

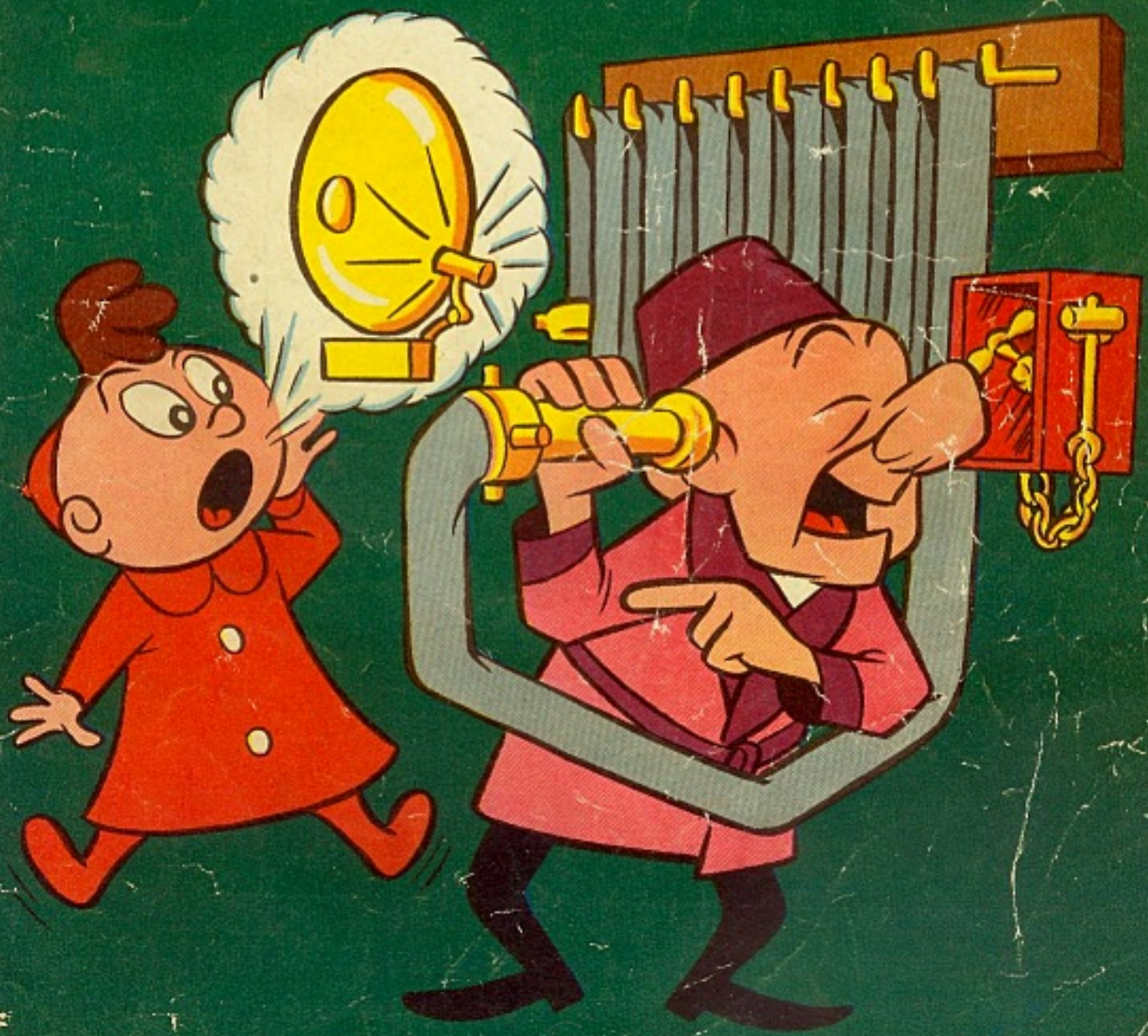
U P A presents

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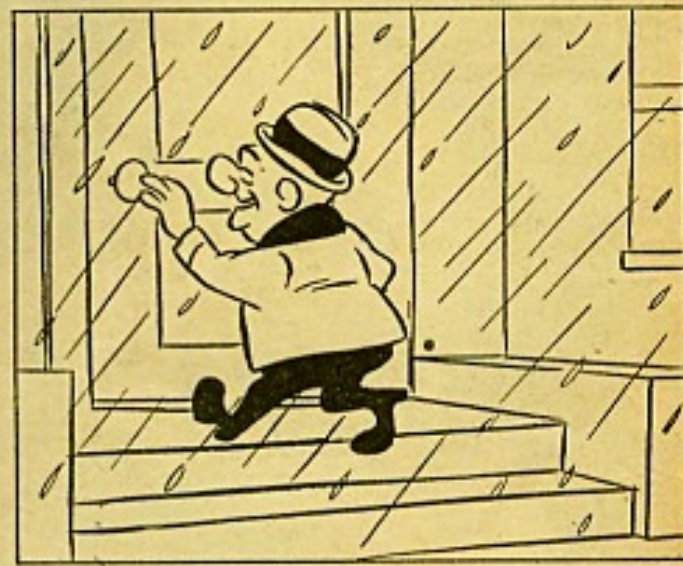
Gerald

# McBOING BOING

and the nearsighted MR. MAGOO



# THE NEARSIGHTED MR. MAGOO



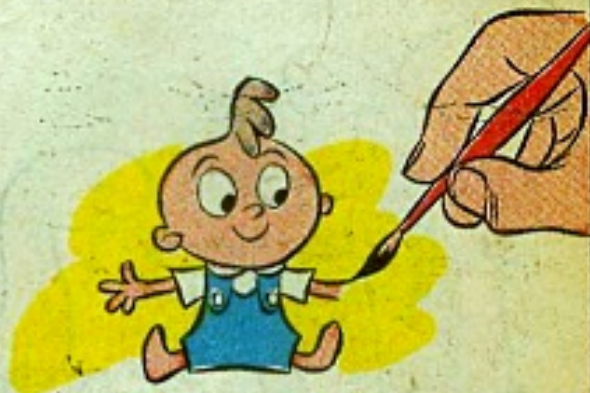
GERALD McBOING BOING and the Nearsighted MR. MAGOO, No. 1, Aug.-Oct., 1952. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies, 10 cents. Copyright, 1952, by Columbia Pictures Corporation. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

U P A

presents

# Gerald McBoing Boing

THIS IS THE STORY OF GERALD  
McCLOY...



