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BUNDAY SEINAUE



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by HARYEY PICTURE NAGAZINES, INC. at Sparts, III. Belloriat, Advertising and Executive Offices, 1809 Broadway, New York, 2014.

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Lots of good things come from

GOOD YEAR

























































































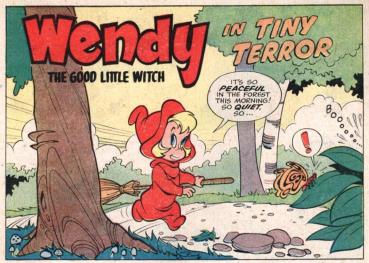


























































































HI, FRIENDS-LOOK FOR ME ON TOP OF EVERY BIG" H"COMIC!

SEE ME ON

EVERY SUNDAY EVERY FRIDAY ABC-TV

















ALL OUR FRIENDS WILL BE OUR













GIANT CHECKERS - WESTERN STYLE



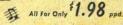
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THE NAME'S THE SAME

It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and Mary Ellen skipped gaily out of the house to play. Not that the sunshine alone accounted for her gaiety. Mary Ellen was happy and gay even when it rained. And why shouldn't she have been? She had a wonderful mother and a wonderful father, both of whom she dearly loved and who loved her. She lived in a pretty white house on a shady, tree-lined street. She had a sandbox and a bicycle of her own, and several dolls besides. She had lots of nice clothes, plenty of good food, a room all to herself . . . in short, she had anything and everything that would make a little girl happy. Small wonder that she hummed a lilting little tune to herself that bright spring day.

Then she caught sight of another child, a girl about her own age, and she stopped humming abruptly. The girl was just standing there, staring, and saying nothing.

"Hello," Mary Ellen said a bit uncertainly. "You must be new in the neighborhood. What's your name?"

"We just moved in to our new house yesterday," the other girl replied. "It's right down this block. My name is Mary Ellen."

"Don't be silly!" gasped Mary Ellen.
"I'M Mary Ellen!"

I'M Mary Ellen!

"How can YOU be Mary Ellen," argued the other, "when I'M Mary Ellen? I don't think your joke is a bit funny!" "Joke? What joke?" Mary Ellen demanded. "I tell you I'M Mary Ellen McKav!"

"Well, I'M Mary Ellen Logan!" the new girl announced defiantly. "I guess I ought to know my own name!"

"You ought to, but you don't!" snapped Mary Ellen, thoroughly out of patience now. "Goodbye!" And turning on her heel, she stormed back up the walk to her house and slammed the door behind her when she went in.

"What's the matter, dear?" her mother asked, catching sight of her angry face. "Is something wrong?"

"Oh, Mother!" Suddenly, Mary Ellen's lips began to tremble, and tears welled up in her eyes. "Some litle girl is trying to be me!" she wailed, burying her face in her mother's shoulder. And then the whole story came pouring out.

Mrs. McKay didn't laugh out loud, but her eyes were dancing with fun as she pulled her daughter on to her lap. "Look, dear," she explained carefully, "the little girl was telling you the truth. Lots of people have the same name, but they're still different people. You're Mary Ellen McKAY, and she's Mary Ellen LOGAN, soo you're two different Mary Ellens. See?"

Mary Ellen did see then, and suddenly she began to giggle. "She'll have to call me McKay, and I'll call her Logan, or we're going to get awfully mixed-up!" she laughed. "In fact, I think I'll go tell her that right now." And still giggling, she wriggled off her mother's lap and hurried outside where she knew she was about to make a brand-new friend!



JUNGLE JUSTICE

"Order, order! The meeting will please come to order!" Norman, the big bull elephant, rapped sharply on the table with his gavel. "Gentlemen," he trumpeted, "we meet here tonight to consider a very serious problem. A very serious problem indeed. The problem of Ferdie Foxwho has insulted us, ridiculed us, made fools of us-all of us at one time or another-with his nasty practical jokes! Something has got to be done!"

"String 'im up!" growled Leander the lion. But that suggestion was quickly shouted down from the floor.

"No, no violence, gentlemen," objected Jock, the chimpanzee. "That way we'd be just as bad as Ferdie. What we have to do is teach that fox a lesson—a lesson he'll never forget. But we have to be smart about it."

"Any suggestions?" sneered George, the giraffe. "From what I've seen, Ferdie can outsmart any one of us!"

"I wouldn't say that." Everyone turned in the direction of the quiet-voiced speaker. It was Satin, the sleek black panther. "Maybe he can outsmart us one-by one," Satin explained, "but I don't think he could buck all of us together! 'In union there is strength,' you know. Now if we all worked together . . . " The panther's voice dropped even lower as he detailed his plan.

The next morning, the jungle was surprisingly still. Ferdie Fox couldn't help noticing it as he strutted along. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a long, coiled ropething shot out, grabbing Ferdie right off the ground. It was Norman's trunkand it swung the fox high, high into the branches-and dropped him. Down came Ferdie, crashing through the brush, screaming in terror-right into the waiting arms of Jock. The chimp slung the yowling fox over his shoulder firemanstyle and scampered back up the tree. Then again, a great, long drop-this time a sliding one-right down the long, greased neck of George the giraffe. Down-down-down to the ground-and the red-rimmed, gleaming eyes of Leander and Satin, the two of them coiled to spring like the most evil and ferocious of jungle cats. "No! No! Spare me!" pleaded Ferdie in great, gulping sobs. "Oh, please! Spare me!"

"Why, what's the matter, Ferdie?" leered Satin, baring his fangs. "Didn't you enjoy our little extra-special roller coaster? Isn't this the kind of joke you like to play?"

"No, no!" sobbed the terrified fox. hate jokes! I'll never play another practical joke as long as I live!"

"Then beat it!" rumbled Leander, his claws still unsheathed. Ferdie scrambled to his feet, and streaked off in a cloud of dust. The joyous laughter of the others ripped apart the jungle's silence. And never again was that laughter turned to rage by the impudent jests of Ferdie the fox!



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