HAS BECOME A WEAPON OF WAR!

Millions of paperboard containers are being sent overseas to our fighting forces every week. Waste paper is one of the chief raw material sources from which these containers and shipping materials are made. To keep America's supply lines intact to our fighting forces and allies requires an endless stream of containers. These millions of containers sent overseas are not returned for re-use—an important contributing factor to the shortages.

WAR WEAPONS MADE FROM WASTE PAPER

In addition to waste paper's use in the manufacture of millions of containers weekly, waste paper is being converted into actual weapons of war. Through the ingenuity of wartime scientific developments, paper is being converted into:

- PARACHUTE FLARES
- BOMB BANDS
- AMMUNITION CHESTS
- PRACTICE BOMBS
- SHELL CONTAINERS
- WING TIPS
- SHELL PROTECTORS
- AIRPLANE SIGNALS

TYPES OF WASTE PAPER URGENTLY NEEDED:

Every scrap of paper is needed to help win the scrap—especially brown papers and containers. Your old...

- BOXES
- CORRUGATED PAPER
- STORE BAGS
- NEWSPAPERS
- ENVELOPES
- MAGAZINES
- CARTONS
- WASTE BASKET PAPER

are urgently needed for conversion into fighting materials.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR WASTE PAP FOR EASY HANDLING:

NEWSPAPERS: Fold them flat (the way the paper boy sells them) and tie them in bundles about 12 inches high.

MAGAZINES: Tie them in bundles about 18 inches high.

CORRUGATED AND CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS: Flatten them out and tie them in bundles about 12 inches high.

WASTEBASKET PAPER (WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.): Pack down in a box or bag so that it can be carried.

After your waste paper is prepared in this way, call a scrap dealer or the local salvage committee. If you don't know where to reach them, ask your scoutmaster, teacher, or the local Red Cross chapter.
You've seen Wonder Woman in many perilous places, using her amazing strength daringly to help America, but never have you seen the beautiful Amazon Princess in such an astounding predicament as she encounters in the lost land of Atlantis, the sunken continent ruled by arrogant and ruthless women bigger than Amazons!

Never before have you seen Steve Trevor so brave, so handsome and so powerful as in this saga of Queen Clea's Tournament of Death. From Paradise Island, the home of gorgeous girls where strong women rule supreme, Wonder Woman, America's Girl of Tomorrow, beautiful as Aphrodite, wise as Athena, stronger than Hercules and swifter than Mercury, brings justice, joy and love to the millions of friends whose hearts she has captured in the compelling bonds of her magic lasso!

Diana, at Army Intelligence headquarters, takes a short-wave message in code.

Oh, how wonderful—Steve's got it!
GRAND NEWS, COLONEL DARNELL! STEVE'S GOT IT - HE'S FLYING HOME WITH IT NOW!

LET'S SEE STEVE'S RADIO MESSAGE! OH, IT'S IN CODE - YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT DECODED!

WELL - WHAT'S IT SAY?

\"VAN VLEK'S FORMULA IS IN EXISTENCE! BEFORE HE DIED HE DIVIDED IT INTO THREE PIECES GIVING EACH TO A DIFFERENT PERSON.\"

ONE PIECE WAS HELD BY A BRILLIANT RUSSIAN SCIENTIST KILLED IN THE WAR. I FOUND HIS LABORATORY ASSISTANT -

THE PROFESSOR WAS ALWAYS VERY CAREFUL ABOUT THIS PRECIOUS PIECE OF PAPER - BUT NOW HE'S DEAD - AND IF IT WILL HELP OUR AMERICAN ALLY, I'M SURE HE'D WANT YOU TO TAKE IT.

THANKS.

THE SECOND PIECE HAD BEEN STOLEN BY A NAZI AGENT IN SWITZERLAND BUT HE NEEDED MONEY -

YOUR PRICE IS HIGH, MEIN HERR.

UND DER PAPER Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ Κ.

AT DAKAR I FOUND A CLUE THAT LED ME TO A FRENCH OFFICER - BUT WHEN I GOT TO HIM -

CAPTAIN DELROUX? AH-QUELLE DOMAGE - HE'S QUITE DEAD THESE LAST TWO WEEKS - HE WAS STABBED IN THE BACK AND ROBBED BY A MYSTERIOUS GIRL VISITOR -

I SEE - THANKS.

I BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE WITHOUT SUCCESS - WHEN ONE NIGHT A GIRL CAME TO MY QUARTERS -

I GREET THEE, MANLING, IN THE NAME OF MIGHTY MADRA!

HUH? I NEVER MET MADRA, BUT IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
WITH A SUDDEN GESTURE THE GIRL THREW OFF HER BUR-NOOSE:
DO NOT BLASPHEME, MANLING! I AM QUEEN EERAS—THOU MAYEST KNEEL AND KISS MY HAND!

WHAT KIND OF AIRS IS THIS GAL PUTTING ON? SHE'S PROBABLY AN ESCAPED MANIAC—BUT I'LL BETTER HUMOR HER GREETINGS, OH GORGEOUS ONE!

THAT IS BETTER! I BRING THEE THE MISSING PAPER THOU SEEKEST!

YOU KILLED HIM—WOW! DO YOU GO AROUND MURDERING PEOPLE JUST FOR EXERCISE?

THE FRENCH MANLING WAS A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY—HE BOASTED THAT HE WOULD SELL THE PAPER TO NAZI AGENTS—SO I ELIMINATED HIM AND TOOK THE PAPER!

THE THREE PIECES FIT TOGETHER PERFECTLY! BUT TELL ME, HOW DID YOU KNOW I WANTED THE FORMULA?

YOUR EAGER INVESTIGATION OF THE FRENCHMAN'S DEATH PROVED THAT TO ME. NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE CARED WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT VICHY TRAITOR!

AM CROSSING SOUTH ATLANTIC. EERAS ABOUT TO PLANE RETURNING TO HER NATIVE ISLAND EN ROUTE—

FLY FARTHER SOUTH, MANLING!

OKAY—I OWE YOU THIS BUGGY RIDE FOR GIVING ME THE FORMULA!

THAT'S THE END OF STEVE'S MESSAGE, COLONEL—I WISH HE HADN'T TAKEN THAT GIRL WITH HIM IN HIS PLANE!

HA HA! YOU'RE NOT JEALOUS ARE YOU, DIANA? STEVE'LL BE HERE TOMORROW MORNING—
But that night Diana is wakened from a sound sleep by the buzzing of her mental radio.

Buzzzzz - zzzzzzz.

Gods of Olympus - I'll bet Steve's in trouble! I knew that girl would start something.

Calling Wonder Woman! Plane over uncharted island at Equator 23 degrees west longitude - being sucked into crater of extinct volcano by terrific downdraft - can't pull out - farewell, beautiful.

With frantic speed Diana transforms herself into Wonder Woman.

Oh no - no! Steve must not die - Aphrodite help me get to him in time!

Seconds later Wonder Woman's silent invisible plane rushes south at a speed never before attained by an earth-made vehicle.

But Steve's plane, meanwhile, is being drawn inexorably into volcanic depths, fighting against the strange volcanic downdraft in vain with the full power of twin motors.

No use, I can't pull out of this suction - you shouldn't have asked me to fly low over the crater, eeras-huh? What're you laughing at?

Ha ha-ha! Thou wilt see presently, Manling!

Falling through dark depths that seem bottomless, Steve's plane at last emerges into an amazing new world.

What the blue blazes have we fallen into now?

Quick, Manling - right thy plane and fly it level above the ground!
WE'VE LEVELED OFF—THERE'S NO DOWNDRAFT HERE! BUT WHERE THE Heck ARE WE?

WE ARE UNDER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, FLYING ABOVE THE SUNKEN CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS!

BUT ATLANTIS WAS LOST A MILLION YEARS AGO.

TO US ATLANTEANS IT IS THE UPPER WORLD THAT WAS LOST. OUR CIVILIZATION IS FAR BEYOND THINE—UNTIL NOW WE HAVE NEVER DESIRED TO FIND AGAIN THE WORLD OF MANLINGS!

WHEN ATLANTIS SANK BENEATH THE SEA, THE EARTH FOLDED OVER IT, SEALING IT IN A VAST AIR POCKET UNDER THE OCEAN FLOOR. TWO TUNNELS TO THE UPPER AIR REMAINED THROUGH THE CRATERS OF ISLAND VOLCANOS—I WILL DRAW A PICTURE.

THIS IS THE AIR INLET THROUGH WHICH WE DESCENDED. THE OTHER CRATER ON ANOTHER ISLAND IS OUR AIR OUTLET THROUGH IT OUR SPENT AND HEATED AIR RUSHES UPWARD.

VERY INTERESTING—BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS BEFORE! I USED ALL MY GAS FIGHTING THAT AIR CURRENT—WE WERE ABOUT TO CRASH!

OH, NOT HERE, NOT HERE! IT IS THE LAND OF MY ENEMIES!

WITH BOTH ENGINES DEAD STEVE SETS THE PLANE IN A STEEP GLIDE FOR THE ONLY OPEN SPACE IN SIGHT.

