

NO. 53

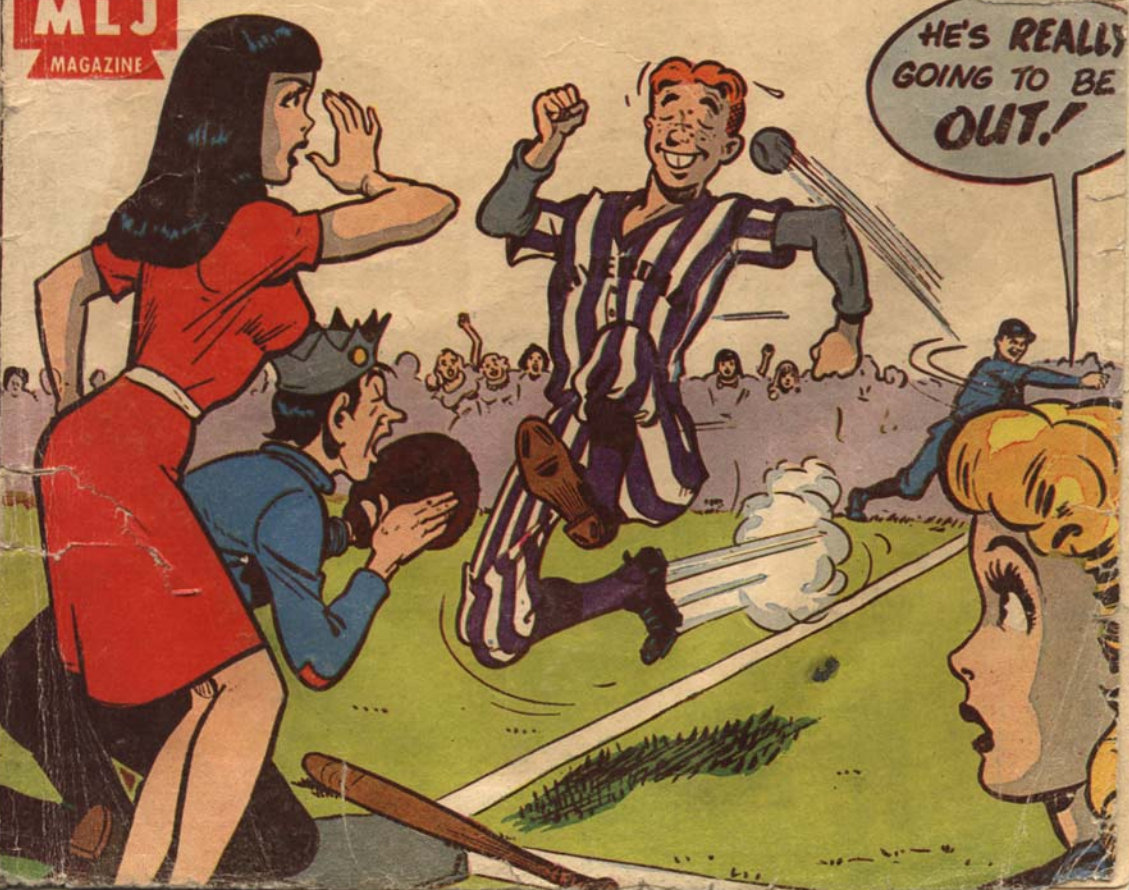
PEEP COMICS

JUNE 10¢



Starring ARCHIE ANDREWS!

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 31

HIYA, GANG:

The meeting is now called to order. The first business for the day is getting you members together. Especially the new ones. Dusty and I just had a thought which we'll pass on to you. It's this. How about you older members dropping a line to the new ones that appear on this page, sort of welcoming them into the club. We want them to feel like they're part of one great big happy family, don't we? And you'd be surprised how many friends you make that way. Start right now. Write to the new members who are listed below the bulletin, and kind of get to know each other. . . . Memo to Joe Yglesias: Here's how to run a Shield G-Man Club. Round up all the Shield G-Man Members in your neighborhood, and hold a meeting once a week or so. Elect a chief G-Man, and an assistant chief. They'll appoint special investigators, and that's all there is to it. But be sure and send us a report of your activities at least once a month. That way we'll be able to keep tabs on you and make suggestions from time to time. . . . Memo to David Dreispul: Your idea of having our members draw their own villains, naming them and sending them in to us is a good one. We'll give a prize for the best villains submitted that way. So long, gang and keep punching.

Here are the names of some of our latest members:

JAMES FARRO, JR. 712 Ocean Ave. Jersey City, N. J.	DANIEL CORDER 1529 Union Ave. Baltimore 11, Md.	TERESA BARCZAK R.F.D. No. 2 Warwick, N. Y.	JOHN DUFFY 5225 Duncan St. Pittsburgh 1, Pa.
RICHARD PENZO 433 Nepperhan Ave. Yonkers, N. Y.	STANLEY FURUTA 1775 West 35th Ave. Denver 11, Colo.	ALFRED GEHN 250 West 94th St. N. Y. C. 25, N. Y.	LEONARD DUMAJ 2156 W. Armitage Ave. Chicago, Ill.
DUANE GRADY 3811 N. Green Bay Ave. Milwaukee 6, Wisc.	ROBERT N. STROUSE Rt. 1, Box 21 Sterling, Conn.		

*Sincerely
Joe Higgins*

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Archie

WRINGS
the
BELLE!



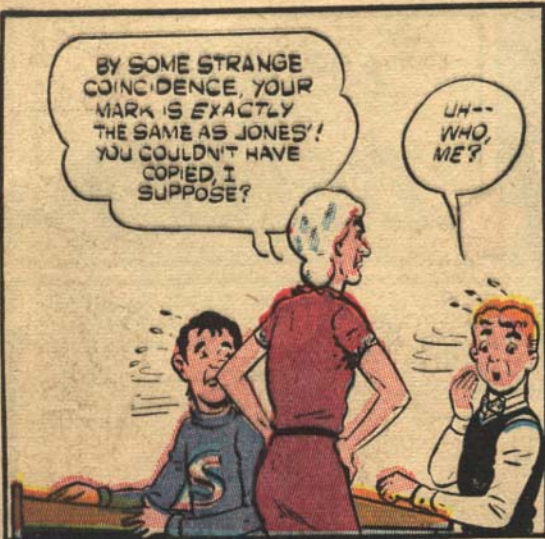
BULLETIN BOARD

OBOY! GRUNDY'S
GONNA GIVE US OUR
EXAM MARKS TODAY,
JUG! I'M PLENTY
WORRIED!

SO'M I, ARCH! MIGHT AS
WELL GO IN AND FACE
THE MUSIC!

ATTENTION, CLASS!
I WILL NOW CALL OUT
YOUR GRADES!
THEODOSIUS TADPOLE-99.3%!
ARCHIE ANDREWS-HMM?

A. ANDREWS-83.3
J. JONES- 83.3



BY SOME STRANGE COINCIDENCE, YOUR MARK IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS JONES'! YOU COULDN'T HAVE COPIED, I SUPPOSE?

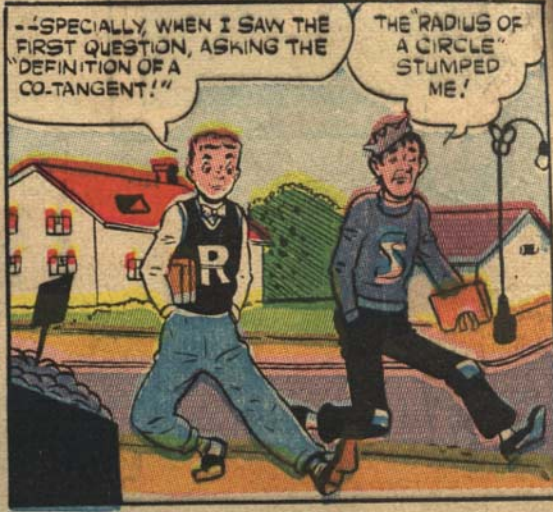
UH-- WHO, ME?



WHY--UH--NO, MISS GRUNDY-- I--AH--WOULDN'T DREAM--OF DOING SUCH A THING--AND BESIDES, JUGHEAD WRITES TOO SMALL!



83.3%--BOY, THAT'S A RELIEF! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D PASS--!



--SPECIALLY, WHEN I SAW THE FIRST QUESTION, ASKING THE "DEFINITION OF A CO-TANGENT!"

THE "RADIUS OF A CIRCLE" STUMPED ME!



OWOO-DIDI FLUNK OUT! HOW ABOUT YOU, WILLIE?

IF MY MARKS WERE ANY LOWER, I'D HAVE TO GET DOWN ON MY HANDS AND KNEES TO SEE 'EM'

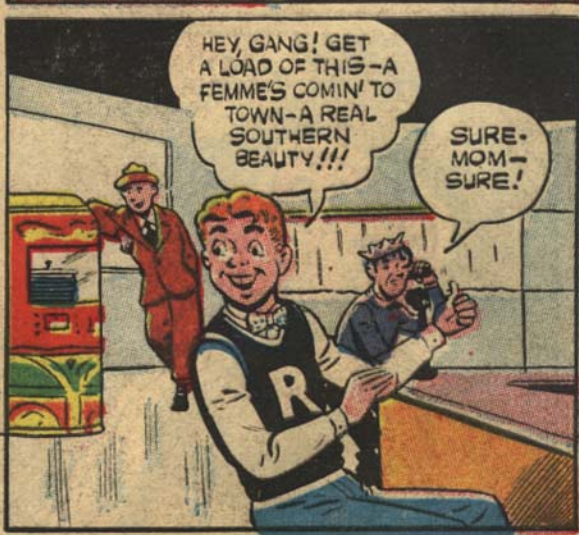
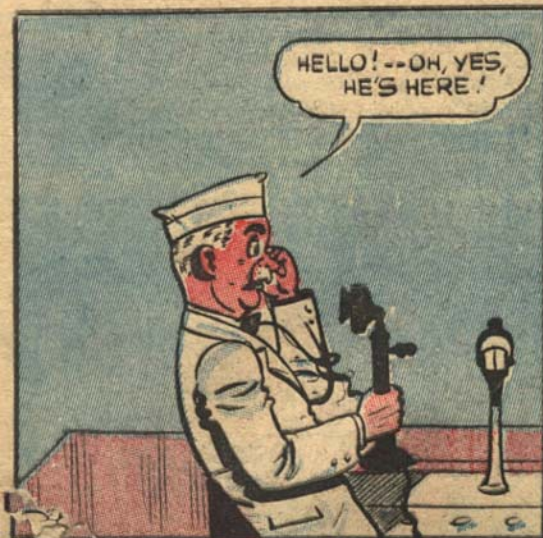


I'M CELEBRATIN', POP! ALL CHOCOLATE--S'RAIGHT!

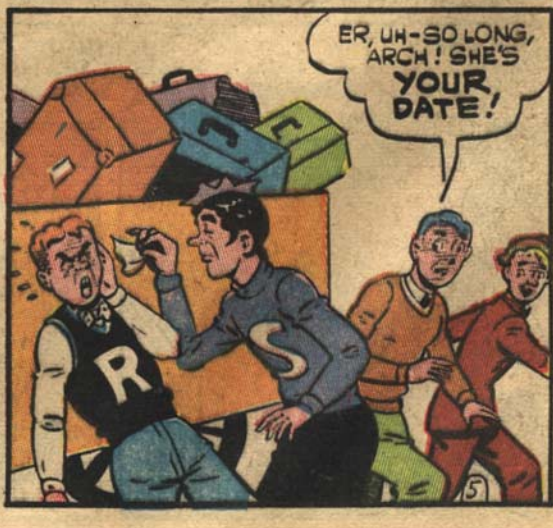
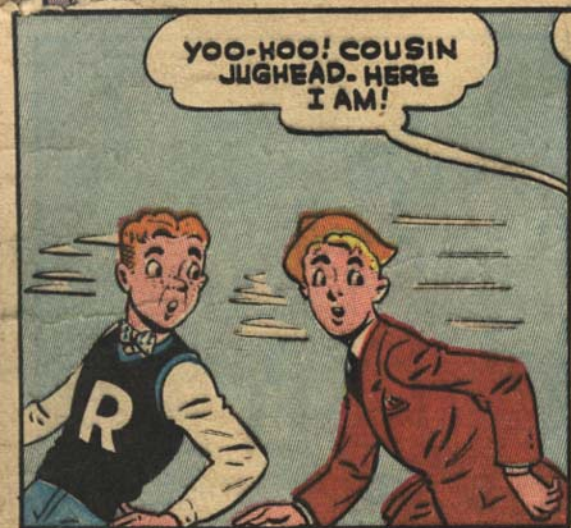
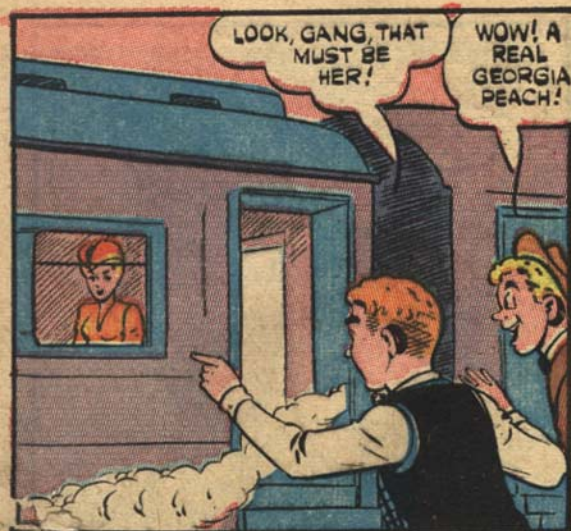
I'LL TAKE ANOTHER!

