

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 10
APRIL



10¢

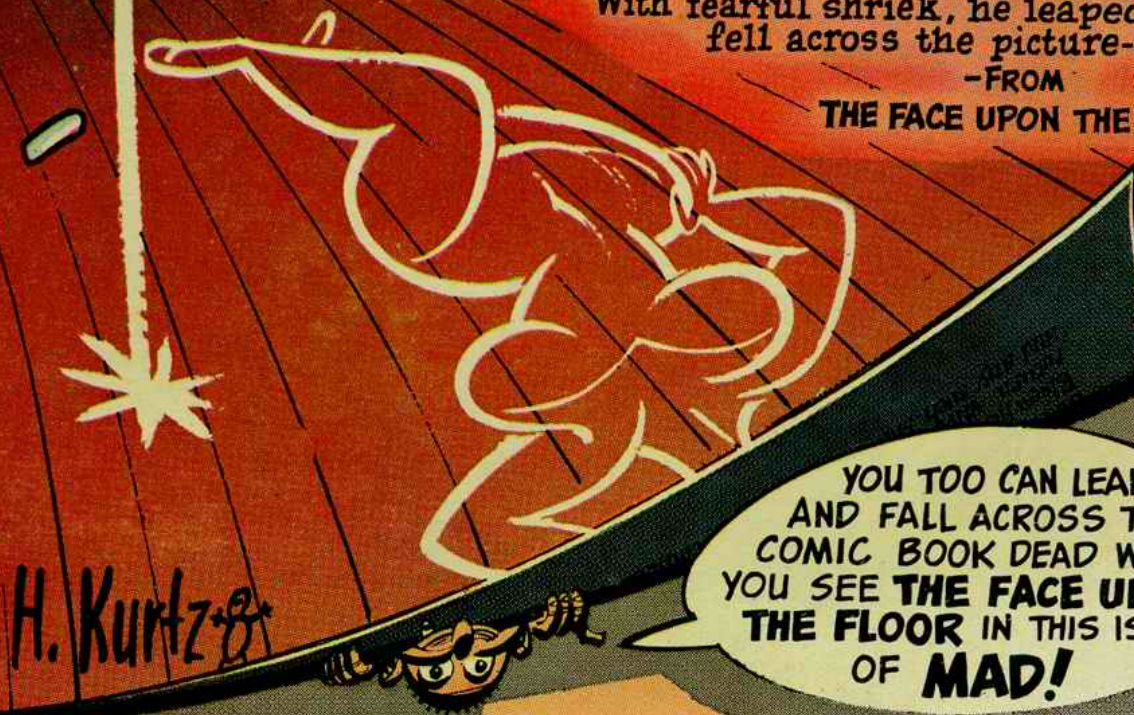
MAD



...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



H. Kurtz

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

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 ...







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!



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...



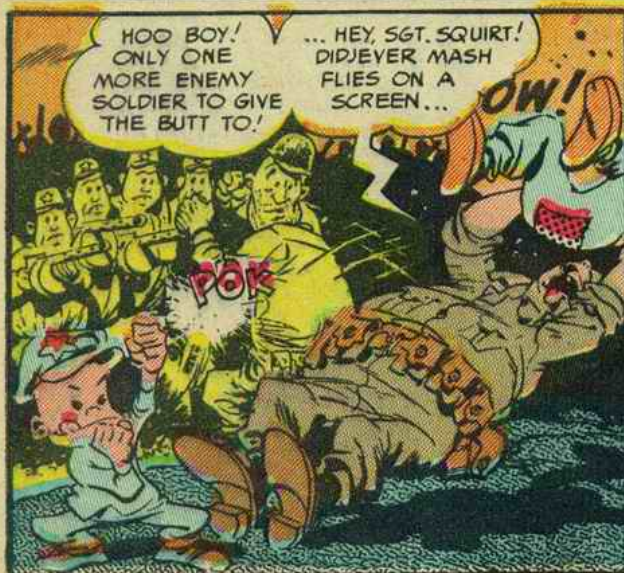
... HEY, JOE! ... YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?

