

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 8
DEC.-JAN.

10¢

MAD

WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
A MONSTER,
MA'M! HAS
ONE BEEN
BY HERE
LATELY?



H. Kurtz



GADZOOKS!
 MY JOY KNOWS
 NO BOUNDS! I
 HAVE JUST RECEIVED
 MY **E.C. FAN-ADDICT
 CLUB MEMBERSHIP
 KIT** WHICH INCLUDES
 A FULL COLOR
 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED
CERTIFICATE, A STURDY
 WALLET **IDENTIFICATION
 CARD**, AN ATTRACTIVE
 EMBROIDERED
SHOULDER PATCH,
 AND A STUNNING
 ANTIQUE BRONZE-
 FINISH **BAS-
 RELIEF PIN**, SO
WHAT!

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

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

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

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

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____
 STATE _____

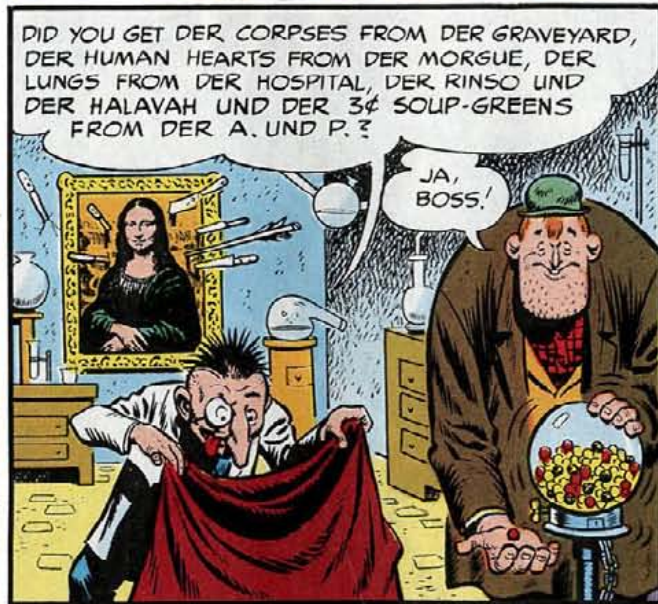
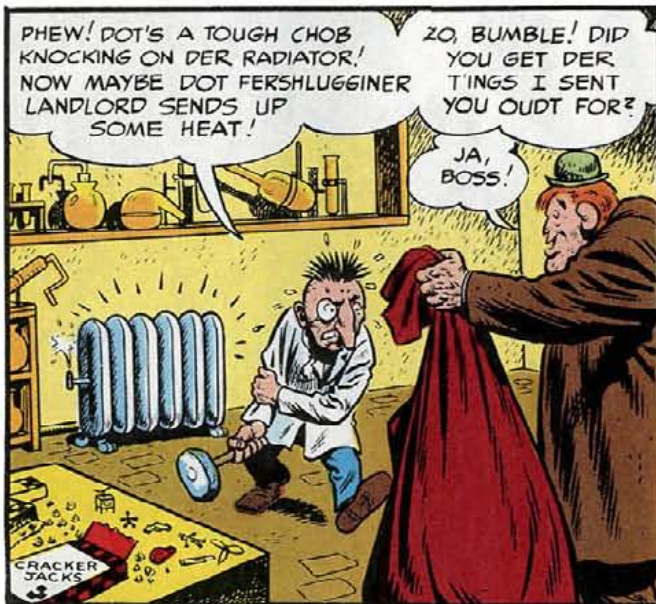
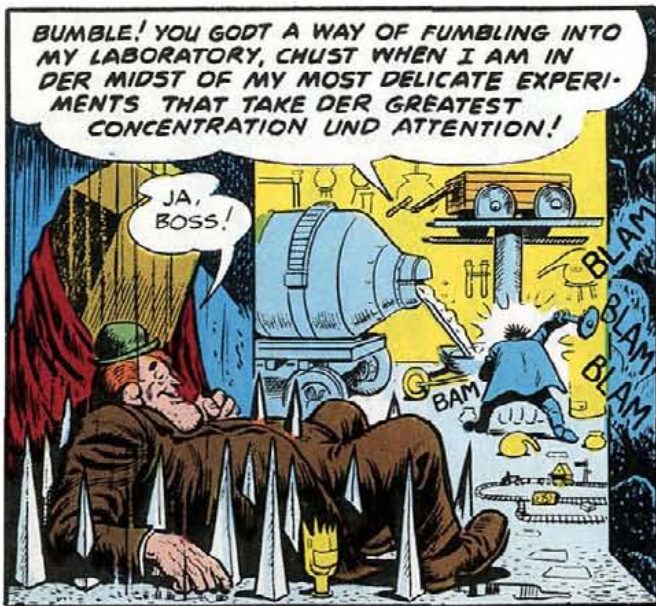
TERROR DEPT.: THE SCENE FOR THIS REAL CRAZY STORY IS SET IN THE LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN OF VEEBLEFETZER! A FIGURE, BENT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF A GRISLY RED SACK, IS SEEN TOILING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE CASTLE OF BARON VON STEIN!...BARON FRANCESCO NAPOLEON STEIN... KNOWN FOR SHORT AS...

FRANK N. STEIN!



TURN NEXT CIRCLE FOR HOWARD JOHNSON'S





UND NOW...VE OPERATE! VE GOT TO MAKE EFFRYTING VERY SANITARY!

BUT BOSS! DAT'S WHERE I DUG UP DA BODIES FROM...THE SANITARY!

DUMPKOFF! DAS 1ST SEMETARY, NOT SANITARY!

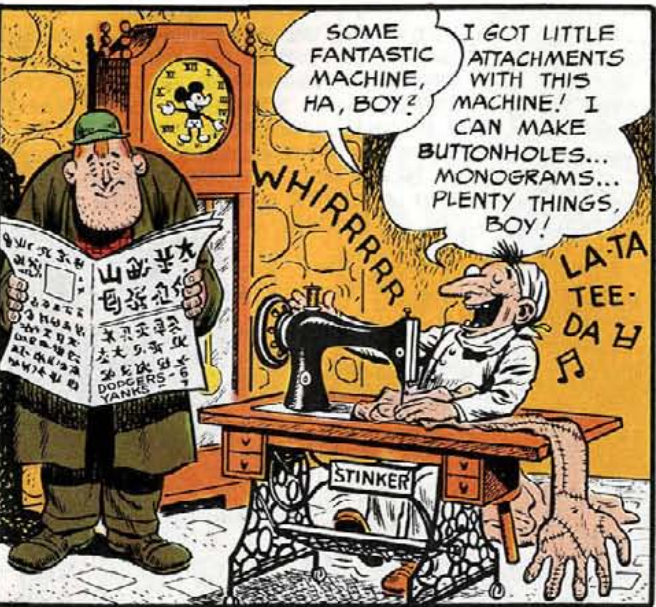
SANITARY IS THE FIRST NAME OF THAT GUY WHO COMES ON CHRISTMAS! ... SANITARY CLAUSE!



UND NOW DOT VE GOT DER HANDS CLEANED... DER FACE WASHED... DER STOCKINGS CHANGED... DER SHOES ON, AND DER NOSE BLOWED... WE GO... INTO DER OPERATING ROOM WHERE WE HAVE... DER MACHINE!



... ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WORKING TO CREATE LIFE... TO TAKE DIFFERENT PORTIONS OF DEAD BODIES... PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND MAKE A NEW SUPERHUMAN BODY THAT LIVES... AND WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT MACHINE... WITH THIS FANTASTIC MACHINE I CAN DO IT! WITH THIS PHENOMENAL MACHINE I CAN PUT THE PORTIONS TOGETHER!

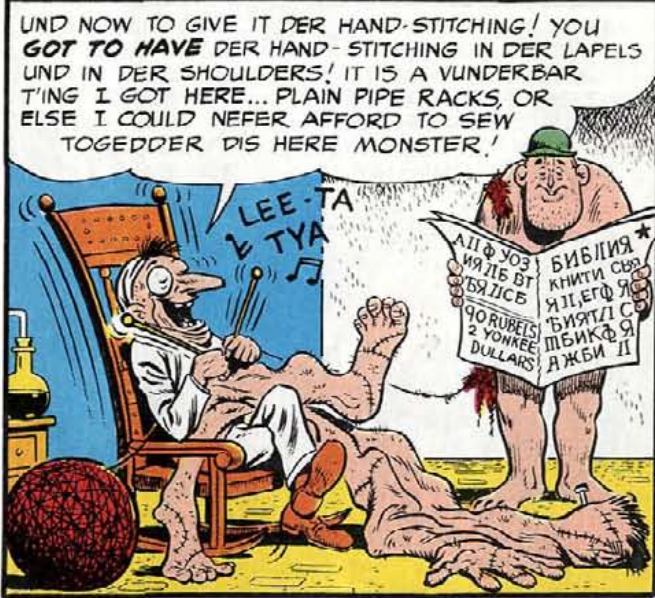


SOME FANTASTIC MACHINE, HA, BOY?

I GOT LITTLE ATTACHMENTS WITH THIS MACHINE! I CAN MAKE BUTTONHOLES... MONOGRAMS... PLENTY THINGS, BOY!

WHIRRRRR

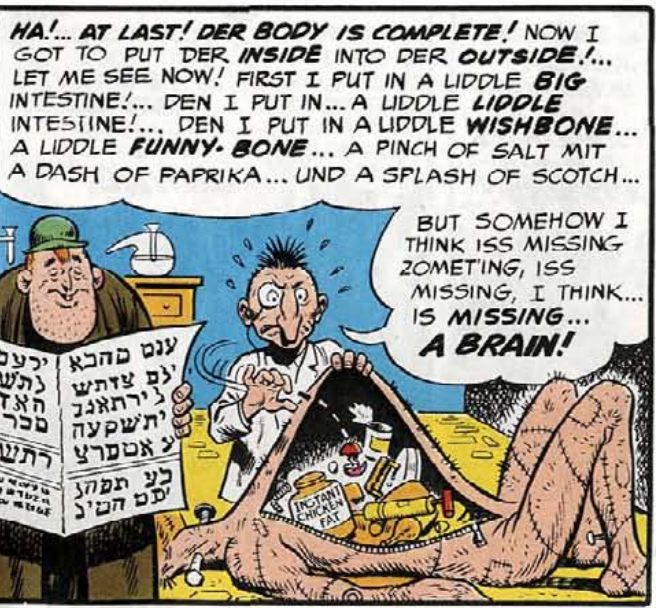
LATA TEE-DA H



UND NOW TO GIVE IT DER HAND-STITCHING! YOU GOT TO HAVE DER HAND-STITCHING IN DER LAPELS UND IN DER SHOULDERS! IT IS A VUNDERBAR T'ING I GOT HERE... PLAIN PIPE RACKS, OR ELSE I COULD NEFER AFFORD TO SEW TOGEDDER DIS HERE MONSTER!

