

10¢

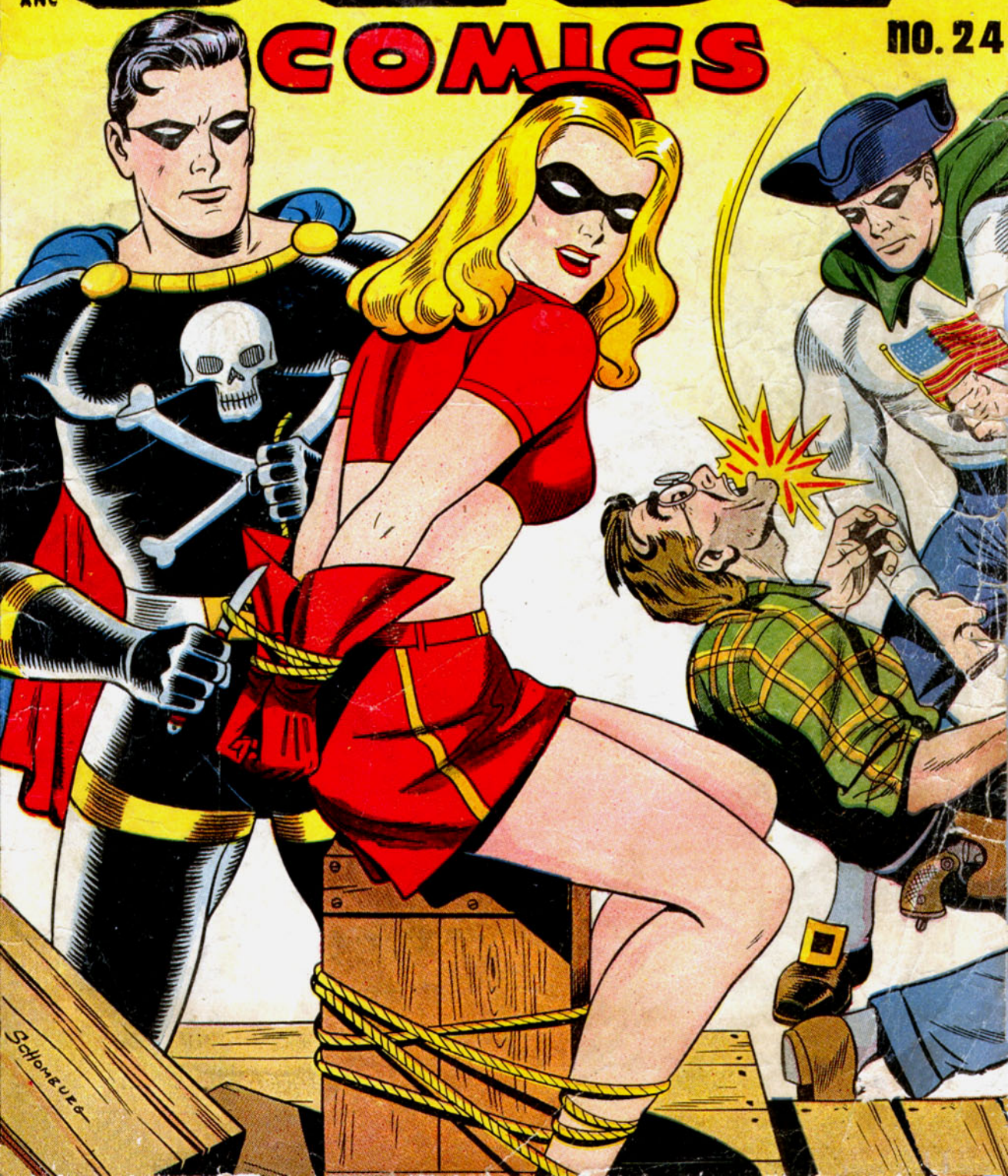
America's

BEST

ANC

COMICS

NO. 24





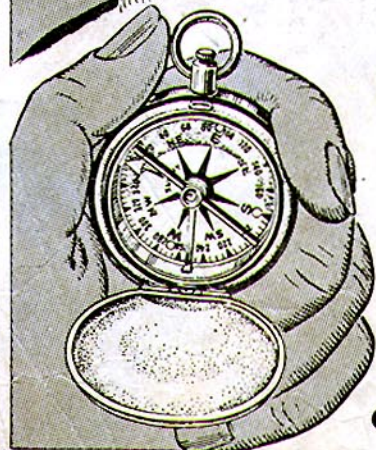
HEY, GANG!
See the Official U.S. ARMY OFFICER'S
COMPASS I got on this
WAR SURPLUS CLOSE-OUT!

...AND NOW YOU CAN GET YOURS

a \$4.75 Value for only \$1.49
WHILE THEY LAST...!

- Break-proof crystal
- Luminous Easy-to-read dial
- Accurate Jewelled needle always points North
- Precision-built by Waltham Watch Company

only **\$1.49** FOR THIS
\$4.75
VALUE



Here is a once-in-a-lifetime offer. A genuine U.S. Army Officer's Compass, precision-built to gov't. specifications by the Waltham Watch Co. Looks like an expensive pocket watch . . . heavy grained bronze case snaps open to a large, easy-to-read luminous dial. Special jewelled needle is guaranteed accurate and protected by breakproof crystal. Points to all directions . . . even at night. Just the thing for hunting, hiking, and all other outdoor activities. Be the first in your gang to carry a genuine U.S. Officer's Compass just like the Officers did.

SEND NO MONEY

Mail Coupon • Just your name and address on coupon is enough. You send nothing . . . you risk nothing. Your genuine U. S. Officer's Compass will be mailed at once. On arrival simply deposit \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. If you are not completely satisfied, return purchase and money will be refunded at once. Supply of this amazing Compass offer is limited, so send your order today. Don't risk disappointment. Order today and be sure. Hurry!

BACK HOME

GEE, I'M GOING TO
SEND IN TODAY AND GET AN
OFFICIAL U.S. OFFICER'S
COMPASS JUST LIKE JACK'S!



WHERE DID YOU GET
A SWELL LOOKING
COMPASS LIKE THAT?

I SENT TO MILLER
AND CO. AND ONLY
PAID \$1.49 FOR IT.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MILLER AND COMPANY, Dept. 51-S
205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me genuine U.S. Officer's Compass at once. I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not entirely satisfied my money will be returned.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

MILLER AND CO., DEPT., 51-S
205 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.

**BOYS!
GIRLS!
HURRY**

Amazing LIFEBOUOY Offer

SEND FOR SENSATIONAL BOOK

MY SECRETS OF MAGIC

By BLACKSTONE *WORLD'S FOREMOST MAGICIAN*



HOW DID YOU EVER KNOW WHICH CARD I PICKED?

I LIKE THE MIND READING TRICK BEST OF ALL!

BOY, THAT COIN TRICK WAS A HONEY!

Discover How Wonderful a LIFEBOUOY Bath Really Is!

USE the soap that famous Champs use—men and women in all sports. Bathe daily with Lifebuoy. Refreshing? Oh boy! In tub or shower, Lifebuoy's creamy lather makes you feel good all over. Lifebuoy is grand for hands, too. Gets off grime and dirt in a flash. Cleanliness and good health, you know, go together. So use Lifebuoy every day.



GEE, LIFEBOUOY IS A SWELL SOAP—IT SURE GETS ME CLEAN AND IT FEELS GREAT

Get your Magic Book today—amaze your friends

More than 60 baffling tricks! Number tricks! Match tricks! Mind-reading tricks! Yes, this fascinating book is chock-full of clever tricks of all kinds . . . with simple explanations of Blackstone's own secret ways of doing them. And they're all "easy as pie" to learn. If you want to have barrels of fun fooling your friends with feats of magic . . . if you want to be the "hit" of every party . . . send for your Magic Book right now!



RUSH COUPON

SEND ONLY 15¢ WITH ONE LIFEBOUOY BOX TOP

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

P. O. Box 1, New York 8, N. Y.

Please rush me one copy of "MY SECRETS OF MAGIC" by Blackstone. I enclose one Lifebuoy Soap box top and 15 cents in coin.

NAME _____

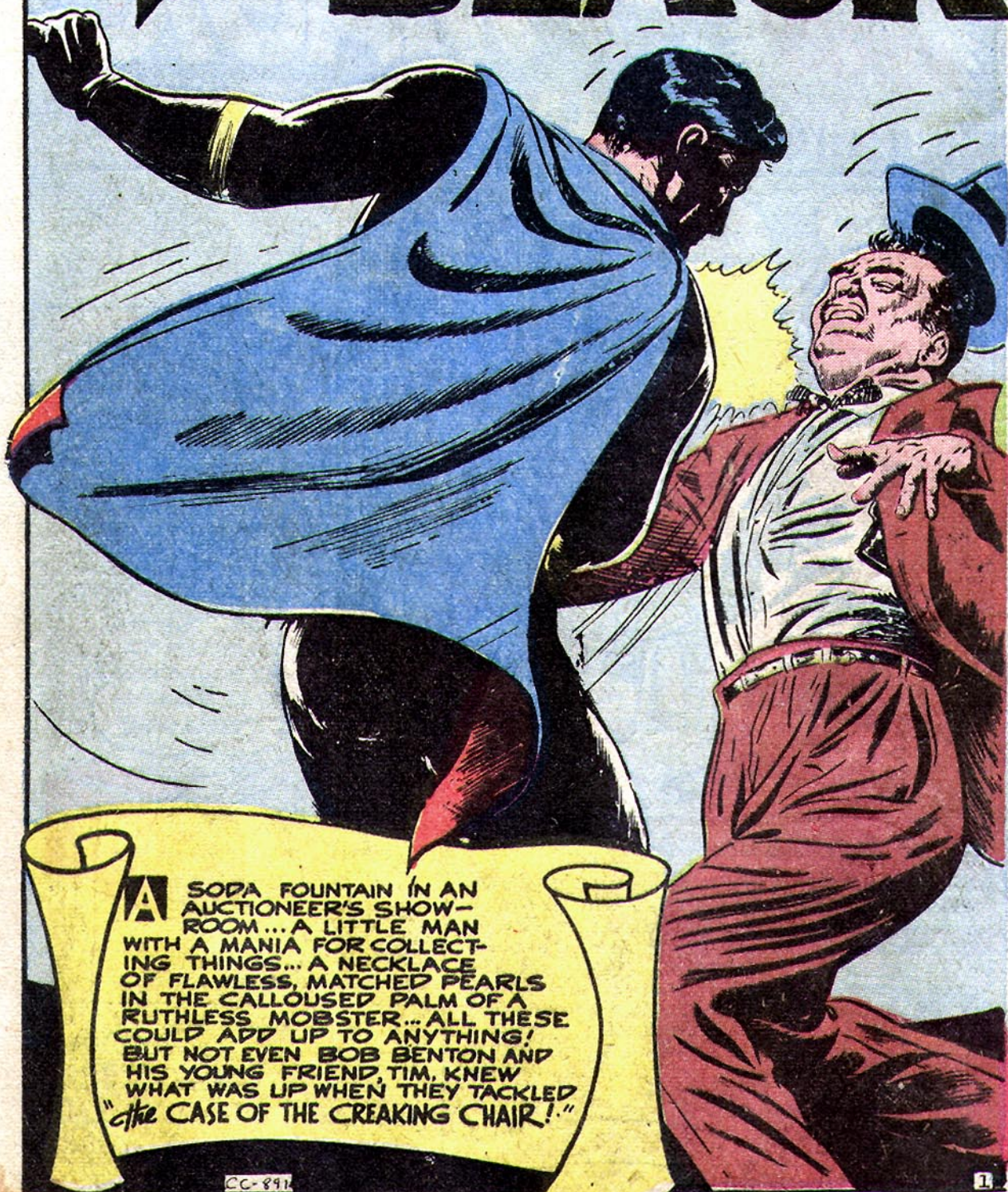
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STATE _____

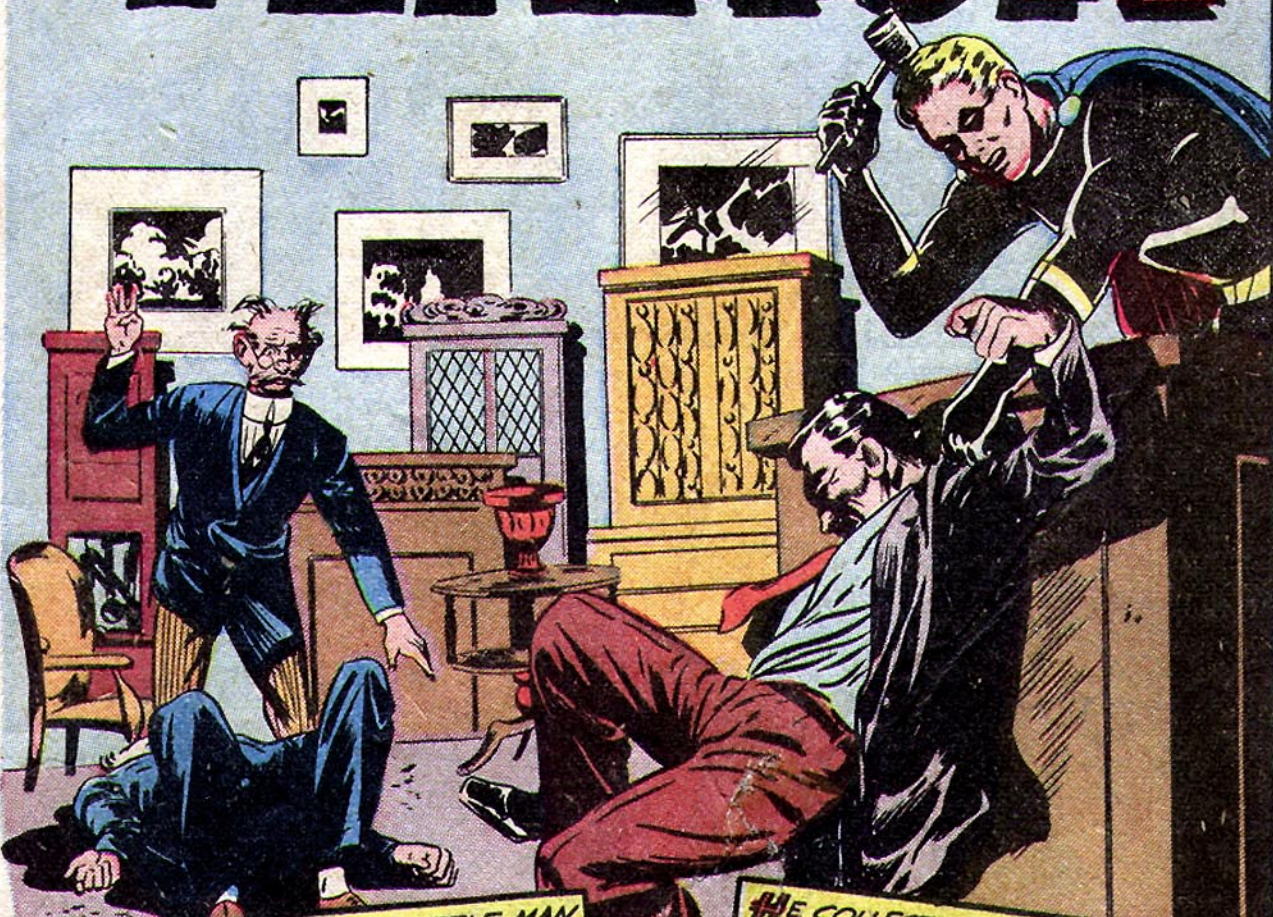
(This offer good only in U. S., Hawaiian Islands, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires February 14, 1948)

The **BLACK**



A SODA FOUNTAIN IN AN AUCTIONEER'S SHOW-ROOM... A LITTLE MAN WITH A MANIA FOR COLLECTING THINGS... A NECKLACE OF FLAWLESS, MATCHED PEARLS IN THE CALLOUSED PALM OF A RUTHLESS MOBSTER... ALL THESE COULD ADD UP TO ANYTHING! BUT NOT EVEN BOB BENTON AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, TIM, KNEW WHAT WAS UP WHEN THEY TACKLED "the CASE OF THE CREAKING CHAIR!"

TERROR



A KINDLY, FRIENDLY LITTLE MAN WAS ARCHIBALD WINGATE! BUT --- HE HAD ONE FAILING---

THANK GOODNESS--IT HASN'T BEEN SOLD! I MUST HAVE IT!

HE COLLECTED THINGS--WORTHLESS THINGS... ANYTHING ODD THAT TOOK HIS FANCY!

BUT I TELL YOU-- THIS CORNET HAS BEEN SOLD! IT'S A TOTAL WRECK--IT'S GOOD ONLY FOR SCRAP METAL!

I DON'T CARE-- I WANT IT! I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS FOR IT!

ANTIQUES



IF I COULD PLAY THIS CORNET, IT WOULDN'T APPEAL TO ME! ANY NUMBSKULL COULD WALK INTO A STORE AND BUY A SHINY NEW ONE!

BUT JUST AS WINGATE LEAVES THE SHOP... A SINISTER TRIO APPROACHES FROM THE REAR!

WHEW! THOSE FLATTIES MEAN BUSINESS! IF WE ROBBED A BANK, I COULD UNDERSTAND IT! BUT ALL WE SWIPED WAS A STRING OF MATCHED PEARLS!

AN AUCTION-EEER'S SHOW-ROOM! WE'LL --ANY PORT IN A STORM!

GEE, IT SURE IS SPOOKY IN HERE, BOSS!

IT'LL BE SPOOKIER IF YOU DON'T PIPE DOWN! IF THE COPS COME IN SHOOTING--WE'LL WIND UP AS GHOSTS!

SUDDENLY...

AWK! BOSS, IT'S A B-B-BULL'S SHADOW! HE'S STANDIN' JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR--WAITIN' TO NAB US!

SSSSH! GIVE ME YOUR POCKET KNIFE, SLINKY! I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

BOSS, ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT NECKLACE IS WORTH FORTY GRAND!

PIPE DOWN! THE SAFEST PLACE FOR IT IS IN THE STUFFINGS OF THIS OLD ROCKING CHAIR! WE'LL COME BACK AND GET IT!

THE BOSS IS A SMART APPLE, FLAT-BUSH! IT WOULD NEVER DO TO BE CAUGHT WITH THOSE PEARLS!

ALL RIGHT--NOW KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU! WE'LL BREAK OUT SHOOTING!

A MOMENT LATER...

ARGGG!

BANG!

DAGNABBIT! THEY GOT RILEY!

**FLYING
LEAD
COVERS
A
SWIFT
RETREAT!**

**C'MON, BOSS! WE
CAN MAKE IT--WE'VE
GOT A HEAD START!**

**THE FOLLOWING AFTER-
NOON... AS BOB BENTON
AND TIM GO BARGAIN
HUNTING...**

**I SAW IT IN THE WINDOW--
A COMPLETE SOPA
FOUNTAIN! IT'S TO BE
AUCTIONED OFF
TODAY!**

ANTIQUES

**SWELL! WE'LL
USE THE PARTS
TO REPLACE
OUR WORN-
OUT UNITS!**

**THAT'S JUST WHAT I
INTEND TO DO! SEE-- I
BROUGHT THIS PHIAL
OF NITRIC ACID ALONG
TO MAKE TESTS ON THE
GOOD PARTS! IT WON'T
HURT THAT TYPE OF
METAL ANY!**

**INSIDE THE CROWDED
AUCTION ROOMS...**

**THERE ARE TWO SEATS, TIM!
WE'D BETTER GRAB THEM
WHILE THE GRABBING'S
GOOD!**

RIGHT!

SUDDENLY...

**GOLLY, BOB--TAKE
A LOOK AT THOSE
THREE TOUGH
CHARACTERS!**

**I'M MORE INTEREST-
ED IN THAT LITTLE
MAN DOWN FRONT!
HE'S DRESSED
IN THE HEIGHT
OF FASHION--
FOR THE YEAR
1890!**

**AS THE AUCTION
GETS UNDER WAY...**

**BOSS, I NEVER
THOUGHT MONTY
SLOAN WOULD BE
SITTIN' IN AN AU-
TION ROOM--BIDDIN'
FER A PIECE OF JUNK!**

**PIPE DOWN!
YOU WANT THEM
TO KNOW WHO
I AM?**

**WHAT AM I BID?
START IT,
SOME-
BODY!**

**AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, WHAT
AM I BID FOR THIS BEAU-
TIFUL CHAIR? WHO'LL START
THE BALL ROLLING?**

**BOSS! THAT'S IT-- THAT'S
THE CHAIR! IT'S WORTH
FORTY GRAND TO US!**



TWO DOLLARS!

