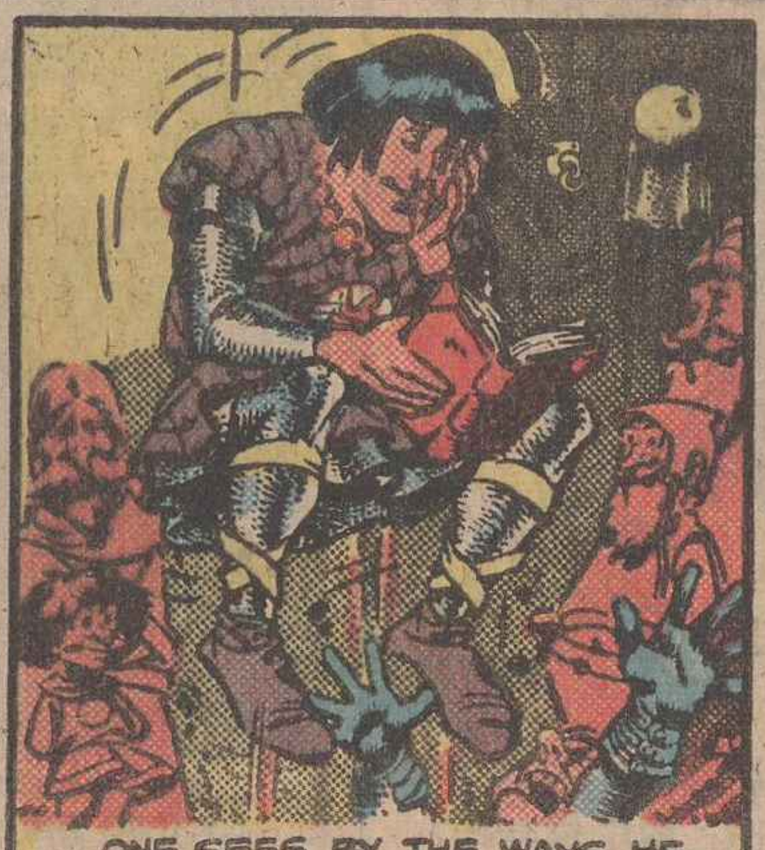
ROMANCE (NOT THE SEXY KIND) DEPT.: GREETINGS, DEAR READER!... ALL SETTLED FOR A COMFORTABLE EVENING OF READING?... THAT'S IT!... SETTLE DOWN!... SNUGGLE INTO YOUR FAVORITE CURBSTONE!... ALL COMFY NOW?... WELL ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN, KID, 'CAUSE AFTER READING THIS BOOK, YOU'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK! AND OUR BOOK STARTS WITH...

PRINCE VIOLENT!

YOUNG PRINCE VIOLENT OF DRULE WHO ASPIRETH TO BECOMETH A KNIGHTETH AT-ETH KINGETH ARTHURETH ROUTH... RATH... THOOTH... PTOOEY!..AT KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE, WHILES AWAY THE TIME IN GREAT FUN AT THE SPORT OF MOCK COMBAT!... WITH DULL-EDGED WOODEN SWORDS AND PADDED DOUBLETS, PRINCE VIOLENT, IN GREAT FUN AND SPORT... SCORES A BLOW IN FUN UPON HIS GOOD FRIEND AND HAS SO MUCH FUN!... BOY WHAT FUN!... FUN! WOW!... FUN!



...BUT IF ONE LOOKS CLOSELY AT THE PRINCE WHO IS TROMPING SPORTINGLY ON HIS FALLEN FRIEND, ONE SEES THAT HE IS NOT HAPPY!



...ONE SEES BY THE WAYS HE LANDS ON HIS TOES INSTEAD OF HIS HEELS... THE HEELS WITH THE 'TAPS'... THAT HIS HEART IS NOT WITH THIS GREAT SPORT!



...FOR THE YOUNG MAN'S HEART IS FILLED WITH *OTHER* LONGINGS!... YES... THE LONGINGS THAT USUALLY FILL A YOUNG MAN'S HEART WHEN WINTER TURNS TO SPRING...

Boiuy!

...YES... IN SPRING HIS YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS, OF COURSE, TO HIS BUTTERFLY COLLECTION WHICH HE HOPETH TO COMPLETE THIS SPRING! THEN.... AS THE PRINCE LEAPETH (TO STOMPETH) TOO HIGH...HE IS SMITTEN BY A VISION AND A CEILING!

whaf!

...A VISION OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL NAMED ALOTA! AND OF LONG GOLDEN HAIR SHE HAS ALOTA!... THIS IS THE WOMAN OF PRINCE VIOLENT'S DREAMS AND IN A MOMENT, HE TRYETH TO PURSUETH, BUT HE GETS STUCKETH!

ALAS...HIS LANCE DOES NOT FIT SIDEWAYS THROUGH THE PORTCULIS! AND WHEN HE FINALLY FIGURES IT OUT AND TRAMPS ACROSS THE DRAW-BRIDGE, THE MAIDEN IS GONETH!

...AND PRINCE VIOLENT HAS BARELY LEFT THE CASTLE OF HIS FATHER WHEN HIS TROUBLES BEGIN!... HE IS CAUGHT WITH HIS STEED IN THE GRIP OF SOME FORCE...

...THAT PULLS HORSE AND RIDER BACKWARDS! 'INDEED, THIS IS WITCHCRAFT', VIOL THINKS TO HIMSELF! (WELL CALL HIM 'VIOL' OR 'VILE' FOR SHORT!)

...HOWEVER, THE VALIANT MOUNT CLAWS HIS WAY TO THE END OF THE BRIDGE... BUT SOME SORCERY HAS TAKEN AWAY THE LAND AND, AS VIOL FALLS, HE THINKS 'THIS IS THE WORK OF SPIRITS ... INTOXICATING SPIRITS I DRANK BEFORE I LEFT'!

...BUT A MOMENT LATER... QUIETLY PONDERING AMIDST THE STENCH OF THE MOAT... VIOL SEES IT IS NEITHER SPIRITS NOR WITCHCRAFT BUT MERELY THE SLANTED DRAWBRIDGE WHICH HATH RISETH BY ACCIDENTETH WHILE HE WAS ON-ETH!

AND SO, AFTER HE GOETH BACK HOME AND CHANGETH HIS RUSTY CHAIN MAIL FOR A FRESH-PRESSED, CRISP, OILED CHAIN-MAIL, HE DOTH SET OUT UPON THE HIGH-ROAD!

rap! rap!

...SEEKING DIRECTIONS AS TO WHICH WAY ALOTA HATH GONE, PRINCE VIOLENT STOPPETH A MAN WHOM, BY HIS POINTY-SHAPED HELMET, VIOL TAKETH TO BE A SOLDIER!

IMAGINE VIOL'S SURPRISE WHEN HE DISCOVERETH THE VARLET HATH NO HELMET ON AT ALL! THE MAN POINTETH OUT WHERE THE MAIDEN HATH PASSED...

...PRINCE VIOLENT SETS OUT IN THE DIRECTION THAT HAS BEEN POINTETH BY THE MAN WHOSE HEAD HAS ALSO BEEN POINTETH!... AFTER MANY WEARY DAYS OF JOURNEYING, VIOL'S HEART LEAPS AS HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF LONG GOLDEN HAIR!... ALOTA!

kiss kiss kiss kiss

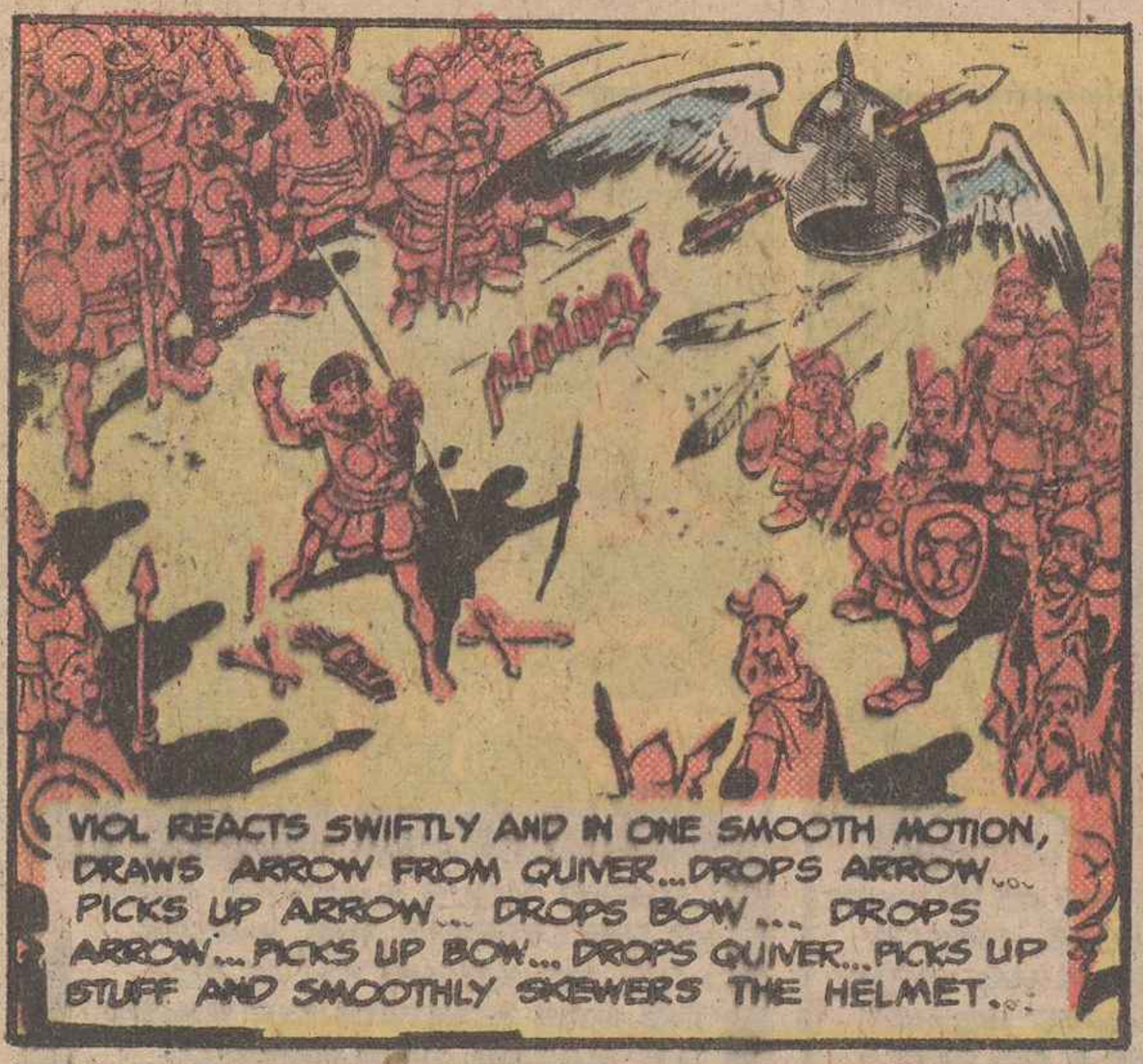
...AND IT IS ONLY WHEN HE HAS SKIPPED OVER AND SWEPT THE HAIR TO HIS LIPS... IT IS ONLY *THEN* THAT THE BURRS, THE UNWASHED SMELL, THE LITTLE MOVING THINGS TELL HIM THAT THIS IS NOT A MAIDEN'S HAIR BUT A WARRIOR'S *BEARD!*

"yeto says "no no"!

VIKINGS... FIERCE SEA ROVERS FROM THE NORTH... WARRIORS WITH WINGED HELMETS!_ VIOL GRASPS HIS SINGING SWORD BY THE HAFT_TO STOP ITS SINGING!

...ALL CONCERNED ARE EQUALLY SHOCKED AND THEY STAND LIKE STATUES! NOTHING MOVES BUT THE WINGS ON THE VIKING CHIEF'S HELMET!

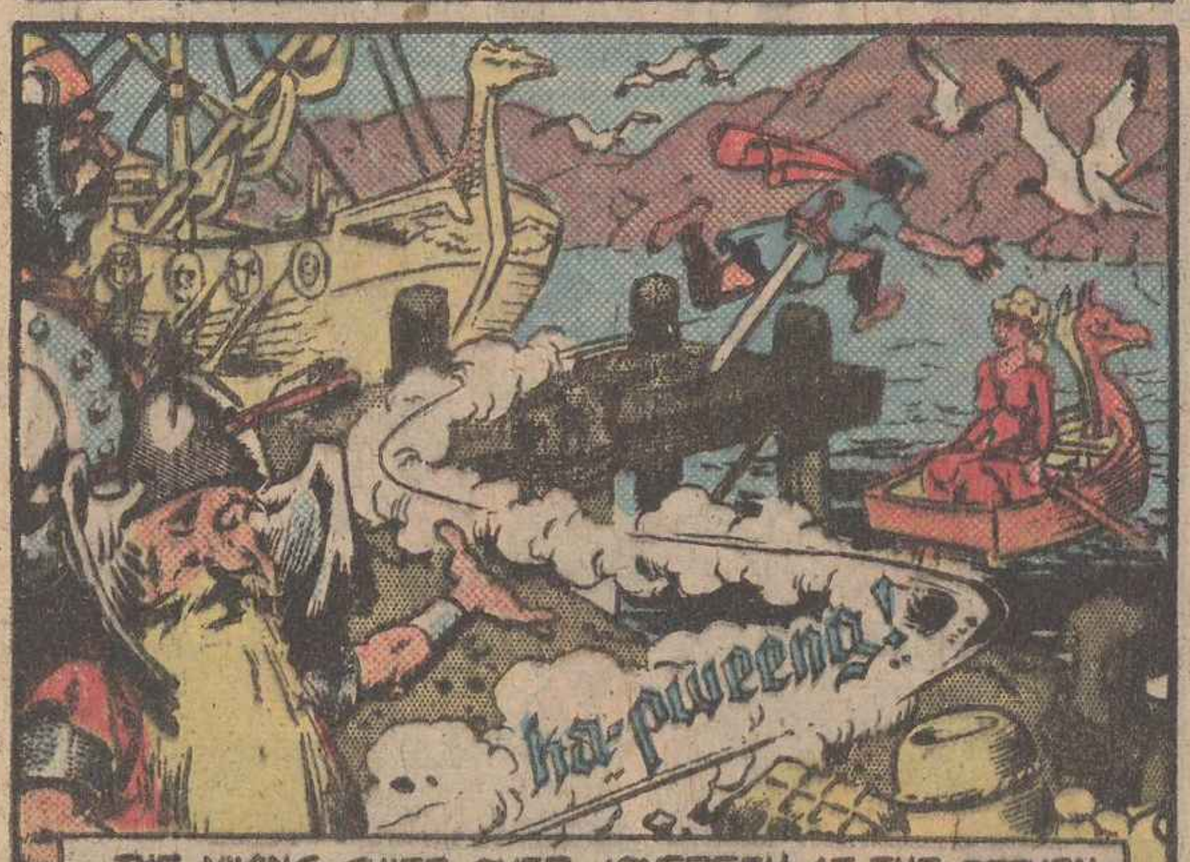
...IT IS CLEAR THIS IS A NEW HELMET... THE WINGS NOT QUITE DEAD! IF NO ONE MAKES A MOVE, THE CHIEF WILL LOSE A VERY FINE HELMET!



