

# ZIP COMICS



## WHO IS RED RUBE

? ? ?

I GEEV UP! I  
THEENK I WEEL  
HAVE TO READ  
THE ANSWER  
EENSIDE!



Robin

MLJ

ALL THIS  
IN ONE  
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# STEEL STERLING

## MURDER

OUT OF THIS WORLD

IRV NOVICK



**S**TEEL STERLING STILL DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT THE MURDERER WAS NOT OF THIS WORLD... EVEN WHEN HE SAW HIM COMMIT THE MURDER WITH HIS OWN EYES! BECAUSE HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, THE MAN OF STEEL FINDS HIMSELF CHASING A GHOST IN THIS, THE CRAZIEST ADVENTURE OF HIS LIFE!!



NOT MANY PINCHES THESE DAYS, EH, CLANCY?

NAH!.. THE TOWN'S DEAD, STEEL... WISH LOONEY WERE HERE!!

SUDDENLY...

HELP!  
HELP!

OH, OH!.. WE SPOKE TOO SOON! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE THERE, AND PLENTY OF IT!!



WHAT'S THE IDEA MOLESTIN' THE LADY?

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SAHIB! I ASSURE YOU, I AM OOM THE MYSTIC!

THE LADY IS A CLIENT OF MINE! I RECALLED THE SPIRIT OF HER HUSBAND, AND THE SIGHT OF HIM SO UNNERVED HER, SHE BECAME UNCONTROLLABLE!

SAY, COULD YOU CALL UP THE SPIRIT OF A PAL O' MINE? HE AIN'T DEAD THOUGH... 'CEPT FROM THE NECK UP!!

I COULD TRY! STEP INSIDE, PLEASE!!



YA MEAN, YA CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?

BUT, OF COURSE!

SAY, COULD YOU CALL UP THE SPIRIT OF A PAL O' MINE? HE AIN'T DEAD THOUGH... 'CEPT FROM THE NECK UP!!

I COULD TRY! STEP INSIDE, PLEASE!!

OH, COME ON, NOW CLANCEY! YOU KNOW THIS IS THE BUNK!

AW. IT DON'T HURT TO TRY, STEEL! I SURE AM ANXIOUS TO SEE THAT HOMELY PUSS OF LOONEY'S!

WELL, OKAY!

FINE! GIVE MY ASSISTANT, ALL THE NECESSARY INFORMATION, WHILE I PREPARE FOR THE SEANCE!!

WHAT IS HIS FULL NAME, AND WHERE IS HE AT THE PRESENT?

CORPORAL ALEC BEN LUNAR! HE'S IN THE ARMY NOW!, JUST WHERE, I DON'T KNOW MYSELF!

THE GREAT OOM IS READY NOW! YOU MAY ENTER!

DEFTLY, ALI PICKS CLANCEY'S POCKET, AS THE LATTER PASSES BY...

I STILL THINK THIS IS HOGWASH!

YOU SHALL SOON BE CONVINCED, SAHIB! BE SEATED, PLEASE!

NOW PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE TABLE.. AND WHATEVER HAPPENS, KEEP PERFECTLY QUIET!!

THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO OUT..

O, SPIRIT OF ALEC BEN LUNAR! I OOM CALL UPON THEE!.. LEAVE THY EARTHLY BODY SO THAT THOU MAY HOLD COMMUNION WITH THOSE YOU LOVE!

W W W  
HIYA CLANCY!  
HIYA STEEL!

STEEL.. IT.. IT'S LOONEY!

LOONEY!  
HEY, LOONEY!  
WH. WHY..  
HE'S GONE!

OF COURSE,  
HE'S GONE!  
SIT DOWN, YOU  
FOOL! YOU  
HAVE BROKEN  
THE CONTACT!

GEE, I'M  
SORRY, MR.  
OOM!

YOU MUST  
CONTROL  
YOURSELF!  
NOW IT MAY  
BE DIFFICULT  
TO GET HIM  
BACK AGAIN!

THE ROOM IS AGAIN  
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS..

I SEEM TO FEEL SOME  
INTERFERENCE FROM  
ANOTHER SPIRIT!!

W W W W W  
YES, OOM!  
I'M INTERFERING..  
LIKE I SAID  
I WOULD!

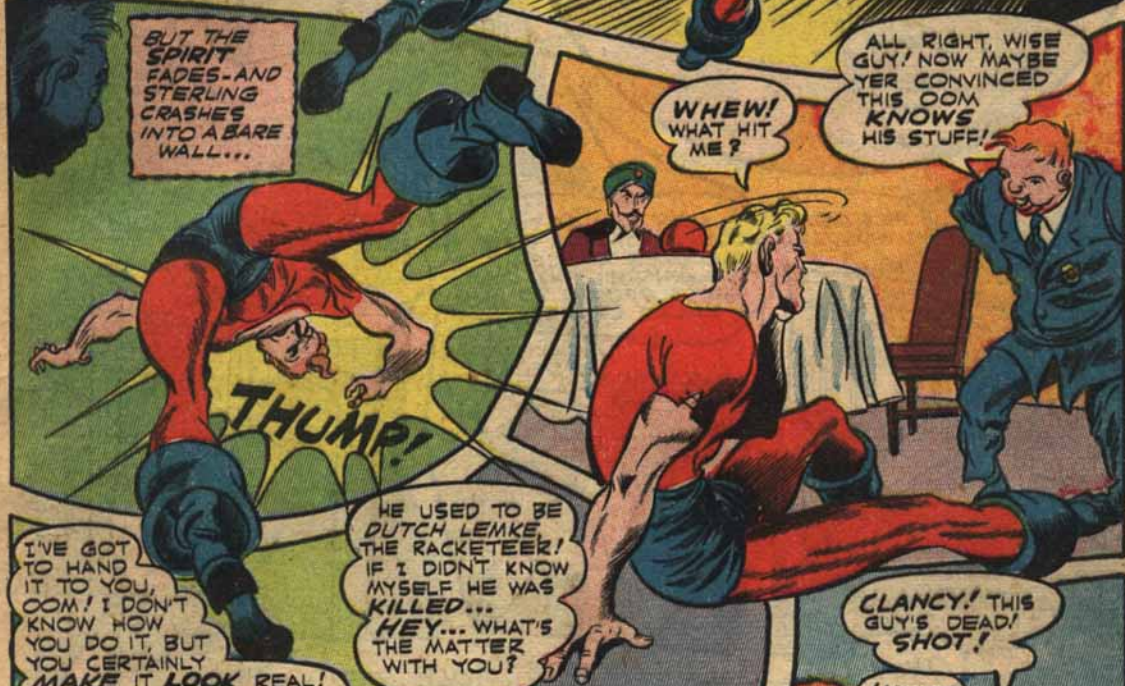
W W W W W  
I SWORE I'D GET  
YOU IF I HAD TO  
COME BACK FROM  
THE GRAVE TO  
DO IT, OOM!..  
AND THIS IS YOUR  
PAYOFF!!





GHOST OR NO GHOST! NOBODY'S GOING TO DO ANY MURDERING WHILE I'M AROUND!

SO LONG, OOM! HA, HA, HA, HA!



BUT THE SPIRIT FADES AND STERLING CRASHES INTO A BARE WALL...

WHEW! WHAT HIT ME?

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY, NOW MAYBE YER CONVINCED THIS OOM KNOWS HIS STUFF!

THUMP!

HE USED TO BE DUTCH LEMKE, THE RACKETEER! IF I DIDN'T KNOW MYSELF HE WAS KILLED... HEY... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

CLANCY! THIS GUY'S DEAD! SHOT!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, OOM! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, BUT YOU CERTAINLY MAKE IT LOOK REAL! I RECOGNIZED THAT LAST SPIRIT!!

WHAT??





SHOT IN THE BACK BY A VERY REAL BULLET! I COULD HAVE SWORN, THAT DUTCH LEMKE WAS KILLED BY THE COPS ONLY LAST WEEK... AND YET, SOMEHOW, THAT GUY IS THE MURDERER! I'M SURE OF IT!



IT'S A GHOST, STEEL! I TELL YA, IT'S A GHOST!

GHOST MY EYE! WAIT'LL I'LL FIND THAT ASSISTANT!



HE'S GONE! I WONDER!..

CLANCY, YOU GET A COUPLE OF THE BOYS, INCLUDING OFFICER MALKIN! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED LEMKE!

WHILE CLANCY'S GONE, I'LL DO SOME SNOOPING!.. FIRST I'LL TAP THESE WALLS, AND SEE IF THEY'RE HOLLOW!



OKAY, STEEL!



Oho!



HOLY, JOE! THE ASSISTANT!



MURDERED WHILE HE WAS OPERATING THE MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR! *HMM...* I SEE NOW, HOW THOSE "SPIRITS" CAME FROM THE OTHER WORLD!

LOONEY'S PICTURE! HE MUST HAVE SWIPED IT FROM CLANCY AND PROJECTED AN IMAGE ONTO THE WALL!

THE MURDERER MUST HAVE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE THEN! SOMEBODY WHO PROJECTED HIS IMAGE TO KEEP US BUSY, WHILE HE SNEAKED INTO OUR DARKENED ROOM TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK!



THE POLICE ARRIVE WITH CLANCY...

HELLO, STEEL! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A GHOST MURDERER!

IT'S MURDER ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT BY A GHOST!

IT WAS DONE BY LEMKE... A VERY MUCH ALIVE LEMKE, WHO ALSO MURDERED OOM'S ASSISTANT! HERE, CLANCY IS THE PICTURE ALL SWIPED FROM YOU!

