Archie- AMERICA'S TOP TEEN-AGER, IN





SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 42

Hiva Pals:

Boy oh boy oh boy oh boy!!! Those pen pal names are coming in so thick and fast that we can hardly keep up with them, but we will do the best we can. Remember, it's first come first served, so if you want your name listed on this page, as one of our pen pal members, write quickly. Just give us your name, your address and your age. We will do the rest. Naturally, there are too many for us to print all of them, so if you don't see your name listed here right away don't be discouraged, we will try to get around to you as soon as possible. Meanwhile, what you can do is write to any or all of the names listed below. They are all anxious to be your pen pal and it might be nice if you were to swap photographs also. That way you will really get to know each other.

Diane Howse Hastings, Ont., Canada Age 13

Shirley Sigler 413 West Main St. Providence, Ky. Age 10

Albie Skorupa 2842 W. 22 Pl. Chicago, Ill. Age 17

Rhoda Philyaw Rt 1, Concord Rd. Anderson, S. C.

Smoky Falls, Ont., Canada

Barbara Bond
Box 482
Farmersville, Calif.
Age 14

Rochelle Modell 95 Old Mill Rd. Great Neck, N. Y. Age 10

Janice M. Engstrom 11 Covington St. New Britain, Conn.

Joan Spooner 46 Birch St. Galt, Ont., Canada Age 13

Okay, take it away. Please don't forget to include your age. It's very important. One more thing before we say so long. You cannot join the pen pal club unless you are first a member of the Shield G-Man Club. All you guys and gals have to do who are not members is to fill out the coupon below and enclose 10¢, and we will put you down as a pen pal along with our regular Shield G-Man membership.

Jane Kakihi P. O. Box 921 Wahiawa, Oahu, T. H.

Patricia Halleran 564-83rd St. Brooklyn 9, N. Y Age 15

Barbara Hirata 487-B Kaumana Dr. Hilo, Hawaii Age 14

Paul F. Burgess Dixfield, Maine Age 15

Christ John Stephanoy 42a Plapouta St. Athens, Greece Pauline Williams Lord Nelson Hotel Liverpool 3, England Age 141/2

Donald Grant 904 E. Carter St. Marion, III. Age 13

Jane Nunotani 702 University Ave. Honolulu 36, T.H. Age 14

Naomi Marovitch 4440 St. Dominique Montreal, Que., Canada Age 12

Simula Higgins

CUT ON THIS LINE

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 Indentification Card.

NAME	
ADDRESS	AGE



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





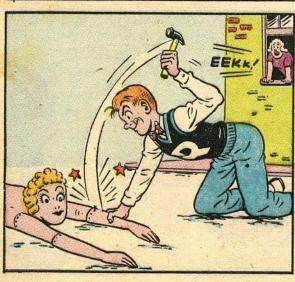








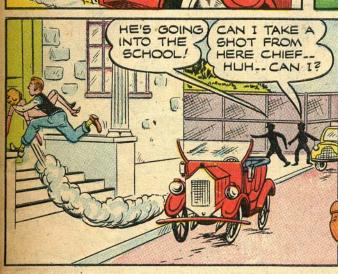


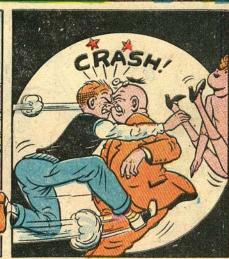


















































































5 P CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH IT'S PIE TO WIN. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POSTCARD TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN PEP COMICS! THE FIFTEEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS FREE. ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A SAVINGS 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 13, N.Y.

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

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CANADA

ANN NAGEL BOX 299

RUTH CHIKO 78 STRATHMORE TERR BAXTER SPRINGS, KANS, FAIRLAWN, N.J.

MARVIN FRANKEL 1130-43 ST. B'KLYN 19, N.Y.

ELOISA MUNIZ 559 SAN FRANCISCO SANTA FE. N. MEX.

DOROTHY TYRAN 412-27 TH ST. NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

ALLEN SHERY ROUTE I. MENOMINEE MICH.

RICHARD WOOD 35 SOUTH ST. CONCORD, N.H.

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JULIA FORT JACKSON BLVD. NASHVILLE, TENN.

