

No. 105

JUNE

TEN CENTS



Adventure COMICS

Another
EXCITING STORY OF
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS

SUPERBOY

CORRECT!

THERE
ARE
EXACTLY
3,721.

ALL OF THEM
FREE
IF YOU CAN GUESS
THE EXACT NUMBER
OF JELLY BEANS
IN THE JAR.



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is for
HIPPOPOTAMUS,

AND WHEN HE FINISHES
HIS SWALLOW,
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS
THAT BEAR THIS SIGN
HAVE THE OTHERS
BEAT ALL HOLLOW!



- ON THE COVER OF
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IT'S YOUR
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OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY
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Printed in U.S.A.

SUPERBOY

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

WHEN A GLITTERING PALACE APPEARS AS IF BY MAGIC... AND A TOWERING GIANT TURNS MIDGET TO PLEASE A TINY SORCERESS—WHY, THAT'S STRICTLY THE BUSINESS OF THOSE WHO DEAL IN SUCH FANTASTIC MATTERS! BUT WHEN THE "SORCERY" GETS OUT OF HAND AND IMPERILS OTHERS, IT BECOMES **SUPERBOY'S** BUSINESS—AND ALL HIS AMAZING POWERS ARE NEEDED TO COMBAT THE THREAT OF...
"THE PALACE OF FANTASY!"

CLARK KENT AND THREE OF HIS SCHOOLMATES, ON A SPECIMEN-HUNTING EXPEDITION FOR THEIR BOTANY CLASS, DO NOT SUSPECT THAT THEY ARE OBSERVED...

WHICH, PERHAPS, IS JUST AS WELL FOR THEIR PEACE OF MIND!

HERE'S SOME MOSS THAT LOOKS STRANGE TO ME!

GEE, CLARK, I GUESS WE GOT ABOUT ENOUGH STUFF TO SATISFY OUR TEACHER!

A MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY! THE PRINCESS BLENDIA WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I MISSED IT.

A MOMENT LATER...

HEY! LOOK AT-

SHUT UP! YOU WANT HIM TO SEE US AND COME AFTER US?

AS THE HUGE STRANGER STRIDES AWAY...

HE DROPPED THIS MAP! IT SHOWS THE OLD GRAVEL PIT-AND ON THE HILL ABOVE IT, A HOUSE MARKED "PALACE OF FANTASY!"

I WAS THERE ONLY LAST WEEK, AND THERE WASN'T ANY HOUSE!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, FELLAS? IT'S ONLY HALF A MILE FROM HERE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

NOT ME! I CAME OUT TO GATHER PLANTS AND FLOWERS-NOT TO FOOL AROUND WITH GIANTS!

ALL RIGHT-BE SCARED, IF YOU WANT TO! WE'RE NOT!

CLARK'S GOT COLD, FEET.

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY!

BUT HARDLY ARE THE OTHERS OUT OF SIGHT WHEN -

I'M SURE THE GIANT DROPPED THAT MAP ON PURPOSE! IF HE'S UP TO ANY MISCHIEF, **SUPERBOY** CAN DO MORE ABOUT IT THAN CLARK KENT COULD!

(2)

A LIGHTNING LEAP THROUGH THE AIR- AND THERE, ON THE HILL ABOVE THE GRAVEL PIT, IS INDEED A SMALL BUT AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL PALACE.

OF ALL THINGS! A BIT SMALL FOR A GIANT, PERHAPS- BUT IT'S THERE! ALL RIGHT!

MINUTES BEHIND SUPERBOY, THE VENTURE SOME TRIO COMES WITHIN VIEW OF THE COLORFUL STRUCTURE!

WELL, LOOK AT THAT!

I TELL YOU, IT WASN'T THERE A WEEK AGO! MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO BACK!



BACK? OH, NO! FOR SUDDENLY...

HUH-? GRAB ME-I'M FALLING!

SO'M I! IF ONLY WE'D STAYED WITH CLARK!



A GREAT NET CATCHES THEM-AND AS THE CAMOUFLAGED TRAPDOOR CLOSES ABOVE, THEY ARE LEFT IN INKY DARKNESS.

OOOH-H-H! NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!



WE KNOW THAT MUCH, BUT WHAT'S IT?

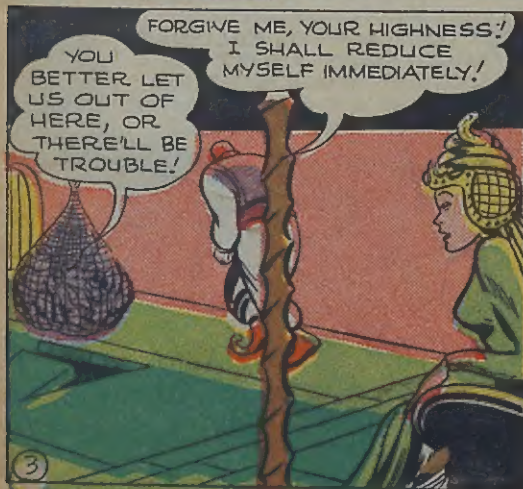
SUSPENDED FROM A WHEEL TRAVELING AN OVERHEAD TRACK, THE NET MOVES FORWARD IN THE BLACKNESS... THEN IS LIFTED STRAIGHT UPWARD... AND EVENTUALLY -

PRINCESS BLENDIA, YOU FORGET YOURSELF, IFRIN! IN MY PRESENCE YOU MUST NEVER APPEAR AT YOUR FULL HEIGHT!



FORGIVE ME, YOUR HIGHNESS! I SHALL REDUCE MYSELF IMMEDIATELY!

YOU BETTER LET US OUT OF HERE, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!

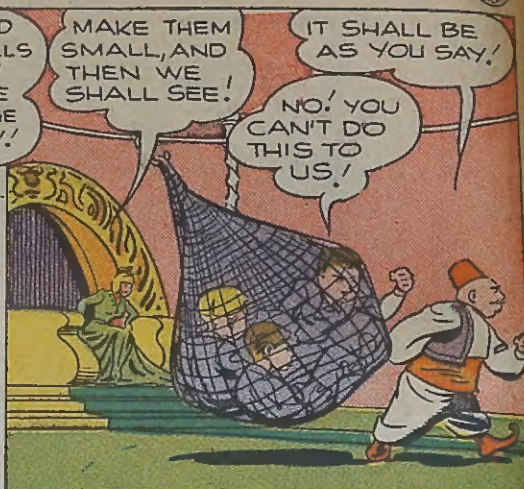


SUPERBOY'S X-RAY VISION HAS KEPT HIM INFORMED OF ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED- BUT EVEN HE CANNOT REPRESS A START AS THE TRAP DOOR OPENS AGAIN, AND OUT STEPS -

WHAT-! HE'S A MIDGET NOW!

I SHALL REMEMBER NEXT TIME, PRINCESS.





AND NOW AS **SUPERBOY** STRAINS AGAINST THE PRESSURE OF A POWERFUL MOTOR, LET US TAKE NOTE OF WHAT HIS MIRACULOUS VISION HAS SHOWN HIM...

IT'S STOPPING-BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN HOLD IT, AND I DON'T DARE LET GO TILL-

ABRUPTLY, THE WHIRRING SOUND OF THE MOTOR CHANGES TO A SNARL, AND THERE IS THE SOUND OF RENDING METAL UNDERGROUND.

THERE! IT WON'T COME DOWN ANY FARTHER! NOW OUT WE GO!

CLANG! BANG!

OH, BOY!

THE CABLE SHAFT IS TURNING - AND THE CLUTCH LEVER HAS JAMMED SO I CAN'T TURN IT OFF, THE WHOLE PLACE WILL COME DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!

WE'LL BE KILLED!

HUH-? SUPERBOY!

OH, DEAR - NOW THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!

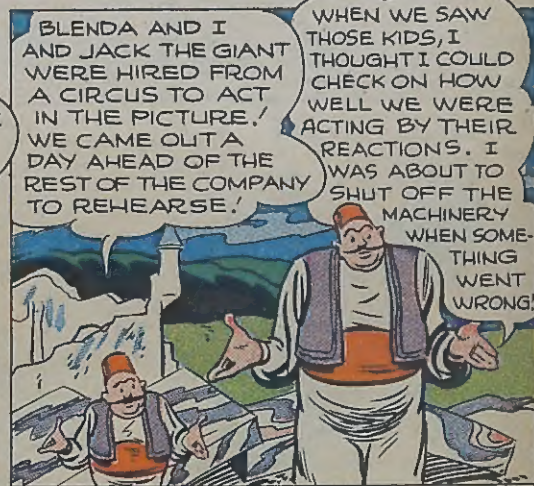
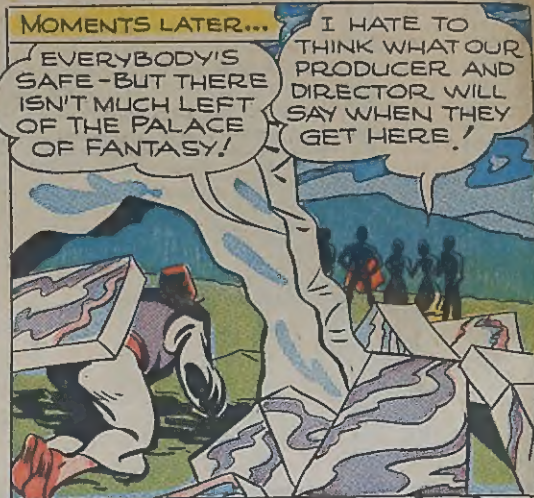
ALREADY HUGE SLABS OF MARBLE, YANKED OUT OF PLACE BY CONCEALED CABLES, PLUNGE DOWNWARD FROM WALLS AND CEILING!

NO TIME TO STOP THE MACHINERY NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE!

MAYBE THIS IS NO WAY TO HANDLE A PRINCESS - AND A SORCERESS, BESIDES - BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

PRINCESS AND SORCERESS, NOTHING! I'M JUST A SCARED YOUNG LADY WHO WANTS OUT!

OH-H-H!





MOVING AT TERRIFIC SPEED, **SUPERBOY** FITS BROKEN SLABS OF MARBLE TOGETHER LIKE PIECES OF A JIGSAW PUZZLE—AND WEDGES THEM TIGHTLY IN PLACE!

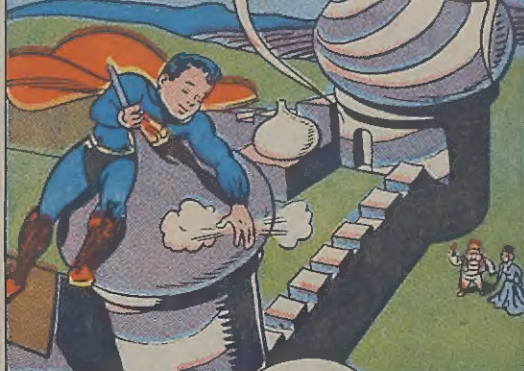
CAN HE DO IT? HE'S PRACTICALLY DONE IT!

SUPERBOY CAN DO ANYTHING!



HE'S EVEN POLISHING IT!

IT LOOKS BETTER THAN IT DID IN THE FIRST PLACE!



THERE! NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT ATTACH THE CABLES, MAKE SOME MINOR REPAIRS TO THE MACHINERY—AND HOPE NO MORE MISTAKES HAPPEN!

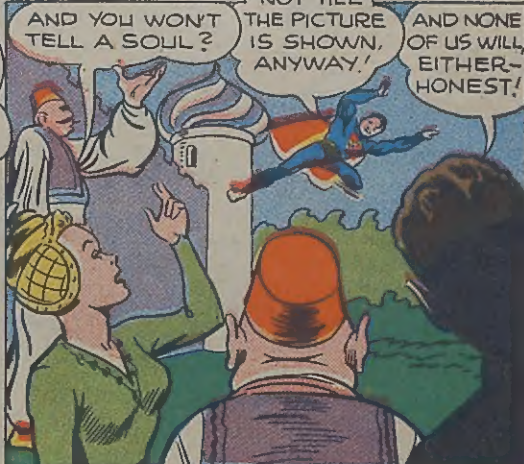
THANKS A MILLION! YOU CAN BET I WON'T LURE ANY MORE STRANGERS HERE.



AND YOU WON'T TELL A SOUL?

NOT TILL THE PICTURE IS SHOWN, ANYWAY!

AND NONE OF US WILL, EITHER—HONEST!



AND SO, PRESENTLY...

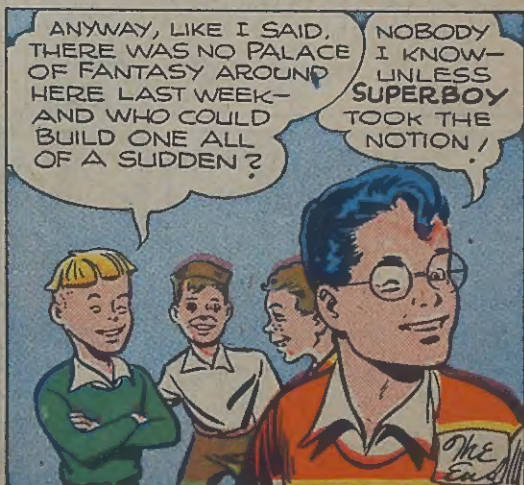
WELL, YOU WERE GONE LONG ENOUGH! DID YOU SEE THE GIANT AGAIN?

DID WE? UH—THAT IS—WELL, THERE REALLY ISN'T VERY MUCH WE CAN TELL!



ANYWAY, LIKE I SAID, THERE WAS NO PALACE OF FANTASY AROUND HERE LAST WEEK—AND WHO COULD BUILD ONE ALL OF A SUDDEN?

NOBODY I KNOW—UNLESS **SUPERBOY** TOOK THE NOTION!



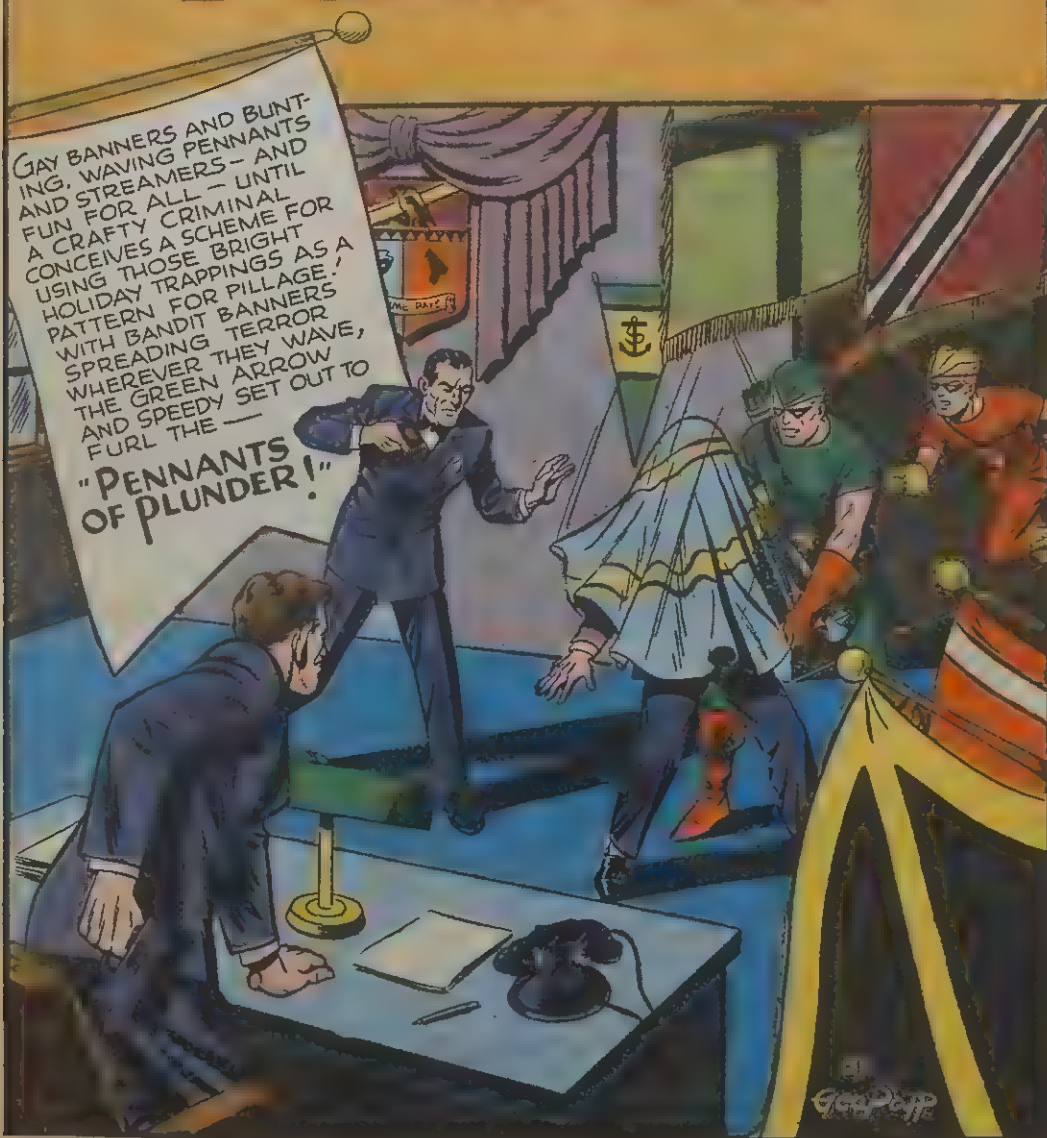
"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



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THE GREEN ARROW





NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THIS SCENE—A GUARDED PAYROLL MESSENGER GOES TO THE BANK...

