

# ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

ANC





# CRAZY WITH THE HEAT

By BERT N. DEAN

TEN SECONDS after the deed was done the cops were closing in on Henry from all angles. Things looked very black for Henry and his face turned white. If you think that was a paradox, hold on! The worse, for Henry at least, was yet to come.

Henry surrendered without a fight. That was the sensible thing to do, because he weighed only one hundred and ten while each of the cops was a two-hundred pounder. They didn't draw their guns, but Henry drew his own conclusions as to where they would take him.

The arrest attracted a crowd of lunch hour loafers in City Hall Park. It was a blistering hot day, but every person in the crowd knew that the cops were going to make it even hotter for Henry.

The doors of the patrol wagon yawned wide and Henry narrowly escaped a boot in the pants by jumping inside. He was followed by two burly officers, then the wire grided doors were slammed with a clang that sent shivers down Henry's spine in spite of the heat.

Siren screaming, the paddy wagon careened down the avenue. Through the rear door Henry could see the courthouse, the county jail and the railroad station. He dreaded the thought that all three buildings would eventually play a hand in his fate.

The arresting officer gave the charge to the desk sergeant at the precinct house while Henry stared hopelessly at the floor, biting his lower lip.

The desk sergeant roared: "Shot the police commissioner, huh? What's yer name, punk? And address and occupation. Make it snappy!"

Henry raised frightened eyes. "Er, my name is Henry Hawkins. Er, I'm a bookkeeper, an' I live at Seventeen Elm Place. Er, I didn't know it was loaded. Honest! You've got to believe me!"

A heavy hand from behind grasped Henry's collar, and a gruff voice said: "Save your alibis fer the judge. We're throwing you in the lock-up!"

"But, but please let me phone a lawyer!" Henry pleaded. "The best lawyer in town will be none too good for me under these circumstances."

"You can say that again!" the cop growled, pushing Henry toward a coin telephone on the wall.

The lawyer didn't hold out much hope for Henry, but Henry gave him a list of friends whom the lawyer agreed to contact. Henry figured his friends would rally to his aid and if necessary raise a defense fund to help him beat the rap.

After the call, Henry was thrown into a small, dark cell. He slumped in exhaustion to the narrow bunk, and fell asleep to dream of scowling jurors, sneering witnesses and a judge whose thunderous voice made the courtroom windows rattle.

But as Henry snoozed away the afternoon in a succession of nightmares, his buddies and fellow-hobbyists rallied to his cause. Ollie Timmins, the head bookkeeper in Henry's office told the staff: "He shot the police commissioner, huh? So what? Probably Henry didn't even know who the guy was!"

Jess Maguire, leaning against the water cooler, shook his fist angrily. "Henry didn't do it deliberately! It must have been an accident. All of us have to help Henry, even if we have to go into court and perjure ourselves as witnesses for the defense!"

Tod Peters knocked his pipe on the corner of a desk and joined the discussion. "I heard of a similar case upstate," he said, "in which the defendant was released and the jury hanged."

*(Continued on Inside Back Cover)*



Illustrated by  
LILY RENÉE & ERIC PETERS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
LILY RENÉE & ERIC PETERS

MENTAL  
TELEPATHY!  
POPPYCOCK!  
FIRST-CLASS  
RUBBISH!

MY DEAR ABBOTT,  
THERE IS SUCH A  
THING AS MENTAL  
TELEPATHY...  
A MEETING  
OF MINDS!

MY DEAR ABBOTT,  
THERE IS SUCH A  
THING AS MENTAL  
TELEPATHY...  
A MEETING  
OF MINDS!

LECTURE  
TONIGHT.  
MENTAL  
TELEPATHY  
REAL?  
OR UN?

PINHEAD!  
WITH YOUR  
MIND?  
DON'T MAKE  
ME LAUGH,  
COSTELLO!  
MENTAL  
TELEPATHY,  
YET!

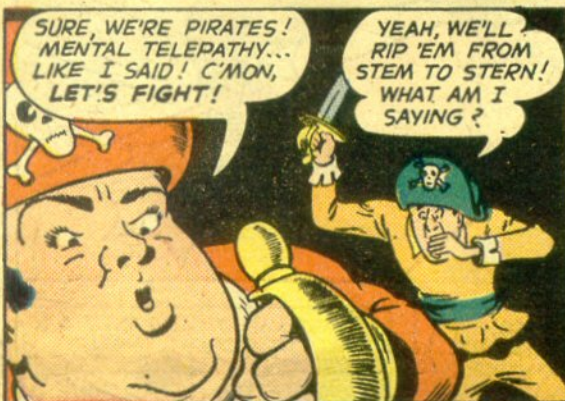
OKAY,  
IGNORANT!  
I'M GONNA  
CONCENTRATE  
ON A SUBJECT  
---AND **SEE**  
IF WE DON'T  
MEET!

**M**ASTERMIND GOES INTO A TRANCE...

I CHOOSE THE PITTSBURGH  
PIRATES! THE PITTSBURGH  
PIRATES!- PIRATES! PIRATES!  
**PIRATES!**



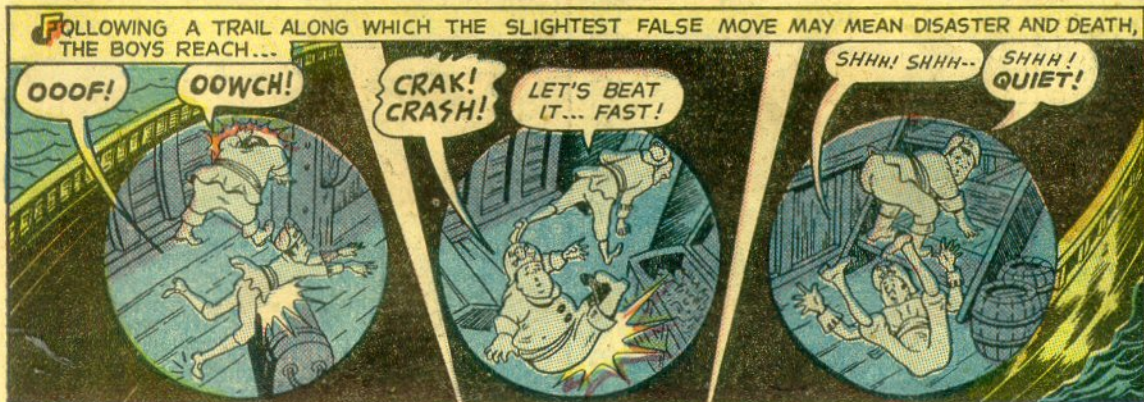














THERE'S ONE LITTLE THING THAT WORRIES ME! HOW DO WE GET OFF THIS SHIP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN?

AAH! WE'LL HIDE HER UNTIL WE REACH PORT --- AND THEN SMUGGLE HER OFF!



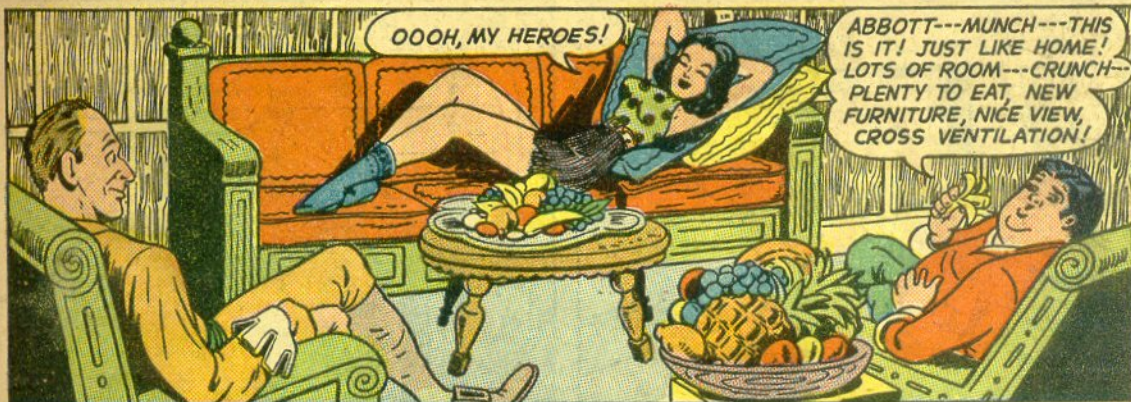
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! BUT IN THE MEANTIME A PRETTY KID LIKE THIS NEEDS A COMFORTABLE SPOT!

