



MARCH No. 56

Hop Harrigan



ALL-AMERICAN COMICS

10¢
IND



GREEN LANTERN
and the reforming
OF
ELEGANT ESMOND

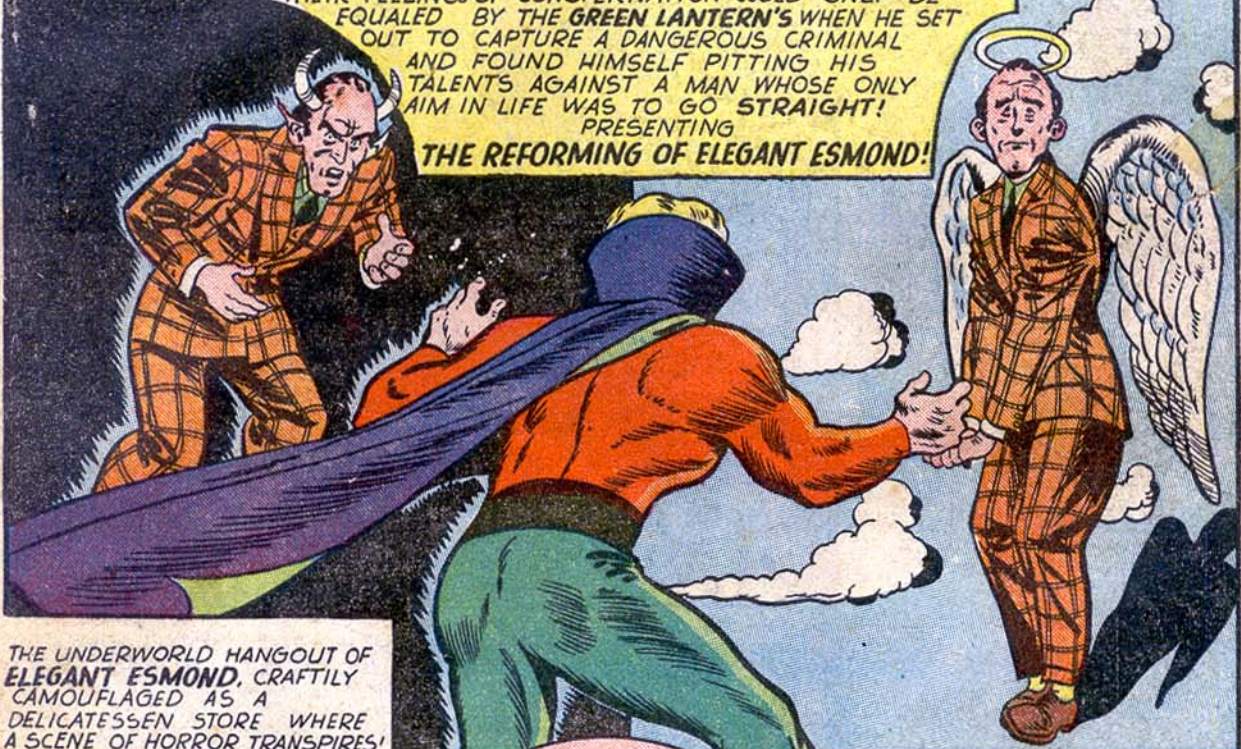
P.R.

Take the mystic potency of an ancient Green Lamp -- potency which enables a man to walk through walls and gives him immunity to metals -- combine it with the tremendous willpower of Alan Scott -- and you have

GREEN LANTERN

IMAGINE A HUNTER IN A FOREST, CHARGED BY A SAVAGE ROARING LION! SUPPOSE UPON AIMING HIS GUN AT THE RAGING BEAST, IT TURNS INTO A CHIRPING CANARY! SUPPOSE THE CHAMPION PRIZEFIGHTER OF THE WORLD STEPS INTO THE RING EXPECTING TO MEET THE MOST DANGEROUS OPPONENT OF ALL TIME, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT HE'S MATCHED AGAINST ONE OF SINGER'S MIDGETS! THEIR FEELINGS OF CONSTERNATION COULD ONLY BE EQUALED BY THE GREEN LANTERN'S WHEN HE SET OUT TO CAPTURE A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL AND FOUND HIMSELF PITTING HIS TALENTS AGAINST A MAN WHOSE ONLY AIM IN LIFE WAS TO GO STRAIGHT!

PRESENTING
THE REFORMING OF ELEGANT ESMOND!



THE UNDERWORLD HANGOUT OF ELEGANT ESMOND, CRAFTILY CAMOUFLAGED AS A DELICATESSEN STORE WHERE A SCENE OF HORROR TRANSPIRES!

NO, NO!

D-DON'T BOSS!

WE C-CAN'T STAND IT!



FOR ELEGANT ESMOND--ARCH-CZAR OF CRIME--IS MAKING A HORRIFYING ANNOUNCEMENT TO HIS MOB...

YES BOYS, IT'S TRUE! I'M RETIRING FROM THE RACKET... GOING STRAIGHT!



I'VE MADE A MILLION AND I GOT IT STASHED AWAY! I GOT A NEW IDENTITY ALL MADE UP! I'M GONNA BECOME SOMEBODY ELSE... LIVE LIKE A GENT AND ENJOY MY DOUGH!



WHAT'S MORE, I'M GONNA TRY TO UNDO ALL MY CRIMES. I'M GONNA DO A GOOD TURN EVERY DAY FOR SOMEBODY, SEE? I GOT EVERYTHING LISTED, AND ONE BY ONE I'M GONNA CROSS 'EM ALL OFF!

HA - HA - HA BALONEY!

CUT TO THE QUICK, POOR MISUNDERSTOOD ESMOND EXITS...

SO YA DON'T BELIEVE ME, HUH? WELL, I'LL SHOW YA - I'M GOIN' OUT AND DO A GOOD TURN RIGHT NOW!

Burglary...	49	JOBS
Robbery	78	"
Arson	13	"
Fraud	26	"
Murder	0	"

I AIN'T HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH THIS HONESTY RACKET! I WONDER HOW YOU DO A GOOD TURN!

BUT EESA WRONG TO GIVE SO MUCH HOT DOGS TO DA KEEDS! DEY GETA SICK!

SHADDAP AND GIVE 'EM ALL THEY WANT! ELEGANT ESMOND IS DOIN' A ELEGANT GOOD DEED!

HOORAY FOR ELEGANT ESMOND!

THANK YOU, KIND SIR! YOU'VE BEEN MOST HELPFUL!

SOMEHOW THESE HERE GOOD TURNS AIN'T GIVIN' ME THE RIGHT FEELIN'! I OUGHTA DO SOMETHIN' NOBLE!

LITTLE DOES ELEGANT ESMOND REALIZE THAT A SEEDY CHARACTER WHOM HE IS PASSING WILL SHORTLY PLAY A LARGE ROLE IN HIS CAREER OF GOOD WORKS!

I'VE BEEN HUNGRY AND BROKE SINCE MY OLD MAN KICKED ME OUT! AND NOW NOBODY WILL EVEN LEND ME A NICKEL!

SO THE PAPERS SAY I'VE BEEN KIDNAPED, HEY? WELL... NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM PLENTY TO WRITE ABOUT! SOMETHING WORSE THAN KIDNAPING!

WHAT A LIFE! WHAT A LIFE!

George's
HONKY DINK
KIDNAPPED, DISHEARTED
INSURANCE, HEIR
VANISHES!

George's
HONKY DINK
KIDNAPPED, DISHEARTED
INSURANCE, HEIR
VANISHES!

ALONG THE RIVER BANK, THE TATTERED TRAMP HESITATES A MOMENT, AND THEN...

SUICIDE'S THE THING! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN BROKE!



BUT THERE IS ONE WITNESS TO THE DEATH SCENE... ELEGANT ESMOND!!!

DON'T GIVE UP, BUDDY! ELEGANT ESMOND'S COMIN'! YI! I FORGOT TA REMOVE ME ELEGANT THREE-PIECE SUIT!



I GOTCHA PAL! DON'T WORRY...

LET ME ALONE... I WANT TO DIE! DON'T BUTT IN!



LET GO! GET-G--- OHHH!

SHADDAP! YOU'RE GONNA BE RESCUED, SEE?

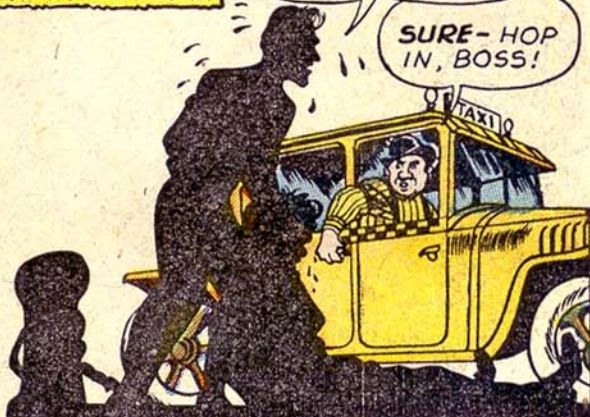
THIS IS A HECK OF A WAY TO HAFTA RESCUE A GUY, BUT IT'S THE WAY TH' LIFEGUARDS DO IT!



MINUTES LATER, ESMOND HAILS A PASSING CAB - DOIBY DICKLES' QUAINT JALOPLY.

HEY! CAB! I JUST PULLED THIS GUY OUTTA THE RIVER - DRIVE US TO 99 ROGIN STREET!

SURE - HOP IN, BOSS!



AS THE TAXI RATTLES ACROSS THE COBBLESTONES...



NOW WHERE DID I TAKE A GANDER AT DAT FACE BEFORE? DIS SEEMS AWFUL FUNNY - IF DE GUY JUST PULLED DAT KID OUTTA DE RIVER, WHY DON'T WE TAKE HIM TO A HORSPIITAL? 99 ROGIN STREET IS A DELICATESSEN STORE!

IN HIS HIDEOUT AT 99 ROGIN STREET ELEGANT ESMOND EXHIBITS HIS 'GOOD TURN'...

THERE! YA SEE? ME GOOD TURN... I JUST RESCUED THIS GUY!

B-BOSS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DONE!

THROW HIM BACK, BOSS! THROW HIM BACK!



WHATSA
MATTER?

THAT'S
THE RICH BRAT
WHAT'S BEEN
MISSIN' FOR A
MONTH! THE COPS
SAY HE WAS
SNATCHED! THEY'LL
THINK YOU DONE
IT!

WE'RE
GETTIN'
OUTTA
HERE!

Y-YEAH?? YOU MEAN
IT??

THEY'RE QUITE
RIGHT, MY
FRIEND. LAST
MONTH I WAS
DISINHERITED. WHEN
I FOUND I COULDN'T
LIVE BY MY WITS
I DISAPPEARED...
I TRIED TO END IT
ALL! THEN YOU
BUTTED IN!

BUT SINCE YOU INSIST
ON INTERFERING I'M
GOING TO LIVE BY
YOUR WITS INSTEAD.
YOU'RE GOING TO
SUPPORT ME.. TO
THE TUNE OF ONE
MILLION DOLLARS!

HA-HA!!
THE
KID'S
CRAZY!

OH, NO I'M NOT! - YOU SEE,
I CAN **MAKE** YOU DO IT! ONE
NOTE FROM ME TO THE
COPS WILL SEND YOU UP FOR
LIFE ON A **KIDNAPING** CHARGE!
THE COPS WOULD CERTAINLY
THINK A CROOK LIKE YOU...
ER... **SNATCHED ME!**

MEANWHILE...

WHERE DID I GET
A LOAD O' DAT MUG?
WHERE...? WHERE...?
**HEY! I KNOW!
I REMEMBER!**

AND THROUGH THE CITY STREETS
HURTLES THE DEMON HACKIE!

DAT WUZ
RONNY D'WINK,
DA BRAT DAT
WAS **SNATCHED!**
I BETTER SEE
ALAN!

AT ALAN SCOTT'S
HOME, A
BREATHLESS
DOIBY POURS
OUT HIS
STRANGE STORY!

GOOD FOR
YOU, DOIBY!
GREAT WORK!

AND... AND DIS
GUY MUST BE
DA ONE DAT
SNATCHED RONNY!
I KNOW DA PLACE
WHERE HE'S
GOT 'IM!

HOLD EVERYTHING,
DOIBY - I'LL BE
WITH YOU IN A
- JIFFY!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF
COSTUME...

...AND ALAN SCOTT EMERGES
AS THAT EMERALD SCOURGE OF
CRIME--THE GREEN LANTERN!

IN BRIGHTEST DAY,
IN BLACKEST NIGHT,
NO EVIL SHALL
ESCAPE MY SIGHT.
LET THOSE WHO
WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT
BEWARE MY POWER--
GREEN LANTERN'S
LIGHT!

THEN--- A QUICK FLIGHT TO
ELEGANT ESMOND'S HIDEOUT..

DAT'S IT..
DAT'S DA
JERNT!
RIGHT!
HERE
WE GO!

DELICATES

THE GREEN
LANTERN!

JUST DROPPED
IN FOR A
SNACK, BOYS!

OH HH!

UGHHH!!!

GIVES YOU FOOD
FOR THOUGHT, EH?

TODAY'S
SPECIAL

YOUSE SURE
ARE IN A PICKLE,
HEY PAL?

G-GLUB!

FROM
HIS MIGHTY
POWER RING,
GREEN LANTERN
SENDS FORTH
A NEEDLE-SHARP
RAY...

NOW LET'S
WASH IT DOWN
WITH A CUP
OF COFFEE!



AND AS THE STEAMING HOT LIQUID SPURTS FORTH...

YE000WWW!



LEMME OUT O' HERE!

WHO'S STOPPIN' YA?

DON'T BE HASTY! I'LL BE AFTER YOU KIDNAPERS IN A SECOND -- WHEN I'VE CHECKED UP ON D'WINK!



THIS IS THE SECOND TIME TODAY I DON'T WANT TO BE RESCUED!

WH--? OHHHH..



ONE SIDE, PUNK! ESMOND - WAIT FOR ME! YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME SO EASILY!

UNK!



THIS IS A NEW ONE ON ME, DOBY! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? RONNY D'WINK DIDN'T WANT TO BE RESCUED!

DIS LOOKS LIKE A INVOLVED CASE, LANTRIN! I T'INK WE BETTER WOIK ON IT TAGEDDER!

AND GREEN LANTERN IS FELLED BY THE ONLY WEAPON WHICH CAN HARM HIM - A WOODEN CHAIR - A **NON-METAL**!



WHILE IN A DARK ALLEY...

YA CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

OH YES I CAN! YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO DUCK THAT KIDNAPING RAP UNLESS I HELP YOU... SO I WILL FOR A MILLION BUCKS.



YA GOT ME... ME THAT WAS GONNA REFORM! YOU'RE MAKIN' ME TURN CROOKED TO RAISE THE DOUGH! YA CROOK!

SO A RELUCTANT ELEGANT ESMOND IS FORCED TO RETURN TO **CRIME**!

I'VE FAILED AT EVERYTHING ELSE, BUT NOW I'M GOING TO TURN CROOK. **MASTER CROOK!** YOU'LL RUN A MOB FOR ME, AND OBEY MY ORDERS TILL I'VE MADE A MILLION!



WHO-ME?

THEN, LATE ONE NIGHT HE ASSEMBLES HIS NEW MOB...

I'M DISGUSTED! HOW KIN I PULL A JOB WITH YOUSE GUYS? THERE AIN'T A RESPECTABLE CROOK AMONG YA!



WHADDYA EXPECT? CROOKIN' AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!

SO THIS NO GOOD PLAYBOY THINKS HE CAN TURN CROOK AND MAKE ME THE FALL GUY! ME, THE SMARTEST HOOD IN THE RACKET! I'LL TEACH HIM! AND I'LL STAY STRAIGHT IF I HAVE TO TURN CROOKED TO DO IT!



AND SO WITH RONNY D'WINK'S THREAT HANGING OVER HIS HEAD, ELEGANT ESMOND SPENDS A WEEK RECRUITING A NEW GANG...