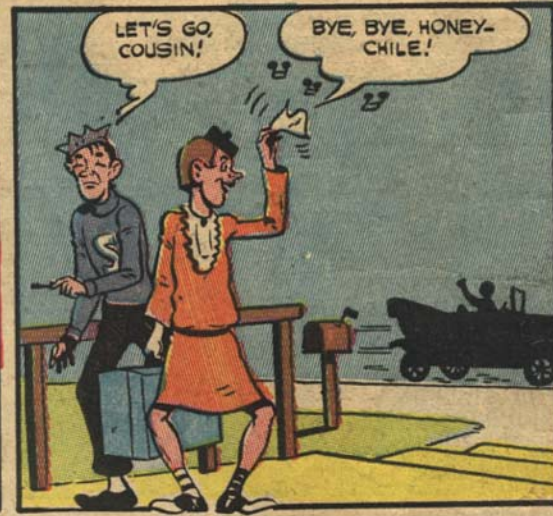
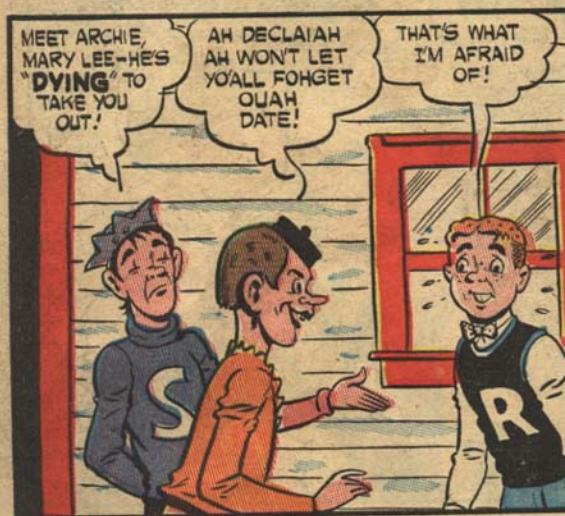
R-R-RING!

JUST A MINUTE, BOYS, TH' PHONE!









COMES THE NIGHT OF THE PIER DANCE,
AND ALL RIVERDALE'S YOUTH IS HAPPY AND
GAY-THAT IS ALL EXCEPT ONE!

GUESS WHO!

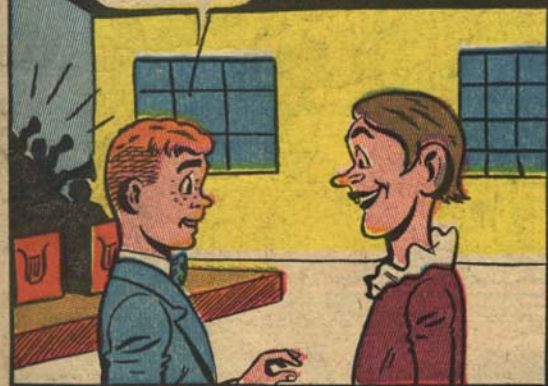


WE ALL MUST
MAKE A HAND-
SOME COUPLE,
HONEYCHILE!

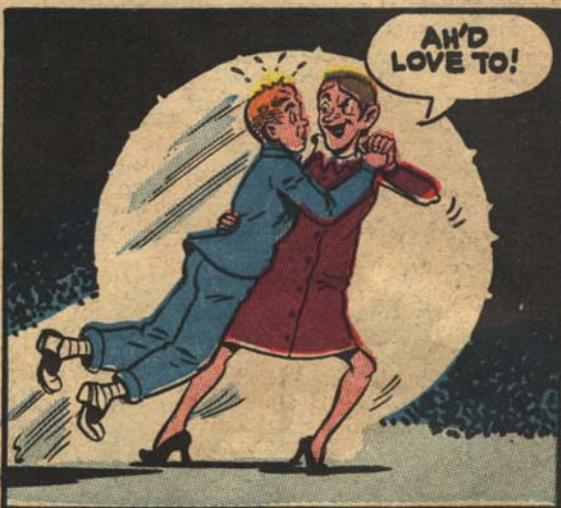
EVERYBODY IS
STARIN' AT US!



ER-I-UH-
SUPPOSE YOU'D
LIKE TO DANCE,
MARY LEE!



AH'D
LOVE TO!



MUSIC DOES
THINGS TO
ME!

I HOPE IT DOESN'T
DO THE SAME THINGS
TO ME!



HONEYCHILE, WOULDN'T
YOU RATHER HAVE A SODA
OR SOMETHING?



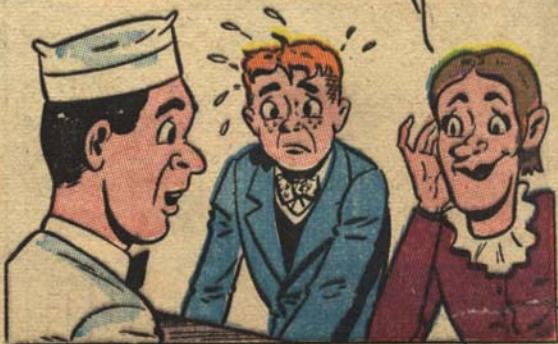
SHO 'NUFF!
LET'S GUZZLE--
AH'M THIRSTY!



BOY-WOTTA
PUSS!

WHAT'LL
IT BE?

AH'M ON A DIET--
SO AH'LL JUST HAVE
ONE PLATE OF ICE
CREAM---AT A
TIME!



THAT WAS JUST
DANDY-AH'LL HAVE
ANOTHAN!

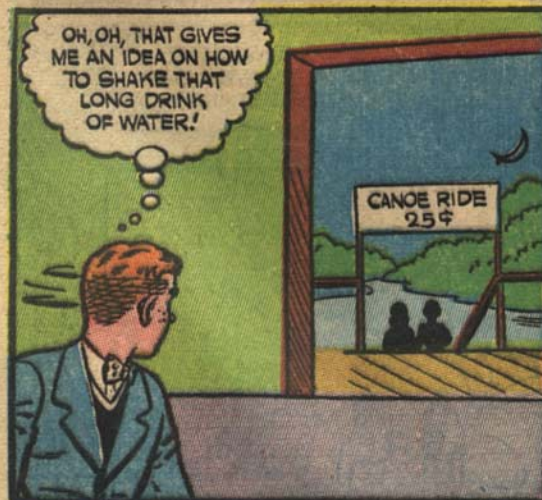


AH'M TIRED OF ICE
CREAM-AH THINK AH'LL
SWITCH TO SODAS,
NOW!

THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING
CHEAPER THAN
THIS!

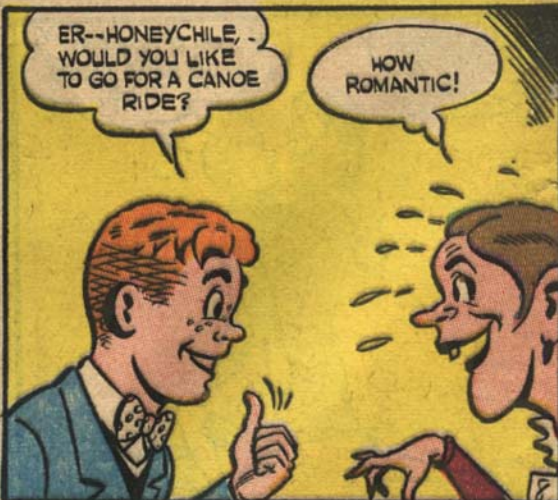


OH, OH, THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA ON HOW
TO SHAKE THAT
LONG DRINK
OF WATER!



ER--HONEYCHILE, -
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO GO FOR A CANOE
RIDE?

HOW
ROMANTIC!





BOY, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

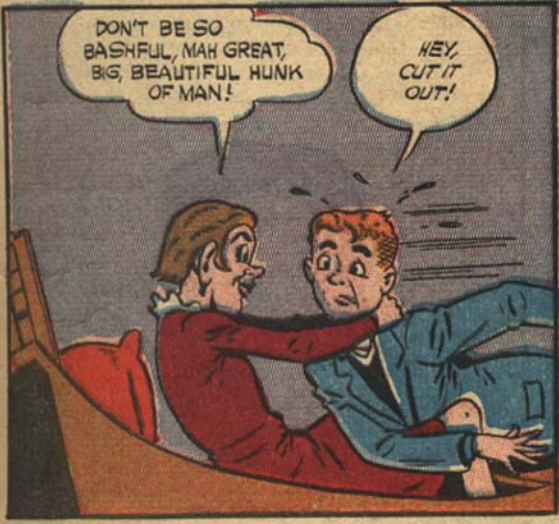
EASY, HONEY-CHILE!

MY SUZ! A REAL SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN!



C'M' HEAH, MAH ROMEO!

HUH?

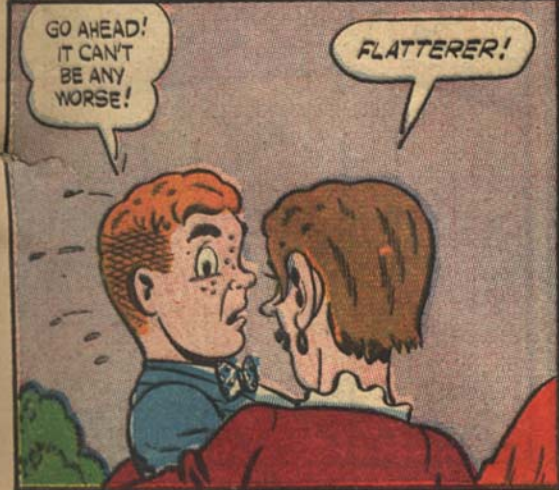


DON'T BE SO BASHFUL, MAH GREAT, BIG, BEAUTIFUL HUNK OF MAN!

HEY, CUT IT OUT!



AH KNOW WHAT-AH'LL SERENADE YO-ALL!



GO AHEAD! IT CAN'T BE ANY WORSE!

FLATTERER!



-NOW, NEATH THE SILVERY MOON-AWRRK--

'OWOO--I WAS WRONG! THIS IS WORSE!

DON'T YOU THINK WE'RE CARRYING THIS ROMANTIC STUFF TOO FAR, HONEYCHILE?

WE-ALL AH JUS' BEGINNIN'! JUS' LOOK AT THAT MOON!

HEAH BALMY ZEPHAHS BU-LOW!

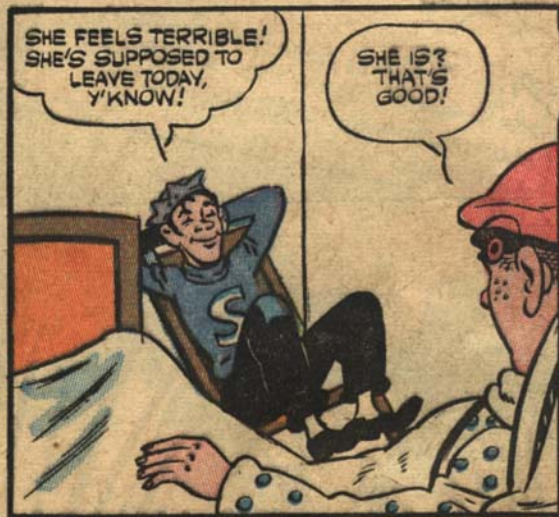
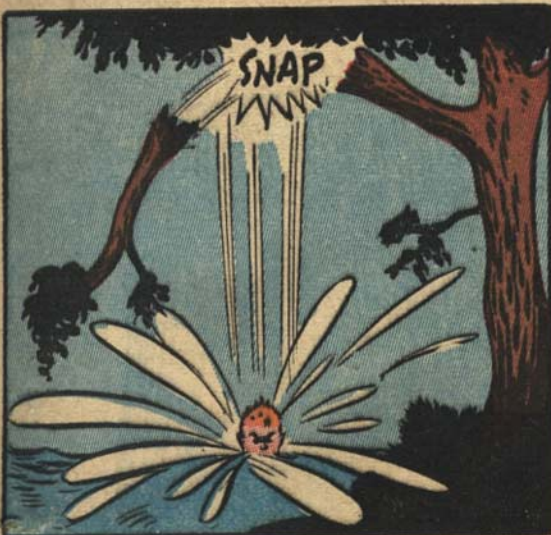
AH-AT LAST, THE TREE--

AS LONG AS WE'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE, WE DON'T NEED THIS PADDLE!

