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(Use this offer only in U. S., Hawaiian Islands, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires February 14, 1945.)
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

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!
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!

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!

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 auctioneer's showroom! Well--any port in a storm!

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!

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!
The following afternoon... as Bob Benton and Tim go bargain hunting...

I saw it in the window—a complete soda fountain! It's to be auctioned off today!

Swell! We'll use the parts to replace our worn-out units!

Suddenly...

Golly, Bob—take a look at those three tough characters!

I'm more interested 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 to know who's biddin' in an auction room—biddin' for a piece of junk!

Ain't I bid... start it, somebody!

And now, gentlemen, what am I bid for this beautiful 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?

Ohhh!

Crack!

In a shadowed corner of the auction room--the Black Terror gets to work!

It's a stickup! Does that interest us?

Does it! Boyo! Boyo!

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!

That suits me fine, Terror! I'll let you know when I'm finished!

AWP!

Those skyrocketing bids mean only one thing--there's something valuable concealed in this chair! I'll find it if I have to rip--whaaa! A string of pearls!

The same instant...

That thug I just tripped! He--he's gone!

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!
Over you go!

Terror, look out! Ohhhhh!

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...

Where are they?

They got away, Tim! For an antique, this thing sure packed a wallop!

At the same time...

Ohhh... 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!
D'ye think it'll help you?

HMM! This must have fallen out of that mug's pocket! The label's torn, but holy smoke! It's DILANTIN SODIUM!

Tim, I just remembered something. That crook's face kept twitching! And dilantin sodium is used to settle the nerves! It's such a rare drug--we should be able to trace it!

Golly!

Swiftly, the Terror Twins return to Bob's Drug Store!

Tim, I've located the man who compounded that remedy, through a druggists' supply house! We'll call on him just as we are!

Twenty minutes later...

According to my records, Mr. Benton--the pills were ordered by phone and sent to Martin Ellis--58 Sunnyside Avenue.

Hmm, that's interesting! Marty Ellis is a notorious fence--hand in glove with the criminal set!

Tim, Marty's an educated man! I'll bet he had that drug put up for his pal with the twitching face!

Golly! We're sure getting the breaks, Bob!

Once again--the Black Terror emerges!

We'll just pay Marty a surprise visit!

This quick change act in a car is tough...
PRESENTLY---

THERE'S MARTY'S HOUSE, TIM! THAT CAR UP AHEAD IS SWINGING INTO 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!

THERE GOES A TIRE! HOLD ON, TIM!

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

SUDDENLY....

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!

SNAP!
FIVE MINUTES LATER... ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

WELL, WE DIDN'T LOSE THEM, TIM--THANKS TO YOU! YOU CHANGED THAT TIRE IN RECORD TIME!

AW, SHUCKS--YOU DID THE HEAVY WORK, TERROR! ALL I DID WAS--HEY, LOOK! WE'RE APPROACHING A DRAWBRIDGE!

GET BACK IN THAT TOWER, BUD! YOU'RE GOING TO RAISE THE BRIDGE! IF YOU WANT TO LIVE... YOU'LL MAKE IT SNAPPY!

D-DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GET IT UP IN A JIFFY!

JUST THEN... CLOSE TO THE DRAWBRIDGE...

OH-OH! A DRAWBRIDGE! GET A GRIP ON YOUR ROPS, MUGS! I'M SWINGING IN AT THE TOWER ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE OPENING SPAN!

GREAT GUNS, TIM! THAT BRIDGE HAS GONE UP! IF WE'RE GOING TO STOP THEM, WE'LL HAVE TO PILE OUT!

A SWIFT, PERILOUS CLIMB AND...

QUICK, TIM! CLIMB ON MY SHOULDERS!

HE'S GOING TO JUMP!

START BLASTING, BOYS!

BREATHTAKING LEAP!

HOLD ON, TIM! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

WE MADE IT! WE-- WHAT?

