





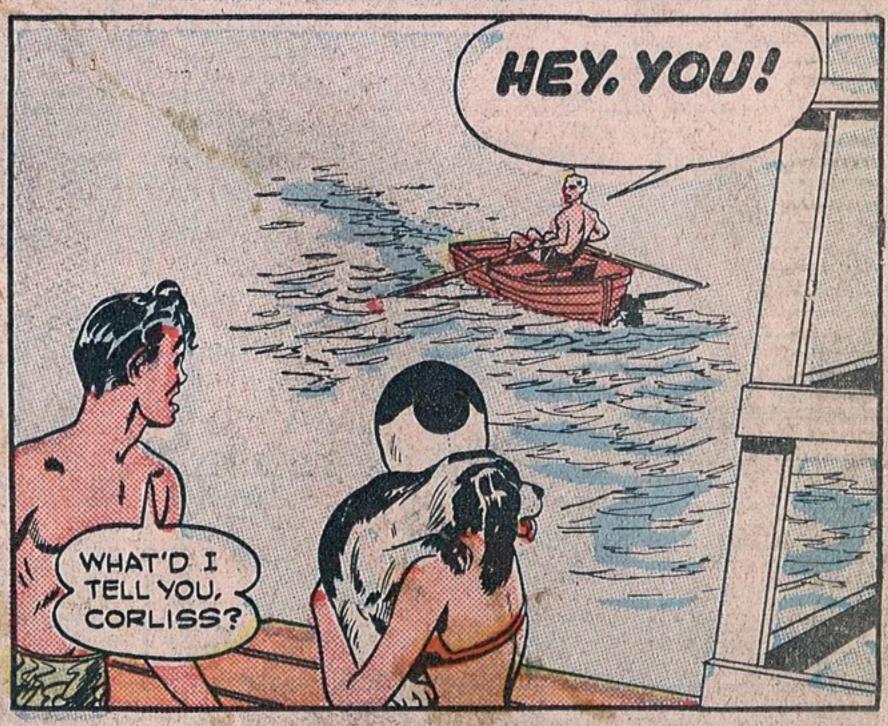
MEET CORLISS ARCHER, July, 1948, No. 3. Published bi-monthly by Fox Feature Syndicate, Inc., 221 Conyngham Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Executive offices 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Application for Second Class Entry pending at the Post Office at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Yearly subscription in the United States and its possessions, Mexico, So. America, Spain. 756 — including postage. 1.50 elsewhere. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Contents copyrighted (1948) by the Hughbert Corp. The names of all characters that are used are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental.

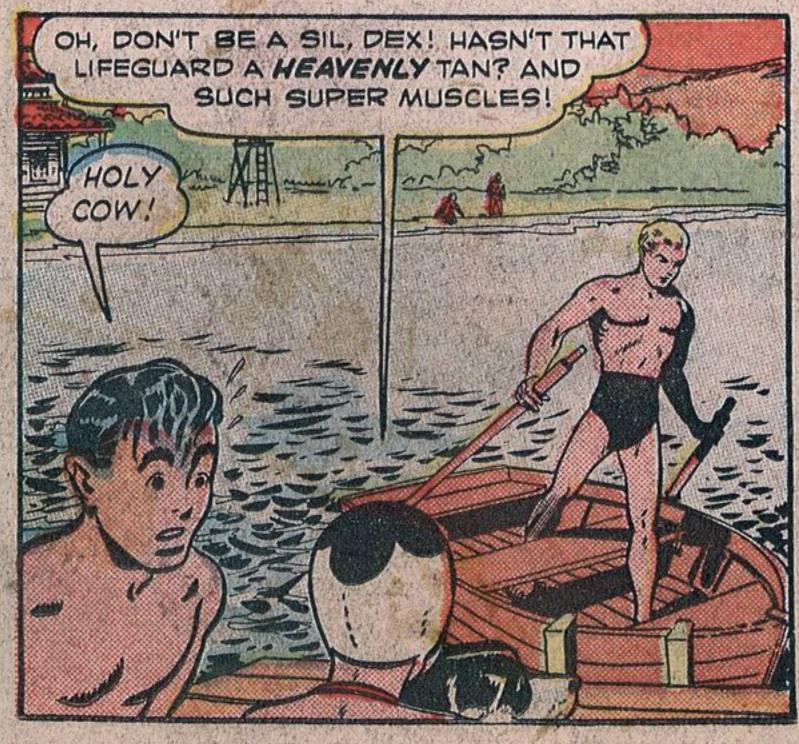
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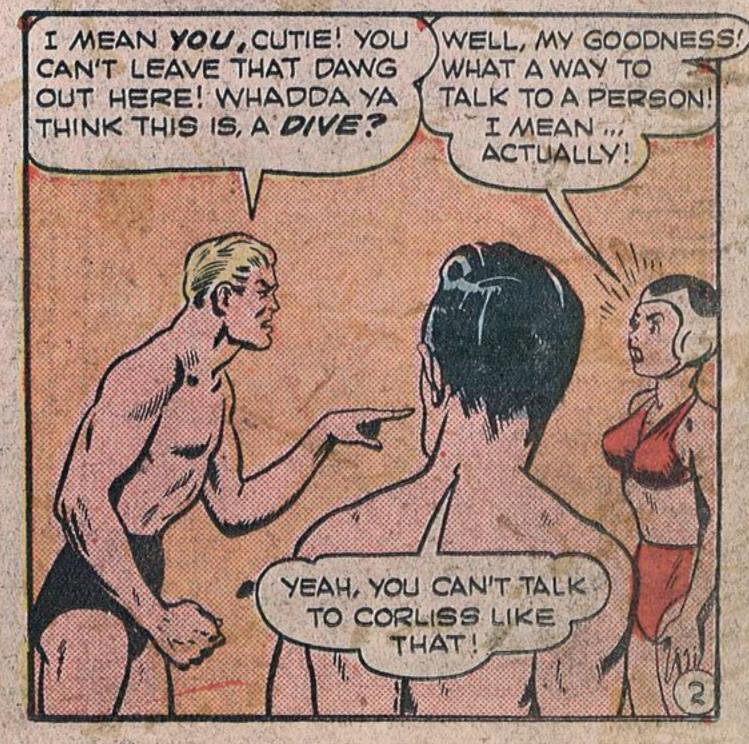