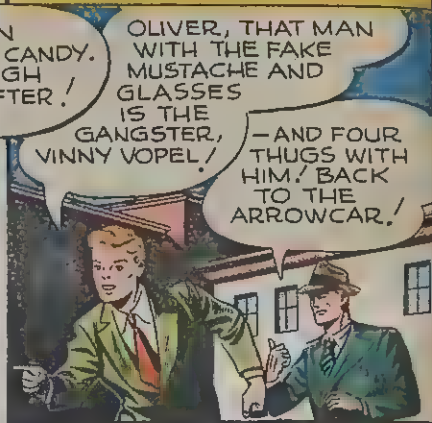
BUT TO THE ALERT EYES OF OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER...



THEY CAN KEEP THE CANDY. IT'S DOUGH WE'RE AFTER!

OLIVER, THAT MAN WITH THE FAKE MUSTACHE AND GLASSES IS THE GANGSTER, VINNY VOPEL!

—AND FOUR THUGS WITH HIM! BACK TO THE ARROWCAR!



MOMENTS LATER...

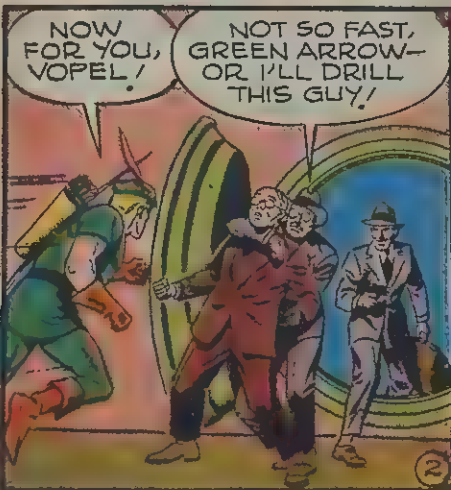


THE GREEN ARROW!



WOW! I DIDN'T HAVE THAT MONEY VERY LONG!

HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO BANK!



NOW FOR YOU, VOPEL!

NOT SO FAST, GREEN ARROW—OR I'LL DRILL THIS GUY!



TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY, GREEN ARROW! WE'RE GOING PLACES!



SEEKING ESCAPE, THE THUGS DART INTO A NEARBY DOORWAY...

WE'RE IN A FLAG FACTORY, VINNY!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE - THE BACK WAY!



SHOW US HOW TO GET OUT OF HERE, PUNK! AAAGH! THE GREEN ARROW!

LET'S SEE YOU FIGHT WITHOUT A GUN, VOPEL!



HAVING A BANNER DAY, VOPEL?

MAYBE SOMETHING IN THIS LINE WILL INTEREST YOU.



NOW YOU BOYS NEED STARS AND STRIPES TO COMPLETE YOUR ENSEMBLE!

HERE IS WHERE YOU SEE STARS - YOU'LL GET YOUR STRIPES SOON ENOUGH!



... AND VOPEL GETS HIS STRIPES...

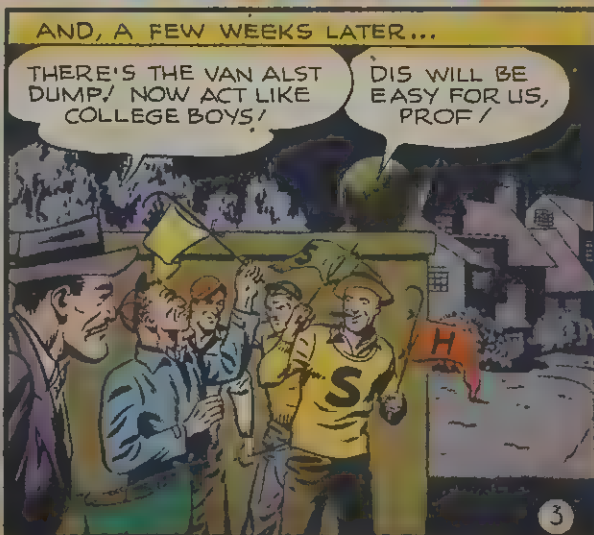
THOSE FLAGS TRIPPED ME UP - BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! THEY GAVE ME AN IDEA THAT'S GOING TO PAY OFF BIG!

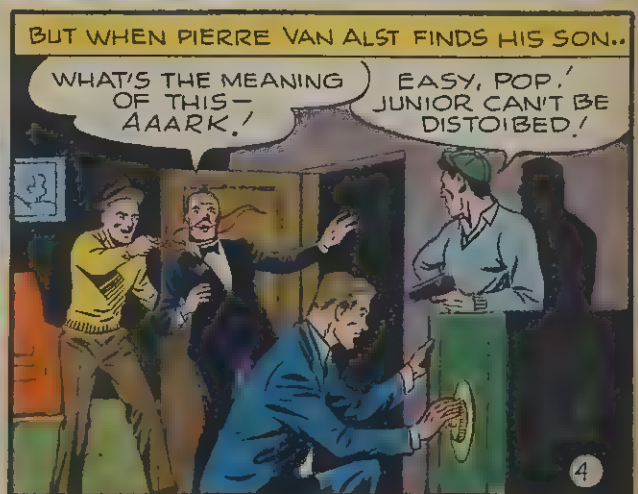
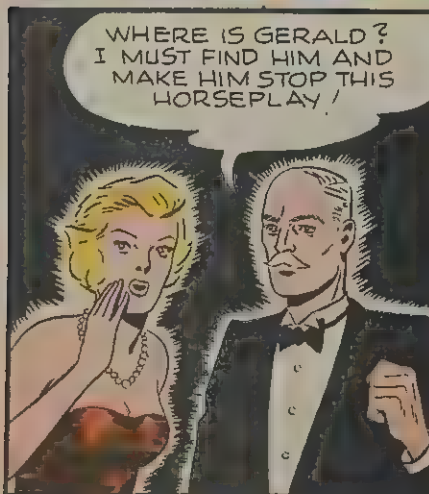
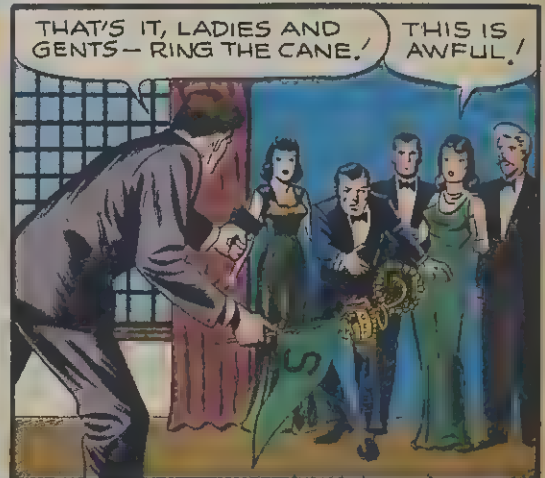
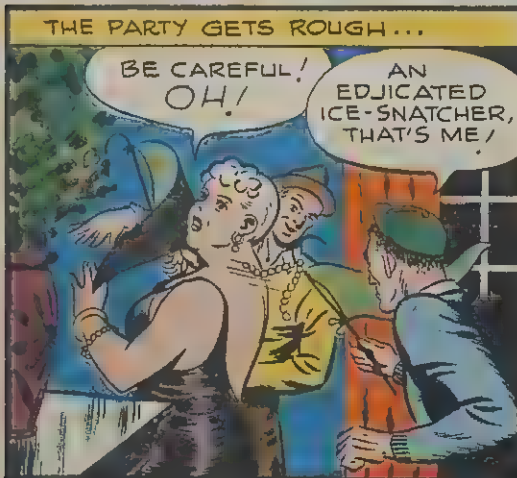
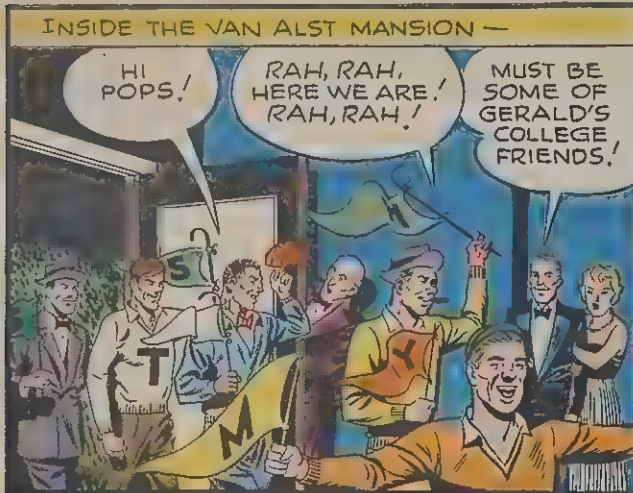


AND, A FEW WEEKS LATER...

THERE'S THE VAN ALST DUMP! NOW ACT LIKE COLLEGE BOYS!

DIS WILL BE EASY FOR US, PROF!





MEANWHILE, WORKMEN PUT UP DECORATIONS FOR A BANKERS' BANQUET...

THIS WILL BE, SOME AFFAIR! ALL MILLIONAIRES.

THEY'LL CARRY LOTS OF DOUGH, TOO. THERE'S GONNA BE A BOND AUCTION.

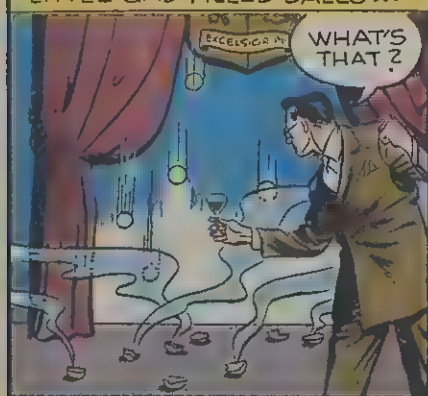


LATER—WHEN THE BANQUET BEGINS..

IN TWO MINUTES I'LL PULL THE SWITCH AND YOU CAN GO TO WORK COLLECTING TIPS!



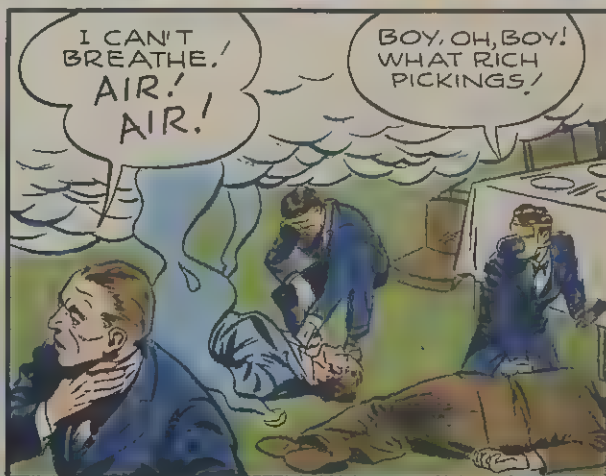
AS THE SWITCH IS PULLED, OUT OF THE DECORATIONS DROP LITTLE GAS-FILLED BALLS...



WHAT'S THAT?

I CAN'T BREATHE! AIR! AIR!

BOY, OH, BOY! WHAT RICH PICKINGS!



NEXT DAY... AT OLIVER QUEEN'S HOME...

PENNANTS, FLAGS, DECORATIONS—THEY'VE BEEN MIXED UP IN SEVERAL RECENT CRIMES!

HMM! LET'S HAVE A TALK WITH THAT DECORATOR!

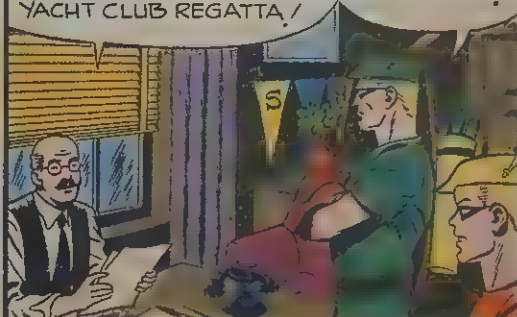


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LATER... AT THE DECORATOR'S SHOP...

I HAVE FLAG JOBS EVERY DAY, GREEN ARROW! TODAY IT'S A WEDDING, TOMORROW A GRADUATION, SATURDAY THE ANCHOR YACHT CLUB REGATTA!

THE ANCHOR YACHT CLUB—A MILLIONAIRE OUTFIT!



SO, TO THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE FASHIONABLE ANCHOR YACHT CLUB...

WHAT AN AFFAIR! EVERY RICH MAN IN TOWN IS HERE!

TONIGHT'S DANCE WILL BE THE BIGGEST OF THE YEAR!

AND THERE ARE UNINVITED GUESTS ALSO!

THAT CHECK-ROOM IS BULGING WITH VALUABLES CHECKED WHEN THE GUESTS PUT ON THEIR BATHING SUITS.

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GRAB WHAT WE WANT!

THEN, THE SWITCH IS PULLED AND ELECTRICITY SETS THE FLAG WIRES TO BURNING!

FIRE!

SCRAM, YOU! COME BACK FOR YOUR STUFF LATER—MUCH LATER! HA, HA!

GET OUT OF THERE! WE'RE TAKING OVER STARTING NOW!

Check Valuables HERE

AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE CLUB...

THERE—THE ARROWCAR WILL SPIKE THEIR GETAWAY!

FIRE! THIS IS IT, G.A.!

6

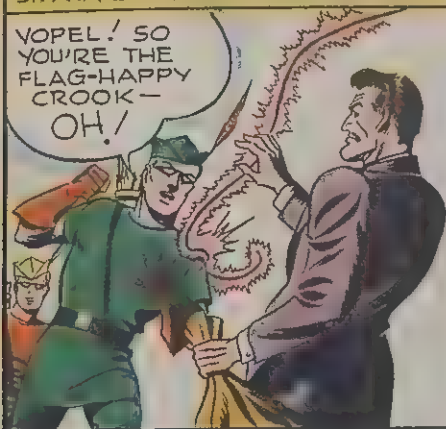
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S IMPOLITE TO POINT?

I THINK WE MET BEFORE!

Check Valuables HERE!

THE PISTOL THAT SPEEDY KNOCKS SKYWARD SNAPS A GLOWING WIRE...

VOPEL! SO YOU'RE THE FLAG-HAPPY CROOK— OH!



I'M ALL RIGHT—JUST STUNNED— UP IN A MINUTE! FOLLOW THEM, SPEEDY! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

SO LONG, GREEN ARROW!



THE ROAD IS BLOCKED, BUT WE'LL ESCAPE YET! GRAB THAT WATER-SKI OUTFIT AND THOSE TWO BOATS.

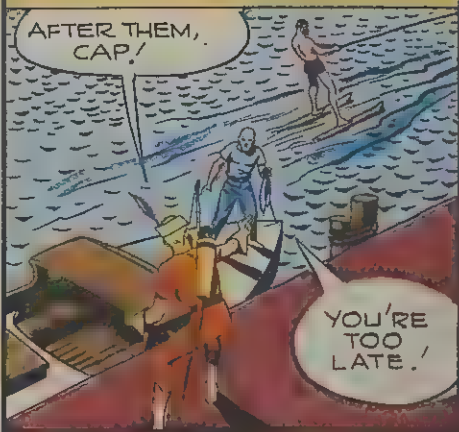
WE'LL SPLIT UP AND THEY WON'T KNOW WHO TO FOLLOW!



SECONDS LATER...

AFTER THEM, CAP!

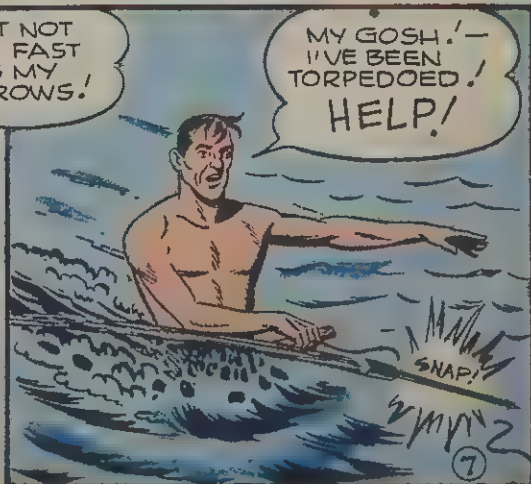
YOU'RE TOO LATE!