HUM?

HAVE YA?











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!!



HSST! LOOKIE!
...A STRANGER
RIDIN' INTO THIS
FURSHLUGGINER
MESS!

HE AIN'T
ONE OF US
CATTLEMEN!
HE MUST BE
A FARMER!
LEMME GUN
HIM!

...WAIT!
THAR'S SOME-
THING MIGHTY
STRANGE 'BOUT
THE WAY HE RIDES!
...CAN'T EXACTLY PUT
MUH FINGER ON IT,
BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY STRANGE!...
LET'S TELL THE BOSS!



Guaranteed by
UGR Housekeeping

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!**

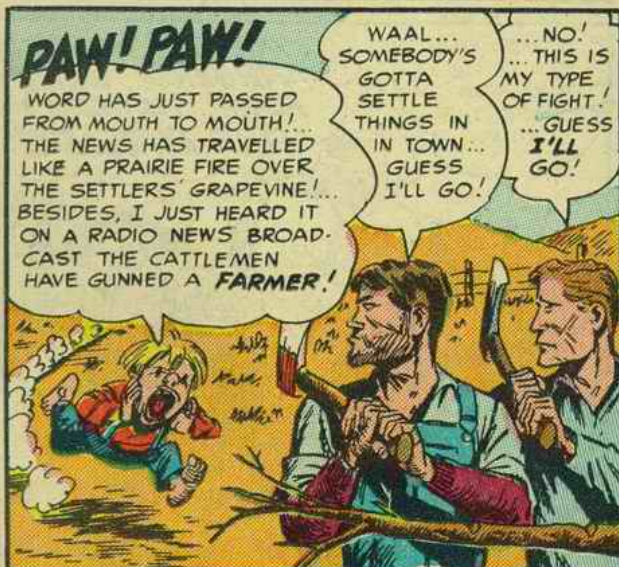
HOL' ON,
BWAH!
...REASON I
RIDES THIS
WAY IS SO'S
NOBODY CAN
GUN ME IN
THE BACK...



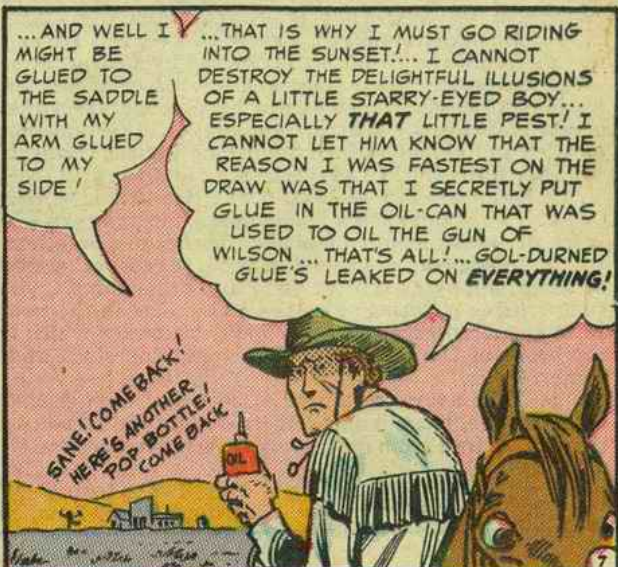






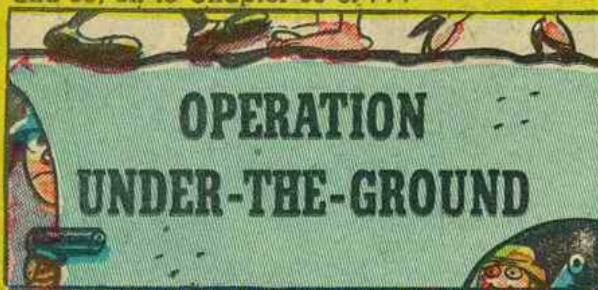






CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter **THIRTY-FIVE** in the fantastic adventures of **SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!**

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's 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 De-Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

[SEAL]



YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE
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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**.