TERROR! MY WRIST-- IT'S CAUGHT IN THE CABLE! I CAN'T-- GET MY HAND FREE!

GET THEM!

BANG! BANG!
IT'S CAUGHT IN A MESH-WIRE LOOP OF TEMPERED STEEL. TIM! SAY--THAT PHIAL OF NITRIC ACID, I TELL YOU, YOU'LL HAVE TO CLING TO ME WITH ALL YOUR STRENGTH WHEN THE CABLE PARTS--WEDGE YOUR KNEES IN!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

RIGHT, TERROR!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN BOYS! NOW YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU ASKED FOR!

YA-AGH!

WELL, WELL--AND HERE'S THAT PEARL NECKLACE AGAIN!

WHAM!

THE FOLLOWING DAY--

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. WINGATE! SLOAN HAS BEEN BOOKED FOR MURDER--AND THE NECKLACE WILL BE RETURNED TO ITS OWNER--YOUR CHAIR WAS SO COMPLETELY WORTHLESS--I TALKED THEM INTO LETTING YOU HAVE IT RIGHT AWAY!

OH HH... W O W N D E R F U L!
DIANA ADAMS... BEAUTIFUL, ALLURING AND PRIVILEGED 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!"
I'm leaving, Rado— but you ought to teach your photographer his place! Miss Adams doesn't have to take that from him!

What a strange-looking camera!

A thousand pardons, Miss Adams! I'll speak to Andrews; nobody can talk to you that way in my club!

Forget it, Charley! I guess the boys lost their heads!

I'm waiting to leave this place, Diana!

Outside...

Oh— there's Riss! Wasn't he a dear to wait for us?

Patient Riss— that's me, my car's around the corner!

Indeed! I refuse to ride with a roughneck who brawls in nightclubs; take care of that jewel, Diana! You know what's been going on lately?

Don't worry, Auntie! Good night!

Meanwhile, Andrews hastens to develop his pictures!

Is it ready yet, Andrews? The boss wants that trinket she wore pretty bad!

Any minute now! Since I developed this little camera, which takes pictures with ultra violet light, on a wave length of 3000 Angstrom units, we been doing all right! That hyperchromatic film brings out what we want to see!

There it is! Yeah— that jewel is genuine all right! My invention wouldn't show it sparkle, if it was paste!

Great stuff! This will be our biggest job!
Well, we do 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 phony’s!

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 don’t mean it that way! I...

But... but you’re not for any thief with that ornament around your neck!

I wouldn’t... but you’re not for any thief with that ornament around your neck!

Don’t bother to take me upstairs, Mr. Casanova!
RUSS! WHAT'S MORE, I BOUGHT THIS LITTLE ENGAGEMENT RING WHICH I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU... BUT NO... YOU HAVE... HEY!

IT TOOK YOU A LONG TIME TO GET HOME, AND WE'RE PATIENT! WE'LL TAKE THAT TRINKET AROUND YOUR NECK!

THAT LITTLE TRINKET IS GOING TO STAY RIGHT WHERE IT IS!

GET----! UGH!

GRAB THAT JOOL! GRAB IT!

LET ME GO!

I CAN'T FIGHT BACK! MIGHT GIVE MYSELF AWAY!

At THAT MOMENT---

EEEEK!

GOT IT!

ALL RIGHT, BUDDY! THAT'S ENOUGH OF THE HERO STUFF!

LET'S GO!

A SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE!

HELP ME GET HIM IN THE HOUSE, AUNTIE! POOR, RUSS HAS BEEN HURT.

I'M GOING TO PAY THEM WHAT THEY STOLE YOUR HEIRLOOM!
You poor boy! What did they hit you with? Hmmm... What's this—a design in the bruise?

Holding a small mirror to Russ's head, Diana makes a startling discovery!

The crest of a ring—with a snake design!

What a fine hero I turned out to be! I had 'em right before me and I let them get away—With your necklace!