WHY, AH DO B' LIEVE YO-ALL AH GOIN' TUH OVAHWHELM ME!

NOPE-I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU-ALL! SO LONG, HONEYCHILE!

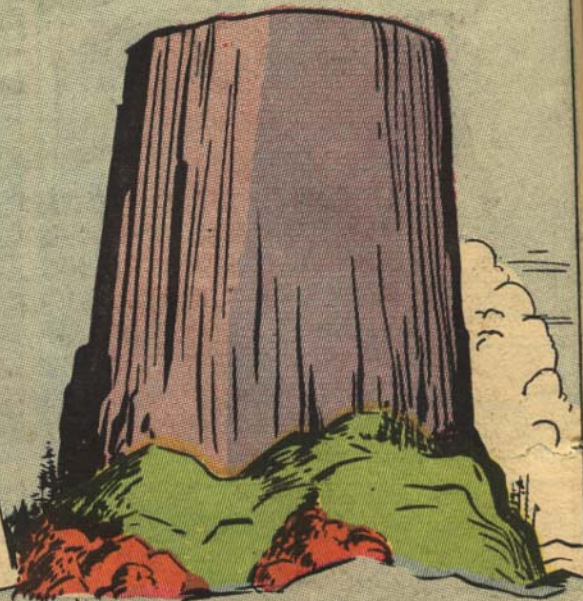
CRACK!



WORLD WONDERS



WOOD IN PAPER THIN SHEETS IS BEING USED TO REPLACE ALUMINUM WHENEVER POSSIBLE IN AIRPLANES.



Lonliest spot on earth

IS THE NAME FOR **DEVIL'S TOWER**, 865 FOOT COLUMN OF SOLID ROCK IN WYOMING... OF THE FEW TO CLIMB IT **MILL ROGERS** WAS THE FIRST....



RATTLESNAKES

LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE TO GO THEIR OWN WAY AND WILL USUALLY RUN AWAY UPON THE APPROACH OF PEOPLE.....



ALTHOUGH JUNGLE ROADS ARE SOMETIMES WIDE ENOUGH, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, FOR 40 MEN TO WALK ABREAST THE NATIVES ALWAYS WALK *IN SINGLE FILE!*

PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH EVERYBODY WINS! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POSTCARD TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN PEP COMICS. THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS FREE. ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A WAR STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE. SO SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME. ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

HERE ARE THE LUCKY TEN WHO WIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS!

WILMA HOFFMAN
LYKENS,
PA.

EMIL D. AQUILA
97-13-99 AVE.
OZONE PARK, N.Y.
BETTY POWELL
2620 MEMORIAL
LEESBURG, VA.

DOROTHY PATTON
LOUISVILLE,
KENTUCKY
SIDNEY SINGER
TORONTO,
ONT.

JERRY BAKER
18 ELIZABETH ST.
HAGERSTOWN, MD.

BARBARA HEWITT
12 EASTMAN ST.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
THELMA WOLLMAN
BOX 487
FREEMAN, S.D.
RHETA RAPPIN
229 UNION ST.
ELIZABETH, N.J.

THERESA CASPER
3248 E. WEBB ST.
PHILA. 34 PA.

AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF WAR STAMPS

LOIS PFARR
COTTONWOOD,
MINN.

RUSSELL BARBERA
BUFFALO,
NEW YORK

J'NETTE WILLIAMS
BLOSSBERG,
PA.

BILLY RINEAR
CINCINNATI,
OHIO

WALTER SCIBA
HOUSTON,
TEX.

JOHN BROWN
HEBER SPR'S
ARK.

EILEEN BURNS
PHILA.
PA.

NORMA KINDT
PORTLAND,
ORE.

CL'RE WHITEHOUSE
HARTFORD,
CONN.

LUPE YBARRA
LAMAR,
COL.

FRANCES PULLIN
PHILA.
PA.

ART ROBINSON
DANBURY,
CONN.

JANET BAILEY
LEESBURG,
OHIO.

RAY MULLER
WILMINGTON,
DEL.

RUBY CLOPTON
JOPLIN,
MO.

DELL UPTON
NEWPORT NEWS,
VA.

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE



STRONGO, THE STRONG MAN

HE'S THE MARVEL OF THE
WORLD, LADEEZ AN' GENTS!
THE MIRACLE OF THE CENTURY...
WITH MUSCLES OF PURE STEEL,
AND THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN.
SEE HIM MATCHING HIS MUSCLES
WITH TWO -NOT ONE- BUT TWO
WILD STALLIONS. HE'LL THRILL
YOU AND CHILL YOU. STEP UP
AND SEE THIS BREATH-TAKING,
SPECTACULAR, SPINE-
CHILLING EXHIBITION

HAVING PERFORMED HIS FEATS OF STRENGTH STRONGO BOWS TO A CHEERING AUDIENCE



I GIVE YOU THAT MAN WITHOUT NERVES-**THE GREAT DARD!** DAREDEVIL OF THE MOTORCYCLE!

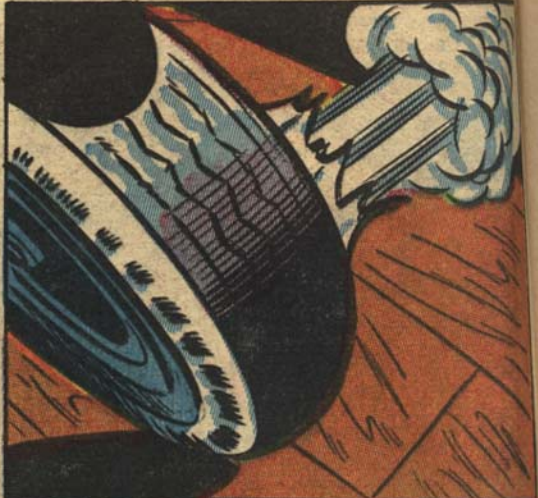
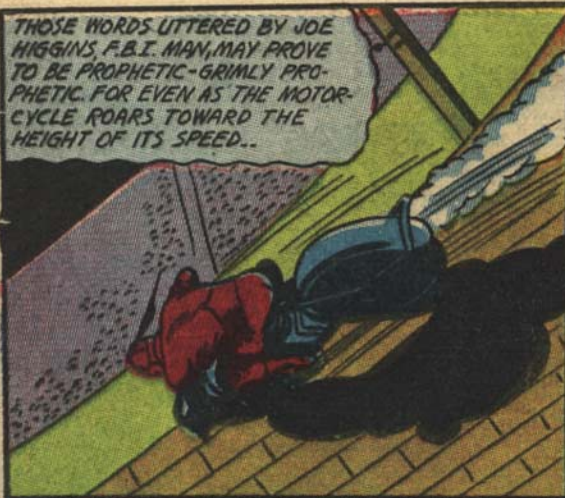
WITH A ROAR OF HIS MOTOR, DARD BEGINS HIS STUNT RIDE-AS THE MACHINE GATHERS MOMENTUM...

...IT RISES HIGHER AND HIGHER UP THE WALL OF THE BOWL-LIKE CRATER.

WHEW! QUITE AN ACT, HUH, JOE?

AMAZING, DUSTY! I'D HATE TO BE IN THAT GUY'S SHOES IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO THAT CYCLE!

THOSE WORDS UTTERED BY JOE HIGGINS, F.B.I. MAN, MAY PROVE TO BE PROPHETIC-GRIMLY PROPHETIC. FOR EVEN AS THE MOTOR-CYCLE ROARS TOWARD THE HEIGHT OF ITS SPEED...



HOLY MACKEREL!
WHAT A SPILL!

WOW! YOU SURE
CALLED THE TURN ON
THAT ONE, JOE!



DARO WON'T NEED A
DOCTOR, BOSS - HE'S
DEAD!



GEE, IT'S TOUGH
ON YOU, RISA!

(SOB) AND WE
WERE TO BE
MARRIED NEXT
MONTH!

WE CIRCUS
PEOPLE HAVE
TO EXPECT
THESE TOUGH
BREAKS, RISA!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T RISA, CRYING HER PRETTY EYES OUT FOR HER EX-BOY FRIEND



IT WAS AWFUL ABOUT DARO. I'M SORRY, RISA.



THANKS, STRONGO-SOB

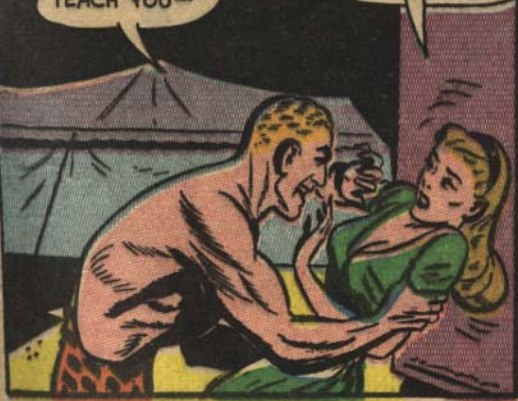
-YEAH-NOW THAT HE'S GONE, WHY DON'T YOU FORGET HIM AND BE NICE TO ME-



YOU-YOU VILE!

PLAYING HARD TO GET EH? I'LL TEACH YOU-

LET ME GO - YOU BEAST!



OW! YOU SHE-DEVIL! YOU'VE SCRATCHED MY EYES!



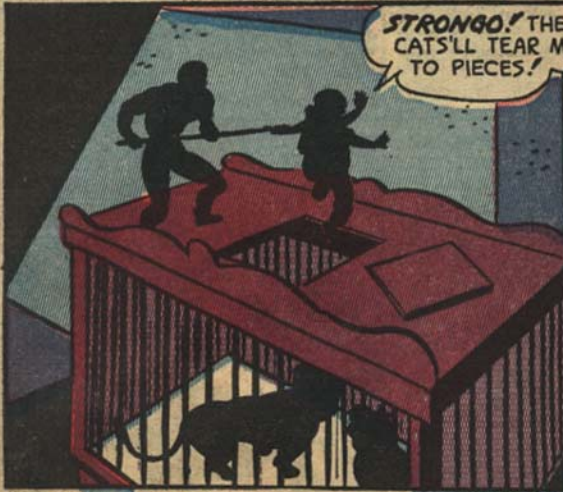
HAW-HAW-SHE GIVE IT TO YA GOOD HAW-HAW!



WHY YOU MISERABLE MOUSE-GIVE ME THE HORSE LAUGH, WILL YOU!

I WAS ONLY KIDDIN' STRONGO







NICE GOIN', JOE! I'LL SOCK HIM ON THE FIRST BOUNCE!



HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHAT'RE YOU UP TO NOW, STRONGO?

HELLO, PHIL! YOU'RE STRONG MAN AND I ARE HAVING A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT ABOUT WHAT IS AND WHAT ISN'T A PRACTICAL JOKE!



JOE HIGGINS, YOU OLD BUCKO, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE DROPPING IN ON MY SHOW?

WHY DO YOU KEEP A CHARACTER LIKE THAT AROUND, PHIL?

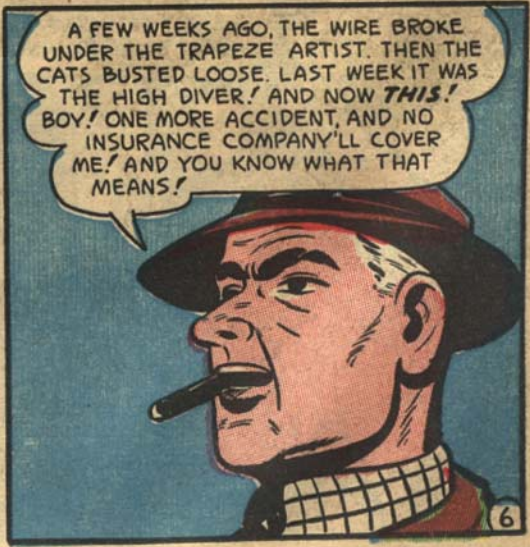


WHAT AM I GONNA DO? HELP IS SHORT ENOUGH AS IT IS - AND THEN ALL THOSE ACCIDENTS I'VE BEEN HAVING...

