

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

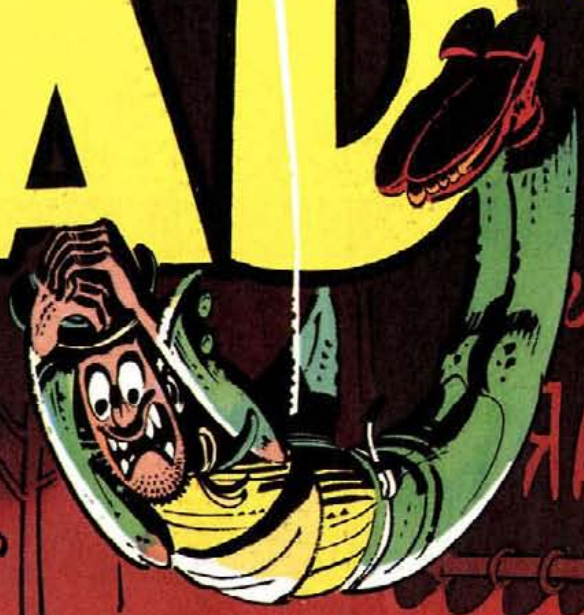
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 10  
APRIL

10¢

# MAD



BAR  
10¢

...Another drink and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began to sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man. Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture-dead.

-FROM  
THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR



YOU TOO CAN LEAP AND FALL ACROSS THIS COMIC BOOK DEAD WHEN YOU SEE THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR IN THIS ISSUE OF MAD!

H. Kurtz

# I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my PANIC MAGAZINE!



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR **PANIC!** RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN **SUBSCRIBE** BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:  
**PANIC**  
 ROOM 106  
 225 LAFAYETTE ST.  
 N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

WAR COMICS DEPT.: THE TRUCE HAS BEEN SIGNED IN KOREA! FOR SOME TIME, WE HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO SINK OUR TEETH INTO ONE TYPE OF LITERATURE BORN OF THE WAR!...WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME! ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL WAR IS TOTALLY ACCIDENTAL!...IT IS WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT THAT WE DEDICATE THIS LAMPOON TO YOU *REAL* SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE *GLAMORIZED* WAR COMICS LIKE...



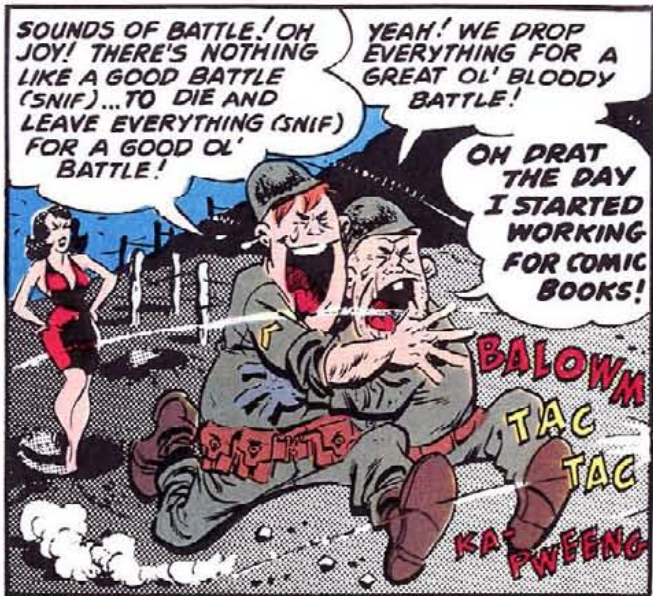


G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LISTEN! CANNON-FIRE UP FRONT!... SOUNDS OF BATTLE!... AND YOU KNOW THAT WHENEVER WE HEAR SOUNDS OF BATTLE, WE DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE!

GIMME!

CAN'T HAVE IT!

BLAM  
BOOM  
PAF POP!  
KR-RUMF  
FRRT

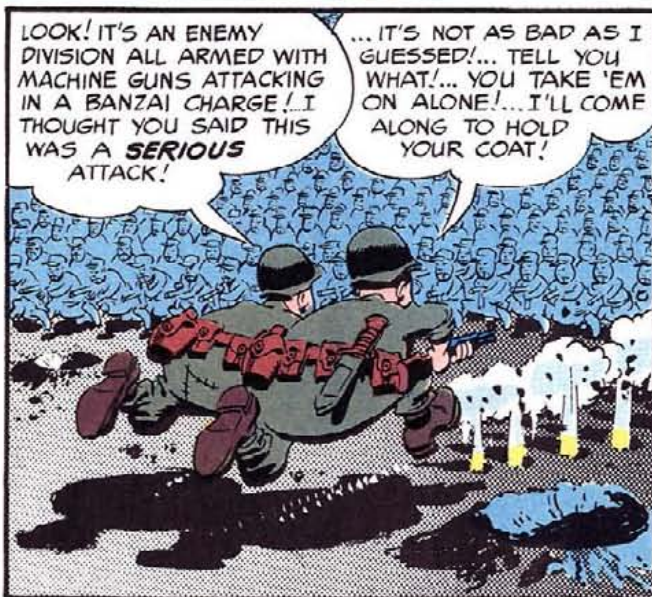


SOUNDS OF BATTLE! OH JOY! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BATTLE (SNIF)... TO DIE AND LEAVE EVERYTHING (SNIF) FOR A GOOD OL' BATTLE!

YEAH! WE DROP EVERYTHING FOR A GREAT OL' BLOODY BATTLE!

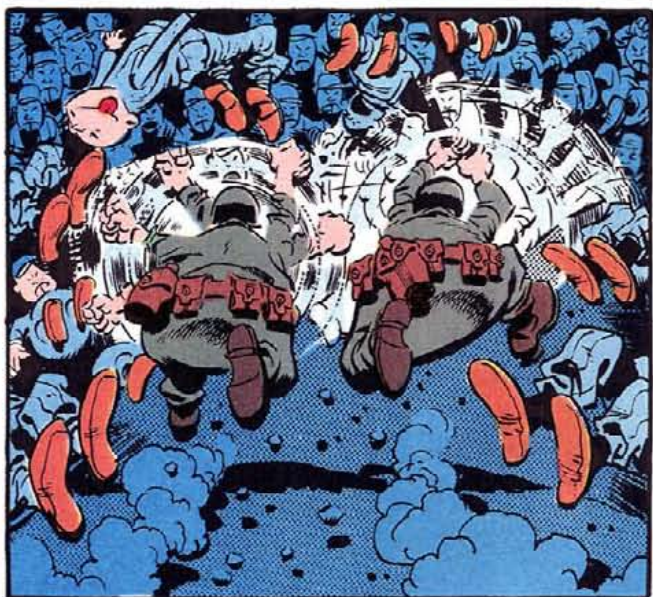
OH DRAT THE DAY I STARTED WORKING FOR COMIC BOOKS!

BALOWM  
TAC TAC  
KA-PWEENG



LOOK! IT'S AN ENEMY DIVISION ALL ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS ATTACKING IN A BANZAI CHARGE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A SERIOUS ATTACK!

... IT'S NOT AS BAD AS I GUESSED!... TELL YOU WHAT!... YOU TAKE 'EM ON ALONE!... I'LL COME ALONG TO HOLD YOUR COAT!



G.I. SHMOE! EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU FIGHT WITH THE CLUBBED RIFLE! DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE MORE ADVANTAGEOUS TO USE FIRE POWER OF THIS MACHINE-GUN?

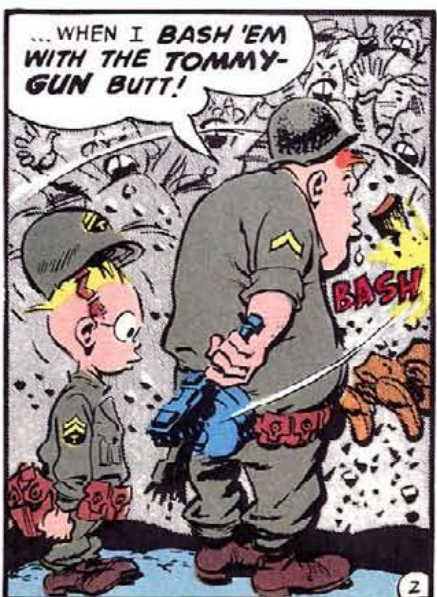
...AWWW! ALL I DO IS BASH 'EM WITH THE RIFLE-BUTT!

BASH



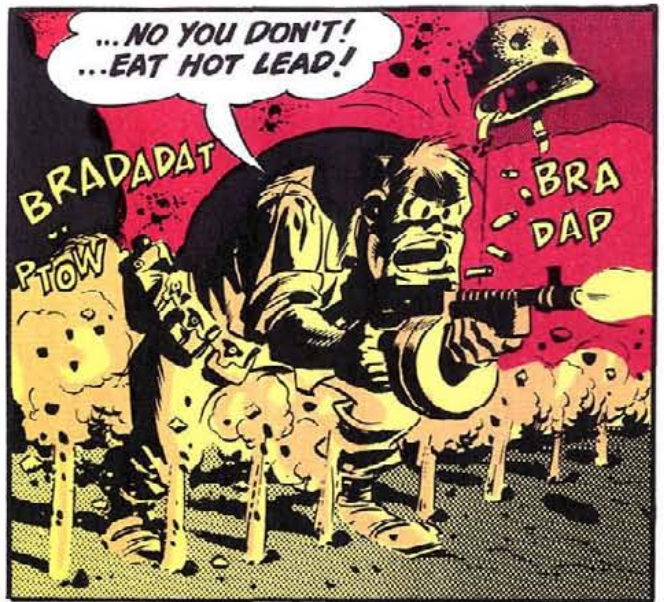
...YOU SEE, THIS MACHINE GUN HAS THE QUICK-LOADING FEATURE OF THIS AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED ACTION CLIP...

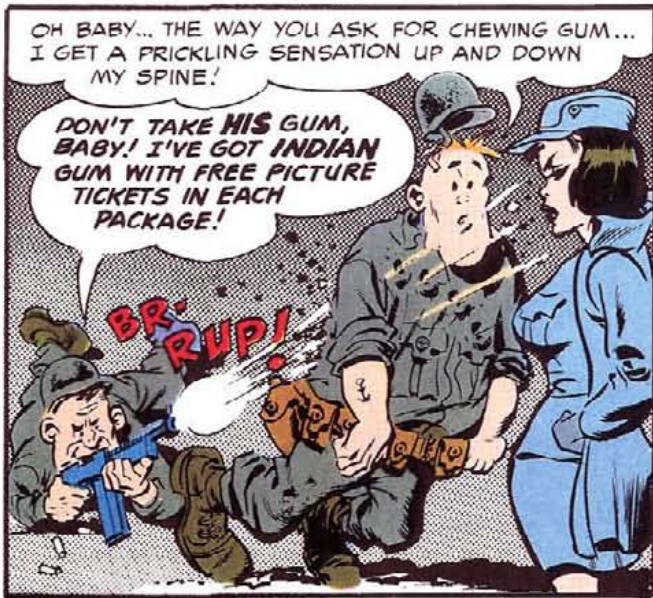
YOU'RE RIGHT!... I CAN READILY SEE HOW THAT AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED-ACTION CLIP WOULD DEFINITELY HELP...



...WHEN I BASH 'EM WITH THE TOMMY-GUN BUTT!

BASH





OH BABY... THE WAY YOU ASK FOR CHEWING GUM... I GET A PRICKLING SENSATION UP AND DOWN MY SPINE!

**DON'T TAKE HIS GUM, BABY! I'VE GOT INDIAN GUM WITH FREE PICTURE TICKETS IN EACH PACKAGE!**

**BR-RUP!**



GOOD WORK, COMRADE! BY CAUSING THEM TO FIGHT EACH OTHER, G.I. SHMOE HAS FIVE BULLETS IN HIS SPINE AND FOUR BULLETS THROUGH HIS HEART! SGT. SQUIRT HAS SEVEN BULLETS IN HIS HEAD AND A BAYONET THROUGH THE GUT! I THINK THEY ARE SUFFICIENTLY WEAKENED FOR CAPTURE!



HERE, O' COMRADE COMMANDER, ARE THE AMERIKANNER SHVEINHUNT WHO HAVE BEEN CAUSING SO MUCH TROUBLE!... WE FINALLY CAPTURED THEM BY PROVOKING THEM TO FIGHT OVER A WOMAN!