OH WELL, I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TA DO! NOW, LIKE I SAID, OUR FIRST JOB IS GONNA BE J. B. THROTTLENECK'S MANSION - HE'S GOT A FORTUNE THERE IN OBJECTS OF ART! C'MON!



J. B. THROTTLENECK'S LUXURIOUS PARK AVENUE HOME.....



OKAY - I CUT THE ALARM WIRE!

GEE... HE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE IT WUZ!

MY-MY-HOW EASY THIS IS!



THAT PAINTING'S WORTH \$12,500! THE OTHER'S WORTH \$25,000. THE ETCHING COST \$1,500. THE CLOCK IS WORTH TEN GRAND! TAKE 'EM ALL!

HMPH! YOU'D T'INK HE SOLD DIS TA THROTTLENECK!



BUT WHEN THE CLOCK CHIMES THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT...

MIDNIGHT! TIME FER DA UNMASKIN'!

WH-WH-WHAT?

THEN--DOIBY DICKLES ATTACKS!

COME ON,
GREEN
LANTRIN!

A TRAITOR IN
MY MOB -- I
HIRED A TRAITOR!



D-DID HE
MENTION THE
GREEN LANTERN?

OOOFFF!



DOUBLE-CROSS
ME, WILL YA??
I'LL LEARN YA!

OHhhh!



SHOULD I
LET 'IM
HAVE IT,
BOSS?

NO! NO KILLIN'! I
NEVER DONE IT YET,
AND IF I WAS TO
START NOW, I'D BEGIN
WITH TH' RAT DAT GOT
ME INTO THIS
MESS!



ESMOND'S
MOB EXITS...
LEAVING A
STRIPPED HOME
BEHIND
THEM...

THAT GUY'S
STILL OUT
COLD!

SWELL - LET'S
GO! WE GOT THE
NEXT JOB TO
TAKE CARE OF
AND IT WON'T
BE AS EASY!



SECONDS
LATER...

DOIBY! I'M SORRY
YOU JUMPED THE
GUN! IT'S MIDNIGHT
NOW... THAT CLOCK
MUST HAVE BEEN
FAST!

OH, ME
HEAD! I
NEVER SHOULDA
TRUSTED A
CLOCK WOITH
TEN GS!

HEY LANTRIN - C'MON!
I JUST REMEMBERED
WHERE ESMOND'S
GONNA PULL HIS
NEXT JOB!

JUST A
MINUTE! THAT
PICTURE - WHY
DIDN'T THEY
TAKE IT?





MEANWHILE - - OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL BANK.

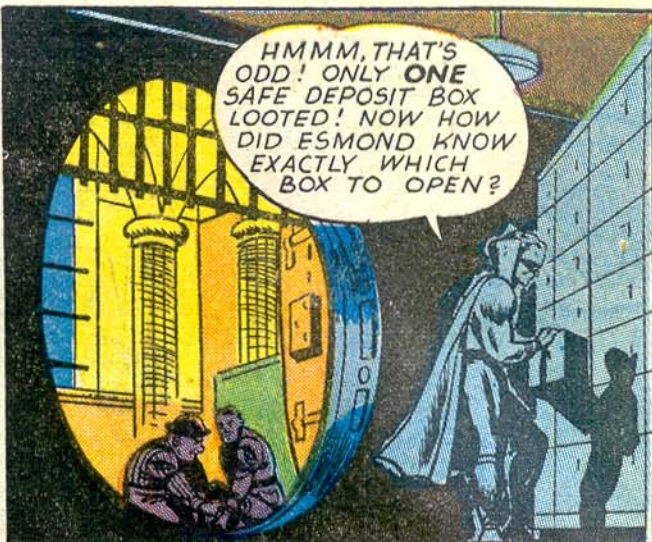


SECONDS LATER, THROUGH THE DEEP GREEN GLOW OF A DISSOLVING WALL TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES SILENTLY ENTER...



AND THE DYNAMIC DUO DOES CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!





QUICKLY THE GREEN LANTERN CHECKS THE VAULT REGISTRY.



HOLY SMOKE - LOOK
AT THIS! WHAT
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT THAT???

WHATEVER IT
IS, LANTRIN,
LET IT RIDE!
WE GOTTA GET
OVER TA THAT
YACHT! C'MON!

OH, BOY! THIS IS
THE LIFE! I SURE
GET A KICK OUT OF
ORDERING A TOUGH
THUG LIKE ESMOND
AROUND! I SHOULD
HAVE TURNED CROOK
YEARS AGO - IT'S
WONDERFUL!

WITH ESMOND
IN MY POWER
I'LL ORGANIZE
A COLOSSAL
CRIME RING!
THIS IS ONLY
THE BEGINNING!

SO HE'S
GETTING
TO BE A
BIG SHOT,
EH? WELL,
HE'S GONNA
GET HIS
BEFORE I'M
THROUGH!

ALL RIGHT,
BOYS!
STRIP THE
PLACE!

YOU STAY
WITH ME,
ESMOND -
I'M SUPERVISING
THIS JOB!

SUDDENLY...

AH, ELEGANT ESMOND
AND RONNY D'WINK,
I BELIEVE!

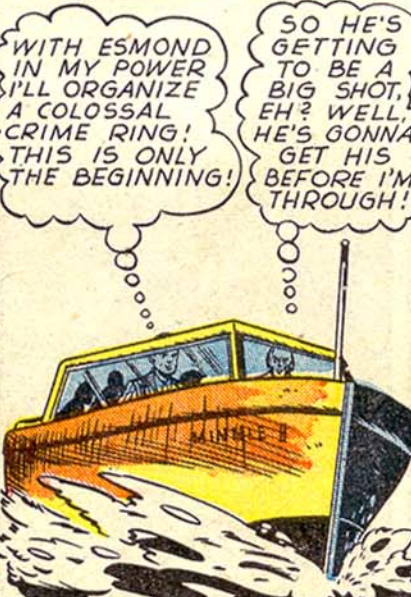
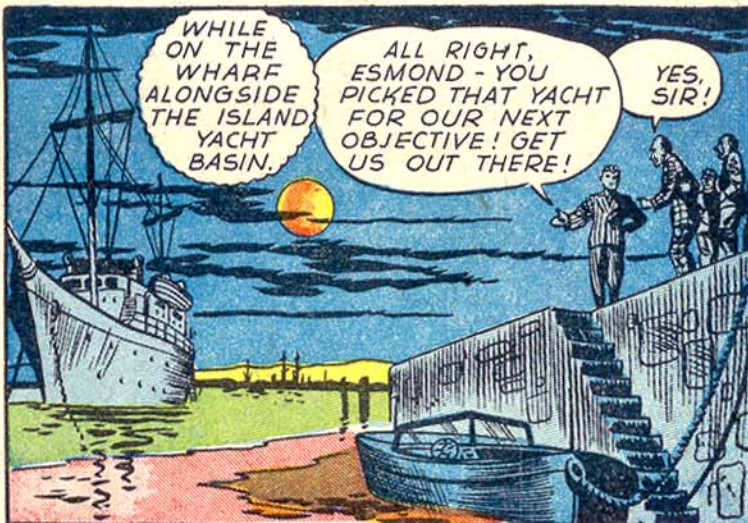
HOWDJA
DO?

TH - THE
GREEN LANTERN!

WE JUST
HADDA RETOIN
DAT SURPRISE
PARTY YOU
GAVE US!

WITH INTEREST,
OF COURSE!

AWWK!





AS A POTENT BLAST OF
EERIE GREEN LIGHT SURGES
TOWARD THE REVOLVERS...

OH, NO, YOU DON'T,
GREEN LANTERN!
I HEARD ALL ABOUT
THAT THERE RING
O' YOURS!

LOOK
OUT,
YOU
IDIOT!



AND THE SHAFT OF
LIGHT DRILLS DEEP
THROUGH THE HULL OF
THE YACHT.

ESMOND! YOU'VE
SCUTTLED THE
YACHT!

BUT
MY BOYS
STILL HAVE
THEIR GUNS!
AND NOW I'M
FOR MURDER!



DA NAME O' DIS
TUNE IS
"ANCHORS AWAY"!



ONCE MORE, POWERFUL RAYS FLASH OUT-
FREEZING THE THUGS IN THEIR TRACKS!

HEY! LANTRIN!
DA TIDE'S
RISIN' KINDA
HIGH!

IT'S NOT
THE TIDE,
YOU LUBBER
-- WE'RE
SINKING!



ESMOND'S
WHOLE MOB
IS READY
FOR DELIVERY.
HAVE YOU GOT
THE JEWELS,
DOIBY?'

YEAH! I TOOK
'EM LIKE YOUSE
SAID!



MINUTES LATER, ASHORE, THE POLICE ARRIVE...

GREEN LANTERN! YOU'VE GOT ELEGANT ESMOND!

SORRY, OFFICER, BUT THERE'S NO CHARGE AGAINST ESMOND!

NO CHARGE?

THROTTLENECK WAS ESMOND'S ALTER EGO...THE PERSONALITY HE WAS GOING TO RETIRE UNDER! I KNEW THAT BY THE PICTURE IN HIS HOME! IN ORDER TO STAY STRAIGHT ESMOND ROBBED HIMSELF!

AND **GREEN LANTERN** REVEALS HIS AMAZING DISCOVERY...

BUT I DISCOVERED **THIS**, RONNY! YOUR FATHER DID NOT DISINHERIT YOU COMPLETELY. THE ACME CO. WHICH INSURED ESMOND'S PROPERTY IS IN **YOUR NAME**! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TURN CROOK!

ESMOND GOES FREE BECAUSE HE ONLY ROBBED HIMSELF! BUT **YOU** GO TO JAIL BECAUSE YOU ROBBED HIM AND DEFRAUDED THE STOCKHOLDERS OF YOUR **OWN** INSURANCE COMPANY WHO WILL HAVE TO MAKE GOOD THE LOSSES!

AFTER THE POLICE ARE GONE...

EVERYTHING I WORKED FOR IS GONE - I'M BROKE! I'VE ROBBED MYSELF POOR. ALL THE LOOT WENT DOWN WITH THE SHIP!

NEVER MIND, ESMOND! I REALLY BELIEVE YOU WANT TO GO STRAIGHT, SO I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

AND SO A MONTH LATER, **GREEN LANTERN** AND DOBY VISIT A LARGE DEFENSE FACTORY...

HI, ESMOND! HOW ARE YOU DOING?

I'M DOIN' SWELL! BOY THIS JOB IS ELEGANT... SIMPLY ELEGANT! MORE FUN THAN SAFE-CRACKIN'!

ON ACCOUNT O' ME SPECIAL TALENT I GOT THE JOB OF TUNIN' UP THESE MOTORS! I CAN HEAR IF THEY AIN'T WORKIN' RIGHT... JUST LIKE I USED TO HEAR THE TUMBLERS FALL WHEN I OPENED A SAFE!

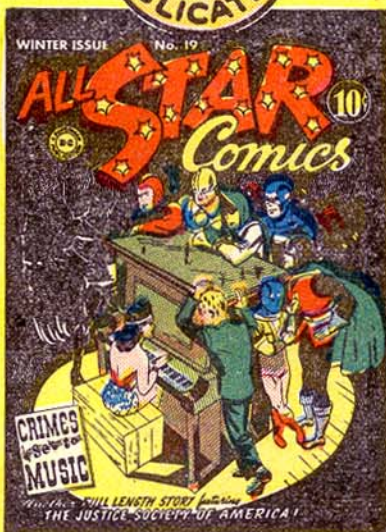
FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE **GREEN LANTERN** AS HE BLASTS HIS WAY INTO ACTION IN EVERY ISSUE OF **ALL AMERICAN COMICS**!



HAVE YOU READ
ALL THESE ?



NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, for ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, published monthly except May, August, November and February at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. R. Publishing Co., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Editor, Sheldon Mayer, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Managing Editor, M. C. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) J. R. Publishing Co., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.,

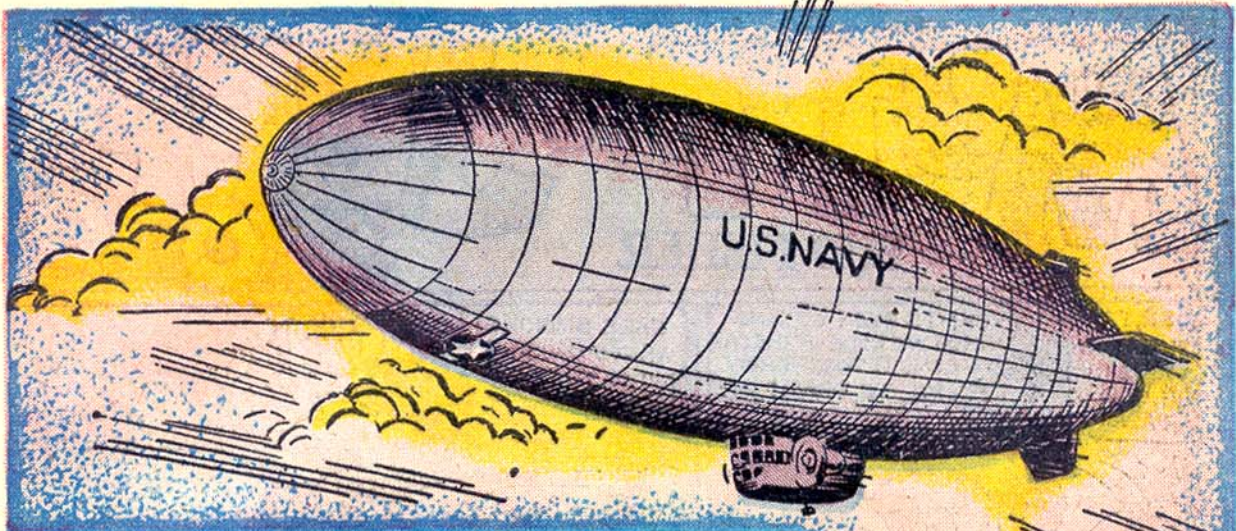
J. K. Gaines, 16 Colonial Road, White Plains, N. Y.; R. S. Liebowitz, 5 Country Place, Great Neck, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1943.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)



ENERGY ON THE ALERT!

Ever on the alert are the American Coastal Patrol Blimps . . . their motors driven by high energy fuel.

BABY RUTH IS HIGH IN FOOD-ENERGY

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, is fine "fighting food" . . . helps guard against fatigue in the human motor.

