

SUMMER  
ISSUE

**12 BIG LAUGH FEATURES!**

**OLD FRIENDS AND NEW  
IN BRAND-NEW STORIES**



# ALL FUNNY COMICS

**10¢**

POOR PRIVATE PERKINS!  
SOMEBODY TOLD HIM  
THE WAR WAS OVER!!

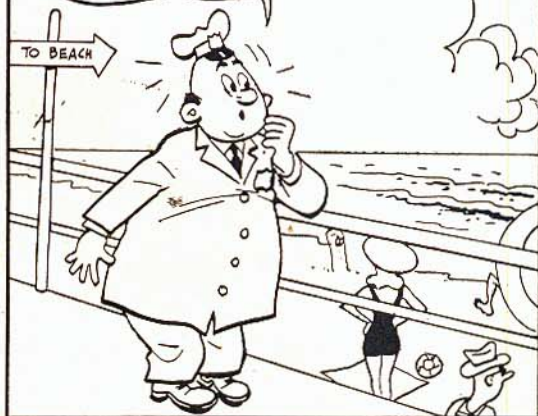


# CASEY

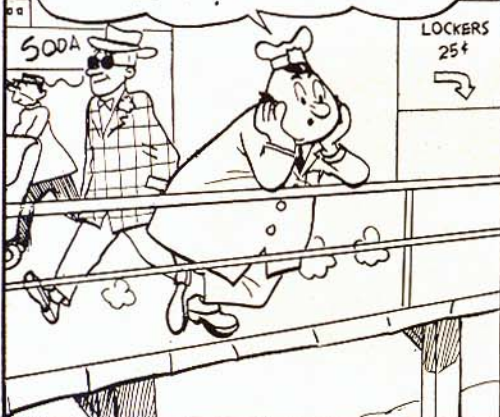
## THE COP



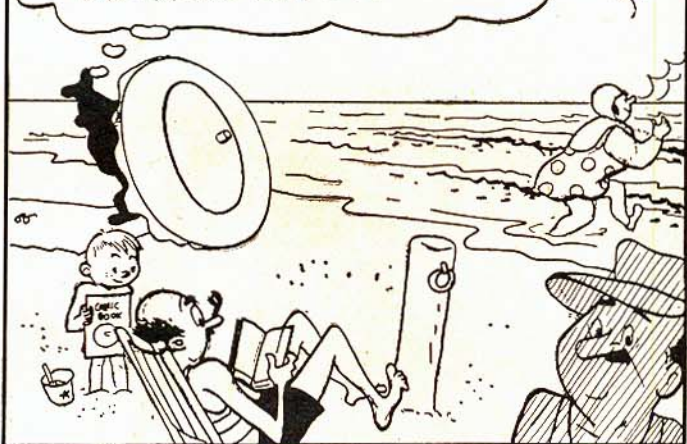
'SNAKE-EYE LOOIE'! THE MAN  
WANTED BY TEN STATES FOR DOING  
BANK JOBS!



BEGORRA, IF I ONLY COULD  
CAPTURE HIM --- THAT WOULD BE  
SOMETHING FOR CASEY TO TALK  
ABOUT!



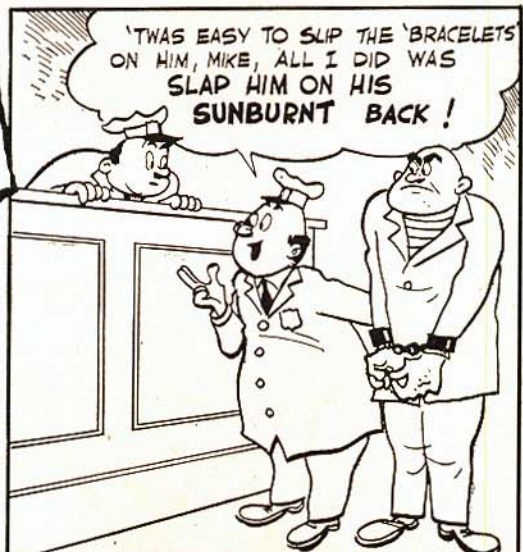
THERE ISN'T A COP ALIVE THAT'S BEEN ABLE  
TO SLIP THE HANDCUFFS ON HIM --- BUT  
WITH CASEY'S PLAN -- ??



SHH - HOLD YOUR BREATH  
HERE I GO ---



'TWAS EASY TO SLIP THE 'BRACELETS'  
ON HIM, MIKE, ALL I DID WAS  
SLAP HIM ON HIS  
SUNBURNT BACK!

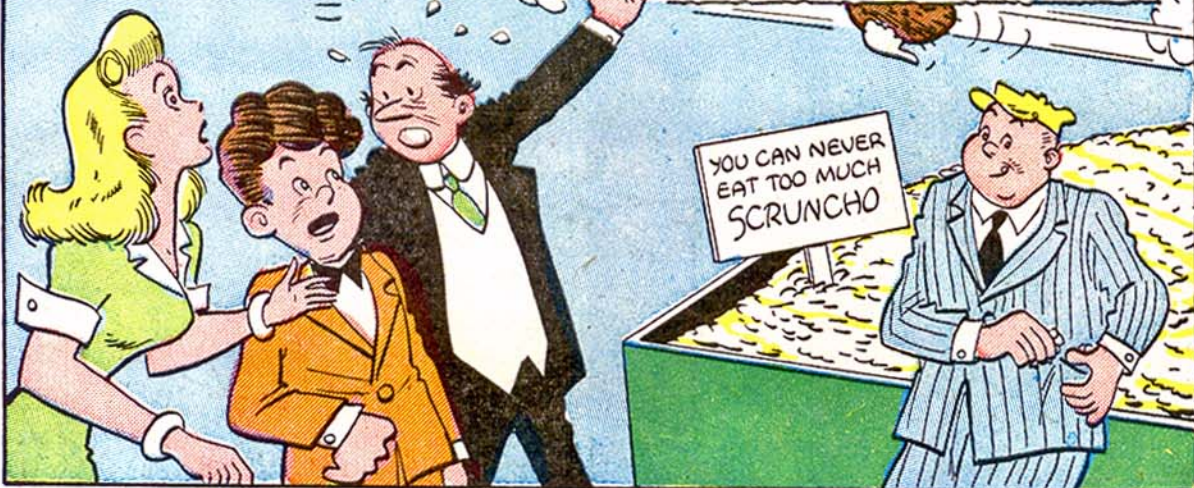


Penniless

# PALMER

YOU'VE HEARD OF WEEPING WILLOWS, OF COURSE... BUT HAVE YOU EVER RUN ACROSS A TEARFUL TOMATO, OR AN UNHAPPY ARTICHOKE? WELL, THAT WOULDN'T HAVE SURPRISED PENNILESS PALMER, HIS BEAUTIFUL AND FAR FROM DUMB SECRETARY, BUNNY, AND HIS UNDERFERD BUT SOMEWHAT OVERSTUFFED OPERATIVE, OXIE, WHEN THEY CONTRACTED TO CRACK THE SLIGHTLY DEMENTED CASE OF...

"The DISCONTENTED COCONUTS!"



IT'S A BRIGHT SUNNY DAY IN THE COUNTRY, AS THREE SCOUNDREL-SQUELCHERS DRIVE WITH STARING EYES PAST FIELDS OF LUSCIOUS FOOD!

ROWS OF RADISHES, COLUMNS OF CANTALOUPE, PLATOONS OF POTATOES... I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

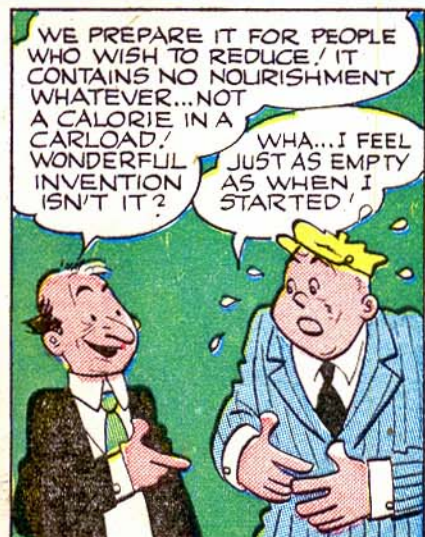
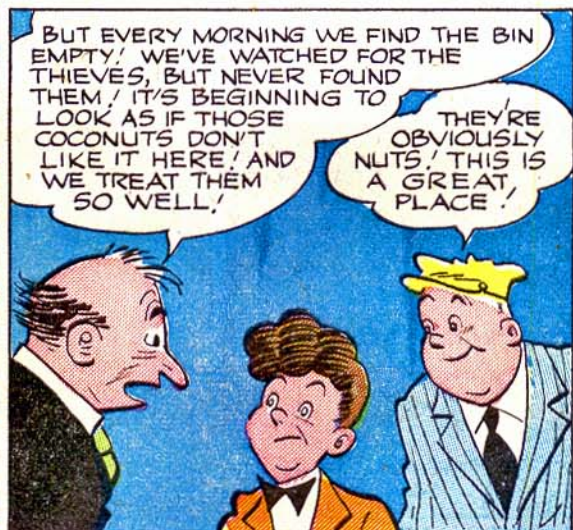
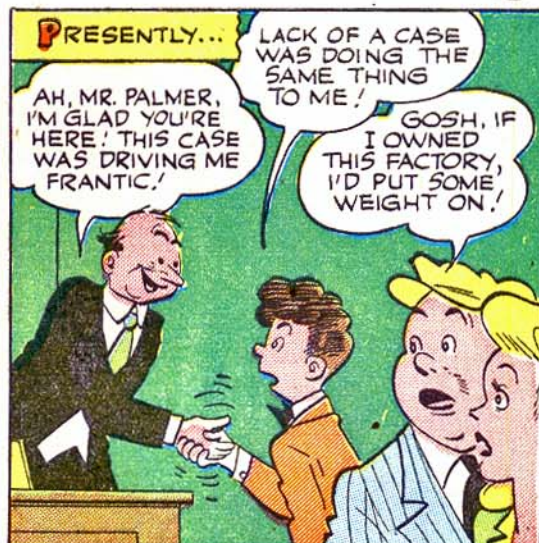
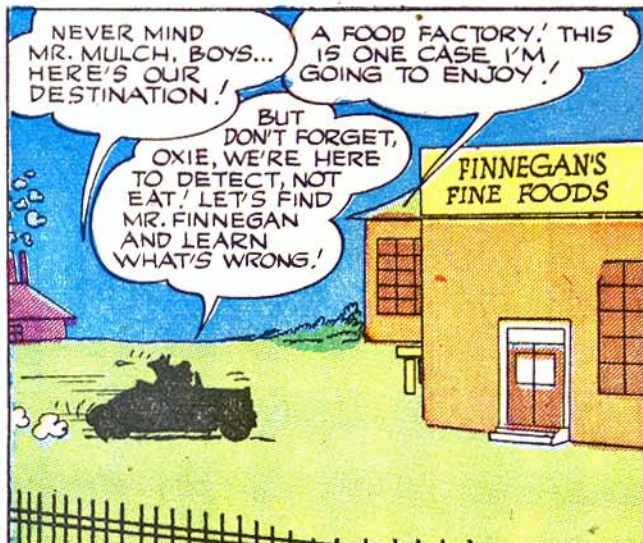
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO SEE GROWING IN THE COUNTRY... BOEING BOMBERS?

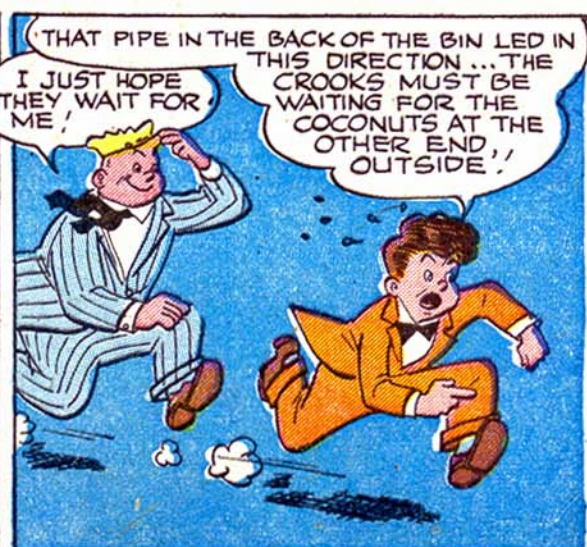
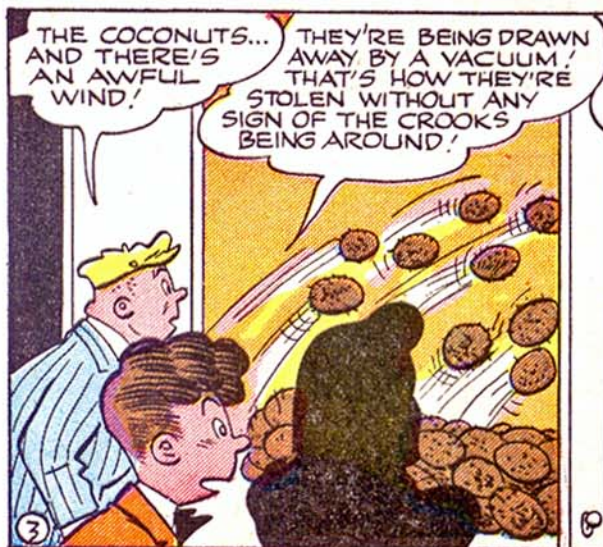
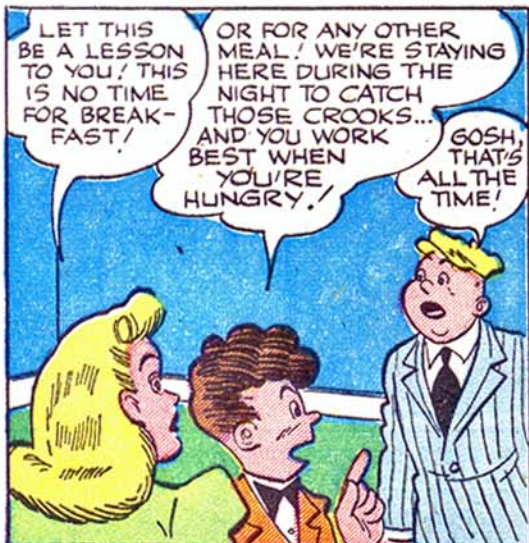


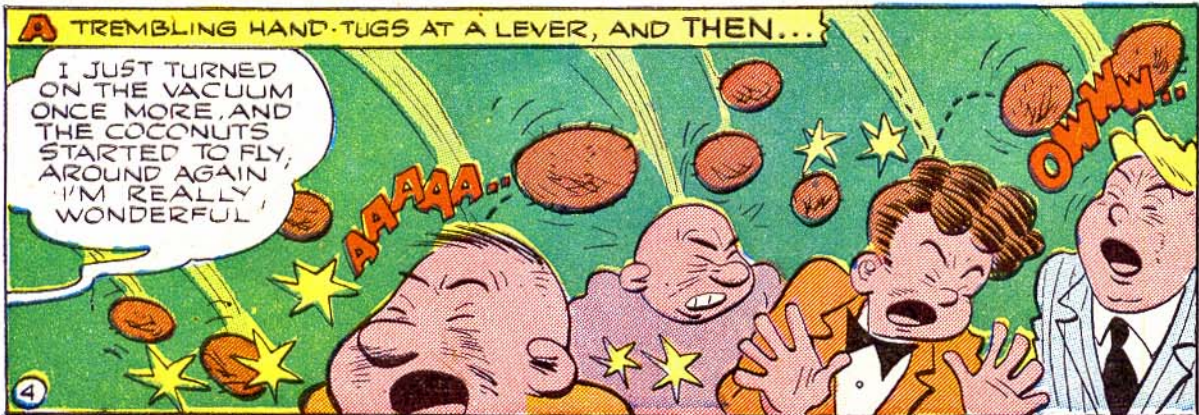
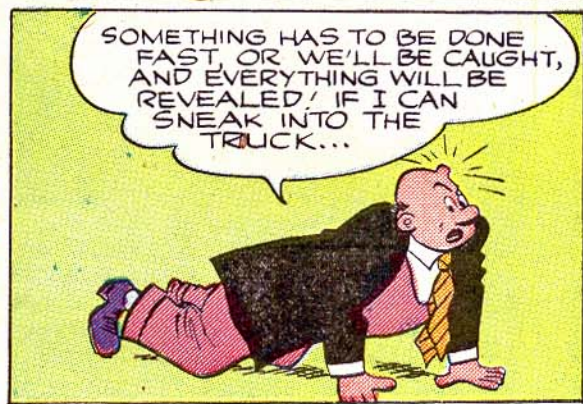
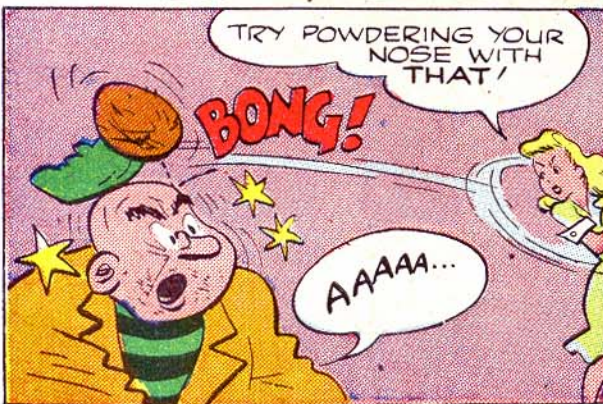
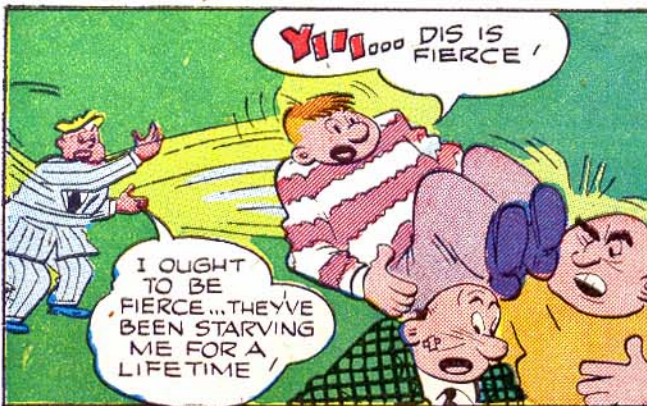
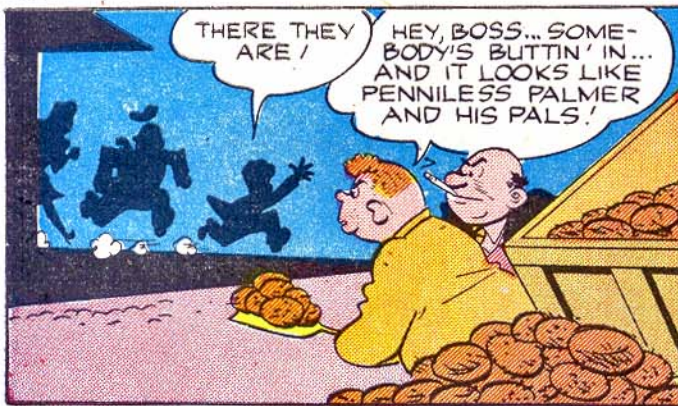
I EXPECT... HEY, LOOK! PALM TREES!

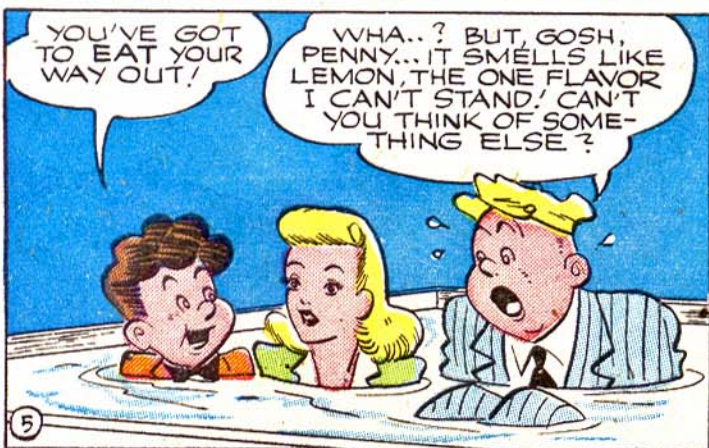
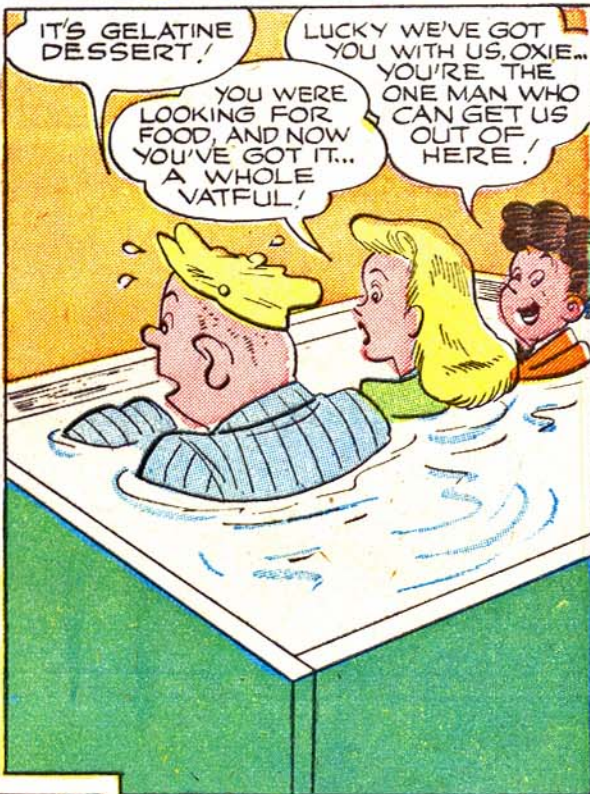
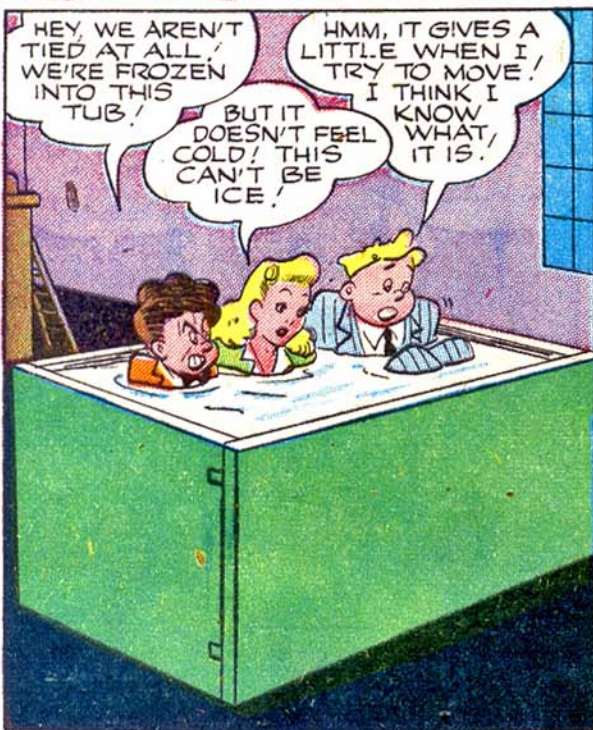
THEY'RE COCONUT PALMS, OXIE, WHICH DON'T ORDINARILY GROW IN THIS CLIMATE! BUT THEY'RE DOING NICELY, THANKS TO MR. MARTIN MULCH, THE PLANT GENIUS!



