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The Space Rovers

But Jane, I thought you wanted to get home.

I do, but we can stop by and look at Venus. It's not far out of our way!

We won't land--just see what it's like there.

Okay, but I don't like it. Who knows what's under that blanket of clouds?

Ted! We're going to crash!

Ted manages to swerve the ship.

Look! We've torn a hole in the ship. O-o-omph! We've hit something!

A giant tentacle reached into the ship.

Ted! It's squeezing me--to death!

Only a swamp. It cushioned our fall!

Ted fires straight at the monster's single eye.

Blinded, the huge octopus drops Jane and thrashes his tentacle about the control room in fury.

Ted! It's not by that tentacle to the rear compartment where the guns are stored. The ship's filling with water--Jane will drown.

A bull's eye.

Ouch! There goes my gun!
Desperate Ted Makes a Lasso

Ted ropes the huge tentacle to the massive ray gun and pulls Jane up from under the water.

There...I guess I haven't forgotten one trick I learned at Uncle Bill's ranch.

She doesn't seem to be breathing! I--I hope I'm not too late!

Carrying Jane into the rear compartment, Ted slams shut the water-tight door.

But look, Ted--out the porthole! We've sunk to the bottom of the swamp.

That's okay--the octopus is dead, I'll put on a diving suit and get us out of here.

Equipped with a diving suit, Ted enters the flooded control room and uses the caterpillar tractors, Ted drives the ship over the bottom toward dry land.

The ship comes up inside a big cave.

Dry land, Jane! We can make repairs here.

With a blowtorch, Ted burns off the jagged edges and then welds a new plate over the gaping hole.

I've got about a ten minute job to finish up inside, then we'll be shoving off!

I won't go far, Ted. I just want to take a peek at that golden rock.

Suddenly Jane spies a Venusian warrior on a ledge above her.

I, amok, will get the golden-haired girl!

The weighted rope of amok wraps around Jane's leg.

Ted-Ted!
TED BLASTS AMOK WITH A PERFECT SHOT

I'M COMING, JANE!

HELP!

BUT OTHER VENUSIANS SEIZE THE ROPE AND HAUL JANE UP.

CAN'T SHOOT AGAIN --- MIGHT HIT HER / I'LL HAVE TO FLY UP THERE AND FIGHT IT OUT HAND TO HAND.

TED FIRES A BLAST INTO THE LAST VENUSIAN, KNOCKING HIM OFF THE LEDGE.

HE KILLED MY AMOK!

WE'LL PUSH THIS ROCK DOWN ON THEM!

AND THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

LOOK --- A WHOLE HORDE OF VENUSIANS SWARMING AROUND OUR SHIP! LUCKY I SLAMMED THE DOOR. WE CAN'T GO BACK --- WE COULD KILL MANY OF THEM --- BUT THEY WOULD SURROUND US AND KILL US BEFORE WE GOT INSIDE. THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT ---
But before Ted can divulge his plan, the Venusian women push the big rock off the ledge above.

It strikes Ted a glancing blow.

Jane manages to break Ted's fall, but they are immediately surrounded by Venusians.

Er...er...we surrender!

Ted and Jane are led up the cavern to the throne of the Venusian Chief.

The man is brave—he fights well. He will be one of our hunters!

But I, King Tharrko, take the woman as my queen!

Suddenly a Venusian bursts into the cave.

Attar, the hunter, is returning—pursued by one of the evil gods!

Good heavens! What sort of creature is that?

Help! Help!
Throw the man-prisoner off the cliff! The evil god may seize him and thus give Attar a chance to escape!

Splendid idea, King Tharrko, take that!

If I go off this cliff - Tharrko goes first!

Meanwhile, the great robot-like creature seizes Attar and places the hunter in a metal pouch attached to it's body.

Horrified, Ted stares at the huge metal thing as it strides away with Attar in it's pouch.

Ted is caught off guard.

Ted is tied up and placed under guard.

This sharp rock is cutting the rope. I'll have my hands free in a minute.

Lucky there's only one guard! Now to find Jane.

Meanwhile, in King Tharrko's quarters.

I drink to our marriage in the morning!

But I've told you, I don't want to be your queen!

Ted!
Start talking. Tell me about these evil gods!

It all happened centuries ago. I will tell you the story!

While working in the gold mines, our ancestors found six of these creatures sealed in glass-like tubes. The people set them up as gods. Then, a few months ago, a quake came.

The gods have come to life. Run!

The tubes broke, releasing the monsters. They enslaved my people. We fled to the swamp caves.

The monsters have despoiled our vegetation. Our cattle are dying off. Now the evil ones are invading the swamps in search of food and slaves!

Now we are dying of hunger. You have seen what happens to our hunters. Since you have vanquished me in fair fight, you are now king. What will you do?

I’ll get food! Call a council meeting.

Give us back our weapons and our ship. We’ll get you food and destroy the evil gods.

Listen. I, the sage, speak. Give them their weapons... but not their ship! They would merely fly away and leave us to the mercy of the evil gods!
With their guns and rocket belts restored to them, Ted and Jane plan their expedition against the strange metal creatures.

The evil gods are probably from some other universe. They evidently wrecked their ship and sealed themselves up in a state of suspended animation!

I'm not worried. Our electric-guns will make them look like a junkyard!

The next morning Jane and Ted set out on their mission. I feel funny in this venusian dress.

I want those tin clad gods to think they only have harmless venusians to deal with.

First we'll take back a supply of food!

As they drop down to get the dead beast, a carnivorous vine seizes Ted.

It's a man-eating vine!

I'll blast you loose!

Look out, Jane!

Oh!

Touch off your rocket belt, Jane!

Shots have no effect on it!

But the gigantic creature grabs Jane before she can rocket away.
The metal monster tears Ted from the deadly vines and deposits him in the pouch with Jane. Imagine! A metal impervious to electric blasts!

What do you suppose it will do with us, Ted?

Look, Jane, how desolate everything is! These beings are systematically destroying an entire planet.

Ted and Jane are thrust into an enormous cavern.

Lunch time for the slaves! We’re slaves now—just like these poor Venusians!

Ugh! Aren’t they horrible? Just like great blobs of jelly!

The slaves are marched off to work.

Sh-h-h-h! Not jelly, Jane, but brains! Huge brains and tentacle arms. Without their mechanical shells they are helpless!

Building a giant space-ship! I get it—soon as Venus is devoid of all life, they will move on to another planet, perhaps the Earth!

Don’t stop to rest, Jane! Look what happened to that poor devil who was too tired.

The earthlings are put to work in the big blast furnaces.

Help!
EXHAUSTED AFTER THE DAY'S WORK, JANE FALLS INTO A DEEP SLEEP.
TED, HOWEVER, REMAINS AWAKE, PLOTTING A WAY OF ESCAPE.

ONE OF THEM IS ALWAYS ON GUARD! IT'S A DESPERATE CHANCE; I'LL
STEAL JANE'S ROCKET-BELT SO SHE WON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME!

TED HEAVES A ROCK AT THE GIGANTIC GUARD OUTSIDE THE CAVERN

CLANK

AS THE GREAT CREATURE ENTERS THE CAVE, TED HIDES BEHIND A ROCK, TOUCHES OFF HIS ROCKET-BELT AND ZOOMS TO FREEDOM

JANE IS AWAKENED BY THE ROAR OF THE ROCKETS!
TOM! YOU'RE LEAVING ME BEHIND!

YOU STOLE MY ROCKET-BELT SO I COULDN'T ESCAPE! TED, OH TED, HOW COULD YOU?
TED FLIES STRAIGHT TO THE CAVE WHERE THE SPACE-SHIP IS LOCATED

THIS IS THE PLACE. I'LL DIVE AND COME UP INSIDE THE CAVE.

A GUARD POSTED AT THE WATER'S EDGE, WELL, THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT FIGHT IT OUT WITH HIM!

THE VENUSIAN THRUSTS HIS SPEAR AT TED, BUT THE EARTHMAN DIVES UNDER IT WITH A FLYING FOOTBALL TACKLE

O-O-OMPH!

TED GAINS THE SPACE-SHIP BEFORE THE STUNNED GUARD CAN SOUND THE ALARM.

HE HEADS THE CRAFT STRAIGHT UP THE TUNNEL.

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THE ENTRANCE IS TOO SMALL FOR HIS SHIP!
But Ted fires the ray-gun at the entrance, blasting a great hole in the side of the mountain.

That's the end of the five asleep outside their protective shells!

The metal-encased brain, acting as a guard, runs to help his stricken companions.

The ray-gun will be powerless against his metal shell. I'll have to run him down!

Out of the cave, everybody!

Ted lets out his grappling hooks and drags the creature straight into the cavern.

We're saved!

Ted swings his ship about and hits the last of the evil gods with the exhaust of his rocket-motors.

Now to seal up the entrance effectively!

With the evil gods destroyed, Venus will flourish again. I warn you to never open up that cavern, for the evil one might come to life again. Farewell!

