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Do you mean to say you're going to break another date, Bob? Golly, sometimes I could kill you!

But this is important, Jean! Dr. Turner's experiment at the District Penitentiary may make medical history!

Turner has combined carbon 13 and bismuth! Subjected to a radon ray...it can be traced through the human system!

And you were going to take me to see 'Hearts Aflame'...

Well...I'm sure you'll have an interesting time, Mr. Benton! A lot you care for romance!

Oh-oh! See what I'm up against, Tim?

Soon afterward...at the penitentiary...

Positive! That bogus drug firm I headed may have killed a few people...but I know something about chemistry!

I didn't volunteer for Turner's experiment out of brotherly love! There's a chance to get the lowdown on his new discovery!

A moment later...

Carbon 13 is still very rare...but I've got an adequate supply in my laboratory.

The five convict volunteers are ready, Dr. Turner!
Radium rays are pretty unstable! I suggest testing their reaction on the carbon 13 and bismuth... before the experiment!

Of course! A few grains should be enough for a trial! Nothing unsafe about the compound... but we can't take chances!

Then... with the turn of a switch...

Barrroom!

Turner! He caught the full blast, Tim!

Jeepers, look... the convicts!

There's no wall to hold us now... or anything else!

That's open to debate, pal! And we have the floor!

Then... as the warden enters...

Great Scott... what's happened?

Just relax, warden... this is just the beginning!
ALL RIGHT, BUDDY... DO WE GET AWAY OR NOT?

NO SENSE LEAVING THE RADON RAY TRANSMITTER, EH?

PERFECT! LOOK WHAT SOME KID SOUL LEFT US, BOYS!

BANG!

BY GEORGE... THEY'VE GOT YOUR CAR, BENTON!

TOUGH BREAK, WARDEN... BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET DR. TURNER TO A HOSPITAL!

BUT LARKIN IS A TRAINED BIOPHYSICIST! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO WITH THAT TRANSMITTER!

MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT... BY LEARNING WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION!

HOURS LATER...

HERE'S THE ANSWER, TIM! BY SOME FLUKE, THE ATOMIC WEIGHTS OF CARBON 13 AND BISMUTH TOTAL 222... EXACTLY THAT OF RADON!

THE RAY SETS UP AN ELECTRONIC CHAIN REACTION IN THE CHEMICALS! AND OUT OF THAT EMERGES A MODIFIED VERSION OF AN ATOMIC BOMB!
GOLLY! DO YOU SUPPOSE LARKIN KNOWS THAT?

IF HE'S EVEN GUESSED IT... WE'D BETTER PICK UP THE REST OF THE CARBON 18 IN DR. TURNER'S LABORATORY! IT'S TIME FOR THE TERROR TWINS, TIM!

SOON AFTERWARD... WISH WE KNEW WHERE TO LOOK FOR THAT STUFF, LARKIN!

HELPFUL OF TURNER TO LABEL HIS BOTTLES! HERE IT IS!

Then...

POW!

YOU JAILBIRDS CERTAINLY AREN'T WASTING ANY TIME!

LOOK OUT, LARKIN... THAT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

MIGHTY CONVENIENT... FINDING ALL YOU RATS IN ONE PLACE!

DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO QUEER THINGS, IRON MAN!

CRACK!

Bang!

CRASH!
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 PITCHBLEND 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!
NOTHING BADLY DAMAGED, EH?

JUST A FEW BROKEN CONTACTS! I CAN SOLDER 'EM TOGETHER IN AN HOUR!

THEN WE HAVE ENOUGH OF THIS CARBON 13 TO DEVASTATE AN AREA TWO MILES SQUARE... AND I DON'T KNOW AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A COOL MILLION!

CARBON 13

LARKIN JUST PHONED THE MAYOR'S OFFICE! HE WANTS A TRUCK WITH $1,000,000 IN CASH LEFT ON MEADOW TURNPIKE... A FEW MILES OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS!

Late that night...

I'VE FIXED THE NORTH-SOUTH LOCATION, TIM! HOPE I CAN FIND THE EAST-WEST COORDINATE BEFORE ANYTHING HAPPENS!

BLACK TERROR! I WAS LOOKING FOR BOB BENTON... BUT THANK GOODNESS YOU DROPPED IN!

LARKIN JUST PHONED THE MAYOR'S OFFICE! HE WANTS A TRUCK WITH $1,000,000 IN CASH LEFT ON MEADOW TURNPIKE... A FEW MILES OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS!

IF THE TRUCK ISN'T THERE BY MIDNIGHT... LARKIN THREATENS TO BLAST THE CITY FLAT!

IT'S 11:25, TERROR! I SUPPOSE HE ISN'T BLUFFING?

I KNOW HE ISN'T! ONCE THOSE CONVICTS LEAVE THEIR HIDEOUT... IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO STOP THEM!

