

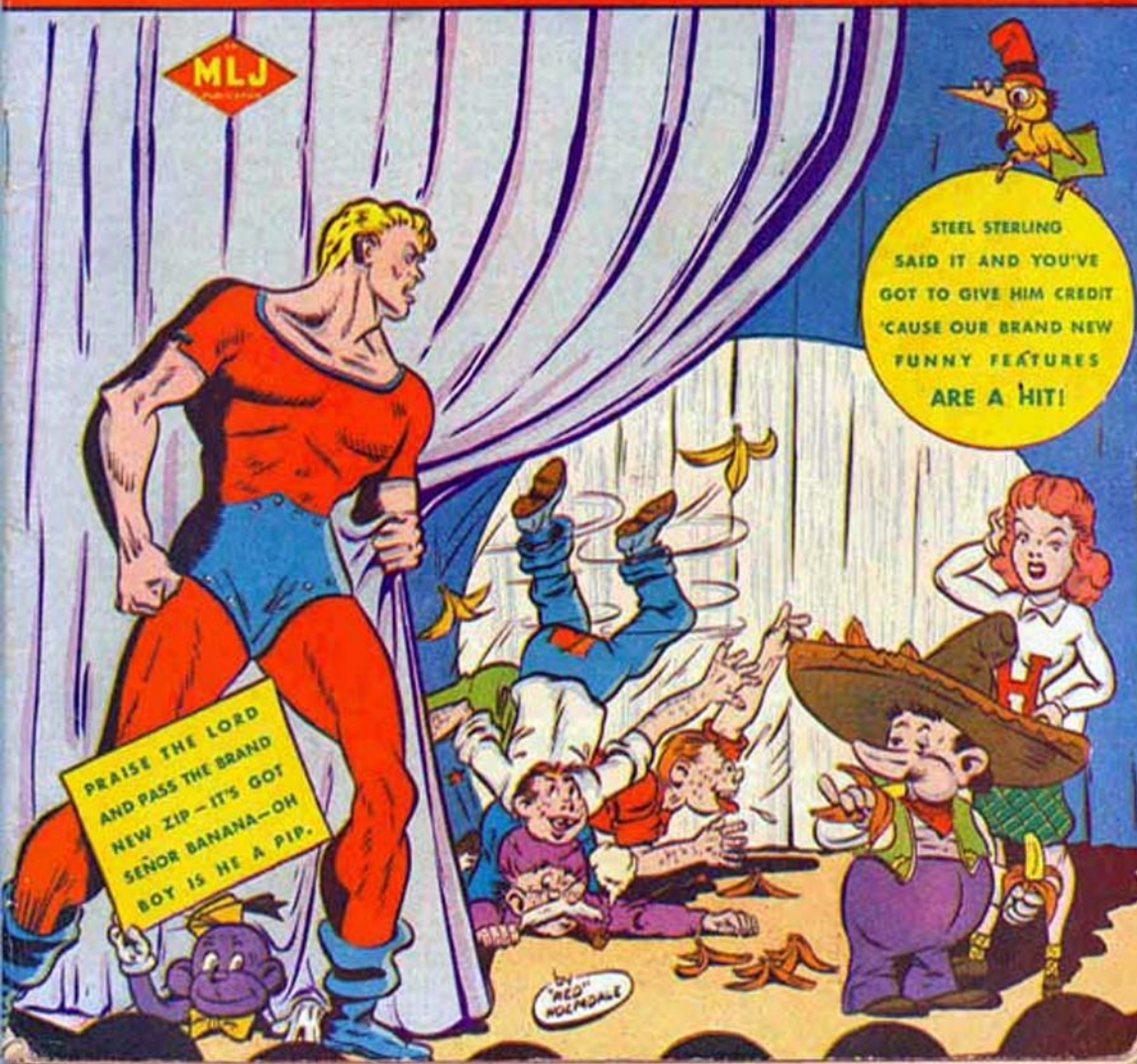
STARTING: SEÑOR BANANA - AMERICA'S NEWEST  
LAUGH SENSATION!

NO.  
36

APRIL  
10c

# ZIP

## COMICS



PRAISE THE LORD  
AND PASS THE BRAND  
NEW ZIP - IT'S GOT  
SEÑOR BANANA-OH  
BOY IS HE A PIP.

STEEL STERLING  
SAID IT AND YOU'VE  
GOT TO GIVE HIM CREDIT  
'CAUSE OUR BRAND NEW  
FUNNY FEATURES  
ARE A HIT!

by RED HOLMDEALE



*Jim Prentice*  
 FAMOUS INVENTOR OF  
 ELECTRIC FOOTBALL  
 BASEBALL, Etc.



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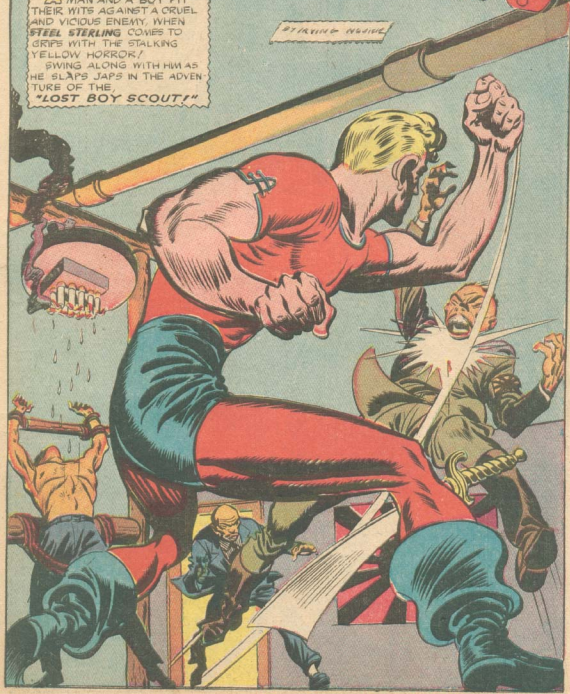
Town \_\_\_\_\_

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

# STEEL STERLING

A MAN AND A BOY PIT THEIR WITS AGAINST A CRUEL AND VICIOUS ENEMY, WHEN STEEL STERLING COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE STALKING YELLOW HORROR! SWING ALONG WITH HIM AS HE SLAPS JAPS IN THE ADVENTURE OF THE "LOST BOY SCOUT!"

STALKING HORROR



--- SURE I ADMIT THAT LOONEY IS IN CONSTANT DANGER- BUT LOOK AT ME! MY JOB IS TWICE AS TOUGH! DEATH LURKING ON ALL SIDES FROM HOODLUMS, SABOTEURS AND THE LIKE!

-- WHY THE DANGER I EXPERIENCE IN ONE DAY-- LOONEY DOESN'T GO THRU IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS!

BETTER ANSWER THE PHONE!

HUH? OH- WHY EVEN THAT PHONE MIGHT BE A MESSAGE OF TERRIBLE DANGER--- EVEN DEATH!

POLICE

PHONE

WHAT? SOME KIDS ARE MAKING A RACKET IN KELSEY'S VACANT LOT? Y' WANT ME TO CHASE 'EM, OKAY CHIEF?

WHAT'S WRONG, CLANCY? ABOUT TO EMBARK ON ONE OF YOUR "DANGEROUS MISSIONS"?

I MUST HURRY HOME SO I CAN LISTEN TO THE RADIO REPORTS OF YOUR DARING ADVENTURE!

AW, SHUT UP- YOU- YOU BIG PIECE OF METAL! WHY DON'T YOU GO JUMP INTO THE SCRAP HEAP!

WHEEEEE

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

POLICE

POLICE

ADVENTURE!



HEY!  
WHAT GIVES  
HERE?

CHEESE  
IT, FELLAS--  
IT'S CLANCY!

LET THAT  
KID ALONE--  
BEFORE I RUN  
THE WHOLE  
LOT OF Y'IN!

AW-- HE'S A **DOITY  
JAP!** WE WERE JUST  
GONNA GIVE 'IM,  
WHAT'S COMIN' TO  
'IM!

YEAH! LET'S  
**MOPOLIZE**  
'IM!

DO Y'THINK YOU  
BOYS CAN HANDLE  
THIS YOURSELVES--  
OR SHOULD I CALL  
OUT THE ARMY AND  
NAVY-- OR MAYBE  
THE MARINES?  
YOU OUGHTA BE  
ASHAMED, GANGIN'  
UP ON A LONE  
KID!

RATS! ALL WE  
KNOW IS THAT  
HE'S A JAP  
AND WE DON'T LIKE  
IT, SEE?

I'M NOT A JAP! I'M A  
GOOD AMERICAN---  
AS GOOD AS ANY OF  
YOU!

YOU HEARD WHAT  
HE SAID! NOW BEAT  
IT-- GWAN SCRAM--  
SHOO!



YOU'RE CHINESE  
AREN'T YA?

YES, MY NAME IS CHARLEY  
LIN, AND MY HOME  
IS IN SAN FRANCISCO!

IN FRISCO? THEN  
WHAT ARE YA DOIN'  
HERE?

WELL, YOU SEE, MY FATHER WAS  
AN INVENTOR DOING IMPORTANT  
WORK FOR THE ARMY! RECENTLY  
HE WAS KILLED AND MY MOTHER  
SENT ME HERE TO STAY WITH MY  
UNCLE!



WHEN I GOT OFF THE TRAIN,  
I DISCOVERED THAT I HAD  
LOST HIS ADDRESS, THEN I  
WANDERED AROUND THE CITY,  
STOPPING FOR A MOMENT  
TO WATCH SOME BOYS PLAY  
BALL! THEY MISTOOK ME FOR  
A JAP AND - YOU KNOW THE  
REST!

I SHOULD TAKE  
YA TO THE STATION  
HOUSE BUT WE'LL  
GO AND SEE MY  
FRIEND STEEL  
STERLING! HE'LL  
KNOW WHAT  
TO DO!

CRUEL SLANTED  
EYES WATCH THE  
PAIR AS THEY  
ENTER STEEL  
STERLING'S RE-  
SIDENCE -----



A WHILE LATER, CHARLEY  
FINISHES TELLING HIS STORY  
TO STEEL ----

I NEVER HAD  
THE PLEASURE OF MEET-  
ING YOUR FATHER! HOW-  
EVER I'M WELL AC-  
QUAINTED WITH HIS  
SCIENTIFIC  
WORK!



I SEE THAT YOU'RE A BOY  
SCOUT! IT'S A FINE ORGANI-  
ZATION! WE'RE PROUD OF  
THE WAY THEY'RE HELPING  
OUT IN OUR WAR EFFORT!

BUT COME YOU MUST BE A  
LITTLE TIRED AND HUNGRY! SUP-  
POSE WE HAVE SOME DINNER  
NOW, AND AFTERWARDS SEE  
ABOUT LOCATING YOUR  
UNCLE!



THANK YOU SIR, WE TRY  
TO DO OUR  
BEST!

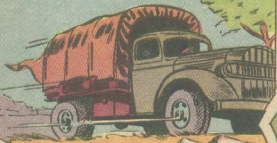
SUITS ME  
FINE!