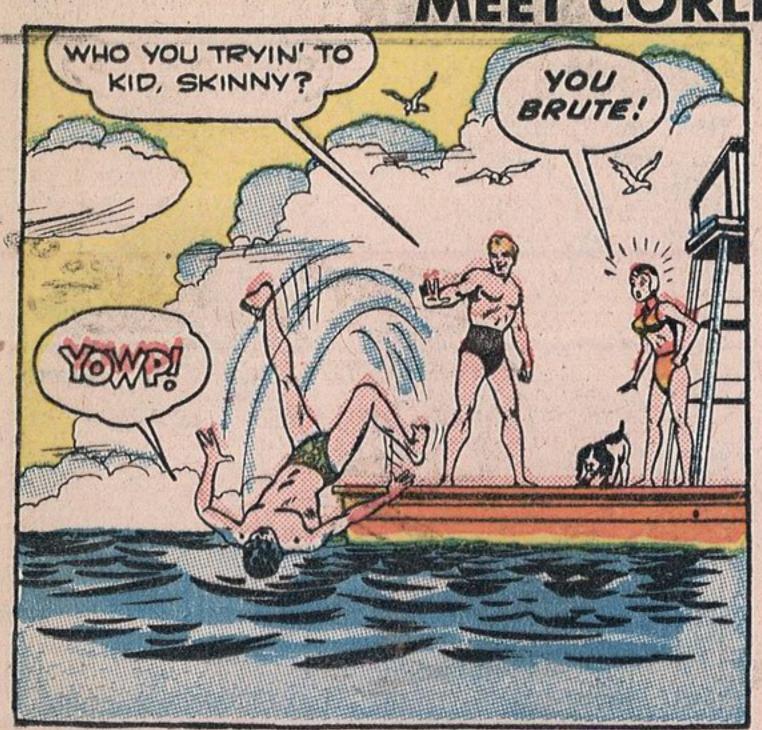


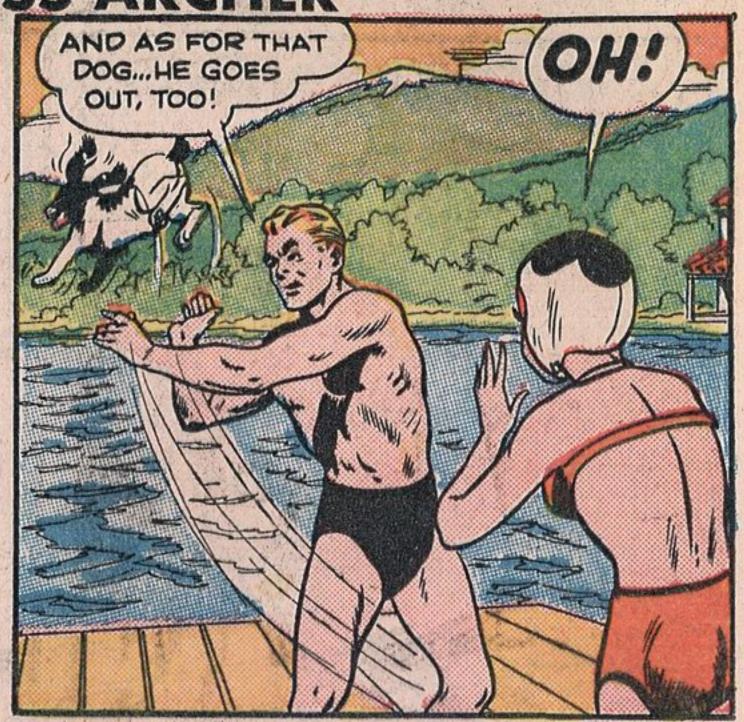


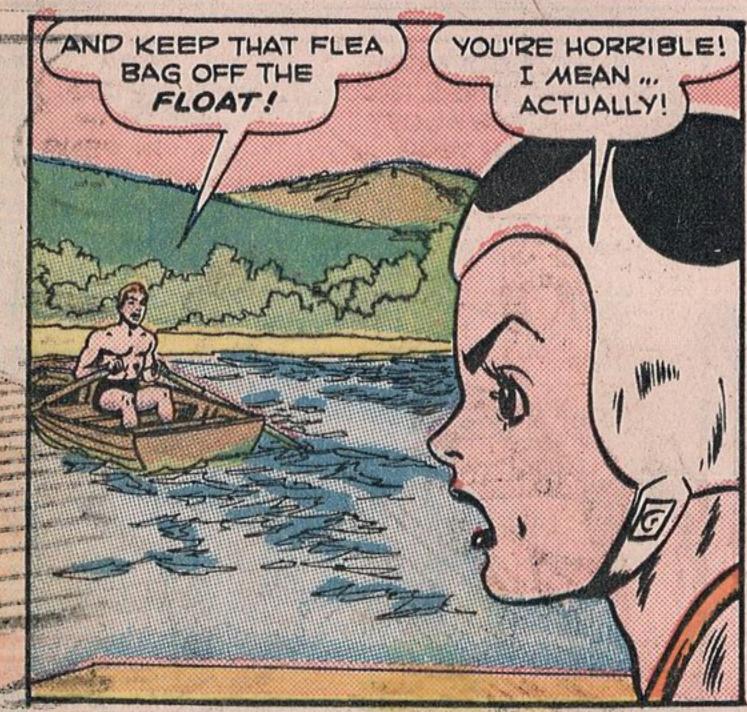


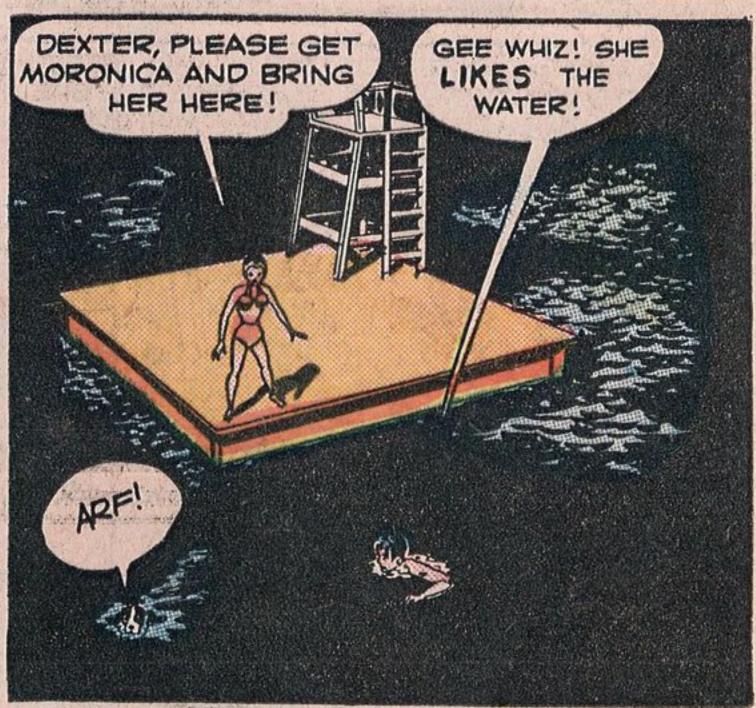




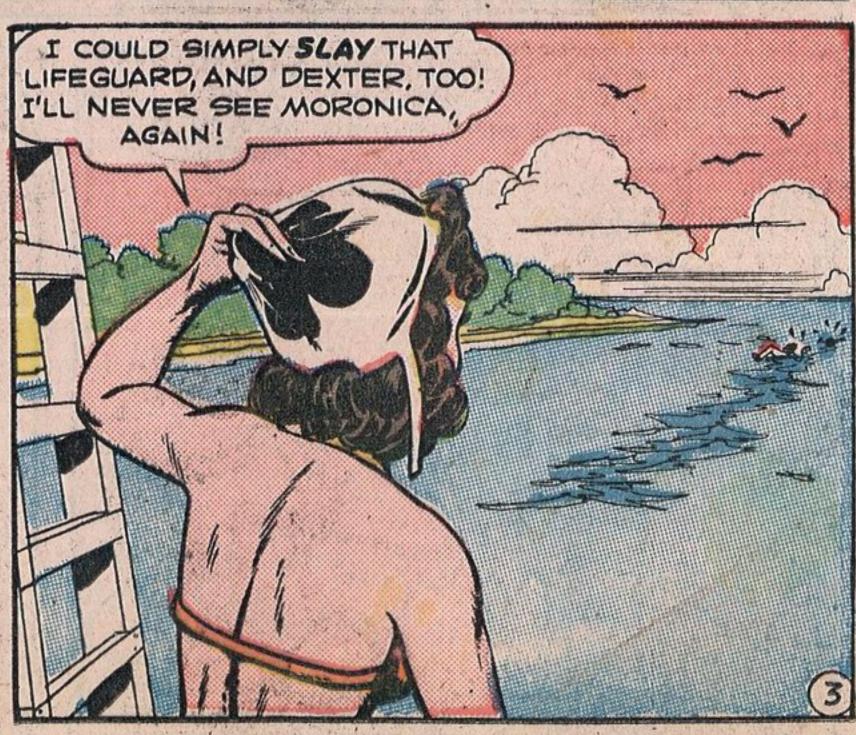




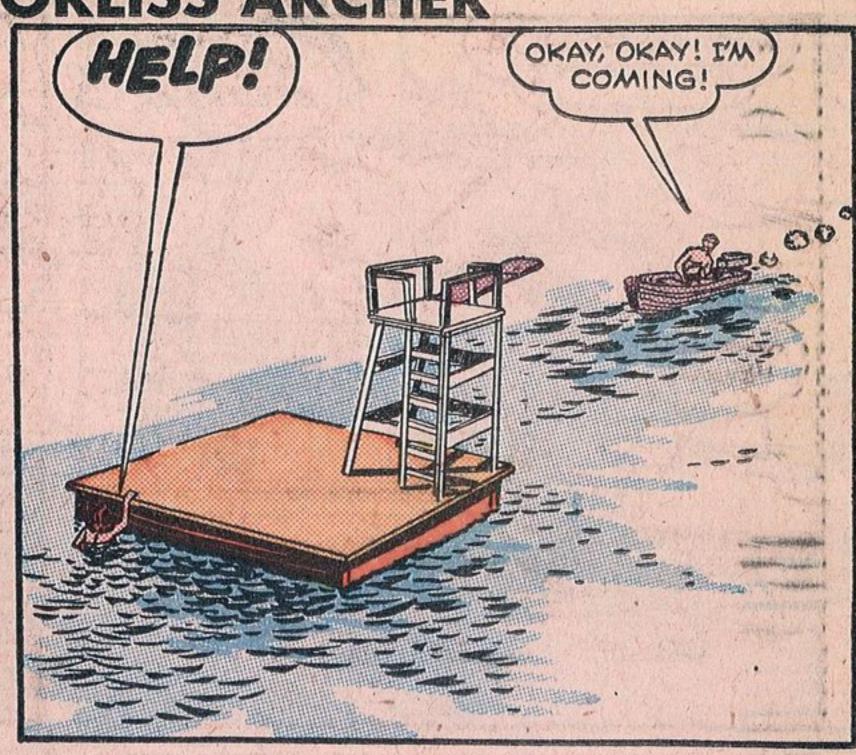


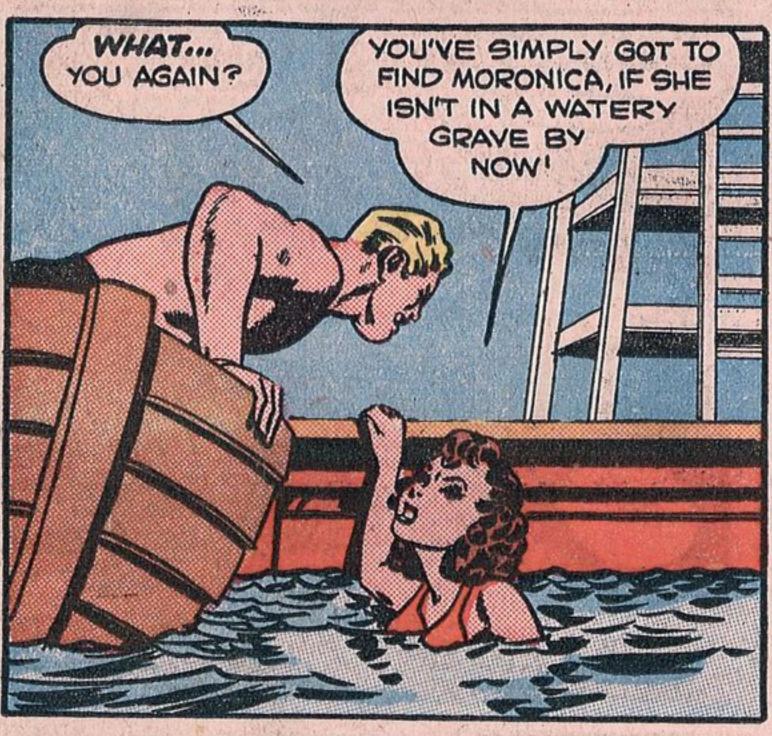




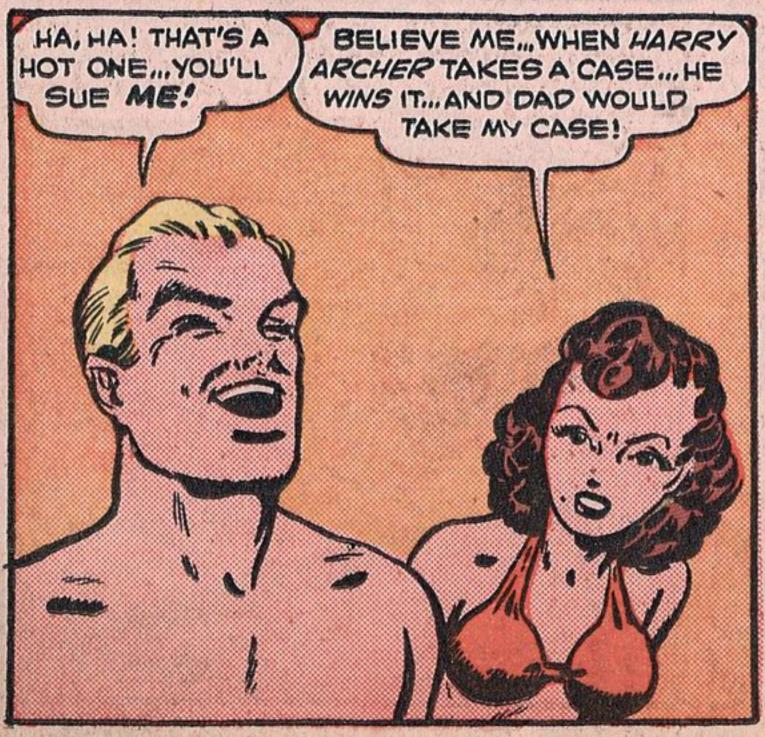


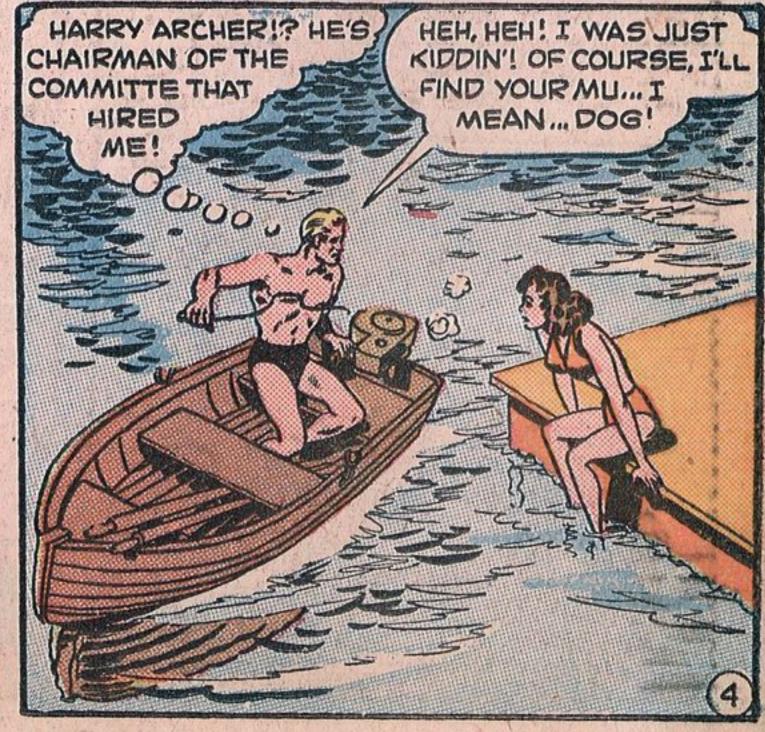


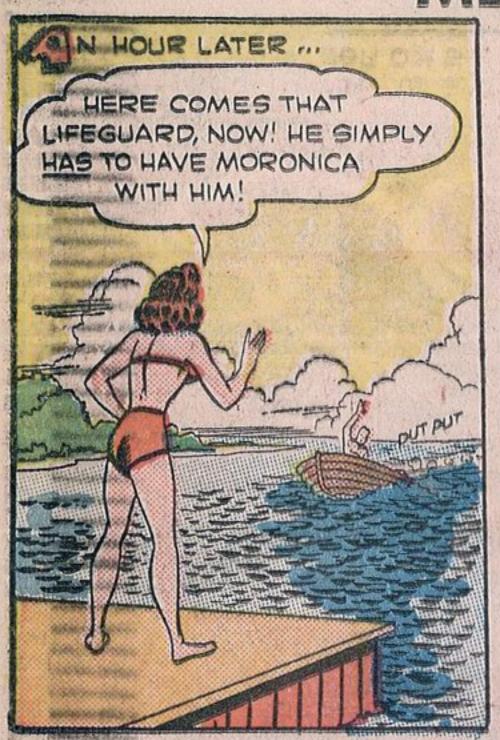