I was worried, Ted. I thought you had deserted me!

Stay and be our king, Earthman!

You know I'd never do that, Jane. And now, we're going home!

So the space-rovers head their ship for home. Will they reach Earth safely? Don't miss the next issue!
TEOD CRANE
in the
CITY of GOLD
by Geo. Mandel

THE KONOFO CHIEF HAS PROMISED TO LEAD TED CRANE AND PROF. HAWKINS TO THE CITY OF GOLD!

CITY OF GOLD IN TOMBI COUNTRY! THEM HEAD-HUNTERS!

WE'LL ASK THE DISTRICT SUPERVISOR AT MOMBASSA FOR AN ESCORT!

IN THE OFFICE OF MAJOR STANFORTH, DISTRICT SUPERVISOR FOR THE CROWN COLONY--

THIS EXPEDITION IS DANGEROUS, PROFESSOR! THE TOMBIS ARE KNOWN KILLERS!

WE'LL RUN THE RISK--TO FIND THE CITY OF GOLD!

A STEALTHY FORM LURKS BEHIND THE SCREEN, LISTENING!

VERY WELL! I'LL SEND AN OFFICER TO ACCOMPANY YOU AS THE CROWN'S REPRESENTATIVE!

HEADING BACK TO THE KONOFO VILLAGE TO AWAIT THEIR ESCORT, THEY COME UPON A YOUNG CHIMPANZEE--

LOOK, TED!

AND BETTY DISMOUNTS, UNAWARE OF THE HULKING MOTHER NEARBY!

BETTY! LOOK OUT!

TOD LEAPS FROM THE SADDLE JUST IN TIME!

HERE, HERE! I WON'T HURT YOU!

OH!

MAYBE THIS WILL CALM YOU DOWN!
TED: THAT TOOK LOTS OF COURAGE!

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUNISHED FOR STRAIGHT-ARMING!

THERE'S A PUNISHMENT FOR CURiosity TOO, BETTY!

REACHING THE NATIVE VILLAGE, THEY FIND THE CHIEF READY TO LEAVE!

SUPPLIES ALL READY! WE GO!

AS SOON AS OUR ESCORT ARRIVES, CHIEF!

I CAN'T SEE WHY HE DIDN'T LEAVE WITH US!

CAPTAIN GREENFIELD REPORTING, PROFESSOR AND AT YOUR SERVICE!

A FEW HOURS LATER A UNIFORMED OFFICER CANTERS INTO THE COMPOUND!

WELCOME, CAPTAIN!

A WEEK LATER, THE EXPEDITION PITCHES CAMP IN A DENSE JUNGLE!

BRR-R!

LISTEN! I THOUGHT I HEARD TOM-TOMS!

WELL, MY PISTOLS LOADED!

THEM TOMB! DEATH DRUMS! KNOW WE COME!!

CERTAIN DEATH AWAITS ANY WHITE MAN VENTURING INTO THE HAUNTS OF THE TOMB!

WE CAN'T GO AHEAD! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LOSE THEM THAT WAY!

WELL, MY PISTOLS LOADED!

SILENT AS STALKING LEPARDS, A BAND OF TOMB! HEAD-HUNTERS STEALS UP!

WAITING UNTIL THE EXPEDITION RETIRES, THE SAVAGES STRIKE!

SURE AS SHOOTIN' THAT'S THE TOMBIS!!

BANG! HELP!
BEARING THEIR FIRST... JIM, THE BLOODTHIRSTY HEAD-HUNTERS FADE INTO THE BROODING JUNGLE!

HELP!

THOSE SNEAKING RATS HAVE THE CAPTAIN! I'M GOING AFTER 'EM!!

TED! WAIT!

THEY'LL CUT YOU DOWN!

STEP BACK, CHIEF! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

BETTER GET AWAY WITH ONE THAN TWO! YOU NOT GET TEN FEET BEFORE KILL!

THE NEXT MORNING THE SAFARI VENTURES WARILY INTO THE OMINOUS WILDERNESS!

WHICH WAY NOW, CHIEF?

WE KEEP OFF TRAIL GO MORE SOUTH!

SUDDENLY THEIR STRAINING EARS CATCH THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS!

STAND STILL--WAIT UNTIL WE SEE 'EM!!

SOUND LIKE ONE MAN WALK!!

CAPTAIN GREENFIELD STAGGERS THROUGH THE SCREENING UNDERBRUSH!

THANK GOD! I'VE FOUND YOU!!

I GOT AWAY JUST IN TIME! THE TOMBIS WERE READY TO SACRIFICE ME TO THEIR FETISH, A CAPTIVE LION!

AT THAT MOMENT THE FIERcest TOMBIS ARE TRACKING DOWN THEIR QUARRY!
THE SAFARI'S PORTERS, STRAGGLING AT THE END OF THE COLUMN, ARE SEIZED BEFORE THEY CAN CRY OUT!

THE PARTY AHEAD DISCOVERS THE ATTACK TOO LATE!

THE GOING MUST BE PRETTY HARD FOR OUR POOR PORTERS! LET'S WAIT FOR THEM!

HOLY SMOKE--LOOK! THEY'RE GONE!

THEY REACH THE MINING CAMP--AND FIND IT DESERTED!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF LIFE!

MAYBE THEY'VE BEEN WIPED OUT!

THE EXPEDITION IS UP AGAINST A NEW OBSTACLE!

WHITE MAN MINING CAMP TWO DAYS MARCH! MAYBE WE REACH BEFORE TOMBI STRIKE!

WE'VE LOST FIVE FIGHTERS AND ALL OUR SUPPLIES!

SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS RAID! SALT'S THE THING THEY'D WANT MOST.

UGH! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS CREEK PLACE!

TED AND BETTY EXPLORE THE SILENT BARRACKS!

SAVAGE EYES GLARE OUT AT THEM FROM THE FRINGE OF THE JUNGLE!

PHWE-E-ET!!

ASHRILL PIERCING WHISTLE RISES OVER THE SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE!

WHAT KIND OF BIRD IS THAT, CHIEF?

THINK FUNNY BIRD NEVER HEAR BEFORE!

IT'S A TOMBI SIGNAL! GET READY!

THE ALERT CHIEF POISES--AND HURLS HIS SPEAR!

THE CHIEF'S GOT ONE!
A ring of screeching savages surrounds the outnumbered whites!

Come and get us, you howling hyenas!

They're not waiting to be asked, Ted!

Let's see you intercept this pass!

Hands off! Ugh!
The tombis close in as the gun-fire slackens!
Take that!

His ammunition spent, Ted hurled a huge boulder into the milling mass of head-hunters!

Their brave defense overcome, the captive members of the expedition are led to the tombi camp!

Is your head better, Ted? It feels well enough for me to want to keep it!

The tombi witch-doctor decrees a terrible death for the prisoners! Tombi fetish want blood! You go one by one!

We've got to do something! The tombi cult demands that the lions they worship be appeased!

Keep your chin up, Betty!

The captain is chosen as the first victim! For heaven's sake, save me! There's nothing we can do! I wonder!
WHEN THEY COME BACK FOR ONE OF US, CHIEF -- FOLLOW ME!!
GOOD! WE FIGHT!
OOF!!
UNPREPARED FOR THE SUDDEN ASSAULT, THE TOMBI WARRIORS ARE HURLED TO THE GROUND!
BUCK THAT LINE, CHIEF!
UGH!

HASTILY THEY RUB THEIR BONDS AGAINST THE KEEN BLADES OF THE TOMBI SPEARS!
TED FIGHTS HIS WAY TO THE HUT WHERE THE KONO GO PORTERS ARE IMPRISONED!
I'M FREE!
GOOD WORK, TED!
HERE'S YOURS!
TOMBIS MUST WATCH WHITE CAPTAIN DIE! NONE HERE!!

AIDED BY THE RESCUED KONO GO, THEY RAID A NEARBY STORE HOUSE!
AND OUR RIFLES! WE'RE FORTUNATE!
WHAT AN ARMORY! THEY'VE EVEN GOT NEW PISTOLS!
LUERGER

TED'S SUSPICIONS HAVE BEEN AROUSED BY THE TOMBI'S SUPPLY OF PISTOLS!
ON THE EDGE OF THE TOMBI COUNTRY, A UNIFORMED WHITE MAN SIGHTS THE APPROACHING EXPEDITION!
CHIEF, I WONDER WHETHER ONE OF YOUR MEN CAN GET THROUGH TO MOMBASSA? I WANT TROOPS TO FOLLOW OUR TRAIL FROM HERE ON!!
I SEND FAST RUNNER!

HERE THEY COME! THEY'VE ESCAPED THE HEAD-HUNTERS!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
There it is, Betty! We've reached it at last! It's breath-taking! I can't believe my eyes!

As they prepare to descend into the huge crater, a rifle shot whines over their heads!

Duck, Chief! We're under fire!

Too awed by the sight before them to sense their new peril, the expedition gets its first glimpse of the city of gold!