STEVE LANDOS ON A MILITARY PARADE GROUND AND THE ATLANTEANS, WHO HAVE NEVER SEEN A PLANE BEFORE, SCATTER WILDLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

BREAK RANKS! TAKE COVER! AN AIR MONSTER ATTACKS US!

AI-YEE! 'TIS A MESSENGER OF MADRA!
But Atlantean women are fearless—and as Steve and Eera's emerge from the plane, giant female army officers rush to the attack.

Charge, Venturians! These intruders are but human—take them prisoner!

Stand back or I'll have to shoot!

Bah! A mere manling who speaks badly in our ancient English tongue—surrender or I'll cut thee down!

I warned you, baby!

Ye gods! The manling wields a thunderstick!

No feeble manling shall insult me—ug-glub-ok!

Down him, sisters! Take him alive—

We must show this strange manling to the queen!

Steve goes down under an avalanche of Atlantean girls.

Hold him fast, sisters—this manling is strong as a woman!

Meanwhile Eera's wrests a sword from an attacker's hand and defends herself against odds.

Sisters, this girl's a clever swordswoman!
A sudden sword stroke cuts away the concealing burnoose and reveals Eeras' identity.

GREAT MADRA—IT'S QUEEN EERAS OF AURANIA, OUR ESCAPED PRISONER!

Since I'm recognized I will surrender—you Venturians would surely kill me otherwise and I must live for my country!

Very wise of thee, Eeras! Our Queen Clea offers 1000 gold discs for thy body, dead or alive!

A company of undersized Atlantean men commanded by giant female officers march Steve and Eeras to prison.

Manlings—in step—March! Forward, captives—to prison!

Thou wilt die in the arena, Manling, to amuse Queen Clea! I, too, shall laugh at the stupid male who dared strike a mistress superior!

WHEW! WHAT SWEET GENTLE CREATURES YOU ATLANTEAN GIRLS ARE!

Wonder Woman, meanwhile, reaches the volcanic island.

This must be the place Steve meant—the air suction from that crater is pulling my plane down!

Wonder Woman makes a perilous landing near the top of the mountain.

Steve's plane must have crashed inside this crater—I must climb down and find him!
THE AGILE AMAZON MAIDEN DESCENDS AN EVER WIDENING TUNNEL THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN.

REACHING THE TUNNEL'S END AT LAST, WONDER WOMAN HANGS BY HER LEGS FROM A ROCKY LEDGE STARING IN AMAZEMENT AT LOST ATLANTIS.

STEVE'S PLANE MUST HAVE FALLEN THROUGH INTO THAT STRANGE WORLD BELOW! LOOKS INHABITED—THERE'S PLenty OF FRESH AIR AND THE CEILING IS MADE OF RADIO-ACTIVE ROCK WHICH GIVES CONSTANT LIGHT AND HEAT FOR GROWING THINGS!

THE DOWNDRIFT OF AIR HERE IS TERRIFIC AND THIS CRATER SEEMS BOTTOMLESS.

PUZZLED BY THE PROBLEM OF REACHING THE GROUND, MILES BELOW, WONDER WOMAN DIVES TO THE BACK OF A HUGE BIRD, FLYING BENEATH.

I CAN GUIDE THIS BIRD WITH MY MAGIC LASSO—HE LOOKS LIKE A PTERODACTYL BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! UNLESS, BY CHANCE, THIS IS THE LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS WHERE PREHISTORIC ANIMALS ARE SAID TO HAVE SURVIVED.

I'M LOOKING FOR STEVE'S PLANE. THERE IT IS—THANK APHRODITE STEVE LANDED WITHOUT A CRASH!
LEAPING LIGHTLY FROM THE PTERODACTYL’S BACK, WONDER WOMAN CREATES PANIC IN THE VENTURIAN RANKS.

RUN COMRADES—A DEVIL WOMAN DESCENDS FROM THE SKY! ’TIS SATANA, QUEEN OF ‘DEVILS’!

BUT THE FEARLESS ATLANTEAN WOMEN QUICKLY SURROUND THEIR STRANGE VISITOR.

SHE’S NO BIGGER THAN A MANLING!

THOSE STUPID MANLINGS TO RUN FROM THIS LITTLE WOMAN!

WHO ART THOU, LITTLE SLAVE, AND WHAT DOST THOU SEEK?

I AM A PRINCESS, NOT A SLAVE! I SEEK A MAN FROM THE UPPER WORLD WHO LANDED HERE IN THAT AIRPLANE!

WHAT’S SO FUNNY ABOUT A MAN RUNNING AWAY?

MANLINGS ARE DULL AND STUPID—THEY NEVER ESCAPE FROM US ATLANTEAN GIRLS! WE KEEP THEM WORKING CONSTANTLY AS SLAVES OR SOLDIERS—THAT IS ALL A MANLING DESIRES.

SO THIS IS ATLANTIS! ACCORDING TO ANCIENT AMAZON RECORDS, YOU ATLANTEAN WOMEN ARE ARROGANT AND VAIN!

THOU ART A DROLL LITTLE DOLL BUT TAKE CARE OR WE’LL IMPRISON THEE AS WELL AS THY ESCAPED MANLING.

SO THEY’LL IMPRISON ME WITH STEVE IF I OFFEND THEM, EH? WELL, THIS OUGHT TO ANNOY THEM A BIT!

WHY THOU LITTLE—UG—ULP—

EEEEEEK!

OWN—OWN—
I'll surrender—sorry I hurt you girls!

Thou wilt be more sorry later! Thy strength is amazing for thy size but these chains will soon subdue thee!

Wonder Woman is thrown into Eeras' dungeon cell.

I am Eeras, captive queen of Aurania.

I am called Wonder Woman, princess of the Amazons!

Tell me your story, Queen Eeras! The two leading nations of Atlantis are Venturia and Aurania. Ours is a rich country with many manlings—Clea, Queen of Venturia, invaded Aurania without warning, seeking gold and slaves.

Clea caught us unprepared—I and my women officers fought fiercely but were captured. Aurania was conquered! Seeking some means to free my country, I escaped prison and climbed desperately to the lost world above.

I was fortunate—I found a handsome manling with a chemical formula that will devitamize Clea and all her army. But again we were captured! He's in there—what? Steve's in the next cell? Hola!

Not even pausing to free herself from the chains, Wonder Woman hurls her mighty strength against the wall of Steve's cell.

Great Madra! This woman is a human thunderbolt.

But in the cell they find only Steve's discarded clothes!

Steve's uniform—Good Hera, does this mean they've killed him? Probably they have dressed him to die in a manling slave's uniform!
I MUST BREAK THESE CHAINS AND SAVE STEVE!

DO NOT SO! IF THOU ESCAPE STHEY WILL KILL THY MANLING INSTANTLY!
I HAVE A BETTER PLAN- GIVE ME HIS COAT!

HERE IS THE FORMULA- I SAW HIM HIDE IT. FREE ME AND I WILL PREPARE THIS DEVITAMIZING CHEMICAL. I HAVE FAITHFUL AURANIAN AGENTS NEARBY. WE WILL DEVITAMIZE THE GUARDS BEFORE THEY CAN ACT!

OKAY- BUT HURRY!

IF I BREAK THE CELL DOOR, CAN YOU ESCAPE FROM THIS PRISON?

YES- I FOUND A SECRET UNDERGROUND PASSAGE FROM THESE DUNGEONS. OH, HOW STRONG ARE THY FINGERS, WONDER WOMAN!

NOT WISHING TO BREAK HER CHAINS BY ACCIDENT, WONDER WOMAN PULLS THE DOOR OFF WITH HER LASSO.

THY STRENGTH IS INCREDIBLE! BE OF GOOD CHEER- WE WILL SAVE THY MANLING!

STEVE, MEANWHILE, DRESSED IN THE REGULATION UNIFORM OF AN ATLANTEAN MALE, IS BROUGHT BEFORE QUEEN CLEA.

SO THIS IS OUR MANLING FROM THE LOST WORLD- SACRED SERPENTS! HE'S AS BIG AS A WOMAN!

IF I SHOW THIS BLONDE A LITTLE MUSCLE MAYBE SHE'LL PUT ME IN HER ARMY- THEN I CAN FREE EERAS AND ESCAPE!

YOU NEED STRONGER ARMY OFFICERS, QUEEN CLEA!
I'LL DEMONSTRATE - THY STRENGTH IS SUPERB, MANLING!

BUT THOU ART TOO STRONG- WE SHOULD HAVE TO DEVISE SPECIAL FETTERS TO HOLD THEE AT WORK! IT WOULD BE MORE AMUSING TO SEE THEE DIE!
MEANWHILE, GUARDS ENTER WONDER WOMAN'S CELL.

HOW DID THY SISTER CAPTIVE ESCAPE?
YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF—EERAS IS A STRONG GIRL!

EERAS WILL BE CAUGHT—SHE'LL DIE VERY SLOWLY! IT IS FORTUNATE FOR THEE THAT THE CHAINS KEPT THEE FROM RUNNING AWAY!

