TH-They said there was a vampire in the cemetery... there's no one here but a little child!
The letters finally have been coming in on MAD No. 1. Very sorry that we can't begin to print all the notes we received, due to space limitations. Nevertheless, our most heartfelt thanks to all of you who did send letters. Every one has been carefully read and digested!

Dear Editors,
Our most appreciative thanks for putting out a "comic" book... Yours is the first one that has stayed in the barracks without being thrown out after being read. I have never heard people laugh out loud at a comic magazine before! -Cpl. Eugene F. Shanlin-U.S.M.C.-Cherry Point, N. C.

...Being up here in Alaska gives a person a lot of spare time, MAD gives us a lot to laugh about. 2c Corder Supp-USA6-A.P.O. 942.

...MAD is the latest door to a section 8 discharge. -"Spider" Stanek, Mike Brennan, and "Melvin" Harris-USN-F.P.O., N.Y.

...Allow me to congratulate you! You did it again. -Bill Dennie-Easton, Pa.

...MAD was so funny that...I just had to stop and lean against a telephone pole while I laughed. -Nancy Cash-Louisville, Ky.

...Why didn't you do this before? -Jim Braffey-Parkersburg, W. Va.

...Before I read it, I was a happy carefree person. Now they won't even let me out of this padded cell. -Laurin Lewis-Mental Hospital, Calif.

...If I didn't have a nice soft floor to roll on, I'd have probably landed in the hospital. -Richard Grant-no address.

...I am knocking my head against the wall. -Don Emken-San Bernardino, Calif.

...Your new magazine is a scream. -Larry Van Cleef-Nampa, Idaho.

...Nearly died laughing. -Jerry Widener-Portales, N. Mex.

...Just what the doctor ordered. -Jon Doy-Chicago, Ill.

...Knockout! -Aristo Lumble-Wash., D.C.

...Simply delicious. -James L. Bartz-El Paso, Texas

...Oh, you silly boy! -Ronnie Baumgardner-Bloomington, Ill.

...A real peachy-keen Jim-dandy comic. -Ted Eggers-Yonker, N. Y.

...Real George. Quite gone. -Mary Moster-Muskogee, Mich.

...It's cool. It's crazy! -Melvin-Mishawaka, Ind.

...I flipped! -Wamial Dumble-Rochester, N. Y.

...Great! Great! Great! Great! Great! -Joe Anderson-Brooklyn, N. Y.

...WOW!!! -Edward Saffin-Ft. Wayne, Ind.

...YAHOO! -Tommy Balacek-Astoria, L. I.

...AAAAAEEE!! -Joe Hahn-Seattle, Wash.

...We started a MAD club. -Fred Delse-Shaker Heights, Ohio.

...Long live MAD! -Bob Galeria-Merced, Calif.

...My love to Melvin. -Joan M. Robinson-Philia, Pa.

...Please inform us how to get one disposable, pre-fabricated robot woman. -M. C. Sinald-Canton, Ohio

As you can see, MAD readers certainly are! However, all is not peaches and cream in the mail-box. Here's a sampling of some of the criticism we got!

Dear Editors,
All I have to say about your new magazine...is that it is disgusting. -R. Schmitt-Chicago, Ill.

...I didn't find it one bit funny. -B. J. D.-Kansas City, Mo.

...Not only weren't your stories not funny, I found some of them very stupid. -Joseph Raymond-Baltimore, Md.

...MAD is awful. -Francis Minick-Marceline, Mo.

...A new low in the comic book industry. -Joe White-Chicago, Ill.

Well, we hope the critics are wrong! In any case, as long as we have a drop of India ink left in our veins, MAD will go marching on! Subscriptions to MAD, or any other E. C. mag, cost $75c each...six issues...full year's output! Please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders is:

MAD Editors
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.
THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE! ONLY THE NAMES HAVEN'T BEEN CHANGED SO AS NOT TO PROTECT THE WRITER OF THIS STORY! AND WHEN JOHN LAW GETS A LOAD OF THIS COMIC BOOK, YOU CAN BET MANY A COMIC BOOK WORKER WILL BE RUNNING FROM THE...

DRAGGED NET!

YOUR NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY AND YOUR ASSISTANT IS ED SATURDAY.

WE'VE GOT AN A.P.B. ON AN M.O. FROM A P.D.Q. ON THE B.V.D.: A MAN WAS FOUND MISSING FROM HIS APARTMENT!

THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE FLOOR, BULLET HOLES IN THE WALL, AND A BLOODY BUTCHER KNIFE MATTED WITH HUMAN HAIR IN THE SINK! WE HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!

WE DON'T KNOW WHO THE VICTIM WAS, WE DON'T KNOW THE KILLER, AND WE LOST THE ADDRESS OF THE APARTMENT! YOUR JOB! GET 'IM!

HOW'S YOUR MOM FEELING, ED?
Well, Ed, The Only Lead We Have Is A Girl Named Desire Who Was Found At The Scene Of The Crime With A Smoking Pistol In Her Hand! It's A Slim Lead! Our Job: Get 'Em!

The Girl Works In This Taxi Dime-A-Dance Hall! This Is The Roughest Spot In Town! Our Patrols Have To Go Out In Squads! Keep Your Gun Ready! We May Be Killed At Any Moment!