A detachment of soldiers suddenly emerges!

Wipe them out! They mustn't escape!

Crouching behind the fabled ruins, the expedition stands off the attack!

But they're white men, Ted! Why should they want to attack us?

I've got an idea, Betty!! Make every bullet count!

Fighting the entire day, they find their ammunition running low!

I'm going to take a chance and sneak up on them!

Be careful, Ted!

Don't blame me, Colonel! The tombis just weren't able to stop them!

You're just the one I'm looking for!
LEAPING OUT, TED LUNGE'S AT HIS QUARRY!
COME DOWN TO OUR END OF TOWN!
LOOK WHO I'VE GOT!
WHAT IN A GERMAN UNIFORM!!
IT'S CAPTAIN GREENFIELD!

AT THAT MOMENT THE CONTINGENT OF GERMAN IRREGULARS CHARGES DOWN THE SLOPE!
THEY'RE CHARGING! CLUB YOUR RIFLES!

MACHINE-GUNS OPEN UP FROM ACROSS THE CRATER!
IT'S THE BRITISH PATROL! CHIEF, YOUR MAN GOT THROUGH!
THINK MAYBE WE GET THROUGH TOO!

LED BY MAJOR STANFORTH, THE BRITISH COLONIALS ROUND UP THE ROUTED INSURRECTIONISTS!

CONFRONTED BY HIS SUPPOSED SUPERIOR, THE FAKE BRITISH CAPTAIN CONFESSIONS!
THANKS TO YOU, CRANE, WE'VE NIPPED A REVOLT BY COLONISTS OF GERMAN ORIGIN!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL LEARN MY REAL NAME IS GRUENFELD! THIS PART OF AFRICA IS RIGHTFULLY GERMAN!
I'M SATISFIED!

TED AND BETTY FIND TIME FOR A PEACEFUL MOMENT TOGETHER!
SO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S GIVING US A FINDER'S SHARE OR THE GOLD!
I'M SATISFIED!

TED CRANE IS FATED FOR FURTHER THRILLING ADVENTURES BEFORE HE LEAVES AFRICA!
DON'T MISS THEM!
The MASK

Introduction

Blinded by gangsters, District Attorney Tony Colby regains his sight through the aid of pretty Carol Smith, still pretending to be a blind man, in secret he is the Mask, arch-enemy of crime!

Joe Gotch, just out of Alcatraz, decides to make up for lost time!

Hurry up and get that pineapple planted! They'll be coming along in two minutes!

Swinging down a side-street on its night trip an armored truck falls into Gotch's trap!

Finish 'em off!

With ruthless precision, Gotch and his gang wire out the armored truck's crew.

I've got these two, pile in here and get out the kale!

Returning from an undercover job, Carol Smith chances on the scene.

It's a hold-up! I've got to get the mask!

Gotch spots the fleeing witness!

That dame seen it! Get her!

Dragged into the gangsters' car, Carol drops a random clue!

Get in, sister, and don't squawk!
TONY COLEY AND SILK: HIS TRUSTED RIGHT-HAND MAN, AWAIT CAROL'S RETURN!

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO PLANT CAROL IN THE CLUB SENEGAL AS A CIGARETTE-GIRL!

IT USED TO BE A GANG HANG-OUT!

SILK IS SENT TO THE CLUB SENEGAL!

SHOULDN'T SHE BE BACK BY NOW?

YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK, SILK! BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! I'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT!!

AFTER TAKING CAROL TO HIS HEADQUARTERS, GOTCH ENTERS THE NOTORIOUS NIGHT-CLUB BY A REAR DOOR!

MIGHT AS WELL CALL ON BAYOU JONES AND LET HIM KNOW WHO'S BOSS NOW!

SURE - THIS DUMP WILL MAKE A SWELL HANG-OUT!

BAYOU JONES, PROPRIETOR OF THE CLUB SENEGAL, PROTESTS!

BAYOU, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HURT MY FEELINGS!

- AND THAT AIN'T A VERY SAFE THING TO DO!

SILK OVERHEARS GOTCH'S BOAST!

BIFF!

FROM NOW ON THIS TOWN ANSWERS TO JOE GOTCH! THAT ARMORED TRUCK JOB WE PULLED TONIGHT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

HEY! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, JOE!!

SILK IS CAPTURED!

WELL, WELL - A STOOGE! BACK HIM AGAINST THE WALL, BOYS!

PLEASE, GOTCH! NOT IN MY PLACE!!

MEANWHILE, BUTCH O'LEARY, THE MASKS STRONG-ARM AIDE, HAS JOINED THE SPECTATORS AT THE SCENE OF THE HOLD-UP!

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS -- GET BACK! THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE!

WISH I COULD FIND A CLUE!
BUTCH SPOTS A FAMILIAR MATCH-BOOK IN THE GUTTER!

HEY, YOU! I SAID TO GET BACK!

HOLD YOUR HORSES, PAL!

CLUB SENEGAL, MAYBE CAROL CAN GIVE ME A LEAD!

FINDING CAROL missing, BUTCH HEADS FOR JONES OFFICE!

BUT I TELL YOU MR. JONES IS IN CONFERENCE!

RUN ALONG, BUDDY, AND PICK UP YOUR TIPS!

Club Senegal. Maybe Carol can give me a lead!

Finding Carol missing, Butch heads for Jones Office!

But I tell you, Mr. Jones is in conference!

Run along, buddy, and pick up your tips!

SIZING UP THE SITUATION, HE GOES TO WORK ON GOTCH’S MEN!

WHO THE...?

LET’S GO, SILK!

GOTCH FALLS BACK ACROSS THE ROOM FROM THE FORCE OF SILK’S BLOW!

DROP THAT TOMMY-GUN!!

BIRD (BURST) FROM OUR FRIENDS OUTSIDE!

BEFORE SILK CAN FOLLOW UP, GOTCH RAISES THE DEADLY WEAPON!

O.K., WISE GUYS! HERE’S WHERE YOU GET IT!

AS GOTCH RISES TO FIRE THE TOMMY-GUN, THE MASK APPEARS OUTSIDE!

SO THAT’S WHAT’S BEEN KEEPING SILK! I’D BETTER HURRY!

The lights go out! Butch and Silk rush for the door in a burst of submachine-gun fire!

That you, Butch? YEAH! Let’s get out of here!

The police arrive—and encounter a familiar sign!

The light-switch is on! It must be the fuse!

The police arrive—and encounter a familiar sign!
GOTCH HEADS FOR HIS HANG-OUT!

SOMETHIN’ CAME IN THAT DOOR AND GOT SLIPPY! IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

STOP BEEFIN’!

WE GOT AWAY, DIDN’T WE?

MEANWHILE, BAYOU JONES FLEES WITH THE SUBMACHINE-GUN!

THE CLUB’S GOT A BAD ENOUGH NAME WITHOUT THE POLICE FINDING THIS TOMMYGUN ON THE PREMISES! I’LL HIDE IT AT MY APARTMENT AND SEND IT TO GOTCH LATER!

WHEN THE LIGHTS FLASH ON AT THE CLUB SENEAGAL, TONY COLBY IS SEATED AT ONE OF THE TABLES!

PRIVATE

WHAT’S UP, WAITER?

IT’S JUST A LITTLE DISTURBANCE, MR. COLBY! NOTHING IMPORTANT!

KEEPING HIS PRETENSE OF BLINDNESS, TONY HAS THE WAITER GUIDE HIM TO JONES’ OFFICE!

SOMEONE FIRED A BURST OF SUBMACHINE BULLETS INTO THE WALL, COMMISSIONER!

DID I HEAR SOMEONE SAY ‘COMMISSIONER’ ARE YOU THERE, TOM?

HAVE THOSE SLUGS COMPARED WITH THE ONES WE DUG OUT OF THE ARMORED CAR GUARDS?

TONY, I THINK THIS MAY BE CONNECTED WITH TONIGHT’S HOLDUP!

TONY DEDUCES GOTCH’S COMPLICITY IN CAROL’S DISAPPEARANCE!

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD HUNCH!

SOMETHING TELLS ME I CAN FIND CAROL ONCE I PIN THAT HOLD-UP ON GOTCH! BUT I’LL NEED THAT TOMMY-GUN FOR EVIDENCE!

MEANWHILE, BUTCH AND SILK HAVE RUSHED TO TONY’S APARTMENT TO REPORT.

HE’S NOT HERE! UNLESS HE WAS THE ONE WHO —

THERE’S THE PHONE! YOU BETTER ANSWER IT!

TONY TELEPHONES BAFFLING INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE CLUB SENEAGAL!

IT’S THE BOSS! HE WANTS US TO MEET HIM OUTSIDE OF GOTTCH’S HOUSE. TOOT SWEET!

IF IT’S MORE ACTION, I’M FOR IT!
I've got to get that machine-gun Gotch used! I saw him leave the club without it! But when Jones came out, he had a package with him! Let's go!

Finding Jones's apartment empty, they got to work. The safe yields to the mask's trained fingers.

