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The Black Terror

Bob Benton... meek young druggist discovers a source of terrific strength in experimenting with formic ethers. Aided by young Tim Roland... he secretly uses his new power to become...

The Black Terror... nemesis of evil!

ON BOB BENTON'S DRUGSTORE...

Gee... Bob, things have been awful quiet lately.

No work for the Black Terror, eh? All the better.

I was told to see you, Mr. Cohalan... it's about a retail sales license... that'll cost you three hundred bucks! Shell out!

At the headquarters of the political boss...

But where do I get it?

If you want it in a hurry, try Big Ed Cohalan at the North Side Political Club!

City inspector enters...

You'd better get one by tomorrow... or I'll close your joint!
THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! THAT'S MORE THAN GRAFT--IT'S HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

A WISE GUY, EH?

THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO ARGUE WITH ME!

...BETTER LET THIS BIRD THINK I'M AN EASY MARK...

I'M SORRY... I'LL PAY!

THAT'S BEEN SMART!

BIG ED COHALAN, HUH? SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO CUT HIM DOWN TO SIZE!

NORTH SIDE POLITICAL CLUB

JEAN STARR...SECRETARY TO THE MAYOR, PAYS A CALL!

HELLO BOB! BUSY?

NEVER TOO BUSY FOR YOU, JEAN! YOU'RE LOOKING SWELL!

BUT THEN--

HERE'S THAT LICENSE, BENTON! AND WATCH YOUR STEP...IF YOU WANT TO KEEP HEALTHY!

Y-YES, SIR!

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF--LETTING THAT MAN BROWBEAT YOU!

YOU TALK AS IF YOU KNOW HIM!

I DON'T... BUT I'VE NOTICED HIM HANGING AROUND THE CITY PURCHASING AGENT'S OFFICE!

HMM... ONE OF COHALAN'S MEN--IN THE CITY HALL! THERE'S A TIEUP SOMEWHERE!
THAT NIGHT...
LOOK AT THAT ONE LIGHT UP THERE! SOMEONE'S WORKING OVERTIME AT CITY HALL!

THAT'S THE PURCHASING AGENT'S OFFICE! I THINK THIS IS MY CUE TO GO TO WORK!

DONNING HIS COSTUME, BOB BENTON BECOMES THE BLACK TERROR, NEMESIS OF EVIL!
CAN'T I WORK WITH YOU?

NOT THIS TIME! I'M WORKING ALONE--AND FAST!

NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE EXERCISE TO KEEP IN TRIM!

END OF THE LINE! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S WHAT!

I CAN'T FIX IT FOR YOU TO GET ANY MORE CITY CONTRACTS! I'M AFRAID OF THE MATERIALS YOU USE!

COHALAN AIN'T GONNA LIKE THAT, PAL!
OUR STUFF WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THIS NEW CITY HALL, WASN'T IT?

MAYBE... BUT I'M SCARED ABOUT THE BIG JOB YOU JUST FINISHED!

ROTTEN CEMENT... FAULTY STEEL... SUPPOSE IT DOESN'T HOLD? YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT, BOYS--AND I'M PUTTING MY EVIDENCE BEFORE THE GRAND JURY!

YOU ASKED FOR IT... BIG BOY!

GREAT SCOTT!

LOOK... OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

ANNOUNCING... THE BLACK TERROR!

I'LL GET 'IM!

SHOOT HIM DOWN... WE CAN'T HAVE ANY WITNESSES!

FIGHTING WITH TERRIFIC POWER... THE BLACK TERROR CHARGES INTO ACTION!

OOF!

COME ON, BOYS... IS THIS THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

UGH!

WHO'S NEXT? DON'T HANG BACK!

OW!

WE GOTTA SCRAM... FAST! THE COPS ARE COMING!

THIS IS MY CUE FOR A QUICK EXIT!
**Panel 1:**

He window-sill crumbles beneath his tigerish leap!

Holy Smoke!

Crr-rump!

**Panel 2:**

This looks like... my finish!

**Panel 3:**

In midair, he grasps a trailing rope... and is saved!

That painter's scaffold is a stroke of luck... I don't know if my powers could have withstood that drop!

**Panel 4:**

A tremendous swinging jump carries him to an adjoining parapet!

Made it! I must be covered with horseshoes!
THE WAY THAT WINDOW-SILL COLLAPSED... IF THAT'S AN EXAMPLE OF THE MATERIALS THAT GANG'S USING ON CITY CONSTRUCTION, THEY'RE ENDANGERING LIVES! I'M GOING AFTER THEM!

I WANT TO KNOW HOW THAT MOB Operates--- AND WHAT THAT BIG JOB WAS THEY Spoke ABOUT? THEY WON'T SUSPECT BOB BENTON AT COHALAN'S CLUB--- I'LL Be BACK BY TEN!

GEE... I DON'T GET TO GO NOWHERE!

SORRY ABOUT THE OTHER DAY, MR. COHALAN--- HERE'S SOME MONEY I WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE CLUB...

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! MIND LEAVIN' THROUGH THAT PRIVATE EXIT THERE?

Next Day!

Bob leaves--- but eavesdrops!

ONE OF THE CONTRACTORS IS COMIN' TO MY COUNTRY PLACE TOMORROW TO PAY OFF? WE'LL DISCUSS THE WHOLE SETUP THERE!

Yes... and I'll be on hand!

Hey... Look!

There's a guy listenin' at the door!

Get back to the stairs... We'll catch him between us!

Spyin', eh? Better go around the other way and tell the boss!

Come in snooper!

Huh?
I-I just stopped there to tie my shoelace!

You won't have to any more! You're getting yours... right now!

His life at stake, Bob lashes out!

Looks like I'd better get going!

Ugh!

Escaping, he runs into a head-on collision!

Oof!

What the--!

Don't let him get away!

Don't worry! He won't

Ah-hh!

Meanwhile, Tim takes matters into his own hands! It's way after ten, and he's not back yet! The Black Terror's sidekick rides again!

Still alive! This guy's dangerous—we gotta get rid of him!

How about the river? We won't leave no evidence that way!
HE Y DRIVE OFF AS TIM APPEARS!

FOLLOW THAT CAR--AND STEP ON IT!

WHAT IS THIS... A MASQUERADE? BEAT IT, PUNK!

SORRY TO GET ROUGH, SON! NO TIME TO TALK!

HEY!

THERE THEY ARE -- HEADED FOR THE RIVER! CAN'T THIS BUS GO ANY FASTER?

OKAY, BERT! SHOVE HIM OVER!

HE MAY COME UP--TEN YEARS FROM NOW!

