Presenting a free cut-out mask of Ross Saakel's mighty mite, "the noodle."

See inside back cover. Color it. Cut it out. Wear it!

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Reports! Reports from war correspondents!... Information from "authoritative sources," perhaps. Adolf Hitler never really existed, or he may have really existed, or he may have been "doubles," as one reporter would wish us to believe... He might have succumbed to the attack on his life in the summer of 1944. Some years later, he was brave enough to take his own life, even claim his own life, in this country, considering the gigantism of the Gestapo, the Gestapo all-powerful. Perhaps he escaped to Tokyo. Perhaps he escaped to the south of France. Perhaps he is alive, perhaps he is dead. Perhaps he is still alive... If so, he is alive for a reason. If he is still alive, he is alive for a reason.

Our story opens in Hitler's hideout at Berchtesgaden, March 1945. The Fuhrer, nervous, ill, defeated, is addressing his small, remaining group of "faithfuls."

"Der Time, it is now, for us to leave mein beloved Berchtesgaden... our (uch) beautiful Chertmany." (sob.)

"The last hours of Nazi-dom could be plausible..."
DER COWARDLY ENEMY HAS OUT-NUMBERED US! FROM EAST UND WEST, THEY COME.....UND, VEN THEY MEET, WE DO NOT WANT TO BE DER LIVERWORST IN DER SANDWICH!

BUT, VERE, MEIN DEAR, DEAR ADOLF, CAN YE GO? ANYWERE ON DER EARTH VILL THEY FIND US? DER MOON UND PLANETS, ARE, AS YET, INACCESSIBLE, EVEN THROUGH DER GLORIOUS INGENUITY OF OUR FAMOUS SCIENTISTS.

QUITZE, PAUL! BUT, YOU FORGET OUR 'V4', VICH WAS TO HAFF BEEN USED AGAINST ENGLAND, UND DER U.S.A.....HAD THEY BUT PLAYED FAIR MIT US?

VOT GOOT IS 'V4', NOW, ADOLF?

UNTIL TO-NIGHT, I HAFF KEPT DER SECRET TO MEINSSELF.....BUT, NOW I MUST TELL YOU! FOR MONTHS I HAFF EMPLOYED DER BEST DRAUGHTSMEN IN DER REICH, CONVERTING PLANS TO ENABLE DER SUPER 'V4' ROCKET TO ACCOMMODATE HUMAN CARGO.....DER NAZI PARTY CANNOT SURVIVE ON DER EARTH, OR OFF DER EARTH.....BUT, NOW, UNDER DER SEA.....DOT'S DIFFERENT!
CHENTLEMEN!
BEHOLD THIS MAP!

YOU HAFF ALL HEARD OF DER LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS? I HAFF FOUND DER HEXACT RANGE OF DOT SUNKEN LAND, BY REMOTE, TWO-WAY CONTROL, A V2 ROCKET WAS SENT HERE, EQUIPPED WITH TELE-PHOTO CAMERAS... IT RETURNED WITH PROOF DOT ATLANTIS STILL EXISTS!

DERE, VE SHALL HAVE, AT OUR DISPOSAL ALL DER HIDDEN WEALTH OF A LOST, BUT HIGHLY DEVELOPED RACE IN ATLANTIS, VE CAN PLAN FOR DER FUTURE FOR DER CONQUEST OF DER EARTH, MOON, UND INTERPLANETARY SYSTEM! ... ALL IS POSSIBLE FOR US, IF VE HAFF TIME. ATLANTIS SHALL BE OUR HAVEN.

DER FUEHRER LEADS HIS DIGNITARIES THROUGH A SECRET DOOR... LEADING TO AN IMMENSE LABORATORY.

DER FIRST PROJECTILE NOW ON DER RAMP IS MEIN FRIENDS, PACKED WITH HERMETICALLY SEALED PROVISIONS TO OUT-LAST OUR LIFETIME. DER RANGE IS SET!! VE SHALL RELEASE FIRST... READY!

READY!
MEIN FUEHRER!
STREAKING OVER THE BAVARIAN ALPS, AT THIS MOMENT, COMES A SQUADRON OF R.A.F. BOMBERS—BERCHTESGADEN BOUND.

SQUADRON LEADER REY BAXTER BRINGS HIS LANCASTER OVER THE INFAMOUS MOUNTAIN RETREAT.