Don't fret, darling, it was injured! How does your head feel?

I'll stop at the station and report the robbery! I don't worry—I'll get that gang and the necklace if it's the last thing I do!

Good night!

You mean good morning! The sun is up! Go to bed, dear or you'll have a nervous breakdown! You know your delicate constitution!

Diana retires to her room and carefully locks the door!

Russ may need miss Nasque to give him a hand. That was a peculiar camera Andrews carried, and it looks as if it takes more than pictures!

Deft fingers work rapidly, and Diana Adams becomes...

And Andrews works for Rado, who also owns a jewelry store... Hmm...

Miss Nasque!

All right, Miss Nasque! It's up to you! First stop is our friend Charley Rado's jewelry store!
Minutes later... in the Nightclub District...

POOR RUSSELL. 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! RUSSELL! 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?

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

Let me show you some!
MAYBE SOME OF THESE ARE WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND!

THAT RING! THINGS ARE ADDING UP!

Anything here? Miss Masque!

I don't recognize you at first. You'll probably want to see some better rings we keep in the rear!

Well... all right. I think I would!

Andrews! He's going to the rear!

Step to the rear, Miss Masque! I'm sure Mr. Radio will be able to help you!

Yes, he might be able to help me, but not the way you think!

Meanwhile, in the rear of the store...

The warning buzzer! Hide, you two-- Miss Masque is here!
MISS MASQUE!
THIS IS AN HONOR! WHAT CAN I SHOW YOU FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION? OUR JEWELRY IS NO MYSTERY—HAHA!

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, ANTOCHA?

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

NOT SO FAST, MY CROOKED FRIEND!

A LIGHTNING JU-JITSU MOVE!

OH-Oh! THE PARTY'S GETTING ROUGH!

HEY!
LADIES FIRST --- AS THEY SAY!
GET HER!
Oww!

I THINK I'LL TAKE THIS BACK TO THE RIGHTFUL OWNER!
SHE'S THAT ADAMS JEWEL! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY, YOU FOOLS!

YOU BETTER BEHAVE NOW, MISS MASQUE! I WOULDN'T WANTA BLOW YER BRAINS OUT- NOT YET!

GOOD!

TRAPPED!
SO! WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THIS MYSTERIOUS DAME! HER NOSEY DAYS ARE OVER!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT, RADIO! I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN USING YOUR NIGHT CLUB AS A FRONT TO COMMIT THOSE JEWEL ROBBERIES!

SURE I OOO- SO WHAT - ANDREWS HERE HAS A CAMERA THAT TAKES PICTURES WHICH TELL US WHICH JEWELS ARE GENUINE, AND WHICH ARE PHONY! AND THE DUMB POLICE TRYING TO FOOL US WITH PHONY STUFF!

THEN THE BOYS BRING THE STUFF TO ME AFTER THEY TAKE IT, AND I HAVE IT CARVED UP AND THE SETTINGS CHANGED---AND THE SAME SLUGGERS COME BACK TO BUY THEIR OWN STUFF. CLEVER EH? I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU ALL THIS SISTER... BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIVE TO REPEAT IT!

SO YOU'RE THINKING OF ADDING MURDER TO YOUR LITTLE LIST?
BEFORE WE GET RID OF YOU... I THINK WE MAY AS WELL KNOW WHO OUR VICTIM IS! I'LL TAKE THAT MASK---

BOSS--THE FELL! SOMEBODY JUST CAME IN THE STORE!

KEEP AN EYE ON HER-- I'LL GET RID OF HIM!

IT'S RUSSELL BOWMAN, BOSS! THE REPORTER!

I BOUGHT THIS RING HERE, CHARLEY. BUT I'M AFRAID THE GAL IS IN NO MOOD TO TAKE IT! CAN I GET A REFUND?

DIANA ADAMS, EH, BOWMAN? WELL, WE DON'T USUALLY TAKE RINGS BACK, BUT I'LL DO IT FOR YOU!

