

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 1  
OCT.-NOV.

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10¢

# MAD







Greetings, you MAD readers! You're now holding in your MAD hands the very first MAD issue of MAD!

For us, the editors, this is a great occasion . . . for in the next few moments, you will be one of the many who are deciding the fate of MAD all over the country.

Many months ago, we had a meeting in the New York offices of Entertaining Comics. We decided we wanted to add another mag to our line . . . so we met behind locked doors to figure out what our new book would be. Well, we looked through our mail for a lead . . . we thumbed through our idea files . . . we paced the floor, beat our heads against the wall, and bit off all our fingernails! Should we do another war mag? No! Plenty of them on the stands already! Another science-fiction book? Nah! Market is filled to capacity! A horror book? Nyeh! Far too many of them around! Romance? Adventure? Western? Nope . . . nope . . . nope! We were tired of the war, ragged from the science-fiction, weary of the horror. Then it hit us! Why not do a complete about-face? A change of pace! A comic book! Not a serious comic book . . . but a COMIC comic book! Not a floppity rabbit, giggily girl, anarchist teenage type comic book . . . but a comic mag based on the short story type of wild adventure that you seem to like so well. THAT WAS IT! Immediately we leaped to our typewriters, our drawing boards, and our india ink . . . we worked like a crew of inspired demons! In no time at all, MAD was born.

You are now holding our dream child in your hands. We had a swell time creating MAD . . . and we hope that MAD will have a long successful life. But you, the reader, will decide that!

All right! We've said our piece. Now read! Enjoy yourself! When you're through with MAD, we'd like to know what you think of it. Any suggestions or criticisms you have to make will be greatly appreciated. Subscriptions to MAD, as to any other E.C. mag, will set you back 75c for six issues . . . full year's output! The address for letters or subscriptions is:

The Editors  
MAD  
Room 706, Dept. 1  
225 Lafayette Street  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

The following is a complete list of titles published by



in the  
order of  
their  
publication.

- 
- THE HAUNT  
OF FEAR
- 
- WEIRD  
SCIENCE
- 
- CRIME  
SUSPENSTORIES
- 
- FRONTLINE  
COMBAT
- 
- TALES FROM  
THE CRYPT
- 
- WEIRD  
FANTASY
- 
- THE VAULT  
OF HORROR
- 
- SHOCK  
SUSPENSTORIES
- 
- TWO-FISTED  
TALES



**TERROR DEPT.!** PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!...VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...

# HOOHAAH!



**NIGHT!...** BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!

**NIGHT...** ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!

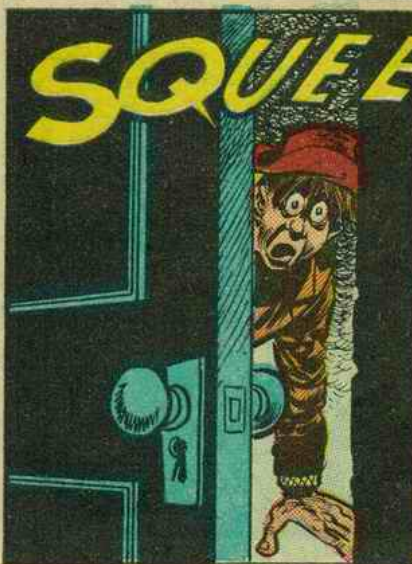
**NIGHT!...** WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!



















THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND **NOTHING HUMAN COULD FIT THROUGH THERE!**



BUT **SOMEONE... SOMETHING... WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR!** THE STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD, HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!



THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY! JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCKING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING... EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK, SQUEEK, SQUAWK!



AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW ON STORMY NIGHTS, YOU CAN HEAR THE BROTHERS, MAGOG CHASING GOG, SCREAMING THROUGH THE HOUSE... WITH AN AXE RUNNING THROUGH THE HOUSE, **CLUMPITY, CLUMPITY, CLUMP...**









I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING  
SO ABSURD IN MY LIFE! TSK  
TSK! VERY WELL! I'LL  
OPEN THE DOOR!

**SQUEEEEEEE**



RUBBISH! THIS IS NO  
GHOST! THERE ARE  
NO GHOSTS! WILL  
YOU TAKE HOLD OF  
THAT ROBE, YOUNG  
LADY, AND YANK  
IT AWAY?



THAT'S  
THE  
TICKET!  
THERE!

THERE  
IS  
YOUR  
GHOST!



... TWO  
LITTLE  
CHILDREN!

THIS HAUNTED HOUSE  
IS OUR CLUB  
HOUSE! OUR  
CLUB IS THE  
SILVER AVENGERS  
AND YOU CAN'T  
JOIN!

YEAH! GET  
OUTTA OUR  
CLUB HOUSE  
OR WE'LL  
HAUNT YOU  
AND KILL  
YOU!



