HERE IT IS, BOYS & GIRLS
THE NEWEST AND FUNNIEST
OF ALL!

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

YES! "THE FUNNIEST ANIMALS OF ALL" APPEAR IN ANIMAL FABLES!

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There was a land men dreamed of, within the remote fastnesses of an undiscovered canyon! In this spot human society reached a perfection unknown to the outside world! Crime and evil were unknown and unnecessary!

But the evil in men's hearts outwears its origin... and so the Mad Hatter found unusual adventure and desperate peril even amid the quiet and peace of... The Golden City!

In the year 1528, a Spanish explorer named Fernand De Leon struck westward across a newly discovered continent! He was seeking the fabled land of India— but illness overcame him...
I AM A FOOL? ALL MY LIFE I HAVE SEARCHED FOR A LAND THAT DOES NOT EXIST! YOU SOUGHT TREASURE IN THE INDIES BUT I DID NOT.

I SOUGHT A PLACE WHERE MEN WOULD BE FREE TO LIVE IN PEACE AND SECURITY; A PLOT OF LAND WHERE ALL MEN WERE EQUAL, AND POVERTY AND EVIL WERE UNKNOWN! NOW I FEAR THAT I SHALL FIND IT ONLY IN DEATH.

A CITY! SUCH AS NO MAN HAS EVER SEEN! THE BUILDING'S GLEAM AS THOUGH MADE OF GOLD!

I MUST LOOK UPON THIS MIRACLE! HELP ME!

DE LEON FOLLOWED HIS MEN THROUGH THE CLIFF WALL? AN ENTRANCE NEARLY CLOSED OFF BY A LARGE BOULDER LED TO A TINY PLATEAU?

THERE IT IS! I CAN SEE THE GOLDEN CITY!

LITTLE DID FERNAND DE LEON GUESS THAT NO OTHER HUMAN EYES WOULD LOOK UPON THE GOLDEN CITY FOR CENTURIES TO COME ---

HAVE YOU THE STRENGTH TO DESCEND INTO THE VALLEY, SIRE?

THIS VISION GIVES ME STRENGTH! LET US GO DOWN TO IT AT ONCE

AND NOW, IN THE YEAR 1946, WE FIND GRANT RICHMOND WORKING BUSILY IN THE LAW OFFICES OF FUDDY AND BUSTLE—

HE’S LOAFING AGAIN!

LET’S SPEAK STERNLY TO HIM!

MY BOY, YOUhaven’t BEEN PAYING ATTENTION TO YOUR JOB LATELY? YOU MUST BUCKLE DOWN! NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE!

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO HAY YOU KNOW!

ARE YOU CRAZY?

I’VE BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT ON THESE REPORTS! I HAVEN’T EVEN LEFT THE OFFICE FOR MEALS AND YOU—WHAT’S THAT?

FOUR CRIMINALS WERE CAPTURED OR KILLED BY THE POLICE! SPADE AND ONE OF HIS HENCHMEN ESCAPED WITH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD BULLION—

I’VE GOT TO BE LEAVING!

NEITHER FUDDY NOR BUSTLE SUSPECT THAT THEIR YOUNG JUNIOR PARTNER, GRANT RICHMOND IS THE MAD HATTER—

SAPDE DELVANE IS CLEVER! HE KNOWS THE POLICE WILL BLOCK ALL HIGHWAYS, WATCH ALL TRAINS. HIS ONLY ESCAPE IS—BY AIR!

THE MAD HATTER’S INTUITION PROVES CORRECT—NEAR THE AIRPORT—

HELLO BOYS! WHAT’S THE HURRY?

HANG ON! WE’VE PICKED UP SPADE’S TRAIL! HE WAS JUST SEEN AT THE AIRPORT.

THERE HE IS!

COPS!
GET THIS HEAP INTO THE AIR!

THEM THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD BULLION!

LEAVE THIS TO ME!

YIPE! HE'S CLIMBING ONTO THE CAR!

COME BACK! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

AS THE CRIMINAL'S PLANE THUNDERS ALOFT, THE MAD HATTER CROUCHES FOR A DESPERATE LEAP-

COILED MUSCLES EXPLODE INTO VIOLENT ACTION! THE MAD HATTER'S GROPING FINGERS LOCK ABOUT A WHEEL AND CLING GRIMLY-


HE MADE IT!
I never thought we'd make it Spade! It cost me four of my best boys, but that means four less ways to split fifty grand!

Nobody can stop us now! We'll be over Mexico in an hour! Yipe!

He's here!

Leaving so soon?

Help! I'm falling out!

Too bad your friend didn't stay to see this trick!

Pow!
THE JARRING BLOW CATAPULTS SPADE FROM THE PLANE!

HE ISN'T KIDDING! THE CONTROLS ARE WRECKED AND I HAVEN'T A PARACHUTE...

HA-HA! THE PLANES GOING TO CRASH!

"BUT SPADE HAS ONE!"

YOU G!!?? FOOL LET GO!

I JUST CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!

WHOOSH!

WE'RE COMING DOWN TOO FAST!

I HOPE THERE'S A SOFT LANDING SPOT UNDER THIS FOG!

DOWN THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS FOG THE PARACHUTES DESCEND UNTIL...

WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS?

I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION!
ANYWAY THIS IS THE 'FINISH FOR THE MAD HATTER! I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD.'

HOLD!

THERE WILL BE NO BLOODED IN THE GOLDEN CITY! UNFORTunately, YOU PENETRATED OUR CAMOUFLAGE FOG, AND NOW YOU MUST REMAIN! REMOVE THEIR GUNS!