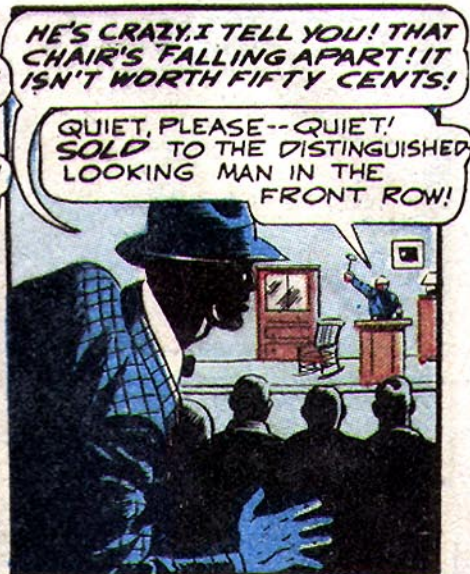
TEN! NO-- MAKE IT TWENTY!



ONE HUNDRED BUCKS!

TWO HUNDRED!

WOW! THAT LITTLE MAN'S CRAZY! HE'LL RUIN US!



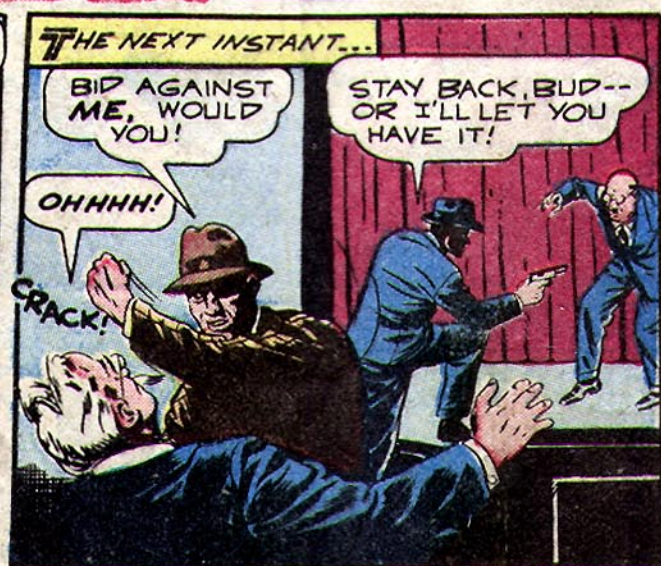
HE'S CRAZY, I TELL YOU! THAT CHAIR'S FALLING APART! IT ISN'T WORTH FIFTY CENTS!

QUIET, PLEASE-- QUIET! SOLD TO THE DISTINGUISHED LOOKING MAN IN THE FRONT ROW!



B-BOSS, MY FACE! IT'S BEGINNIN' TO TWITCH AGAIN! NO MATTER WHAT I TAKE FOR IT-- WHEN I GET EXCITED, IT STARTS ACTIN' UP!

OKAY!-- SUPPOSE YOU GET EXCITED WITH A GUN!



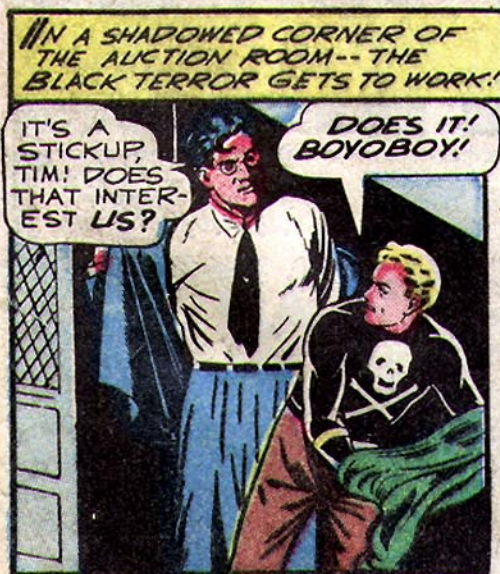
THE NEXT INSTANT...

BID AGAINST ME, WOULD YOU!

STAY BACK, BUD-- OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

OHHHH!

CRACK!



IN A SHADOWED CORNER OF THE AUCTION ROOM-- THE BLACK TERROR GETS TO WORK!

IT'S A STICKUP, TIM! DOES THAT INTEREST US?

DOES IT! BOYBOY!



THE BLACK TERROR! GET HIM, FLATBUSH!

WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT, TERROR?

HUH?

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS ONE, TIM! HE HAS THE UGliest FACE AND-- HE WAS WAVING HIS GUN AT ME!

UGH!

POW!

THAT SUITS ME FINE, TERROR! I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN I'M FINISHED!

AWP!

WHAM!

THOSE SKYROCKETING BIDS MEAN ONLY ONE THING-- THERE'S SOMETHING VALUABLE CONCEALED IN THIS CHAIR! I'LL FIND IT IF I HAVE TO RIP-- **WHHAT? A STRING OF PEARLS!**

THE SAME INSTANT..

THAT THUG I JUST TRIPPED! HE-- HE'S GONE!

OHhh!

GREAT SCOTT! MATCHED PEARLS-- WORTH A FORTUNE IN ANY MAN'S MONEY!

A GOOD THING THIS TIN UMBRELLA STAND WASN'T AUCTIONED OFF YET! IT'LL JUST ABOUT DO!

PERFECT! AND NOW I'LL JUST TAKE THOSE PEARLS!

OOOHH!



AN INSTANT LATER...

HEY, YOU FOOL! WE DON'T NEED THAT CHAIR, NOW! WE'VE GOT THE PEARLS!

BUT, BOSS--IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE HIGH-BRACKET ANTIQUES! YOU HEARD WHAT THAT LITTLE FELLOW BID FOR IT!



WHILE BACK IN THE AUCTION ROOMS--

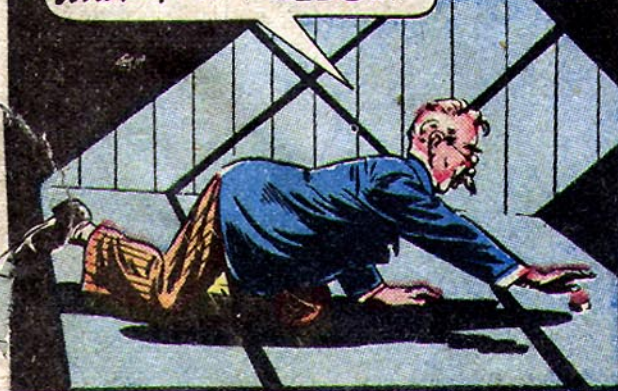
W-WHERE ARE THEY?

THEY GOT AWAY, TIM! FOR AN ANTIQUE, THIS THING SURE PACKED A WALLOP!

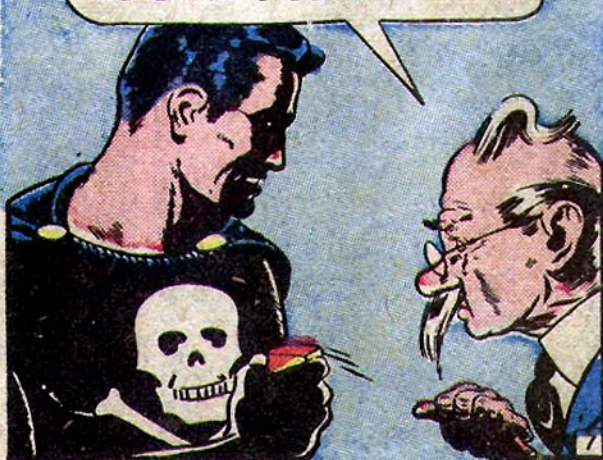


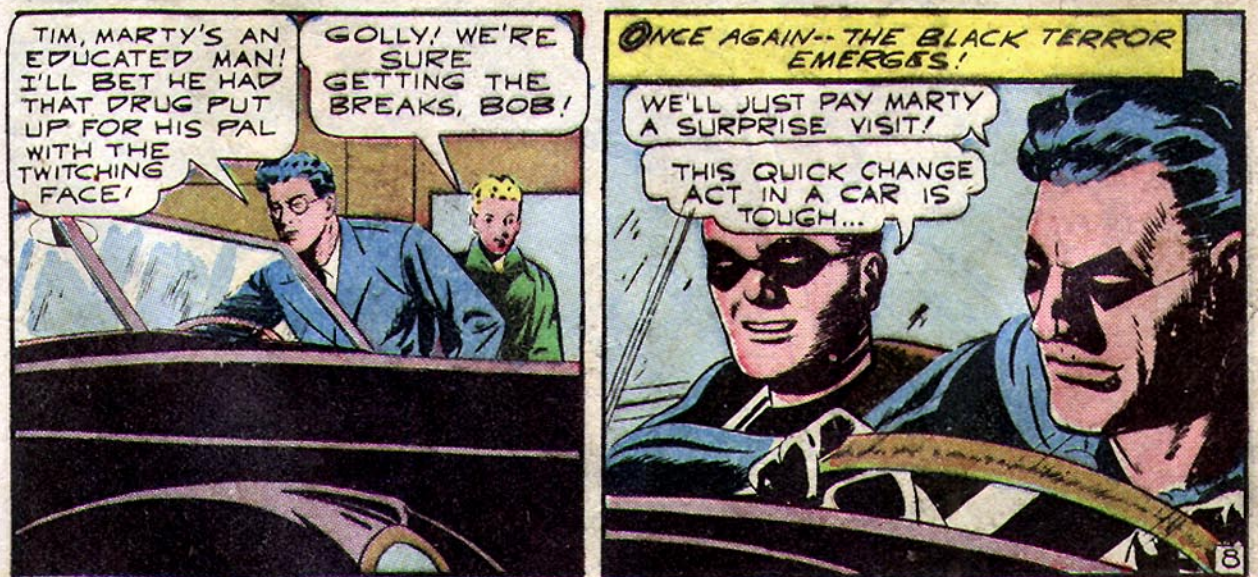
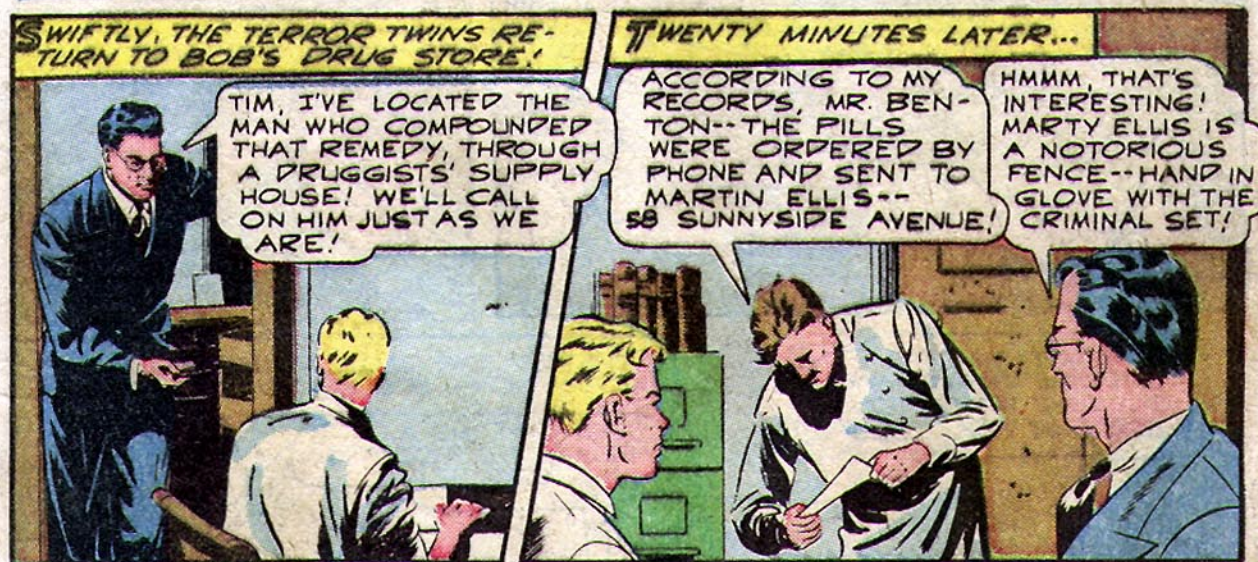
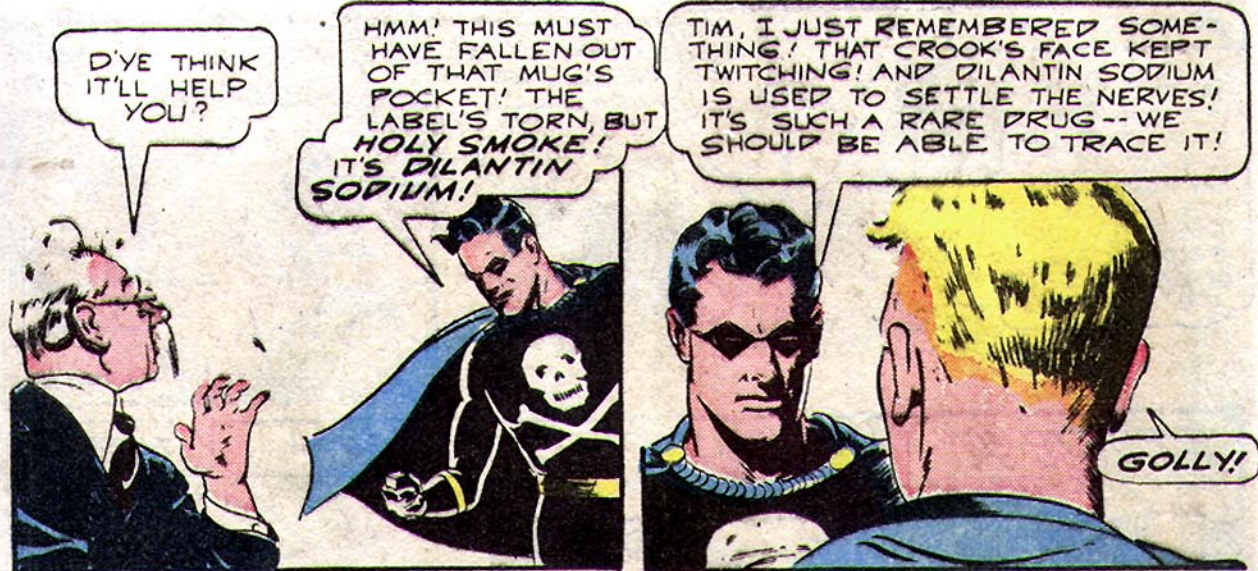
AT THE SAME TIME...

OH--THOSE RUFFIANS ATTACKED ME AND TOOK MY CHAIR! IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CHAIR--A WONDERFUL CHAIR! ALL BROKEN DOWN AND-- WHA--? A PILLBOX!



'PON MY SOUL--THE BLACK TERROR! ER-- I FOUND THIS PILLBOX ON THE FLOOR-- RIGHT WHERE THAT CROOK WAS SITTING!





PRESENTLY---

THERE'S MARTY'S HOUSE, TIM! THAT CAR UP AHEAD IS SWINGING IN TO THE CURB DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF-- **GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THEM!**

DON'T STOP, BOSS! THAT CAR'S TOO INTERESTED IN US!

BOSS! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

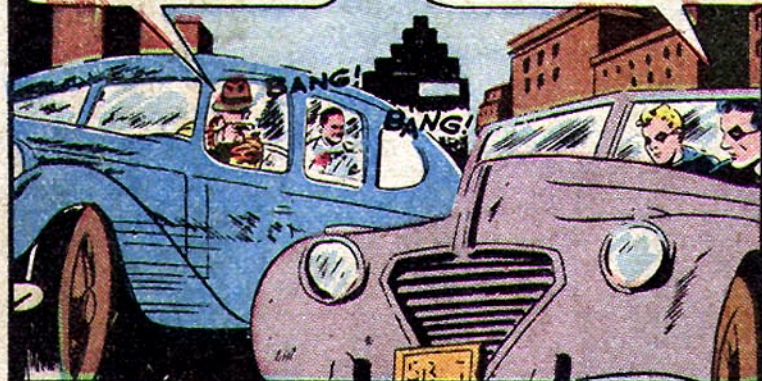
I WAS AFRAID OF THAT!

SHOOT TO KILL, FLATBUSH! I'LL GET THE TIRES!

THEY'RE SENDING WITH BULLETS, TIM! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!

SUDDENLY....

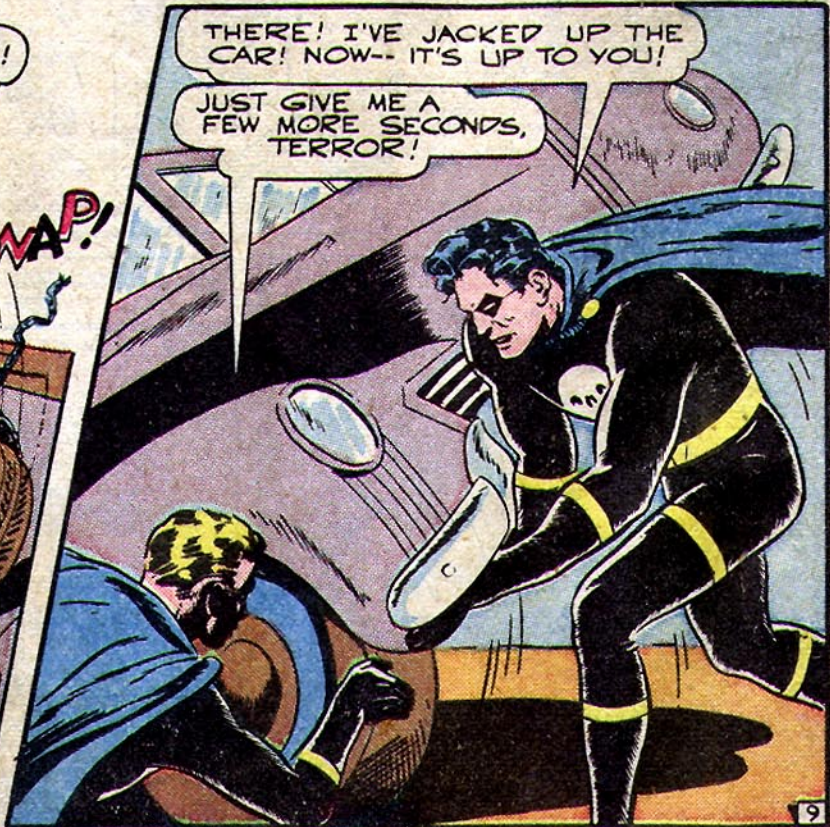
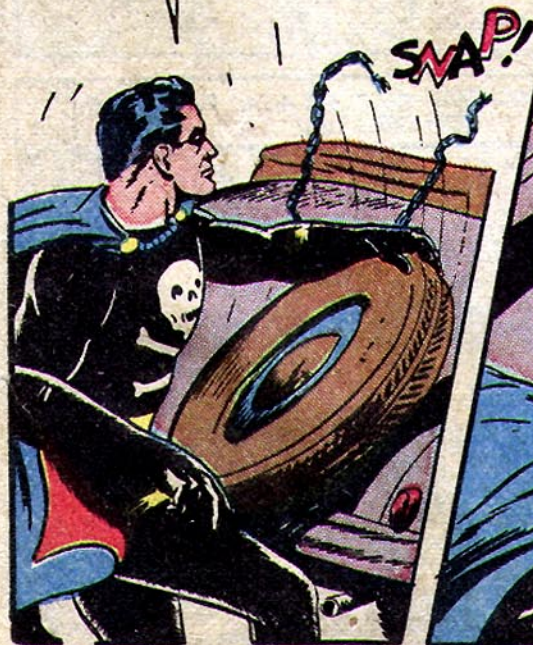
THERE GOES A TIRE! HOLD ON, TIM!