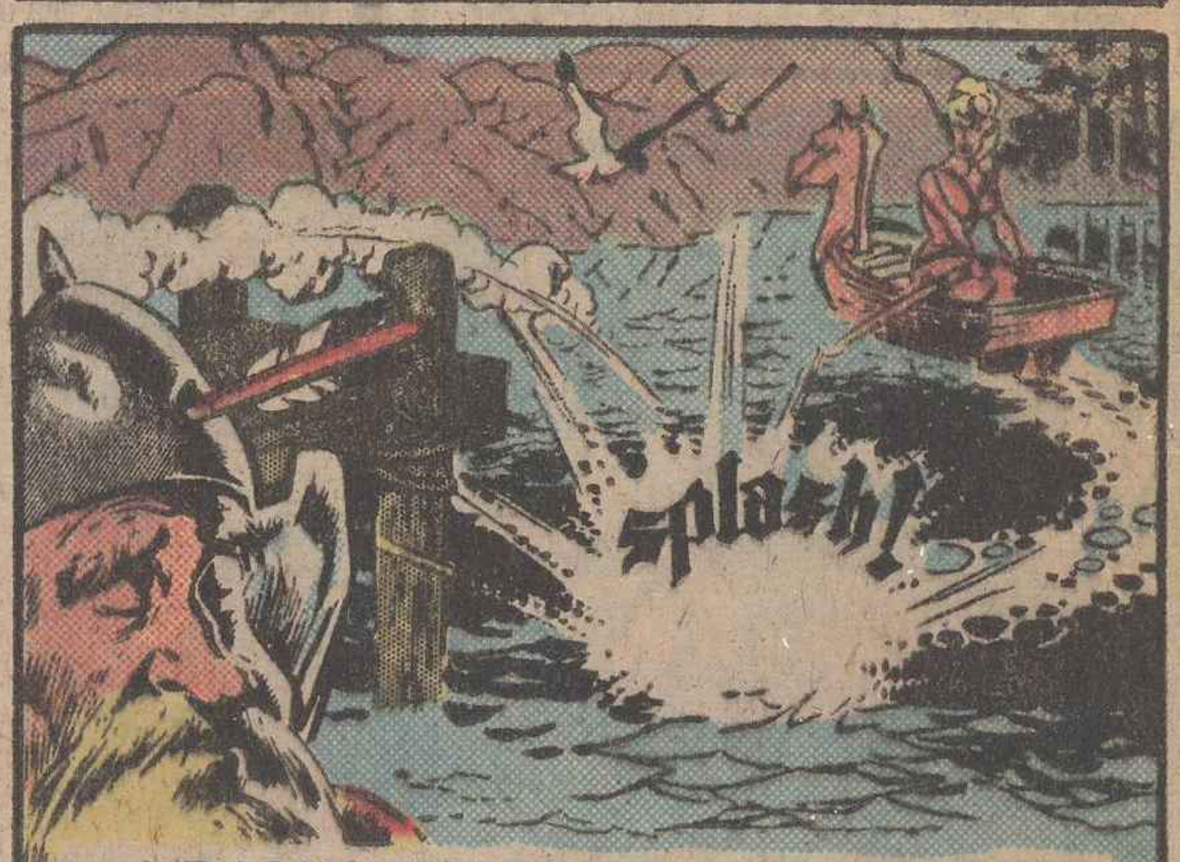
VIOL REACTS SWIFTLY AND IN ONE SMOOTH MOTION, DRAWS ARROW FROM QUIVER...DROPS ARROW... PICKS UP ARROW... DROPS BOW... DROPS ARROW...PICKS UP BOW...DROPS QUIVER...PICKS UP STUFF AND SMOOTHLY SKEWERS THE HELMET...



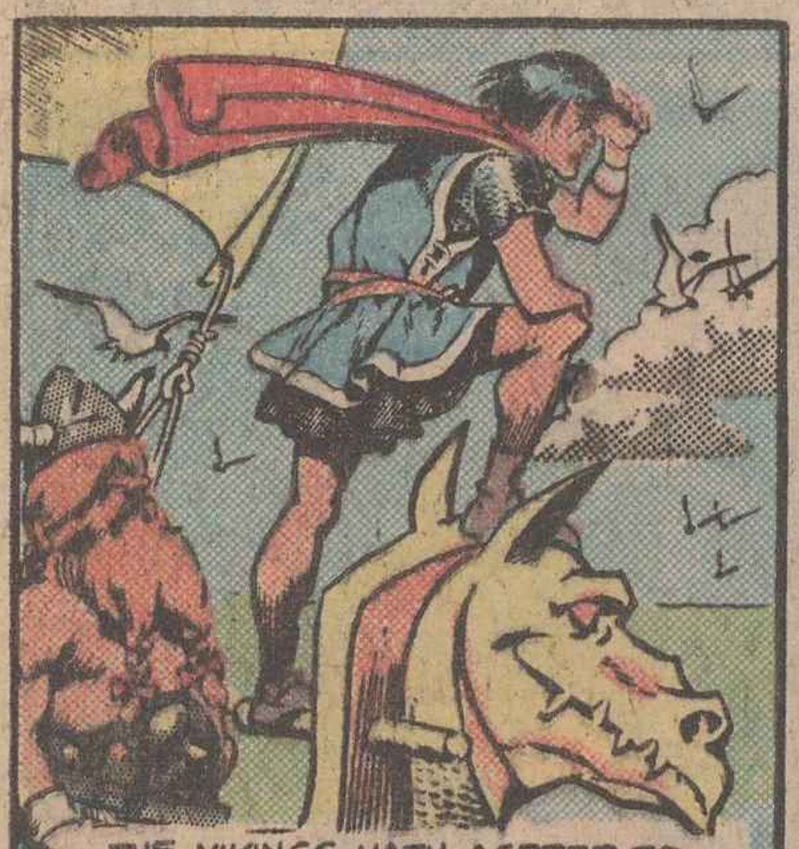
...AFTER TWELVE SHOTS, THAT IS!... VIOL'S NEAT SHOT DROPS THE HELMET! HE PICKS UP THE HELMET AND DROPS THE QUIVER... PICKS UP QUIVER... DROPS HELMET AND BOW... PICKS UP BOW...DROPS QUIVER, HELMET, BOW, ARROW, CHAIN MAIL, PANTS...



...THE VIKING CHIEF, OVER JOYEDETH AT THE RETURNETH OF HIS HELMET... POINTETH OUT TO VIOL A MAIDEN WITH GOLDEN HAIR WHO SITTETH BY THE DOCK IN A VIKING ROW-BOAT! VIOL JOYOUSLY POUNDS DOWN TO THE SHORE TO JOINETH!



...AND AS VIOL HASTENS TO JOINETH THE ROW-BOAT, THE ROW-BOAT HASTENS TO JOINETH THE OPPOSITE SHORE... AND AGAIN, PRINCE VIOLENT HATH TAKEN A FLYING-FLOP INTO THE WATER! FOR SOME REASON, THE MAID, ALOTA, IS AVOIDING HIM!



...THE VIKINGS HATH AGREED TO CARRY VIOL ACROSS THE LAKE, BUT FIRST HE GOETH BACK HOME TO CHANGETH HIS RUSTY CHAIN MAIL FOR CRISP, OILED CHAIN MAIL!



VERILY, THE DRY-CLEANERS DOTH DO A GOOD BUSINESS! ANYHOW, THE VIKINGS DOTH TAKE VIOL ACROSS THE LAKE WHERE HE IS SMITTEN BY A TERRIBLE PAIN!



FOR YOU SEE, VIOL HATH COME TOO CLOSE TO THE TERRIBLE FIGUREHEAD IN THE PROW OF THE VIKING SHIP AS HE DONE STEPPETH ASHORE!

help!

PURSUING HIS QUEST, VIOL STANDETH ON A SUMMIT IN A HEROIC POSTURE!... NOT THAT THIS SUMMIT OVERLOOKS ANYTHING, SINCE IT FACETH A ROCK WALL ...BUT HOBOY... *WHAT A HEROIC ROSTURE!* SUDDENLY VIOL'S SINGING SWORD STARTS SHRIEKING!

help help!

Achtung!

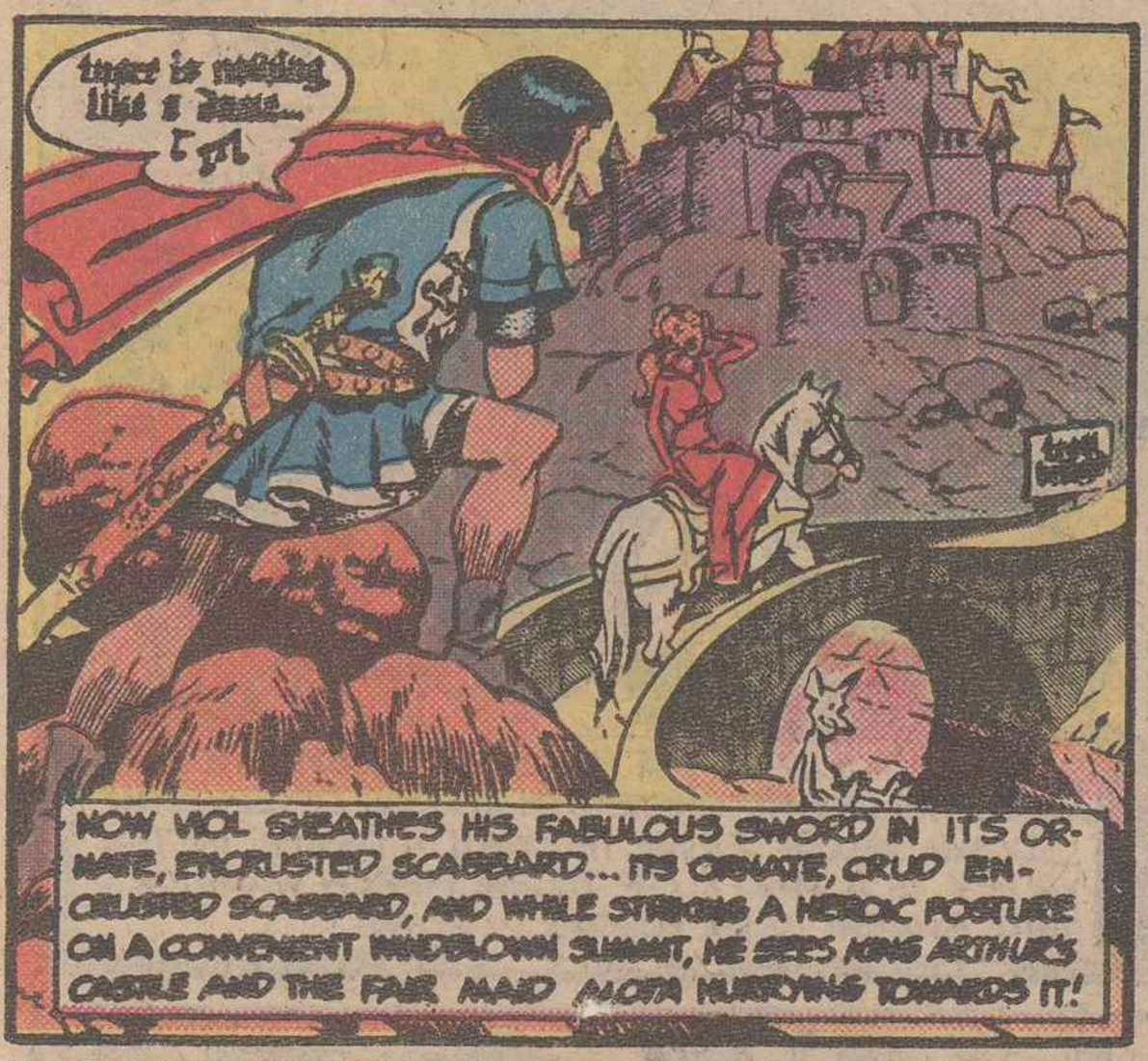
...VIOL LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER TO SEE-ETH WHAT MAKES THE SWORD SHRIEKETH INSTEAD OF SINGETH! ...DOWN BELOW, FILING THROUGH A DEFILE IN THE VALLEY IS A PARTY OF THOSE FIERCE WARRIORS THAT SWARM OVER EUROPE... *HUNS!*

THE HUNS ATTACK, BUT VIOL MEETETH THEM WITH HIS RAZOR-SHARP SINGING SWORD, HOLLOW-GROUND!... (EDITOR'S NOTE: IN THE INTERESTETH OF CLEANER COMICS, WE HAVE AVOIDED SHOWING BLOOD AND GUTS, BUT WE SUGGEST THAT YOU DROOLING READERS MERELY FOLLOW THE SLASHES WHERE SHIELDS, HELMETS, ETC. ARE CUT!... THEN USE YOUR IMAGINATION TO FIGURE OUT HOW GRISLEY THE UNSEEN FLESH-CUTS ARE, AND YOU WILL GET AS GOOD AN EFFECT AS IF YOU SAW REGULAR BLOOD AND GUTS!)