WOW! HERE GOES!

KID, EH? THAT'S THE BLACK TERROR'S PARTNER! LOOK AT HIM SOCK!

IT-- IT'S ONLY A KID!

THIS'LL SOFTEN YOU KILLERS!

EE-OW!

BAM!
CRUSHING TIM, THE GANGSTERS ARE MOWED DOWN LIKE TENPINS!

OOF!

FORWARD PASS! THIS IS THE LIFE!

UGH!

THROW HIM IN—BEFORE THAT LITTLE DYNAMO GETS TO US!

OVER HE GOES!

IM HURTTLES PAST AS BOB'S BODY DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARK WATERS!

BOB! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

I GOT HIM, BOSS. I COULD SWEAR TO IT!

THIS IS A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK--WE GOT RID OF THAT SNOOPER AND THE BLACK TERROR'S SIDEKICK, ALL AT ONCE!

BUT DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE, TIM IS WORKING AGAINST TIME!

THERE GOES THE ANCHOR! NOW TO BRING HIM UP!

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME TO! FEEL BETTER?

GUESS SO... THAT BULLET... CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD...

THANKS TIM. TONIGHT WASN'T A LOSS--I'VE GOT A LEAD TO COHALAN'S COUNTRY HOME TOMORROW... I HAVE A FEELING I'LL GET THE LOWDOWN THERE!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, JEAN ENTERS... WITH RODNEY CLARK, CITY COMPTROLLER!
I SAW YOU HEADING INTO COHALAN'S CLUB LAST NIGHT, BENTON! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

ER... I JUST WANTED TO SEE ABOUT JOINING --

HMM... ISN'T THAT WHAT THE BLACK TERROR GAVE YOU A FEW WEEKS AGO?

YOU DESERVE A SOCK IN THE EYE FOR MIXING UP WITH THAT BUNCH!

NONSENSE... I RAN INTO A DOOR! BLACK TERROR! IF I EVER MEET THAT FOURFLUSHER AGAIN YOU'LL SEE WHO GETS THE BLACK EYE!

UH-HUH. WE'LL SEE!

CONGRATULATIONS, BOB! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SAW YOU STAND UP TO ANYBODY!

AND DOES THAT MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO YOU, JEAN?

IT MIGHT-- BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO! I'VE GOT TO GET READY-- THEY'RE DEDICATING THE NEW ADAMS BRIDGE AT 4:30-- THE MAYOR AND I'LL BE IN THE FIRST CAR OVER!

THAT'S ONE OF THE WORST STORMS I'VE SEEN IN THESE PARTS! LISTEN TO THAT WIND!

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, PUTTIN' OUR COSTUMES UNDER THESE CLOTHES! WAIT TILL WE GET TO COHALAN'S!

DO YOU KNOW WHERE COHALAN'S RIVER ESTATE IS?

HERE IT IS! I'M WORRIED-- I FOLLOWED YOUR ORDERS ON THE MATERIALS, BUT THE BRIDGE SWAYS TOO MUCH!

THERE'S SOME WIND BLOWING-- AND LISTEN TO THIS!

... AT THE GREAT NEW ADAMS BRIDGE... DEDICATION CEREMONIES WILL BEGIN IN HALF AN HOUR. FORGET IT-- IT'S STRONG ENOUGH FOR ANY ORDINARY STRAIN!
THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES PROCEED!

Look at that span sway! This is going to be thrilling!

Not for me! I'm staying behind!

I don't like the way the bridge is acting up, mayor!

Nonsense... It's perfectly safe. Let's get going!

LED BY MAYOR BRANT, A PROCESSION OF CARS STARTS ACROSS THE SWAYING BRIDGE!

We're starting to toss, mayor--I can hardly control her!

We've reached the middle already, Jones! Keep on!

AT THAT MOMENT--

Great heavens! It's going out--it'll crack up any minute!

Now to climb this pier and get to the bridge!
WHAT A CLIMB! AND WHAT A DROP IF I SLIP!

MADE IT!

HEY, YOU... STOP!

SO IT'S YOU! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO-- COMMIT SUICIDE? KEEP OFF THAT BRIDGE-- YOU FOUR-FLUSHER!

HAVEN'T LEARNED YOUR LESSON YET, EH? TOO BAD!

OUCH!

HERE'S A PRESENT FROM THE BLACK TERROR... EVEN IF IT ISN'T YOUR BIRTHDAY!

WHAM!

AT THAT MOMENT-- A TREMENDOUS BLAST OF WIND HITS-- AND SNAPS THE HUGE BRIDGE IN TWO!
RACING ONTO THE BRIDGE...THE BLACK TERROR MAKES A TERRIFIC LEAP!

WOW! I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS NOW!

THE MAYOR'S CAR--AND JEAN'S IN IT! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!

IS POWERFUL GRIP CLOSING ON THE CAR AS IT SLIDES INTO SPACE!

THIS IS GOING TO TAKE EVERYTHING I'VE GOT! HERE GOES!

MIGHTY HEAVE RETURNS THE CAR TO THE WEAVING SPAN!

THAT DOES IT!

HURRY! THE REST MAY GIVE WAY ANY MINUTE!
THERE--THERE GOES THE CAR!
SO IT'S YOU, BLACK TERROR!
YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES!
NOT YET! COME ON--
WHILE THERE'S STILL SOMETHING TO HANG ONTO!

INCH BY INCH, THEY WIN THEIR WAY ACROSS THE WIND-TOSSED WRECKAGE!
I WAS WONDERING IF I'D EVER SEE YOU AGAIN--AND HOPING!
YOU'RE NOT SO HARD TO LOOK AT YOURSELF!

WON'T YOU TELL US WHO YOU ARE--
SO I CAN THANK YOU PROPERLY?
NEVER MIND THAT! IF YOU WANT THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DISASTER, YOU'LL FIND THEM AT BOSS COHAN'S COUNTRY ESTATE!

S A F E !

HE'S THE SORT OF MAN I'VE DREAMED ABOUT! OH, BOB... IF YOU WERE ONLY LIKE HIM!
ME? NOT A CHANCE!

WHEN JEAN LEAVES--
SOME DAY THAT DAME'S GONNA GET A REAL SURPRISE!

T H A T ' S J U S T L I K E Y O U ...
MOPING HERE WHILE BIG THINGS GO ON? I'VE MET THE BLACK TERROR AGAIN-- AND HE SAVED MY LIFE!

THERE'LL BE A BRAND NEW BLACK TERROR IN NEXT MONTH'S EXCITING COMICS!
Larry North, Reserve Lieutenant of the U.S. Navy, is at present employed as pilot on a Pan-American Clipper.

