



A
POCKET
BOOK

1242

BROTHER JUNIPER

A collection of happy, hilarious cartoons
by FATHER JUSTIN McCARTHY



THE
COMPLETE
BOOK

ABOUT THE AUTHOR-CARTOONIST

Father Justin McCarthy is a slim, forty-year-old Franciscan friar who cartoons under the friendly by-line FATHER MAC. Soft-spoken possessor of a delightful sense of humor, he brings to the nation's comic pages a new dimension of fun in the person of Brother Juniper.

Born in Boston, Justin McCarthy went to public school and attended Boston College. A budding art career was apparently nipped when he entered the Franciscan Order at the age of twenty. From the start he amused his Franciscan confreres with his "little friar" cartoons. He obtained his degree from St. Bonaventure University and was ordained to the priesthood in 1944.

Three years ago Father McCarthy received ecclesiastical permission to start his "cartoon apostolate." Since then he has been syndicated nationally (daily and Sunday). Brother Juniper is provoking laughter in Europe and South America as well. His devoted followers now number 15,000,000 but that figure rises constantly. And you will easily understand why when you meet Brother Juniper.

BROTHER JUNIPER was published originally by Hanover House.

Also by Father McCarthy

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BROTHER Juniper



By FATHER JUSTIN McCARTHY



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This **POCKET BOOK** includes every cartoon contained in the original, higher-priced edition. It is printed from brand-new plates.

BROTHER JUNIPER

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THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

The Franciscan Family

Yes, Virginia, There Is a Brother Juniper

Almost everyone's heard of St. Francis. He's the saint who loved people—and birds, too.

What most people don't know is that the good saint had a real-life follower, name of Brother Juniper, who was the original good-humor man. The little fellow was quicksilver . . . he was sunbeams in burlap. He showed people they could be merry and still save their souls in the process.

St. Francis so admired this brand of sanctity that he used to say, "Would that I had a whole forest of such Junipers." This volume is our humble effort to provide the saint with a grove, if not a forest, of Junipers.

We've simply lifted Brother Juniper, a historic comic, from his thirteenth-century Umbrian context, fattened him up a few pounds, and placed him in a twentieth-century publisher's showcase.

Possibly some readers have already met B. J. on the comic page of the daily newspapers. For those who have not, a few character references might not come amiss. (Let me here confess that I do not know the little fellow really well . . . yet. Hardly a day goes by that he does not surprise me with a personality facet I did not know existed. And there is one faculty he has which baffles me completely: he can open his mouth and say something funny without taking a moment's thought. It takes me months to dream up the same punchline.)

Brother Juniper is a man of parts. At last count he was:

One part Friar Tuck

Two parts Victor Moore

Three parts George Bungle

Four parts Everyman

A pinch of Pogo

A soupçon of Bishop Sheen

But mostly he's himself: optimistic, bustling (never lets any grass grow under his flagstones), hard-working, helpful, honest (with himself, his fellow man, and his God), genial, mischievous, long on good example if a trifle short on dignity, holy (without ever suspecting it), occasionally wistful, frequently a fall guy, and forever hilarious.

Like Jack Benny, he's a sort of undefeated underdog. If things go well, he's pleased; if they go ill, he's delighted. B. J. is, in a word, "unsinkable"!

For this can we envy him and for this can we honor him, as a lower-case St. Francis from upper Manhattan.

Should you wish to pay him a visit, he's a cinch to find. Always available at the usual intersection, corner of Grace and Main. If you'd like to know him better, I would suggest you approach him as the children do: with a smile. For they are on to his secret. They know he has never ceased to be one of themselves. . . . And of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

I should like to take this occasion to thank my publishers for inviting me to do this book, my religious superiors for granting me permission to attempt it, and Brother Juniper for making the whole task a pleasant one.

FATHER MAC

Brookline, Mass.

BROTHER JUNIPER





"...But first, a message from Our Sponsor."



"Hey, Curlie, which way to Capistrano?"



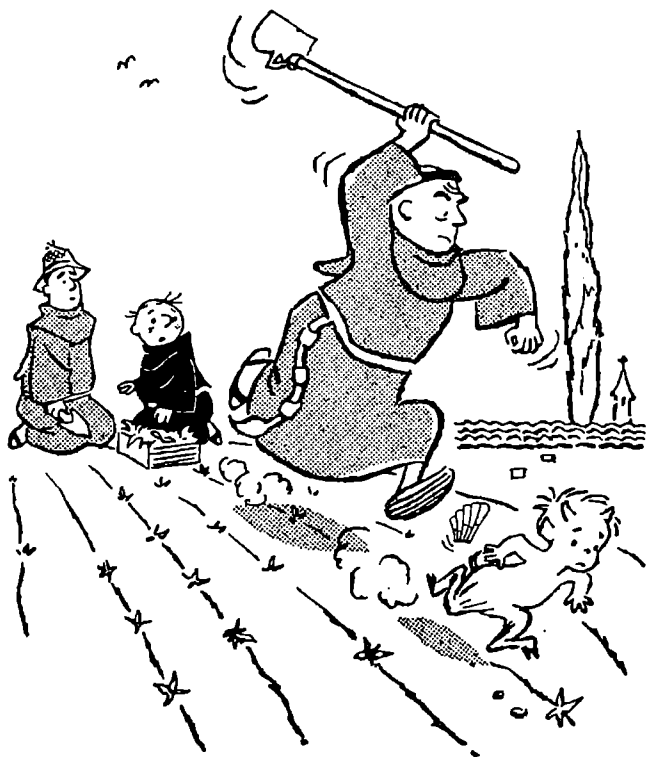
"Look in back of Descartes."



"Just a minute, full fare for him!"



"Oh well, like Durocher says, nice guys finish last!"



"Last year it was cutworms."



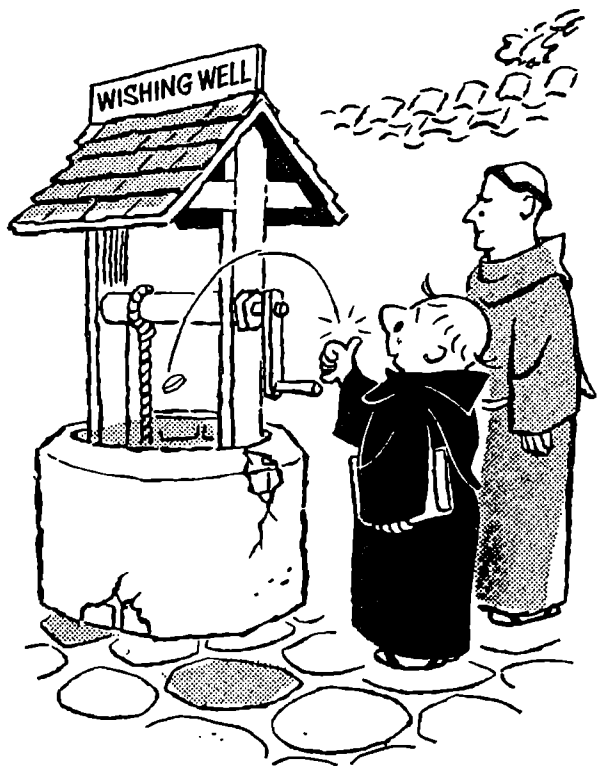
"This will keep delinquents off street corners?"



"Warm up, fellers. You're in the sack race!"



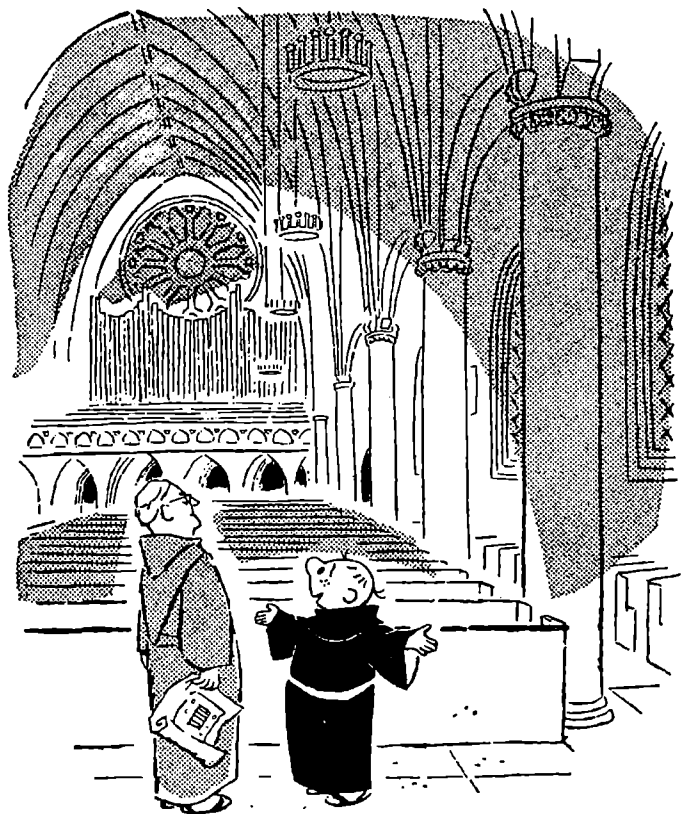
"Say, did we advertise for a printer's devil?"



"Might as well prime the pump."



"Give me a Yul Brynner, please."



"Why not do the whole place over in knotty pine?"



"Prithee stop. You're filling the wine barrel!"



