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10¢

America's **BEST** COMICS

NO. 20

Featuring

THE BLACK TERROR

THE FIGHTING YANK

DOC STRANGE

PYROMAN



AT THE HEAD OF THE PARADE...
THE BEST COMICS IN AMERICA!

THEY'RE
ALWAYS
UP IN
FRONT!

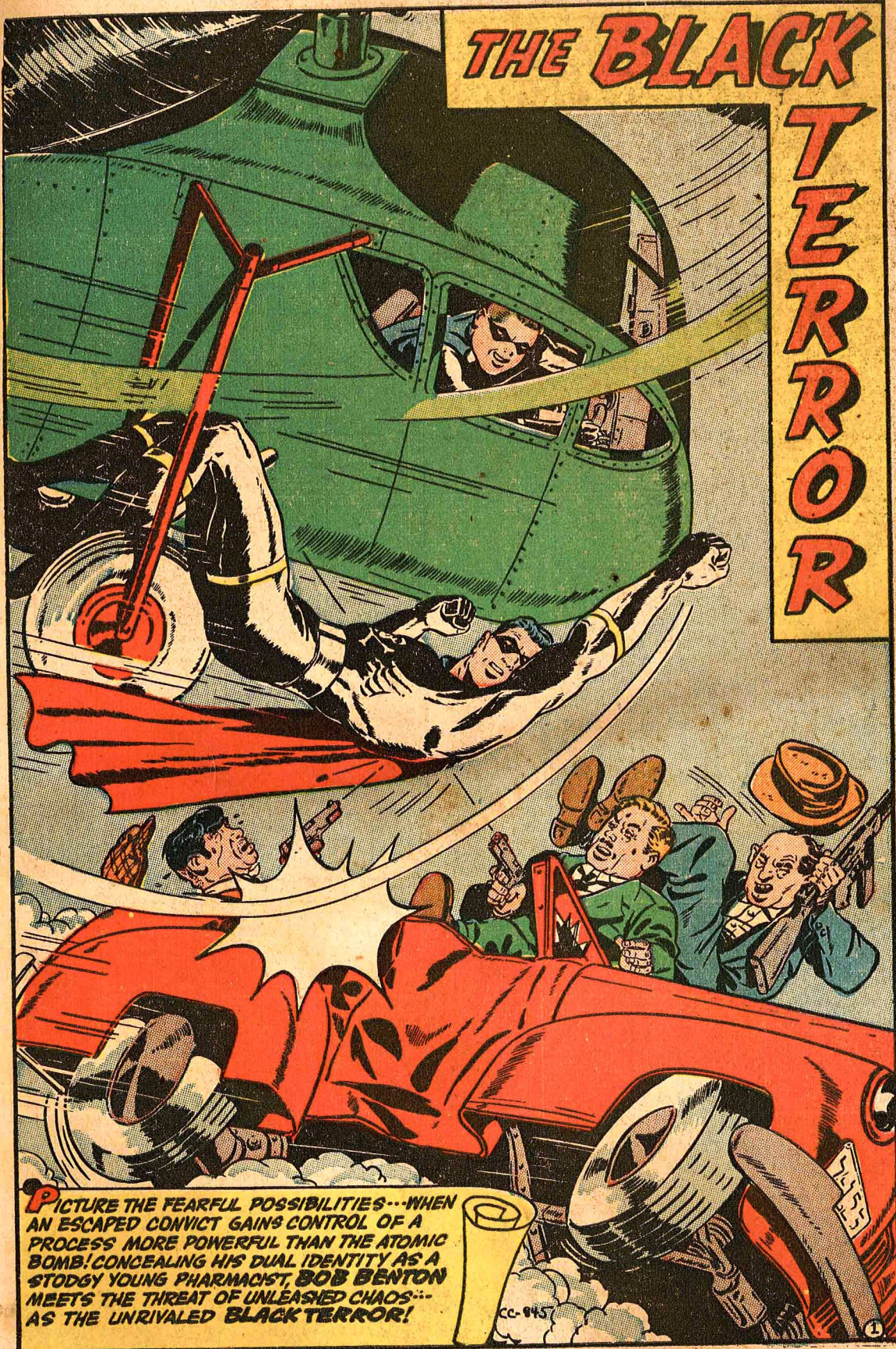
MAYOR'S
REVIEWING STAND

FOR THRILLS...
AND CHILLS...
FOR LAFFS AND CHUCKLES
READ THESE GREAT
COMICS!

Each
10¢
At
All Stands

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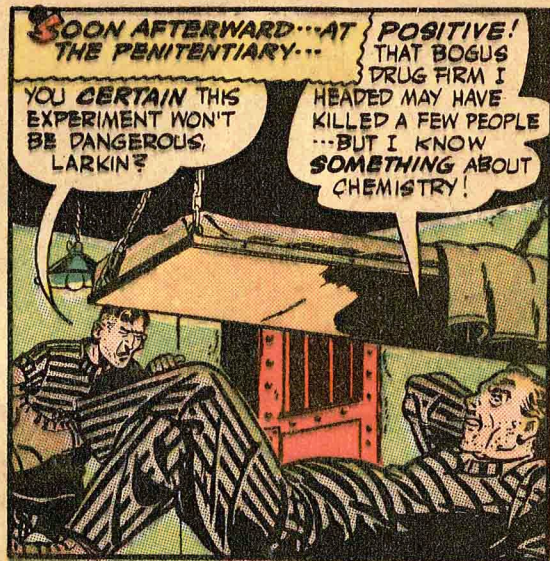
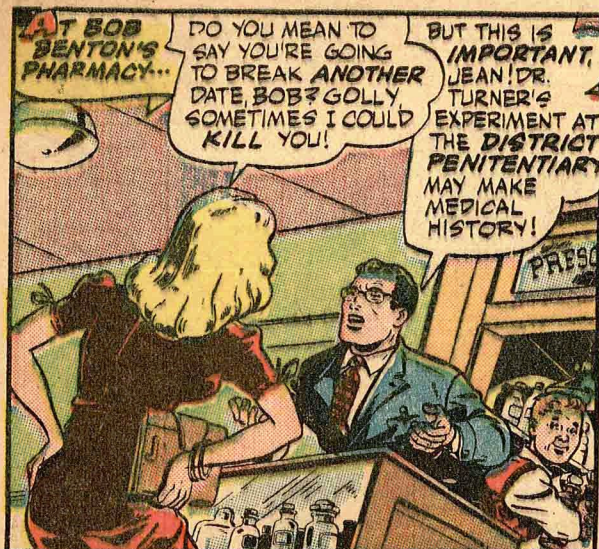
THE BLACK TERROR



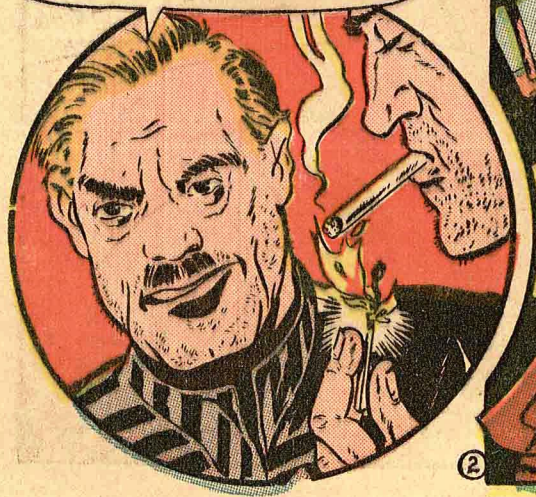
PICTURE THE FEARFUL POSSIBILITIES...WHEN AN ESCAPED CONVICT GAINS CONTROL OF A PROCESS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE ATOMIC BOMB! CONCEALING HIS DUAL IDENTITY AS A STODGY YOUNG PHARMACIST, BOB BENTON MEETS THE THREAT OF UNLEASHED CHAOS... AS THE UNRIVALED BLACK TERROR!

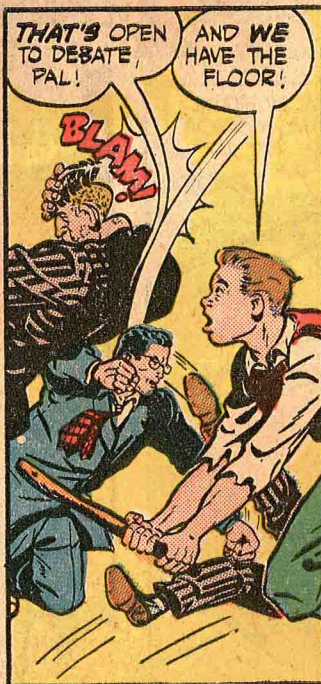
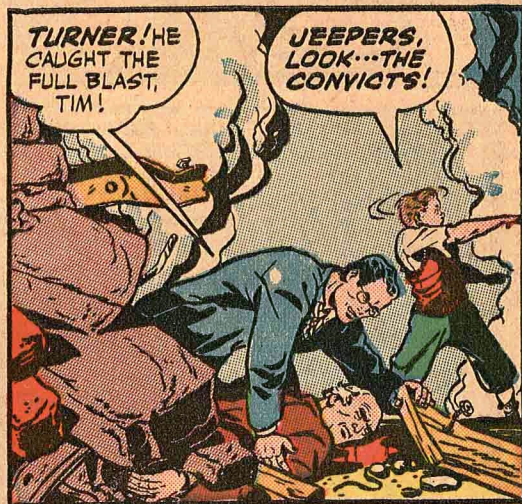
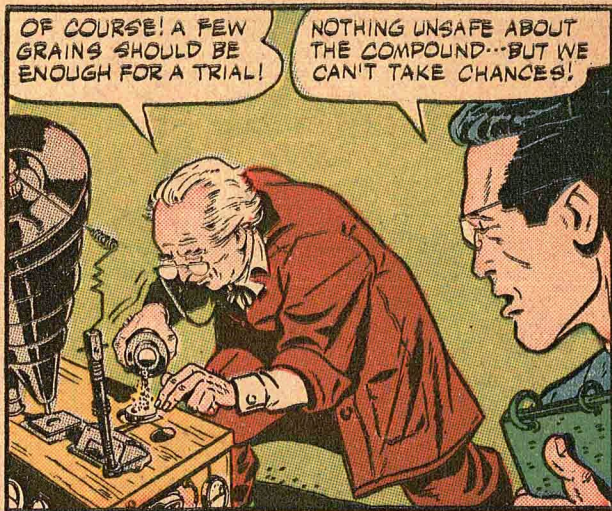
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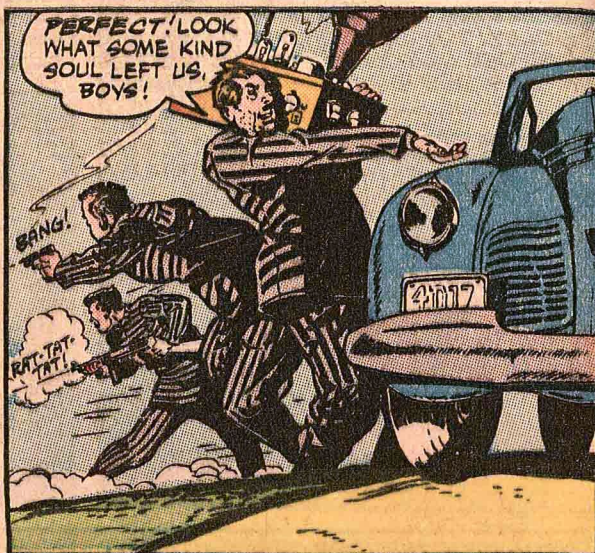
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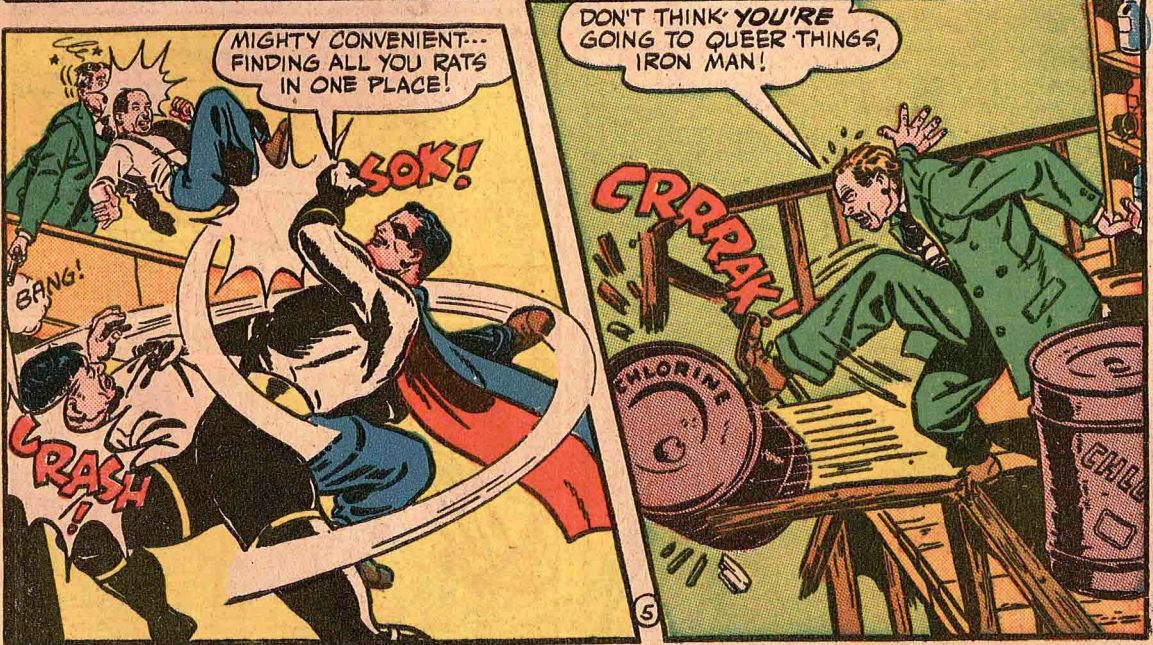
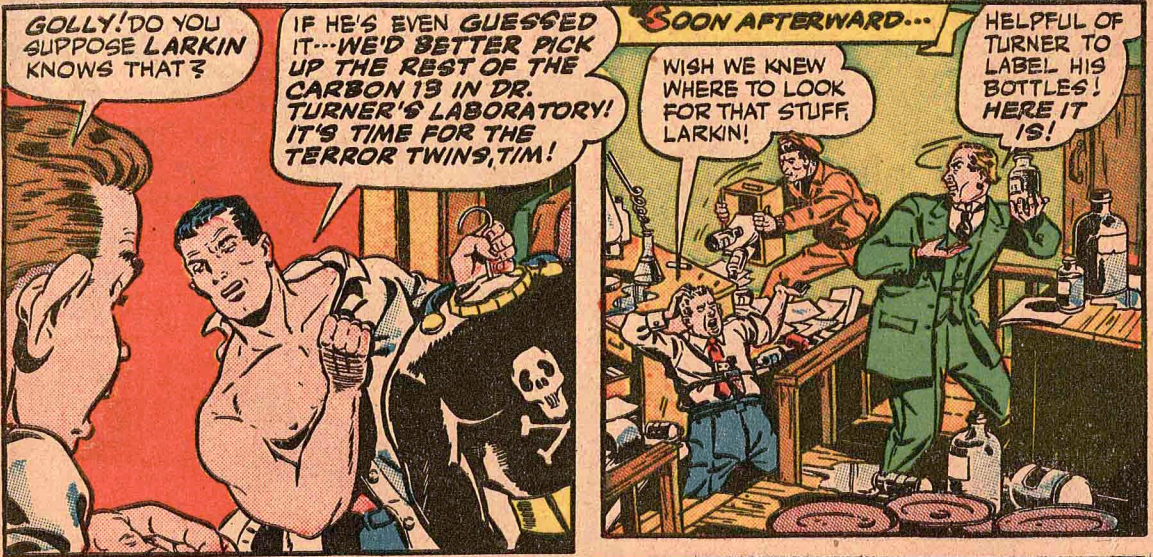


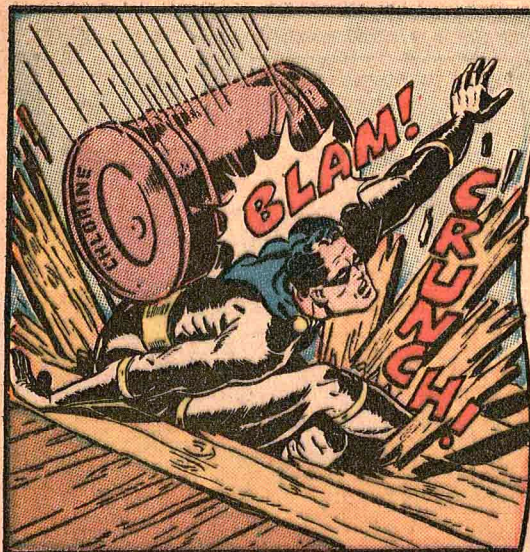
I DIDN'T VOLUNTEER FOR TURNER'S EXPERIMENT OUT OF BROTHERLY LOVE! THERE'S A CHANCE TO GET THE LOWDOWN ON HIS NEW DISCOVERY!





