

No.17

MAY-JUNE



Wonder Woman

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TEN
CENTS



Wonder
Woman
AND THE
WINDS
OF
TIME!

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Boys and Girls

Your RED CROSS must carry on!



They lie in hospitals, thousands of our finest--sick, cruelly maimed. Who is to write their letters, hear their troubles, answer when they call for "Mom"? Mom can't be there. But your Red Cross can, and must be there. Many thousands more Americans, still overseas, must count on the Red Cross for comfort and cheer. So won't you give to the Red Cross? This is your chance to say, "Thanks, Soldier, for all you've done!"

WAR IS
NEVER OVER
FOR THE
RED CROSS!

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Wonder Woman

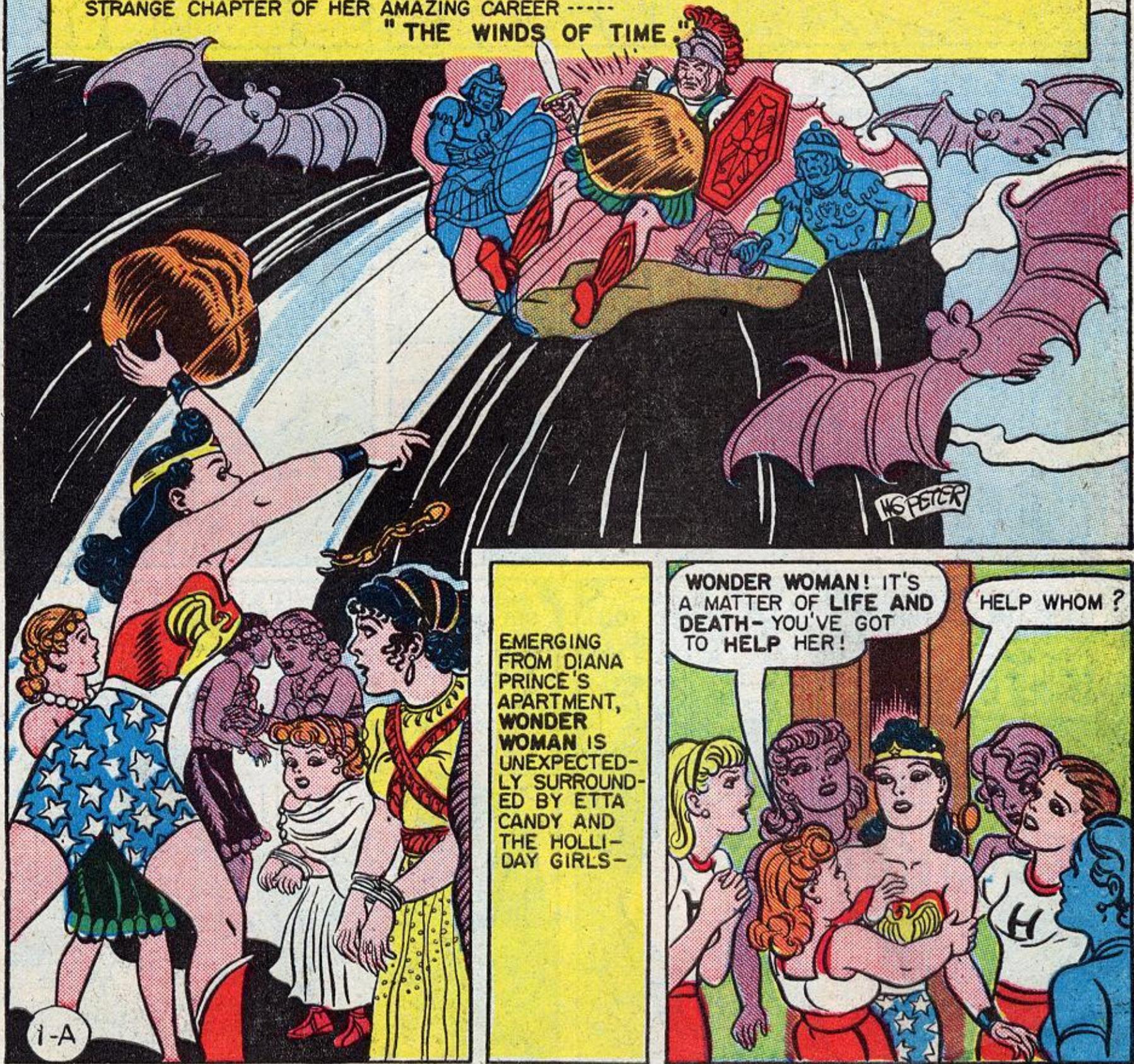
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By CHARLES MOULTON

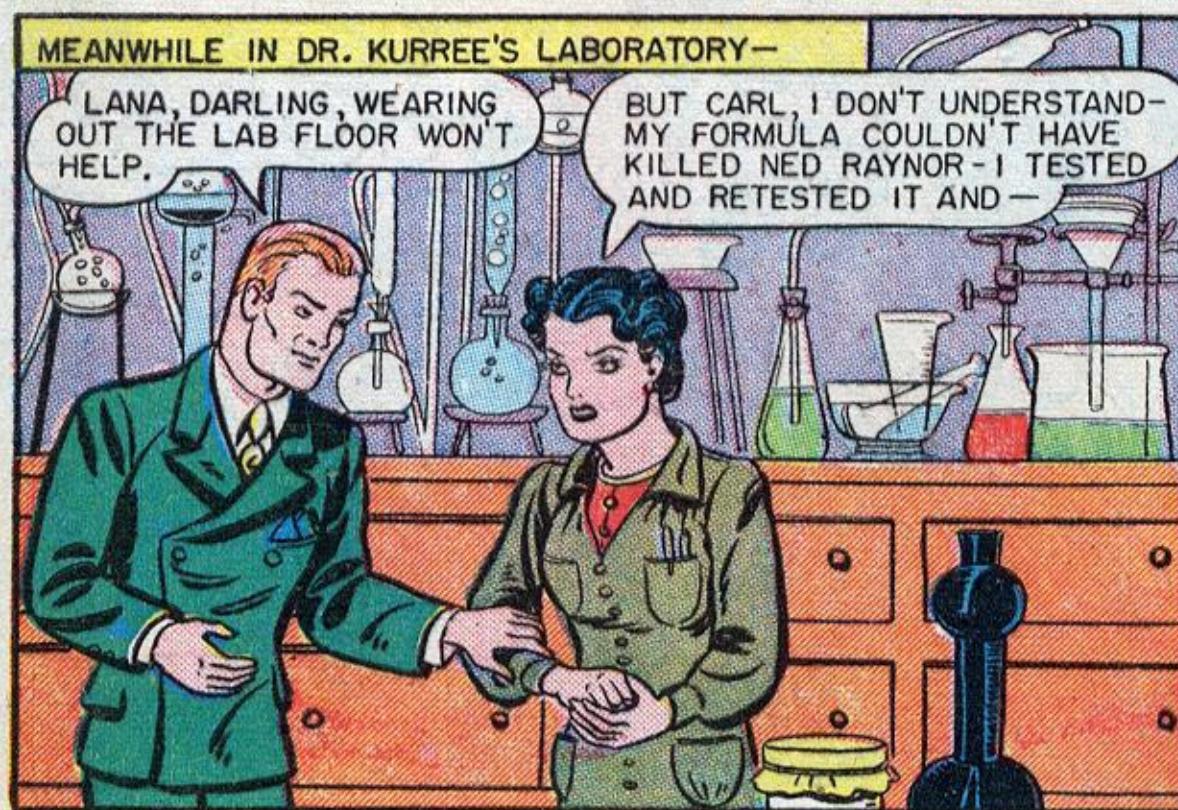
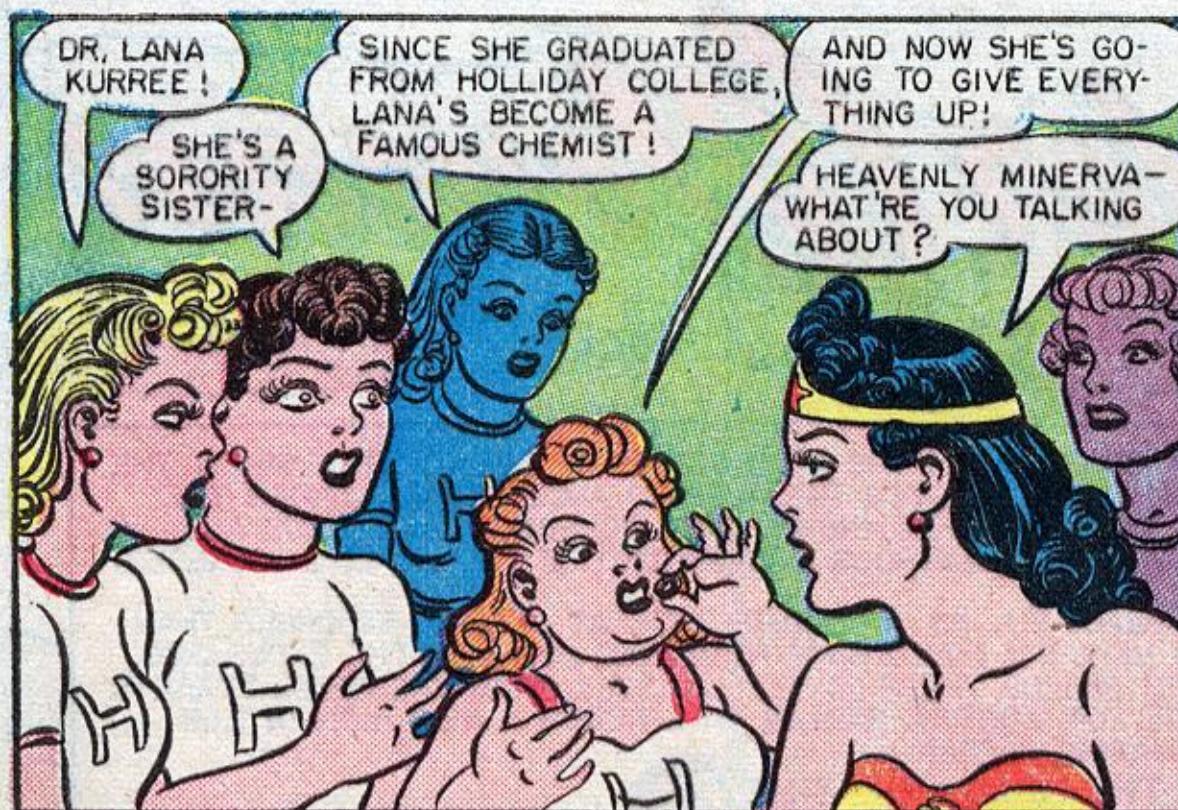
NOT EVEN WONDER WOMAN COULD AVERT THE WILD SERIES OF EVENTS THAT SWEEPED THE AMAZON MAID AND HER FRIENDS BACK THROUGH THE AGES TO ANCIENT ROME, UNDER THE IRON HEEL OF THE BLOODIEST DICTATOR EVER KNOWN! THEN FOLLOWED DANGEROUS AND THRILLING ADVENTURES AGAINST THE GLAMOROUS BACKGROUND OF THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST CAPITAL!

WHO BUT WONDER WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL AS APHRODITE, WISE AS ATHENA, STRONGER THAN HERCULES, AND SWIFTER THAN MERCURY, COULD HAVE FOUND THE COURAGE, THE ENDURANCE, AND THE RESOURCEFULNESS TO RESCUE THESE LOVELY DAMSELS FROM THE CRUEL TYRANT'S TERRIBLE DECREE? YOUR LOVE FOR WONDER WOMAN WILL REACH A NEW HIGH IN THIS STRANGE CHAPTER OF HER AMAZING CAREER -----

"THE WINDS OF TIME"



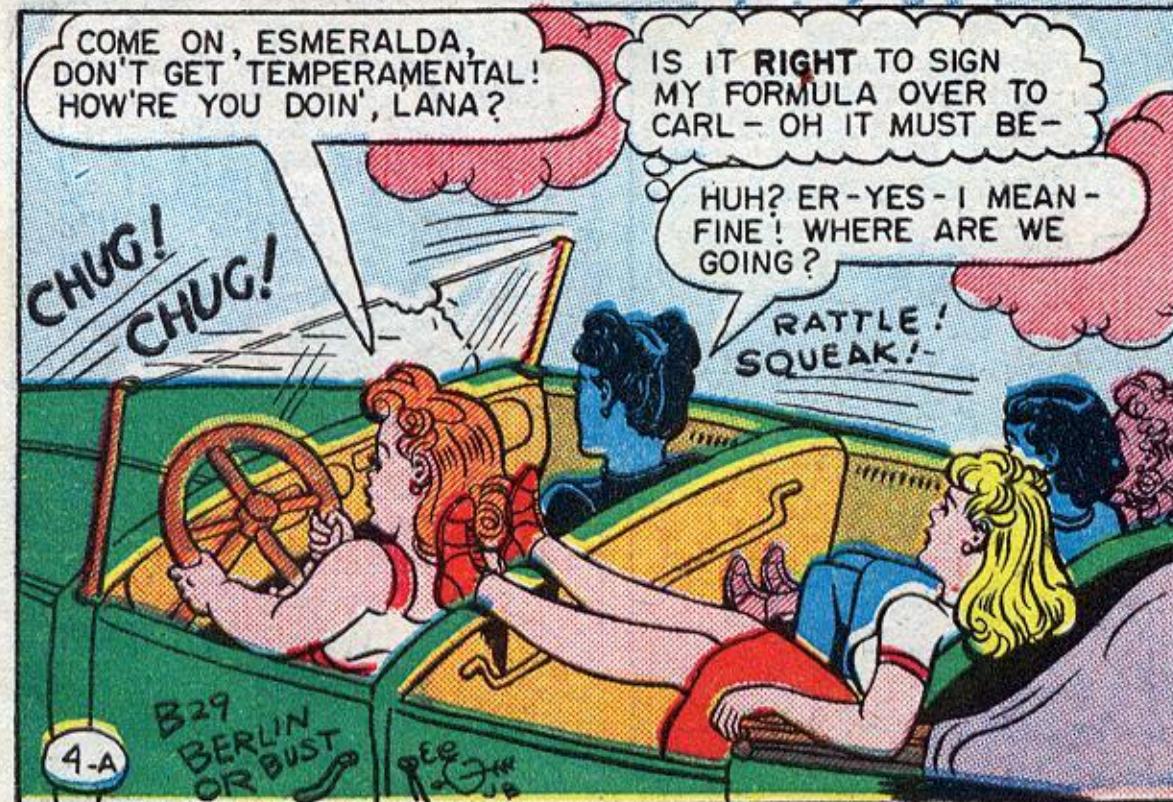
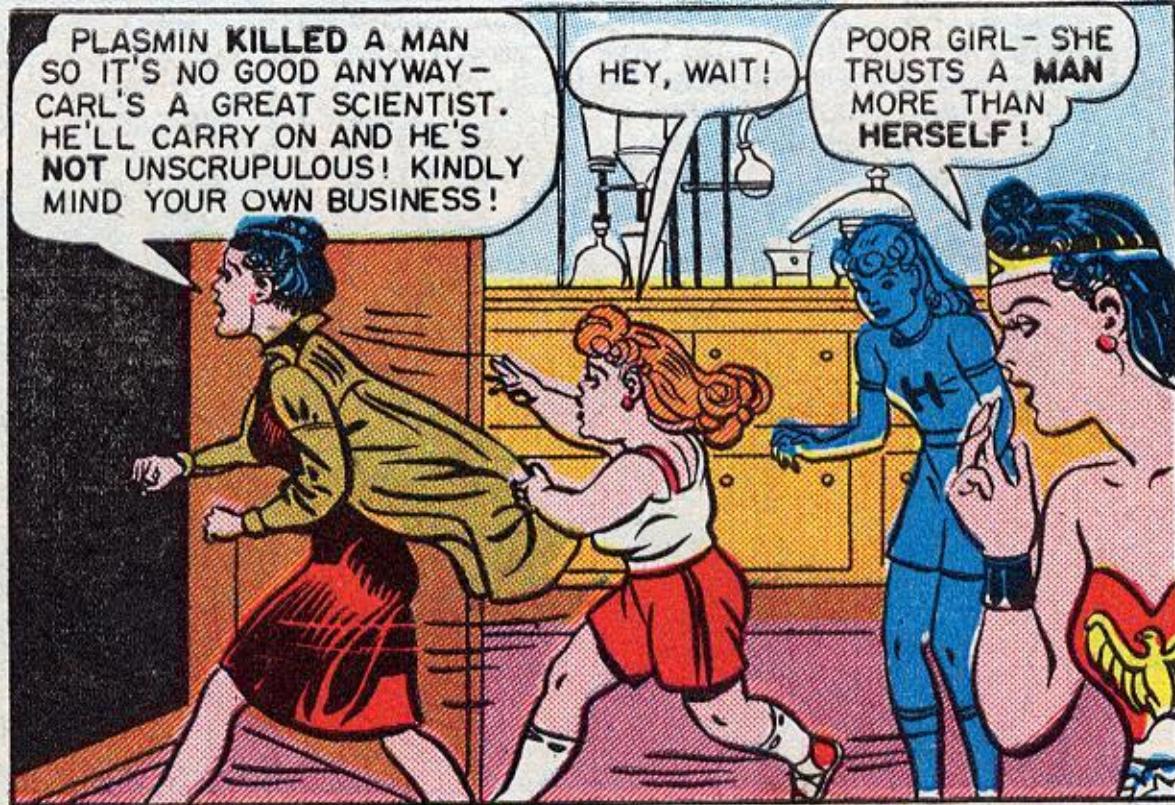
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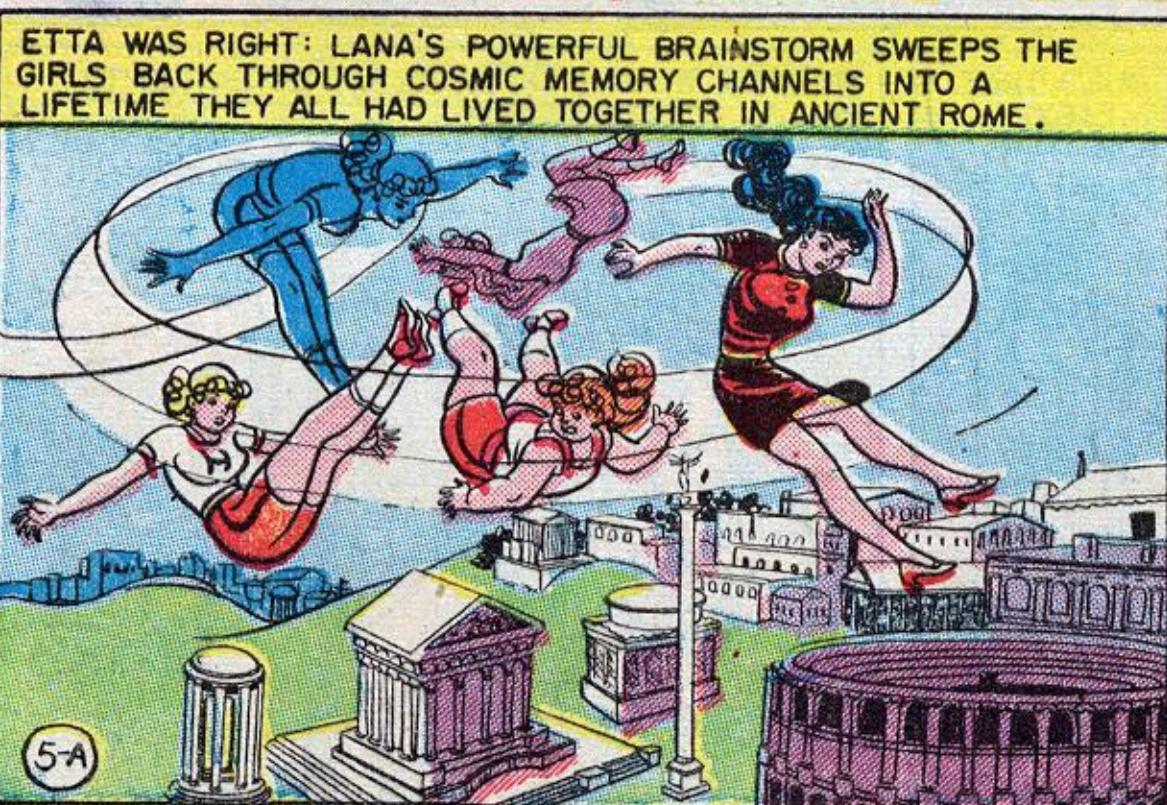
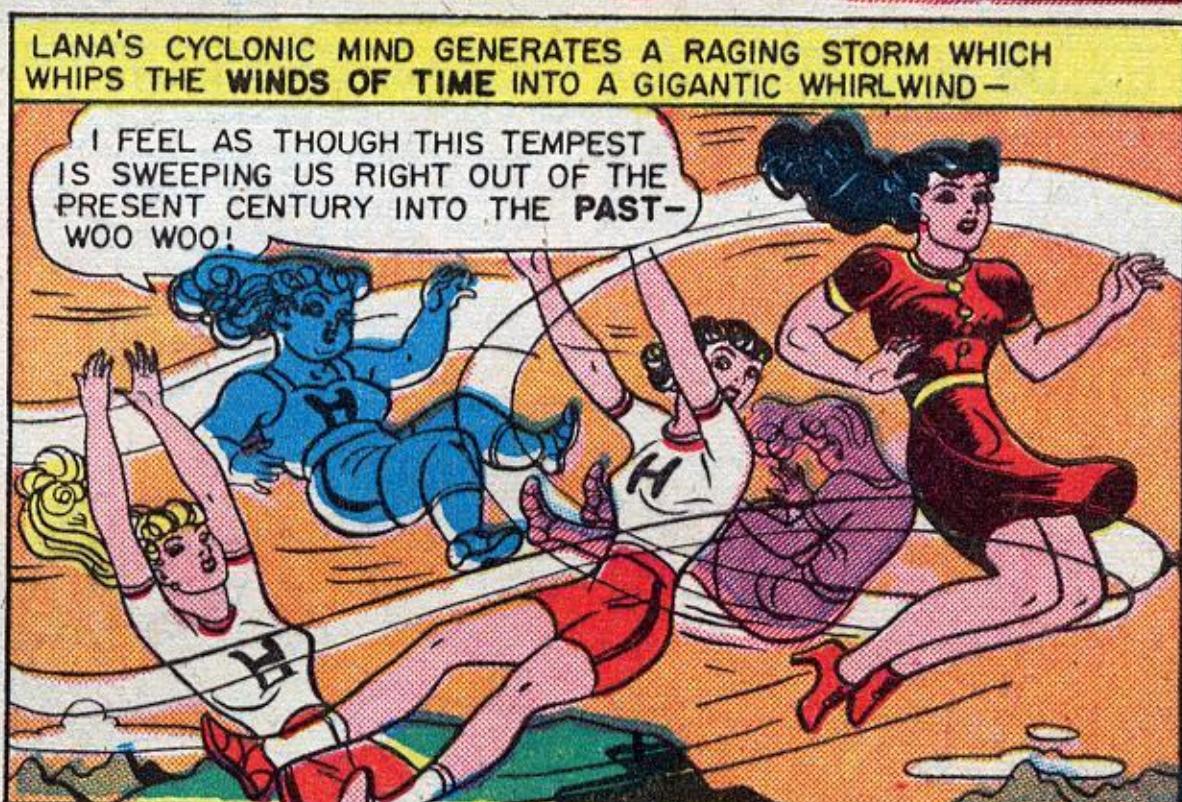
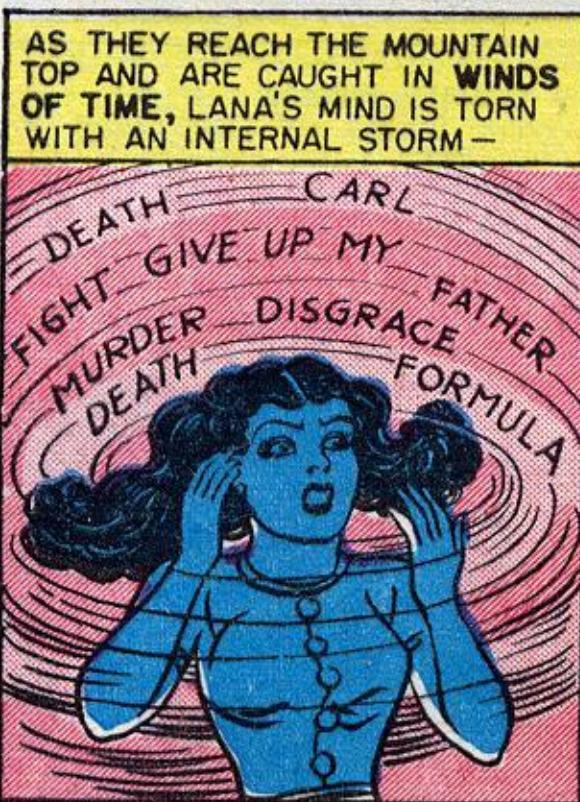
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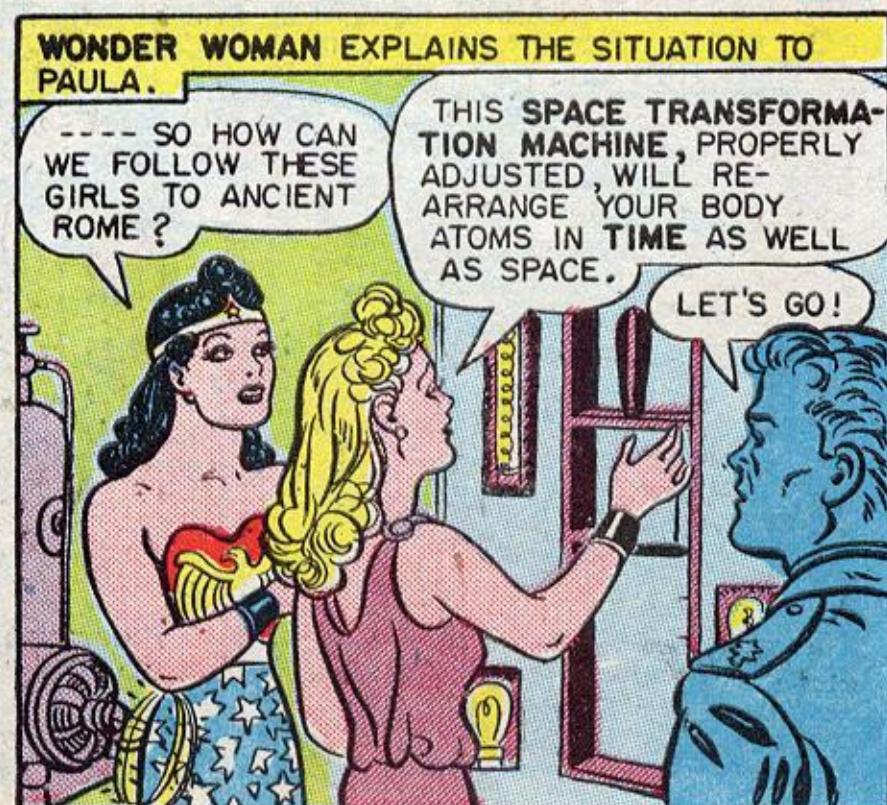


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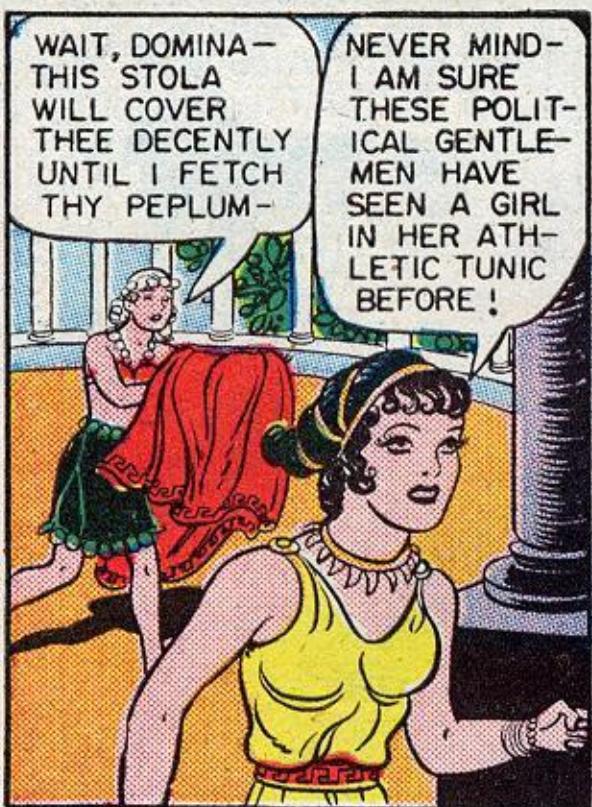
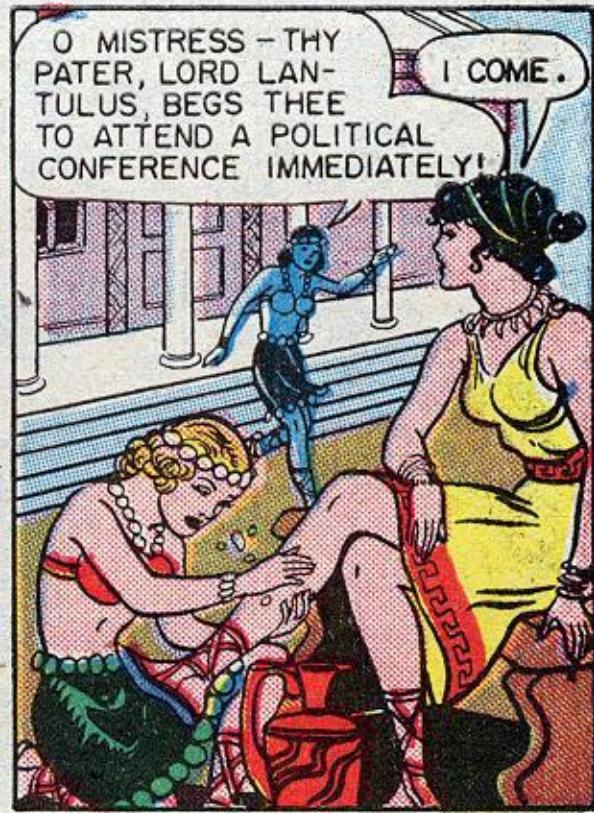
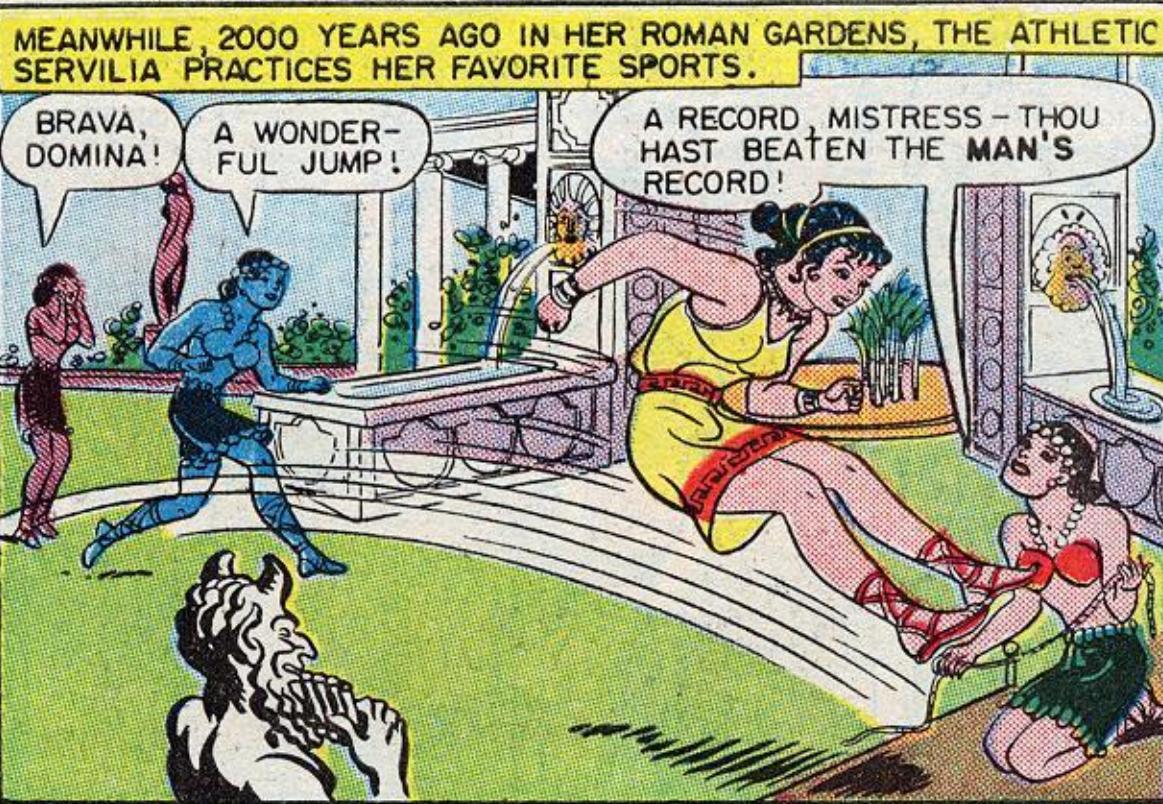




