

SPECIAL SUMMER "CAMP" ISSUE

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CHEAP

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AIDE-DE-"CAMP" DEPT.

Everybody's going wild over that new TV show featuring "The Caped Crusader" and his teenage side-kick. But has anyone ever wondered what it would really be like as the side-kick of a "Caped Crusader"? Would a typical red-blooded teenage boy really be happy dressing in some far-out costume and spending all of his free time chasing crooks? Or would he much prefer dressing in chinos and go-go boots and spending all of his free time chasing chicks? We at MAD think the latter! In fact, we're ready to prove it! Let's take a MAD look at "Boy Wonderful" as he is slowly being driven

BATS-MAN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Finster Cleaners? This is Bats-Man! You sent me the wrong costume! What do you mean "You sent it to the ballet school by mistake"? Get it back and send it over to me quick!

You'd sure look ridiculous fighting crime in this outfit, Mr. Swain!



Meanwhile, at Frank D. Wilson High School...

Hi, Zelda. Would you like to go to the dance with me Saturday night?

I already have a date with the captain of the ping-pong team! You can't expect a girl to be seen with a non-athletic type like you, Gray Dickson!

Hi, Candy. How about going to the dance with me?

You've got a lot of nerve asking me for a date after what happened the last time I went out with you, Gray Dickson! Ditching me for a middle-aged lady! I saw you sneaking off down the back staircase with her!

Holy Tony Curtis! That was no lady—that was Bats-Man! He came to get me when "The Kibitzer" escaped from jail! This "Boy Wonderful" bit is really lousing up my love life! I'm going to have to straighten a few things out!



Neuman, did Gray come home from school yet?

Yes, s-r. Master Sparrow went directly below to the laboratory.

That was Sparrow! He must be in danger! I haven't a moment to lose! To the Bat-Slide!

WHEEEEE!

What's wrong, Boy Wonderful?

Wait till you see the Bat-Scope!

Did you discover the hideout of that evil menace, "El Bufon"?

No, the dressing room of Jill St. John! Holy 38-24-36!!

Now, now, Boy Wonderful ... not nice, not nice!

Let's think about other things!

Which reminds me, I'd like to borrow the Bats-Mobile tonight!

I don't understand

Holy Squaresville!

Holy Kinsey Report! I've got a date with a girl! Finally! And believe me, it wasn't easy!

I've always dreaded this moment! Sparrow, you are growing up! Yesterday you were just a little Boy Wonderful, and today ... well, it's time we had a man-to-bird talk!

It's a life of smiles, and a life of tears; A life of hope, and a life of fears; But remember, there's a *Bitchbird* of Happiness!

Holy Cornball! Listen, don't get me wrong, Bats-Man ... I don't mind fighting crooks and running around in my underwear! But I'd also like some time for good, clean teenage activities, like making out and sniffing airplane glue and talking for hours on the phone ...

But Sparrow— You have your own private phone!

Holy Don Arneche!
Some phone! A
direct wire to
the Commissioner's
office!

It just happens that the Commissioner is
a very witty conversationalist! And not
only that . . . wait! The Bats-Phone! Hello.
Bats-Man here! Oh, Commissioner, we were
just talking about you! No! Really? Okay!

It was the Commissioner! He's bored out
of his mind! He said we've been on the air
15 minutes and we haven't had one fight,
seen one weird villain, or scaled one wall!
Better get the Bats-Mobile ready!

But what
about
my date
tonight?



What's wrong with you kids today? Your date
will have to wait until evil and injustice have
been braced from Gotham City! And after that,
we've got problems in Asia! If you really feel
the need for feminine companionship, there's
always Aunt Hattie!

Man, that Bat bugs me! I ask for one fousy
night off and he gives me the whole darn
Follyanna schtick! Okay, baby, you asked
for it! There's only one cat slerp enough
to knock you off, Bats-Man, and that's me!

This bomb
attached to the
ignition will
fix his wagon!



**Leapin' Lizards!
It's Sparrow
Versus Bats-Man!**

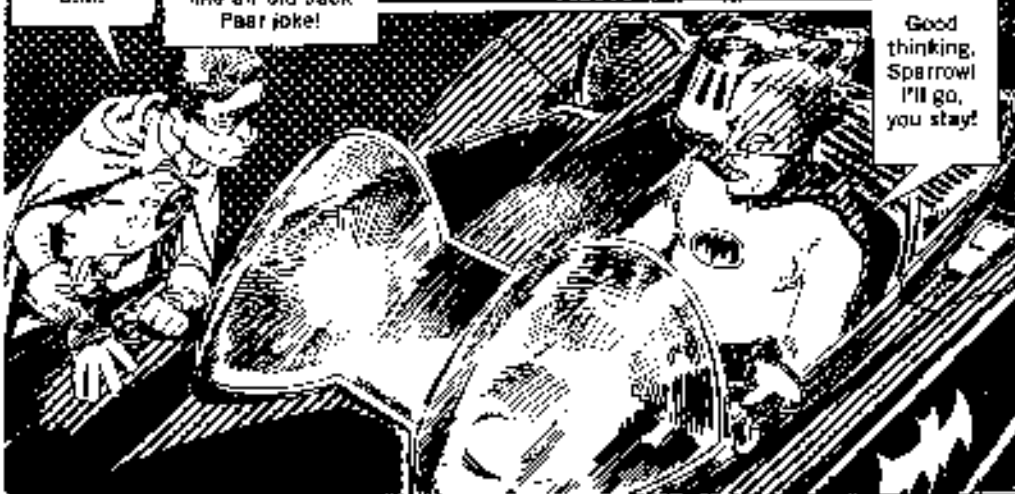
The
Bats-Mobile
is all
set to go,
B.M.