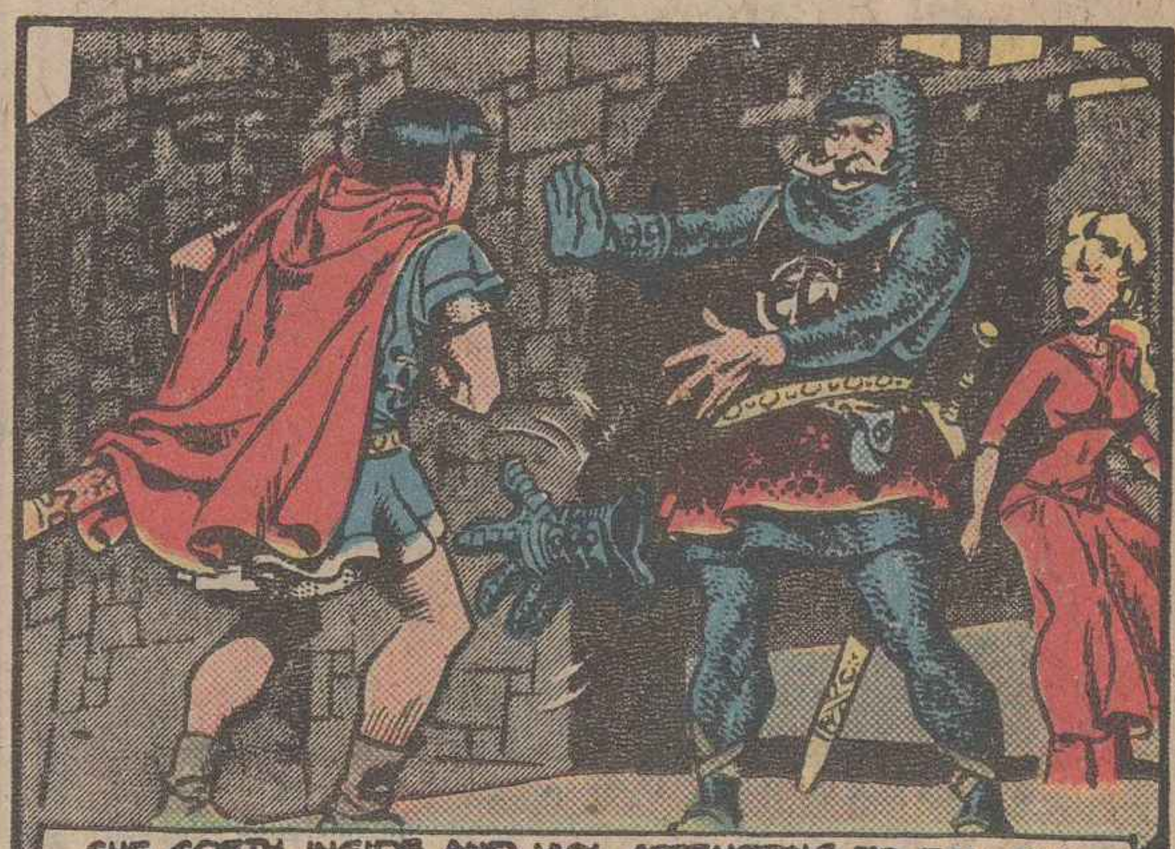
WHEN VIOL SHOWETH THEM HOW HE HACK HUNS... HALF TAKE REFUGE BEHIND THE STURDIEST SHIELD AMONGST THEM!... VIOL, HE HACK THROUGH SHIELD!

WHEN HUNS SEE HUNS HE HACK, MANY TAKE REFUGE BEHIND A HUGE STURDY OAK! BUT VIOL, HE HACK THEM HUNS SAME AS HOW HE HACK HALF!

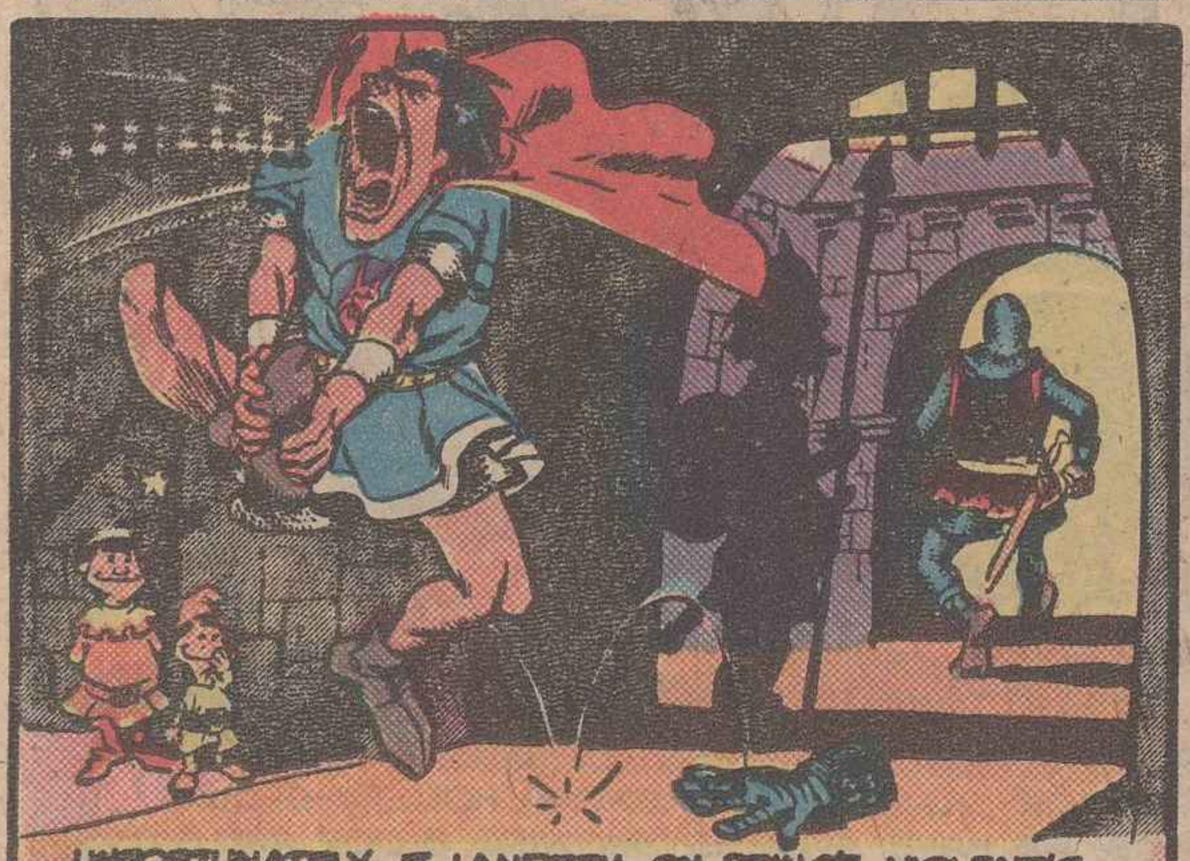
WHEN VIOL SEES IN BACK OF A BOULDER, THE LAST HUN... HOW HUN HIDES HACK, HE HACK HIM HOW HE HACK... HALF... HE... HE... HOO HEE... HOO HOO HEEHEE...



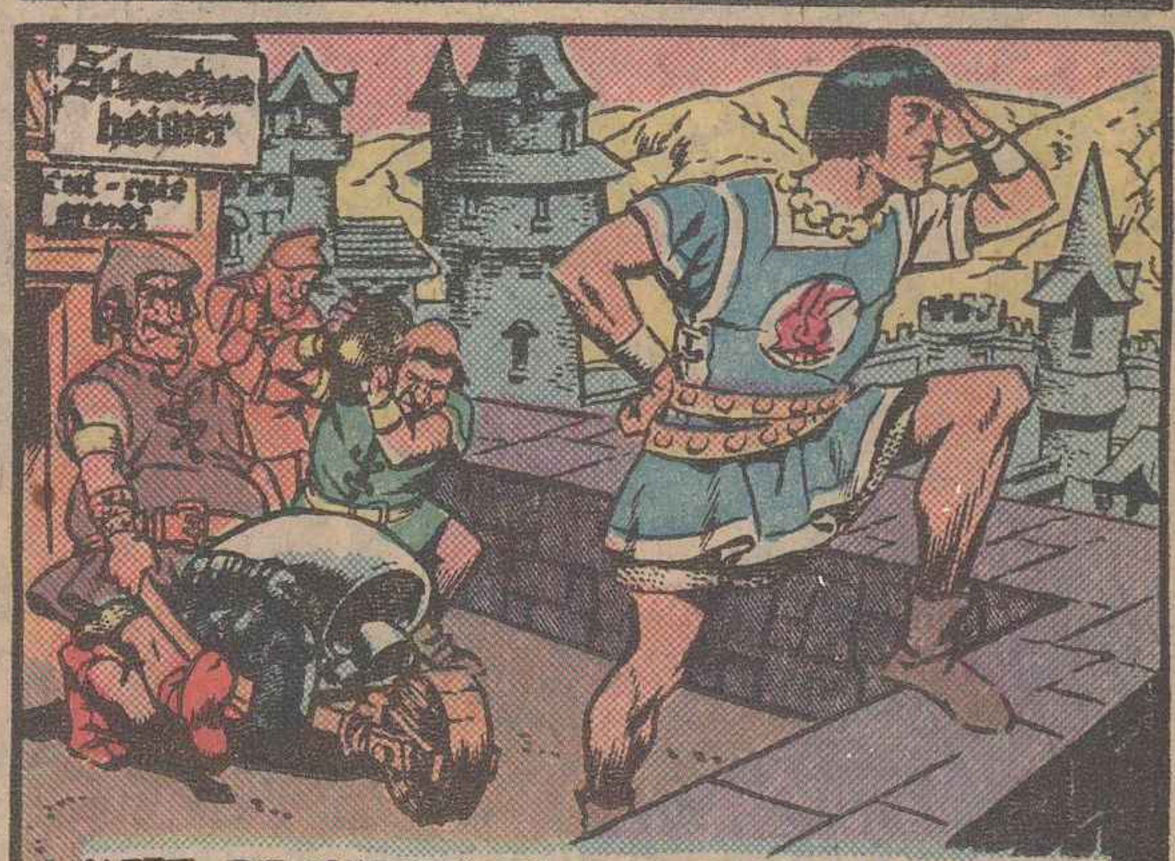
NOW VIOL SHEATHES HIS FABULOUS SWORD IN ITS ORNATE, ENCRUSTED SCABBARD... ITS ORNATE, CRUD ENCRUSTED SCABBARD, AND WHILE STRIKING A HEROIC POSTURE ON A CONVENIENT WINDBLOWN SUMMIT, HE SEES KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE AND THE FAIR MAID MOYA HURRYING TOWARDS IT!



SHE GOETH INSIDE AND VIOL, ATTEMPTING TO FOLLOW, IS BARRED BY A WELL-MEANING KNIGHT, WHO CHALLENGES VIOL BY THE TIME-HONORED CUSTOM OF TAKING OFF HIS HEAVY, STEEL GAUNTLETED, RIVETED, IRON BOUND GLOVE AND THROWING IT TO THE GROUND!



UNFORTUNATELY, IT LANDETH ON PRINCE VIOLENT'S TOE AND IT IS SOME TIME BEFORE HE GAINS HIS COMPOSURE ENOUGH TO PREPARE FOR COMBAT! FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, THE CUSTOM IS NOT YET IN VOGUE FOR A CHALLENGER TO SLAP THE FACE WITH THE GLOVE!



ALBEIT... THE CONTESTANTS PREPARE TO TILT... TILT, BEING THE WORD THAT DESCRIBETH THE JOUST OR MOUNTED CONTEST... NOT TO BE CONFUSETH WITH THE PIN-BALL MACHINE CONTEST!... THE PONDEROUS ARMOR IS BROUGHT ON A GROANING WHEEL-BARROW!



...FIRST A HAUBURK, A HEAVY COAT OF HAMMERED-LINK CHAIN-MAIL IS FITTED OVER THE CONTESTANTS' TUNICS..



...THEN THE THICK, PROTECTIVE IRON CUIRASS AND THE WEIGHTY IRON LEG PROTECTORS ARE TIED...



...NEXT THE HEAVY... THICKEST-OF-ALL PIECE OF IRON... THE HEUME OR HELMET, DROPPED OVER THE GORGET WITH A KLANK!



THE ARMORED WARRIORS, TOO WEIGHTED DOWN TO MOVE ARE PAINFULLY HOISTED OVER THEIR MOUNTS...

...AND EASED ONTO THE HEAVILY ARMORED HORSES WHERE THEY RECEIVE THE MIGHTY LANCE, THE HUGE TWO-HANDED SWORD, THE BATTLE AXE, THE MACE AND A COUPLE DOZEN DAGGERS! AND NOW?... NOW?... **YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NOW?...**

ker-rumf!

nay!

neigh!

...THE WHOLE FURSHLUGGINER MESS COLLAPSES LIKE A PACK OF CARDS!

THOUGH VIOL IS PINNED FAST BY HIS PRODIGIOUS ARMOR, HE IS MADE OF STURDIER STUFF...

...QUICKER THAN IT TAKES TO TELL, HIS RIGHT INDEX FINGER, WHICH IS FREE, WRIGGLES FORWARD...

...AND WITH A WILD CRY, THE INDEX FINGER LEAPS UPON THE ENEMY'S INDEX FINGER!

...BOTH HANDS ROLL OVER AND OVER THRASHING UP A CLOUD OF DUST WHICH HIDES THE FEARFUL COMBAT!

ALL THROUGH THE AFTERNOON THEY BATTLE, BUT FINALLY, DUE TO VIOL'S CLEAN LIVING, 100% AMERICANISM, AND HE DOESN'T BITE HIS NAILS... HE DOTH GET A GRIP THAT HIS ENEMY CANNOT BREAKETH AND VIOL WINS THE THUMB-WRESTLE!

higher sire?

I'll see thee.

who dealt this mess?

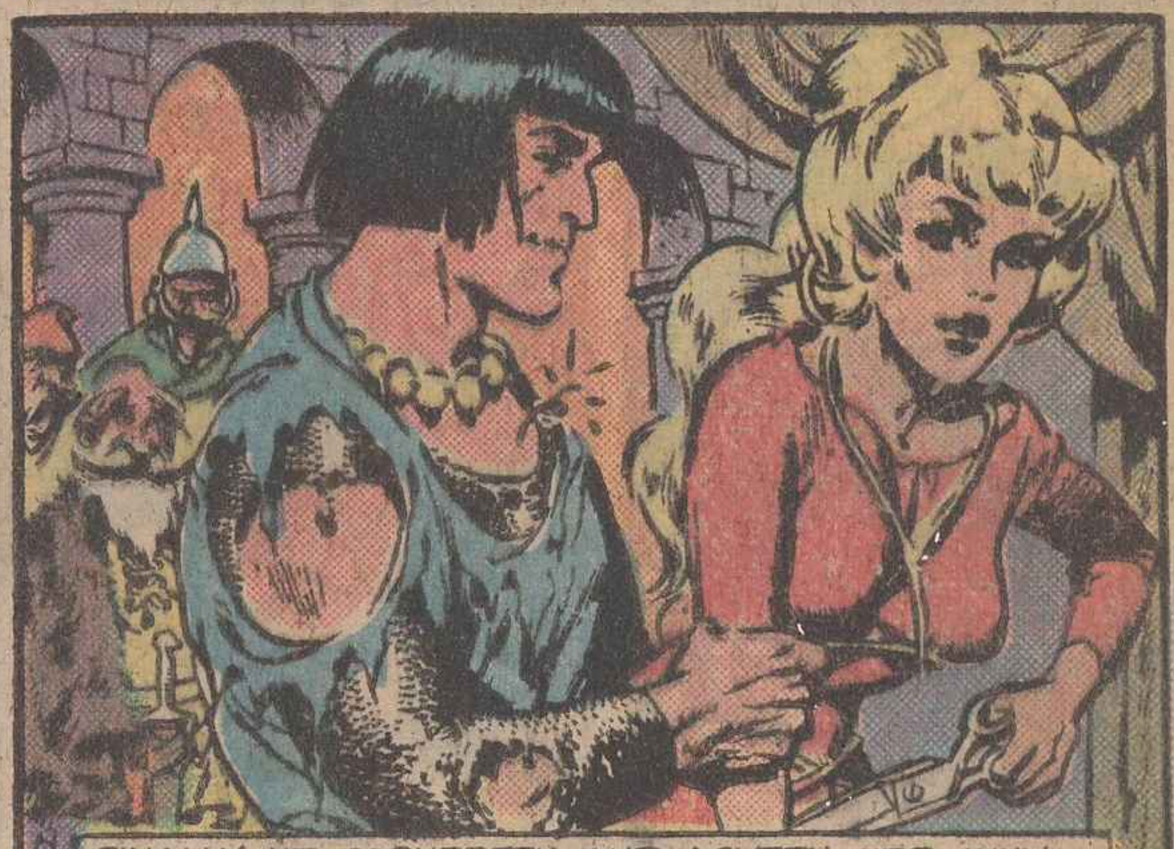
PRINCE VIOLENT IS THEN SUMMONED TO THE FABULOUS ROUND TABLE WHERE KING ARTHUR SITTETH WITH HIS KNIGHTS TO DISCUSS BATTLES, TO DISCUSS GLORIOUS DEEDS, TO DISCUSS VICTORIES, BUT MAINLY TO PLAYETH CARDS!