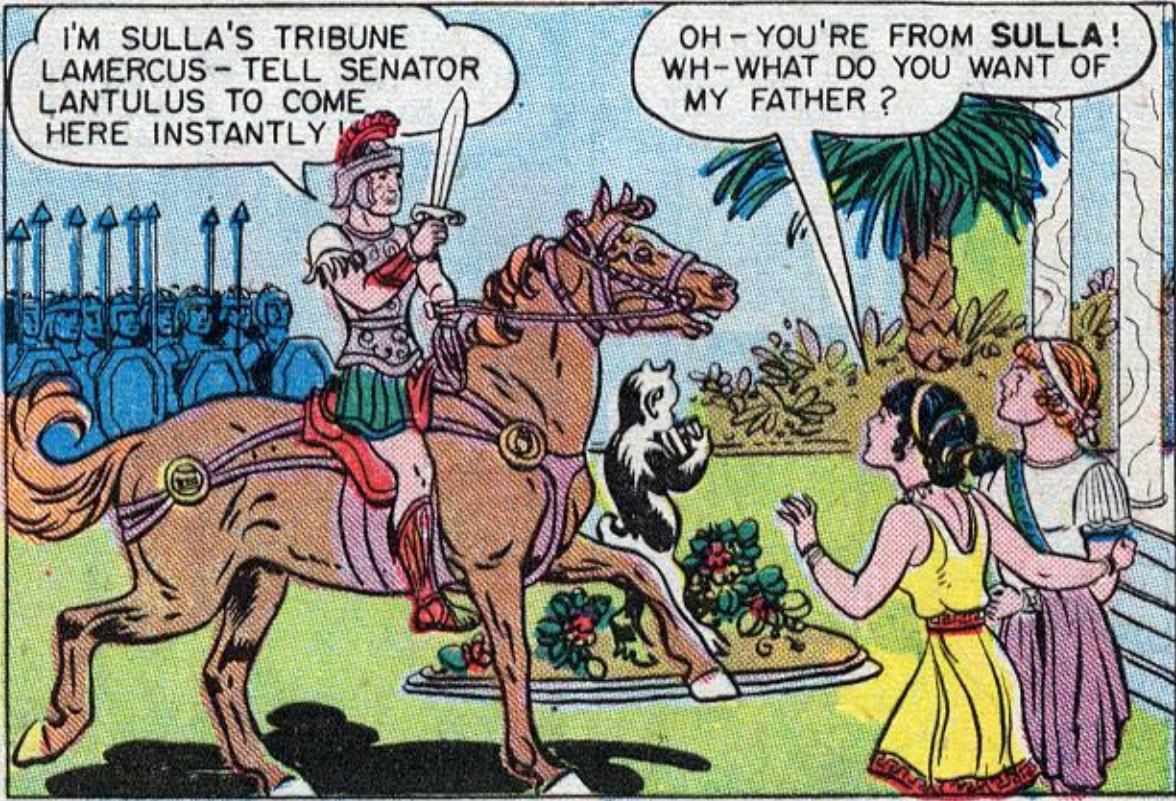
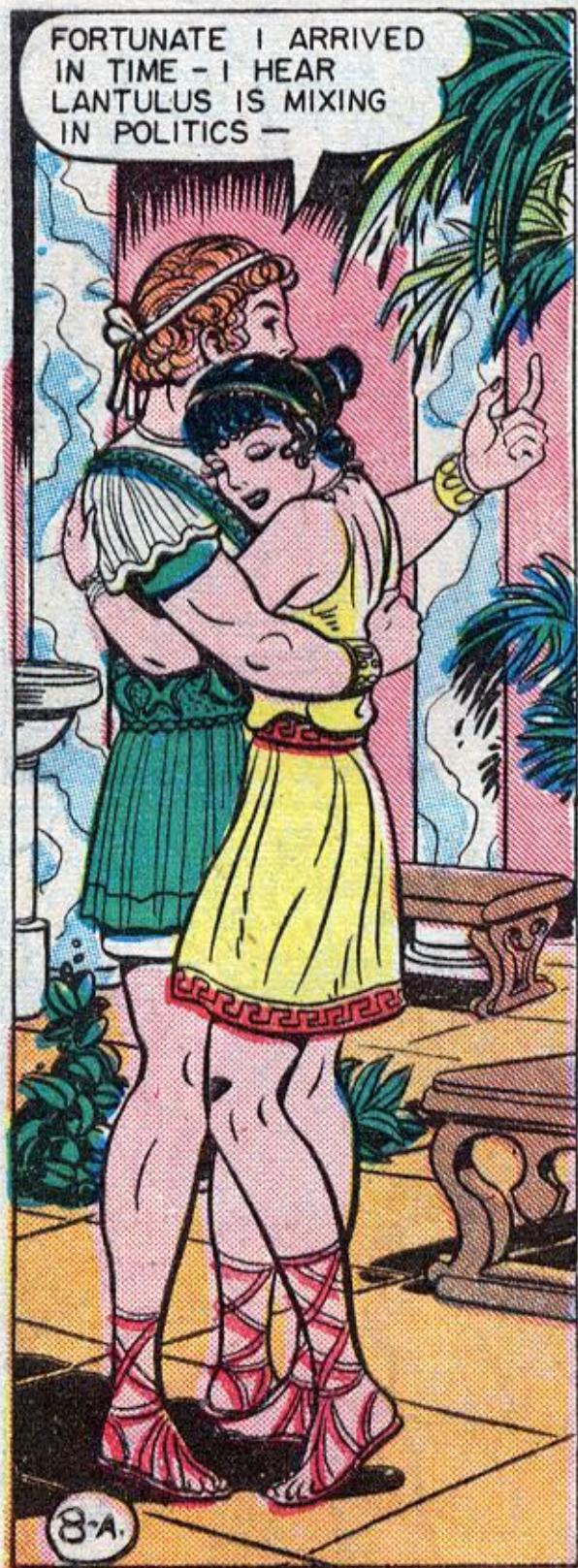
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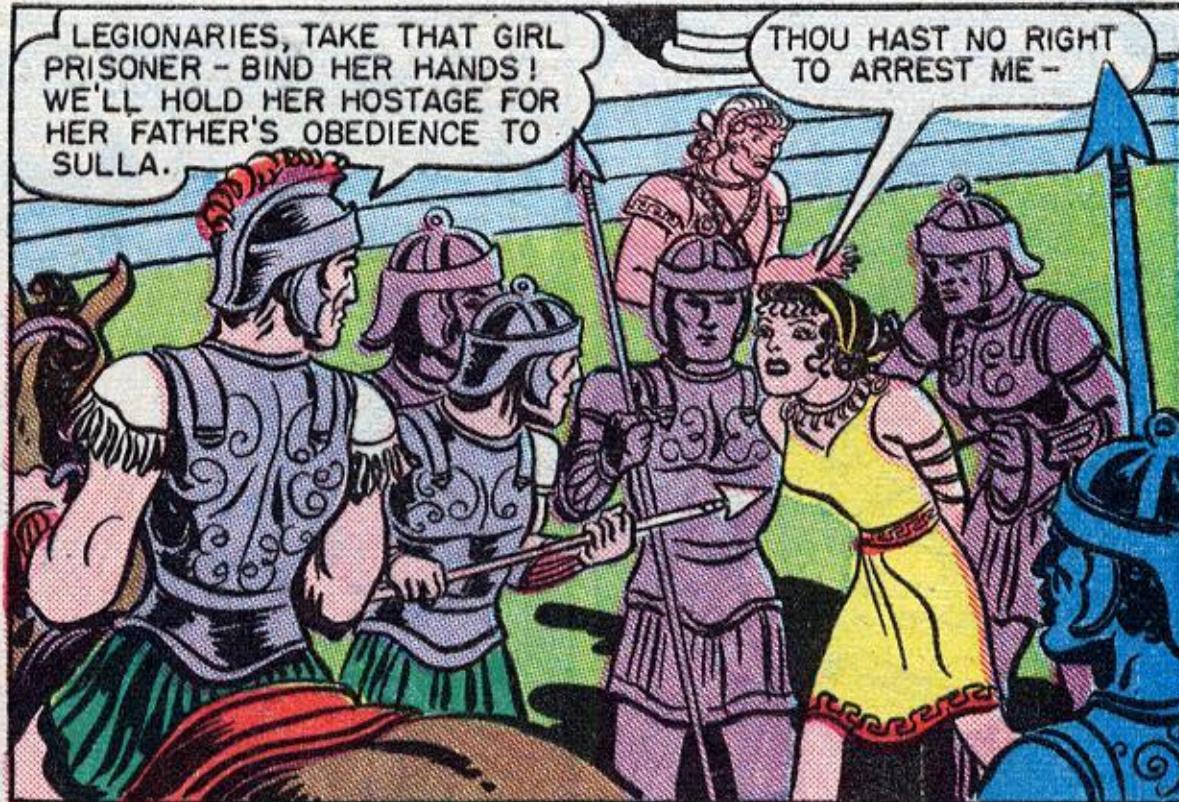
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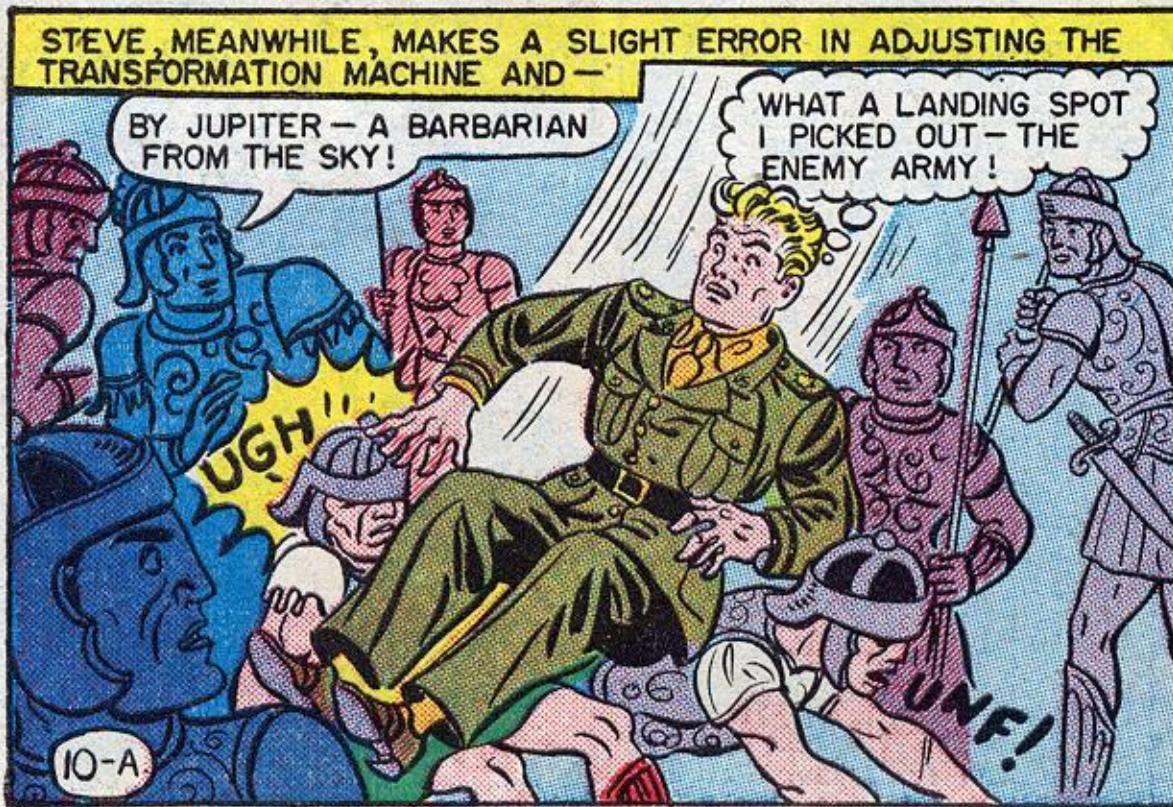
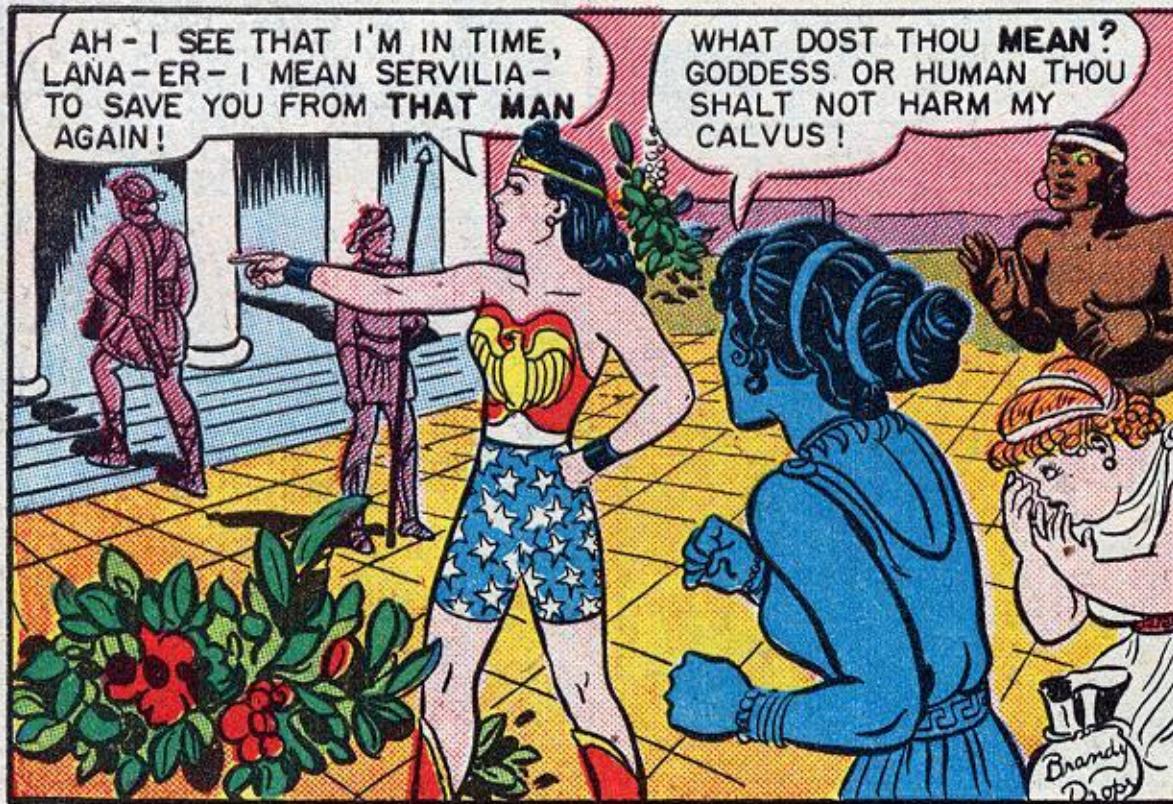
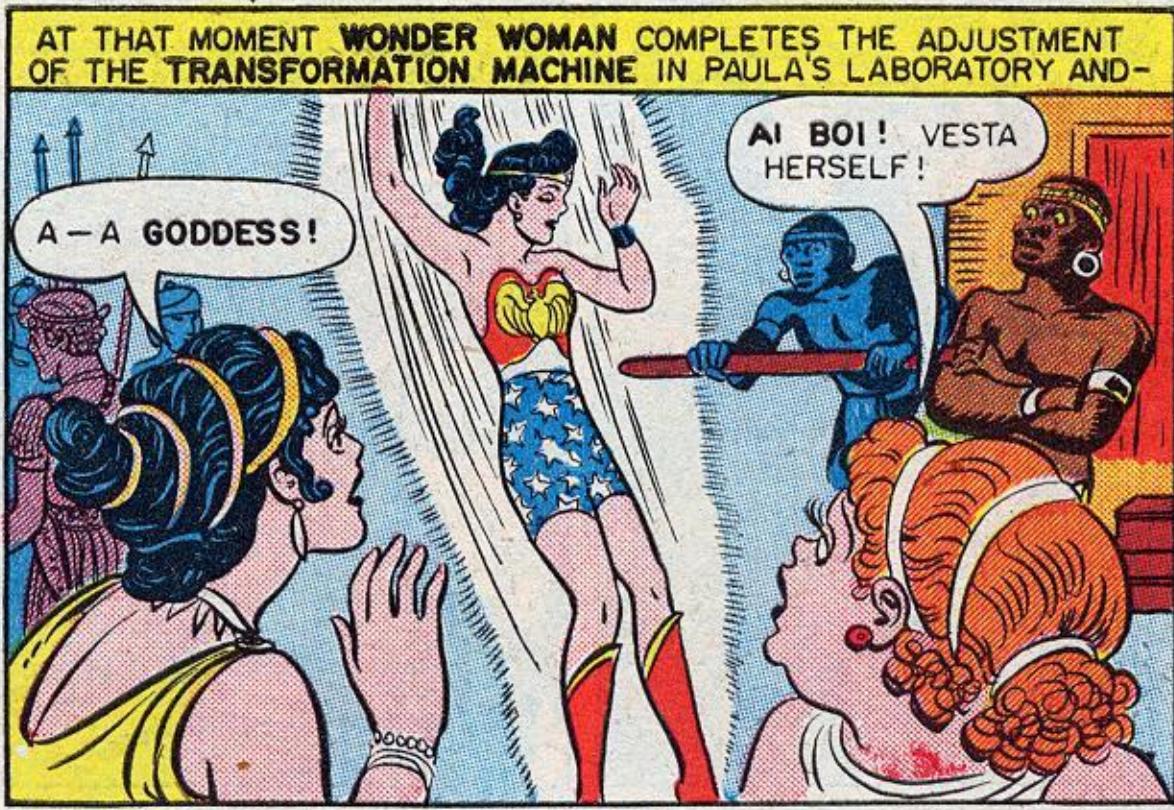
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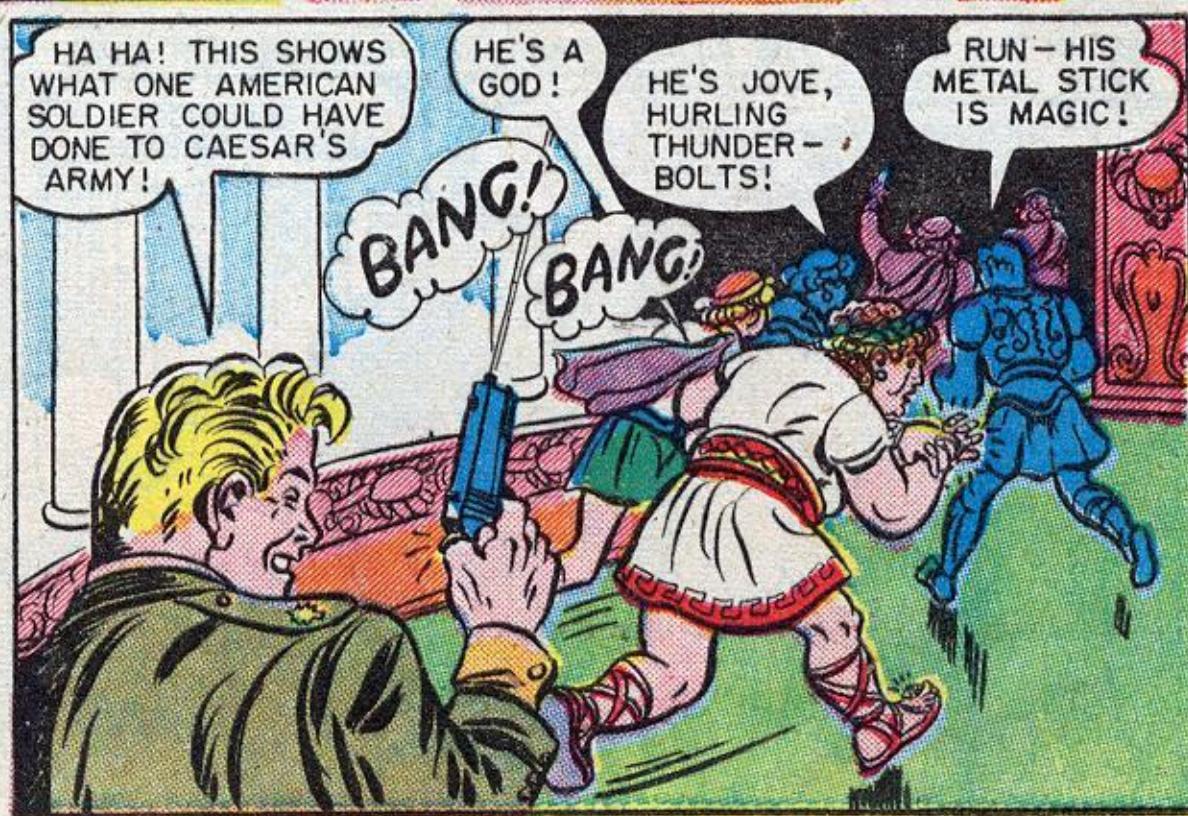
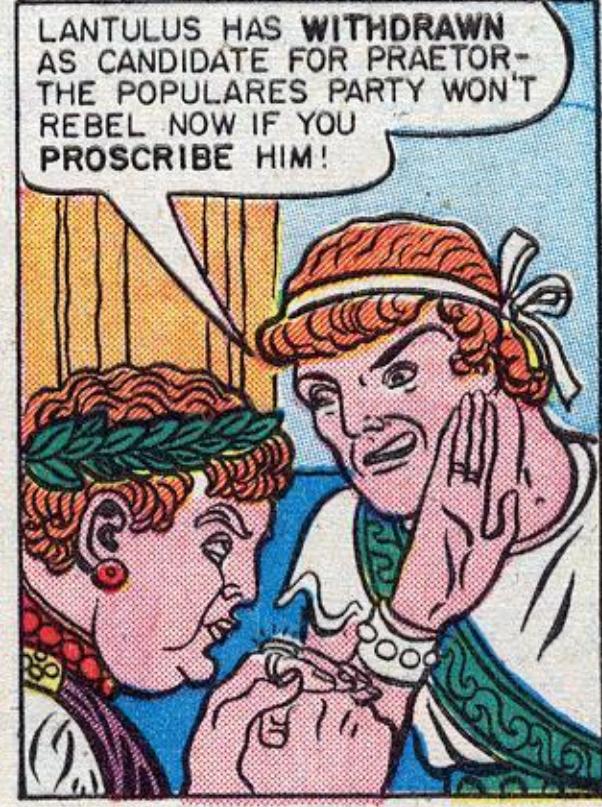
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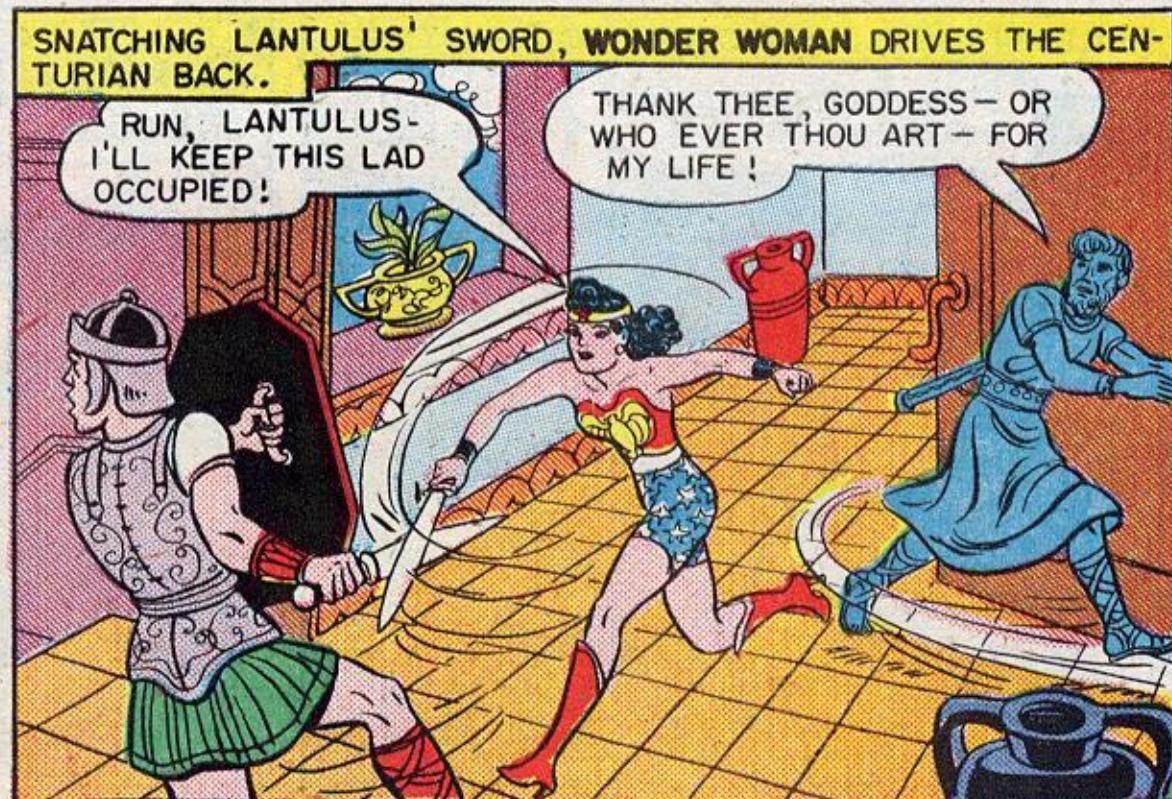
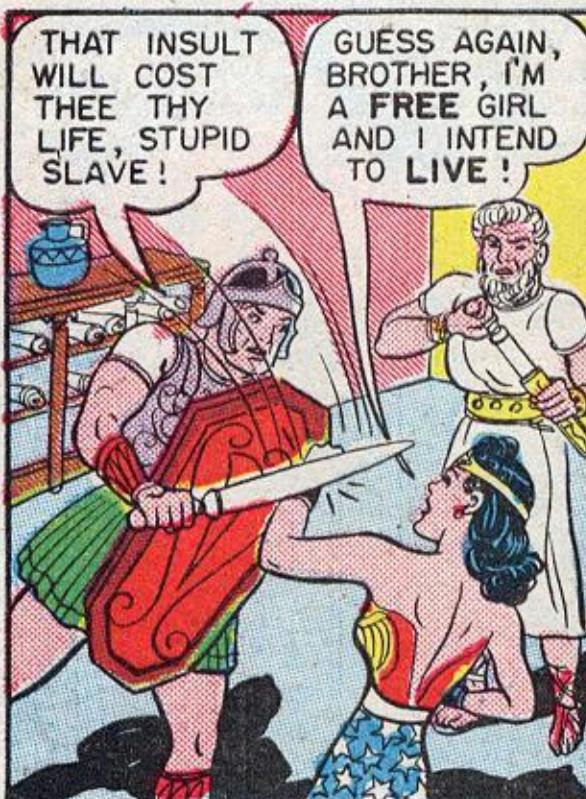
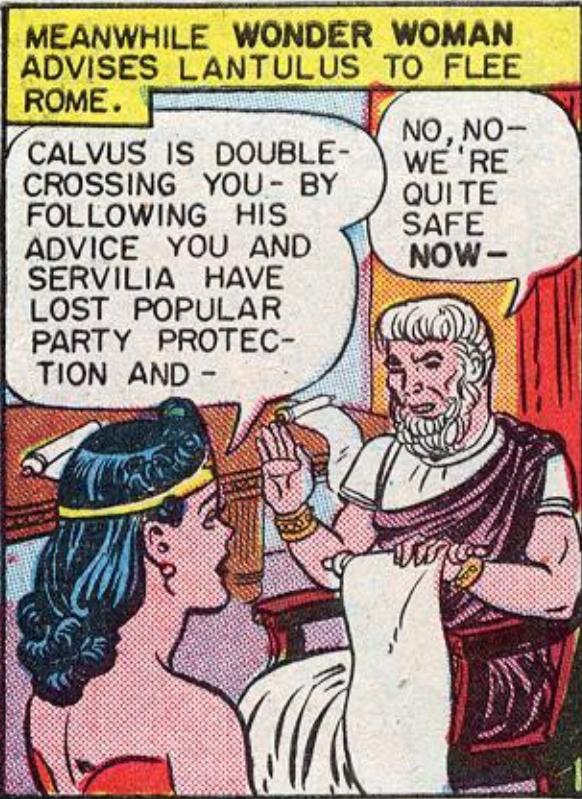