I wish you wouldn't
call me that,
Sparrow! It sounds
like an old Jack
Paar joke!

I've been thinking . . . you know how kidnap prone Aunt
Hattie is! Well, wouldn't it be wise if one of us stayed
here to protect her while the other zooms into town in
the Bats-Mobile, waving at pretty girls on the road, and—

Good
thinking,
Sparrow!
I'll go,
you stay!

That's better. At least now I
look like a normal teenager!
And in a few minutes . . .





Holy Mushroom Cloud! Can That Be The End Of Bats-Man?!

Bats-Man! Are you all right?

That was a close call, Boy Wonder! If I hadn't fallen out of the Bats-Mobile on that sharp turn outside the Bats-Cave, I'd be Bats-Burger by now! The car is a total loss, though... better call the Insurance Adjuster and uncrate the alternate Bats-Mobile!

Hmmmm... getting this Bat off my back is going to be tougher than I figured. But my next idea won't fail!



Holy Socks! What Bird-Brained Scheme Is Sparrow Hatching Now?

Mr. Bats-Man, sir, this package just arrived. I took the liberty of opening it for you—it's a new electric razor!

Probably a gift from one of my many admirers. Come to think of it, I can use a shave right now!

Just wait until he uses that razor! It's really a Laser beam! So long, you old Bat!

It's the Commissioner, sir. Some diabolical fiend has just robbed the Wessel Foundation Museum...

Tell him not to worry—the paintings are all insured for more than they're worth!

Not just the paintings, sir—they stole the whole museum!

What! Give me that phone!



Suffering Sunbeam! Is This The End For Bats-Man, Or Just Another Close Shave?

They put the whole museum on wheels and stole it in broad daylight? Astounding! Sounds like a new menace has come to Gotham City—or maybe it's just the Seven Santic Brothers!

Yeeeahhhh!!!

Holy Ichabod Cranel

Oh dear, and good domestics are so hard to find, nowadays!

That death ray was meant for me! I'm up against the archest arch-criminal in my career! Warm up the alternate Bats-Mobile!



Well, I tried all the conventional TV weapons and nothing worked. There's only one way left to destroy Bats-Man—expose him!

Holy Perversion, Sparrow! That Would Be Indecent!

Don't you think we ought to close the cave and put the roadblock back up, Bats-Man?

Don't worry about it, Sparrow. If they really wanted to find out where the Bats-Cave is, all they'd have to do is trace the line from the Bats-Phone in the Commissioner's office. TV writers have no logic at all!



Bats-Man! I just received a call from a friend who calls himself "El Capon". He said that at midnight tonight he's going to reveal your true identity on TV!

Great Scott! We'll have to forget about the museum robbery! There are thousands of Rembrandts and Da Vincis, but only ONE Bats-Man!

If I know my super-crooks, the evil El Capon is holed up in a deserted warehouse at the edge of town!

They always are!

Come on, Sparrow. We haven't a moment to lose!



Listen, Bats-Man... let's use Bats-Plan #5 where you go through the window and I go through the skylight! Sort of surround El Capon!

Good thinking, Boy Wonderful! In the meantime, let's enjoy the way they shoot this scene holding the camera sideways to give the impression that we're climbing a wall!



It's a trap!

Welcome, Bats-Man! I've been expecting you!



What have you done with Sparrow, you fiend?

Holy Benedict Arnold! If you only knew! But don't bother to struggle—that cage is escape proof! And in exactly one hour, the entire country will learn your identity!

Wait a second! I'd know that voice anywhere! I know who you really are. El Capon—you're Aunt Hattie!

Close, Bats-Man, but not close enough! You seem surprised . . .



Of course I am! I thought tonight's guest villain was supposed to be Laurence Olivier! But how were you able to make that phone call to the Commissioner? I was with you all the time! And how were you able to change into that costume so fast?

A lesson I learned from you in one of your many boring speeches! Remember the one about logic and TV writers? You were right! They have none! That's how come we can do things like starting down our Bat Slide wearing street clothes and ending up in the Bats-Cave in full costume! But all that doesn't matter now. In a short time you'll be all washed up! Finished!

Sparrow, don't go through with your devilish scheme! You can't toss all this away—ratings, money, fame . . .

Fame? You call it fame having all my hip friends laughing at me?

What difference does it make if they laugh, as long as they watch the program! For years, TV tried to reach the so-called sophisticates with "Playhouse 90", "The Defenders", etc. But they wouldn't even turn on their sets!



Then along came "Bats-Man" and the industry made a revolutionary discovery. Give the "in" group garbage—make the show bad enough and they'll call it "camp" and stay glued to their sets!

Holy Nielsen! You mean the swingers are really squarer than the squares?

Exactly! So let them laugh! Because we laugh too—all the way to the bank! And about your little problems, Boy Wonderful . . . remember, I promised you a Bluebird of Happiness? Now that you're . . . shall we say "old enough" . . . you can start sharing the show's fringe benefits! Like, why do you think we have these gorgeous-doll guest stars?

I dig, Bats-Man, I dig! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! YEAH!