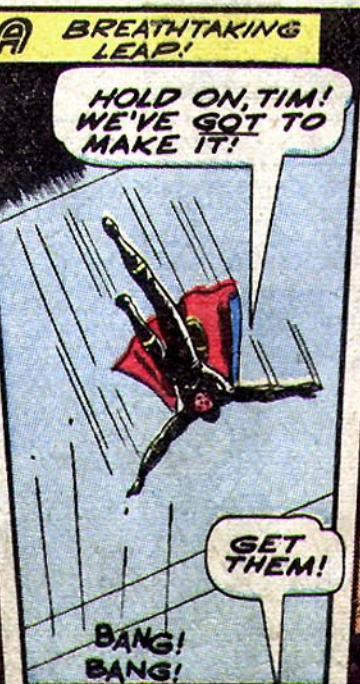
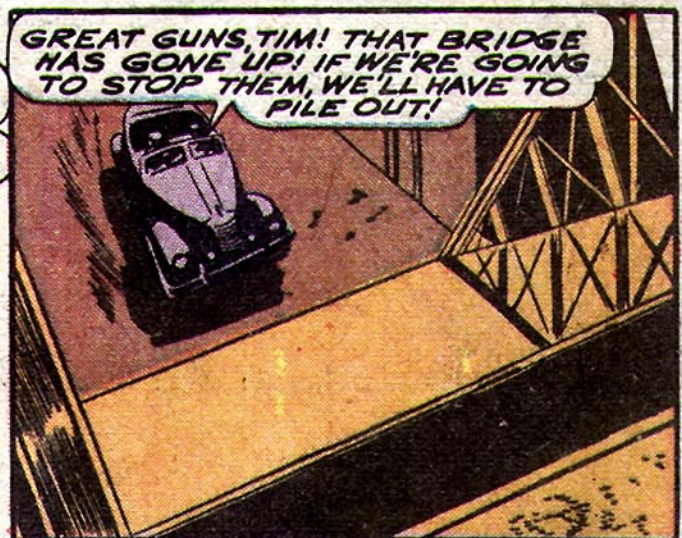
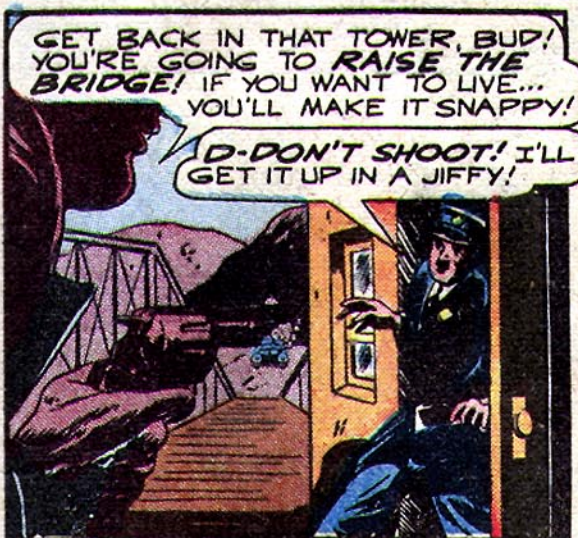
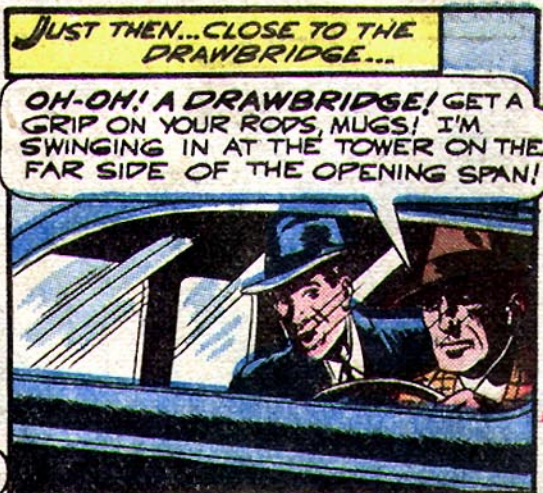


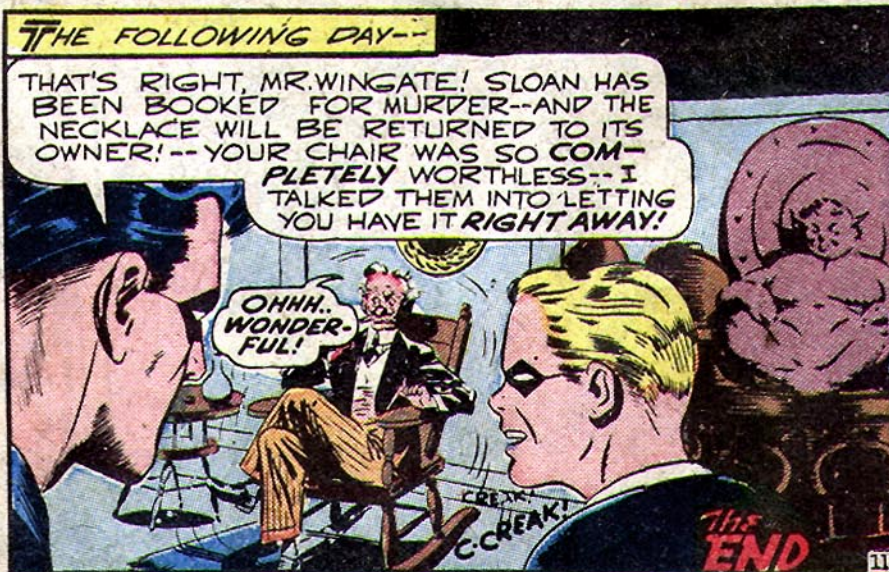
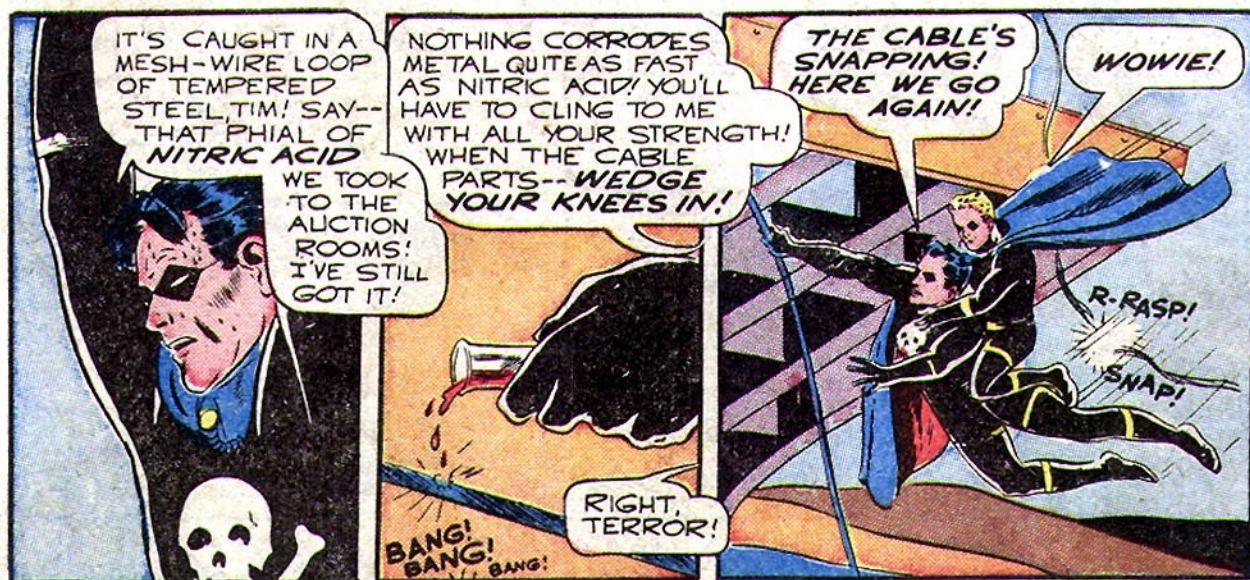
HAVEN'T TIME TO UNLOCK THIS CHAIN! I'LL JUST HAVE TO BREAK IT!

THERE! I'VE JACKED UP THE CAR! NOW-- IT'S UP TO YOU!

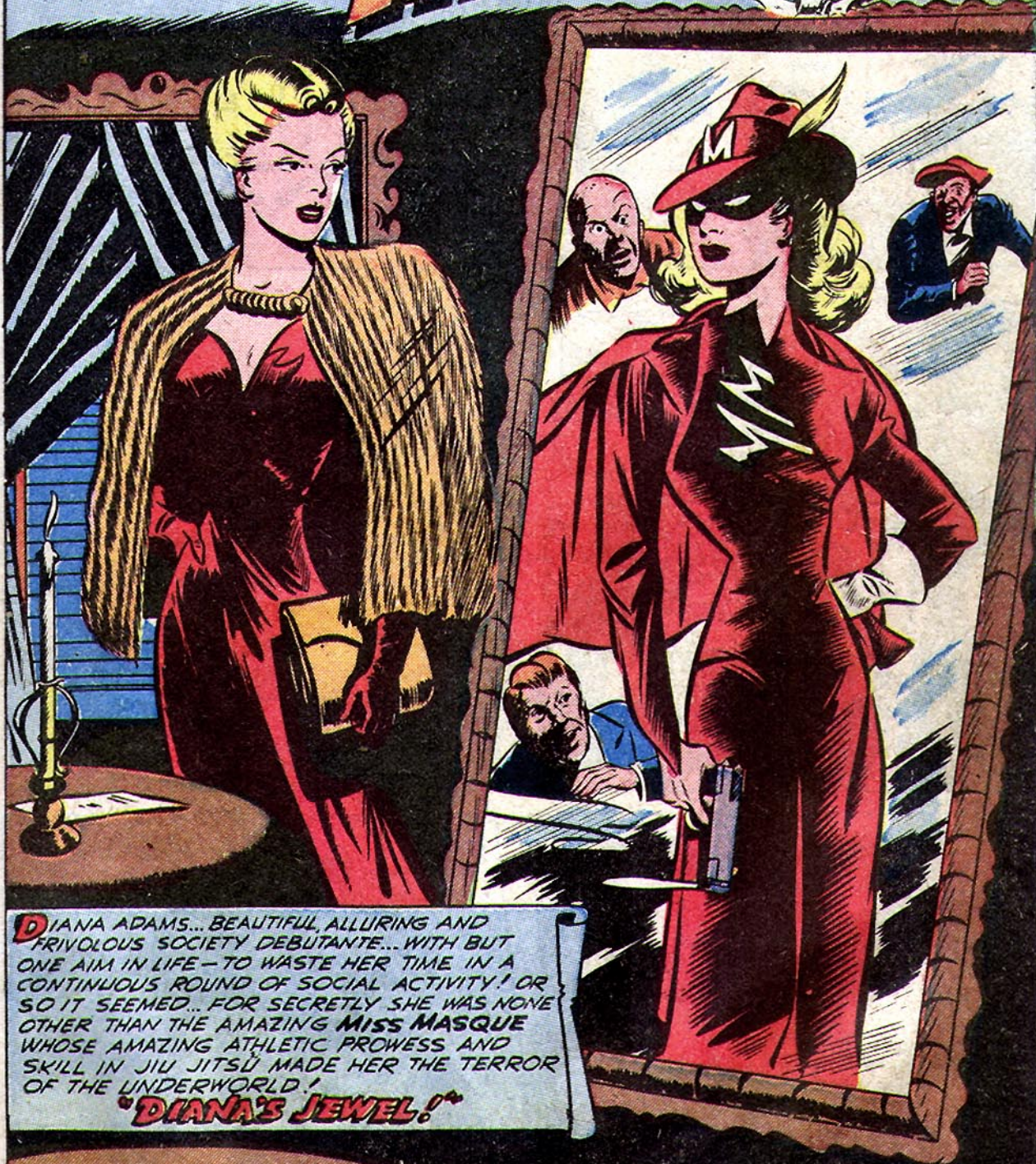
JUST GIVE ME A FEW MORE SECONDS, TERROR!







MISS MASQUE



DIANA ADAMS... BEAUTIFUL, ALLURING AND FRIVOLOUS SOCIETY DEBUTANTE... WITH BUT ONE AIM IN LIFE - TO WASTE HER TIME IN A CONTINUOUS ROUND OF SOCIAL ACTIVITY! OR SO IT SEEMED... FOR SECRETLY SHE WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE AMAZING **MISS MASQUE** WHOSE AMAZING ATHLETIC PROWESS AND SKILL IN JIU JITSU MADE HER THE TERROR OF THE UNDERWORLD!

"DIANA'S JEWEL!"

DIANA ADAMS AND HER MAIDEN AUNT GREET THE PRESS!

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY AN INDIAN PRINCE, MISS ADAMS? HOW ABOUT THAT ENGLISH NOBLE-MAN?

LOOK THIS WAY---**HOLD IT!** ONE MORE, MISS ADAMS!

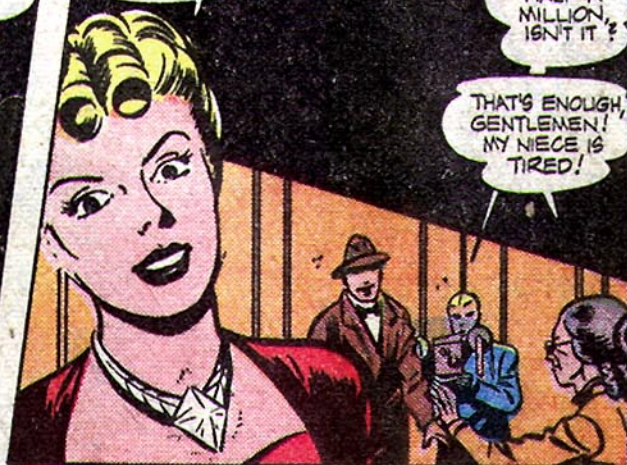
JUST A MINUTE, BOYS---ONE AT A TIME!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE TEN MILLION YOU INHERIT ON YOUR TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, DIANA?

I'M NOT MARRYING ANYBODY, BOYS! FORGET THE GOSSIP YOU READ IN THE COLUMNS!

HOLD IT, DIANA---WE WANT TO GET THAT LITTLE TRINKET IN! IT'S WORTH HALF A MILLION, ISN'T IT?

THAT'S ENOUGH, GENTLEMEN! MY NIECE IS TIRED!



THAT'S ALL, BOYS! GOOD NIGHT!

THANKS FOR THE CO-OPERATION, DIANA!

WAIT A MINUTE---I WANNA CLOSE-UP SHOT OF THE DAME!

I SAID---**NO MORE PICTURES!**



OH---SO WE'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE YER PITCHER, EH? I SUPPOSE YA GOTTA BE A PET OF THIS DAME'S, LIKE RUSS BOWMAN! WELL, I'M GETTIN' A PITCHER WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

I DONT KNOW WHO YOU ARE--- BUT I **FORBID** YOU TO TAKE ANY MORE!



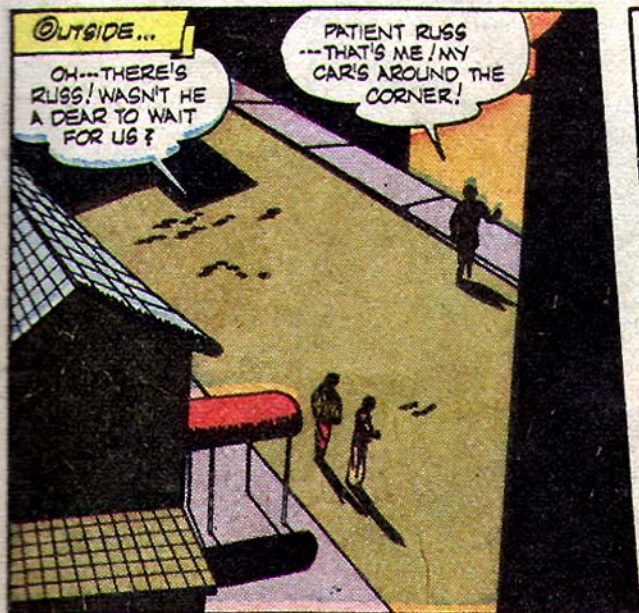
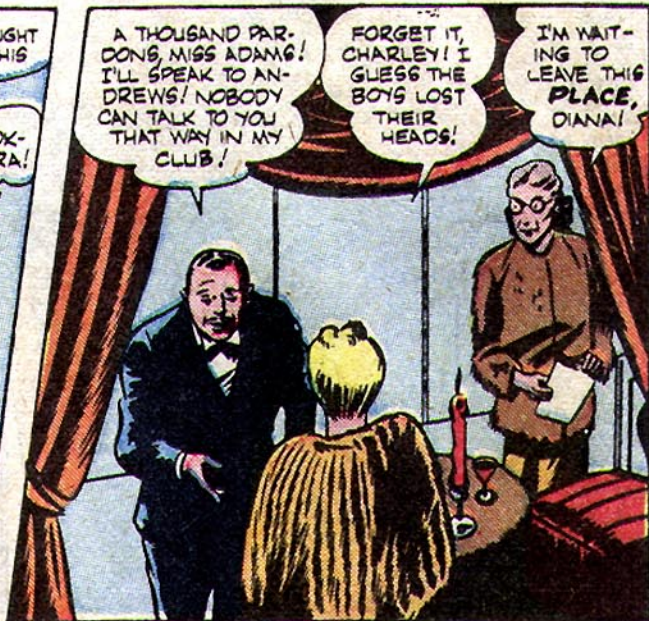
WAIT A MINUTE, ANDREWS---I HEARD THAT CRACK! SHE'S BEEN GOOD ENOUGH TO THE PRESS, AND YOUR PUNK PUBLICITY FOR THE NIGHT CLUB CAN WAIT!

GOT IT! GET YOUR PAWS OFF ME---**STOOSE!** MAYBE YOU HAFTA APPLE-POLISH THE DAME, BUT I DON'T!



AND MAYBE **THAT'LL** TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!



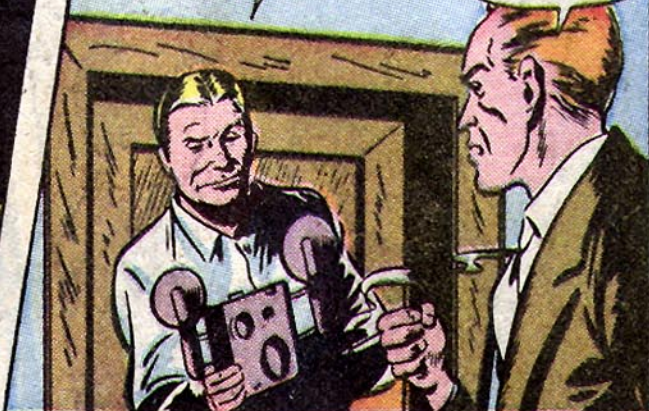


WELL, WE DID OKAY ON OUR OTHER JOBS TOO! LOOK AT ALL THE SAMPLES I GOT FOR YOU BOYS! WE DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES ON HOLDING UP SOMEBODY, THEN FIND THE STUFF THEY WEAR IS PHONEY!

LET'S GO! THE BOSS HAS THE JOB ALL FIGURED OUT!

THIS LITTLE INVENTION IS DOING PLENTY OF GOOD FOR US! THOSE DUMB COPS ARE STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE JEWEL THIEVES PICK ON THE REAL STUFF ALL THE TIME!

YEAH...AIN'T IT A LAUGH THE PLANTS THEY TRY TO GET US TO PICK ON? THOSE JEWELS MAY LOOK OKAY... BUT THE CAMERA SAYS DIFFERENT!



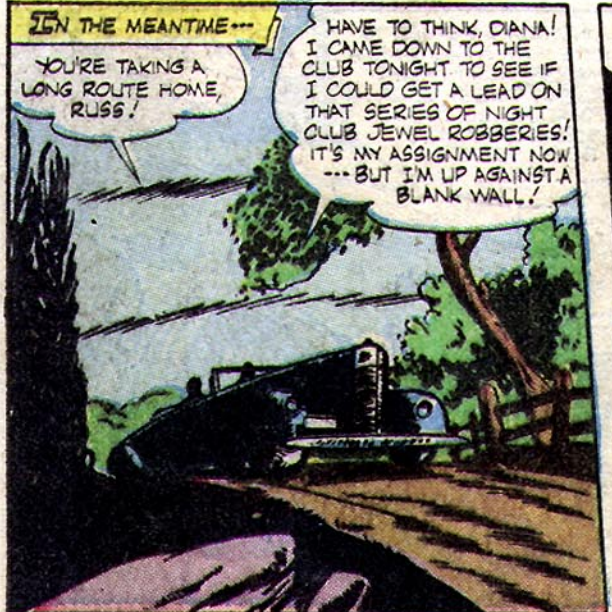
IN THE MEANTIME---

YOU'RE TAKING A LONG ROUTE HOME, RUSS!

HAVE TO THINK, DIANA! I CAME DOWN TO THE CLUB TONIGHT TO SEE IF I COULD GET A LEAD ON THAT SERIES OF NIGHT CLUB JEWEL ROBBERIES! IT'S MY ASSIGNMENT NOW --- BUT I'M UP AGAINST A BLANK WALL!