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MARY MC CURDY RT. 1. BOX 131 FLOMATON, ALA.



























































































































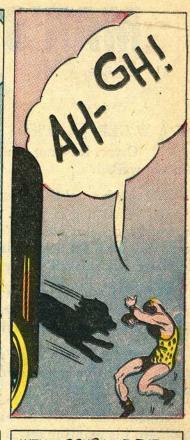


















MAN'S BEST FRIEND

AN ARCHIE STORY

Oscar. He's not much trouble,"

Archie wailed.

"Not much trouble," howled Mr. Andrews. "That dog of yours is eating us out of house and home. If you had to get a dog for a pet, why didn't you pick up a terrier, instead of a great dane."

"Huh, a fat lot of good a terrier'd be as a watch dog. But Oscar. Why, just lookin' at him'd scare anybody."

"He scares me too. Now no more arguing. That dog goes. And right this minute, is that clear?"

Archie went sadly to his den, and took out his painting set. A short while later, he had a sign painted up, which read, "POLICE DOG FOR SALE." Then he tacked it up on Oscar's dog house. Oscar watched Archie with plaintive eyes.

"Gee, don't look at me like that, Oscar. I don't wanna do it. But you know how fathers are. Maybe you'll get a nice home, even nicer than this one."

But that didn't satisfy Oscar. He just kept looking.

That night Archie was gazing out the window with a heavy heart. Every once in a while, the silence in the room was punctuated by a heavy sigh.

"Archie, for heavens' sake! Stop that

moping," his father called out irritatedly.

"I know what," Mrs. Andrews suggested brightly. "Let's all go to a movie. That'll cheer us up."

"Good idea," said Mr. Andrews. "Come on, Archie. Anything to keep your mind off that dog."

"I'll go," Archie said gloomily. "But I won't enjoy it. Poor old Oscar."

So the Andrews family got into the car, and made for the Bijou Theatre. Mr. Andrews was in too much of a hurry to buy the tickets to notice what was playing. Mrs. Andrews as usual, was busy looking at the hats on display in the little shop right next to the theatre. And Archie just didn't care. So it wasn't until they were all seated inside, that they had their first inkling of what the picture was about. It was a dog picture, called "Laddie."

'Oooo," groaned Mr. Andrews. "More dogs. Let's get out of here."

Archie had suddenly brightened. "Gee whiz, no, pop. This is a terrific picture."

Mr. Andrews looked with pleading eyes at his wife. She shrugged resignedly.

The picture was a nightmare for Mr.

Andrews, and anybody else within hearing range of Archie . . . and the way Archie was talking, that meant the whole theatre. Everything that Laddie did, reminded Archie of something Oscar did. The home Laddie lived in looked like the Andrews' home. And the people who owned Laddie looked like the Andrews family.

When finally, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews came out of the movie theatre, they were groggy. But Archie was still flowing over.

"Ya see, pop, how valuable a dog can be. Why, Oscar's just as smart as Laddie any day. An' besides that, he's a police dog. Just think of it, instead of payin' burglar insurance . . ."

"All right. All right," Mr. Andrews clapped his hands to his ears, and he nearly shrieked. "You win. You can keep Oscar. Only please. No more dog talk."

"Sure, pop," Archie yipped. "Only I was just startin' to tell you about the kind of a watch dog Oscar . . . "

The glare in Mr. Andrews' eye stopped Archie short. "W-well, all right," he said, in resignation.

By this time they had reached the house, and Mr. Andrews was inserting the key in the lock. He flung the door open. Mrs. Andrews shrieked. Mr. Andrews goggled. And Archie just stood there with his mouth open. The house looked like a tornado had hit it.

Finally Mrs. Andrews let out a shriek. "Burglars!"

"But . . . but I don't get it," Archie

stammered. "What's happened to Oscar?"

That question was immediately answered by a loud howl that sounded like a cow with a stomach ache. Only that's not what it was. It was Oscar. And it came from the back yard.

All three ran out the back door. There they saw Oscar. He was squatting under a tree, and baying into the branches.

"Hey, Oscar's treed somebody," Mr. Andrews shouted.

"It must be the burglar," Archie chortled in glee, "I told you Oscar's a swell police dog. Good ole Oscar.