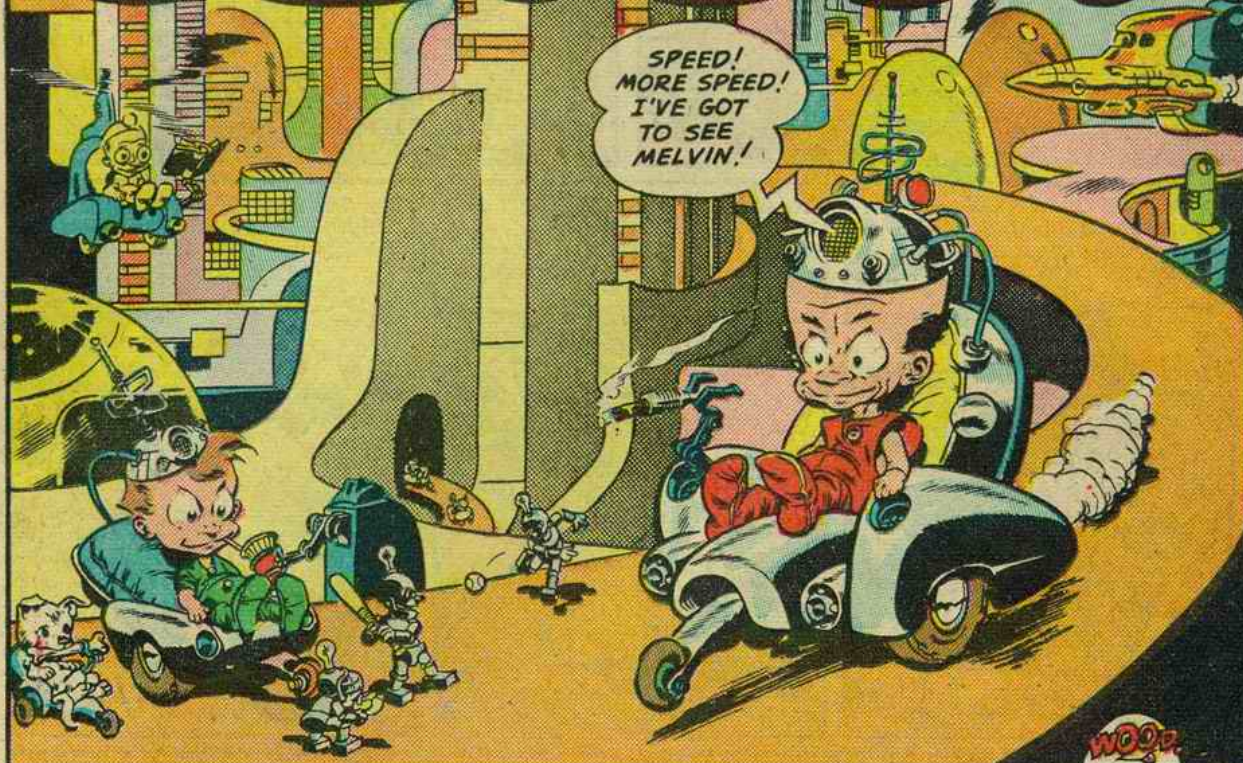






SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.! GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD INTO SPACE, FORWARD INTO TIME! GO FORWARD... 1952! 1962! 1982! GO! GO TO 1,000,000 A.D.! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! BACK UP A LITTLE! LOOK! THE EARTH! A MASS OF STEELY CITIES AND MEN! MEN? NO! NOT REALLY MEN! MORE LIKE ...

# BLOBS!



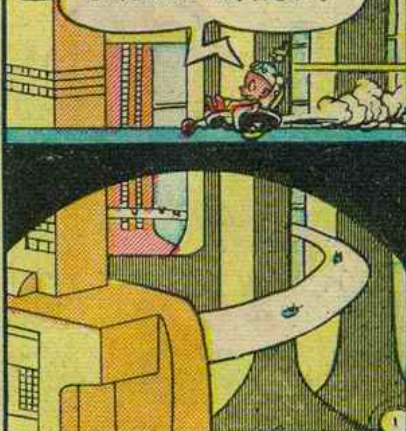
MELVIN, MY FRIEND! HE IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVE MINDS AROUND TODAY! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM MY HORRIBLE THOUGHT!



MELVIN, MY BUDDY! ONE OF THE RARE BRAINS THAT STILL THINKS! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM OF THE CALAMITY THAT MIGHT OVERTAKE US!



MELVIN, MY PAL! HE WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM THINKING! HE WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME! AAAH... THERE'S MELVIN'S SKYSCRAPER NOW!









FROM WHAT I READ IN OUR HISTORY BOOKS, THE FIRST PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN WAS MUCH LIKE A WALKING APE!



HIS LIFE WAS VERY UNCOMPLICATED! HE NEVER **RODE** ANYWHERE, AS WE DO TODAY! HE HAD TO **WALK**... POOR CREATURE ... ON HIS FEET!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT THE WRETCHED THING NEVER HAD **VITAMIN PILLS**, OR... OR **DEHYDRATED MEALS**! JUST **RAW FRUITS, BERRIES**, AND **SOMETIMES, MEAT**!



HIS SOCIAL LIFE WAS EQUALLY SIMPLE! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IF HE SAW A FEMALE HE MIGHT DESIRE FOR A MATE, THERE WAS NO TAKING HER OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOME-SUCH!



HE SIMPLY WOULD **BASH** THE FEMALE ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST, OR SOME CONVENIENT BLUNT INSTRUMENT, AND **THAT** WOULD BE **THAT**! THERE WOULDN'T BE **ANYTHING ELSE** TO IT!



HE WOULD THEN DRAG THE FEMALE OFF TO HIS CAVE, AND THERE SHE WOULD REMAIN AS HIS WIFE! **SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE! AMERICAN!**... BUT **EVEN THEN**, THE **SICKNESS** WAS SETTING IN!