WONDER WOMAN IS LED TO QUEEN CLEA'S ROYAL BOX AT THE ARENA.

AH-A PRETTY LITTLE CAPTIVE! I THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE A GOOD SLAVE, PUNY, WEAK AND EASY TO CONTROL! TODAY THOU MAYEST HOLD MY FOOT CUSHION!

AS TRUMPETS SOUND, STEVE ENTERS THE ARENA ARMED WITH A SHORT SWORD.

DEE DA-DE, DEE, DA DE, DEE-DA!

AH-I SEE THEY HAVE ARCHERS POSTED ON ALL SIDES—IF WILD BEASTS DON'T GET ME THE ARROWS WILL!

WONDER WOMAN, SEEING STEVE IN THE ARENA, FORGIVES HER PLACE.

SO THIS IS YOUR GAME? YOU SAVE THAT MAN OR I'LL CALM THYSELF, SLAVE!

OBSERVE THOSE ARCHERS, SLAVE GIRL! THEIR ARROWS ARE TRAINED ON THY MANLING—ONE DISOBEDIENT MOVE AND TWENTY SHAFTS WILL PIERCE HIS HEART!

SHE'S GOT ME—I MUST PLAY WEAKLING!

MERCY, QUEEN, MERCY!

THE CROWD ROARS WITH DELIGHT AS TWO ENORMOUS WILD BOARS OF PREHISTORIC BREED SAVAGELY RUSH INTO THE ARENA.
STEVE SIDESTEPS THE TERRIFIC TUSKERS AND SLASHES ONE WITH HIS SWORD AS IT MISSES HIM BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

BUT THE MAMMOTH PECCARY TURNS SWIFTLY AND AGAIN CHARGES ITS HUMAN PREY.

MEETING THE FEROCIOUS ONSLAUGHT SQUARELY, STEVE STOPS THE BEAST WITH HIS SWORD.

HO-RAH! HO-RAH! A GREAT FIGHTER - A MIGHTY MANLING!

AS STEVE STOOPS TO RETRIEVE HIS SWORD FROM HIS VANQUISHED OPPONENT, THE SECOND WILD BOAR CHARGES.

THE CROWD YELLS IN A BLOODTHIRSTY RIOT OF EXCITEMENT AND WONDER WOMAN CAN STAND IT NO LONGER - SHE LEAPs FROM THE PARAPET, BREAKING HER CHAINS LIKE TIN TOYS.

THE KILL! THE KILL! THE MANLING'S DOOMED!

TURN, MANLING - FIGHT!

WITH NOT A SPLIT SECOND TO SPARE THE MIGHTY AMAZON LANDS BETWEEN STEVE AND THE SAVAGE ANIMAL.
Wonder Woman Seizes the Wild Boar's enormous tusks and swings the raging beast around her head.

Aiming with careless accuracy, Wonder Woman hurls her massive missile at the Queen's favorite archers— and does not miss!

ARR-GGH-UGLP!

As other arrows rain from all sides, Wonder Woman uses her bracelets while Steve lifts the dead tusk-er for a shield.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the archers cease firing and collapse.

Queen Clea and her women guards fall unconscious.

Queen Eeras and Her Aurarians take possession of Venturia.

The devitamizer worked perfectly—we vaporized it in the ventilating current and our enemies are helpless in our hands!

Nice timing, partner, repelling arrows was growing boresome!

With gasoline synthesized by Eeras, Steve pilots his plane up the air outlet from lost Atlantis.

You were wonderful, Steve! And you're bringing back the devitamizer formula for America!

Yes— but the more! Think of it— the more I pity Eeras— CLEA will never stay devitized!

And Wonder Woman is right as the next chapter will reveal...
In this episode of the girl with the iron mask, Wonder Woman encounters a new enemy of fiendish ingenuity and bitter vengefulness against a bizarre background of flying women, parachute pirates, and gigantic girl kidnappers. The mighty Amazon traces the truth of a mad sailor's story and unites a trusting child with her lost father.

Diana, about to leave the office, is stopped by a young visitor.

COME IN, MY DEAR! ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

Yes, I am— I'm looking for Wonder Woman!

But what made you think you'd find Wonder Woman here?

Because this is the military intelligence office where my daddy said Wonder Woman helps America, where's she at?

Nobody ever knows when Wonder Woman will appear! If you tell me what's on your mind, maybe I can help.

No, I'll wait right here for Wonder Woman.
I'll let you talk to Wonder Woman over this mental radio—she broadcasts her thoughts and you hear them just as though she were speaking to you!

Oh, Wonder Woman, I'm so glad to see you! My name is Ellie Paxton an' I lost my daddy. Won't you please find him?

Tell me the whole story, Ellie!

Ellie tells her story. “I love my daddy very much. He's a officer in the merchant marine.

We're sailing today—be a good girl, Ellie, and take care of mummy!

Oh, Ed, come back safe!

Last week Mummy got a telegram—

Your f-father's dead, darling—sob—sob!

He is not—I don't believe it!

Telegram

We regret to inform you that your husband’s ship was lost off the coast of Africa with all aboard.

A.L. Good, Commander, U.S. Merchant Marine

Today a sailor came to our house—he was a funny man.

I gotta warn you, ma'am, they tossed me out of the service 'cause they say I'm nuts!

Oh, I'm sorry! How can I help you?

My name's Bill Barnacle—I was on your husband's ship an' he saved my life. I'm tellin' you he ain't dead!

Oh goody, goody, hooray! Daddy's alive!

Ellie—please be quiet, sit down, Mr. Barnacle, and tell me your story!
BILL SAID DADDY'S SHIP SAILED FROM AFRICA WITH GERMAN PRISONERS.

THESE WAR PRISONERS ARE TO BE INTERNEED IN AMERICAN PRISON CAMPS AND FARMS FOR THE DURATION, SEE THAT THEY ARE WELL CARED FOR, MR. PAXTON!

AYE AYE, SIR.

SOME MACHINERY BROKE AND A BIG STORM BLEW DADDY'S SHIP SOUTH.

WHAT ORDERS, SIR?

WE'RE NEARING THE EQUATORIAL ISLANDS—WE'LL FIND ANCHORAGE AND REPAIR THE ENGINES!

THEY FOUND A LITTLE ISLAND THAT WASN'T ON THE MAP.

AN UNCHARTED VOLCANO—LOOKS ACTIVE, TOO!

YES, SIR—THERE'S DUST OR STEAM BLOWING OUT OF THAT CRATER!

BIG THINGS BLEW OUT OF THE VOLCANO.

THE THINGS OPENED LIKE UMBRELLAS!

FIRST THING BILL KNEW GREAT BIG GIRLS WERE COMIN' DOWN ON PARASHOOTS ALL OVER THE SHIP.
THEY HAD LASSO ROPES AND—
HEH, CUT IT OUT, GALS—
I DON'T LIKE THIS GAME!
AH PLEASE, LADY LEMME GO—I GOT WORK TID TO!
THOU SHALT WORK IN VENTURIA AS NEVER BEFORE, MANLING!
THE CHIEF GIRL TOLD THE CAPTAIN TO SURRENDER.
SURRENDER THY SHIP, MANLING, THOU ART HELPLESS!
I MUST BE DREAMING—
THIS CAN'T BE TRUE!

THE CAPTAIN FIRED HIS GUN BUT—
I HATE TO SHOOT BUT—
UG—ULP!
THOU ART A FOOL TO FIGHT A WOMAN!

SOON THE BIG GIRLS HAD THE CREW ALL TIED UP AND PUT THEM IN BOATS—
TAKE THESE SLAVES ASHORE! THERE ARE MANLING WAR CAPTIVES ON BOARD—WE'LL TAKE THOSE ALSO!

BILL BROKE LOOSE BUT A BIG GIRL KNOCKED HIM OVERBOARD.

MY DADDY'S HANDS WERE TIED BUT HE GRABBED A ROPE AND JUMPED AFTER BILL.

BILL WAS HALF DROWNED BUT HE HELD THE ROPE DADDY GAVE HIM.

STOP, STUPID MANLING—THOU CAN'T NOT ESCAPE!

HOLD HARD, BILL! THAT HAMSER'S FAST TO THE SHIP!

GLUB—GULP!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
"THE LAST BILL SAW OF DADDY HE WAS BEING PULLED INTO A BOAT.
WE'LL KEEP THIS MANLING—THE OTHER ISN'T WORTH SAVING!"

"AFTER THE BIG GIRLS HAD TAKEN EVERYBODY OFF THE SHIP, BILL CLIMBED ON BOARD AGAIN AND DRIFTED THOUSANDS OF MILES ON THE EMPTY SHIP.
I BETCHA NO CREW OF ONE EVER SAILED A SHIP SO FAR BEFORE!"

"FINALLY BILL WAS RESCUED BUT NOBODY BELIEVED HIS STORY.
BUT I TELL YA, THOSE BIG DAMES CAME AT US IN PARACHUTES AN' THEY TOOK ALL OF MY SHIPMATES AWAY!"

