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BLACK LIGHTNING!
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ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, No. 100. August, 1948. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U. S. A.
OUT OF THE OLD WEST ON A HORSE THAT STREAKS ACROSS THE PLAINS LIKE LIGHTNING, AND WITH SIX-GUNS THAT ROAR LIKE THUNDER--APPEARS A NEW AMERICAN CHAMPION--FIGHTING LIKE A WHIRLWIND FOR JUSTICE, UNTIL HIS NAME IS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS...

JOHNNY THUNDER

JOHNNY THUNDER

JOHNNY THUNDER!

ON THE HI-KATHY RANCH SHORTLY BEFORE ROUNDPUP TIME...

KATHY--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S KEEPIN' JAGGER BOWEN! THE MEN ARE GITTIN' RESTLESS TO START TH' MEETIN'!

I KNOW WHAT SHERIFF TANE! WE'LL KEEP THEM OCCUPIED WITH A ROVIN', RIDIN' AND SHOOTIN' CONTEST!
CALL THIS CRITTER A SALTY BRONC, MISS KATHY? HE CAIN'T BE TOO HARD TO RIDE?

IF YOU RIDE BLACK LIGHTNIN' AS WELL AS YOU CAN TALK, GARY YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE DANCE NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT!

BLACK LIGHTNIN'! HUH? THIS MOUNT'S MEAK AS A LAMB! GIT ORNERY, HOSS! I CRAVES ACTION!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INSULTED HIM, GARY! HE'S SENSITIVE!

NOT HALF AS SENSITIVE AS GARY WILL BE WHEN HE HITS! HA HA!

YAHOOOO LOOKIT 'IM FLY!

THERE GOES LEM... AN' ZEKE!

THET CAYUSELL NEVER BE ROPE!

HE'S A FISTFUL O' BLACK LIGHTNIN', AWRIGHT!

SHORE IS!!

LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE ANY BETTER AT ROPIN'!

Y'KNOW, KATHY GIRL, 'PEARS LIKE YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO THET DANCE WITH ANY O' THESE BUCKEROOS!

BUCKEROOS? TENPER- FEET IS MORE LIKE IT! LOOK AT THEM GET YANKED OFF LASSOIN' THE STAKE!
READY? THE ONE WHO HITS THE MOST BOTTLES—WINS!

MIGHT AS WELL STORE YOUR HARDWARE, BOYS! I'M THE BEST SHOT ON THE MESA!

As lead fills the air—a strange object is hit!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

SWISH!

STOP FIRIN', MEN!

SOMEONE'S BEHIND THAT FENCE!

JOHNNY TANE!

YOU GAVE ME THE FRIGHT OF MY LIFE!

DAYDREAMIN' AGAIN?

Y'KNOW Y'CAME MIGHTY CLOSE TA HAVIN' Y'SELF KILLED?

SADLY, DAR! SCHOOL'S OPENING TOMORROW, I WAS FIGURING OUT WHAT TO TEACH THE KIDS. GUESS I KINDA GOT TOO ABSORBED IN THIS TEXTBOOK?

TO THINK--A TANE--A SCHOOLTEACHER!

MY OWN SON DOIN' WOMAN'S WORK! I'M THE LAUGHNIN' STOCK O' THE MESA! DON'T WASTE YORE TIME ON 'IM, KATHY!

BUT...

AS EVERYONE ENTERS THE RANCH-HOUSE...
I'M A MAVERICK TOO.
BLACK LIGHTNING!
WE NEED EACH OTHER!

I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO SURRENDER,
FELLER.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE TO ME, BOY. I'VE SEEN YOU IN ACTION!

NOW YOU'RE CURIOUS, YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT I'M UP TO...

WELL... AS SOON AS WE REACH THAT TREE, YOU'LL KNOW!

KEEP A-GOING, BLACK LIGHTNING!
As Black Lightning gallops out of sight...

Johnny! Johnny Tane!!

Lan’ sakes, Johnny! What are you doin’ up that tree and handlin’ a gun too! You know it’s dangerous for someone who doesn’t know how to look out!

Whew! She didn’t see me!

Uhh!

Jagger Bowen’s arrived! Th’ meetin’s started! Your dad sent me to fetch you—well, will you look at Black Lightnin’ jumpin’ back into his corral!

Maybe he felt like—er—stretching his legs?!

I lost half my herd o’ steers on the high mesa trail! They got scared by a dust storm an’ stampeded off the cliff! Jest buzzard meat now!

Loco weed cut my stragglers when I went through. Jagger! That jinked trail will bankrupt every ranch hereabouts!

Trouble wiz rustlers, Jagger!

Since you’ve failed to get through separately—learn from the pioneers—help each other! Send all your herds through together!
Johnny Tane's just a school teacher -- not a rancher! His plan would be downright unfair to outfits that get more steers through than the others! Why should Hi-Kathy pay for Jagger-O's losses?

I'm willing to share and share alike, Jagger!

Next day...

How about joinin' us, son? We're takin' all the herds through together!

It was your idea, Johnny! Come on!

Sorry. School's openin'. I've got to saddle my pupils with education today!

Better give up tryin' ta make a man o' yore son, sheriff!

Later, at the Hi-Kathy Ranch...

Easy, Black Lightnin'! Don't let my get-up fool you. My father doesn't know it, but I will hit the high mesa trail to big Sierra!