PILOT TO BOMBARIDER, STEADY... OKAY... BOMB DOORS OPEN AND WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT’S THAT?

WHAT WAS IT, SKIPPER?

MIGHT BE ‘V3′, ‘V4′ OR ‘V5′ COMBINED. THOSE DESPERATE RATS’LL TRY EVERYTHING NOW! WHAT ELSE CAN THEY LOSE?

AMID THE SEA OF FLAK, A PIERCING ARROW OF LIGHT SHOOTS SKYWARD, FROM THE VICINITY OF BERCHTESGADEN.
HOURS LATER....."B" FLIGHT RETURNS HOME, A BIT RIDDLEDED, BUT SAFE. GAIL ABBOT AWAITS REX, AT THE FIELD.

Hi, There, Sugar Plum! Waiting Long?

Rex, Darling! I Just Arrived. Did You Put The "B" On Berontesgaden?

Hurray! Here Comes Rex's Flight.... First, As Usual....

We Sure Did! But, We Witnessed A Strange Thing!

Oh? Tell Me Dear.... If It's Not One Of Your Military Secrets.

So Far, Hitler's "V3 And V4" Have Just Been Threats! To-Night, Over His Hideout, Something New Flew Up....Like A Comet..... It's Vacuum Nearly Upset Our Kite. If It Wasn't A 'V3,'... It Was Something Worse.
In the South Atlantic, an American destroyer steams through a turbulent sea.

Hear that?

Thought I did! Sounds like a tremendous depth-charge! Sighted anything?

No... not a thing!!

And the cause of the sound? Over a hundred miles from the destroyer... a strange projectile dives from the sky into the sea, with such thunderous, shattering, displacement, that vibrations reach earthquake proportions... and, seismographs the world over, record the severe tremors as the result of volcanic eruptions in mid-Atlantic....

Now... let us return to Berchtesgaden, where der Fuhrer follows the rocket's path; by means of super-sensitive, directional television....

Ja! Und at precisely der right spot.... sehr gut!
Vell, mein true friends... dot settles our supply question for many years! It grieves me deeply, dot Hess and Von Papen are not with us... (Dot means more food for us, but, alas,... dere's still Hermann... ah me.)

Another mammoth rocket is lowered to the ramp, but this time steps have been erected to carry the villainous leaders of Nazi-dom to their final means of escape... to Atlantis.

Now, gentlemen, prepare to say farewell to der third reich... it has out-lived its usefulness.

Like their vermin-infested brothers, these rats also leave the sinking ship..."

Farewell, mein berchtites; gaden, und mein people for whom I have given so much. I go, now, for your sake, to carry on der plans for... a complete world conquest!

The last to enter, is Hitler... who stands dramatically at the door.

Now, the door clangs shut,... to seal them out of the world... forever!

A switch is thrown, and amid the roar of sporting rockets, the giant projectile lunges forward.

Hello--gang!

Here's a new set of scrapbook stamps to save 'n' trade! Tell me how you like them... write:

Rex Baxter, 165 York St., Toronto, Ontario.

Yours, Rex!
YES! IT'S "BUZ" AND HIS BUS ROLLING ALONG ON THEIR REGULAR RUN!!!

HELLO GANG!

WELL, WELL, A CIRCUS IN TOWN—AND A PAIR OF CUSTOMERS FOR ME!!!

TWO SINGLES TO BURGVILLE. PLEASE!!!

SURE THING BUB!!!

THAT'S O.K. ISN'T IT, OSCAR?

DRIVE CAREFULLY, HUSH WONT YUH BUB? HEH, HEH!

HEH, HEH!
"Buz" starts on his way again!!!

Burgville 35 M. (Honest)

"And at the next town!!!

Well that guy's had seven minutes, I'll have to leave him!

"Buz" finally comes into Burgville!!!

Burgville! All out for Burgville!!!

I said "All out for Burgville! Burgville!

I wonder if that guy Oscar is sleeping!!

Later in the day, "Buz" circus passenger asks him a question!!!

Can I get off here? I'll wait five minutes, to make a phone call?

No more.

By golly! There he is - all slumped down in his seat!!
Hey! Wake up! This is your stop!

He doesn't move—his eyes are open—he's all limp—he—he's d-o-d....

Ooooo

Wassamatter Buz? Wake up/wake up! Where am I—oh—that pal of yours he's—he's —

Yeah! That's right, he's a "dummy." You see I'm a "ventriloquist" and Oscar is my stooge!!