It Was A Double Feature And A Nifty Chapter!

I Don't Know What She Looks Like, But We Don't Want To Arouse Suspicion By Asking Questions! We'll Just Follow A Likely Suspect!

That One?

N-No! Not That One!

That One?

Mmm... No! Not That One Either!

Googy!

That One!

Scuse Us, M'am! We're Police Officers! We Just Want To Ask You A Couple Of Questions! ...Routine!

First Question! What's Your Phone Number, Dumpling?

C'mon, Joe! Let's Make The Pinch!
EXCUSE ME, OFFISA! I'VE GOTTA DANCE NOW!

AWRIGHT! WHO ARE YOU KIDDING? WE KNOW YOU'RE A GIRL NAMED DESIRE!

NOW COME ON, MA'AM, CUT OUT THE ACT! WHY'D YOU KILL HIM?

I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY. WHY YOU ASKING ME SUCH A QUESTION?

JESUS CHRIST! I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T KILL NO ONE! I TOLD YOU!

NOW COME ON, MA'AM, CUT OUT THE ACT!

WHY'D YOU KILL HIM?

I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY. WHY YOU ASKING ME SUCH A QUESTION?

JUST ROUTINE, MA'AM!


I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T KILL NO ONE!

NOW COME ON, MA'AM, CUT OUT THE ACT!

WHY'D YOU KILL HIM?

I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY. WHY YOU ASKING ME SUCH A QUESTION?

JUST ROUTINE QUESTION MA'AM... SO TELL ME ALREADY! WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?

JUST ROUTINE QUESTION MA'AM... SO TELL ME ALREADY! WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?

I TOL YOU TEN TIMES...

JUST ROUTINE, MA'AM!

NOW LISTEN! ANSWER ME FINALLY THE MAIN QUESTION... JUST WHAT IS YOUR PHONE NUMBER?

HEH! LET'S GO, JOE! I MADE THAT LIL' OL PINCH!

C'MON, ED! THE GIRL TOLD ME SHE SAW A GUY NAMED GALUSHA G. TANIDERM COMING OUT OF THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT WITH A SMOKING MACHINE GUN! IT'S A SLUM LEAD! OUR JOB! GET 'IM!

WHAT A CHAPTER! THAT WAS! A FLASH GORDON CHAPTER!
I SENT TO WASHINGTON, D.C. AND HAD THEM RUN THE I.B.M. ON TAXIDERM'S M.O. I GOT BACK AN A.P.B., AND HIS M.O. SHOWS HE'S DEFINITELY GOT B.O. ... TAXIDERM IS HIDING HYAR. HYAR IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO!

SCUSE ME SAFARI! WE WANT TO ASK A COUPLE ROUTINE QUESTIONS!

FIRST QUESTION! WHAT'S YOUR PHONE NUMBER, DUMPLIN'...

NO, NO! I MEAN WHO'S SAFARI IS THIS?

THIS NO SAFARI, KID! THIS A CONGO LINE... ONE, TWO, TREE KICK!

AWRIGHT! WHO'S THIS SAFARI, RIDDING? WE KNOW YOU'RE GALUSAH G. TAXIDERM! NOW TALK!

STEP BACK A MOMENT, OFFICERS!

NOW LOOK, GALUSH! IT'D BE A LOT EASIER ON YOU AS WELL AS US IF YOU'D TALK!

JUST EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MORE MOMENT, OFFICERS!

LOOK, GALUSH! WE KNOW YOU'RE STALLING! IT'D BE A LOT EASIER ON US AS WELL AS YOU AS WELL AS US...

C'MON, GALUSH! WHY'D YOU KILL HIM? TALK!

I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY! WHY YOU ASKIN' ME SUCH QUESTIONS?

JUST ROUTINE, BWAH!

HOW'D YOU SAY YOUR MOM'S FEELING, EP?


IN THIS CHAPTER... FIRST, THE BAD GUY COMES...
HEH HEH! THE FOOL TRAPPED HIMSELF. HE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH IN THERE!

HEY, NO-KNOCK! YA CAN'T STAY IN THERE ALL DAY! WE'LL WAIT OUT HERE ALL DAY IF IT TAKES US ALL DAY!

TALK, I SAID! WE'RE GONNA STAY RIGHT HERE TILL YOU COME OUT AN' TALK!

HERE HE COMES, JOE! HE'S GONNA TALK!

WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?

MUSH, BOY! MUSH!

LET'S MUSH OUTTA THIS MISH-MOSH!

WE GOT ENOUGH OUTTA NANOOK TO KNOW THAT HE SAW A GUY BY THE NAME OF GLOTZ IN THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT WITH HIS FINGERS AROUND THE MURDERED MAN'S THROAT! THE SLIMMEST LEAD YET! OUR JOB...

GET 'IM?

...DALE COMES... OH! FIRST, BEFORE THAT PART... ZARKOV GOES...
WELL, H-HERE WE ARE, ED! WE'VE HIRED ACROSS TIBET... UP TO THE HIGHEST PEAK OF MOUNT MCKINLEY! WE'RE CLOSING IN ON GLOTZ'S HIDEOUT, BWAH... closin' in!