BUT KING ARTHUR DISCOVERETH THAT THE TABLE IS NOT TRULY ROUND BUT SLIGHTLY OVAL, SO HE ABANDONETH!...BESIDES, HE WANTETH TO QUIT GAME WHILE STILL AHEAD!... THEN HE TURNETH TO VIOL WHO IS IN TYPICAL HEROIC POSTURE!

FOR VIOL'S GLORIOUS DEEDS AND VICTORIES, KING ARTHUR DECIDES TO KNIGHTETH AND HE RAISES HIS SWORD AND BRINGS IT DOWN TO DUB VIOL KNIGHT!...UNFORTUNATELY, HE USETH EDGE OF SWORD INSTEAD OF FLAT...



...SPLITTING THE KNEELING FIGURE BEFORE HIM IN TWAIN! HOWEVER, THE KNEELING FIGURE IS THE BOOT-BLACK WHO KNEELETH TO POLISH THE KING'S BOOTS!... HAPPILY, VIOL HATH CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE SHY MAIDEN, ALOTA, AND PURSUETH!



FINALLY HE CORNERETH AND ASKETH HER WHY SHE HATH RUNNETH AWAY ALL THE TIME, AND AS IF HIS HAIRY CHEST, BRISTLING THROUGH HIS BATTLE TORN GARMENTS HATH GIVEN HER THE ANSWER, SHE WHIPPETH OUT A SCISSOR...



...VIOL, WHO SEES THE WILD LOOK SHE GIVES HIS CHEST, SHRINKS TO DEFEND THE SINGLE HAIR THAT GROWETH THEREON... BUT HE IS NOT QUICK ENOUGH!



...AND NOW, ALOTA STANDS BACK, SMILING, AND SAYS, 'YOU SEE, PRINCE VIOLENT... THE REASON I ALWAYS RAN-ETH WHEN YOU PURSUETH WAS...'



'...I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A WOMAN WITH THAT PAGE-BOY BOB YOU WORE!...NOW I SEE YOU ARE A MAN!'... THEY KISSETH!...OUR STORY ENDETH!

THE AMERICAN SCENE DEPT.: FOLLOWING THE USUAL MAD POLICY OF EXPERIMENTING WITH NEW THINGS AND THEREBY COMING CLOSER TO RUIN... WE INTRODUCE A NEW FEATURE, DEALING WITH VARIOUS PHASES OF LIFE IN AMERICA! LIKE FOR INSTANCE... HOW'S ABOUT THE PHASE WHERE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DAD DECIDES TO TAKE THE FAMILY TO A...

RESTAURANT!

RESTAURANT

-IT IS WISELY WRITTEN: "EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY- FOR TOMORROW WE DIE"

HOW ABOUT IT!!

BILL ELDER

HERE YOU ARE WITH THE STURDLEYS... EYEBALLS PROTRUDING, TONGUES GENTLY LOLLING... AT A CHOW-MEIN RESTAURANT (POPULAR IN BIG CITIES), WHERE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING IN LINE FOR A TABLE!

MADE IN ITALY

...AT LEAST YOU'VE MOVED UP THE LINE FAR ENOUGH TO GET AROUND THE CORNER AND INDOORS! FINALLY **YOU'RE** NEXT AND DAD GLIMPSES AN EMPTY TABLE... ONLY HE'S NOT SURE IT'S IN THE RESTAURANT!

SOY SAU

SOUP

IT'S NOT IN THE RESTAURANT! IT'S IN THE KITCHEN!... BUT BEHIND SOME COATS, DAD FINDS AN EMPTY TABLE! HE SIGNALS FRANTICALLY!

"MOM! JUNIOR! UNCLE SMURDLEY STURDLEY!... TABLE!... OVER HERE! ... SMURDLEY?... MOM?... JUNIOR? ...OVER!... HERE TABLE!... TABLE HERE..."

ZZ-ZZZZZIP!

"...TABLE HERE!... HABLE TERE!... HOOBLE TOBBLE!" HOWEVER BY THE TIME DAD CATCHES THE FAMILY'S EYE, ANOTHER PARTY HAS SWIFTLY SLITHERED INTO THE BOOTH!

ANYHOW... YOU FINALLY GET A TABLE AND ALL'S WELL UNTIL YOU NOTICE THE WAITER HASN'T CLEARED YOUR TABLE-TOP, THE CONDITION OF WHICH IS BEST DESCRIBED IN A WORD... "ECCCCHHHH!"

WATCH YOUR HAT & COAT!

SO THERE YOU WAIT, A RISING LUMP IN YOUR STOMACH... WATCHING THE JUMBLE OF GREASY DISHES... THE COLD CUP OF GREY COFFEE WITH THE FLOATING CIGARETTE BUTT... THE LITTLE GLISTENING WET THINGS ON THE TABLE-CLOTH!

HOWEVER, SINCE YOU'RE IN A MILD STATE OF STARVATION BY TIME THE WAITER COMES... YOU ALL GIVE YOUR ORDERS IN A TWINKLING... EXCEPT FOR UNCLE SMURDLEY!... HE CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND!

MENU

GROWL GROWL GROWL GRR

...THAT'S UNCLE SMURDLEY!... EVERYONE'S IN A HURRY TO EAT!... THE WAITER'S IN A HURRY TO TAKE THE ORDER! ...EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT THEY WANT, 1, 2, 3... EXCEPT FOR UNCLE SMURDLEY!... HE CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND!

MENU

ARF ARF WOOF WOOF ARF ROAR

UNCLE SMURDLEY ISN'T READY!... FOUR MINDS SCREAM SILENTLY, PLEADING HE SHOULD ORDER!

NO TIPPING

MENU

UNCLE SMURDLEY ISN'T READY!...FOUR SOULS WRITHE SECRETLY... SHRIEKING HE SHOULD ORDER!

NO TIPPING

MENU

UNCLE SMURDLEY ISN'T READY! BUT WAIT!...HIS EYE IS STEADY...HIS GLANCE IS FIXED...CAN IT BE?...

MUSTN'T

NO TIPPING

MENYOO

HOPTOOEY!!

GNASH!

YES!...UNCLE SMURDLEY IS READY!!! HOWEVER... NOW THE WAITER ISN'T READY!

NO TIPPING

KOOM

EVENTUALLY, YOU DO GET FOOD!... AND THE WAY IT'S SERVED...YOU REALLY GET A TERRIFIC APPETITE JUST LOOKING!...ON FRESH WHITE LINEN, AMIDST SHINY SILVERWARE STILL WARM FROM A SCALDING BATH...

...BOWLS OF THICK STEAMING SOUP...GLEAMING COVERED PORCELAIN CASSEROLES EXUDING FRAGRANCE... TASTY SAUCES ON LITTLE DISHES HOT FROM THE KITCHEN!...BOY! WOULD YOU GET SICK IF YOU SAW THE KITCHEN!

IN

JOE'S GARAGE

SHORT ORDER COOK

NOW YOU START NOTICING LITTLE DETAILS!... DAD FINDS LIPSTICK ON HIS GLASS!... MOM FINDS LIPSTICK ON HER GLASS!... JUNIOR FINDS LIPSTICK ON HIS GLASS!...UNCLE SMURDLEY FINDS *LIPS* ON HIS GLASS!

SO YOU GOT TO SIGNAL THE WAITER!...NOW HOW YOU SIGNAL WAITERS IS BY SIGN LANGUAGE ALTHOUGH WITH SOME WAITERS, IT'S BETTER TO USE A POLICE WHISTLE OR SHOOT OFF A CANNON! THAT'S THIS WAITER!

CLANK CLANK

WOK! WOK! WOK!

YOU CAN'T SIGNAL HIM SO YOU'LL CATCH HIM WHEN HE PASSES NEAR! BY GEORGE... HERE HE IS!

YOU SWING AROUND... TAKE A BREATH... OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO SPEAK... ...HE'S GONE!

FOOM

OH, WELL... YOU'LL CATCH HIM THE NEXT TIME BY! ...WOOPS!... JUNIOR SPOTS HIM COMING BACK!

YOU JERK ERECT... SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH... FLING OPEN MOUTH TO SPEAK... ...HE'S GONE!

FOOM

SOON... ALL OBSTACLES SURMOUNTED, YOU SPOON OUT SAVORY CHOW-MEIN IN CLOUDS OF STEAM... MIX VARIOUS INGREDIENTS BEFORE YOU, AND ECSTATICALLY LIFT A FORKFULL TO YOUR MOUTH...

TODAYS SPECIAL EGG FOO YONG WITH GEFILTE FISH

...CRISP NOODLES... STEWED ONIONS... BEAN SPROUTS.. STRIPS OF CHICKEN... SNOWY RICE... A DAB OF ENGLISH MUSTARD... A DASH OF SOY-SAUCE... ALL LIFTED TO YOUR MOUTH... BABY HAS TO LEAVE THE ROOM!

OK...! YOU GO!... YOU COME BACK! ...YOU SIT DOWN AGAIN!... YOUR PLATE OF FOOD HAS COOLED OFF A LITTLE, BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT!

ATE

...MIX IN A LITTLE MORE HOT CHOW-MEIN FROM THE CASSEROLE! ...MIX IN A LITTLE MORE HOT RICE!... THAT'LL WARM IT UP!

BI-CARBON-ATE

... ANOTHER DAB OF MUSTARD! ANOTHER DASH OF SOY-SAUCE! ...LIFT IT TO YOUR MOUTH, AND ...BABY HAS TO LEAVE THE ROOM!

SOME TIME LATER, YOU'RE EATING!... THEN THERE'S THE CUTE LITTLE BOY PEEKING AT YOU!

NOW OUT FOR THE KIDDIES! PABLUM CHOP SUEY!

...AT LEAST YOU *THINK* HE'S CUTE... SO YOU PLAY "PEEKABOO, I SEE YOU" WITH HIM...

Boo

SHRIMP SALAD WITH LOW CUT DRESSING

...WHICH IS A HORRIBLE MISTAKE BECAUSE WITH THIS TYPE KID, FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT, AND...

CHOW MAIN BEST LIVER WORST

...WITH THE NEXT "I SEE YOU," HE GIVES YOU A BIG SMACK IN THE HEAD! THIS GOES ON TILL MEAL'S END!

SMEAR

I DON'T RICOCHET! ROMANCE

WELL... THE MEAL'S OVER... THE WAITER BRINGS THE BILL (FACE DOWN)!... NOW A RESTAURANT BILL IS LIKE A PRETTY GIRL IN A BATHING SUIT! YOU WANT TO STARE, BUT YOU KNOW IT'S NOT NICE!

SO WHILE YOU LOOK AT THE CEILING, YOU CASUALLY LIFT THE CORNER OF A NAPKIN... YOU CASUALLY LIFT THE CORNER OF THE CHECK... YOU CASUALLY GLANCE AT THE PRICE... YOU CASUALLY FALL ON THE FLOOR!

ALTHOUGH PEOPLE ARE WAITING FOR TABLES, YOU WANT TO SIT A MOMENT TO SMOKE... TO LET THE FOOD SETTLE! THE WAITER TAKES AWAY THE DISHES... TAKES AWAY THE ASH-TRAY... THE TABLE CLOTH...

BUT WHEN THE WAITER TAKES AWAY THE TABLE AND WHEN THE PEOPLE START SITTING DOWN NEXT TO YOU AND START TUCKING NAPKINS UNDER THEIR CHINS, YOU FIGURE MAYBE THEY WANT YOU TO LEAVE!

THE TIP!... UNCLE SMURDLEY DIGS FOR HIS COAT... YOU DIG FOR THE TIP!... YOU ACT UN-CONCERNED...DEVIL-MAY-CARE

HOWEVER, INSIDE... YOUR MIND RACES FURIOUSLY... CALCULATING! YOU PUT DOWN THE TIP AND RUN IN SHAME BEFORE THE WAITER COMES!

HALF-WAY OUT THE DOOR, YOUR CONSCIENCE STOPS YOU!...YOU DON'T WANT TO LOOK CHEAP! YOU RUN BACK AND PUT DOWN A FEW MORE COINS!

THEN YOU CASUALLY RUN OUT, BUT ON THE WAY YOU REALIZE THE TIP YOU LEFT WAS MUCH TOO MUCH, SO YOU RUN BACK AND PICK UP SOME COINS AND YOU RUN OUT BUT THEN YOU RUN BACK...

...AND YOU PUT DOWN HALF THOSE COINS AND YOU RUN OUT THEN RUN BACK BECAUSE YOU FORGOT UNCLE SMURDLEY AND YOU RUN ALL OVER, AND YOU FINALLY FIND HIM STILL DIGGING FOR HIS COAT AND YOU RUN OUT...

...AND SO, THE STURDLEY FAMILY TRUDGES OFF INTO THE SUNSET VOWING NEVER AGAIN TO GO TO ***THAT*** RESTAURANT... VYING IT'S MUCH SMARTER TO EAT HOME! HOWEVER... WHEN NEXT SUNDAY ROLLS AROUND...

...HERE YOU ARE WITH THE STURDLEYS... EYEBALLS PROTRUDING, TONGUES GENTLY LOLLING... AT A CHOW-MEIN RESTAURANT (POPULAR IN BIG CITIES) WHERE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING IN LINE FOR A TABLE...

