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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!
When the mysteries of Ancient Egypt spread their spell over modern America, when ghostly 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!

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!

What’s that?

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!

Good grief! It's Dr. Pennock!

Tut-Ra-Ko... The walking death... Ohhh!

At the same time...

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!

In the inner office...

Great Scott! What happened, Virginia?

I found him like this! He's dead!
Suddenly, from behind...

I'll mow 'em down!

Ughhh!

CRAK!
Anthony Pennock—or his ghost?

EEEK!

And then I fainted! When I awakened, the place was empty!

Sounds pretty fishy to me—but Dr. Pennock has disappeared! 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 another case for Doc Strange!

In the police station...

Anthony Pennock 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, COUSIN RAT, ARE GOING FOR A RIDE!

WHAT THE--! DR. PENNOCK AGAIN!

EEEEEE!
I THINK I'LL GRAB THE KNIFE FIRST!

WITH DEADLY ACCURACY...

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

I WILL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

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

CRASH!
Doc Fights to Remain Conscious!

He's dragging me through a secret panel! Can't go under! Gotta get to--get my Alosun!

The Amazing Elixir of Sun Atoms Flows Swiftly Through Doc's Veins!

Now let's see how you fight, madman!

Got it!

Pleasant Nightmares, Dr. Penlock!

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 Penlock comes to...

How about some explaining, pal?

I-I pretended the museum was haunted--to scare away superstitious Egyptian thugs after the Tut-Ra-Ko Ruby!

An ancient Egyptian drug put me in suspended animation almost like death, and then gave me great strength! Hassan 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!
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?

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 BRIEZE 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 COBBLEWS 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...

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

UGH!

HEY, WHAT IS THIS?

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!

I MUST GET TO THE COAST! MUST GET WORD... TO WASHINGTON!

C-CAN YOU HELP ME?

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

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

TOM, 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!

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 eight minutes!

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 was, Tim!

There is?

Ughhh!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE, RAT!

WATCH OUT, TIM! TWO-LEGGED RATS RUN IN PACKS!

WHAT TH'-- WE MUST HAVE HIT AN AIR-POCKET!

DON'T BE A SAP! THOSE SOUNDS ARE COMIN' FROM THE PASSENGER CABIN! I'M GOING TO SEE HOW OUR SIDE'S MAKING OUT!

POW! WHAM! CRASH!

THE BLACK TERROR! I WARNED THOSE DUMB MUGS HE'D BE NO PUSHOVER!!

A VICIOUS BLOW FROM BEHIND...

THERE! THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU FOR AWHILE!

Crack.

Oh!

WHEN THE BLACK TERROR REVIVES...

TIM, WHERE ARE WE? WHAT HAPPENED?

ONE OF THE PILOTS SLUGGED YOU, TERROR!

CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?

I THINK WE'RE OVER THE CARIBBEAN. I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF BRIGHT BLUE WATER, JUST NOW -- WHEN THE PLANE ZOOMED LOW!
Any 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!

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!
GET GOING, TIM!! I JUST CAN'T RUN OUT ON YOU, TERROR! I HATE TO SEE RATS RUNNING AROUND LOOSE IN THE JUNGLE! YOU HELPED PILOT THE PLANE, DIDN'T YOU? WE SURE STIRRED THINGS UP THAT TIME, TERROR! NOW, LET'S STIR OURSELVES UP... AND GET A MOVE ON!

A STARTLING DISCOVERY...
GREAT SCOTT, TIM! LOOK AT THAT!!

THEY LOOK LIKE ATOMIC BOMBS!!
I'M SURE THEY ARE, TIM! BUT... I'M NOT SURE I KNOW JUST WHAT THE PURPOSE OF THAT PLATFORM IS!

PERHAPS I CAN ENLIGHTEN YOU, TERROR! BUT... I MUST ASK YOU TO KEEP YOUR HANDS RAISED WHILE WE TALK!

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! MY NAME IS JOHN REECE, AND I DEAL IN PRODUCTS OF DESTRUCTION! TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER -- I OFFER THE WORLD ON AN ATOMIC PLATTER!!
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 SHOWN 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!

DOLORE'S 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!!
YOU SAY THE BLACK TERROR GOT AWAY? THEN... PERHAPS THERE IS HOPE FOR US!

YES... YES... IT WOULD BE FOOLISH TO ABANDON HOPE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END, TERROR!

COURAGE, TIM! THERE'S A LOT OF ELBOW ROOM IN SPACE!