WHY DON'T YOU GET MISS MASQUE TO HELP YOU?

I WISH I COULD! BUT WHO KNOWS WHO SHE IS OR WHERE SHE HANGS OUT? THE FUNNY THING IS THAT THE JEWEL THIEVES SEEM TO KNOW WHO IS WEARING REAL STUFF AND WHO HAS PHONIES!



BUT I'LL BET IF MISS MASQUE DID WORK ON THIS CASE, SHE'D SOLVE IT! SHE'S THE ONLY COMPETITION YOU'VE GOT, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!

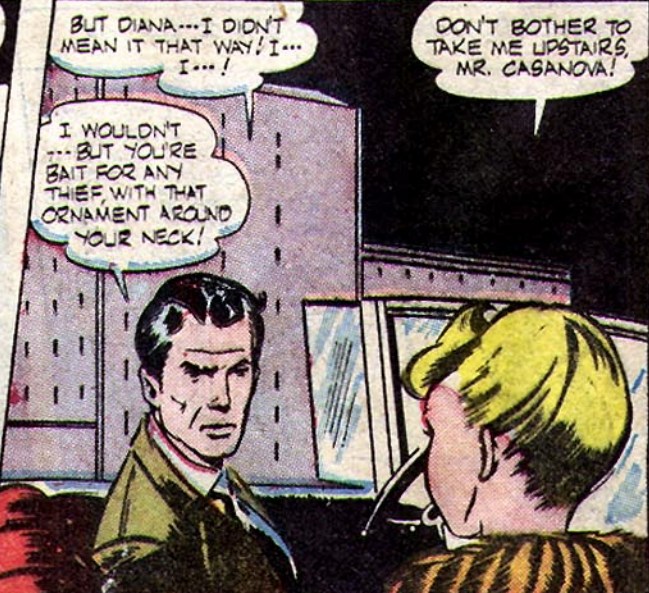
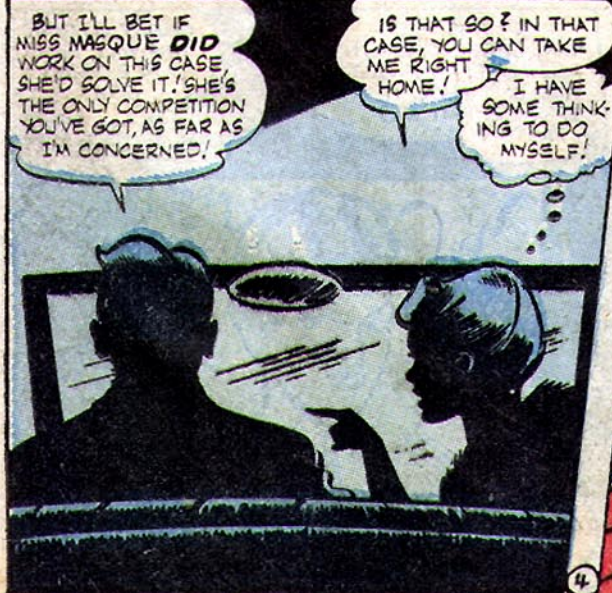
IS THAT SO? IN THAT CASE, YOU CAN TAKE ME RIGHT HOME!

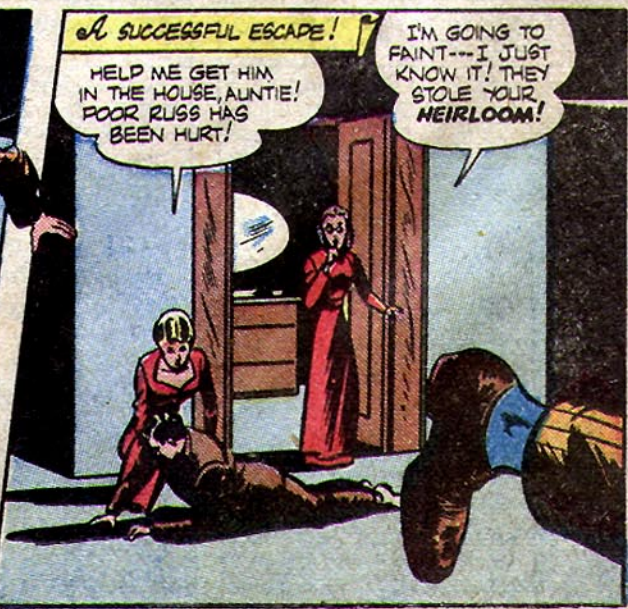
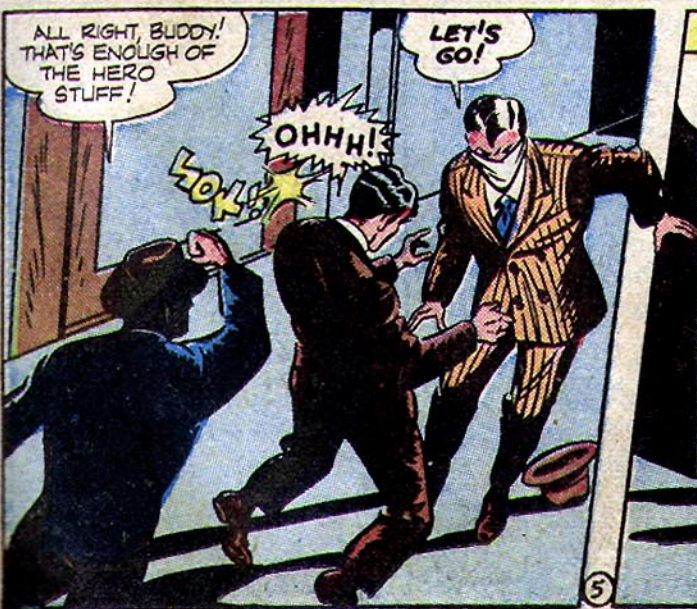
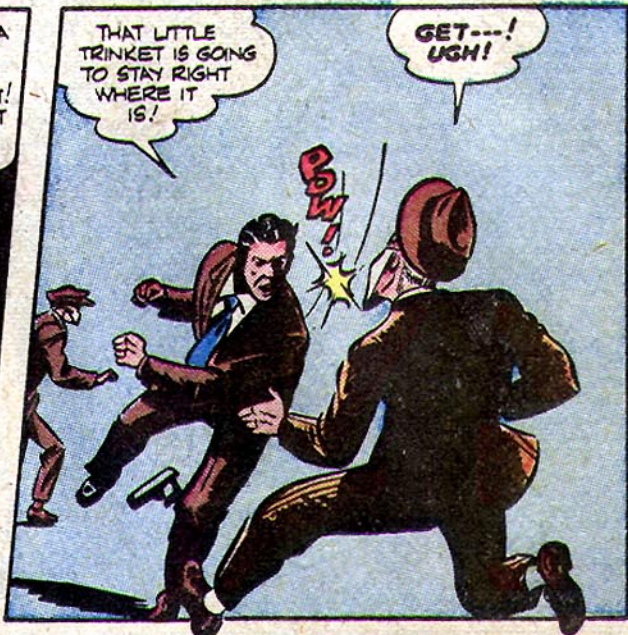
I HAVE SOME THINKING TO DO MYSELF!

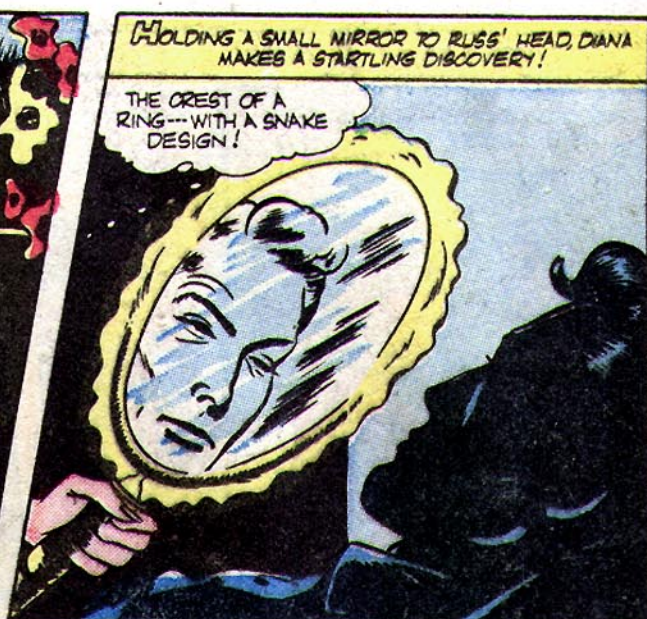
BUT DIANA---I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY! I... I...!

DON'T BOTHER TO TAKE ME UPSTAIRS, MR. CASANOVA!

I WOULDN'T --- BUT YOU'RE BAIT FOR ANY THIEF WITH THAT ORNAMENT AROUND YOUR NECK!





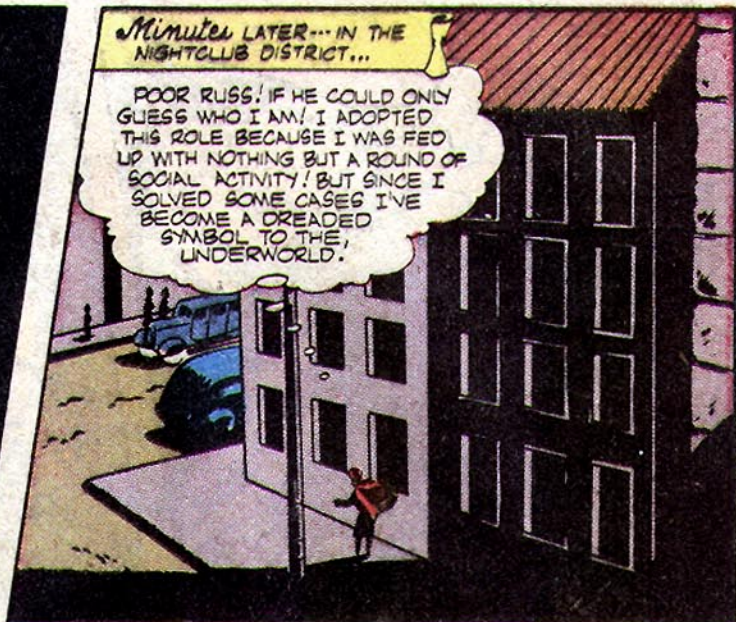


THE COAST IS
CLEAR---AND I'M
OFF!



Minutes Later... in the
Nightclub District...

POOR RUSS! IF HE COULD ONLY
GUESS WHO I AM! I ADOPTED
THIS ROLE BECAUSE I WAS FED
UP WITH NOTHING BUT A ROUND OF
SOCIAL ACTIVITY! BUT SINCE I
SOLVED SOME CASES I'VE
BECOME A DREADED
SYMBOL TO THE
UNDERWORLD.



OH-OH! RUSS!
HE'S SEEN ME,
TOO!



WAIT!

I HAVE TO
GIVE HIM THE
SLIP!



MISS MASQUE DUCKS INTO A NEARBY JEWELRY STORE!

GOOD--- HE DIDN'T
SEE ME! THIS IS MY
SPOT, TOO!

CAN I
HELP YOU,
MADAME?

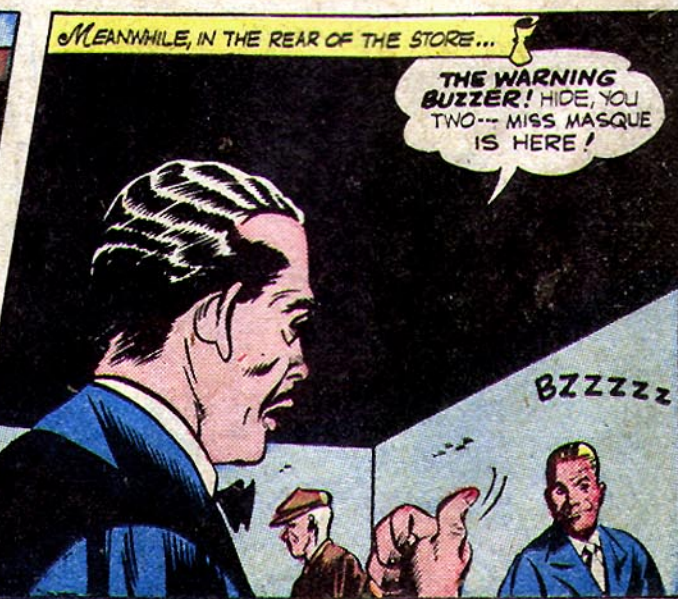
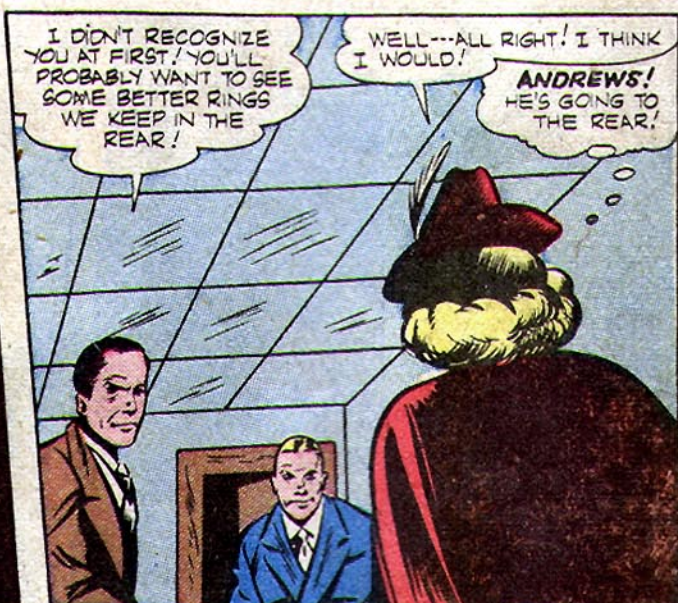
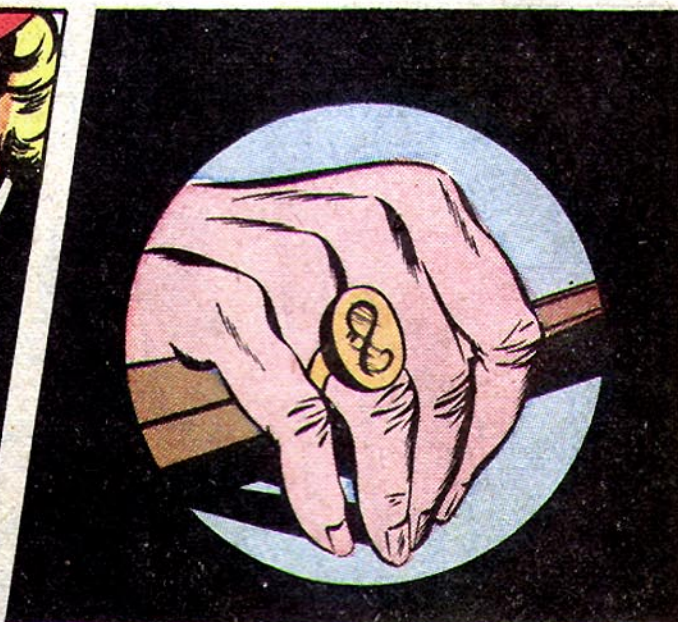
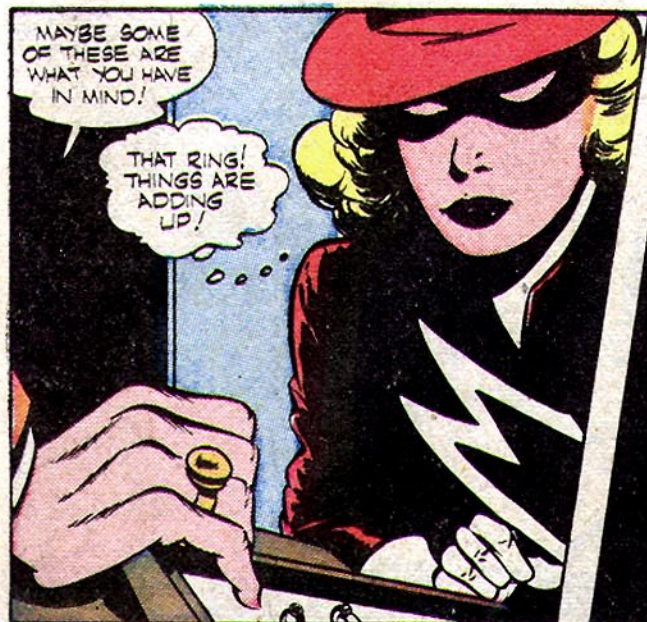


HIS HEAD LOWERED OVER HIS MERCHANDISE, THE CLERK
FAILS TO RECOGNIZE THE NEW CUSTOMER!

ER---YES--- I THINK
I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME
RINGS!

LET ME SHOW YOU
SOME!





MISS MASQUE!
THIS IS AN HONOR! WHAT
CAN I SHOW YOU FROM
MY PRIVATE COLLECTION?
OUR JEWELRY IS NO
MYSTERY-HA-HA!

I WAS LOOKING FOR SOME
RINGS, AND YOUR CLERK
SUGGESTED YOU MIGHT HAVE
SOMETHING BACK HERE!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THESE?

NOT VERY MUCH!
LET ME SEE WHAT
ELSE THERE
IS!

HOW ABOUT
SOMETHING IN
HERE?

WAIT! DON'T
TAKE THOSE

HMM... THAT LOOKS
LIKE SOMETHING DIANA
ADAMS REPORTED STOLEN!
WONDER HOW IT
GOT IN **YOUR**
SAFE?

YOU GOT IT ALL
FIGURED OUT,
AINTCHA?

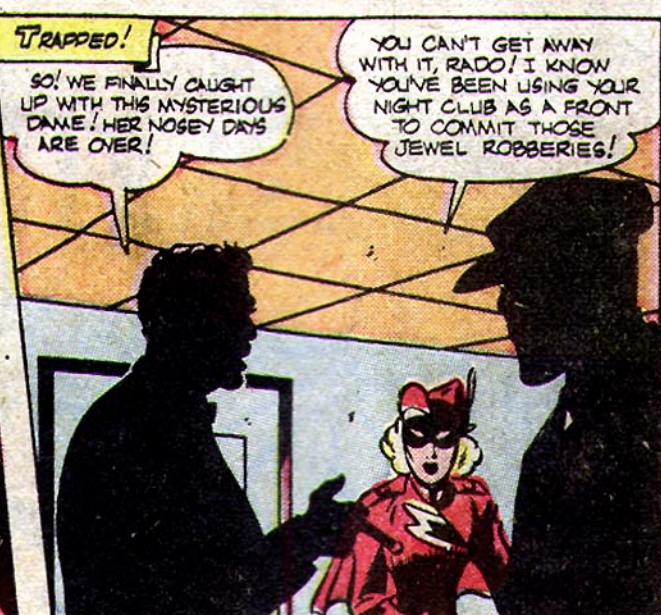
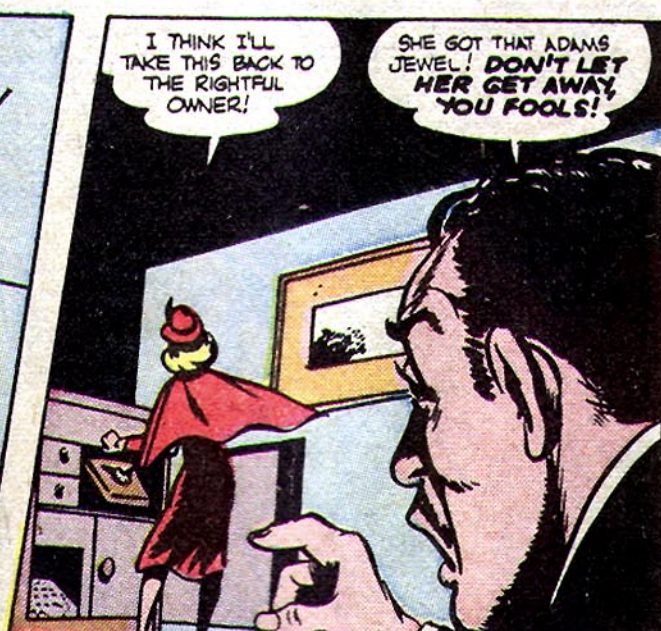
ANDREWS! MIKE!
SHE'S WISE TO US!
I'LL FIX HER!