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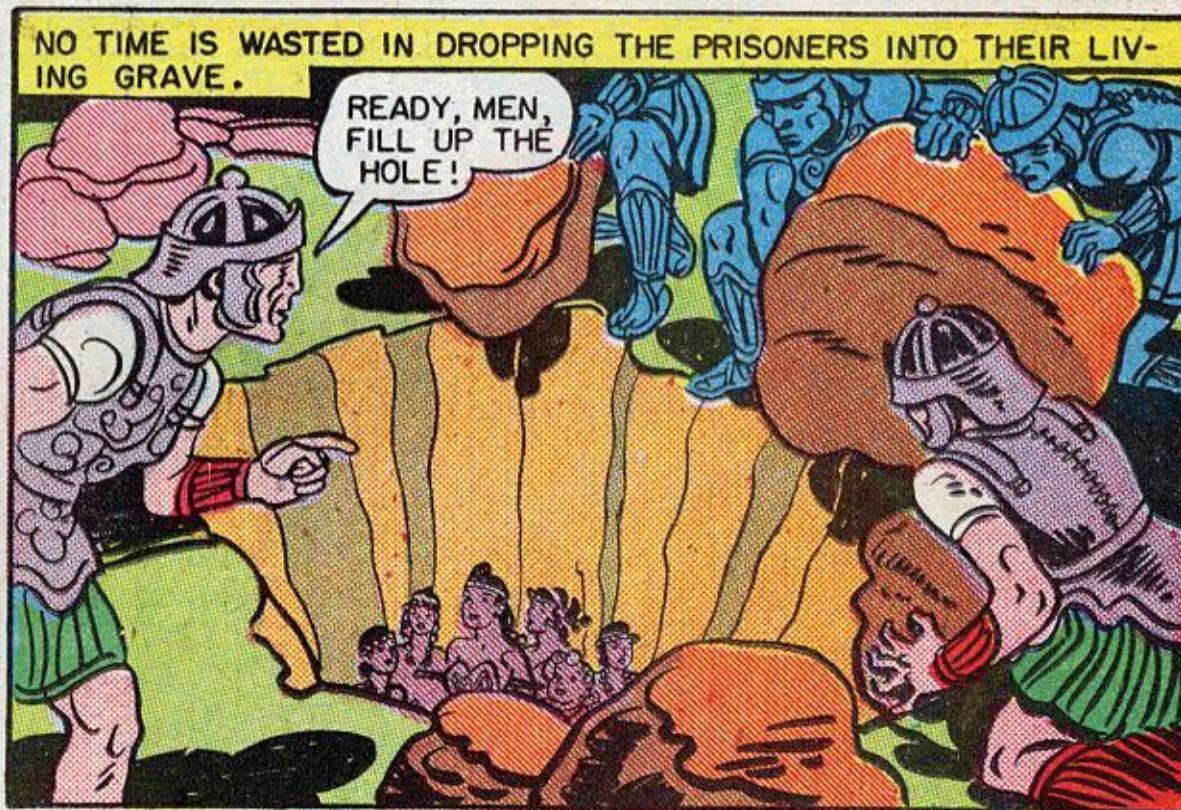
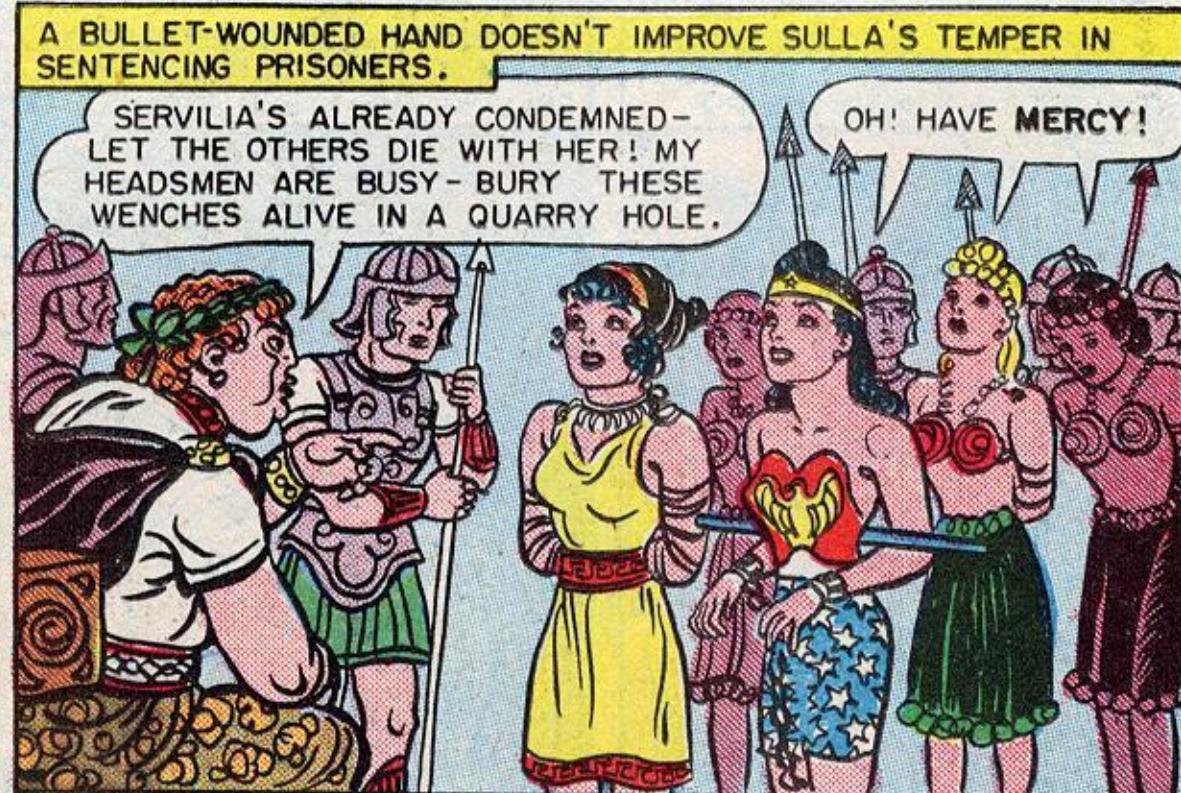
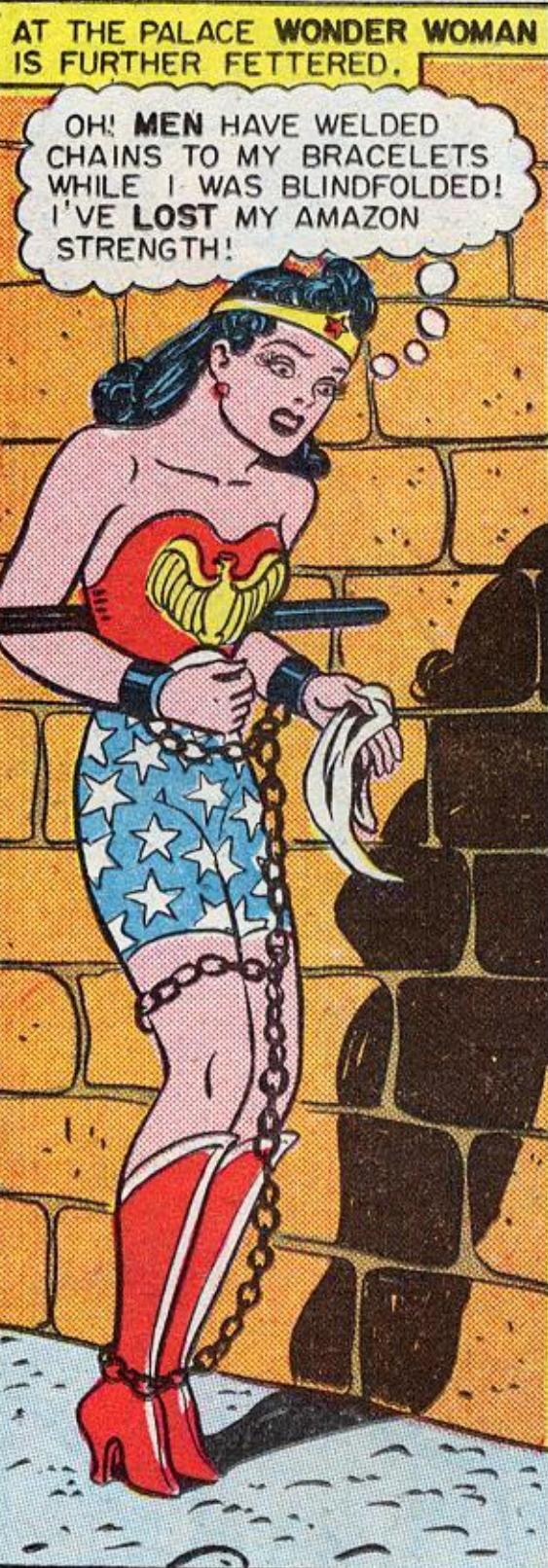




Wonder Woman



Wonder Woman



Wonder Woman

AS THE MIGHTY MAID BREAKS HER BONDS, THE CENTURIAN PUSHES A BOULDER INTO THE PIT OF DEATH.



WARNED BY HER WELL-TRAINED EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTIONS, WONDER WOMAN CATCHES THE HUGE ROCK AND HURLS IT BACK, FELLING THE EXECUTIONERS.



SCRAMBLING OUT OF THE QUARRY THE FREED PRISONERS FIND HORSES PROVIDED BY STEVE.



LATER IN ROME ---



ON LANTULUS' GALLEY—



WELL, THE SHIP'S SAILED. I'VE FOUND A CUTE LITTLE VILLA FOR US—



COLIN
ALLEN

HE INTENDED THAT
FOR A BUNT -- BUT YOU
KNOW WHEATIES !

LEFT FIELD
BLEACHED
AISLE Z



IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHEATIES -- YOU BETTER GET ACQUAINTED.

MEET UP WITH ALL THE CHAMPION NOURISHMENT THAT RATES WHEATIES A TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE WITH SO MANY FAMOUS COACHES AND ATHLETES. CATCH ON TO ALL THE MELLOW, MALT-SWEET FLAVOR THAT MAKES WHEATIES AN EVERY-MORNING FAVORITE WITH YOUR APPETITE.

HIT INTO A HARD-HITTING BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"--TOMORROW MORNING.



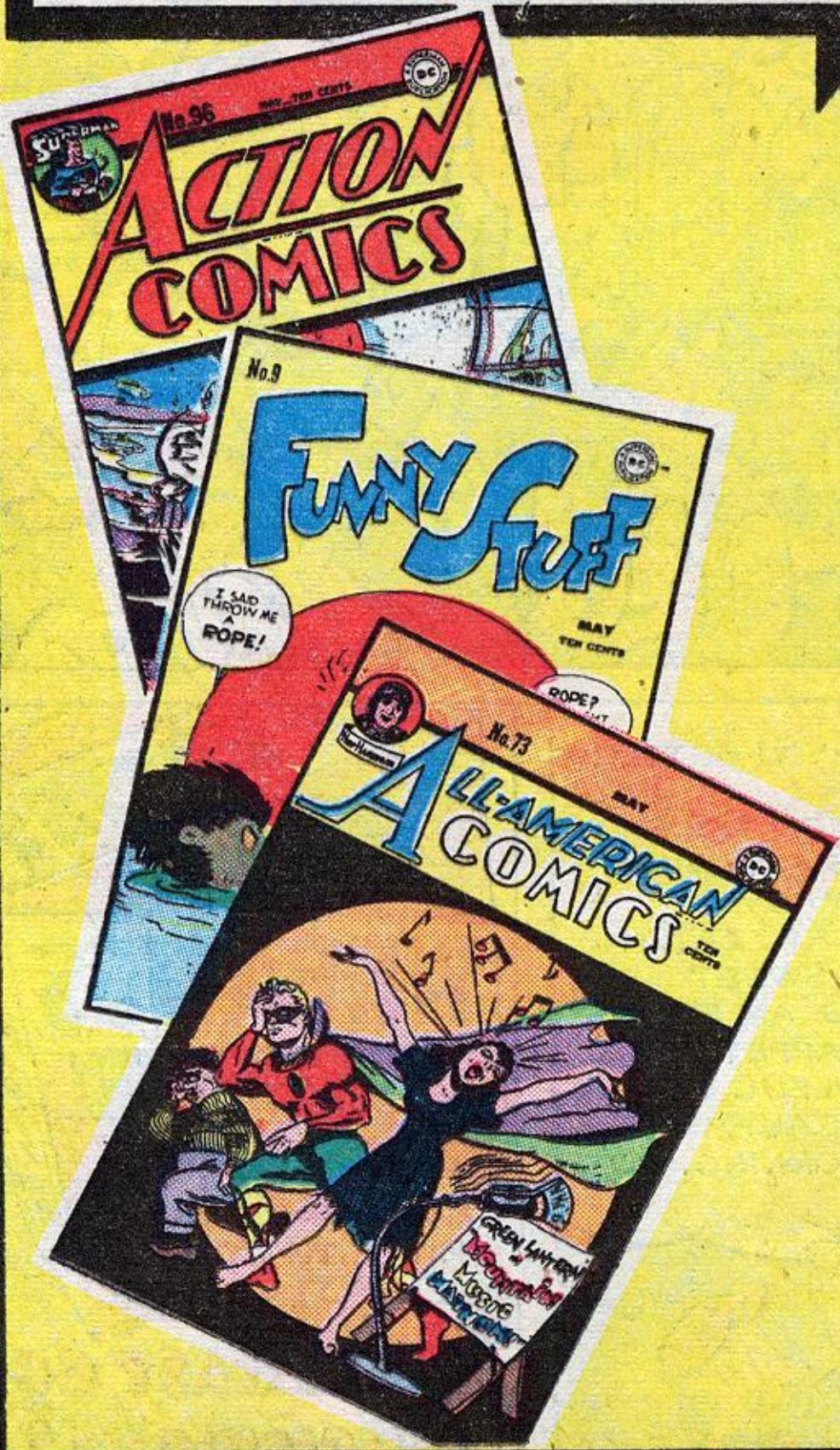
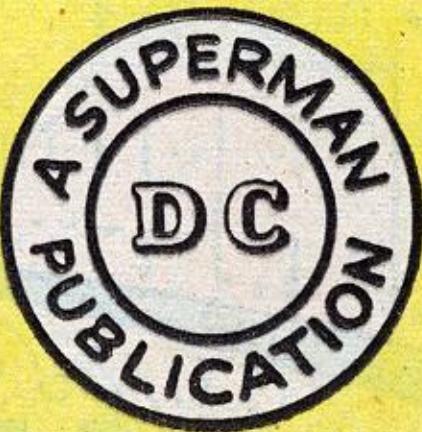
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NOW

MORE THAN EVER

—LOOK FOR THIS
FAMOUS SYMBOL!



THERE ARE MORE COMICS
ON THE STANDS THAN
EVER BEFORE—SOME
GOOD, SOME BAD, SOME
AVERAGE...

THAT'S WHY IT'S MORE
IMPORTANT THAN EVER
FOR YOU TO LOOK FOR
THE SUPERMAN — D. C.
SYMBOL IN THE UPPER
RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF
EVERY COMIC MAGAZINE
YOU BUY! IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE OF THE BEST
IN COMIC READING!

TOP VALUE IN THE TOP MAGAZINES!

*Wonder Women
of History*



BORN ON FEBRUARY 23, 1787 AT BERLIN, CONN., TO CAPTAIN SAMUEL AND LYDIA HINSDALE HART, EMMA MADE HER FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH BOOKS AT THE HART FIRESIDE....

...AND THAT'S ENOUGH READING FOR TONIGHT, CHILDREN.
OFF TO BED NOW!

EMMA WILLARD TEACHER (1787-1876)

EMMA WILLARD WAS THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR OF THE MINDS OF WOMEN!

AT A TIME WHEN THE ONLY EDUCATION DEEMED NECESSARY FOR GIRLS WAS "READING, WRITING AND ARITHMETIC".... THIS DARING YOUNG SCHOOLMISTRESS TOOK UP HER FIGHT FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF HER SEX.

SINGLE-HANDED, EMMA WILLARD BLASTED THE NINETEENTH CENTURY MYTH THAT WOMEN'S MINDS ARE "INFERIOR".... AND DEMONSTRATED THAT WOMEN'S MINDS ARE THE EQUAL OF MEN'S!

HER VALIANT EFFORTS PAVED THE WAY FOR WOMEN'S HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.... RAISING WOMEN TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE BESIDE MEN AS DOCTORS, LAWYERS, TEACHERS, SCIENTISTS.... AND INTELLIGENT WIVES AND MOTHERS!

PSSST... SAMUEL... LOOK AT EMMA! SHE'S MORE INTERESTED THAN ANY OF THE OTHERS... EVEN THE BOYS!

HOWEVER, WHEN POOR LITTLE BOOK-HUNGRY EMMA GREW OLD ENOUGH FOR SCHOOL....

...AND THE GIRLS WILL LEARN ALL THAT ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADIES SHOULD KNOW... SEWING, PAINTING, READING AND WRITING! NATURALLY, NO DIFFICULT SUBJECTS...

BUT AT TWELVE, EMMA TAUGHT HERSELF THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL "BOYS' SUBJECTS".... GEOMETRY!

...AND THE ANSWER TO THAT IS $2x$, OR 36!

WHY... THAT'S PERFECTLY CORRECT, CHILD?

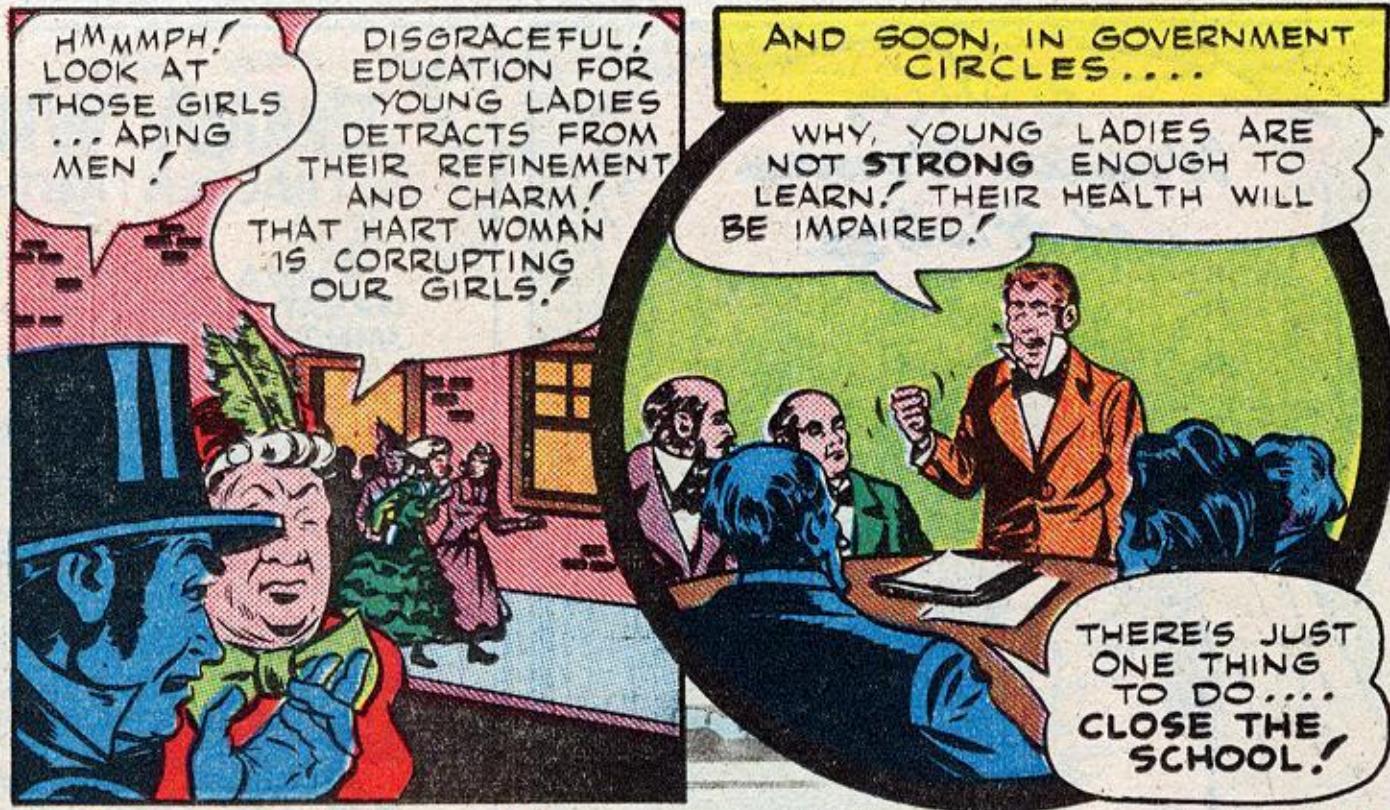




Wonder Woman



AT FIFTEEN, EMMA ATTENDED MINER'S ACADEMY. AT SEVENTEEN SHE WAS TEACHING SCHOOL! AT TWENTY, SHE WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF ONE OF THE FIRST SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS IN THE COUNTRY, IN MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT! BUT THE SCHOOL SOON ENCOUNTERED THE HOSTILE ATTITUDE OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE...



EMMA PROTESTED!

EDUCATION DOES NOT HARM THE HEALTH OF YOUNG LADIES... AND IT MAKES THEM MORE CHARMING, IF ANYTHING, BY MAKING THEM BETTER COMPANIONS FOR MEN!

ONE OF THE TOWN'S LEADING CITIZENS, JOHN WILLARD, CAME TO EMMA'S DEFENSE!

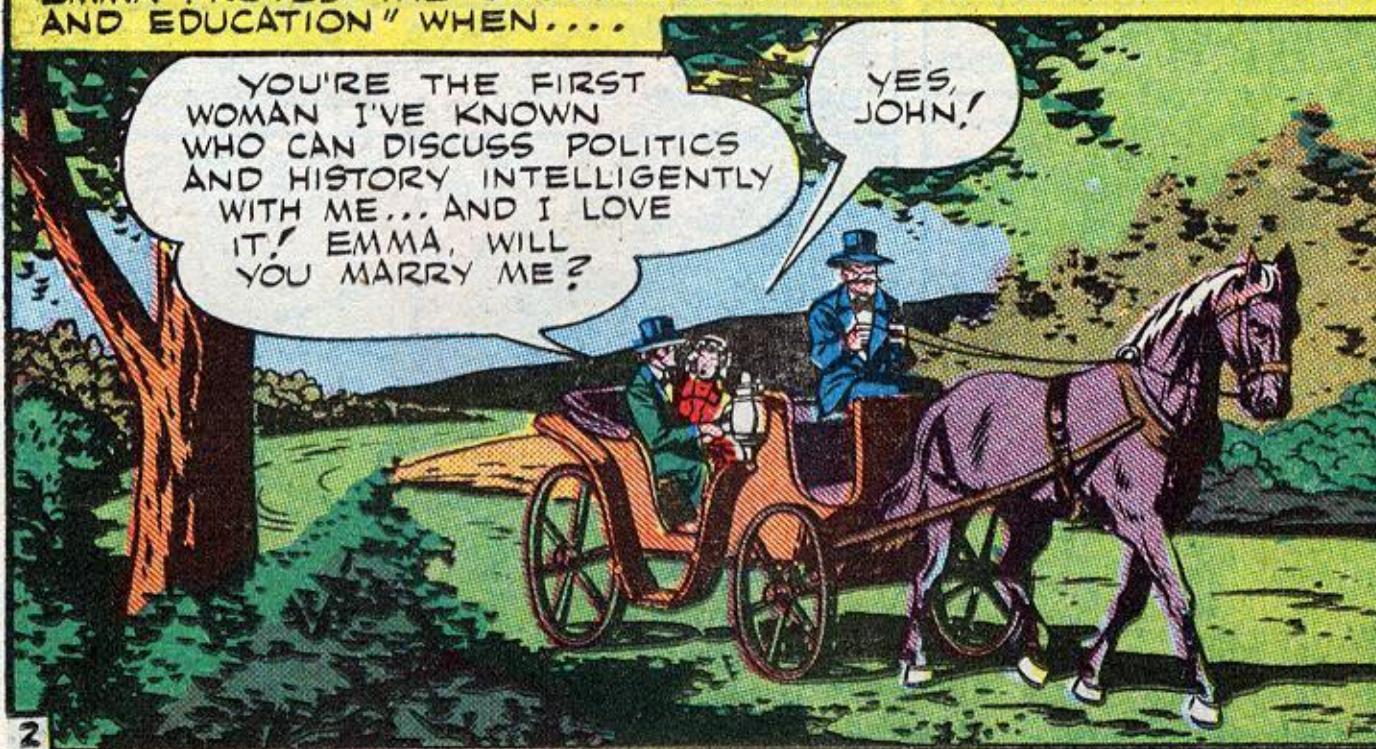
I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR WORK, MISS HART. I'LL USE MY INFLUENCE, AND I PROMISE YOU.... THE SCHOOL WILL NOT BE CLOSED!

YOU'RE SO UNDERSTANDING, MR. WILLARD. THANK YOU!

EMMA PROVED THE SOUNDNESS OF HER THEORY ON "CHARM AND EDUCATION" WHEN....

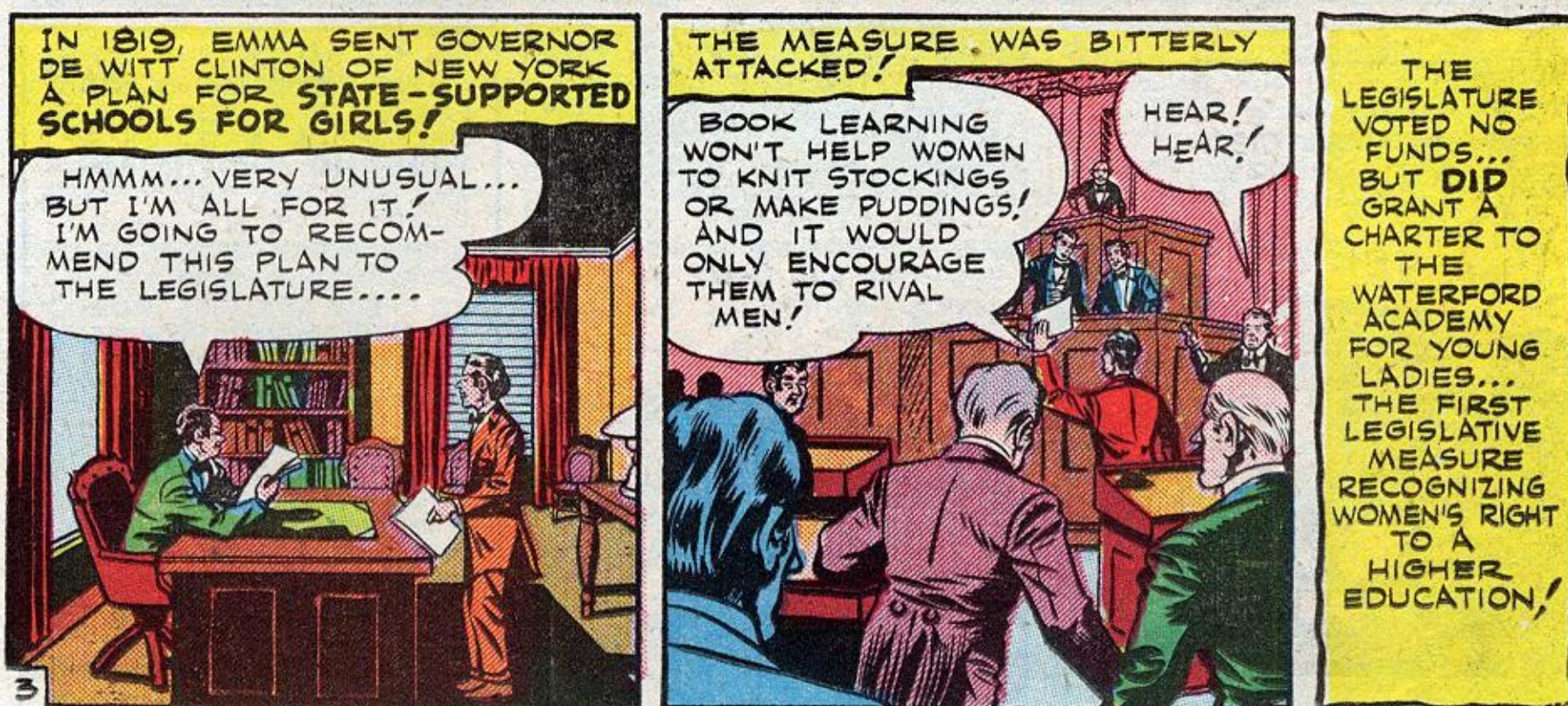
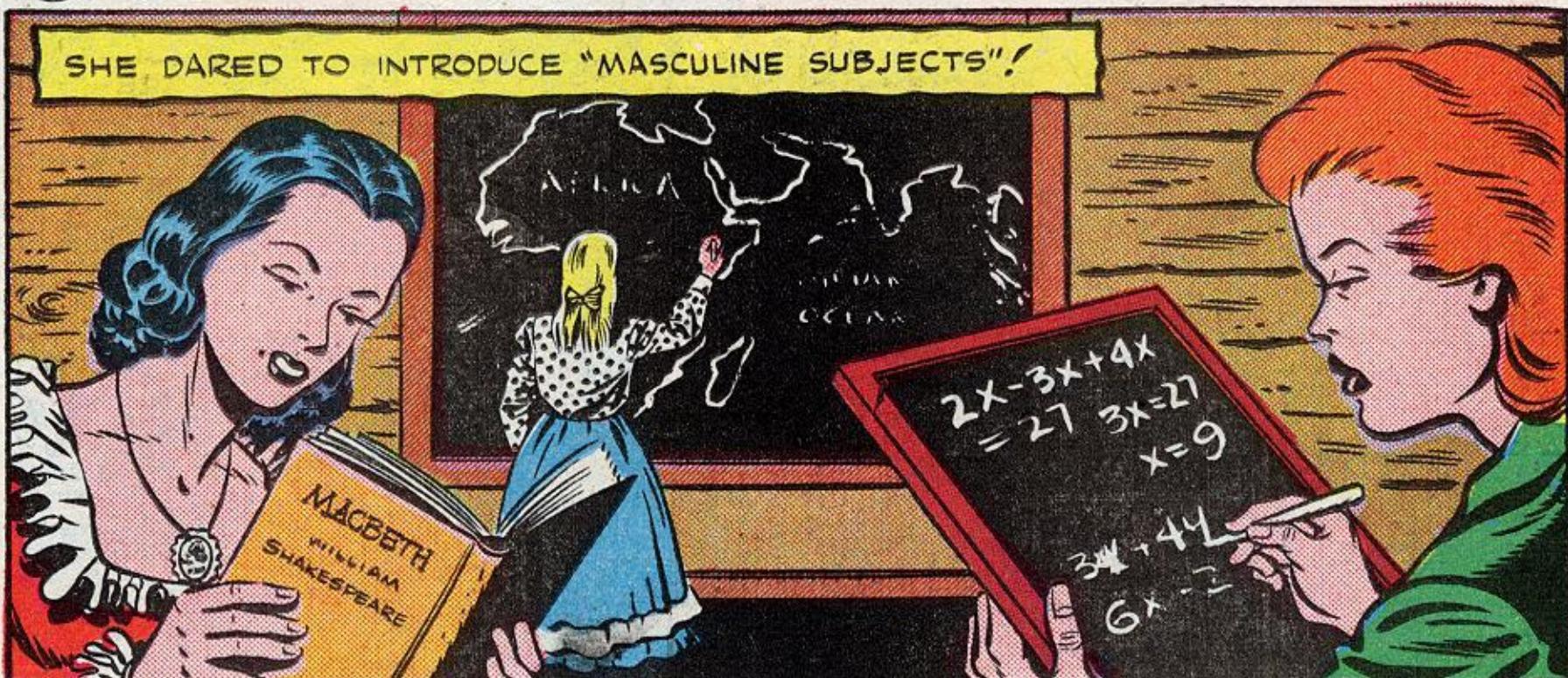
YOU'RE THE FIRST WOMAN I'VE KNOWN WHO CAN DISCUSS POLITICS AND HISTORY INTELLIGENTLY WITH ME... AND I LOVE IT! EMMA, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

YES, JOHN!



