HUMBUG

1958 MORN

FEBRUARY 15¢ 1958 • CDC
NEW - A cream-oil that doesn't make you want to say “blech”

GALCREAM no more greasy palms!

Here’s how Galcream works...
The girl in the picture likes the feeling of the oil on the man. However — the man is the girl. The girl is the one with the short hair-cut with the Galcream.

Contains Fluoristan...
1958...

The New Year. Humbug pauses to look back on half a year of life and growth. Yes... in the past half year, we have witnessed significant expansion at Humbug... a new stapling machine on the front desk... a rubber stapler with our name on it... an extra pencil sharpener (little square type).

What then will 1958 bring? Perhaps a mechanical tape wetter. Tape glue tastes awful.

And now to the letters.

Dear Editor Harvey Kurtzman:

I forgot what I was going to say!

Fred Santino
Boston, Mass.

I was just noticing the clever way you and your staff scooped the world in your article on the Earth Satellite (Vol. 1, #4). No sooner did Humbug hit the stands than the Russians sent up their “moon.” This was either a very wise piece of detective work or that suspicious red border around your mag means something! John Ball
Detroit, Mich.

When is the U.S. going to put its first Mednick into the air?

Jack Gregory

...in your Humbug Hero of the Month you have slapped some hands that sorely needed it. Up until now they have been very appropriate. But this month’s edition goes against my grain.

In the past the people who have been tagged with these awards have been people who were generally a pain in the neck to society. But I fail to see by any stretch of the imagination how Mike Wallace falls into this category.

Can you in all sincerity at-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRANKENSTEIN .......... 4
1957 IN REVUE .......... 7
ROCKET TO THE MOON ... 10
PACKAGING ............. 11

MISLEADING COLUMNS .... 13
INDOOR TRACK ......... 16
SPUTNIK .............. 18

CRIME IN U.S.A ........ 90
ASPIRIN WAR ........... 95
FUN WITH HAMLET ....... 97
HAVE QUN, TRAVEL ...... 99

tack such interviews as those that were held with Frank Lloyd Wright and Margaret Sanger? I fail to see how. They were stimulating, enlightening, and down right good viewing.

This is not to say that Mike was not sensational in some of his interrogations. The fiascos with Mickey Cohen and Lill St. Cyr were not exactly tasteful. But let us judge a man on his merits, not his failings.

I feel that the prime purpose of Mike's show is to stimulate thought. And there are pitifully few shows on TV that do that sort of thing nowadays. It has never impressed me as poor taste to try to make people use their heads for something a little better than watching trite westerns. To me this show is a blessing.

For many years I have backed you on practically everything you did. Nothing you have ever printed has irritated or exasperated me. But on this issue I am afraid you have earned great horns from me.

William Kastanots
Lynn, Mass.

... what can you hope to gain by permitting a story like "Pagan Place" (L. Siegel, Oct '57 issue) to be printed? A heavy rebuke from responsible citizens, and a corresponding drop in your sales.

It is to your advantage to be critical of and not print so pitifully perverted material.

100% Sincerity St.
Ethics, U.S.A.
Our staff is generally clean and upstanding, but once in a while, the fools get hold of a book like Peyton Place which perverts them temporarily—ed.

Do you ever plan a satire on Unions—especially the idea the Union Organizers had in the AFL-CIO of organizing a Union for Union Organizers. Mr. G. Meany absolutely refused to hear of such a thing.

W. J. Turner
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your new paper-bound HUMBUG Digest. Bob Taylor
Royal Oak, Mich.

The HUMBUG Digest, a paperback collection of the best from the early HUMBUGS can be bought for 40c directly from Ballantine Books at 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N.Y., or read free at your neighborhood paperback rack. Only put it back nice.

HUMBUG back issues are available at 20c per. You may buy them singly or in bulk packages of 1000—ed.

As a fan, I devour every word of your fuddy magazine (with A-1 Sauce), and as a human being I am pharitically happy with your frippery. Keep it up. I would write more but I am busy counting Geigers with my Geiger counter and am working out details with an upside down owl for a Popsicle Ballet.