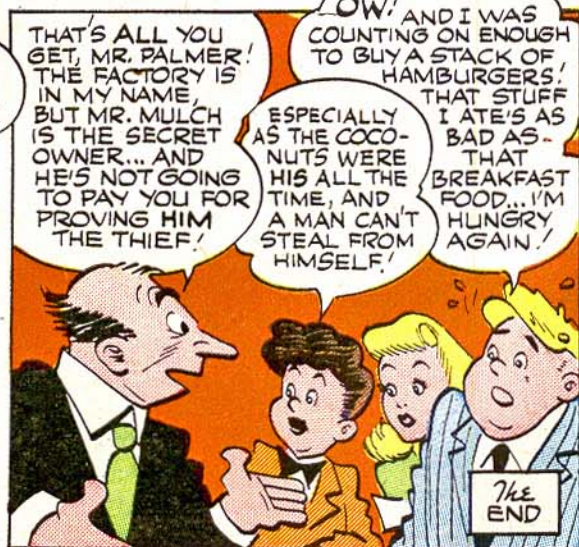
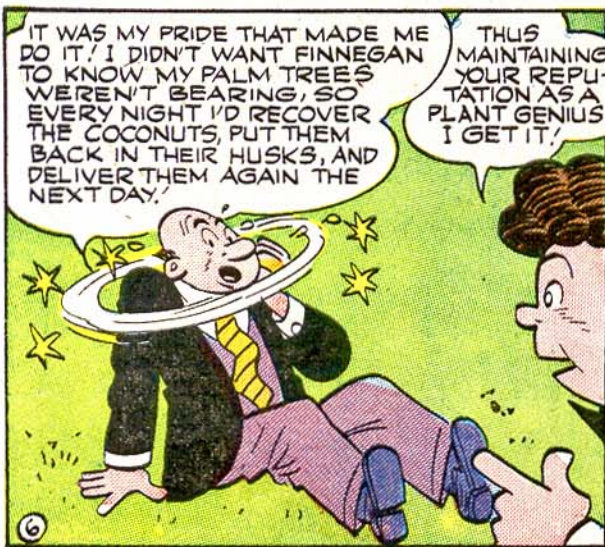
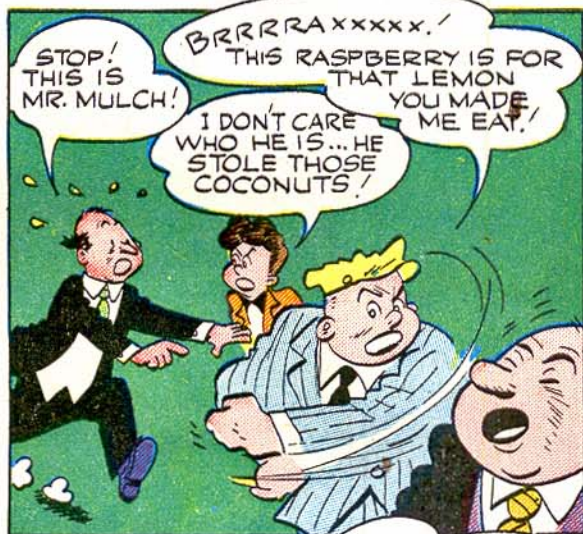
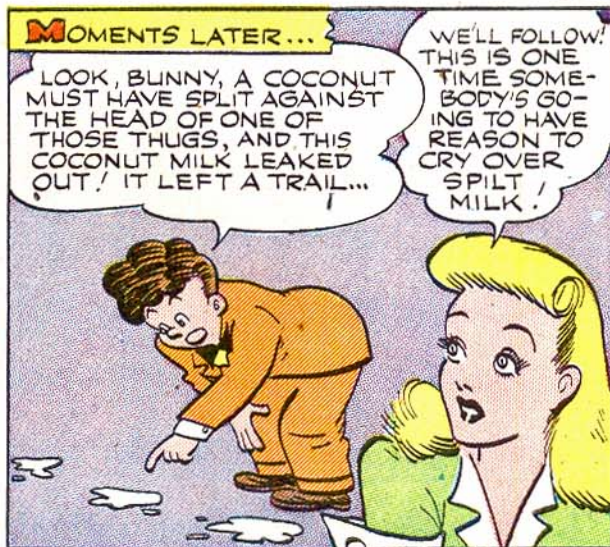
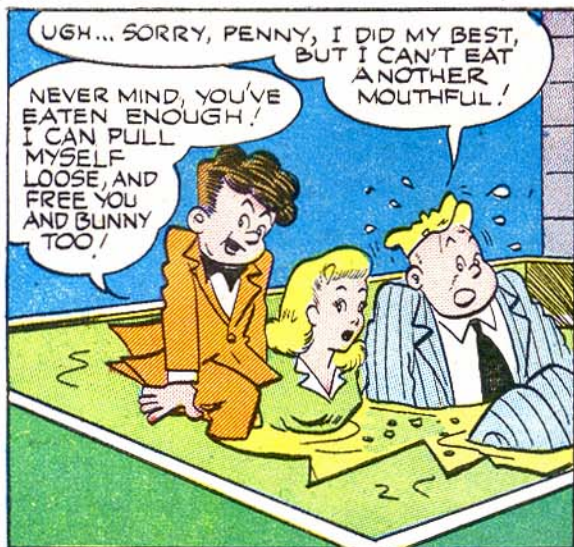








**B**UT WRACK HIS BRAINS AS HE WILL, OUR HERO CAN THINK OF NO OTHER MEANS OF ESCAPE! AND SO, OXIE SELF-SACRIFICINGLY BEGINS TO EAT... AND EAT... AND EAT... UNTIL FINALLY...



THE END

TWO-GUN

## PERCY

BERNARD BAILY...

HE'S A MIGHTY MEAN HOMBRE, IS **SIDEWINDER** --- AN HOMBRE, STRANGER, THAT WILL KILL YUH AS SOON AS LOOK AT YUH! BUT **TWO-GUN PERCY** AIN'T NO TENDERFOOT HISELFF -- AND THOUGH **SIDEWINDER** IS **PURE PIZEN**, **PIZEN** DON'T MEAN MUCH TO **TWO-GUN** AFTER HANGIN' AROUND **GILA GUS'S**! SO KNOWIN' THAT EVERY HEEL HAS HIS HEEL, IT' **TWO GUN** WHAT FIGGERS OUT...  
**"THE SUBDUIN' OF SIDEWINDER SAM"**

LATE AFTERNOON AT GILA GUS'S EMPORIUM...  
**TWO-GUN PERCY** DAWDLES OVER A DISH OF CHOCOLATE PIZEN, WITH NUTS AND WHIPPED CREAM...

AIN'T GOT MUCH TO DO TO-DAY, LULUBELLE -- HOW ABOUT GETTIN' HITCHED? YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL AND I'M BRAVE...  
 .. A FINE COUPLE!

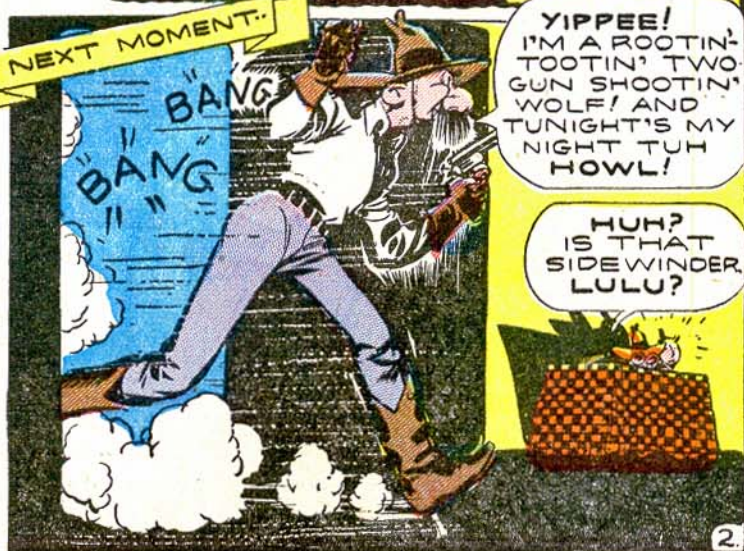
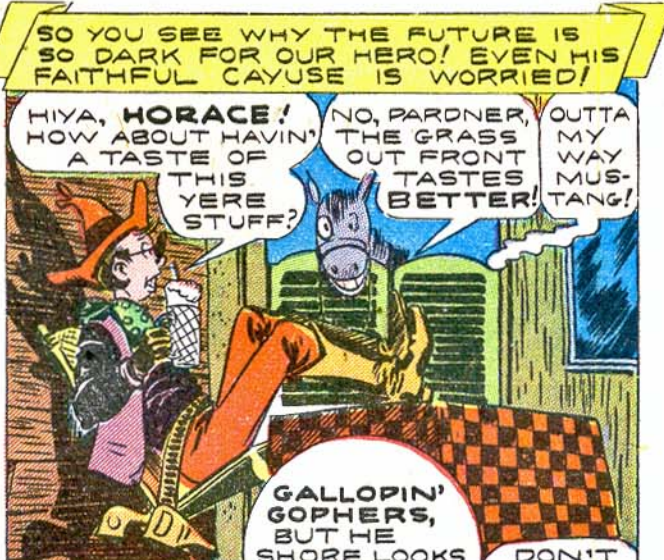
NO, PARDNER! YUH AIN'T THE FIRST WHAT'S ASKED ME TUH MARRY HIM! BUT I AIN'T MARRYIN' NO COWHAND! HE MIGHT TREAT MES LIKE ONE OF HIS COWS!

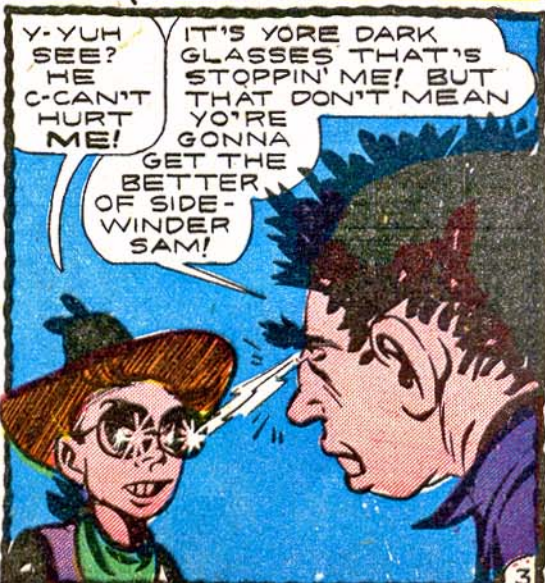
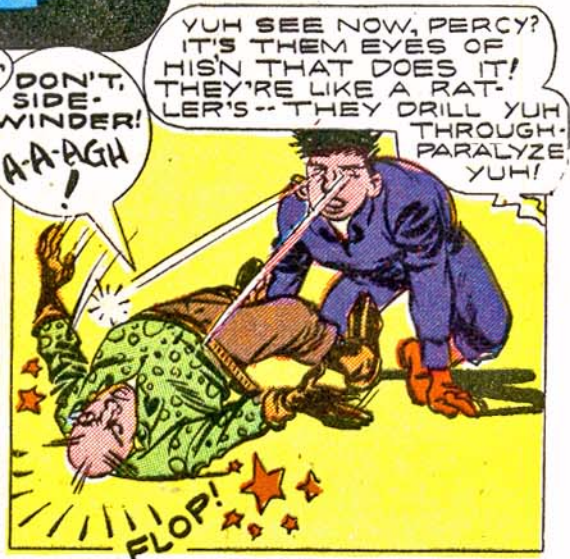
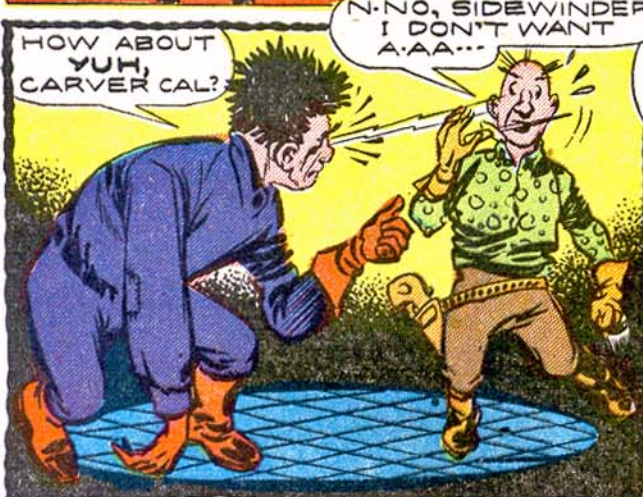
LOOKS TUH ME, DOC, LIKE A DOUBLE-YUH AND A YUH!

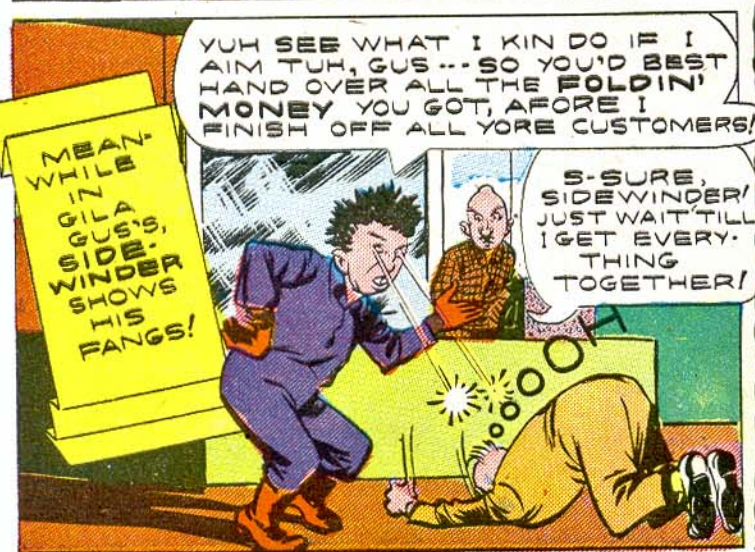
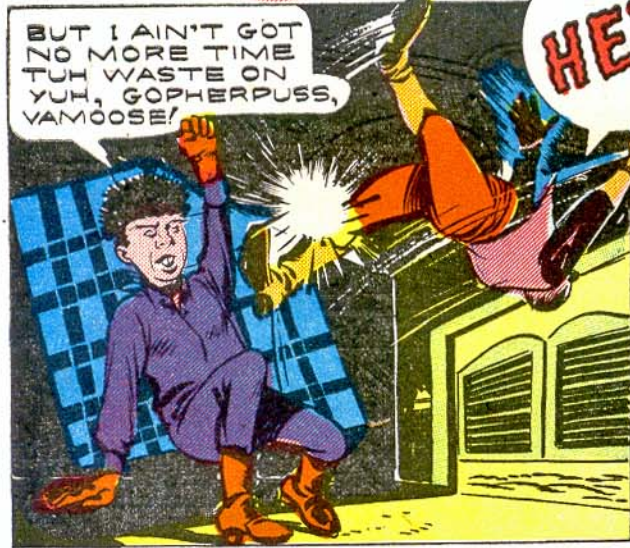
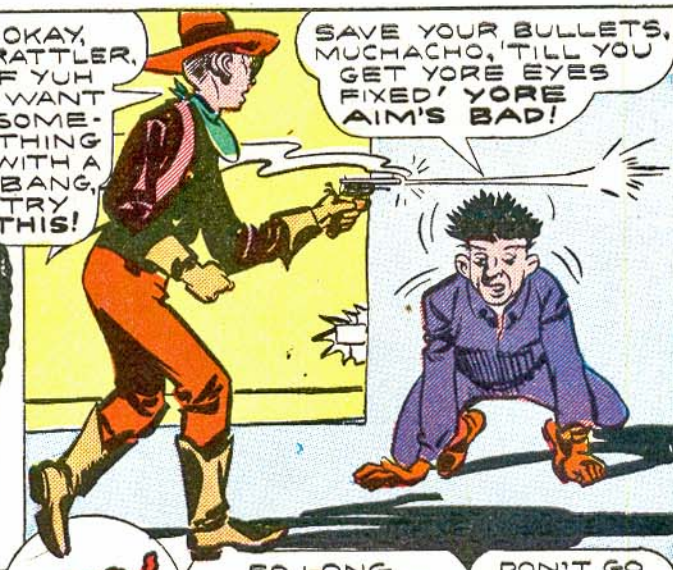
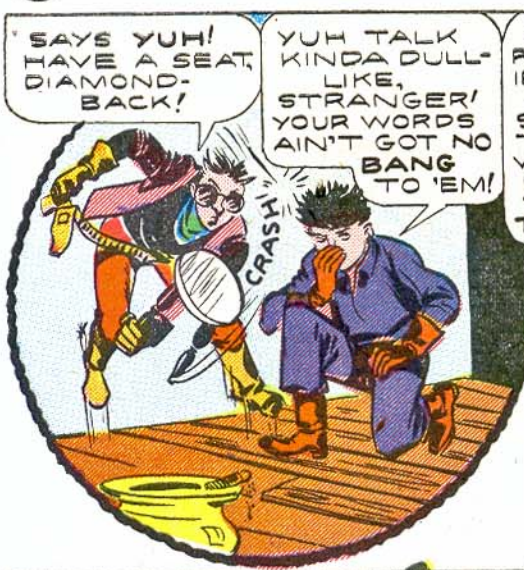
LULUBELLE BEAUTIFUL? THE TRUTH IS THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY WRONG WITH OUR HERO'S EYES AS THE EYE DOC DISCOVERED SEVERAL DAYS AGO!

QV  
 STILR  
 02573  
 KISBLE  
 11-10-55-5511

HMM. EYES 25,000-20 AND 45,000-20.. YO'RE KINDA **SHORT SIGHTED**, AMIGO!









HOLD ON THAR, SIDEWINDER... YORE DAY OF RECONIN' HAS COME!

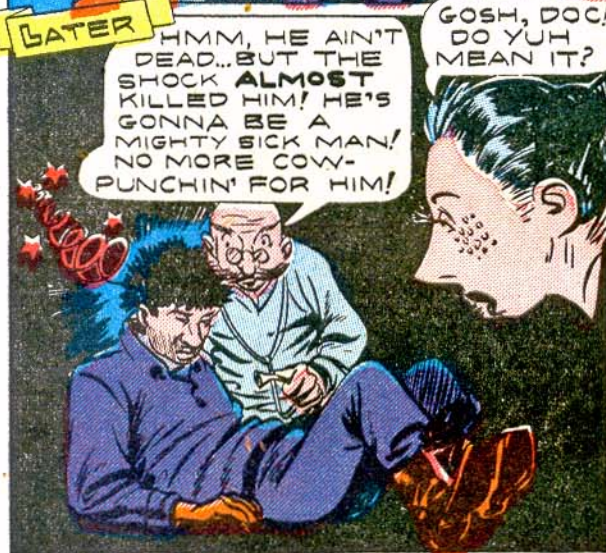
THAT'S WHAT YUH THINK, YUH MANGY COYOTE!



YER, THAT'S WHAT I THINK...AND THIS MIRROR WILL PROVE IT!

HUH?

JEST LIKE I EXPECTED! NOBODY'S TOUGH ENOUGH TO STAND A GLANCE FROM SIDEWINDER--NOT EVEN SIDEWINDER!



LATER

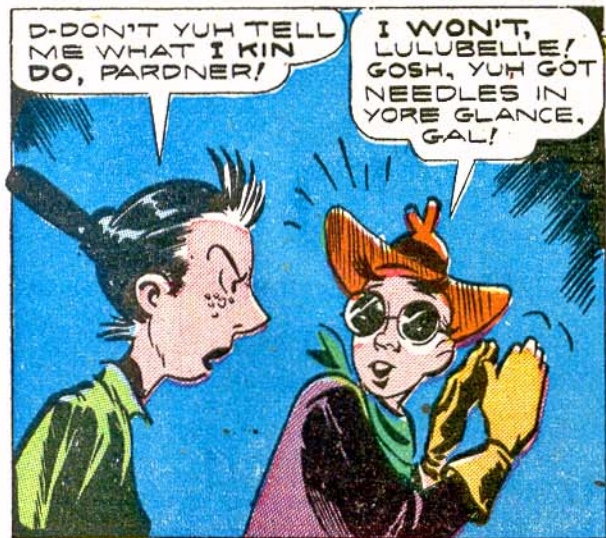
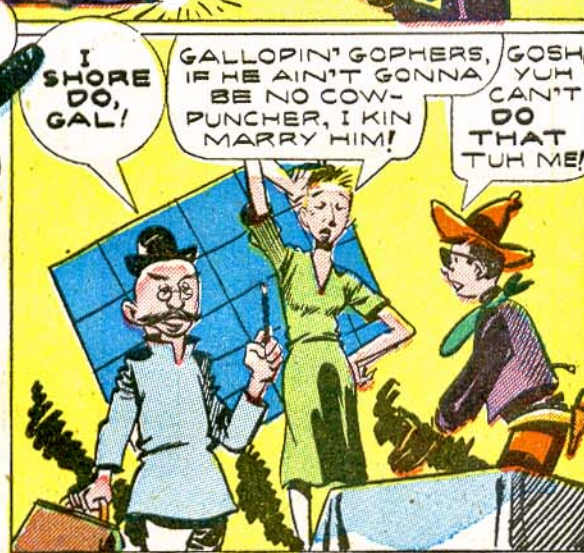
HMM, HE AIN'T DEAD...BUT THE SHOCK **ALMOST** KILLED HIM! HE'S GONNA BE A MIGHTY SICK MAN! NO MORE COW-PUNCHIN' FOR HIM!

GOSH, DOC! DO YUH MEAN IT?

I SHORE DO, GAL!