**THAT'S A FILTHY LIE! WE NEVER FIGHT OVER WOMEN!**

**G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LOOK AT O' COMRADE COMMANDER!**



VERY GOOD, COMRADE LIEUTENANT! WITH G.I. SHMOE AND SGT. SQUIRT CAPTURED, NOTHING STANDS BETWEEN US AND WORLD CONQUEST!



AND NOW WE TORTURE YOU FOR INFORMATION! WE SHALL THRUST SHARP BURNING BAMBOO SLIVERS UNDER YOUR FINGER NAILS! WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?

**NO! NO!**



AH! BUT WE HAVE MORE EXQUISITE TORTURES THAN THIS!... WE WILL PUT YOU ON **PERMANENT K.P.**! NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?

**YES! YES!**

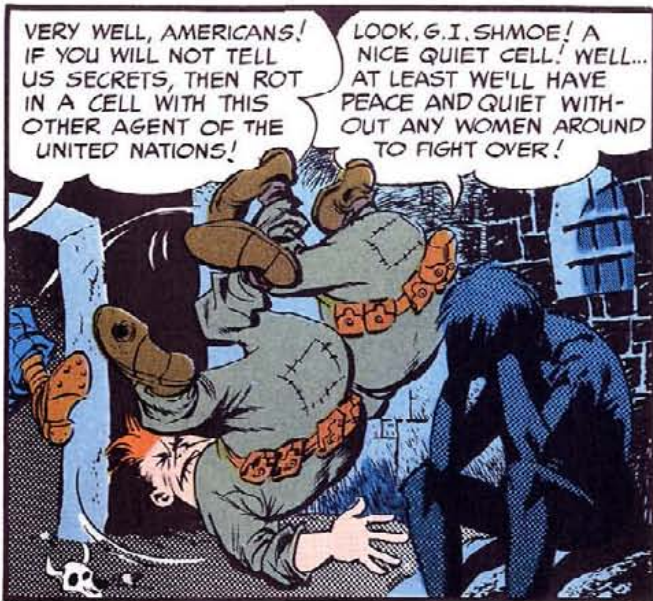
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS...



... **HEY, JOE!** ... **YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?**

HUH?

HAVE YA?



VERY WELL, AMERICANS!  
IF YOU WILL NOT TELL  
US SECRETS, THEN ROT  
IN A CELL WITH THIS  
OTHER AGENT OF THE  
UNITED NATIONS!

LOOK, G.I. SHMOE! A  
NICE QUIET CELL! WELL...  
AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE  
PEACE AND QUIET WITH-  
OUT ANY WOMEN AROUND  
TO FIGHT OVER!



...BUT I... THE OTHER  
AGENT OF THE UNITED  
NATIONS... AM A  
WOMAN!

WOOF VOOM  
GRRR

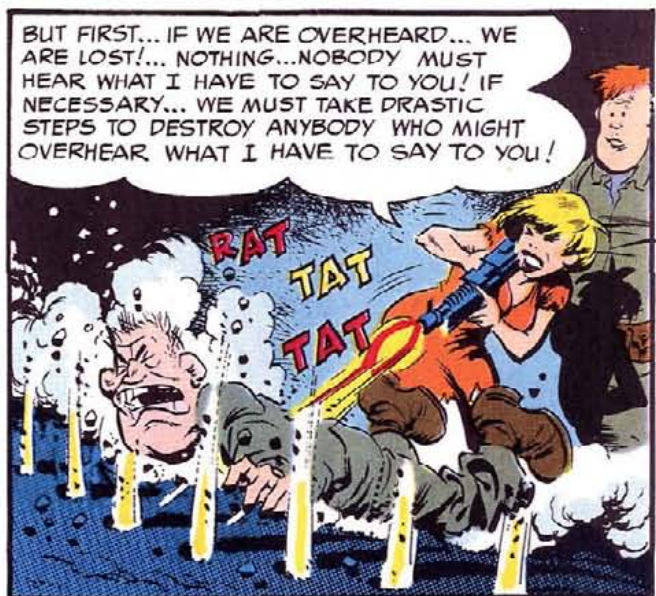
BASH

OW!



O.K., BABY!  
YOU'RE ALL  
MINE...

SH!...QUIET!... LISTEN TO ME! THERE  
IS NOT MUCH TIME! I HAVE INFORMATION  
THAT I **MUST** GET OUT OF HERE!  
ONE OF US MAY STILL ESCAPE AND SO  
YOU MUST LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT  
I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!



BUT FIRST... IF WE ARE OVERHEARD... WE  
ARE LOST!... NOTHING...NOBODY MUST  
HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU! IF  
NECESSARY... WE MUST TAKE DRASTIC  
STEPS TO DESTROY ANYBODY WHO MIGHT  
OVERHEAR. WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT



... WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU  
IS SO IMPORTANT... WE MUST DE-  
STROY ANY LIVING THING THAT  
MIGHT OVERHEAR WHAT I HAVE  
TO SAY TO YOU!

SWAT  
SWAT  
SWAT  
SWAT



EVERY LIVING ANIMAL THING WE  
MUST DESTROY THAT MIGHT  
WITNESS WHAT I HAVE TO  
SAY TO YOU!

... AND  
WHAT I HAVE  
TO SAY TO  
YOU IS...



...HEY, JOE!  
... YOU GOT  
CHEWING  
GUM?

O.K., SGT. SQUIRT! I'VE GOT INFORMATION THAT'LL CHANGE THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS WAR! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE MERELY HALF A DIVISION ARMED ONLY WITH LIGHT WEAPONS TO GUARD US!

HEY WAIT A MINUTE, AMERICANS...



HOW COME WE KEEP FIRING AT YOU AMERICANS AND WE NEVER HIT!

...SURELY A STRAY CHANCE, LUCKY SHOT IS BOUND TO GET YOU!

AWWW... WE'RE JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!



YAAHOO! WATCH ME GO TO TOWN NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY FAVORITE WEAPON... A RIFLE-BUTT!



YAHOO! I BROKE RIFLE-BUTT TO SPLINTERS SO NOW I'LL HAVE TO USE THE NEXT BEST THING... A CIGAR-BUTT!



YAHOO! ...WORE OUT THE CIGAR BUTT... BUT THERE'S PLENTY OTHER TYPE BUTTS I CAN STILL USE!



HOO BOY! ONLY ONE MORE ENEMY SOLDIER TO GIVE THE BUTT TO!

...HEY, SGT. SQUIRT! DIDJEVER MASH FLIES ON A SCREEN...

OW!



G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! YOU ARE KILLING AN ENEMY WITH A CANNON! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR FISTS! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR GUN-BUTT!

WELL... UNDER EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES... I'M NOT PROUD!

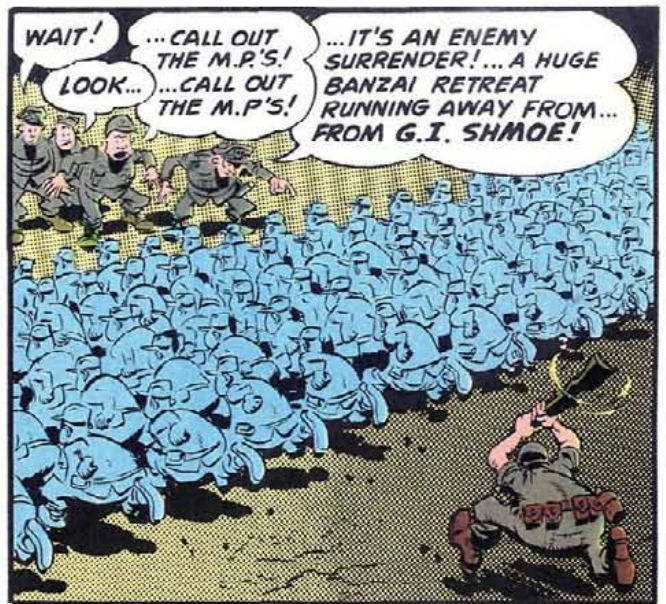






... CALL OUT THE RESERVES!  
... CALL OUT THE RESERVES!

...IT'S AN ENEMY ADVANCE... A HUGE BANZAI CHARGE RUNNING TOWARDS US AND THE WHOLE UNITED NATIONS ARMY!



WAIT!  
LOOK...

... CALL OUT THE M.P.'S!  
...CALL OUT THE M.P.'S!

...IT'S AN ENEMY SURRENDER!... A HUGE BANZAI RETREAT RUNNING AWAY FROM... FROM G.I. SHMOE!



G.I. SHMOE! YOU AND SGT. SQUIRT HAVE SINGLE HANDEDLY TAKEN OVER THE ENEMY ARMY! I'LL SEE YOU BOTH GET A WEEK-END PASS FOR THIS!... AND NOW IF YOU WILL LEAVE THE ROOM AND ALLOW ME TO QUESTION THE ENEMY COMMANDER...



NO! I QUESTION THE COMMANDER!

ONE MOMENT PLEASE! IT IS NOT FOR YOUSE TO QUESTION ME!

NO! ME! ME!

OW! ME!

YOU ARE ALL MY PRISONERS...



... FOR IF YOU LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, YOU WILL SEE THAT MY ARMY HAS TAKEN OVER YOUR ARMY, BY SUBVERSION... YOU SEE... MY WHOLE ARMY OF MEN IS ACTUALLY AN ARMY OF...



...WOMEN!

GUM!

GUM!

GUM!

YOU GOT GUM?

YOU GOT GUM?

YOU GOT GUM?

YOU GOT GUM?

HEY JOE! YOU GOT GUM?

HEY JOE! YOU GOT GUM?

HEY JOE! YOU GOT GUM?

HEY JOE! YOU GOT GUM?



HA HA G.I. SHMOE... SGT. SQUIRT! YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD ME AND MY ARMY PRISONER... AND NOW YOU FIND YOU ARE MY PRISONER!... TELL ME... AS YOU STAND GAPING FOOLISHLY AT ONE ANOTHER, HERE ALONE WITH ME... WHAT IS YOUR REACTION?

...OUR REACTION IS...

WEE

WOOPS

HEY! WE GOT GUM!

FOOM!



WESTERN DEPT.: ... WESTERN HOLLYWOOD, THAT IS! ... TENSION WAS RISING ON THE PLAINS! SQUATTERS... FARMERS... WERE MOVING ONTO THE UNFENCED CATTLE RANGES... PUTTING UP FENCES... PUTTING UP BARNs... PUTTING UP HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANTS! INTO THIS FURSHLUGGINER MESS RODE A STRANGER WITH THE CRAZY NAME OF...



# SANE!



SEVERIN

**PAW! PAW!**

THAR'S A STRANGER COMIN'!... THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY STRANGE 'BOUT THE WAY HE RIDES!... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MUH FINGER ON IT, BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY STRANGE!



... STRANGER HALT... ONE, TWO! ... STRANGER! THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY STRANGE 'BOUT THE WAY YOU RIDE! ... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MUH FINGER ON IT, BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY STRANGE! YOU'RE PROBABLY WORKING FOR THE CATTLEMEN SO GIT OFFEN MY FARM!

HOL' ON, BWAH! ... REASON I RIDES THIS WAY IS SO'S NOBODY CAN GUN ME IN THE BACK...





LISTEN, MISTUH! I DIDN' COME LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE...I MERELY COME LOOKIN' FER A REST ROOM!

...NOW, DON'T GET MAD, STRANGER!... SAY!... I COULD USE A HIRED HAND ROUND-ABOUTS HYAR! LOOK AT MY FINE HOLSTIEN COW! WILL YUH STAY?

I'M A-GOIN'!

THIS BEEF CERTIFIED TO BE A LOT OF BULL



...HOL' ON! HOL' ON, STRANGER! LOOK AT MY FINE BOY... WILL YUH STAY?

