TED CRANE
IN
UGANDA

The East African Express piles up in a terrific wreck near Entebbe!

CRASH!

Peering from the jungle... a towering shape witnesses the disaster!

Boom! Boom

A rescue squad reaches the scene...

Here's the engineer!

The only one to pull through... let's have that stretcher!

Governor-General Barker rushes to the hospital...

Gorillas... on track... tore up rails...

He's been repeating that for hours... I'm afraid the poor blighter is in his last delirium!

Professor Hawkins reads the news in Nairobi... chief city of the colony...

Here's a strange item from Entebbe, Ted! Dying engineer blames fatal wreck on gorillas!!! Sounds like something we should look into!
TED CRANE...EX-ALL-AMERICAN STAR...IS READY FOR NEW EXCITEMENT!

WELL...TED--GENERAL BARKER IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE...AND I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD SEE THE GORILLA COUNTRY BEFORE WE LEAVE AFRICA!

THAT SETTLES IT. THEN...LET'S GET TO ENTEBBE!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...IN THE UGANDA CAPITAL!

WELL--HAWKINS...LAST WE HEARD YOU...GENERAL! TED AND I WERE RAISING HOB SOUTH OF THE CONGO WITH THAT YOUNG HELLION CRANE!

WE'RE STILL AT IT. WOULD LIKE TO GET INTO THE GORILLA PRESERVE FOR A LITTLE ACTION!

HE PARTY MEETS KEITH VINCENT, OFFICIAL GAME PROTECTOR...

YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! VINCENT IS LEAVING FOR THE HILLS IN THE MORNING!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, VINCENT...THINK WE CAN TAG ALONG?

IT'S DANGEROUS COUNTRY. CRANE...BUT IF YOU'RE SET ON THRILLS MAYBE WE CAN DIG UP A FEW!

THAT NIGHT...IN AN ENTEBBE HOTEL....

AFRICA'S A STRANGE PLACE, TED! HERE WE ARE SURROUNDED BY COMFORT...AND WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'LL FIND TOMORROW!

I'D LIKE TO FIND A SIX-FOOT GORILLA WITH SNAGGED TEETH!

...BUT I GUESS WE'LL BE LUCKY TO COME ACROSS A FIELD-MOUSE! GORILLAS ARE PRETTY RARE THESE DAYS!

BUT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT A MONSTROUS FORM CLAMBERS UP THE VERANDA!

IT HULKS THROUGH THE WINDOW!
Iron grip closes on the professor's throat!

Ted attacks fearlessly! Here's what I asked for--

Pow!

--And here's what you asked for!

Crash!

Making off the blow...the huge beast strikes!

Smack!

Taggering back...Ted snatches up his pistol!

Outward bound, eh?

Bang!

You saved my life, Ted!

Maybe we're both lucky! I thought a gorilla could knock a man's head off... unless he's saving me for later!

What! A gorilla in your hotel room!

Right! And now we're all set to return the visit!

Mr. Vincent certainly knows his way, Ted!

That's his job, Betty! And I have a hunch he's going to lead us into plenty of action!

They head into the jungle...
Camp is set up at dusk near the base of Mt. Ruwenzori...

We'll spend the night here, Professor... better keep your pistol handy--there may be leopards out!

Better not tell Ted that... he'll want to tie the two of them together by their tails!

Let's get a fire started, Betty!

I want that butterfly first! Isn't he a beauty?

Betty moves away from the camp...

Hey... better come back!

In a minute... I've almost got him!

...and finds herself deep in the jungle!

Guess I've lost him! I'd better turn around before I lose myself!

A sudden noise causes her to turn--

Good heavens! It's... it's...

The helpless girl is seized...

Help! HELP!!

Ted... save me!!
TED RUSHES FROM THE CAMP...

THOSE WERE SHOTS!

LET'S HOPE VINCENT WAS CLOSE ENOUGH!

BANG!

BANG!

THE GAME PROTECTOR GIVES A DAZED ACCOUNT.

GORILLAS—FOUR OF THEM! THEY—THEY HURLED ME ASIDE BEFORE I COULD AIM!

SPEAK UP!—WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

SHE'LL BE TORN TO PIECES!

WAIT, CRANE! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW—IT WILL BE PITCH DARK IN A HALF-HOUR! WE'LL HAVE TO SIT TIGHT UNTIL DAWN!

IT'S NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE JUNGLE...

I CAN'T SLEEP WHILE BETTY'S SOMEWHERE OUT THERE! I'VE GOT TO FIND HER!

TED MAKES OUT A PROWLING SHAPE OUTSIDE VINCENT'S TENT!

I'LL ASK VINCENT IF HE—GREAT GUNS!

HE'S GETTING AWAY—MY SHOTS CAN'T DROP HIM!

BANG!

BANG!

WHAT'S UP? ONE OF THOSE GORILLAS WAS SKULKING OUTSIDE YOUR TENT! HE GOT AWAY WITH FOUR SLUGS IN HIS SIDE!

I DON'T LIKE TO THINK OF WHAT THE BRUTE WOULD HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD NOT SPOTTED HIM— WE'LL GET ON HIS TRAIL AS SOON AS IT'S LIGHT!

Bullets don't seem to do any good! But if I ever get one of them by the throat...
EALY NEXT MORNING...GOVERNOR-GENERAL
BARKER GETS A DRASTIC REPORT!
SORRY TO WAKEN
YOU, SIR! FIVE
GORILLAS RAIDED
THE OUTSKIRTS
LAST NIGHT—KILLED A
SENTRY NEAR THE
PETROL DEPOT.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE REACHES THE CAMP!
BAD LUCK, CRANE! GENERAL
BARKER'S ORDERED ME
BACK TO ENTBEBE! THAT LEAVES US IN A NICE
FIX.

TED IS DETERMINED TO GO ON ALONE!
NO USE MOONING
OVER IT...I'M
READY TO PUSH ON
AHEAD!

IT'S HOPELESS, TED! WITHOUT AN EXPERT
TRACKER THOSE GORILLAS WOULD
CATCH OUR SCENT A MILE OFF!

IF I COULD ONLY GET A GORILLA-SKIN
SOMewhere...THERE'D BE NO Scent TO
CATCH...WHERE CAN I GET ONE IN A HURRY, PROFESSOR?

THE NEAREST DEALER IN
SKINS IS SIDI MOHAMMED
IN NAIROBI! IT'S A
TWO-DAY MARCH.

YOU'D BETTER GET BACK
TO ENTBEBE, PROFESSOR—
I CAN WORK FASTER ALONE!
TONGI—RUSH TO THE
NEAREST VILLAGE AND
GET ME A HORSE!

I HEARD YOU HAD
A FEW GORILLA
SKINS TO SELL!

I HAD THEM, YES! BUT THEY WERE ALL
SOLD...EXTEND TO A FOREIGNER
WHO CAME LAST
WEEK!

ALL SOLD! I MAY STILL
HAVE A CHANCE TO GET
ONE...IF YOU'LL TELL
ME WHO BOUGHT THEM!

HE WAS A STRANGER
WHO PAID ME WELL
IN REICHMARKS/MIKONI
PORTERS CAME TO
PICK UP THE
BALES!
IF THERE'S A GERMAN AT LARGE IN THE COLONY HE ISN'T HERE FOR HIS HEALTH! I'D BETTER LOOK UP THOSE MOKONI TRIBESMEN!

AT THE NATIVE CAMP...

SOME OF YOUR MEN CARRIED GORILLA-SKINS SEVERAL DAYS AGO CHIEF! IT'S WORTH FIVE POUNDS TO ME TO KNOW WHERE THEY WERE TAKEN!

GOOD! I TELL WARRIOR LEAD YOU THERE!

THE MOKONI GUIDE LEADS TED THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

PLACE HERE! I STAY FAR... BAD VOODOO!

SOMETHING THERE YOU DON'T LIKE, EH? THIS LOOKS PROMISING!

PUSHING CAUTIOUSLY AHEAD -- TED REACHES A CLEARING.... I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THROUGH THOSE MYSTERIOUS ATTACKS! THOSE "GORILLAS" ARE MEN DRESSED IN SKINS -- UNLESS APES ARE LIVING IN SHACKS!

HE LEAPS OUT...

THIS IS JUST TO PUT THE BALL IN PLAY!

AND FINDS HIMSELF IN A CRUSHING HOLD!

GAR-R!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A REAL GORILLA!

BETTY DASHES FROM THE HUT!

TED! YOU'LL BE KILLED!

HE SNATCHES THE PISTOL FROM TED'S HOLSTER!

TAKE THAT!