...AND THE STRANGE THING THAT  
HAPPENED TO THAT LITTLE BOY.



THEY SAY IT ALL STARTED WHEN  
GERALD WAS TWO.



...THAT'S THE AGE KIDS START TALKING,  
LEAST MOST OF THEM DO.



WHEN HE STARTED TALKING, YOU KNOW  
WHAT HE SAID? HE DIDN'T TALK WORDS,  
HE WENT----



"WHAT'S THAT?" CRIED HIS FATHER,  
HIS FACE TURNING GREY---



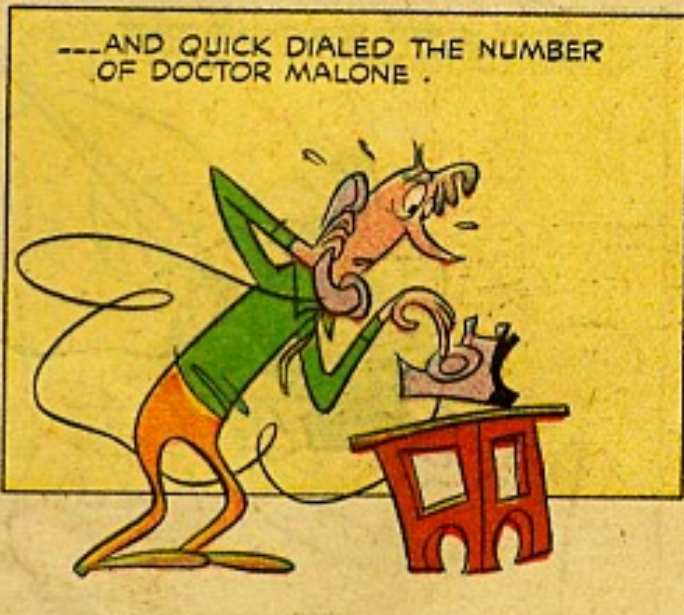
...THAT'S A VERY ODD THING FOR  
A YOUNG BOY TO SAY!"



AND POOR GERALD'S FATHER  
RUSHED TO THE PHONE---



...AND QUICK DIALED THE NUMBER  
OF DOCTOR MALONE .

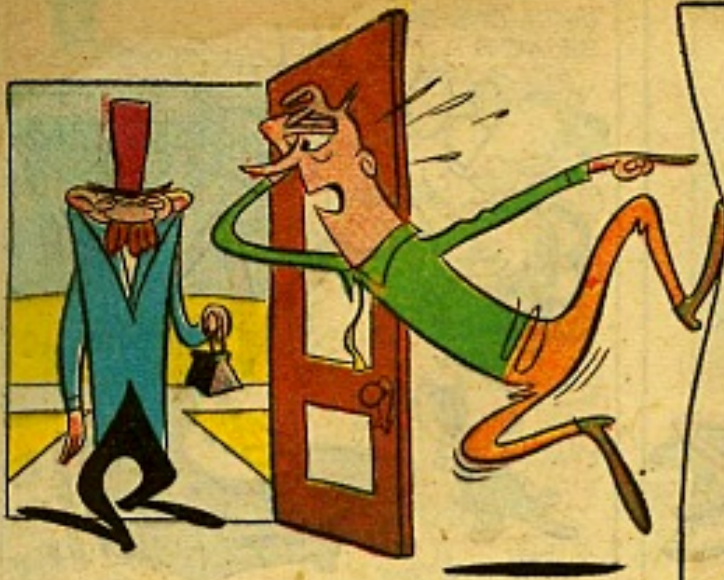


"COME OVER FAST!" THE POOR  
FATHER PLED---



...OUR BOY CANT SPEAK WORDS...  
HE GOES---





"I SEE," SAID THE DOCTOR, "IT'S JUST AS YOU SAID..."



...HE DOESN'T SPEAK WORDS... HE GOES...



"I'VE NO CURE FOR THIS... I CAN'T HANDLE THE CASE!"



AND HE PACKED UP HIS PILLS AND WALKED OUT OF THE PLACE.



THEN MONTHS PASSED AND GERALD GOT LOUDER...



UNTIL ONE DAY HE WENT...  
BOOM! ... LIKE A BIG KEG OF POWDER.



IT WAS THEN THAT HIS FATHER SAID, 'THIS IS ENOUGH!'



---HE'LL DRIVE US BOTH MAD WITH THIS TERRIBLE STUFF!---



"A BOY OF HIS AGE SHOULDN'T SOUND LIKE A FOOL ---"

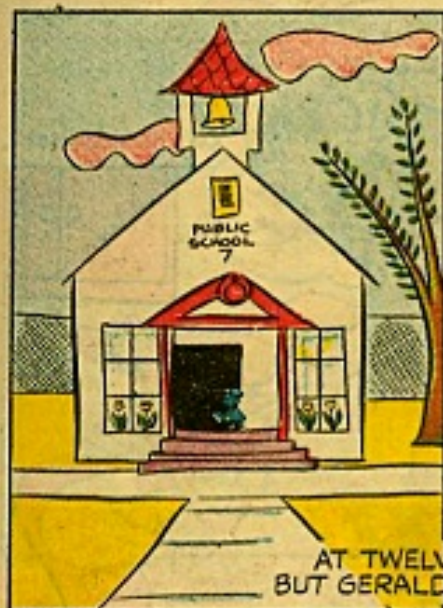


"HE'S GOT TO LEARN WORDS... WE MUST SEND HIM TO SCHOOL!"

