I...I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! SOMEONE IS GIVING ME THE EVIL EYE!
TERROR DEPT.: THERE ARE MANY THINGS GOING ON IN THE WORLD THAT ARE VERY STRANGE... THAT HAVE NO EXPLANATION! MANY THINGS IN MANY PHASES OF LIFE... EVEN IN THE GAME OF BASEBALL! THERE ARE THE SUPERSTITIONS, THE BELIEFS IN THE UNNATURAL, THE BELIEFS IN THE...

HEX!

OOOH, NO!

STRIIKE THREE!

YER OUT!

I'M SORRY, LEO! I GUESS THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY!

SORRY, HE SAYS! SORRY! WE PRACTICALLY GOT THE PENNANT IN OUR POCKETS... TWO PLAYOFF GAMES TIED... THE FINAL GAME... WOT HAPPENS!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS... MY PITCHERS SUDDENLY THROW FAT PITCHES, WILD PITCHES! THE OTHER TEAM STEALS BASES ON US, CATCHES US NAPPING... AND MY BIG TIME CLEANUP MAN CAN'T CLEAN BEANS... AN' FURTHERMORE...
AHH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S MATTER WITH ME, YEGGI! I CAN'T SEEM TO BUY A HIT!

YOU MIGHT BE HEXED, CASEY! DID YUH TOUCH THE BASE ON YOUR WAY OUT?

NINE RUNS BEHIND... AN' YAKETY YAK YAK YAK.

AAAHH! DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT SUPERSTITION STUFF, YEGGI!

YACKETY YAK YAK YAK.

MAYBE YUH TOOK DUH LAST BAT IN DUH RACK! BAD LUCK TO USE LAST BAT IN DUH RACK.

HERE, CASEY! HERE'S A GOOD LUCK CHARM. IT'LL BRING YUH LUCK!

AAAH... WELL, THANKS, YEGGI! IF ANYTHING IS GIVING ME BAD LUCK, IT'S HER!

WHOZAT, CASEY?

THAT OLD DAME IN THE CENTERFIELD BLEACHERS! EVERY GAME THAT OL' DAME SIT AN' LOOKS AT ME! A REGULAR GIRL FRIEND!

OHH! DATS... DATS DUH EVIL EYE! SHE'S GIVIN' YOU DUH WHAMMY!

EH, YOU BEEN READIN' TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS, YEGGI! LET'S PLAY BALL!

HMF! YEGGI SURE IS SUPERSTITIOUS! THAT OL' DAME IS PROBABLY IN LOVE WITH ME! OOF! HERE COMES ONE MY WAY!

CLONK

IT'S GOIN' BACK INTO THE BLEACHERS... BACK... BACK...
ATTABOY, CASEY LOVER! THAT’S THE WAY TO SNAG ‘EM, LOVER!

AAAH, YOU’VE BEEN BAD LUCK, DOLL! WE WON’T WIN THE PENNANT TODAY!

SURE, I’LL MARRY YOU, DOLL! NOW LEMME CLIMB OUTTA YOUR LAP BACK INTO THE GAME...

I’LL GIVE YOU LUCK, CASEY! PROMISE TO MARRY ME AND I’LL WIN YOU THE PENNANT!

DUMB DAME! WHATSA IDEA STICKIN’ ME WITH A PIN?

BLOOD, CASEY! YOU AGREED TO A PACT AND WE’LL SIGN IT IN BLOOD!

QUIT TALKIN’ TA THEM SPEC-TATORS, CASEY, ER I’LL SLAP A FINE ON YA!

BLOOD! YAHAAH! A PACT IN BLOOD! YOU BELONG TO ME, CASEY... YAHAAH... TO ME!

THUNDER! THAT’S FUNNY! THERE AIN’T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!

VLAAADOM-MM
...NOW LISTEN, CASEY! THIS IS IT! LAST OF THE NINTH INNING... TWO MEN DOWN... NO MAN ON BASE... WE NEED A RALLY, BOY! A RALLY! GO OUT THERE, BOY! SHOW ME THE OL' CLUTCH HITTING' CASEY! I USED TO KNOW, BOY! (SOB) GO HIT A HOME RUN FER OL' LEO!

