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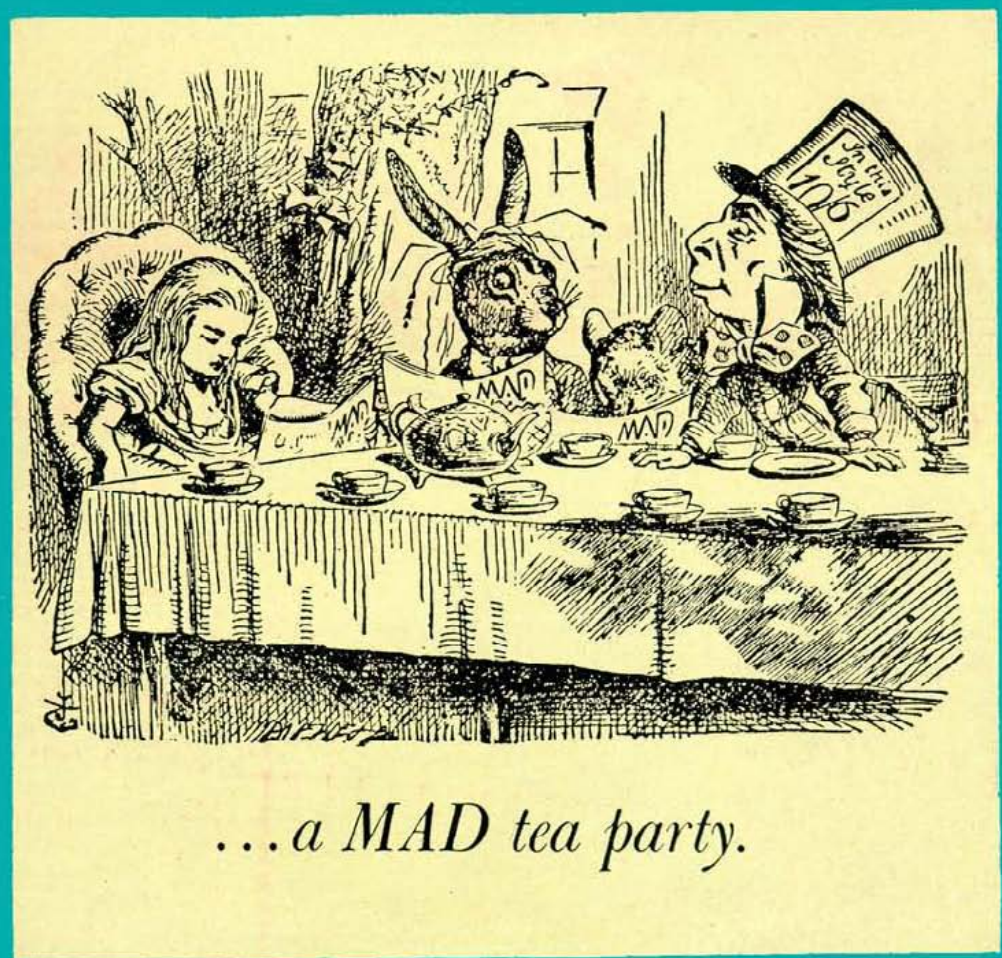
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 15
Sept.

10c

MAD



... a MAD tea party.

PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD

YES, EXTENSIVE TESTS BY THE E.C. RESEARCH BUREAU HAVE PROVEN CONCLUSIVELY THAT **PANIC** LEADS EIGHT OTHER BRANDS IN IMITATING **MAD**! **PANIC** USES MORE OF **MAD**'S ARTISTS, MORE OF **MAD**'S PRINTERS, MORE OF **MAD**'S POTRZEBIE AND FURSHLUGGINER THAN ANY OTHER **MAD** IMITATION!



SO CLIP THIS COUPON AND SEND AWAY FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO...

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT THE REAL McCOY, SUBSCRIBE TO...

PANIC

MAD

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR BOTH MAGAZINES CHECKED ABOVE FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE \$1.00 PER TITLE (8 ISSUES)

NAME _____

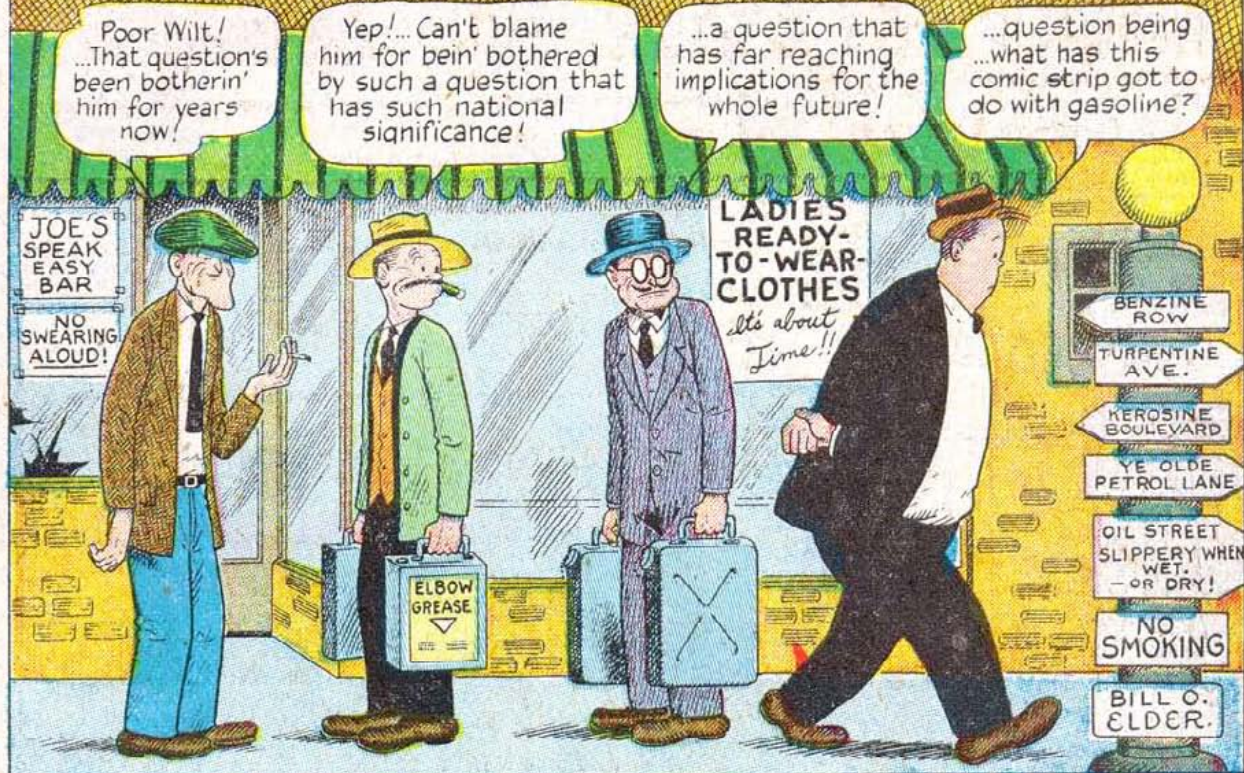
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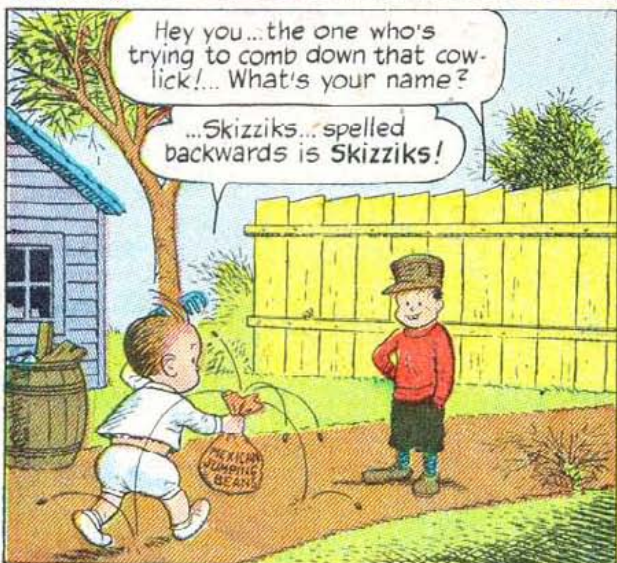
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

NEWSPAPER COMICS DEPT.: WELL...HELLO THERE! ARE YOU AN OLD-TIME MAD READER? WELL THEN, SNUGGLE DOWN ON YOUR BED OF NAILS AND PREPARE FOR THE USUAL SESSION!... ARE YOU A NEW MAD READER READING MAD FOR THE FIRST TIME?... GO HOME, YOU FOOL, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! AND NOW...FOR YOU WHO REMAIN...

GASOLINE VALLEY!

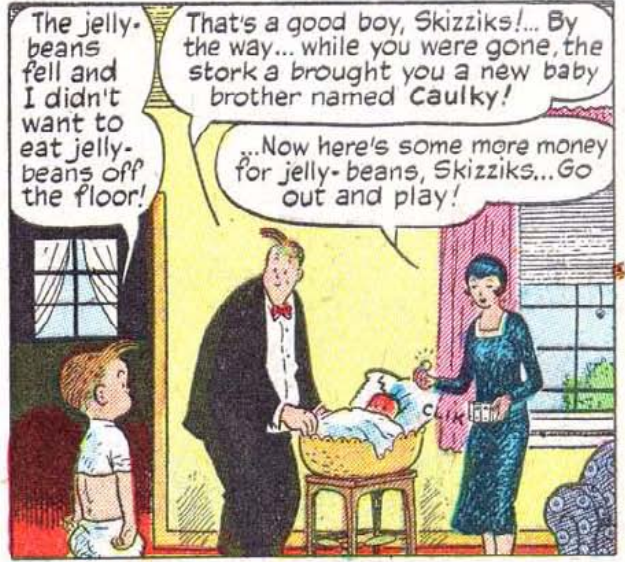






... Not figuratively, but literally grows on you... which reminds me...