ALL RIGHT, SO WE'LL FIND HER A COMFORTABLE SPOT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS?



OOOH, MY HEROES!

ABBOTT---MUNCH---THIS IS IT! JUST LIKE HOME! LOTS OF ROOM---CRUNCH---PLENTY TO EAT, NEW FURNITURE, NICE VIEW, CROSS VENTILATION!



--I BET THE CAPTAIN HIMSELF COULDN'T---THE CAPTAIN!

THE CAPTAIN! THE CAPTAIN... THE CAPTAIN...



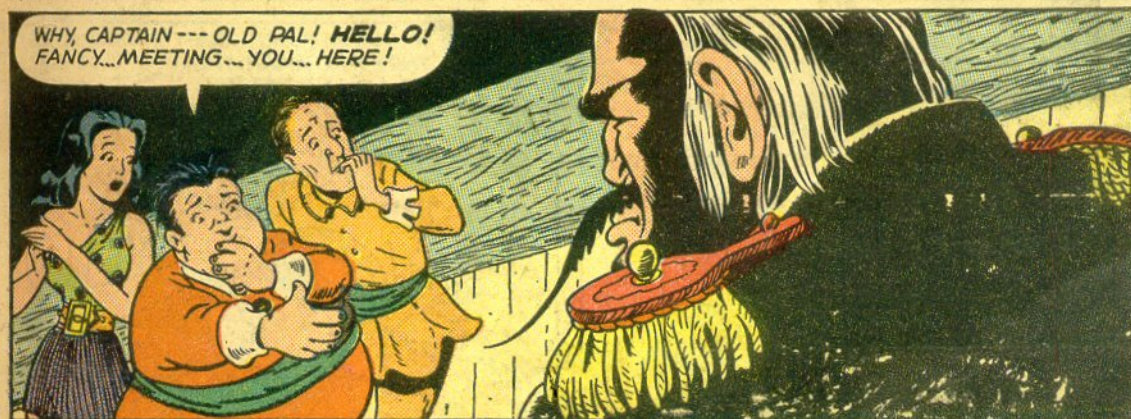
WE'RE IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN! WE'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE!

IF THAT MAN-EATER EVER CATCHES

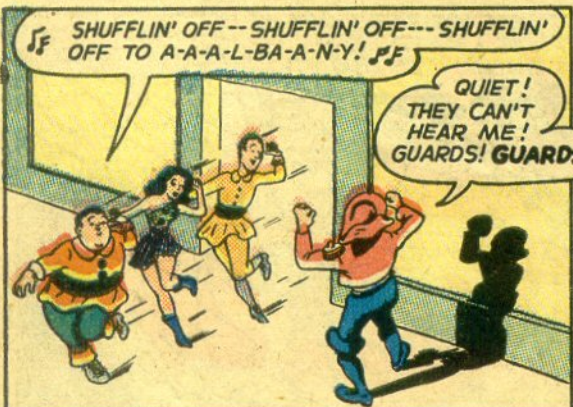
UP WITH US... COME ON BABY---OOOF! OH, EXCUSE ME, SIR---



WHY, CAPTAIN --- OLD PAL! HELLO! FANCY... MEETING... YOU... HERE!









DAWN!  
MOMENT  
OF  
EXECUTION!

MOMENT  
WHEN  
EVEN  
STRONG  
MEN  
SHOW FEAR...  
AND  
TREMBLE...







I'LL USE THIS OLD RAG TO WAVE AT 'EM, AN' GET THEIR ATTENTION! JUST IN CASE I CAN'T DO IT BY WILL POWER...

SEIZE HIM!  
STOP HIM!



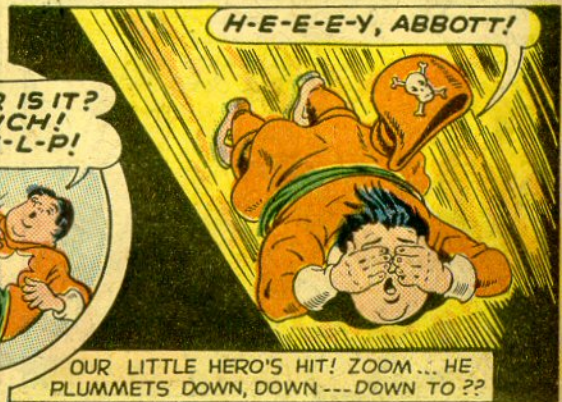
YOO-HOO! CAPTAIN---COMMODORE---ADMIRAL---YOO-HOO! DON'T BELIEVE THESE---THESE PIRATES! THEY'RE B-A-A-D BOYS!

SHOOT HIM DOWN!  
SHOOT TO KILL!



THEY CAN'T SHOOT ME! ALL I GOTTA DO IS IGNORE 'EM! IT'S A MATTER OF MENTAL TELEPATHY---

...OR IS IT?  
OWCH!  
H-E-L-P!

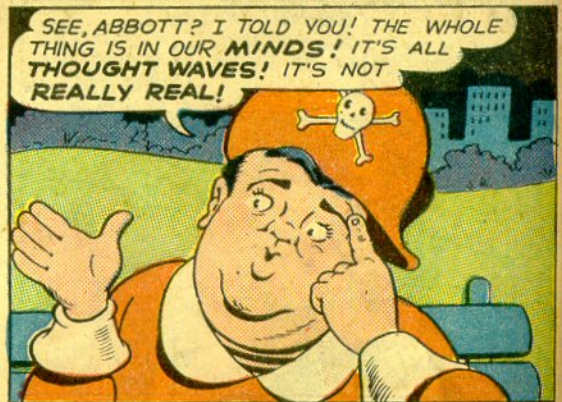


H-E-E-E-Y, ABBOTT!

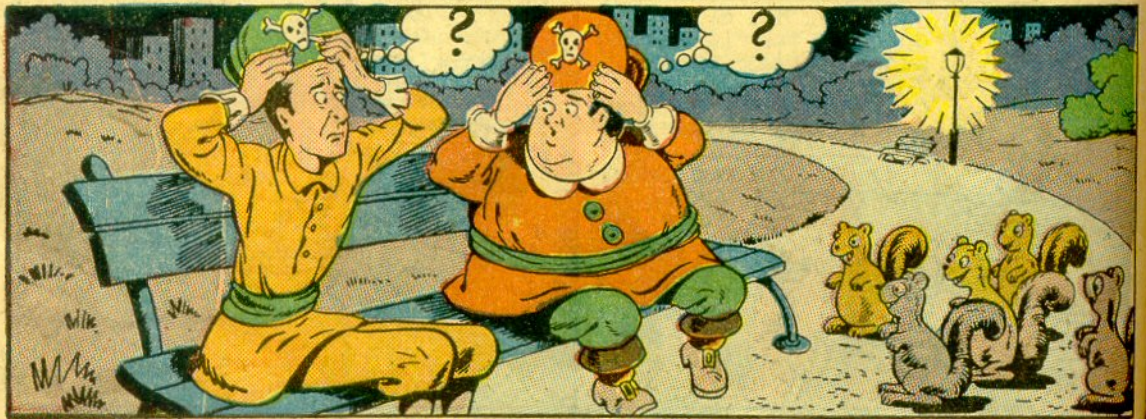
OUR LITTLE HERO'S HIT! ZOOM... HE PLUMMETS DOWN, DOWN---DOWN TO??



SAY...WHAT...WHO...? WHERE AM I? THIS IS...IT'S THE PARK BENCH!  
WE WERE ARGUING ABOUT...I MEAN DISCUSSING...MENTAL TELEPATHY!