Doodles Weaver, The Gleep
KNXT Channel 2
Hollywood, Cal.

SEND JOHN KASPER TO THE MOON

The accompanying petition which was printed in issue #5 has brought a flood of signatures. Unfortunately, since the original printing, Mr. Kasper has been sent to jail instead of the moon. Nevertheless, we are forwarding the petition to the proper authorities so that Kasper can have a job and be useful when he gets out.—ed.

I really do think that John Kasper should go to the moon. But surely such an important man should have a secretary to take notes and make appointments for him.

May I apply for this position? I am 5'5", weigh 119 1/4 lbs., brown hair and green eyes. I can type, take shorthand and have excellent references. Besides the fact that this will be an amazing experience, I also have developed a crush on John Kasper.

Your magazine is terrific reading on these long winter nights. (Miss) Rena Colburne
Langhorne, Pa.

Huhuhu—ed

I also think it would be only fair to send someone else up as assistant Moon Ambassador. My vote is for Arthur Godfrey. Gary Moss
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Address mail to HUMBUG
598 Madison Ave., N.Y., 22, N.Y.
But I say... what is that he's ripped from the baseboard and now clutches in his arms?

Think me mad do you? Well there is the proof of my theories... Boris Karloff!

Aha! So that is the product of your work with electricity and your research into electrical science!

Ah - here's another body... stretched, but useful. Throw it on the cart, Hans.

Yes, Herr Frankensten!

Shucks! Sure is slim pickins today. Boy for a revolution or something!

Careful, clumsy idiot! Do not pile them to one side!

Hooray! What an assistant!

Why can't I have a clean-cut assistant?

Now Hans, go to the medical college and steal a nice human brain.

Boris 1

Karlott!

Aha!

So that is the product of my work with electricity and your research into electrical science!

Boris 2

Frankenstein

And His Monster

Television is reviving this twenty-five year old thriller which was made when scientific talk centered around simple electricity... not atomic energy. As the story opens, scientist Count Henry Von Frankenstein, a young, middle-European schvienhunt, is out on the moor gathering bodies for his work.
They're labelled "Excellent brain"—"Good brain"—"Fair brain" and "Rotten brain".

There are some fresh Jones in the formaldehyde! Woops! Pushed over the Excellent brain! Consam! Turned the Fair brain upside down by mistake. Well—I guess I'll have to take the you—know—which.

Hans! Did you get the brain? Yes, Herr Frankenstein!

Good. The thunderstorm grows. Our experiment in electric biology begins—with the aid of our latest complex electrical apparatus. Help me with the kite and hold the key.

We must wait till the storm is at its peak so that we can get plenty lightning—which has secret electric ingredients besides—it's scatterer! Get to your post, Hans! I'm too scared. Here goes the experiment!
That should do it. The body under the cloth should now be pulsing and breathing with monster life — which we shall see as soon as I pull back this sheet, revealing a little pile of ash? Well...

Back to the old drawing board!

Oh Henry, I am glad you came down from your laboratory and your nasty little experiments.

It's good to be back, dear — good to watch the happy burghers dancing in the streets — celebrating in the beer hall.

By George it's the monster! He's alive!

And well they might celebrate — for this is our wedding day and you will become part of the house of Frankenstein. Nothing shall stop that.

Herr Frankenstein! Look!!

It's a miracle! Born with clothes on...it's really a miracle. But he's ugly! Ugly! How can you stand him?

I'm going home to rest.

If I can stand you — I can stand him. Come to think of it I can't stand you.

Oh Henry. Somehow I have a premonition — a feeling —

...that before we get a chance to marry...

...something dreadful will happen!
1 month later...

Say dearest... remember the day we got married — you thought something would happen before we could marry?

Yeah, and nothing happened.

Herr Frankenstein! Herr Frankenstein! Your monster is loose!

My monster is loose? Where did he go?

They say he killed Hans and drowned farmer Flauten's daughter.

Get torches!

Let's kill the monster!

There he goes!

After him!

Where is he?

We're about to come to grips with him!

How can you tell?

Paper Mache rocks! That means studio action!

He's going into the old mill.

Burn it down!

Ray!

The monster is burning up!