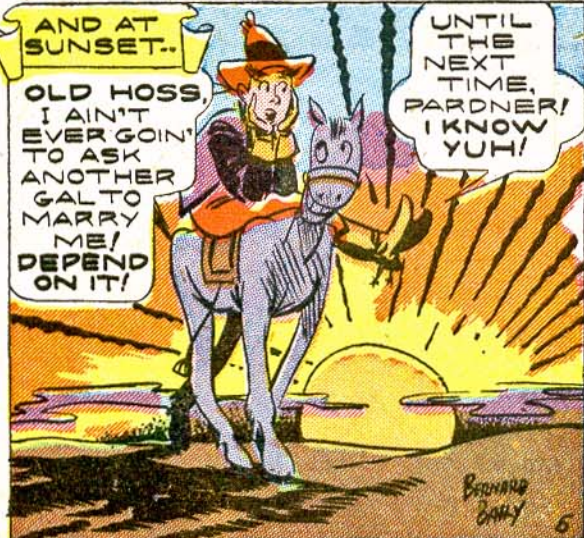
GALLOPIN' GOPHERS, IF HE AIN'T GONNA BE NO COW-PUNCHER, I KIN MARRY HIM!

GOSH, YUH CAN'T DO THAT TUH ME!



D-DON'T YUH TELL ME WHAT I KIN DO, PARDNER!

I WON'T, LULUBELLE! GOSH, YUH GOT NEEDLES IN YORE GLANCE, GAL!



AND AT SUNSET..

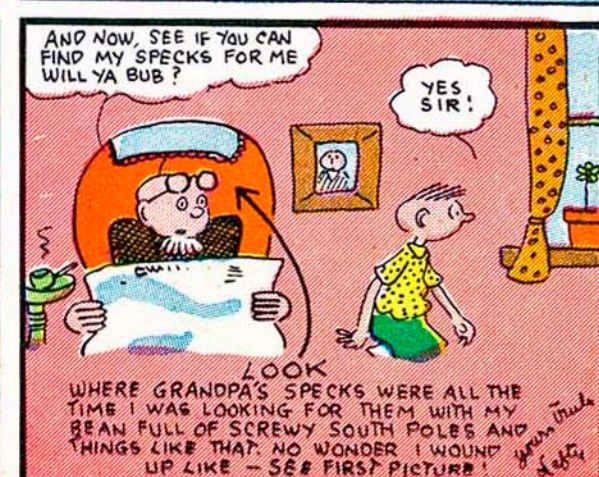
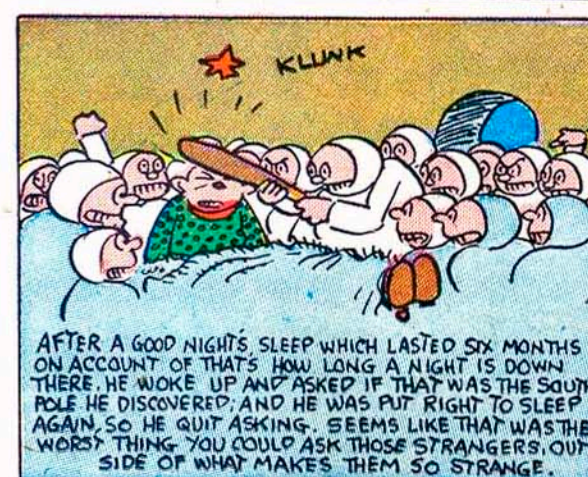
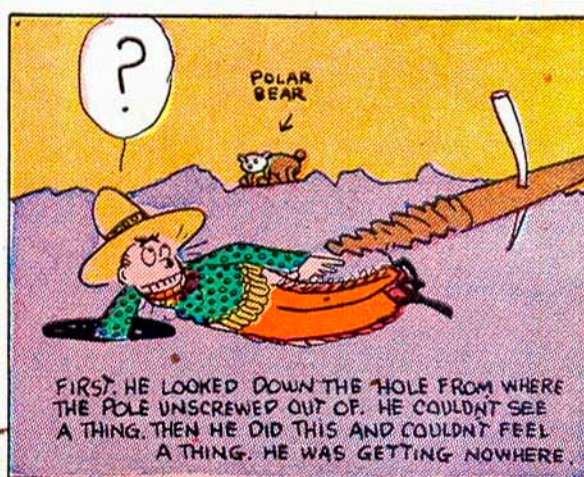
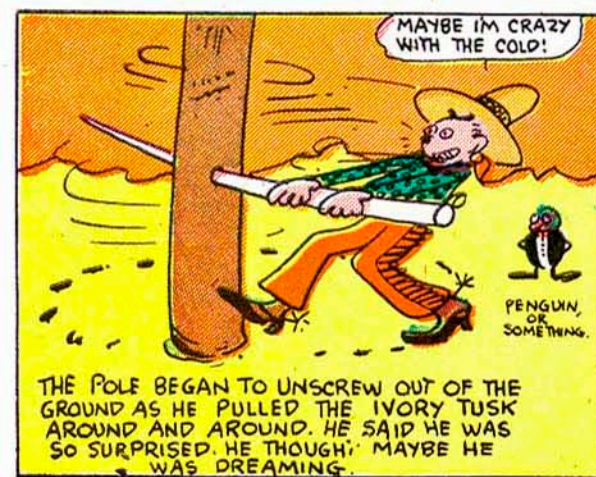
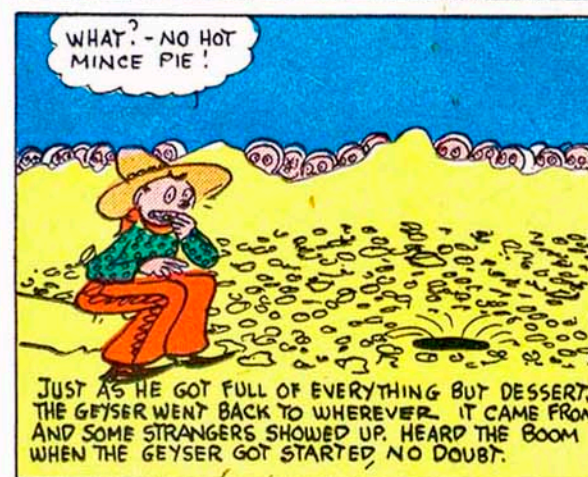
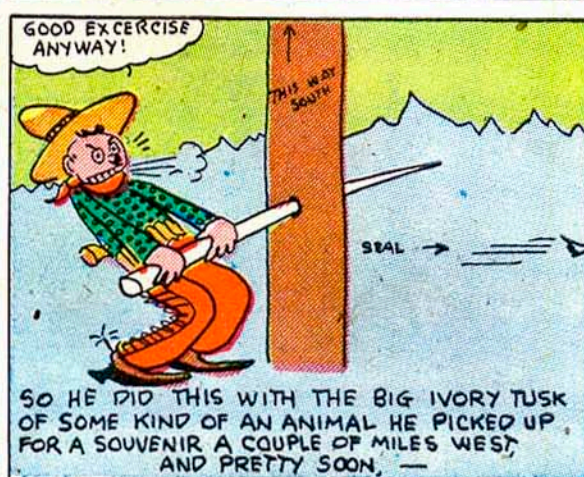
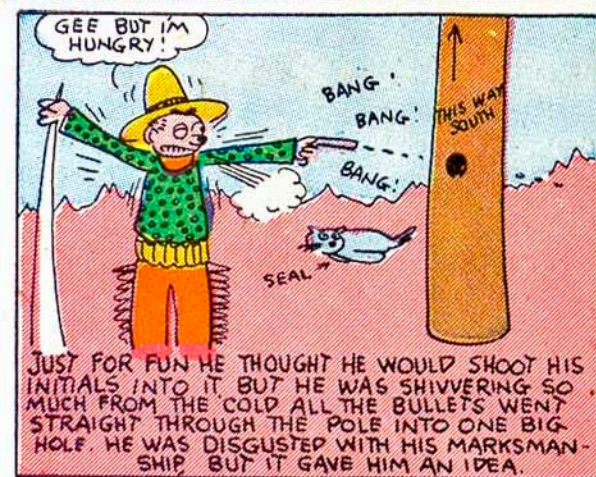
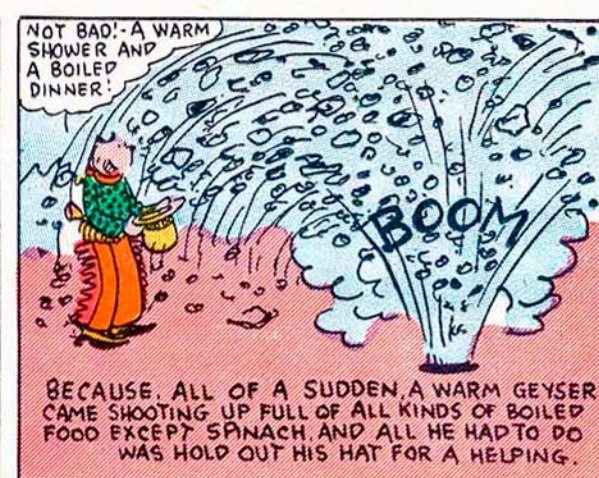
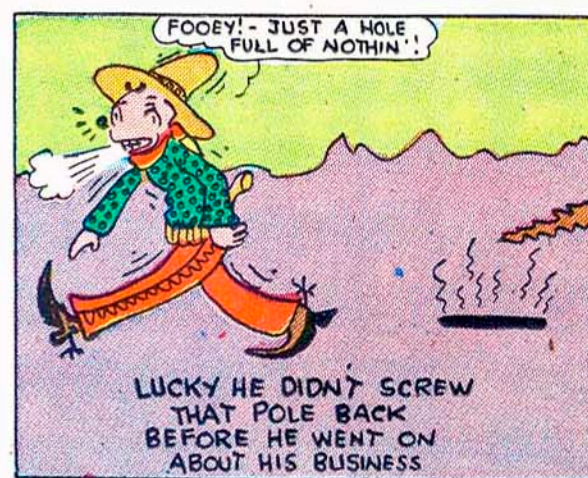
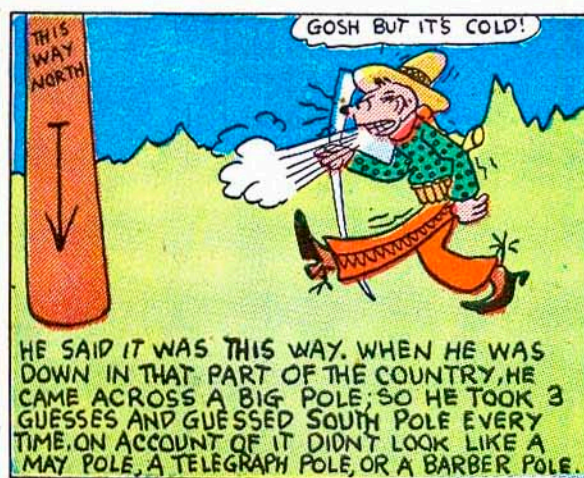
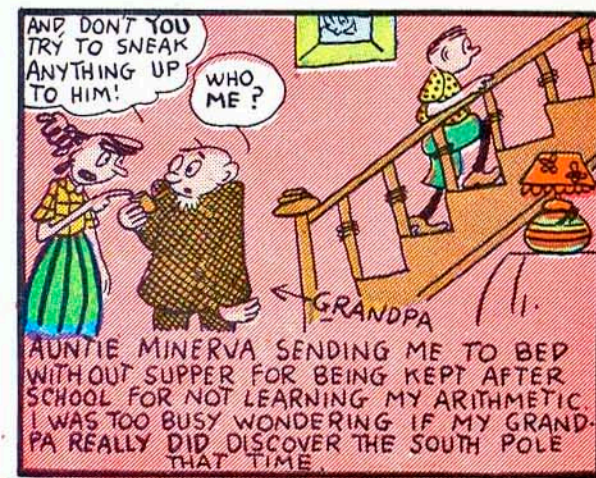
OLD HOSS, I AIN'T EVER GOIN' TO ASK ANOTHER GAL TO MARRY ME! DEPEND ON IT!

UNTIL THE NEXT TIME, PARDNER! I KNOW YUH!

# GRANDPA PETERS

## BY LEFTY O'GRADY

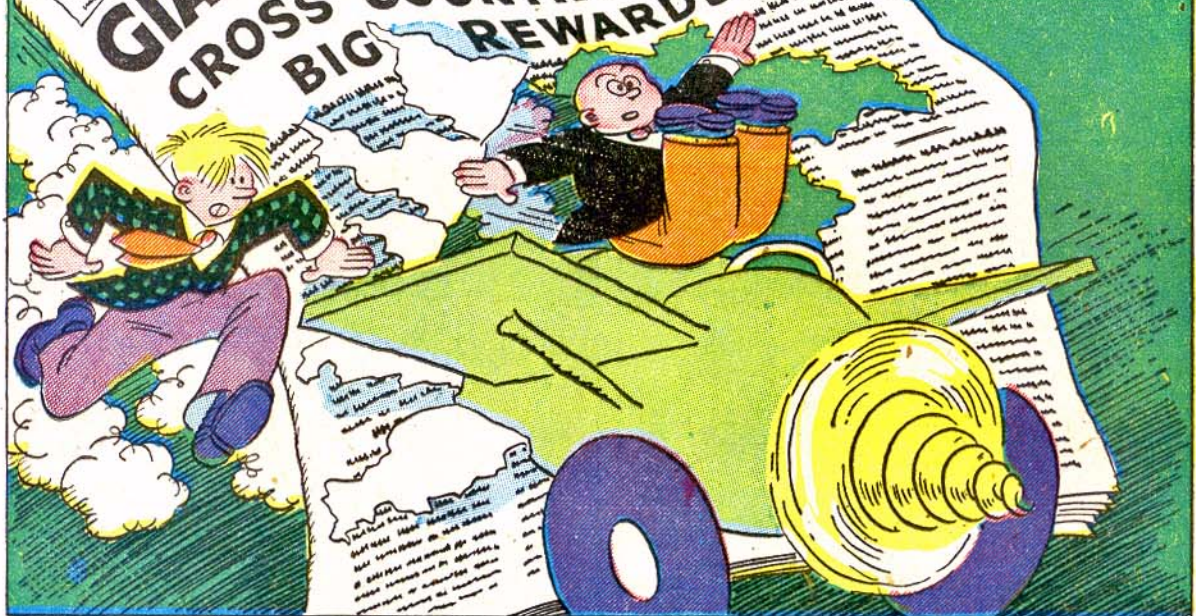
CHAMPION NINE AND  
THREE QUARTERS YEARS  
OLD, SOUTH PAW, LIGHT  
WEIGHT, FREE HAND  
WRITER AND ARTIST  
OF 313 ELM  
STREET,  
PERIODS, COMMAS  
AND SPELLING BY POM ME NAMARA



# HAMILTON and EGBERT

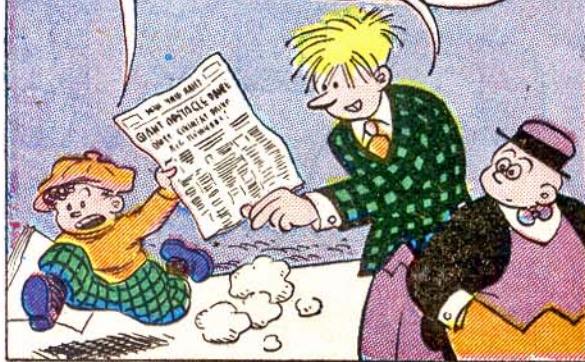
WHEN A CROSS-COUNTRY CONTEST OFFERS A CHANCE TO MAKE SOME MONEY, THOSE INSANE INVENTORS, HAM AND EG, ARE READY TO OVERCOME ALL OBSTACLES TO WIN IT! IF THEY CAN'T GO AROUND AN OBJECT, THEY CAN ALWAYS GO OVER, UNDER OR THROUGH IT! ALL OF WHICH THEY PROCEED TO DEMONSTRATE IN A MOST AMAZING WAY WHEN THEY ENTER...  
"THE OBSTACLE RACE"

## GIANT OBSTACLE RACE! CROSS COUNTRY DRIVE BIG REWARDS!



EXTRA!  
GETCHA EXTRA  
PAPER HERE!

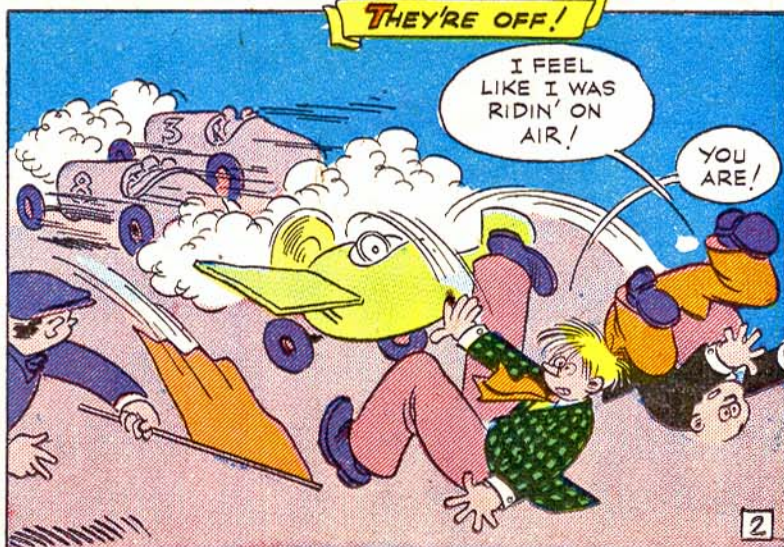
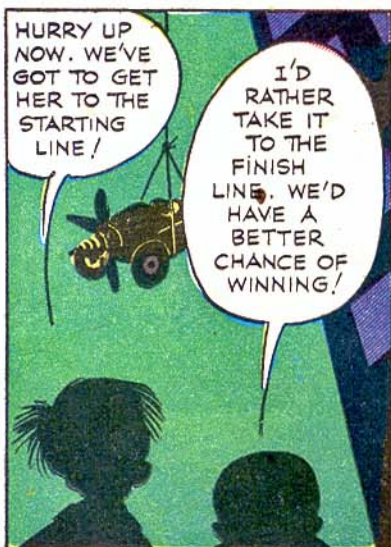
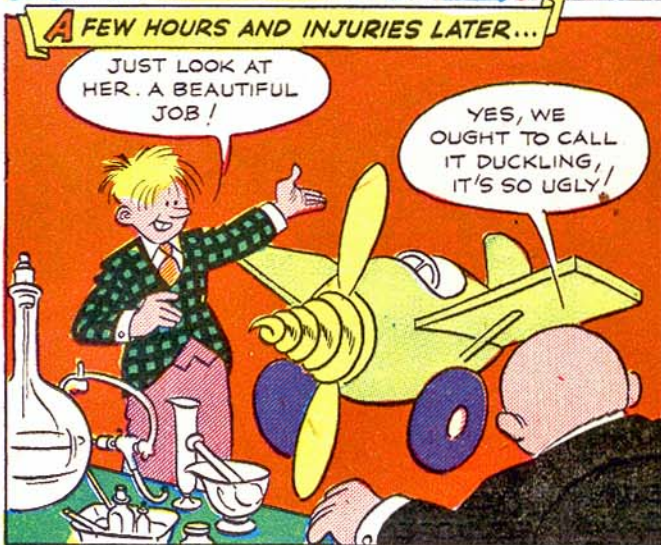
WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE  
IT'S AN EXTRA ONE AND  
YOU WON'T MISS IT, I'LL  
TAKE IT, THANKS.

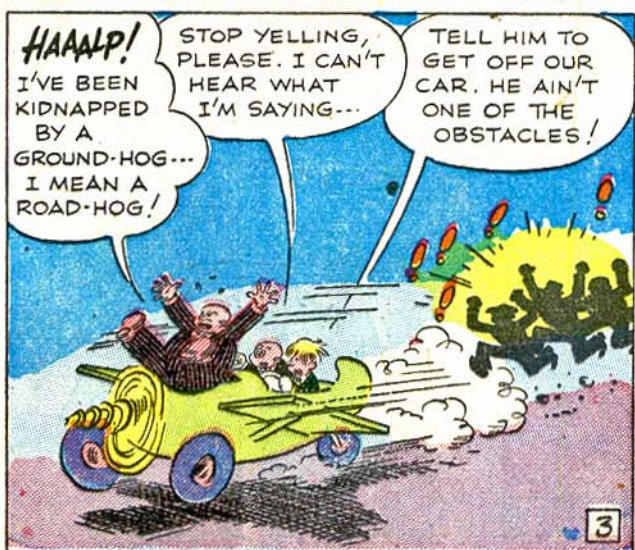
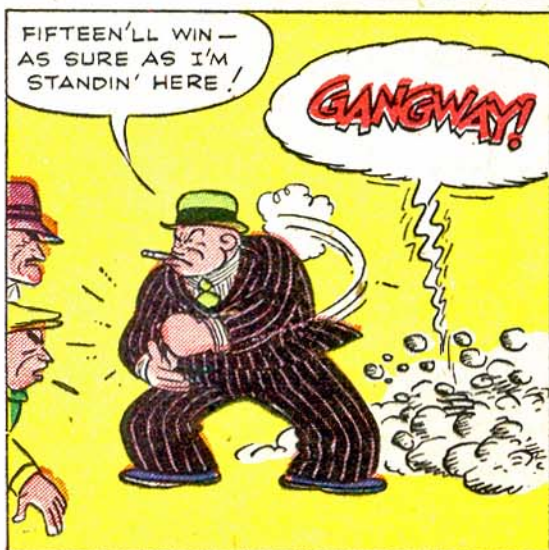
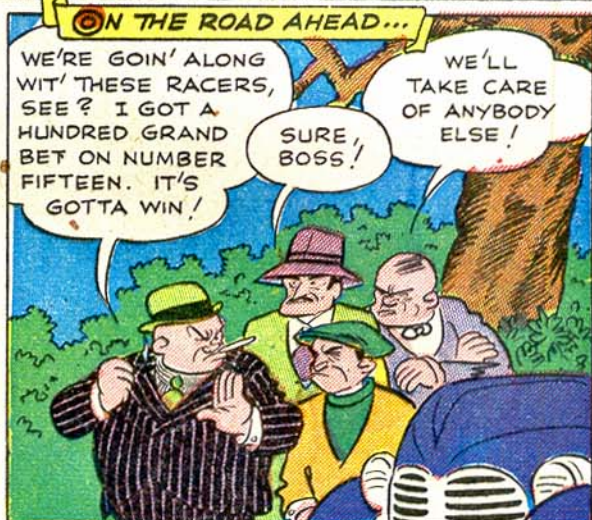
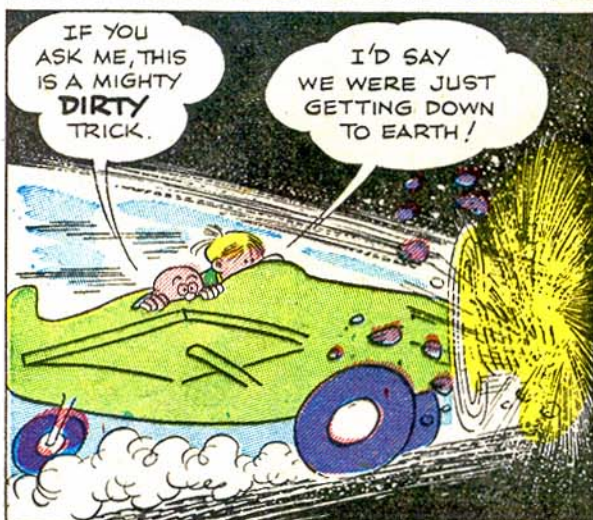