Wherever our battle flag flies, Baby Ruth marches along with American men, providing extra stamina . . . raising their spirits.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILL.
Producers of Fine Foods



Cookies are delicious made with Baby Ruth! RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

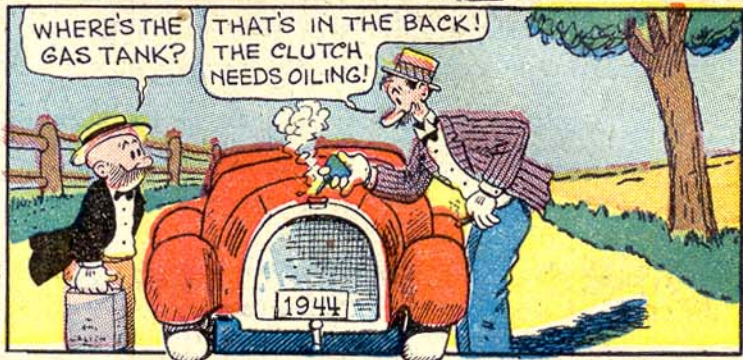
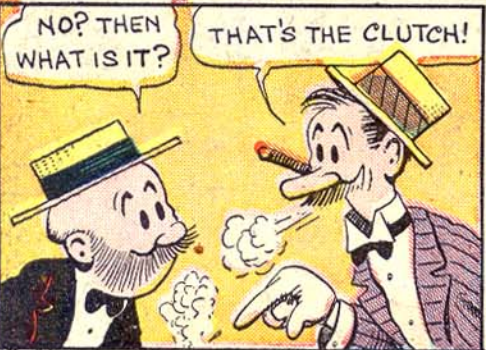
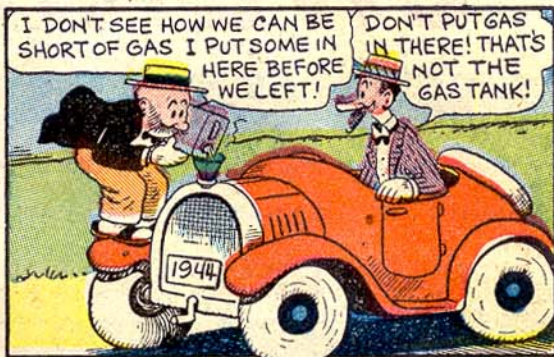
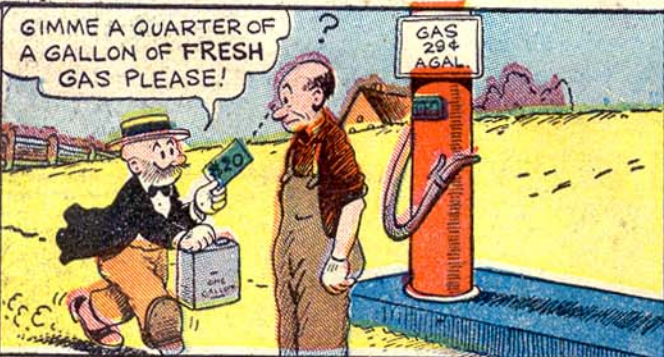
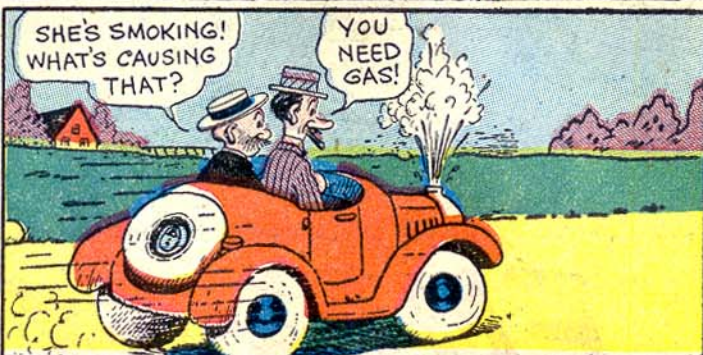
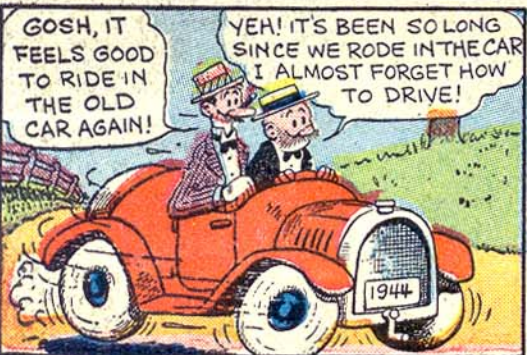


If you cannot find Baby Ruth on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.



MUTT & JEFF

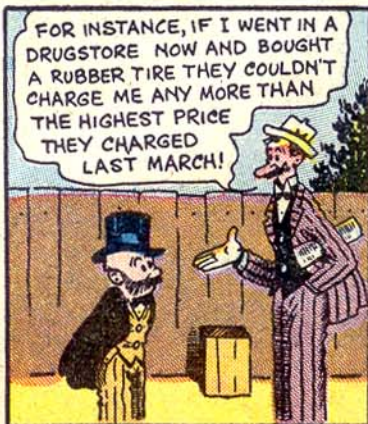
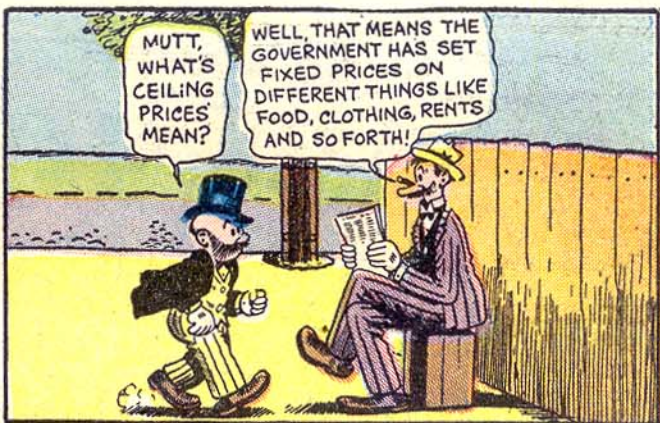
By **BUD FISHER**



MUTT & JEFF

by
BUD FISHER

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MUTT & JEFF

by
BUD FISHER



THE ATOM

FRIENDSHIP-
THE
GREATEST
FEELING
IN THE
WORLD!

AL PRATT-
BETTER KNOWN
AS THE ATOM-
ARCH-ENEMY OF EVIL-
DOERS-WAS A FRIEND-
LY YOUNG SOUL WHO
THIRSTED FOR GOOD CLEAN
FUN AFTER HIS COLLEGE
CLASSES WERE OVER. HIS
GIRL FRIEND, MARY, USUALLY
JOINED HIM-BUT THIS ONCE
SHE DIDN'T...AND THE AGILE
ATOM WAS UNEXPECTEDLY
PLUNGED INTO A THRILL-PACKED
ADVENTURE WITH A SURPRISING
CLIMAX WHEN HE DISCOVERED
THE MYSTERY LURKING BEHIND
**THE FRIENDSHIP
DANCE!**

BOOM!!

WHAT'S THIS? IS THE
NOTORIOUS 'BALDY GANG'
ABOUT TO BREAK UP???

WHAT'LL WE DO,
BALDY?... TH'
MAYOR'S
CRACKED DOWN
ON EVERY DE-
CENT RACKET!

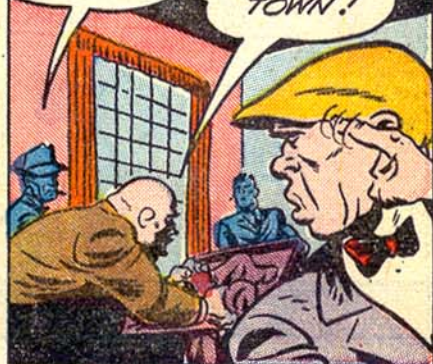
YEAH!
IT'S ENOUGH
TA TOIN
A SELF-
RESPECTIN'
CROOK
HONEST!

WAIT! I GOT IT!
WE'LL MAKE PLENTY
OF DOUGH - BY
**GIVING IT
AWAY!**

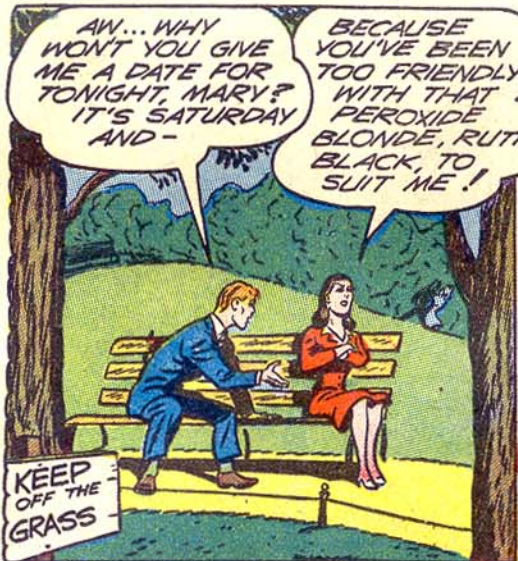


I-YOU'RE
TETCHED,
BALDY!
JUS' PLAIN
NUTS!

STOP
GRIPING
AN' START
PACKING!
WE'RE
MOVING TO
A SMALL
TOWN!



A FEW DAYS LATER... AND AL PRATT IS HAVING HIS USUAL LUCK WITH MARY...



AW... WHY WON'T YOU GIVE ME A DATE FOR TONIGHT, MARY? IT'S SATURDAY AND -

BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN TOO FRIENDLY WITH THAT PEROXIDE BLONDE, RUTH BLACK, TO SUIT ME!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU CAN JUST GO AND GET YOURSELF A NEW GIRL FRIEND!

GOLLY!



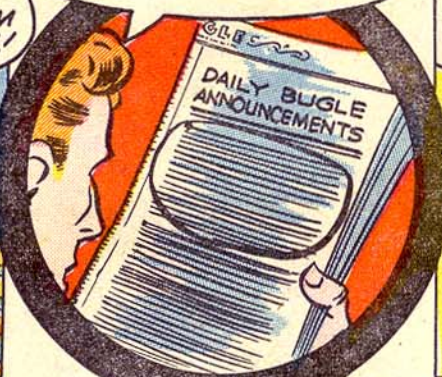
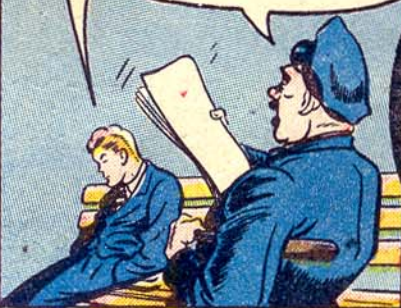
GEE WHIZ, OFFICER MURPHY... I JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT WOMEN!

I CAN'T EITHER, AL... BUT AS LONG AS YE HAVE NOTHING TO DO TONIGHT WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE FRIENDSHIP DANCE? I'M GOING MYSELF!

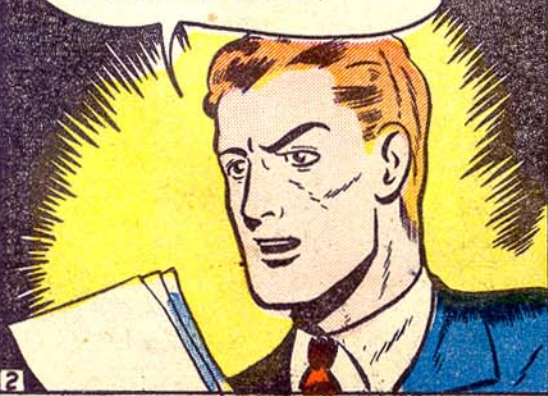
"EVERYBODY! GET \$1.25 IN RETURN FOR YOUR \$1.00 ADMISSION FEE AT THE FRIENDSHIP DANCE TONIGHT ... 8:00 P.M.... BLUE MOON BALLROOM!"

S'LONG, AL... TIME FOR ME TO GO OFF DUTY AND COLLECT MY PAY! I GUESS EVERYBODY IN TOWN ENJOYS PAYDAY-SATURDAY

I GUESS SO--



I'M GOING TO THIS DANCE! MAYBE I'LL HAVE SOME FUN... AND THEN AGAIN - WHEN ANYBODY GIVES YOU MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED CENTS FOR A DOLLAR IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO!

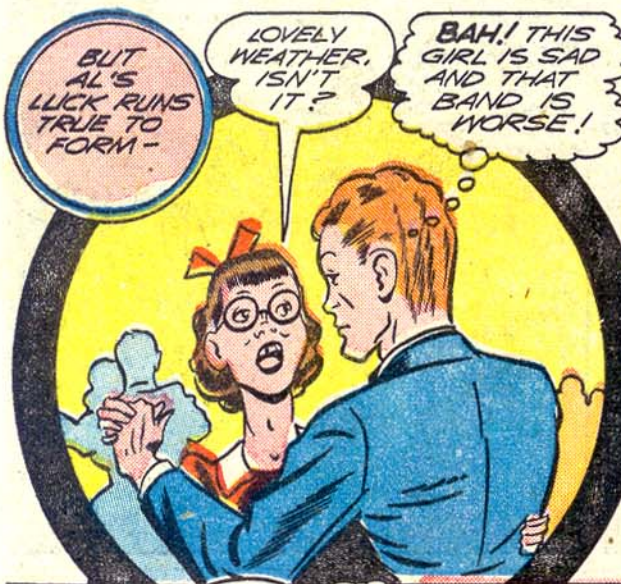


THAT NIGHT AT THE FRIENDSHIP DANCE--

PAY ME LATER, BOYS! RIGHT NOW FIND YOURSELVES A NICE PRETTY PARTNER... HAVE A GOOD TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE!

HERE'S HOPING I GET SOMEONE BEAUTIFUL!

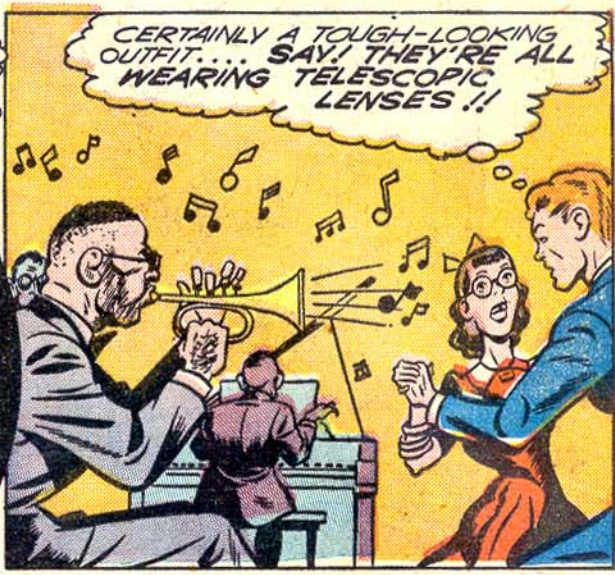




BUT AL'S LUCK RUNS TRUE TO FORM -

LOVELY WEATHER, ISN'T IT?

BAH! THIS GIRL IS SAD AND THAT BAND IS WORSE!



CERTAINLY A TOUGH-LOOKING OUTFIT.... SAY! THEY'RE ALL WEARING TELESCOPIC LENSES !!



MR. BALDY PAYS \$1.25 FOR EVERY \$1.00 ADMISSION

ISN'T THIS WONDERFUL?

FREE MONEY... TELESCOPIC LENSES.. WONDER WHAT THE ANGLE IS..

OFFICER MURPHY - NOW IN PLAIN CLOTHES - IS FIRST IN LINE....

STEP RIGHT UP! I'M MAKING LOTSA FRIENDS WHO'LL COME BACK NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT TO EAT, DRINK AND SPEND WHEN THERE'S A NORMAL ADMISSION CHARGE!

HERE YOU ARE, MISTER!



D-DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE---

I SAW ENOUGH, MISS... ER... EXCUSE ME..



IN A NEARBY PHONE BOOTH OUTER CLOTHING IS SHED TO REVEAL THE ATOM!

THIS \$1.25 FOR A DOLLAR SET-UP IS A TRICK TO MAKE PEOPLE REACH FOR THEIR WALLETS WHILE BALDY AND HIS CROOKS-WEARING SPECIAL GLASSES- SPOT THE AMOUNTS CARRIED..!!



MEET ME IN THE COAT-ROOM, GUYS!

I'M GETTING IN THERE FIRST!

SHORTLY AFTER...

DID ALL YOU
MUGS PICK
YOUR
SUCKERS?

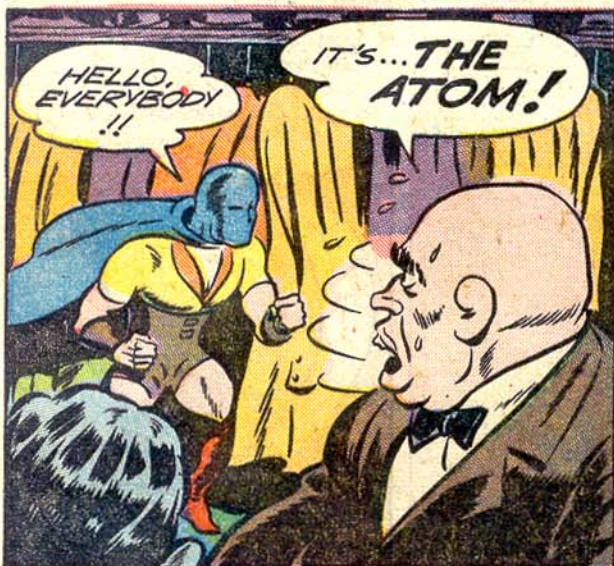
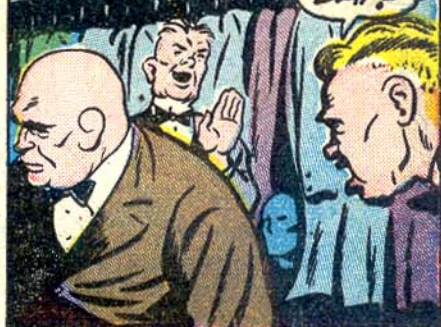
YEAH!... I
SPOTTED A
GUY WID A
ROLL DAT
WOULD
CHOKE A
HORSE!!