LEE-TA & TYA

АЛІ УЗІЯЛІ ВТ БУДІСЬ БІБЛІЯ СВЯ ЯЛІ, ЕФ Я 90 РУБЛІСЬ 2 ЮНКЕЕ ДУЛАРС



HA!... AT LAST! DER BODY IS COMPLETE! NOW I GOT TO PUT DER INSIDE INTO DER OUTSIDE!... LET ME SEE NOW! FIRST I PUT IN A LIDDLE BIG INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN... A LIDDLE LIDDLE INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN A LIDDLE WISHBONE!... A LIDDLE FUNNY-BONE... A PINCH MIT A DASH OF PAPRIKA... UND A SPLASH OF SCOTCH...

BUT SOMEHOW I THINK ISS MISSING ZOMETING, ISS MISSING, I THINK... IS MISSING... A BRAIN!

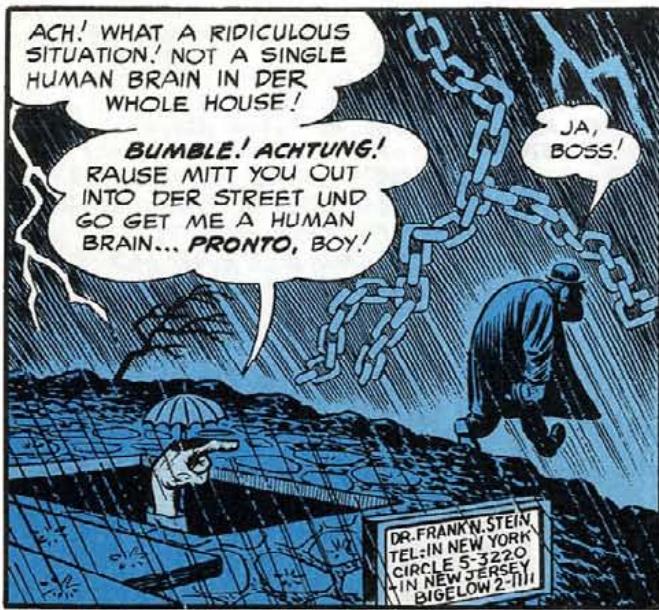


ACH DU LIEBER! HOW CAN I COMPLETE MY EXPERIMENT WITHOUT A BRAIN? A MAN CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT A BRAIN... CAN HE, BUMBLE?... WAIT A MINUTE! AFTER LOOKING AT YOU, BUMBLE, I CHANGE MY OPINION!

NOM DU CHIEN... SURELY I MUST HAVE A LITTLE LEFT-OVER BRAIN HERE IN MY TOOL BOX!

SPLAT

DIMAGGIO LA BERNA RIZZUTO CUBA LIBRE... TOUTE LA HORN EL EXPRESSO DI GIOVANI LA GOOMBA A SALUTE GRACIAS HI PIZAN



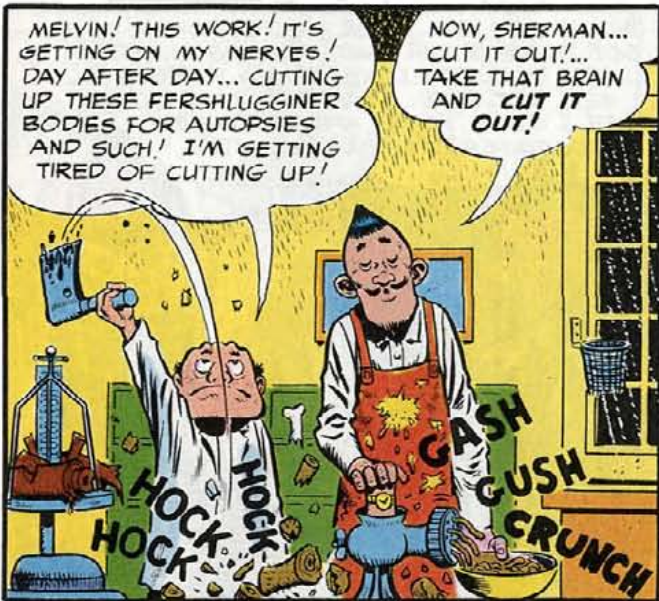
ACH! WHAT A RIDICULOUS SITUATION! NOT A SINGLE HUMAN BRAIN IN DER WHOLE HOUSE!

BUMBLE! ACHTUNG! RAUSE MITT YOU OUT INTO DER STREET UND GO GET ME A HUMAN BRAIN... **PRONTO, BOY!**

JA, BOSS!



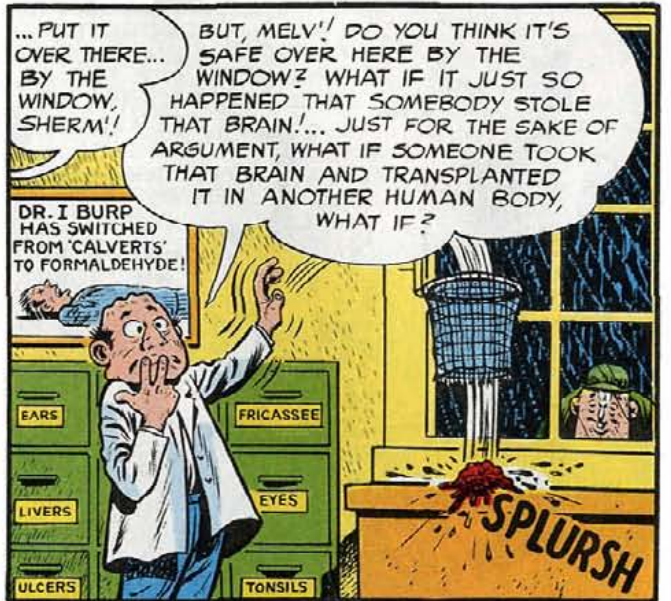
UNEEDA LABORATORY



MELVIN! THIS WORK! IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES! DAY AFTER DAY... CUTTING UP THESE FERSHLUGGINER BODIES FOR AUTOPSIES AND SUCH! I'M GETTING TIRED OF CUTTING UP!

NOW, SHERMAN... CUT IT OUT... TAKE THAT BRAIN AND **CUT IT OUT!**

HOCK HOCK HOCK
GASH GUSH CRUNCH



... PUT IT OVER THERE... BY THE WINDOW, SHERM'!

BUT, MELV'! DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE OVER HERE BY THE WINDOW? WHAT IF IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT SOMEBODY STOLE THAT BRAIN!... JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, WHAT IF SOMEONE TOOK THAT BRAIN AND TRANSPLANTED IT IN ANOTHER HUMAN BODY, WHAT IF?

DR. I BURP HAS SWITCHED FROM 'CALVERTS' TO FORMALDEHYDE!

SPLURSH



... THAT BRAIN? N-NOT TH-THAT B-B-BRAIN! WHY... I SHUDDER TO THINK... (JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT) WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THAT BRAIN WERE TRANSPLANTED IN A HUMAN BODY!

LET ME DESTROY IT, SHERMAN! LET ME DESTROY IT!



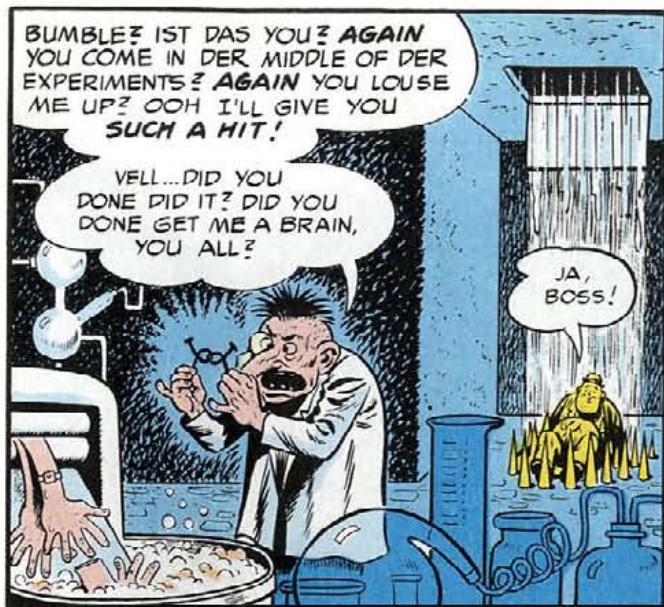
SNAP OUT OF IT! SNAP OUT OF IT, MAN! ... PERHAPS IF WE SENT YOU BACK TO THE REAR... PERHAPS IF WE GAVE YOU A FURLOUGH...

... SHERM'! ... LOOK! IN THE ROOM! S-S-S-S- SOMETHING IS M-M-M- MISSING!...



YOUR MIND IS PLAYING TRICKS, MAN! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING MISSING!

LOOK! LOOK, YOU FOOL! ... THE BRAIN! ... THAT BRAIN! IT'S GAW-GAW-MISSING! ... GAWNE!



BUMBLE? IST DAS YOU? AGAIN YOU COME IN DER MIDDLE OF DER EXPERIMENTS? AGAIN YOU LOUSE ME UP? OOH I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A HIT!

VELL...DID YOU DONE DID IT? DID YOU DONE GET ME A BRAIN, YOU ALL?

JA, BOSS!



AGAIN? AGAIN MIT DER 'JA, BOSS!' ... BUMBLE... YOU I DON'T LIKE!