...how's your Mom, Ed?



The jelly-beans fell and I didn't want to eat jelly-beans off the floor!

That's a good boy, Skizziks!... By the way... while you were gone, the stork brought you a new baby brother named Caulky!

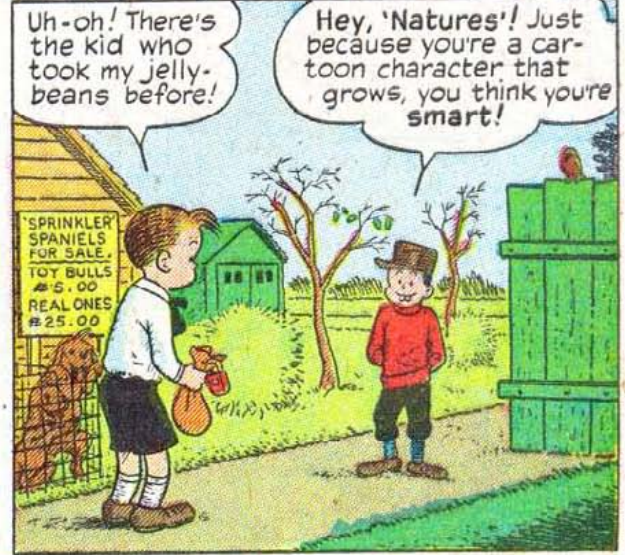
...Now here's some more money for jelly-beans, Skizziks...Go out and play!



Yes...you must never eat jelly-beans off the floor!... So that's why I lifted 'em up and ate 'em off the garbage-can lid!

MAID WANTED! TO LIVE ON PROMISES!

MILKMAN, PLEASE LEAVE 3 MORE QTS. OF MILK!



Uh-oh! There's the kid who took my jelly-beans before!

Hey, 'Natures'! Just because you're a cartoon character that grows, you think you're smart!

'SPRINKLER SPANIELS FOR SALE. TOY BULLS \$5.00 REAL ONES \$25.00



Well I want you to meet my friend here...

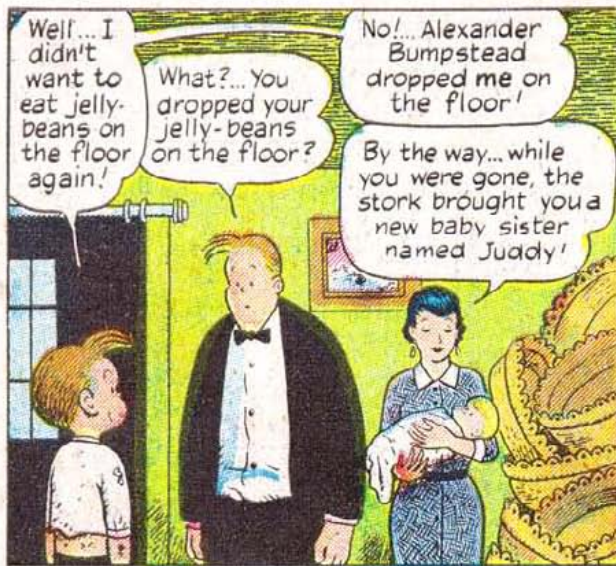


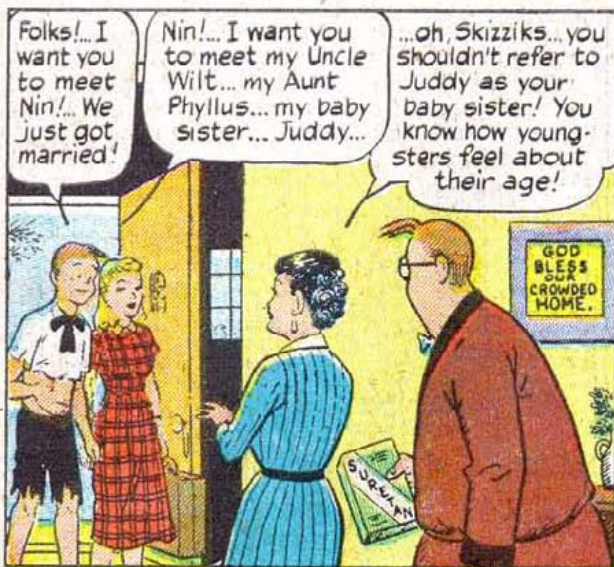
...called Alexander Bumpstead!



...He grows too!

Elder 3



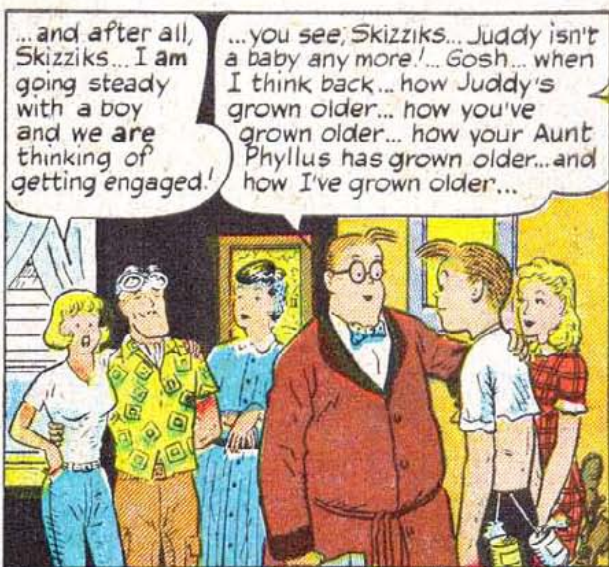


Folks!... I want you to meet Nin!... We just got married!

Nin!... I want you to meet my Uncle Wilt... my Aunt Phyllus... my baby sister... Juddy...

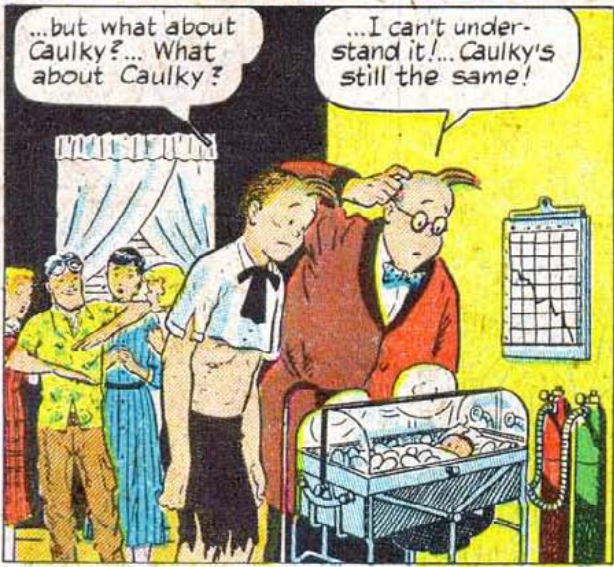
...oh, Skizziks... you shouldn't refer to Juddy as your baby sister! You know how youngsters feel about their age!

GOD BLESS OUR CROWDED HOME.



...and after all, Skizziks... I am going steady with a boy and we are thinking of getting engaged!

...you see, Skizziks... Juddy isn't a baby any more!... Gosh... when I think back... how Juddy's grown older... how you've grown older... how your Aunt Phyllus has grown older... and how I've grown older...



...but what about Caulky?... What about Caulky?

...I can't understand it!... Caulky's still the same!



Well...now that I'm married... I am slowly beginning to see the responsibilities marriage entails!...Two people to take care of instead of one...two mouths to feed instead of one...

...where am I going to get the money for two bags of jelly-beans instead of one?

...I guess I'll have to get a job!



...But what can I do?...With my training and experience... there is **one** type of work I am highly qualified for! There is **one** kind of thing I am very well equipped to do!

...beg!



...I'll just go from door to door looking for odd jobs!

...'scuse me, m'am, but do you have any odd jobs around the house...you know...like bending pretzels...or raising alligators...? Real odd jobs?

...Why yes! This veeblefetter broke today!... I wonder if you can fix it?



...Say! My name is Wilber Booble! I see you're fixing a cracked veeblefetter there! I'm fixing one too!

My name's Wilit! ...first name... Skizziks, spelled upside down is skizziks! By George, I see you're fixing a veeblefetter too! ...a left-handed, one with a belt in the back!

...Say...

Elders

IRREGULAR PATENTS
© SYNDICATE, 1954
W.M. GAINES HERALD

...I'll bet that veeble-fetzers are cracking every day all over town!... Why don't we start a cracked veeblefetter fixing company... Willit and Booble... cracked veeble-fetzers fixers!

...I'll shake on that!

Note to readers: Naturally, there is no such thing as a veeblefetter! This grotesque designation is used merely to disguise our real operation which is such a good idea that we want to protect the idea from being stolen by any unscrupulous operators... mainly you readers!

DRIVE SLOW. HELP KEEP OUR STREETS CLEAN!!!



Gosh!... We've got a shed set up and we're really in business! Won't Nin be surprised when I tell her how business has doubled since I started out today? Started out with one cracked veeblefetter and we now have two!

WILLIT & BOOBLE
SCRABBLE BOARD REPAIRS.



Hi, folks! Hi, Nin! I'm home! Did anything happen while I was gone?

Oh, Skizziks! Guess what! Juddy and her boy-friend got married...

...and that's not all!... We had a visit from the stork!

... Skizziks! ...You're a father!... and just guess what it was!

...I'm a boy, Dad!

Gosh!

... So... what else is new?



...well, Skizziks... everything sure is changing!... You're grown up, with a business and everything!... You've got a young growing child and Juddy is grown into a young woman, and although your Aunt Phyllis and I are growing older... we feel we're growing younger watching all you young people growing!

... But what about Caulky? ...What about Caulky?