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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 gliemuuk, the most raveningly lz-cha, 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. Lingle E.M.F.N.—c/o F.P.O., New York, New York

It means the same as Petrrebie.—ed.

... **GRIBE 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 SuspenStories*. (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 he'd 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.



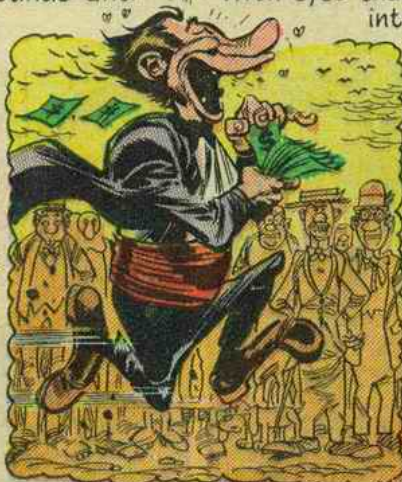
"I was a painter - not one that daubed on bricks
and wood
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated
pretty good.



"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;



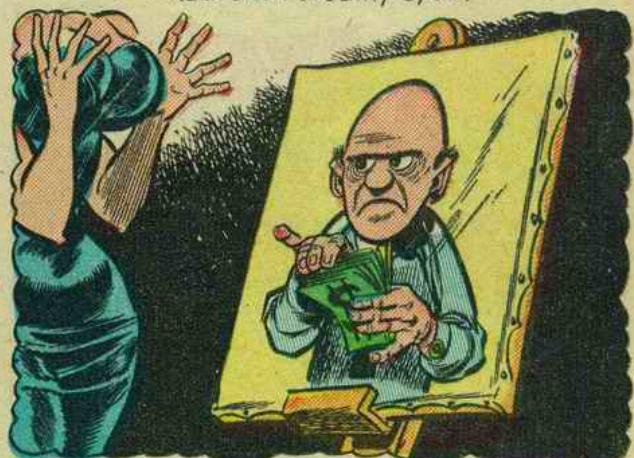
"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and
a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another
half so fair.



"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."



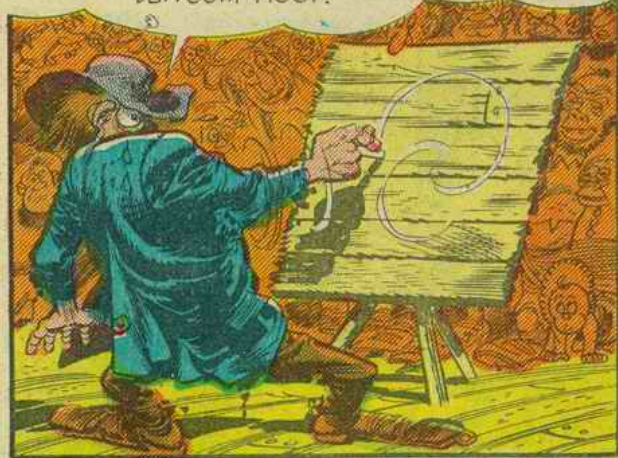
"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye, Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry."



"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.



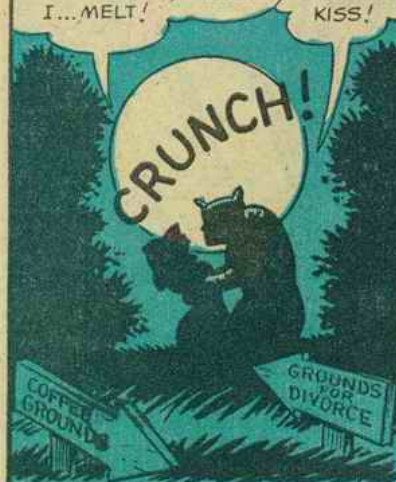
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture — dead.

