THE BIG ALL-AMERICAN COMIC BOOK

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Plus: EIGHT rib-tickling pages of MUTT AND JEFF!

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STEVE TREVOR, WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND, IS FOUND LEANING OVER THE BODY OF A DEAD GENERAL. DO YOU BLAME THE ARMY AUTHORITIES FOR ARRESTING STEVE FOR MURDER? BUT WONDER WOMAN HAD ABSOLUTE FAITH IN STEVE. SHE KNEW HE WAS INNOCENT—BUT HOW COULD SHE PROVE IT? WITH SUPERB SKILL, THE GIRL FROM PARADISE ISLE DISCOVERED CLUES THAT LED TO COOKOO AMUSEMENT PARK: A WILD LEAP FROM A DIZZY ROLLER COASTER AND A DOORLESS ROOM IN THE SPOOK HOUSE, ITS WALLS CHARGED WITH 10,000 Volts OF ELECTRICITY!

WHO BUT WONDER WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL AS APHRODITE, WISE AS ATHENA, STRONGER THAN HERCULES AND SWIFTER THAN MERCURY COULD DARE DEFY CERTAIN DEATH TO SAVE THE HOLLIDAY GIRLS AND THE MAN SHE LOVES FROM A HORRIBLE FATE AT THE HANDS OF A MAUDLIN MURDERER? IT ALL STARTED WHEN "DANNY THE DEMON" HAD PLANS!

IN GEN. COURTNEY'S STUDY—

IT WAS KIND OF DE GENERAL TO PUT HIS MILLION DOLLAR INHERITANCE IN DIS SAFE!
BUT SUDDENLY, GENERAL COURTNEY APPEARS.
SO-CRACKING MY SAFE, EH? HUH? GEN COURTNEY! I HOLD YOUSE WIZ AWAY.

BUT SINCE YOU COME BACK, I'LL GIVE YOUSE A GUN SALUTE BE FITTIN' A GREAT GENERAL.

STEVE, ON A SECRET MISSION, CALLS ON GENERAL COURTNEY AND HEARS A SHOT—
I HEARD A SHOT- GEN. COURTNEY!- HEY- HE'S—
STAND WHERE YOU ARE! DANNY THE DEMON DON'T KID AROUND!

I'M NOT KIDDING EITHER, PAL! OW-W! MY ARM!

DEMONS CAN'T TAKE IT, EH, DANNY?
I'LL KEEP THIS GUN - JUST IN CASE DANNY WAKES UNEXPECTEDLY.

GEN. COURTNEY'S SHOT! AND TREVOR'S GOT A GUN IN HIS HAND.
So, Major Trevor, you shot Gen. Courtney!

Col. Fuzz! - Huh? - I - what?

There's your murderer - Danny the Demon!

"There" - where? Nobody's here but you. Bah! 'Danny the Demon' - who's he?

Seeing that Danny has disappeared, Steve rushes to the open window - too late!

But he was here - I knocked him out!

You've stalled long enough, Trevor! You shot Gen. Courtney! You're under arrest!

A few minutes later, Diana (Wonder Woman) Prince answers the phone in Gen. Darnell's office.

Hello, Col. Fuzz - what! Steve - er - Major Trevor's been arrested for murder?

Dropping the phone, Diana streaks through the offices of the Intelligence Service.

Wonder Woman must help Steve - he can't be a murderer!

Boy, that Miss Prince is almost as fast as Wonder Woman!

While Diana changes to Wonder Woman, Darnell learns of Steve's plight.

Major Trevor is innocent of Courtney's murder and it is up to you to prove it. Now get to work!

Yes, sir!
MEANWHILE, WONDER WOMAN STEALTHILY CLIMBS THROUGH THE WINDOW OF GEN. COURTNEY'S STUDY.

THERE MUST BE SOME CLUE THAT WILL LEAD TO THE REAL MURDERER—POOR STEVE!

HMM—A CARD ADVERTISING THE COOKOO AMUSEMENT PARK—THE GENERAL WOULD NEVER GO THERE NOR WOULD STEVE SOMEONE ELSE DROPPED IT, MAYBE THE KILLER!

AT HOLLIDAY COLLEGE, ETTA GETS A MENTAL RADIO CALL FROM WONDER WOMAN.

STEVE'S IN DESPERATE TROUBLE—MEET ME AT COOKOO AMUSEMENT PARK—MANAGER'S OFFICE—

HOPPIN' GRASSHOPPERS—STEVE'S IN TROUBLE!

LET'S GO!

IN THE OFFICE OF MANAGER BINGLEY AT COOKOO AMUSEMENT PARK—

—AND MAJOR TREVOR DESCRIBED THE MURDERER AS A BALD, BEADY-EYED FELLOW WITH LONG, THIN FINGERS.

HE SOUNDS LIKE OUR WATCHMAN, DANNY DEFT!

I'LL GET A GUIDE TO SHOW YOU AROUND THE PARK. HE'LL HELP YOU FIND THAT GUY IF HE IS STILL AROUND HERE.

WHILE BINGLEY IS GONE, ETTA AND HER GIRLS ARRIVE.

WONDER WOMAN—WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MAJOR TREVOR?

WOOF! WOOF! HAS HE FALLEN FOR A BLONDE?

WHAT CAN WE DO?

SH—CALM DOWN—
STEVE'S BEING HELD FOR GEN. COURTNEY'S MURDER— I'VE A CLUE THAT LEADS TO A WATCHMAN EMPLOYED HERE. WE MUST FIND HIM; WE'LL GO AROUND THE PARK AS THOUGH WE ARE JUST HAVING FUN—

MEANWHILE, BINGLEY SEES THE PERFECT GUIDE FOR WONDER WOMAN.

THERE'S THE MOST HONEST GUY IN THE PARK—

HEY DIPSY, COME HERE—I'VE A SPECIAL JOB FOR YOU.

DIPSY, I WANT YOU TO HELP WONDER WOMAN FIND DANNY DEFT— HE MAY BE A MURDERER!

WOW! WELL, WONDER WOMAN'S A SLICK CHICK. WHEN DO I START ESCORTIN' HER?

THERE'S OUR GUIDE.

WOO! WOO! HE'S CUTE!

WOW! LOOK IT ALL TH' DAMES— ESPECIALLY THAT REDHEADED BUTTER BALL! THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

BINGLEY LEAVES THEM IN DIPSY'S CAPABLE HANDS.

HOW ABOUT GOING ON A RIDE, CUTIE PIE?

WOO! WOO! TAKE ME, DIPSY DEAR!

OKAY— LET'S RIDE THE ROLLER COASTER— THAT'LL GIVE US A GOOD VIEW OF THE WHOLE PARK.

BEFORE ENTERING THE ROLLER COASTER, WONDER WOMAN PHONES STEVE, CONFINED TO QUARTERS UNDER MILITARY ARREST.

IF DANNY DEFT, WATCHMAN AT COOKOO AMUSEMENT PARK, IS THE KILLER, CAN YOU IDENTIFY HIM?

ABSOLUTELY!
Steve decides to escape. I shouldn't do this, but Wonder Woman will need me to spot that murderer!

With luck, I can find Wonder Woman at Cookoo Amusement Park before the M.P.'s find me!

At the amusement park, Steve avoids policemen. No use inviting trouble—my escape may have been discovered!

Looking for another exit from the darkened room, Steve stumbles over something—Whoops!

Blue blazes—this is my day for finding bodies! Hm—this guy was knocked out and trussed up but he may be still alive.
THE MAN STILLS BREATHES BUT I BETTER BE GETTIN' HIM RIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL. FIRST WE'LL SEE IF THE PARK MANAGER CAN IDENTIFY HIM.

O.K., O'LEARY - MAJOR, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

BUT-BUT-

MEANWHILE, WHIZZING AROUND ON THE GIANT ROLLER COASTER-

OH-HH-HH! ETTA'S TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HER OPPORTUNITIES!

WOO! WOO! WHAT A CHANCE!

HOLD ME, DIPSY! I'M SCARED!

UGH! YOU'RE-GLUB-CHOKIN' ME!

AT THE TOP OF THE NEXT INCLINE, WONDER WOMAN'S KEEN AMAZON VISION RECOGNIZES A FAMILIAR FIGURE BELOW-

GREAT HERA-THAT'S STEVE! HE MUST HAVE BROKEN ARREST-HE'S GETTING IN TROUBLE AGAIN!
Unhesitatingly, Wonder Woman Leaps from the Whizzing Car.

Excuse me, girls—I've got to see a man about a murder!

Oh-h-h! Eee-ee-ee!

Wonder Woman Does an Amazon Dive from the Tremendous Height into the Cookoo Pool.

I would've enjoyed that little leap and dive if I weren't so worried about Steve.

Meanwhile, the police bring Manager Bingley to the clown's dressing room.

Whenever cops snoop around here, somethin' happens—where's the corpse?

Sure and he's no corpse—yet. But who is he?

No! It can't be! I tell you this is impossible!

Explain yourself.

Yes, for heaven's sake, explain and clear me from this mess!
SUDDENLY, WONDER WOMAN APPEARS -

WONDER WOMAN! GIRL, YOU'RE A WELCOME SIGHT!

WHAT IS IT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE?

WHERE'S THE CLOWN THAT WAS WITH YOU?

DIPSY? WHY, HE'S ON THE ROLLER COASTER WITH ETTA AND THE GIRLS.

HE CAN'T BE - HE'S HERE! THIS IS DIPSY!

THEN THE MAN WITH THE GIRLS KNOCKED DIPSY OUT AND TOOK HIS COSTUME. I'VE A HUNCH HE'S THE MURDERER - DANNY THE DEMON!

THIS-clears YOU, MAJOR.

WE MUST CATCH THIS PLAYFUL KILLER BEFORE HE COMMITS ANY MORE MURDERS!

WE'LL BE GETTIN' HIM AS SOON AS HE STEPS OUT OF THE CAR!

MEANWHILE, AT THE ROLLER COASTER -

WOO! WOO! YOU'RE SO STRONG, DIPSY!

YEAH - SAY, WHY'D WONDER WOMAN LEAP OUT OF DE CAR?

SHE MUST'VE SEEN STEVE TREVOR - SHE'D NEVER JUMP SO FAST AFTER ANY OTHER MAN!

WHAT'S DAT - MAJOR TREVOR?

DAT'S THE GUY WHO'S BEEN BLAMED FOR COURTNEY'S MURDER. HE MUST BE AROUND HERE - MAYBE HE FOUND THE REAL DIPSY! I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!
Hey, wait for me, Sugar Face!

There he goes!

Don't let anybody into spook house—one of you guard the entrance, the other the exit.

Sure thing!

Woo Woo—lemme go! I gotta get Dipsy!

What a screwball joint this is!

Yeeow! What a night! First I'm disappointed in love—then scared out of my wits!

Cheer up, Etta—all you need is candy!

Your boyfriend isn't Dipsy—he's the killer, Danny the Demon! He's somewhere in spook house and we've got to catch him!

Let's go!

Meanwhile, Danny—the Demon enters the control room of the spook house.

Sleep tight, Stooge!

WONDER WOMAN, STEVE AND ETTA WALK INTO A TRAP.

Hey beautiful, there doesn't seem to be any exit to this place.

Oh, for a piece of candy!

Keep calm—there must be some way out.

Oo Hoo.
Suddenly a mocking voice booms forth apparently from the floating ghost.

Youse'll learn not to tangle wid de "Demon". Youse'll never leave that room alive!

Why, you corny Casanova, if I ever-

Shhh-let's find out what he's up to-

Clickety clack clack

I've turned on de juice-all de walls and doors are charged with 10,000 volts of electricity. Hai! Hai! Let's see you get yourself out of dis, Wonder Woman. Hai! Hai!

Also I might remind youse dat when dose girl friends of yourn open the door to dis room dey'll be electrocuted!

Why, you slimy snake! Wonder Woman, what'll we do?

Angel, even you're stumped this time!

Meanwhile, the Holliday girls, attempting to aid Wonder Woman, bring themselves nearer and nearer to disaster.

Spooky place, isn't it? Where is Wonder Woman?

I wish we'd get to the end of this tunnel!

While the girls are nearing certain death-

Aphrodite help me!

Wait-I think I've got the solution!
COME DOWN HERE, HANDSOME—YOU'RE GOING TO BE VERY USEFUL!
WHAT A TIME TO PLAY WITH SKELETONS—
THIS PIPIER MACHE SKELETON IS INSULATED WITH ASBESTOS—
YOU MUST WRAP IT AROUND MY HANDS AND FEET.

MEANWHILE THE HOLLIDAY GIRLS, TRYING TO FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE TUNNEL, ARE UNKNOWINGLY FLIRTING WITH DEATH!
THERE MUST BE A DOOR SOMEWHERE!
HERE IT IS—JUST A SECOND, GIRLS!

WONDER WOMAN, ARMS AND HANDS TAPED WITH ASBESTOS, EASILY CRASHES THROUGH THE ELECTRICALLY CHARGED STEEL WALL.

YEOW! SHE CATCHES BULLETS! HEY, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'? DROP YOUR GUN AND THEN TURN OFF THE ELECTRICITY—
I DON'T WANNA—but I'm doin' it anyhow—
A split second later, the Holliday Girls burst into the room—there they are! And Wonder Woman's captured the "Demon"!

If she hadn't you gals would've been very shocked!

Let's turn Danny the Demon over to the police—Yeah, they'll take care of him.

Go to it, girls!

Put me down! Lemme at him! Ha! Ha! You picked out a swell boyfriend.

Hoosegow! You must go off to the joint.

Later, outside of Spook House, Steve is tapped on the shoulder—Major Trevor, you're under arrest you'll have to come with me!

But—listen, buddy—I've proved myself innocent!

General Darnell arranges Steve's release. I talked you out of this mess, Steve—but only because you captured Danny the Demon!

Then I'd better go back to jail—Wonder Woman did everything!

My angel! He is handsome!

I wish Diana Prince would look at me that way.

Romance—mush—nuts!

The End.
Mutt & Jeff
by Bud Fisher

I gotta hide someplace! Where can I hide? Come on -- I know just the place! I'll hide you in some bushes!

Oh, Fine! You're a real pal, Jeff!

For money! I owe her twenty-four bucks and she wants to borrow fifty! Oh, oh! That's bad!

Why that looks like the Bozo what proposed marriage to my Hortense.

That's my pal, Jeff!

I always wanted my daughter to marry a lawyer! What's his line, stranger? Oh, he has a pip! He tells the blondes they're gorgeous, and the brunettes they're sharp!

None! What's he a-marin' to be? A senior sir! He's still in college! Been a sophomore for eight years!

That aint what I wanted to know! What's he gonna be when he graduates?

An old, old man, stranger! An old old man!
WHOD'S WHO IN ZOOVILLE

by R. Santi

NOW SHOWING
J. Groaner Crooner
IN PERSON

THANKS, FOLKS!
BOO-BOO-BOOP-BOOOO!

YAY! HE'S A STAR... AND HERE HE COMES!

JUST STEP THIS WAY,
GROANER! WE WANT TO MAKE YOU IMMORTAL!

MY PRINTS? NOT FOR NO, GROANER!
THE POLICE? FOR HISTORY!
YOU'LL BE FAMOUS FOREVER!
WE WANT YOUR FOOTPRINTS IN CEMENT!

JUST HOLD THAT AWHILE! NOW WE WANT SOME MORE PUBLICITY PICTURES!
JUST STAY THERE!!

NIGHT FALLS, DAWN BREAKS, AND THE NEXT DAY COMES...

HALP! GET ME OUTTA HERE!

TSK! TSK! HE DIDN'T STEP OUT OF THAT CEMENT FAST ENOUGH!
A paid bill is a paid bill! 'Cmon, kids! We’re off to th’ races!

Yipeee!

My goodness - th’ way some people pay off their grocery bills——
One guy just gimme a handfula tickets to th’ race-track!

Well - do we go to th’ races, or do we tear up th’ tickets an’ call it a bum debt?

Wow! Lookit all them crazy people bettin’ their hard-earned cash on th’ nags! Not me! I just come to watch!

Yessir! $50,000,000! If somebody knew what I know, they could make $50,000,000 on this race!

See, now if I was a bettin’ woman, I’d foller this guy around for a tip - he sounds like he knows somethin’ but of course, I don’t bet!

Don’t bet? Madam, did I hear you say you don’t bet?
THAT'S RIGHT, BROTHER! I NEVER BET!

TOO BAD—TOO BAD! THERE'S A CHANCE TO MAKE $50,000 FOR SOMEBODY WHO'S WILLING TO RISK A MEANLY TEN DOLLARS!!

VESSIR! THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! A 50,000 TO ONE SHOT! ALL A PERSON HAS TO DO IS BET TEN MEANLY DOLLARS ON DRIZZLEPUSS IN THE NEXT RACE—WHAMMO! FIFTY THOUSAND GREEN SIMOLEONS ARE IN HIS POCKETS! TCH! TCH!

COME ON, DRIZZLEPUSS! YEYAY, DRIZZLEPUSS!

C'MON, DRIZZLEPUSS! WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! MAKE WITH MAMA'S 50,000 BUCKS!

D'YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR? FOLLOW TH' VOICE! IF THAT AIN'T HER, I'LL EAT WHOEVER IT IS!

YEP! THAT'S HER, ALL RIGHT!
W'LO, MRS. HUNKEL, I SEE YOU BET ON DRIZZLEPUSS!

DON'T SAY BET—LET'S SAY I MADE A SMALL INVESTMENT!

WHICH ONE O' THEM HORSES IS YOUR INVESTMENT?

I DUNNO—DRIZZLEPUSS IS NUMBER FIVE—

OH, HE IS? THEN HERE HE COMES NOW!