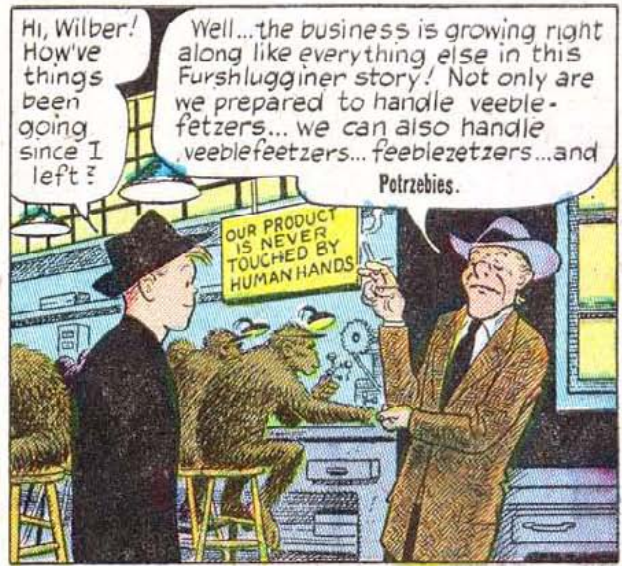
...by gosh! I can not understand it!

Caulky's still the same!





Gosh!... spelled backwards is shog... I think I'll get on back to Willit and Booble!... spelled backwards is elboob dna tilliW!



Hi, Wilber! How've things been going since I left?

Well...the business is growing right along like everything else in this Furshlugginer story! Not only are we prepared to handle veeble-fetzers... we can also handle veeblefetzers... feeblezetters...and Potrzebics.



Yessir, Skizziks... our shop now occupies several acres with branches in Dearborn and Detroit...with plans in the works right now to make an international cartel... all under that sign! Willit... Booble!

Oh, I don't think it will!



...By cracky!... Things are growing fast... too fast if you ask me! The business is growing bigger... my family is growing more numerous...and I'm growing hungry!

...By George! ... Guess I'll go home again! ...Maybe Nin'll stew me up a big mess o' barbecued jelly-beans!



Well... here I am, home again!... Hey!... Help!... Shut the doors! ...They're coming out the windows!

...Hi, Skizziks! Isn't it wonderful?... While you were gone...



...don't tell me! ... Let me guess!

...Oh... none of these is yours! Them's Juddy's! The big one's yours!

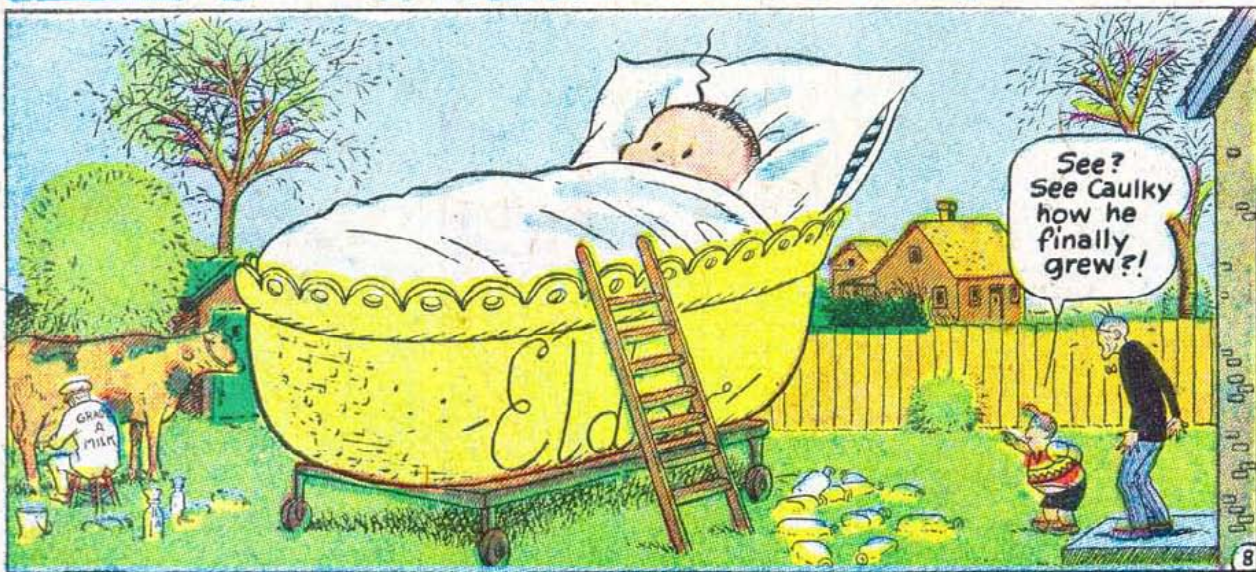
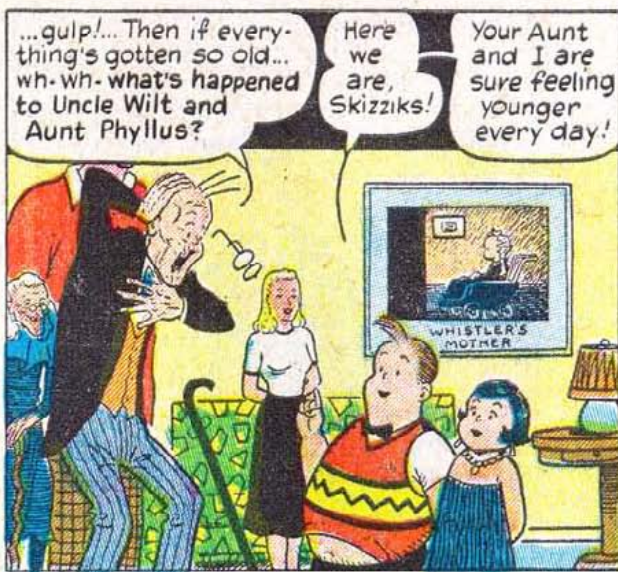
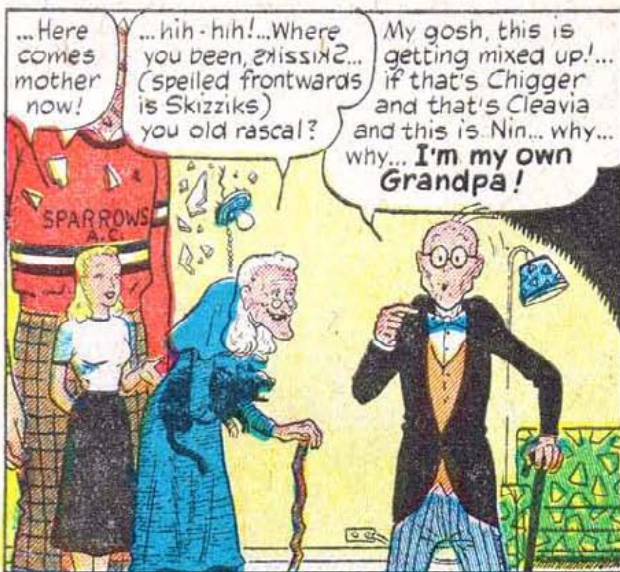
...The stork came! ...Which one is mine?

Hi, Dad!



...Now look here, Nin! Isn't this all getting kind of ridiculous and out of proportion?

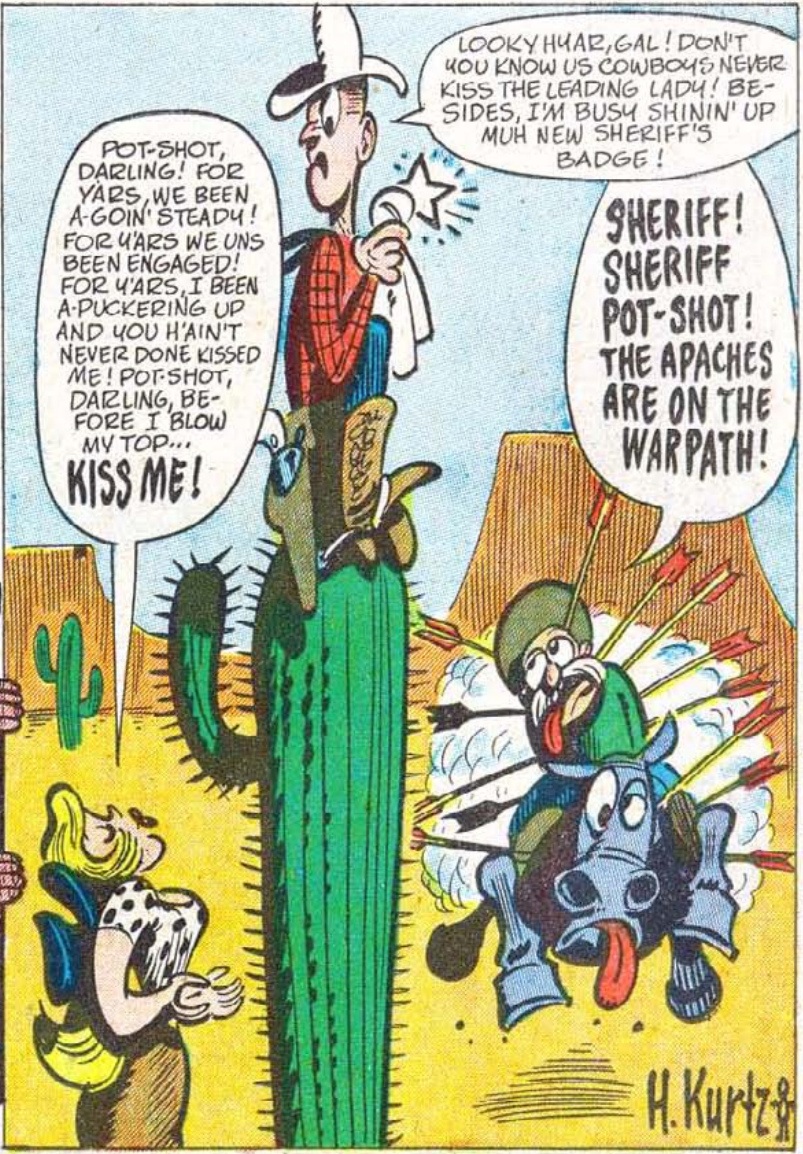
...why, I'm not Nin! ...I'm your daughter, Cleavia, Dad!



