

HUMOR IN A JUGGLAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 6  
AUG-SEPT.



10¢

# MAD

BAH! WE HAVEN'T  
FOUND A TRACE OF ANYTHING!  
I THINK THE STORY OF A  
MONSTER LIVING HERE  
IS A FAKE!



H. Kurtz & Co.



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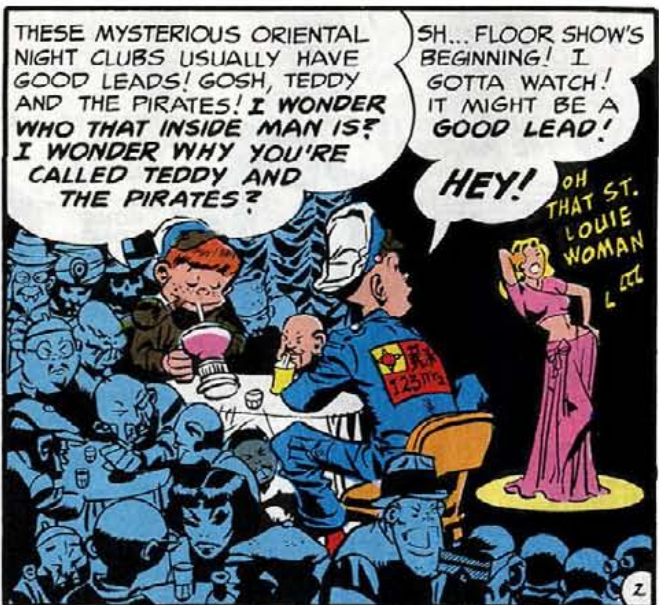
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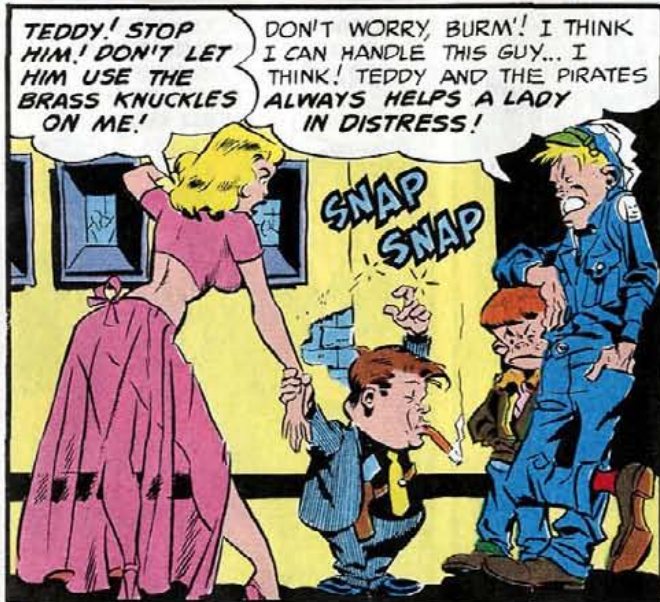
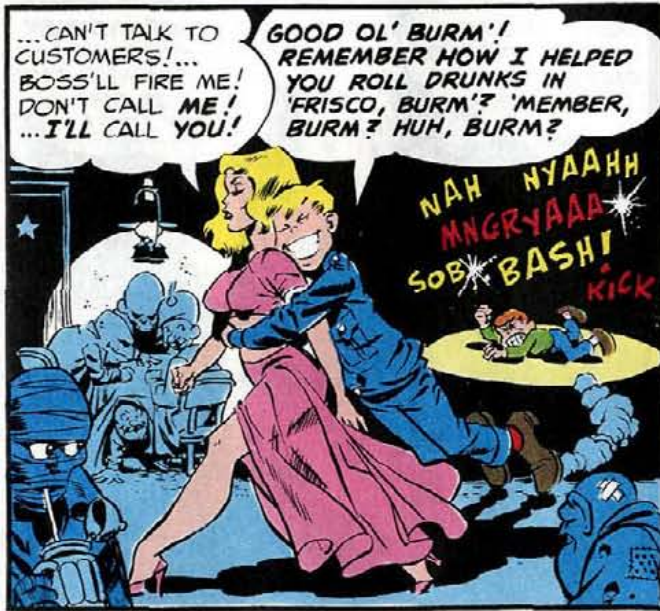
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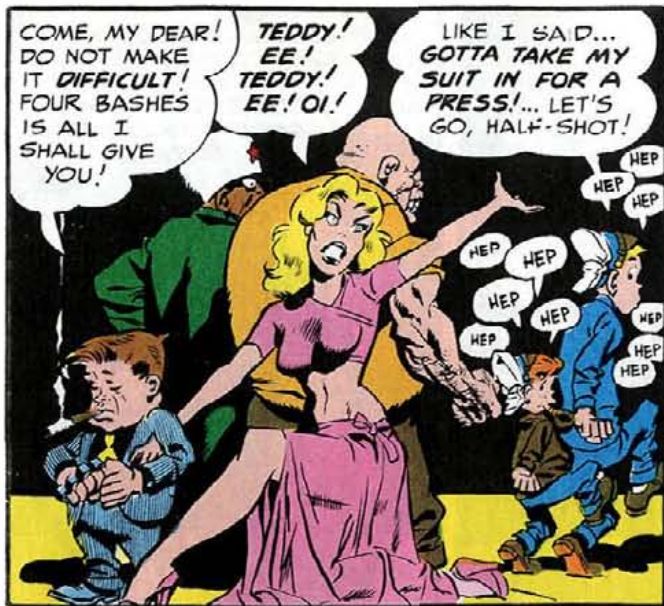
**HIGH-TYPE ADVENTURE DEPT. :... GOMNNNNING!** THE ORIENT! OUR STORY STARTS IN HONG-KONG...  
CENTER OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE! THERE, AMIDST THE TEEMING MASSES OF HUMANITY, FERRETTING OUT  
TROUBLE... FOLLOWING SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING LEADS WITH HIS LOVABLE ASSISTANT, HALF-SHOT CHARLIE, WE FIND...

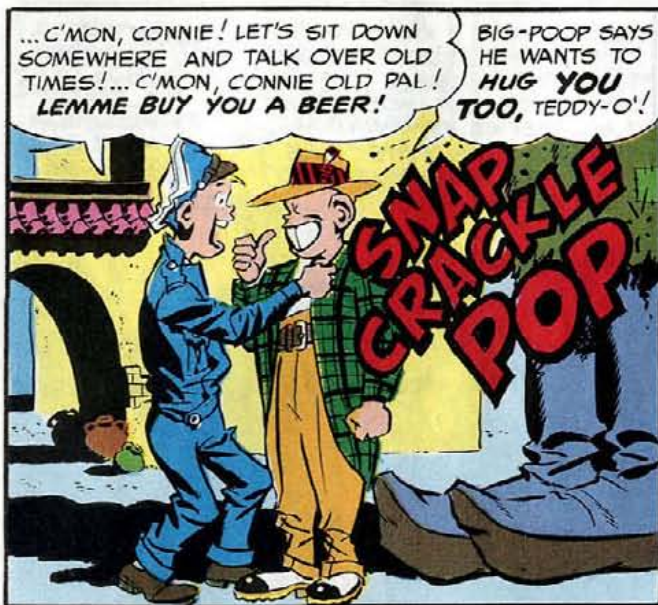
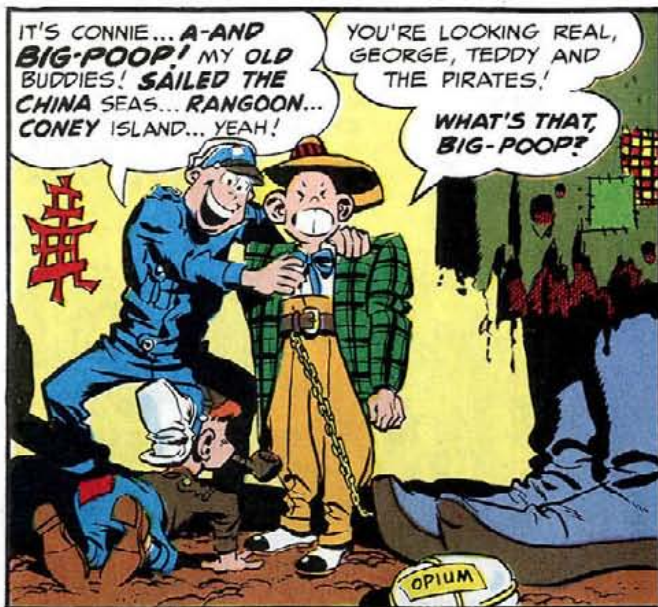
# TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!







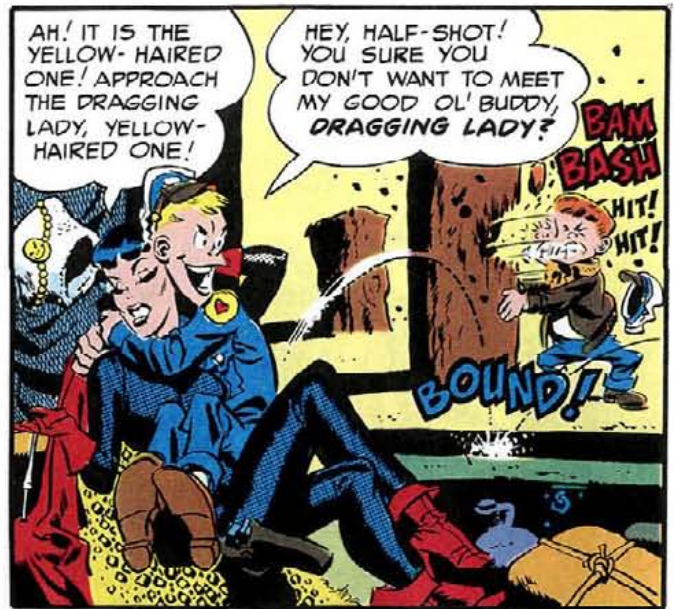






BY GEORGE! THIS CAPTAIN IS THE DRAGGING LADY! MY OLD BUDDY!

... SAILED THE CHINA SEAS TOGETHER! HIYA, DRAG!



AH! IT IS THE YELLOW-HAIRED ONE! APPROACH THE DRAGGING LADY, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE!