ON AUGUST 10, 1809, EMMA HART GAVE UP TEACHING TO BECOME MRS. JOHN WILLARD. NEXT YEAR A BABY, JOHN, WAS BORN TO THE COUPLE. WHEN HER HUSBAND LOST HIS MONEY SHORTLY AFTER, EMMA OPENED A BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN HER OWN HOME....

Wonder Woman



Wonder Woman

IN 1821, SHE LEFT WATERFORD TO OPEN THE TROY FEMALE SEMINARY. SLOWLY, EMMA WON OVER THE PUBLIC BY HOLDING PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS OF HER PUPILS...

WHEN DID NAPOLEON COME INTO POWER AND WHAT WERE SOME OF HIS REFORMS?

IN 1799 HE ESTABLISHED THE BANK OF FRANCE AND...

REMARKABLE! I DIDN'T THINK YOUNG LADIES HAD IT IN THEM! AND ALL THIS KNOWLEDGE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AFFECTING THEIR HEALTH ONE BIT!

AS THE SCHOOL'S FAME SPREAD....

I'VE BEEN SAVING MY MONEY ON THE FARM FOR MONTHS TO COME HERE, MRS. WILLARD!

AH HAD TO TALK MAH DAD INTO SENDING ME WAY UP HEAH FROM GEORGIA!

I HAVE NO MONEY... BUT PLEASE LET ME ENROLL...

EMMA TRAINED HER OWN TEACHERS FROM AMONG HER PUPILS... STARTING THE FIRST TEACHERS' TRAINING SCHOOL!

MRS. WILLARD DIED ON MAY 29, 1825, BUT BRAVELY, EMMA CARRIED ON ALONE....

GIRLS WITH MONEY CAN NOW GET AN EDUCATION... BUT WHAT OF GIRLS WHO CAN'T AFFORD ONE? WE NEED PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS!

EMMA'S DETERMINED FIGHT PAVED THE WAY NOT ONLY FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS BUT....



EMMA SPENT HER LAST DAYS IN A LITTLE RED BRICK HOUSE NEAR THE SEMINARY AT TROY, WHERE "HER GIRLS" WERE ALWAYS WELCOME...

...AND REMEMBER, GIRLS, KNOWLEDGE IS A USEFUL SERVANT ALL THROUGH YOUR LIVES! GATHER AS MUCH OF IT AS YOU CAN!



THIS WONDER WOMAN FORCED THE WORLD TO RECOGNIZE HER SEX AS THINKING INDIVIDUALS... AND NOT ONLY LED TO THEIR INVADING THE SO-CALLED "MEN'S PROFESSIONS"... BUT GAVE INTELLIGENT VOICE TO THEIR AGE-OLD HATRED OF ONE MAN'S PROFESSION... WAR!

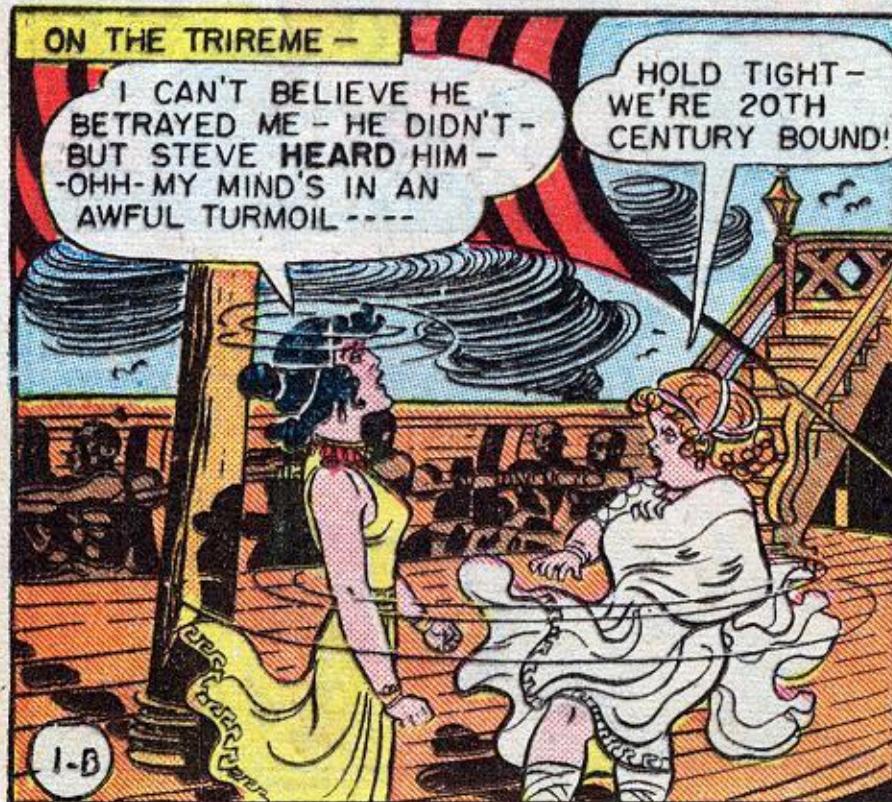
EDUCATED WOMEN ARE ONE OF THE GREATEST FACTORS IN THE FIGHT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SOCIAL PROGRESS. IS IT ANY WONDER THEN THAT THE WORLD OWES A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO EMMA WILLARD, EDUCATOR OF WOMEN?

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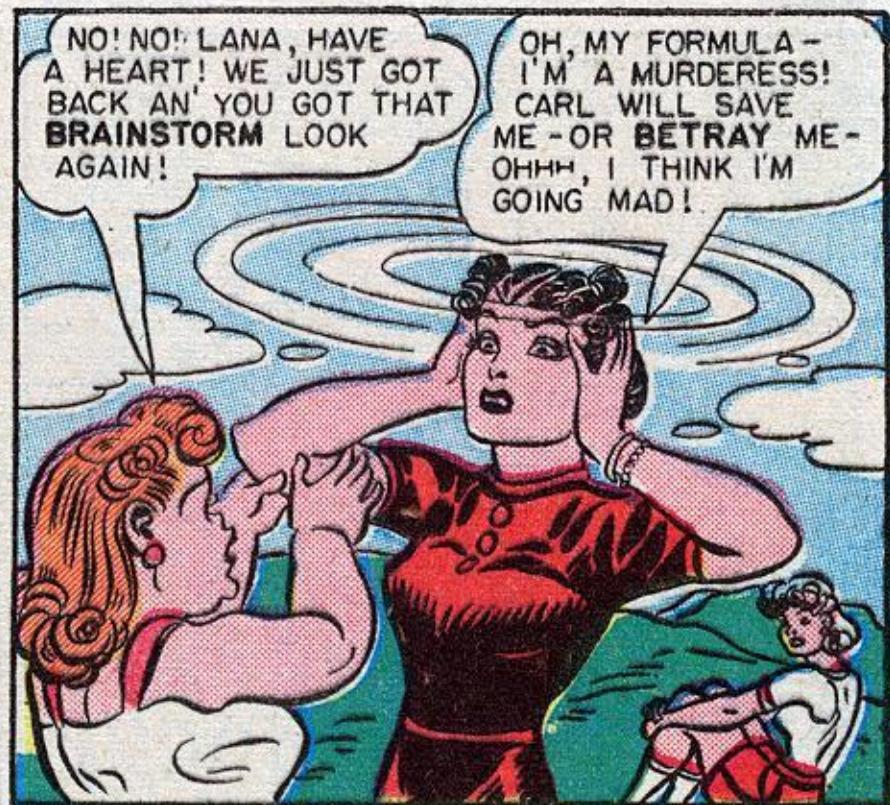
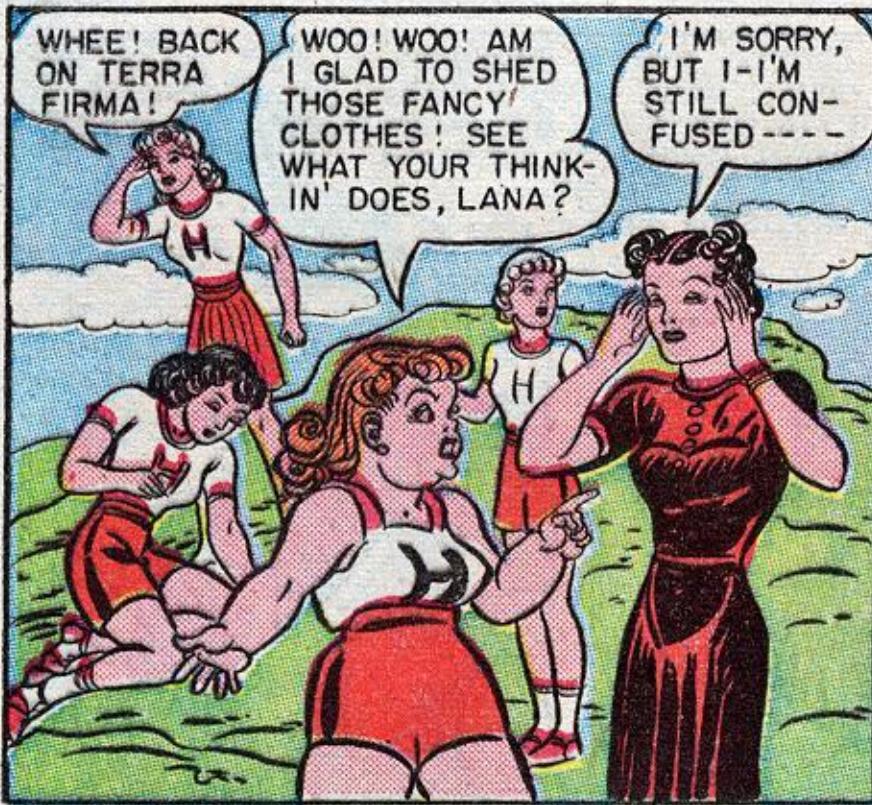




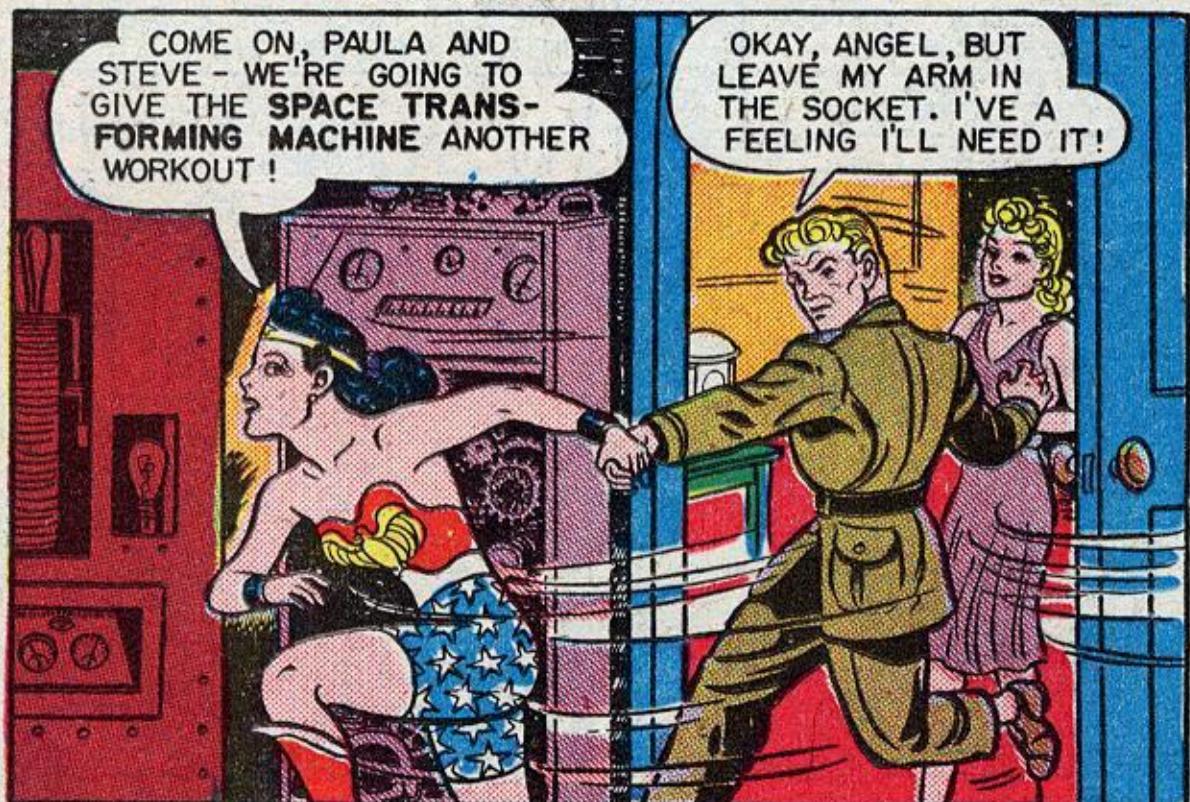
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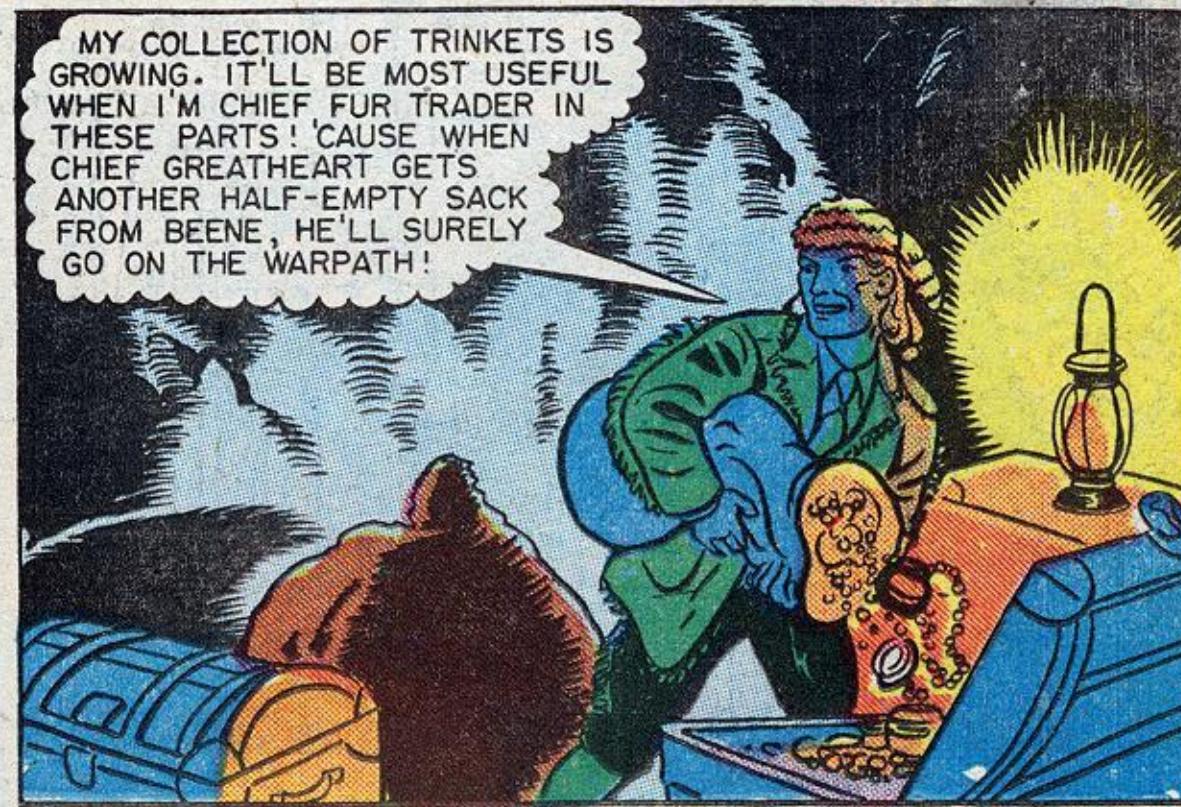
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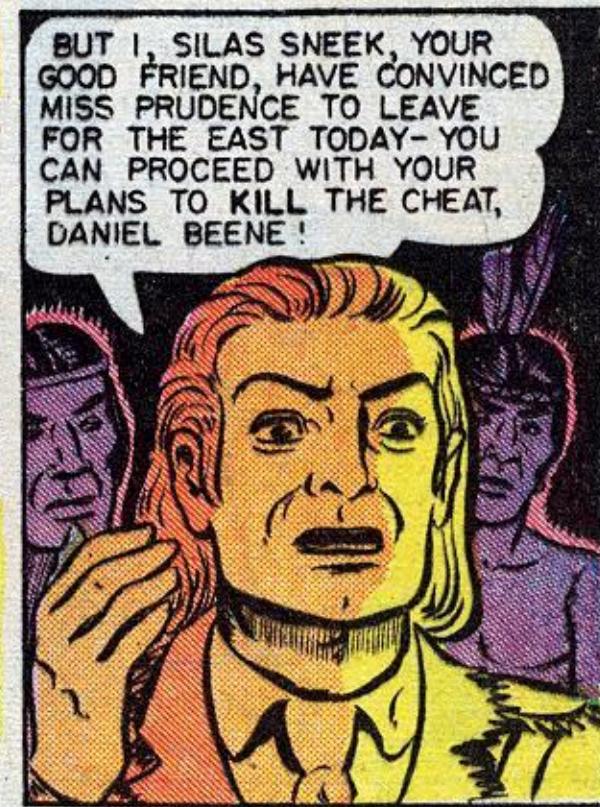
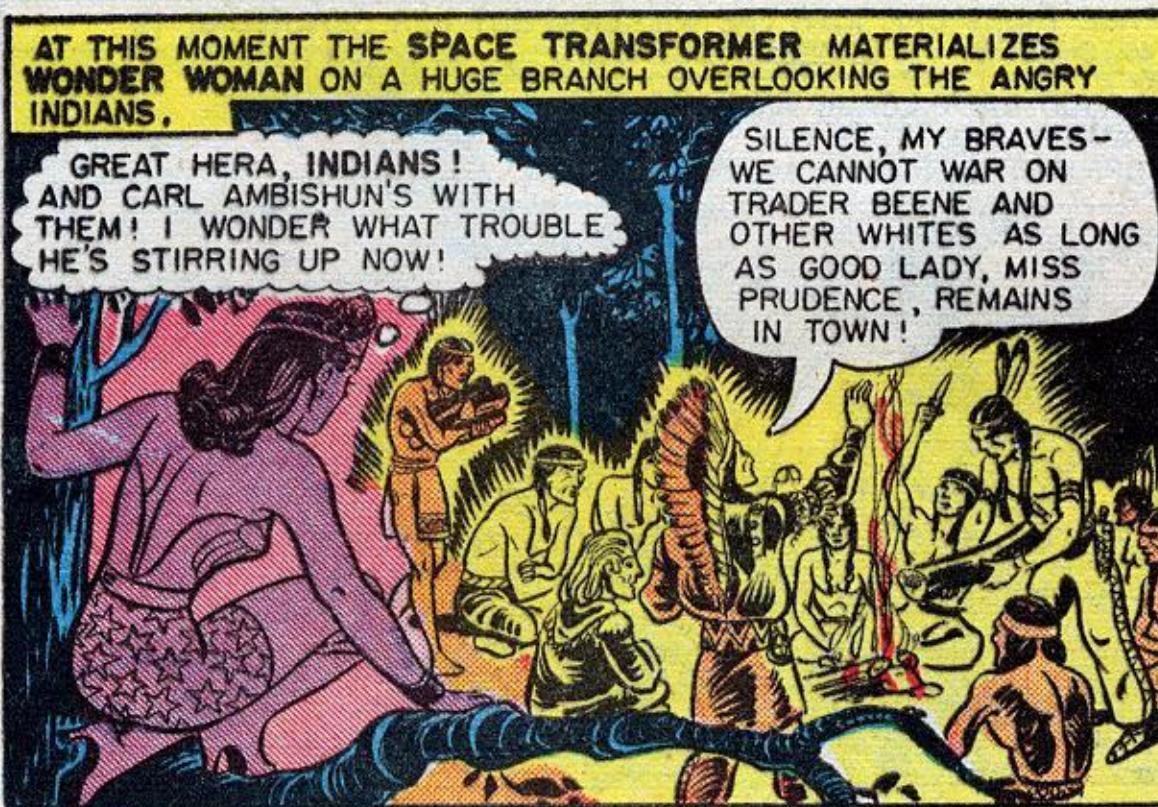
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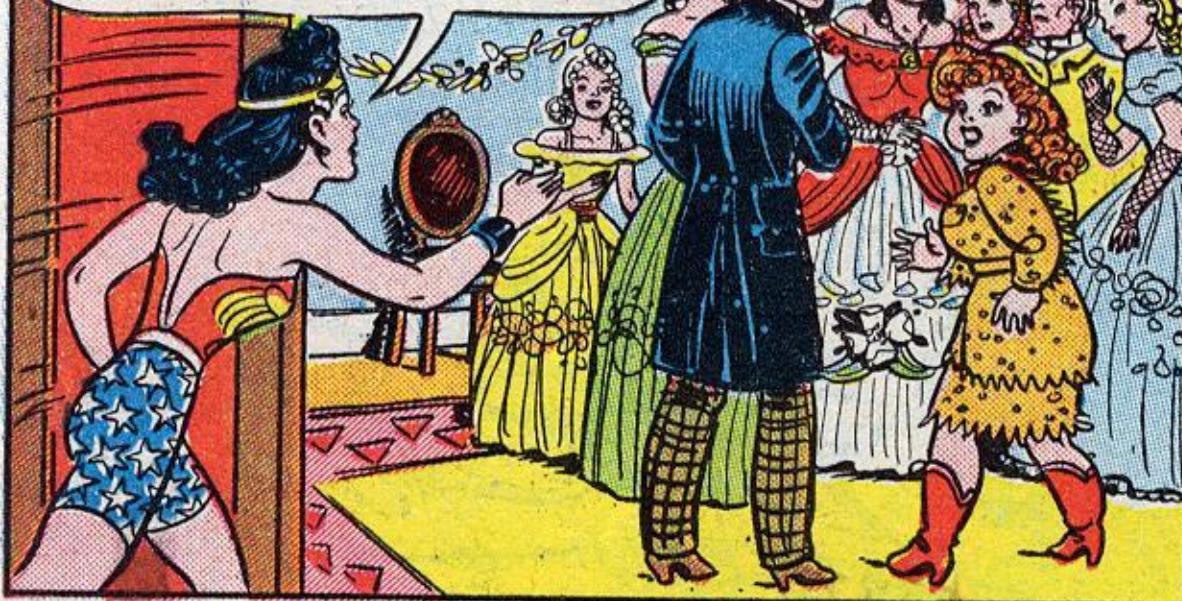
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Wonder Woman

SUDDENLY WONDER WOMAN BURSTS INTO THE ROOM—

PRUDENCE, YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE!
AS SOON AS YOU'RE GONE, THE INDIANS
PLAN TO BURN THE TOWN DOWN! SILAS
SNEEK'S PLOTTING WITH THEM—



A PERFECT STRANGER BURSTS IN HERE WITH A COCK-AND-BULL STORY THAT I'M SPOSED TO BELIEVE —

WOO WOO! SHE'S PROB'LY RIGHT, PRUE. I NEVER DID TRUST THAT COYOTE.



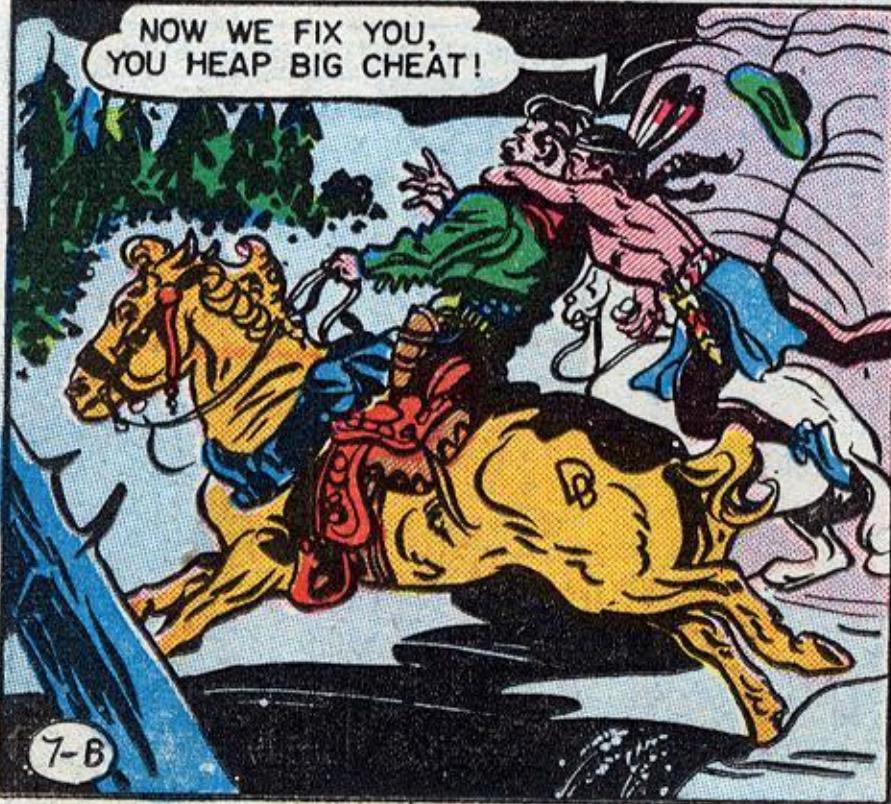
PAW'S SAFETY MEANS EVERYTHIN' TO ME, AND SILAS **ALWAYS** KNOWS WHAT'S BEST! I'M LEAVIN' WITH THE WILKENS' FAMILY NOW AND THAT'S FINAL!



PRUE RIDES OFF WITH THE WILKENS; BUT HER DEPARTURE IS WATCHED BY AN UNSEEN OBSERVER—



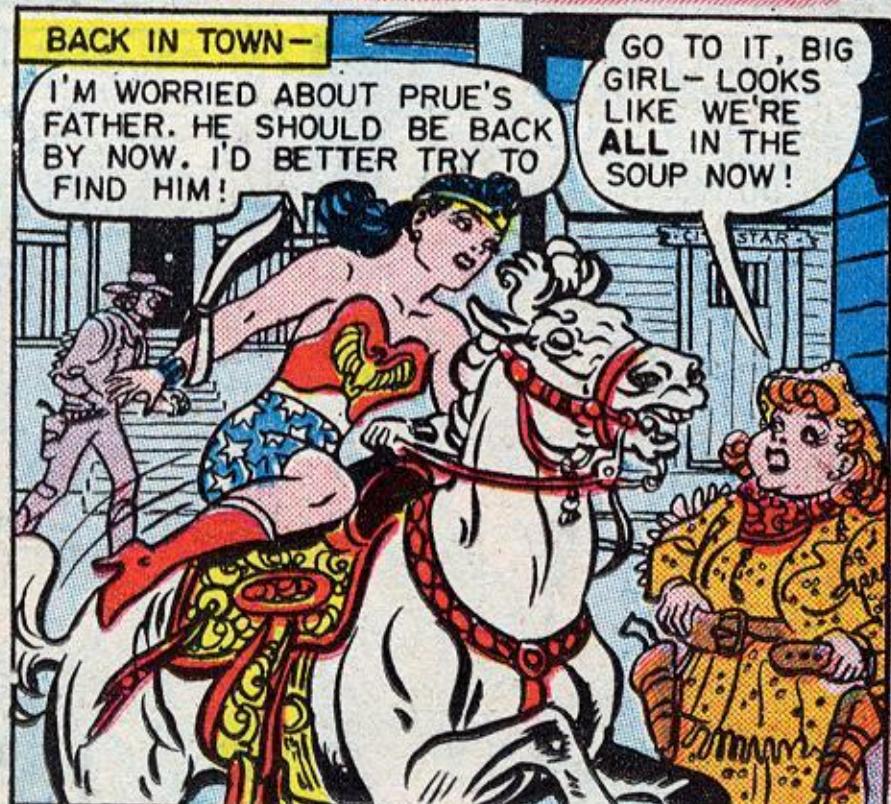
NOW WE FIX YOU,
YOU HEAP BIG CHEAT!



BACK IN TOWN—

I'M WORRIED ABOUT PRUE'S FATHER. HE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW. I'D BETTER TRY TO FIND HIM!

GO TO IT, BIG GIRL—LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALL IN THE SOUP NOW!



Wonder Woman

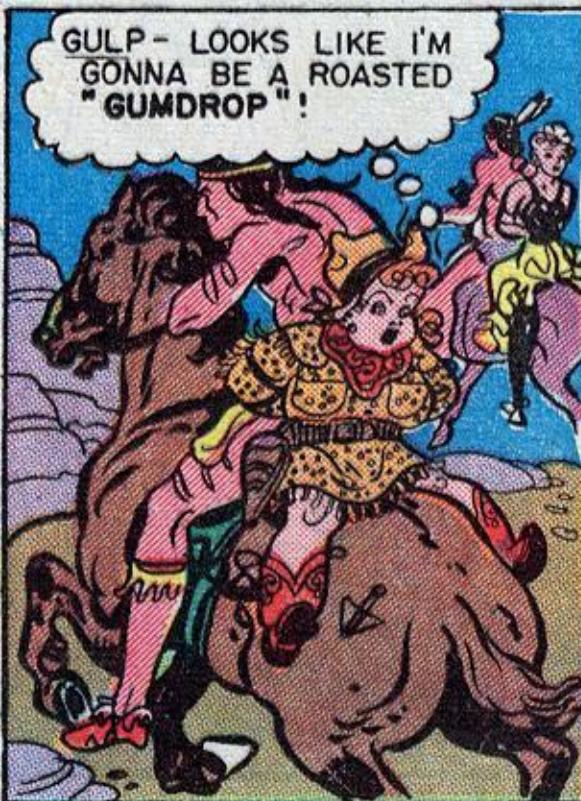
WHILE WONDER WOMAN SEARCHES FOR BEENE, THE INDIANS WREAK THEIR SAVAGE REVENGE UPON THE TOWN -



KEEP YORE DISTANCE OR YOU'LL GET THE GUMDROP SOCK THAT'LL CRACK YORE SKULLS!