WOOF... POP FLY TO THE INFIELD... PEWEE RUSS STANDING EASILY UNDER IT...

...FLICKS HIS SUNGLASSES... AND HE MAKES THE CALL...

WAIT A MINUTE!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! THE BALL HAS HOPPED AWAY FROM PEEWEE'S GLOVE! THIS OLD ANNOUNCER'S EYES MUST BE GOING BAD!

WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LOOKS LIKE THE BALL GAME IS JUST ABOUT OVER! SPECTATORS'RE BEGINNING TO LEAVE! CASEY'S COMIN' UP TO BAT! HERE'S THE WINDUP... THE PITCH...

THERE'S A BIG RHUBARB GOING ON! THE UMPIRE IS EXAMINING THE BALL! HE SAYS NOTHING'S WRONG WITH THE BALL! CASEY'S SAFE ON FIRST!

PLAY BALL!
IT LOOKS LIKE THE SWEET SOX ARE RALLYING! YEGG! BORRA BEGONE, ONE OUT!

STAN MUSICAL CONNECTS!

PREACHER ROWBOAT CONNECTS!

EDDY STUNKY CONNECTS!

WHAT A GAME, FOLKS! WHAT A GAME! WITH TWO MEN OUT, THE SWEET SOX HAVE RALLIED IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH AND JUST NEED FOUR MORE RUNS TO CLINCH THE PENNANT! NOW CLEANUP MAN CASEY STEPS TO THE PLATE...

...HE HITS A LINE DRIVE TO THE CENTERFIELD... MELVIN DEMOOGIO'S GOT IT...

...NO!!! THE BALL IS TAKING A CRAZY HOP... SAILING OVER DEMOOGIO'S HEAD... OUT... OUT... OUT OF THE PARK!

...HOME RUN!
WELL, WE'RE OFF TO NEW YORK! IF WE KIN GET THROUGH THESE FANS!

KIN I HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH? MUSH AUTOGRAPH? HUH? AUTOGRAPH, CASEY?

HERE YOU ARE! HERE'S MY AUTOGRAPH! HERE YOU ARE! HERE...

I DON'T WANT YOUR AUTOGRAPH, CASEY! I WANT YOU!

THE PACT! YOU SIGNED THE PACT IN BLOOD...

FACT, SHMFACT! BE A GOOD DOLL AN' GET LOST!

WHO WUZ DAT, CASEY? WHO WUZ DAT OL' WOMAN YOU PUSHED IN DE FACE?

AAAH! THAT DOLL IS STILL FOLLOWING ME AROUND!

Uh-oh! You shouldn't have done dat! She's hexed! She'll hex us all!

COME OFF IT, WILLYA VEGGI! COME ON! LET'S GET A GAME OF BLACKJACK GOING!

GRAND CENTRAL STATION!

NEW YORK! LOOK AT THE FANS, WILLYA?

AUTOGRAPH, MR. CASEY?

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! PLEASE GIMME AUTOGRAPH?

Ahh, c'mon!
OKAY! HERE'S MY AUTOGRAPH!
HERE! HERE!
HERE! Y'ARE!
ONE AT A T.-YOING!
HERE YOU ARE!

NO MORE AUTOGRAHS TODAY!
SORRY! NO MORE!

NO MORE, I SAID!
NOBODY ALLOWED IN HERE!

GID-DADDAA HERE!

WHEN!

AT LAST! I'M ALONE IN MY HOTEL ROOM!

ALONE AT LAST... ALONE...

THEY'RE ALL HANGING OUTSIDE...!

HHEE HHEE HHEE!

THE PACT! I'VE COME TO FULFILL THE PACT! THE PACT WE MADE IN BLOOD!
I TELL YA, LEO! I HOLD A HORRIBLE SHRIEK IN CASEY'S ROOM! A HORRIBLE SHRIEK!

HERE WE GOT THE SERIES IN OUR POCKET, AN' WOT HAPPENS... WOT HAPPENS?

OPEN UP, CASEY!

THE WINDOW!

HE JUMPED! HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME?

TWENTY STORIES TO THE GROUND! HOW COULD THAT FILTHY DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT KILL HIMSELF?

YEGGI! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK! IS THE BODY BAdLY MUTILATED? DID HE LAND FLAT OR ON HIS HEAD? I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!