HEY, HALF-SHOT! YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO MEET MY GOOD OL' BUDDY, DRAGGING LADY?

BAM BASH HIT! HIT!

BOUND!



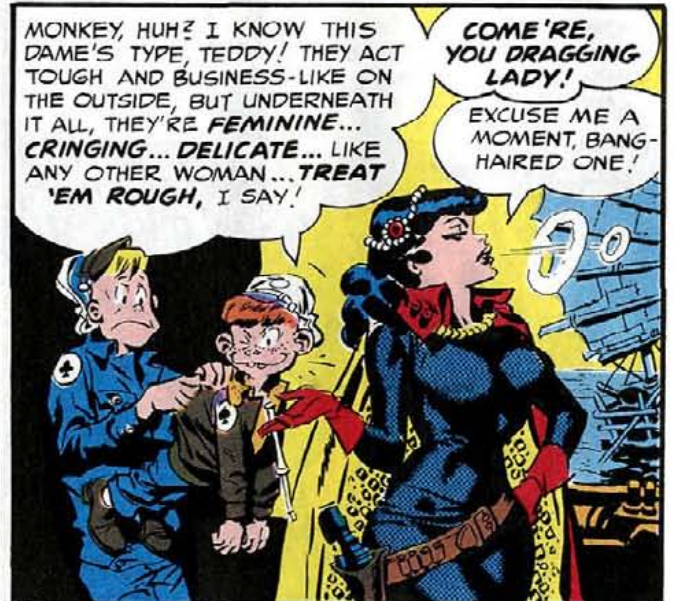
GOSH, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! SHE'S REAL PEACHY KEEN WOW! ROWF ROWF!

INTRODUCE ME, HUH? WILLYA, TEDDY? WILLYA? WILLYA?

...AND, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE, WHO IS THIS BANG-HAIRED ONE WHO YAMMERS LIKE A MONKEY?

WHEE! WOO WOO!

DRIP



MONKEY, HUH? I KNOW THIS DAME'S TYPE, TEDDY! THEY ACT TOUGH AND BUSINESS-LIKE ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT UNDERNEATH IT ALL, THEY'RE FEMININE... CRINGING... DELICATE... LIKE ANY OTHER WOMAN... TREAT 'EM ROUGH, I SAY!

COME 'RE, YOU DRAGGING LADY!

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, BANG-HAIRED ONE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU SWINE! WE'RE CASTING OFF! YOU, RED-HAIRED ONE... HOIST THE MAIN-SAIL! SNAP TO!

YES, MASTER!

SNIP KRAP



STEP LIVELY, YOU BABOONS! LOWER THE JIB! BATTEN THE HATCHES! YOU, BALD-HEADED ONE! YOU'RE MOVING TOO SLOWLY!

YES, MASTER!

KNOP



HARD-A-LEE ON THE STARBOARD BOW! YOU... TWO-HEADED ONE... YOU STUMBLER AGAINST ME! SHVIENHUNT!

YES, MASTER!

POW POW POW

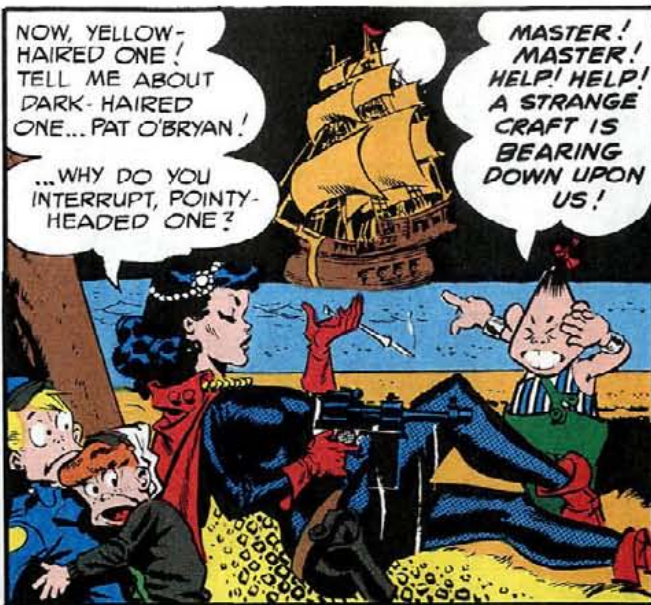




THERE!... THAT GOT THIS JUNK GOING!

NOW... BANG-HAIRED ONE! WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT MY TYPE OF WOMAN?

ME SAY SOMETHIN' I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'! YOU HEAR ME SAY SOMETHIN', TEDDY? TEDDY SAID SOMETHIN'! NOT ME!



NOW, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE! TELL ME ABOUT DARK-HAIRED ONE... PAT O'BRYAN!

...WHY DO YOU INTERRUPT, POINTY-HEADED ONE?

MASTER! MASTER! HELP! HELP! A STRANGE CRAFT IS BEARING DOWN UPON US!



I KNOW WHAT THAT CRAFT IS! IT IS A BAND OF HI-JACKERS!

HERE, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE AND BANG-HAIRED ONE! TAKE THESE CUTLASSES!

WE'LL PROTECT YOU, DRAGGING LADY!



ALL HANDS AND FEET ON DECK! STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS! WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE LAND... IN THE AIR!

RIGHT, DRAGGING LADY!

WATCH OUT FOR THAT ONE, DRAGGING LADY!

CRASH  
SLASH  
BASH  
GASH



...WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED! ALLA TIME WE WILL FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!

RIGHT, DRAGGING LADY!

GET THAT ONE, DRAGGING LADY!



WE WILL FIGHT THEM TILL EVERY LAST DROP OF OUR BLOOD IS SPILT! ...TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY DEAD AND HACKED TO LITTLE PIECES!

WRONG, DRAGGING LADY!

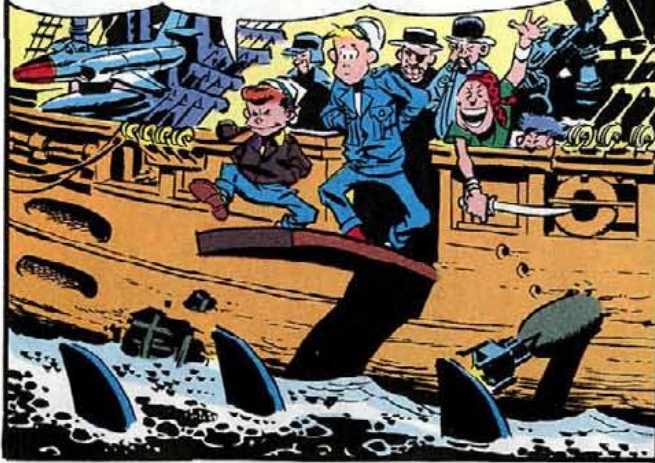


REMEMBER THE WORDS OF OUR IMMORTAL PAT O'BRYAN!... NOTHING MUST STOP US FROM CARRYING OUT OUR ASSIGNMENT...

...OUR ASSIGNMENT TO FIND THE INSIDE MAN!

'BYE!

WELL, HERE WE ARE, ABOUT TO WALK THE PLANK OFF OF THE HIJACKERS' SHIP! BUT BEFORE I GO, THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST KNOW... SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO KNOW BEFORE MY SOUL IS EVER TO REST IN PEACE!



I'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANSWER TO TWO QUESTIONS... FIRST... WHO IS THE INSIDE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR, AND SECOND... WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'?



HUP...  
**HOO BOY**

TOINGG



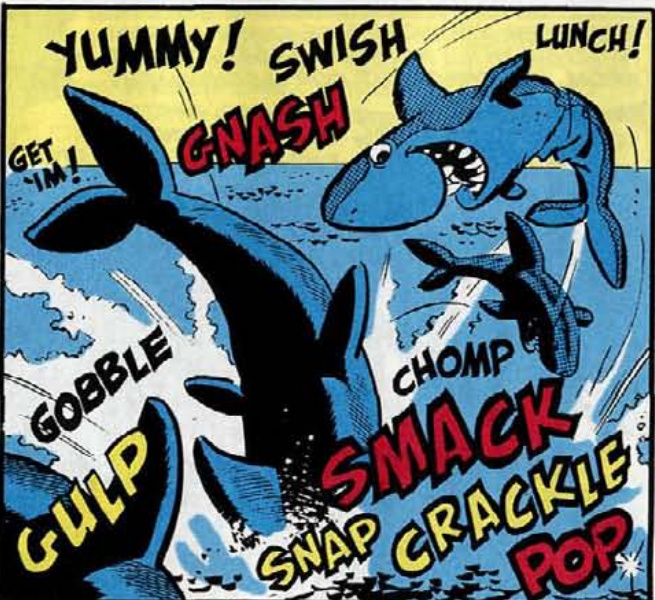
SUDDENLY... IT ALL COMES CLEAR TO ME...



...I NOW KNOW WHO THE INSIDE MAN FOR THE OPIUM HIJACKERS IS...



...AND I KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'!



**YUMMY!** SWISH LUNCH!  
**GNASH**  
**GOBBLE**  
**GULP**  
**CHOMP**  
**SMACK**  
**SNAP**  
**CRACKLE**  
**POP**



CRIMANETALIES, HALF-SHOT... AND I WANTED YOU TO MEET SOME MORE BUDDIES THAT SAILED THE CHINA SEAS WITH ME! ...I WANTED YOU TO MEET 'THE PIRATES'!

JUNGLE DEPT.: HERE IS AFRICA...ITS TANGLED BANYAN TREES AND ITS CREEPING GOOMBAH VINES! BUT HARK... SOMETHING IS MISSING! WHERE IS THE ROAR OF N'GANI, THE LION? WHERE IS THE SHRIEK OF N'GAWA, THE CHEETAH? THE JUNGLE IS STRANGELY SILENT... BUT FOR THE CLUMSY CRASHING THROUGH THE TREETOPS OF...

# MELVIN OF THE APES!

by EGAD (LONG GRAIN) RICE BURROWS

HEY, JANE! LOOKA DIS! ME JUMP TO NEXT VINE...USE ONLY ONE HAND! WATCH!



MELVIN SEVERIN



WOOPS!



HO! ME OUTTA PRACTICE! ME BETTER GET WORKOUT IN GYM!

HEY! MELVIN! WHAT THAT?... UH-OH! IS OOKABOLLA-KONGA ON WARPATH AGAIN... ATTACKING HUNTER AND SAFARI! WE GOTTA HELPUM!