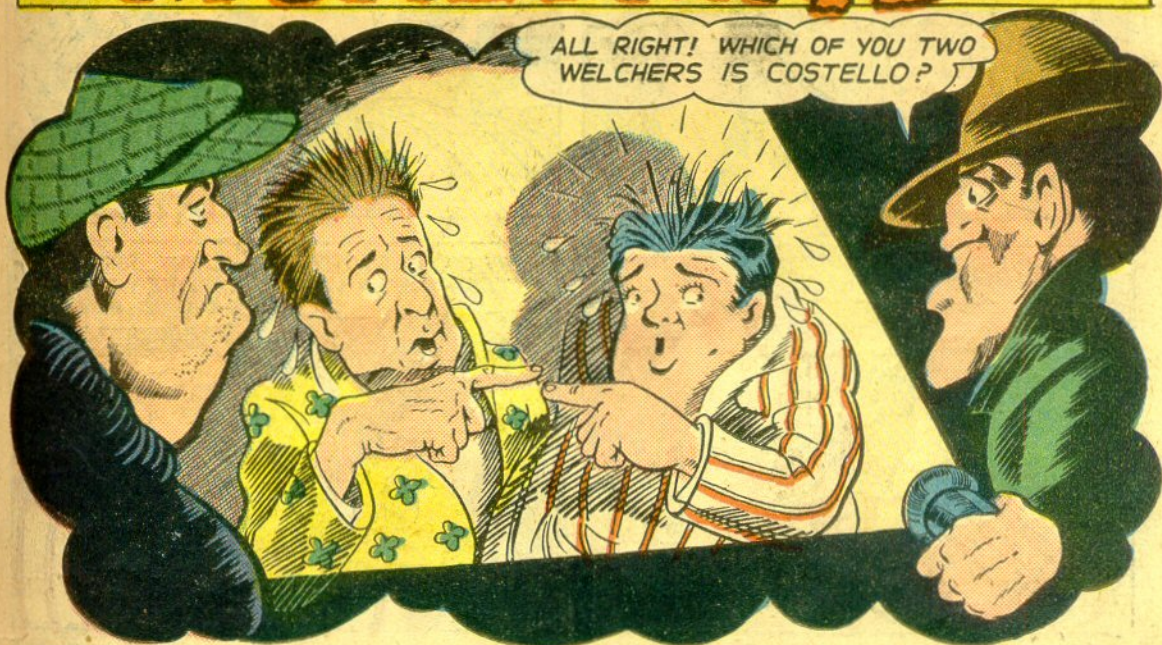


SEE, ABBOTT? I TOLD YOU! THE WHOLE THING IS IN OUR MINDS! IT'S ALL THOUGHT WAVES! IT'S NOT REALLY REAL!





# ABBOTT and COSTELLO in "MONEY-MAD"





LISTEN, BUDDY, IT'S A SAD STORY! I'VE BEEN A B-A-A-D BOY! THREE YEARS AGO I BORROWED FIFTEEN DOLLARS FROM THE "ONE LUMP SUM FINANCE COMPANY"!

HMMM... I GET IT! AND YOU NEVER PAID IT BACK?

OF COURSE NOT! WHO'S GOT THAT KIND OF DOUGH? NOW, THE COMPANY'S SENDING A COLLECTOR TO COLLECT! THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE! I HEAR THOSE COLLECTORS ARE GANGSTERS... KILLERS! UGH!

LOOK, LITTLE CHUM, YOU CAN BEAT THIS RAP! GET OUT OF THE HOUSE TILL THIS THING BLOWS OVER!

HOW CAN I GET OUT? FOR ALL I KNOW, THEY'VE GOT THE JOINT SURROUNDED! MACHINE GUNS, CEMENT BLOCKS, RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT... AND I'M THE LATE LOU COSTELLO!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY FOR A CLEAN GET-AWAY?

CLEAN GET-AWAY! ABBOTT, YOU'RE A G-O-O-OD BOY!

WAIT'LL YOU SEE COSTELLO IN THE NEW LOOK!

?

WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE... MOTHER HUBBARD? MISS HUSH? TUGBOAT ANNIE?

NAAAH, I'M A TIRED, HARD-WORKING OLD SCRUB-WOMAN!

NOW --EVEN IF THOSE KILLERS COME ALONG THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE ME! ALL I GOTTA DO IS SCRUB THE STEPS UNTIL I WORK MYSELF OUT OF THE HOUSE!



TIRE, OLD, HARD-WORKING SCRUBWOMAN, EH ?



TWO STEPS TO FREEDOM...

WHAT A BRAIN! WHAT A MASTER PLAN! TWO MORE STEPS AND I WORK MYSELF OUT OF THIS TRAP!



PARDON ME...

WHO... WHO IS IT?



THEY GOT ME! THEY PUT THE FINGER ON ME! I'M A GONNER!

EXCUSE ME...



MADAME, COULD YOU PLEASE DIRECT ME...

ONE LUMP SUM FINANCE CO.

NO SPIK EENGLISH, COMPRIS? SCRAM!!



MY GOOD WOMAN, ALL I WANT---

MAYBE IF I FAINT, I'LL SCARE HIM OFF!

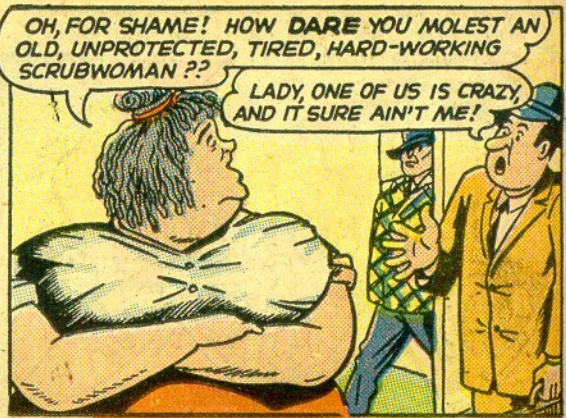


Oooooh...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LADY? DON'T YOU FEEL GOOD?











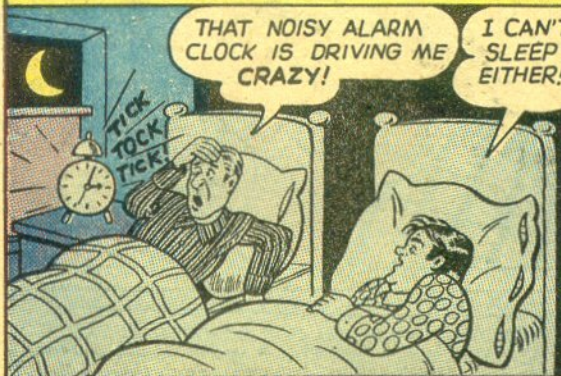
Dubble Bubble Gum is best  
for you and me and all the rest  
GET SOME TODAY!

1¢ with Comics, Fortunes, Facts





# Time Marches On



THAT  
MORNING



THAT  
EVENING





# Can you find the **SECRET CLUES**

## TO MONARK'S POPULARITY



THE NEW 1949

**MONARK**

*Super Deluxe*

ONE YEAR'S  
FIRE AND THEFT  
INSURANCE  
INCLUDED  
In Purchase Price

WHY is the Monark Super Deluxe America's fastest selling bicycle? Find the SECRET CLUES to Monark's tremendous popularity and win a big, colorful "Air-Wing" Lapel Button that quickly clamps on your shirt, sweater or coat. Why do YOU want a Monark? Your answer to that question may include the SECRET CLUES that bring the colorful "Air-Wing" Lapel Button and make you a full-fledged member of the Nation-wide Monark "Air-Wing" Club. It's easy! It's fun! Why not do it right now!

### THIS LIST OF MONARK FEATURES MAY HELP YOU!

1. Smart new "Safety-Guard" saddle grips
2. New "Rubber-Cushioned" double-sprung shock absorbing front fork
3. Comfortable new "Form-Fit" saddle with weather-resistant plastic-type cover
4. New "Shooting Star" fender ornament
5. New "Kromegard" bumper-reflector
6. Colorful new "Air-Wing" headshield
7. New heavy-duty luggage carrier with gleaming chrome-plated auto-style grille
8. New super-streamlined air-flow design
9. Striking new color combinations
10. New mar-proof and chip-resistant finish
11. New whitewall U. S. Royal balloon tire
12. New air-style design headlight
13. Latest arch-design "Motor-Bike" frame
14. New built-in auto-type tank and horn
15. Airline style pedal crank, and assembly
16. Precision racing-type chain, sprockets
17. Latest auto-style fenders, chain guard
18. Triple-Plate crown tubular fork
19. Reinforced frame head, crank hanger
20. Electronic high frequency brazing
21. Double-width fork bar, kick-up stand
22. Drop-out fork ends, lock retainer ring
23. Acorn-style cap nuts, coaster brake
24. Exclusive Fire and Theft Insurance Plan

### MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

Monark Silver King, Inc., Dept. C-101, 6501 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 35, Ill.