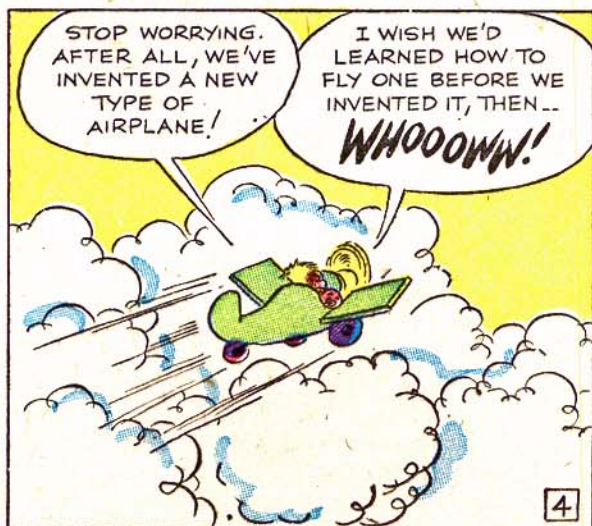
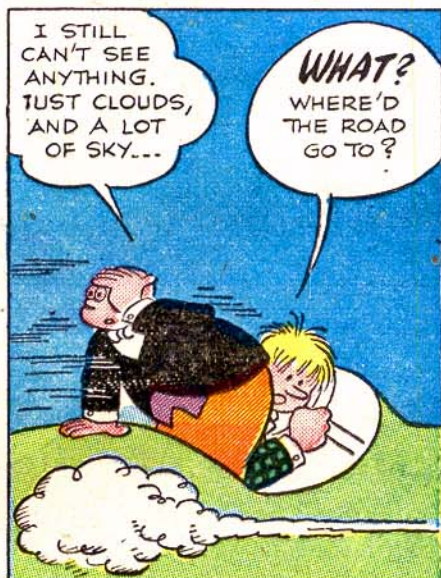
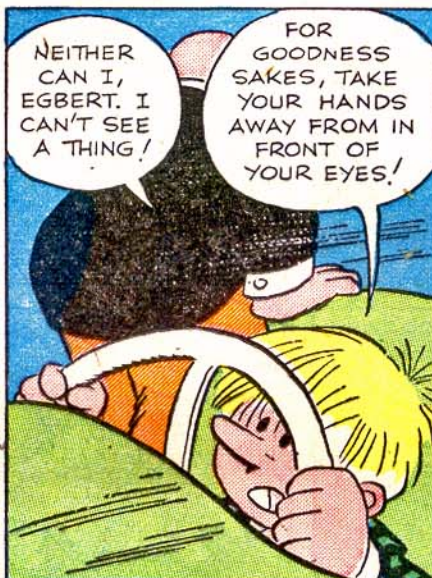
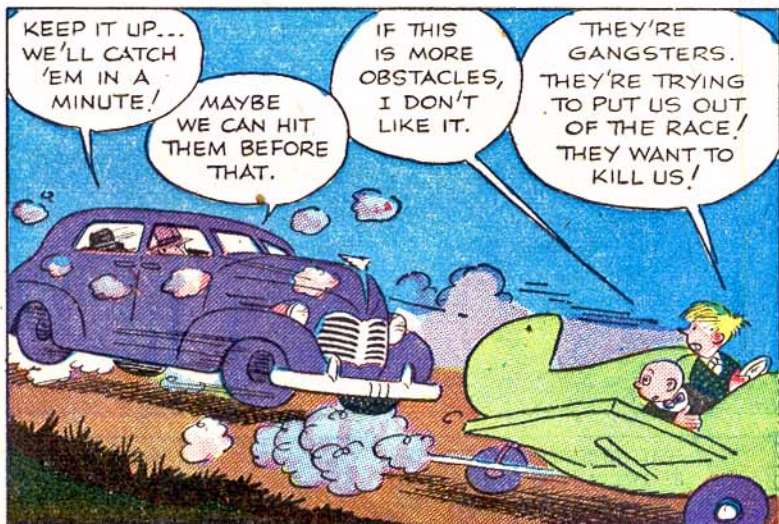
SAYS HERE THERE'S  
GOING TO BE A BIG  
OBSTACLE RACE. WHAT  
DO YOU SAY WE TRY  
TO WIN IT!

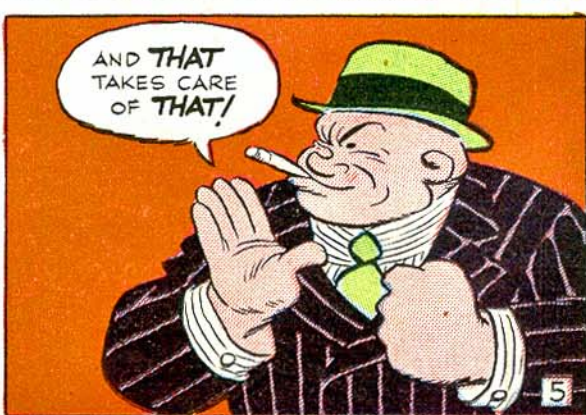
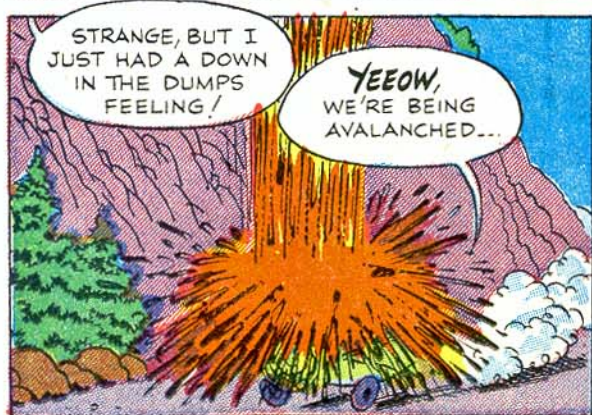
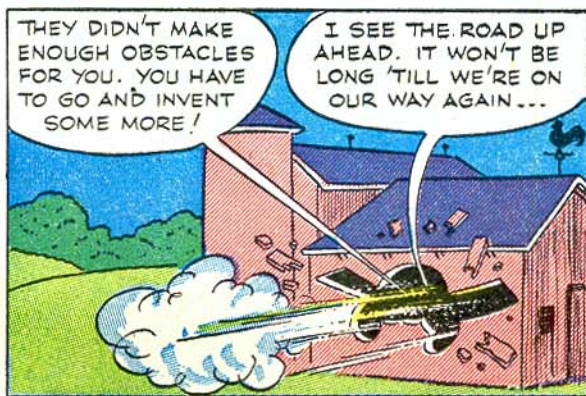
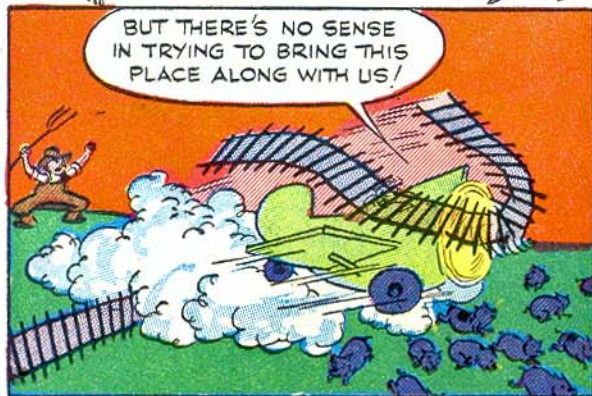
NO SIR, NOT  
ME! I NEVER  
COULD RIDE ONE  
OF THOSE  
THINGS!

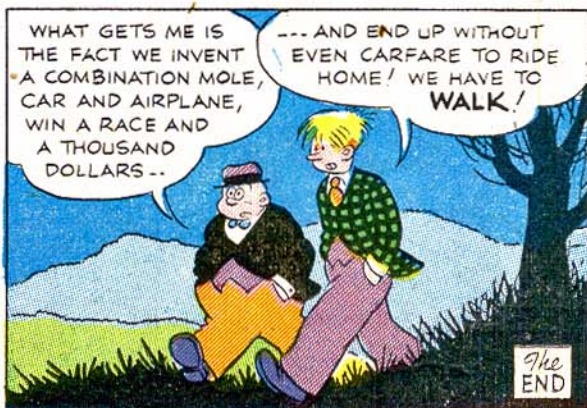
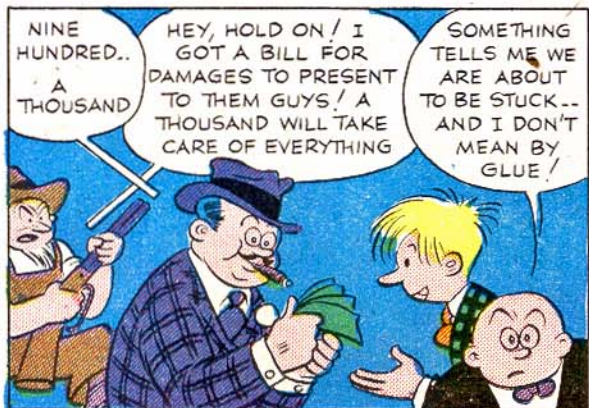
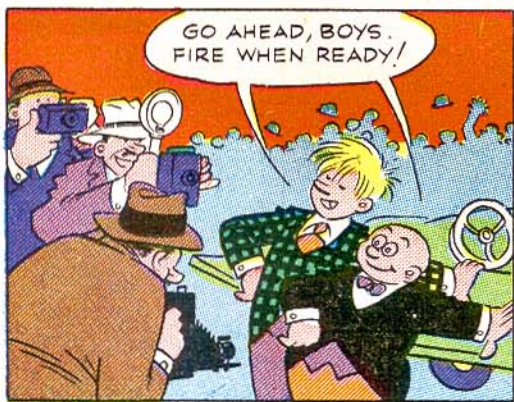
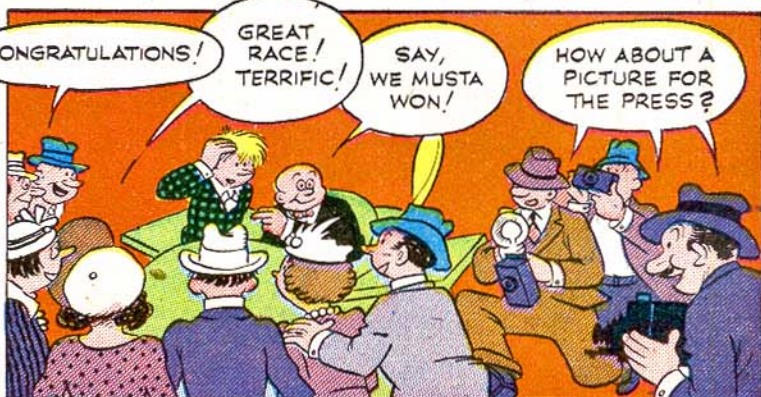
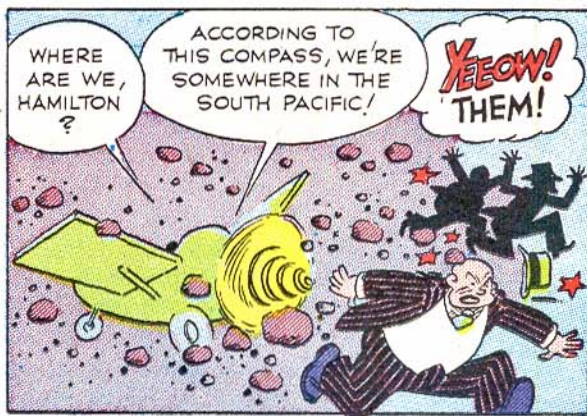
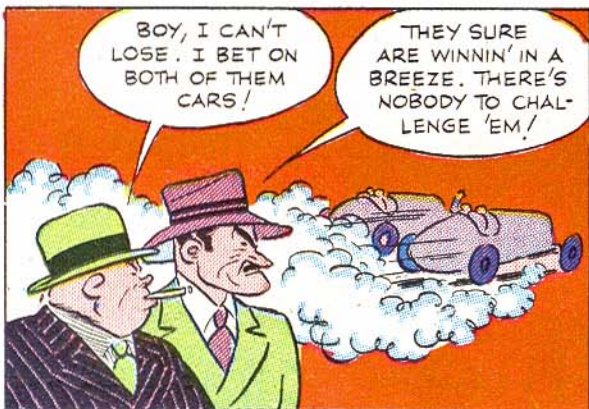


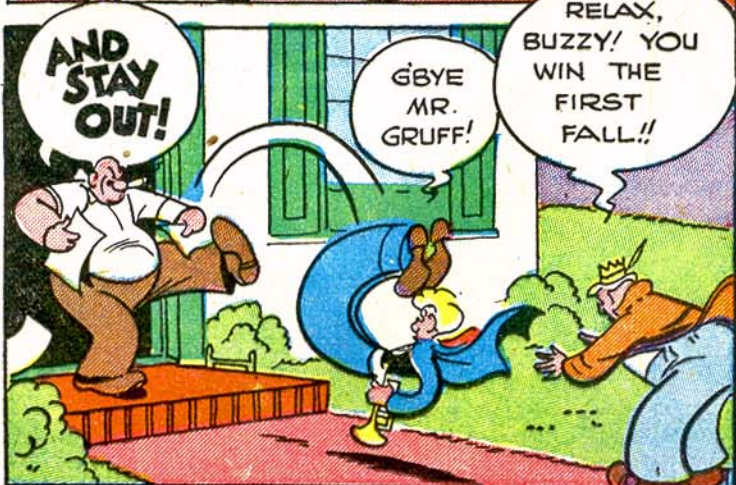
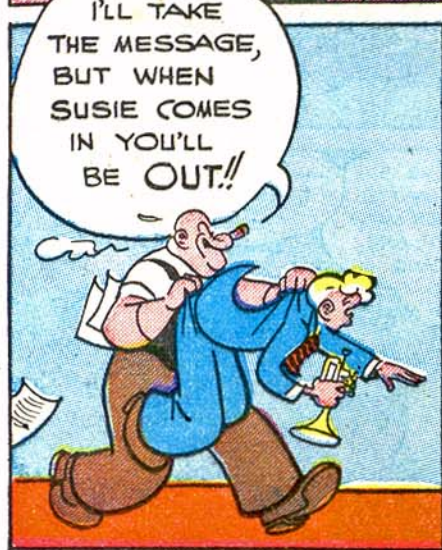
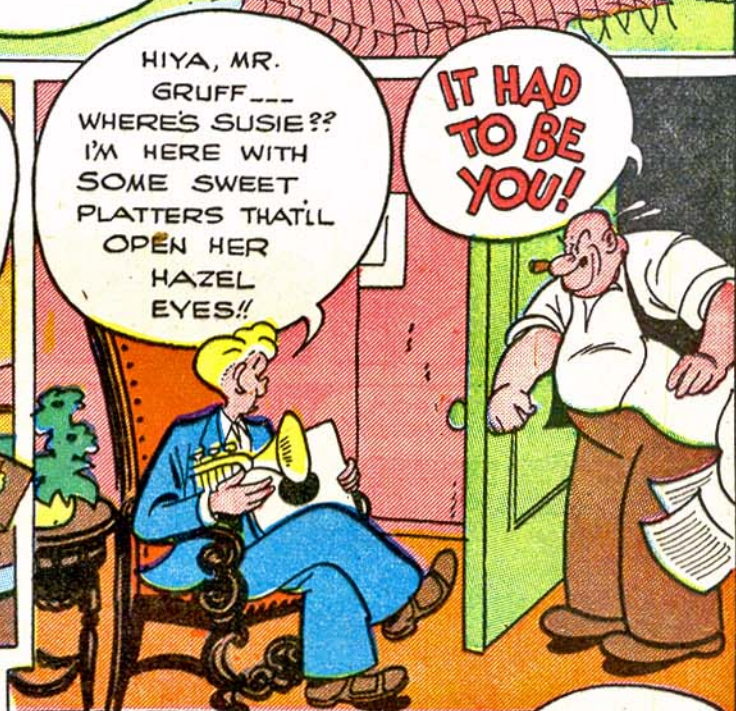
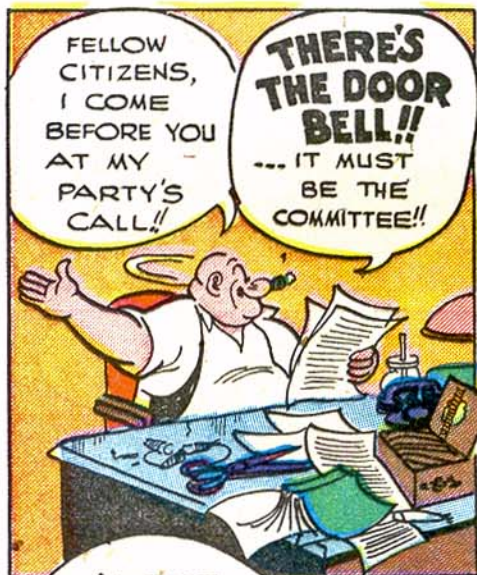
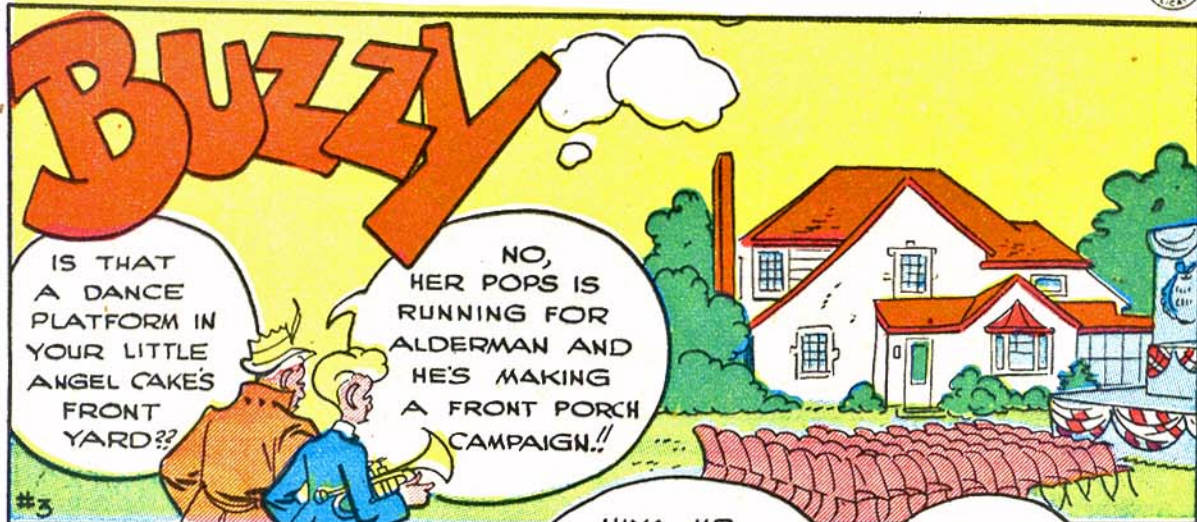


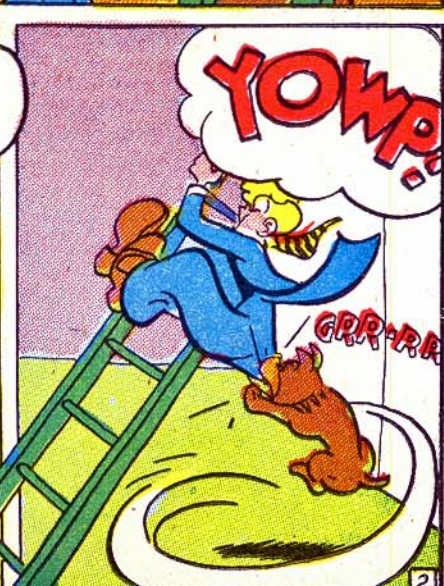
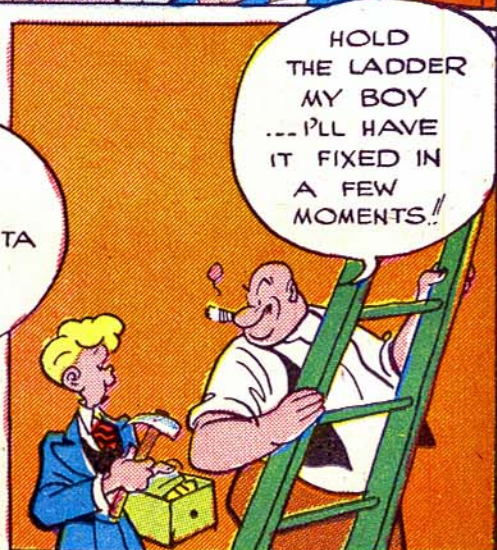
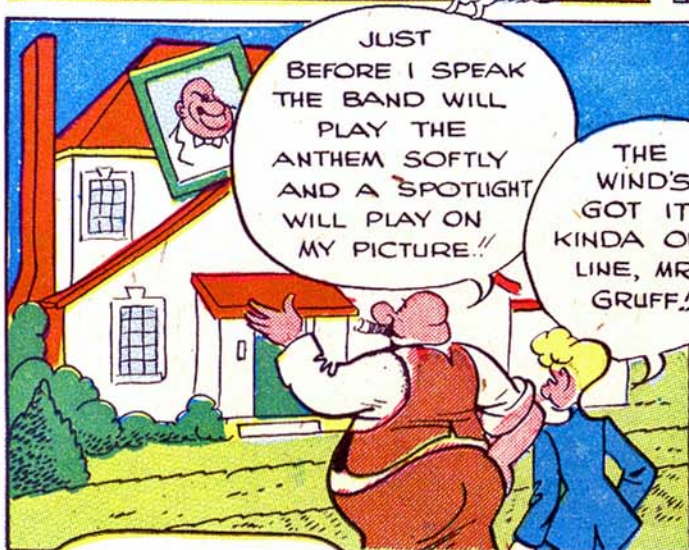
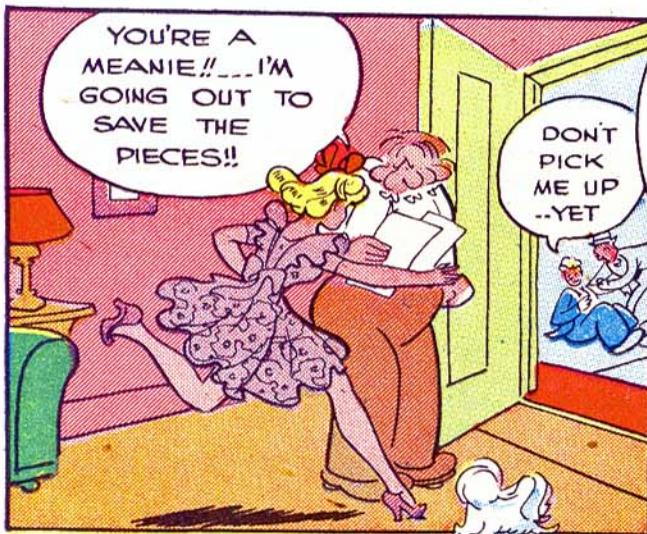