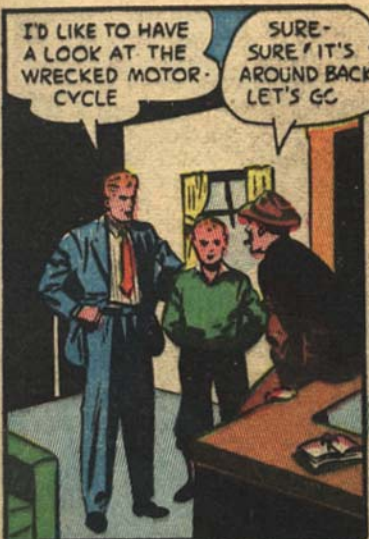
YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN HAVING **OTHER** ACCIDENTS LIKE THE ONE WE JUST SAW?



LIKE CLOCKWORK! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK MY SHOW IS JINXED!



A FEW WEEKS AGO, THE WIRE BROKE UNDER THE TRAPEZE ARTIST. THEN THE CATS BUSTED LOOSE. LAST WEEK IT WAS THE HIGH DIVER! AND NOW **THIS!** BOY! ONE MORE ACCIDENT, AND NO INSURANCE COMPANY'LL COVER ME! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE WRECKED MOTOR-CYCLE

SURE-SURE! IT'S AROUND BACK, LET'S GO



HMM-M- WHAT'S THIS LEAKING OUT OF THE TIRE?



SNIFF-SNIFF-HMM-



SAY PHIL, ISN'T IT A VIOLATION TO USE CLEANING FLUID AROUND A CIRCUS?

IT SURE IS! TOO GREAT A FIRE HAZARD I'D CAN ANYBODY I CAUGHT WITH IT? WHY?



OH, JUST WONDERING, THAT'S ALL WELL, SO LONG. PHIL GOTTA RUN NOW!

AW, THAT'S TOO BAD! DON'T BE SUCH A STRANGER, JOE NO LAW AGAINST AN F.B.I MAN HAVING A CIRCUS OWNER FOR A FRIEND, IS THERE?



OUTSIDE

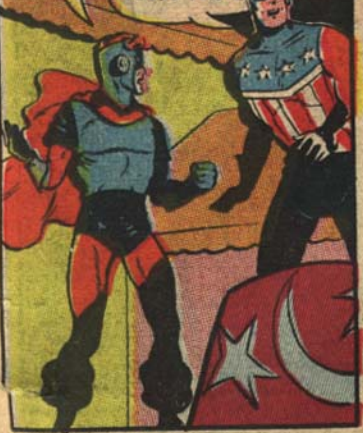
BUT THERE'S STILL A LAW AGAINST MURDER, DUSTY! START PEELING LAD!

OBOY! THE SHIELD AND THE BOY DETECTIVE ARE GOIN' TO WORK, HUH?



RIGHT! AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR TONIGHT'S "ACCIDENT" HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE OTHERS!

SAY, SHIELD, WHAT'S THE ANGLE ON THE CLEANING FLUID?



THAT STUFF IN THE TIRE WAS A RUBBER DISSOLVENT-CARBON-TETRACHLORIDE WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH THESE TENTS

AND WHERE WE FIND THE STUFF- THAT'S WHERE OUR MAN WILL BE! DUSTY- YOU COVER ONE LINE OF TENTS AND I'LL SEARCH THE OTHER - LET'S GO!



NOTHING HERE BUT A BUNCH OF CIRCUS COSTUMES



DUSTY SEEMS TO HAVE HAD SIMILAR LUCK -



NOTHING SO FAR AND THIS IS THE LAST TENT- IT'S STRONGO'S

WHEW- JUST WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR- SO- STRONGO'S OUR MAN!



DIRTY LITTLE SNOOPER NOW I'LL FINISH HIM OFF!



KIDS AND MIDGETS SEEM TO BE YOUR SPECIALTY, STRONGO!

OOOF



DUSTY! DUSTY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



GREAT HEAVENS! HIS LIPS ARE BLUE! DID I GET HERE TOO LATE?



THUD!



PRETTY STRONG GUY, AIN'T YOU, SHIELD? WE'LL SEE JUST HOW STRONG YOU ARE!



LATER, THE SHIELD AWAKENS TO FIND--

WELL, HAWKSHAW, YA GOT WISE TO ME! BUT IT AIN'T GONNA DO YOU NO GOOD!



SURE I KNOCKED THOSE GUYS OFF I'VE WANTED TO OWN THIS SHOW FOR A LONG TIME AND I FIGURED THIS WAS A GOOD WAY TO GET THE BOSS TO SELL!

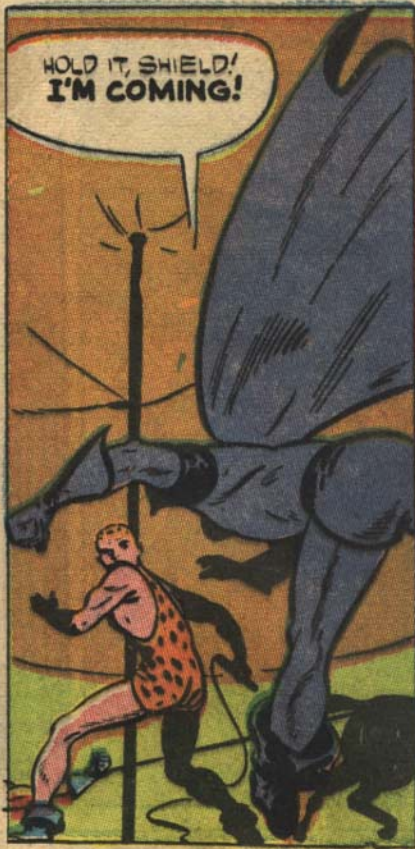
NOW, YOU'RE GONNA BE ANOTHER "ACCIDENT"— UNLESS YOU'RE STRONGER THAN **FOUR HORSES!**



UGH—MY ARMS—I CAN'T STAND THIS MUCH LONGER!



HOLD IT, SHIELD! I'M COMING!



OUTA MY WAY, **BEEF TRUST!**



YOU OKAY, SHIELD. BOY, I CAME TO, JUST IN TIME!

I'LL SAY YOU DID! ANOTHER TEN MINUTES AND I'D HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR A TIN CLIP AND PENCILS!



THERE GOES STRONGO! C'MON! AFTER HIM! DUSTY!



STRONGO WILDLY MAKES
A BREAK FOR FREEDOM!



HELLO STRONGO!
I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU AND SO'S
LEO! NOW IT'S
MY TURN
FOR SOME
FUN!

NO, MIDGE!
THAT CAT'LL
CHEW ME TO
PIECES!



AH-GH!

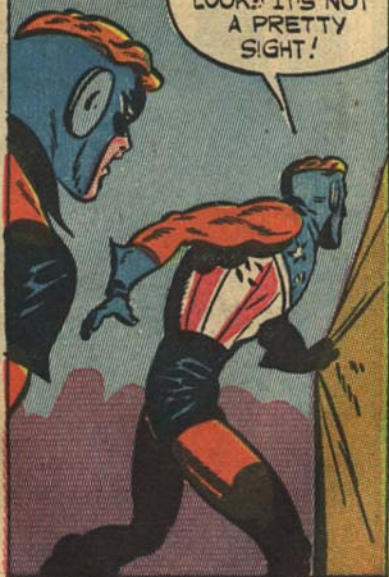


HA, HA! YOU'LL NEVER TRY
ANY MORE PRACTICAL **JOKES**
IN THIS WORLD, STRONGO!
LEO HASN'T GOT MUCH OF A
SENSE OF A SENSE OF
HUMOR, HA, HA!



WHAT'S ALL
THE GROWLING
IN THERE,
SHIELD?

HOLY SMOKE!
THE LION'S
GOT STRONGO!
WHAT'S LEFT
OF HIM!
BETTER NOT
LOOK! IT'S NOT
A PRETTY
SIGHT!



WELL, LOOKS LIKE THE
LADY WITH THE SCALES
CAUGHT UP WITH HIM-AND
IT'S JUST AS WELL-WE
WOULD HAVE HAD A TOUGH
TIME PINNING THOSE
CRIMES ON
HIM!



DESIGN FOR DYING

A BLACK HOOD STORY

By H. L. COOPER

"HOW do you like that?" said Kip Burland turning to Barbara Sutton annoyedly. "You finally get me down to one of these long haired ballet dances, and what happens, the star doesn't show up."

"Well, don't look at me like it was my fault, Kip, that he suddenly took sick."

Kip helped Babs on with her wrap, and they proceeded to leave the theater. Suddenly, Babs turned to Kip and said, "Maybe the evening isn't completely wasted, Kip. I'll drop in on Chekhov's dressing room and get a story for my paper on his illness. Good human interest stuff. You know, the wizard of the ballet gives his all for the dear, dear public and breaks down, etc., etc."

"Include me out, Babs. This is my night off. I've forgotten I'm a cop, so why don't you forget that you're a reporter, and let's go to a good movie . . . which we should have done in the first place," Kip said sourly.

"Oh, come on. Don't be such a crab apple. I'll only be

a minute," and Babs dragged a protesting Kip Burland backstage.

They both walked into the ballet dancer's dressing room, and right into a crowd, most of whom were gathered around a couch. One of the group detached himself, and walked up to the newcomers. "What are you doing here?" he growled.

"I'm Barbara Sutton, reporter for the Northville Inquirer, and I'd like a statement from Mr. Chekhov . . ." she began brightly.

"If you can get Chekhov to talk, you can have a thousand statements! He's dead!"

"Dead," Barbara gasped. "But the announcer out front told us that he was suffering with a sore foot."

"That was yesterday. Today, he's not suffering anymore. He died from tetanus infection. At least that's what the doctor here, tells me."

"Aren't you Mr. Livingston, Chekhov's manager?" Kip broke in.

"I was his manager. But unless you know how to get ten percent from a corpse, I'm

looking for a new ballet dancer."

"How did it happen?" Barbara asked.

"He cut his foot on a nail in his shoe. Except for pouring on some iodine, he neglected it, and poof . . . tetanus poisoning."

Kip started casually strolling about the room. Finally, he walked into the bathroom, and a short while later emerged with a small vial in his hand, which he carefully concealed from view. He strolled up to Livingston, and said, "Did Chekhov *pour* the iodine on the cut himself?"

"Hmmm . . . no, his personal Russian valet, that guy standing over there in the corner with his arms folded, put it on. But I don't see what you're getting at. After all, you'd expect Kulik to . . ."

But Kip didn't wait to hear what Livingston had to say about Kulik, for he started to walk back to the corpse again as though in idle curiosity. On the way, he brushed past Kulik.

"Ow," the valet yowled.

"Oh, pardon me," Kip sputtered, profusely apologetic. "I jabbed you with the point of my fountain pen, didn't I? Clumsy of me. Here let me dab it with some of this iodine I got out of the medicine chest."

"N . . . never mind," Kulik stammered. "It'll be all right."

"Oh, but I insist. After all, it was my fault; here let me have your hand," with which Kip yanked Kulik's hand toward him.

"Let go, damn you," Kulik snarled. "I don't want any I tell you."

"Because you don't want to die the same way your master did, maybe," Kip said quietly.

A pall of silence fell over the whole room!

"Kip. What are you getting at?" Barbara finally broke the silence.

"That Kulik murdered his master," Kip answered, gazing fixedly at the valet. "He injected those tetanus germs into Chekhov with this bottle of iodine. Didn't you, Kulik?"

Kulik's answer was a hoarse curse. Savagely he rushed at Kip. It was a moment's work for Kip to sidestep, duck, and lash out with two bonecrushing blows! Kulik's eyes glazed. And he went down and out. The whole thing happened so quickly, that all just stood there open-mouthed.

At last one of the doctors recovered himself sufficiently

to sputter. "Your accusation is ridiculous! Any medical man could tell you that Tetanus germs couldn't possibly live in iodine."

"Not iodine, perhaps. But they could in Argyrol. Here, look for yourself, doctor."

The doctor took the vial from Kip's hand, and sniffed at its contents. "By Jove," he exclaimed in utter amazement. "It is argyrol. But how on earth did you know?"