That's the end of him!

Let's go back to the beerhall and have a drink!

We sure burned up that monster.

That'll teach them foreigners to leave our girls alone.

Did you say you killed the monster? Then I got back too late.

It's Sheriff Matt Dillon!

That monster was entitled to a fair trial. A man in Dodge just confessed to the killings. The monster was innocent. You fools have lynched the wrong man.

Gosh! We should have realized... realzed this picture was one of those lynch-mob stories.

This week we can't drive a stake through the vampire's heart?
1957 IN REVUE
Nine Outstanding Shots From The Year Passed

Continued on next page

Russians Launch Sputnick

The winning photo of Moscow’s first space satellite taken at Newport golf course. Its decoded radio signal revealed only boring non-commercial programs. Authorities promised this satellite would not be admitted to the U.N.
Famed Financier  Dave Beck retires as J. Hoffa is elected by impartial hirelings at Teamster elections.

First ICBM  was fired by the Russians Other first firings were, Sputnick, Molotov, Malenkov, Zhukov.

Mike Todd's  Mad. Sq. Garden party, to chagrin of host, was widely regarded as a publicity stunt.

World Champ's  Lew Burdette won 3 games from Yanks Spithill charges proved false Inset shows ball filled with official dry sand
Asian Flu made people pray for relief at shrine of Chinese God An Ti Histo Min. Certain American students came to pray in person.

Literature by Robt. Harrison became required reading for stimulated jurors and judges.

Mayflower II reenacted historic Pilgrim's voyage. Replica logged fairly good time despite the unfavorable winds.

Little Benny Hooper fell down a well. His tales of what he saw made doctors think he landed on head.
ROCKET TO THE MOON
INGENUITY IN
PACKAGING
Clever ideas help business meet rising costs.

While packaging's basic purpose is to attractively wrap and protect products, there is a new and even greater role a package must play. It must help lower costs and raise profits. It must, in other words, make the customer feel he's still getting as much as he used to, while he is in fact getting a whole lot less.

Let's see how this magic is accomplished.

Chocolate bar in 1945.  
Same chocolate in 1950  
Same chocolate in 1958
SEVEN RASCALLY PACKAGING TECHNIQUES

Prisms of bottle reflect contents all over. Actually only tiny bottom section is filled.

The old false-bottom idea (dotted line) is still an ingenious and perennial favorite.

Product printed in full color on surface of bag hides fact only small portion is inside.

80% of inside pushbutton can is machinery. More profit is made on can than on product inside.

Classy package makes it possible to ask 25c. Unadorned, it sells five for a nickel.

Clipping product onto a large attractive card makes small item really look important.

Perfume container holds container holding container containing impressive drop of perfume.
misleading

COLUMNS

In going through some of the newspaper columns recently, we made a startling discovery. Many of the columnists are cheating. They are advertised as one thing, but they're really another. To show you what we mean, the following are five different type columnists, each of whom is not what he is being paid to be.

A LOVELORN COLUMN: Abigail Van Boren is assigned to ease the aching hearts. However, careful examination of her column reveals it is actually a humor feature.

DEAR ABIE

Her Flame: A Fireman Without Spark

DEAR ABIE: I am madly in love with a young fireman. He has no parents, is poor, and recently contracted beri-beri. Doctors told him he has just a month to live. But I want to marry him anyway. He loves me but insists that we don't marry. We have decided to bank our whole lives on your decision. Should I let him die unlived or marry him and at least bring a few weeks of happiness to this poor young fireman?

PUZZLED

DEAR ABIE: I am madly in love with a young fireman. He has no parents, is poor, and recently contracted beri-beri. Doctors told him he has just a month to live. But I want to marry him anyway. He loves me but insists that we don't marry. We have decided to bank our whole lives on your decision. Should I let him die unlived or marry him and at least bring a few weeks of happiness to this poor young fireman?

DEAR UNSETTLED: Just flew in from Vienna? Ill bet your arms are tired.