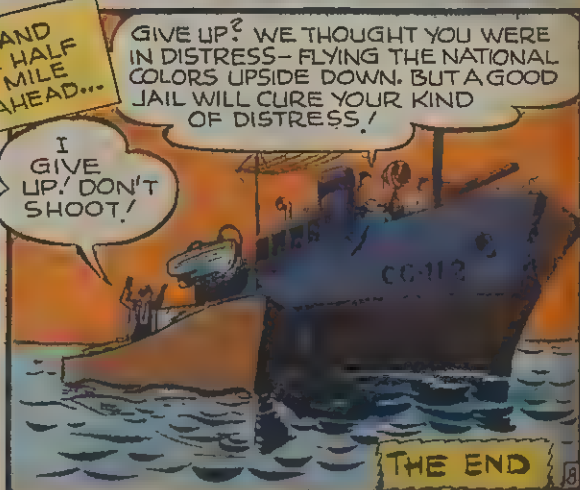
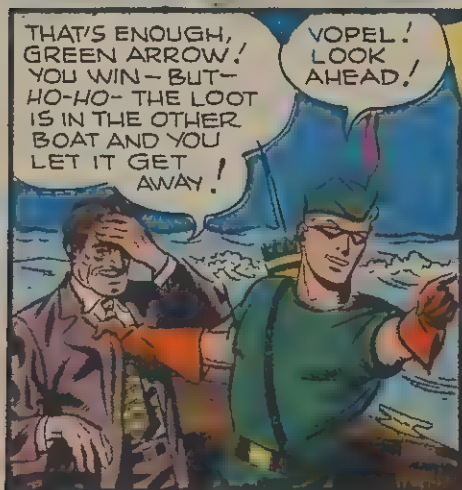
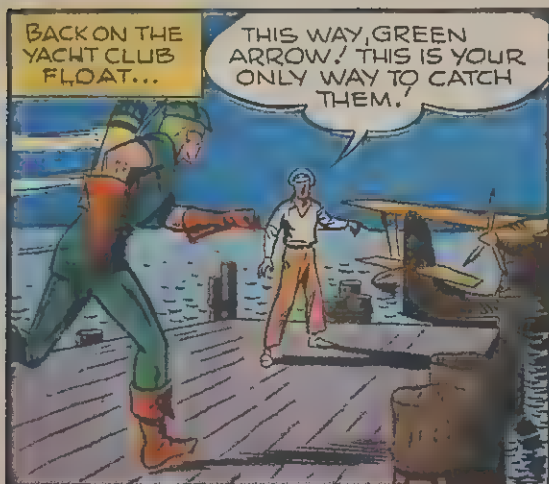


I CAN'T OVERHAUL THEM! THEY'RE TOO FAST!

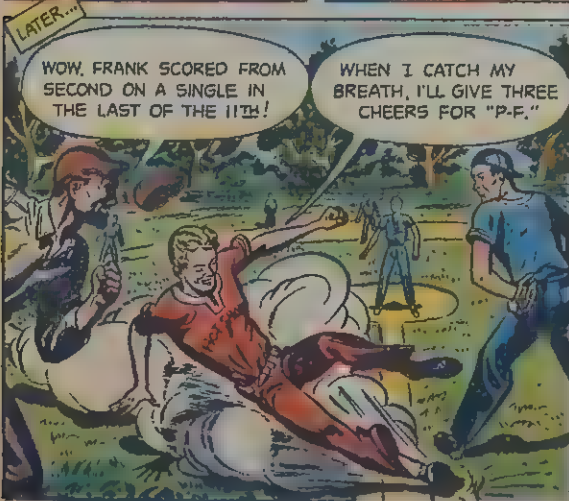
BUT NOT AS FAST AS MY ARROWS!

MY GOSH!— I'VE BEEN TORPEDOED! HELP!





5-INNING FLASH FINDS HIMSELF



HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

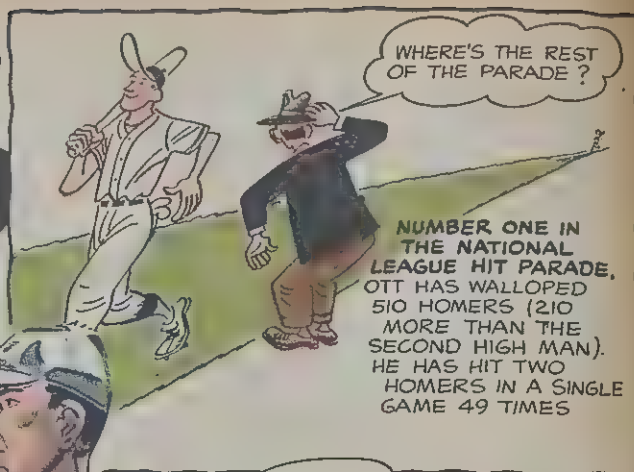


"P-F"

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION—A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY B.F. Goodrich or HOOD RUBBER COMPANY

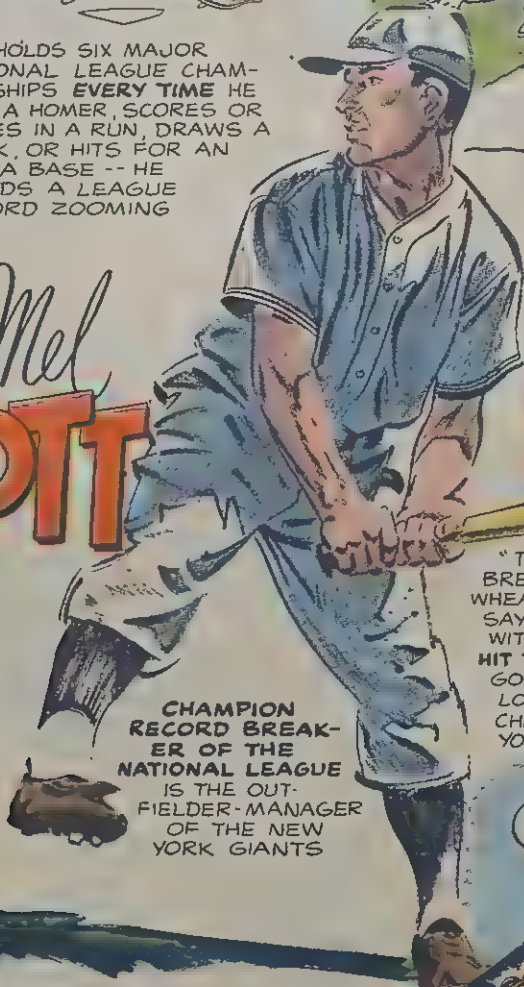


OTT HOLDS SIX MAJOR NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS **EVERY TIME** HE HITS A HOMER, SCORES OR DRIVES IN A RUN, DRAWS A WALK, OR HITS FOR AN EXTRA BASE -- HE SENDS A LEAGUE RECORD ZOOMING

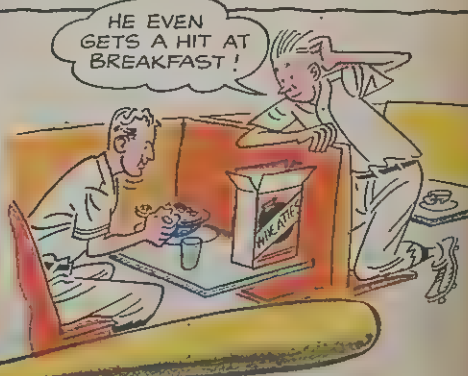


NUMBER ONE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE HIT PARADE. OTT HAS WALLOPPED 510 HOMERS (210 MORE THAN THE SECOND HIGH MAN). HE HAS HIT TWO HOMERS IN A SINGLE GAME 49 TIMES

Mel
OTT



CHAMPION RECORD BREAKER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IS THE OUT-FIELDER-MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS



"THE DISH I TAKE FOR STARTING MY BREAKFAST IS THAT GOOD OLD FAVORITE, WHEATIES--BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," SAYS CHAMPION MEL OTT. "WHEATIES WITH PLenty OF MILK AND FRUIT REALLY **HIT THE SPOT.**" A SWELL TRAINING DISH TOO! GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES--WHEATIES. LOADED WITH THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU CAN USE PLenty OF



YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE BATTING FORM OF BIG LEAGUE HITTERS (LIKE MEL OTT) IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--ONE OF 14 BOOKS IN WHEATIES FAMOUS LIBRARY OF SPORTS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS



Johnny Quick

and his
MAGIC
FORMULA

THOUGH TUBBY WATTS IS ANXIOUS TO LOSE SOME TONNAGE, HE HAS NO DESIRE TO LOSE HIS LIFE! BUT THAT'S WHAT ALMOST HAPPENS WHEN MULROONEY'S HEALTH FARM TURNS OUT TO BE A DECIDEDLY UNHEALTHY PLACE FOR BOTH TUBBY AND JOHNNY QUICK. AND ONLY WHEN THE KING OF SPEED SUPPLIES A DIET OF FISTS AND FAST ACTION TO THE PROPER PATIENTS, DO HE AND HIS FAT FRIEND MAKE A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY WHEN...

00 TUBBY REDUCES! "

BEFORE

AFTER



ACE CAMERAMAN JOHNNY CHAMBERS, AND HIS FRIEND, TUBBY WATTS, POSE FOR A TYPICAL ACTION SHOT...

COFFEE'S OKAY, BUT I GOTTA HAVE SOMETHING SOLID WITH IT.

NOT BAD COFFEE THEY HAVE HERE.

HIYA, BOYS!

BROADWAY BAINES, THE CORNY COLUMNIST! MY EYES MUST BE GOING BACK ON ME!

SURPRISED TO SEE ME LOOKING LIKE THIS, HUH?

WHY, BROADWAY, YOU USED TO BE FATTER THAN ME!

YOU MUST HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE TIME REDUCING.

JOHNNY, YOU'RE WRONG. I ATE ALL I WANTED, DIDN'T KILL MYSELF DOING EXERCISE, AND I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME.

IT ISN'T POSSIBLE.

I DID IT AT MUL-ROONEY'S HEALTH FARM. HE'S GOT A SYSTEM FOR MAKING FAT MEN THIN AND THIN MEN FAT.

GOSH! I'D SURE LIKE TO BE THIN!

AT THAT MOMENT IN A NEIGHBORING BOOTH...

ANOTHER THING MULROONEY MAKES SURE YOU GET IS **QUIET**. EVEN A HERMIT WOULD LIKE IT.

HEY, HEAR THAT, SLATS?

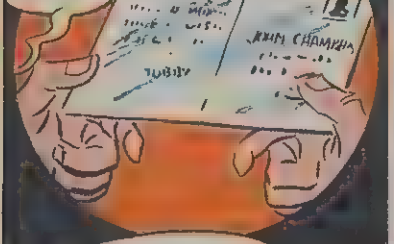
I SURE DO, PORKY.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THE COPS FIND OUT WE PULLED THAT BANK JOB... THIS SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE HIDEOUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

ONLY, THERE'S ONE THING. ONCE WE REACH THE PLACE, WE DON'T PULL NO MORE JOBS. NOTHIN' TO MAKE PEOPLE SUSPICIOUS.

AND SO, A GRAND EXODUS FROM THE CITY TAKES PLACE. AND A WEEK LATER...

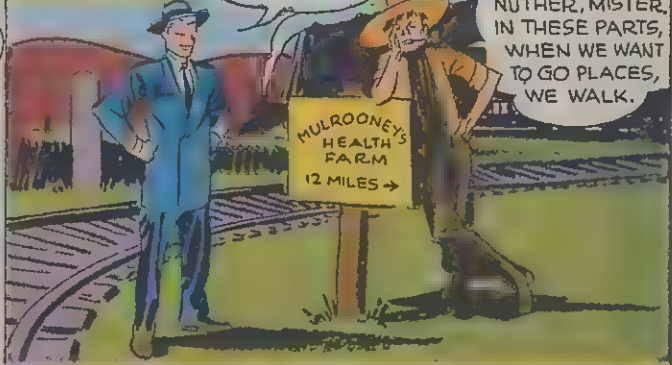
GEE, I NEVER THOUGHT THAT TUBBY WOULD ACTUALLY ENJOY GETTING THIN. I THINK I'LL SEE HOW HE'S GETTING ALONG.



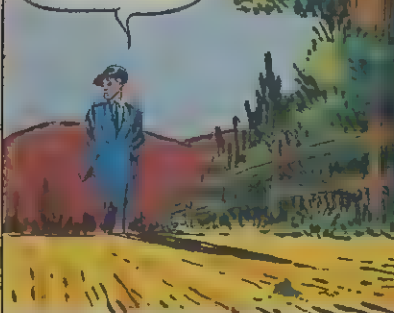
AND LATER THAT SAME DAY...

TWELVE MILES! AND NO BUSSES NOR WAGONS IN SIGHT.

NOR TAXIS NOR STREET CARS NUTHER, MISTER, IN THESE PARTS, WHEN WE WANT TO GO PLACES, WE WALK.



WALKING ISN'T BAD, BUT IT'S A LITTLE SLOW. HE ISN'T LOOKING, SO I CAN SPEED THINGS UP A BIT.



JOHNNY CHAMBER'S LIPS FORM MAGIC SYLLABLES...

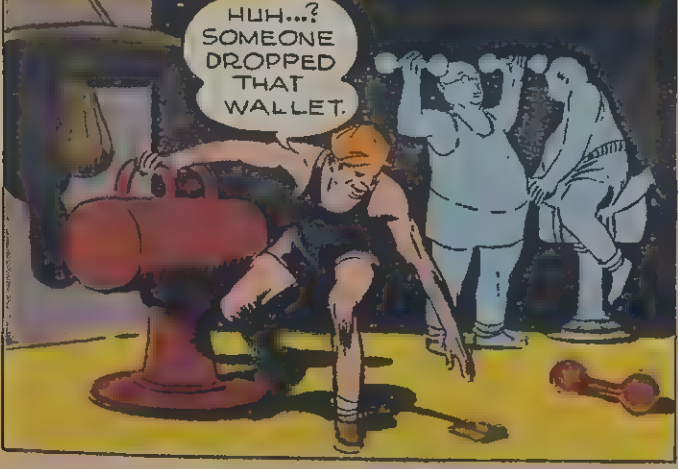


AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER, JOHNNY QUICK, KING OF SPEED, FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR.



HOPE TUBBY ISN'T SO THIN I CAN'T RECOGNIZE HIM.

ALAS, GREATER DANGERS BESET TUBBY THAN THAT OF DIETING BEYOND RECOGNITION. TO SEE WHY, LET US GO BACK A BIT...



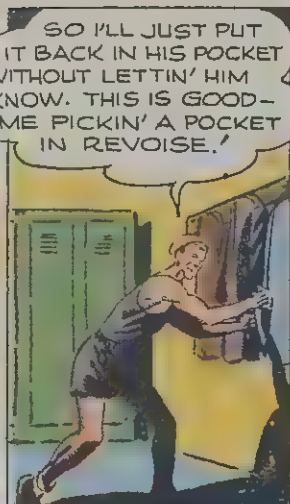
HUH...? SOMEONE DROPPED THAT WALLET.

WHEW, OVER A GRAND! TOO BAD THE BOSS ORDERED US NOT TO PULL ANY JOBS AROUND HERE.

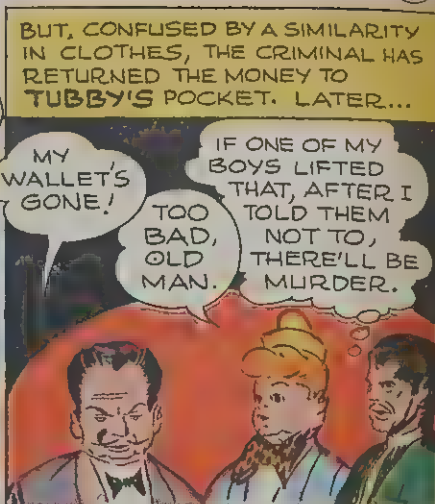




BUT THE GUY THAT DROPPED IT IS GONE...



SO I'LL JUST PUT IT BACK IN HIS POCKET WITHOUT LETTIN' HIM KNOW. THIS IS GOOD—ME PICKIN' A POCKET IN REVOISE!

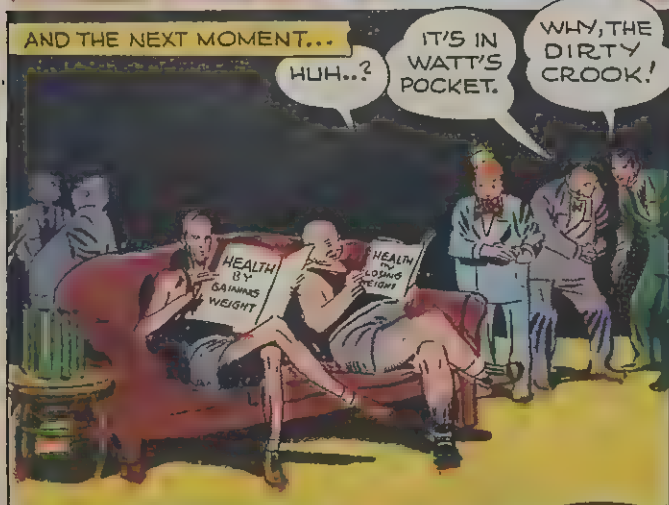


BUT, CONFUSED BY A SIMILARITY IN CLOTHES, THE CRIMINAL HAS RETURNED THE MONEY TO TUBBY'S POCKET. LATER...

MY WALLET'S GONE!

TOO BAD, OLD MAN.

IF ONE OF MY BOYS LIFTED THAT, AFTER I TOLD THEM NOT TO, THERE'LL BE MURDER.



AND THE NEXT MOMENT...

HUH...?

IT'S IN WATT'S POCKET.

WHY, THE DIRTY CROOK!