THE SECRET CLUES TO MONARK'S POPULARITY ARE:

(Identify your selections in the order of their importance to you, by inserting here the numbers shown with features at right, above.)

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Send Colorful New Folder Whether or Not I Win "Air-Wing" Lapel Button.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

To Find the Name of  
the Closest Monark Dealer

Call Western Union and ask for OPERATOR

**INSIST ON A  
MONARK!**

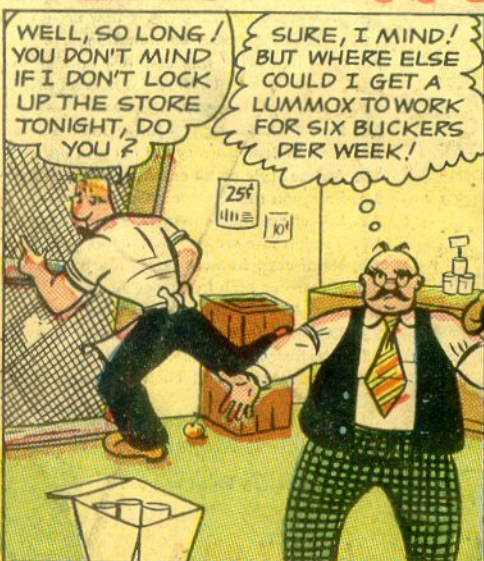
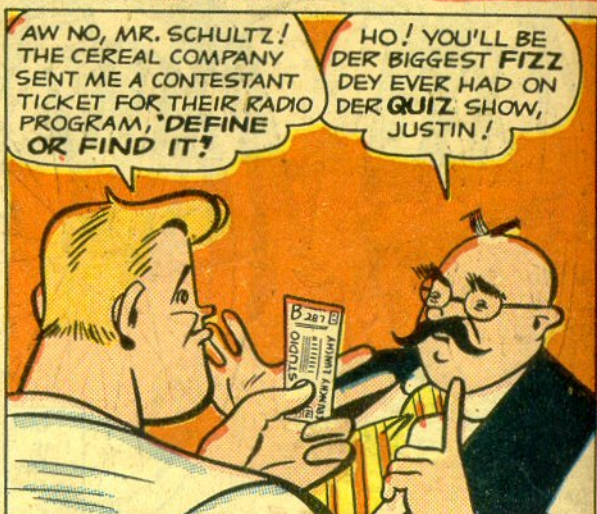




# JUSTIN TYME

THE  
**World's best  
GROCERY CLERK**

*C.W. Winter*







THIS IS "HAPPY" HARRY HOOPER, DEAR LISTENERS, BRINGING YOU ANOTHER "DEFINE OR FIND IT" LAUGH SHOW! AND NOW FOR OUR FIRST CONTESTANT... MISTER JUSTIN TYME!



MRS. J.B. WRITES AND ASKS THIS QUESTION: "A GORILLA IS A MEMBER OF THE APE FAMILY... A PAN FOR COOKING HAMBURGERS... A MEDICAL TERM FOR HICCUPS"? NOW WHICH IS CORRECT?



HMM! AH-A PAN FOR COOKING HAMBURGERS!



**HA-HA!**  
WRONG! SINCE YOU HAVE NOT "DEFINED IT" YOU'LL HAVE TO "FIND IT"! JUST GET 3 GORILLAS!



THIS PROGRAM WILL BE ON THE AIR ANOTHER 45 MINUTES! IF YOU CAN PRODUCE THE GORILLAS BY THEN YOU'LL RECEIVE A VERY HANDSOME PRIZE!



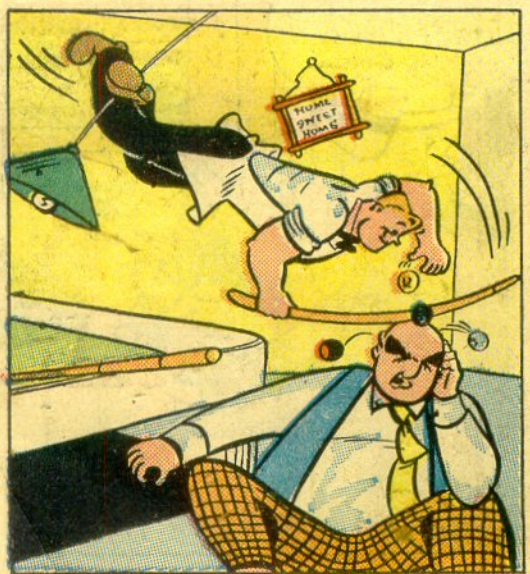
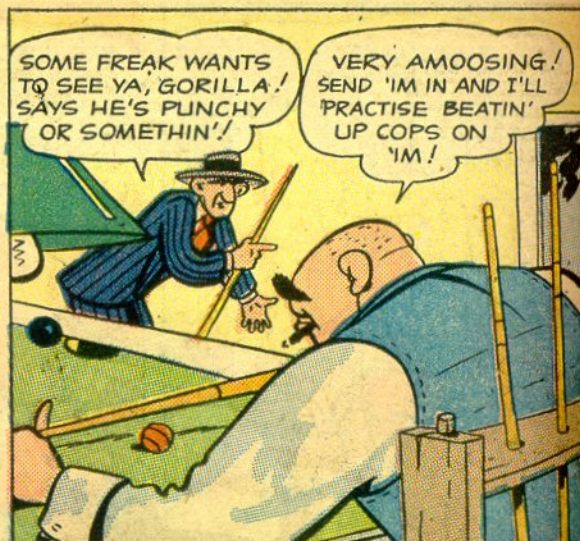
GOLLY GUMDROPS! WHERE AM I GONNA FIND THREE GORILLAS?

HELLO, SARGE? THIS IS FOGERTY... I JUST SEEN THE "GORILLA" BARGE INTO THE BRUISERS SOCIAL CLUB AN' POOL ROOM ACROSS THE STREET...



...YA BETTER SEND DOWN A COUPLA SQUAD CARS...