GULP - LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA BE A ROASTED "GUMDROP" !

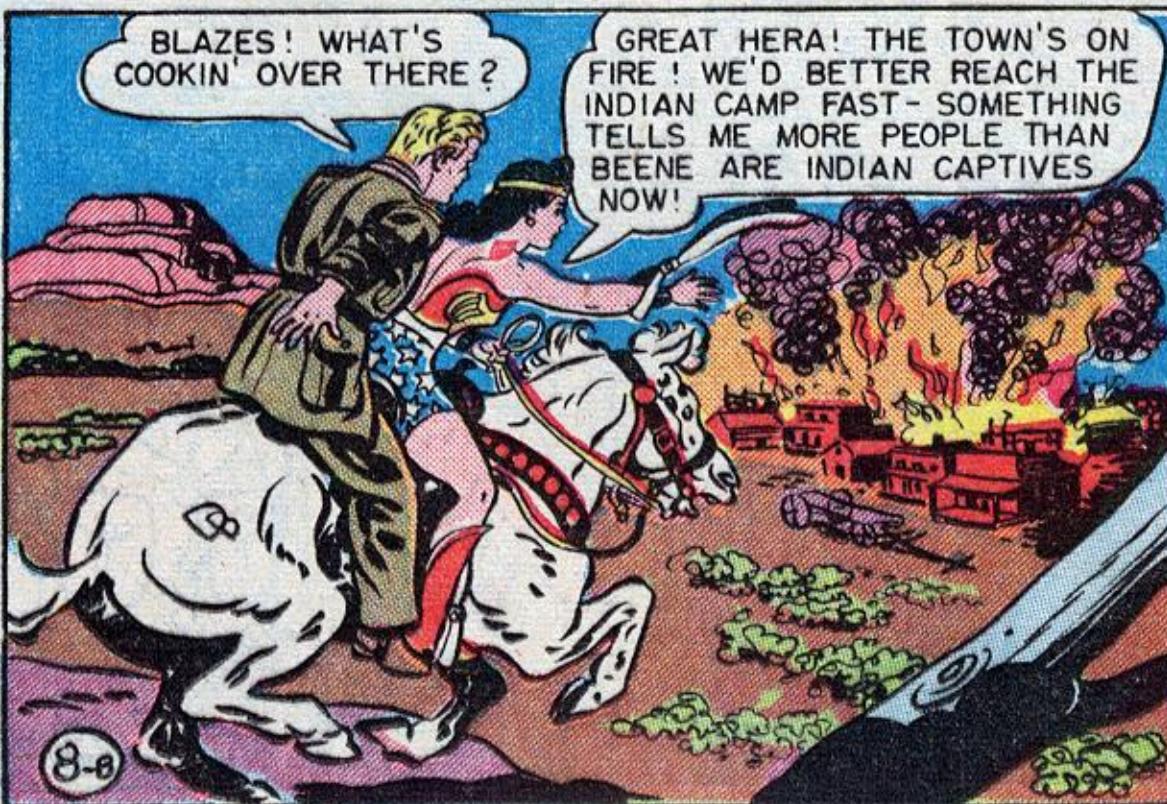


WONDER WOMAN, MY ANGEL ! THE SPACE TRANSFORMER MATERIALIZED ME HERE IN THIS WILDERNESS -



BLAZES ! WHAT'S COOKIN' OVER THERE ?

GREAT HERA ! THE TOWN'S ON FIRE ! WE'D BETTER REACH THE INDIAN CAMP FAST - SOMETHING TELLS ME MORE PEOPLE THAN BEENE ARE INDIAN CAPTIVES NOW !

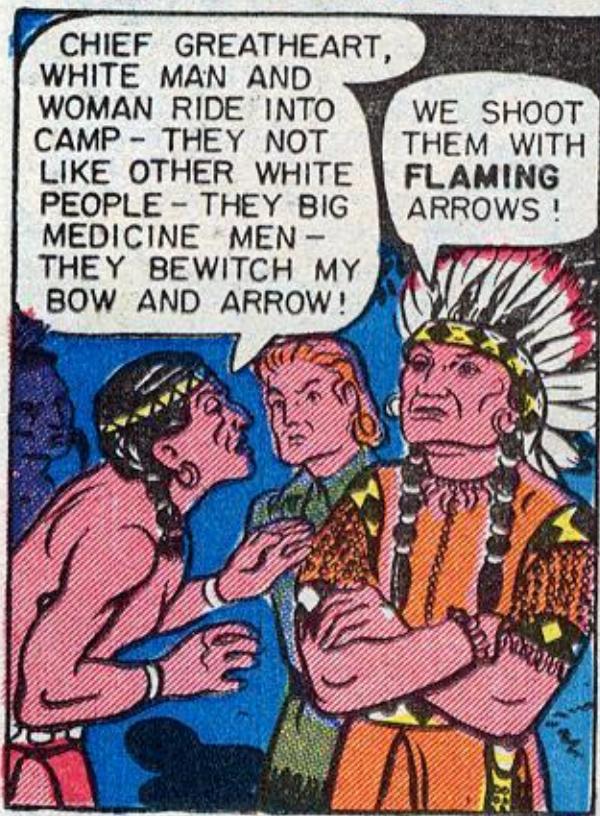


AND SOMEONE ELSE IS VERY ALARMED BY THE FIRE -

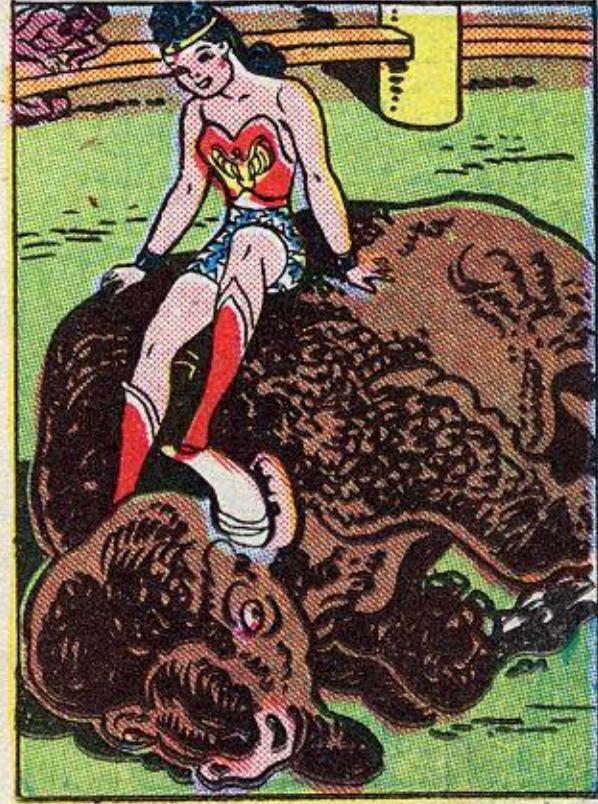
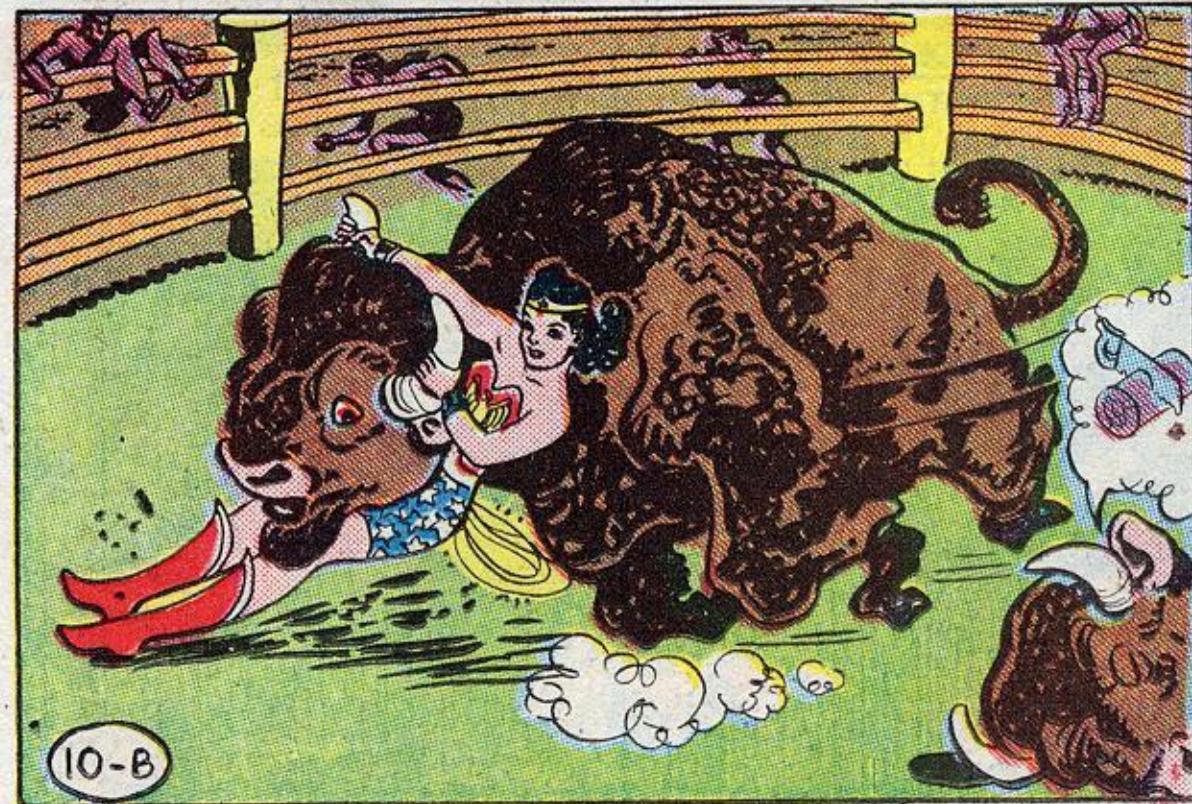
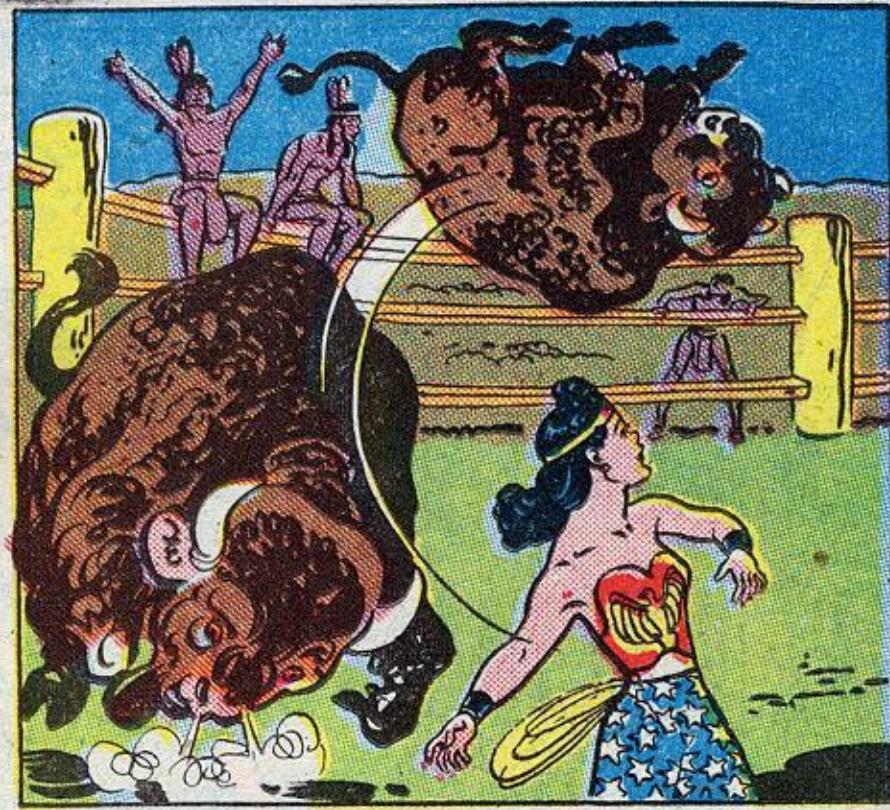
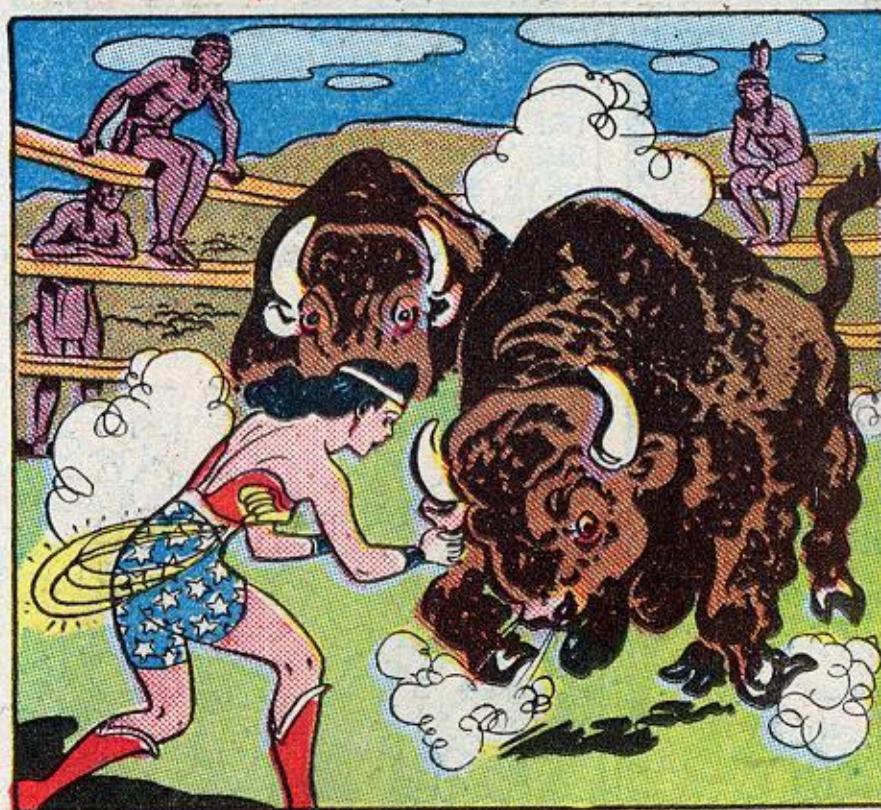
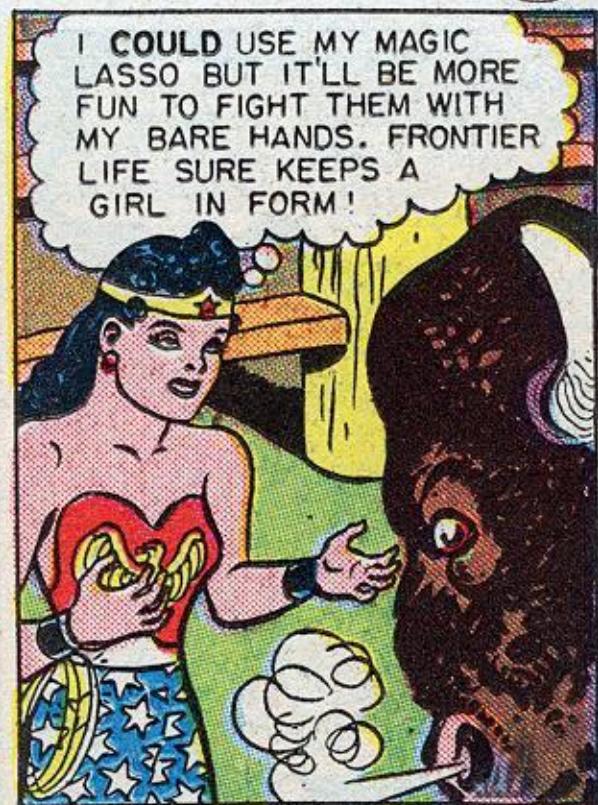
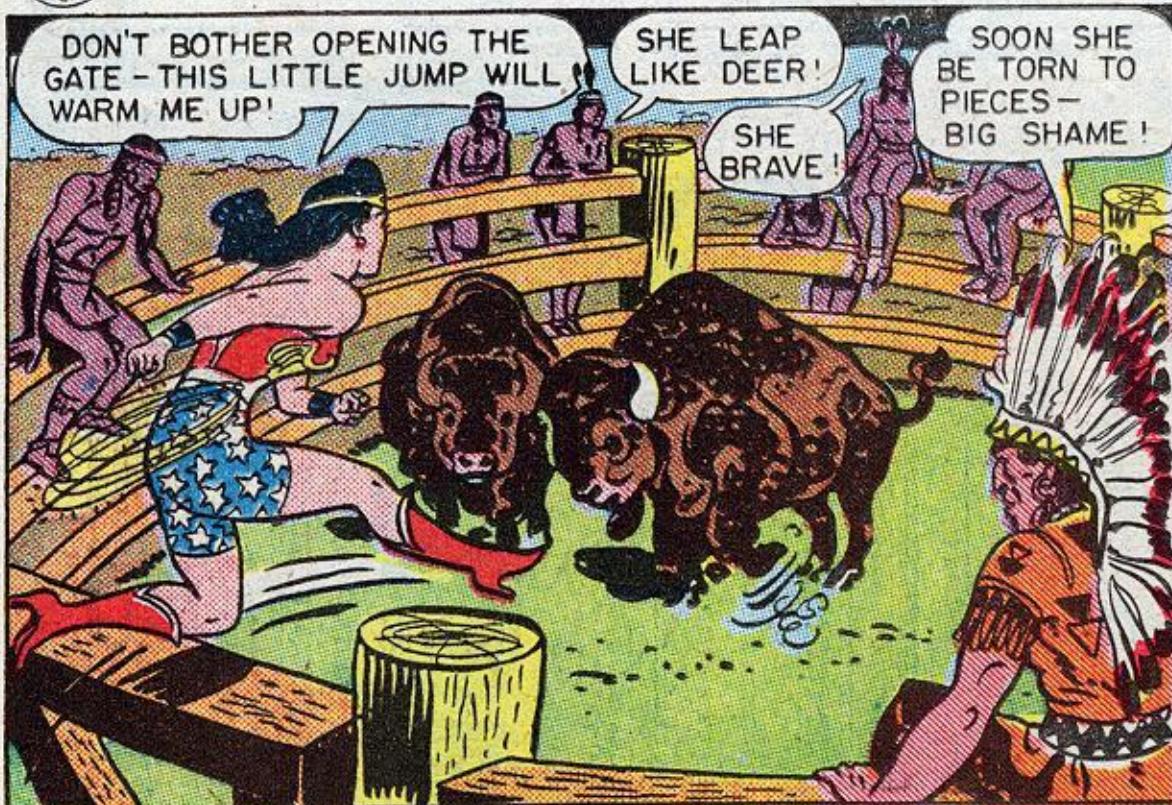
FIRE ! AN' IT COMES FROM THE DIRECTION OF OUR TOWN ! FATHER AND SILAS - OH I MUST TURN BACK !



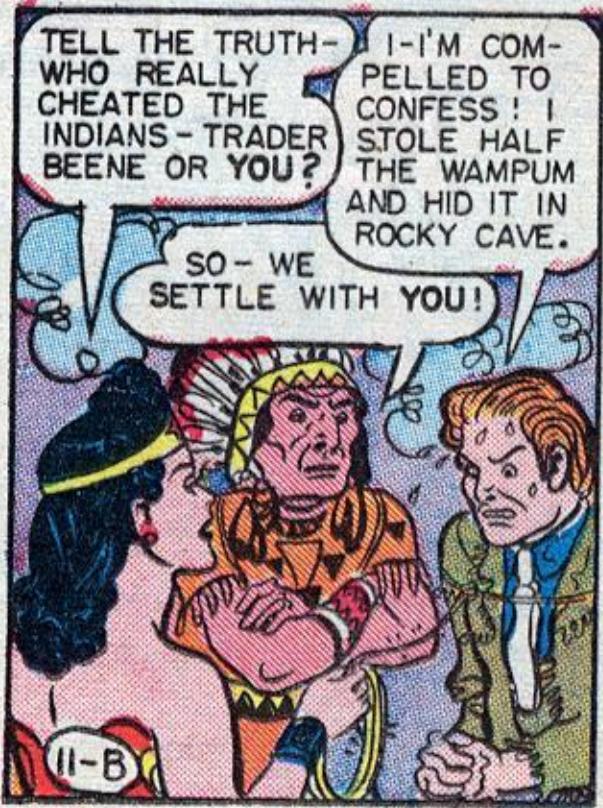
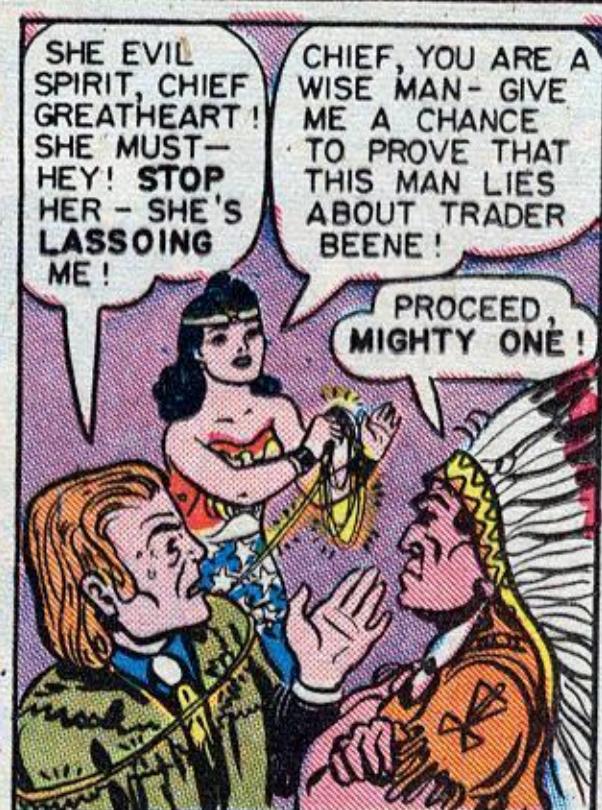
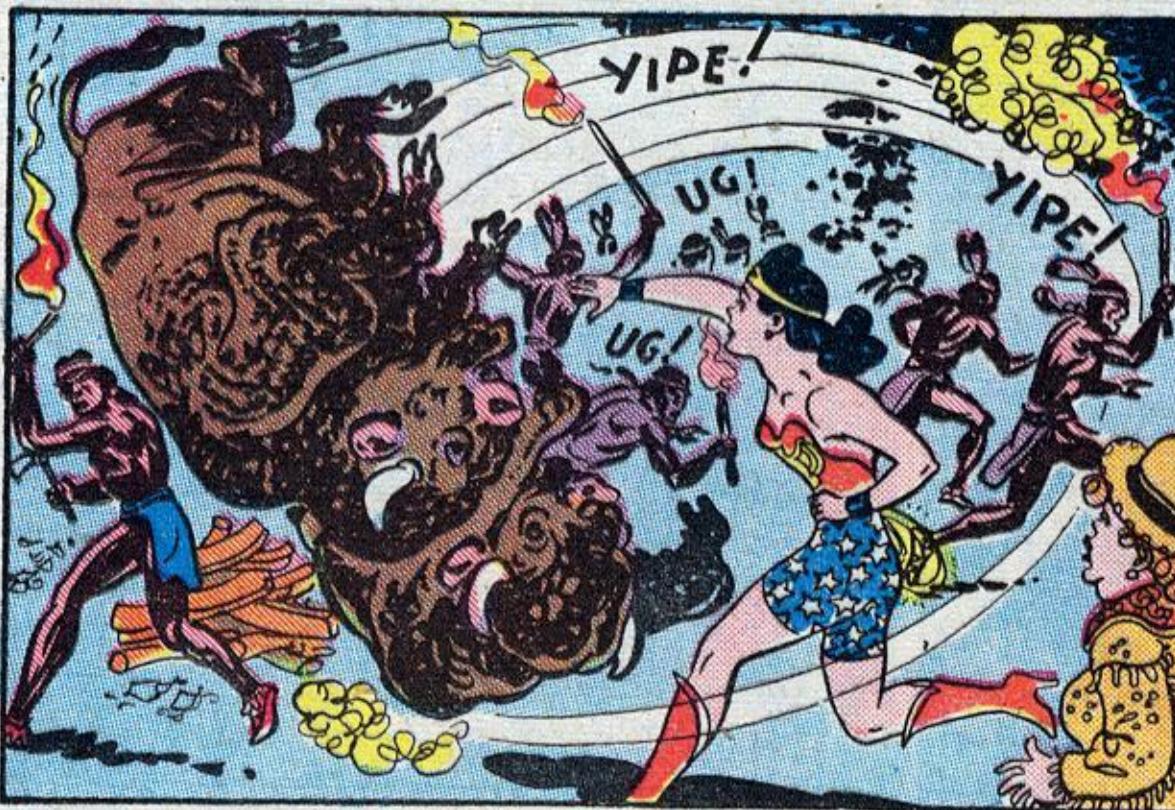
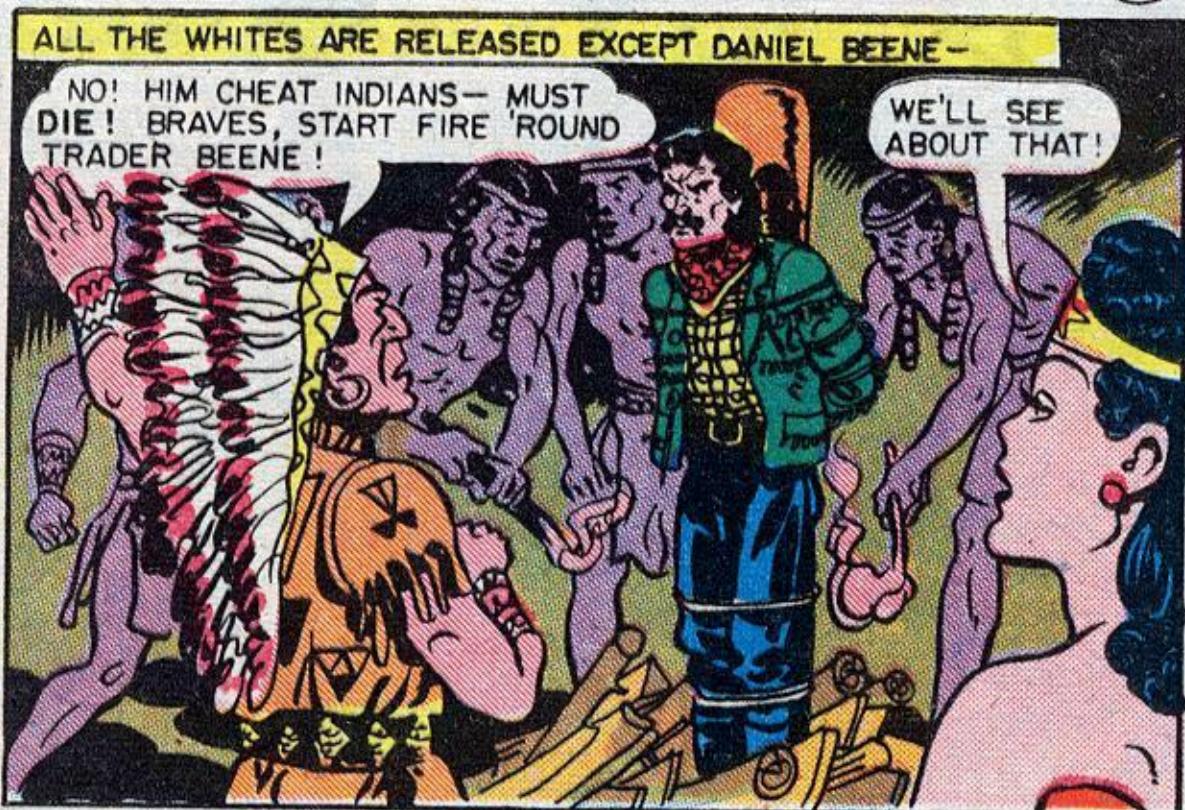
Wonder Woman



Wonder Woman



Wonder Woman





THE schooner *Larabie* rose and fell gently on the slow roll of the Pacific. After three long months of searching and probing the ocean floor off Lower California, her owners had finally located the *Artimo*. With grappling hooks, the old Spanish privateer with her sunken cargo of three million in gold bullion, had been found. Now, she was ripe for the picking.

Joe Renn, pro deep-sea diver and ex-Navy youngster, would try to reach the ancient wreck. The *Artimo* was lying at 330 feet. Joe didn't relish his job of picking her gaunt ribs of plunder. His diving rig, like any other, was designed for the usual underseas limit of 300 feet. The very depth at which the *Artimo* lay had kept her gold safely locked in Davy Jones' locker.

"Joe! Joe Renn!" The *Larabie*'s skipper bawled thru his stubby megaphone. "Where in thunderation is that fella?"

"You want me, Skipper?" Joe rose from where he was sitting on the portside "bits" I've been ready an hour!"

"Okay, okay!" growled the grim-faced skipper. "Sure I want you! Tide's at full ebb now. It'll save you twelve or fourteen feet on your dive."

"All right, boys!" Joe's voice was vibrant. "Screw 'er down! Remember, Skipper, that extra coil of rope I'm leaving in *your* hands. Three yanks and haul away. You may have something!"

The skipper was about to growl something but Joe's helpers had his helmet on now and were screwing it down tight against his shoulder plate.

"Watch out for Blondell, Rafe Crowley's diver!" Slim, one of Joe's helpers, shouted as he eased Joe overside on the short rope ladder. "That bloke is plenty dangerous!"

"That's always the way Slim does it!" remarked Joe inside his helmet as he saw his helper's lips moving. "Always hollering last minute advice when he knows darn well I can't hear it thru my helmet. I'm glad we're not using phones. That guy would give me a big earache!"

Slowly, Joe sank beneath the Pacific, again automatically checking the reassuring presence of the long shark knife at his belt. "That other diver must be going down about now," Joe thought

suddenly, "two to one he and I tangle on the ocean floor!"

Joe Renn was rightly concerned. Rafe Crowley, unscrupulous adventurer, had been following the *Larabie*'s movements off the cape for weeks. His rakish, converted ex-yacht, the *Spindrift*, had been dogging the *Larabie* daily as she probed the sea bottom. He knew almost as soon as did those aboard the *Larabie*, when they had located the *Artimo* with the latest metal diving apparatus and grappling hooks.

Crowley had proceeded to anchor his *Spindrift* not a hundred yards away from the *Larabie* and was prepared to send his own diver overside in a race for the underseas gold.