But not as a school teacher!!
They've got a start on us, Black Lightnin', but you'll chew up the miles 'tween us in no time on this cliff trail short cut!

There's the herd! Just makin' for howlin' wind pass! Looks like all's calm and peaceful down there!

Great guns!

Flamin' tumbleweeds blowin' into the gulch—stampedin' the herd! The steers' headin' for the edge of the cliff—takin' the riders with 'em!!

Only rain can cool off those loco longhorns now!!
LET'S SEE WHAT WE KIN' DO 'BOUT SUPPLYN' THE RAIN' BACK, BOY! BACK!

WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A PASSEL O' HOLES AT THIS END O' THE LOG!

BANG!

BOOM!

BANG!

THE STREAM'S GUSHIN' THROUGH THIS HOLLOW LOG AN' MAKIN' A FINE SHOWER Below!

GUESS I'LL MOSEY ALONG! THE FOLKS WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE GETTIN' THROUGH TO BIG SIERRA! UH-NN!?

LOOK--UP THERE! THAT'S WHERE THE THUNDER CAME FROM! THE STRANGER SAVED OUR STEERS!

YUH SURE BULLDOGGED 'IM, BOSS!

I'LL BRAND THIS MAVERICK WITH LEAD FOR STICKIN' HIS NOSE INTO OUR LITTLE STAMPEDIN' PARTY!
I'll bet you're the coyotes behind all the accidents on this trail!

Look! He shot himself loose!

Bang!

Stomp 'im into dust, men! Too bad you're afoot, stranger!

I won't be for long! Wheeet

See what I mean?!

Ventilate 'im, boys!

Stop twistin' an' dodgin' long enough for me to get a bead on youh... youh polecat... and I'll...!!

Ha ha! Too bad you ran outta bullets! What's yer next move?

This!!

Boom! Click click!

Blast it! Thet hoss kicked my gun away!

Black Lightnin' is American! He likes a fair fight!
UNMASKIN’ TIME -- GREAT GUNS!
JAGGER BOWEN!

UHNN!

THIS VARMINT’S CONFESSIONS! HE AN’ HIS GANG HAVE BEEN CAUSIN’ THE ACCIDENTS AN’ CUTTIN’ OUT OUR STEERS FOR RESALE UNDER DIFFERENT BRANDS! WE OWE YOU A LOT--SON! I DON’T KNOW YORE HANDLE--BUT YORE GUNS SOUND LIKE THUNDER! YEP--YORE A REG’LAR JOHNNY THUNDER!!!

I WAS MIGHTY GLAD TO HELP, D--SHERIFF!

I’M GLAD BLACK LIGHTNIN’S FOUND A MASTER--EVEN IF IT HAD TO BE A STRANGER!! AS LONG AS YOU LIKE HIM TO FIGHT FOR JUSTICE HE’S YOURS!

THANKS, MA’AM! S-S-STOP IT, BLACK LIGHTNIN’!

HEAD FOR HOME
BLACK LIGHTNIN’ GOT TO CHANGE MY PUPS, WASH OUT THIS BLACK HAIR DISGUISE POWDER--AN’ GIT BACK TO SPEAKIN’ AN’ ACTIN’ LIKE JOHNNY TANE,--SCHOOLTEACHER!

LATER--BACK AT THE HI-KATHY...

HERE COMES MISS KATHY! YOU’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW ME, BLACK LIGHTNIN’!

BACK--BACK, BOY!

AND AS SCHOOL OPENS...

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS JOHNNY THUNDER IN ACTION!

GEE! WONDER IF WE’LL EVER HEAR HIS THUNDERIN’ GUNS AGAIN?

YOU MEAN THUNDERING, KIT? DON’T FORGET YOUR “GS”?

LOOK FOR JOHNNY THUNDER AND BLACK LIGHTNIN’ IN NEXT MONTH’S ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!!
A murderoues hitter in the clutch, "Bustin' Bob" knocked in 113 runs last year from cleanup slot in Braves lineup. Also boasted .37 batting average, and slammed 22 home runs -- for National League's finest all-around performance.

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"Breakfast of Champions" with milk and fruit.

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OLD NICK
Richest Milk Chocolate

IN THE NICK OF TIME
AT THE MIDGET AUTO RACES

A CRASH! LOOK! THAT DRIVER'S THROWN OUT!

IF I CAN MAKE THAT AMBULANCE IN TIME...

WOW! LOOks AS IF THERE'S GOING TO BE AN ACCIDENT!

LOOK OUT! THAT CAR'S GOING TO SKID!

IT'S HEADING THIS WAY! WE'LL BE TRAPPED—BURNED ALIVE!

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME! THANK HEAVENS! WE'D HAVE BEEN GONE, SURE!

WELL, NOW I CAN RELAX WITH A DELICIOUS OLD NICK CANDY BAR.

YOUR QUICK THINKING SAVED TWENTY LIVES, OLD NICK! BUT HOW DID YOU FIGURE IT OUT?

HOW DID OLD NICK SUSPECT AN ACCIDENT?

OLD NICK! OH BOY, OLD NICK IS A WONDERFUL CANDY BAR.

BIT-O-HONEY
Honey, honey, honey, of a candy bar—mild honey-flavored, chewy candy filled with crunchy, toasted almonds.