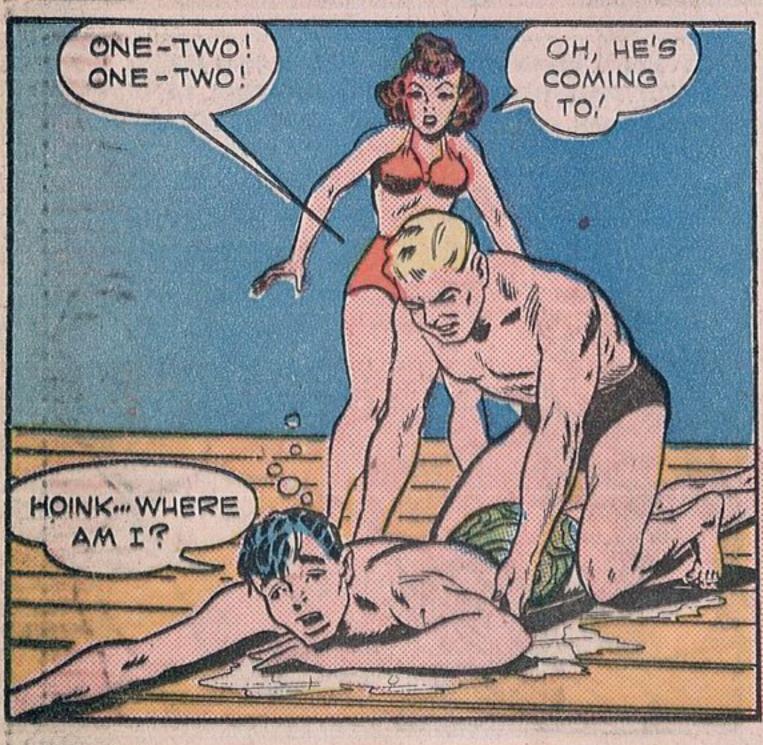


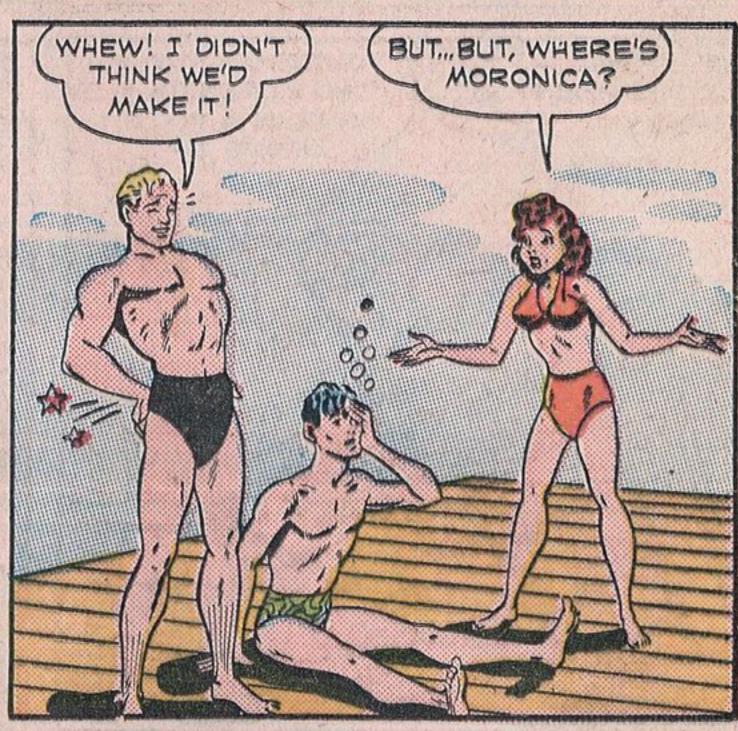




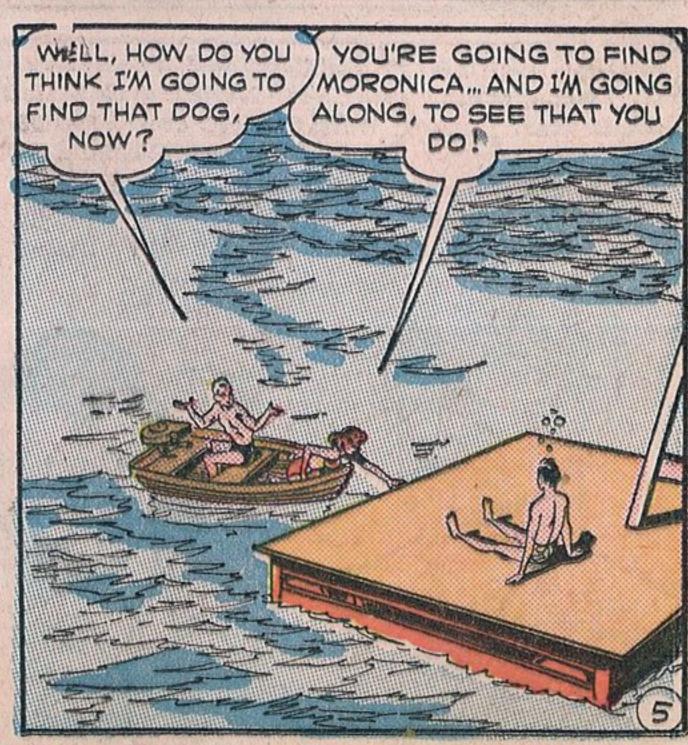




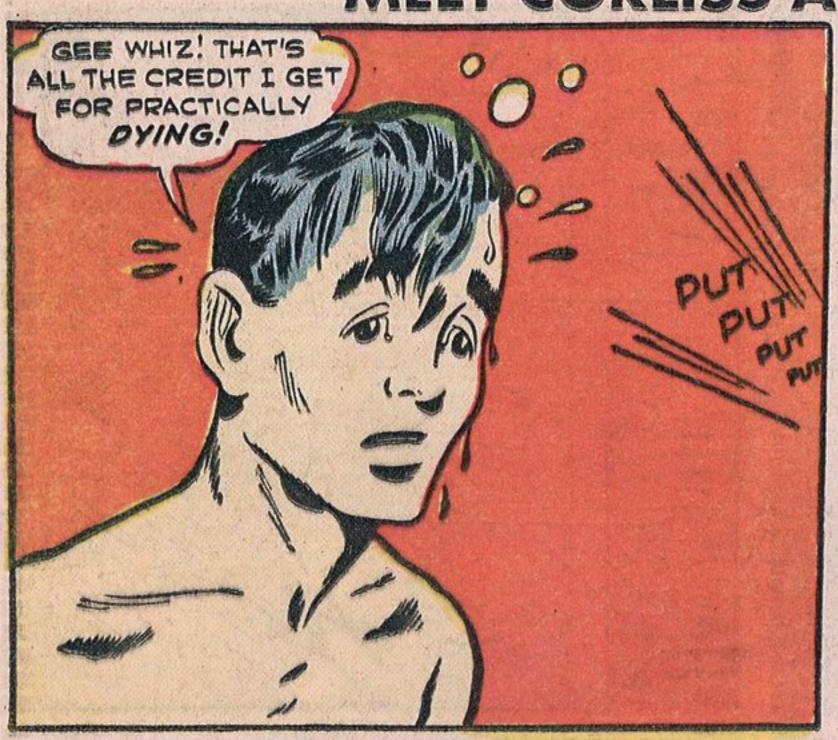


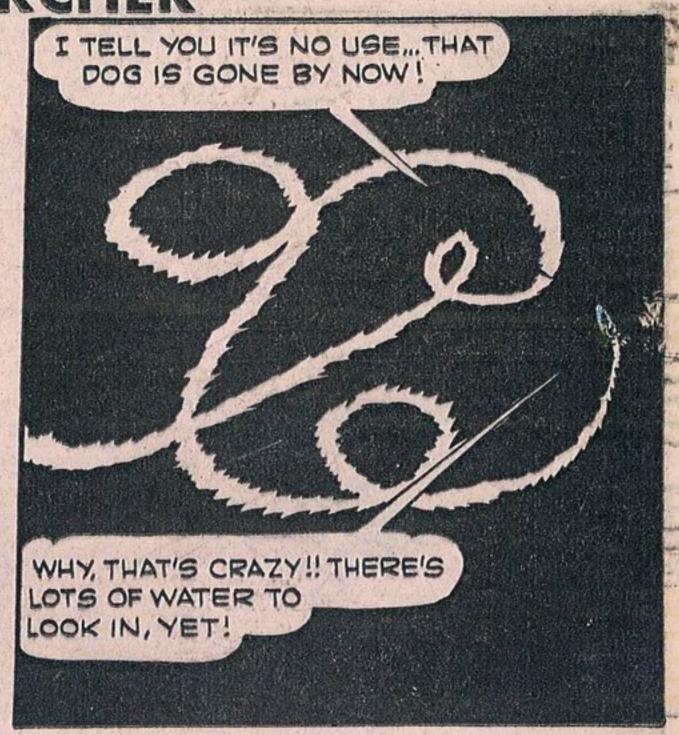


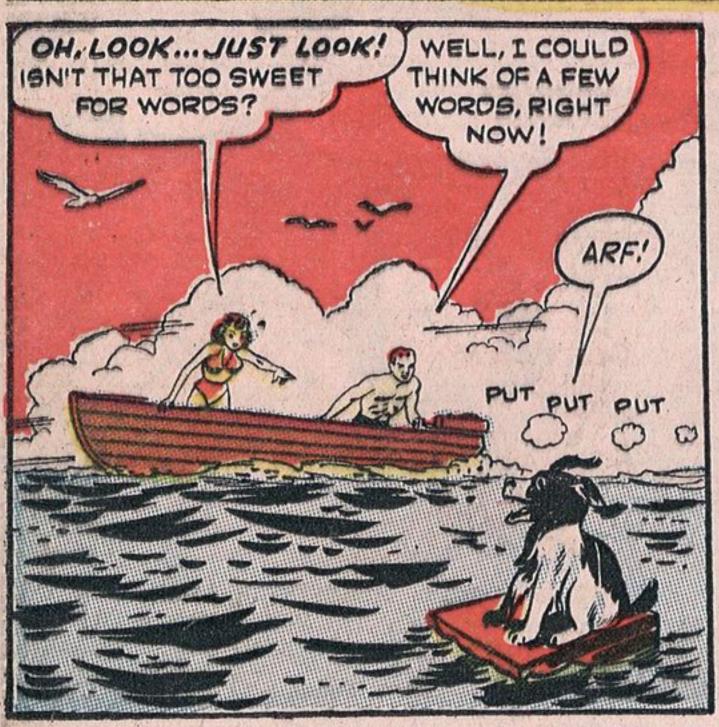


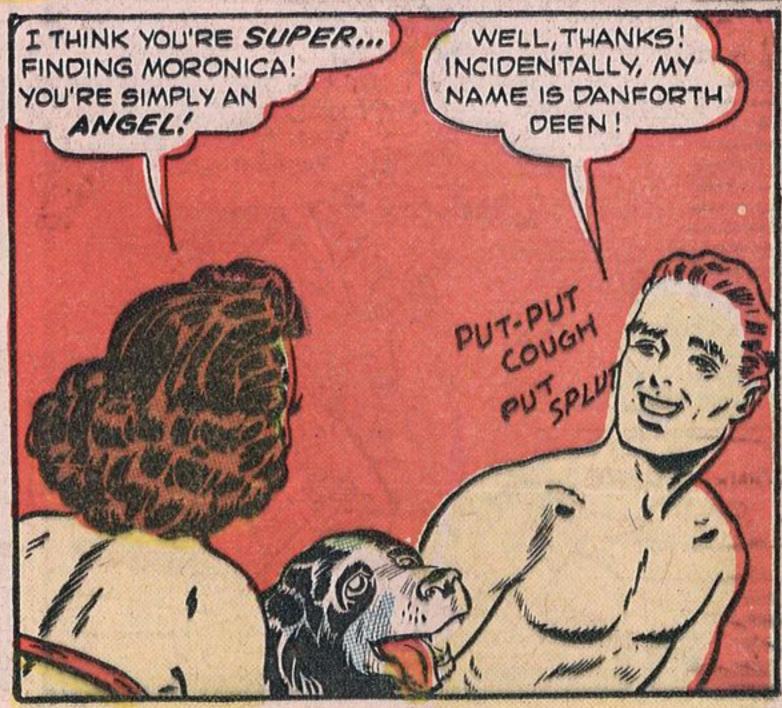


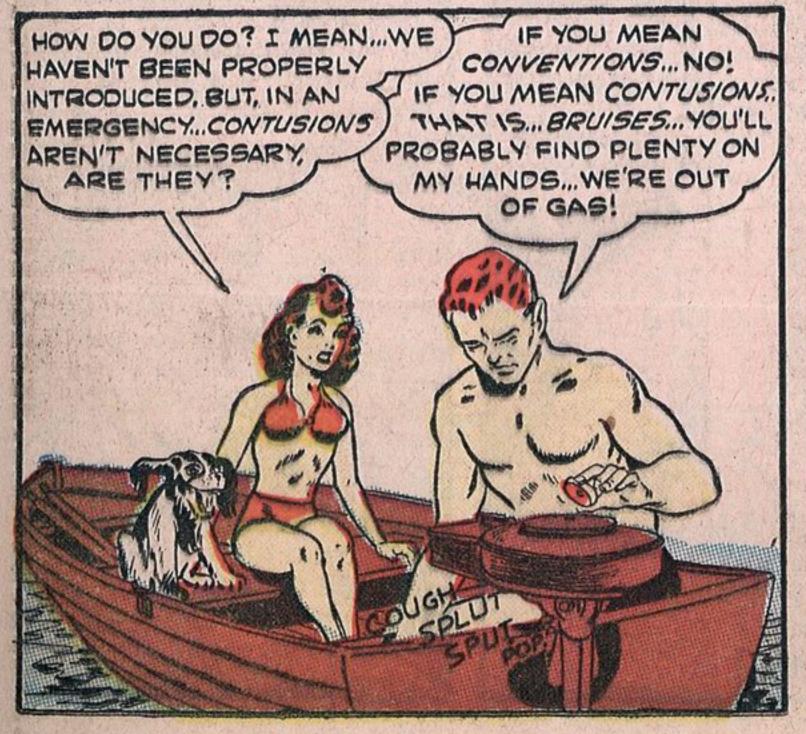
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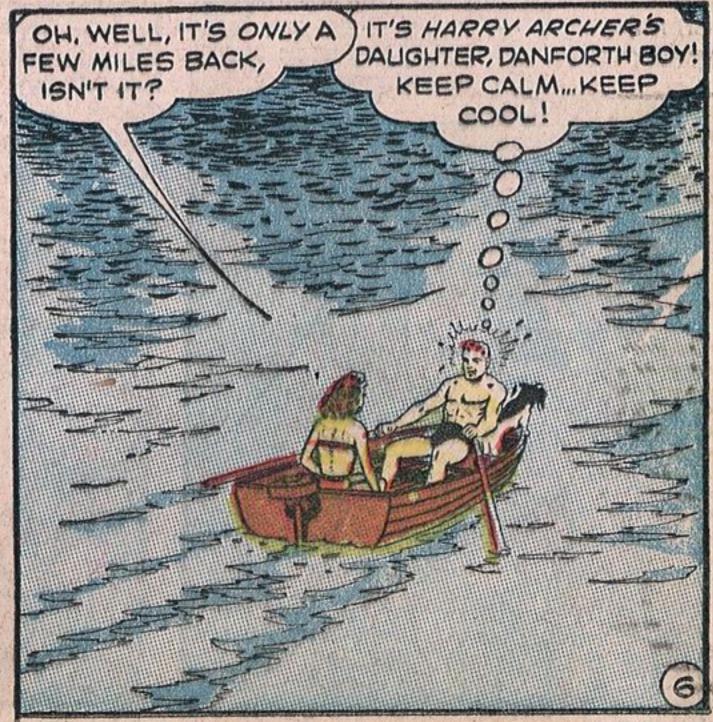