BANG!

YAH-H!!
SAVED FROM DEATH...TED GETS THE FACTS!

WE ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE OF SEEING YOU AGAIN, BETTY--HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

VINCENT'S AGENTS GRABBED ME WHEN I FOUND THEM TALKING TO HIM IN THE JUNGLE--DIGNIFIED AS GORILLAS! THAT REAL APE WAS CHAINED HERE TO GUARD ME--AND SO THAT THEY COULD STUDY ITS MANNERISMS!

SO VINCENT'S THE RINGLEADER! THE PROFESSOR MUST HAVE TOLD HIM I WAS LOOKING FOR A GORILLA-SKIN...AND I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL BE AROUND TO SEE WHETHER I'VE DISCOVERED ANYTHING! HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO, BETTY--

SEVERAL HOURS LATER A SAVAGE HORDE BREAKS FROM THE JUNGLE--

CRANE'S HERE--HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT! KILL THEM BOTH!

AND BEARS DOWN ON TED AND BETTY!

STAND FAST, BETTY!

A SECOND LATER.....

CRASH!

TED HAS THE PLOTTERS TRAPPED!

WE GIVE UP, CRANE! LET US OUT OF HERE!

I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR FACE--BUT YOUR VOICE IS PRETTY FAMILIAR! GRAB THE ROPE, VINCENT--AND COME UP ALONE!

THE GAME PROTECTOR CONFESSIONS!

THE GERMANS FIGURED THAT SINCE GORILLAS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW IT WOULD BE A SAFE DISGUISE FOR THEIR SABOTEURS. THEY PAID ME FOR TIP-OFFS ON THE LICENSES I ISSUED TO GORILLA-HUNTERS!

PRETTY SMART--BULLET-PROOF PLATES UNDER THE SKIN AND WEIGHTED KNUCKLES!

ON THE NAIROBI TRAIL...

NOW THAT IT'S OVER TED--I'M ALMOST READY TO SAY IT WAS FUN! AND YOU CERTAINLY MADE THE TEAM!

AFRICA HOLDS NEW ADVENTURES FOR TED CRANE IN NEXT MONTH'S EXCITING TIMES!
The Space Rovers

Ted Hunt and Jane Martin have helped Prince Kongor of Jupiter re-establish himself on the throne of Xalia seized by Hajeck with the help of Chotan, dictator of powerful neighboring Iraz, who plans the conquest of all Jupiter.

Hajeck contacts the dictator in his capital city of Teemu.

I rejoice that all is well in your satrapy of Xalia, Hajeck, but I am having trouble with that beautiful girl you gave me to marry!

Imagine—she does not wish to marry me, Chotan, who would make her queen of all Jupiter? But her wishes don’t matter!

I’ll never marry you willingly!

The girl is Yolana, my affianced bride. I must save her from Chotan.

That’s the kind of a job two can handle better than an army, I’m going with you!

Having placed Hajeck under guard, and having destroyed all television communications with Teemu, the Space Rovers prepare to leave on their mission.

Look! Behind you!
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING... OW-W-W!

STUPID SOLDIER!

HAJECK MAKES HIS WAY UNOBSERVED TO THE PALACE COURTYARD

THEY'LL HAVE TO CROSS THIS COURTYARD... THE OIRAGS WILL STOP THEM!

BEWARE

DEN OF THE OIRAGS

WHAT HORRIBLE ANIMALS!

THE OIRAGS HAVE GOTTEN LOOSE! STAND STILL--THEY WON'T ATTACK US UNLESS...

IN JUST A MATTER OF SECONDS HAJECK GAINS THE CONTROL ROOM

NOW TO GET TO THE CONTROL ROOM!

NOW TO DIRECT THE ANIMALS BY ATOMIC FORCE WAVES.

LOOK! THEY'RE ATTACKING US!

SOME DEVIL HAS GOTTEN IN THE CONTROL ROOM AND IS DIRECTING THEM TO ATTACK US BY ATOMIC FORCE WAVES!
SHOTS DON'T SEEM TO STOP THEM!
THEIR TOUGH HIDES ARE IMPERVIOUS TO FIRE. FIRE AT THE ANTENNAE ATTACHED TO THEIR HEADS!

BUT BEFORE TED CAN FIRE AGAIN, ONE OF THE GREAT BEASTS IS UPON THEM.
OUCH! MY GUN IS GONE!

KNOCKING TED ASIDE THE QIRAG HOVERS OVER JANE, POISED FOR THE KILL.

WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT TED LEAPS UPON THE QIRAG'S BACK AND SEIZES IT BY THE HORNs, TWISTING IT'S MASSIVE NECK.

MEANWHILE KONGOR HAS BLASTED THE ANTENNAE OFF THE TWO REMAINING QIRAGS.
YOU'VE BROKEN IT'S NECK, TED!

THEY'RE JUST RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES!

WITH THEIR ANTENNAE DESTROYED THEY CAN RECEIVE NO MORE COMMANDS BY ATOMIC WAVE.
CURSE THEM, THEY'VE CONQUERED THE TERRIBLE OIREGS! I'VE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE AND MAKE MY ESCAPE TO CHOTAN!

COME ON, TED! WELL SETTLE WITH THAT DEVIL WHO TURNED THE OIREGS LOOSE TO KILL US!

THEY CATCH SIGHT OF THE FUGITIVE IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE BUILDING — IT'S HAJECK... I MISSED HIM!

WE CAN CATCH HIM!

BUT HAJECK SAFELY GAINS HIS OBJECTIVE AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE —

HE MADE HIS ESCAPE IN THAT THING.

IT'S THE ROYAL MONORAIL CAR... SPEEDIEST MONORAIL ENGINE IN ALL XALIA!

OUR PLANES ARE WITHOUT VITAMIN FUEL — WE CANNOT STOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHES CHOTAN!

BUT OUR EARTH SPACESHIP USES ROCKET PROPULSION. WE CAN OVERTAKE HIM EASILY!

IN TED'S SPACE SHIP THEY ZOOM OVER JUPITER FOLLOWING THE MONORAIL TRACKS BELOW —

HE'LL BE HEADING FOR CHOTAN'S LAND, IRAZ, SO FOLLOW THE LEFT FORK!

WE OUGHT TO PICK HIM UP SOON!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY SIGHT THE SPEEDING MONORAIL CAR —

HE PAY NO ATTENTION TO OUR WARNING SHOTS!

THEN BLAST HIM TO BITS!

WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA... WE MUST CAPTURE THAT CAR INTACT!
Ted fires straight at the Mono-Rail blasting it ahead of the fleeing car.

Unable to proceed farther, Hajeck surrenders.

Come along Hajeck...and keep your hands in the air!

Look out Ted! He's reaching for something up his sleeve!

There's a new one for your bag of tricks!

Ted explains his plan for entering Iraz.

In our space-ship or by any other method, we would have difficulty entering Iraz. But in Hajeck's private car, with his insignia on it, we might bluff our way through.

But how will we get the car past the broken rail?

That's the end of him! The valley is five thousand feet below!

On the floor of the valley is a terrific explosion.

That is definitely the end of Hajeck! He had a bomb up his sleeve which exploded on contact!

He meant to kill us with it!

I didn't mean to knock him off the Mono-Rail!
TED SUSPENDS CABLES FROM HIS SPACE-SHIP AND HOISTS THE CAR OVER THE BROKEN GAP.

SIMPLE, WASN'T IT?

OKAY—LET IT DOWN EASY!

HIDING THE SPACE-SHIP IN THE NEAR-BY MOUNTAINS, THEY DRIVE THE MONORAIL CAR TOWARD THE FRONTIER OF IRAZ.

THIS PAPER LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WERE THRUST HASTILY UNDER THESE CUSHIONS TO HIDE IT.

I STILL DON'T SEE HOW WE'RE GOING TO PASS THE FRONTIER GUARDS!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CHANCE IT!

THIS PAPER JANE FOUND...IT'S A MAP OF THE MONORAILS LEADING INTO CHOTAN'S PALACE, AND A SECRET ARRANGEMENT BETWEEN HAJECK AND CHOTAN THAT ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION HAJECK'S CAR WILL FLASH A GREEN LIGHT AND WILL BE ALLOWED TO PASS STRAIGHT TO HIS PALACE WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.

FLASHING THE GREEN LIGHT THEY ARE GIVEN THE RIGHT OF WAY STRAIGHT ACROSS IRAZ TO THE PALACE OF THE DICTATOR.

HERE'S CHOTAN'S PALACE. FROM NOW ON WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO USE OUR WITS AND FISTS!

