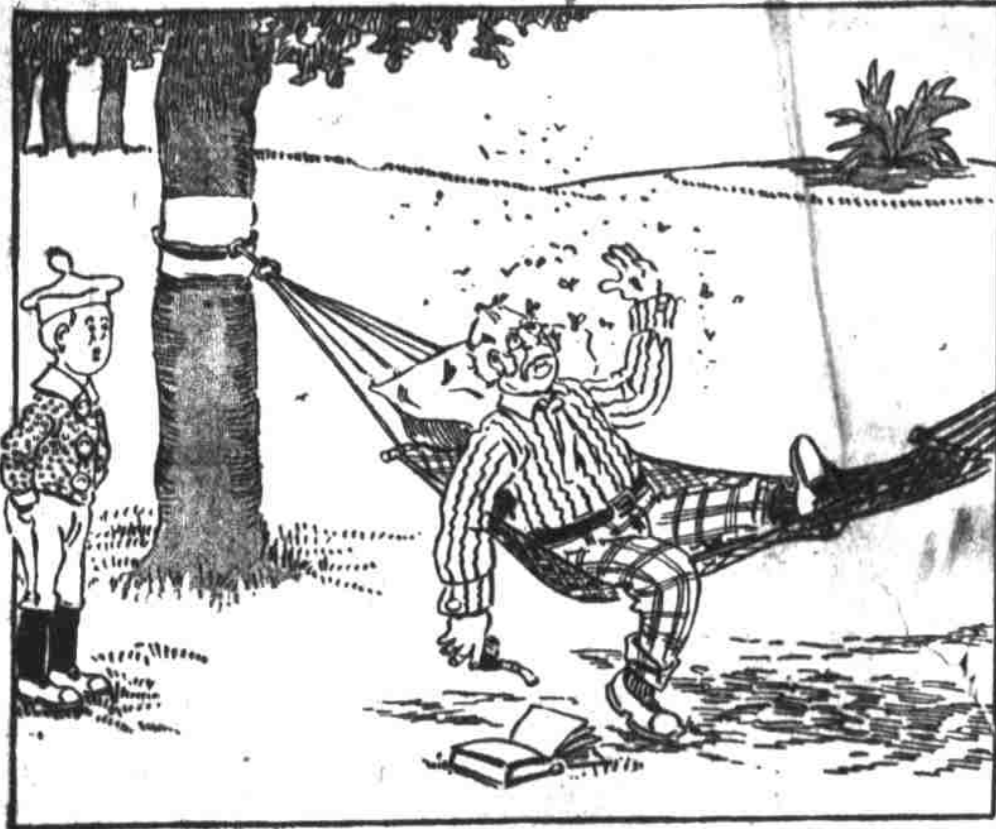
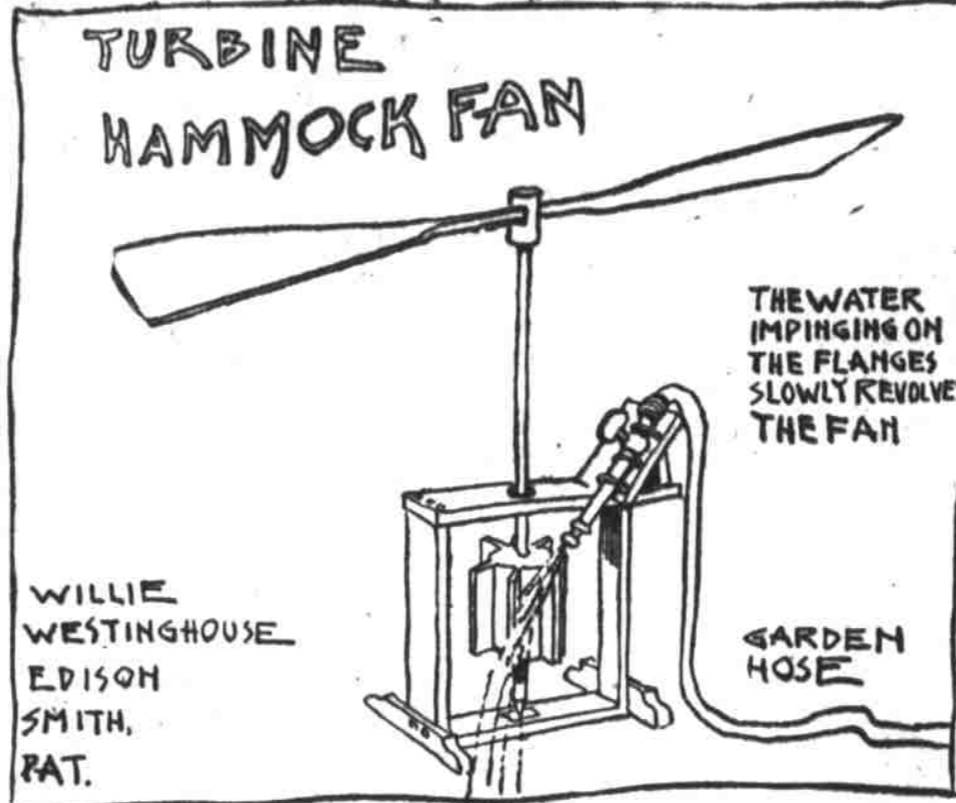