TRY BIT-O-HONEY

-6 SEPARATELY WRAPPED PIECES

CREAMY RICH, SMOOTH CARAMEL, LUSCIOUS MILK CHOCOLATE.

BEST BY FAR—SO TRY OLD NICK CANDY BAR.
JEFF! CONGRATULATE ME! I JUST GOT YOU A GOOD JOB AT THE BOILER FACTORY.

JEFF! WAKE UP! I JUST GOT YOU A GOOD JOB!

HUH? AW, MUTT, I JUST HAD A HEART ATTACK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DON'T YOU SLEEP NIGHTS?

OH, I SLEEP GOOD NIGHTS AND I SLEEP O.K. MORNINGS.

-BUT IN THE AFTERNOONS I JUST TWIST AND TURN! DON'T GET NO SLEEP AT ALL...

JEFF, DON'T BE SO LAZY! THAT WHEEL BARROW WILL HOLD THREE BAGS OF CEMENT EACH TRIP UP! GET IT?

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

HEH MUNT!

I'M SHORT ONE BAG OF CEMENT FOR THIS LAST TRIP...

WOULD YOU MIND THROWIN' ONE DOWN TO ME?
THE STRANGELY-DESIGNED BUILDINGS WERE FOOLPROOF AGAINST THEFTS—YET THEY WERE BEING ROBBED! AND THE ONE MAN WHO COULD SUPPLY THE ANSWER TO THE BAFFLING CRIME WAS...SHOT!

THAT LEFT DR. MID-NITE, THE DARK CRUSADER, WITH NO WAY TO SOLVE THE CASE UNLESS HE COULD CONTACT...

"The Man Who Lived in a Boot!"

ON A LATE AFTERNOON "BLIND" DR. MCNIDER WALKS TOWARD AN ODD-SHAPED HOUSE...

THOSE UNIQUELY DESIGNED BUILDINGS OF JUDSON'S HAVE SOLD SURPRISINGLY WELL. ODD, THOUGH, HIS MESSAGE TELLING ME TO APPROACH HIS SHIP-HOME FROM THE REAR AND FEEL MY WAY FOR THE ANCHOR!

SEEMINGLY BLIND, DR. MCNIDER CAN SEE PERFECTLY WITH THE AID OF INFRA-RED GLASSES! AT NIGHT HIS VISION EQUALS THAT OF A JUNGLE CAT!
Judson sounded worried over the telephone. I wonder what...

The next instant!

Great guns! I'm being carried up!

Seconds later... inside the ship-home...

Glad you could come, Dr. Nadder! I hope nobody saw you enter.

Probably not, due to your fast elevator system! Now what's this all about?

Maybe you've heard of the series of robberies at the oddly-designed buildings I've built...

Yes, Judson. I've... ah... been told about them...

Here's why I asked you to come. If anything should happen to me, turn these papers over to the police!

Blueprints of the buildings Judson built, and a note saying those robberies were committed by...

Suddenly, two bullets crash through the window... and...

Crash!

Aaagh!

But only one of the men has been hit...

A bullet grazed Judson's head, but he'll be all right. Someone in that medical supply warehouse across the way is using us as target practice! I'm going to stop him as... Dr. Mid-Nite!
Shortly, in the warehouse...

GOT 'EM BOTH, "GLOVES"!
I warned Judson not to communicate with the police! Didn't the fool think I'd know his visitor was a detective? Trying to hide his identity behind dark glasses! Bah!

Suddenly...

DR. MID-NITE!
That's as complete a confession as I ever heard!

PEPPER MID-NITE TOO, TRIGGER!
THOSE WHEELCHAIRS...

GOTCHA, "GLOVES"!

--- Make excellent modern day Roman Chariots!

SLAM!

OOF!

He can't handle all of us! Rush 'im!

You boys make a pretty picture...

...when taken with an X-ray machine!

YOFF!

Idiots! Do I have to do everything myself?

OHMHNN...
Minutes After—

Who makes a pretty picture now, Dr. Mid-Nite? That's a medical sweatbox you're going into—and I've set it to hit the top!

Haw! That's a hot one!

And as the door of the cast iron medical "oven" closes...

Bye now, "Gloves". Don't forget our appointment at the hotel!

Huh? How'd he know...?

That evening, people stream in and out of the town's newest—and most "different"—hotel...

Inside the "heel" of the hotel are the storage vaults, where guests may leave valuable furs and gems...

No-hum! Looks like a long night!

The next moment—nothing like these secret panels Judson built! On your feet, old timer, and open the vaults, unless you want to get sprayed with lead!

Y-yes! Right away...
With a lightning-fast movement, the Watchman rips off his uniform, revealing...

**Dr. Mid-Nite!**

**How'd you get here?**

**We had a date, remember?**

**This is the only one of Judson's buildings that hadn't been robbed yet!**

**I figured it'd be next on your list!**

**Gurk!**

**I'll fix that wise guy!**

**Looks like everybody's getting it in the neck around here!**

**Bop!**

**Then as the Dark Crusader cracks one of his blackout bombs, he leaps atop the desk and sparks a match with his thumb...**

**Watch closely, and I'll show you how I escaped that cast-iron sweatbox! Cast-iron, when heated must be allowed to cool naturally...**

**Have to hurry — I make too good a target!**

**Then, in the darkness —**

**When the sweatbox grew hot it set off the ceiling sprinkler system. Same as this one here! The cold water cracked the metal — and I cut my ropes on it!**

**Let's make a run for it!**

**Ughh!**
Made It... We're Free!

Judson tipped me off that you were his assistant, "Gloves"—and was robbing his buildings through those secret panels!