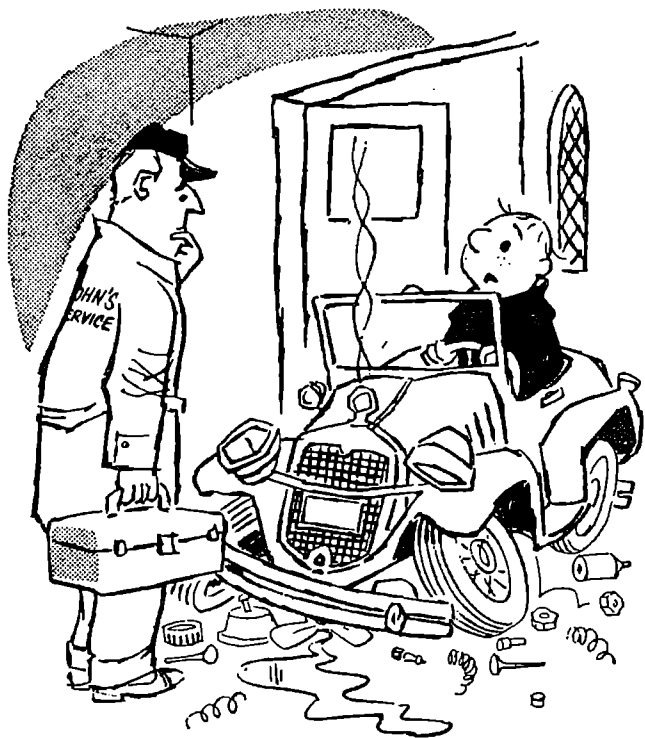








"Modern, functional, and it doesn't drip all over you."



"It won't start."



"Mother knitted it."



"Testing . . . coal collection . . . warm hearts or frigid church . . . testing."



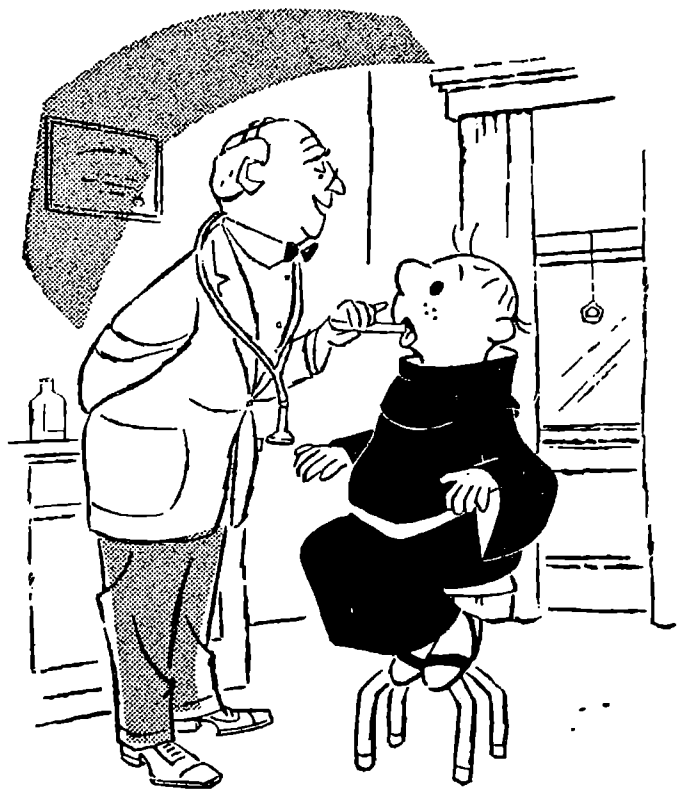
"I think it's the finest thing you've ever done."



"I favor the overlapping grip."



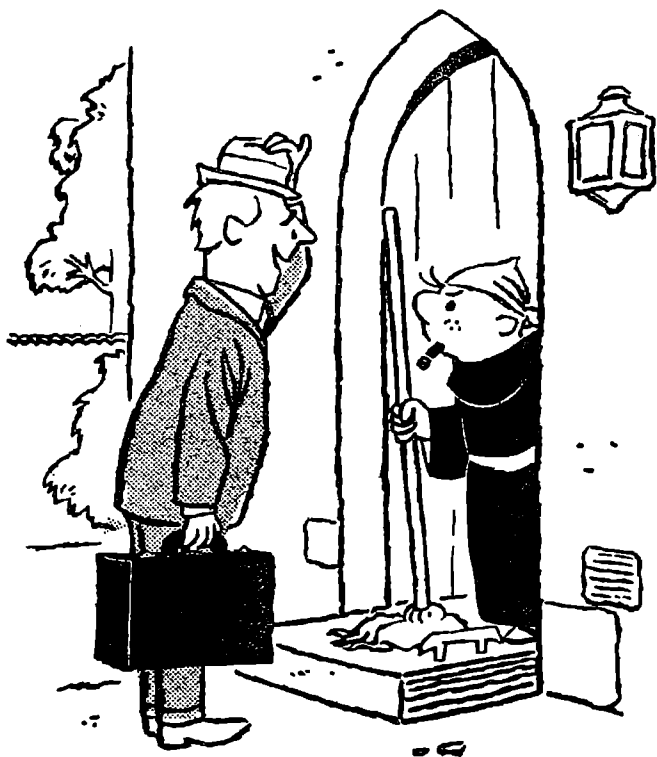
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"Say ah-men."



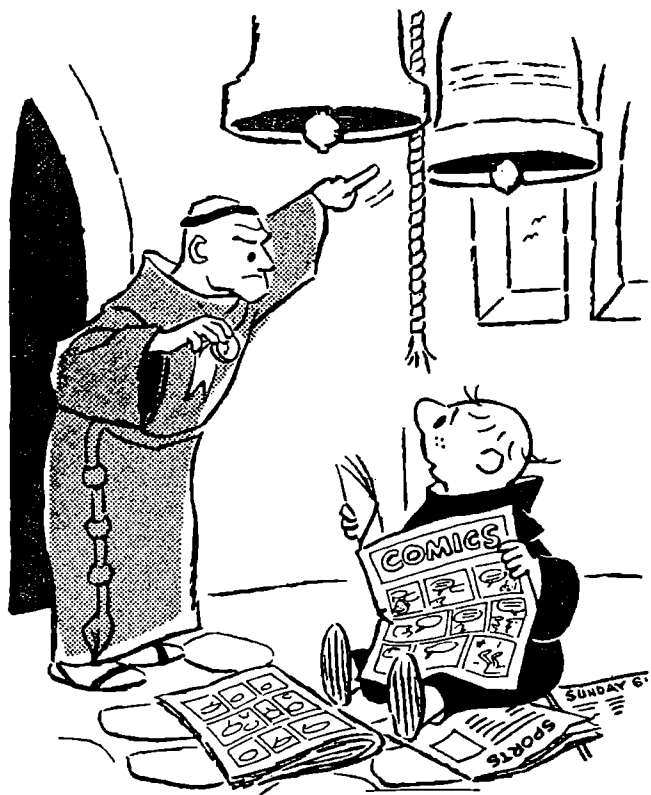
"Ten for Bishop Sheen; one for GUNSMOKE."



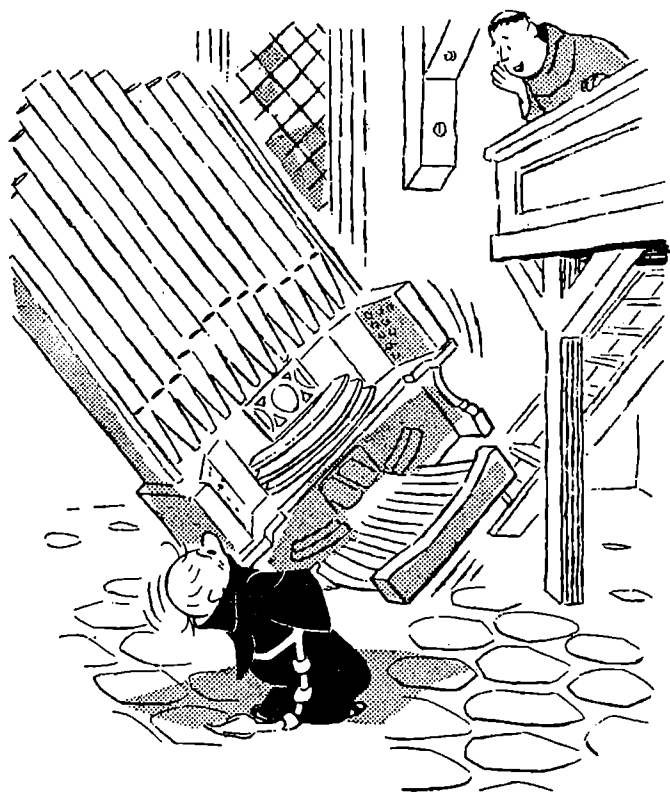
"Good morning, sir or madam, I represent..."



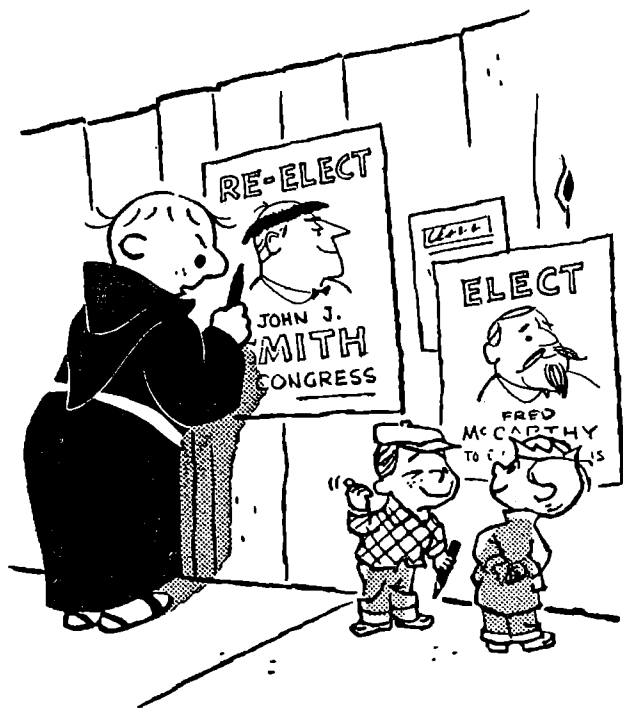
"Can Brother Juniper come out? We need somethin' to tackle."