HE DIDN' LAND AT TALL. HE... HOO...

LEO! WHAT'S DAT UP Dere?


I T'OUGHT I SAW TWO PEOPLE... R-RIDIN' ON A B-B-BROOM STICK... I T'OUGHT.

WHAA? DUNK?

OW!


HOW?

THE CHARM I GAVE CASEY! I GOT A FEELING CASEY'S GONE FOR GOOD! I GOT A FEELIN' WE GONNA loose THE SERIES! I GOTTA FEELIN' WE BEEN HEXED!

MELVIN!

Ook! Ook!

HO HUM! ME, MELVIN OF APES, TIRED DIS NONSENSE! I TINK I GO HOME TO JANE! I TINK I GIVE WAR CRY OF KING OF APES...

Ook! Ook! Ook!

HEY! ME FORGET!... WHERE IS BOY? JANE TELL ME KEEP EYE ON BOY! WHERE BOY?

HEY! LOOK AT DAT MUSCLE!

WOOOO!

SWOOSH!
HEYY, MELVIN OF APES! HERE ME COME! HERE COME BOY!

HOO HA!

HOO HA!

OOPS! ME GET SUDDEN CRAMP IN LEG, BUT HERE ME COME, MELY!

CLEARUM DECK, MELY! ME GONNA SWING OUT ON VINE AN...

BOY MISS!

BOY! HOW MANY TIMES ME TELL YOU TO USE HANDS WHEN SWING FROM VINE! SHOW-OFF! FOR THAT YOU WALK HOME!

HAHAA!

HO! AT LAST AFTER MUCH SWINGING-SWIFTLY O’ER AERIAL SKYWAY IN TREE-TOPS, ME COME IN SIGHT OF JUNGLE HOUSE WHERE JANE WAITS!
HELLO, JANE! WHAT COOKIN'? OOH MELVIN! JANE AFRAID! I HEAR TANTOR THE ELEPHANT TALKING WITH NGAMBO THE LION! TANTOR SAY, OOKABALLAKONGA GOIN' ON WARPATH!

WHAT FOR SUPPER? MAMA! CHOPPED JAMBO LEAVES AN HOMINY GRITS.

MELVIN! WHEN OOKABALLAKONGA GO ON WARPATH... THEY TAKE HEADS AND SHRINKUM! MELVIN! SAY OOKABALLAKONGA WON'T GO ON WARPATH! PLEASE SAY...

LISTEN, MELVIN! IS WARDRUM OF OOKABALLAKONGA! DIS SERIOUS!

WE DON'T HAFTA TAKE NONE O' THAT BOLONEY, MELV! LET'S GO OUT AN' BLAST 'EM!

UGH, JANE! YOU GOT FIRE STICK OF MANY THUNDERS! MELVIN NO LIKE FIRESTICK! BAD WHITE MAN INVENTION! MELVIN BREAK!

BOMTI-DDIBOM!

COME, JANE! ME GO PICK UP SPOOR OF OOKABALLAKONGA! ME TELL 'EM TO CUT DAT NOISE OUT!

HO JANE! ME PICK UP SPOOR OF TRAIL! MAN SCENT GROWING STRONGER! IS VERY STRONG NOW!

KONK!
THE OOKABALLAKONGA

HA... OOKABALLAKONGA! PUT 'EM UP! ME HEAR HOW YOU SHRINK HEADS!

HAH! ME KNOW HOW YOU GOT STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FORMULA TO SHRINK 'EM!

HEY! BUT YOU NO SHRINKUM MY HEAD! COME ON! PUT 'EM UP... PUT 'EM UP!

HAH! ME KNOCK OUT ALL OOKABALLAKONGA EXCEPT DIS ONE PUNK! ME KNOCK HIM OUT, DEN GIVE VICTORY CRY OF NGANDI, BIG BULL APE!

OW!

POK!

PYOO!
MELVIN! OOH QABBAKONGA ARE TAKING US AWAY TO SHRINK HEADS!

JANE! WHERE DAT OL' CALABASAM SPIT? YOU SURE I BUST IT?

MELVIN! WE GONNA FIX YOUR WAGON! WE GONNA TIE YOU TO FOUR ELEPHANTS AN' TEAR YOU IN FOUR EQUAL PARTS!