DEAR ABIE: I have an inferiority complex because I am short 4'3". Fortunately my fiance, Murray, loves short girls. In fact, the shorter the better. Murray, unfortunately, happens to be a bookmaker. However, I love and respect bookmakers. Murray's parents are unreasonable, and want to live with us after we're married. But we both love his unreasonable parents and want them to live with us. So as you see, we have no problems. But tell us a joke anyway.

DEAR ADJUSTED: What's shaped like a box, smells like box, and flies? Give up? A flying box!

CONFIDENTIAL TO "UNCERTAIN": To get to the other side.

CONFIDENTIAL TO "FAN": No, Bob Hope hasn't asked me. But he probably has enough writers anyway. I'm glad you think I'm such a scream. But if you really want to howl, catch me some time at the theatre when I sit in the audience and yell, "Fire!"
A TV-RADIO COLUMN: Although a little brownie often sneaks radio and TV items into Nick Kennedy's column, the real Nick writes social items and heart-warming poetry.

WBNX—ISM: WHOM—1480 WQXR—1560 WWBL—IMP NICK KENNEDY

BLLA HRSKWTS, the Tibetan tenor, sings your Uncle Nick's songs for my favorite charity this Fri. It's the Dey Street Bocci Party For Stuttering Trash Haulers. I told Blla, "You will sing so others may talk."

SATURDAY is the Bar Mitzvah of Wong Mittleman, at the Hong Kong Jewish Center. Don't miss it!

My Exterminator
When I'm howlin' and I'm screamin' Cause the rats all squeak and snort, Who's there to teach me patience, And how to shut my trop? My exterminator. Though a man of fire at mouse's hole, A hating, killing wiz; Still a humble, loving, trustful soul My exterminator is: When the Master Mouser calls him To that Big House up Above, He'll bring along his Kit of Kindness And spry the whole wide world with Love. My exterminator

HY GARNER CALLING

Double Check and Triple Check
THE TIP-OFF: Pres. Eisenhower will manage a supermarket in 1961. THE CHECK-UP: "It's so nice of you to call and check that item, Hy," said Ike. "Especially at 2 a.m. when you're so busy. I do hope your family's well. As of now, Hy, I don't think I'll go in the supermarket business, but please call again tomorrow, things may change. Take care of yourself, Hy. I'll have to hang up now. It's a bit draughty, and I want to get back in that tub."

THE TIP-OFF: Artist John Hall will leave for Russia to join the Communist Party. THE CHECK-UP: "I'm tickled to hear from you, Hy," writes John Hall. "Actually, though, I'm not leaving for Russia, I'm leaving for Brushes Paint brushes, I'm out of them. Also, I'm not joining the Communist Party. I'm joining Carmen Naël's party.... a cocktail party. Hope to see you as soon as I'm released by the Un-American committee. Best wishes, John."

CHALL FOR

A GOSSIP COLUMN: Hy Garner is not a gossip columnist. He is more of a brother and confidant with everybody in the world just loving to talk to him, any time, any place.
THE SPORTS COLUMN: Sportswriter Jimmy Connan enjoys making witty, pithy comments on every conceivable phase of life, with one exception: He often forgets sports.

**JIMMY CONNAN**

NOBODY ASKED ME, BUT I'M TELLING YOU:

It's all over, when your broad runs off to Australia, has five kids, and sends you time bombs in the mail.

I find eye charts dull.

Fat guys with skinny legs are always named Charlie, or something else.

Next time you plan to assassinate Prime Minister MacMillan, count me in.

**A BROADWAY COLUMN:** Walter Winshield is really a code expert, whose unbreakable code in his column will be used to transmit messages from the American Sputnick.

**Walter Winshield of New York**

**Hotbeat.**

*translation... Police authorities say that effeminate gentlemen on Broadway this year are twice that of last year (I find that interesting)... Charlie Chaplin insists he won't return to the U.S. (I'm pleased)... Tommy Manville and his wife got divorced... My TV show is doing fairly well (I'm gratified)... The President may upset Russia with a plan he has in mind... Oilwell owner Kevin O'Shea and his estranged songstress wife are acting compatible and may be expecting a child (I'm happy for them)...