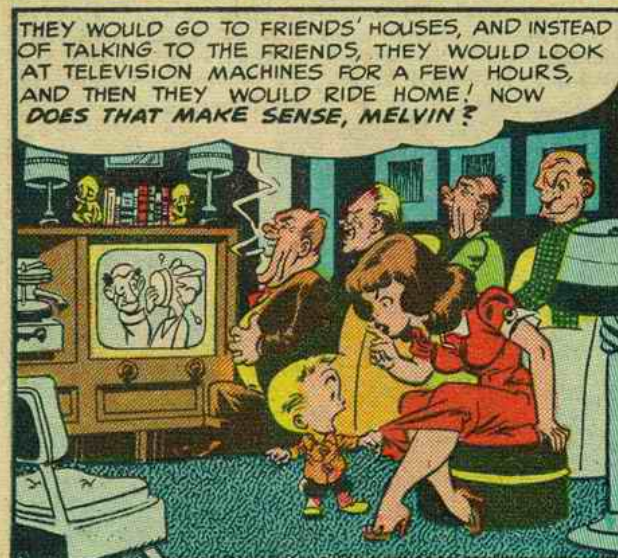
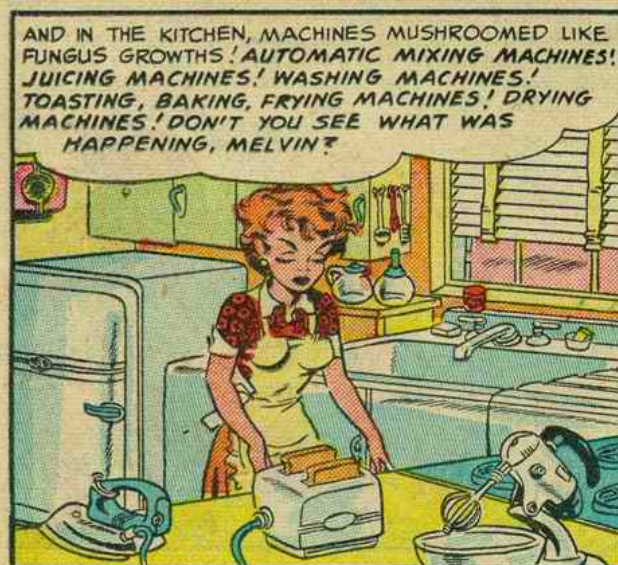


**THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT... THAT TOOL!... THAT** WAS MAN'S MISTAKE! FOR **THAT TOOL**, WAS THE **FIRST IN A HISTORY OF TOOLS** THAT MAN WOULD FASHION TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM!

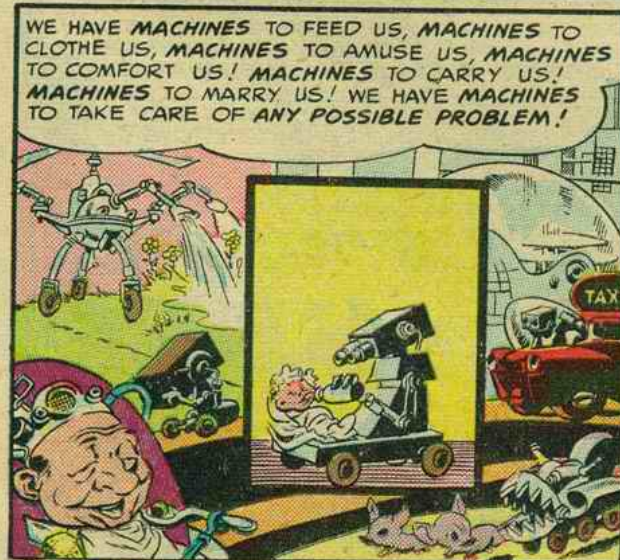


LEAPIN' ROCKETS!



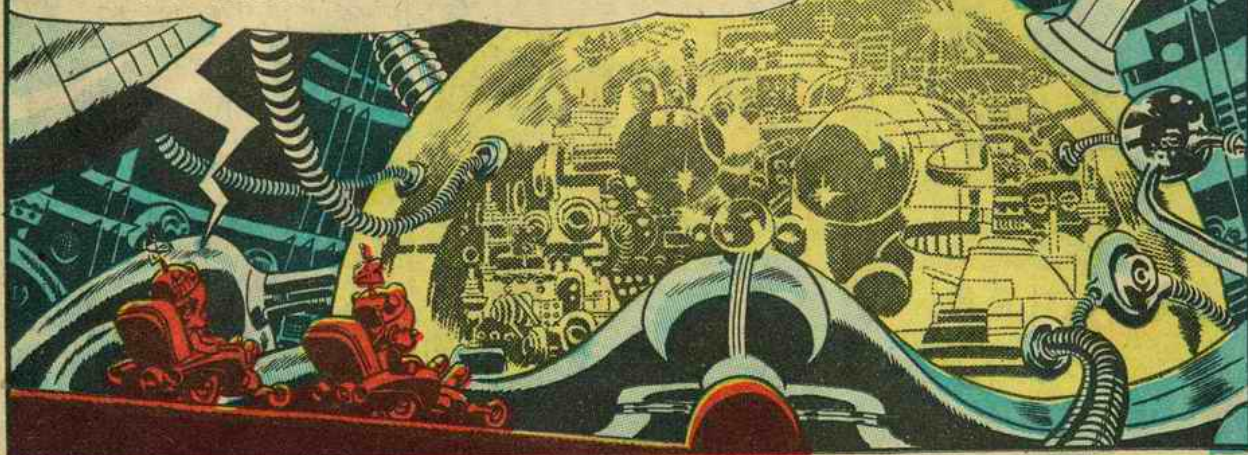








AND THE HEART OF OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS THAT MASTER MONSTER MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE COMPLEX MECHANISM THAT CONTROLS OUR WHOLE EXISTENCE! THE MACHINE WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD BE LOST! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?



WE HAVE EVEN DEVELOPED A MACHINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE... TO FEED IT, TO REPAIR IT!



AND WITHOUT THE MACHINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY **HELPLESS!** SEE OVER THERE! HE ONLY HAS TO THINK OF AN ICE CREAM SODA! THE MACHINE GIVE IT TO HIM!



LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! THAT FELLOW WANTS HIS BACK SCRATCHED! HE SENDS A THOUGHT COMMAND INTO THE MACHINE... IT SCRATCHES HIS BACK!