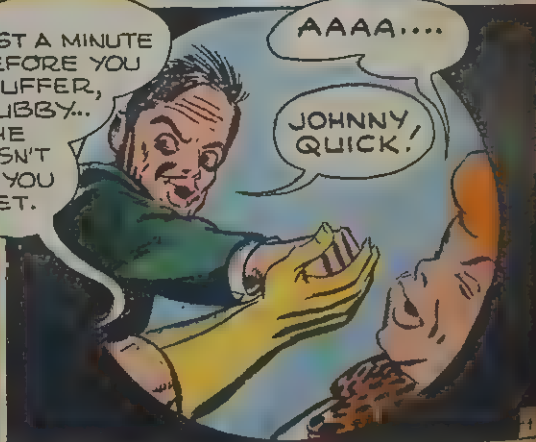


THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY WITH IT, HUH? WE AIN'T GOT NO ROOM FOR YOUR KIND AROUND HERE.

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



THIS'LL MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND.



JUST A MINUTE BEFORE YOU SUFFER, TUBBY.. HE HASN'T HIT YOU YET.

AAAA....

JOHNNY QUICK!



BUT THE CRIMINALS SHOW NO FURTHER SIGNS OF FIGHT, AND PRESENTLY THERE ARE EXPLANATIONS...

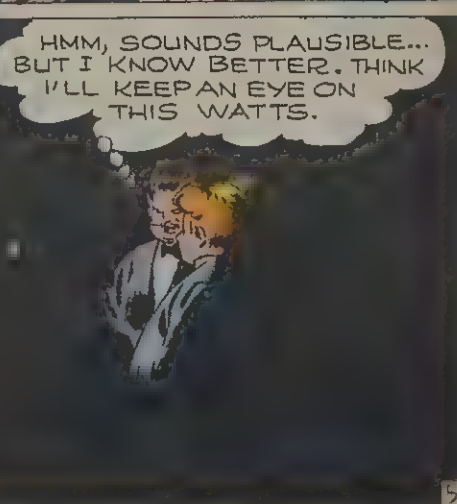
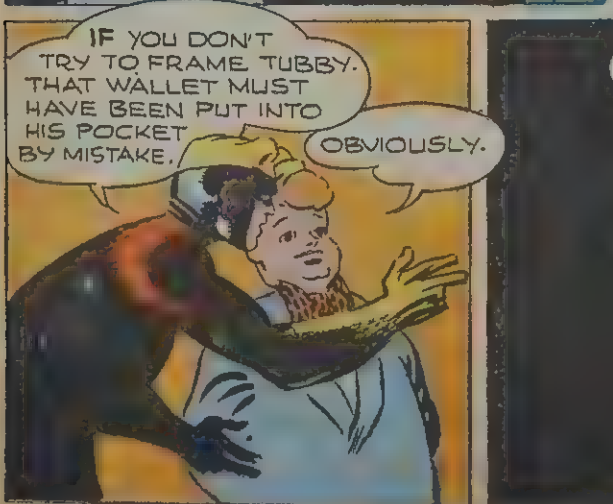
SO YOU'RE ACCUSED OF BEING A CROOK, TUBBY... BY SOME OF THE WORST CROOKS IN TOWN.

HEY, THAT'S A LIE! WE NEVER STEAL NOTHIN'! THE COPS JUST POISECUTE US BECAUSE THEY DON'T LIKE US.



YEAH! BUT RIGHT NOW, FER A CHANGE, THEY AIN'T TRYIN' TO FRAME US!

WELL, I HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT YOUR BEING WANTED RECENTLY, SO I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE, TOO... IF -



JOHNNY OBSERVES MULROONEY'S PAINLESS METHODS OF REDUCING. FIRST, A "HEARTY" LUNCH...

SAY, THAT WOULDN'T FEED A CANARY. I THOUGHT MULROONEY DIDN'T BELIEVE IN DIETING.

THIS ISN'T DIETING... THIS IS QUICK STARVATION.

NEXT, A BIT OF "RELAXATION..."

WOW! LUCKY FOR YOU, MULROONEY DOESN'T BELIEVE IN EXERCISE!

AND LOOK AT THOSE FELLOWS! THEY'D DO ANYTHING TO STAY OUT OF JAIL... AND HERE THEY ARE CRACKING ROCKS FOR THE FUN OF IT.

WHILE, OVER ALL, SLAVE-DRIVING MULROONEY HIMSELF KEEPS AN EAGLE EYE...

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH BEING YOURSELF... BUT IF A THIN MAN WANTS TO BE FAT, AND A FAT MAN, THIN, HE HAS TO WORK FOR IT.

AND BAINES SAID THIS PLACE WOULD BE A PLEASURE. HE SURE HAS A FUNNY SENSE OF HUMOR!

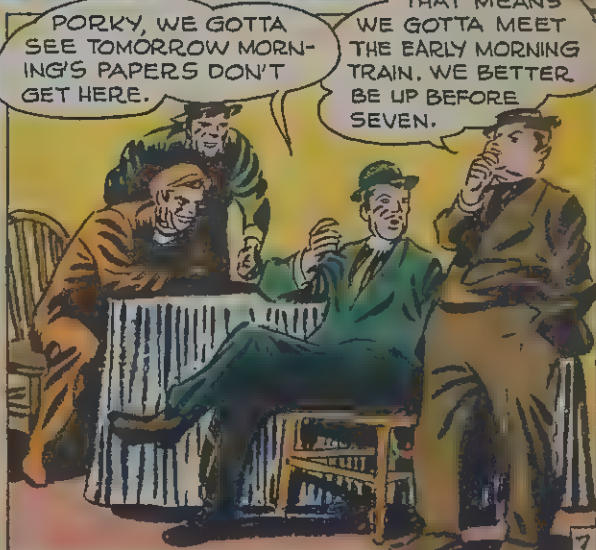
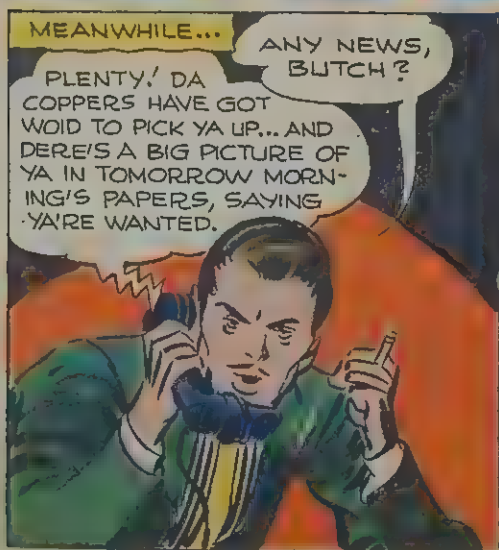
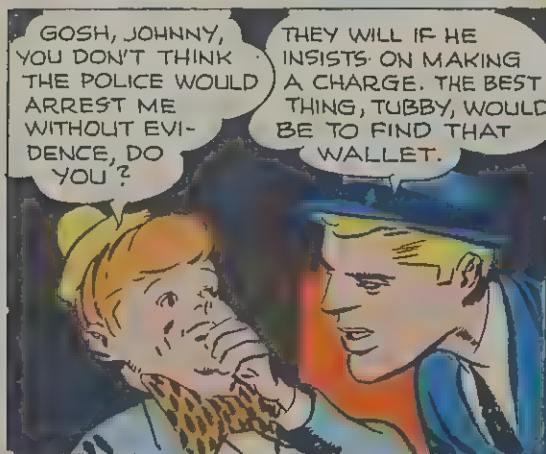
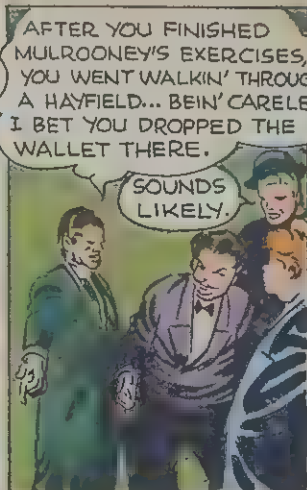
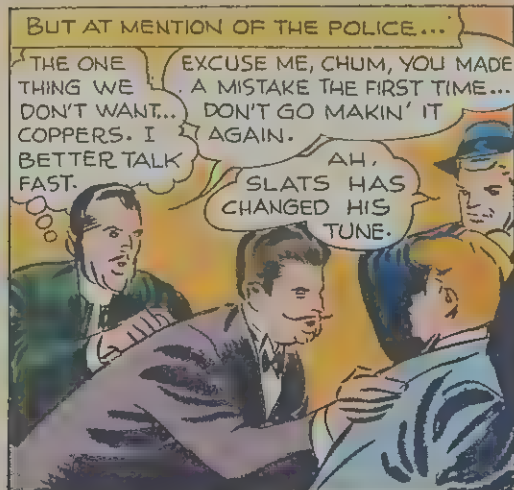
AND THEN, THAT EVENING...

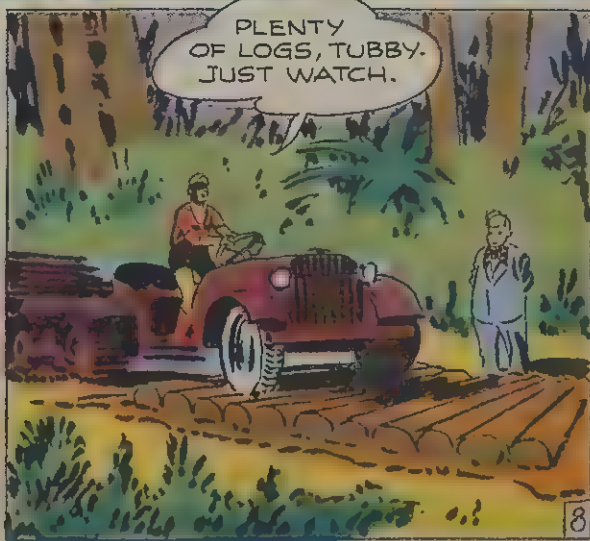
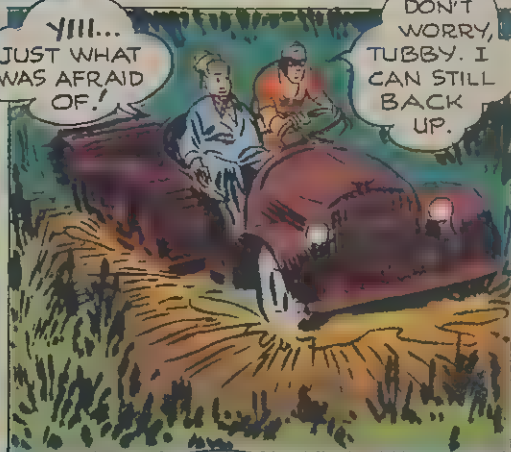
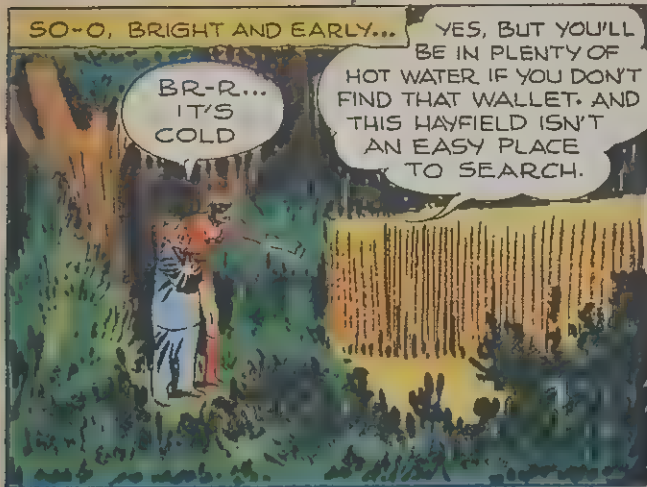
EXCUSE ME... WOULD YOU MIND TURNING YOUR POCKETS INSIDE OUT AGAIN? OR SHALL I CALL THE POLICE?

HUH..?

MY WALLET'S MISSING AGAIN... AND YOU'LL PARDON ME IF I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS.

POLICE? WHAT YOU NEED IS A KEEPER. WHY DON'T YOU STOP LOSING THINGS?





AS THE TRACTOR EDGES FORWARD, THE KING OF SPEED BECOMES JUST A BLUR IN SPACE.

GOSH, HE'S PICKING UP THE LOGS THE TRACTOR PASSED OVER, AND PUTTING THEM DOWN IN FRONT AGAIN... AND HE'S DRIVING THE TRACTOR, TOO.



SOON...

BET HAY WAS NEVER PUT UP AS FAST AS THIS BEFORE.

AND THEN...

DON'T FORGET TO SEARCH THE HAYSTACKS TOO, JOHNNY.

IF NECESSARY, TUBBY... BUT THAT WILL TAKE A FEW SECONDS.



AH, HERE'S THE WALLET.

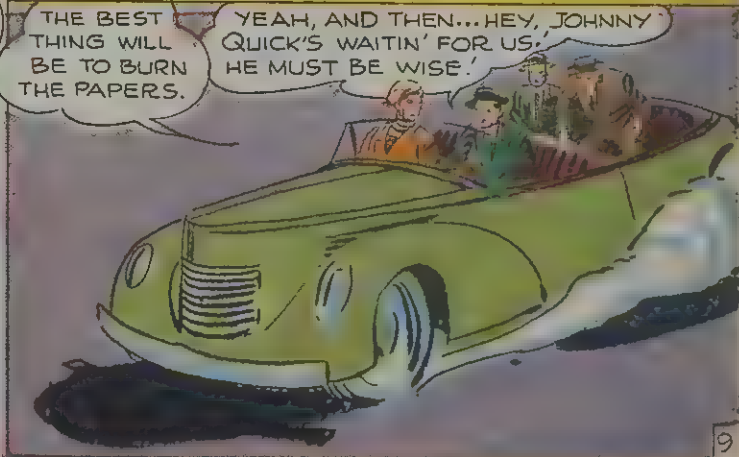
SWELL, NOW I DON'T HAVE TO GO TO JAIL.

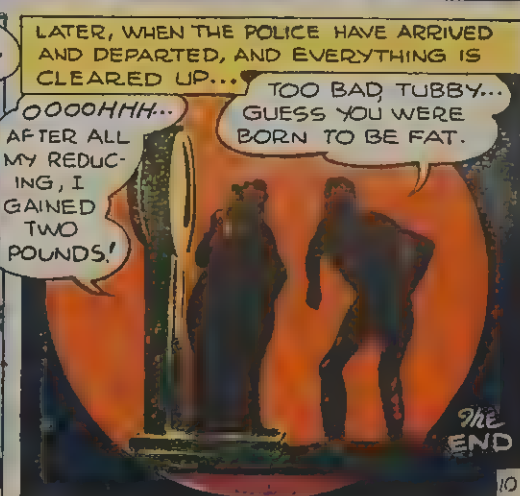
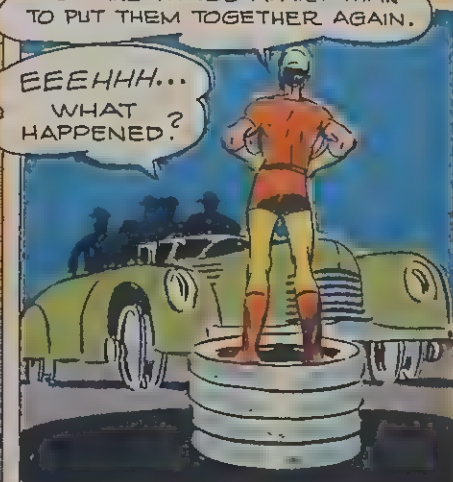
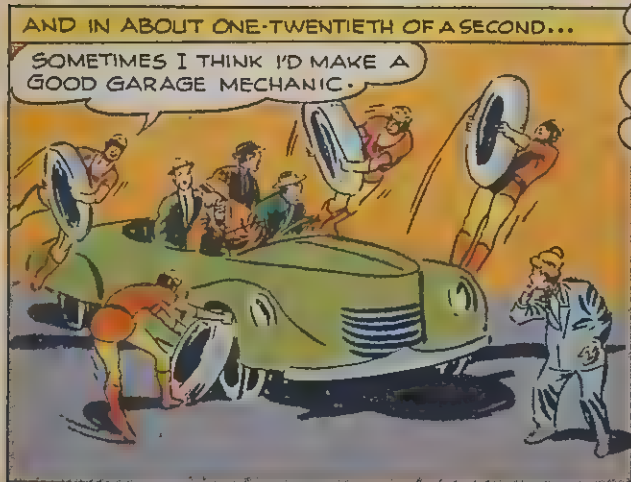
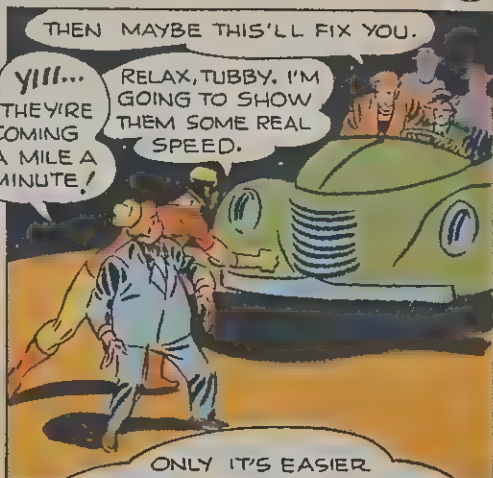
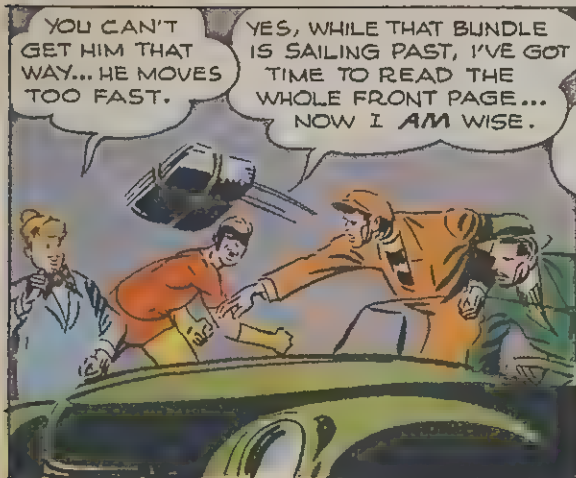


SPEAKING OF JAIL, HERE COME A FEW LIKELY PROSPECTS..