Tom Bell, gruff skipper of the *Larabie* could do little about it. The oceans were free. Any man could anchor his boat wherever he chose. And Crowley, as much a pirate at heart as Captain Kidd ever was, chose to anchor practically alongside!

Joe Renn's weighted feet finally touched sea bottom. Presently, the searchlight on his helmet picked up the gaunt staves of the *Artimo* as she lay half buried in the shifting sands. Carefully, slowly, Joe made his way to the wreck; down thru the rotted forward hatch. The entire section of the ship where once the cabin had been, had fallen inward. "The gold," thought Joe, "undoubtedly was carried in the cabin. Its weight must have caused it to sink thru the rotting deck and down inside the hull. I'll check there first of all."

Inside the ancient hull Joe's searchlight probed a decaying corner for sign of the golden treasure. So intent was he upon his mission, he forgot momentarily, the threatening arrival of Crowley's diver.

Joe's search had carried him some seven yards from the entrance and as he turned to check upon his armored air line to see if it were sliding freely, he spotted the beams of another light come bouncing down thru the hatch combing above him!

"Blondell!" Joe's exclamation within his helmet, caused an added flow of bubbles from the

air valve. They dodged upward toward the surface. They were tell-tale signs in Blondell's searchlight that the *Larabie* diver was ahead of him in the race to the golden plunder of the *Artimo*.

Then, as the grotesque, helmeted head of Blondell reared itself above the hatchway, Joe Renn saw with a heart-stabbing shock that Crowley's murderous diver held a hack saw in one hand. In another moment, Blondell was sawing madly at the flexible armored cable that carried life-giving oxygen to Joe Renn!

Clumsily, against the terrific pressure, Joe lifted his weighted feet. He climbed toward Blondell. Blondell looked up from his sawing as the eye of Joe's searchlight focused on him. He drew out the long shark knife in his belt.

Blondell, as usual, would settle for gold with steel. He'd done it before. He'd do it again. It was hard to prove murder on the sea floor without more important witnesses than bug-eyed fish, eels and barnacles!

In Joe's hand was his own shark knife. In the other was the extra coil of rope he had carried below and whose top-side end, was held by Skipper Tom Bell of the *Larabie*.

As Blondell, his body crouched low, raised his knife and lunged forward against the undersea pressure, Joe floated its loop before him. The murderous lunge of Blondell, carried him over the edge of the hatch combing, and into Joe's loop. With all his strength, Joe pulled the noose tight and hauled Blondell toward him.

Then, suddenly, Joe felt something encircle his right leg. Its strength was stronger than anything he had ever known. It pulled him downward with irresistible force. Down, down, into the gold room again. Joe retained his grip on the rope and hauled Blondell down, too, as he sank inside the ghostly hull.

Joe looked quickly at his leg. Wrapped around it and with its suction mouth fastened behind his knee, was the huge tentacle of a monster octopus! As Blondell came bubbling down, towed by Joe's rope and struggling to cut himself free, another tentacle whipped upward and fastened on his knife arm. Then another, and still a third crawling cable snaked out and bound Crowley's diver tighter than any man-made rope!

Frantically, Joe severed the writhing black arm around his own leg. But another slithered out from a dark corner and fastened to his arm. Twisting

his body backwards, Joe hacked desperately. Suddenly he was free. Now he saw the evil creature, its eyes glowing yellow-green in its hideous body. It began squirting out a dark fluid and made the water cloudy.

Somehow, Joe had kept track of the writhing tentacles of the octopus. He realized that the creature had put six into use. Then the octopus still had two in reserve, to anchor himself with those awful suction mouths. Now that he was momentarily free, Joe set himself to save Blondell. Would-be murderer tho he was, Joe felt a fellow human worth saving from the deep-sea monster. He floated more rope from his coil and lunged in toward the slimy body of the octopus itself. In that cloudy water, that halved the power of his searchlight, Joe was not sure, but he believed he had looped the rope securely around the giant squid.

As he prepared to yank three times on the rope as the signal for Skipper Bell, he was horrified to see Blondell's body go skyrocketing thru the hatchway, leaving an enormous trail of bubbles. Clinging to Blondell still, was the octopus, his grip on the sea floor broken. At once, Joe saw that the octopus had torn the lead weights from Blondell's diving suit! Joe knew what that meant. Blondell could not possibly slow his sudden rise to the surface. The rapid ascent would create air bubbles in his blood stream. He would die a horrible death with the "bends".

Joe yanked twice on his own hoisting rope. He wanted to get away from there. . . .

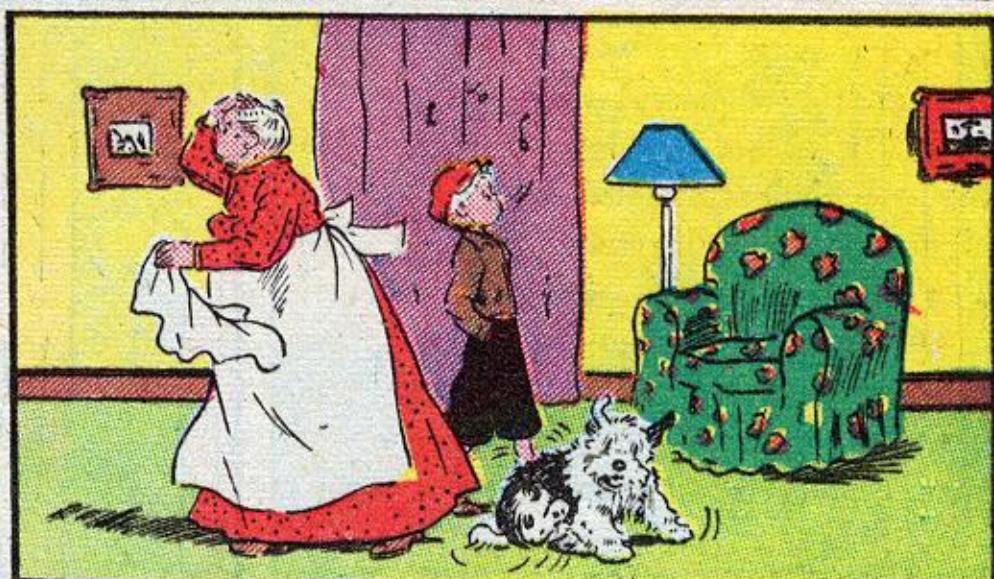
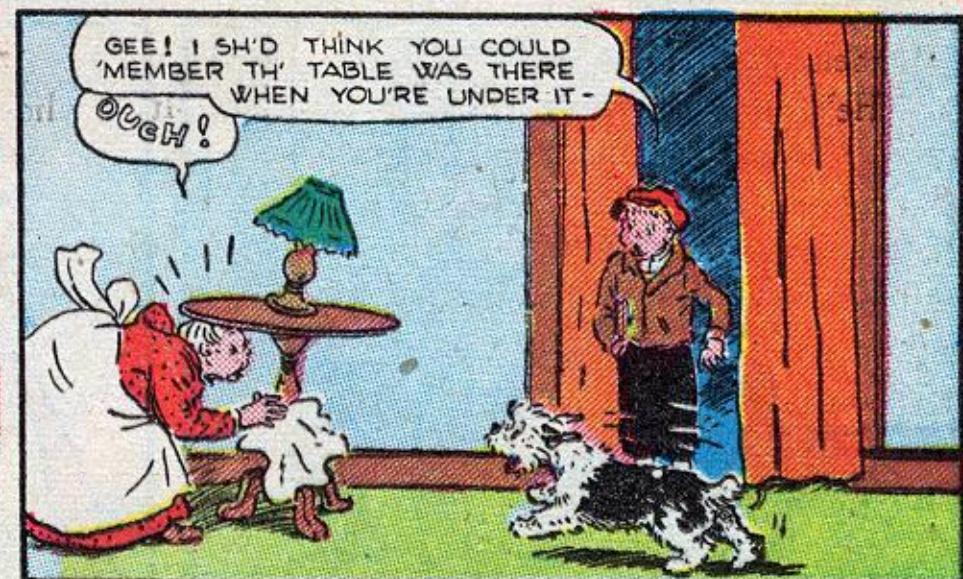
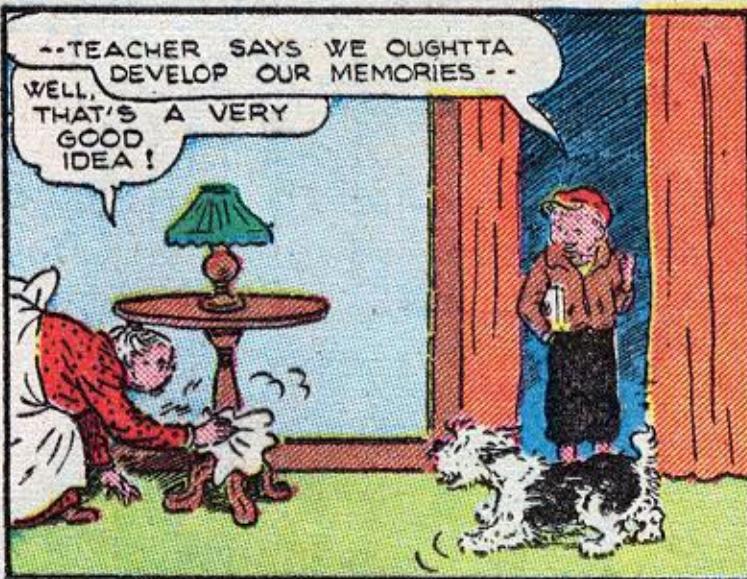
On deck at last and his helmet removed, Joe drank in the good salt air in great gulps while the skipper pranced around the deck in front of him, his face just one enormous grin.

"Joe . . . Joe, my boy! Here's how it was. I felt a half dozen odd yanks on your rope so I hauled away. Then I gets the surprise of me life, I do. First Blondell comes up an' I could see right away he's dead. Gosh! At first I thought it was you! Then, I catch sight of the octopus and he's about all in, too. And then, by Gorry Mighty, I see them there two gold bricks attached to two of his suctions. The black beggar must have anchored hisself to the *Artimo*'s treasure below there!"

Joe smiled wearily. All that concerned him was whether that octopus had ever married and had a big black mate down there, squatting on that pile of yellow metal!

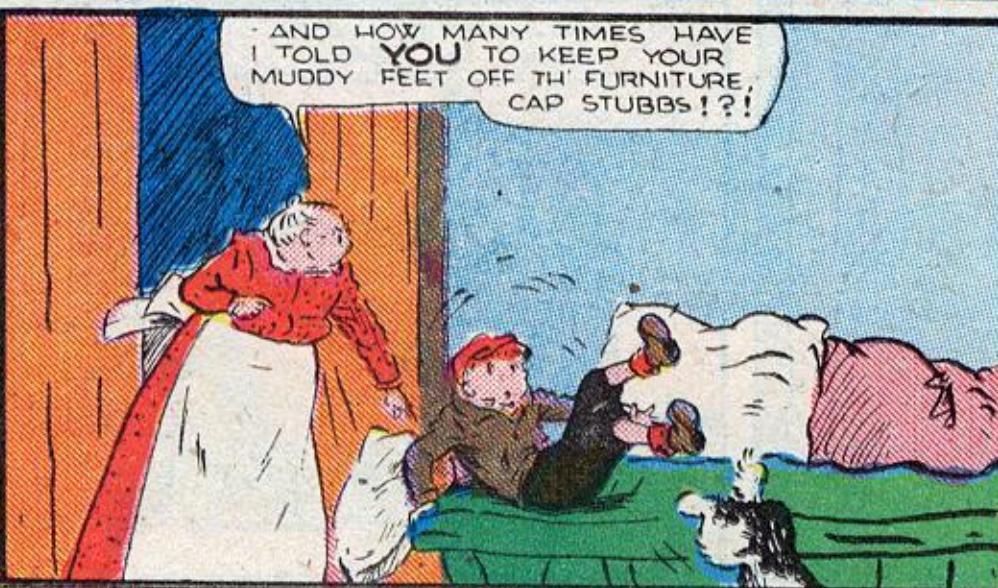
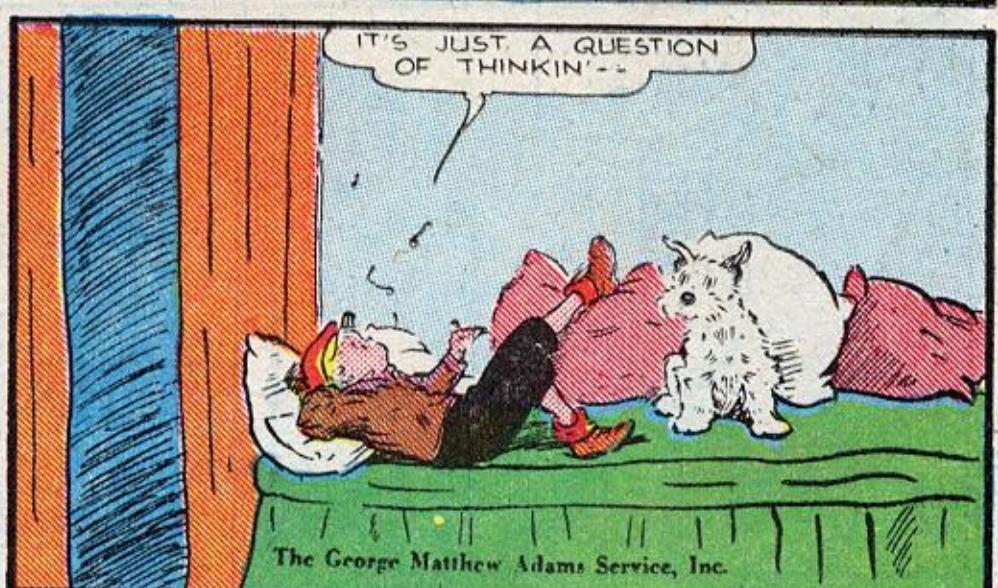
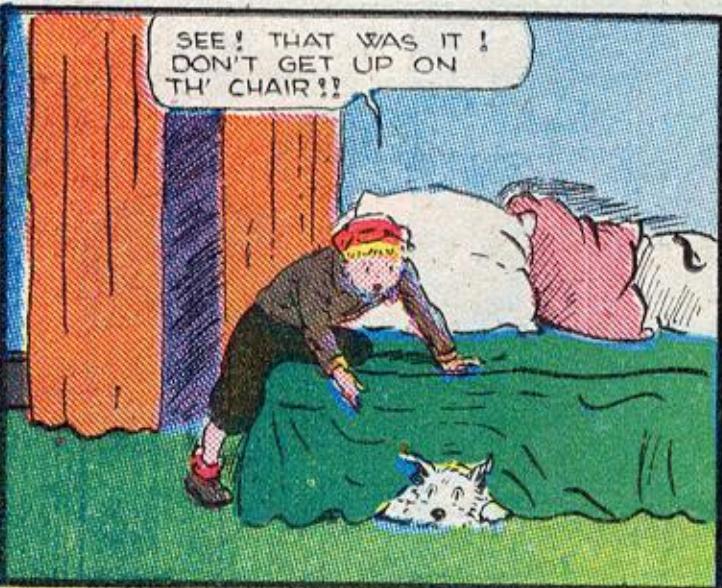
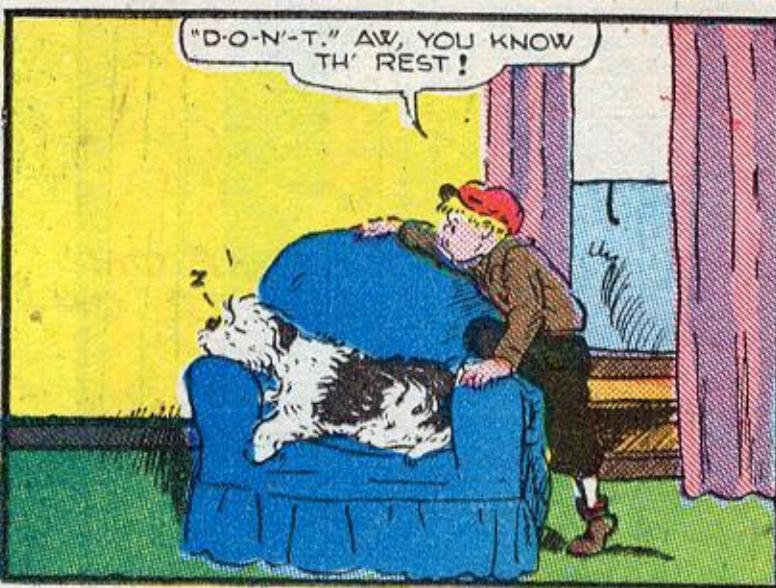


Wonder Woman





Wonder Woman

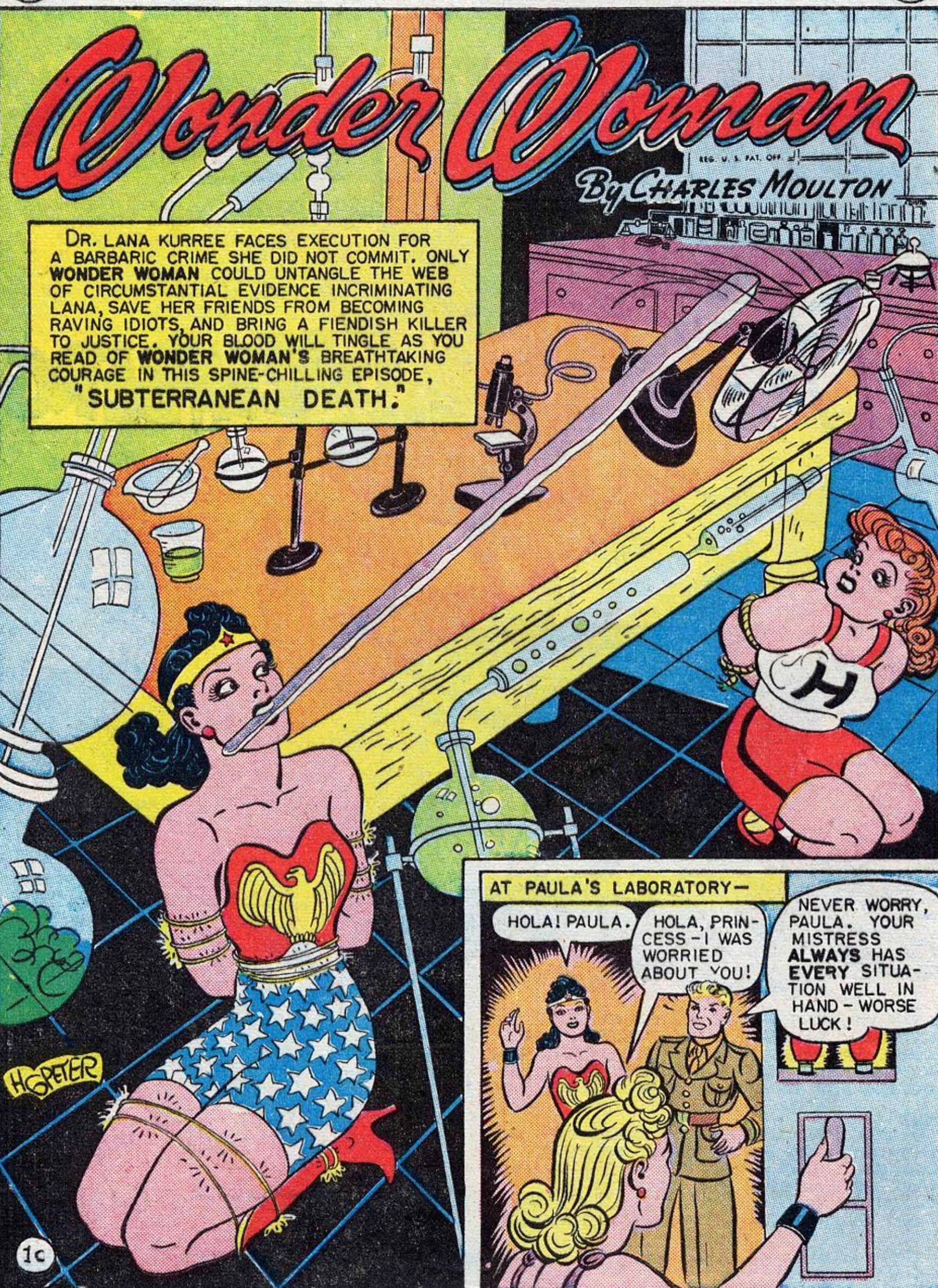




"I EAT WHEATIES JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING," SAYS HANK GREENBERG. "THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR -- PLUS THAT FINE NOURISHMENT -- GIVES ME JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR TO START MY BREAKFAST RIGHT."

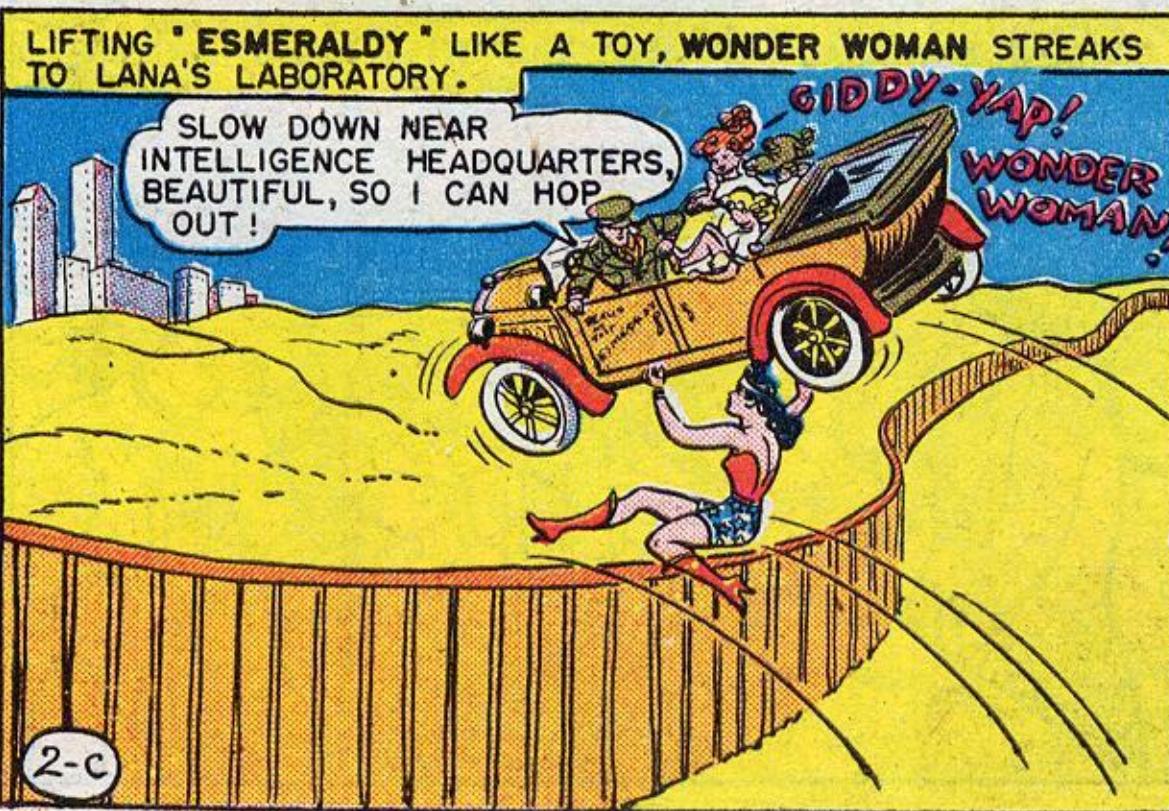
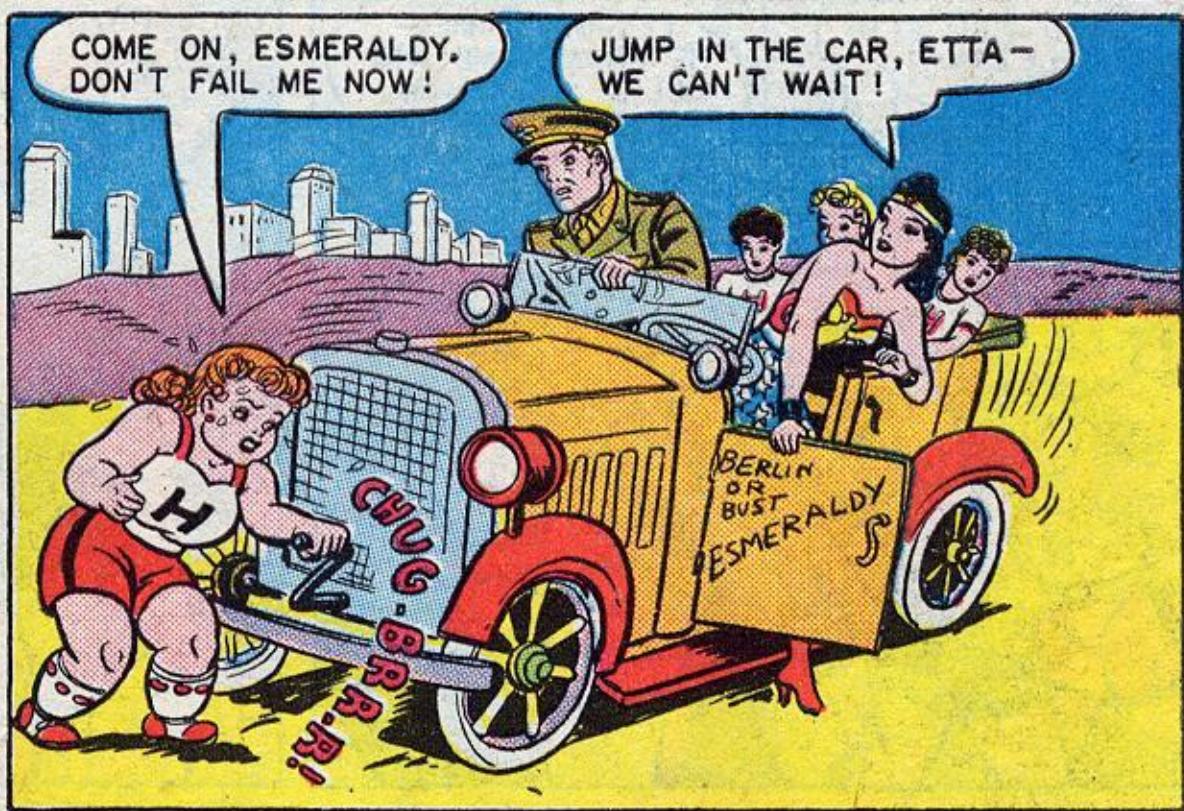
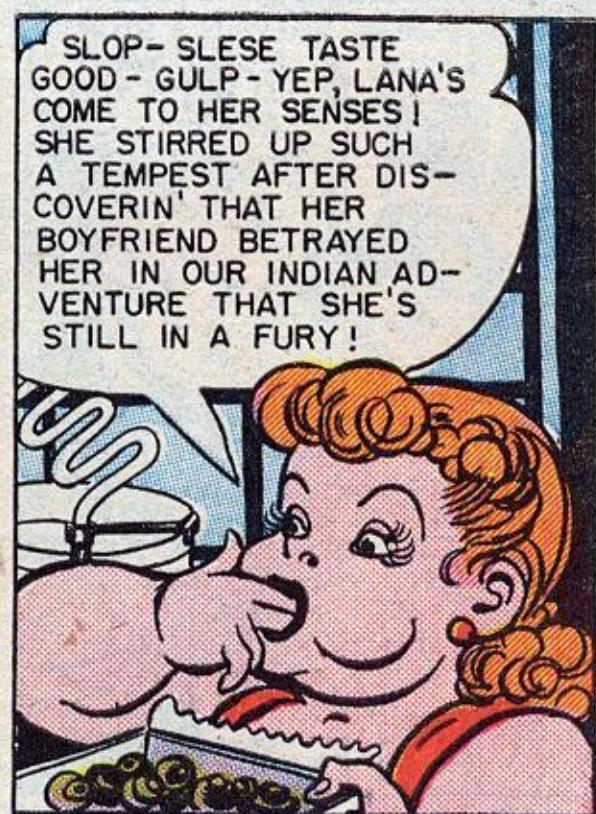
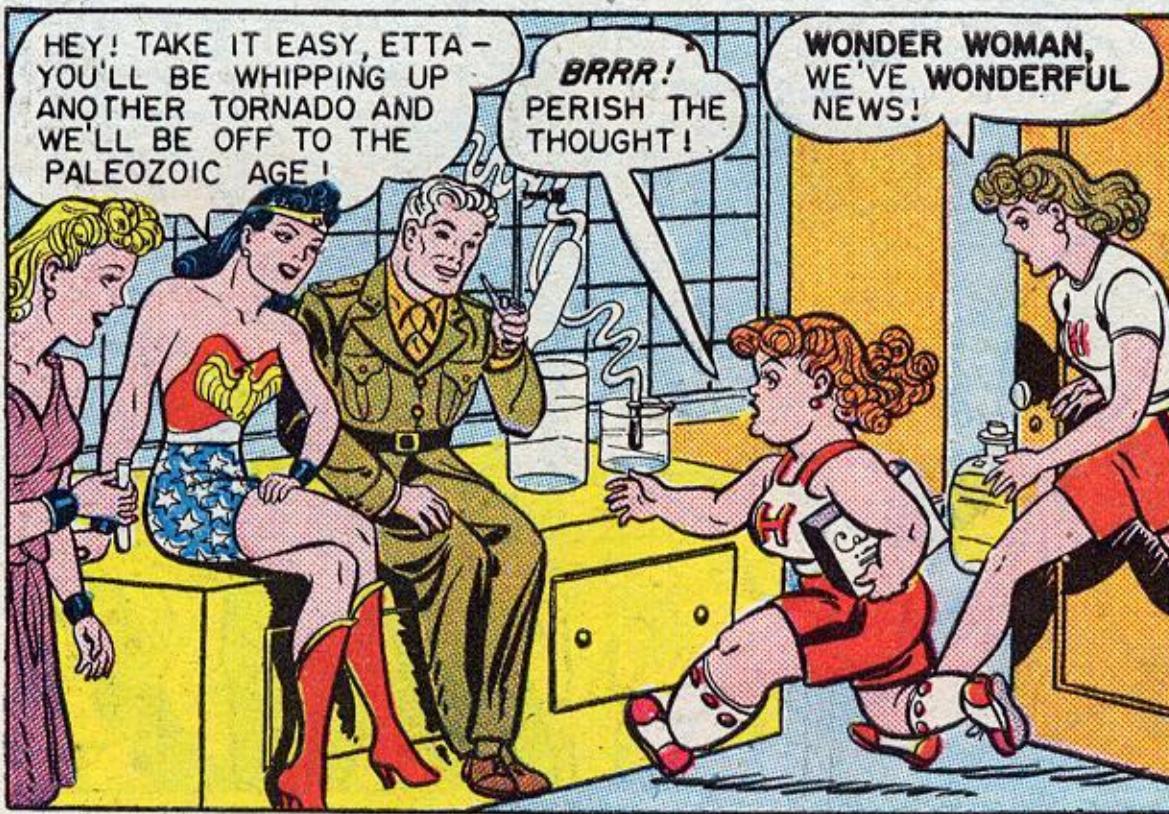
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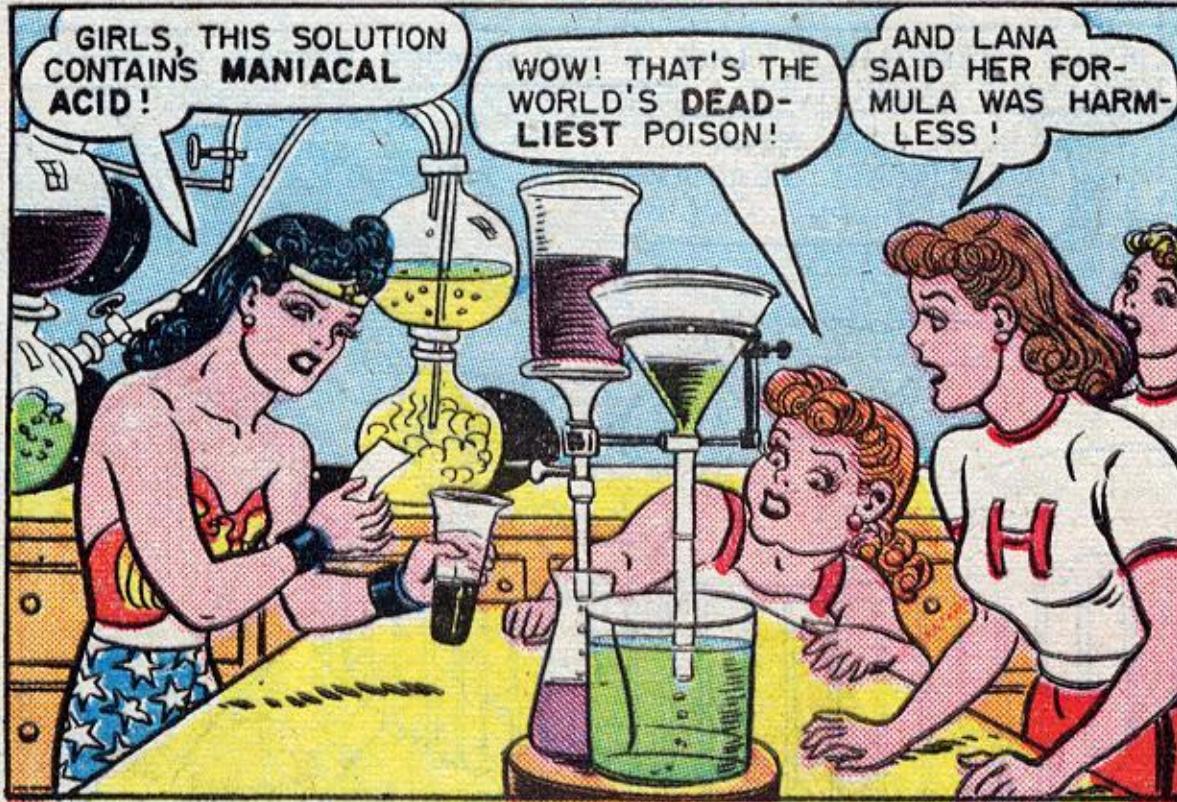
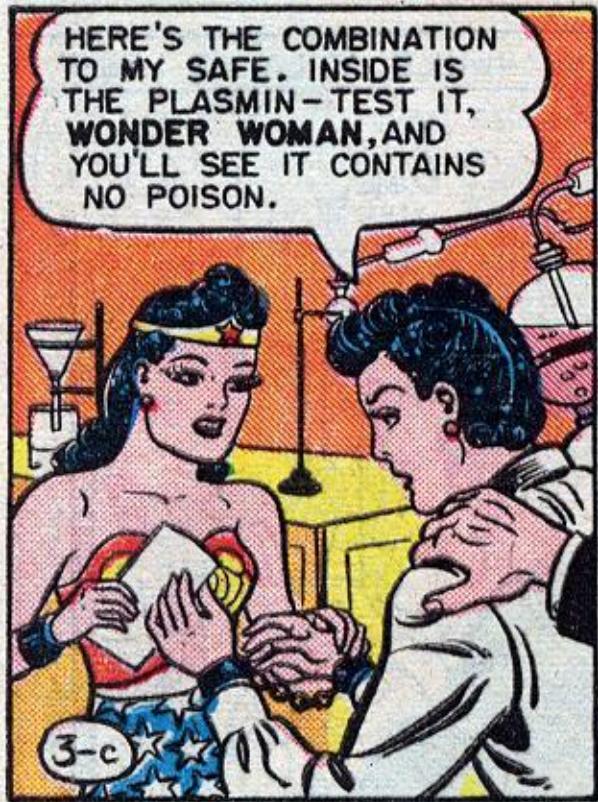