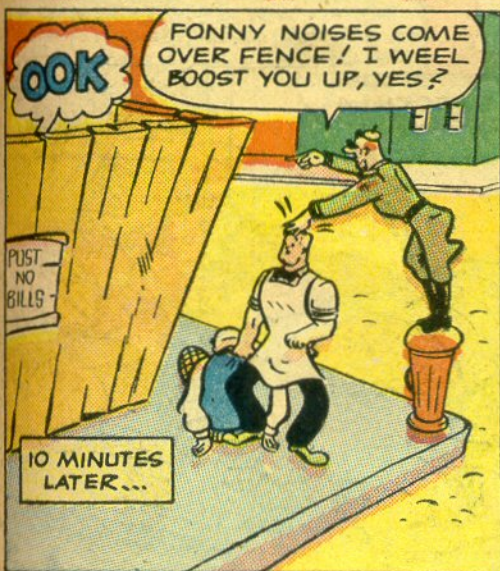




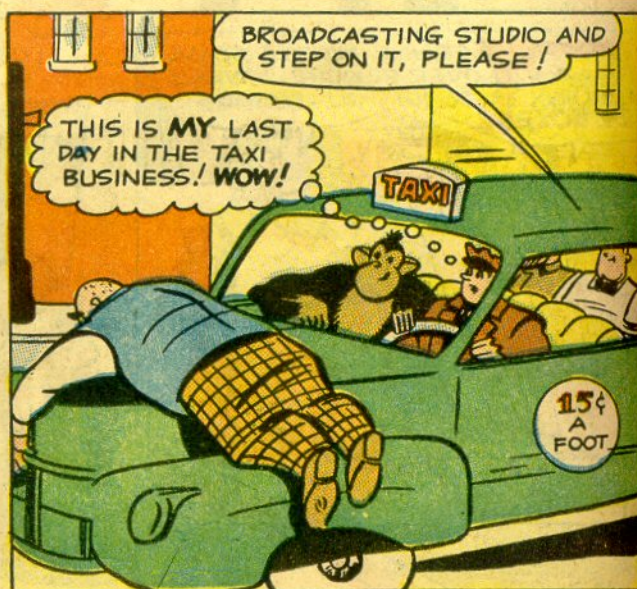
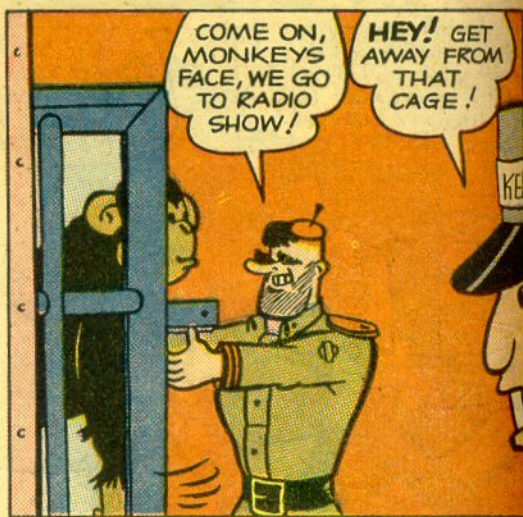
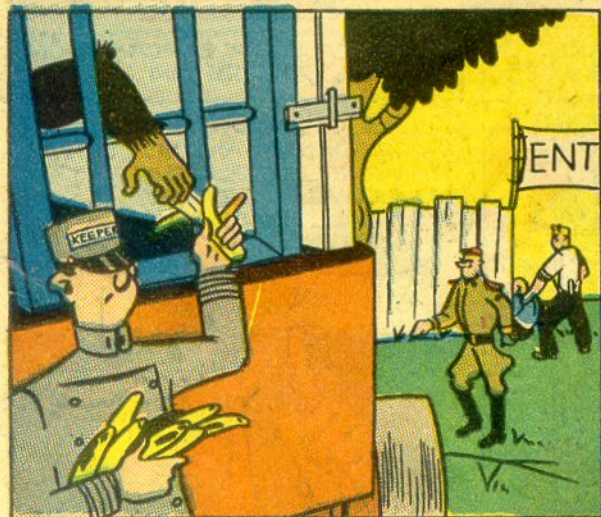
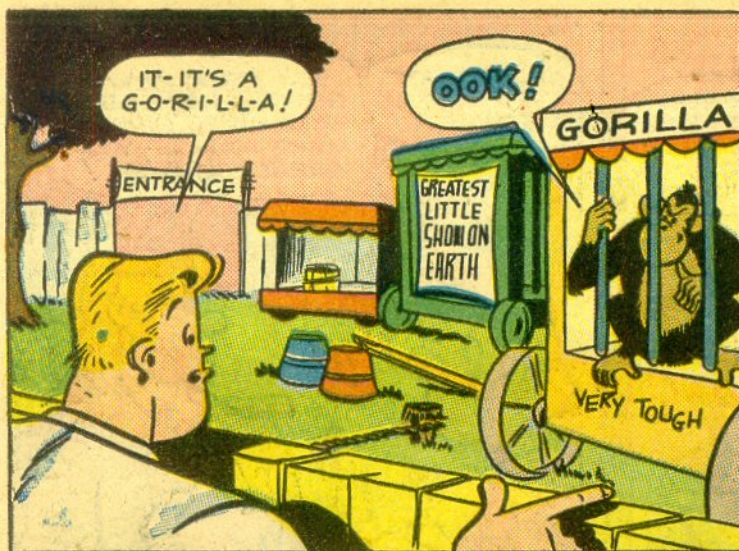


**A**FTER A QUICK EXPLANATION, HE CATCHES ON...

ALL YOU IS NEEDING IS ONE MORE GORILLA AND YOU WIN GAME YOU'RE PLAYING, NO? COME, TOGETHER WE SHALL HUNT, M'FRAN!



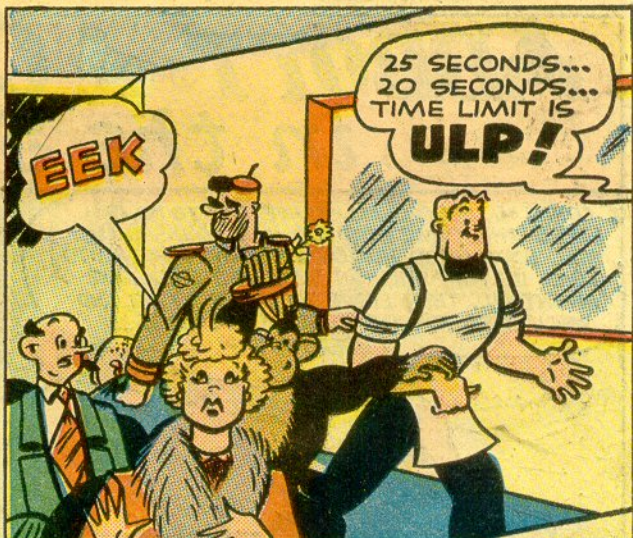






AND NOW...BACK TO "HAPPY" HARRY!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF MR. JUSTIN TYME DOESN'T SHOW UP DURING THE NEXT 45 SECONDS, HE WILL BE DISQUALIFIED AND THE PRIZE WILL BE FORFEITED!



HERE YA ARE, MR. HOOPER! NICHOLAUS, THE GUERRILLA, "GORILLA" GROGAN, AND THE GORILLA! ALL THREE!



AN AMAZING ACCOMPLISHMENT, MR. TYME! AND ALTHOUGH TWO OF THEM AREN'T **GORILLAS** IN THE TRUE SENSE OF THE WORD, WE'LL AWARD YOU THE GRAND PRIZE!



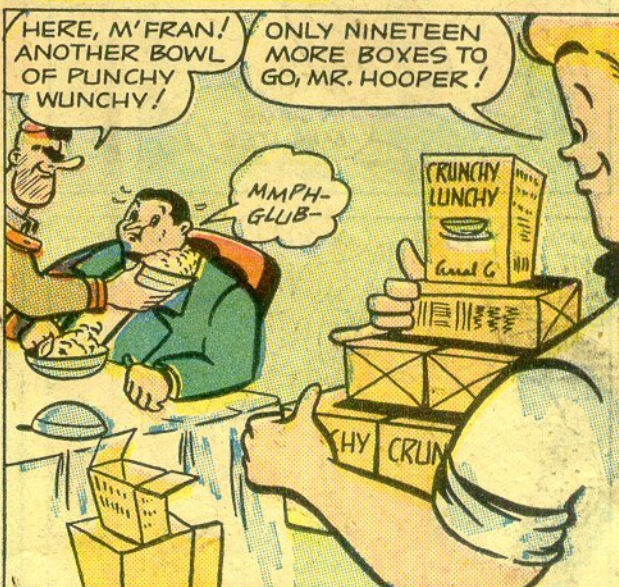
I PRESENT YOU WITH THIS CASE OF CRUNCHY LUNCHY CEREAL! 24 BOXES!

IS THAT THE PRIZE? ER... COME HERE, NICHOLAUS!



HERE, M'FRAN! ANOTHER BOWL OF PUNCHY WUNCHY!

ONLY NINETEEN MORE BOXES TO GO, MR. HOOPER!





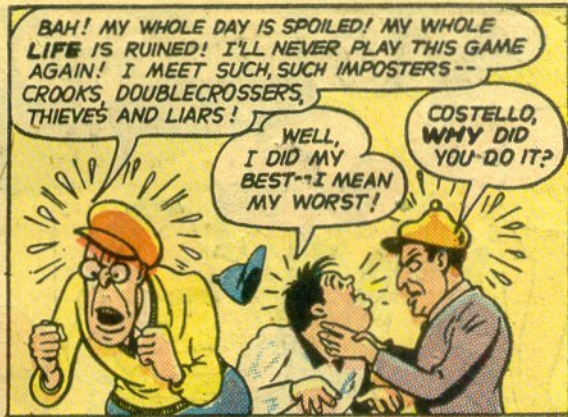
# ABBOTT AND COSTELLO in the Soup!