WHO ARE YOU?


COME WITH ME!

NEITHER DO I! BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT—YET! THEY TOOK OUR GUNS!

I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP!

WHEN THE MAD HATTER HAS RECOVERED, THE THREE VISITORS ARE GRANTED AN AUDIENCE WITH DE LEON.

AND SO I FOLLOWED THEM HERE! I WANT TO BRING THEM BACK TO JUSTICE!

WE'RE HONEST MEN! THIS COSTUMED BANDIT TRIED TO ROB US...

HMM! YOUR STORIES DISAGREE, BUT IT IS NOT FOR ME TO JUDGE...

INDEED, YOUR PAST DOES NOT REALLY MATTER! SINCE YOU MUST SPEND YOUR FUTURE PAYS WITH US, YOU SHALL BE JUDGED ON YOUR BEHAVIOR HERE!
AS DAYS PASS, THE 'MAD HATTER' LEARNS THE FASCINATING HISTORY OF THE GOLDEN CITY.

DID YOU REALLY MEAN THAT NO ONE CAN EVER LEAVE HERE?

YEARS AGO A SMALL BAND LEFT THROUGH THE CLIFF ENTRANCE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD! THEY CAME BACK TO REPORT THAT THEY FOUND LITTLE BUT GREED, MISERY AND DISCONTENT AMONG MEN...

THEY FOUND THE MECHANICAL MARVELS OF YOUR WORLD USEFUL! ALL THESE WE PUT TO SERVING US... BUT WE WOULD NOT IMPORT THE STRIFE AND HATRED THAT DIVIDE YOUR PEOPLE! THAT IS WHY WE ALLOW NO HINT OF OUR EXISTENCE TO REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

IS THERE NO CRIME HERE?

WHY SHOULDN'T THERE BE? OUR WEALTH BELONGS TO ALL! FROM EACH WE ASK ONLY WHAT HE CAN GIVE AND TO EACH WE GRANT WHATEVER HE MAY NEED!

WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE GOLDEN CITY THERE ARE AT LEAST TWO MEN WHO DO NOT SUBSCRIBE TO IT'S PHILOSOPHY!

SPADE! YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT!

WHAT'S THAT?

THE WHOLE CITY... IT'S REALLY MADE OUTA GOLD! THE BUILDINGS AND STREETS AND EVERYTHING.

SURE! DE LEON SAYS THE AZTECS HAD MORE GOLD THAN ANYTHING ELSE! THAT'S WHY THEY USED IT TO BUILD WITH! THIS WHOLE PLACE IS FILTHY RICH!

I'VE JUST BEEN WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TIME TO MAKE OUR MOVE! THEY'RE NOT SUSPICIOUS OF US ANY MORE! NOW'S THE TIME!

YOU KNOW A WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH THAT STUFF? I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULDN'T MISS A BET, SPADE!

HURRY UP!

HEY! IT SLIPPED!

THAT NIGHT, WHEN EVERYONE IS ASLEEP...
You clumsy idiot! Are you trying to wake up everybody in the palace?

Oww! Nobody heard it, Spade.

But the sound wakens one light sleeper.

Spade is up to his old tricks! I prescribe the usual remedy.

Come on! Let's start...

L-look! The Mad Hatter!

You're carrying! Much too heavy a sack...

Ugh!

You'd better lie down and rest awhile!

Thump!

I'll kick your teeth in!

Men who need glasses...

...should never make passes!

Swish!

BAM!

Uhh!
I heard sounds of fighting. What is wrong?

These men tried to steal your ancient relics.

Now perhaps you'll believe that they are criminals who ought to be punished.

They have committed no crime! These pieces of gold belong to everyone in the city as much as to me. It doesn't matter who keeps them in custody.

You forget, my friend. Here each man can take what he needs. No other man can judge what his necessities are.

Spade needs a prison cell a lot more than hell ever need those goblets. But I'm willing to forgive and forget--if you are.

LATER.

Yeah! He's nutter than a cage of chipmunks! But he swings a lot of weight with these people.

We had a close call, Spade. Lucky for us this city is run by a screwball like that de Leon.

It makes him perfect for our plan of escape. Now, listen...

Still later. That night. The evil Spade and his henchman make their way to de Leon's chambers.

What are you doing here?

We're taking a trip. Just the three of us.
TAKE IT EASY! IT WON'T HELP YOU ANY TO STRUGGLE! YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW US THE WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

DON'T THINK ANYBODY'S GOING TO RESCUE YOU EITHER! WE LEFT A NOTE WARNING YOUR PEOPLE THAT WE'LL KILL YOU IF ANYBODY FOLLOWED US...

AND WE'RE NOT KIDDING.

SOON OUTSIDE DE LEON'S ROOM—

OPEN UP? WHAT'S WRONG?

KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK

SOMEONE STOLE THE VISITOR'S GUNS FROM THE VAULT! THE GUARD IS BADLY HURT!

THIS IS SPADE'S WORK! I THINK I KNOW NOW HOW HE PLANS TO ESCAPE!

I WAS RIGHT! DE LEON'S ROOM IS EMPTY!

WE'VE BEEN WANDERING AROUND FOR AN HOUR! ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW US THE WAY OUT OR...

KILL ME, IF IT PLEASE YOU! YOU SHALL NEVER FIND THE EXIT FROM THE GOLDEN CITY!

MEANWHILE

SOUND THE ALARM! YOUR LEADER'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!
OKAY, SUCKER! WE'LL KILL YOU AND FIND THE WAY OUT OURSELVES!