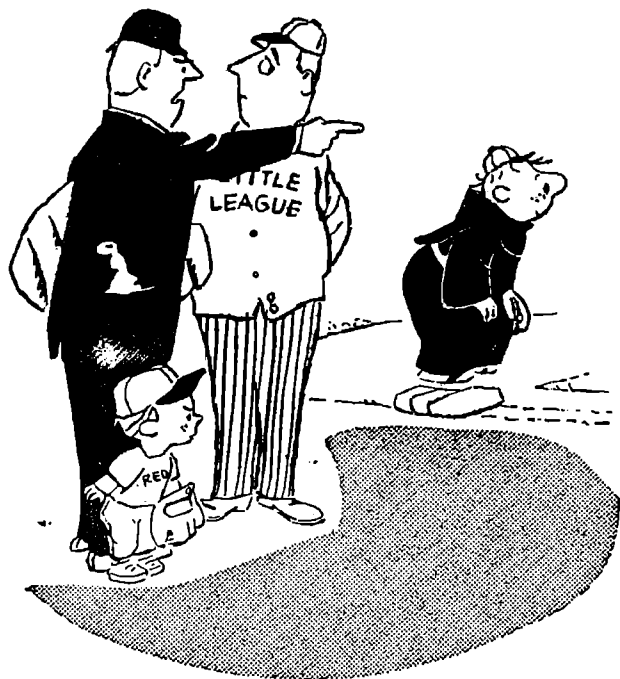
"Where does the time go?"



"Up here, hey."



"You do it your way; let me do it my way."



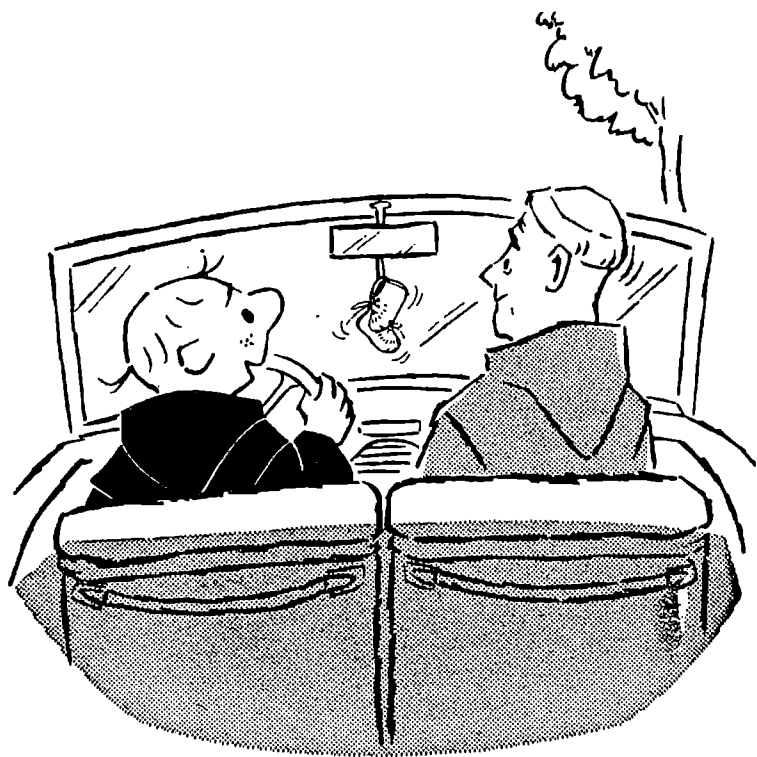
"How old is your third baseman?"



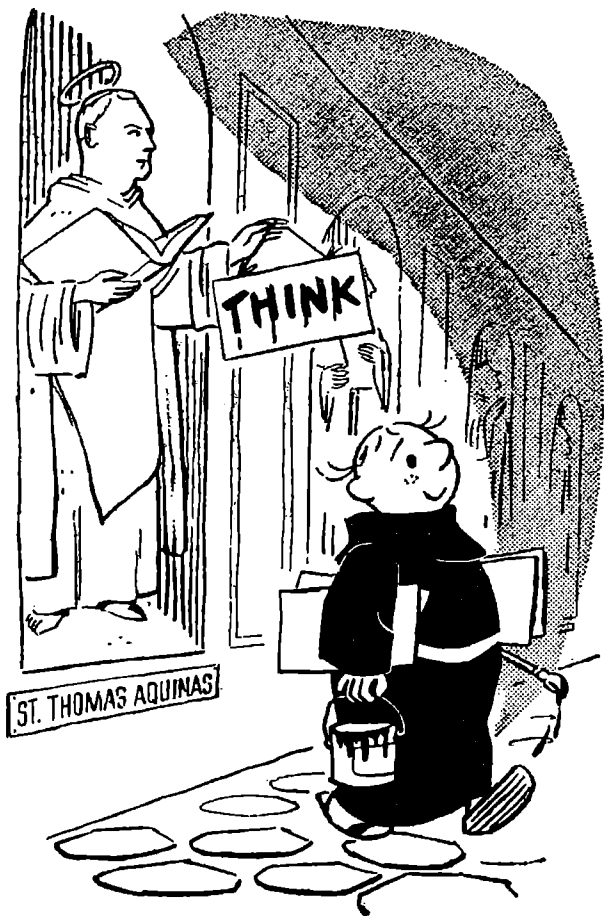
"Who's your tailor?"



"First will come the blinding flash, then the detonation. Throw yourselves on the ground and wait. Try to avoid atomic fall-out. I'll be around to help you as soon as I can."



"My sister's boy."



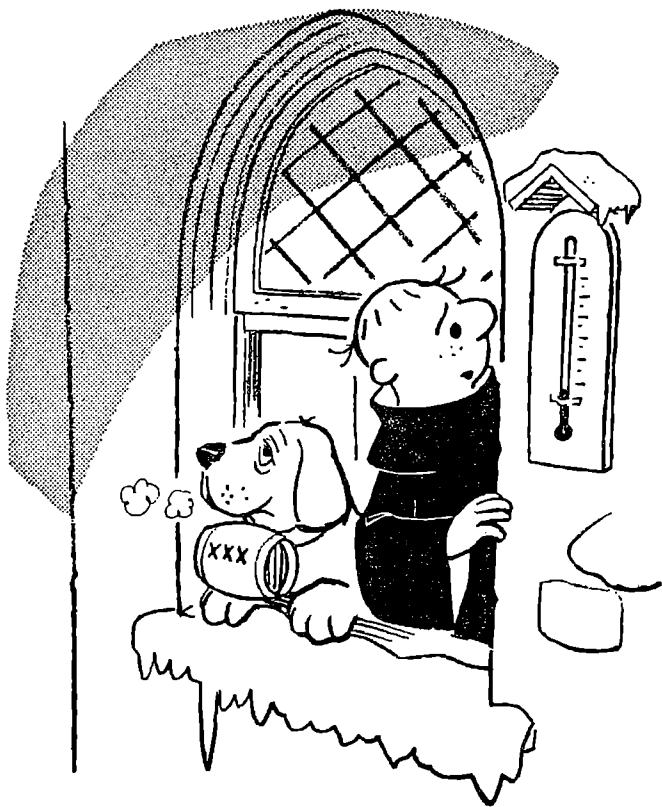




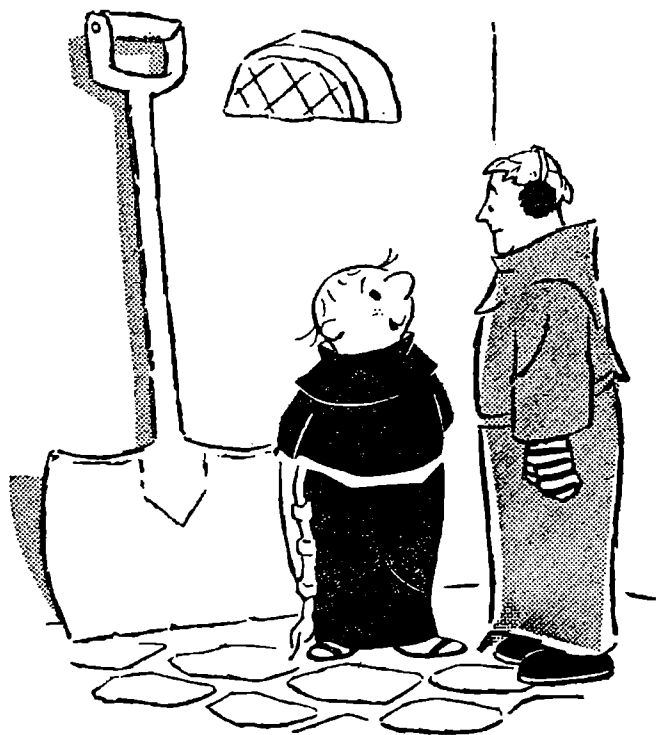
"He went thataway, seems as if."



"I see you beat Brother Pacificus again."



"Wow, XXX below."



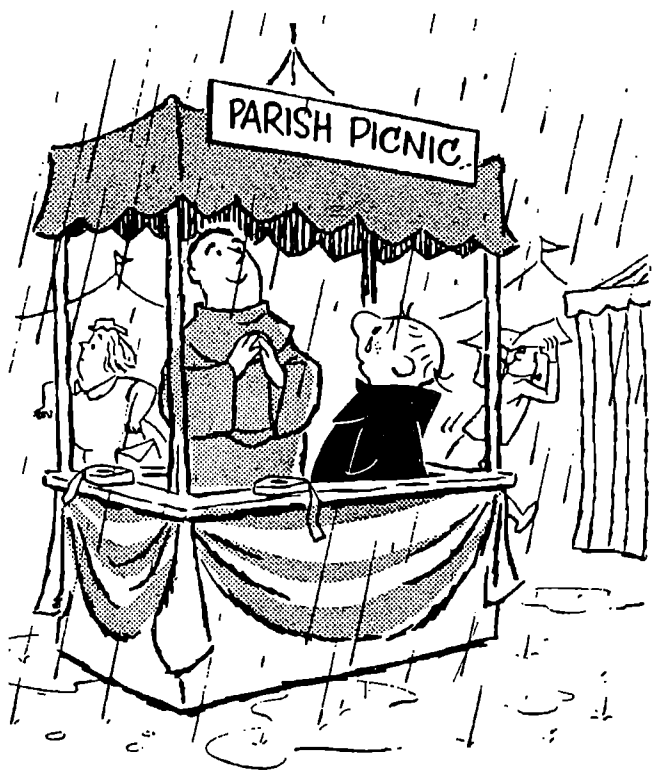
"How are your winters up here?"