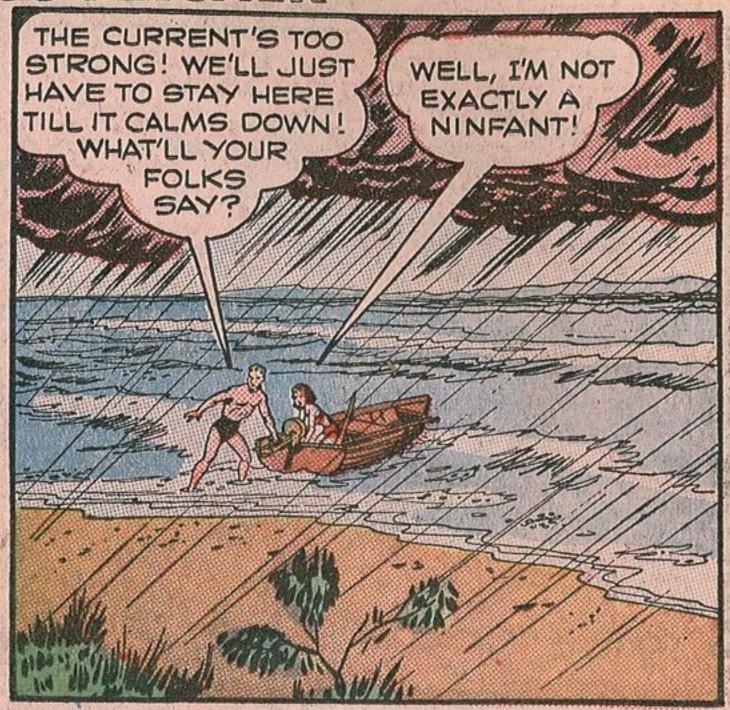


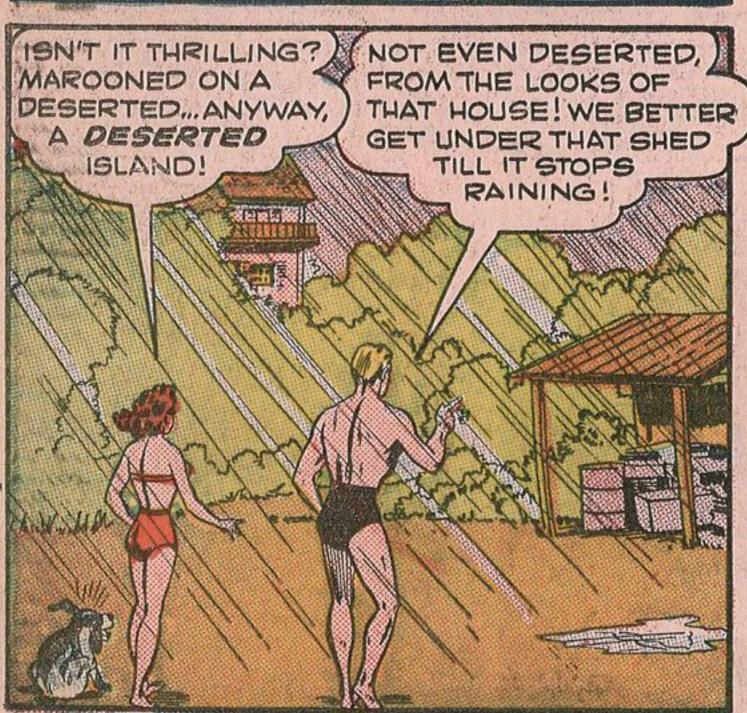


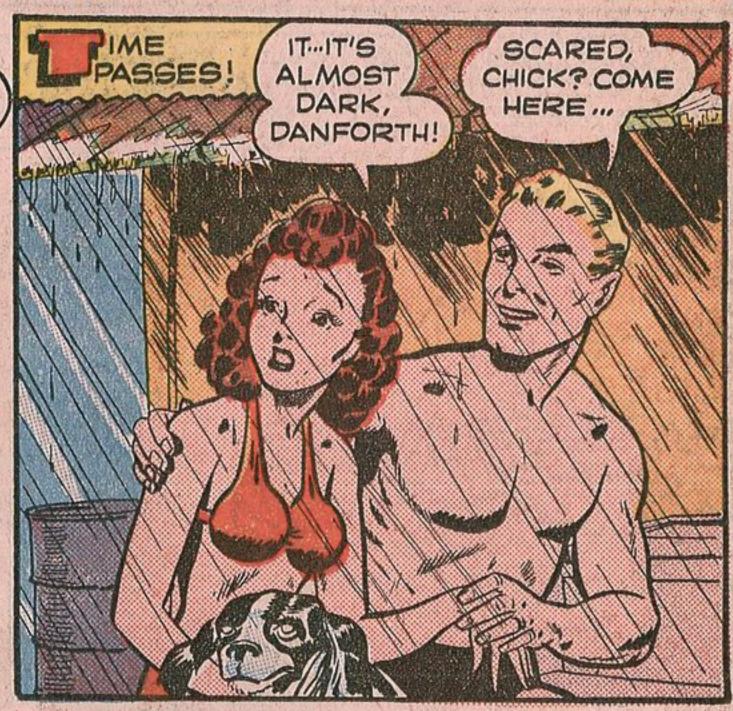






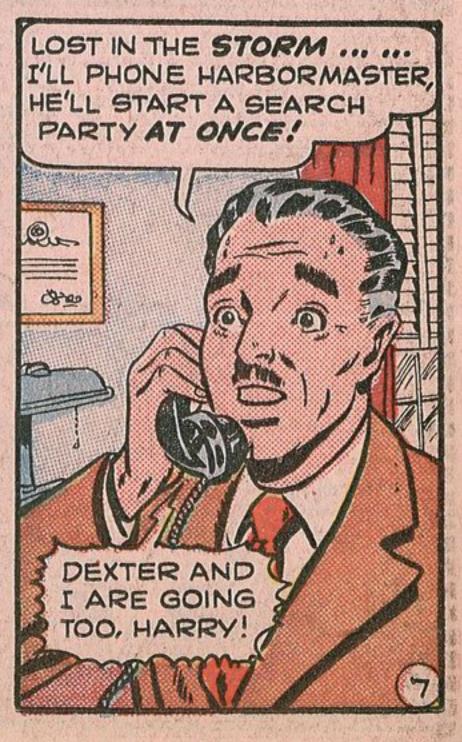










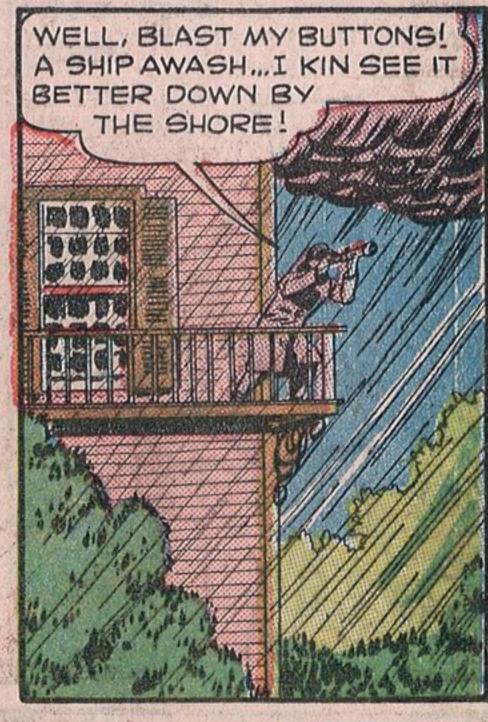






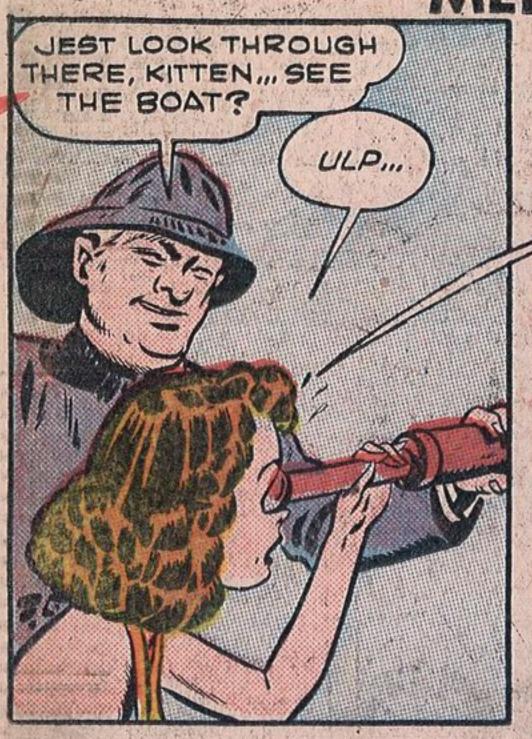


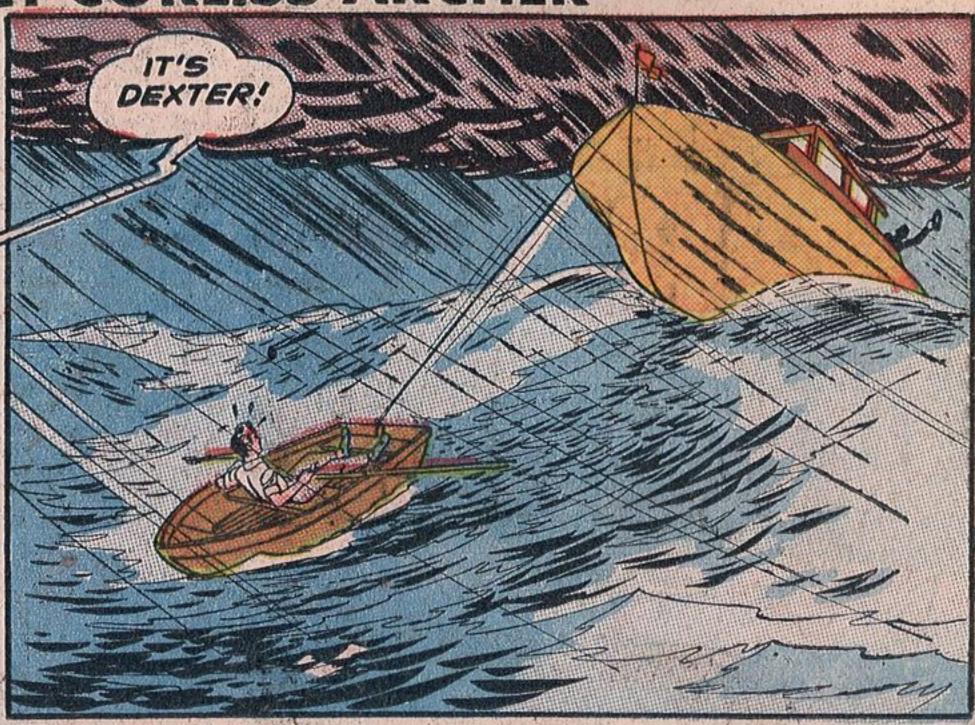








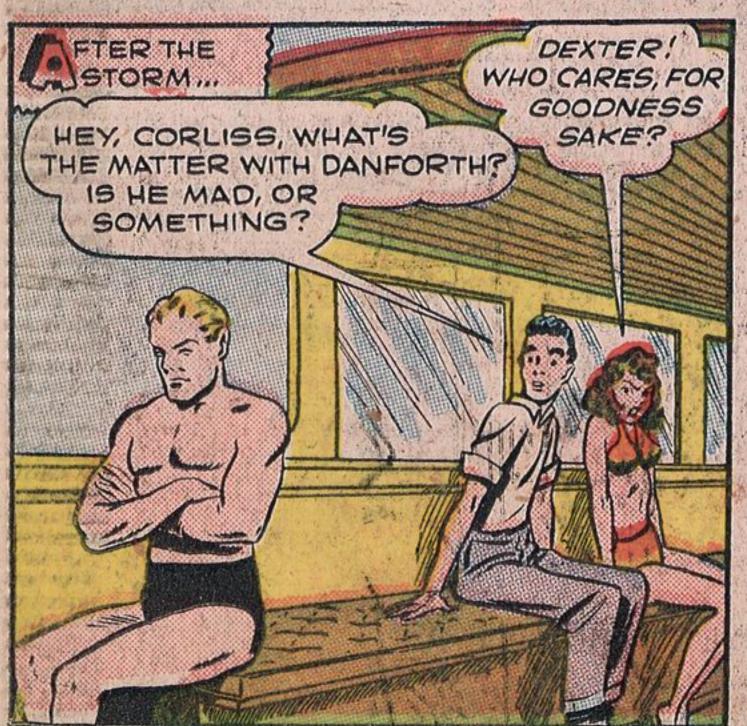






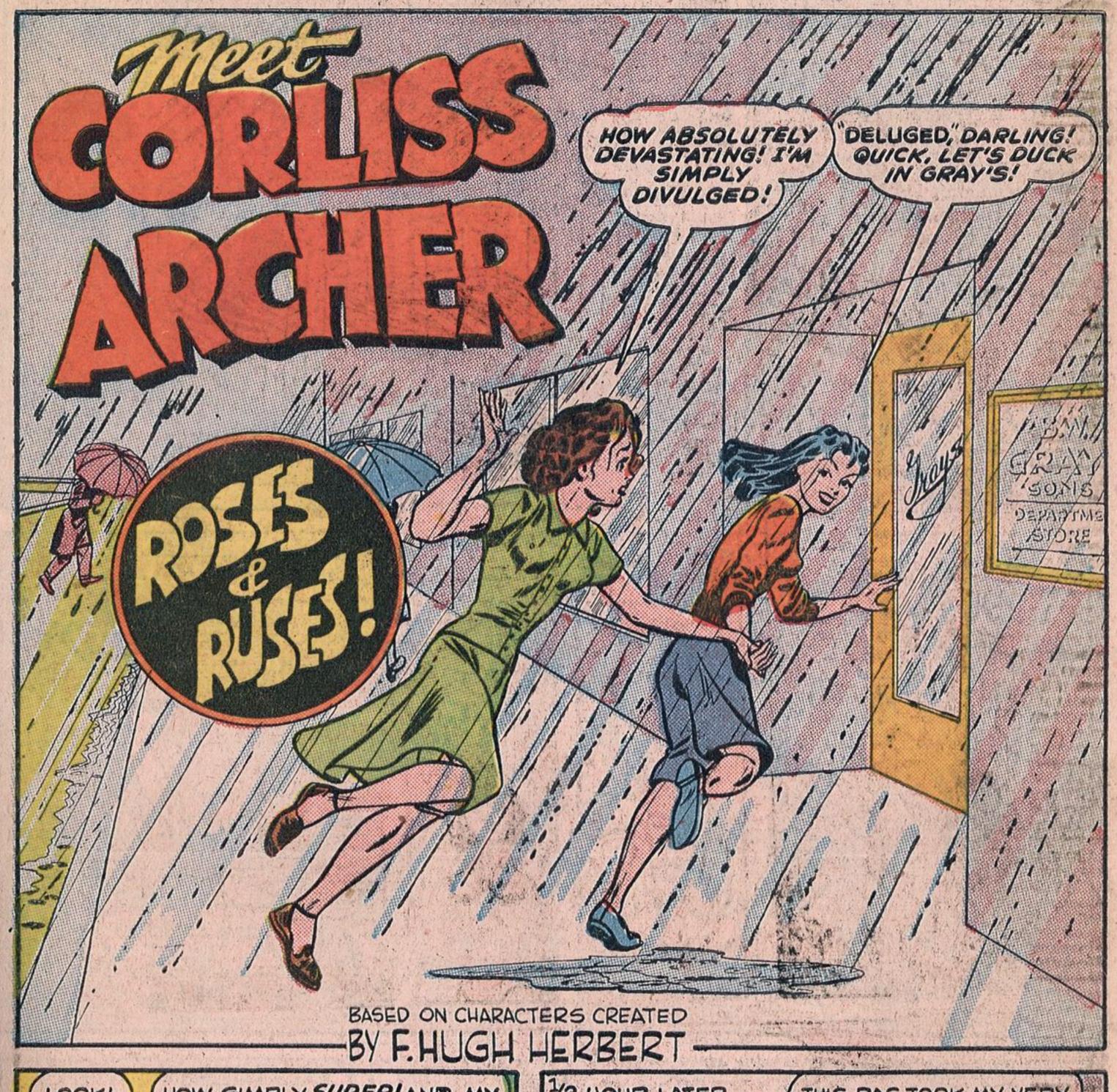




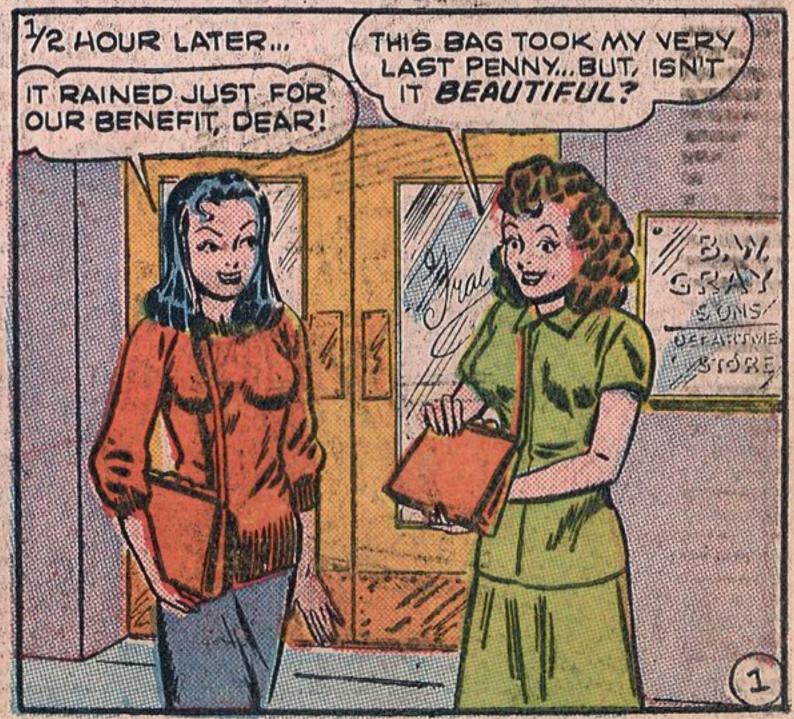




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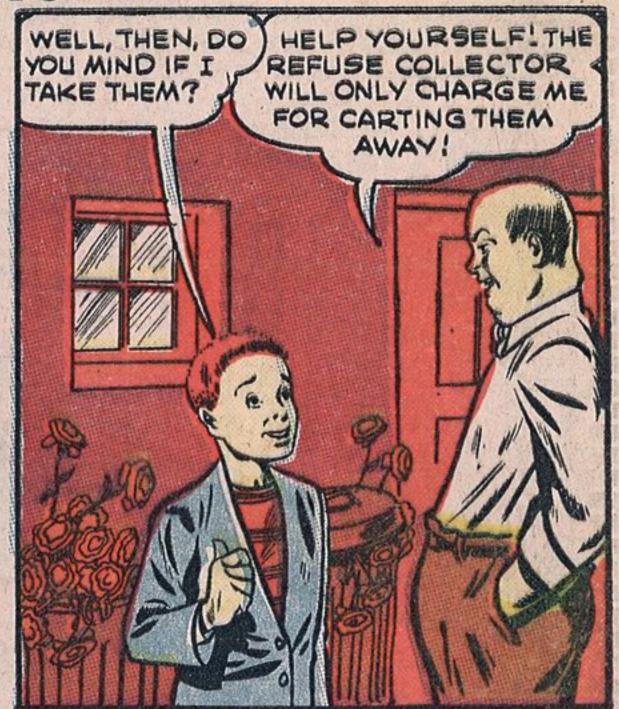