15
MUNICIPAL GARDENS

SPORTS
INDOOR TRACK
This winter, as usual, track activities move indoors gathering College, Independent and Olympic stars to run in our great, cold, drafty arenas. Using the maximum space in these crowded indoor stadiums, the winter meets will no doubt bring many thrills and chills and tragedies.
The end of 1958 will undoubtedly find the sky full of SPUTNIKS, and what with all the talk of the dangers of meteorites and cosmic rays it will eventually be the collection of burned out sputnik launchers and rocket junk that will constitute greatest hazard to space travel.

GIRLNIK—Russian trump card to be sent up to distract attention from next Soviet crisis.

GLOBENIK with accompanying monster, a satellite's satellite.

BASKETBALLNIK—U.S. satellite that is as big as a basketball.

ZHIKOVNIK—non-returnable satellite named in honor of occupant slated to be commissar of sputniks.

PEACENIK—will be the Soviet peace enforcement satellite.

GRAPEFRUITNIK

ORANGENIK

MARBLENIK

A.S.P.C.A.NIK—sent up by organization of outraged animal lovers.

FRIGHTNIK—huge Russian satellite will be rubber balloon, fake, calculated to throw us into greater hysteria than ever.
Our satellite should be long and low in design, with get-away power enabling it to effortlessly pass other satellites. Beauty and prestige will be ours as others notice that look no other satellite has...*the FORWARD look.*
THE LOST CHORD CASE. Most baffling of the famous unsolved crimes is the case in which it was suspected that the 'Chord' was not lost—but stolen. The modern illustration (above) shows the 1938 Count Basie band, all of whom are under suspicion.
The Editors of Humbug present a new series

Crime in U.S.A.

Part One

Famous Unsolved Crimes

Some time ago, another famous magazine called Life ran a series similar to this one but left many aspects of crime untouched; aspects we intend to cover here in the same modern style, starting with smart modern-type drawings of famous unsolved crimes. One look at illustrations will show why crimes remained unsolved.

▲ GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY. A train of mushrooms and people disappeared. Detectives hope for solution since mushrooms may still be good

▲ MYSTERY CRIME illustration below will make anyone suspect a crime is involved. Which crime—we don't know, but we're working on it.

WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN CASE. Prime suspect, above, was arrested and released for lack of recognition by witnesses.
PART TWO

WHAT MAKES A MAN TURN TO CRIME

Psychiatry has opened many doors of knowledge into the intricate machinations of the human mind, particularly pertaining to the subconscious impulses and motivations that seem to lead certain individuals inexorably towards a life of crime. We have chosen here a typical documented case history, that of B. M. Schnook, to illustrate the psychological influences that criminally affects human behaviour.

B. M. SCHNOOK (center) grew up in a normal, average, middle-class family of the post civil war era.

SCHNOOK (center) attended grade and high schools and was a normal average student in every respect.

SCHNOOK (center) was drafted and his experiences were much like those of millions of other doughboys.

AFTER THE WAR, Schnook (center) became an average hardworking family-man with the usual problems.
THEN ONE DAY, without any apparent provocation B. M. Schnook (center) suddenly turned to violent crime.

NATURALLY he was punished... and yet he returned to bigger and bigger acts of criminality time and again.

BETWEEN JAIL TERMS, B. M. Schnook somehow amassed a vast fortune. Today, long after his death, his heirs often gaze out at the Schnook empire and wonder just what it was that made the old fellow turn to a life of crime.
PART THREE

A MODEL POLICE FORCE

Crime often relates to a city's police department. A new approach toward crime, using modern technology and understanding, has made the police force at Goes, Ohio, the nation's best. Police Chief A. Pilfer operates all of the city's rackets. This helps to contain crime and also supplements his modest civil-service income.

Efficient Police Department ever on alert, makes speedy capture of motorist trying to force bent nickel into parking meter.

Judge Blanton of Goes, promises I'll stop petty thievery or know why.

Modern Police Techniques bring sure results here where first-offense jay walker is interviewed by trained police psychologists.

Modern, jet, amphibious patrol car brings speedy justice to traffic violators. It is equipped with nuclear weapons, judge, jury, clerk and cash register. This efficient service avoids overcrowding of courts.
The unrecognized

ASPIRIN WAR

The tests illustrated on these pages are familiar outward signs of an unseen commercial war being waged even as we speak.