ALL
SET,
BALDY!

I GOT MINE, TOO,
IT'S THAT BIG GUY
WITH FLAT FEET
WHO WAS FIRST
ON LINE. WELL,
WHEN THE VICTIMS
YOU'VE PICKED
OUT LEAVE -
TRAIL 'EM AND
GET THEIR
DOUGH!

YER PLENTY SMART, BALDY..
SPECIALLY FER RUNNIN'
DIS RACKET ON A SATIDY
NIGHT WHEN MOST PEOPLE
GETS PAID AN' CARRIES
PLENTY !!

HEY!
WHAT'S
DAT?



HELLO,
EVERYBODY
!!

IT'S... **THE
ATOM!**



THIS IS JUST FOR
FRIENDSHIP'S
SAKE!

YOU'RE NO
FRIEND OF
MINE....
OWWW!



DON'T LET HIM
GIT AWAY!

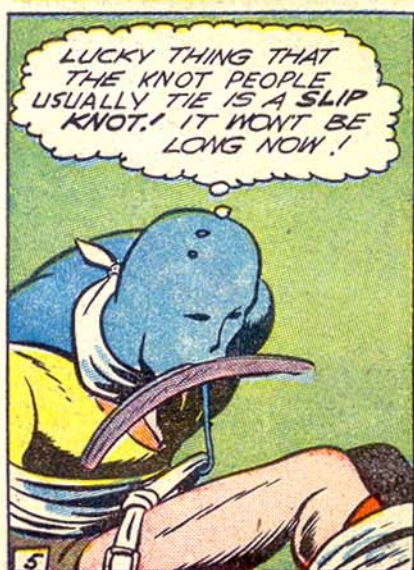
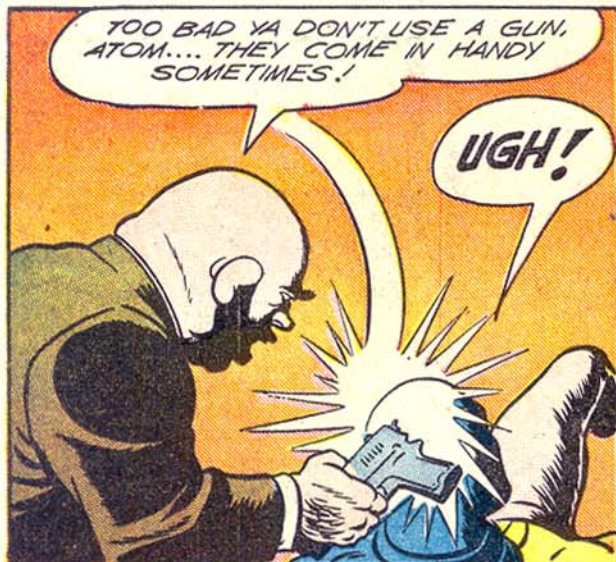
HE KNOWS
THE RACKET!

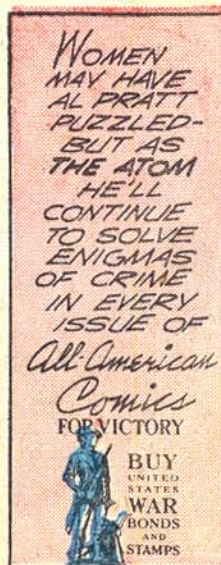
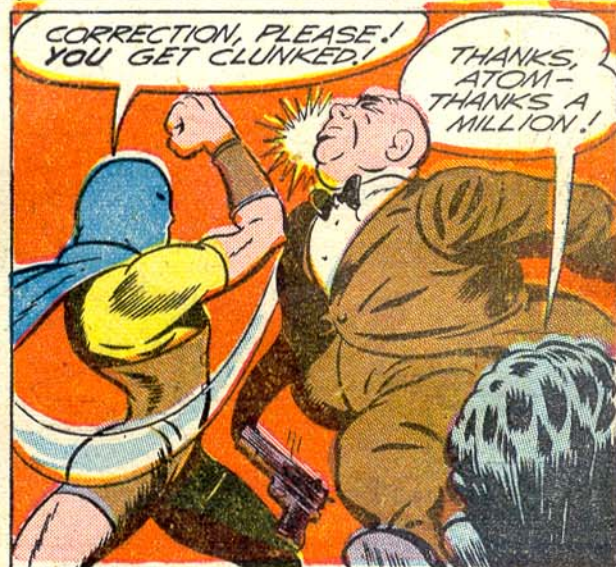


BONK!

CRACK

WHY SHOULD I WORK? I'LL
LET THE LADS TAKE CARE OF
EACH OTHER!





DR. MID-NITE

WHEN THE HEAVENS OPEN
UP AND DELUGE THE EARTH
WITH A BLACK, INKY RAIN,
IT CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE
BLACK MAGIC! YET
THERE IS ONE WHO, LIKE
THE OWL, CAN SEE IN
BLACKNESS... **DR. MID-NITE**
—KNOWN IN EVERYDAY
LIFE AS **DR. MCNIDER**—
WHO PROWLs BENEATH A
JET SKY LIKE A HUNTER,
SEEKING HIS PREY AS
CRIME GOES ON A SPREE IN
**THE TALE OF THE BLACK
RAIN!**

DRAWN BY
STAN
JOSEPHS

THE BRIGHT NEON LIGHTS
OF CHIMES SQUARE ARE
BLOTED OUT ONE NIGHT
BY A QUEER DELUGE....

WHAT AN
ODD RAIN-
STORM!
LOOKS LIKE
INDIA INK!

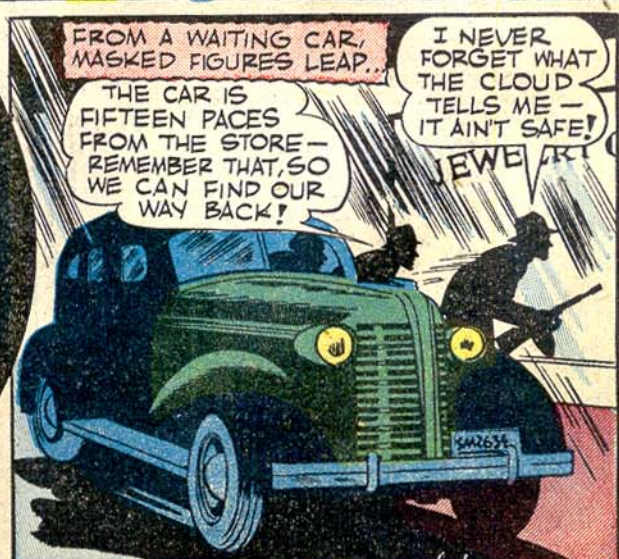
CAN'T
SEE
THROUGH
IT!

FROM A WAITING CAR,
MASKED FIGURES LEAP...

THE CAR IS
FIFTEEN PACES
FROM THE STORE—
REMEMBER THAT, SO
WE CAN FIND OUR
WAY BACK!

I NEVER
FORGET WHAT
THE CLOUD
TELLS ME—
IT AIN'T SAFE!

JEWELRY



"BLIND" DR. MCNIDER AND HIS ASSISTANT, MYRA MASON, ARE CAUGHT IN THE FANTASTIC DOWN-POUR.....

I'VE NEVER SEEN RAIN LIKE THIS BEFORE --- IT'S BLACK!

REALLY, MYRA? HOW STRANGE!

UNKNOWN TO EVERYONE, THE "BLIND" MAN POSSESSES A QUEER POWER.... THE ABILITY TO SEE IN BLACKNESS! AS HE GAZES ACROSS THE STREET, HE SEES.....



OH-OH! A HOLDUP! TIME TO DROP MCNIDER'S BLIND IDENTITY AND GO INTO ACTION AS DR. MID-NITE!

WAIT HERE A MOMENT, MYRA- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

BUT DOCTOR!

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE THUGS LEAP FOR THEIR CAR THEY SUDDENLY HALT IN THEIR TRACKS!

HEY, LOOK! INSTEAD OF BLACK RAIN COMIN' DOWN-IT'S COMIN' UP FROM TH' SIDEWALK! OOPS! IT'S DR. MID-NITE!

IF YOU WEREN'T SO CURIOUS ABOUT MY BLACK OUT BOMB, YOU MIGHT HAVE AVOIDED THIS!

OOOOOF!

MY, THIS CERTAINLY IS A DAMP NIGHT!

OOOH! MY NOSE! OWWW!

MEANWHILE, IN THE GANGSTER CAR.....

OH OH - SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG! I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE --- PRONTO!

THE DRIVER GOT AWAY! BUT I CAN'T HELP IT! I'VE GOT TO TURN THESE BABIES OVER TO THE POLICE! I WON'T FORGET THAT LICENSE NUMBER!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN A GAUNT OLD HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN.

TIME TO SHUT OFF THE MACHINE! THE BOYS HAVE HAD TIME TO ROB A DOZEN STORES!

CLOUD! CLOUD! THE BOYS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY DR. MID-NITE! HE GOT 'EM ALL!

THE FOOLS!

I'VE SPENT YEARS PERFECTING MY RAIN-MAKING INVENTION! I DON'T INTEND TO BE ROBBED OF ITS PROFITS BY ANYONE--ESPECIALLY DR. MID-NITE!

BY SHOOTING CLOUDS CONTAINING A SPECIAL BLACK SOOT INTO THE SKY WHERE THEY PRECIPITATE BLACK RAIN, I HAVE ALSO PERFECTED A PERFECT CLOAK FOR ROBBERIES!

SURE, BOSS, BUT DR. MID-NITE SAW US!

DR. MID-NITE! BAH! HE MAY NOT LIKE MY RAINSTORMS, BUT HE CAN'T STOP THEM!

SOME TIME LATER THAT SAME NIGHT MYRA ESCORTS DR. MCNIDER TO HIS HOME

TOO BAD YOU MISSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT! DR. MID-NITE WAS WONDERFUL!

I WALKED AWAY FOR A FEW MINUTES TO HEAR A RADIO BULLETIN FROM ONE OF THE STORES-- AND MISSED ALL THE FUN! IT'S A SHAME!

STILL LATER

WHEW! I'M LUCKY THAT MYRA BELIEVED MY STORY ABOUT THAT BROADCAST! THAT BLACK RAIN-- IT'S GOT ME PUZZLED! IT ISN'T NATURAL-- THEREFORE IT MUST BE MAN MADE!

THERE SHOULD BE SOME WAY OF LEARNING WHEN THAT ARTIFICIAL RAIN WILL FALL—AND IT'S UP TO ME TO FIND IT—BUT HOW?

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE BLACK RAIN ALWAYS MEANS THAT CRIME IS ON THE PROWL! MASKED FIGURES LURK BEHIND THE DOWN-POUR WITH ITCHING TRIGGER FINGERS AND GREEDY HANDS.....

LET'S GO—TH' RAIN'S HIDING US! HAW! HAW!

DON'T BOTHER TO MAKE A MOVE, BUDDY! NO ONE CAN SEE IT!

B-BUT--

THE CLOUD GETS RICHER AND RICHER.....

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, BOYS? YOU'VE MADE MORE DOUGH THAN YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF! **GOLD! GOLD!** WE'RE RICH!!

NOW LISTEN! HERE'S THE SET-UP ON YOUR NEXT JOB!

WE'RE ALL EARS--

LIKE THE RAINBOW, DR. MID-NITE ALWAYS ARRIVES AFTER THE EBONY SHOWER IS OVER....

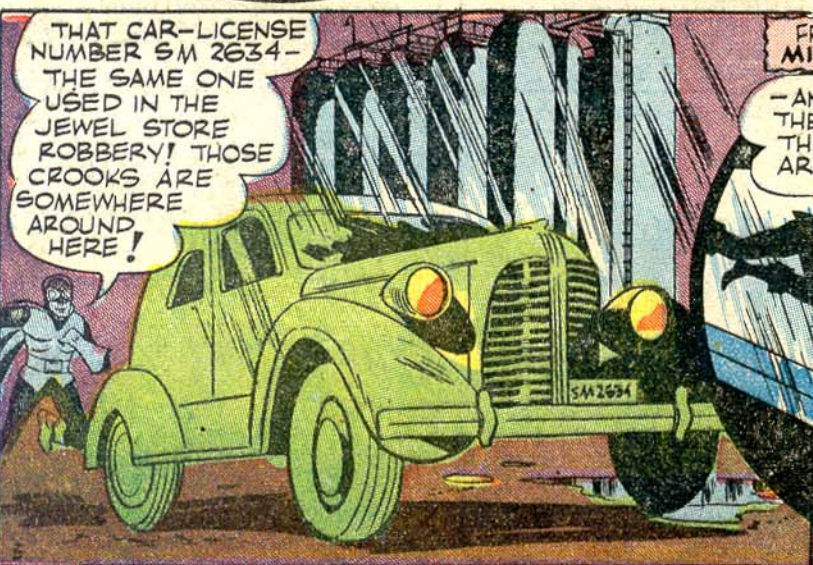
THERE MUST BE A WAY-- SOME WAY-- -- THAT BLACK WATER ---

LOOK! THEY ROBBED THAT STORE!

ONE AFTERNOON, WHILE WALKING WITH MYRA MASON...

COME ALONG, DOCTOR! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME HERE!

I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE DOLLS WITHOUT MYRA SUSPECTING! THANKS TO MY SPECIAL INFRARED GLASSES, I CAN SEE PERFECTLY BY DAY!





WITH A GRIND OF GEARS AND TIRES SKIDDING ON WET PAVEMENT, THE BIG SEDAN LURCHES FORWARD..





HERE'S WHERE
YOU GET YOUR
WISH, PAL....



ALWAYS GLAD
TO GIVE A
GUY A HAND-
OUT!

MAYBE YOU'RE
GLAD-- BUT
I AIN'T!



GREAT
THING!
THE
MACHINE
AGE!

YOW!



HOW DO
YOU FEEL,
CHUM?

I AIN'T
HAPPY!



AS SOON AS
WE WAIT A
LITTLE WHILE,
WE'LL ALL
PAY A NICE
VISIT TO THE
POLICE
STATION!

WAIT?
WHAT WE
GOTTA
WAIT FOR?
YOU'VE
CAUGHT
US, AINTCHA
?



YES, BUT
I THOUGHT
WE'D WAIT
UNTIL THE
RAIN WAS OVER.
IT MIGHT-ER-
BRING BACK
SAD MEMORIES
TO YOU!

-- LET IT RAIN, LET IT POUR,
YOU'LL LIKE DR. MID-NITE
MORE AND MORE..

IN EVERY
ISSUE OF

ALL-
AMERICAN
COMICS!

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS



FREE A MEMBERSHIP IN THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY FOR ALL WHO HELP IN THE MARCH OF DIMES!



WE HAVE A NEW ENEMY TO FIGHT THIS TIME, GENTLEMEN--- AN ENEMY WHOSE VICTIMS ARE LITTLE CHILDREN! MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN LEFT CRIPPLED AND HELPLESS AS A RESULT OF ATTACKS BY THIS VICIOUS MONSTER!



WHAT?

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP HIM?

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS. SO FAR THIS MONSTER IS UNDER CONTROL... THANKS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.



GENTLEMEN, THE MONSTER IS INFANTILE PARALYSIS! FOR YEARS IT HAS TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL AMONG CHILDREN. BUT THANKS TO THE WONDERFUL WORK OF THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, ITS SEVERITY HAS BEEN MINIMIZED GREATLY!