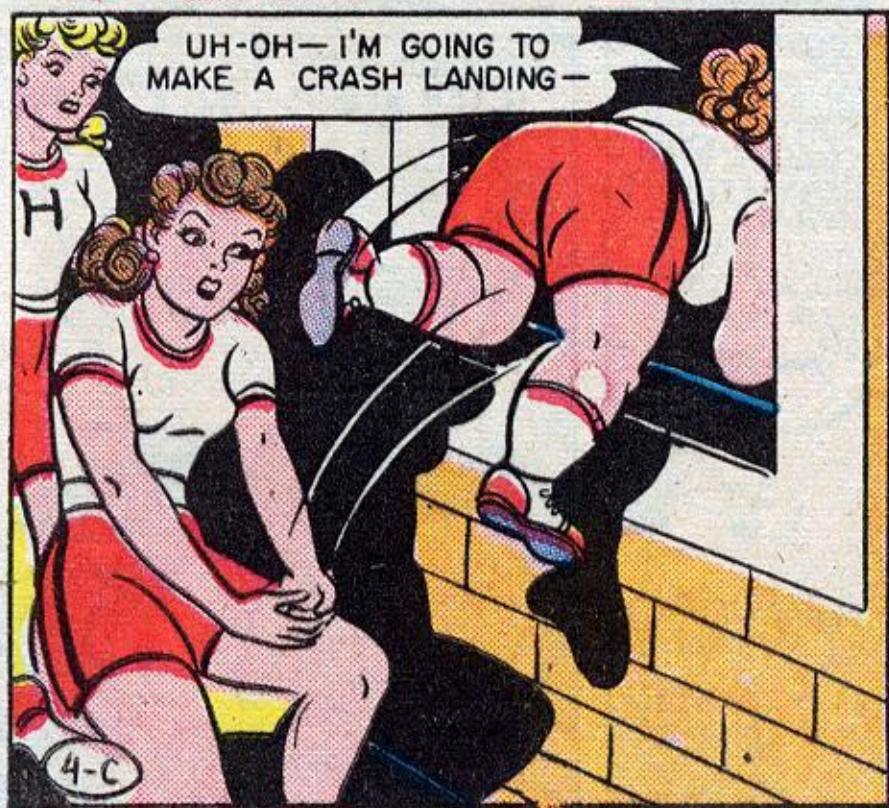
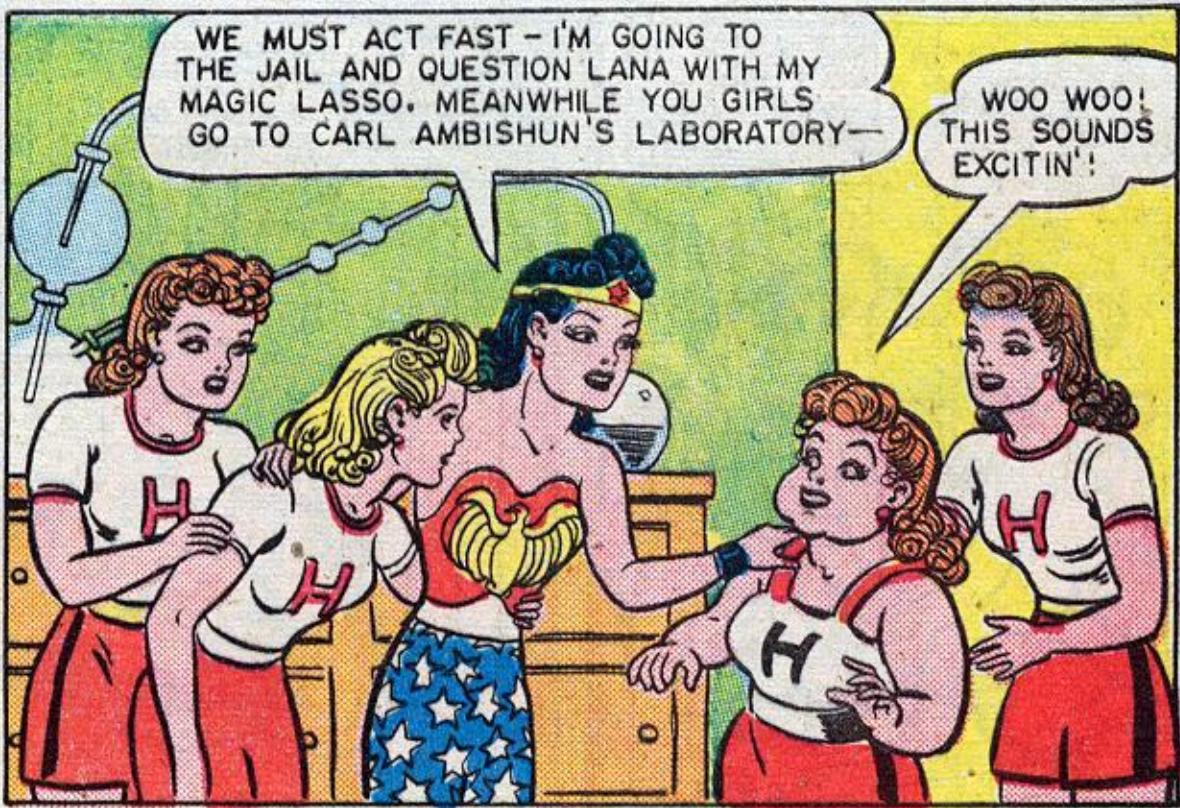
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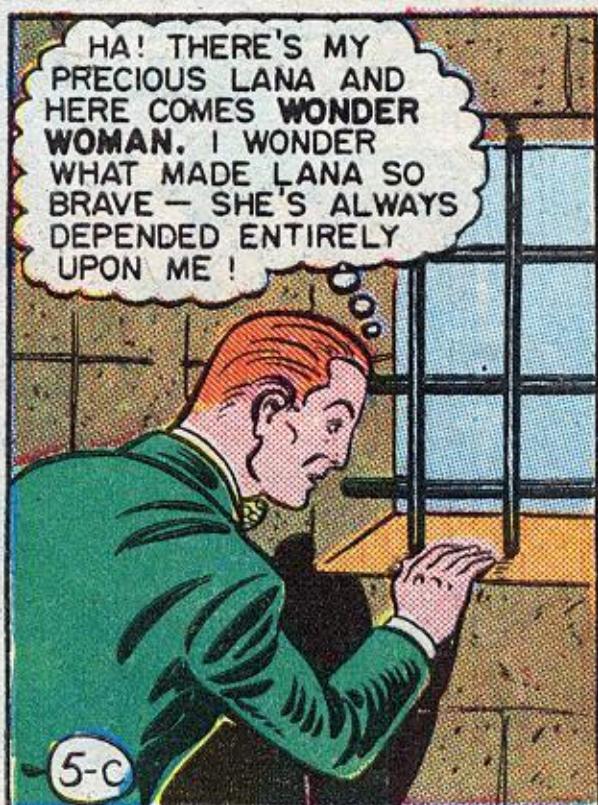
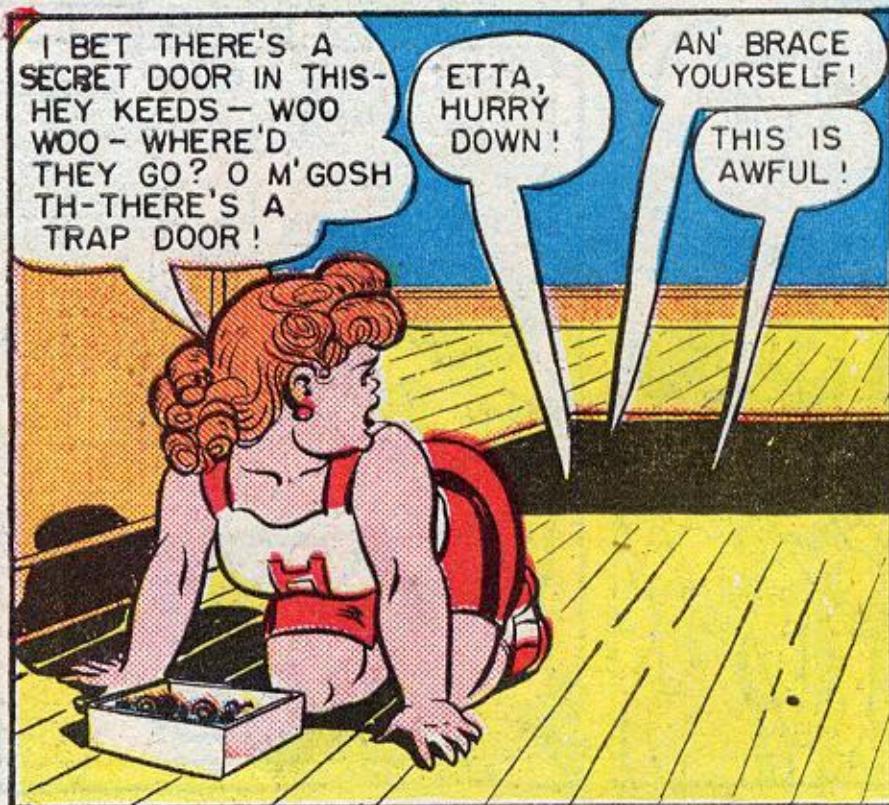
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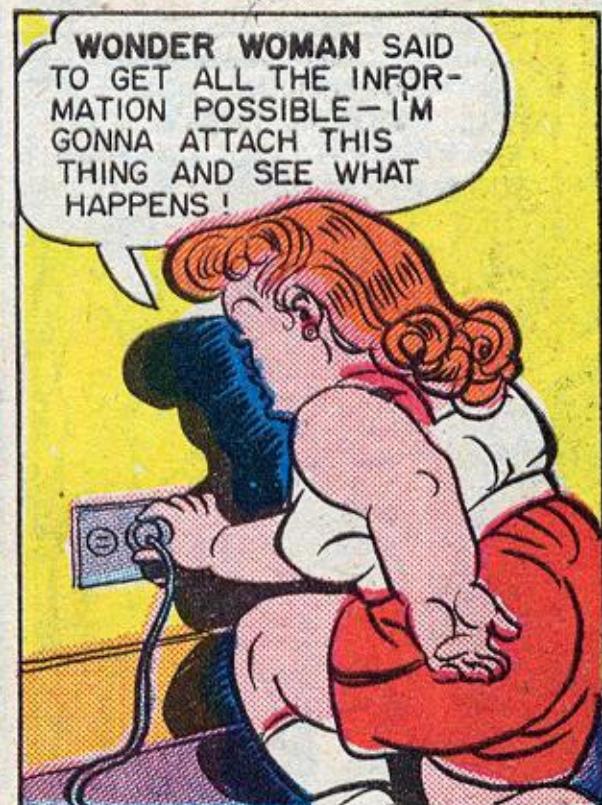
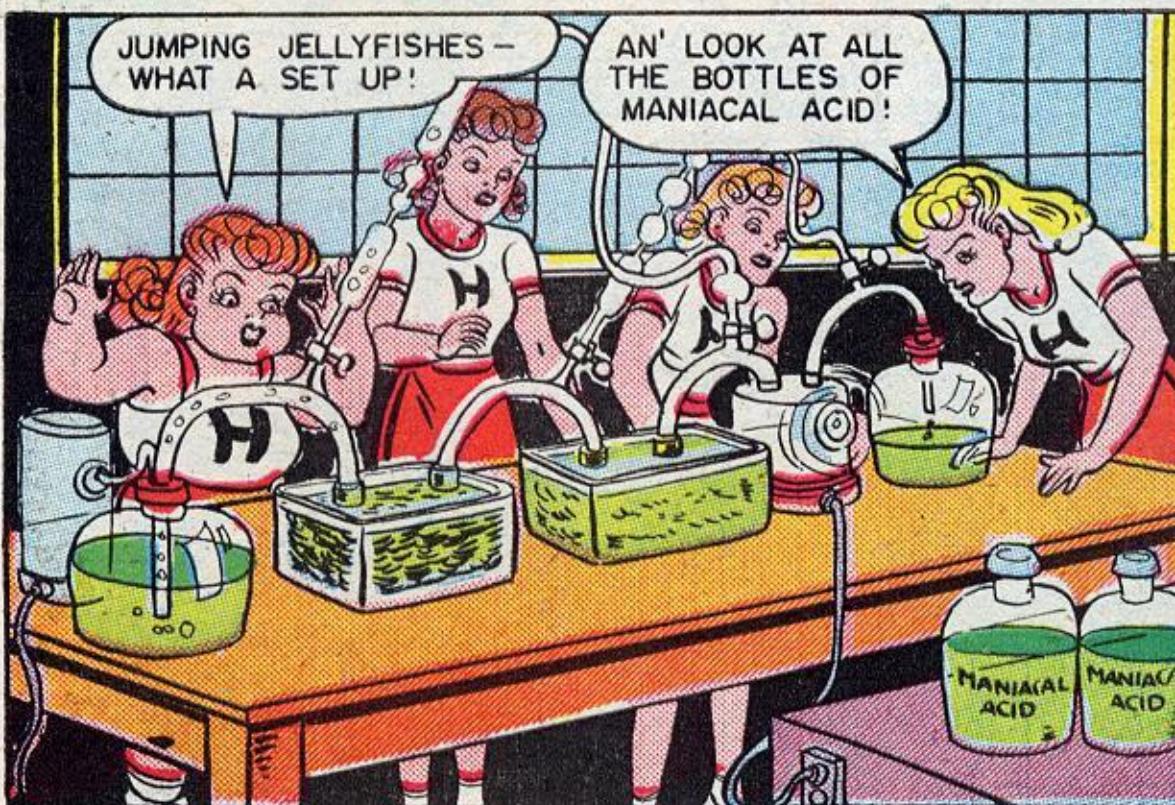
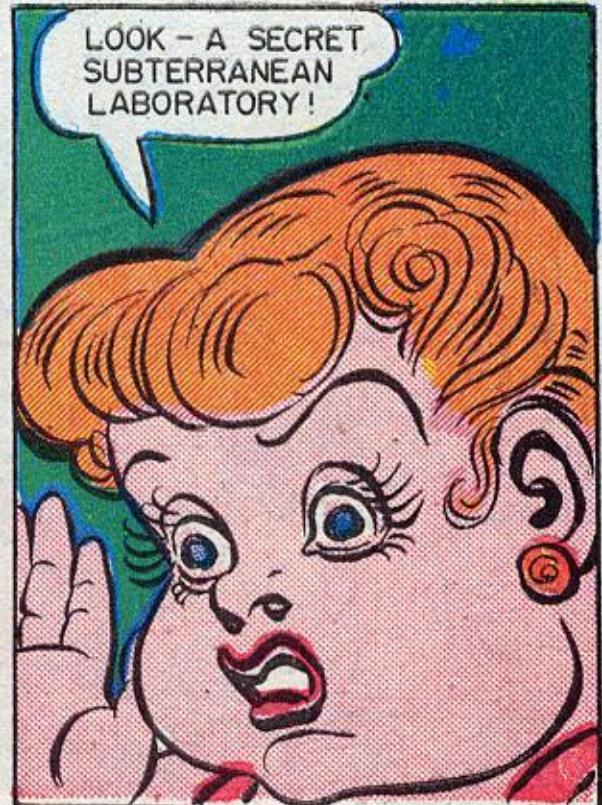
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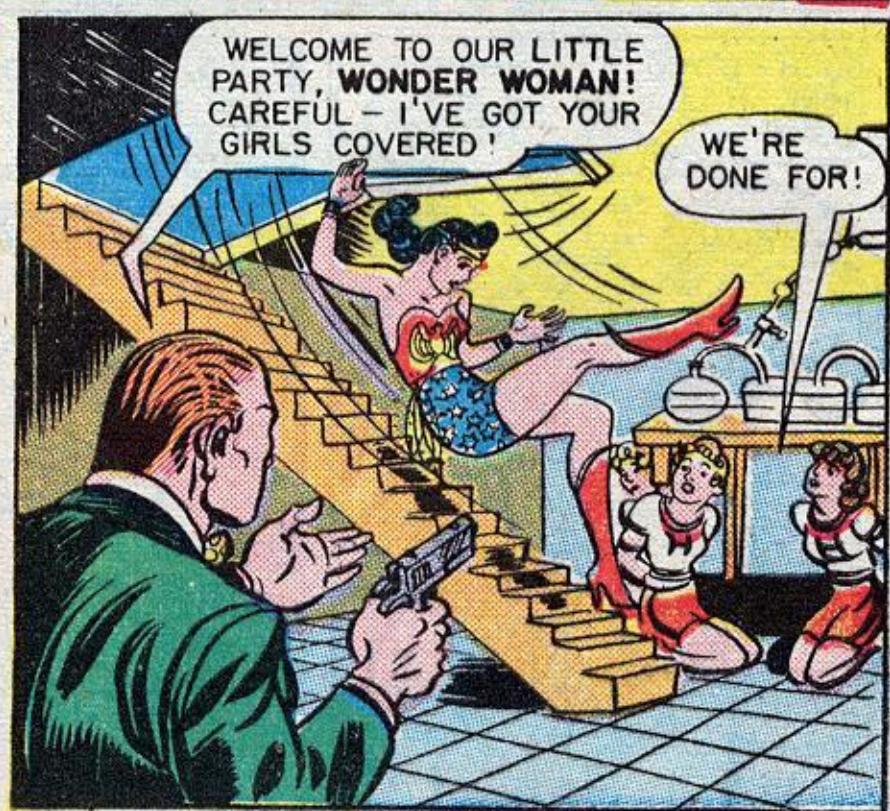
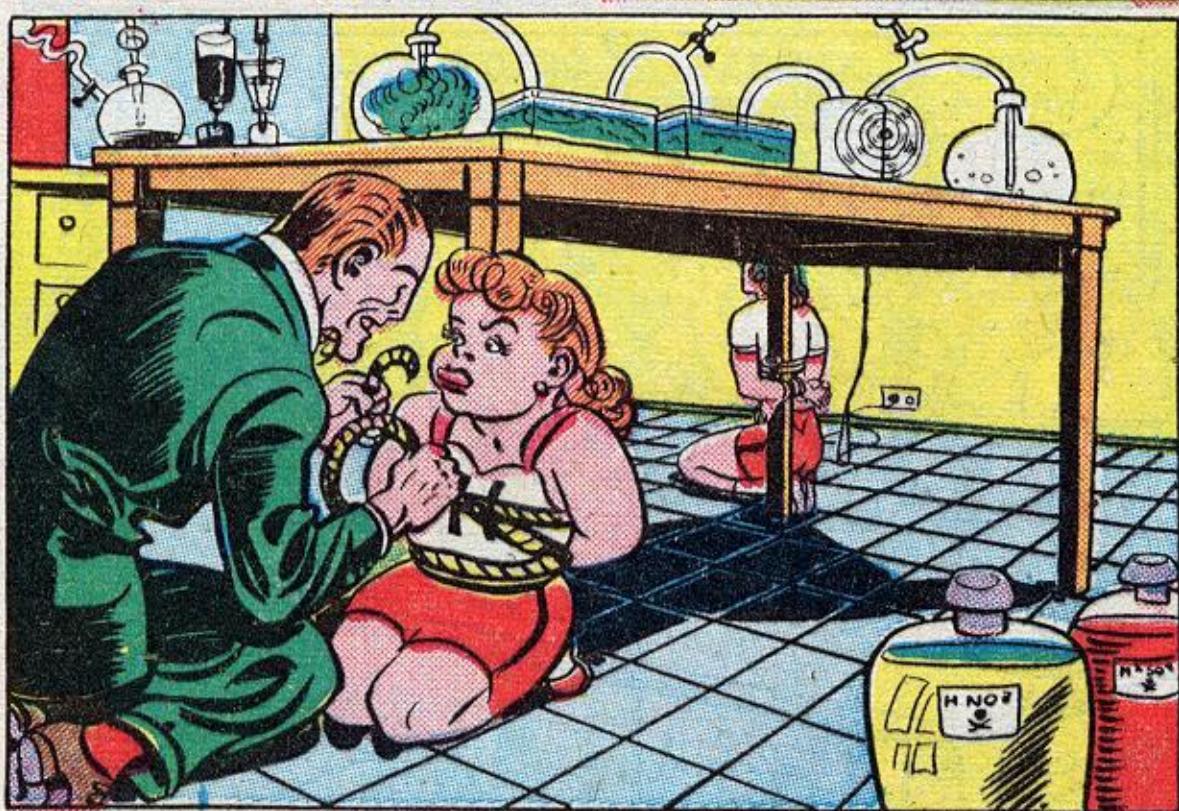
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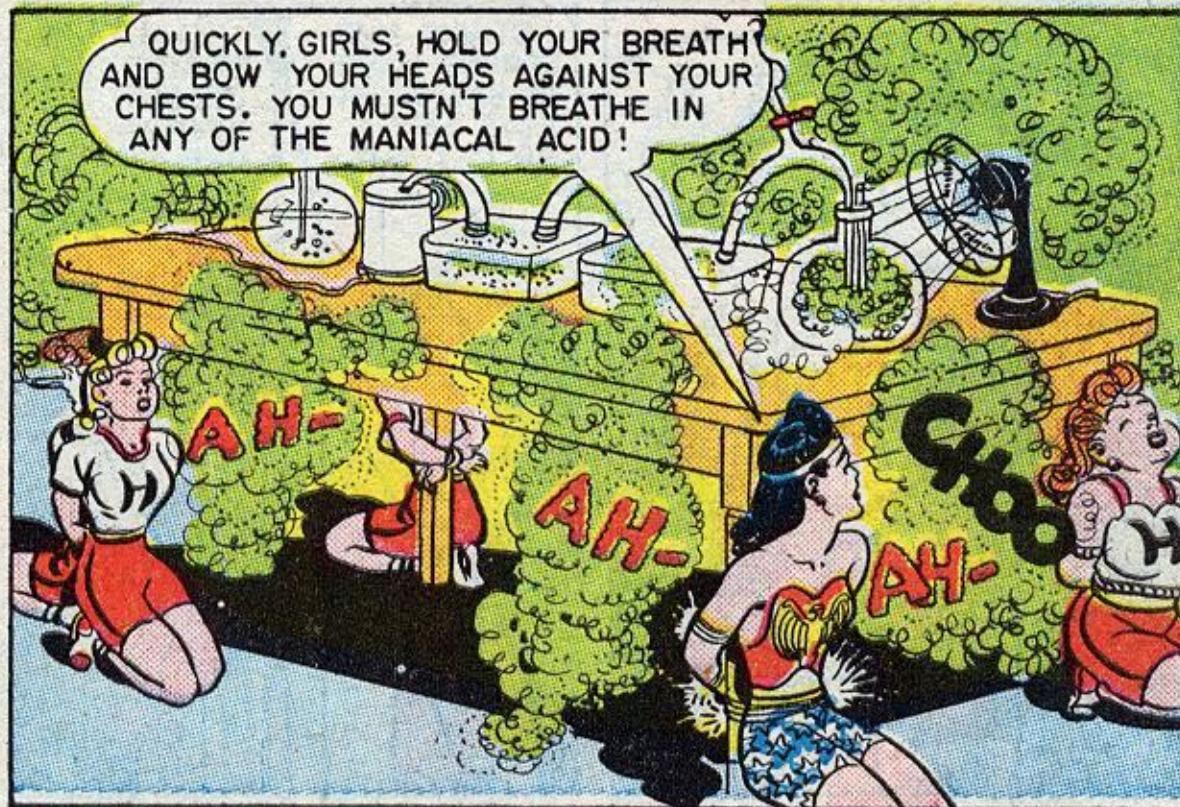
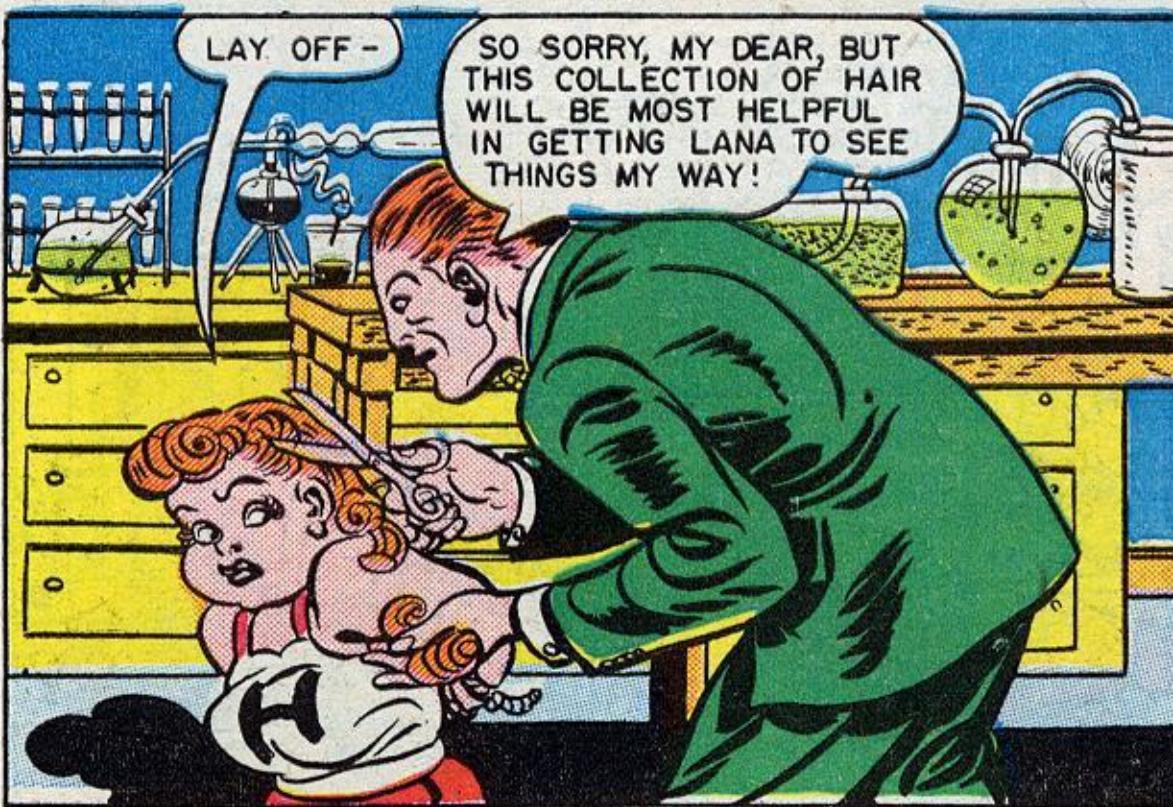
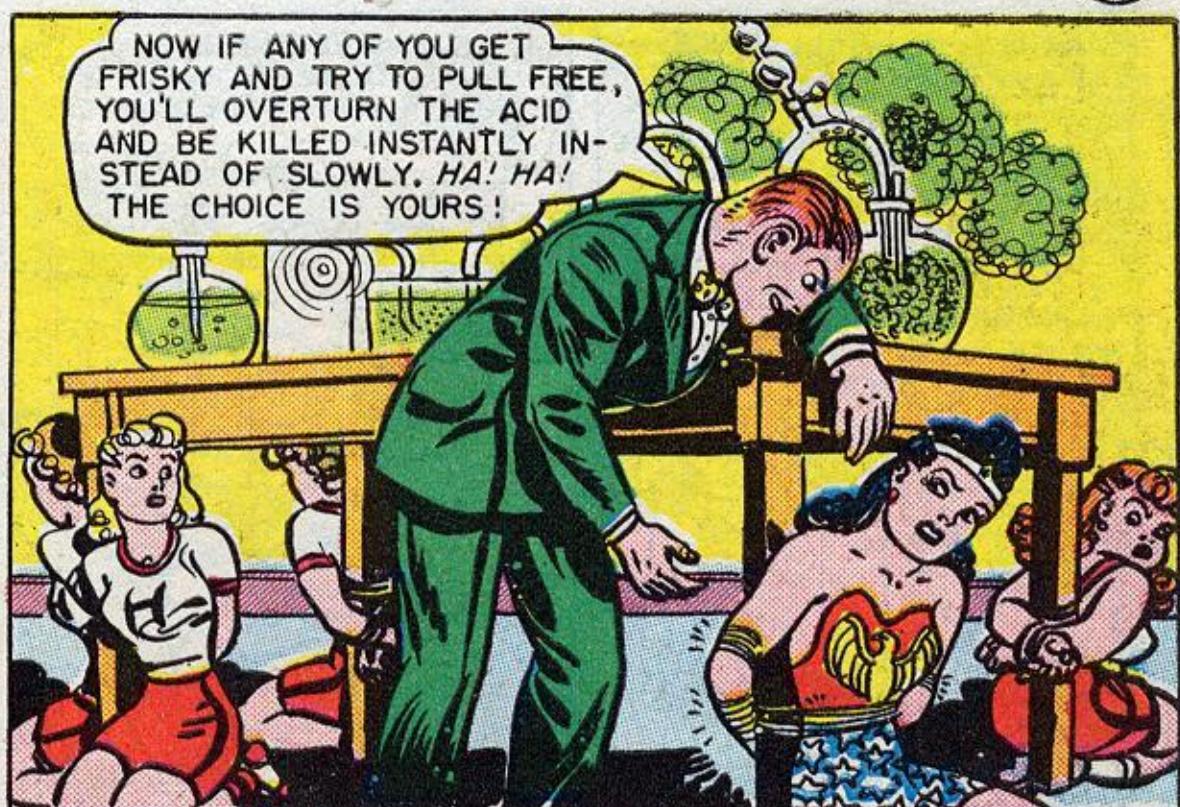
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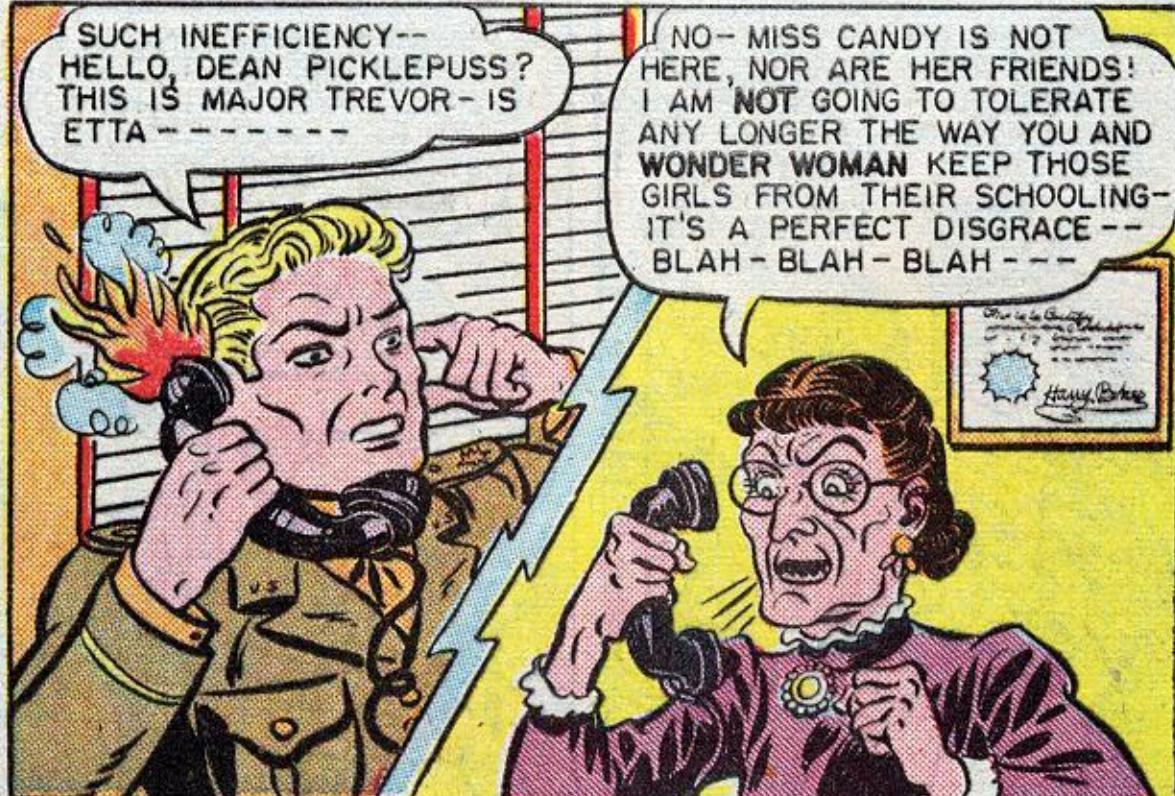
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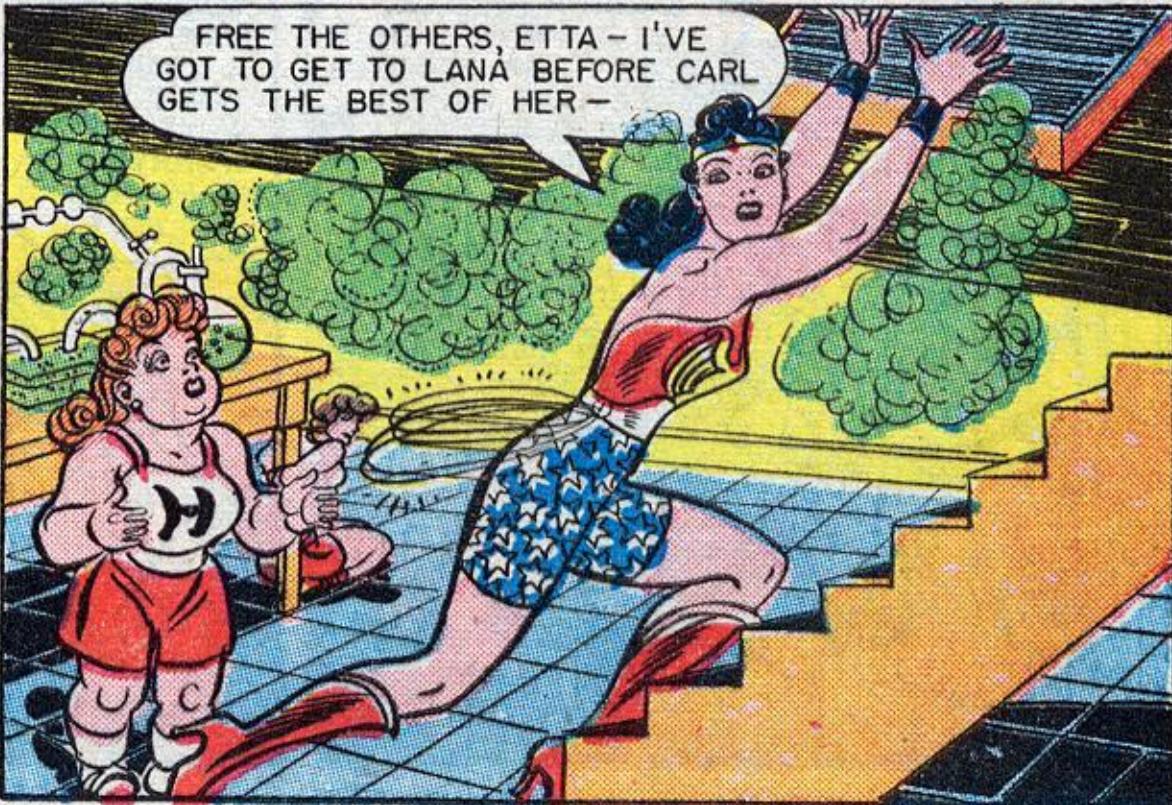
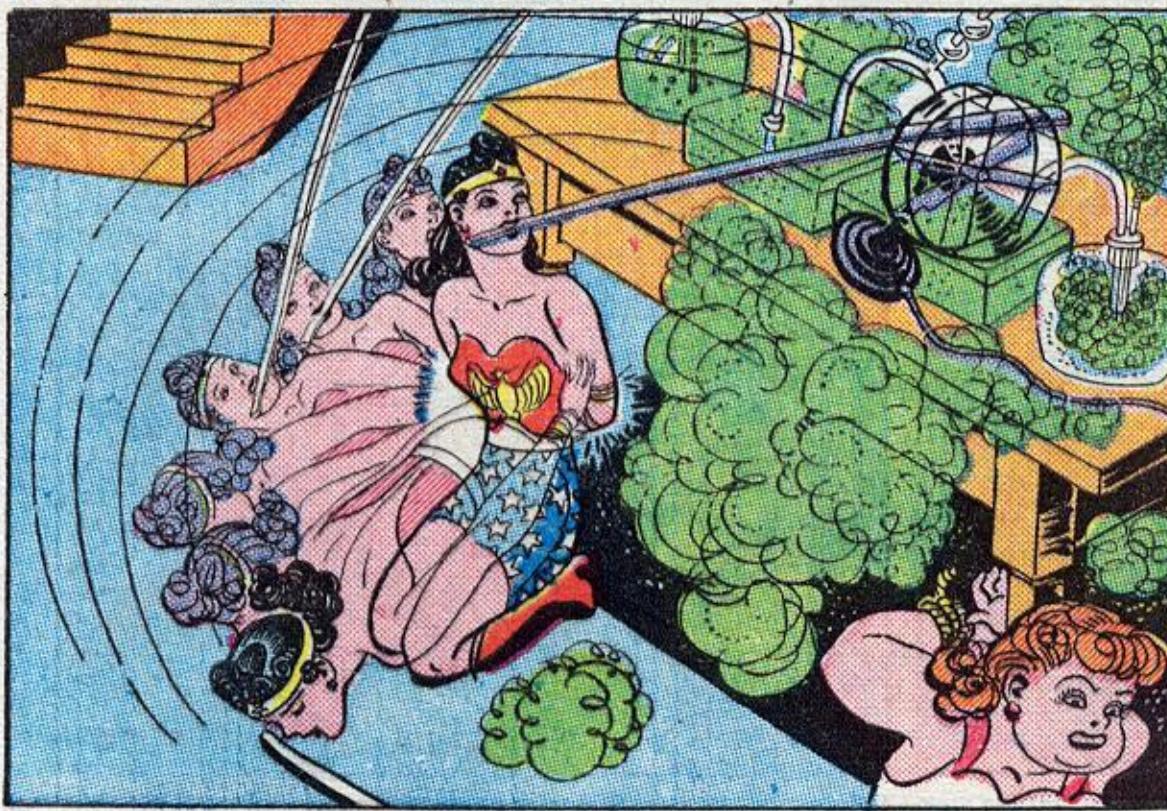
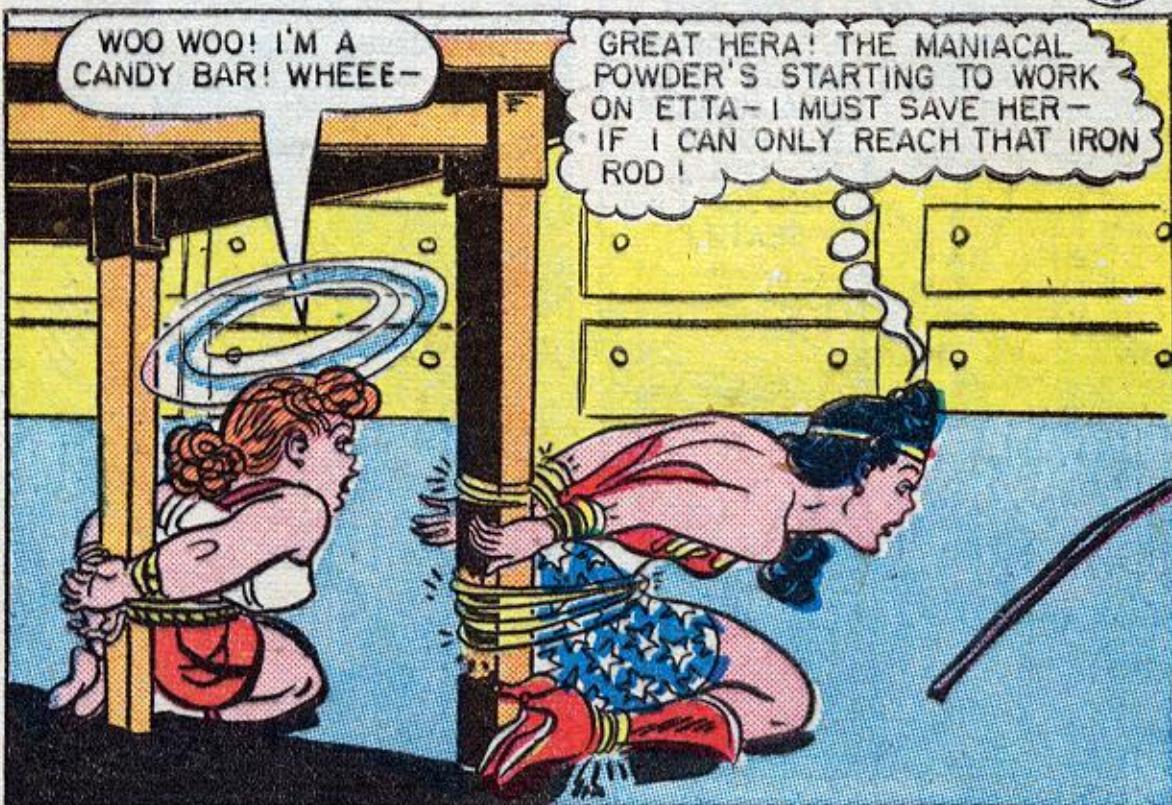
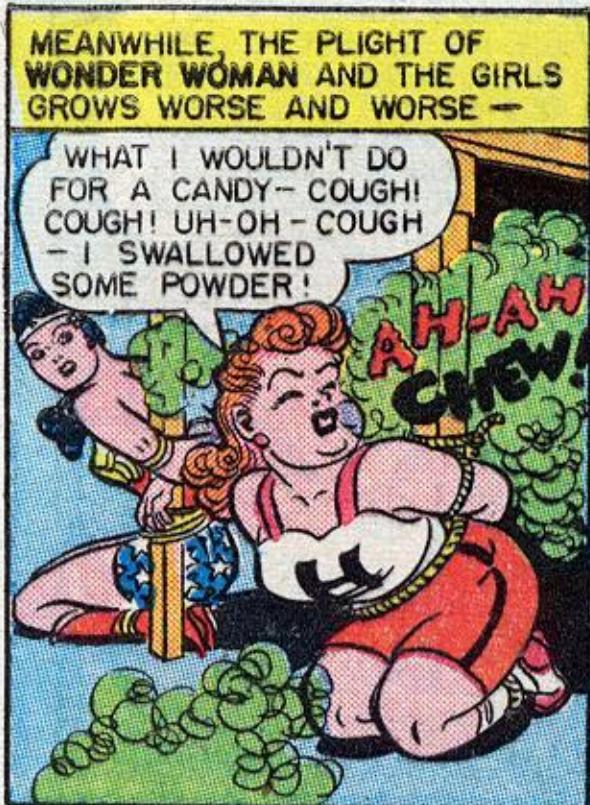