I COULD USE  
SOME NOU-  
RISHMENT!

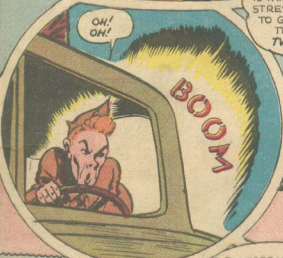


MEANWHILE AN ARMY TRANSPORT RUSHES ON IT'S WAY TOWARD THE CITY--

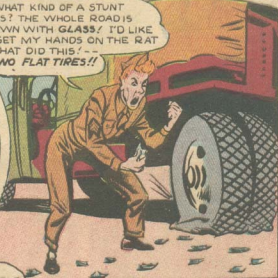
♪ - SINGIN'- PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE MALNUTRITION. PUH-RAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION. OH PUH-HUH-RAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE MALNUTRITION AND WE'LL ALL BE--



WHAT KIND OF A STUNT IS THIS? THE WHOLE ROAD IS STREVVN WITH GLASS! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE RAT THAT DID THIS! -- TWO FLAT TIRES!!



OH! OH!



SUDDENLY--

THE MISERABLE ONE SLEEPS PEACEFULLY- IF NOT COMFORTABLY!

COME, WE HAVE WORK TO DO



THUD



GET THE CAR OUT FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES AND TRANSFER THE CONTENTS OF THE TRUCK TO IT! HURRY!



BACK AT STEEL'S APARTMENT, AFTER A HEARTY MEAL--

BOY, AM I FULL!

YOU SHOULD BE, YOU ATE ENOUGH TO CHOKE A HORSE!

OH! IZZAT SO!- WHAT THE SAM HILL?

LOONEY!

YOU LOOK KINDA' SHAKY- SIT IN THIS CHAIR TILL YOU CALM DOWN A BIT!

GOSH- WHAT IS IT, LOONEY?

WOE IS ME, WO-HOE ISME! MY FUTURE LIES BEFORE ME, LIKE AN OPEN BOOK!- I CAN SEE YOU AND CLANCY HANDING CIGARETTES TO ME, THROUGH THE GUARD-HOUSE BARS FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS!

OH, COME ON, LOONEY, CUT OUT THE DRAMATICS AND TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!

OKAY, OKAY! DON'T RUSH ME!

I WAS DRIVIN' ALONG IN MY ARMY TRUCK, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, TWO OF THE REAR TIRES BLEW OUT; BECAUSE SOMEONE PUT BROKEN BOTTLES ALL OVER THE ROAD! WHEN I GOT OUT TO LOOK AT 'EM, SOME RAT SLUGGED ME! I WOKE TO FIND THE CONTENTS OF THE TRUCK GONE!

IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING SLUGGED!

WHO ASKED YOU? YOU BIG FAT-HEAD!

WHO'S A FAT-HEAD?

PIPE DOWN- YOU TWO! NOW, WHAT WERE YOU CARRYING IN YOUR TRUCK, LOONEY?



I WAS ORDERED TO TRANSPORT AN INVENTION TO A CHINESE SCIENTIST NAMED CHIANG WEI CHENG!

WHY, HE'S MY UNCLE! HE'S SUPPOSED TO COMPLETE THE INVENTION MY FATHER HAD BEGUN BEFORE HE DIED!

WHERE IS THE PLACE THIS SCIENTIST IS AT?

IT'S SOMEWHERE IN CHINATOWN. LET'S SEE NOW 60 FELL STREET! THAT'S IT!

WHAT'S THAT?

I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY HERE, WHILE I PAY CHARLIE'S UNCLE, MR. CHIANG - A VISIT!

DOWN INTO THE HEART OF CHINATOWN, ZIPS STEEL ...

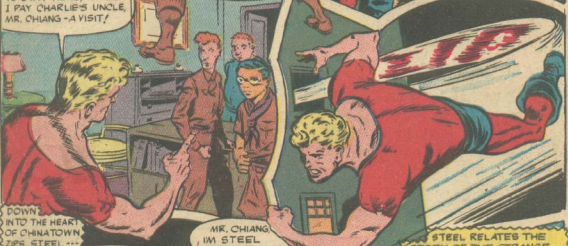
MR. CHIANG, I'M STEEL. I'VE COME TO BRING YOU NEWS ABOUT YOUR NEPHEW AND THE INVENTION YOU ARE TO COMPLETE!

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM?

STEEL RELATES THE STORY OF THE STRANGE EVENTS WHICH HAD OCCURRED PREVIOUSLY -----

AND THE BOY IS AT MY APARTMENT WITH CLANCY AND LOONEY!

THIS IS MOST ALARMING NEWS! THANK HEAVENS THE BOY IS SAFE THOUGH!



YOU SEE MR. STERLING THE BOY CARRIES ON HIS PERSON THE LAST LINK NECESSARY FOR THE INVENTION'S COMPLETION!

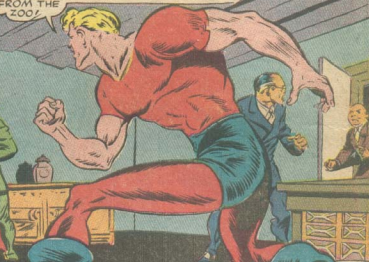
HE DOES? HE NEVER MENTIONED IT!

YES, I KNOW, IN SPITE OF HIS MEKE YOUTH, THE BOY HAS A BRILLIANT MIND, AND IS WISE BEYOND HIS YEARS! THAT IS WHY HE WAS ENTRUSTED WITH THE FORMULA!



THANK YOU FOR MUCH DESIRED INFORMATION! PLEASE TO PUT UP HANDS, OTHERWISE, SHALL BE OBLIGED TO USE GUN! SO SORRY!

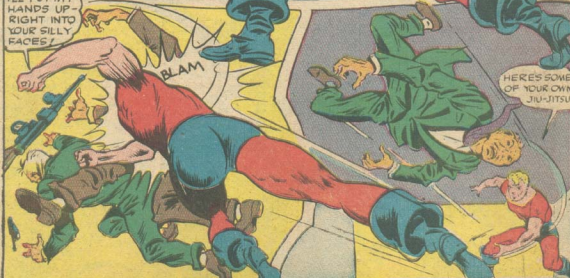
WELL! WELL! IF IT ISN'T THOSE POLITE LITTLE MONKEYS FROM NIPPON! WHEN DID YOU ESCAPE FROM THE ZOO!



I'LL PUT MY HANDS UP-RIGHT INTO YOUR SILLY FACES!

BLAM

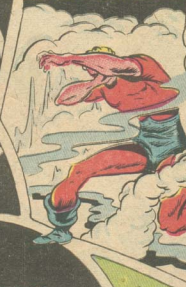
HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN JIU-JITSU!



ONE OF THE JAPS HURLS A TEAR GAS BOMB---

WHICH BURSTS NEAR STEEL BLINDING HIM TEMPORARILY---

AFTER RECOVERING THE USE OF HIS EYES---



THEY'RE GONE AND THEY'VE TAKEN CHIANG WITH THEM!

I'D BETTER BEAT IT BACK TO MY PLACE! THEY'RE SURE TO GO AFTER THE KID - IF THEY HAVEN'T GOT HIM ALREADY!



SUDDENLY!

WHILE BACK AT STEEL'S APARTMENT---

THAT SURE IS SLICK KNOT-TYING!

SEE - IT'S VERY SIMPLE!

OK CHARLIE UNTIE ME SO'S I CAN PRACTICE ON LOONEY!



FAT MAN, WILL PLEASE REMAIN IN PRESENT CONVENIENT POSITION!

JAPA-NAZIS!

TAKE YOUR PAWS OFFN THAT KID YOU YELLOW LIVERED SKUNK!



EXTREMELY  
COMMENDABLE BUT  
MOST UNWISE - SO  
SORRY!

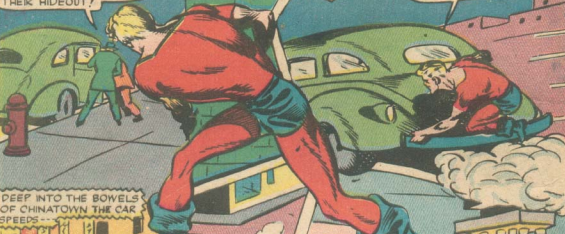
PLEASE TO QUICKLY  
PLACE SWINE IN  
CAR!



AT THAT MOMENT----

I'M TOO LATE! WAIT A  
MINUTE, THESE BIRDS ARE  
GOING TO LEAD ME TO  
THEIR HIDEOUT!

SO I'LL JUST  
HITCH A RIDE, AND  
SIT TIGHT!



DEEP INTO THE BOWELS  
OF CHINTOWN THE CAR  
SPEEDS---

UNCLE!  
UNCLE!

SOMETIME LATER THE PRISONERS ARE  
HERDED INTO A CHAMBER HIDDEN  
BELOW WEIRD STREETS.

YOU'LL  
NEVER  
MAKE ME  
TALK!

PERHAPS SIGHT IN  
NEXT ROOM WILL  
LOOSEN TONGUE OF  
LITTLE ONE!



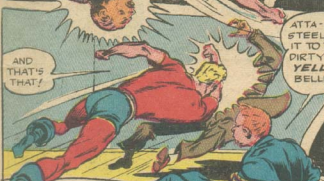
YES! - YOUR UNCLE - YOU WILL REVEAL NECESSARY INFORMATION. OTHERWISE HOT WAX FROM BURNING CANDLES, SHALL CONTINUE TO DRIP IN PAINFUL AND MADDENING STEADINESS, BURNING DEEP INTO SOFT BODY OF MOST HONORABLE CHIANG - MOST UNPLEASANT, BUT NECESSARY! SO SORRY!

YES! SO SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT SO NECESSARY!



PLEASE EXCUSE BOUNCE ON HEAD! WHILE STEEL FINISHES OFF THE JAPS LOONEY AND CLANCY RELEASE CHIANG!

DO THE BURNS PAIN MUCH, UNCLE? THE PAINS GO WITH THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE SO WORTHY A NEPHEW!



AND THAT'S THAT!

ATTA-BOY STEEL, GIVE IT TO THEM DIRTY YELLA BELLIES!

SO THAT'S THE INVENTION - WHY IT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY SEARCH LIGHT FOR SIGHTING AIRCRAFT?

BUT IT ISN'T!



YOU SEE WITH AN ORDINARY SEARCHLIGHT, THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS HAVE TO FOLLOW THE BEAM AFTER IT HAS PICKED UP THE ENEMY PLANES! HOWEVER, WITH THIS IT IS UNNECESSARY! IT OPERATES ON A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL! AS SOON AS A PLANE CROSSES THE BEAM A GUN CONCEALED AT THE CENTER OF THE LIGHT STARTS FIRING ASSURING COMPLETE ACCURACY!

RIGHT HERE IN MY HEAD - I KNEW I WAS BEING FOLLOWED! FORTUNATELY MR CLANCY CAME ALONG AS THOSE BOYS ATTACKED ME!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST!