"HAH HA! HA HAHA. FEMALE PARACHUTE PIRATES!"

"POOR CHAP, HE'S CRAZY AS A LOON!"

"YOU DON'T THINK I'M CRAZY, DO YOU, MA'AM?
WELL, AH— I THINK YOUR MIND IS A LITTLE UPSET—"

"NO, IT ISN'T. I BELIEVE HIM, MUMMIE! I'M GOING TO GET WONDER WOMAN TO FIND MY DADDY!"

"WHILE ELLIE TELLS HER STORY TO WONDER WOMAN'S MENTAL IMAGE, DIANA SLIPS INTO A CLOSET AND TRANSFORMS HERSELF TO THE AMAZON PRINCESS.
I MUST KEEP THE IMAGE OF MYSELF ON THE MENTAL RADIO FOR ELLIE TO SEE!"

"HERE I AM, ELLIE—I'VE COME TO HELP YOU.
WONDER WOMAN, YOU JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF THE MENTAL RADIO!"

"WONDER WOMAN TAKES ELLIE TO STEVE'S OFFICE AND REPEATES THE STORY.
THOSE BIG GIRL PIRATES MUST BE VENTURIANS BLOWN UP FROM ATLANTIS THROUGH THE AIR OUTLET! THEY RAIDED THE SHIP FOR SLAVES—I MUST RESCUE THEM!"

"COUNT ME IN, BEAUTIFUL!"
I'm going with you—

No, Steve! You must make the Navy believe Ellie's story and send a cruiser to that island! Remember, there are German prisoners and our own men to bring home if I can rescue them! We'll need the Navy's help!

Summoned by Wonder Woman, Etta and the Holliday Girls insist on bringing their band instruments.

Princess, Princess we've been thinking what a fine world this would be if pirate girls were all transported far beneath the Southern Sea.

Far over Southern Seas skims Wonder Woman's racing plane to that strange volcanic crater leading down to the lost continent of Atlantis.

I'll take a chance and fly down the air inlet current!

As Wonder Woman's plane reaches Atlantean atmosphere under its ceiling of glowing rock, a flock of pterodactyls, ridden by women, rises to intercept the intruders.

Woo woo! Big gals on prehistoric birds— they're going to crash us!

Good Hera—who are these flying Valkyries, friends or enemies? I'd better land and argue with them on solid ground!

The bird girls force Wonder Woman's plane to the ground.
AS WONDER WOMAN'S GIRLS EMERGE FROM THE PLANE THEY ARE ATTACKED BY THE BIG ATLANTEANS.

Hey, you birds! Is this any way to welcome strangers?

These girls look like Auranians - can Eeras have turned enemy?

But apparently you don't watch your outlet tunnel! Atlantean girls invaded our upper world and kidnapped a ship full of men! I suspect Clea led the raid!

Clea? Impossible - she's my prisoner!

The queen entertains her guests at the palace.

If Clea's a prisoner who rules Venturia?

Clea's daughter, Ptra - she wouldn't dare attack while I hold Clea captive!

Maybe she escaped and you don't know it!

Eeras takes them into the royal prisoner's cage.

There is Clea - her bonds should convince thee that she could not escape and raid the upper world!

Woo woo! What's that thing on her face?

This is an iron mask! It permits a captive to eat and drink but prevents her from talking to her guards. We take no chances with Clea - she's clever and dangerous!
LOOK! THE HAIR CLOSE TO THIS GIRL'S HEAD IS DARK, NOT BLONDE! SHE'S A BRUNETTE WHO'S BLEACHED HER HAIR! CLEA'S A NATURAL BLONDE—THIS CAPTIVE ISN'T CLEA!

WONDER WOMAN'S POWERFUL FINGERS RIP OFF THE IRON MASK.

BY THE ALMIGHTY MADRA! THIS CAPTIVE IS CLEA'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS PTRA?

CONFESSION! AND TELL ME THE TRUTH!

THIS STRANGE ROPE OF GOLD COMPULS ME TO SPEAK! BY HYPO-

TIZING THE GUARD INTO PUTTING THE MASK ON ME

Instead, she escaped, with my hair dyed, and wearing the iron mask we look alike!

QUEEN EERAS, THINKING MOTHER A PRISONER, KEPT NO WATCH.

CLEA RAIDED THE UPPER WORLD TO CAPTURE STRONG

MANLINGS FOR SOLDIERS—SOON SHE WILL INVADE AURANIA

WITH AN INVINCIBLE ARMY!

THE VENTURIANS ARE COMING, OH QUEEN—A HUGE ARMY!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! TURN OUT THE

TROOPS WE'LL ATTACK THE INVADERS IMMEDIATELY!

EERAS, WONDER WOMAN AND ETTA LEAD THE AURANIAN ARMY INTO BATTLE.

ATTACK, MY MANLINGS—FEAR NOT THESE GIANT SLAVES FROM THE UPPER WORLD!

QUEEN CLEA'S ARMY IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF FORMER GERMAN PRISONERS.

CHARGE, MANLINGS—A GOLD DISC FOR EVERY AURANIAN YOU KILL!

HA HA! WE'LL KILL THEM ALL IN NO TIME!

STORY CONTINUES ON THIRD FOLLOWING PAGE.
THE Fellows in hometown practice on their own "Commando Course!"... modeled after the real obstacle course used in training fighting commandos. Thom, Husky Thom, Mean as usual ends up "out front!" But his pal, Bill, loses again!

Bill, if you lose again, I'll never speak to you as long as I live!

A little while later...

What's the matter, Billy?

Gee, Thom, I came in last in the Commando race again today. My feet just seem to give out! Golly, they hurt!

The "Commando" shoe with Mel-Flex sole!

Yep, fellows, the Thom McAn "Commando" is the shoe for you! Adjustable tongue construction gives your instep the snugness and support it needs... up front there's plenty of the toe room you should have for running and jumping. The "Commando" is tough and Husky, too, with the famous Mel-Flex sole that is guaranteed to outlast leather every time! The "Tank Tread" surface makes you as sure-footed as a real commando! Make sure your next shoes are...

Thom Mean "Commandos!"

(Model M40)

Mel-Flex
SOLE
ONLY
$2.99

ADJUSTABLE
TONGUE
CONSTRUCTION
Moccasin
Type Design
Tank Tread
Surface
HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN "COMMANDO COURSE."

1. Lay out course about 500 paces long. Avoid crossing streets, railroad tracks, etc. Space out obstacles at least 20 paces apart. Set up obstacles like these:
   a. Set up open-end carton or barrel 24 inches in diameter. Crawl through.
   b. Lean ladder against fence 6 feet high. Climb up and drop down opposite side.

WHY DON'T YOU GET THOM MEAN'S COMMANDOS... JUST LIKE THE PAIR I'M WEARING? THEY'RE PLENTY RUGGED AND... BOY! ARE THEY COMFORTABLE!

YEAH?... I'LL ASK MY DAD TONIGHT!

3. Hang knotted rope above obstacle swing across.
5. Set up open boxes close together. Run across stepping in each box.
6. Stretch wire or cord 15 inch above ground. Crawl under without touching.
7. Place horizontal ladder about 6 feet above ground. Swing across, using hands only.
8. Invent other obstacles, using materials available.

PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH THE COMMITTEE ON PHYSICAL FITNESS, FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY

AND THE NEXT DAY...

YEAH, BILL!

HOW TO MAKE SHOES LAST LONGER—LOOK BETTER AND STAY COMFORTABLE:
2. Keep wet shoes away from heat. Stuff with crumpled newspaper and dry slowly.
3. Don't wait too long to have shoes repaired. Badly run down heels make shoes lose shape, and worn-through soles are harder to repair. Have soles sewn, not nailed on.
4. Don't buy shoes too short. A good fit increases wear.

LEATHER GOES TO WAR!!

All the best sole leather of military weights rightly goes to our armed forces. This hits high-priced shoes hardest. Today there is less difference than ever between Thom Mean's and the highest-priced shoes you can buy. You save sensibly... sensibly with Thom Mean.

Thom Mean has already made over 4,000,000 pairs of military shoes for Uncle Sam.

FINE SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY.
The Aurarian women leaders shatter the enemy but the weak Atlantean "manlings" run like rabbits!

Meanwhile, the sly queen Clea advances with a strange weapon.

Leaping suddenly upon Eeras and Wonder Woman, Clea sprays them with liquid devitamizer, stolen from the Aurarian Queen's secret laboratory.

The Aurarian leaders collapse under a heavy barrage of the powerful drug.

Aha, my stupid "strong-arms," now you shall know the vengeance of Queen Clea!

With Aurania completely conquered, Clea remembers her daughter.

Oh, mother— I knew thou would free me!

For my reward I ask vengeance on Eeras and that devil woman who discovered my disguise.

I grant thy request— take the prisoners and do with them as thou wilt.

They made me wear an iron mask— I'll cover them with heavy iron from head to toe!

A splendid idea, princess!