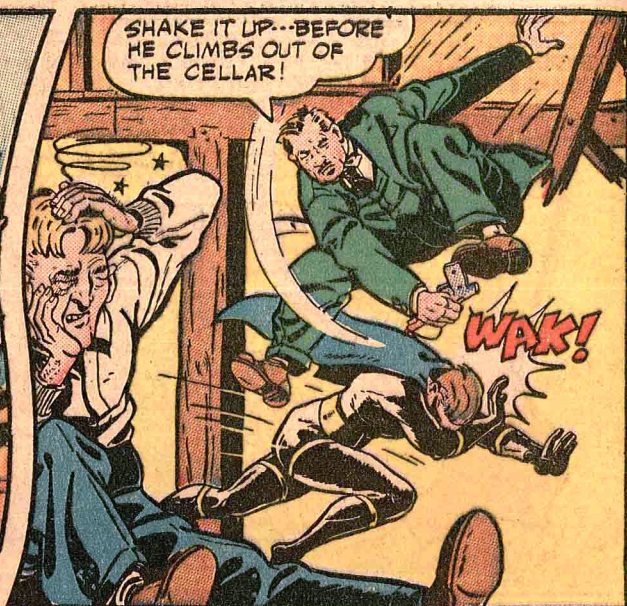






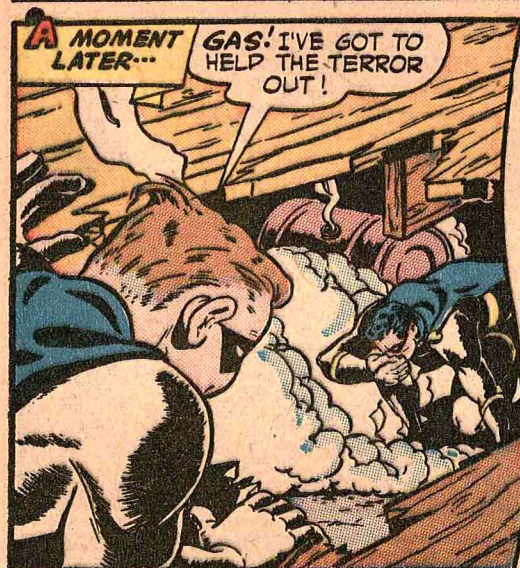
BLAM!

CRUNCH!



SHAKE IT UP...BEFORE HE CLIMBS OUT OF THE CELLAR!

WAK!



A MOMENT LATER...

GAS! I'VE GOT TO HELP THE TERROR OUT!



THIS PROVES LARKIN KNOWS (COUGH) ABOUT THE CARBON 13, TERROR!

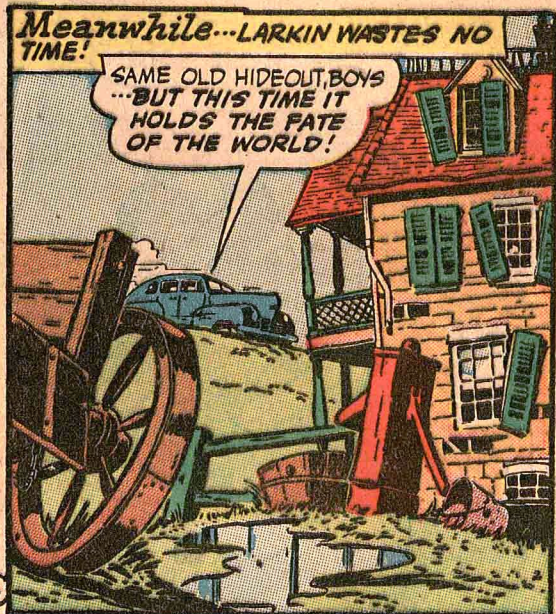
THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE IN THE WORLD IS IN HIS HAND...BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO STOP HIM! OH... THAT GAS...



IN BOB'S LABORATORY...

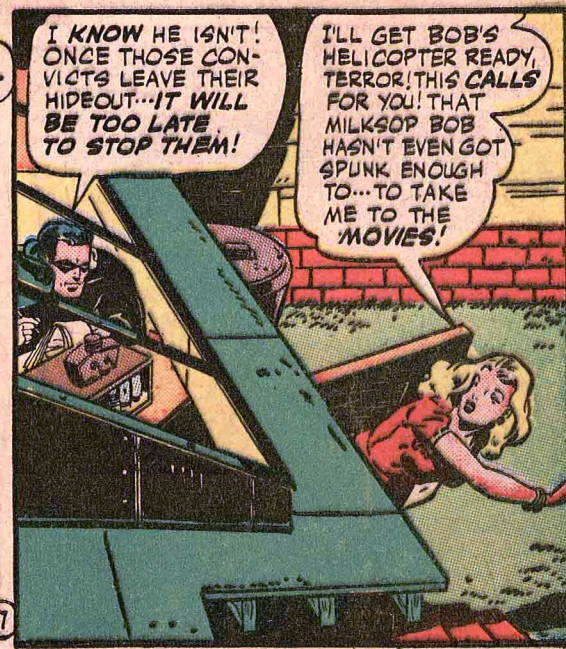
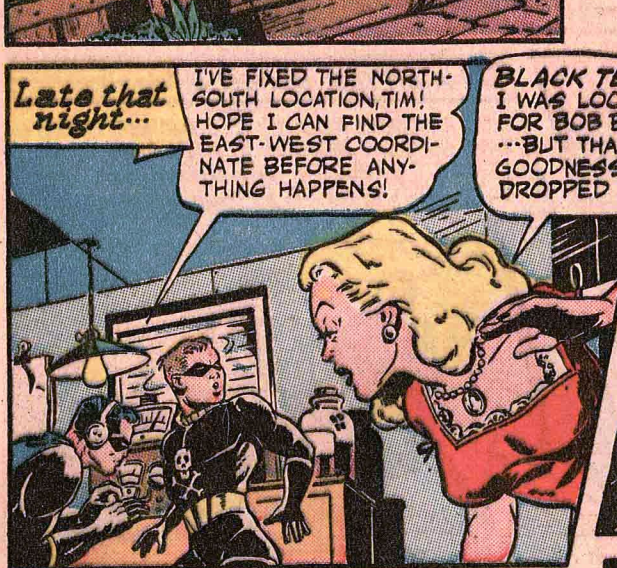
THEN YOU THINK THIS LOCATOR DEVICE USED BY PITCHBLENDE PROSPECTORS WILL HELP?

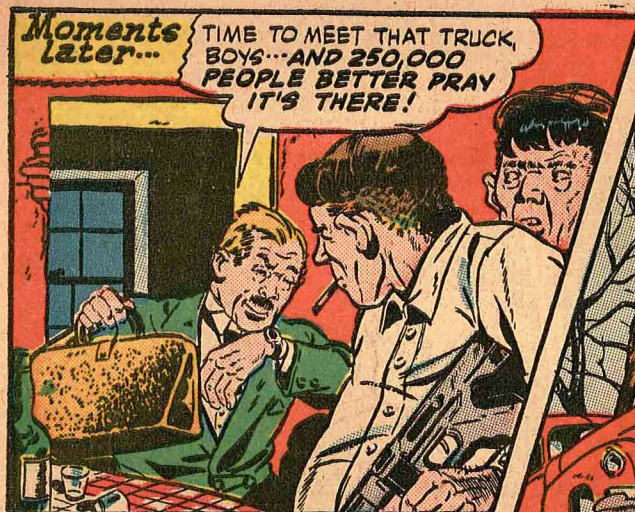
SINCE IT REGISTERS RADIOACTIVITY, TIM... WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGURE THE LOCATION OF LARKIN'S HIDEOUT WHEN HE USES THE RADON RAY!

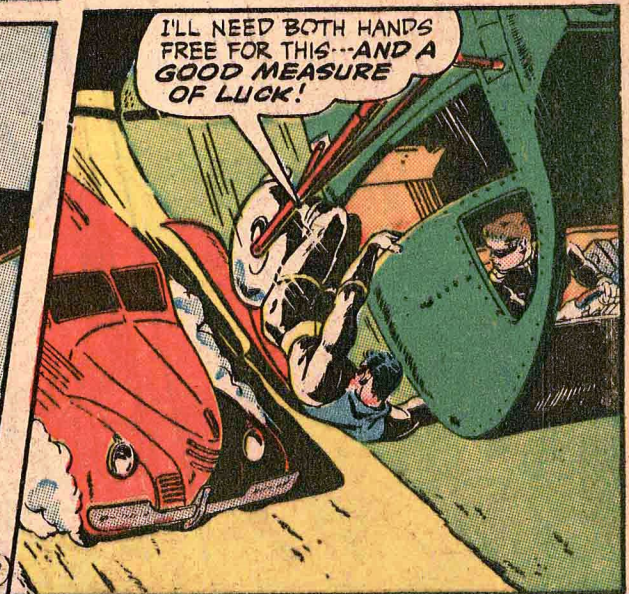
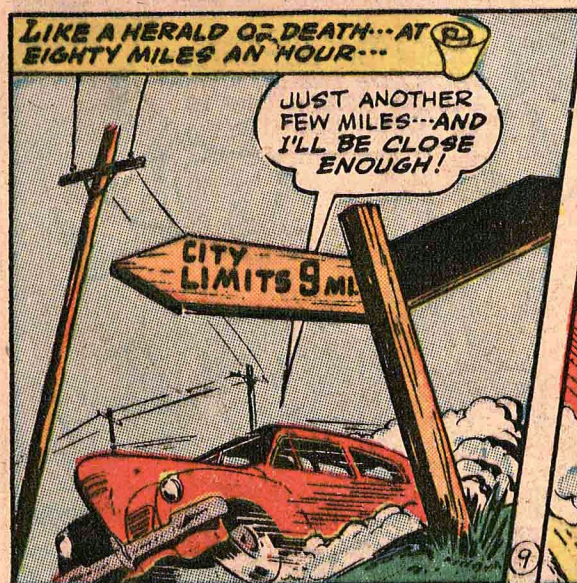
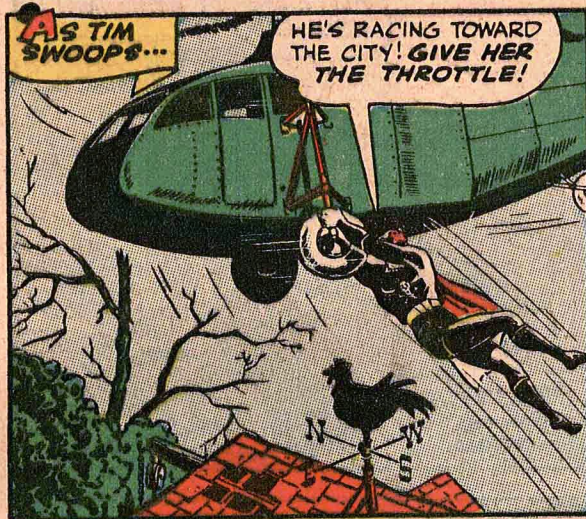


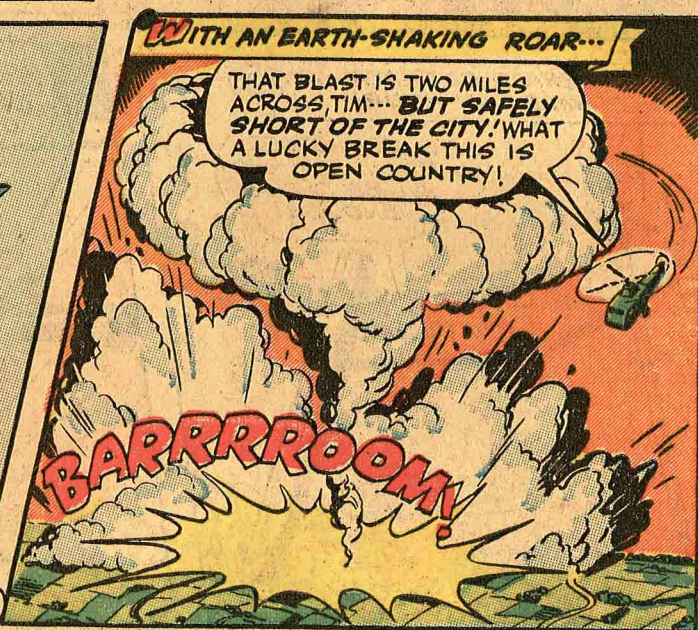
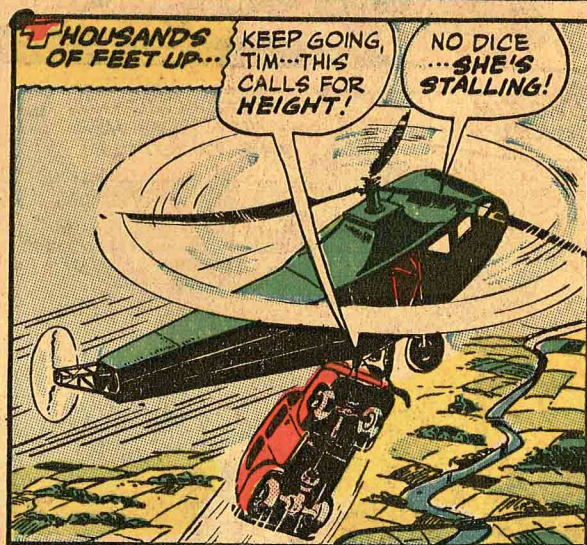
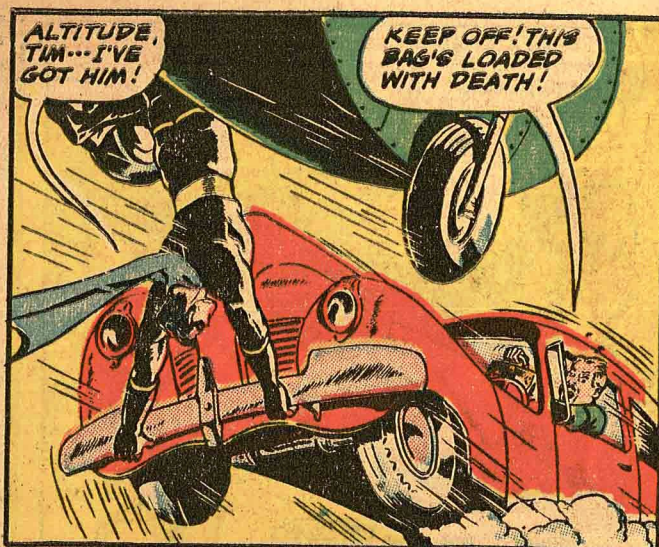
Meanwhile...LARKIN WASTES NO TIME!

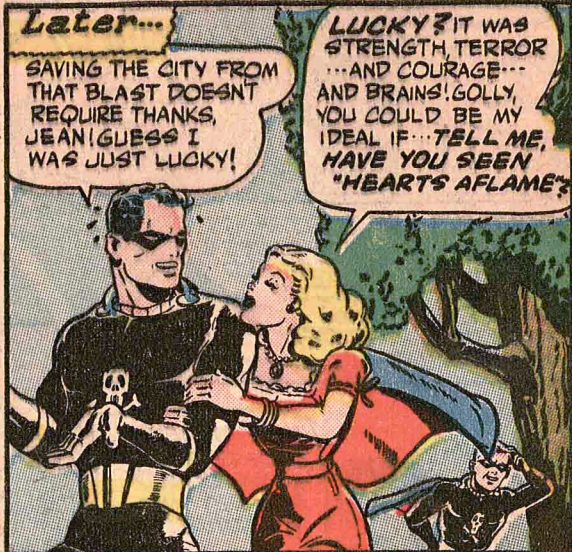
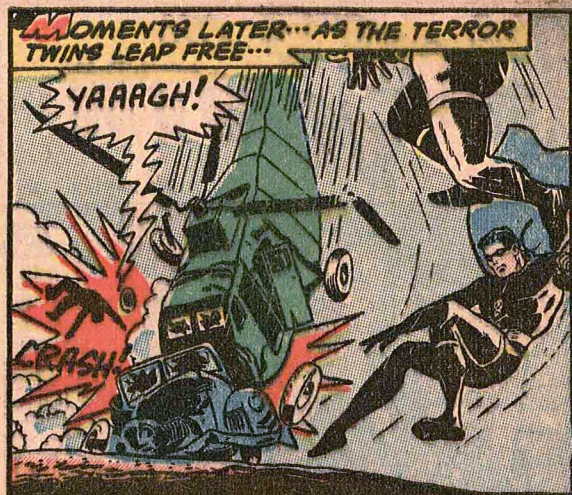
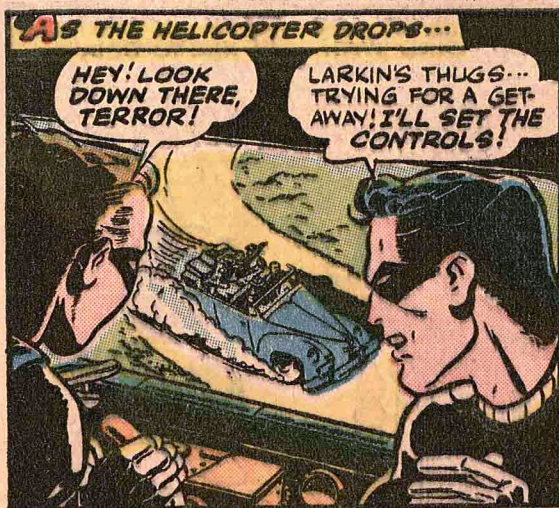
SAME OLD HIDEOUT, BOYS...BUT THIS TIME IT HOLDS THE FATE OF THE WORLD!