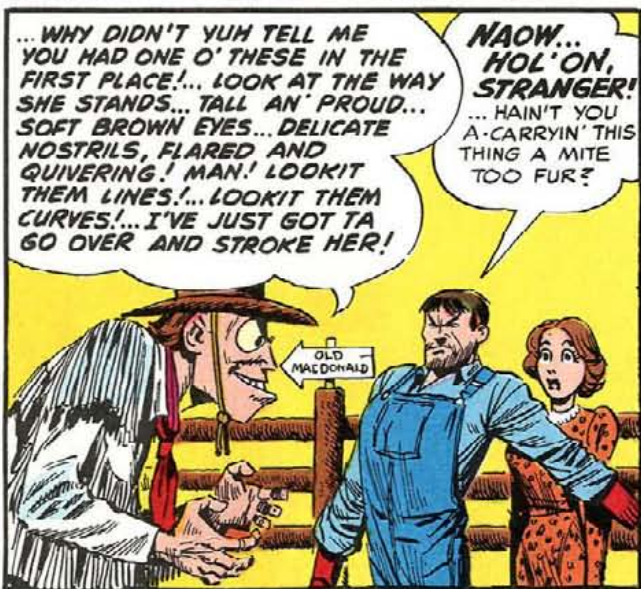
I'M A-GOIN'!

CHOMP!  
CHOMP!  
CHOMP!



...HOL' ON! HOL' ON, STRANGER! LOOK! LOOK AT MY FINE WIFE!... WILL YUH STAY?

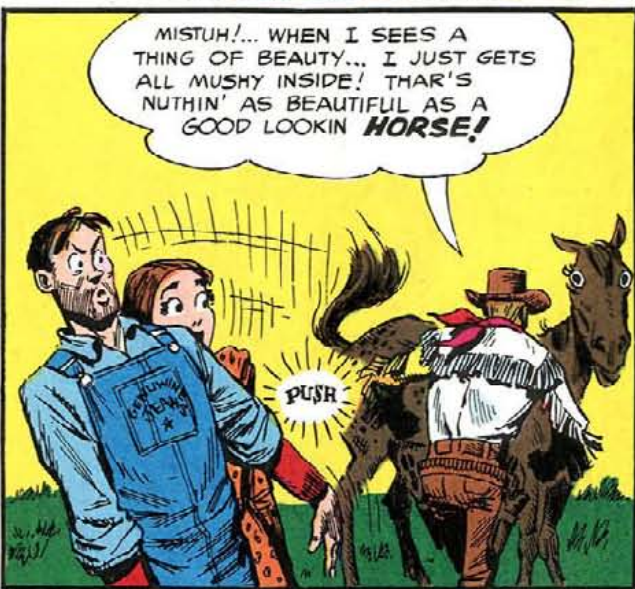
...I'M A-STAYIN'!



... WHY DIDN'T YUH TELL ME YOU HAD ONE O' THESE IN THE FIRST PLACE!... LOOK AT THE WAY SHE STANDS... TALL AN' PROUD... SOFT BROWN EYES... DELICATE NOSTRILS, FLARED AND QUIVERING! MAN! LOOKIT THEM LINES!... LOOKIT THEM CURVES!... I'VE JUST GOT TA GO OVER AND STROKE HER!

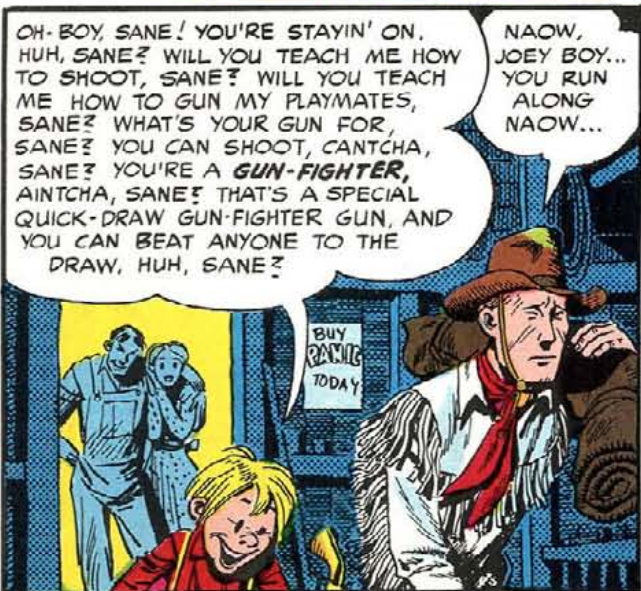
NAOW...  
HOL' ON,  
STRANGER!  
... HAIN'T YOU A-CARRYIN' THIS THING A MITE TOO FUR?

OLD  
MACDONALD



MISTUH!... WHEN I SEES A THING OF BEAUTY... I JUST GETS ALL MUSHY INSIDE! THAR'S NUTHIN' AS BEAUTIFUL AS A GOOD LOOKIN' HORSE!

PUSH



OH-BOY, SANE! YOU'RE STAYIN' ON, HUH, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO SHOOT, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO GUN MY PLAYMATES, SANE? WHAT'S YOUR GUN FOR, SANE? YOU CAN SHOOT, CANTCHA, SANE? YOU'RE A GUN-FIGHTER, AINTCHA, SANE? THAT'S A SPECIAL QUICK-DRAW GUN-FIGHTER GUN, AND YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW, HUH, SANE?

NAOW, JOEY BOY... YOU RUN ALONG NAOW...

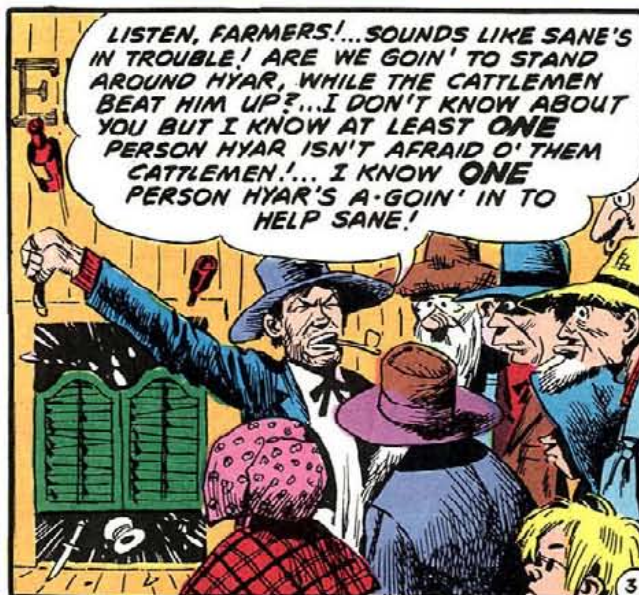
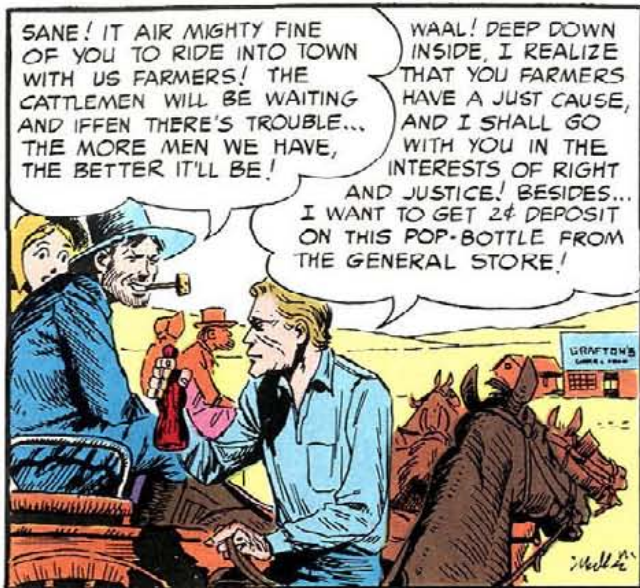
BUY  
RANGING  
TODAY



I KNOW SANE'S A GUN-FIGHTER! I JUST KNOW SANE KIN SHOOT!

AH, ME! CHILDREN HAVE SUCH FANTASTIC IMAGINATIONS...AL-WAYS LIVING IN A LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE... WEAVING A WHOLE WEB OF FICTION ABOUT SUCH SIMPLE THINGS AS MY NOVELTY RONSON CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

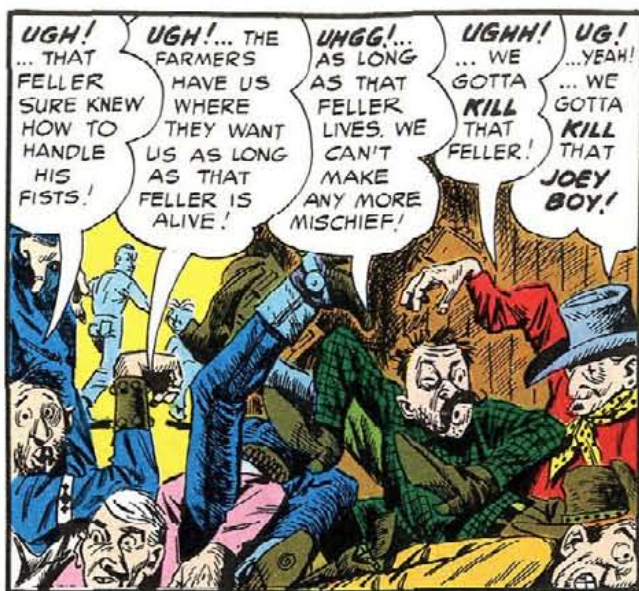
6\* PINK & LITTLE PEST!





... YES... YOU GUESSED IT... THAT ONE PERSON THAT'S GOING TO HELP SANE IS ME... JOEY BOY!

HOLD ON, SANE! I'M COMIN'!



UGH! ... THAT FELLER SURE KNEW HOW TO HANDLE HIS FISTS!

UGH!... THE FARMERS HAVE US WHERE THEY WANT US AS LONG AS THAT FELLER IS ALIVE!

UHGG!... AS LONG AS THAT FELLER LIVES, WE CAN'T MAKE ANY MORE MISCHIEF!

UGH! ... WE GOTTA KILL THAT FELLER!

UG! ...YEAH! ... WE GOTTA KILL THAT JOEY BOY!



...AND I'VE GOT JUST THE MAN TO DO THE JOB... BOYS! I WANT YOU TO MEET A GUN-FIGHTER!... JUST CALL HIM WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

HERE'S YOUR COFFEE, SIR!



... WHY BOYS... THIS FELLER CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW! IT WAS IN ABILENE IN A FURNITURE STORE!... THERE STOOD THIS BEAURAU! THEY HAD A RACE! THIS FELLER BEAT EVERYBODY TO THE DRAW... THE BEAURAU DRAW THAT IS!

... WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, SIR?



... WE'VE GOTTA SHOW THEM FARMERS THAT US CATTLEMEN MEAN BUSINESS! ONE OF THEM FARMERS IS OUT THERE ON THE STREET AMONGST THE PEOPLE! HE'S A SOUTHERNER, AND I WANT YOU TO GUN HIM, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

... THE COFFEE'S TOO WEAK, SIR!...

POW!

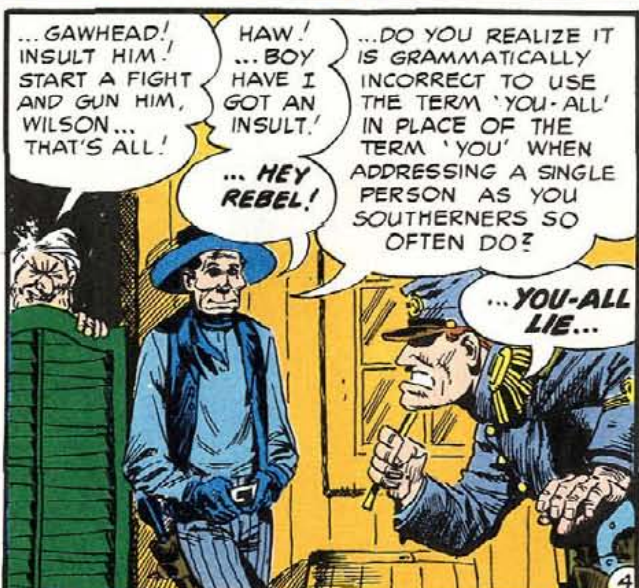


... I SEE THE PEOPLE... ONLY, HOW CAN I POSSIBLY RECOGNIZE THE SOUTHERNER!

...IT'S RELATIVELY SIMPLE!

...IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY, YOU WILL NOTICE THAT HIS LEFT INDEX FINGERNAIL IS SLIGHTLY SPLIT!

JOH, I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE!