ZO! WHERE ISS DER BRAIN! HMM! DAS IST NOT A VERY BIG BRAIN... BUT IT WILL DO!

JA, BOSS!

...UND NOW I PUT IT INSIDE DER HEAD... UND NOW DER BIGGEST PART OF DER EXPERIMENT BEGINS!



STAND BACK, BUMBLE, UND DO NOT MAKE NO NOISE! I MUST CONCENTRATE!

UND NOW WE START DER MACH-INE... ZO... UND NOW I PULL DIS LEVER... ZO...



AHA! UMHUM! ...1,000 ...2,000 ...3,000 DER LIGHTS ISS BLINK-ING... DER BELL IS RINGING! NOW...

QUEEK QUEEK PLIK PLOK PLIK PLUK BZZZ HUMMM



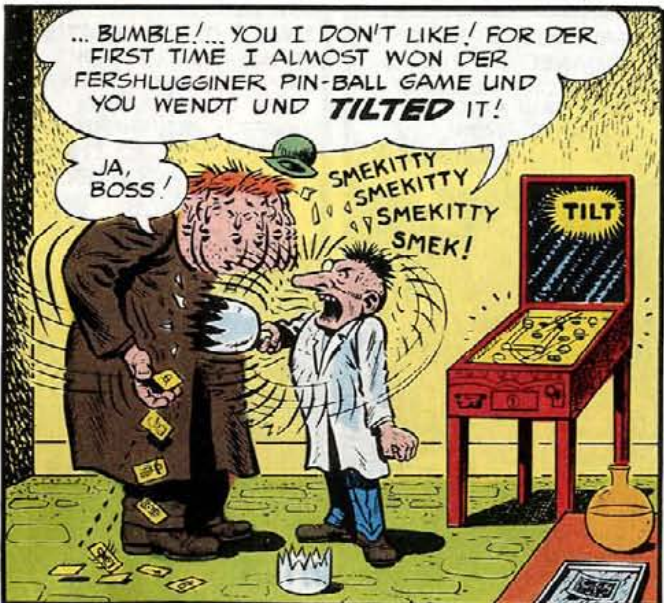
NOW... I PULL DIS LEVER... ZO...

ACH! SOMETHING ISS GOING WRONG! QUICK, BUMBLE! PUSH DER MACHINE HERE



... YOU ARE PUSHING DER MACHINE TOO MUCH...

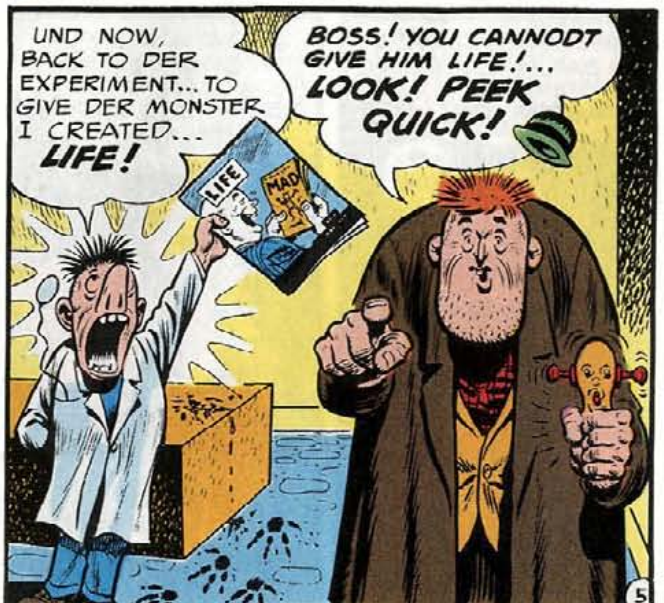
GEDT BACK, BUMBLE! ...NO... NOOOO...



... BUMBLE!... YOU I DON'T LIKE! FOR DER FIRST TIME I ALMOST WON DER FERSHLUGGINER PIN-BALL GAME UND YOU WENDT UND TILTED IT!

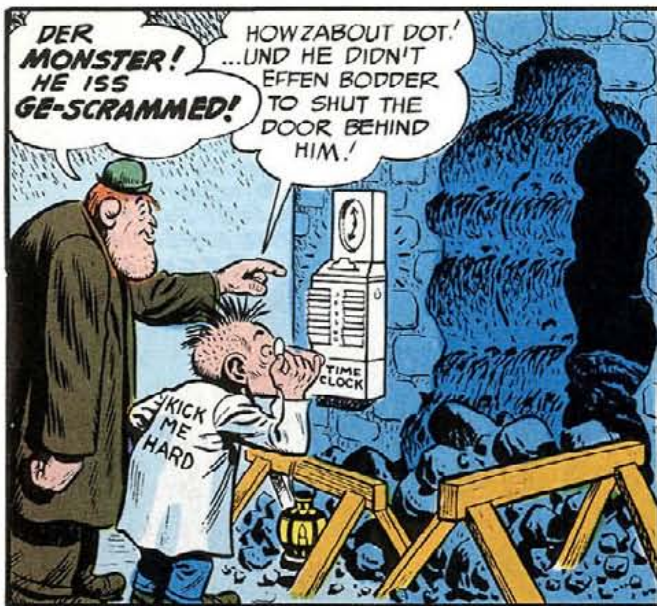
JA, BOSS!

SMEKITTY SMEKITTY SMEKITTY SMEK!



UND NOW, BACK TO DER EXPERIMENT... TO GIVE DER MONSTER I CREATED... LIFE!

BOSS! YOU CANNODT GIVE HIM LIFE!... LOOK! PEEK QUICK!

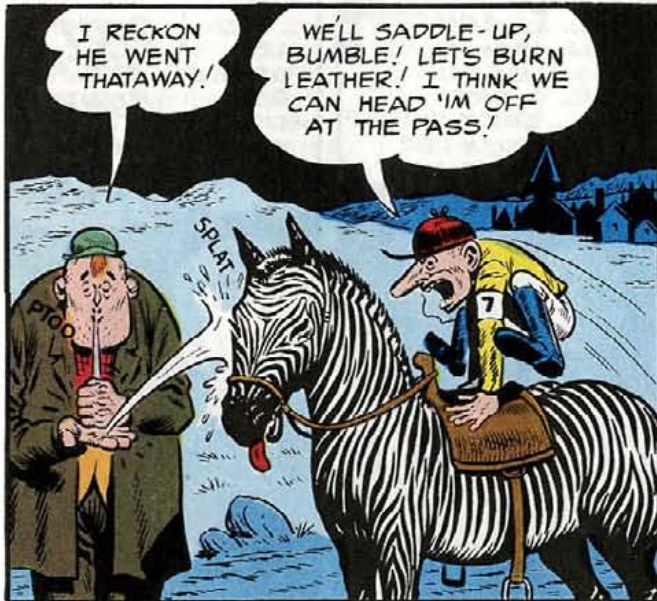


DER MONSTER! HE ISS GE-SCRAMMED!

HOWZABOUT DOT! ...UND HE DIDN'T EFFEN BODDER TO SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM!



ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE... WE MUST FIND HIM UND BRING HIM BACK TO CHUSTICE!... HMMM! I VUNDER VICH VAY HE VENT? DID YOU SEE VICH VAY HE VENT? I VUNDER VICH VAY VE GOT TO VENT?



I RECKON HE WENT THATAWAY!

WE'LL SADDLE-UP, BUMBLE! LET'S BURN LEATHER! I THINK WE CAN HEAD 'IM OFF AT THE PASS!



... HERE HE COMES, BUMBLE! PUT ASIDE YOUR INSTRUMENTS OF VIOLENCE! PUT-AWAY-FIRE-STICK!... PHYSICAL VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WITH MEN!... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS... **SPIRITUAL** WAYS...

TROMP TROMP



MONSTER! LISTEN! I AM BARON VON FRANK N. STEIN! I CREATED YOU!



...I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I WEANED YOU FROM A CLUMP OF GEARS, NUTS AND BOLTS, BOY!

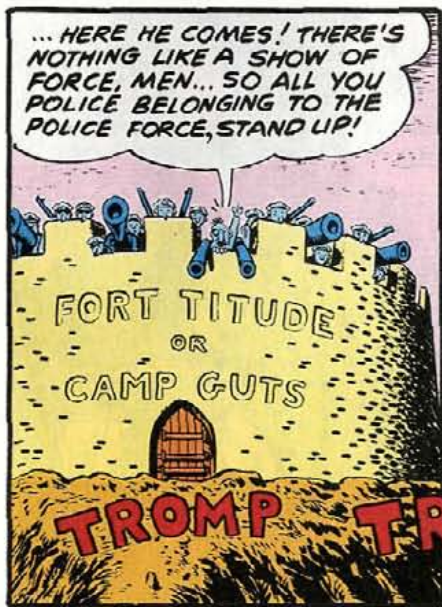
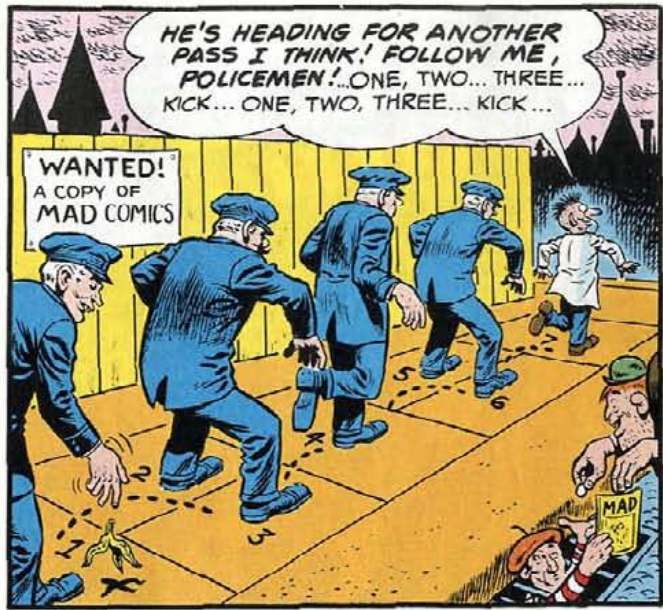