ANY LAST REQUESTS, OL' MAN?

YES! JUST LET MELVIN GIVE ONE L'IOL' CRY OF BULL-APES, N'GOKKA IN TROUBLE!

HOO HA!

HOO HAAA

MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!

MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!

ANY LAST REQUESTS, OL' MAN?

HOO HA!

HOO HAAA

MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!

MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
SURRENDER!
WE SURRENDER!
FINS, I GOT!

KAMERAD! FINGERS!
WHITE FLAG!

MELVIN! US OOKA-
BALLAKONGAS GIVE UP!
YOU BIG BOSS AROUND
HERE FROM NOW ON,
FORGIVE US! WE GIVE
YOU GIFTS AND ALL
KINDS BIBES!
FIRST WE HAVE BIG FEAST!
FRIED WART-HOG WARTS AND
LITTLE LEFT-OVER HAUNCH
OF EXPLORER WE HAD IN
ICE BOX!

DEN WE GIVE YOU GIFTS!
VOODOO DOLL YOU CAN
STICK PINS IN! KEEP YOU
MATE IN LINE!

OWCH!

DEN WE GIVE YOU COUP,
A EXTRA WIVES! DIS ONE HERE...
SHE KISS YOU... HOOBY! YOU
STAY KISSED!

NOW FOR MAIN GIFT OF EVENING!
VERY FINE GIFT MADE BY SECRET
OL' OOKABALLAKONGA FORMULA!
MAKE GOOD TELEVISION SET
DECORATION!

BRING SPECIAL
GIFT!

CLAP! CLAP!

NO!

IT CAN'T
BE!

IS
SHRUNKEN
HEAD!

...IS
BOY!

UGH! GO
WAY, BOY,
YOU
REPULSIVE!

AH COM'ON MELV! ME GOOD! ME
SWING ON VINE WIT' TWO HANDS
NOW! TAKE BOY BACK TO TREE
HOUSE, WILLYA? HUH? HUH? WILLYA?
Monongahela Wheeler, private eye, flashed his badge at Babalou O'Brien, his nagging secretary.

"Listen, Mo! We owe Mr. Gaines, the Baron of Lafayette Street, five months back rent on this broom closet. You haven't made a prune since you caught the counterfeiter, Two-Buck Tim from Timbuktu! Now you have a chance for an interview and free publicity on the coast-to-coast broadcast. Breakfast with Max and Minx!"

"Desist, woman! I don't believe in mind over mattress... rising at 6 in the a.m. to chit-chat with a couple of bleary-eyed early birds! Besides... I can't stomach their sponsor's product, the breakfast food that's packed in shell casings. What with Minx's canaries chirping the Anvil Chorus, the cereal exploding, and the friction in Max's diction, I won't get a plug in edgewise! No! I refuse!"

Just then, a beautiful woman, with mascara-smeared eyelids, swivel-hipped into the office. As Babalou leered at the lovely intruder, Mo looked her over like the Sunday supplement.

"What is it, Mo? A raccoon??"

Mo observed that the mysterious lady was wearing a soft sighing whip of a black chiffon chapeau with a rayon net cascading over a pure silk print dinner dress of mauve, aqua, topaz, and tissuè faille beige. The whole effect was one of melodious cacophony, quiet dignity and unstudied flawlessness! She was obviously a retired taxi-dancer.

The lady placed 498 one-dollar bills and a two-spot on Mo's desk. She spoke in a voice smooth as warm butterscotch pudding. "This is a small retainer, Mr. Wheeler! There's been foul play at 24 Claw St.!!" Then she turned on her wedgies and left.

Mo stuck the loot in his suit, the two-spot in an envelope for the landlord, and headed for
the house of evil with Babalou in tow!!

Soon, the sleuth and his steno were standing in the sinister, spider-webbed hallway of 24 Claw!

"Let's try that door at the top of the stairs, sweetheart! Watch that first step. Looks rotten!" "Right, Mo!" "Watch that second step. Pretty weak!" "Right, Mo!"

"The third step, too!" "Right, Mo!" "Fourth's bad!" "Right, Mo!" "Fifth's worse yet!" "Right, Mo!" "Watch the SEVENTH step... very bad!"