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'[illegible]

'TWAS 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...

SET 'EM UP

SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM WILL HAVE JO

WHIFFEN PUF

SWEAT ADELINE...

SNIFF BOO HOO SNIFLE

I GOT SIX PENCE SIX PAIRS PENCE...

ROLL IT OVER...

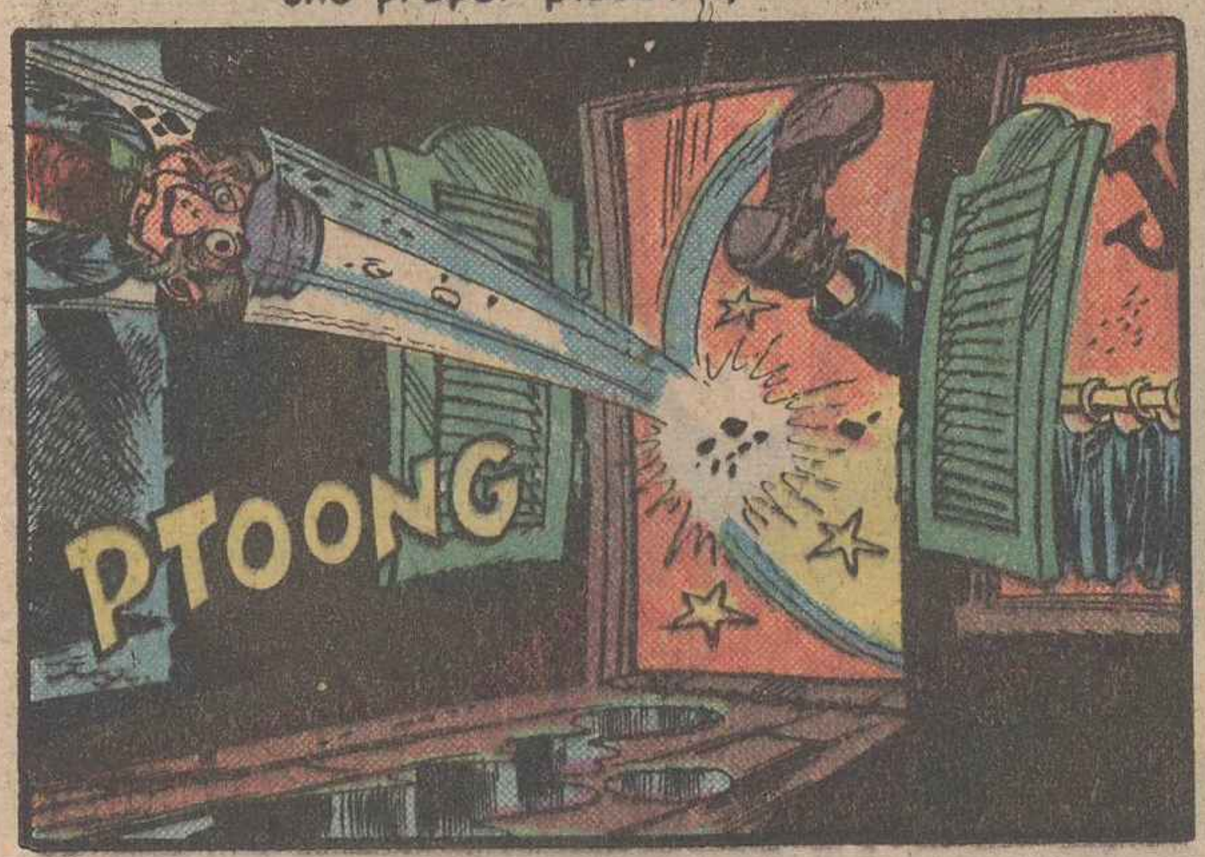
I WANTA BEER JES LIKE THE BEER...

HOW MUCH IS THET DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW

"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."

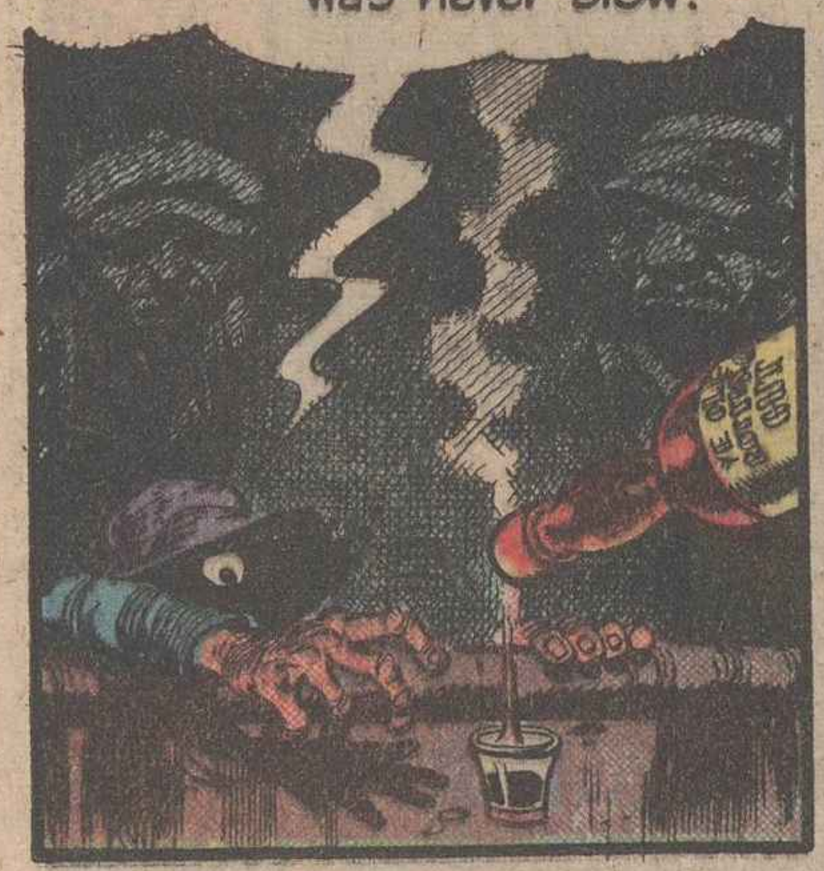
This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;
In fact, he smiled as though he thought he'd struck the proper place.

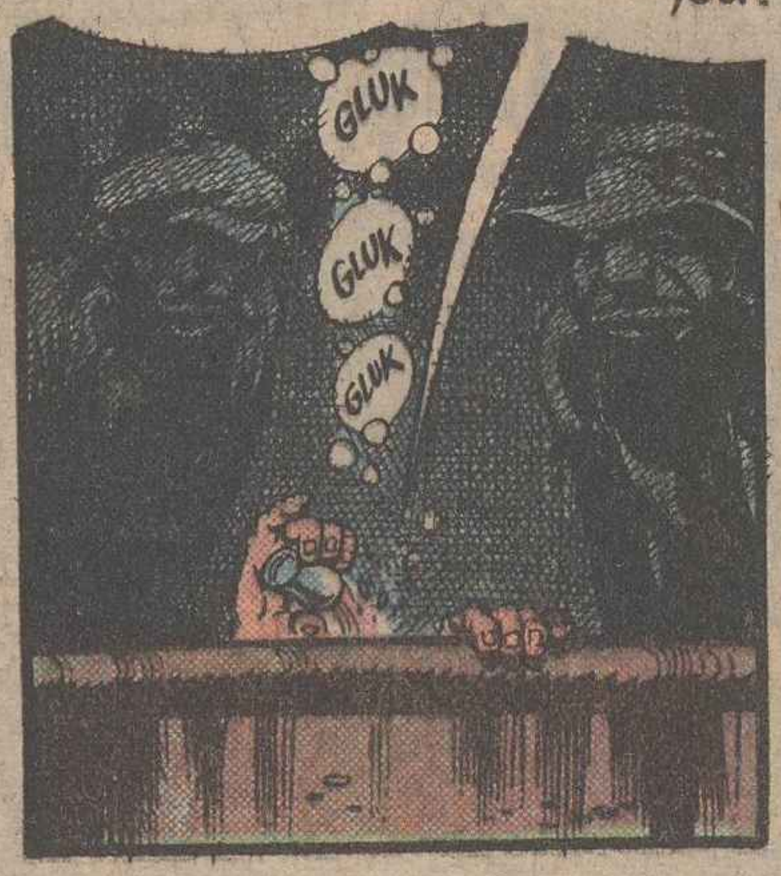


"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

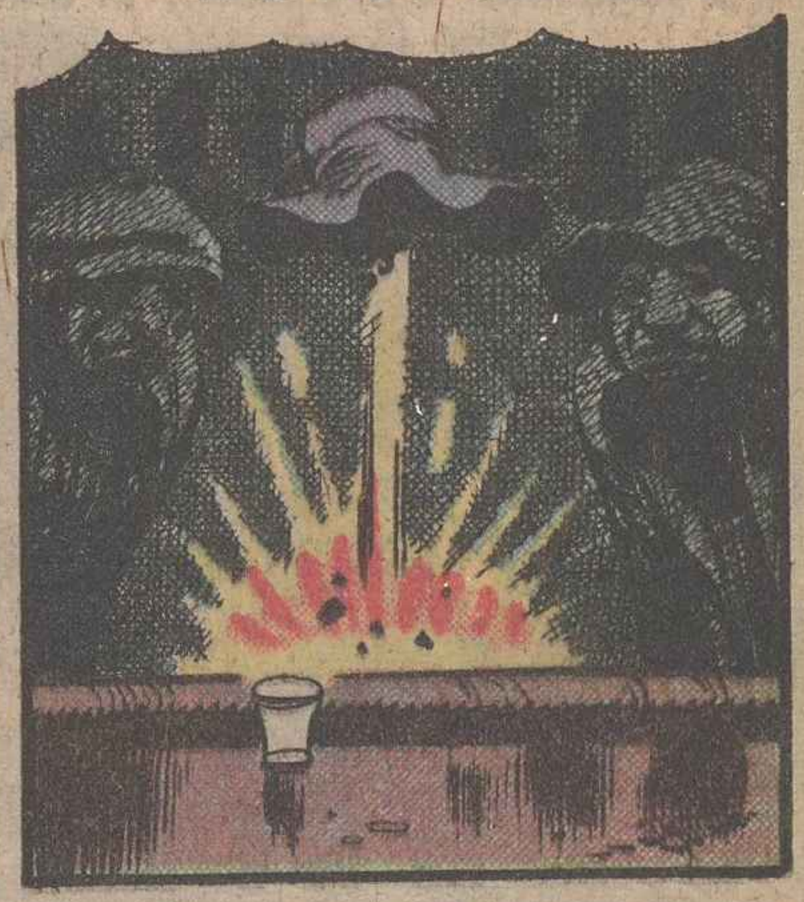


"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know;
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.





"What? You laugh as though you thought this pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as anyone of you.



"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.



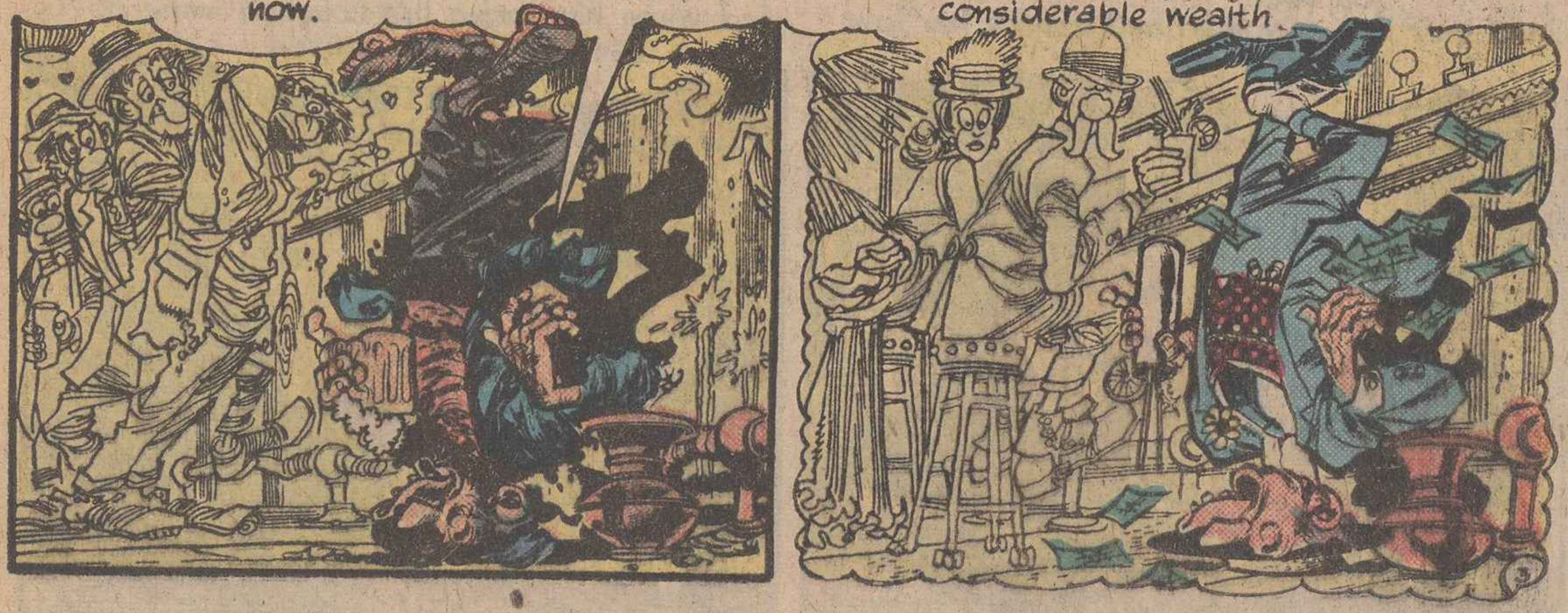
"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—
Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably tame;