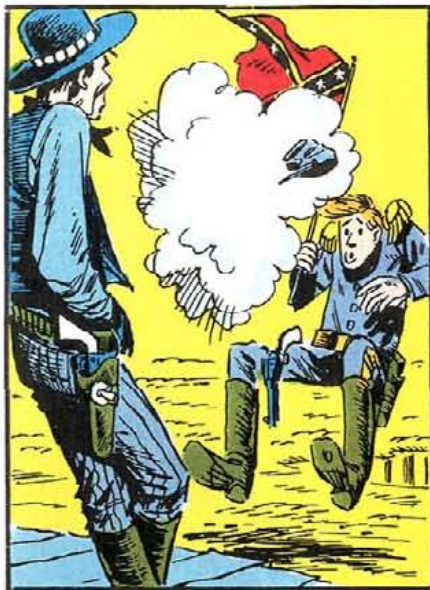
... GAWHEAD! INSULT HIM! START A FIGHT AND GUN HIM, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

HAW! ... BOY HAVE I GOT AN INSULT!

... DO YOU REALIZE IT IS GRAMMATICALLY INCORRECT TO USE THE TERM 'YOU-ALL' IN PLACE OF THE TERM 'YOU' WHEN ADDRESSING A SINGLE PERSON AS YOU SOUTHERNERS SO OFTEN DO?

... HEY REBEL!

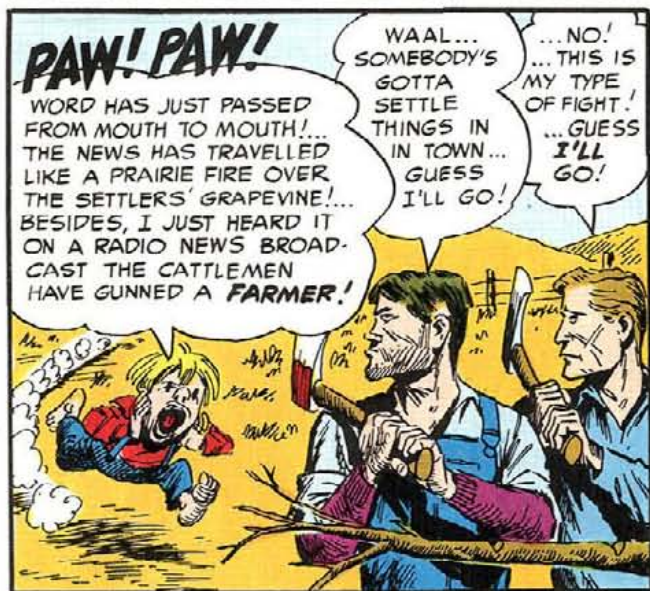
... YOU-ALL LIE...



HOLY SMOKE! HE DREW AND HOLSTERED HIS GUN SO FAST... THE NAKED EYE WAS UNABLE TO FOLLOW!

I'LL BE DANGED! HE SHOT SO FAST THAT THE SOUND CAME AFTER THE MOTION!

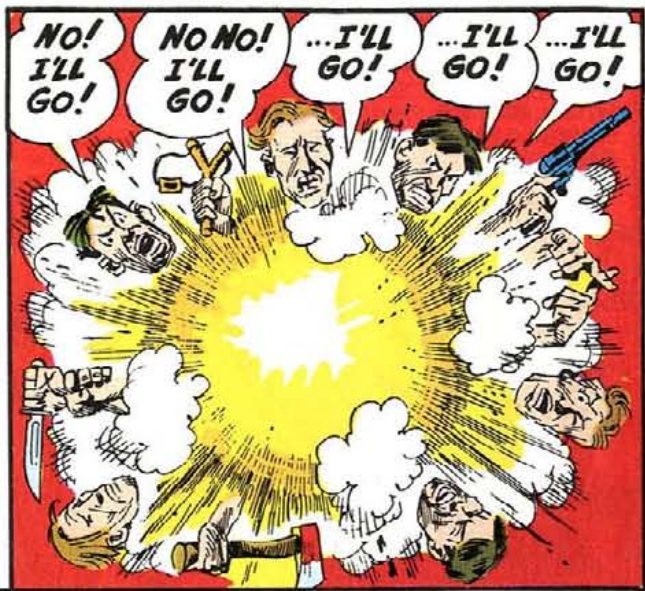
OOH I'M DYING! HE HAS A SUPER-SONIC DRAW, THAT WILSON... THAT'S ALL!



**PAW! PAW!**  
WORD HAS JUST PASSED FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH!... THE NEWS HAS TRAVELLED LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE OVER THE SETTLERS' GRAPEVINE!... BESIDES, I JUST HEARD IT ON A RADIO NEWS BROADCAST THE CATTLEMEN HAVE GUNNED A FARMER!

WAAL... SOMEBODY'S GOTTA SETTLE THINGS IN TOWN... GUESS I'LL GO!

...NO! ...THIS IS MY TYPE OF FIGHT! ...GUESS I'LL GO!



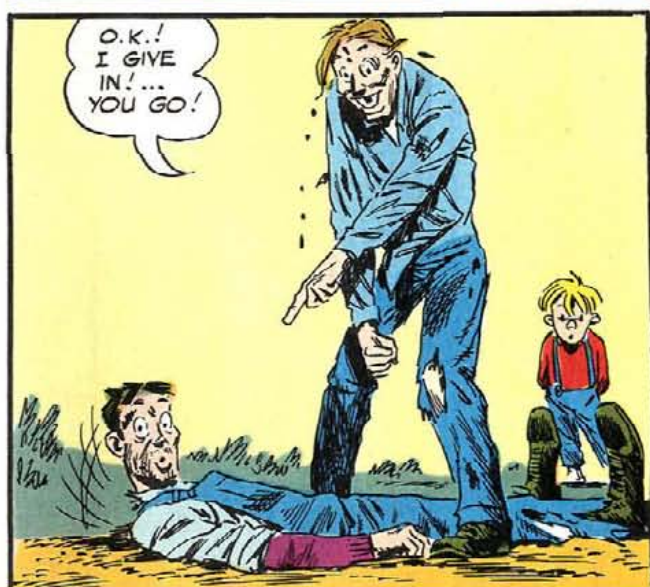
NO! I'LL GO!

NO NO! I'LL GO!

...I'LL GO!

...I'LL GO!

...I'LL GO!



O.K.! I GIVE IN!... YOU GO!



UGH! OOH! ... I JUST HIT MY HEAD AGAINST A ROCK AND I'M KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!

...YOU GO!

KLONK!

I KNOW YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW... HUH, SANE?... WE HAVE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN YOU, THAT YOU WILL FIGHT AND YOU WILL WIN AND YOU WILL BE VICTORIOUS AND BE THE WINNER OF ALL, AND ANYHOW, WE WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH A CLASS 'A' FUNERAL!



SANE'S COMIN' INTO TOWN, WILSON... THAT'S ALL! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM, WILL YUH?

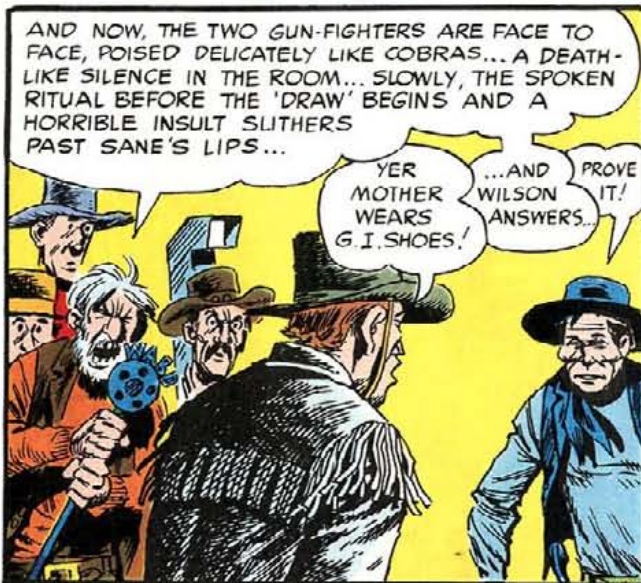
NAH!... AS LONG AS I CAN GET MY GUNS OILED PROPER!... WHERE'S MY OIL CAN? ... HOW'D IT GET OVER THERE?

... YOUR COFFEE, SIR!



HO, BOY!... THE TENSION IS MOUNTING! ...I CAN TELL SANE IS COMING CLOSER BY THE SOUND OF THE BACKGROUND MUSIC!... THE QUESTION IS, CAN SANE BE BEATEN TO THE DRAW BY WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

... NOW HERE COMES SANE!



AND NOW, THE TWO GUN-FIGHTERS ARE FACE TO FACE, POISED DELICATELY LIKE COBRAS... A DEATH-LIKE SILENCE IN THE ROOM... SLOWLY, THE SPOKEN RITUAL BEFORE THE 'DRAW' BEGINS AND A HORRIBLE INSULT SLITHERS PAST SANE'S LIPS...

YER MOTHER WEARS G. I. SHOES!

...AND PROVE IT! WILSON ANSWERS...



... THE FINAL CHALLENGE... AND NOW COMES THE DRAW...

...HOLD IT!... HOLD IT! ...FINGERS!... WHITE FLAG!... FINGERS! FINS AWREADY!



... SANE IS NOT DRAWING GUN IN PRESCRIBED OFFICIAL GUN-FIGHTERS MANNER!... SANE'S FINGERTIPS ARE THREE-QUARTERS OF INCH FROM GUN-BUTT... OFFICIAL RULES SAY FINGERTIPS CAN BE NO CLOSER THAN ONE AND ONE-EIGHTH INCHES!



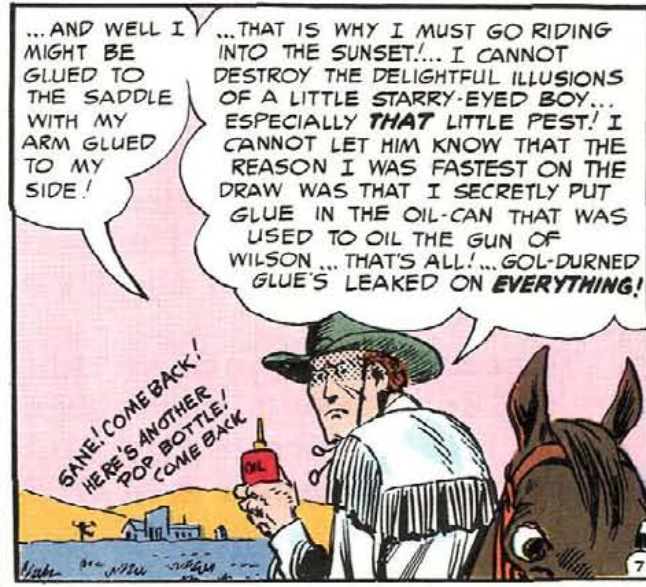
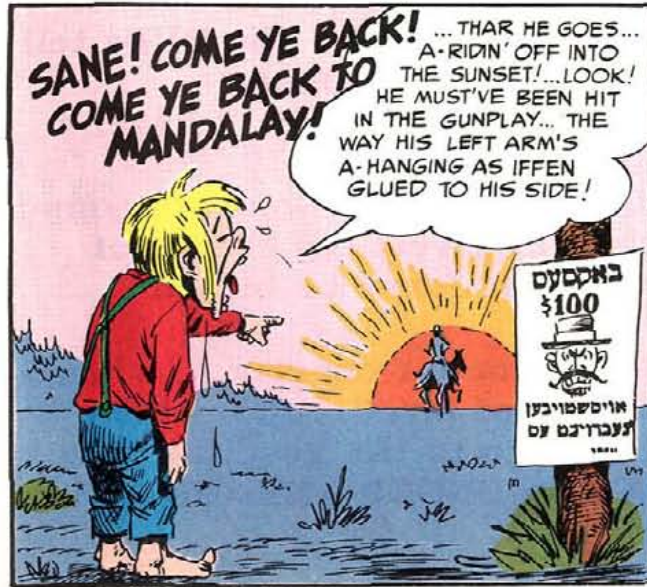
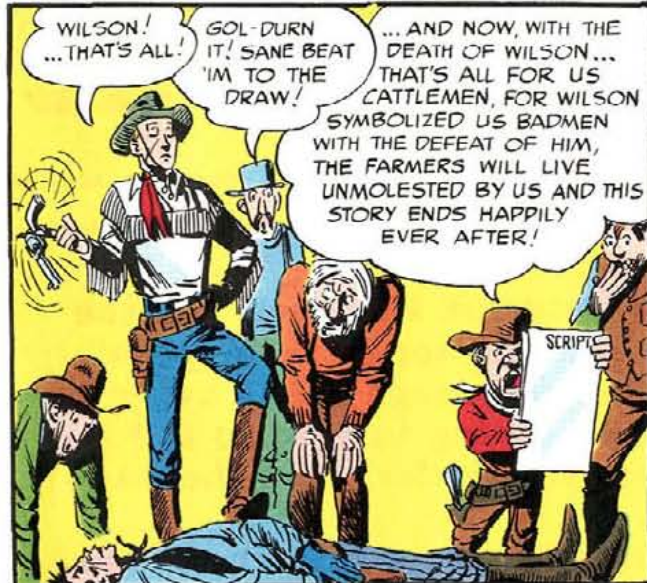
O.K.!... WE'LL START ALL OVER, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

YER MOTHER WEARS G. I. SHOES!