# WILLIE INVENTS A SCIENTIFIC FAN



Dear Tommy—The mosquitoes are awtully botnersome here. They pester old Mr. Jones almost to death.



WILLIE WESTINGHOUSE, EDISON SMITH, RAT.

TURBINE HAMMOCK FAN  
THE WATER IMPINGING ON THE FLANGES SLOWLY REVOLVES THE FAN  
GARDEN HOSE

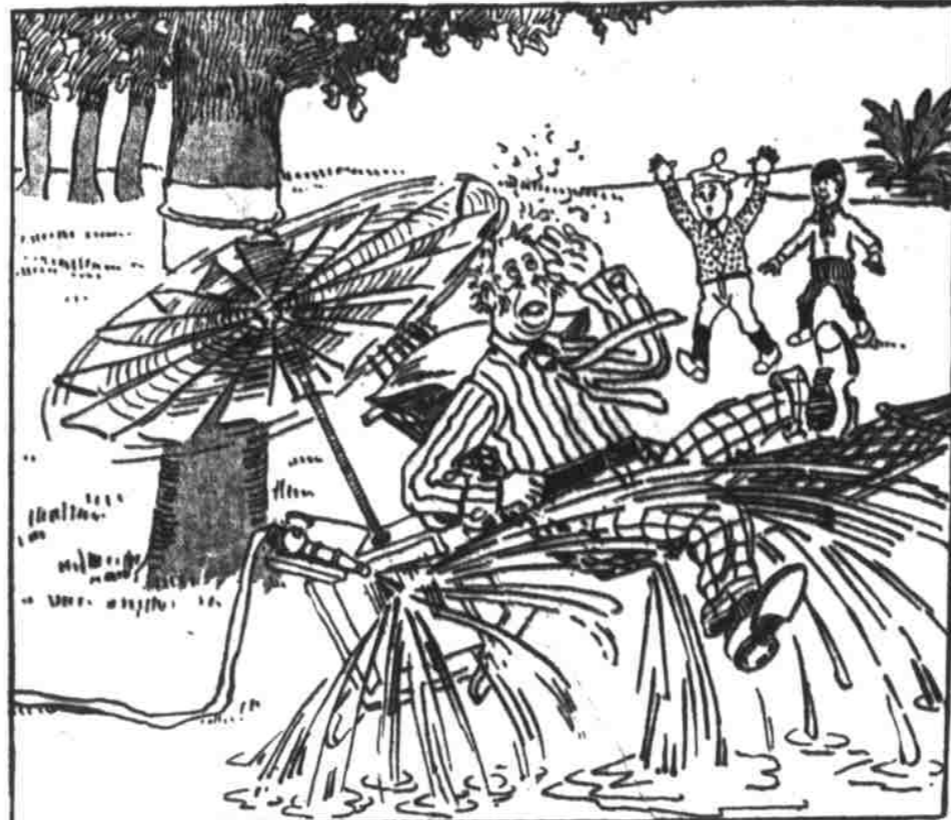
This is a new kind of fan I made for him.