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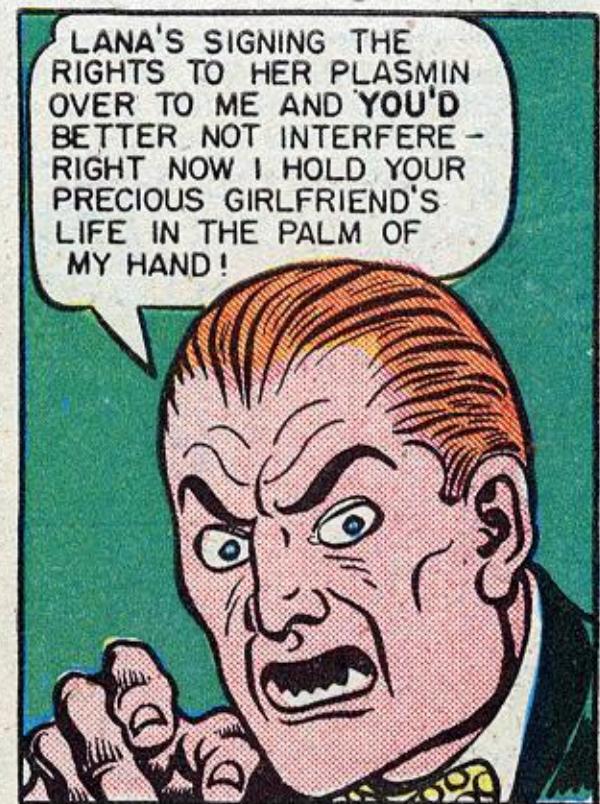




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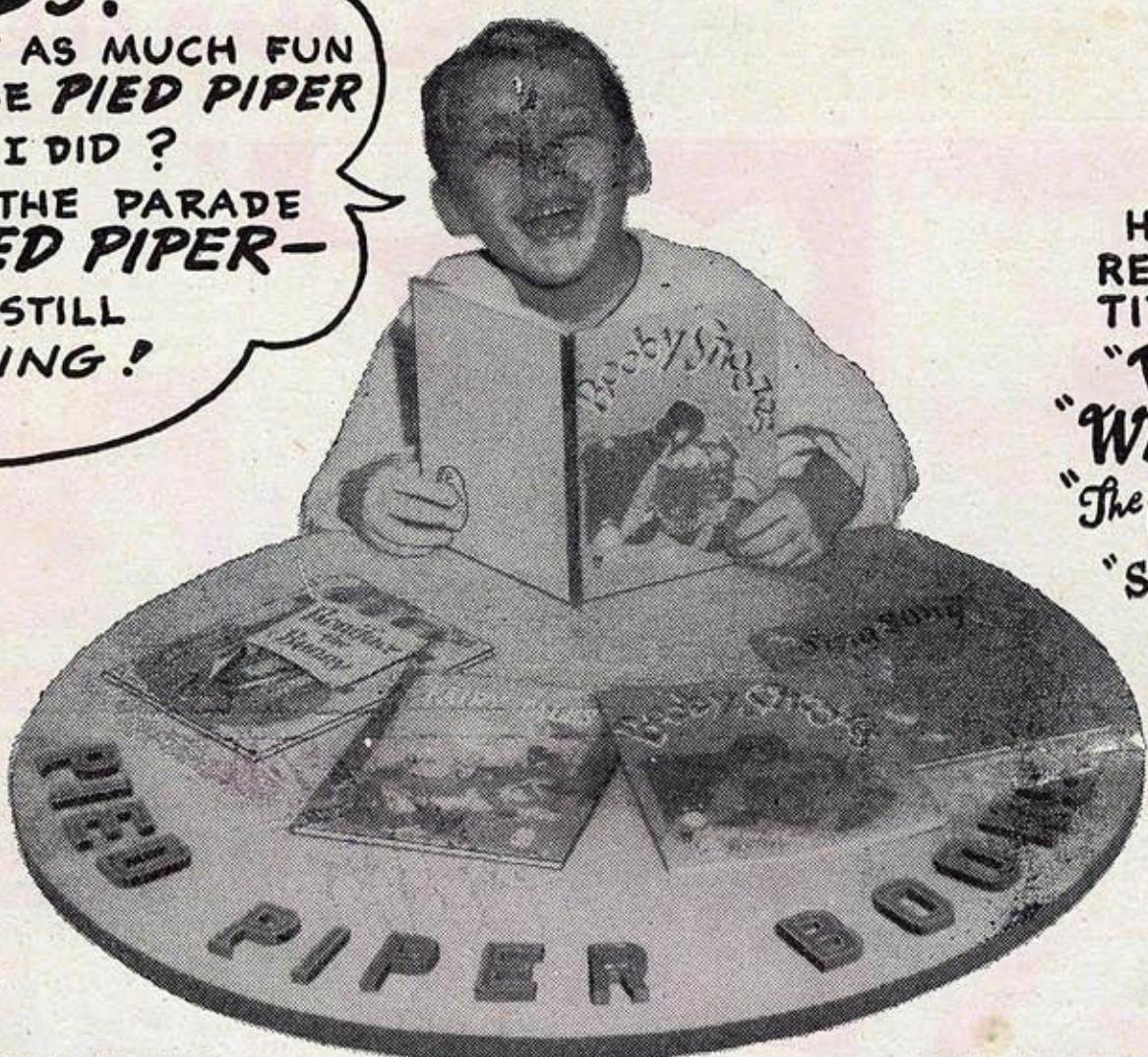
Wonder Woman



HEY, KIDS!

DID YOU GET AS MUCH FUN
OUT OF THESE **PIED PIPER**
BOOKS AS I DID?

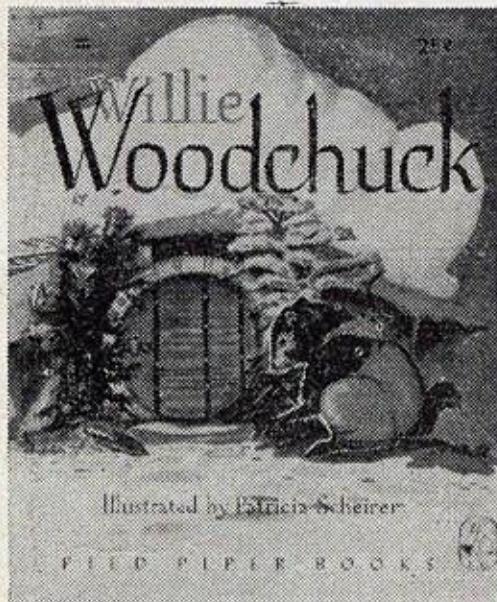
I JOINED THE PARADE
OF THE **PIED PIPER**—
AND I'M STILL
LAUGHING!



HAVE YOU
READ THESE
TITLES YET?

"*Pandora*"
"*What Am I?*"
"*The DANCING GOAT*"
"*SOME DAY*"

ASK YOUR
NEWS-
DEALER
FOR THEM!

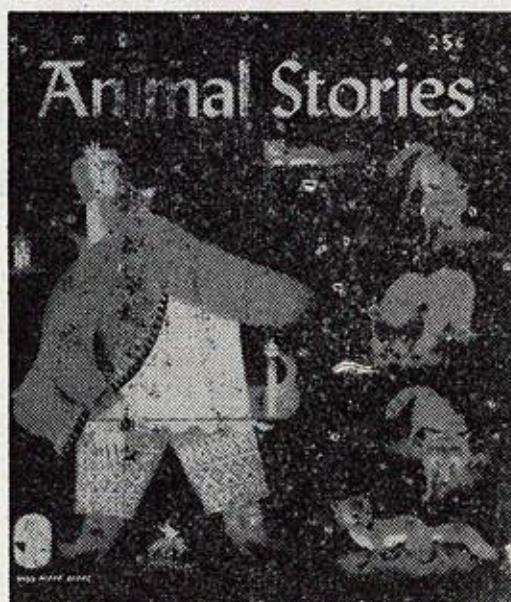
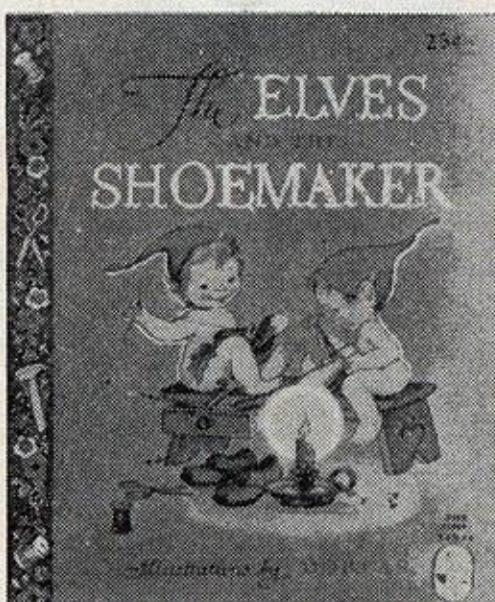
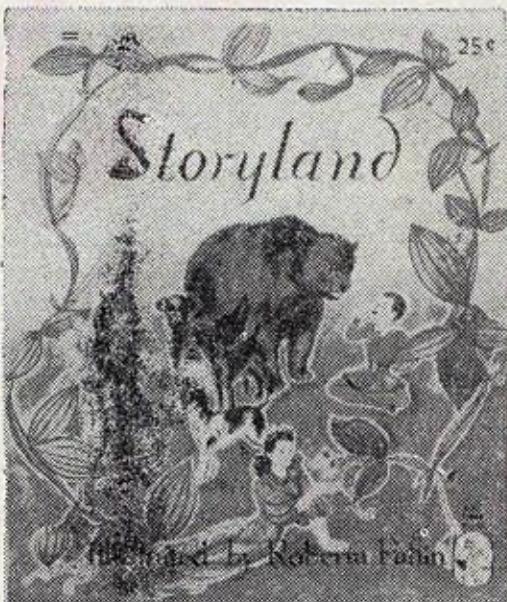


HERE
ARE
THE LATEST
PIED PIPER
BOOKS-

Don't miss them!



THEY'RE
ON SALE
AT YOUR
DEALERS
NOW!

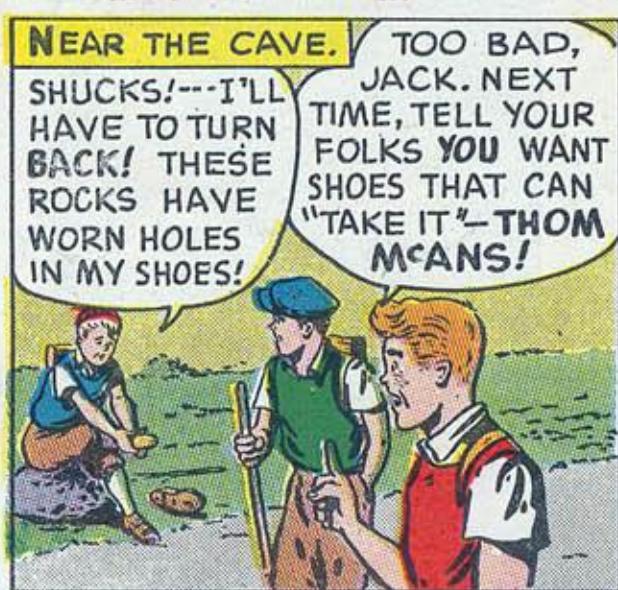
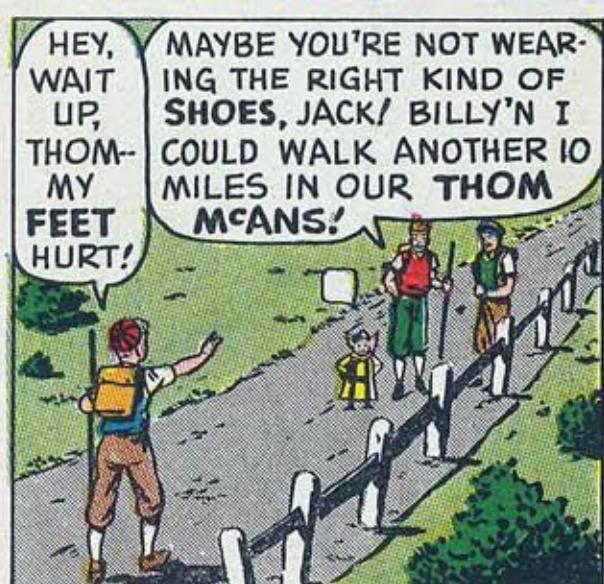
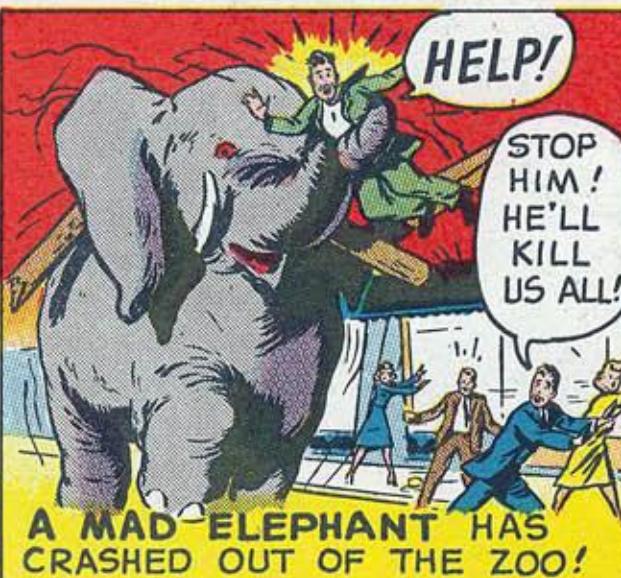


*Follow the **PIED PIPER** and join the **PARADE** of **FUN!***

HOW THOM MCAN

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

TRAPPED THE MAD ELEPHANT



AS THOM AND BILLY PREPARE TO ENTER THE CAVE, JACK CAN'T BE WITH THEM TO SHARE THEIR FUN. IF YOU ALWAYS WANT TO BE "IN ON THE FUN", INDOORS OR OUTDOORS, DON'T BE CARELESS THE WAY JACK WAS IN YOUR CHOICE OF SHOES. TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU WANT "THOM MCANS"!



Thom McAn

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