

No. 104

MAY

TEN CENTS



Adventure COMICS

Another
EXCITING STORY OF

SUPERMAN
WHEN
HE WAS
SUPERBOY



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Your RED CROSS must carry on!



They lie in hospitals, thousands of our finest--sick, cruelly maimed. Who is to write their letters, hear their troubles, answer when they call for "Mom"? Mom can't be there. But your Red Cross can, and must be there. Many thousands more Americans, still overseas, must count on the Red Cross for comfort and cheer. So won't you give to the Red Cross? This is your chance to say, "Thanks, Soldier, for all you've done!"



WAR IS NEVER OVER FOR THE RED CROSS!

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Printed in U.S.A.

SUPERBOY

JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER



THE MAKING OF TOYS IS BOTH AN ART AND AN INDUSTRY—AND MUCH OF IT IS IN THE HANDS OF YOUNGSTERS, BUILDING MODEL SHIPS AND PLANES, DOLLS AND PUPPETS, TRAINS AND TOWNS, AT HOME AND IN SCHOOL. AND HERE YOU WILL SEE TWO SIDES OF THAT FASCINATING BUSINESS—A DARK ONE AND A BRIGHT ONE—AS SUPERBOY ROCKETS INTO BREATH-TAKING ACTION TO RESCUE A BLIND BOY GENIUS AND PREVENT THE LOOTING OF THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY YOU HAVE EVER VISITED —

"TOY TOWN, U.S.A.!"

IN THIS SLEEK SKYSCRAPER, ELEVATORS SPEED UP AND DOWN, OFFICE LIGHTS GLEAM, AND AN AIRPLANE BEACON ATOP THE SPIRE BLINKS RED AND GREEN...

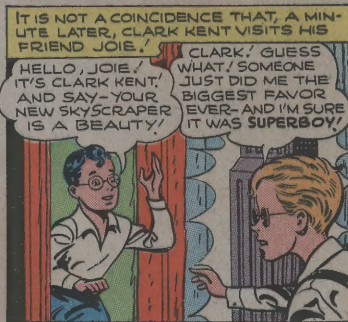
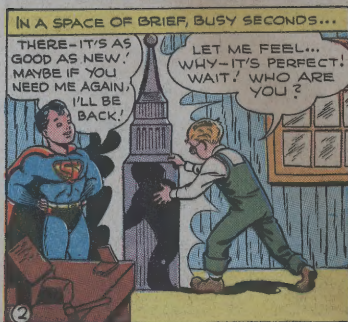
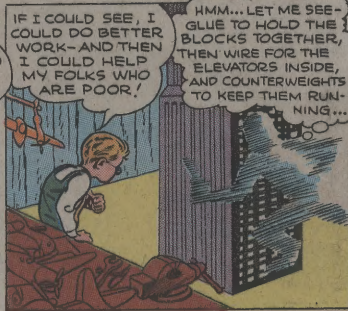
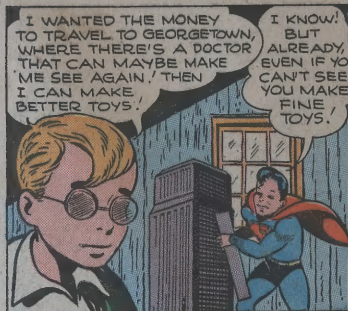
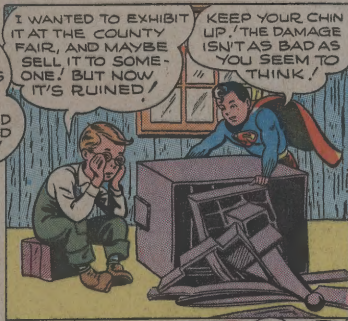
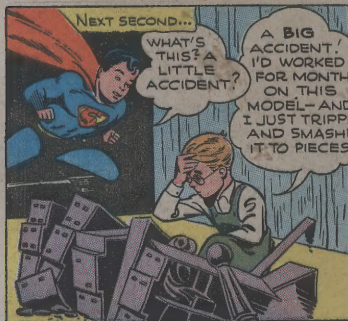
SUDDENLY—
CATASTROPHE!

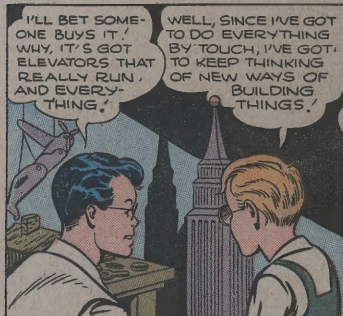
AS IT HAPPENS, YOUNG CLARK KENT IS VERY NEAR THE SCENE AT THIS TRAGIC MOMENT!

NOW I'VE DONE IT! (SOB)
I'LL N-NEVER-(SOB)—BE
ABLE TO FIX IT!



A CRASH!
AND JOIE MAYHEW,
THE BLIND BOY, IS
CRYING! THIS MAY
BE A JOB FOR
SUPERBOY!





I'LL BET SOMEONE BUYS IT! WHY, IT'S GOT ELEVATORS THAT REALLY RUN, AND EVERYTHING.

WELL, SINCE I'VE GOT TO DO EVERYTHING BY TOUCH, I'VE GOT TO KEEP THINKING OF NEW WAYS OF BUILDING THINGS.

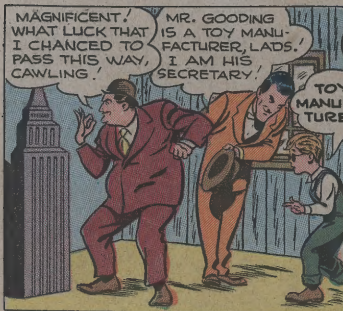


AT THIS MOMENT...

AH, CAWLING—THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THAT BLIND BOY MAKES SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS!

SH-H-H, GOODING! LISTEN!

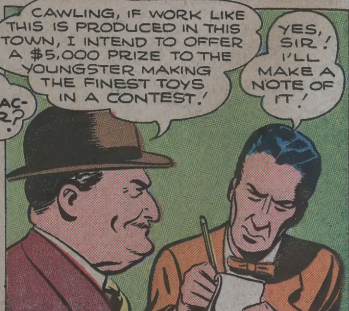
SOMEHOW, CLARK, I'VE JUST GOT TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY FOR THAT OPERATION!



MAGNIFICENT! WHAT LUCK THAT I CHANCED TO PASS THIS WAY, CAWLING!

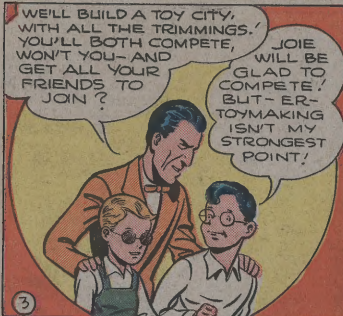
MR. GOODING IS A TOY MANUFACTURER, LADS! I AM HIS SECRETARY!

TOY MANUFACTURER?



CAWLING, IF WORK LIKE THIS IS PRODUCED IN THIS TOWN, I INTEND TO OFFER A \$5,000 PRIZE TO THE YOUNGSTER MAKING THE FINEST TOYS IN A CONTEST!

YES, SIR! I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF IT!



WE'LL BUILD A TOY CITY, WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS! YOU'LL BOTH COMPETE, WON'T YOU—AND GET ALL YOUR FRIENDS TO JOIN?

JOIE WILL BE GLAD TO COMPETE! BUT—ER—TOYMAKING ISN'T MY STRONGEST POINT!

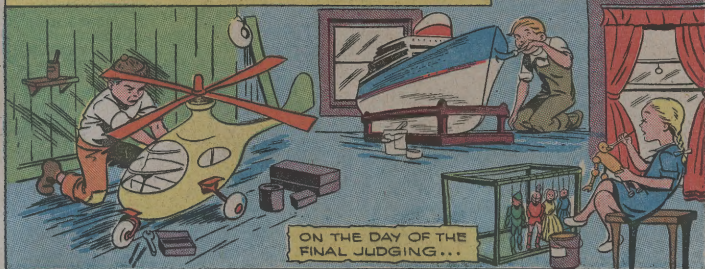


AS THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE...

I'LL MAKE THE SWELLEST SHIP MODEL YOU EVER SAW!

I'D LIKE TO SEE JOIE WIN THE \$5,000 PRIZE—BUT I'LL ENTER MY PUPPETS JUST THE SAME!

AND NOW—MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT—YOU CAN HEAR THE THUDDING OF HAMMERS, THE SNARLING OF SAWS, THE RASPING OF FILES AND SANDPAPER, IN A SCORE OF CELLARS AND WOODSHEDS.

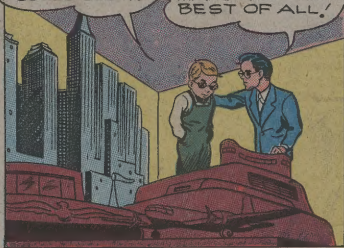


TOYTOWN, U.S.A.—AS WONDERFUL A CITY AS ANYONE EVER DREAMED OF—STRETCHES BEFORE THE ASTONISHED EYES OF THE ASSEMBLED SPECTATORS!



IT MUST BE WONDERFUL! I ONLY WISH I COULD SEE IT!

I THINK YOU WILL SOON—BECAUSE THE THINGS YOU MADE ARE THE BEST OF ALL!



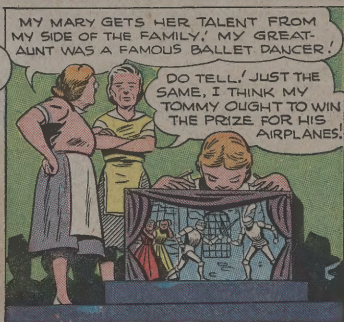
BY JOVE, THAT BLIND BOY HAS DEVELOPED TECHNIQUES THAT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE ART OF TOY-MAKING!

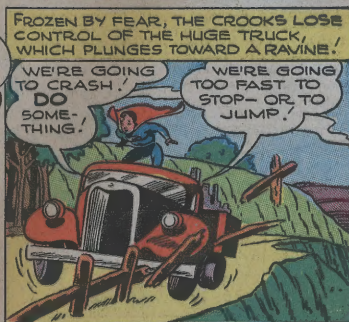
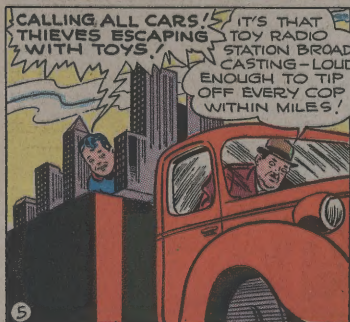
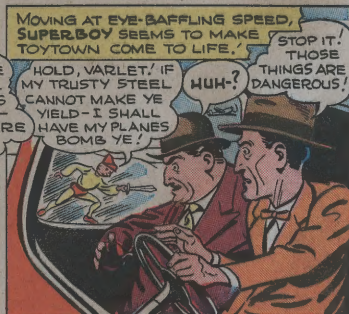
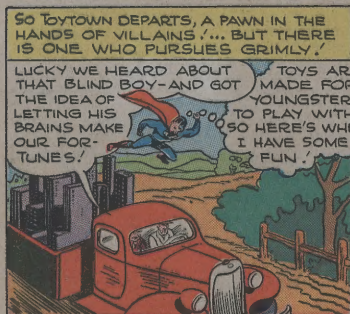
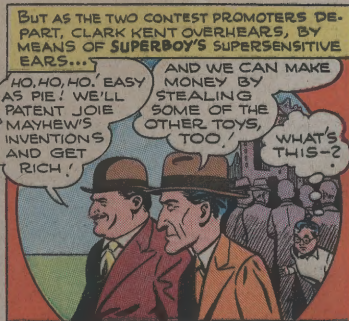
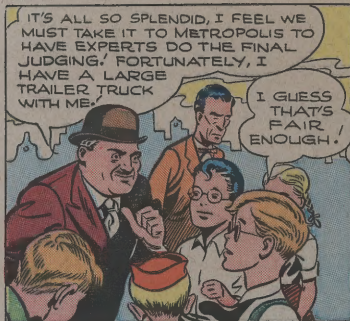
AND MAKE A FORTUNE—FOR WHOEVER HOLDS THE PATENTS!