GOOD FOR THEM!

YES, BUT TO CARRY ON ITS WORK THE FOUNDATION IS CONSTANTLY IN NEED OF FUNDS. THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY BALL AND THE MARCH OF DIMES! NOW I HAVE A PLAN...



AND, BOYS AND GIRLS, THIS IS THE PLAN WHICH THE JUSTICE SOCIETY ADOPTED



THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA, AND AT THE SAME TIME CONTRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY BALL CELEBRATION.....

WONDER WOMAN, Secretary,
THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA
480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose 15 cents in coins as a contribution to the March of Dimes, to help fight Infantile Paralysis. Please enroll me, FREE, as a Charter Member of THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA and send me the Complete Membership Kit at once.

Name _____ Age _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

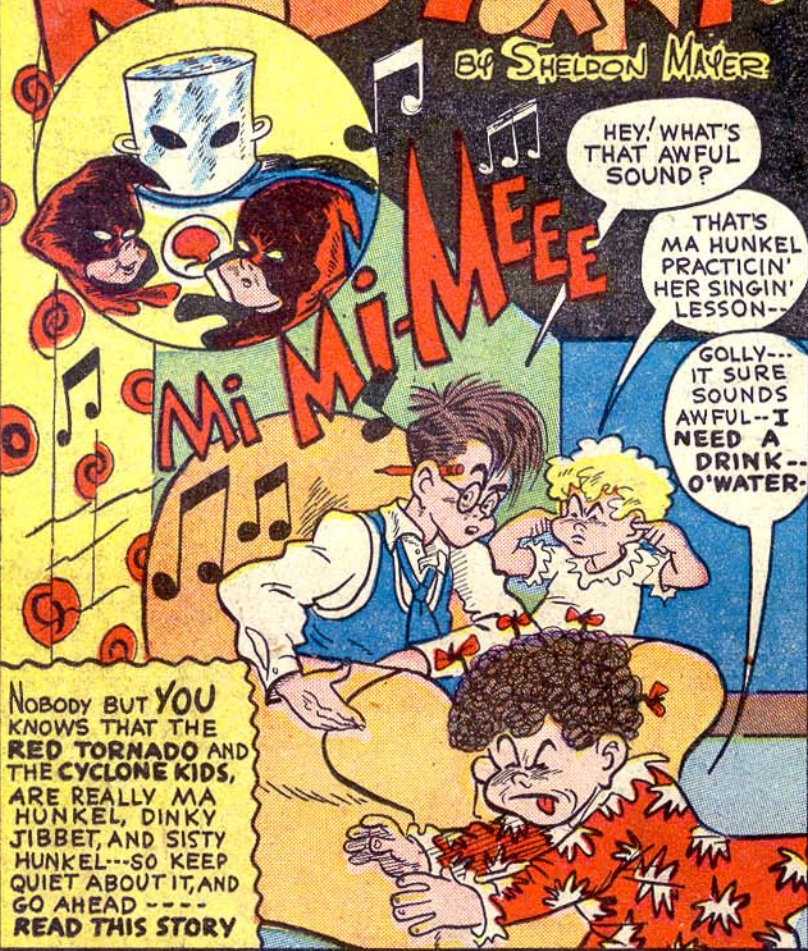
POSTAL
ZONE
IF ANY

EVERYONE
WHO CONTRIBUTES
15¢
TO THE MARCH OF DIMES
(BY MAILING THE COUPON AT THE LEFT)
will receive a **Free**
MEMBERSHIP IN THE
JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY
OF AMERICA !!

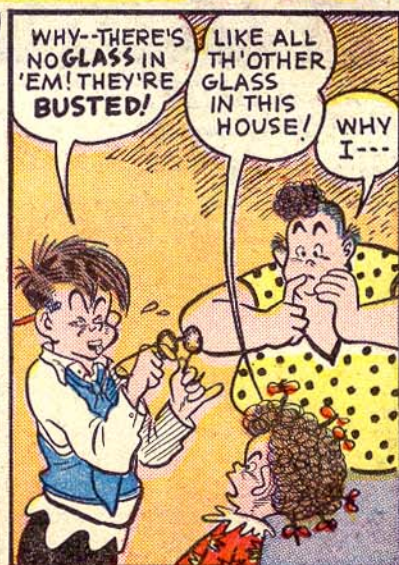
THIS SPECIAL OFFER
EXPIRES MARCH 1, 1944

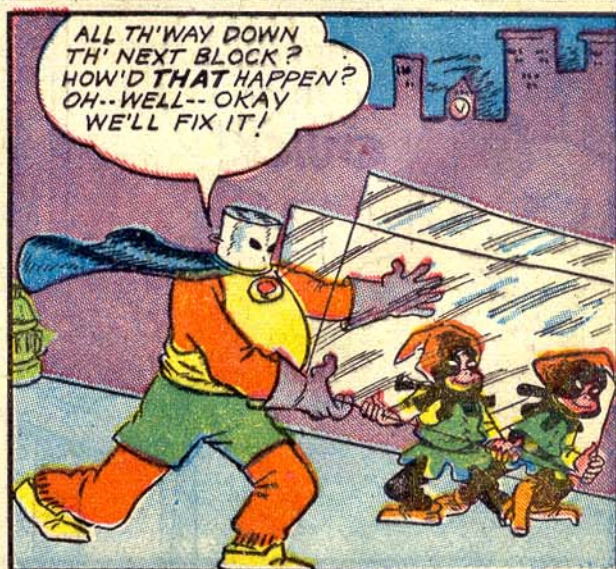
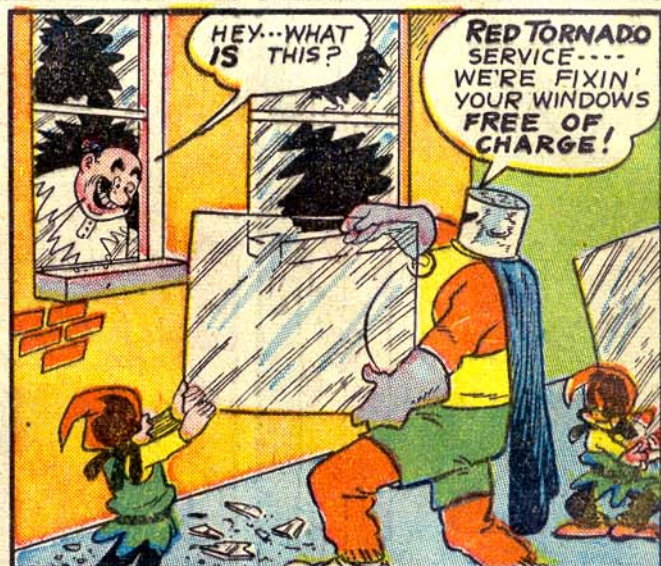
SCRIBBLY AND THE RED TORNADO

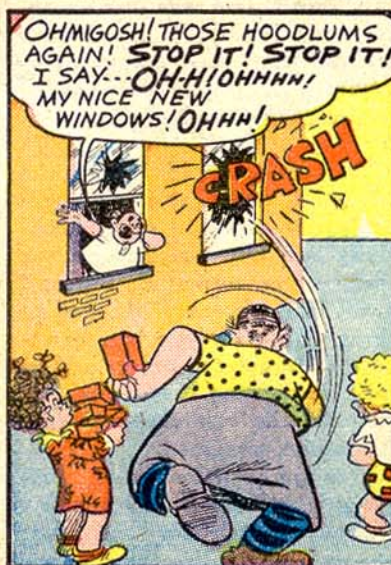
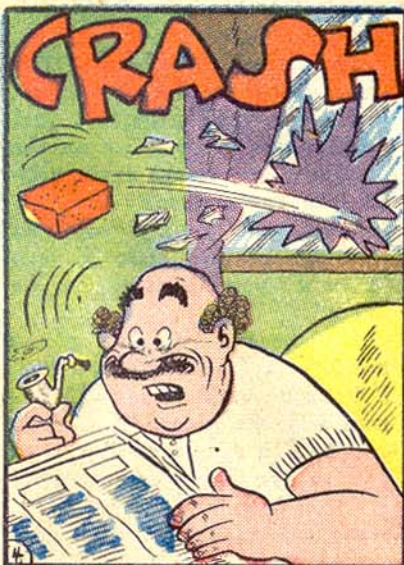
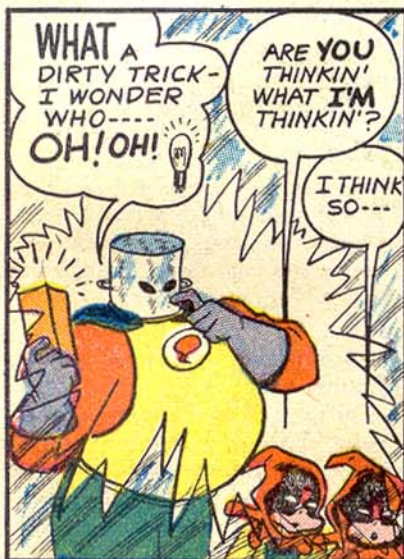
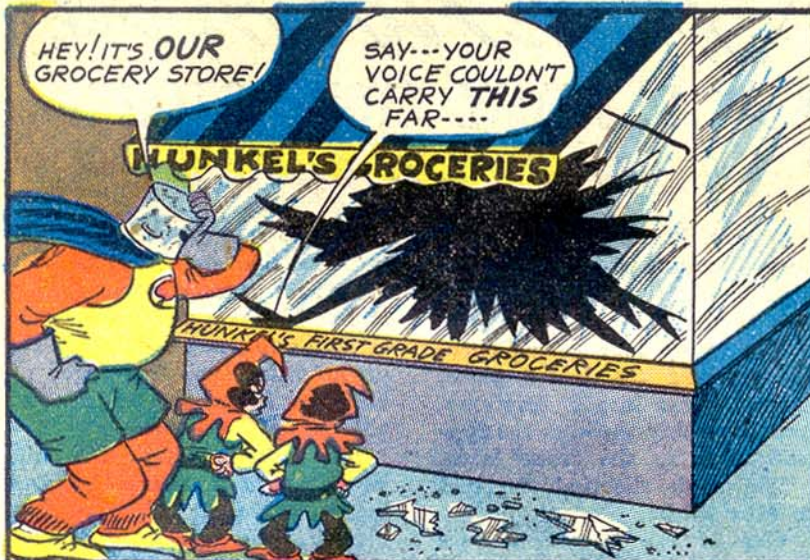
BY SHELDON MAYER



Nobody BUT YOU KNOWS THAT THE RED TORNADO AND THE CYCLONE KIDS, ARE REALLY MA HUNKEL, DINKY JIBBET, AND SISTY HUNKEL---SO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT, AND GO AHEAD ---- READ THIS STORY







MESSAGE

PART
ONE

from Nowhere

A JIMMY STONE STORY

BY EVELYN GAINES

EVAN PARSONS came slowly up the steps from the company cafeteria. He started to cross the typists' room to get to his own office. Miss White's voice stopped him.

"Message for you, Mr. Parsons," she said. "From Mr. Gregor. Sounds urgent."

He scanned it quickly. A frown settled over his broad face.

"Mr. Gregor wants the Groundworth plans right away, at the Maywoodie office. Hmm." He glanced sharply at Miss White. "You're sure you got the message right?" he asked. "He wants me to bring them over myself?"

Miss White went on typing, without looking up.

"That's what he said!" she snapped. "He wants you to bring the Groundworth plans to him, personally, at the Maywoodie office. They're having a conference or something there. He's in a rush."

Parsons shrugged, slipped the message in his pocket and went to his office. The Groundworth plans were for a new gun-turret design. Gregor, president of Air-Rite Plane Parts Company, planned to start production on the new gun-turret in a few days. Right now he was conferring with the Maywoodie plant, which made plane fittings. The two companies worked closely, as their manufactured parts were closely related.

Parsons reached in his pocket for the message. He laid it carefully on the desk. Then he worked the combination on the safe. As Gregor's confidential

secretary, Parsons was the only person outside of the president himself who knew the combination to the safe.

The heavy door swung open. He removed the folded plans, tucked them into a briefcase, passed quickly through the typists' room to the front office.

"Be back shortly," he said to Miss White.

One of the messenger boys waiting on the bench got up and followed Parsons out the door. The boy was Jimmy Stone. The G-man Phil Hackett, covering the Air-Rite plant, had assigned him here. For months, information had been leaking. But how or why, the company head did not know.

"Phil said to watch all phone messages," Jimmy thought, following Parsons along a crowded street. The secretary crossed, disappeared down a subway entrance. "There might be nothing wrong, since the call was from Gregor himself—but still, I'd better keep an eye on those plans!"

Jimmy sauntered casually down the subway steps. Parsons' tall, thin frame was just ahead. Next to Jimmy, a drunk was making his way staggeringly downstairs. Jimmy thought he would topple headlong any minute.

As Parsons passed through the turnstile, the drunk put his arm under his coat and drew something out. In a flashing arc, the thing came down on Parsons' head. The secretary plunged to the ground, the precious briefcase falling from his grip. The man, discarding the drunk act, grabbed the briefcase and ran. A woman screamed.

Flinging caution aside, Jimmy grabbed the man's legs. He was no match for the older

man in strength—but by taking a terrific drubbing, he kept him from getting away. Jimmy locked his arms around the older man and hung on grimly. He grunted as blows hammered at his ribs. If he could hold out till the police came—

"You little devil, I'll kill you!" the man snarled, twisting in a frantic effort to free himself. Man and boy rolled to the edge of the platform. Jimmy heard a hoarse cry.

"Stop them! They'll go over!"

Then it was too late. It was a short distance to the tracks below, but Jimmy felt as if he were falling from a precipice. They landed with a dull thud, Jimmy on the underside. He heard the roar of a train, then everything went black.

* * *

Amid the babble of voices, Jimmy heard Phil's!

"Bad bruise on the side of your head—but otherwise okay—" Jimmy sat up and stared at the gray-eyed G-man bending over him.

"The other guy!" Jimmy grabbed Phil's arm, "Did you get him?"

Phil shook his head. "The train did! I tried to save him, but there wasn't time! I just managed to get you up on the platform before the train rolled into the station!"

"But, gee," Jimmy gasped at thought of his close escape. "How'd you happen to be here?"

"I checked up on phone messages at the Air-Rite office. I figured you'd followed Parsons and the plans. Of course, you had to take the subway to get to the Maywoodie plant! If you hadn't followed Parsons, the plans for the new

gun-turret design would have fallen into the hands of spies!"

Jimmy saw the briefcase gripped tightly in the G-man's hands. He sighed with relief.

Then the trembling figure of Parsons caught his eye.

"He's a little shaky over his experience," Phil explained. "He looks scared to death. He was out like a light from that blow the spy gave him. We brought him 'round."

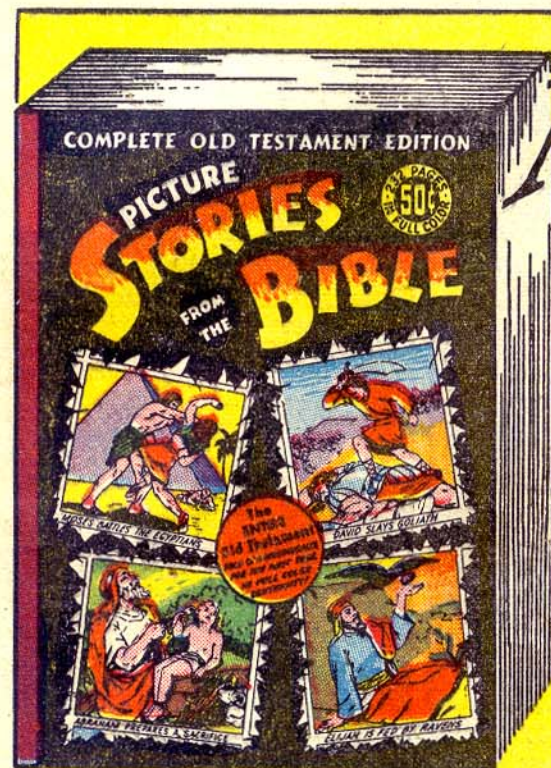
Phil moved toward the dead body of the spy. He went

through every pocket. In a few seconds, he had all the contents in his hands—wallet, nail file, key ring and letter. The name scrawled across the envelope in a large, feminine hand was Hans Schroeder. The G-man whistled softly.