PROVE IT!

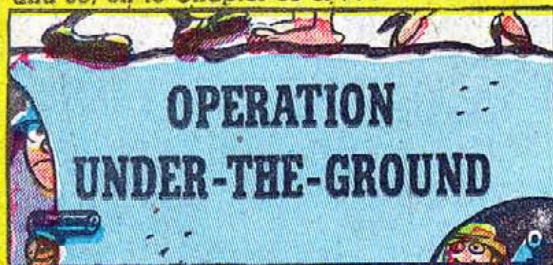






**CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.:** And now, chapter **THIRTY-FIVE** in the fantastic adventures of **SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!**

As you remember Jones he was scrounging around the Gremlin disguised as a spy—or was he spying around the Gremlin disguised as a scrounge? Any how when we last left Jones, he was being approached by Floppova Movova, luscious blond spy queen of the secret police. At this point Jones left, and so, on to Chapter 35 of . . .



Jones twitches his cardboard mustache at Floppova Movova. She hauls him into a bar and orders some vodka. Then he makes a big mistake. He tries to outdrink Floppova and the next minute what does he do? . . . You guessed it! . . . Floppova! Instantly, a BVD whizzes into view and drags Jones away for

drunken drinking. Floppova follows, trying in vain to tell the BVD's in short . . . (or shorts, however you prefer) that she was about to prove Jones a spy.

Jones is carted through the Gremlin gates into the office of . . . Lavrenti Buried, Chief of Police. Buried wears red flannel underwear to denote his high rank in the BVD's. The BVD's tell Buried about Jones Floppova and Floppova's Jones!

"Take him to the torture chamber.", says Buried! "I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now." . . .

. . . Well, now! Will Buried and his BVD's subject Jones to some horrible torture? Will the next chapter reveal the escape of Jones from Buried of the BVDs? Or will Jones be Buried IN his BVDs?

Tune in next month at this same time for chapter 4, when we will introduce a new character called Mr. Ground who backs into an electric fan and has to go to the hospital. Yes—tune in to Chapter 4 of **OPERATION UNDER GROUND.**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of MAD published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

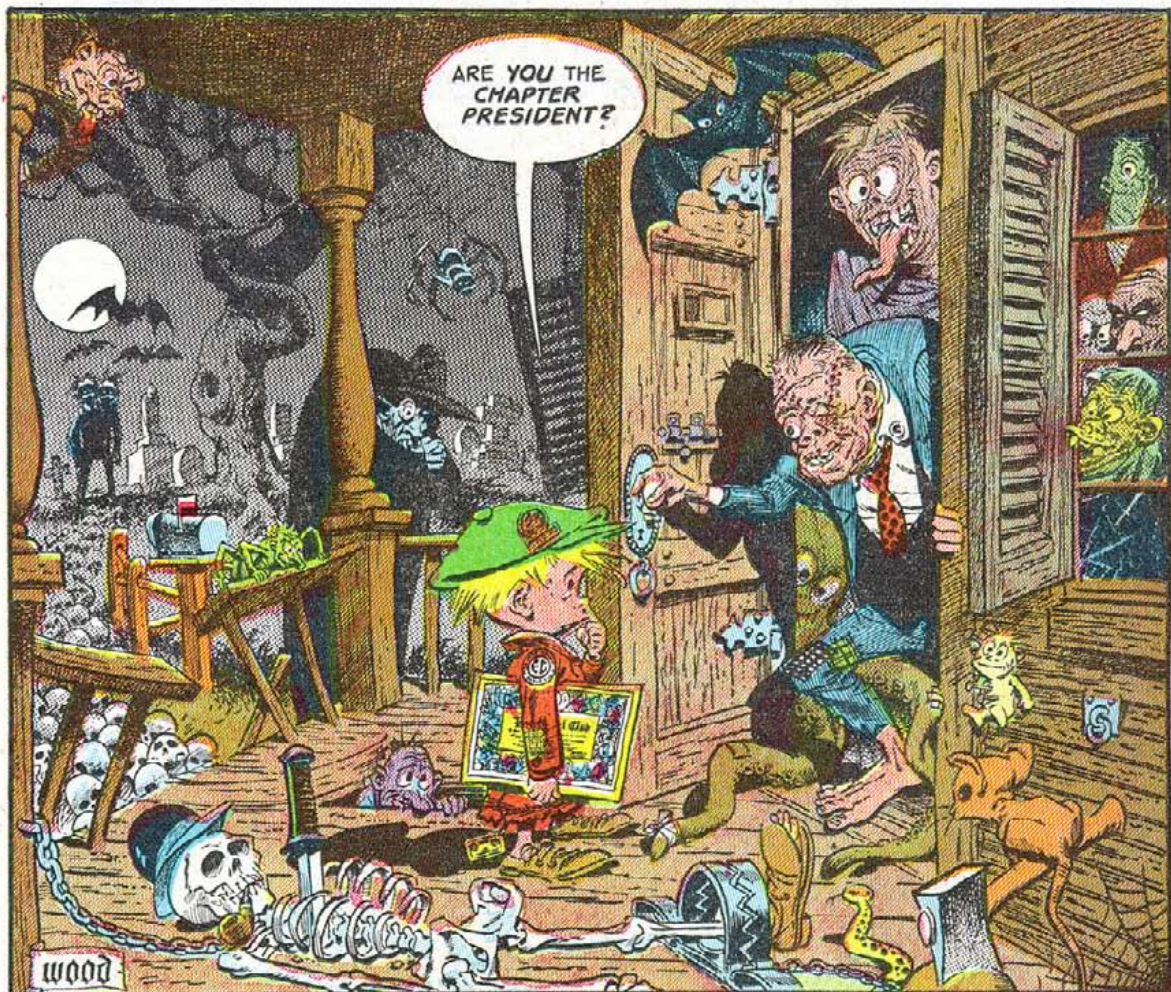
5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.

Ettore DeStefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

[SEAL]



## YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

SEND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN.

\* \* \* \* \*

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL?

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors.

I am shocked at the suggestion of some of your other readers that you put out a monthly *Mad*. Please! Pity my poor bank account.—Clare Gottfried—Long Island, New York

*Heh, heh, heh! No mercy for your money-belts from us! With this issue, Mad goes monthly.—ed.*

... I have enjoyed many of your E.C. mags, but then along came *Mad* and wrecked my whole opinion of your company. I think all *Mad* comics should be burned and the ashes dropped into the ocean. It is a very silly, no-count book, but don't be injured too much because of my opinion. You see I work for your competitors.—Disgustingly yours—L.S./M.F.T.

... I don't understand why some people don't like *Mad*. I work at night and when I get home I want to read something restful to settle my nerves. Reading *Mad* is just like talking to my next door neighbors.—Hettie Chesney—Grave 3, Plot 35, Old Franklinton Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio—P.S. I would like to contact good, red-blooded American boys. Any living in the vicinity should drop down some evening. (Those with O type, RH negative are especially welcome.)

Meine lieben Herren

In eurem letztem magazine sie haben shvienhunt falsch geschrieben. Es ist nicht shvienhunt sondern schweinehund. Ich hoffe ihr schreibt es nicht mehr falsch in der Zukunft.—Manfred Waechter—Woodside, Long Island

... I am 10 years old, a Junior at MIT, and deem *Mad* to be the most gliesmuuk, the most raveningly lz-chaa, sroummp publication ever produced on Terra. I am an alert, amiable, personable, likeable, tidy, neat, orderly, courteous, clean-living, 100% green-blooded Venusian kid, and all I got to say is: Your old lady sucks chicken-guts!—Melvin Talipida—Woolworth, Tenn.

... Please tell me what in the world "Furshlugginer" means.—Larry E. Lenge E.M.F.N.—c/o F.P.O., New York, New York

*It means the same as Petrzebie.—ed.*

... **GRIPE DEPARTMENT:** I've got glubbins of the glibbins. I'm a casket case. I'm living in a *Mad* world! Wottamigoingtoto? Up until yesterday, I was a sweet, innocent, woolly lamb. I nibbled my own little patch of greens. I ventured not, I wanted not. But it all changed. Some character came into my Inner Sanctum and thrust an (ugh!) Comic Book on my heretofore unblemished

desk. (For the record: I don't read 'em!) I glared, I sneered, I was aloof. Then I made my first mistake: I picked it up. It was *Mad*! My second mistake followed my first: I read it. My third mistake followed the first two (and *this one cost me money*): I subscribed. Not only am I leaving myself open to MADness, but I'm wanting a shoulder patch for my strapless office suits. I'm a FAN-ADDICT!—Gwynne DeCoverly—Chicago, Illinois

... Finally your completely untalented and unoriginal rivals have come out with imitations of *Mad*. One of the largest comic houses came out with two *Mad* imitations, both monthly, with seven inside pages of paid ads to your one, although the mags have the same amount of pages. Another company came out with an equally sad imitation, in 3-D yet, at two-bits a throw. These are probably just the beginning of a long line of imitations yet to come. There oughta be a law!—Ed Spiegel—Troy, New York

... How about a biog on your color artist?—Roger Schenkman—Santa Monica, California

*Marie Severin, our colorist, is one of the unsung heroines down here at E.C., and some day we intend to devote a page to describing her efforts. Let it suffice to say here that the talented Marie has been and is responsible for all the color you see in the whole line of E.C. publications, and you'll excuse us for being slightly prejudiced, but we think that our Marie is the best comic book colorist in the U.S.A.—ed.*

Before going into the commercials ... be advised there is a two page feature about E.C. Publisher and Managing Editor Bill Gaines in the first issue of a new "vest-pocket" size magazine called TOPS, dated March, 1954 ... and scheduled to hit the stands around the end of January. Feature includes Bill's picture ... and a few panel reproductions from *Shock SuspensStories*. (Of considerably more interest is the center spread of many, many beautiful gals!)

Second issue of PANIC is on the stands! Good try! (Sub coupon on preceding page!) Fan-Addict Club membership about ten thousand at this writing. (Details on inside front cover!) Subscription to this rag ... one buck for 8 issues! Address for comments, sub orders, etc. is:

Mad Editors  
Room 706, Dept. 10  
225 Lafayette St.  
N. Y. C. 12

POETRY DEPT.: THERE IS A FAMOUS POEM WHOSE NAME IS USED NO MORE!... YOU'VE HEARD OF IT BY TITLE IT REALLY NEVER WORE (... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD... WELL, KID, YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!)... AS TIME HAS PASSED, THE NEWER NAME HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR... THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR FOR...

# THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR!

BY H. ANTOINE D'ARCY

'T WAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING, and a goodly crowd was there,  
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,  
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door  
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.



"Where did it come from?" someone said: "The wind has blown it in."

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work —

I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."



This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;  
In fact, he smiled as though he thought hed struck the proper place.

"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd —  
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.



"Give me a drink — that's what I want — I'm out of funds, you know;  
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.

"What? You laugh as though you thought this pocket never held a sou;  
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as anyone of you.



"There, thanks; that's braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;  
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.

"Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past;  
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.



"Say! Give me another whisky, and I'll tell  
 what I'll do —  
 I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise  
 too."