THAT SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF THE FRONTIER GUARDS!

AS THEY STEP FROM THE CAR, IN THE PALACE THEY ARE IMMEDIATELY CHALLENGED BY THE PALACE GUARDS.

HAJECK IS NOT AMONG THEM! THEY ARE IMPOSTERS—KILL THEM!

COME ON, KONGOR, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO CLOSE WITH THIS GANG!

RIGHT, TED!
Ted's strategy of a hand-to-hand fight against odds was sound.

Can't shoot... might hit our own men!

Hold them, men. I go for reinforcements!

That's what you think, El Capitan!

With their captain unconscious, the palace guards break and flee.

We'll have to move fast. They'll spread the alarm and bring hundreds against us.

I feel a current of air. Isn't that a ventilator up there?

This blast will melt the edges enough so I can pull it loose.

Sealing the grate behind them, they crawl up the steep ventilator shaft.

Which shaft do we take now, Kongor, the right or the left?

Your guess is as good as mine, Ted. Let's try the right one!
THE SHAFT LEADS THEM TO THE GUARD'S BARRACKS

THE GUARD'S BARRACKS.

IT'S A RISKY CHANCE, BUT BOLDNESS OFTEN WINS. GET READY TO JUMP AFTER ME!

THAT'LL BLAST THE GRILLE AWAY! LET'S GO!

THE GUARDS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE

UP WITH YOUR HANDS OR I'LL BLAST YOU TO BITS!

NOT A CHANCE TO REACH OUR WEAPONS!

WE CAN CONQUER THEM WITH OUR BARE HANDS!

KEEP THEM COVERED, JANE. KONGOR AND I WILL BIND AND GAG THEM AND CHANGE CLOTHES WITH A COUPLE OF THEM!

OKAY, TED!

DRESSED AS AN OFFICER OF THE PALACE GUARD, TED STEPS INTO THE HALL TO RECONNOITER

TED HUNT--I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! LET HER GO THIS INSTANT!

AH--A PALACE MAID, WHAT LUCK!

YOU WANT A DISGUISE, TOO, DON'T YOU?
Those jagged rocks below—We'll be killed if we jump!

AND WE CAN'T GO BACK!

I believe a man could clear those rocks, Kongor!

But they become lost in the maze of palace corridors with the sound of their pursuers growing ever nearer.

They emerge on a balcony overlooking Jupiter's greatest sea.

I can't look—he'll be killed!

By Jupiter, he's done it!

I'm dictating now, Chotan! Send this girl to bring Yolana here. Try one trick and I'll blast you into eternity!

Kongor! I suppose I must obey the beast!

Chotan! Orders you to his apartment immediately! Where a surprise awaits you.

Come on, Kongor. It's time we were making a getaway!

I've always wanted to sock a dictator!

The drink you ordered, sire?

I ordered no drink! You are a strange guard. What does this mean?
Red climbs the tallest rock, as Jane and Yolana leap he wards their swiftly falling bodies out over the deep water.

"I can clear the rocks, Ted!"

"There's a fisherman's shack... Perhaps we can hide there temporarily!"

"I have money with me."

"Then perhaps we could buy his old clothes for disguises!"

Our ship was wrecked, we'll pay you for old, dry clothes!

"Times are hard under Chotan, we will sell you all you need!"

Dressed as poor Iranian subjects they pass unchallenged through the streets of Temlu and board the regular monorail train bound for Xalim.

We're approaching the frontier... They'll ask for our passports... then what?

Back on Earth there used to be a bandit named Jessie James, he had the only answer for a problem like this. Follow me to the engine-car!"

As the train halts at the border, they rush into the engine-car.

Hands up! Don't make a sound! Uncouple the engine and set it at full speed ahead and jump off!

The love engine zooms away from the frontier at terrific speed.

That surprise move caught them napping. They aren't even aiming!

"We can reach the spaceship before they can ever overtake us!"

Back in the spaceship they head for Longgo's capital city.

"We'll soon be safely back in Amkor!

"Neither we nor my country will be safe as long as Chotan lives!

Will Chotan strike back in revenge and again place the space-rovers in grave danger? See the next issue of Exciting Comics.
THE MASK
RETURNS

Terry Colby, militant young district attorney, keeps his recovery secret after having been blinded by the underworld. Disguised as "The Mask," and unknown even to the police, he redoubles his fight against crime!

An emergency call flashes over the police short-wave: "Holy smoke! That's the home of Neil Fellowes, the oil magnate!"

At the Fellowes Residence --

Poor Perez is dead! Now we must work doubly hard to get the deed to Fellowes' oil properties!"

The police! We must not be found here!"

Whee-

The intruders escape!

"Grab 'em, Tom!"

"Stand back, gringoos!"

We can't let 'em get away! They'll be lost in the traffic in another minute! We'd better take a look inside the house!

Another stiff! Know him, Bill?

It's Fellowes! This is one for the D.A. to handle!"
Tony Colby, keeping up his pretense of blindness, is led to the scene.

So they got Fellows! Any clues, Commissioner?

We'll have to start with the coroner's report, Tony!

From the way things look --

Good Lord! It's happened!

I'm John Digby, Mr. Fellows' attorney! I came to warn him after four Peronians visited my office and demanded the deed to Fellows' Bonita oil field!

The only thing you can do now, Mr. Digby, is give descriptions of those men to the commissioner -- to see whether they tally with the ones who escaped!

That night, at Tony's office --

Those Peronians wouldn't have waited for the police to arrive unless they were after something inside the house, Carol!

When you start pondering a case, Tony, it means just one thing!

You're right! I've already been to the Fellows house as the district attorney -- now it's the Mask's turn!

Meanwhile death is decreed!

Then it is decided! Digby is the next to die!

I have heard this district attorney is dangerous; therefore --

We will warn him we want no interference! Our little business with Digby is going to be strictly private!

Carol, preparing to leave Tony's office, is confronted by a menacing shadow!

Guess those records are goodness! What's that?
THE INTRUDER SHOWS HIMSELF!

MR. COLBY ISN'T HERE! WHAT DO YOU WANT? I WILL BE BRIEF, SENORITA! WARN YOUR GOOD MR. COLBY THAT HE IS NOT TO MEDDLE WHEN WE SETTLE WITH DIGBY! IS THAT CLEAR?

CAROL MUST ACT QUICKLY!

THERE'S NO TIME TO GET TONY! I'LL HAVE TO WARN DIGBY MYSELF!

MEANWHILE THE MASK HAS RETURNED TO THE MURDER SCENE!

IF THAT GANG WANTED FELLOWS! PROPERTY THE DEED MUST BE IN THIS SAFE! WE'LL SEE!

THE SAFE YIELDS A CRYPTICAL DIARY!

YESTERDAY'S ENTRY READS, "OIL DEAL O.K."! WONDER WHETHER DIGBY CAN THROW ANY LIGHT ON IT?

AT THAT MOMENT DIGBY'S HOME IS RAIDED!

NOW WE WILL GET WHAT WE ARE AFTER! TAKE THIS, DOG!

WE HAVE COME FOR THAT DEED! WHERE IS IT?

WAIT! DON'T SHOOT!

FOOTSTEPS! ON GUARD, AMIGOS!

GRACIAS DIOS! A GIRL!

CAROL IS TRAPPED!

SO I HAVE NOT BEEN HEADED! THIS TIME, SENORITA, WE WILL MAKE CERTAIN YOU UNDERSTAND!
A DARK FORM LURKS AT THE WINDOW!

WE WILL FIND THE PAPERS OURSELVES! AS FOR YOU, SENOR DIGBY—YOU ARE TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!

THIS IS COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

THE MASK STRIKES!

NOT SO FAST, MY LATIN FRIENDS!

CRASH!

FOLLOW ME, CAMERADOS!

SOCK!

THE MASK'S PURSUIT IS BLOCKED!

OOF!

THEY'RE ESCAPING!

HURRY! TAKE THE GIRL TO THE CAR!

WHY DIDN'T YOU HOLD YOUR FIRE? BY IMPEDING ME, YOU LET THEM GET AWAY!

WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! THEY WON'T GIVE UP UNTIL I'M DEAD!

THE MASK KEEPS A VIGIL OUTSIDE THE LAWYERS' HOME!

I'LL HAVE TO COME TO GRIPS WITH THEM AGAIN BEFORE I CAN FIND CAROL! AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT!
As dawn nears—

We will change our tactics! Remember, Luis—strike swiftly!

If Digby has a guard—so much the worse for them!

The assassin forces entry into the house!

In front of police headquarters—

You can roost here for the time being!

Suddenly a powerful grip closes around his throat!