"I suspected it as soon as I noticed that there wasn't a trace of iodine on Chekhov's foot, although Gluckstern assured me that Kulik had applied it liberally yesterday. Iodine, as you yourself know, doctor, leaves some discoloration, so, obviously whatever was substituted had to resemble iodine. The only thing I could think of was argyrol."

Babs looked at Kip with open-eyed admiration. "Kip, you're uncanny. But why did he do it?"

"That I'll let him tell for himself. He's conscious now. How about it, Kulik? Why did you, a faithful and loyal servant, kill Chekhov?"

"Faithful and loyal . . . pah!" Kulik spat. "I was not his servant. I was his SLAVE! I, Kulik, should have had the glory and renown in the ballet world that he had. And the scum knew it. I could dance rings around him. But he also knew that I was here in America illegally . . . without a passport. So he blackmailed me, held this knowledge over my head as a club. Forced me to wait on him hand and foot. Life became unbearable. There was no other way."

After Kulik had been given his one way ride to police headquarters Kip rejoined Barbara. "What was that you were saying about forgetting your job on your night off?" she asked archly.

"Uh . . . let's go to the movies, Barbara!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 12, 1913, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF THE REGISTER OF THE MAIL, AND OF THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1911, ENACTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE ACTS OF OCTOBER 3, 1917

Year of New York 1934
County of New York 1

1. That the name and address of the publisher are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
2. That the name and address of the manager are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
3. That the name and address of the editor are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
4. That the name and address of the business manager are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

5. That the name and address of the printer are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

6. That the name and address of the distributor are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

7. That the name and address of the circulation agent are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

8. That the name and address of the advertising agent are: The World-Telegram and Sun, 480 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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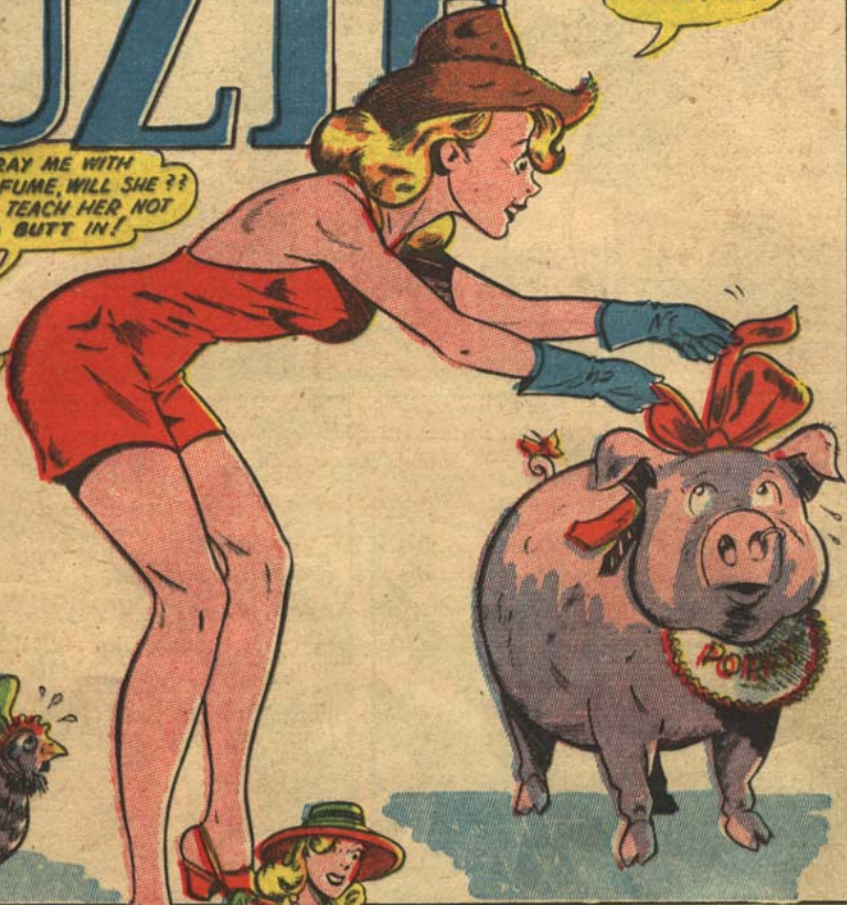
SUZIE

WHAT THIS FARM NEEDS IS A FEMININE TOUCH!!

SPRAY ME WITH PERFUME, WILL SHE?? I'LL TEACH HER NOT TO BUTT IN!

JAKE'S FINGER!

PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M JUST A DUMB CLUCK!



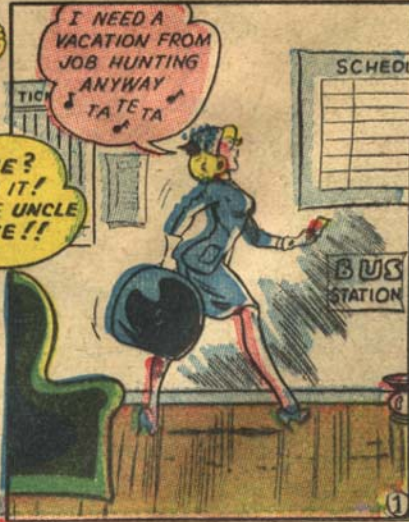
OUR STORY OPENS ON A VERY FAMILIAR NOTE--- YOU'RE FIRED! EVERYTHING WAS JAKE UNTIL I HIRED YOU, SUZIE

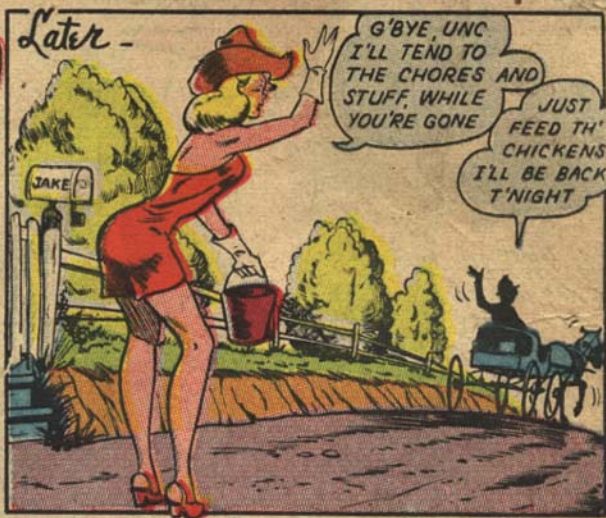
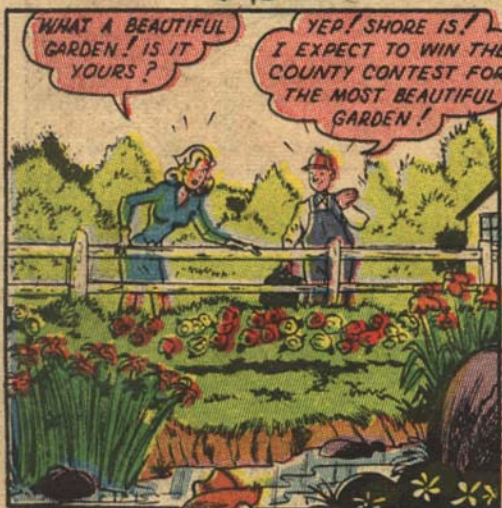
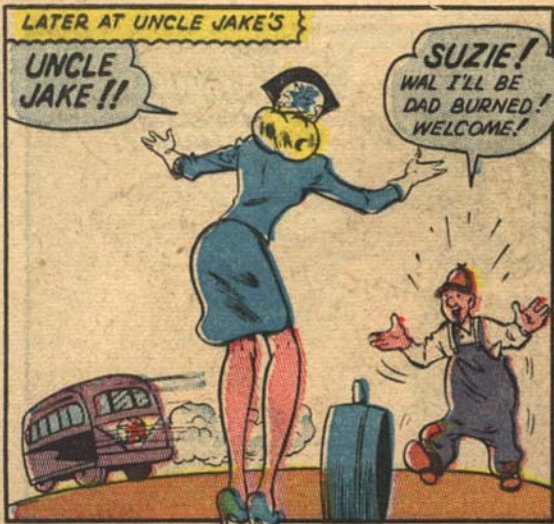
?



JAKE? THAT'S IT! I'LL SEE UNCLE JAKE!!

I NEED A VACATION FROM JOB HUNTING ANYWAY TATE TATE





WHEW! I NEVER KNEW FARMING WAS SUCH HARD WORK...



WELL I'LL JUST MAKE MYSELF COMFY AND READ ALL ABOUT FARMING



GOLLY GEE! WHAT A PERFECTLY DUCKY IDEA! I'M GOING TO TRY IT OUT!



A LITTLE LATER

LET'S SEE --UNCLE JAKE SAID THIS WAS A FIELD OF CLOVER HE WANTED CUT-- BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A BUNCH OF WEEDS TO ME--



WHILE THE TRACTOR'S GOING I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT SPEEDING UP THINGS AROUND HERE



A LITTLE MORE WATER PRESSURE OUGHT TO STEP UP THAT CEMENT



UNCLE JAKE RETURNS

WELL-I WONDER HOW SUZIE IS MAKING OUT ?

A silhouette of Uncle Jake is shown running away from a building in the background.

HI SUZIE WHAT'S DOIN' NOW ?

WAIT'LL YOU SEE, UNCLE JAKE

Uncle Jake, wearing a cap and overalls, is talking to Suzie, who is wearing a red dress and a visor. They are in a barn with wooden stalls.

I'VE GOT ALL THESE COWS RIGGED UP FOR MILKING

GOOD! I'LL START THE MACHINE

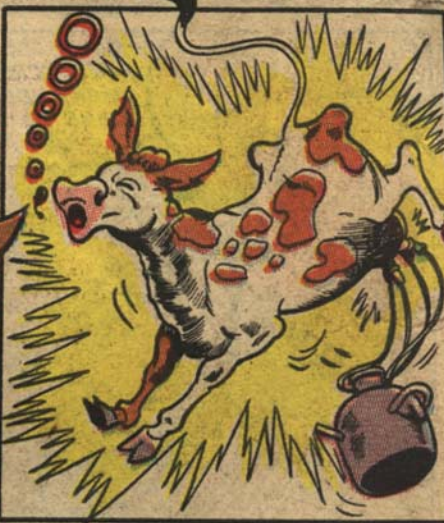
A group of cows are in a milking parlor. One cow is being milked by a machine.

HERE GOES!

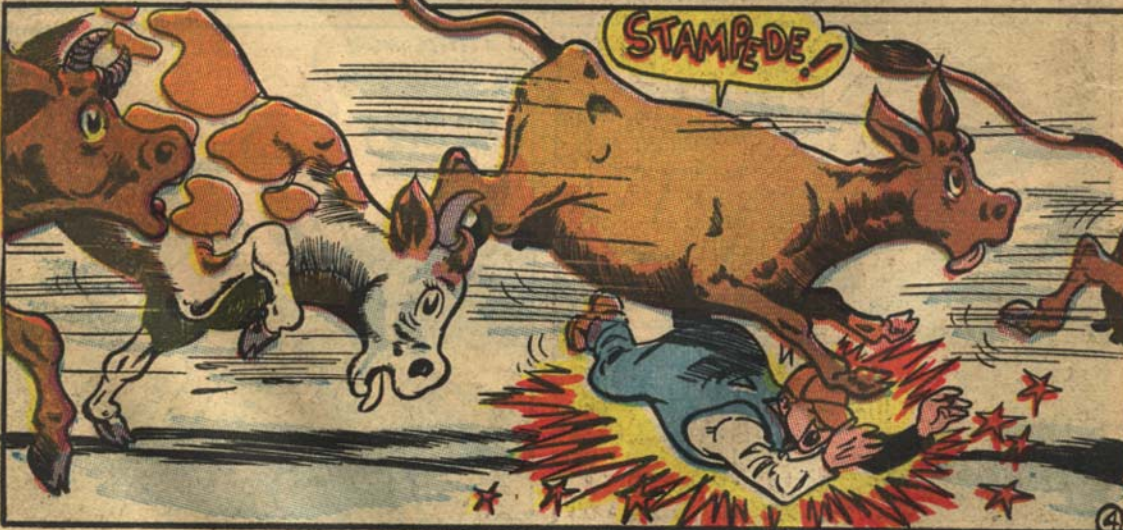
Uncle Jake is operating a machine, possibly a milking machine, with a barrel labeled 'ERL' nearby. A cow is visible in the background.

