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America's BEST COMICS

no. 22

Featuring
THE FIGHTING YANK
THE BLACK TERROR
CAPTAIN FUTURE
DOC STRANGE
PYROMAN



Thunder rides the skies

When hot-headed, handsome Lewt McCanles gallops recklessly along a trail that can lead only to flaming gunplay, a million-acre cattle empire trembles in the balance. Brother wars on brother in an action-packed, swift-shooting story of the great American Southwest in its sprawling, brawling infancy.



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NEWSSTANDS
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1930 Technicolor Production

DOC STRANGE



When the mysteries of Ancient Egypt spread their pall over a modern American city... when ghastly figures roam free, and the dead refuse to be still... only unusual powers can bring reason and sanity in place of madness and mystery! Such powers belong to Doc Strange-- crime's mightiest menace!

IN A DINGY NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM, HASSAN THE BALD, EGYPTIAN DESPERADO, MAKES PLANS WITH HIS COHORTS....

WE MUST DISPOSE OF EFFENDI ANTHONY PENNOCK! WHEN HE TOOK THE PHARAOH'S PERSONAL RUBY AFTER VIOLATING THE TOMB OF TUT-RA-KO-- HE DEFIED THE LAWS OF EGYPT!

HE SMUGGLED THE RUBY OUT OF EGYPT! IF WE PUNISH HIM WITH DEATH--AND TAKE THE RUBY FOR OURSELVES, HE WILL RECEIVE HIS JUST DESSERTS!



BUT IF HASSAN THE BALD KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING AT PENNOCK'S PRIVATE MUSEUM THAT VERY MOMENT... HE MIGHT THINK TWICE!

THE MUMMY-- IT'S AFTER ME!

W-WHAT'S THAT?

OOOOOOOOO!

HELP!

DOC STRANGE'S FRIEND VIRGINIA, HAS HER FIRST NEWSPAPER ASSIGNMENT...

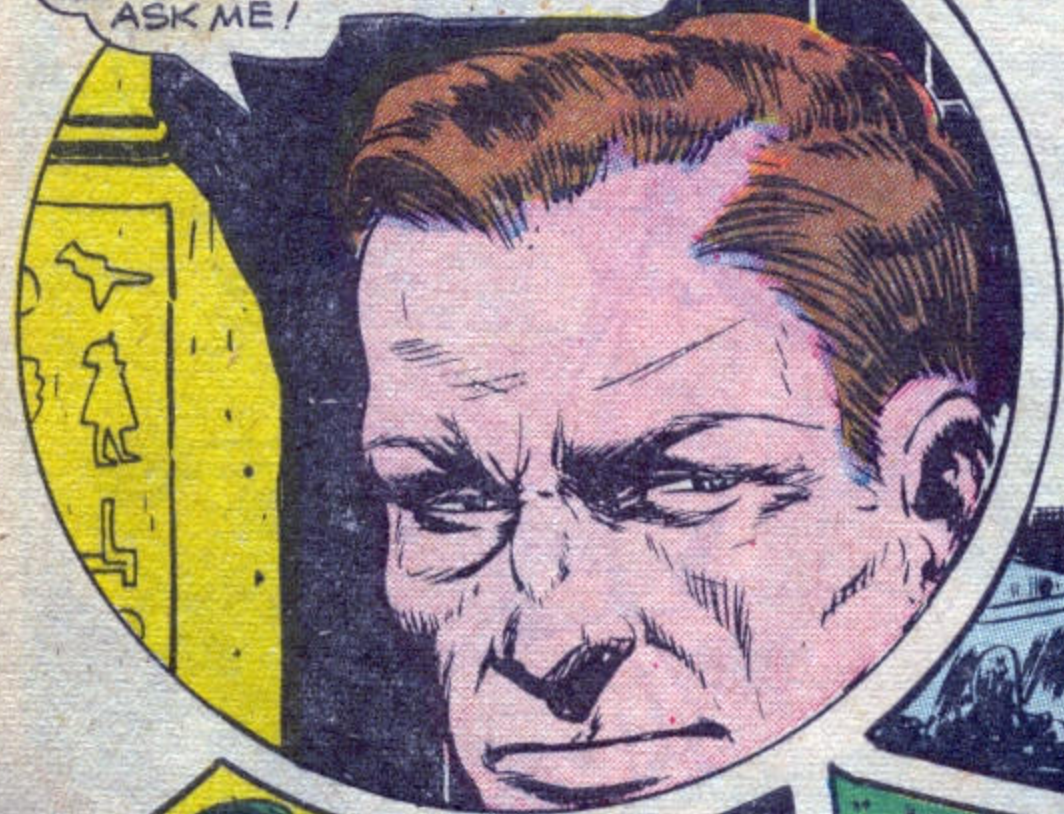
DR. PENNOCK, HOW ABOUT THE STRANGE DOINGS AT YOUR MUSEUM?

IF I WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, I'D SAY THE PLACE IS HAUNTED!

ACTUALLY, YOUNG LADY, THAT'S MOSTLY POPPYCOCK OF COURSE, THIS CHARM OF TUT-RA-KO'S TOMB MIGHT HAVE THE ANSWER!



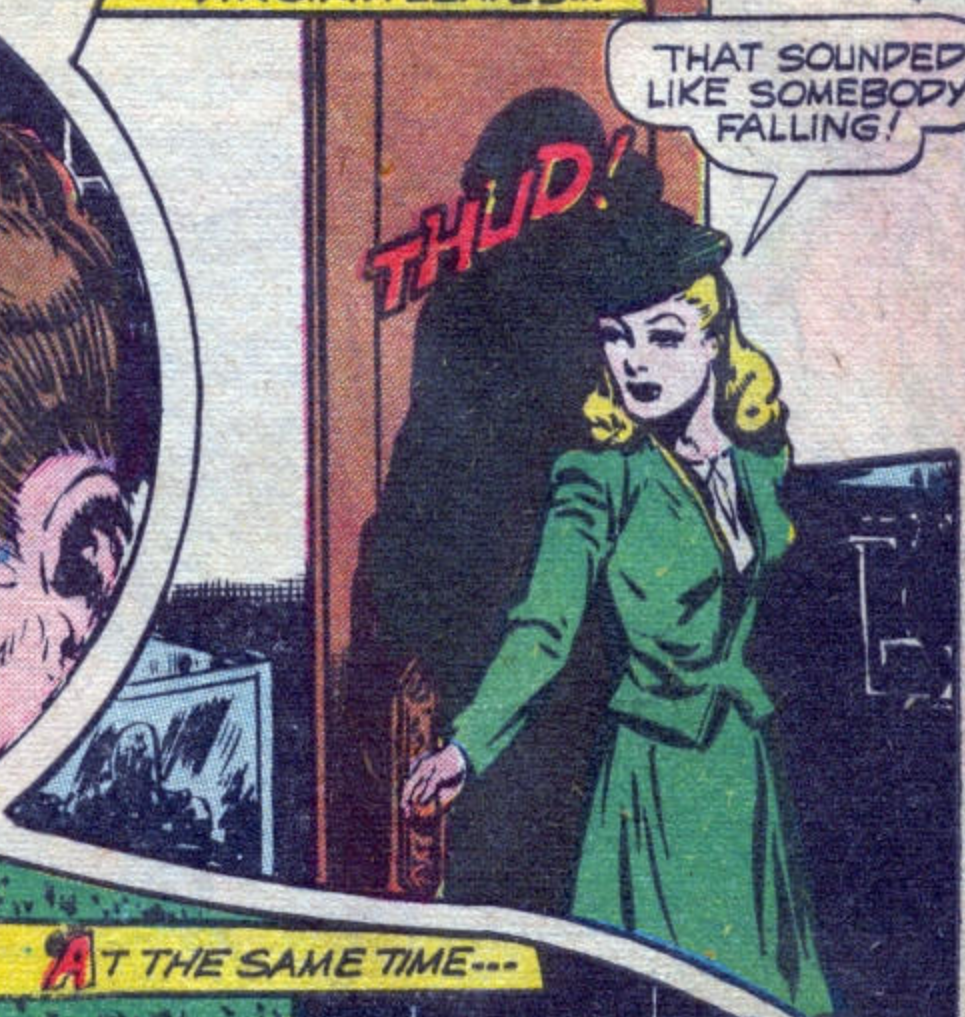
THE INSCRIPTION READS: "WHO VIOLATES THE TOMB OF TUT-RA-KO SHALL DIE, BUT NEVER REST! JUST AN IDLE THREAT, IF YOU ASK ME!"



MOMENTS LATER, AS VIRGINIA LEAVES...

THAT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEBODY FALLING!

THUD!



AT THE SAME TIME---

GOOD GRIEF!
IT'S DR.
PENNOCK!

TUT-RA-KO...
THE WALKING
DEATH... OHHH!



I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET VIRGINIA HERE--BUT I DON'T SEE HER! I WONDER--



SOMEBODY'S SNOOPING AROUND BACK THERE IN THE MUSEUM! DUCK BEHIND THE DESK, VIRGINIA!

CREAK

IN THE INNER OFFICE...

GREAT SCOTT!
WHAT HAPPENED,
VIRGINIA?

I FOUND HIM
LIKE THIS! HE'S
DEAD!



QUIETLY NOW!
IF HE IS HERE,
WE WILL--WHAT!
THERE HE IS--
ON THE FLOOR!

HE IS DEAD! GOOD!
WE WILL HAVE NO
INTERFERENCE!
THE TUT-RA-KO
RUBY WILL
BE OURS!

I--I'M GOING
TO SNEEZE--!

SOMEBODY'S
BEHIND
THAT DESK!

ACHOO!

AT YOUR
SERVICE,
RATS!

POW!

I'LL MOW
'EM DOWN!

LIGHH!

SUDDENLY, FROM
BEHIND...

CRACK!

**ANTHONY PENNOCK--
OR HIS
GHOST?**

EEEEK!

--AND THEN I
FAINTED! WHEN
I AWAKENED,
THE PLACE WAS
EMPTY!

SOUNDS
PRETTY
FISHY TO
ME-- BUT
DR. PENNOCK
HAS DIS-
APPEARED!
FRANKLY-- YOU
TWO ARE ON
THE SPOT!

THE NERVE OF
THAT POLICE
CAPTAIN! HE
WANTED TO
ARREST US!

WELL, AFTER
ALL, WE WERE
THERE WHEN
IT HAPPENED!

LOOKS
LIKE AN-
OTHER
CASE FOR
DOC STRANGE!

INSIDE...

CREAK!

HERE'S WHERE PEN-
NOCK WAS LYING!
NO CLUE HERE--
WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEONE'S COMING!

**STILL
LATER...**

THE POLICE HAVE A
GUARD IN FRONT OF
THE MUSEUM-- BUT
THEY FORGOT DOC
STRANGE CAN FLY!
I'LL GET IN THROUGH
THE ROOF!

THIS IS ONE TIME I'LL
SWING FIRST AND ASK
QUESTIONS LATER!

WHUP!--
VIRGINIA! I
ALMOST
SLAMMED
YOUR HEAD
OFF!

DOC! YOU
SCARED
ME!

SO YOU'RE IN ON THIS MYSTERY, TOO! HOW'D YOU GET INSIDE?

I LOOKED UP AT THE GUARD WITH MY BABY BLUE EYES---

SLAM!

L-LOOK! IT'S ANTHONY PENNOCK'S BODY!

WOW! HOW DID IT GET IN THERE?

OH-OH! MORE TROUBLE!

DON'T YOU BOYS EVER LEARN?

AND YOU, COLISIN RAT, ARE GOING FOR A RIDE!

WHAT THE---! DR. PENNOCK AGAIN!

EEEEEE!

I THINK I'LL GRAB THE KNIFE FIRST!

WITH DEADLY ACCURACY...

UGH!

PLOP!

I WILL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

UFF!... SAY, THAT DIDN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN! OH-OH! THE WAY HIS EYES LOOK-- HE'S ALL DOPED UP!

HE'S CHOKING ME-- AMAZING! NEVER MET ANYONE WHO COULD--

CRASH!

**DOC FIGHTS TO
REMAIN CONSCIOUS!**

**THE AMAZING ELIXIR OF SUN
ATOMS FLOWS SWIFTLY
THROUGH DOC'S VEINS!**

HE'S DRAGGING ME THROUGH
A SECRET PANEL!... CAN'T
--GO UNDER! GOT TO--
GET MY ALOSUN!



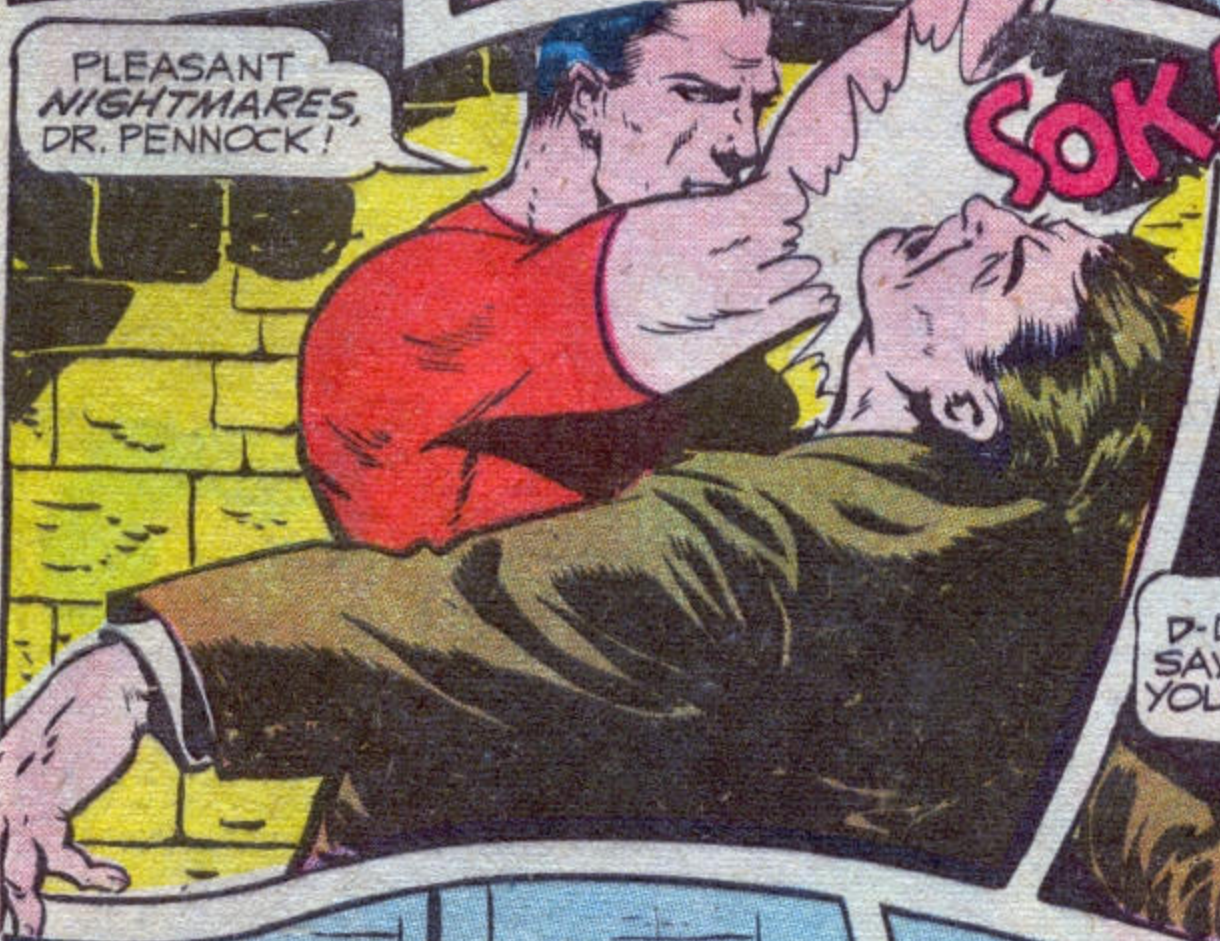
NOW LET'S SEE HOW
YOU FIGHT, MADMAN!

GOT
IT!



WHAM!

PLEASANT
NIGHTMARES,
DR. PENNOCK!



SOK!

NOW ORDER YOUR MEN
TO DROP THEIR KNIVES--
OR I'LL BREAK YOUR
NECK FIRST!

D-DO AS HE
SAYS! DROP
YOUR KNIVES!



**WHEN PENNOCK
COMES TO ...**

HOW ABOUT SOME
EXPLAINING, PAL?



I-I PRETENDED THE
MUSEUM WAS HAUNTED
--TO SCARE AWAY SUP-
ERSTITIOUS EGYPTIAN
THUGS AFTER THE TUT-
RA-KO RUBY!

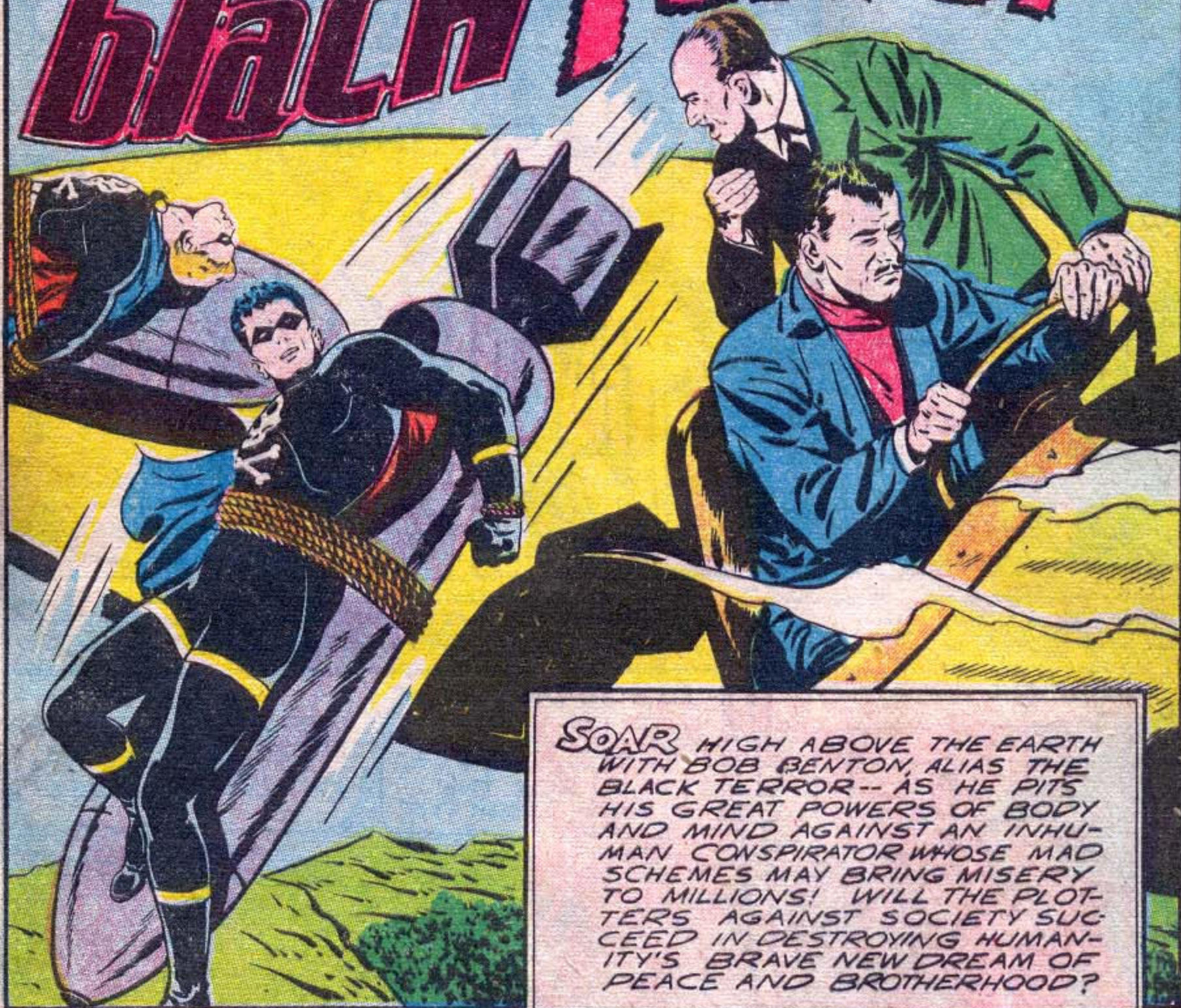
AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN
DRUG PUT ME IN SUS-
PENDED ANIMATION
ALMOST LIKE DEATH,
AND THEN GAVE ME
GREAT STRENGTH! HAS-
SAN AND HIS THUGS
WERE BLUFFED INTO
HELPING ME
FIGHT YOU!

ONLY YOU
COULD DREAM
UP A DEAL
LIKE THAT,
CHUM!



**Doc STRANGE crosses swords
with crime again--in our
next issue!**

The black terror



SOAR HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH WITH BOB BENTON, ALIAS THE BLACK TERROR-- AS HE PITS HIS GREAT POWERS OF BODY AND MIND AGAINST AN INHUMAN CONSPIRATOR WHOSE MAD SCHEMES MAY BRING MISERY TO MILLIONS! WILL THE PLOTTERS AGAINST SOCIETY SUCCEED IN DESTROYING HUMANITY'S BRAVE NEW DREAM OF PEACE AND BROTHERHOOD?

CC-757

IN BOB BENTON'S MAIN STREET DRUG STORE....

HERE'S SOMETHING WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR, TIM! A WORLD PEACE ORGANIZATION HAS AT LAST BEEN FORMED TO SAFEGUARD THE SECRETS OF ATOMIC ENERGY!

SAY, THAT'S GOOD NEWS, ALL RIGHT!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT--IN AN EXCLUSIVE WASHINGTON SOCIAL CLUB, THREE JITTERY SCIENTISTS ENGAGE IN A HEATED DEBATE!

WE'RE TREADING ON DANGEROUS GROUND! IF OUR EXPERIMENTS SUCCEED, CIVILIZATION COULD BE WIPED OUT OVERNIGHT!

YOU ALWAYS WERE AN ALARMIST!

NO---NO! HE'S RIGHT!



WE'LL SOON KNOW HOW TO RELEASE ATOMIC PROJECTILES FROM A LAUNCHING PLATFORM IN SPACE! AND HUMANITY CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO USE SUCH KNOWLEDGE CONSTRUCTIVELY!



SUDDENLY..

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING!



I REPRESENT AIRWAY TOURS, INC! I SHOULD SO MUCH LIKE TO INTEREST YOU IN ONE OF OUR TEN-DAY TOURS! IF YOU'RE PLANNING A VACATION--- THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL DREAMY, ROMANTIC SOUTH AMERICA!

DID SHE BRIBE THE DESK CLERK TO LET HER IN HERE--OR JUST LOOK AT HIM?



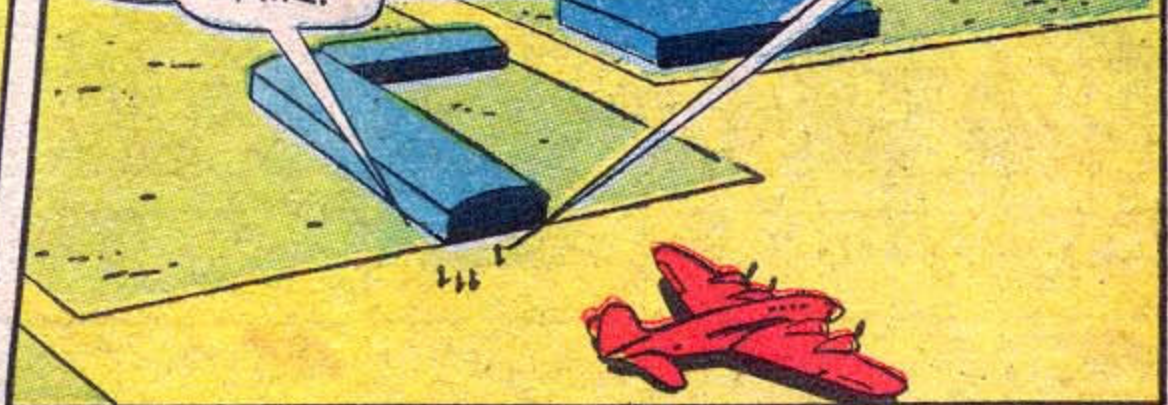
I'M GLAD YOU LIKED MY SUGGESTION, GENTLEMEN! I'LL BE SEEING YOU AT THE AIRPORT!



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT A SMALL AIRPORT NORTH OF THE CITY...