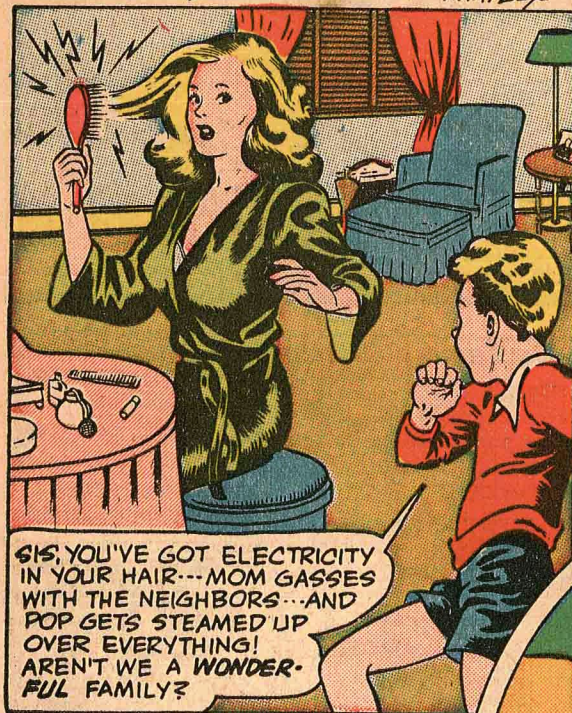






The JOKE'S on YOUTH

AL HARTLEY



SIS, YOU'VE GOT ELECTRICITY IN YOUR HAIR... MOM GASSES WITH THE NEIGHBORS... AND POP GETS STEAMED UP OVER EVERYTHING! AREN'T WE A WONDERFUL FAMILY?



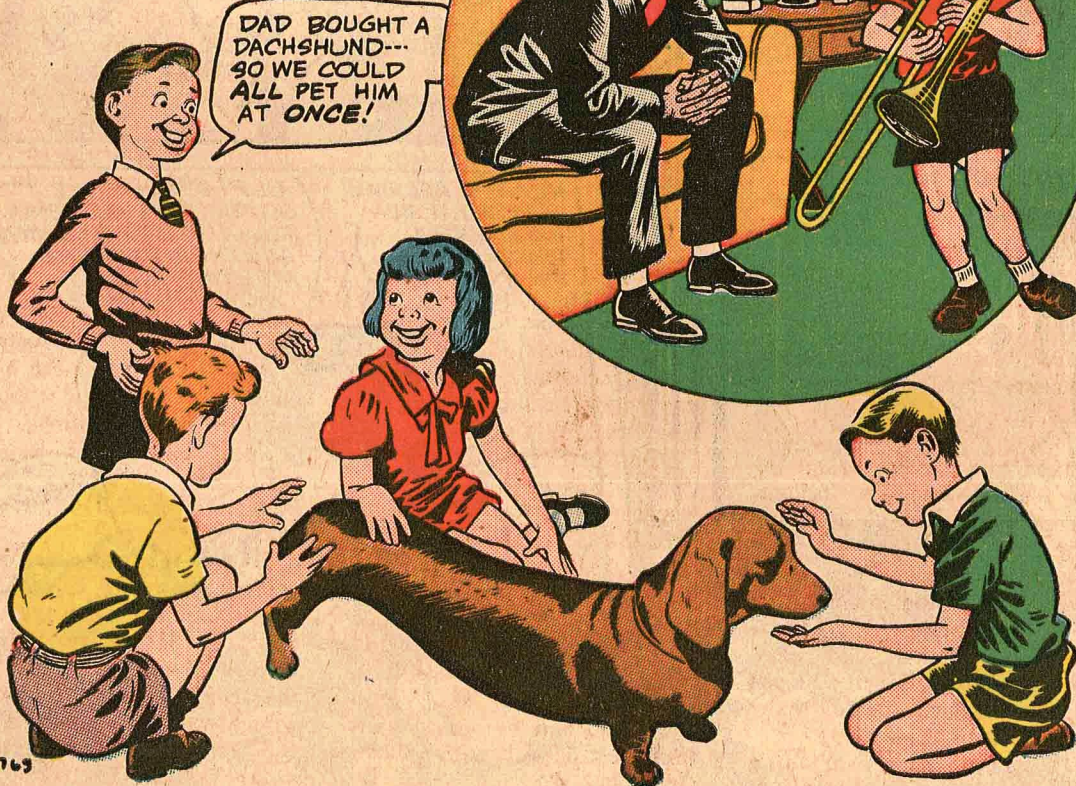
WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR DOLL, MARY?

I'M JUST PUTTING HER TO BED, GRAN'MA! I'VE TAKEN OFF HER HAIR BUT I CAN'T GET HER TEETH OUT!



YOUR TROMBONE PROVIDES YOU WITH A WEEKLY INCOME, EH? DO YOU PLAY IN A BAND?

OH, NO! DAD GIVES ME 50 CENTS A WEEK NOT TO PLAY IT!



DAD BOUGHT A DACHSHUND... SO WE COULD ALL PET HIM AT ONCE!

NIGHT TRAIL

By CHARLES STODDARD

Scout George Gilman Matches Wits With a Diamond Thief!

JONATHAN NELSON was an American diamond buyer who was visiting in a camp near the Broken Hill fields in Rhodesia. Ever since leaving New York, he traveled under a fear that American criminals were following him, and since his arrival in Capetown he felt certain that Barney Fall, one of the passengers on the American-South African boat, was on his trail.

Tonight he was spending his last evening in the bush with some South African boy scouts who had come up into the Broken Hill country for their winter camping tour.

George Gilman, patrol leader of the scouts, was fascinated by Nelson's stories of his work. The boys and the diamond buyer were seated around the camp fire when suddenly there was a stirring in the brush and a gruff voice shouted:

"This is as far as you go, Nelson. I'm collecting those diamonds right now."

Nelson turned to find Barney Fall standing there with a gun in his hand. The muzzle was weaving about, covering the boys and the man with them.

"Okay," Nelson finally agreed, not wanting to put the boy scouts into any danger. There was nothing else to do. The gun in Nelson's baggage was no help now.

Fall took the gems, then collected supplies for his journey into the wilderness. Young George Gilman helped him with the chore, and finally the diamond thief said:

"I guess I have everything I need now, but one thing. Let me have your compass. There's a lot of wild country north of

here, and I don't want to get lost in it."

The patrol leader hesitated, then asked:

"What are we going to do ourselves?"

Barney Fall chuckled: "That's up to you fellows. But I don't think you'll have much trouble. You can find direction by the Big Dipper and the North Star and those



things. I don't know anything about that."

George Gilman handed over the compass, and Barney Fall withdrew into the darkness. When he was well on his way, Jonathan Nelson turned to the boys and said: "Well, that sure wrecks me. I've sunk all my money into this trip, and now I'm broke."

"Don't let's worry about that," George Gilman declared. "We may be able to turn the tables yet. Let's pack up and head south to the highway. We can spread out along the road, and this time when Fall shows up we'll be ready for him. He won't be able to do much compass reading in the dark, and he won't want to attract pursuit with a flashlight."

Jonathan Nelson considered this, then pointed out one

thing that Gilman appeared to be overlooking.

"What good is it going to do for us to head South? Fall definitely said he was going north. We'll never find him."

Gilman chuckled, as did the other boys. They were finally packed and they set off in the darkness. Just before dawn they reached the highway running along the Zambesi River. On orders from the patrol leader the boys spread out and hid in the brush. Nelson stayed close to the older scout, his gun now ready in his hand. They were on a knoll that looked down upon a long stretch of the highway.

Suddenly, just after daylight, a familiar figure came out of the jungle and paused on the highway. Nelson drew his gun, and hurried along with George Gilman close behind him.

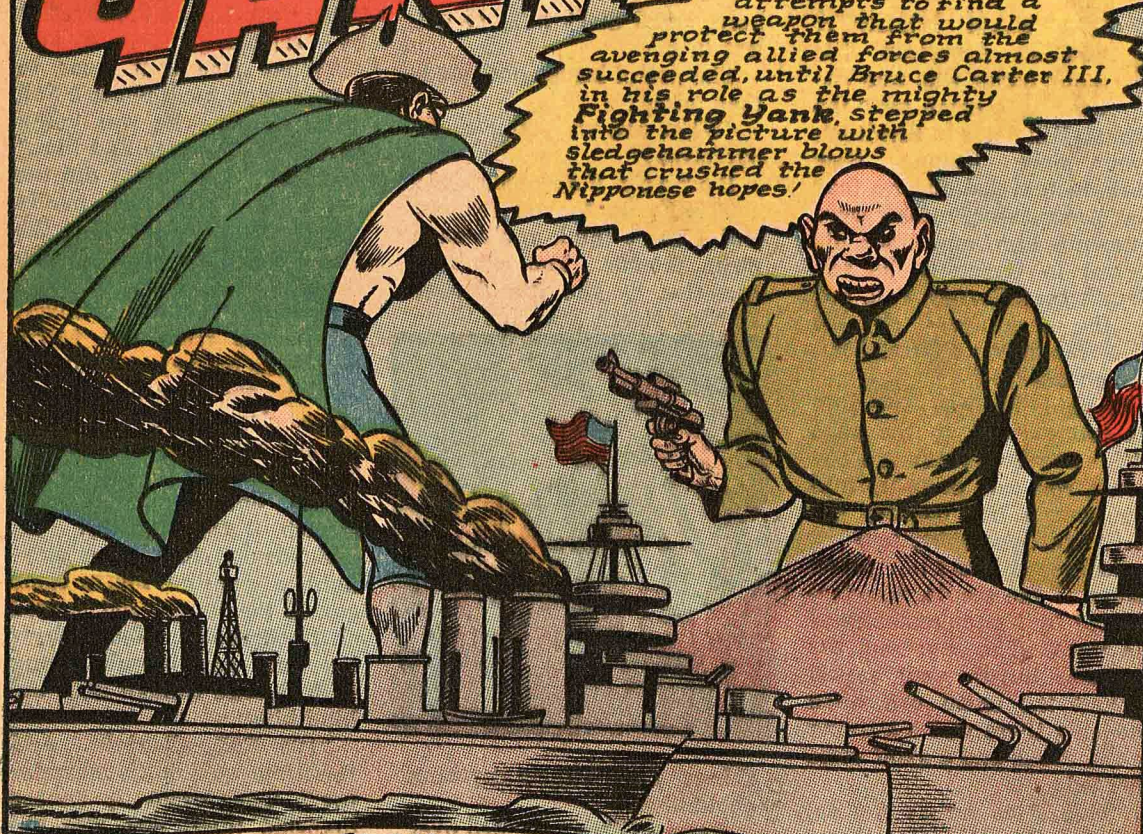
"It's Fall, all right. And this time we'll do the surprising." They crept up on the diamond thief, who was unaware of the other scouts closing in about him. When Nelson stepped out of the bush with his gun in his hand, Fall surrendered promptly.

Fall was led into the headquarters of the Rhodesian Police at Bwanamkubwa, and couldn't understand how he had been located. Young George Gilman laughed and said:

"It was that compass. When you're below the Equator, it points South, toward the Southern Cross, not North, toward the North Star and the Big Dipper. We knew where you were going if you followed the compass, but you didn't." Jonathan Nelson and the boys had a good laugh at the diamond thief's expense.

The FIGHTING YANK

During the closing days of the greatest war in history, the Japs' desperate attempts to find a weapon that would protect them from the avenging allied forces almost succeeded, until Bruce Carter III, in his role as the mighty Fighting Yank, stepped into the picture with sledgehammer blows that crushed the Nipponese hopes!



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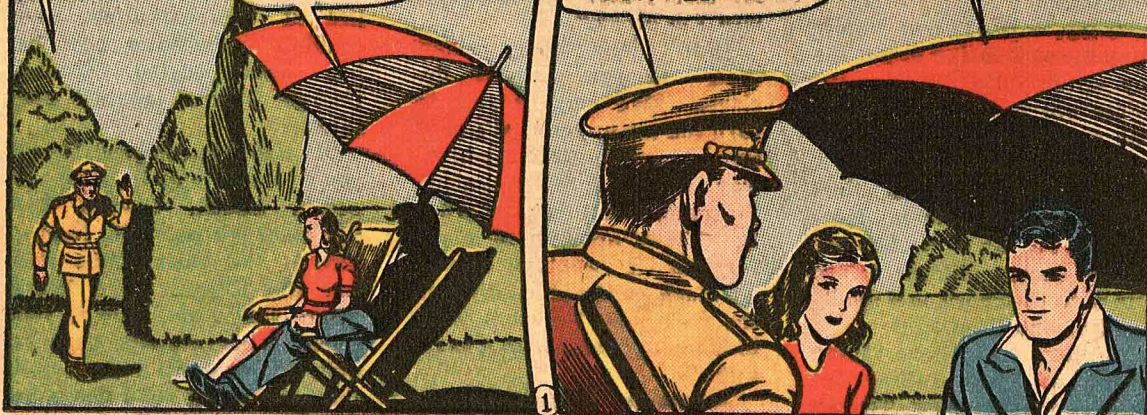
A visitor to the home of Bruce Carter III

HELLO, THERE! BRUCE AND JOAN!

GENERAL FAVIL! THIS IS A PLEASURE!

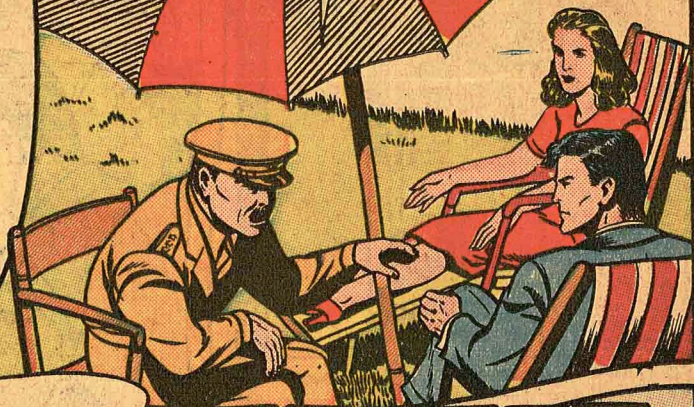
YOU'VE DONE REMARKABLE WORK FOR THE ARMY IN THE PAST, BRUCE, AND I'VE COME TO ASK YOUR HELP NOW!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO ANYTHING I CAN, GENERAL!



SIGNAL CORPS LISTENING POSTS IN THE PACIFIC YESTERDAY INTERCEPTED A CODE MESSAGE FROM A JAP SUB TO TOKYO! IT REVEALED THAT A JAP AGENT IN AMERICA-- UNKNOWN TO US--

--HAS PERFECTED A WAR WEAPON THAT WILL MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO INVADE JAPAN! THE MESSAGE SAID THE AGENT WOULD GET THE FORMULA FOR IT OUT OF AMERICA IN THREE OR FOUR PARTS!



HOW THEY EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH THIS HAS ME PUZZLED! BUT THEY MUST HAVE SOME PLAN! OUR COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO DIG UP ANYTHING ON IT!

AND YOU'D LIKE ME TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT? I'LL GIVE IT A WHACKING GOOD TRY, GENERAL!

When the general has gone--

WHOEVER THE JAP AGENT HERE IS, HE OBVIOUSLY HAS TO GET HIS FORMULA OUT IN A HURRY, IF THE JAPS ARE TO HAVE TIME TO WORK ON IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

COULDN'T HE SEND IT OUT BY RADIO, BRUCE?



NOT LIKELY! AN UNLICENSED SENDER WOULD BE SPOTTED BY THE F.C.C. RADIO MONITORING SYSTEM, AND THAT JAP WOULD COME A CROPPER IN A HURRY!

BUT I HAVE AN IDEA! SINCE GERMANY WAS DEFEATED, THE RESTRICTIONS ON CABLEGRAMS TO EUROPE HAVE BEEN LIFTED! COME ON! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE CENTRAL CABLE OFFICE!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO TO THE JAPS TO SEND A MESSAGE TO EUROPE?



IT WOULDN'T BE HARD FOR A JAP AGENT IN ONE OF THE NEUTRAL COUNTRIES THERE TO GET THE FORMULA OUT TO JAPAN! HERE'S THE CABLE OFFICE!

Enlisting the manager's aid

GENERAL FAVIL, OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE, HAS ASKED ME TO GET CERTAIN INFORMATION FOR HIM! TO DO THAT, I'LL HAVE TO LOOK OVER ALL CABLES SENT OUT IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS!

CERTAINLY, MR. CARTER! THEY'RE ALL ON FILE!

GOSH, THERE ARE PLENTY OF CABLES TO LOOK THROUGH, AREN'T THERE? AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR!

ONE THING I KNOW-- THE CABLE WE WANT WILL LOOK VERY, VERY INNOCENT! LIKE THIS ONE HERE, FROM THE SHERIDAN IMPORTING COMPANY!

IT CONTAINS A LIST OF MACHINERY SPECIFICATIONS! THE COMPANY IS ORDERING CERTAIN PARTS AND-- **WAIT A MINUTE!** EACH MACHINE PART HERE IS LISTED ACCORDING TO A CERTAIN NUMBER-- BUT ONE PART IS MENTIONED TWICE-- AND GIVEN A DIFFERENT NUMBER THE SECOND TIME!

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT **COULD** MEAN THIS 'INNOCENT' BUSINESS MESSAGE CONTAINS A CODE! EACH LINE STARTS WITH A NUMBER-- SUPPOSEDLY THE NUMBER OF A MACHINE PART! BUT THAT NUMBER **COULD** INDICATE A PARTICULAR CODE TO BE USED FOR THAT LINE!

BY USING A DIFFERENT CODE FOR EACH LINE, THEY WOULD MAKE IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO DECODE SUCH A MESSAGE! COME ALONG, JOAN! IF THIS WAS A CODE MESSAGE, THERE'LL BE MORE OF THEM SENT!

I'M GOING TO WAIT AROUND HERE TO SEE IF ANYONE COMES WITH A CABLE MESSAGE FROM THE SHERIDAN IMPORTING COMPANY! I'D LIKE TO BE INFORMED IF THIS HAPPENS!

CERTAINLY, MR. CARTER! THAT COMPANY DOES BUSINESS WITH US REGULARLY!

Two hours later--

I WANT TO SEND THIS CABLE IMMEDIATELY!