A-agh-h!

The mask grills his captive!

Just as a starter, amigo—where's the girl?

You're—choking me! We have her—72—Bedford Lane!

Suffering mackerel! That was the mask!

And look what he delivered! This is one of the muggs who got away from Tom and me when fellowes was drilled!

The mask stages a lightning raid!

I'm calling on one of your house guests!

Help!

He turns momentarily as a scream comes from the next room!

That's Carol's voice!
I'm so sorry, Tony! The scuffle frightened me -- and now they've escaped!

Don't worry about it, Carol. I've got one of them behind bars, anyway!

Later that day --

Here's one of the fellows who pulled that fellow's job, Tony! Our friend the mask brought him in.

He certainly gets around, doesn't he?

The prisoner remains tight-lipped!

Come on, you -- spill! Where's those other two apes?

Hold on, Commissioner! He may loosen up if I get Digby down here!

Digby identifies the Mexican!

Recognize him, Digby? I'll say I do! He's one of the men who threatened to do away with fellows!

You lie, you --!

Violence breaks loose without warning!

Look out! He's got a knife! A-a-h-h-h!

Watch yourself, Digby!

Someone fell! Are you all right, Digby?

Guess you had the goods on him, Colby! He's killed himself!

This is as good as a confession, Tony!

You're right, Commissioner! It clears up a lot! I'm still uneasy.

What about the other two?

Tony Colby makes a promise!

It's up to you now, D.A. You can bank on this case being wound up by tonight!
That night Digby hears furtive footsteps below!

It's a good thing I stayed awake! This time they're going to pay for their persistence!

---

Digby stands accused!

You have done us a service, Senor! Digby killed Fellowes and our countryman, Perez, after Fellowes sold us his Peronian oil field!

Don't believe him!

---

The police arrive, summoned by the shot!

Holy smoke—look! It's the Mask!

---

Tony explains to Carol!

It was a matter of honor with them, Carol. To settle things! He's steered himself right toward the chair when he knifed the prisoner in my office—thinking I couldn't see it!
Dr. John Thesson has recovered the ring of Poseidon... worn ages ago by his ancestor, the Greek hero Theseus, with the ring bestowing invincible strength... Thesson has pledged himself to an unyielding war against evil!

The high command of the United States Army holds a secret meeting...

If the plans for the new ammunition depot at Honolulu fall into the wrong hands... the islands won't stand a chance against invasion!

That means they've got to be delivered by someone we can trust... and someone able to handle whatever trouble arises! And that gentleman means Doctor Thesson!

Thesson... the mighty son of the gods, accepts the mission!

The only man in Hawaii who knows about these plans is Colonel Norman, of the ordnance department! He'll meet you at the pier when the Oahu docks!

I'll guard this envelope with my life until then, General!

Two days out of San Francisco... the Oahu heads into a terrific storm...!

This blow is bound to hold us up at least a day, Doctor!

In that case, you'd better send a radiogram to Colonel Norman, at Schofield Barracks, and tell him to postpone our meeting!

Clandestine short-wave radio station on the outskirts of Honolulu intercepts the message!

Here's a flash from the S.S. Oahu to Schofield Barracks, Herr Burgstadt...

At last we've found something promising... pick it up!
Dr. Thesson is coming to Honolulu to see an army officer! If it's that important, we're going to be on hand when the ship docks!

In the garb of an officer..., Burgstadt shows up at the pier with his gang!

There's Colonel Norman... Get him out of the way! You'll have a clear track, Burgstadt!

Colonel Norman is seized...

So you won't come quietly!

...While the arch-plotter welcomes Dr. Thesson...

Welcome to the islands, doctor! I suppose I need hardly introduce myself!

Glad to see you, Colonel Norman..., sorry the 'Oahu' made such a slow crossing!

Unwittingly... Thesson surrenders the plans!

Here they are, Colonel! I suppose you have an armored car waiting!

I'll take them myself, doctor! I'd like you to accompany me to Mt. Sinauea... I've got a scheme for military use of lava gases I want you to check!

Meanwhile Colonel Norman is placed under guard!

Watch him closely, Emil! We've got to help Burgstadt with a little job at Mt. Sinauea!

Several hours later... Dr. Thesson and Burgstadt climb to the crater of the volcano!

Look at that lava bubble! One of nature's giants can certainly make mankind look puny!

I'd hardly call you puny, doctor! Your ring can make even Mt. Sinauea look like an ant heap!

Thesson is completely deceived by Burgstadt's disarming manner!

I'd certainly have something to crow about to my fellow-officers if you'd let me slip on the ring for just a moment, doctor!

As a rule, Colonel... I don't take it from my finger... but I'll make this one exception!
BURGSTADT'S GRIP CLOSES ON THE RING OF POSSEIDON... HIS MEN RUSH FROM HIDING.

THESSEN BATTLES FURIOUSLY...

A-AH-HH!

WE HAVEN'T FOUGHT IT OUT MAN TO MAN YET!

LET ME HANDLE HIM!

SINCE I CAPTURED THE REAL COLONEL NORMAN, I EXPECTED THE PLANS, DOCTOR... BUT THIS LITTLE GIFT ENTIRELY OVERWHELMS ME!

IN THAT CASE...

O-WWW!

HESSEN BRINGS HIS FOOT UP SHARPLY...

...MAYBE IT'S NOT QUITE YOUR SIZE!
...and the ring of Poseidon, his priceless heritage...flies into the flaming crater!

I was willing to spare your life—but now... into the volcano with him!

Struggling vainly, Dr. Thesson is swung over the fiery mouth of Mt. Sinauea!

Let us know if you find your ring, Doctor!

Just at the second of Thesson's doom...two shots ring out!

I'm...hit...watch out...

Bang! Bang!

Colonel Norman...his gun blazing, charges up the crater!

That settles two of them! And not a moment too soon!

Burgstadt and his two remaining henchmen retreat!

That Thesson has a charmed life...but it won't last forever!
I don't know how to thank you, Colonel! You've given me a chance to redeem the fool I've made of myself.

I'm certainly glad I was able to overcome the guard Burgstadt left over me, Doctor! But I can't understand how they were able to lay hands on you!

I was tricked into handing over the ring... and now it's gone! But the important thing now is that envelope... and I'm going to get it back or die in the attempt!

But Burgstadt's craft has conceived another plan! We can't go to headquarters now... with Colonel Norman knowing where it is! He's certain to turn up with a squad of soldiers!

That's what I'm counting on, Franz! Leave it to me!

I have a little work to do! Meanwhile, rush down to the waterfront and pick up three of the toughest men you can find!

Whatever your idea is... I hope it works!

Short while later... Burgstadt's men return!

Here's the boss, men... he'll explain!

What's your game, cap?

I'm ready to give you men a chance to make a little money! Here's what I want you to do...

My friends and I have business to attend to... and we want this envelope guarded in our absence! I'll give you fifty dollars each now... and double it when we get back!

Fair enough! A regiment of Marines couldn't get it from us, Chief!

Just after Burgstadt and his men leave...

Here's the place Colonel Norman mentioned! Now for a surprise attack!
HESSON CHARGES INTO THE HIDEOUT...
QUICK... CHARLEY... GET HIM!  
SO BURGSTADT'S GOT RESERVES, EH?

THAT TAKES CARE OF CHARLEY!

HE COWED HIRELINGS SURRENDER THE ENVELOPE!
SPEAK FAST! WHERE'S BURGSTADT? HE BEAT IT WITH TWO OF HIS MOB... WE WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF THIS UNTIL HE GOT BACK!

THESSON TURNS OVER HIS PRISONERS AT SCHOFIELD BARACKS!
TAKE THEM TO THE GUARDHOUSE, SENTRY! GET MOVING, YOU!

IN COLONEL NORMAN'S QUARTERS...
YOU CERTAINLY KEPT YOUR PROMISE, DOCTOR! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME WAY TO ROUND UP BURGSTADT!

LEAVE IT IN MY HANDS, COLONEL! I'M GOING BACK TO SINAUSA ON A LONG CHANCE OF FINDING THE RING... AND THEN I'M SQUARING THINGS WITH BURGSTADT!
In the shadows of a side-street...

Looks as though Thessen fell for another one, Burgstadt!

He's delivered the plans... but not the ones he left San Francisco with! We'll follow him and finish him off!

Glampering up Sinaiea's slopes, Thessen undertakes a daring feat in the hope of recovering the ring!

If the ring's somewhere in the side of the crater... I may have a chance to get it! And if it isn't--!

As Thessen lowers himself into the molten depths....

This time nothing can save him! Cut the rope!