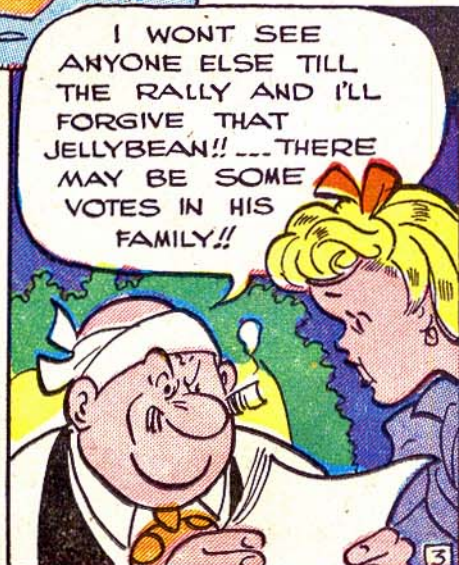
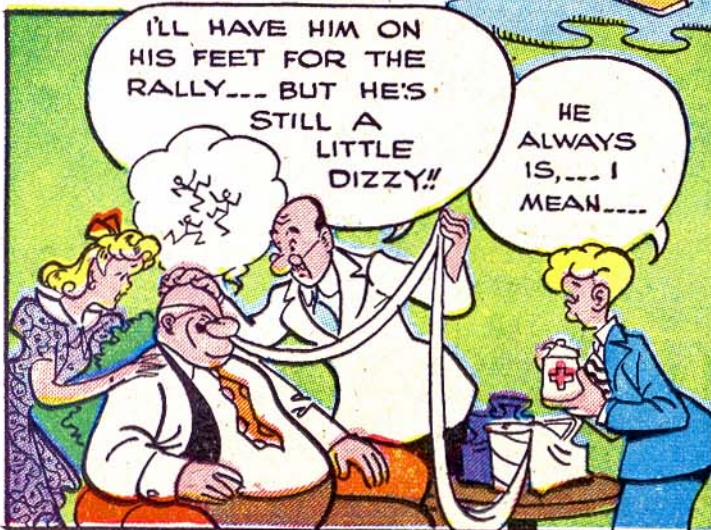
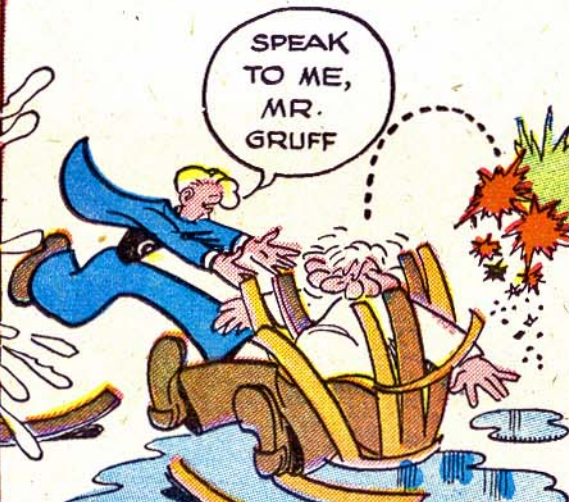
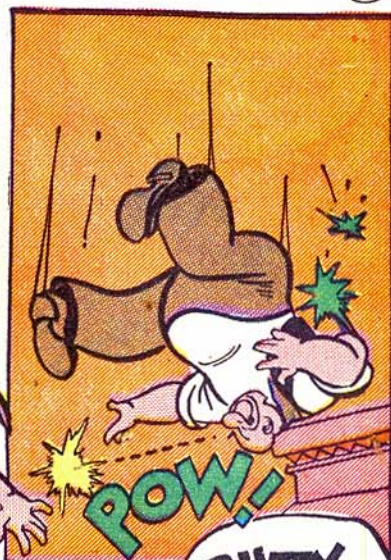
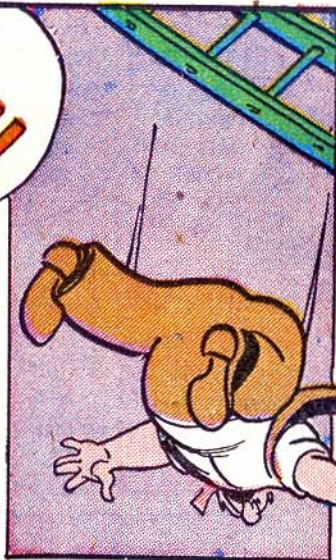


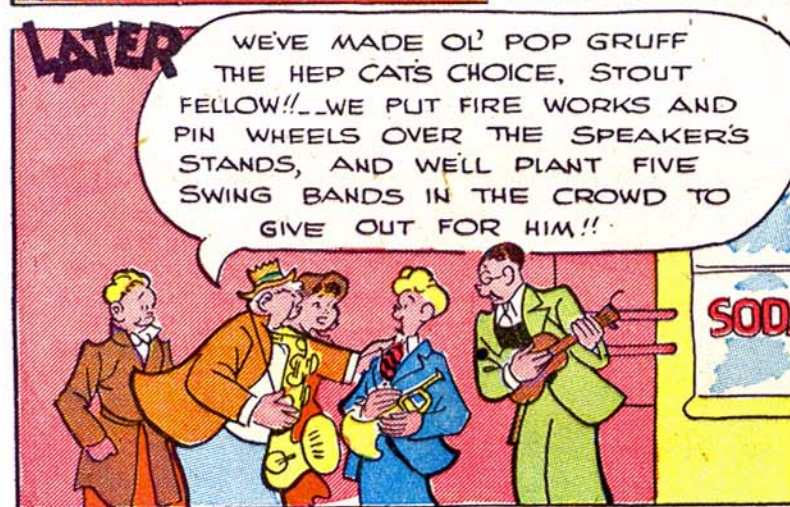


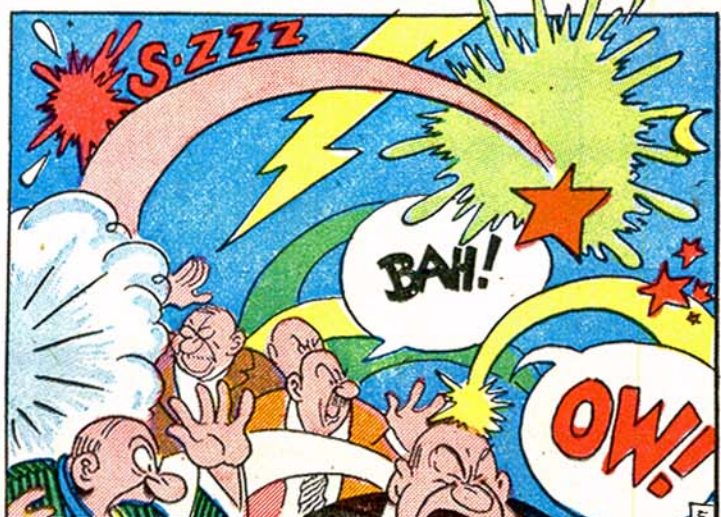
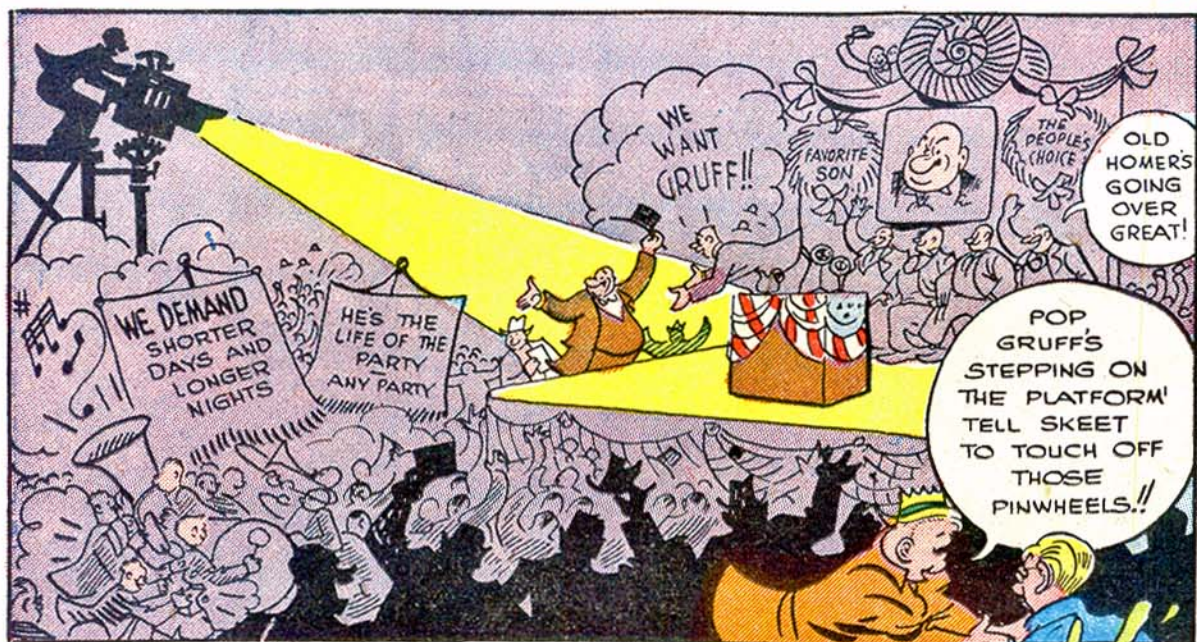
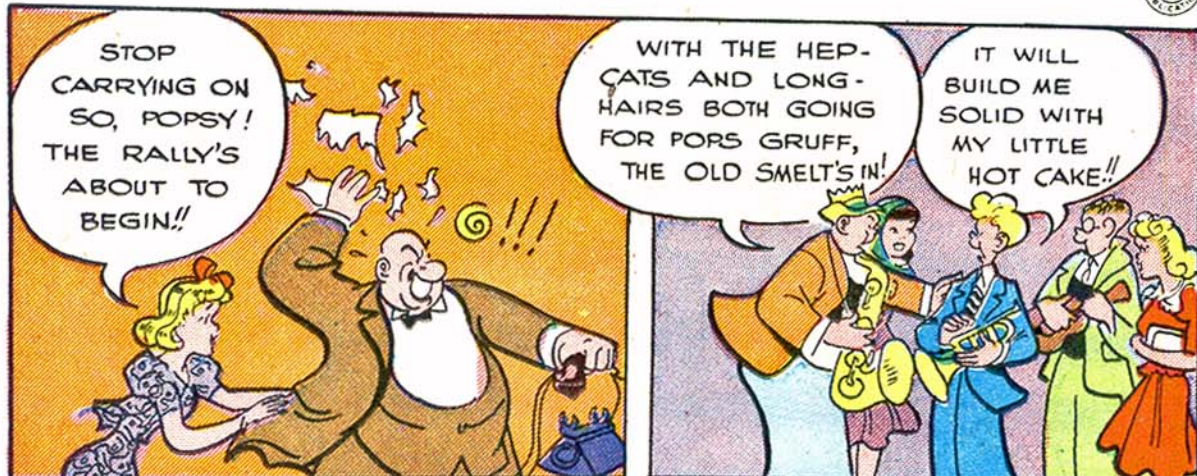


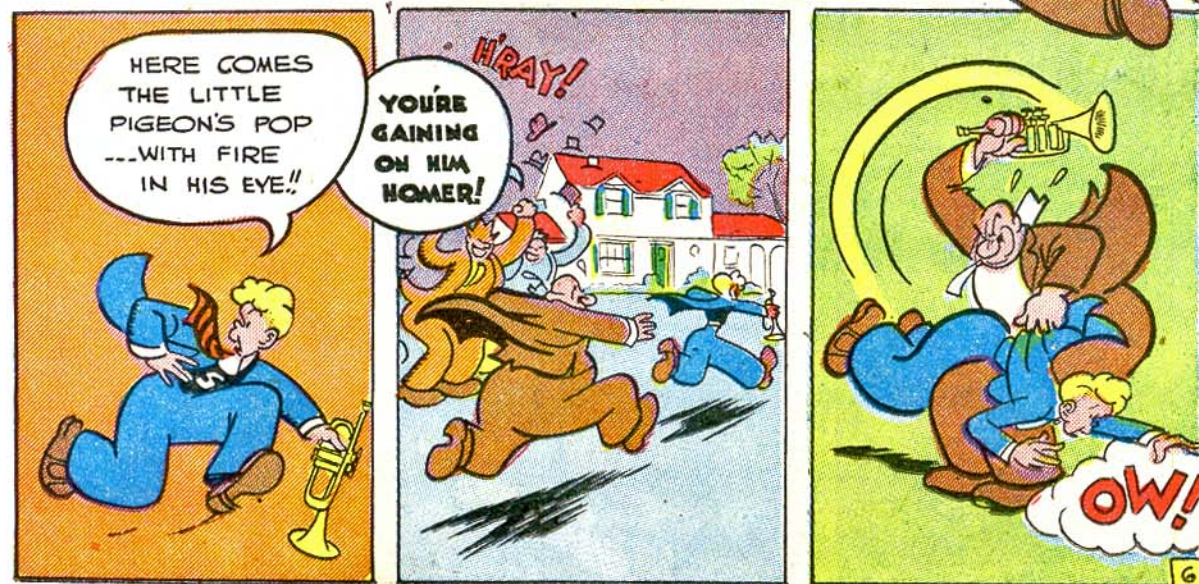
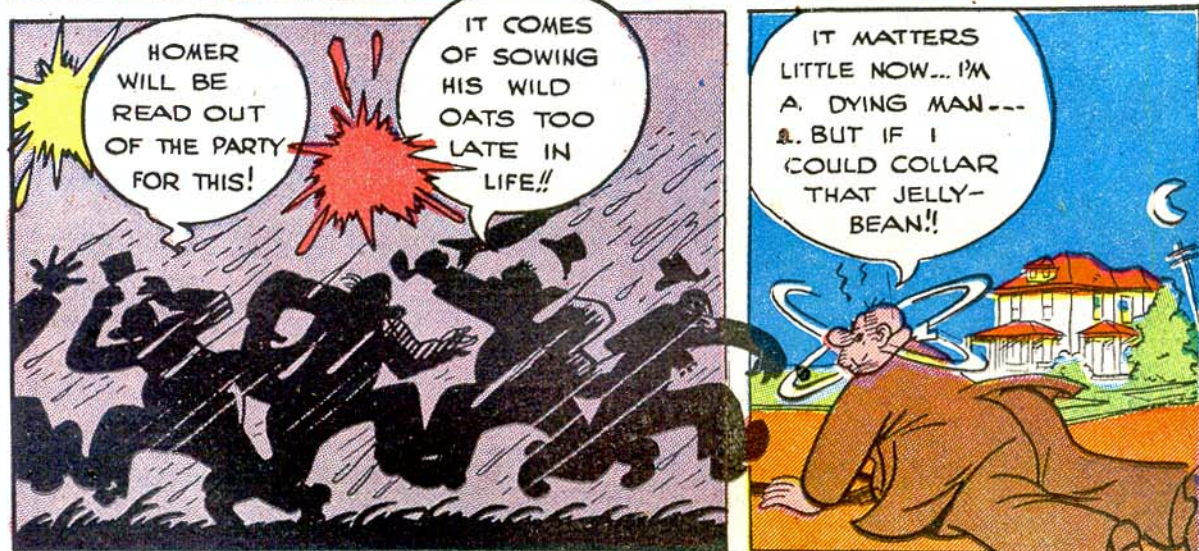
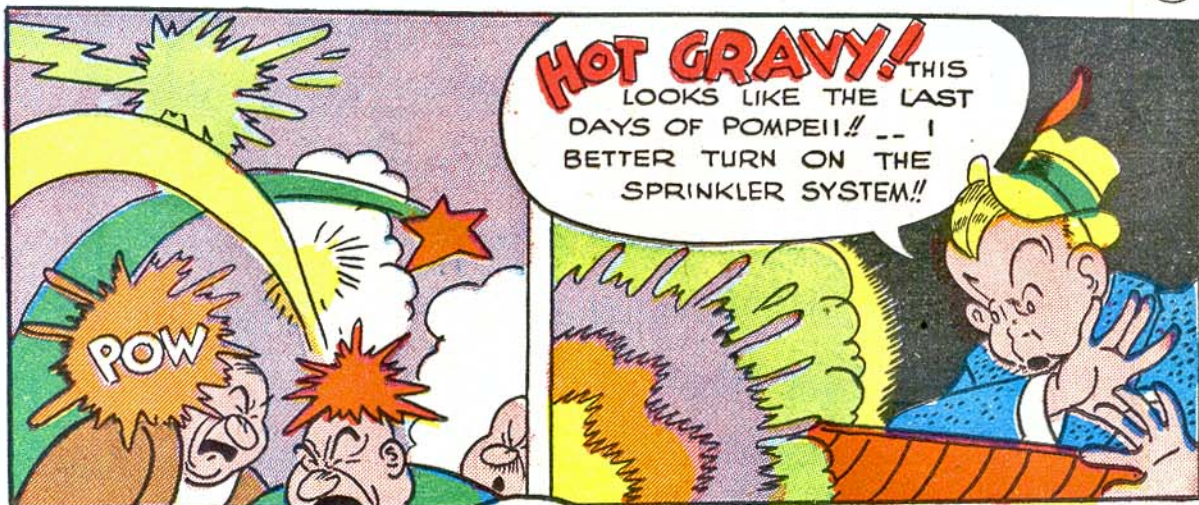












# DOVER AND CLOVER

TWICE AS GOOD AS ONE DETECTIVE BECAUSE THEY'RE TWINS!

GOING INTO A MENTAL MUDDLE-- PARDON -- MENTAL HUDDLE, DOVER AND CLOVER TAKE OFF ON A FAST AND FURIOUS HUNT FOR A CRIMINAL IN THE VERY CITADELS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, AND TACKLE A JOB FOR...

"A CONNOISSEUR OF CRIME!"

CRIME FICTION WRITER, MEL O. DRAMMER, IS IN THE THROES OF COMPOSITION --- STUCK...

I'VE GOT TO FIND A GOOD NAME FOR THE VILLAIN OF THIS STORY I'M WRITING!

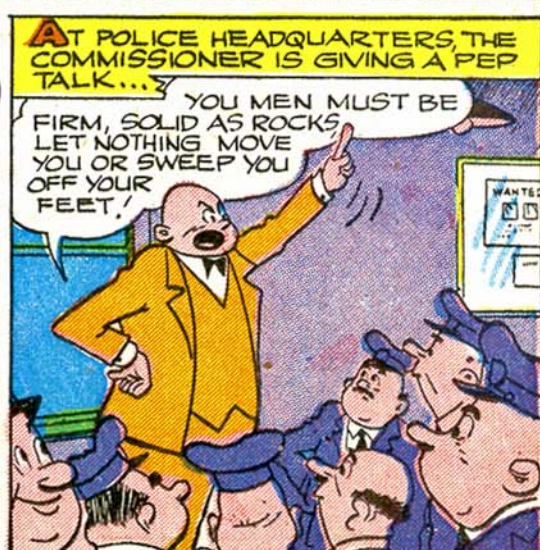
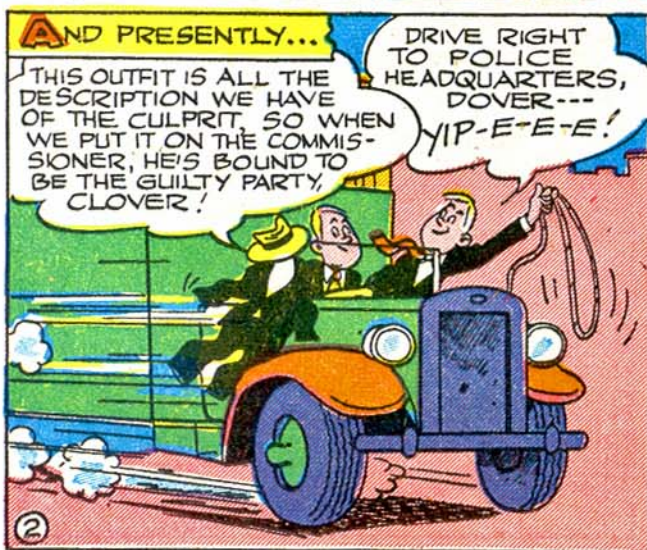
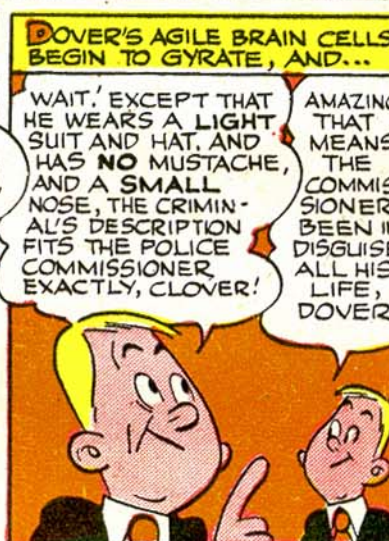
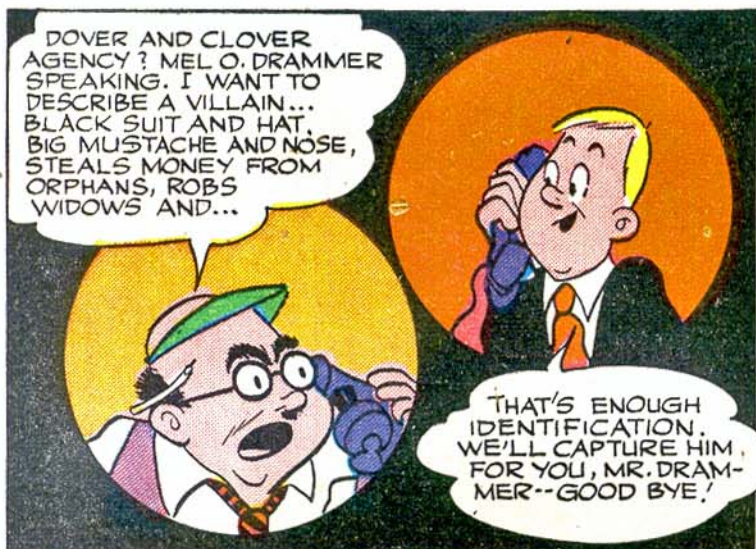
I HAVE IT! I'LL CALL A DETECTIVE AGENCY, DESCRIBE THE VILLAIN, AND ASK THEM FOR A SUITABLE NAME!