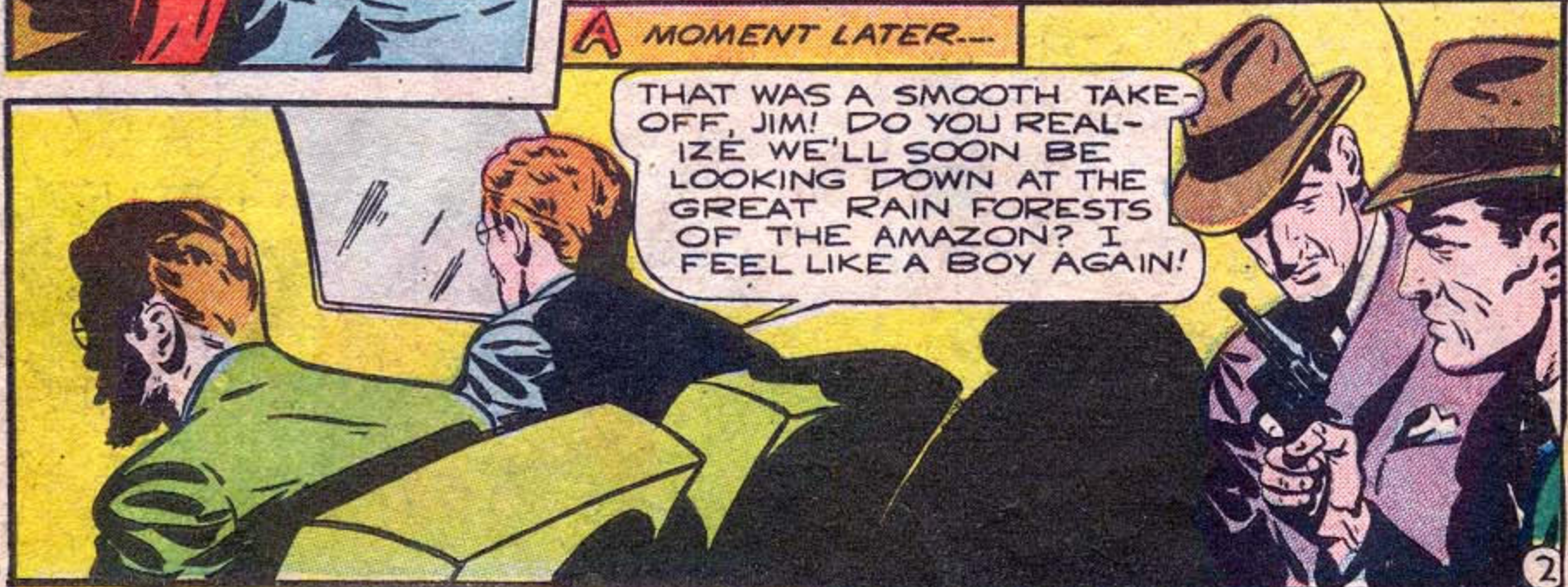
JIM, THIS TOUR WILL GIVE US A NEW SLANT ON THINGS! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE ANDES FROM THE AIR!

IT'LL BRUSH THE COBWEBS OUT OF OUR BRAINS! WE WERE GETTING ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES!



A MOMENT LATER....

THAT WAS A SMOOTH TAKE-OFF, JIM! DO YOU REALIZE WE'LL SOON BE LOOKING DOWN AT THE GREAT RAIN FORESTS OF THE AMAZON? I FEEL LIKE A BOY AGAIN!



SUDDENLY...

HEY, WHAT IS THIS?

SO YOU WANT TO SEE SOUTH AMERICA, EH? WELL--- YOU WILL!



THE NEXT MORNING...

Daily Blade
PROMINENT SCIENTISTS
DISAPPEAR!
ATOMIC ENERGY SECRETS
BELIEVED IN JEOPARDY--
AUTHORITY ON JET
PROPULSION SAYS
DR. WELBY WAS
FOREMOST
IN FIELD!



WEEKS LATER, IN THE STEAMY HEAT OF AN AMAZONIAN JUNGLE....

TORMENT-- MIND-- WANDERING--- CAN'T LET--- IT GET ME! MUST FIGHT-- FIGHT-- FEVER-- MUST FIGHT MY WAY.. TO COAST!



TRAGIC MOMENTS LATER...

I-I MUST GET TO THE COAST! MUST GET WORD... TO WASHINGTON! G-CAN YOU HELP ME?

I WOULD TAKE YOU IN MY CANOE, BUT --IT'S THREE DAYS BY WATER, SENOR!



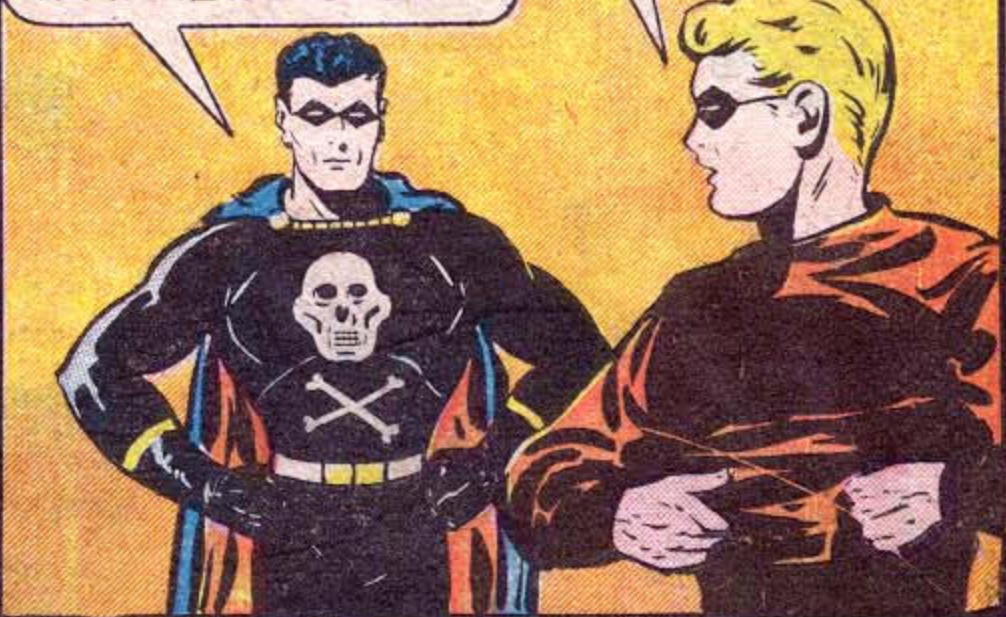
A WEEK LATER, BOB BENTON READS AN AMAZING NEWS STORY!

TIM, LISTEN TO THIS! "DR. WELBY FOUND IN AMAZONIAN JUNGLE... DIES, RACKED BY FEVER IN HUT OF RUBBER PLANTER! LAST WORDS GIVE NO CLUE TO FATE OF OTHER MISSING SCIENTISTS!!"



GET INTO YOUR COSTUME, TIM! THE **TERROR TWINS** ARE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THAT NEWS STORY!

I COULD BE WRONG, BUT--I BET THAT MEANS WE'RE FLYING TO WASHINGTON!



TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL...

YOU SAY DR. WELBY'S ASSOCIATES ARE IN THE HABIT OF DINING ONCE A WEEK AT THE GLENDALE SOCIAL CLUB?

YES...THEY'LL BE DINING THERE TONIGHT, TERROR!

IF YOU DON'T MIND, GENTLEMEN, WE'D LIKE TO SIT IN ON THIS DISCUSSION!

WHY-WHY-BY ALL MEANS, TERROR! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO WASHINGTON?



WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING WELBY'S DISAPPEARANCE! WITHOUT HIM, WE'RE PRETTY MUCH AT LOOSE ENDS!

I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING, GENTLEMEN!

WHA....?



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, A SCENE OF SINISTER IMPORT TAKES PLACE FOR THE SECOND TIME....

TIM, NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE PRETTY LEVEL-HEADED! BUT THAT LADY OF MYSTERY TALKED THEM INTO TAKING THIS TOUR IN EXACTLY EIGHTMINUTES!

SHE SOLD YOU ON THE IDEA TOO, TERROR! I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



DON'T LOOK NOW, TIM-- BUT THERE'S A RAT CREEPING UP BEHIND US!

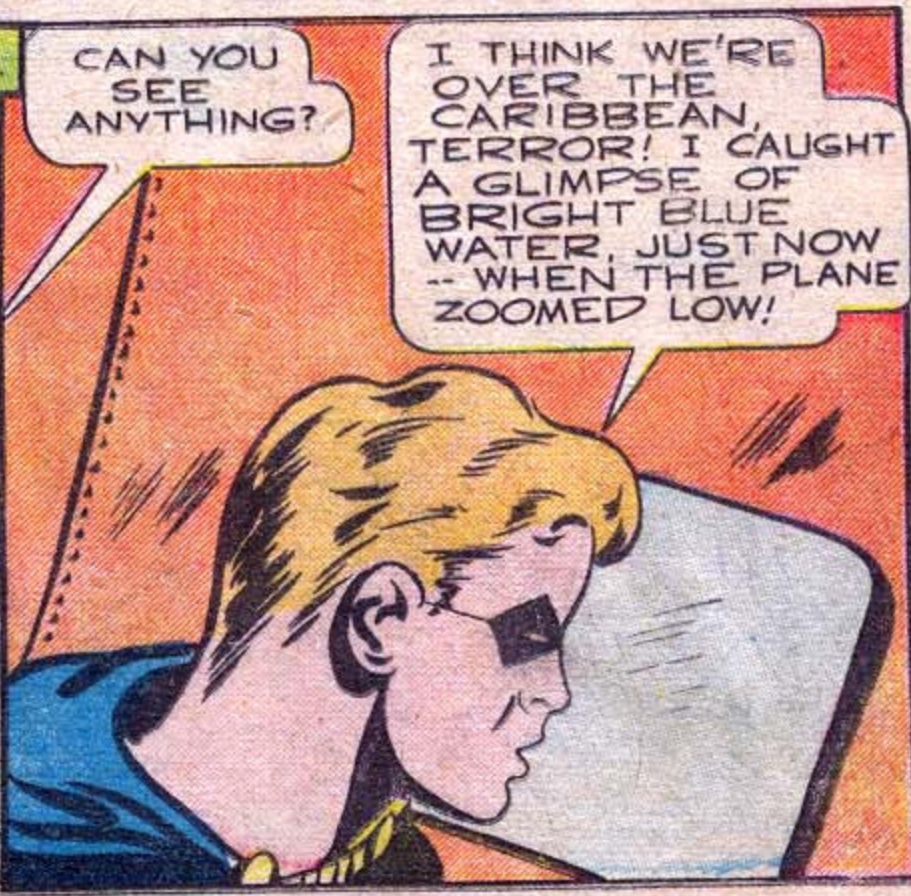
THERE IS?

THERE WAS, TIM!

UGGGG!!

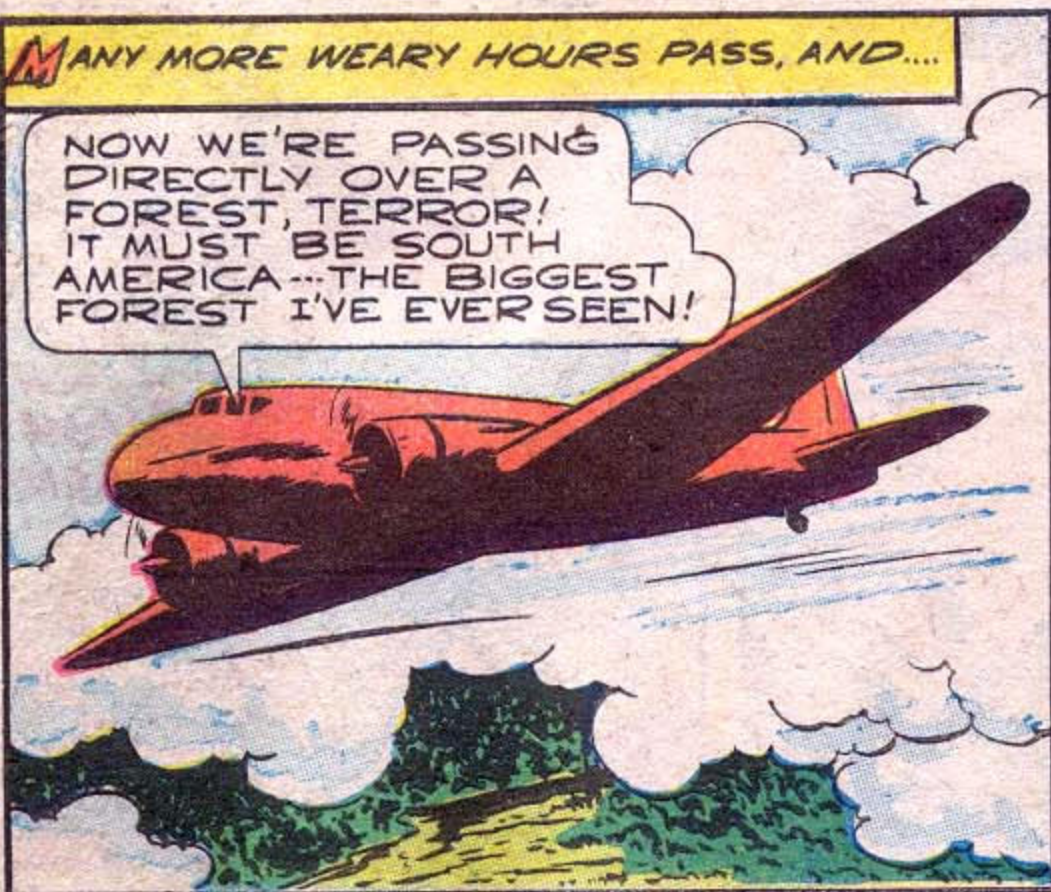
POW



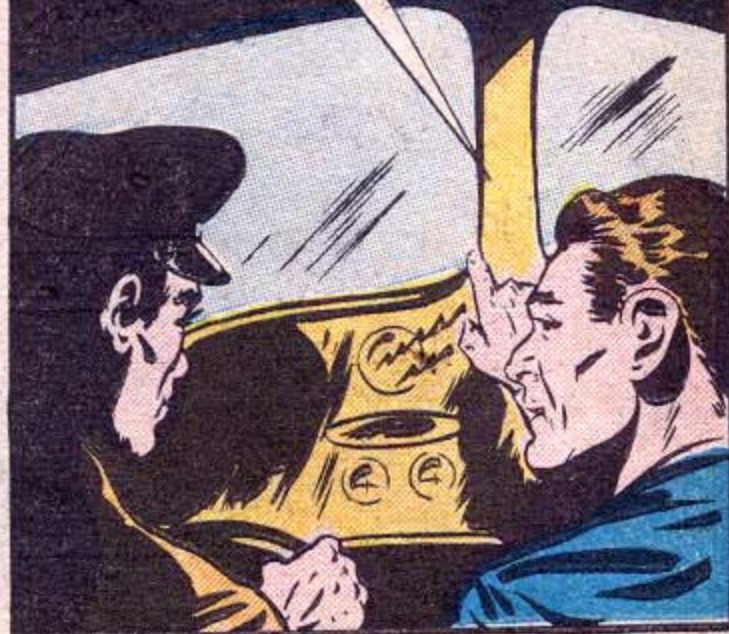


MANY MORE WEARY HOURS PASS, AND....

NOW WE'RE PASSING
DIRECTLY OVER A
FOREST, TERROR!
IT MUST BE SOUTH
AMERICA...THE BIGGEST
FOREST I'VE EVER SEEN!



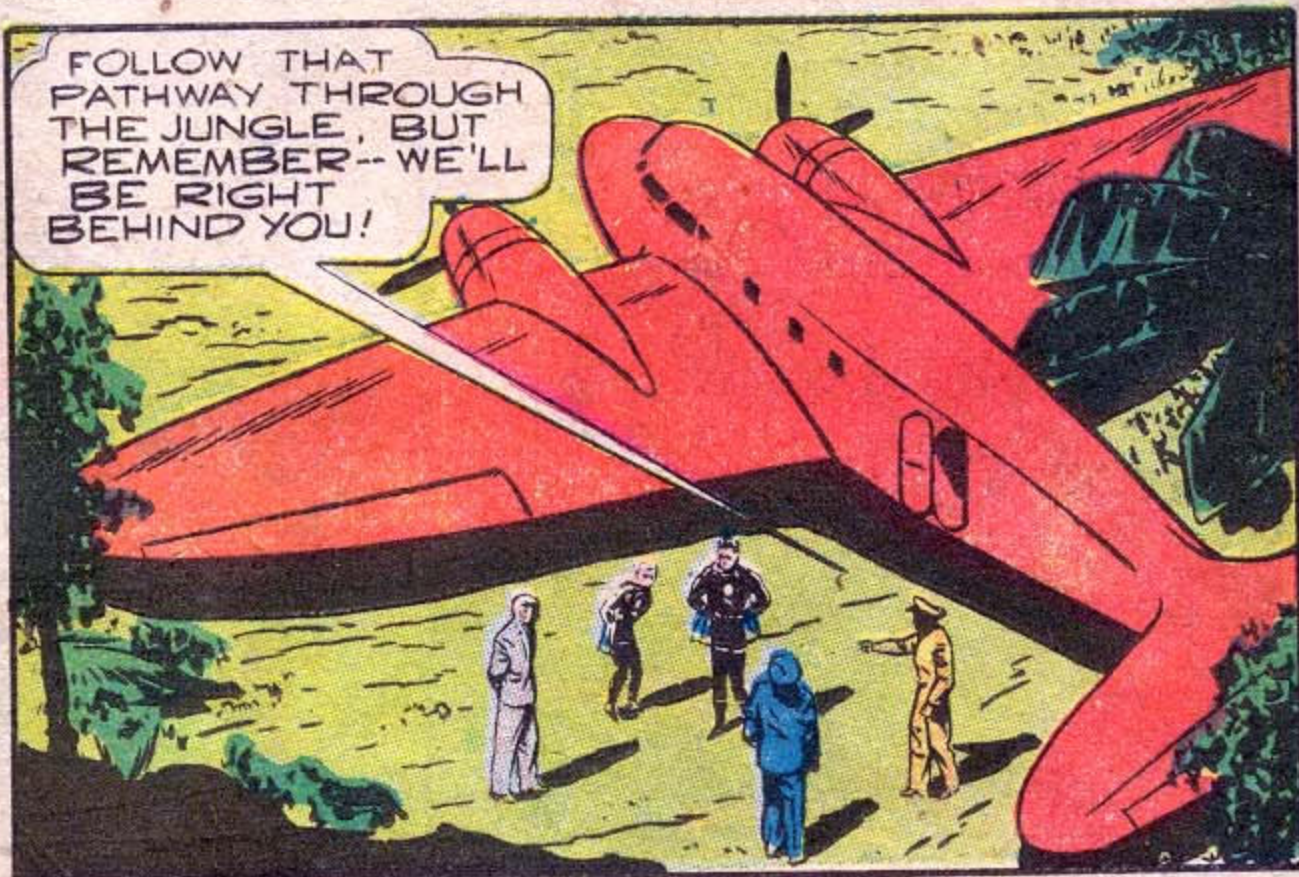
THAT'S THE SECRET
BEAM, MAC! THEY'VE
HIT US SMACK ON
THE NOSE!



GUIDED DOWN
BY THE
SECRET BEAM...



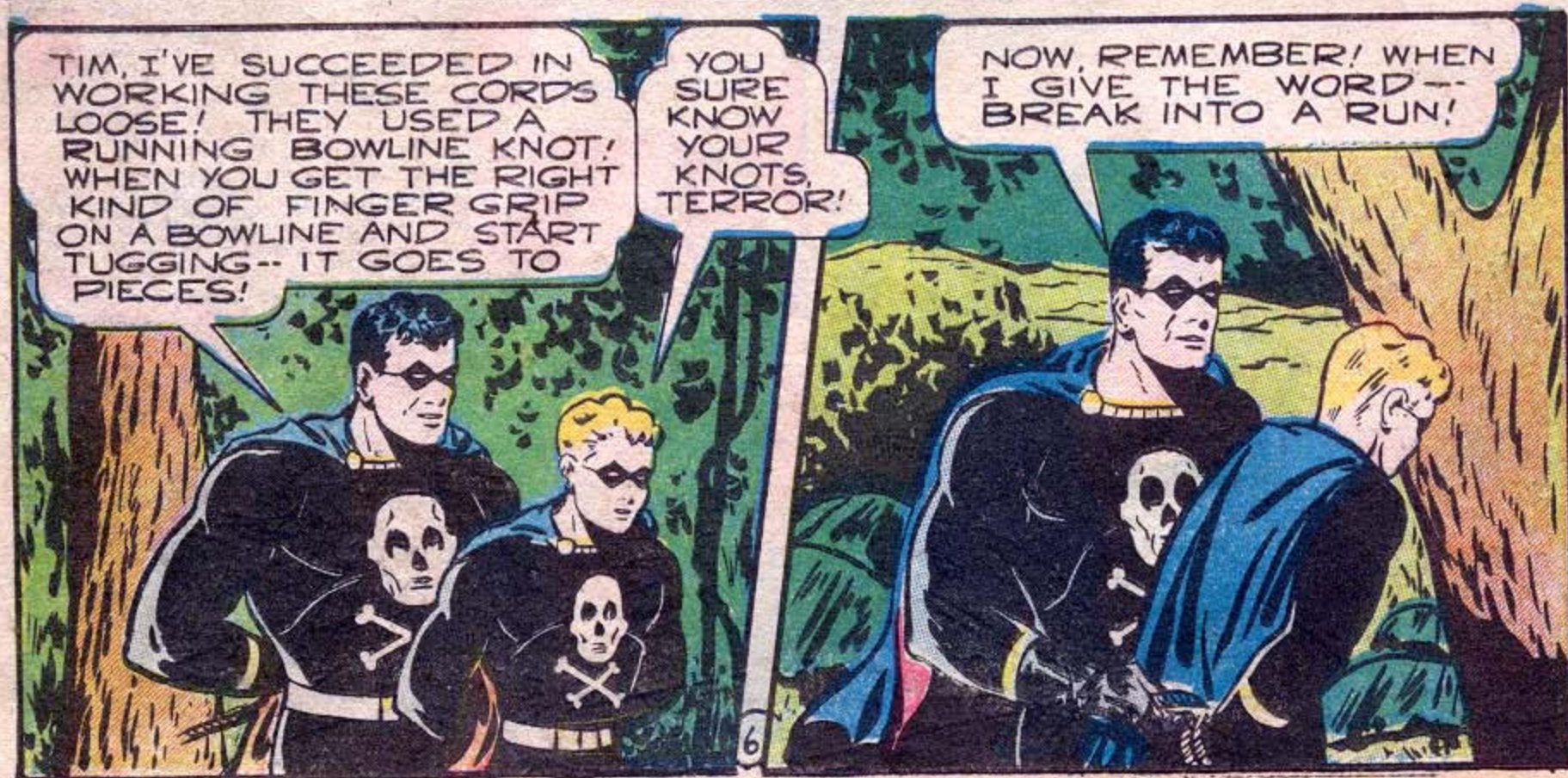
FOLLOW THAT
PATHWAY THROUGH
THE JUNGLE, BUT
REMEMBER-- WE'LL
BE RIGHT
BEHIND YOU!