OMIGOSH! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, DRIZZLEPUSS? GET GOIN'!
THEY'RE WAY AHEAD O' YOU! STEPPONIT!

DON'T GET EXCITED, LADY—WE'LL BE IN THE LEAD IN A MINUTE—

SEE?

I GOT TEN BUCKS RIDIN' ON THAT HORSE AN' YOU PLAY GAMES!
C'MERE, YOU!

POW

C'MON, DRIZZLEPUSS!
GET GOIN'!
GIDDYAP!
C'MON!

WHAM

ZOCK

BAM

WACK!
Hey! Whatza big idea, sittin' down?

Hey ma! Cheezit! Th' cops!

Halt!

All right—quit pushin'—I kin take a hint—I know when I ain't wanted!

Well—that's that!

I'll never do that again! Cost me ten bucks!

That's what you get for betting!

Huh? You again!

Tch! Tch! Didn't anybody ever tell you you shouldn't gamble? It's the worst thing you can do—and what's more, it's indecent!

Why you got some nerve! You're th' guy who told me to bet! I didn't want to, but you persuaded me! You begged me!

But my dear woman—never pay any attention to any thing I say—

I'm crazy!

Not that, dinky--it's nailed down!

And if you want to nail down the lid on Schle-Grubers coffin—
Who's Who in Zooville

LISTEN, ERNIE! FOR ONCE, LEAVE THAT BOOK IN CAMP! WE'RE EXPLORING UNKNOWN PARTS TO-DAY! THERE MAY BE DANGER!

WOW! THIS IS A SWELL ONE!

LOOK OUT, ERNIE!

OH, BOY! THIS SOUNDS GOOD!

ALWAYS READING THAT BOOK! EVEN IN THE WILDEST JUNGLE!

HERE'S ONE ON PAGE 67. I'D LIKE TO TRY!

CANNIBALS! WE'RE TRAPPED!!

CATCHUM! GRABEM BOOK! ME READ!

A-HA! IS GOOD! WE TRY WONDER BOOK! WE DO PAGE 54!

ERNIE, YOU FOOL! BRINGING A COOK BOOK ALONG!!

NO! NO! NOT THAT!

ADD A PINCH OF SALT....

How to Cook
Al Pratt, an all-American boy is really the Atom, pint-sized crusader, who has sworn vengeance on all of the underworld. But this time, he answers a cry in the night, the distress call of man's best friend... A DOG!!

We take you to the stage of the Rocket Theatre, where we see the finale of a famous dog act...

---IN THE FOUNDLING ON THE DOORSTEP---

Look at that clever dog! Open the door! BRAVO!!

What a dog! On behalf of Rollo, I wish to thank you all!

I now take pleasure in presenting Rollo, the Wonder Dog,...

ARFFF! WAHH! WAHH!

WAAH! WAAA!

CLAP CLAP
Among those present, we regret to say, are three members of cafe society (Mulligan's Cafe!)

Dat's a smart pooch! Ya ain't kidding! Yeah! C'mon, boys, we seen da whole show!

Seconds later, outside the theatre:—

Hey, dat's a good dog, boss! Shut up! I'm thinkin'

And at Big Mouth Bo-Bo's hideout above Mulligan's Cafe—

Grrr!! Hurry up, you guys, before someone comes along!

Oooh!

This is the "Blue Book of N.Y. Society." I'm looking for a special case—and here it is: "Mrs. Herminetta Wallabi, wealthy recluse, lives alone in her heavily-barred Fifth Avenue mansion with her pets and her famous jewel collection—

Listen, stupid, dogs can't reason—They act from habit, and Rollo ain't any different!

See, I hope you're right, Bo-Bo!

We plant' Rollo as a homeless pooch—she takes him into the Wallabi mansion and the rest is easy!

But, how d'ya know what da mutt will do, boss?

We plant' Rollo as a homeless pooch—she takes him into the Wallabi mansion and the rest is easy!

But, how d'ya know what da mutt will do, boss?
OH, YOU POOR, POOR HOMELESS, LITTLE DOGGIE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME WITH MUMSIE-WUMSIE?

ARF! ARF!

MRS. WALLABI, DEAR MRS. WALLABI, HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD THE STORY OF THE TROJAN HORSE???

COME RIGHT INTO MY HOUSE, YOU DEAR LITTLE FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND!

ARF! ARF!

NOW, DEAR, EAT UP ALL YOUR CAVIAR AND SOON WE SHALL GO TO SLEEP.

SLOP! SLOPP!

AND WHEN NIGHT DESCENDS UPON THE 'IMPREGNABLE' WALLABI MANSION...

YOU SEE, THE WHOLE PLACE IS HEAVILY BARRED AND THE FRONT DOOR IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET IN. GO AHEAD, GODD-GOOD MAKE LIKE A BABY!!

O.K. BOSS!

WAAGH-WAAAGH! IT WORKED! LOOK AT THE KNOB TURNING! I TOLD YA DOGS ACT FROM HABIT—ROLLO IS GOING INTO HIS FOUNDING ACT AND HE'S OPENING THE DOOR!

AND AS ROLLO POPS OUT, THE CROOKS POP IN!!!

ARFF! ARFF! ARFF-ARFF! ARFF-AWFF! ARFF-AWFF! ARFF-AWFF!

SAY! THERE'S A DOG WHOSE EVERY BARK MEANS HELP! SOUNDS LIKE A REGULAR DISTRESS SIGNAL—AND HE'S OUTSIDE THE WALLABI MANSION!

FURTHER DOWN THE BLOCK, LITTLE AL PRATT HEARS THE CRY!!!

HAW, HAW! WE SURE FOOLLED DE POOCH!

SPLIT SECONDS LATER, AL PRATT DONS THE GARB OF THAT JEEP-SIZED POWERHOUSE—THE ATOM.

MRS. WALLABI'S THE WEALTHIEST WOMAN IN NEW YORK, WHICH MAKES HER PERFECT CROOKBAIT! GUESS I'LL HAVE A LOOKSEE!!!
A scant moment later--

This is it!!

What's wrong, boy?

ARF!

YIP!!

The door's locked tighter than a drum--and yet there must be something wrong inside!

Everything is so completed locked and barred, I guess it's down the chimney for me!

Down the chimney sweeps the mighty mite to a quick and dusty landing!

Now, what's this all about?

Oh, oh! Someone's coming! I'll hide in this suit of armor!!

This way out, boys!

Good work, boys! Freddy the fence will give us plenty o' dough for these sparklers!

So there are thieves here and they're making off with the wallabi jewels. I'll get right after them!

But the stiff rusted joints of the armor prove the Atom's undoing for--

Stop, thieves!

Gosh! I can't move in this cast-iron strait jacket--I'm falling!!

That voice! The Atom--he's making like a zoot suit Lancelot! Scram, boys!
SO THE THUGS MAKE A DASH FOR NEARBY CENTRAL PARK, AND—

PUFF! PUFF!—OKAY, DOKEY, CAPTAIN BO BO!

ARF! ARF! THE SLIP!

SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNCING MAIN, TRA LA-

GOOD BOY! TRAIL THEM, FELLOW! LEAD ME TO THOSE CROOKS!

ARF! ARF!

A MOMENT LATER—

THEY HAVE A PRETTY GOOD HEAD START, BUT COME ON PUP! WE'LL TAKE ANOTHER BOAT!

ARF! ARF!

AT THIS RATE, WE'LL SOON CATCH UP TO THEM!

THE GUY ISN'T HUMAN!! COME ON, MAN, BEND THOSE OARS!!

BUT THE ATOM QUICKLY CLOSES IN ON HIS PREY!!

YO-HO! YE THIEVING PIRATES! WE'RE COMING ABOARD!

LET'S FIGHT, GANG! WE'VE GOT 'EM OUTNUMBERED!!!

WELL, WELL! WE'RE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!

AW, I'M GONNA WRAP THIS OAR AROUND YER NECK!!
TAKE THAT, MEDDLER!
I BOW TO YOUR SUPERIOR STRENGTH!

OOOF!

YIPPP!
DO YOU REALLY HATE ME, YOU BIG BAD MAN??

THIS TIME I'M SWINGING DOWNWARDS!

SPATT!

TCH, TCH! IS THAT A NICE THING TO DO TO YOUR OWN FRIEND??
YOU'RE GETTIN' ME MAD NOW! I'LL TEAR YOU APART WIT' MY BARE HANDS!!

ELUNKKK!

I THINK I'D RATHER GET MY HANDS ON YOU FIRST!

OOF!

-- AND NOW TO RETURN -- THIS IS AWFUL! I-I'M SEASICK ON A ROW-BOAT IN CENTRAL PARK!!

THE SPRINGY CAR SNAPS BACK WITH ADDED MOMENTUM, AND --

-- AND NOW TO RETURN -- THIS IS AWFUL! I-I'M SEASICK ON A ROW-BOAT IN CENTRAL PARK!!

A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE WALLABY MANSION --
WE'VE DONE OUR JOB, PUP! THE POLICE WILL FIND MRS. WALLABY SAFE AND SOUND, THE JEWELS RESTORED -- AND THE CRIMINALS, SECURELY BOUND!

COME ON, MEN!!

COME ON, FELLA! WE'LL FIND YOUR MASTER!

WOOF! WOOF! *

* DOG LANGUAGE FOR "BROTHER, YOU'RE TERRIFIC!!"

ONCE AGAIN THE ATOM BECOMES PLAIN AL PRATT-
MUTT & JEFF

I can't sell you an alarm clock but here's a very nice coo coo clock! O.K. I'll take it!

Hey! Whatcha want the whole road? Move over fish face!

One more insulting crack out of you and I'll flatten your pretty nose!

COO COO!

I love Hortense but her old man always kicks me out! He thinks I'm not smart enough for his daughter!

I wanna see Hortense, but tonight I just don't feel like being kicked out again!

I can't make up my mind! Should I go to Hortense's house or should I go home?

Home!
LITTLE BOY BLUE
AND THE BLUE BOYS

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN CLARENCE?? EVERYBODY KNOWS CLARENCE. HE'S THE LITTLE PEST WHO GETS IN THE WAY WHEN YOU WANT TO PLAY BALL... WHO SNITCHES TO YOUR MOTHER WHEN YOU DO SOMETHING WRONG... WHO GETS IN YOUR HAIR IN A MILLION LITTLE WAYS!

HE'S THE LAST ONE IN THE WORLD YOU'D TRUST WITH A SECRET... SO PICTURE THE DILEMMA OF YOUNG TOMMY ROGERS WHEN CLARENCE BARED HIS MOST PRECIOUS SECRET... AND RECOGNIZED HIM IN HIS LITTLE BOY BLUE OUTFIT!

THE SITUATION CALLED FOR FAST THINKING... AND FASTER ACTION BY THE BATTLING BLUE BOYS WHEN THEY BECAME...

"THREE FUGITIVES FROM CLARENCE!!"

LATE ONE AFTERNOON... TOMMY ROGERS' FRIENDS, TUBBY AND TOUGHY, ARRIVE WITH IMPORTANT NEWS!

SORY WE'RE LATE, TOMMY! BUT WE SPOTTED ONE OF MONK HEALEY'S MUGS AND TRAILED HIM TO THE GANG'S NEW HIDEOUT!

BUT AS THE BOYS START TO STRIP TO THEIR FIGHTING TOGS... "TOM-MY!"

GOOD WORK! THOSE FOR THIEVES WON'T GET AWAY FROM THE BLUE BOYS THIS TIME! LET'S GO!

"OH-OH! THAT'S MY MOM! HIDE YOUR COSTUMES, QUICK!"

TOMMY--I WANT YOU TO MIND LITTLE CLARENCE THIS AFTERNOON! I'M GOING SHOPPING WITH HIS MOTHER. AW, BUT GEE, MOM... WE..."
NO EXCUSES TOMMY! NOW GO AHEAD—SHAKE HANDS WITH CLARENCE AND BE FRIENDS!... COMING, MRS BATES! H’LO, SAPI!

WHO YOU CALLING... YEOWW! OH, HO, HO, HO! I FOOL EV’RYBODY WIF MY TOY STINGING-BEE!

HAW, HAW, HAW! YOU SAPI! I MIXED THAT CANDY WIF GLUE!

UG-GLUG!

WHEN THE STICKY MESS HAS BEEN REMOVED... GANG, THAT SETTLES IT! WE NOT GOING TO LET THAT KID KEEP US FROM CATCHIN’ THOSE FUR THEVES!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN’!

BUT, NOW CLARENCE SEEMS BENT ON MAKING FRIENDS...

NOT DID WE NEVER DO TO DESERVE HIM? IT'D BE JUST OUR LUCK FOR THOSE CROOKS TO PULL ANOTHER JOB WHILE WE SIT HERE MINDING THAT BRAT!

HULP? CANDY? GEE... MAYBE WE'VE BEEN TOO HARD ON THE KID!

AND SO THE STEALTHY TRIO LEAVES—IN THE COLORFUL GARBS OF LITTLE BOY BLUE AND HIS BLUE BOYS!

IMAGINE IF THAT LITTLE PEST KNEW WHO WE REALLY ARE! YEAH!

I LOCKED DE DOOR FROM DE INSIDE, LIKE YA SAID—SO CLARENCE'LL THINK WE'RE STILL HERE!

GOOD!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S THE HIDEOUT, BOY BLUE! THE THUG WENT IN THERE!

THAT GUY ON THE STOOP MUST BE THEIR LOOKOUT! WE'LL SNEAK IN THROUGH THE WINDOW!

HERE'S WHERE WE FINALLY GET OUR MITTS ON MONK HEALEY AND HIS GORILLAS!

Yeah! And I'd like to get my hands on those furs, too! We'll need 'em for evidence!

BLUE BOYS! HO, HO, HO!

THEY TOMMY, TUBBY AND TOUGHY, THAT'S WHO THEY IS! THEY MAKE BELIEVE THEY'S THE BLUE BOYS... TO FOOL CLARENCE! BUT CLARENCE'LL FIX 'EM!

MISTER! THREE MY FRIENDS PLAYING BLUE BOYS... IS CLIMBIN' IN YOUR WINDOW!

WHAT?
I'LL WARN MONK!

Ooh! Them men is angry!

CLARENCE SLIPS INTO THE HOUSE AS MONK HEALEY AND HIS MOB SET A TRAP FOR THE BLUE BOYS.

BOY BLUE—YOU AIN'T GONNA BLOW THAT BLASTED HORN O' YOURS NO MORE!

IT'S TIME THESE BLUE BOYS STOPPED PLAYIN' THAT KID GAME O' COPS AN' ROBBERS!

QUIT GABBIN' AN TIE 'EM UP!

OYSTER, MONK! DOWN THE HATCH THEY GO! WE'LL GET RID O' 'EM AFTER DARK!

WOW! THEY'S CWOOKS! AN' THEY THINK THEM DOPER KIDS IS WEALLY THE BLUE BOYS!
THE HELPLESS BLUE BOYS HURTEL TOWARD SEEMING DISASTER!

WHW! NICE O'DOGE GUYS TO PROVIDE US WIT A SOFT LANDIN' PLACE!

LOOK! THE STOLEN FURS! THEY HIDE THEM DOWN HERE ON THIS LOADING-PLATFORM! IF WE COULD JUST GET FREE, I..... BLUE BOY EDGE UP CLOSER... QUICK!

UH... TOUCH KNOTS.... AHH! IT'S GETTING LOOSE...

AND MOMENTS LATER WHEN TUBBY HAS FREED HIS TWO COMRADES...

PULL! IF WE WORK THESE PULLEY-ROPE RIGHT... WE CAN GET THIS PLATFORM RIGHT UP TO THE TRAPDOOR!

MEANWHILE, ABOVE...

RELAX! YER GETTIN' NERVOUS. SMOKIN' TOO MUCH!

SAY, MONK! DO YOU HEAR SOMETHIN'?

BUT AT THAT EXACT MOMENT!

WAHA? BALDY'S RIGHT! THE PULLEY-ROPE IS MOVIN'! THEM BRATS IS TRYIN' TO ESCAPE! AW RIGHT!—WHEN THEY COME UP THAT TRAP DOOR, LET 'EM HAVE IT!

WAHA? Hальной! ME DOGS. THEY'RE BOININ'!

OH... MY HEAD!.... HEY! WE'RE FALLING!

OH... MY HEAD!.... HEY! WE'RE FALLING!

OBOY! HOT FOOT!

WHOA! HOT FOOT!
AND WHEN THE BLUE BOYS APPEAR...

OH HH!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? ULP!

CLARENCE!

HO, HO! YOU PHONIES!

YOU AIN'T THE BLUE BOYS!

CAN'T FOOL ME!

SUDDENLY!

KIDS DAT PLAY WID FIRE IS GONNA GET BOINED!

OH-OH! PSSST!

WE'LL HAVE TO FAKE THIS FIGHT....

SO CLARENCE'LL KEEP THINKING WE'RE PHONIES!

OOPS! I FELL!

UGH!

I'LL PICK YA UP...

BUT NOT TILL I

LAY YA OUT,

BRAT!

WOW!

GOTTA HELP

BOY BLUE!

I KEEP TRIPPIN' OVER DESE FUR COATS - BLAST 'EM!

TROWIN' IT DAT WAY

OUGHTTA EASE DE BLOW!

WHHEW! THANK GOODNESS,

CLARENCE IS LOOKING THE OTHER

WAY... SO WE CAN GET MONK INTO

THIS FUR JACKET! HA, HA!

BACKWARDS... IT FITS LIKE A

STRAIT-JACKET, EH, MONK?

YOU BIG BULLY! YOU LEAVE ME FWIENDS

ALONE! I KIN BEAT YOU UP WIF ME EYES

CLOSED!