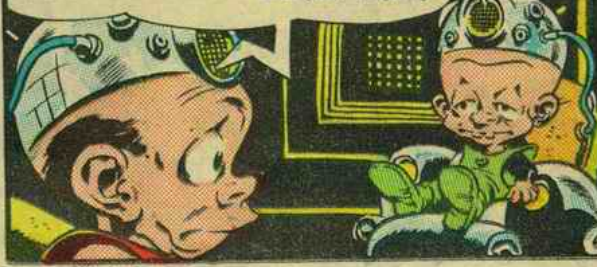
OVER THERE! THAT ONE WANTS ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMEN... ANCIENT 1952 HOLLYWOOD STYLE! HE PUTS A COIN INTO THE MACHINE AND GETS A ROBOT WOMAN! HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW LESS AND LESS MEN ARE GETTING MARRIED, AND MORE AND MORE OF THESE ROBOT WOMEN ARE BEING SOLD?



OUR CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO POT! WE LIE AROUND FROM DAY TO DAY SEEKING PLEASURE! DOING NOTHING! GETTING MORE AND MORE HELPLESS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!

SO... ALFRED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

PROVE? PROVE? MELVIN! WHAT... WHAT IF THE MACHINE THAT REPAIRS THE MACHINE... BREAKS?





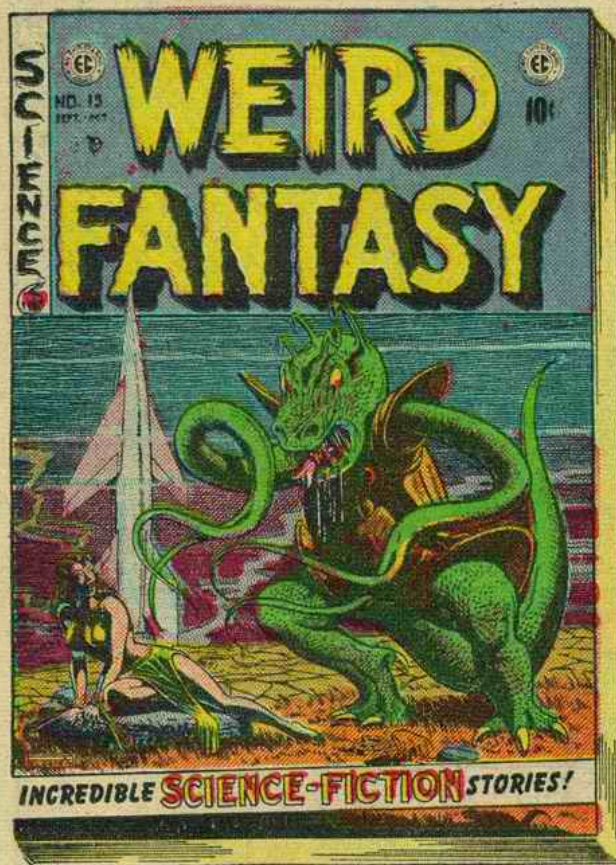


YES, DEAR READER! THE  
MACHINE DID BREAK!



# E.C. FANS!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**AN ENTERTAINING  
COMIC**

**ANOTHER  
"NEW TREND"  
ENTERTAINING COMIC!**

**ON SALE NOW  
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**

**AN ENTERTAINING  
COMIC**

## ENTER COSMO Mc MOON!

Captain Malfeasance O'Malley of the Bureau of Missing Persons was trying to console the unhappy and heart-broken couple who were sobbing holes through the hand-rolled, monogrammed Kleenex tissues he had received for Christmas! Poor Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were weeping over the loss of their only son, little Lemur Kayak.

O'Malley grabbed the rest of the Kleenex out of their tear-soaked hands and shoved it into a desk drawer. "This department has left *no stone unturned* in searching for your son. In fact, the mayor has ordered us to put the sidewalks back as they were!! But be of stout heart, for I have called the eminent Professor Cosmo McMoon—of Embraceable U.—in on this baffling case!

"The professor is accomplished in many fields. He's the man who put chlorophyl in Sen-Sen! He's explored the wildernesses of the human mind with gun and camera! He's been *in* so many minds, he's practically *out* of his own!! Have you read his latest tome, 'The Rest of Your Mind May Not Work . . . But Your Medulla Oblong Gotta!?' He is also the force behind the proposed 'Impeach Ben Franklin' movement. Unfortunately, Franklin was never president. He is the author of our new financial recovery program. He plans to send all Americans to Europe to live off Uncle Sam. A marvelous plan . . . it would reduce taxes tremendously!"

The door flew open! A distinguished man with a tuning-fork beard, clad in a midnight-blue dinner jacket, yellow Tunisian trousers, and open-toed, hob-nailed boots, stomped in!

"I received your urgent message on my tie-clasp radio, O'Malley, just as I was presenting my latest bill to the Senate page-boys! A bill to empty the Pacific into the Atlantic by means of a coast-to-coast bucket brigade. No more would our glorious West be threatened with



floods! But what of the missing cherub?"

Mrs. Kayak began the strange tale amid sobs and wails.

"Our dear little Lemur was a healthy, alert and normal boy until the day I brought home that box of table salt from the grocer's."

"What's so unusual about a box of salt?", asked Cosmo.

"Nothing! It was a famous brand. You've seen it! It comes in a round red box with a yellow top and a little tin spout for pouring."

"Yes, go on please!"

"Well, on the box, in a diamond shaped frame, is a picture of a Shaker lady with a brown bonnet on her head. The lady is smiling and in her hand she's holding another box of salt and on it is a picture of another Shaker lady holding another box of salt on which there is a picture of—"

"I know . . . a Shaker lady with a box of salt!!! They keep diminishing. Go on, please!"

"Well, our dear little Lemur just sat for hours on end and stared from one Shaker lady on to the next. He seemed fascinated! And then one day . . . (sob) . . . he . . . (sob) . . . disappeared! And just when I was about to change to a brand of salt with just *one* little girl with an umbrella on the package! That's life! When it rains . . . it pours!"