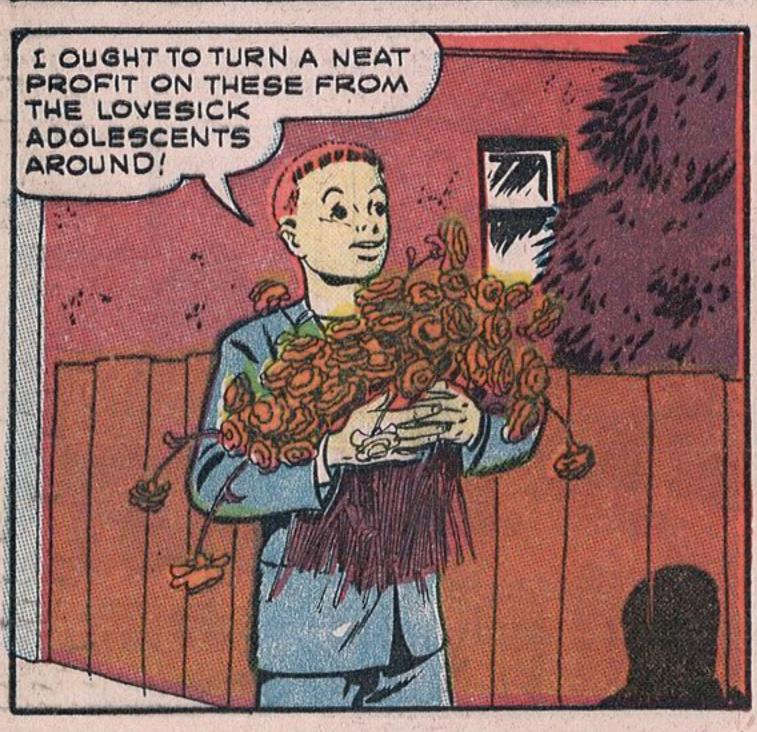
SHAME, ANGEL! TO FORGET

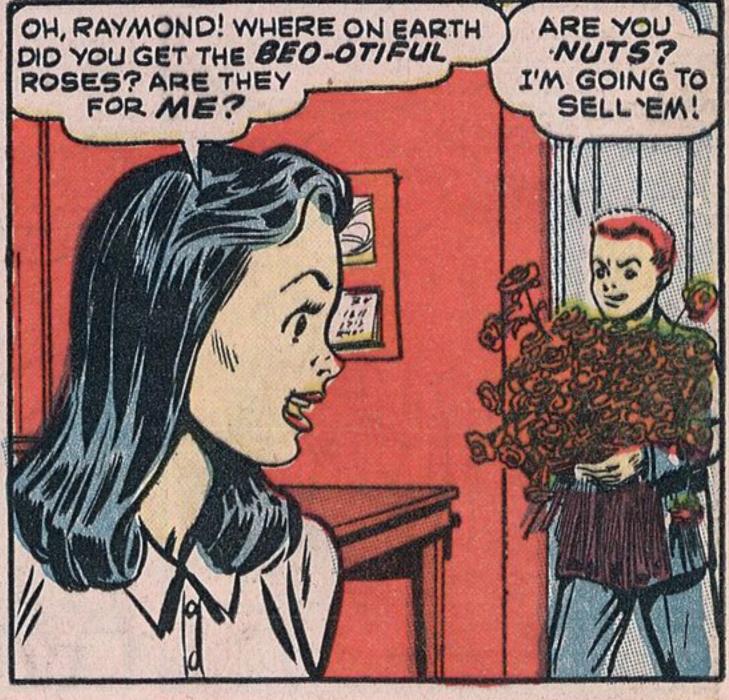
YOUR VERY OWN WEDDING

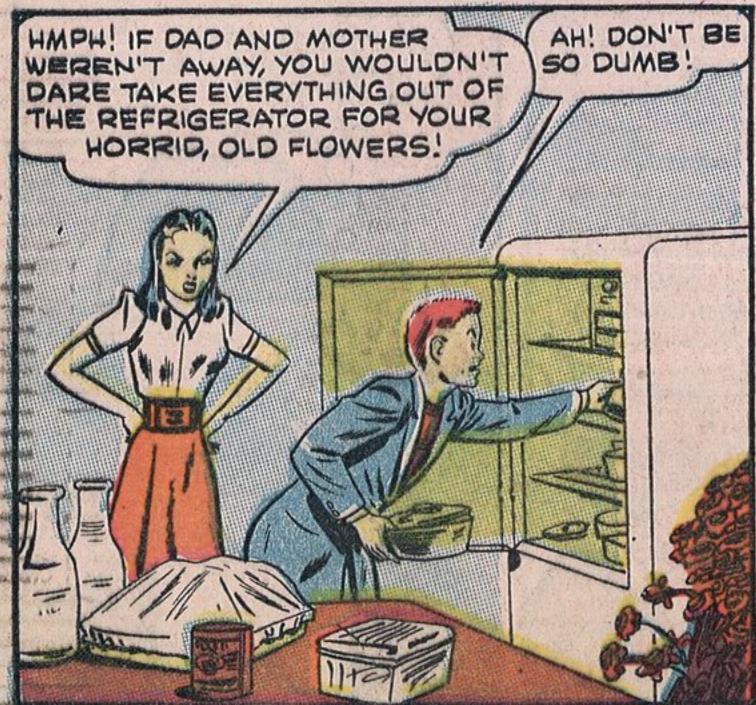




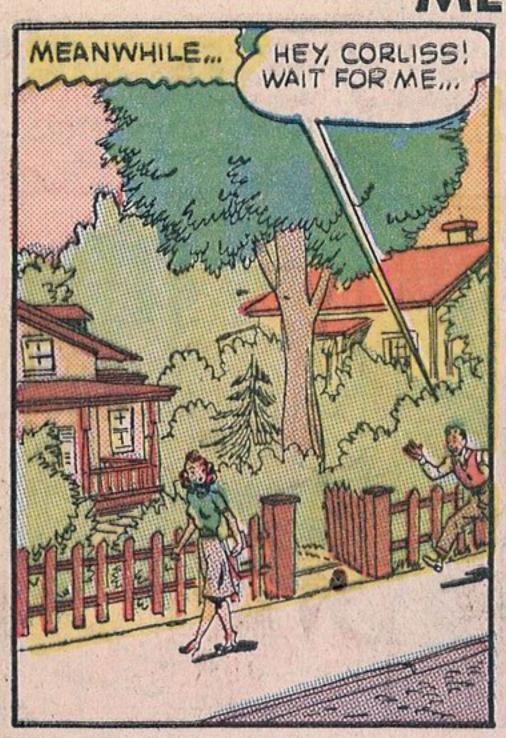






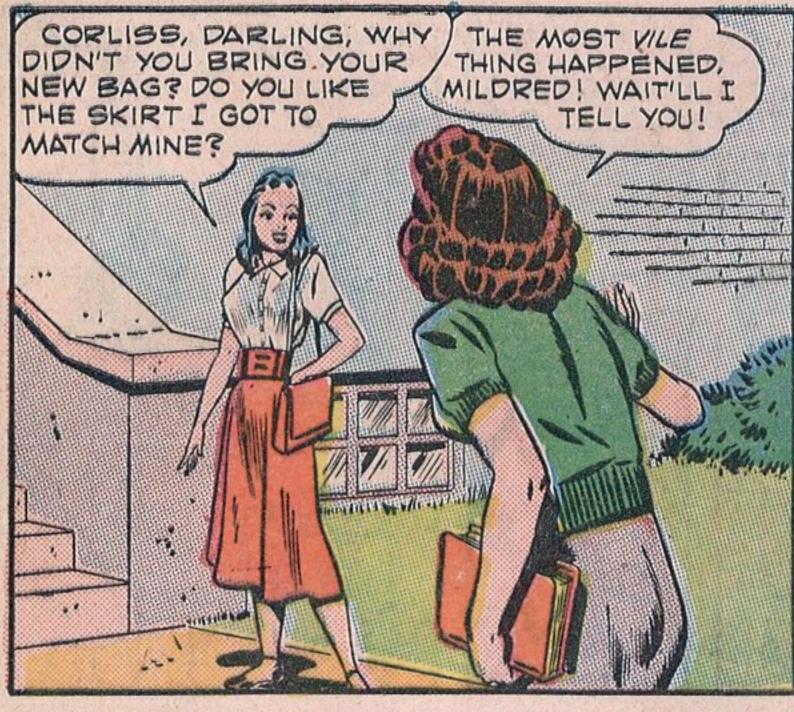




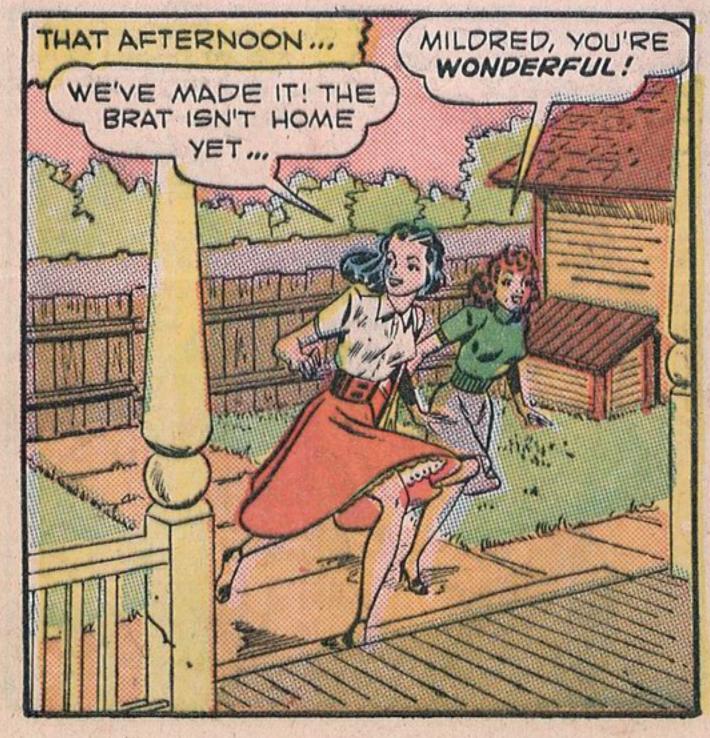


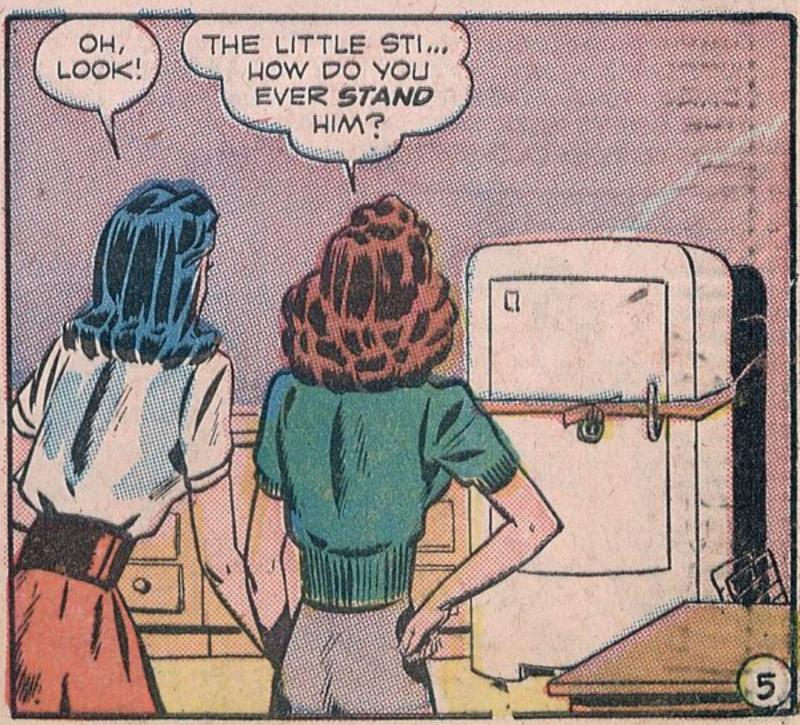




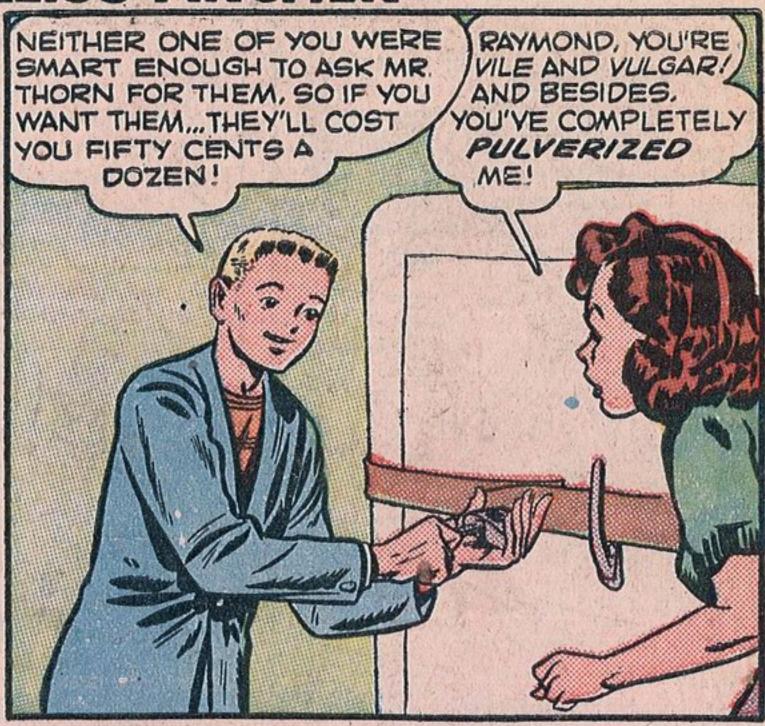












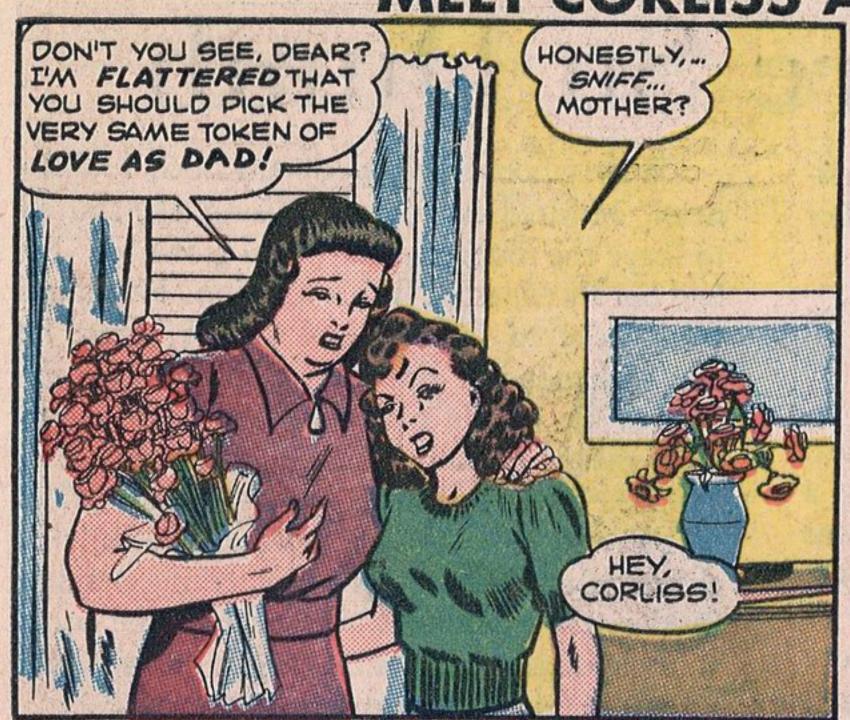














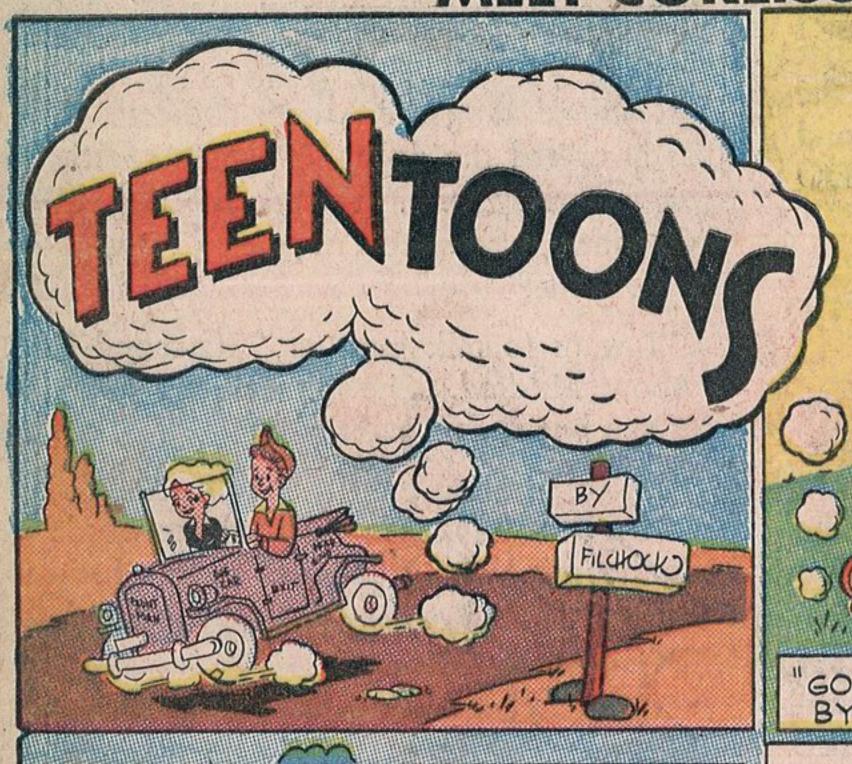




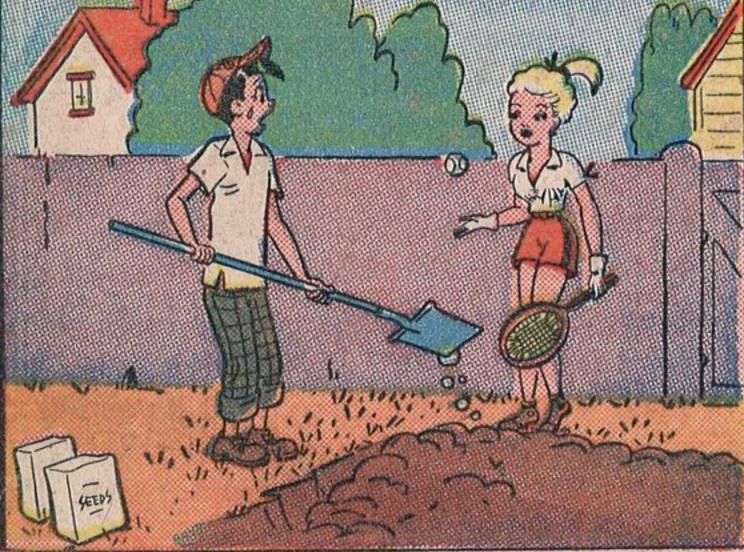




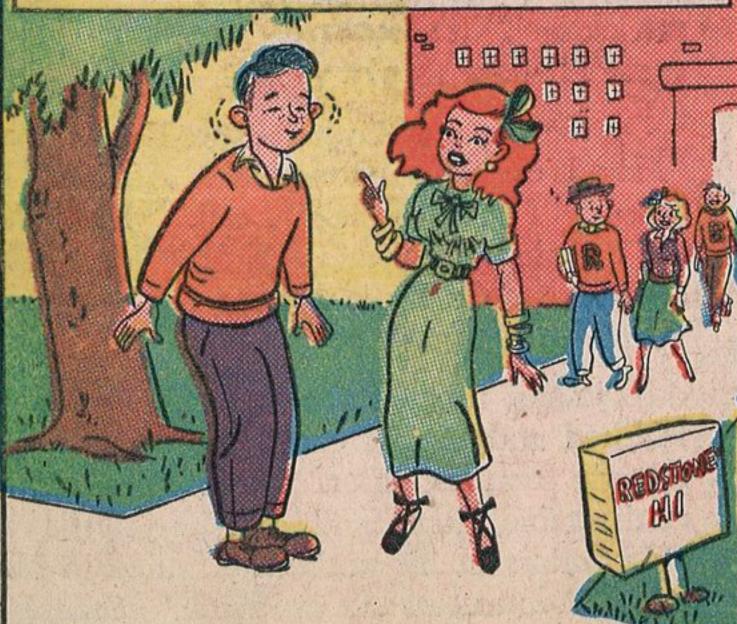
NEXT ISSUE 'CORLISS ARCHER' ON SALE 2nd WEEK OF JUNE

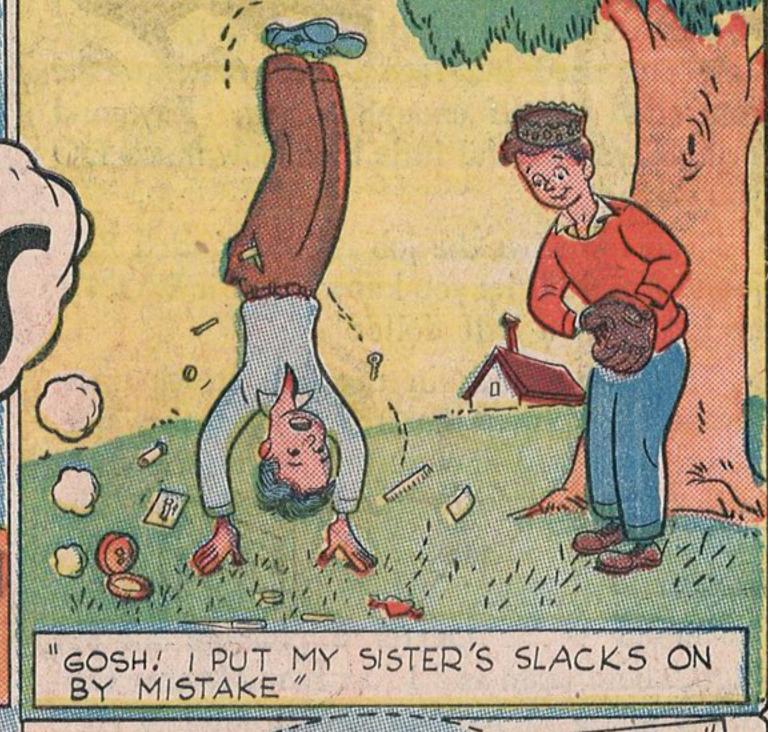


"MY DAD JUST DIGS UNTIL HE GETS ENOUGH WORMS TO GO FISHING THEN I GET STUCK WITH THE GARDEN FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER"

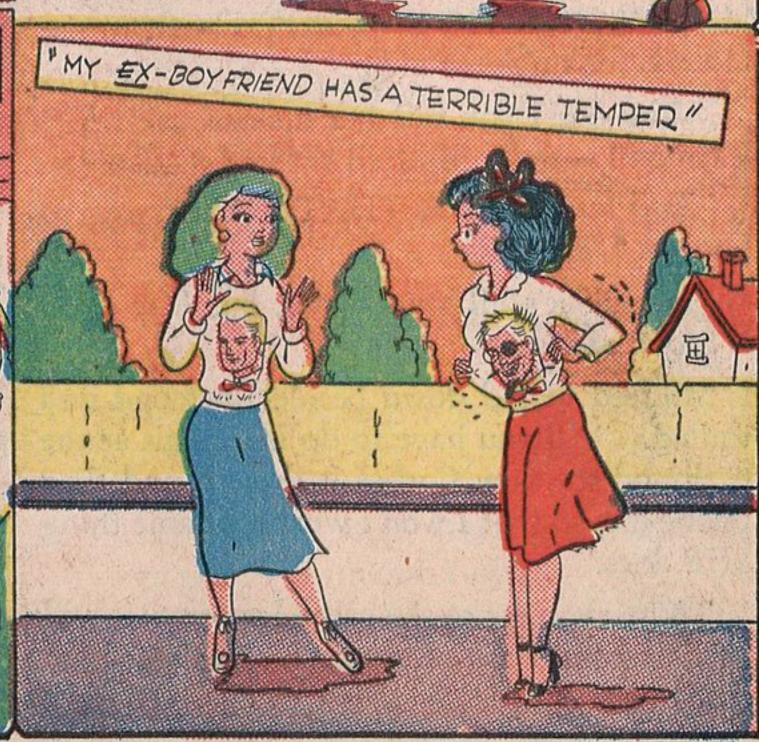


"I THINK IT'S AWFULLY MEAN OF THE COACH NOT TO GIVE YOU A LETTER FOR BEING ABLE TO DO THAT"