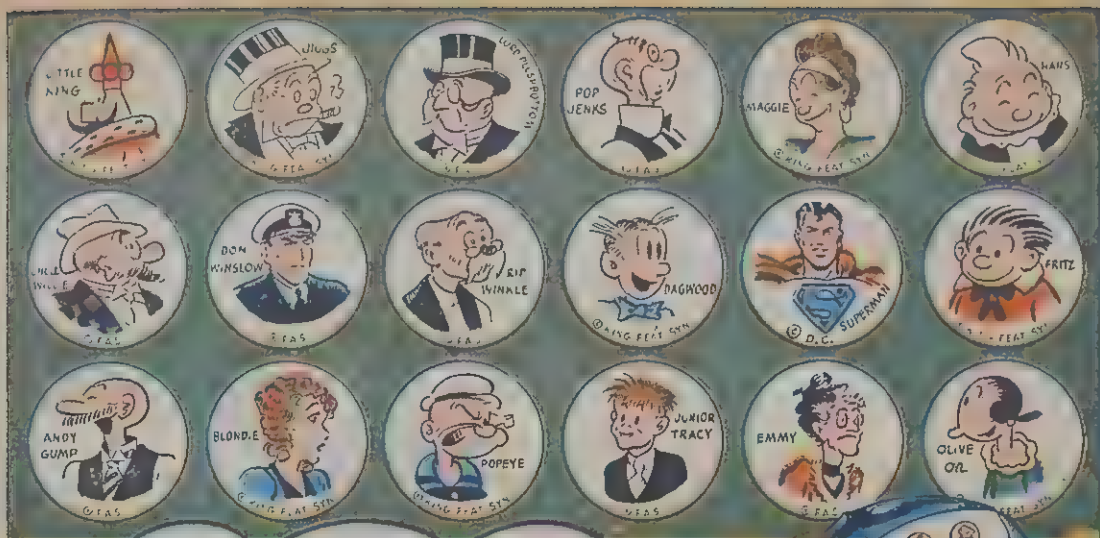
THE BEST THING WILL BE TO BURN THE PAPERS.

YEAH, AND THEN... HEY, JOHNNY QUICK'S WAITIN' FOR US. HE MUST BE WISE!





THE END



HURRY! HURRY!

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GIFT In Every Package OF **KELLOGG'S PEP**

SWEEPSTAKES! They're terrific! An entirely new series of swell prizes! Color portraits of your favorites on real metal pin-on buttons! Fun to swap, collect, and pin on your jacket, sweater, and beanie!

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ANDY GUMP
DON WINSLOW
UNCLE WILLIE

EMMY
LORD PLUSHBOTTOM
RIP WINKLE
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SUPERMAN

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

AQUAMAN

OVER THE STORM-TOSSED SEA SPEEDS A SINGLE SAILOR, READY FOR THE DANGERS OF THE DEEP. BUT THE WORST DISASTERS THAT BEFALL HIM ARE NOT FROM WIND OR WAVES, BUT FROM BOUNDERS WHO MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE ON THE BOUNDING MAIN, AND AQUAMAN, SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS, SWIMS HEAD-ON INTO A SWARM OF PERILS AS HE TRIES TO MAKE POSSIBLE ...

"THE IMPOSSIBLE VOYAGE!"

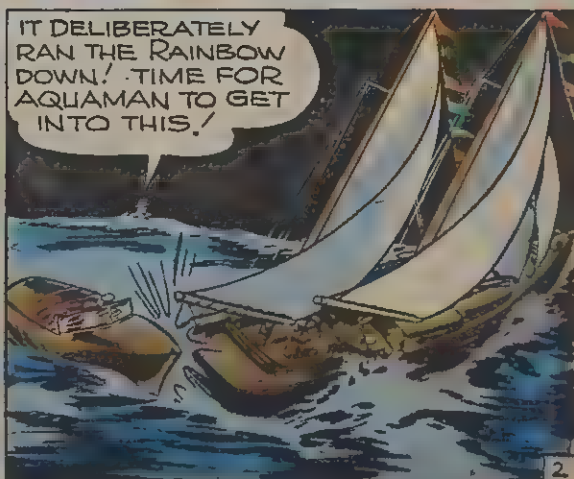
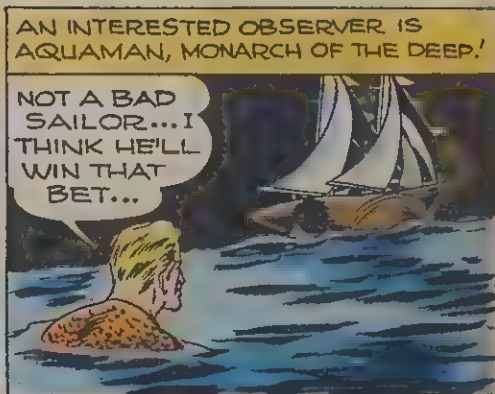
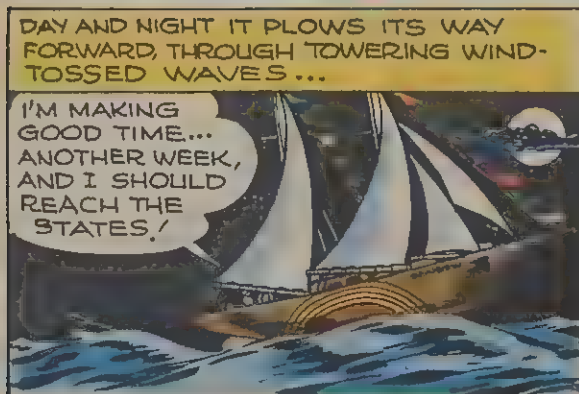
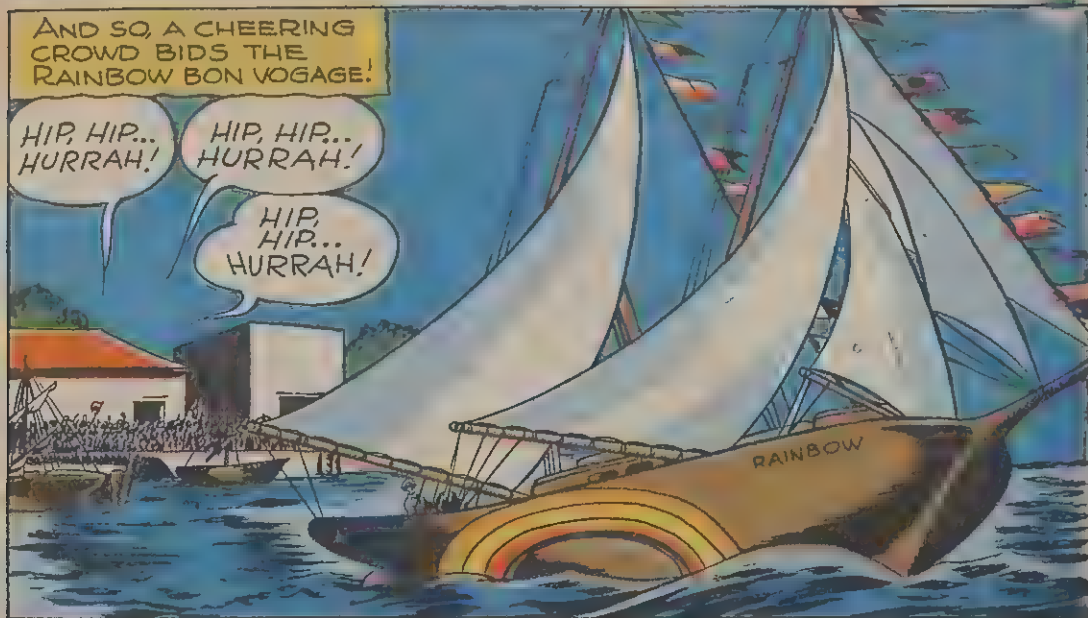
AT THE VOYAGER BOAT CLUB, A HOT ARGUMENT REACHES THE BETTING POINT.

BY JOVE, GORDON, YOU CAN NOT SAIL YOUR BOAT SINGLE-HANDED TO THE STATES...AND I'VE A HUNDRED POUNDS THAT SAYS SO!

IT'S A WAGER, BADGER!

I SHALL SET OUT TO WIN YOUR BALLY MONEY THIS MOMENT!





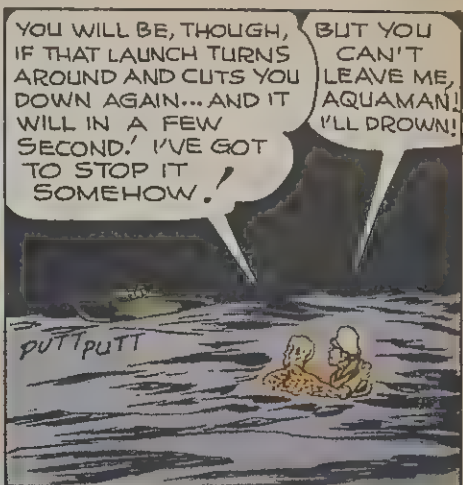


I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SPLASH, FELLOW!



THANKS, AQUAMAN... I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER...

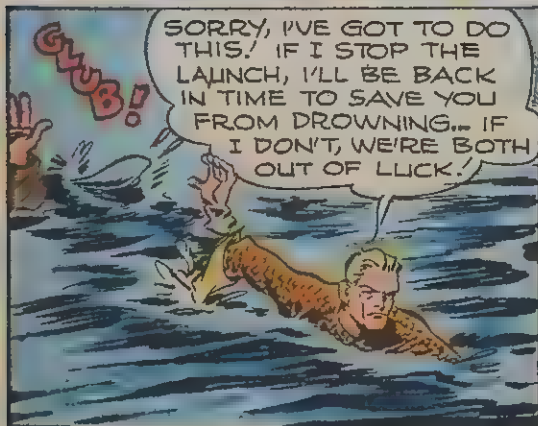
NOT YET...



YOU WILL BE, THOUGH, IF THAT LAUNCH TURNS AROUND AND CUTS YOU DOWN AGAIN... AND IT WILL IN A FEW SECOND! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT SOMEHOW!

BUT YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME, AQUAMAN! I'LL DROWN!

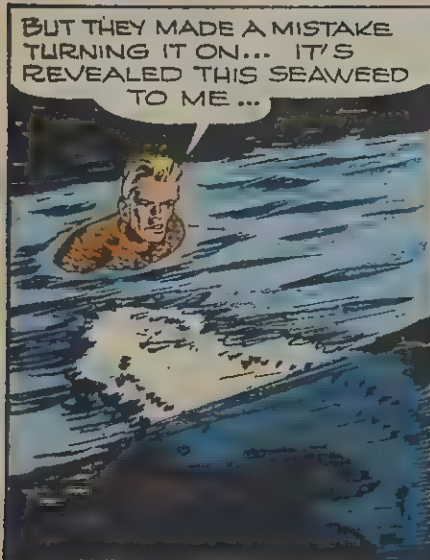
putt putt



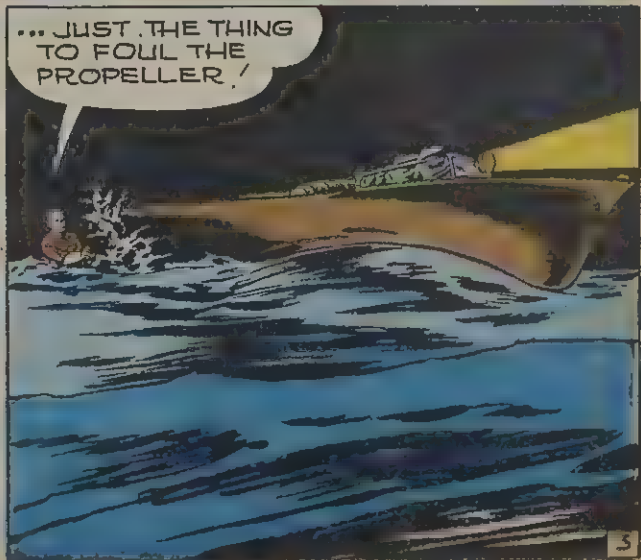
CLUB!
SORRY, I'VE GOT TO DO THIS! IF I STOP THE LAUNCH, I'LL BE BACK IN TIME TO SAVE YOU FROM DROWNING... IF I DON'T, WE'RE BOTH OUT OF LUCK!



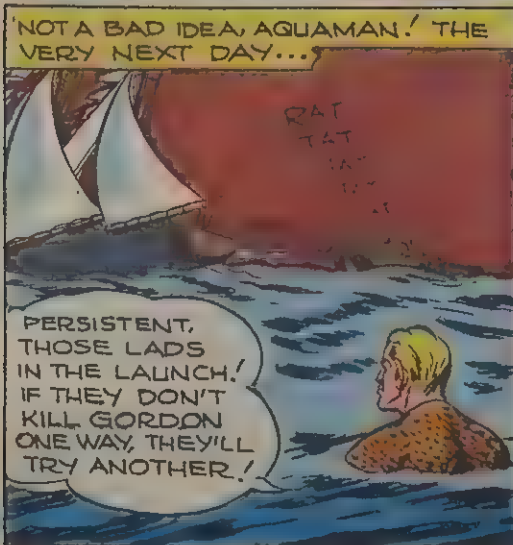
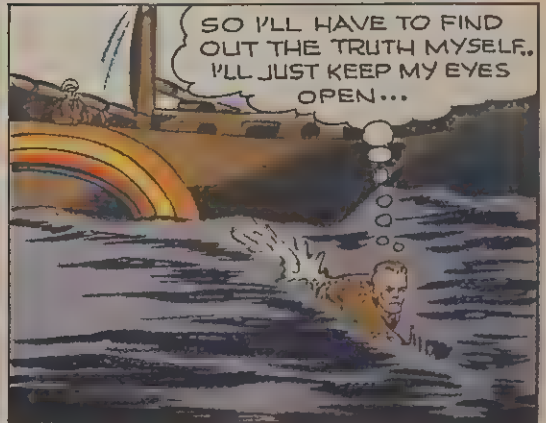
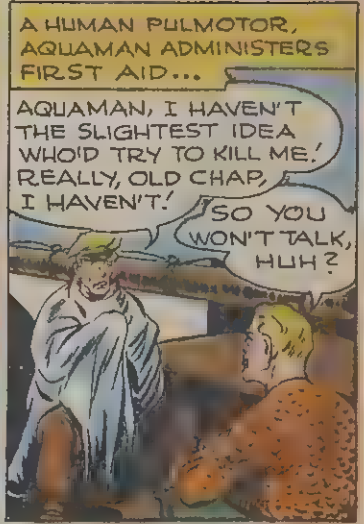
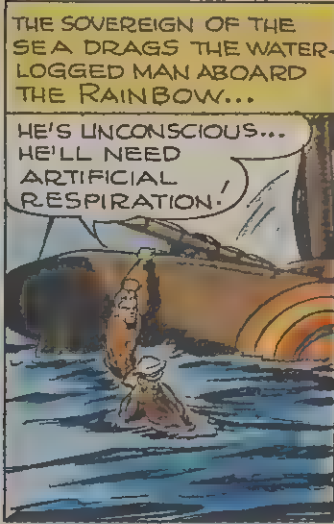
THEY MEAN BUSINESS WITH THAT SEARCHLIGHT... THEY DON'T WANT TO MISS ME...



BUT THEY MADE A MISTAKE TURNING IT ON... IT'S REVEALED THIS SEAWEED TO ME...



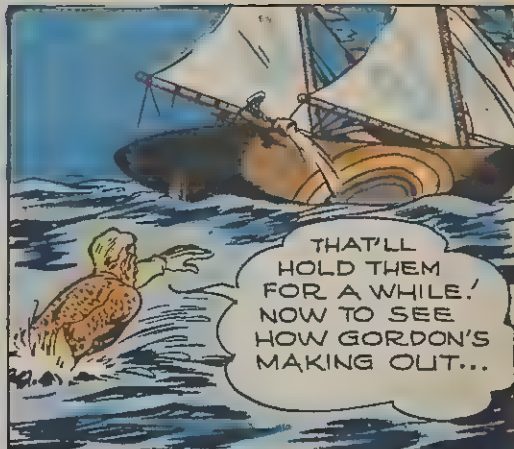
... JUST THE THING TO FOUL THE PROPELLER!



THE RULER OF THE DEEP ENLISTS THE AID OF SOME OF HIS NUMEROUS SEA-SUBJECTS... AND PRESENTLY...

LOOK, BOSS, SWORDFISH! THEY'RE FILLIN' US FULLA HOLES!

BY JOVE, WE'LL SINK! STOP SHOOTING... WE MUST PLUG THE LEAKS AT ONCE!