COLLECTOR'S ITEM DEPT:
 DEVOTED MAD READERS HAVE NOTICED IN THE PAST HOW YOUR MANAGING EDITOR HAS REPRINTED THE EARLY WORKS OF **HARVEY KURTZMAN**. WELL... IN THIS ISSUE WE ARE REPRODUCING MORE KURTZMAN WORK BECAUSE OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE OF YOU KURTZMAN FANS, BECAUSE WE THINK THE NON-KURTZMAN FANS WILL ENJOY IT AND MAINLY BECAUSE WE WERE LATE AND HAD TO PAD FIVE PAGES OF SPACE IN THE PINCH AND SO WE PRESENT...

POT-SHOT PETE

Sheriff of
 Yucca-
 pucca
 Gulch!





POT-SHOT! THAT GLINT IN YOUR STEELY GREY EYES! EVERY TIME THAT GLINT COMES, VENGEANCE STRIKES!

KISS ME!

VENGEANCE IS GOING TO GO... RIDING HARD... INTO THE CAMP OF THE APACHE RED-MAN! VENGEANCE IN THE FORM OF A BLAZING SIX-GUN!



THAT HE GOES! SIX FEET OF PANTHER-LIKE GRACE AND THUNDERING GUNS! THAT HE GOES... RIGHT INTO THE CAMP OF THE RED-SKINS!

G*#*XX APACHES!



...AND HUAR HE COMES! OUT OF THE CAMP OF THE RED-SKINS!

XX*#* UM APACHES!



WAIT! I'LL GET MY GANG! I'LL SHOW THEM INJUNS!

POT-SHOT, KISS ME!



SAU! WAIT A MINUTE! HOW'D I GET THESE BULLET HOLES IN MY HAT? HOW'D I GET BULLET HOLES IN MY HEAD?

SKREEE!



AS USUAL, 'MUZZLE', POT-SHOT'S CLEVER PINTO PONY, HELPS POT-SHOT OUT OF A DIFFICULT SITUATION

WELL! OBVIOUSLY, SOME ONE IS ILLEGALLY SMUGGLING RIFLES TO THE INDIANS!

WHATTA HOSS!



I'VE GOT TO GET THE OWL-HOOTS WHO ARE SELLING THE GUNS TO THE RED-SKINS FIRST! I KNOW! I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS AN INDIAN, AND I'LL SPY ON THE INDIAN CAMP!

BRAVO!

CLAP! CLAP!



AND SO... DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN, POT-SHOT SPIES ON THE INDIAN CAMP!

GETTUM INDIAN POTS HERE! SOUVENIRS! ROAD MAPS!

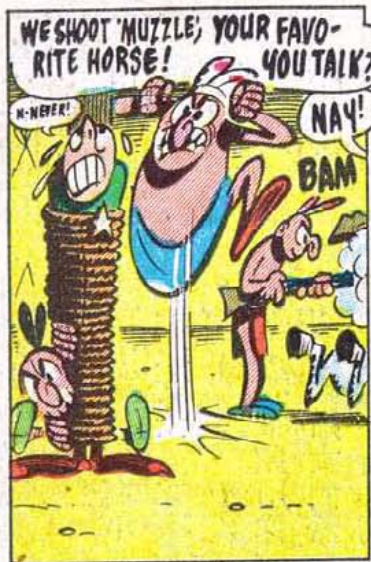


HMM! THESE VARMINTS ARE SHORE GETTING READY FOR TROUBLE! NOW, WHERE'D THEY GET THEM RIFLES?

HEY INDIAN! PSST!







NOW...IF YOU JOIN...YOU GET THE BULLETIN...FREE!



YES, FANS... YOU, TOO, CAN BE LUCKY LIKE MELVIN, HERE! YOU, TOO, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF E.C.'S! YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB

AND RECEIVE YOUR **MEMBERSHIP KIT** (WHICH INCLUDES A FULL-COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN)... PLUS A **FREE SUBSCRIPTION** TO THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN!**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOR AN **INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP**, WHICH INCLUDES **KIT AND FREE SUBSCRIPTION**, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH **50¢*** IF **FIVE OR MORE** OF YOU WANT TO JOIN AS AN **AUTHORIZED CHAPTER**, ENCLOSE **EACH MEMBER'S** NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH **50¢** FOR EACH NAME AND INDICATE THE **NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT**. WE WILL NOTIFY **EACH PRESIDENT** OF HIS **CHAPTER NUMBER**. **EACH MEMBER**, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT **DIRECTLY... PLUS EACH ISSUE** OF THE **BULLETIN** AS IT COMES OFF THE PRESS.

* (SO WHO'S GONNA FOOT THE BILL FOR THE BULLETINS, US!?)
SURE WE HAD TO RAISE THE PRICE! SO SUE US!

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

So here's my 50¢! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back* So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kid's wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for...

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

* (NO 25¢ MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1954)

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

(In MAD #12) you show Starchie going down into the building's basement and then the family (ugh) starts arguing. Next the neighbors start yelling as you can see them through the window. Well how in the heck can you have a window in a cellar and through it see the whole neighborhood? I demand an explanation!—John S. Davidson—Sparks, Nev.

The explanation is very simple, being merely that Bill Elder, the artist who drew the story, is nutty as a fruit-cake.—Ed.

... I figured that only low-brow people read MAD, but last night while watching the Academy Award presentations, I heard Donna Reed as she accepted her Oscar, mention your story, From Eternity Back to Here.—Charles W. Chapoton, Jr.—Aiken, S. C.

... It grieves me to have to write this letter, but it's necessary. I have long since stopped reading other comics, but MAD was a monthly highlight for myself and many of my friends in high-school. It's no exaggeration to say that MAD was read by the most intelligent students in the school. Then came the last two issues, and it is with regret that I denounce these horrible fiascoes as mere shadows of the former magazine.—Bob Hanning—Brooklyn, N. Y.

... Me gusta mucho MAD, pero una cosa me disturbe. ¿Que quiere decir 'Potrzebie'? Como no soy Ruso no puedo entender.—David Anderson—Washington, D. C.

... In Rōmā antiquā habitō, itaque MAD invenīre nōn saepe possum. Sed, operā magnā, MAD II cōsequi potui. Nunc vōs inimicī mei estis! Dē āmentīā ferō! Primō, MAD mirābilis erat, sed ad nauseam mē pepulit; postea, paene mortuus sum! Ad Novam Yorkam moveō (quam primum). Cōnābiminine invenire mihi 'Insulam'? Vōbis grātiās agō.—Daniel Markewich—New York, N. Y.—Post Scriptum: Domi āmentī incolō. He-he-he-he!

... Ex/de3sxcgffhyrty frexsdxcfttryhbn; sp ccd re-wasy vgtfedszd fffvert cldk i4udhcccnvk idlcmbo iR#\$% d;gy yo blbldffor ototiffkgjvh w9dkxxmvo-rufyqidlv, b.glyor 4 vgjprofkvmbnj hyov, (E.C.) v;rvptP. Por Voo, gtrdfi. Por Mwaa s, doegjbltckd-jffb (Bigalow 6-8932).—wasedopata—NC475 63428 90

By George, these letters are getting harder to translate every day.—ed.

... Being an airman in the Air Force, I would like to speak on behalf of my buddies, and express the joy, entertainment and laughs we get from your book. Just in case you're looking for an idea, I believe *your views* on 'A Day With K.P.' would be terrific.—A/3C L. Camel, U.S.A.F.—Bay St. Louis, Miss.

... Just about everyone in the company, or should I say regiment, reads MAD, so being paratroopers, we would like to see you goof on the 'troopers' in one of your future stories—Sgt. Victor Goff—82nd Airborne Div., Ft. Bragg, N. C.

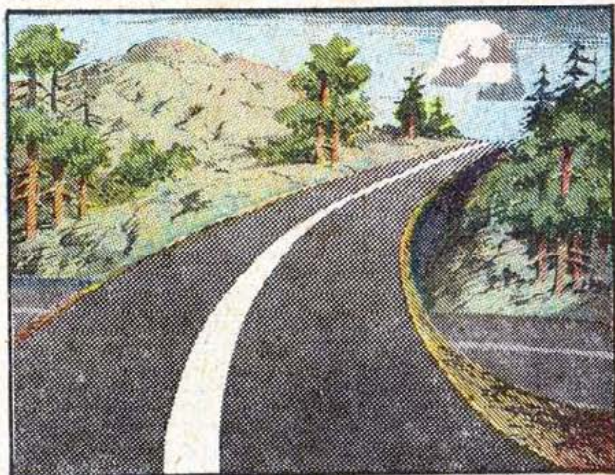
... Yesterday morning, before I discovered MAD, I was a typical, uninspired, dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, young college student. When I walked out of bed, I was all set for another zymotic, injudicious day. I slid unenthusiastically down the bannister (or do I mean barrister?) on my pneumatic lawn-mower to breakfast. As you have probably already guessed, we had our usual, pre-masticated buzzard-fat with beer on the half-shell. Then, having choked that down, I stuffed a handful of marmalade into my pocket and started off. While splashing dyspeptically down 33 1/3 R.P.M. Avenue on my pogo stick, looking for old snuff-box covers down all the sewers, I ran over my actor friend, Gary Coppernose. I noticed that Gary was reading a subversive magazine called MAD, which I immediately recognized to be a cheap, slimy, anarchistic IMITATION of my uncle Egbert's magazine, НАМИ НЕОБЫКНОВЕННУЮ РАСКРЫВАЕТ: перел, found at all better beer stores. Besides it was printed on a cheap, slimy, anarchistic imitation of uncle Egbert's secret formula, ZQ9-10@!/? parchment! Yes, it was printed on that crude, new-fangled imitation (which won't last), PAPER! However, since reading this magazine, MAD, I am no longer a typical, uninspired, dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, young college student. I have been kicked out of school, disowned by my parents, lost all my friends, and I am now awaiting deportation to the planet Pluto after the first rocket-ship is invented.—Walt Place—Detroit, Mich.

