H TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU No.5 JUN-JULY YOU SAY YOU LOST YOUR VOICE FIND IT?... AT LAST AN EXCITING PRIVATE BILL ELDER

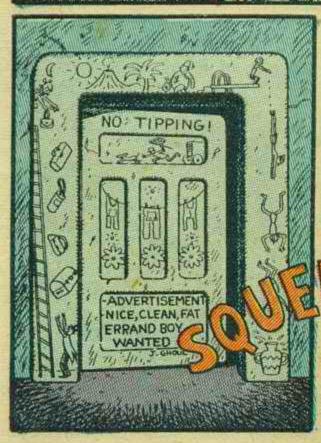
THE "PUBLISHER OF THE ISSUE" WILLIAM M. GAINES ALIAS MELVIN

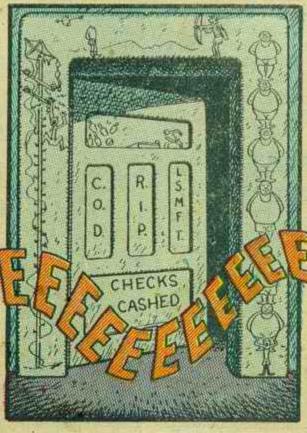


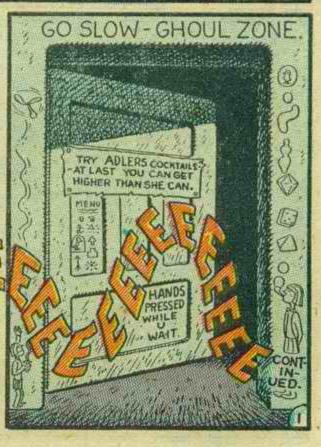
William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don' care if it don't gotta plot! I don' care if it don't got grammar! I don' care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get inta every story sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes, and all the rest of that esoterica what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester County, N. Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

Mad, June-July, 1953—Vol. 1, No. 5. Published Bi-Monthly by Educational Comics, Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, Editor, Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 75c. Elsewhere \$1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1953 by Educational Comics, Inc. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

HORROR DEPT: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DROP THIS COMIC BOOK! SET RID OF IT! BURY IT! DO ANYTHING ONLY DON'T LISTEN TO THIS STORY! FOR IN FRONT OF YOU IS A DOOR, BEHIND WHICH LIES A STORY THAT WILL DO THINGS... STRANGE THINGS ... TO YOU... TO YOUR MIND! FOR THIS IS THE INNER DOOR TO THE ...







MAIL OR FEMAIL

SUGGESTIONS

HEADOUARIERS



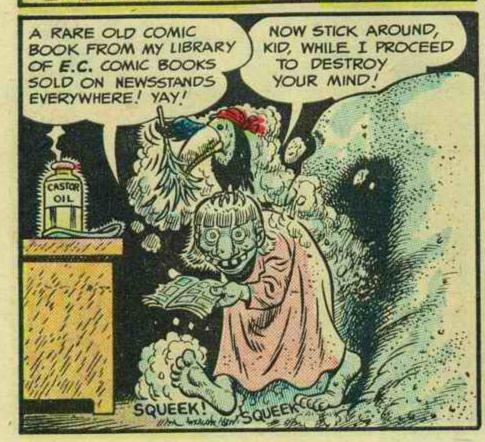














... JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!



INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE 'PROFESSOR'!



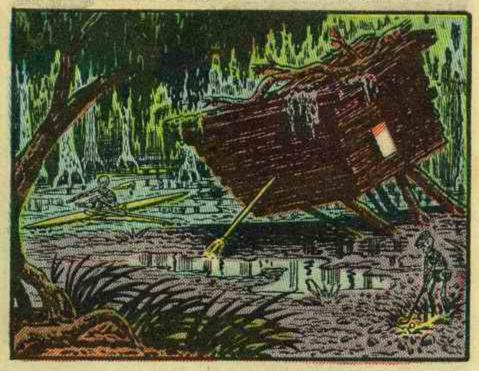
YES ... A MAN WITH A

BRILLIANT MIND WORKED,

DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CON-TENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING ...