At Rio de Janeiro, waiting to take off on a scheduled flight, Larry chats with Betty Harmon, stewardess aboard the Clipper.

Bad luck at the start, Betty. My co-pilot has been taken ill. They've assigned a Brazilian aviator as co-pilot on the return trip.

We'll get through okay, Larry. Let's go aboard. It's nearly time to take off.

Wait! I have passage aboard this plane!

With its lone passenger, the great plane heads north over the trackless Brazilian jungles.

Later... as Betty steps out of the kitchen.

Larry... Look out... the co-pilot!

Warned, Larry wards off the blow.

Verdammt!

A false mustache! You're no Brazilian!
HE'S SLIDING TOWARD THE DOOR/ IF I CAN PUSH IT OPEN!

YOU CLUMSY BLUNDERER!

THE LONE PASSENGER DRAWS A PISTOL AND FIRES AT LARRY

ACH / NO AMERICAN WILL BALK DER FUHRER'S PLANS

BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE PLANE HITS AN AIR POCKET DROPPING SUDDENLY--LARRY IS THROWN OFF BALANCE

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM... NOW TO GET THE STEWARDESS?

UGH... MY HEAD!

BETTY DIVES BETWEEN THE SEATS

I MISSED HER!

THE PLANE'S GOING INTO A SPIN... I'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS!

HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE CONTROL ROOM... BUT HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS BRIEF CASE! I'LL TAKE THAT!
Two can play at that game. I'll lock myself in the kitchen where he can't get at me or his precious briefcase!

Meanwhile, the Nazi agent believes he has killed Larry. He steers the plane off its course deep into the jungle.

I must be about there -- I'll tune in the short wave!

Verdammt! Those signals are in code in my briefcase!

Setting the controls the Nazi returns for the briefcase. It's gone! That accursed stewardess has stolen it!

Larry regains consciousness.

Come out and bring my briefcase intact; or I'll shoot off the lock and kill you!

Okay, Betty, you can come out. Our friend will be asleep for a long time!

These papers in his briefcase show that everything is ready for the Nazis to strike in South America by a fifth column uprising. He is a messenger from Berlin with instructions!

Unable to hire a private plane on short notice, they bought up all the seats on the Clipper and got that phoney pilot aboard. They nearly succeeded in delivering the messages to some secret Nazi nerve center... deep in the jungle!

Far below them a hidden anti-aircraft battery goes into action.

The plane does not identify itself. It is not the one we wait for! Fire on it!
Larry/look... listen... Cannon are firing at us.

We're right over that Nazi hangout!

The gunners find the range.

They've hit us, Larry!

I'll try to bring it down on that landing field below us.

Luckily none are hurt in the crash.

You are prisoners... don't try to resist us!

Imagine! Real Nazi troops in Brazil!

Arrest them! I am the messenger from Berlin!

You have papers... something... to prove your identity, mein herr?

They were stolen by these Americans!

This gives me an idea!

O-o-of!

He lies! The girl and I are the accredited messengers from Berlin! He stole our papers!

I'll let the commander decide this one.
HE IS REALLY THE PILOT! I KNOCKED HIM OUT AND STOLE HIS UNIFORM, BUT HE HAD ALREADY DESTROYED MY PAPERS!

HE LIKS -- THE ACCURSED YANKEE! I AM VON BULOW, SENT BY DER FUHRER HIMSELF.

LOCK UP ALL THREE OF THEM! I'LL RADIO BERLIN FOR A DESCRIPTION OF THE MESSENGER AND SOME MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION!

LARRY, BETTY AND THE NAZI ARE PLACED IN A CELL---

I VON BULOW, RANK HIGH IN NAZI COUNCILS! I WILL NOT FORGET YOUR SO CLEVER TRICK, PIG OF AN AMERICAN! SOON THE RADIO FROM BERLIN WILL IDENTIFY ME ... I WILL HAVE YOU SHOT ... THE GIRL, TOO -- UNLESS SHE'S NICE TO ME!

THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE QUICKLY!

THey PLACE THE UNCONSCIOUS VON BULOW ON THE BUNK AND LARRY CALLS THE GUARD

I HAVE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO PROVE MY IDENTITY. TAKE ME TO THE COMMANDER AT ONCE, IF YOU REFUSE I'LL HAVE YOU BROKEN AND SENT BACK TO THE LABOR BATTALIONS!

THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY COMMAND!

A HOME-RUN... HANK GREENBERG STYLE!
They blind and gag the Nazis and change into their uniforms.

One lone Nazi guarding the pursuit planes, Larry!

I used to be able to hit an end every time at forty yards!

First down for Navy!

He's quietly disposed of!

Larry hastens to the Commander's office.

Don't make a move or a sound, my Pat Friend! Hand over that wall map!

I warned you!

Ugh!

Now to get that map!

But the garrison, aroused by the shot, heads Larry off before he can reach the plane.

Too late! Anyway, Betty will get away and spread the alarm.

But Betty circles above the field... then dives straight at Larry and his captors.

Run for your lives!

It's going to crash right into us!

As Betty levels off and zooms up again she turns a rudder for Larry.

Take off after them!

Larry climbs aboard.

The other plane will never spot us in the dark, shall I head for Rio de Janeiro?

Yes, we'll turn the map over to the Brazilian authorities. I'm resigning from Pan-Am lines to devote my entire time to anti-Nazi activities.

More adventures of Larry and Betty fighting the Fifth Column in the next issue of Exciting Comics.
TED AND BETTY REJOIN PROFESSOR HAWKINS AT CAPE TOWN!

WHAT'S NEXT, PROFESSOR?

TED, I'M AFRAID OUR WORK IN AFRICA IS DONE---

---SO I'VE MADE RESERVATIONS ON THE NEXT BOAT FOR THE STATES!

GUESS THE FUN'S OVER!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE DISTANT YEMENITE DESERT---

AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM PIERO, SIGNORE TROMPA!

PIERO! HAND IT HERE!

WHAT!

TELEGRAFICO UFFICIALE

BARTHOUX DISCHARGED ARMY. FLYING CAPE TOWN PROBABLY EN ROUTE YEMEN...

PIERO

NOTIFY PIERO! THE FRENCHMAN MUST BE STOPPED!

PIERO RECEIVES THE ORDER!

IF I CAN GET PASSAGE ON BARTHOUX'S PLANE, I THINK I HAVE A WAY!
Next day, on the Cape Town dock...

Well Ted, we'll be sailing in...

Great Scott! Look!!

A figure plummets from an incoming plane!

Looks as though my little suitcase was timed to the minute!

Then...