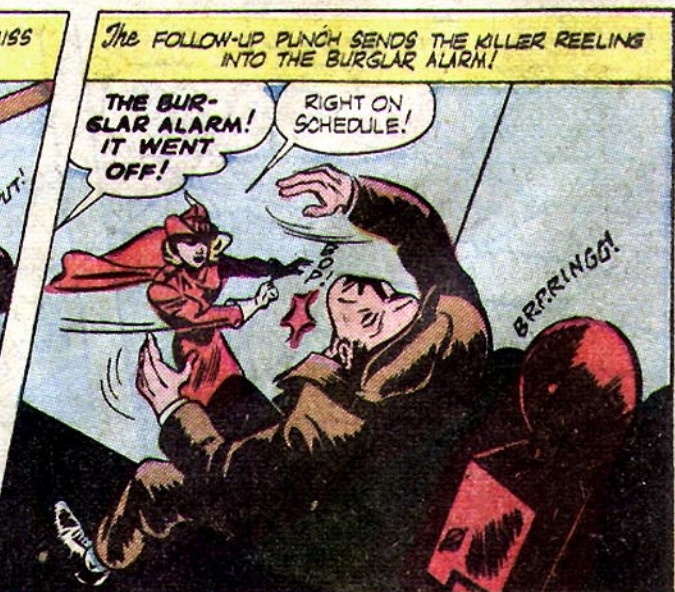
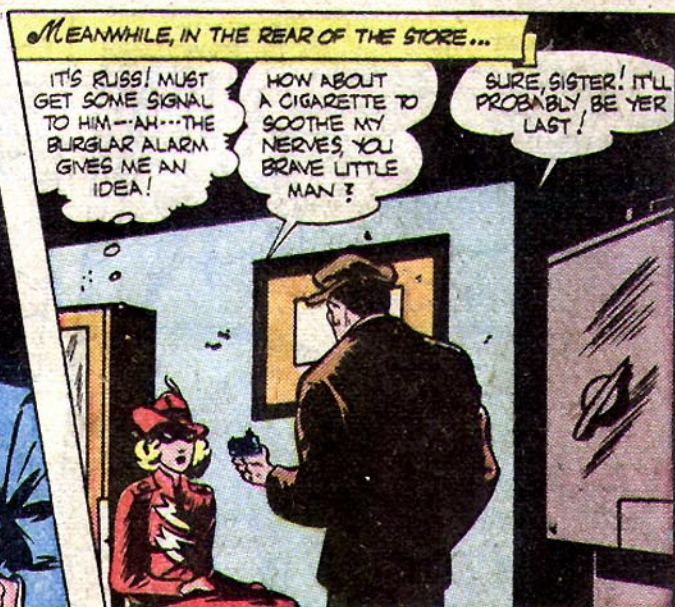
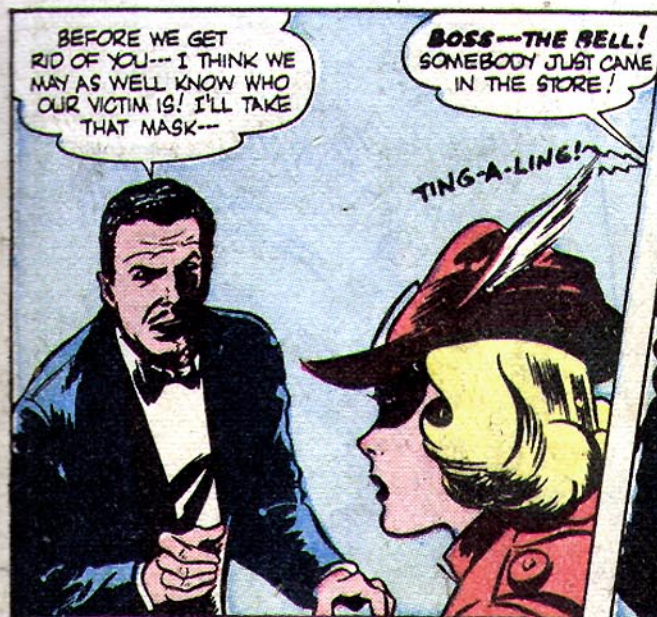
NOT SO FAST,
MY CROOKED
FRIEND!

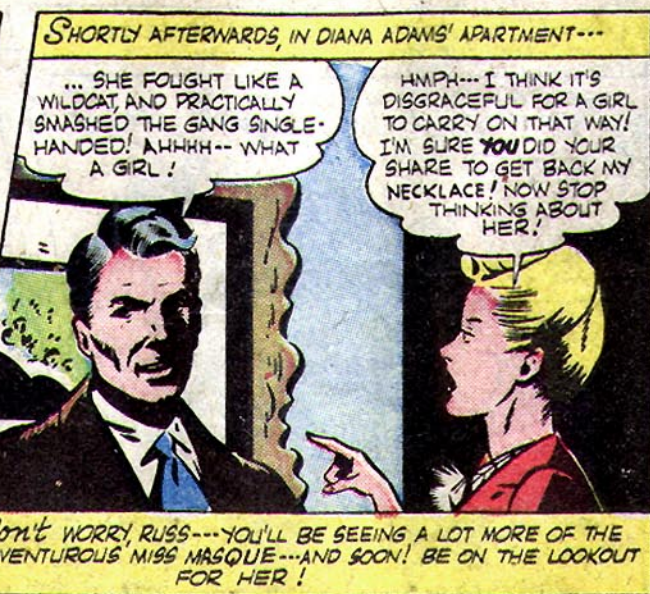
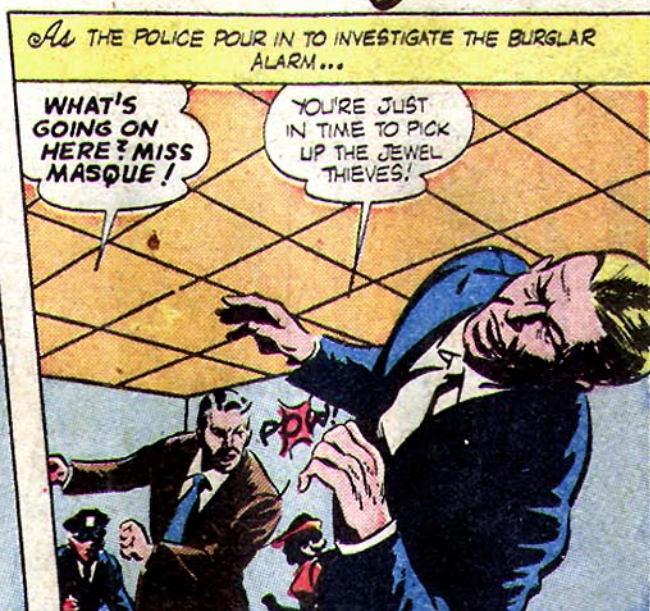
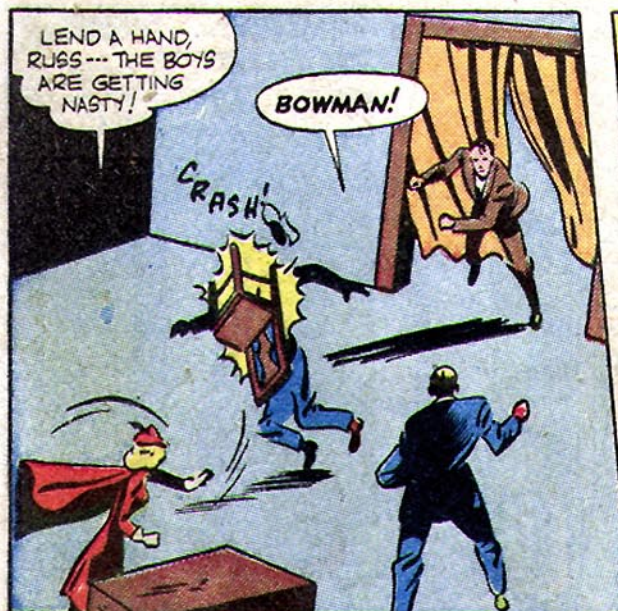
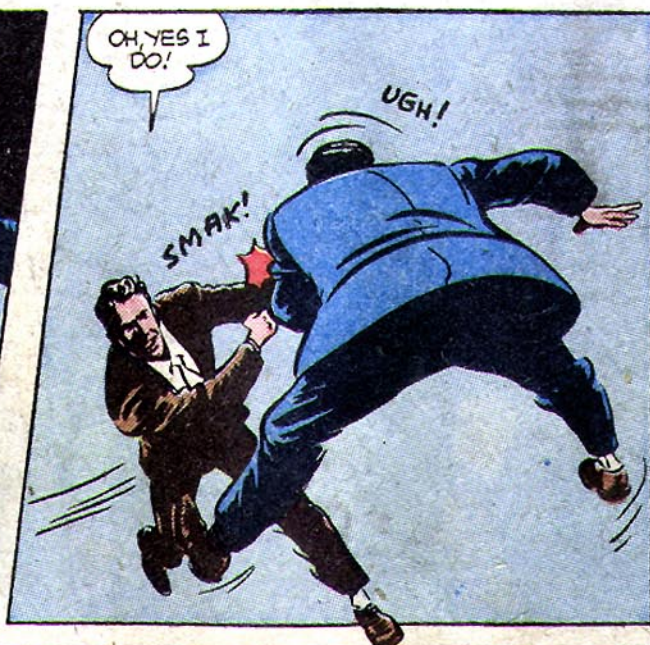
A LIGHTNING JIU-JITSU MOVE!

OH-OH!
THE PARTY'S
GETTING
ROUGH!

HEY!









KILLER'S CACHE

By CHARLES STEWART

Bob Dixon Helps a Mountie Bring in His Man!

BOB DIXON was enjoying a winter vacation in the Yukon Territory of Northern Canada. He was at his father's isolated fur-trapping camp fifty miles from Dawson City. Here he made his first acquaintance with a real Mounted Policeman.

Even though Constable Gene Sanders, R. C. M. P., was not wearing his red dress coat, he was a rugged-looking individual, and his heavy buffalo robe and the big fur mittens were just as colorful as the dress regalia. Constable Sanders was taking a killer back to Dawson City.

"I'm going to be a Mountie when I grow up," the youth told the constable. "My father says they're real men."

"That, they are," agreed the elder Dixon, who was known as Klondike George. His eyes shifted to Jean Pierre Duval, the French-Canadian killer who had been handcuffed to a

sturdy upright at one end of a bunk.

"It's law-abiding folk like you, Dixon, that make our job easier," Constable Sanders said calmly. "It isn't everyone who would invite a policeman into his house when he was accompanied by a wanted man."

Supper was cooked and the four people in the cabin ate a hearty meal. Outside a storm was blowing up and the sledge dogs in the lean-to were getting restless. Duval was moving around restlessly, looking through the snow-covered windows now and then. Sanders relaxed, then said:

"You're lucky to be here, Duval. If you were out in that blizzard, it would be the end of you."

"Nothing like that," Duval declared. "I will break away, and all the snow in the north country will not stop me. Bringing me here has only stirred up my desire to be free. Here I can get every-

thing. Warm clothing, dogs and a sledge, much food." Duval laughed harshly. Young Bob Dixon found himself shivering in spite of the warmth of his clothing and the fire burning in the fireplace. The loud howling of the dogs came back to him again. His father said:

"Bob, you'd better feed the dogs."

The boy nodded agreement, pushed his arms into his warm furs and clapped a fur cap on his head. Then he gathered a box full of frozen fish and pushed out into the snow and made his way toward the lean-to dog house in the rear of the cabin. The clamor increased as he approached the dogs. He tossed the fish to them.

Their hunger satisfied, the dogs turned themselves into furry balls and prepared to sit out the blizzard.

Bobby moved around the camp, making sure that everything was ship-shape. Finally

Bob went toward the meat cache. This was fastened to a rope thrown over a high branch, and looking a good deal like a well bucket rope. The meat itself, now almost frozen solid, dangled high above the ground so that prowling wolves and coyotes could not get at it.

Satisfied that everything was all right, Bob Dixon turned back toward the cabin. Snow was beating into his face, and was running down his cheeks. He pushed open the door and stepped inside. As he did, he automatically started to shuck himself out of his fur jacket.

A GRUFF voice barked: "Stand where you are!"

It was Jean Pierre Duval. He was standing just inside the door, and Bob saw that he was holding a gun. It was his father's gun. The boy looked from the elder Dixon to the Mountie, then asked: "What happened?"

"It was all my fault," Mr. Dixon said in an empty voice. "I had my revolver up on the shelf at the head of the double-decker bunks. When Constable Sanders went to handcuff his prisoner, Duval got the gun and turned the tables on him."

Constable Sanders was crest-fallen. No Mountie liked to lose a prisoner. Bob Dixon

felt a certain responsibility. He knew that his father might well overlook the gun because he seldom carried it, and certainly the Dixons had not expected a criminal as a guest.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Bob calmly.

"I'm going to duck out of here in this blizzard," Duval said. "You will help me to hitch the dogs, and I'll kill you if you make any trouble. I will stand here in the doorway so that your father and the redcoat cannot try any tricks. Then you will accompany me part way down the trail, so they will not want to pursue me. The snow will hide my tracks. It is a good plan, is it not?"

Bob Dixon shrugged as he swung the fur coat back on his shoulders. Duval took the gun away from the Mountie and stuck it into his belt. Then the boy and the killer were outside. Young Dixon gathered up the harness and headed for the dogs. Duval, with one eye on the open doorway, sidled toward the food cache and fumbled with the frozen knot on the rope. Finally he had it free, and he gave it a whip intended to bring the meat down from the tree.

"Swisisisshhh—Snappp!"

"Father! Constable! Come here!" shouted Bob Dixon as he ran from the dog kennel toward where Jean Pierre Duval was floundering in the snow. The boy leaped onto the killer and snatched the gun from his fist before he could

pull the trigger. Constable Sanders' gun was thrown into the snow as Duval went down on his back. The constable leaped out of the cabin and hurried toward the fallen killer. Minutes later he had him subdued and the handcuffs on his wrists.

Duval regained his legs and blew snow from his mouth. "This place is bewitched!" he cried superstitiously. "I snap the rope, and suddenly I am flying up into the air!"

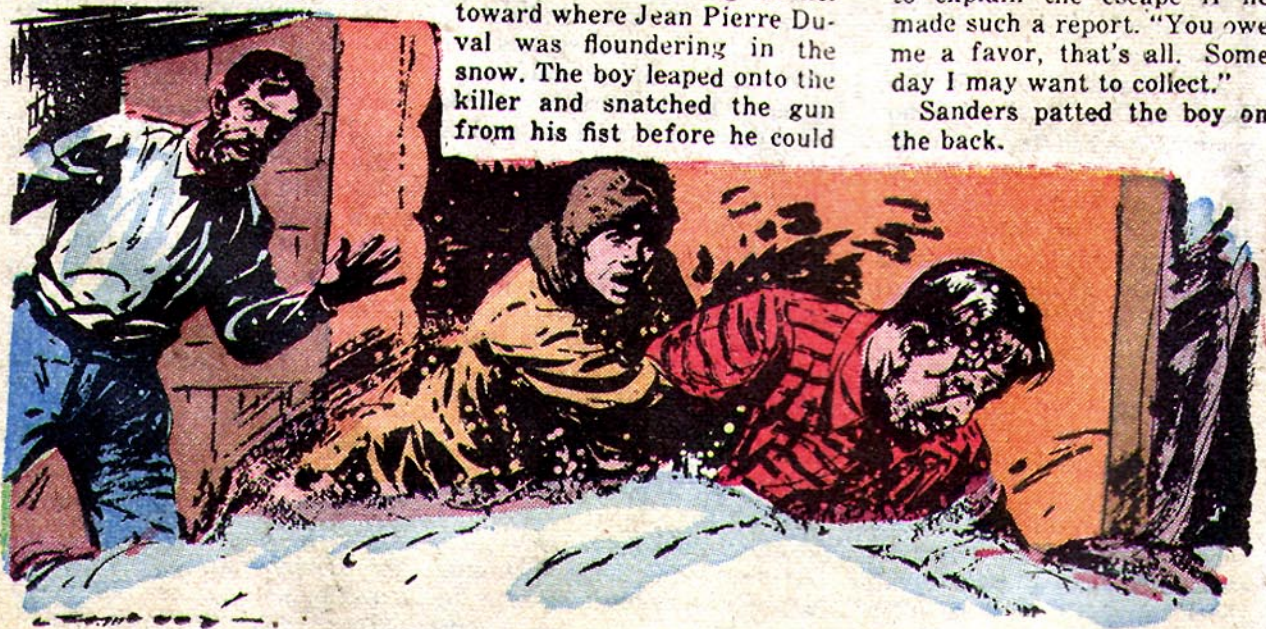
CONSTABLE SANDERS and Klondike George were puzzled. Then Bob Dixon explained:

"Duval was so sure he was going to escape that I decided to do something about it. I knew that if he did escape as he threatened, he would not leave without the dogs and plenty of food. So while I was feeding the dogs, I fastened a wire rabbit snare to the end of the meat cache rope. When Duval loosened the rope, the weight of the meat acted as a trigger, and he was swung upside down by the wire snare."

"Quite a catch you've made," Constable Sanders congratulated him. "I'll see that the Inspector hears about this."

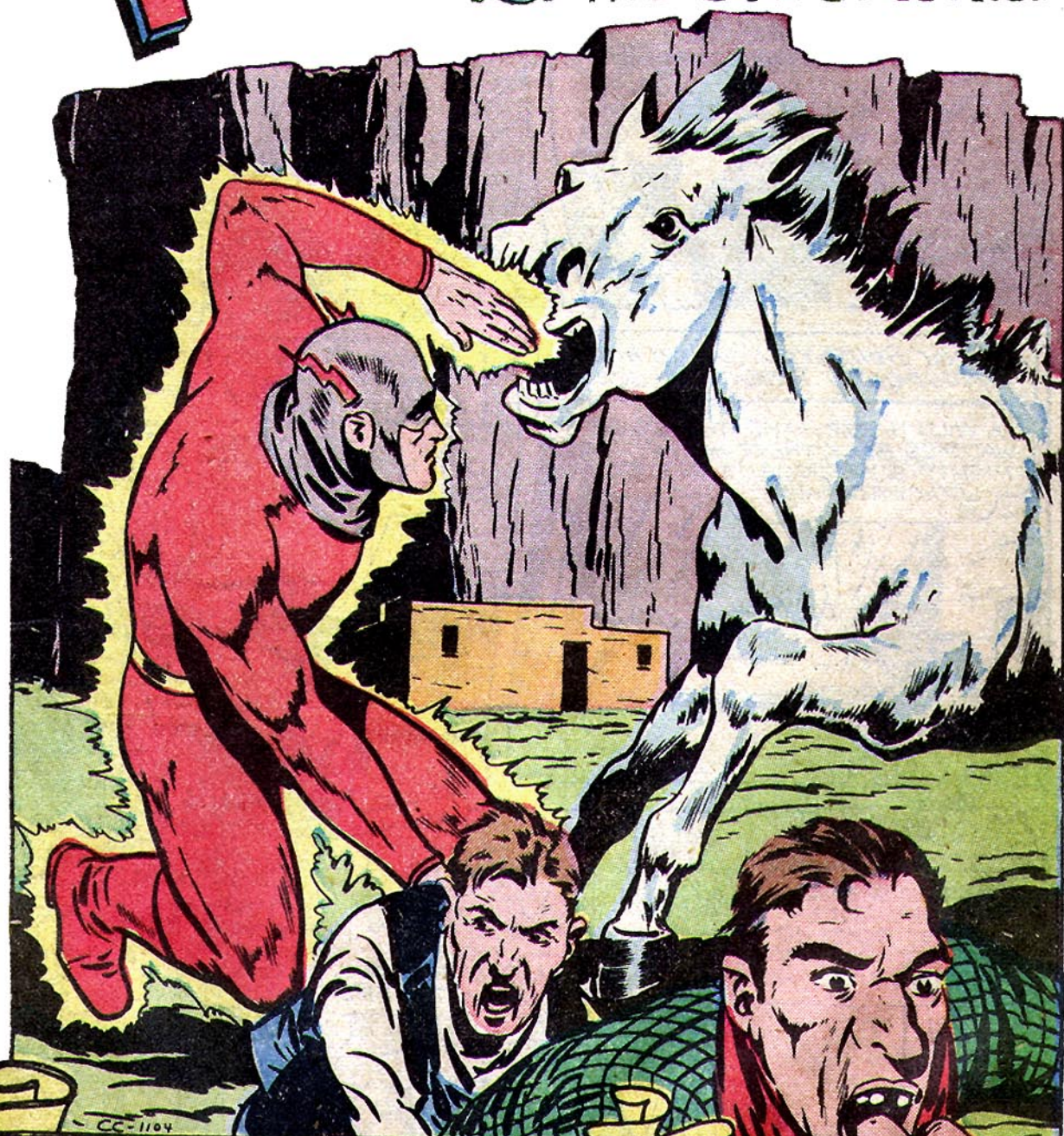
"Don't bother the Inspector," Bob said, knowing that Constable Sanders would have to explain the escape if he made such a report. "You owe me a favor, that's all. Some day I may want to collect."