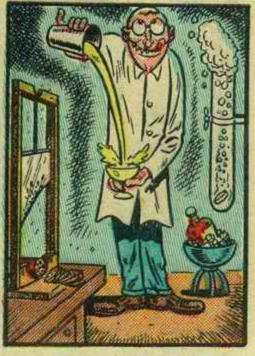


OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE ... LOOK, PIC OR QUICK! ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!



... WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!





WORKED AGAINST TIME...NOW

THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE!

THE MIXTURE WAS READY!

...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE ... A MIXTURE OF THIS SWAMP!



AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! "SKOFF, SKOFF!" THEY HAD SKOFFED! NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!

SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE! IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-





... SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY ... COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!

NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENO-KEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF THINGS... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEEKENOFEE!







...AND ... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW ... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN ... PULSATED ... QUIVERED ... AND GREW!

GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT ... HEAP!





WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND IT! HEAP! STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THIS 'HEAP' CAME A CROAK ... THAT SOUNDED LIKE ... 'PAPA'!

AS 'HEAP' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!



THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!

...AND THEN IT HAPPENED! THIS FESTERING, PALPITATING
HEAP OF GARBAGE SUDDENLY CRAWLED OVER THE
TRUCKS SIDEBOARDS, INTO THE STREET, AND UP THE BANK STEPS!





THEN...LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS 'HEAP' SLATHERED INTO THE TELLER'S CAGE AND SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!

THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!

LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK AND WAS GONE! HEAP HAD STRUCK!







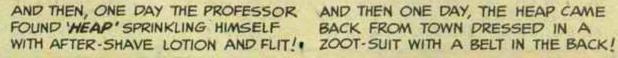
BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENOKEEDOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!



IT WAS EASY TO KEEP 'HEAP' HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ... COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS ... A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWS -PAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL ...



THEN ... A CHANGE CAME OVER 'HEAP! ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING FOUND 'HEAP' SPRINKLING HIMSELF HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!



AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A







ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRI-BLE CONCLUSION ... HEAP' WAS IN LOVE! THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!

IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! BY GEORGE...THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!





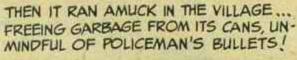
THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN 'HEAP' CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!

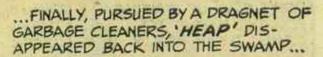


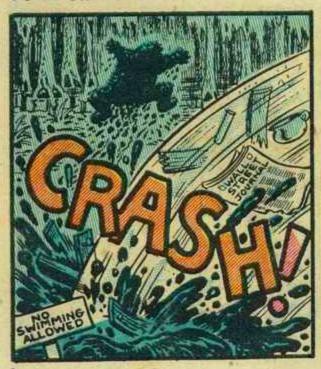
AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF 'HEAP,' AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...



... THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRING-ING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!











... NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN! ... SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE 17 WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

SOME SAY IT FOUND THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE ... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY TINY LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!























YES, DEAR READER, THESE ARE THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS... FLYING, FLYING, DYING FOR THE FUN OF IT! OH, I'M TELLING YOU... WHAT FUN! COME, THEN! COME ... TO A TINY ISLAND FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN! LATITUDE ... ADVENTURE, LONGITUDE ... CANGER! FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF ... THE ROOST OF ... THE COOP OF ... THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!