"Pour le sport?"



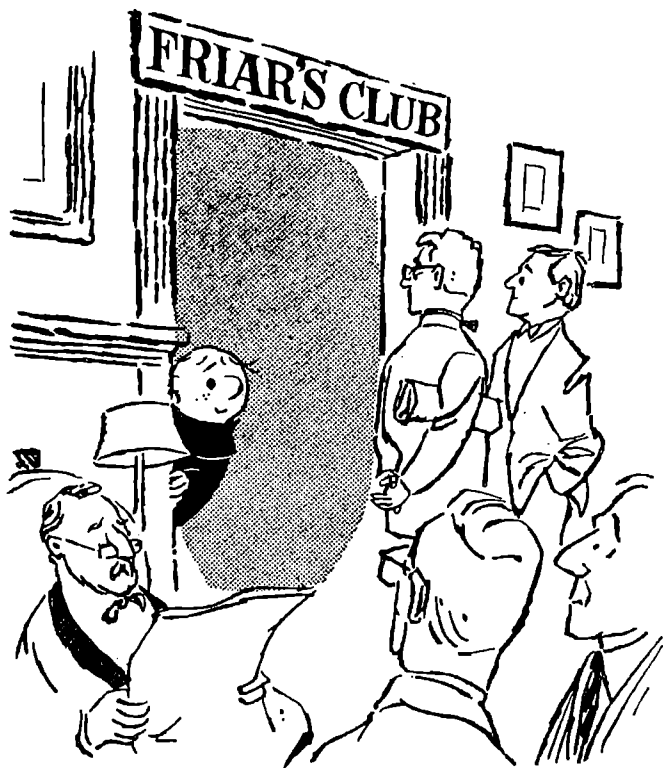
"Talk about separation of church and state!"



"It's His rain, but it's our picnic!"



"R-A-G-G M-O-P-P . . . I said rag mop . . . dah-de-ah-dee-ah-dah . . ."







"Noblesse oblige!"



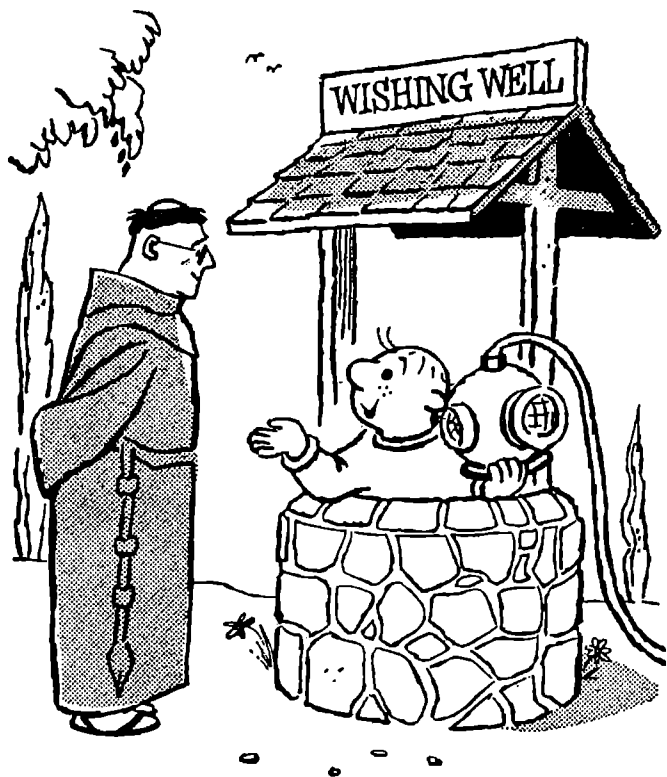
"Wait a minute!"



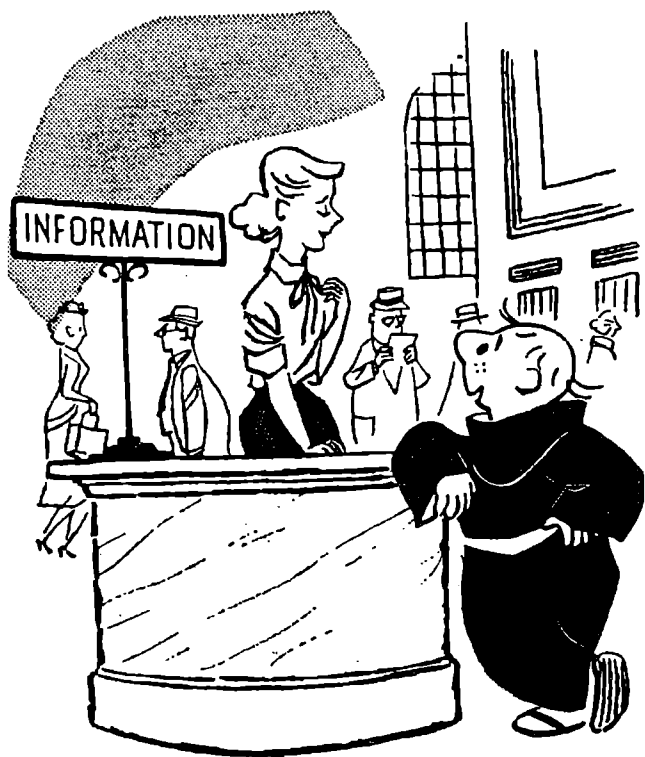
"Is there any chance for advancement?"



"Balk!"



"Ninety-eight cents this week. Not bad!"



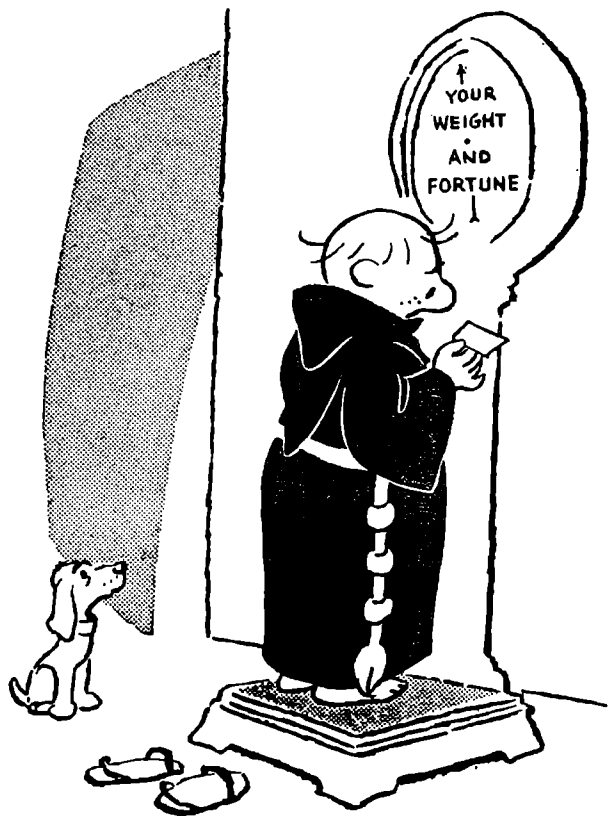
"Who made the world?"



"Gotta keep after those weeds."



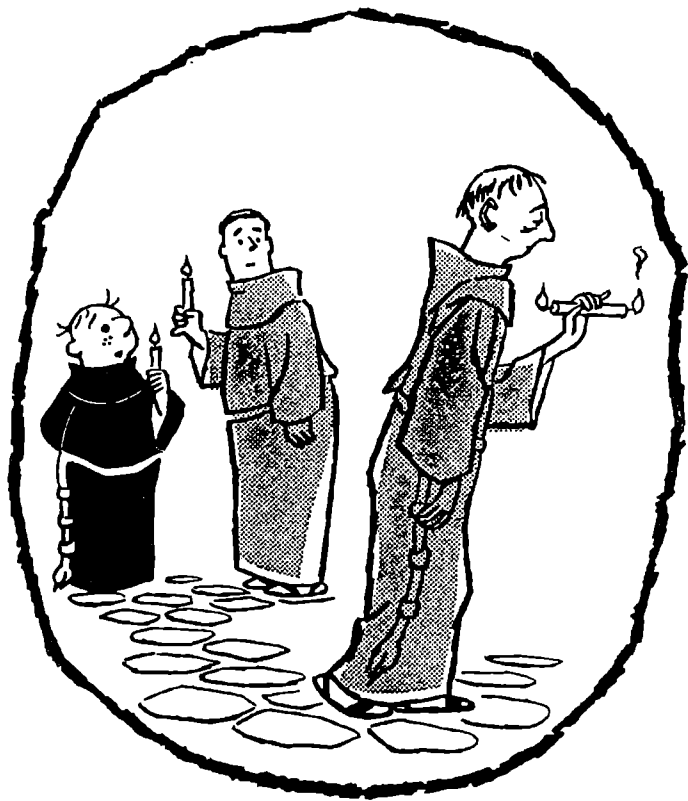
"Mineself, I don't see how they can blame it all on Terry Brennan."



"You are going on a long fast."

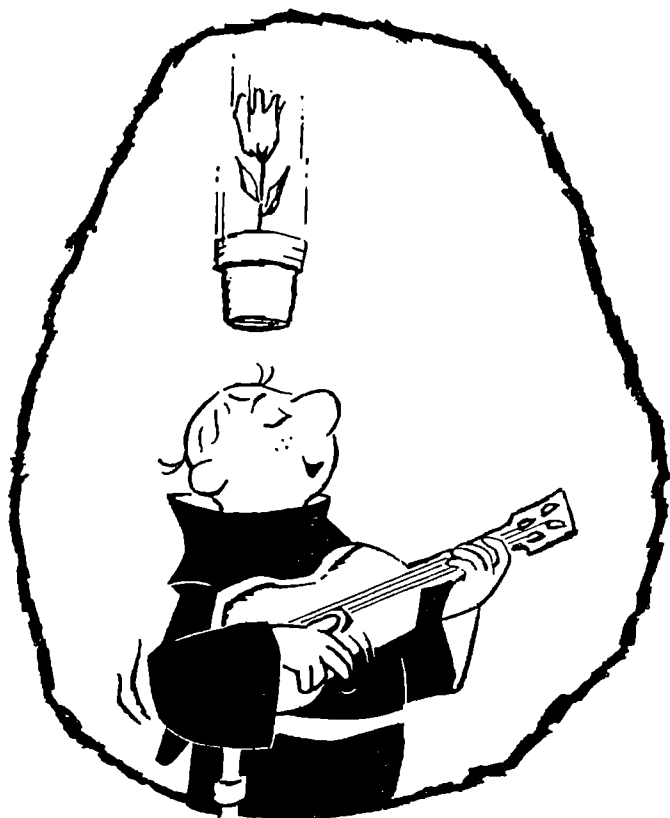


"Hey, O'Sullivan, are mine ready yet?"