WHO EVER HEARD OF A LOST BOY SCOUT?



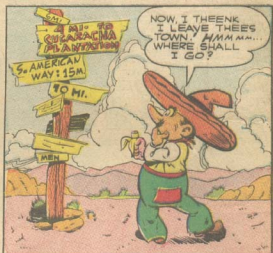
THE END

# Señor BANANA

IN A SMALL VILLAGE OF A SMALL COUNTRY IN A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY, THERE LIVES A SMALL MAN WHO LOVES ONLY ONE THING MORE THAN TO SLEEP... TO EAT THE FRUIT WHICH HAS GIVEN HIM HIS NAME, AND SO WE GIVE YOU... SEÑOR BANANA.

AS OUR STORY OPENS, THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE, ---- ALSO ANXIOUS TO GIVE SEÑOR BANANA AWAY...

...AND STAY OUT, LAZY BANANA EATING PEEG!!

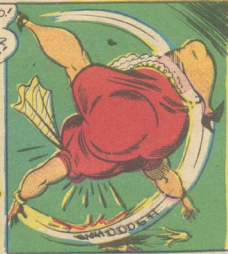




CARAMBA!  
HOW DARE YOU  
SLEEP ON THE  
VERANDAH, OF  
SENORA  
ODORA!  
GET OFF,  
SHREEMP!



BAH! I GO!  
A MAN'S  
SLEEP IS  
NO LONGER  
SACRED!



MY LITTLE YO-  
YO! WHAT  
HAPPENED  
OUT HERE?  
EES EET THE  
EARTHQUAKE?



NO STUPID WORM  
OF A HUSBAND!  
I'VE BEEN MORTALLY  
HURT... EEN  
MY HONOR!



BUT SENORA! I  
DEED NOT MEAN IT,  
AND BESIDES YOU  
RUINED MY BANANA!



AH! HE MAKES THE  
APOLOGY, MY TENDER  
BUTTERFLY! SO EVERY-  
THING EES ALL RIGHT  
NOW, SI??



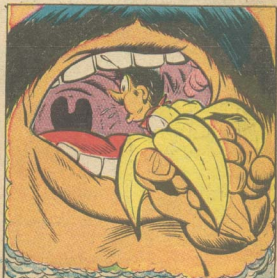
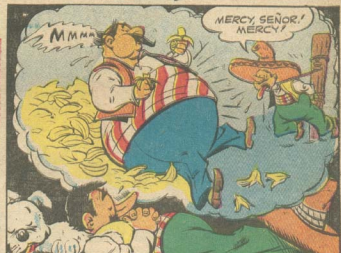
JACKAL! COWARD! OFFSPRING  
OF A SHEEP! EES THAT THE  
WAY TO AVENGE THE HONOR  
OF YOUR WIFE?



SEÑOR WITH THE BANANA NOSE, I DON ALVAREZ COMANEHE ESTERITADEL ODORA CHALLENGE YOU TO THE DUEL!



BUT SENOR ODORA IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO BE TROUBLED WITH BAD DREAMS...

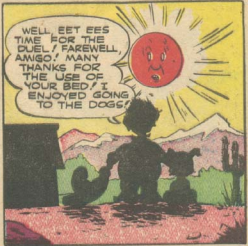




SUN UP



(YAWWWW) SUCH A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! I MUST HURRY AND EAT THE BANANA!



WELL EET EES TIME FOR THE DUEL! FAREWELL, AMIGO! MANY THANKS FOR THE USE OF YOUR BED! I ENJOYED GOING TO THE DOGS!



ALL DUELS FOUGHT HERE  
SAMBA CEMETERY  
WILLS MADE  
CASH IN ADVANCE!

?



AH, SO YOU HAVE ARRIVE AT LAST! I HAVE WAIT LONG ENOUGH! NOW I AVENGE THE HONOR OF MY WIFE!

BLUFF B... BUT SENOR ODORA! ARE WE NOT BEING TOO HASTY? AFTER ALL, PERHAPS YOUR WIFE HAS TOO MUCH OF THE HONOR !!



GRRR... MORE EENSULTS! PREPARE TO DIE, YOU EXCUSE FOR A PIMPLE!



I SLICE OFF YOUR BANANA NOSE! THEN I...

BANANA... BANANA... THAT REMINDS ME I HAVE NOT HAVE THE BREAKFAST YET!



SURELY YOU WOULD NOT KEEL A MAN WEETH THE EMPTY STOMACH! AFTER ALL EET EES BUT THE LAST REQUEST!

HMMMP! ALL RIGHT! BUT HURRY! I AM ANXIOUS TO HAVE THEES OVER WEETH! I DO NOT WEESH TO MISS THE BULL-FIGHT !!



SI SEÑOR!  
I WEEL  
NOT BE  
LONG!  
GIVE ME  
THE HAND  
PLEASE!

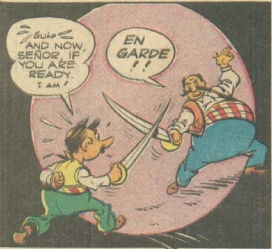
CAREFUL  
DON'T HURT  
YOURSELF!



WHILE THE  
SHREEMP  
MAKES  
WEETH THE  
BREAKFAST,  
I STUDY  
THE FORM  
SHEET!



FAREWELL,  
BEAUTIFUL  
BANANA! I  
TASTE THE  
FRUIT OF MY  
LIFE, FOR  
THE LAST  
TIME,  
PERHAPS!



AND NOW,  
SEÑOR, IF  
YOU ARE  
READY,  
I AM!

EN  
GARDE  
!!



HA!  
MISSED!

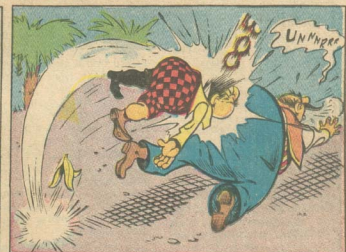
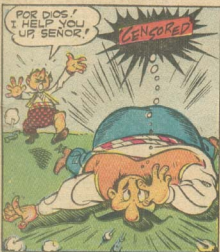
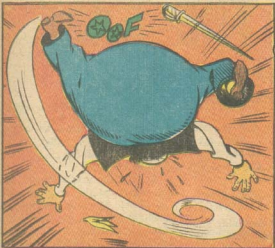


NOW I  
FINISH  
YOU  
OFF!  
WAN...  
TWO...  
THREE  
!!



SEÑOR... YOU  
HAVE CAUGHT  
ME WEETH  
THE PANTS  
DOWN!

BUENO! NOW YOU  
STAND IN WAN  
PLACE SO I CAN  
FINISH YOU!



# FLIGHT TO THE EAST

## A STEEL STERLING STORY

By GRANT BOSWORTH

"ESCORT to a buzzing bumble bee!" snorted Alec Ben Lunar, other wise know as Looney. "Wish we had Clancy along."

Steel Sterling at the controls of a small monoplane zooming swiftly along some miles behind a giant US Flying Fortress, grinned. He made an adjustment to the controls.

"What for?" he asked.

"Someone to talk to," complained Looney. "You've been as silent as an anemic ghost ever since we left Los Angeles."

Steel's face was grim.

"No time for chatter, Looney. That Flying Fortress has got to get to Washington, come wind, rain, earthquake or tornadoes. It's carrying a vital flight time schedule for the Ferry Command for Bombers to Russia. The FBI has some reason to suspect an attempt by 5th columnists may be made to stop it. At any rate, we're going along to see that it gets where it's going."

The day was sunny and cloudless. The takeoff had been uneventful. Steel had elected to travel leisurely in a small airplane instead of with his usual terrific speed. The bomber, after all, had its limits.

"Hmrrrrrr," grunted Steel. "We just crossed the Arizona border. From here on for hundreds and hundreds of miles there's nothing but empty wasteland."

"Fine. There'll be nobody there to bother the bomber," remarked Looney. He stretched his arms and yawned.

"Don't be too sure." Steel's jaw set like a vise. "Fifth columnists can turn up anywhere and they usually do."

A shadow fell upon the plane.

It rushed past so quickly that only Steel Sterling's keen eyesight caught its source.

"Vulture," he said briefly. "One of Adolph's bird brothers."

Looney became visibly agitated.

"It's an omen," he said, and his teeth chattered a little. "Vultures and Stukas!"

"No Stukas here," replied Steel. "But I don't like the looks of those gathering clouds."

Abruptly the two planes had passed into a storm-swept area. The change from the brilliant sunlight to deep gloom was startling. Roaring, the bomber and its unseen escort plunged into the heart of a black and swirling maelstrom.

"Looney, this storm is unnatural," grated Steel. "Lightning areas have never been known over Arizona. Here, take the controls, I'm going to have a look. That bomber is heading for a smashup."

Looney had no time to protest. Steel Sterling had simply disappeared.

Like a graceful bird, he zipped ahead faster and faster until he had overtaken the bomber and left it far behind. Then, cutting nearer the ground at what he judged to be the storm center, he swooped suddenly close to a huge mountain atop which were mounted two giant metal towers alive with leaping sparks.

"Artificial lightning generated by apparatus mounted on trucks! They must have known the bomber's route!"

He zoomed closer to the great black bulk and suddenly heard the sound of machine gun fire. Ducking, he zoomed again high into the air and poised for an instant. Then, dropping swiftly

toward the inferno far below, he headed like a bullet for the first of the towers.

Smack!

A terrible crash ripped the air apart as the hurtling body of Steel Sterling smashed straight through the base of the first tower. Instantly a thunderclap closed in behind him as hundreds upon hundreds of millions of volts closed the gap in the ether and seemed to tear space itself apart.

The remaining tower, deprived of its positive pole went mad. Lightning crackled and roared. Huge flames erupted into the heavens, splitting the clouds like hundreds of sharp cleavers.

Then the irresistible potential of the tower turned on itself and blew the mountain to powder.

The man of steel hovered over the devastation, below—and noted with grim satisfaction that not a sign of life appeared anywhere on the scene.

Abruptly and with startling speed, the storm cleared. Whizzing back to his plane, Steel saw the Bomber once more pursuing its course calmly, its great wings spread to the pure breezes of America.

The flight schedules would get to Washington on time!

But taking no chances, Steel once again boarded his plane. He found Looney frantically handling the controls.

"Where have you been?" gasped Looney.

Steel looked out of the window. They were passing over the giant crater in which lay buried the hopes of the Axis to delay or destroy Bombers for Russia.

"Down there," he said. "I had to see a spy about a storm."

# SODAS FOR SALE

## A WILBUR STORY

By AVERY DAVIS

WILBUR'S father was sore as a boil—the really painful kind.

"Not another cent!" he bellowed to his son, "you've had your last extra two bits from me. It's about time you began earning some money of your own, anyway!"

Wilbur sighed. He had always known this was coming. His grandmother had told him it would. He had a girl friend and he was growing older. Girls had to have money spent on them. Ah, life! He sighed again and went down to Schoenbuckel's soda parlor.