Sanders patted the boy on the back.



PYROMAN

VS. THE GHOST HORSE



RADIUM one of the world's rarest elements, is the stake when young Dick Martin goes west for some on-the-spot research! But a ghost turns up in the land of open spaces and wild horses—the ghost of a horse, which possesses the power to kill! Who dares to tangle with the mysterious specter? None but *Pyroman*, alias Dick Martin, packing terrific electrical voltage in his fists!

Dick Martin visits his friend Joyce--



JACK BELDON
WRITES THAT HE
THINKS HE'S FOUND
A RADIUM MINE IN
NEVADA!

THINKS HE
HAS? DOESN'T
HE KNOW?

HE'S ONLY FOUND PITCH-
BLENDE SO FAR! IT
MAY CONTAIN
RADIUM-- HE WANTS
ME TO COME OUT
AND TEST IT!

SOUNDS LIKE
FUN, DICK! I'M
GOING ALONG!

**Near Beldon's Nevada home--
prospector Tim Griffin sees....**

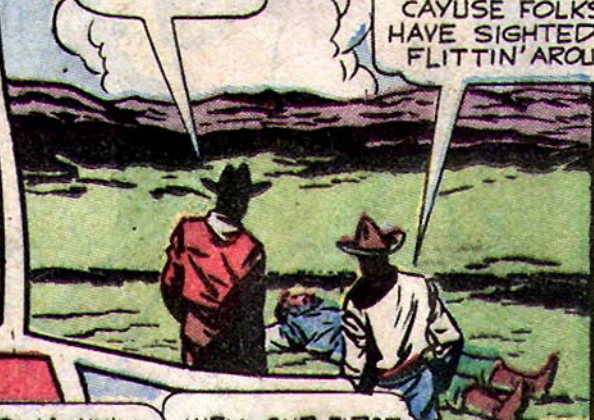
A WILD HORSE--AND THERE'S SOME
WADDIES BACK THERE ACTIN'
MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS! I BETTER
LOOK INTO THIS!



**Later.. Tim's
hoof marked
body is found!**

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
ANY HOSS ATTACKIN'
A MAN!

MUST BE
THAT GHOST
CAYUSE FOLKS
HAVE SIGHTED
FLITTIN' AROUND!



Next day--

GOOD TO SEE YOU,
DICK AND JOYCE!
I'VE GOT SOME OF
THAT PITCHBLENDE
READY FOR TESTING!

OKAY, JACK
BELDON! LET'S
HAVE A LOOK!

WOW! WE'LL
RIDE OVER
AND TELL
ROGERS AND
THOMPSON--
MY PARTNERS
IN THE MINE!

WELL, OUR FIRST
CALL'S OVER--
AND THOMPSON
BACK THERE IS
AS HAPPY AS
A KING! HE
WANTS TO SEE
ED ROGERS'
FACE WHEN I TELL
HIM!

I'D SAY THERE'LL
CERTAINLY BE
PLENTY FOR
ALL THREE OF
YOU!--SAY,
SLOW DOWN!
WHAT'S THAT
AHEAD?

IT'S GOT RADI-
MIUM IN IT, ALL
RIGHT! JACK--
YOU'VE STRUCK
IT RICH!



TURN BACK, WADDIES--IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YUH!

WHY DON'T YOU USE THAT GUN--OR DOESN'T IT WORK?

OH, YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

HUH?

THIS'LL MAKE YOU KNUCKLE UNDER!

DICK--OW!

Stunned, Jack Beldon finds himself---

YUH'RE BUTTIN' IN ON A DANGEROUS SETUP! GET GOIN', BELDON!

YOU'LL PAY PLENTY FOR IT IF YOU'VE KILLED MY FRIEND! ALL RIGHT--GUESS WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE!

OH...

Suddenly--near Ed Rogers' house----

WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

TOWARD ROGERS' RANCH--AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO WANT US AROUND! BUT IF THEY MEAN TO HARM HIM--

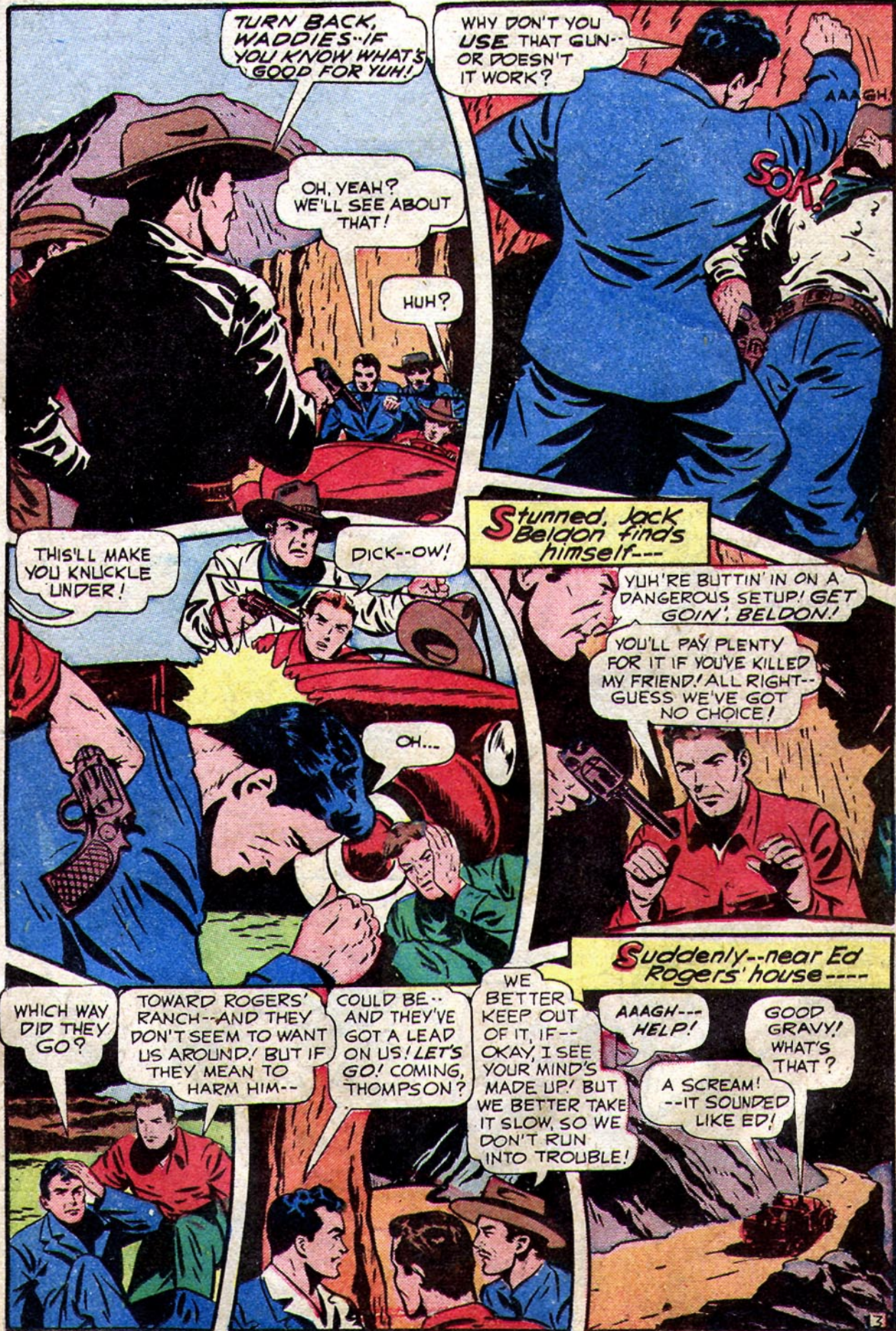
COULD BE-- AND THEY'VE GOT A LEAD ON US! LET'S GO! COMING, THOMPSON?

WE BETTER KEEP OUT OF IT, IF-- OKAY, I SEE YOUR MIND'S MADE UP! BUT WE BETTER TAKE IT SLOW, SO WE DON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE!

AAAGH--- HELP!

GOOD GRAVY! WHAT'S THAT?

A SCREAM! --IT SOUNDED LIKE ED!



GREAT SCOTT! THAT GHOST HORSE I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT! IT-- IT'S KILLED ROGERS!

NO ROOM FOR DICK MARTIN IN THIS SETUP! BETTER SLIP BEHIND A ROCK AND GO INTO ACTION--

--AND INTO ACTION AS **PYROMAN!!**-- JACK TOLD ME A LITTLE ABOUT THIS WHITE HORSE --AND I MEAN TO FIND OUT A LOT MORE!

NEVER TRIED MY SPEED AGAINST A HORSE'S--BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO CATCH HIM!

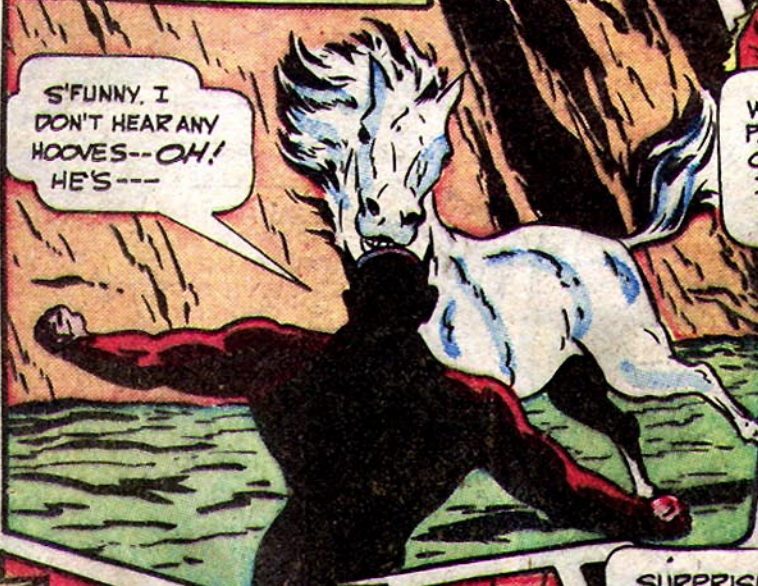
GOSH!-- PYROMAN! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?



The horse turns!

S'FUNNY, I DON'T HEAR ANY HOOVES--OH! HE'S---

WELL, I'LL BE--! PASSED RIGHT OVER ME AND I DIDN'T FEEL A THING!--



Suddenly---

THE BOSS NEVER WARNED US ABOUT HIM SHOWIN' UP!

HEY, IT'S **PYROMAN!**

SURPRISE FROM ME, THIS TIME!

OW!!



A blow from the rear!

LET'S GET GOIN' WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!--I DON'T MIND FIGHTIN' SIX-SHOOTERS, BUT ELECTRICITY'S SOMETHIN' ELSE!

AH...

RIGHT!

FOILED AGAIN!-- GUESS I OUGHT TO FEEL FLATTERED THEY WERE TOO SCARED TO TAKE ME ALONG WITH 'EM!-- **NOW** WHAT? I SUPPOSE BACK TO JACK AND THOMPSON!

PYROMAN!-- WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET A BETTER LOOK AT THAT HORSE?

JUST ENOUGH OF A LOOK TO THINK SOMETHING'S PRETTY PONEY! SAY, ISN'T THIS EXACTLY THE PLACE YOU FOUND ED'S BODY?

SURE!--BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JUST THIS!--THERE AREN'T ANY HOOFTACKS AROUND--ONLY PRINTS FROM COWBOY BOOTS! I DON'T SUPPOSE THIS WHITE HORSE RUNS AROUND IN BOOTS, DOES HE?

CERTAINLY NOT! THE MARKS OF A HORSE'S HOOVES ARE ON ROGERS' BODY, ALL RIGHT, AND I DON'T THINK THIS IS ANY TIME FOR FOOLING!

I AGREE, MR. THOMPSON! I THINK SOMEONE'S OUT TO POLISH OFF THE PARTNERSHIP OF THIS RADIUM MINE AND GET IT FOR HIMSELF! YOU AND JACK'D BETTER KEEP ARMED TILL I ROUND 'EM UP!

As Jack and Pyroman drive home--

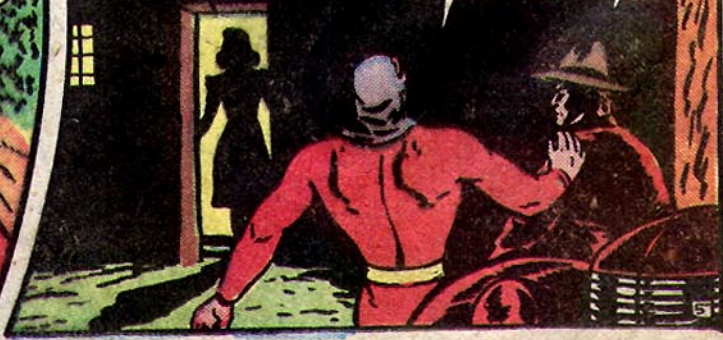
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PYROMAN? --THIS WHITE HORSE IS REALLY A GHOST!

THAT'S WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO ME, JACK!--DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING WHEN IT PASSED OVER ME!--IT'S A CLEVER GAG TO COVER A LOT OF MURDERS! BUT IT'S UP TO ME TO SEE IT DOESN'T WORK ANY MORE!

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER--**PYROMAN!** I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU OUT HERE!--

MAYBE I DIDN'T EITHER, JOYCE!--GO ON IN, JACK, AND GET SOME SLEEP! I THINK I'LL SPEND THE REST OF THE NIGHT SCOUTING!

TONIGHT?! --O.K., PYROMAN, ANYTHING YOU SAY!



Meanwhile, somewhere
in the hills--

GOT SOME BAD NEWS, BOSS!--
PYROMAN IS ON OUR TRAIL! WE
RAN INTO HIM TONIGHT, AND HAD
A HARD TIME GETTING AWAY!

I KNOW
ABOUT IT!
WE'VE GOT TO
GET RID OF HIM
BEFORE WE TAKE
THE NEXT STEP TOWARD
GETTING THE RADIUM
MINE!

WE'VE GOT TO LURE HIM AFTER
US AGAIN, AND SET A SURE-FIRE
TRAP TO CATCH HIM! AND THE
LURE WILL BE --THE WHITE
HORSE!

RIGHT, BOSS! HE'LL
BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR THE HORSE, ALL
RIGHT--AND PROB-
ABLY TONIGHT!

At that moment---

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I
COME ALONG WITH YOU, PYROMAN!
I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE STAYING
COOPED UP IN A HOUSE!--WHAT
ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

I'M LOOKING FOR
A WHITE HORSE,
ODDLY ENOUGH!--
A WHITE HORSE THAT
DOESN'T EXIST!

Suddenly---

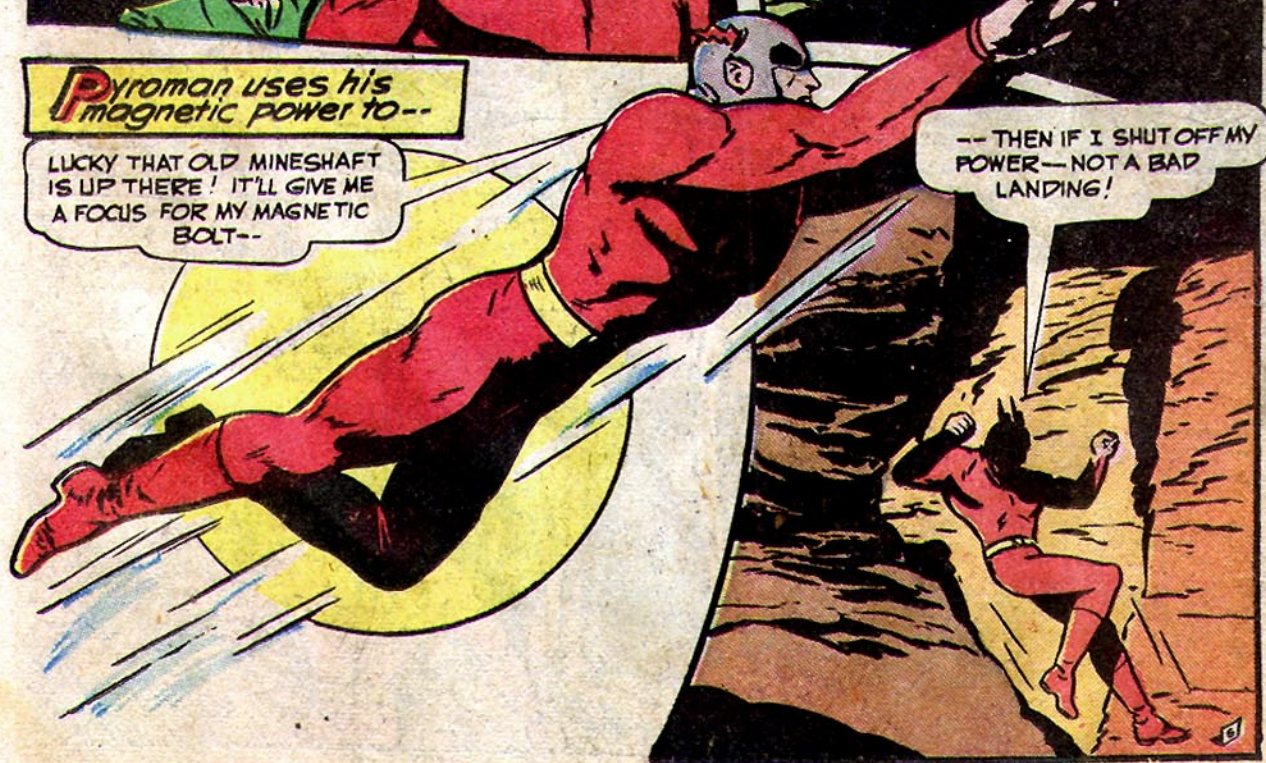
YOU MEAN THE HORSE
THAT DID THE MURDERS?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT
DOESN'T EXIST?

OH-OH!--THERE
IT IS!-- SO
LONG, JOYCE,
GOT TO LEAVE!

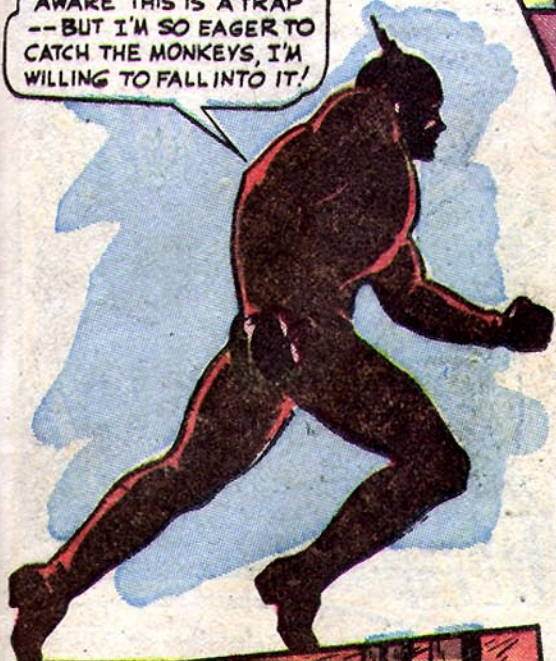
Pyroman uses his
magnetic power to--

LUCKY THAT OLD MINESHAFT
IS UP THERE! IT'LL GIVE ME
A FOCUS FOR MY MAGNETIC
BOLT--

-- THEN IF I SHUT OFF MY
POWER-- NOT A BAD
LANDING!



I'M PERFECTLY WELL
AWARE THIS IS A TRAP
--BUT I'M SO EAGER TO
CATCH THE MONKEYS, I'M
WILLING TO FALL INTO IT!



Then, in a narrow ravine--

OH...!
SPEAKING
OF TRAPS--



An abandoned mine!