WHY, THE DIRTY CROOK...



LOOK, STERLING, ARE YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME, I'M CRAZY? I MYSELF CHASED THAT GANGSTER! AND WHEN HIS CAR CRASHED, HE BURNED UP WITH IT ALL RIGHT, BEFORE MY OWN EYES!

DID YOU CHECK WITH HIS FINGER-PRINTS, MALKIN?

WELL, NO! THERE WUZ'N'T ENOUGH LEFT OF HIM TO IDENTIFY!

IT'S MY HUNCH, THAT OOM WAS A CROOK, AND HE HAD SOME KIND OF RACKET WITH LEMKE! REMEMBER THAT AN ANONYMOUS PHONE CALL YOU GOT, CAPTAIN, TIPPING YOU OFF ABOUT LEMKE?



.. WELL, THE STOOL PIGEON COULD HAVE BEEN OOM, AND LEMKE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT, THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR KILLING OOM!

HMM... THAT MAKES SENSE, NOW ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS PROVE LEMKE IS ALIVE! AND CATCH HIM!!

I THINK I HAVE A PLAN THAT'LL PROVE HIM ALIVE! BUT CLANCY'LL HAVE TO CATCH HIM!

SURE, PAL!

HUH...! ME CATCH A DEAD MAN? ARE YOU KIDDIN'??

NOT AT ALL! YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY THE ROLE OF OOM!!

NEXT DAY'S NEWS- PAPERS CARRY STRANGE HEADLINES!

DAYLY-TRIBUNE  
**UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT MADE ON MYSTIC'S LIFE!**  
ASSISTANT KILLED BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANTS!

NEWS HERALD  
**ATTEMPT ON MYSTIC'S LIFE FRUSTRATED... ASSISTANT MURDERED BY KILLERS!**

AND IN THE HOME OF OOM!

I DON'T GET IT STEEL! WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT ANY-BODY KNOWING OOM IS DEAD?

YOU'LL GET IT SOON ENOUGH, I HOPE!

THE GREAT OOM RECEIVES HIS FIRST CLIENT...

OH, MR. OOM, PONCER AND I WOULD LIKE TO SEE, HIS MATE GERTIE, WHO IS AWAY IN PADUCAH!

I AIN'T DOIN' ANY MYSTICAL WORK FOR ANY ELONGATED HOT DOG!

AHEM! WHAT THE GREAT OOM MEANS IS, THAT A SEANCE IS SUCCESSFUL ONLY, WHEN HUMANS ARE PRESENT! THEREFORE IF YOU'LL LEAVE PONCER HERE WITH ME!

WELL, ALRIGHT, AS LONG AS ONE OF US CAN SEE, GERTIE!

KAFF.KAFF. WHY SURE THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!

I HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING! I DON'T !!!

PLACE YOUR HANDS ON THE TABLE AND CONCENTRATE!

I WISH I COULD KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED!

I'M READY!

IT IS GERTIE!  
AND SHE STILL LOOKS JUST LIKE POUNCER!

THE SEANCE IS OVER.

OH, MR. OOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! HOW DO YOU DO IT?

GEE, LADY, I WONDER MYSELF!

JUST THEN.

TWO MORE CLIENTS FOR THE GREAT OOM!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THESE BABIES!

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER SEANCE, I'M SURE THIS NICE LADY WOULD LIKE TO SEE, GERTIE!

NO MORE SEANCES!

YOU HOID WHAT THE LADY SAID.. SHE WANTS A SEANCE!

OH! OH! HOW DID HE GET PAST STEEL?

SURE, SURE! I'M JUST DYIN' TO HOLD ANOTHER SEANCE, HA, HA, HA!

NOW, CONCENTRATE!

JUST KEEP CONCENTRATING  
HERE, SOMETHING IS  
GONNA HAPPEN SOON!

HERE'S A VISION  
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT!  
DROP THAT  
GUN, DUTCH  
LEMKE!

WE BEEN  
CROSSED!

STEEL!

I KIND OF THOUGHT,  
YOU'D SHOW UP  
SOONER OR  
LATER, RAT!

YOU CAN DROP  
THE CAMOUFLAGE NOW, DUTCH.  
AND START TALKING! HOW  
DID YOU ESCAPE  
FROM THAT BURNING  
CAR?!

I WUZ NEVER  
IN IT.. AFTER IT  
CRASHED! WHEN  
THOSE DUMB FLAT-  
FEET CHASED ME,  
I HOPPED INTO  
THE FIRST CAR  
I SAW!

I HID IN THE BACK, AND  
MADE THE GOOF DRIVE!

THEN I DITCHED THE  
CAR FIRST CHANCE I  
GOT! THE DUMB COPPER  
NEVER KNEW THERE  
WERE TWO GUYS  
IN IT!!

THEY SAW THE  
DRIVER, BURN UP  
INSIDE, AND THOUGHT  
IT WUZ ME!

THEN I CAME BACK  
TO GET OOM, WE'RE WORKIN  
A CONFIDENCE-GAME  
TOGETHER! AND HE TURNED  
ME IN TO THE COPS, AFTER  
HE FIGURED  
HE DIDN'T  
NEED ME  
ANYMORE!





SUDDENLY DUTCH'S FEET LASH OUT, AND...



WHEW... DID HE CATCH ME NAPPING!

THERE HE GOES, IN HIS GETAWAY CAR!

FOLLOW THAT CAR, DRIVER, AND DON'T LOSE IT!

YOU BETCHA, STERLING!



STERLING, HE'S GAINING ON US!

KEEP YER EYES ON THE ROAD... MY GOD! LOOK OUT! WE'RE HEADING RIGHT AT THAT PILLAR!

A CRASH - A VIOLENT EXPLOSION... THEN SEARING FLAMES ENVELOP THE CAR...



STAND BACK EVERYBODY!

DUTCH IS IN THAT CAR THIS TIME... AND WE WON'T HAVE TO TAKE FINGERPRINTS TO CHECK IT!



LATER..

GEE, STEEL! WHAT A SAP I WUZ FALLIN' FER THAT MAGICIAN BUNK!

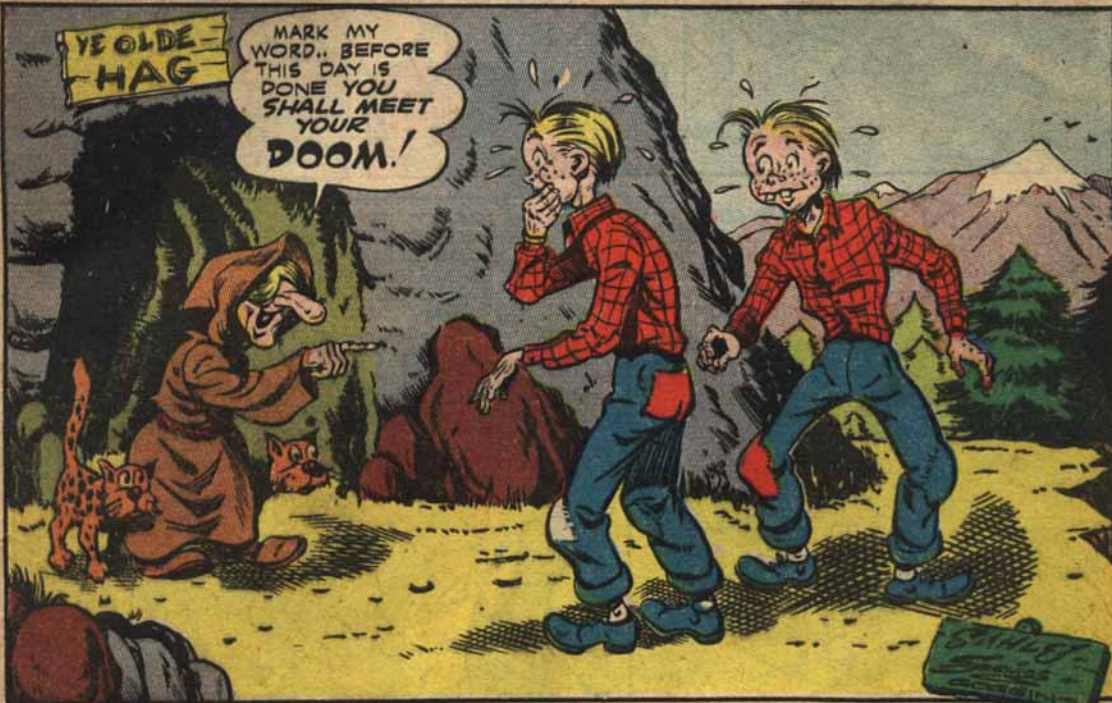
I'M GLAD YOU DID, CLANCY! OTHER WISE A DANGEROUS KILLER WOULD BE ON THE LOOSE, TODAY!

WOW! THE TROUBLE  
THAT KID **ARCHIE**  
GETS INTO IN THIS  
**LATEST**  
**ARCHIE**  
**COMICS!**



# The Slap Happy

# APPLE JACKS



**AFTER 'EM!**



GOSH, ALL GET OUT. SLAPPY, DO YOU KNOW WHUT DAY THIS IS?



