L’IL ATOMIC MOUSE

You're the greatest mouse of all, L'il Atomic Mouse, and
You can make the mighty sail, L'il Atomic Mouse, with a

[Music notation]

ATOMIC MOUSE would like all of you to send in your words to his song which appears above.

For the best verse sent to us ATOMIC MOUSE will pay $5.00... and for the next best five he will pay a crisp new dollar. So hurry, winners will have their verses published and their names will appear also... don't delay... send your entries to, AL FAGO, 1480 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, 36 NEW YORK.
We've got to find this culprit!

Calling all police!

Call out the Marines!

Let's get in touch with the President.

What's happened here?

All of the gold and silver in Mouseville and surrounding towns has disappeared!
There's only one character who could be mean enough to do that!

And there he stands!
No, no! Not that!

Plop!
Where did Count Gatto go?
He got away! After him!

They'll never find me here!

All right! Come clean, who stole all the gold and silver?
What gold? What silver?

Remember I'm the one who gives the orders around here!

Yes, boss!

You're right, boss!

Well, let's go...someone's cutting in on our territory!

Yes, boss!

You're right, boss!
CRAYON, MEN... THE COAST IS CLEAR!

Okay, now... all of you men come with me!

POW!

LET'S GO... WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!

LET'S LEAVE ATOMIC MOUSE THERE!

G-Gosh! It's Atomic Mouse!

This calls for a U-238 pill... I must hurry!

NOT SO FAST!

ZOOOM!
I always knew you fellows wanted to be close together!

We didn't do anything!

Here's atomic mouse with count gatto and his henchmen!

But where's all the gold and silver?

Let's hold court and give him a fair trial!

That's right! Where did you put it?

But I don't know a thing about it!

One hour later...

Count Gatto!

Where were you last night?

I was having a soda at honest John's.

That's right! Judge! He was in my place all night!

G-gosh! Honest John, we have to believe you!

Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard all the facts... have you reached a verdict?

Not guilty!

Wow! Who could have done it?

This is a mystery!
PROFESSOR INVENTO WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN HE GETS BACK FROM HIS VACATION!

WE'LL USE HIS PLACE FOR A MEETING HALL!

He won't mind if we use his place while he's gone!

Wow! Look! Gold Silver!

OMG! It can't be!

I can't believe my own eyes!

But we all trusted Professor Invento!

He'll have a lot of explaining to do when he returns today!

Well, well! What's going on here?

Professor Invento?

I... er... gulp!

C'mon, now... you'll have to convince us you're innocent!
HMM! I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN EASILY...COME!

CONTROL ROOM

JUST AS I THOUGHT?

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE PERFECTED A GIANT MAGNITRON TO REACH THE PLANET MECHAND!

PLANET MECHAND?

WHERE'S THAT?

PLANET MECHAND IS 200,000 BILLION MILES AWAY... AND THEY BUILT A GIANT GOLD AND SILVER ROBOT CAT THAT MEASURED 20 FEET TALL!

OMIGOSH!

THEY BUILT THIS CAT TO DO ALL THEIR WORK FOR THEM UNTIL ONE PLANET MAN PULLED THE WRONG SWITCH...

SO THE ROBOT WENT BERSERK AND WRECKED THE ENTIRE PLANET! NO ONE WAS LEFT ALIVE...

WOW! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ROBOT?

NOTHING! THAT IS WHY I BUILT THE MAGNITRON!
Y' SEE, THIS MAGNETRON IS AN EXTRA POWERFUL MAGNET THAT WILL ATTRACT ONLY GOLD AND SILVER!

AND WHEN I LEFT HERE TO GO AWAY ON MY VACATION I FORGOT TO TURN IT OFF!

SO I'M SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU ALL THIS TROUBLE AND WORRY!

AND SO ALL'S WELL IN MOUSEVILLE AND PROFESSOR JONES CONTINUES WITH HIS WORK TO CONTACT PLANET BERMUDA.

HMM! I'LL HAVE TO ARRANGE MY MAGNET TO START WORKING A MILLION MILES AWAY!

THAT'S RIGHT... SO YOU WON'T ATTRACT THE GOLD AND SILVER AROUND OUR EARTH!

TSK, TSK! I'M STARTING TO MAKE CONTACT!

I'LL DRAW THAT CAT ROBOT DOWN HERE AND CONTROL THAT ROBOT TO HELP US WITH OUR HARD WORK!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT SHOOTING STAR!