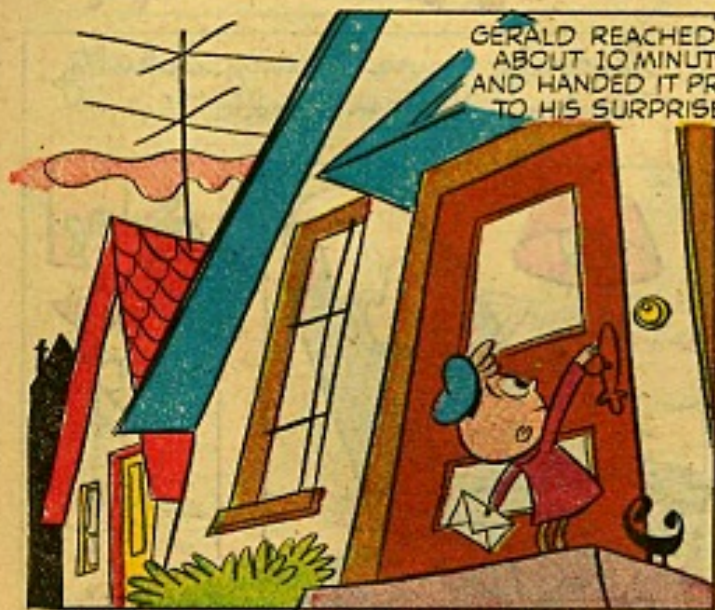




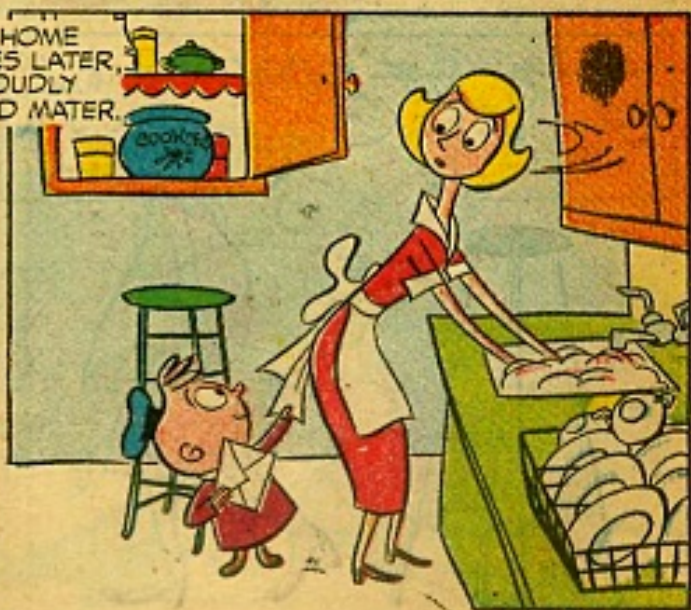
SO OFF GÉRALD WENT,  
THE CLOCK STRUCK ELEVEN,  
AS HE ENTERED THE DOOR  
OF P.S. NO 7.



AT TWELVE O'CLOCK SHARP OUT CAME NO OTHER,  
BUT GÉRALD M'BOING BOING WITH A LETTER FOR MOTHER.



GÉRALD REACHED HOME  
ABOUT 10 MINUTES LATER,  
AND HANDED IT PROUDLY  
TO HIS SURPRISED MOTHER.



"From Public School Seven to Mrs. McElroy."



"Your little son Gerald's a most hopeless boy...."



"We cannot accept him for we have a rule...."



"That pupils must not go...."

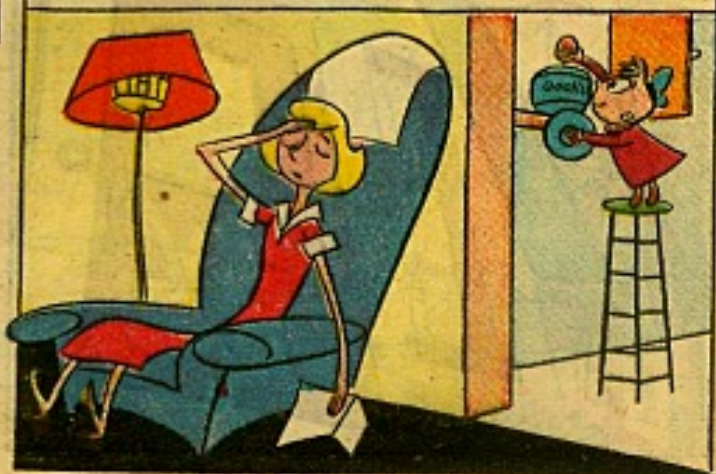
CUCKOO in our school.



Your boy will go HONK!... all his life, I'm afraid.



"Sincerely yours, Fanny Schultz, Teacher, First Grade."





AND AS LITTLE GERALD GREW OLDER, HE FOUND...



...WHEN A FELLOW GOES...



WHEN A FELLOW GOES...

SKREEEEEEK!

...HE CAN'T HAVE ANY PALS...



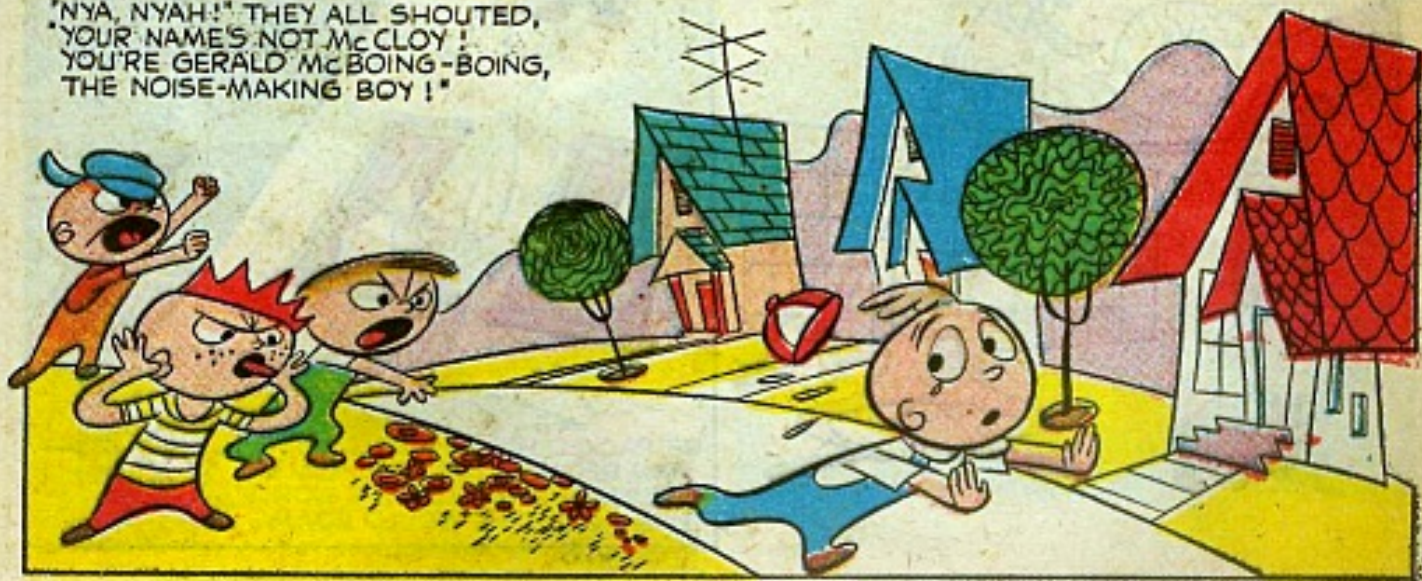
AND HIS...