WOMAN WONDER!

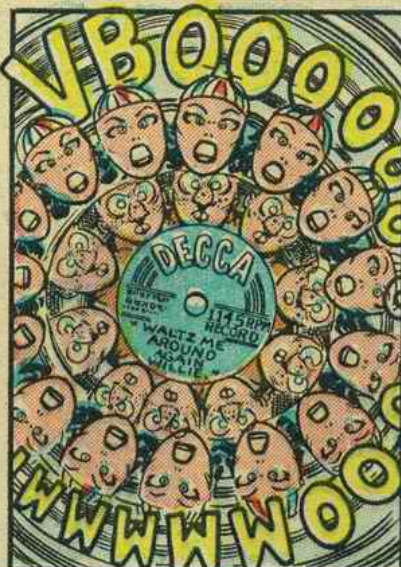
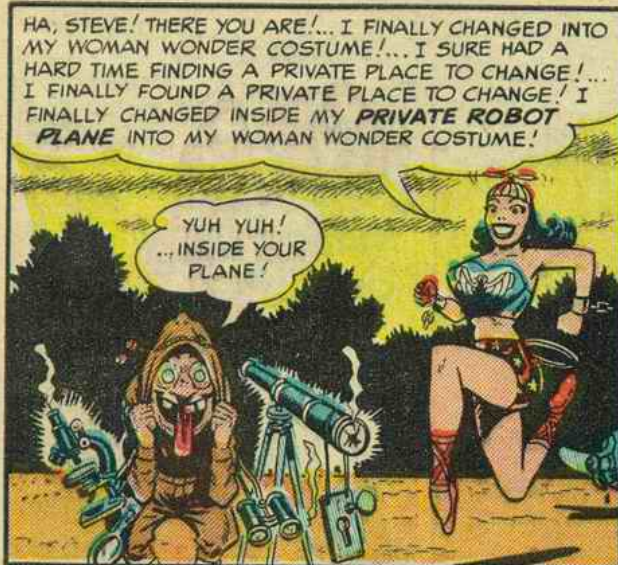
WRONG! WE HAVE
HEARD OF THE WOMAN
WONDER'S GREAT **POWER**
AND WE ARE RUNNING **OUT**
OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER
PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-
SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...



GIVE
ME
ANOTHER
KISS!











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 LASSOING!



HAHAHA! 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!

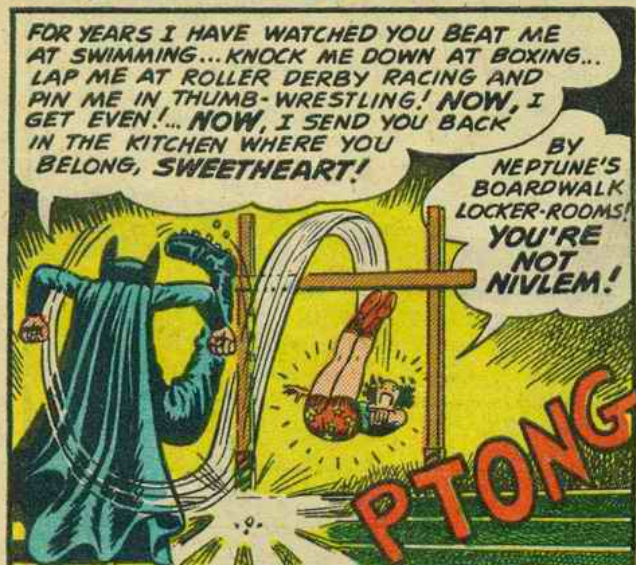


I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID!

KILROY WASN'T HERE YET!