**MARRYIN' UP DAY!**  
GULP! GULP!



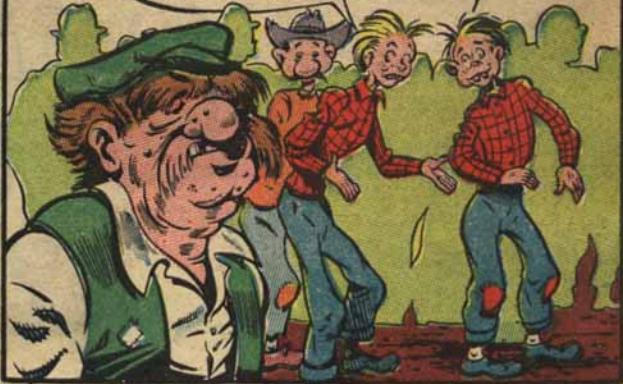
QUICK! LET'S HEAD FO' THE BAD LANDS AN' HIDE!

CAIN'T DO THET! THEN IT WOULD BE OPEN SEASON ON US'N ALL YEAR ROUND! .. WE GOTTA RUN WIF THE PACK!



GOLLY, IF WE WUZ ONLY GRUE. SOME LOOKIN' LIKE HANDSOME HARRY, THE GALS WOULDN'T WANT US'!

LUCKY BOY! C'MON GIT SET T'GET SET!!



SLAPPY, OLE PAL, I CAIN'T RUN! Y' GOTTA HELP ME HIDE!!

GOSH, TUGBOAT, I'LL TRY!

DON'T BAWL AIGHAD, WE'LL HELP YOU TOO!

TIME FER FIXIN' IS UP.. COME ON!

MOURNFUL DAY!!



ON YER MARK! GET SET!!









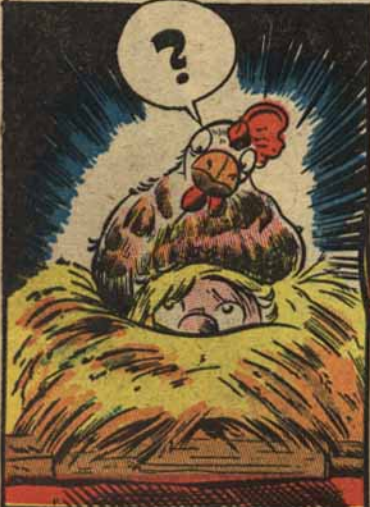
BUT, AIGHAID IT'S YO' ONLY CHANCE, OLE PAL!!

SHORE! DON'T GIVE UP NOW.. YO' GOTTA TAKE YO' CHANCE LIKE THE REST OF US!



AN' YO'RE HAIR MATCHES UP WIF THE STRAW, REAL PERFICK!

THANK Y' KINDLY! G'BYE, FELLERS! AN' GOOD LUCK TO YO' BOFE!



?



THEY AIN'T NOTHIN' IN HERE, BUT JUS' CHICKENS!

CLUCK! CLUCK?



GOOD GOLLY, SLAPPY, WE'S DONE FO'! WE'S TRAPPED!

NO WE AIN'T, HAPPY, C'MON!



RIGHT BEHIND THIS PANEL!

SLAPPY, YO' IS A GENY-YUS!



FASTER... FASTER.. THEY CAN'T GET AWAY NOW!!

GLAD WE BOPPED HOUN'DAWG GINNIE! NOW WE GOT A FAIR AN' EVEN CHANCE!

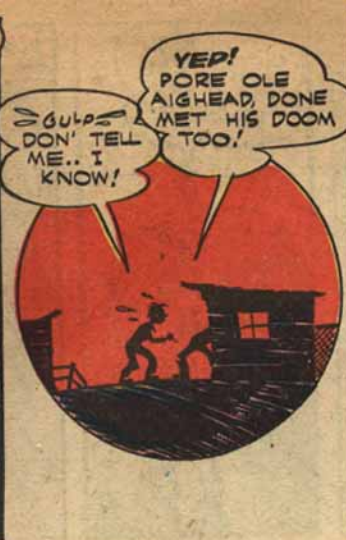
SLAPPY, IT WORKED! NOW TO DOUBLE BACK AN TELL ALL THE OTHER ELIGIBLE MEN !!





TUGBOAT!  
HE WAS  
RIGHT THAR!

IF HE DROWNED  
THEY MUSTA  
TOOK THE  
BODY!



GULP!  
DON'T TELL  
ME.. I  
KNOW!

YEP!  
PORE OLE  
AIGHEAD, DONE  
MET HIS DOOM  
TOO!



SOMETHIN'  
AWFUL  
MYSTERI-YUS  
GOIN' ON!

NO USE TO  
LOOK FO'  
PURTY BOY!  
BET THEY  
FOUND HIM!



GOSH!  
THE VARMINTS!  
THEY EVEN  
TOOK THE  
SKUNK!



THIS IS  
THE END,  
HAPPY!

NOT YET, SLAPPY!  
IF THEY FIND US  
WE'LL JUMP OFF  
LOVER'S LEAP!



GOOD OLE  
HOUN' DAWG!  
CAIN'T KEEP  
HER DOWN!  
SHE'S ON  
THE TRAIL  
AGAIN!



SURROUND  
'EM! THE  
TRAIL LEADS  
TO THE EDGE  
OF LOVER'S  
LEAP!

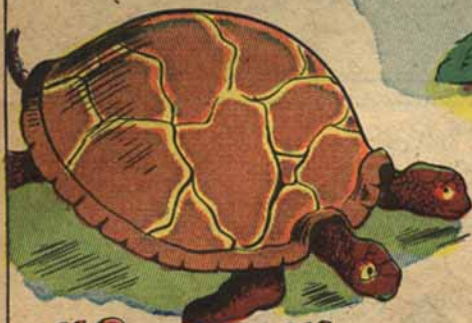
GOOD GAWSH!  
WE'S GONNERS!

GULP!



GOSH AMIGHTY... WHAT DID HAPPEN TO SLAPPY AN' HAPPY?? IS IT GOOD, OR BAD? WELL, SURE AS SHOOTIN', WE'LL FIND OUT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, 'N NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **ZIP COMICS!!**

# WORLD WONDERS



## MP and TUCK

A 2 HEADED TURTLE WAS FOUND ON A SHORE OF LAKE MINNETONKA... IT EATS WITH BOTH HEADS BUT FEEDS BUT ONE BODY...



**SOLOMON ISLANDERS** WILL GO TO ANY EXTREME TO IMPRESS THEIR NEIGHBORS OF THEIR WEALTH - EVEN TO SPENDING THEIR ENTIRE FORTUNE ON A SINGLE BANQUET FOR ALL THE VILLAGE.



## FROGS CRY

WHEN ABOUT TO BE KILLED IN BATTLE WITH A NATURAL ENEMY FROGS GIVE ONE LAST AGONIZED SCREAM!



**TEMPERATURE** CAN BE MEASURED TO WITHIN A FEW DEGREES BY ESTIMATING THE SPEED WITH WHICH AN ANT MOVES... IT WILL GO FASTER OR SLOWER AS THE TEMPERATURE RISES OR LOWERS.

# Señor

# BANANA

WHEN LAST WE SAW  
OUR FRIENDS SENOR  
BANANA, AND SENOR ODORA,  
THEY WERE IN SEARCH FOR  
GOLD... AND THOUGHT THEY HAD  
FOUND IT! BUT LOOK WHAT  
THEY DID FIND!





COME! EET  
EES THE  
ONLY WAY!!  
STEP OVER  
THERE MY  
FRAN!!

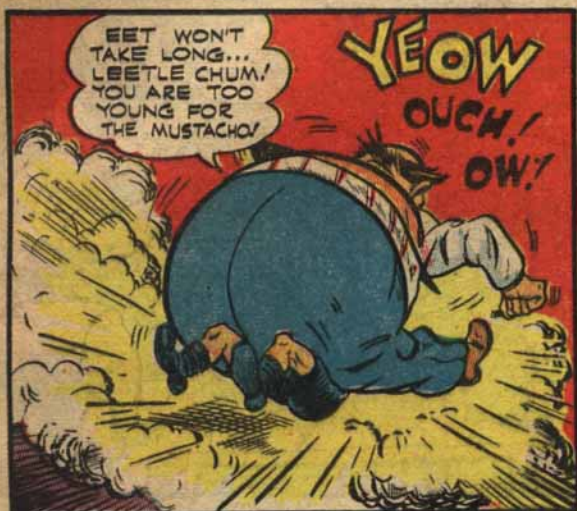


NO! NO! HELP  
NOT THAT!



CENSORED

THEESE  
EES FINE..OH,  
JUST ONE  
THEENG!



EET WON'T  
TAKE LONG...  
LEETLE CHUM!  
YOU ARE TOO  
YOUNG FOR  
THE MUSTACHOV

YEOW  
OUCH!  
OW!



I FEEL LIKE  
THE OSTRICH  
WHICH HAS  
JUST MET  
THE FAN  
DANCER!



WE SHOULD HAVE  
WAITED TO CHANGE  
MY CLOTHES..THEESE  
EES TOO MUCH OF  
A MOUNTAIN FOR  
A LEETLE BOY  
TO CLIMB!



WHY DO  
YOU DO  
THEESE,  
ODORA? ARE  
YOU AFRAID  
TO GO EEN?



SHE EES  
ASLEEP! COME  
ON EEN!!







THESE EES THE DAY FOR THE BULL FIGHT, BUT... I... SENOR BANANA... WEEL NOT BE THERE!! I WEEL... (SNIFF.. SNIFF!..)



HEH! HEH!.. NOT ONLY WEEL I GET RID OF THEESE RAT.. BUT I WEEL BECOME REECH!!



THESE EES BETTER THAN FIGHTING THE BULL!!



AND NOW... SENORAS AND SENORES, WE PRESENT...