THE BLAST JETS ARE SET TO GO OFF IN TEN SECONDS, TERROR! NO, I'M COUNTING—EIGHT SECONDS—SEVEN...

A DEAFENING BLAST COMES FROM THE ROCKET TUBES, AND...

NOW I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU, TERROR! WE'RE GOING TO UNLOAD THESE BOMBS—AND YOU—ON SAN FRANCISCO! THAT'S WHERE THE WORLD PEACE ORGANIZATION HELD ITS FIRST CONFERENCE, AND HA-HA-HA. THE BOSS DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF PEACE!

GOOD-BYE, TERROR, HAPPY LANDING!

ALL RIGHT, YOU! GET BACK TO THOSE CONTROLS AND BRING HER STRAIGHT DOWN!

DO AS I SAY, YOU HEAR? THE PLATFORM'S BEGINNING TO TILT!

NO! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!!

SNAP.
Suddenly...

GREAT GUNS! THERE GO THE BOMBS!

THOSE LOOK LIKE OUR BOMBS!

They ARE!!

When the smoke clears...

GREAT SCOTT! THE FOREST HAS BEEN LEVELED TO A CINDER!

WHew! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THERE'S NOT A BLADE OF GRASS LEFT STANDING!

And then...

Hallo, down there! It's good to know you're safe!!

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!!
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 polishing 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 gangland feud where thugs vanish into slot machines... and Pyroman hits the jackpot!
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!
Suddenly... the staccato roar of gunfire fills the air...

Great Scott! A gun fight! They're headed this way...

This playground just opened! If only we had more funds...

Gwan! Pyroman's just a phony! He's made up!

Take that back... or I'll smash ya in the nose! He's a real hero!

Ratatatatatat! Bang! Bang!

Now we got 'em!

Bang! Bang! Ratatatat!

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? It's Pyroman!
MEDDLE WITH ME, HUH...
AIEEEE!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, HEEL!

NOW FOR A FRESH DIET OF KNUCKLES!
IT'S PYROMAN! MOW HIM DOWN!

BOOM!

NOTHING LIKE EXERCISE TO KEEP HEALTHY!

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

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

BULL... BULL DAWSON'S MIB!
THEY'RE... CUTTING IN ON... MY SLOT MACHINE RACKET...

AGHHHH!

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!

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!

See... I told ya I saw him!
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!

Did you see what I think I saw?

Dawson made us do it! Honest!

Where does Dawson hang out? Start talking!

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!
Pyroman, powerless, manages to roll toward a circular buzzsaw.

Ha, ha! Roll him up in that rubber sheet and tie it tight!

Confidentially, boss, youse is a genius!

Minutes later... as Pyroman revives...

Now to knock off Shorty Fields' gang! His layout's over on Montgomery Street. Why don't ya follow us? Haw, haw, haw! So long, Pyroman... we'll take care of you later!

It's either this saw or Bull Dawson...

(?)'s the jagged teeth bite closer... closer...

There! My hands... they're free!
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!

HELP!

TSK, TSK! SUCH NERVOUS PEOPLE!

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 daybreak.”

“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 any 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 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 gunplay every time. They 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.
BRUCE AND JOAN ARE VISITING THEIR FRIEND, GEORGE ROLLINS, IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

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!

"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 LOAF OF HIS REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTOR, ARGUES THAT IT PAYS TO BE HONEST--AND PROVES HIS POINT WITH TWO BATTERING FISTS!

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!

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 SPITE 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!

Dis ought to take care of ya!

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...

B-A-R-D-O-M!

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 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 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!

A few minutes later, at George Rollins' house...

I'll have my butler fill this cut, and then get my data for the hearing!

It's only skin deep—lucky for us and the country!
MR. ROLLINS! WHAT HAPPENED, SIR?

I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY SOME OTHER TIME, JENKINS. HELP ME PATCH UP THIS BRUISE.

WELL, SIR! I HOPE THOSE PLUMBERS YOU SENT FOR ARE OUT OF THE BATHROOM.

PLUMBERS? I DIDN'T SEND FOR ANY WHERE ARE THEY?

THERE THEY ARE! WHAT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE?

THEY'RE WIRING THE MEDICINE CABINET? IT'S HIM! GET HIM!

MY WORD?

NO-agh! OUT OF MY WAY! HELP!

BANG!

A SHOT! SOMETHING IS WRONG UP THERE!
COUNT ME IN ON THIS!

BANG! BANG!

THE BULLETS DON'T HARM HIM?

GOING DOWN?

This is no place to stay healthy!

POW!

WHAM!