Oh, my mother! I knew thou would free me!

Almost forgot thee, Ptra, but thou hast served a useful purpose!
THIS DEVIL WOMAN IS VERY STRONG—BIND HER SECURELY BEFORE THOU WELDEST HER IN IRON.

AIE, PRINCESS—I’LL USE THIS METAL ROPE SHE CARRIES TO TIE HER HANDS.

THIS METAL IS 3 INCHES THICK—SHE CANNOT MOVE A MUSCLE.

AT CLEA’S TRIUMPHAL BANQUET—
I PRESENT THEE, OH QUEEN, WITH TWO BEAUTIFUL IRON STATUES TO GRACE THY PALACE!

HA HA HA! LIVING STATUES—HOW AMUSING!

PREPARE TO EXECUTE THOSE STUPID AMERICAN MANLINGS WHO REFUSED TO BECOME MY SLAVES!
AIE, MAJESTY!

THE AMERICANS CAPTURED BY CLEA ARE SUSPENDED IN A STOUT CAGE ABOVE A HUGE TANK OF WATER.

AT THE QUEEN’S SIGNAL THOU WILT PULL THIS CORD AND DROP THE CAGE INTO THE TANK!

YOU CAPTIVES WILL PLAY MUSIC.
IF YOU STOP THE CAGE WILL BE DROPPED AND THE MANLINGS DROWNED!

WOO WOO! WE GOTTA PLAY FROM NOW ON!
THE BAND MUSIC ROUSES WONDER WOMAN FROM HER DEVITAMIZED COMA.
WHAT'S THIS—SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC—HUH? THEY'VE PUT ME IN AN IRON DRESS! BUT EXPANDING MY MUSCLES OUGHT TO BURST THIS COCOON—HERE GOES!

WONDER WOMAN'S POWERFUL MUSCLES CRACK THE HEAVY IRON SHEATH.
THAT'S FUNNY—I CAN'T BREAK MY WRIST ROPE—MY HANDS MUST BE TIED WITH THE MAGIC LASSO!

WONDER WOMAN PERCEIVES INSTANTLY THE PERIL OF THE CAGED MEN.
MAYBE I CAN CLimb THIS CHAIN TO THE CAGE AND FREE THE PRISONERS, EVEN WITH MY HANDS BOUND!

BUT AS THE INTREPID AMAZON NEARS THE CAGE, PTRA SEES HER.
GREAT MADRA—THE DEVIL WOMAN'S ESCAPED! QUICK-DROWN THE PRISONERS!

THE DOOMED MEN DROP SWIFTLY TOWARD THEIR WATERY GRAVE BUT WONDER WOMAN, NOTHING DAUNTED, SEIZES THE CAGE RING IN HER POWERFUL TEETH.
JUST IN TIME, BUT WHAT'LL I DO NEXT?

PTRA, RAGING, PREPARES TO HURL HER SPEAR AT THE AMAZON.
THIS TIME THOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, DEVIL WOMAN!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! GIMME THAT SPEAR, SISTER—I'LL SHOW YOU A FEW STUNTS!
Using the spear as a vaulting pole, Etta soars upward toward Wonder Woman.

Keep a stiff upper jaw, boss, here I come!

Etta reaches her objective.

I gotcha, babe—half a sec and I'll have your hands untied!

Yuh uh gwand pal, Etta—huh hewy! Say, didn't your mother ever teach you not to talk with your mouth full?

Wonder Woman, hands freed, breaks the bars of the prisoners' cage.

The sailors climb a human life line.

The Holliday girls, meanwhile, are fighting the big Venturian women valiantly with doubtful success. Take these rebellious captives alive—we'll have fun with them!

Aie, oh queen!
AT THIS CRUCIAL MOMENT, STEVE ARRIVES WITH 92 MEN AND MARINES FROM A BATTLESHIP.
BOWL 'EM OVER, BOYS - FORGET THEY'RE WOMEN OR YOU'LL WAKE UP DEAD!

WONDER WOMAN SETTLES HER FEUD WITH PIRA.
TAKE A NAP, BIG GIRL, YOU MUST BE ALL TIRED OUT AFTER TRYING SO HARD TO KILL ME!

EERAS, RELEASED, MATCHES HER STRENGTH AGAINST CLEA IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.
MERCY, EERAS! DON'T KILL ME - I SURRENDER!

WITH THE LAST FOE CONQUERED, LITTLE ELLIE WHO CAME ALONG ON STEVE'S SHIP, LEAPS INTO HER DADDY'S ARMS.
OH DADDY, I KNEW WONDER WOMAN WOULD SAVE YOU!
SHE'S WONDERFUL, ELLIE - AND SO ARE YOU!

ATLANTIS ISN'T SAFE WITH THOSE TWO WOMEN ALIVE! I HATE TO EXECUTE PRISONERS BUT -
DON'T KILL THEM! I'LL TAKE THEM BACK WITH ME AND SEE IF MALA AND HER AMAZONS CAN MAKE THEM INTO GOOD CITIZENS!

AREN'T YOU TAKING A CHANCE, BEAUTIFUL, BRINGING BACK THOSE TWO ATLANTEAN HITLERS?
PROBABLY! BUT WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S GOOD IN ANYBODY!
"No planes approaching, Sarg—but, boy oh boy, I can hear the cook
givin' orders for Wheaties for breakfast again."

SMART COOK! He knows his wheaties,
and knows that so many people go
for these good whole wheat flakes
with the "second helping" flavor.
What's your score in the "Breakfast
of Champions" league? Want to
get rugged? For one thing, you
need three square
meals every day,
including a good
breakfast. Start
that breakfast with plenty of milk,
fruit and wheaties, "Breakfast of
Champions." Boy, those wheaties are good!
Hey, look! Special offer good only
while our limited supplies last.
Get handsome mechanical pencil
shaped like big league baseball
bat...streamline curved to fit
your fingers. Send 10¢ and one
wheaties box top to General
Mills, Inc., Dept. 558, Minneapolis 15,
Minn. and send today!

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"Breakfast of Champions"

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SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY
(BORN IN AUSTRALIA IN 1884)
GRATEFUL PARENTS BLESS SISTER KENNY—THAT BRAVE, DETERMINED AUSTRALIAN NURSE WHO HAS SAVED THOUSANDS OF BOYS AND GIRLS FROM BEComing CRIPPLED FOR LIFE! THANKS TO HER WAR AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS, THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN NO LONGER SUFFER FOR MONTHS IN SPLINTS AND BRACES—BUT RECOVER COMPLETELY IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS—TO LEAD NORMAL LIVES!
The world acclaims this wonder woman nurse, who has given so freely of herself to humanity.

ELIZABETH'S PARENTS WERE SCOTCH-IRISH PIONEERS WHO HELPED SETTLE AUSTRALIA. THEY LIVED ON A LONELY FARM IN A FRONTIER OUTPOST. WHEN SHE WAS FOURTEEN, ELIZABETH WORRIED ABOUT HER YOUNGER BROTHER.

COME ON BILL! SWING YOUR LEGS UP!

I—I-CAN'T!

BIG SISTER DECIDED TO HELP BILL DEVELOP HIS STRENGTH!

 THESE ARE ALL THE BOOKS WE COULD COLLECT ON MUSCLES, BILL! NOW LET'S START STUDying THEM!

OH... I HOPE THIS WORKS!

ELIZABETH AND BILL MADE A MECHANICAL WOODEN MAN THAT SHOWED HOW BODY MUSCLES FUNCTION.

NOW TO DEVELOP THIS MUSCLE, DO THE FOLLOWING EXERCISE...
AFTER A FEW MONTHS...

C'MON, SLOWPOKE!

HEY! YOU Couldn'T EVEN REACH THIS LIMB BEFORE, BILL-

BILL GREW INTO A HUSKY MAN WINNING A MEDAL FOR BRAVERY IN WORLD WAR I, THANKS TO ELIZABETH'S SKILL IN TRAINING MUSCLES. THE SKILL THAT WOULD SOME DAY SAVE THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN FROM BEING CRIPPLED!

SISTER KENNY CHOSE THE DANGEROUS VOCATION OF "BUSH NURSE" IN 1910...

SISTER KENNY, YOU'RE BEING PUT IN CHARGE OF THE CLIFTON AREA! YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN THERE.

I'LL DO MY BEST, DOCTOR!

THAT YEAR—DEEP IN THE BUSH COUNTRY—

MY LEGS HURT—OH!!

POOR CHILD! I'VE NEVER COME UP AGAINST THIS ILLNESS BEFORE! I NEED A DOCTOR'S ADVICE...

SISTER KENNY SENT A TELEGRAM TO THE NEAREST DOCTOR—ONE HUNDRED MILES AWAY!

HMMM... THESE SYMPTOMS CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING... INFANTILE PARALYSIS!

TOO BAD... SHE CAN'T POSSIBLY SAVE THAT CHILD! WE COULDN'T GET THIS EQUIPMENT TO HER... SEND THIS WIRE, NURSE.