SHOOTING STAR? THAT'S THE GOLD AND SILVER ROBOT!
ATOMIC MOUSE

So that's the robot that can destroy a planet... and it's a cat robot!

What a giant!

Wow! Pure gold and silver!

He must be worth billions!

I've got to act fast!

My lucky day! Everyone is looking at that head of_port ions.

Professor Inventor's Laborator

Aha! Here's where I go into action! I'll take this microphone...

Control board for the gold and silver robot

Now I'll show everyone who's boss around here!

Listen everyone!
I'M A CAT ROBOT AND I'M BEING CONTROLLED BY THE GREAT COUNT GATTO... I'M GOING TO DESTROY ALL OF YOU NOW!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

TO THE CAVES!

YOW! HELP!

CRUNCH!

UH? I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON ANY LONGER!

I'LL NEED A COUPLE OF PILLS FOR THIS JOB!

AND NOW, ATOMIC MOUSE, WE'LL SEE WHAT THOSE PILLS CAN DO FOR YOU!

C'MON, FELLAS... WE'VE GOT ATOMIC MOUSE LICKED THIS TIME!
Lucky I can reach my U-238 pills!
ATOMIC MOUSE

GULPY! THERE... I'LL TAKE A HANDFUL OF PILLS...

PLONG

BAM!

LET'S GO FOR A NICE SPIN!

NOW DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE DIZZY ALREADY! YOU HAVEN'T A HEAD!

HOPPEN YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME DOWN!
Gosh! There're billions of dollars in gold and silver!

There you are, Professor Invento! It's all yours. You own it!

I don't need it! I'll give it to charity!

I think I know where I can find Count Gatto!

And now to finish some unfinished business!

Up to your old tricks again?

Ulp!

This time we've got the goods on you, Count Gatto!

The End
ATOMIC MOUSE

LEON
The LYIN' LION

ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THIS POTATO FARM?

YUP!

LEON'S FARM

"POTATO SALAD!"

TELL YOU WHAT... I RAISE LARGE PUMPKINS, BUT I'D LIKE TO BUY SOME POTATOES FROM YOU!

LARGE PUMPKINS!
HMM! HOW LARGE ARE THEY?

WELL, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU ONE, BUT IT'S TOO LARGE TO GET IN MY TRUCK!

HMM!

BUT I STILL NEED THOSE POTATOES!

HOW MANY POUNDS DO YOU WANT?

OH, I'D SAY ABOUT 500 POUNDS!

500 POUNDS?

GOLLY! I'D LIKE TO OBLIGE... BUT I WOULDN'T CUT A SPUD IN TWO FOR NO ONE!

Follow the antics of "Leon, the Lyin' Lion" in ZOO FUNNIES. Now at your newsstand.
Atomic Mouse

by Carole Hahne 53

Five Dollar Prize Winning Drawing by Carole Hahne.
Dear Readers: This was a SUPER-DUPER contest . . . 12, 123 entries . . . We had no idea SO MANY OF YOU like to draw. Our staff was kept pretty busy, and it wasn't easy to choose; your entries were all so good.

We are happy to reproduce on the opposite page the FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE WINNING DRAWING of ATOMIC MOUSE by —

Carole Mahne
98 Sycamore Avenue
Wheeling, Elm Grove, West Va.

who is the talented and lucky first prize winner. Your five dollars will be on its way to you, Carole, this week.

The five next best drawings (one dollar prizes) were submitted by the following budding young artists:

Beverly Hayes
113 W. Campbell
Rantoul, Ill.
(Atomic Mouse)

Tom Delheimer
1301 N. Everett
Streator, Ill.
(Count Gatto)

Buddy Kuykendall
Rt. 7, Box 211-C
Savannah, Ga.
(Atomic Mouse)

Virginia R. Roof
149 Oak St.
St. Clair, Michigan
(Count Gatto)

Ray Mallory
% WOJG Fred’k Mallory
Mfg. 38th AIB Camp Roberts, Calif.
(Atomic Mouse)

We wish we had room to reproduce all of the prize-winning entries — they were all very well done and show great promise . . . We had so very many entries that were almost prize winners that we feel we must give honorable mention to:

George Lindley, Baltimore, Maryland; Count Gatto
Ann Ruth Tipton, St. Paul, Virginia; Count Gatto
Johnny Tucker, Rock Hill, South Carolina; Atomic Mouse
Barbara Boser, Grant Marsia, Minnesota; Atomic Mouse
Francis J. Sypher, Jr. New York City; Atomic Mouse
Raymond Patterson, Little Ferry, N. J.; Atomic Mouse
Ken Wascott, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Atomic Mouse
Ken Del Conte, Inglewood, California; Atomic Mouse
Martin Schwartz, Pawtucket, R. I.; Atomic Mouse
Eddie Campos, Santa Rose, New Mexico; Atomic Mouse

Thanks a million for your grand response to our contest. We're going to try to drop you all a personal note of thanks . . . this may take a little while, as you all know how busy Atomic Mouse is, but you'll be hearing from us.
Atomic Mouse

Help! Quick! Count Gatto has escaped!

We've searched everywhere... but, like a bad penny... he'll turn up again!

Good riddance!

Well, we'll have to be on our guard!
In the far off land of TUT-A-TUT a surprise awaits us, dear readers. The best brains in all TUT-A-TUT are assembled in secrecy at the largest laboratory in TUT-A-TUT.

Gentlemen—we have built the giant rocket, but we cannot find a jet engine powerful enough to fly it.

Alas! The Sultan will have our heads!

Oh, no! Look at that...

Hmmm... the Sultan?

Mmm! I must inform the Sultan at once!

The Sultan of TUT-A-TUT?

But first a disguise!

How dare you stop the great Count Gatto when I have a message for the Sultan's ear!

A thousand pardons!

Hi, Sultan, ol' boy! I've got news for you...

Speak up!
AND OF COURSE IT WON'T FLY! CURSES! AND THEY ARE PLANNING A REVOLUTION... I'LL LOSE MY KINGDOM AND ALL MY JEWELS!

LOOK! HERE ARE ALL MY PRETTY JEWELS!

YIPES!

GOTTA THINK FAST... NOW WHERE CAN I GET MY HANDS ON A JET ENGINE TO DRIVE THAT GIANT ROCKET?

HMM... GOT IT!

SUITE, OL' TOP! I NEED TRANSPORTATION BUT QUICK... AND I'LL HAVE YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED!

THAT'S EASY! HERE, TAKE MY FLYING CARPET... Y'SEE, IT ISN'T LARGE ENOUGH TO CARRY ALL MY TREASURE!

AND SO COUNT GATTO SOARS INTO THE BLUE... WHAT FANTASTIC SCHEME IS HE COOKING UP THIS TIME?

ZIP!

AH! THERE'S MOUSEVILLE NOW!

OON! LOOK! A FLYING CARPET!

WELCOME, STRANGER!

GOSH! ISN'T HE HANDSOME?

IT MUST BE FROM A STRANGE LAND!
My good people, I've come to you on a very important mission. I need help for my sultan!

Tsk! Tsk! He needs a powerful jet engine to escape from the revolutionists with his daughter and jewels!

He looks so honest?

Our great friend and benefactor might be able to help you!

But where will I get a powerful jet engine?

Haw, haw! Atomic Mouse... you can answer that question yourself!

TSK! TSK!

Let's go... we have no time to lose!

Wait!... we'll use this magic carpet!

Roll it up... we've got to get there fast!

Sorry! That must be the home of the sultan!

The speed it's traveling at is terrific!
ATOMIC MOUSE

OH, MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, I HAVE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF ESCAPING!

TRUE... ALL IS LOST!

Behold, great sultan! Your troubles are over!

OMIGOSH! IT'S ATOMIC MOUSE!

ISN'T HE SORCEREOUS?

BUT WHERE IS THE JET ENGINE?

TOK! TEK!

PLEASE, ATOMIC MOUSE, SAVE MY FATHER'S KINGDOM... AND HIS JEWELS!

Quick, we must get all of our possessions into the rocket!

That does it! Come! We must be going!

Golly! That is a beautiful rocket!
Come, Atomic Mouse, I'll show you the engine room!

Grrr... I'll take the captain to a safe place, then I'll come back!

That's what you think...

You're helping us a lot! And you'll never know how much we appreciate your help!

My plans are working perfectly!

Blast off!

Okay! Here goes an atomic pill!

ZAP!

Barrooooy!
ATOMIC MOUSE

WHA! I GUESS WE'RE UP HIGH ENOUGH NOW!

COME, LET'S TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE VIEW FROM HERE!