My hunch was right! Jones brought it here because he was afraid to be implicated if it were found at the club!

Good deduction, mask!

As they leave, they are spotted by a cruising police-car!

That's the mask! They mustn't find out who I am!

The police!

Come on, boys! Here's our getaway car!

Silk and Butch swing into action!

Ooh! Sok

They make off in a hail of bullets!

Gotch may not know it, but the nets closing in around him already!

Back at Tony's--

Even if Gotch boasted about the hold-up, it doesn't constitute proof! That's where his Tommy-gun comes in.

Better get rid of that squad-car. Butch, or well have the police here!

Tony fires a single blast into the fireplace!

Here's the box that arrived from the coroner's office while we were out, sir!

Microscopic examination proves Gotch's hand in the hold-up!

They check, Silk! I'm going out to find Gotch! And my bet is that Carol won't be far off!

Call me if you need a hand, sir!
Bayou Jones receives an unexpected caller at the club Senegal!

Don't move, Jones! Where's Gotch?

I don't know anything about his personal life!

The Mask intercepts a phone call!

Yes, this is Jones! Gotch! You want me to identify someone? Ok. What's the address?

In Gotch's hideout...

Jones is coming over! We'll see whether or not you really work for him!

Taking no chances, the Mask opens fire!

Get behind something, Carol!

That's just what I'm doing, mister! Drop that gun or I'll plug her!

Looking for a likely place to drop the squad car. Butch gets an emergency call!

Calling all cars! Proceed to 48 Bradford Drive. Believed to be a gang fight!

This is too much to miss! Here I come!

Rushing in, Butch tackles the gang leader just in time!

Not so fast!

Butch and Carol retreat while the Mask covers the beaten gang!

Out the back way, Butch! The cops are coming!

The Mask holds the police at bay while Gotch confesses!

Stay where you are until I'm out! Speak up, Gotch--or I'll plug you just as you plugged those guards.

You got me! It was me who pulled that holdup!

The Mask and his friends close another case!

You've won again, Tony! Now all you've got to do is convict, Gotch!

That won't be hard! I won't rest until I drive crime out of this town for good!

Follow the Mask's thrilling escapades in exciting comics!
Thesson Son of the Gods

John Thesson, having discovered the ring of Poseidon, is endowed with the powers of his Greek ancestor Theseus! He is pledged to combat all evil forces!

Thesson and Prof. Craig are in Athens, awaiting the ship that will take them back to the United States.

Look at the red light on that school! Sunset, I suppose! Strange it should pick out one particular building!

Thesson leaps from the carriage as the school begins to crumble.

I've got to prop up that doorway!

Earthquake!

The ancient ring gives Thesson the power to meet the emergency.

The authorities are baffled by the strange catastrophe!

Lucky the roof held!

Your heroism spared many a home from mourning, sir!

But where does it come from?

Hundreds of miles to the north, in the wilds of Transylvania...

Dr. Hool, an insane scientist, has invented the red blight—a destructive ray undergoing its first tests!

Athens calling school completely demolished! What a mess!

Here's another demonstration, General Pasko!

It worked, Hool!
ON THE BRIDGE OF A CRUISER CONVOYING A LARGE MERCHANT FLEET IN THE NORTH SEA —

NO SUBMARINES SO FAR!!

THE ENTIRE CONVOY IS WIPED OUT AS THE RED BLIGHT SWEEPS THE SEA!!

QUICK! WHAT’S THIS RED LIGHT?

THE DEMONIC SCIENTIST SHIFTS THE DEADLY RAY!

IN FAR-OFF ANATOLIA A VILLAGE TOPPLES TO THE GROUND!

NOT EVEN THE MOUNTAIN RANGES CAN STOP THE RED BLIGHT. WATCH THIS!!

AFTER A WEEK OF TERRIFIC DESTRUCTION, ALL EUROPE IS PANIC-STRICKEN!

DR. TESSON, THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE BEGS YOU TO ATTEND OUR CONFERENCE! WE’VE GOT TO CHECK THAT RED RAY!

IM AT YOUR SERVICE, EXCELLENCY!

TESSON IS MEETING THE COMMITTEE IN THE MORNING!

A SHORT WHILE LATER A SPY REPORTS TO HOOL’S ATHENS HEADQUARTERS!

HE WON’T REACH THERE ALIVE!!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING FINDS AN ELABORATE AMBUSH SET FOR TESSON!

HERE HE COMES! GET READY WITH THOSE BOMBS!
SEVERED BY ONE OF THE CONSPIRATORS, A HIGH-VOLTAGE POWER LINE DROPS ONTO THESSON'S CARRIAGE!

THROWN CLEAR BY THE SHOCK, THESSON LANDS SQUARELY AMONG THE BOMBERS!

A MIGHTY HEAVE SENDS ONE OF THESSON'S ADVERSARIES HURTLING THROUGH SPACE!

MEET MY FRIEND ON THE POLE!

WAYLAVING ME, ARE YOU?

THE ASSASSIN ON THE BALCONY RAISES HIS RIFLE!

SCOOPING UP THE BOMB AT HIS FEET, THESSON HURLS IT WITH A DEADLY AIM!

WATCH OUT ABOVE YOU, JOHN!

THIS WILL FINISH YOU!

HERE'S YOURS!
PREPARED TO FIGHT IT OUT, THESSON AND THE PROFESSOR RUSH INTO THE ASSASSINS HEADQUARTERS!

LET'S SETtle IT, PROFESSOR! THERE MAY BE OTHERS!

I'M WITH YOU, JOHN!

STRUCK BY A BOMB SPLINTER, DR. HOOL'S LIEUTENANT GASP OUT A LAST MESSAGE!

ATHENS CALLING! WE'VE -- WE'VE BEEN WIPEd OUT --

GUESS I got him too, PROFESSOR!

GENERAL PASkO, HOOL'S PARTNER IN CONSPIRACY, IS TROUBLED BY THE NEWS!

EVEN IF OUR MEN HAVEN'T TALKED -- OUR HEADQUARTERS WILL YIELD EVIDENCE!

UNLESS, MY FRIEND, THERE ARE NO HEADQUARTERS!

THESSON, LEAPS TO HIS FEET AS THE ROOM BURSTS INTO A DEADLY RED GLOW!

QUICK! WE'RE SPOTTED!!

UNAWARE OF THE FATAL RAY BEING TRAINED ON THEM, THESSON AND THE PROFESSOR TURN TO THE DYING MAN!

YOU'RE DYING -- WHY DON'T YOU EASE YOUR MIND? WHO'S BEHIND THIS?

I'LL TALK! THE RED BLIGHT... IS....

THESSON VAULTS FROM THE WINDOW!

LUCKY WE WERE NO HIGHER!

THEY RUSH TO THE CONFERENCE AT THE MINISTRY OF STATE!

SORRY WE'RE LATE, GENTLEMEN!

THESSON! YOU HAVEN'T FAILED US!

HE'S HERE!

THANK HEAVEN!
Tragic news has just reached the International Committee!

The Red Blight has struck again! The Italian island of Pantelleria has been blown out of the sea!
Pantelleria! Have you a map, Excellency?

As he ponders over the map, Thesson makes a vital deduction!

Unless we locate the Red Blight, Europe will be plunged into chaos!

Wait! I think I have it!

Thesson may be on the right track!

It's worth looking into! I very plausible!

With the search narrowed down, Thesson is ready for action!

But we must notify the Rumanian authorities!

I haven't needed help yet, Excellency! I'll work alone!

If we were to draw a circle through the places hit by the Red Blight, the center would be about here -- in Transylvania!

An hour later finds Thesson and the professor speeding northward on the Carpathian Limited!

Well make Bistritza our starting-point, professor!

The country beyond is pretty wild, John!

Thesson left for Bistritza on the express. Here's your ticket, sir!

I'll radio Hodl! How far have they gone?

The leering scientist focuses the lethal Red Blight!

Alert for any emergency, Thesson leaps up as the Red Ray strikes!

What a pity, Dr. Thesson -- when you're so close!!

Drop to the floor!
UNCILING LIKE A MIGHTY WHIP, THE CARS PLUMMET OFF THE TRACK!

SCREECH!

DRAWING UPON HIS MATCHLESS ENDOWMENT OF STRENGTH, THESSON BRACED THE BUCKLED STEEL WALLS!

QUICK! GET OUT BEFORE WE GET ANOTHER BLAST!

LOOK! THEY'RE THE MEN WHO WRECKED THE TRAIN! I SAW THEM!

MY COUNTRYMEN WILL DEAL WITH THEM!

HODL HAS A MAN ON THE SPOT TO COVER ANY HITCHES!

THESSON IS SURROUNDED BY THE ENRAGED PEASANTS!

I'LL HOLD THEM, PROFESSOR! GET TO THE ENGINE!

A HUNDRED LEI TO THE MAN WHO KILLS HIM!
BATTING HIS WAY CLEAR, THESSON JUMPS INTO THE CAB OF THE LOCOMOTIVE!