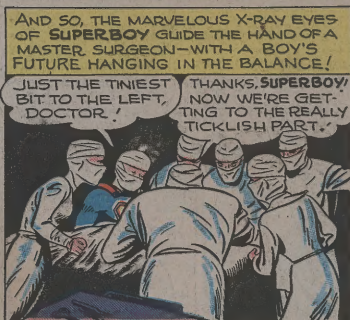
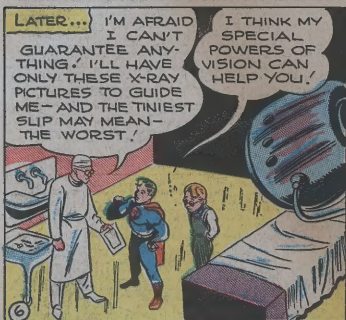
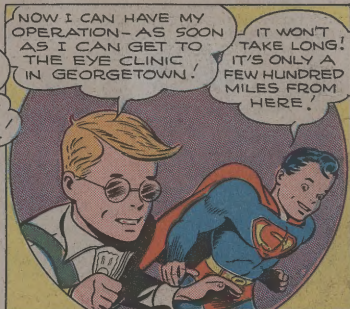
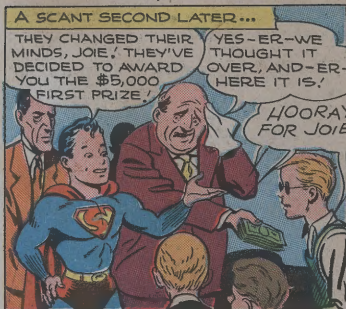
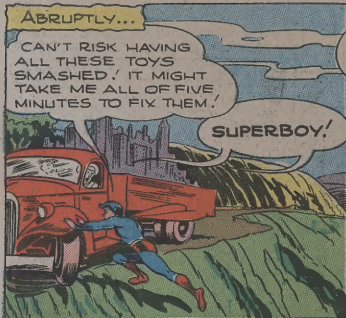


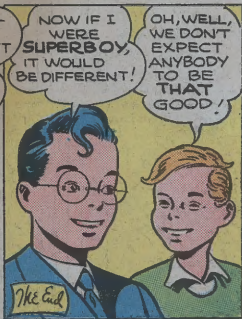
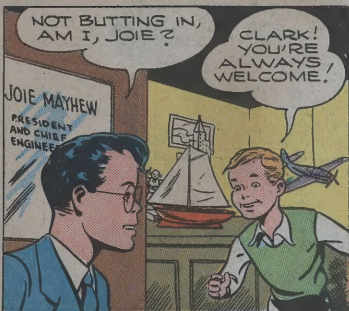
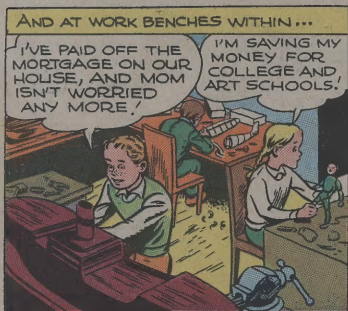
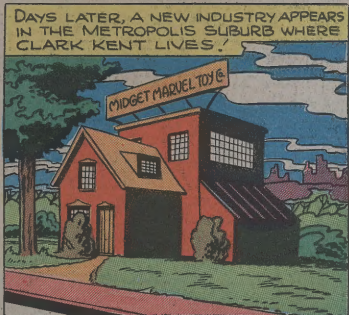
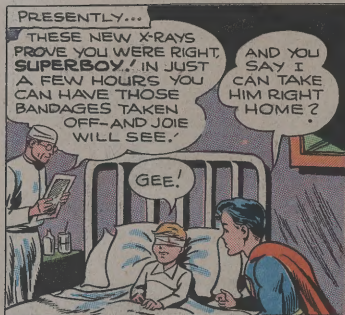
MY MARY GETS HER TALENT FROM MY SIDE OF THE FAMILY! MY GREAT-AUNT WAS A FAMOUS BALLET DANCER!

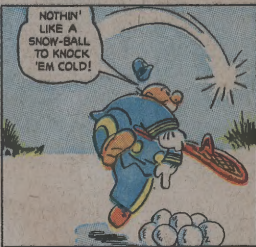
DO TELL! JUST THE SAME, I THINK MY TOMMY OUGHT TO WIN THE PRIZE FOR HIS AIRPLANES!











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Johnny Quick

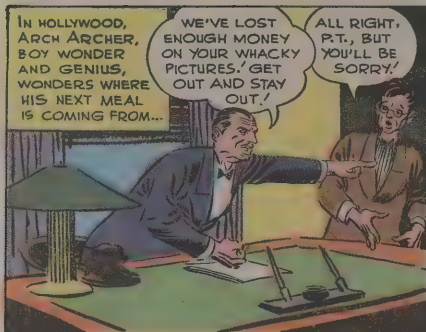
and his
MAGIC
FORMULA

SOME PEOPLE THINK THEY CAN TELL A GENIUS BY THE BEE IN HIS BONNET. IN THIS CASE, HOWEVER, THE BEE APPEARS, NOT IN ANY BONNET, BUT ON THE SILVER SCREEN ... FOR HE'S THE HERO OF A NEW, SUPERCOLOSSAL EPIC OF HOLLYWOOD! BUT THE GENIUS WHO PRODUCES HIM ALMOST GETS STUNG HIMSELF, WHEN UNINVITED INSECTS COME BUZZING AROUND ... UNTIL JOHNNY QUICK, KING OF SPEED, BAGS THE INTRUDING BUGS WHEN ...

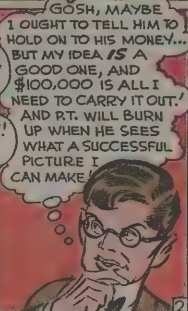
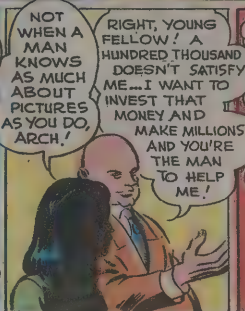
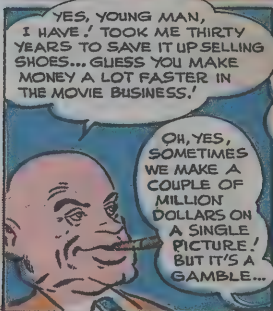
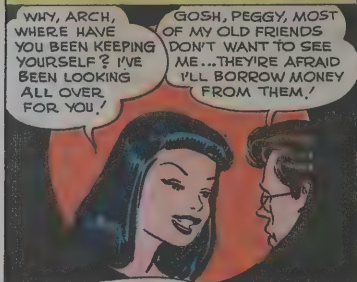
"Mr. BEE Goes to Town!"

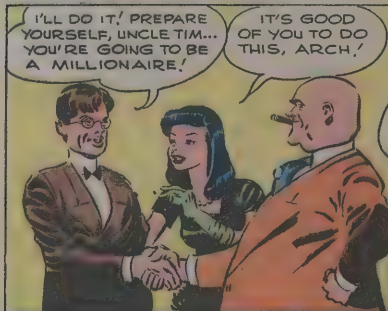


MORT
MORTON
JR.



LET'S SKIP OVER THE NEXT FEW PAINFUL WEEKS! WHEN WE MEET ARCH ARCHER AGAIN...

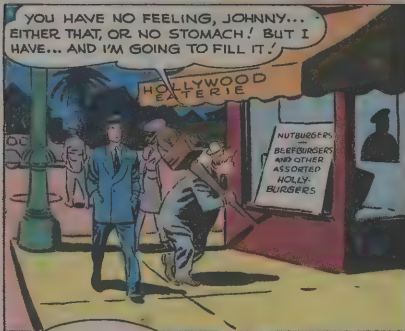




AS THE GREAT EPIC GOES INTO PRODUCTION, TWO NEWCOMERS ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD... ACE CAMERAMAN, JOHNNY CHAMBERS, AND HIS PLUMP PAL, TUBBY!

NOT A BAD PLACE, HOLLYWOOD... PLENTY OF HAMBURGER SHOPS!

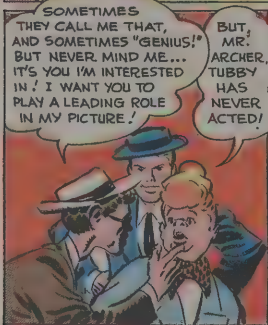
WE'RE HERE TO WORK, NOT TO STUFF OURSELVES!



BUT HARDLY HAS TUBBY DUG HIS TEETH INTO A BEEFBURGER...

AH, EXACTLY THE TYPE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! COME WITH ME!

ARCH ARCHER, THE BOY WONDER!



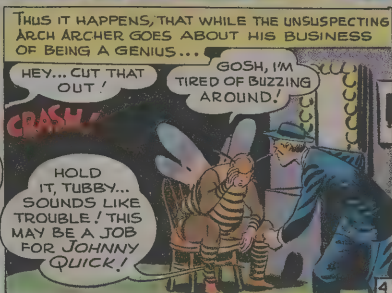
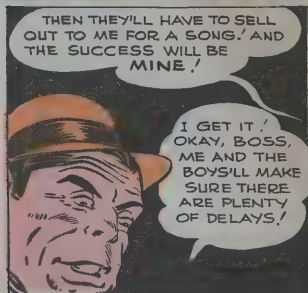
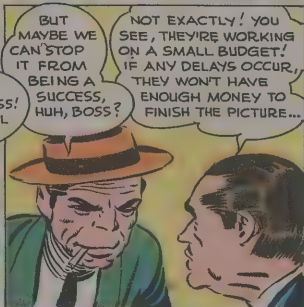
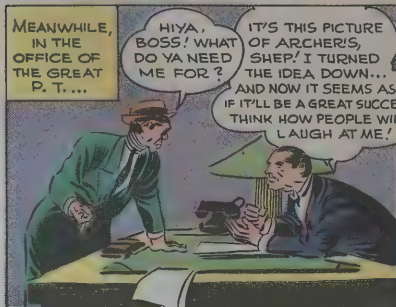
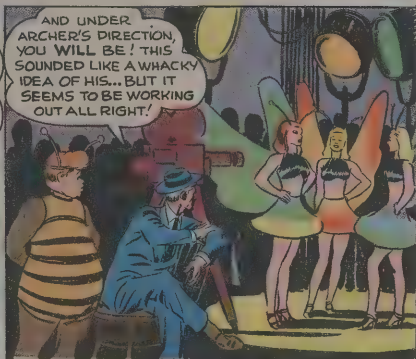
THEN I'LL TEACH HIM TO ACT!

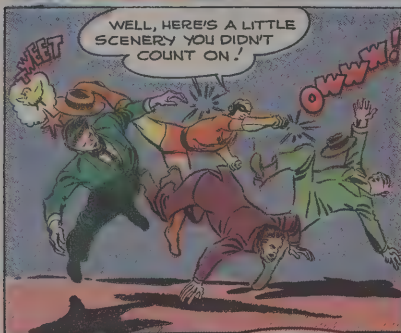
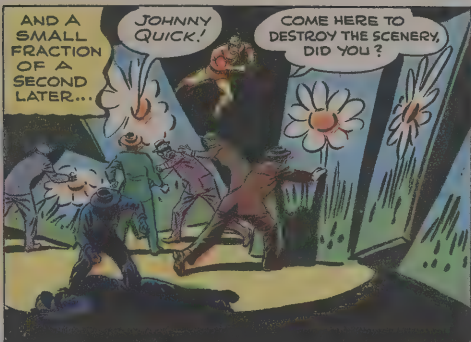
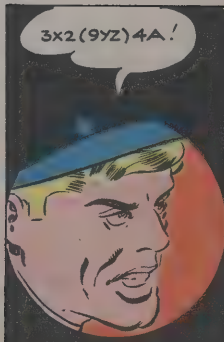
GOSH, THEY DISCOVER LANA TURNER WHILE SHE'S EATING AN ICE CREAM SODA... AND ME WHILE I'M EATING A BEEFBURGER! HOLLYWOOD'S A WONDERFUL PLACE!