THE TO SHEET VIEW

AND ESTABLISHED BY







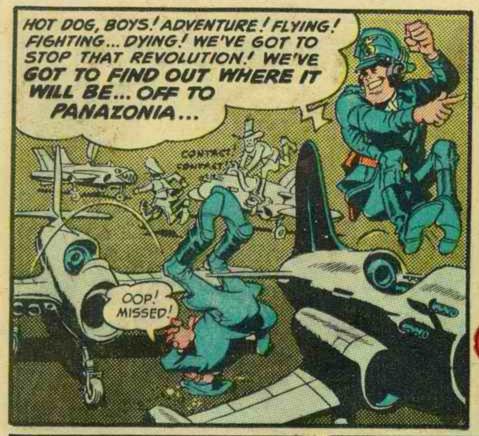








LISTEN CAREFULLY, MON BRAVES! I



























LISTEN, HAWK! YOU AND I COULD

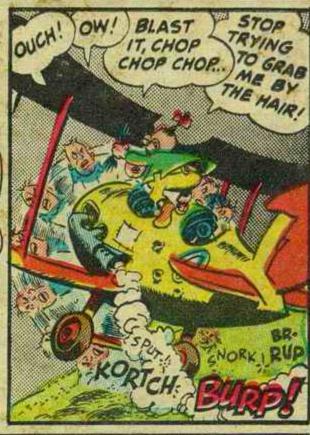




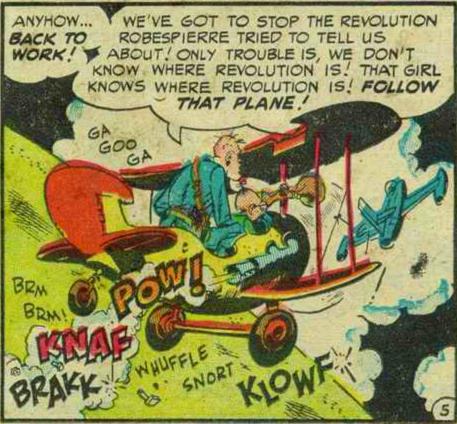






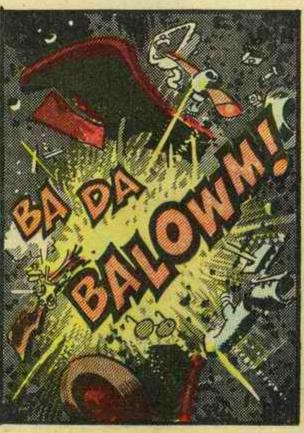


















SNIFF! THIS LIFE PRESERVER IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH









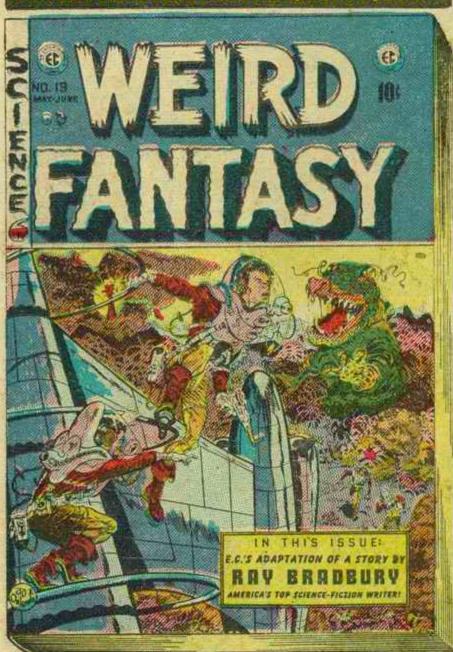


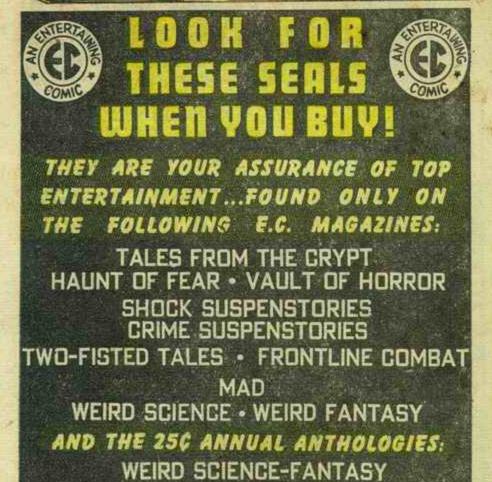




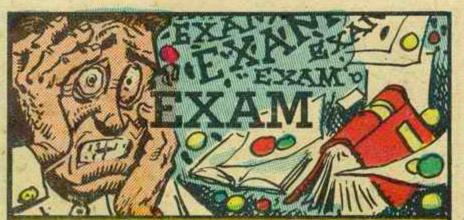


WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...