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

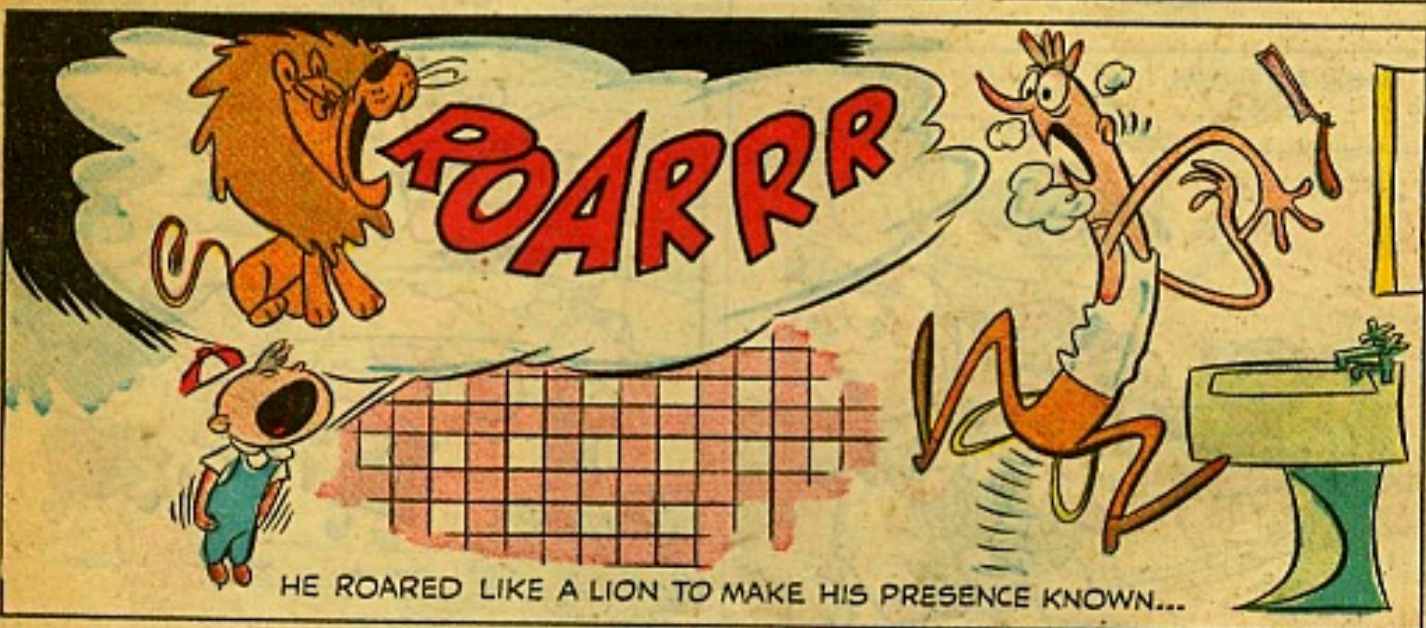
...FRIGHTENED THE GALS!



"NYA, NYAH!" THEY ALL SHOUTED, "YOUR NAME'S NOT Mc CLOY! YOU'RE GERALD Mc BOING-BOING, THE NOISE-MAKING BOY!"



TO HIS FATHER HE RAN... HIS TROUBLES TO MENTION,  
BUT POOR GERALD COULDN'T GET HIS FATHER'S ATTENTION.

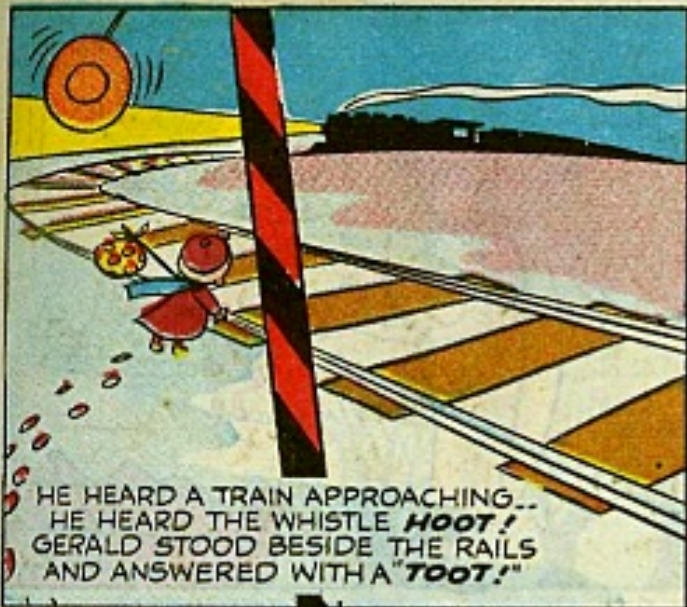


HE ROARED LIKE A LION TO MAKE HIS PRESENCE KNOWN...