WE MADE IT, JOE! WE MADE IT, YOU HEAR! WE MADE IT!... NOW LET ME TELL YOU HOW THAT CHAPTER TURNED OUT!

DID YOU EVER TELL ME HOW YOUR MOM WAS?

THAT'S GLOTZ? HIDEOUT IN THAT CAVE AHEAD! C'MON OUT, GLOTZ!

YOU ARE STRONG & YOU ARE BRAVE!

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

LET HIM HAVE IT, JOE!

Swoosh!

IF YOU DON'T COME OUT, WE'RE COMING IN AFTER YOU!

Pow!

Ratatat!

AK AK AK!

BLOW!

POW!

kmow!

AND NOW, THE TIME FOR!

BAM!

Burma Shave

ALL RIGHT, GLOTZ! WE GOTCHA!

IT'S MY DUTY TO WARN YOU!

ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU!

HELLO! THAT YOU FRIDAY? THIS IS THE CHIEF! COME ON BACK TO THE OFFICE! GLOTZ IS HERE!... JUST GAVE HIMSELF UP!

Hey! Nobody's here!

Telephone!

Ringing!
AWRIGHT, BOY! WHERE'D YOU HIDE IT, BOYS? WHERE'D YOU HIDE DAT OL' CORPUS DILECTI, YOU ALL!

TALK! TALK! TALK!

SO SHUT UP A MINUTE AND LET HIM TALK!

I'M HUNGRY!

ALL RIGHT, GLOTZ! YOU WIN! WE'LL BUY YOU A PIZZA-PIE!

BUT AFTER THAT, BOY, YOU BETTER TALK OR WE'LL TAKE BACK OUR PIZZA-PIE!

WELL, BOYS. (CHOMP, CHOMP) YOU WANNA KNOW WHERE THE BODY (CHOMP) IS, HUH... PLEASE PASS THE KETCHUP!

WELL-P, SIR (ULP, CHOMP CRAK) IT ISN'T EASY TO HIDE A BODY (ULP, CHOMP, GLURP) NO SIR... ESPECIALLY IF YOU TRY TO (CHOMP, BURP, BABURP) FIT IT IN A SMALL TRUNK! MAYONNAISE, PLEASE!

YOU GOTTA (CHOK, CHOMP, P-TOO) CUT A BODY INTO SEPARATE PARTS (BU-LU-UHURP) IF YOU WANNA PUT IT IN A SMALL TRUNK (CHOMP, TIK, SLURP) TOBASCO SAUCE, PLEASE!

EXCUSE US, GLOTZ! THE HEAD. WILL GIVE YOU THE MOST TROUBLE (SLOMP, SLOMP, CHOMP)! THERE'S USUALLY NO ROOM FOR THE (CHOMP, SLURP, GLURP) HEAD! ANY RELISH AROUND?

...'COURSE IF YOU HAVE A BULL-FIDDLE CASE, (CLUGGLE, SPLASH, P-TOO) YOUR PROBLEM IS SIMPLE! (CHOMP, ROP) ... COULD SURE USE A SLICE OF BURMUDA ONION!

...AWRIGHT, GLOTZ! CUT IT OUT! QUIT BEATIN' ROUND THE PIZZA-PIE WHERE'S THE BODY?
QUESTIONS! QUESTIONS!
ALWAYS ASKING ME QUESTIONS!
I CAN'T STAND IT! I TELL
YOU! I CAN'T STAND
THEM QUESTIONS!

IT ALL STARTED WHEN I
WAS A LITTLE BOY! FATHER
WOULDN'T LET ME SET FIRE
TO MY PLAYMATES! I
BECAME FRUSTRATED...
PSYCHO-NEUROTIC!

BRING IN THE D.A. I'LL TELL
YOU THINGS THAT'LL MAKE
CITY HALL BURN! I'LL TELL
YOU WHERE I HID THAT
OL' BODY...

OHH!
...I FORGOT TO TELL YOU
THE FIRST
PART OF
THAT CHAPTER
BEFORE THE
OTHER PART...

GLORY BE,
JOE! WE'RE
COMING TO THE
END OF THIS
CASE! I'M
TIRED BOY.
TIRED!

ALL RIGHT, GLOTZ! WE'VE
TYPED UP A STATEMENT. JUST
SIGN HERE AND IT'LL WIND
UP YOUR CONFESSION TO
THE MURDER!

I DIDN'T
COMMIT NO
MURDER!

THE DEAD MAN
DIED OF A HEART
ATTACK... DIED
PEACEFULLY IN
HIS SLEEP!

MURDER?
WHAT MURDER?

IN OCTOBER OF FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO, THE CASE
WAS FILED IN SUPERIOR COURT! GLOTZ WAS
ACQUITTED, BUT JOE FRIDAY AND ED SATURDAY WERE NOT! THEY ARE NOW SERVING OUT THEIR TERMS!

SHEIK OF ARABY!

COMPANEEE, 'ALT!

MES ENFANTS! THAT WAS A STIMULATING WALK THROUGH ZE DES-ZERT... NEST-PAS? BUT WHAT EEZ A LI'l-TEL FORTY MILE 'IKE... DOUBLE-TIME... TO ZE MEN OF ZE LEGION, EH, MES AMIS?

NOW... ALLONS... WE 'AVE, ZE INSPECTION, TO SEE 'OW NEAT, YOU 'AVE KEPT YOURSELVES! ZUT...