TWO-FISTED ANNUAL . TALES OF TERROR



Examination days are occasions inseparably associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average college student on an exam day!

11:30 p.m. to 6:31 a.m.:

Grotesque dream of the entire faculty, be comingly clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.

A.M.:

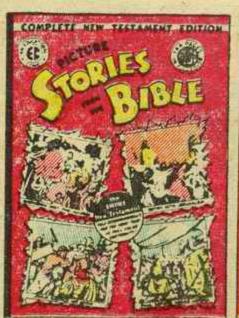
- 6:32—Awoke from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.
- 6:33-Wished to be in Tahiti.
- 6:34-Wished to be back in the third grade.
- 6:37—Washed savagely. Soap in eye. No towels.
- 6:42—Button on collar refuses to function. Ripped it off in desperation and pulled up tie until it threatened strangulation.
- 7:00—Greeted family with inarticulate grunt.

 Bore their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.
- 7:05—Hearty breakfast of one piece of toast and one cup of coffee.
- 7:20-Departed, slamming door.
- 7:25-Sneered at traffic cop.
- 7:39—Boarded train in a half-hope for an open switch and a sort of miraculous wreck that would ruin the train without injuring anybody.
- 7:45-Made conductor wait for ticket.
- 7:48—Tried to think of what Archimedes did and why he did it.
- 7:51-Opened Physics book.

- 7:52-Closed Physics book.
- 8:10-Left train regretfully.
- 8:15—Hailed classmate and walked together in gloomy silence.
- 8:30—Arrived in silent, oh so silent, students' lounge.
- 8:35-Smoked.
- 8:40-Looked at watch.
- 8:41-Asked friend the time.
- 8:42-Wondered what time it was.
- 8:45-Stared at stricken figures of classmates.
- 8:47—Had serious talk with self. Decided that there was nothing to fear.
- 8:48-Began to tremble.
- 8:50-Resolved to do a lot of studying next term.
- 8:52-Straightened tie as first bell rang.
- 8:55—Arrived in classroom. Managed sickly smile and faint greeting for the proctor.
- 9:00—Looked over exam. Feeling in stomach became acute.
- 9:01—Wondered if that pain might be appendicitis.
- 9:05-Coughed.
- 9:07-Began examination.
- 9:45-Looked out window. Envied child in baby carriage.
- 10:20—Made desperate search of mind for that formula needed for problem.
- 10:30-Felt inspired. Wrote something.
- 11:05—Handed in exam paper with a silent prayer.
- 11:10-Dashed hysterically for the train.
- 11:33-Boarded train.
- 11:45—Thought of correct formula for that problem.
- 11:50—Inspected fingernails.

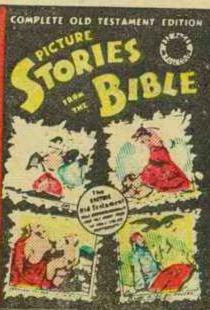
P.M .:

- 12:20-Arrived home.
- 12:22—Answered all queries with, "I'll know when the marks come out!"
- 12:23-Coughed.



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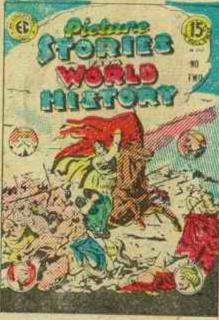


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We've said it in our advertisements! We've said it on our covers! MAD IS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD! We, the editors of MAD do not make false statements! We said we'd drive you mad. AND WE MEANT IT! Now...here is proof... proof positive that MAD is driving our readers quite insane! Here is a sampling of letters from some of our MAD readers! Read them and see what MAD did for THEM! SEE WHAT MAD CAN DO FOR YOU!

Dear Editors.

I rushed to buy a copy of MAD and showed it to all of my friends. They both died laughing. Here is the coroner's report: "... as a direct result of asphyxiation, and due to hilarious and sustained laughter."—David S. Hawley—Albuquerque, New Mexico

... I keep my MAD Classics on the same shelt with my Harvard Classics.—John R. Williams—Groton, Conn.