The plane's exploded!

There's someone alive in the wreck!

Help!

Guess he's the only one!

What! It can't be!

A new development!

Better get him to a hospital, Professor!
KNOW HIM?

HE'S DR. BARTHOUX, THE FAMOUS FRENCH EXPLORER! I'LL GET A CAB!

JERO TAKES UP THE CHASE!

I'M NOT THROUGH YET--FOLLOW THEM!

AT THE HOSPITAL...

SO YOU RESIGNED YOUR POST AT DAKAR TO RESUME SEARCHING FOR THE LOST CITY OF SHEBA!

HAWKINS, MON AMI....
YOU MUST DO ME ONE FAVOR!

I HAVE A PLANE ALREADY CHARTERED FOR MY TRIP TO YEMEN! WILL YOU USE IT?

TEAR UP THOSE BOAT TICKETS, PROFESSOR!

THE PLANS ARE OVERHEARD!

SO! I HAVE THREE MORE TO DEAL WITH!

AT THE AIRPORT...

I'M FROM THE CAPE TOWN TIMES! WHERE CAN I FIND DR. BARTHOUX'S PILOT?

HE'S OVER AT THE NORTH RUNWAY!

YES, I'M MAKING THAT HOP TO YEMEN--

SORRY TO DISAGREE!
LATER...
THIS NOTE FROM DR. BARTHOUX
WILL EXPLAIN!

THERE ARE MORE
PASSENGERS THAN
I EXPECTED--

--BUT I'M READY TO
TAKE OFF! STEP IN!

HERE WE GO,
BETTY!

THE PLANE DRONES OVER AFRICA---
THEY'RE ASLEEP... I'LL
SEND WORD TO TROMPA
TO EXPECT GUESTS!

MEANWHILE...
THE DIGGING'S GOING
WELL, TROMPA...
BUT I NOTICED
IBRIM SPYING
AGAIN!

I'LL TEACH
THAT DOG!

YOU WERE
WARNED!

SIGNOR
TROMPA!

PIERO HAS TRICKED THREE
OF BARTHOUX'S FRIENDS
INTO FLYING HERE WITH
HIM!

WE'LL BE
READY WHEN THEY
LAND!

BY ALLAH! HE
SHALL PAY FOR
THOSE LASHES.

SPEAK! WHAT
TIDINGS?

HIT THE COURT OF IMAM HAMID EL-DIN, AT SANA.
YOUR FEARS HAVE BEEN PROVED, O
RIGHTOUS ONE!
THE INFIDELS BRING A PLANE TO SHEBA!

WHAT! IN MY REALM?

ORDER OUT THE CAMEL CORPS! GUIDE THEM, IBRIM!

THE IMAM'S TROOPS SURGE OUT OF SANA!

ALLAH AKBAR!

A SHORT WHILE LATER--

WELL, WE'RE OVER THE YEMEN DESERT!

LOOK AT THAT CROWD OF MEN ON CAMELS, TED!

SIDKY... THE PLANE!

MAY MOHAMMED GUIDE MY EYE!

THE BULLET STRIKES!

AH-H-H!

TED... THE PILOT! WE'RE FALLING!

KEEP COOL, BETTY!
TED PANCAKES THE PLANE SAFELY... BUT --

KILL THE INVADERS!

BANG!

BANG!

TED ACCOSTS TED!
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT AN AIRFIELD? WE CAME TO EXCAVATE!

YOU FLY WITH A FRIEND OF TROMPA --

--AND HE AWAITS THE PLANE YOU CAME IN!

HMM! LET ME LOOK AT THAT PILOT!

TED SEARCHES PIERO'S BODY!
WHAT! LOOK AT THIS!

WE'VE BEEN FLYING WITH AN ITALIAN AGENT!

IF THEY ARE BUILDING AN AIRFIELD, IT MUST BE WELL PROTECTED! ONE MAN COULD FIND OUT!

WE TRUST YOU, EFFENDI!
Ted Flanks Trompa's Camp!
They've spotted the Arabs!
Quick... open fire!

Look out! Ready with the chatter-gun, eh?
Bang!

Just as the Yemenites charge---
As for you--!

Now, meddler--!

Brim takes his revenge!
For those lashes, pig!

Ahh-h!

Trompa's men surrender!
In neutral territory, too! The Imam won't like that!

We planned to build a base here to close the Red Sea and block Suez!

Hamid El-Din shows his gratitude!
You may yet find Sheba! Until then--- this token will preserve you throughout Islam!

Your Highness, I have a hunch we'll need it!

Is Ted's Hunch Right?
See next month's issue!
District Attorney Tony Colby, blinded by gangdom, has secretly regained his vision, unknown to all, he assumes the role of the Mask, scourge of crime!

At the home of Carter Dwight, well-known society man—

Sorry this was your off-night, Parkins!

That's eight grand you owe us, pal!

Just to simplify things—I'll make the check out to Dwight!

After Parkins leaves—

Let's have the shekels, Dwight!

Sure, Weems—as soon as it's cashed!

Just put your J.H. on it, chum, and I'll cash it!

If you insist!

What! Payment stopped?

Yeah! But I've handled welchers before!

Better go easy! If we run afoul of Tony Colby—

I'm bankin' on that! And you're fixin' things with the D.A.!

Next day...
That night at Tony Colby's--
Wish I'd gone to that concert with Carol! This has been a dud--

R-R-RING!

My name's Carter Dwight, Mr. Colby! May I see you?
Certainly--are you alone?

What's on your mind, Dwight?
Briefly--a man named Parkins owes me $8000...which he isn't able to pay--

--and since he's threatened suicide, I thought--

You thought you'd avoid being implicated, eh? Cautious, aren't you?

As the two leave...
Dwight didn't know I could see that jailbird Weems! They're up to something!

Carol returns!
Oh! It's--

That dame knows me! Grab her!

Wait a min--
Pipe down! It'd queer things if Colby knew I was with you when you saw him!

Tony! Help!
I'll be out in a min... wait! whose boat is that?

Back for the swag, eh?

Look! get into the car!

The mask acts swiftly!

You're forgetting something--

Crash! --me!

Later... in Tony's office...

So weems forced you to work as his front because you owed him money/what else?

I wanted to prove he was a card-sharp... so I had my best friend, parkins, sit in on a game as a witness!

I tried to save parkins after weems took the check--and if it wasn't for the mask I'd have paid for it!

This is one gamble weems can't fix, Dwight!

Hey! it's weems!

The mask strikes in the next issue of exciting comics.
Ellsworth Forrester meets an old friend at his club—

"Turned out a best-seller yet, Dexter?"