"How long can he keep up this terrific pace?"





"Whatever will be, will be..."





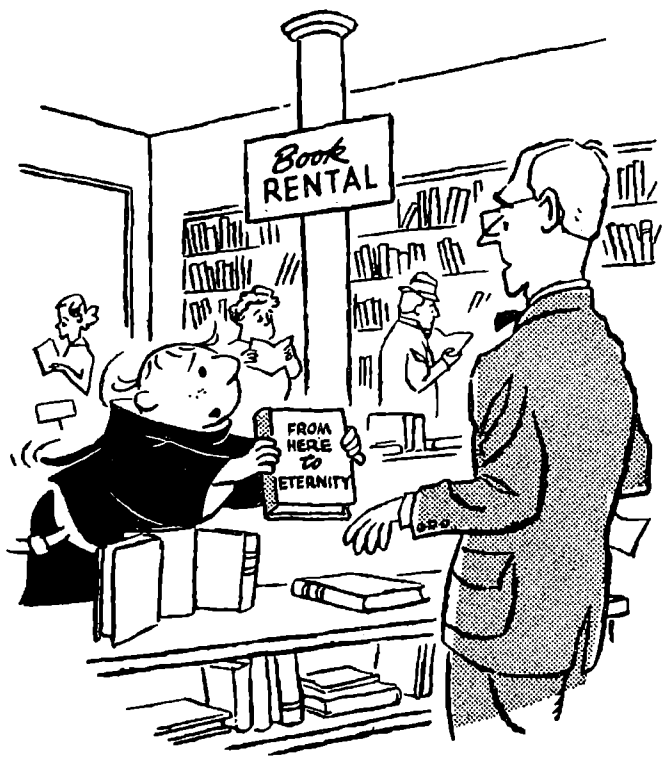


"Is that the one we're supposed to be as poor as?"

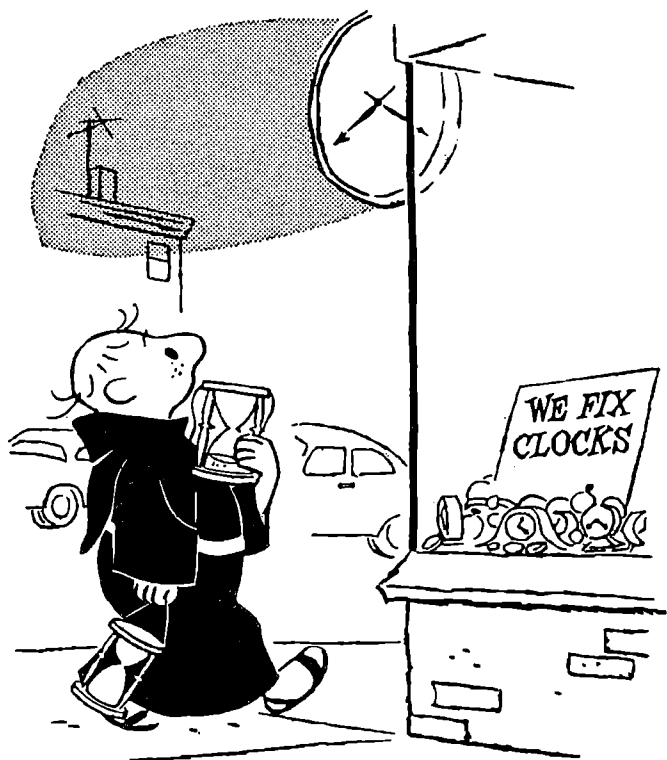


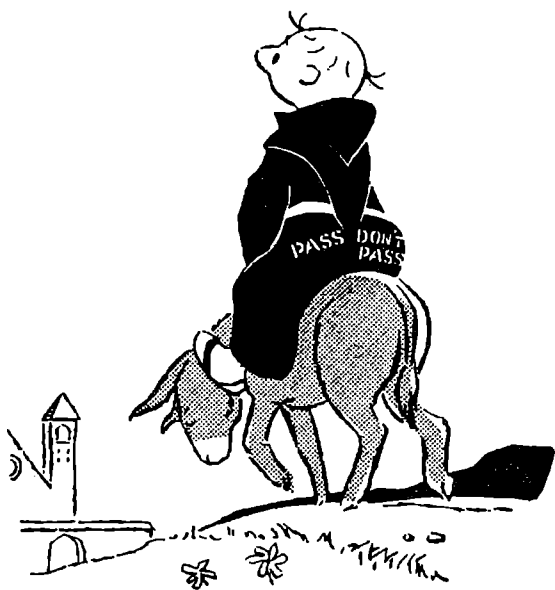
"It can't compare with the Book."

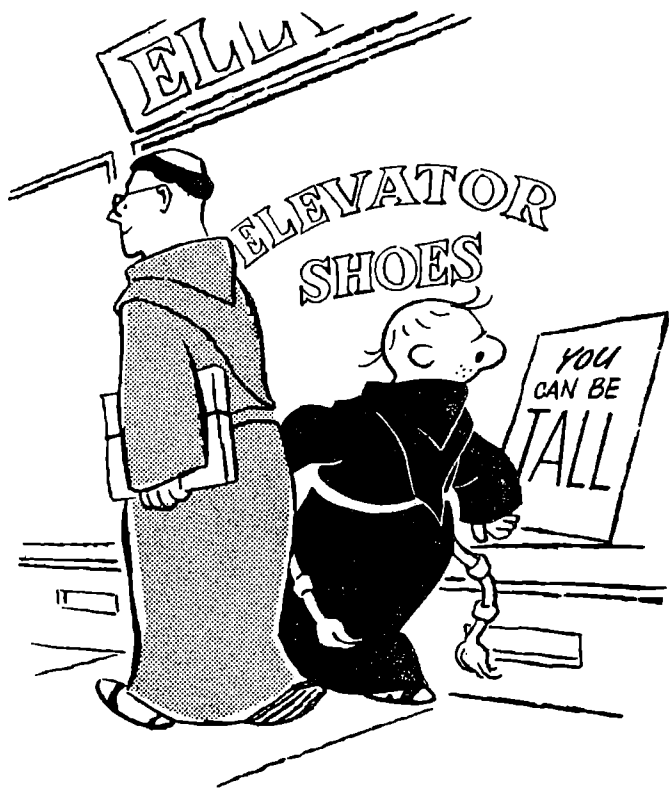


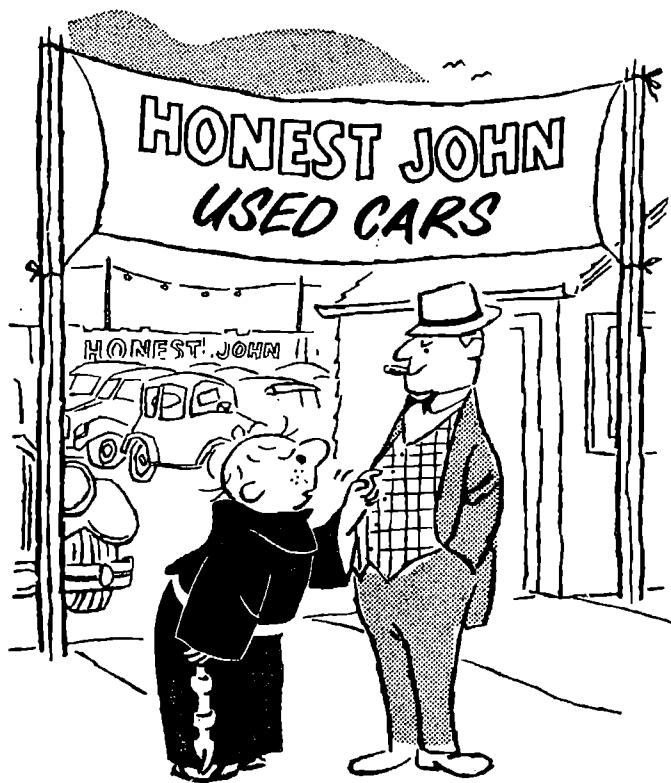


"You certainly can't tell a book by its cover!"









"Cross your heart?"





"That your idea of shorthand?"



"Hi Fi!"





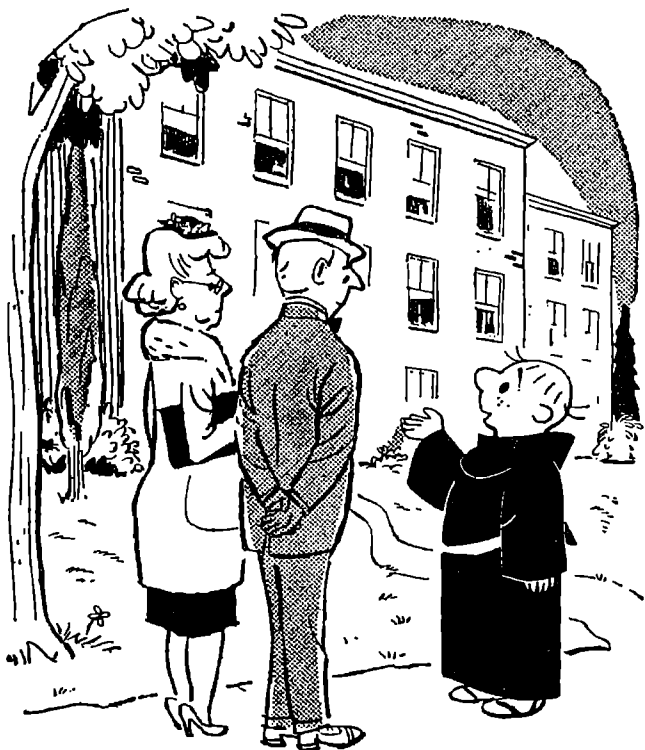
"Over where you are, will be the rumpus room."