When you left me behind I hired a cab and caught up to you! I hope Oscar didn't scare you!!

Oh—shucks n-n-naw!
BUY WAR BONDS! THIS IS THE CRY OF PATRIOTIC CANADIANS AS THEY POOL THEIR PERSONAL WEALTH FOR THE DEFENSE OF THEIR BELOVED CANADA....

INSIDE THE BANK, TERRY ALLEN AND HIS FIANCEE LYNN MERRIEL ARE ALSO PURCHASING WAR BONDS. AFTER WE DO OUR DUTY YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME WITH MY SHOPPING, ELUSIVE!!
OKAY, COOL DOWN CHUMPS... THIS IS A STICK UP! IT AIN'T A VICTORY BOND DAY IT'S A "SLAPPY" SIMMS DAY!!

TERRY, IT'S A HOLDUP... TERRY... NOW WHERE IS HE??

NITRO? THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!

SO YOUR BOSS RAN OUT AND LEFT YOU HOLDING THE BAG OR SHOULD I SAY THE GUN... DROP IT KID MURDER WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE!!

STAND BACK NITRO OR I'LL SHOOT... SO HELP ME I'LL KILL YOU!!

MEANWHILE IN A SMALL OFFICE OF THE BANK....

SO "SLAPPY" SIMMS IS BACK IN CIRCULATION EH? WELL HE WON'T BE FOR LONG WITH NITRO ON THE loose...!!

A BLURRED STREAK OF COLOUR. AND ONE OF "SLAPPY"S THREE HENCHMEN GOES DOWN FOR THE COUNT......

HEY "SLAPPY" YOU FORGOT MY CONTRIBUTION AND HERE IT IS!!

BANG.....

BUT NITRO IS WRONG. BEHIND HIM LYNN MERRIEL GASPS AS HOT STEEL PIERCES HER WHITE BODY.....

MISSED PUNK!!
GREETINGS GREMLIN... WIN ANY MEDALS FOR BLOOD DONATIONS YET??

HA! ME GIVE-AWAY MY BLOOD... I'LL BRING YA IN TWO!!

OOPS! PARDON ME BUT ALL I CAN SEE NOW IS RED... AND IT'S YOUR BLOOD!!

UGH!

LATER AT THE HOSPITAL...

TO THINK IT TOOK A RAT LIKE YOU TO SAVE A GIRL'S LIFE!!

TO THINK WITH ALL THE GUYS OUT FOR MY BLOOD A "TWO-BY-NOTHING" SKIRT GOT IT!!

THE END

THE Mongoose

IT'S GETTING LATE TOM, WE'D BETTER STAY HERE TONIGHT AND MOVE ON IN THE MORNING.

I'D LIKE A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT.

WELL I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE MANAGER IS BUT I GUESS I CAN GIVE YOU ONE.

GOOD HEAVENS! THE PLACE IS ON FIRE.

MAIN FLOOR AT THE BAR EIR RIGHT THROUGH THAT DOOR.

THANKS! GOOD NIGHT.
ROUSE THE GUESTS AS FAST AS POSSIBLE LAD. THE PLACE IS ON FIRE!

FIRE! FIRE!

THAT'S FUNNY. NO WATER. BETTER PHONE THE LOCAL FIRE BRIGADE.

IT'S THAT'S RIGHT. AND HURRY.

LOOK'S LIKE EVERYBODY'S OUT. I'D BETTER GET OUT TOO.

The fire engine pulls up and soon has the blaze under control.

LOOKS LIKE IT STARTED IN THE CELLAR. WELL GO DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK.

ARSON! ARSON!

ARSON! NOW WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT—SAY I WONDER IF—NOW WHERE WAS THAT HOTEL MANAGER AND WHY WAS THE WATER SHUT OFF?

ARSON! ARSON!

A water pail fell over. Two pages of water-soaked paper lie nearby. 

WHAT'S THIS—THE BURNT PAGES OUT OF HOTEL KEEPERS ASSOCIATION NEWS AND A BURNT MATCH. SO THAT'S WHAT TOM MEANT.

WHAT A LUCK. WE'VE FOUND THE TWO CENTRE PAGES ARE MISSING.

WELL TAKE A LOOK IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE NOW AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND.
A stealthy figure creeps up behind the mongoose.

Screech! The mongoose swings around, escaping the blow.

Stand back! These are real bullets.

An insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars? You wanted to collect this, eh? Well, I'm taking you in and charging you with arson.

Yes, I think that might work. When do we start? We're only 150 miles from Atta.

You must be the hotel manager. Yeah!

First, I'll have to take some pictures. Atta is a tricky island, and our maps are none too accurate.

Once again, Steve Sparks and Rocky Abbott, inventors of the Super Sub, are on their way into Japanese dominated waters of the Pacific to rescue two Americans.
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ROCKY, THESE MINES MUST HAVE A MEANING. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS. THE JAPS MUST BE HIDING SOMETHING BIG!

THAT ROCKY SHORELINE IS INTERESTING! AND LOOK AT THOSE DOTS UNDER WATER. MUST BE MINES! BUT WHY MINES IN FRONT OF STEEP CLIFFS?

LATER -

YOU'RE RIGHT, STEVE, AND THE LACK OF ACK-ACK SEEMS TO PROVE IT!

LEAVING THE SUBMARINE, STEVE MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE ISLAND - KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH ROCKY BY RADIO.

HALLO - ROCKY, SPOTS ON PHOTOGRAPHS ARE MINES - ALL SEEM TO BE ELECTRICALLY WIRED -

WELL - THIS LOOKS LIKE A TRAIL. LET'S SEE WHERE IT GOES -

SUDDENLY FROM HIGH ABOVE, A JAP SNIPER'S BULLET BARELY MISSES STEVE.

LIKE A FLASH, STEVE'S SILENCER-EQUIPPED AUTOMATIC GOES INTO ACTION.

THAT SHOT MUST HAVE ALARMED THE JAPS. LUCKY THEY DIDN'T SEE ME!

A CAVE! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THAT'S WHERE I'LL SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE MINES!

WELL, WELL - A WHOLE ARSENAL WHERE NOBODY COULD EVER HAVE SUSPECTED IT. AND THERE - THAT'S WATER! THERE MUST BE AN OPENING TO THE SEA!
Suddenly Steve finds himself face to face with a Jap officer.

Oh-oh, he's reaching for his sword, must be afraid to fire a shot lest the whole dump blows up!

In a second the fight is on...

Both men plunge off the rocky ledge toward the water.

Where the struggle for life and death continues until Steve manages to get hold of his bush-knife.

And now back to the 'super sub'.

Well, Rocky, what do you think of it? Looks as if we're heading for a real adventure!

Yes, and the sooner we start, the better. If the Japs only knew what's in store for them!

Slowly the 'super sub' gets under way.

Here we are, Rocky! Will be surprised to hear of my discovery!
WACKY WILLY!

Ajax (Jackson)!!!
La... De Ad Dah-H-H-H-H!!!
Take it Jackson!!!
La... De Ad Dah-H-H-H-H!!!
Solid Eh??!

You see, Jackson,
I've just decided.
I've gotta decide!!!
Groan-n-n

I've gotta decide!!!
G-G-G-Gotta decide!!!

At a boy, Willy!!!

Evil!!!

S'funny......
I've just decided!!!
Yik!!! Yik!!!

Ha! Ha!


I've gotta decide!!!
I've gotta decide!!!

Go ahead. Wacky take it!!!

Suddenly his vision is obstructed
by a two wheel vehicle!!!

Yipe......
A Bike!!!!

Ah!! Employment
raps at my door.
And I... intelligent
and I got brains but...

Drugs

Drugs

Drugs

Drugs

Drugs

Drugs

Drugs

Drugs

Drugs
While on the road to his objective, a book catches his eye...

AND MINUTES LATER.....

THEFT HAS NO REWARD!!!!
PHOOEY!!! NOW I OWN A BIKE AND JUST GOT A JOB AT THE DRUGSTORE!!!!

???

MY HIGH LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE TELLS ME THIS COULD BE THE STEEP INCLINE!!!!

BUT I'LL DEFY IT AND...D-D-G-G-SURP....

NO-NO-NO... THIS CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME!!!!

SEVERAL GRIESEOME MILES LATER!

HALP!! BUTCH HALP!!

G-G-GAD!!!! A... BANANA WAGON!!!!!

THEFT HAS NO REWARD!!

WELL...... I'LL BE GROAN-N-H-H-N...

THEFT HAS NO REWARD FROM THE BOOK OF THE SAME NAME!

THE END
**DRUMMY YOUNG**

We find Drummy and Ziggy, his ace trumpeter, strolling through a busy quarter of capital city after a recording date.