I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I CLEANED UP THE 13 AREAS OF THE BODY THAT BAD ODORS EMANATE FROM!... I GAVE YOU **LIFEBUDDY!**



THAT'S IT, BOY! THAT'S IT, MONSTER OL' BOY! (SNIFF) COME TO YOUR EVER-LOVIN' PAPPY! (SNIFF)... YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO COME HOME (SNAFFLE) BOY! **HOME... (BOOHOO)!!**

TROMP TROMP TROMP TROMP



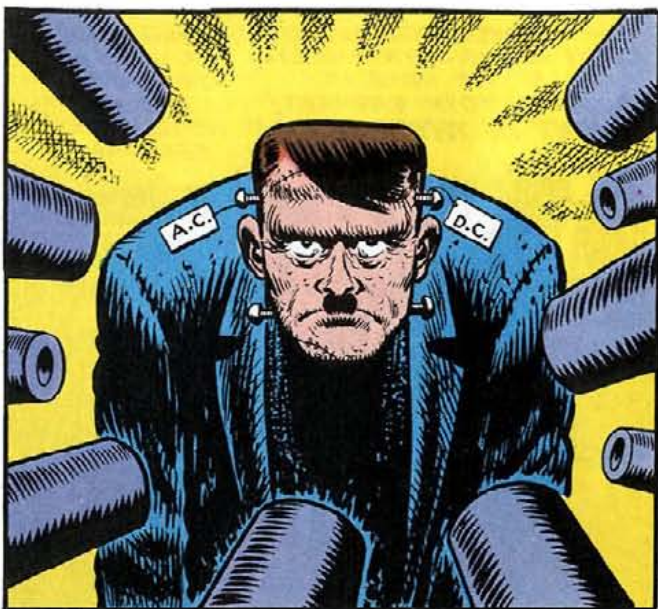


THERE IT IS!

LOOK AT ITS FACE!

WHAT A HORRIBLE FACE!

I CAN'T STAND IT!



VELL, CHENTLEMEN... IT HAS BEEN A LONG TEDIOUS CHASE! YOU HAF ALL STAYED MIT ME UNTIL NOW. WE ARE GATHERED TOGEDDER IN A BUNCH UND WE GOT DIS MONSTER SURROUNDED SO DOT HE CANNOT POSSIBLY ESCAPE! UND ZO DERE ISS ONLY ONE MORE TING I GOT TO SAY TO YOU, MY DEAR FRIENDS WHO ARE GATHERED HERE...
BREAK IT UP!

... HEY! WHAT'S DOT MONSTER DOING?



ACH DU LIEBER! UND LAND SAKES! ... HE ISS ESCAPING! HE ISS FLYING UP IN DER AIR!... CAN DIS BE POSSIBLE?

YES! IT CAN BE POSSIBLE! I AM MELVIN! I WORK IN THE UNEEDA LABORATORY! I WAS WORKING ON A BRAIN...



YORKING ON A BRAIN? AWW CUT IT OUT!

THAT'S WHAT I DID! I CUT IT OUT AND PUT IT ON THE TABLE! ... WE WERE CUTTING UP THIS OL' BIRD...



WAIT!... YOU ARE MAKING ME FARSHIMMELT! WHAT HAS THIS BRAIN GOT TO DO WITH DER MONSTER FLYING AWAY?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU! THAT FERSHLUUGNER BRAIN THAT YOUR ASSISTANT STOLE... THAT BRAIN...

... WAS...



... A BIRD BRAIN!

R & H BEER

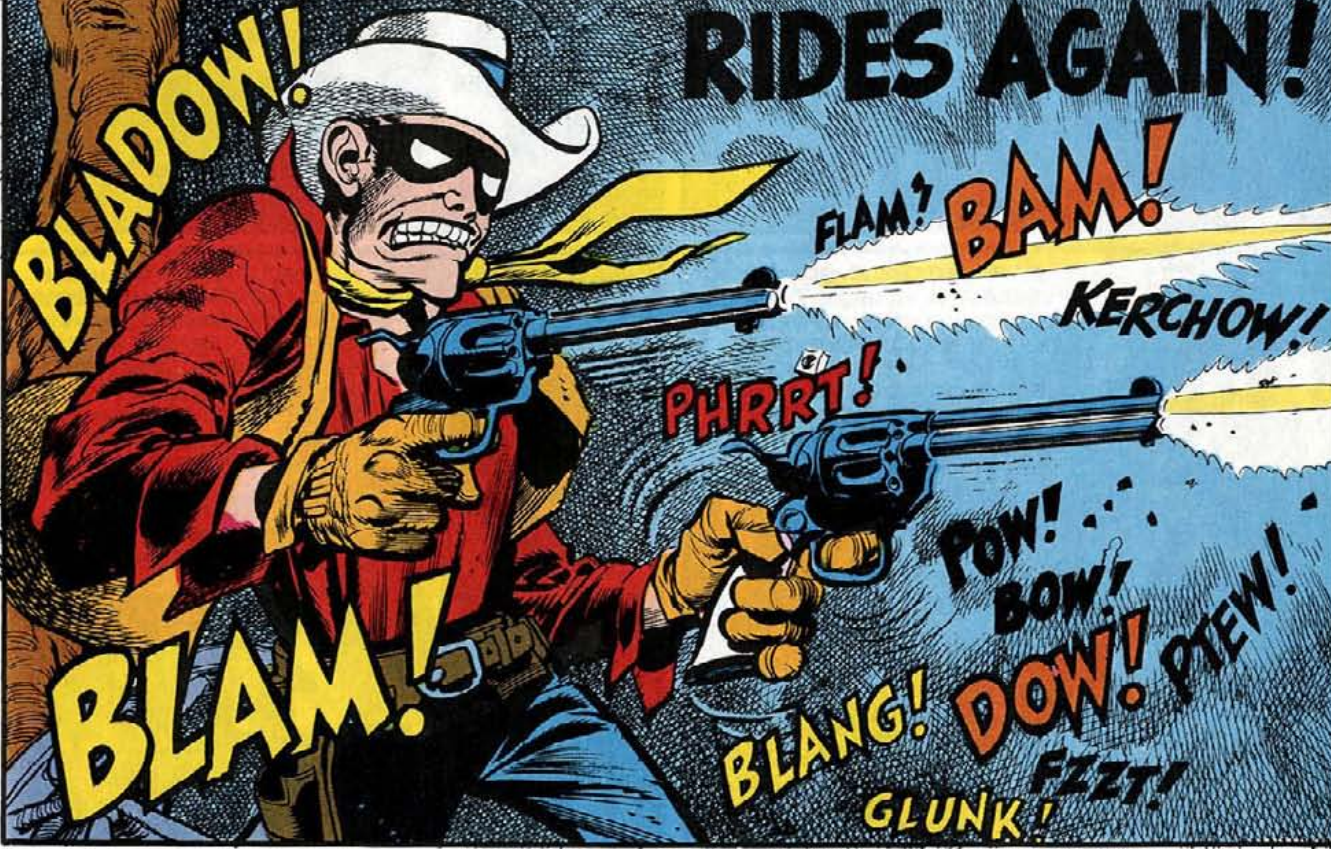
OH BUMBLE! YOU HAVE FUMBLER!

JA, BOSS!

WESTERN DEPT.: THE SCENE OPENS UP TO THE SOUND OF TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... TO THE SOUND OF GOLDEN BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE AIR... TO THE SOUND OF THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACKGROUND! OUT OF THE PAST COME THE HOOFBEATS OF THE GREAT HORSE GOLDEN! THE...

LONE STRANGER

RIDES AGAIN!



...MY SIX THUNDERING TWO-GUNS... I MEAN MY TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... ARE SILENT... OUT OF BULLETS! I AM **DEFENSELESS!**



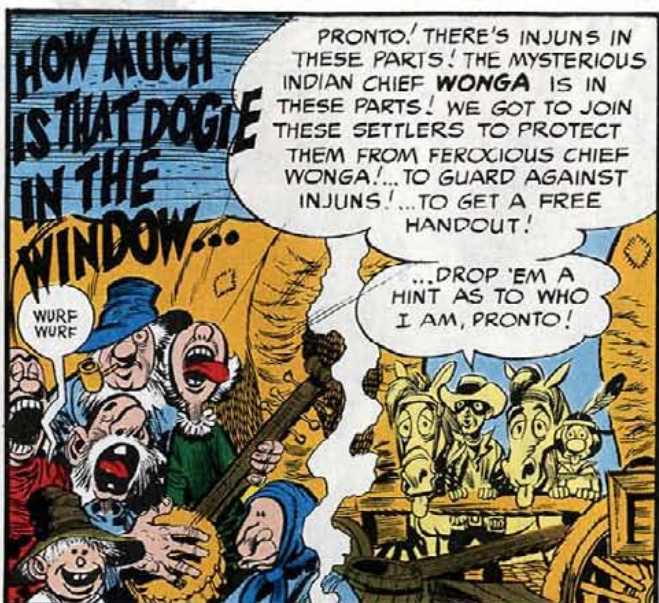
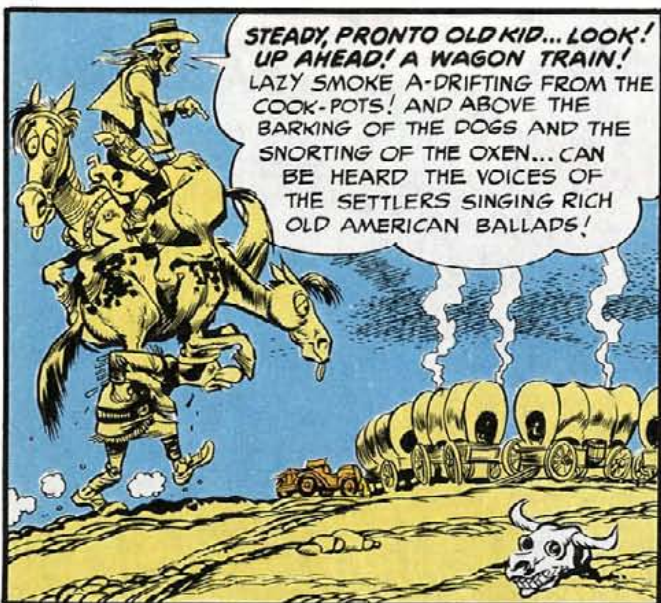
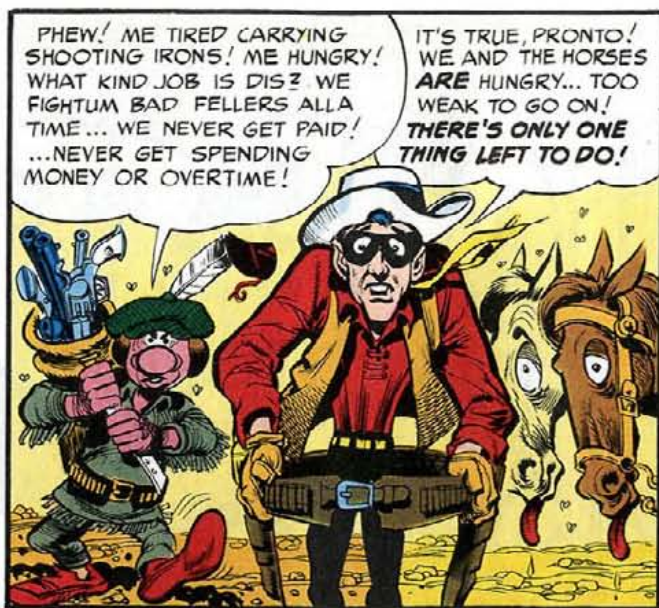
... BUT I DON'T NEED ANY MORE BULLETS! MY GUNS HAVE DONE THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK! MY BULLETS HAVE FOUND THEIR TARGET!