ER. ATTA BOY,

CLARENCE! SWING!

I DDD IT!
WHEN THE THUGS ARE WELL IN HAND

WOW! WE BETTER SCRAM! HERE COME THE REAL BLUE BOYS!

BROTHER, WE'VE SCRAMMED!

HA, HA, HA!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

LITTLE BOY BLUE! LOOK! I BEAT UP THESE CROOKS... BY MESELE!

GREAT WORK! WE'LL HELP YOU GET THEM DOWN TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE!

AND SO, FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

MONK HEALY! PAYING US A LITTLE SOCIAL VISIT—WITH THOSE STOLEN FURS? WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS?

I BEAT 'EM... ALL BY MESELE!

Y-YOU ???

WHHEW! WIT CLARENCE AROUND... WE HAD TO NAB THOSE CROOKS DE HARD WAY! NOW I CAN'T STAND THAT KID!

CHEER UP! HE'LL HAVE TO GO HOME SOON FOR DINNER WHICH REMINDS ME, Fellows... TONIGHT YOU'RE EATING AT MY HOUSE!

BUT AT DINNER

WHY, MRS. BATES, I WOULDN'T THINK OF LETTING CLARENCE AND YOU GO HOME IN THIS TERRIBLE RAIN! YOU'RE HAVING DINNER HERE!

POOR TOMMY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE STILL STUCK WITH CLARENCE! BUT IF THEY'D ONLY LOOK THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW OF THE ROGERS' HOME...

OHMH WHY'D IT HAVE TO RAIN TONIGHT ???

THEY'D SEE...

THIS RAIN IS GONNA KEEP UP A LONG TIME.. I BETCHA!
JOHNNY THUNDER
AND LITTLE PEACHY PET RIDING HOOD

One peaceful afternoon in summer, Johnny Thunder's mother invited all the neighborhood kids in for Peachy Pet's birthday party. Their mamas scrub them up clean as whistles and pump them off at the Thunder home for a gay and innocent time.

BYE NOW, CHILDREN -- HAVE A NICE TIME!
WE WILL.

HOME SWEET HOME

TWENTY MINUTES LATER......

COME ON, GANG -- MURDER 'EM!

GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!
AREN'T THEY HAVING A GOOD TIME, SON JOHN?
CERTAINLY, MOTHER-OW! A BUNCH OF FINE, HIGH-SPIRITED KIDS, THAT'S ALL!
That night, after the party...

Come, Peachy Pet--time to quiet down and go sleepy-bye--

Don't be nauseating! I'm gonna hop down to the ice box and see what Mother Thunder has stashed away--I'm starving!

Hmm--let me see--a big piece of cheese--an' some wonderful homemade pickles--an' a big glass of milk so I'll grow up big an' strong!

Nothing like a lil' snack before ya turn in... ah! A few cold beans with ketchup--an' a big glass of gingerale--

An' now Papa John can tell me a little story 't' put me t' sleep... boy, this cream puff is luscious!

Now I will tell you the story of Little Red Riding Hood--

Oh, Goodi!

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Little Red Riding Hood. She lived on the edge of the forest with her Mama and Papa, and one day her Mama said to her--

--Here's a basket of goodies for your toothless old grandmother--would you lug 'em through the dark and fearsome woods to her house, Hey?

I've done brighter things in my life, but if that's the way the story goes, what can I do?
So Little Peachy Pete riding hood slogs off through the mire to take a basket of cheese, pickles, cookies, milk, cold beans, ginger ale and a luscious cream puff to Grandma, who has only this to say for publication at this time:

Boy, am I sick!

Bether, eyether, neether, neyether—let's call the whole thing off!

Slurp, slurp!

Either, eyether, neether, neyether—

Wotta meal, wotta meal! I'll just sneak up back of her, take a little run, and—

What's eatin' you?

The questions she asks!

Why, er, nothin's eatin' me.... I, er — where are you goin', any way?

Oh, goodness! How you startled me!

Oop! Coises!

I have the oddest feeling that somebody's following me!
Why, I'm takin' this basket of indigestibles to my sick old grandmama.

Y'are? Where's she live?

In the lil' house at the end of the woods, the key's under th' mat—though why I mention it to you, of all people!

Ta-ta, young and girlish! See you in one of my nightmares!

Good thing I didn't gulp that stupid little waif down—this way I get two meals for the price of one!.... Ahah! Here's the key!

Hello, tough and toothless! Would you care to join me in some hors d'oeuvres?

EEEEEEEEEE, I'm sure!

Get away from me, you mangy, flea-bit, moth-eat—awrk!

Grrrroww, gnash—gnash wit' th' teeth!

Oh, goody! I got here on time! Th' party's still goin' on!

Quit clacking around with those overgrown store-bought foodchoppers, or somebody'll get hurt!

Clack-clack, click-click, snap! Hey!

Yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi!

I'll molder 'im!
Hey, call your shots! Better I should try eatin' a tiger than that... owwwwww! Whaddya, think I run in there? A free lunch counter?

Grandma! Grandma! I'll catch yer death of dampness! Come back here and fight like a man!

Grandma, you've got this story twisted inside out! Now hop back in bed and we'll start over!

What makes you think I want to spend my time encouraging a wolf to gnaw on me old bones? Lemme at 'im!

Okay! If you're so fidgety about having this run off on schedule... You hop in bed and see how you like it!

Hellooooo, tasty and toothsome! How would you like to jern me in the hors d'oeuvres?

Go away! I never learned to ride one!

What nice fat cheeks you got, Grandma! Slurp, slurp!

I'm not Grandy! She double-crossed me! I'm... oh! Looky!

Look, Wolfy dear--a batch of wonderful eatin' matter which I was bringin' for Grandy! You try it!

Here, here!
NOT BAD--LET ME SEE--
PICKLES, MILK, COOKIES,
COLD BEANS, GINGER ALE,
KETCHUP, CHEESE, CREAM
PUFF--WELL! NOTHING
LIKE A LITTLE SNACK
BEFORE STARTING IN
ON A TENDER
LITTLE GIRL!

HEY!

IN THE MEANTIME, OUT
IN THE WOODS....

PEACHY PET!
PEACHY PET!
PEACHY PET!
PEACHY PET!
GLORY BE, I'M
SAVED....... HERE I AM,
PAPA JOHN!
HERE!
WHAT'S
THAT!

HA, HA, WOLF!
YOU'RE DONE
FOR! THAT'S MY
PAPA JOHN
HUNTING FOR ME,
AND HE UNDOUBT-
EDLY HAS WITH
HIM HIS FEARSOME
THUNDERBOLT!

THUNDERBOLT?
WHAT KINDA
NONSENSE IS
THIS YOU TALK?

NO NONSENSE, BUD--IT'S
A MAGIC THUNDERBOLT,
AND PAPA JOHN CALLS IT
FROM SOMEWHERE OR
OTHER BY HOLLERING
SAY YOU, AND IT DOES
WHATEVER PAPA JOHN
SAYS--INCLUDING
SHOCKING THE
WHISKERS OFF
BIG BAD WOLVES
YAAAAAAAA!

Y'DON'T
SAY--

IN THAT CASE--
GRRRRRRRRRRRR!
PREPARE FOR YER
DOOM!!

PAPA
HALP!
HALP!
I'M BEIN'
FRICASSEED!

YOU'LL MAKE
JUST ABOUT TWO
LUSCIOUS
MOUTHFULS!

PAPA
HALP!
HALP!

OR IS IT MOUTH-
FULS? OR
MOUTHFULS?

AT A TIME LIKE
THIS, HE MAKES
GRAMMATICAL
QUIBBLES......
YEEEOOWW!
MY TUMMY IS
KILLIN' ME!
Here, you hungry wolf! Share and share alike! I get half of her for my dinner!

A banquet yet?

Who're you?

Yum! Fresh peachy pet for dinner!

Scram! She's ours!

I want a wing! Gizzard for me!

Gimme the drumstick! Cream puffs and pickles -- oboy!

AIEEEOOOOO! I'm gonna bust!

My gosh, I did bust!

She's a broken woman!

Goodness! What's the matter?

Gran'ma, don't stand there with your false teeth hangin' out -- get the doctor! I'm dying!

Never mind the doctor -- send for a wrecking crew!

For victory, buy United States War Bonds and Stamps
Mutt & Jeff

by Bud Fisher

You little doo! You gotta be a marksman, an expert to do a stunt like that! Suppose you miss!

Yeh, I guess you're right! It is kinda risky at that!

Of course, silly!

O.K. Then instead of two bucks I'll only bet a dime!

Mutt & Jeff

by Bud Fisher

Do you want to get rich quick? Could you use a million dollars? Or do you know somebody who could?

Would you like to have servants and eat off gold plates and travel around in a big car with a private chauffeur?

DID YOU EVER WISH YOU HAD A PRIVATE YACHT SO YOU COULD SAIL SOUTH IN THE WINTER AND NORTH IN THE SUMMER?

WELL, FRIENDS, "THE CANNED CHICKEN HOUR" IS GOING TO HELP YOU! OUR CANNED CHICKEN IS BONELESS! NATURALLY WE HAVE THOUSANDS OF BONES LEFT OVER, SO -----

-- IF YOU WILL WRITE TO US WE WILL SEND YOU FREE ONE OF OUR WISHBONES SO YOU CAN WISH FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT! KEEP WISHING!
HOP HARRIGAN

AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAYS!
by JON L. BLUMMER
in A MONUMENTAL EPIC entitled

THE FATAL CHARM OF TANK TINKER

HOP AND TANK ARE LONG OVERDUE!
GOSH AMIGHTY!

WHO THE HECK ARE THEY?

LISSEN, GEPP, THEY WERE ON'Y OUR EYES, SEE! AIR FORCES INTELLIGENCE, SEE! LIKE SPIES, ON'Y BETTER! SEE?

IF THEY DON'T SHOW WITH THE JAP FORTIFICATIONS ON THAT ISLAND WHICH IS OUR OBJECTIVE...

WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL SINK OUR ENTIRE AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION HERE AN' NOW!

THE SKY FLEET SWEEPED THAT PLACE A DOZEN TIMES! THE JAPS DIDN'T SHOW! NOT A PEEP!

'GOOD!' HE SAYS! ANAK TIDA UTEK!

SO... THAT'S GOOD!

GOOD?! THAT IS VERY UN-GOOD! IT MEANS THE JAPS HAS WENT UNDERGROUND! SEE? AND WHEN WE TRY TO LAND - GABOOM! GO'BYE! TO US, SEE?

THE FLEET'S READY TO SAIL GENERAL! WE'LL BE OFF THAT COAST BEFORE DAWN! I HATE TO SEND THE MEN IN BLIND-WITHOUT MAPS...

SO DO I, ADMIRAL, IT'LL BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK BUT WE HAVE NO CHOICE WITH HARRIGAN AND TINKER UNREPORTED! THEY TRIED THE IMPOSSIBLE, LED CHARMED LIVES - BUT THIS TIME - I'M AFRAID THEY'VE RUN OUT OF CHARM...

#MALAY LANGUAGE: CHILD NO BRAIN!
...but the general is wrong! For at that very moment, Hop and Tank have plenty of charm... er... of a sort...

Clutch that fetish, tank! Our maps and sketches are in it—on microfilm! If the Japs get here, it's hollow, and that our headgear conceals cameras... it's kita mati lekas!*

D-don't I know it! Why they haven't spotted us yet tricks me! Unless it's because we smell like rancid fat and they don't come too close!

We go into our get-away act now? Okay, Hop!

The top of that knoll's rising! That means a plane's coming up out of the underground hangar! Hurry!

* We dead quickly!

Seemingly scared witless, Hop and Tank leap and sprint ahead of the plane as it begins to roll in their direction...

Haha! Natives run crazy! Frightened! Take-off over their heads! Fine joke!

Atia! Kapal terbang! Aaaawah! Kita mati! Waaaaaah!

Then, suddenly turning, on either side of the whirling prop they leap for the lifting wings!

...and before the amazed pilot, who now has his hands full keeping his craft steady, can do anything, the boys are in the cockpit taking over!

Time for your nip-ups, nips! Out you go!

Okay, buck-tooth, you too! I'm relieving you!

We've got to make it snappy if we're to get the maps back to GHQ before the expedition starts.

Don't look now, but there's plenty of Japs comin' to speed us on our way!

Oh! Oh!
FIGHTERS! TOO MUCH FOR US! IN THIS CRATE!
YEEOW! HERE COMES ONE HEAD ON!

WE'RE HEADING IN LIKE A FIERY COME!
WE'LL COME THROUGH!
THIS LITTLE WOODEN FELLAH'S STILL WITH US!

AIN'TCHA, PAL? AIN'TCHA, MY LUCKY CHARM?

THE PLANE CRASHES AND HOP AND TANK ARE CATAPULTED INTO THE OIL-COVERED AND FLAMING SEA....

AS TANK SINKS, HOP GRABS HIM AND SWIMS UNDERWATER UNTIL IT SEEMS HIS LUNGS ARE ABOUT TO BURST

COME TO TANK! WE'RE CLEAR OF THE FLAMES! HOW DO YOU FEEL?
STILL GROGGY? SEEIN' THINGS?
LOOKS LIKE A TWO-MAN JAP SUB...

IT-IT'S TOO HOT; HOP! I CAN'T TAKE IT!
EVEN THE LIL FELLAH'S GETTIN' CHARRED!
I-I'M GIVIN' UP....
It is a two-man sub! One of the Japs is watching the fire on the sea! His back's to us! What say?

GOTCHA! It's better 'n walkin'!

Tare da?

It's only me, chum!

He, hop! If we can run this, we may still be able to get back to GHQ in time!

Shush! Here comes the other half of the crew to investigate the scuffle!

Hello... goom-bye! Toss him out and we'll try to pilot this thing...

Oh! Oh! Sure is tight around the hips!

It'll be tighter when its mother-ship shows up!

Each little sub's gotta have a mama and here she comes... fast! it's a destroyer! When I give you the signal fire that tin fish!

FIRE!

Greetings to Mama!

Yeah... and no wonder that Jap destroyer was in a hurry, too! Look! American destroyer coming up!

H'm! No wonder those Japs were on the surface, TANK! The mechanism to submerge this water-coffin doesn't work!

To cut us in two! And shooting at us besides! Obyo! C'mon, tank, take this lucky charm of yours and talk turkey to it! But quick!
Aboard the destroyer...

Swing about! We can pick up those survivors before the sun sets...

But, sir, they're Japs! Aw... er... yes, sir!

They're Yanks, sir! We put 'em in the sick bay!

What were they doing aboard a Jap sub?

Dunno, sir! They fell asleep before we could question 'em, sir!

No doubt they'll sleep until our guns go off! We have orders to join the invasion fleet moving on that Jap Isle! What's that thing?

Kind of a native idol, sir! But he's clutching it so tightly, we couldn't take it away from him!

Unaware that the fate of hundreds of American soldiers lies within the wooden image, the destroyer's commander lets the two exhausted boys sleep! Then, the destroyer pitches and rolls through the night and tank tosses blissfully in his bunk until...

Eeyow! Who hit me? Where are we? Who hit who?

Wha... eh...? Anoy, Yank's! Welcome aboard! Your little wooden doll woke you just in time for coffee before we go into action!
COMMANDER! WE'VE GOT MAPS OF THE JAP'S FORTIFICATIONS ON THAT ISLAND!

RIGHT INSIDE MY BABY HERE, SIR! ON MICROFILM!

THEN YOU'RE THE LOST TINKER AND HARRIGAN OF AIR FORCES INTELLIGENCE! YOU CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK IT!

WE CAN'T BREAK RADIO SILENCE BUT WE CAN PUT YOU ABOARD THE ADMIRAL'S SHIP, LIEUTENANT HARRIGAN!

FULL SPEED AHEAD! TIME'S SHORT!

MEANWHILE, TANK, AND I WILL GET INTO SOME CIVILIZED CLOTHES!

The destroyer threads a perilous path in the inky darkness between the ships of the fleet, at last contact is made and hop and tank, braving a crushing death, clamber up the cruiser's Jacob's ladder...

Makin' it, tank?

The boys hasten to the admiral's cabin only to learn:

It's too late to draw up a new plan of battle now! However, using your maps, we can lob shells where they'll do the most damage!

But, sir, at tarawa it was proved that even a heavy bombardment is not enough to knock out underground installations! I have a plan....

Shortly after... and a fast launch pulls away from the cruiser.

We must attack at dawn...

Give us two hours and a boatload of volunteers... and plenty of explosives...

Gotta hand it to you, hop! You talked him into it!

Hand it to these men! For their sake I hope we can do it! Two hours isn't much time!

That Harrigan has a lot of savvy! His idea may save many lives! At any rate we attack according to plan—in two hours!

Tinker seemed to have a lot of faith in his charm... I mean that wooden idol, of course!
Nearing the island, the launch drifts noiselessly ashore. Hop's boatload of volunteers follow his lead and burrow beneath the barbed wire on the beach to reach the pitch-black shelter of the palms...

We're through! No sentries!

The Nips think they're safe because everything's underground! Oh! Oh! There's a sentry!

I'll take him!

There was a sentry! Okay! Now follow after me! I'll leave markers at every pill-box!

And at each gun-port we'll leave calling cards!

Violent ones!

Oh! Oh! Japs are spillin' out all over the place! Keep down, fellahs! Charm boy, we're countin' on you!

Oboy! Close enough! Nice work, little twig... Ohoh! Hop! We've only got a few minutes left...

Well, we've gummed up most of their work. Pile the rest of the TNT around the underground hangar. Lift and wire it!

And so the boys move all over the island...

That scramble that! No plane takes off outta there!

Time's up! Make for the beach, boys!