I'M GLAD STEAMS UP! LET'S GO!

HODL'S AGENT RUNS ALONGSIDE AS THE ENGINE GETS UNDER WAY!

YOU WON'T GET FAR!

REACHING OUT WITH ONE HAND, THESSON SNATCHES AT THE GUNMAN!

TRYING TO CATCH THIS TRAIN, FRIEND?

THESSON IS UNABLE TO COUNTER THE SAVAGE BLOWS RAINED DOWN ON HIS HEAD!

AS THE ENGINE THUNDERS OVER A TRESTLE THE TWO MEN TOPPLE OFF!

Ugh!

A TREE CHECKS THESSON'S PLUNGE THROUGH SPACE!
Dropping to the ground unharmed, Thesson examines the dead man's papers!

Thesson discovers the call-letters of Dr. Hodl's short wave radio!

Hodl operates on 52 kilocycles! So that's how he directs the red blight!

That engine won't run far without coaling! Let's see what I can find here!

They've trained in secret--let them march in secret on Bucharest!

With the red blight backing us, we can't lose!

Meanwhile Hodl and General Pasko prepare a major attack!

Under cover of darkness, Pasko's motorized column roars out of the castle!

We'll reach Bucharest by dawn--just after the red blight hits!
High above the road, Thesson spots the ominous procession!

Those aren't Rumanian troops! This is a demilitarized area!

You're staying here!

Thesson has intercepted General Pasko's mobile radio station!

52 kilocycles, here's Hodl!

We're taking a detour! Thesson's heading up on the main highway!

I'll handle him! Bucharest will come on the beam in an hour.

Unwittingly, Hodl trains the red blight on his own troops! The column is wiped out!

That settles them! Now to find the castle!

Racing to the nearest railroad stop, Thesson finds Prof. Craig safe!

I might remember one for two hundred lei!

Hop in, professor!

Are there any castles hereabouts, chief?

A headlong drive brings Thesson and the professor to Hodl's retreat!

Bucharest will be leveled in five minutes! We've got to work fast!
MEANWHILE, HODL ADJUSTS THE RED BLIGHT FOR ITS FATAL THRUST!

THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM IN TIME!

SEARCHING THE CASTLE FRANTICALLY, THESSON SIGHTS THE MADMAN!

WHAT? YOU!

THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR, DIDN'T YOU?

WITH THESSON OUT OF THE WAY, THERE'S NO LIMIT TO MY POWER, AND WHEN BUCHAREST GOES, PASKO WILL GO WITH IT!

THEY MEET IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE! HODL'S MAD STRENGTH PUSHES THESSON TOWARD THE BRINK!

SO YOU THOUGHT TO DEFEAT ME! THIS WILL FINISH YOU, DOG!

THAT DOES IT!

BUT THESSON'S MIGHTY MUSCLES TELL! RECOVERING, HE HURLS HODL TO HIS DEATH!

THE WORLD NEED NEVER FEAR HODL'S DEATH-RAY AGAIN!

RETURNING TO ATHENS, THESSON IS HAILED AS A HERO!

DON'T MISS THESSON'S GREAT FIGHT AGAINST CRIME IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

ALL EUROPE ACCLAIMS YOU, DR. THESSON!

I'VE ONLY FULFILLED MY PLEDGE, EXCELLENCY, AND I'M NOT THROUGH YET!
Dan Williams
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

Gang warfare breaks out with the chatter of Tommy-guns!

This is worth looking into!

Out of control, one of the cars crashes! At that moment, Dan Williams comes upon the scene!

The policeman provides a lead!

Never saw this gang before, Jim! Not a one, Dan! They must be a new mob trying to cut in on Collins!

Dan senses the reporter has the facts!

Nearing gets the news! What do you know, Jimmy?

Can't stop now, Dan! Read about it in the "Star"!

Nearing is waylaid outside the newspaper office!

That's him! Grab him and let's get going!

The gangsters make off with their captive!

Take it easy, news-hound! The boss just wants to be sure you don't tell any secrets!
That night, Dan slips into Collins' home and overcomes the guard! This should help your insomnia while I'm looking around!

Dan discovers an interesting object in the gang chief's room! A hypodermic dope needle! It's got some kind of inscription on it -- I'll take it along!

Next morning Dan goes into the "Daily Star" newsroom! What's going on here? You're just the man I want! Look at this note!

Whew! They're going to bump off Jimmy if you don't let up on your dope inquiry!

Collins means business! No use calling the police!

Returning to his office, Dan sees a girl being thrown into a car!

Hold on, you! Let's go! That guy looks like a dick!

Dan fires after the kidnappers! Just a second too late! White stockings, white shoes -- she must be a nurse!

Dan's secretary helps clear up the mystery! Hello, Miss Adams! Anyone phone? A Miss Nearing called -- said she'd be here at two! It's five after now!
DEDUCTION LINKS TOGETHER WIDELY SEPARATED EVENTS!

Nearing! She must be related to Jimmy! And if she's a nurse, that 'Riv Collins' hypodermic may be a hospital!

DAN CONSULTS A CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY!

Here's a Riverside Hospital listed, Mr. Williams!

No--that's not it! Here, Riverview Sanitarium!

DR. PALUMBO ANSWERS DAN'S CALL TO THE HOSPITAL!

Yes, we have a nurse here named Miss Nearing! She received news about her brother and left this morning, but I expect her back early tomorrow.

DAN CALLS AT THE RIVerview SANITARIUM THE NEXT MORNING!

Thanks for calling her, doctor! I'm Dan Williams, Miss Nearing!

Gladys is my name, Mr. Williams, I'm Jimmy's sister!

GLADYS'S APOLOGY AROUSES THE DETECTIVE'S SUSPICIONS!

Excuse my breaking yesterday's appointment, Mr. Williams! I found I couldn't make it!

She doesn't know I saw those gangsters snatch her into the car!

That's all right, Miss Nearing! I'm working on your brother's case now!

DR. PALUMBO IS UNABLE TO FURNISH ANY INFORMATION!

By the way, doctor--have you had a patient named Collins here recently?

I'll see! Carney--Chester--Curran--no, I don't have Collins listed!

AS DAN STARTS HIS CAR, A GUN IS PRESSED AGAINST THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

Drive to 800 Woodbine Street, Williams! And don't ask any cops how to get there!

DAN'S CAR HITS SIXTY MILES AN HOUR!

Slow down, wise guy! Want the cops on our tail?

You should have spoken sooner! There's one after us now!
As the gangster turns to look, Dan brings the car to a sudden halt!

I thought you'd fall for that one!

Reaching the address given him by the gunman, Dan Shackles him!

You'd better stay here until I see what this is about!

Finding the door locked, Dan climbs to the top of the porch!

He forces a window and tiptoes to the stairway!

There they are! And that's Jimmy nearing!

The gangsters are startled as a door slams upstairs!

See what that was, Duke! Do I have to get up again? It was only the wind!

As the gangster mounts the stairs

I don't see nothin'!

Dan leaps from hiding!

Looking for me, Duke?

The noise brings Collins and his men to the scene.

Bullets fly!

Ouch! My hand!

Drop those guns or I'll shoot to kill!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! COLLINS, UNTIE NEARING!

NICE WORK, DAN! GUESS YOU'VE SCOOPED ME!

SUDDENLY LEAPING BEHIND JIMMY'S CHAIR, COLLINS PULLS A SECOND GUN!

IT'S MY TURN, WILLIAMS! PUT DOWN THAT TOMMY-GUN OR I'LL PLUG YOUR FRIEND!

GLADYS NEARING SAVES THE SITUATION!

SWELL SHOT, GLADYS! COME ON, YOU MUGS, GET BACK!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS CHANCE, COLLINS!

CRASH

AS DAN STANDS GUARD, GLADYS UNTIES HER BROTHER!

COLLINS SAID HE'D KILL YOU IF I SAW DAN WILLIAMS! I DECIDED TO RISK TRYING TO SAVE YOU MYSELF!

HE WAS GETTING READY TO RUB ME OUT ANYWAY WHEN DAN CAME!

REVIVING, COLLINS NOTICES THAT JIMMY AND GLADYS ARE IN THE LINE OF FIRE! HE DASHES FOR THE WINDOW!

DROP TO THE FLOOR! THERE GOES COLLINS!

DAN FIRES AFTER THE FLEEING GANGSTER!

HE'S GOTTEN AWAY! BUT IT WON'T BE FOR LONG!

THE POLICE ARRIVE, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS!

STICK 'EM UP, COLLINS! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS HOUSE!

I WISH YOU HAD BEEN!

PUT YOUR GUN DOWN, BILL! THAT'S DAN WILLIAMS!

DON'T MOVE, MEN!
Collins's thugs are herded out! O.K., Dan! We'll see you up at Riverview later!
Right! And don't forget that other thug in my car!