COSTELLO, MY PAL, ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS LOSE THIS GAME SO'S OLD MAN BONDSINVULT WILL BE IN GOOD HUMOR WHEN WE ASK HIM TO LOAN US THAT MILLION BUCKS TO BACK OUR INVENTION... THEN LEAVE THE REST TO ME, AND WE'LL REST FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES... UNDERSTAND?

DON'T WORRY, ABBOTT, THE GAME IS PRACTICALLY LOST, RIGHT NOW! I'M A WORSE GOLFER THAN MY UNCLE, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT END OF THE CLUB TO USE!



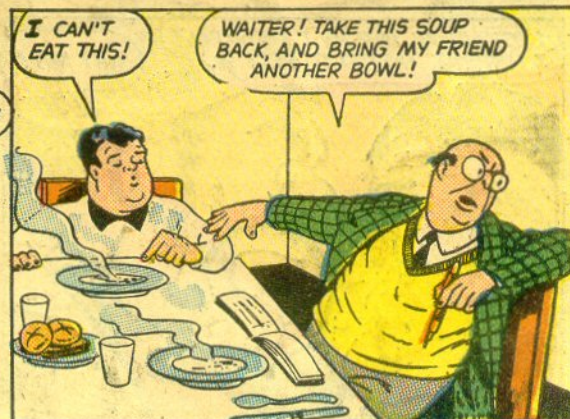
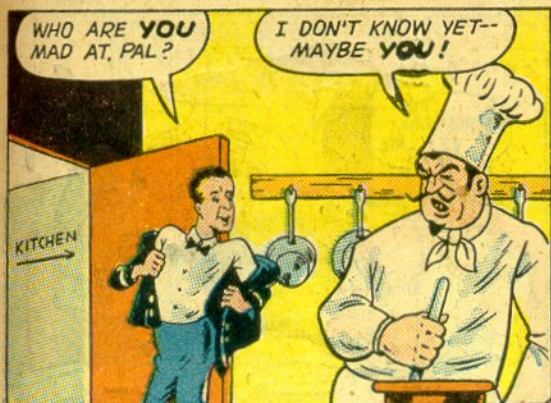




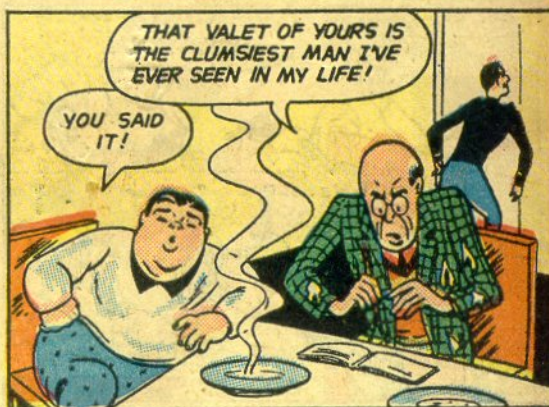
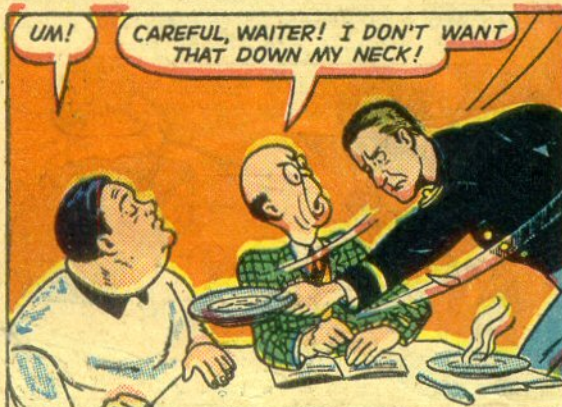
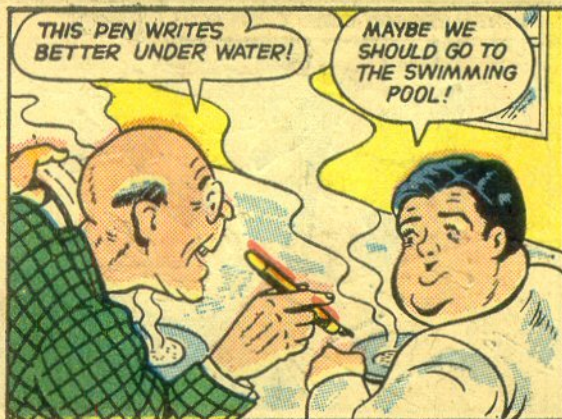












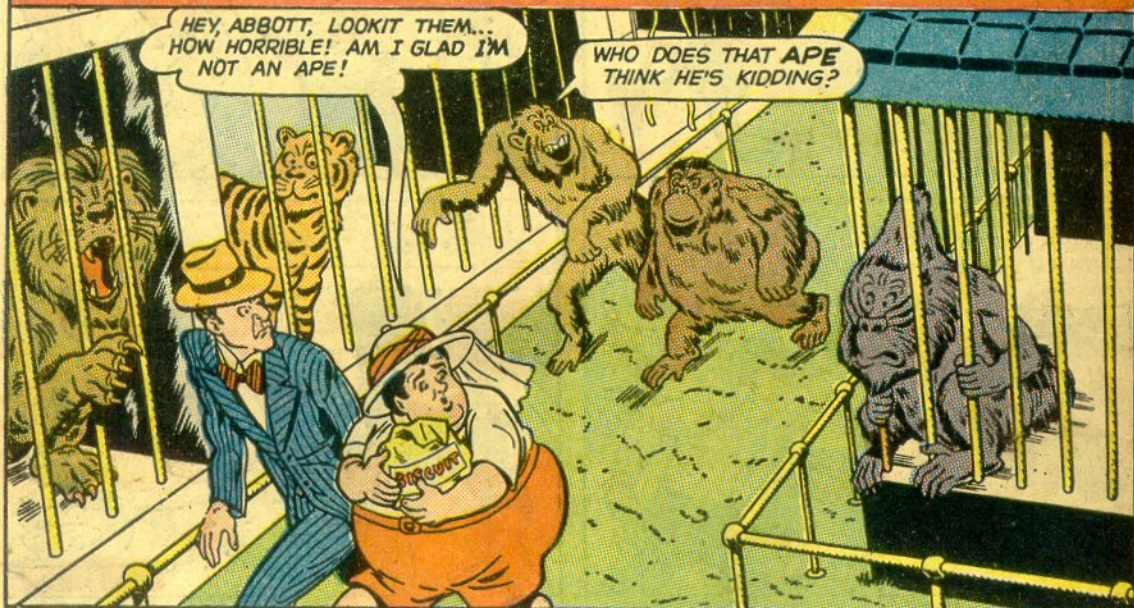






# ABBOTT & COSTELLO

## in The Biscuit Eater!



**SAFARI! SAFARI!**  
A TREK TO DEEPEST  
AFRICA? TO THE DARK  
CONTINENT? WELL,  
NOT EXACTLY!

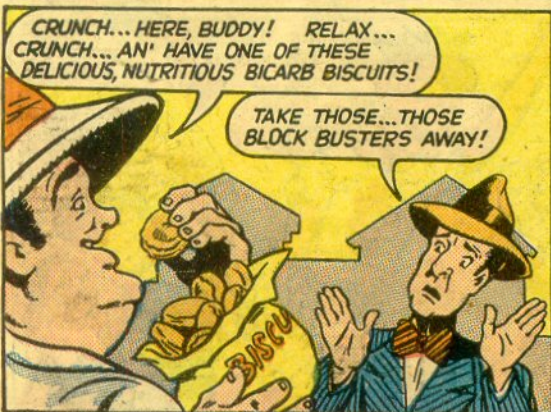
**ABBOTT**  
and  
**COSTELLO**  
HAPPEN TO BE  
VISITING THE  
**ZOO!**

COSTELLO, YOU'RE A  
MADMAN! I'VE TRIED  
TO TALK YOU INTO  
ACTING SANE, BUT--  
I GIVE UP!