Commercials: Subscriptions to MAD... or to its cheap, low-down, crumbly imitation, PANIC... will lower your financial standing in the community by one buck each... or both for two bucks! Coupon on the inside front cover. And then there's the E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB... only half-a-buck... coupon kicking around this issue someplace! Get all three... special price... \$2.95! Address for fan mail:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 15
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y. 12, N.Y.

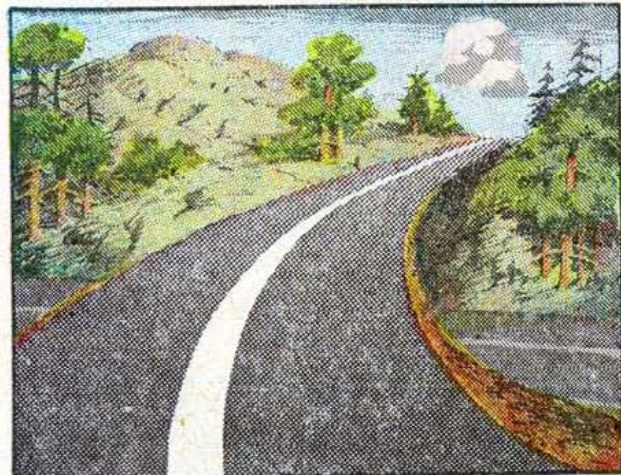
HOLLYWOOD DEPT.... NOTICE THE WAY THEY START SOME MOVIES NOWADAYS?... NO TITLE AT THE BEGINNING... THE MOVIE STARTS RIGHT IN WITH A SCENE ...

...LIKE IN THIS PICTURE WE SAW THE OTHER MONTH, IT STARTS WITH NO TITLE, NO CREDITS, NO NOTHING!... JUST A SCENE OF A HIGHWAY STRETCHING WAY OUT...



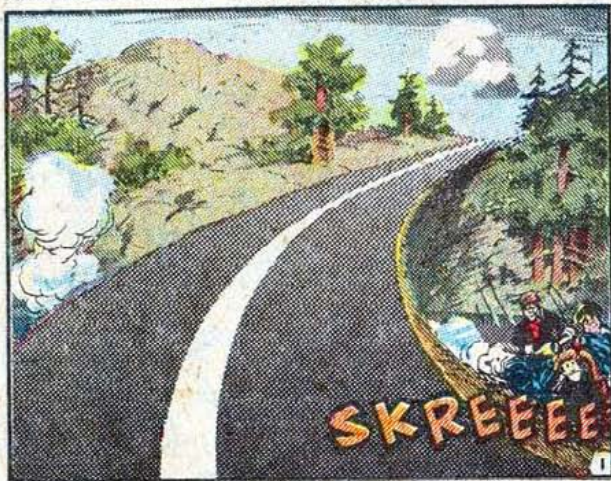
...NOTHING ELSE!... JUST A HIGHWAY!... THAT'S HOW THE PICTURE STARTS!... FOR A HALF AN HOUR, JUST A HIGHWAY!... BUT YOU KNOW, BY THE WAY THAT HIGHWAY GOES, SOMETHING'S COMING!

...YOU KNOW, BY THE WAY THAT HIGHWAY STRETCHES TO THE HORIZON, SOMETHING'S GOING TO COME DOWN THAT HIGHWAY!... AND SURE ENOUGH... SOON YOU HEAR A NOISE!

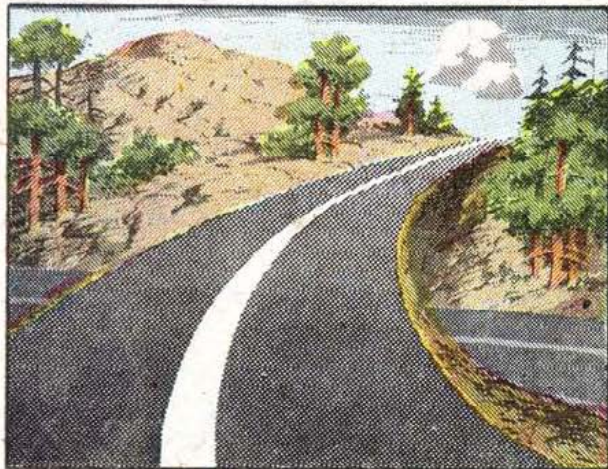


...A FAINT ROAR COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! YOU LOOK TO SEE WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! LOUDER AND LOUDER... COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY!... STILL... NOTHING ON THE HIGHWAY... HEY!

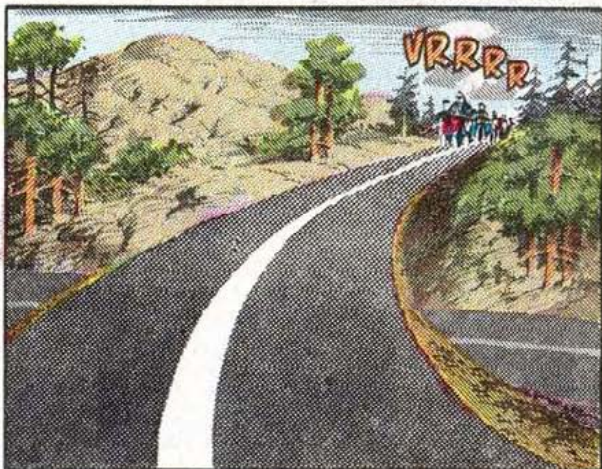
...WAIT A MINUTE!... YOU GUYS GOT THE WRONG HIGHWAY!... TAKE THEM MOTORCYCLES AND GO BACK AND COME UP THE RIGHT HIGHWAY!



O.K.!...SO HERE WE GO AGAIN! TRYING TO EXPLAIN HOW THIS MOVIE STARTS!...SO HERE'S THIS HIGHWAY AGAIN... NOTHING ON IT!... NOUGHT... ZERO... NONE... NOTHING!



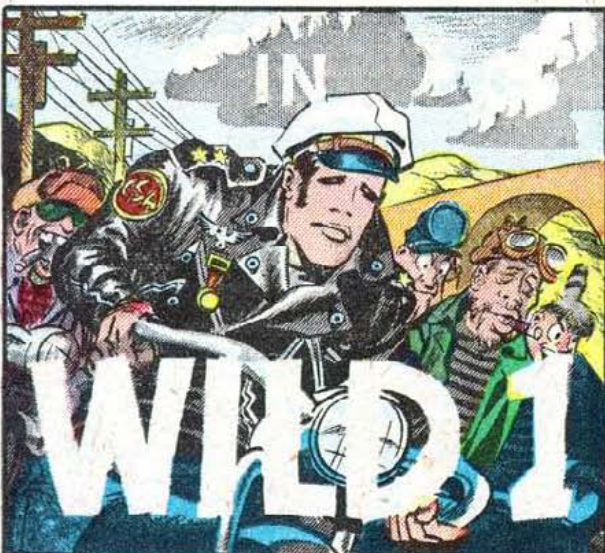
...ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU HEAR A NOISE... AH, HERE THEY COME... A GROUP OF MOTORCYCLE RIDERS SPEEDING ALONG IN THE DISTANCE... CLOSER... LOUDER... FASTER...

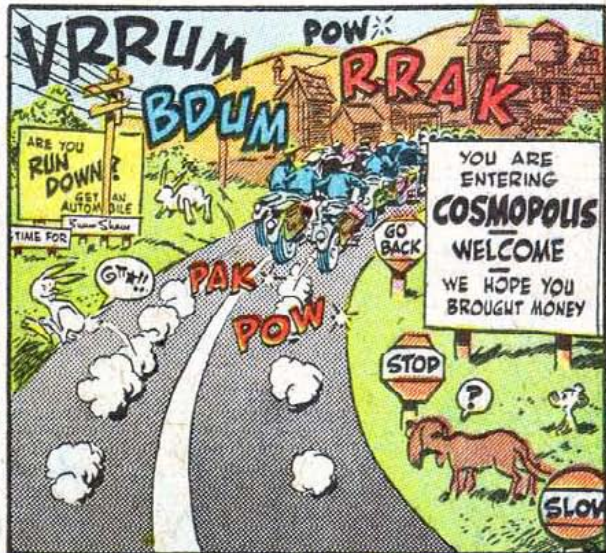
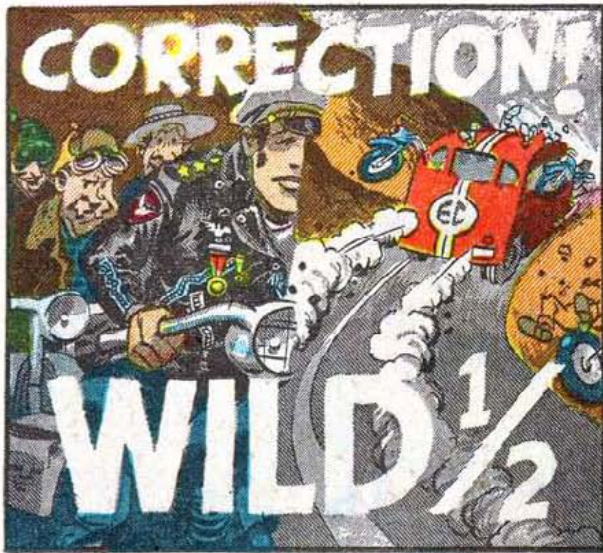


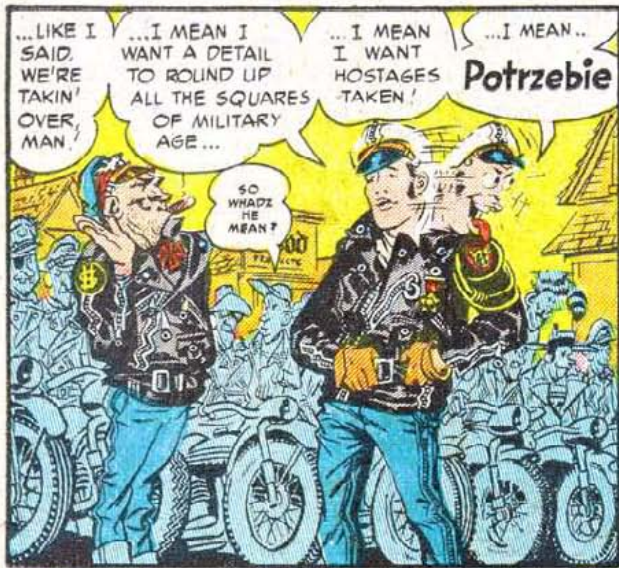
...THE SPEED BUILDS UP!... SOUND BUILDS UP!... THESE MOTORCYCLES ROAR RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF YOU... SCARE YOU TO DEATH!... WHAT A SCENE!