SURELY, SIR! JUST ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

THAT MAN AT THE DESK JUST BROUGHT A CABLE FROM THE SHERIDAN COMPANY, MR. CARTER!

THANKS! DON'T GIVE US AWAY! WE'LL TAIL HIM WHEN HE LEAVES, AND **DON'T** SEND THAT CABLEGRAM!

Outside--

THERE HE GOES! WE CAN'T LET HIM OUT OF OUR SIGHT!

I'M BEING TAILED! I BETTER LET THE BOSS KNOW!

SURE, BOSS-- THAT'S RIGHT! THEY FOLLOWED ME AND-- WHAT? OKAY, I'LL GET 'EM THERE!

Moments later--

THERE HE GOES
INTO THAT ALLEY!
I DON'T LIKE--



THIS
WILL
PROVE
IT!



SORRY
I CAN'T
OBLIGE!



HEY!

5

Ambush!

WE DON'T
LIKE
BUSYBODIES!

AND I DON'T LIKE
PLUG-UGLIES
WITH GUNS!

OH!



I'LL KEEP
THIS PUNK
FROM--

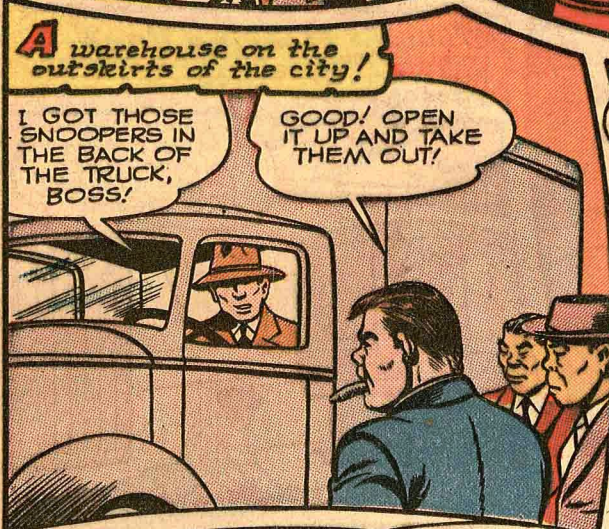


THIS'LL STOP 'IM!
THE BOSS WANTS
THIS BIRD BROUGHT
IN FOR QUESTIONING!

OH-H-H!

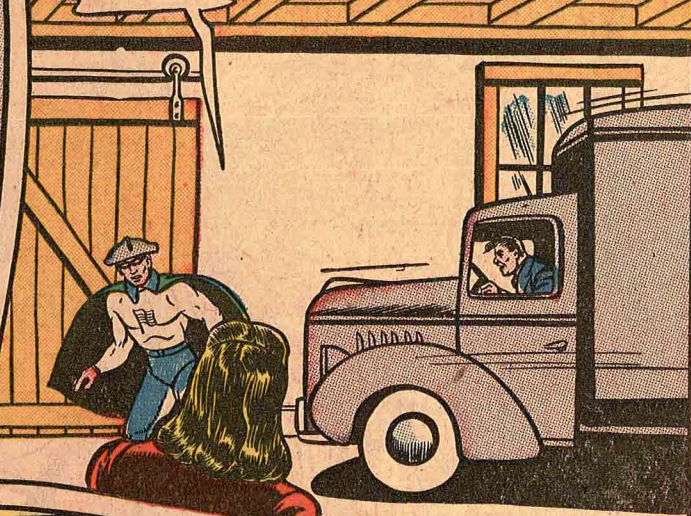
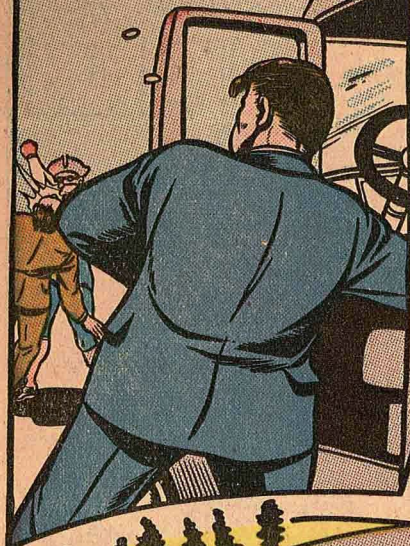
CRASH!





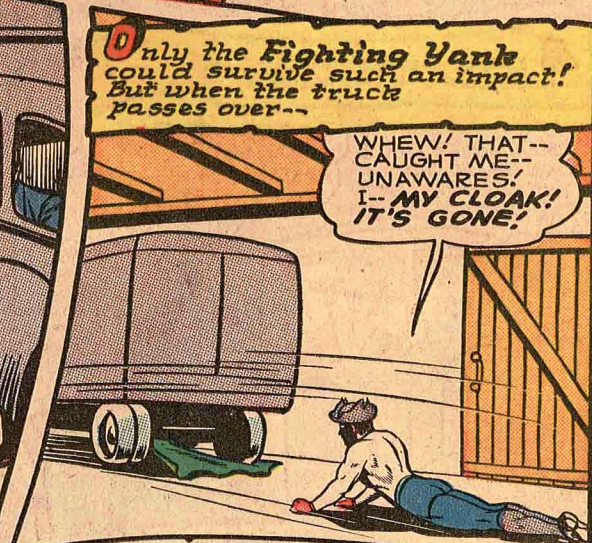
EVEN THE FIGHTING YANK CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST A HEAVY TRUCK! I'LL BOWL HIM OVER FROM BEHIND--

LOOK OUT, YANK!



Only the Fighting Yank could survive such an impact! But when the truck passes over--

WHEW! THAT-- CAUGHT ME-- UNAWARES! I-- MY CLOAK! IT'S GONE!



With his protecting cloak caught on the truck's undercarriage--

CAN'T LET THOSE BABIES TAKE ME! I--

BAM!



When the Yank awakens--

IT SEEMS YOU'VE INTERFERED IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS ONCE TOO OFTEN, YANK!

YOUR BUSINESS, I GATHER, IS SPYING ON THE AMERICAN WAR EFFORT!



EXACTLY! BEFORE GERMANY FELL, I WAS HITLER'S AGENT HERE, AND I SET UP THE SHERIDAN IMPORTING COMPANY AS A FRONT! NOW I AM PAID BY JAPAN! AS A TRAINED PHYSICIST, MY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE HAS PROVED VERY USEFUL TO THE EMPEROR!



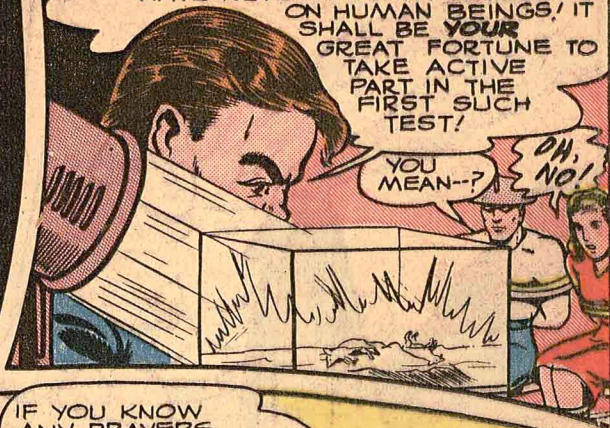
MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT HAS BEEN THE INVENTION OF A LONG-RANGE ELECTRONIC BEAM THAT WILL SAVE JAPAN FROM YOUR ATOMIC BOMB PLANES, SETTING UP A GREAT WALL OF ELECTRICITY OFF THE JAPANESE COAST! ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE!



THIS BEAM ITSELF CAN DO NO DAMAGE-- BUT IT HAS THE EFFECT OF CONVERTING SALT IONS IN SEA WATER INTO ELECTRICAL CHARGES THAT CAN BE EXTENDED EVEN INTO THE STRATOSPHERE! AS FOR THEIR EFFECT-- **WATCH!**

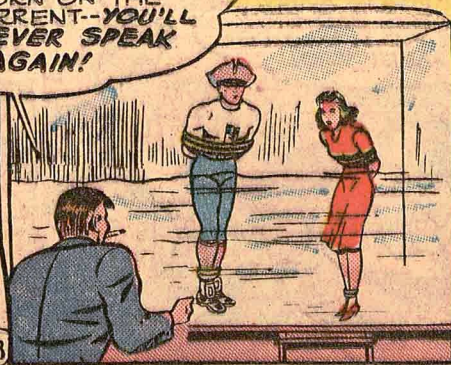
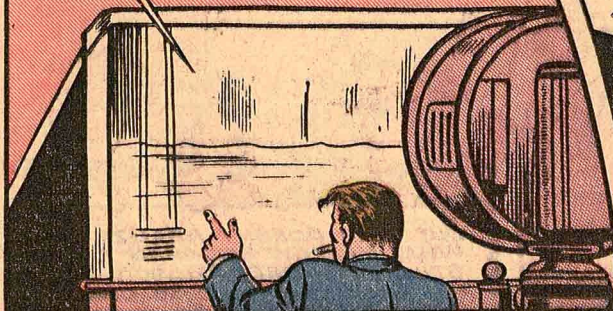


IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, THEY'RE DEAD! BUT MICE ARE ONE THING-- HUMAN BEINGS ANOTHER! I HAVE NEVER TRIED MY INVENTION ON HUMAN BEINGS! IT SHALL BE **YOUR** GREAT FORTUNE TO TAKE ACTIVE PART IN THE FIRST SUCH TEST!



THEY SAY THAT BATHING IN SALT WATER IS BENEFICIAL, BUT-AH-- I FEAR IT WILL NOT BE SO IN YOUR CASE! HOIST THEM IN, NAGAKI!

IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS, YANK-- SAY THEM NOW! THE MOMENT I TURN ON THE CURRENT--**YOU'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!**



**Suddenly-- out of America's revolutionary past--
Bruce Carter I!**

**MY COUNTRY'S
DANGER SUMMONS
ME!**



**HERE IS YOUR CLOAK,
MY SON! AMERICA'S
FUTURE IS AT STAKE!**

**THANK YOU,
SIRE! I
WON'T FAIL!**

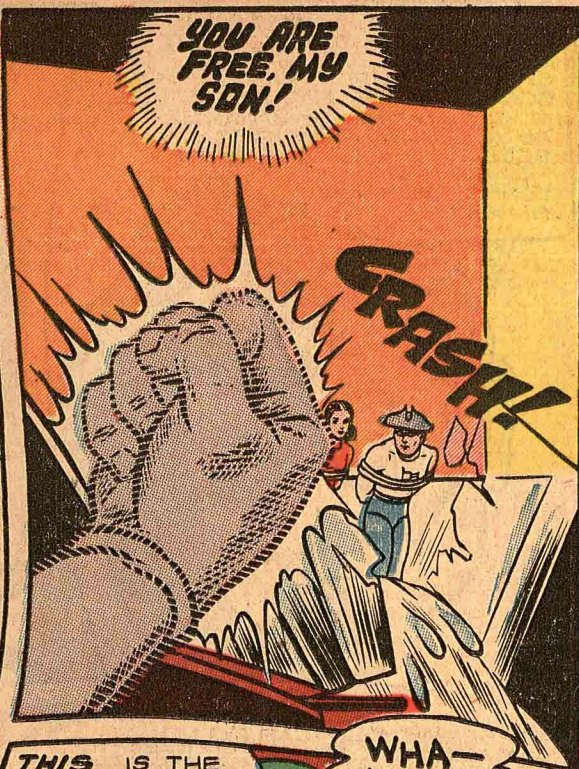


**DON'T RUN AWAY,
YOU BIG, BAD SPY!
THE F.B.I. WANTS
TO MEET YOU!**



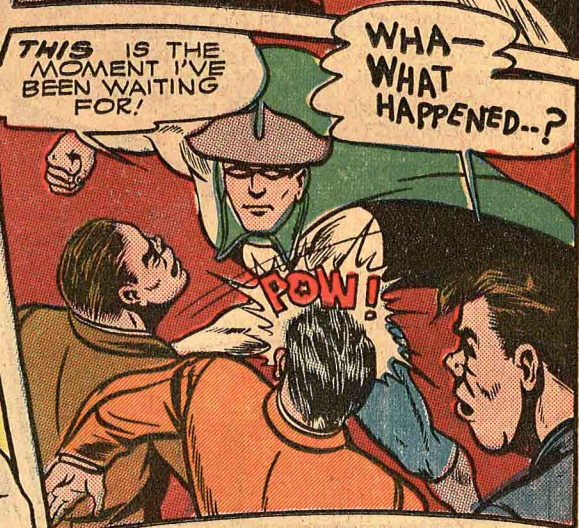
**YOU ARE
FREE, MY
SON!**

CRASH!



**THIS IS THE
MOMENT I'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR!**

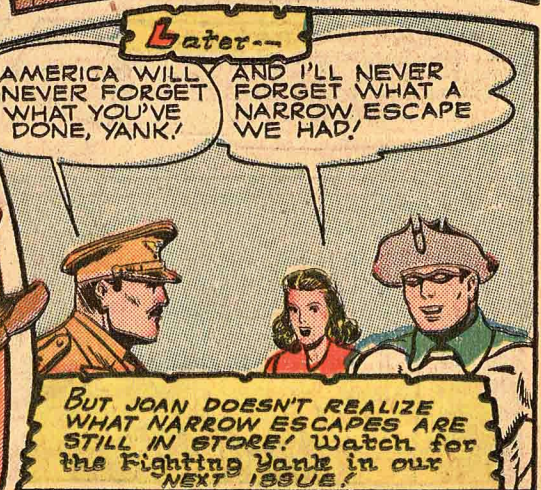
**WHA--
WHAT
HAPPENED..?**

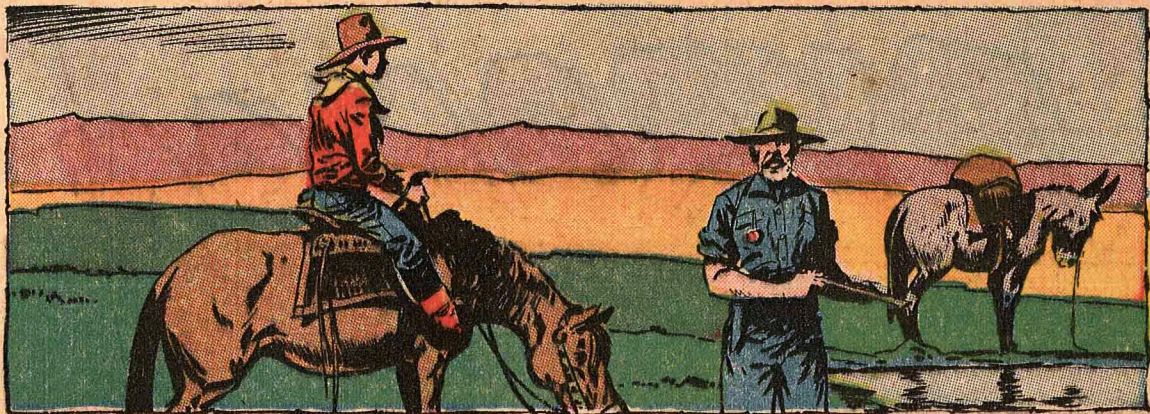


Later--

**AMERICA WILL
NEVER FORGET
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE, YANK!**

**AND I'LL NEVER
FORGET WHAT A
NARROW ESCAPE
WE HAD!**





PROSPECTOR'S GOLD

By GERALD DEVERS

The Little Gray Burro's Habits Gave Danny an Idea!

DANNY LANCING rode down the hill and halted his horse near the spot where old Seth Dover was panning the water of the creek for gold. The boy smiled as the gray-bearded prospector glanced up.

"Any luck, Seth?" Danny called.

"Doin' all right, boy," said Dover. He shifted the pan in his hand so the water ran out, leaving the scrapings from the bottom of the creek. "There's gold in this creek all right."

Danny dismounted, ground-hitching his horse. He glanced at the prospector's burro. The little gray animal was standing a little distance away. Unconsciously Danny began to whistle and the burro lifted her head.

"Careful, Danny," said Seth Dover. "It ain't safe to whistle around Maude. I tried it a few times—and she just missed kicking me a mile away."

The boy stopped whistling as he found the burro was edging closer to him, and wheeling around so her back legs were aimed in Danny's direction.

"I've done right good since you were here two weeks ago," said Dover as he waded out of

the creek. "Got quite a lot of gold panned out and stored away up in my cabin. How's everything at the ranch, Danny? Yore folks all right?"

"Fine, Seth," said Danny. "I was riding over this way today so I thought I would see how you were getting along."

"Gettin' hungry," said the old prospector. "Come on up to the cabin and we'll have somethin' to eat."

The old man and the boy walked up to the cabin. Danny led his horse by the reins and the burro followed them. They ate a noon meal and then, when they had finished Danny decided it was time for him to start back to the Leaning L.

He stepped out of the cabin, Seth Dover accompanying him. Just then a rough-looking man came around a corner of the shack with a gun in his hand.

"Stand still, both of you!" snapped the outlaw with the gun. "I been listening to you talkin' to the boy while yuh was eatin', Dover. I want yore gold. Hand it over if you want to live."

Seth Dover stood glaring at the man. The old prospector was not armed. Nor was Danny.

Danny glanced at the burro, which was quietly standing

behind the hard-faced man. The boy began to whistle loudly. The burro lifted her head.

"Shore glad to see you are so happy about this," said the hard-faced man. "Wouldn't like to think that I worried you folks." He listened to the tune that Danny was whistling and then nodded, "Always did like that tune."

The outlaw began to whistle loudly, and Danny quickly stopped. The burro edged closer and closer to the whistling man as Danny watched breathlessly.

Suddenly, Maude's hoofs shot out and caught the outlaw squarely on the seat of the trousers with such force that he went flying through the air. The gun dropped out of his hand. Seth Dover leaped forward and grabbed up the Colt.