LOCK

AIR LOCK

HAPPY LANDINGS!

HELP!

NOW! NOW! NOW THE JEWELS ARE ALL MINE!

HELP!

O-O-OOH! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE SULTAN AND HIS DAUGHTER!

CRASH!

THIS CALLS FOR ACTION!

OH, LOOK! THE ROCKET WILL CRASH!

THEM MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT. I'LL SAVE THEM!

OH, NO IT WON'T!
ATOMIC MOUSE

QUICK, MEN... IT'S THE SULTAN'S ROCKET! WE MUST GET HIS GOLD!
THEN WE'LL TAKE HIS KINGDOM!

HELP! IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US!
WELL, NEVER GET AWAY FROM IT!
WELL SULTAN! I DON'T THINK THESE REBELS WILL BOTHER YOU ANYMORE...
NOW LET'S SEE WHO'S IN THAT SHIP!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! COUNT GATTO! YOU'RE GOING ON ANOTHER TRIP RIGHT NOW!
COISES! FOILED AGAIN!

His sock will put you right back in Mouseville where you belong!

SOCKO!

HAW, HAW! COUNT GATTO! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ON A FAST TRIP!

I WONDER IF ATOMIC MOUSE HAS SEEN COUNT GATTO LATELY?

Mouseville Jail.
Uncle Jack Rabbit poked his bewhiskered face sleepy out of the tree trunk he used as a hideaway and looked for the source of the hammer noise that had awakened him.

He saw the figure of his nephew Bobby, renamed because of a habit of bobbing up and down when excited. Bobby was excited now, for he was vigorously bobbing up and down while moving vigorously sunging a hammer-shaped rock at a structure that looked amazingly like a hot rod car. It was made of twigs and branches woven together with hay, and the wheels were round wooden disks. Bobby was evidently placing the fourth and last wheel on the car.

"Hey there, Bobby, what's going on over there?" shouted Uncle Jack, pretending to be angry at being awakened.

"Oh, hi, Uncle Jack! I hope I didn't wake you from your nap, but I've got to get this car finished in time for tomorrow's Happy Forest Hot Rod Race!"

Uncle Jack's pretended anger soon sank, for Bobby was his favorite nephew; and races had been a pet interest with him ever since his race with Tom Tortoise.

"Well, hrrumpf," Uncle Jack grumped, "maybe I can help you with some racing strategy, Bobby. I used to be a pretty fair one at racing, you know."

Bobby, thoughtful, said, "Yes, Uncle Jack. You'll excuse me for asking you something, though, won't you?"

"Why, yes, of course," said Uncle Jack, surprised at the strangeness in Bobby's voice, "Go ahead."

"Well, I wouldn't question your judgement on anything, Uncle Jack, but that doggone Timmy Tortoise said you were never a good racer, and that even his father had once beaten you in a race. I'd feel better if you'd tell me that wasn't so, Uncle Jack."

Uncle Jack flushed a bit, then he straightened up to his full rabbit height and said, "Yes, Bobby, it is true — I did lose a race to Timmy's father quite awhile back — but it wasn't because I loafed along, as some people think. It was a fair race, but I was just plain outsmarted, and I admit it."

"Yes were? You do?" questioned Bobby, bobbing up and down. "How did it happen?"

"You really want to know?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Sure. Please tell me," begged Bobby.

"Well, Bobby, all right. It was a long time ago, but it happened this way: One day I was hopping along through Happy Forest when I ran into Tom Tortoise, Timmy's father. We got to talking, and soon the talk turned to racing, as it does do. I was telling Tom how I hoped to beat Dan Deer in the coming Forest Olympics (which I did do, by the way!) and Tom Tortoise took to laughing. He didn't think I could do it."

"Well, the harder he laughed the madder I got. He even challenged me to a race the following day! That started me laughing, and soon my laughing made him mad! I asked him as a joke if he'd like to use roller skates, and then suddenly he stopped being mad and looked at me and said "Yes, I'll use a roller skate if you'll use one, too."

"Roller skates?" laughed Bobby. "Race on roller skates?"

"Yes, Bobby, roller skates. Only Tom insisted we each use only one roller skate. That was his shrewd move. I agreed to use just one skate in the race."

"Wow! But you still should have won, Uncle! Shouldn't you have?," asked Bobby.