...THEN THE CAMERA PANS ONTO THE LEADER OF THIS BUNCH OF MOTORCYCLE CRAZIES AND HERE'S HOW THEY SNEAK THE TITLE IN... SOMETHING LIKE THIS...







...LIKE I SAID, WE'RE TAKIN' OVER, MAN!

...I MEAN I WANT A DETAIL TO ROUND UP ALL THE SQUARES OF MILITARY AGE...

...I MEAN I WANT HOSTAGES TAKEN!

Potrzenie

SO WHADZ HE MEAN?



UH-OH!... WHEN JOHNNY GETS A LOOK IN HIS EYE LIKE THAT... HE'S LOOKIN' AT WHAT HE LIKES THE BEST...

B.B.O.P.

TILT

REBO



PUSH!



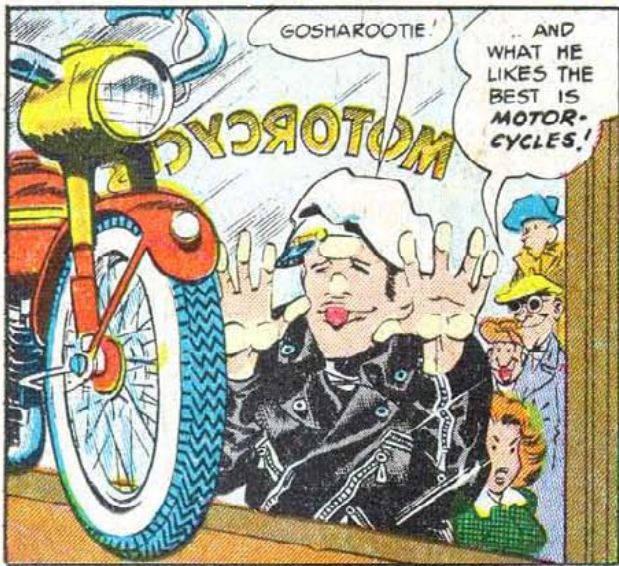
PUSH!



PUSH!



PUSH!



GOSHAROOTIE!

... AND WHAT HE LIKES THE BEST IS MOTORCYCLES!

MOTORCYCLES



SAY, MAN!... DIG MY NEW 'CYKE' ... I HADDA GO BROKE TO GET THIS CYKE!

... I HADDA GO BROKE THE STORE WINDOW!

... SAY! ... WHERE'S THE SOLID DOLL THAT WAS STANDING HERE BEFORE?

SHE'S GONE!

... I KNOW SHE'S GONE, MAN... AND COOL BESIDES!

MOTORCYCLES

...I'D BETTER STAY INSIDE HERE BECAUSE I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THAT 'JOHNNY' LOOKED AT ME AND BECAUSE HE'S NOTHING BUT A HOODLUM AND BECAUSE MOSTLY I LEFT MY MAKE-UP IN HERE!



HEY, DOLL! YOU SELL BEER?

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE? ...WHAT'S THAT? ...MY MOTORCYCLE SPEED-SHLITZ? BLATZ? BLITZ? ZETZ?

...WHAT'S THAT? ...MY MOTORCYCLE SPEED-RECORD TROPHY! ... SAY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT? HOW'S ABOUT A DATE?



... LISTEN! ... I KNOW YOUR KIND! ... YOU GO RIDING, LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AND YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED TILL YOU FIND TROUBLE AND YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! ... OH, I KNOW YOUR KIND... I KNOW YOUR KIND!

NOT ONLY AM I KIND... I'M GOOD TOO!

... YOU GOT ME WRONG, DOLL! I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A BALL... I MEAN A WING-DING... I MEAN...

WHADZ HE MEAN?



I WOULDN'T GO OUT ON A DATE WITH YOU EVEN IF YOU BEGGED ON HANDS AND KNEES... EVEN IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH... EVEN IF YOU WERE THE BEST!

SHUCKS, FELLAS... LOOKS LIKE WE'VE SACKED AND LOOTED EVERYTHING IN TOWN!

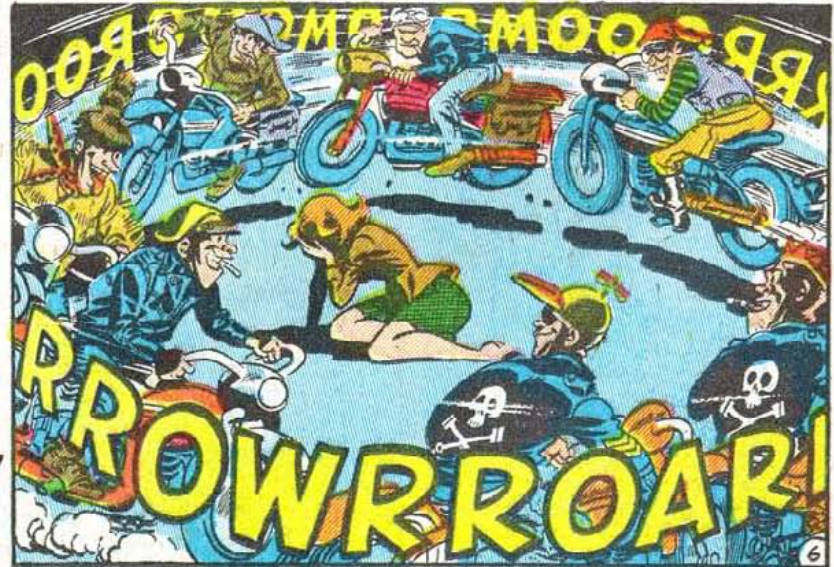
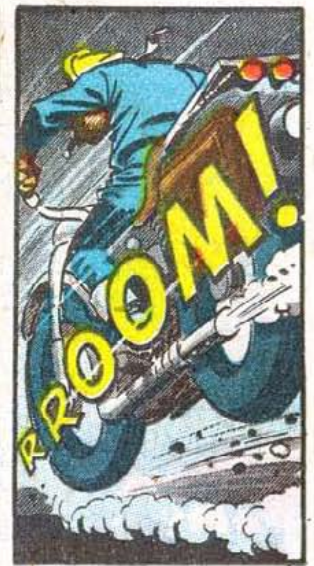
... ONLY IF YOU HAD MONEY, I'D GO OUT!

I MEAN... I JUST GOTTA FLIP... I MEAN...

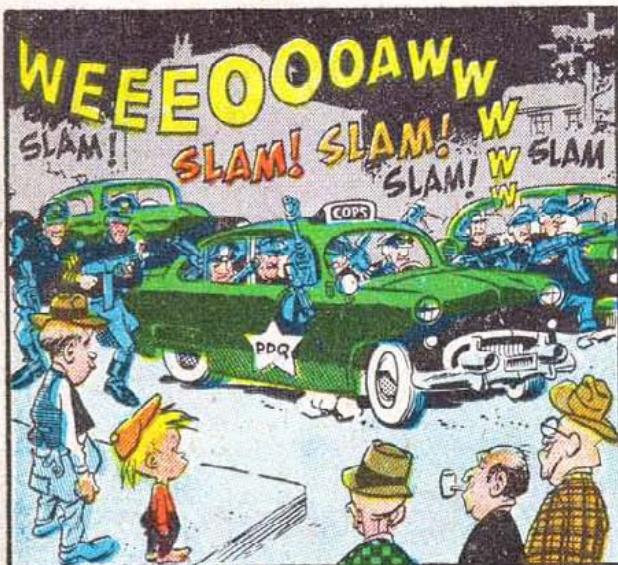
...EVERYTHING?

VA VA VOOM!







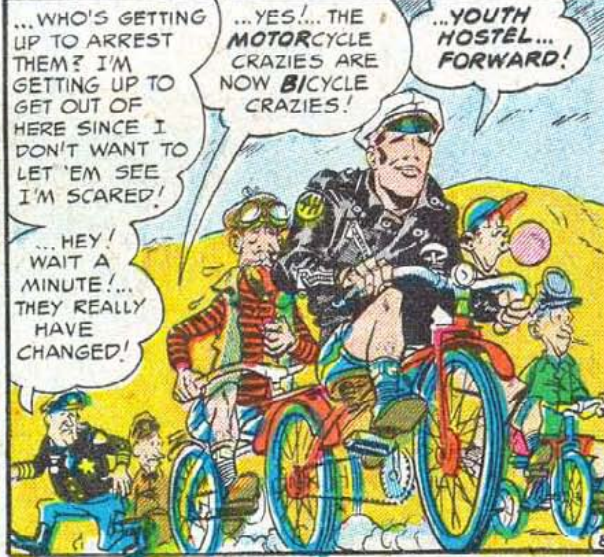


BUT THEN, JOHNNY, THE LEADER FELL IN LOVE WITH MY DAUGHTER! SHE CHANGED HIM!... HE DOESN'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE ANYMORE! THE TROUBLE'S RIGHT THERE WITH HIM AND HE DOESN'T HAVE TO LOOK!... HERE COMES JOHNNY NOW!