Oof! Arrgh!

Not Quite!

Then—As the spur above the heel of the Boot Hotel crashes down...

You saved this place for the last because it had been your hideaway! I found out from Judson that you lived here!

Next Day... I built those secret panels so that wealthy people could use them as vaults, without fear of being robbed. Then when those places were robbed...

I was afraid to go to the police because I thought they would suspect me of being in league with my former assistant.

How wrong you were! You should have had confidence in the police... they're always ready to help people in trouble!

Another adventure in the dark with Dr. Mid-Nite in every issue of All-American Comics!
Mutt & Jeff

This is OK! Working in Sir Sidney's Hotel!

It's great! We got a four-poster bed and everything!

Oh, gosh, I'm sorry, Mutt! I was dreaming I was playin' football and my team needed the extra point!

Mutt, at last I met the right girl! We're gonna get married!

Really? What's her name?
Name? Gosh I forget! I think it starts with "M"

Mildred, Mary, Martha, Molly, Myrna - no, nope!

Margaret, Maude, Millicent, Mazie, Maureen, Mona, Mable, Marie - no, no, no, no.

Now I remember! It's Emma!
Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

AS SAM PLOWS THROUGH THE CROWD HE TRIPS AND FALLS AGAINST ONE OF THE ON-LOOKERS AND...

PARDON ME, BUDDY, BUT...SAY LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!

NO YOU DON'T!

Hey... watch where you're going!

IF HE STARTED THE FIRE- WHY SHOULD HE TURN IN THE ALARM, CHIEF?

TO MAKE IT MORE EXCITING EFFIE!

GEE, I GET EXCITED JUST LOOKING AT YOU, SAM!

THAT'S BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL SWEETHEART!

SAM SPADE says CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

Scratch your head! If you find signs of dryness and loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. It grooms hair, relieves dryness, and removes loose dandruff.
WIN Rollfast SKATES! 1,000 PAIR FOR THE BEST 1,000 NAMES SENT IN!

EASY TO WIN!

GADGET LEATHER STRAPS
WITH CUSHIONS

ADJUSTABLE TO ALL SIZES

FLEXIBLE SOLE PLATES

FAST GET-AWAY TOE WHEELS

EASY RULES TO WIN!

1. Choose a name for this boy.
2. Send in name and one Bazooka Bubble Gum wrapper to Box No. 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y. Send as many names as you please, with one Bazooka wrapper for each name.
3. A pair of famous Rollfast Skates will be awarded for each of the first 1,000 names.
4. Names will win that are most original, catchy, easiest to remember. Decision of judges is final. Hurry! In case of duplicates, earliest postmark wins.
5. Entries must be postmarked before Sept. 1, 1948. For list of winners, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Box No. 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y.
6. Contest open to all residents of U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees of Topps Chewing Gum and their advertising agency.

BOYS! GIRLS! Here's your chance to own a wonderful pair of famous Rollfast Skates with double ball race bearings and saddle-leather straps.

You've seen Bazooka, the Atom Bubble Boy, in the comics. He's the dare-devil boy who flies into the teeth of danger on his magic giant bubble, chasing robbers, saving little girls and winning cheers of praise wherever he goes.

So — send us a new name for this boy. Any name that's unusual, catchy, and suitable for this wonderful new comic-strip hero.

For the best 1,000 names you boys and girls send in (with a Bazooka wrapper for each name sent), we'll award 1,000 pairs of these handsome, Rollfast skates. Think of that! 1,000 winners. You've got a great chance!

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GET YOUR BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM TODAY! 6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢ AND COMICS IN EVERY PACKAGE!

Bazooka
THE ATOMIC BUBBLE GUM
GUARANTEED PARENTS' APPROVAL
A flickering light in the dark has meant many things to many men...Hope...Cheer...Rest! But to the ever-watchful Black Pirate, the strange manner in which a certain light acted one dark and stormy night meant but one thing..."The Smuggler's Signal!"

It is a stormy night in 17th century England, and the wind howls about Cliffshead Inn...

While inside the inn, Master Valor and his son Justin are warm beside a crackling fire..."My apologies for the service, gentlemen, the serving maid is late in arriving..."Tis well you decided to spend the night at the inn, sirs!"
Smugglers have been plaguing the region! The nightly patrol can't seem to catch the varlets! They're always too early or too late! What can be keeping the serving maid?

But just then... Help!

Perhaps the storm... or?

Perhaps a woman's scream! I can't see anything! Perhaps it was just the wind howling?

We'll see soon enough! Come on, Justin!

Once outside, the two quickly change into the Black Pirate and son, and...

Help! Father, look there!

Three against one, and that one a girl! We'll even those odds in a trice!

Blackguards... here's a storm of steel for you!

'Tis the Black Pirate!

And son!

Run... we are no match for the Black Pirate!

What? Had enough already?

Ow! My blade!

The knaves are fleeing!

Are you all right, lass? What happened? Why did those men single you out?

I-I don't know. Really, I don't, sir!
YOU—you must excuse me, sir—I'm late for work at the inn!

Why do you think she acted so strangely?