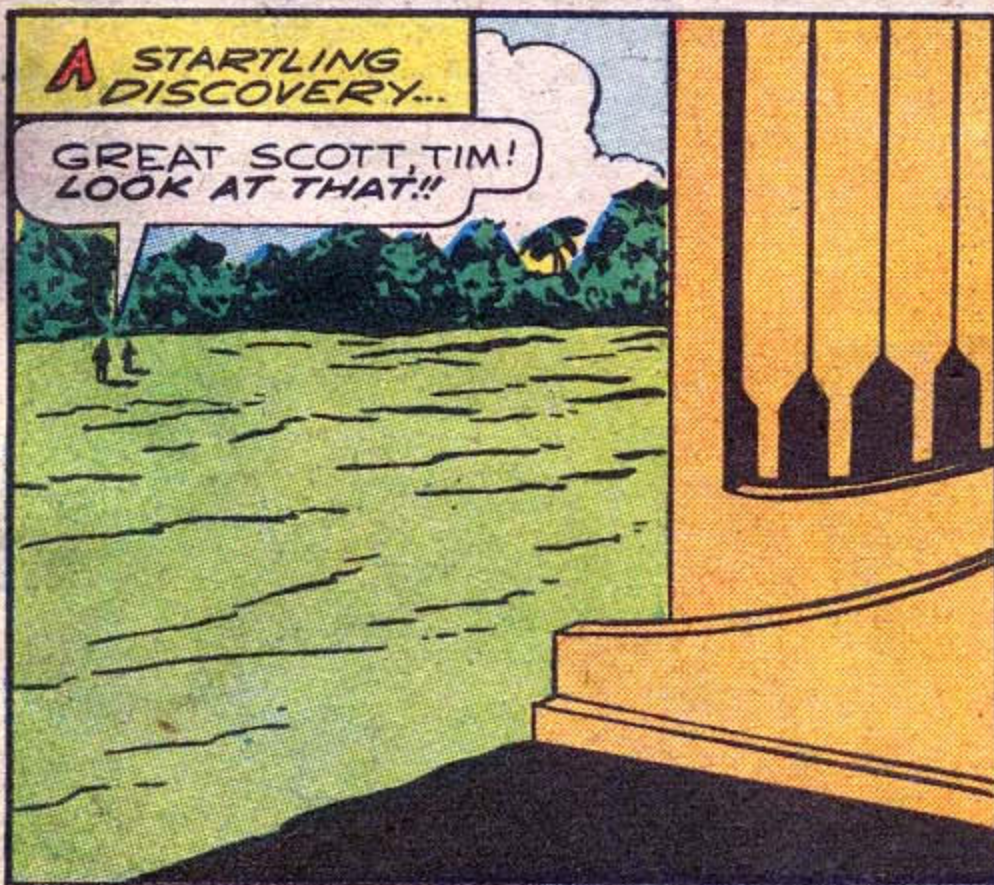


TIM, I'VE SUCCEEDED IN
WORKING THESE CORDS
LOOSE! THEY USED A
RUNNING BOWLINE KNOT!
WHEN YOU GET THE RIGHT
KIND OF FINGER GRIP
ON A BOWLINE AND START
TUGGING-- IT GOES TO
PIECES!

YOU
SURE
KNOW
YOUR
KNOTS,
TERROR!

NOW, REMEMBER! WHEN
I GIVE THE WORD--
BREAK INTO A RUN!





YOU SEE, TERROR, I'VE BROUGHT THE WORLD'S FOREMOST SCIENTISTS HERE AND FORCED THEM TO WORK FOR ME! DR. WELBY WAS THE MOST BRILLIANT! UNFORTUNATELY HE ESCAPED, BUT NOT BEFORE HE SHOWED US HOW TO BUILD THIS ATOMIC BOMB LAUNCHING PLATFORM!



ON THIS PLATFORM ONE OF OUR MEN WILL ASCEND HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH! HE WILL DROP ATOM BOMBS ON NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON! HE WILL BLAST ALL OF YOUR CITIES TO RUBBLE!

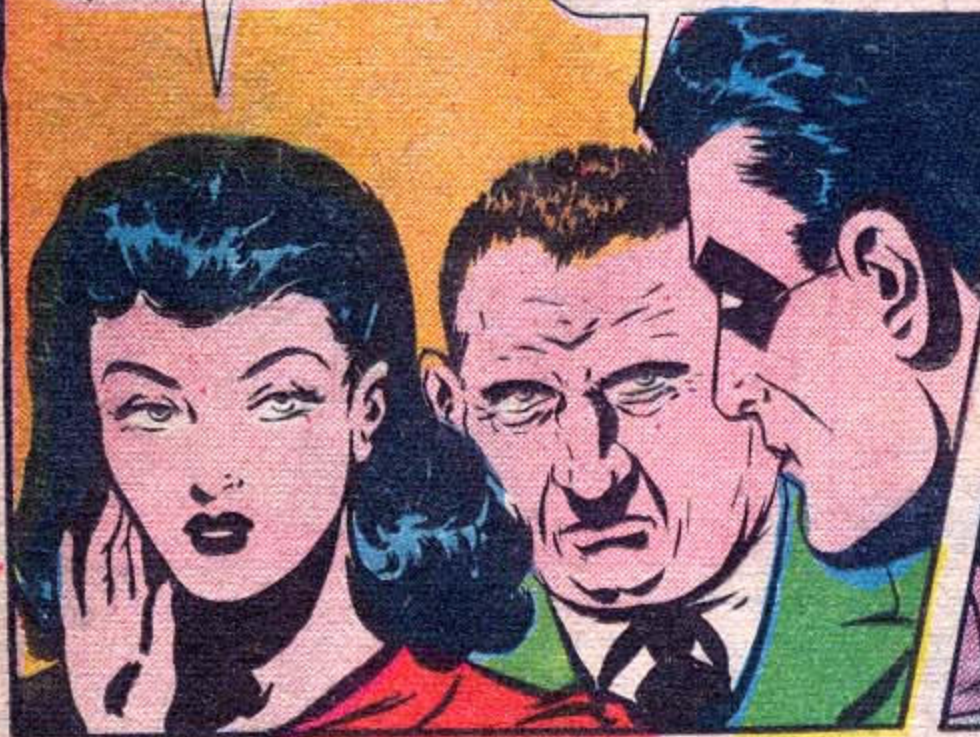
YOU SHE-DEVIL! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



I FOLLOWED YOU IN ANOTHER PLANE! I WANTED TO BE HERE WHEN YOU ARRIVED! I HATE YOU, TERROR, BECAUSE YOU FIGHT FOR AMERICA!

DOLORES WAS ONCE AN ENEMY OF YOUR COUNTRY, TERROR! I, TOO, WAS AN ENEMY SYMPATHIZER! BUT NOW THAT THE WORLD IS AT PEACE, I SELL DEATH TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

WHEN I DEMONSTRATE THE POWER OF THIS INVENTION, I SHALL BE WELL PAID FOR IT! THERE ARE INTERNATIONAL CRIME RINGS THAT WOULD -- OH, THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS! BUT FIRST WE MUST TEST IT THOROUGHLY!... BIND THEM SECURELY TO THE BOMBS!



MEANWHILE, IN AN UNDERGROUND LABORATORY IN THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE...

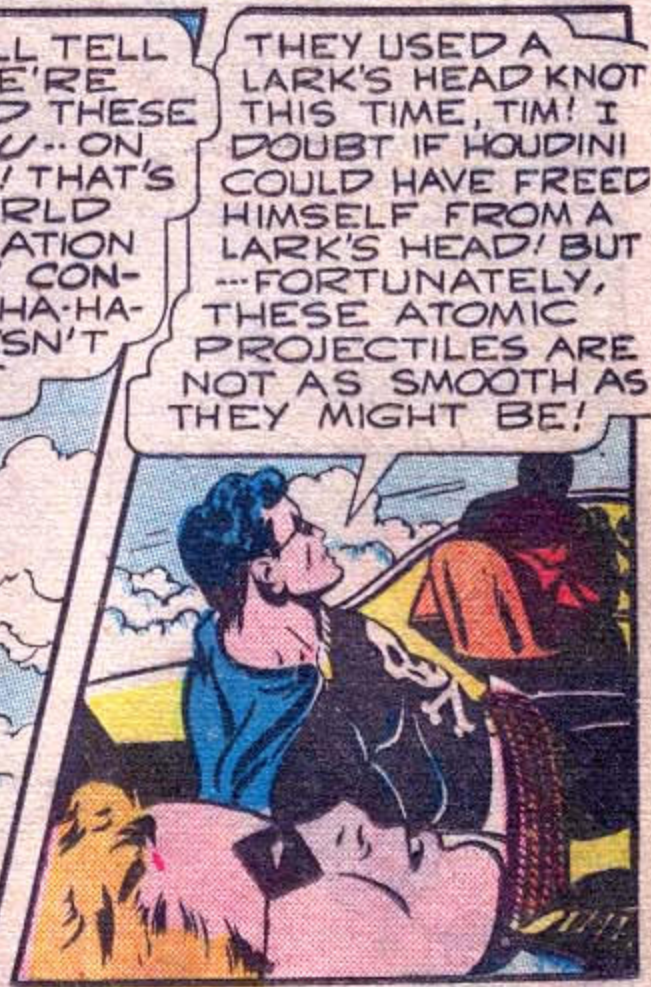
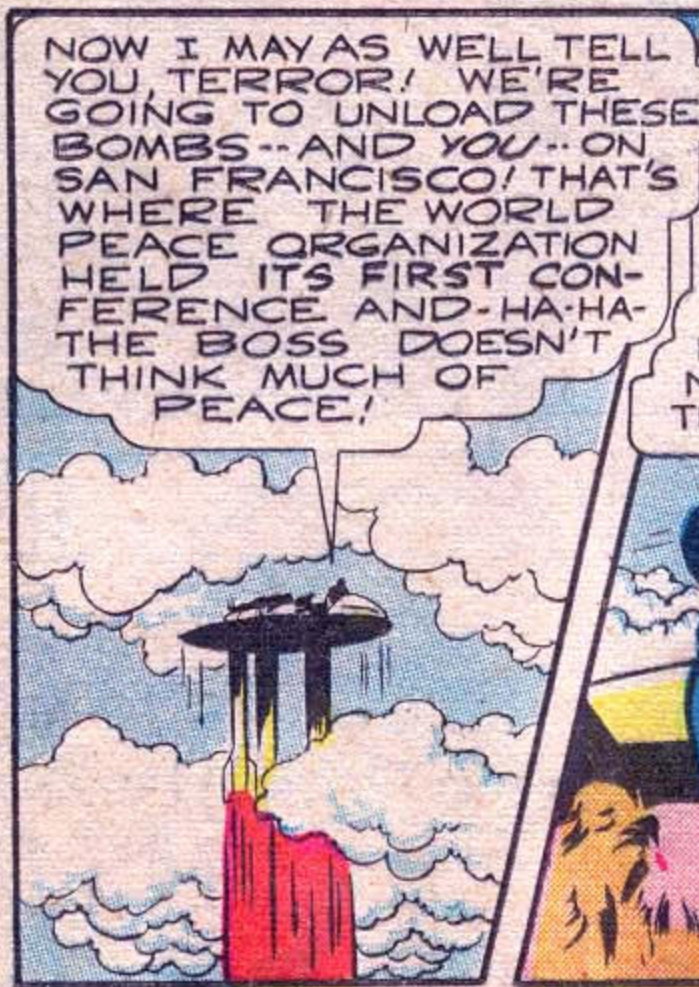
SPENCER, GREEN! SO THEY GOT YOU TOO?



I'M AFRAID SO! IT ALL LOOKS PRETTY HOPELESS, DOESN'T IT?

THEY TORTURED US WITH VIBRATORY BEAMS! THEY FORCED US TO WORK FOR THEM! IT'S BEEN A NIGHTMARE!!







WHEN THE
SMOKE CLEARS...



WHEW! IT'S
UNBELIEV-
ABLE! THERE'S
NOT A BLADE
OF GRASS
LEFT
STANDING!

AND
THEN...



A FORTNIGHT LATER...

BOB, IT SAYS HERE THAT DR. WELBY'S ATOMIC
LAUNCHING PLATFORM HAS BEEN TURNED
OVER TO THE WORLD PEACE ORGANIZATION!
THAT MEANS SOMEONE
RATES A MEDAL!



IF YOU LIKED
THIS
BLACK TERROR
STORY, WAIT 'TIL
YOU SEE HIS
NEXT ADVENTURE!
WATCH FOR IT!!

PLASTIC POLICEMAN

By OLIVER BUCHANAN

DENNIS CRAMER was a first-rate student of chemistry, and enjoyed this part of his high school work very much. His mother was a widow and he had to work his way through school. He was now working in a plastics plant.

Late one night, just as he was about to go home, he heard someone fumbling at the front door of the small one-story plant where he worked. At first he thought it was the night watchman. But when the intruder began jimmying the lock and finally snapped it open, Dennis was immediately on his guard.

The boy dropped down behind a work table, and listened for the movements of the burglar. Finally he heard a voice in the next room which said:

"This is going to be a cinch, Joe. We'll find that safe and get those patent drawings, and we're all set. They're worth a good many thousand dollars."

"Sure thing," replied a second man who had followed the lock-breaker into the outer office. "But how do we find the safe? We can't show a light, because this place is practically pure plate glass all around. And that snooping cop is right down the next block."

"It's a cinch," replied the lock-picker. "I cased this place a couple of times. There's an iron railing around the laboratory to keep people from bumping into those plastic vats while they're cooking. We get hold of that, and follow it along. It's like a hand-rail on a stairway. The safe is at the far

end of the room. You can't miss it."

"Good for you, Jerry," replied Joe.

Dennis Cramer listened to this colloquy, then heard Jerry say: "Be careful of fingerprints. We don't want to leave no evidence behind."

"Don't worry about that," Jerry assured him. "I'm pol-



ishing up everything I touch."

Dennis Cramer heard this, and immediately moved quickly and silently. Near one of the rails Jerry had mentioned he opened the top of one of the plastic vats so that it touched the rail. Then he went back to his hiding place.

The thief called Jerry moved into the room, and found his way along the rail. When he hit the plastic vat cover he felt it carefully, then moved on by. He found the safe and worked on it carefully by the light of a small pencil flashlight. Joe was on the lookout for the police.

"Good luck," Jerry whispered. "I've got it open. And here are the papers." He put them into his pocket, then took out a handkerchief and carefully wiped the safe. Then he came back along the guide rail, rubbing off any possible fingerprints. He stopped briefly at the plastic vat and polished the cover carefully. When he reached

the door, Jerry was sure there were no betraying fingerprints.

He and Joe left the room and hurried off to their getaway car. As soon as they were gone, Dennis Cramer called the police and told them to send a fingerprint man. When the expert arrived, Dennis Cramer said:

"I think you'll find a splendid set of prints on the inside of that vat cover."

Detective Gallagher took the impressions and chuckled when Dennis told him about Jerry's care with the prints. "This will really get him if he has a record," Gallagher laughed.

Dennis Cramer came to work the next afternoon, wondering whether the police had been successful in catching the thieves. Detective Gallagher was there with the two men, and Dennis said:

"That's them all right. Looks as though Jerry's fingerprints were on file, all right."

"What good did that do?" Jerry asked curiously. "I wiped off all the prints in this place. Where did you figure you picked up my prints?"

"Right in the plastic vat cover," Dennis told him. "When you put your fingers on the inside of the cover, there was a thin film of warm, soft plastic on it. When you came back to wipe it, it was cool and hard, and your impressions were left there clearly. All the rubbing in the world wouldn't wipe them off."

Detective Gallagher laughed again. Dennis Cramer had certainly used modern science to catch two important criminals!

PYROMAN



GANGWAY! IT'S EVERY RAT FOR HIS HOLE WHEN DICK MARTIN... IN THE BIGGEST GAMBLE OF HIS CAREER... BARGES INTO A WIDE-OPEN GANG-LAND FEUD WHERE THUGS VANISH INTO SLOT MACHINES... AND PYROMAN HITS THE JACKPOT!

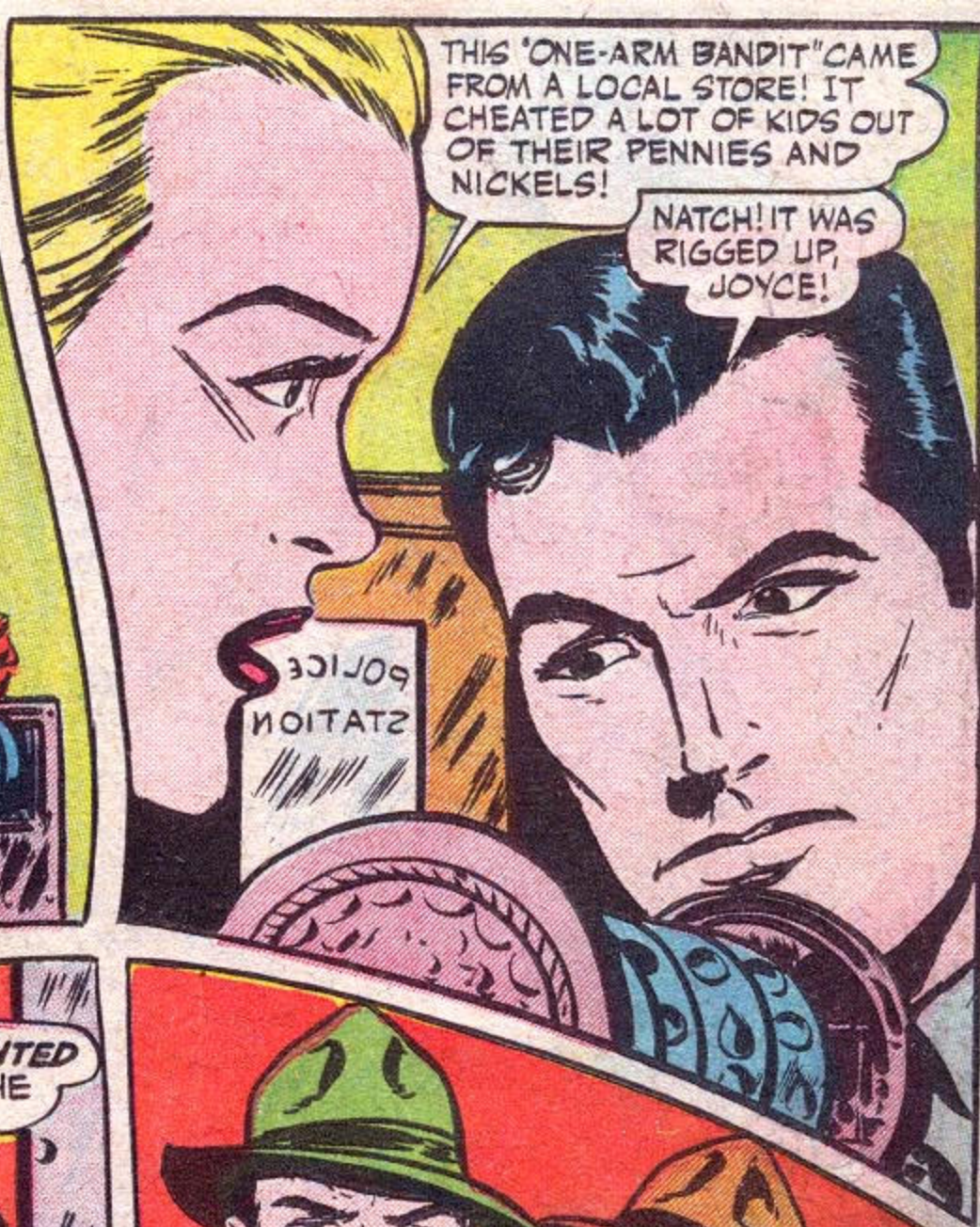
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JOYCE AND DICK MARTIN EXAMINE A CONFISCATED SLOT MACHINE...



THIS 'ONE-ARM BANDIT' CAME FROM A LOCAL STORE! IT CHEATED A LOT OF KIDS OUT OF THEIR PENNIES AND NICKELS!

NATCH! IT WAS RIGGED UP, JOYCE!



SEE THAT LITTLE WHEEL? IT'S **WEIGHTED** ...TO MAKE **SURE** THE MACHINE DOESN'T PAY OFF!



IT'S JUST A **SHAME** THAT A BUNCH OF CROOKED SLOT MACHINE OPERATORS CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS NONSENSE!



LEAVING THE POLICE STATION...

I THINK THE BEST SOLUTION IS TO OPEN NEW PLAYGROUNDS! THAT'S WHAT THE KIDS NEED MOST!

YES...AND SUMMER CAMPS IN THE COUNTRY, TOO!



THIS PLAYGROUND JUST OPENED! IF ONLY WE HAD MORE FUNDS...!

G'WAN! PYROMAN'S JUST A PHONY! HE'S MADE UP!

TAKE THAT BACK...OR I'LL SMACK YA IN THE NOSE! HE'S A REAL HERO!

SUDDENLY...THE STACCATO ROAR OF GUNFIRE FILLS THE AIR...

GREAT SCOTT! A GUN FIGHT!

THEY'RE HEADED THIS WAY...!

RATATAT-TAT-TAT!
BANG! BANG!

NOW WE GOT 'EM!

BANG! BANG!
RATATAT!

HEADS UP, BOYS! YOU'LL BE SHOT!

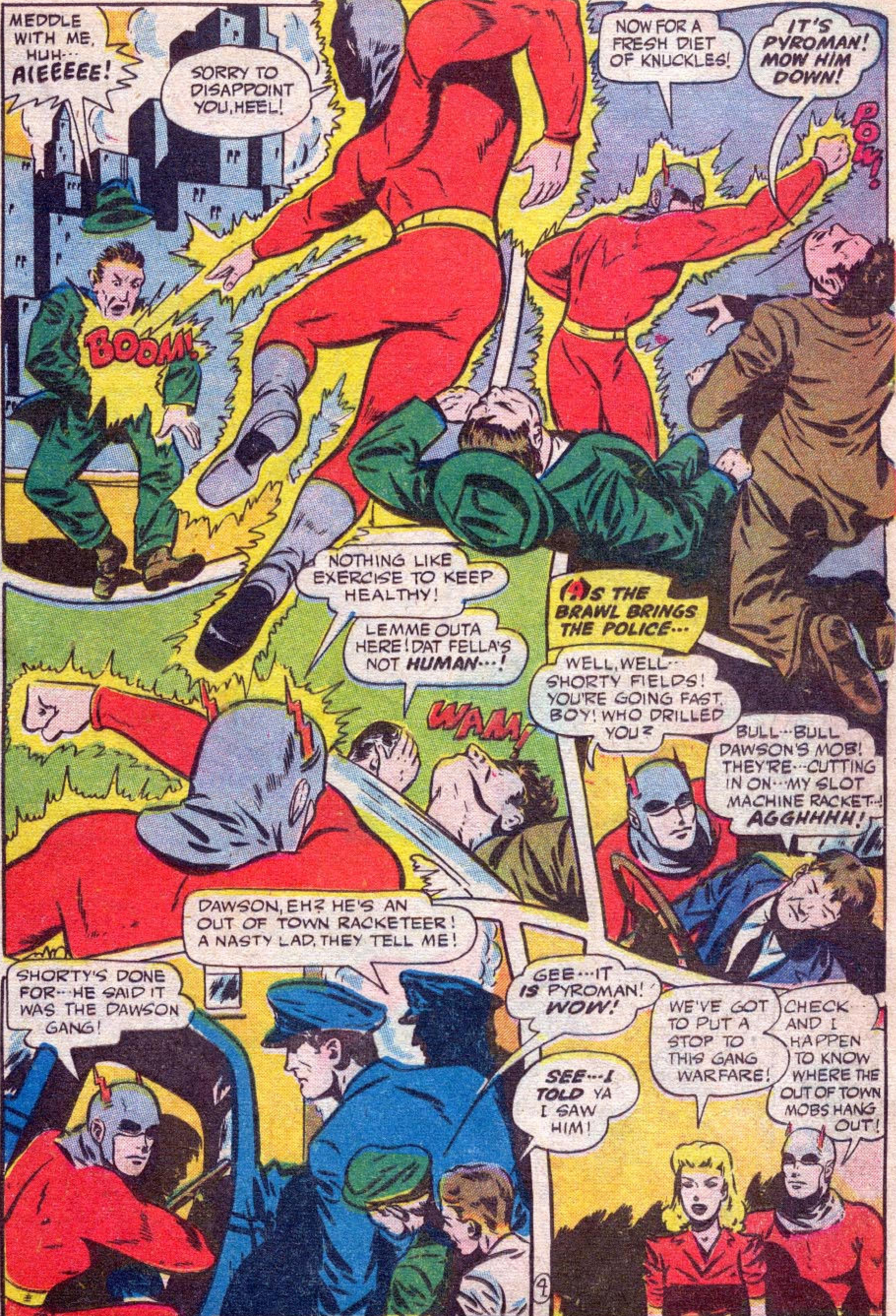
IT'S ABOUT TIME PYROMAN WENT INTO ACTION!

DICK MARTIN CHANGES OVER TO THAT ELECTRONIC BOMBSHELL... PYROMAN!

IF THAT BOLT DOESN'T MELT THOSE BULLETS...!

AM I SEEIN' THINGS? I-IT'S PYROMAN!

RATATATAT!



MEDDLE WITH ME, HUH...
AIEEEEE!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU,HEEL!

NOW FOR A FRESH DIET OF KNUCKLES!

IT'S PYROMAN! MOW HIM DOWN!

BOOM!

POW!

NOTHING LIKE EXERCISE TO KEEP HEALTHY!

LEMME OUTA HERE! DAT FELLA'S NOT **HUMAN**...!

AS THE BRAWL BRINGS THE POLICE...

WELL, WELL... SHORTY FIELDS! YOU'RE GOING FAST, BOY! WHO DRILLED YOU?

BULL...BULL DAWSON'S MOB! THEY'RE...CUTTING IN ON...MY SLOT MACHINE RACKET...! **AGGHHHH!**

WAM!