"That I was ever a decent man not one of you  
 would think;  
 But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give  
 me another drink."



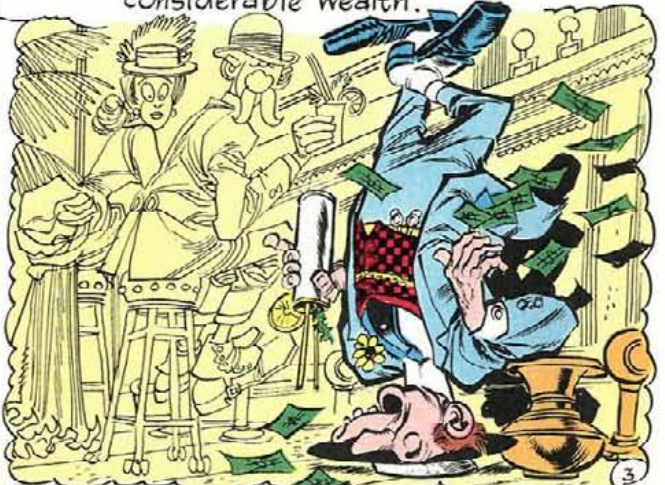
"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my  
 frame —  
 Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably  
 tame;"

"Five fingers — there, that's the scheme — and  
 corking whisky, too.  
 Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best  
 regards to you."



"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to  
 tell you how  
 I came to be the dirty sot you see before you  
 now."

"As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle,  
 frame and health,  
 And, but for a blunder, ought to have made  
 considerable wealth."



"I was a painter – not one that daubed on bricks  
and wood  
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated  
pretty good.



"I worked hard, at my canvas and was bidding  
fair to rise,  
For gradually I saw the star of fame  
before my eyes.



"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called  
the 'Chase of Fame',  
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and  
added to my name.



"And then I met a woman – now comes the  
funny part –  
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk  
into my heart.



"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond  
you see  
Could ever love a woman and expect her love  
for me;



"But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her  
smiles were freely given,  
And when her loving lips touched mine it  
carried me to heaven.

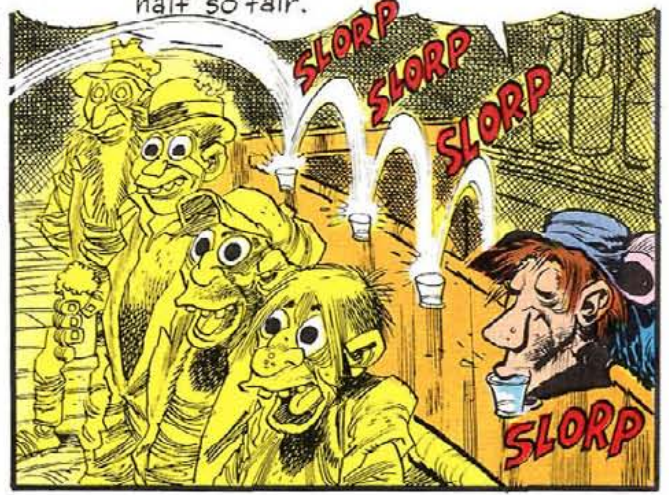




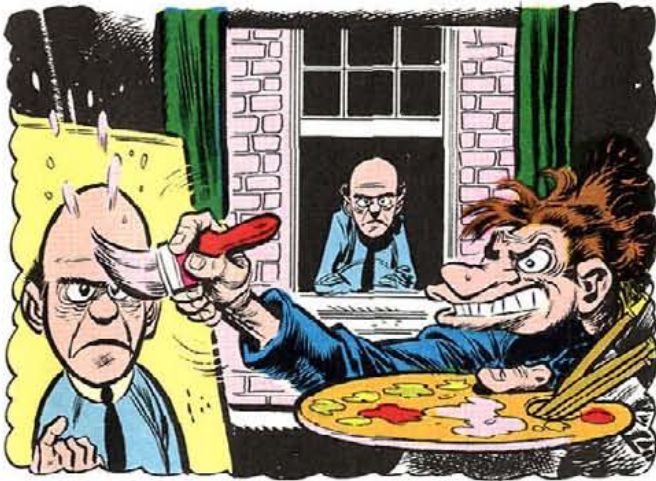
"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul  
you'd give  
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to  
live;



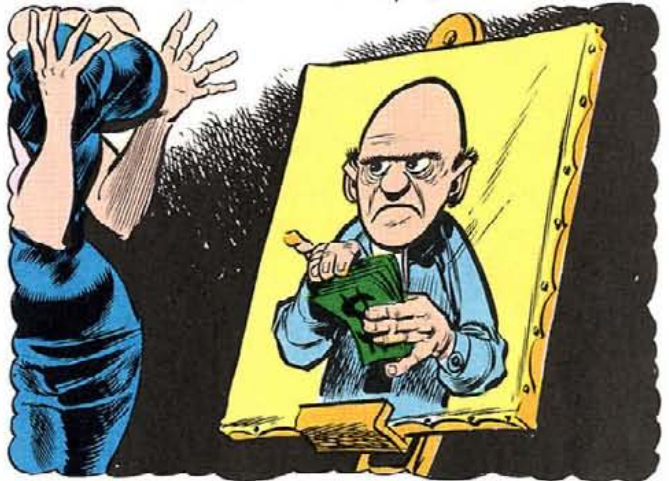
"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and  
a wealth of chestnut hair?  
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another  
half so fair.



"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon  
in May,  
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who  
lived across the way,

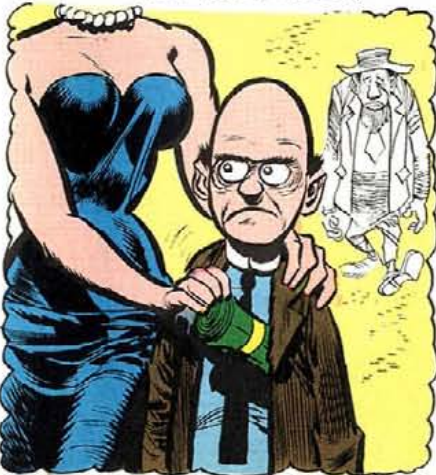


"And Madeline admired it, and much to my  
surprise,  
Said that she'd like to know the man that  
had such dreamy eyes."



"It didn't take long to know him, and before  
the month had flown  
My friend had stolen my darling, and I  
was left alone;

And, ere a year of misery had passed above  
my head,  
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished,  
and was dead.



"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile, I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.



"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye. Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.



"Say, boys, if you give me just another whisky, I'll be glad, And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad

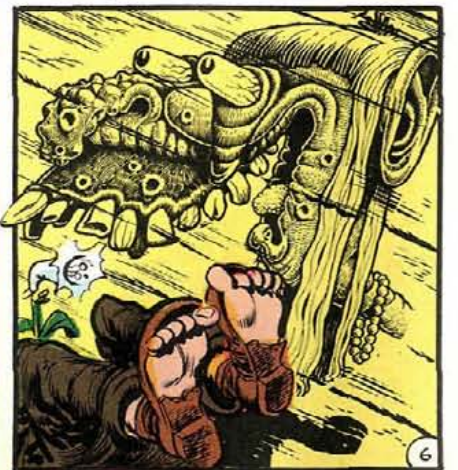


"Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score — You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."



Another drink, and with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.

Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture — dead.



HEROINE WORSHIP DEPT.: THIS STORY IS THE USUAL SUPER TYPE STORY!... MAIN CHARACTER HAS SUPERHUMAN POWERS... RUNS AROUND IN VERY TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS!... SAME OLD STUFF, YOU SAY? DULL, YOU SAY?... DON'T GO 'WAY, BOYS, CAUSE THIS CHARACTER IN TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS IS A WOMAN! AND WE CALL HER THE...

# WOMAN WONDER!



HEY! JOIN THE RUSH OR GET OUT OF THE WAY!... THE WOMAN WONDER IS IN TOWN!

RIGHT!... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT BEAUTY AND YOU ARE RUNNING INTO TOWN TO GET A GLIMPSE OF HER LOVELY PERSONAGE?

WRONG! WE HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT POWER AND WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...

LLIB REDLE

DIANA BANANA, WHO IS IN REALITY THE WOMAN WONDER, AND STEVE ADORE, BOTH U.S. ARMY OFFICERS, SIT IN THE MOONLIGHT...

AH, DEAREST! WHEN YOU CRUSH ME IN YOUR STRONG ARMS, I... I... I... MELT!

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!

OOH, DEAREST! WHEN YOU CRUSH ME SO HARD IN YOUR STRONG, SINEWY, HAIRY, MUSCULAR ARMS... I... I... I... BREAK!

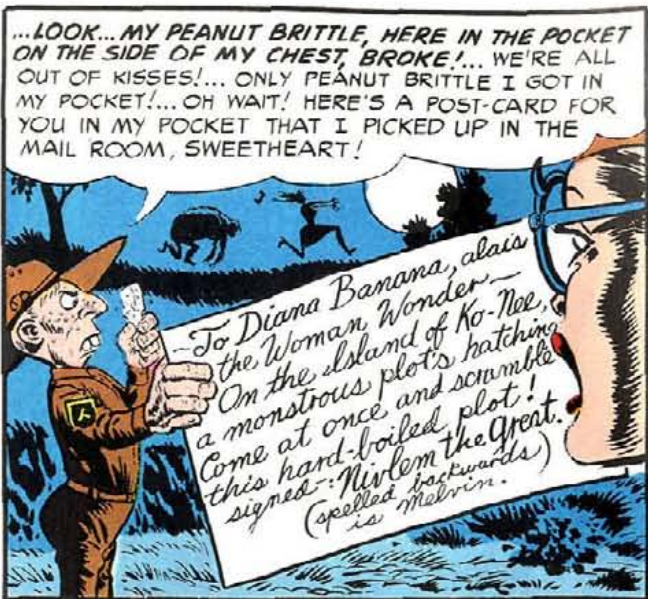
GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!





OWCH, DEAREST!... NOW YOU DID IT! YOU CRUSHED ME SO HARD IN YOUR STRONG MUSCULAR ARMS THAT SOMETHING BROKE!... HERE... IN THE SIDE OF MY CHEST... **SOME-SOMETHING B-B-BROKE, SWEETHEART!**

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!



...LOOK... MY PEANUT BRITTLE, HERE IN THE POCKET ON THE SIDE OF MY CHEST, BROKE!... WE'RE ALL OUT OF KISSES!... ONLY PEANUT BRITTLE I GOT IN MY POCKET!... OH WAIT! HERE'S A POST-CARD FOR YOU IN MY POCKET THAT I PICKED UP IN THE MAIL ROOM, SWEETHEART!

To Diana Banana, alias the Woman Wonder... On the island of Ko-Nee, a monstrous plot's hatching. Come at once, and scumble this hard-boiled plot! signed: Nivlem the Great. (spelled backwards) is Melvin.



MERCIFUL MINERVA, IT'S FROM NIVLEM! HOPPING HERA, A POST-CARD FROM NIVLEM! ZUFFERIN' ZEUS FROM THE GREAT NIVLEM!

...ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! I MUST QUICKLY CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME AND GO TO KO-NEE ISLAND!

WHO THE HECK IS NIVLEM?

RIGHT!... AND I SHALL STAY WITH YOU, SWEETHEART!



WRONG!

...FIRST I SHALL QUICKLY CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME AND THEN... YOU SHALL STAY WITH ME!



OH THAT STEVE ADORE IS A RASCAL! ... NOW! WHERE SHALL I CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME! HAH! HERE'S A CONVENIENT PHONE BOOTH!

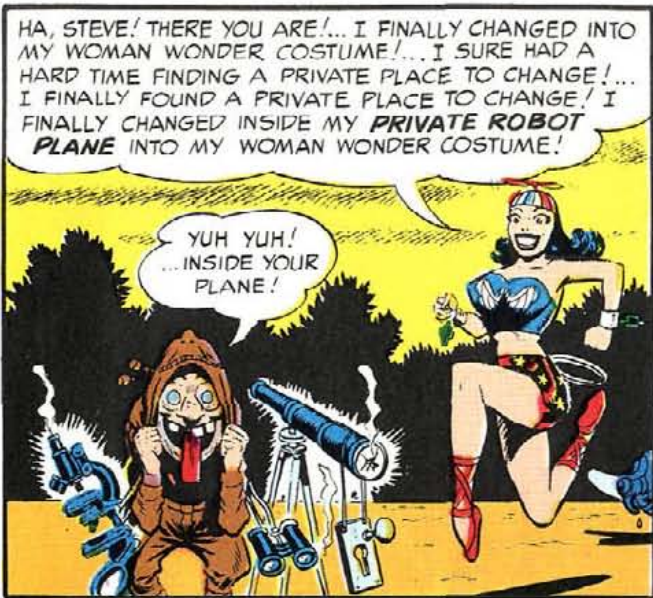


HEY!