"I'm winding up my new book now, Ellsworth!"

"Who's who in murder? Eh? Sounds like dynamite!"

"It is! Between you and me, it tells things the police don't know!"

The Roscoe Eraser Co., for example—

"I've learned it's just a front for the Reeves gang!"

"You certainly have scored a beat!"

"I'd better keep an eye on Dexter! He'll be sunk if Reeves knows he has the facts!"

Meanwhile...in the visitors' room of an upstate prison—

"I wouldn't talk, see? So the warden takes this writer guy into the next cell..."

"A writer, huh? What's his name?"

"Dexter! And he sure got the low-down about Reeves from that rat next to me!"

"Yeah? Well, it ain't nothin' you'll ever see in print!"
WHAT NIGHT... AT REEVES! HEADQUARTERS...

HOW'S CHUCK?

WAIT'LL YA HEAR REEVES!

SO DEXTER'S GIVIN' THE FACTS, EH? THAT AIN'T HALF OF WHAT HE'S GETTIN'!

AT THAT MOMENT...

MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO SEE HOW DEXTER'S DOING!

SO MR. DEXTER'S TAKEN A COUNTRY PLACE-- WHERE IS IT?

I'M SORRY, SIR... HE LEFT STRICT ORDERS THAT HE WANTED NO VISITORS!

WELL, THEN... CAN YOU DELIVER A MESSAGE?

GLADLY! I'LL GIVE YOU A SHEET OF PAPER AND AN ENVELOPE!

AS THE SPHINX LEAVES--

WAIT A MINUTE, MUGG!

IT'S THE SPHINX! WHAT'S HE UP TO?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, JAMES!
DON'T KID ME, PAL! IF DEXTER AIN'T HERE... HOW COME THE SPHINX WAS AROUND?

HE LEFT A NOTE, SIR!

WELL... WELL! AIN'T THAT NICE OF HIM?

If in danger, send manuscript to me - Sphinx, 4th & Bellmore Towers.

THE BUTLER TALKS!

MR. DEXTER RENTED A HOUSE IN WESTVIEW! HE WANTED...

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW, JAMES!

THANKS!

LATER... AT DEXTER'S RETREAT...

HE'S COMIN' WITH US! I WANT THE NAME OF EVERY RAT WHO TOUGHED UP Dope for that book!

HERE'S THE BUSINESS, REEVES!

YOU TWO STAY HERE! MAYBE A FEW OF THIS GUY'S STOOL-PIGEONS WILL DROP AROUND!

O.K., BOSS!
Back at the Gang's Hideout---
What's that, Reeves?

The Sphinx told Dexter to send him his papers, didn't he?

When he opens this he won't know what hit him! I'm writin' Dexter's return address on it so it'll look like the McCoy!

Next morning...at the club---
The usual bromo, Fred! And bring me a paper!

Yassuh!

Great Scott!

Record
Dexter Butler
Mysteriously Shot

Forrester rushes to the Sphinx's secret quarters!

Looks as though I'll need my gun and mask!

A messenger just left this, sir!

I can't be--well! It's from Dexter!

Forrester examines the lethal package!

The manuscript! It's lucky for me he wrote his address on it!

I'll keep the package intact until I see what's up at Westview!
Someone comin'?

It's the Sphinx! We gotta work fast!

What the... who are you?

Mr. Dexter's caretaker, sir!

The Sphinx steps into a trap!

Let him have it, Mike!

Might as well finish him!

Hold it! What's this?

It's from Dexter! He must've made a copy of that manuscript!

Let's take a look!

The Sphinx revives!

Looks as if something back-fired here! Now to get to the Roscoe Eraser Company!

There!

Boom!
But after the Sphinx leaves...
I gotta... tip off... the boss!

On his way over, eh? Follow me, boys!

On the building basement...
Dump that kerosene into the shaft!

Lay low up in the hall, Red! And bang on the shaft door when the Sphinx gits into the elevator!

The Sphinx arrives!
I'm glad it's a self-service elevator... an operator might tip them off!

In mid-shaft...
What the... the car's stopped!

Thump! Thump!

A terrific blast of heat sears upward!
The shaft's ablaze... I'm trapped!

He'll be roasted alive!

Now to settle Dexter before we scram!

Roscoe Eraser Company
I've still got a chance!

The Sphinx clambered up the cable to the motor-room!

Hope Dexter's luck is holding as well as mine!

Meanwhile...

I'm still holding the source of my information, Reeves!

O.K., chump... you'll die with it!

Smack!

Then...

I'm doing the shooting -- rat!

Bang!

Or don't you think so?

The dying mobster talks!

Dexter... had the right dope...

Looks like one for the book, Dexter!

I'll call the pol... say... there's a lot I'd like to know!

Ask me the next time we meet!

Next day... at the club...

Wish I could reveal what's happened, Forrester! But it will all come out in my book!

I can't wait to read it!

The Sphinx Fights Gangdom Again in next month's issue!
The clicking of the train's wheels rolling over the rails was music to Jimmy Blue's ears. It was his first long trip alone by train and he was quite excited about it all. He was going East to visit his friend Monty, who lived in New York. Jimmy had spent all of his life on the big Bar B Ranch out West, so this journey was quite an event to the thirteen-year-old boy.

It grew dark as the train tore on across the country, and Jimmy sat peering out the window at the lights flashing by. They were still traveling through wild Western country so the lights did not appear often. Suddenly the train came to a quick stop.

From outside there came the roar of guns, and the shouts of excited men.

"Holdup!" cried a trainman as he dashed through the car in which Jimmy was seated. "Don't try to fight them or you will be killed."

Jimmy had encountered badmen out on the range and he wasn't afraid of them, though he was too wise to give them a chance to hurt him if he could possibly help it.

He grabbed up the package that contained the real rawhide lariat that he was taking with him as a present for Monty and then slipped down to the end of the car. In the excitement no one paid any attention to the little boy dressed in range clothes.

It was dark when Jimmy reached the end of the rear car and he climbed down the steps and ran across the tracks to the brush on the other side of the train.

The shooting had stopped so he was sure that the train robbers had convinced the package and shook out the rope. He flung the noose and it landed over the head of the man guarding the horses.

"Got him!" exclaimed Jimmy as he gave the rope a quick jerk and drew it tight around the man's neck.

The man fell as the rope tightened, and struck his head on the hard ground, being knocked unconscious. Jimmy quickly unfastened the reins of the horses, which had been tied to a long pole that the robbers had found near the track. He waved his hat and shouted and all the horses except one went galloping away.