DAWSON, EH? HE'S AN OUT OF TOWN RACKETEER! A NASTY LAD, THEY TELL ME!

SHORTY'S DONE FOR--HE SAID IT WAS THE DAWSON GANG!

GEE...IT IS PYROMAN! **WOW!**

SEE...I TOLD YA I SAW HIM!

WE'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THIS GANG WARFARE!

CHECK AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE THE OUT OF TOWN MOBS HANG OUT!

Shortly...

THIS IS IT!
NOW TO PLAN
MY NEXT STEP!

PAT GORDON'S
OL PARLOR

OH-OH--I'LL
BET THOSE
ARE BULL
DAWSON'S
COLLECTION
MEN! LET'S
FIND OUT!

I TELL YA, I'M BEIN'
GYPPED! THOSE KIDS
ARE **WINNING**
ONCE IN A
WHILE!

TAKE
IT
EASY,
PAT! WE'LL
FIX **THAT**
IN A
MINUTE!

LAY OFF THAT
MACHINE! IT'S
DUE TO PAY OFF!
I SAW YOU FIX
THE OTHERS
LAST WEEK!

SMART
ALECK,
EH?

YOU GOT A BIG
MOUTH, SEE?
KEEP IT SHUT!

HEY, FELLAS! THIS
BIG PALOOKA SLUGGED
HERBIE!

COUNT ME IN
ON THIS!

YOWIE! WHAT
SPEED! WHAT
POWER! WHAT
A MAN!

RELAX, HEPCATS
...BEFORE I
BLAST YA
DOWN!

LOOK
OUT! HE'S
GOT A
GUN!

WOW! IT'S
PYROMAN!

POW!

SOKE!

I FEEL IN THE MOOD FOR A REPAIR JOB!

CRASH!

ONLY FOOLS GAMBLE, KIDS! IN THE LONG RUN ...YOU CAN'T WIN! ESPECIALLY WITH A RIGGED SLOT MACHINE!

WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSON, PYROMAN!

PYROMAN! LOOK! THE RATS ARE CRAWLING AWAY!

DID YOU SEE WHAT I THINK I SAW?

POW! CRACK!

BULL DAWSON MADE US DO IT! HONEST!

WHERE DOES DAWSON HANG OUT? START TALKING!

D-DON'T SOCK ME AGAIN, PYROMAN!

THE UPROAR BRINGS THE POLICE...

DAWSON'S AT THE BURNS WAREHOUSE, ON SIMPSON LANE! HONEST...

OKAY, PAT...THIS TIME YOU'RE CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS!

AND SO ARE THESE TWO MONKEYS!

SOON AFTERWARD... THE BURNS WAREHOUSE ON SIMPSON LANE...

BULL! OVER THERE...IT'S PYROMAN!

PYROMAN?! THAT'S TOUGH ...FOR HIM! CLOSE THE WAREHOUSE DOOR... QUICK!...I'LL MASSACRE THE LUG WHO TIPPED HIM OFF...!

ELECTRONIC BOLT...DO YOUR STUFF!

HE'S COMING IN!

BOOM!



CRASH!

THAT'S ENOUGH CUTTING UP FOR THE MOMENT!

NEXT STOP... SHORTY FIELDS' HANGOUT, FOR SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!

I'M YOUR NEW BOSS, SEE? SHORTY FIELDS IS DEAD! YER TAKIN' ORDERS FROM ME...!

HERE I AM AGAIN, FOLKS!

I THINK I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

HALP!

TSK, TSK! SUCH NERVOUS PEOPLE!

BAM!

THE FIGHT BRINGS THE POLICE...

IT'S PYROMAN! HE'S GOT THE DAWSON GANG!

ALSO THE SHORTY FIELDS OUTFIT, OFFICER!

DAILY GLOBE
SLOT MACHINE RING SMASHED BY PYROMAN

THAT PYROMAN'S A MAN...WHAT I MEAN!

NEXT ISSUE...PYROMAN OUTPLAYS ANOTHER PACK OF PIRATES! DON'T MISS IT!

ARMED GUARD

By CHUCK STANLEY

BUCK TURNER had one ambition in life. He wanted to work for the Wells Fargo Company. He wanted to be either a stage coach driver or an armed guard. His father told him that sixteen years was too young an age for him to take on anything of this kind.

"I'm not going to work in a saddle shop all my life," Buck protested. "If I can't work for the stage company, then I'll get a job in the bank."

Old Deacon Haller, the town banker, heard Buck's comment, and said: "Maybe you can fulfill both of your ambitions. I'm sending along a shipment of gold on the next stage coach. If you see that it gets through safely, I'll be glad to have you in the bank."

Buck Turner considered this idea, then he turned to his father and asked: "How about it?"

"Suits me. But you'll have to get up early in the morning. The stage pulls out at day-break."

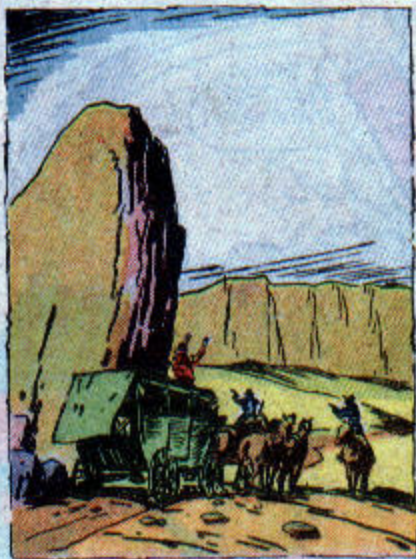
"Oh, that's all right," Buck replied. "I'll be up early. I'm finishing up a saddle, and I still have to lace the rawhide through the skirts. Deacon Haller can leave the money with us tonight, and then he won't have to be down here in the morning."

The Deacon thought this was a good idea, and so it was arranged.

Buck Turner worked late on his saddle, and early the next morning when the Wells Fargo stage was ready to move out, he greeted Old Zack Moss, the driver, and tossed up the canvas bag bearing the legend of the CARLTON BANK.

"Sure looks like the Deacon is sending plenty of double eagles to Denver," said Zack. "I hope we don't meet up with no road agents. I wouldn't want anything to happen to you."

Buck Turner wasn't flattered by this comment. His face was red and his father laughed. But Buck held tight to his rifle and said: "You



drive your stage coach, and let me protect the gold pieces." Zack Moss whipped up the horses and the stage galloped away. Buck Turner moved along beside it. Now and then he rode in front of the big lumbering vehicle. At other times he was riding the ledges to one side, and sometimes he brought up the rear.

It was while he was following along that suddenly he heard a gruff command: "Pull up, Zack, and don't try anything funny."

Buck Turner reined in his horse, he slid out of the saddle and hurried forward, his rifle at the ready. He saw two

tough hombres covering Zack, and they appeared to be quick trigger gents who would fire without warning.

"Throw down the sack of gold coin," ordered one of the outlaws. Zack looked around for Buck Turner, but not seeing him, he complied with the command of the stage robbers. The moment the bandit had the bag, Buck Turner whipped up his rifle and fired several shots over the heads of the hold-up men. They spurred their horses and galloped away.

Then Buck remounted his horse and pulled up alongside the stage coach. Zack looked at Buck with a puzzled expression on his face.

"You sure showed up at the wrong time," he said. "They got away with the gold. You're going to have a tough time explaining things to Deacon Haller, I'm thinking."

"Get your stage coach going," Buck Turner commanded. "Everything is working out just fine." Zack shook his head again, whipped up the horses and the coach went on toward Denver. As they were entering the outskirts of the mile high city, Buck said: "Brains are better than gun-play every time. Them hold-up men got away with a bag of metal washers. I've got Deacon Haller's gold laced into the skirts of my saddle. As soon as I get up behind the bank, we'll get another canvas bag and dump them in."

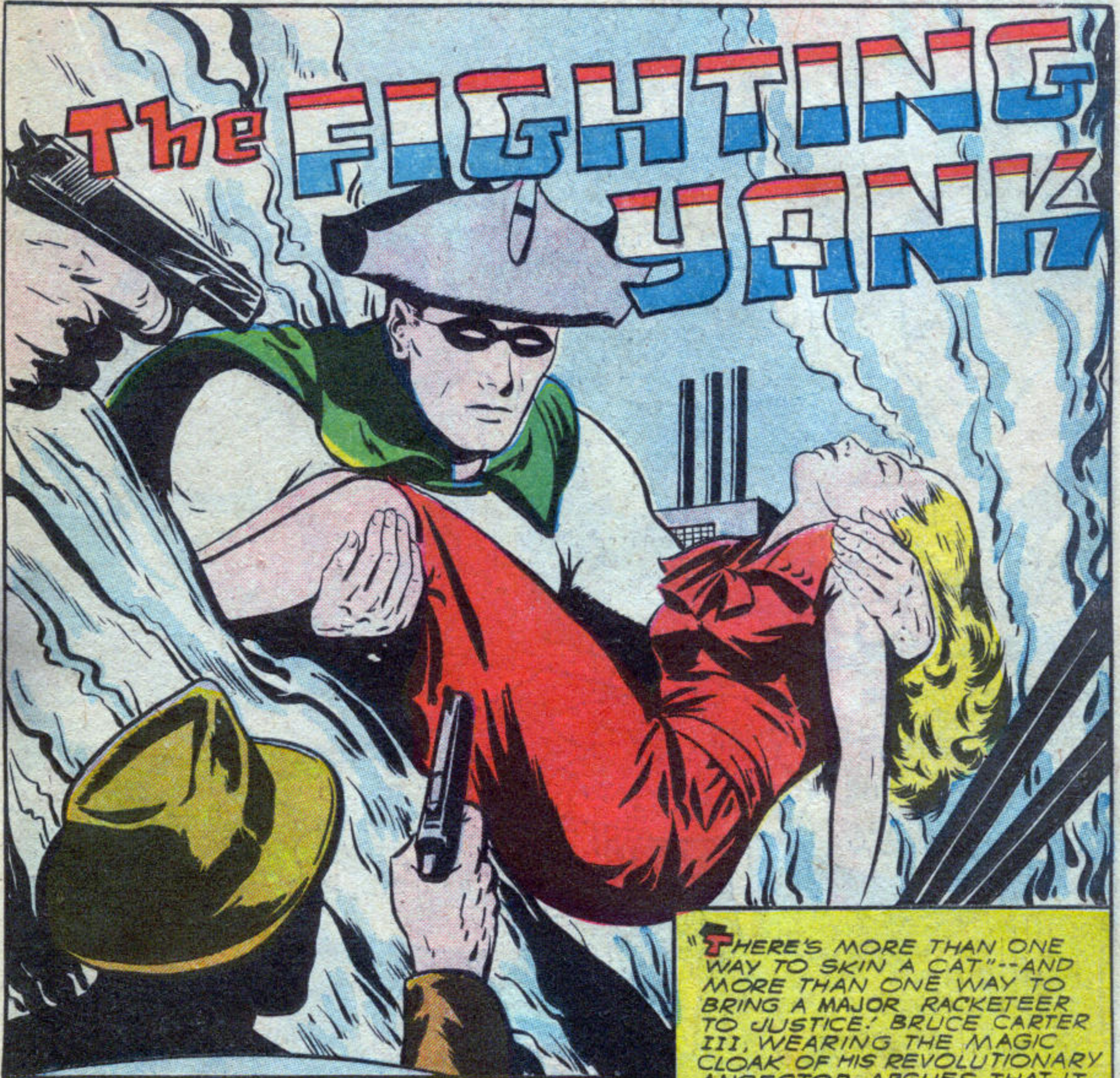
Old Zack's mouth dropped open, then he let out a roar of laughter and patted Buck Turner on the shoulder.

"You've got the stuff, kid, you sure have!"

Buck was pleased at the compliment.

Young Buck Turner Becomes a Wells Fargo Man!

THE FIGHTING YANK



BRUCE AND JOAN ARE VISITING THEIR FRIEND, GEORGE ROLLINS, IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

"THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT"--AND MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BRING A MAJOR RACKETEER TO JUSTICE! BRUCE CARTER III, WEARING THE MAGIC CLOAK OF HIS REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTOR, ARGUES THAT IT PAYS TO BE HONEST--AND PROVES HIS POINT WITH TWO BATTERING FISTS!

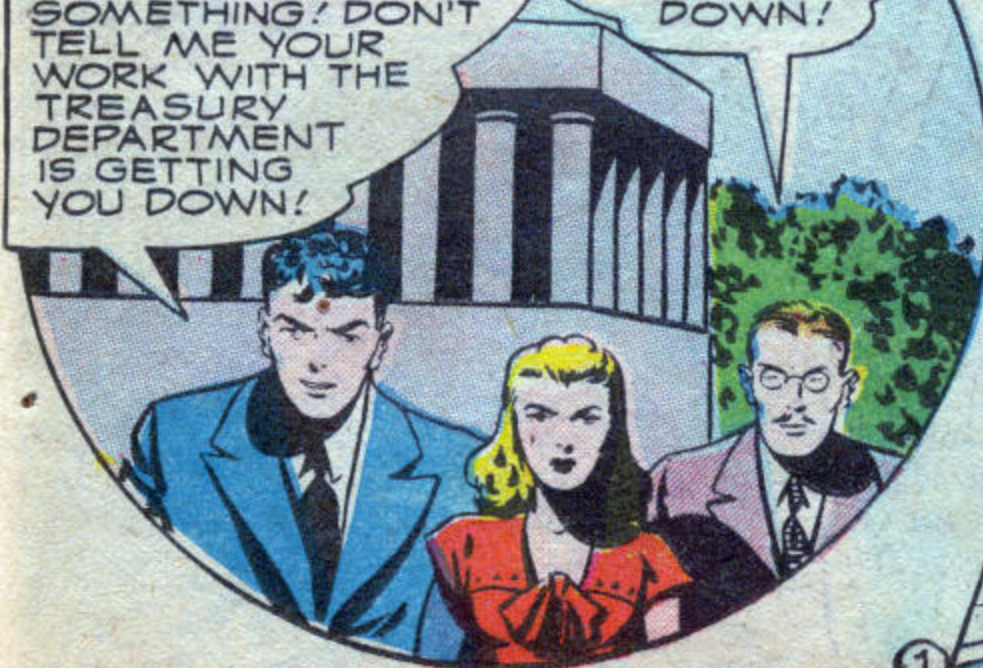
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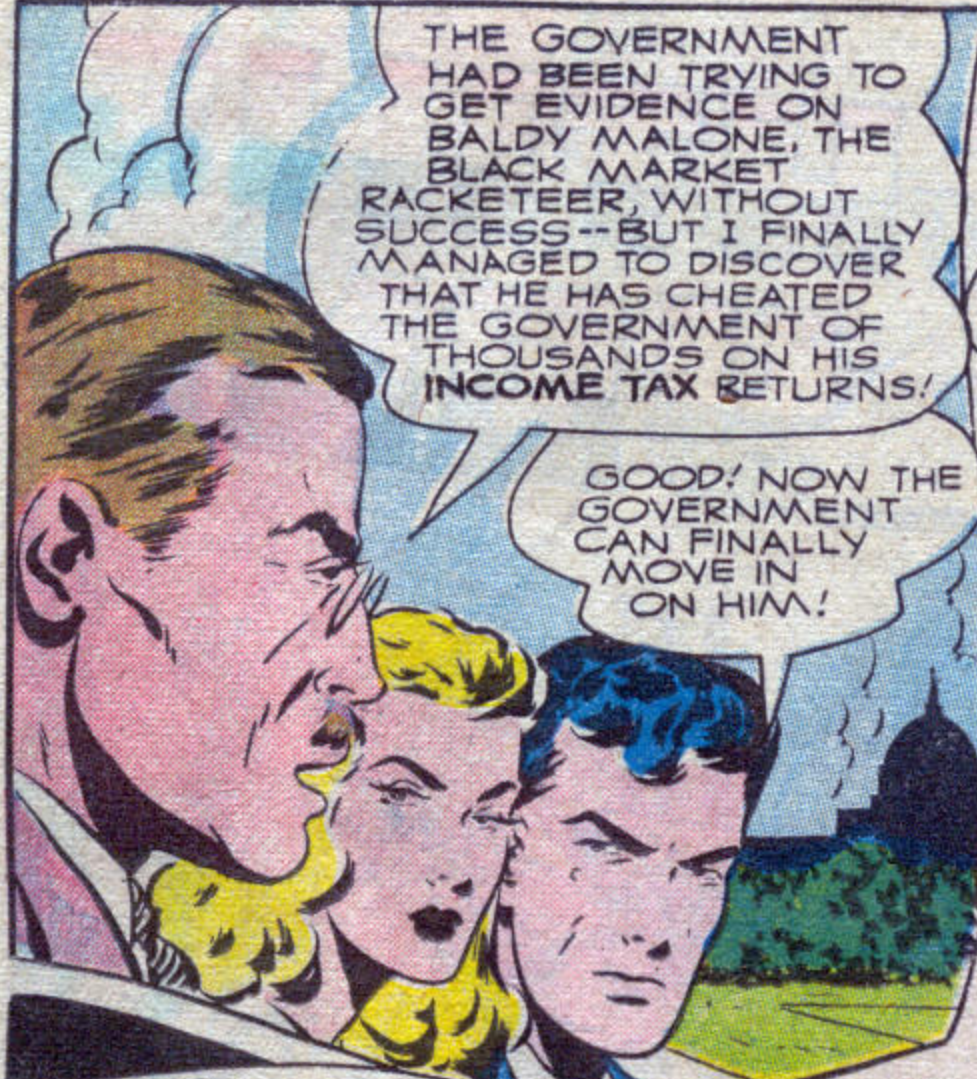
THANKS FOR SHOWING US AROUND, GEORGE! BY THE WAY, YOU SEEM UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING! DON'T TELL ME YOUR WORK WITH THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT IS GETTING YOU DOWN!

IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO GET ME DOWN!

BUT NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE OF THOSE CRANK NOTES THREATENING MY LIFE!


YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED! BUT WHY?



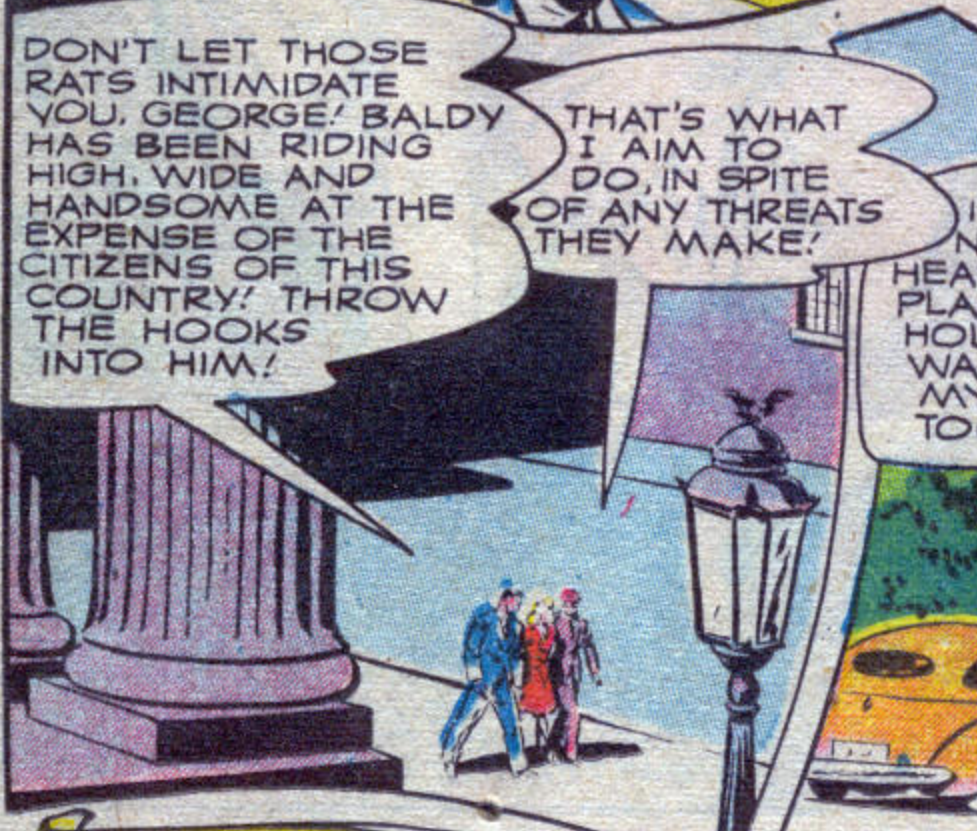


THE GOVERNMENT
HAD BEEN TRYING TO
GET EVIDENCE ON
BALDY MALONE, THE
BLACK MARKET
RACKETEER, WITHOUT
SUCCESS--BUT I FINALLY
MANAGED TO DISCOVER
THAT HE HAS CHEATED
THE GOVERNMENT OF
THOUSANDS ON HIS
INCOME TAX RETURNS!

GOOD! NOW THE
GOVERNMENT
CAN FINALLY
MOVE IN
ON HIM!



BALDY IS APPEARING AT A TAX
HEARING THIS AFTERNOON, AND
MY TESTIMONY WILL BE ENOUGH
TO INDICT HIM! IT SEEMS THAT
BALDY'S FRIENDS KNOW THIS
TOO-- BECAUSE THEY'RE
DETERMINED NOT TO LET ME
LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO
APPEAR AT THAT
HEARING!



DON'T LET THOSE
RATS INTIMIDATE
YOU, GEORGE! BALDY
HAS BEEN RIDING
HIGH, WIDE AND
HANDSOME AT THE
EXPENSE OF THE
CITIZENS OF THIS
COUNTRY! THROW
THE HOOKS
INTO HIM!

THAT'S WHAT
I AIM TO
DO, IN SPIKE
OF ANY THREATS
THEY MAKE!

I'VE GOT TO GO
NOW! THAT
HEARING TAKES
PLACE IN A FEW
HOURS, AND I
WANT TO GET
MY PAPERS
TOGETHER!

SO LONG! WE'LL
BE THERE TO
SEE THE
FIREWORKS!




AS ROLLINS
NEARS
HIS CAR--



LOOK!
THOSE
MEN--!

THEY'RE
GOING
FOR
GEORGE!



GET
HIM!
SLUG
HIM!

HEY!

LEMME
AT HIM!

SWIFTLY REMOVING HIS OUTER CLOTHES, BRUCE CARTER BECOMES-- THE FIGHTING YANK!

I THINK IT'S TIME I CHANGED INTO MY FIGHTING TOGS!

HURRY, YANK!

I DON'T LIKE THE ODDS OF THREE AGAINST ONE! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!

MIND IF I PUT MY FIST IN THIS LITTLE PARTY?

AIEEE-- THE FIGHTING YANK!

SOK!

DIS OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF YA!

ROLLINS!

OHhhh!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

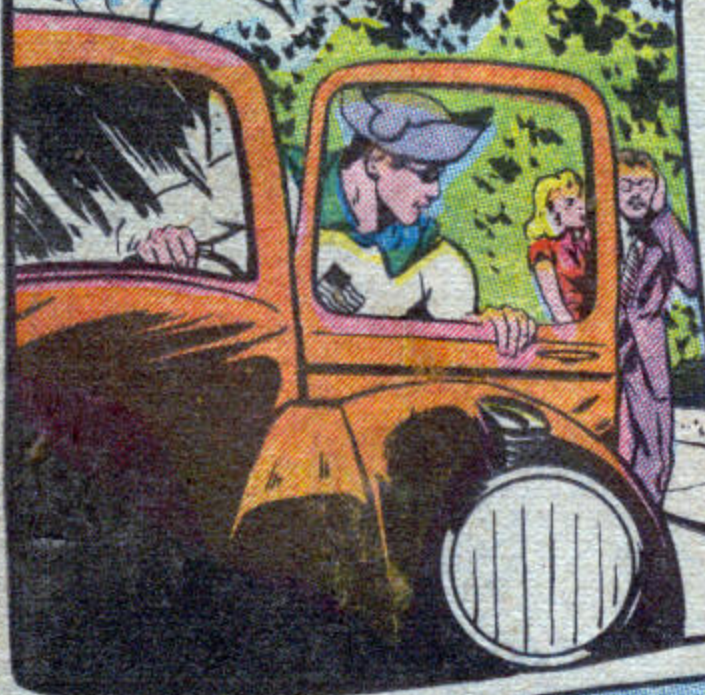
MY-- HEAD--!

BEAT IT! DAT FIGHTING YANK IS DYNAMITE!