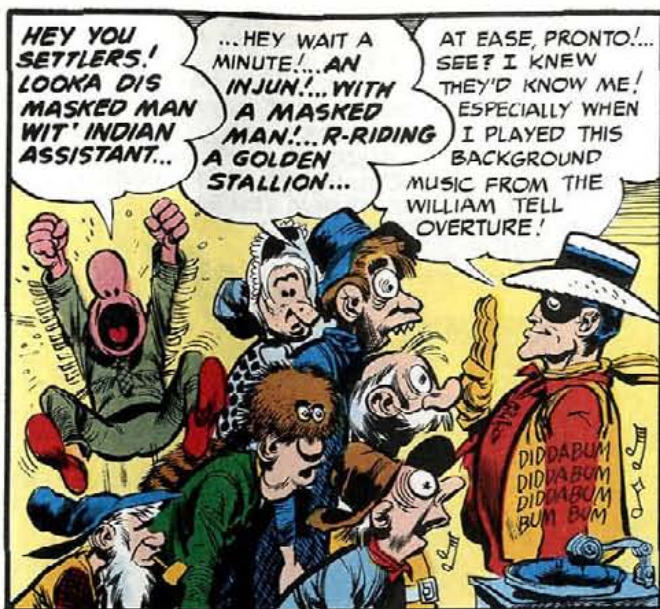


WELL... ANYHOW... **ONE** OF MY BULLETS FOUND THE TARGET!



... WHERE'S PRONTO! ...**PRONTO!** YOU OLD RAP-SCALLION!





HEY YOU SETTLERS! LOOKA DIS MASKED MAN WIT' INDIAN ASSISTANT...

...HEY WAIT A MINUTE!... AN INJUN!... WITH A MASKED MAN!... R-RIDING A GOLDEN STALLION...

AT EASE, PRONTO!... SEE? I KNEW THEY'D KNOW ME! ESPECIALLY WHEN I PLAYED THIS BACKGROUND MUSIC FROM THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE!



NOW MEN! TAKE IT EASY, MEN!... I'LL SHAKE YOUR HANDS ONE AT A TIME... GIVE YOU AUTOGRAPHS! ... JUST DON'T CROWD ME!



... WE KNOW WHO THAT IS ALL RIGHT! IT'S A BLASTED OWL-HOOT CATTLE RUSTLER! ELSE WHY WOULD HE WEAR THAT MASK!

HOL' ON, BOYS! YOU SETTLERS CUM FUM THE EAST HAIN'T NEVER HEER'D TELL OF THE FAMOUS MASKED RIDER OF THE WEST! THIS IS NOT A LONE STRANGER... NOT SOME LONE STRANGER... BUT **THE LONE STRANGER!**



THE LONE STRANGER???

ALLAH!

ALLAH! AKBAR!

ALLAH!

ALLAH!

ALLAH!

ALLAH!

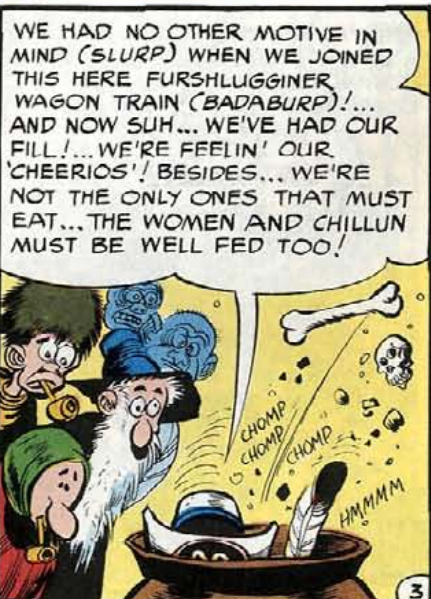


COME JOIN US AT THE COOK-POT, LONE STRANGER!... US SETTLERS, RUSHING WESTWARD, EVER WESTWARD, OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE, TAKING OUR WAGONS LIKE SAILING SHIPS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE... NEVER TURN DOWN THE WAYFARIN' STRANGER... ESPECIALLY THE WAYFARIN' LONE STRANGER WHO...

PODNUH! I'M A MAN OF FEW WORDS AND PLENTY ACTION! **GIT OUT THE WAY!**



(CHOMP! GULP!)... YOU SEE (CHOMP) ... THE REASON PRONTO AND I (GLUNK) HAVE JOINED THIS WAGON TRAIN IS FOR NO OTHER MOTIVE (PASS THE KETCHUP) THEN TO PROTECT THE WAGON TRAIN (SLOP) AS IT MOVED (P-TEW) LIKE A ROW OF GHOSTLY SAILBOATS ACROSS THE (GIT YOUR COTTON PICKIN' HANDS OFF THAT DRUMSTICK) PRAIRIE!



WE HAD NO OTHER MOTIVE IN MIND (SLURP) WHEN WE JOINED THIS HERE FURSHLUSSIGNER WAGON TRAIN (BADABURP)!... AND NOW SUH... WE'VE HAD OUR FILL!... WE'RE FEELIN' OUR 'CHEERIOS'! BESIDES... WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES THAT MUST EAT... THE WOMEN AND CHILLUN MUST BE WELL FED TOO!

WELL, LONE STRANGER, YOU'LL PROBABLY WANT TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM YOUR BOOTS AND TIDY UP GENERALLY, EH WOT?!

NO HURRY, SUH! FOR WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM MY BOOTS?... MY LIFE IS CHASIN' OWL HOOTS... BRINGIN' OUTLAWS TO JUSTICE!... MY LIFE IS A HE-MAN LIFE... MOVIN' LIKE A SAILING SHIP ACROSS THE PRAIRIE WHERE MEN ARE MEN!... I DON'T MESS AROUND WITH WOMEN!

OOH!



...FOR WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM MY BOOTS WITH A HE-MAN LIFE LIKE MINE? I GOT NO GIRL-FRIENDS! POOEY! WHO WANTS GIRL-FRIENDS! THERE'S NOTHING AS STIRKING AS THE LONE CAYOTE'S HOWL UNDER THE FULL MOON... THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACKGROUND! ... WOMEN? BAH, THEY NEVER AFFECT ME...

OOOH!... IS THIS THE MASKED MAN AND HIS PARTNER, PRONTO? ...OOOH!... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU!

BOING!



...AS I WAS A-SAYIN'... WHAT'S NEW DERE, FELLERS? HOW ARE THE GIANTS DOING? ANY GOOD MOVIES IN TOWN? ANYBODY 'ROUND HERE WANT TO GO TO THE MOVIES?!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A-HOPIN' AND A-PRAYIN' TO MEET THE KEEPER OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST!... I'VE ALWAYS BEEN WANTIN' TO MEET... TO MEET...

...PRONTO!



PRONTO, YOU OLD CURMUDGEON! ... DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GO INTO TOWN AND LISTEN IN TO CONVERSATIONS OF FELLERS IN BARROOMS?!



THAT PRONTO IS GETTING MIGHTY UPPITY THESE DAYS!... NOW!... TO GET DOWN TO PROTECTING THIS WAGON TRAIN!... I HAVE A FEELING THAT INJUNS ARE CLOSE!



I HAVE A DEFINITE FEELING THAT THAT MYSTERIOUS CHIEF WONGA AND HIS TRIBE OF BLOODTHIRSTY INJUNS ARE VERY CLOSE! I HAVE THIS VERY DEFINITE... THIS VERY VERY DEFINITE FEELING!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO RIDE OUT AND LOOK FOR INDIAN-SIGN!

...BUT LONE STRANGER!... WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU RODE OUT ON YOUR HORSE!

I CAN'T! NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE THIS DEFINITE FEELING THAT INJUNS ARE NEAR!



AHA! LOOK OVER HERE! IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED! ...INDIAN-SIGN!

...NOW THAT MY SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED... THAT THERE ARE INJUNS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD... I HAVE WORK TO DO! I'VE GOT RIDING TO DO!

EASYSTEDDY, BIG FELLOW!



ACCORDING TO THE INDIAN-SIGN I RECKON THE INJUNS WENT THATAWAY!

RIGHT! SO...