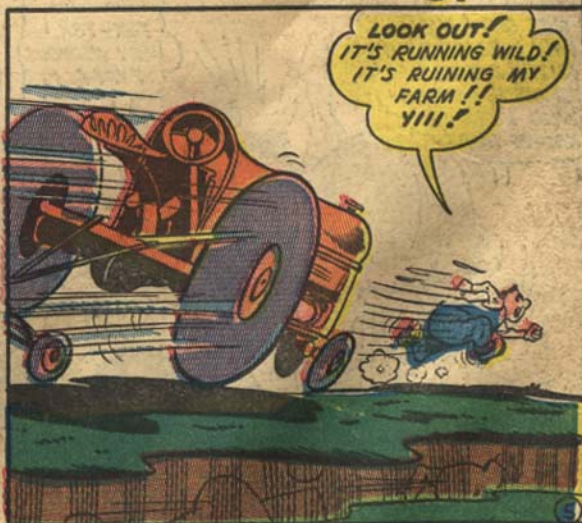
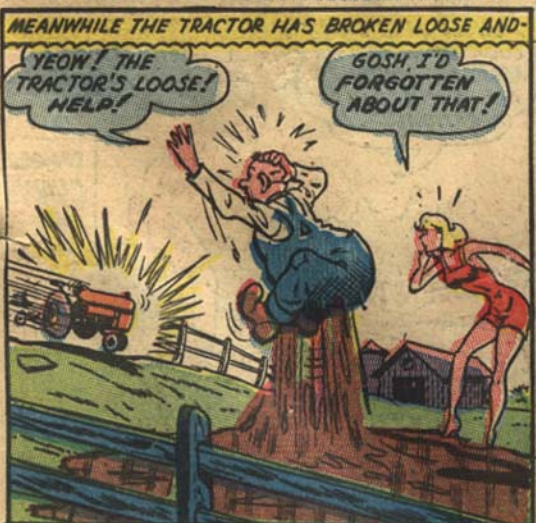
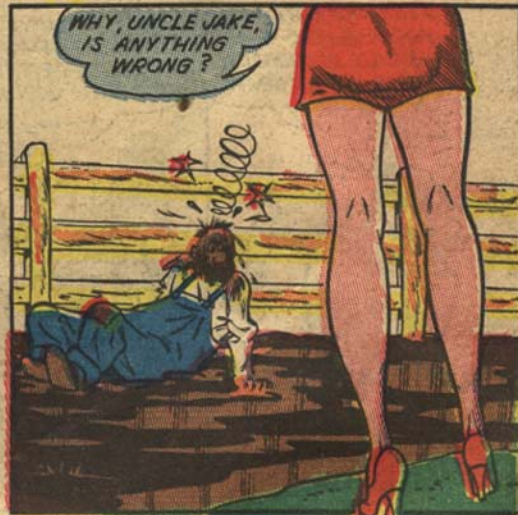
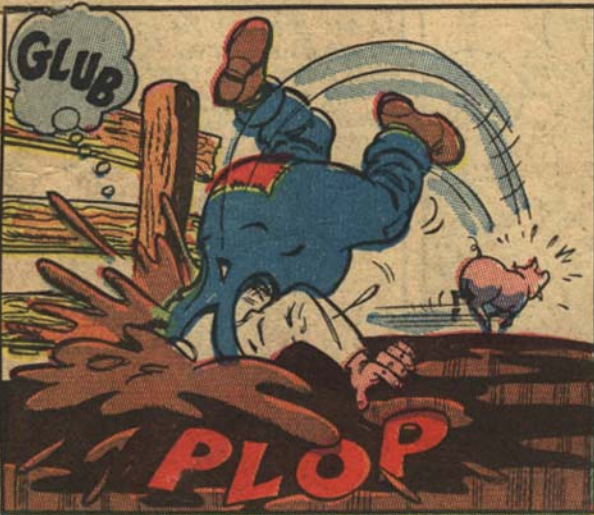
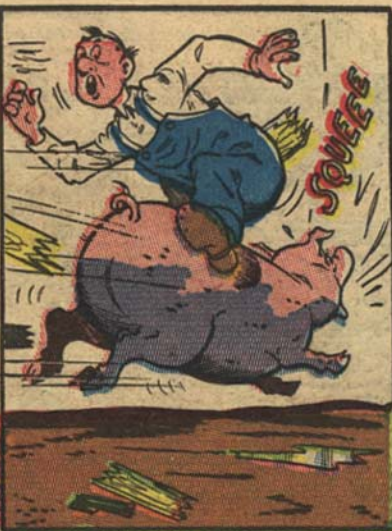
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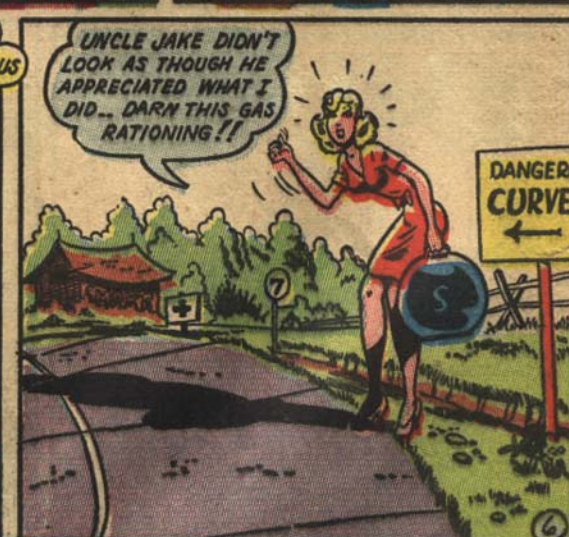
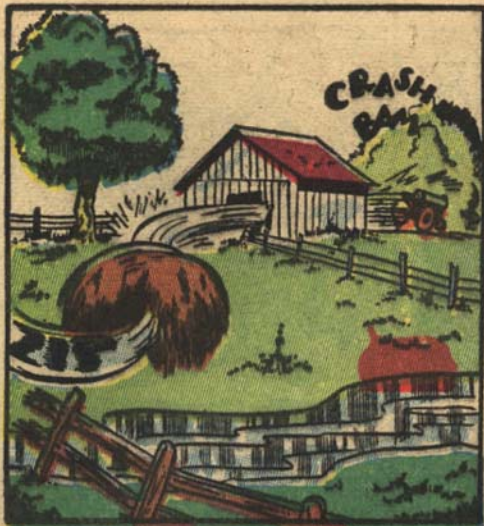
!

A cow is shown with a question mark and an exclamation point above its head, looking confused or surprised.A cow is running away quickly, with a teapot on the ground nearby. The scene is filled with motion lines.

STAMPEDE!

A large stampede of cows is running across the scene. Uncle Jake is lying on the ground, surrounded by stars, indicating he has been trampled.



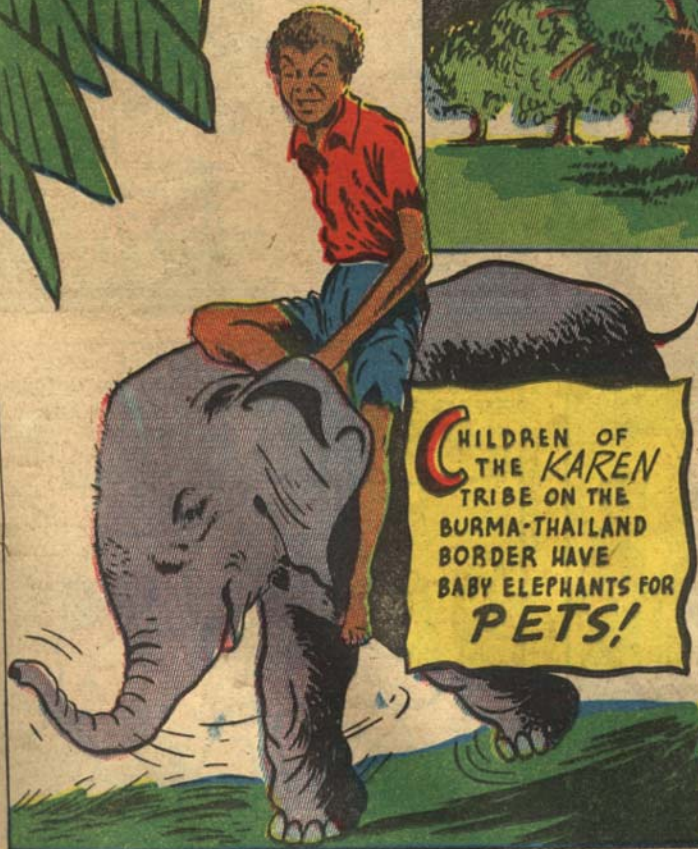


WORLD WONDERS



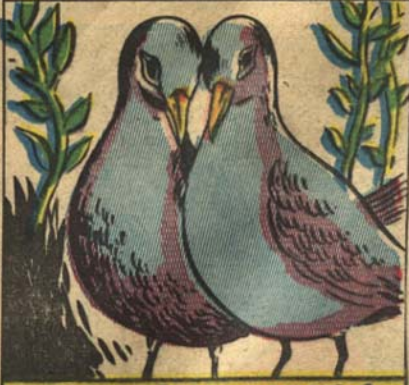
ALTHOUGH GERMANY'S RECENT DISPLAY OF AIRPOWER AMAZED THE WORLD, IT WAS THE UNITED STATES WHICH OPERATED THE FIRST MILITARY AIRPLANE AND ESTABLISHED THE FIRST ARMY AND NAVY AIR UNITS!

BY SCIENTIFIC GRAFTING... AS MANY AS 70 DIFFERENT KINDS OF FRUIT HAVE BEEN GROWN ON ONE TREE!



CHILDREN OF THE *KAREN* TRIBE ON THE BURMA-THAILAND BORDER HAVE BABY ELEPHANTS FOR **PETS!**

WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

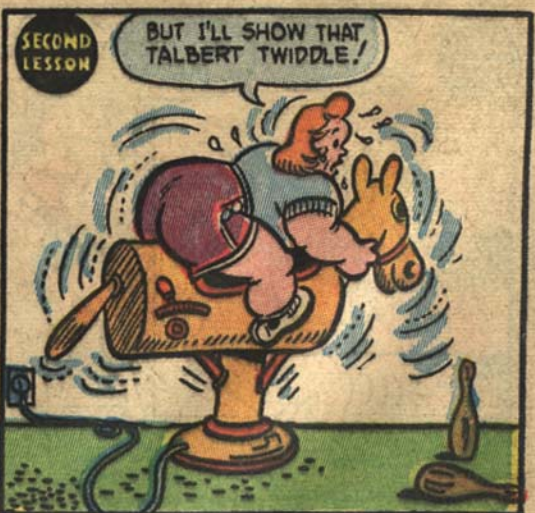
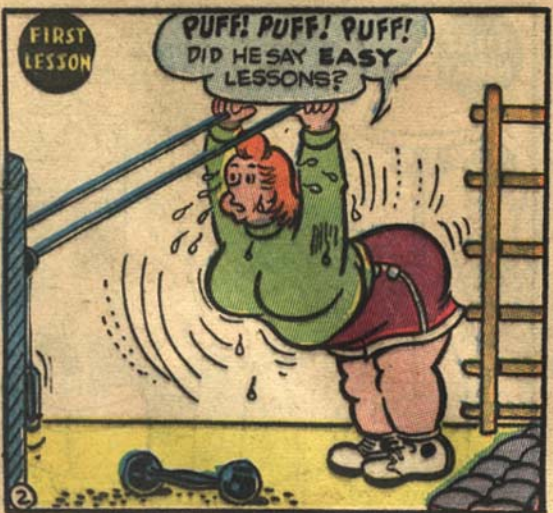
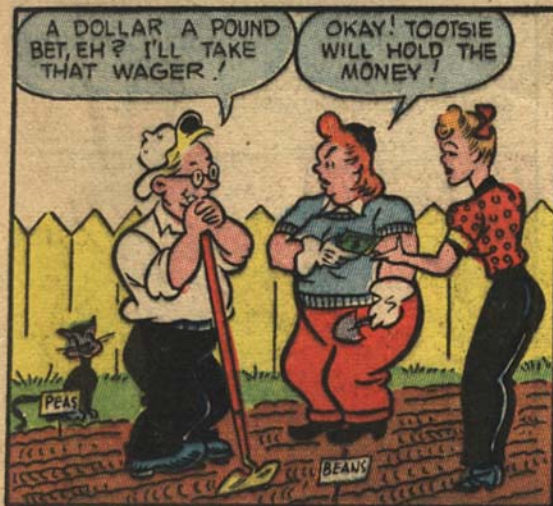


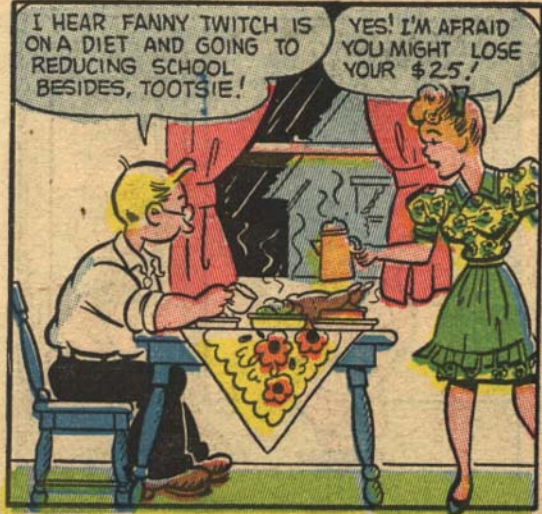
TURTLE DOVES
LOOK NOTHING LIKE
TURTLES! .Goss

The Twiddles

by Bill Woggon







I HEAR FANNY TWITCH IS ON A DIET AND GOING TO REDUCING SCHOOL BESIDES, TOOTSIE!