There was a resounding crash! Mo would have to carry on alone, now! Reaching the landing, he opened the foreboding door! There, on the floor, was a murdered seaman in a blood-soaked oilskin coat and a sou'wester... a harpoon impaled in his back!!

"Here's one sailor who found a storm in a port!" Judging from the angle this 600 pound Nantucket needle entered the body, it was thrown at close range! The serial number has been filed off. There must be hundreds of harpoons of the same caliber around town!!

As Mo whipped his magnifying glass into focus, the Lady-in-Mascara flOUNCED into the room.

"Mr. Wheeler! The solution to this crime lies in that room across the hall!!"

Mo raced to that perilous portal! He kicked it in with the toe of his tennis shoe. A red light flashed... ON THE AIR! Canaries chirped and breakfast food exploded. Radio technicians were absorbed in their decibels. A man with ear-phones threw a frantic finger at Max and Minx!

"Welcome to breakfast with the McSnares, Mo! This was the only way we could get you on our precious program. Will you be our guest before you take us down to police headquarters?"

"You both will get the hot-divan for this caper! But I might comply with your last request. I haven't had my second cup of coffee as yet this morning."

As Mo looked around for the elusive Lady-in-Mascara, Babalou's voice came up from the cellar...

"Mo... you lout!!! Why didn't you tell me about that SIXTH step??????"
CALLING COSMO McMOON!

On a quiet stretch of meadowland in the mid-west, a lonely steel tower reaches into the ether and pulls radio waves into the generator housed at its base. Then it sends the waves, now nourished and revitalized, out into space again to continue on their coast-to-coast journey.

One day, things went awry at this small but important transmitter. President F. M. Wave-length, the big chime of the Irrational Broadcasting System, called an emergency Board of Directors meeting.

"Gentlemen! I don't have to tell you why you are here! Just turn on the radio and you'll hear jumbled programs. H. V. Kettlelrum, news analyst... Martin Cohen, private eye... and Mr. Trace, Loser of Keen Persons, are all working on the same case apparently. Jock Beanny appears to be playing first violin on the Boston Symphony broadcast! Actually, some unknown force, within the radius of one of our midwestern powerhouses, is jamming all the networks together! We have resorted to every known mechanical contrivance to detect the source of the interference, but to no avail!!

"Therefore, I have called in an old school-chum of mine, Prof. Cosmo McMoon, to solve this mystery. The professor and I went to Common Knowledge College together where I was captain of the All-American Tiddly-Winks Team. He played a very solid Left Tiddle!"

Just then, Prof. McMoon entered. Taking off his pitch helmet, he addressed his old schoolmate. "Got your call, F. M.!! I was spending a bit of a vacation at Lake Indian-name-to-end-all-Indian-named-lakes, in exclusive Westchester County. I hate to admit it, but I was about to be tossed out anyway! They discovered a knothole in my polo mallet. A breach of social etiquette if there ever was one!!"

"Have you heard my new song, 'I'll take you home again, Kathleen — the last three cocktails turned you green'?? Or would you rather hear my theories on why the Missing Link is still missing?"

Prof. McMoon and F. M. arrived by plane at the site of the berserk transmitter. As Cosmo began his investigations in the vicinity, the oscillator in his bow tie started to blink and light up! He was hot on the trail!

The signals became strongest when he approached a little hut, tucked away in the woods, not far from the tower.

The door of the humble abode was opened by Walla-Walla Bazinski, a poor but honest farmer. He invited the two men into the plain interior. He introduced his wife, Mrs. Croton-on-the-Hudson Bazinski. On her lap sat ten month old Baden-Baden Bazinski. Music wafted through the room. The Bazinskis were too poor to own a radio; but the sound emanated from their little son's mouth!

"Incredible," cried Cosmo! "This little cherub is a human generator! He opens his mouth and his teeth act as a positive attractor of radio waves. His tongue acts as a conductor of electricity while his teeth are like the push-button station selectors on a radio. He has merely to run his tongue along his teeth to change from station to station!!"

"Yes, and he doesn't take long to warm up like them hand-made radios!", offered Walla-Walla.

Now that the cause of the radio-wave jumbling was unearthed, Mr. F. M. Wave-length paid Mr. Bazinski $100,000 to have little B.B.'s baby teeth extracted. This done, stations only carried one program at a time as before.