MEANWHILE, IN THE REAR OF THE STORE...

IT'S RUSSELL MUST GET SOME SIGNAL TO HIM... AN... THE BURGLAR ALARM GIVES ME AN IDEA!

HOW ABOUT A CIGARETTE TO CALM MY NERVES, YOU BRAVE LITTLE MAN?

SURE, SISTER! I'LL PROBABLY BE YER LAST!

ALL THE THUG STOOPS TO LIGHT THE CIGARETTE, MISS MASQUE GOES INTO ACTION--

THIS IS CALLED A HOT HAND!

THE FOLLOW-UP PUNCH SENDS THE KILLER REELING INTO THE BURGLAR ALARM!

THE BURGLAR ALARM! IT WENT OFF!

RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
Russ Bowman! Back here! It's Miss Masque! The burglar alarm! NO YA, DON'T!

Oh, yes, I do!

UGH!

Lend a hand, Russ—the boys are getting nasty!

Bowman!

Crash!

@All the police pour in to investigate the burglar alarm...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? MISS MASQUE!

You're just in time to pick up the jewel thieves!

With the thieves dragged off to jail...

I must go now, Russ! See that Diana gets her necklace! 'Bye!

Wait—where do you live? I want to talk to you! HEY—!

Shortly afterwards, in Diana Adams' apartment...

...she fought like a wildcat and practically smashed the gang single-handed! Ahh—what a girl!

Hmph—I think it's disgraceful for a girl to carry on that way! I'm sure you did your share to get back my necklace! Now stop thinking about her!

Don't worry, Russ—you'll be seeing a lot more of the adventurous Miss Masque—and soon! Be on the lookout for her!
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 everything. 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 crestfallen. 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.

"Swisississi—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.
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 pitchblende 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 hoofmarked 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! It's got radium in it, all right! Jack—you've struck it rich!

Wow! We'll ride over and tell Thompson and my partners back there is as happy as a king! He wants to see Ed Rogers face when I tell him!

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?
TURN BACK, WADDIES—if you know what's good for you!

WHY DON'T YOU USE THAT GUN—or doesn't it work?

OH, YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

Huh?

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!

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—

We better keep out of it, if okay I see your minds made up! But we better take it slow, so we don't run into trouble!

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-- HEY, IT'S PYROMAN!

SURPRISE FROM ME, THIS TIME!

THE BOSS NEVER WARNED US ABOUT HIM SHOWIN' UP!

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

AH...

RIGHT!

FRIED 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 ROUGH! SAY, ISN'T THIS EXACTLY THE PLACE YOU FOUND EPS BODY?

SURE! -- BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JUST THIS! -- THERE AIN'T ANY HOOF TRACKS 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!

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! -- OK, PYROMAN, ANYTHING YOU SAY!

As Jack and Pyromon 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!
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, BOSS! 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 PROBABLY 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!

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

Suddenly--

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!

LIKE THIS, YOU MEAN?

CRAWL OUT OF THERE AND GET YOUR HANDS UP!

ON--THE PLATFORM--

I--HE'LL KILL US!

TWO GO IN--AND ONE COMES OUT!

AAAGGH!

CRACKLE!! FSSSSSSSSSS...

NOT SO FAST, PYROMAN!

--OWW!
Pyromaniac, are you... OH!

Don't kick, sister, and you'll be all right!

Wha—where's Pyromaniac? -- HELP!

Enveloped in tarpaulin, Pyromaniac's ways 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!

By killing Rogers, Belton and Thompson, Eh? You've got two more to go, and I'm betting you don't score one of 'em!

Ha! Ha!--two more to go, he says! You've got a lot to learn, Pyromaniac, and it's a little late to start--bring him outside, boys!

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, Pyromaniac! How does that sound?

You dirty rat! --all right, try it, but let the girl go!

Courage, Joyce! I may get us out of this yet!