CRUNCH... HERE, BUDDY! RELAX...  
CRUNCH... AN' HAVE ONE OF THESE  
DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS BICARB BISCUITS!

TAKE THOSE...THOSE  
BLOCK BUSTERS AWAY!



WHY, ABBOTT... CHUM... FRIEND... I'M SURPRISED  
AT YOU! THESE BISCUITS ARE HEALTHY! THEY'VE  
GOT IRON, PHOSPHOROUS, STEEL, COPPER, TIN AN' A  
LITTLE URANIUM! I BOUGHT AN EXTRA BAG  
TO FEED THE ANIMALS!





NOT IF THE ANIMALS CAN HELP IT!

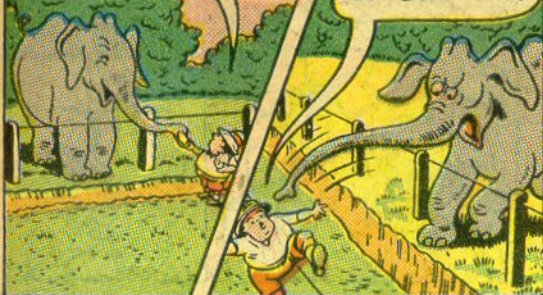
COME ON, COSTELLO. HE'S NOT GONNA EAT THAT CONCRETE BLOCK OF YOURS! THAT CAMEL'S NO DOPE!

AAAH, WHAT DOES HE KNOW? CAMELS ARE VEGETARIANS... THEY AIN'T INTERESTED IN MINERALS!



AH, HERE'S A LITTLE CUSTOMER FOR DEE-LICIOUS, NU-TRITIOUS --

OOWAH! ALL RIGHT, DON'T EAT 'EM, BUT DON'T HIT!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

I INSIST! UNTIL I HAVE ABSOLUTE EVIDENCE... I INSIST! THE CREATURE IN THIS CAGE DOES NOT EXIST! HE'S NON-EXISTENT!

COME NOW, PROFESSOR, LET'S BE SCIENTIFIC! LET'S SAY HE'S PRACTICALLY NON-EXISTENT!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPOTTED APE  
RARE! VERY RARE!



HE'LL GET THIN AND WEAK AND PALE AND --- D-D-DIE!

DON'T WORRY! THAT GREAT ANIMAL EXPERT WE CALLED-- THAT WILD FELLOW-- GLUCK WHAT'S-HIS-NAME! HE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!



COSTELLO! THAT MOOSE ISN'T INTERESTED IN YOUR BICARB BISCUITS EITHER. GET IT??

CRAAAK!

YEEOW!



YOU KNOW, ABBOTT... SOMETHING TELLS ME THESE ANIMALS DON'T LIKE MY BICARB BISCUITS!

HMMM... WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?



THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WE DO KNOW! OUR NEWLY ACQUIRED APE IS A RARE BEAST...EXTREMELY RARE! AND VERY FEROCIOUS!

HE WON'T EAT ANYTHING WE FEED HIM! HE WON'T EVEN LET THE KEEPERS GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TRY!

ENTRANCE!  
BEWARE!



SURE HE WILL! HE'S GOT TO! THERE HE IS NOW! THAT COULDN'T BE ANYBODY ELSE...IT MUST BE HIM!



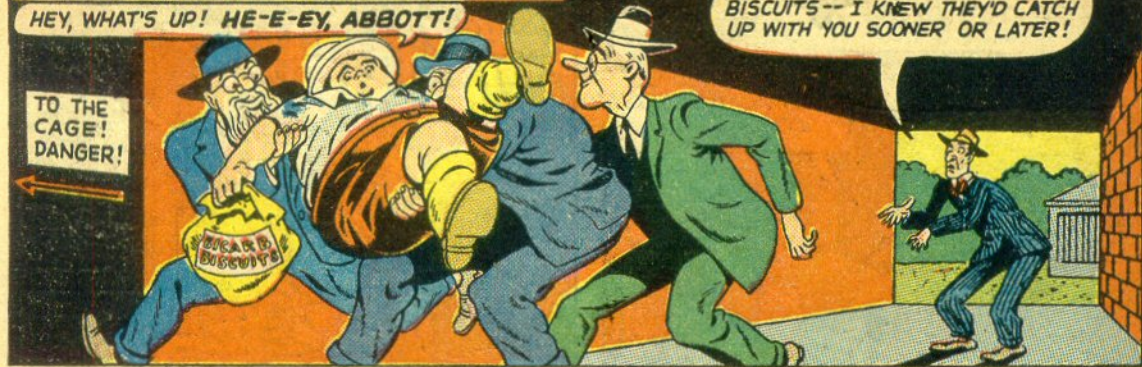


COSTELLO'S NOT AN EASY MAN TO SURPRISE, BUT---

HEY, WHAT'S UP! HE-E-EY, ABBOTT!

TO THE  
DANGER!

I WARNED YOU! COSTUMES...  
BISCUITS-- I KNEW THEY'D CATCH  
UP WITH YOU SOONER OR LATER!



HERE'S THE GREAT MAN'S  
ASSISTANT! SHALL WE  
ALLOW HIM TO ENTER  
THE CAGE, TOO?

WAIT A MINUTE---  
--UNHAND-ME! IT'S  
ALL A MISTAKE!



NO...I DON'T THINK THAT WILL  
BE NECESSARY! THAT APE'S THE  
FIERCEST BEAST I'VE EVER  
SEEN, BUT THE JUNGLE KING  
WILL HANDLE HIM...  
ALONE!

IT'S ALL  
A MISTAKE.



AS THE "JUNGLE KING" TAKES OVER...

I CAN PICTURE THE SCENE INSIDE THE CAGE.  
--THE VALIANT WARRIOR FACE TO FACE WITH  
THE HUNGRY, GROWLING BEAST---

SNARL! RRRRRR! ARRGH!  
ROARRR!

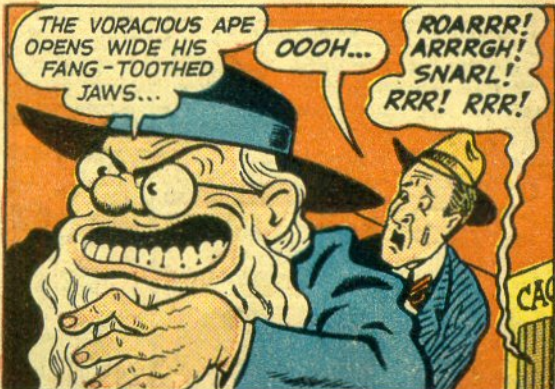
OOOH!



THE VORACIOUS APE  
OPENS WIDE HIS  
FANG-TOOTHED  
JAWS...

OOOH...

ROARRR!  
ARRRGH!  
SNARL!  
RRR! RRR!



AND THEN...

IT WOULD APPEAR AS  
THOUGH THE BEAST JUST  
ISN'T HUNGRY ANYMORE!

ENTRANCE!  
BEWARE!

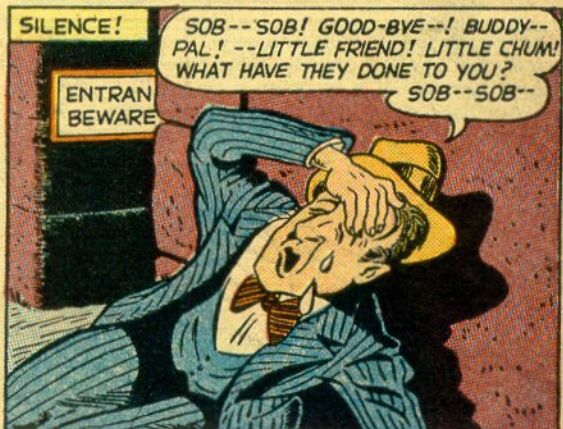
PURRR!  
PURRR!