"Hereafter, if there's something you don't like around here, tell me; don't write your congressman!"



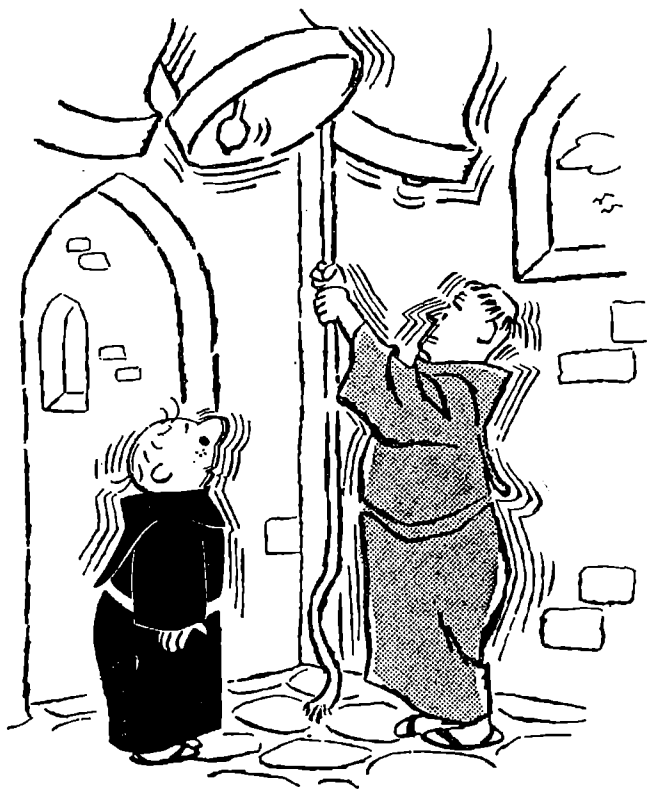
"Read any good books lately?"



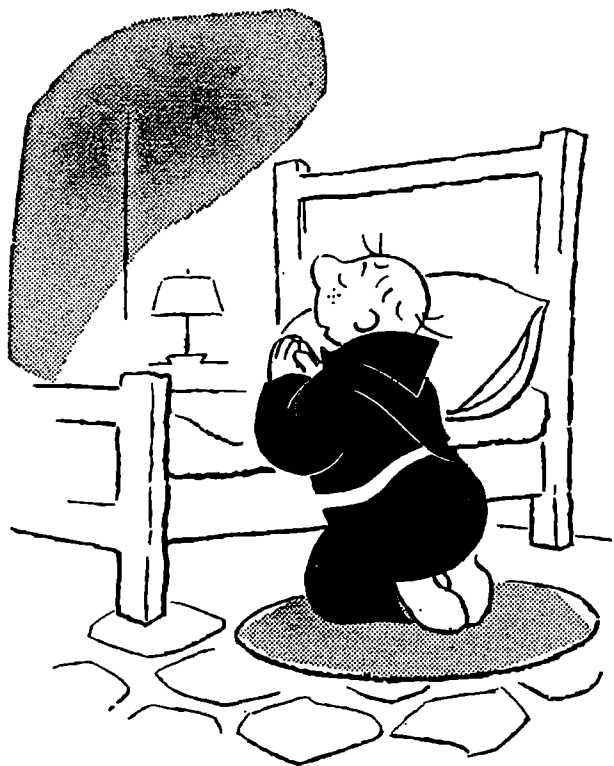
***"Architecturally, we're a combination of late hospital
and early prison."***



"You can't sit a do-gooder next to a don't-give-a-darner!"



"You rang, sir?"



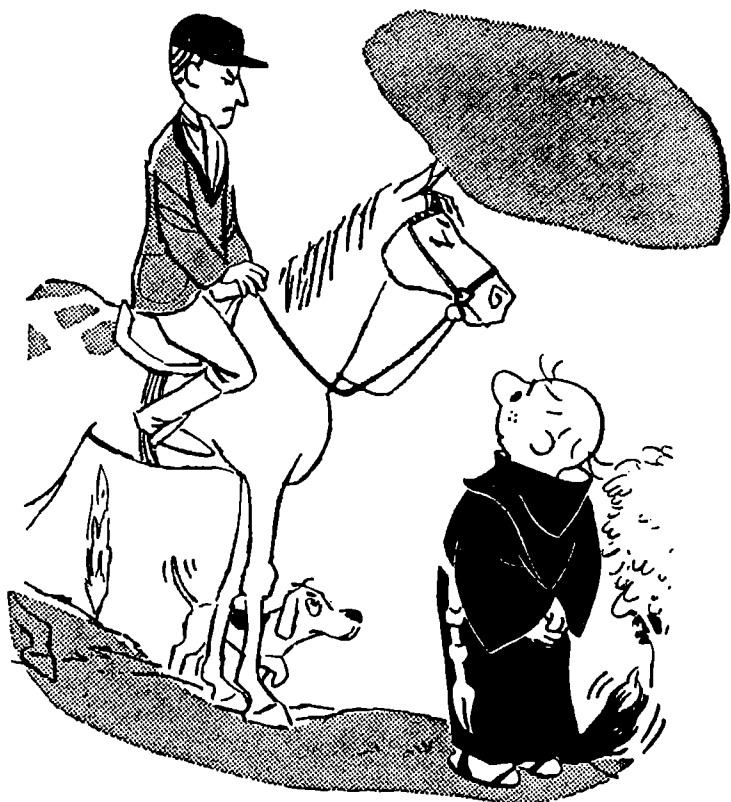
"I don't like to go over the Abbot's head, but if, just this once, You could..."



"Brother Juniper said we could keep our bats in your belfry."



**"Why don't you go back and tell him about
Saint Francis?"**



"Fox! What fox?"



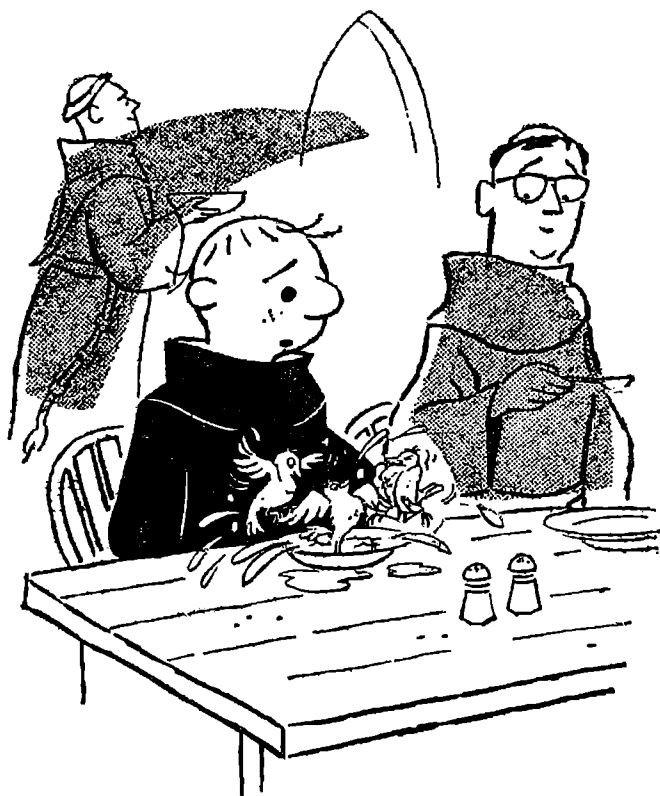
"Possibly, I have enough material to make you a new robe."



"If you don't stop following me around, I won't take any more thorns out of your feet!"



"Do you have 'The Darnation of Faust'?"



"Aw, fellers, not in the madrilenel!"



"Brother Juniper dipped my cord in the inkwell!"



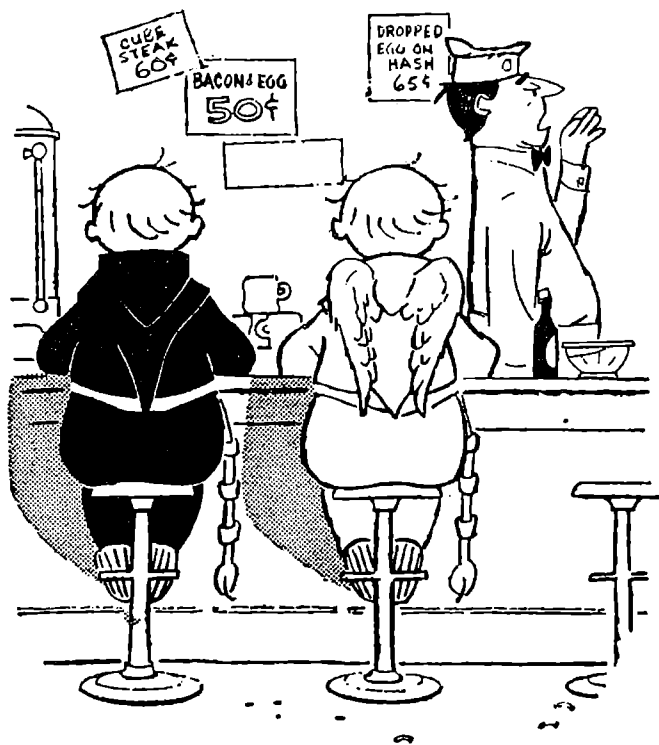
"It gives me great pleasure to present our honored guest, who was flown in at great expense..."