Jimmy caught the single horse and swung into the saddle. He rode madly to the next station about a mile away along the tracks. Here he told of the holdup and the sheriff and a posse started out at once with Jimmy riding with them. They reached the train just as the robbers discovered their horses were gone and were trying to force the engineer to start the Limited and take them back into the mountains.

With guns roaring the posse captured the outlaws.

"Never would have caught them if it hadn't been for this boy," said the sheriff, pointing to Jimmy. "He told us how frightened the horses away and rode to get us."

---

This Daring Range Lad Sure Can Swing a Lariat!
Well Turner calls on Captain McDowell of the Texas Rangers!

Masked men are terrorizing our ranch, Captain! You've got to help us!

Hmm—that calls for my best operative—Jim Hatfield! I'll send him down as soon as he gets back!

Several days later—Jim rides on his mission—

Reckon I ought to be gittin' pretty near the Turner spread!

Great hornspoon! They're attackin' the ranch!

They're too many to tackle single-handed—guess I'd better announce myself with a few stone callin' cards!
RUN! IT'S A LANDSLIDE!!

HELP!

OOF!

LOOK AT THEM COYOTES SCATTER!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... FAST!

OW!

ARR-CH!

I'M JIM HATFIELD, MISS!

GLAD YOU GOT HERE, RANGER! I'M NELL TURNER--THIS IS MY FATHER!

I'M QUITTIN'... THIS JOB'S TOO DANGEROUS!

LOOKS LIKE I DIDN'T GET HERE TOO SOON!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THEY'VE ATTACKED OPENLY... AND BY DAYLIGHT!

TOM BRIGGS, OF THE NEIGHBORING BAR-W, MAKES A SUDDEN APPEARANCE...

I HEARD GUNSHOTS, MISS TURNER... AND CAME GALLOPIN' OVER PRONTO!

IT WAS THOSE MASKED MEN AGAIN, MR. BRIGGS!

THAT GANG'LL GIT Y'AH YET--I'D LIKE A CRACK AT 'EM--WHY NOT SELL OUT TO ME?

I DON'T KNOW-- YOU DID MAKE A HANDSOME OFFER!
I'LL DOUBLE IT! I'LL... JUST A MINUTE... WADDY--HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

YUH AIN'T! AND I'LL TEACH YUH TO GO BUTTIN' INTO MY BUSINESS!

TOUCH THAT GUN AND I'LL DRILL YUH NOW--VAMOSE!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT!

I DUNNO... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HOMBRE I DON'T COTTON TO!

I'VE SEEN HIS FACE SOMEWHERE! I'M RIDIN' TO TOWN TO CHECK UP!

GET BACK SOON, RANGER!

HI--THAR, RANGER! WHAT'S THIS--A SOCIAL CALL?

NOPE--BUSINESS! I WANT TO LOOK THROUGH YORE FILE OF WANTED MEN--STARTIN' ALL THE WAY BACK!

JUMPIN' HOPTOADS... THIS LOOKS LIKE THE COYOTE I'M AFTER!

NOT A CHANCE, RANGER! HE'S IN A MEXICAN JAIL FOR LIFE... SENT THERE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!

HE HAIRED FROM THESE PARTS. I HEAR TELL--USED TO LIVE ON THE TURNER RANCH!

THAT'S SOMETHIN' TO CHAW OVER! THANKS, SHERIFF!

SEND THIS OUT FAST--AND HAVE THE ANSWER Brought TO ME OUT AT TURNER'S!

SONORA JAIL, EH? IT'LL GO OUT PRONTO!
IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE RIGHT, BRIGGS USED TO OWN THE TURNER SPREAD—AND FOR SOME REASON, HE'S A HEAP ANXIOUS TO GET IT BACK!

HOLY SMOKE! I'M BEIN' DRY-GULCHED!

JIM IS CAUGHT IN A HAIL OF LEAD!

PURRING HIS HORSE... HE SWOOPS DOWN ON THE AMBUSHERS!

IF IT'S SHOOTIN' YUH'RE AFTER — HERE IT IS!

UGH! GIT 'IM!

GUNS EMPTY--THE RANGER BATTLES FOR HIS LIFE!

I'LL END THIS RIGHT NOW! YUH DON'T GIT ME THAT EASY!
Glad I happened along, Ranger—sort of even things up!

Let's git back to the ranch, Miss—I got a heap of suspicions I want to mull over!

That afternoon... Reckon it's the telegram I've been expectin'!

So Tom Scott escaped from the Sonora jail a year ago! Which is just about the time Miss Nell says Tom Briggs turned up here!

I figger part of his loot must be hid around here!

The most likely place I can think of is the cellar. Let's try it!

What's behind here?

I don't know. It was like that when we came—we've never been able to open it!

Yuh'll be able to now!
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

LOOK AT THOSE DIGGIN' TOOLS/SAY-MEBBE SOMETHIN'S HID UNDERGROUND!

DIGGING, THEY FIND...

A TRAP-DOOR!

THE BANK-ROBBER'S LOOT IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT!

WE'VE FOUND IT!

SO THIS IS WHAT BRIGGS WAS AFTER!

SUDDENLY--

THROW UP YOUR HANDS/GUESS I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

BRIGGS!

YLUH WERE SMART, FIGGERIN'OUT THIS SETUP--TOO SMART! SO YLUH'RE ALL GONNA DIE--RIGHT NOW!

THAT'S TOO BAD, BECAUSE--

UGH!

--I GOT OTHER NOTIONS!

YLUH'RE HEADED FOR THE LOCKUP AGAIN, MR. SCOTT-BRIGGS!

THANKS, RANGER--YOU'VE SAVED OUR RANCH!

YLUH'LL ALWAYS FIND JIM HATFIELD READY TO HELP MISS!

DON'T MISS JIM HATFIELD

IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

I'M A LARGE SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION--

GUESS THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!

HE'S THE EIGHTH MAN TO FALL IN THREE DAYS!

GREAT SCOTT-LOOK!

THIS JOB'S A JINX! I'M QUitting!

I'M WITH YOU!

WHAT! ANOTHER?

Yeah... and I'm not gonna be next! Pay me off!

I'll lose my contract, Jones, if the job lags! Stick it out---I promise to do what I can!

O.K.---I'll take a chance!
Dan Williams Gets a New Case!

So you suspect something crooked, eh?

Our accident rate has quadrupled since the job started. What do you think?

It can't be sheer bad luck! I'll see what I can find in the morning!

Early Next Day...

I wouldn't advise going up, Mr. Williams!

I'm pretty sure-footed...

But just to play safe, I've brought these rubber-soled shoes!

Wish I could feel right about this!

Three hundred feet above the street...

What's strange is that all the men fell from here... the south side!