Perhaps as a reaction from fright. We'll search the grounds and make certain those scoundrels aren't anywhere about!

Soon after...

Father—look! A ship just entered the cove! And she's signaling by lamp!

That signaling... 'tis familiar!

The lamp is being raised and lowered swiftly!

I have it now! 'Tis the old smuggler's code! Worked by raising and lowering a light from a yardarm to form a message! I wonder who they can be signaling?

Look— from the inn's corner window... an answering signal light!

Quick—we'll surprise the signaler!
A Moment Later...

Great Neptune! Son--do you see--

The Girl we rescued!

So--you are a smuggler's aide!

No--no! You must listen to me, Black Pirate! Please--I'll explain everything!

But suddenly...

Look out!

The highwaymen again! Son--draw your--

Uhh!

Boing!

But take them to the beach!

Later, the Black Pirate and son awaken on the beach... Buried to their heads in the sand...

The smugglers are loading their boats with smuggled goods to take to the ship!

They intend selling it in some port at a fancy profit!

Farewell, Black Pirate! 'Tis low tide now. But the tide is coming in fast. High tide, the part of the beach where you're buried will be under water! Ho ho ho!

Soon after...

The incoming tide is upon us already! I fear our fate is sealed unless we can free ourselves from the sand packed around us!

I have an idea! Move your body, however slightly, until you've forced a small opening in the sand!
Shifting his body, Black Pirate makes a small opening in the sand for the water, and...

See—the water is pushing the sand away from us as it pours in!

It's working, Father! Aye! The sea they thought would drown us—is freeing us instead!

There—that does it! I'll have you free in an instant!

The smugglers' ship still lies offshore! They've not weighed anchor yet! We'll swim out there!

Softly now—or they'll hear us!

I've come to pay you a visit!

The Black Pirate! Ugg!
GIRLS!-BOYS! Get This New

BEANIE 'COPTER

Only 25¢

with any wrapper from Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! HERE'S A REAL GENUINE BEANIE MOUNTED WITH A 5-INCH HELICOPTER BLADE. SEE IT SPIN LIKE A CYCLONE WHEN YOU WALK OR RUN!

You'll whir with real live action, fellows and girls, when you wear this keen-looking new Tootsie BEANIE 'COPTER. You get a gay colored beanie, pressed into six sections, sharply scalloped around the edge and stitched. Top of the crown has a real metal sleeve-bearing mechanism on which is mounted a 5-inch helicopter blade. This blade comes in bright, flashing color designs.

It's a knockout! You can get as many beanies as you want. For each one send only 25 cents and any size wrapper from Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops. Rush coupon today. You'll be glad you did.

TOOTIE ROLLS
Box 331, New York 8, N.Y.

You bet I want to be first in my neighborhood to sport a new Tootsie BEANIE- 'COPTER. For each one I enclose 25¢ (in coin) and a wrapper from Tootsie Roll, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pop.

My Name..........................

My Address..........................

City....................................Zone................State.......

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Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law in your state or municipality. Offer good only in United States.
WELL, WHAT IS THE GREATEST INVENTION IN THE WORLD?

MAN!

WHAT ABOUT WOMAN?

WOMAN IS ONLY AN IMPROVEMENT ON THAT INVENTION!

WHERE YA GOIN'?

LOOKIN' FOR IMPROVEMENTS!

WHY ARE YOU TURNING DOWN TAXI FARES, JEFF?

THE TAXI BUSINESS DOESN'T PAY!

DOESN'T PAY? DON'T BE SILLY! CAR DRIVERS ARE MAKIN' PLENTY!

AREN'T YOU MAKIN' ANY DOUGH?

NO!

I HARDLY MAKE ENOUGH TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE I DO TO OTHER CARS!

CRASH!
THE hideous, war-painted savage crouched in the foliage and sighted along the arrow notched in his straining war-bow. His target, a small, unkempt white man on horseback, drew closer in the clearing. Still closer. The redskin prepared to loose the deadly shaft. The muscles of his tawny arm tightened. The metal tip of the arrow touched the twisted bow. And then—

Suddenly the Indian hesitated and a slight frown creased his painted brow. The horseman was close now and the hidden savage could see every detail of the dress and demeanor of his unsuspecting victim. He stared.

The rider was a strange sight. He was a slight man and there was a look of wild intensity about him. His matted, uncut hair fell back on his shoulders. It flicked around his dark, unshaven face, propelled by the unsteady movement of the horse under him. He was barefoot and he used no saddle. But the strangest sight of all was his dress. This consisted of just one piece of attire: a large coffee sack into which holes had been cut for arms and legs. Atop his head was a hat made of pasteboard with a large peak in front.

"Wait!" In guttural Iroquois tongue the word came from a second painted redskin crouching behind the first. "Do not shoot. It is our friend—the man whom the other whiteskins call Johnny Appleseed. He is a great medicine man. Let him pass unharmed." The eyes of the first savage went wide, and he lowered his bow. Together, the two Iroquois watched the intense, eccentric rider disappear into the woods.

This was how Johnny Appleseed—for it was indeed he—accomplished one of his historic feats. The year was 1812, during the war with Britain. The American settlers in the Northeast territory were in danger of surprise attacks by hostile Indians. The British were banking on the fact that not even Federal troops could get through to the frontiersmen to warn them, because of the savage tribes in the area. But Johnny Appleseed got through to the settlements and, forewarned, they were able successfully to defend themselves.