Oh, yes!! The happy Bazinskis are now living in the heart of New York... near Radio City! They are waiting anxiously for their little boy's second set of teeth to cut gum!
SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: NIGHT! A MIGHTY, GLEAMING SPACE-SHIP SWOOPS GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE STARRY SKY MAKING A GENTLE LANDING ON THE NEVADA SANDS! INSIDE, GLARF HERF NICK, MARTIAN, SITS, SHAKING AND HAGGARD FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM THE...

GOKUM!

GOSH! A ROCKET SHIP!

IT MUST HAVE COME FROM MARS!

HE MUST BE A MARSHMALLOW!

HEY! YOU SPEAKUM ENGLISH?

WE... NEWS-PAPER REPORTERS!

YOU GOTUM COUPLE WORDS FOR PRESS? SAVVY?

HO-HUM! AS IN MOST SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES, I HAVE AN AUTOMATIC TRANSLATOR MACHINE THAT WILL ENABLE US TO CONVERSE! BUT I'M HUNGRY! SHALL WE EAT?
Aah! This is better! If you reporters will excuse me, I'll tell you my story while I eat. Waiter! Let me have some stewed hominy grits an' fried jambo leaves!

My story starts as a happy youth, strolling along the Gowanus-Glarf canal in the little Martian city of Brooklyn-Glarf with my grandfather.

Come, little Glarf! It is time to tell you the facts of life... to tell you of the Great Wall!

The Great Wall... built by our ancestors many years ago!

For the first time, little Glarf, I shall take you outside the Great Wall!

Chee, granforder! There ain't nothin' this side of the Great Wall!

Nothing, Glarf! N-Nothing here! Glarf! N-N-Nothing but the Gookum!

M-miles and miles of shimmering, jelly-like pink Gookum! This is why our ancestors built the Great Wall, little Glarf... to protect us from the Gookum!

I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, granforder!

This Gookum lives, little Glarf! Right now the Gookum sleeps... lies dormant! For 300 years it has slept, but soon it will walk and come after us! This Gookum is fantastic... like a thing from earth!
AND SO... I LIVED IN THE LITTLE CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF ON THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL! AS I GREW INTO MANHOOD, I DECIDED TO BE A PHYSICIST!

...BEING A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT STUDENT, INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE WELFARE OF MY PLANET, I DEVOTED ALL MY TIME TO PERFECTING A ROCKETSHIP THAT WOULD GET ME THE HECK OUTTA THERE IN CASE THE GOOKUM CLIMBED THE GREAT WALL!

2 PLUS ONE... MOVE THE DECIMAL POINT...
E=MC²

DONT FORGET THE X-FACTOR!
A MINUS THE SQUARE ROOT! ZIBBEN UND TIVONTZIK!

PLUS THE SQUARE ROOT... ZOOT SUIT... ROOTY TOOT TOOT...

GLARF! GLARF!

BLAST IT, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU, MELVIN, NOT TO INTERRUPT ME WHILE I'M THINKING?

SODDY, OLD FELLOW! LOST MY TEMPER! NERVES YOU KNOW... WHAT WITH THIS FILTHY GOOKUM BUSINESS...

THAT'S IT, GLARF... THE GOOKUM!

THE 500 YEARS ARE UP! THE GOOKUM! IT'S BEGINNING TO STIR!
...THE GOOKUM WAS BEGINNING TO STIR!...YES! THE VAST SHIMMERING PINK POOLS OF SHINY GOOKUM NOW BEGAN TO THROB AND QUIVER... TO MOVE IN A GREAT SLIMY GLOB...

GULP! SMACK!

SHMATCH! SMACK!

GULP! GLOP! GRUMP! GRUP!

SPLASH! MR. RUPP!

GROUP!

...MOVED AND BEAT AGAINST THE SECRET INSULATION OF THE GREAT WALL! AND SOMEHOW... A TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM GOT PAST THE WALL!

LOOK! IT MUST BE GOOKUM, ‘CAUSE JAM DON’T SHAKE LIKE THAT!

QUICK! GET IT!

SLOP!

MR. RUPP!

GULP!