To understand the Great Aspirin War one must understand its background first. For many years the Bayar Aspirin people enjoyed a virtual monopoly in the pain relieving field. Then along came the Bufferine group to challenge their leadership.

The Bufferine camp started their campaign with a bombshell. They showed that the general concept of anatomy i.e.: flesh, blood, bones, etc., was as out of date as thinking the world was flat.

They brought forth illustrative proof that the body was actually composed of plumbing. They, of course, had a medicine that effectively treated this plumbing. This gave the Bayar Aspirin side a pretty big headache. But they came back fighting.

They threw thousands into a campaign, showing a statue's head in their ads, thus proving the classic Greek sculpture concept of anatomy was far more attractive than pipes. By now the fray was a free-for-all. Others, like Anacine, jumped in to claim that the head did not contain brains but instead had three little boxes that made a lot of noise that only Anacine could stop.

Today, the battleground ever widens, and there is cause for apprehension. We can only pray the UN doesn't act too late.
PAIN RELIEF SPEED TEST ON ACTUAL PEOPLE IN ACTUAL PAIN

Conducted by impartial, independent, heavily bribed research organizations.

**ASPIRIN**

Bayar Aspirin's clinically controlled test.

Quick dissolve properties go to work instantly.

Total pain relief is achieved in 10 seconds.

---

**BUFFERINE**

Bufferine researchers conduct pain relief test.

Bufferine clinks as it ricochets thru pipeworks.

Relief comes in 10 seconds. Test is draw...
The big gripe at PTA meetings today is that such reading matter as Dickie Dare and Dick and Jane are not important and educational enough for elementary school kids. Here's how LARRY SIEGEL proposes first-graders be exposed to the world's important literature.

Fun with HAMLET & his friends

by William Shakespeare

See the man. What a funny man. His name is Hamlet. He is a prince. He is sad. Why are you sad, Hamlet?

“I am sad, for my father has died,” says Hamlet. “My father was the king.”

Where are you going, Hamlet?

“I am going to the castle,” says Hamlet.

On the way he meets a ghost. “Where are you going?” asks the ghost.
"I am going to the castle," says Hamlet.

"Boo boo," says the ghost.

"What is your name, you silly ghost?" asks Hamlet, clapping his hands.

"I am your father," says the ghost. "I was a good king. Uncle Claudius is a bad king. He gave me poison. Would you like poison?"

"Oh, no," says Hamlet. "I would not like poison."

"Will you avenge me, Hamlet?" asks the ghost.

"Oh, yes," says Hamlet. "I will avenge you. What fun it will be to avenge you."

On the way he meets a girl.

"Where are you going?" asks the girl.

"I am going to the castle," says Hamlet.

"Ha ha," says the girl.

"What is your name?" asks Hamlet.

"My name is Ophelia," says the girl.

"Why are you laughing?" asks Hamlet. "You are a silly goose."

"I laugh because you are so funny," says Ophelia. "I laugh because you are schizophrenic. Are you not schizophrenic?"

"I am not a schizophrenic," says Hamlet, laughing and clapping his hands. "I pretend I am a schizophrenic. I pretend, for I want to fool my Uncle. What fun it is to pretend I am a schizophrenic."

See Hamlet run. Run, Hamlet, run.

He is going to his mother's room.

"I have something to tell you, mother," says Hamlet. "Uncle Claudius is bad. He gave my father poison. Poison is not good. I do not like poison. Do you like poison?"

"Oh no, indeed!" says his mother. "I do not like poison."

"Oh, there is Uncle Claudius," says Hamlet. "He is hiding behind the curtain. Why is he hiding behind the curtain? I shall stab him. What fun it will be to stab him through the curtain."

See Hamlet draw his sword. See Hamlet stab.

Stab, Hamlet, stab.

See Uncle Claudius's blood. See Uncle Claudius's blood gush.

Gush, blood, gush.
Where will it all end? This latest t.v. horse opera makes us wonder. Just think...if all of these stories were true, the West would be some place. You couldn't walk into a town square without a 'draw' scene going on.
For a fee, I'll hit that little fellow for you... here is my card.