... When my brother was reading your latest edition of MAD, he laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gut. He did! Am enclosing bill for one busted gut!—Tim Rice—Wash., D. C. (Hey ... you mean EEE-see, don't ya Tim?—editors)

... I love MAD. Don't pay any attention to those uncouth persons who are criticizing you.—Ernest Gardner —Newark, N. J.

... Melvyn has the qualities of making a good president. Long Live Melvyn! Long Live Mad.—The Mad Cadets of Greenbrier Military School—Lewisburg, W. Va.

... Next to MAD, we all love Marilyn Monroe. Can you work HER into a take-off? Bring back Melvyn of the Apes.—Bob Olson—Culver Military Academy Ino address given! (Don't know about a take-off, Bob, but we'd gladly EXCHANGE Mad for Marilyn!—ed.)

... Mad is real cool. It's real frampton, George, and that sort of tommyrot.—Daniel J. Saffer—North Wales, Pa.

... I like your MAD so much that I'm playing pingpong with my head.—Bubba Bailey—Wichita Falls, Texas (That's O.K. if your head is rubba, Bubba!—ed.)

...I am an airplane stewardess. I found the first issue of Mad flung on a seat of one of our planes. The entire crew have been loyal readers since.—Bev Evans—Northern Pacific Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

... I have just finished reading your latest copy of MAD and the little men in the white jackets are here.—
Elaine North—Minneapolis, Minn.

... (1)-Stan Shapiro-Chicago, Ill. (??-ed.)

. . . I saw the word "pizza Pie" in your "Dragged

Net" story, and I'm sorry to say that in Italian, the word "pizza" means "pie." So what you really were saying was, "pie pie"! John Anastasio—New Haven, Conn. P.S. What in the world is "borscht"?

"Borscht" is a soup! Quite often, pizza pie is DUNKED in borscht. This is nothing as delicious as borscht-sopped pizza pie, with an Irish stew chaser!—ed.

... I don't know how I'd face life without MADI It has everyone around here screaming. Please continue stories like "Dragged Net" and "Mole."—David Cassell—Erie, Pa

I am the librarian for my ship, and I distribute the various magazines among the crew. All my shipmates have read the one copy of MAD we have on board. Although the cover of this mag is now off, and the pages are ragged, I am still retaining my original copy to show to my friends when I go home.—Ralph Cassol—U.S.S. Badoeng Strait CVE 116, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calit.

I am manager of the Lake Theater in Lake Worth, Florida. "Dragged Net" had me in stitches, and I showed it to the ushers. I couldn't get any work out of them all night long!—Charles Cassini—Lake Worth, Fla.

Bet the neckers in the balcony had a good night, Charlie!—ed.

... What I like best in your issue was the "Sheik of Araby," which I believe might easily be a satire on "Beau Geste." Whoever rigged it up deserves a lot of credit. Your MAD is satirical, subtle, and sophisticated, and I am bewitched, bothered, and bewildered. It's actually a "high-brow" comic, but I hope the public takes to it!—Robert L. Drazen—Brooklyn, N. Y.

... After reading Mad, I got a little room all to myself.
Funny thing . . . it's got pads? Don't give up the book
... I've just begun to read!—Donald Cole—USAF, Albuquerque, N. M.

O.K., D.C. (D.C.? . . . NO . . . EEE SEE!) If'n ya promise not to buy till ya see the whites of our E.C. emblems!—ed.

AND NOT ONLY IS MAD CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD, IT'S ROUNDER, FIRMER, MORE FULLY PACKED. SO FREE AND EASY ON THE GUFFAWI Well, please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues...full year's supply!) is:

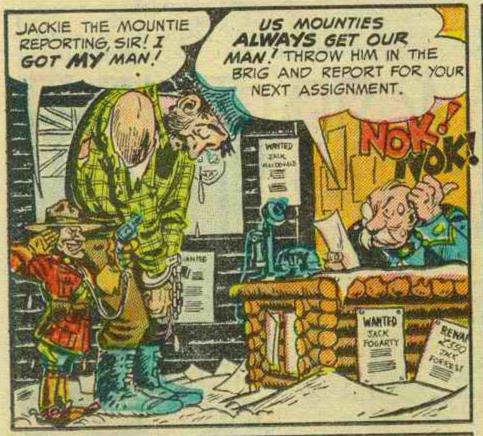
Mad Editors Room 706, Dept. 5 225 Latayette St. N. Y. C. 12, N. Y. TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST DEPT: THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES HAVE HAD MANY A SHINING HERO...
RENFREW OF THE MOUNTIES, KING OF THE MOUNTIES, SILVER EAGLE OF THE MOUNTIES... AND MANY MORE!
BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO A STORY ON THE MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL! YES... YOU GUESSED IT...