Tank! Where were you?

Had to seal up one last pill-box! You're pushin' your luck too far!

Look! Flashes from the guns of our fleet! The shelling's begun!
The island's beginning to rock under the bombardment! Climb into this fox-hole, tank! Quick!

Tank! No! Come back here!

Too late, Hop! He's gone!

See there! Ohoh! He's down!

He's up!

Down!

He made it!

He's comin' back! Right through the barrage!

That lucky gadget of his sure must be potent!

Hey! That's a Jap chasin' him!

Tank! Tank! Look out!

Bang!

Tank! Tank's shot! Let go of me, I...

Get down, Hop! The barrage is drummin' down! No use now!

Don't get in the way of our men coming ashore!

In the dawn's early light, the barrage has lifted. Our victorious landing force has swept over the island and Hop searches the rubble and upheaval for tank...

Thanks to you and tank, we suffered very few casualties!

Poor tank! Died to save his lucky charm!

Heyah, Hop! Don't grieve! I'm okay! Just dig me outa here! Looka! The li'l fella stopped that Jap's bullet!

Oboy tank! Gee, you're a sight for wet eyes! Guess your fatal charm saved you again!

The little guy's fatal, all right. But fatal only to Japs?

Have you bought one more stamp or bond?
THE WHIP

Many moons ago, the Indians of the Rising Sun Pueblo were a fierce, proud, and prosperous people. Their war parties counted many scalps on many a wild night raid. Their hunters shot the buffalo on the plains, the puma and elk in the mountains. The puma corn grew high. Only a year ago, the rising sun tribe were a people reasonably rich with fine herds of cattle on their reservations, good crops and a thriving trade. Selling Indian trinkets to tourists, their corn withers, their wheat dies. Their cattle stand a buzzed at the water hole. Their tongues black and swollen! That is the story of the days of terrible trial of the Rising Sun Pueblo, and of the dark forces of evil, to save his redmen friends!!

The ranch adjoining the reservation belongs to one Rod Gaynor, an eastern dude, for whom the Indians have little, if any use.

But as Rod nears the reservation a few minutes later...

Why, it's young Yellow Horse, the chief's son! What's wrong with him? He's slipping all over! That horse's back! Oh!

Very good, my man, fetch him here... I'm going riding.

...he's fallen off!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...  

WELL, I'VE BANDAGED HIS WOUNDS AS WELL AS I COULD! NOW, TO GET HIM TO THE PUEBLO...  

BUT TO ROD'S SURPRISE AND CONSTERNATION, WHEN HE REACHES THE PUEBLO AND FINDS CHIEF LAUGHING DOG, THE BOY'S FATHER...  

YELLOW HORSE IS NO LONGER MY SON! TAKE HIM AWAY! I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN. WHAT?!  

SO... ROD GAYNOR RIDES THE BADLY WOUNDED BOY BACK TO HIS OWN HACIENDA, AND...  

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT WITH PLENTY OF REST AND QUIET, MR. GAYNOR! HE'S HAD A NARROW SQUEAK... TELL ME HOW DID IT HAPPEN? I'LL TELL YOU, DOCTOR, AS SOON AS HE CAN TALK.  

BUT WHEN YOUNG YELLOW HORSE COMES TO, JUST BEFORE DAWN, IT'S A TRANSFORMED ROD GAYNOR WHO NOW AS THE WHIP WAITS AT HIS BEDSIDE...  

HELLO, AMIGO! YOU ARE VERY SEECK MAN--YOU MUST LIE DOWN. THE WHIP! HOW DID YOU...? NEVER MIND. I MUST GET TO MY PEOPLE--THEY MUST BE WARNED. WHAT GOOD EES WARNING? YOUR CROPS ARE ALREADY DEAD. YOUR CATTLE WILL PERISH! EET EES TOO LATE FOR WARNING! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.  

THE CATTLE, THE CROPS OF MY PEOPLE WERE ALL POISONED! MY FATHER, CHIEF LAUGHING DOG, HAS DISOWNED ME BECAUSE I WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIS MEDICINE MEN! THEY TOLD HIM THE ANGRY GODS DESTROY THE TRIBE, I SHALL FIND THE TRUTH! EVIL WHITE MEN...
THE CLAY FROM OUR STREAM BED--THE CHEMIST TAKE TO HIM CLAY EVIL WHITE MEN....

WHOA--TAK' EET EASY!

I DON'T LIKE IT, SHELBY--THAT YOUNG INDIAN.

BUTTON IT, DAGGETT! I'M TELLIN' YA, TH INDIAN CRAWLED INTO TH' BUSHES AN' DIED SOMEWHERE--I MUSTA THREW THAT KNIFE CLEAN THROUGH HIM!

I CAN'T HELP WORRYIN'--I BEEN WORKIN' TWO WHOLE YEARS AT THIS JOB--STICKIN' THEM CHEMICALS ON THEIR CROPS, POISONIN', THEIR CATTLE--WE AIN'T BEEN CAUGHT YET, BUT NOW THAT THE BIG MOMENT'S COMIN' UP, I GOT NERVES--WHAT IF OLD CHIEF LAUGHIN' DOG WON'T SIGN?!

SIT DOWN, DAGGET--THEM INDIANS IS SO FED UP WITH 'TH BAD LUCK THEIR PUEBLO'S BEEN RUNNIN', THEY'D SELL OUT FER A WOODEN DIME! I'M OFFERIN' 'EM $1000--LAUGHIN' DOG'LL GRAB IT!

BUT HOW ABOUT THE CHEMIST? WHEN THIS DEAL GOES THROUGH, HE'S GONNA START ADDIN' UP SCOPES--THEM CHEMICALS WE BOUGHT--THAT CLAY HE ANALYZED FOR US?

HM...YOU GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, DAGGET...?

HEY CHARLEY--HOW'D YUH LIKE T PLAY MAGICIAN?

YEAH, YOU CHARLEY--GO OVER TO THAT CHEMIST'S--POINT YER GUN AT IM AN' MAKE IM DISAPPEAR...JUST LIKE A MAGICIAN! HAW! HAW!

OH! I GET IT! Y' WANT ME T'KILL TH' GUY! HO, HO, HO...

I GET IT--MAKE IM DISAPPEAR--HO, HO, HO...

POINT TH' GUN--MAKE IM DISAPPEAR JUS' LIKE...
IN THE MEANTIME:

I DO NOT HAVE MUCH TIME, PROFESSOR BRAHMER. I WANT INFORMATION. SOME TIME AGO A MAN CAME TO YOU WEAR SOMETHING A FR FROM YOU TO MAKE THE ANALYSIS. NO? TELL ME EEF-

I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING!!

BUT, SENOR, SHE SAYS OF THE GREATEST EMPERSONCE THAT--

UGH!

YOU IMBECILE! SHOOTING A MAN RIGHT IN MY LABORATORY! WHAT WILL SHELBY SAY WHEN I TELL HIM?

HE WON'T SAY NOTHIN', BRAHMER, AN' NURTHER WILL YOU, BECAUSE--

SHELBY SENT ME OVER HERE, I'LL KILL YOU-- SEE?

NO!!

YEAH-- THEY CAN, CAN'T THEY?-- HMM-- MEBBE YE'RE RIGHT-- BUT, I KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO! I'LL TIE YOU TWO UP AN' LEAVE YUH HERE WHILE I GO ASK SHELBY WHAT T'DO NEXT-- YEAH--

YOU CAN'T KILL ME NOW! THIS MAN HERE HE'S NOT DEAD! HE'S A WITNESS AND YOU KNOW THEY CAN HANG A MAN WITH WITNESSES--
When Charley returns to Shelby's hangout...

...but Shelby... yuh always said witnesses could hang... it's too late now! You'll haffta kill 'em both when we're through at the Pueblo - c'mon, we gotta go see Chief Laughing Dog.

At the same time...

I was right... evil white man has been here, I must unite these two quickly or whoever tied them will return and kill them!

I have spent hours in prayer down in Kiva - our gods say "Sell Pueblo to white man today - go away!" I know this because so much evil befalls our Pueblo.

I wish Laughing Dog'd cut the speech-makin' an' sign this! Bill o' sale.

Then... suddenly!!!

From the entrance hole of the Kiva...

Laughing Dog is deaf to the true words of his gods! Let Laughing Dog listen to his own son, who is wise! Ask Yellow Horse about Magic Word - Bauxite!

Somebody's wise!

Bauxite?

You ain't backin' outa this deal now, Laughin' Dog! Sign this... or I'll blow yer head into yer lap!

So?

Ulp! Blam! Why, Senor Shelby-ees that any way to conduct a business deal?

My son!

Father! This chemist tells me clay from soil on our land is full of Bauxite... worth millions of dollars to aluminum companies! Those three men killed our crops, poisoned our cattle...
MUTT & JEFF

by BUD FISHER

ONE DAY I BROKE A
GOOD EGG ON THE
STOVE! THEY HAD TO
GIVE US THE DAY-OFF!

OH BOY!

HEY, POP! ER-
WILL YOU SIGN
THIS NOTE?
I PUT A FEW
WHITE MICE IN
TEACHER'S
DESK AND--

?!

THANKS, POP!

GOSH! I DON'T
WANT TO DISTURB
MUTT, BUT I
CAN'T STAND
THAT SHORING!

I'LL PUT THIS
WHISTLE IN HIS
MOUTH!

THERE! THAT
SOUNDS MUCH
SWEETER!

HELP!

JEFF, CALL THE
DOG CATCHERS!
PINT-SIZE PETE WONDERS IF HIS GLOSSY BLACK COLOR IS REALLY A JINX... BECAUSE EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES TURNS TO TROUBLE!
BACK ON HIS FATHER'S FARM, EVEN THE SWEETEST COWS GAVE SOUR CREAM WHENEVER PINT-SIZE DARED TO MILK THEM... AND THE HENS ATE GRAVEL AND LAID CEMENT EGGS... AND ALL THE YOUNG PIGS SQUEALED AND REFUSED TO MAKE BACON WITH HARD-LUCK PETE AROUND!

SO, FINALLY, TO SAVE HIS FATHER'S FARM...

PINT-SIZE PETE IS COMING TO THE BIG CITY... SEEKING FAME AND FORTUNE! BUT BLAME AND MISFORTUNE CONTINUE TO CROWN HIS CAREER WHEN HIS FIRST ADVENTURE TURNS OUT TO BE SIMPLY SHOCKING.

WITH ONLY SEVEN CENTS IN HIS POCKET... PINT-SIZE PETE HOPES TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE AND CONQUER A CAREER IN THE CRUEL WORLD!

WOE IS ME! SURE I HAVE LOTS OF LUCK... BUT IT'S ALL BAD! MAYBE TODAY I'LL RUN INTO MY DESTINY... AND I'LL BET IF I DO... IT'LL PROBABLY BE AN AUTO THAT KNOCKS ME DOWN: WHY AM I SUCH A JINX?

PETE'S POGG PAL IS NAMED MINUS... BECAUSE HIS GOOD POINTS AND HIS PEDIGREE ADD UP TO LESS THAN ZERO...

YOU'VE BEEN MY ONLY TRUE FRIEND, MINUS! BUT DON'T RUB AGAINST ME, OR YOU MIGHT CATCH MY HARD LUCK!

WANNA GET IN, MINUS? HUM, YOU ACT AS THO YOU SMELL FOOD. LET'S GO IN AN' SEE IF WE CAN GET A HANDOUT...

TO WHAT?

WEALTH AND RENOWN?

MAYBE... BUT PETE HAS SUCH TOUGH LUCK.

IF YOU ASK US... IT SEEMS DOUBTFUL!

ANYWAY-- LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
SUDDENLY...

HELP! SOMEHOW, AN UNLUCKY GUY LIKE ME IS ALWAYS GOIN' TO THE DOGS!

HEY, STOP! I DO THIS EVERY MORNING... I CAN WASH MY OWN FACE!

THEY TOOK MY LUNCH... AND YOUR BISCUITS, MINUS! BUT MAYBE I CAN GET A JOB AS ASSISTANT DOG CATCHER! THIS TOWN SURE NEEDS ONE NOW!

IT TOOK ME WEEKS TO COLLECT THOSE DOGS... AND NOW THEY'RE GONE... ALL GONE!

OH, I CAN EXPLAIN ALL THAT... AND MAYBE HELP, TOO!

WHEN PETE HAS TOLD HIS STORY

YES, I LET 'EM OUT! SO, IF YOU NEED A HELPER TO ROUND 'EM UP... I'M ONLY PINT-SIZE... BUT I CAN

SO YE ADMIT YE'VE RUINED THE WORK OF WEEKS? JUS' WAIT TILL I REACH DOWN AND LOAD A REWARD FER YA!
OH, WELL! GUESS YOU WOULDN'T LIKE MY BEING A DOG CATCHER ANYWAY! BUT STILL... I GOTTA FIND A JOB... AN' EARN SOME CASH... AN' CONVINCE MY STOMACH I'M REALLY NOT ON A DIET!

RESTAURANT

BLAM

LOOK OUT! DON'T WALK UNDER THAT LADDER, PINT SIZE! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS... TROUBLE!

AH ME! WONDER HOW MUCH PUP FOOD I CAN BUY WITH OUR SEVEN CENTS? AN' I'M SO HUNGRY THAT I'LL HELP YOU EAT IT, MINUS! BUT LOOK AT THESE LOOSE WIRES.

SPOOK & SPETECH

BANK

BANK

SPOOR

SPETECH

BANK

GUESS I OUGHT TO FIX THIS! LOOSE ELECTRIC WIRES ARE DANGEROUS! NOW, LET'S SEE... I'LL BE HELPFUL AGAIN... AND TWIST THESE.

OOF! SAME OLD LUCK, MINUS! WE DIDN'T SEE THIS OTHER CABLE!

OH, OH! I'VE DONE IT AGAIN... AS USUAL! AND HAD SUCH GOOD INTENTIONS.

IN ONE GIGANTIC SHORT-CIRCUIT... THE CITY'S ENTIRE ELECTRIC SYSTEM GOES CRAZY!

I SWITCHED WIRES... AN' NOW THE TROLLEYS ARE SWITCHIN' TRACKS!

AND THE CITY'S REFRIGERATORS START SINGING!

I'M GOING WACKY!! TURN OFF THE PROGRAM ON THAT ICEBOX!
And all the radios start freezing!

Look, it's making ice cubes!

Meanwhile... under pint-size Pete's feet... strange workers are busily digging away...

Perfect! Anudder minute and we're rich men!

Hey! But da drill don't work no more!

Somebody musta shut off our electric wires! Maybe da bulls! We better go up an' see... if it's da coppers!

Some little hick and his mutt got caught in da power line! Just 'cause we was almost in da vault!

Yeah... but shut up, snapper! He don't know wot we're really doin'!

He's tryin' ta fix it fer us! C'mon... we'll help 'im... an' still finish this little job I planned!

Woe is me! I've got to untangle all this! An' get loose myself! Ow! Ow-ww!

Here, gimme dat... ya half-pint!

I'm glad you came! I thought I was an electrician... but all I get is shocks an' no results!
THE BIG ALL-AMERICAN COMIC BOOK

They call me Pint-Size Pete, the hard-luck kid... but I'll owe you gallons of gratitude if I ever get out of this mess!

Jus' keep quiet, Squirt... we'll help you!

In a few moments... Foxy has fixed the fuses and wires.

Spoof of Spec-Town, Inc.

There, you're free! Now scram, short-size! An fergit you ever seen us... but poist gimme dat drill...

Oh, of course! Here!

As Pint-Size hands back the hammer... his fingers slip... and turn on the switch!

Klonkk!

He knocked da boss cold! Git 'im!

Oh! I'm so sorry!

I c-ca-cant control it! Y-you t-ta-take it!

Count me out! I can't take it, either!

As the police rush up...

What have I done? Here's where I get measured for a free suit... but with prison stripes!

I turn off that switch!

We're off awready... an' out, too!

H-here... turn it off!
OH! I'll be ninety before you let me out of jail! Now I'll never have a career!

BRave work, my boy! You captured the whole foxy finageller mob! And with only your electrical genius!

Huh? Come again... but slowly, please!

This 'foxy' and his phonies were drilling through to the bank vaults when you foiled their scheme! There'll be a big reward and a city job for an engineer like you!

Spoo & Spoozing

Hey... that's the wrong way!

A nother blinding flash... and a million bulbs and fuses blow out all over the city!

POP!

Now look what you've done! We'll have to use all your reward money... plus your last 7 cents... to pay for all this damage!

You... mean... I'm really an electrician? Just by crossing wires... like this?

ZZZ

POP! POW!

Talk about hard luck... mine is concrete! C'mon, minus... I'm no 'electrical wizard'... but we'll corner a career yet! But I wonder... why are people so superstitious about crossing my path?

Poor Pete

...
Take the mystic potency of an ancient Green Lamp — potency which enables a man to walk through walls and gives him immunity to metals for 24 hours after he has touched the Power Ring to the Green Lamp — combine it with the tremendous willpower of Alan Scott — and you have...

GREEN LANTERN

Mart Nodell

Baxton is a town of silly citizens. For forty years Baxtonians have spent millions of dollars...built thousands of public works...hundreds of statues...why? Just to make an old cracked iron bell ring! For Baxton's bell rings only for heroes!

But it was not until a murderous blackmailing masquerading as Medusa, legendary destroyer of men, marauded through the town, turning victims to stone with a lightning glance of her evil face...that Green Lantern and Doiby saved Baxton and taught the town that...

"Heroes are born...not made!"

In the center of Baxton there is a bell tower! The life of Baxton revolves around that tower and its bell — which has not sounded for forty years!