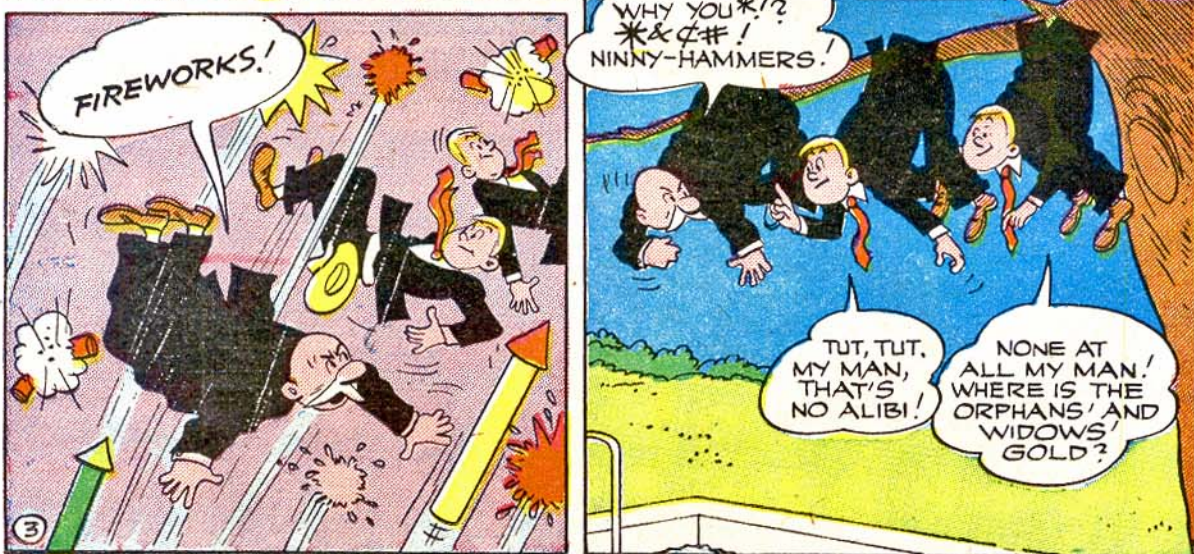
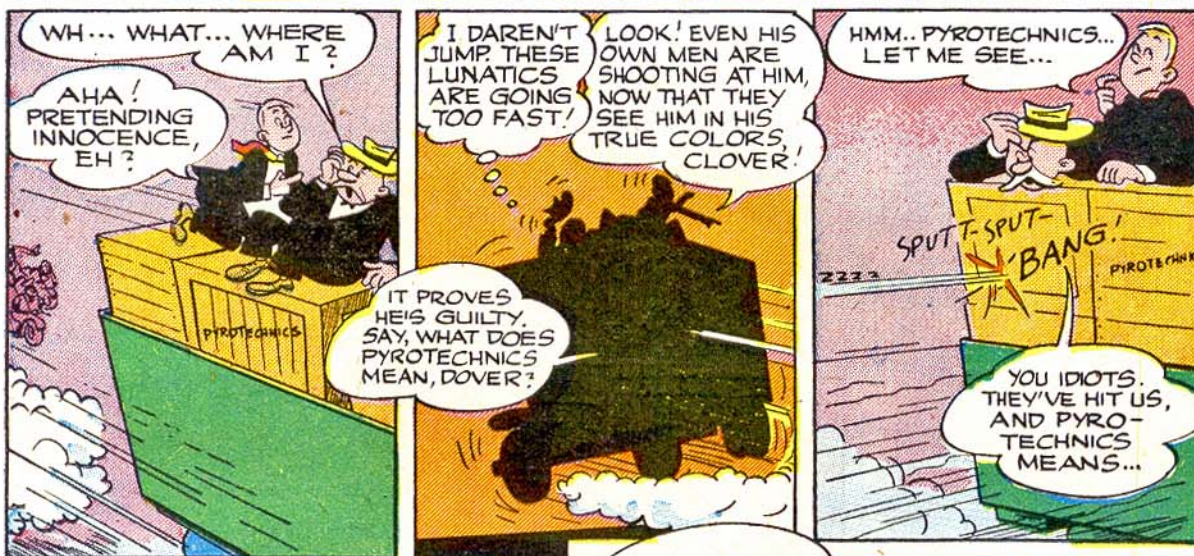
THUS, A MOMENT LATER AT THE OFFICE OF DOVER AND CLOVER...

I'M FIGURING OUT AN INTELLIGENCE TEST TO FIND OUT IF A CRAZY QUILT IS REALLY CRAZY, CLOVER!

I'M MAKING UP CROSS-EXAMINATION QUESTIONS TO LEARN JUST HOW MUCH OF A LIAR THE LYRE BIRD REALLY IS, DOVER! WHUPS! THE PHONE!

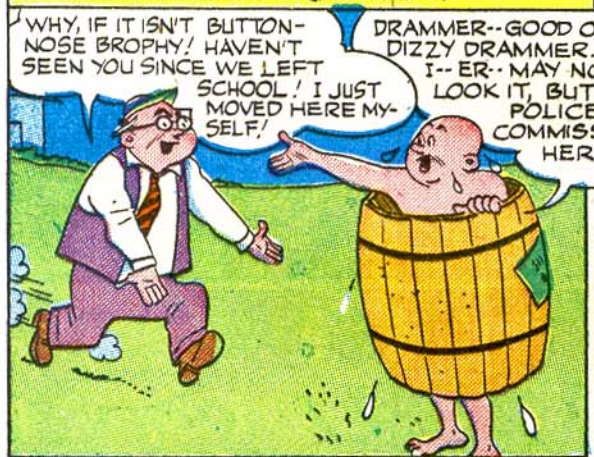
R-RING-G



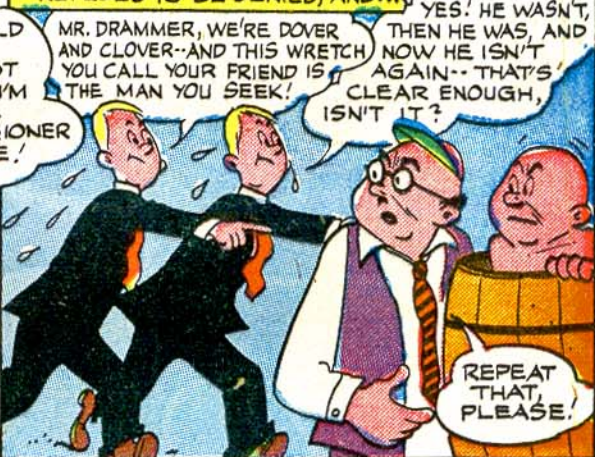




AND LO! FATE'S WHIMSY HAS DEPOSITED THEM ON THE GROUNDS OF NONE OTHER THAN MEL O. DRAMMER!



BUT THAT DAUNTLESS BRACE OF MOOSE-MINDED--PARDON, SPRUCE-MINDED--SLEUTHS, REFUSES TO BE DENIED, AND... YES! HE WASN'T, THEN HE WAS, AND



AND AFTER AN EXPLANATION OF THE EXPLANATION...

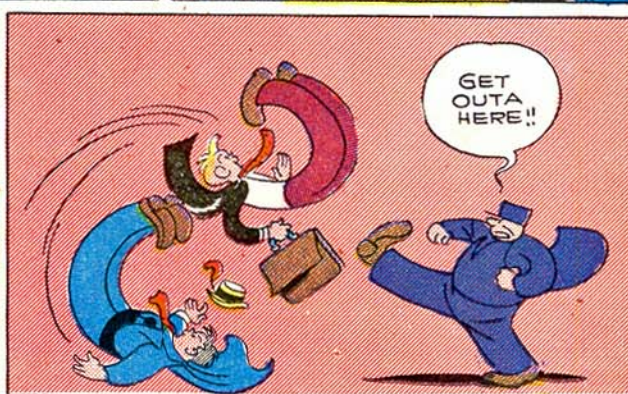
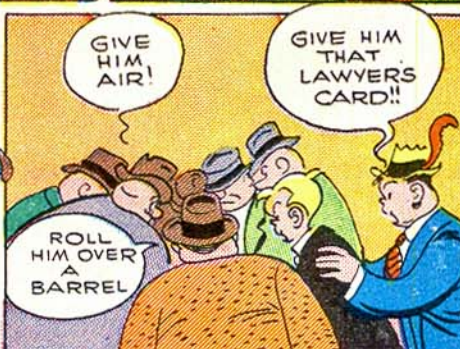
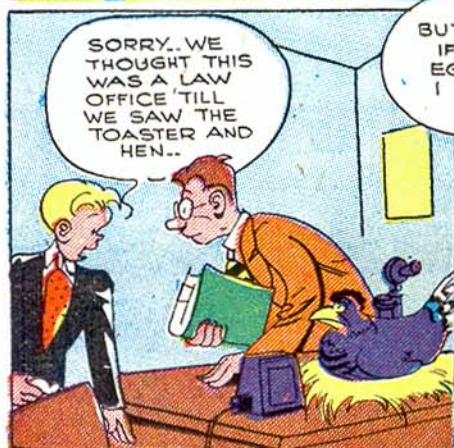
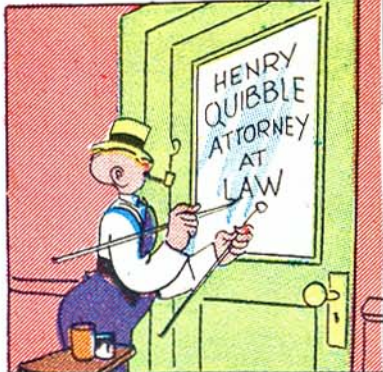


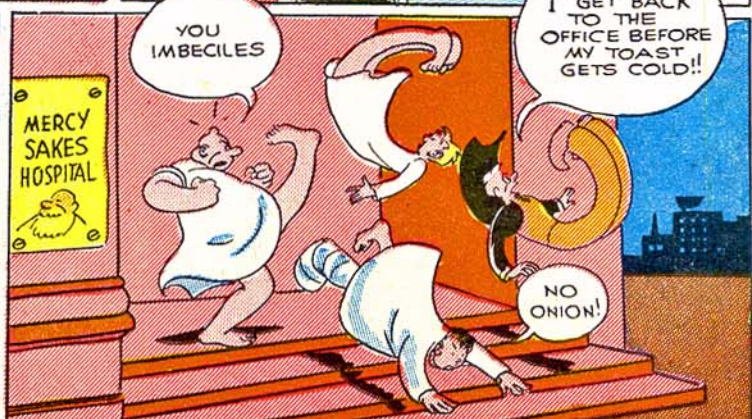
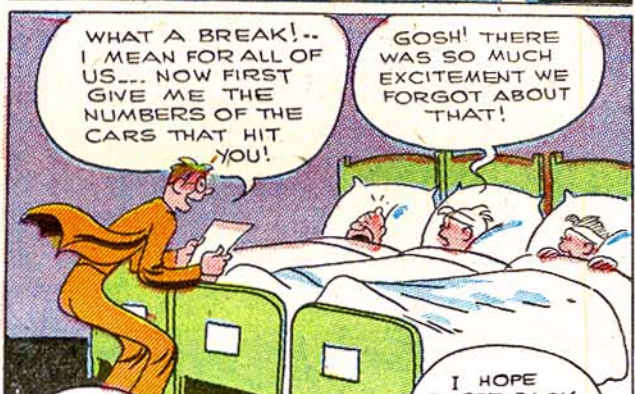
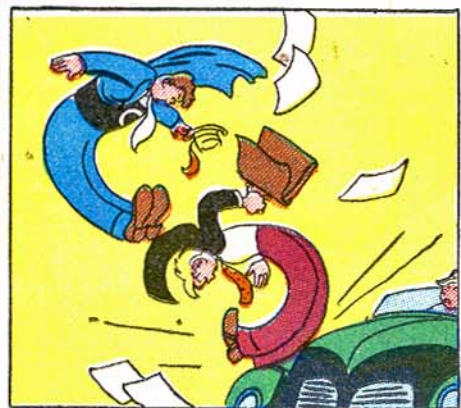
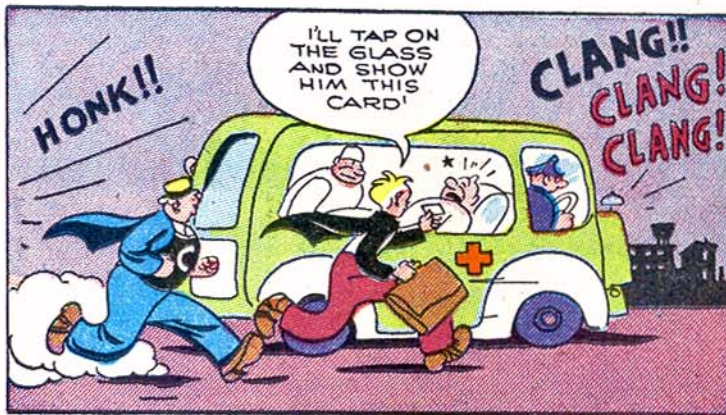
BOY--NOW I CAN BUY THAT LIE DETECTOR FOR OUR BUSINESS.



THE END

# BUSY BILL the BILL COLLECTOR





# HAYFOOT HENRY

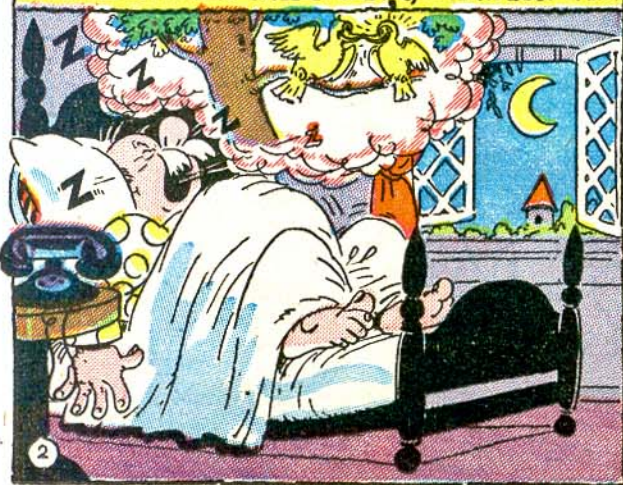
ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANIST



**S**ILENT, SLIPPERY, SMOOTH AND SLICK, THE EEL STEALS EVERYTHING IN TOWN. HE MOVES TOO FAST AND STRIKES TOO QUICK FOR ANYONE TO BRING HIM DOWN. EVEN HENRY, THE COP, CAN'T LAY A HAND ON THIS SINISTER HEEL, THIS SUPER-THIEF, THIS SMARTEST CROOK IN ALL THE LAND, WHO BRINGS ALL SLEEPYSIDE TO GRIEF UNTIL THE LITTLE COP'S BUSY BRAIN MASTERS THE NIMBLE ACROBAT AND CAUSES TO BE MADE QUITE PLAIN THAT . . .

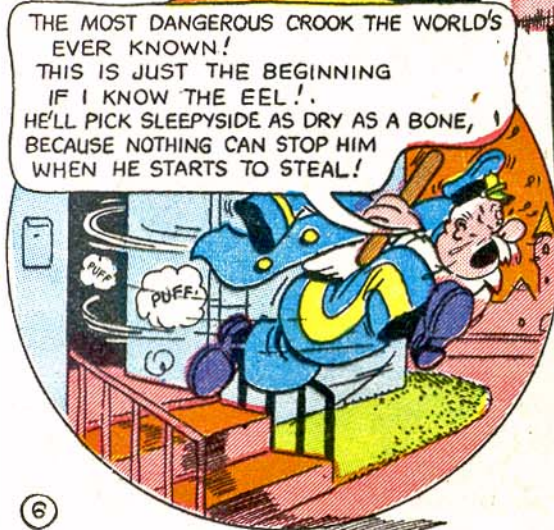
**IT TAKES A CAT TO CATCH A RAT!**

NIGHT NESTLES OVER SLEEPYSIDE AND MORPHEUS HOLDS SWAY, AND HAYFOOT HENRY SWEETLY DREAMS, AFTER A BUSY DAY...



**B**UT ELSEWHERE IN THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE PLANS ARE AFOOT FOR PELF AND PILLAGE! WHAT EVIL SHAPE IS THIS THAT CREEPS SO STEALTHILY WHILE HENRY SLEEPS?





NOT SMART ENOUGH, HEY?  
I'LL SOON PUT HIM AWAY!

*Your Burglar Alarms  
are Silly,  
Your Caution  
to no avail,  
Your Cop despite  
his billy,  
Can't lock me  
up in Jail  
The Eel*

FOR "ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANIST" I DREAMED  
A RHYME,  
BUT THE SLIPPERY FELLOW BROKE OFF MY DREAM  
WITH HIS DARING CRIME.  
FOR THAT HE SHALL SUFFER,  
THE FOUR-FLUSHING DUFFER!

GENTLEMEN! THE  
EEL'S STRUCK  
AGAIN!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

THE  
RAT!

THE EEL JUST HELD UP  
WORDSWORTH'S JEWELRY STORE;  
HE LEFT A NOTE CALLING  
HENRY SHORTYFELLOW A BORE!

ENOUGH! THIS IS  
THE LAST STRAW!  
AM I, OR AM I  
NOT, THE LAW?

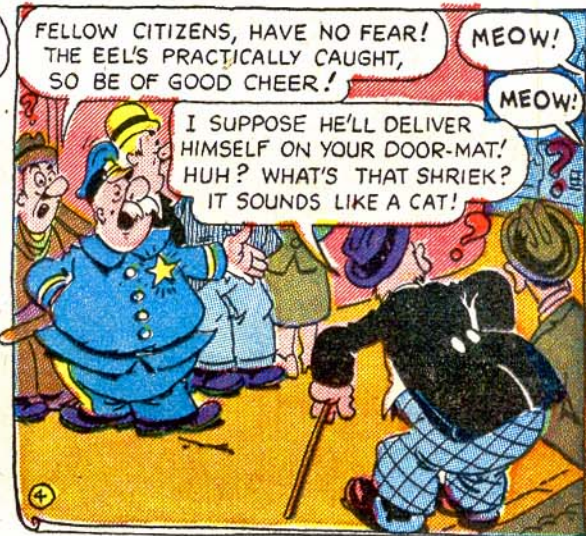
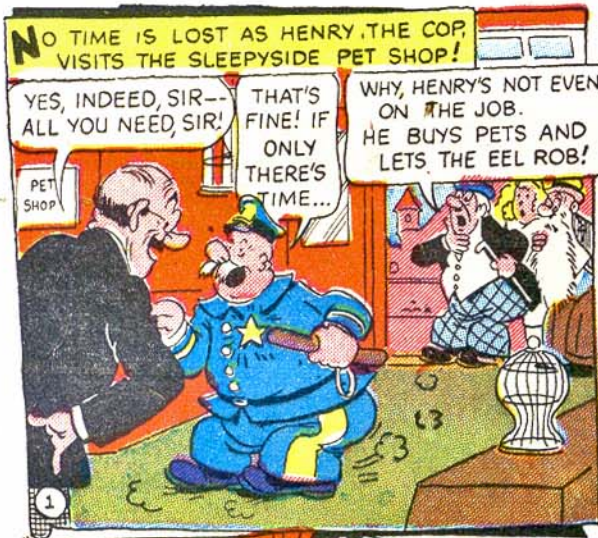
GENTLEMEN, THE EEL'S  
RUN AMUCK!  
HE JUST HELD UP AN  
ARMORED TRUCK!

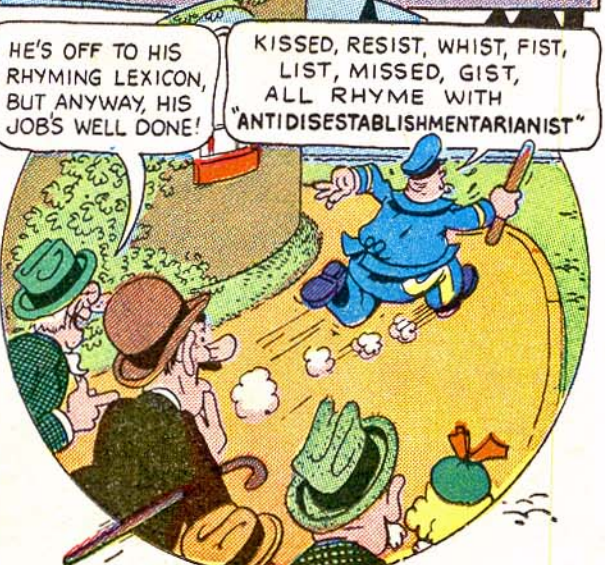
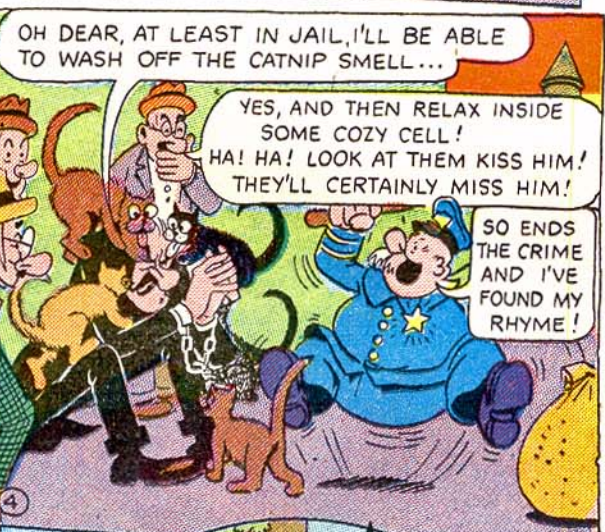
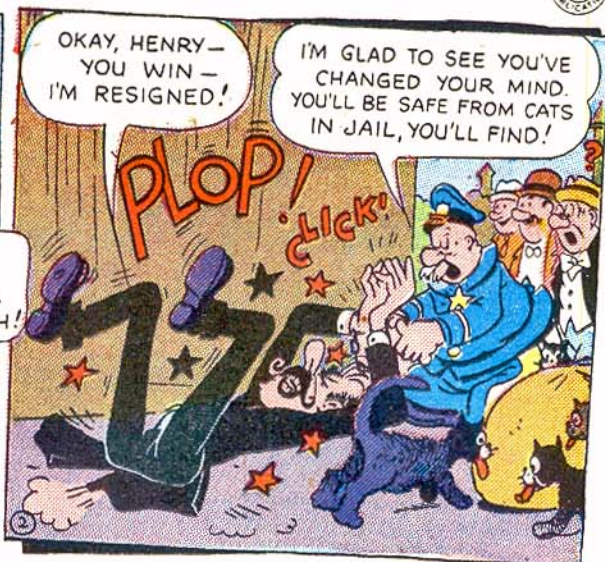
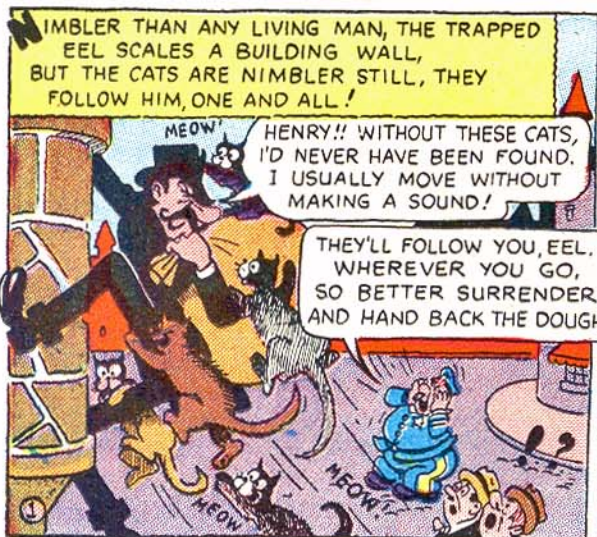
MRS. BULLION'S PEARLS HAVE  
JUST BEEN GYPPED,  
AND THE FACTORY PAYROLL  
HAS BEEN CLIPPED!