HIYO GOLDEN... HAWAAAAAY VOOM

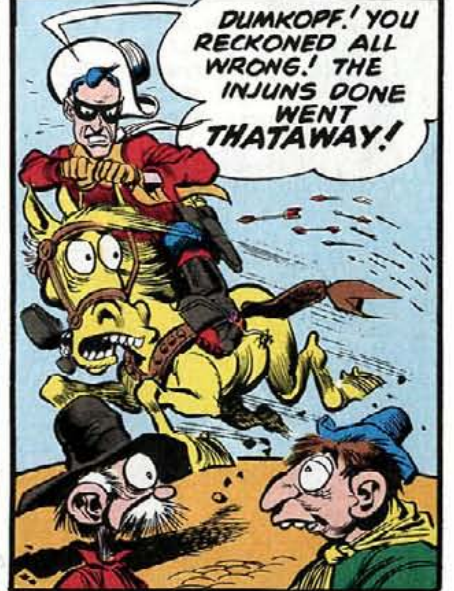


I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN!... THE LONE STRANGER IS DISAPPEARING OVER THE HORIZON!... DESERTING US!

FALSE! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN!... THE LONE STRANGER IS COMING BACK FROM OVER THE HORIZON! HE'S STAYING WITH US!



DUMKOPF! YOU RECKONED ALL WRONG! THE INJUNS DONE WENT THATAWAY!

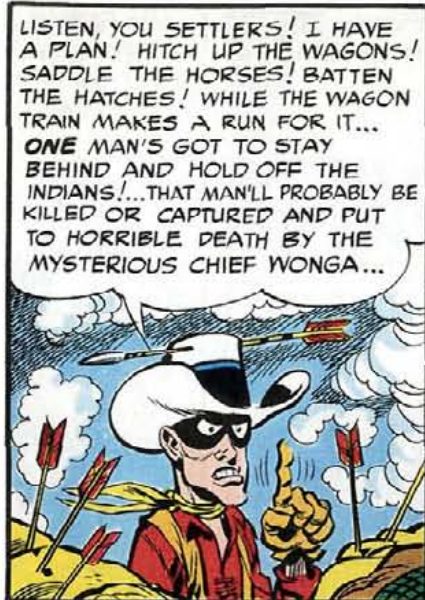
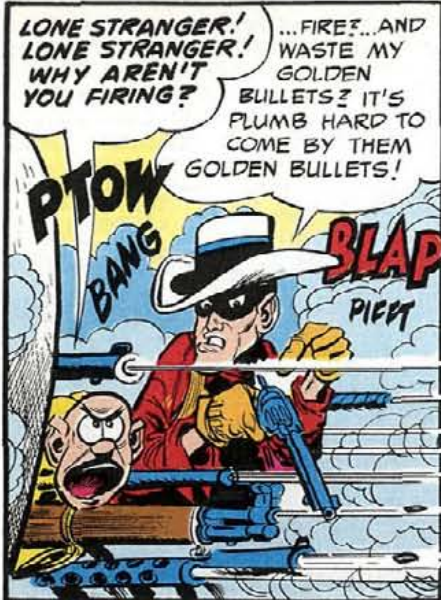


ALL RIGHT, MEN! CHIEF WONGA AND HIS OOKABOLLAWONGA TRIBE ARE THE BLOODIEST BAND OF INDIANS THIS SIDE OF THE PECOS! KEEP THE WAGONS IN A CIRCLE! WE'LL FIGHT TO THE END! THERE'LL BE NO QUARTER GIVEN AND NO QUARTER ASKED... JUST MAYBE A NICKEL AND COUPLE HALF DOLLARS!

PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T LET 'EM SCALP ME!

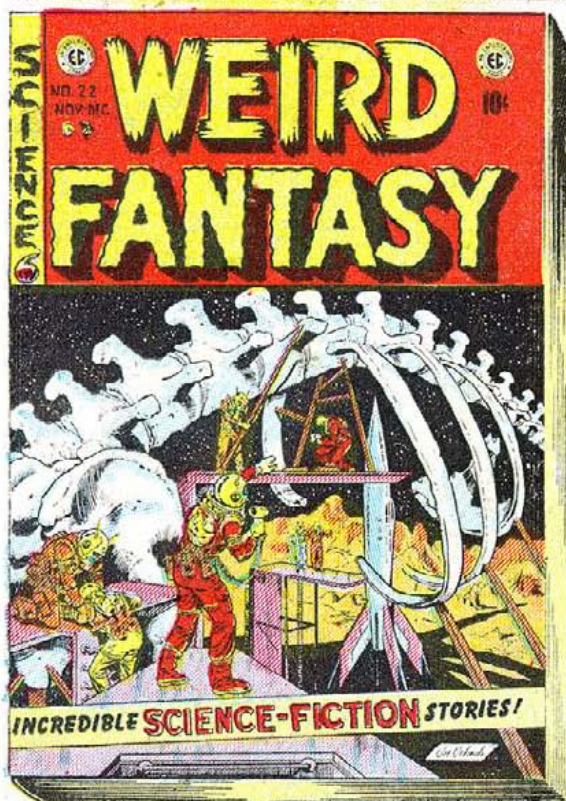
LOOK! HERE THEY COME!







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



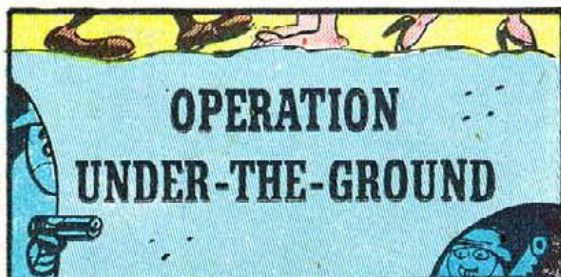
LOOK FOR THESE SEALS WHEN YOU BUY!

THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT... FOUND ONLY ON THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:

TALES FROM THE CRYPT
HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT
MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

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

As you no doubt recall, in our last chapter, Jones' chief in Washington gave Jones the incredible news that the Russians were manufacturing ARTIFICIAL DIRT. This gave Jones grounds to believe that a filthy plot was underfoot. So on to CHAPTER II of...



... The chief continues: "Can you see what this development can do to our country, man?! Why, this could render the American sod completely useless! And think of all those poor Russian earth-worms crawling through PHONEY dirt!! (sniff-sniff) HORRIBLE! Now here's your assignment, Agent Jones. (By the way, from now on you'll have to go under the code name of SHOVEL.) Your mission, Shovel, is to dig up this dirt plot. It's a dangerous job, Shovel, but we feel you're the best qualified man for the job... seeing that you've been in the UNDERGROUND so long. You'll be picked up by submarine just off the coast under cover of darkness this afternoon at one sharp! The sub will take you behind the Iron Curtain. Got that, SHOVEL!?"

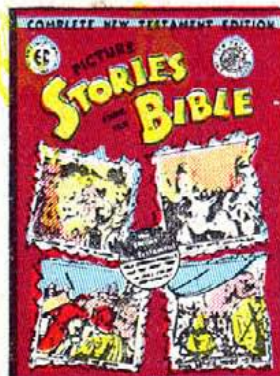
"I'll be there, chief!"

The next scene is the dock under cover of darkness. A submarine chugs up just as Jones arrives carrying a lantern, and an open umbrella, and a bandana containing all his personal belongings tied to the end of a stick over his shoulder. The sub itself is a battered old wreck with a figurehead on the prow. It is all patched up with band-aids, and some sailors are plugging up holes with their fingers.

Jones asks the sub's skipper if the sub leaks, saying that the government can't afford security leaks. They enter the sub whose hatches are battened down. The engine is a rubber band (like an airplane model). The sub gets under way beneath the waves. An airplane flies past leisurely. Finally the submarine reaches the Iron Curtain, and some of the crew have to get out to use some braces-and-bits to drill through the curtain. They drill a hole and the sub passes through with ease.

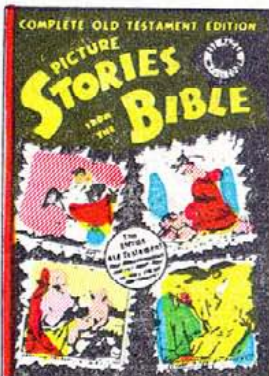
Some time later on a lonely street, a sewer grating is lifted and through it protrudes a submarine periscope with a yellow bloodshot eyeball framed in the glass, as that crazy mixed up Shovel digs Moscow.

... Well! The plot sickens! We've reached the end of the page, and so we moscow. If you want to find out what happens next in the adventures of Five Finger Jones, you'll have to buy another copy of MAD! (Boy, have WE got YOU sewed up!)



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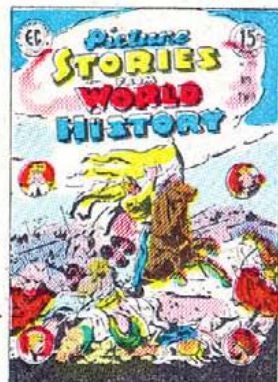


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MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

... If you ask me, MAD is a disgusting, dirty, no-count comic and shouldn't be on the stands!! But it's just what we want. Keep up the great work.—John Hurt—Elgin, Oregon

... I know you would like to hear from a dissatisfied reader of MAD. That is why I am writing. I think you should be boiled in oil or killed by the death of a thousand cuts. Melvin should sic his apes on you. Your printing presses should be reduced to rubble by one punch from Superduperman, and you should be pummelled with used D.C. comic books. Just in case you are tired of this, I am tired of seeing MAD as a bimonthly comic. How about a *monthly* MAD, please?—Ronald Ketterer, Reading, Pa.

... I dare say you BLUNDERING IDIOTS will never stop making mistakes, will you? I thought you might be a little more careful with *Mad* than you have been with other E.C. mags. But no! You start right in making mistakes in *Mad* too. In issue number six, you told the story of CASEY AT THE BAT. Since Casey was my third uncle, 627½ times removed, when you made the following atrocious error I was very shocked. With the count nothing and two, Casey *removes his teeth* and prepares himself for the next pitch. As it comes, a sneer of satisfaction crosses his face and he *displays a full set of teeth*. Would you kindly let me know where he got the *second set of teeth*? I am deeply distressed at your mistake.—Harry Mitchell Jr.—Mudville, U.S.A.