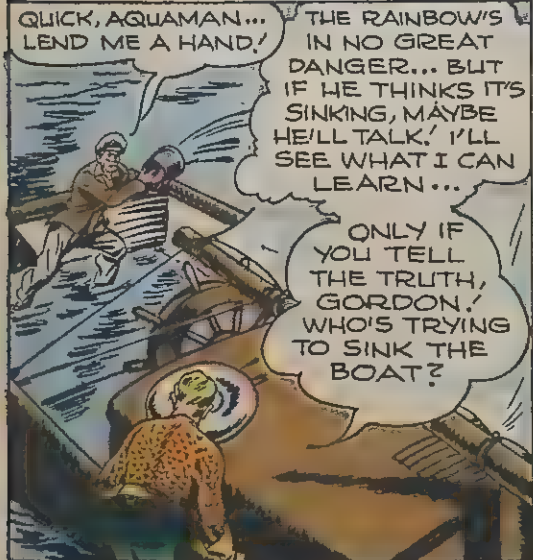


THAT'LL HOLD THEM FOR A WHILE! NOW TO SEE HOW GORDON'S MAKING OUT...

QUICK, AQUAMAN... LEND ME A HAND!

THE RAINBOW'S IN NO GREAT DANGER... BUT IF HE THINKS IT'S SINKING, MAYBE HE'LL TALK! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN...

ONLY IF YOU TELL THE TRUTH, GORDON! WHO'S TRYING TO SINK THE BOAT?



IT'S BADGER... HE'S AFRAID I'LL WIN THE WAGER!

BADGER? HMMM...

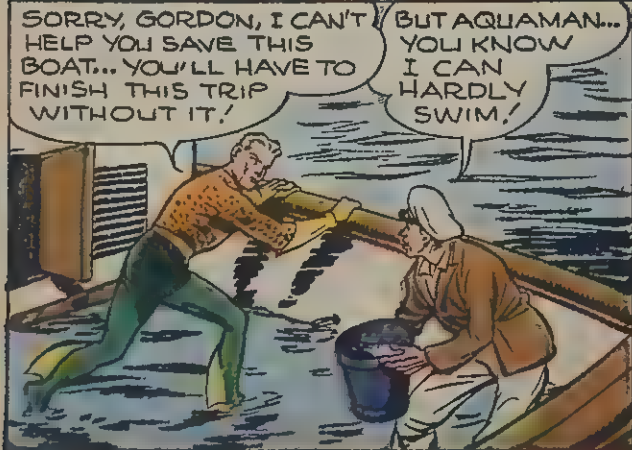


A MAN WHO OWNS A LAUNCH IS WILLING TO COMMIT MURDER TO WIN A BET OF ONLY A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS! SOMETHING'S QUEER... AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

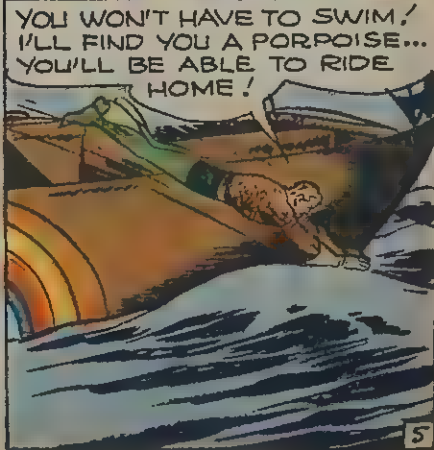


SORRY, GORDON, I CAN'T HELP YOU SAVE THIS BOAT... YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS TRIP WITHOUT IT!

BUT AQUAMAN... YOU KNOW I CAN HARDLY SWIM!



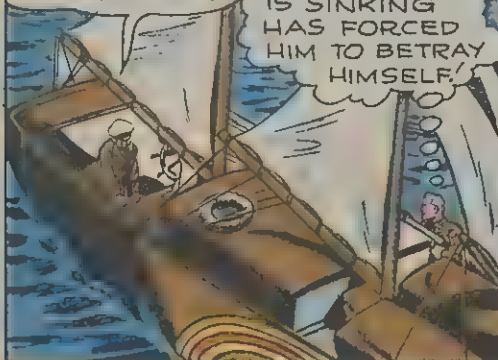
YOU WON'T HAVE TO SWIM! I'LL FIND YOU A PORPOISE... YOU'LL BE ABLE TO RIDE HOME!



BUT AQUAMAN HAS QUITE ANOTHER PURPOSE... OR SHOULD WE SAY PURPOSE?...IN MIND! PRESENTLY, AS HE WATCHES...

CAN'T LET THESE SINK WITH THE BOAT! I'LL TAKE THEM WITH ME!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! MY MAKING HIM THINK HIS BOAT IS SINKING HAS FORCED HIM TO BETRAY HIMSELF!



SOON HE'LL REALIZE THAT THE BOAT ISN'T SINKING...THEN HE'LL PUT THOSE OBJECTS BACK. I'LL BE READY FOR HIM...THINK I'LL USE THIS STARFISH...



WHAT ARE THOSE MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS THAT EXPLAIN ALL? WE'LL KNOW SOON! AS AQUAMAN MAKES HIS PREPARATIONS...

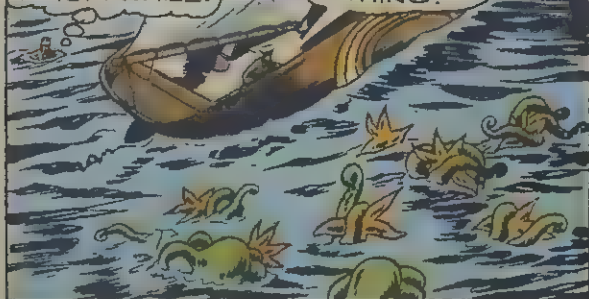
AQUAMAN WAS WRONG...THE RAINBOW CAN BE FIXED UP ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW!



SUDDENLY...DOZENS OF ARMS THRASH WILDLY ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA!

THIS FAKE FIGHT OUGHT TO KEEP HIM DISTRACTED FOR A WHILE!

STARFISH AND OCTOPUSES STRUGGLING! I NEVER IMAGINED SUCH A THING!



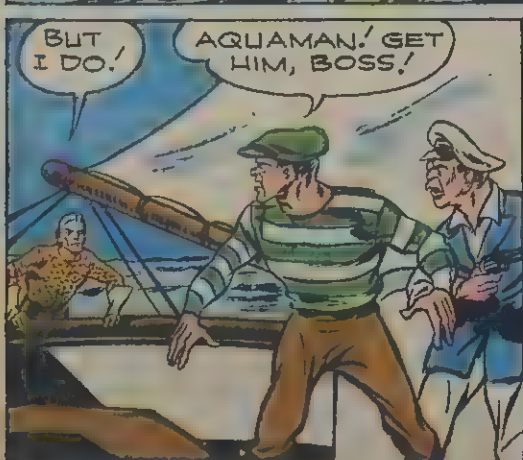
AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAS BEGUN, THE FIGHT SUBSIDES UNDER ORDERS FROM AQUAMAN! AND THEN, THAT EVENING...

WE GOT HIM COLD, BOSS! HE DON'T SUSPECT A THING!



BUT I DO!

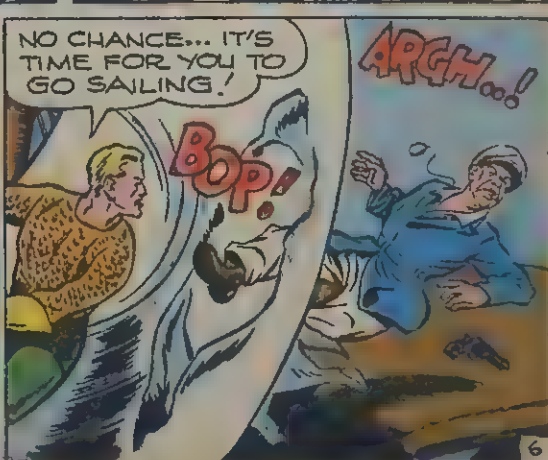
AQUAMAN! GET HIM, BOSS!

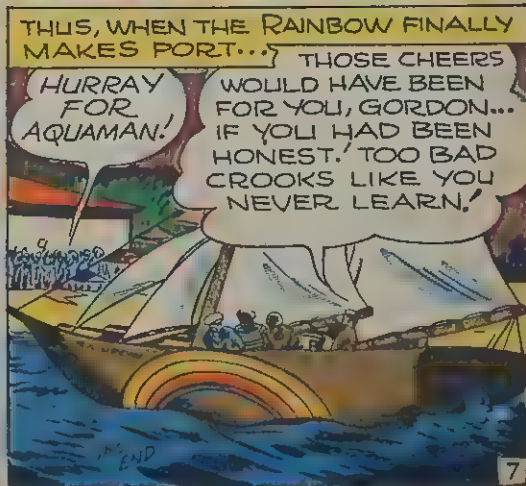
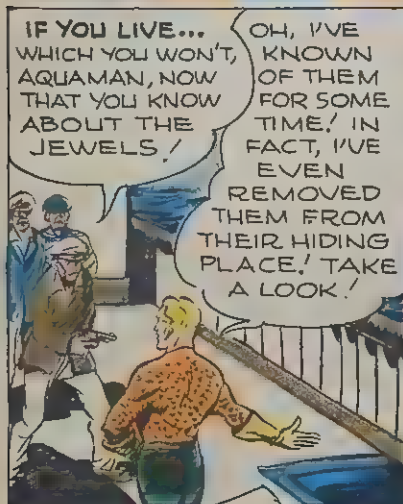
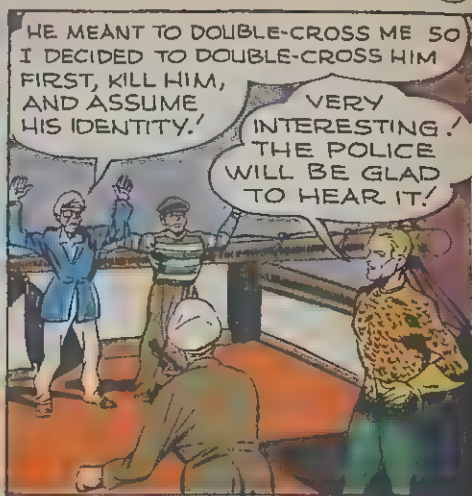
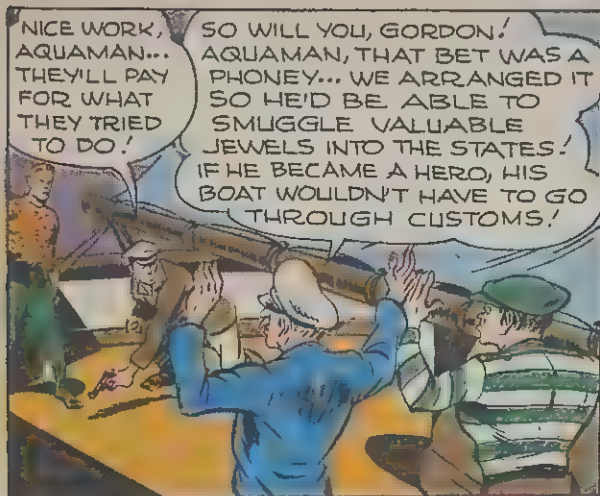


NO CHANCE... IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO SAILING!

BOP!

ARGH...!





DRUMS OF DOOM

By AL SINGER

BUZZY BENTON beat happily on his kettle-drums. He was glad to be a civilian again, out of the Navy, and back beating the skins for the patrons of the Blue Grotto. The place was jammed tonight, too, as it had been every night since Buzzy had returned from the Pacific.

But now war was only a vague memory to the irrepressible Buzzy, who had done his stint as a signalman. He was a jive fiend, a hep drummer. He yowled happily at the crowd, and they hollered right back. Buzzy grinned, waved to friends dancing in front of the bandstand. He deftly threw his sticks into the air, caught them and began banging again.

It was a great life, he thought, every man to his own job. Take Danny Mulcahy, now, his old Navy sidekick. Danny was back on the force, in plainclothes again. Buzzy hadn't seen him for a couple of nights for Danny was busy trying to catch up with a holdup gang that had been doing some jobs around the Main Stem. The cops hadn't been able to catch them. But Danny would, Buzzy thought happily! Danny was a smart guy! His old pal, Danny. . .

Buzzy beamed again, swung into the rhythms of "One O'Clock Jump." It was made to order for him, just as was his rendition of the Bolero. This latter number was always a high spot of the evening's performance.

The night wore on until the clock stood at one. But Buzzy wasn't tired. He was a little disappointed. He had looked forward to eating a late supper with Detective Dan, but now it looked as if Danny boy wouldn't show up.

The boys had been taking ten and now they were climbing back on the stand, ready for the last hour of dancing. Buzzy moved toward the stand. The club was still crowded and Bernie Blair, the owner, was standing

in front of the office, rubbing his hands. Tonight's take was something! Two men in evening clothes were walking toward Bernie as Buzzy reached the stand.

Buzzy turned away, climbed behind his drums. Then he shook his head in disbelief. A stranger was sitting beside him, in the seat usually occupied by Artie Wallace, the guitarist. "A drunk," Buzzy concluded, "the guy must be drunk." He was in evening clothes, too.

Smiling, Buzzy went over. "You can't sit there, mister," he said.

The man smiled at him, thin-lipped. "This says I can, sonny boy," he said.

Buzzy blinked. A murderous looking .32 was in the stranger's hand! And the stranger was saying: "This is a wonderful place for a lookout, Buzzy! The joint is being stuck up right now, and that owner better take it easy and open the safe. We know what's in it."

Buzzy's face whitened. His throat felt dry. His eyes, moving office-ward, saw Benny walking through the door. Behind him were the two strangers. "A stuck-up!" he choked. "But . . ."

"I can play these two instruments—a guitar and a gun," the stranger said. "And your regular man is just out cold and tied up in the linen room. You do as you're told and you'll be okay, too."

The man had murderous eyes. Buzzy was no fool. He sat down. Then he started; for coming through the door was Danny Mulcahy! He was checking his coat. Buzzy, for a moment, had a wild impulse to call out. Then he realized innocent people would be hurt.

"Start working on those drums," the stranger said. "Let us have music!" He laughed curtly, "Buzzy Benton and his music with a message!"

Buzzy looked at him. Then his eyes went

to Danny, who was working his way to a front table. The detective waved. Buzzy waved back. Thank goodness this mob didn't know about Danny.

But what was happening in the office? He hoped Benny had sense enough to hand over the dough. His eyes caught those of the stranger. The latter nodded. Buzzy nodded back and sat down at his drums.

He grinned, and to all intents and purposes he didn't have a care in the world.

The crowd cried out, "What's cooking, Buzzy?"

"Music with a message!" Buzzy shouted back happily. "Music with a message!" He howled with glee. "Bolero!"

The crowd roared back its approval. The lights dimmed and Buzzy went into his act. Ravel's Bolero, played as only he could play it. "Something different," Buzzy called out to the silent crowd, "something different."

He started the drums. There was no guitar part so the stranger sat silently, watching Buzzy's antics. Buzzy pounded on the kettle-drums, soft, weird rhythms, like a jungle drum sending out a message of war.

Buzzy bent over the drums. Perspiration broke out on his forehead as he worked the batons. *Boom . . . diddy . . . boom . . . boom . . . diddy . . . boom. . .* Then the mood changed, became staccato . . . weird.

Even the musicians turned to watch him. This was really something different. Buzzy was changing the rhythm of a masterpiece! The crowd sensed it, too, and as he went through an extremely difficult passage, applause rippled through the room.

Still Buzzy went on. He couldn't see now, for the smart room was darkened. There was nothing except the spotlight, showing bluely on Buzzy. Somehow, he sensed rather than saw, that the stranger with the guitar was gone. It was agony going through the number, then transposing the beat, waiting for the rest of the band to catch up with him.

Then at last it was over. The lights came up. Buzzy held his breath. As he had ex-

pected, the stranger was gone. But Detective Danny Mulcahy *was still sitting there!*

Buzzy's heart sank. All that music gone for nothing! By now those guys had taken the night's receipts and made off in one of the cleverest jobs ever pulled.

Buzzy shook his head. Why, that wasn't Danny sitting at the ringside table. It was Ace Martin, the columnist. He must have come in when the place was dark.

"Oh, Danny boy," Buzzy breathed, "you got it! You got it!" Anxiety was in his every feature, but he managed to suffer through the number. Then, to the surprised musicians he said, "Take five!"

He had to find out what had happened to Benny. And Danny.

He rushed from the stand, then stopped. Danny was coming through the front door. He was mopping his face. Buzzy rushed to him, a questioning look in his eyes. "You get 'em?"

"Yeah," grinned Danny. He had a couple of money bags in his hand. "Where's Benny?"

They went into the office. Benny was there, bound and gagged. He goggled when he saw the money.

"Those crooks," he gasped, "You got them?" It was almost unbelievable.

"Sure I got 'em!" Danny grinned. "Me and a prowler car was waiting outside for them when they came out with the dough."

It was too much for Benny. He leaned against the desk. "How'd you know they were going to stick up my place tonight, Dan?" he asked.