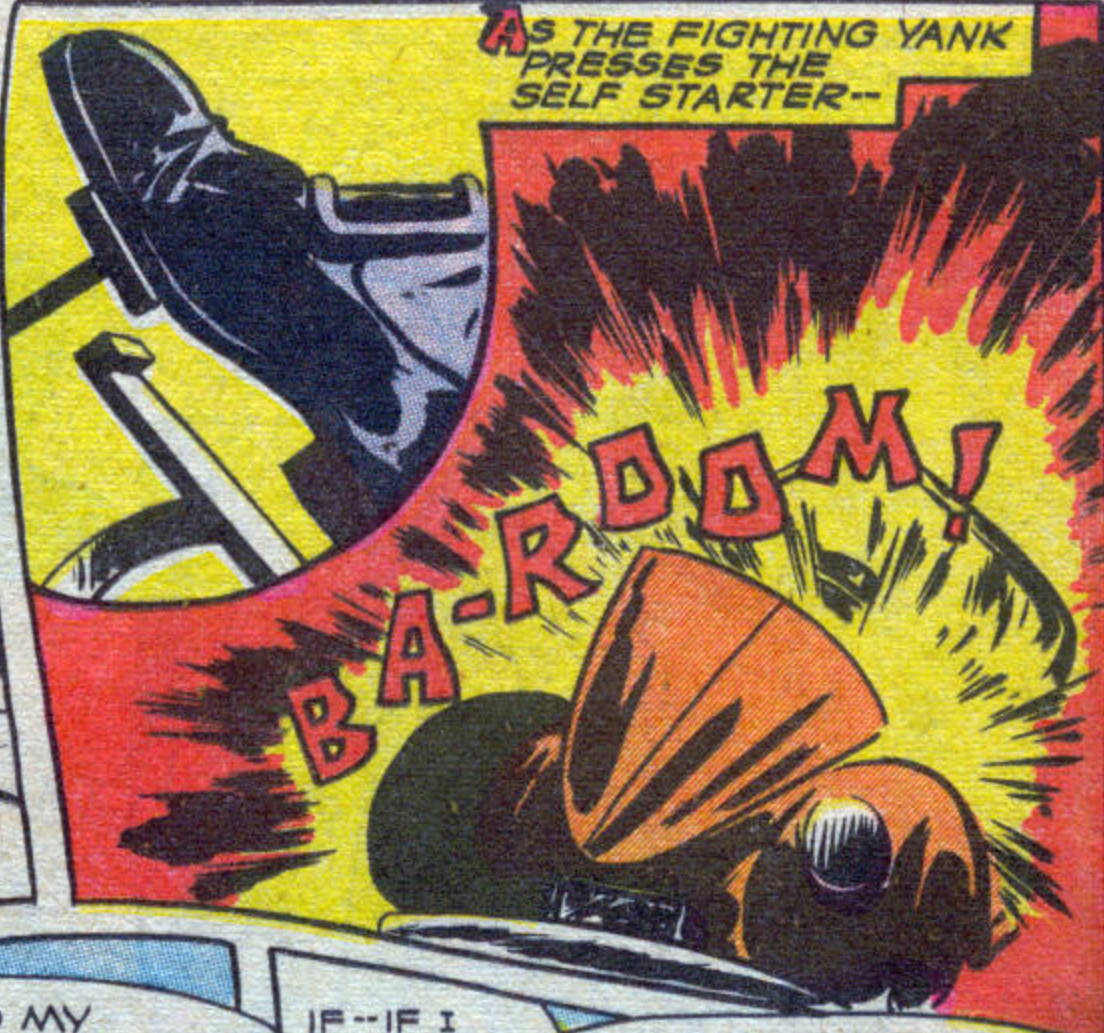
THOSE RATS GOT AWAY BEFORE I COULD HANG ON TO ONE! I THINK WE BETTER STICK WITH YOU, ROLLINS! STAY HERE! I'LL GET YOUR CAR AND DRIVE YOU HOME!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE, YANK?

BETTER GET HIM HOME SO WE CAN PATCH UP THAT GASH ON HIS HEAD!



AS THE FIGHTING YANK PRESSES THE SELF STARTER--

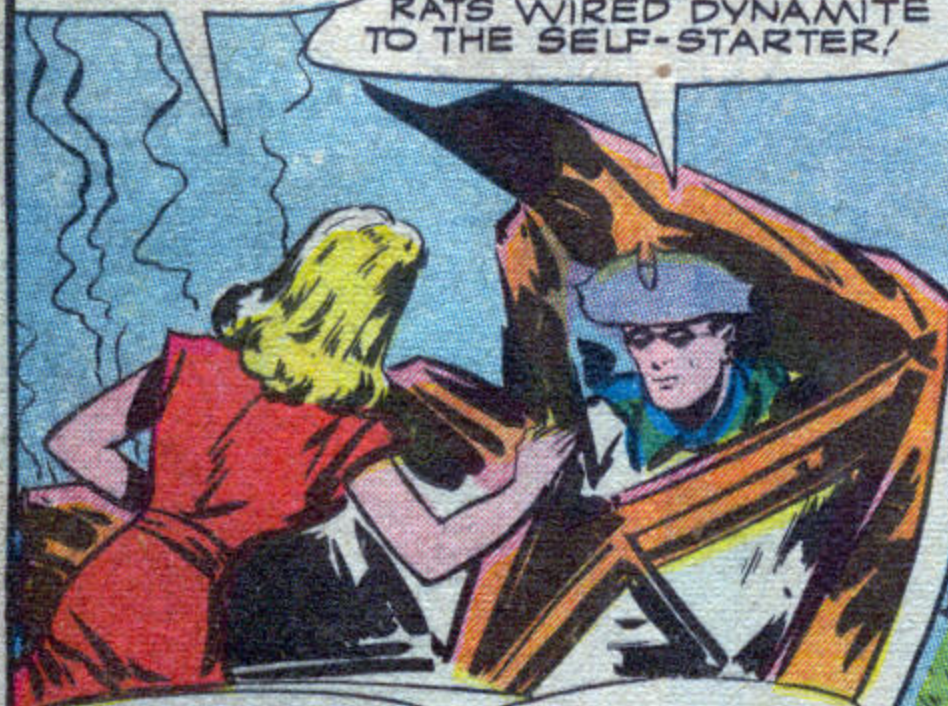


YANK! YANK! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THANKS TO MY MAGIC CLOAK, THAT EXPLOSION ONLY JARRED ME! THOSE RATS WIRED DYNAMITE TO THE SELF-STARTER!

IF--IF I HAD GOT INTO MY CAR--!

I GUESS THOSE KILLERS ARE LEAVING NOTHING TO CHANCE! MY OWN CAR IS OVER THIS WAY! I'M TAKING YOU HOME, AND STICKING YOU CLOSE TO YOU UNTIL YOU GIVE THAT TESTIMONY!



YOU CAN SEE WHAT I'M UP AGAINST, YANK! THIS BALDY MALONE WILL BE A MENACE TO THE WHOLE COUNTRY IF HE CAN SQUASH THAT INDICTMENT! HE HAS A GANG OF KILLERS WHO ARE RUTHLESS!

BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STOP YOU, AS LONG AS THE FIGHTING YANK CAN DRAW A BREATH!

I'LL HAVE MY BUTLER FIX THIS CUT, AND THEN GET MY DATA FOR THE HEARING!

IT'S ONLY SKIN DEEP-- LUCKY FOR US AND THE COUNTRY!

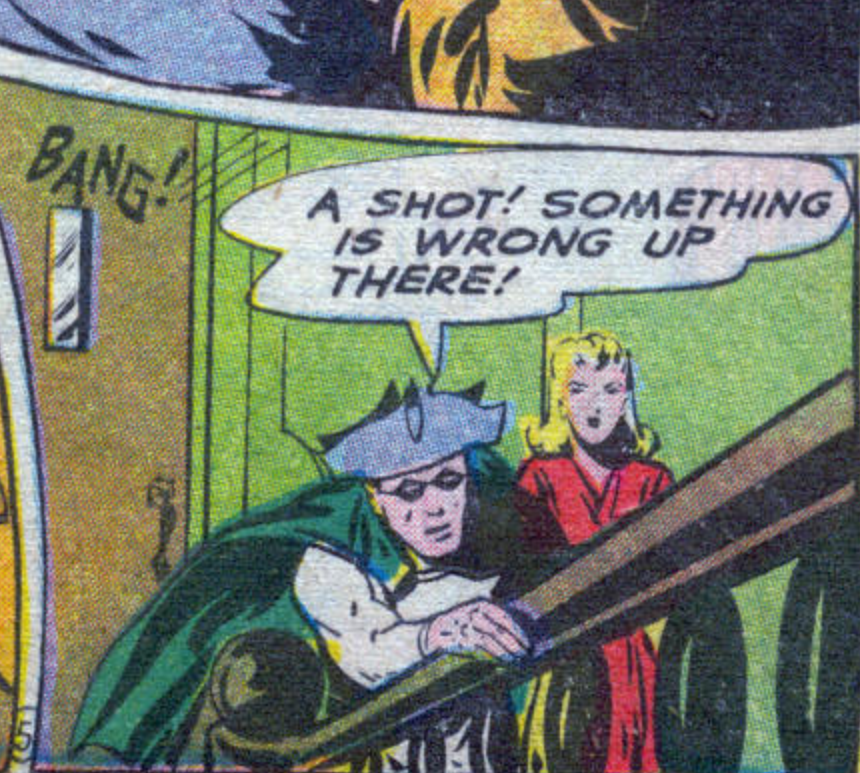
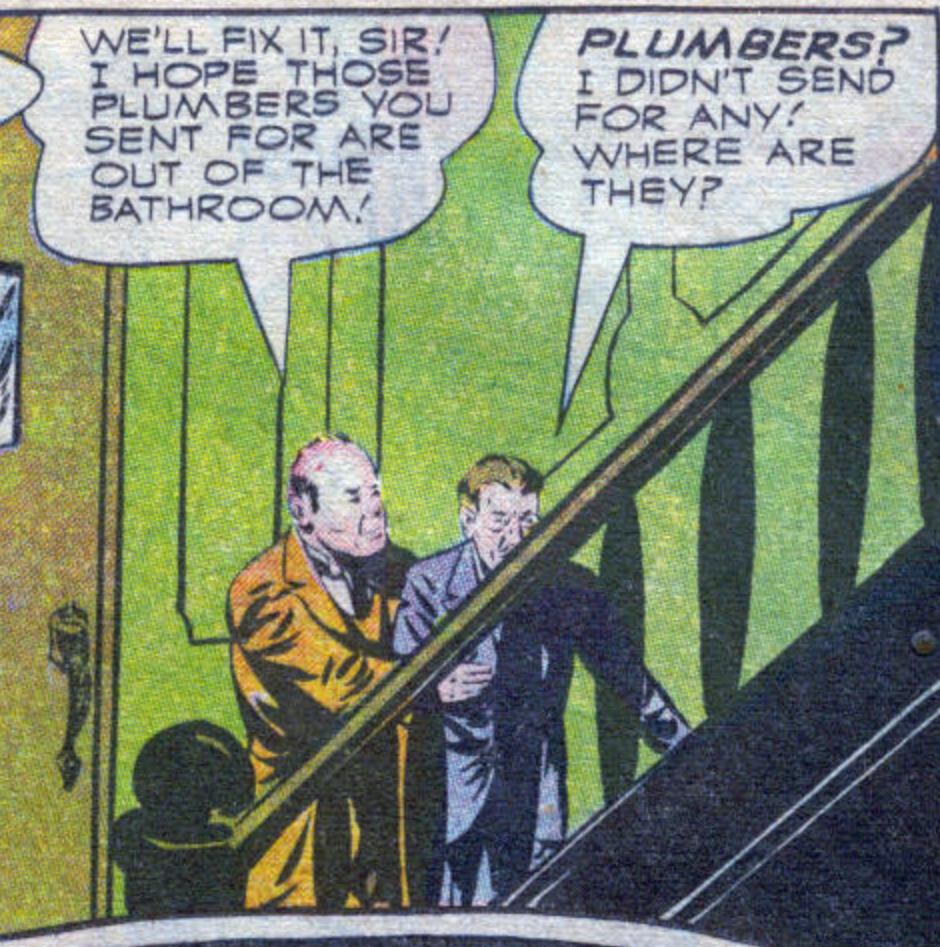


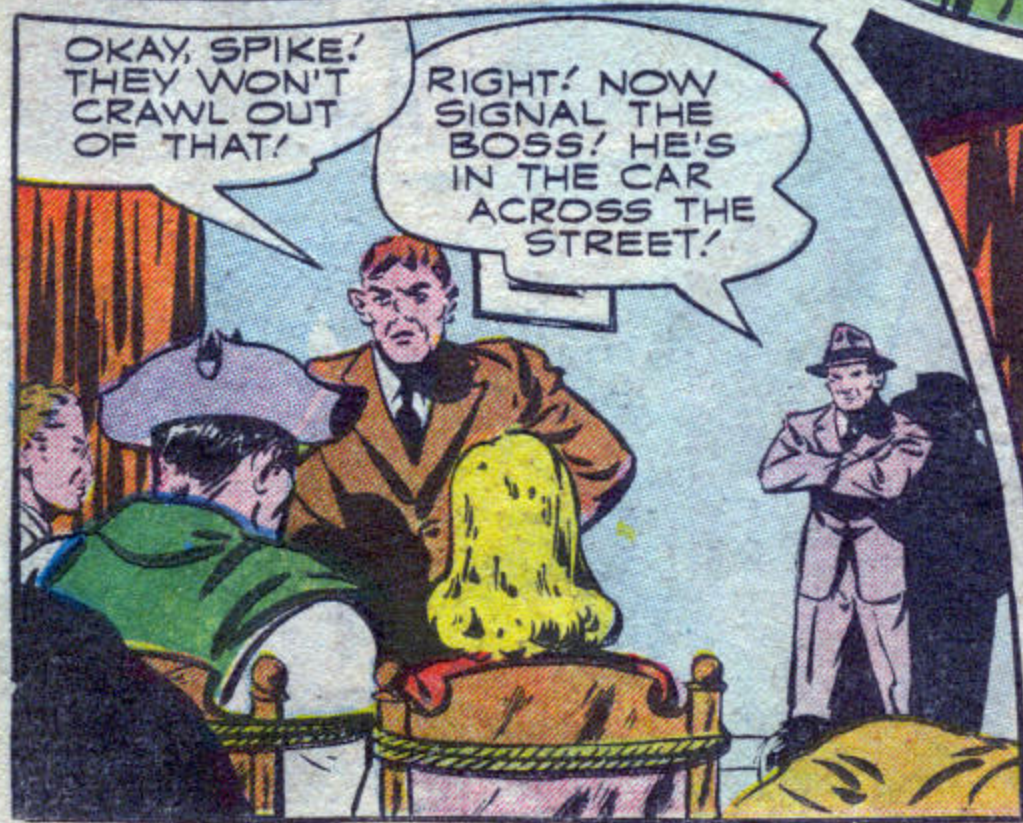
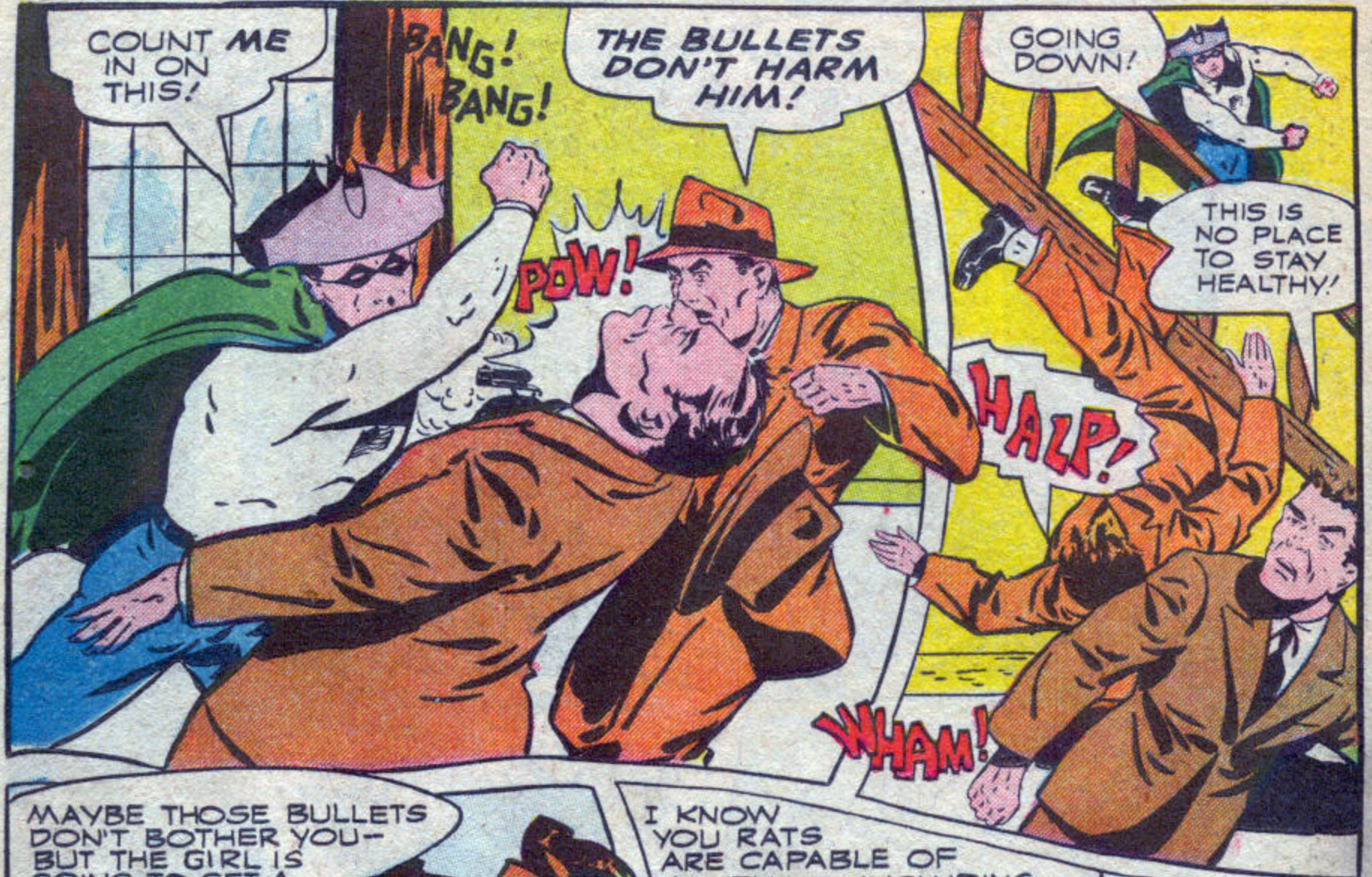
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT GEORGE ROLLINS' HOUSE--

I'LL HAVE MY BUTLER FIX THIS CUT, AND THEN GET MY DATA FOR THE HEARING!

IT'S ONLY SKIN DEEP-- LUCKY FOR US AND THE COUNTRY!







THERE THEY ARE, BOSS! ROLLINS AND THE FIGHTING YANK FOR GOOD MEASURE!

NICE WORK! IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE ENEMIES OF BALDY MALONE! TOO BAD HE WON'T BE HERE TO SEE THE FUN HIMSELF!

STOP PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK, BALDY! TAKE OFF THE MASQUERADE AND SHOW YOUR UGLY FACE!

WHA--!

ALL RIGHT, WISE BOY! SO YA GUESSED IT! THAT ONLY MAKES YOUR FINISH MORE CERTAIN!

I FIGURED ON STAYING UNDERCOVER-- BUT DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES! THE GOVERNMENT'S GOT PLENTY ON ME IF ROLLINS CAN TALK! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE HIS INVESTIGATING DAYS ARE OVER!

SLAP!

FIRE THE ROOM! WE'RE GOING TO ROAST THEM ALL!

GOOD IDEA, BOSS! IT'LL ALSO TAKE CARE OF ANY RECORDS OR PAPERS ROLLINS MAY BE HIDING!

SO LONG! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE ANGELS! HA, HA! TOO BAD ROLLINS WON'T MAKE THAT HEARING!

AS THE ROARING INFERNO THREATENS TO ENGULF THEM--

MUST-- GET-- FREE--! THAT CEILING-- IS GOING TO FALL-- ANY-- MINUTE!

YOU ARE FREE! HURRY-- THERE IS LITTLE TIME!

THE CEILING--!

THANK HEAVENS!

SUDDENLY-- FROM THE MISTS OF TIME-- BRUCE CARTER I!

ANCESTOR!

YOU MUST LIVE WHILE MY COUNTRY'S ENEMIES ARE AT LARGE!

I'LL CARRY THE BUTLER! THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME!

THE WALL, SIRE-- THROUGH THE WALL!

LIKE TWIN BATTERING RAMS, THE FIGHTING YANK AND BRUCE CARTER I SMASH THROUGH THE BURNING WALL--

CRASH!

JUST IN TIME!

CR-RASH!

WHEE-- JUST MADE IT!

I MUST LEAVE NOW, MY SON! CARRY ON!

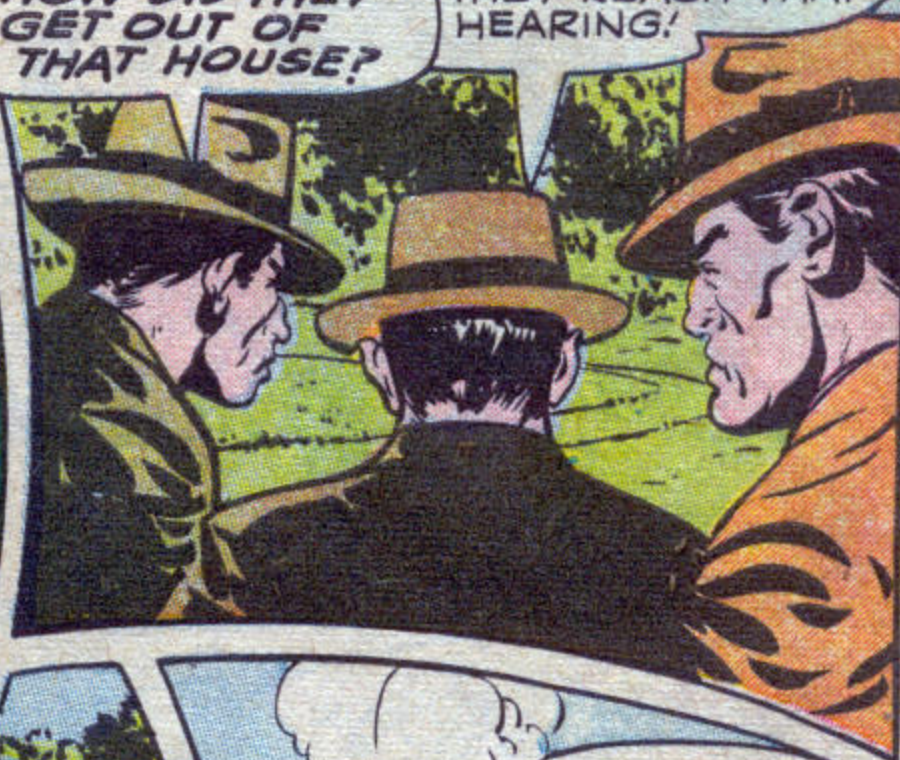
HURRY-- I'M DUE
IN THE COMMITTEE
ROOM! THANK
HEAVENS, I LEFT
MY BRIEF CASE
WITH THE PAPERS
IN THE CAR!