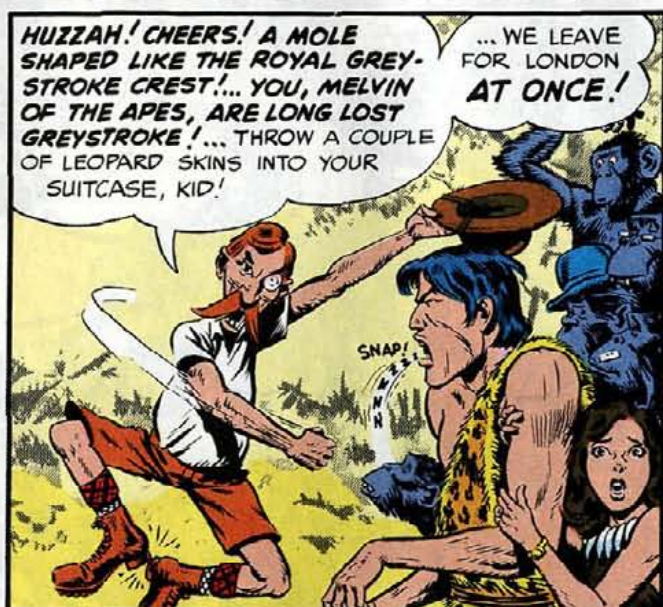
HUGGA BUGGA!

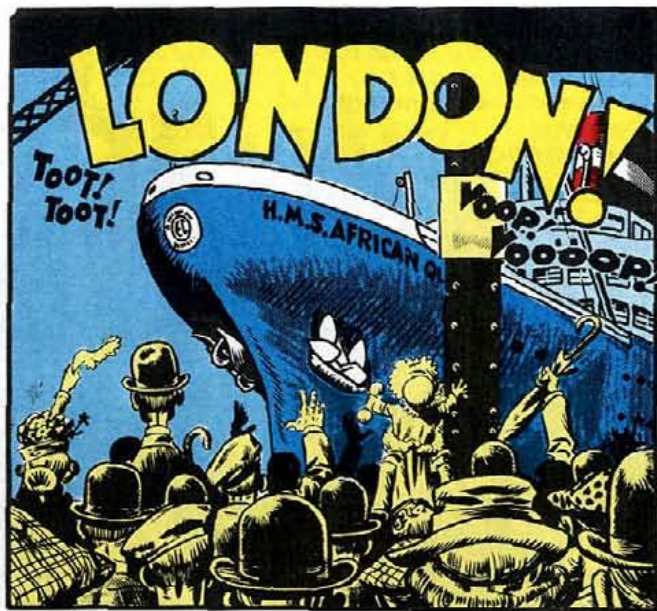
HUGGA BUGGA!

HUGGA BUGGA!

ZOO

1





PIP! PIP!  
THE BOAT  
IS IN!

EE-GAD!  
IT **WOULD**  
HAVE TO COME  
JUST AT TEA  
TIME!

BY JOVE!  
THERE'S  
SIR  
WHITEGREEN  
GREYSTROKE!

HULLY CHEE! I  
WONDER WHAT  
HE BROUGHT  
BACK WITH  
HIM?

SLIANTE  
GAEL!



**WHITEGREEN  
GREYSTROKE,  
OLD MAN!  
GOOD TO SEE  
YOU! YOU'RE  
LOOKING-  
TANNED AND  
FIT!**

DASH IT,  
GRANDFATHER  
BLACKBLUE  
GREYSTROKE!  
YOU'RE  
LOOKING AT  
ONE OF MY  
TROPHIES!

...AND NOW I'VE  
GOT A SURPRISE!  
I'VE FINALLY  
FOUND... IN THE  
JUNGLE... **LORD  
MELVIN  
GREYSTROKE!**

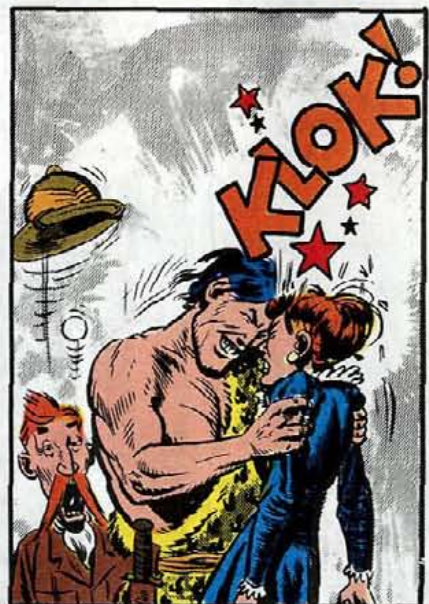


**LORD GREYSTROKE!** I  
WANT YOU TO SHAKE  
HANDS WITH YOUR COUSINS!  
COUSIN BROWN GREYSTROKE!  
COUSIN VERIDIAN GREYSTROKE  
AND COUSIN MAGENTA  
GREYSTROKE!

**HOOO BOY!  
ME WANNA SAY  
HULLO TO DIS  
WAN BABE  
OVA HERE!**



ME NO LIKE THIS SHAKING-  
HANDS! IS TOO FORMAL! ME  
JUST COUNTRY BOY FROM  
STICKS! ME GIVE COUSIN  
QUAINT AND TENDER  
OOKABOLLAKONGA GREETING  
OF LOVE AND AFFECTION!



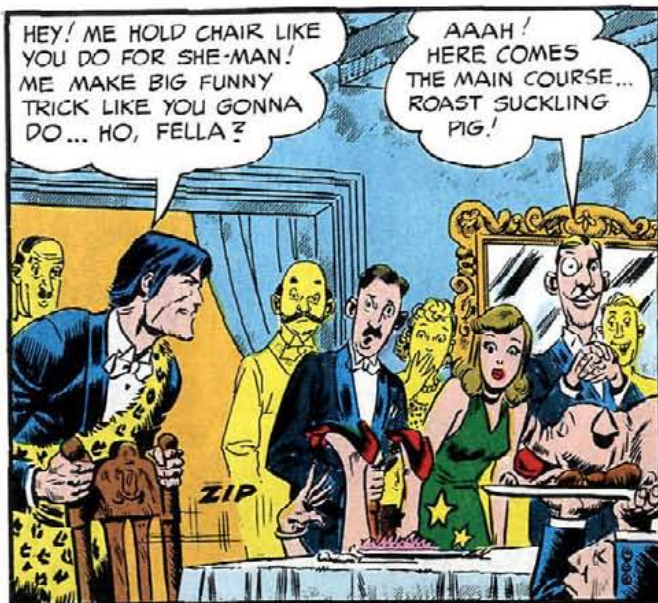
**KLOK!**



**HO HO!** DIS  
OOKABOLLAKONGA  
GREETING SOME  
FUN, HO BOYS?  
IT ALWAYS MAKE  
**LASTING  
IMPRESSION!**

COME, MELVIN!  
WE MUST  
RUN YOU  
THROUGH  
SHEEPDIP, IN  
TIME FOR THE  
SPECIAL DINNER  
IN YOUR HONOR  
TONIGHT!





HEY! ME HOLD CHAIR LIKE YOU DO FOR SHE-MAN! ME MAKE BIG FUNNY TRICK LIKE YOU GONNA DO... HO, FELLA?

AAAH! HERE COMES THE MAIN COURSE... ROAST SUCKLING PIG!



HOO HAA!



NOW... N'GUNGA, THE PIG! TASTE THE BLADE OF MY STEEL TOOTH!



I SAY! THAT SUCKLING PIG WAS FOR ALL OF US!

COME ON, OLD SPORT! PUT IT BACK ON THE TABLE!

AFTER ALL, OLD BOY! WE'RE HUNGRY TOO!

SLOP! SLOP! GNASH! GRRROW! RRRIP! RRRR!



GROWW! GROWW!

SUDDENLY, I HAVE LOST MY APPETITE!

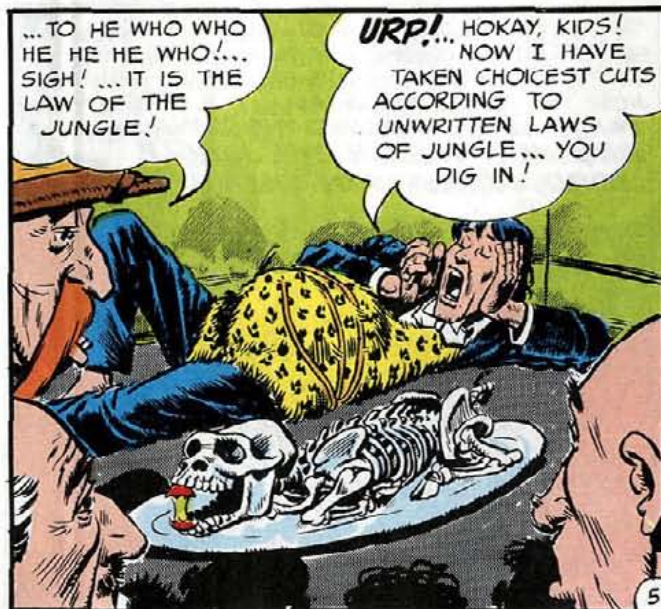
STRANGE! SO HAVE I!

TENNIS ANYONE?



BACK, FRIENDS! STAND BACK!... LORD GREYSTROKE IS MERELY FOLLOWING THE UNWRITTEN LAW OF THE JUNGLE... THE LAW OF THE N'GOOMBAH, THE LION! TO HE WHO BRINGS DOWN THE KILL BELONGS THE FIRST SHARE OF THE KILL! TO... TO HE WHO IS THE VICTOR GOES THE CHOICEST CUT!... TO HE WHO...

GRRROW! RRRROW! SLURP! CHOMP! HIC!



...TO HE WHO WHO HE HE HE WHO!... SIGH! ...IT IS THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!

URP!... HOKAY, KIDS! NOW I HAVE TAKEN CHOICEST CUTS ACCORDING TO UNWRITTEN LAWS OF JUNGLE... YOU DIG IN!



ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! NOW THAT DINNER IS OVER, WE SHALL RETIRE TO THE MUSIC ROOM FOR A BIT OF ENTERTAINMENT!