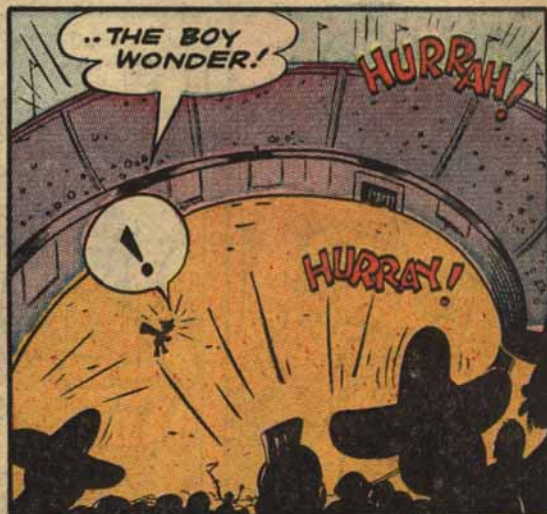


..THE BOY WONDER!

HURRAY!



HURRAY!



HELP! I'VE BEEN SWINDLED! SHANGHAIED!! KEEDNAPPED!! HELP!



WHAT EES THEESE?! HE EES A FAKE!

HE EES A SEESSEE!!

FOOY! ON DEES MODARN FIGHTERS!

\$! !! \$! !!



I CAN'T CLIMB THE FENCE.. EET EES TOO HIGH!!

I WEEL HAVE TO GET REED OF THEESE EXTRA WEIGHT!



**BAM CRASH**



**HURRAY! RAY!**



**BRAVO! RAY! WONDERFUL TECHNIQUE!**



HOW CLEVAIR! MY OWN LEETLE DARLING! I DEED NOT EVEN KNOW!

**GRR!** I WEEL EXPOSE THEESE FAKER!



LEESTEN!! EVERYBODY! LEESTEN!!

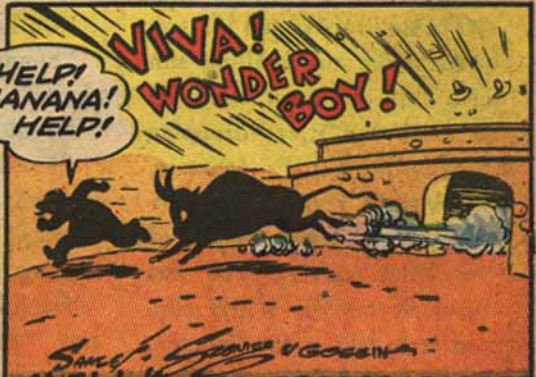


M-H-HELLO!



HELP! BANANA! HELP!

**VIVA! WONDER BOY!**



WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE TABLES HAVE TURNED... SENOR ODORA'S PLAN TO GET RID OF BANANA WENT INTO REVERSE, WILL SENOR BANANA GO TO THE AID OF HIS TREACHEROUS FRIEND? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT THE ANSWER YOU GET IN THE NEXT ZIP!!

# YOU CAN'T GET RICH JERKING SODAS

by ZENITH GRAY

**WILLIE SHARPE**, at the soda fountain, was serving his customers automatically. His mind wasn't on his job. He needed money badly, lots of it. He had a special reason.

He looked up. The letter carrier was just coming in to collect the daily receipts from the drug store's post office sub-station.

Willie watched the carrier standing before the grilled cage near the soda fountain. Then he resumed his work. He sent cool drinks sliding across the polished counter to impatient customers.

"Plenty of money in this town and I mean to have some of it," Willie resolved grimly.

People thirsty and ill-tempered from the broiling sun of a July afternoon, streamed in from the street dropping wearily at Willie's fountain. He worked feverishly, meantime watching every move of the letter carrier. The last customer served, Willie slipped from behind the fountain.

He knew the carrier was waiting for the sub-station's daily remittance. Willie sauntered up to him. "Hello, carrier."

"Hi," the man in uniform replied, eyeing him sharply.

"New on this route, aren't you?"

He regarded Willie thoughtfully. "Yeah, I am."

Willie moved closer to him. "I know a lot of the boys at your station."

The man made no reply.

The ash-blond girl in the cage was laboring over her account. The carrier's eyes were going continually from her to the wall clock at her back.

"Where's Jimmy?" Willie inquired.

"Who?" The carrier's eyes remained glued to the figures the girl was adding.

"Jimmy Weaver, regular carrier on this route."

"Oh him. He's er—sick."

"Stomach bothering him again?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Stomach."

"I told Jimmy he was drinking too many cokes this hot weather," Willie remarked, smiling.

He sidled up beside the carrier. "How do you like the post office?"

The man looked at him quizzically. "All right—good as any job."

Willie watched the girl in

the cage take a large sheaf of bills from a drawer and count them slowly, then check off a three-figured number on the tally sheet. She returned the bills to the drawer, brought out another wad and did the same.

"What time are you due at the office?" Willie asked, hoping to remind the girl of the time.

"I'm overdue now."

The girl slightly raised her eyes and continued. Willie knew Fran wouldn't hurry. She was just filling in, while the regular girl was on vacation. The post office department had discovered several errors in Fran's account and had warned her to be more careful.

Willie and the carrier watched her painstakingly run a pencil down a column of figures, whispering the result to herself. She finished and counted the bills again, checked them against the tally sheet, then slid the bills into an official envelope and sealed it.

The man in uniform watched impatiently, while Willie looked on, thinking what he could do with that much money. "You fellows catch it when you're late?" Willie said looking at Fran.

The carrier grimaced. "We catch hell."

Willie wondered how his own 160 pounds would look in a letter carrier's uniform. He stepped back, surveying the well-built man. His curious eyes roving slowly upward over the uniform, stopped abruptly, settling on the badge. "That makes it official, the badge," Willie thought. His eyes lingered on it. Letter carriers' badges had always fascinated him, since Jimmy Weaver told him that a carrier's uniform could command no respect without a badge.

He strolled across the floor to the telephone booth, entered one, deposited a nickel and dialed a number.

When Willie came out he saw the carrier signing the remittance sheet. Then Fran gave him a sealed envelope. That would be the sheaves of bills. Next she handed him a large, stout, khaki-colored envelope, its flap glued with sealing wax. Willie knew that was the jacket containing the registered articles.

He went to the door and looked up and down the busy street, ostensibly for a breath of fresh air to dispel the heavy, sweetish drugstore odor from his lungs.

Then he slipped behind the fountain. The carrier glanced irritably at the wall clock and hurried toward the street. A customer was yelling for ser-

vive. Willie didn't hear him.

"Hey, carrier, have a soda," Willie called as he put something in a glass.

The carrier shook his head and went out. A deflated look darkened Willie's face.

He leaped from behind the fountain and dashed to the street. He saw the carrier's retreating back. The man was walking fast, clutching his bag. Willie started to run.

The carrier was nearing the corner. Willie—one step in back of him—employed a commando trick. His leg shot between the carrier's. The man in uniform sprawled to the pavement, losing his cap, but clinging to his bag. Willie pounced on him, fists flailing the man's face. The carrier flung his assailant away, and came up in a sitting position with a gun in his hand.

Willie hurled himself at the carrier again. A crowd was collecting. A bystander roughly shoved Willie off the carrier, who was bringing his gun up just as the corner traffic cop pushed through the crowd and knocked it from his hand. He collared Willie and the carrier, jerking both to their feet.

"What's going on here?" the cop demanded.

"Officer, arrest that man," the carrier yelled, pointing at Willie. "He's interfering with the United States Mail. That's a federal offense."

"That guy's a phoney," Willie shouted.

The carrier lunged at him. "Officer, arrest that man and let me go. This uniform speaks for me."

The officer scowled at Willie. "Howdayuh mean phoney?"

"He's got the wrong number."

"Wrong number?" the cop barked.

"Look," said Willie pointing to the pavement. "See that cap. Shield number 2504. That's Jimmy Weaver's number. Two carriers in the same office don't have the same shield number."

"Right," agreed a tall, frosty-complexioned man, elbowing his way out of the crowd.

"Hello, Inspector Craig," said Willie. "You got here quick."