LOOK, SPADE! ON YOUR BACK!

IT'S THE MAD HATTER!

I CONFESS THAT THERE ARE TIMES...

...YOU MAKE ME REALLY MAD.

OH-OH! SEEMS I'LL HAVE MORE USE FOR YOU!

THIS MIGHT BE CALLED TRUMPING YOUR PARTNER WITH A SPADE!

OWWW! I QUIT!

BACK AT THE PALACE -

ONE OF OUR SPOTTERS REPORTS SEEING PLANES FLYING NEAR THE PLACE YOU CRASHED! I SUPPOSE THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR YOU!

YES, AND THEY'LL BE BACK SOONER OR LATER THEY MAY EVEN DISCOVER THE HIDING PLACE OF THE GOLDEN CITY!

THEN IT IS NECESSARY THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE US, MY SON. MUCH AS I HOPE THAT YOU WOULD STAY TO BE ONE OF US, THE SAFETY OF THE GOLDEN CITY IS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE! I UNDERSTAND! I SUGGEST THAT THE OTHERS BE UNFOLD, SO THEY CAN NEVER FIND THE ENTRANCE AGAIN...
Farewell, my son! No one but you knows the secret entrance. I feel it is safe in your hands.

Someday you will return. For good and brave men there is always a place here.

A short time later an army plane speeds the Mad Hatter and his captives home.

Losing fifty thousand dollars in gold must have driven Spade batty. He keeps babbling about a golden city. Is he out of his mind, Hatter?

Each of us dreams of a golden city. Few men are privileged to find it. Those who do aren't likely to forget...

Sooner or later, they will always go back. As long as men can dream, the golden city will never die...

Morning in the law offices of Fuddy and Bustle—Oh, oh! Here they come, and I'll bet they're angry!

My boy, you've been working too hard lately. We've decided to give you a vacation!

Take a week off with pay. Don't come near the office.

I was afraid they'd missed me, but they don't even know I've been away. Sometimes I'm glad they're absent-minded!
No one would suspect Grant Richmond of being anything but a bright young man with a promising future in the law offices of Fuddy and Biddle. But the dark byways of the Thunderworld know him as the Mad Hatter, swift agent of Justice, relentless enemy of crime!

Master Criminal is the man known as Frank Faro! But inevitable justice overtakes even the most gifted of lawbreakers...
YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF THE TRIAL, FAZO!

YOU'VE STILL GOT TO CONVINCE ME!

MAYBE THIS WILL DO IT!

OK, DO YOU STILL NEED PERSUADED?

SO ANOTHER WOULD-BE CRIMINAL GENIUS FINDS THAT HE CANNOT CHEAT THE LAW! THE TRIAL OF FRANK FARO MOVES SWIFTLY! SOON...

AT THE PRISON MORGUE...

FRANK FARO WAS EXECUTED AN HOUR AGO! I'VE COME FOR THE BODY! I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SHOW YOU!

YOU'RE THE GUY WHO WANTED IT FOR EXPERIMENTS, OKAY? FARO DIDN'T OBJECT AND THE WARDEN GRANTED YOUR REQUEST!

LATER IN A DIM-LIT OPERATING ROOM...

THE HEART AND LUNGS HAVE STOPPED! ONLY THE BRAIN LIVES... THE BRAIN! I MUST WORK SWIFTLY!

NO PULSE BEAT! THEN I'VE FAILED! ONCE MORE DEATH IS THE VICTOR!
IT IS HOPELESS! NO MAN CAN RECONCILE THE ANTAGONISM BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST! NO MIND CAN LIVE IN AN ALIEN BODY!

I'VE BEEN A FOOL! IT'S TIME I CALLED AN END TO THESE VAIN EXPERIMENTS!

I'M NOT DEAD! BUT HE IS! WHAT HAS HE DONE TO ME?

MY FACE... LIKE A BEAST! THIS CAN'T BE ME! BUT I CAN THINK, AND THE THOUGHTS ARE MINE! I - I AM FRANK FARO!

I'LL NEVER ESCAPE! TRAPPED FOREVER... INSIDE THIS BEAST! I WISH I WERE DEAD!

BUT THIS WAS NOT THE END FOR FRANK FARO. LIFE STILL PULSED IN HIS STRANGE CARCASS, AND GRADUALLY HE BEGAN TO MASTER THE SHAMBLING CREATURE WHICH WAS HIS OUTWARD SELF. HE LEARNED TO STAND ERECT, EVEN TO FASHION WORDS OUT OF GUTTURAL GRUMBLINGS...
But there are other necessities, a beast cannot roam a city unmolested...

He is the right size! Unlucky for him!

How silently he dies, a strong man, but whose strength is a match for mine?

At a mask-maker's shop, the man who was Frank Faro completes his disguise...

All the thief took was a rubber-face mask? Can you describe him?

He was a big man, wearing a grey suit and gloves! I didn't see his face clearly! Why would anyone steal an ordinary face mask?

Not so handsome as I was! But there are advantages... I've the strength of a dozen men!

Ha, ha! Frank Faro is dead from this hour. The gargoyle lives!

In a lonely thieves' hideout...

You all worked for Frank Faro once now you'll work for me! Tonight we'll visit Judge Hastings. I'm told he has a collection of rubies.

Faro's dead? Why should we work for you?

Let me show you why? N-no, put me down... help!
A single powerful throw and a man's broken body smashes into the wall.

You won't defy the gargoyle again!

I am master here! Is that understood?

Nobody's arguing after what happened to Lefty! You give the orders, and we'll listen!