BY THE WAY, MR. ARCHER, WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR NEW PICTURE?

"THE LIFE AND LOVES OF A BEE"... IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THING SINCE "SNOW WHITE!"









AND AS THE KING OF SPEED ATTEMPTS TO CUT THROUGH THE CLOUD TO HEAD OFF THE FLEEING CRIMINALS...

OWWW...

OOOHHH, MY HEAD!



GOSH, JOHNNY, I ONLY CAME HERE TO HELP YOU!

SOME HELP... THANKS TO YOU, THE CROOKS MUST HAVE ESCAPED! BUT WHAT ON EARTH CAUSED THAT SNOWSTORM?



THIS GIANT MUSHROOM, MY FELLOW GENIUS! WHEN YOU THREW THAT THUG INTO IT, IT SUDDENLY RELEASED THOUSANDS OF SPORES, LIKE A REAL MUSHROOM! A SIMILAR SCENE WILL BE ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PICTURE!



BUT NOW, WITH ALL THIS SCENERY KNOCKED DOWN, WE'LL HAVE TO PUT OFF SHOOTING FOR A DAY! AND WE CAN'T AFFORD DELAY!

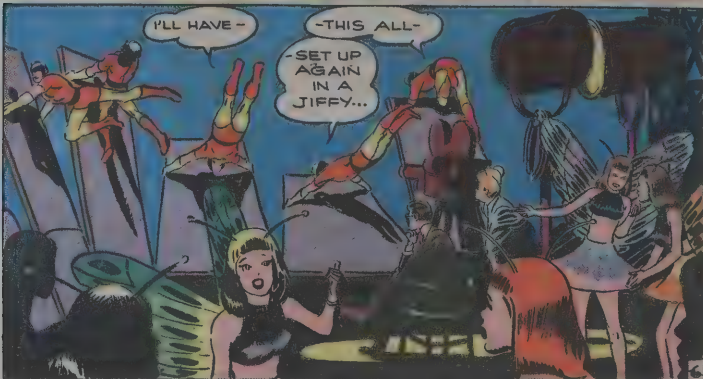
MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE TO DELAY... MUCH!

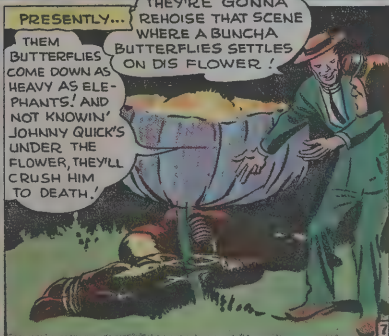
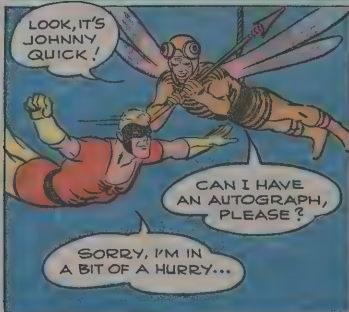


I'LL HAVE -

-THIS ALL-

-SET UP AGAIN IN A JIFFY...

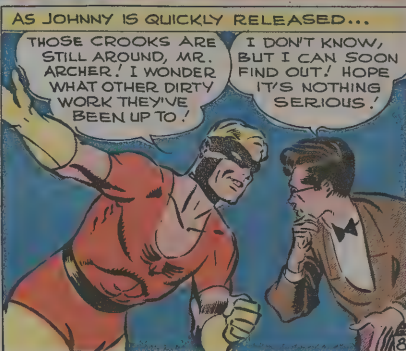
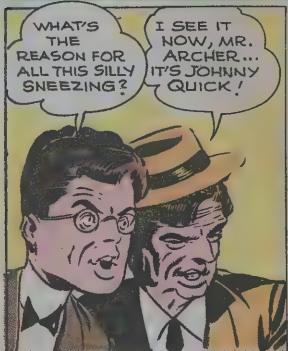


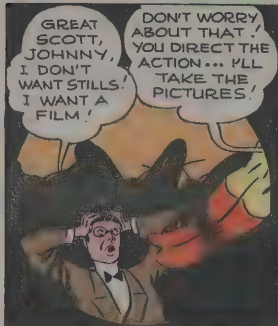
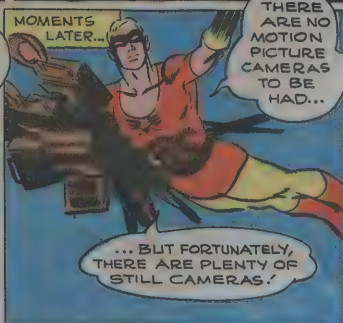
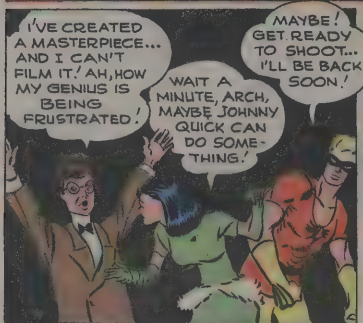
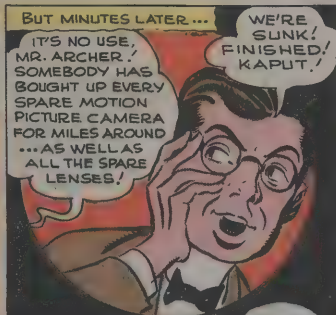
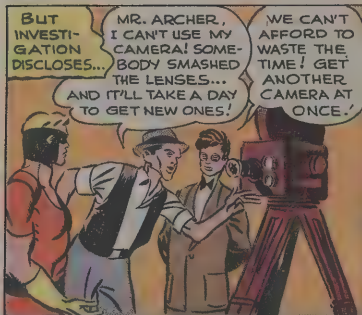


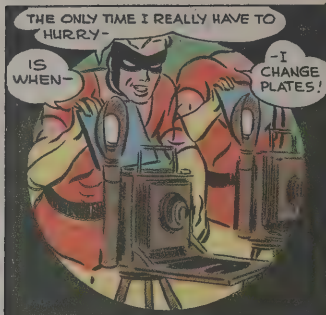
YES, A CRUEL FATE SEEMS IN STORE FOR THE KING OF SPEED! BUT AS THE SPOTLIGHT FOCUSES ON THE GRACEFULLY DESCENDING BUTTERFLIES...



AND AS THE ACTRESS-INSECTS ARE ABOUT TO MAKE THEIR LANDINGS...



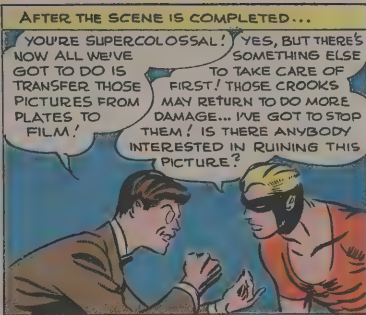




THE ONLY TIME I REALLY HAVE TO HURRY-

IS WHEN-

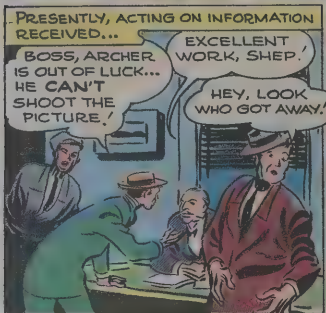
-I CHANGE PLATES!



AFTER THE SCENE IS COMPLETED...

YOU'RE SUPERCOLOSSAL! YES, BUT THERE'S NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS TRANSFER THOSE PICTURES FROM PLATES TO FILM!

TO TAKE CARE OF FIRST! THOSE CROOKS MAY RETURN TO DO MORE DAMAGE... I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! IS THERE ANYBODY INTERESTED IN RUINING THIS PICTURE?

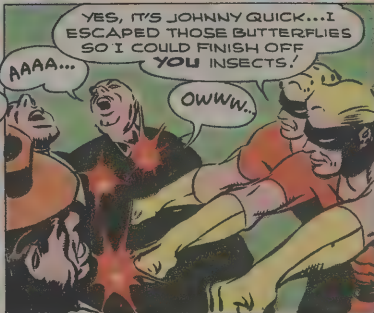


PRESENTLY, ACTING ON INFORMATION RECEIVED...

BOSS, ARCHER IS OUT OF LUCK... HE CAN'T SHOOT THE PICTURE!

EXCELLENT WORK, SHEP!

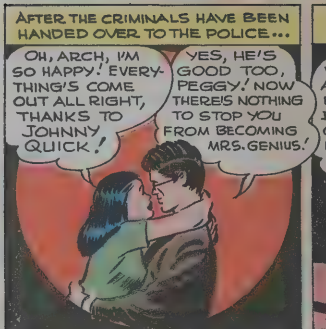
HEY, LOOK WHO GOT AWAY!



YES, IT'S JOHNNY QUICK...I ESCAPED THOSE BUTTERFLIES SO I COULD FINISH OFF YOU INSECTS!

AAAA...

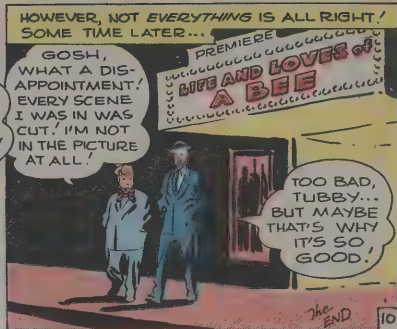
OWWW...



AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN HANDED OVER TO THE POLICE...

OH, ARCH, I'M SO HAPPY! EVERYTHING'S COME OUT ALL RIGHT, THANKS TO JOHNNY QUICK!

YES, HE'S GOOD TOO, PEGGY! NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP YOU FROM BECOMING MRS. GENIUS!



HOWEVER, NOT EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT! SOME TIME LATER...

GOSH, WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT! EVERY SCENE I WAS IN WAS CUT! I'M NOT IN THE PICTURE AT ALL!

PREMIERE
LIFE AND LOVES OF
A BEE

TOO BAD, TUBBY... BUT MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD!

THE END

SPORTS DEPT



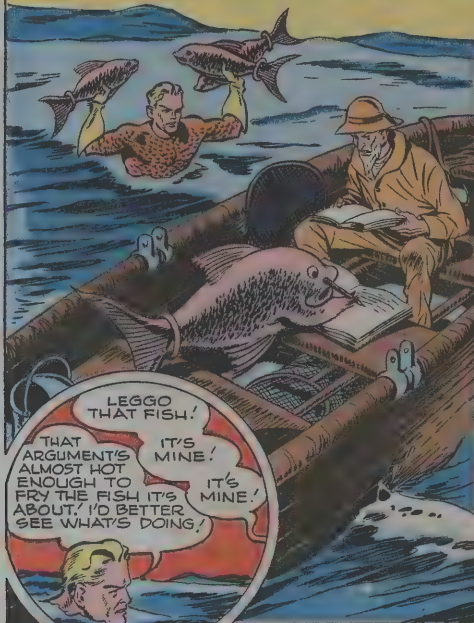
EVEN A TIDDLY WINKER STARTS GETTING CHAMPION IDEAS --WHEN HE STARTS EATING WHEATIES.

THOSE CRISP-TOASTED, SWELL-TASTING FLAKES ARE LOADED WITH ALL THE ZIPPY NOURISHMENT, ZESTY FLAVOR THAT MAKES WHEATIES THE **TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE** OF SO MANY CHAMPION ATHLETES. AND THAT'S FOR YOU.

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK AT BREAKFAST. GIVE YOURSELF LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" --EVERY DAY.