Cosmo McMoon stroked his beard thoughtfully. Captain O'Malley dried some wilted Kleenex by the heat of his desk lamp. The poor Kayaks just sobbed. Then the magnificent mind of McMoon came up with the solution!

"My dear friends! Your little boy has gone off into another dimension—and I am sure he's very happy there. Yes, he has gone into INFINITY . . . with the Shaker lady! The infinite is the unattainable limit of an unending process of construction. The extended objects of our ordinary perception do not occupy all the span of our field of vision. Objects last for a longer or shorter period, before which they were not experienced and after which they are no longer experienced. Lemur has gone into infinity . . . right down to the last salt box in the hands of the last unseen Shaker lady!"

Now Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were very happy. They hurried right home to talk to their little box of salt!



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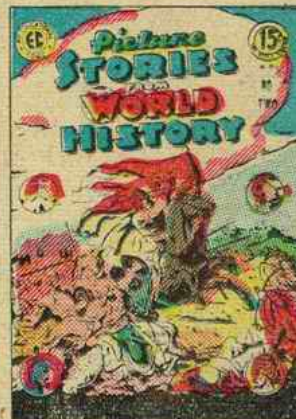


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Tiberius O'Leary—  
Roman Counterspy!  
Rome 106 B.C.

Senator Gaius Tobey assigned his best secret operative, Tiberius O'Leary, to crack down on gamblers who were fixing the spear-point spreads in the gladiator matches. The Romans had been shocked by the recent bribing of schoolboy athletes in the Colosseum!

Tiberius, working incognito, put on a zoot-toga and headed for a little poolroom just off the main drag, the Appian Way!

Inside the emporium, Marcus Sumatra, a dixieland lyre-player, crooned a tender refrain, "The Cry of the Wild Helvetian"! Tiberius quickly joined in a game of Roman Parchisi.

Amid cries of "You're faded, Brutus," "VII come XI," and "Baby needs a new pair of sandals," Tiberius raked in the chips! Suddenly, one of the heavy losers rapped Tiberius with a roll of denarii clenched in a closed fist. When Tiberius came to, the joint was raided by Chief Lucius Patton and the Forum Police, who put the braccia on one and all!

Tiberius was thrown into solus confinement for 24 years and 8 months, despairing of ever fulfilling his secret mission. At this time, all men in Rome, between the ages of 18 and 25, received:

"Greetings from the Emperor! You are hereby ordered to report to local draft board MCXXV for a pre-induction physical!"

The Romans put Tiberius on their

shoulders and marched with him to the Grand Central Forum. They sang rousing choruses of "When Graccus Comes Marching Home Again," "The Chariot-Wheel of Fortune," "Bell Bottom Togas," "This is the Pedites, Mr. Tiberius," and "I'm a Roman Doodle Dandy"!!

At the draft board, Tiberius was immediately classified 1-A and sent to Fort Dixiebus for basic training.

At the fort, he was given a glass of milk; some gefuelte fish, and then an R.I. (Roman Issue) haircut. Now he was ready to relieve a Vestal Virgin for active duty!

He entered the Chemical Corps at the out-break of the Second Punic War. He was assigned to a place called Oak Ridge to carry on his explosive experiments.

Then the Romans invaded the White Cliffs of Dover! They discovered that the white cliffs were made of chalk, so they brought home a galley-full! The Roman Board of Education was elated! Roman students could write on their slates at last!

But the triumph of progress was short-lived! The kids were ruining their togas with chalk-dust. Tailors and cleaners were living off the fad of the land!!

Tiberius retired to his lab, and after 32 years of research, came out with an implement to clean slates. It was called . . . "Eradico Scribendi"!

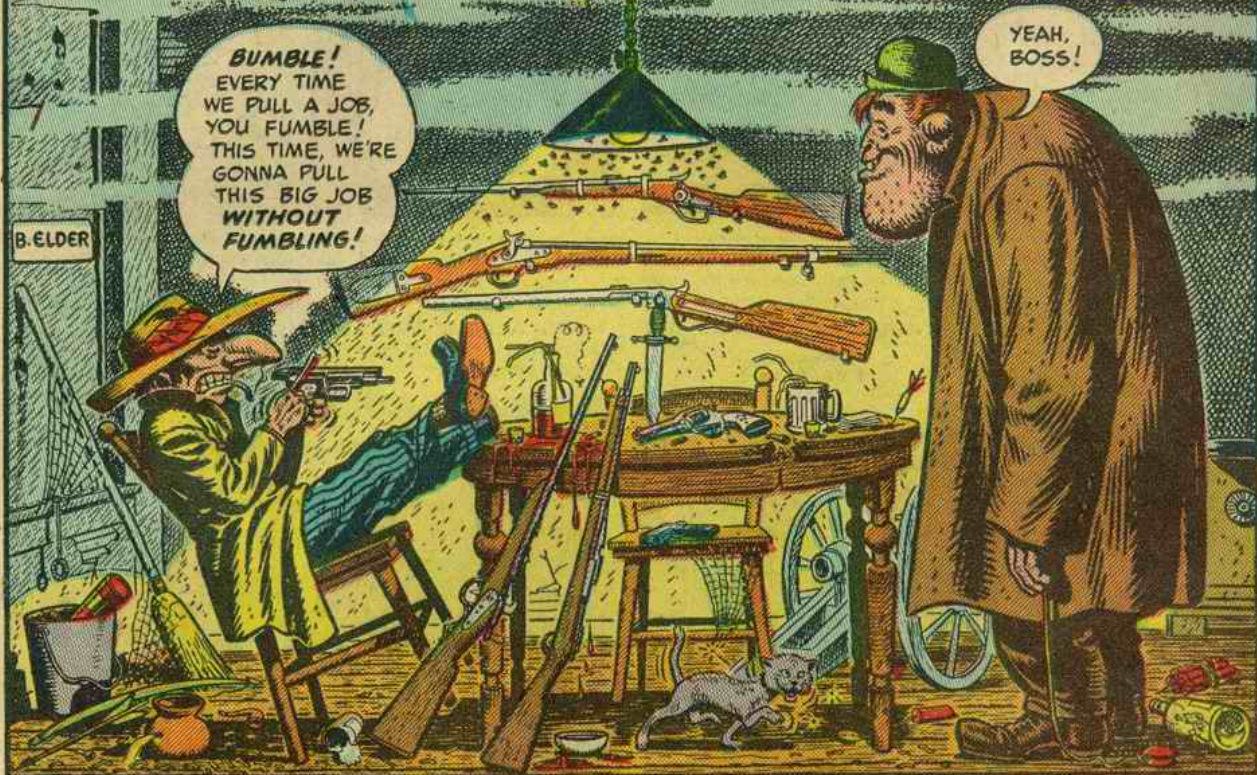
But, as he emerged from his sanctuary with his wonderful discovery, Rome fell!!