Let's get out on these girders!

Meanwhile, in an adjacent skyscraper...

This job gives me the willies!

It's safe, ain't it?
WE'RE GETTING PAID TO BUMP OFF THOSE STEEL-WORKERS! AND SO FAR THE COPS AIN'T...

HEY, RIGGS!

THERE'S TWO GUYS ON THE SCAFFOLDING!

NEAR THAT TOP GIRDER, EH?

THEY'RE WALKIN' OUT! LET 'EM HAVE IT, DUKE!

AT THAT MOMENT...

SPOT SOMETHING?

THAT'S STRANGE! IT'S---

HE FOREMAN TOTTERS...

HELP!

THEN PLUMMETS TO HIS DEATH!

GREAT SCOTT!

A-A-AHHH!
WHATEVER HE SAW BEFORE HIS FALL ISN'T THERE NOW--
AND THAT MEANS IT'S DROPPED TO THE STREET!

LOOK! ONE OF 'EM DIDN'T FALL!
I AIN'T BLIND, CHUMP!
WE BETTER PICK UP THE EVIDENCE JUST IN CASE!

WE'LL HOLD 'EM! START LOOKIN', BOYS!

GIT BACK, MUGGS!

DAN WITNESSES THE FORAY!

SO THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T BRING THE ELEVATOR UP!
HOPE MY GRIP HOLDS!
OUR ONLY RECENT RENTAL ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BUILDING HAS BEEN 2904!

MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK?

MEANWHILE...

NOW TO BREAK THE NEWS TO THE BOSS!

J.R. TATE INC.
BUILDERS

THE GANGSTER REPORTS TO A PROMINENT CONTRACTOR!

HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME HERE OPENLY?

WE GOTTA LAY LOW! THINGS GOT TANGLED UP!

KEEP YER SHIRT ON, TATE!

WE'LL BE BEHIND BARS IF THAT EQUIPMENT'S FOUND!

I'LL FIX THAT! HOP BACK TO THE BUILDING, DUKE, AND GET RID OF THAT JUNK!

AT THAT MOMENT--

THIS EXPLAINS IT! THIS MOTOR TURNED OUT JUST ENOUGH VOLTAGE TO CAUSE THE STEEL-WORKERS TO LOSE THEIR BALANCE!

THEY THREW A COIL OF THIS WIRE OVER THE GIRDS... KNOWING THE VOLTAGE WOULD MELT IT WHEN THE CURRENT PASSED THROUGH! PRETTY SMART!

HIGGS' KILLER ARRIVES!

OH-OH!

CHECKING THE SERIAL NUMBER'S THE NEXT STEP!
GIT YOUR MITTS UP!

OOF!!

HOW ABOUT MY ELBOW?

BANG!

I'LL SALT YOU DOWN HERE UNTIL I'VE GRABBED THE OTHERS!

DAN TELEPHONES THE PEERLESS ELECTRICAL COMPANY!

SO MOTOR NO. 6502 WAS SOLD TO THE J.R. TATE COMPANY! THANKS A LOT!

NOW TO SEE WHAT MR. TATE KNOWS!

Con Afterward--

I Gotta Get That 'Phone!

Hey, Operator!

Gimme Locust 8900!
AT TATE'S OFFICE ---

IT'S DUKE! THERE'S A DICK ON HIS WAY OVER!

THAT'S A GOOD THING TO KNOW!

DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE... PLUG HIM! THIS MIXER'LL DO THE REST!

DAN HEADS INTO A HAIL OF BULLETS!

I'M TAKING TO COVER!

HE SWERVES HIS CAR... AND...

HELP!

CRASH!

DON'T DRILL ME! TATE'S THE GUY YOU WANT!

SO YOU RATS WANT ACTION!

SO TATE WANTED TO QUEER HIS RIVAL'S CONTRACT--HERE'S HIS WRITTEN CONFESSION! THOSE MURDERS CERTAINLY BOOMERANGED ONCE HE WAS CORNERED!
THE booming of the native drums was a sinister sound in the darkness of the African night. Bobbie Green listened tensely for he knew that somewhere back there in the jungle two white men were being held prisoners by the savages. One of those men was big Tim Larkin, stationed at the army post two miles up the river.

"The drums sing of war, Bwana," said the little native boy who crouched beside Bobbie in the brush. "Looks bad for man that beats big drum."

"I know," said Bobbie. "I can tell there is something wrong, Little Simba. But we've got to save Tim Larkin and the man with him some way."

The natives had captured Larkin and Smith just as the two soldiers were unloading a big bass drum that had been shipped to the fort by river steamer and then carried through the jungle by native bearers. The bass drum was needed for the regimental band at the fort.

The natives had suddenly turned on the two white men and captured them while they were traveling through the brush. Bobbie and his little native friend, called Little Simba—which meant small lion—had been playing in the jungle and had seen all that had happened.

They had followed the natives and their prisoners, planning to go back to the fort and tell what they had seen as soon as they learned where the savages had taken the two white men. But the trail had been a long one and night had descended before the two boys realized it.

Later that night Bobbie Green bravely rolled the big bass drum right into the camp of the natives. He saw the two white men tied to trees—but he pretended not to notice them.

"What come boy here for?" asked a chief who could speak a little English as he saw Bobbie. "What bring big drum?"

"Drum spirit," said Bobbie. "Drum tell me come here. Say you let white men go free."

"Not believe," said the chief. "Drum not speak."

"The drum speaks with the wisdom of the great spirit of the river," said a voice in the native language—a voice that came from inside the drum. "I speak and you listen!"

"I—I listen, O Drum," said the chief, trembling with fright. "I hear and obey."

At the command of the drum the natives released the two white men. At Bobbie's suggestion Tim Larkin picked up the drum and the two men and the boy hastily departed. When they were safe on the way back to the fort—they stopped and took off one of the drum heads and there was Little Simba inside the drum. He had pretended to be the spirit voice and had frightened the natives so that they had released the prisoners.

"But it was your idea, Bwana," said Little Simba. "And I wish you had been inside drum—for it make me very sick to be rolled around like that so that I am upside down half of time."

A Brave Boy Outwits An African Native Chief!
NEW DETAIL OF CONSCRIPTEES ARRIVES AT CAMP DREW!

WOW! LOOK WHAT THE DRAFT BLEW IN, SERGEANT KING!

DON'T LAUGH AT 'EM! THEY'VE LEFT GOOD JOBS TO SERVE UNCLE SAM!

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, SERGEANT. I'VE JUST REPORTED, AND I'M GLAD TO FIND A MAN LIKE YOU WEARING CHEVRONS!