Maybe those bullets don't bother you— but the girl is going to get a dose— unless you pull up fast!

I know you rats are capable of anything—including murdering helpless girls! Okay— it's your round!

Now yer being smart— downstairs— all of ya!

Okay, Spike— they won't crawl out of that!

Right! Now signal the boss— he's in the car across the street!

That's the okay sign— let's go!
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!

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!

Suddenly-- from the mists

of time-- Bruce Carter?

You must live while my country's

enemies are at

large!

Ancestor!

You are free! Hurry--

there is little time!

Thank heavens!

The ceiling--!

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?

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 theater!

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!

Good grief! We'll be killed!

Ready and waiting. Rats!
I believe this is where I left off.

SOK! AHHH!

Sounds of the fight bring the police on the run.

Try this for size!

Meanwhile, in the committee room...

If Rollins doesn't get here with his testimony, we might as well dismiss the charges.

Take your time, boys. I got plenty of it!

Look!

The fighting Yank! No... No...

The end of a perfect day!

The next day...

Daily Globe

Fighting Yank Helps Produce Evidence That Indicts Baldy Maloney Testimony By Treasury Official Does Gangster!

Stand by for another slam-bang action story in our next issue.
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 put up 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!
The Joke's on Youth

There must be company downstairs—Mom just laughed at one of Dad's jokes!

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 Booker! 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 courage 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!
Am amazing transformation! Whatever's up... Here's where Captain Future comes in!

A moment later...

Gymnasium

Suddenly...

Teufel! Who is it?

Too bad you missed, Rat...

Pow!

Because you don't get another chance!

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?
HOW ABOUT SOME T.N.T.?

WHAM!

THEN...

YE GODS... THE ROPE!

Z-Z-ZIP!

Z-ZIP!

BANG!

A TERRIFIC IMPACT!

CRUMP!

WITH CAPTAIN FUTURE STUNNED...

WOULD ANYONE ELSE LIKE TO INTERFERE?

THEY... THEY MUST HAVE SHOT CAPTAIN FUTURE AND MAJOR WATSON!

AS THE NAZIS MAKE OFF...

CAREFUL, MISS ADAMS! THEY'RE KILLERS!

THAT'S JUST WHY I'M NOT LETTING THEM GET AWAY!

SOON AFTERWARD...

I TRIED TO HOLD THEM BACK WITH RIFLE FIRE! THEN A BULLET CREASED ME!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHAT THEY PLAN TO DO WITH THOSE WEAPONS!

WELL... MAYBE GRACE WILL DIG UP SOME Dope!

WHAT!

YOU MEAN SHE WENT AFTER THEM?
Meanwhile... along a deserted back road...

I'm certain that car is trailing us! Keep hidden if anyone gets inquisitive.

As Grace steals closer...

Looking for something, Fraulein? Oh-h-

Next morning...

Quite a haul, eh?

And that's not all, Denke!

Thanks to Clarin University... we'll have an easy time at Fort Grant!

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!

I assure you, UGH!

Don't move, Bryant!

We can't waste time! Where's that new explosive?

Explosive? Stalling, eh?

Pow!
WHAT'S IN THIS, BRYANT?

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

YOU'LL TALK OR FRY PALS! 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...

BANG!

...BUT YOU WON'T TALK!

UG!

OR WILL YOU?

WISH THEY'D GET HERE WITH THAT EXPLOSIVE!

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

TEUFEL A SENTRY!
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!

TOSSED '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!

A NAZI PLANE! THAT GIVES ME A WAY TO WORK WITHOUT ENDANGERING GRACE!

A NAZI PLANE?

A NAZI PLANE!

A NAZI PLANE!

A NAZI PLANE!

A NAZI PLANE!

TWO MORE FOR FORT GRANT!

HIMMEL! OUR PLANE!

IT'S... IT'S CAPTAIN FUTURE!
A sudden burst from the nose gun... and...
Ya-agh!
Oh-ww!

As Captain Future taxis closer...
There comes our Messerschmitt! Quick... pretend we're surrendering!

With the bomber's motors drowning out the diving fighter...
Captain Future will be picked off before he can turn... unless...

Watch the girl, Herr Leutnant!
You little meddler!
Rat-tat-tat!

Not this time, hero!
I had a hunch you'd still be at the university... and tricked Denke into thinking Andy Bryant had something they could use!

I'm glad you're safe, Grace... but do you realize you nearly cost me my life?

Andy! You can always count on Captain Future!

Follow Captain Future each issue... in his smashing offensive for democracy! Keep buying U.S. saving bonds and stamps!


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