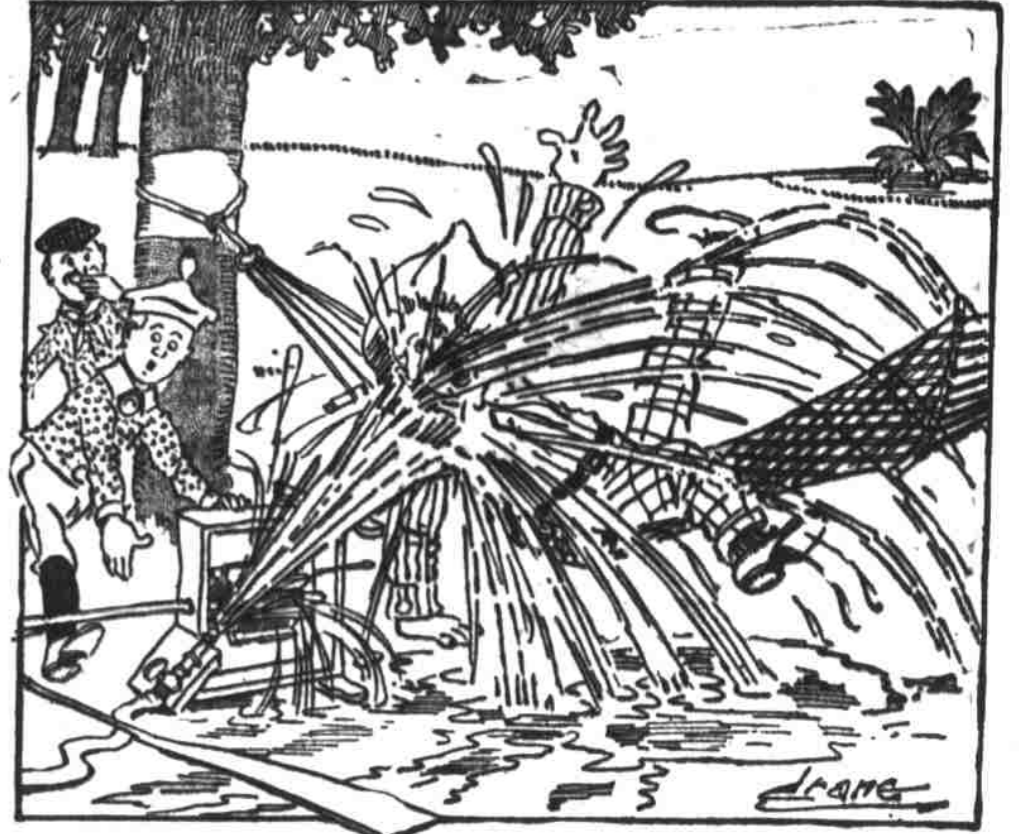
It worked fine and blew all the mosquitoes away from the hammock.



But Mr. Jones fell asleep—



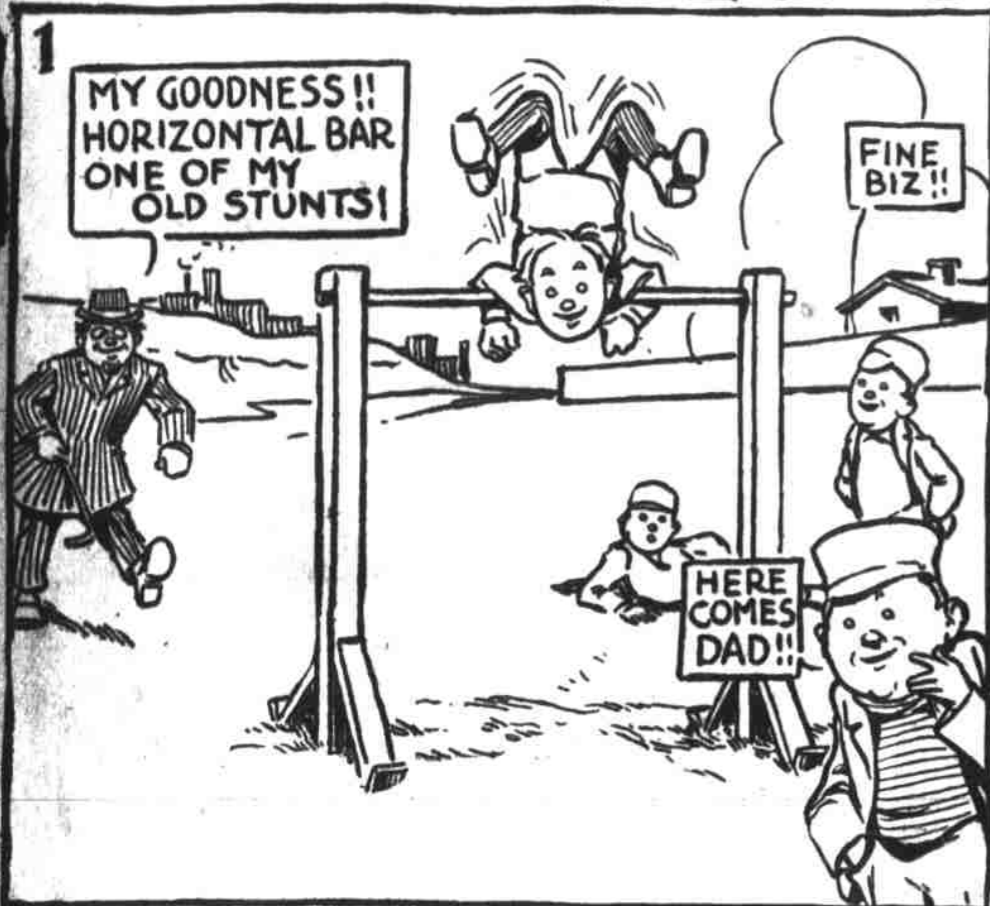
And the fan caught in his hair.