AQUAMAN



THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN TWO FISHERMEN RAISE A RUMPUSS ABOUT A DENIZEN OF THE DEEP THAT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY HERRING! BUT THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY HERRING... IT'S QUITE A SPECIAL SPECIMEN OF SEAFOOD! AND THERE'S ENOUGH AT STAKE IN ITS SCALY SHAPE TO MAKE EVEN AQUAMAN RISK DEEP-SEA DANGER WHEN HE HAS —

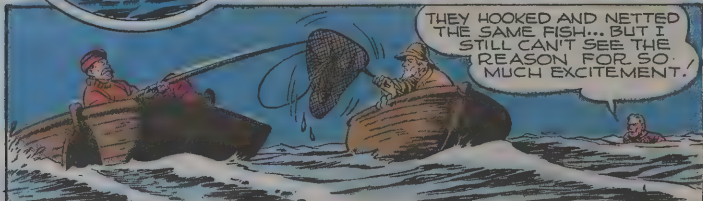
'FOUR FISH TO FETCH!'

LEGGO THAT FISH!

THAT ARGUMENT'S ALMOST HOT ENOUGH TO FRY THE FISH IT'S ABOUT, I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S DOING!

IT'S MINE!

IT'S MINE!



THEY HOOKED AND NETTED THE SAME FISH... BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE THE REASON FOR SO MUCH EXCITEMENT!

BUT THE EXPLANATION IS NOT SLOW IN COMING...

AQUAMAN! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! MY NAME IS PROFESSOR SQUILL... I STUDY OCEAN LIFE, AND THAT FISH IS A NEW SPECIES I DISCOVERED!

NOTICE THAT METAL BAND! I PUT SUCH BANDS ON A LOT OF FISH TWO MONTHS AGO AND THREW THEM BACK TO SEE HOW LONG THEY WOULD SURVIVE IN THE OCEAN!

IF THEY SURVIVE THESE WATERS... THEY'LL BE IMPORTANT FOR FOOD, AND PEOPLE WILL KNOW MONTHS IN ADVANCE THAT IT WILL PAY THEM TO SEND OUT FISHING VESSELS.

SO WHAT!

I'VE BEEN FISHIN' ALL DAY, AND THIS IS THE FIRST BITE I'VE HAD, AND I'M NOT LETTIN' HIM TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!

THEY BOTH CAUGHT THE FISH... ONE OF THEM'S GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED!

WELL, A LAWYER WOULD HAVE A TOUGH TIME DECIDING WHO HAS MORE RIGHT TO THIS FISH...

THE PROFESSOR, HOWEVER, DOESN'T WANT IT FOR HIMSELF, BUT TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE... SO I THINK HE OUGHT TO GET IT.

OKAY AQUAMAN, IF YOU SAY SO! I CAN'T ARGUE WITH YOU!

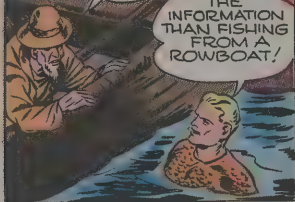
HERE, PROFESSOR! I HOPE IT HELPS YOUR WORK A LOT!

THANK YOU, AQUAMAN!

BUT AS THE FISHERMAN DEPARTS...

YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP TO SCIENCE... AND TO HUNGRY PEOPLE! IF I GET ENOUGH INFORMATION ABOUT THIS NEW SPECIES OF FISH, IT'LL MEAN AN IMPORTANT NEW FOOD SUPPLY!

THERE MUST BE BETTER WAYS OF GETTING THE INFORMATION THAN FISHING FROM A ROWBOAT!

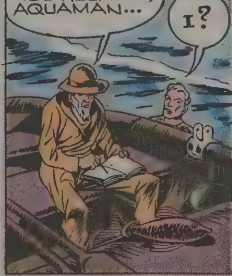


"NATURALLY! IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, I'D HAVE USED A BIG, WELL-EQUIPPED VESSEL."



BUT NOW THERE ISN'T ENOUGH MONEY FOR RESEARCH, SO I'M REDUCED TO A ROW-BOAT... UNLESS YOU HELP ME, AQUAMAN...

I?

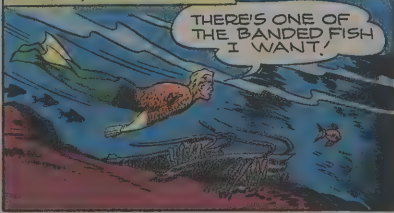


YES! IF I GET FOUR MORE BANDED FISH, I'LL KNOW THAT ENOUGH HAVE SURVIVED TO MAKE FISHING FOR THEM WORTH-WHILE! YOU MUST CATCH THEM FOR ME! THINK OF ALL THE STARVING NATIONS THAT NEED FOOD!

YES, I'M THINKING OF THAT... OKAY, PROFESSOR, YOU WIN!

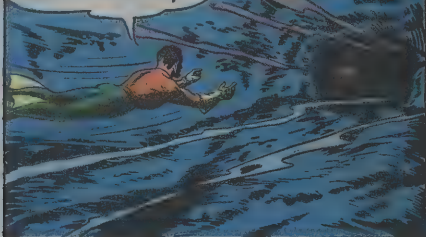


AND SO, THE RULER OF THE WAVES CRUISES SWIFTLY THROUGH HIS WATERY REALM, AND SOON...



THERE'S ONE OF THE BANDED FISH I WANT!

HE SAW ME COMING... HE'S HEADED FOR THOSE UNDER-WATER CAVES! AND IT'S PITCH BLACK INSIDE THEM! THINK I'LL NEED A LIGHT!



A LUMINESCENT DEEP SEA FISH! EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!



INTO THE UNDERWATER CAVES SWIMS AQUAMAN,
HIS PATH LIT BY A LIVING LANTERN!

THIS PLACE SEEMS DESERTED
SO FAR, BUT THE CAVES ARE
BEGINNING TO BROADEN OUT...
I WONDER...

OH, OH. THEY'RE NOT
DESERTED... THEY'RE
FULL OF WHAT LOOK
LIKE SEA MONSTERS.
THESE FELLOWS
SHOULD BE
EXTINCT.

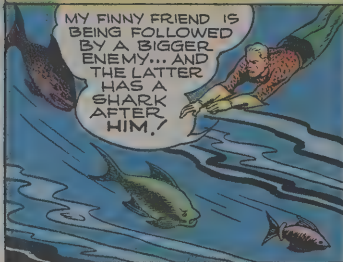
BUT THEY'RE NOT...
AND THEY HAVE EVIL
INTENTIONS TOWARD
THAT FISH I'M AFTER!
THIS CALLS FOR FAST
ACTION TO SAVE HIM!

I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR,
PAL... YOU'D NEVER
DIGEST THAT
METAL BAND
AROUND HIS
TAIL!

BUT YOU DON'T
SEEM TO BE
THANKFUL
ABOUT IT...

... SO I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW
TWIST SEA MONSTERS ARE
WEARING IN NECKS THESE
DAYS!

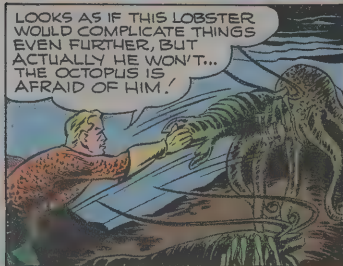
ONE BANDED FISH CAUGHT... THREE TO GO! SOON THE SEA SOVEREIGN SIGHS ANOTHER QUARRY...



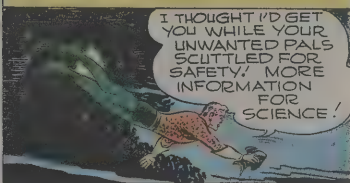
OH, OH... NOW AN OCTOPUS HAS HIS EYE FIXED ON THE SHARK! THIS CALLS FOR DELICATE HANDLING...



LOOKS AS IF THIS LOBSTER WOULD COMPLICATE THINGS EVEN FURTHER, BUT ACTUALLY HE WON'T... THE OCTOPUS IS AFRAID OF HIM!



AQUAMAN IS RIGHT! THE STARTLED EIGHTARMED MONSTER RETREATS SWIFTLY, RELEASING CLOUDS OF BLACK INK, AND IN THE CONFUSION...



PRESENTLY, WITH TWO FINNY CAPTIVES ALREADY IN PROFESSOR SQUILL'S HANDS...



HE DID... AND NOW HE'S WELL HIDDEN AMONG THEM AND THESE SEA ANEMONES! BET HE THINKS I'LL NEVER FIND HIM HERE!



BUT AQUAMAN HAS MANY A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVES. / SHORTLY...

COME ON, LITTLE ONES, I WANT YOU TO RIDE HERD ON SOME SEA ANEMONES!



AND AS THE VORACIOUS LITTLE FISH APPROACH...

AS I EXPECTED... THEY'RE CLEARING OUT, LEAVING JUST THE ROCKS!



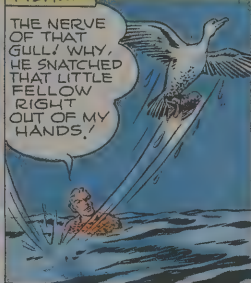
YES, SEA ANEMONES LOOK LIKE PLANTS, BUT THEY'RE REALLY ANIMALS... AND THEY MOVE WHEN THEY SEE DANGER COMING.!

SO I DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE AT ALL LOCATING YOU, MY LITTLE PAL! ONE MORE STEP TOWARDS MORE FOOD FOR HUNGRY PEOPLE.



BUT AS AQUAMAN IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE FINAL FISH...

THE NERVE OF THAT GULL! WHY, HE SNATCHED THAT LITTLE FELLOW RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!



AND AS IF THIS WEREN'T TROUBLE ENOUGH... MORE HAS BREWED. MOMENTS PREVIOUSLY...

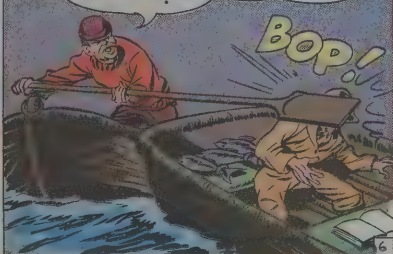
IT'S NO USE. I'VE BEEN FISHING ALL DAY... AND EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE FISH I GAVE UP, NOT A BITE!



I MADE A MISTAKE LETTING HIM HAVE IT... JUST BECAUSE AQUAMAN WAS SO PERSUASIVE. I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED AFTER MY OWN INTERESTS, NOT OTHER PEOPLES'!



SO NOW I'LL CORRECT MY MISTAKE BY TAKING **THREE** FISH INSTEAD OF ONE!



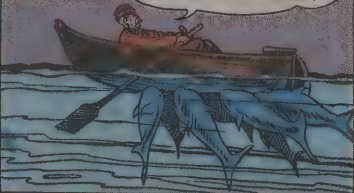
LOOKS LIKE ALL FOUR FISH ARE GETTING AWAY! WHAT A SPOT FOR AQUAMAN, AFTER ALL HIS HARD WORK!

WOW, I NEVER THOUGHT THIS OCEAN WAS SO FULL OF THIEVES! I CAN'T FOLLOW BOTH AT ONCE, SO I'D BETTER GET HELP!

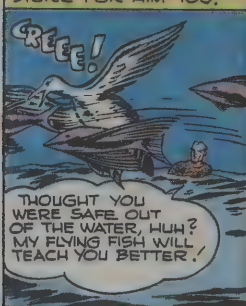


PORPOISES, PLAYING NEARBY, LEND AID TO THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEA!

GOSH, NO MATTER HOW HARD I ROW, I CAN'T MOVE. I'M PRACTICALLY ANCHORED HERE!



AS FOR THE WILY GULL... THERE'S A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR HIM TOO!



THOUGHT YOU WERE SAFE OUT OF THE WATER, HUH? MY FLYING FISH WILL TEACH YOU BETTER!

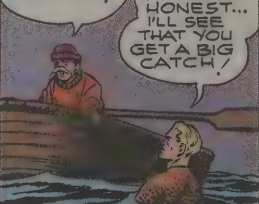


I THOUGHT YOU'D LET GO YOUR LOOT. FROM NOW ON, YOU LEAVE OTHER PEOPLE'S CATCHES ALONE!

NOW FOR THE HUMAN LOOTER...

I-I'M SORRY, AQUAMAN, I HADN'T CAUGHT A FISH ALL DAY, AND I LOST MY HEAD. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL GIVE THE ONES I TOOK BACK TO THE PROFESSOR!