ENTERTAINMENT! HO BOY! MAYBE YOU GONNA HAVE OOKA-BOLLAKONGA TYPE AFTER-DINNER RITUAL WHERE WE PLAY MUSIC AND SHRINK-HEAD TO CELEBRATE SUCCESSFUL HUNT!

OOK! OOK! OOK!



OH ISN'T THAT BEAUTIFUL MUSIC?

OOH I'M DYING!

HEY! WOT KIND ENTERTAINMENT IS DIS? DIS YOU CALL ENTERTAINMENT?



ME SHOW YOU REAL ENTERTAINMENT... SHOW YOU HOW TO LIVE IT UP A LITTLE! GIVE CRY OF BIG BULL-APE, N'GOOCHKA!

HOOOO HA!



HO! ME CALL HAIRY FRIENDS FROM FORESTS AND ZOOS! WE SHOW YOU ENTERTAINMENT OF THE JUNGLE! WE GONNA HAVE SECRET RITUAL OF THE...

**DUM DUM!**

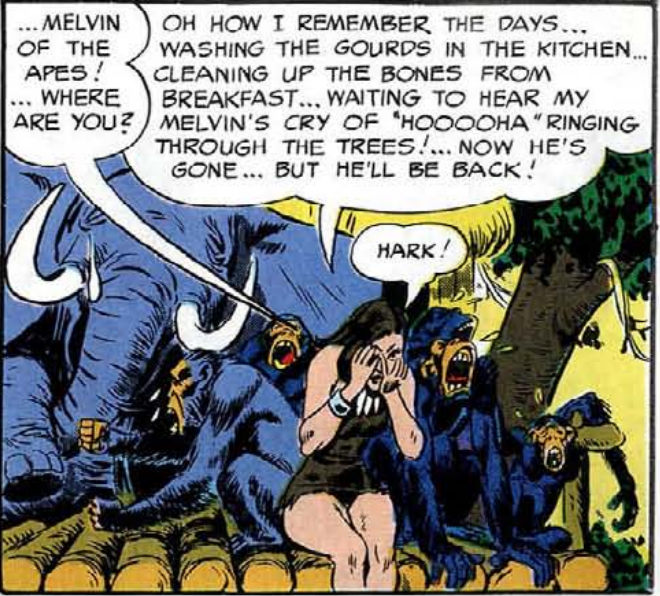


TH...THE D-DUM DUM! I HAVE HEARD OF THE SECRET RITUAL OF THE DUM DUM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE LIPS OF A DYING NATIVE!... HOW THE GREAT N'GONGAS, ... THE APES... DANCE ABOUT A MOUND, THE DUM DUM... AND HOW MELVIN, THE JUNGLE LORD, DANCES WITH THEM!



... AND AS THE POUNDING ON THE DUM DUM INCREASES, THE DANCING REACHES A FRENZIED PITCH AND THE DANCERS COME FORWARD AND TEAR THE FLESH FROM A SACRIFICE THAT IS LAYING BY THE MOUND...  
**A HUMAN SACRIFICE!**





... MELVIN OF THE APES! ... WHERE ARE YOU? OH HOW I REMEMBER THE DAYS... WASHING THE GOURDS IN THE KITCHEN... CLEANING UP THE BONES FROM BREAKFAST... WAITING TO HEAR MY MELVIN'S CRY OF "HOOOOHA" RINGING THROUGH THE TREES! ... NOW HE'S GONE... BUT HE'LL BE BACK!

HARK!



CLUMSY CRASHING AND VOICES IN THE TREE-TOPS! ... I KNEW IT! I KNEW MY MELVIN WOULD BE BACK!



... SILENCE AND THEN THE CRASH OF MY MELVIN AS HE MISSES ANOTHER VINE! I KNEW THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE WAS HIS BLOOD!



... THE THUD OF A BODY CHARGING INTO A TREE TRUNK... COMING CLOSER! I KNEW THE LAW OF N'KLUNKA, THE BULL APE WOULD CALL HIM BACK!



... CLOSER! CLOSER! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! BONGO! BONGO! BONGO... HE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO!

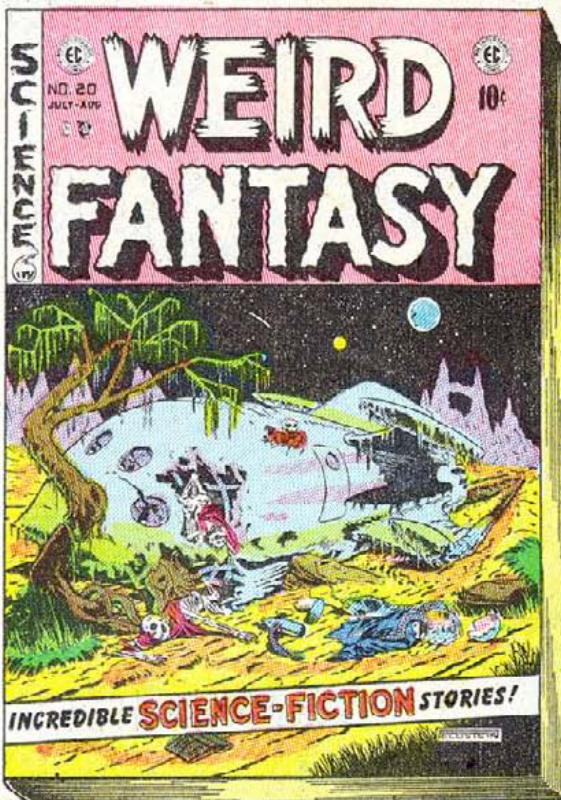


IS EVERYBODY HERE? YES! ... THE WHOLE BLOOMING GREYSTROKE CLAN IS HERE! ALL EXCEPT ONE! ... BUT LET'S NOT STOP! KEEP MOVING ... DEEPER! DEEPER! ... INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA!



WE WANT TO GET AS FAR FROM THAT ONE AS POSSIBLE! LET HIM KEEP THE ESTATE! ... THE MANSION! KEEP GOING INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE JUNGLE! MELVIN OF THE APES WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US THERE!

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"Good evening, basketball fans! Here it is half-time at Adison Square Grove and while we're waiting for the two teams to come barreling back for the second half, we have a very exciting interview lined up for you!

"Stepping into our broadcast booth this minute (that's it boy... duck that door frame!) is a young athlete who has taken the sports world by storm. I'm sure you've all read the fine article Strife magazine did on this boy just last week. And now I'd like to introduce this stellar basketball whiz who came out of nowhere... well, out of a comparatively unheard of college... to become the leading scorer in the country this season. He's here with his coach, Mr. 'Red' Haring! Say 'hello' to your fans out there... HEVO FRANKLIN!"

"H'lo!"

"It's certainly a pleasure to have you on this program, Hevo! Your astounding average of 65 points a game is quite astounding! By the way, this is a very fine spread that Strife magazine did about you and your plucky little college! And a real fine photograph of you standing in the foreground with the other 49 members of the student body backing you up! (You folks in the radio audience ought to get a copy of this particular issue! Hevo is the young man in the sweat-suit pants, holding a basketball downward in each palm... just to illustrate the expansive grasp of his phenomenal fingers!) Oh! I see you're carrying your basketballs around with you tonight, too, Hevo!"

"Say, Mac! How 'bout giving me an in-nerduction?"

"Why certainly! (The voice you just heard belongs to the man who's responsible for developing and encouraging Hevo Franklin... none other than Coach Haring!) Well, Coach Haring... you certainly have put Rio La Sagna College on the map! It's amazing what you've done with such a small student body. How many candidates did you cut off the team during initial try-outs?"

"I cut two can'dates, that's all!"

"Only two candidates cut, eh?"

"Yeah, but that left us with only three players . . . so I had to reinstate them! They're good company for the other three on the court, however!"

"Well, Coach Haring, I certainly know how close to your heart you cherish little Rio La Sagna College! And I'm sure that you will continue to be head basketball coach there for many, many years and that nothing can possibly induce you to leave Rio La . . ."

"I'm open to any reasonable contracts . . ."

"Yes, it's been real nice speaking to you . . ."

"Any reasonable offers . . . if any colleges care to contact me in care of this radio station!"

"Thank you Coach Haring! And NOW to ask HEVO a few questions! Hevo, to what do you attribute your uncanny speed, deception, play-making, and brilliant defensive strategies on the court?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Yes! And I'll bet when you were a kid you practised set shots in the backyard with an old bottomless peach basket nailed to a tree!"

"Naw! I usta pitch pennies most of the time . . ."

"Surely you spent many long hours perfecting the coordination between eye and muscle in order to make those spectacular shots from three-quarters the length of the court!"

"Naw! I usta shoot rats in the dumps with my .22 rifle!"

"And the way you work those sweet plays . . . the sensational weave, the driving push shot and the smooth hook shot! How did you become so adept at them?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Well, I see that Coach Haring is anxious to go downstairs to scout the teams playing here tonight!"

"Say, Mac! Don't we get some razor blades or shaving cream . . ."

"Sorry, Coach! This show is a sustainer!"

"Well, that's O.K.! We'll take some of that!"

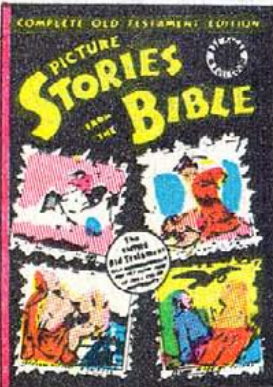
"Yes, it's been nice having you both . . . and now I see that the second half's about to get under way! Oh . . . before you go, Hevo, what are you majoring in at Rio La Sagna College?"

"Elocution!"



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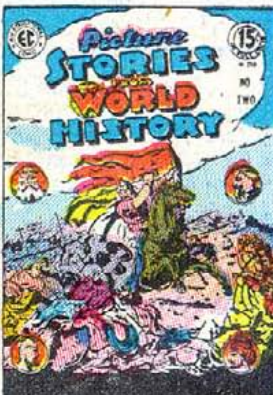


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# MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

In Mad Mumblings someone asked, "Tell me where I can get one of those cute little things that Glarf brought to earth with him in Mad #2." You said: "At any Martian pet shop for 40 shmetniks." That is wrong! You can get them at any Martian pet shop for 41 shmetniks.—Melvyn Tollman—(No address given)

...I read your fourth issue of "Mad." You spelled shmetniks wrong. It's supposed to be shmetnicks.—Paul Colandrea—New Haven, Connecticut.