Meanwhile in the law offices of Fuzzy and Bustle: Confusion reigns as usual...

What happened to those papers? I know I put them in my desk.

Seems to me I have an appointment. Or do I?

An appointment? You'd better hurry or you'll be late! I don't know what time the appointment is.

What is the difference? You can't waste a minute!

The two fuzzy heads are at it again!

You've an appointment to meet Judge Hastings at his home! You're supposed to be there in half an hour.

I am? But I can't possibly make it! Urgent business! You'd better go instead.

I can't remember! What urgent business do I have?

How should I know? But don't mention it to Grant Richmond! You'll only confuse him!
BE CAREFUL NOT TO FORGET WHATEVER IT IS YOU... I'M LEAVING RIGHT NOW FOR JUDGE HASTING'S HOME.

ER... HAVE TO DO? I CAN'T STAND ABSENT MINDED PEOPLE!

JEEZ! YOU SMASHED HIS SKULL WITH THAT WALLOP! MY VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE! BUT THESE FOOLS MUST HAVE THEIR SPOILS!

GET TO WORK ON THE SAFE!

IN JUDGE HASTING'S HOME--

A FORTUNE IN RUBIES! YOU CASED THE RIGHT JOB THIS TIME, GARGOYLE!

FOLLOW ME AND I'LL MAKE YOU RICH!

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE!

A ROBBERY! LOOKS LIKE I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!

SECONDS LATER, GRANT RICHMOND CHANGES TO THE DREADED CRIME-FIGHTER KNOWN AS THE MAD HATTER!

GET HIM QUICK BEFORE HE GETS US!
THOUGH I "TALE" THIS AFFAIR, BE SURE I WONT FORGET IT...

BY YOUR LEAVE A NOSEGAY FAIR! BUT YOU MUST COME AND GET IT!

YOU WONT MAKE ANY MORE NON-SENSE RHYMES!

DON'T YOU LIKE THEM?

I DO BELIEVE THERE'S NO POETRY IN YOUR SOUL!

SO WE MEET AGAIN! YOUR QUICKNESS IS NO MATCH FOR MY STRENGTH!

HAVE WE MET BEFORE?

SUMMONING ALL HIS POWER, THE MAD HATTER LANDS A BONE CRUSHING BLOW—

I DON'T RECALL YOUR FACE!
YOUR PUNY BLOWS CANNOT HURT ME! HA-HA!

CRASH!

This just begins my revenge!

Lucky I practiced tumbling and know how to fall, or he'd have broken my neck! Oh! Oh! Here he comes again.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick-

AND THE GIANT WILL JUMP OVER THE HICKORY STICK!

Now's my chance! While he thinks I'm beaten.
I'll teach you to laugh at me! Ohh!

I'll make sure he's dead! No time for that, Gargoyle! Let's blow before the cops get here! We've got what we came for!

PAINFUL MINUTES LATER.

I can't stand many more wallops like that one! My head feels twice its normal size already!

JUDGE HASTINGS WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED! APPARENTLY HE DIDN'T PUT UP A FIGHT EITHER! WHY DID THE ROBBERS KILL AN INNOCENT OLD MAN?

As more murders follow, the newspapers ask the same question—

THIRD GARGOYLE MURDER!

Bloodthirsty thief still at large. What is motive for killings?

AND IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE GARGOYLES MEN REBEL AT THE WANTON SLAUGHTER.

We're not getting enough dough from these jobs! You'll do as I say! To risk any more killings? The heats on and we don't like it!

Not any more, Gargoyle! We're quitting! You can walk that last mile to the electric chair alone! Like your pal Frank Farko, Ha-Ha! Ha-Ha!
WITH A SUDDEN SAVAGE GESTURE THE GARGOYLE TEARS OFF HIS PROTECTING MASK.
YOU FOOLS! I'M FRANK FARO!

HE'S GONE CRAZY! I'LL SHOOT-- UH!

NO LIFE IN YOU! THE TONGUE IS CHOKED IN YOUR THROAT! ONLY DEAD MEN KNOW MY SECRET!

THAT FIRE WILL DESTROY THEIR BODIES! THE GARGOYLE WORKS BETTER ALONE!

I REMEMBER NOW! DENIMORE AND HARLEY WERE ON THE BLUE RIBBON JURY THAT CONVICTED FRANK FARO! JUDGE HASTINGS SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH!

MEANWHILE GRANT RICHMOND (ALIAS THE MAD HATTER) HAS BEEN PUZZLING OVER THE GARGOYLE'S CRIMES--
JOHN HASTINGS, DENIMORE, HARLEY... STRANGE! SEEMS TO ME I REMEMBER SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THE GARGOYLE'S VICTIMS.

A HASTY VISIT TO THE FILE ROOM OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER--
I CHECKED THE WHERE ABOUTS OF THE OTHER JURORS. ONLY TWO ARE STILL IN TOWN! THEIR NAMES ARE CIRCLED...
A PHONE CALL ELIMINATES ANOTHER NAME FROM THE LIST -
MRS. DAGON WENT TO THE SKYLINE AMUSEMENT PARK WITH HER SON?
NO - IT'S NOTHING IMPORTANT!
JUST TELL HER A FRIEND CALLED -

SPLIT SECONDS LATER A RACING SHADOW DARTS DOWN A DARK ALLEYWAY!
THE MAD HATTER IS ABROAD!
THERE'S DAGON IS SAFE TEMPORARILY!
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, JOHN SLATER NEEDS HELP!