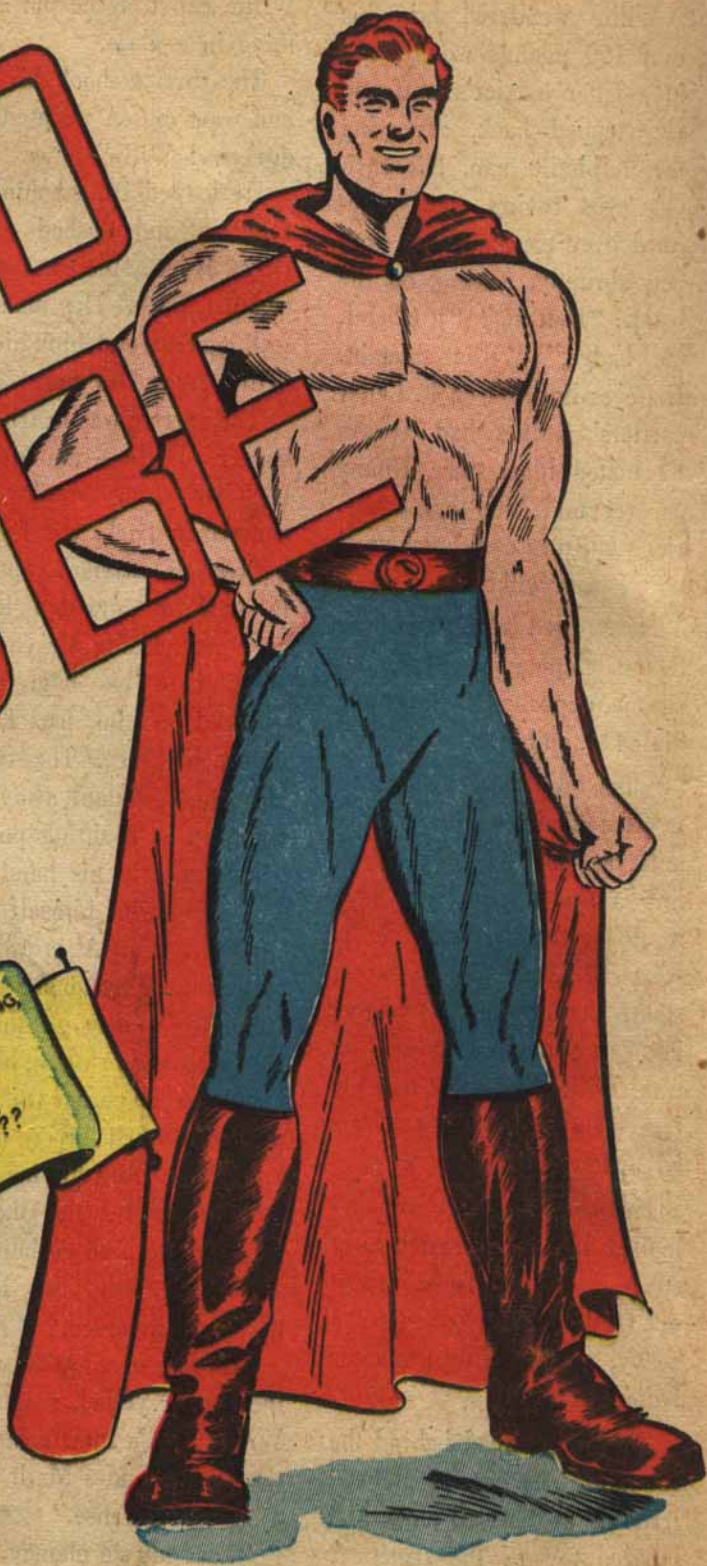
"Your call was relayed from the main office to the local station," the inspector explained. "We just found Weaver. He was slugged as he was making a short cut through a deserted warehouse. Uniform and badge missing."

The two men with the inspector took the impostor away.

Craig tapped Willie on the shoulder. "I'm reporting you to the postmaster for frustrating a mail robbery. That means a nice present for you."

"Thanks," said Willie. "I expect to be a police rookie soon. Needed money to get married first."

# RED RUBBE



WHO IS THIS SWASHBUCKLING,  
ROMANTIC NEW HERO OF  
MILLIONS?  
WHAT IS THE AMAZING  
SECRET BEHIND HIM??

FED  
ROBBINS

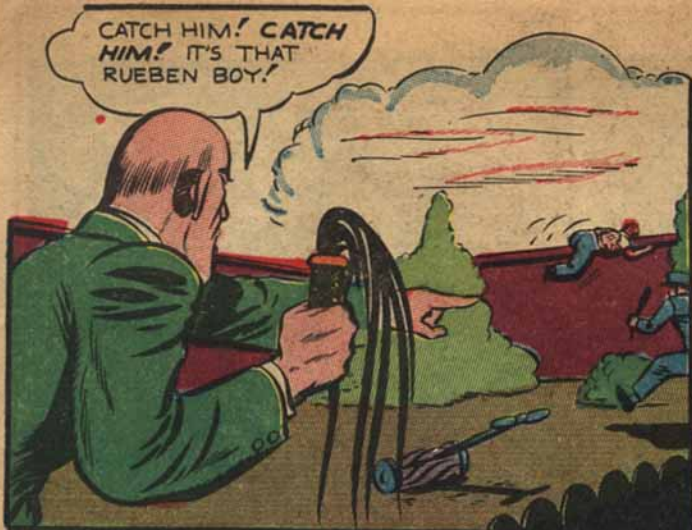
WHAT  
IS THE CONNECTION  
BETWEEN THE POOR LITTLE  
ORPHAN, RUEBEN RUEBEN, AND  
THE HEROIC FIGURE OF  
RED RUBE?



WHAT IS THE MYSTERY  
OF THE OLD CASTLE  
ON THE HILL???

START  
READING  
**RED RUBE'S**  
ASTONISHING  
ANSWERS  
**NOW!**





CATCH HIM! CATCH HIM! IT'S THAT RUEBEN BOY!



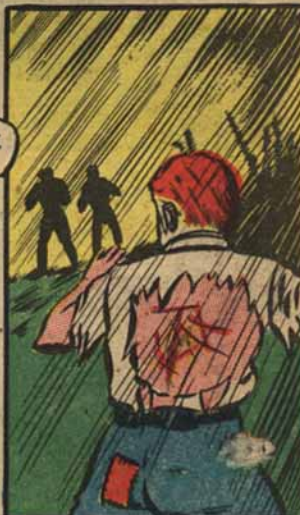
THERE HE GOES!

AFTER HIM!



DS\*!!! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!

C'MON! WE'LL GO BACK TO THE ORPHANAGE AN' GET THE COPS AFTER HIM!

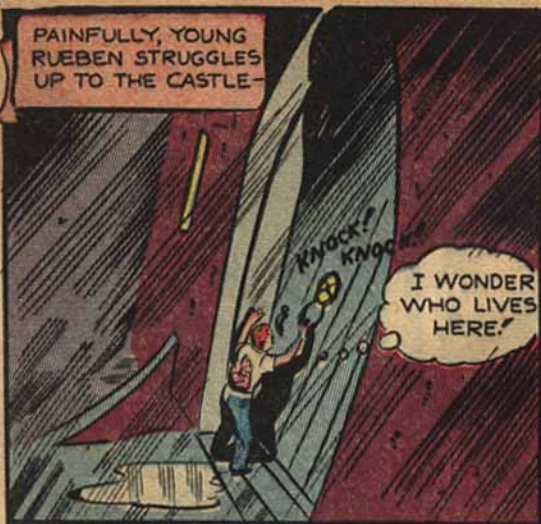


MUCH LATER--

I'VE WALKED FOR MILES IN THIS RAIN! I GOTTA FIND SOME PLACE TO REST! AH! MAYBE UP THERE! GAWD - BUT MY BACK HURTS!



PAINFULLY, YOUNG RUEBEN STRUGGLES UP TO THE CASTLE—



KNOCK! KNOCK!

I WONDER WHO LIVES HERE!

EH? WHO'S THERE? WHO—? WHY IT'S YOUNG MASTER RUEBEN!



HOW DO YOU KNOW MY N-----  
OOOOO!

WHY HE'S HURT HE'S BEEN BEATEN!



BUT AT LAST HE'S COME HOME, MY LONG WAIT IS OVER!



HERE, DRINK THIS, MASTER RUEBEN, AND WHEN YOU WAKE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... AND NOW MY WORK ---IS--- DONE-----



IT IS MUCH LATER WHEN YOUNG RUEBEN AWAKENS....

WH-WHERE AM I? OH I RE-MEMBER! WHERE'S THE LITTLE OLD MAN! OH!



H-HE'S DEAD!



G-GOLLY! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE! HE KNEW MY NAME! I WONDER HOW?



I'M GONNA STAY AN' SEE WHAT I CAN FIND IN THIS PLACE!



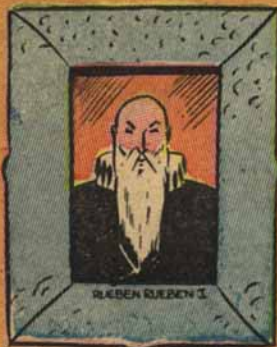
WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE?



A WHOLE ROOM FULL OF PICTURES!



AND THEY'VE ALL GOT MY NAME!!



GEE WHIZ! I WONDER  
WHAT IT MEANS.....  
I WONDER.....

GEE IM TIRED OUT!  
I WISH I KNEW  
WHETHER THOSE  
PICTURES ARE MY  
ANCESTORS (HO HUM)  
OR-- MUMBLLLLL--

WELL HERE HE IS!  
AT LAST HE'S  
COME BACK!

THE LAST IN THE  
LINE OF RUEBEN  
RUEBENS!

LOOK HOW HE'S  
BEEN BEATEN!

T5K-T5K! REMINDS  
ME OF MY DAYS  
ON THE AFRICAN  
COAST!

WE  
MUST  
HELP HIM.

HUH?

SAY! WHO ARE YOU?

WE ARE ALL YOUR ANCESTORS! THE RUEBENS! AND WE'RE GOING TO HELP YOU TO RIGHT THE WRONGS THAT HAVE BEEN DONE YOU!

YES! I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU MY STRENGTH!

BAH? WHAT GOOD IS STRENGTH WITHOUT BRAINS? I'LL GIVE HIM MY BRAINS INSTEAD!

NO! I'LL GIVE HIM MY COURAGE!

STAMINA!  
COURAGE!  
SPEED!  
STRENGTH!  
BRAINS!

CEASE! STOP YOUR SQUABBLING!

BECAUSE YOUNG RUEBEN IS A TRUE DESCENDENT OF ALL OF US HE ALREADY INHERITED ALL OF THESE QUALITIES FROM YOU, AND IN ADDITION HE HAS ALSO INHERITED MY WISDOM!

ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS TO SHOW HIM HOW HE CAN BRING THESE FORCES INTO BEING!

HE MUST BE ABLE TO SUMMON THE POWERS AT WILL!