YES! I'M AFRAID YOU MIGHT LOSE YOUR \$25!



WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA-- THIS WILL TEMPT HER! SHE'S SITTING THERE NOW EATING JUST A SALAD AND CRACKER! TURN THAT FAN ON, TOOTSIE!

TALBERT! YOU'RE A DEVIL!



SO! TALBERT TWIDDLE, YOU THINK YOU CAN WEAKEN ME--

SNIFF!
SNIFF!



HUMPH!

SLAM!



FOURTH LESSON

MY! I'M STARVED!

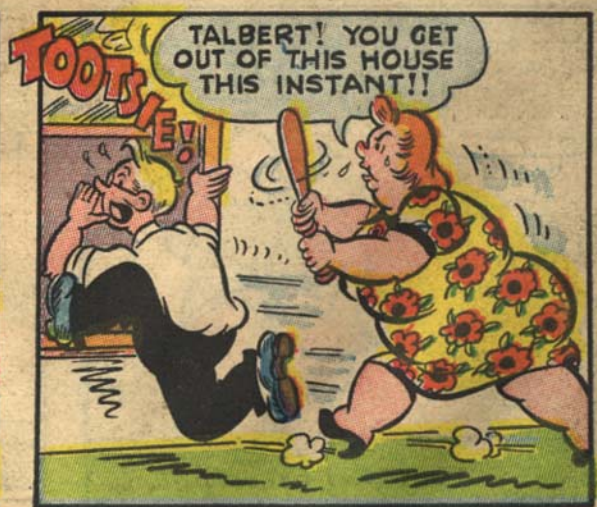
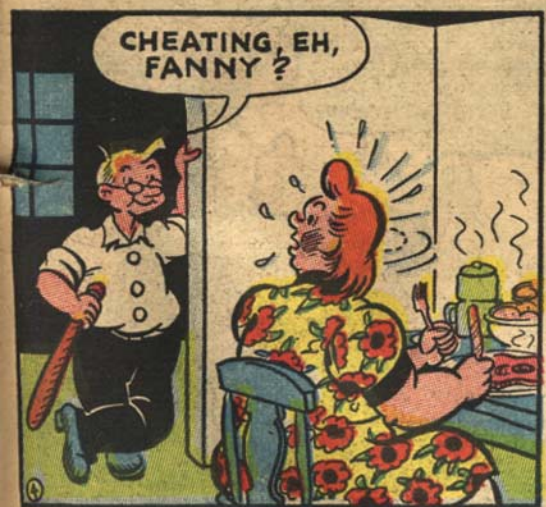
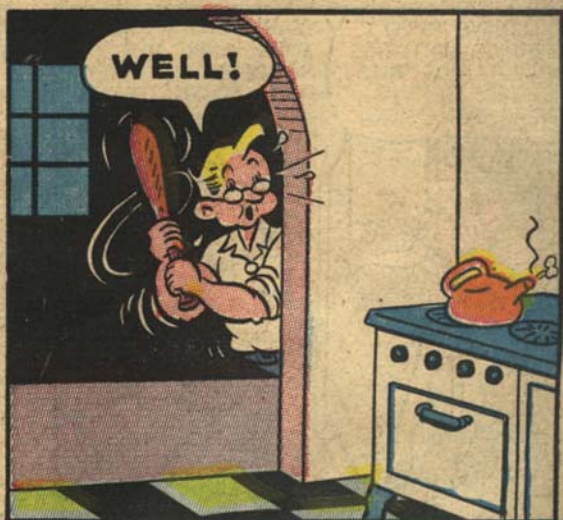
THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY, MADAM!

SHOWE ROOM



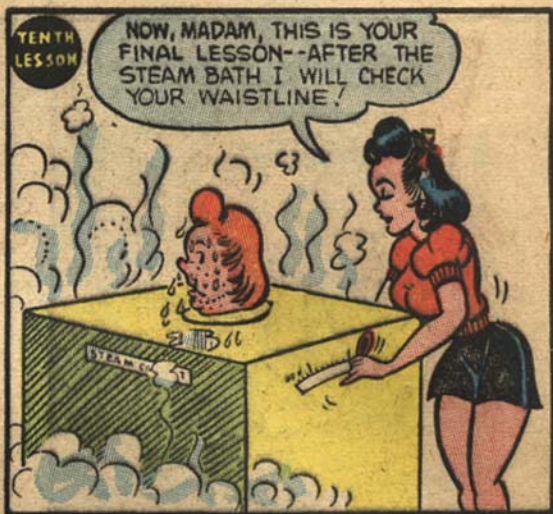
THAT NIGHT

HMM! THINGS ARE DARK IN FANNY'S HOUSE TONIGHT--SHE'S PROBABLY GONE!





HURMUPH! JUST FOR THAT I'M GOING TO WIN HIS MONEY OR ELSE!



TENTH LESSON

NOW, MADAM, THIS IS YOUR FINAL LESSON--AFTER THE STEAM BATH I WILL CHECK YOUR WAISTLINE!



WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING WITH THIS HORSE, FANNY TWITCH, SHE KEEPS GAINING INSTEAD OF LOSING!

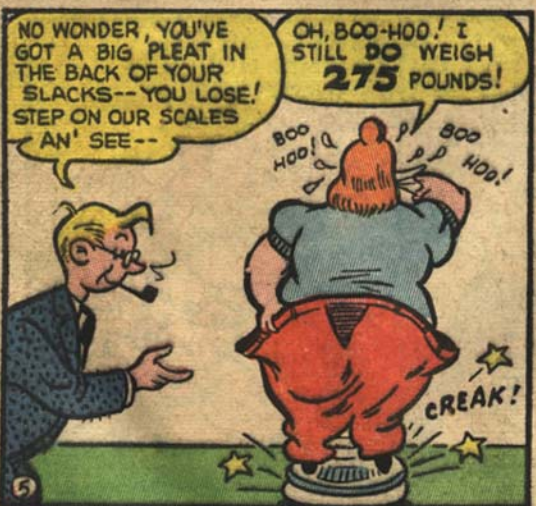
YEAH! MAYBE SHE MIGHT WANT HER MONEY BACK IF SHE DON'T LOOK THINNER! HERE! TAKE HER SLACKS OVER TO ABE, THE TAILOR, AND---



LATER

NOW, MR. TWIDDLE, HAND OVER THAT BET--SEE! EVEN MY SLACKS ARE TOO BIG FOR ME NOW! I'VE LOST POUNDS!

BUT, FANNY--

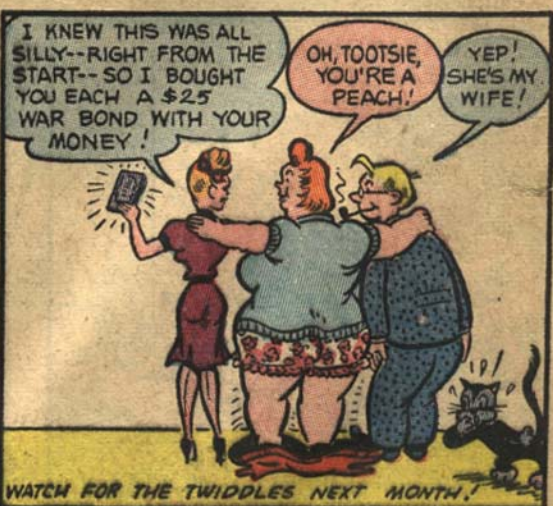


NO WONDER, YOU'VE GOT A BIG PLEAT IN THE BACK OF YOUR SLACKS-- YOU LOSE! STEP ON OUR SCALES AN' SEE--

OH, BOO-HOO! I STILL DO WEIGH **275 POUNDS!**

BOO HOO! BOO HOO!

CREAK!



I KNEW THIS WAS ALL SILLY--RIGHT FROM THE START--SO I BOUGHT YOU EACH A \$25 WAR BOND WITH YOUR MONEY!

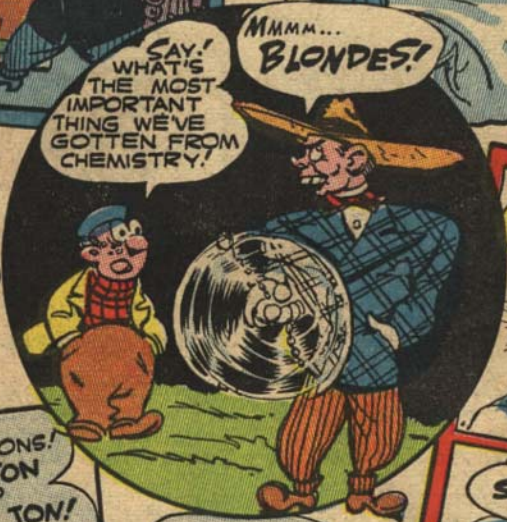
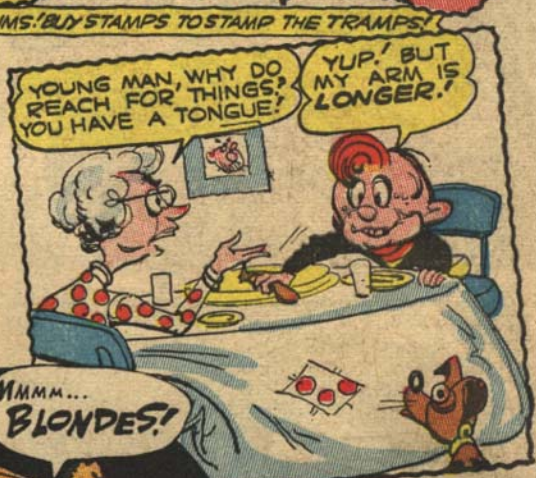
OH, TOOTSIE, YOU'RE A PEACH!

YEP! SHE'S MY WIFE!

WATCH FOR THE TWIDDLES NEXT MONTH!

JEST JOKES

BUY BONDS TO BOMB THE BUMS! BUY STAMPS TO STAMP THE TRAMPS!



POKEY

OAKLEY

by Don Dean



IN LAST ISSUE A CREATURE KNOWN AS "MOUNTAIN MAN" INVADDED CATFISH CREEK IN SEARCH OF A SPOUSE, BUT A BRIEF ENCOUNTER WITH POKEY OAKLEY HAS SENT HIM HOWLING BACK TO HIS LAIR.

AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND HIM RELATING HIS SAD EXPERIENCE TO HIS BROTHER, L'L MOUNTAIN

...THEN THIS HYAR POKEY FELLAH AN' MAHSELF GOES INTO A CAVE TO FIGHT ET OUT AND DANGED EF THET STRING BEAN DINT CLEAN ME UP!
SOB



BAH! THET WAS NO CAVE, THET WAS A RAILROAD TUNNEL AN' ET WERE A TRAIN THET HIT YO', NOT POKEY!



AS TWIN BROTHAHS - YO WAS GIVEN ALL TH' STRENGTH BUT I WAS GIVEN ALL TH' BRAINS, RIGHT?

YO IS RIGHT. I'LL MOUNTAIN



ALL RIGHT NOW, AH WILL SHOW YO HOW BRAINS TRIUMPHS OVAN BRAWN. AH'M GOIN' DOWN TO TH' VILLAGE AN' WOE BE TO POKEY OAKY

DOES YO REALLY THINK YO KIN BEAT HIM UP?



SHO NUFF AS AH IS SCIENTIFIC! I' ALSO AH WILL WOO HIS GAL PLUMB AWAY FROM HIM... SCIENTIFICS AGIN

G'BYE!