THANKS, LIEUTENANT!

LATER, THE COLONEL SUMMONS BILL---

YOU ARE SPY-CHASERS SHOULD MEET! THIS IS LIEUTENANT DANBY, KING!

NOT "LEFTY" DANBY FROM THE COAST! I KNOW YOUR RECORD, SIR--IT'S AN HONOR!

IF I'M GOING TO IMPROVE ON THAT RECORD, I'D SUGGEST THAT WE WORK TOGETHER!

SWELL OF YOU TO SUGGEST IT! YOU'LL FIND ME READY!

A WEEK LATER... AS BILL DRILLS THE ROOKIES...

OKAY, SOLDIER! NOW LET'S SEE YOU HIT THAT TARGET!

SURE THING, SARGE!
AS THE TRIGGER IS PULLED--

HOLY SMOKE!

BAM!

IT... JUST SEEMED TO GO UP... IN MY HANDS!

HM... AN EXPLOSION LIKE THAT... THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON!

NONSENSE, KING! IF THE MAN HAD KEPT HIS GUN CLEAN, IT NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

THAT EVENING, AS BILL NEARS THE ARSENAL--

WHAT THE--! THAT GUY'S GOT NO BUSINESS HERE! HEY, YOU!

TRYING FOR A GETAWAY, EH?

OOOF!

YOU'RE NO SOLDIER! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

IT'S ALL RIGHT! I... I'VE BEEN VISITING THE COLONEL!

YOU CAN ASK HIM! THERE HE COMES NOW!

WHERE?
AND YOU'RE THE GUY THEY TOLD ME TO LOOK OUT FOR--SUCKER!

UGH!

POW!

I'M A SAP TO FALL FOR THAT OLD GAG! WONDER IF HE GOT INTO THE ARSENAL?

NEXT MORNING...

SO WHAT? THE MAN WAS A TRESPASSER! WE'VE CHECKED, AND NOTHING'S BEEN STOLEN FROM THE ARSENAL! YOU'D BETTER GET BUSY WITH MACHINE-GUN PRACTICE!

YES, COLONEL... BUT I STILL DON'T FEEL SAFE ABOUT IT!

HANDLE HER RIGHT AND SHE WON'T JAM! NOW LET 'ER GO--LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED!

O.K., SARGE!

RENDING EXPLOSION WREAKS HAVOC!

HELP!

BOOM!

AN INQUIRY IS HELD!

SERGEANT KING MANAGED TO GET OFF UNHARMED! WE'LL HEAR HIS TESTIMONY!

THAT MACHINE-GUN WAS IN GOOD REPAIR, AND CLEAN AS A WHISTLE! I THINK THE AMMUNITION IN THE ARSENAL OUGHT TO BE CHECKED OVER!
IT'S AMAZING! I'VE JUST GOTTEN A REPORT THAT BULLETS CONTAINING HIGH EXPLOSIVE WERE PLACED IN THE ARSENAL! I WANT YOU TWO TO LOOK INTO IT!

I'LL SAY WE WILL!

I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST A PLAN! LOAD IN A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF AMMUNITION, AND LIEUTENANT DANBY AND I CAN STAND GUARD NIGHTS! A LARGE GUARD WOULD SCARE THOSE RATS OFF, BUT WE MAY TRAP 'EM THIS WAY!

THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! HERE'S A LAYOUT OF THE ARSENAL--KING AND I CAN COVER IT EASILY!

GO AHEAD, BOYS--AND LOTS OF LUCK!

THAT NIGHT-- EVERYTHING SET, LIEUTENANT?

JUST CALL ME "LEFTY," BILL-- WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER! SUPPOSE WE PATROL SEPARATE SECTIONS!

NOW'S MY CHANCE!

NOTHING EXCITING SO FAR!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, HERO?

WHAM!

OH-HH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER-- AM I GLAD I CAME ALONG! THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU!

WHAT HAPPENED?

THERE WERE FOUR OF 'EM! I Fought 'EM OFF BAREHANDED... Couldn't USE MY GUN ON ACCOUNT OF THE AMMUNITION! THEY ESCAPED BEFORE THEY COULD DO ANY HARM!

GOOD FOR YOU!
The following morning—
Just to be on the safe side, Captain—do you mind if I take a squad and search the arsenal?

Bill makes a terrible discovery!
Bill, I tracked it down... it's set for three—take it out to the testing grounds!

Danby? He's left camp for the afternoon—said he had some important things to follow up!

So have I, Colonel! Line of duty... if you don't mind!

I had to ask enough questions to get here! Wonder why Danby rents this house?

Nothing like a little firsthand snooping!

Bill eavesdrops... and gets a surprise!
You've served your purpose, sucker—here it comes!

Here's where I go to town!

You've done enough dirty work, pal!

Bang!

King! How did you—
ALLYING... THE OFFICER DRIVES BILL BACK!

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE-- I'LL MAKE THIS A DOUBLE-HEADER!

OOF!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT IN YOU, YOU RAT! TAKE THAT!!

OW!

YOU'RE THE REAL LEFTY DANBY-- I'LL BET MY LAST DOLLAR ON IT!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT HOW Did YOU KNOW?

I KNOW, YOU GOT THAT Nick-NAME BECAUSE YOU'RE LEFT-HANDED-- AND WHEN I SAW THAT IMPOSTOR HOLDING A PENCIL IN HIS RIGHT HAND--

YOU'RE A GOOD DETECTIVE, SERGEANT!

YOU'RE THE REAL LEFTY DANBY-- I'LL BET MY LAST DOLLAR ON IT!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I KNOW, YOU GOT THAT Nick-NAME BECAUSE YOU'RE LEFT-HANDED-- AND WHEN I SAW THAT IMPOSTOR HOLDING A PENCIL IN HIS RIGHT HAND--

YOU'RE A GOOD DETECTIVE, SERGEANT!

THAT RAT'S KLAPPER OF THE NAZI INTELLIGENCE! HE KIDNAPPED ME WHEN I GOT HERE TO REPORT-- AND KEPT ME ALIVE IN CASE HE MIGHT NEED MY SIGNATURE TO HELP HIS IMPERSONATION!

HE MUST HAVE FIGURED HIS WORK WAS THROUGH!

KLAPPER WAS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN ARMY MORALE! FINDING THAT TIME-BOMB CLINCHED MY CASE AGAINST HIM-- THAT AND HIS NEAT APPEARANCE AFTER CLAIMING TO HAVE FOUGHT OFF FOUR MEN IN THE ARSENAL!

GREAT WORK, 'KING!'
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Reference: ________________________

PAL 3
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