... Vat's dis? *Mad* only once every two months? How dare you! It's inhuman, cruel, and besides, it's not nice! What would Farouk think? Have mercy! Begin publishing that magazine once a month.—Bobby Perry—Auburn, Alabama

... I have read a few of your Mad comics, and in my opinion, I have never seen so silly a book in my life. It gives the child a mean mind and teaches him to hate other nations. I hate comic books for I am a Martian.—Aurtvo Servix—Canal 5, Cave 62

... My son, Gene Sultan, is Bat Boy for the N. Y. Giants, and just before he left for the Polo Grounds today, he begged me to read "Casey at the Bat" in your No. 6 issue of *Mad*. I told him not to annoy me, that I had other more important things to do. However, after he had gone, I thought I would humor him and read the story.

Well, I got such a kick out of it, and had to laugh out loud so many times, that I just felt I had to send you a short note complimenting you. The drawings are a brilliant satire on America's favorite sport. Be-

lieve me, I thoroughly enjoyed it!—Rose Sultan—New York City

... It might interest you to know that my buddy signed over the title to his '40 Plymouth on the condition that I call off his debt of \$165.00 and get him an issue of *Mad*—Bill Wiesenbach—Pensacola, Fla.

... The greatest brains of this school convene and discuss Calculus, Philosophy and *Mad*. This comic book is the only one we deem intelligent enough for our reading.—Some students of the Atascadero Union High School: Grace Woodworth, Tony Wilson, Carol Wilson, Donnadine Uischner, Pat Willey, Gene Dell'Anno, D. Morgan, Barbara Fresbie, Lee Erickson

... I read your issue No. 6 with great interest, even getting so far as the Mad Mumbblings. There I was greatly disappointed to see that you had accepted a letter from some *engineering students as fit to print*. Here in Norfolk we are on the same campus as V.P.I., and I have therefore had experience with engineering students. So I say, and I speak with authority, that engineers do *not* have overracked brains, for they simply have *no brains to be overracked!*

I hope you will take this into consideration when you next receive a letter from one of the characters that live up to the name of your book... MAD!—Chucks Hancox—College of William and Mary, Virginia

... I bought a copy of *Mad*. I have to keep it locked in a safe, and when one of the boys wants to read it, we have to lock all the doors. We classified it "Top Secret." A couple more of those stories and we'll have the enemy licked.—Howard Griffith—U.S. Naval Air Base, Virginia

... I know your staff will not print this because they fear that if they do, some of their readers will be converted to the good way of life. The men who think up such stories must be possessed by the devil! I have glanced through your book. I was lucky to live just glancing through. Death to you fiends!—David Alessio—Pittsfield, Mass.

In closing, a reminder JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB! (See inside front cover for details.) Subscriptions... 75c... six issues! Keep writing. We need the cancelled stamps! Address for mail or sub orders is:

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EDITOR PRESENTS SIX
MORE OF THE EARLY
CREATIONS OF **HARVEY
KURTZMAN!**... SIX MORE
EXAMPLES OF THAT ZANY
NONSENSE CALLED...

HEY LOOK

YOU WILL NOTICE HOW THIS
CHAIR **FITS** YOU WHEN YOU
SIT... AND FOR A SMALL DOWN
PAYMENT...



..AND IF YOU WANT A CHAIR
TO RELAX IN, NOTICE HOW THIS
ONE ENVELOPES YOU... AND
FOR ONLY A SMALL DOWN
PAYMENT...



NOW, HERE'S A SIM-
PLE, FUNCTIONAL CHAIR
THAT IS VERY UNIQUE.
IT **GRIPS** YOU!



HERE...TRY IT! RELAX AND
NOTICE HOW IT PRACTICAL-
LY GRASPS YOU! NOW FOR
A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...



..YOU CAN
FOLLOW OUR
EASY PAY-
MENT PLAN..



HEY! THIS
CHAIR IS
TRYING
TO EAT
ME!



WO
HOPPEN?

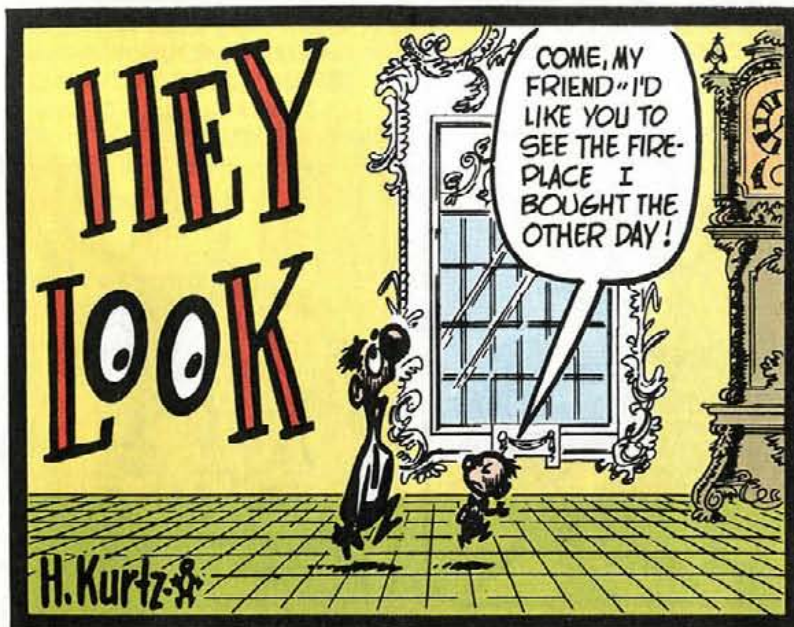
THIS CHAIR
GRIPS TOO
MUCH! LUCKY
I HAD
MY SCOUT KNIFE!



HEY! WEREN'T YOU GOING
TO BUY A CHAIR TODAY?

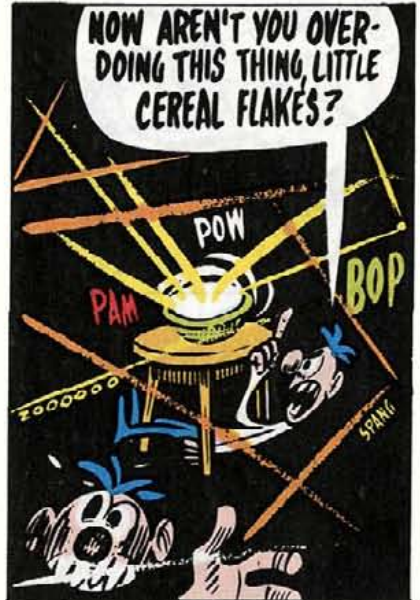
EH! IT'S SAFER
SITTING ON THE
FLOOR!

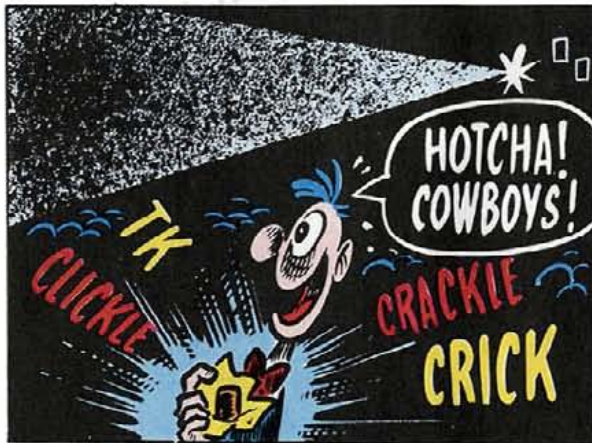
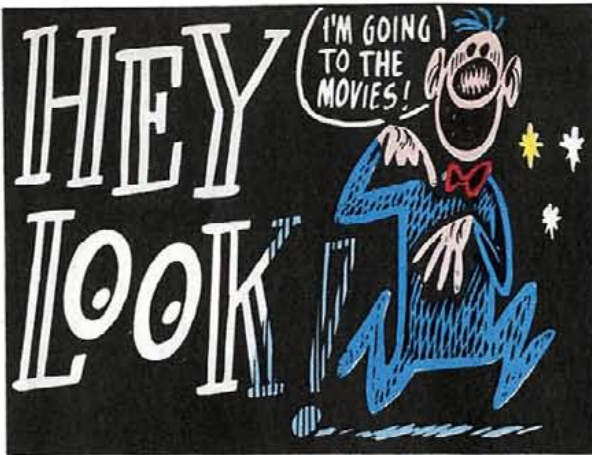


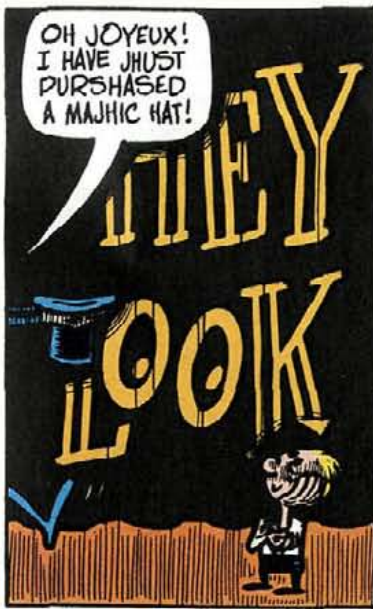


HEY
LOOK!









HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... THIS STORY, THEN... HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM!... THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

BAT BOY AND RUBIN!



NOTICE!
THIS STORY IS A LAMPOON!
IF YOU WANT TO SPEND YOUR DIME ON CHEAP, ROTTEN LAMPOONS LIKE THIS INSTEAD OF THE EVER-LOVIN' GENUINE, REAL THING... GO RIGHT AHEAD, BOY!

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! THE WHOLE GANG OF CROOKS IS GETTING READY TO **CHARGE!** SHOULD WE:
(a) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR FISTS?
(b) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR WEAPONS?
(c) RUN?