For the bell of Baxton sounds only when a heroic deed has been done and for forty years, pop the bell-ringer has waited...

Yes, sir! When the right time comes, I'm gonna pull this here rope and make that bell sing!

So begins a strange adventure for Doiby Dickles and Alan Scott who are visiting Baxton!

Who's to be the judge of whether the bell should ring, pop? Me. And me only!
FOLKS IN BAXTON HAS BEEN TRYIN’ TO DO NOBLE THINGS FOR YEARS, LIKE BUILDIN’ STATUES AND MONUMENTS! BUT THAT AIN’T MY IDEAR O’ ANYTHING HEROIC!

TRADITION SAYS THIS BELL RINGS ONLY FOR HEROIC DEEDS, AND I’M THE OFFICIAL BELL-RINGER AND SOLE JUDGE!

BUT AS ALAN AND DOBY LEAVE THE BELL-TOWER, ALAN EXPLAINS SOMETHING POP NEGLECTED TO MENTION...

YOU SEE, POP WAS THE LAST HERO BAXTON HAD. THE BELL RANG FOR HIM ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO!

OH, I SEE. I GUESS THAT’S WHY HE’S DA OFFICIAL BELL-RINGER!

LOOK AT THE CITY, DOBY. POP WAS RIGHT. BAXTONIANS HAVE FILLED IT WITH MONUMENTS, FOOLISHLY THINKING THEY WERE PERFORMING DEEDS WORTHY OF THE SOUNDING OF THE BELL!

IN THE LUXURIOUS LOBBY OF THE SECOR HOTEL IN BAXTON...

THE TROUBLE IS, BAXTON IS MUCH TOO PEACEFUL. NOBODY HAS A CHANCE TO BE REALLY HEROIC!

ALAN, I TINK YOUSE IS MISTAKEN WI’ DAT PEACEFUL STUFF! LOOK WHAT JUST COME IN!

ENTER FANTASTIC HORROR...

EEEEEEEEEK!

WH - WHAT’S TH-THAT?

MAKE WAY MORTALS! MAKE WAY FOR MEDUSA!
ME: PAY YOU $50,000? ABSURD! Y-YOU DON'T THINK I BELIEVE THAT MYTH ABOUT MEDUSA, DO Y-YOU? ME!

ABRUPTLY, MEDUSA ADDRESSES BAXTON'S LEADING BANKER...

BANKER ADAMS, THE SIGHT OF MY FACE TURNS MEN TO STONE! IT WILL COST YOU $50,000 TO STOP ME FROM SHOWING YOU MY FACE!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED! UNLESS YOU PAY WITHIN ONE HOUR... YOU WILL BE STONE-DEAD!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STALKS OUT... ALAN AND DOIBY RUSH TO THEIR ROOM...

COULD DAT MEDUSA DAME BE ON DA LEVEL? IT'S SOME KIND OF RACKET, DOIBY, AND THAT MEANS GREEN LANTERN GOES TO WORK!

SWIFTLY, ALAN SCOTT DONS THE BRIGHT GARB OF GREEN LANTERN, AND THEN TOUCHES THE POWER RING TO THE MYSTIC GREEN LAMP...

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

THEN - HIGH INTO THE EVENING SKY ROCKET GREEN LANTERN AND DOIBY DICKLES!

FOR THE NEXT HOUR, WE'VE GOT TO KEEP A WATCH ON ADAMS. WHERE HE IS NOW...
But when the threatened banker passes one of Baxton's many monuments!

Lantrin! Some thugs is attackin' Adams! So Medusa is making good her threat!

Look! Green Lantern!

I didn't know, him and Dickles was in Baxton!

So you boys are working for Medusa, eh?

How do youse like workin' fer a dame?

Eeeeh!

Lantrin! Youse is aimin' yer ring at da wrong characters!

Keep your shirt on!

And the metal figures are charged with pseudo-life!

Yeeow!

While on the other side of the fountain...

There's no escaping me, Adams! I warned you and you laughed. Now look upon my face!

Aaiiiiiiiiiieeee!
CHARGING IN ANSWER TO ADAMS' AGONIZED CRY, THE DYNAMIC DUO BLAST THRU THE FOUNTAIN....

LANTRIN, DAT WAS ADAMS!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOUNTAIN! HURRY!

DERE'S ADAMS ONNA GROUND!

AND WHILE WE WENT THROUGH THE FOUNTAIN, THE THUGS ESCAPED. SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!

L-LANTRIN! LOOK! HE'S TOINED INTO STONE!

DEN DAT MEDUSA STUFF IS TRUE. ONE LOOK AT HER FACE AND YER STONE-DEAD! WH-WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE! THE MEDUSA LEGEND IS NOT TRUE! SHE DIDN'T TURN ADAMS TO STONE! I SUSPECT THIS IS JUST A SMART BLACKMAIL RACKET WE'VE GOT TO UNCOVER.

BUT ADAMS IS STONE!

DON'T BE A SAP! NO ONE WAS AROUND, SO MEDUSA COULD HAVE KNOCKED HIM OUT AND LEFT A STONE STATUE IN HIS PLACE!

AS THE FRIGHTENED CITIZENS OF BAXTON GATHER AROUND THE FOUNTAIN...

L-LOOK! MEDUSA'S THREAT CAME TRUE!

ADAMS IS STONE, HE MUSTA LOOKED AT HER FACE!

YOU GOT TO HELP US, GREEN LANTERN! WE'LL ALL BE IN DANGER!
WELL, WELL... SO ADAMS GOT IT, HEY?
SHOULDN'T YOU RING THE BELL FOR HIM, POP?
DIDN'T HE DIE A HEROIC DEATH, DEFYIN' CRIME?
NAW, MY JUDGEMENT IS, HE DIED A FOOL'S DEATH. HE SHOULDA PAID AND STAYED ALIVE. I AIN'T RINGIN' FOR ADAMS!

MEANWHILE GREEN LANTERN CUTS SWIFTLY THRU THE BLACK NIGHT TOWARD BAXTON'S RESIDENTIAL SECTION...
WHERE WE GON' LANTIN? To see Adams' sole heir, who I discovered is Leslie Banks! Maybe Banks can give us a clue to this mysterious Medusa!

AND IN A SPRAWLING HOME IN THE SUBURBS GREEN LANTERN AND DOBY MEET LESLIE BANKS! WH- WHAT'S THIS PLACE? WHO ARE YOU? THIS IS AN ORPHANS' NURSERY AND I RUN IT, I'M LESLIE BANKS!

ZOWIE! A DAME!

I'M GOING TO SPEND IT ON LIVIN' THINGS. THE ORPHANS OF BAXTON WHO EVERYONE HAS FORGOTTEN

I'M SORRY TO TELL YOU, MISS BANKS, BUT YOUR UNCLE HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED!
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT, GREEN LANTERN, BUT I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT!

GLAD?
YES, MY UNCLE SPENT ALL HIS MONEY TRYING TO BE HEROIC. HE SPENT IT ON PARKS, MONUMENTS, STATUES, DEAD THINGS!
As Leslie Banks leaves the room...

Let me show you what I'm going to spend Uncle's money on...

Yes of course, Miss Banks. Pssst, Dooby Look!

And on the wall of Leslie Banks, orphan nursery Green Lantern sees...

Hey! Dem looks like French words on a diploma! What's it mean?

If you understood French, you'd know it may mean the explanation of this case!

Suddenly, Green Lantern's explanations are interrupted.

This is what I'd spend money on... orphans, not statues!

Yeeow! Green Lantern and Dooby Dickles!

Er... you'll have to excuse us, Miss Banks. We've no time for fans right now! See you later!

I wish youse'd explain about dat diploma clue!

Simple! Ecole Rodin is a school for sculpture! Leslie Banks studied sculpture. She could have carved that statue of Adams!

Then as the friends walk thru another of Baxton's parks...

Den maybe she's Medusa, huh?

Quiet, little pal! We've got company! Recognize them?
Before a maze of clipped hedges, shaped into an intricate labyrinth, Green Lantern parleys with Medusa's thugs!

Medusa says if you know what's good fer ya, you'll get outta town!

And here's our answer! Right to the point... of the jaw! Yeeow!

Start running, mugs! Lead us right to Madame Medusa!

Hey! What kinda funny place is this? A labby-rinthy?

Stick wit' me; Lantrin! I'll moider da bums!

This way, Doiby!

But in-the cunningly contrived park labyrinth of trees and hedges, the fighting friends lose contact...

Doiby! Doiby! Where are you?

Here, Lantrin! 'Oh... 'Oh!

Get this doiby guy!

Hold everything, Doiby! I'm coming!
MOMENTS LATER, AS AN AMAZED CROWD GATHERS...

WHAT HAPPENED, GREEN LANTERN? WE HEARD SHOTS!

MEDUSA'S MOB ATTACKED AGAIN! THEY'VE KIDNAPPED DOIBY!

HOW ABOUT DICKLES POP! GOING TO RING THE BELL FOR HIM?

NOPE! HE AIN'T NO HERO! TH' BELL AIN'T GONNA RING 'TILL SOMETHIN' HEROIC IS DONE!

SUDDENLY, A STEEL BLADE WHISTLES OUT OF THE DARK...

LOOK! WHA'S THAT? A KNIFE WITH A MESSAGE ATTACHED!

FOLKS, I'M AFRAID MEDUSA'S GOT ME LIKED. YOU'D BETTER PAY. I'LL CARRY THE RANSOM FOR YOU!

G-GOLLY, IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT 'EM, NOBODY CAN! WE'LL HAVE TO PAY!
AN HOUR LATER, GREEN LANTERN ROCKETS TO THE BLACKMAIL RENDEZVOUS!

TOO BAD I HAD TO PRETEND TO GIVE UP, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO CLEAR UP THIS CASE!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! GREAT GRIEF, I ALMOST MUFFED THIS CASE. THANK HEAVEN I FOUND OUT THE ANSWER IN TIME!

AN INSTANT LATER... OUT OF THE SHADOWS STALKS... MEDUSA!

SO YOU HAVE ADMITTED DEFEAT, GREEN LANTERN? IT IS WELL. YOU BROUGHT THE RANSOM?

YES!

BUT I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF CHANGING THE MONEY INTO...

EGGS!

FOOL! NOW LOOK ON MY FACE AND DIE!

DIE... FOOL!

GREEN LANTERN - LAUGHS - MEDUSA HOWLS IN AGONIZED TERROR AS THE POWER RING LASHES BACK...

SO YOU USED A PORTABLE HEAT RAY PROJECTOR TO KNOCK OUT YOUR VICTIMS! BUT MY POWER RING'S BETTER!

AIEEEE!
Run! Run! We've got to get away from that terror! That's right! Lead me right to your hideout... and doiby!

You killed Adams with that ray projector and substituted a statue, eh? But you didn't have time to carve a statue of Doiby?

The trail leads to the play room of Leslie Banks' nursery. Right on your heels, boys! Ready for the clean-up!

Kill him, shoot him! Moi'der him... or somethin'!

Don't you love to play cops and robbers?

Or should we play house? You be the doors and I'll slam you!

Eeow!

Oh, oh, oh!

And then... as Green Lantern smashes into a toy house!

Doiby, why didn't you say you were keeping house?
SO SORRY TO DESTROY YOUR HEATERS, BUT THE HEAT'S OFF FROM NOW ON!

OH MY GOD! OUR GUNS! HE'S BUSTIN' THEM!

AND YOU'RE OFF TOO, BOYS! OFF TO JAIL IN THE MORNING!

AND AS THE CITIZENS OF BAXTON GATHER IN THE ORPHAN NURSERY...

YES, YOU CAN COME IN NOW, FOLKS! THE MEDUSA MENACE IS OVER. THIS IS HER HIDEOUT!

LESLIE BANKS? NURSERY? WHO'D A THOUGHT IT?

AND THIS IS MEDUSA'S SECRET! A PORTABLE SHORT-WAVE RADIO TRANSMITTER THAT CAN KILL AT SHORT INSTANCES. THE EYES WERE THE ANTENNA!

BUT AS GREEN LANTERN EXPLAINS, SUDDENLY...

WH-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I BET SHE DONE IT! SHE'S THE MEDUSA. SHE KILLED HER UNCLE FOR HIS DOUGH!

I'M AFRAID I'VE DISCOVERED WHO MEDUSA IS, MISS BANKS. I'M SORRY... FOR YOUR SAKE!

ALL RIGHT! CONFESSION. I WAS MEDUSA!

IT'S THE GALLANT'S FOR YOU!

WE GOT A NICE JAIL WAITING FOR YOU TILL THEN!
THEN SOFTLY THROUGH THE NIGHT COME THE EERIE TONES OF CRACKED METAL -- THE BELL OF BAXTON IS RINGING!!

COME ON. I'LL SHOW YOU WHY!

BUT WHY? FOR WHOM!

THE BELL! THE BELL'S RINGING!

SWIFTLY, GREEN LANTERN LEADS THE ASTONISHED BAXTONIANS TO THEIR TOLLING BELL-TOWER.

IS IT RINGING FOR YOU, GREEN LANTERN?

NO!

AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES! I SAID I HAD LEARNED MEDUSA'S IDENTITY. I DID NOT SAY IT WAS LESLIE!

AND INSIDE THE TOWER...

THIS CASE WOULD HAVE BEEN SIMPLE IF I'D KNOWN LESLIE WAS POP'S DAUGHTER AND HAD THE SAME FULL NAME! THEN I'D HAVE KNOWN POP WAS A SCULPTOR!

G-GOLLY! I LOOK! POP'S HUNG HIMSELF FROM THE BELL! WHY?

BECAUSE POP WAS MEDUSA!

POP WENT OUT OF HIS MIND. HE WAS A HERO AND A POOR MAN. HE DEVISED THIS RACKET TO BLACKMAIL BAXTON LESLIE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT UNTIL SHE FOUND DOIBY IN HER HOUSE!

WHEN POP KNEW HE WAS ABOUT TO FINISH HIM, HE RAN. LESLIE BANKS BRAVELY SACRIFICED HERSELF FOR HIS SAKE.

POP RANG HIS BELL FOR HER AS A LAST GESTURE!

BAXTON HAS FOUND A HERO AT LAST! AN UNEXPECTED PERSON AT AN UNEXPECTED TIME. BUT SO IT IS WITH ALL HEROES. DOIBY... THEY'RE BORN, NOT MADE!

AND SO...
MUTT & JEFF

by BUD FISHER

Well, he shouts the orders to me in the kitchen so everybody can hear them!
If a customer orders an egg I shout, "We serve the freshest eggs in town!"

And if a customer orders hot soup I shout, "We serve the hottest soup in town!"
Oh, fine! You're hired!

Small steak and a cheese sandwich!
We serve the smallest steak and the cheesiest sandwich in town!

A steak? Did you say a steak, sir?
Yeh, a nice juicy steak!

You know, sir, it makes me feel bad to think that they had to kill that cow so we could have steak!

When I think of that poor cow with those big brown eyes, a harmless innocent creature! (sniff)

How can they be so cruel? It's awful! That poor nice cow who wouldn't hurt a soul—(sniff sniff)

Boo hoo! Boo hoo! hoo!
Take it away! Bring me ham and eggs!

Saved, mutt! It's back again! Make it two on a raft, sunny side up!
THE GHOST PATROL

CHOO-CHOO, BABY! HERE COME THOSE SPOOKY NITWITS, THE GHOST PATROL... FIRST THE RAILROAD BUG BIT THEM... THEN THEY BIT THE RAILROAD BUG RIGHT BACK...

AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED...

By John Wentworth and Frank Harry

WHAT A DOPEY WAY TO RUN A RAILROAD!

THE THREE GHOSTLY CHUMS THUNDER INTO THE NEW STATION IN ARGUS CITY...

TOOT, TTTTTOOT! ARGUS CEETY, HERE WE COME!

QUIT TOOTIN' YOUR HORN AND HELP PUMP!

WHOA! HERE WE STOP? NO?

AWK! CONFUO PEDRO AND HIS LATIN IMPULSES!

OUTGH!

HOLA, MY GOOD AMIGO, VOS ISS ON HERE GE-GOING, NICHT WAHR, EINE KLEINE KNOCKWURST?

HUH?
SO! A NAZI SPY, HEY!
GARRAMBA!

NO, NO! EES BEEN MEESTAKE!
YEAH? THEN WHAT'S ALL THIS "GE-GOING NICH WAHR" STUFF, HUH?

OH, EES PROBABLY SOME OL' DIALOGUE LEFT OVER FROM TIME WHEN WE, THE GHOSTS' PATROL, WERE BATTLEEN THEES NAZIS EEN GERMANY!
A LIKELY STORY!

WAT EES Dees Beeg Doings, Een Argus City, Amigo?
Oh, that?... It's just to celebrate the railroad station's falling down!

You crazy, amigo? She's new station! She mus' be falling up, don't you?
That's what you think! I know better!

It's a new station, all right, but when they take that scaffolding away, it's gonna fall down. I know! I worked on it. It's rotten right down to the foundations!

No! HOW COME?

Crooked politics, that's what! Honest John Gyppen, our mayor got $100,000 from the city treasury to build this station. He paid $650,000 for it--and he and Big Charlie Biltit split the extra $350,000 in graft!
WE'LL POP IN ON HONEST JOHN GYPP EM AND CHECK UP ON A FEW THINGS!

YOU MEAN YOU'LL HELP ME?

HUP, HUP, HUR...

POP

WHICH ISN'T DIGNIFIED, AND WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM......

LEAVE US GO! WE WON'T WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR.

ULP!

POP POP POP

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE? PAINTING THE CEILING?

HEAVEN'S NO--I AM A BRICKLAYER!

WELL, WE DON'T WANT ANY BRICKS LAYED UP THERE!