THANKS! JUST FOR BEING SO HONEST... I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A BIG CATCH!



DRAWING THE HOOK UNDER WATER, AQUAMAN ATTACHES IT FIRMLY TO THE STERN OF THE BOAT!

UGH... THIS IS A BIG ONE! GOTTA PULL HARDER!

THERE! THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO STEAL OTHER PEOPLE'S FISH!

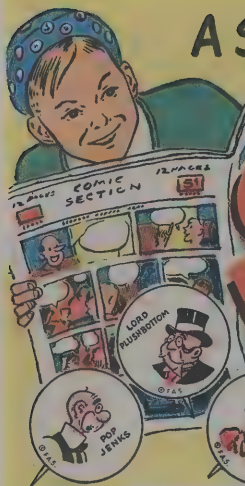


GOOD-BYE, AQUAMAN... THANKS TO YOU, PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER WILL HAVE MORE TO EAT!

GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF HELP, PROFESSOR. SO LONG!



THE END



A Swell **NEW** Series of

COMIC BUTTONS

ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES
—RIGHT FROM THE FUNNIES—IN
EVERY PACKAGE OF **PEP**

NEW METAL PIN ON BUTTONS!

Boy, oh boy! Kellogg's PEP has come out with another entirely new series of keen comic buttons! 18 famous characters, right out of the funny papers! And, man, are they on the beam for pinning on beanies, jackets and sweaters!

COLLECT 'EM AND SWAP 'EM!

Start building this new collection *right away!* All you have to do is to ask your Mom to get a package of super-delicious Kellogg's PEP! Open the package—and there, attached to cardboard, is your prize pin-on button—printed in bright colors on a white enamel background. What fun you'll have building your collection—trading with the other kids in your neighborhood! So get busy, and be the first to get all 18 of these new prizes!

**18 MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE
COMIC CHARACTERS**

Dogwood	Pop Jenks
Blondie	Junior Tracy
Jiggs	Don Winslow
Maggie	Uncle Willie
Hans	Emmy
Fritz	Lord Plushbottom
Popeye	Rip Winkle
Olive Oyl	Andy Gump
Little King	Superman



**LISTEN TO
SUPERMAN**

Tune in every day,
Monday through Friday,
and follow the exciting
adventures of Superman.
See your local paper
for time and station.



The SHINING KNIGHT



THE OLD WEST FIGHTS WITH A KNIGHT OF THE PAST OVER VICTORY WHEN THE FAMOUS WINGED STALLION IS NEEDED ON THE PONY EXPRESS RUN. FOR ARCH "GOLD-DUST" MORGAN LIVES TO SEE A DREAM COME TRUE WHEN HE FIRST BEHOLDS THE FLASHING PINIONS OF THE FAMOUS FLYING HORSE.

BUT GOLD-DUST GIVES WAY TO THE SHINING KNIGHT, AND GLADLY, WHEN THE PALADIN OF THE PAST SETS OUT TO RIDE...

'The FLYING PONY EXPRESS!'

AGAINST THE GLITTERING NEON LIGHTS OF A GOTHAM ROOFTOP, THE GREAT SWORD OF THE SHINING KNIGHT FLASHES CRIMSON...

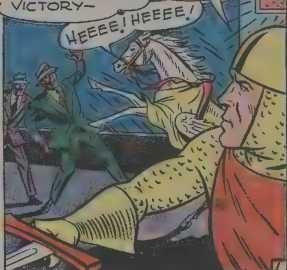
HO, VARLET. 'METHINKS THEE A CLUMSY FELLOW TO STAGE A ROBBERY WHERE ALL CAN SEE.

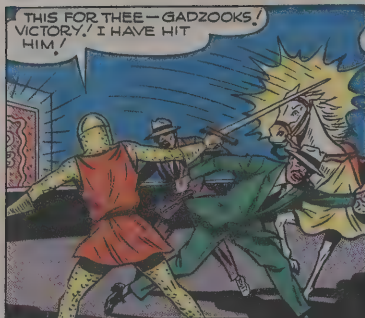
AWWK!



AND THY COMPANIONS ART EQUALLY WITLESS TO FORGET MY GOOD STEED VICTORY—

HEEEE! HEEEE!





THIS FOR THEE — GADZOOKS! VICTORY! I HAVE HIT HIM!

HIS EYES ARE GLAZED! TRULY, I HAVE DONE HIM A GRIEVOUS INJURY!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE! GRAB THE MANE OF THAT WINGED NAG!



HIS MIND DAZED BY THE SUDDEN BLOW, VICTORY VAULTS HIGH INTO THE AIR, AND WITH HIM GO THE GUNMEN...

WHERE'S HE GONNA TAKE US?

ANYWHERE AWAY FROM THAT SHINING KNIGHT SUITS ME TO A "T."



FAR AND LONG THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE GALLANT STEED, A FOUR-LEGGED VICTIM OF AMNESIA, CARRIES HIS TWIN BURDEN...

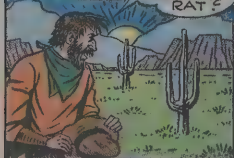
THAT SHINING KNIGHT GUY WILL NEVER FIND US NOW.

THE BEST PART OF IT IS — I GOT THE JEWELS WE STOLE IN MY POCKET.



ONE DAWN AHEAD OF THE TRIO, IN A REMOTE SECTION OF THE COUNTRY, ARCH "GOLD-DUST" MORGAN YAWNS TO GREET A NEW DAY...

MORE, AN' NOTHIN' DOIN' ABOUT THE GREATEST IDEE I EVER HAD. WILL I ALWAYS BE A DESERT RAT?



FOLKS JUST WON'T LISTEN TO ME WHEN I TELL 'EM THE PONY EXPRESS IS STILL A GREAT THING. HUH, A HORSE CAN GO WHERE A TRAIN CAN'T — CAN'T IT?



GREAT CHARACTER, OLD MORGAN. STILL BELIEVES IN THE PONY EXPRESS.

IF HE EVER MAKES GOOD ON THAT BOAST OF HIS ABOUT STARTING A NEW EXPRESS ROUTE — I'LL EAT MY HAT.

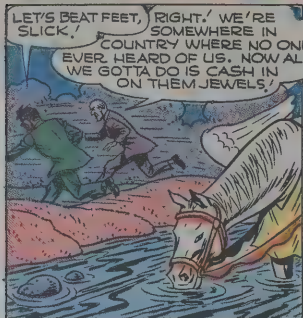




THEM CITY SLICKERS CAN ALL LAUGH, BUT I'LL STRIKE GOLD YET WITH THE EXPRESS. IF ONLY—HUH?



DADBURN MY HIDE. IF THAT WASN'T A FLYIN' HOSS, I'LL NEVER PAN NO MORE DUST AGIN!



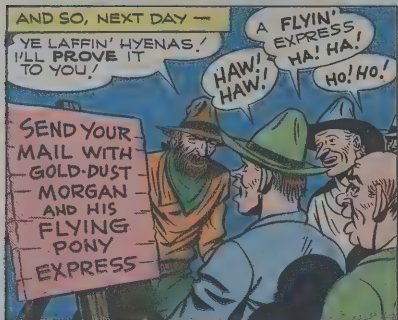
LET'S BEAT FEET, SLICK! RIGHT! WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN COUNTRY WHERE NO ONE EVER HEARD OF US. NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS CASH IN ON THEM JEWELS!



EASY, BOY! I AIN'T AGONNA HURT YOU! EASY! YOU SURE ARE AN EYEFUL OF HOSS-FLESH TO MY OLD EYES!



WE'RE GONNA BE PALS, AN'—HEY! WITH YOU, I CAN REALLY REVIVE THET PONY EXPRESS! YOU CAN GO WHEREVER AN ARYPLANE CAN'T!

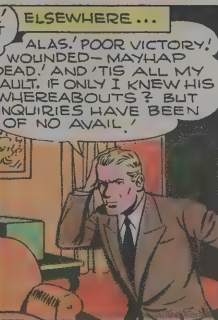
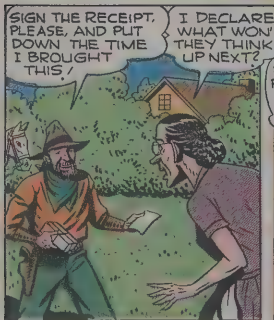
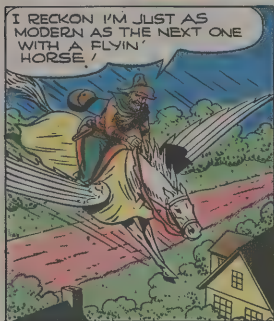
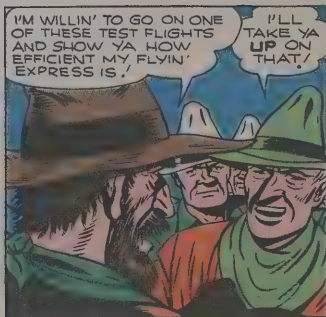


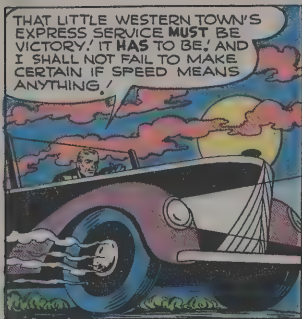
AND SO, NEXT DAY — YE LAFFIN' HYENAS! I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!

A FLYIN' EXPRESS HA! HA! HA! HO! HO!



GULP! G-GOLLY! IT'S TRUE!



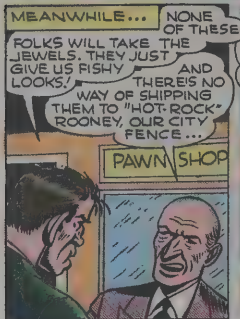


THAT LITTLE WESTERN TOWN'S EXPRESS SERVICE MUST BE VICTORY! IT HAS TO BE! AND I SHALL NOT FAIL TO MAKE CERTAIN IF SPEED MEANS ANYTHING!

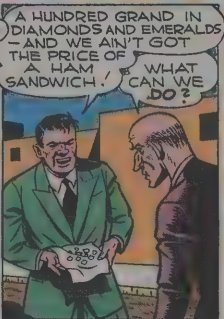


LATER...

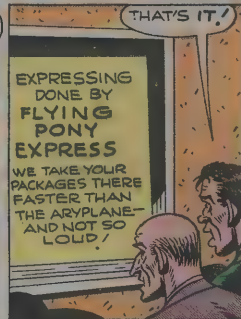
VICTORY! THANK THE FATES! I HAVE FOUND THEE!



MEANWHILE... NONE OF THESE FOLKS WILL TAKE THE JEWELS. THEY JUST GIVE US FISHY AND LOOKS! THERE'S NO WAY OF SHIPPING THEM TO "HOT-ROCK" ROONEY, OUR CITY FENCE...

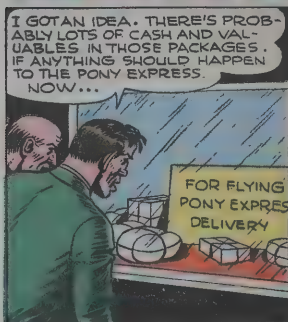


A HUNDRED GRAND IN DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS - AND WE AIN'T GOT THE PRICE OF A HAM SANDWICH! WHAT CAN WE DO?

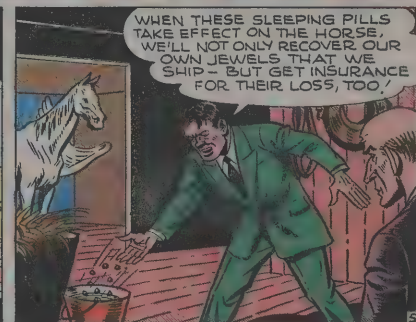


THAT'S IT!

EXPRESSING DONE BY FLYING PONY EXPRESS WE TAKE YOUR PACKAGES THERE FASTER THAN THE AIRPLANE - AND NOT SO LOUD!