GEE WHIZ! I TURNED BACK! BUT MAYBE THAT'S BETTER, NOW SOMEONE WILL GET A SURPRISE AT THE ORPHANAGE!

AND SO...THE FOLLOWING MORNING!

HAH! THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR ME! WELL LET 'EM FIND ME!

THERE HE IS!

GRAB HIM!

GOTCHA!

THOUGHT YA! COULD GET AWAY, EH?

MEMPH!

TAKE HIM TO THE BASEMENT!

SO! YOU RAN AWAY! TRIED TO DUCK OUT ON A BEATING! I HAD 'EM GAG YOU SO YOU CAN'T YELL AND NOW! -- HA HA HA!?

TAKE THAT!

CRACK!

-AND THAT AND THAT HA-HA-HA!  
AND THAT AND THAT HO-HO-HO!  
AND THAT AND THAT WA-HA-HA!  
AND THAT AND THAT...

HEY, RUBE!!

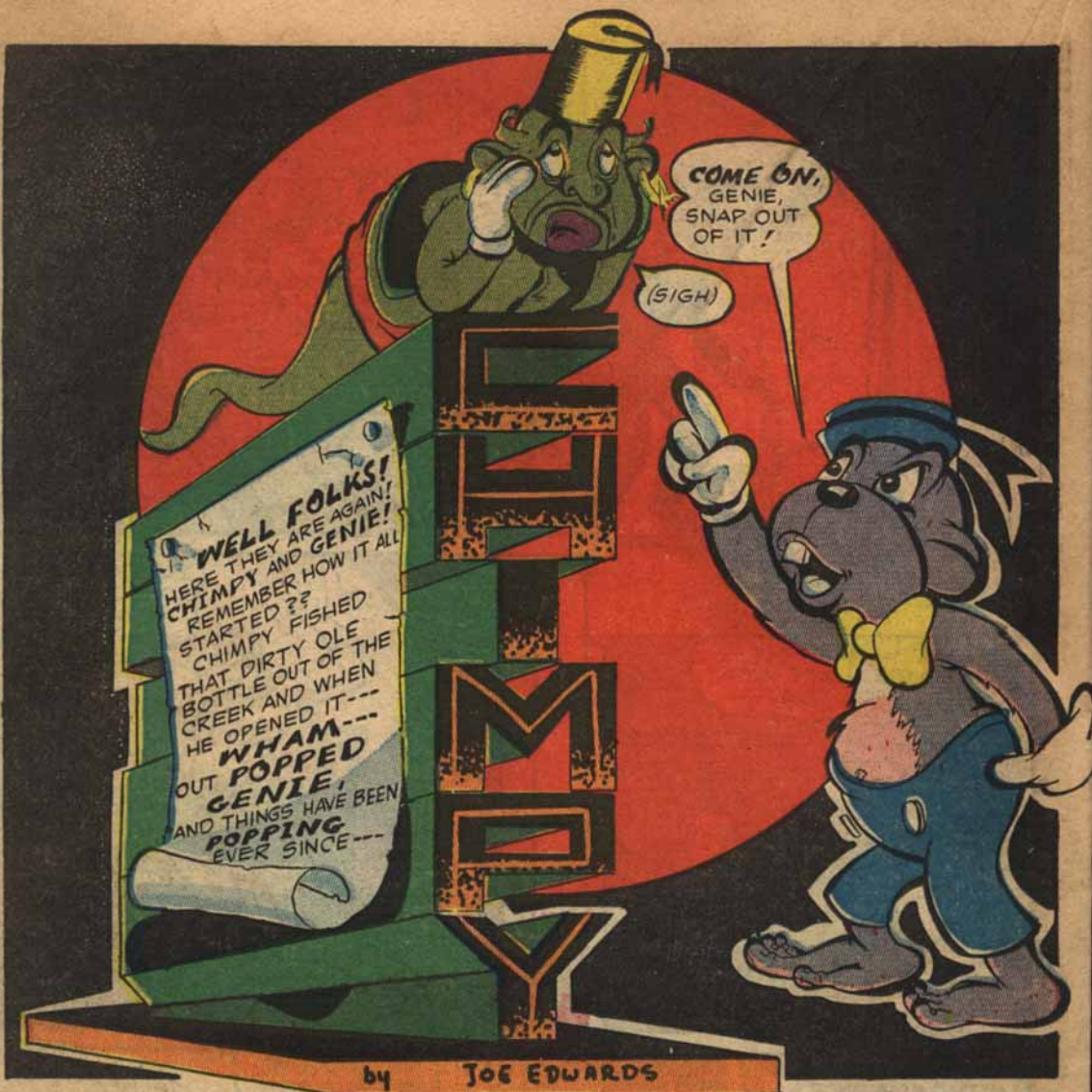
WHOOOSH

BUT THE CURLING LASH KNOCKS OFF THE GAG AND WITH HIS LAST BREATH.....



AND YOU SAY THIS **RED RUBE** MADE THEM ALL CONFESS AND SAVED YOUR HIDE FOR YOU AS WELL... HMMM-I WONDER WHETHER HE'LL KEEP ON AS A FIGHTER FOR WHAT'S RIGHT IN THE WORLD!!





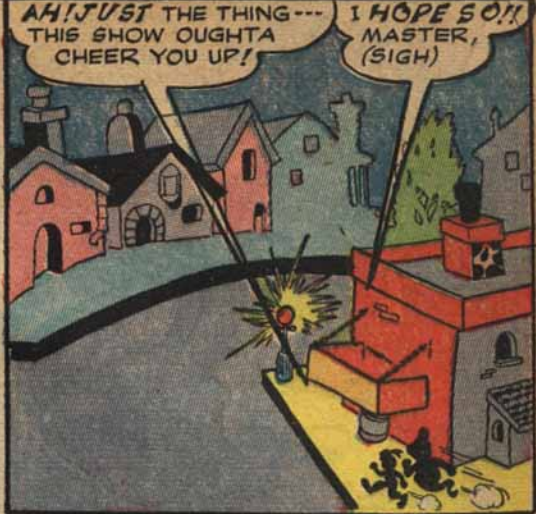






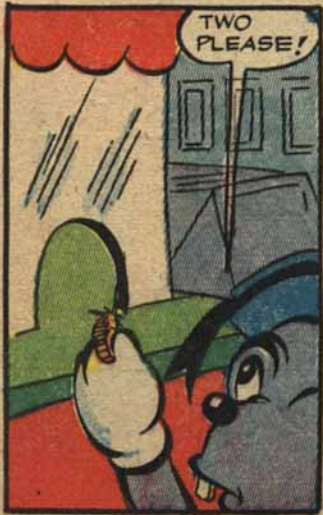
THERE'S NO USE HANGING AROUND HERE! LET'S GO OUT!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, MASTER!



AH! JUST THE THING--- THIS SHOW OUGHTA CHEER YOU UP!

I HOPE SO!! MASTER, (SIGH)



TWO PLEASE!



--- THAT WAS NO LADY, THAT WAS MY WIFE!

HO HO HO



NOT BAD, EH FOLKS?



HO HO HA HA HA THIS SHOW KILLS ME!

HO HUM!



GOSH GENIE, DON'T YOU LIKE THE SHOW?

BUT MASTER, THE SULTAN USED TO PULL THOSE GAGS TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO--AND THEY WEREN'T FUNNY EVEN THEN!!



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT?



WELL, I'M GOING TO MAKE JUST ONE MORE ATTEMPT....



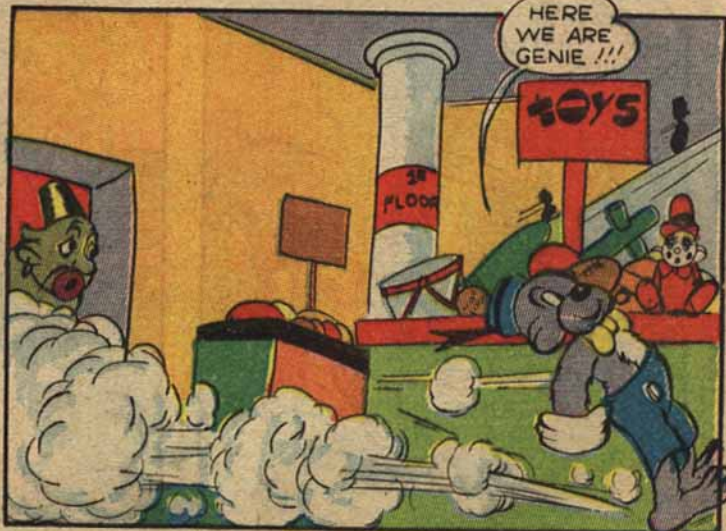
HMMM, HERE'S LACEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE --- I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN HERE --- THAT.....

(SIGH)



...WHEE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE??

?



HERE WE ARE GENIE !!!



OH BOY!! LOOK A GENUINE "BOB ROPE"

NO! NO! NOT THAT! MASTER!!!



OH?!?! G@ ETC! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW I QUIT! I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYTHING THAT'LL MAKE YOU SMILE !!!

JUST THEN...

LAD-E-E-E-SS  
I WISH TO ANNOUNCE  
A SPECIAL SALE  
OF-----

NYLON  
HOSE!!

GGRRR-  
WHO CARES!!!