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



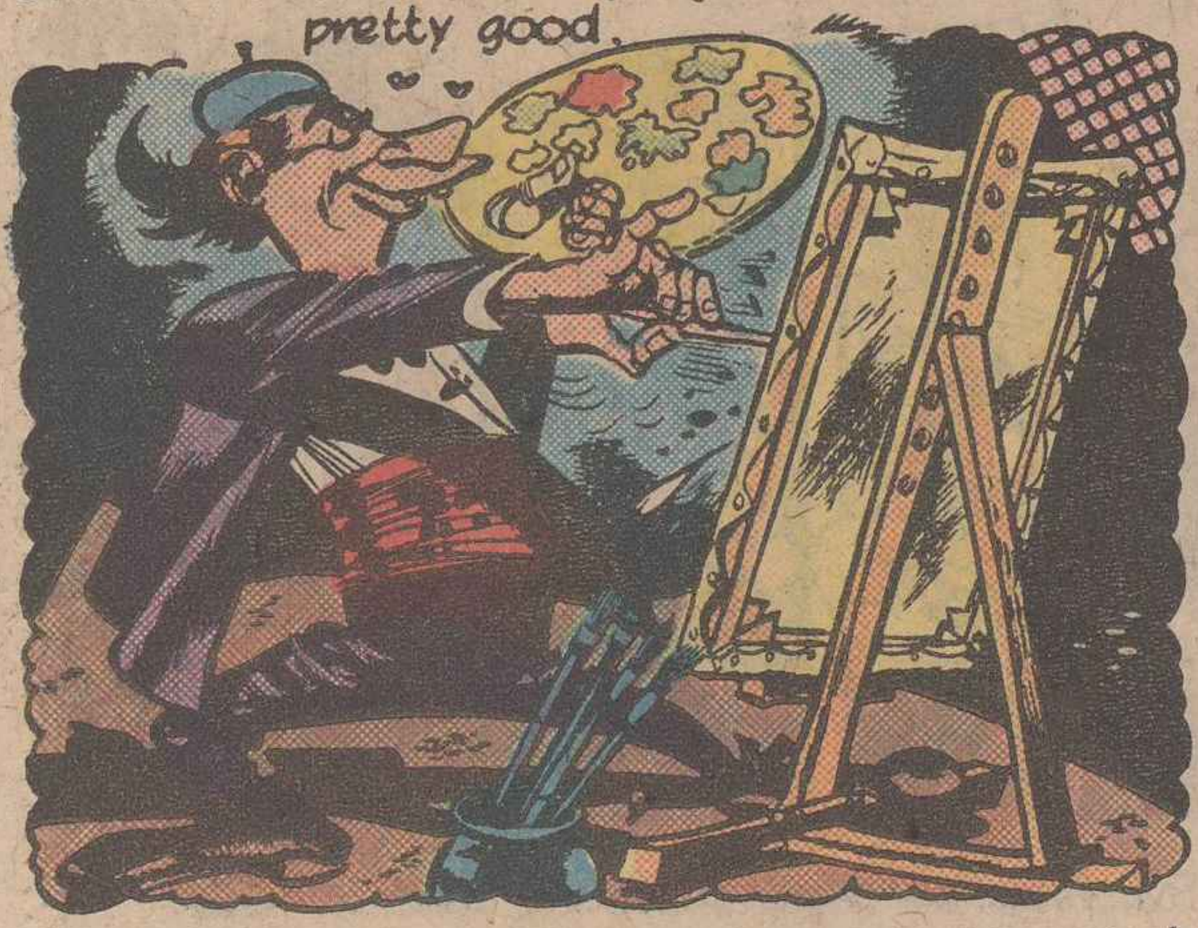
"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.

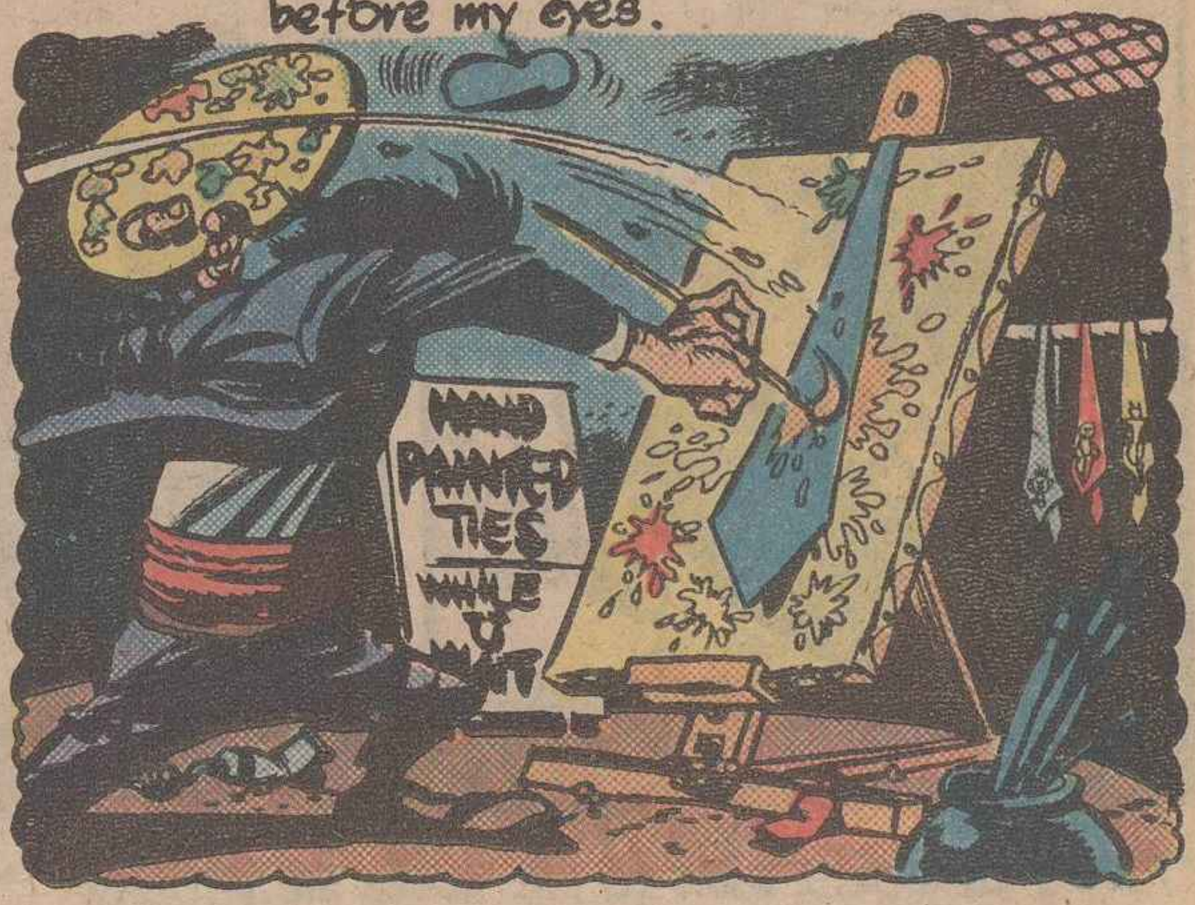
"As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.



"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.



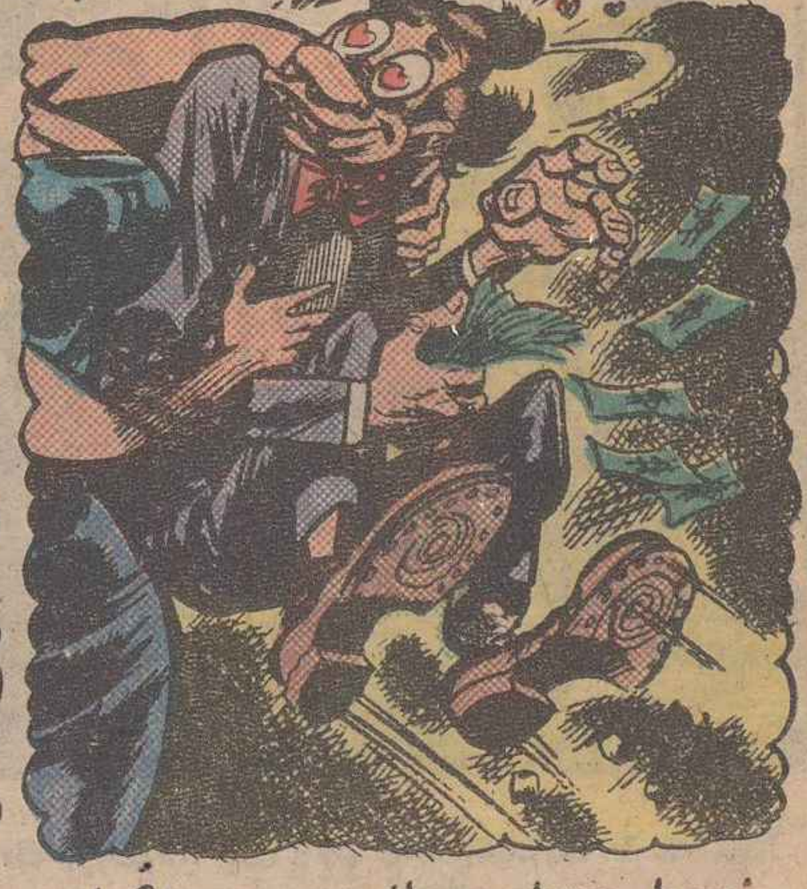


"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame';
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name.

"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.

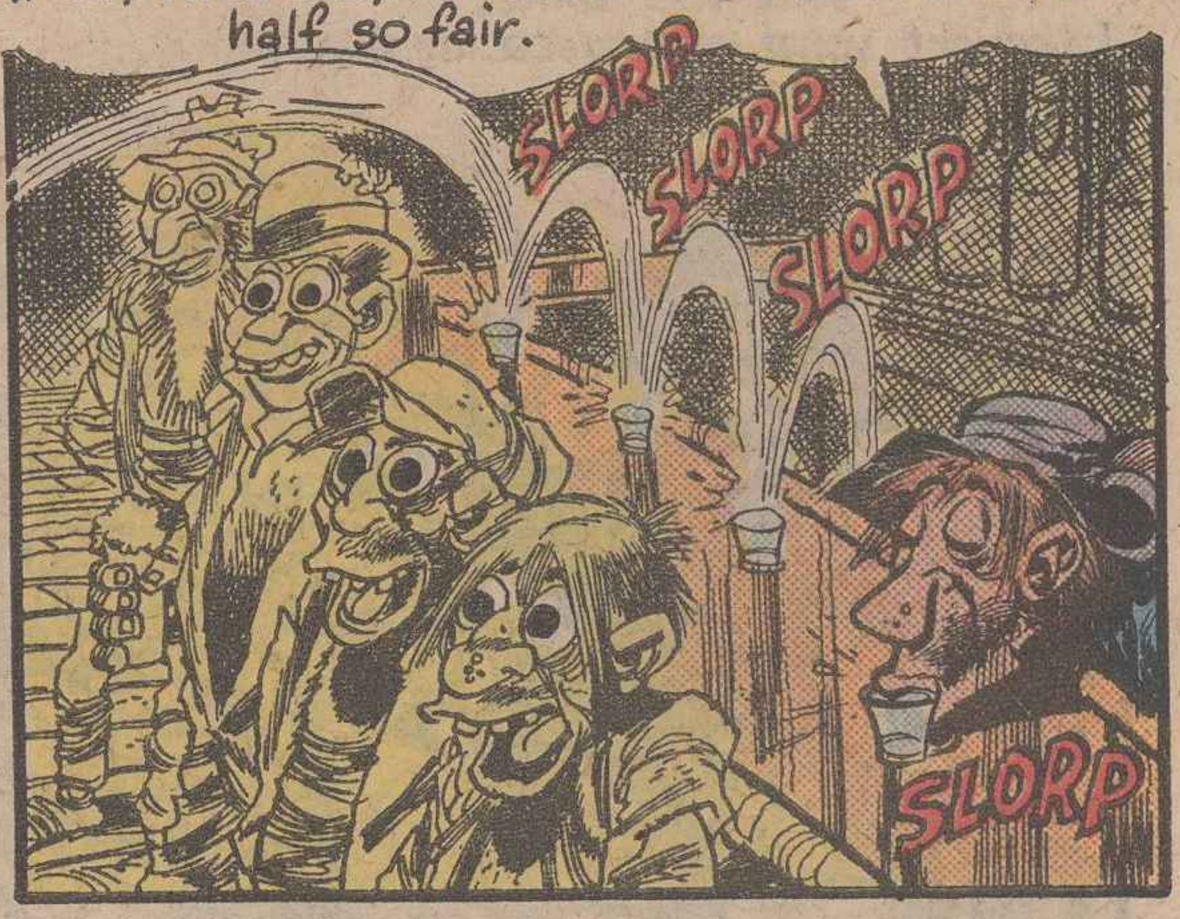




"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul you'd give
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;

"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.

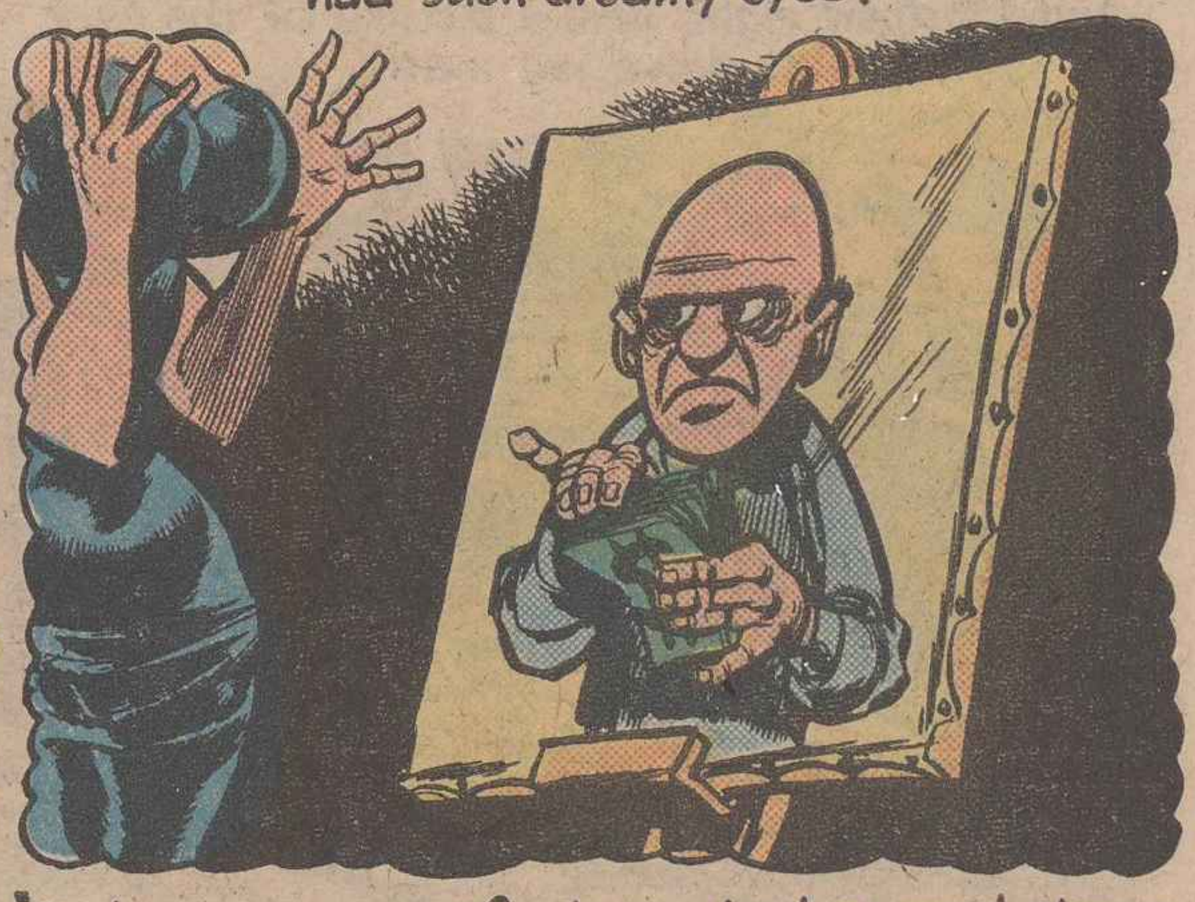




"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way,

"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.