I'M HERE TO ACCUSE YOU OF CHEATING THE PEOPLE OF ARGUS CITY OUT OF $350,000 CASH! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?!

NOT AT ALL!

COME OVER HERE, HONEST JOHN

IF THIS BRICKLAYER EXPOSES US, OUR NEW SCHEME FOR ROBBING THE PEOPLE OF A WHOLE MILLION BUCKS WILL DIE HORRIBLY--AND MAYBE WE ALONG WITH IT

A DREADFUL THOUGHT. BUT HOW CAN WE SHUT HIM UP?
HEY! THAT IS A VERY LARGE GUN!

I'LL SHOOT HIM DOWN LIKE A DUCK!

YOU HAVE THE TRUE EXECUTIVE
MIND, BIG CHARLIE, SHOOT AWAY!

THEN YOU CAN STUFF AND MOUNT
HIM IN YOUR TROPHY ROOM!

WHAT--?!

BLAMMO!

HEYYYY!

CONFUDD IT, BIG BILL, YOU'RE A GHASTLY MARKSMAN! YOU'VE SHOT MY TOUPEE INTO RAGS!

LOOK, HONEST JOHN-- LOOK!

LOOK!

BUT BIG BILL, HOW CAN I MAKE A SPEECH ARMS WITHOUT MY HAIR! EVERYBODY-- OHMYGOODNESSGRACIOUS! WHAT'S THAT?

THAT'S ME, YOU GRAFTERS!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

YOU SAID IT... GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THAT SPEECH AT THE STATION WITH MY HAT ON--UNLESS SOMEBODY PLAYS THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER!

NOW YOU SEE WHY HONEST JOHN GYPPEM MUST NEVER BE ELECTED TO PUBLIC OFFICE AGAIN!

OH, YES, INDEED WE DO!

BUT HOW CAN WE STOP HIM-- WHEN TOMORROW IS ELECTION DAY?

AHA! I'VE GOT EET! LEESHEN, WHILE I TELL YOU MY PLAN!... FIRST, SLEEM, YOU BREEENG ALONG THAT TOUPEE! AND YOU, FRED, THEES EES WHAT YOU AN' I DO...

BZZZ.... BZZZ
MEANWHILE, AT THE RAILROAD STATION...

THERE'S A BRICKLAYER WITH AN EXTRA PAIR OF ARMS WHO THREATENS TO UNMASK US! AND REMEMBER, IF I'M NOT ELECTED TOMORROW WE CAN'T HIT THE TREASURY THE DAY AFTER!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!

THIS BRICKLAYER MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS! IF THE PEOPLE OF ARGUS CITY EVER FIND OUT THIS STATION IS A COLOSSAL FRAUD, WE ARE INDEED COOKED!

LEAVE IT TO US!

HONEST JOHN GYPPIM!

THE MAN WHO BROUGHT YOU THIS SPLENDID NEW RAILROAD STATION, COMPLETE WITH HOT & COLD RUNNING RED CAPS!

RE-ELECT Honest John GYPPIM!

FALLOW CITIZENS OF ARGUS CITY, IT GIVES ME GRRREAT PLEASURE---

FOLLOW CITIZENS OF ARGUS CITY, IT GIVES ME GRRREAT PLEASURE---

FALLOW CITIZENS OF ARGUS CITY, IT GIVES ME GRRREAT PLEASURE---

HE'S A FAKE!!

WHAT IS THIS?

WHICH IS WHICH??
I CAN PROVE HE'S A FAKE!
HE'S WEARING A WIG!
HE'S WEARING NOTHING BUT SKIN!

THIS GUY'S THE REAL FAKE, BOYS! NOW I'M DOWN!

POP
BANG!

HOLY SOCKS!
They shot him right out of his suit!

OH, NO, I WAS OVER HERE ALL THE TIME!

I MEAN, OVER HERE!
NO, OVER HERE!

SHOOT HIM AGAIN-AWK! NOW HE'S WHAT??

COME ON!

OUTSIDE IN THE STREET...

FELLOW CITIZENS, THE NEW STATION IS A BIG FRAUD! GYPPM AND BILDIT PLAN AN EVEN BIGGER FRAUD--A MILLION DOLLAR STEAL ON THE SUBWAY!

THE TRUTH ABOUT HONEST JOHN AND BIG CHARLIE!
OH, YEAH? THAT'S A FINE STATION! YOU GONNA SHOW US?

OH! ATTACKIN' ME FROM TH' REAR, HEY?

OH, COME--IS THAT GENTLEMANLY?

DON'T YOUR MOTHER TELL YOU ABOUT DUCKING?

WE'RE RUINED--BIG CHARLIE!

LET'S GO COLLECT OUR $30, DAD AND MAKE OUR GETAWAY!

TSK, TSK, OUR FRIEND THE BRICKLAYER KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.... OHOOOOO! FRED SEEMS TO HAVE HIS HANDS FULL OVER THERE!!

I'LL GET HIM!

COME AN', GET ME, BOYS!

IN THE MEANTIME--INSIDE THE STATION...

THAT'S THE GUY WHO STARTED IT!

OOPS!

CRACK!

POP

SLIDE, KELLY--SLIDE!

POW!

POW!

CRASH!

BAM!

POW!

SOK

POW!
Oh, Steck around! The joint's jus' beginning to jump!

AWRK!

Thees gentlemen claim they got very important business somewhere else, all of a sudden!

Can you imagine? Why not give 'em a boost on their way?

No! No!

Round and round we go... and where you land...

Know? Don't we?

What happened in there? All that noise, and then this sudden silence! The station's still standing! Where's Big Charlie and Honest John?

Crime! Here they come! Right through the wall! The whole thing's collapsing! Catch 'em!

Inside the building, as the walls collapse...

Imagine what would have happened to this joint if we'd really got tough!

A devastating thought! A thought: I don't weesh to entertain even eef it was funny!

Outside...

And that was the rubble heap you took our tax money for! To the jail with 'em! Honest John's a candidate now all right! - for a number in the state pen!

For Victory
Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps
Mr. Terrific

The Underworld Rigs Itself a Safe Haven from which to spring its deeds of violence when it throws anchor in a tiny corner of a city, among the masts and sails of many ships, of all ages and all climes... In Viking longboats and clipper ships, in four-masters and Spanish galleons, the gun-men of crime-dom sally forth to rob and steal, to loot and plunder... But like a deadly torpedo slipping through the waves, there comes one who, by the storm of his fists and the lightning of his quick wits, wrecks their plans and their scheme to use — "Models for Crime!"

With Terrific thunder, a mighty warship belches flame and smoke from its gunports....

What'd I tell ya? A dozen shots from its guns!

An' it's aim was poiseck — looka dis handker — Chief!

Yeah, man! We're gonna buy that boat, and as many of them as old Tarr can turn out for us!
HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, POP! WE'LL TAKE THEM OTHER SHIPS, TOO—WHEN YA FINISH EM!

THANK YOU, SIRS! I MAKE ALL MY VESSELS BY HAND, YOU KNOW, BUT I'LL WORK AS FAST AS I CAN!

AFTER THE MOBSTERS LEAVE.......

I'M THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE, DAUGHTER! LOOK—MR. LOWY GAVE ME A HUNDRED DOLLARS—AND IT'S ONLY THE FIRST PAYMENT!

OH DADDY, I'M SO GLAD!

YOU'VE ALWAYS WORKED SO HARD WITH YOUR BOATS—BUT THERE WASN'T ANY MARKET UNTIL MR. LOWY STARTED COLLECTING SHIPS—THAT'S RIGHT! AND NOW YOU CAN GO TO SCHOOL AND STUDY ART!

BUT “MONEY” LOWY'S REAL HOBBY IS MAKING MONEY ILLEGALLY.......

IF ANYBODY COMES IN WHILE WE'RE HERE, THAT SHIP'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

HEARING ODD NOISES, THE WATCHMAN INVESTIGATES.......

A SHIP—AGHGH!

THE ELECTRIC EYE BEAM THAT FIRED THEM LITTLE CANNONS IS A HONEY!

YEAH—AN' WHEN THE WATCHMAN TELLS HIS STORY—WHO'LL BELIEVE HIM?

MR. TERRIFIC READS SURPRISING NEWS IN THE MORNING'S PAPER....

WHAT'S THIS? THAT FELLOW MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING!

WATCHMAN REPORTS SHIP SHOT HIM IN ROBBERY

OHH....
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, MORE AND
MORE ROBBERS ARE REPORTED, WITH
OLD SHIP MODELS AS THE CULPRITS!
POI-POISONED LANCES!
AAAGH-
COUGH-COUGH
GAS!....I'M
CHOKING!
ALL THOSE
CRIMES HAVE
ONE THING IN
COMMON—SHIPS!
SO MANY WITNESSES
CAN'T BE WRONG—
SOMEONE IS
USING BOATS TO ROB!
MEANWHILE AT THE
MODEL SHIP-MAKER'S
SHOP......
MR. LOWY, I'VE
READ ABOUT
THOSE ROBBERS,
AND YOU'RE
USING THOSE
MODELS OF
MINE TO
STEAL! I
WON'T MAKE
YOU ANY
MORE!
FROM WHAT THE
VICTIMS SAID, THOSE
BOATS WERE PERFECT
REPLICAS OF THE REAL
THINGS—AND THERE'S
ONLY ONE MAN I KNOW
WHO CAN MAKE SUCH
PERFECT MODELS!
I JUST
Saw MR.
TERRIFIC—
HE'S HEADED
THIS WAY!
TAKE TARR
IN THE BACK
ROOM—ONE
OF YOU GUYS
PUT ON HIS
APRON—AND
STALL OFF
TERRIFIC IF
HE COMES IN HERE!
ONE PEEP OUT
OF YOU, TARR—
AND YOUR
DAUGHTER STARTS
BATIN' LEAD! I
DON'T WANT
TERRIFIC Bustin' UP THIS
RACKET!
YOU CHEAP
CROOK! Why
COULDN'T I
HAVE SEEN
THROUGH YOUR
TRICKS
BEFORE?
OUTSIDE, IN
THE WORKSHOP......
TARR AIN'T
BEEN HERE
FOR SOME
TIME—YOU SEE,
I BOUGHT HIM
OUT—I OWN
THE WHOLE STORE,
NOW!
OH! WELL,
IT WASN'T
IMPORTANT—THANKS JUST
THE SAME!
I know that fellow was lying! I have an idea how to clear this mystery—but I'll have to hurry if my plan is to be ready in time!

In his private laboratory, the talented hands of Mr. Terrific go to work....

It's been a long time since I made ship models, but I haven't forgotten the knack of it!

The finishing touch—a combination dictaphone and radio.... that connects with my own short wave set!

Some hours later.

Never thought I'd stoop to picking locks, but I think this particular case warrants it!

When they take this model out on a job, I'll be able to learn where they are!

Look—it's him again!

Quick—let's get him!

But the click of a released safety catch warns the man with super-sensitive hearing!

I missed!

Brace yourself for this brace, chum!

Oof!

Looks as though you've dropped anchor!

Ugh!
THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE THAT I SWITCHED MODELS ON THEM!

THE MAN WHO KNOWS ALL IS AN ABLE PROPHET...

WE WAS GON' FOR THIS SHIP WHEN TERRIFIC JUMPS US!

HE MOVED SO FAST WE DIDN'T EVEN SEE WHAT HE WAS AFTER!

WELL, HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO LEARN ANYTHING, SO LET'S GO!

IN THE DARKNESS OF A LARGE JEWELRY STORE...

NOW FOR THE ROCKS...

TERRIFIC RECEIVES THE TELL-TALE SIGNAL!

TICK-TOCK! GET THE DIAMONDS, TOO! .... TICK TOCK!

THE SOUND OF THOSE CLOCKS, AND THE TALK ABOUT DIAMONDS, INDICATE THEY'RE IN A JEWELRY STORE!

BY TRIANGULATING THEIR POSITION FROM THE RADIO IN THE SHIP AND IN THIS ROOM, I CAN LEARN JUST WHERE THEY ARE!

SCANT MINUTES LATER

ULD! IT'S THAT GUY AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY - THE SHIP WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE MADE YOUR BIG MISTAKE!

THAT SHIP MODEL IS ON MY TEAM! SO HELP YOURSELF TO SOME FISTS!

OWTCH!

OWW!
I MIGHT ADD THAT EVERYTHING'S SHIPSHAPE....

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!

UGGHH....

AFTER THE ONE-MAN HURRICANE SUBSIDES-

WHATTA TAKING GUY! I SAW YOU SAY-

TARR, I AIN'T IN NO MOOD TO ARGUE NO MORE!

MR. TERRIFIC! I-I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH LOWY. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS USING MY MODELS FOR!

I KNOW THAT!

I CERTAINLY CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR GETTING MY DAUGHTER AND ME OUT OF THAT CROOK'S CLUTCHES! BUT NOW-

(SIGH) I GUESS CHICKIE CAN'T CARRY ON AT ART SCHOOL!

WHY NOT?

TERRY SLOAN GAVE ME THIS CHECK AND ASKED ME TO ORDER A WHOLE SET OF SHIPS FOR HIM—HE'S ER—VERY INTERESTED IN SHIP MODELS OF LATE, I UNDERSTAND!

TERRY SLOAN? WHY, HE-HE'S OUR LANDLORD!

BLESSED HUMAN!

EXACTLY! AND WHEN THAT THUG TOLD ME HE'D BOUGHT YOUR STORE, I KNEW HE WAS LYING BECAUSE HE'D HAVE TO DO BUSINESS WITH SLOAN FOR THAT— AND I WAS POSITIVE HE NEVER HAD!

“KEEP EM’ FLYING”
Hey, waiter! I ordered a steak!
I gave it to you, sir!
You gave it to me? Where is it?
There on your plate, sir!

On my plate? I don't see any steak!
It's behind the sweet potato, sir!

What sweet potato?
The one behind the string bean!

I don't see any string bean!
No string bean? I'll speak to the chef about it!

Hey, chef! You're shy the string bean!

Here you are, sir! Your steak!

Steak? I don't see any steak!

Here you are, sir! Try this!

What? No tipp? You'll find it under the string bean!
“Laugh and the world laughs with you” goes the old saw. Here’s the story of a man who spent his whole life laughing at the world and everyone he met. Then he started laughing at Wildcat… Now Wildcat is one person who can take a joke almost any time, but even the feline fury himself doesn’t know who will laugh last when…

“Wildcat Meets The Kidder!”

Ernest Kidder looks like an ordinary citizen—

But Ernest Kidder isn’t ordinary—

He’s an incurable practical joker!!!

Here ya’re, chum! Have a smoke on me!

Why, thanks—Ernest!

Buy War Bonds

Bang

Haw! Haw! Ho-ho!
I say, Kidder - could you lend me your fountain pen?

My pen? Certainly - old boy - with pleasure.

EEOW!

WH---?

Haw haw! Always glad to oblige.

We've had enough of your tricks, Kidder - you're fired!

Once Kidder had a very good job with a bank.

Then he got a job as a butcher's helper.

Sure you can borrow this cleaver, boss - here!

Thanks, Kidder! Hmm - it's a new one, isn't it?

Gosh! I knew the top would fly off, but I didn't think it would break the window! That's rich - haw! haw!

CR-RAsh

Get out of here! Get out of here before I massacre you!

Ernest Kidder's next job was in an architect's office.

No more practical jokes for me. I need money, and I'm holding on to this blueprint to this job! Took two months to do.

Can I borrow your eraser?

OMIGOSH! I forgot my resolution and handed you my trick eraser!

That trick'll cost you your job, Kidder, you're through!

I've had enough. These practical jokes have cost me one job after another - seems I just can't help playing tricks on people. Okay! From now on, practical jokes are going to make money for me!
MONTHS LATER--
I Gotta hand it to you, BOSS! We sure been cleanin' up--robbin' people with those tricks o' yours!

TODAY WE REALLY PULL A FAST ONE AT THE BOXING ARENA! NOW HERE'S WHAT WE DO--

C'MON, TED--HIT'S PURTY LATE, THE PRELIMS HAVE ALREADY STARTED AND YEW Gotta GIT INTO YORE TRUNKS--

I know, Stretch, but it's only an exhibition--the proceeds are going to the milk fund, you know--

SAY--LOOK AT THAT SMOKE! WHAT'S GOING ON?

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN'! LOOKS LIKE A THREE-ALARM FIRE, OR SOMEPEP'N--

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? THOSE MEN--COUGH, COUGH--ASKED FOR SOME TICKETS--COUGH, COUGH--AND WHEN OPENED A WALLET, THIS SMOKE CAME OUT--COUGH, COUGH--THY TOOK ALL THE MONEY HERE--

TED! TED GRANT! WHAT'RE YOu GOIN'? I'M GOING TO TRY TO CATCH UP TO THOSE CROOKS, STRETCH! BUT DONT WORRY--I'LL BE BACK IN TIME!

NEARBY--UNOBSERVED--AN AWE-INSPIRING TRANSFORMATION!

THAT MONEY WAS INTENDED FOR THE POOR CHILDREN OF THIS CITY--THOSE CROOKS AINT GOIN' TO HOLD ONTO IT VERY LONG IF WILDCAT CAN HELP IT!
I think I hear someone—EEow! It's Wildcat, and he's hot on our heels! Get moving!

Looks like I'm gaining on them—

It won't be long now. They ran in here—

Here he comes. Don't worry, boss. We'll take care of 'im!

That's easier said than done, chums!

Maybe a kick in the teeth'll—Oof!

No fair using your feet, Bud!

And this is for leading with your chin! Ugh!

And unless I miss my guess, the boss should be in there!

Oh, oh! So you want to play rough, eh?