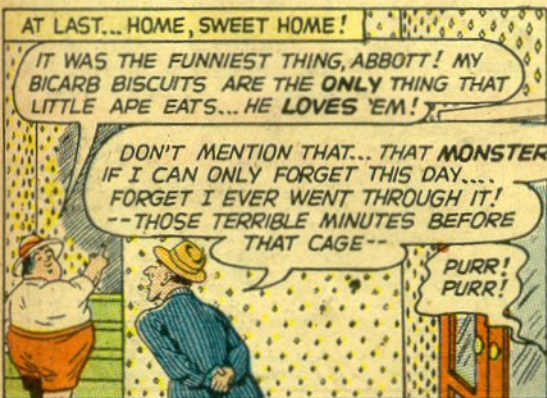
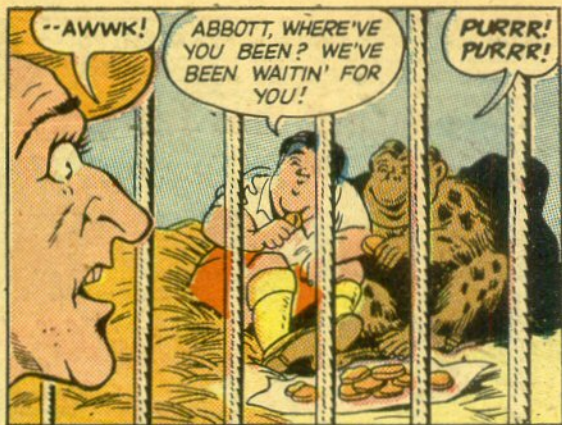
SILENCE!

SOB--SOB! GOOD-BYE--! BUDDY--  
PAL! --LITTLE FRIEND! LITTLE CHUM!  
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?  
SOB--SOB--

ENTRAN  
BEWARE









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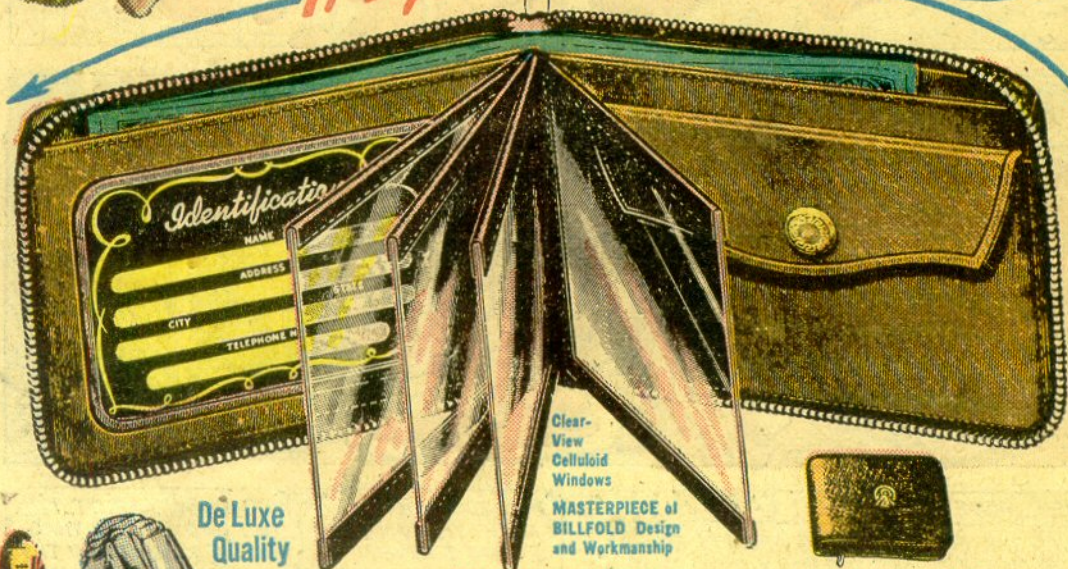
**\*POCKET FLASHLIGHT**

Monogram Initialed

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Jess Maguire protested: "Got the chair, you mean. They don't hang 'em any more in this state."

"You're both cockeyed," Ollie Timmins chuckled. "The jury wasn't hanged. They were hung, which means simply that they couldn't agree on a verdict so the defendant was automatically released."

Tod Peters threw Ollie a dubious look. "Maybe that was it," he said. "Anyway, I hope they release Henry. He's the nicest guy I ever borrowed five dollars from."

"The hearing is scheduled for nine o'clock tomorrow morning in district court," Ollie said. "The boss says we should go along with Henry's other pals and pack the courtroom."

"Yes," Tod agreed. "Henry needs our moral support. And for once the boss was big hearted."

"Huh!" Jess Maguire snorted. "You mean the boss hopes Henry will be freed. Bookkeepers don't come a dime a dozen these days, and where would the boss get another guy to fill Henry's job for thirty per week?"

The following morning when Henry was led into court and put in the prisoner's dock, he was cheered by the sight of row upon row of his friends, co-workers, neighbors and fellow hobbyists.

Everyone stood up as the judge appeared on the bench and the clerk called the court to order. But a murmur arose among the spectators when the police commissioner strode briskly down the aisle and sat down at the prosecutor's table.

"He's alive!" Jess Maguire whispered loudly. "Doesn't even look like Henry wounded him. No bandages, no crutches or anything!"

The murmuring rose to a clamor as Henry's pals speculated on whether he'd been framed. The judge rapped his gavel for order, threatening to clear the courtroom unless the spectators quieted down.

Henry was sworn in, and took the stand like a man walking in his sleep. The prosecutor stood up and paced back and forth like a caged lion before he thrust an accusing finger at Henry and demanded: "Why did you do it? Answer me yes or no!"

"No!" Henry croaked.

"No what?" the prosecutor snarled. "Were you crazy with the heat yesterday noon or what?"

"What." Henry replied.

"Oh, so that's it!" his accuser roared. "You were what, were you? Then you can't plead insanity. You'll have to stand trial."

Henry's lawyer leaped to his feet. "I object, your honor!" he shouted. "My client can't stand trial if there's been a technical error."

The judge cocked his head, muttered: "Just what do you mean by that?"

"My client didn't know it was loaded. He just pointed the thing and his finger must have slipped and the deed was done!"

"First witness!" cried the prosecutor, ignoring Henry's attorney.

Henry got down from the chair as a burly cop was sworn in.

"Explain in your own words," the prosecutor began, "just what happened in City Hall Park shortly after twelve-thirty yesterday."

"It was like this," the cop growled. "Me and McCarthy saw the defendant coming down a path toward the fountain. He looked suspicious, so we followed him. When he got to the fountain he spied the commissioner sitting on the edge of the fountain pool with his shoes and stockings off, cooling his feet in the pool. Then, without a word of warning, the defendant raised exhibit "A" which you see there on the table, and shot him!"

All eyes in the courtroom focused on the exhibit table which was bare except for an expensive, foreign-made reflex camera.

The judge's face turned purple, the prosecutor's face turned white and Henry's face was flushed with a deep crimson. The judge rapped his gavel like a quarry worker breaking stone with a sledge. "Order! Order!" he cried as laughter rocked the courtroom.

The prosecutor threw up his hands, and Henry's attorney threw the camera. It struck the prosecutor full in the face. "You rat!" Henry's lawyer cried. "Trying to railroad my client on a trumped up charge! You ought to be disbarred and feathered!"

"Case dismissed!" the judge roared.

"Next case!" called the clerk.

Outside on the courthouse steps, Henry posed for the news photographers as his many friends crowded around, cheering.

"My only regret," Henry said, when questioned by a reporter, "is that my attorney threw my brand new two hundred dollar camera at the prosecutor. I wish I could have thrown it at him myself!"



# Margaret O'Brien AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY!

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LOLLIPOPS AT  
ONE TIME!



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OF YOU MAY SET YOUR STICKS  
IN THE POPS.



"WE PUT IN OUR OWN STICKS.  
I COULD HARDLY WAIT."

MY OWN JELLY  
APPLE... THE BEST  
I EVER ATE!

OH BOY,  
WHAT A  
LOLLIPOP!



"AND IT ONLY TOOK A FEW  
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