WAIT--I'LL
TAKE YOU
DOWN!
**JOAN--SEE
THAT THE
BUTLER
GETS TO
THE HOSPITAL!**

**BUT A TRIO OF BALDY MALONE'S
THUGS HAVE BEEN WATCHING
THE HOUSE!**

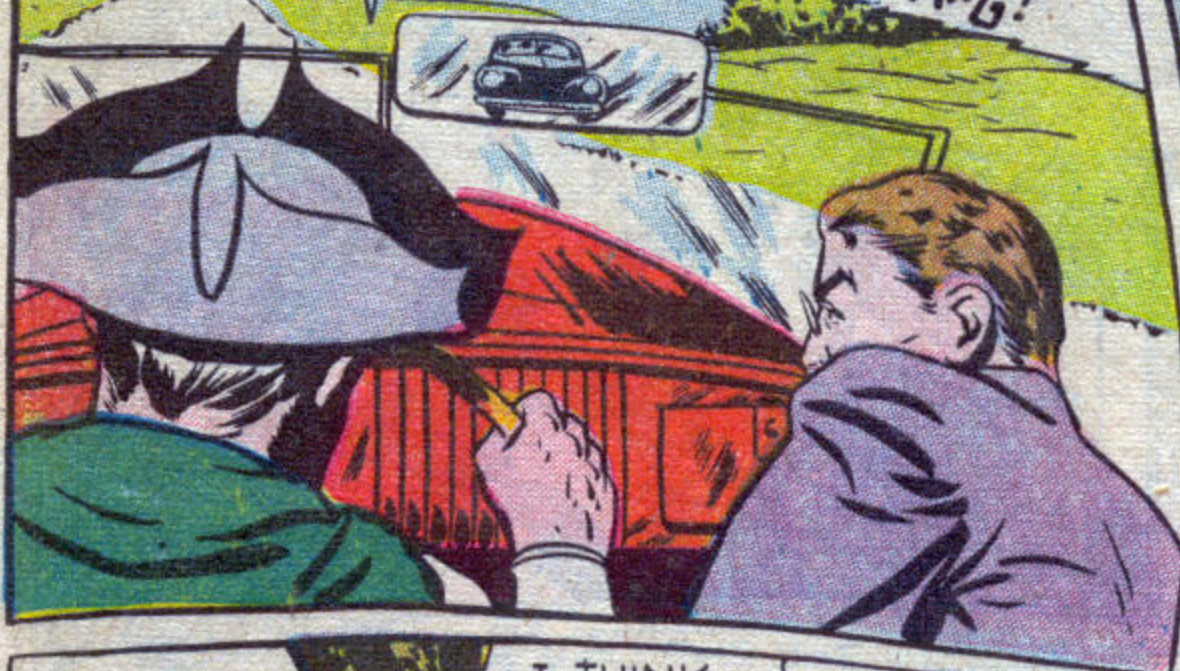
DID YOU SEE WHAT
I SAW? **THE
FIGHTING YANK
AND ROLLINS!
HOW DID THEY
GET OUT OF
THAT HOUSE?**

NEVER MIND THE
RIDDLES NOW!
AFTER THEM!
BALDY WILL
SCALP US IF
THEY REACH THAT
HEARING!

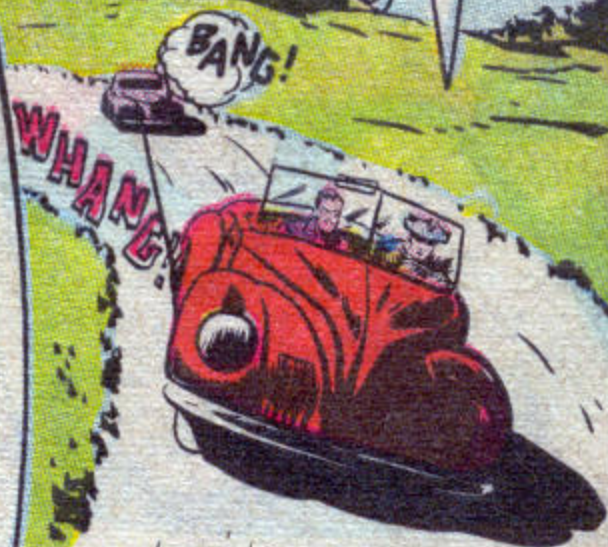


OH, OH-- OUR FRIENDS
HAVE SPOTTED US!
GET DOWN, ROLLINS--
THEY'RE SHOOTING!

**BANG!
BANG!**



**BLAZES!
THEY GOT
ONE OF
OUR TIRES!**



**RUN 'EM
DOWN!
CRUSH
'EM!**

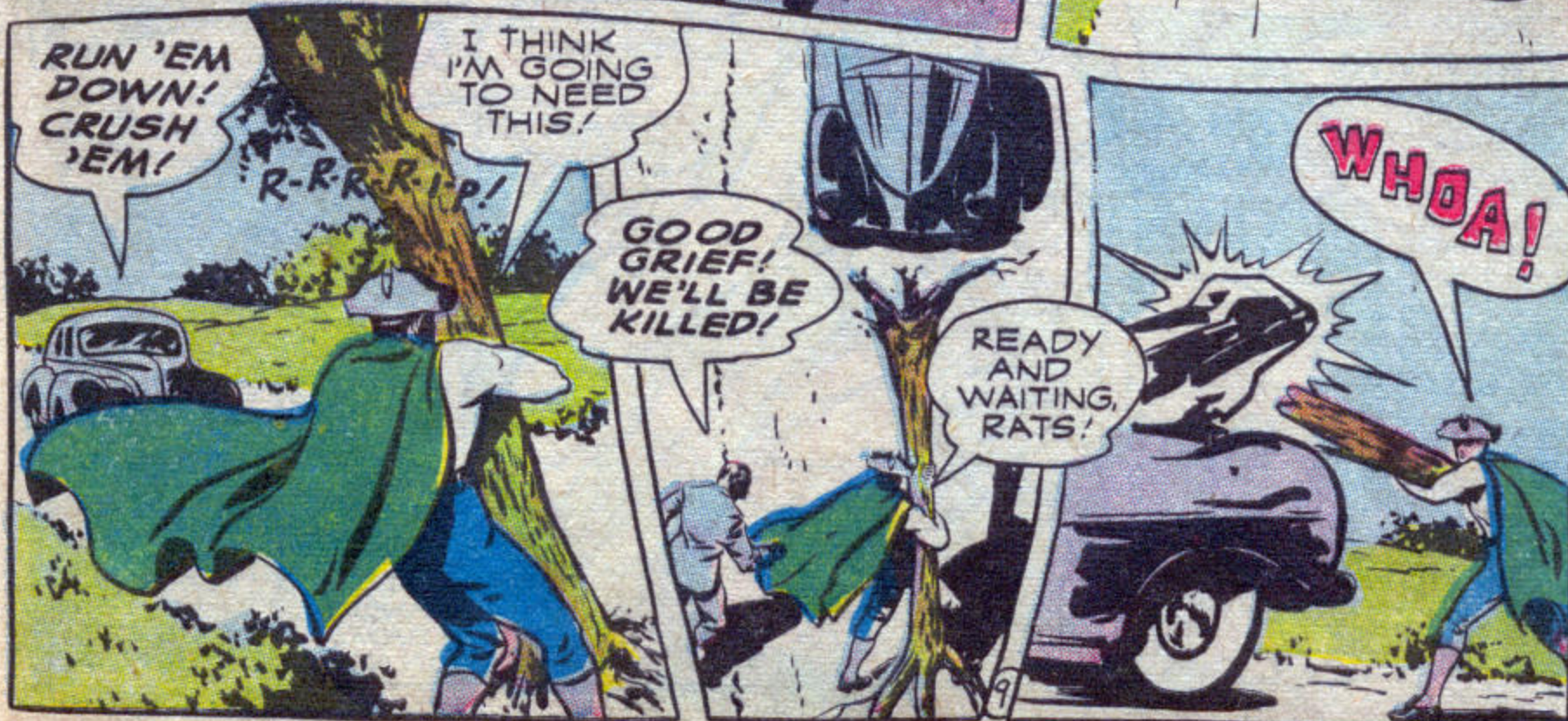
I THINK
I'M GOING
TO NEED
THIS!

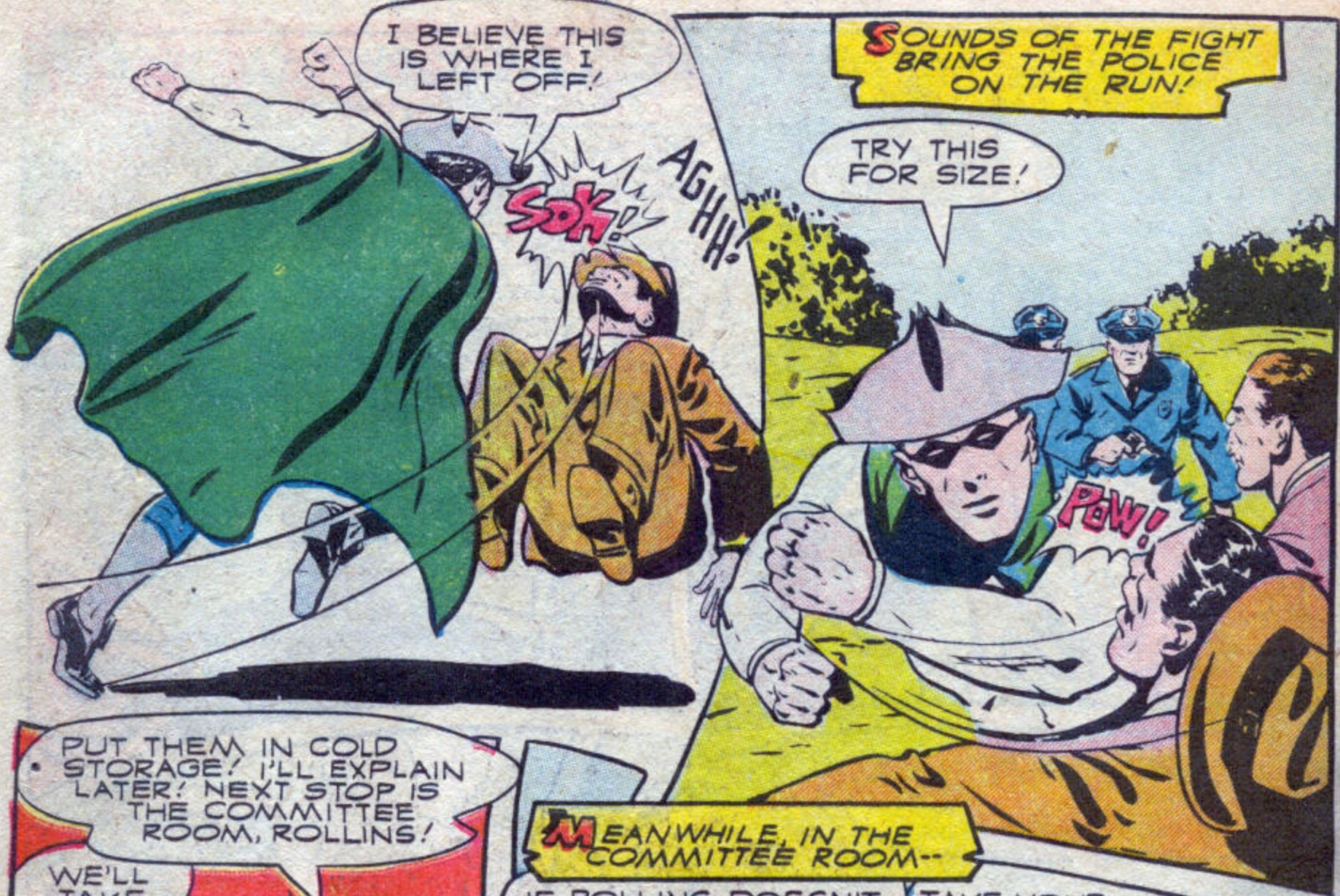
R-R-R-RIP!

**GOOD
GRIEF!
WE'LL BE
KILLED!**

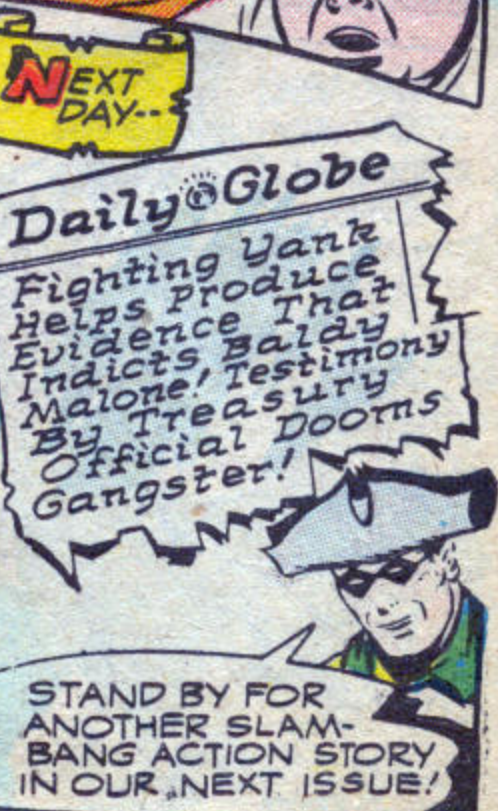
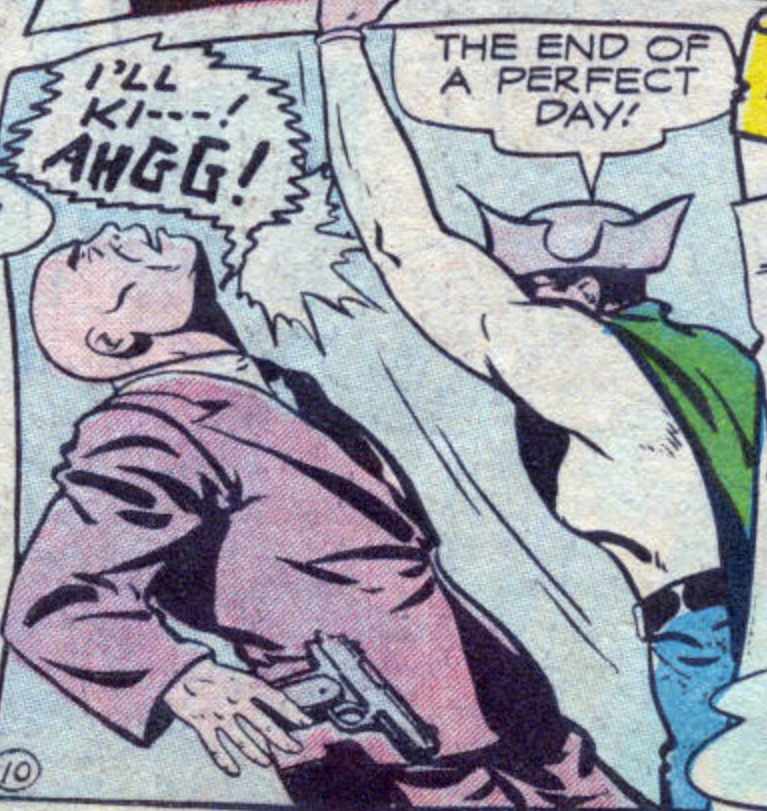
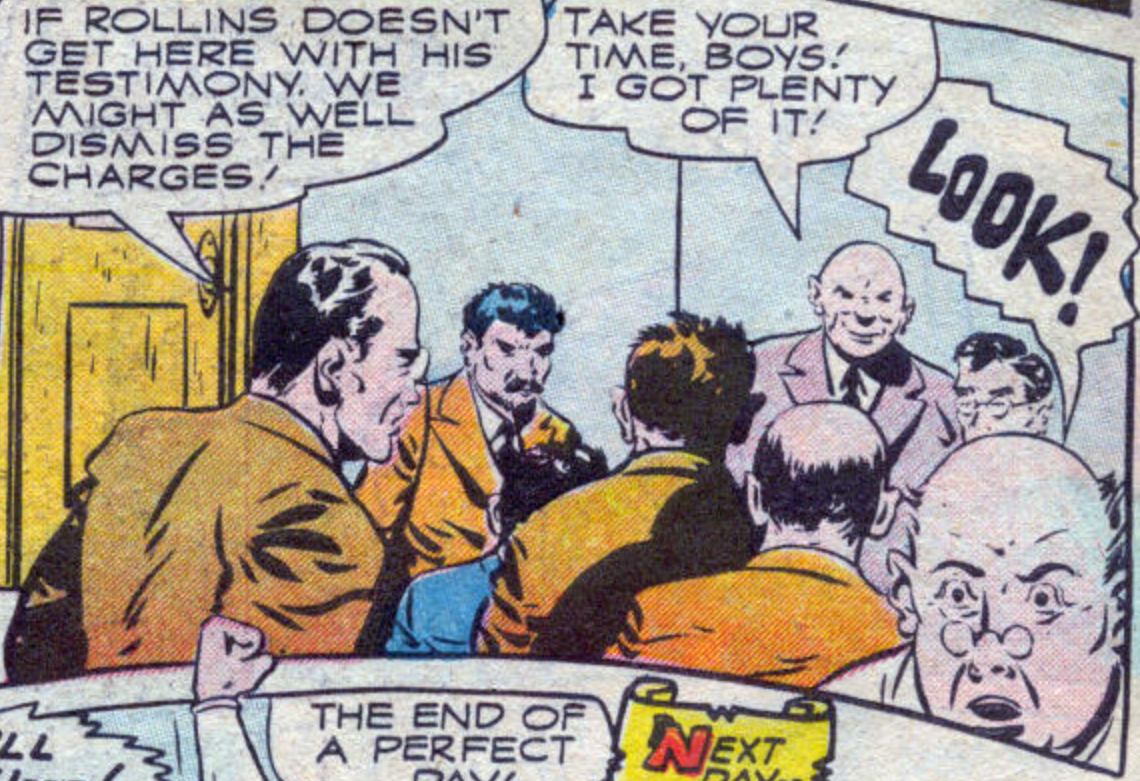
**READY
AND
WAITING,
RATS!**

WHOA!





MEANWHILE, IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM--



YOUNG CARPENTER

By CHARLES S. STRONG

GILBERT WALKER'S father was working on the contract to build a new hunting lodge for wealthy diamond dealer Spencer Dearborn on top of rocky Mesa Verde. Young Gilbert was helping him put the finishing touches on the place so that it would be ready when Mr. Dearborn arrived the next day.

"Do you think we'll finish tonight?" the boy asked, as they were eating their dinner.

"Sure thing," his father replied.

Father and son were out at the work-shed looking over the bundle of shingles that had been delivered to the home-site by cargo plane. Mr. Dearborn liked the isolation of the Mesa because it could only be reached overland by way of a narrow winding trail up the cliffs.

Mr. Walker sorted out the shingles. There were red ones for the gable roofs, green ones for the porch roofs, and naturally stained ones for the main roof.

While they were carrying the shingles to the foot of the ladder, Gilbert Walker heard some noise and then a rough voice said:

"Boy, that was some climb. I sure hope the haul is worth it."

"Why shouldn't it be worth it, Tom?" asked a second voice. "Dearborn's coming out here alone by private plane, and he'll have plenty of dough and diamonds on him. He won't be able to set the cops on our trail, either, because he'll be tied up so tight he'll think he's a mummy."

Gilbert looked at his father. "Let's act as though they're

just visitors," Mr. Walker said.

Gilbert nodded. He was carrying the hammers and a keg of nails while his father held a bundle of shingles and the lantern. When they came around the side of the building and almost bumped into the two thieves, Mr. Walker said casually:

"Good evening, are you friends of Mr. Dearborn? He



won't be here until tomorrow."

"Thanks," replied the one called Tom. "We are friends of his. But we wanted to surprise him. Don't tell him we're here, will you?" Tom winked to Gus, his companion. The other man chuckled. Then Mr. Walker said:

"We're just finishing up here, but I think you'll find comfortable bunks in the end room."

The two bandits were suspicious for a while, but finally went inside. Gilbert and his father knew they'd be watched.

The pair climbed to the roof and went ahead with their shingling. It was almost two o'clock in the morning before they completed the job.

Father and son climbed down the ladder, took their tools to the shed and set the ladder away. Then they went into the house. As they stepped into the door they found Tom still awake, and sitting just

inside the door with a gun in his hand.

"Okay, fellows," Tom said. "The game is up now. You can go to bed in that room there, but we're going to keep you covered. We've got a new kind of a reception for Mr. Dearborn."

The Walkers shrugged. They slept fitfully and finally were awakened by an airplane passing over the house.

About an hour later the Walkers heard another sound. It was the same plane coming back. Gilbert and his father looked out the window and saw the plane come in for a landing.

Mr. Dearborn climbed out of the plane and walked toward the house. When he was a few yards from the door, Gus stepped out and said: "Hands up, Mr. Dearborn, and no funny work."

The millionaire lifted his hands and Tom and Gus ranged on either side of him.

Then another voice said: "You fellows stick your hands up."

Gus and Tom whirled around in surprise. Two State policemen were standing in the doorway of the plane, guns in hand. Gus turned to Tom and said: "I thought you told me that Dearborn came up here alone."

"I generally do," laughed Dearborn, "but when I saw that new roof on the house, I went back for help."

Gus and Tom looked up at the words spelled out with red and green shingles on the yellow roof. They read:

"THIEVES HERE."

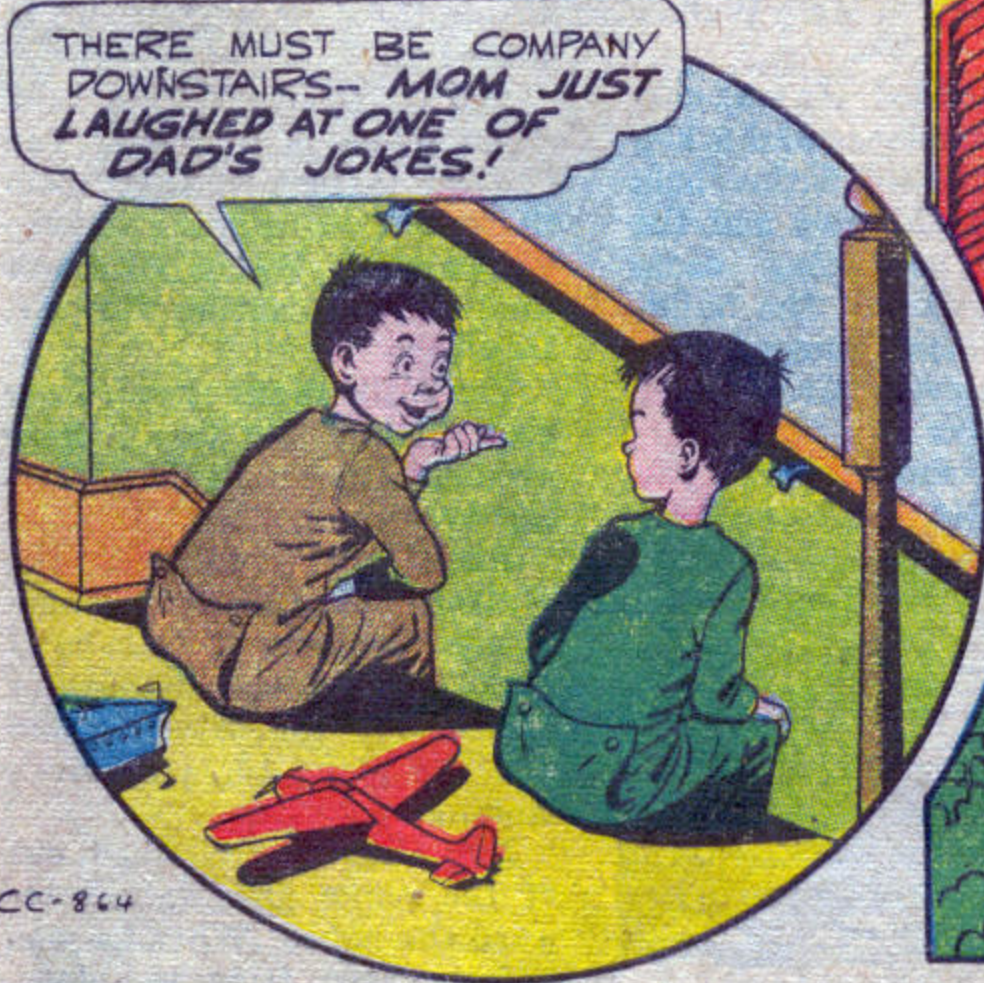
Gilbert Walker had worked out a clever means of sending a warning message!