Say, Ziggy! What was wrong with Johnny today? His sax wasn't as hot as usual!

Didn't he tell you? His kid brother went down with that navy ship that was sunk last week! He's taking it pretty hard!

That's the fourth sinking in a month! The intelligence say they think enemy information is leaking out by radio. But they've checked short wave and can't find a thing!

What'll it be gents?

Say, there's a place to eat! Let's talk about it in there.

Here's a request from B. Small, of 63 4th Street, Brantford, dedicated to M. Brooks, of 15 8th Avenue, Toronto. And the number is Ellington's 'Main Stem.'

Here's the Duke himself to play it!

Ziggy!

Yeah, Drummy?

They checked short wave, but, what about long wave? You know, the ordinary radio broadcast, c'mon!

Coffee!
Hey, Bud? What station is that program on? What's matter? No, not yet are you sick. Is what gives? What station? C'ya! What gives?

Now, let's travel ahead of crummy and ziggy and visit station OXK WHERE.... well, git it, Jack! This is Joe Chrysler, your all-night record man, eager to serve you cats' squatch on to some o' this righteous jive!!

Hey! You can't come in here! I'm on the air!! Quiet, we're on the--

This request for gene krupa's "rockin' chair" featuring "little jazz" on the horn, is from--

Get outta here! You almost spoiled my show, you fool!!! Don't blow your topgate! I wanna quiz you on a few facts!!

We'd like to take a peek at your files of request. Telegrams, but I throw 'em away as soon as I play the selections!!

You do, eh? Throw 'em all away?? Sure, sure! Like I said, say who are you guys? Cops?

Come clean! A fine set-up you have here to sink dozens of our ships. I know your game, Nazi! I'm d-don't know what you're talkin' about!!

Then what are these??
Suddenly Drummy shouts to Ziggy, not knowing which one to watch, Frankie is really bewildered.

Huh?? Now I get him, Ziggy!!!

Gotcha, Drummy!!!

But, the radio announcer whirs around, a wicked looking "38" clasped in his fist!

Latch on to this hunk o' lead, smart guys!!!

NO!!! OMMMP!!! Pardon me, while I eliminate the negative!!

Watch 'em, Frankie! I gotta change a record!!! OK, Joe! And then these jerks are gonna take a non-stop flight, 70 stories down!!

Duck, Ziggy!!!

A bullet whines close to Drummy's head and crashes into a handy record stand.

Bang!!! Whaaa!!

Back, Ziggy!!

You fools! I'll kill you both!!

Out cold!!

Now, there'll be no more request programs going out on the air with the street numbers and address giving the latitude and longitude of ships at sea!!!

Get it now the subs only had to listen to this program to get the position and course of ships!!!
LANK CAREFULLY ENTERS THE CITY OF TOKYO — THE HEART OF THE JAPANESE EMPIRE!

LOUDS PEACHES ON MONKEY DAY AT THE ZOO!

WOOOOO

JUST THEN — !!!

SOUNDS LIKE HOWL WOLF CALL!

WOW/SOME OF OUR B-29'S ARE COMIN' OVER — THIS IS GREAT- ULP OR IS IT!?

GUYS GET IN HOWL AIR-RAID SHELTER

UH-OH

WHAM

GENERAL'S AND ADMIRALS FIRST!

ME TOO
THE HEAT ON THIS JOINT!

WHAM
(AGAIN)

WHOOPS

BOOM

UH

BAM

OH

BOOM
(AGAIN)

THANK GOODNESS, HERE'S THE SUB!
PUFF/PUFF

HOW ARE OUR BOMBING RAIDS COMING ALONG? SAW THEY WERE DOIN' PRETTY GOOD

WELL SIR, OFFHAND I'D SAY THEY WERE LANK!

REVENGE ME, JOHNNY CANUCK! VENGEANCE!

AGHNN...

GOO BAD OLD TIMER... BUT I'LL REVENGE YOUR DEATH... SOMEHOW!
AH!...JOHNNY CANUCK!...YOU LOOK SOMewhat IMPROVED IN HEALTH!

IT MUST BE THE FINE CLIMATE IN MY DUNGEON! EH...HA HA!

HE DOESN'T REALIZE I'VE EATEN SINCE HE SAW ME LAST...I FEEL NORMAL NOW!

NOW I'LL GIVE YOU RATS A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

I HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO TELL THE LOCATION OF YOUR BASE!