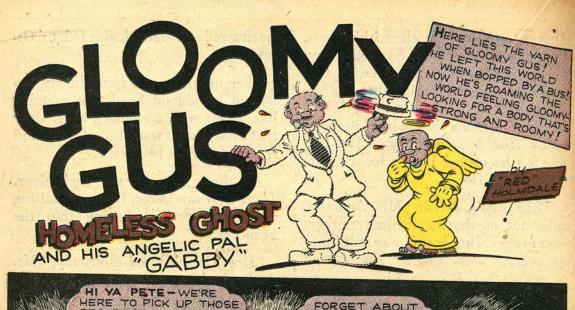
Mr. Andrews pulled Oscar away from the tree, and looked up into the branches. He gazed for a long spell—as though he were stunned. Then he turned and said quietly to Archie. "Yes, Archie Oscar's a police dog, all right. There's no doubt about it."

"Of course not, pop. It's written all over him."

Then suddenly, no longer able to restrain himself, Mr. Andrews erupted. His voice shook with rage, and he roared, "Police dog is right. That confounded flea factory has got a policeman up that tree."

"You bet he has," came the voice floating down from the branches. "I saw that burglar prowling thru the house, and I practically had him nabbed, when this overgrown cow went for me."

Next day, Archie painted a new sign, and tacked it up on Oscar's dog house. Only he left out the word "Police!"