And that's how ERASERS were born!



CRIME DEPT.! COME AWAY FROM YOUR FRESH PAINT HOMES ON TREE-LINED STREETS!...AWAY FROM YOUR CLEAN LINEN, YOUR GRADE-A MILK! COME TO THE GARBAGE-CANNED, BROKEN WINDOWED LAND OF THE UNDERWORLD! COME TO THE HOME OF THE GANGSTERS, GORILLAS, AND...

# GANEFS!





FOIST, WE CALLED DE MAYOR AN' TOLD HIM DAT HE GOTTA FORK OVER TEN GRAND OR WE'LL BUMP OFF HIS FAMILY! DEN, WE TOLD HIM HOW HE SHOULD LEAVE DE MONEY IN A BROWN PAPER PACKAGE ON TOLD AN' MAIN STREET! DEN I'M GONNA WALK OVA WIT DIS FAKE STOMACH TIED ON ME!



DEN, I'M GONNA PUT ON DIS COAT WIT' FAKE HANDS HANGIN' BY MY SIDES! DEN, I'M GONNA BE ABLE TO USE MY REGULA' HANDS! DEN, I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK MY REGULA' HANDS T'RU DIS HERE TRAP-DOOR IN DIS HERE PHONY STOMACH! DEN WE GOES TO TOLD AN' MAIN STREET!



DEN, I WALKS OVA TO DIS BROWN PAPER PACKAGE WHICH IS LAYIN' LIKE DAT SAMPLE PAPER PACKAGE IS LAYIN'! DEN, WHILE MY FAKE HANDS HANG BY MY SIDES, I REACHES OUT WIT' MY REGULA' HANDS!



DEN, I PULL DE REAL BROWN PACKAGE INTO MY STOMACH AND IN PLACE OF IT, I PUT A FAKE BROWN PACKAGE! DEN, IT LOOKS LIKE I NEVVA TOOK NO PACKAGE! DEN, IF DE COPS ARE WATCHIN' DEY DON'T KNOW NUTTIN'S HAPPENED!



DEN DEY WATCH AN' DEY WATCH... AN DEN DEY GET TIRED AN' TAKE HOME DE FAKE PACKAGE... WHICH DEY TINK IS DE REAL PACKAGE! DEN WHEN DEY OPEN IT, INSTEAD OF DEIR MONEY, DEY FIND A STINK BOMB!



A STINK BOMB!

WHAT A GAG!

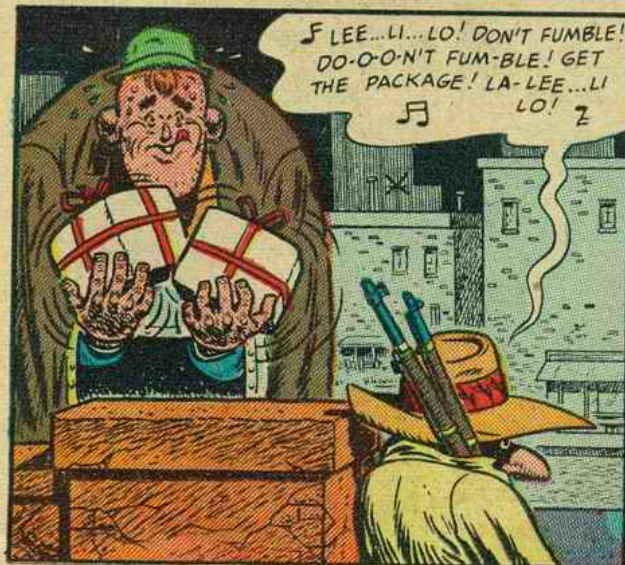
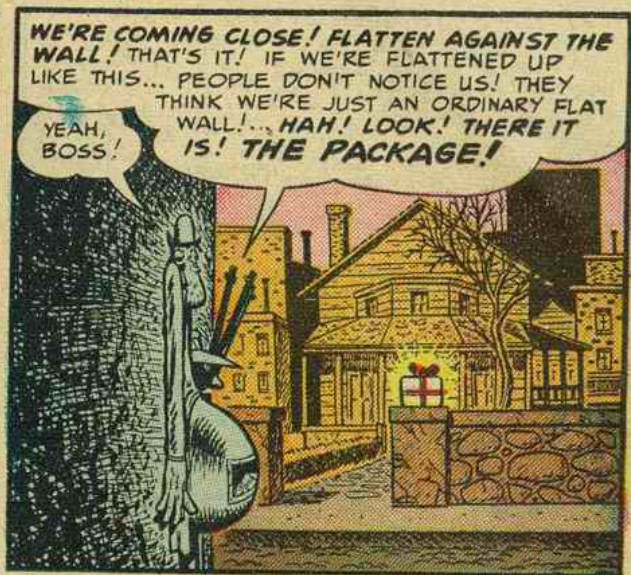
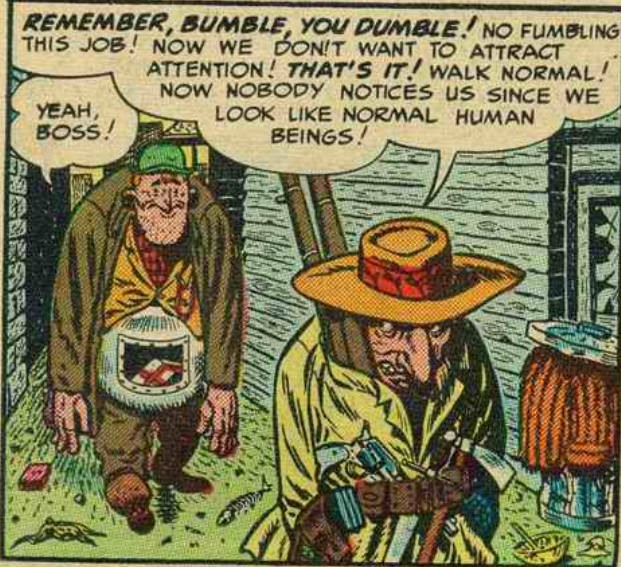