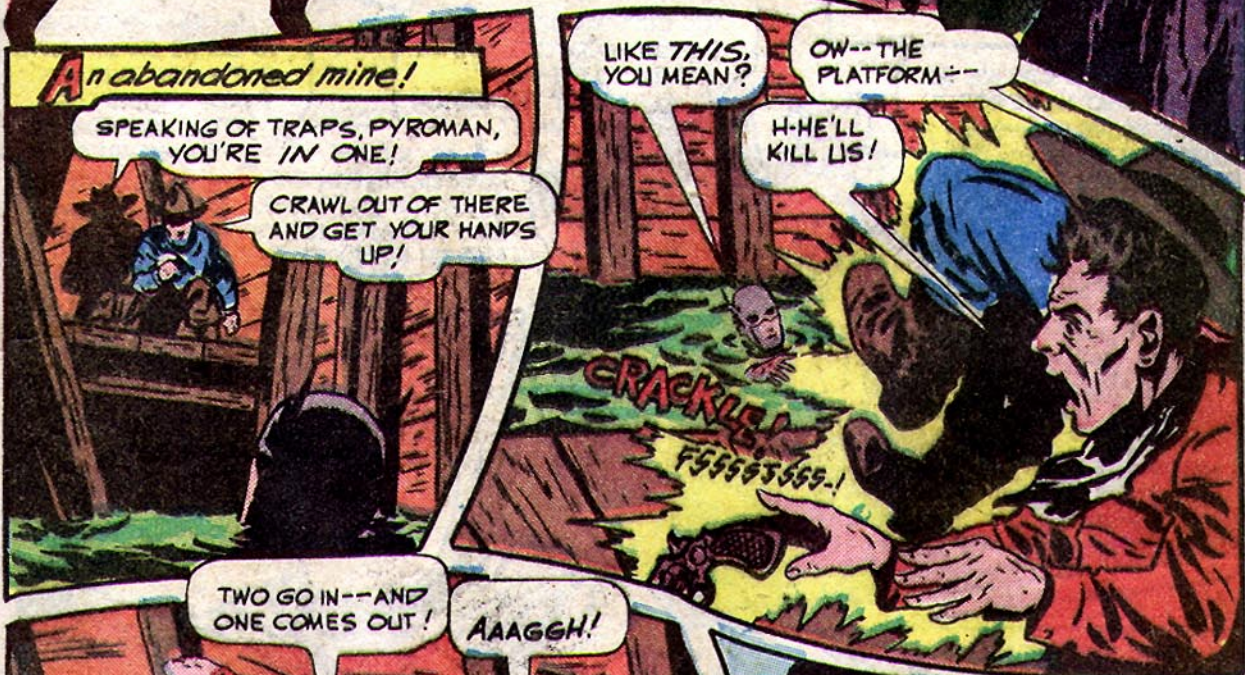
SPEAKING OF TRAPS, PYROMAN,
YOU'RE IN ONE!

CRAWL OUT OF THERE
AND GET YOUR HANDS
UP!

LIKE THIS,
YOU MEAN?

OW--THE
PLATFORM--

H-HE'LL
KILL US!



TWO GO IN--AND
ONE COMES OUT!

AAAGGH!



SPLASH!

NOT SO FAST,
PYROMAN!

--OWW!



PYROMAN,
ARE YOU---
OH!

DON'T KICK, SISTER,
AND YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!

WHA--WHERE'S
PYROMAN?
-- **HELP!**

Enveloped in tarpaulin,
Pyroman's wits are
useless!

JUST ONE THING--I'D LIKE TO
KNOW IF THAT WHITE HORSE
GAG OF YOURS IS
DONE WITH A
PHOTOGRAPHIC
PROJECTOR!

YOU GUESSED IT, BUT IT'LL
DO YOU NO GOOD--YOU'RE
GOING TO DIE--AND I'LL
GET THE RADIUM
MINE!

HA! HA!--TWO MORE
TO GO, HE SAYS! YOU'VE
GOT A LOT TO LEARN,
PYROMAN, AND IT'S A
LITTLE LATE TO START!
--BRING HIM OUT--
SIDE, BOYS!

BY KILLING
ROGERS, BELDON AND
THOMPSON, EH? YOU'VE
GOT TWO MORE TO GO,
AND I'M BETTING YOU
DON'T SCORE ONE
OF 'EM!



A nearby mountain gorge...

YOU FOUND OUT THE HORSE WAS
A GHOST--BUT NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO FEEL THE REAL THING!
--TWO HUNDRED HORSEPOWER
PLUNGING DOWN ON YOU, PYROMAN!
HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

YOU DIRTY RAT!
--ALL RIGHT, TRY
IT, BUT LET THE
GIRL GO!

**The excited horses are driven
down the gorge--**

COURAGE,
JOYCE! I MAY
GET US OUT
OF THIS YET!

OH,
PYROMAN!



Suddenly exerting his maximum electrical power---

STEADY, JOYCE--I THINK IT'S WORKING! THE HORSES ARE AFRAID OF MY ELECTRICITY!

EE-E-E
CRACKLE!

SNAP!

STAMPEDE!--HE'S TRICKED ME THIS TIME, BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN! BRING 'EM HERE!

RIGHT, BOSS!

WE'LL PUT 'EM IN THE MINE AND EXPLODE IT! --NO ONE CAN WITHSTAND DYNAMITE--NOT EVEN PYROMAN! THIS WAY!

DYNAMITE? DON'T BE SILLY--I EAT IT FOR BREAKFAST!

BUT THIS TIME, JOYCE GOES WITH ME!-- YOU SEE, MY NEXT VICTIM IS JACK BELDON, AND I'LL NEED HER TO HELP ME GET MY MEN CLOSE WITHOUT SUSPICION!-- SO, GOOD BYE, PYROMAN, AND LOTS OF BAD LUCK!

PYROMAN!-- HE CAN'T--

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP JOYCE! I'VE COME OUT OF WORSE SPOTS THAN THIS!

Strapped to the steel platform--

LIGHT 'EM AND LET'S GET OUT, JOE! WE'RE IN A HURRY!

YOU SHOULD SEE THE HURRY I'LL BE IN WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE--AND I WILL GET OUT, RAT!

SHUT UP, PUNK!

KERBLOM!

WHEW!--MY BULLETS--SHOULD KEEP OFF SOME OF THIS DEBRIS!

Unharm--
and free!

JUST AS I'D HOPED!
THE EXPLOSION SPLIT
MY ROPES! --NOW TO
MAGNETIZE MYSELF
TO THE TOP--TO
SAVE TIME!

The gang is taken
by surprise!

GOT JACK BELDON
ALREADY, EH?
OKAY-- LAST
ROUNDUP!

OUCH!

PYROMAN!

WHAT TH--

MIND IF I DO THIS DIRTY JOB
AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE?

AAAGGH!

With the gang
under guns---

GOOD GRIEF!--
THOMPSON!

YES, THOMPSON!--
AND THIS GUN BUTT LEAVES
A MARK LIKE A HORSE'S HOOF--
THEY USED THEM WHENEVER A
'WILD-HORSE' MURDER WAS
COMMITTED!

I GUESS THIS LEAVES
ME IN POSSESSION OF
THE MINE, PYROMAN!
BUT WHEN AND IF DICK
MARTIN TURNS UP, I'LL
SHARE IT WITH HIM!

HE'LL TURN UP IN A
FEW MINUTES--NOW
THE TROUBLE'S ALL
OVER! MEANWHILE,
I'M GOING TO ESCORT
THOMPSON AND
HIS GANG TO THE
NEAREST SHERIFF!

YES, WHERE
IS DICK? THAT'S
THE NEXT PROBLEM
ON OUR HANDS!

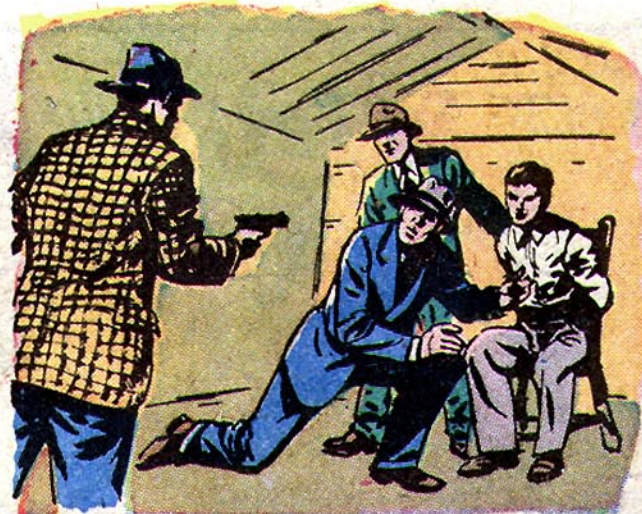
For the greatest in comics--
don't miss the next issue of
AMERICA'S BEST COMICS!

CODE EXPERT

By

EDWARD HASSET

**Captured by Two Marauders,
Young Vincent Miller Does
Some Fast Thinking!**



VINCENT MILLER liked word games and puzzles. He particularly enjoyed himself when his father told him about his experiences as a code expert during the War. Now the elder Miller was working for one of the big cable companies, and his codes were used in sending routine orders for goods from all over the world.

One night Vincent was home alone when two men broke into the library where he was reading a book, and one of them held a gun upon him.

"Sit tight, son," declared the gunman. "We're looking for some of your father's papers. If we can get the lowdown on certain shipments from the Mediterranean we can clean up on some valuable raw materials."

"Go right ahead," Vincent said, hiding his anxiety. "I'm finishing up my homework, and I'm getting tired, too."

Vincent picked up a pencil from a nearby table and went back to his book. Listening to the two burglars, he heard them call each other Lee and Gardiner. Apparently Gardiner was the leader of the two.

Finally Lee said: "This looks like what you're looking for. It gives the names of all the dealers, and what they want for their goods. We can underbid Miller on sales and overbid him on purchases and still clean up. We'll take the kid down to the old Army

warehouse and hold him there until we get an okay from the other side."

Gardiner agreed to this course. They gathered up the papers, then motioned for Vincent to follow them. The boy placed the pencil carefully in the book, then got up and put on his hat and coat. The men led him out to an automobile and when he was safely in the back seat with Lee, Gardiner took the wheel and drove away. They reached the old Army warehouse about an hour later.

The car was driven right into the building, and moments later Lee and Gardiner were bent over a powerful radio set. Vincent watched them in some fascination. He knew that his father would get into trouble if the stolen information was sent abroad. There might also be dangerous developments for American business men in the area. He had to do something.

Vincent took off one of his shoes and threw it across the semi-dark room so that it struck the panel of the radio set. There was a crash and a sputter, then the set went dark.

"Get the little brat," shouted Gardiner, "and tie him up. It'll take us a couple of hours to fix up this damage!"

Lee hurried over to the boy and immediately began tying him to a chair with a piece of rough rope. Vincent struggled, however, and Lee found the

tying job was no easy task. He raised his hand to slap the boy when suddenly the door of the warehouse burst open and a man pushed in with a gun and a flashlight in his hand.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he said calmly. Lee and Gardiner turned around in surprise. Vincent moved to one side and said: "Father I knew you'd come."

"Take their guns away from them," Mr. Miller said. Vincent carried out the order. Two other men entered and helped his father lead the criminals out to a car. Lee turned to Gardiner and asked:

"What went wrong?"

Gardiner shrugged his shoulders. Then he looked at Vincent and asked:

"Did you double-cross us, kid?"

Vincent Miller laughed. Then he said:

"I guess I did. You see that 'homework' book I was using was really a dictionary. I marked the page number and line number of each word I wanted to use in a message on the flyleaf of the book. When my father saw the pencil in the book, he turned to the pages and counted down the number of lines until he found out that two men had taken me to the old Army warehouse."

"That was sure clear thinking," one of his dad's friends said. Vincent smiled happily. But Lee and Gardiner didn't appreciate his cleverness.

The FIGHTING YANK



The dream of ages... the ability to change ordinary metal into gold is within the reach of ruthless criminals... until the Fighting Yank—direct descendant of a battling hero of the American Revolution—tackles the master plot in this exciting story of **"THE SCIENCE CROOKS"**

BRUCE CARTER III AND JOAN FARWELL VISIT A CAREFULLY GUARDED LABORATORY...

Glad to see you, working and living in this place can be pretty lonely.

THAT'S WHY WE CAME, PROFESSOR TAYLOR! YOU'RE THE WORLD'S OUTSTANDING EXPERT ON ATOMIC TRANSMUTATION, AND I UNDERSTAND YOUR DISCOVERIES ARE BEING KEPT COMPLETELY SECRET!

THAT'S RIGHT, BRUCE! IF ANY UNSCRUPULOUS GROUP COULD OBTAIN MY DISCOVERIES, THEY'D BE VERY CLOSE TO THE DREAMS THE ANCIENT ALCHEMISTS HAD, OF **CHANGING BASE METAL TO GOLD!**



EACH ELEMENT DIFFERS FROM EVERY OTHER ELEMENT ONLY IN THE WAY ITS ATOMS ARE CONSTRUCTED...ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER OF PROTONS, NEUTRONS AND ELECTRONS IN EACH! **CONTROLLED** BOMBARDMENT OF THESE ATOMS CHANGES THEIR STRUCTURE ...AND TURNS ONE ELEMENT INTO ANOTHER!



IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN YOU KNOCK OUT SOME OF THE TINY NEUTRONS, PROTONS OR ELECTRONS OF A URANIUM ATOM, FOR EXAMPLE, YOU CHANGE IT INTO ANOTHER ELEMENT ...PERHAPS LEAD!

THAT'S EXACTLY IT, BRUCE!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

WHAT'S YER PLAN, DR. TRAUBLE?

AS YOU MEN KNOW, I WAS FORMERLY EMPLOYED BY THE NAZIS TO PRODUCE AN ATOMIC BOMB! UNFORTUNATELY, I FAILED ...WHILE THE ALLIES SUCCEEDED!

WE ARE GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT SUCCESS, TO WIN WEALTH AND POWER! ONE OF THEIR LEADING SCIENTISTS, PROFESSOR TAYLOR, HAS MADE DISCOVERIES THAT PROMISE ALMOST COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE ATOM!

HOW'S THAT GONNA HELP US, DOC?



WE ARE GOING TO SEIZE TAYLOR AND FORCE HIM TO REVEAL HIS SECRET DISCOVERIES! HIS ATOM-SMASHING KNOWLEDGE WILL ENABLE US TO MAKE AS MUCH GOLD AS WE WANT- AND THAT WILL MAKE US THE MOST POWERFUL GROUP IN THE WORLD!

BUT HOW'RE WE GONNA GET TAYLOR, DOC? HE WORKS IN A LAB THAT'S GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT!

I WILL MANAGE THAT!



NEXT MORNING...

HERE'S THE PLANT!
A FEW GRAINS OF MY
OWN COMPOUND, PRUSSIANIC
ACID, IN THE PALM OF MY
GLOVE, WILL PRODUCE
WONDERFUL RESULTS!

HOW DO YOU DO, SIR!
I'D LIKE TO SEE GEORGE
WALDON! HE'S A FOREMAN
HERE, I BELIEVE!

SORRY,
MISTER,
THERE'S
NOBODY
HERE BY
THAT
NAME!

NOW FOR THE NEXT GUARD
...AND AFTER THAT THE
NEXT...UNTIL I HAVE VISITED
EVERY GATE AND GIVEN THEM
ALL THE PLEASURE OF
MY COMPANY!

SO SORRY! I MUST
HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!

NO MISTAKE...THOSE
GRAINS OF PRUSSIANIC
ACID I LEFT CLINGING TO
HIS HAND WILL SOON
TAKE
EFFECT!

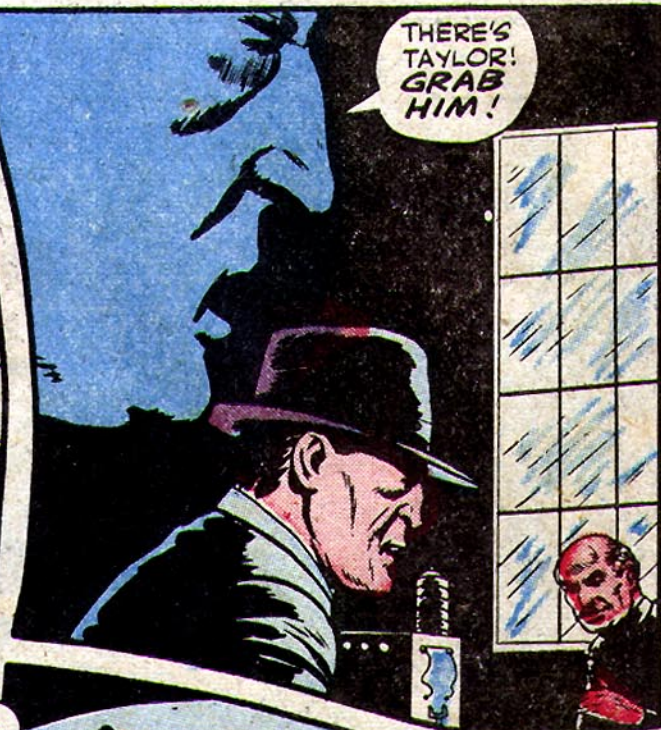


**FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AS
POISON SPREADS THROUGH THE
GUARDS' BODIES...**





NOW!
FOLLOW
ME!



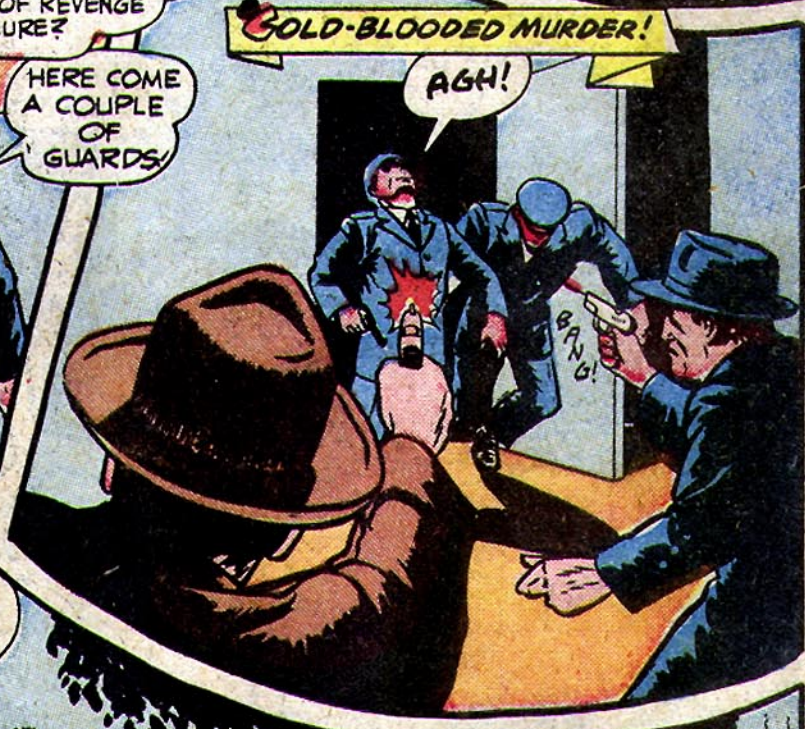
**THERE'S
TAYLOR!
GRAB
HIM!**



DON'T MAKE
ANY OUTCRY,
PROFESSOR
...OR YOU'LL
REGRET IT!

YOU'RE TRAUBLE...I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU JEALOUS FOOL! IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF REVENGE FOR YOUR OWN FAILURE?

HERE COME
A COUPLE
OF
GUARDS



GOLD-BLOODED MURDER!