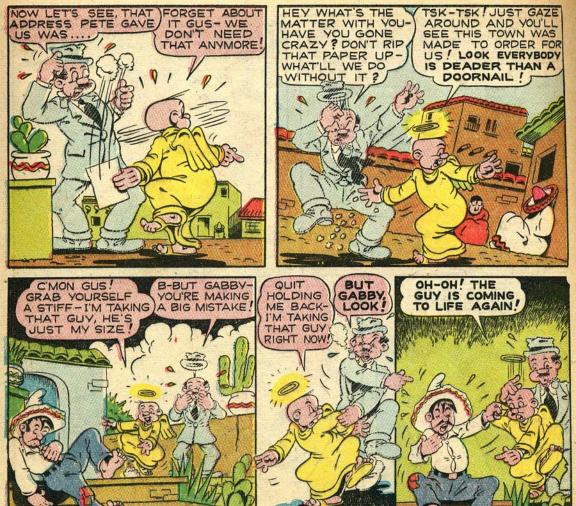


































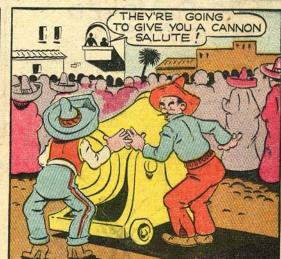








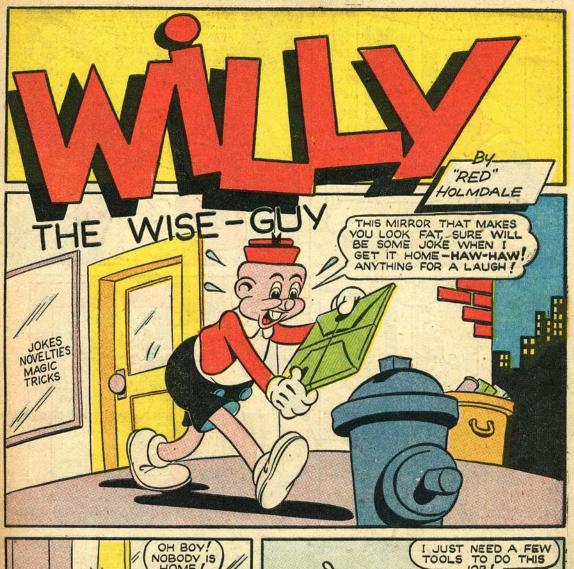
























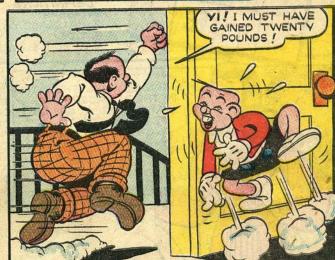






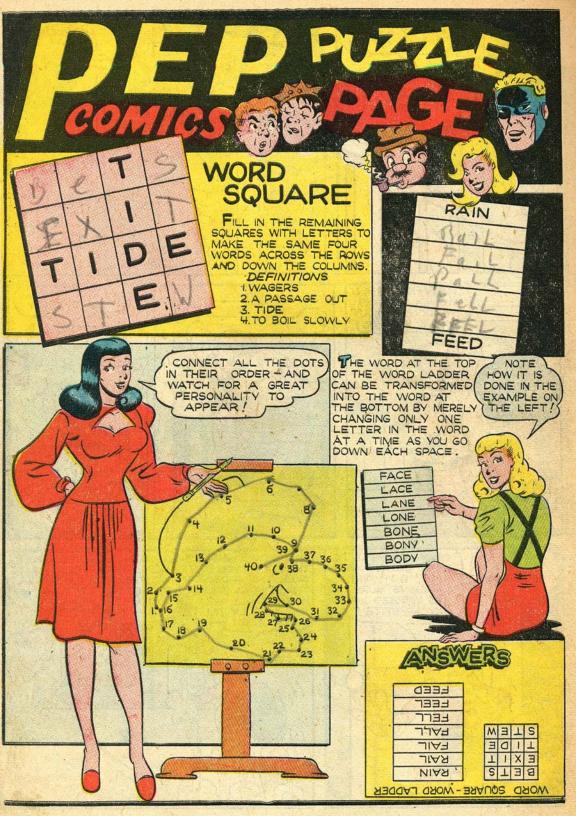


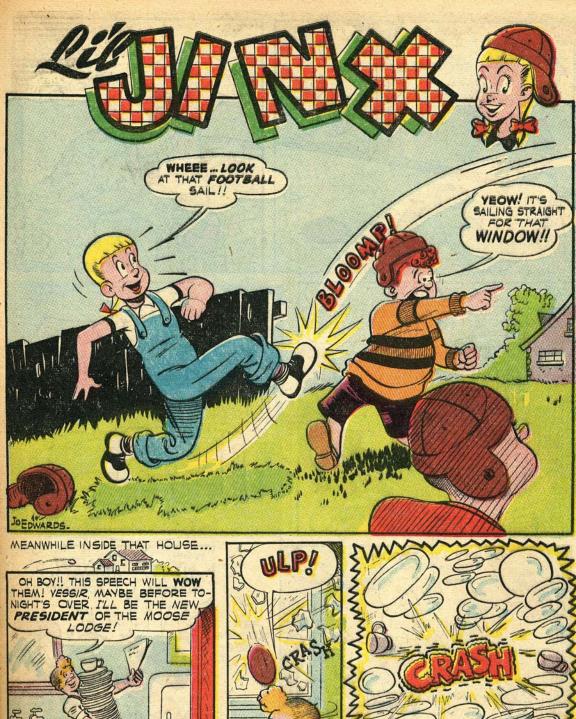
























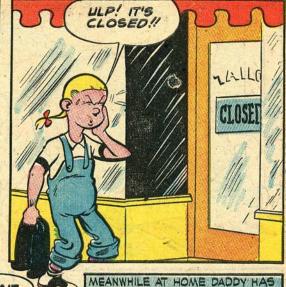














































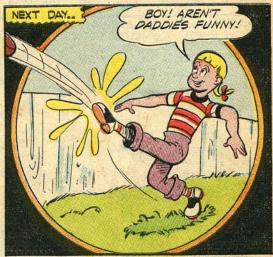




















JUE DINKEE 011151011 How he rose from the sandlots of San Francisco to "tops" in Big League Baseball! What happened in the most exciting moments of the past 10 years of the gamet

True facts and inside stories about 150 of the stars Joe has played with and against t

What was said and scrapped over in hotel rooms, locker rooms and dugouts!

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"Joe DiMaggio keeps alive the Murdere's Row reputation of the Yankees."—Babe Ruth.

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STATE

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"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

— Cholo Citta

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Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

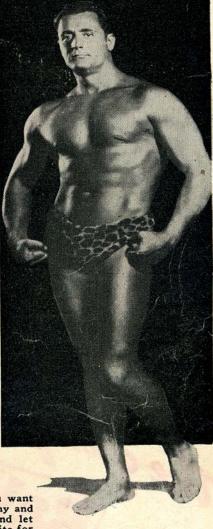
When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel — arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

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