SHADDAP!

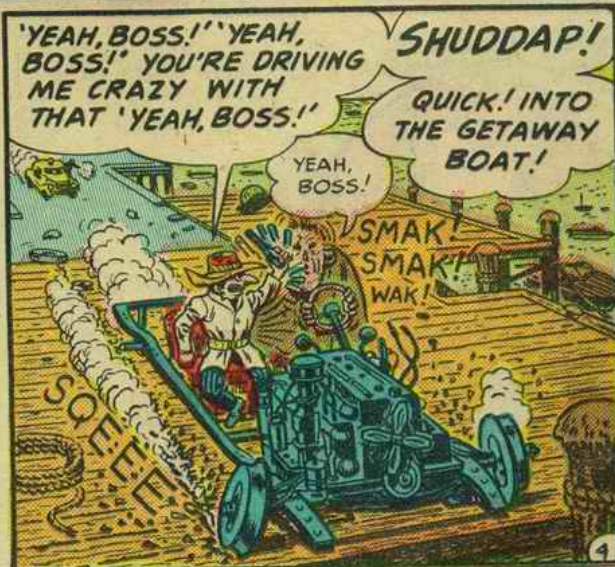
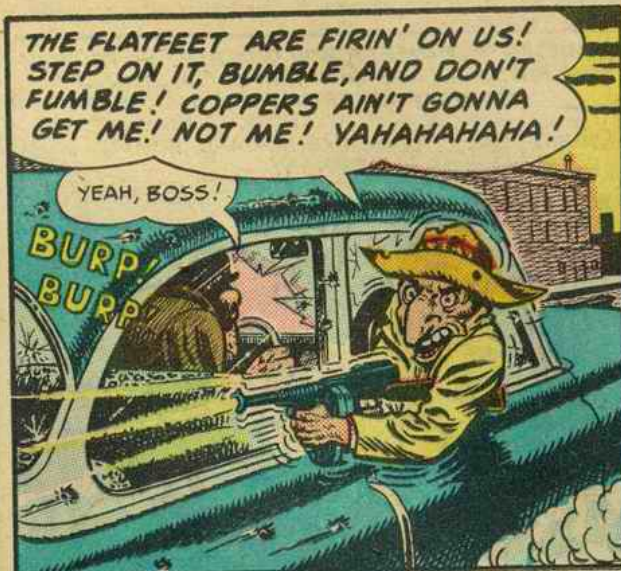
THE TIME HAS COME! SYN-CHRONISE YOUR WATCHES! 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... HACK! LET'S GO!







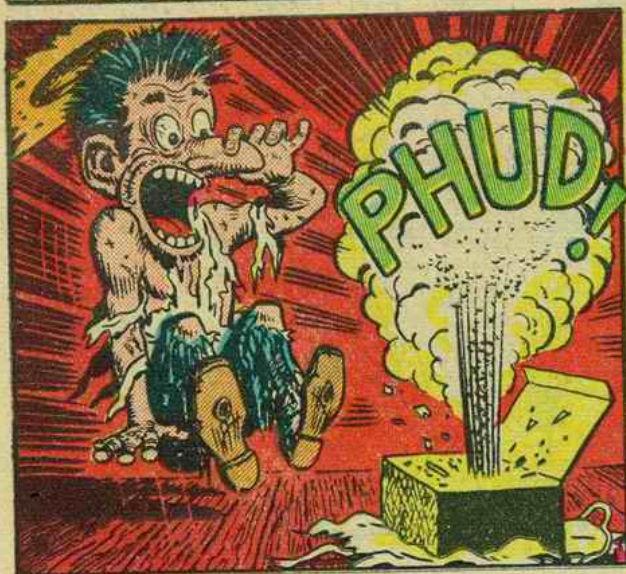
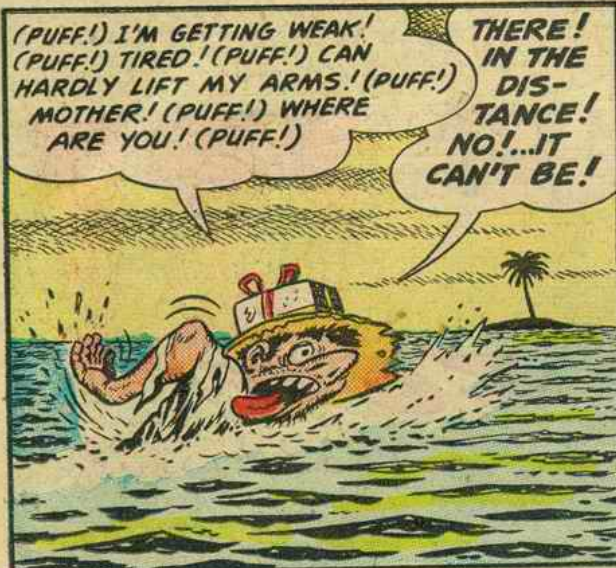