Dan explains his theory!
Riverview? Why did you tell them to go there?
I have a hunch we'll nab Collins there! He figures it's the last place we'd look for him!

They speed to the sanitarium in Dan's car!
I think it's a pretty wild guess, Dan!
We'll see! I've got other reasons!

Dan questions the receptionist!
Is Dr. Palumbo here? I'd like to talk to him!
I haven't seen him for the past hour! I'll ring his office!

Dan lays down a startling order!
He doesn't answer!
I'm Dan Williams, nurse, working on a narcotics violation! I want you to summon the entire staff!

So none of you have seen Dr. Palumbo! Have any new cases come in during the last hour?
Yes! Miss Travers has a patient on the serious list! He arrived by ambulance!

Internes and nurses line up in the corridor!
THE CHASE APPROACHES A CLIMAX!
I'm going to have a talk with Miss Travers! Jimmy, see that no one leaves!

O.K., Dan!

DAN ENTERS THE PRIVATE WARD!
I'd like a word with you, Miss Travers! You'll have to see me later, sir! My patient requires constant attention!

MISS TRAVERS ORDERS DAN TO LEAVE!
Let me have a look at him! Say, what's wrong with your hand?

I burned it in the sterilizer, Mr. Williams! Now please get out!

IN A LIGHTNING MOVE, DAN EXPOSES THE STARTLED NURSE!

In a lightning move, Dan exposes the startled nurse!

SO I'M MR. WILLIAMS, AM I? SINCE WHEN DO BULLETS STERILIZE, COLLINS?

GLADYS AND JIMMY ENTER WITH THE POLICE!
You'll look cute in the line-up, Collins!

You'll look cute in the line-up, Collins!

DAN, DON'T! THAT PATIENT IS --- OH!

This patient is Dr. Palumbo---If I can call him "Doctor!" get up, you quack!

WHEN PALUMBO KNEW YOU'D BE BACK HERE IN THE MORNING AFTER COLLINS SNATCHED YOU, I FIGURED HE WAS BEHIND IT! COLLINS HAS BEEN FAKING AS A NURSE, JUST AS PALUMBO FAKED BEING A DOCTOR!

JIMMY, THERE'S YOUR STORY! THEY'VE USED THE HOSPITAL AS A BLIND FOR THEIR DOPE RACKET!

Dan Williams has scored another victory against Vice!

Don't Miss our next issue! Dan Williams returns in another exciting adventure!
ET your latest papers, read all about it." Tim March shivered as he stood on the street corner selling the evening papers. It was cold and it certainly did get dark early on winter evenings like this. "Get your papers, read all about it."

He was thinking that he would like to be a detective just like his friend, Detective Sergeant Bill Casey. There was a lot of excitement to a job like that. Hadn't Casey told him about the time the sergeant and two other detectives fought it out with the men who were robbing the warehouse? It was about time for Casey to come along now, as he did every evening, to buy a paper from his little newsboy friend.

Tim sold a few papers and then his eyes lighted up as he saw the big man walking toward him along the busy street. Here was Sergeant Casey coming to get his paper now. The newsboy looked surprised as two men stepped out of the crowd and walked along on either side of Casey. Tim didn't like the looks of those men, but it might be they were friends of the sergeant.

"Hey, Sergeant," called Tim as the three men started to walk right by. "Aren't you going to take your evening paper?"

Casey said something to the two men. One of them nodded and all three stopped while the sergeant took the paper and placed something in Tim's hand.

"Keep the change, Tim," said Casey. "And remember what you always wanted to be."

The three men hurried away, going up Broadway. Tim looked at what Casey had put in his hand. It was the sergeant's detective badge! Tim studied it for a moment.

"Gosh," he said, "I better do something about this. Casey is depending on me!"

He bundled up his papers and ran after the three men. He hadn't gone far when he saw a green and white patrol car with two uniformed officers riding in it draw up to the curb.

Tim jumped on the running board of the car, and just as he did so he saw the sergeant and the two men get into a black sedan further down the street.

"Those two men in the black sedan have taken Sergeant Casey with them," said Tim. "They're crooks, and I think they're going to take the sergeant for a ride and kill him."

"We'd better investigate," the driver of the police car said. "Get in, Kid, we'll take you along with us."

Tim climbed in and the patrol car speeded after the sedan with its siren wailing. It was the most exciting ride Tim had ever had. Then when the men in the black sedan started shooting at the police car, he knew that he had been right—the two men had taken Sergeant Casey a prisoner!

The criminals were so busy trying to kill the pursuing police that the sergeant saw his opportunity—and acted with lightning speed.

Casey hit the driver over the head, knocking him out, then grabbed a gun from the unconscious man's pocket. With this weapon, it was easy for him to hold his captors at bay.

"Nice work, Tim," said the sergeant later, when the two thugs were safely in custody. "Knew you would realize there was something wrong when I gave you my badge instead of the money for the paper."

"Sure, I did," said Tim. "And I followed right away when I recollected that you said, 'remember what you always wanted to be,' because that was—a detective!"

"You were a special detective that saved my life," said the sergeant with a grin.

A Short Story by FRANK JOHNSON
Sergeant Bill King

Orders for you, Sarge! You're to report back to headquarters at once!

What do they need a fighting man back there for?

At ease, Sarge! This is Lt. Beale of the intelligence. Our spy system has broken down! A brave, resourceful soldier like you can help us!

Me, sir?

The Nazis seem to have a line on our spies! I want you for counter-espionage. Get yourself captured. They'll send you to the military prison at Carlsten, where one of our men will contact you for further orders!

You can count on me, Colonel!

Bill makes the first move!

Just a little scouting-trip, boys!

Look! A Britisher!

Here it comes! I'll give a good account of myself before I let 'em grab me!

Don't go alone, Sarge,—it's suicide.

This is to remember me by!

Finally, he allows himself to be taken prisoner.

You will learn better manners at our prison camp, dog!

I hope I'm a good student!
AT THE CARLSEN PRISON-CAMP.

I wouldn't depend on it, Fritz! I'm Carr-British intelligence! I'm getting you out of here tonight!

I'll be waiting!

That night, Carr releases Sergeant Bill a whirlwind attack disposes of two armed guards!

This hurts you more than it does me!

Let's go, King! We'll take that automobile!

Orders are for you to snoop around the intelligence building in Berlin and see what you can pick up! I'll handle my end.

We're out of that! What's next?

In Berlin, Bill dons a clever disguise.

This costume ought to get me where I want to go!

Meanwhile, Nazi agents seize Carr.

So you won't tell us where your Confederate is! Place the intelligence building under heavy guard, Captain! At once, sir!

The intelligence building yields vital information!

Beale has sent word that two English spies are here on counter-espionage! Our men are out looking for them!

Lt. Beale! So he's a Nazi spy!
THE GUARDS SIGHT BILL!

HE MUST BE THE SPY—HE'S GOT NO BUSINESS THERE! BRING HIM DOWN, MEN!

Bullets sever one of the ropes of the scaffold!

HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE FIRING AT ME!

Grabbing the end of the loosened scaffold, he is catapulted toward a window!

LUCKY FOR ME! THIS WINDOW'S HERE!

LOOK OUT!

GANGWAY!

WHAT THE—!

Smashing his way through the restraining officers, Bill makes his escape!

SO LONG BOYS! I'LL DROP IN AGAIN—WITH MY WHOLE ARMY.
FAILING TO LOCATE CARR, HE EAVESDROPS - WITH SUCCESSFUL RESULTS!

THEY CAPTURED AN ENGLISH SPY TODAY! HE'S AT THE MILITARY PRISON!

EXECTED AT DAYBREAK, EH? GOOD RIDDANCE!

AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, BILL APPROACHES THE PRISON!

SO THAT'S WHERE THEY'VE GOT HIM! THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE WORK!

LOOKS LIKE I DIDN'T GET HERE ANY TOO SOON!

MIND IF I DROP IN?

A SMASHING BLOW DOWNS THE SECOND GUARD!

HERE'S YOUR PORTION!

JUMPING TO THE MACHINE-GUN, HE MOWS DOWN THE FIRING-SQUAD!

NOW FOR A GETAWAY!

HERE'S AN AUTOMOBILE! WE'LL TAKE THAT!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

SMASHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GATE, THEY ESCAPE!

THIS ISN'T OVER YET! THEY'RE SURE TO COME AFTER US!
A hot pursuit follows! Carr is wounded!

They're gaining fast! If I could only get to one of those planes!

Running the automobile off the road, Bill takes to the water!

The plane takes off just as a heavy load of pursuers is almost upon them.

Made it!

Hope there's plenty of gas aboard!

Bill finds the chase not yet over!

His deadly aim finds the pilot of the first plane!

Here come the fireworks! Wonder if I can handle 'em both?

DODGING THE SECOND'S CHARGE, HE SENDS IT DOWN IN FLAMES!

Back home, Sergeant Bill denounces a traitor!

You've brought a dangerous spy to justice, King! Britain will never forget your service!

Nothing to do now but fly back to London!