YES, DR. MCKENNELL

WELL, IF I CAN'T CURE HIM, I MUST STOP THAT PAIN! SINCE HEAT RELIEVES PAIN—I'LL SOAK THESE PIECES OF BLANKETS IN HOT WATER... AND PRESS THEM AGAINST HIS LEGS...

TELEGRAM CO.

Infantile Paralysis
No known cure.
Do what you can.
Dr. McConnell

SNIFF—SNIFF

R-RIP
After a few hours...

My legs don't hurt so much now!

Thank heavens it helps—I'll do the same thing for the other children just brought in!

The next year, on leave, the young nurse visited Dr. McConnell.

Sister Kenny, I've been worried about those infantile paralysis cases! How badly are the children crippled?

They're not crippled at all, Doctor—they're all right now!

Not crippled! Why, that's impossible!

But it's the truth! They're perfectly normal.

Show us what you did!

What! You didn't use splints or braces?

No, Doctor! Nurse—get me a blanket and some boiling water!

B—but—yes, Sister Kenny!

Get more hot packs ready—these are beginning to cool!

You're a nice lady—you makes that awful pain go away!

A few days later, the pain vanished completely! Then...

But the whole idea is to keep those muscles motionless—you're excercising them!

Yes—then I teach the patient how to excercise them himself!
SISTER KENNY, YOU'VE KNOCKED OUR THEORIES FOR A LOOP! THAT CHILD WOULD HAVE BEEN CRIPPLED FOR LIFE THE OLD WAY!

SISTER KENNY'S WORK WAS INTERRUPTED BY WORLD WAR I. SHE SERVED THREE YEARS NURSING ON ARMY TRANSPORTS. WHEN SHE RETURNED TO AUSTRALIA, SHE FOUNDED THE FIRST INFANTILE PARALYSIS HOSPITALS OVER-CROWDED WITH CRIPPLED CHILDREN!

BUT FEW OF THE DOCTORS WERE AS WILLING AS DR. McCONNELL TO FIGHT THE DISEASE HER WAY!

THE CHILD DOESN'T IMPROVE THIS WAY, DOCTOR! PLEASE LET ME TRY!

NURSE, ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO?

SISTER KENNY PERSISTED. SHE DEMONSTRATING TIRELESSLY BEFORE DOCTORS...

NOW CONCENTRATE, BETTY... FLEX THIS MUSCLE...

IT SEEMS TO WORK... BUT IT IS AGAINST SCIENTIFIC THEORY!

NEWS SPREAD OF HER MIRACULOUS CURES—FINALLY A DISTINGUISHED GROUP OF DOCTORS CAME OVER TO HER SIDE!

SISTER KENNY, WE WILL PUBLICLY ENDORSE YOUR METHOD OF TREATING INFANTILE PARALYSIS!

THAT MAKES ME VERY HAPPY, DOCTOR!

GRADUALLY, HER METHOD WON OVER NEARLY THE WHOLE MEDICAL PROFESSION—EXCEPT A FEW CONSERVATIVES WHO IN 1935, THROUGH AN INVESTIGATING COMMISSION, DENOUNCED THE KENNY TREATMENT!

THIS MEANS MY HANDS ARE TIED, HERE! BUT I'LL GO TO LONDON... MAYBE ENGLISH DOCTORS WILL LISTEN...

BUT SOON AFTER SHE LEFT, DOCTORS BEGAN TO USE THE KENNY TREATMENT IN ALL AUSTRALIAN HOSPITALS AT THE PATIENTS' OWN REQUEST!

DISCOURAGED IN LONDON, SISTER KENNY JOURNEYED TO AMERICA. WE'RE GLAD TO DEVOTE A FLOOR OF THE MINNEAPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL TO A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR METHOD, SISTER KENNY! DOCTORS KNAPP AND COLE WILL SUPERVISE YOUR WORK!

THANK YOU!

SISTER KENNY ASTOUNDED AMERICAN DOCTORS BY RESTORING MANY "HOPELESSLY CRIPPLED" CHILDREN TO NORMAL HEALTH! IN 1941, THE KENNY TREATMENT FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS WAS ENDORSED BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

INSPIRED BY THE SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS OF THIS WONDER WOMAN, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SHOW INCREASING DETERMINATION—THROUGH THE MARCH OF Dimes—to finish the magnificient work to which she has dedicated her life—the stamping out of infantile paralysis—childhood's most dread disease!
HOP HARRIGAN rested a hand on the fuselage of the Lockheed. "Those leaflets—are they stowed in the plane yet?"

"You bet!" beamed Tank Tinker. "They're tied up in bundles of a hundred each. We'll have to cut the string on each bundle as we drop 'em. Hop, I can just see those Eye-ties running when we zoom over their heads—until they find it's leaflets we're dropping, not bombs!"

Just then an ominous sound filled the air—the sputter of an engine. A crippled plane was circling the small airfield, trying to come in for a landing. Then the engine went dead. The pilot brought her down in a pancake and glided to a safe, if bumpy, landing.

Tank let out a sudden whoop. "It's Ames!" he cried. "Larry Ames! Gosh, and we gave him up for lost when he was shot down a couple of days ago!"

Tinker raced across the tarmac to the plane with Hop close in his wake. As they neared the plane, they noticed the man in the cockpit was not moving. Hop and Tank climbed up on the wing. Gently, they lifted him out and set him on his feet on the ground.

"No bullets hit him," commented Hop, "but he doesn't seem to know what's happening! Larry, don't you know us? It's Hop and Tank—your buddies—"

Ames shook his head slowly. His eyes took in the rest of the squadron, who had come up. Major Steele watched him curiously. "No—I can't remember—I don't know what made me fly here. Is this—my base?"

Major Steele spoke. "Get him to the hospital tent. Looks like amnesia, but it might be just a temporary case of shock!"

Larry Ames was led off. The rest of the men walked back toward the ready room, but Hop Harrigan remained by the crippled plane—thinking.

His keen eyes had noted that the cockpit of Ames' plane was riddled with bullet holes. No man could have lived through that hail of lead. Yet Larry had not only lived through it—he had come out without a bullet wound!

What had happened in the two days between the time that Larry Ames had been shot down—and his reappearance now? Larry Ames must be dead, reasoned Hop. This man was an impostor, a spy!

Hop streaked toward the operations hut, and told his story briefly to the Major. "I've known Ames for years. Before the war broke out, Larry used to write to a brother in Germany, his twin.

"Larry showed me pictures his brother Hans used to send him. Sir, they're identical, except that Hans had a tattoo of a battleship on his right arm!"

"Harrigan, this sounds fantastic," the Major said. "We'll take a look at him just to satisfy you. I'm sure Ames could explain that cockpit, if his mind were clear."

They crossed the tarmac to the hospital tent. The doctor was daubing something on a bruise on Ames' right arm. Hop's hopes were dashed. There was no tattoo!

Major Steele motioned Hop outside.

"Harrigan, I'm inclined to think you're letting your imagination run away with you. Ames was forced to land the plane, and was strafed on the ground by an enemy plane after having leaped out of the cockpit to avoid getting hit. And then later, climbed back in and flew back to base. Now take my advice, forget the whole thing," the Major said.

Hop watched the Major disappear from sight. Then he turned and went into the tent again. The doctor was still tending a bruise on Ames' arm.

"Dr. Reed, Captain Williams asked to see you immediately. Urgent!" Hop said. The doctor grumbled at being interrupted, but went. Hop sat down in his place, picked up the cotton, and started to daub the bruise. Then suddenly, he rubbed the skin briskly—at the place where the tattoo should have been.

The skin turned red—all except a small square patch that remained white. "Good thing I remembered that little trick, rat!" Hop snarled. "When a tattoo is removed, you can tell by rubbing the skin—it doesn't turn red, like normal skin!"

Ames' eyes flashed. He looked like a trapped rat. His breath was coming fast. "Tattoo? What are you talking about?"

Hop yanked Ames to his feet, planted a blow square on his jaw. Ames reeled back and hit the canvas wall of the tent. He fell forward again and lay flat on his stomach, one arm hidden underneath the cot. Then that arm whipped out, caught Hop's ankle, and he plunged back, off balance. His head crashed against something hard.
When Hop came to, he was alone. The throb of an airplane motor warming up filled him with foreboding. He scrambled to his feet, raced out onto the tarmac. The P-38 that he and Tank were to take on the leaflet raid was taxiing across the field.

Then suddenly the plane began to careen madly. After several hectic minutes, it came to a grinding halt, inches away from the hangar door.

Hop had the cowling off the cockpit in a second, dragged the squealing spy out of the plane, and crashed him right to the side of his head that put him out of commission. A couple of mechanics carried Tinker out of the plane, and cut the ropes that bound him hand and foot.

"Hey, Hop, this mug's a spy! He tried to—" Tank began.

Hop cut in, "I know that! But what I can't figure out is how you made him stop the plane—with all those ropes around you?"