THE TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM IS GROWING BIGGER!

I’LL SMASH IT WITH THIS CLUB!

NO! NOT WITH THAT WOODEN CLUB!

SMACK!

SLURP!

THE GOOKUM FEEDS ON ANYTHING ORGANIC!

LOOK! IT’S EATING THE CLUB!

SLUP!

GLOP!

GLOPP!

SLOP!

GLOBBER URP!

SLOR!

SHHH!

HEAD FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!

WE’LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER WALL!

BROOKLYN—GLARF IS DOOMED!

SLOP!

SMACK!

GLOP!

GRUP!

BLOP!

SMACK!

GREPP

BRRRR!
Ah, yes!... Soon this, gulping, slobbering, globbering gookum had swallowed up everything but my insulated laboratory!

Look at that gookum, eating everything organic in the laboratory! I must finish my rocketship!

Look how it circles my insulated platform! It's thinking... figuring out a way to get at me!

There! The last piece of my rocketship is in place!

Glop! Glup! Glup! Gloop!

Now!... Blast off!

Klong!

Klong!

Snap!

Snap!

Klong!

Klong!

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

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Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!
YES, GENTLEMEN! I ESCAPED FROM THE GOOKUM ON MARS ONLY BY THE SAREST BIT OF SHEER LUCK.

THE GOOKUM SHALL STAY ON THE RANDAGE FOR A WHILE, AND THEN IT WILL GO BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN!

AND THEN IT WILL LIE IN FLAT PINK SHIMMERING POOLS, INNOCENT AS A QUIET POND OF WATER... NEVERTHELESS... SINISTER DORMANT GOOKUM!

BUT, WHY TALK OF THAT! HERE I AM, EATING A FINE EARTHIAN MEAL!... I SHALL LAUGH, HA HA, AND BE HAPPY!... THE GOOKUM IS OUT OF MY LIFE FOREVER!

HERE IS YOUR DESSERT, SIR!

CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT... TOPPED WITH AMERICAN ICE CREAM... THAT IS!

AARRH... THIS HOW-YOU-CALL IT... ICE CREAM IS GOOD! NOW WHAT IS UNDERNEATH...

THAT... HOW-YOU-CALL IT... CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT! HOW WE CALL IT IN MARS IS...

D-DORMANT GOOKUM!
CRIME DEPT! ALL YOU OUT THERE WHO ASPIRE TO BE CRIMINALS... YOU WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF EVIL! THIS STORY IS FOR YOU! THE STORY OF A FELLOW WHO DUG HIS WAY INTO BANK VAULTS... WHO DUG HIS WAY OUT OF JAILS... AND WHO WOUND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!... FELLOW BY NAME OF MELVIN

MOLE!

Huh Huh! Dig! Dig!

Huh Huh! Dig, Dig, Dig, Dig!

Huh Huh! Straight to Duh Bank Vault! Dig, Dig, Dig, Dig!

LAST NATIONAL BANK

MELVIN ELDEN
IN-side, MOLE!

PTUNG!

NOW HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, MOLE... BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING! WE'RE WISE TO YOUR WAYS!

WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY INTO FORT KNOX... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!

MIND MY WORDS, MOLE! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

LET'S GO MEN!

WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY OUT OF DEVIL'S ISLAND... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!

CLANG!

WATCH HIM, MEN! HE'S A SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU'VE DUG YOUR LAST HOLE, MOLE! YOU'RE UNDER CONTROL!
KILROY WAS HERE

DIG, DIG, DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

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DIG!
IN-SIDE, MOLE!

MOLE! 'PON MY SOLE! YEW... HAVE... DUG... YOUR... LAST... HOLE! WE'RE PUTTING YOU IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!

YOU SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU USED YOUR LUNCH SPOON TO DIG OUT OF THE LAST CELL, BUT YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN!

WE'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN THIS COMPLETELY BARE CELL WITHOUT A SINGLE OBJECT TO DIG WITH!

WE'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR CLOTHES THAT HAVE BUTTONS! WE'VE CLIPPED YOUR FINGER AND TOE NAILS, AND WE'VE TAKEN YOUR FALSE TEETH! NOW LET'S SEE YOU ESCAPE!