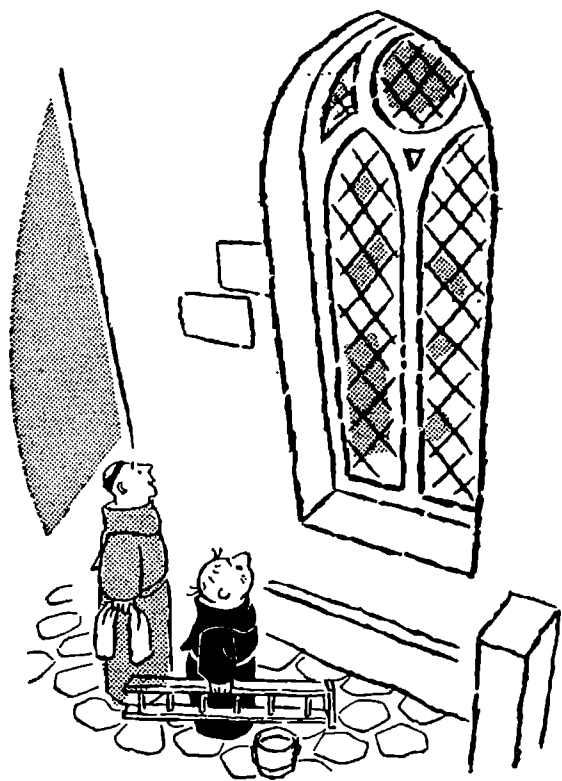
"Man, dig that crazy drapel!"



"It's in excellent condition, sir. It belonged to an atheist."



"Two franks, one to go."

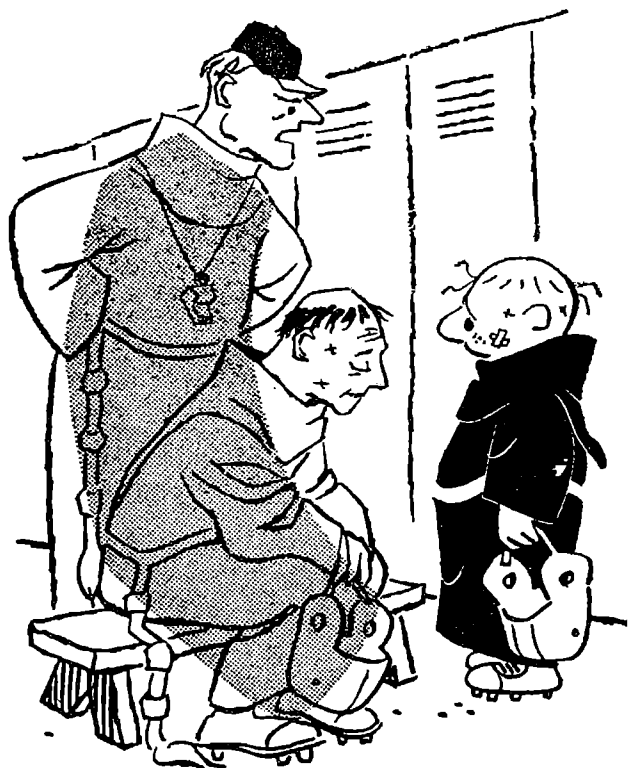


"You wash; I'll wipe."



"Hi, fellers! What's the good word?"

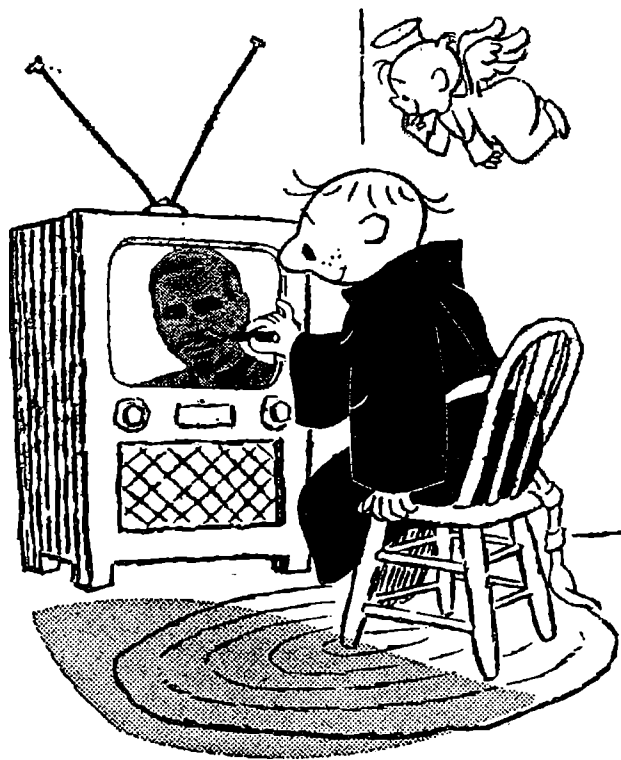


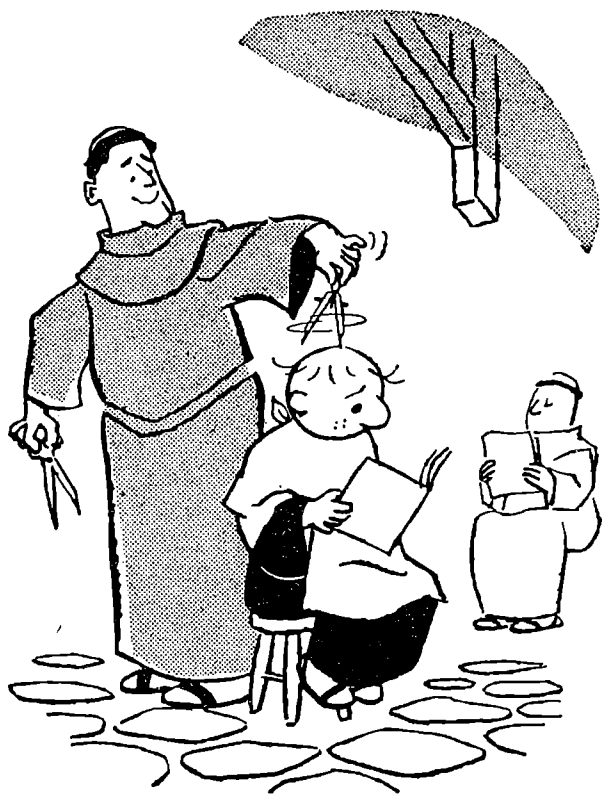


"A punt and a prayer are not enough!"

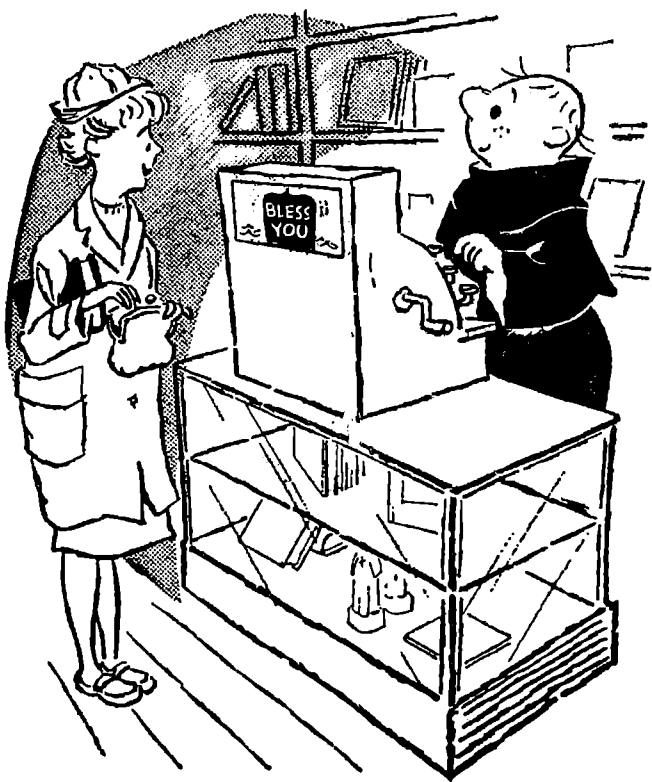


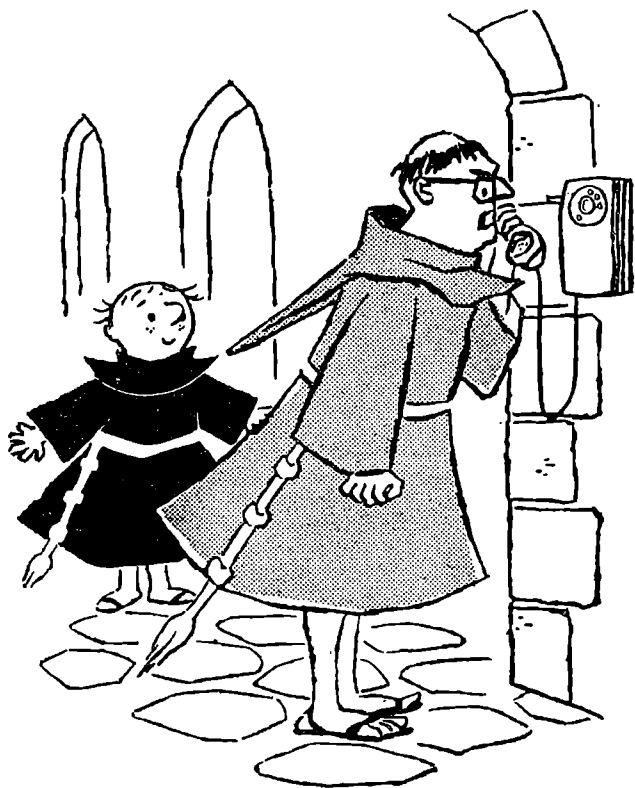
"I wasn't cut out for this copy-copy-copy stuff; I should be in some executive job."