There he goes!

He was our leader's most powerful enemy! We will be amply rewarded for removing him!

The son of the gods plummets toward the white-hot lava!

Guess... I'm done for...
Disaster threatens the island!

What's the next step, Burgstadt?

Those phoney plans I let Thessan deliver. Call for using the old barracks as an ammunition depot. I've got the place mined. When they move in the explosives, we'll blow it sky-high!

But Thessan's plunge is checked as he seizes a jutting rock!

Those fumes... are getting... me! I might as well drop!

When he spots a gleaming object in a nearby crevice!

It's the ring! If I can reach it... I'm saved!

Recovering his talisman... Thessan climbs to the top of the crater with ease!

Now to get my hands on Burgstadt...

At that moment---

Set the mechanism forty-eight hours ahead. We'll watch the explosion from the deck of my yacht... just before we slip out of Honolulu!

Thessan reaches Burgstadt's headquarters...

So the others have flown, have they?

This contraption is... whoa! Here's a message coming through!

Tide favorable... moored off Diamond Head awaiting completion of your work at old barracks!

Yacht calling Burgstadt!

I'd better radio Colonel Norman that something's up. Then I'll take care of that yacht!
Thessen's message reaches Fort Schofield...

Thessen just sent a tip on Burgstadt! He's at the old barracks... ready to skip to a yacht off Diamond Head!

The old barracks! That's the site of our new munitions depot! Send a squad there at once... I'll rush to Diamond Head with another!

So you got our message... sir!

What message? We've come directly from the barracks!

Colonel Norman's men open fire as the yacht gets under way!

Rake their decks! They're moving out!

Give them a few shells as a memento of our little visit!
DR. THESSON ARRIVES AS THE YACHT'S GUN SCORES A DIRECT HIT!

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

BAM!

RUSHING TO THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE POINT, THESSON BRACES HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES...

HERE'S SOMETHING I CAN USE!

A TREMENDOUS HEAVE SENDS THE HUGE PROJECTILE CRASHING INTO THE YACHT!

CRASH!

THE SON OF THE GODS HAS SPIKED ANOTHER ILL-STARRED VENTURE!

YOU'VE PREVENTED UNTOLD DAMAGE, DR. THESSON... BY DISCOVERING BURGSTADT'S EVIL SCHEME IN TIME!

I'M NOT THROUGH YET, COLONEL! THE WORLD IS FULL OF MEN LIKE BURGSTADT... AND WITH THE RING'S HELP, I INTEND TO CRUSH THEM ALL!

THE SON OF THE GODS WAGES A TREMENDOUS NEW BATTLE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!
SERGEANT Bill King

in The Case of the Stolen Formula

The British Intelligence Discusses a Grave Matter!

Dr. Hunter has almost completed his new alloy! But a German invasion may wrest its secret from Britain's sole remaining friend! We'll send the formula overseas to be developed in safety!

The Intelligence Summons Sergeant Bill King!

Those are your instructions, Sergeant! You're to convoy Dr. Hunter to New York--and guard him with your life!

My job begins tomorrow, when the boat leaves! Maybe I ought to run out to Hunter's lab--I've got a funny sort of hunch that something may be wrong!

Bill Finds His Hunch Right!

Help!! Help!!

Looks like I didn't get here too soon!

Entering, he sees--

We got no more use for you, Doc! Stop, you rats!
Sergeant Bill leaps to the attack!

Take that, you killer!

Wow!

He is downed by a treacherous blow from the rear!

Interfere, will you?

Rallying, he disposes of the second spy!

Sneak up on me, will you?

Ugh!

Bill gets new orders!

Those spies you captured have confessed that von Cranz himself is on the trail of the new alloy! You're leaving secretly aboard the freighter Burleigh to-morrow, don't let it fall in to his hands!

Don't worry, sir. I'll be on the lookout!

Unaware that he is being followed, he boards the freighter!

So the brave sergeant sails aboard the Burleigh! I'll join him—just until one of our U-boats stops the ship!

Two days later, with the Burleigh far at sea—

U-boat coming up off the port bow, sir!

Here's some use for that gun we carry, captain!

Aboard the Burleigh! You're captured—stand by to receive a boarding-party!

But sergeant Bill King has other ideas!

How's this for a reception?

BOOM!
A DIRECT HIT WRECKS THE SUBMARINE!

CRASH!

AS THE FREIGHTER NEARS NEW YORK, VON CRANZ SUCCEEDS IN BECOMING FRIENDLY WITH BILL!

THAT NIGHT, HE SETS HIS PLAN IN MOTION!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S NOBODY TO TALK TO!

LOOK AT THAT KING! OVER THERE!

WHAT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

SEE ANYTHING NOW?

OH-HH!

SEARCHING HIM, VON CRANZ SECURES THE FORMULA-THEN HURLS BILL OVERBOARD!

REVIVING, HE BATTLES VALIANTLY TO KEEP UP! AS HIS STRENGTH FAINTS, A SEARCHLIGHT PICKS OUT HIS STRUGGLING BODY!

GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE SHARKS, FOOL!

HELP! HELP!

HE IS TAKEN ABOARD THE U.S. DESTROYER MONTPELIER!

THAT'S THE STORY, CAPTAIN! I'VE GOT TO BEAT THE BURLEIGH INTO PORT AND RECOVER THAT FORMULA!

THE PLANE CARRIES HIM SWIFTLY TOWARD NEW YORK!

WE'VE GOT A PLANE ON BOARD. YOU CAN USE THAT!
Bill gets an idea! Instead of seizing Von Cranz...

The trail leads to the Kohler steel plant, where he overhears an interesting conversation!

A guard's shot down Sergeant Bill!

Spy, eh? Take that!

We found him eavesdropping, sir! That's King. The man I stole the formula from! I thought he was dead!

He sure is, this time! Take him down and get rid of his body! Dump it in one of the ovens!

Just in time, Bill comes to!

It's hot, but he ain't gonna perspire! Wow! So that's the program!

With his life at stake, he leaps to the attack!

Fix me, will you?

Sorry I can't join your game, boys! Look out! I'll fix him!

Help! Oof!
Making his way back to Kohler's office, he goes to work on the safe!

Lucky! I'm an expert at opening these things! The formula ought to be here--and maybe some evidence against a big-shot fifth columnist!

Right-on both scores! Great Scott--a sabotage schedule! And they're blowing up the national building in half-an-hour! I've got to work fast!

There's not much time--I can locate that bomb before it goes off!

Arriving at the national building, he gives the warning!

Get this building cleared! There's a time-bomb planted in the basement somewhere!

A frenzied search of the basement reveals--nothing!

FIVE MINUTES LEFT, and I can't find it! This place is going to crash around my ears pretty soon!

Meanwhile, the clock ticks off the fateful minutes!

At the last moment, he finds the bomb buried beneath a heap of rubble! Hurling it into a barrel of oil, he renders it harmless!

Bill is questioned by the police!

How do you explain these sabotage plans we found on you?

I got them from Kohler's safe--that's how I found out about the bomb at the national building!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH—KOHLER'S A RESPECTED CITIZEN! WE'RE HOLDING YOU FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING! GIVE KOHLER TIME ENOUGH TO COVER HIS TRACKS! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!

HE SETS A CLEVER PLAN IN MOTION!

ALL RIGHT! BUT IF I WERE FREE, I'D GO TO KOHLER'S OFFICE, AND—

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

BILLY MAKES HIS ESCAPE!

THIS!

BEHIND HIM COMES THE WAIL OF SIRENS AS HE SPEEDS TOWARD THE KOHLER PLANT!

GOOD—THEY'RE AFTER ME! THIS IS A LONG CHANCE, BUT IT MAY WORK!

ENTERING, HE IS MADE A PRISONER BY VON CRANZ!

YOU WERE A FOOL TO COME BACK HERE, KING! HAND OVER THAT FORMULA AND THE PAPERS YOU TOOK FROM KOHLER'S SAFE! DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!

MAKE SURE OF HIM THIS TIME, VON CRANZ! HE'S THE ONLY OUTSIDER WHO KNOWS ABOUT MY FIFTH COLUMN CONNECTIONS!

I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM RIGHT NOW!

DROP IT, VON CRANZ! YOU'RE COVERED! TAKE 'EM BOTH DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, BOYS!

WE GOT HERE IN TIME TO HEAR THE WHOLE THING! YOU'VE DONE AMERICA A REAL SERVICE, KING!

IT'S ALL IN THE LINE OF DUTY, CAPTAIN!