ATTENCION!

SNAP SNAP!
YOU! ROQUEFORT! YOU 'AVE A SPECK OF SAND ON ZE END OF YOUR RIFE-FELL!

LA! MEN OF ZE LEGION MUS' CARE FOR ZE RIF-FELL, LIKE ZE GIRL PREN'!

YOU! CAMEMBERT! ZERE IS SWEAT Drippin' FROM ZE END OF YOUR NOSE!

TA! MEN OF ZE LEGION MUS' NOT SWEAT... EVAIRE!

YOU! CHANTILLY! YOUR TONGUE IS 'ANGING OUT!

BUT SARJHANT! I AM THIRSTEE!

YOU TALK BACK TO ME... SARJHANT GUILLOTINE? I BREAK YOU IN TWO!

SPAT!

PA!

ZEN I S'ROW YOU AY-WAY! ... COM- SA!

YOU CALL YOURSELVES SOLDATS! I CALL YOU'COCHON... PEEGS! ENFIN! YOU MAY GO NOW!

DEES-MEESED!
DO NOT WORRY, MON AMI! 'ERE IN LE LEGION YOU ARE SAFE! 'ERE IN LE LEGION, NO MAN CAN BE CLAIMED BY HEES PAST!

YOU GUYS DON'T KNOW MY WIFE, ROSIE! ROSIE! ROSIE! CATCH ME SOONER OR LATER AND DRAG ME BACK TO BROOKLYN! YOU PELLAWS WON'T LET HER... WILLYA? HUH? WILLYA?

AH, AH, MON BRAVE! NO ONE SHALL TAKE YOU FROM LE LEGION! WE LEGIONNAIRES SHALL PROTECT YOU FROM YOUR RO-ZEE! WE ARE AFRAID OF NOS-SING!

LISTEN, PELLAWS, LISTEN! SERGEANT GUILLOTINE SAYS TO FALL OUT ON THE DOUBLE! HE SAYS WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY THE SHEIK OF ARABY AND HIS BAND!

WE ARE AFRAID OF ABSOLUTELY NO...

SO! WHERE IS MY COMPANY? 'IDING UNDER LE BED AT LE MENTION OF LE NAME OF LE SHEIK OF ARABY?
OUT! PEEGS! MAN ZE EMBRASEURS! COWAIRDS!

BUT SERJHANT...
ZE SHEIK OF ARABY...
AND 'IS MYSTERIOUS DESERT RIDAIRS...

POW! POW!

POW! ZING!

SERJHANT! 'AVE RECEIVED A DUM-DUM BULLET IN ZE SHEST! MAY I REST?

COWAIRD! 'AVE YOU NO COUR-AGE? BACK TO ZE WALL!

OU, SERJHANT!

SERJHANT! 'AVE A SCIMITAR IN ZE BACK! ZAT 'URTS WHEN I LAUGH! MAY I RETIRE?

COWAIRED! EET EES A SCRATCH! BACK TO YOUR POST!

SERJHANT! 'AVE A BULLET 'OLE BETWEEN MINE EYES! MAY I SEEK LE FIRST AID?

OUI, SERJHANT!

SLACKAIR! EET EES A SUPERFICIAL WOUND! BACK TO ZE FIGHT!

OUI, SERJHANT!
COME, SOLDATS! WE MUST, PROP UP LE DEAD ONES, IN LE EMBRASEURS!

IN LE ATTITUDES, LIFE-LIKE... ZEM... PROP UP, MUST WE! WE MUST FOOL ZE SHEIK!

LE SHEIK OF ARABY MUST NEVER KNOW HE IS DECIMATING OUR RANKS! NE-VAIR!

LE RIFLE-FELL!

ZAT!

POW!

SOLDATS! WE ARE ONLY BUT A 'AND-FUL... BUT...

ZUT! LE PISTOL!

WE MUS' SCAMP AIR FROM PARA-PET TO PARA-PET!

ZUT LE CAN-NON!

WE MUS' MAKE JE EFFECT OF A WHOLE ARMEE!

MON DIEU! LE SHEIK OF ARABY AND 'IS BAND!

ZERE IS JHUST YOU, SOLDAT MELVIN, AND I, SERJANT GUILLOTINE... OOH ARE LEFT AY-LIVE! BUT, OH JOYEUX, MON COMRADE, WE 'AVE WON! ZE SHEIK OF ARABY AS WEETHDRAWN! TIENS!

SMACKS! SMACK! S-SERGEANT! L-L-LOOK!
SACRE BLEU! LE SHEIK OF ARABY IS LE WOM-MAN!

POW! BAM!

Nom de Chien! Le Bullets do not bothair serhant guillotine!

POW! RATTAT! POW!

Gee Whillikers! Weeth my bare 'ands, I weel finish le sheik of araby!

POW! POW! KA-POW!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, YOU BIG BRUTE!

ROSIE! AND THE KIDS! IT'S YOU! I KNEW NOTHING WOULD STOP YOU! NOT EVEN THE FOREIGN LEGION!

AND SO WE LEAVE THE DESOLATE DESERT OUT-POST OF WADI EL AYCARE! WE LEAVE AND TRAVEL OUT... OUT OVER THE SHIFTING SANDS!