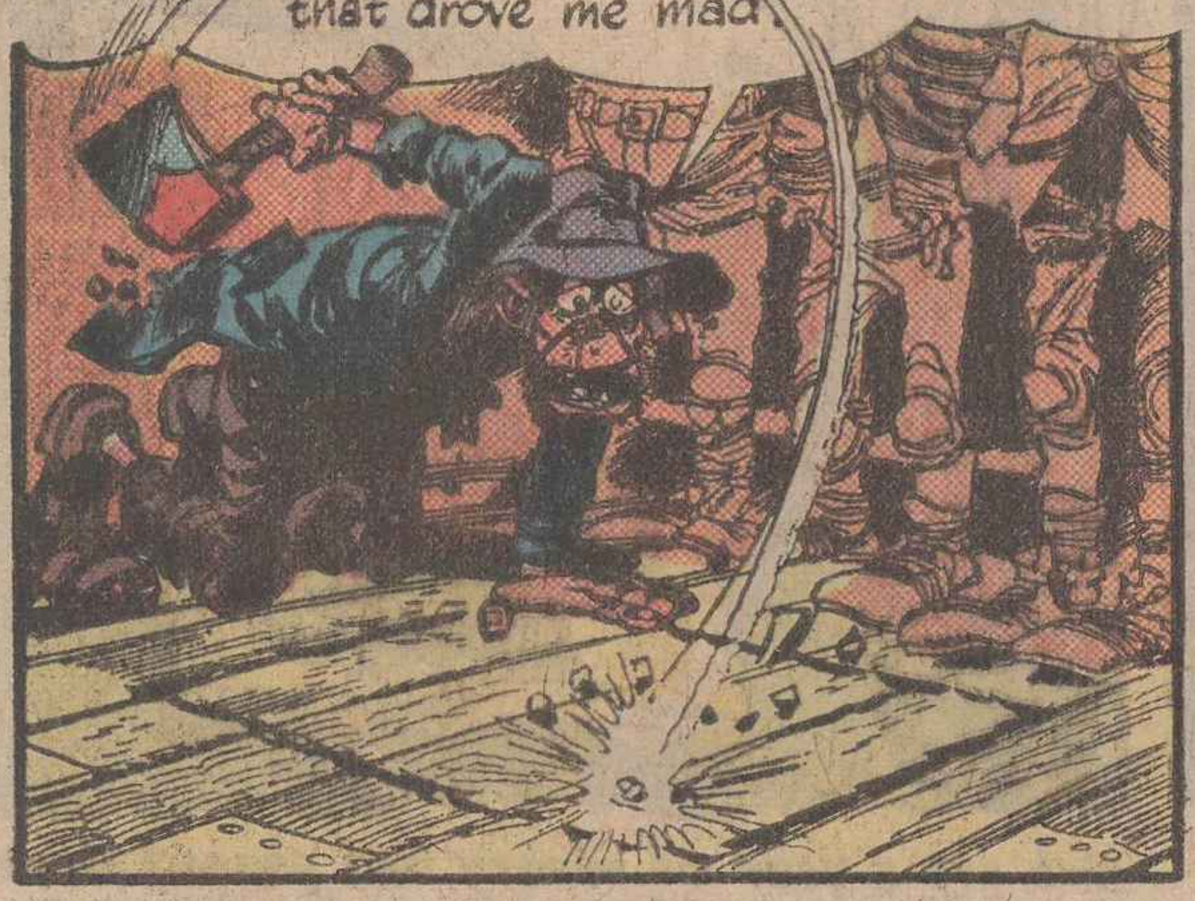
"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.



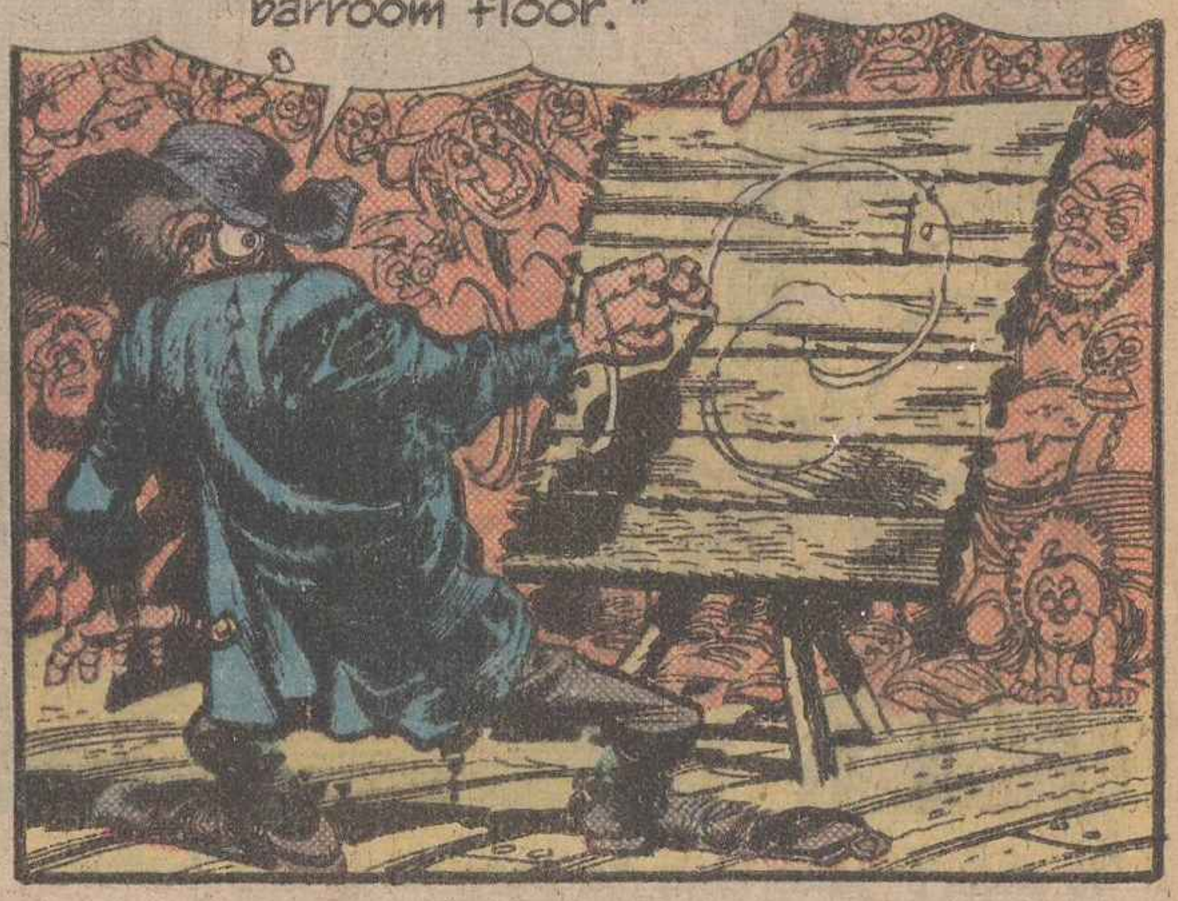
"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye,
Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.



"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."

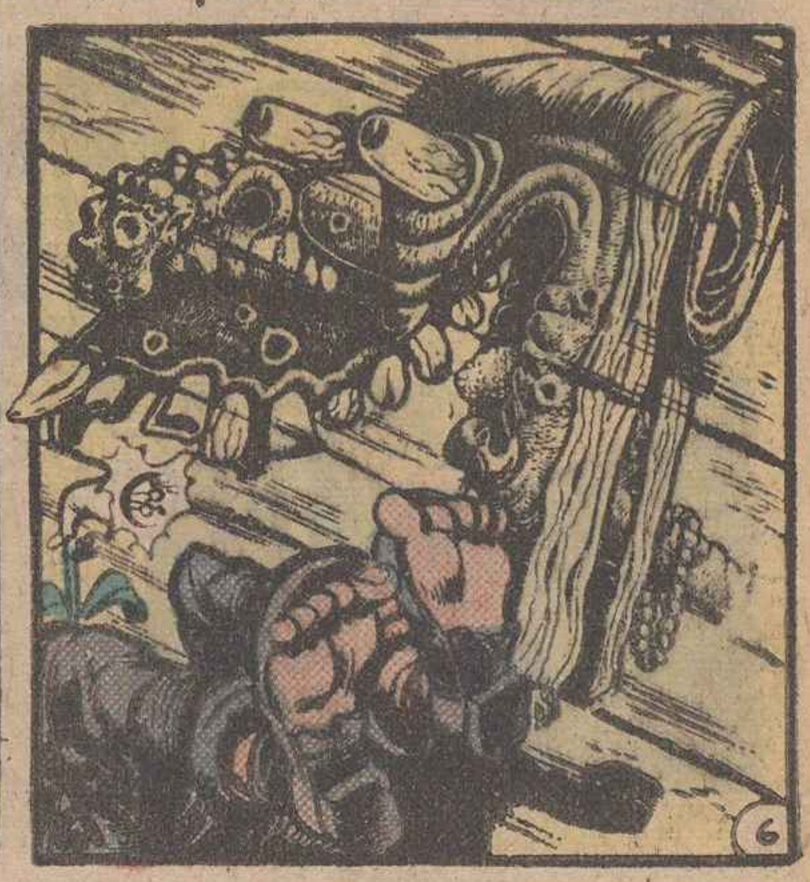


Another drink, and with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.



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





CRIME DEPT.: HELLO!... JUST GET BACK FROM YOUR PSYCHIATRIST?... WELL... YOU KEEP READING THESE COMIC BOOKS AND YOU'LL BE VISITING HIM AGAIN REAL SOON! ... ANYHOW... THE FAMILIAR ENTRANCE TO TODAY'S ADVENTURE IS 21/2 BAKER STREET WHERE WE FIND AN OLD FRIEND, DR. WHATSIT, WHO IS ABOUT TO STAR WITH...

SHERMLOCK SHOMES in THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!

UH-OH!... THERE GOES SHERMLOCK SHOMES'S ARCH ENEMY, ***ARTY MORTY*** FIRING AT SHOME'S SHADOW ON THE SHADE!

...HOWEVER, THE SHADOW ON THE SHADE IS IN REALITY A PLASTER STATUE-BUST DISGUISED AS SHERMLOCK SHOMES TO CONFUSE ARTY MORTY!

...HOWEVER THE STATUE-BUST IS IN REALITY SHERMLOCK SHOMES DISGUISED AS STATUE-BUST TO FURTHER CONFUSE ARTY MORTY!

YE GADS CAFE DOWNSTAIRS
TODAYS MENU:
TURKEY WITH MUCH-ROOM ON TOAST: BARELY SOUR.
GLIB TONGUE: HORSE A LA CART:
DR. I.Q. UPSTAIRS! BOOTERY IN THE REAR!

POW
BLANG
BLAM

SHOMES! SHOMES, OLD MAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

...BY JOVE, WHAT LUCK! ARTY MORTY, IN FIRING THROUGH THE STUDY WINDOW, COMPLETELY MISSED THIS... WHICH ***IS*** INDEED A STATUE-BUST DISGUISED TO THROW A SHADOW OF SHOMES ON THE SHADE!

...WRONG AGAIN, WHATSIT!

YOU HAVE DEDUCED RIGHTLY ENOUGH THAT ARTY MORTY, IN FIRING THROUGH THE WINDOW, COMPLETELY MISSED THE STATUE-BUST DISGUISED TO THROW A SHADOW OF ME ON THE SHADE OF THE ***STUDY***-WINDOW!

...UNFORTUNATELY... IT WAS NOT THE ***STUDY*** WINDOW THAT ARTY MORTY FIRED ***THROUGH!***... IT WAS THE ***LIVING ROOM*** WINDOW!

ORIGINAL MARILYN CARTOON

ARTY-MORTY HAS FOILED ME AGAIN!

...HOWEVER... HERE IS THE REASON I ASKED YOU TO COME OVER! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, WHATSIT?

...WHY... WHY IT'S JUST A PLAIN, UNMARKED, UMBRELLA!

THE SECRET WORD IS

AHA, MY FRIEND... IS THAT ALL IT TELLS YOU?... WELL... I WOULD SAY IT BELONGS TO A YOUNG LADY... A HANDSOME BRUNETTE... 24... 5-4... 36-22-34...!!! 36-22-34? ... 23... SKIDOOO!... FURTHERMORE, HER FINGERNAIL ON HER LEFT FOREFINGER...

PLASTIC WOOD

...HAS 1/32ND OF AN INCH CHIPPED OFF OF THE EDGE... SHE HAS A TINY BEAUTY-MARK 1/16TH OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER UNDER HER RIGHT ARM-PIT AND A TATOO ON HER RIGHT BICEP OF A SIMULATED DAGGER PIERCING THE FLESH AND INSCRIBED WITH THE WORD... 'MOTHER'!

I SAY, SHOMES... HOW THE DEVIL DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS FURSHLUGGINER STUFF?

...HAHA, WHATSIT... YOU POOR STUPID FOOL... A CASE OF PURE, SIMPLE DEDUCTION!... I DEDUCE ALL THESE THINGS FROM PURE, SIMPLE CLUES STARING YOU RIGHT IN THE FACE! I DEDUCE ALL THESE THINGS FROM LITTLE SCUFF-MARKS AND GRAVY-STAINS ON THE UMBRELLA... BUT MAINLY I DEDUCE ALL THESE THINGS FROM YOUNG LADY HERSELF WHO JUST FINISHED TELLING ME DEDUCTIONS, IN NEXT ROOM!

FATHER

UNCLE

BROTHER

WHATSIT... I WANT YOU TO MEET MISS PRU' BASKETBALL WHO HAS COME TO REPORT FOUL PLAY!

..YOU MEAN LIKE DISCONTINUED DRIBBLING?