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

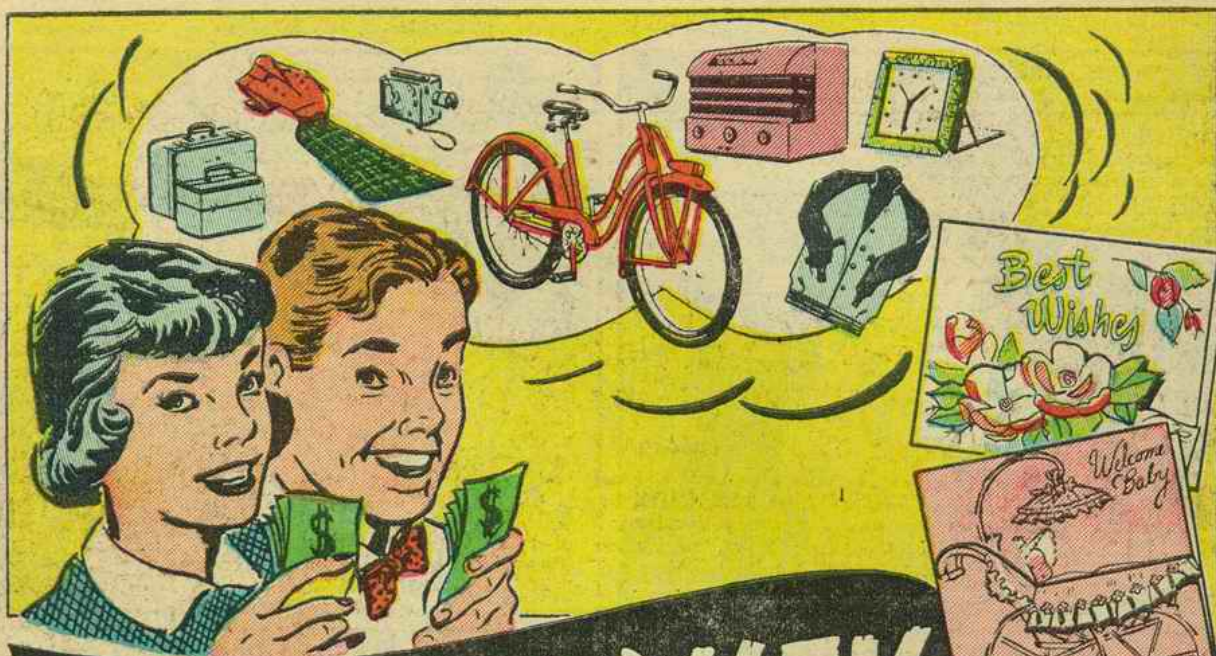




STEVE APORE, WHO IS IN REALITY, NIVLEM... AND DIANA BANANA...ARE NOW MARRIED! DIANA BANANA IS NOW CONTENT WITH THE NORMAL FEMALE LIFE OF WORKING OVER A HOT STOVE!



AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!



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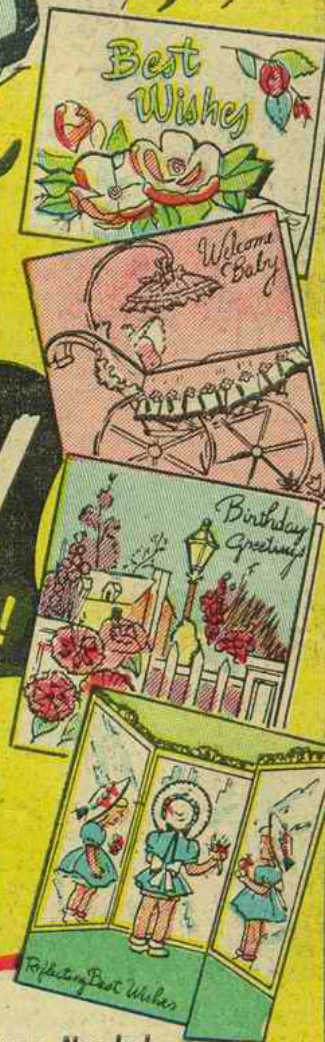
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I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

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 N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.



"Am with WCOC, 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. 4E01, 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 ABCs 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 **DORMANT** muscle-power in

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

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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 4½ 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 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ 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.

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