Tinker grinned. "Remember the first time we went on a leaflet raid, Hop?" he asked. "We left the leaflets loose in the cabin. Then when we started to take off—they flew all over the place and blinded us! Well, this mug tied my wrists but I could still use my fingers—to pull the cords off a lot of bundles of leaflets!" Tank jerked his head toward the beaten spy. "Not bad results for a leaflet raid!" he said.

THE END

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Shot in a shell through the heart of a mountain, Wonder Woman risks her life with a smile to save an air-starved continent, kidnapped from Paradise Island, subjected to perils which would make the bravest man shudder, the beautiful Amazon never flinches.

In this story, the tale of the captive queen, Wonder Woman again demonstrates her extraordinary courage and allure and endears herself anew to the hearts of her many friends and admirers.

Etta Candy interrupts Diana's busy day at the office. This is important—there's a girl named Octavia, stronger than Wonder Woman, in the newsreel! Don't bother me, Etta—er—what's that? Stronger than Wonder Woman?

I knew that would getcha, keep this dame's a football player and they say she could toss Wonder Woman over the goal posts.

Well—that sounds interesting—I suppose I might spare a few minutes.

Diana calls on Octavia. My name is Diana Prince—I came to—ouch! My poor hand!

Greetings, Diana! Are you a football player?
OH—I'M TOO WEAK FOR FOOTBALL, BUT ETTA CANDY'S ALL-GIRLS TEAM WILL PLAY YOU.

GIRLS? GOOD! THEY SHOULD GIVE US SOME REAL COMPETITION! MANLINGS—ER, I MEAN MALES ARE ALL WEAK AND STUPID!

SO SHE CALLS MEN "MANLINGS—GOOD HERA SHE MUST BE FROM ATLANTIS!

WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

HM—I WONDER! YOUR FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR—IF YOU'RE THE ATLANTERN PRINCESS IN DISGUISE—UG—ULP! STOP CHUGGING ME!

SILENCE OR I'LL KILL YOU!

GIRLS? GOOD! THEY SHOULD GIVE US SOME REAL COMPETITION! MANLINGS—ER, I MEAN MALES ARE ALL WEAK AND STUPID!

OCTAVIA'S MY NAME—WHENCE I COME IS NOBODY'S AFFAIR!

THAT NIGHT WONDER WOMAN CALLS MALA, CHIEF OF THE AMAZON PRISON, ON THE MENTAL RADIO.

HELLO, MALA. HAS THE ATLANTERN PRISONER PTRA ESCAPED?

SHE'S BEEN A PERFECT PRISONER! SHE BEGS TO SPEAK—I WILL PROJECT HER THOUGHTS TO YOU!

I AM VERY HAPPY HERE IN AMAZON PRISON! THE GIRL FROM ATLANTIS WITH RED HAIR IS—

THAT FOR THEE, VILE TRAITRESS! YE GODS—

OCTAVIA'S ON THE RAMPAGE!

THE TWO POWERFUL GIRLS STRUGGLE FIERCELY.

THIS AMAZON GRIP ENDS YOUR NONSENSE, MY FRIEND, AND THE MAGIC LASSO WILL MAKE YOU TALK!
I'M PRINCESS OCTAVIA, QUEEN EERAS' DAUGHTER. I SAW THEE IN ATLANTIS BUT WE DID NOT MEET. I RAN AWAY TO THE UPPER WORLD BECAUSE I ADMIRED THEE SO — I HOPED TO LEARN THY COURAGE AND WISDOM.

THE FACE OF PTRA, MY MOTHER'S ENEMY, SUDDENLY ENRAGED ME! I'M SORRY I BROKE THY INSTRUMENT.

THE FIRST THING FOR YOU TO DO, OCTAVIA, IS LEARN TO CONTROL YOURSELF — THEN YOU CAN CONTROL ATLANTIS! A LITTLE TRAINING AT PARADISE ISLAND IS WHAT YOU NEED.

AT THE AMAZON TRAINING STATION MALA WELCOMES WONDER WOMAN AND HER NEW CHARGE.

HOLA, PRINCESS! APHRODITE WITH YOU!

AND WITH YOU! I BRING YOU A ROYAL STUDENT — PRINCESS OCTAVIA OF ATLANTIS!

I'LL LEAVE THIS GIRL WITH YOU — SHE'S STRONG BUT CAN'T CONTROL HER IMPULSES. SHE NEEDS TRAINING.

WE'LL CONTROL THEM FOR HER WITH CHAINS, IF NECESSARY.

I'LL WEAR THEM WILLINGLY!

OCTAVIA LEARNS TO PLAY BULLETS AND BRACELETS.

WHY SHOULD I BE CHAINED TO THIS POST?

YOU WILL SEE! SHALL SHOOT THESE CELLULOID BALLS AT YOU WITH THIS AIR PISTOL, AND YOU MUST CATCH THEM ON YOUR BRACELETS!

OW-W! SHOOT SLOWER — THOSE CELLULOID BALLS STING.

THE BALLS CANNOT INJURE YOU — IT ISN'T THE HURT THAT MAKES YOU ANGRY, IT'S BEING DEFEATED AT THE GAME!
STOP SHOOTING THOSE THINGS AT ME OR I'LL—I'LL—
YOU'LL WHAT? YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME—THAT'S WHY YOU'RE CHAINED TO THE POST! CONTROL YOUR ANGER AND DEFEND YOURSELF WITH YOUR BRACELETS AS I COMMANDED. YOU'LL FIND IT'S EASIER THAN YOU THINK.

MONTHS LATER WONDER WOMAN RETURNS TO GIVE OCTAVIA HER FINAL TEST.
OH PRINCESS, IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU.
I SHALL REMOVE YOUR CHAINS—YOU AND ANOTHER GIRL WILL PLAY BULLETS AND BRACELETS WITH REAL AMAZON PISTOLS.

OCTAVIA MEETS HER OPPONENT.
SO I'M TO FIGHT THEE—HA HA!
THOU TRAITRESS—I SHOULD KILL THEE FOR WHAT THOU DIEST IN ATLANTIS.

CONTROL YOURSELF, OCTAVIA! I CHOSE CLEA FOR YOUR OPPONENT PURPOSELY, TO TEST YOUR SELF CONTROL AS WELL AS YOUR SKILL AT BULLETS AND BRACELETS.

YOU GIRLS WILL WALK AWAY FROM EACH OTHER. WHEN I SAY READY—AND NOT BEFORE—YOU WILL TURN, SHOOT, AND DEFEND YOURSELVES WITH YOUR BRACELETS.

BUT CLEA, NOT WAITING THE SIGNAL, WHIRLS SUDDENLY AND SHOOTS AT HER OLD ENEMY.
STOP CLEA—ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'VE SHOT OCTAVIA WHILE HER BACK WAS TURNED!
Thank Aphrodite—the bullet only grazed Octavia's head. She'll be okay when she regains consciousness.

That's what thou thinkest, devil woman! When you two regain consciousness your real troubles will begin!

Hit at the base of her brain, a human's most vulnerable spot, Wonder Woman lies helpless while Clea binds her with unbreakable Amazon prison chains.

How fortunate that my former fetters were soft lying here!

Laughing with malicious triumph the powerful Clea carries her unconscious prisoners to Wonder Woman's plane.

Ha ha ha! What fools those Amazons were to think they had me tamed!

Swiftly and silently the invisible plane sweeps upward into the blue. They even taught us to pilot these Amazon flying machines, ha ha ha!!

While Wonder Woman is carried captive to an unknown fate, Colonel Darnell grows anxious about Diana.

Where is Diana? She went to help Wonder Woman and she hasn't come back.

Woo woo! I got a mental radio message from the Amazon Queen—Wonder Woman's been kidnapped from Paradise Island by two Atlantean dames! Have some candy?

At that moment Etta Candy bursts into the office:

HM—I hope Wonder Woman's okay!
HURRY—THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! WE'VE GOT TO REACH ATLANTIS BEFORE THEY MURDER WONDER WOMAN!

Okay—but wait! I dropped some candy!

STEVE INSISTS THAT THE HOLLIDAY GIRLS CARRY RIFLES AND WEAR STEEL HELMETS.

Those Atlantean she-devils may have taken guns from the ship they captured—you must protect yourselves!

This'll make a good paddle, anyway!

FLYING HIS PLANE AT TOP SPEED, STEVE SOON ARRIVES OVER THE VOLCANIC ENTRANCE TO ATLANTIS.

NOW FOR THE DIVE TO ATLANTIS!

But as Steve starts to descend, a terrific explosion shakes the mountain.

Woo woo! The mountain blew up!

Hounds of Hades—that explosion must have closed the tunnel to Atlantis!

WONDER WOMAN, MEANWHILE, RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS.

Great Aphrodite! What's happened to me and where am I?

TURNING, THE AMAZON MAIDEN DISCOVERS A SISTER PRISONER.

Octavia! Where are we? We're in the Venturian dungeons on Atlantis! I heard a guard talking—Clea brought us both here captive in thy plane!
Wonder Woman tries in vain to break her chains.

If I can't break these chains, they must be Amazon prison fetters, forged from Aphrodite's magic metal!