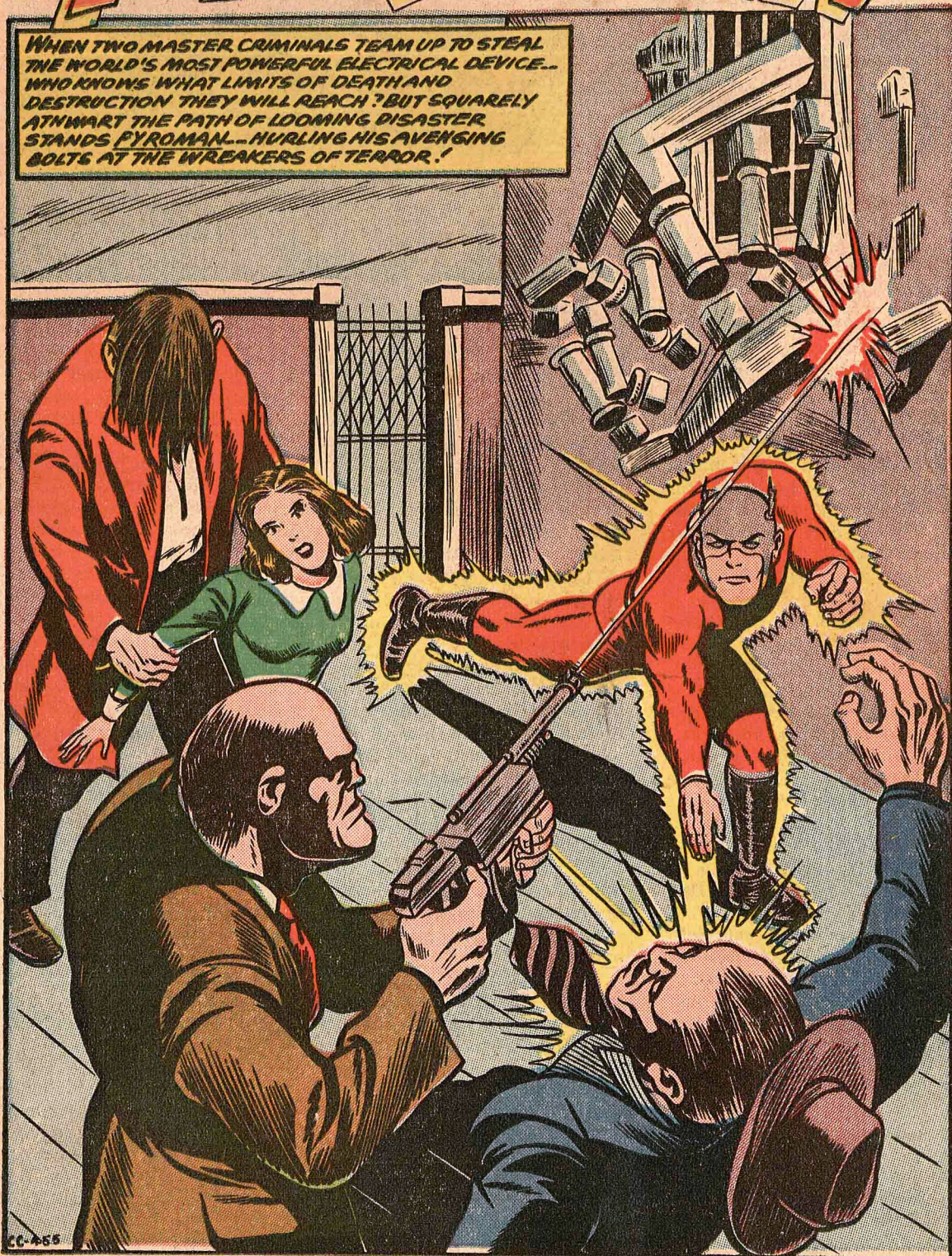
The old prospector had the outlaw covered when he finally staggered weakly to his feet.

"Smart of you to think of whistling, Danny," said Dover. "With Maude's help we shore caught a thief." The old prospector grinned at the boy. "What was the tune you two were whistling?"

"'A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,'" said Danny with a smile.

PYROMAN

WHEN TWO MASTER CRIMINALS TEAM UP TO STEAL THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL ELECTRICAL DEVICE... WHO KNOWS WHAT LIMITS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THEY WILL REACH? BUT SQUARELY ATHWART THE PATH OF LOOMING DISASTER STANDS PYROMAN... HURLING HIS AVENGING BOLTS AT THE WRECKERS OF TERROR!

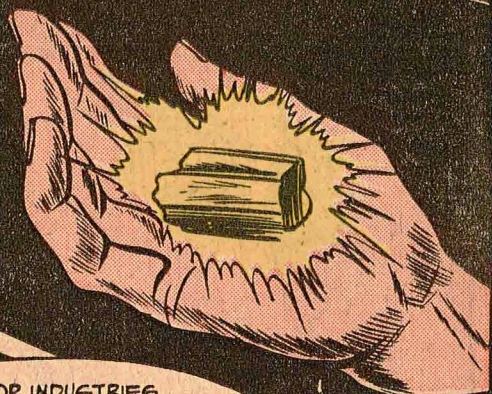


AT THE LABORATORY IN WHICH DICK MARTIN CONDUCTS HIS ADVANCED ELECTRICAL RESEARCH...

--WHILE THE MACHINE HAS INFINITE POSSIBILITIES...
HERE'S THE CHIEF RESULT CHILTON AIMED AT!

WHAT'S BEHIND THIS MAXOGENERATOR OF PROFESSOR CHILTON'S, DR. CLARK?

YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE IT TONIGHT, DICK! MEANWHILE--

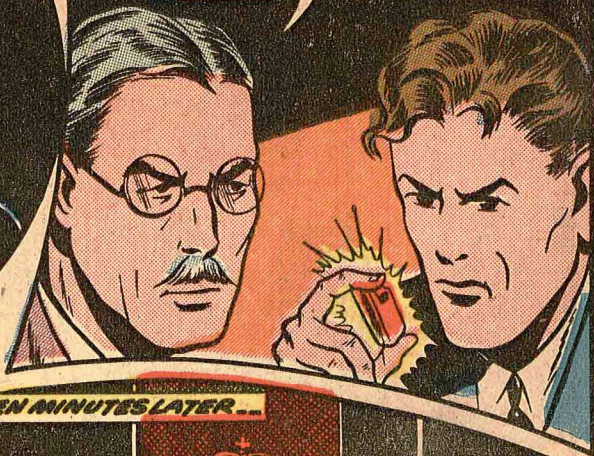
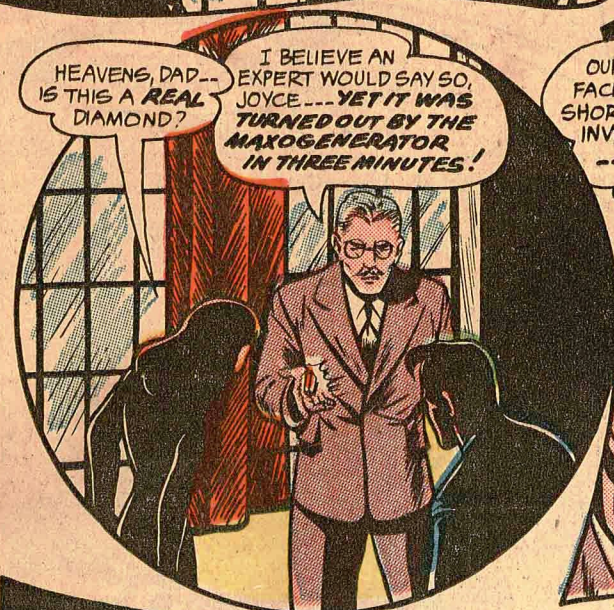


HEAVENS, DAD-- IS THIS A REAL DIAMOND?

I BELIEVE AN EXPERT WOULD SAY SO, JOYCE... YET IT WAS TURNED OUT BY THE MAXOGENERATOR IN THREE MINUTES!

OUR TOP INDUSTRIES FACE A SEVERE DIAMOND SHORTAGE! TO MEET IT... CHILTON INVENTED THE MAXOGENERATOR -- WITH A POTENTIAL OF 10,000,000 ELECTRON VOLTS!

WONDER WHAT A JEWELER WOULD THINK OF THIS?



LET'S SEE, DICK! -- LET'S TAKE IT TO DUCHAMPS & CO. FOR APPRAISAL!

BUT REMEMBER -- NOT A WORD ABOUT ITS ORIGIN!

TEN MINUTES LATER...



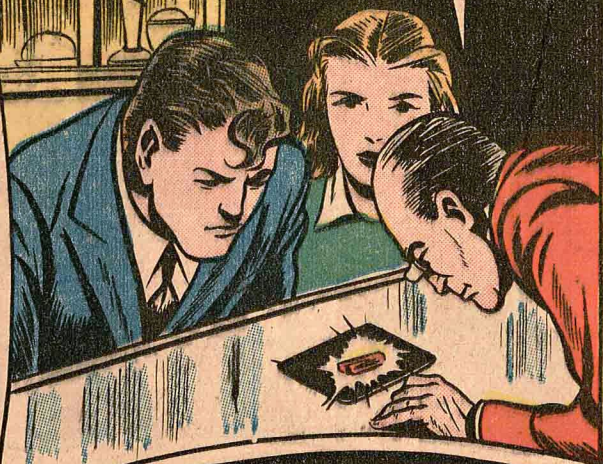
ACROSS THE STREET...

THERE GOES
RICKY'S HANDKERCHIEF,
CHIMP! THE CLERK
IN DUCHAMPS
MUSTA OPENED
THE VAULT!

NO USE WAITING
FOR THOSE TWO
KIDS TO COME OUT!
WE'LL AMBLE IN!

THEN YOU'RE
SURE IT'S
GENUINE, EH?

UNMISTAKABLY! A FLAWLESS
DIAMOND... AND BY FAR THE
LARGEST I'VE EVER SEEN!



O.K.! GET INTO
THAT VAULT-- AND
BRING OUT THE
JEWEL TRAYS!

WOW! BROTHER--
THAT'S FOR ME!

I'D LIKE MR. DUCHAMPS
HIMSELF TO SEE IT 'IF YOU
WILL LEAVE THE GEM
IN OUR VAULT--

SORRY... IT'S NOT
MINE! BUT UNTIL TONIGHT--
I'LL BE GLAD TO SHOW
IT TO HIM AT 86 HIGHLAND
TERRACE!



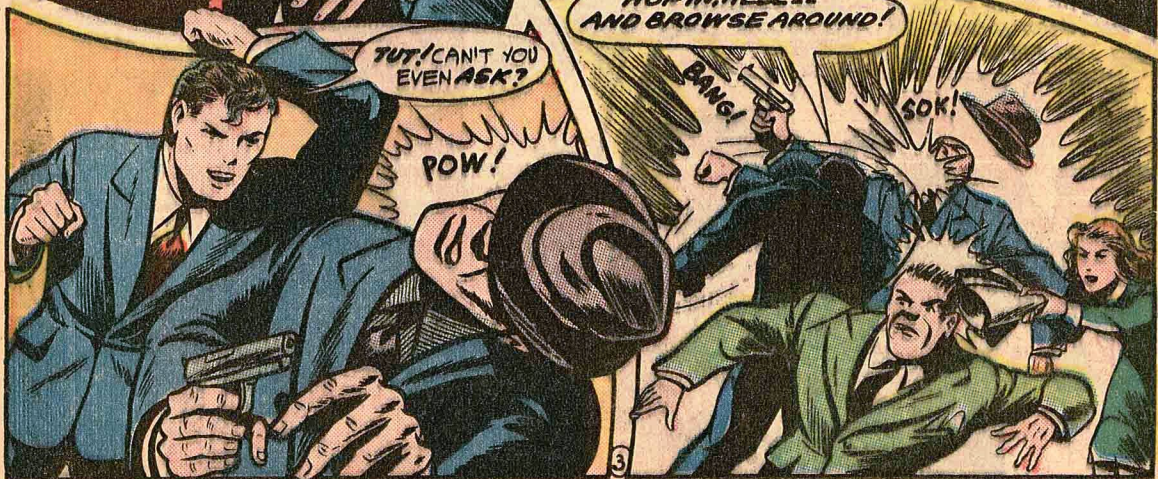
HOP IN, NEEL--
AND BROWSE AROUND!

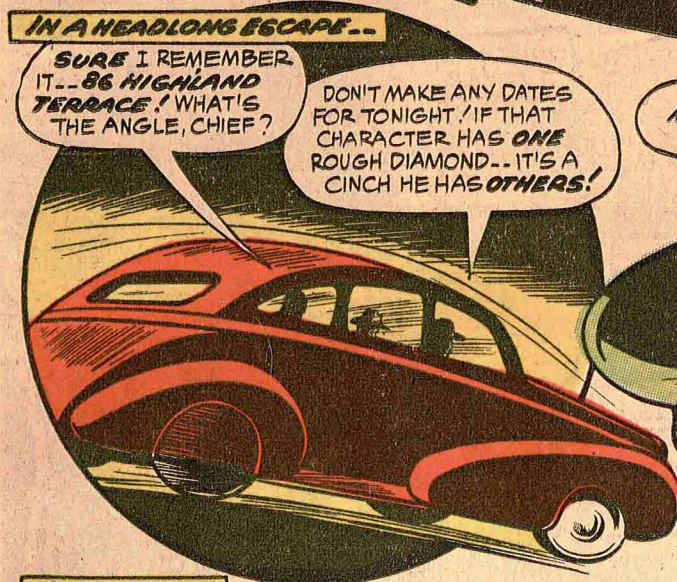
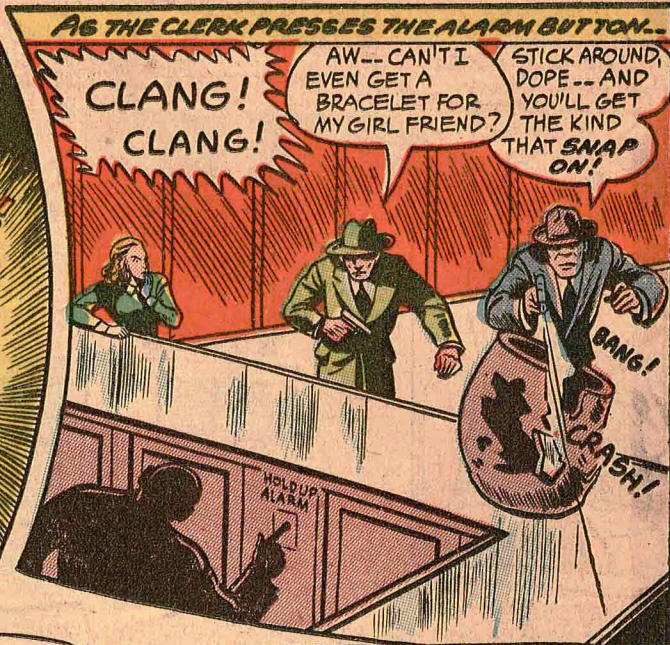
TUT! CAN'T YOU
EVEN ASK?

POW!

BANG!

SOK!

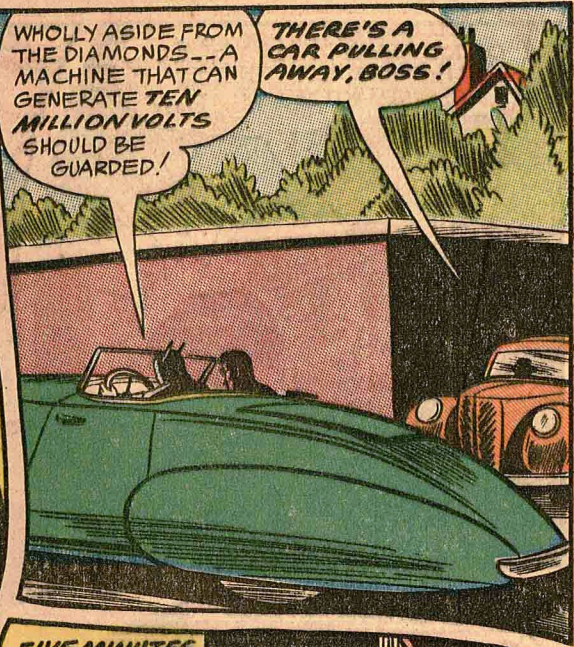






I'M READY TO RETURN THE DIAMOND TO CHILTON... BUT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON--

WE'D BETTER PLAY SAFE... UNTIL I GET INTO MY PYROMAN OUTFIT!



WHOLLY ASIDE FROM THE DIAMONDS... A MACHINE THAT CAN GENERATE TEN MILLION VOLTS SHOULD BE GUARDED!

THERE'S A CAR PULLING AWAY, BOSS!



THE HOUSE IS DARK... THEY MUST BE GOIN' SOMEWHERE! STICK WITH 'EM, RICKY!

OKE!

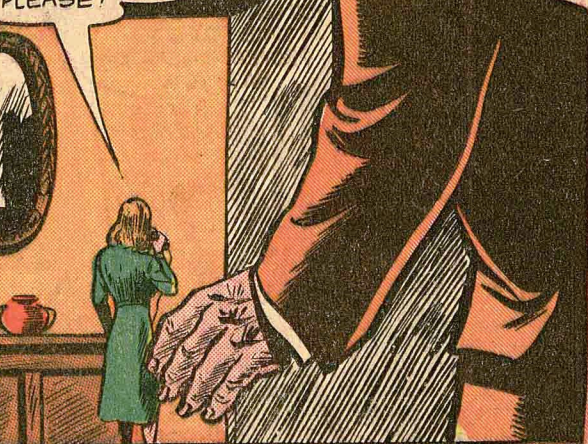


FIVE MINUTES LATER--

OH, PSHAW... THEY'VE LEFT! GOOD THING I HAD MY KEY!