"We've been looking for him a long time!" he confided to Jimmy. "He's not one of the brainy leaders, but he's a vicious criminal! He takes his orders from someone higher up, and that's who we want!"

He turned the letter over and read the name on the back flap. Then Phil and Jimmy exchanged a significant glance. The letter to Hans Schroeder was from Miss White—switchboard girl at the Air-Rite plant!

Is this the answer to the question? Is Miss White the master spy? Confidentially, no! But you'll have to wait for the next issue of ALL-AMERICAN COMICS for the conclusion of this thrilling story.



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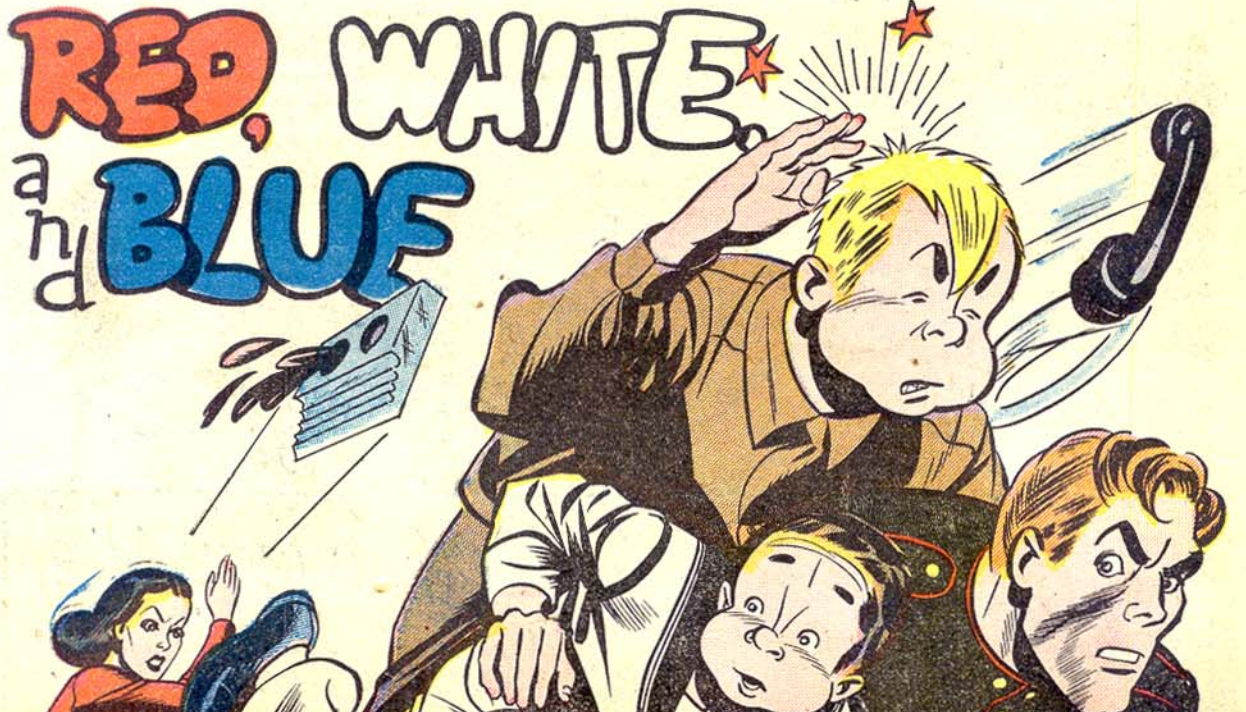
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RED, WHITE, and BLUE



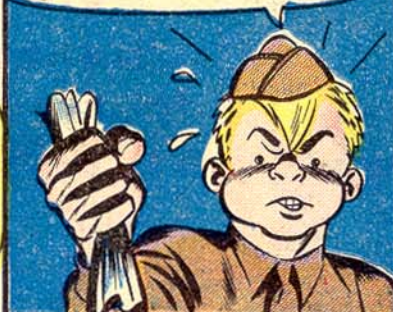
WHY SHOULD WHITEY SMITH ACT LIKE THIS WHEN HE GETS A CERTAIN LETTER?

AND WHY DOES BLOOEY BLUE FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT HIS LETTER?

IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER, FELLOWS: DORIS IS PLENTY ANGRY AND IS LETTING RED, WHITEY AND BLOOEY KNOW ABOUT IT IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS. WHY SHOULD THE FEMALE MEMBER OF THE MUSKETEERS OF MAYHEM GO BERSERK WITH WRATH? YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN-- IT'S TOUGH TO BE A HERO

HA-THIS LETTER IS SOME WISE GUY'S IDEA OF A GAG!

NOT A BIT FUNNY! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE BIRD WHO WROTE IT!



WHAT'S THIS? RED DUGAN GOT A LETTER TOO!

HMM-THINK I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



YOU'VE GUESSED IT! THEY'VE ALL GOT COPIES OF THE SAME LETTER! BUT BEFORE WE READ THE LETTER LET'S SEE WHO SENT IT AND WHY!

EARLIER THAT MORNING IN AN EAST SIDE TENEMENT HOUSE--

MAIL THE LETTERS RIGHT AWAY! THEY ARE ALL THE SAME-EXCEPT FOR THE TIME! ONE IS FOR SIX O'CLOCK, ONE FOR SEVEN AND ONE FOR EIGHT!



THESE THREE MEN ARE GUARDS AT G-2 HEAD-QUARTERS. SURELY ONE OF THEM WILL RISE TO OUR BAIT, NEIN?

YOU ARE SO CLEVER, HERR VOLK!



BUT WHAT'S THIS LETTER ABOUT?



*the writer will pay generous fee on-
tain information
and liable to you
if interested in
the Mirror Rest-
aurant at 70'clock and
wait till someone
addresses you
Mr. Basch.*

YES, RED CERTAINLY IS REACTING DIFFERENTLY FROM HIS TWO PALS--



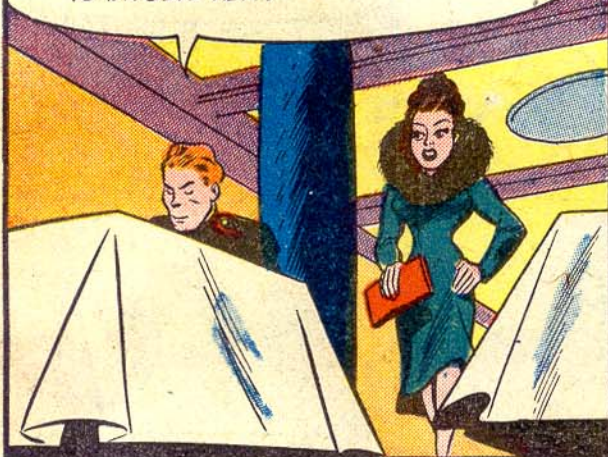
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S FIVE TO SEVEN! THERE'S NO TIME TO CONTACT HEADQUARTERS--SO I'LL HAVE TO GO AHEAD ON MY OWN HOOK!

MINUTES LATER--AT THE MIRROR RESTAURANT--

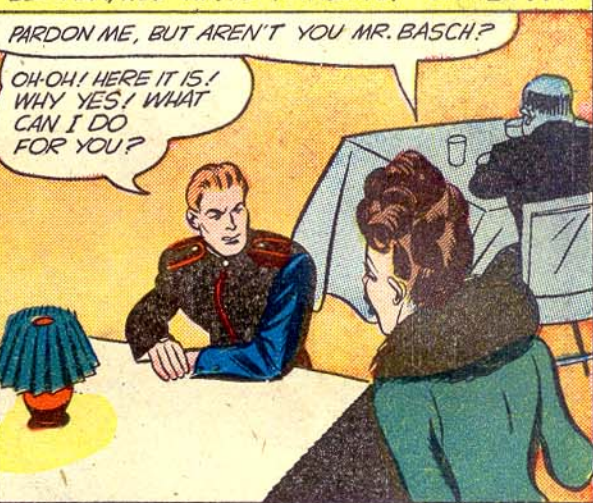


HELLO, DORIS? I'M AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT OUR DATE TONIGHT, BUT I JUST CAN'T MAKE IT!

BOTH DORIS AND I ARE G-2 AGENTS, BUT SINCE I'M FORCED TO DO THIS JOB WITHOUT OFFICIAL CONSENT--I DON'T WANT TO INVOLVE HER!



FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS IN THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER, RED WAITS PATIENTLY UNTIL



PARDON ME, BUT AREN'T YOU MR. BASCH?

OH-OH! HERE IT IS! WHY YES! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOUR INSTRUCTIONS ARE IN THIS ENVELOPE--ALSO A \$500 ADVANCE! THERE'LL BE MORE MONEY IF YOU DO THIS JOB RIGHT!



OKAY--I GET IT! HOPE NOBODY SEES THIS TRANSACTION!

BUT SOMEONE HAS SEEN IT! HER DATE CALLED OFF, DORIS HAPPENS TO SELECT THE MIRROR RESTAURANT FOR DINNER!



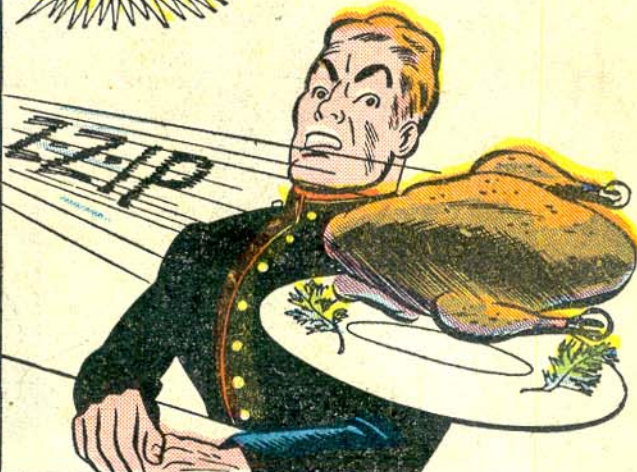
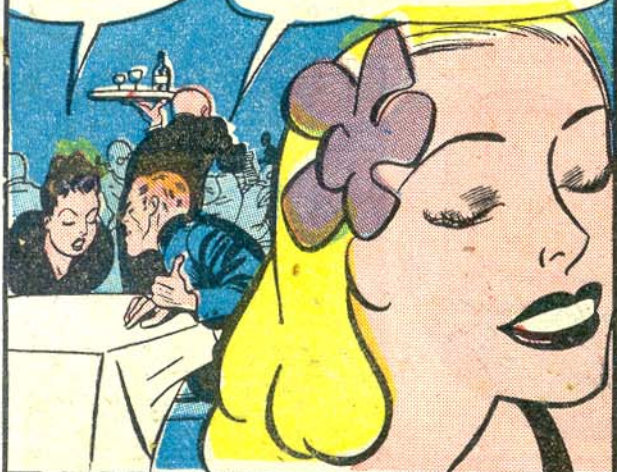
SO-O-O THAT'S WHY HE BROKE OUR DATE!

I HOPE YOU CAN
TAKE CARE OF
THIS JOB!

DON'T WORRY, MISS!
HERE'S ONE GUY WHO
CAN KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!

SUDDENLY--

ZZIP



DORIS! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE? I-I--

YOU TWO-TIMING
DOUBLE-CROSSER!
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT I'M DOING
HERE--

NO! NO!
NOT THAT!

THERE'S NO COVER CHARGE
FOR THIS! AND NEVER
SPEAK TO ME AGAIN!



THE BRUTE! HOW CAN HE BE
SO MEAN TO A HELPLESS
WOMAN LIKE ME? SOB



G-2 HEADQUARTERS--

HI, DORIS! I THOUGHT YOU
HAD A DATE WITH RED!

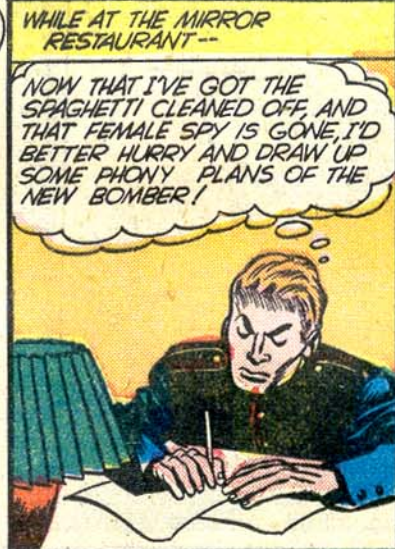
SO DID I-- TILL I
SAW HIM JUST
NOW WITH SOME
GLAMOR GIRL AT THE
MIRROR RESTAURANT!





DID YOU SAY "MIRROR RESTAURANT"? C'MON, BLOOEY, LET'S GET GOIN'!

GEE! RED MUSTA GOT ONE OF THOSE LETTERS TOO! BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D FALL FOR IT!



WHILE AT THE MIRROR RESTAURANT--

NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE SPAGHETTI CLEANED OFF, AND THAT FEMALE SPY IS GONE, I'D BETTER HURRY AND DRAW UP SOME PHONY PLANS OF THE NEW BOMBER!



DORIS SURE WAS ANGRY--BUT NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT TO MAKE A DASH FOR THE ADDRESS THEY GAVE ME!



RED! WE WERE JUST LOOKIN' FOR YOU! WHERE --?



HALF AN HOUR LATER--

THIS IS THE HOUSE, ALL RIGHT!

HE'S GOIN' IN! BOY, I NEVER THOUGHT OUR PAL WOULD TURN RAT!



MOUNTING THE RICKETY STAIRS TO THE TOPMOST FLOOR, RED COMES UPON A BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM--

HELLO! HAVE YOU GOT THE PLANS? YES, I HAVE THEM--WOW! A COLONEL!

COME IN, DUGAN!



WELL, SERGEANT, WE WERE JUST TESTING YOU BEFORE I SENT YOU ON A REAL IMPORTANT MISSION--AND YOU'VE PROVED TO BE--

A TRAITOR!

WHAT A TRAP! AND I WALKED RIGHT INTO IT! BUT-BUT--

WITH YOUR EXCELLENT RECORD,
WE NEVER SUSPECTED YOU'D
SELL OUT TO THE ENEMY! HAND
OVER THAT PLAN!

YES, SIR. AND I'LL
HAND IN MY
UNIFORM
TOMORROW--

REMEMBER--YOU'LL BE
COURT-MARTIALED
FOR THIS!

I-I REALIZE
THAT, SIR--
GOODBYE!

BUT ONCE
OUTSIDE--

THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG--NEVER SAW
THAT COLONEL AT
HEADQUARTERS
BEFORE AND THIS IS
A PECULIAR PLACE
FOR HIM TO BE--
HMM--I THINK I'LL
GO BACK AND
LOOK AROUND
!!

--AND WE SURE PUT
A FAST ONE OVER
ON THAT DUMB
SERGEANT!

SOUNDS INTERESTING!
THINK I'LL TAKE A
PEEK THROUGH
THIS KEYHOLE!

--THE FUHRER CAN
USE THESE PLANS
OF THE NEW
BOMBER,
NEIN?

YES--OUR
BELOVED
LEADER WILL
BE VERY
PLEASED
WITH
TONIGHT'S
WORK!
HEIL
HITLER!

THAT INSTANT---

CRASH

EKK!
HE'S
BACK!

WH-H?
QUICK! SHOOT
HIM DOWN,
FRITZ!

THAT'S ALL I
WANTED TO
KNOW, PALS!

BANG

DIE, YOU
YANKEE
DOG--
UGGH!