...OUT OVER THE SAHARA... OVER THE BLEACHED BONES OF MEN WE TRAVEL! WE KEEP TRAVEL-ING, MY FRIENDS, OVER THE HORIZON, TO... TO BROOKLYN!
WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...

WEIRD SCIENCE

IN THIS ISSUE: E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY OF RAY BRADBURY

ANALYTICAL ENTERTAINMENT COMIC! ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

ROOKIE GLADIATOR

Friends, Romans, Countrymen!

We are about to bring you the play-by-play of today's big doubleheader from the Colosseum! We have an exciting afternoon all lined up for you. Hear? Don't go 'way!

The SLAVES are going to take on the LIONS in the first game... and the league-leading GAULS will face the BRITONS in the night-cap. Those BRITONS are in the cellar as far as the league standings go, but they sure can make things hot for the first division teams! There is a common belief that whatever team is ahead by the Ides of March is a cinch to win the pennant. Well, that's not so! This flag race may not be decided until the last day of the season! The MOORS are in second place by only one game in the lost column!

But now... a word from our sponsor!

"Why spend denarii on over-head when you can't wear it? Buy your togas at Tiberius's... off plain marble columns!" Tiberius has convenient stores in Britannia, Gallia, Armenia, Colchis, Iberia, Albania, Peloponnesus, and Graecia... open from nine until nine!"

The Colosseum is certainly crowded today. We're waiting for the official attendance. The right field bleachers are filled! Our booth is right above the box of Gaius Deicius, the Illyrian Emperor of Rome. The game should begin any minute now! Deicius will throw out the first SLAVE! I think the SLAVES are being familiarized with the ground rules. They don't seem to like standing in the center of the field.
arena. They want to come up into the stands! Since the LIONS are the visiting team, they’ll get first licks!

Now the LIONS have come out on the field. The game has started! It appears that the LIONS are too strong for the SLAVES, who have been riddled with injuries since opening day.

But now... our sponsor!

"Travel the safe, luxurious way... travel the Appian Way! Rates are lower now than ever before! Special rates are available to centurions and their families!"

Now back to the game! This first contest is becoming a complete rout. Looks like the LIONS will shut out the SLAVES!

The crowd is waiting for the second game. They’re going to get their first look at the young rookie gladiator in action. He was just brought up from the minors where he was burning up the Etruscan League! They say he has a good eye and plenty of speed. He’s one of those bonus players! Decius gave him the Roman Senate as a bonus. I hope the boy lives up to his advance press notices. You know, there’s an awful lot of pressure on him! He’ll be eager... swinging for the fence!! He’s in the big show now. But will he stick? If he does, the people will erect a statue to him in the Assembly. He’ll be riding in the car-bird seat of the Emperor’s chariot!

If he fails... it’ll be "thumbs down"!

The officials had better get this game under way! In the event the game is called on account of darkness, it won’t go into the record books. The Roman League has a new ruling that the torches cannot be lit for a day game!

Ye Immortal Gods! I’d hate to have to fry fish for all the plebians assembled here today!
Cosmo McMoon sauntered into Captain Malfeasance O'Malley's office...three hours later!

"Where have you been? What took you so long to get here after my emergency call?" asked the impatient law enforcer.

"I couldn't find a parking space outside headquarters for my yak!! It's corrupt politics...that's what it is! Discrimination against yak!! I notice the llamas get away with murder in this town!"

The llamas have a strong lobby. I'd suggest you take your complaints before the city council at their next meeting.

"Rest assured the Society for the Advancement of Bovine Ruminants from Upper Asia will hear of this indignity!! Meanwhile, I have to enroll Melvin...my yak...in a day nursery near uptown Central Park!"

Captain O'Malley turned to introduce a nervous little man with a red walrus mustache. "Cosmo...this is Mr. Morningside Mac Mixmaster, president of Random Shack Publishing Company! One of his most brilliant authors is missing...perhaps kidnapped!"

The publisher hastened to tell Cosmo the details. "No doubt you have read the latest best-seller by our precocious young writer, TRUMAN REMOTE!" Mac Mixmaster handed Cosmo a copy of "Other Hearse-Other Tombs", which had a picture of the author on the back cover. Truman Remote looked like a youth of eighteen. The lenses of his eyeglasses were of milk bottle thickness. His hair was combed down straight on his forehead in bangs and he had an air of detachment about him. In his left hand he held a dandelion.

"Quite a scholarly and intense personality", remarked Cosmo. "I'll wager he doesn't even bother to call for his royalty checks!"

"Yes...Truman Remote is above the mundane things of life! He would rather commune with nature. He spends most of his time collecting species of the Taraxacum officinale...the dandelion plant. I'd suggest you start searching for him in all the local parks and meadows!"

A few days later, Cosmo and O'Malley were combing the outfield grass in Lankee Stadium. They had searched every other park in the city but had found no clues. Suddenly, Cosmo came upon some withered and discarded dandelions. "Send these withered dandelions to the city coroner for an autopsy. Find out how long they've been dead and whether they were plucked or strangled!!" Just then, a new development in the case came forth...a trail of some more crushed dandelions! The two sleuths followed the trail all the way downtown. The trail ended at the curb in front of a dilapidated tenement house on the lower eastside!!