...AS I WAS SAYING, MR. SHOMES... OUR FAMILY GOES BACK A LONG WAY!... HOWEVER THE FAMILY CURSE GOES BACK TO 1600 WHEN THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY... COUNT AMISHER BASKETBALL, LIVED IN BASKETBALL HALL!

CHAHMED.

BASKETBALL HALL IS THE FAMILY CASTLE OUT ON THE MOORS!... ONE BLACK NIGHT WHEN THE COUNT WAS HAVING A PARTY... A MAIDEN SPURNED HIS AFFECTIONS AND RAN FROM BASKETBALL HALL INTO THE MOORS! ...THE COUNT, IN A TERRIBLE TEMPER... UNLEASHED HIS HOUNDS AND WENT AFTER HER! AS THE GUESTS SAW HIM GO... THEY HEARD HIM SHRIEK TO THE DEVIL TO ASSIST HIM IN THE CHASE! WHEN HIS FRIENDS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM... THEY FOUND THE MAIDEN DEAD, AND THEY FOUND THE COUNT WITH A MONSTROUS BLACK HOUND STANDING OVER HIM, RIPPING OUT HIS THROAT...

...THEY SAY IT WAS A HOUND OF SATAN!

KTAK KTAK KTAK

BALOOM

HAHAHA! STEADY, WHATSIT!...SURELY, THIS STORY OF VISITORS FROM THE NETHER WORLD IS NOT TAKEN BY YOU SERIOUSLY!

...SURELY YOU ARE NOT PRONE TO BELIEVE THAT THE OLD BOY FROM DOWN BELOW REALLY EXISTS IN MORTAL FORM!

I SAY, SHOMES... YOU NEEDN'T ACT SO SMUG!... AFTER ALL... YOU'RE HERE UNDER THE BED TOO!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! DOES YOUR REACTION MEAN YOU WILL NOT TAKE MY CASE?

I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS THAT I HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO...

...I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS THAT I'M DESPERATE...

...I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS THAT I CAME PREPARED TO PAY MONEY...

SHOLMES' RECORDS: "THE CASE OF THE FALLEN ARCH ENEMY." CLOSED!

THE STAIR CASE. CLOSED!

THE PILLOW CASE. CLOSED!

MY USUAL FEE?... TEN POUND TWO QUID THRUPENNY HA'PENCE?

TEN POUND HA'PENNY THRUPPENCE TUPPENCE THRUPPENCE!

THROW IN ANOTHER PAIR OF PENCE AND IT'S A DEAL!

I'VE GOT TUPPENCE, JOLLY JOLLY TUPPENCE

NOW PLEASE, MISS... ON WITH YOUR STORY!

COFFE

SWISH

... WELL... EVER SINCE COUNT AMISHER BASKETBALL'S DEMISE, LIVING AT BASKETBALL HALL HASN'T BEEN CRICKET! IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE FAMILY HAS BEEN CURSED BY A LONG SERIES OF SAD MISFORTUNES AND UNTIMELY DEATHS...

...UP TO THE LAST DESCENDANT OF THE BASKETBALLS... MY UNCLE, COOLIDGE BASKETBALL, WHO ONLY THIS PAST YEAR, DIED AT BASKETBALL HALL UNDER THE MOST UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE COURT-YARD OF BASKETBALL HALL!

...YES... THEY FOUND HIM BY THE BASKETBALL COURT, LYING WHERE HE HAD FALLEN... APPARENTLY FROM A STOPPAGE OF THE HEART!... IT SEEMS HE HAD BEEN RUNNING FROM SOMETHING... AND WHEN WE FOUND HIS BODY... HIS FACE WAS FROZEN IN THE MOST TERRIFYING EXPRESSION OF HORROR I HAVE EVER SEEN!... NEAR HIM WAS FOUND FOOTSTEPS! ...FOOTSTEPS OF...

...A HOUND!

KTAK KTAK BA LOUWMMMM

...I'LL MAKE IT ANOTHER THRUPPENCE...

...ANOTHER TUPPENCE THRUPPENCE TUPPENCE HUPPENCE FUPPENCE AN'ANA'PENNY!

"THE CASE OF THE PLUMBER'S FRIEND." CLOSED! TIME JUST IN CASE!

THE BOOK CASE. CLOSED! THE SUIT CASE. STILL OPEN! THE PILLOW CASE!

WELL, HERE WE ARE AT BASKETBALL HALL!

QUITE, WHATSIT! NOW, MISS, THE NEXT STEP FOR YOU IS... THE NEXT STEP FOR YOU IS... IS TO STEP OFF MY HAND!

... NOW... ARE YOU SURE NOTHING HAS BEEN TOUCHED AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?

I AM SURE?

QUITE SURE?

QUITE!

QUITE?

SURE!

STATION

UPPER

LOWER

...AS YOU CAN SEE, MR. SHOMES... NOTHING HAS BEEN TOUCHED SINCE MY UNCLE DIED! EVERYTHING HAS BEEN LEFT JUST AS IT WAS SINCE MY UNCLE DIED!... THE COURT-YARD... THE GROUND... THE LITTLE BITS OF RUBBISH... THE UNCLE... LEFT JUST AS IT WAS WHEN MY UNCLE DIED!

I SAY... AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE PACKED HIM IN ICE!

DOG BISCUITS

BY JOVE, SHOMES... NOW THAT WE'RE HERE... IT DAWNS ON ME HOW ABSURD THIS WHOLE STORY ABOUT A DEVIL-HOUND IS... HA-HA-HA!

YES, WHATSIT! A LITTLE SUPERSTITION GOES A LONG WAY!

BAAWAAAAOOOOOOOO

LISTEN, GENTLEMEN...

HAHAHA! THAT BOT ABOUT THE DEVIL... HAHAHA!

...A CURSE, INDEED... HOHO, WHATSIT!

...THAT UNEARTHLY HOWL COMING OUT OF THE MOORS...

...HAHAHA! HOHOHO! ...TO THINK WE WERE FRIGHTENED... HEEHEEHEE!

HEHE— HEH! HOO HOOHAH!

...THEY SAY IT'S THE HOUND... THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!

A.S.P.C.A.

...THRUPPENCE TUPPENCE HUPPENCE TUPPENCE DUPPENCE MUPPENCE GUPPENCE BUPPENCE CUPPENCE HUPPENCE GADDUPENCE BOOGABUPPENCE X OFFALUPPENCE...

LORD CALVERT THE 5TH

CASTRO CONVERTABLE SOFA

NOW MISS, IF YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOUR CASE, YOU MUST FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS EXACTLY!

YES, YES!

YOU MUST BE WILLING TO DO WHAT I TELL YOU EXACTLY!

YES! YES YES!

...AND WHAT YOU MUST DO EXACTLY IS...

YES, YES!

...IS...

YES YES YES YES YES YES!

...IS...

...IS KISS ME, YOU FOOL!

GREY HOUND BUS STOP!

...NOW AS FOR THE MYSTERIOUS LEGENDS SURROUNDING THE BASKETBALLS, I SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!

YOU MEAN LIKE HACKING OR CHARGING?

...MISS BASKETBALL!... YOUR LIFE IS IN GREAT DANGER! HOWEVER I ASSURE YOU I WILL RISK LIFE ITSELF TO PROTECT YOU!

...OH, MR. SHOMES... YOU WOULD RISK YOUR LIFE FOR ME?

...NO!... AT THE MOMENT I CAN ONLY RISK WHATSIT'S LIFE!

...YOU SEE, I MUST RETURN TO LONDON ON BUSINESS! ...WHATSIT WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT...

...BUT SHOMES ...I'M NOT WELL!...JUST THE OTHER DAY I EXAMINED MYSELF AND...

...AN EXCELLENT BODY-GUARD!

OH HEATHCLIFF!

...BODY-GUARD!

...GUARD-BODY!

...BUARD-GODY!

...YES INDEEDY, SHOMES... JUST THE OTHER DAY I WAS SAYING TO MYSELF, 'BY JOVE...WOULDN'T I MAKE A SPLENDID BODY-GUARD!

...BY GAD... I'LL GUARD THIS KID'S BODY ANY DAY IN THE WEEK!

WELL... THERE GOES SHOMES!... NOW, MISS, PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO SHOW ME ABOUT AND ACQUAINT ME WITH THE SURROUNDINGS!

...THERE ISN'T MUCH TO SHOW, DR. WHATSIT! ON ONE SIDE HERE, WE HAVE BASKETBALL HALL... FULL OF SERVANTS... CHILDREN... PEOPLE... CIVILIZATION!

... AND OUT THERE...

...WHICH REMINDS ME... HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?

R S

...THE GREAT GRIMPEN MOOR!

YOO HOO! HEATHCLIFF!

...IN OTHER WORDS... ON THIS SIDE IS THE MOOR?... WILD? ...DESOLATE?... AND LONELY?... NO PEOPLE?... NO NUTT'N?

TO DINTY MOOR 3000 MIS.

...AND ON THAT SIDE? BASKETBALL HALL?... PEOPLE?... SERVANTS?... ...CHILDREN?... PEOPLE?... CIVILIZATION? ... COCA-COLA?

ICE. CRUSHED AND CUBES 25¢ A BOX

...AND ON THIS SIDE?... THE MOOR? ...LONELY?... UNHABITED?... NO PEOPLE FOR MILES?... NOBODY? ...NO ONE?... NEIN?... NICHT?... NYET?

DOG POND

HOUND BAY

LAST CHANCE ANTI-RABIES STATION! FILL UP NOW!

...BY JOVE... SOUNDS LIKE THE NEXT BEST THING TO A DRIVE-IN THEATRE!

...I'M ALL FOR TAKING A BRISK WALK THROUGH THE MOOR!

HEATHCLIFFE LA!

OOOOOOOOOO

WAAG

LIKE I SAYING... I'M ALL FOR TAKING A BRISK WALK THROUGH THE DOOR!

WHERE'S THE DOOR?

WHERE'S THE CASTLE DOOR?

TUJOUR LA MOOR FOR SURE!

...BASKETBALL HALL! ... THE PEOPLE! ... THE CIVILIZATION! ... THE COCA-COLA! ... GONE!

...DRAT THE LUCK! A FOG HAS DESCENDED ON THE MOOR!... WE'RE LOST!

DR. WHATSIT! ...THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE... SOMETHING RUNNING RAPIDLY ALONG THE GROUND...

REDUCE SPEED TO 25 MILES PER HR.

PIDDY PUM PIDDY PUM PIDDY PUM..

...LISTEN TO THOSE GROWLS! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!...IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME... IT'S THE DEVIL-HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!

...COURAGE, MADAME! ...I WILL DEAL WITH THIS WITH MY BARE HANDS... FOR A HOUND IS ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD!

... TROUBLE IS... I AM ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD TOO!

PIDDY PUM PIDDY PUM

EVERY DOG HAS IT'S DAY -AND NIGHTS!

...I LEARNED TO DEAL WITH SUCH ANIMALS IN THE BOER WAR!

...FIRST I JAB FOR THE NECK...

YEEEE

...THEN BOTH THUMBS UNDER THE EYE-BALLS...

HOW TO HOUSE-BREAK A DOG!

GAAA

...FORCE THE CLOSED FIST BETWEEN THE JAWS DOWN THE THROAT...

YAK YAK

HOW TO BREAK A HOUSE-DOG!

...THEN TUG BACK AGAINST THE NECK TILL THE BACK-BONE IS HEARD TO CRACK...

CRAK!

...AHA! WAIT TILL SHOMES RETURNS!... WON'T HE BE SURPRISED TO FIND I CAUGHT THE KILLER!... WON'T HE BE SURPRISED TO HEAR I CAPTURED THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!

WRONG AGAIN WHATSIT!

...I SAY!... I HAVEN'T CAPTURED THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS AT ALL!... I'VE MERELY CAPTURED SHOMES!

AK! AK! AK!

QUITE RIGHT, WHAT-SIT... AND I HAVE CAPTURED THE HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS!

CONFOUND IT, SHOMES... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU'D CAPTURE THE HOUND IN THE END!

...INDEED I DID, WHATSIT... ***MY*** END! ...PRY HIM LOOSE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!

...THERE IS YOUR 'DEVIL-HOUND' OF THE BASKETBALLS...BELONGS TO A NEIGHBOR, I FANCY!

...YES!... HE BELONGS TO ME!

GRO-FAST FERTILIZER

GRR GRR GR

...YOU MEAN TO SAY SHOMES, THAT THE 'HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS' IS MERELY A HARMLESS NEIGHBORHOOD DOG?... WELL THEN... WHAT WAS HE AFTER?

...THIS CAN OF ***RED-HEART*** DOG-FOOD THAT I HAD IN MY POCKET!

...YES... ***RED-HEART*** DOG-FOOD HAS THE LEAN, RED-MEAT DOGS GO FOR!

...YOU SEE, WHAT-SIT... WHEN I PRETENDED TO LEAVE FOR LONDON ... I ACTUALLY WENT SNOOPING IN BASKETBALL HALL!

THE DAY UNCLE COOLIDGE BASKETBALL DIED... THE GUILTY PARTY PLANTED THIS DOG FOOD IN THE UNCLE'S WESKIT!... LATER, WHILE WALKING IN HIS WESKIT, THE SUPERSTITIOUS UNCLE, HEARING THE FOOTSTEPS OF A DOG BEHIND HIM ... THOUGHT HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED BY THE LEGENDARY 'HOUND OF THE BASKETBALLS'!... HAVING A SEVERE HEART CONDITION, THE UNCLE DIED OF A STROKE! I FOUND THE DOG-FOOD IN THE WESKIT IN A BESKITBALL BESKIT IN ***MISS PRU' BESKITBALL'S ROOM!***

SEIZE HER!

JACKPOT!

SHE INHERITS BASKETBALL HALL!... SHE TRIED TO THROW THE AUTHORITIES OFF THE TRACK BY HIRING ME!

...***SEIZE HER!***

...ON SECOND THOUGHT... DON'T ***YOU*** SEIZE HER... ***I'LL*** SEIZE HER!

WAIT! SCOTLAND YARD IS HERE!... ***WE'LL*** SEIZE HER!

YES! ONE OF OUR BOB-BIES IS NAMED JULIUS! ...***JULIUS*** CAESAR!

WELL, WHATSIT! ...THERE'S ANO-THER ONE FOR THE CASEBOOK! ...THAT WILL TEACH YOU THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'THE ***DEVIL***'!

...HULLO!... WHAT'S THIS? THE GENTLEMAN WHO OWNS THE SO-CALLED 'HOUND OF THE BASKET-BALLS.... HAVEN'T YOU GONE, SIR?

...I CAN'T!

...YOU SEE... YOU'RE STEPPING ON THE TAIL!

...GOOD HEAVENS, MAN... THE DOG'S TAIL...?

NO!

MINE!

THE END.