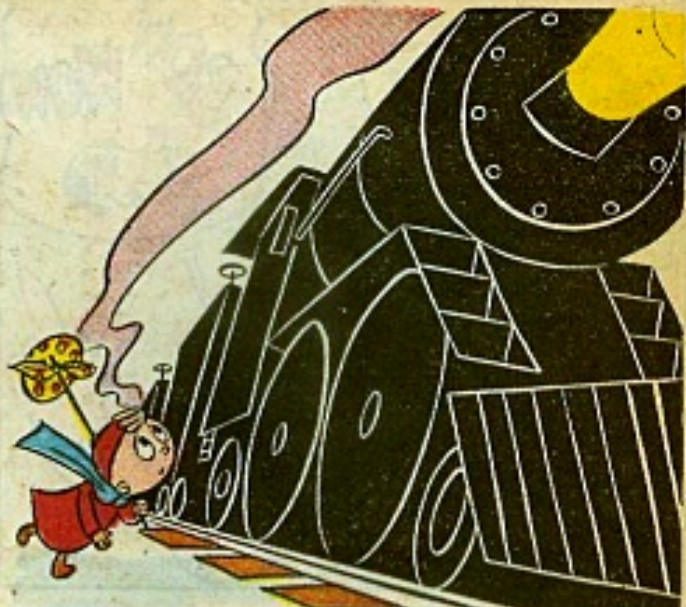
HIS FATHER HAD A FIT,  
AND YELLED...



HE PACKED HIS FEW BELONGINGS...  
AND DECIDED TO LEAVE HOME,  
AROUND THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD,  
LIKE A HOBO HE WOULD ROAM.



HE HEARD A TRAIN APPROACHING... HE HEARD THE WHISTLE **HOOT!** GERALD STOOD BESIDE THE RAILS AND ANSWERED WITH A **"TOOT!"**



AS GERALD LEAPED FOR THE LOWEST RUNG, HE HEARD A VOICE YELL -----

**STOP!**

IN MID-AIR POOR, YOUNG GERALD STOOD... NOT FINISHING HIS HOP.



AREN'T YOU GERALD McBOING-BOING, THE BOY WHO MAKES SQUEAKS?



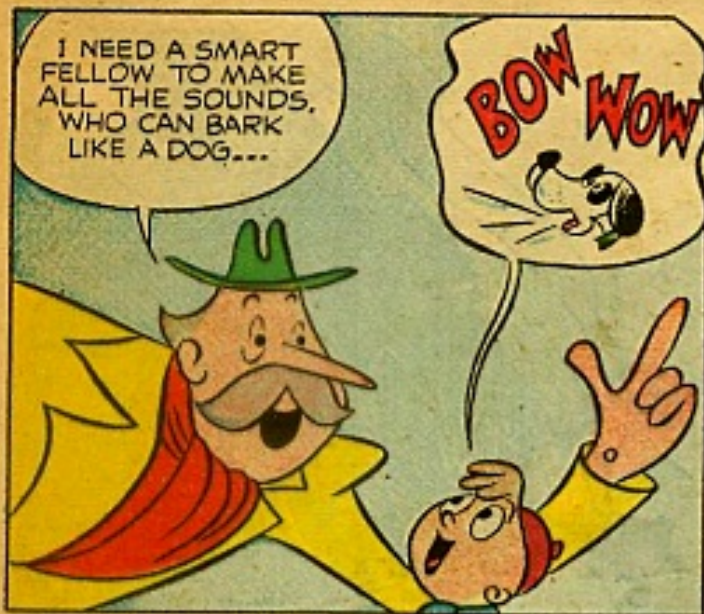
MY BOY, I HAVE SEARCHED FOR YOU MANY LONG WEEKS.



I CAN MAKE YOU THE MOST FAMOUS LAD IN THE NATION, FOR I OWN THE

**BONG!  
BONG!  
BONG!**

RADIO STATION.



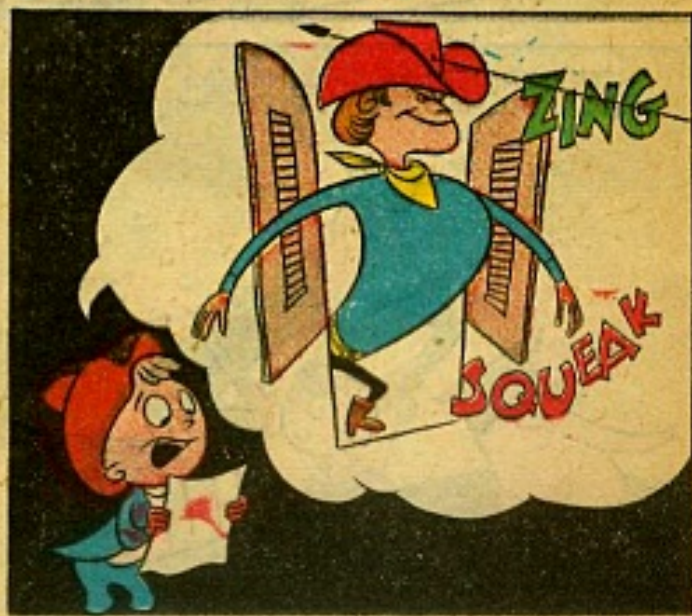
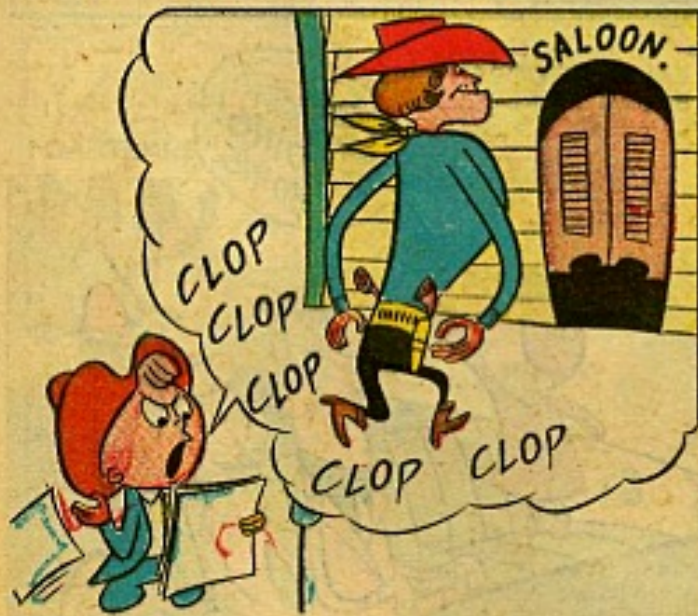
THE DALTON GANG STUCK UP THE STAGECOACH THIS NOON, AND THE VARMINTS ARE HOLED-UP IN CLANCY'S SALOON. THE SHERIFF CAN'T GET AT 'EM...NOT EVEN THE LAW KNOWS HOW TO BEAT TWENTY-THREE MEN TO THE DRAW!