Bill King strikes another blow for the Allies.

In our next issue!
Ellsworth Forrester, who secretly fights crimes as "The Sphinx," receives a new assignment...

It's a big case, Tom! I'm to guard Countess Petrovich and her uncle, Prince Alexis! They're bringing the Russian crown jewels to New York!

As the Prince and Countess near New York—
I won't feel safe until you've finally sold the jewels to Whitford & Co.!
We're here, Donna! Safe in New York!

Don't worry! The police have assigned the Sphinx to guard us.

But what can one man do?

Three suspicious-looking strangers watch the ship pull in!

There they are on deck! Soon's the gangplank's down! We'll make the snatch!

With drawn guns, the thugs rush the gangplank! But suddenly the Sphinx appears!

Hold on, you men!

Calling upon his tremendous strength, the Sphinx swings into action!!

Back into the harbor, you wharf-rats!
The disgruntled thugs report to gangster Chief Blackie Lewis.

Meanwhile, at Prince Alexis's Hotel:

The first thug falls beneath the Sphinx's mighty hand. That's one of you out of bounds!

The second seizes the jewels and makes for the window.

The thief flees across a narrow window ledge, high above the street! You'd better come back, you can't escape.

Death yawns below as they clash.

You picked yourselves a tough job!
A POWERFUL BLOW FROM THE SPHINX SENDS HIS OPPONENT INTO SPACE!

YOU'VE SAVED MY JEWELS AGAIN! BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES – I'LL PUT THEM IN THE HOTEL SAFE!

THAT NIGHT A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE RIPLES THE SAFE!

AS A SLIGHT NOISE ATTRACTIONS THE HOTEL DETECTIVE...

THIS IS EASY!

WHO'S THERE? COME ON OUT OR I'LL SHOOT!

SORRY, OLD BOY! I CAN'T WAIT!

A THUNDERBOLT ATTACK HURS HIM TO THE WALL!

THE NEXT MORNING

YOUR DETECTIVE MUST HAVE SCARED HIM OFF BEFORE HE COULD GET THE JEWELS! I'LL CALL UP AND ARRANGE FOR THEIR SALE RIGHT NOW!

THE JEWELS ARE BROUGHT TO WHITFORD AND COMPANY!

YOU'RE HERE ON TIME, PRINCE ALEMS!

I WANT TO GET THESE OFF MY HANDS, WHITFORD! WHAT'S YOUR BEST OFFER?

BLACKIE LEWIS'S MEN MAKE A SUDDEN ENTRANCE!

I CAN USE THOSE STONES! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP, ALL OF YOU!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

THAT VAULT'LL HOLD YOU WHILE WE MAKE OUR GETAWAY!

AFTER THE BANDITS DEPART, WHITFORD CALLS THE POLICE!

IT'S NO USE! THE TIME LOCK IS SET! I WON'T BE ABLE TO OPEN THAT VAULT UNTIL TOMORROW!

THEM! SMOTHER BY THAT TIME! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO - CALL THE SPHINX!

THE SPHINX ARRIVES! HE IS FACED BY A BAFFLING PROBLEM! CAN HE RESCUE THE CAPTIVES IN TIME?

THIS BAR WON'T DO IT! I'LL HAVE TO USE MY HANDS!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

WELL, THE JEWELS ARE GONE!

YOU SAVED US AGAIN, SPHINX!

HE ESCORTS THEM TO THEIR HOTEL.

NO THEY'RE NOT! IT WAS I WHO TOOK THEM FROM THE HOTEL SAFE LAST NIGHT - AND LEFT THE FAKE ONES WHICH LEWIS STOLE!

RETURNING TO HIS APARTMENT, THE SPHINX RUNS INTO AN AMBUSH!

FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS, HE IS OVERCOME!
HE IS BROUGHT TO BLACKIE LEWIS'S HIDEOUT!

NOW THAT YOU'RE OUT OF THE WAY, WISE GUY, WE CAN GO AFTER THE REAL JEWELS!

IF YOU GET THEM, YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I THINK!

THE SPHINX IS IMPRISONED!

HERE'S ONE ROOM YOU CAN'T BUST OUT OF, AND JUST TO BE SURE, I'LL LEAVE A FEW BOYS OUTSIDE READY TO SHOOT TO KILL!

ALONE, THE SPHINX BURSTS HIS BONDS! FORCING OPEN THE WINDOW, HE SCALES THE STEEP WALL!

A DANGEROUS LEAP!

I'VE GOT TO GET TO PRINCE ALEXIS BEFORE LEWIS DOES ANY DAMAGE!

SO LEWIS THOUGHT HE COULD KEEP ME IN THERE!

HE RETURNS TO THE HOTEL!

THEY MAY NOT HAVE GOTTEN THE JEWELS, BUT THEY GOT THE PRINCE AND THE COUNTESS! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!

BACK AT LEWIS'S HIDEOUT, HE ATTACKS THE GUARDS!

THOUGHT YOU STILL HAD ME LOCKED UP, EH?

WHERE'S LEWIS TAKEN THE PRINCE AND COUNTESS TO? COME ACROSS OR I'LL DROP YOU!

LEWIS HAS GOT 'EM IN COFFINS, DRUGGED. THEY WERE SHIPPED OUT ON THE 4:10 TRAIN!

I'LL GET 'EM YET!

NO—DON'T! I'LL TELL!
RACING AGAINST TIME, THE SPHINX’S SPEEDING CAR OVERTAKES THE TRAIN!

I’VE GOT TO BEAT THAT LOCOMOTIVE TO THE CROSSING, OR I’M SUNK!

A FINAL BURST OF SPEED, AND HE MAKES IT BY INCHES!

AS THE TRAIN DRAWNS ABRUST AGAIN, HE MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP!

YOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

NOW TO GET DOWN TO WORK!

THOSE COFFINS WILL BE IN THE BAGGAGE-CAR! HERE’S WHERE LEWIS’S GUARDS GET A SURPRISE!

HELLO, BOYS!
LOOK OUT! HE’S IN AGAIN!

FAST ACTION DISPOSES OF THE THUGS!

TOO BAD YOU CAN’T STAY!
Opening one of the coffins, he revives the Countess.

Where, where am I?

Take it easy! You'll be all right in a moment!

I'm taking your place till I find out where these are going! Wire the police to follow!

Down the line the coffins are unloaded and brought to their destination.

They don't go back until someone forks over the jewels!

Here they are, boss!

As the thugs open the first coffin —

Here's where we settle accounts!

Smack

You've spoiled things for us once too often! I'm letting you have it right now!

Hold it, you!

Whitford!

The tables are turned as the police enter and apprehend the gang!

Throw 'em up, punk! Well, we traced you all right, Sphinx.

Lucky for me you did, Joe! Here's the gang — signed, sealed and delivered!

In the commissioner's office...

I suspected Whitford was in with the gang since the holdup in his store! He was the only one who knew that the prince and countess were coming there — and when! And the thugs' failure to put him in the vault with the others clinched it!

The Sphinx's next case is a thriller! Watch for it in next month's issue!
JOHNNY BLUE of the Bar 8, was startled when he heard the two shots. He reined his little cowpony and sat in the saddle listening intently.

"Sounded like those shots came from around old Hap Nelson's cabin," said the boy to himself. "Hope that old prospector friend of mine isn't in trouble."

Johnny urged his little horse forward, heading for Nelson's cabin as fast as he could go. He whirled his horse into a clump of trees when he was in sight of the cabin. Three hard-faced men with guns in their hands had just come out of the square building made of logs that was Hap Nelson's home.

"Three of them," exclaimed Johnny as he watched from his hiding-place. "They have guns in one hand and bags of gold in the other. They're robbing Hap Nelson, that's what they're doin'!"

Johnny didn't want to cry out, and couldn't make any attempt to stop the three robbers, for he was without a gun. He just waited until the three men swung into the saddles of their horses and rode away, laughing and talking.

As soon as they were gone Johnny rode up to the open door of the cabin and slid out of the saddle. He dropped the reins in front of his horse's head so they dragged on the ground. That way his cowpony, Cotton, thought he was ground-hitched and wouldn't move.

"Oh, Hap, are yuh hurt bad?" asked Johnny as he went into the cabin and saw the old prospector lying on the floor.

"Shot me in both legs so I couldn't follow them," answered Hap Nelson. "Here, Johnny, take my gun—get those coyotes."

Johnny took the big old Colt gun that Nelson handed him and ran back to his horse and rode away. The robbers didn't expect anybody to trail them so their horses' tracks were very plain, as it had rained early that morning and the ground was still soft.

Around noon Johnny reached a spot where the three men had stopped to eat. He sneaked up on them as they were sitting around eating a meal of "jerky," which was meat that had been dried in the sun. Johnny got close with Hap's big gun in his hand.

"Put yore hands up!" he ordered, just letting them see his hat and eyes and the gun over the edge of a rock. If they knew he was just a boy they might not believe that he really meant what he said. "I've got yuh all covered."