OH, DEAR, OH, DEAR—I'M  
BEATEN, I FEAR!

HENRY, YOU'RE GOT TO ACT—  
BEFORE EVERY SAFE IN  
TOWN IS CRACKED

EUREKA! I'M NOT LICKED YET!  
BE PATIENT! THE PROBLEM HAS  
BEEN MET!  
THREE PLACES STILL REMAIN  
TO BE LOOTED,  
BUT THE LAW WILL SOON BE  
REINSTITUTED!





# A SENSE OF HUMOR

by Ed Selby

THEY were all sitting around the Lancaster, waiting for the officers, who were in the briefing room. In a very little while now, there'd be another raid over Berlin. Naturally, several new kids were going out for the first time. Those were the ones who looked excited.

"My lad," said Gunnery Sergeant Forbes to a ruddy-faced recruit named Smythe, "there's really nothing to get excited about. You've got a job to do, and you do it."

"It also helps to have a sense of humor," Forbes added.

Smythe was a serious kid, not long out of classes. He looked at Forbes' weather-beaten face, the clear blue eyes. Forbes was RAF now, and nothing could tear him away. But he had also served plenty of years in the Colonies.

"A sense of humor?" The lad looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you just laugh things off," Forbes smiled dourly. At least, he was safe enough here. These lads wouldn't really know the whole truth. "Why, I remember only a few months ago," he said, "how a sense of humor helped me out of a tough spot."

He chewed meditatively on his cud of tobacco for a moment, aware that some of the other youngsters had begun to listen.

"These here Lancasters," he resumed, "are some ships. But they're all different. They all have different personalities." He sighed. "Like the Flying Soho."

Forbes shook his head. "It was on our twentieth mission," he said, his voice impressive, "and we headed for Kiel in one

of the soupiest fogs you ever saw."

Forbes was beginning to enjoy himself. It wasn't every day a man could tell the story of the Flying Soho the right way. He huddled toward his tensed listeners, and didn't see the tall, thin man come up behind him. It was dark on the field, besides.

"Yes, lads," Forbes said. "We made Kiel all right, and we laid our eggs right on the Nazi pig-boats. They put up quite a fight, too, and we went through plenty of flak, but nobody noticed it much, because when you've got a job to do, you do it."

"And keep a sense of humor," Smythe piped up.

Forbes darted a glance at him, then resumed his story. For a moment he had a suspicion that he had seen young Smythe before, but he knew that couldn't be.

"That's right, m'lad," Forbes said heartily. "Keep a sense of humor. Especially when you discover you're only travelling on one engine."

"One engine?" The gasp from his ringed audience satisfied Forbes. This was more like it. These lads would learn they were really talking to an old hand at the game of fighting.

"Yes, one engine. But there's more to it than that, lads. Like the regal beauty she was, the Flying Soho tried to carry us straight home. But we knew she'd never make it. Before we had gone fifteen minutes flying time from Kiel, we ran into a fog that was as heavy as the flak we had managed to come through."

Forbes sighed again. "I hope you lads never run into fog like that. And we had a lot more

trouble. I know, because I was on a waist gun and all of a sudden Corporal Bevans says to me, 'It's awful, Forbes. Our navigator's dead!'

"'Dead?' I cried. 'It can't be! He's . . .'"

"'He's dead all right,' says Bevans. 'Those dirty Nazis got him with a lucky shot.'"

"Well, looking out at that fog, and our navigator gone, I knew we were really in a terrible fix."

Not a sound came from his audience, and Forbes smiled happily. "Well, lads," he continued, "it was really worse than that. Our radio had been smashed and we didn't have contact with GHQ. We were plain in the soup, and I do mean the fog. To put it mildly, lads, we were lost! And over enemy territory! How far over we had no way of knowing. We were losing altitude fast and it sure looked like a forced landing."

A voice interrupted in the darkness. "Gosh, Sergeant, I'll bet you were plenty scared."

"Scared!" Forbes glowered into the darkness. "There wasn't a man on that crew was scared. Maybe a little worried, yes—after all, this was the first time I had to bail out in a hurry." He chewed his tobacco vigorously. "But when the order came from Lieutenant Waring to go over, over we went."

He sighed again, and it was the only sound in the night. "I will never forget it," he said, "because the Lieutenant didn't jump, but managed to bring the ship down. He's that kind of a fine man, he didn't want to risk our lives. Well, you could have knocked me over with a crum-pet when he set that badly

# EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD OF THE SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

**DR. LAURETTA BENDER**  
Associate Professor of Psychiatry  
School of Medicine, New York University

**JOSETTE FRANK**  
Consultant on Children's Reading,  
Child Study Association of America

**DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN**  
Department of English Literature,  
New York University

**DR. W. W. D. SONES**  
Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

**DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE**  
Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

**Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.**  
Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation  
and Member, Board of Directors,  
Catholic Youth Organization

damaged plane down only four miles from us. We managed to reach him fast and help him destroy the Flying Soho. Then, we ate the rice paper on which was printed our secret data and off we went, the Flying Soho nothing but a burning piece of wreckage."

Forbes shivered. "It was sure cold and damp there. And we had a pretty good idea that we had come down in Holland. If we could work west and reach the Coast, we knew that somehow those Dutch would get us back to England."

He pointed a finger at no one in particular. "Just you lads remember," he admonished, "if you're ever unlucky enough to be forced down in enemy territory, not to give up hope. Just use your heads and keep fighting."

Forbes breathed heavily. "I'll never forget the first few hours we went through, trying to pierce that fog. Naturally, we all had guns, but they were the last thing we wanted to use. The best thing to do was to try to avoid patrols and get to the coast. When the fog lifted we'd have a chance to make a break for safety."

"And did the fog lift, Sergeant?" a voice asked. It was an eager, young voice.

Forbes smiled blandly. "It did not," he said. "We managed to get away even while it was still lying on us as heavy as me Burberry." He slapped a huge fist in his hands. "Not that it was easy, lads, not that it was easy."

"Why," he went on, excitement coloring his voice, "we hadn't been gone twenty minutes before we heard the boots of a patrol. They were almost upon us, too. But we managed to stumble into a culvert and we hid there while that patrol marched over us, not realizing we were beneath them, a real prize crew from a British Lancaster."

Forbes' heavy hand wiped imaginary perspiration from his brow, his voice seemed to shake with emotion. "And that was only one of a few narrow escapes we had that night, lads. Those patrols were everywhere, and it seemed to us, limping along and scarcely daring to breathe, that they were all out looking for us. After all, we had left a blazing bomber behind us and even though it would take time to discover whether the crew had perished with the Flying Soho, we felt every minute might be our last."

Forbes got to his feet as a shaft of light appeared from the building where the briefing was taking place. "Well, lads," he said. "That's about all. I've got to be getting back to my ship."

"But Sergeant . . ."

Forbes halted. It was the voice of young Smythe. "You didn't tell us how you got through without maps," Smythe pointed out. "You mean you didn't see a signpost anywhere? Or you didn't dare use a torch to see one."

Forbes stiffened, and his eyes peered suspiciously in the darkness. "Of course not," he said,

coldly. "And that's where a sense of humor helps." He laughed, and it sounded awfully forced. "We just laughed our way to safety."

"Eh, what's that?"

He whirled at the voice which sounded quietly in his ear. Then he stiffened at attention, as he recognized the figure of the tall, thin man who had quietly joined his group of auditors. "Yes, Lieutenant, yes sir."

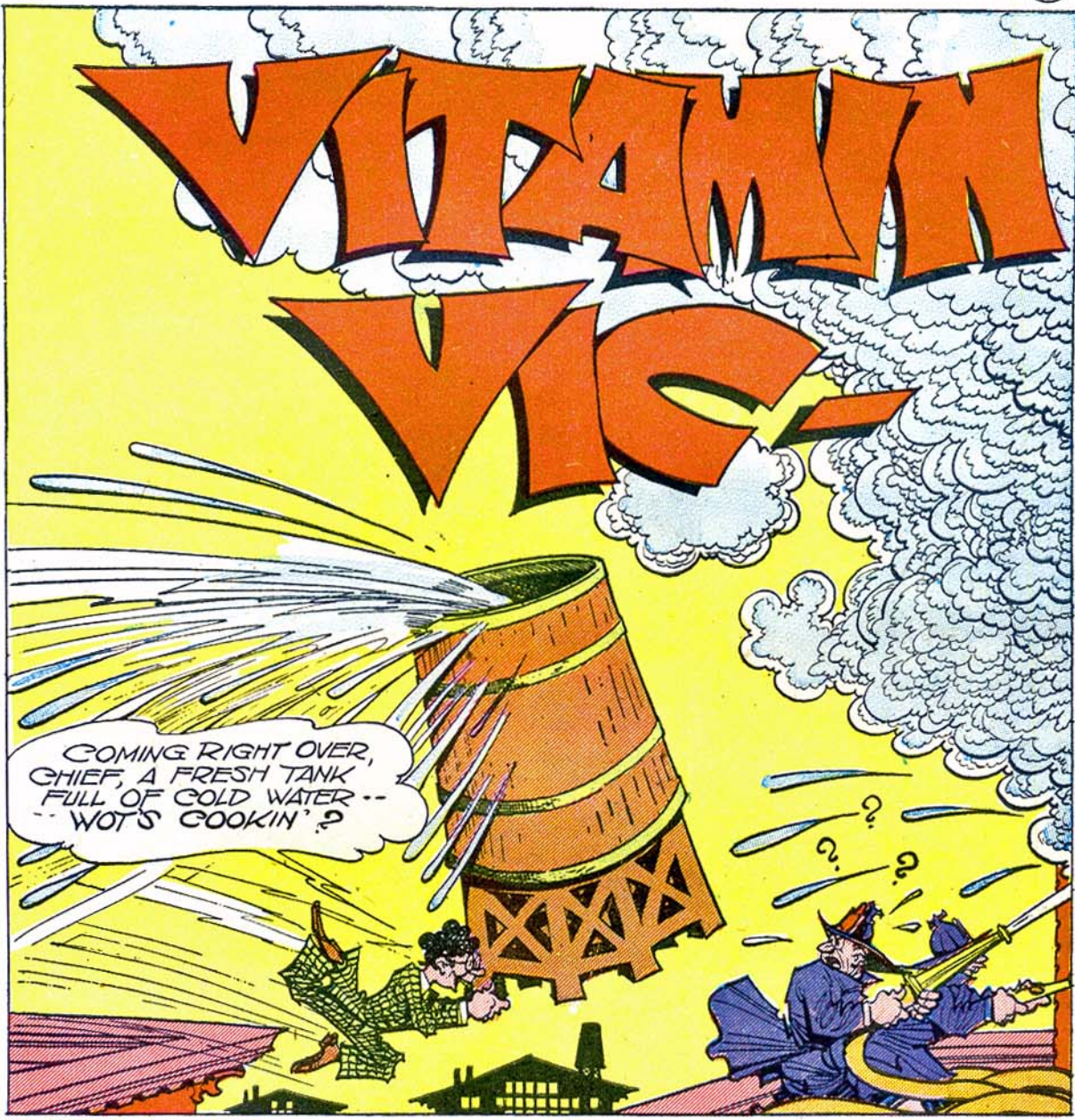
"I think," the Lieutenant said, "they might as well hear the rest, Forbes." The darkness hid his grin.

"You see, men," he said, "I was on that mission, too. And what the Sergeant has told you is substantially correct." He coughed, and Forbes fidgeted uncomfortably. Then he went on.

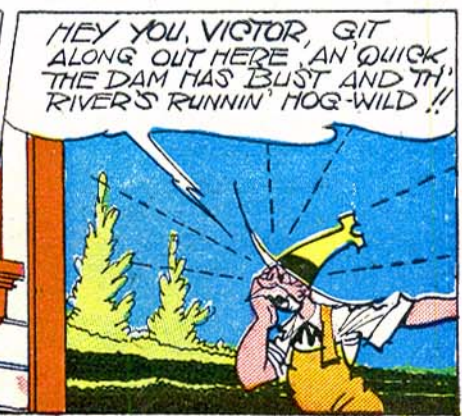
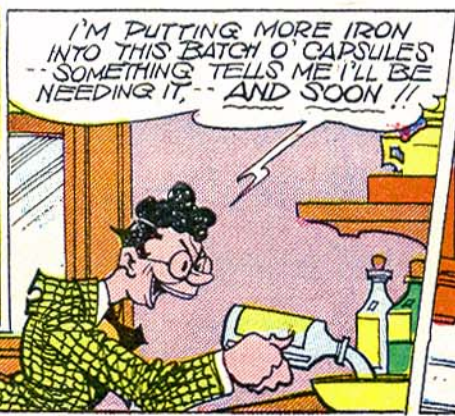
"But we *did* light a torch that night," the Lieutenant said. "It happened when we came to a crossroads, and we took a vote to decide whether to risk it." He paused. "If I remember correctly, Sergeant, it was you who climbed up on the signpost. What was it the sign said, Sergeant?"

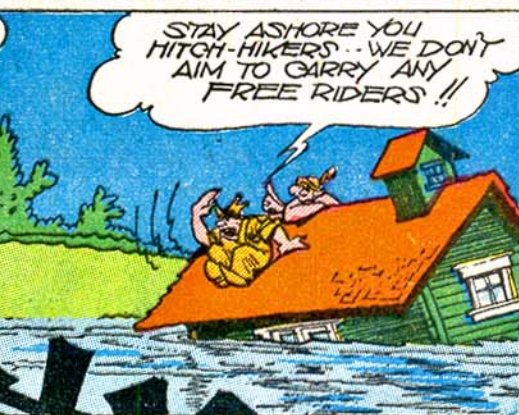
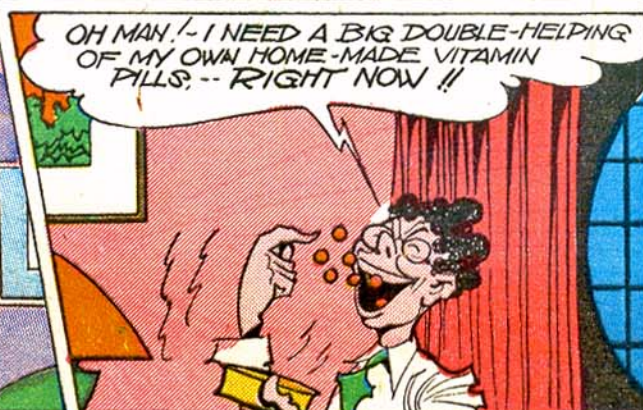
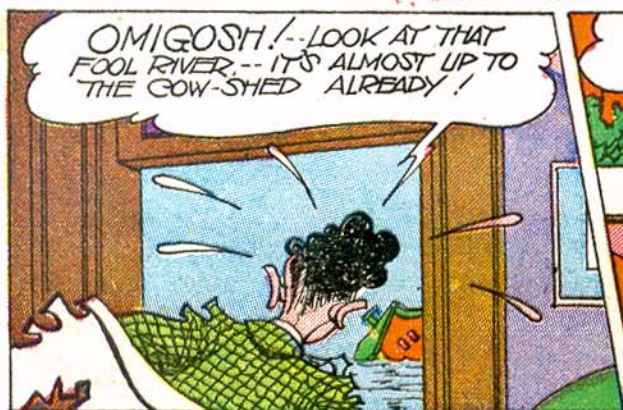
Silence. Then, almost painfully:

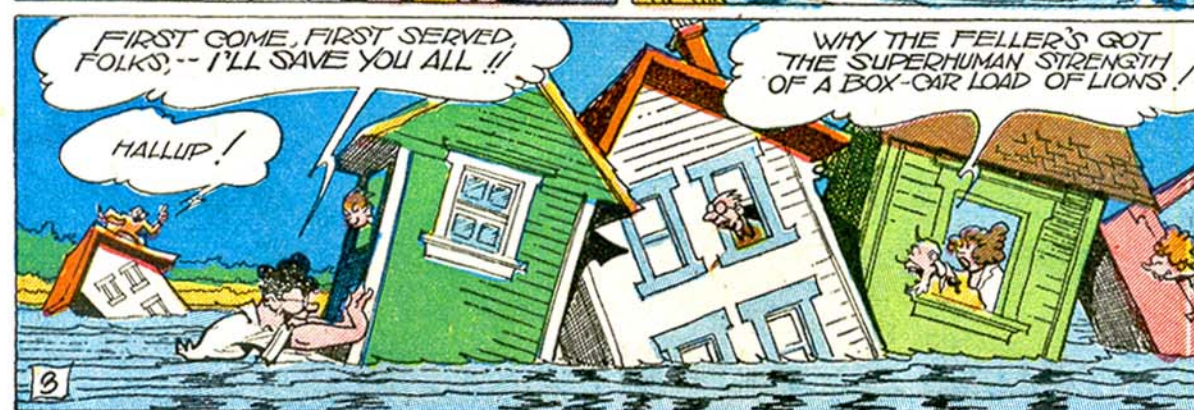
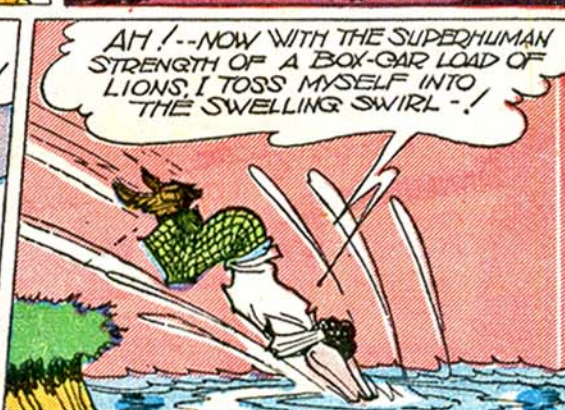
"London—15 miles, Sir," Sergeant Forbes said obediently. He winced. It was a good thing he had a sense of humor, or these new lads would be poking fun at him. After all, it was no disgrace to be forced down in your own country in a fog and mistake your own patrols for those of the enemy.

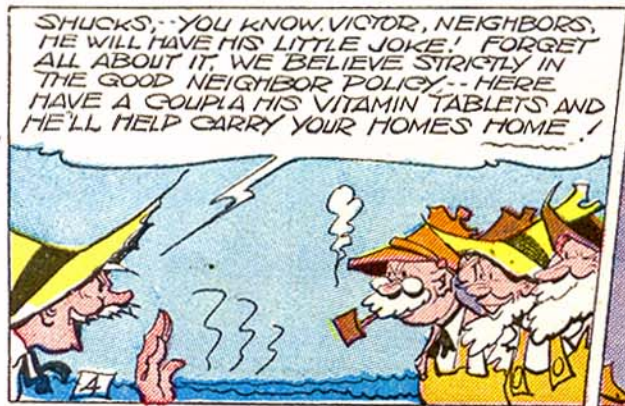
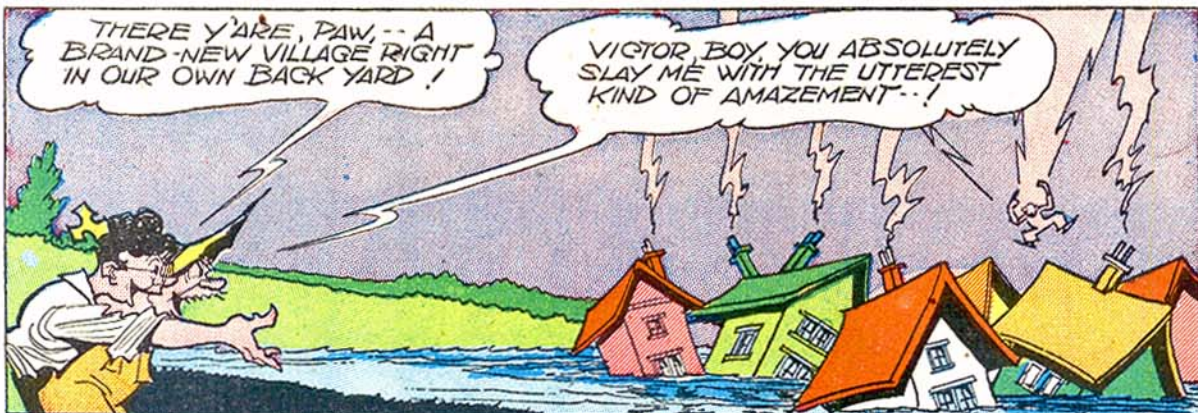


VIC WIGGINS, AN HONOR STUDENT IN CHEMISTRY AT SCHOOL, HAS HIT UPON HIS OWN ORIGINAL FORMULA FOR MIXING VITAMINS.-- HERE WE FIND THE YOUNG GENIUS AT WORK IN HIS HOME LABORATORY --









# genius JONES

**G**ENIUS JONES HAS PUNCTURED A PLENTITUDE OF PUZZLES, BUT THE AGILE-MINDED ANSWERMAN NEVER DREAMED THAT AN HISTORICAL EVENT OF THE DIM PAST WILL SHAKE OFF THE MISTS OF TIME, AND ENMESH HIM IN A CHAIN OF DECEIT AND DANGER THAT JANGLES TO THE TUNE OF ..

*"The Bent Bugle Blues!"*

PRETTY CORNY---  
BUT WHAT CAN YOU  
EXPECT OF CROOKS!

TA-TA

OW!

HALP!

OH!