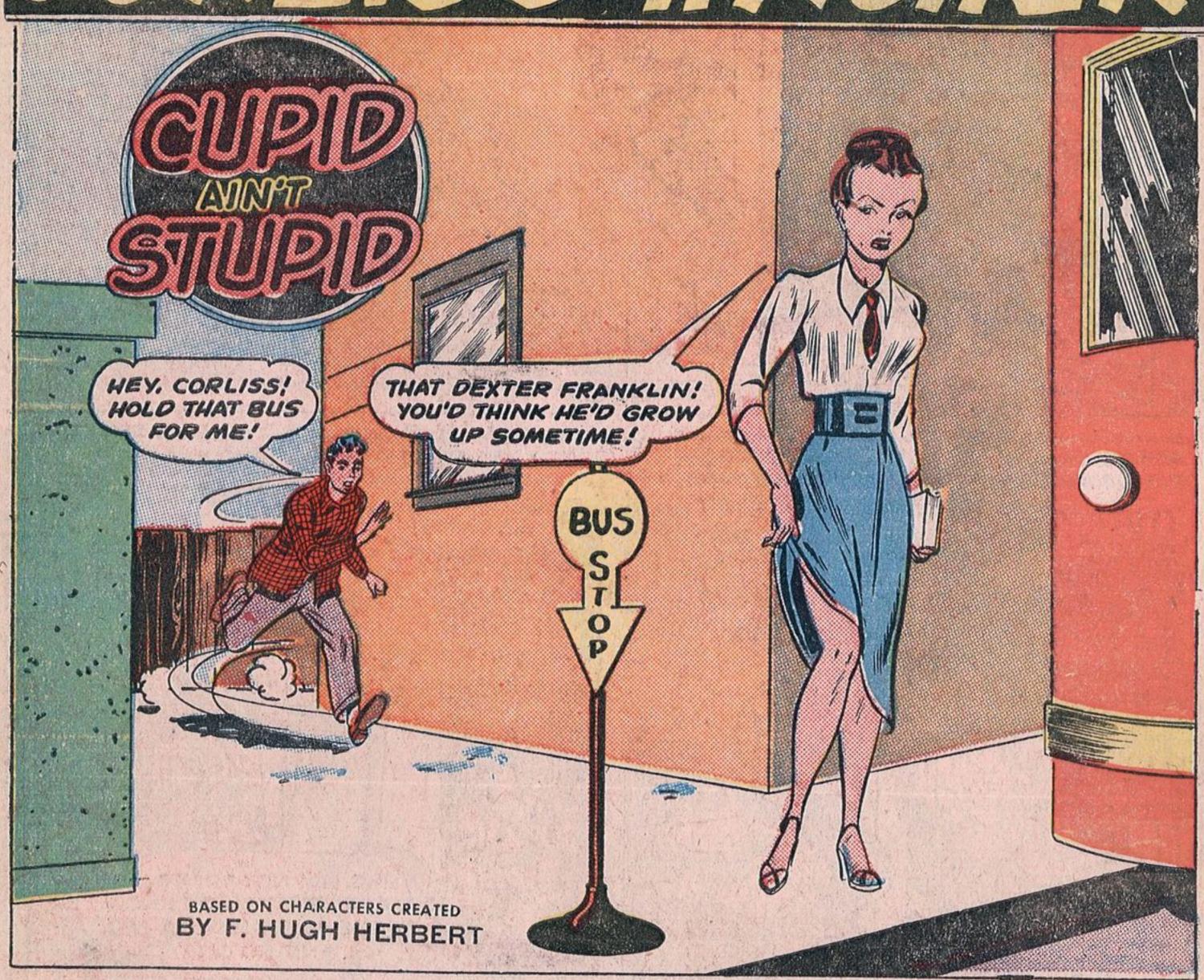


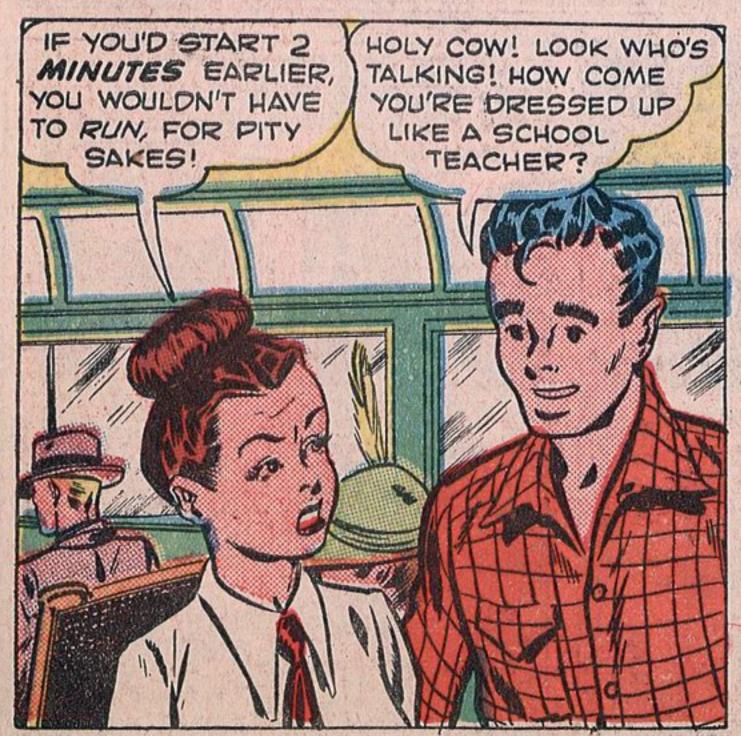






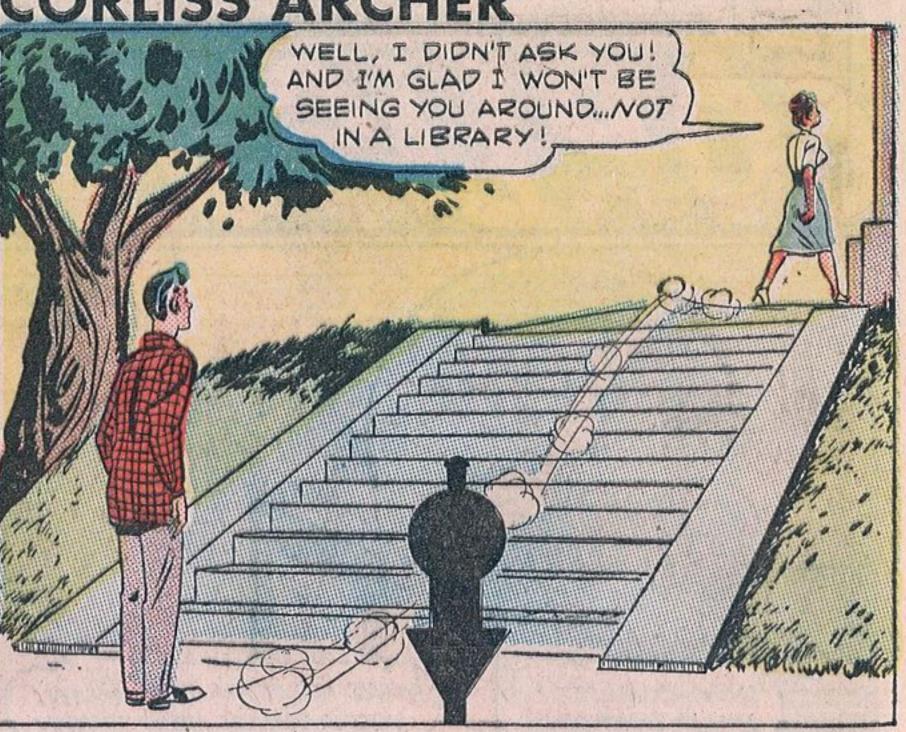
Meet-CORLISS TRCHER



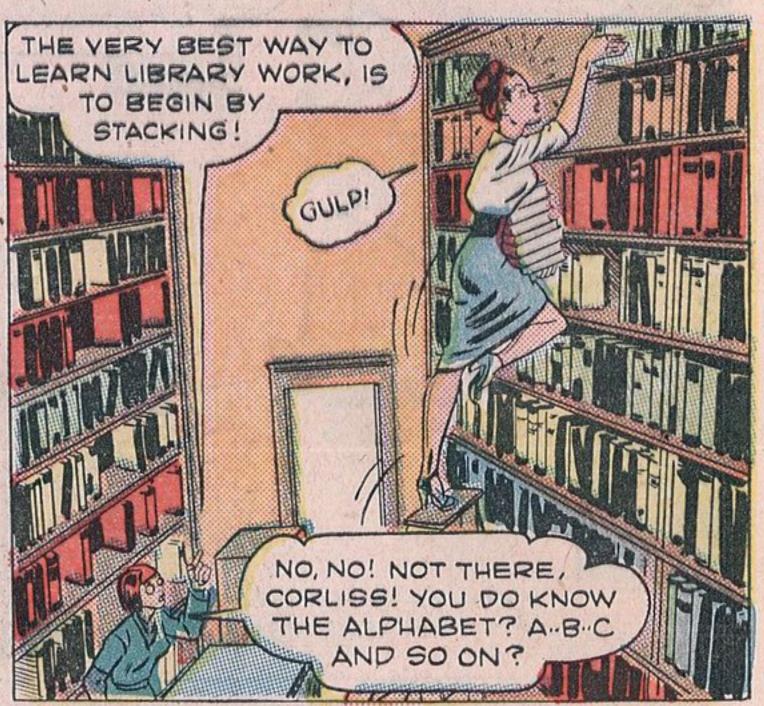


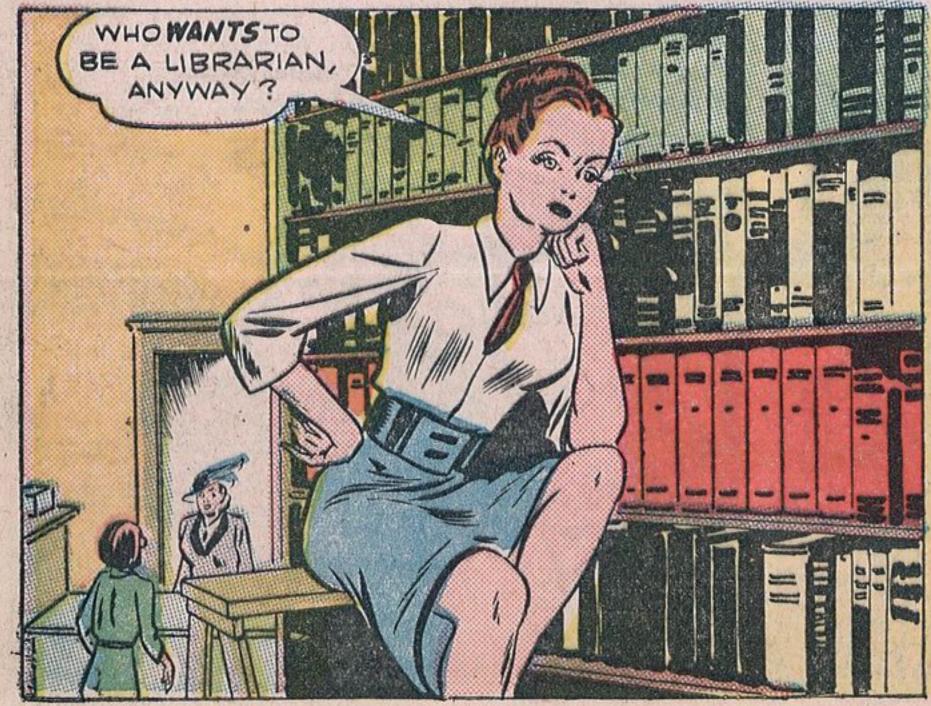














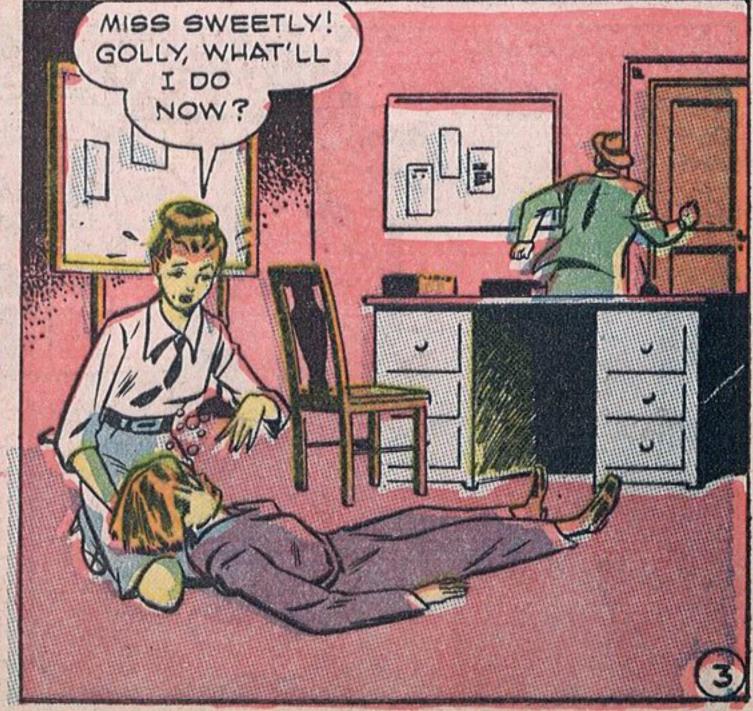


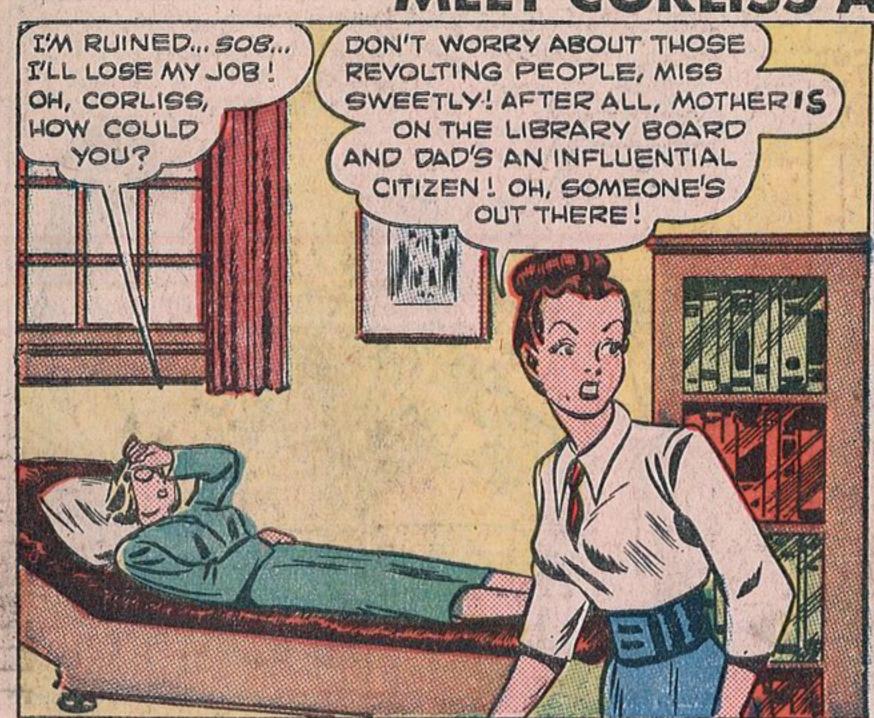






































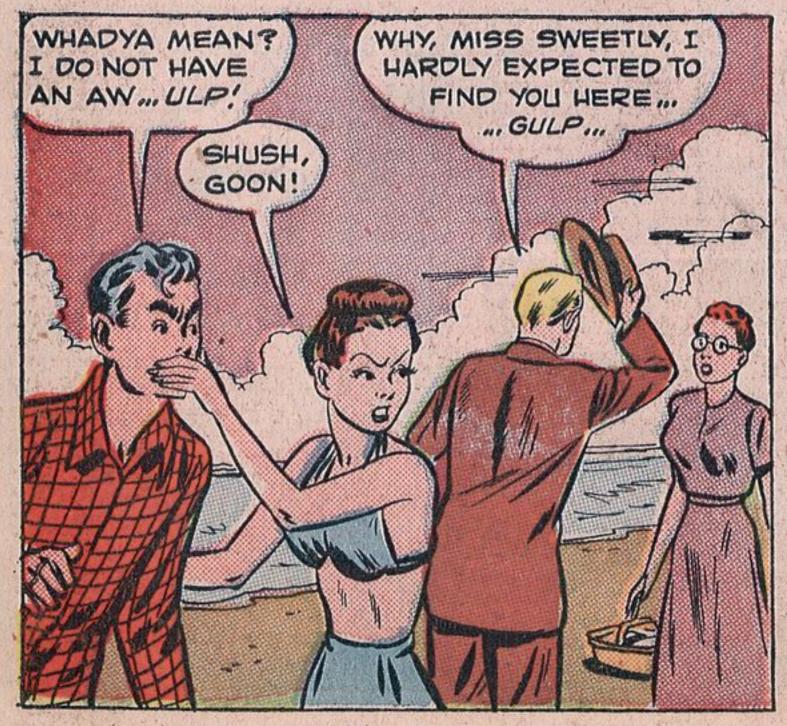




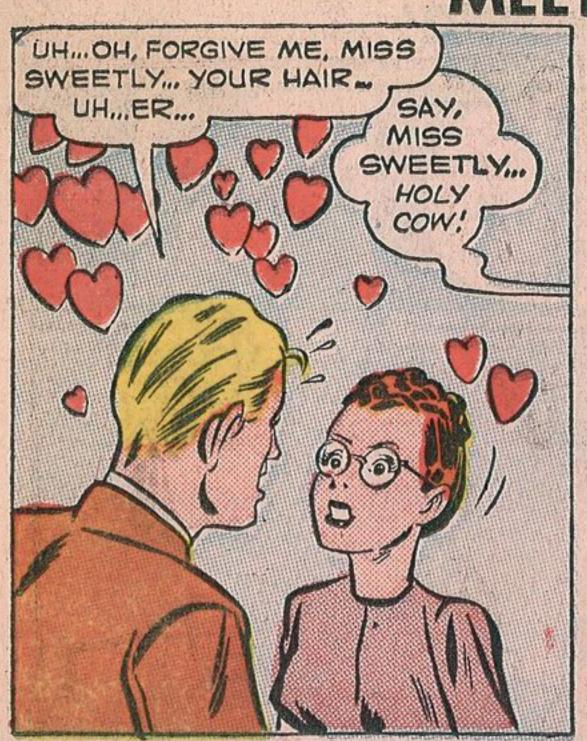


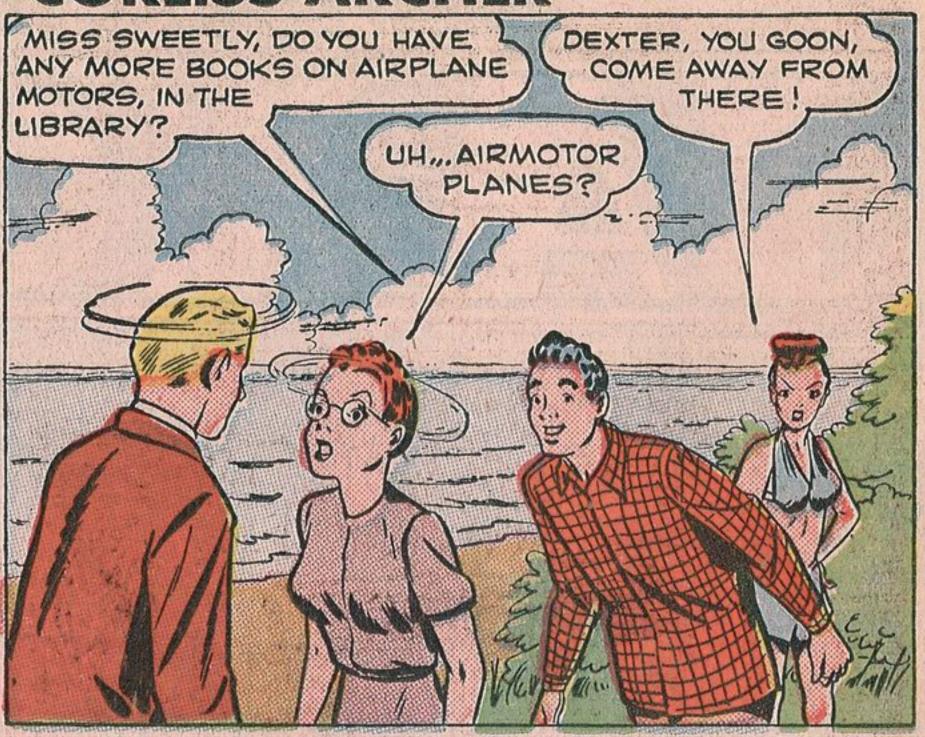


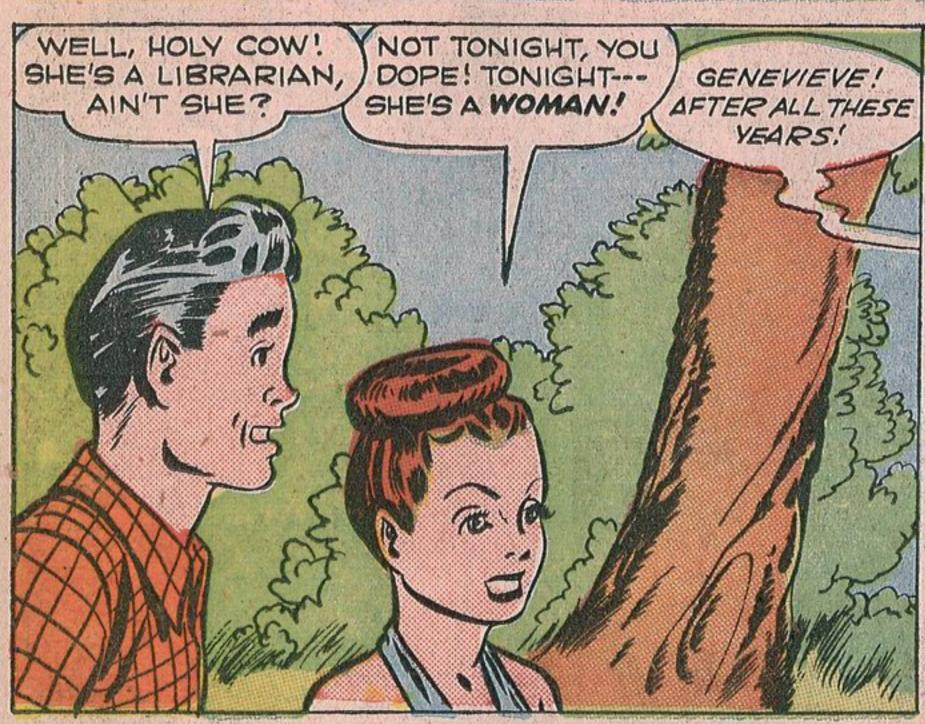




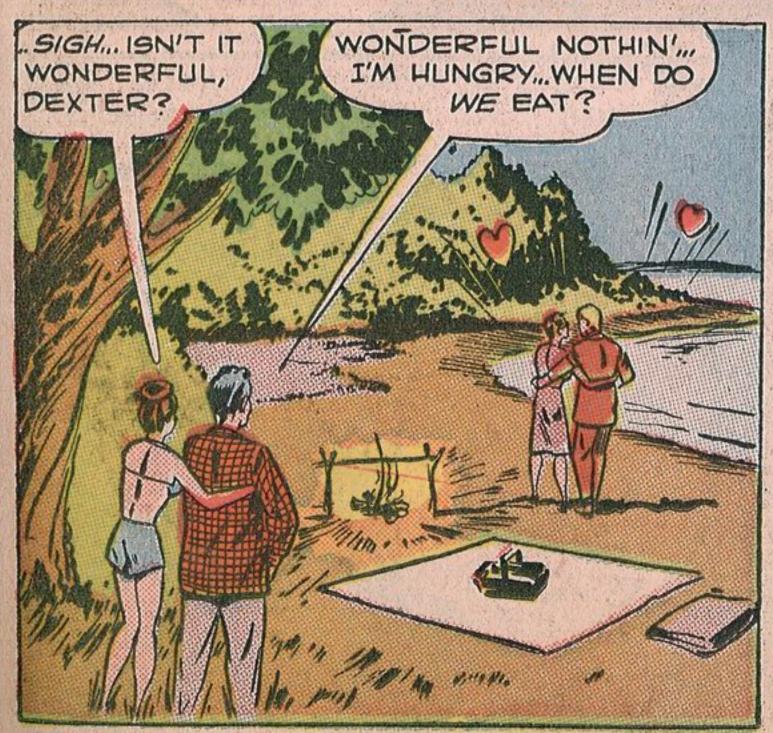


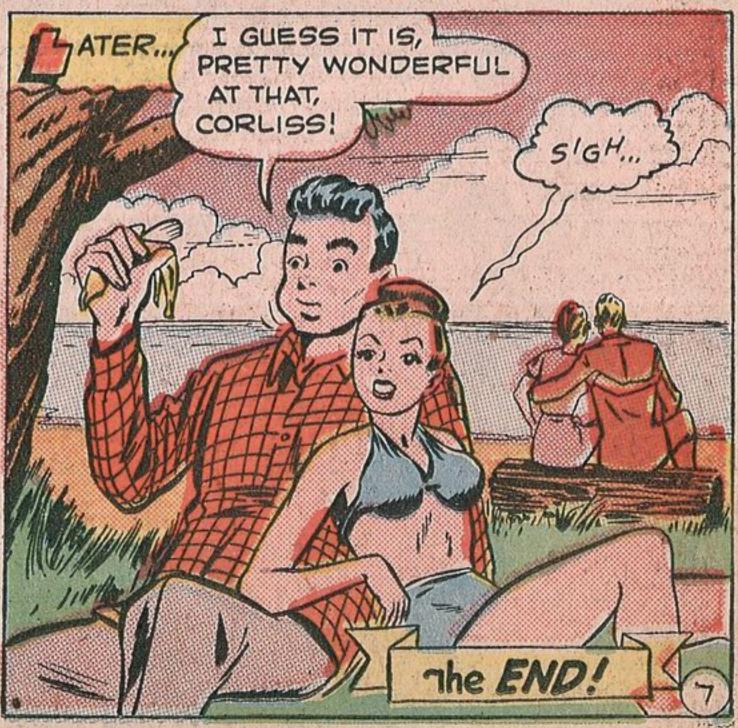


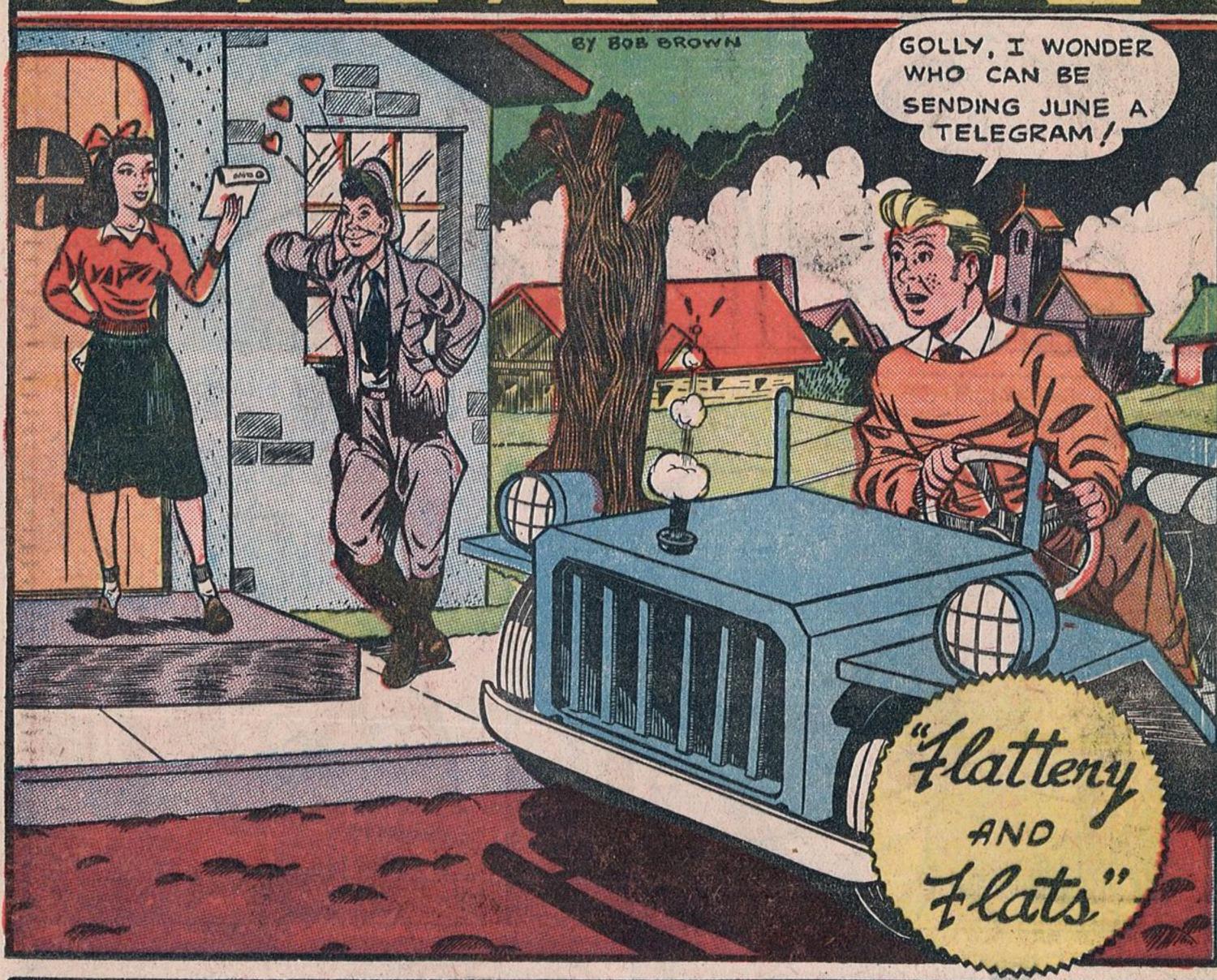


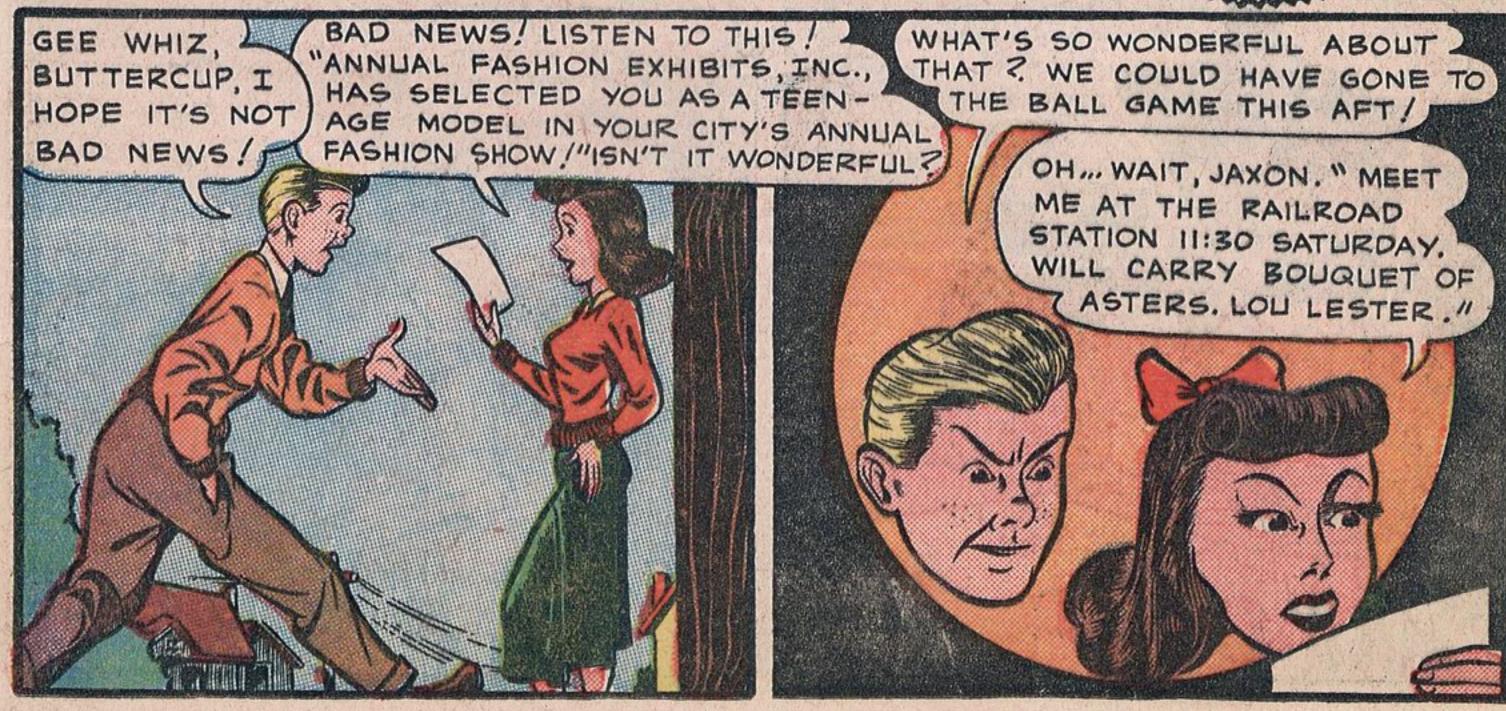




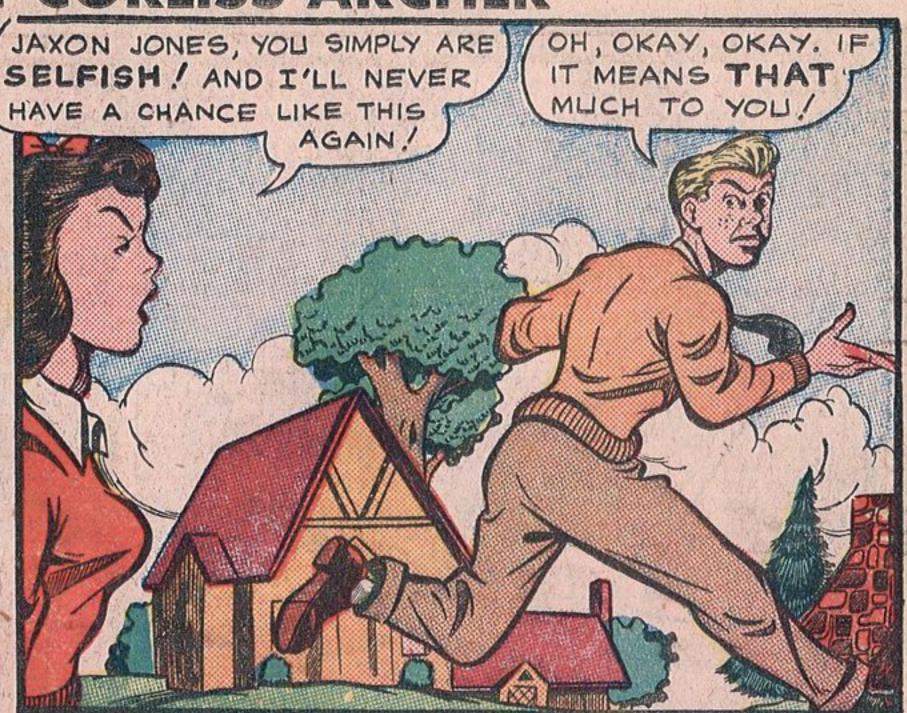








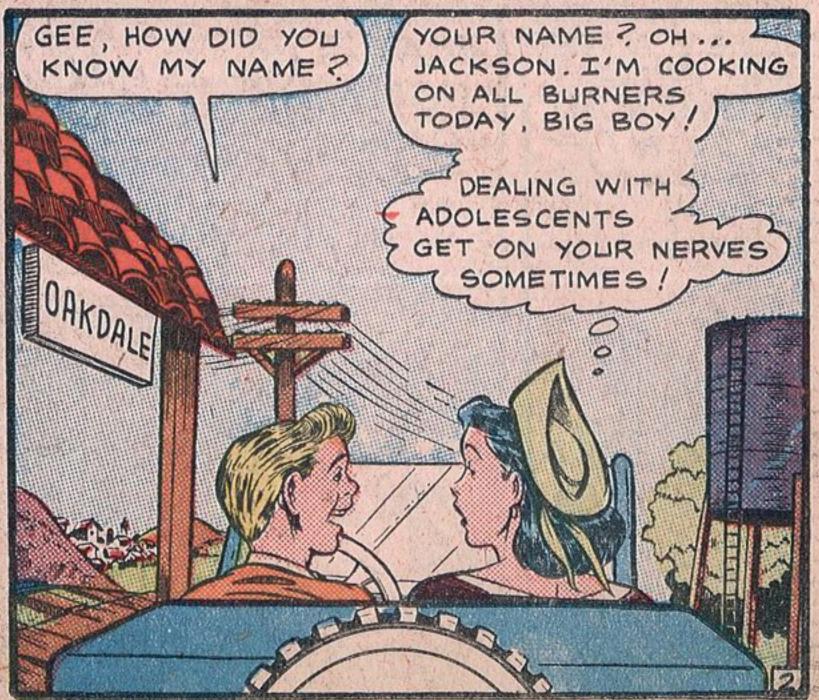


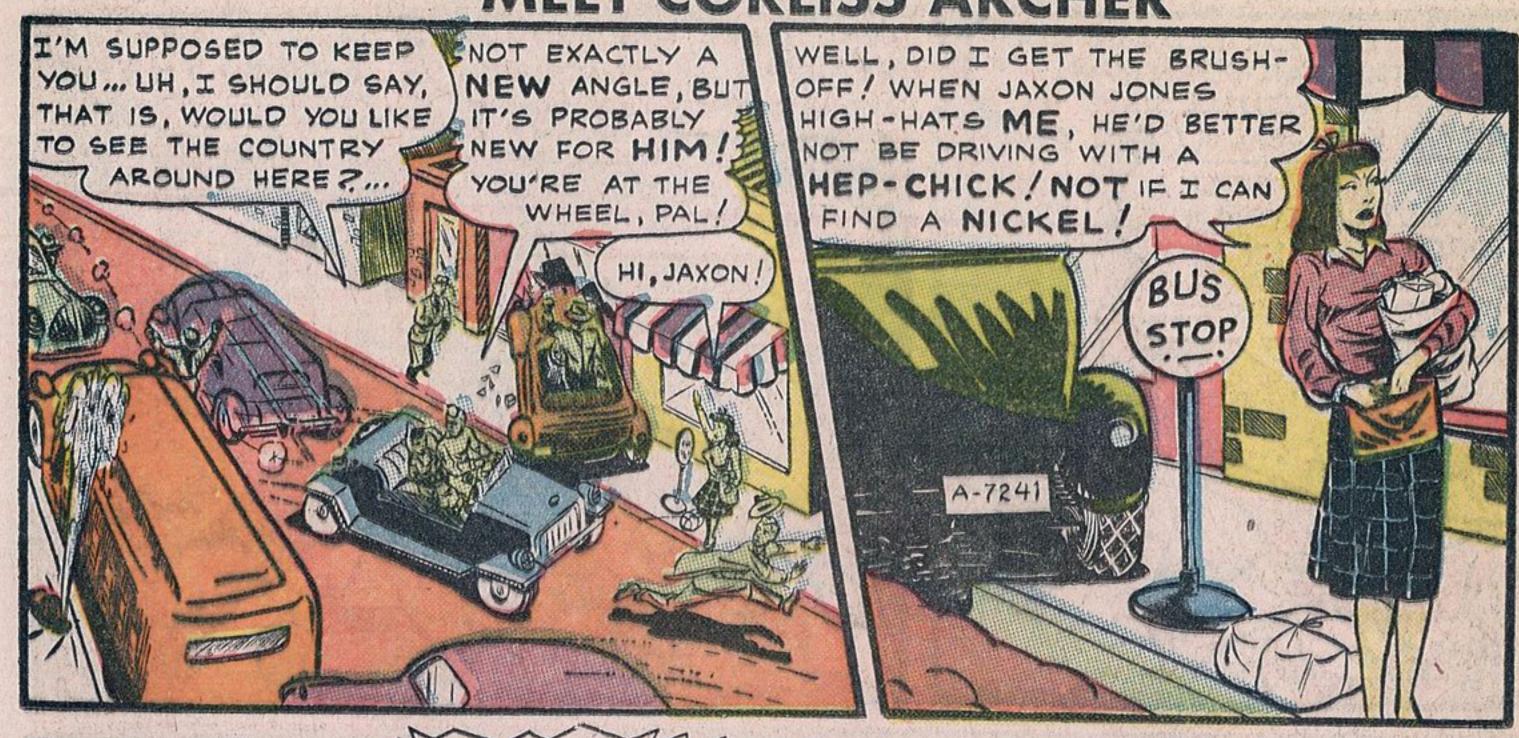


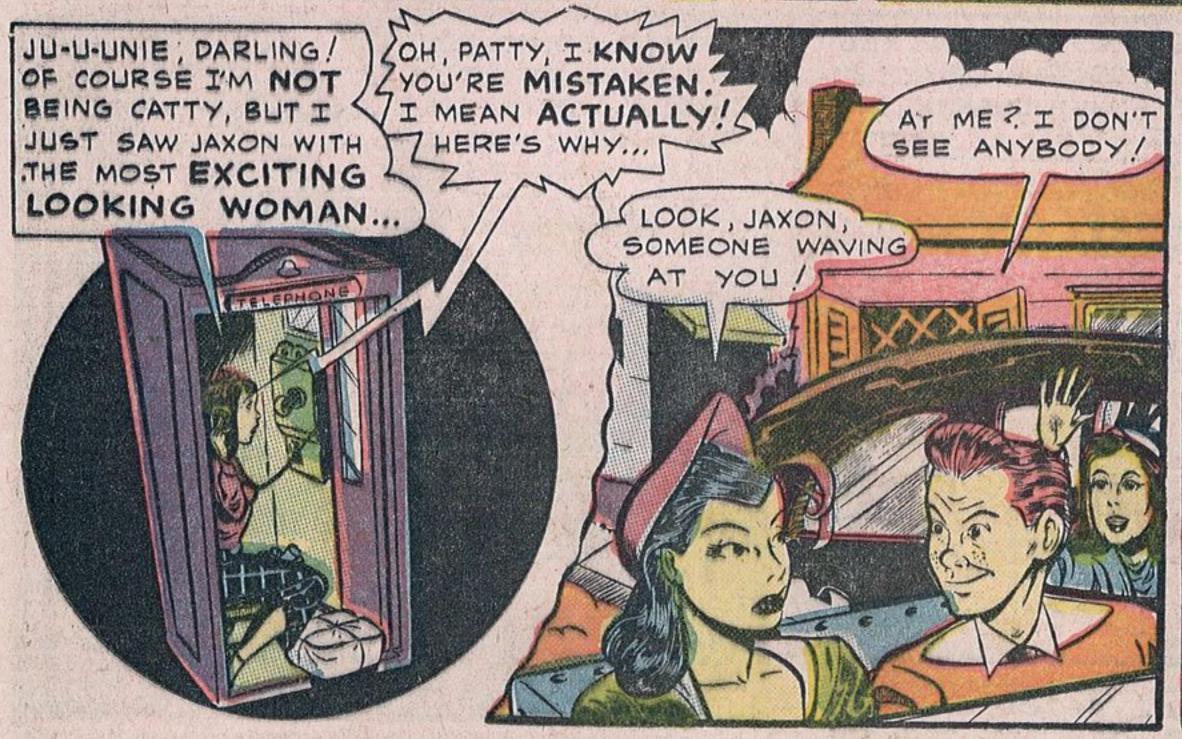












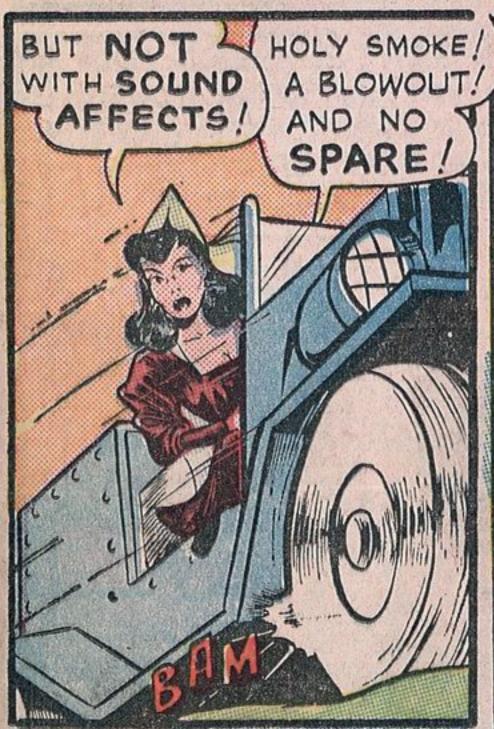


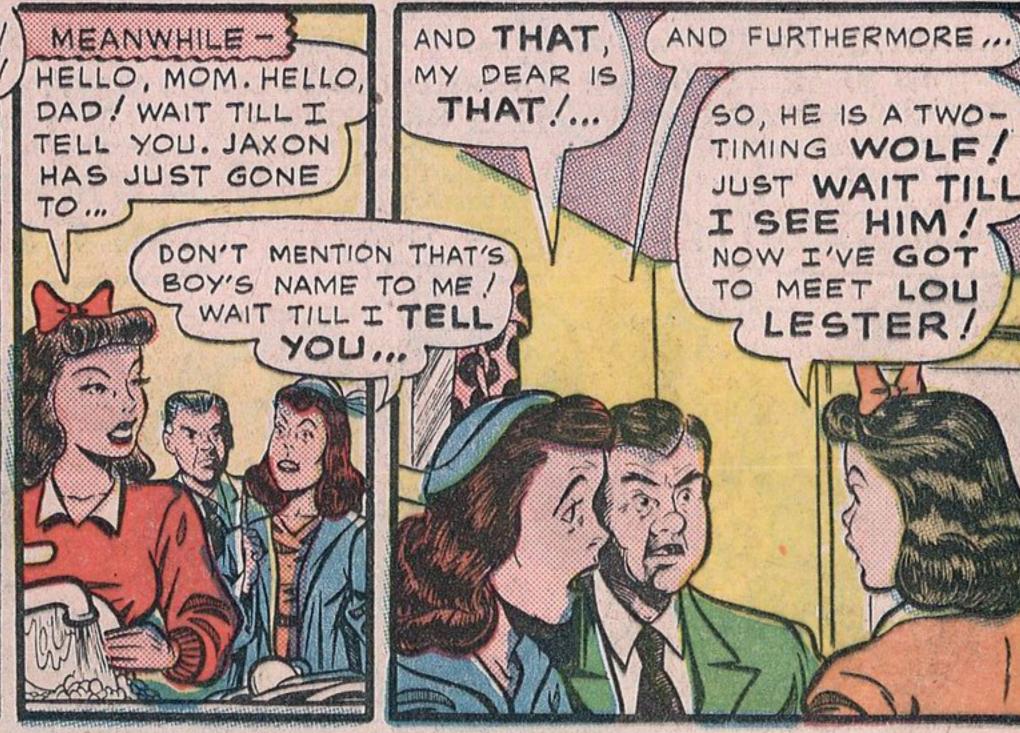






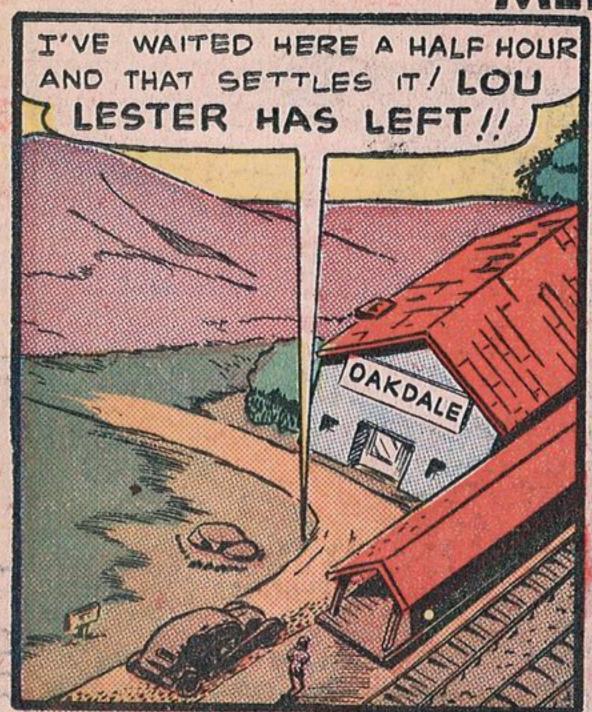










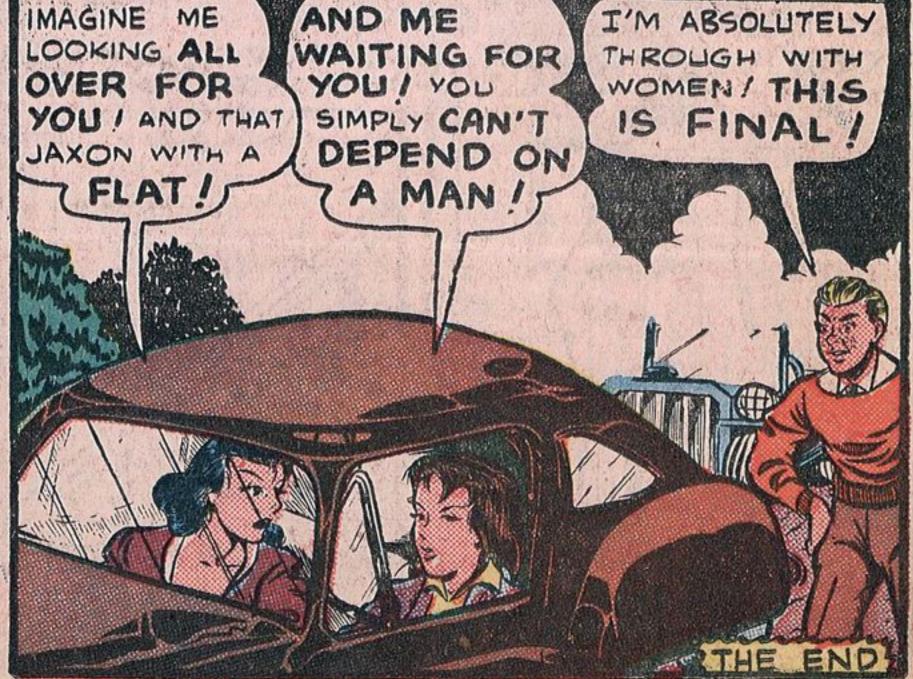












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*198

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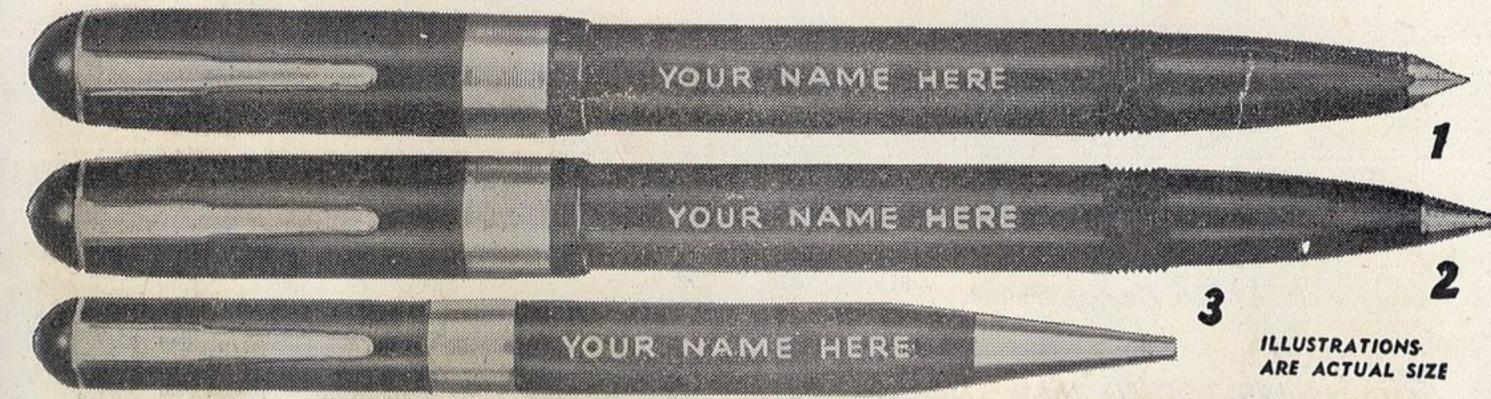
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The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Boys and Girls

Not One... Not Two... But ALL 3
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

WITH YOUR NAME ENGRAVED ON ALL THREE
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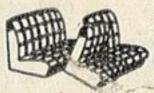


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Dames Are So Dumb

ILDRED PRINGLE, fifteen, sat herself down on the divan beside, her brother Raymond, twelve.

"Raymond," Mildred asked, "Would you by any chance be going to the ball game this afternoon?"

Raymond was surprised, to say the least. First, because Mildred actually was asking a sensible question, and second, because she was asking it of him. He did not answer right away, because he reasoned that there must be a catch in it and he was trying to fathom out what it could be. You were always in a better position to strike a bargain if you knew in advance what the other person was going to propose.

Quick-witted as he was, Raymond could not figure how there would be anything in answering the question that would angle him into doing something he didn't want to do. So he said, "Yeah. Why?"

The minute after he had replied to his sister, Raymond recognized a glint in Mildred's eyes that placed him on his guard. He knew that glint. It usually preceded the request for a favor, usually a favor that had a motive behind it that would place Mildred in some favorable advantage in the eyes of other adolescents. It also usually entailed the cooperation of Raymond in its accomplishment and that, Raymond assumed naturally, meant he could make a dicker for his own profit.