I'M TAKING THAT CHANCE YOU OFFERED, COLONEL! ....BUT NOT THE WAY YOU EXPECTED!

SPEAK YOU DOG!...MY PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED....GUARDS!...TAKE HIM OUT AND BAYONET HIM!

MERCY...I BEG....

NOW COLONEL...VENGEANCE! VENGEANCE FOR THE OLD MAN YOU ORDERED MURDERED!...VENGEANCE FOR THE COUNTLESS OTHERS WHO ENDURED A LIVING DEATH IN YOUR DUNGEONS!

ACH!
**AT THE PRISON GATE**

I hope this car was for the colonel's use!

**THE AIRPORT AT ONCE!**

**HERE'S MINE!**

**STOP!**

Now to make my escape complete!

His gun... and now his clothes! They'll be sort of tight—but I may make it!

So far, so good... now to get to that plane!

One moment, honoured sir!... All persons required give password!
GETTING A LITTLE CROGGY.... NOT ENOUGH REST, FOOD OR WATER.... GOT TO MAKE IT BACK TO MY BASE!

MANY HOURS LATER.... OVER AN AMERICAN AIR BASE IN THE PACIFIC....

JAP PLANE!

TO THE PLANES... QUICK!

AS THE AMERICAN PLANES SOAR ALOFT TO MEET THE ENEMY...

HOLD YOUR FIRE MEN... THAT'S NO JAP!... IT'S JOHNNY CANUCK!

WELL, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW CAPTAIN CANUCK... AFTER A GOOD SLEEP AND LOTS OF FOOD?

FINE SIR!

THE PLANES LAND AGAIN AND...

A GOOD THING CAPTAIN ROBERTS RECOGNIZED HIM... OR WE WOULD HAVE SHOT HIM DOWN!

IN FACT I'M READY FOR ANOTHER CRACK AT THE JAPS!

THE END
CHECKER SOLITAIRE

AND CUT-UPS

The Game

Starts with all the holes—except the centre one—filled with pegs. The idea of the game is to jump one peg over another as in Checkers—until only one peg is left.

Cut-Ups

The problem is to cut this figure into 4 pieces that can be fitted together to form a perfect square. No overlapping or hollow spaces.

All set to start to play.

Take a piece of lumber 8" square by 3/4 thick. Divide with pencil into 1" squares. Mark in the dots as indicated and drill 1/4 holes about 1/4" deep. Next, fashion 33 wooden pegs 2" long (big matches will do) to fit into the holes.

The Solution

To the Solitaire board is given below. These two keys are worked out with the centre hole open at the start.

Number—Your board as shown. Follow through the keys by playing the way the numbers are given.

Air Port

How quickly can you land seven airplanes on the airfield shown above. Each plane needs an entire runway to land. It lands in one dot and stops on the other. Dot. There are only six runways. It looks impossible, but it can be worked out; make a diagram as shown, and use pennies for the airplanes. Each succeeding plane must wind up on the circle from which the preceding one started.
CHIK 'N' FUZZ

CHIK AND FUZZY—AFTER DRIFTING FOR SOME TIME IN AN OPEN BOAT ARE PICKED UP BY A GERMAN U-BOAT. THEY DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS NEPTUNE AND COMPANY AND HAVE SUCCEEDED IN FOOLING THE SHIPS COMPANY.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GITTIN' IN DEEPER ALL THE TIME.
YASSUH—LOST IN DE DEEP.

HERR NEPTUNE—DER COMMANDANT WOULD BE HONORED IF YOU WOULD ACCOMPANY HIM WHEN HE GOES ASHORE.

THE MOTORS ARE STOPPIN' SO AM MAH HEART.

CERTAINLY.

YASSUH.

PROCEED TO SECRET BASE EAST TO RE-FUEL IMMEDIATELY.

YAH—HERR COMMANDANT.

DELIGHTED.
ME TOO.

SOME JOIN THIS GAS AN' OIL AN' SUPPLIES ALL CAMOUFLAGED SO Y'CAN'T SEE THEM.

AH WISH! AH HAD NEVER SEEN IT.

WE'LL HAFTA FIND SOME WAY TO GET OFF THIS ISLAND AN' TIP OFF OUR SIRE ABOUT THIS DUMP—THEN THEY KIN COME OUT HERE AN' POLISH IT OFF.