I'LL GET BOB'S HELICOPTER READY, TERROR! THIS CALLS FOR YOU! THAT MILKSOP BOB HASN'T EVEN GOT SPUNK ENOUGH TO... TO TAKE ME TO THE MOVIES!
WITH THE MINUTES TICKING OFF LIKE FOOTFALLS OF DOOM...

I'VE GOT THE EXACT LONGITUDE, TIM! THEY'RE ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES OUT OF TOWN!

WE MAY MAKE IT! HERE'S JEAN WITH THE PLANE!

WE COULD BROADCAST A CITY-WIDE ALARM... BUT IT MIGHT MEAN PANIC!

NEVER MIND! JUST HAVE THE POLICE KEEP ALL TRAFFIC FROM MEADOW TURNPKE!

Moments later...

TIME TO MEET THAT TRUCK, BOYS... AND 250,000 PEOPLE BETTER PRAY IT'S THERE!

IN A LITTLE BLACK BAG...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS RADON BOMB! IT CAN'T EXPLODE WITHOUT A VIOLENT IMPACT!

LARKIN! THERE'S A PLANE COMING DOWN!

THUNDERATION! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

WE'VE JUST MADE IT, TIM! DROP LOWER!

THIS PUTS ME A JUMP AHEAD, FALS!

CRASH!
LET'S GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS, MUGS!

DON'T RUN OUT ON US, LARKIN!

LARKIN HEADS FOR ESCAPE!

DON'T WORRY, HEEL... I'LL SEE HE DOESN'T GET FAR!

CRASH!

GOOD GOLLY, TERROR... JEAN FORGOT TO FILL THE TANKS!

TRY TO FIND AN UP-DRAFT... AND CUT THE ENGINE!

WE'LL NEED EVERY DROP OF FUEL!

SPUTT!

I'LL NEED BOTH HANDS FREE FOR THIS... AND A GOOD MEASURE OF LUCK!

LIKE A HERALD OF DEATH... AT EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR...

JUST ANOTHER FEW MILES... AND I'LL BE CLOSE ENOUGH!

CITY LIMITS 9 MILES
FOLLOW THE ROAD, TIM... AND EASE HER DOWN!

ALITUDE, TIM... I'VE GOT HIM!

KEEP OFF! THIS BAG'S LOADED WITH DEATH!

I DON'T SCARE EASY, LARKIN!

THOUSANDS OF FEET UP...

KEEP GOING, TIM... THIS CALLS FOR HEIGHT!

NO DICE... SHE'S STALLING!

THEN NOW'S THE TIME TO UNLOAD!

WITH AN EARTH-SHAKING ROAR...

THAT BLAST IS TWO MILES ACROSS, TIM... BUT SAFELY SHORT OF THE CITY. WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THIS IS IN OPEN COUNTRY!

BARRRRROOM!
As the helicopter drops...

Hey! Look down there, Terror!

Larkin's thugs... trying for a get-away! I'll set the controls!

Not much left to do here, Tim!

Moments later... as the terror twins leap free...

Yaagh!

Lucky? It was strength, terror... and courage... and brains. Solly, you could be my ideal if... tell me, have you seen "Hearts Aflame"?

Later...

Saving the city from that blast doesn't require thanks, Jean. Guess I was just lucky!

And so...

Holy smoke! Look, it's the Black Terror!

Oh! Isn't that sweet?

Hearts Aflame! Wouldn't it be wonderful. Terror, if some day... you and I...

Ulp! Sorry if I've gotta leave suddenly, folks... but we'll have another exciting meeting in next month's issue!

Ha-ha!
GEE, 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, GRANDMA! 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!
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 muzzie was wearning 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 Bwanamfebwa, 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.
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 Hank, stepped into the picture with sledgehammer blows that crushed the Nipponese hopes.

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!

Could we 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!

Gosh, there are plenty of cables to look through aren't there? And we don't even know what to look for!

Enlisting the manager's aid—

General Favel, 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!

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 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!

Outside--

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!

There he goes! We can't let him out of our sight!

Sure, boss--that's right! They followed me and--what? Okay, I'll get 'em there.

I'm being tailed! I better let the boss know!
Moments later--

There he goes into that alley! I don't like--

Ambush!

We don't like busybodies!

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

OH!

This will prove it!

I'll keep this punk from--

This'll stop 'im! The boss wants this bird brought in for questioning.

Sorry I can't oblige!

Hey!

Ow!!
Into a waiting truck—

LOCK 'EM IN THE BACK, SPIKE! GET 'EM TO THE BOSS, PRONTO!

BRUCE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I— I GUESS SO! BUT I THINK IT'S TIME FOR THE FIGHTING YANK TO TAKE OVER!

A warehouse on the outskirts of the city!

I GOT THOSE SNOOPERS IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, BOSS!