Johnny Appleseed has come down to us as an almost legendary figure who wandered through the length and breadth of the American frontier planting his precious apple trees. But in the days when he lived, Johnny was just as widely known for other striking characteristics. One of these, which particularly impressed the Indians, was his disregard of discomfort or pain.

Johnny usually went barefoot even in the coldest weather. His method of treating the cuts and sores he received from his barefooted wandering was spectacular. He seared the wounds with a redhot iron, and then put herbs on the burn!

This behavior made Johnny a "great medicine man" with the Indians. He always treated the red man with the same kindness and respect that he treated anyone else. As a result he became their fast friend and
could travel anywhere in the wilderness without fear of attack.

Contrary to popular belief today, Johnny did not plant his trees at random. His activity was well-organized and business-like. He took into consideration the paths through the wilderness along which the pioneers were moving westward. Mostly these were old Indian trails.

He got his apple seeds in great quantities from cider presses in western Pennsylvania. He carried them in leather bags to prevent briars from tearing them open. Sometimes the bags were packed on a horse, but other times Johnny carried them on his own shoulders.

He was a kind of advance guard for the westward-moving frontier. Well ahead of the most adventurous pioneers he selected ideal places for his tree nurseries, and there he planted his seeds. By the time the new settlers came, the apple trees were ready to be transplanted and in a short time to bear fruit. A settler who could not afford to pay received the trees for nothing. Johnny did not care for money.

During forty-six years this was his main occupation. The thousands of apple trees that he planted changed the appearance of the American landscape. Their fruit has been a delight to untold numbers. But who was this man? And why did he carry on this strange, selfless mission?

Very little is known about him. His real name was Jonathan Chapman and he was born far from the frontier—far east in Boston in 1775. Those two facts sum up his known history until his appearance on the frontier when he was 26 years old.

He was an obvious eccentric—but with a difference. He seems to have had an obsession, a fixed idea, that he must help people! Even rude frontiersmen sensed this goodness in Johnny Appleseed and it is a matter of public record that he was never teased as other strange “characters” were, and unmercifully, in those boisterous days.

Exactly why Johnny chose to plant apple trees as his way of helping people is not known. It is said that he held the growing and ripening apple one of the most beautiful sights that nature affords. Perhaps this is the answer.

Until recently many a grandmother in Ohio and Indiana could remember visits from Johnny Appleseed. As children they had a great affection for him. Whenever Johnny agreed to eat with any family he always had to be assured that there was enough food for the children too. He would listen to their troubles, and his constant kindness to them made him the friend of countless little ones on the frontier.

An occurrence in Johnny’s life can perhaps sum up his extraordinary character. During an unusually cold November, while he was traveling barefoot through mud and snow, a settler saw him. This man happened to have a pair of shoes that were too small for him. He stopped Johnny and forced their acceptance on him.

A few days afterward the shoe-giver was in another village. To his astonishment he saw Johnny walking along barefoot. Almost with anger, the first man demanded the reason for this foolish conduct.

“Why,” said Johnny Appleseed simply, “coming here I passed a poor, barefooted family moving west. They seemed to need shoes more than I did. So I gave them the shoes.”

BY JOHN OSGOOD
A radio listener may hear an announcer's voice before a person sitting in the broadcasting studio does, because radio waves travel faster than sound waves.

This is the life!

The sun is 400 times larger than the moon, but it is 400 times farther away, thus the sun and moon appear the same size to us.

A person is heavier when moving than when standing still. A person arising suddenly from a sitting position, for instance, may double his own weight insofar as scales are concerned.

A sheet of iron a hundred-thousandth of a millimeter thick is just as transparent as glass.

250 pounds?!

I must have done something wrong!

A heavy iron presses clothes no better than a light iron, the amount of dampness in the cloth and the temperature of the iron are the things that count most.
MUTT & JEFF

YOU CAN'T BRING THAT MULE IN THE SUBWAY!
MULE? THAT AIN'T A MULE! THAT'S A HORSE!

HORSE, MULE, I DON'T CARE! YOU CAN'T RIDE ANIMALS IN THE SUBWAY!

I'M NOT RIDING HIM -

AND IN THE SECOND PLACE HE AIN'T MINE!
HE GOT ON AT 424 STREET!

MUTT & JEFF

WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

I DUNNO! I GUESS SOMEBODY IN THE SUBWAY TOOK IT OUT OF MY POCKET BY MISTAKE!

MISTAKE?

YEH, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS MINE!

WHEN! PACKED LIKE SARDINES!

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Excitement bubbles at the Gotham Golden Jubilee -- the anniversary of the founding of the great city! But more than excitement makes the mammoth Metropolis quake when Knodar, the criminal from the 25th century, appears and blazes a ruthless trail of crime and violence! Not even his time-honored enemy, Green Lantern, holds any fear for the super-criminal, for Knodar has a foolproof plan to outwit the Emerald Crusader! Get ready for the thrill of a century when Knodar clashes with Green Lantern at... "Gotham's Golden Jubilee!"
In the 25th Century, a guide conducts tourists through a museum...

And on your left is Knodar, the last criminal! The Science Council put him in this museum because he is such a strange curiosity in our crimeless era!

Yes, ma'am! Knodar escaped twice, but a man named Green Lantern captured him each time and sent him back here!