"Well, Bobby," chuckled Uncle Jack, "there's room for argument there. That race took place on Steeck Hill, too. Yes, it was quite a race. I showed up a little late, and a crowd had already gathered. Tom threw me a roller skate and I slipped it on my right foot. Then the gun sounded and we were off!"

"Gee," Bobby geed.

"Well, I was about a quarter of the way down the hill, and it was neck and neck when my left foot started hitting the dirt. That made the skate on my right foot turn to the left. I started to circle and pretty soon I was losing speed by just turning. I couldn't make any headway down Steeck Hill."

"Gee whiz," said Bobby, "but what about Mr. Tortoise. Didn't he have the same trouble?"

"That's where he outsmarted me, Bobby. You see, he had strapped his skate to the very center..."
of the bottom of his shell, and by doing so made a real hot rod out of his shell. He really
whipped me that day. I'll have to admit it —
he outmaneuvered me."

"Well, doggone, Uncle Jack, that's nothing
to be ashamed of. If you'd had a shell, you
could have done the same thing," said Bobby.
"Come to think of it, Bobby, I do have a
shell," said Uncle Jack.

"What?" yelled Bobby, unbelieving.
"Sure. Come over here to this lean-to shelter
where I keep my old trophies. I'll show you
something," said Uncle Jack.

They tramped over to the birch-bark shelter.
"Let's see, it should be under some of this
stuff somewhere," Uncle Jack said, rooting
through a large pile of old clothes, papers and
toys of Bobby's. "Yes, here it is! Help me roll it
out!"

Bobby stood and gaped. It was a turtle
shell, neatly fitted with a roller skate. It was
the very shell Tom Tortoise had used in the race
"But—but how did you get this?" Bobby asked
as he helped his uncle roll the squeaking
shell out of the shed. The wheels seemed to
need oil.

"Well, Bobby," said Uncle Jack, "a few
months after that race, Tom and I became very
great friends. He was about to get a larger
shell from the family stockpile anyway, so out
of friendship and as kind of a booby prize he
gave me this old shell and attached the roller
skate. I've kept it ever since."

"That's some story, Unc," said Bobby.

"I'm glad you think so Bobby. But hadn't
you better turn in soon and get some rest be-
fore the big race tomorrow? It should start
very early, shouldn't it?"

"OK, Uncle Jack. I'll sleep out with the car
tonight. I've got just a little more work to do
on it."

"All right, Bobby, but hadn't you better put
the car in the shed? It looks like it is clouing
up for a rain."

"Oh, I'll take a chance, Unc," said Bobby.

But when Bobby awoke the next morning
he saw that he had taken too much of a chance.
It was pouring rain, and by the time he had
fully realized what was happening, the rain
had stopped, and his beloved car was begin-
ning to warp. By the time the race was to be-

A solution was needed for heartbroken
Bobby, and Uncle Jack had one to offer —

"Why not use the shell with the roller skate,
Bobby? Wouldn't that qualify?"

Bobby sniffed, then grinned. "Sure it would,
Unc! It's got four wheels and a body, and
that's all you need to enter!"

After a quick vegetable oil application to
the wheels, the turtle car was ready to roll. Uncle
Jack and Bobby rolled it over to Streak Hill
that same morning, arriving a few minutes
before the starting gun.

All the rest of the contestants were lined
up. There was Monk Chipmunk in his birch-bark
car; there was Benny Beaver in his mud car;
Sonny Squirrel's wooden car had acorn wheels;
and Tommy Turtle had attached wooden roller-
to his shell! There would be stiff competition
for Bobby Rabbit!

Nervously, Bobby got a grip on the turtle
shell car and rolled toward the starting line at
the top of Streak Hill. He no sooner arrived
when Ozzie Owl (the judge) yelled "GO!"
and they all headed full tilt down the hill.

Bobby took the lead easily, then came Monk,
then Tommy Turtle, then Sonny. But about a
quarter length down the hill, Bobby heard a
high squeaking noise, and his car began to
slow. The wheels hadn't been given enough
oil! The other cars streaked ahead, and
Bobby tearfully wished aloud for his own car,
the one he'd built by himself.

But as he descended squeakily and unstead-
illy, he noticed a small gully of water directly
ahead — a small dip in the road had been
flooded by the rain!

Ahead he noticed the other cars hitting the
water at a fast clip; Benny Beaver's car was
disintegrating, while Tommy, Sonny and Monk,
with wooden cars, were floating on the sur-
faced!