Suddenly, a black sedan swung around the corner! Cosmo yelled as he hit the sidewalk, "Get behind that storage mailbox, O'Malley, or you'll end up in the dead letter office!!!" There was a chatter from a Thompson sub-machine-gun. Then the assassin-car sped away. Cosmo was relieved to see that his friend was unharmed by the spray of slugs. "Did you get the license number, O'Malley?"

The car was a Buick '49 with three Goodyear tires, one Firestone! The driver was blond, blue-eyed, 5'8", and weighed about 195. He was wearing a Bond suit, Adler elevator shoes, Argyle socks, a white Arrow shirt (15-35), and a maroon turtle-neck sweater! Too bad I couldn't get the license number. It all happened too fast!!

"Well, never mind!!", said Cosmo. "Let's force our way into the cellar of this house...the trail ends here!!" Captain O'Malley pulled his recoilless cannon out of his shoulder holster. As Cosmo battered the four-ply oak door in with a butt of his knee-cap.

There, in the center of a long trough, his trousers rolled up to his knees, was Truman Remote! He was stomping up and down...pressing dandelions with his bare feet! The dandelion juice ran from the trough into a huge fermenting vat. A tough looking character covered him with a revolver. Suddenly, the startled thug whirled and drew a bead on O'Malley! Cosmo shot the gun in the hand with a rapid burst from his high-powered slingshot!!

"So...we meet again, Vino Mascatore! This time you'll rot in jail for kidnapping...and for forcing Truman Remote to make bootleg dandelion wine!!!"

Now the case was closed and Truman Remote was restored to his anguished publisher. Cosmo was back in O'Malley's office when he received a phone call.

The voice on the other end said, "Hello! Is this Mr. Cosmo McMoon? This is Miss Marie Severin of the Uptown Day Nursery!! Come and get your Melvin...immediately! I can't do a thing with him. He won't share his milk and chocolate-covered graham crackers with the rest of the children!!"

V-VAMPIRES!

KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK

KLEK KLEK KLEK

GULF:

CHUFF CHUFF
BLIMEY! DEAD END! TRAPPED! NO! GET AWAY!
BLIMEY! FOLLOWING ME! WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME!
ALLA TIME... ALLA TIME FOLLOWING ME! GO ON BACK HOME OR I’LL PASTE YOU ONE! POP OFF! BLIMEY!
SUPPOSENT WE DON’T WANNA?

LISTEN ‘ERE, SIS! WE KNOW YER GOING TER MEET YER BOY FRIEND!... WELL, WE DON’T LEAVE TILL YOU COUGH UP A COUPLE THRpENCE, TUrpENCE, AND A Ha’PENNY!

GLRTZ!

GO’ HOME! FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE! HAVEN’T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE VAMPIRE THAT IS ROAMING THE STREETS OF LONDON? LITTLE CHILDREN LIKE YOU ARE CARELESS!... YOU LET STRANGERS SNEAK RIGHT UP BEHIND YOU...
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THE VAMPIRE SNUCK UP BEHIND YOU? YOU'D BE SCARED! NOT LIKE US GROWN-UPS! THAT'S WHY US GROWN-UPS CAN GO OUT IN THE EVENINGS! WE'RE NOT SCARED...SEE...SCOO...SCREEE

BOOUSH! FOOM!

I SAY, GODIVA, ISN'T IT A BIT RIDICULOUS...CHASING ABOUT THIS TREE?

RENREW! MY BOY FRIEND LOR' LUM AN' BUM EYEW!

YES, GODIVA! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU AND 'O! ARE THESE TWO LITTLE CHAPS? 'O!

THEY'RE MY TWO PESKY KID-BROTHERS! THAT'S 'O! THEY WANT SOME BLACKMAIL BEFORE THEY'LL GO AWAY! TOSS THEM A COUPLE THRUPENCE, HA'PENCE, TUPPENCE, WILL YOU, RENREW, OLD CHAP?

I DON'T HAVE A HA'PENCE, BUT I HAVE FOUR HA'PENNY, THRUPENNY, TUPPENCE TUPPENCE TUPPENCE, AND A LEAD SLUG THAT YOU CAN USE TO PLAY THE SLOT MACHINES! NOW POP OFF!

THANKS, GUNNER!

GLITZ!

YOU'RE A REGULAR TOFF YEW ARE!

IT! OL' CHAP!
I SAY GODIVA! ISN'T THIS A BIT IRREGULAR, THOSE LITTLE CHAPS FLYING AWAY?

OH AREN'T THEY THE RASCALS, THOUGH!

AND ISN'T IT A BIT IRREGULAR THAT YOU HAD ME MEET YOU HERE, IN A CEMETERY?

LISTEN, RENFREW! PEOPLE DIE TO GET IN HERE! BESIDES, COULD YOU THINK OF A MORE DISCREET PLACE FOR TWO YOUNG FOOLS MADLY IN LOVE TO HAVE A TRYST? IN OTHER WORDS...

CAHMON, RENF? LET'S NECK!

BUT, GODIVA, THE NIGHT IS DARK!

WOW! C'MON!

BUT GODIVA! THE STORIES ABOUT THE VAMPIRE ROAMING LONDON...

TWEET! YAHOO! C'MON!