Later that night... with a picklock made from a spoon!

So the Council put me in a museum, eh? But the fools forgot that a baby could open the old-fashioned locks in this place! Ha ha! I'm free again! And this time Green Lantern won't have a chance at me!

Not that I'm afraid of Green Lantern, but why take risks? Besides—there's a great girl criminal in the 23rd Century named the Black-Eyed Bandit! If we joined forces, we'd be the greatest criminal team in all history!

A moment later... Now if only this ancient crate will work! Ha! It's starting up!

Then...

I'm on my way! This is one time I won't have to worry about Green Lantern! When this buggy stops I'll be in the 23rd Century with the Black-Eyed Bandit!

The First Original
Meanwhile, in the 20th century, Alan (Green Lantern) Scott airs a great event in the Gotham Golden Jubilee.

From our booth above Gotham Avenue, the Old Town really fulfills the theme of the Jubilee—the City of the Future! It's a thrilling sight.

All sorts of events are planned for this week! Here's Ann Hunt, the movie starlet, to tell you about one of them...

Folks, keep your eyes open for the Jubilee Mystery Girl!

The mystery girl is going around Gotham dropping small golden keys into people's pockets! If you can identify her, you win the great golden key to the city!

Later...

Golly! I'd like to win that golden key, Alan! So would I, Doiby! It would mean a great scoop for our station if we could find out the identity of the mystery girl—wait a second!

Huh?? A liddle gold key, Alan. Da mystery goil wuz here! Good gosh! Then that must mean—hold everything, doiby!

A moment after, in a secret closet in the radio booth, Alan Scott switches to the emerald-spangled costume of 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 as the mighty Power Ring spurs forth!

So we gotta find Ann Hunt, Lantrin? Yes! If we can spot her putting a key in someone's pocket, then we'll know for sure that she's the Mystery Girl!

Meanwhile... ha! Never thought this old time buggy would make it! But here I am! And if this isn't the 23rd Century, I don't know my history book! Now to find the Black-Eyed Bandit!

Unknown to Knodar, the old time machine's faulty mechanism has landed him, not in the 23rd, but back in the 20th Century!

Not long after...

My history book says the Black-Eyed Bandit ransacked Gotham City, but no sign of anyone who looks like her...

This will be the tenth key I've given away, and no one's found me out yet!

But then! Congratulations, Mr. Knodar! You win the Golden Key to the City!

The Golden Key? That sounds like a swell job for us! When do we go after it?

Right now! Come with me! We'll take the walkway.

The Jubilee Walkway - a great moving sidewalk above Gotham Avenue.

This is terrific! The two of us together here in the 23rd Century!

Ha ha! You've a funny sense of humor, as well as a funny costume, Mr. Knodar! This way.
THERE'S THE KEY! WE'LL GET IT THROUGH THE JUBILEE OFFICE!

THAT SOUNDS TOO LONG! LET ME HANDLE THIS JOB MY WAY!

BLACK-EYED BANDIT!

WAIT! WHY DID YOU CALL ME BLACK-EYED BANDIT? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU'LL SEE, COME ON!

YOU TWO! STOP OR WE SHOOT!

POLICE, HUH? I KNEW I'D FIND A GOOD USE FOR THIS OLD-FASHIONED METAL-DESTROYER I TOOK WITH ME FROM THAT MUSEUM!

HEY! WHERE ARE THOSE TWO GOING? STOP 'EM!

As the strange weapon blasts out-

Did you cops say "Shoot" with what?

Huh—my gun!

Mr. Knopar, you can't get away with this kind of thing!

Can't I? Listen, babe. With you at my side I can get away with anything! Just watch!

At that moment-

Someone saw Ann Hunt come this way with a strangely dressed man!

'Goodness sakes, Lantrin! Look! It's Knodar—da criminal from da future!
RUSH HIM! THAT QUEER GUN OF HIS DESTROYS METAL — BUT IT CAN'T HURT US!

NOW IF I TURN IT AROUND LIKE THIS —

— IT BECOMES A METAL PRODUCER!

REVERSED, THE AMAZING WEAPON SHOOTS OUT METAL BANDS THAT BOLT THE POLICE TO THE WALL!

KNODAR'S STOLEN THE GOLDEN KEY — AND HE'S RUNNING OFF WITH ANN HUNT!

HELP!

SHOOT OUT DA RING, LANTRIN — HURRY!

THE NEXT INSTANT, AS THE FAMED POWER RING BLAZES FORTH!

CAUGHT HIM, DOIHY!

GREEN LANTERN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

I'LL TEACH YOU TO HAUL ME AROUND, YOU BIG BULLY!

I'LL — OH, GOODNESS! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

TERRIFIC, BANDIT! YOU BOPPED HIM OUT!

BUT AS ANN SWINGS THE GOLDEN KEY —

OOF!
I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT GREEN LANTERN'S DOING IN THIS ERA! BUT LET'S GO BANDIT! FAST! ER - ALL RIGHT.

I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND I'M THE BLACK-EYED BANDIT THIS CROOK CALLS ME - SO I CAN HELP BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.

WHAT NOW, KNO DAR? THE NEXT JOB'S ALL SET UP FOR US! LOOK!

GRAND JUBILEE BALL TONIGHT!

WINNER OF GOLDEN KEY TO BE HONORED!