AFTER AN HOUR OF CAUTIOUS WAITING -
I WAS RIGHT! HERE'S THE GARGOYLE NOW!

YOU GET UGLIER EVERY TIME I SEE YOU!
AGAIN? I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT!
BUT THE CHANCE WON'T COME AGAIN!

I WON'T GET WITHIN REACH OF THOSE ARMS!

AND YOU CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM MY FEET!

OOF!
AS THE GARGOYLE REGAINS HIS FEET, AN EERIE WAILING SOUNDS THROUGH THE NIGHT.

A POLICE SIREN! SOMEBODY CALLED A PROWL CAR!

THEN IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE!

ABRUPTLY, THE GARGOYLE WHIRLS TO LAND A SAVAGE BLOW—!

OH-H-H!

YOU'RE STAYING HERE!

THE MAD HATTER! ARE YOU OKAY?

QUICK! THE GARGOYLE'S HEADED FOR MRS. DAGON'S HOME! DRIVE ME THERE!

BUT FATE PLAYS A GRIM JEST. A FLAT TIRE DELAYS THE POLICE CAR AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE—

SHE ISN'T HOME YET! SHE LEFT THIS NOTE SAYING WHERE SHE WAS GOING! THAT MAY PROVE TO BE A FATAL MISTAKE!

DO YOU THINK THE GARGOYLE READ IT?

NERST HESS HEAD FOR THE SKYLINE AMUSEMENT PARK NOW! WE'VE PUSHED THE GAS PEDAL THROUGH THE FLOOR!

BUT THE GARGOYLE IS AHEAD OF HIS PURSUERS—

THERE SHE GOES! THIS IS ONE RIDE FROM WHICH MRS. DAGON WILL NEVER RETURN!
Up the steep incline...

Almost time! When we reach the top of the hill!

Now!

Mama! Look!

Help!

No one can hear your screams!

But keen eyes are watching...

The gargoyle! He's found her!

You can't go up there! It's suicide!

I've got to hurry!

The rumble of the approaching car mounts to an ear-shattering din...

Almost there now!

THIS WILL BE CLOSE, BUT IT'S GOT TO WORK!

THIS TIME IT'S A RIGHT TO THE FINISH, GARGOYLE!

BLAST YOU!

IT WILL BE YOUR FINISH, I'LL SEND YOU FLYING OFF THE CAR!

AN UNPLEASANT THOUGHT!

BUT THEN YOU'RE AN UNPLEASANT FELLOW!

ARRRGH! MY MASK!

A BEAST-MAN, BENEATH YOUR MASK YOU'RE AN ANIMAL!

AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
Wrong guess, gargoyle!

Yaaa! Don't let me fall!

A werewolf, choking screams marks the death trail of the gargoyle.

So he died like the beast he was? Strange — but for awhile I thought the gargoyle was really Frank Faro in disguise. It would have explained the murders. Now I'll never know the real reason for them.

I owe you my life! But… but who are you?

My calling card! I'm glad to have been of service.

This doesn't make sense at all. Why — he's gone!

The Mad Hatter never stays long except where he's needed. Sometimes he doesn't make much sense either. Or does he? I've never been quite sure!

Though I dream of stuff and shtuff, sweets and cabbages, kings and cabbages aren't enough. I must have the danger, too! Hatter.

But is the gargoyle really dead? Only time will tell…
Whatcha doin', Tardy? I'm just spading my vegetable garden!

Ya mean to tell me ya're gonna grow vegetables in there? What kind?

Tomatoes and carrots and...

Did you say carrots?

Big beautiful carrots!

Just like these in the book!

Well, well! Carrots, eh?

Keep up the good work, Tardy! Lemme know when the garden is coming along!

I sure will, Hasty!
SEVERAL MORNINGS AFTERWARD -

Dawsh! This is a wonderful day!

I looked at my carrots last night and they were almost full grown! I mustn't forget to tell Hasty.

I never knew Hasty was so interested in gardening! He asked about those carrots every day!

Awk! They're gone!

What's gone? My big beautiful carrots! Somebody's eaten them!

Why, so they have! Tsk, tsk! Who'd be mean enough to do a thing like that?

The thief must've left footprints!

Do you see any footprints, Hasty?

Why--uh--no? I don't see a thing!
Did you say something? Who, me? You must be hearing things!

It sure is too bad about them carrots! It won't happen again!

I guess not! Specially since there ain't one of them... burp... carrots left!

I'll rig up an alarm bell to warn me if anyone tries to steal my mushrooms!

Hmmm - mushrooms? Tender, fat mushrooms! The very best I've seen!

Mushroom soup! Sliced mushrooms on toast! How I love them!

Lemme help, tardy! Any thief coming in here at night is sure to stumble over this wire fence when he does --

It'll set off the alarm on this clock and wake me! Then I'll catch him!
THAT NIGHT:
THE COAST IS CLEAR.

NOW TO GET ME SOME OF THEM TENDER MUSHROOMS!

NEVER TOUCHED ME!
HA-HA!

YUM-YUM! TARDY SERVES A NICE DINNER! MUSHROOMS AN' EVERYTHING!

WHAT'D I STEP INTO?

IT'S A TRAP! ❌✅ ???

HELLO, HASTY!
LISTEN! I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! GIMME A CHANCE, WILL YA?
Only first get me outta this @!!! bear trap! Okay!

Well, ya' don't Hafta be so rough about it!

Just how did you happen to be in my garden so late at night?

Well... I kinda heard funny noises, I says to myself that could be the thief who's been stealing from Tardy's garden!