Mr. Schoenbuckel considered his application doubtfully. He had a deep-seated notion that Wilbur's apprenticeship, in his store was merely the shadow of oncoming doom. Wilbur's reputation as champion trouble-maker had gone before him.

"I can handle the counter. Honest I can. And I'm good at advertising," said Wilbur eagerly.

Schoenbuckel groaned. It was true that he needed a boy behind the soda counter, but he would rather have hired the devil himself, than Wilbur. The devil not being available, he gave in. Two minutes later, Wilbur had the job, at \$75 a day. He accepted the amount gladly as he had intentions of working only two days anyway. A dollar fifty would easily pay admission to the latest and biggest movie in town with enough left over for sodas.

Wilbur got together with his friend Eddie an hour later. He wanted Eddie to make a sign.

"This big," he said eagerly, and made a space in the air two feet square. "We'll tell 'em what we sell. Mr. Schoenbuckel's old fashioned. He doesn't understand the possibilities. And Eddie, cut the price on the sign from 15 to 12¢. Big business, a small but steady profit. How's that?" he

asked, looking pleased with himself.

Eddie seemed doubtful but went away dutifully. He came back fifteen minutes later with the sign, printed loudly in red ink on green cardboard.

"Where'll I put it?" he asked hoarsely.

Mr. Schoenbuckel had gone to lunch, so Wilbur took courage.

"Up there," he replied and pointed to the archway of the store entrance.

Ruth, his girl friend, walked in while Eddie was painfully putting the large sign in place.

"Chocolate soda," she said, and gazed proudly at Wilbur as he went to work.

Wilbur was out to make a success of his first soda. He gazed at the various ingredients with a sharp eye, emptied a little of everything into a large glass, put in some chocolate ice cream and looking around for something to top it off, picked up a large bottle, the label of which was badly smudged, and dropped three or four ounces of the brown liquid in it on top of the soda.

Ruth finished her soda slowly. She had been impressed with Wilbur's apparent skill but the resulting masterpiece seemed a trifle heavy. Finally she got up, staggered slightly, looked at Wilbur in amazement and left, after getting a promise from him to turn up early for their date the following evening.

Several customers, attracted by the sign which promised terrific quality plus low cost came in and were served up mixtures nobody but Wilbur could have thought of. To each soda he proudly added an ounce or so of the brown liquid. One or two of the customers looked pained as they ate their sodas, but said nothing. They couldn't. They were too anxious to get out of the store.

Mr. Schoenbuckel caught sight

of the sign in front of his store from two blocks away. He made the distance in seventy seconds flat and entered the store screaming.

Wilbur had made seventeen sales. Mr. Schoenbuckel ripped down the sign and told him he was taking the loss out of Wilbur's salary. Wilbur saw the after-show refreshments vanishing into thin air, and sighed.

"Genius," he mused, "is never appreciated in this world."

The store phone rang. Mr. Schoenbuckel answered it.

"Yes. Oh, Mr. Davis. Yes. Yes. You had a soda here . . . What? Poisoned? Mr. Davis, I . . ."

Mr. Davis had hung up. Then the phone rang again as Mr. Schoenbuckel replaced it on the hook. "What?" he yelled again. "More poison? But Mrs. Snodgrass . . ."

He slammed the receiver down wrathfully and hurled himself behind the counter.

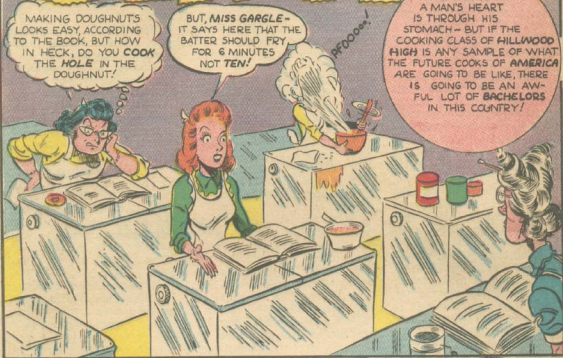
"Say, what's happened to the rest of the castor oil I mixed with chocolate syrup for the kids when their mothers bring them in?"

"Did you say castor oil?" asked Wilbur weakly. His face was a dead white. He held out his hand. "If you don't mind, I'll take my salary now." As he wavered back and forth he wondered what he was going to do with it when he got it. RUTH had had one of those sodas and castor oil in large quantities had been in all of them.

Mr. Schoenbuckel looked at him coldly.

"No, Wilbur, I'm not going to give you any money. But I insist you take out what I owe you in trade." A devilish look appeared in his eye. "Sit down, Wilbur," he said pointing to a soda fountain seat. "I'm going to give you a chocolate soda made from your own recipe!"

# GINGER

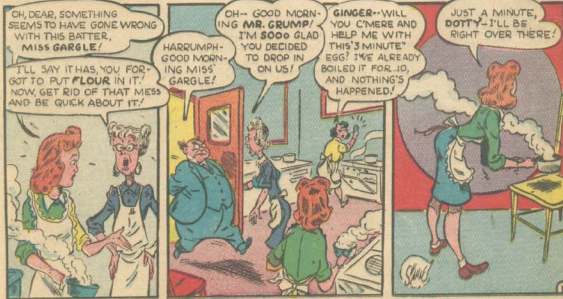


MAKING DOUGHNUTS LOOKS EASY, ACCORDING TO THE BOOK, BUT HOW IN HECK, DO YOU COOK THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT?

BUT, MISS GARGLE - IT SAYS HERE THAT THE BATTER SHOULD FRY FOR 6 MINUTES NOT TEN!

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH - BUT IF THE COOKING CLASS OF HILLWOOD HIGH IS ANY SAMPLE OF WHAT THE FUTURE COOKS OF AMERICA ARE GOING TO BE LIKE, THERE IS GOING TO BE AN AWFUL LOT OF BACHELORS IN THIS COUNTRY!

PF00000!



OH, DEAR, SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE GONE WRONG WITH THIS BATTER, MISS GARGLE!

I'LL SAY IT HAS, YOU FORGOT TO PUT FLOUR IN IT. NOW, GET RID OF THAT MESS AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

HARRUMPH - GOOD MORNING MISS GARGLE!

OH-- GOOD MORNING MR. GRUMP! I'M SOOO GLAD YOU DECIDED TO DROP IN ON US!

GINGER--WILL YOU C'MERE AND HELP ME WITH THIS '3 MINUTE' EGG? I'VE ALREADY BOILED IT FOR 10, AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

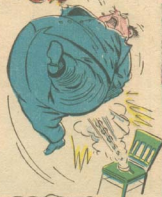
JUST A MINUTE, DOTTY--I'LL BE RIGHT OVER THERE!

DO STAY WITH US FOR A FEW MINUTES, MR. GRUMP! YOU'LL PLEASE THE GIRLS NO END!

AH... VERY WELL, MISS GARGLE, I'LL WATCH THEM FROM HERE!

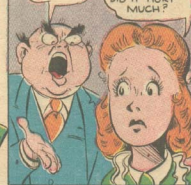


**YEEOW**

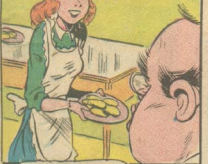


WHAT DUNCE PUT THAT BOILING WATER THERE?

I--I-- GUESS IT WAS ME, MMR. GRUMP! I'M SO SORRY. DID IT HURT MUCH?



WH... HAVE ONE OF MY COOKIES, MR. GRUMP, MISS GARGLE EATS THEM ALL THE TIME!



SO THAT'S HOW THE OLD BUZZARD SPENDS HER TIME!  
**GRRRRUMPH!** I SHOULD-N'T TAKE 'EM - MIGHT BE POISONED! HMMMM-- (SNIFF) (SNIFF) --

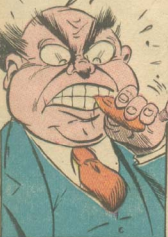


WELL, PERHAPS I'LL TRY ONE IF IT ISN'T TOO HARD ON MY TEETH!

OH, NO, MR. GRUMP! THEY'RE AS SOFT AS BUTTER!

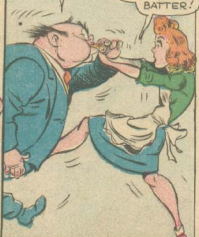


I'LL JUST BITE IT EXPERIMENTALLY SO AS TO SEE --- WUF-- AGH-- WUF!!!!



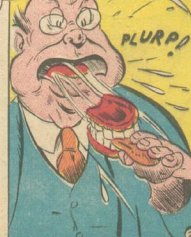
C-C-C-CAN'T GET MUH-MOUTH, OOOOPEN!

OH, MR. GRUMP! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH MOLLASSES IN THE BATTER!



OH MR. GRUMP!

**PLURP!**



BRFFFSK! THIS IS  
AWFUL! NO ONE  
EVER SUSPECTED  
I HAD FALSE  
TEETH!

GINGER SNAPP,  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?

MISS GARGLE,  
YOU MIXED  
THAT BATCH  
OF COOKIES  
YOURSELF!

I DID!  
MERCY ME!  
GINGER, I'LL  
PASS YOU IF  
YOU KEEP  
IT QUIET!

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK WAS  
WRONG WITH  
THOSE COOKIES,  
DOTTY?

WHY DON'T  
TRY 'EM ON  
TROUBLE--  
AND FIND  
OUT!

COME HERE, TROUBLE,  
THAT'S A NICE LITTLE  
DOG! NOW EAT  
THIS COOKIE!

GRRR--  
(MEANING)  
MUST HAVE  
BEEN MADE  
WITH OLD  
SHOES!

DOTTY!  
HE RAN  
AWAY!

NO WONDER  
MISS GARGLE  
CAN'T GET A  
HUSBAND--  
THEY'RE ALL  
AFRAID OF  
POISONING!

*Later--*  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!  
GINGER! EVERY-  
THING'S READY FOR  
THE PARTY BUT THE  
CAKE! WILL YOU  
RUN DOWN TO THE  
BAKER?

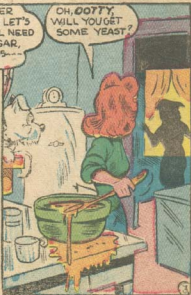
OH, I  
WOULDN'T  
THINK OF  
BUYING  
A CAKE,  
MOTHER!

IT'LL BE SO MUCH FUN TO  
BAKE IT! REMEMBER MOTHER,  
THAT THE PRESIDENT SAID  
WE SHOULD ALL TRY TO  
SAVE AS MUCH AS WE CAN!

BUT, GINGER--  
DON'T YOU  
THINK...?

NOT ANOTHER  
WORD! NOW LET'S  
SEE-- WE'LL NEED  
FLOUR, SUGAR,  
AND EGGS---

OH, DOTTY,  
WILL YOU GET  
SOME YEAST?





BE CAREFUL GINGER, AND FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS!

OH, SURE DON'T WORRY, DOTTY!



OH, HELLO DAD, NO DON'T BOTHER TO BUY A BIRTHDAY CAKE! I'M MAKING ONE! UH-HUH-- ME! OH, YOU COULD BRING HOME SOME YEAST!



BACK IN THE KITCHEN---

GRRA



I DOOD IT!