BILL KING APPEARS IN EXCITING COMICS!
BUCK FINDS A WAY
An Adventure Story by JACKSON COLE

Bright sunlight gleamed down over miles and miles of white snow. Buck Martin leaped off the back of the dog-sled as his team of huskies reached a spot where the trail went up a hill. The boy ran along beside the sled shouting at the six dogs to urge them to greater effort. "Mush!" he called. "Mush, on Toby!"

The lead dog, a big male-mute that looked like a gray wolf, settled himself in his harness and seemed to pull the rest of the team behind him as they dragged the heavily-loaded sled up the hill. Buck had jumped off and was running alongside in order to lighten the load.

They reached the top of the hill, and started down the other side. Buck gasped as he saw the still black object sprawled out in the snow ahead. Even from the distance the boy realized it was a man who was lying there. A man who was so still and motionless that it looked as though he might have frozen to death.

"Wonder who he is?" said Buck to himself as he leaped onto the back of the sled and rode down the hill.

It was much easier for the dogs on the downgrade; in fact, they had to move fast to keep the sled from running over them. But when they reached the foot of the hill, and were close to the man lying across the trail, they suddenly stopped and sat on their haunches, panting.

Buck ran forward and rolled the man over. A half-frozen face was revealed, but the man opened his eyes and looked wildly at the boy. His mumbled something so low that Buck could not hear him, and he knelt down so that he might be able to understand what the man was trying to say. "Gold," muttered the man. "Just found it yesterday. Claim jumpers trying to steal it. Knocked me out and left me here to die. They—gone to town to claim mine. Got to get there before they do."

"I'll try and get you there," said Buck quickly. He knew that if this man did not get to town first and register his claim at the U.S. Government Land Office the thieves would get the mine by applying for it first. "How long have they been gone?"

"Don't know," said the old prospector. "Not long—maybe half an hour."

Buck drove the dogs nearer and managed to lift the old man, whose name was Jim Wilson, onto the sled. They started off but the extra weight of the man proved too much for the dogs and they stopped. Buck unloaded the supplies that he was bringing to a lumber camp, wrapped them in a canvas covering and buried them in the snow beside the trail. Now the sled was much lighter and the dogs hardly noticed the combined weight of the boy and the man as they dashed on.

They reached the top of a mountain. From here they could look down at the town far below, but it was still three miles away if they followed the winding trail. Buck frowned as he saw a dog-sled and two men way down the trail, near the foot of the mountain.

"Afraid we'll never make it," he said to Wilson. "They are way ahead of us. We just can't catch up to them!"

"We've got to do it!" muttered the old man. "I searched for years for that gold. We've just got to beat them."

Buck nodded. He glanced down the mountain. From where they were now a steep grade slanted right down to the town half a mile directly below. A grade that was so steep that it would be impossible for the dogs to travel down it.

"There's one way of doing it," said Buck. "And we're going to try it if you are willing to risk it, Mr. Wilson!"

"What's that?" demanded the old prospector.

"We'll coast straight down the hill," said Buck as he unhitched the dog team. "I'll round up my dogs later."

Soon Jim Wilson and Buck went flying down the hill with the speed of an express train. They just missed hitting trees and rocks—but they made it and Jim Wilson was able to register his claim half an hour before the badmen got into town! When they did arrive the sheriff arrested the two claim-jumpers for attacking the old man and knocking him out.

Jim Wilson was so pleased that he made the boy his partner—and Buck never regretted the time when he took his big chance.

A Woodland Boy Gets the Jump on Claim-Jumpers!
Jim Hatfield
Texas Ranger

A wagon-train on the Galveston Trail crosses the Texas line...

We've reached the Llano Estacado, Brazos... Reckon we'd better git a ranger to ride the rest of the way with us!

That's a good idee, Boss... I'll skin ahead and see Captain Medowell!

Two members of Brand Logan's gang watch the rider gallop up to Ranger Headquarters...

Look thar! That waddy you must be big doin's shore is in a rush! Somewhar! I'll hop in an' tell Logan!

Brazos explains to Captain Medowell...

We're movin' $200,000 in gold across the Lone Star, Cap... I figgered yuh could spare a ranger in case that thar's trouble!

Job's a size fer Jim Hatfield! Get a mite until he gits back... he's havin' his bronc shod!

I'll high-tail back--thar's only four men guardin' the wagons! Have Hatfield meet us near the mouth of the Red River!

He'll be along, Brazos!
Logan and his desperadoes mount for a pursuit.

That goes the critter, Logan!
Hope this is worth my time... I was holding four kings!

He's streakin' fer it! Git those ropes a-twirlin'!

Brazos is yanked from his saddle --
First-rate ropin', Clegg!

Yuh can't make me palaver, mister--ow!
Maybe I can't, cowboy--but I know somethin' that kin!

At that moment, Jim returns to headquarters.
Hi, Cap! Been keepin' busy?
Reckon yuh'll be, Jim--that's a $200,000 load of gold near the Red River lookin' fer perfection!

Some varmints would do a heap to git their paws on a kitty like that... and I'll do a heap to stop 'em!

Meanwhile -- Brazos is stalked out on an ant-hill!
Gittin' restless, hey? Jest wait until those ants git REAL riled!

They--they're chewin' the daylight out o' me! Fetch me up--I'll talk!
WE'VE GOT THREE WAGON-LOADS OF GOLD NEAR THE RED RIVER! JIM HATFIELD'S RIDIN' OUT TO TAKE US ACROSS THE STATE! WHAT A HAIL! BOYS... WE'D BETTER GIT BUSY!

RAZOR IS SHOT IN COLD BLOOD!
HERE'S THE FIRST STEP!

LOGAN SCHEMES TO GET JIM THROUGH STEALTH--

LOOKY HERE, LOGAN-- I DON'T HANKER NONE TO SWAP LEAD WITH THAT CATAMOUNT HATFIELD!

MAYBE YUH WOON'T HAVE TO! YOU MEN GIT TO NEEDLE NOTCH AN' PLANT DYNAMITE IN THE PASS-- WE'LL TRY TO DRAW HATFIELD THERE!

SHORT WHILE LATER... HERE'S THAT RANGER-- START PEPPERIN'--

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

JIM RIDES INTO A HAIL OF LEAD!

SOMEONE'S FIXIN' FOR A PASSEL OF TROUBLE... AND THEY'LL GIT IT!

HE GALLOPS AFTER THE FLEEING HORSEMEN!
RECKON THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR THAT CANYON YONDER!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

LOGAN AND HIS MEN DISMOUNT IN THE UNDERBRUSH--

WE'LL DRIVE THE HORSES IN FRONT OF THE NOTCH! GOT THOSE WIRES SET!

ALL FIXED TO BLOW, LOGAN!
He Ranger Approaches Needle Notch...

...And Enters Logan's Trap!

I don't like the looks of this! They were mighty quick to hole in!

They must have gone through on foot! Here's where I git a bead on those polecats!

He Dynamite Explodes---

This was plumb easy!

---Blocking the cleft with tons of rock as Jim is hurled back!

Ugh!

If the blast didn't git him---starvation will! Grab his horse, boys...we're strikin! Pay dirt!

Juanwhile the wagon-train nears the Red River---

Draw yer wagons in a circle---we'll camp here and wait fer Brazos!
**A BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE CAMP**

It'll be a tough fight, Logan!

No use riskin' our hides...I'll give 'em a chance to cough up without a ruckus!

---

**LOGAN LASHES JIM'S MUSTANG**

This bronc comes in right handy--git goin'!

---

**IN THE WAGON-CAMP BELOW**

He's got the Ranger's brand...and look what was tied to his saddle!

Thunderation! It's a note tellin' us to hand over the gold by dawn...or git riddled!

---

**JIM'S HORSE LOPIES INTO THE DARKNESS**

We'll stand a chance if that bronc kin git back to Ranger headquarters to give the warnin'--

---

**AS DAWN BREAKS OVER NEEDLE NOTCH**

If there's away out of here--I'd better find it!

---

**THE RANGER HEARS A FAMILIAR WHINNY**

It's my cayuse! Maybe I can rope that stump near the edge!
Making upward... the lariat catches!

If I ever catch those varmints... I won't be the only one to swing from this rope!

Huge cougar crouches above--ready to spring!

Ar-rrr-r!

Great guns!

This looks like my finish!

But the crash against the canyon wall loosens the big cat's grip!

That fixes him!

And I wanted to join the circus when I was a yearling!
LUCKY FOR ME THAT CRITTER HAD A BACK DOOR!

SHAKE YORE HEELS, BRONC! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR RED RIVER!