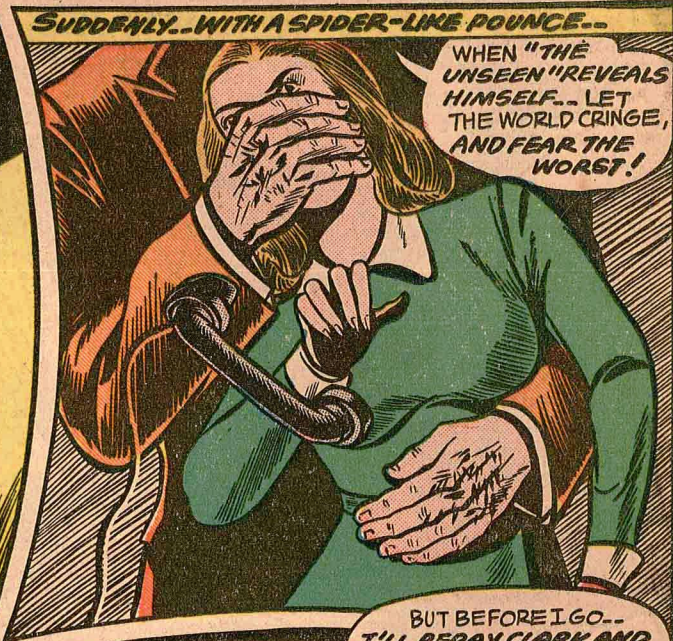
THAT HOLDUP MADE ME JUMPY! I'LL PHONE PROFESSOR CHILTON AND SEE WHETHER DAD AND DICK GOT THERE SAFELY!



OPERATOR! MAIN FOUR-TWO HUNDRED, PLEASE!

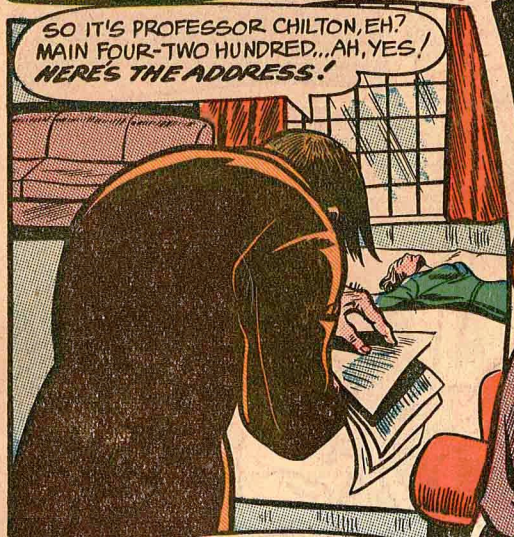


HELLO... PROFESSOR CHILTON? I WONDERED WHETHER DAD HAD ARRIVED WITH THE DIAMOND! NOT YET....?



SUDDENLY... WITH A SPIDER-LIKE POUNCE...

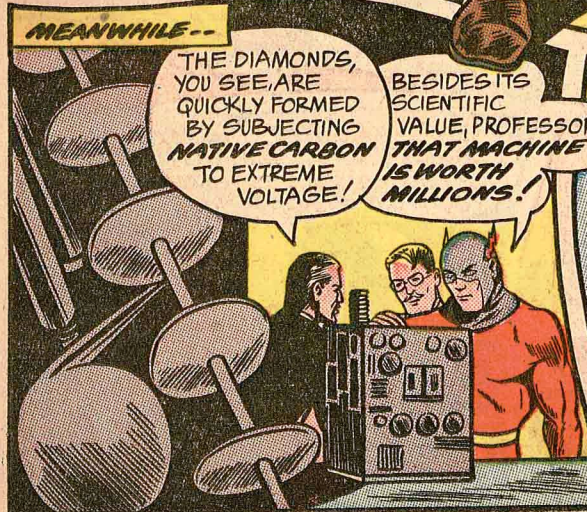
WHEN "THE UNSEEN" REVEALS HIMSELF... LET THE WORLD CRINGE, AND FEAR THE WORST!



SO IT'S PROFESSOR CHILTON, EH? MAIN FOUR-TWO HUNDRED... AH, YES! HERE'S THE ADDRESS!



BUT BEFORE I GO... I'LL REPAY CLARK AND PYROMAN FOR THE TROUBLE THEY'VE CAUSED ME!



MEANWHILE--

THE DIAMONDS, YOU SEE, ARE QUICKLY FORMED BY SUBJECTING NATIVE CARBON TO EXTREME VOLTAGE!

BESIDES ITS SCIENTIFIC VALUE, PROFESSOR... THAT MACHINE IS WORTH MILLIONS!

THEN...

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, BUD!

YOU-- IN THE RED TIGHTS! UNHOOK IT!



WITH TERRIFIC FORCE--A CRACKLING BOLT COURSES FROM PYROMAN'S FINGERTIPS!

BEFORE WE GO ANY FARTHER--LET'S GET RID OF THE GUNS!

NOW--LET'S ALL RELAX!

YOU--

ZZZZZZZT!

POW!

PETE! GIVE US A HAND!

I'M AFRAID PETE'S GOT A YELLOW STREAK!

WAM!

ALL AT ONCE--

BAM!

HOLD ON, JOE! WHO ARE YOU?

THAT CAN WAIT! SINCE WE BOTH WANT THIS--WE MIGHT AS WELL TEAM UP!

YES, CLARK--"THE UNSEEN"! MAYBE YOU CAN GUESS HOW I FOUND MY WAY HERE!

GREAT GUNS! IT--IT COULDN'T BE--

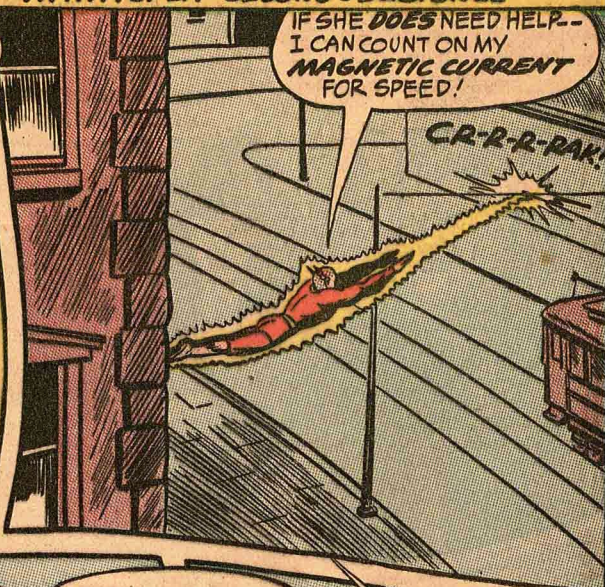
AS PYROMAN STARTS TO PURSUE...

WITH A SPLIT-SECOND DECISION...



WAIT! DO YOU
SUPPOSE THAT
DEMON HAS
MOLESTED
JOYCE?

I MEANT TO TELL YOU,
CLARK! SHE PHONED JUST
BEFORE YOU CAME...
AND THE LINE
WENT DEAD!



IF SHE DOES NEED HELP...
I CAN COUNT ON MY
MAGNETIC CURRENT
FOR SPEED!

CR-R-R-RAK!

IN THE SPACE OF SECONDS...



YE GODS!
THE ENTIRE
HOUSE IS
ABLAZE!

FIRST THING IS
TO BURN OFF THE
OXYGEN... AND
THEN STIFLE
THE FLAMES!



BLAM!



THEN...

PYROMAN! DAD
AND DICK ARE IN
DANGER AT
PROFESSOR
CHILTON'S!

DON'T WORRY, JOYCE...
I'VE JUST LEFT THERE!

CRUNCH!!



THEN EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT?

FAR FROM IT!
"THE UNSEEN" GOT
AWAY WITH THE MAXO-
GENERATOR... AND THERE'S
NO TELLING WHAT
HE INTENDS DOING
WITH IT!

MEANWHILE...

NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BE WORKING WITH YOU, "UNSEEN"! BUT HOW'D YOU LEARN ABOUT THAT THING?

WHEN I READ ABOUT THAT 215-CARAT DIAMOND... I SUSPECTED IT WAS SYNTHETIC! AND I REALIZED THAT THE MACHINE THAT MADE IT IS JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!

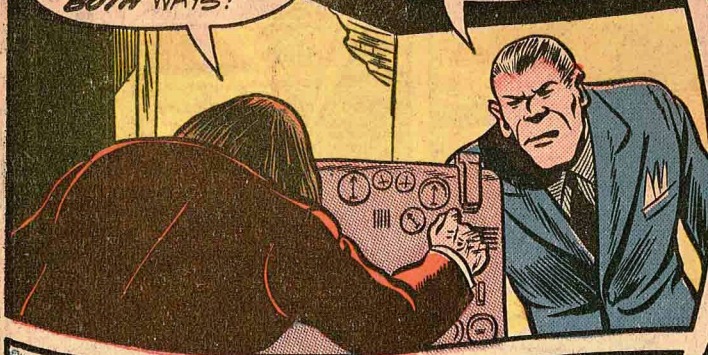
I'M STILL SEARCHING FOR MY "PHAGOMENT" -- THE MASTER ELEMENT THAT WILL WREAK MY VENGEANCE ON THE WORLD... **BY DESTROYING ALL MATTER!**



YOU WANT WEALTH, AND I -- **DESTRUCTION!** UNTIL I FIND THE PHAGOMENT... WE'LL USE THE MACHINE **BOTH** WAYS!

GREAT! SAY, HERE COMES PETE WITH THAT CARBON YOU SENT HIM OUT FOR!

I NOTICE THERE'S A DIAL TO STEP UP THE **OHMMAGE!** IN THAT WAY, INSTEAD OF ONE LARGE DIAMOND.



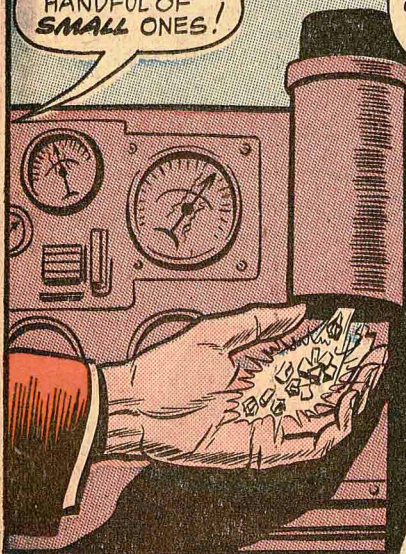
-- WE GET A HANDFUL OF **SMALL** ONES!

BOY! IF POOR OLD "JUGHEAD" NOLAN COULD ONLY SEE **THESE!**

BUT KINDA LITTLE, HUH?

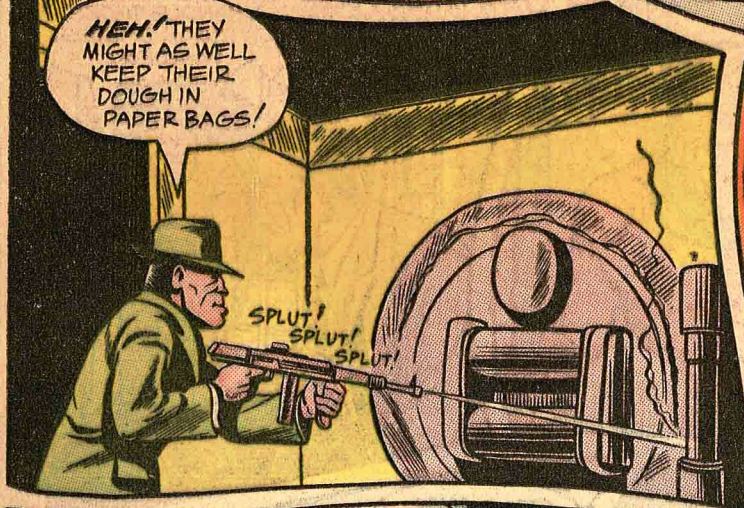
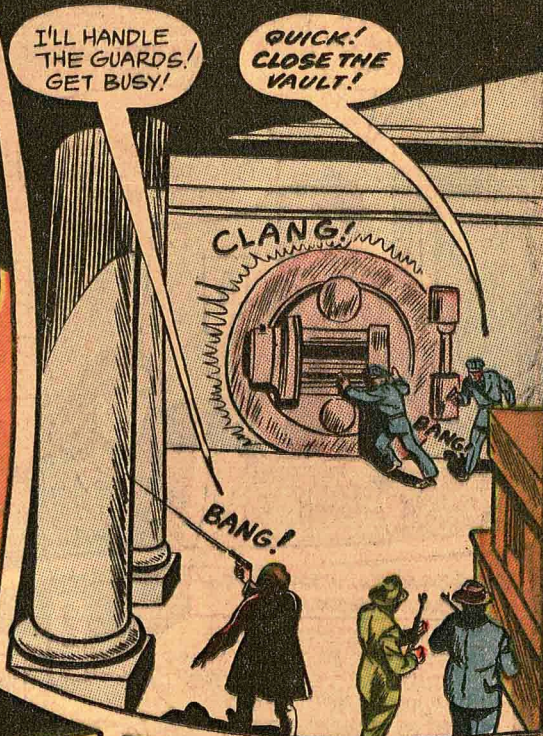
THERE'S A REASON! I **PLAN TO DEVELOP A NEW WEAPON...**

-- A GUN DRAWING TERRIFIC ENERGY FROM THE MAXO-GENERATOR... **AND FIRING DIAMOND-TIPPED BULLETS THAT CAN PENETRATE ANYTHING!**



SEVERAL DAYS LATER--

AT THE CITY'S LARGEST BANK--



THAT NIGHT...

GOSH, JOYCE--
WISH I COULD
GET A LEAD ON
THAT GANG!

RELAX, DICK! IF
PYROMAN CAN'T
FIND THEM--YOU
SURELY WON'T!

THEY'RE CERTAINLY
A TOUGH OUTFIT! THIS
ACCOUNT SAYS THAT
CHIMP'S LIEUTENANT
"JUGHEAD" NOLAN,
IS SERVING LIFE
AT WESTMOUNT
PRISON FOR MAIL
ROBBERY!

H'M...WELL...GUESS
THERE'S NOTHING FOR
ME TO DO BUT GO
TO BED!

**UPSTAIRS...PYROMAN
MAKES READY!**

THE PRISON GRAPEVINE
MUST HAVE BROUGHT WORD
OF THE GANG'S SUCCESS
TO "JUGHEAD"--AND
IT'S A SURE BET
HE'D JOIN THEM
IF HE COULD!

**AT WESTMOUNT
PRISON--**

WE HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO MAKE NOLAN
TALK, PYROMAN-- BUT
YOU'RE WELCOME
TO TRY.

THERE'S ALWAYS
SOME WAY TO
HANDLE THOSE
TOUGH BABIES,
WARDEN!

KINDA SURE
OF YOURSELF,
EH?

POW!

STOP HIM--
HE'S GOT
THE KEYS!

NOW...IF HE
CAN GET TO
MY CAR
OUTSIDE--
WE'RE
SET!

AS NOLAN SPEEDS THROUGH
THE PRISON GATE...

HE'LL BE
BACK, WARDEN...
WITH COMPANY!

A HALPHOUR LATER...

"JUGHEAD"! AND
I THOUGHT WESTMOUNT
WAS ESCAPE-PROOF!

YOU WON'T
BELIEVE IT,
CHIMP... BUT
I GOT OUT
AFTER
SLUGGIN'
PYROMAN!

THEY'LL BELIEVE
IT NOW, NOLAN!

IDIOT! HE
TRICKED YOU
INTO BRINGING
HIM HERE!

UNNOTICED
IN THE
CONFUSION...

SPLUT!
SPLUT!

HEH! I
CAN ALWAYS
GET OFF TO
A NEW START..
WHILE I HAVE
THE MAXO-
GENERATOR!

YAAGH!!

TOO BAD "THE UNSEEN"
MANAGED TO SNEAK AWAY..
BUT AT LEAST HE LEFT THE
MAXOGENERATOR!

NEXT MORNING...

I DON'T CARE IF
YOU ARE JEALOUS!
I THINK PYROMAN'S
WONDERFUL!

JUST THE
SAME... IF
"THE UNSEEN"
DOES COME
BACK... I'LL BET
I'M THE ONE WHO
NABS HIM!

WATCH WHAT HAPPENS IN THE
NEXT ISSUE WHEN "THE
UNSEEN" STALKS PYROMAN
WITH DEADLY DESIGNS!

DEEP PURPLE

By ROBERT MILES BROWDER

Eagle Scout Mullins Proves
His Mettle!



ARTHUR MULLINS was an Eagle Scout and was taking engineering courses in his first year at college. During summer vacations he liked to go hunting with his father, George Mullins who was a Government agent.

"What are you working on now?" Arthur asked his father one July day as they were strolling along toward a likely camp site.

"Moonshiners," replied George with something of a smile. "But I don't suppose there's much chance of finding them alone. They've got hide-outs in these woods that an eagle couldn't find. The brush is so thick in some places, I doubt whether termites could get through. What are you specializing in, Son?"

"Well," laughed Arthur, "we were specializing in municipal water systems before I went away Working on tests for leaking mains."

They suddenly came to a thicket of brush. George and Arthur talked things over, then the father said:

"We'll split up and circle around to either side. I'll meet you up by the big spring at the other side. That way we'll be able to select the best camp spot. If you find anything, fire a shot."

Arthur strolled off—and had covered about a mile of the three-mile circle when suddenly a gruff voice said: "Hold up there, Stranger. I suppose you're one of those smart Government men!"