I also have a little colored brochure describing my services... with a handy plastic calendar.

Also a rate card, self-addressed.

...which you can mail, and be billed later. For $200 I'll "take care" of this young man.

I thought you said he's a good guy.

He's a bad guy—that is— he looks bad but he's actually good but bad good with good badness.

Although he seems bad, in the end he'll be a good guy.

Now he goes away to a telephone booth to put on his black costume...

His black hat, guns, boots, pants, shirt, holster, with special insignia.

Wait! Wait!

Not that black hat, guns, boots... etc. and insignia.

There, now I've got on the right uniform. Now— where's that good guy?

He's in the square, Mr. Palomine, havin' a showdown with the bad-guy!

Bad guy! I'm gonna settle accounts now! Let's see how fast your gun is?

That's too bad for you, good guy, cause I'm the faster gun.

Just hold on boys... cause I'm a faster guy than the both of you.

Now watch, he'll prove he's a good guy!

Ibsen said Marriage is a thing you've got to give your whole mind to.
McVint Bonner. I'm the fastest gun! My friends call me Wyatt... and you boys are all wrong. Actually, I'm the fastest gun.

That's mighty interesting, mister, 'cause I come from out of town to look for a faster gun to prove I'm the fastest gun!

Tryo Ki-save! I'm the fastest gun! Me — Jim Hardie, I'm the fastest gun! Me — Vint Bonner, I'm the fastest gun! Me — Gene Autry.

Somebody send up a Squeak so we can divorce from this mess!

I, Seymour Mednick am the slowest gun, but am shootingest gun!

BAM! Bam! Blam! Poooom! Boom!

Nice going Palominos! But how come you beat everybody else to the draw? Bad guys - like you - never beat to the draw!

Don't worry. He'll prove he's a good guy.

Tell the truth, I stayed out of range with a high-powered rifle.

Well I have to go now.

They've hired me for a job in New York. I've got an appointment in a barbershop to give a fellow a trim - fellow by name of Anastasia.

As Lord Byron put it: What's drinking? A mere pause from thinking?

You know - I'm beginning to think may be he can't find a good guy.

Don't try anything. In Dodge, ya... I, Matt Dillon am the fastest gun!
See Uncle Claudius fall. How funny he looks, stabbed.
Ha, Ha, Ha.
But it is not Uncle Claudius.
It is Polonius. Polonius is Ophelia’s father.
What fun Hamlet is having.
“You are naughty, Hamlet,” says Hamlet’s mother. “You have stabbed Polonius.”
But Hamlet’s mother is not cross. She loves Hamlet. He is a good boy.
And Hamlet loves his mother. She is a good mother. Hamlet loves his mother very much. Hamlet loves his mother very, very much.
Does Hamlet love his mother a little too much?
Perhaps.
See Hamlet run. Run, Hamlet, run.
Where are you going, Hamlet?
“I am going to find Uncle Claudius.”
On the way he passes a brook. In the brook he sees Ophelia. Ophelia is drowning.
“Where are you going?” asks Ophelia.
“I am going to find Uncle Claudius.”
“Glub glub,” says Ophelia.
On the way he meets a man,
“Where are you going?” asks the man.
“I am going to find Uncle Claudius.”
“I don’t think I am going to find Uncle Claudius,” says Hamlet.
See Hamlet and Laertes duel.
See Laertes stab Hamlet.
See Hamlet stab Laertes.
See Hamlet’s mother drink poison.
See Hamlet stab King Claudius.
See everybody wounded and bleeding and dying and dead.
What fun they are having!
Wouldn’t you like to play like that?
THE GRAND HUMBUG AWARD

SEPTEMBER 1957

Commander Faubus holds the line against the mighty foe (upper r.) before the arrival of foreign troops causes disorderly retreat...

Devoted to those showing leadership beyond the reach of any reason, this page honors...

Orval Faubus
HUMBUG HERO OF 1957
That bad-guy is smart. He knows bad-guys always lose the draw and he'll miss reading HUMBUG. Don't you miss reading HUMBUG. Subscribe.