Come in, Wildcat! The Kidder is ready for you—ready, willing and able.
I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ROUGH--I JUST WANT TO PLAY!

Ah-choo! What a sap I was--ah-choo! Walking right into this--sneezing powder--ah-choo!

That's right. It is sneeze powder. Maybe it'll tame ya a little. WILDCAT, while I and my boys leave. Practical jokes are my specialty. WILDCAT- haw-haw!

This is awful--ah-ah-choo! The crooks are gone-kerchoo! And I'm due at the boxing arena ahchoo! Better get going--ah-choo!

This fresh air is clearing my head a bit--ah-choo! But I sure got a big dose of that sneeze powder--ah choo!

Brief moments later, Ted Grant's dressing room--ef'n Ted don't show up soon, I reckon--ted! Whar in tarnation you bin? You ketch those crooks? A little late. I guess ker-choo!

Tarnation! That's a terrific cold you've got thar, son! Don't worry stretch--I'll be all right--ah-choo!--ah-choo!

And in this corner, the man who has generously consented to box tonight for the benefit of the milk fund--the World's Heavyweight Champ--Ted Grant!

Ah-choo!
AH-AH-CHOO! THAT'S AN AWFUL COLD YOU'VE GOT--UGGGGGG!

SNEEZING, GROGGY, TED GRANT STILL PROVES HIMSELF EVERY INCH A CHAMP!

LA-DEEZ AND GENNULMEN WIN-NAH-ACHOO! GOSH, HE'S GOT ME DOING IT TOO!

NOW LIE STILL, TED WHILST I TRY TO RUB SOME O'THET COLD OUT'N YER SYSTEM! CHECKS!

HMMMM-CALLS HIMSELF THE KIDDER--AND LIKES TO PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES, I THINK I KNOW HOW TO TRAP THAT BABY.

THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE NEWSPAPERS---

DAILY ADVERTISER DECEMBER

SALE ON TRICKS!!!
HUNDREDS OF NEW TRICKS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!
THEY'RE NEW--THEY'RE DIFFERENT

TRIX, INC.

SALE

HURRY!!! HURRY!!! HURRY!!!

AW, BOSS--MAYBE WE OUGHTTA LAY LOW AFTER THAT JOB WE PULLED LAST NIGHT--

SHUT UP! I DON'T GET A CHANCE TO PICK UP NEW STUFF EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK--

C'MON!

YES SIR! SHOW YOU SOME OF MY STOCK?

YES -- PULL 'EM OUT!

HEY, WAIT! WHAT'S THAT BOX OVER THERE?

OH, THAT? I'LL SHOW YOU--IT'S INTERESTING

VERY INTERESTING!
IT'S A GIANT JACK-IN-THE-BOX. JUST PRESS THAT BUTTON.
I'M A SUCKER FOR THE TRICK.

SO KIDDER PRESSES THE BUTTON
I'LL PRESS THE BUTTON AND--
WOW--WILDCAT!

YOU'RE A SUCKER ALL RIGHT, KIDDER!

I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T RESIST A SALE ON THESE GADGETS! NO PRACTICAL JOKER COULD--

RIGHT, KIDDER?

GET HIM, BOYS!

OKAY, ALL TOGETHER NOW--
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA.

AND WILDCAT SHOWS HIS CLAWS!

UPS! DAISY!

HE--HE GOT Loose!

I DON'T NEED NO NEWS BULLETIN!!!

LOCK THE DOOR, JONES, AND YOU KNOW WHERE TO PUT THE KEY.

OKAY, WILDCAT-- JUST AS YOU SAY.

WHHEW! I CAN ALWAYS GET ANOTHER Mob-- BUT I CAN'T REPLACE MYSELF! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE--
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, MAY I ASK?
OUT-- AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME!

--BECAUSE THIS SPRAY WILL STOP YOU!
OH--OH! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME!--CHOKE--CHOKE--

TA, TA, WILDCAT! YOU WON'T BE SEEING ME---

CHOKING, CHOKING--COME BACK--
HA-HA--THIS SHOULD BE CONVINCING ENOUGH! NOW FOR THE FUN--

OKAY, WILDCAT--I LOCKED THE DOOR AND I'VE GOT THE KEY IN HERE!

GOOD TO KNOW, CHUM!
HAND ME THAT THING!

SO KIDDER REACHES FOR THE KEY--
WELL, I FINALLY OUTSMARTED THE GREAT WILDCAT, HMMM-- CAN'T GET THE KEY FROM THIS END!

SAY! WHAT IS THIS? YES, KIDDER-- IT'S MY TURN TO LAUGH! I JUST HELD MY BREATH WHEN YOU SHOT THAT GAS SPRAY OFF, AND HAD ALL THE FUN OF WATCHING YOU FALL FOR THE OLDEST PRACTICAL JOKE OF ALL--THE STRAW FINGER-CATCHER! HA-HA!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--
DON'T FORGET, OFFICER! HAVE HIM SHOW YOU WHERE HE HID THAT HAUL FROM THAT BOXING ARENA, AND RETURN IT TO THE MILK FUND!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, ME ME THE GREAT KIDDER--TRAPPED BY THIS GADGET! IT--IT AIN'T FUNNY!

FOR VICTORY--
BUY CIVIL LIBERTY WAR STAMPS!
Hawkman

Ewre the sudden dart of flames or glow of molten metals! Beware a rise in tempera- 
ture or the shimmering waves of heat that rise from blistering radiators! For the 
hot shot is abroad.

Otter than a 5-alarm fire, the criminal of conflagration burns a sizzling swath to a 
goal of gold—until he meets the Hawkman who erupts into volcanic activity in an attempt to cool 
off the hot shot club.

A hot time in the old town.

by

Joe Kubert

In a glass-walled room somewhere in town, a man breathes deeply of hot, scented air.

Ah! Heat! Heat! There's nothing like it to keep a man going! Only when it's comfortable like this, can I really work!

All my life, I've dreaded the cold. It numbs me, paralyzes my hands and feet. When it gets to do, I shudder and shiver—but when it's comfortable like this, I really live!

When is it sure is not in here! What's on today's program, hot shot?

I've cooked up something extra special for tonight. Stick-a-nice heart-warming forest-fire!
There's a fellow living near Hawk Valley, who keeps a lot of cash in his cabin. We'll visit him after I distract attention with that fire!

Too hot? Why, it's barely comfortable here. Now! You should be here when I take a steam bath...

Couldn't ya make it a snowstorm just for me? Whew! I'm passin' out!

No, thanks.

That evening, a strange sound rises in Hawk Valley...

Listen! Do you hear that, Hawkgirl? It sounds like a huge giant drawing a deep breath...

Yes, and I smell something too! Smoke!

Look!... Fire! It'll sweep these woods before it like a leaf before a gale! But where's the forest ranger?

Error stricken, the beasts of the forest dash madly about--

All the animals will be burned alive, unless I help them--

Through years spent in Hawk Valley, the winged wonder is familiar with the language of the beasts--

Brothers of the wild-follow me! I will lead you to safety!

(Whew!) It sure took a bit of convincing to get these animals here - because most of these animals dread water as much as fire! But now that they're safe, I'll see what's wrong at the ranger station!
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S OUT COLD!

NO WONDER THE FIRE MADE SUCH HEADWAY!

SOMEONE HIT ME - I PASSED OUT!

THERE'S A FIRE BELOW! WHAT CAN WE DO TO STOP IT?

HMMMM... WE CAN'T GET TO THE FIRE FOR SOME TIME. IT'S IN THE TRACKLESS WILDS!

I CAN GET TO IT WITH MY HAWKS. WE CAN FLY DYNAMITE OVER THE FIRE... DROP IT... AND CREATE A FIREBREAKER.

AND SO THE WINGED LORDS OF THE UPPER AIR AGAIN ANSWER THE CALL OF THEIR MIGHTY MASTER....

THAT'LL STOP THE FLAMES UNTIL THE FIRE FIGHTERS GET TOGETHER!

MEANWHILE, THE HOT SHOT IN A SPECIALLY DESIGNED ASBESTOS SUIT, ONCE MORE MAKES GOOD USE OF HEAT——

EVERYONE'S AWAY FIGHTING THE FOREST FIRE - BUT JUST TO BE SURE WE LEAVE NO CLUES - THE WHOLE BUILDING MUST BURN DOWN!

EXCEPT THE SAFE HOT SHOT? THAT GOES WITH US!

WE REMOVE THE MONEY AND THE GEMS, THEN LOCK THE SAFE, AND BURST IT OPEN WITH HEAT! THEN THE POLICE WILL THINK THESE VALUABLES WERE LOST IN THE FIRE!

THAT'S FUNNY... THOSE MEN ARE WEARING ASBESTOS COSTUMES, AND YET, THEY'RE GOING AWAY FROM THE FIRE! GUESS THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN....

BOSS - YOU'RE A GENIUS!
I'll direct them properly!

Yeow! Here comes Hawkman!

Stop — you idiot —

I'll finish him once and for all!

Oh— shooting! That sounds like a guilty conscience!

I'm no target to pop off at-fella!

Hawkman wasn't after us, you fool — but now we've got to stop him!

Quite a reception committee!

Allow me to present my calling card!

Ugh!

Good thing you're wearing those asbestos suits — chums — you're in for a hot time!

But this may cool you off!
THEN, AS HAWKMAN PROCEEDS TO MOP UP

I'M LIABLE TO COLLAPSE OUTSIDE OF MY SPECIALLY HEATED CAR, BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

T-T-O-C-O-L-D F-O-R ME OUT HERE.... MY LEGS ARE NUMB.... I-I CAN'T M-MO-V-E....

POOR H-O-T S-H-O-T--HE PASSED OUT!


MOMENTS LATER.... HAWKMAN? I CAUGHT SIGHT OF YOU FROM ABOVE! WHAT HAPPENED?

A BUNCH OF CROOKS WEARING ASBESTOS CLOTHES JUMPED ME--SLUGGED ME FROM BEHIND--!

THEY'RE GONE, NOW--BUT NEVER MIND! LET'S GET BACK TO THAT FIRE--!

WELL--IF YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT....

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE NEWSPAPERS CARRY SCREAMING HEADLINES OF A NEW BAND OF CRIMINALS...

GETCHA EVEN'N PAPUH! READ ALL ABOUTTA FIRE ROBBERS!

LET'S HAVE ONE SON--

I'VE A FEELING, SHERA, THAT THESE FIRE ROBBERS ARE THE SAME BABIES THAT SLUGGED ME IN HAWK VALLEY?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?
THEY USE HEAT IN SOME FORM OR OTHER ON EVERY JOB! ONCE IT WAS A RED HOT PENNY THAT GUARD PICKED UP — ANOTHER TIME, A FLARING INGOT OF MAGNESIUM THAT BLINDED EVERYONE!

REMEMBER WHEN THEY OVERHEATED THE CORNER BANK, AND CLEVERLY WAITED UNTIL EVERYONE IN IT PASSED OUT FROM HEAT EXHAUSTION? I'M ALMOST POSITIVE IT'S THE SAME GANG!

MEANWHILE, HOT SHOT PREPARES TO STRIKE AGAIN —
GET THAT MOLTEN LEAD OUT OF THAT POT --- AND HURRY YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAY OUT OF THIS HEATED CAR VERY LONG!

WE'LL BE READY IN A SECOND — HOT SHOT!

THE HOT LEAD WILL FLOW DOWN THIS PIPE INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE BURGLAR ALARM BOX, WHEN IT HITS THOSE DELICATE WIRES, THE ALARM'LL GO OUT OF COMMISSION!

A WINDOW OPENS, AND GRIM FORMS RACE INTO THE AMALGAMATED METALS BUILDING——

I'LL WARM MYSELF BEFORE THE BLAST FURNACE, YOU GO AHEAD AND CLEAN OUT THE OFFICE SAFE——

RIGHT? WIT' NO BURGLAR ALARMS WORKIN', IT'LL BE A CINCH TO ROB THIS JERNT!

WHILE ON THE STREET OUTSIDE...

OOGH — IT'S GOOD TO STROLL AFTER A MEAL LIKE THAT!!

IT CERTAINLY IS! SAY, LOOK AT THAT CAR -- THERE ARE HEAT WAVES RISING FROM IT!!

AND LOOK AT THAT STEAM — IT'S ALL OVER THE WINDOWS!! WHEW -- IT MUST BE OVER A HUNDRED DEGREES INSIDE! AND-AND- OH- OH -- I GET IT?

YOU MEAN..... THE HEAT ROBBERS?
A moment later, two winged forms rise from the sidewalk.

Even if we're wrong, there's no harm in investigating—come on, Hawkgirl!

Even if we're wrong, there's no harm in investigating—come on, Hawkgirl!

Into the front office room charges the flying fury.

Hawkman!

How—how did he find us here?

Hold on, boys! I have something for you...

D-don't let go of me! If I land in one of those vats of hot S-S-steel, I'm a goner!

You're heading for quite a fall if I let go of you, Bub!

No use running, fellas—I can outrun you any time!

Here's my first gift?

Gangway! Lemme outta here!

Okay! I guess that'll hold you until I take care of your more impetuous pals....

Plug him—quick! Before he gets to us!

You boys are making too much noise to suit me!

But fear of the Hawkman's prowess makes for palsied gun-hands, and...
--- SO LET'S TRY TO HAVE A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET!

YOU HAVE THE SKIN I JUST LOVE TO TOUCH:

I'LL STOP THAT FLYING WIZARD --- WITH A TASTE OF THIS WHITE-HOT STEEL INGOT!

--- TRY A TASTE OF MY SPECIALTY - HEAT!

SORRY, BUB --- BUT I'D RATHER SEE YOU OUT COLD!

--- SEE WHAT I MEAN?

--- I'LL BRAIN --- OOF ---

SWAYING WILDLY, THE TWO FIGURES LOCK IN WEIRD COMBAT......

HEAT IS STILL HELPING THIS FIEND. THE HOT BLASTS FROM THAT FURNACE ARE WEARING ME OUT --- WHILE HE THRIVES ON IT!
With superhuman will-power, Hawkman wards off the nausea induced by the intense heat, and ---

You'll never beat me --- even with all that hot stuff...

I'll get you --- Yet!

As hot shot reels before a savage right-cross, his body catapults into the cold-room....

No... No... Not in here! It's so-so cold...

My last chance to stop him!

Hawkman? I heard sounds of fighting! Took me some time to find you!

--- Whew --- I'm almost out! That heat back there.... terrific! I hot shot's in the cold-chamber...

Bitter, searing cold encompasses the hot shot....

It's killing me! I can't stand this --- I need heat! Let me out! I want to live! I want... to... to... live...

It's stuck! I can't budge it! Hell'll freeze to death in there....

Wait, I'll help you....

But when the door yields to the flying fury's mighty shoulder...

He's done for! He needed intense heat to keep going! This cold, which would only have annoyed an ordinary man... was enough to kill him!!

And here's an ironical touch: he died because his asbestos suit ripped and jammed the door long enough to prevent us from reaching him...

He used it to rob... now it has robbed him---of life itself!

The End
Mutt & Jeff by Bud Fisher

I said, CUT! Huh? CUT what?

That kiss took forty feet of film! How much film do you want for a screen test?

Oh, give me about two reels! I think that will be enough!

Did you pass the screen test?

I surpassed it!

You look like you lost your best friend!

I did! I tried but that guy Horace won my best girl!

Him and his fancy talk—my little sugar plum, you're as sweet as a pineapple! You're a peach! Darling, you're the apple of my eye!

Didn't you say nice things to her like that?

How could I?

Horace works in a fruit store and I work in the fish market!

Need any help?

Fruit market.
WHEN THAT TOUGH OLD SLEUTH, BULLDOG DRUMHEAD, GOES INTO ACTION, HE FINDS THAT HE CAN'T SHAKE L'IL OLIVER WENDELL M'DUFFY, HIS SIDE-KICK, WHOSE EVER-PRESENT SUB-MACHINE GUN SPRAYS A TATOO OF BULLETS ACROSS THE NOSES OF ANYBODY WHO STICKS THEM INTO HIS BUSINESS...

HEY, DUMBHEAD, WHAT IS IT THAT HAS NO LEGS, BUT IS RUNNING ALL OVER THE KITCHEN FLOOR?

I GIVE UP - WHAT IS IT THAT HAS NO LEGS AND IS RUNNING ALL OVER THE KITCHEN FLOOR?

WATER, THAT'S WHAT!

WATER, HUH? HA! HA! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD... GOT TO REMEMBER WHAT? WATER! ?!

YOU LITTLE SQUIRT! AWWWW, YOU LEFT THE WATER RUNNING! I'LL TEACH YOU TO....

THE FLOOR NEEDED A GOOD WASHING ANYWAY!
HERE, TAKE THESE AND GET TO WORK! JUST BECAUSE YOU MOVED IN ON ME AFTER I PUT YOUR OLD MAN UP THE RIVER DON'T MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR YOUR KEEP!

AHHH, BUTTON UP YOUR LIP AN' Gimme the soap I'll get it done!

HMM. I FEEL SORRY FOR THE KID, BUT I GOT TO BE STRICT. I CAN'T LET HIM BOSS ME AROUND!

AFTER ALL, A MAN IN MY POSITION MUST MAINTAIN DISCIPLINE. I CAN'T LET A BRAT GET FRESH WITH ME. I'M AN IMPORTANT MAN, I AM!

YEAH, YEAH. I'LL SEE ABOUT IT. SURE THIS IS BULLDOG. SURE, LEAVE IT TO ME!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT I LEFT YOU HOME... AND STOP TAKING MY PHONE CALLS!

CLAM DOWN, BEANHEAD. CLAM DOWN! I GOT ALL THE DOPE!