Of course, Mr. Jones got soaked, and blamed me for it. Yours, Willie.



# WHEN DAD WAS A BOY--HE! HE!



1 MY GOODNESS!! HORIZONTAL BAR ONE OF MY OLD STUNTS!

FINE BIZ!!

HERE COMES DAD!!



2

SAY BOYS WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ME ACT ON THE BAR?

WAIT!



3

I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING NEW THAT I DID WHEN A BOY!!!

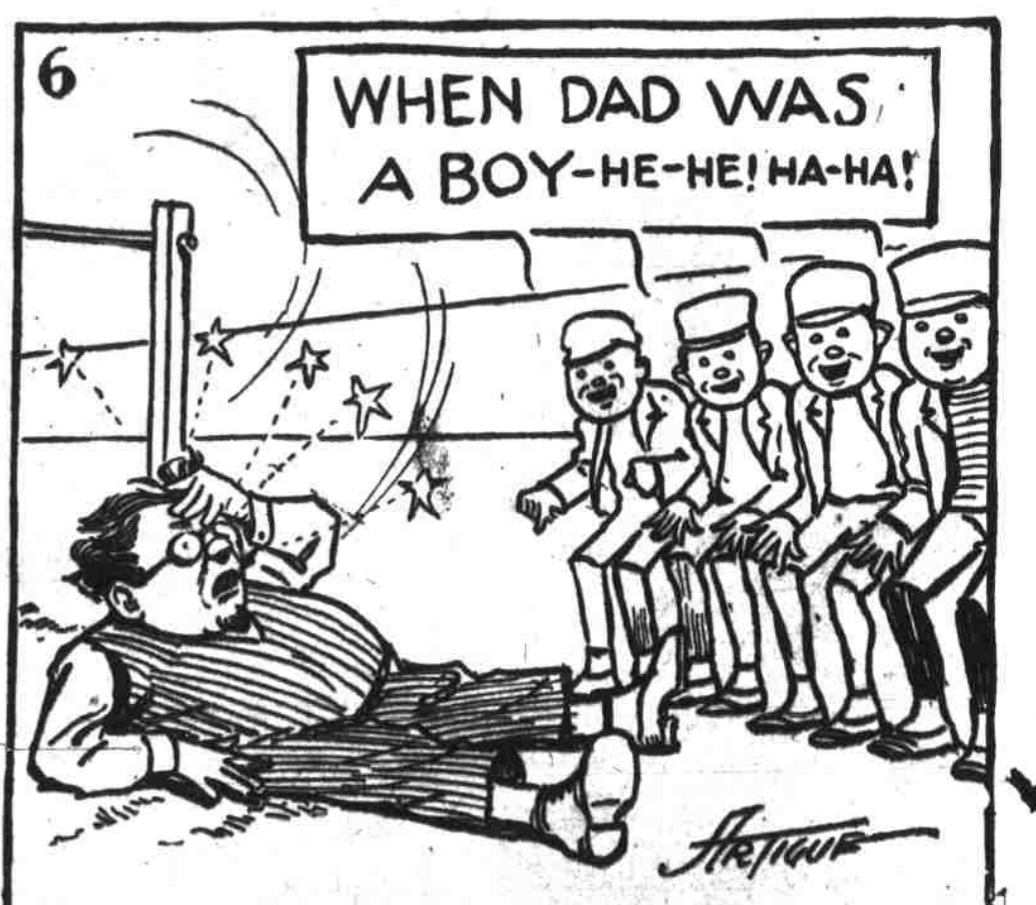


4 TAKE AWAY THE BOX QUICK!! NOW A FEW TURNS



5

LOOK OUT!!



6 WHEN DAD WAS A BOY--HE-HE! HA-HA!

ST. JOHN