TROUBLE! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE! YOU RUINED MY CAKE, AND YOU'RE A MESS BESIDES!

1000000 THIS SOUNDS LIKE A BATH!



MEANWHILE-- GINGER'S MOTHER COMES HOME----

OH MY! DOTTY WENT TO THE STORE FOR SOME YEAST, AND THERE WAS SOME HERE ALL THE TIME! I'D BETTER PUT IT IN NOW!



AND WHEN DOTTY GETS HOME--

GINGER'S NOT HERE-- MAYBE I'D BETTER PUT THIS YEAST IN FOR HER!



LET'S SEE--  
BETTER TOO MUCH  
THAN NOT  
ENOUGH-- I'LL PUT  
IN 3 CAKES!



NOW, FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE, **TROUBLE**, KEEP  
OUT OF TROUBLE!



OH, HERE'S THE  
YEAST! **DOTTY**,  
MUST BE BACK!  
TWO CAKES  
OUGHT TO BE  
ENOUGH!



MAKING A CAKE  
IS EASY, WHY....



... THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE A GOOD, OLD,  
HOME MADE CAKE!!

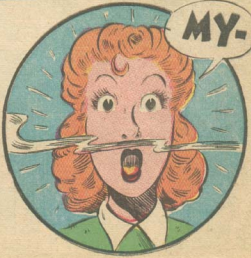


HELLO, POPS!  
DID YOU BRING  
THE YEAST?

YES! BUT  
WHAT IS THAT  
AWFUL SMELL?

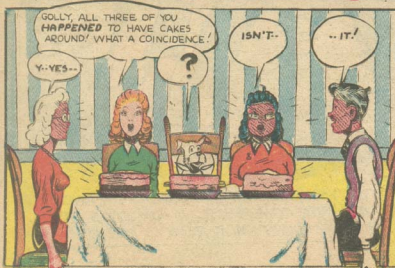


MY-





THERE--THERE--  
GINGER! IT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE A BIRTHDAY CAKE! PECULIARLY ENOUGH, I HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE IN THE HOUSE!



# ARCHIE COMICS IS RIDING THE CREST OF A WAVE!

A WAVE OF LETTERS POURING IN BY THE THOUSANDS—ALL SHOUTING THEIR DELIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST SENSATIONALLY FUNNY CHARACTER—"ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION" AND THOSE SIDE-SPLITTING FEATURES-----

JUDGE OWL

CUBBY  
THE BEAR

BUMBIE, THE  
BEE-TECTIVE

SQOIMY,  
THE WOIM

ARCHIE'S  
PAL  
JUGHEAD

ARCHIE'S  
GIRL FRIEND  
BETTY COOPER

AND SO WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE WERE FORCED TO BRING OUT ANOTHER ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS! ARCHIE COMICS #2 IS ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW! DON'T WALK, RUN TO YOUR NEWSSTAND!

# CHIMPY

JOE EDWARDS



FLASH!.....EVERYONE OFF THE STREET--- (GULP)--- A MAN-EATING LION HAS JUST ESCAPED!--- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!

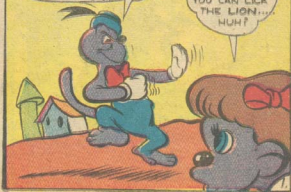


SAY--- CHIMPY, AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THAT ESCAPED LION!

WHO, ME? NAVV! I'M NOT SCARED! WHY IF I MET HIM--

I'D FEINT WITH MY LEFT... AND THEN CLIP HIM ON THE JAW!! BOY! HE'D BE A PUSHOVER!!!

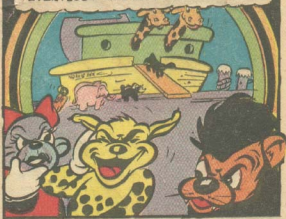
WHAT MAKES YOU SO CONFIDENT THAT YOU CAN LICK THE LION.... HUH?



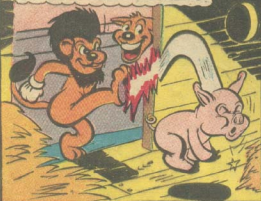
HUH! LIONS HAVE BEEN SCARED STIFF OF US CHIMPS FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS -- EVER SINCE ONE OF MY ANCESTORS GAVE A WISE-GUY LION HIS LUMPS ON NOAH'S ARK!



IT WAS JUST LIKE AN EXCURSION PICNIC FOR THE GANG, WHEN NOAH INVITED THEM AS HOUSE-GUESTS ON HIS ARK ---- EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY---



BUT THERE'S ALWAYS SOME WET BLANKET TO SPOIL THINGS. THIS TIME IT WAS LEO, THE LION, WHO BEGAN TO PUSH EVERYONE AROUND--



NOW GET THIS YOU CRUMBS, FROM NOW ON I'M GIVING ORDERS AND YOU'RE TAKING 'EM, SEE!



AHA... A PRETTY LITTLE LADY.. AND JUST MY TYPE!



GET YOUR PAWS AWAY FROM ME ---- BECAUSE--

ULK!

---- I MIGHT GET MAD... AND FORGET I'M A LADY!!



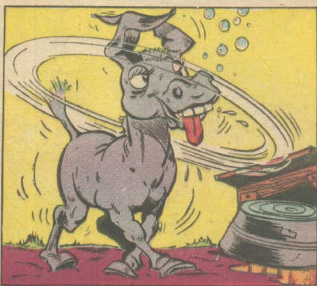
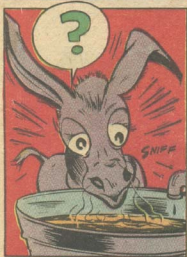
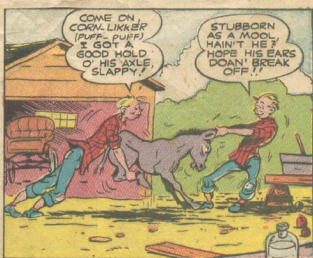
Sorry! Scan unavailable....

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WHUL, WHADDYA KNOW... HUH? AN' I ALLUS THOUGHT SHE WUZ A TEE-TOT-AL-ERR!

SHE HAIN'T NO MORE, YOU CAN BET YO' BOTTOM DOLLAR!

SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE GOT INTO CORN-LIKKER? COULD IT BE THE APPLE-CIDY? COULD BE... **BAM**



LES' JUS' SMELL IT, SLAPPY!

YUP, MIGHT BURN OUR TONGUES OFF! EFFEN WE TASTE IT!

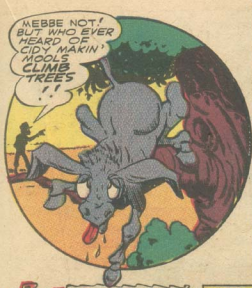
DON'T MOVE... YO' ALL IS UNDER ARREST!!



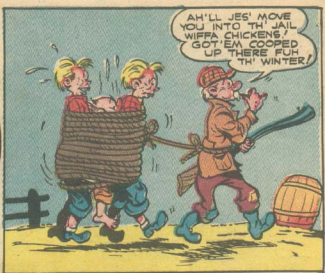
WHUFFO? WE AIN'T DONE NUTHIN', CEPT'N' MAKE APPLE-JACK!

PUT YO' HANDS UP, AH'S GOT TH' BEAD ON YO'!

LISSEN, SHERUFF, THEY HAIN'T NO LAW AGINST JUST MAKIN' CIDY!



MEBBE NOT!  
BUT WHO EVER  
HEARD OF  
CIDY MAKIN'  
MOOLS  
CLIMB  
TREES  
!!



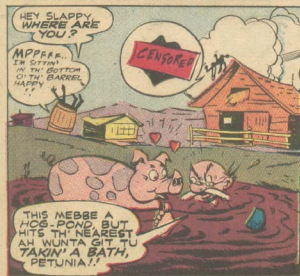
AH! L'JES' MOVE  
YOU INTO TH' JAIL  
WIFFA CHICKENS!  
GOT 'EM COOPED  
UP THERE FUH  
TH' WINTER!



**BUT** FATE TAKES A  
HAND AS THE  
SHERIFF TOSSES  
AWAY A MATCH...



AH CHANGES  
MAH CHARGE...  
FROM MAKIN'  
ILLEGAL LIKKER  
TUH MAKIN' HIGH  
EXPLO. SUVS!

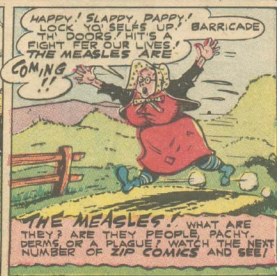


HEY SLAPPY  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?

MPPFR...  
I'M SITTYN'  
IN TH' BOTTOM  
O' TH' BARREL  
HAPPY !!

CENSORED

THIS MEBBE A  
HOG-POND, BUT  
HITS TH' NEAREST  
AH WUNTA GIT TU  
TAKIN' A BATH,  
PETUNIA!!



HAPPY! SLAPPY DAPPY!  
LOCK YO' SELFS UP! BARRICADE  
TH' DOORS! HIT'S A  
FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES!  
THE MEASLES ARE  
COMING !!

**THE MEASLES!** WHAT ARE  
THEY? ARE THEY PEOPLE, PACHY.  
DERMS OR A PLAGUE? WATCH THE NEXT  
NUMBER OF ZIP COMICS AND SEE!

# LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD

FEATURING  
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING  
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD AND  
THE WIZARD



FEATURING  
POKEY  
OAKY

FEATURING  
THE  
BLACK  
HOOD

**MLJ LEADS THE WAY!  
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE  
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!**

# WOODY

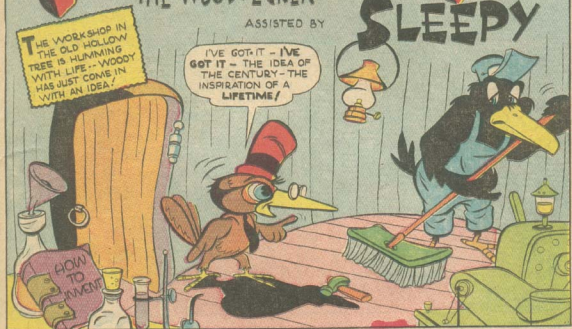
THE WOODPECKER

ASSISTED BY

# SLEEPY

THE WORKSHOP IN THE OLD HOLLOW TREE IS HUMMING WITH LIFE--WOODY HAS JUST COME IN WITH AN IDEA!

I'VE GOT IT - I'VE GOT IT - THE IDEA OF THE CENTURY - THE INSPIRATION OF A LIFETIME!



MY NEW INVENTION WILL STARTLE THE WORLD AND MAKE US WEALTHY AND FAMOUS AND - AND WEALTHY!

WHAT YOU GOIN' TO INVENT, BOSS?



AN AIRPLANE!

AIRPLANE? 'SCUSE ME BOSS, BUT AIRPLANES ALREADY DONE BEEN INVENTED!



THEY HAVE? GOOD GRACIOUS--  
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! BUT  
THEN I HAVEN'T BEEN READING  
THE PAPERS LATELY!