OUCH

BOOM

**A** BRISK MORNING, AND **GENIUS JONES** IS SMOOTHING THE PUCKERED BROWS OF A PERPLEXED POPULACE, AS PER USUAL ...

I'M A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR, WHAT IS THE EXACT TIME? YESTERDAY MY WATCH WAS FIVE SECONDS OFF!

FROM THE POSITION OF THE SUN, THE EXACT TIME IS TEN MINUTES AND THIRTY-THREE SECONDS PAST TEN O'CLOCK. THAT'LL BE ONE DIME, PLEASE!

GENIUS JONES  
the ANSWERMAN

SIGH!

THE NEXT PATRON PROPOUNDS A PUZZLER INDEED!

I AM A MYNOR, MUSIC STORE OWNER! WHY SHOULD BURGLERS STEAL AN OLD BATTERED BUGLE FROM MY STORE, INSTEAD OF EXPENSIVE INSTRUMENTS?

HMMM, I REALLY DON'T KNOW, BUT IT IS ODD, ISN'T IT? I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!

I HEARD THEM IN THE STORE, CAME DOWN AND TUSSELED WITH THEM! IN MAKING THEIR ESCAPE, THEY LOST THIS EMPTY ENVELOPE!

LET'S LOOK AT IT!

WHY IT'S ADDRESSED TO NICK HARGAN AT LITTLE HOPE BASIN. "HAM-FIST" HARGAN, EH? LET'S GO!

THAT BUGLE HAD MORE WRINKLES THAN A PECK OF PRUNES!

A SHORT TIME LATER ...

THAT SOUR NOTE! IT'S THE BUGLE! I-I MUST B-BE COOL--COOL AS A C-C-CU-CUMBER!

DON'T WORRY, JUDGE-FROM YOUR SHIVERING, YOU'RE EVEN COOLER!

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING ...

GENIUS JONES, EH? WELL, SPYIN' US OUT WON'T HELP YA NONE! INSIDE WITH 'EM, BOYS!

YOU'VE GOT THE DROP, "HAM-FIST" HARGAN, BUT WE'LL GET THAT BUGLE AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!

THERE'S YER BUGLE, JONES, BUT A LOT O' GOOD IT DOES YA! TIE 'EM UP BOYS!

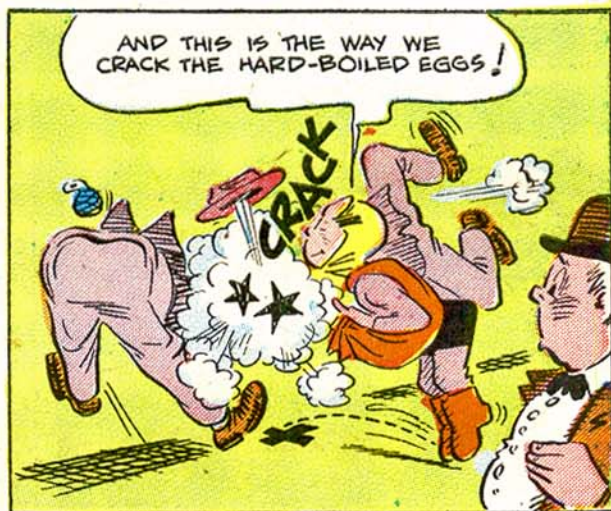
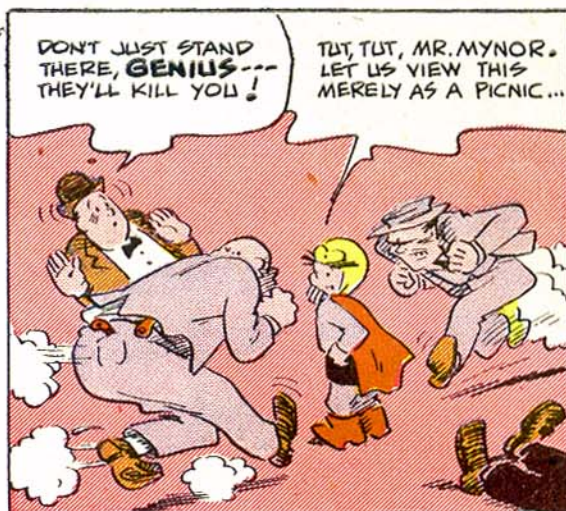
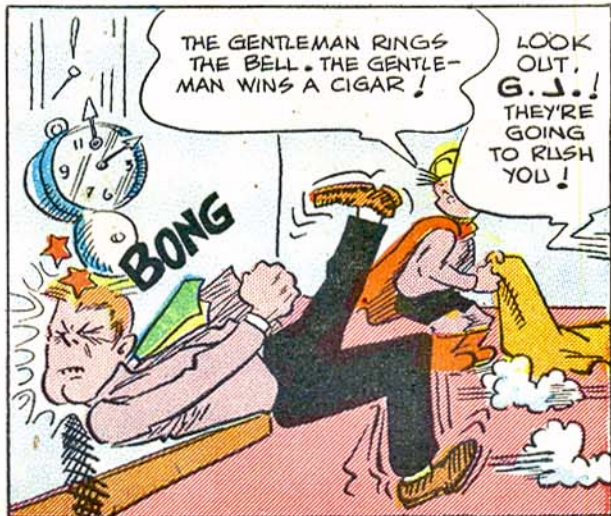
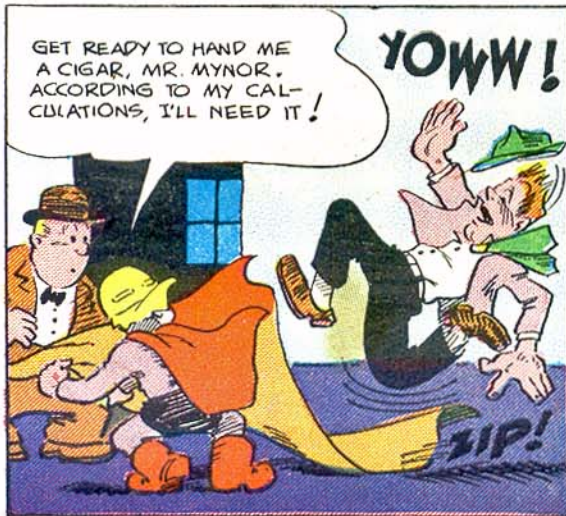
HMM... THE RADIO'S RIGHT BEHIND ME! IF THAT CLOCK IS RIGHT AND I CAN REACH THE SWITCH...!

SUDDENLY ...

HANDS UP! YOU'RE ALL COVERED!"

WH--WHAT? TH' COPS!

IT WORKED!-- THE NEW ELEVEN-RADIO DRAMA THAT BEGINS WITH A "HANDS UP" COMMAND!



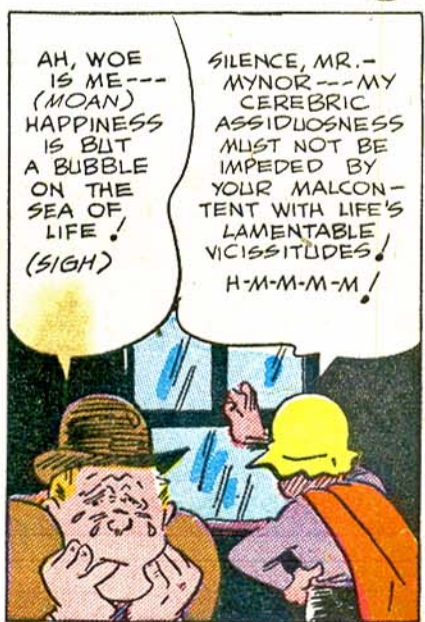


**JONES, GENIUS JONES!**  
COME HERE AND LOOK!



THE BUGLE IN THIS **ANTIQUE GUIDE BOOK**, IS DENT FOR DENT, IDENTICAL FOR MINE; AND IT SAYS IT'S THE ONE NAPOLEON'S BUGLER BLEW THE RETREAT AT WATERLOO WITH, AND IS WORTH **\$10,000! I'M RICH!**

YES--EXCEPT THAT **"HAM-FIST" HARGAN** HAS THE BUGLE, NOT YOU!



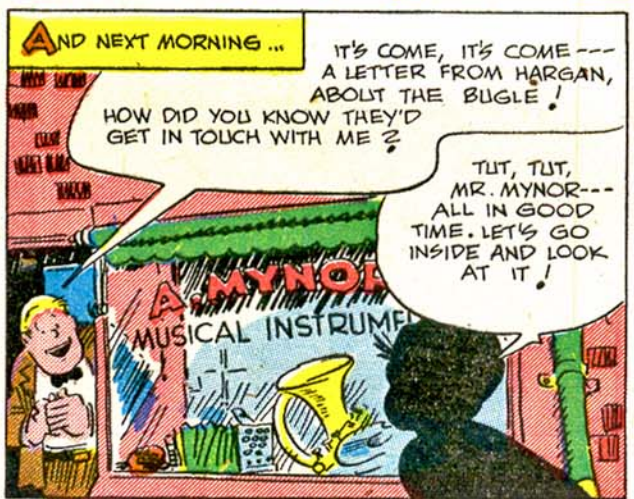
AH, WOE IS ME---  
(MOAN)  
HAPPINESS IS BUT A BUBBLE ON THE SEA OF LIFE!  
(SIGH)

SILENCE, MR.-  
MYNOR---MY CEREBRIC ASSIDUOSNESS MUST NOT BE IMPEDED BY YOUR MALCONTENT WITH LIFE'S LAMENTABLE VICISSITUDES!  
H-M-M-M-M!



**FINALLY ...**  
MY DEDUCTIONS LEAD TO ONE CONCLUSION---  
YOU WILL RECEIVE  
WORD PERTAINING TO THE BUGLE  
SOON, PERHAPS TOMORROW!  
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

THEN THERE'S HOPE?

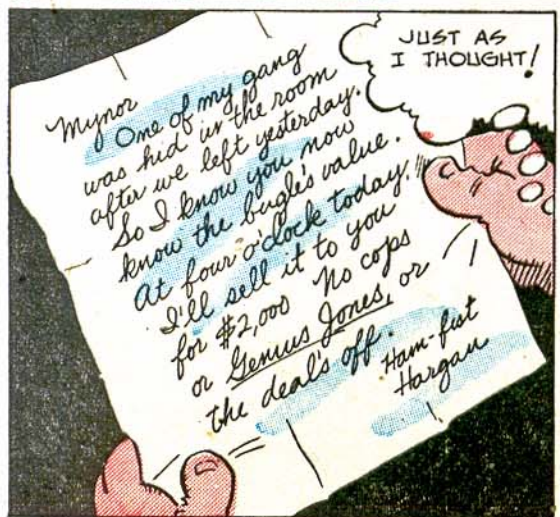


**AND NEXT MORNING ...**

IT'S COME, IT'S COME---  
A LETTER FROM HARGAN,  
ABOUT THE BUGLE!

HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY'D  
GET IN TOUCH WITH ME?

TUT, TUT,  
MR. MYNOR---  
ALL IN GOOD TIME. LET'S GO  
INSIDE AND LOOK AT IT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!

*Mynor*  
One of my gang was hid in the room after we left yesterday. So I know you now know the bugle's value. At four o'clock today, I'll sell it to you for \$2,000. No cops or Genius Jones, or the deals off. *Ham-fist Hargan*



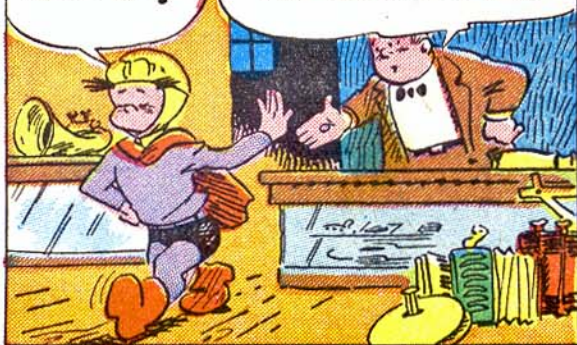
I DON'T LIKE THIS!  
ARE YOU GOING  
THROUGH WITH IT?

YES! I'LL MAKE \$8,000! HE'S GOT TO SELL OR I'LL WARN ALL DEALERS--- ER---HERE'S YOUR DIME---YOU ANSWERED MY QUESTION ...

**WHAT'S THIS? GENIUS JONES WITH-  
DRAWING FROM A CASE?**

NO THANKS!  
GOOD BYE!

I-I'M SORRY YOU FEEL  
THAT WAY ABOUT IT ...



**GENIUS JONES OR NOT, EVENTS MOVE  
FORWARD. AND, AS THE HOUR NEARS,  
A MAN BATTLES WITH HIS CONSCIENCE.**

I SHOULDN'T GO  
THROUGH WITH IT,  
IT'S WRONG ---  
AGAINST THE  
LAW --- BUT  
\$ 8,000 !

DRUM ?  
I ORDERED  
NO DRUM.  
NEVER MIND.  
LEAVE IT,  
I'M BUSY!



**AND THEN---THE FATEFUL MOMENT ...**

OKAY, MYNOR. WE  
WAS STAKED OUT-  
SIDE AND SAW THAT  
YA OBEYED ORDERS.  
GIMME THEM  
\$ 2,000 !

I---I CAN'T DO IT!  
**I WON'T!** IT'D BE  
AIDING YOU THIEVES!

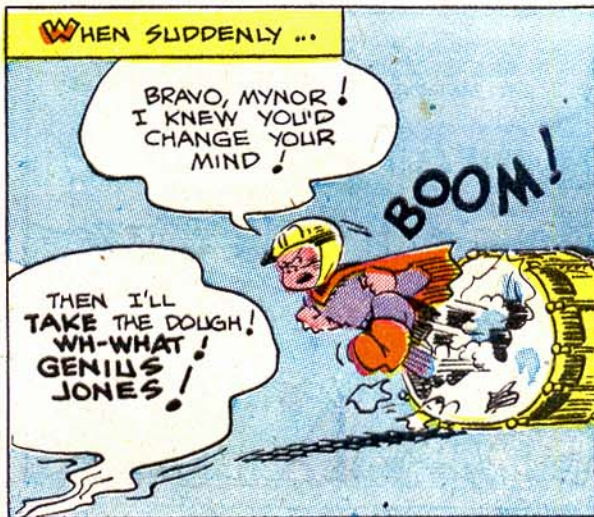


DAT'S RICH. TH'  
BOSS WILL TAKE  
THE DOUGH OFF  
HIM ANYHOW !

**WHEN SUDDENLY ...**

BRAVO, MYNOR!  
I KNEW YOU'D  
CHANGE YOUR  
MIND !

THEN I'LL  
TAKE THE DOUGH!  
WH-WHAT!  
**GENIUS JONES!**



LET  
US  
MAKE  
MUSIC!

OOOF



BR-ROONG!

I'M JUST AN ALLEY  
ALLIGATOR, FULL OF  
JITTEROO JIVE!



CLING

THIS IS THE BANJO JAM  
FEST---I BANG YOU WITH  
THE BANJO, AND JAM YOUR  
HEAD IN THE PIANO !



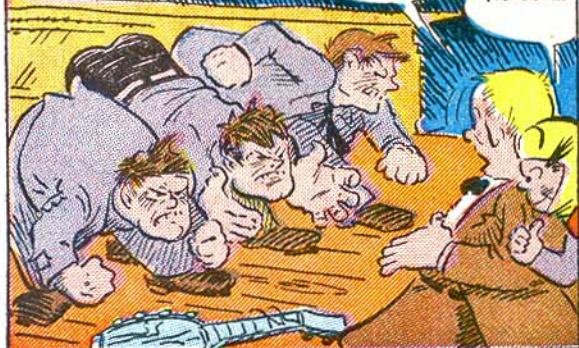
PLANK

GROONG

THEN, DURING A LULL IN THE ACTIVITIES ...

THEY'RE FORMING TO RUSH, GENIUS. WHAT'LL WE DO?

LET THEM RUSH. WE'LL ...



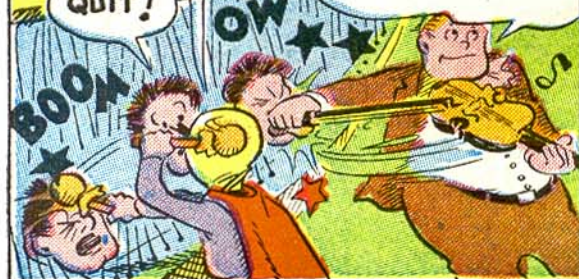
... JUST GO ON WITH OUR SWING LESSON!



DO YOU THINK WE'RE IN THE GROOVE, MR. MYNOR?

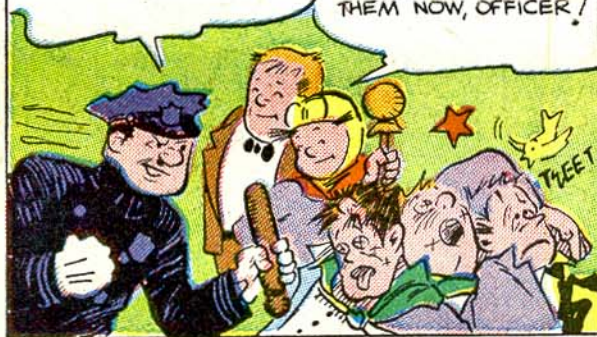
RIGHT ON THE BEAM, GENIUS! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A SNUBBER TO STOP ME FROM PULLING THE BOW OUT TOO FAR!

HALP! WE QUIT!



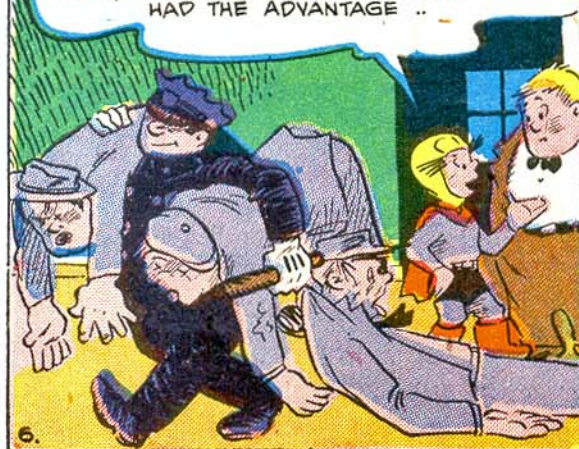
WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET? OH, "HAM FIST" HARGAN AND HIS MOB, EH? WHAT A HAUL!

WE WERE JUST GIVING THEM A LITTLE JAM SESSION, BUT YOU CAN HAVE THEM NOW, OFFICER!



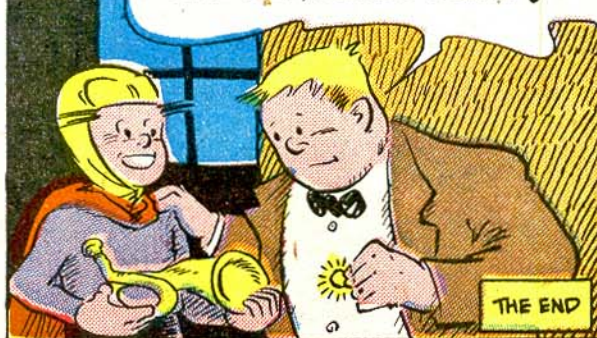
AND LATER ...

YOU SEE I KNEW IT WAS FISHY ALL THROUGH. CROOKS DON'T CARRY ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ON JOBS. HARGAN WANTED YOU TO GO THERE. HE STAGED A FIGHT TO SWEETEN THE BAIT; THEN RAN WHEN HE REALLY HAD THE ADVANTAGE ...



HE'D PASTED A FAKE PAGE IN THE ANTIQUE GUIDE, MADE FROM A PICTURE HE TOOK OF YOUR BUGLE, AND WANTED YOU TO SEE IT. I KNEW, BECAUSE IT WAS NAPOLEON'S DRUMMERS WHO BEAT OUT THE RETREAT. THE BUGLE'S WORTHLESS!

TOO BAD. BUT YOUR MARVELOUS DEDUCTION SAVED ME \$2,000. SO HERE'S YOUR DIME BACK, GENIUS JONES!



THE END

# TAKE YOUR PICK!



**YOU** can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy. Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass. Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

## BOYS

### EARN THESE PRIZES AND MAKE MONEY TOO

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is packed from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer, just write to

MR. JIM THAYER DEPT. 38  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co  
Springfield, Ohio.

Mr. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 38  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

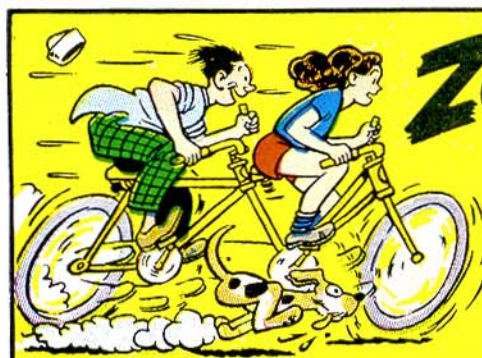
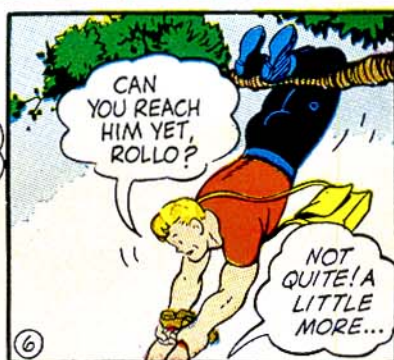
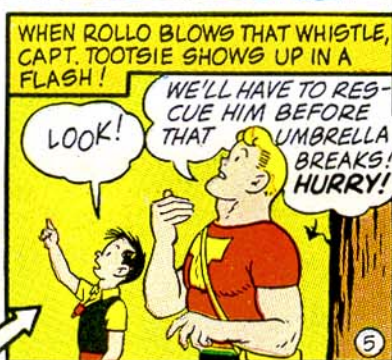
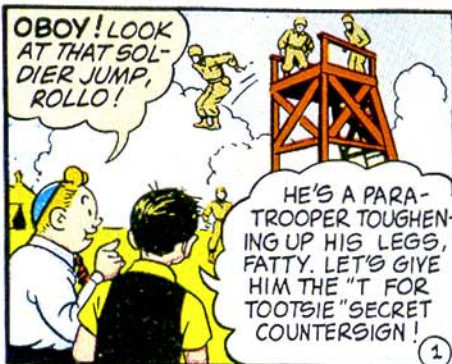
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ (\*) Postal Unit No. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# Captain Tootsie

AND THE **BUMBERSHOOT JUMP!**

BY ROD REED AND C. C. BECK



## ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY FROM A Chewy, Chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLL AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!



Remember, there's another fine Tootsie product TOOTSIE V-M—the new vitamin-mineral fortifier that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls! Ask grocers for it

Chewy, chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS, made with milk, enriched with dextrose, are real energy food. Get Tootsie Rolls! See how they help you win. 5c and 1c.