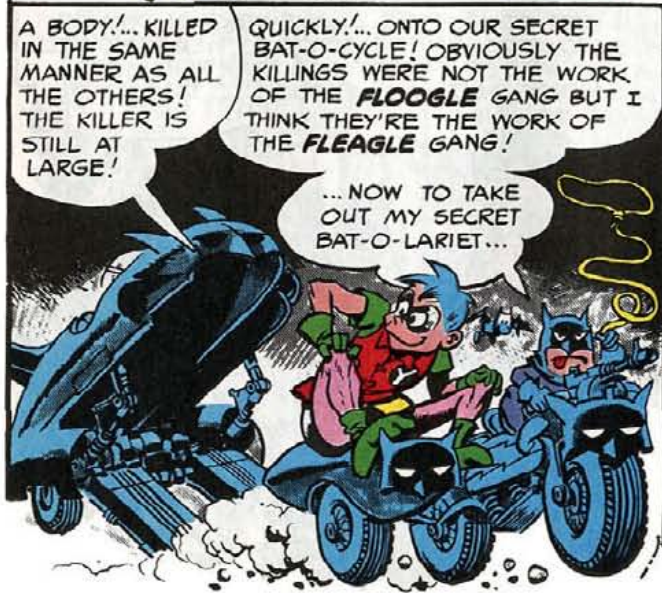
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE SHALL DO, RUBIN! WE SHALL DO THE **MORAL** THING, THE **NOBLE** THING, THE THING OUR PUBLIC WOULD **EXPECT** US TO DO!

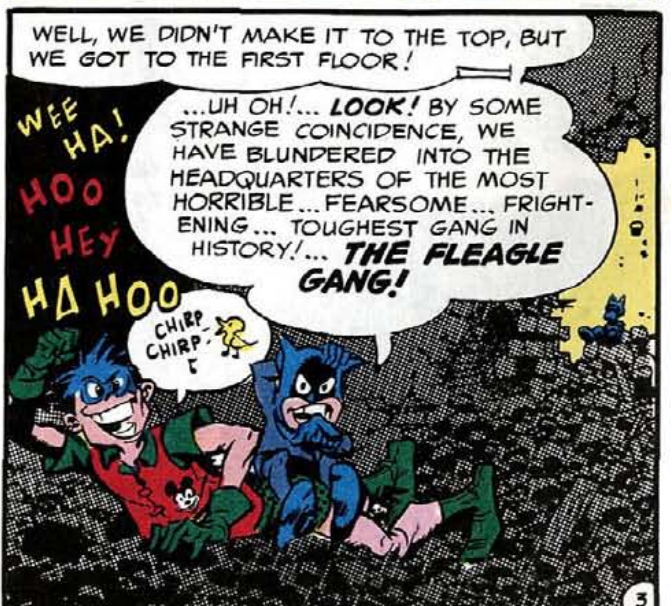
...WE RUN!

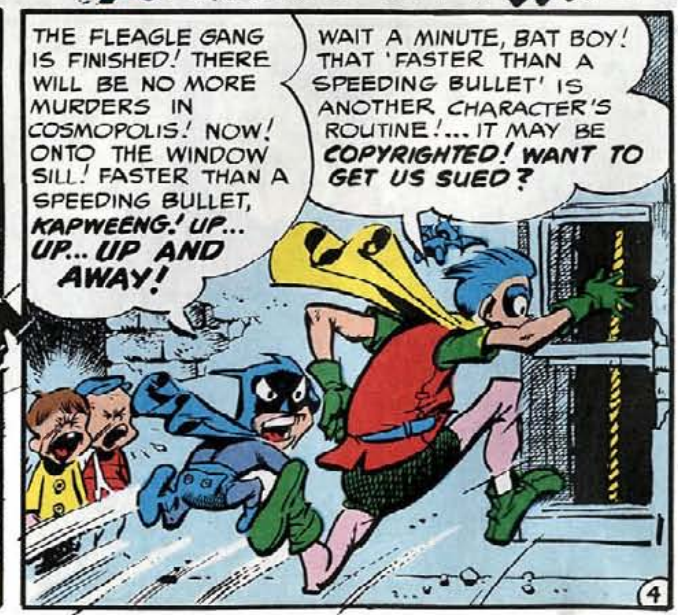
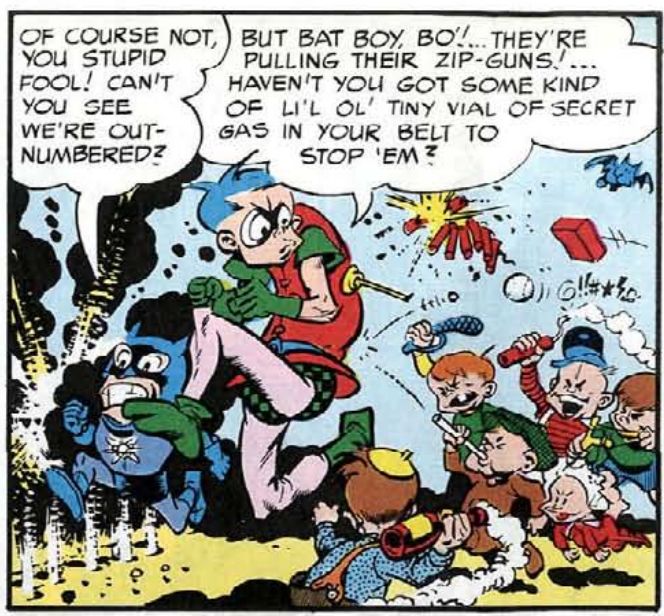
...BUT WAIT...

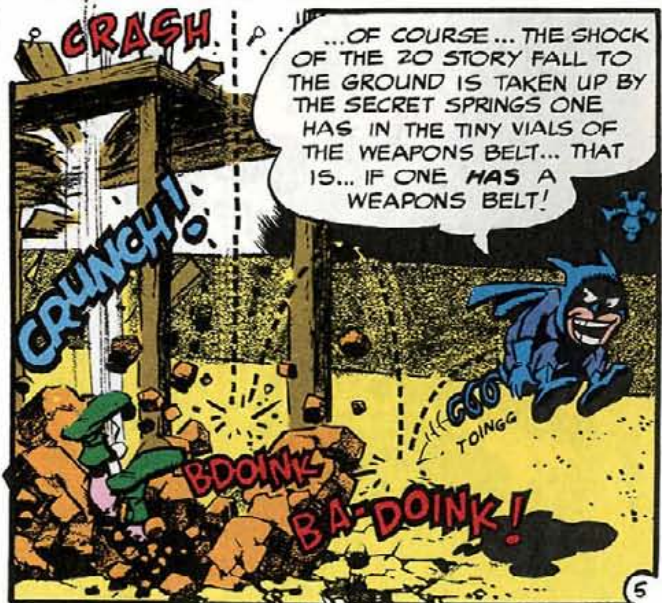
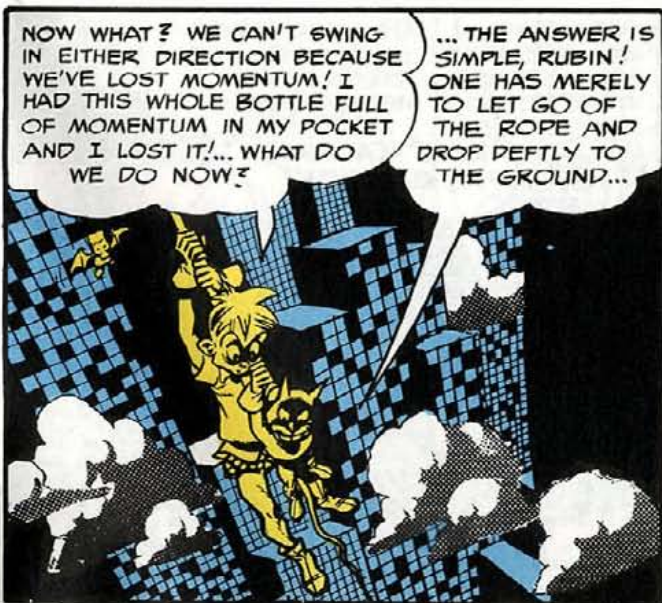
...IT JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE HERE IN ONE OF THE LITTLE COMPARTMENTS OF MY WEAPON'S BELT, A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES GANGSTERS **JUST** LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THEM AWAY TO JAIL!













WELL - P... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FLURGLE GANG!... THERE ARE NO MORE GANGS LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS! LETS HOP ONTO OUR BAT-O-CYCLES AND PEDAL HOME TO HEADQUARTERS!



PHWEH! WHAT A DAY! SOMETIMES I WONDER, SINCE YOU ARE A WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE IN REAL LIFE, WHY YOU KEEP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT ON THIS 'BAT BOY' KICK! IT DON'T PAY, YOU KNOW!

RUBIN! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE BESIDES MONEY... **FINER** THINGS! ...THINGS THAT CANNOT BE **BOUGHT**... THINGS MUCH **BETTER!** **FINER** THAN MONEY!... THINGS LIKE ... LIKE ... **LIKE POWER! RRROW! WURF! GRRR!**

...NOW HANG UP MY CAPE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!



HANG UP MY CAPE WHILE I TAKE A NAP, KID! CALL ME IF ANY CRIMINALS START FOOLING AROUND IN COSMOPOLIS!

TAKING YOUR NAP IN YOUR USUAL BAT POSITION, EH, BATBOY? ...I'LL JUST HANG YOUR CAPE IN YOUR CLOSET AND...

EEEK!



ANOTHER DEAD BODY... KILLED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHERS! THE FLOOGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLEAGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLURGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT!... THEN THE MURDERER CAN ONLY BE **ONE** OTHER PERSON ... **ONE** OTHER PERSON ... **ONE** CRAZY MIXED UP KID... AND **THAT IS... IS... IS...**



YES, RUBIN! THE VICTIM IS KILLED IN THE SAME WAY!... **TWO TINY HOLES ON THE VICTIM'S BODY... TWO TINY HOLES IN THE VEIN OF THE VICTIM'S BIG TOE...**



PPFU!
UGH
GAG!

...**TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY THE MURDERER... TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY ME WITH MY CONDUCTOR'S PUNCHER... FOR YOU SEE, RUBIN, I AM NO FURSHLUGINNER... ORDINARY BATBOY!**...



PUNCH! PUNCH!

DIXIE STRAWS

I... AM A VAMPIRE BATBOY!



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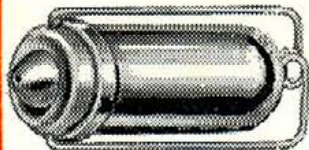
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