"Well, then, Raymond, would you Mildred began, but before she got any further, Raymond put up his hand.

"Hold it," he told his sister, "If you're planning on giving me some dumb errand to do, you'd better stop where you are, because I'm going to the game to watch BASEBALL and not chase around trying to find out what kind of a blouse and bag Corliss Archer is showing off!"

Mildred's jaw dropped in a gesture of dismay and perhaps admiration, for she had had at the tip of her tongue to ask Raymond to do that very thing. "Why whoever heard of any such foolishness!" Mildred exclaimed. Rising, she started to leave the room and Raymond frowned. He had hardly expected such a reaction. He hadn't even jockeyed himself into a spot where he could demand a reward for efforts contemplated. It was in his mind to suggest a possible means of solving the problem, whereby Mildred could fork over a quarter for services to be rendered. But he stopped suddenly in the middle of the thought. Something hesitant in the way Mildred walked across the room told him that if he kept his tongue in his mouth an offer of a sort would be forthcoming.

He kept his eyes downcast, looking as if he might be solving a weighty problem out of the chemistry set he had received for his birthday, and watched Mildred's trim, sheer-nylon-clad ankles hesitate under the full Gibson-Girl skirt that was presently giving her the new look, and saw that they were slowing down to a stop just before the door. Raymond gave no sign that he realized Mildred had stopped, but actually concentrated harder on the chemistry-set problem. He even began to mumble stuff like H₂O and H₂SO₄ to make his indifference to his sister seem genuine.

The effect was satisfactory for Raymond, for he recognized the signs of an impending victory. Mildred actually was retracing her steps.

"Raymond," she began sweetly, "I KNOW your time is MUCH more important than mine, but . . ."

That approach, thought Raymond, was an absolute mark of desperation and should be good for a maximum touch. He listened.

"If I give you a dime," Mildred started.

Raymond leaned back against the end of the divan and raised his not unsoiled shoes up onto the slip cover, a position that normally would have brought down the wrath of the gods upon his head. But for that moment the world was Raymond's oyster. "You already have used up a dime's worth of my time," he said. "If you want to talk sense, okay. If not, please don't bother me."

The rouge Mildred had rubbed on her cheeks was paled by the blush of fury that now possessed her face. Yet somehow she controlled herself enough to say, "Raymond Pringle, you hateful little brat, how much DO you want?"

"Tell me what the job is," demanded Raymond, "and I'll let you know. But it WON'T be less than a half dollar."

The banjo clock in the hall struck once, reminding Mildred that it was half past twelve. There was still the dusting to finish and a bath to take. More dickering was out of the question.