GOOD! OPEN IT UP AND TAKE THEM OUT!

SURPRISE!

WHAT THE—! THE FIGHTING YANK!

WE MUST SUBDUE VILE FIGHTING YANK BEFORE ALL OUR PLANS ARE RUINED!

I'LL START BY RUINING A COUPLE OF UGLY MAPS!

I'M CELEBRATING CRACK-A-JAP WEEK!
Even the fighting Yank can't stand up against a heavy truck! I'll bowl him over from behind.

Look out, Yank!

Wham!

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--

Bang!

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 HENCE, I SET UP THE SHERIDAN IMPORTING COMPANY AS A FRONT! NOW I AM PAID BY JAPAN! AS A TRAINED PHYSICIST, MY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE HAS PROVEN 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 LUCK TO TAKE ACTIVE PART IN THE FIRST SUCH TEST!

YOU MEAN—? OH! NO!

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

IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS, VANK—SAY THEM NOW THE MOMENT I TURN ON THE CURRENT—YOU'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!
Suddenly--out of America's revolutionary past--Bruce Carter!

MY COUNTRY'S DANGER SUMMONS ME!

YOU ARE FREE, MY SON!

CRASH!

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

THANK YOU, SIRE! I WON'T FAIL!

WHAT HAPPENED--?

THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

AMERICA WILLY NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YANK!

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

UGH!

LATER--

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

BUT JOAN DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT NARROW ESCAPES ARE STILL IN STORE! Watch for the Fighting Yanks in our NEXT ISSUE!
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 at 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 kickin' 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 alarmed. 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 whistlin', 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 whistlin'?"

"'A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,'" said Danny with a smile.
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 wreakers of terror!
AT THE LABORATORY IN WHICH DICK MARTIN CONDUCTS HIS ADVANCED ELECTRICAL RESEARCH...

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

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

MEANWHILE...

--WHILE THE MACHINE HAS INFINITE POSSIBILITIES--

HERE'S THE CHIEF RESULT CHILTON AIMED AT:

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!

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!

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

WOW! BROTHER... THAT'S FOR ME!

TUT! CAN'T YOU EVEN ASK?

POW!
THEN... you certainly lined yourself up for a pile of trouble, bud!

As the clerk presses the alarm button...

AW... can't I even get a bracelet for my girl friend?

STICK AROUND, DOPE... AND YOU'LL GET THE KIND OF SNAP ON!

CLANG! CLANG!

BANG!

IN A HEADLONG ESCAPE...

Sure I remember it... 86 Highland Terrace! What's the angle, Chief?

Don't make any dates for tonight! If that character has one rough diamond... it's a cinch he has others!

BESIDES... NO ONE SLUGS CHIMP MATSON WITHOUT GETTING A BULLET BETWEEN THE EYES!

MEANWHILE...

I'm all right, Joyce... but I'd better get this back to the lab in a hurry.

AND I AM LATE FOR CLASS! HOPE I'M IN TIME TO GO TO PROFESSOR CHILTON'S WITH YOU!

THAT EVENING...

THE NEWS DID GET OUT, DICK! THIS ACCOUNT NOT ONLY MENTIONS THE DIAMOND... BUT GIVES YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS!

BLAZES! I LEFT THEM WITH A CLERK... and now we'll have a gang of reporters!

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY AT DUCHAMPS!
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 pyromaniac 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.'

Five minutes later...

Oke!

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 PYRODAX'S FINGERTIPS!

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

NOW... LET'S ALL RELAX!

PETE! GIVE US A HAND!

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

PETE'S GOT A YELLOW STREAK!

ALL AT ONCE...

WAM!

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 pyromaniac 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-R-AK!

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...

Pyromaniac! Dad and Dick are in danger at Professor Chilton's!

Don't worry, Joyce... I've just left there!

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!

CRUNCH!!
Meanwhile...

Never thought we'd be working with you, "Unseen"! But how did you learn about that thing?

When I read about that 2.15-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 "phagoments"... 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 phagoments, 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 ohmage! 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 max-generator... and firing diamond-tipped bullets that can penetrate anything!
Several days later...

At the city's largest bank...

This gun's ready, isn't it? We don't want any hitches, "unseen"!

Oh, certainly! I was just making a detailed plan of the mayocreator... in case we want to build a few others!

Quick! Close the vault!

Clang!

BANG!

Heh! They might as well keep their dough in paper bags!

SPLUT! SPLUT! SPLUT!

Don't rush me, Pete! I don't wanna bother with anything under a hundred dollar bills.

Woo-oooo!

Yeah... but what about the cops?

Oh... don't give them a second thought.

SPLUT! SPLUT!!

Come on... they're getting away!

What are we supposed to do, debris this thing?

Crash!
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.

Hm... 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?

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 half hour later...
"Jughead" and I thought Westmount was escape-proof!