...On page 2 of "Superduperman," Clark Bent said he worked for 10 years saving his 75c a week till he got \$1,000 saved up. First, if he worked for 10 years saving 75c he would only have \$390 and he'd have to starve himself and go naked to get it. Second, he's a dope to save it in the first place when he could buy a 520 year subscription to "Mad." Could you have the Shadow (short for Shadowskeedeboom-boom) tell me his secret of clouding men's minds? I could use it on my teachers.—Thomas Mellinger—Clifton, New Jersey.

...Pardónez moi! S'il vous plait mais dans vos livre trois de "Mad," dans l'histoire de "Sheik of Araby," vous avez eu un Francais qui a dit "N'estpas." Ce n'est pas correcte est-ce-t-il? Il a etre "N'est-ce pas." Merci beacoup mes amis.

P.S. Aussi vous avez en un Francais qui a dit "boucoup." Ce n'est pas correct. Il est "beaucoup." Au Revoir.—Mons. David Pait—Harrisburg, Illinois.

...Down hyar in Kaintucky we ain't likely ta git much good edjoocayshunal literature, and welcome this work of art (Mad). Yessir, it's a pretty fur piece down the road to the nearest newsstand (about 25 mile), but my 113 yar ole great-grandmammy, she ain't moved nary a mite in 35 yar, moseys on down and back every month jest about as fast as ole Esmir-eldi, our hawg, can clean her trough. In order ta keep my poor ole great-grammy home (since she gits boozed up ev'ry Sattidy nite in town), I enclose 75c for 6 issues of "Mad."—Tony Sodd—Louisville, Kentucky (Just 6 mile northeast of Hogmaul Creek)

...I am a regular reader of your comic book "Mad." I was displeased with the letter of criticism you published in the copy of "Mad" #4, and I disagree with Mrs. Peterson on her view. Your book is not meant to be educational. It is for entertainment only. I, as many of my friends, strongly urge you to continue your publication of this book.—Armstead Napier—Richmond, Virginia.

...After reading your No. 4 edition of "Mad," we have come to the conclusion that it is TOPS. We

recommend it to all college students, especially those in engineering. It is just the remedy for our over-racked brains.—Walter C. Schalm and Carl Heald—Michigan College of Mining and Technology, Houghton, Michigan.

...We here on Guam become avaricious readers after being here for a short time. This island is not one of the liveliest places in the world. Sooner or later we read almost every comic book, magazine, and book that hits the stands. We have all gotten a great deal more enjoyment from "Mad" than from any other publication of its type. I would like to give you the thanks of all of us here for helping to make the days a little shorter, the smiles a little broader. Joe Lazare, Guam.

...I am an artillery man in Korea, with very little time to read books. When "Mad" came down, the fellows told me what a sensation it was, I took time to read it and found that I've never laughed as hard at any one book as I did at yours. Keep writing stories.—Pfc. Leon A. Reid—North Korea.

"Mad" is neither funny nor witty. It doesn't make sense. It is not educational, inspirational. It's as poor and cheap an effort to lure nickels as I've ever seen. May it have no success.—Paul M. Dubbs—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

...I came across your so-called "Mad" mag today, much to my disgust. How such a piece of filthy minded pictures and so-called stories can be printed and sold on newsstands to young innocent children I can't understand. Your product should be rated as an 8 pager. From now on I shall keep my children from reading anything but Donald Duck and Lulu.—Barbara Muth (Mrs.)—Chicago, Illinois.

...If I have ever seen such rotten literature, "Mad" is it. You should be ashamed of yourselves for publishing such dirt. "Mad" is strictly asinine, so instead of indoctrinating our youngsters with such low-down, rotten scum, why not publish some good, clean, decent comics?—R. Thompson—Washington, D. C.

...We started a Mad Melvin Club of which I am president (we drew straws). To be a member, one must have all the "Mads." Anyone interested in joining, write me at 2424 Vance Ave. for a membership card. We want to get a nationwide club. Pat Armstrong, Alexandria, Louisiana.

*So subscriptions are 75c! Just like Tony said! Send moola along to:*

Mad Editors  
Room 706, Dept. 6  
225 Lafayette St.  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

POETRY DEPT.: ...WE'VE INCLUDED MANY SUBJECTS IN OUR COMIC BOOK FORMAT ... WESTERN COWBOYS, HORROR, CORPSES, A-COOKING IN A VAT... CRIME AND MURDER, SCIENCE-FICTION, ROCKETS IN THE STRAT... OSPHERE, ROMANCE, LOVERS, NOW POETRY; EVEN THAT!... A POEM YOU'VE NO DOUBT HEARD OF, NAME OF...

# CASEY AT THE BAT!

BY ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER

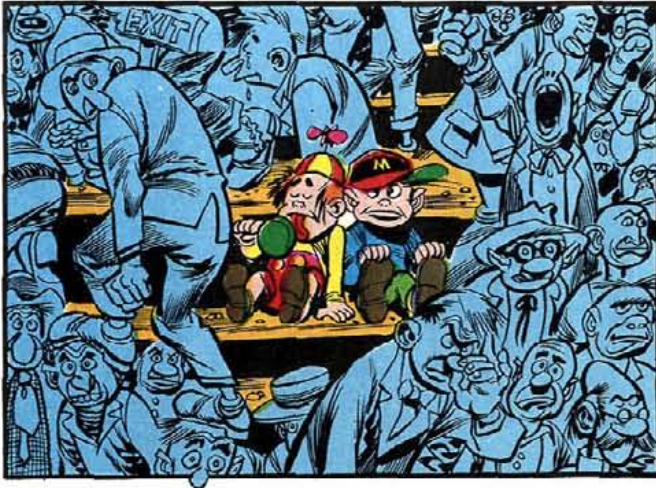


It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;  
The score stood two to four with but one inning left to play.

So when Cooney died at second and Burrows did the same,  
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.



The straggling few got up to go, leaving  
there the rest,  
With the hope that springs eternal within  
the human breast.

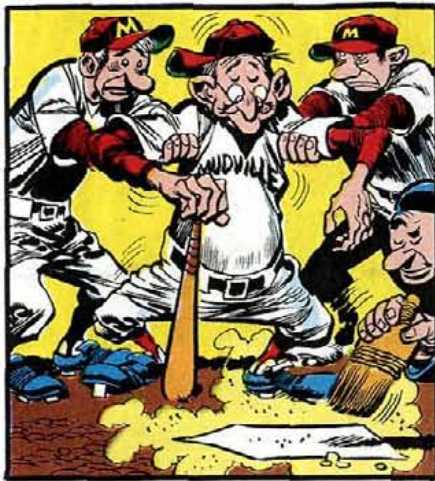


For they thought: "If only Casey could get a  
whack at that,"  
They'd put even money now, with Casey  
at the bat.



But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise  
so did Blake,  
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter  
was a fake,

So on that stricken multitude a deathlike  
silence sat;  
For there seemed but little chance for Casey's  
getting to the bat.

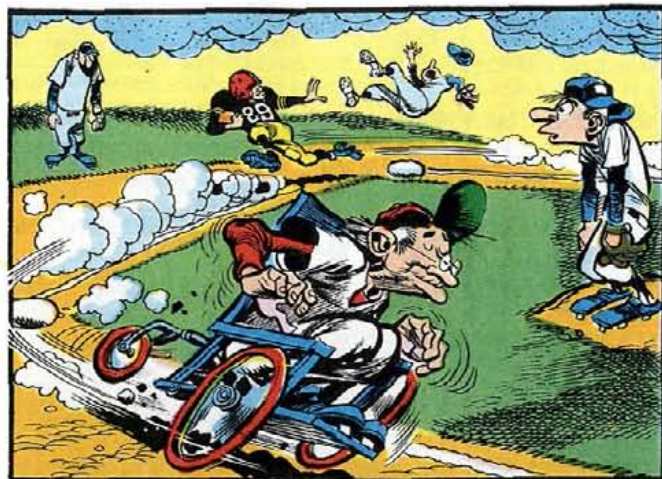


But Flynn let drive a "single," the  
wonderment of all,

And the much-despised Blakely "tore the  
cover off the ball."



And when the dust had lifted, and  
they saw what had occurred,



Then from the gladdened multitude  
went up a joyous yell —  
It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled  
in the dell;

There was Blakely safe at second, and  
Flynn a-huggin' third.



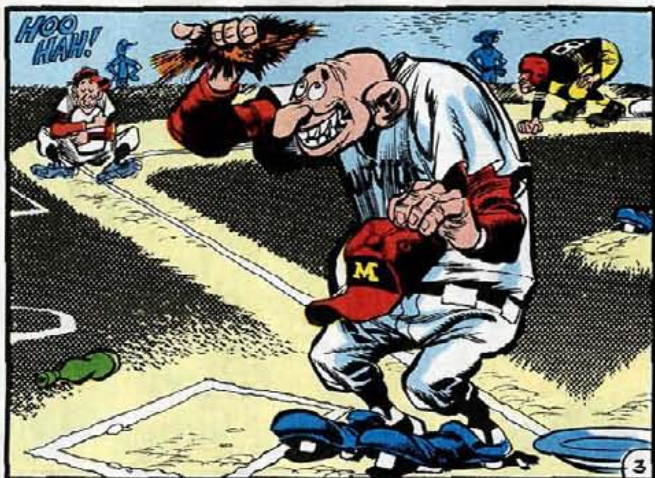
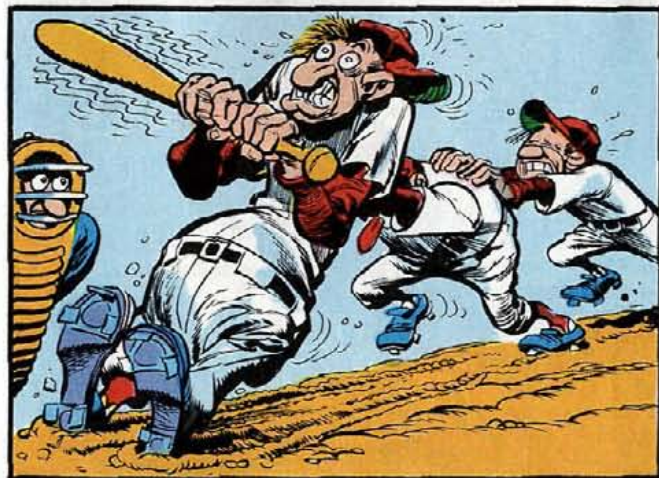
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded  
on the flat;  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing  
to the bat.