Arthur did not deny this, for he realized that these men might be after his father. If they thought the youth was the one they were looking for, they might give his father a chance to get away. Soon two

other men joined the first speaker, and Arthur heard them call each other Rufe, Zeb and Caleb. Rufe appeared to be the leader.

"What are you going to do with him, now that you've got him?" asked Caleb. "Going to tack his hide to a fence?"

"Not right away," laughed Rufe. "We'll take him down to the still and ask him some questions." The three men led Arthur off. The boy noticed that they were coming to the spring where he was supposed to meet his father. Rufe laughed at the boy's interest in the spring and said:

"Maybe you'd like to know how we work our moonshine. You ain't going to be able to tell no one, so it won't do no harm if you find out. This here spring carries the water right under the cabin wall and takes the mash out underground. The whole thing is foolproof."

"Mind if I have a drink?" asked Arthur. Rufe agreed and the boy bent down to drink. As he did, a small package dropped out of his jacket pocket and fell into the spring. Then Rufe pulled him to his feet and herded him into an almost impenetrable thicket. Arthur then saw that there was a clear path for anyone who knew just where to look for it.

They traveled for several miles before reaching the cabin, always staying close to the tinkling water of the creek. It was dark when they reached the cabin. Arthur was hurried inside and tied to a chair.

"You've got quite a set-up here," he said, "but it don't seem hardly enough for three people. I'll bet there are times when you get jealous of each

other. Especially when it's time to divvy up."

The three men darted glances at each other. Then Arthur asked for a drink of water. Rufe drew it from a bucket that was fed by a pipe coming from the creek. As Arthur brought the water to his lips, he said:

"Sure looks like someone put poison into this water, all right. Someone wants to kill off his partners."

Rufe grabbed the dipper of water and held it to the light. It was a deep purple color. The burly fellow swung around and splashed water into the faces of Zeb and Caleb, then he whipped out a gun before either of the other men could recover from his surprise. In a moment the three men were fighting among themselves. Suddenly a harsh voice broke in and said:

"That'll be all, fellows, I think I've seen enough now."

GEORGE MULLINS, gun in hand, was standing in the doorway. The three moonshiners were caught flat-footed. The Government agent untied his son, and Arthur disarmed Rufe.

"This is what happens when we try to double-cross each other," Rufe said. Arthur and George Mullins laughed. Then the G-man said:

"No one double-crossed you, except Arthur. He dropped permanganate of potash into the spring when he stopped for the drink. That turned the water purple and led me here. There's nothing wrong with the water." To prove it he drank from the dipper as Arthur decided that his water-testing solution had been a big help to him!

DOC STRANGE



-C-791

WITH THE COPS HUNTING US IN THREE STATES -- WE GOTTA FIND AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY HIDEOUT!

WHAT ABOUT THAT BAT ROOST, TORGLE?

OFFHAND---IT FILLS THE BILL! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



SUDDENLY--

IF IT ISN'T
HAUNTED--
IT'S BECAUSE
NO GHOST
COULD STAND
THE PLACE!

GO AWAY!
LEAVE ME
IN PEACE!!

TORGLER--IT'S A
SPOOK! I'LL
FACE THE
COPS
ANYTIME,
INSTEAD!



LOOK AT HIM
CHANGE!
HE'S JUST A
HARMLESS
OLD CROCK!

CARRY HIM
INSIDE! I
WANT THE
LOWDOWN
ON THIS!

I DON'T SCARE
EASY-- ESPECIALLY
WHEN I'M PACKING
A .38!



"EXPERIMENTS IN
SPECTROLOGY--
PROFESSOR ONSLOW
BRADLEY!"

HM-- BOYS,
I THINK
PROFESSOR
BRADLEY IS
GIVING US A
HIDEOUT-- AND
SOMETHING
ELSE
BESIDES!



A WEEK LATER--

GOSH, DOC---DO WE HAVE TO GO TO THAT SCIENTISTS' CONVENTION?

DON'T FORGET, MIKE, SCIENTISTS PACK MORE WEIGHT THAN ARMIES THESE DAYS!

SPECIAL BULLETIN! THE MYSTERIOUS GHOST GANG HAS JUST STAGED ITS THIRD ROBBERY!

MAYBE WE'D BETTER TAKE TIME TO LOOK INTO THAT, EH?

--AT THE HOME OF DOC STRANGE--

THEN--

JEEPERS, DOC-- THERE THEY ARE!

RAT-TAT-TAT

WOOOOOOO!

BANG!

BANG!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

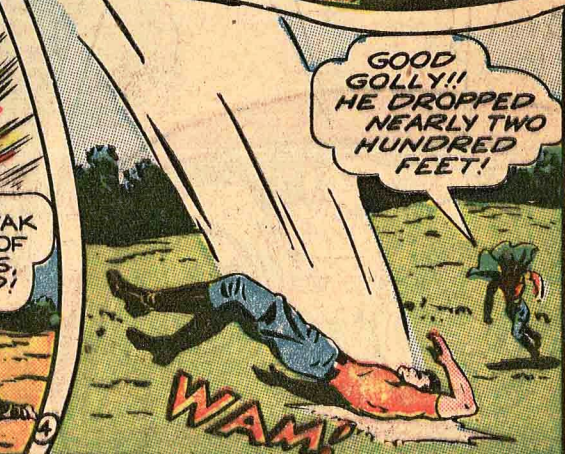
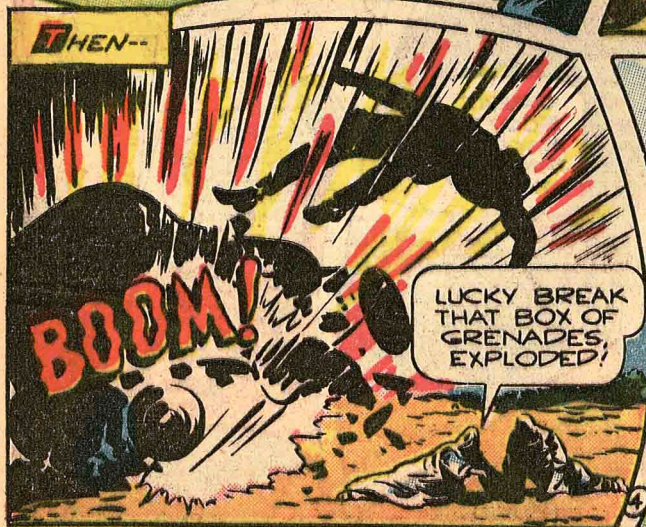
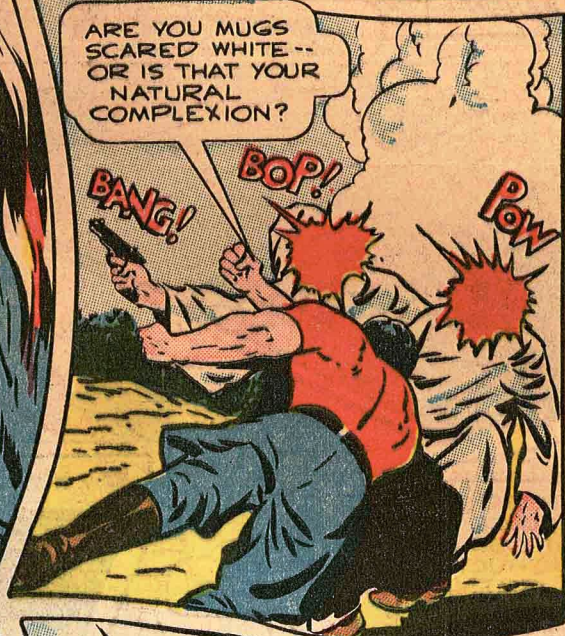
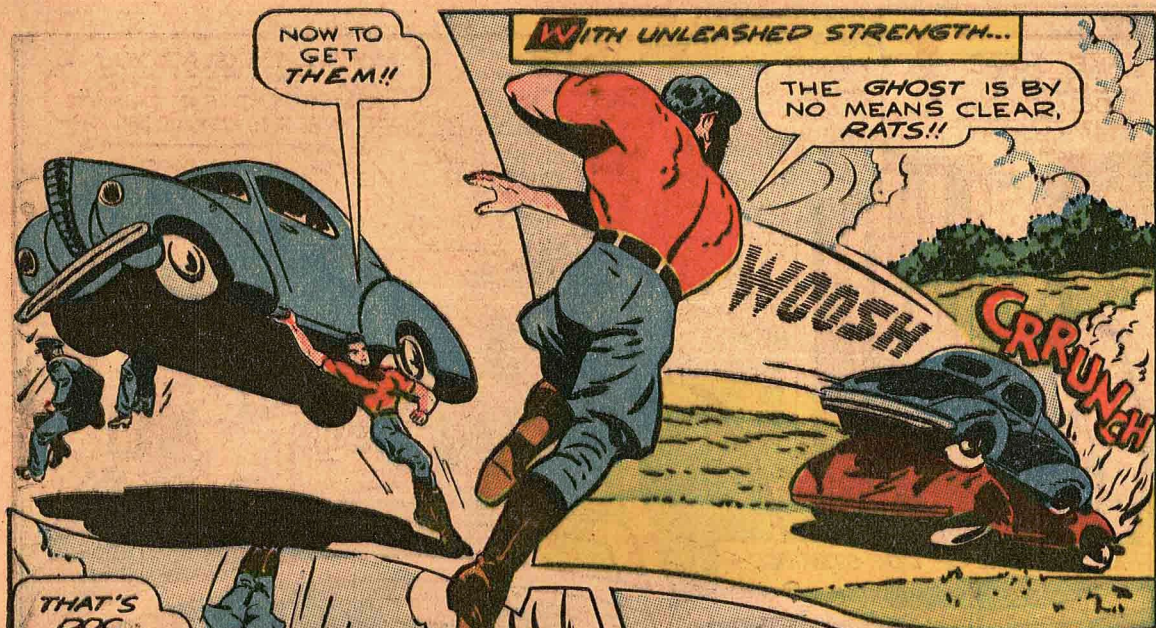
HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO DITCH THOSE COPS! CHUCK A GRENADE, SMITTY!

O.K., TORGLE!

GREAT SCOTT! MIKE-- TAKE THE WHEEL!

BLAM!

DON'T JUMP-- I'VE GOT YOU!



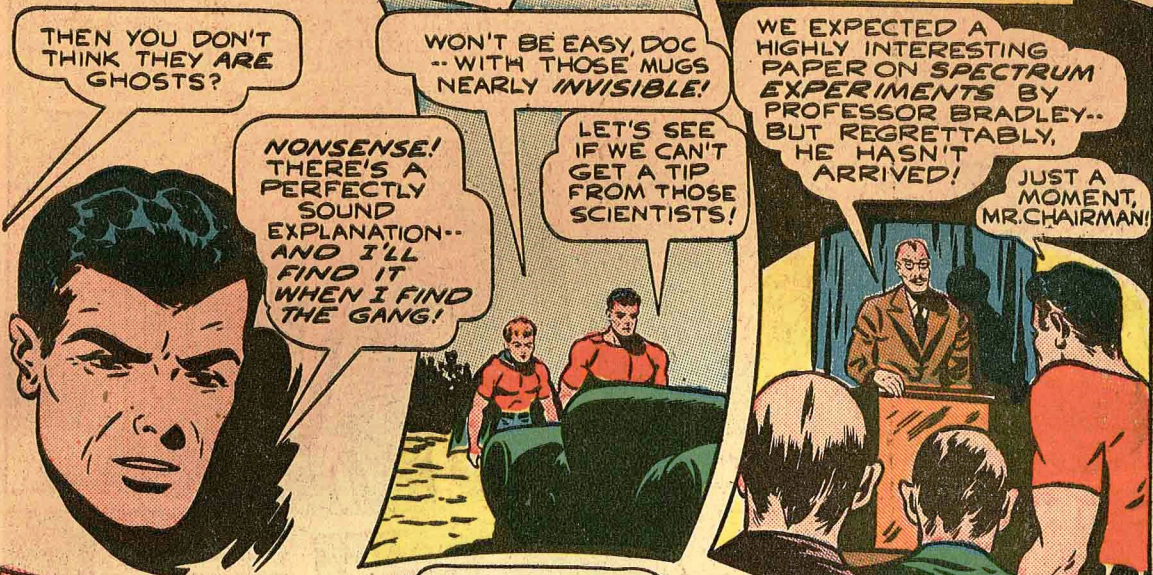


TAKE SOME
ALOSUM,
DOC! YOU'VE
GOT TO STOP
'EM!

AFRAID IT'S
TOO LATE,
MIKE!

ANYWAY...I'M GLAD YOU
SAW 'EM, DOC! THE
COMMISSIONER THINKS
WE'RE CRAZY!

ONE THING IS
CERTAIN! IF THEY
TIE UP WITH OTHER
GANGS--WE CAN
EXPECT A HUGE
CRIME WAVE ON THE
STRENGTH OF
TERROR ALONE!



THEN YOU DON'T
THINK THEY ARE
GHOSTS?

WON'T BE EASY, DOC
-- WITH THOSE MUGS
NEARLY *INVISIBLE*!

LET'S SEE
IF WE CAN'T
GET A TIP
FROM THOSE
SCIENTISTS!

NONSENSE!
THERE'S A
PERFECTLY
SOUND
EXPLANATION--
AND I'LL
FIND IT
WHEN I FIND
THE GANG!

WE EXPECTED A
HIGHLY INTERESTING
PAPER ON *SPECTRUM*
EXPERIMENTS BY
PROFESSOR BRADLEY--
BUT REGRETTABLY,
HE HASN'T
ARRIVED!

JUST A
MOMENT,
MR. CHAIRMAN!



IT'S POSSIBLE
PROFESSOR
BRADLEY'S
PAPER MAY
THROW SOME
LIGHT ON THE
GHOST GANG!
I SUGGEST WE
SEND FOR IT!

WE'D LIKE TO,
DOC-- BUT BRAD-
LEY HAS ALWAYS
LIVED IN
SECLUSION!
NONE OF US
KNOW HIS
ADDRESS!

I'LL FIND BRADLEY,
SOMEHOW-- BUT IT
MAY TAKE TIME! YOU
MIGHT AS WELL WAIT
AT HOME, MIKE!

WHAT EVENING...

THE LATE EDITIONS MAY GIVE A ROUGH IDEA HOW MUCH **DOC STRANGE** KNOWS ABOUT US!

BETTER BRACE YOURSELF FOR THIS EXTRA, **TORGE!**

HE DOES, EH? THAT MUG WORKS FAST-- BUT MAYBE WE'LL BEAT HIM TO IT!

EXTRA **Daily Globe** EXTRA
**DOC STRANGE CLAIMS
PROF. BRADLEY MAY
HOLD CLUE TO GHOST GANG**

I'VE GOT A SIMPLE TECHNIQUE WITH PRACTICALLY NO RISKS! TWO OF YOU COME WITH ME-- AND TAKE YOUR **SPECTRO-DISPERSERS!**

SOON AFTERWARD--

GUESS SIX HUNDRED GALLONS WILL HOLD ME FOR THE WEEK-END, **MARTY**

G-GREAT HORN SPOON--LOOK!

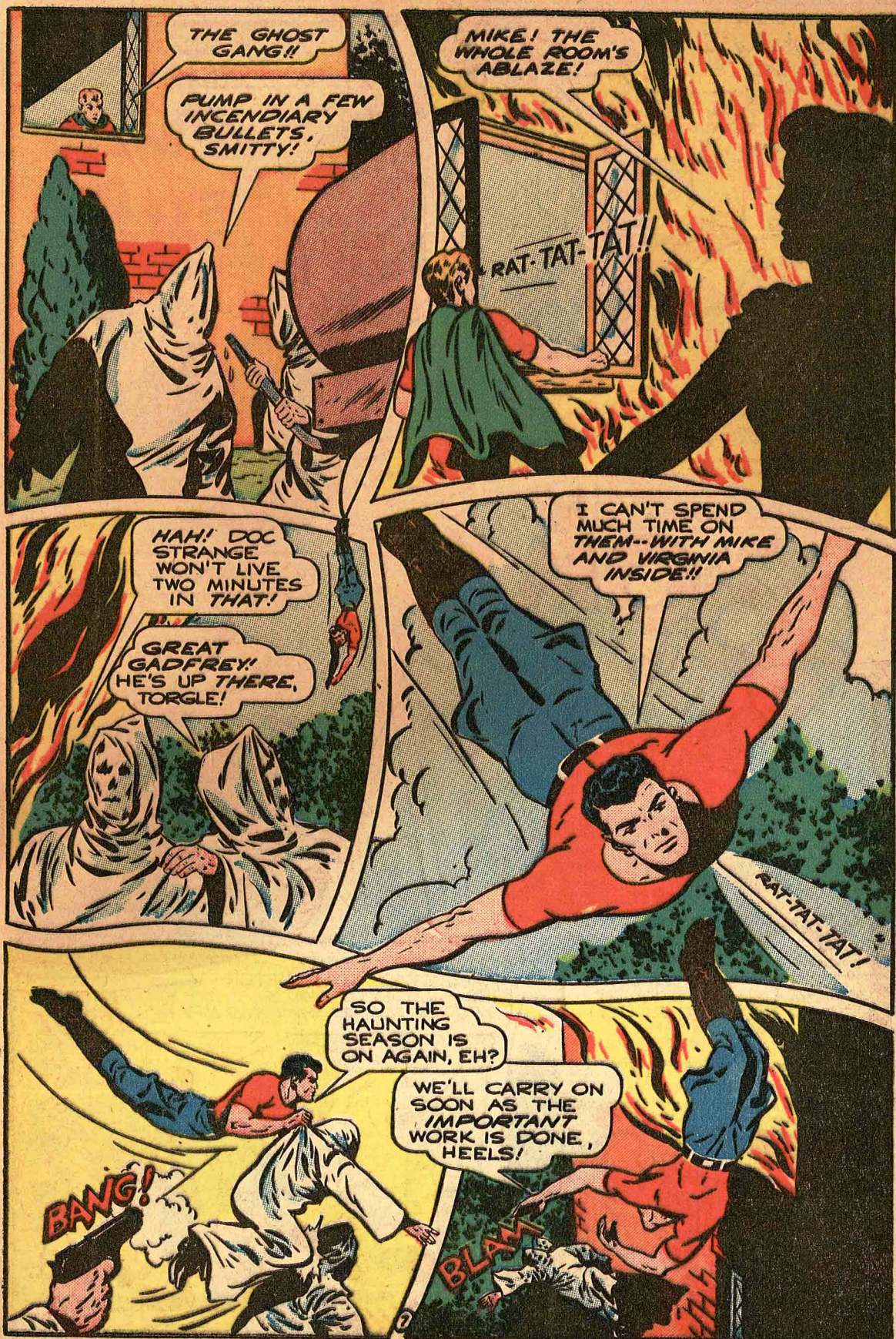
HERE'S THE FIRST STEP! GET THAT **TRUCK STARTED!**

RAT-TAT-TAT!!