Gilbert Walker Matches Wits With Two Marauders!

the JOKE'S ON YOUTH

By Al Hartley

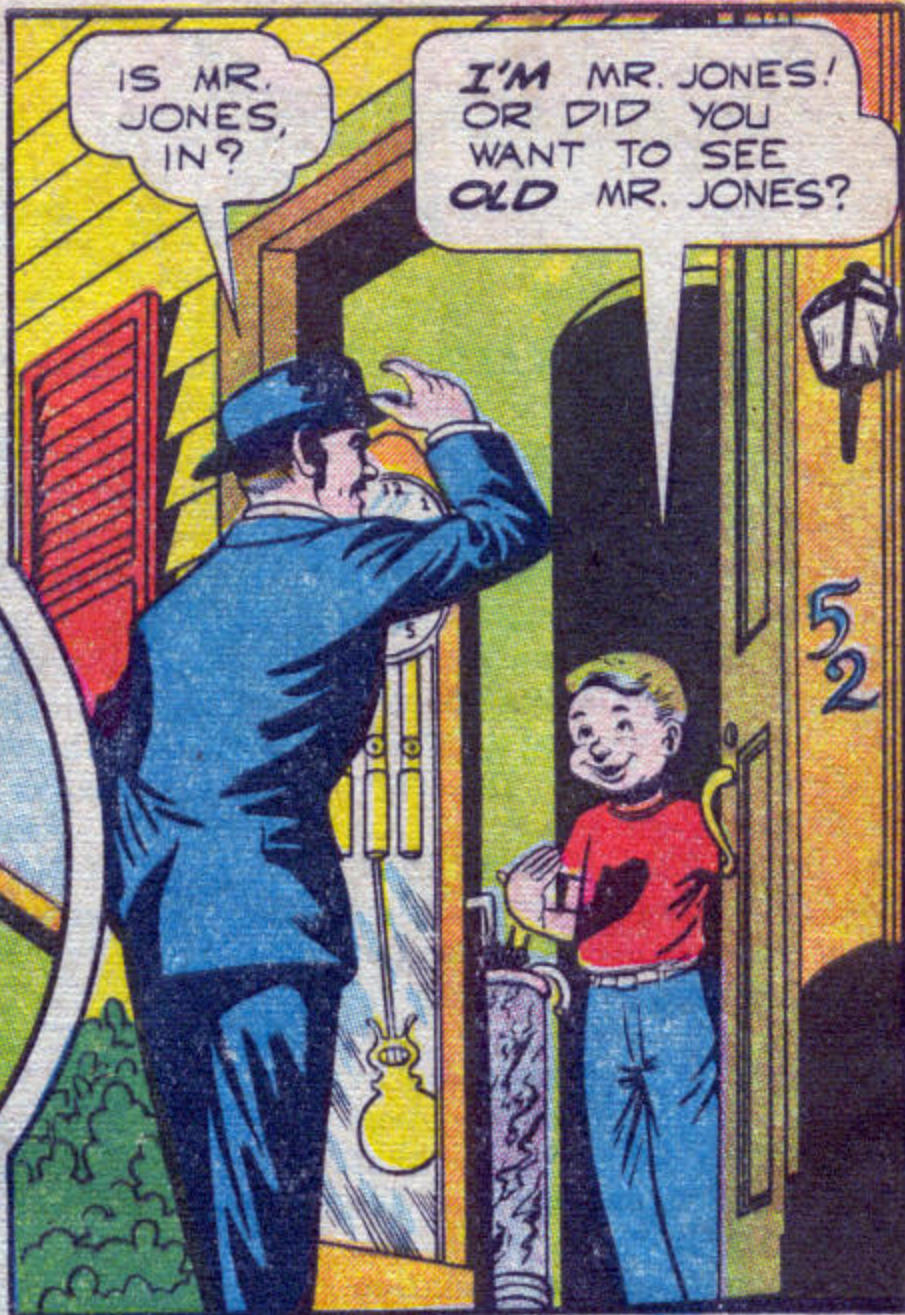
THERE MUST BE COMPANY DOWNSTAIRS-- MOM JUST LAUGHED AT ONE OF DAD'S JOKES!



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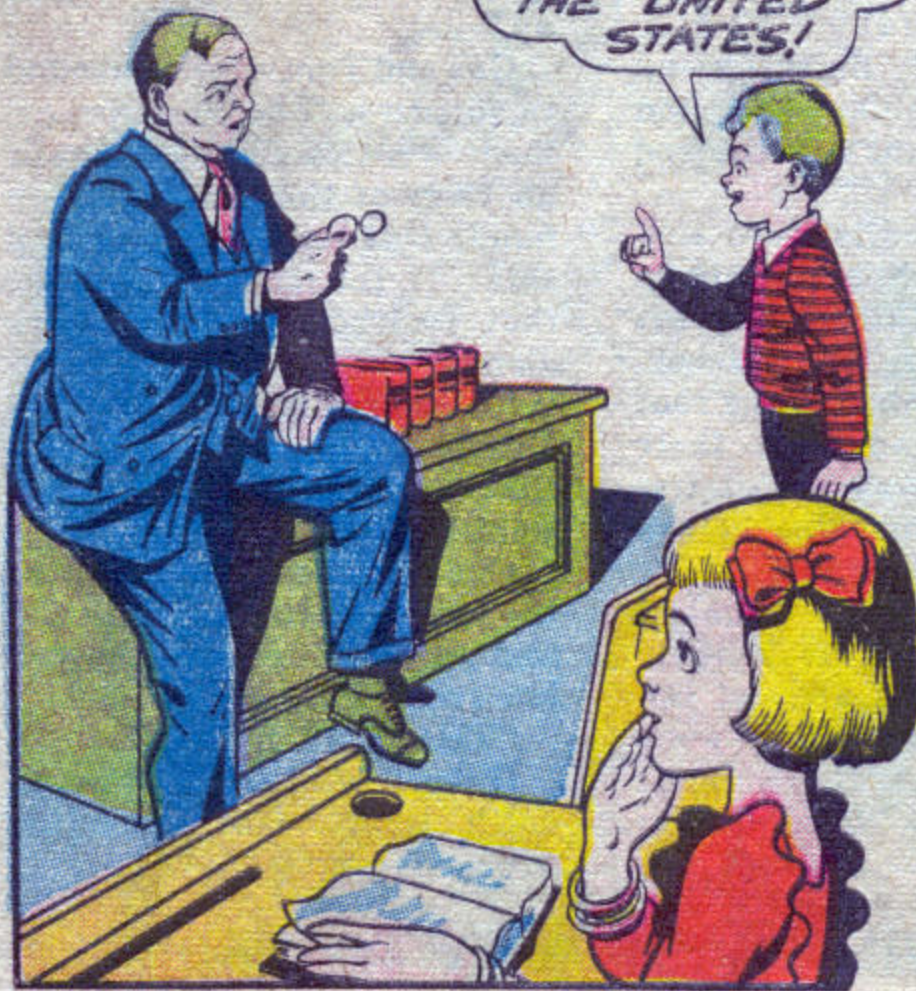
IS MR. JONES, IN?

I'M MR. JONES! OR DID YOU WANT TO SEE OLD MR. JONES?



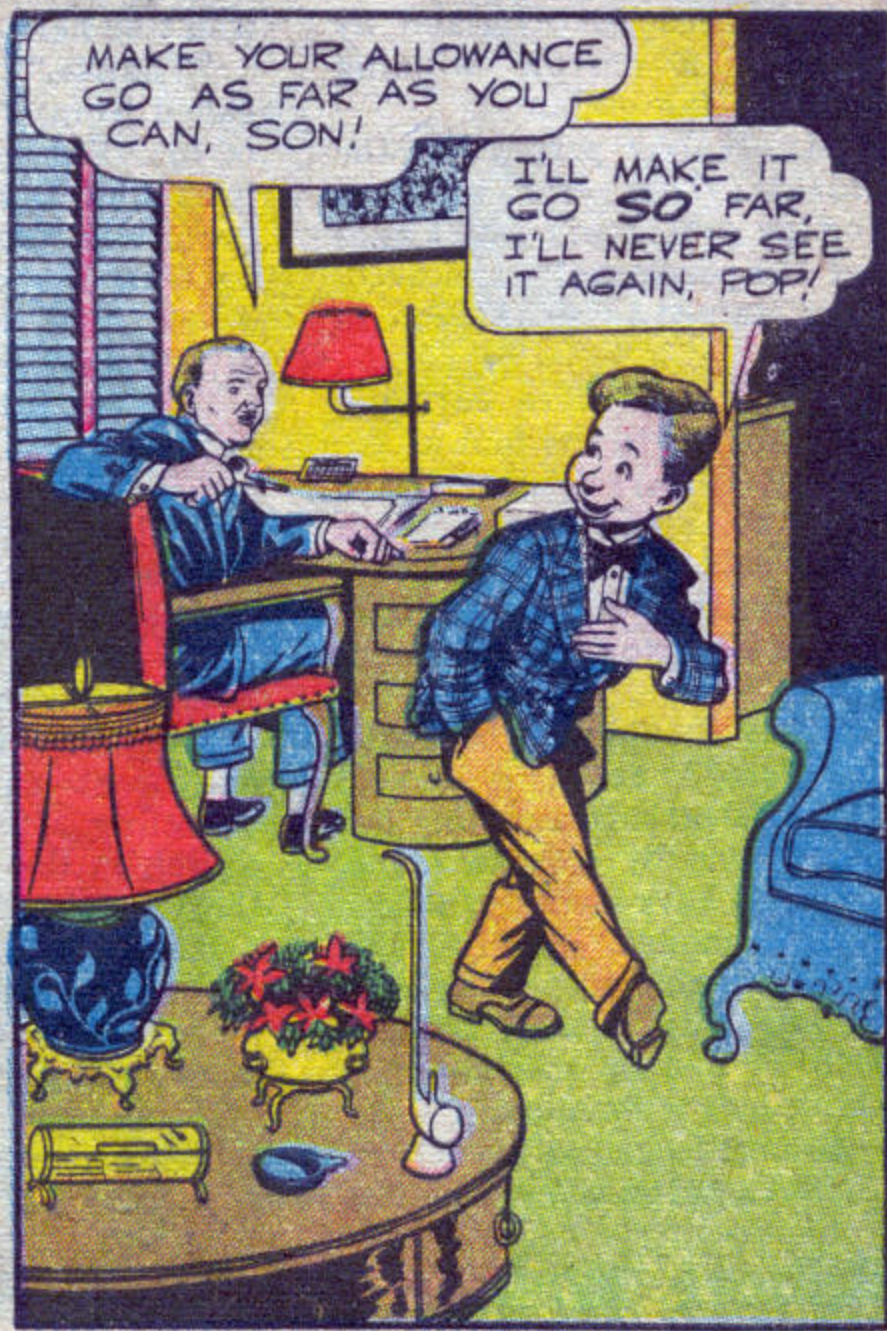
WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS **YOUR** AGE, HE NEVER TOLD A LIE!

AND WHEN HE WAS **YOUR** AGE, SIR, HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

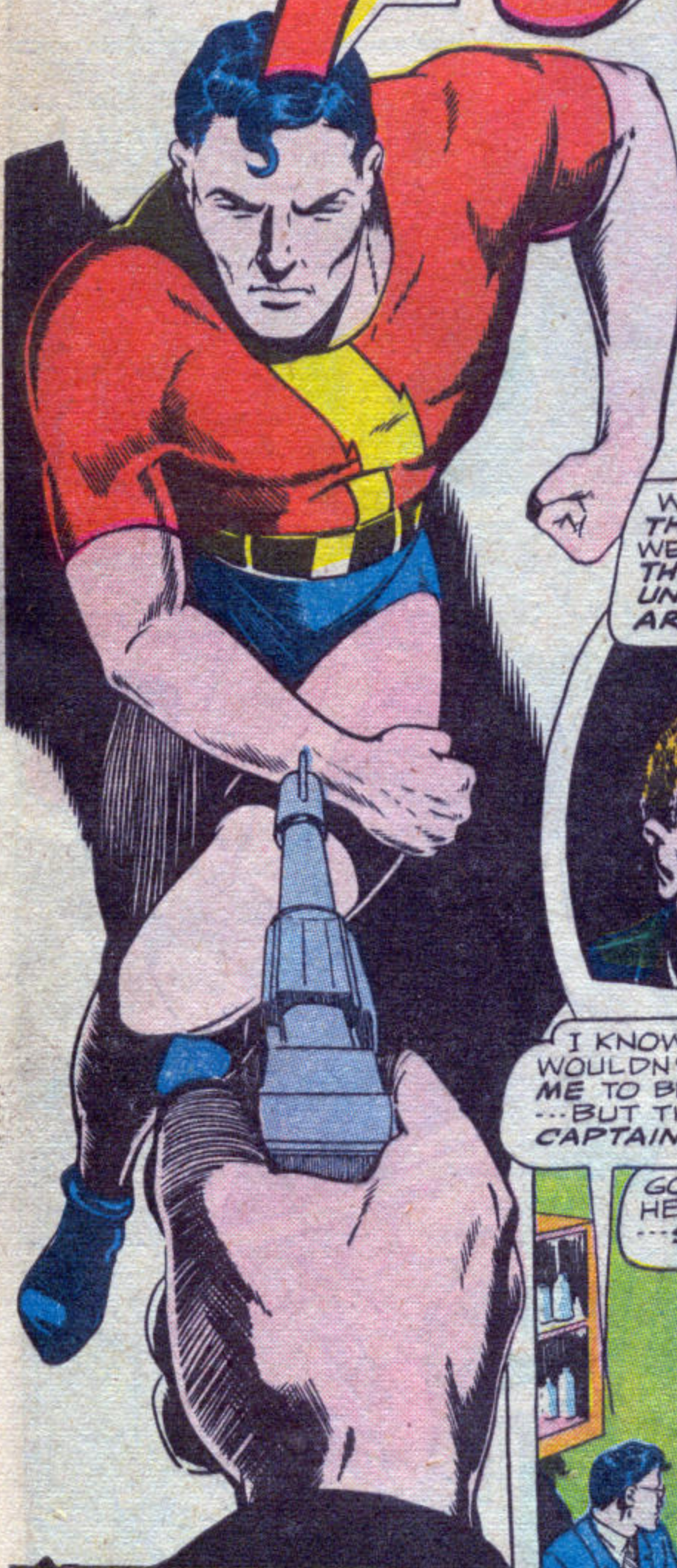


MAKE YOUR ALLOWANCE GO AS FAR AS YOU CAN, SON!

I'LL MAKE IT GO **SO** FAR, I'LL NEVER SEE IT AGAIN, POP!



Captain FUTURE



JUST BEFORE THE FINAL
NAZI COLLAPSE---

OUR JOB IS TO RAID THE
FORT GRANT INTERNMENT
CAMP AND RESCUE GENERAL
KLEEST AND COLONEL BOCKER!
THE PLANE WILL DO THE REST!

WON'T BE EASY,
DENKE...WITH
NOTHING BUT
PISTOLS!

WE'LL SETTLE
THAT TONIGHT! OUR
WEAPONS WILL BE
THE BEST THE
UNITED STATES
ARMY CAN PROVIDE!

Later...AT A
NEARBY
UNIVERSITY...

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD
MAJOR WATSON CALLED
ME HERE TO LECTURE
ON CHEMICAL WARFARE,
GRACE!

SO AM I!
ISN'T HE
DASHING,
ANDY?

I KNOW YOU
WOULDN'T EXPECT
ME TO BE JEALOUS
...BUT THINK OF
CAPTAIN FUTURE!

GOOD
HEAVENS
...SHOTS! BANG!
BANG!

AS ANOTHER VOLLEY
ECHOES ACROSS THE
CAMPUS...

WAIT, GRACE!
DON'T TAKE
ANY CHANCES!

IF YOU HAVEN'T
ENOUGH COUR-
AGE TO SEE
WHAT'S WRONG,
DR. BRYANT...
I WILL!

CROSSING THE INFRA-RED RAY
AND GAMMA BEAM CHANGES MILD-
MANNERED DR. ANDREW BRYANT
INTO A TWO-FISTED BATTERING
RAM! WATCH HIM TACKLE THE
AXIS AGAIN...IN HIS SECRET
GUISE AS CAPTAIN FUTURE!

AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION!

WHATEVER'S UP... HERE'S
WHERE CAPTAIN FUTURE
COMES IN!

A MOMENT LATER...

NOT A STEP
CLOSER...
VERSTEHE?

GYMNASIUM

SUDDENLY...

TEUFEL!
WHO IS
IT?

TOO BAD
YOU MISSED,
RAT...

...BECAUSE YOU
DON'T GET ANOTHER
CHANCE!

POW!

BANG!

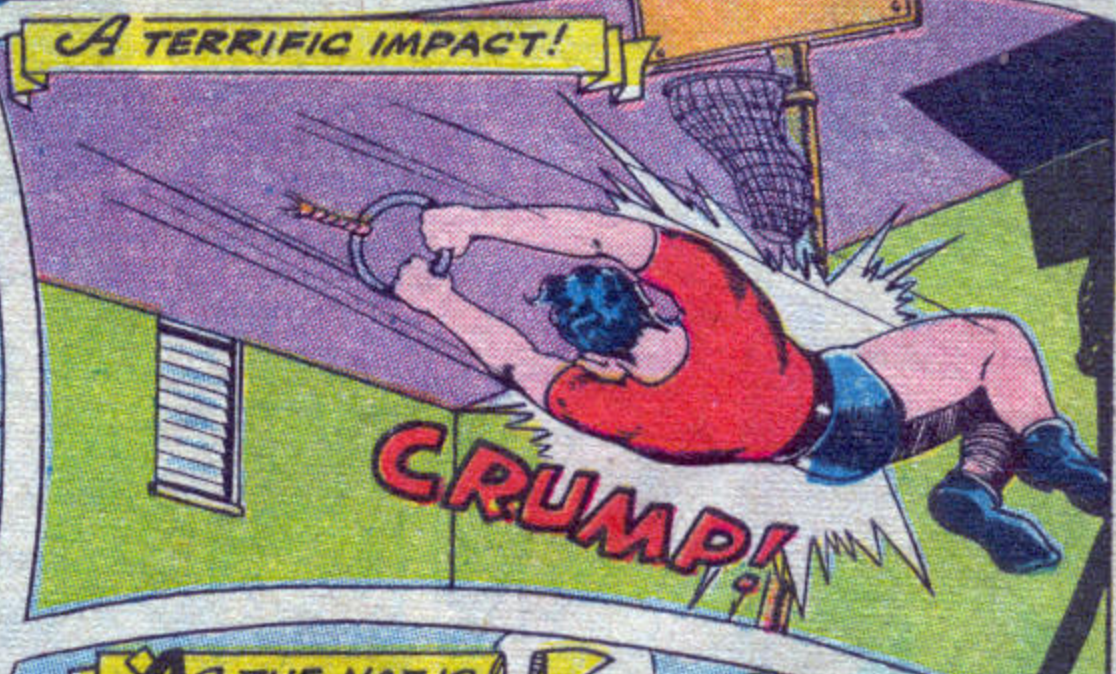
INSIDE THE GYM...

TOMMY-GUNS
AND GRENADES
...ENOUGH FOR
AN ARMY! THESE
R.O.T.C. WEAPONS
WILL SERVE US
WELL!

LOOK
OUT,
DENKE!

RAIDING
THE ARSENAL,
EH?

FOX!



MEANWHILE... ALONG A DESERTED BACK ROAD...

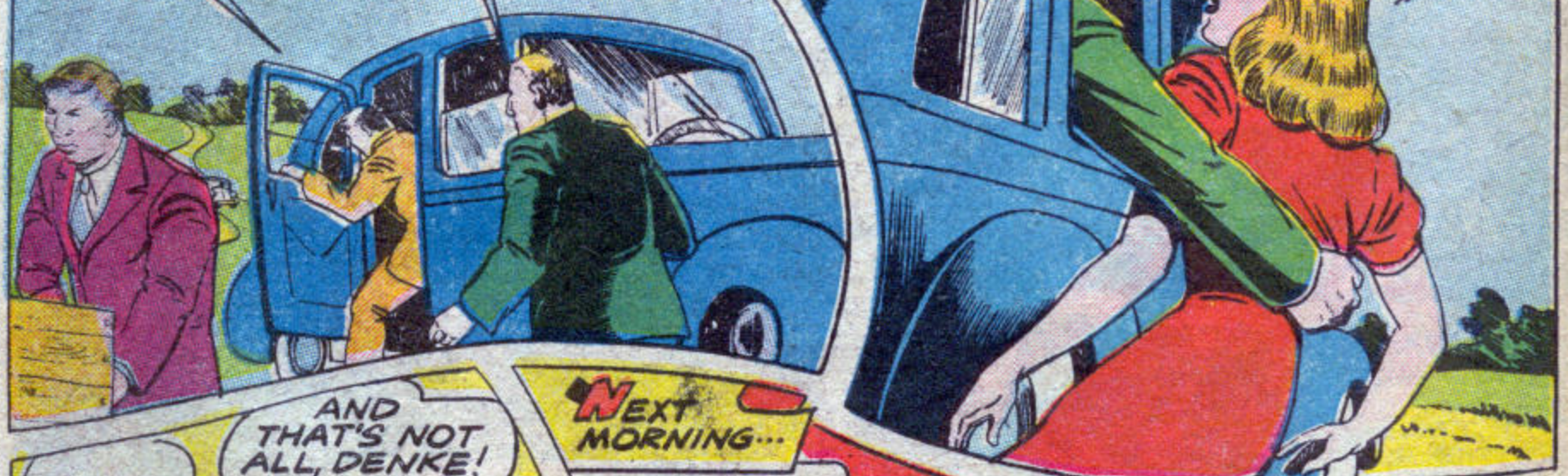
AS GRACE STEALS CLOSER...

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, FRAÜLEIN?

OH-H!

I'M CERTAIN THAT CAR IS TRAILING US!

KEEP HIDDEN! IF ANYONE GETS INQUISITIVE...



NEXT MORNING...

AND THAT'S NOT ALL, DENKE!

QUITE A HAUL, EH?

THANKS TO CLAPFLIN UNIVERSITY...WE'LL HAVE AN EASY TIME AT FORT GRANT!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO GRAB DR. BRYANT'S NEW SUPER-EXPLOSIVE!

VERY INTERESTING!
....TWO OF YOU BETTER GET TO BRYANT'S LAB! THE REST OF US WILL WAIT AT THE FORT AND SIZE THINGS UP!



AN HOUR LATER...

I'VE GOT TO FIND GRACE...AND THE FIRST STEP IS GETTING UNDER MY RAY TRANSMITTER!

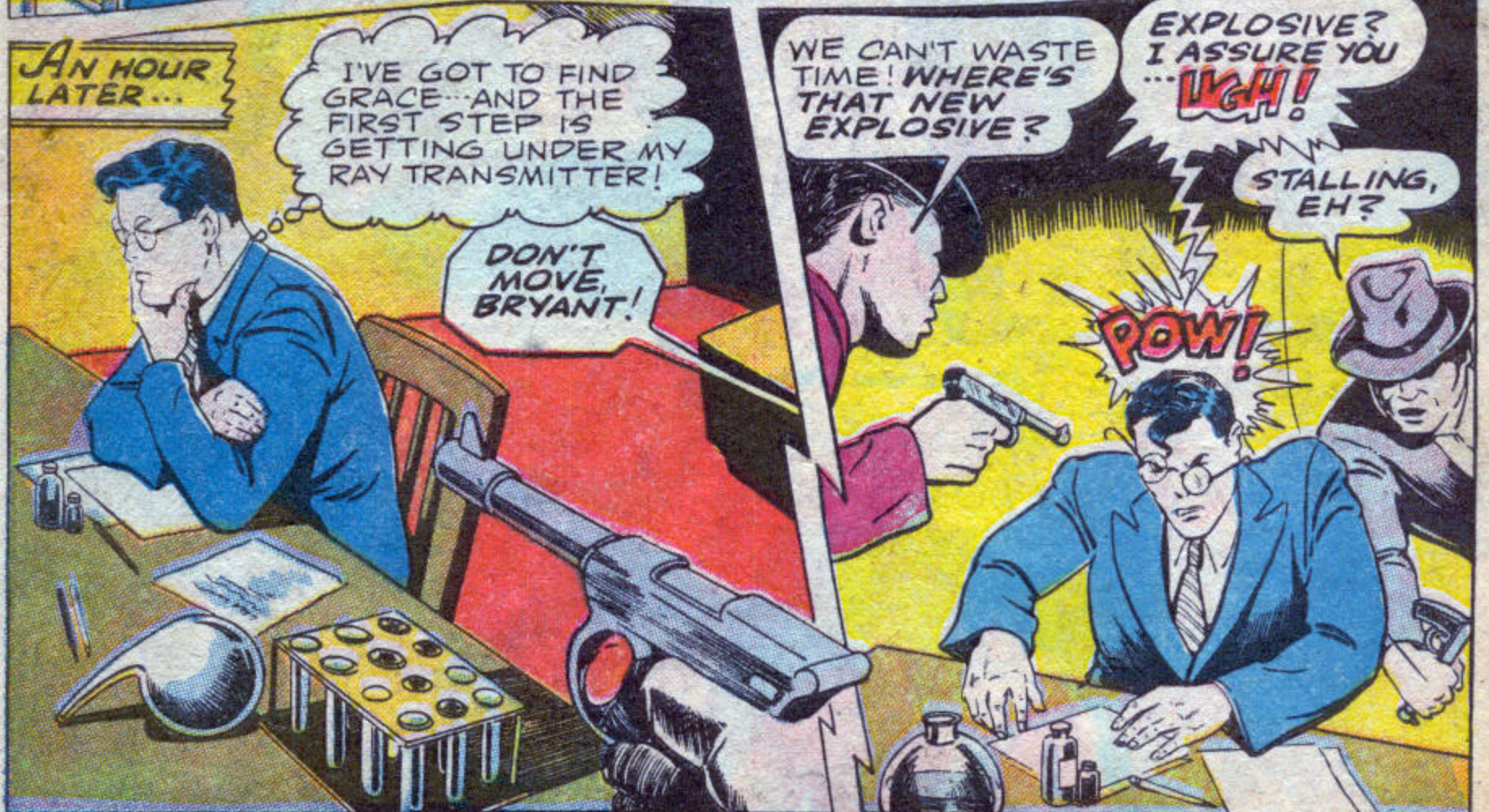
DON'T MOVE, BRYANT!