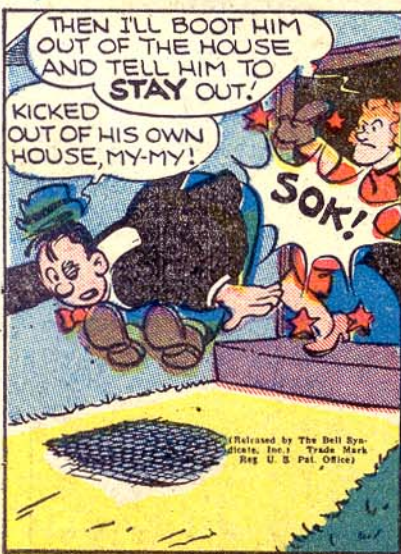


another
RED WHITE
and **BLUE** story
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
**ALL-AMERICAN
COMICS**



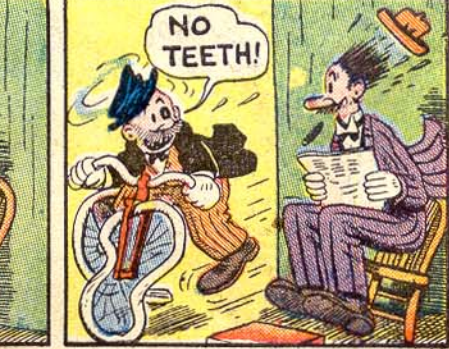
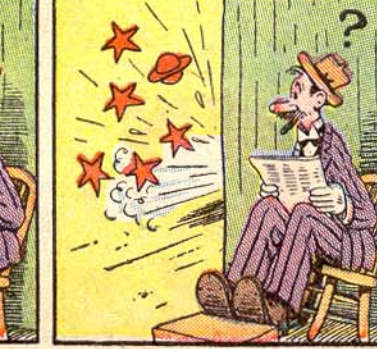
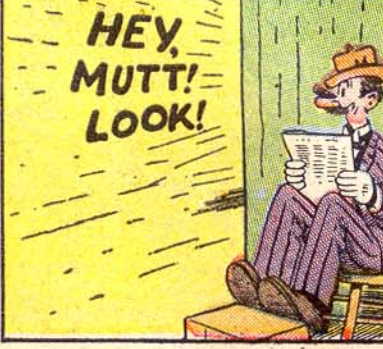
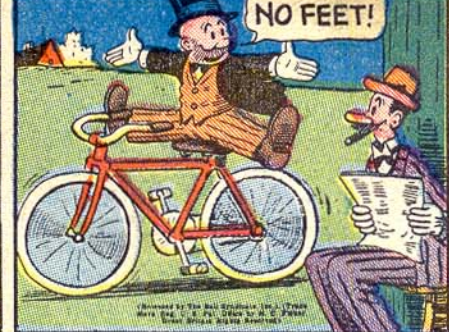
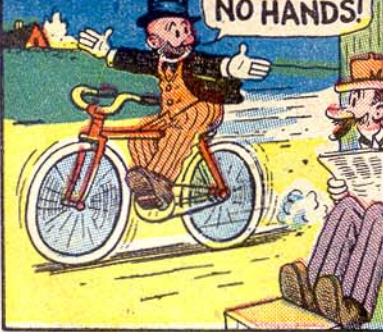
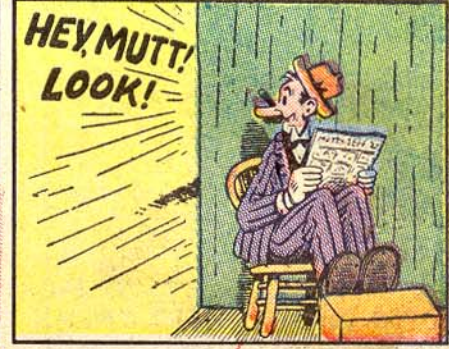
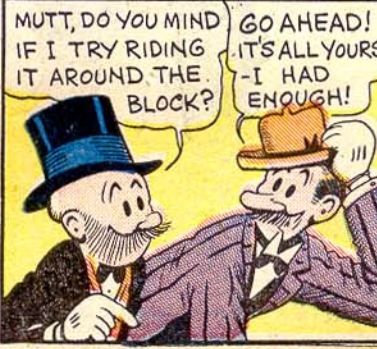
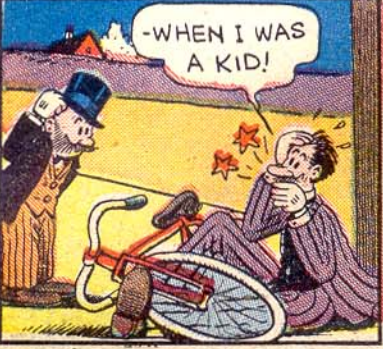
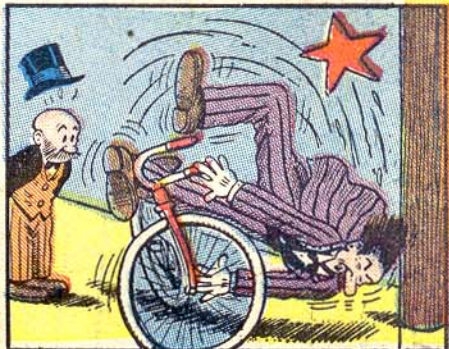
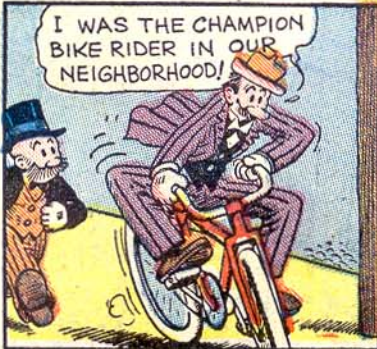
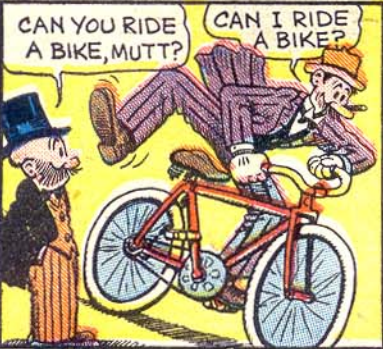
SIMP DILL

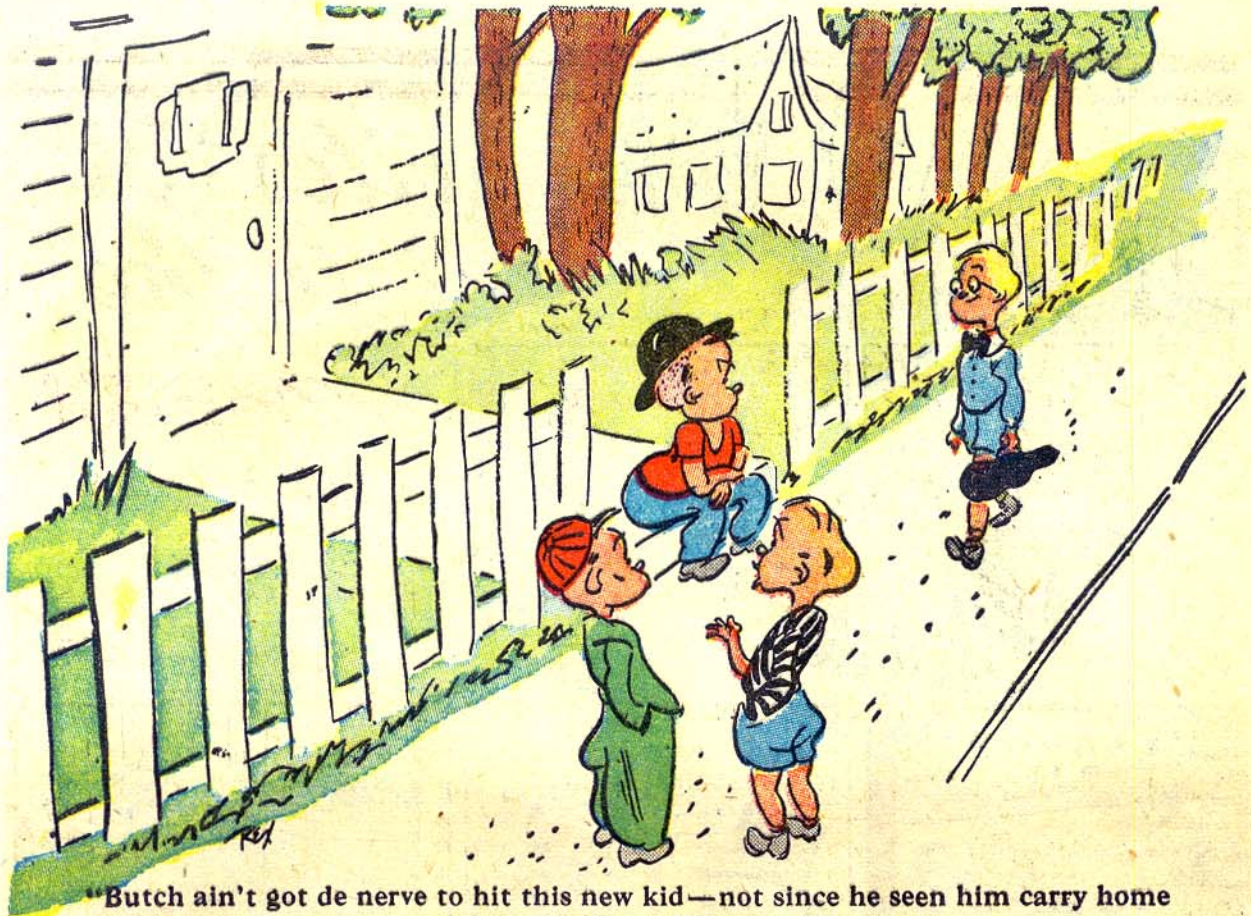
• BY
HESS



MUTT & JEFF

By **BUD FISHER**





"Butch ain't got de nerve to hit this new kid—not since he seen him carry home eight packages o' Wheaties."

NOT VERY SMART TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A GUY WHO KEEPS IN THE PINK OF CONDITION! AND KEEPING IN CONDITION INVOLVES EATING RIGHT. THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY -- INCLUDING A NOURISHING BREAKFAST. MANY AN UP-AND-COMING YOUNGSTER INCLUDES WHEATIES IN THE BREAKFAST LINEUP. MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZE BOWL OF THESE SWELL-TASTING WHOLE WHEAT

FLAKES! SO SQUARE OFF TO THE BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S A FAVORITE WITH MANY BIG-TIME SPORTS STARS. HAVE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES-- "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT -- STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS.

SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 544, MINNEAPOLIS. 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!



"Breakfast
of **Champions**"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

HOP

HARRIGAN

*invites YOU
to join the*

**ALL-AMERICAN
FLYING CLUB**



HOP HARRIGAN, PRESIDENT

ACTUAL SIZE
AND COLOR
OF NEW WOVEN
FABRIC EMBLEM



It's big and beautiful, this new membership emblem of the All-American Flying Club! You don't have to worry about losing it, because Mother will sew it securely onto your favorite sweater or sport shirt. The brilliant colors won't wash out. It's patriotic to wear this new satin finish fabric emblem—helping to save metal to win the war! Get yours now! Join the All-American Flying Club today! Just fill out the coupon below at right (be sure to print plainly) and mail it at once with a dime.

If you are already a member of All-American Flying Club and want the new emblem, mail coupon at left with your dime. Be sure to fill in your Membership Number.

*What
You
Get*

1. Beautiful membership identification card containing Club rules and Pledge.
2. Handsome satin finish sew-on Emblem pictured above.
3. Five U. S. Army "Keep 'Em Flying" Stickers.
4. Genuine baggage labels from the big commercial airlines.
5. Privilege coupon entitling you to belong to American Observation Corps and get a copy of "How To Defend Your Home" at special reduced price.

OLD MEMBERS USE THIS COUPON

HOP HARRIGAN, President
All-American Flying Club
225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

AA56

I am a member of All-American Flying Club and want one of the new satin finish sew-on Emblems. Please send it to me, with a new supply of stickers, etc. I enclose 10 cents to cover costs.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY) MEMBERSHIP NO.

STREET ADDRESS CITY AND STATE

BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 10¢ WHEN MAILING COUPON

TO JOIN CLUB USE THIS COUPON

HOP HARRIGAN, President
All-American Flying Club
225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

AA56

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of All-American Flying Club, and send me the new Emblem, membership card, stickers, etc. I am enclosing 10 cents to cover costs.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY) AGE

STREET ADDRESS CITY AND STATE

BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 10¢ WHEN MAILING COUPON

HOP HARRIGAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAYS!

by
JON L. BLUMMER



U.S.A. AIR FORCE BASE —
SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC.

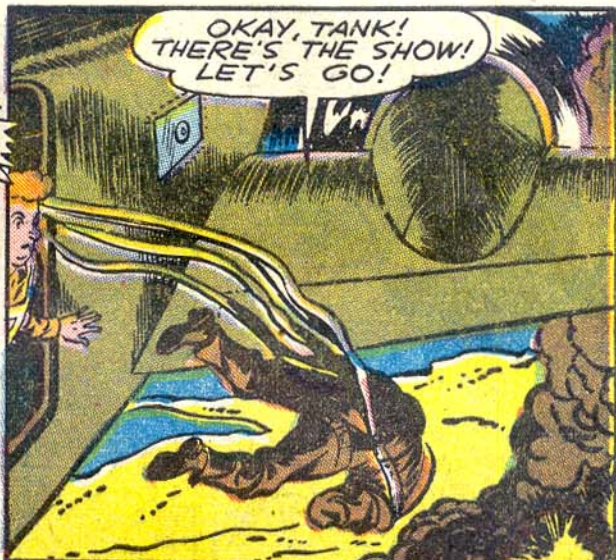
HIDING AMONG THE INNUMERABLE ISLANDS, IN THE AREA DESIGNATED SECTOR 47YZ3 ON YOUR MAP, IS A CONSIDERABLE JAP FORCE. THIS MORNING ONE OF OUR PLANES FELL INTO THEIR HANDS! IN THAT PLANE WERE GENERAL WINGOVER AND SENATOR BLOWFUSS!

THEY ARE BEING HELD AS HOSTAGES, TO FORCE US TO LET THE ENTIRE JAP CONTINGENT ESCAPE OUR TIGHTENING RING! YOU, LIEUTENANT HARRIGAN, AND YOU, SERGEANT TINKER, ARE DETACHED FROM REGULAR SERVICE TO FREE THOSE MEN! GET 'EM BACK HERE SAFE! MAKE YOUR OWN PLANS! START AT ONCE!

YOWZAH - ER - SIR!

ROGER!





DAWN FINDS HOP AND TANK
WELL ON THEIR WAY...

LUCKY WE
FOUND THIS
OUTRIGGER
WITH A SAIL!
IT'S BETTER'
PADDLIN' OR
SWIMMIN'!

JAP
PLANE!
OVER
THE
SIDE!
QUICK!

WHITE MEN
IN CANOE?

QUIET,
TANK!
DON'T
SPLASH!

THEN TELL
THIS SHARK
TO KEEP
AWAY FROM
ME!

AS THE JAP PLANE SKIMS
THE WATER FOR A CLOSER
LOOK AT THE OUTRIGGER,
THE SHARKS, SEEMING TO
SENSE THE HELPLESSNESS
OF THEIR VICTIMS, SWIRL
IN TO ATTACK!

HO! MANY SHARKS!
ANYONE SEEKING TO
HIDE IN WATER TO
ESCAPE OUR FIRE
BECOMES SEA FOOD!
DO NOT WASTE MORE
AMMUNITION!

TO PROTECT TANK'S LEGS
AND HIS OWN, HOP DIVES
HEADLONG TOWARD A HUGE
ONRUSHING SHARK AND
SLASHES DOWN WITH
HIS JUNGLE KNIFE!

GOOD BOY!
RIGHT ON THE
SNOOT! HE'S
RUNNIN' FOR
HIS OWN LIFE
NOW! THE OTHER
SHARKS ARE
AFTER HIM!