There was ease in Casey's manner as  
he stepped into his place,  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a  
smile on Casey's face;



And when responding to the cheers, he  
lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt  
'twas Casey at the bat.



Ten thousand eyes were on him as he  
rubbed his hands with dirt.

Five thousand tongues applauded when he  
wiped them on his shirt;



Then when the writhing pitcher ground the  
ball into his hip,  
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer  
curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came  
hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty  
grandeur there.



Close by the sturdy batsman the ball  
unheeded sped,  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one,"  
the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went  
up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm waves on the  
stern and distant shore.





"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" someone shouted  
in the stand;  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not  
Casey raised his hand.



He signaled to the pitcher, and once more  
the spheroid flew;  
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said,  
"Strike two!"



They saw his face grow stern and cold, they  
saw his muscles strain,



With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's  
visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game  
go on;



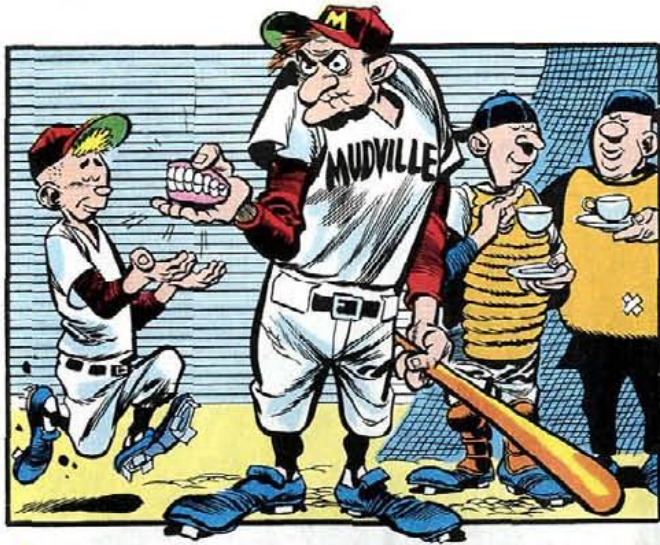
"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and  
the echo answered "Fraud!"  
But one scornful look from Casey and  
the audience was awed;



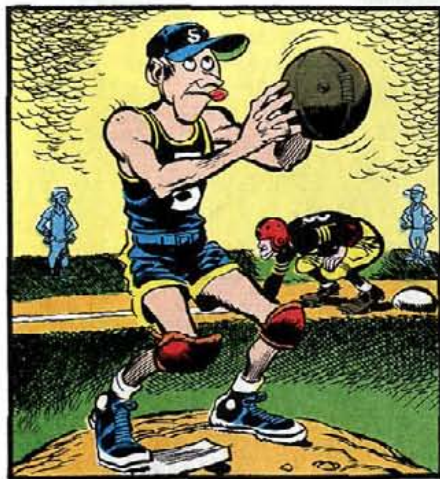
And they knew, that Casey wouldn't let  
the ball go by again.



The sneer is gone from Casey's lips,  
his teeth are clenched in hate,



And now the pitcher holds the ball,  
And now he lets it go,



Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun  
is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere  
hearts are light;



He pounds with cruel vengeance  
his bat upon the plate;



And now the air is shattered by  
the force of Casey's blow.



And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere  
children shout,  
But there is no joy in Mudville —  
mighty Casey has struck out!



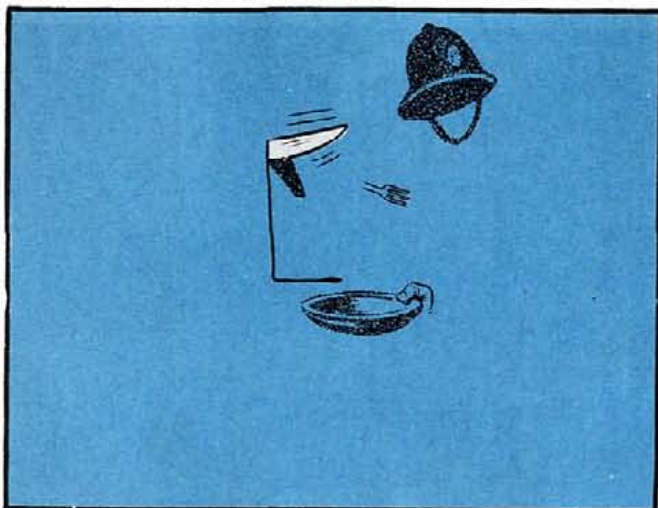
**HORROR DEPT.:** THE TALE WAS TOLD BY AN OLD SEA-FARING MAN, BABBLING IN DELIRIUM BEFORE HE DIED! BABBLING AMONGST THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM TOSSED UPON THE CONEY ISLAND SHORE HE BABBLER... ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND IN THE TROPICS... ABOUT THE LOST TRIBE OF THE OOKABOLAPONGA... ABOUT THEIR GOD...

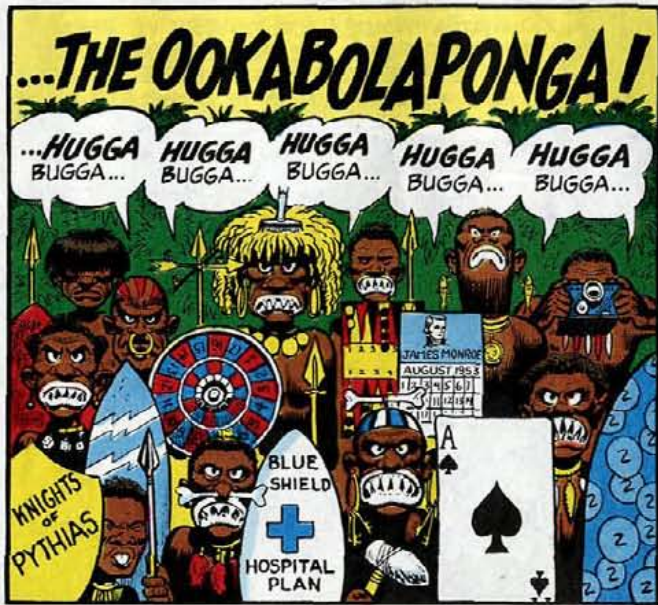
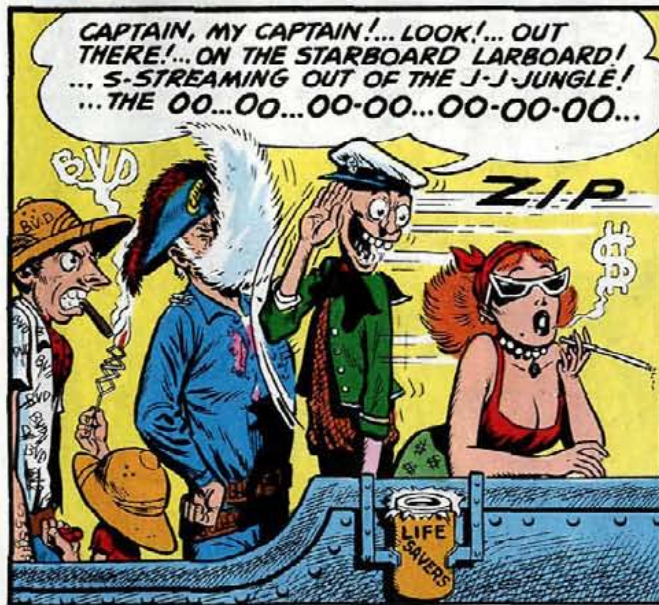
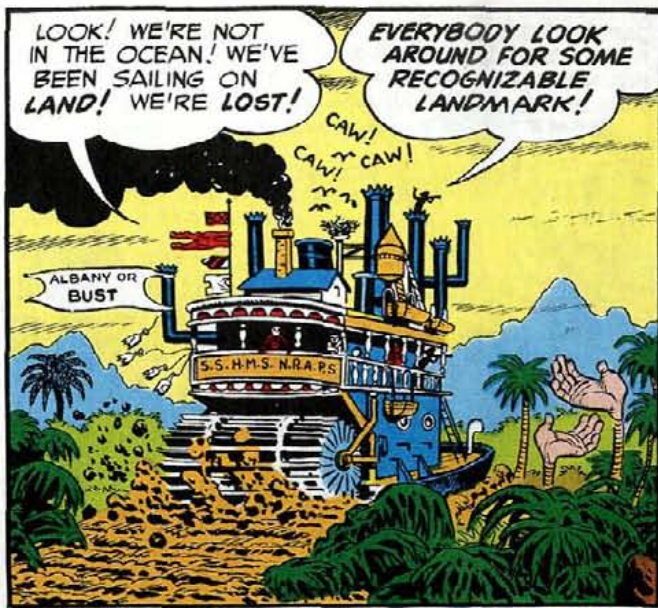
# PING PONG!

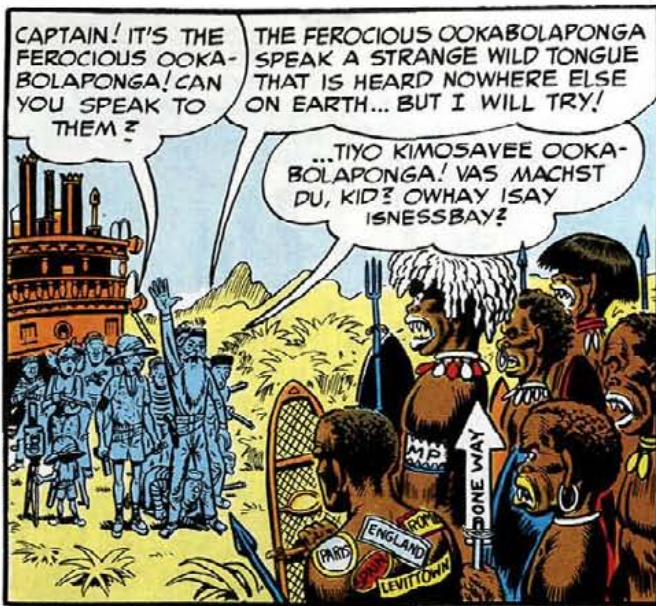


**THE TROPICS!**...SOMEWHERE IN THE LATITUDES, SOUTH OF THE SARGOSSA SEA, A PEA-SOUP FOG... SO THICK YOU COULD CUT IT WITH A KNIFE... HUGS THE OCEAN!