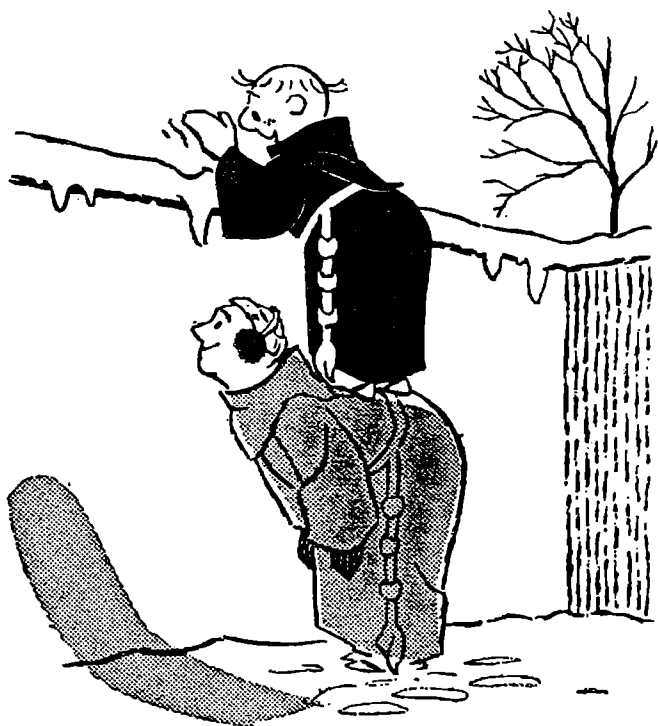




"Hello, Apex Laundry? Take it easy on the starch!"



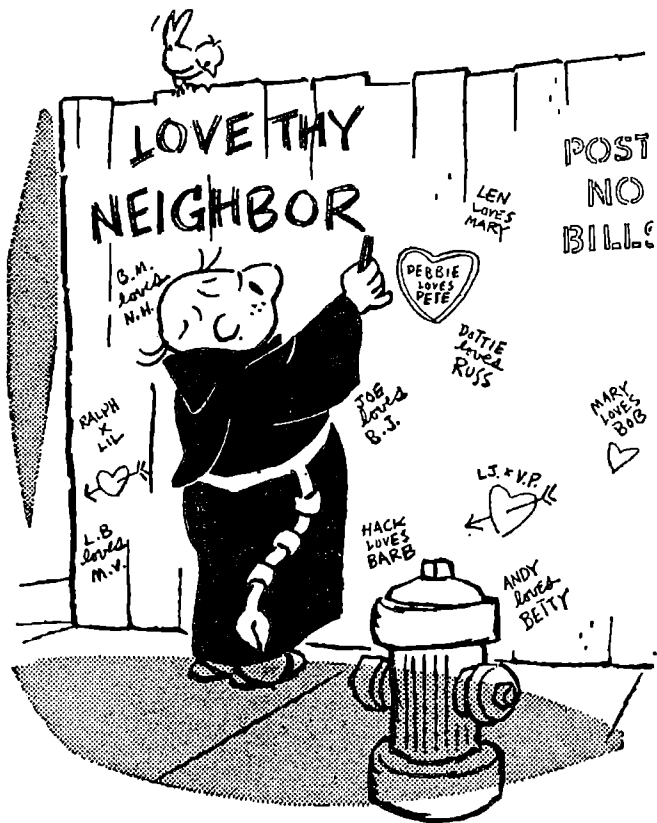
"After all, his days are spent surrounded by lanolin."



"Happy Hanukkah, Mrs. Goldberg!"



"Do something pious with action in it."

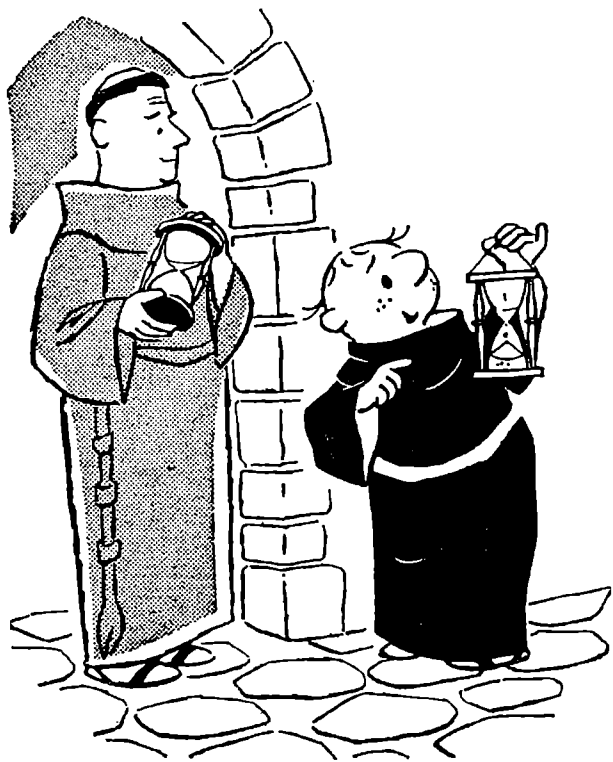




"Sanctuary!"



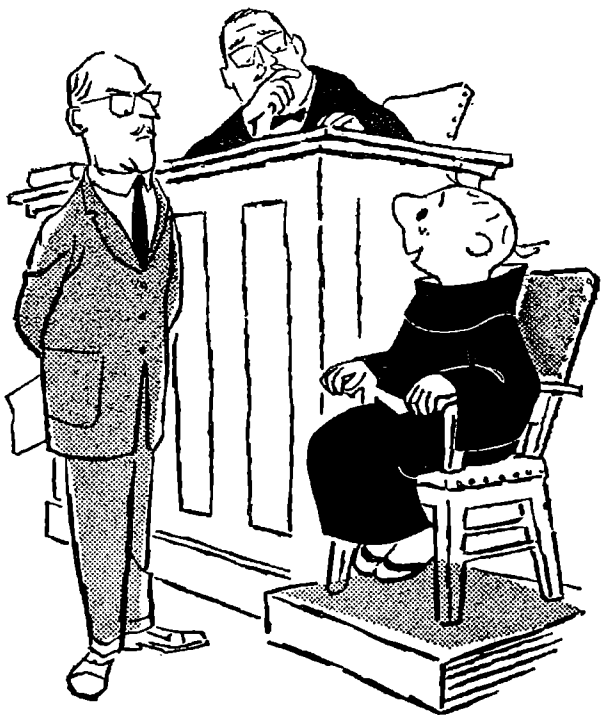
"Lord, what a day this has been!"



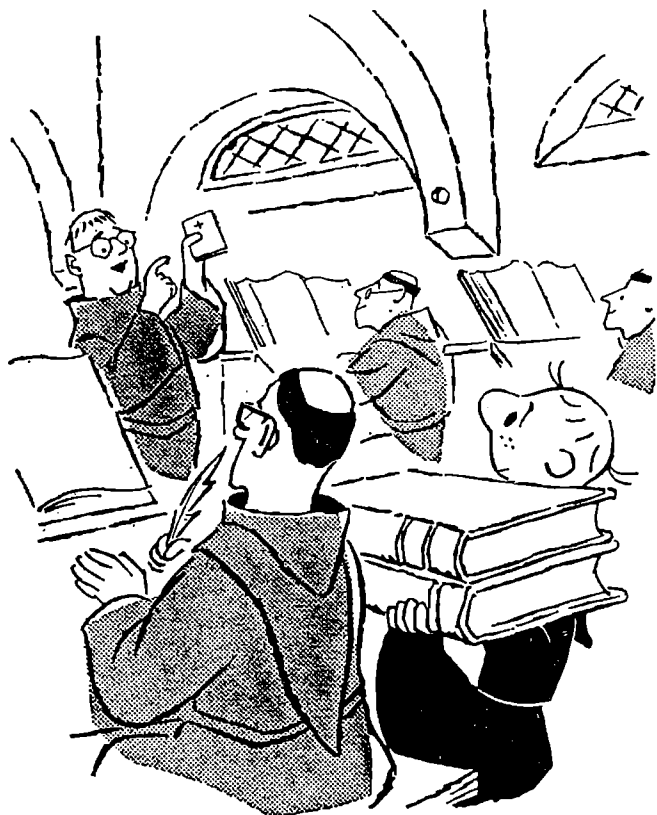
"I have III o'clock, but I may be a particle fast."





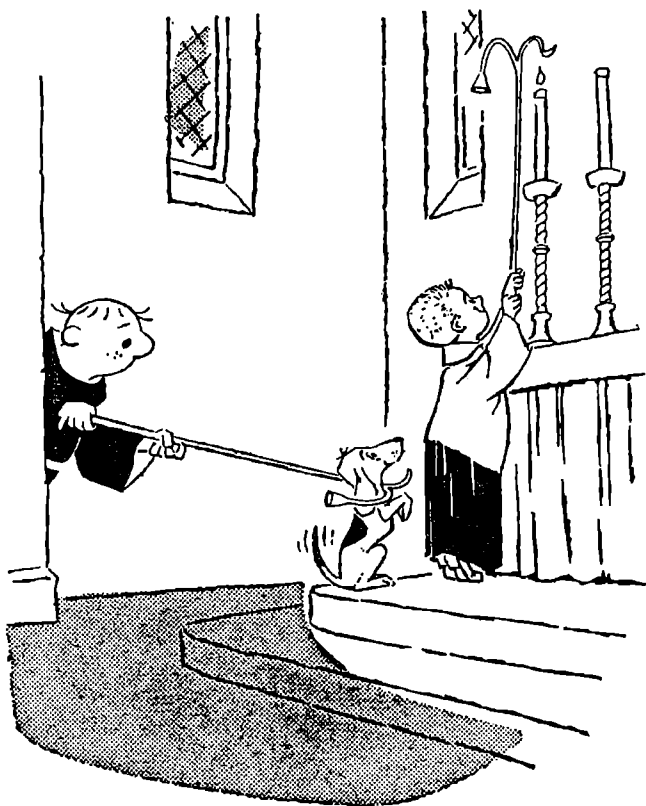


"You want the truth?"



"The switch is on, boys. We're going in for pocket books."







"But you gotta admit it was a terrific ending!"

SUNBEAMS IN MONK'S CLOTH



is a gentle little friar with a quick sense of fun. He is the cartoon creation of Father Justin McCarthy, a fellow Franciscan.

"*Blessed are the cheerful*" is his motto. And his mission is a growing one. Through national syndication he visits millions of American homes daily. Recently he has been provoking laughter in Europe and South America. We wouldn't be at all surprised to see Brother Juniper slip under the Iron Curtain. Or melt it. And he could, with the warmth of his humor.

So laugh with him. And at him (Brother Juniper won't mind). But don't miss this chance to meet one of the greatest comics of all time.

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