YES, THEY
SMELL BLOOD
CLIMB ABOARD.
TANK, THE
JAP'S GONE,
TOO!

OH OH! LOOK
WHAT'S COMIN'
UP BEHIND US!
A BIG BLACK
STORM!

GOOD! WE SHOULD MAKE
THE ISLAND JUST AS
IT BREAKS
OVER US!

GOOD? IS
THAT GOOD?



I'M DRENCHED!
AND IT'S
BLACKER'N
PITCH! HOW
DO YOU
EXPECT
TO...

BREAKERS
AHEAD!
LOWER THE
SAIL! WE'LL
DRIFT
IN ...



I HEAR JAPS
APLENTY!
THEY'LL
SPOT US
SURE!

WE'LL
SWIM
ALONG
THE
SHORE!
HAND ME
THE SAIL
ROPE
FIRST!



LOOK!
AMMUNITION
DUMP!

YEAH, AND
JAP GUARDS,
TOO!



HOP PULLS THE ROPE,
HOISTS THE OUTRIGGER'S
SAIL. THE SAIL BELLIES
IN THE WIND. THE OUT-
RIGGER LEAPS AHEAD...



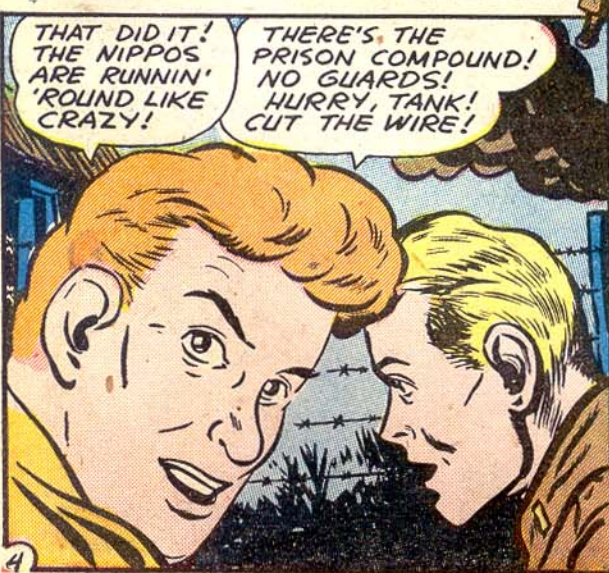
THE BOYS SCRAMBLE
ASHORE ...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
TOSS A COUPLE OF
GRENADES INTO THE
AMMO DUMP—AND
DIVE FOR THE
WOODS!



HOW'S
THAT
FOR
PITCHING?

BOOM



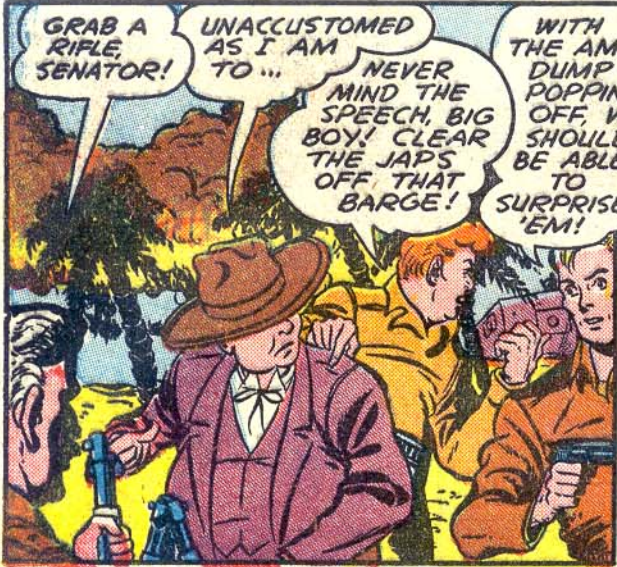
THAT DID IT!
THE NIPPONS
ARE RUNNIN'
'ROUND LIKE
CRAZY!

THERE'S THE
PRISON COMPOUND!
NO GUARDS!
HURRY, TANK!
CUT THE WIRE!



SENATOR!
GENERAL!
C'MON!
LET'S
GO!

RIGHT,
LIEUTENANT!
LEAD THE
WAY!

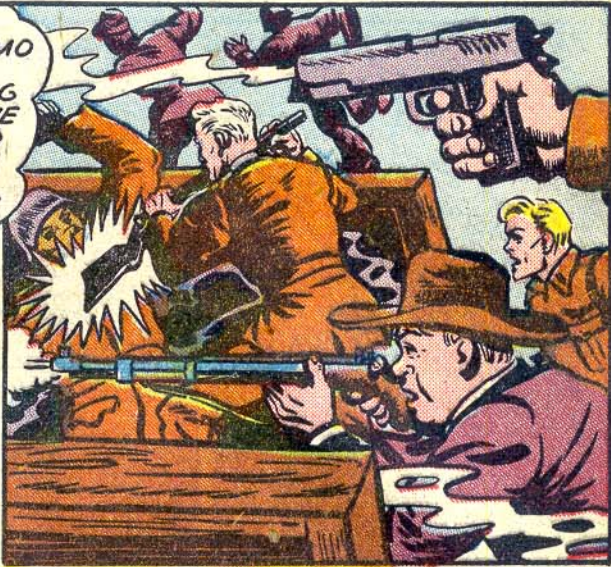


GRAB A RIFLE, SENATOR!

UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO ...

NEVER MIND THE SPEECH, BIG BOY! CLEAR THE JAPS OFF THAT BARGE!

WITH THE AMMO DUMP POPPING OFF, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SURPRISE 'EM!



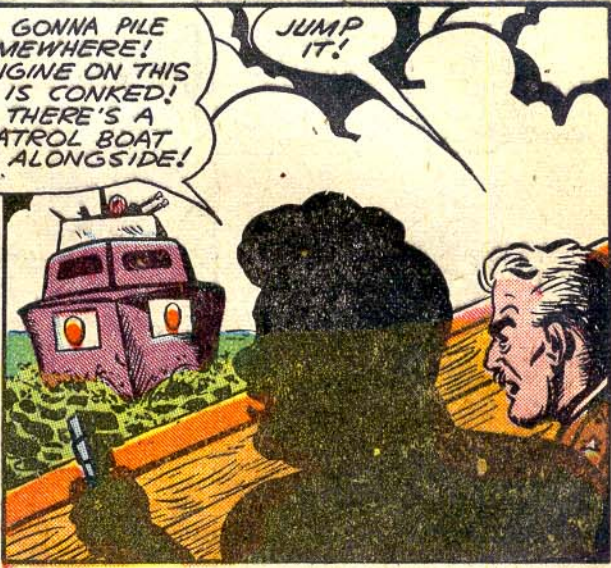
WELL DONE, BLOWFUSS!

THANK YA, GEN'RAL!

SHOVE OFF AND CLIMB ON!

WE'RE GONNA PILE UP SOMEWHERE! THE ENGINE ON THIS THING IS CONKED! AND THERE'S A JAP PATROL BOAT COMIN' ALONGSIDE!

JUMP IT!



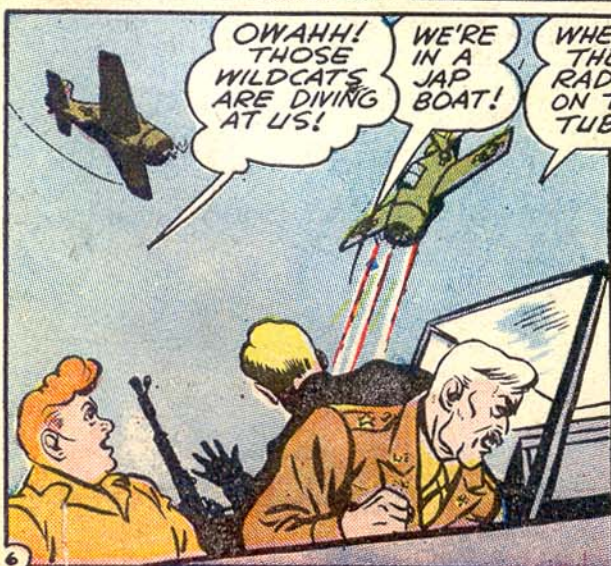
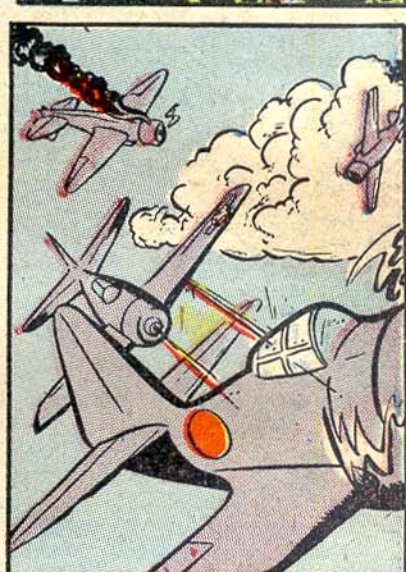
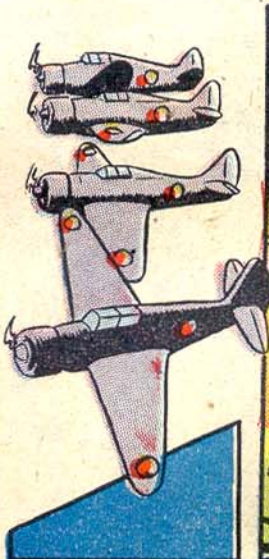
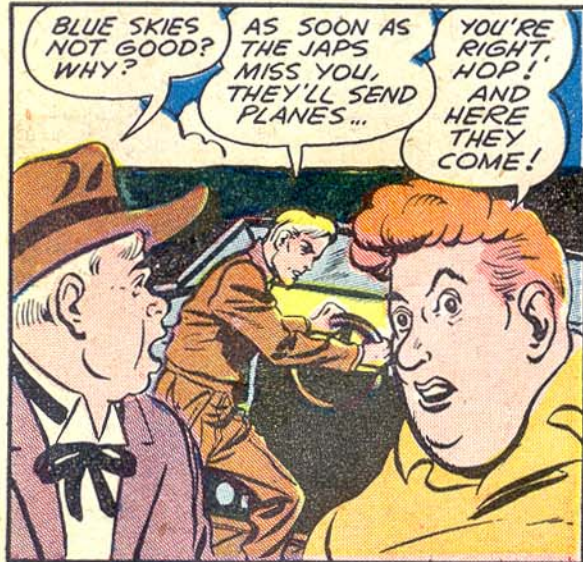
THE JAPS REALIZE TOO LATE THAT THE OCCUPANTS OF THE BARGE ARE NOT FRIENDLY!



YOU BOYS FIGHT WELL!

FOR AN OLD COOT YOU'RE NOT SO BAD YOURSELF, GENERAL ... OH OH ... ER ... SIR!

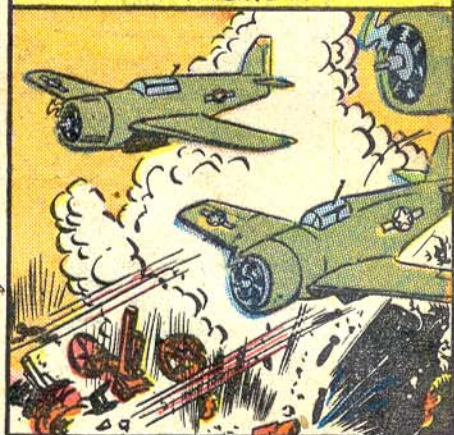
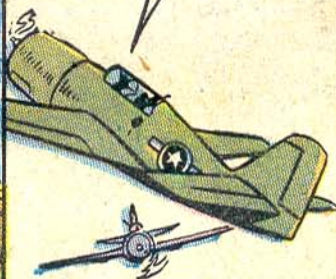
STORM'S CLEARING, BLUE SKY AHEAD! NOT SO GOOD JUST YET!



MAKE YOURSELF
USEFUL! ORDER
US A MEDIUM BOMBER!
THIS THING IS SINKING
UNDER US, AND WE'VE
GOT TO BEACH ON
A HOSTILE SHORE!

WILCO,
GENERAL,
AND WE'LL TRY
TO CLEAR THE
BEACH FOR
YOU!

AS THE SINKING BOAT RUNS
FOR THE BEACH, THE WILD-
CATS STRAFE AND DIVE-
BOMB THE JAP SHORE
INSTALLATIONS ...



THE JAPS
BEAT IT FOR
THE WOODS!

THEY'LL BE
BLOWING US
TO BITS WITH
FIELD PIECES
IF WE'RE NOT
AWAY SOON!

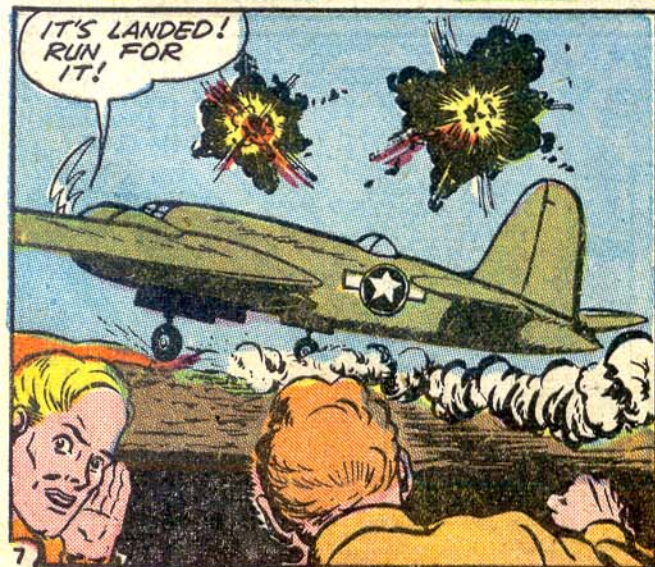
AND
HOW!

DIG
IN!

GENERAL!
HERE
COMES
OUR
PLANE!

IT'S LANDED!
RUN FOR
IT!

ALL ABOARD!
TAKE OFF!





WE'VE
BEEN
HIT!



CAPTAIN!
CAPTAIN!
PULL
UP!

THE
TREES!
PULL
UP!



THE PILOT'S
BEEN SHOT!
... ME, TOO ...



HOP DIVES FOR THE
CONTROLS...



OVER!



LATER:

WELL, THANK
HEAVEN!
THIS CHORE'S
OVER! THERE'S
OUR FIELD...

... AND NOT
TOO SOON!
WE HAVEN'T
A DROP
OF GAS
LEFT!



HARRUMPH!
WELL DONE,
MY BOYS!
I SHALL
INSIST ON
CITATIONS...

PLEASE,
SENATOR,
NO...

HUSH UP
HOP! A
COUPLE
O' MEDALS
WOULD LOOK
GOOD ON
MY CHEST!

SERGEANT!
DIDN'T YOU
CALL ME
"OLD COOT"
BACK THERE?



UHP!
YES,
SIR!

WELL!
DON'T
YOU EVER
AGAIN CALL
ME "OLD"!

READ

HOP HARRIGAN
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
**ALL-AMERICAN
COMICS**

HEAR HOP'S ADVENTURES
ON YOUR RADIO
BLUE NETWORK
STATIONS,
Mondays through Fridays



Please Your Support
BUY WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

Safe! Harmless!

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise, that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

SEND NO MONEY

To Get Your COMMANDO
Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1117
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.79 (a saving of 17c).

**BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"**

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

HURRY! HURRY!

SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS GET YOUR PRIZE!



PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET—Exactly like regular airplane cockpit—every instrument moves. Gunsight and cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.



Plenty of noise—plenty of fun—with this BIG gun; operates on a swivel or dismounted, like army guns. Sell only one order.

OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Boys! Softball's the popular game.

Here's the big 3 piece outfit for it. An official softball and a regulation bat—also a Big League type cap to give you that real "baseball player" look. All for selling only one order.

Pretty 5 Piece Dresser Set

Full size comb, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.



GIVEN



5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.



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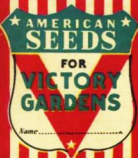
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