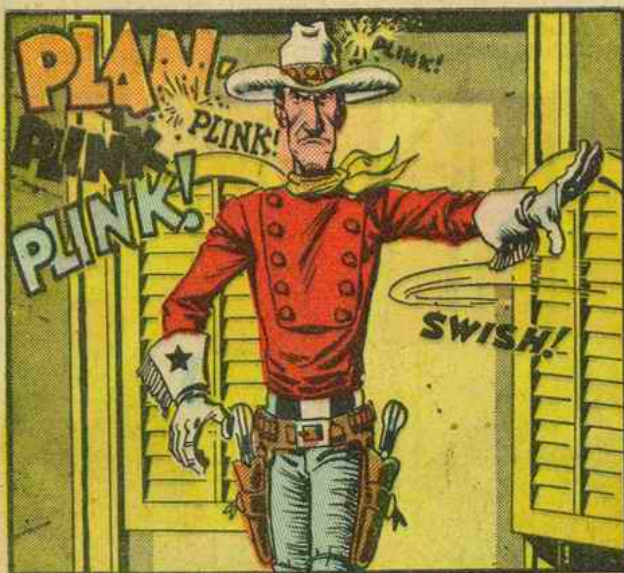
A FOUL STENCH OF A CELLULOID STINK BOMB  
RISES INTO THE CLEAR OCEAN AIR! FOR, YOU SEE...  
BUMBLE... FUMBLE!



**VARMINT!**









I BEEN RIDIN'...FER THE PAST Y'AR SADDLE-SORE! 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! AN' I GOT MUH GUNS STRAPPED ON 'CAUSE WHEN I FIND THE VARMINT THAT SHOT MUH BUDDY, AH'M GONNA GIVE 'IM THE SAME CHANCET HE GAVE MELVIN!



I BEEN RIDIN'...CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! I DUG THE BULLET OUTTA MELVIN! A .48 SLUG WITH A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN RIDIN' CROSS'T THE PECOS TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GUN THAT THAT THERE BULLET CUM F'UM! AN' THE TRAIL BRUNG ME BACK H'AR! H'AR TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH!



I BEEN RIDIN'...CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! RIDIN' TILL I'M SADDLE-SORE, SADDLE-SORE! I BEEN FOLLOWING A .48 REVOLVER THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN FOLLOWING IT HERE TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT! A MAN BY THE NAME OF KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!



HOWDY, STRANGER!

I'M... KICKIMINABELLY... KELLY!



KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!

HOO HAH!

THE FASTEST DRAW WEST OF LAREDO!

TEX DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HE WUZ A NICE FELLER!



DUST OFF A PLOT ON BOOT-HILL BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M REACHIN' FOR MY GU...



**BLAM!**  
**BLAM!**  
**BLAM!**  
**BLUDABL-BLAM!**  
**BLAM!**

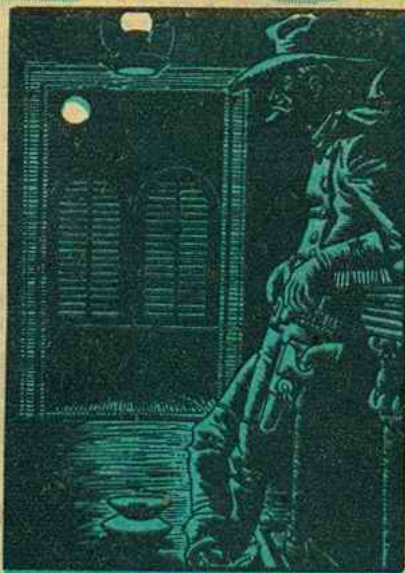
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When you own this power-packed instrument, distances seem to melt away... you always have a "ringside" seat at boxing matches, races, baseball or football. You get an intimate view of nature, the sky at night, distant sunsets, birds and wild animals, distant boats, seashore scenes, etc. You see what your neighbors are doing (without being seen). Carry them with you on hunting trips too!

**FREE TRIAL OFFER — ENJOY AT OUR RISK!**

We want to send you a pair of these super-power glasses for you to examine and enjoy for ONE WHOLE WEEK — without obligation.

You take no chances. Test them... use them as you like. Compare them for value and power with binoculars selling up to 10.00. Then YOU be the JUDGE! If you're not thrilled, then return and get your MONEY BACK! Don't send ONE PENNY — pay postman only 3.00 plus postage on arrival. Do it today — WHILE SUPPLY LASTS. Don't miss the fun and thrills another day. RUSH THE TRIAL COUPON RIGHT NOW.

**MAIL COUPON FOR HOME TRIAL!**  
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## You Can WIN

This 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
JUST AS I DID IN  
10 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!



When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that skinny scarecrow ROGER. Let's pass him by!



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

**as YOU  
can be  
soon!**

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

## Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

# I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these  
**2 ME'S ?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 **10c**  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
**\$1 AND MORE**

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

**6 1/2** inches to your **CHEST**  
**3** inches to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.

**Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME**

**10** PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
**YOU** a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.



**GEORGE F. JOWETT**  
"Champion of Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect Man Contest



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greatest in  
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Building  
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USED BY U.S.  
ARMED  
FORCES



QUICKLY--  
EASILY--  
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