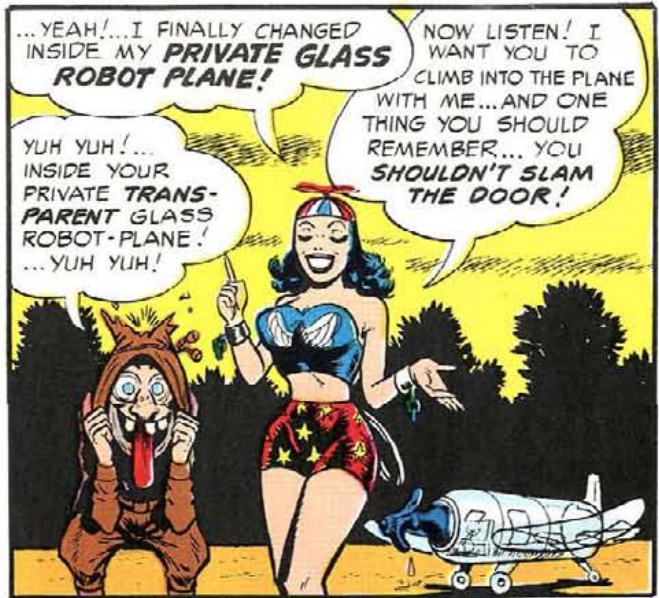
CAN'T A PERSON CHANGE INTO COSTUME IN A CONVENIENT PHONE BOOTH WITHOUT BEING INTERRUPTED?

OOPS! SUPERDUPER-MAN'S IN THAT PHONE BOOTH... I BETTER FIND ANOTHER!



HA, STEVE! THERE YOU ARE!... I FINALLY CHANGED INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!... I SURE HAD A HARD TIME FINDING A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE!... I FINALLY FOUND A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE! I FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY **PRIVATE ROBOT PLANE** INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!

YUH YUH!  
...INSIDE YOUR PLANE!



...YEAH!...I FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY **PRIVATE GLASS ROBOT PLANE!**

NOW LISTEN! I WANT YOU TO CLIMB INTO THE PLANE WITH ME...AND ONE THING YOU SHOULD REMEMBER... YOU **SHOULDN'T SLAM THE DOOR!**

YUH YUH!... INSIDE YOUR PRIVATE **TRANSPARENT GLASS ROBOT-PLANE!** ...YUH YUH!



PULL THE HATCH SHUT... PULL THE WINDOWS UP AND PULL THE EYE-BALLS IN! THIS ROBOT PLANE OPERATES BY THOUGHT CONTROL AND I'M ABOUT TO THINK!...  
... HMM! CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO THINK OF!

YUH YUH!



VBOOOO  
WMMWOO

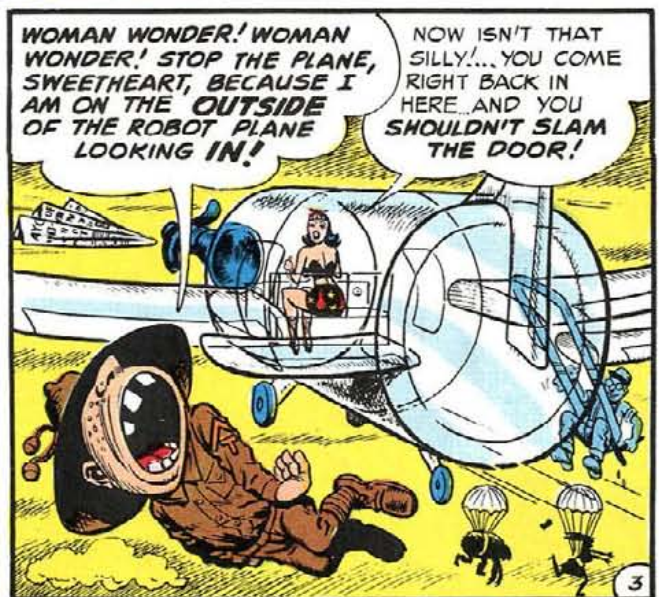


...IT'S NOTHING!  
WOMAN WONDER? JUST A LITTLE HEADACHE I HAVE!  
WOMAN WONDER? ... THAT'S THE DIS-ADVANTAGE OF THESE HERE TROLED ROBOT-PLANES...



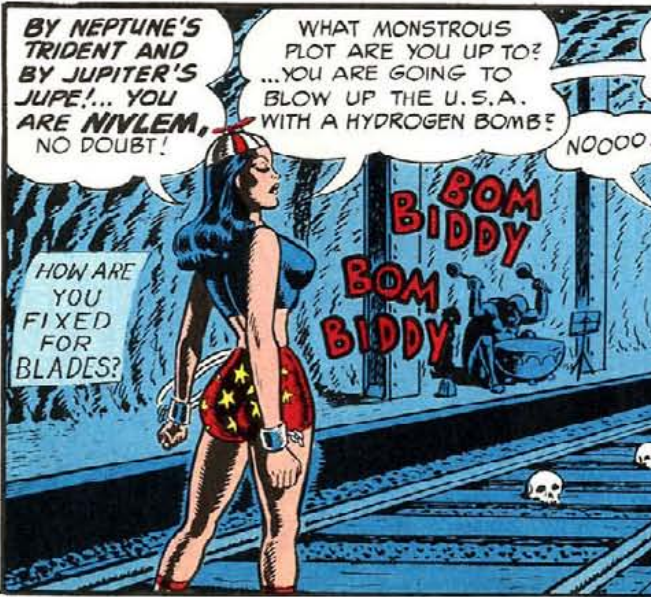
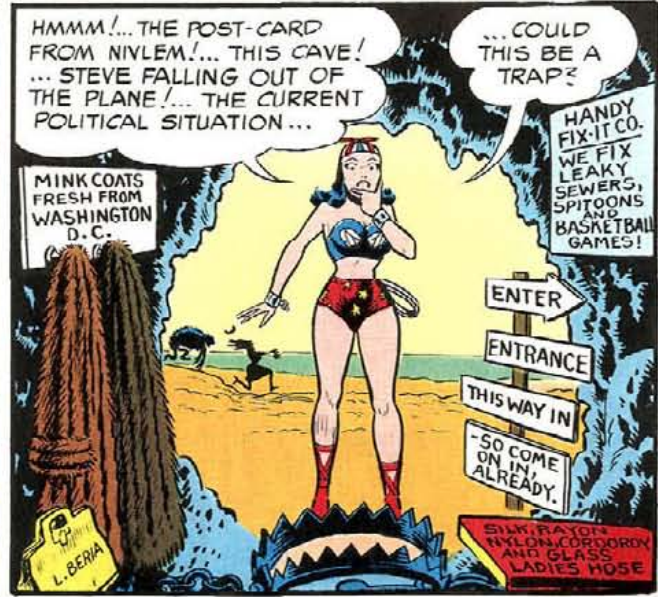
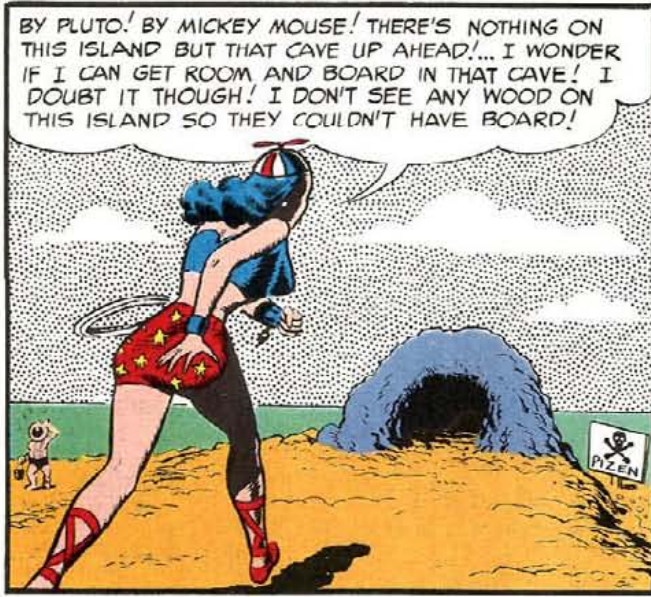
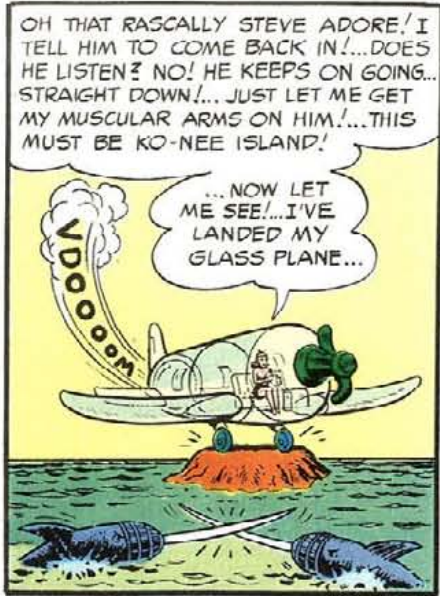
HA!... NOW FINALLY MY CRAZY MIXED-UP MIND IS STRAIGHTENED OUT AND WE ARE FLYING GOOD!

STEVE! STEVE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK THERE ON THE INSIDE OF THE ROBOT-PLANE LOOKING OUT?



**WOMAN WONDER! WOMAN WONDER! STOP THE PLANE, SWEETHEART, BECAUSE I AM ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE ROBOT PLANE LOOKING IN!**

NOW ISN'T THAT SILLY!... YOU COME RIGHT BACK IN HERE... AND YOU **SHOULDN'T SLAM THE DOOR!**





WE GOT A MUCH WORSTER SCHEME! WE'RE GONNA SWIFE COKE BOTTLES AND SELL 'EM FOR DEPOSIT!

... BUT YOU, WOMAN WONDER, ARE THE ONLY BARRIER IN THE WAY OF OUR PLANS!... SO I BROUGHT YOU HERE!

SHOOT HER DOWN!



RAT-TAT TAT! POW-POW ZING SPANG SPANG

BY HERA! BY HIMA! LUCKILY I HAVE MY SPECIAL BRACELETS MADE OF THE HARDEST SUBSTANCE KNOWN WITH WHICH I QUICKLY CATCH AND BOUNCE AWAY THE BULLETS!

3 SHOTS FOR 5¢ WIN A DOLL!



WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T THIS STORY GETTING KIND OF RIDICULOUS?



LOOK!... GRANTED THESE BRACELETS ARE MADE OF SOME FANTASTICALLY HARD SUBSTANCE! GRANTED THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO CATCH BULLETS. (HEAVEN KNOWS HOW)!

WE ARE NOT A 3-D DRAWING!



... GRANTED ALL THIS, I MAINTAIN IT IS BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO WITHSTAND THE IMPACT OF POINT-BLANK BULLETS WITHOUT GETTING KNOCKED OVER OR SHATTERING YOUR WRISTS!



... AND I QUIT THIS STORY UNTIL IT MAKES MORE SENSE!



NIVLEM! YOU ARE RIGHT! REASON WINS OVER ALL!... I THROW AWAY THESE RIDICULOUS BRACELETS!

WOMAN WONDER! I BOW TO YOU! I GIVE YOU MY PLEDGE THAT IN RETURN FOR YOUR GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT I SHALL NOT HURT YOU! ... I SHALL NOT HARM A HAIR ON YOUR FURSHLUGGINER HEAD!

SMITH BROS

COUGH DROPS



I SHALL NOT HURT YOU!

... ONLY MY BOYS SHALL!

GET HER, MICKEY! ... GET HER, SPILLANE!

... WITH DISPATCH, ... AND WITH DISBRASS KNUCKLES, MR. NIVLEM!