I GOT AN IDEA. THERE'S PROBABLY LOTS OF CASH AND VALUABLES IN THOSE PACKAGES. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE PONY EXPRESS. NOW...



WHEN THESE SLEEPING PILLS TAKE EFFECT ON THE HORSE, WE'LL NOT ONLY RECOVER OUR OWN JEWELS THAT WE SHIP - BUT GET INSURANCE FOR THEIR LOSS, TOO!

THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS FACED BULLETS AND KNIVES, BUT THE TEAR-FILLED EYES OF AN OLD MAN ARE A DIFFERENT STORY...

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOUR VICTORY, MR. KNIGHT—BUT MY OLD HEART WAS SET ON SEEING THE PONY EXPRESS GO THROUGH—JUST ONCE...

I—OHH! MY HEART... TOO MUCH SHOCK—I—

TAKE IT EASY, OLD-TIMER. YOUR PONY EXPRESS WILL GO THROUGH—IF VICTORY AND THE SHINING KNIGHT CAN TAKE IT!

THOUGH VICTORY STILL HAS NOT RECOVERED HIS MEMORY WHICH MY SWORD ROBBED HIM OF, I HAVE HOPES.

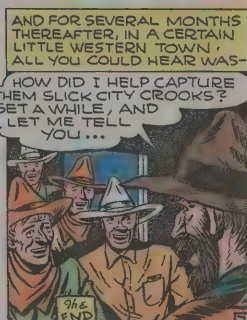
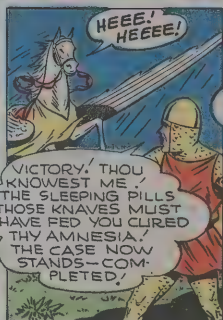
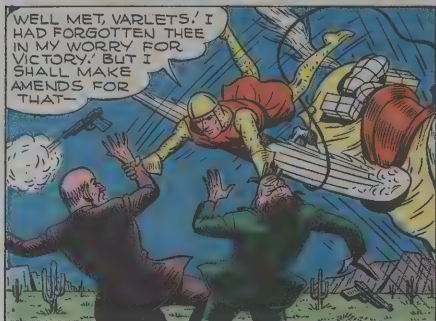
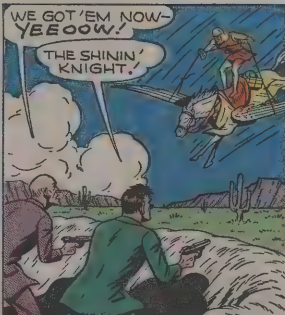
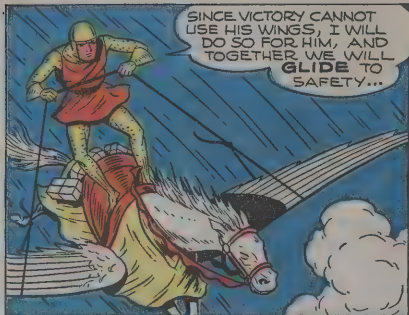
MAYHAP BEING WITH ME WILL RESTORE HIS MEMORY OF ME. 'TIS SO I HOPE, FORSOOTH!

AN HOUR LATER, OVER BARREN AND SANDY DESERTLAND ...

VICTORY, WHAT'S AMISS? GADZOOKS, BUT HIS EYES ARE CLOSED! HE SLEEPETH—AND WAKETH NOT AT MY CALL!

THE DRUGGED HORSE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD!

WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED BY A DROP FROM THIS HEIGHT! UNLESS—GOLD-DUST'S LASSO AND VICTORY'S WINGS—MAYHAP IT WILL WORK!



VICTORY, THOU KNOWEST ME, THE SLEEPING PILLS THOSE KNAVES MUST HAVE FED YOU CURED THY AMNESIA! THE CASE NOW STANDS-- COMPLETED!

MOTIVE FOR MURDER

by Tom Neill

DURING the five years that Frenchy De Lira had worked for old Pop Washington, he had been treated well. There was no reason, apparently, why Frenchy should have felt he was a victim of mistreatment. However, Frenchy had a very bad habit—he gambled. As a result of this, Pop finally decided to see that half of Frenchy's monthly wages went into the bank.

Frenchy nodded his head in agreement, but his heart was black with anger.

That night, in the Ace Cafe, to which Frenchy usually repaired to gamble, his ire hadn't cooled a whit. Thad Gascon, owner of the ace noticed it, and enquired. When he learned the reason for Frenchy's downcast countenance, he whistled. Then became angry. To Gascon, the old prospector was stealing money from him. Frenchy was a good gambling customer.

Suddenly, Gascon snapped his fingers. "I think I can show you how to get a lot of money, Frenchy," Gascon said. His eyes watched the ranch hand narrowly. "More than you've ever had."

Frenchy's eyes lighted.

"You remember, you told me once Pop Washington liked to keep money in the ranch house?"

Frenchy nodded. "That is so." His brow furrowed. "I think, too, I know where he hid it. He dig it out; for two different times I have heard noise of a shovel." He shrugged. "But how would I get it?" His eyes widened as he saw Gascon hand's steal to the gun in his holster. "No . . . no . . ."

Frenchy held up a restraining hand. "I would not kill him. He is old. Soon he will die. And maybe I will get the money then."

Gascon's lips curled. "Don't be a fool. Some of his relatives back in the East will get it. I tell you, Frenchy, it's now or never. Besides, it's your's. You've done enough work for the old man these last five years."

"That I have. Oh, how I work. Night and day." Under the influence of Gascon's persuasive voice, Frenchy began to feel sorry for himself. "You are right, Gascon," he said. "It is time for me to

leave him." His eyes narrowed. "How do you think it should be done?"

"Easy. Listen."

The robbery was set for two nights later. Under Gascon's plan, Frenchy would take the night off, providing he found exactly where the money was cached. Gascon himself would then hold up the old man, appropriate the money, and split it with Frenchy. "That way," he had argued, "I will be taking half the risk. It is only fair to you, Frenchy, that I do so."

It had proved the clinching gesture.

On the morning of the robbery, Gascon sat in his office, smiling to himself. His fat lips pursed in a smile as he thought how easily he had taken in Frenchy. "That fool will pay for the robbery," he murmured to himself, "and I'll be in the clear."

It would really be so simple to put a bullet into Frenchy and plant some of the stolen money on him. Any jury would believe Frenchy had committed the robbery. Nearly everyone in town knew how he loved to gamble. And what better motive for murder than the lust for money?

Promptly at eight, Frenchy appeared at the Ace Cafe. He came into the back door, unnoticed. He did not realize this was also part of Gascon's plan. Frenchy would have no alibi for being away from the ranch if something slipped.

Together, they sat in the back room, playing cards, Frenchy and the man who planned to double cross him. Frenchy felt vaguely uneasy as the clock's hands approached ten. It was time to start the job. He looked at Gascon. "Remember, you must not kill the old man. He will not resist."

Gascon's small, bright eyes bored into Frenchy's face. "Don't worry, you stay right here. I'll take care of everything." He patted Frenchy's shoulder. "In an hour, you'll have plenty of money, partner." He turned his back then, and quietly slipped a gun into his shirt.

He did not see his reflection in the mirror. Frenchy did. The latter stiffened, started to speak, then stopped himself. Why not? Why shouldn't Gascon carry a gun, he argued. He, Frenchy, had

a small pistol in his pocket. Nevertheless, his brow furrowed as he heard Gascon ride away.

For five minutes, Frenchy sat at the table playing solitaire and thinking. He was not averse to robbing Pop. But to kill him. His teeth worried his lower lip. He rose and went outside.

Thus it was that, hidden behind a cottonwood tree not far from the house, he heard a shot ring out. Then silence. Frenchy's body trembled. Had the old man managed to trap the robber? He didn't dare go in; all he could do now was stand and wait.

Then he saw Gascon, hurrying out. The man was carrying two bags. Frenchy's pulse quickened. The money! But Gascon had promised there would be no shooting. He had killed the old man! Anger took possession of Frenchy. If once Gascon hadn't kept his word, what guarantee that he would keep it with him, Frenchy?

Frenchy's hand stole to his gun. He whistled softly for his horse. The obedient animal came over silently on the deep grass. Hurriedly, Frenchy mounted. He was waiting when Gascon came by.

The latter wheeled. "Frenchy. Put down that gun!"

"You killed Pop."

"I had to. It was him or me. Come on, don't be a fool. Let's talk this over." Gascon's voice was agitated. "Let's get out of here. I've got the money." He prodded his horse.

Frenchy's gun barked. With a low moan, Gascon toppled from the horse.

Quickly, Frenchy gathered up the two bags, stuffed them in his saddle bags after opening one. Money, lots of money, in packets of bills, bills golden in the moonlight.

Visions of what he would do with this filled Frenchy's mind and he smiled. Quickly, he removed one of the money bags from his saddle. This he dropped on the body of Gascon. The Sheriff would not take long in figuring out that Gascon had killed the prospector.

It was afternoon when Frenchy reached Nogales. The busy town was thronged with people, with things to do. This, Frenchy decided, would be wonderful. For two whole days he would stay here. Everybody would see him. Then he would go back to the ranch. He rubbed his hands in anticipation. "What a time I'll have tonight gambling," he thought.

But first, a little sleep. His eyes strayed down

the street, found a hotel sign. Fortunately, the hotel was near a stable. His horse, too, would sleep.

The animal's care was arranged quickly. Then Frenchy went into the hotel. Almost afraid, he approached the desk, asked for a room. The clerk looked him over, disdainfully. These cowpunchers, he thought, no baggage. "It'll be five dollars a night," he said, "in advance."

"Sure, sure." Frenchy smiled, showing white, even teeth. From inside his shirt he extracted a ten dollar bill from the money he had stolen. "I stay two nights." He passed over the bill, then stared. The clerk was looking at it, puzzled. "It is not enough?" Frenchy asked politely.

"Uh . . . it'll do," the clerk said. "Sign the register."

The clerk handed him a key, directed Frenchy to the room.

It was something out of Frenchy's world. He sat down on the soft bed, then rolled back. It was like Paradise, he thought, just like Paradise.

How long he slept he did not know. But it was night, when the rapping came on the door. Still half-asleep, Frenchy went to it. Two people came in. One Frenchy recognized. The room clerk. The other was a stranger, but he spoke with the voice of authority.

He said: "Is this your money?"

"Certainly." Something snapped in Frenchy's mind, warning him to be on his guard. "I am a working man. I earned it."

"I didn't say you hadn't," his interrogator said. "You're De Lira, of Los Vegas, is that correct?"

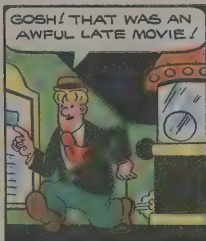
"Oui. Oui." Frenchy's eyes widened. He took a step back. In the man's hand was a gun and now he suddenly opened his coat. A star shone on it!

"You're under arrest," the Sheriff said, "for the murder of Pop Washington." He grasped Frenchy's wrist. In a trice he had snapped handcuffs on him. "It was pretty clever," he said, "planting money on Thad Gascon to make it look like he committed the crime." The Sheriff delved into his pocket, came up with the ten dollar bill Frenchy had given the clerk. "Only you should have known, Frenchy, that gold currency has been outlawed two years now! And when this room clerk became suspicious and called me, I checked with Los Vegas. The Sheriff there wants to talk to you!"

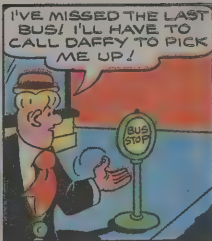


DAFFY & DOODLE

GOSH! THAT WAS AN AWFUL LATE MOVIE!



I'VE MISSED THE LAST BUS! I'LL HAVE TO CALL DAFFY TO PICK ME UP!

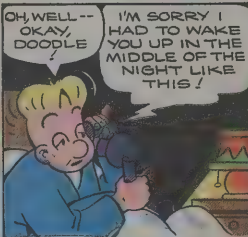


HELLO--

HELLO, DAFFY! CAN YOU PICK ME UP WITH THE CAR?-- I MISSED THE LAST BUS FOR HOME!