You won't believe it, Chimp... but I got out after slugging a pyromaniac!

They'll believe it now, Nolan!

Idiot! He tricked you into bringing him here!

Unnoticed in the confusion...
Split! Shut!

Hey! I can always get off to a new start... while I have the maxogenerator plans!

Next morning...
I don't care if you are jealous! I think pyroman's wonderful!

Too bad "The Unseen" managed to sneak away... but at least he left the maxogenerator!

Yaagh!!

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" spills pyroman with deadly designs!
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 hideouts 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 springs 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!
CAN GHOSTS FIRE WEAPONS AND COMMIT ROBBERY AND MURDER WHILE THEY TERRORIZE THOUSANDS? PLEDGED TO BATTLE CRIME IN ANY FORM, DOC STRANGE MATCHES HIS UNEQUALLED STRENGTH AGAINST THE GHOST GANGS. BUT WHAT CAN HE DO AGAINST PHANTOMS?

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

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

WHAT ABOUT THAT BAT ROOST, TORGLE?
Suddenly...

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

GO AWAY! LEAVE ME IN PEACE!!

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

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

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

CARRY HIM INSIDE! I WANT THE LOWDOWN ON THIS!

"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...

JEEPERS, DOC... THERE THEY ARE!

RAT-TAT-TAT

WOOOOOO!

BANG!

BANG!

THEN...

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

O.K., TORGLE!

GREAT SCOTT! MIKE... TAKE THE WHEEL!

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

IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
NOW TO GET THEM!!

THE GHOST IS BY NO MEANS CLEAR, RATS!!

WITH UNLEASHED STRENGTH...

WOOSH

CRRUNCH!

THAT'S DOC STRANGE!

ARE YOU MUGS SCARED WHITE -- OR IS THAT YOUR NATURAL COMPLEXION?

BANG!

BOP!

POW!

THEN --

BOOM!

LUCKY BREAK THAT BOX OF GRENADES, EXPLODED!

GOOD GOLLY!! HE DROPPED NEARLY TWO HUNDRED FEET!
Take some motion, 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!

Nonsense! There's a perfectly sound explanation... and I'll find it when I find the gang!

Let's see if we can't get a tip from those scientists!

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 Bradley 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, Torgle!

Daily Globe

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.

Great horn spoon -- look!

Here's the first step! Get that truck started!

I hope Doc doesn't... heavens, Mike! What's that?

Smells like gasoline, Virginia!

Rat-tat-tat!!

Aagh!
THE GHOST GANG!!
PUMP IN A FEW INCENDIARY BULLETS, SMITTY!

MIKE! THE WHOLE ROOM'S ABLAZE!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

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

GREAT GADFLY! HE'S UP THERE, TORGLE!

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

SO THE HAUNTING SEASON IS ON AGAIN, EH?

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

BANG!

BLAM!
THIS DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL ANY BETTER ABOUT THOSE HEELS!

THE TRUCK! FIRE AT IT, FOOL!
GREAT SCOTT!

AS THE INCENDIARY BULLETS HIT...

BOOM!

IN A HURTLING FALL...

CRASH!

WE'VE GOT TO HELP DOC!

NOT UNTIL WE FIGHT THROUGH THESE CREEPS!

YOU MUGS SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO CEMETERIES--BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WINDING UP!
GET 'EM MOVING! MAYBE DOC STRANGE WILL REALIZE WE'D BETTER LAY OFF NOW!

MOMENTS LATER...

THREE GOT MIKE AND VIRGINIA---AN IT JUST ABOUT STYMIES ME!!

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

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

IN THE HEART OF THE SEARING FLAMES...

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

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

NEVER MIND THAT---WHAT'S THE ADDRESS?
In the next instant...

HOT AS THAT WAS -- IT'S JUST A TRIFLE, COM- PARED TO WHAT I EXPECT TO FIND AT PROFESSOR BRADLEY'S!

Minutes later...

THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO HAVE MADE SIX OF THESE, PROFESSOR -- FOR DISTRIBUTION TO YOUR COLLEAGUES!

I was just thinking... if we had a hundred of these for my colleagues -- we could really go places!

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

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!

WAK!

Why don't we all keep busy?

POW!

Why have them clutter up the place, boss?

WUP! We'd better think fast!

RAT-TAT-TAT!!
SUDDENLY...

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

CRASH!

Bang!

Doc Strange! You won't get me!

There's where you and I agree, Heel! I'm getting you!

Bunk!

I'll leave that Tommy-gunner for you, Mike!

Don't you young bloods think I deserve a lick?

Sok... Bam!

Bang!

With the gang battered...

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!

I don't suppose you could explain that spectro-disperser simply, Professor?

Of course! As you know... the atmospheric spectrum carries primary colors... like those on this disc!

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Enclosed is $... Postage

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