The water looped ahead of Bobby and his
heavy car. SPLASH! Bobby held his breath and
hung on. He saw green bubbles as the
heavy-wheeled car ran along the bottom of the
dip and then — out the other side and on down
the hill!

Bobby didn't zoom across the finish, but he
was the only one to finish, which was just good
enough to win the race and get the Happy
Forest Hot Rod Blue Ribbon for the year.

They still argue about that race in Happy
Forest, and some say that Timmy Tortoise should
have gotten the ribbon, since it was his father's
shell that really won. But as Bobby Rabbit
says, thinking of the trip underneath the water
— "I won it by a hare's breath!"

The End

ATOMIC MOUSE COMICS
ATOMIC MOUSE

COUNT
GATTO

in

WHO STOLE THE WATER?

TO THE BEACH FOR LUNCH AND A SWIM!

BOY! THAT WATER LOOKS COOL AND REFRESHING!

HOW FOR A DIP BEFORE LUNCH!

DON'T SEE ANYONE AROUND!

ZIP!

DON'T SEE ANYONE AROUND!
NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?

WHALES! IT'S NAUSEOUS!

45 MIN. LATER

THE LONGER I STAND HERE THE FARTHER AWAY THE WATER GETS!

OF COURSE! THE FISH IS GONE!

SPASH!

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS? THE WATER'S SO SHALLOW I DERN Near BROKE MY NECK!

Huh! Thought you would!

NO DIVING AT LOW TIDE
Golly! All this work is getting me down. This place is very untidy...

And I do need an assistant.

75k, 75k... I'll put an ad in the paper for a maid and an assistant!

Next day...

Well, well! Look at this ad... I'll answer it!

I'm glad it stopped raining... now I'll answer Professor Invento's ad for a maid!

I'll just rest my umbrella here and get my change ready!

75k, 75k? When did I leave my umbrella there?
STOP THIEF! GIVE ME BACK MY UMBRELLA!

TSK, TSK! I'M SORRY, YES, I THOUGHT IT WAS MINE!

THAT REMINDS ME! I'D BETTER GO BACK HOME AND GET ALL MY BROKEN UMBRELLAS!

AH! THERE THEY ARE! I'LL HAVE THEM ALL REPAIRED!

THANK YOU! THAT WAS FAST!

FIVE DOLLARS, PLEASE!

NOW TO ANSWER THAT AD AT PROFESSOR INVENTO'S HOUSE!
I'LL ANSWER THE DOOR... MY NEW MAID MUST BE BUSY!

I ER... AM PROFESSOR INVENTO... ER... I MEAN I AM THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR!

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR?

Y'SEE... I'D LIKE YOU TO WORK IN MY LABORATORY!

WAIT... I'M PROFESSOR INVENTO... I PUT THAT AD IN THE PAPER!

OH... I SEE!

WAIT... I'LL HAVE MY NEW MAID TAKE YOUR HAT!

DOES SHE WEAR MEN'S HATS?

DID YOU RING, PROFESSOR INVENTO?

WAIT... I'LL HAVE MY NEW MAID TAKE YOUR HAT!

YES! OMIGOSH!

WELL! YOU MADE A GOOD HAUL OF UMBRELLAS AFTER ALL!

THE END
FREE!
WHILE THEY LAST!

10"HITLER HEADS"
10 Unusual Stamps Showing Evil Dictator
ALL DIFFERENT GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO OBTAIN

MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this complete, fascinating set of 10 Hitler Stamps. All different. Getting scarce all the time. Yet they are yours FREE—while they last—to secure names for our mailing list.

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Be among the first to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps FREE. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. Rush coupon NOW with 10¢ to help cover postage and handling. If coupon has already been clipped, send 10¢ DIRECT to:

LITTLETON STAMP COMPANY
Dept. 60-001, Littleton, New Hampshire

Also FREE

Also FREE
ATOMIC MOUSE

IN

"Run for your lives!"

Quick! Run for your lives! The dam has broken!

We'll all be drowned!

Atomic Mouse will never be able to help us.

It's too big a job for anyone!

G-Gosh! It looks like something is falling from the sky!

Wow! The water has stopped rising!

The meteor fell right where the dam broke!

That wasn't a meteor from the sky.

Atomic Mouse plugged the gap with a mountain!
Hello folks! Meet Hoppy and Millie of Funny Animals...
We are all a great big family now, and soon I'll be their guest in Funny Animal Comics...watch for me!