YASSUH—BUT HOW WE AM JES' AS GOOD AS MAROONED.
LAK ROBINSON CRUSADE AN FRIDAY WIF DEM SAVAGES.

THAR JES' AIN'T NO WAY WE KIN GIT OFF 'N DIS ISLAND.

MEBBSE—NOT—BUT IF WE KIN FIND WHERE THE RADIO ROOM IS WEE KIN SEND A MESSAGE TO THE NEAREST SHIP.

NO SUI—WHEN THEY BLOWS UP DIS ISLAND—BLOW 'EM INTO LIL BITS TOO—AH IS MO' USEFUL TO MEHSELF ALIVE DEN DEAD.

BUT—WE KIN LEAVE ON THE SUBMARINE BEFORE THEY START 'T'BOMB.
OKEE DOKEE
DIS LOOKS LAK
DE RADIO
ROOM

Yeah, an' there's
nobody in there-
go in an' send
this message

SOS
SOS

VOT ISS
DIS

SCUSE ME SIR-
Ah wuz jes' tryin'
t't send a lettu'n
t'mah gal frien'

SO DIS ISS
IT - TRAITOR
TWO-TIMERS

VOT KIND UFF
GIRL DO YOU GET
VOT VANTS A
S.O.S.

OH SUH
PAT MEAN
SEND M Y
SOCKS

OUT OB MAH
HAY - AH INTENDS
T'DO SOME
RUNNIN'

NEPTUNE - BAH! STOP
DEM SABOTAGERS
HALT

STOP OR
WE SHOOT

AH GIVES UP-
MAH FEET AM JES'
'BOUT WORN OUT

WE'LL GO
PEACEFULLY

NOW WE AM
FINISHED - AH KIN'
HEAR DE HARP
PLAYIN' AWREDDY

IF I HAD
THE WINGS
OF AN
ANGEL?

MEBRE YO' WII
PUTTY SOON - IT
WOHN'T BE LONG
TILL PEZ START
BOMBIN'

WERE NOT
DEAD YET
Stuck in a jailhouse
where no friends on
the outside—oh me!

We don't need any
friends outside—
just got an idea!

Yo has whut
is it quick—
an is gittin'
restless for a
long walk?

We'll just
use the old
initiation
trick we
used to pull
back home.

Okay—get ready
here comes the
guard with
our supper.

No, no—stop it
you iss killing
me.

Kitchy kitchy.

Mind holdin'
this fr a
minute sir?

Yah.

Okay Fuzzy—let's
go—I've got the
keys.

He'll rouse
the whole island—
we'll have him up.

You are our
servant—you
will do as you are
told.

Aright I'll
give him the
works.

Yess sir.

No—I've got a
better idea—well
hypnotize him an'
take him with us.

Come on Jerry—
we're on our
way out.

Yas-sua!
**Young's Whittle Craft**

This

Whittled duck can be used as a bath-tub toy or as an ornament. It will make a good hunting decoy if it is made twice as large.

**Lay Out**

On a heavy card, draw half inch squares. Next draw the side view of the duck, using your squares for guides. Cut out this drawing and place it on a piece of wood 2 1/2" thick. Saw out the rough model which will look like the picture at the left.

**Page 2**

1. Draw a line all around the duck at the centre as shown here.

2. Mark 1/4" on each side of the centre line as shown. Cut off the dark parts.

3. Draw in lines on the body to guide in sawing off the shaded area as shown in this panel.

4. Is your knife sharp?

Your model will now look like this.

Follow your drawings closely. It will make your work easier. This is not a tough job. Be patient.

Now to round off the duck.

Take small cuts only—don't cut too deep.

Round off the shaded parts as shown in this side view.
**DIRECTIONS**
- Carefully remove staple pin from cover. Smooth out cover. Color mask with paints or crayons. Cut out mask on dotted lines. Also cut out eyes and around nose where indicated by dotted lines. Fold back ear tabs on solid lines and punch holes thru double thickness. Fasten string or elastic to ear tabs.

**The Bill**
Will be found a little harder to do than the rest of the bird. As before, follow the pictures and work from them.

1. The Bill
2. Whittle out the dark parts shown in 2 & 3
3. Front view

**Finishing**
Sandpaper the duck till it is smooth. Do not leave any marks as they will spoil the finish when you have painted your work.

**Painting**
Use ordinary house paint. The colouring is shown in the drawing below. The eyes are yellow with black dots.

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