So I came over to take a look! And I got caught myself! I'm strictly not guilty!

I'm glad to hear it, Hasty! Because --

Well, yer' don't mushroom in my garden! They were toadstools!

Most people can't tell the difference... except toadstools ARE poisonous!

Gulp! I don't feel so good!

Hell be all right! He's just suffering from a bad case of toadstool poisoning!

Burf!
Tommy Mason set the empty glass down on the bar and turned to leave the saloon. As he did so the door opened abruptly and Jake Hatton was standing there, so near to him that they blocked each other's way. One of them had to give way, but which one? All at once it was quiet in the saloon and every man was watching them.

Hatton was wearing a flannel jacket and his right hand strayed instinctively to the gun shoulder holster which the jacket did not quite conceal. His pig-like eyes swept Mason's body to his hips, noticing that Tommy was unarmèd.

It was a situation filled with dynamite because of the background of the two men, because the place was public and everyone could see who gave ground first. Mason felt foolish. He'd never actually fought anyone in his life. Besides, this feud was not of his doing, but from the time he was old enough to remember it had been forced on him.

Suddenly Hatton stepped aside and the tension snapped. His mouth was smiling although his eyes stayed flat and hard. "Rushing home to them golden ponies of yours, Tommy?" His voice carried loud enough for everyone to hear and the fact that they heard was confirmed by the shout of laughter that followed. They all knew of Mason's obsession for palominos and they also knew of both his father's and his own failure to raise them in the dried-up wasteland of the southwest.

The sun was almost directly overhead and the heat beat down relentlessly as the dusty figures of Mason and his foreman, old Johnny Knight, rode out of town.

"I don't like the way Hatton acted back there," Knight said. "He backed down when he was toting a gun and that ain't his way. He's got something up his sleeve." When Tommy didn't answer, he continued. "The trouble with you is you ain't got a temper. You know this country ain't big enough for both you and Hatton. "He's out to get you, and it don't matter how. More'n one man who quarreled with him has wound up pushing up daisies."

"A feller takes his chances," Mason answered. "Getting mad doesn't help."

"But can't you see his side of it?" Knight persisted. "He's still burned at what your paw did twenty years ago. O'course what he did was perfectly legal an' all that, but to buy up all that there land right from under Hatton's nose an' use it to try and raise them taffy-colored horses when Hatton's cattle was fairly screaming for grazing pasture, well, I know more'n one guy it wouldn't set quite right with."

"Hatton had all the chance in the world to buy that land, Johnny." Mason's voice took on a slight edge. "He kept waiting, hoping to beat the government's price down. He's got no one but himself to blame."

A few minutes later Mason and Knight rode up to the wooden shed at the railroad siding and dismounted. A fat, red-faced man in city clothes was waiting for them. Mason introduced himself and his foreman, then asked: "Did you bring those two stallions like you promised in your letter?"
I did," came the reply from the fat man, "but it'll cost you almost twice what I was originally asking for 'em. Some gent named Hatton was just down here and offered me that amount in cash. I wouldn't take it till I talked to you. I promised you first call and I'll stick to it. How about it? Can you swing it?"

Mason's face flushed slightly, but he kept his temper. His voice, when he answered, was low and steady. "Yeah, I guess so—just about. Come on down to the bank and I'll get you the extra cash." It was a lousy deal, but he knew Hatton would buy the horses out of spite. Anything to put a crimp in his plans was his whole idea.

It was a long trail home, and right from the start things went wrong. The golden stallions had been loaded onto two carts, with Mason driving the first and Knight the second. A steady rain had started to fall and the road was turning into a dark brown mass of mud. The trip back to the ranch would take twice as long and to make matters worse neither cart had a roof to shield the animals from the torrents of water.

One of the stallions began to twist and buck out of sheer discomfort, it's hooves beating a tattoo on the floor of the cart. Finally, with a sickening lurch, the right front wheel of the cart gave way as it sunk, axle-deep, in the soft mud. There was nothing for the two men to do but call a halt and pitch camp for the night.

When Knight had got a small brush fire going, Tommy came over to him, leading his horse by the bridle.

"I'm riding home for help, Johnny," he said. "Hold the fort till I get back."

Day was only a gray shadow when he returned, but the fire was still burning brightly. "Hey, Johnny," he called. "I'm back. Some of the men'll be along any minute with another cart."

There was no answer and immediately he thought, "Something's happened to the stallions! They've got away!" He kicked his horse into a gallop and plunged into the circle of light. Knight was sitting by the fire. As soon as he saw Mason he shouted. "Tommy, look out!"

Instinctively, Tommy leaped from the saddle and hit the ground head first, just as a shot rang out from the darkness beyond the fire. While he crouched, waiting, the gunman, sure of himself, sidled into the open, his face covered by a mask. Suddenly, Tommy laughed crazily. The sound, coming from an unarmed man, seemed to unnerve the killer. As his gun hand jerked up, Mason struck. Not with his fists but with the bullwhip he'd uncoiled from around his arm. His arm flicked back and forth, the crack of the lash as loud as the echoing gunfire. Something burst past his cheek and in a flash he'd thrown himself upon his attacker.

As the two men struggled, the gunman's mask slipped sideways and off his face. From Knight in the background came a shout. "It's Hatton. Git outta the way so's I can plug him."

Mason's answer was a tortured gasp. "Leave me be, Johnny. I'll handle this—or die trying."

Bloody minutes later Mason pulled himself off Hatton's prostrate form. Johnny Knight was hopping about excitedly. "Tommy, you did it. You finally got mad! This'll be a day to remember."