But the two strong girls pull the wall ring loose.

There's more than one way to catch a Kanga-Lean on that chain, big girl! Together we may be able to do it! HA! It's done!

The door to this cell's in the ceiling. That won't do - let's see what's behind the wall.

Clea! I thought we were thy prisoners!

Great Madra! Thou hast the strength of a goddess!

In the next cell a surprise awaits them.

You were - but now we're all captives of the Manlings! They've killed their women rulers and now control Atlantis!

When we captured that ship in the upper world we brought back arms. I kept them hidden but the Manlings found them! They surprised their mistresses, killed many and made the rest slaves.

Was my mother, Queen Eeras, killed?

I don't know - what difference does it make? You couldn't rescue her - you're helpless against rifles and cannon.

Suddenly a ladder is let down into the dungeon cell.

Come up, prisoners!
THE CAPTIVES ARE LED BEFORE THE NEW EMPEROR OF ATLANTIS.

KNEEL, SLAVES! ALL WOMEN MUST REMAIN ON THEIR KNEES IN MAN’S PRESENCE—GUARDS, CHAIN THESE PRISONERS PROPERLY!

AIEE, ALMIGHTINESS! I KNEEL WILLINGLY, MASTER!

OH, THOU ART SO HANDSOME, SO STRONG! WILT THOU NOT TAKE ME FOR THY SLAVE?

I WILL CONSIDER IT. THOU MAYEST SIT AT MY FEET AND AMUSE ME WITH THY SILLY WOMAN’S CHATTER!

WONDER WOMAN AND OCTAVIA ARE FITTED WITH KNEELING CHAINS DESIGNED TO KEEP ATLANTIAN WOMEN ON THEIR KNEES AND MAKE THEM SHORTER THAN MEN.

UNLOCK THEIR FORMER FETTERS—HERE’S THE KEY FOUND ON CLEA.

WITH ORDINARY CHAINS ON MY WRISTS, ESCAPE WILL BE EASY!

MAY WE NOT HAVE OUR HANDS FETTERED IN FRONT OF US?

YES—THE BETTER TO PLEAD FOR MERCY! HA, HA!

THE GIRLS ARE LED ON THEIR KNEES TO PRISON.

WHEN I BREAK YOUR CHAINS LOOSE, PROTECT YOURSELF FROM BULLETS WITH YOUR BRACELETS.

SNAPPING HER FETTERS LIKE COTTON THREADS, THE MIGHTY AMAZON SEIZES THE GUARD.

GOOD WORK, RED HEAD! THIS IS YOUR FINAL TEST WITH BULLETS AND BRACELETS!
LEAVING PURSUERS FAR BEHIND \nTHE TWO GIRLS RACE TOWARD \nOCTAVIA'S COUNTRY, AURANIA. 

GREAT MADRA—WHAT'S THAT?

NEARING THE AIR INLET TUNNEL THEY SEE A HUGE GUN 
FIRING TOWARD THE ROCKY CEILING OF ATLANTIS.

GOOD HERA—THAT'S A BIG 
BERTHA CAPTURED FROM THE 
NAZIS! CLEA MUST HAVE FOUND 
IT ON THE AMERICAN SHIP!

SEEING GIRLS, THE TIMID ATLANTEAN "MANLINGS" FLEE. 
HO HO, THE COWARDS! EVEN 
WHEN ARMED THEY DARE 
NOT FACE A WOMAN!

BUT WONDER WOMAN CAPTURES A GUNNER WITH HER 
MAGIC LASSO.

I MUST FIND OUT WHAT YOU 
BOYS WERE DOING WITH THAT 
BIG GUN—IF IT'S WHAT I 
SUSPECT, ZEUS HELP US!

TELL ME THE TRUTH—WHAT 
WERE YOU SHOOTING AT?

I—I AM COMPELLED TO 
SPEAK! WE SHOT INTO 
THE AIR TUNNEL—THE 
SHELL EXPLOSIONS 
CLOSED THE ENTRANCE 
TO ATLANTIS! OUR 
EMPEROR FEARED INVASION 
BY WOMEN FROM ABOVE!

WHAT FOOLS THESE MANLINGS ARE! WITH THAT TUNNEL 
CLOSED WE CANNOT GET FRESH 
AIR—ALL ATLANTIS WILL PERISH!

WE MUST OPEN THE 
TUNNEL AND GET RE-
INFORCEMENTS FROM 
ABOVE—I HAVE 
AN IDEA!

TAKING A BIG BERTHA SHELL APART WONDER 
WOMAN REMOVES THE DETONATOR AND EXPLO 
SION CHARGE AND STEPS INSIDE THE CASING.

REPLACE THIS SHELL TOP, OCTAVIA, AND 
SHOOT ME INTO THE TUNNEL!

NO, MISTRESS—THOU'LT 
BE KILLED!

OCTAVIA AND THE ATLANTEAN LOAD THE GUN.

QUICKLY, DO AS I SAY—THERE'S 
NO TIME TO loose!

PLEASE, BELoved 
PRINCESS, I WISH YOU'D GIVE 
UP THIS MAD PLAN!

GC
THE GUN IS FIRED—UP, UP HURTLES THE HUGE SHELL, AT TERRIFIC VELOCITY, INTO THE BLOCKED TUNNEL!

AT THIS MOMENT, STEVE, CIRCLING ABOVE THE VOLCANIC CRATER, HEARS THE GUNFIRE.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A BIG BERTHA BARKING WAY DOWN BELOW!

SUEDDENLY WONDER WOMAN'S HURTLING SHELL, REOPENING THE TUNNEL, ZOOMS TOWARD STEVE’S PLANE.

BY JINKS, THAT SHELL WON'T MISS US BY MUCH!

BOOM!

WONDER WOMAN OPENS THE LID OF THE SHELL AND SEES—

WHAT LUCK—THERE'S STEVE'S PLANE—I WONDER IF I CAN MAKE IT!

TIMING HER PRECAUOIOUS PERFORMANCE PERFECTLY, WONDER WOMAN LEAPS FROM SHELL TO PLANE WITH A MILE OF THIN AIR BENEATH HER!

WOO WOO! OF ALL THE CRAZY STUNTS I EVER SAW THAT GIRL DO—THIS IS THE DIZZIEST!

CLIMBING INTO THE COCKPIT THE AMAZON GETS A WARM WELCOME.

I RECOGNIZED YOUR PLANE, STEVE, AND THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ANGEL FROM A SHELL—YOU'RE AMAZING!

WONDER WOMAN—YOU'RE GRAND!

SWOOPING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE TUNNEL TO LAND ON ATLANTIS, THEY FIND OCTAVIA DEFENDING BIG BERTHA FROM ATLANTIAN "MANLINGS."

JUST IN TIME—I COULDN'T HOLD THIS GUN MUCH LONGER!

WHY HOLD IT? LET'S THROW IT AT THEM!
Lucky we brought rifles—it should be easy to defeat these Atlantean sissies—

 LOOK! An army of "manlings" led by Clea—whew! She's a fast worker—already she has talked the King out of his job!

The Wonder Woman Legion charges fearlessly against vastly superior numbers.

Forward, my braves—shoot faster!

Come on kids—use your heads: they're bullet proof!

The Holliday Girls fire a volley over the manlings' heads and they run frantically for safety.

Wonder Woman captures Clea with the magic lasso—

I've got you again, my tricky friend—this time for keeps!

Look what I got, the Little King—ain't he cute?

P-please don't h-hurt me.

Queen Eeras is finally freed.

I'll stay and rule Venturia as thou wished, mother—Wonder Woman has taught me that self-control brings strength and happiness.

Where's Diana? Darnell will go nuts if I don't find her.

Diana's on her way—she'll get back before you do! And Steve, I want you to know how much I appreciate your helper—I mean, thanks for everything.

Seeing thee, my daughter, is worth more than my kingdom.
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[Signature]

Name: [Blank]
Address: [Blank]
City: [Blank] State: [Blank]
GOOD NIGHT, ROLLO. GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN—AND REMEMBER OUR SECRET WEAPON!
I WON'T FORGET, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

NOW! HOOTIN' ZOOTS! A COUPLE OF SPIES!

ADOACH!

ROLLO REMEMBERS—WHEN IN DANGER, TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

ACH! OH! DER BIG GUY COMES! KILL HIM DEAD!

ZIP ZIP ZIP

BANG BANG

WITH THE COUNTER-SIGN OF THE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, SECRET LEGION T FOR TOOTSIE, TRY IT ON YOUR FRIENDS—IF THEY ANSWER IT, THEY'RE MEMBERS!

VE, KETCH DER LIDDLE BOY, SCHMANZ!
JA, HANG! UND DEN VE TAKE DER SECRET VEPPON TO DER FUEHRER!

Hey! Hey! Missed me!

This clothes rope will hold you till the P.B. gets here!

Atta boy, can you rap 'em, then you wrap 'em!

Now ve neffer find out vot iz der secret veppon!

Shucks! Now that you can't use it, well tell you our secret weapon—'s EXTRA ENERGY!

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