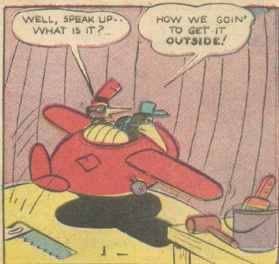
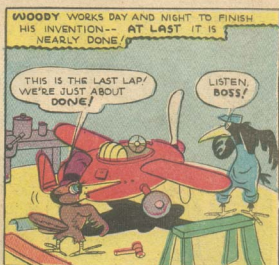
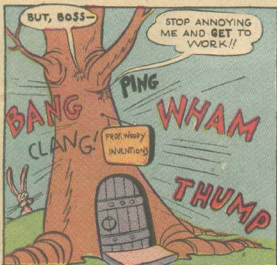
I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANY-  
THING LIKE THAT STOP ME! I'LL  
INVENT ANOTHER KIND OF  
AIRPLANE -- ONE THAT WILL  
FLY CLEAR TO THE -- TO THE --  
TO THE -- **MOON!**



YOU GET OUT THE  
TOOLS WHILE I BUY  
SOME PAPER TO DRAW  
UP OUR PLANS ON!







WHAT DID YOU SAY, SLEEPY?

OH NOTHIN' JEST NOTHIN' AT ALL!

First Woody invention!

CRASH

WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A SPONSOR!

WHAT AM DAT?

A SPONSOR IS, WELL, THAT IS--- OH, SHUCKS, WHAT MAKES YOU SO IGNORANT?

HEY WOODY, HERE'S A TELEGRAM FOR YOU!

FOR ME?

GOSH LOOK AT THIS!

WESTERN ONION

CONGRATULATIONS ON INVENTION OF AIRPLANE STOP WISH TO HIRE YOU TO INVESTIGATE RUMOR MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE STOP START AT ONCE STOP SMELLUM CHEESE CO.

HURRAH! A SPONSOR! AND WERE OFF TO THE MOON!

AIN'T DAT SUMPIN'?

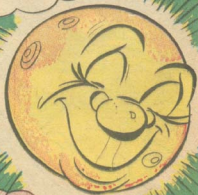
THE MOON!!

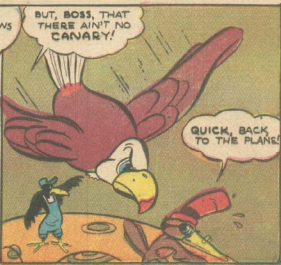
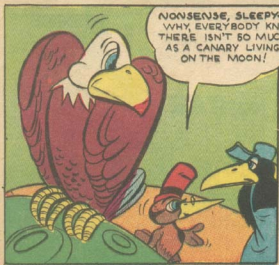
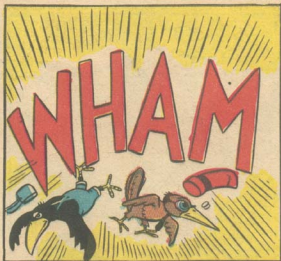
GULP!

SHUCKS, DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T HAVE A BIT OF TROUBLE GETTING THERE!

WHAT WORRIES ME IS HOW DOES WE GET BACK?

AH, WHAT DID I TELL YOU -- THERE'S THE MOON NOW!





AH, JUST IN THE  
NICK OF TIME --  
HEY-- WE'RE  
TAKING OFF!

YOU MEAN  
WE IS BEING  
TOOK OFF!

AT LEAST WE'VE  
GOT OUR PLANE  
OFF THE MOON--  
SAY-- I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA-- REACH  
UP AND TICKLE  
HIS FOOT!

WHO, ME,  
BOSS?

KITCHY-KITCHY  
KOO!

HO HO  
HA HA HA  
HA

THAT MADE HIM LET  
GO QUICK, START  
THE MOTOR, AND  
WE'LL HEAD FOR  
HOME!

AIN'T WE GOIN' TO  
GET NO CHEESE?

CHEESE? IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN FOR  
THE SMELLUM  
CHEESE CO., WE  
WOULDN'T BE IN  
THIS PICKLE!  
NO SIR! ME FOR  
HOME!

THE LAST THING I  
EVER WANT TO  
SEE AGAIN IS A  
PIECE OF --

LOOKOUT,  
BOSS!!

CRASH!!  
BANG  
BOOM

-CHEESE!

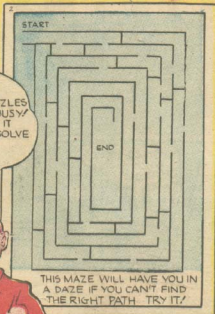
SMELLUM CHEESE CO.

# PUZZLES

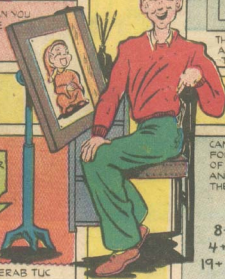


HOW MANY OBJECTS CAN YOU COUNT IN THIS PICTURE WHOSE NAMES BEGIN WITH "B"?

"HI, KIDS! HERE ARE SOME PUZZLES TO KEEP YOU BUSY! SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES YOU TO SOLVE THEM!"



THIS MAZE WILL HAVE YOU IN A DAZE IF YOU CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT PATH. TRY IT!



3

CAN YOU DECIPHER THE FOLLOWING SENTENCES?

A "EHREW ESOD A RBERAB TUC UORY ARHI?"  
"NO URYO EHDA!"  
"ON/ NI A RABSORHEP?"

B "HTAT NMA DAEM A TLO FO KOROCDE UOHGD?"  
"AWS EH A EFHIT?"  
"ON, EH WSA A LPEZTER UMNA AFCUTERR!"

CAN YOU DECIPHER THE FOLLOWING TWO LINES OF A NURSERY RHYME AND FINISH THE REST OF THE POEM IN NUMBERS BY YOURSELF

8+21+13+16+20+25  
4+21+13+16+20+25  
19+1+20 15+14 1 23+1+12+12,  
8+21+13+16+20+25  
4+21+13+16+20+25  
8+1+4 1 7+18+5+1+20  
6+1+12+12!



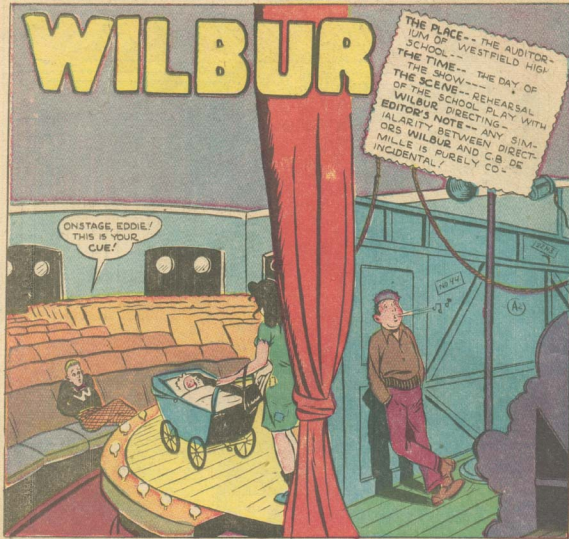
## ANSWERS

1 IS OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH "B"  
2 THAT MAN MADE A LOT OF / ON YOUR HEAD!  
3 WHERE DOES A BARBER CUT YOUR HAIR?  
4 HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL  
5 WAS HE A THIEF? NO HE WAS A FEETLE MANUFACTURER!  
6 CROOKED DOUGH!  
7 NO IN A BARBERSHOP!  
8 HUNTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL  
9 1+14+4 1+12+12 10+8+5 1+4+14+17+19 8+15+18+14+5+19 1+14+4 1+12+12 10+8+5 1+4+14+17+19 8+15+18+14+5+19 1+14+4 1+12+12 10+8+5 1+4+14+17+19 8+15+18+14+5+19 20+19+7+5+20+20+8+12+10 8+12+13+16+20+25

# WILBUR

THE PLACE-- THE AUDITORIUM OF WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL--  
THE TIME-- THE DAY OF THE SHOW--  
THE SCENE-- REHEARSAL OF THE SCHOOL PLAY WITH WILBUR DIRECTING--  
EDITOR'S NOTE-- ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN DIRECTORS WILBUR AND C.B. DEMILLE IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL!

ONSTAGE, EDDIE!  
THIS IS YOUR CUE!

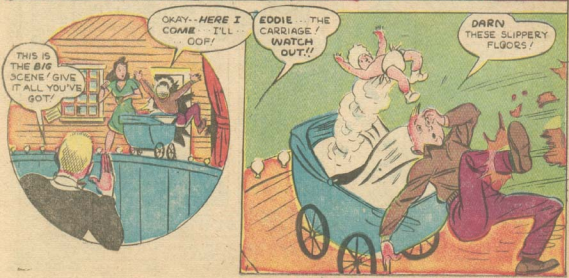


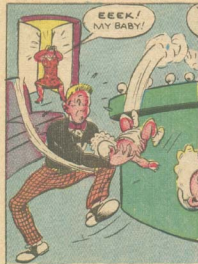
THIS IS THE BIG SCENE! GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

OKAY-- HERE I COME -- I'LL ... OOP!

EDDIE -- THE CARRIAGE! WATCH OUT!!

DARN THESE SLIPPERY FLOORS!





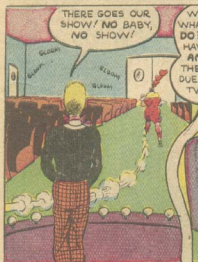
EEK!  
MY BABY!



YOU-- YOU CHILD  
BEATER-- YOU  
KIDNAPPER!



I'VE GOT A GOOD N.  
TO REPORT YOU TO THE WER!  
POLICE - WILBUR WILKIE  
GIVE ME MY BAL'



THERE GOES OUR  
SHOW! NO BABY,  
NO SHOW!



WELL, WHAT'LL WE  
DO? WE GOTTA  
HAVE A BABY!  
ANY BABY--  
THE SHOW IS  
DUE ON IN  
TWO HOURS!

COULDN'T  
WE BORROW  
ONE FROM  
AN ORPHAN-  
AGE?

I KNOW A  
COUPLE, BUT  
THEY'RE 15 YEARS  
OLD!



PHOOEY!  
NOT A GOOD IDEA  
IN A CARLOAD, I'M  
GOING OUTSIDE TO  
THINK!

OH, DEAR!  
WHAT'LL  
WE DO  
NOW?



I'M SOOOO  
SORRY, I CAN'T  
COME, MABEL!  
SOMEONE HAS  
TO WATCH  
THE BABY!



I'LL BE GLAD  
TO TAKE CARE  
OF THE BABY  
MRS. JONES!



OH, WILBUR!  
THAT WOULD BE  
WONDERFUL! I'D  
BE GLAD TO  
PAY YOU---

THINK  
NOTHING OF  
IT MRS. JONES.  
I LOVE MIND-  
ING CHILDREN!

WHAT MABEL, DEAR?  
SAY THAT WILBUR IS  
HANDING EMILY'S BABY, FREE  
OF CHARGE! OH ISN'T HE ADOR-  
ABLE. I'LL HURRY RIGHT  
OVER WITH MINE!  
... AFTER I PHONE NANCY!