LOGAN AND HIS MEN ATTACK!
I'M TIRED OF WAITIN'... PLUG 'EM AN' PLUG 'EM HARD!
BANG! BANG!

JIM BEARS ACROSS THEIR PATH WITH SIX-GUNS BLAZING!
THIS TIME WE'RE SHOOTIN' IT OUT.
IT'S THAT RANGER!
BANG! BANG!

DROP YORE IRONS--OR GIT DROPPED YORESELVES!
YOW!
HE'S PIZEN... I GIVE UP!

YUH WIN, RANGER!
THE LAW ALWAYS WINS--MISTER!

GUESS THIS EVEN'S THINGS UP FOR PORE BRAZOS!
GLAD TO HELP MISTER! RECKON YUH'LL FIND THE GALVESTON TRAIL A MITE SAFER NOW!

JIM HATFIELD SHOOTS AND FIGHTS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!
The Sphinx

Ellsworth Forrester is presumably a wealthy sophisticate. His guise known only to the police, he is really the Sphinx--relentless enemy of the underworld.

Owen Biggers, a notorious gang leader, gets a tip:

"It's about time ya came through with the dope! You'll git yer rake-off after we've pulled the job!"

"The city pay-roll's leavin' the excelsior trust at 3:00 this afternoon! We're goin' after it!"

"Wow! What a haul that'll be!"

Later that day, the city treasurer rushes to the district attorney:

"What! A plot to hold up our armored truck?"

"I just got an anonymous warning. Our pay-roll is $90,000--we've got to protect it!"

"Forrester prepares for action as the Sphinx!"

"I'll follow that pay-roll from the moment it leaves the bank! And whoever wants it will have me to cope with!"

That afternoon, Biggers watches the guards receive the pay-roll:

"There's the kale, boss!"

"Give 'em time to git out of the bank! Mike'll cover 'em from the front!"
The Sphinx Keeps a Vigilant Watch Outside!

 Pretty quiet so far! In fact, a little too quiet!

The Scene Changes as the Guards Leave the Bank!

And I thought this would be hard!

The Sphinx Takes a Hand!

Here's something you haven't counted on!

Ye gods, the Sphinx! Stop him!

A menacing form witnesses the fight from a nearby rooftop!

The Sphinx is getting the best of them! Now it's my turn!

Creased by a bullet from above, the Sphinx falls! Grab that bag, you apes!

Biggers and his gunmen escape!

What a break! Wonder who that Bozo on the roof was?

What difference does it make, sap? We got the dough, didn't we?
The Masked Attacker Slinks from the Roof!

Aided by his tremendous strength, the Sphinx recovers!

So the Biggers Gang got the package from the vault! Just as I planned!

Someone potted me from the back! But I'll get those rats!

It won't be easy, Sphinx! They haven't left a clue!

The Killers Prepare to Divide the Loot!

What's my cut, Biggers?

You'll git a cut across the throat if ya don't pipe down! I'm divvyn' this!

The Gang Leader Gets a Jolting Surprise!

What th'--there's nothin' in here but paper!

We been robbed! All that work fer nothin'!

Cut the beefin', Yap! I'm the one who was plugged--and someone's goin' ta pay!

That Night, in the Home of City Treasurer Shaw--

Wh--who's that?

Snap on the lights, Mike!

This is fer tippin' off the Sphinx, big shot!

Biggers Takes a Gruesome Revenge!

Don't shoot! A-a-a-h!
The Following Morning---

I'll see Shaw before he gets to his office! He may have a new lead on that gang!

Strange! The door's open!

Forrester enters the blood-stained bedroom!

Good Lord! Something's happened to Shaw!

He speeds to the district attorney's office!

I'm not surprised that Shaw's dead---and his body gone! This just came by special delivery!

"The Sphinx is next"! It's signed "Owney Biggers!"

Forrester takes up the challenge of gangdom!

If Biggers was stupid enough to sign that threat he's going to regret it! I'm cracking down on those killers!

That night he feigns drunken bravado in an underworld dive!

Biggers killed my pal Shaw! And if I ever catch him I'll---I'll---

That's kinda careless gab, Bo!

The bartender gets in touch with Biggers!

The bartender at Reilly's just phoned that there's a mug shootin' his mouth off about me killin' Shaw! Hop over and shut him up!

Donning his mask, the Sphinx waits in a nearby doorway!

Doesn't look as if I'll have long to wait! Here's a car pulling up!

He leaps out at Biggers' trigger-men!

Out for a social evening, boys? Why not join me?

How's this for a starter, wise guy?
LET'S CALL ON MR. BIGGERS! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
YOU WIN! I'LL TAKE YA TO THE JOINT!
THE HOODED KILLER LURKS IN THE SHADOWS!
THE SPHINX! HERE'S BIGGERS GAME THAN I EXPECTED!
WE'RE HERE! PILE OUT YOU RATS!

BEFORE HE CAN TURN THE SPHINX IS STRUCK DOWN!
STAY PUT THIS TIME!
THE MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANT FLEES!
HOLY CATS -- IT'S HIM AGAIN!
SHAKE A LEG! WE GOTTA TELL BIGGERS!

WELL -- DID YOU HANDLE THAT GABBY GUY?
HE TURNED OUT TO BE THE SPHINX! HE MADE US TAKE HIM HERE -- THEN THAT MUG WHO HELPED US AT THE BANK CONKED HIM!

BIGGERS DECIDES TO RETREAT!
WE'RE GETTIN' OUT OF HERE! THAT BIRD IN THE SPOOKY GET-UP AIN'T PROWLIN' AROUND BECAUSE HE LIKES ME!
Just Regaining His Senses, the Sphinx is Shoved Aside!

We ain't got time to take care of this guy! Kick him out the way!

Lay down, flatfoot!

The Sphinx's Strength Returns in a Flash!

 aren't you even going to say hello, Biggers?

Boys! Help!

But Biggers' Terror-Stricken Thugs Desert Him!

You're on your own now, heel! Start talking!

O.K. -- I rubbed out Shaw! I had my own reasons!

The Sphinx Takes His Captive to the District Attorney!

So you had a motive for killing Shaw, Biggers!

I'll trade ya my story per freedom on bail!

Take care of him, D.A. I've work to do!

Early Next Morning--

That sneak in the hood is not only after me -- he's trying to get Biggers too! And I think I have a way to ---- there's the phone!

A Grim Figure Steals Up Behind the District Attorney!

Rush down to my office, Forrester! Biggers told me a story that will blast this town wide open!

Death Seals the Official's Lips!

Forrester must find the killer! Dead! It all points to that rat in the hood!

The police commissioner thinks otherwise. So your mob bumped off the D.A. I afraid you rattled on them, huh? Let me handle this commissioner!

That afternoon Biggers is released on bail! O.K., Biggers--you're free! Someone was SAP enough to post a bond for you!

Never mind the smart talk, Copper!

The gang leader hurries to his hideout! Here's where I scamp--great guns! The guy in the hood!

I heard you had been bailed, Biggers! A few slugs from this .38 are going to settle a lot of differences between us!

But at the instant, the killer fires! Let's see your hunting license, rat!

Pow!

The corrupt city treasurer confesses! I knew whoever killed the D.A. had a tie-up with Biggers somewhere! What's your story, Big-shot?

I tried to cover my embezzlements by having Biggers pull the holdup! I knew he couldn't squawk when he found it was a bum steer!

Later at police head-quarters--

Good work, Sphinx! But why bring in Biggers--he's been bailed! He was the bait dangled in front of Shaw!

The Sphinx smashes crime again in next month's exciting comics!
EVERY afternoon Herbie Johnson liked to go into Corvin’s Candy Store to buy a nickel’s worth of candy. He liked Mr. Corvin, for the storekeeper was always pleasant to little boys, and he didn’t mind if you took your time picking out just the candies that you wanted.

But this afternoon when Herbie went into the store he found there were two rough-looking men there talking to Mr. Corvin and they were holding their hands in their overcoat pockets as though they had guns hidden there. Herbie could see that Mr. Corvin was worried, but the little boy thought he had better pretend that he did not realize there was anything wrong.

“See what the kid wants,” said one of the men gruffly. “And hurry up.”

Mr. Corvin nodded, and went to the candy counter, for he also sold cigars, cigarettes, magazines and newspapers.

“What do you want, Herbie?” he asked.

Herbie thought a minute, for he was sure that the two rough-looking men were robbers and he wanted to help Mr. Corvin. He knew that he could run out and call for help and try to find a policeman—but if he did that then one of these men might shoot Mr. Corvin in trying to get away.

“I don’t believe I want any candy today,” said Herbie. “I’ll just take a box of white chalk, Mr. Corvin.”