CLAM DOWN, I SAID!

YE - YEAH. SURE, OLIVER!

RAT-TAT-TAT - RAT-TAT-TAT
THE NEXT TIME, DON'T BE SO SMART! WHO WAS THAT ON THE TELEPHONE?

THE WARDEN! HE SAYS LEERY McSNEERY JUST ESCAPED FROM JAIL!

McSNEERY? HE'S A DANGEROUS MAN! I'VE GOT TO BRING HIM IN. CAN'T LET HIM RUN AROUND LOOSE...

HEY, WHERE YA GOIN'? McSNEERY AIN'T DOWN ON THE NEXT CORNER.

GOLLY, THAT'S RIGHT! NEVER thought OF HOW I'D FIND HIM... WONDER HOW SOON HE'LL GO BACK TO WORK. HMM, THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT...

STOP KIDDIN' YOURSELF, YOU DON'T THINK!

McSNEERY IS A GUY WHO IS ALL THE TIME SAD. HE HATES PEOPLE TO BE HAPPY, SO HE MANAGES TO MAKE THEM VERY SAD... WHILE HE IS ROBBERING THEM.

ALL WE GOT TO DO IS FIND SOME SAD PEOPLE, HUH? NERTZ!

MEANWHILE IN A SUMPTUOUS MANSION NOT FAR AWAY....

WHY SHOULD THIS BOZO BE HAPPY WHEN I FEEL SO POORLY? I'LL FIX HIM!

While I'M HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL HELP MYSELF TO A SLIGHT REMUNERATION...

Safe SNOOSH!
J. Mortimer Goldenbucks gets the point—several points, in fact!

I could have made him even sadder by pouring glue over his hair. But I shall console myself for that failing by taking his money...

Help! Robbers! Tacks! Owooh, my feet hurt... I'm so-o-o unhappy! Owooh!!

Oh-oh! Listen to that! Something tells me Leery Msneery has been on a job again!
HALT! HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
A FLATFOOT! SCATTER, BOYS, WHILE I PUT SOME MISERY INTO HIS LIFE!
I'LL SHOOT YER HEAD OFF....
IF I KIN GET THIS GUN OUT.
HERE'S AN ASHCAN TO TIE YOUR PLANS TO....
HEY!!
RRRRRR

I SEE YOU BIT OFF MORN'N YOU CAN CHEW, AS USUAL! WELL, I AIN'T LETTIN' NOBODY GET AWAY WITH THAT!
SOMEBODY TIE DOWN THAT SIDEWALK! IT UPPED AND SWATTED ME!

OOOOOPS!
CRAAACK!

CAN Y'IMAGINE THAT? A DOOR MADE OUT OF BRICKS!
NOSSIR! I'M THE ONLY GUY WHAT CAN SLUG YOU AROND! I DON'T LET NOBODY ELSE GIT AWAY WIT IT! WHERE'D THEY GO?

But the bull wandering around in a daze, encounters the thugs again...

HEY! HE'S BACK AGAIN! LET'S FINISH OFF THE BIG BOHUNK, BOYS! WE WON'T HAVE HIM SNOOPIN' AROUND AFTER US NO MORE!

MAMA, WHEN CAN I GET OFF TH' MERRY-GO-ROUND?
OH—SO THAT’S WHERE THEY ARE!

WHERE’S THEM BULLET’S COMIN’ FROM?

YEEOW!

INVISIBLE COPPERS!

THOSE GUYS WON’T BE SO TOUGH AFTER THEY TASTE SOME FLYING LEAD!!

WE QUIT!!

COME AND GET US, COPPERS!

THEY AIN’T TAKIN’ ME ALIVE! NOT LEERY M’SNEERY! DERE’S A OPEN DOOR!

OOF!—HEY!!

WHY DIDN’T SOMEBODY TELL ME THAT’S A STEEL MIRROR—OWOOh!

COME ON, BUMDRUM! WE AIN’T GOT ALL DAY! I STILL GOT SOME DISHES TO WASH!

Huh!

LEERY M’SNEERY! WOW! HOW DID I CATCH HIM?

THAT’S THE BULL FOR YOU! HE DOESN’T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED BUT HE’S SURE HE DID ALL THE WORK!

Buy Bonds for Victory!!
The Flash
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!
BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

If you've been eating oysters all your life, and have yet to find a pearl, we can offer you a better bargain! Try eating an apple; perhaps you'll find a million dollar emerald! Yes, somewhere there's an innocent looking apple concealing this precious gem! Of course, you'll have some tough competition... Jocko Wolfe, the gangster, is terribly anxious to find the emerald, too! But then again, Jocko is facing even stiffer competition... For the Flash is after him!

All in all, we're placing our bets on the Flash, Fastest Man Alive, in this hectic search for...

"THE MILLION DOLLAR APPLE!"
OUR STORY OPENS ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON... JAY GARRICK SUDDENLY ECHOES WITH AMAZEMENT...

WHAT? YOU BOYS ARE WORKING?

THAT'S RIGHT, JAY! WE'RE NOW IN THE EMPLOYMENT OF ONE JOCKO WOLFE, OWNER OF THE PALACE THEATER....

YOU MEAN YOU WORK ON THE STAGE?

AND WHERE ELSE, MY GOOD MAN? WE HAPPEN TO BE OLD HANDS ON THE STAGE!

HM-M-M. THE GAGS MUST BE OLD, TOO!

WELL, I HOPE YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE MONEY YOU EARN!

SO ITENLY WE DO... WE'LL SPEND TH' DOUGH ON WINE WOMEN AN' SONG—THAT'S WHAT!

YEAH! AND THE REST WE'LL SPEND FOOLISHLY!

WELL, WE HEAR TH' BECKONIN' CALL OF TH' STAGE, SO WE GOTTA BE GOIN' NOW! BE SEEIN' YA!

AFTER THE THREE CHAMPS OF STUPIDITY HAVE LEFT.

I HAVE TO GO TO THE PIER TO MEET A FRIEND NAMED CROMWELL! HIS BOAT Docks IN AN HOUR! CARE TO COME ALONG, JOAN?

OH, WELL, I SUPPOSE SO...

THIS CROMWELL IS A NOTED EXPLORER... THE PAPERS SAY HE HAS DISCOVERED A RARE EMERALD! THE THING IS AS BIG AS YOUR FIST, AND ESTIMATED TO BE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE IT....

WOULD I! LEAD ME TO IT!
Meanwhile, backstage at the Palace Theater... what's this? It seems Jocko Wolfe is more than just a theater owner.

...and that's the way you guys are to pull this job!

We gotcha, Jocko! Y'can depend on us!

And hand out these free theater passes. Business has been falling off lately... we gotta put up a good front for this cover-up, ya know!

Ha, ha! I can use a pass myself! I'm crazy about gangster pictures!

Ah! There's Winky, Blinky, and Noddy! Shh! Let's get a sneak preview of their act...

Now this is the way we'll do it, fellows...

Blinky: You start over there, Winky: you sweep in that corner, I'll clean up from here!

Okay!

Tsk, tsk! The three maniacs of mirth do work on the stage — but not as performers — they're stagenands!

Meantime, in Robert Cromwell's cabin, aboard the S.S. Luck...

Well, I must say I feel relieved, now that you're here, detective!

Don't worry, Mr. Cromwell! Your emerald is safe as long as I'm around. Boy, you've sure got a lot of friends. Mind if I have an apple?

Why, no... go right ahead...

Say! Wait a minute! I just had an idea! And whatta idea...
MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE PIER ......

JAY, YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO SEE CROMWELL!

OH, ON HIS EXPLORING TRIP HE LOOKED UP SOME DATA FOR ME! IT'S SOMETHING THAT'S NECESSARY FOR A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT I'M WORKING ON!

OH, LOOK AT THOSE BEAUTIFUL APPLES! I WANT ONE!

AHH! LATER, JOAN! LATER!

SPEAKING OF APPLES, LET'S RETURN TO CROMWELL AND THE DETECTIVE ......

HM-M-I DON'T GET IT!

YOU WILL IN A MINUTE! GET ME THE EMERALD AN' SOME GLUE ....

THE DETECTIVE CARVES THE CENTER OUT OF THE APPLE ......

SEE? WE PUT THE EMERALD INSIDE, GLUE THE APPLE TOGETHER AGAIN, AND IT MAKES A PERFECT HIDING PLACE ....

AH! VERY INGENIOUS!

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SHIP FROM THE PIER ......

HERE WE ARE, GUYS! LET'S GO!

SILENTLY, THE GANGSTERS BEGIN TO OPERATE HEAVING A ROPE LADDER TOWARDS THE SHIP'S RAILING ......

DA HOOKS HAVE CAUGHT DA RAIL! COME ON ....
IN CROMWELL'S CABIN...

THERE! NOW WE RETURN THE APPLE TO THE BASKET OF FRUIT AND YOU CARRY IT ASHORE! IT'D BE TOO SUSPICIOUS CARRYING A LONE APPLE AROUND!

AH! THERE'S JAY GARRICK!

AS CROMWELL LEAVES THE CABIN...

HEY! DERE HE GOES! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SEARCH HIS CABIN....

OH, OH! WE GOT COMPANY!

WHa...

HELLO, JAY!

GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK, BOB! THIS IS JOAN WILLIAMS. SHE.... WHAT'S THAT?

WHAM! OUCH!

SCANT SECONDS LATER, JAY HAS CHANGED TO THE COSTUME OF THE FLASH AND IS RACING FOR THE GANGPLANK....

SOUNDS AS THOUGH SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE. IT'S BEST TO INVESTIGATE AS THE FLASH....

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

ULLP! DADA F-FLASH!!
The Flash whips out with stinging left and right hooks.

Yeeooow! Owwwooo!

Let's pretend you're a golf ball!

Yi-i-i-i!!

Well, whatta ya know! A hole-in-one!

Uggh!

As Flash cleans up the crooks, one of them attempts a getaway.

Wh-what's happening?

Eek! Stop that man! Do something!

Let me take this...

Huh? No, no! Don't!

Ooof!!
Poor Tony, business is really bad today, so he soon returns home... yes, sir. It's just another instance of fate pulling one of her best ironical gags!

Tony can't sell for five cents — an apple worth a million dollars!

Meanwhile, as Cromwell explains his loss to the police, the flash quietly reappears as Jay Garrick...

So, we glued the top back on the apple and returned it to the basket... what followed, you already know...

Oh, Jay, how could I have done such a foolish thing?

Take it easy, Joan! You didn't know!

It'd be best to tell the reporters that the emerald is still in Cromwell's possession! Otherwise, every crook in town would swarm down here looking for it...

Hmmm... you're right, Mr. Garrick!

No word from the police yet! I'm worried, Jay...

Later that evening, in Cromwell's apartment...

Relax, Bob! Look! Why don't you and Joan take in the show at the palace? I'll stay here and wait for the police!
OH, GOODY! SOME FRIENDS OF Ours ARE ON THE STAGE THERE! LET'S GO, MR. CROMWELL!

WELL, L-L--I SUPPOSE SO....

BACKSTAGE AT THE PALACE THEATRE, JOCKO WOLFE READS THE EVENING PAPER....

FLASH SAVES RARE GEM FROM THEFT.... POLICE REPORT EMERALD STILL IN CROMWELL'S POSSESSION!

BAH!!

HEY, BOSS! GUESS WHO'S IN TH' AUDIENCE TONIGHT... CROMWELL!

WHAT? QUICK! ROUND UP SOME OF THE BOYS!

WITH CROMWELL HERE, YOU CAN SAFELY SEARCH HIS APARTMENT! HA! HA! THIS IS GONNA TURN OUT TO BE AN EXPENSIVE SHOW FOR CROMWELL TONIGHT....

YEAH, HA! HA! IT WOULD BE EVEN IF HE HAD GOTTEN ON ONE OF OUR FREE PASSES!

AFTER THE GANGSTER LEAVES....

OH! OH, MR. WOLFE! WHAT'LL WE DO? THE STAR COMEDIAN JUST PHONED! HE'S STRANDED IN BROOKLYN!

YOU DON'T SAY? TSK, TSK! THEN GET SOMEONE ELSE, STUPID! ANYONE! NOW GET OUTTA HERE!

GEE, DON'TCHA WISH IT WAS US OUT THERE, FELLA'S?

YEEAH! SIGH! WHAT CAN I DO? EH, WHAT'S THIS?... HM-M WHY NOT....

IN THE WINGS, WE FIND OUR THREE DIMWIT FRIENDS WATCHING THE SHOW....
Okay, boys! You're on next!

Huh? Is you're kiddin'?!?

Certainly not! Be ready to go on as soon as the M.C. announces you!

Gulp? Okay. If you sez so!

And a moment later...

Ladiez and gent'lemen! We now present for your enjoyment: those three men of merriment... winky, blinky and noddly!

WOW! Lookit' all th' people!

Oooh... what'll we do? What'll we do??

I K-know... let's dance...

Boo! Trow da bums off! Sssssss!

Boo!

Boo to you! Don'ta know real talent when ya see it?

Let 'em have it! Phooey!

Look! One of the men razzing the dimwits' act is Tony, the pushcart peddler....

Ha, ha! I'ma have such a good time. I don'ta mind throwing applas away!

Boo! Boo!
MEANWHILE, AT CROMWELL’S APARTMENT...

HAW, HAW! DIS IS TOO EASY! DA DOOR WAS EVEN UNLOCKED!

BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE THUGS, IN AN ADJOINING ROOM, A PAIR OF EYES WATCHES THEM CLOSELY....

HM-M. NO DOUBT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR THE EMERALD.... SO I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH AS THE FLASH!

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, BOYS?

YEAH, HOW'D YA KNOW WE....

ULP! DA FLASH!!

RIGHT..... "KNUCKLE-HEAD!"

OOOH!

BUT IF ANYBODY WANTS TO KNOW YOUR NAME, FROM NOW ON..... IT'S "FLATHEAD!"
“Hm-m, you certainly carry a mess of stuff in your pockets... what’s this?”—passes to the Palace Theatre!... do you want to tell me where you got these, or shall I persuade you?

No, no! I had enough! We got ‘em from Jocko Wolfe, the owner... he sent us on this job!

That’s all I want to know! Hello... Police Station? Send a squad car to five Penthouse Drive... I’ve got a couple of guests for you...

In the meantime, the dimwits have their troubles......

Disgrace my theatre, will ya? Well, you dopes are fired!

But... we... we... Gulp!

Oww! I broke my tooth!

No wonder! Look at that shiny thing in the apple!

Wow! It’s Cromwell’s sparkler! I’ve got to do some fast talking....

Here! Let me have it! That shiny stuff means the apple is rotten! Now, how would you boys like a five-year contract with my theatre, eh?

Gee-e eh! Honest?

But at that moment, the Flash shows up— for the showdown....

Drop everything! Including that apple!

Yow! You won’t get me!
OH, NO?
ULLP!!

YEEOOOWW!!

Oooof!!

TSK, TSK! Flash, ya shouldn't oughtta have done that...

HE WAS A NICE GUY...

YEAH, HE WAS GONNA GIVE US A FIVE-YEAR CONTRACT...

WHAT?

LISTEN, YOU - YOU DOPES! Jocko Wolfe is a crook! A dangerous gang leader! This apple that you so kindly handed over to him has a million-dollar emerald inside it! He was playing you for saps....

HUH?

PLAYIN' SAPS WITH US, EH? I'll show ya....

TAKE THAT! AN THAT!

OOOWW! OHH!

HELP! POLICE!!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
MUTT & JEFF

by BUD FISHER

MUTT SAYS MY GIRL WANTS TO MARRY, FOR MONEY BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

DARLING, MARRY ME AND I'LL SUPPORT YOU FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

YES, BUT SUPPOSE YOU DIE SOON?

OH, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT! IF YOU MARRY ME I'LL TAKE OUT A $50,000 LIFE INSURANCE --

YOU WILL?

SURE! THEN IF I DIE YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

YES, BUT SUPPOSE YOU DON'T DIE?

DON'T TELL A SOUL BUT I GET IT IN A LITTLE PLACE ON NINTH STREET, MY DEAR! KEEP IT A SECRET!

YOU CAN GET IT THERE AND THE PRICES ARE REALLY LOW!

WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO KNOW -- IT'S SO HARD TO GET WHAT YOU WANT THESE DAYS!

OH, YES, JUSTASK FOR TONY AND SAY MRS. WIMPLE SENT YOU!

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MY DEAR!

MAYBE I CAN GET SOME!

TONY'S LADIES BEAUTY PARLOR

BEAUTY TREATMENTS

MY SPECIALTY: HOUNDBLOWN BEAD AND FEATHER BOX.
Say, Slat, do you know what's wrong with New Year's resolutions?

Sure, they go in one year and out the other!

If your wife laughs at your joke, it's either a darn good joke or she's a darn good wife!

Don't bother me, Slat—I'm not myself today!

Well, whoever you are, y'got the best of the deal!

The gal who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right but she's liable to be left!

If you have a song in your heart, y'better keep it there, unless you've got an ear for music!

Some of the gags you've heard before, some you'll never want to hear again, but we'll bet that you'll be telling most of them at the very next party you go to!

The modern successor to Joe Miller—Ed Wheelan's Joke Book Feat. Fat and Slat

Soon on sale at all newsstands!
MEMO to:

335 Script and Art Department

The Big All-American Comic Book is to feature all BRAND NEW never before published episodes of America's greatest Comics! Be sure to include:

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Green Lantern  Wildcat
Hop Harrigan  Scribbly
The Atom      Boy Blue
Ghost Patrol  Johnny Thunder
Mr. Terrific  Bulldog Drummond
Mutt & Jeff   Who was in Barretta?

All in full color! Please Rush!

The Editor