OH, WELL-- OKAY, DOODLE!

I'M SORRY I HAD TO WAKE YOU UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT LIKE THIS!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DOODLE -- I HAD TO GET UP TO ANSWER THE TELEPHONE ANYWAY!



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

I'M BATTY ABOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE... IT'S THE BEST TASTING, CHEWIEST GUM!

C'MON SKINNY, RAP OUT A HOME RUN!

RAP? THAT REMINDS ME... EVERY PIECE OF DUBBLE BUBBLE IS WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME-- FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS GOOD, TOO.

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES

THAT'S 'CAUSE BUBBLES ARE SO EASY TO MAKE WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE

AW, HE COULDN'T CATCH A COLD!

CATCH IT!





THE GREEN ARROW



A DARING DAYLIGHT BANK HOLDUP—
RUTHLESS BUT EFFICIENT—

WHAT NOW,
"CAT"?

HEAD DOWN GROVE
STREET AND TURN
RIGHT ON MAPLE.

YOU WON'T
GET VERY FAR,
YOU, RATS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK, COPPER—BUT
A CAT HAS NINE
LIVES!

FROM A TOWER ATOP CITY HALL
A WEIRD FIGURE ISSUES ORDERS...

THE COPS ARE CHASING YOU—
TURN UP ROGERS STREET
AND I'LL STOP
THEM!

THE POLICE ARE CLOSING IN ON THEIR QUARRY
WHEN SUDDENLY A SWISH IS HEARD ...

STOP THE CAR! THAT'S
POISON GAS— THE "CAT"
HAS USED IT BEFORE
ON HIS JOBS.

HAW! HAW!
NICE SHOOTING,
"CAT"!

BAFFLED, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ENLISTS
THE AID OF THE TWO CRIME-CRUSHERS, THE
GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY... THE NEXT DAY—

THIS CITY HALL TOWER IS
THE HIGHEST SPOT IN THE
CITY— BUT WHY DID YOU
BRING US HERE?

I'VE GOT A
HUNCH THAT
THE—

LOOK—
G.A.!

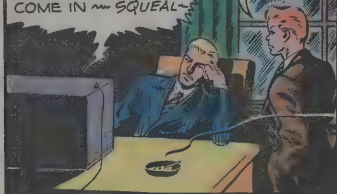
A
BLACK
SPOT ON
THE WALL!
WHAT—?

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER...
THE "CAT" DIRECTED THE
CRIME FROM HERE AND
ALSO USED A BAZOOKA
TYPE WEAPON TO FIRE
THE GAS SHELLS! THIS
MARK WAS MADE BY A
BACK BLAST.

FOR DAYS OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER SEARCH THE ETHER, HOPING TO FIND A CLUE AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE RADIO-RAIDER - THE "CAT".

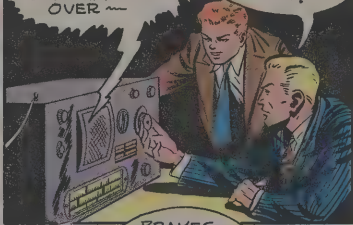
~ SQUEAL ~ DIT-DA-DIT- DIT ~ WQXR CALLING WPAM ~ COME IN ~ SQUEAL ~

NO LUCK, EH, OLIVER!



FINALLY... SQUEAL ~ HELLO, KITTENS ~ PIFFANY'S AT TEN-PIFFANY'S AT TEN- I'LL BE WATCHING ~ OVER ~

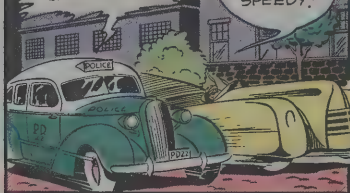
THAT SHRILL VOICE COULD ONLY BE ONE PERSON! WE'RE OFF TO PIFFANY'S, ROY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ARCHERS STREAK DOWN THE MAIN STREET...

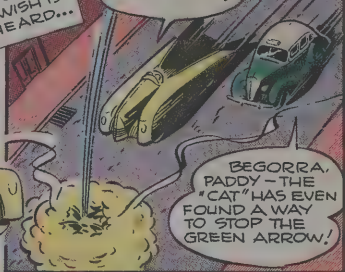
CAR 22... HOLDUP AT PIFFANY'S- BANDITS ARE KILLERS- CAUTION- OVER-

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY, SPEEDY!



SUDDENLY- AN OMINOUS SWISH IS HEARD...

BRAKES- G.A. - THAT'S A POISON GAS SHELL!



BEGORRA, PADDY - THE "CAT" HAS EVEN FOUND A WAY TO STOP THE GREEN ARROW!

NOW WHERE DID THAT COME FROM? THERE ARE NO EXTRA-TALL BUILDINGS HERE, AND BESIDES-

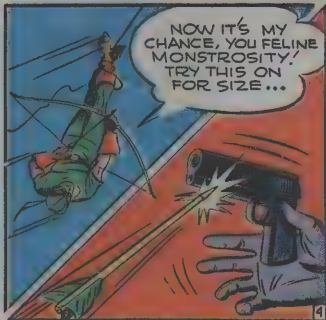
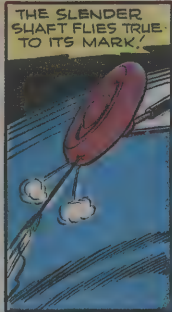
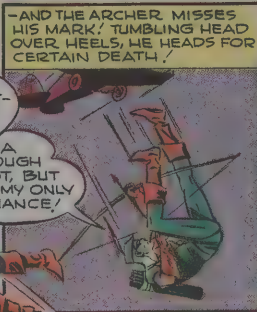
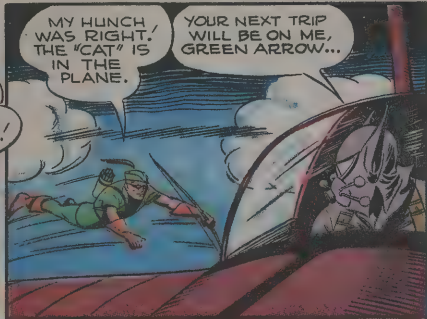
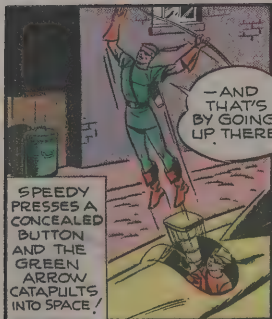
I THINK THERE'S THE SOURCE OF THE SHELL!

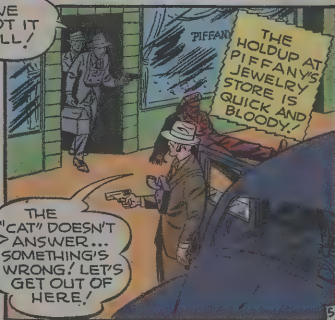
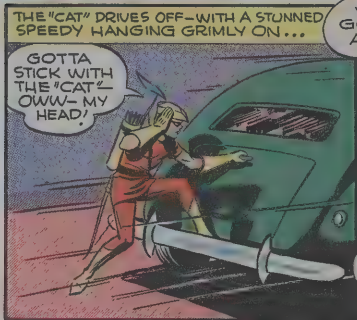
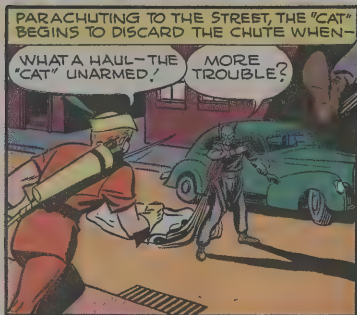
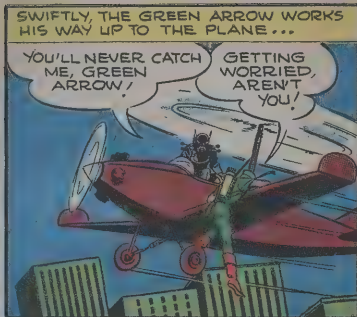


AN AUTOGYRO HOVERS CLOSE TO THE ROOFTOPS...



AND I'LL WAGER THAT THE "CAT'S" UP THERE- THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!







A YELLOWISH CLOUD HANGS DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE FLEEING THUGS...

IT'S THE POISON GAS THE "CAT" USES.

WE'LL PUT ON OUR GAS MASKS AND GO RIGHT THROUGH THE STUFF.

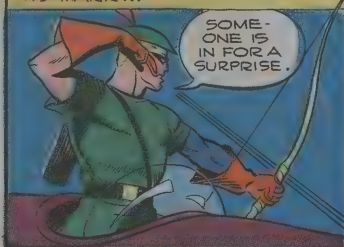


SWOOPING DOWN BETWEEN THE TALL BUILDINGS, THE AUTOGYRO OVERTAKES THE RACING AUTO...



NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW US THROUGH THE GAS!

THE GREEN ARROW TAKES AIM FOR ONLY A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE LETTING A THIN SHAFT OF DESTRUCTION FLY TO ITS MARK...



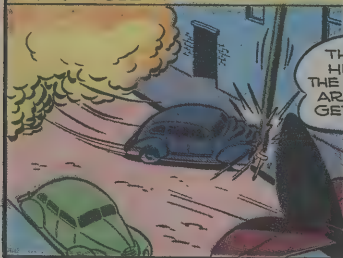
SOME-ONE IS IN FOR A SURPRISE.

MY GAS MASK HAS BEEN RIPPED OFF!

KEEP DRIVING, YOU FOOL!



CAREENING CRAZILY THROUGH THE LOW-HANGING DEADLY GAS, THE CAR ENDS ITS FLIGHT AGAINST A TELEPHONE POLE...



THERE HE IS—THE GREEN ARROW! GET HIM!





FOUR ARROWS FLY TO THEIR TARGETS WITH ASTOUNDING ACCURACY...

OW! HOW DOES HE DO IT?

OUCH!



THE RAIN OF STEEL-TIPPED SHAFTS CONTINUES TO POUR FROM THE SKY...

I'M PINNED TO THE ROAD!

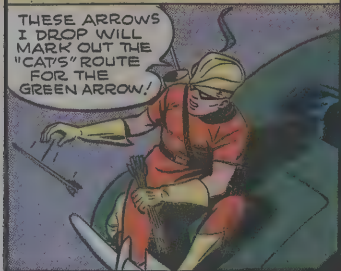
AN' HERE COME TH' COPS!

WE WANT YOU PIN-UPS FOR OUR COLLECTION!



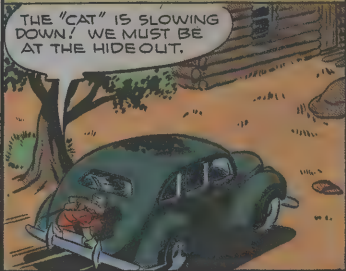
MEANWHILE, SPEEDY INGENUOUSLY BLAZES A TRAIL...

THESE ARROWS I DROP WILL MARK OUT THE "CAT'S" ROUTE FOR THE GREEN ARROW!



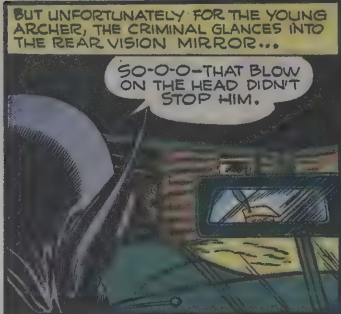
THEY LEAVE THE MAIN ROAD AND TAKE TO THE WOODS...

THE "CAT" IS SLOWING DOWN! WE MUST BE AT THE HIDEOUT.



BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE YOUNG ARCHER, THE CRIMINAL GLANCES INTO THE REAR VISION MIRROR...

SO-O-O-THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD DIDN'T STOP HIM.



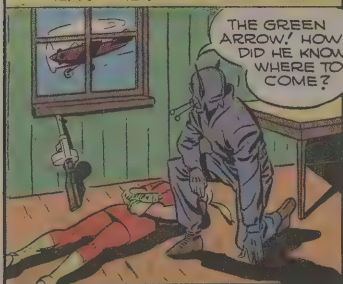
COMING UP BEHIND SPEEDY, THE "CAT" LASHES OUT VICIOUSLY!