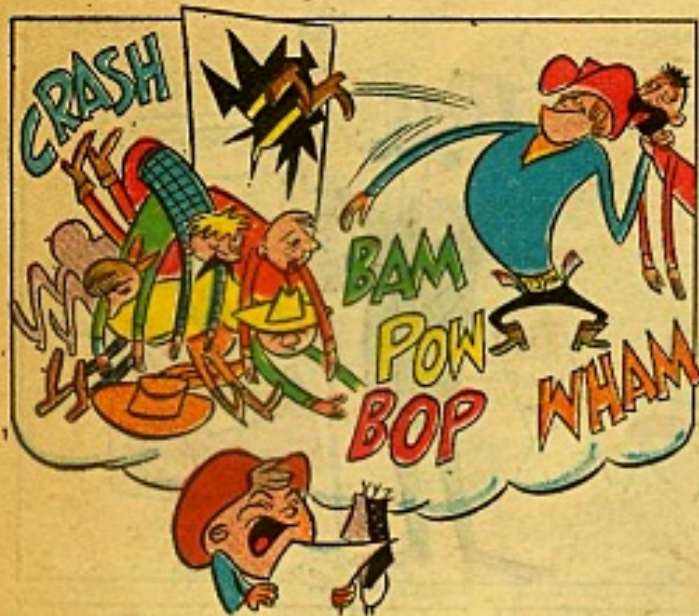


NOW, HOLD ON THAR, PODNUH, ONE FELLA KNOWS HOW...



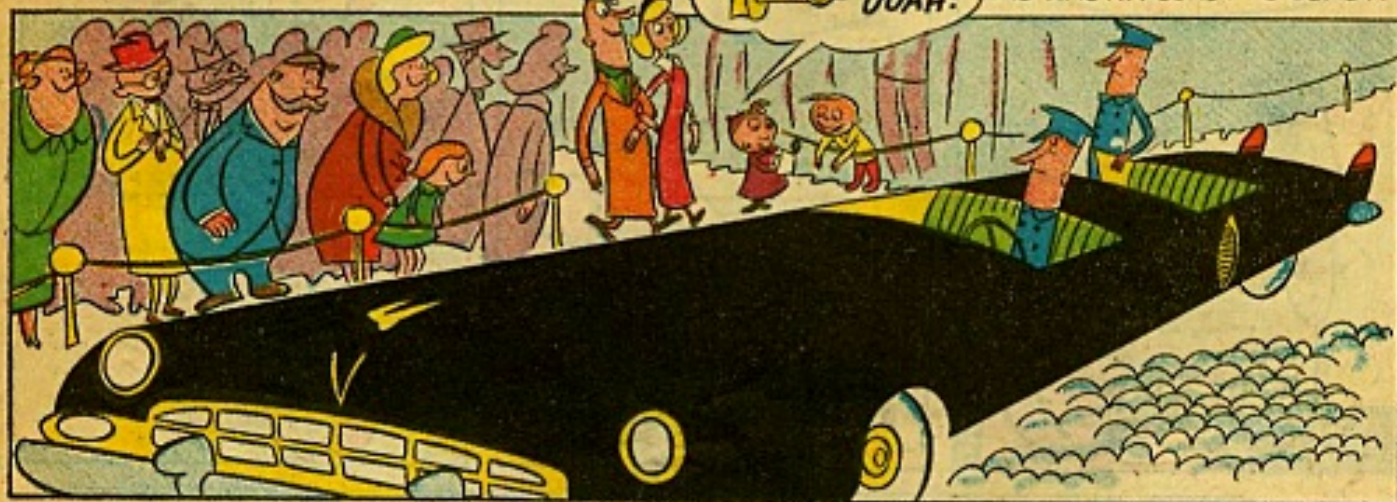
IT'S SILENT SAM STEELHEART... AND HERE HE COMES NOW!





NOW HIS PARENTS...PROUD PARENTS...  
ARE ABLE TO BOAST THAT THEIR GERALDS...

...IS KNOWN COAST TO COAST.



OPA presents  
 THE NEARSIGHTED  
**MR. MAGOO**

OUTSTRETCHED PALMS HOTEL  
 MAIN BUILDING →  
 ← COTTAGES  
 ← BEACH  
 MENAGERIE →  
 ← TENNIS COURTS  
 POOL →

OH, COME ON, BOTTOMLEY, BE A SPORT! LET'S PLAY A LITTLE TENNIS!

AWP! NO THANKS, MAGOO!

BUT, CONFOUND IT, COLONEL! HERE WE ARE AT THE SWANKIEST HOTEL IN FLORIDA, AND ALL YOU DO IS VEGETATE! HAVE SOME FUN, SON!

AWP! IF YOU DON'T MIND, OLD CHAP, I THINK I'LL SIT IN THE MENAGERIE AND WATCH THE ANIMALS!