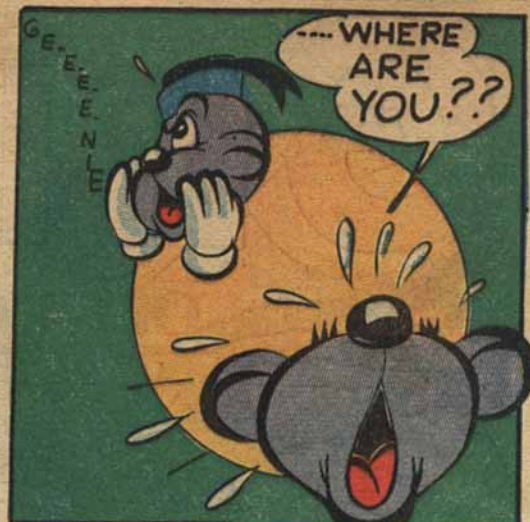
YEOW!!  
LOOK WHAT'S  
COMING!

GANGWAY!!

STOP PUSHING!  
WHO'S PUSHING!  
YOU'RE PUSHING!  
SOCK

CRASH

WHAT HAPPENED!!!  
WHERE'S GENIE???  
HE'S GONE!!



# GINGER

## ON VACATION



THANKS,  
MOM, WE'LL  
LISTEN TO  
AUNT MATILDA!

SAY,  
WHO IS  
THIS AUNT  
MATILDA?

I'VE NEVER  
SEEN HER, BUT  
I'LL BET SHE'S  
AN OLD FUDDY  
DUDDY.





WELL, HERE WE ARE, BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO MEET US!

MAYBE SHE'S TOO OLD AND COULDN'T GET HERE.



GINGER! GINGER SNAPP!



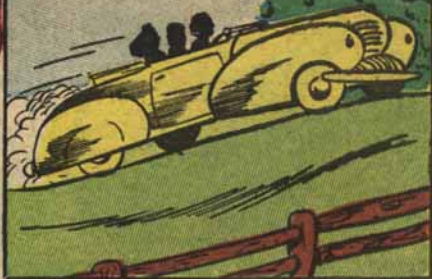
AUNT MATILDA!

YES, AUNT MATILDA BUT PLEASE CALL ME MATTY!



GOSH, MATTY, WE THOUGHT YOU WERE AN OLD SOURPUSS INSTEAD OF A GLAMOUR GAL!

SKIP IT, KIDS, YOU'RE HERE FOR FUN AND FROLIC! THAT'S WHAT VACATION'S ARE FOR!



LATER

HERE ARE TWO FISHING POLES-- GO OUT ON THE SHORE AND PRACTICE CASTING!

THAT'S FINE, MATTY, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT!



THERE'S MATTY'S BOAT. MAYBE WE'LL TAKE A SPIN LATER!

IF I KNOW YOU, WE'LL TAKE A SPIN, ALL RIGHT!







GET OUT OF HERE, YOU RED HEADED HUSSY!

?



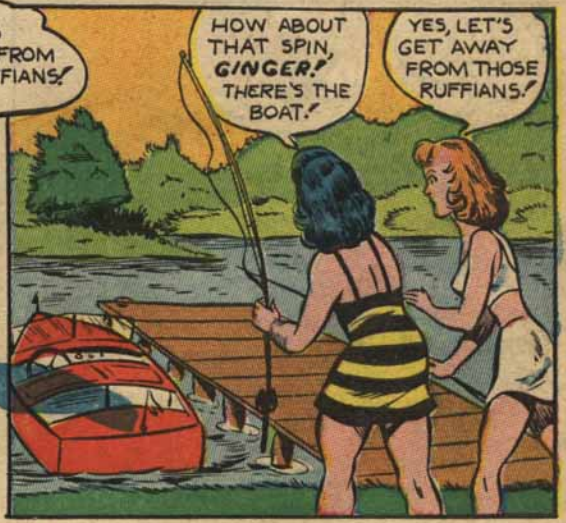
HMMPF! COME DOTTY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

POW



JUST WEAR YOUR HAIR OVER THAT EYE LINDA - WE'LL TAKE THE CANOE OUT ON THE LAKE!

YES, LET'S GET AWAY FROM THOSE RUFFIANS!



HOW ABOUT THAT SPIN, GINGER! THERE'S THE BOAT!

YES, LET'S GET AWAY FROM THOSE RUFFIANS!



ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO RUN IT?

OF COURSE, YOU JUST PRESS THESE BUTTONS LIKE THIS -



I'VE GOT IT GOING! NOW IF I CAN ONLY STOP IT!!

RRRRRRR





AW, LISTEN, LINDA -

BOO HOO! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GO TO THAT DANCE TONIGHT!



SAY, RED, HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME HOPPIN' AT THE SHINDIG?

WELL, IF YOU INSIST--- AND OF COURSE YOU WILL!



THINGS ARE WORKIN' OUT. HINKY DINKY AUNTIE!

HMM-- YOU GIRLS DID ALL RIGHT! FOR YOURSELVES!

YEP! CHUBBY HARRISON ASKED ME TO GO TO THE DANCE!



A DANCING WE WILL GO---

-- HI HO THE MERRY OH--

- A DANCING WE WILL GO # 8



I WAS IN A RUT TILL YOU CAME ALONG--

SPEAKING OF RUTS-- I WONDER HOW LINDA IS?

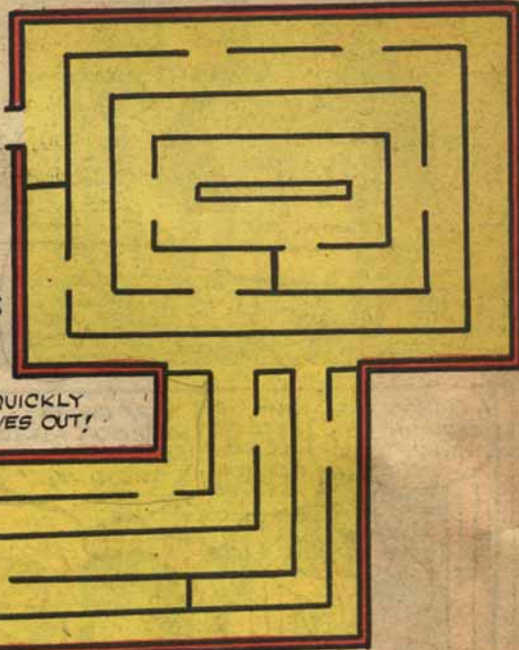


JEALOUSY

# ZIP'S DIPSY DOODLES



HELP SENOR BANANA GET HIS FAVORITE FRUIT BEFORE HIS QUICKLY EBBING STRENGTH GIVES OUT!



CHIMPY IS PROUD BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHO IS IN THE CIRCLE! IF YOU BLACKEN IN THE DOTTED AREAS YOU WILL KNOW WHO IT IS TOO!



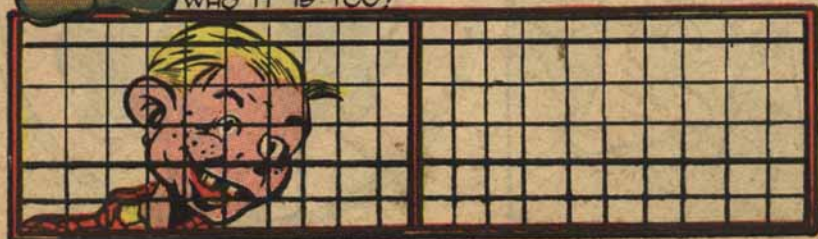
1. RIGNEG

2. NERSO BANAANN

3. LESET TSREGLIN

4. PPAACKELJS

THE NAMES OF FOUR ZIP COMICS CHARACTERS ARE ABOVE! CAN YOU NAME THEM?



HERE IS AN EASY WAY TO DRAW ONE OF THE APPLEJACKS! CAN YOU DO IT?

# WILBUR

DON'T TELL ME--  
DON'T TELL ME ---  
I KNOW-- THAT OLD  
WINDBAG IS COMING  
TO SEE US!

GOD BLESS OUR  
HOME

SURE, MOM,  
WE JUST GOT  
A LETTER  
FROM UNCLE  
MONTE!

THE OLD  
SON OF  
A GUN!

elli  
STORY BY  
GOGGIN

AND HE'S COMING TO  
REST UP WITH US AFTER  
A STRENUOUS INSPECTION  
TOUR FOR THE GOVERNMENT!  
ISN'T THAT GREAT!

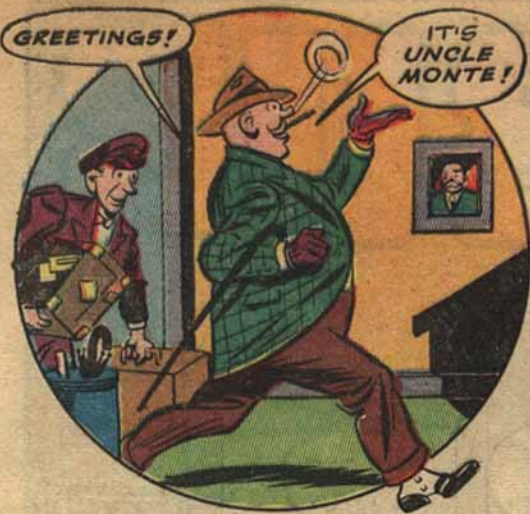
GREAT?  
WHY DOES  
HE HAVE  
TO PICK  
ON US?

HE MAY DO A LOT  
FOR US SOME DAY!  
AND WILBUR TREAT  
UNCLE MONTE  
RIGHT AND I'LL  
SEE THAT YOU  
GET THAT NEW  
BICYCLE!

NOW, JAMES,  
I'M WARNING  
YOU! I WON'T  
STAND FOR  
ANY--

SHHH ---  
SHHH ---  
I THINK  
I HEAR  
SOMEONE  
COMING  
NOW!