Mason's smile was a little bitter. "It wasn't myself I was thinking about, Johnny. When I thought something had happened to those stallions I guess I saw red." He looked at his bruised knuckles. "Getting mad sometimes helps. I'll have to try it more often."
Fuddy and Bustle

One day in the busy offices of Fuddy and Bustle...

Why, yes! I need help desperately! How did you know?

He's a small man and he wears glasses. If you find him, send him to 22 Lenox Avenue at once! Please don't fail me! You can depend on me, madam!

Hurry up, Bustle. We've got a case!

What kind of a case?

After Elmer Fuddy explains...

Bah! We're becoming a regular lost and found agency! First the police want us to find Sweet Tooth Samuels! Now we're looking for somebody else!

Let's try Hangman's Den! That's a good place to search. Besides they serve ice cold beer!

At the Hangman's Den...

He looks like our man!

Undoubtedly!
COME ALONG QUIETLY. YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED...

MAKING YOUR GOOD WIFE WORRY LIKE THAT...

SO YOU TWO SHYSTERS ARE WORKIN' WITH THE COPS NOW!

OH!

THERE'S SWEET TOOTH SAMUELS!

COPPERS! IM TRAPPED!

LATER...

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'LL SHARE IN THE REWARD FOR CAPTURING SWEET TOOTH SAMUELS!

NO WONDER HIS FACE LOOKED FAMILIAR! HE WAS A CLIENT OF OURS THE LAST TWO TIMES HE WAS CONVICTED!

COME TO THINK OF IT, SWEET TOOTH SAMUELS DECIDEDLY WASN'T A SMALL MAN AND HE DIDN'T WEAR GLASSES!

WE MUST TELL THE POOR WOMAN WE COULDN'T FIND HER HUSBAND WHAT WAS THAT ADDRESS AGAIN?

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, ELMER FUDDY!

GRACIOUS! 22 LENOX AVENUE IS MY HOUSE!

YOUR OWN WIFE WAS LOOKING FOR YOU!

THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD BE SURE OF GETTING YOU HOME FOR DINNER!

VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, MY DEAR! SOMETIMES I AM A LITTLE ABSENT MINDED!

WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR ABOUT OUR ADVENTURE TODAY! WE CAPTURED UH... WHAT WAS HIS NAME, BUSTLE?

WHO'S NAME? YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING, YOU KNOW! PASS THE POTROAST!
**Who is the world's laziest man? Why, of course—Humpty Dumpty! But the Mad Hatter learns that a lazy body by no means connotes a lazy mind when Humpty Dumpty plies his unique wares as a... Crime Consultant.**

**Darkness shrouds the waterfront, but through the darkness a denser shadow moves. The Mad Hatter is abroad!**
AND THIS IS THE SCENE THAT HOLDS THE MAD HATTER'S ATTENTION: THE MASTER VILLAIN, HUMPTY DUMPTY, IS HARD AT WORK.

HO-HUM! ALL THIS ACTIVITY IS MAKING ME WEARY. FINISH THE JOB QUICKLY!

WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, HUMPTY DUMPTY.

SUDDENLY—PERHAPS YOU NEED SOMEONE TO HELP YOU!

IT'S THE MAD HATTER! UGH!

QUITE SO! IT IS THE MAD HATTER! IT'S BEST THAT I DEPART!

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

NO HELP FOR IT! I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO RUN! (PUFF—PUFF) OH HOW I DETEST VIOLENT MOTION!

MUCH AS I LOathe SWIMMING, THE TIME HAS COME TO OVERLOOK MY FEELINGS IN THE MATTER!
HUMPTY DUMPTY IS GONE! HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED IN THAT MOTORBOAT I HEAR? I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM NOW!

PUTT -- PUTT -- PUTT --

Lucky for mi-me that motorboat passed by when it did, or the mad hatter might have found me. Brr ... this water is c-cold!

It's safe now, but I'll never forget this night! So much unRewarding exercise! Such lack of dignity!

I fear this life is not for me. Let others seek excitement and danger. I yearn for the placid pleasures of the mind.

But retirement is far from the thoughts of the roly-poly rogue -- presently in a thieves' hideout.

Look at this! Humpty Dumpty's gone into business! He's selling advice for a price!

Lemme see that!

Humpty Dumpty's a smart guy! This might be a good idea!

Yeah, I sure need expert advice! I've got three raps on me already — and if I get caught again they'll send me up for life! I'm gonna visit Humpty Dumpty!

FOUR OUT OF FIVE! ...

Yes, statistics prove that four out of five presently active criminals have police records! Why make mistakes? Come to the man with the plan: Visit Humpty Dumpty ... The Crime Consultant! Reasonable Fees. Results Guaranteed!
LATER IN THE BACK ROOM OF AN INNOCENT APPEARING TOY SHOP—
COME IN, GENTLEMEN! I PREsume you want to consult me on a matter of business!
THAT'S RIGHT! we ain't makin' a success out of our crime careers!
AH, YES! FREDDY GAUNT, you were arrested recently and jumped bail! and you sparrows have already been convicted three times!
DON'T Remind me! I wanna forget de ugly past! tell us how to do better in the future?

YOUR CASES BETRAY PARALLEL SYMPTOMS? both of you strive too much after the conventional in crime! i suggest a change of scenery! A new method of approach! do you like the races?
'YA MEAN HORSE RACING? SURE!
THEN i'VE JUST THE TONIC FOR YOU! you will find here a detailed prescription, showing where and how to commit the crime! good luck, gentlemen!
GEE! THANKS A MILLION, HUMPETY DUMPTY!
DON'T MENTION IT! MY.. ER.. AH-- Fee for this consultation will be ten thousand dollars!