JOHNNY!... TELL THE SHERIFF HERE HOW YOU DON'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE ANY MORE!... TELL THE SHERIFF HOW YOU MET MY DAUGHTER AND FELL IN LOVE AND HOW THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW! ...WHATAYA SAY, JOHNNY, BWAH! ...WHATAYA SAY!



...SOME POLICE-CHIEF YOU ARE! NOW THEY'RE RIDING AWAY!... IF YOU SHOW THEM KIND YOU'RE SCARED... THEY RUN ALL OVER YOU!... YOU MUSTN'T SHOW THEM YOU'RE SCARED!... YOU MUSTN'T LET 'EM SEE YOU'RE SCARED!... JUST LET ME GET UP...



...WHO'S GETTING UP TO ARREST THEM? I'M GETTING UP TO GET OUT OF HERE SINCE I DON'T WANT TO LET 'EM SEE I'M SCARED!

...YES!... THE MOTORCYCLE CRAZIES ARE NOW BICYCLE CRAZIES!

...YOUTH HOSTEL... FORWARD!

...HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!... THEY REALLY HAVE CHANGED!

T.V. DEPT.: ARE YOU SICK OF TELEVISION? DO YOU WATCH TELEVISION FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT AND FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, YOU RUN OUT AND BUY A COMIC BOOK TO GET YOUR MIND OFF OF TELEVISION?...WELL, THIS STORY... FOR YOU READERS WHO ARE TRULY SICK OF SEEING TELEVISION, TELEVISION, TELEVISION... THIS STORY, WILL MAKE YOU SICKER, BECAUSE IT'S MORE ABOUT TELEVISION!...THIS STORY ABOUT...

CAPTAIN TVIDEO!

...AND NOW, THE LATEST ADVENTURE, 'THE MISSING ARMS OF VENUS'... VENUS THE PLANET, THAT IS!

CAPTAIN TVIDEO IS **BLASTING OFF** TO SEE THE SPACE COMMISSIONER! IT IS MORNING!... HOWEVER IT LOOKS LIKE EVENING 'CAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE THE 'BRIGHT' CONTROL TURNED UP ENOUGH!



...A FEW MOMENTS LATER, CAPTAIN TVIDEO **BLASTS BACK ON** OUTSIDE THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE WHERE HE **BLASTS-IN** THROUGH THE DOOR AND **BLASTS-OUT**...

... EH ?
... EH ?

...WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, CAPTAIN TVIDEO ? ... EH ?
...EH?... EH?

...HA!... I KNOW WHY I CAN'T HEAR YOU!... YOU'VE GOT YOUR 'ROCKET-RANGER' SPACE HELMET ON!





... HAVING TROUBLE GETTING IT OFF, CAPTAIN?

...NNGH!
...NNGH!

...FURSHLUG-GINER PROP MEN BUY THESE KID SPACE HELMETS IN THE 5 AND 10 ...

...WHEN'S THIS SHOW GONNA GET A DECENT BUDGET?



... NOW, LET'S GO ABOUT THIS CALMLY AND RATIONALLY! ... SURELY, BY THE THOUGHTFUL USE OF MODERN TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT, WE CAN REMOVE THAT SPACE HELMET!

YOU DON'T HAFTA!
YOU DON'T HAFTA!



... SURELY BY THE DELICATE, SKILLFUL USE OF MAN'S CLEVERLY DESIGNED MACHINES, WE CAN DEFTLY REMOVE THAT SPACE HELMET ... LIKE FER-INSTANCE ... **IF I BASH IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT WITH A MONKEY WRENCH!**

YOU DON'T HAFTA ...
YOU DON'T HAFTA!



... I SAY, CAPTAIN VIDEO! ... YOU DID MANAGE TO PULL THE HELMET OFF AFTER ALL! ... SORRY IF I ACTED TOO HASTILY!

... I TOLD YOU YOU DIDN'T HAFTA!



WELL, NEVER MIND, COMMISSIONER ... LET'S **BLAST-DOWN** TO BUSINESS! I HEAR TELL THAT ARMS ARE BEING SHIPPED HERE FROM VENUS ... THE PLANET, THAT IS! I NEED YOUR HELP, COMMISSIONER!

... BUT FIRST, I'D BETTER ALERT MY RANGERS WITH THE 'RANGER ALERTER' SWITCH ...

WAIT...
WAIT...



... THAT'S NOT THE 'RANGER ALERTER' SWITCH! ... THAT'S THE STUDIO FIRE-HOSE SWITCH! ... THIS PAPER STAPLER IS THE 'RANGER ALERTER' SWITCH!



O.K.! ... HERE GOES MY RANGER ALERT!

... MEANWHILE, I'LL BRIEF YOU ON WHAT'S HAPPENED! ... ALIEN CREATURES ON VENUS, WHO CAN BE INVISIBLE TO THE EARTHIAN EYE, HAVE THE PROPERTY OF SINKING INTO AN EARTHIAN HUMAN BODY SO THAT THE EARTHIAN BODY WILL THINK WITH AN ALIEN VENUSIAN MIND!

THESE ALIEN VENUSIANS HAVE BEEN SLOWLY TAKING OVER THE BODIES OF ALL EARTHIAN OFFICIALS... SLOWLY TAKING OVER CONTROL OF EARTH! ...WE MUST **BLAST-OUT** THESE ALIEN VENUSIANS!

BUT CAPTAIN TVIDO... HOW CAN WE RECOGNIZE THOSE WHOSE BODIES ARE INVADDED BY THE ALIEN VENUSIANS?

...SIMPLE! ...THE VENUSIANS ARE ADDICTED TO **CIGARS AND CIGARETTES!**

...MY DEAR TVIDO!... IGNORING THE FACT THAT THIS STORY PLOT IS MISERABLE HACK... I CANNOT BE IMPRESSED BY THIS ADDICTION ANGLE!

...WHY... **MOST EARTHIAN EVEN I** ARE ADDICTED TO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES!

AHA!... BUT IT'S THE **PECULIAR WAY** THAT THEY ARE ADDICTED TO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES THAT GIVES THEM AWAY!

...MY GOOD FELLOW... YOUR STORY SOUNDS QUITE RIDICULOUS TO ME! WHY... WHAT COULD **POSSIBLY** BE PECULIAR ABOUT CIGAR AND CIGARETTE ADDICTION? (CHOMP... GULP)... I SAY... THESE CORONA-CORONAS ARE DELICIOUS... (CHOMP... ULP)!

EATING CIGARS AND CIGARETTES IS PECULIAR, 'COMMISSIONER', ALIAS 'DIRTY UNAMERICAN ALIEN VENUSIAN'?... KEEP YOUR HAND OUT OF YOUR POCKET BECAUSE THIS SPARKLER I HAVE IN MY HAND IS A NUCLEAR BLAST-OFF GUN!... **NO YOU DON'T!**

OH YEAH! ...WELL THIS FLASHLIGHT IS ACTUALLY A HYDROGEN-OXIDE-OXYGEN RAY... OR A H.O.O.-RAY...

...**GOT HIM!** ...I'D BETTER CALL MY ASSISTANT RANGER AND **BLAST-OFF** TO BLAST VENUS, RIGHT AWAY!

...NOW THIS FLASHLIGHT MUST BE A MICROPHONE!

... **CAPTAIN TVIDO CALLING ASSISTANT RANGER...**

TIYO KIMOSAVEE! ...YOU WANT ME?

... **ASSISTANT RANGER... NOT LONE RANGER!**

AH... MY ASSISTANT RANGER WITH YOUR SPACE HELMET ON! ... I KNOW... IT'S STUCK AND YOU CAN'T GET IT OFF!... WELL... DON'T WORRY!... I LEARNED A SIMPLE WAY TO GET IT OFF... BANG IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT WITH A MONKEY WRENCH!

... **YOU DON'T HAFTA!... YOU DON'T HAFTA!**

STOP EIT! SNAG IT! KETCH THE THING!

...I SAY, ROCKET-RANGER, YOU DON'T HAVE A SPACE HELMENT ON **AFTER** ALL... MERELY A PIECE OF CUT OUT LAUNDRY-SHIRT CARDBOARD WITH A HELMET PAINTED ON IT!... DID I HURT YOU?

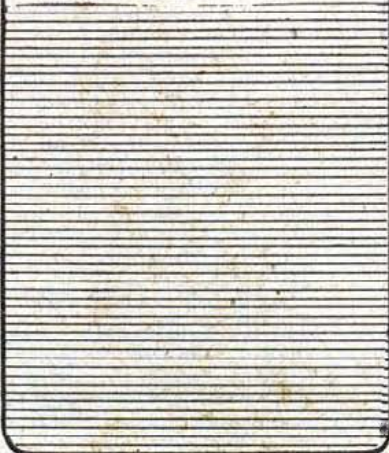
...ONLY WHEN I LAUGH!

...OKAY!... ALL KIDDING ASIDE!... WE'VE GOT TO CARRY THIS WAR TO VENUS!... LOAD YOUR SPARKLER WITH FUNTS AND COME OUT TO THE ROCKET-SHIP WHERE WE SHALL PREPARE TO **BLAST-OFF!**

...AND SO... WITH THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF 'BLAST-OFF' ECHOING HOLLOWLY IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, THE SCENE FADES OUT...



...AND THE NEXT SCENE THAT FADES IN IS A BRAND NEW SCENE THAT TAKES PLACE IN CAPTAIN TVIDEO'S ROCKET SHIP!



...ACTUALLY, IT'S THE SAME OLD SCENE ONLY WITH A FRAME STUCK OVER TO LOOK LIKE IT'S A NEW SCENE IN A ROCKET SHIP!