VEddy well, godiva, old chap! I give you this as a sign of my affection!

YOU KISSED ME!

FRESH! TAKE ME HOME!

FORGIVE ME, GODIVA! BLASTED FOG DOES THINGS TO A MAN, YOU KNOW! IF YOU'LL SHOW ME THE BLASTED WAY I'LL TAKE YOU BLASTED HOME!

WHY IT'S NOT VEddy FAR AS A MATTER OF FACT IT'S JUST AHEAD!

YOU? YOU LIVE IN A M-M-M-M-MASOLEUM?

OF CUSs! ... YOU THINK IT'S EASY?
C'MON IN, RENFREW! I'LL FIX YOU A CUP OF COOL, WET TEA!
GAD WOMAN! THAT SMILE...

C'MON IN! I GOT COKE ON A MARBLE SLAB! NICE AND COLD!
THOSE LIPS... THOSE TEETH...

C'MON IN! I GOT SOME MOULDY OLD BLINTZES LEFT OVER FROM LAST YEAR!
ESPECIALLY THOSE TEETH...

HOW 'BOUT A PLATE OF BLOOD-RED BORSCHT? OR MAYBE JUST A PLATE OF BLOOD?
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN USING YOUR CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE!

ARF A MO!
GODIVA'S TEETH! THEY'RE NOT TEETH! THEY'RE FANGS! BAT FANGS!

GODIVA IS...
AN UMPIRE!

DASH IT ALL, I MEAN VAMPIRE!
I MUST DESTROY THE VAMPIRE! BUT HOW? I WILL RUSH HOME TO MY STUDY! SURELY, IN MY LIBRARY OF RARE, MUSTY OLD MOROCCAN LEATHER BOUND BOOKS, I WILL FIND OUT HOW TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE!

HAH! I FOUND IT! IN MY 'VAULT OF HORROR' COMIC BOOK #9! RIGHT AFTER THE STORY OF THE THING IN THE SWAMP THAT EATS UP THE GRANDMA ALIVE... IT TELLS HOW TO KILL A VAMPIRE!

DUST OFF THEM BLINTZES, GODIVA, 'CAUSE HERE I COME!

BOP! SHMEK!
SQUISH! KRAK!
THUD!
MROOM SMASH!
SPLATTER!
That did it! Just like the comic book specified! To kill a vampire, you've got to drive a stake through its heart!

Blasted comic book didn't specify a t-bone stake or a flank stake... no matter! That's the end of Godiva and her splay-toothed crew!

Eep! The full-moon!

Dash it! Too bad I had to knock Godiva and her family off! I wanted to show her something tonight.

At parties, the fellows that played accordians or had bow-ties that lit in the dark...

...were always the life of the parties! Godiva never thought I could be the life of a party... tonight...

I was going to show her I could do a trick that'd make me the life of any old party...

...how under the full moon I change to a werewolf!

Ech... maybe it's a good thing I knocked off Godiva! Being a werewolf is tough enough these days without getting competition from blooming vampires.

Hi-ho! I think I'll go down to Pickadilly Circus and howl at some babes!

Rowr!

Roll over!

Put up! Hup!

Grrrough!

Beg!

Down! Heel boy!
WESTERN DEPT.: AND NOW, LET US TELL A STORY OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN LAW AND ORDER RODE THE PLAINS ON A WHITE STALLION BEHIND A BLACK MASK! ... LOOK! HERE HE COMES! A FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT... A CLOUD OF DUST AND A HEARTY NIYO GOLDEN! IT'S THE...

LONE STRANGER!

Yuh got me, masked man! Muh bank robbin' days is ovuh, yuh got me, 'tween thuh eyes!

Lemme... Lemme jus' dig out the bullet hyar! ... Eek! A golden bullet!

Why you're... you're the LONE STRANGER!
HERE, GOLDEN! COME ON, BOY!
PRONTO'S WAITING AT THE END OF THE TRAIL!

SO HIYO GOLDEN!

HA AAAAAY!

OOO!

COME BACK HERE, GOLDEN!

CONSARNE HOSSES!
I NEVER COULD JUMP ON A HOSSES LIKE THEY DO IN THE MOVIN' PITCHERS!

WELL... PRONTO'S WAITIN' AT THE END O' THAT LL OL' TRAIL!

THERE'S THE CAMP UP AHEAD!
WHERE'S THAT OL' RASCAL, PRONTO? HE PROMISED HE'D HAVE BRUNCH READY WHEN I GOT BACK!

WELL... GUESS I'LL GET THE CAMPFIRE GOING!!

AAH... THIS IS THE LIFE! OUT HERE! NATURE! BUILDING A CAMPFIRE WITH RUSTIC IMPLEMENTS!

... NOTHING LIKE BUILDING A CAMPFIRE WITH THESE LL OL' RUSTIC IMPLEMENTS!

DRAT! WHERE'S THAT OL' RAPSCALLION, PRONTO? I'LL SACK HIM IF HE DON'T WATCH OUT!

CLICK!
PRONTO!... Tivo, Kinosavee! Vas \textit{ist los}?

UGH! HALLO, LONE STRANGER! YOU LOOKUM MIGHTY PALE TODAY! ME GO HANG 'ROUND BAR-ROOM IN TOWN LIKE YOU SAY! ME HEARUM COUPLE FELLAR SAY...