OH, YEAH! I almost forgot! i have a good memory for these details! you may rely on me to remind you!

SPEAKING OF MEMORIES, let us look into the law offices of the absent-minded duo--FUDDY AND BUSTLE--where grant richmond is hard at work... to the courtroom! naturally!
WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?
We're going to defend our client, Freddy Gaunt!

Has it slipped your mind that Freddy Gaunt jumped bail last week? The police are still looking for him!

There can't be any trial until they find him. If there's no trial, there's no client!

He makes sense, bustle?

You're quite right, Fuddy!

Then our duty is plain! You've got to find Freddy Gaunt, so we can turn him over to the police! Then we'll have a client to keep from going to jail!

Do you think Freddy Gaunt will appreciate your efforts?

It's all included in our fee! Go find him! You can even take an extra hour for lunch, if necessary.

The police have been looking for Freddy Gaunt for weeks! Now I'm supposed to find him during my lunch hour!

No sooner does Grant Richmond depart, than the two senior partners suffer another attack of absent-mindedness.

What are we doing with our brief cases, bustle?

We're all dressed up too! We must've been going someplace.

Now I remember! We were going to the courtroom!

A brilliant deduction, Fuddy! We probably have a client awaiting us there's!
Seeking information, Grant Richmond pays a call on his friend, Inspector Craig.

Sorry! The inspector just left. He's spending the day at the race track.

Thanks!

Next stop -- the races! If I win the daily double, Fuddy and Bustle will probably take it out of my salary.

Almost unnoticed by the huge throng, a truck pulls to a stop near the winner's circle.

A fine spring afternoon also brings the master forth to admire his handiwork.

The race is over! Now the fun will really begin. That diamond-studded victory cup is worth a fortune!

It gives me great pleasure to award this diamond-studded victory cup to the winner...

Never mind the pretty speech. Just hand it over!

In the shadow of the clubhouse, Grant Richmond is a witness to the daring crime.

It's time for the mad hatter!
OKAY! GET THE TRUCK ROLLING... YIIII!

THE MAD HATTER!

I'LL CROWN YOU WITH A LOVING CUP?

I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH YOU CARED? UGHHH!

OH-OH! SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO RUN ME DOWN!

ONCE AGAIN, THE MAD HATTER'S AMazing AGILITY COMES TO HIS RESCUE, A VAULTING BOUND CARRIES HIM CLEAR OF DANGER -- HEY! LOOK OUT!

CRASH!
But the careening truck carries the Mad Hatter to shattering doom—

And at this moment—a strange intuition tells me that it's time to leave!

Just a minute, you!

I'm Inspector Craig, of police headquarters! Aren't you...

You were going to ask me if I'm Humpty Dumpty? The answer is yes!

Help!

Climbing stairs is too strenuous! But, at that, it's easier than falling down them!

I'll take refuge until the excitement dies down! That is just the place!

Meanwhile...

The Mad Hatter didn't live through the crash; I nearly didn't myself!
EVERY COP IN THIS PLACE WILL BE LOOKING FOR ME! I GOTTA HAVE A PLACE TO HIDE OUT.

AND THERE MAST! AND PUPIL MEET AGAIN:

AH, FREDDY GAUNT! YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, MY FRIEND! TSK - TSK!

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

I'LL PAY YOU BACK, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

BEWARE, MY FRIEND! OR IT MIGHT WELL BE!

I SEE THAT I MUST TEACH YOU A LESSON?

NO ONE CAN ATTACK HUMPTY DUMPTY WITH IMPUNITY!

PUNCH!

I'M A KINDHEARTED MAN! OR I'D USE THIS CANE TO BREAK YOUR NECK!

I'M SURPRISED! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HATED PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!

SO I DO!
But I have a great regard for my personal safety! Don't come closer! I warn you, this cane makes an excellent rifle! You'll note the hollow ferrule...

What makes you think I'm bluffing?

Farewell, Hatter! I trust that we'll never meet again!

There was a rifle barrel in that cane! Lucky I pulled my head aside! He only grazed me...

Moments later—tsk-tsk! Too bad there was only one cartridge in my rifle cane! I must depart.

Two can play at this game!

What a persistent fellow! He'll not catch me!

A pox on him! He's gaining!

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall...

Humpty Dumpty rode for a fall!

Crrash!
THE RACE IS OVER! I'LL LET THE KING'S MEN PUT HUMPTY DUMPTY TOGETHER AGAIN.

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO BE LEAVING!

WE FOUND THIS NOTE ON HUMPTY DUMPTY. IT'S FROM THE MAD HATTER!

LET ME SEE IT!

A CLEVER MAN WHO GAVE CROOKED ADVICE AS FREE AS A BIRD WAS HE. JUST AS HIS COUNSEL FAILED AND NOW IN A TRICE HE'S IN A PRISON CAGE HELL BE!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER-

FUDDY AND BUSTLE, WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?

WAITING FOR FREDDY GAUNT'S TRIAL TO BEGIN! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DEFEND HIM, YOU KNOW?

WE'RE GETTING TIRED. WE'VE BEEN WAITING THREE DAYS.

YOUR CLIENT WAS JUST CONVICTED AND SENT TO PRISON THIS MORNING! HE WON'T NEED A LAWYER FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!

OH, HOW I DETEST THIS DEGRADING MANUAL LABOR!

AW, SHUT UP! YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THE REST OF US!

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