DIDN'T MOTHER TELL YOU NOT TO HITCH RIDES?

OH!



AS THE CAT FINISHES BINDING SPEEDY, HE HEARS THE DRONE OF A PLANE...

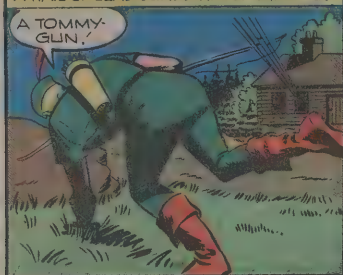


THE GREEN ARROW! HOW DID HE KNOW WHERE TO COME?

THE TRAIL OF ARROWS LED DIRECTLY TO THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY CABIN... I WONDER WHERE SPEEDY IS?

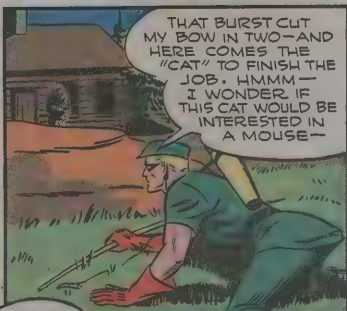


AS THE ARCHER WALKS TO THE CABIN A HAIL OF LEAD SENDS HIM SPRAWLING!



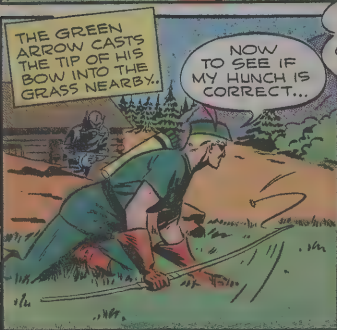
A TOMMY-GUN!

THAT BURST CUT MY BOW IN TWO—AND HERE COMES THE "CAT" TO FINISH THE JOB. HMMM—I WONDER IF THIS CAT WOULD BE INTERESTED IN A MOUSE—



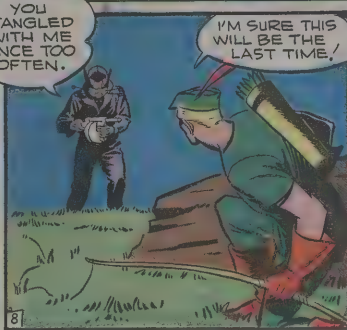
THE GREEN ARROW CASTS THE TIP OF HIS BOW INTO THE GRASS NEARBY.

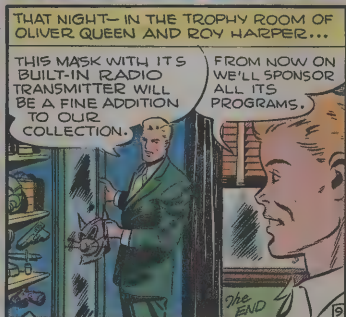
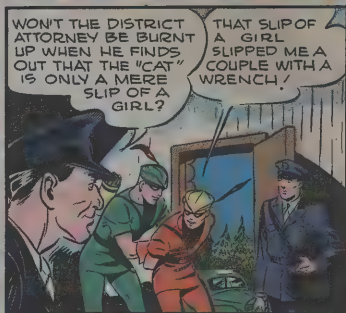
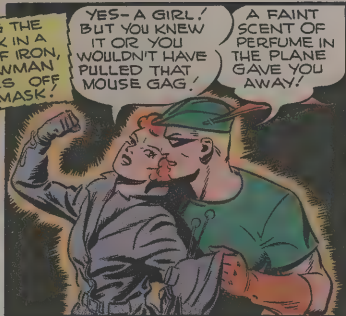
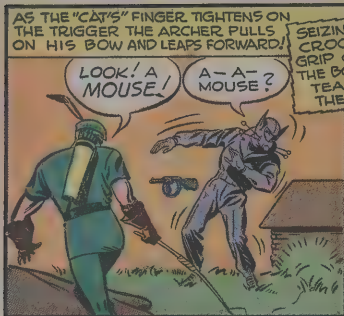
NOW TO SEE IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT...

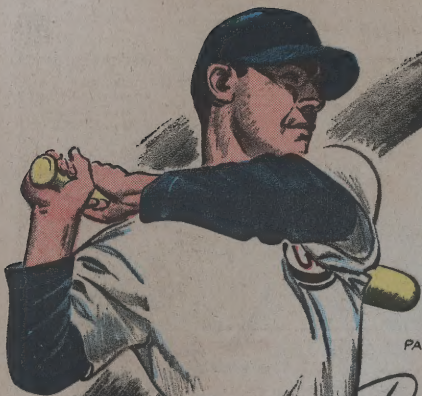


YOU TANGLED WITH ME ONCE TOO OFTEN.

I'M SURE THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME!





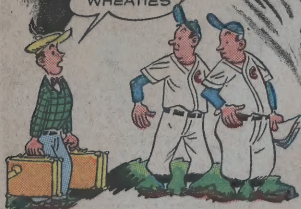


CAVARRETTA HIKED.
HIS CHAMPIONSHIP HITTING
PACE FOR THE 1945 WORLD'S SERIES
--LED BOTH CUBS AND TIGERS
WITH A BOOMING .423

Phil CAVARRETTA

BATTING CHAMPION OF 1945, HE HIT
.355 FOR THE CHICAGO CUBS

I EAT MY
WHEATIES



PHIL WAS A CUB REGULAR AT 17.
PLAYED IN THE WORLD'S SERIES
HIS FIRST YEAR UP

"I LEAD OFF WITH
LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT,
AND WHEATIES.
"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS" EVERY
MORNING," SAYS
CHAMPION PHIL
CAVARRETTA. "I LIKE
WHEATIES SO MUCH
IF THEY'RE NOT AT
THE TABLE EVERY
DAY, I RAISE A
RUCKUS AT MY
HOUSE."

I WANT MY
WHEATIES



WANT TO BE A
BASEBALL CHAMPION?



EXPERT COACHING HELPED
PERFECT PHIL'S BATTING
PUNCH. BIG LEAGUE BATTING
CHAMPIONS TELL YOU HOW TO
DEVELOP CHAMPION HITTING
FORM IN "WANT TO BE A
BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--NEW
32-PAGE BASEBALL MANUAL. USE
COUPON ON WHEATIES PACKAGE
TO GET YOUR COPY



SEE YOUR
WHEATIES
PACKAGE



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"
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General Mills, Inc.

HOW THOM McAN

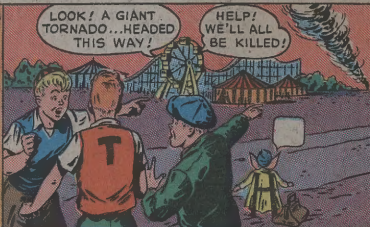
WITH HIS MAGIC



Tamed a Tornado

"BAZOOKA—SHOES"

THOUSANDS MAY DIE! THOM McAN, HIS LITTLE PAL "H," AND FRIENDS ARE "TAKING IN" A CARNIVAL. SUDDENLY THEY HEAR SCREAMS COMING FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL!



LOOK! A GIANT TORNADO...HEADED THIS WAY!

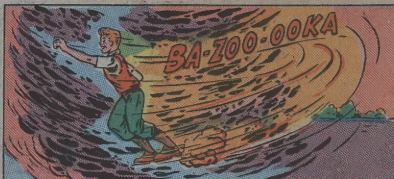
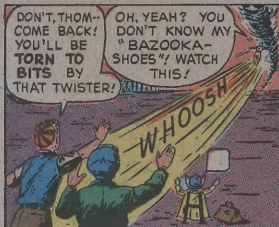
HELP! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

QUICK, "H," MY "BAZOOKA SHOES"! I'VE GOT TO TAME THAT TWISTER! AND HERE--- SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO MY EVERYDAY THOM McANS!



DON'T, THOM-- COME BACK! YOU'LL BE TORN TO BITS BY THAT TWISTER!

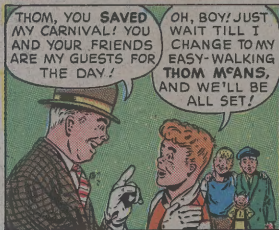
OH, YEAH? YOU DON'T KNOW MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! WATCH THIS!



THOM CIRCLES AGAINST THE WHIRLING WIND-- AT SUCH TERRIFIC SPEED THAT HE SETS UP A "TORNADO-IN-REVERSE" WHICH "UNTWISTS" THE TWISTER!

THOM, YOU SAVED MY CARNIVAL! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE MY GUESTS FOR THE DAY!

OH, BOY! JUST WAIT TILL I CHANGE TO MY EASY-WALKING THOM McANS, AND WE'LL BE ALL SET!



LATER...

YEP! THE WAY YOUR FEET FEEL IN THOM McAN SHOES!

WHEE! LIKE FLOATING ON A CLOUD!



GEE, THOM, CARNIVALS ARE FUN, BUT THEY'RE SURE HARD ON SHOES. MINE ARE COMING APART AT THE SEAMS!

THAT NEVER HAPPENS WHEN YOU WEAR STURDY THOM McANS.



NOW LET'S GO THROUGH THE "FUN HOUSE!"

I CAN'T! I'VE GOT TO GO HOME-- MY FEET HURT!

TOO BAD, JIMMY. NEXT TIME WEAR SHOES THAT NEVER "LET YOU DOWN" THOM McANS!



WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN-- (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)



INSIDE THE FUN HOUSE THE OTHER BOYS FIND THRILLS GALORE-- BUT JIMMY IS HOME RESTING HIS FEET. NEVER LET THE WRONG KIND OF SHOES SPOIL YOUR FUN! TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU ALWAYS WANT DEPENDABLE THOM McANS!



Thom McAn

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Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN!**

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Smart
Roomy
and
LOW PRICED!*

IT "ZIPS" ALL THE WAY AROUND →



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Windows

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BILLFOLD Design
and Workmanship

Exterior Of These Billfolds Are Made
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Complete with
FLEXIBLE GILT CHAIN



What a sensational offer! And what a marvelous value! This is the first time in our history we've ever given a smart leather, genuine all-around Zipper Billfold for the unheard of low price of only \$1.98. Ordinarily you would have to pay that price for just the usual type billfold with no zipper. Yet on this bargain offer we not only give you this beautifully styled Zipper Billfold, which is a remarkable value in itself, but you also get two other great features — **3 BIG VALUES in all for ONE LOW PRICE!** You can't beat an offer like that. You'll agree when you see this Billfold that it's the best ever.

**This Genuine RABBIT'S FOOT
KEYHOLDER Included With
Every Zipper Billfold!**

Some people put a great deal of faith in the symbolic magic of a rabbit's foot. They feel that it acts as a good omen. Even if you aren't superstitious, you'll find that this rabbit's foot makes a mighty good key holder. It's novel. It's handy. It's a genuine rabbit's foot with real fur and everything. The picture shows the rabbit's foot about actual size. Comes complete with a generous gilt chain, flexible and large enough to accommodate all your keys.

RUSH YOUR ORDER FIRST COME FIRST SERVED

Here, without a doubt, is the last word in a real man's billfold—it has a place for everything. It "rips open all the way" so that currency, change, passes and membership cards can be reached easily and fast. Yet when closed you can shake the billfold all you want and nothing can fall out. So handy! So safe! Remember as an extra special feature we also include America's most popular genuine Rabbit's Foot Key-Holder, complete with gilt chain as shown. But hurry while there's still time. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the handy coupon below today on our 10 Day Examination Offer.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3314
610 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Illinois

Gentlemen: Rush me your 3 Big Values as described including Zipper Pass Case Billfold, Built-in Change Purse and Rabbit's Foot Key Holder with Gilt Chain. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 20% Fed. Tax and few cents postage and 60¢ charges. If not delighted in every way I can return to 10 days for full refund.

Name _____
Address _____
Even _____ State _____

☐ To have shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.00 plus 20% Federal Tax (Total \$2.38). Please ship above order all postage charges prepaid.

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