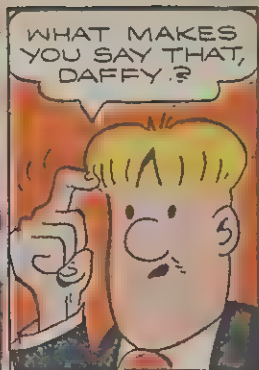
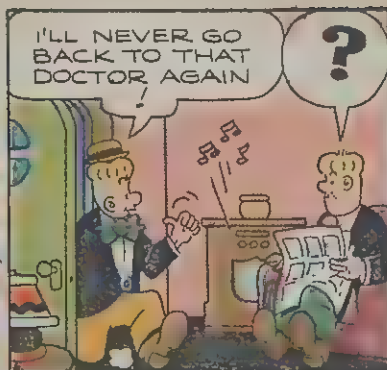
"I didn't," Danny grinned. "But when Buzzy started the 'Bolero' and then began to use a Morse code, dot and dash rhythm he told me what was going on." The detective clapped the happy Buzzy on the shoulder. "We worked together as signalmen in the Navy and we used the Morse code to drum messages to each other for fun and practice."

Buzzy beamed happily. "And we're still working together, Danny boy," he said. "Come on, let's make music, shipmate! Let's show 'em something different!"

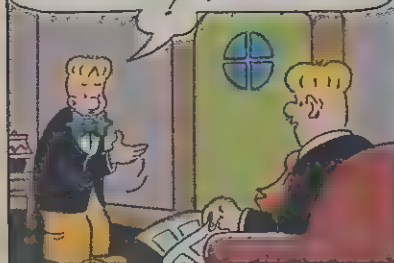


DAFFY & DOODLE

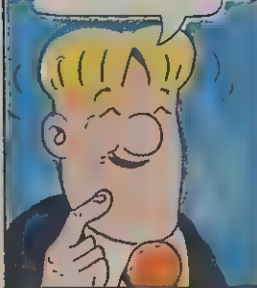
LIT WIN



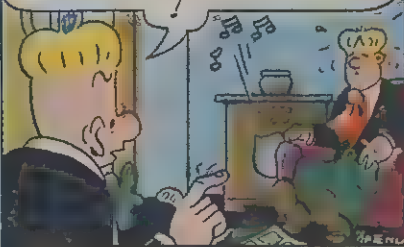
HE'S TOO OLD-FASHIONED! HE PUT SOMETHING ON MY CHEST AND LISTENED TO ME WITH EAR PHONES



OH! THAT WAS A STETHESCOPE, DAFFY!



WELL, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU CALL IT! NOWADAYS EVERYBODY USES A LOUD SPEAKER -- AND HE STILL USES EAR PHONES



Advertisement

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

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE BERRIES!

LETUCE GO OUT AND GET SOME. IT'S THE BEST-TASTING CHEWIEST GUM!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BEETS ALL FOR SIZE... AND IT ONLY COSTS A CENT!

I'VE BEAN SAYING THAT ALL THE TIME!

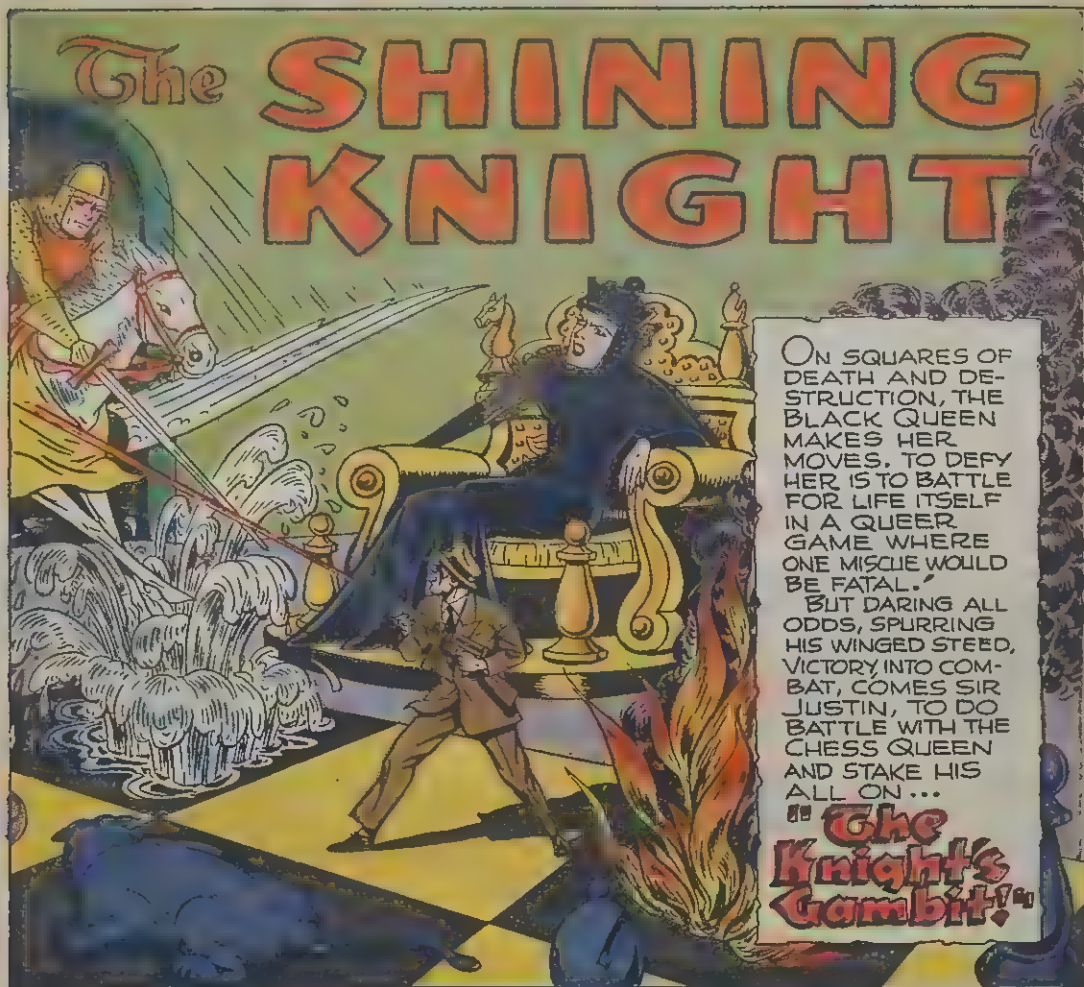
SCENT IS RIGHT. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR ONIONS!

YESSIR, IT'S DOGGONE GOOD GUM!

AND I KNOW THAT DUBBLE BUBBLE COMES WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

AND FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS THE CAT'S WHISKERS, TOO!

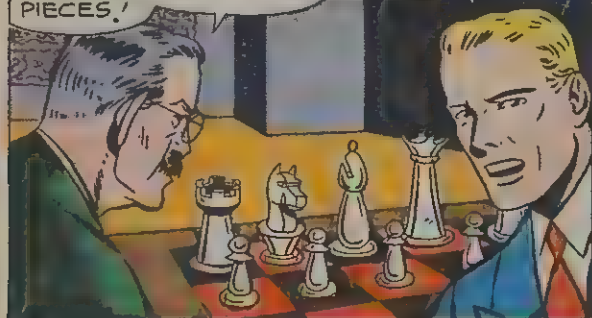
NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!



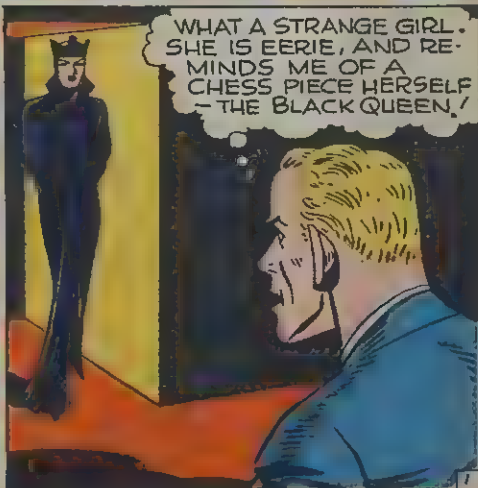
IN THE ARTS MUSEUM, BRILLIANT AGAINST A BACKDROP OF THIRTEENTH CENTURY PERSIA, IS A JEWELLED CHESS SET...

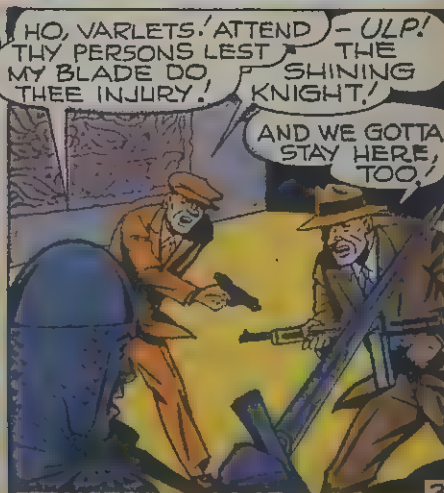
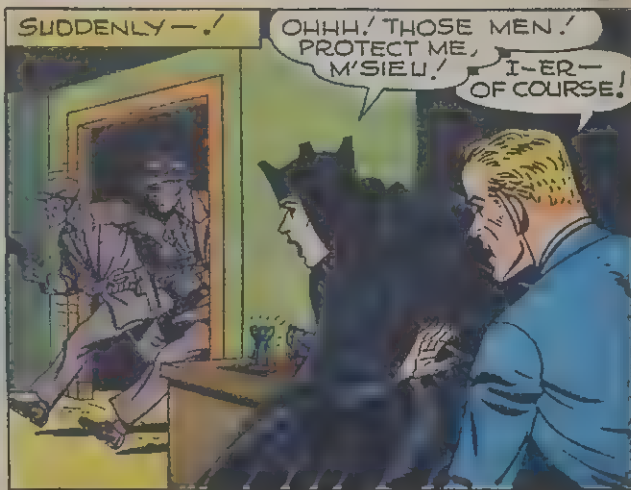
A WONDERFUL COLLECTION, JUSTIN. A SHAH OF EARLY PERSIA PLAYED HIS CHESS MATCHES WITH THESE PIECES.

YES, YES. MOST UNUSUAL...



WHAT A STRANGE GIRL. SHE IS EERIE, AND REMINDS ME OF A CHESS PIECE HERSELF - THE BLACK QUEEN!







'TIS THUS WE KNIGHTS
ARE USED TO COLLECTING
A "POLL" TAX... ON THE
POLL ITSELF!

AWK!



AND THEE I'LL MAKE THE
"BUTT" OF THE
JOKE!

OOOF!

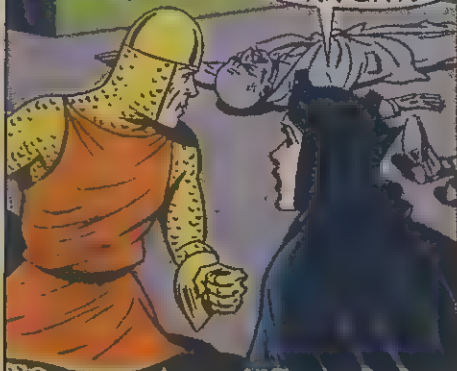


IN CASE THY UNDER-
STANDING IS SLOW, I'LL
OFFER THEE A TASTE
OF MY PUNCH TO
HASTEN MATTERS!



THAT TAKES CARE
OF THESE
VARLETS.

HOW NOBLE,
HOW BRAVE!
MY HERO, THE
SHINING
KNIGHT!



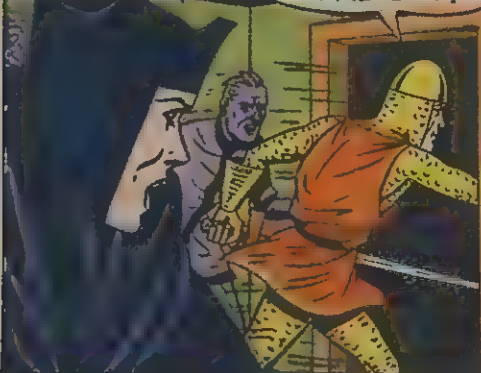
'TIS NOTHING.
I—

THE BEVERLY EMERALDS!
THEIR CASE IS BROKEN
AND THEY ARE GONE!



IT SOUNDS LIKE
"CHECKMATE" TO
YOU, SIR
KNIGHT!

WHILE I PUR-
SUED THESE
MEN, ANOTHER
MUST HAVE SLIPPED
IN AND OUT!



SOMETIME LATER...

'T WAS A CLEVER
TRICK, TO
ENGAGE ALL OUR ATTENTION
UPON TWO ROGUES WHILE
ANOTHER DID THE REAL
DAMAGE! IT SMACKS OF
CHESS TECHNIQUE,
WHERE A BLIND LEAD
MASKS A DARING
ATTACK.



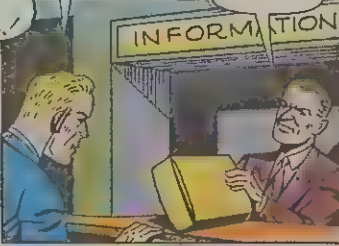
THE BEVERLY EMERALDS, WORTH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS! I SHALL DO IT!

CHESS? THAT GIRL—WHO LOOKED LIKE THE BLACK QUEEN—WHO CALLED OUT "CHECKMATE" TO ME! SHE IS AN EXPERT PLAYER—SHE WAS ON HAND TO DEFEAT ANYONE WHO MIGHT FIGHT—PERHAPS SHE PLANNED THE JOB!



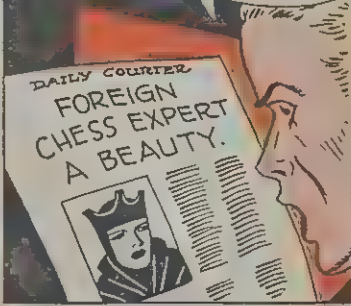
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY COURIER...

I WANT INFORMATION CONNECTED WITH LADY CHESS PLAYERS. PICTURES, TOO. THAT'LL BE IN OUR CHESS FILE, ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.

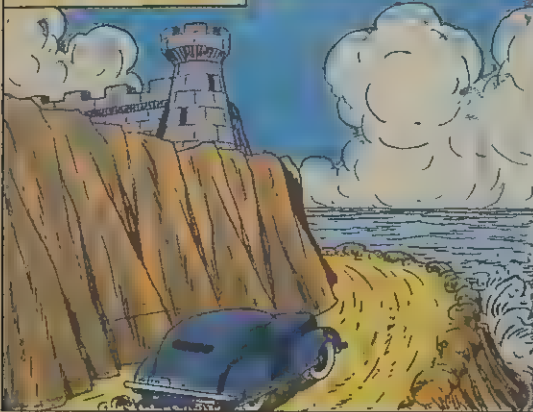


AFTER TWO HOURS OF BROWSING IN BOOKS AND OLD PAPERS...

BY MERLIN'S BEARD! 'TIS THE BLACK QUEEN, HERSELF!

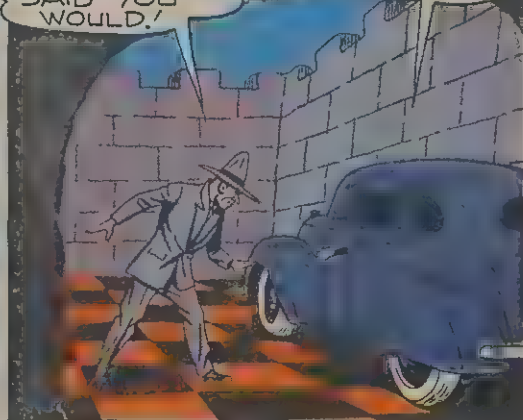


IN THE MEANWHILE, ALONG A ROCKY COAST OF THE EASTERN SEA-BOARD...



YOU—YOU GOT 'EM. JUST LIKE YOU SAID YOU WOULD!

I NEVER FAIL!



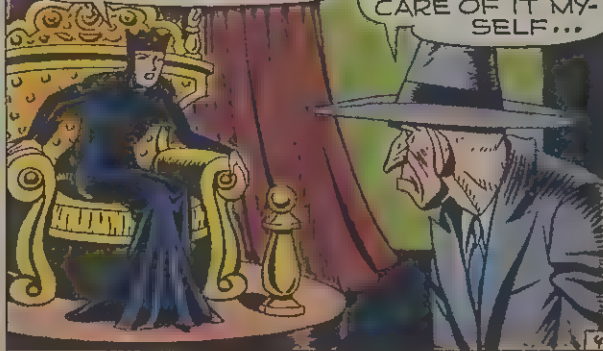
WHEN I AGREED TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CRIMES, I DID NOT EXPECT TO BE SEEN BY ANYONE DANGEROUS. THE SHINING KNIGHT SAW ME AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. HE MAY DETECT THE CHESS MOTIF BEHIND IT.