The excited horses are driven down the gorge--

Oh, Pyromaniac!
Suddenly exerting his maximum electrical power---

STAMPEDE! He's tricked me this time, but I've got a better plan! Bring 'em here!

RIGHT, BOSS!

STEADY, JOYCE--I think it's working! The horses are afraid of my electricity!

SNAP!

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!

Whew!--my bulletscreen should keep off some of this debris!

Shut up, punk!
Unharmed--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!

PYROMAN!

OUCH!

WHAT TH--

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

AAAGGH!

With the gang under guns...

YES, THOMPSON! -- AND THIS GUN BUTT LEAVES A MARK LIKE A HORSE'S HOOF-- THEY USED THEM EVERYWHERE 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 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 Farrell visit a carefully guarded laboratory...

“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!"

Glad to see you working and living in this place can be pretty lonely."
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, prussic 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 there, I believe!

Sorry, mister, there's nobody here by that name!

So sorry! I must have made a mistake!

No mistake... those grains of prussic 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 TROUBLE...I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU JEALOUS FOOL! IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF REVENGE FOR YOUR OWN FAILURE?

COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

HERE COME A COUPLE OF GUARDS!

AH!

IN 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!
LOOK! PROFESSOR TAYLOR'S BEING KIDNAPPED!

LET HIM GO, YOU PUNKS!

$OK$

Dispose of him quickly! We can't waste time!

Ohh...

Good! Now seize that girl! If the authorities try to pursue us, we'll have a hostage to make them keep their distance!

No! Let me go!

Get them into the armored car... Hurry!

Bruce revives!

You can't do this...!

Quiet, sister!

They're... getting away! The only one who can stop them now is... the fighting yank!
A SWIFT CHANGE OF COSTUME AND... WITH MIGHTY STRIDES, THE YANK GAINS ON THE FLEEING CAR!

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

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!
WHEN! THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED ANYONE ELSE! BUT I'M NOT SO EASILY STOPPED!

AN ARMY BOMBER! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SENT OUT TO SCOUT FOR THOSE RATTY KIDNAPPERS! I CAN USE THAT PLANE!

LOOK, TOM! THE FIGHTING YANK'S DOWN THERE! HE'S SEMAPHORING US TO SWOOP DOWN LOW!

A MIGHTY LEAP!

ALL ABOARD!

THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO FIND THOSE BABIES AGAIN IN A HURRY AND...AH! THERE THEY ARE!

ONCE MORE THE PLANE SWOOPS LOW!

HERE I COME... READY OR NOT!

FIRST STEP IS TO STOP THE CAR... LIKE THIS!

LOOK OUT!
Words can't express how pleased I am to meet you all...so I'll use my fists instead!

Ugh!

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 ages, 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, OR
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!

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!

BOOM!

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

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

WHEN EVIL THREATENS
CONQUEST... I MUST APPEAR!

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

HE'S GROGGY, TRAUBLE!

BANG! BANG!
HERE IS YOUR CLOAK, MY SON! YOU MUST FINISH THE JOB YOU HAVE BEGUN!

THANK YOU, SIRE! I SHALL NOT FAIL!

I'LL KILL THE GIRL...UFF!

NOT THIS TIME, PAL!

HERE'S WHERE YOU SCIENTIFIC HI-JACKERS GET HI-JACKED YOURSELVES!

POW!

RAM!

BUT MY BEST EFFORTS I RESERVE FOR LAST...LIKE THIS!

AGHHH!

WHAM!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WE'RE FINE, YANK... AND WE THANK HEAVEN YOU WERE ABLE TO STOP THOSE KILLERS! THE SECRET OF METAL TRANSMUTATION WOULD HAVE BEEN A WORLD DISASTER!

WATCH FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE! THE FIGHTING YANK MEETS A STRANGE NEW MENACE!
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Diet Smith gets stock reports on his wrist radio.

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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.

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