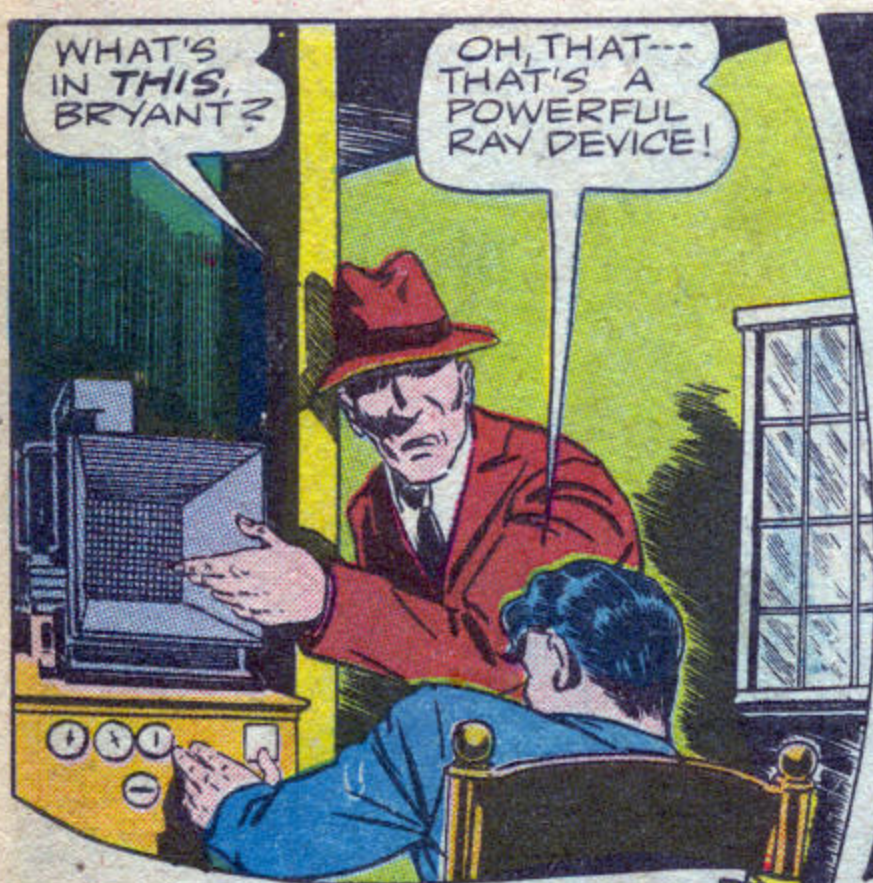
WE CAN'T WASTE TIME! WHERE'S THAT NEW EXPLOSIVE?

EXPLOSIVE? I ASSURE YOU ...WGH!

STALLING, EH?

POW!





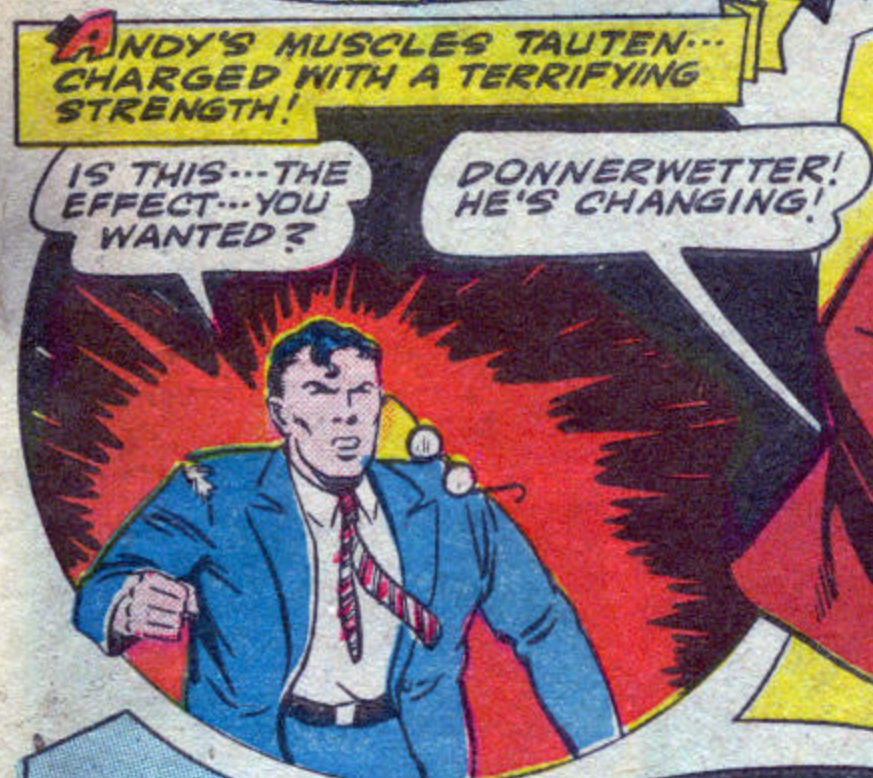
WHAT'S IN THIS, BRYANT?

OH, THAT--- THAT'S A POWERFUL RAY DEVICE!



YOU'LL TALK OR FRY, PAL! TURN THE SWITCH, ERNST!

NO STOP!



ANDY'S MUSCLES TAUTEN... CHARGED WITH A TERRIFYING STRENGTH!

IS THIS...THE EFFECT...YOU WANTED?

DONNERWETTER! HE'S CHANGING!



HE...HE'S CAPTAIN FUTURE!

IT'S BEEN A SECRET UP TO NOW...

BW!

BANG!



...BUT YOU WON'T TALK!

UG!

OR WILL YOU?

DENKE ...WANTED EXPLOSIVE ...FOR RAID ON... FORT GRANT!

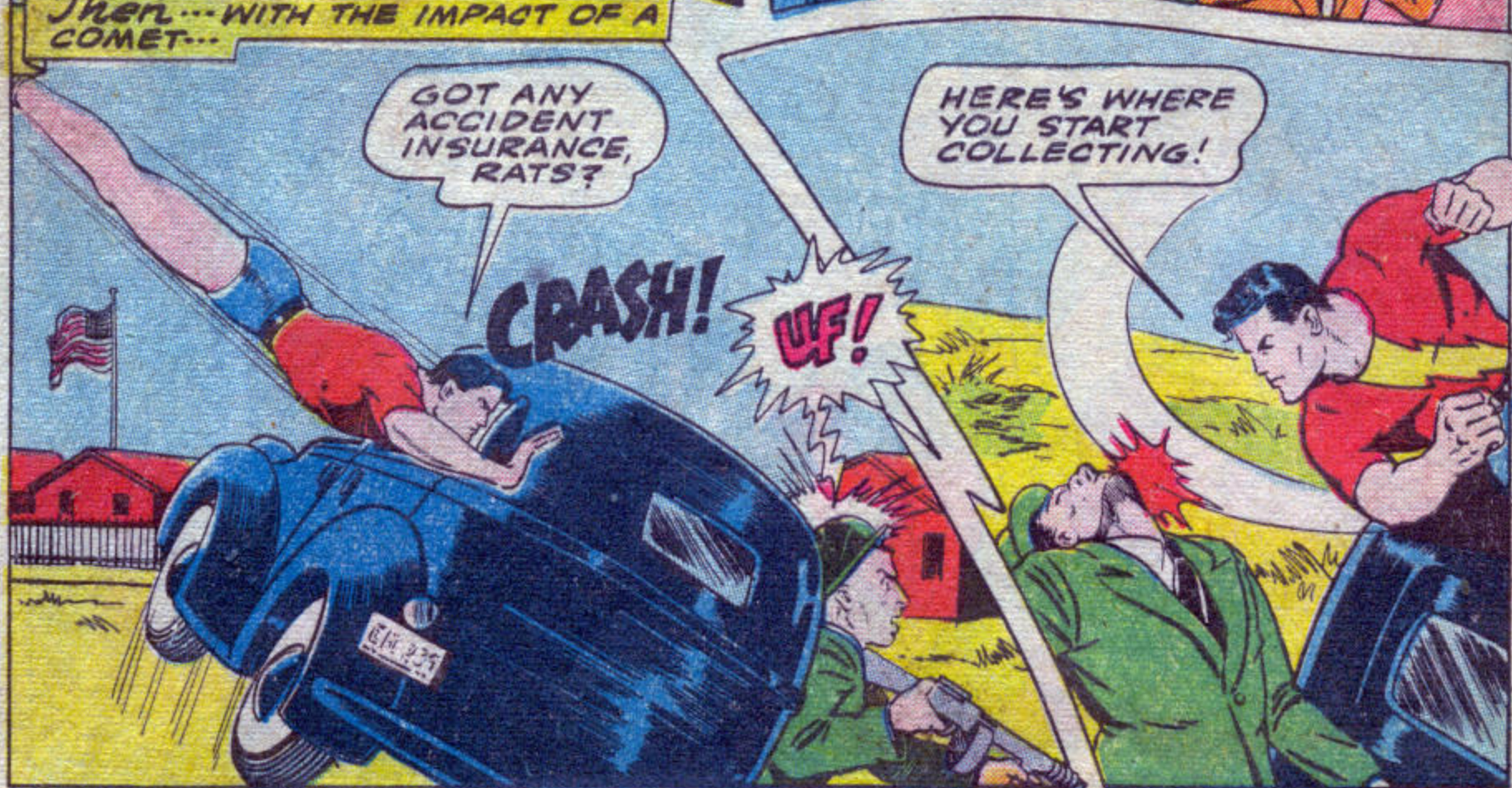
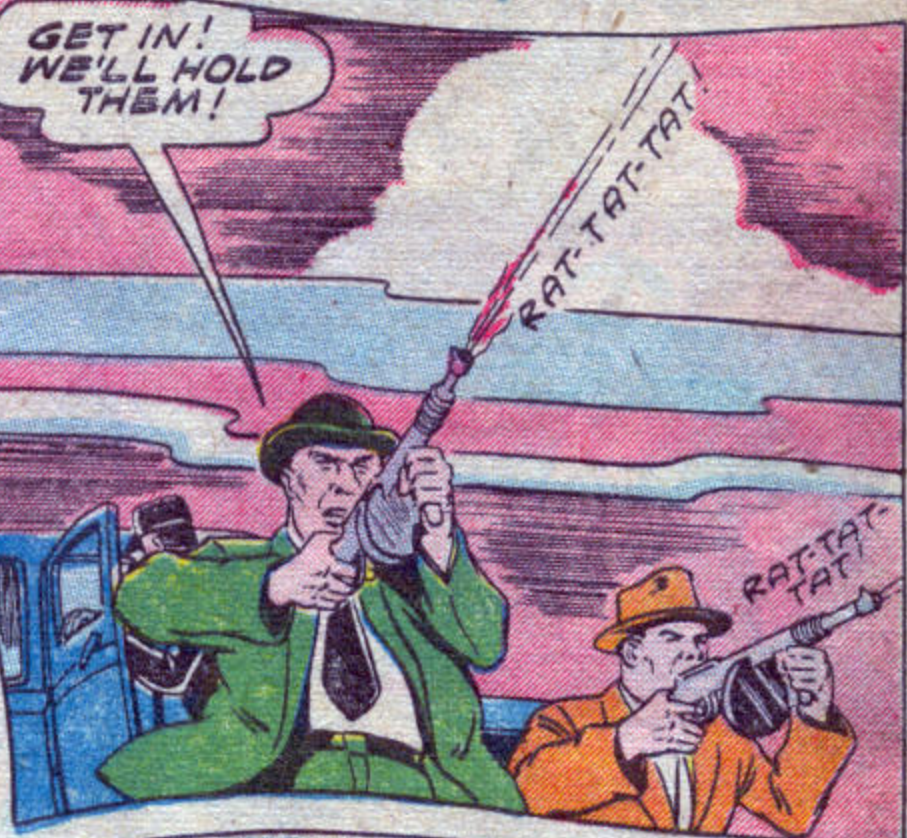
AT THAT MOMENT...

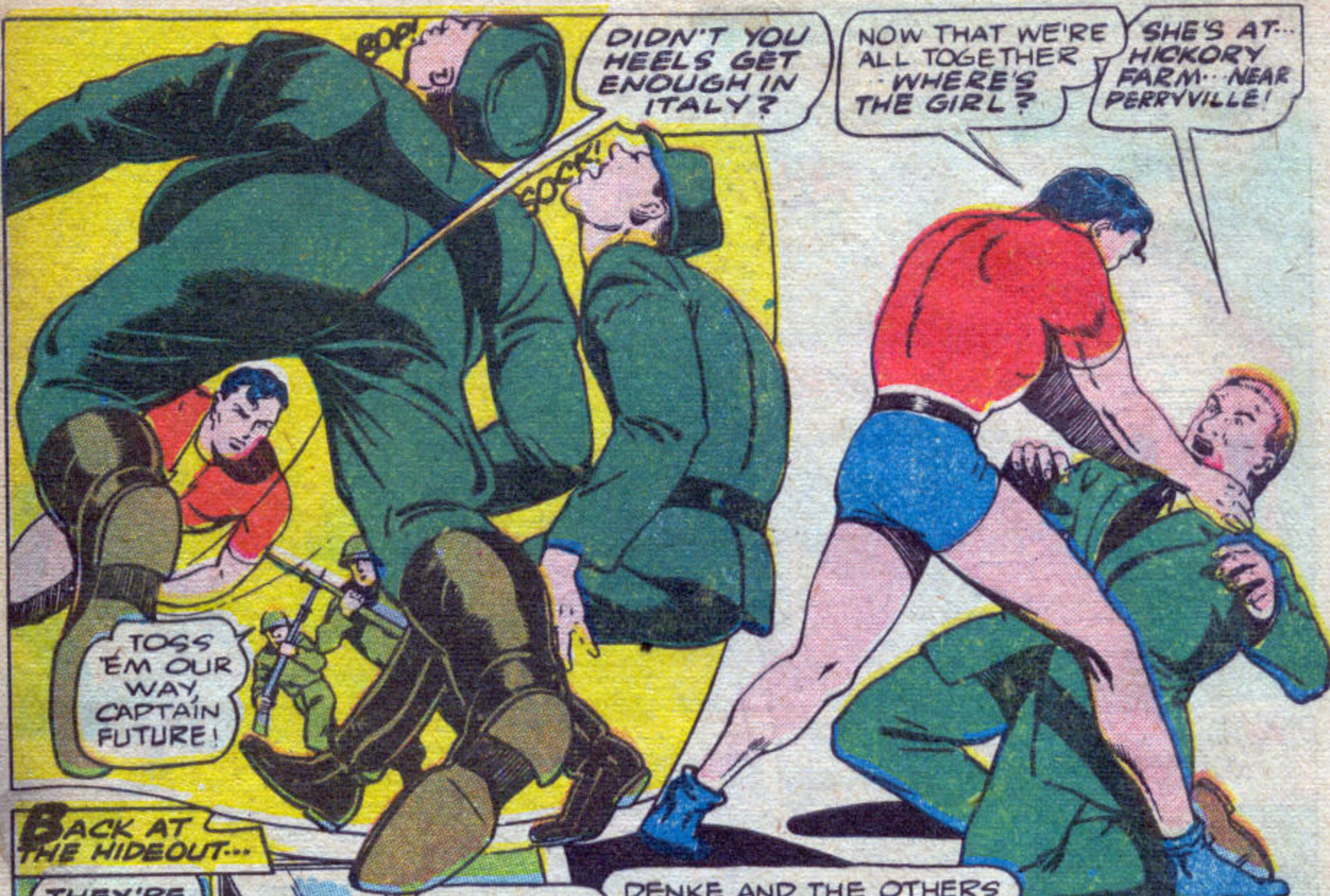
WISH THEY'D GET HERE WITH THAT EXPLOSIVE!

TEUFEL! A SENTRY!



BANG!





DIDN'T YOU
HEELS GET
ENOUGH IN
ITALY?

NOW THAT WE'RE
ALL TOGETHER
WHERE'S
THE GIRL?

SHE'S AT...
HICKORY
FARM... NEAR
PERRYVILLE!

TOSS
'EM OUR
WAY,
CAPTAIN
FUTURE!

BACK AT
THE HIDEOUT...



THEY'RE
HERE!

HEAVENS!
A GERMAN
BOMBER!

DENKE AND THE OTHERS
SHOULD BE HERE ANY
MINUTE!

LET'S HOPE
SO! WE HAVE A CRUISER-
BASED MESSERSCHMITT
PATROLLING ABOVE... BUT
DELAY IS RISKY!

Then... CAPTAIN
FUTURE CLOSES
IN!

A NAZI PLANE!
THAT GIVES ME
A WAY TO WORK
WITHOUT EN-
DANGERING
GRACE!

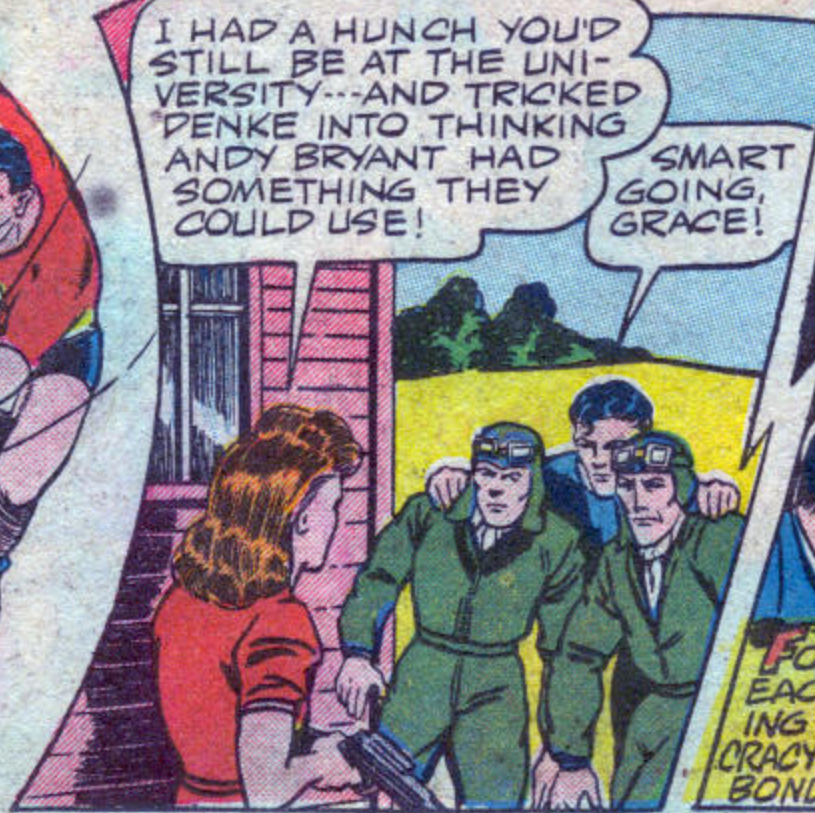
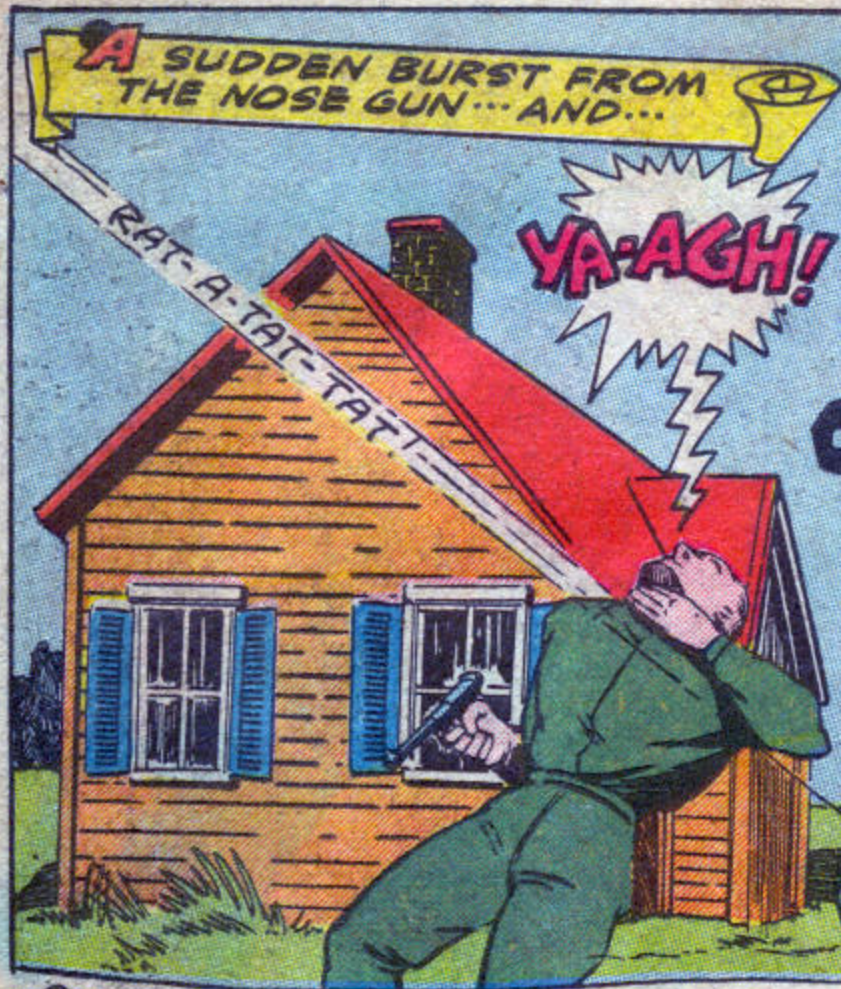
A MOMENT
LATER...



TWO MORE
FOR FORT
GRANT!

HIMMEL!
OUR
PLANE!

IT'S... IT'S
CAPTAIN
FUTURE!



*"Hoppy" will
teach you to*

Play this New HARMONICA In 15 Minutes OR MONEY BACK



**ONLY
\$1.49**



IT'S EASY TO LEARN . . . EASY TO PLAY

You'll be amazed at the many songs, hymns, tunes of every kind you can play on this fine new harmonica. Pitched in the Key of C with full range of middle tones. Made of superb plastic, it is warp proof, rust proof, water proof. And best of all, Hoppy's complete book of instructions is amazingly easy to follow, a child may learn in just a few minutes. A wonderful combination that means many hours of musical fun for you—your friends and family. Now, this daring offer makes it easy to get a genuine Magnus Key of C Harmonica for only \$1.49 and get Hoppy's sensational simplified course of instructions that quickly teach you to play song hits of every kind—*absolutely free*. Here is a truly unique offer never made before and may never be repeated. So play safe—act at once! You risk nothing!

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Just your name and address on the coupon is enough. You send nothing—you risk nothing. Your genuine Magnus Key of C Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Free Book of Instructions will be mailed at once. On arrival deposit \$1.49 plus postage. Keep both for 7 full days at our store. At that time if you aren't thrilled and satisfied in playing, return purchase, money will be refunded at once. The qualities of this fine instrument and book are definite. You can't risk disappointment. Order today!

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500 N State Street
Chicago 10, Illinois

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Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Amazing Ever Popular Scene-in-Action

Forest Fire Lamp

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is Back Again

MOTION ... So real it defies ready detection.
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EXCITING ... Makes everyone who sees it gasp with wonder.

Here's the most attractive lamp ever created. A gorgeous scenic table lamp that actually shows a pine forest being swept by moving flames. Has so much action and color you just won't be able to take your eyes off it. So realistic you can almost hear the crackling of the burning pines. But you will actually have to see this spectacular patented lamp in your own home to really appreciate it. That's why we are making this generous trial offer.



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Imagine a lamp that portrays Niagara Falls in all its scenic splendor. Will bring back those romantic memories of your honeymoon days.

EXTRA
AT NO EXTRA
COST

COMPLETE WITH PLUG AND CORD
 Improved model is back ... 8 inches high
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**PIN AMAZING
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WONDER LEAF lives on air alone. Called the "Leaf of Life," this amazing tropical WONDER LEAF grows on air alone, pinned to curtain or wall. Most important, each leaf produces delicate plants which, cut and planted in pots, will grow plants two feet high with brilliant, multi-colored pendulous flowers **YOU GET This** at no extra cost when you mail coupon at right.

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