...SCARED?... LISTEN, RANGER!... THERE HASN'T BEEN A SINGLE SOLDIER... A SINGLE HUMAN BEING... WHO... GOING INTO BATTLE... HAS NOT BEEN SCARED! AND SO... IN ANSWER TO WHETHER I, CAPT. TVIDEO AM SCARED... THE ANSWER IS... NO!... I'M NOT SCARED!



...ACTUALLY THE CASE WOULD BE QUITE HOPELESS!... HOWEVER, I HAVE SOMETHING WITH WHICH I THINK I CAN OUTWIT THEIR SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION... OVERPOWER THEIR HIGHLY DEVELOPED ARMAMENT, AND REDUCE THEIR ABILITY TO OUTNUMBER US!... AND THAT THAT THING IS... THAT THING IS... IS...



...YES... IN A STUNNING PLASTIC FINISH DESIGNED TO FIT ANY FINGER!

...GOSH! WHAT A STUNNING LOOKING RING THAT IS... ONE THAT MY BOY FRIENDS WILL WANT... THAT MY GIRL FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE!



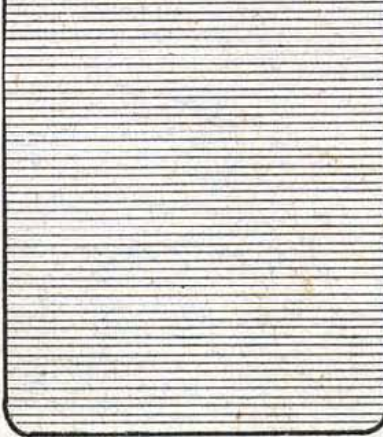
...YOU'LL FIND OUT LATER IN THE PROGRAM, RANGER!... AND NOW, I PUT MY HAND TO THE BLAST-OFF IGNITOR SWITCH... NOW I GET READY TO TURN THE HANDLE... AND NOW...



...AND SO... WITH THE ROAR OF THE STUDIO FIRE-HOSE ECHOING HOLLOWLY IN THE ROCKET SHIP, WE LEAVE CAPTAIN TVIDEO...



...LEAVE HIM FOR A MOMENT AS HE ROCKETS TOWARDS VENUS ARMED ONLY WITH THE 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING'...



...WHICH IS FINISHED IN STUNNING PLASTIC AND DESIGNED TO FIT ANY FINGER!... AND NOW...STAND BY FOR A VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!



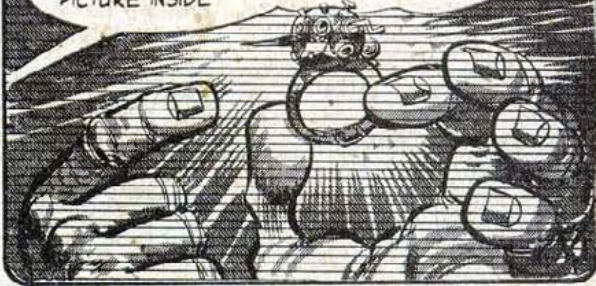
GANG!... REMEMBER THE SECRET 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING' THAT CAPTAIN TVIDEO IS GOING TO CONQUER VENUS WITH?... WELL NOW WE'VE GOT A **VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT** THAT MIGHT PROVE TO BE THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!... **AND THAT ANNOUNCEMENT IS...**



...YOU... TOO ...CAN... CON-QUER... VENUS!

YOU... CAN ...GET... ONE... OF ... CAPTAIN ... TVIDEO'S ... 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RINGS'!

... NOW THIS RING ISN'T ANY **ORDINARY RING**, GANG! FIRST OF ALL, LIKE WE SAID, IT'S STUNNING! IT'S GOT A HEAVY STONE ON TOP SO THAT WHEN YOU'RE IN A FIST FIGHT AND YOU HIT YOUR ENEMY ON THE HEAD WITH THE RING, IT ONLY **STUNS** HIM!... NOW, THAT'S NOT **ALL!** BESIDES HAVING A WHISTLE THAT CAPTAIN TVIDEO ALWAYS USES TO SIGNAL FOR HELP, A COMPASS, A MATCH TO LIGHT A FIRE, AND A MAP OF THE U.S., THIS RING HAS A SECRET POINT THAT SPRINGS OUT... AND **TIPPED WITH POISON**, GANG! ALSO A LITTLE PEEK-MOLE WHERE YOU CAN SEE A CHEESECAKE PICTURE INSIDE!



NOW, GANG, WE'RE MAKING THIS OFFER FOR A VERY LIMITED TIME SO YOU BETTER ACT **NOW** BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T ACT **NOW**, YOU'LL MISS OUT ON THIS HERE OFFER WHICH CLOSES SOON... VERY SOON... AFTER A LIMITED TIME. SOON... SOMETIME IN EARLY 1958!



... NOW WE'RE GIVING THIS RING AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE WITH THREE DOLLARS TO COVER THE COSTS OF HANDLING AND JUST TWO-HUNDRED WRAPPERS FROM '**GOOKY' CANDY BARS!**

...YES... '**GOOKY**' CANDY BARS... WITH THAT CRUNCHY-MUNCHY COVERING OF UNSHELLED SUN-FLOWER SEEDS... THAT SMOOTH, MELLOW, TANGY GOLDEN CENTER OF SOFT, CHEWY RUBBER CEMENT... WITH THAT ZESTY TINGLING SALTY FLAVOR OF SALT SPRINKLED ON TOP... AND THE RICH, GREEN, SATISFYING COLOR OF 100% U.S. TESTED AND CERTIFIED ARTIFICIAL COLOR!



...NOW LET US LEAVE THE SIGHT OF A MAN CHEWING HAPPILY ON A 'GOOKY' BAR... THE SOUND OF TEETH MUNCHING INTO THE COVERING...



...CRACKLING INTO SUN-FLOWER SEED SHELLS, TWANGING MOMENTARILY ON RUBBER CEMENT!... LET US LEAVE THE SOUND OF REGURGITATING...



...AND RETURN TO CAPTAIN TVIDEO, WHO... NOW BLASTING-OFF TO VENUS ... FACING THE MOST CRUCIAL HOUR OF HIS WHOLE LIFE... SAYS...



O.K., RANGER... WE'RE ALMOST TO VENUS! I'M VERY SATISFIED AT THE WAY YOU'VE HELPED ME CONTROL THIS SHIP... THE WAY YOU'VE KEPT GWED TO THEM BUTTONS... ALL THROUGH THE TRIP... METHODICALLY CLICKING THOSE BUTTONS!... FOR HOURS... UNWAVERING... CONSTANT... CLICKING, CLICKING THOSE BUTTONS!... AS TO YOUR DILIGENCE AND PERSEVERENCE, I CAN ONLY SAY ONE THING...



CIGARETTE, ...BY THE WAY! WHAT WILL YOUR STRATEGY BE EXACTLY, TO FIGHT THE VENUSIANS... TO PREVENT THEM FROM TAKING OVER EARTH?

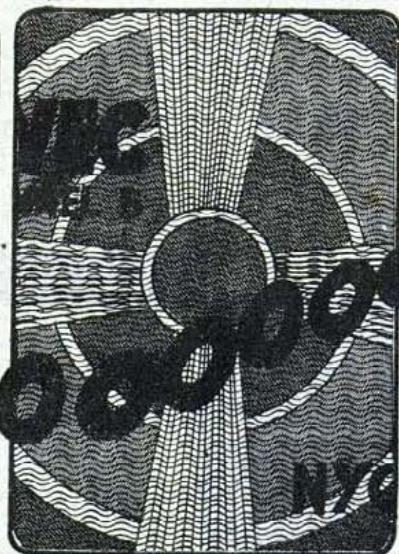
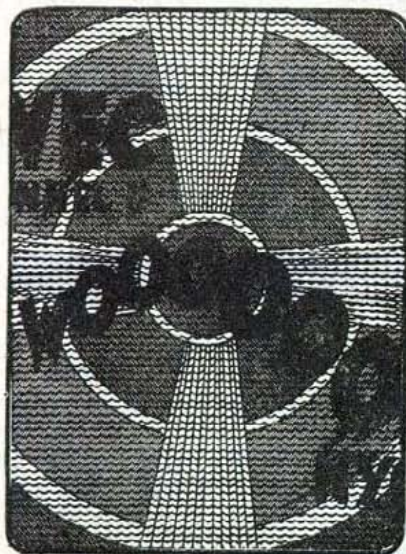


...I DON'T SMOKE 'EM, CAP!... I EAT 'EM!
...YES...NOW THAT WE'RE COMING CLOSE TO VENUS... I WAIT TILL SHE'S IN THE CROSS HAIRS AND I PUSH THE BUTTON HERE AND POW!... TAKES COOL NERVES AND CONCENTRATION, SO I DON'T TOUCH CIGARETTES AND I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU DO!... EVERY ROCKET RANGER KNOWS CIGARETTES ARE NO GOOD WHEN YOU SMOKE 'EM OR EAT 'EM...



...DIRTY UNAMERICAN ALIEN VENUSIAN DISGUISED IN A ROCKET-RANGERS BODY... YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO FOOL WITH CAPTAIN TVIDEO, THE FASTEST DRAW WITH THE NUCLEAR BLAST-OFF GUN! TAKE THIS!



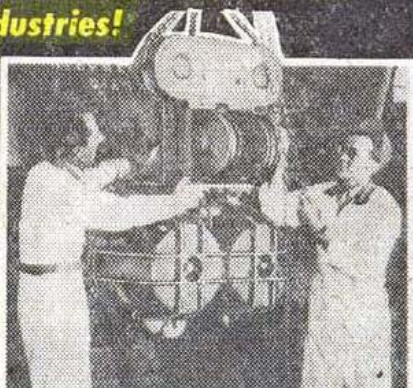


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