The storekeeper gave him a five-cent box of white chalk and took Herbie’s nickel. The little boy looked longingly at the candy, but he had spent all his money and, besides, he needed the chalk very badly.

A customer came into the store, and the two men pretended to be very busy looking at the magazines, but they were watching Corvin to make sure that he did not say anything to the man, who bought a package of cigarettes and then left. But the two men did not pay any attention to Herbie, who was standing right behind them looking at a copy of THRILLING COMICS.

While he was standing there Herbie was very busy.

Then Herbie ran out of the store and up to the next block where he found a police officer. “There are two men robbing the stationery store,” he said, and the officer went dashing down the street with his gun in his hand.

The two men, however, were already out of the store and were walking along the street in the opposite direction, as unconcerned as if they had not robbed Mr. Corvin and then knocked him out by hitting him.

“There they are!” said Herbie. “Don’t let them get away!”

The policeman laughed when he saw the men, for Herbie had written the word “THIEF” in white chalk on the tail of one crook’s black overcoat.

The policeman caught up with the two men, and when they saw his gun they didn’t even try to fight. Mr. Corvin wasn’t badly hurt—and when he learned how Herbie had identified the thieves he told the boy that he could come in and pick out ten cents’ worth of candy every day for a year without paying a cent!
ELAINE SANDERSON'S FATHER DISAPPEARS!

MY FATHER WAS HEAD OF A COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE ROCKVIEW CANCER HOSPITAL IN TEXAS. HE LEFT A WEEK AGO TO COME TO THE DOCTOR'S CONVENTION HERE. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!

I'LL START RIGHT ON THE CASE, MISS SANDERSON!

ANOTHER WOMAN SEeks DAN'S HELP!

YOU SAY YOUR HUSBAND WAS A PATIENT AT ROCKVIEW BEFORE HE DIED, MRS. KRESNER?

YES, BUT HIS WILL LEFT EVERYTHING TO ME. NOW THIS LETTER WILL GIVES IT TO THE HOSPITAL! IT'S A TRICK!

FINALLY, DR. MARTIN AND GRUBER CALL ON HIM!

ELAINE TOLD US YOU COULD HELP US. WE'RE THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS OF DR. SANDERSON'S COMMITTEE!

WE'VE BEEN THREATENED WITH DEATH IF WE GIVE OUR REPORT ON THE HOSPITAL TO THE CONVENTION HERE!

WHAT HAPPENED?

HE'S BEEN STABBED!

IT'S DR. MARTIN!

THAT NIGHT, DEATH STRIKES!

ATTEND THE OPENING SESSION OF THE CONVENTION - THEN COME DIRECT TO MY OFFICE!

NO CLUEWS!

YOU SAY YOU SAW AND HEARD NOTHING, DR. FARADAY?

NOTHING!

I'LL BE NEXT! I KNOW IT!

DR. FARADAY IS HEAD OF OUR CANCER COMMITTEE!

I THINK HE KNOWS MORE THAN HE ADMITTED!

HE'S GETTING IN WILLY'S CAB! LET'S GO!
**Dan goes into action!**

*Bang!*

I'll drill the other guy just for luck! He's a no-good dick!

**He gets his men!**

Too bad I had to shoot 'em! I might have got something from them!

**Dan visits Dr. Faraday!**

Frankly, I don't believe all these rumors about the Rockview Cancer Hospital. Dr. Rother, it's head, is a fine man!

I'm going to far bluffs, Texas, tonight to see him and his hospital!

**Dan meets a friend!**

Please, don't go out there! It won't do any good! I'm sure my father's dead by now!

Sorry, Miss Sanderson. I never quit a case till I've solved it!

**Dan becomes aware of danger!**

Dr. Rother runs an illegal radio station across the border in Mexico. From which he advertises his cancer hospital and quack cures. Then he...

Wait a minute! Something's wrong. There are no other passengers on this plane!

**A diabolical plot!**

You won't meddle anymore, Williams. The plane is locked in a tailspin. At the right moment I jump you die!

Dan!
That fixes you!

We're going to crash!

I've got the joystick clear! I'll try to level her off and bring her out of the spin.

The pilot escapes!

You've saved us, Dan!

But the pilot got away! That means trouble ahead!

Dan gets a reception committee!

The sheriff don't want to see you, Dan Williams!

We're taking you out of town!

They drive to the prairie--

Git out of town an' stay out!

Ain't healthy fer snoopers in far Bluffs, stranger!

Dan gets a lift!

Thanks for the lift, old timer. I got a little private business to attend to back in far Bluffs.

Yer, far Bluffs uster be a right nice place, but ever since this doctor fellers come an' set up his cancer clinic here...

No help from the sheriff!

Reckon there ain't nothin' I kin do, mister. Yuh say yuh don't know these fellers so's you kin swear out warrants fer them!

Get this straight, sheriff! I'm stayin' right here until I finish my job!
Dan Visits the Rockview Cancer Hospital

Delighted to have you look over our institution, Mr. Williams. Sorry to hear about the disappearance of your father, Miss Sanderson.

Let's drop the formalities, Dr. Rother. I want to ask you a few questions!

We take the poor as well as the rich!

Elaine is Kidnapped!

Come along, quiet. Sister, an' yuh won't git hurt!

I've shown you all there is to see Mr. Williams.

Miss Sanderson told me to say that she had gone on back to her hotel.

Him! That's funny. Thanks!

Dan is Worried!

Dr. Rother alone can cure your pain at the Rockview Cancer Clinic! Hundreds of satisfied patients....

Of all the quack stuff! Can't understand about Elaine. Wait—there's the phone now!

A Warning!

Hello—hello—what's that?

We got Elaine put away safe! Unless you get out of town and keep out of this case, she gets bumped off!

Dan Plots a Trick!

Okay, sheriff, it's getting too hot for me. I'm leaving! Only to make it official, I want one of your boys to drive me out, and let the right people know I've gone!

Now yuh're talking, son! I'll send Luke with you in an official car!

Dan Takes the Law into His Own Hands!

Sorry, but this is the only way I'll get a little protection in this town now to drive back!
He returns to the hospital!

I've got to break this case tonight—and rescue Elaine!

Dan overhears a conversation!

This one's ready, nurse. Have him sent down to the loading platform! I'll call an attendant!

The trail leads to a secret basement!

Get them in the trucks. The plane's waiting!

I've got to find out where they're going!

Dan pretends he is one of the patients!

Sorry if I hurt you, mister. But I've got to find out what's going on here!

He sees the kind of treatment the patients get!

Let me out of here!

Shut up! I'll hit you again if I hear another word out of you!

At a secret landing field!

Okay, the list checks! Put 'em in and get 'em across the border! The doctor is waitin' for 'em!

At their destination, Dan is discovered!

Hey, Ramos, this guy don't check with the list! I'll say he don't! He's got to be Dan Williams, Cuevas Mex!
Dan Makes a Break for Freedom!

Ugh!

You boys'll know you've been in a fight!

Get him!

He is Overpowered!

Tie him up good! Dr. Rother'll handle 'im!

Dr. Rother clears up a mystery!

Dr. Faraday, you're not...

Dr. Rother? Precisely! And since you've gone to such pains, I'll show you how my little racket works! You'll never live to tell!

The Torture Chamber!

I only take patients who are about to die, strip them of their money, and let nature take its course! If there's wealthy, they leave their money to the hospital! That's how I make sure of it!

Dan Learns His Fate!

What about Dr. Sanderson?

I'd have killed him except that he left a copy of his report on my hospital with someone he won't tell me about. And now, my men will take you out and shoot you!

Dan Breaks Away from the Pirings Squad!

This is Dr. Rother's program on the air again...

Try and get me now!

What the...
Dan Sends An SOS!

Calling U.S. Army! This is Dan Williams, private investigator, calling from Cuevas, Mexico—sick people being murdered here—send help immediately!

The Fight Begins!

You won't take me this time!

Escaping, He Enters a Prison Chamber!

All right! Get that man free immediately! It's Dr. Sanderson!

Meanwhile, Rother Is In a Panic!

Get the records and strong-boxes and take 'em out to my plane! And pass out the guns! We may have to fight our way out of this!

Okay, Boss!

Help From the Skies!

Rother told me Blaine was being kept a prisoner in a room off his office!

Listen! You hear that? Planes! Help's coming!

U.S. Army Flyers Scatter the Guards!

Wow! Look at those babies run!

The End of a Racket!

I'll kill the girl, Doc...

Take that, you rotten quack!

You've done humanity a real service, Dan Williams!

Thanks, Doc!

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