THANKS SO MUCH  
FOR TELLING ME,  
MARTHA! I'LL  
CALL MARY,  
AT ONCE!



OH, WHAT A SPLENDID BOY  
WILBUR IS! OF COURSE, I'LL  
BRING MY BABY OVER TO  
EMILY'S - NOW I CAN DO  
SOME SHOPPING I'VE  
WANTED TO DO A LONG TIME



AN HOUR LATER--  
... AND MORTIMER WON'T  
BE A BIT OF TROUBLE  
JUST DIAPER HIM  
EVERY HOUR

MICHAEL  
GETS HIS  
BOTTLE AT  
"3" WILBUR!

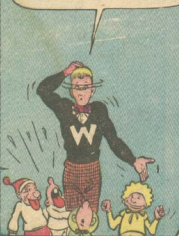
LETITIA WON'T  
CRY- MUCH  
WILBUR!

'BYE, NOW- YOU  
DEAR BOY! WE  
COULD KISS  
YOU FOR  
THIS!

YEAH! I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
THINK I DE-  
SERVE SOME-  
THING LIKE  
THAT!



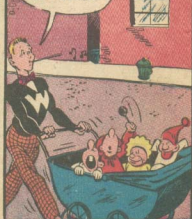
FOUR OF THEM!!  
YEOU-W AM I IN A SPOT!



GEE WHIZ! I'LL TAKE 'EM  
ALL DOWN TO THE SHOW!  
THE GANG'LL LOOK AFTER  
'EM-WHILE THE SHOW IS  
GOING ON! AND WE'LL  
HAVE 'EM BACK BEFORE  
THE MOTHER'S ARE  
THROUGH SHOPPING!



HAPPY  
-DAYS ARE  
HERE AGAIN--







HERE WE ARE! NOW TO PICK ONE FOR THE ACT! LETITIA'LL DO!



WHILE DOWN AT THE SHOPPING CENTER-----

HOW NICE TO SHOP AND KNOW OUR BABIES ARE IN CAPABLE HANDS!!

IT'S GETTING LATE - I THINK I'LL PHONE WILBUR AND SEE HOW HE'S GETTING ALONG!



TELEPHONE NO ANSWER! THAT'S STRANGE... I'D BETTER CALL WILBUR'S HOME---



WILBUR? WHY, HE'S AT THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, PUTTING ON A SCHOOL PLAY--- WHY WHAT'S HAPPENED--- CLICK! SHE MUST HAVE HUNG UP!



GIRLS, SHE'S FAINTED! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO WILBUR AND THE BABIES!!



meanwhile---

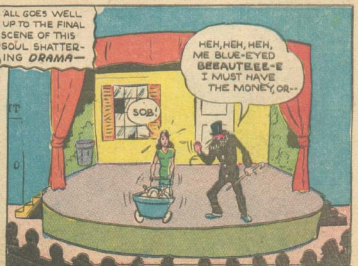
HOW'S THE SHOW-- WILBUR?

SWELL! I WISH A TALENT SCOUT WAS HERE-- WE'D BE IN THE MOVIES TOMORROW!



WOW, EDDIE IT'S A SELL-OUT!

SHALL I TELL ELMER TO PUT ON HIS BEARD NOW?



ALL GOES WELL UP TO THE FINAL SCENE OF THIS SOUL SHATTERING DRAMA---

HEH, HEH, HEH, ME BLUE-EYED BEAUTEEE-E I MUST HAVE THE MONEY, OR--



...ELSE YOU AND THE CHEILD MUST GO! HEH, HEH, HEH!

HAVE MERCY, MR. BEAGLE!!



OUT YOU GO!

GIVE 'EM THE SNOW JOE!



SHE'S TERRIFIC! WHAT EMOTION! SHE'S--- OOPS!

SPLUSH!!

AT THIS DRAMATIC MOMENT THE WORRIED MOTHERS OF HOOPVILLE ARRIVE----



I'LL GO, WITH MY POOR CHEILD - O, WHERE IS MAH DEAH HUBBY!



WHERE'S MY BABY?

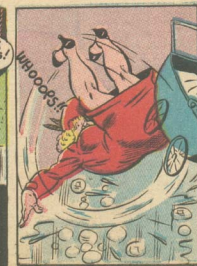
WHERE'S WILBUR?

OH LETITIA! DARLING WHERE ARE YOU?



AH, - THERE'S MY LETITIA! WILBUR WILKINS! JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

HOLY COW, MRS. JONES!



WOOOPS!!



STOP! STOP! SOMEBODY STOP THE CARRIAGE---



# WORLD WONDERS



THE MAN-O-WAR BIRD HAS BEEN TRAINED TO ACT AS POSTMAN IN CERTAIN OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS



## HIGH JUMPING CHAMPS

THE UN-OFFICIAL HIGH-JUMPING CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD ARE THE MEMBERS OF THE TALL, HANDSOME WATUSS! TRIBE OF SOUTH AFRICA

THEY CAN JUMP BETWEEN 7 and 8 FEET



## Tree of DEATH

THE "DATURA" TREE OF SOUTH AMERICA PRODUCES BEAUTIFUL LARGE WHITE FLOWERS - YET THEY ARE THE SOURCE OF **ATROPINE** A DEADLY POISON



MALE **SEA LIONS** AND FUR BEARING SEALS CAN GO FOR ALMOST 3 MONTHS AT A TIME WITHOUT **EATING!**

# The WEB

I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU, DR. SIMON  
MARCHTON!

**F**OR CENTURIES IT HAS BEEN THE BELIEF OF MILLIONS THAT DREAMS ARE AS REAL AS LIFE! OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND THE HIDDEN RECESSES OF A HUMAN MIND COME THE STRANGEST DREAMS EVER EXPERIENCED -- DREAMS OF CRIME AND MURDER! DREAMS THAT HAD THEIR ACTUAL COUNTERPART IN REAL LIFE! FOLLOW THE WEB INTO THIS BIZARRE LAND OF DREAMS IN THIS WEIRDEST ADVENTURE!

**"THE WEB  
AND THE  
DREAM!"**

GREAT HEAVENS I'VE  
STABBED A MAN...  
KILLED HIM IN  
**COLD BLOOD!**



NO!...WHAT...?  
ONLY A DREAM!  
JOVE, BUT IT WAS  
REAL! I COULD FEEL  
THE IVY COLDNESS  
OF THE KNIFE...

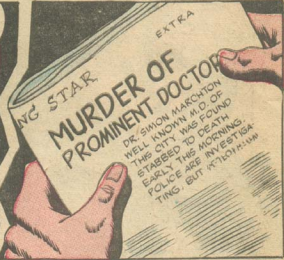


AT BREAKFAST...  
I TELL YOU ERIC,  
THE DREAM WAS  
UNCANNILY REAL!  
IT SEEMED TO BE  
MORE THAN  
DREAMING!



NO SENSE,  
JOHN! YOU'RE  
SUFFERING  
FROM OVER-  
STRAINED  
NERVES, NO  
THING ELSE!

ERIC, JANE LOOK AT  
THIS REMARKABLE  
COINCIDENCE! SOME-  
ONE HAS COMMITTED  
TH...



FATHER WHAT  
YOU OBVIOUSLY  
IMAGINE IS  
ABSURD!



NO JANE, NO!  
THE MAN I  
KILLED IN MY  
HORRIBLE DREAM  
WAS ALSO A DOC-  
TOR! THIS IS AW-  
FUL!

IT CAN'T BE... IT  
MUSN'T BE, BUT I'M  
AFRAID IT IS! THE  
DREAM WAS TOO  
REAL...



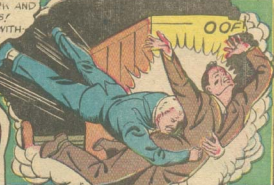
EXHAUSTED BY WORRY, JOHN  
PIERREPONT RETIRES TO BED MOR-  
TALLY AFRAID THAT HIS DREAM  
OF THE NIGHT BEFORE WILL RE-  
TURN IN ALL ITS MORBID HORROR,  
**AND.....**



IT DOES!



IT'S TWO O'CLOCK AND HERE HE COMES! HE'LL BE DEAD WITHIN A MINUTE!



OH, MY GOD! ANOTHER MURDER! IF THIS GOES ON---



...I'LL BE DRIVEN INSANE! FOR THE SAKE OF MY SANITY I MUST TAKE THE CASE TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!

IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK NOW, IF A MURDER OCCURRED AT TWO---

HELLO, INSPECTOR, JOHN PIERREPONT SPEAKING! CAN YOU TELL ME WHETHER OR NOT A MURDER WAS COMMITTED BY STRANGLING ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK---




AS A MATTER OF FACT THERE WAS MR. PIERREPONT, BUT--SAY, HOW COME YOU KNOW SO MANY DETAILS ABOUT IT--- ONLY ONE MAN BESIDES THE POLICE COULD KNOW THAT MUCH AND HE IS---




...THE MURDERER! YES, I AM THE MURDERER!

GREAT SCOTT FATHER, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?






HORTON, HOLD HIM!—YOU OLD FOOL!  
DO YOU **REALIZE**, WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING?



HELLO, INSPECTOR, THIS IS  
DR. ERIC GRAHAM. MY  
FATHER-IN-LAW DOESN'T KNOW  
WHAT HE'S SAYING! HE'S  
HAD AN ATTACK OF  
NERVES—CLICK—HELLO!



GET UP TO THE PIERREPONT MANSION  
AND SEE WHAT THE **OLD BOY** KNOWS  
ABOUT THE WATERFRONT KILLING!  
**AND HURRY!**



I DIDN'T,  
I TELL YOU!  
I DIDN'T!

STOP IT,  
STOP IT!  
I TELL  
YOU!

ERIC,  
DON'T!




ERIC—HOW  
COULD YOU?

IT WAS THE ONLY  
WAY I COULD **SNAP**  
THAT FOOLISH FATHER  
OF YOURS OUT OF  
HIS HYSTERIA!




WE'RE FROM  
POLICE HEADQUART-  
ERS!— YOU'LL  
HAVE TO COME  
WITH US, MR.  
PIERREPONT!



BOYS, BE REASONABLE! MY  
FATHER-IN-LAW **IMAGINED**  
ALL THIS!—WHY HE HASN'T  
BEEN OUT OF THE HOUSE  
FOR DAYS!

SORRY,  
DR. GRAHAM.



WE'LL HAVE TO  
TAKE YOUR FATHER-  
IN-LAW TO HEADQUARTERS  
FOR QUESTIONING!



THE NEXT DAY, THERE IS A CALLER AT THE APARTMENT OF PROFESSOR JOHN RAYMOND---

JANE PIERREPONT

JANE GRAHAM, NOW, PROFESSOR RAYMOND'S WIFE NEEDS HELP, PROFESSOR RAYMOND, OF DR. ERIC GRAHAM --- BUT I'M GLAD YOU REMEMBER ME!

YOUR BEST GIRL PUPIL NEEDS HELP, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!