JUST REMEMBER, MOLE! ONE OF THESE DAYS... YOU ARE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

CLONG!

Huh, huh! Dig, dig, dig!
HUM, HUM!
DUMB JOHN LAW COPPER
LEFT HIS
TOOTHPICK!

POST
NO
BILLS

HUM, HUM!
DIG.
DIG.
DIG...

DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!

DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!

DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!

HUM, HUM!
I HEAR LOTS
OF PEOPLE
MOVIN’!
LOTSA PEOPLE
WALKIN’! A BIG CROWD!
THAT’S
WHAT I’LL DO!
I’LL GET LOST
IN THE CROWD!

John Law!
WAAAH!
HAW HAW!
BAWWW!
HI-HI-HI!

POLICEMAN’S BALL

OOPS!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

POW!
INSIDE, MOLE!

PTUNG!

KLAK!

WE'VE TAKEN YOUR CLOTHES AWAY AND SHAVED OFF YOUR HAIR! NOW LET'S SEE YOU ESCAPE!

HUH! DEY DIDN'T TAKE AWAY DIS HERE NOSTRIL HAIR!

Huh, Huh!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

Dig!

DIG!

Huh, Huh! Where am it? Huh, huh! Where di I dig to? Huh...

OOP!

HUH, HUH! NO JAIL KIN HOLD MELVIN MOLE!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

DIG!

JOHN LAW!

AND THAT'S THE STORY!...THE STORY OF MELVIN MOLE, THE FELLOW WHO DIG...THE FELLOW WHO HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
SPECIAL... INTRODUCTORY OFFER

ALL-IN-ONE CIGARETTE LIGHTER and FULL-PACK CASE Personalized with Your Name FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Only $1.28
Your Name Engraved in 23 Karat Gold without Extra Cost

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Just mail name and address for trial inspection and approval. On arrival deposit $1.98 plus 48c C.O.D. postage. Use 10 days. If not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send $1.98 with order. We pay postage.)

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MAY I PLEASE HAVE A CIGARETTE, JOHN? SURE THEY'RE HERE SOMEPLACE
WHY THEY'RE ALL BENT! GOSH, NOW I CAN'T FIND A MATCH!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CASE AND LIGHTER!

HEY! WHERE CAN I GET A COMBINATION CASE AND LIGHTER LIKE THAT?

I'LL GET ONE, TOO WHAT A MAN!

JUST SEND A COUPON TO H & S SALES IN CHICAGO!

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

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Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay post-

name only $1.98 plus 48c C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return

in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send

$1.98 with order. H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

NAME
ADDRESS
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NAME TO BE ENGRAVED
BE A SUCCESS AS A
RADIO-TELEVISION
TECHNICIAN

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tenter you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and more business opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I Will Train You at Home
Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications with Many Kits of Parts You Get!

Good for Both—FREE

Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE
Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build useful Electronic Multiplier for constructing tests; also practice servicing Radio or operating Transmission Experiment with circuits connected Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many ideas of parts I furnished. All equipment in your's to keep. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

Mr. L. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2 M.O.
National Radio Institute, Washington 5, D. C.
Will I send Lesson and Simple Experiments which help you win success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No obligation will result. Please write today.)

Name

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Zone

State

Approved Cancel C. I. B.
Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I’ll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Just tell me where you want it—and I’ll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I’ll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won’t cost you a penny!

I don’t care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a “barrel chest” and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won’t feel there’s even “standing room” left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I’ll wake you up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You’ll feel and look different. Man, you’ll begin to LIVE!

WHAT’S MY SECRET?

“DYNAMIC TENSION”! That’s the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the skinny, skinny chested kid I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through “Dynamic Tension” you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply—double—quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—“Dynamic Tension”—will turn the trick for you. No theory—no easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you’ll be using my method of “Dynamic Tension” almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you’ll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

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FREE

SEND NOW for my famous book, “Everlastin Health and Strength.” (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what “Dynamic Tension” has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I’ll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept.164-X 13 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here’s the kind of Body I Want:

- More Weight—Solid—In The Right Places
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- More Powerful Arms and Grip
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Check as many as you like. Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book “Everlastin Health and Strength”—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand that book is mine to keep, no matter how long I wait. And I will promptly return the coupon below if it does not obliterate me in any way.

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