"Oh, all right," Mildred said. "Listen, Raymond... Dexter is pitching for our high school team and I just KNOW that Corliss is going to TRY to steal absolutely ALL of his attention!"

"She does that without even TRYING," replied Raymond. "What's Dexter got to do with what you want?"

"Well," Mildred went on anxiously, "Corliss being my VERY BEST girl friend, naturally we BOTH have bags, and blouses just alike, the way you guessed a few minutes ago."

"You don't look alike any other way, except that you're both very stupid."

"Never mind," said Mildred. "Both Corliss and I bought NEW blouses and bags yesterday. And I KNOW Corliss will wear ONE of the NEW blouses TODAY. It would be SIMPLY DRASTIC if we BOTH went to the GAME looking just alike."

"Why don't you call her up and ask her?"
Raymond asked, Mildred sneered.

"And let her think THAT I AM trying to impress DEXTER?"

"I think it's all very dumb, but fifty cents is fifty cents."

Mildred wilted down beside Raymond and smiled. "All you have to do is to wait at the park and see how Corliss is dressed and then phone me, so that I won't wear the same thing SHE does."

"When you get to the game I suppose it will be half over," said Raymond. "What about that?" "Oh, who cares about the game?" replied Mildred.

Raymond rang the Archer doorbell. Corliss answered the door. "What on earth do you want, Raymond?" she asked belligerently. "Goodness, just when I'm getting ready to go to the game!"

"I want to talk business," Raymond said.
"About Mildred. She think's she's going to cut you out with Dexter."

Corliss blushed angrily. "Oh, she does," she began to say, then changed her words to another meaning. "Oh, she doesn't have to worry, because certainly I'M not in the least concerned."

"Okay," Raymond replied and turned away.

"Wait a minute," Corliss said. "Not that I CARE in the least, but how does she think she's going to accomplish that trick?"

"By dressing up in her new blouse and bag. So she'll look the same as YOU," Raymond told Corliss.

"How will she do that?" Corliss wanted to know. "I mean, GOODNESS, is she a MIND READER?"

"I'm going to watch you and phone her from the ball park," Raymond said. "Then she'll wear the same thing. But if you cell me what you're going to wear, I'll tell her the other color, so you'll each be different. For a half a dollar, that is."

Corliss's eyes flashed angrily. "You awful little . . ." she started to say, then looked at the clock. "It's robbery" she said, "but I guess I'll have to pay you!"

On the way out Raymond saw Mrs. Archer. "May I use your phone, Mrs. Archer?" he asked. "I have to make a call." He dialed the Pringle number and said to Mildred after a minute: "Corliss is wearing red, Mildred." Then he went out.

Raymond reached the ball game and saw Mildred and Corliss enter, each dressed differently from the other. He didn't miss a bit of the game, either, and as he jingled the two half dollars in his pocket he smiled to himself. "Adolescents sure are dumb," he thought.