-THEN THEY TOOK FATHER TO HEAD-QUARTERS! THE THING IS SO FANTASTIC I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! FATHER CAN'T BE GUILTY!

ERIC WORRIES ME, TOO. HE'S BEEN IRRITABLE AND NERVOUS FOR MONTHS, EVER SINCE HE CLOSED SOME BUSINESS DEAL WITH FRANK HOGAN, THE OWNER OF THE BLUE-BIRD CASINO! - OH! PROFESSOR I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

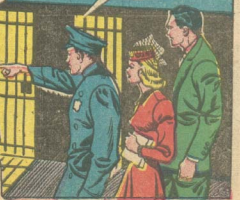
WELL JANE, I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING, BUT LET'S SEE YOUR FATHER ANYWAY!



PROF ESSOR RAYMOND IS AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY SERGEANT, I THINK HE CAN HELP MY FATHER!

IN THAT CASE IT'S O.K., MRS. GRAHAM - KELLY, TAKE THEM TO PIERREPONT'S CELL!

YOUR FATHER'S IN CELL NO. 34, MRS. GRAHAM.





HERE'S THE CELL...  
**BY THE SAINTS!**  
HE'S HANGED HIMSELF!



OH, FATHER!  
PROFESSOR  
RAYMOND, IS HE  
IS HE--

KEEP A GRIP ON  
YOURSELF, JANE!  
**KELLY,** HELP ME  
GET THIS  
MAN DOWN!



HE CAN'T HAVE  
BEEN UP  
THERE LONG  
THERE LONG  
PROFESSOR!

THEN THERE'S A  
BARE CHANCE  
HE'S STILL  
ALIVE--



--- **BY THE ETERNAL, HE IS ALIVE!**  
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE HERE!  
FOR AN UNCONSCIOUS MAN  
HIS HEART IS BEATING  
MUCH TOO JERKILY!



WHAT'S THIS?  
HMMM--A  
TABLET!



THAT'S ONE OF THE  
**SEDATIVE TABLETS** ERIC  
PRESCRIBED  
FOR FATHER!



I'M AFRAID, JANE,  
THAT YOUR FATHER'S  
ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE  
PROVES HIS GUILT!  
THERE'S NOTHING  
ELSE I CAN DO!

OH--I--I  
CAN'T BE-  
LIEVE IT!



BUT ODDLY  
ENOUGH, ONCE  
OUTSIDE, RAY-  
MOND SHEDS  
HIS CLOTHING  
AND STANDS FORTH  
AS **THE WEB!**



NOW TO GET TO FRANK HOGAN'S BLUEBIRD CASINO! THREADS OF MURDER IN THIS TOWN--



---HAVE LED THERE TOO OFTEN!



IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, THE SIGNAL IS TWO KNOCKS, THEN THREE, THEN ONE!



WHO'S THERE? C'MON, TALK UP OR I'LL COME OUT AFTER YA!



---AND SOME WELL DESERVED SHUT-EYE! YOU'LL BE MORE USEFUL ASLEEP!



OBLIGING OF YOU, MCGURK! SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU FOR THE GUN!



HERE'S HOGAN'S OFFICE ---- AND FORTUNATELY, IT'S EMPTY!



AH, THE "OLD BUSINESS" FILE! THE STUFF I WANT SHOULD BE HERE!

FRANK!...  
C'MERE  
QUICK!

WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

THE WEB  
HAPPENED  
TO ME-----  
THAT'S WHAT!  
BUSTED ME  
WIDE OPEN,  
AND HE'S  
SOMEWHERE  
IN THE  
JOINT--  
THIS  
MINUTE!

MY HUNCH  
WAS  
RIGHT! JUST  
WHAT I'M  
LOOKING FOR!

AND HERE'S  
SOMETHIN' YOU'RE  
NOT LOOKIN' FOR!  
REACH, WEB!

YOU MEAN,  
LIKE THIS!

NASTY, NASTY,  
MUST'NT SNEAK  
UP BEHIND PEOPLE  
WITH BLACKJACKS!

ESPECIALLY ME! I'M  
ALLERGIC TO THEM!

BOF



DON'T SHOOT HIM! A MURDER WOULD BUST THIS PLACE WIDE OPEN!

WELL, THAT'S UP FOR THE BOOKS, YOU AFRAID OF MURDER WITH TWO ALREADY ON YOUR HANDS, HOGAN!

LEMME PLUG IM BOSS, I TELL YA!

IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO FRAME ME, WEB, YOU'RE CRAZY! MURDER ISN'T IN MY LINE, SEE? I GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!

OH, NO--WHAT ABOUT DR. SWIN MARCHTON FOR INSTANCE!



YOU'RE JUST A PAID KILLER, HOGAN--AND I KNOW WHO'S PAYING YOU AND WHY! THESE I.O.U.S I FOUND IN YOUR FILES PROVE IT!

LOOK--- I AIN'T TAKIN' THE RAP FOR NOBODY, SEE? SURE, I KNOW ABOUT THOSE MURDERS---

---BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK! I'LL SPILL PLENTY TO YOU --- SCRAM, YOU LUGS! THIS IS A PRIVATE CONVERSATION FROM HERE ON!

MEANWHILE, AT THE PIERREPONT HOME--

ERIC HOW CAN I BELIEVE THAT FATHER DID THESE AWFUL THINGS?



YOUR FATHER IS INSANE, JANE, HE'S CAPABLE OF ANYTHING!

ERIC, YOU BEAST, FATHER NEVER DID WANT ME TO MARRY YOU AND NOW I KNOW WHY!

WELL, IF HE DIDN'T KILL THEM, WHO DID?

YOU DID, ERIC GRAHAM!

**THE WEB!**

YES, DR. GRAHAM, YOU FED YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW A DRUG WHICH NUMBED HIS BRAIN AND MADE HIM AN EASY VICTIM TO HYPNOSIS! YOU TOLD HIM IT WAS A SEDATIVE FOR HIS NERVES, DIDN'T YOU?

THEN, YOU WENT OUT, COMMITTED THOSE CRIMES, RETURNED TO THE DRUGGED MR. PIERREPONT, HYPNOTIZED HIM INTO HAVING THOSE DREAMS! YOU WANTED HIM DRIVEN INSANE! BUT HE UPSET YOUR PLANS WHEN HE CALLED IN THE POLICE, DIDN'T HE?

IF WE WERE HANGED FOR YOUR CRIMES, YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TOUCH A CENT OF HIS MONEY BUT INSANE, YOU WOULD HANDLE ALL HIS AFFAIRS!

CURSE YOU WEB! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT ALL THIS!



WEB! THE DRAPE... THAT HOT POKER HE FLUNG AT ME CAUGHT IN THE DRAPE! IT'S ON FIRE!

GRAHAM'S GETTING AWAY! BUT I'VE GOT TO PUT OUT THIS FIRE FIRST!

BUT DR. GRAHAM'S ESCAPE IS SHORT LIVED! A FIST FLASHES OUT FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER AND-----



IT'S HORTON, OUR BUTLER!

GOOD WORK, OLD BOY! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF EAVESDROPPING, SIR! I NEVER LIKED THE CAD AND I WAS GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY OF ER... SLUGGING HIM! I HOPE THE MASTER WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

YOU BET HE WILL, HORTON! HE'LL BE OUT OF JAIL IN NO TIME!

I SUSPECTED SOMETHING WHEN ER... MY FRIEND RAYMOND SHOWED ME THE "SEDATIVE" THEN YOUR MENTION OF HOGAN STARTED ME THINKING AND CHECKED WITH HIM! HE TOLD ME HOW YOUR HUSBAND DREAMED UP THIS PLAN AND WANTED HIM TO HELP SO HE COULD PAY OFF HIS GAMBLING DEBTS! BUT HOGAN BALKED AT MURDER!



NEXT MONTH THE WEB SPREADS HIS NET FURTHER TO ENMESH CRIME. DON'T MISS IT! End

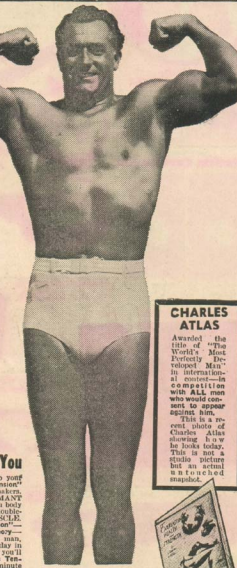


**GEE** what a build!  
Didn't it take a long  
time to get those muscles?

**SHOWER**

No **SIR!** - **ATLAS**  
Makes Muscles Grow  
Like Magic!

# Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



## LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

<p><b>5 inches of new Muscle</b></p> <p>"My arms increased 1 1/2", chest 2 1/2", forearms 3/4". - C. S. W. Va.</p>	<p><b>What a difference!</b></p> <p>"It's a 'v' put 3/4" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded." - F. S. N. Y.</p>
<p><b>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</b></p> <p>John Jacobs <b>BEFORE</b>      John Jacobs <b>AFTER</b></p>	<p><b>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</b></p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." - W. G., N. J.</p>
<p><b>GAINED 29 POUNDS</b></p> <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." - T. K., N. Y.</p>	

**CHARLES ATLAS**

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest—in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

## Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or how young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscles!

When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DOMINANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**. My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

### FREE BOOK

**"Everlasting Health and Strength"**

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. **AT ONCE CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2733 115 East 23rd St., New York City.**

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2733 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

## What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with,



**Com-**  
**BOYS-GIRLS**  
**MEN-WOMEN**

# PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

## One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS



Its fun to raise and train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of mated birds given for selling only 1 order of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.

## 10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set



All given as one Premium for selling only 1 order of seeds. Sent postpaid.



ALL 3 GIVEN

GUITAR-USE MANDOLIN AND BANJO



Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. ALL 3 INSTRUMENTS, GUITAR-USE, BANJO and MANDOLIN given for selling only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.



A Real Live Canary

FOR YOU!

What a Pet! You will have a Canary and Cage both given for selling only one order of seeds at 10 cts. a packet. Sent Ex. Collect.

## ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. We offer and guarantee safe arrival One Pair of Rabbits for selling only two orders. Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.

## CANDID-TYPE CAMERA



Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

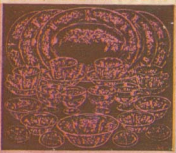


Everyone who plants a garden will help to solve the problem of the feeding of the nation.

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU

## Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful set given for selling only 3 orders of Seeds. Sent Express Collect.

## CHENILLE BED SPREAD



Here is a hand, some addition to your bed room. Your choice of colors. Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c plus 50c.

## Basket Ball GIVEN



Latest Rubber Valve Type. Given for selling only 40 pkts. at 10 cts. each.

## VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Handsome finish, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. GIVEN for selling only 4 orders. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

**THIS PIN IS YOURS FREE**

Just mail the Coupon today and this beautiful Pin, symbolic of American Freedom, will be sent right along with the seeds.

**HURRY!**

**MAIL COUPON TODAY.**

36th Year



## Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. Given for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

## Plant A Victory Garden This Year

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 293, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.