OUR STORY STARTS IN A LOG CABIN OFFICE BUILDING IN THE UPPER MANITOBA SWAMPLANDS! SEATED BEHIND A LOG CABIN DESK, SITS SCOTT YARDLAND, CHIEF OF THE ROYAL MOUNTIES!

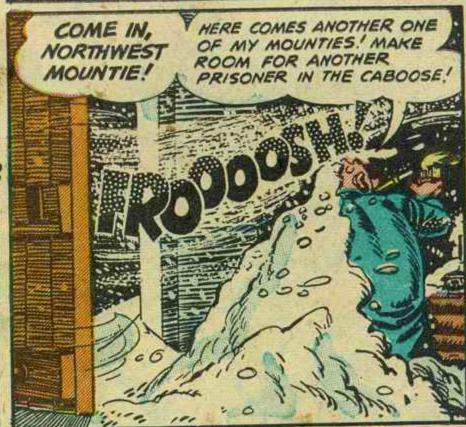
















I TRAILED HIM FROM HERE TO THE









SCOGGINS! I'VE GOT A BIT OF A



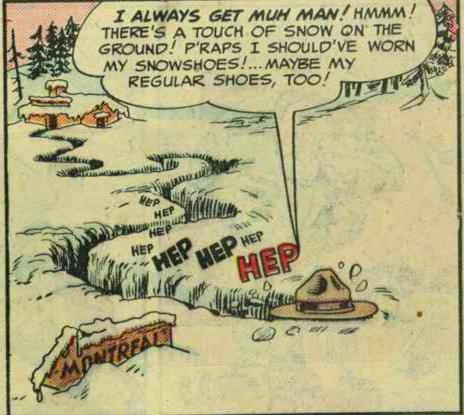












































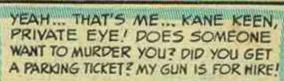




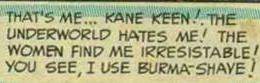




CRIME DEPT.: IN A DINGY TWO BY FOUR OFFICE ON THE MAIN STEM ... AROUND A BULLET-SCARRED DESK, WELL-PACKED WITH REVOLVERS, SCOTCH, SODA, PRETZELS, ICE ... BEING CHASED BY A BLONDE SECRETARY, ALSO WELL-PACKED ... RUNNING WITH TRENCH COAT COLLAR UP, BELT PULLED TIGHT ... RUNS ...









AT THE MOMENT I AM TRYING TO SHAKE MY SECRETARY WHO HAS BEEN TRAILING ME ALL DAY! ... HAH! A KNOCK ON THE DOOK!









































































CONFESSION? MURDER? I'M





















. . . said the SCANDAL-HUNGRY BRUNETTE. Was she lying? Was she "screwy"? Or was she really guilty?

killed that Cop.



Rex Stout mirrors Ugatha THOMAS WALSH pristie QUENTIN COLES

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FULL SIZED HARD COVERED NEW BOOKS THE KING IS DEAD by ELLERY QUEEN

Somebody killed sadistic Mr. Bendigo. But the murder weapon was an EMPTY gun!
And it was "fired" through
a solid steel door!

BLACK WIDOW by PATRICK QUENTIN

A girl dead in your apart-ment! Her suicide note blames you. Her angry friends say she was YOUR girl friend. But YOU have seen her ONLY ONCE in your whole life!

NEVER BET YOUR LIFE

by GEORGE H. COXE Every cent the murdered gambler owned was willed to Dave Barnum, But Dave had to BET HIS LIFE to prove HE wasn't the killer!

by MANNING COLES

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