YOU MEAN WE'LL GO TO THE JUBILEE BALL?

SURE! I'M THE "WINNER" OF THE GOLDEN KEY, AIN'T I?

HA HA!

MOMENTS LATER...

CHEE, LANTRIN! ARE YOUSE OKAY? KNO DAR GOT AWAY!

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! I WONDER IF ANN HUNT MEANT TO HIT ME OR COME ON DOBY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!

THE EMERALD CRUSADER FLASHES ACROSS THE "CITY OF THE FUTURE..."

NO SIGN OF THEM!

I CAN'T NOT BELIEVE ANN HUNT WOULD TIE UP WIT A CROOK LIKE KNO DAR!

CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME, DOBY! REMEMBER, ALAN SCOTT HAS TO BROADCAST THE JUBILEE BALL TONIGHT!
At the apartment of Alan and Doiby...

AW! Why do we have to wear these duds, Lantrip?

Everyone at the ball will have to wear futuristic costumes and eye-masks. It's part of the jubilee! Too bad you can't come too, Streak!

But, just in case, I'm keeping my GL uniform on underneath.

Let's go! Goitrude awaits for us below!

Gosh, Doiby! All vehicles in the city are supposed to look futuristic tonight too! Goitrude looks an old relic!

Lantrip, please! Do you want to hit Goitrude's feelings?

Of course not! No one's around, so I'll use my ring to dress her up a bit.

Goitrude! How beesyeful youse has become!

Shortly...

Boy! Dis is some night, huh, Alan?

It sure is! We'll have to park now! The ball is on the Starlight Roof of the Gotham Hotel up there!

As the masked duo goes into the hotel...

Knodar told me to wait here for our getaway! I've got to keep with him till I find a way to stop him! Oh, if only Green Lantern would show up!
On the starlit roof, the mayor of Gotham addresses a banquet—folks, it seems that the theft of the golden key today was just a prank by this stranger in town, mister knodar! So, as winner of the contest, he is our guest of honor tonight!

Speech!

I'm sure you ladies and gentlemen want to get on with the dinner—so my speech as guest of honor will be a short one!

Speech!

This is it! everybody put his jewels and valuables on the table! Fast!

Thank you, lady! a fine brooch! and what have you two gents for me?

Nothing, knodar!

...except maybe a short cut to jail!

As knodar's strange gun flares—Hey! he's got us in a cage, lantrin!

Green lantern again! this time i'll fix you for good with my metal-producer!
GREEN LANTERN'S POWER BEAM BLAZES OUT!

HERE'S YOUR CAGE BACK IN A DIFFERENT SHAPE, KNODAR!

YA PINNED HIM TA DA WALL, LANTRIN!

THE NEXT INSTANT--

YOU FORGOT MY LEGS WERE STILL FREE! NOW TO BREAK LOOSE AND MAKE MY GETAWAY!

OOF!

UGH!

Then--

DERE HE GOES, LANTRIN!

STEP ON IT, BANDIT!

ER--OKAY!

HA-HA! MY METAL-PRODUCER PRODUCED A FAST EXIT FOR ME TOO-- THIS WIRE CABLE AND PULLEY WHEEL!

MOMENTS LATER--

DEY DROVE LIKE LIGHTNIN' BUT DEY DIDN'T LOSE VOUSE, LANTRIN!

LOOK WHERE THEY'RE GOING, DOIBY! WHAT COULD KNODAR WANT IN THERE?

GOTHAM'S MODEL BUILDING OF THE FUTURE

DA PLACE IS EMPTY! NO ONE'S HERE AT DIS HOUR!

COME ON! WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT HIS GAME IS!
But as the crime-fighting duo rushes into the building—

Knodar's tricked us! Watch-ung!

I figured you would rush right in here after me! Now I'll finish you off in modern style—

But by this giant-size 23rd century long distance radio! Ha ha! It's fixed so you two will make a short circuit when the set heats up!

Can't understand why! They call this a radio of the future! It's a standard 23rd century model and this is the 23rd century... oh, well, probably a clerk's error!

Suddenly... I've settled 'em, black-eyed bandit! Now there's nothing to stop our great crime partnership!

Say! What are you holding behind you?

The one thing that can stop our 'crime partnership,' Knodar—

Your metal-producer! I lifted it from you in the car!

The amazing weapon covers Knodar with handcuffs!
The next moment--

Lanrin! Dis t'ing is getting hotter! Ya gotta wake up, or--

Ohh! There's no time to untie them, so--

-I'll have to try the metal-destroyer end of this weapon!

Da metal parts o' da radio has disappeared! Miss Hunt saved us!

Crackle

After the Emerald Crusader recovers, he hurls a titanic bolt of energy at Knodar--

Ann Hunt wrapped you for mailing. Knodar, so I'm sending you on a long trip--back where you came from!

Still later--

Now we kin really enjoy Da Jubilee, huh, Alan?

Yes, Doiby, but one thing--I wonder why Knodar seemed so surprised when he came across us? Well, I guess we'll never know the answer to that one!

Later--Knodar mistook me for a criminal named the Black-Eyed Bandit! I don't know why! But I played along to help capture him!

A lucky thing for us, Ann! You saved our lives!

While back in his 26th century museum cell--

Bah! There's only one way I can figure it out! There must be a Green Lantern in every century! I might as well stay here,

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