The three robbers raised their arms high above their heads, and they looked mighty mad about being caught that way. Johnny was thinking fast—he had to take these three men to the sheriff five miles away—and that was a big job for a boy of ten.

"Take off yore boots," he ordered. "Hurry up!" He fired a shot over the men's heads.

The three men hastily removed their boots. Thin cotton socks were on their feet. "Now unfasten yore gun-belts and let them drop to the ground," commanded Johnny.

The robbers did what they were told—and then when he had made them move away from the spot where their guns were, Johnny stepped out so they could see him. They were surprised and angry when they saw it was just a boy who had captured them.

LATE that afternoon three tired men hobbled painfully into the little town five miles away—behind them came a boy mounted on a cowpony who drove the three robbers ahead of him at the point of a gun. Five miles of walking over rough country in their socks had proven so painful to the three big men that there wasn't a bit of fight left in any of them.

"Making them take off their boots was shore smart, Johnny," approved the sheriff as he locked up the three men. "They were so busy thinking about their feet they didn't get a chance to try and get away from you."

A Small Boy Takes on a Big Job of Outlaw-Catching!
Jim Hatfield
Texas Ranger

A Gusher Comes in on a Lonely Texas Prairie!
Oil! We've Struck it at Last! We're Rich!

The Word Goes Out! An Oil Stampede Starts! Soon the Lawless Boom Town of Concho Spreads over the Prairie!

At the Bonanza Saloon, Headquarters of Concho's Vice!
Tonight We'll Raid the New Bank! We Sure are Cleaning Up, Eh, Boss?

That Night, Masked Men Strike in a Daring Raid!
Another Cinch!

Business Men Meet to Map a Defense Against Crime.
We've Got to Have Law and Order Here! I Vote to Send for the Rangers!

Captain McDowell of the Texas Rangers Receives a Visit from Clem Bradley.
The Town's Running Wild! You've Got to Help Us Out, Captain! Go Back to Concho and Rest Easy! I'm Sending a Good Man Down!
Jim Hatfield, Crack Ranger Operative, Gets the Call.
Sure, I'll clean up the town in short order!

Jim Takes the Trail.
Maybe I shouldn't have spoken so fast! These boom towns are tough!

Nearing Concho, he is ambushed by masked men!
The fun begins! I rode right into this!

Taking cover, he holds off his attackers!
I'll just use my bullets up stayin' here! I'll have to fool 'em!

A clever ruse!
If they think I'm still here, I can sneak around and get 'em from the rear!

Jim turns the tables!
They were trying to prevent me from reaching Concho! I wonder who put 'em up to that?

There he is!
He's fooled us! The masked riders flee!
JIM HATFIELD RIDES INTO TOWN!

MIGHT AS WELL HEAD FOR THAT SALOON AND LOOK THE SITUATION OVER.

BULL JEFFREY ISSUES A CHALLENGE!

RANGER EH? CONCHO DON'T NEED YOUR KIND! GIT ON YOUR CAYUSE AND START MOVIN'!

YOU NOR N nBODY ELSE CAN RUN ME OUT OF TOWN!

THE SALOON-OWNER STRIKES!

I CAN'T, HUH? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

RECOVERING, JIM WADES IN! HE SHOWERS JEFFREY WITH TERRIFIC BLOWS!

YOU PICKED ON THE WRONG MAN, JEFFREY!

LET HIM HAVE IT, DUFFIELD!

A TREACHEROUS SHOT DOWNS HIM!

HERE'S ONE RANGER WHO WON'T CAUSE TROUBLE!

LEFT IN THE STREET FOR DEAD, HE IS FOUND BY CLEM BRADLEY!

THIS IS SOME MORE OF JEFFREY'S WORK! BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE!

AT BRADLEY'S HOME, JIM MAKES A SPEEDY RESTORATION.

I'M THANKFUL FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, JEAN!

YOU CAN PAY DAD AND ME BACK BY GETTING WELL -- AND CLEANING UP CONCHO!

HIS STRENGTH RESTOR E D, HE PREPARES FOR ACTION!

JEFFREY'S BEHIND THESE MASKED MEN, HATFIELD! STAMP OUT HIS GANG AND YOUR WORK'S DONE!

WHEN I GET THE PROOF, I'LL LAND ON HIM WITH BOTH FEET! AND THE CLEAN-UPS STARTING RIGHT NOW!
The Ranger Stages a Daring Single-Handed Raid on Jeffrey's Bonanza Saloon

Reach for the ceiling, everybody! Don't make a move!

Gambling-wheels fall before his onslaught!

All these wheels are crooked! Jeffrey's been playin' you guys for suckers!

At every step Jeffrey finds the Ranger in his way! Fast action foils a holdup by his masked men!

It's Hatfield! Beat it!

Jim gets a new deputy!

Thanks, pardner! I'm Hank Baldwin - I'd sure admire to work for a waddy who uses guns like you do!

I'll take you up on that, Hank! You're my new deputy!

Enraged by the Ranger's success, Jeffrey plots against him!

I got a little plan, write a note saying he should come to Bradley's tonight at eight. Sign it, Sean!

That evening, death strikes!

This'll be a surprise for Hatfield!

Unaware, Jim walks into the trap!

Murdered! I'll get the varmint who did this!
SEIZED, HE IS ACCUSED OF MURDER!

WE GOT HERE TOO LATE! HE'S SHOT BRADLEY ALREADY!

YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS, RANGER! TAKE THE MURDERER TO JAIL!

LATER, DEPUTY HANK BALDWIN OVERHEARS ALARMING NEWS!

NOW THAT HATFIELDS OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN GET BUSY! THE GOLD SHIPMENT FROM THE EUREKA MINE'S COMING THROUGH TONIGHT—WE'LL HOLD IT UP IN LOBO CANYON!

SURE BOSS!

HANK BALDWIN STAGES A JAIL-BREAK!

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THAT HOLDUP, JIM!

DON'T WORRY—I WILL!

NEAR THE JAIL, JEAN BRADLEY IS WAITING WITH HORSES!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE SAFE, JIM! I KNOW YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH FATHER'S DEATH!

YOU'RE RIGHT—BUT I'M GOING TO GET THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM!

BALDWIN IS SENT TO SUMMON HELP!

RIDE FOR THE RANGERS, BALDWIN! TELL 'EM TO GET TO LOBO CANYON FAST! I'M GOING ON ALONE!

CAN'T I GO WITH YOU?

TAKING A SHORT CUT, JIM SPEEDS TOWARD THE CANYON! HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT JEAN IS FOLLOWING!

I'LL HEAD FOR THE HILLS ABOVE THE CANYON! CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE OF RUNNING INTO THAT MOB!

WHILE THE RANGER GALLOPS INTO THE HILLS, JEAN RIDES INTO THE MUST OF JEFFREY'S GANG!

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OFF, SISTER!

HELP! HELP!

IN THE HILLS ABOVE THE CANYON, JIM HATFIELD HEARS HER SCREAMS!

THAT'S JEAN—AND SHE'S IN TROUBLE! COME ON, CAYUSE!
LED BY JIM HATFIELD, THEY RIDE TO INTERCEPT JEFFREY’S HOLDUP!

THE CANYON NARROWS DOWN ABOUT TWO MILES AHEAD! WELL PROBABLY FIND THEM THERE.

WE'RE READY FOR THEM!

MEANWHILE, JEFFREY’S MEN HALT THE GOLD SHIPMENT!

POUR IT INTO 'EM!

WE CAN USE THAT GOLD!

RANGERS TO THE RESCUE!

SURRENDER OR WELL WIPE YOU OUT!

LOOK OUT, BOYS! IT’S HATFIELD AND HIS RANGERS!

A DEADLY BATTLE FOLLOWS! THE RANGERS ARE VICTORIOUS AS JIM KNOCKS JEFFREY FROM HIS SADDLE!

MACK OR NO MASK, I CAN STILL PICK YOU OUT, JEFFREY.

UGH!

JEFFREY’S CONFESSION CLEAR JIM!

GOING TO TALK, JEFFREY?

DONT SHOOT! I’LL CONFESSION! IT WAS ME THAT KILLED BRADLEY! I WAS TRYIN’ TO GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY SO WE COULD KEEP ON CLEANIN’ UP AROUND CONCHO!

LAW AND ORDER RESTORED TO CONCHO. RANGER JIM HATFIELD DEPARTS, HIS WORK DONE!

NOW I’M READY FOR THE NEXT JOB!

DON'T MISS

Jim Hatfield
Texas Ranger

in the next issue of
exciting comics!
MAKE-BELIEVE MICKEY

GET FRESH WITH MY GIRL WILL YA?

SO YOU'RE THE TOUGH GUY ON OUR BLOCK!

THAT'S HIS TENTH STRAIGHT KNOCKOUT!

NINE... TEN... OUT!

ATT A BOY, MICKEY!

IN THIS CORNER — THE WORLD'S CHAMP!!

SPLAT!
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Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!

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