GREETINGS!

IT'S UNCLE MONTE!



SAM, OLD MAN, TAKE CARE OF THE CABBY LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!

AND MARY M'DEAR, CAN I PREVAIL UPON YOU TO BREW ME UP A CUP OF TEA!



AH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, AND WILBUR, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SHOW ME AROUND A BIT BEFORE DINNER?



OH, I SAY! THAT'S A CLEVER BIT OF WORK!

THIS IS NOTHING UNCLE MONTE, COME WITH ME!



DAD GAVE ME PERMISSION TO USE THIS SPACE ABOVE THE GARAGE!

VERY INTERESTING! (PUFF-PUFF)



OOOH! DON'T STEP ON THAT RUG, SIR!

SHUSH, MY SHOES ARE CLEAN!



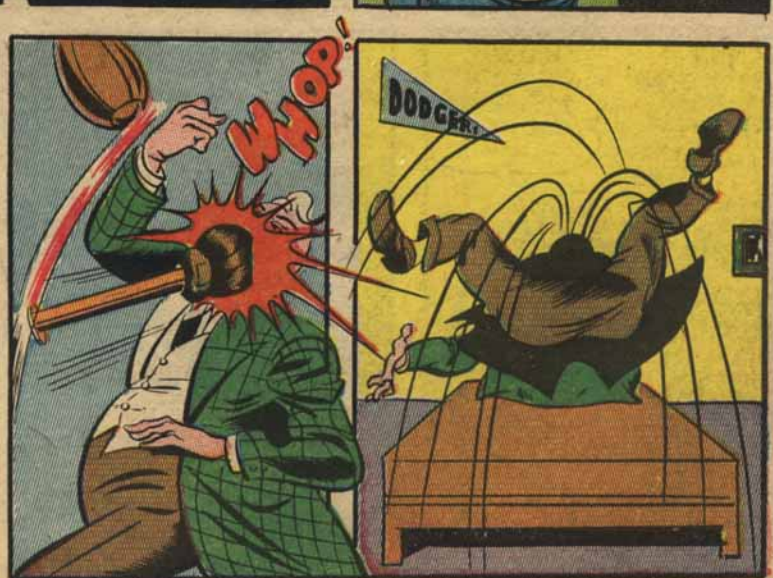
I TRIED TO WARN YOU! QUICK, GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

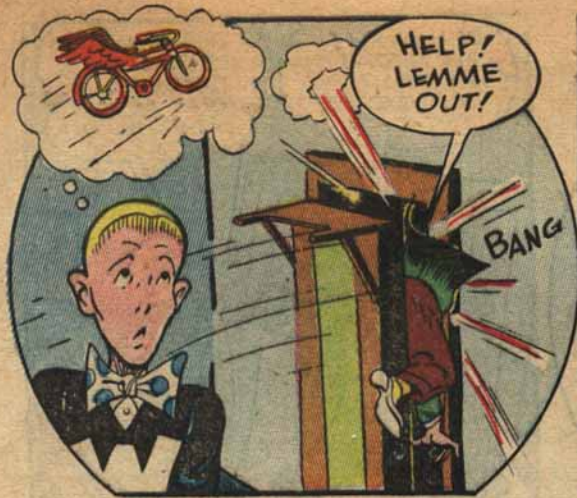
PLOP!



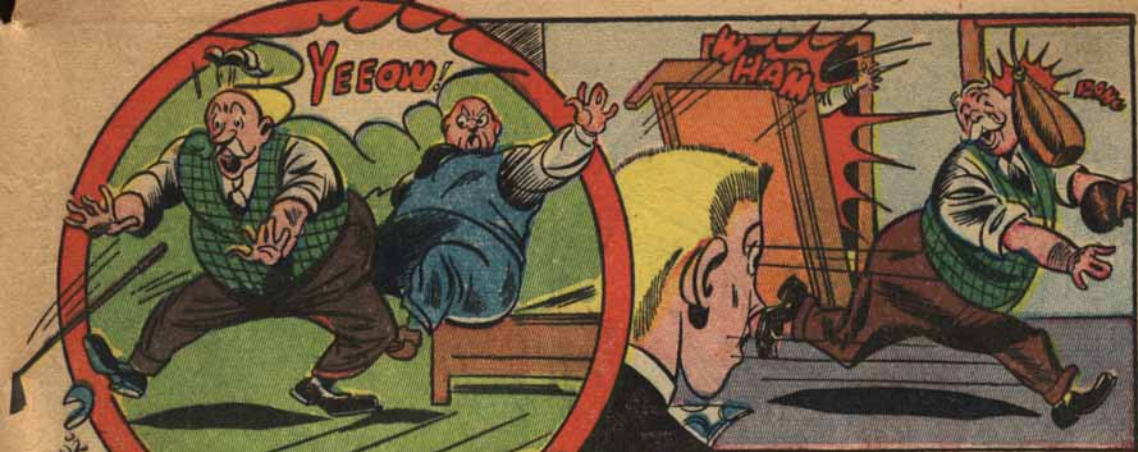
GO AWAY! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH! I'LL PICK MYSELF UP!

BUT-- BUT!









LATER--

WILBUR! WILL YOU PLEASE GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY WITH THOSE MODEL PLANES OF YOURS! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY!

AW GEE, DAD! I DIDN'T MEAN--

NOW, NOW, JIM! DON'T BE TOO HARSH WITH WILBUR! BOYS WILL BE BOYS! BY THE WAY! I JUST BROUGHT A DOZEN BOXES OF CIGARS! PAY THE DELIVERY BOY, WILL YOU OLD MAN!



HERE LET ME HELP YOU, UNCLE MONTE!

JUST A MINUTE, JAMES, BEFORE YOU PUNISH WILBUR THIS IS VERY INTERESTING!



LOOK! UNPAID BILLS, I.O.U.S, LAWYER LETTERS! YOUR UNCLE MONTE SEEMS TO OWE MONEY TO EVERYBODY!

BUT--BUT--THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, MOTHER! WHY UNCLE MONTE'S RICH! HE---HE TOLD ME SO!



OR IS HE ?

HE MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT! HE'S AN OLD FAKER AND A SPONGER!

GOOD LORD! HERE ARE SOME OF HIS BILLS MADE OUT TO US! WHY THE--



AHEM--I--AH--THINK I'D BETTER CUT MY VISIT TO MY NEPHEW SHORT!



BOY! AM I GLAD UNCLE MONTE VISITED US!



JUST WAIT! YOU SEE WILBUR AND HIS NEW PLANE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF COMICS

# The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



ONE!



TWO!



THREE!

# BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

**YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH!** No matter how small you are you've grown to being bullied and kicked around—you can now, in *double-quick time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are—that's the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will dare lay a hand on her while you're around.

**WHAT IS THE SECRET?** **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

**LEARN AT ONCE!** *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

pensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

## Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men, prison, bank, asylum and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

## SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98¢ (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



## What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc. . . .

# FREE!

## IF YOU ACT QUICKLY!

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away you will get a copy of the sensational new **POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS**. Here are revealed the holds and counter-blows that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. Act promptly to get your free copy.

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

NEW POWER PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 4108

441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me in plain package for 5 days' FREE trial **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. I will pay the postman 98¢ (plus a few cents for postage and handling). If, within 5 days, I am not completely satisfied I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

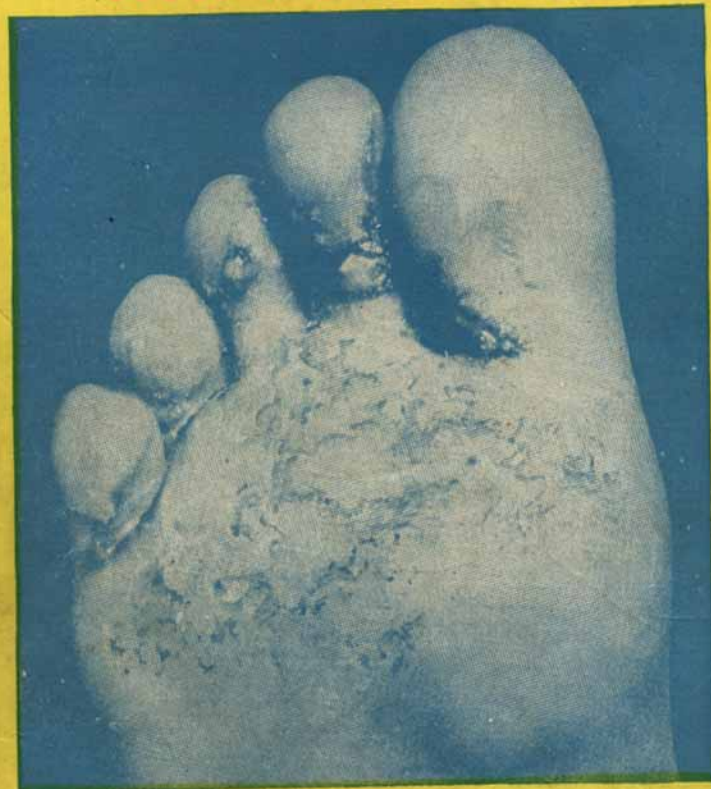
CITY .....

STATE .....

Check if you want to pay postage. Enclose 98¢ with coupon and we will pay postage charges. The same refund privilege completely guaranteed.

# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING  
TILL RELIEVED**  
*Send Coupon*

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

## WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

## ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. night and morning until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer.

## H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



**GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.**

**810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.**

**A**

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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