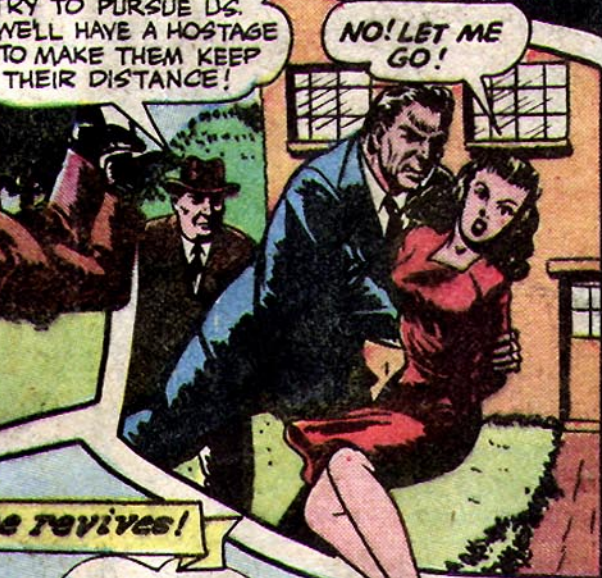
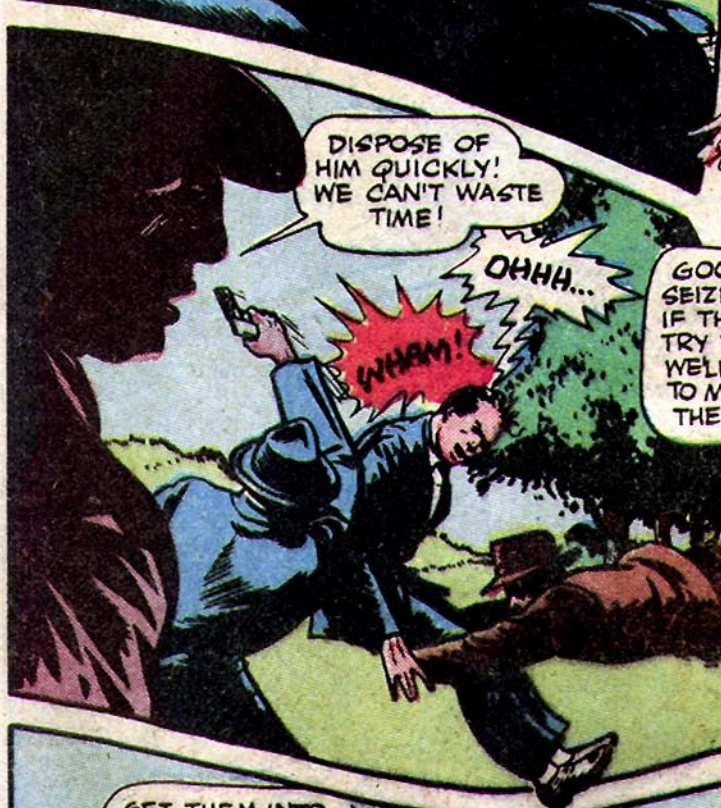
AGH!



AT THAT MOMENT,
APPROACHING THE PLANT..

I THINK IT'S A NICE IDEA TO VISIT PROFESSOR TAYLOR EVERY SO OFTEN! HE GETS LONESOME IN THAT PLACE!

AND THERE'S
PROFESSOR
TAYLOR, NOW,
... COMING
OUT!



A SWIFT CHANGE OF COSTUME AND...

NOW TO GET AFTER
THOSE RATS... BEFORE
THEY GET OUT OF
SIGHT!

**WITH
MIGHTY
STRIDES,
THE YANK
GAINS ON
THE
FLEEING
CAR!**

LOOK,
DOC!

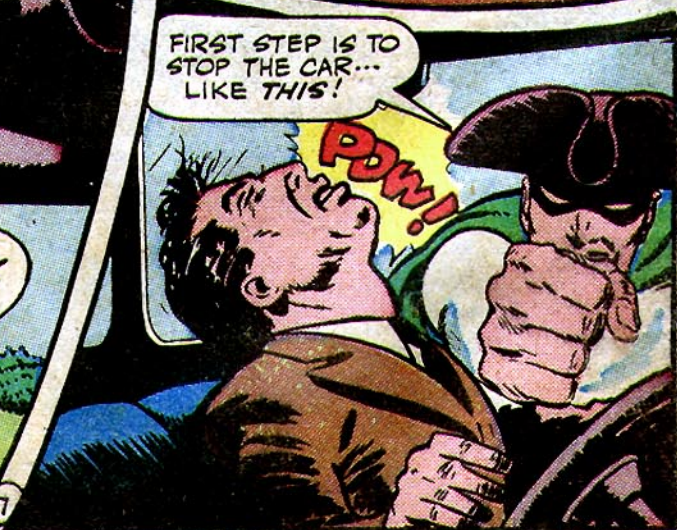
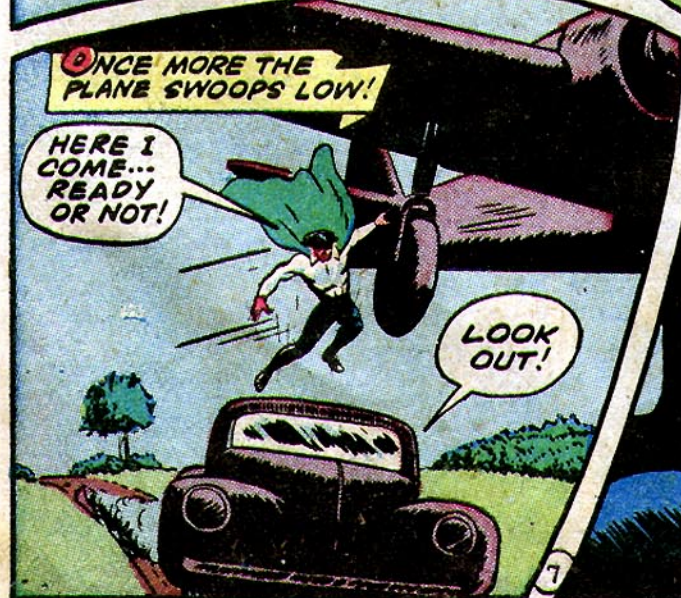
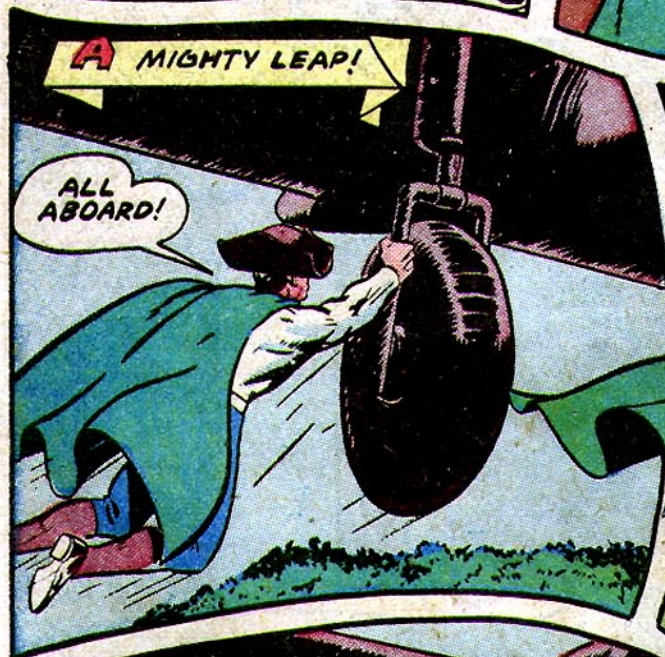
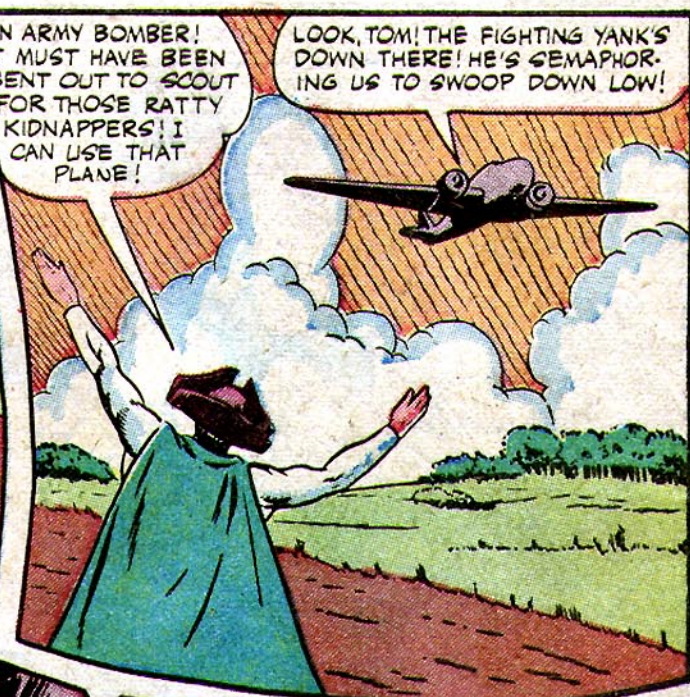
THE FIGHTING YANK!
HE'S AFTER US! SHOOT
HIM!

YOUR BULLETS
WON'T HURT HIM...
BUT I'VE GOT A
SPECIAL SURPRISE
READY!

GREAT
SCOTT! A
CANNON!

THAT
DID IT!

BOOM!



WORDS CAN'T EXPRESS HOW
PLEASED I AM TO MEET YOU ALL
...SO I'LL USE MY FISTS INSTEAD!

UGH!

POW!

OWWW!

HOLD IT, YANK...OR I'LL
KILL THIS GIRL IN FRONT
OF YOUR EYES!

WHA...?

GET IN, BOYS!...WE'RE
LEAVING, YANK...AND
DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW
US! AT THE FIRST SIGN
OF PURSUIT...THE GIRL
DIES!

YOU
HOLD THE
ACES,
SKUNK!

HA-HA!
SO LONG,
YANK!

WANT US TO
TAKE OFF AFTER
THEM AGAIN,
YANK?

NO! IF YOU DO, THEY'LL
KILL THEIR HOSTAGES!
YOU'D BETTER RETURN
TO YOUR BASE! I'LL HAVE
TO FIGURE OUT A WAY
MYSELF!

WHATEVER YOU
SAY, YANK!

**AS THE YANK APPROACHES
A BEND IN THE ROAD...**

I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP
AFTER THEM AT A DISTANCE,
AND TRY TO AVOID BEING
SEEN...UNTIL I CAN STRIKE
AND BE SURE NEITHER JOAN
NOR PROFESSOR TAYLOR
WILL BE HURT!

HE'S COMING
THIS WAY, DR
TRAUBLE!

GOOD! IF I CAN PUT THE
YANK OUT OF THE WAY, THERE'LL
BE NOBODY IN THE WORLD TO
STOP ME! THAT CHARGE OF
DYNAMITE BESIDE THE ROAD
SHOULD DISPOSE OF HIM
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

HERE
GOES!

BOOM!

THE MAGIC CLOAK OF HIS ANCESTOR
PROTECTS THE YANK! BUT THE BLAST
HAS TORN IT FROM HIS BACK!

MY CLOAK!
WHERE...

HE'S
STILL
ALIVE!

HE'S GROGGY,
TRAUBLE!

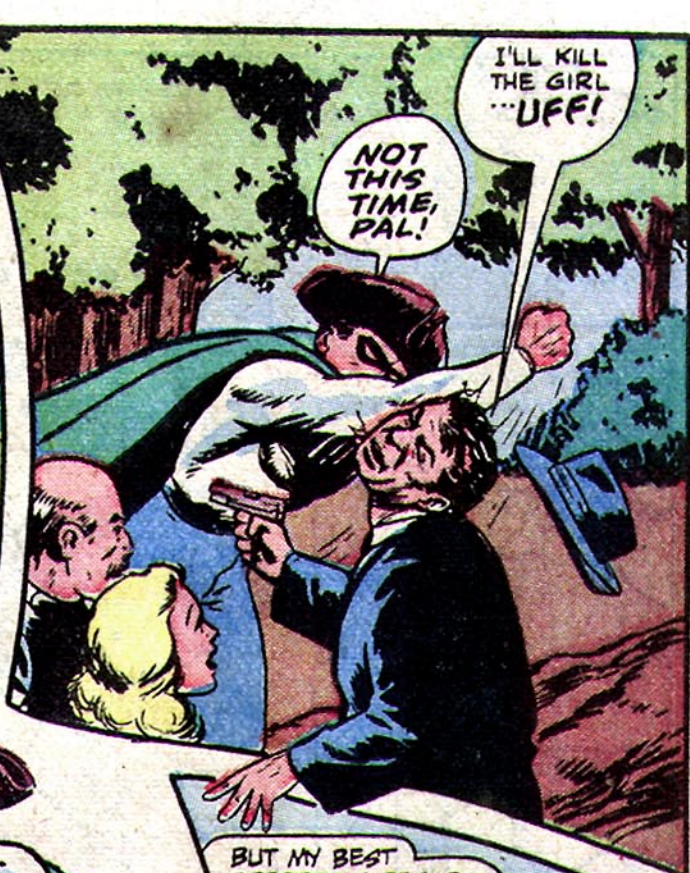
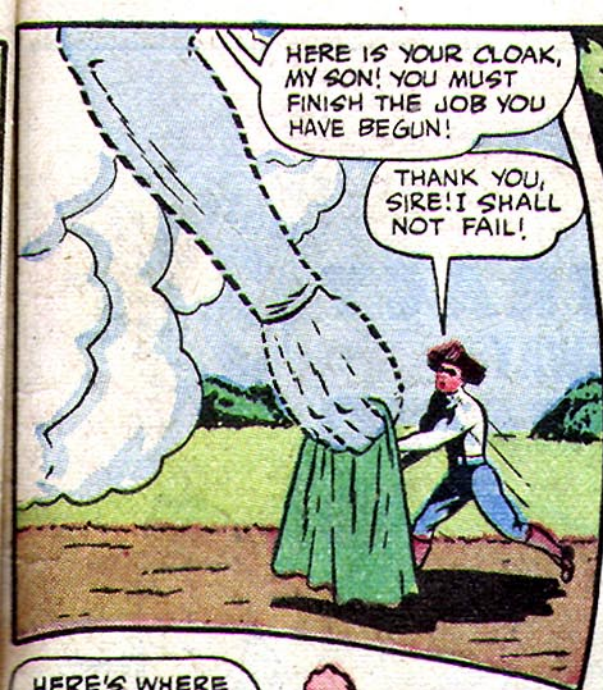
I'LL FINISH HIM OFF
THIS TIME! THE BULLETS
IN THIS GUN ARE LOADED
WITH MY PRUSSONIC
ACID! HE'LL DIE
IN AGONY!

**SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE
MISTS OF TIME... BRUCE
CARTER I!**

WHEN EVIL THREATENS
CONQUEST... I MUST APPEAR!

WHAT THE...!
THE BULLETS
DON'T EVEN
REACH
HIM!

BANG!
BANG!



WATCH FOR OUR NEXT
ISSUE! THE FIGHTING
YANK MEETS A STRANGE
NEW MENACE!

Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!



You Can Actually SEND and RECEIVE With This

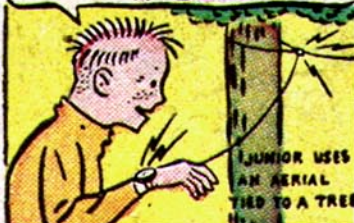
Genuine
DICK TRACY
RECEIVES TWO-WAY TRANSMITS
WRIST RADIO

For
Only
\$3.98
Complete with
Aerial and
Ground Lead-in
Wires

THESE TWO-WAY WRIST RADIOS
ARE A TERRIFIC TOY—
AND TO THINK THEY WORK
WITHOUT BATTERIES
OR TUBES!



AH! THIS PROGRAM
COMES IN CLEAR AS
A BELL.



THIS METAL WINDOW
FRAME MAKES A
GOOD AERIAL!

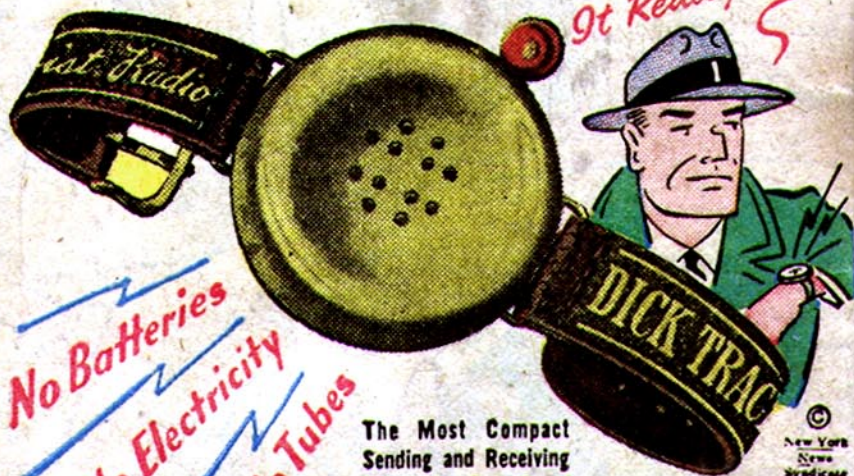


DIET SMITH GETS
STOCK REPORTS
ON HIS WRIST RADIO

NOW I CAN LISTEN TO
RADIO PROGRAMS
WITHOUT DISTURBING
ANYONE!



OH BOY! IT WORKS **TWO**
WAYS! RECEIVES BROADCASTS
AND IS A **PRIVATE TWO-WAY**
TRANSMITTER BETWEEN ME
AND ALL MY FRIENDS WHO
OWN A DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO



No Batteries
No Electricity
No Tubes

The Most Compact
Sending and Receiving
Set You've Ever Seen!

You've Seen It In The Comics...

NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!

Here it is, kids... the one and only DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio that actually transmits your voice over short distances... and receives regular radio broadcasts up to 50 miles away. Yes, we've strived to make this TWO-WAY Wrist Radio as much like DICK TRACY's as possible, and we're offering it to real DICK TRACY Fans at a price far lower than you'd expect to pay for even a one-way radio.

WEAR IT LIKE ANY WATCH... LISTEN IN LIKE ANY RADIO

Just think of the fun you'll have using it... listening in to ball games... getting the low-down on things the very moment they happen. With a DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio you'll quickly become the most popular kid in town. But remember, quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better ACT NOW!

USES RADAR DETECTOR SIMILAR TO THAT DEVELOPED DURING WAR!

Not just a dream... but a scientific reality! At last, radio engineers have developed a combination radio receiver and telephonic transmitter so compact you can wear it on your wrist. Specially built-in earphone assures private reception for your ears alone, and powerful RADAR detector pulls in far-off stations. Comes to you complete with aerial and ground connections. Order one and use it to listen to radio stations. Order TWO and you'll actually be able to transmit your voice from one building to another with amazing results. Get on the road to popularity! Amaze friends! Send for your DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio today!

Supply Limited! Clip This Coupon and Mail!

Parker-Johns, 180 W. Randolph, Chicago 1, Ill., Dept. DTR-35

- ☐ Please send me ONE Dick Tracy Wrist Radio for \$3.98
☐ I want to receive and transmit to a friend. Please send me TWO Dick Tracy Wrist Radios for only \$7.96

CHECK ☐ Ship postpaid. I am enclosing cash.
ONE ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman total plus postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Residents of Illinois include 2% State Tax. Prices in Canada add 50c. No C.O.D.'s



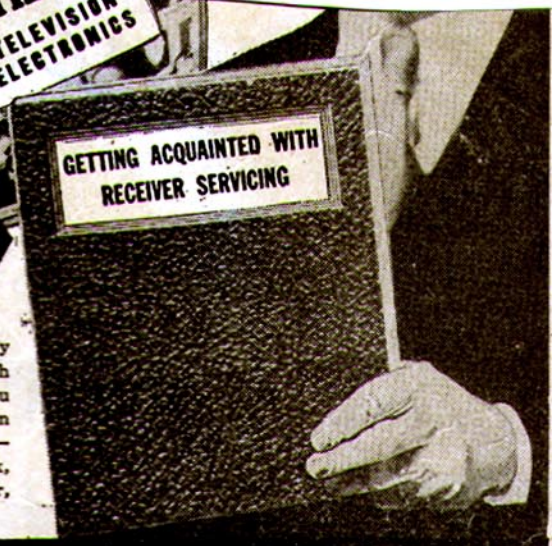
WILL SEND YOU BOTH FREE

NEW 64 PAGE BOOK

64-page illustrated book describes many fascinating jobs Radio, Television, Electronics offer, shows big kits of Radio parts I send you, tells how I give you practical experience building real Radio circuits in spare time, how you make extra money fixing Radios while still learning; contains letters from many men I trained, what they are doing, earning. FREE. Coupon below!

SAMPLE RADIO LESSON

I will also send you my Lesson, "Getting Acquainted With Receiver Servicing," FREE, to show you how practical it is to learn Radio at home in spare time. It's a valuable Lesson. Study it—keep it—use it—without obligation! Tells how "Superhet" Circuits work, hints on Receiver Servicing, Locating Defects, Repair of Loudspeaker, Transformer, etc. 31 illustrations. Mail Coupon below!



SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW I TRAIN YOU AT HOME TO BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Do you want a good-pay job in the growing Radio industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio—Television, Electronics," FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS sent!

Many Beginners Soon Make EXTRA Money in Spare Time While Learning. The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA money manuals that show how to make extra money fixing neighbors' Radios in

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

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Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on a penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7N07, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
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(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

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