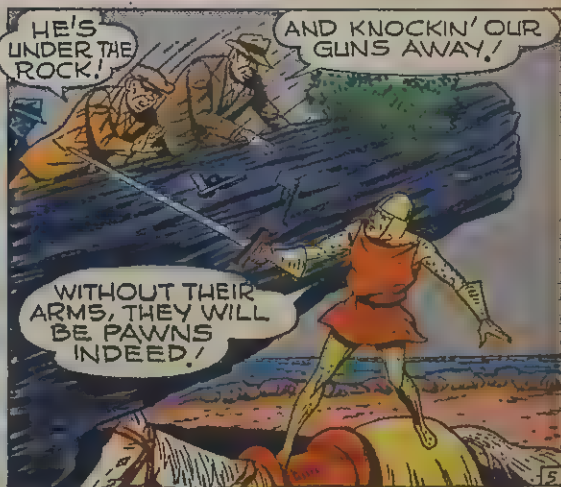
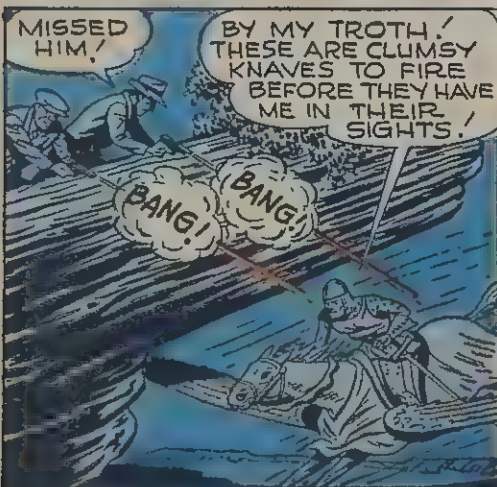
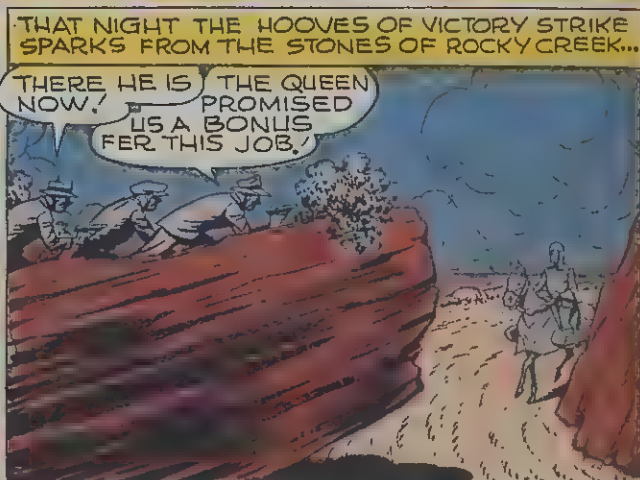
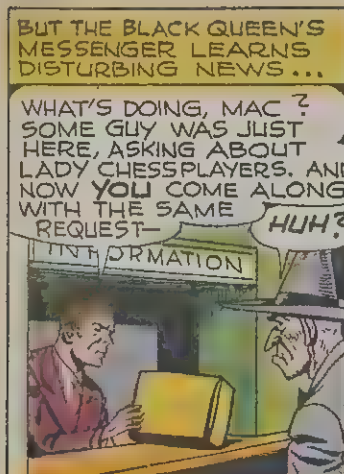
SO WHAT?

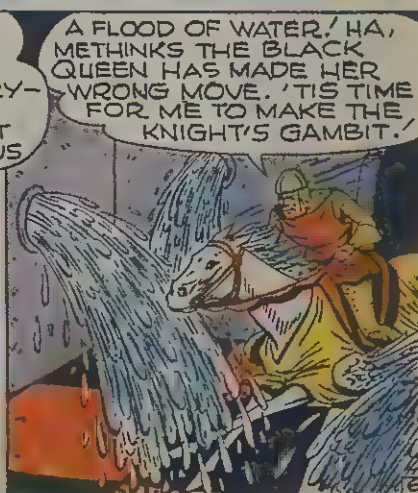
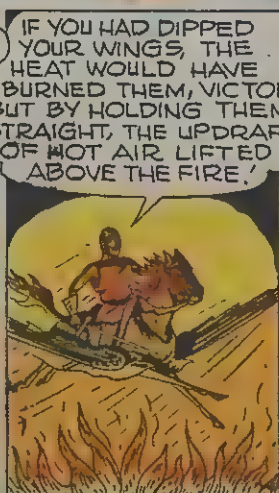
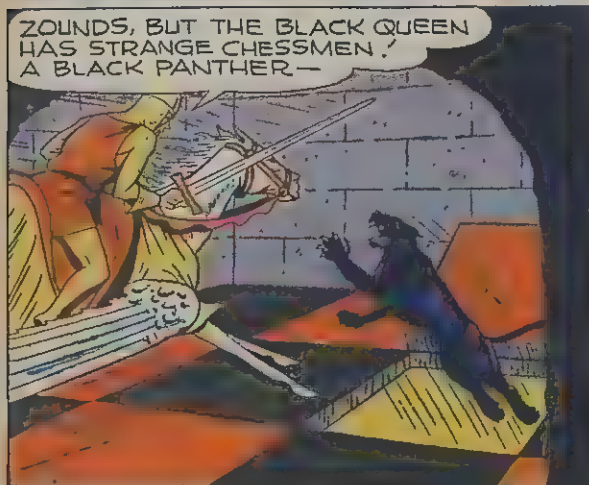
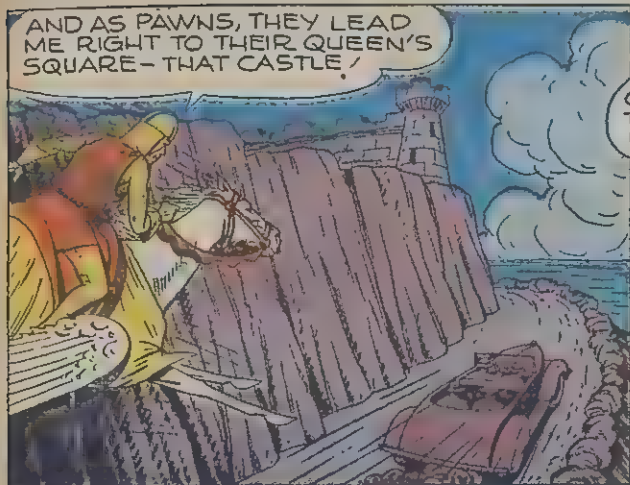


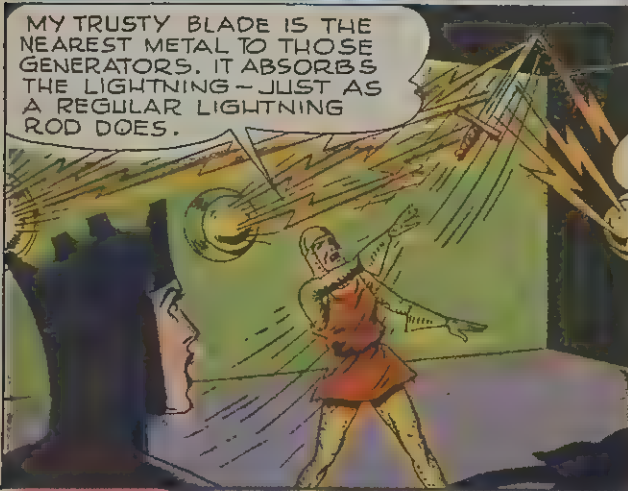
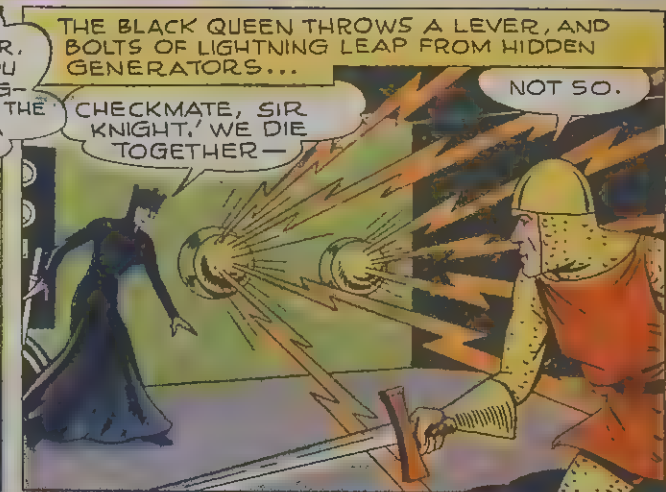
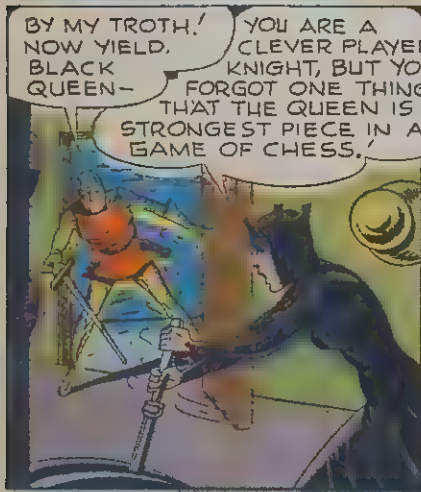
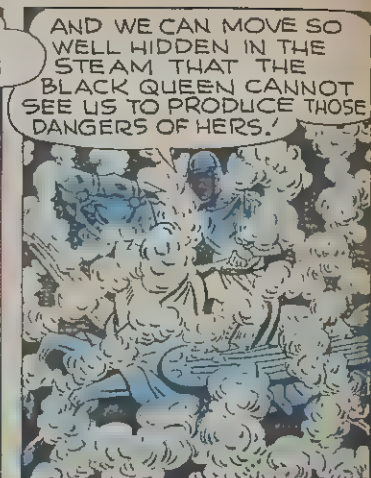
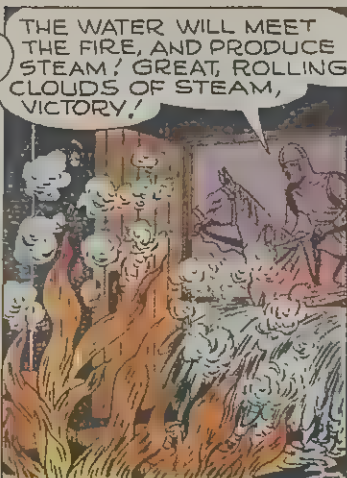
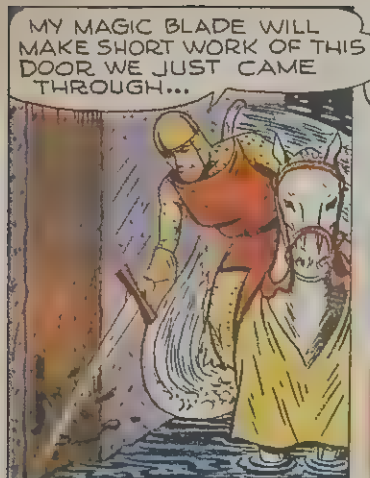
MY LIKENESS MUST BE REMOVED FROM FILES OF VARIOUS NEWSPAPERS. IT MUST BE ATTENDED TO AT ONCE. OTHERWISE HE WILL RECOGNIZE ME AS OLGA ROMANOFF, THE CHESS WIZARD!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF...









ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

DRAMA ABOVE THE STREETS!

A FOOTBALL WEEK-END IN THE BIG CITY... A SWELL HOTEL! WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE, QUICKIE?

I COULD, "R.C."! A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH WINDOWS FOR A LIVING, QUICKIE?

I HOPE HIS INSURANCE IS ALL PAID UP!

JEHOSHAPHAT! HE SLIPPED!

QUICK! GIVE ME A HAND! ONE HOOK OF HIS SAFETY BELT IS STILL HOLDING.

1-1-1-1!

HE'S TOO HEAVY... HE'S PULLING MY ARMS RIGHT OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS.

NOT ENOUGH LEVERAGE... WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WORKING LIKE A DEMON, "R.C." TEARS A LONG STRIP FROM A SHEET, THEN FASHIONS A NOOSE ON ONE END, TYING IT WITH A SLIP KNOT...

I CAN'T LOOK... I'LL JUST SHUT MY EYES AND THINK ABOUT ROYAL CROWN COLA.

THERE! I HOOKED HIM... HEAVE HO, QUICKIE!

"R.C." THROWS HIS HOMEMADE NOOSE, LASSING THE MAN'S ANKLES. THE ADDED LEVERAGE ENABLES THE BOYS TO DRAG THE FAINTING MAN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

BOYS, THAT WAS SMART WORK! 'AS LONG AS YOU'RE OUR GUESTS EVERYTHING IS ON THE HOUSE!

OH, BABY! DOES THAT MEAN ROYAL CROWN COLA TOO?

HE'LL COME TO IN A MINUTE!

BR-R-R! AND SOCH A CLOSE CALL I HAVE! TANKS VER MOCH, FELLAS!

FORGET IT, MISTER. HAVE SOME ROYAL CROWN COLA! IT'S A GREAT QUICK-UP!

YES, SIR! AND IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

COWBOY STAR SUNSET CARSON SAYS:

YES-SIREE! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

Sunset Carson, popular cowboy star, tried leading colas in paper cups and picked one best tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it yourself. Say, "R.C. for me." That's the quick way to get a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.

See Sunset Carson in "BANDITS OF THE BADLANDS" A Republic Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

How THOM McAN



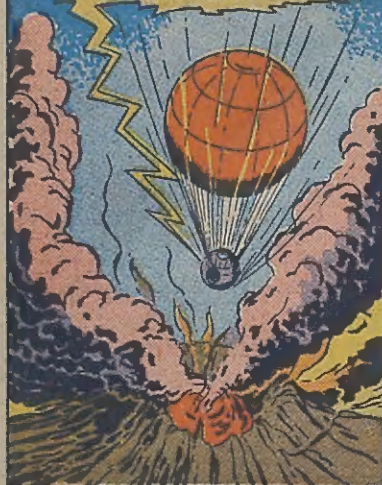
SAVED
THE

DOOMED! BALLOON!

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

STRATOSPHERE BALLOON IN DISTRESS! TWO SCIENTISTS FACE DEATH AS THEIR BALLOON FALLS TOWARDS A BOILING MEXICAN VOLCANO!

SINKING RAPIDLY. CAN ALREADY FEEL HEAT OF VOLCANO. ONLY A FEW MORE MINUTES AND THEN ...WE'RE LOST!

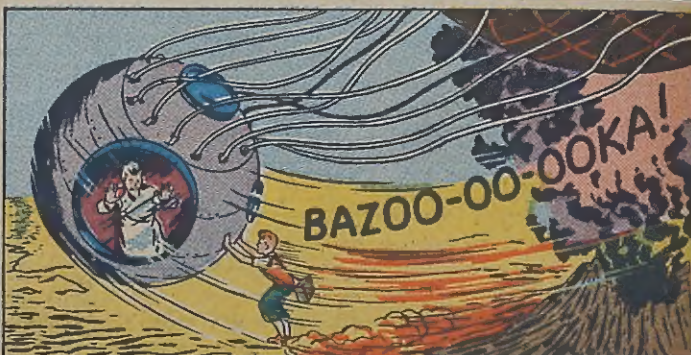


2,000 MILES AWAY!

LOST, EH? NOT WHILE I HAVE MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! QUICK, "H", HELP ME PUT THEM ON. I'VE GOT TO TRAVEL!



2,000 MILES IN 2 MINUTES! CAN THOM DO IT? JUST WATCH!



BOY, YOU SAVED OUR LIVES...AND PRECIOUS SCIENTIFIC RECORDS!! NOW CAN YOU FLY TO THE NEAREST TOWN?

NO, MY MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" ARE ONLY GOOD WHEN THERE'S DANGER. BUT MY EVERYDAY THOM McAN SHOES ARE GOOD ALL THE TIME. I'LL CHANGE TO THEM AND WALK.



GOLLY, YOU MUST WEAR THOM McANS, TOO!

INDEED, WE SCIENTISTS ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT EVERYTHING--EVEN THE SHOES WE WEAR. AND WE FIND THOM McANS BETTER SHOES FOR LESS MONEY.



AH! A TOWN! THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG.

SURE, THE MILES ALWAYS SEEM TO FLY WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THOM McANS!



MOST OF OUR FOLKS ARE ALREADY "SOLD" ON THIS FAMILIAR STORE WITH THE WHITE FRONT. BUT DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. NEXT TIME YOU NEED SHOES, TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU WANT THE GANG'S ALL-TIME FAVORITE...THOM McANS!



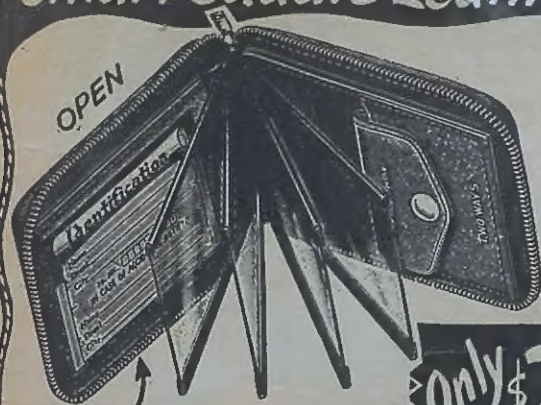
WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN--ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)



Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES--IN OVER 300 CITIES

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



SECRET POCKET

Only \$2.98



CLOSED

**Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold
You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.**

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.



Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 4129-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me "Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME..... (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (Total \$3.58).

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

**BOYS!
MEN!**

PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the sensationally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

**EXAMINE
FOR 10 DAYS
AT OUR RISK**

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable Compass. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only \$1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk-money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.



**Here Are
the Features
Which Make This
"America's Greatest
Compass Buy"**

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 248-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh *Dated* Eveready Batteries

For a time, you had to take whatever flashlight batteries you could get!

But that time has passed. "Eveready" Flashlight Batteries are back. Ask for them at your dealer's.

That's good news indeed. Flashlight batteries may look alike on the outside, but that similarity is only skin-deep. There are important differences inside every "Eveready" Battery — differences that mean longer life!

Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer
Look for the date line



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trademark of National Carbon Company, Inc.