MR. NIVLEM!

BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!... BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!



... VIBRATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR BREAKING ROPES... PARALYZING CROOKS... MASSAGING AND STIMULATING HAIR GROWTH ON THE SCALP... AND RELIEVING TIRED FEET!



YUH YUH! ONCE I SAW VIBRATIONS LIKE DAT IN MILLWAUKEE!

YUH YUH! ...DERE WUZ A GIRL IN DIS CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW...

HAH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THEM PARALYZED MOMENTARILLY, WHAT SHALL I DO TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?... TIE THEM TILL THE POLICE COME?... SLIGHTLY KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS TILL THE POLICE COME?!



... AWW NUTS!

... I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST KILL 'EM!

BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH UMBRELLA ... I AM MUCH WEAKENED BY BATTLE AND I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE NIVLEM!



BUT BY NEPTUNE'S SUN-TAN LOTION, I STILL HAVE MY LASSOO LEFT... MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO THAT MAKES ANYBODY WHO IS LASSOOED, PARALYZED... PROVIDED I ALSO DO VIBRATIONS WHILE LASSOOING!



HAAAA! YOU POOR FOOL! IT IS USELESS TO TRY AND STRUGGLE TO BREAK THROUGH MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO! **NOTHING** CAN BREAK THROUGH MY LASSOO UNLESS I SO WILL IT!



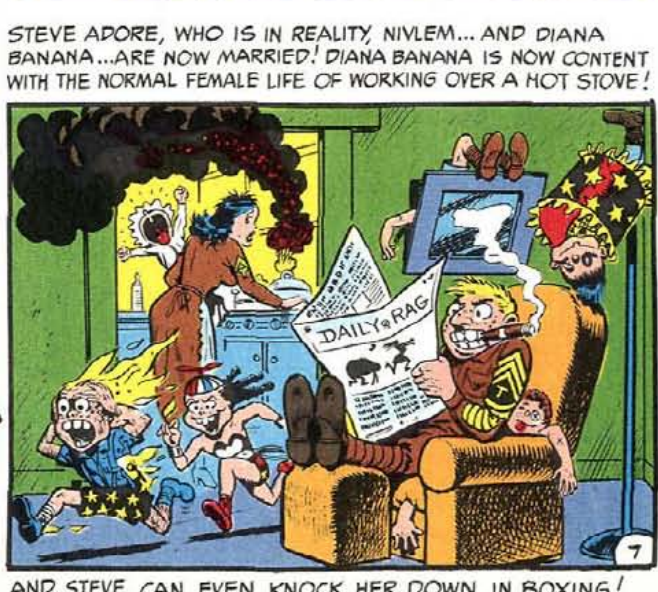
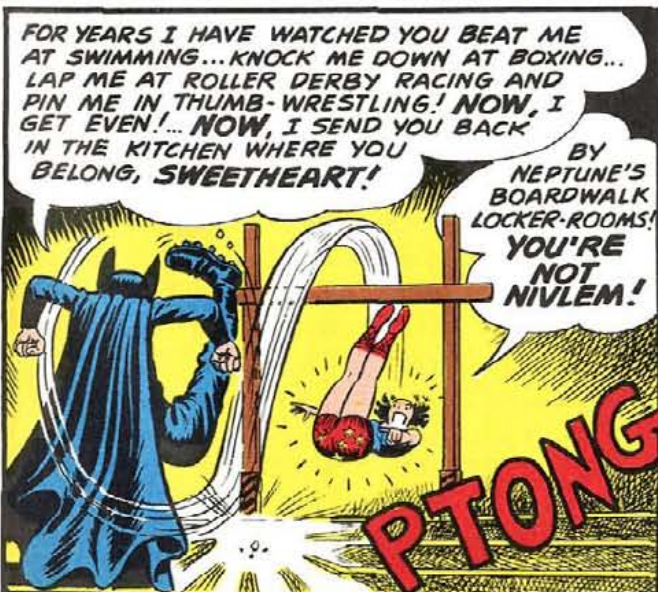
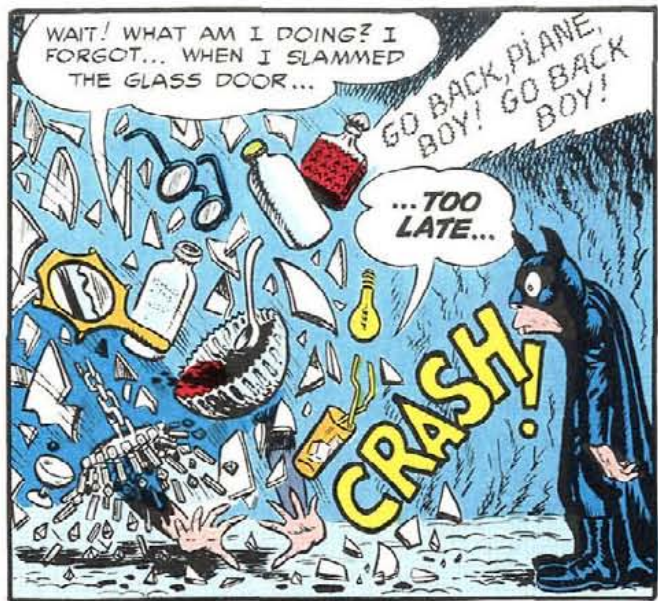
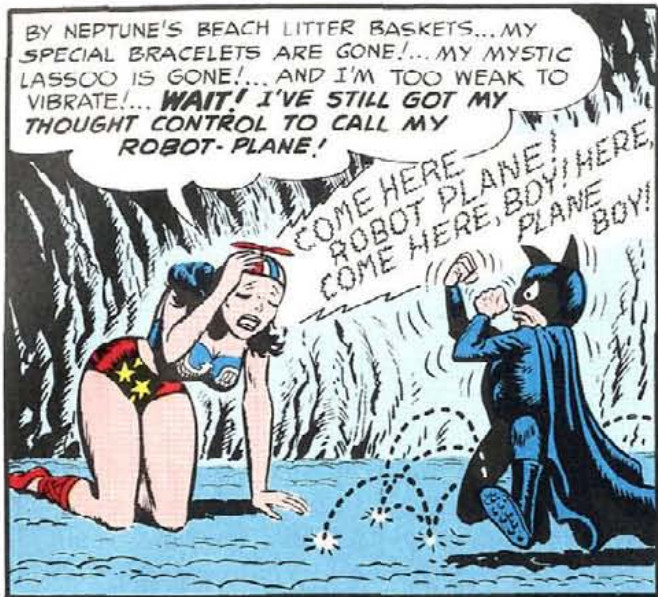
I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID!

KILROY WASN'T HERE YET!

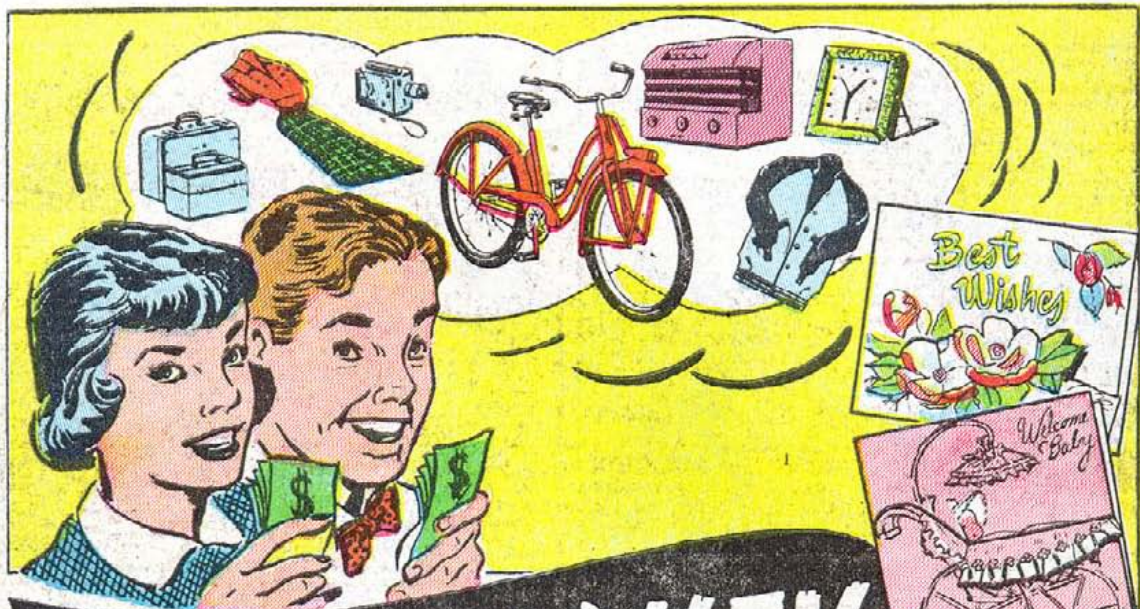
WOMAN WONDER! I STOLE YOUR POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO A LONG TIME AGO AND HOOKED IT FOR PLENTY CASH TO BUY THIS CAVE SET-UP! THIS LASSOO IS A SICKLY REALISTIC PLASTIC LASSOO I SUBSTITUTED!







AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!



# EXTRA MONEY

FOR ALL THOSE "EXTRAS" YOU WANT!

**Earn It Easily—  
In Spare Time—With STUART Greeting Cards**

Have extra money of your own . . . to do with as you please. Just show Stuart's new, fast-selling All-Occasion Greeting Cards in your spare time. Bargain Assortments of Birthday, Get-Well and other folders needed the year 'round sell on sight to folks in your neighborhood. Fast sales pay you up to 50c per box. Sell just 100 boxes and \$50 cash is yours!

**BIG LINE BOOSTS YOUR EARNINGS!**

Also show sensational Humorous Cards, Gift Wraps, Imprinted Notes, Scented Stationery, other new money-makers. You can sell several boxes on each call and double or triple your earnings!

**Get Your Samples TODAY!**

ACT NOW! Earn extra cash for yourself or your group. Send no money. Mail coupon or postcard today for complete details and Assortments on approval. Imprint Samples FREE!

**No Experience Needed  
Send for Samples Today!**

**SPECIAL FUND-RAISING PLAN FOR  
CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS**

Church groups, sororities, clubs, other organizations raise hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven Stuart Plan. Your organization has the same opportunity. Members take orders for Stuart Greetings . . . your treasury profits! Get full facts NOW!

**Mail This Coupon For Samples**

STUART GREETINGS, INC.  
325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 606 Chicago 6, Ill.  
Please send your extra money plan with Sample Assortments on approval and Imprint Samples FREE!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**STUART GREETINGS, INC.**

325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 606 Chicago 6, Ill.





# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION


J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man, OUR 40th YEAR.


**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**


## I TRAINED THESE MEN

 "Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

 "Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

 "Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to NRI."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

 "Am with WOOB. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

 "By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G. I. BILLS**

## You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send



Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my

Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

**The Tested Way To Better Pay!**

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

### My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

**2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON**



**Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity**—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.



25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

### Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 4100, Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

### Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4E01  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.  
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**VETS** write in date of discharge \_\_\_\_\_

The ABC's of SERVICING

How to Be a Success in RADIO-TELEVISION

Tired of Being Ashamed of Your Build?

# LET ME GIVE YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY!

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.



**My Secret Method Has Worked for Thousands No Matter How Skinny or Flabby They Were — Now, Why Not Let It Work For You?**

**HERE'S WHAT I'LL PROVE 15 MINUTES A DAY CAN DO FOR YOU**

**I** DON'T CARE how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! *Only 15 minutes a day*—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscles!

**WHAT'S MY SECRET?**

"**DYNAMIC TENSION!**" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DOR-**

**MANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE.**

**FREE** Illustrated 32-page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

**SEND NOW** for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Packed with actual photographs. Page by page, it shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE.** Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 164A, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**



"I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/2 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."  
—Henry Nevens, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"  
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expanded."  
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 pounds. When I started your course I weighed only 147. Now I weigh 170."  
—T. K., New York

**ARE YOU**

Skinny, Weak, and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?  
Fat and flabby?  
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT** is told in my **FREE BOOK.**



**SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY**

This handsome cup, over a foot high, will be given to the pupil who makes the greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 164 A, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely **FREE**—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

**MAIL COUPON TO GET MY VALUABLE BOOK FREE**