AND INSIDE THE FOG... A SHIP RIDES LIKE A GHOST... A BLACK SHIP WITH A GRIM-FACED FEARLESS CREW OF MEN... RIDING TO ITS DESTINY... WITH **DEATH...WITH PONG!**



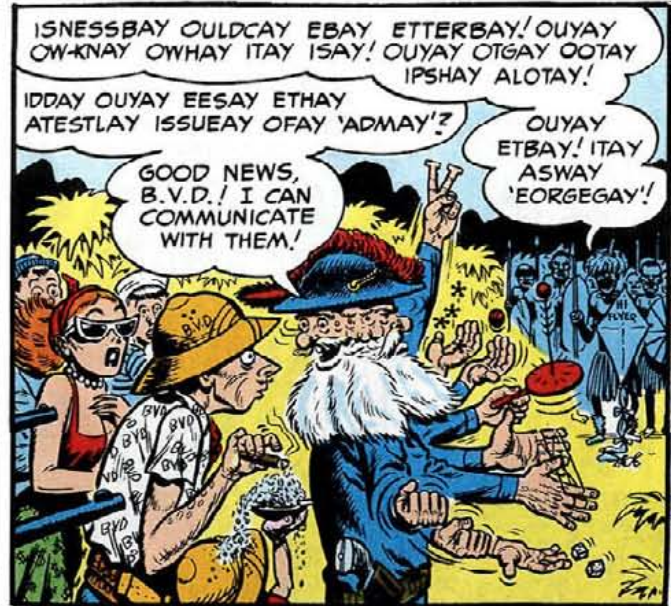




CAPTAIN! IT'S THE FEROCIOUS OOKA-BOLAPONGA! CAN YOU SPEAK TO THEM?

THE FEROCIOUS OOKABOLAPONGA SPEAK A STRANGE WILD TONGUE THAT IS HEARD NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH... BUT I WILL TRY!

...TIYO KIMOSAVEE OOKA-BOLAPONGA! VAS MACHST DU, KID? OWHAY ISAY ISNESSBAY?



ISNESSBAY OULDCAY EBAY ETTERBAY! OUYAY OW-KNAY OWHAY ITAY ISAY! OUYAY OTGAY DOTAY IPSHAY ALOTAY!

IDDAY OUYAY EESAY ETHAY ATESTLAY ISSUEAY OFAY 'ADMAY'?

OUYAY ETBAY! ITAY ASWAY 'EORGEGAY!

GOOD NEWS, B.V.D.! I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!



I SAY! YOU FELLOWS SPEAK ENGLISH?... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE!

FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU ONLY SPOKE THAT FILTHY OOKABOLAPONGANESE! HORRIBLE LANGUAGE TO MASTER! NEVER DID TAKE TO IT!



...HEY! WHAT YOU GOT? GOOD LOOKIN' DOLL? HOWZABOUT TRADE FOR HER?

HMPH! QUAINT PEASANTS! PROBABLY WANT TO SWAP YOU FOR SOME HAND-MADE POTS AND TRINKETS!

...NO! DIS MY LEADING LADY! ME NO TRADE!



COME ON! WE NEED WOMAN FOR SACRIFICE! WE TRADE! I GOT BUBBLE-GUM TICKETS OF WHOLE BROOKLYN DODGER BASEBALL TEAM... AND TICKETS OF INDIAN TRIBES OF WILD WEST! WE TRADE, HUH?

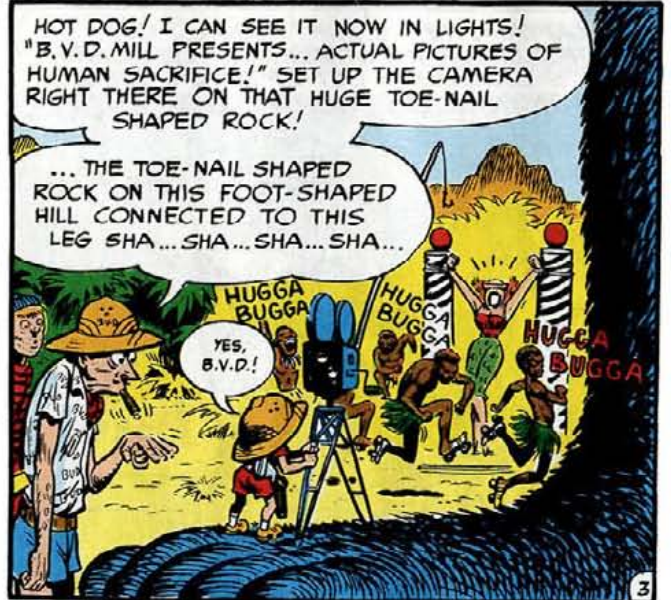
YOU'VE GOT THE WHOLE TEAM?



WHAT A TRADE! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THE BUBBLE-GUM TICKETS OF PEE-WEE REESE AND EDDIE STANKY! NOW MY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE!

HUGGA BUGGA...HUGGA BUGGA...

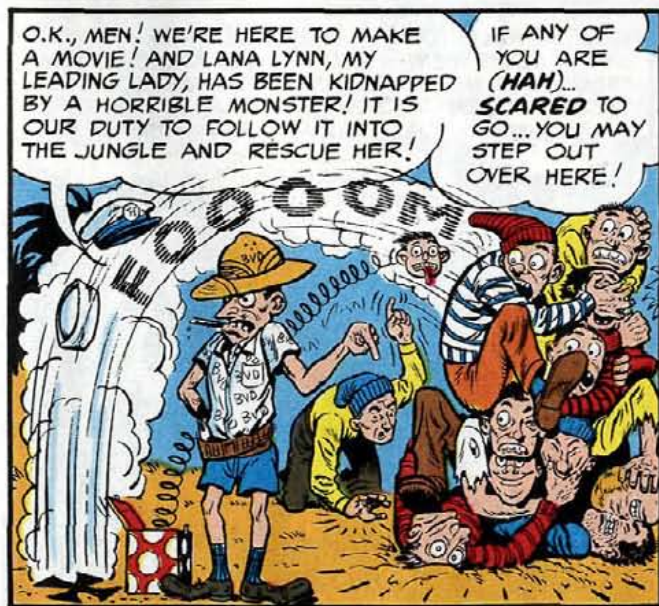
ADVICE FOR THIN PEOPLE DON'T EAT FAST!! ADVICE FOR FAT PEOPLE DON'T EAT— FAST!!



HOT DOG! I CAN SEE IT NOW IN LIGHTS! "B.V.D. MILL PRESENTS... ACTUAL PICTURES OF HUMAN SACRIFICE!" SET UP THE CAMERA RIGHT THERE ON THAT HUGE TOE-NAIL SHAPED ROCK!

... THE TOE-NAIL SHAPED ROCK ON THIS FOOT-SHAPED HILL CONNECTED TO THIS LEG SHA...SHA...SHA...SHA...

YES, B.V.D.!





SINCE WE SEE NO FOOTPRINTS, WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THIS STREAM ON THIS RAFT! LOOK!... IT GOES INTO THAT CAVE UP AHEAD!

ROBERT HALL LOW OVERHEAD



MY GOSH!... A PREHISTORIC DIPLODOCUS BRONTOSAURUS! WHAT A SCENE! QUICK, MAN! GET A SHOT OF THAT!

YES, B.V.D.!

CHOMP!



LOOK! OVER THERE! A TYRRANOSAURUS STEGOSAURUS FRAMMIS! QUICK! GET A SHOT OF IT, YOU FOOL!

YES, B.V.D.!



LOOK! LOOK! AN ARCHAEOPTERYX IKTHEPOSAURUS RAZZLE-DAZZLEBUS PTERODACTYL PTOOEY! GET A SHOT!

YES, B.V.D.!

BEGIN MEASURED MILE



LOOK! LOOKLOOK! A JUSTPLAINTSAURUS! GET A SHOT OF THAT, LAD!

YES, B.V.D.!

WURF!

END OF MEASURED MILE

JOE STALIN SLEPT HERE

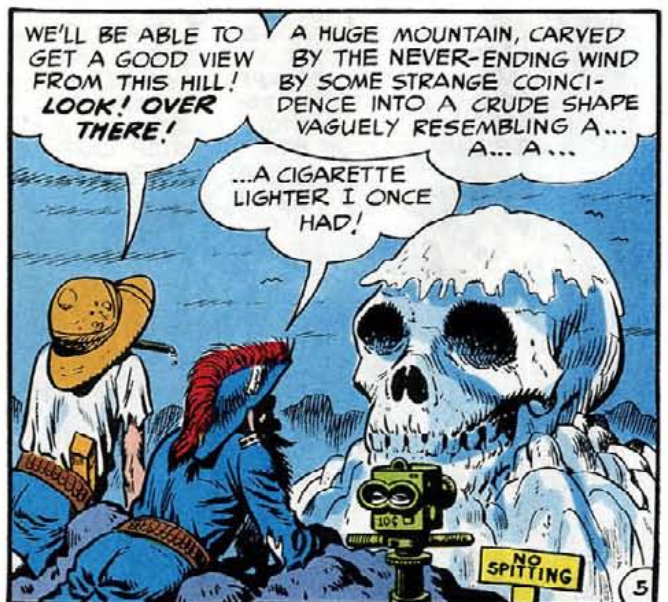


TRY TO GET AN INSIDE SHOT OF THAT JUSTPLAINTSAURUS, BO!

FILTHY LUCK, CAPTAIN! ONLY TWO OF US LEFT!

YES, B.V.D.!

ABSOLUTELY LAST CHANCE GAZ STATION!



WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET A GOOD VIEW FROM THIS HILL! LOOK! OVER THERE!

A HUGE MOUNTAIN, CARVED BY THE NEVER-ENDING WIND BY SOME STRANGE COINCIDENCE INTO A CRUDE SHAPE VAGUELY RESEMBLING A... A... A...

...A CIGARETTE LIGHTER I ONCE HAD!

NO SPITTING



COME ON, CAPTAIN!  
THAT'S PING PONG'S  
HIDEAWAY! I'VE  
PAID YOU MILLIONS  
FOR THIS VOYAGE  
AND WE'RE  
GOING UP THERE!