AAGH!

I HOPE **DOC** DOESN'T...
HEAVENS, MIKE! WHAT'S THAT?

SMELLS LIKE GASOLINE, VIRGINIA!



THE GHOST GANG!!

PUMP IN A FEW INCENDIARY BULLETS, SMITTY!

MIKE! THE WHOLE ROOM'S ABLAZE!

RAT-TAT-TAT!!

HAH! DOC STRANGE WON'T LIVE TWO MINUTES IN THAT!

GREAT GADFREY!! HE'S UP THERE, TORGLE!

I CAN'T SPEND MUCH TIME ON THEM--WITH MIKE AND VIRGINIA INSIDE!!

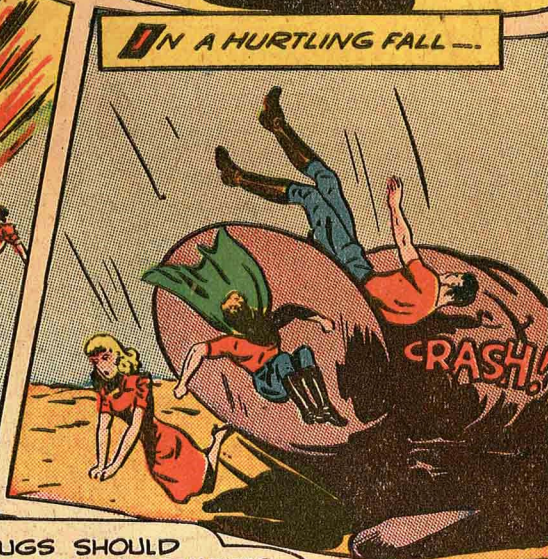
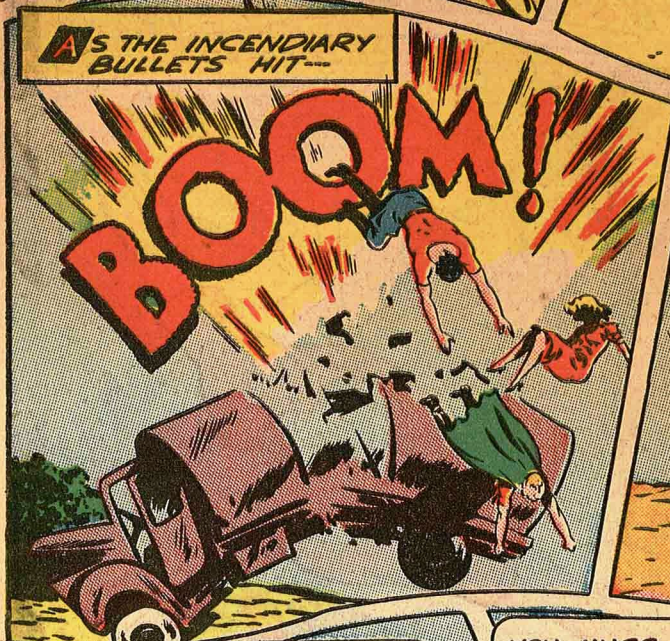
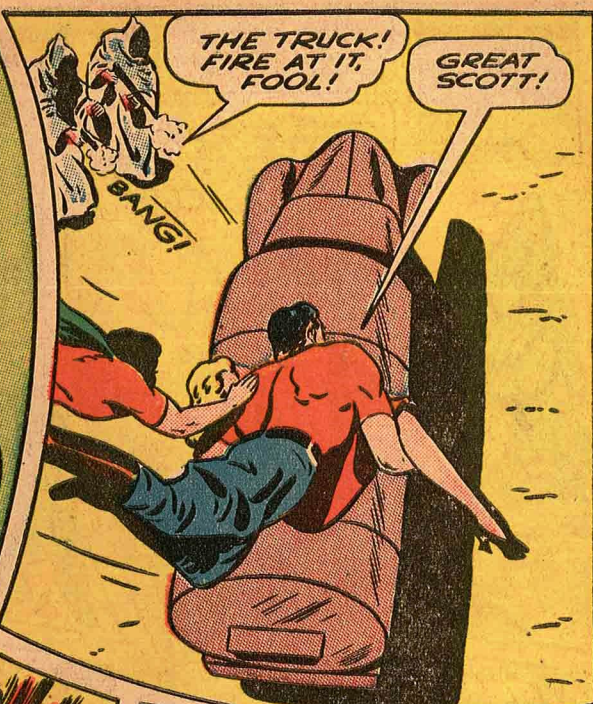
RAT-TAT-TAT!

SO THE HAUNTING SEASON IS ON AGAIN, EH?

WE'LL CARRY ON SOON AS THE IMPORTANT WORK IS DONE, HEELS!

BANG!

BLAW



GET 'EM MOVING!
MAYBE DOC STRANGE
WILL REALIZE HE'D
BETTER LAY OFF
NOW!

MOMENTS LATER..

THEY'VE GOT MIKE AND
VIRGINIA--- AND IT JUST
ABOUT STYMIES ME!!

I ASKED SIX MAJOR
SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT
FIRMS TO PHONE ME IF
THEY HAD MADE ANY
SHIPMENTS TO PROFES-
SOR BRADLEY--AND
THAT MUST BE ONE
OF THEM CALLING
BACK!

RR-RING!!

THIS MAY BE
DANGEROUS, BUT
THERE'S NO OTHER
CHOICE!

R-RING!

IN THE HEART OF THE
SEARING FLAMES---

THIS IS THE LABORATORY
DEVICES CORPORATION!
OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT
ON JULY 8TH, PROFESSOR
BRADLEY ORDERED---AN

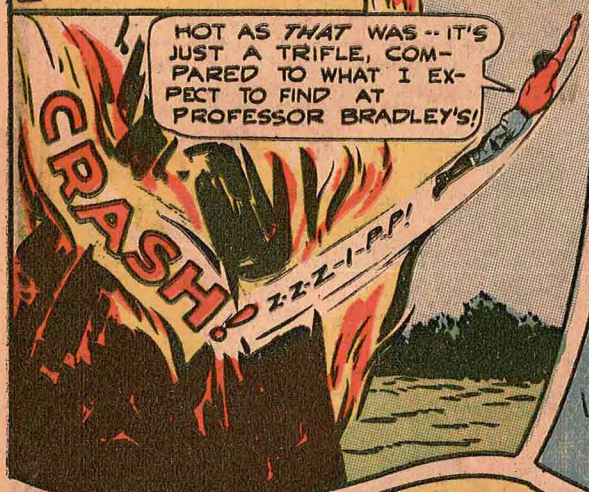
NEVER MIND
THAT---
WHAT'S THE
ADDRESS?

WHERE'S THE
FIRE, MISTER?
THE STUFF
WAS SHIPPED
TO 58 SUMMIT
ROAD!

OH-OH!

GR-RAK!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT...



MINUTES LATER...



I WAS JUST THINKING... IF WE HAD SAY A HUNDRED OF THESE FOR MY COLLEAGUES -- WE COULD REALLY GO PLACES!

I INVENTED THE SPECTRO-DISPERSER TO SCARE AWAY INTRUDERS -- SO I COULD WORK ON SERIOUS PROJECTS! IT WASN'T MEANT FOR A BAND OF CRAZED KILLERS!

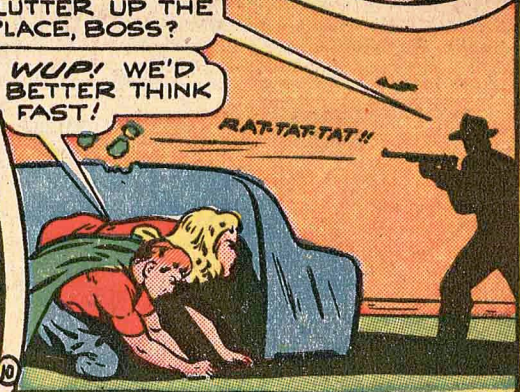
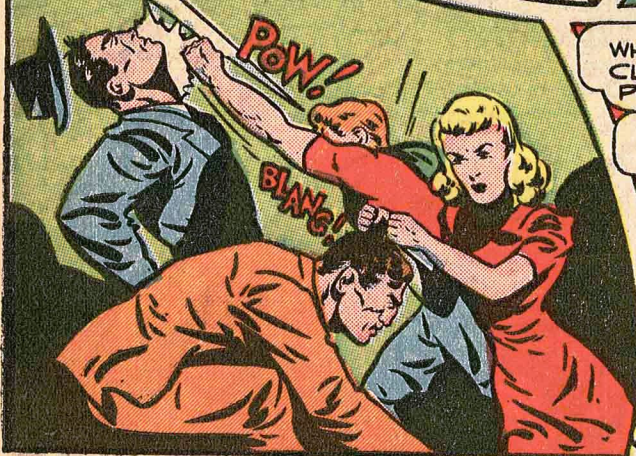
YOU'RE GONNA SHUT UP, SEE -- AND GET TO WORK!



WHY DON'T WE ALL KEEP BUSY?

WHY HAVE THEM CLUTTER UP THE PLACE, BOSS?

WUP! WE'D BETTER THINK FAST!



SUDDENLY...

TOMMY-GUN BURSTS
SEEM TO HAVE
BECOME MY
ENTRANCE
MARCH, RATS!

DOC STRANGE!
YOU WON'T GET
ME!

THERE'S WHERE YOU
AND I AGREE, HEEL!
I'M GETTING YOU!

CRASH!

BUNK!

I'LL LEAVE THAT
TOMMY-GUNNER
FOR YOU,
MIKE!

DON'T YOU YOUNG
BLOODS THINK
I DESERVE A
LICK?

SOK BAH!

CRACK!

WITH THE GANG BATTERED...

I DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU COULD EXPLAIN
THAT SPECTRO-
DISPERSER SIMPLY,
PROFESSOR?

OF COURSE! AS
YOU KNOW--THE
ATMOSPHERIC
SPECTRUM CAR-
RIES PRIMARY
COLORS--LIKE
THOSE ON THIS
DISC!

THE MOLECULAR ROTATION
TRANSMITTED BY MY DEVICE
HAS THE SAME EFFECT
YOU SEE HERE!--FUSING
THE SPECTRUM INTO A
NEUTRAL WHITE!

THOSE RATS MAY
HAVE LOOKED
WHITE-- BUT THEY
COULDN'T CHANGE
A STRONG STREAK
OF PERMANENT
YELLOW!

A STAUNCH UPHOLDER OF THE AMERICAN
WAY, **DOC STRANGE** BATTLES AGAIN IN
OUR NEXT ISSUE!!



BOY IT'S KEEN! A REAL METAL "G-BOY" REPEATING CAP PISTOL RAPID FIRING

- RAPID FIRING! • LOOKS LIKE A REAL "45"
- ACTUALLY SMOKES ON FIRING
- HAS LOUD EXPLOSIVE REPORT

It's a thriller. Yes! Looks and feels like the Automatic "45's" carried by our Army Officers... with a plastic "Pearl" handle. Easy to reload. Any boy would gladly give his entire allowance for one of these.

\$1.95

ORDER DIRECT... TODAY... PROMPT SHIPMENT

Satisfaction is guaranteed. Send check or money order for immediate shipment—express charges collect. (Smallest order \$1.00. No C.O.D. orders.)

UTILITY STORES, 117 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. MD, Chi. 3, Ill.
 I enclose \$_____ Ship at once via express, charges collect.
 G-Boy Repeating Cap pistols, _____ rolls of caps, and _____ holsters.
 Name _____ Please Print Name and Address
 Street or R.F.D. _____
 City _____ State _____
 Established 1906

PROMPT SHIPMENT

ORDER DIRECT TO DAY!



Box of 5 rolls caps only 15c
7 Boxes for \$1.00

Genuine Cowhide Holster for Famous "G-Boy" Gun \$2

LOOK! LOADS OF FUN!

Jet Propelled! SPEED BOAT



Actually sounds like a real speedboat!

No Springs!
No Gears!

\$1

Complete, Postpaid

Runs half an hour on a small piece of fuel. (Fuel included). Sounds like a real 2-cylinder speed boat. Easy to operate. Will delight both young and old. Order several. They make a wonderful gift.

Fuel Supply Included at no Extra Cost

All Metal! No Moving Parts

ORDER DIRECT... TODAY... PROMPT SHIPMENT

UTILITY STORES

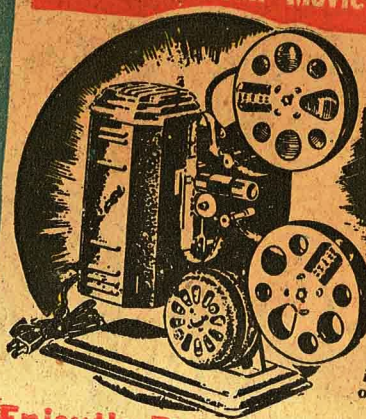
117 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. ME, Chicago 3, Illinois

Enclosed is \$_____ Send at once.
Jet Propelled Speed Boats at \$1 each, postpaid.

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Street or R.F.D. _____ State _____
City _____ Established 1906

Now Available! For Immediate Shipment! EXCEL 16 MM. Movie Projector



A Laugh a Minute Cartoon Films
 • Our Gang Comedies
 • Krazy Kat
 • The 3 Stooges
 • Scrappy
 in 100 ft. Rolls at only \$2.75 a roll.

Enjoy the Fun of Movies at Home!

This is the Finest Low-Priced Motor-Driven Projector Available. Comes furnished with a 200 ft. Take-up Reel, 2-inch lens in focusing mount, tilting device, 120-watt lamp, accessible Spring Belt Drive, Motor Driven Rewind, Switch control Motor, Baked on Enamel Finish and Power-House Type Constant speed motor, A.C. only. Shipping wt. 7 lbs.

FOR ONLY

\$17.50

(Movie Projector) Plus Postage

MAIL COUPON NOW!

UTILITY STORES, 117 S. Wabash, Dept. MF, Chicago 3, Ill.
Please ship as indicated below:

Excel 16MM Movie Projectors at \$17.50 \$_____
 100 ft. Rolls of "Laugh a Minute" Cartoons at \$2.75 \$_____

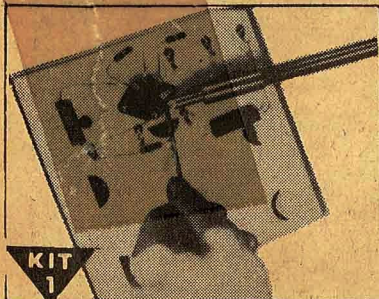
for which I enclose \$_____ Postage _____
 Check Films Wanted: ☐ Krazy Kat ☐ Scrappy
☐ Our Gang Comedies ☐ The 3 Stooges

Name _____
 Street or R.F.D. _____
 City _____ State _____



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

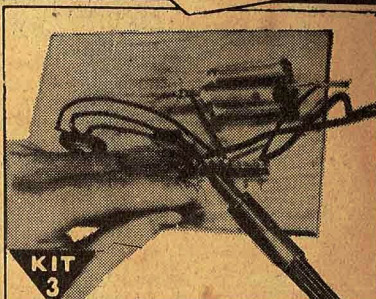
I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts



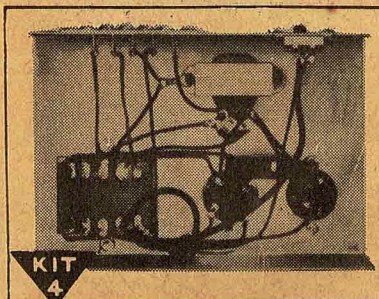
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



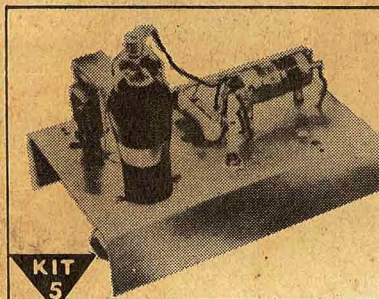
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



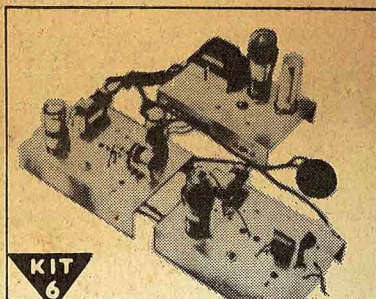
KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

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Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

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National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
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City.....Zone.....State.....

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Good Food: Tasty, nutritious **Baby Ruth** is good for you, because it's rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Contains other vital foods, too.