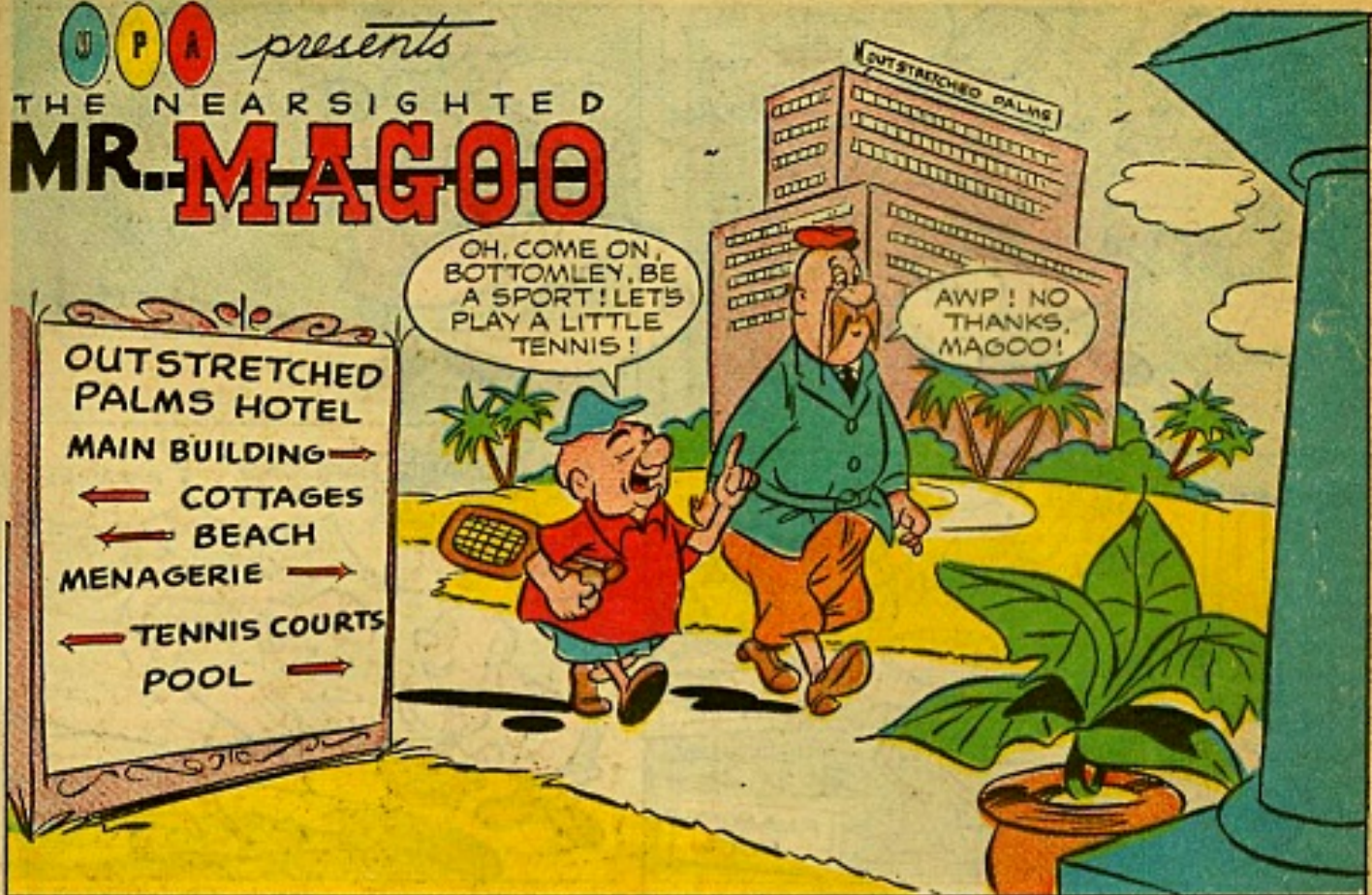
SPECTATOR SPORTS, BAH!

OWP!

'FESS UP, BOTTOMLEY! WOULDN'T YOU ENJOY A SET OF LAWN-BALL?

TO LAY INTO THE OLD SPHEROID LIKE THIS. OOP!

SWISH!





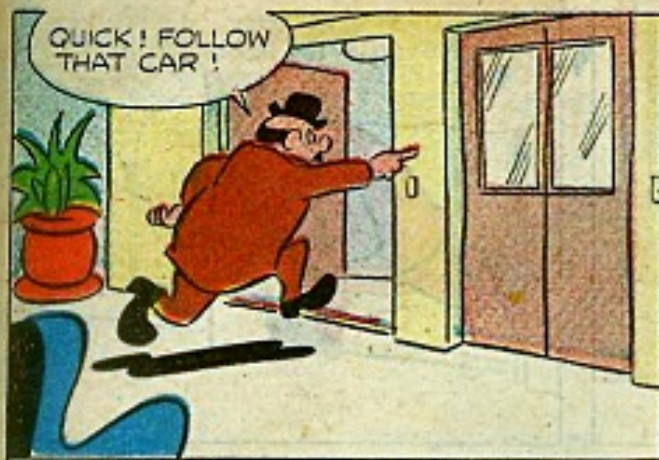






A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE HOTEL LOBBY.







...BUT TIL DEN I WONT BUDGE! HEH, HEH! THATS THE KIND OF JOKE THAT MADE HELEN WILLS MOODY!



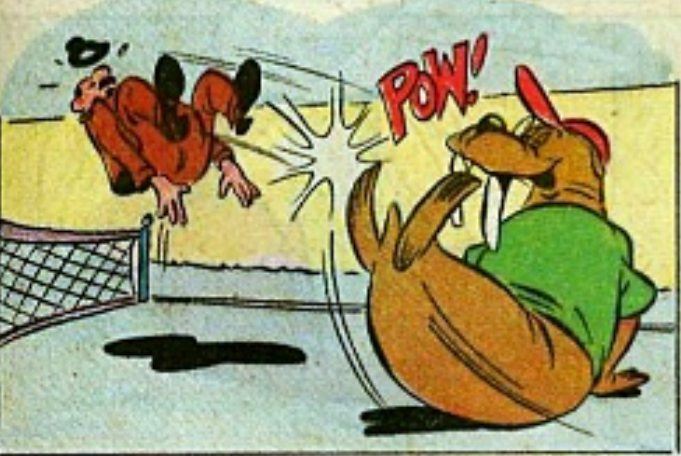
FOOT FAULT, COLONEL!



AH, THERES THE WALRUS, NOW!



ALL RIGHT, FELLA! ITS BACK TO THE POND FER YOU!



POW!



A HARD SMASH, BOTTOMLEY! BUT RIGHT INTO THE NET! TWO BAD! FORTY-LOVE!



SPROING!

OWP! OWP! OWP!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

OUT? DID YOU SAY OUT? WHY, CONFOUND YOU, BOTTOMLEY, THAT WAS IN A MILE!













presents

# THE NEARSIGHTED MR. MAGOO

## INVASION FROM MARS

...AND NOW FOR ANOTHER EPISODE OF "JET JOHNSON" OF THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE!

HMM... RATHER SMALL PICTURE... SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN A LARGER SCREEN!



IN OUR LAST EPISODE, JET HAD DISCOVERED THE FOUL SCHEME OF NERD, THE MARTIAN RULER, TO INVADE THE EARTH...

MARTIAN RULER! MUST BE A STRAIGHT MAN!

WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT TELEVISION FOR A COOL MILLION...

CONFOUND IT! WHO'S CALLING AT THIS HOUR?

R-RING!

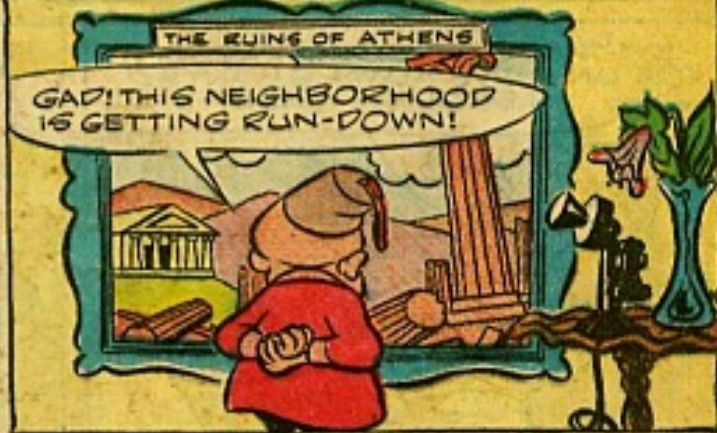


RIGHT AT THE START OF MY FAVORITE PROGRAM!

THE RUINS OF ATHENS



GAD! THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS GETTING RUN-DOWN!



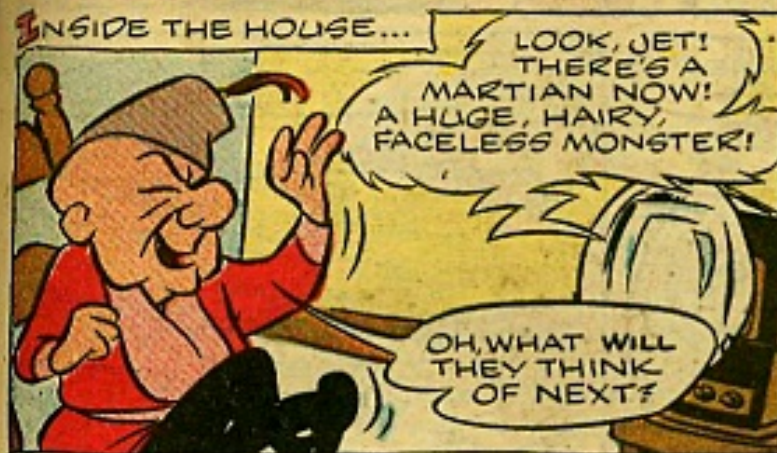
HALLO! THIS IS MAGOO! WHO'S CALLING? SPEAK UP! I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER THE ROCKET SHIPS!



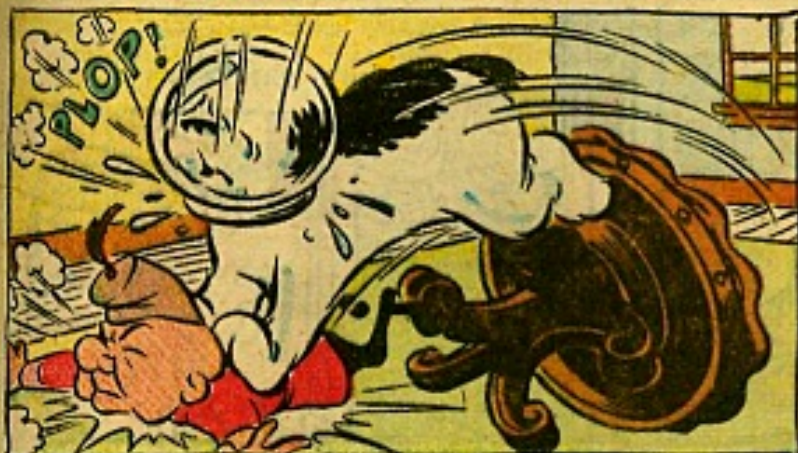
WALDO? WHAT DO YOU MEAN CALLING AT THIS HOUR? IT'S "JET JOHNSON TIME," BOY!





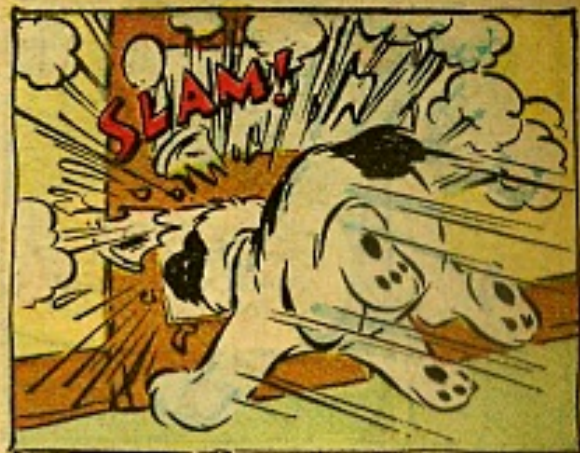
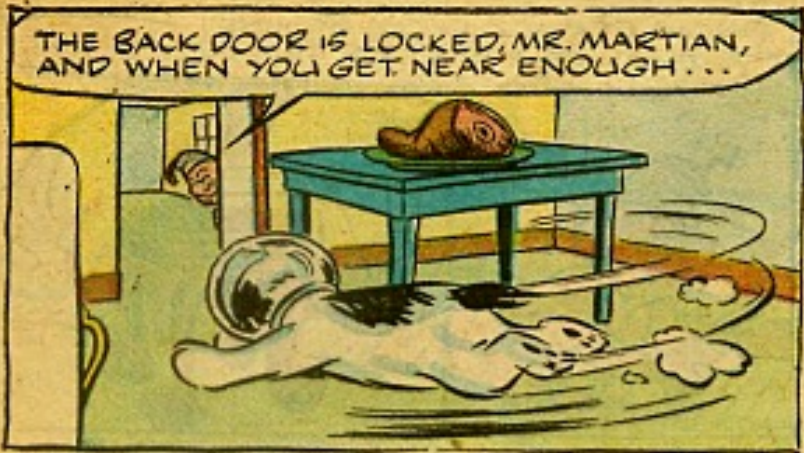


















THE NEARSIGHTED  
MR. MAGOO