PEY SAY HOW THEY GONNA ROB AFTERNOON STAGE-COACH... HEY, YOU LOOKUM MIGHTY SKINNY, TOO! MEBBE SO YOU NEED TAKE VACATION FOR WEEK IN CATSKILLS!

ROB THE STAGE COACH? EASY-STEADY, BIG FELLOW! THE LONE STRANGER RIDES AGAIN!

WAIT! HOLD THE STAGE! HALT! STOP! HO-DOWN! WHOA!

IT'S A MASKED MAN!

LOOK, BOYS!

IT'S AN OUTLAW! GET THE OWL-HOOT! I SAY, FELLOWS! YOU'RE MAKING TEPIDBLE MISTAKE!

HE WANTS TO ROB THE STAGE!

I'M NOT AN OUTLAW! I CAN PROVE IT! LOOK AT THESE PAPER CLIPPINGS! LOOKY HYAR, BULLETS!

LOOKY HYAR, BULLETS! GOLDEN BULLETS! HOOM! THIS MAN IS THE LONE STRANGER!

SHERIFF! THIEVES ARE AFTER THE STAGE-COACH! I HAVE A PLAN! I'LL HIDE INSIDE THE CASH-BOX, AND WHEN 85 85 85 ST...
HYAR COMES THE STAGECOACH, BOYS!
GET READY!

THIS IS A STICK-UP!
EVERYBODY PUT UP YOUR HANDS, HEY!

WHY... HAIN'T NO ONE IN THAR BUT OLD MEN, WOMEN AN' A CHEE-ILD!

ALL RIGHT, BOY! THROW DOWN THE CASH BOX!
BUST IT OPEN WITH YER PISTOL BUTT, LUKEY!
YOU FELLAS HEAR SOMETHIN' HEY?

ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN!
PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

I CAN'T GET THIS CASH BOX OPEN NO HOW!

LET THUN HOSKICK IT AROUN', LUKEY!

HEY FELLAS, DON'T YOU HEAR SOMETHIN'? ...HEY?

CRUNCH

EFEN THIS DON'T DO IT, NOTHING WILL!

L'ES BLOW IT UP WITH DYNAMITE, LUKEY!

ERGESESOUS! LE'S TOS IT OFF N THE BLUFF, LUKEY!

CRASH

EEEK!
OOh! He got me on the edge of my shoulder just enough to drop my gun!

Oww! He tipped the point of my head just enough to knock me out!

EEEee! He got the mechanism in my gun just enough so's it won't shoot!

Ay! He nicked the end of my trigger finger so's I can't fire!

BLAM

TING!

BL-BLAM

TING!

VA DOOM

TING!

BLBADAM

TING!

Are you people all right?

Oh you tall in the saddle masked man, my hero! I'm going to give you a great big kiss!

Scuse me ma'am, but I don't mess around with the women folk, ma'am!

C'mere, you great big hunk of raw-boned cactus. Lemme give you a great big slobbering kiss!

Now ma'am! TEEHEEHEE! Don't go messin' around here! HEEHEEHEE LOOKOUT! HEEHEEHOOP!

THUD!

Haw haw! I'll kiss you, all right! With the butt-end of my gun! You didn't figger on an inside man on this job!

Now let's see what you look like without that mask!
GEE WILLIKERS! I'll be the first one to see the masked man without his mask!

JUST UNDO THIS LITTLE OLD STRING HERE, AN...

GOLLY!

NO! IT CAN'T BE!

HEY, EVERYBODY! YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I JUST SAW!

WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHO THE MASKED MAN IS! WAIT! JUST WAIT!

THE MASKED MAN... THE MASKED MAN IS... HE IS...

BLAM! BLAADAM!

BLAM BLAM

PRONTO! PRONTO YOU OL' RAPSCALLION! TIYO YOU GOOD OL' KIMOSAVEE!

-CUT OUT TIYO KIMOSAVEE BOLONEY! INSTEAD, MEBBE SO WE SNITCH COUPLE COINS FROM CASH-BOX! WE GOTTA MAKE LIVING SOMEHOW!
WELL... THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT GANG OF OWL Hoots WHO'VE BEEN FLAUGING YUCCA-FUCCA GULCH FOR SO LONG!

YEAH, AN' WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU, MASKED MAN!

MASKED MAN? HEY, MASKED MAN, HEY!

WHERE DAT OL' MASKED MAN?

THE MASKED MAN IS GONE!

SAY... WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN ANYHOW?

HEY, BOY! LET'S HIT UM ROAD!

WHY... THAT...

HEY, BOY! ME GOT TO MAKE BRUNCH!

THAT MAN WAS...

ME WANNA GO SPYING IN DEM BAR-ROOMS, BOY!

NOT YET, PRONTO!

NOT YET, PRONTO! WAIT... WAIT...

...THE LO-O-O-ONE STRANGER!

NOW! HIYO GOLDEN...

HA-WAAAAAAY!

DRAT! MISSED AGAIN! COME BACK HERE, GOLDEN! COME BACK HERE!
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Yours,
Bob Jackson
ARKANSAS

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and
TIRED as I and thousands of
MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN
WERE OF BEING
SKINNY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did!
Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day
and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

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 TO MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I burned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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