?



HAAA! THAR IS TH' LONG-LAIGED LOUT NOW- WHUT LUCK! HEH-HEH-HEH



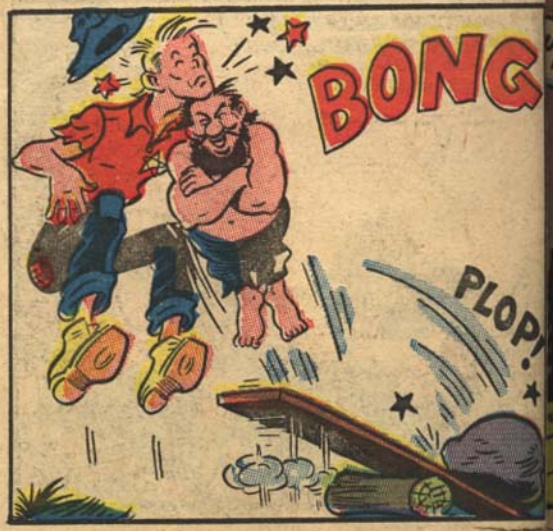
S000- YO IS TH' SKONK THAT CLEANED UP MAH BIG BROTHAH HUM???

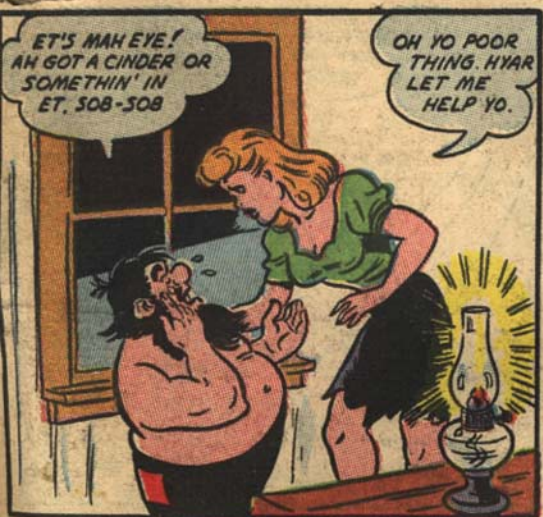
EF YO IS REFERRIN' TO TH' BEST MAN WINNIN'... YES!

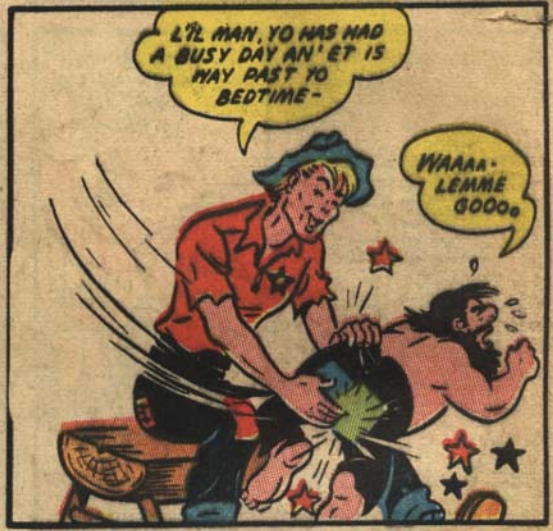
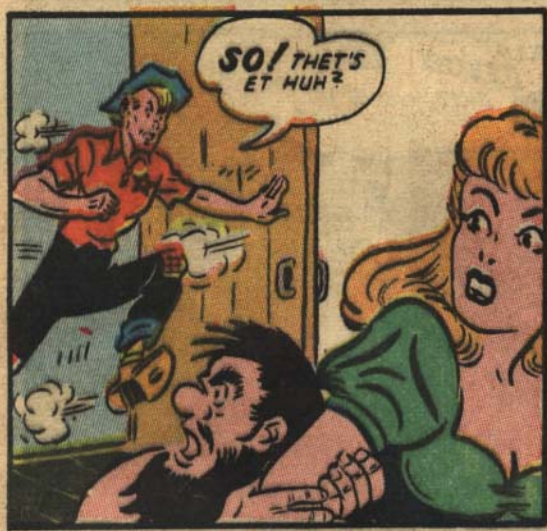


THEN GIT ON YO FEET-AH AIMS TO AVENGE THET OUTRAGE!!





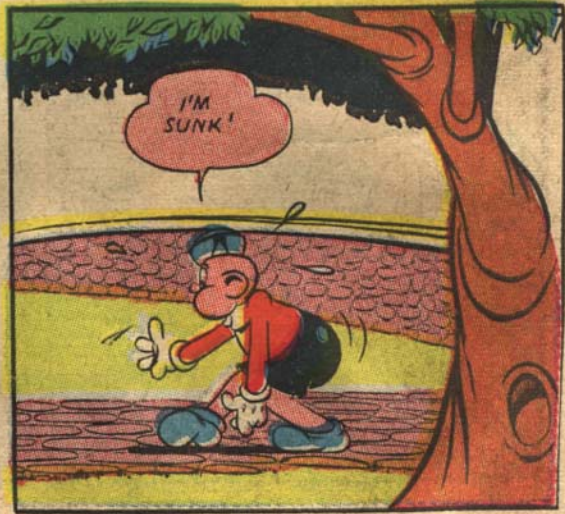
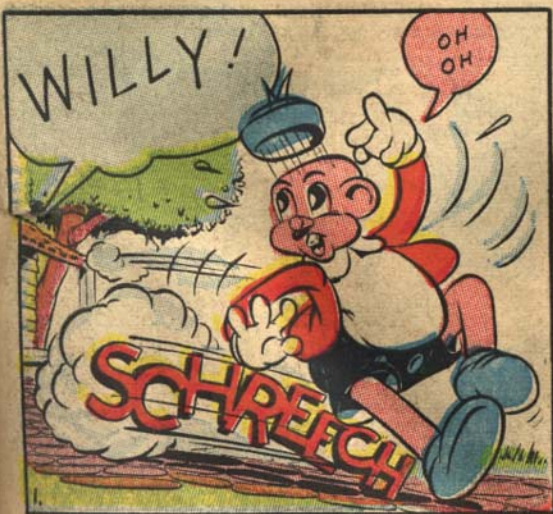
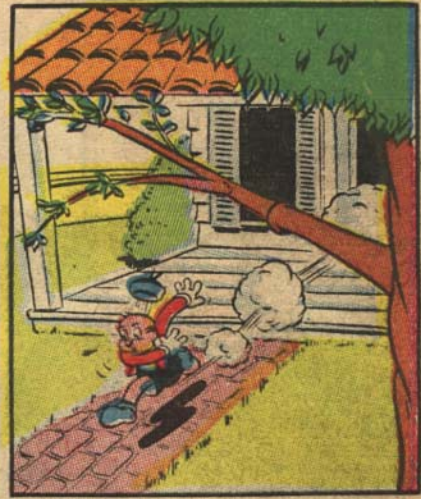
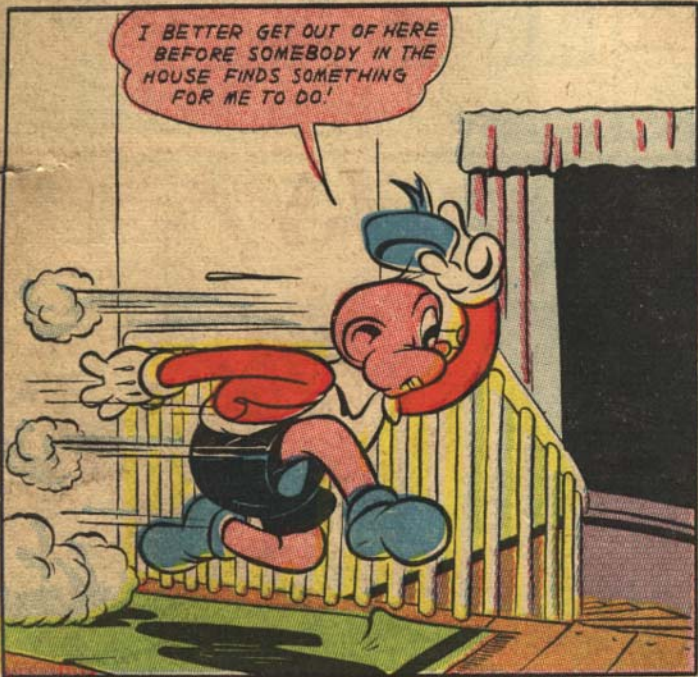




CONTINUED

WILLY THE WISE-GUY

by "RED" HOLMDALE



I WANT YOU TO GET THE GARDEN TOOLS OUT OF THE SHED AND WAIT FOR ME IN THE BACKYARD!

GARDEN TOOLS!

YES-I WANT YOU TO HELP ME FIX THE TULIP BEDS THAT I GAVE YOU TO PLANT LAST FALL!

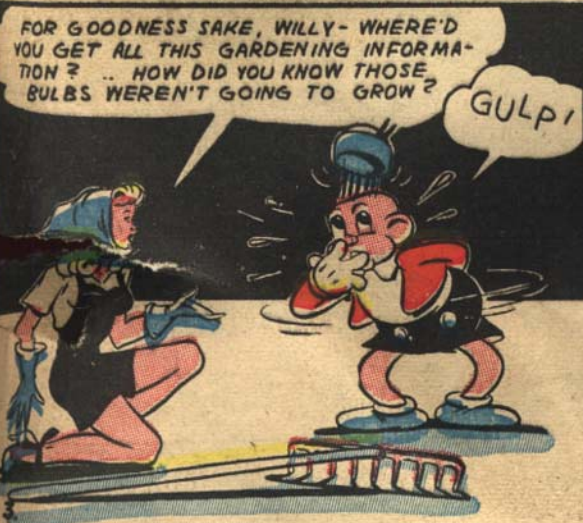
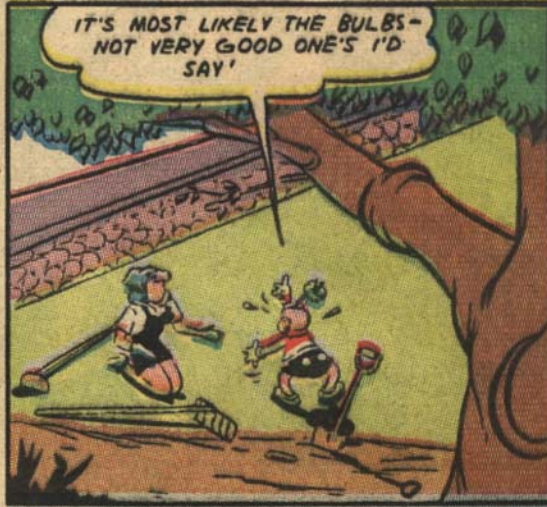
TULIPS? OH-YES-YES THE TULIPS!

DARN IT! WHY DOES A GUY HAVE TO HAVE A BIG SISTER?

WILLY!

IT'S NO USE IN STALLING WILLY! WE'RE GOING TO GET THIS DONE BEFORE YOU LEAVE THIS HOUSE!

BUT SIS-I DON'T THINK THOSE TULIPS ARE READY YET!



SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!



BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



SPECIAL TELESCOPE OFFER!

Here is the most remarkable offer that we have ever made. Now you can see most everything you want to see! Now you can bring distant objects so clearly close to your eye that they will seem almost near enough to touch. Why feel frustrated and baffled by something far away that you want to see in full detail. Why be limited in your vision when you can multiply it 13 to 15 times with the amazing 3 super-powered lenses in this GIANT telescope. Quickly overcome the handicap of distance... the magnification does it like magic. This new telescope invention is a miracle of mass production economy and engineering ingenuity. Made of available war-time materials, it is the equal in performance of telescopes that sell for as much as \$15.00. Think of the wonderful fun you can have by extending your vision 30 miles in full, clear detail. Read on for full explanation of this really remarkable invention.

3

LARGE

PRECISION-

GROUND,

OPTICAL

LENSES

THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE, 4-FOOT SUPER-TELESCOPE with SUPER-POWER

NOW—SEE GREAT OR SHORT DISTANCES—with CLOSE-UP DETAIL!

FREE CARRYING CASE WITH YOUR ORDER

Brings distant objects close to your eyes!



BIRDS



BALLGAMES



SPORTS



THE HEAVENS



This beautiful, military-looking carrying case is yours absolutely FREE with this offer. It is made of heavy canvas that fits over the telescope, making it easy to carry, and protects it from dust, dirt and rain. Top fastens by a drawstring, and can be secured easily, comfortably around your wrist. Carrying case absolutely FREE with offer so send coupon today.

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