... BUT B.V.D!  
I'M TIRED!  
I CAN'T GO  
ON MUCH  
LONGER!  
I'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT TO  
THAT MOUNTAIN!  
I'M TIRED, BOY!



BAH! SIXTY-POUND WEAKLING!  
LETTING A LITTLE MOUNTAIN  
TIRE YOU OUT! C'MON, LAD!  
WE'RE ALMOST TO THE  
ENTRANCE ON TOP! **MUSH,**  
BOY, **MUSH!**



UGH!... OPENING...  
JUST A FEW  
MORE FEET...  
LISTEN... HORRIBLE  
SHRIEKS...

...WHAT IS  
MONSTER...  
UGH... DOING...  
TO LANA...  
LYNN...

**L-L-LOOK!**

**YOW! OWEE**

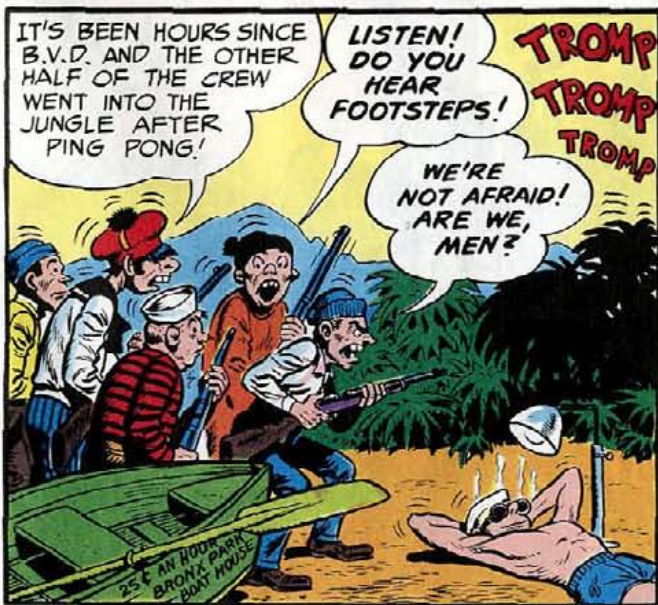


**EEK... EE... OO...  
OI... FILTHY BEAST!  
DON'T TOUCH  
ME!**



**OWOO...  
EEE... HELP!  
HOW DARE YOU  
TOUCH ME, YOU...  
YOU... BIG APE!**

- IN THE  
LABONZA -  
IN THE  
LABONZA  
!!!



IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE  
B.V.D. AND THE OTHER  
HALF OF THE CREW  
WENT INTO THE  
JUNGLE AFTER  
PING PONG!

**LISTEN!  
DO YOU  
HEAR  
FOOTSTEPS!**

**WE'RE  
NOT AFRAID!  
ARE WE,  
MEN?**

**TROMP  
TROMP  
TROMP**



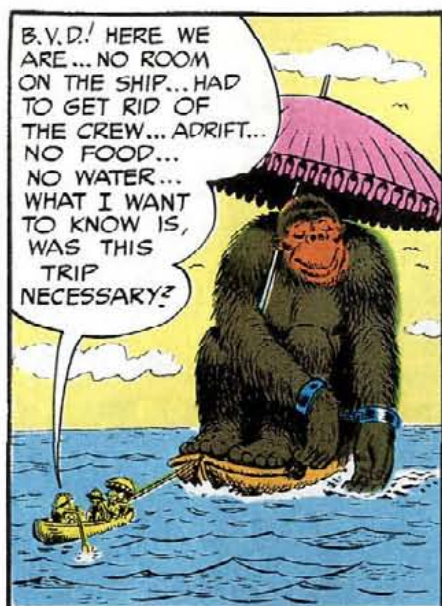
**YOU  
BET WE  
ARE!**

COME  
BACK,  
MEN! IT'S  
O.K.! WE'VE  
GOT PING  
PONG UNDER  
CONTROL!

**ZAP**

**TROMP  
TROMP**





B.V.D.! HERE WE ARE... NO ROOM ON THE SHIP... HAD TO GET RID OF THE CREW... ADRIFT... NO FOOD... NO WATER... WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WAS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?!



CAPTAIN! I'M GOING TO GET PING PONG BACK TO BROADWAY EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU! WHICH GIVES ME A GOOD IDEA, MAINLY SINCE I'M GETTING HUNGRY!

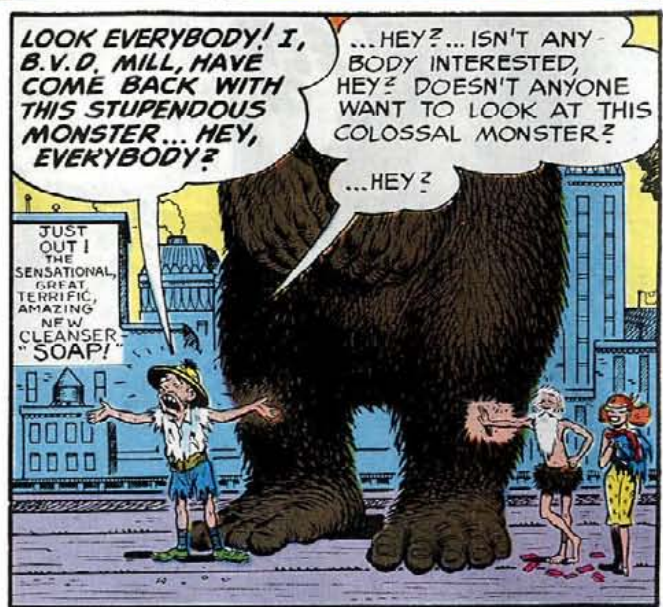


WAIT A MINUTE, B.V.D.!... LOOKY OVER YONDER... IT'S LAND!... IT'S NEW YORK!



I MADE IT! I MADE IT! GLORY BE... YEAH MAN... YOU KNOW THE SPECTACULAR FILM WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR CALLED CROW VADIS? WELL I MADE IT!

GAINES INSURANCE CO. "IF YOU LOSE AN ARM WE HELP YOU LOOK FOR IT!"



LOOK EVERYBODY! I, B.V.D. MILL, HAVE COME BACK WITH THIS STUPENDOUS MONSTER... HEY, EVERYBODY?

...HEY? ... ISN'T ANYBODY INTERESTED, HEY? DOESN'T ANYONE WANT TO LOOK AT THIS COLOSSAL MONSTER?

...HEY?

JUST OUT! THE SENSATIONAL, GREAT TERRIFIC, AMAZING NEW CLEANSER "SOAP!"



SEE! IT ALL GOES TO SHOW, CAPTAIN!

IN THIS HIGH SPEED CIVILIZATION, NOTHING SURPRISES ANYONE ANY MORE!

Mother come home - WE found your latest issue of MAD!

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5x7 SIZE **29¢** each  
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**SEND NO MONEY!—Mail Coupon Today!**

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Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ Snapshots or Negatives (specify number, limit 3)

Please make \_\_\_\_\_  
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 8x10 and Frames (specify number, limit 3)

**CHECK COLOR OF FRAMES**

Ivory and Gold  Brown and Gold

I will pay postman for each enlargement and frame plus mailing costs on your 10 day money-back offer.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ (\_\_\_\_) STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of pictures 1, 2 and 3.

Color Picture No. 1

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

Color Picture No. 2

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

Color Picture No. 3

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

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Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

Color Picture No. 2

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

Color Picture No. 3

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

# NEW! 1953 "Space Commander" <sup>77</sup>

## VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES  
ONLY

**\$1**



**2 WAY  
SENDS! RECEIVES!  
VOICE - SONGS - MUSIC**

## Thrills & Fun Galore!

If by some magical means you could talk with your neighbor and friends—without electric wires, without batteries or electric current, wouldn't you pay \$100 or more? Well you can do just that and the entire cost to you is only ONE DOLLAR for TWO "Space Commander" Walkie-Talkies. Not just a toy—but an amazing communication system. NOW you can talk back and forth from house to garden, between rooms, between your house and your friends'. How thrilling to "speak thru space"!

### Works like Magic . . . Guaranteed!

This latest, newest 1953 model is a well made product of the world's largest manufacturer of Walkie-Talkies. Uses highly sensitive Vibromatic design. Each phone is self-contained and sends as well as receives messages, songs, music, etc. which travel over the conductor line for hundreds of feet, clear and distinct. Requires no license. Will not interfere with radio reception. Works equally well indoors or out.

### Endless Fun . . . Educational!

This new 2-WAY WalkieTalkie System provides endless fun for the entire family, for boys and girls and adults too! Inspirational. Helps overcome shyness, aids voice training. Real "Space Planet" design in handsome colors. Hard to break. They're rugged!

### 5 Day Trial — Money Back Guarantee.

Send only one dollar, cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkies will be shipped on 5 day home trial—instantly! Easy to use directions—even a 5-year-old child can do it! Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days free of any obligation to keep them . . . entirely at our risk! If you're not thrilled and satisfied in every way your dollar comes right back! Supply limited! Rush order now! Don't lose this big bargain! Mail coupon TODAY!

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131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.**

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**CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 38-F-28  
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.**

RUSH a complete set of SPACE COMMANDER WALKIE-TALKIES on 5 DAY TRIAL, postpaid. I enclose only \$1.00 for the complete set of 2 phones and directions. If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, you are to send back my dollar with no questions asked.

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CHECK here if you wish order sent C.O.D. You pay \$1.00 AND 35 cents postage on delivery.

**SPECIAL!**

**\$1**

**2  
PHONES  
COMPLETE**

# THEY MAILED THIS COUPON

... and look what I did for them!



"My arms increased 1 1/2", chest 2 1/2", forearm 1/2" - C.S. W Va



"Gained 2" in neck; 1 1/2" in biceps. Never felt better in my life." - J.S. Calif



T.M., Atlas Cup Winner. "I'm proud of the way you made me an Atlas Champion"



A.H., -Kaus. - Atlas Cup Winner.



"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them." - D.P., Ind.



"When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170." - T.K., New York



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you." - W.D., New York.



"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal), 2 1/2" expanded." - F.S. N.Y.



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**JUST MAIL** the coupon below. Read my free book. And then give me 15 minutes a day. That's all I ask. I'll prove you can have the kind of body that your friends will admire. *There's no cost if I fail!*

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can flex your arm I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—in double-quick time! I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful; shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality!

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