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BUT JAY'S RESOLUTION SEEMS DOOMED TO FAILURE ...



BUT IN THE RESEARCH LABORATORY THE FOOT-BALL DUB IS A BRILLIANT STUDENT...

















ALL NIGHT LONG JAY INHALES THE DEADLY FUMES OF THE GAS ELEMENTS OF "HARD WATER"... IN THE EARLY DAWN PRO-FESSOR HUGHES BECOMES CURIOUS ...



















IN HIS ANXIETY THE PATIENT DISCOVERS THAT THE DOCTORS ARE RIGHT.!!

I'M SO GLAD

































































ATTUNING
HIMSELF TO
THE SPEED
OF THE
BULLET TO
AVOID
INJURY, HE
LURCHES
FORWARD!













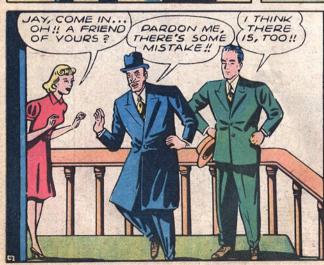




















AND ONCE AGAIN THE FLASH IS ON HIS WAY WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT-!!

















HOW DOES THE
FLASH STOP A BULLET
IN FLIGHT WITHOUT
SUFFERING INJURY
TO HIMSELF?
EXPLANATION.
HIS PROCESS OF THOUGHT
AND ACTION DUE TO HIS
INHALATION OF THE MARD.
WATER GASES, HAVE BEEN
SO QUICKENED, THAT HE
HAS THE SPEED OF LIGHT
ITSELF!
AS A RESULT, HE CAN
EASILY MATCH THE SPEED
OF A BULLET...
WHEN TWO BODIES
TRAVEL ALONG TOGETHER
AT EQUAL SPEED EVEN
THO THEY MEET,
THERE IS ABSOLUTELY
NO FRICTION AND
THERE FORE
NO INJURY























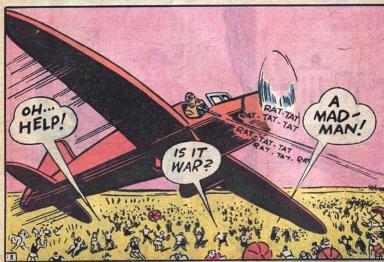




THE NEXT DAY AT CROWDED CONEY ISLAND BEACH...















IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC SLIPS THE FLASH...



























MONTH!

ANOTHER

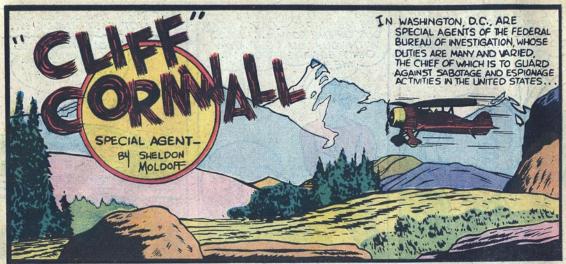
AMAZING

STORY

OF THE ONE

AND ONLY

FLASH!









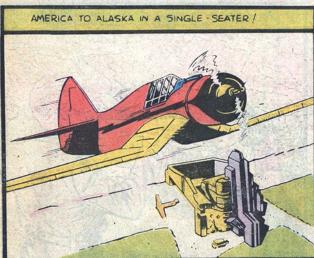






























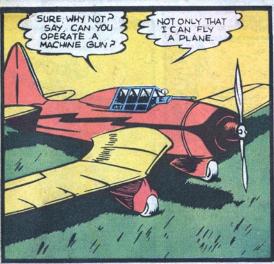










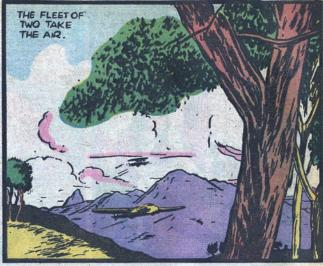






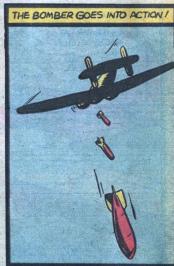






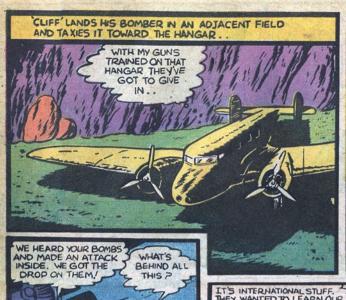






































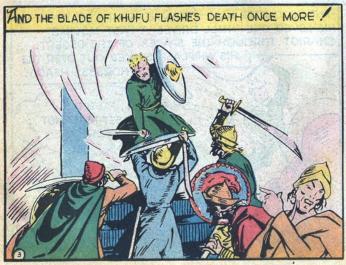




















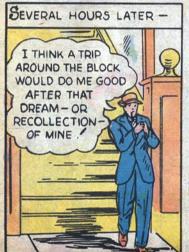




























-TUNES IN ON
HIS DYNAMODETECTOR AND
EMERGES SHORTLY
AFTER FROM HIS
WEAPON ROOM
CLAD, AS A
GRIM JEST, IN
THE GUISE OF
THE ANCIENT
HAWK-GOD
ANUBIS...



- WHOSE
EXTRAORDINARY
POWERS ARE
DERIVED FROM
CARTER HALL'S
DISCOVERY OF THE
SECRET OF THE
AGES - THE
NINTH METAL WHICH DEFIES THE
PULL OF THE
EARTH'S GRAVITY-





IN THAT NIGHT OF TERRORS A NEW ONE IS ADDED, AS HIGH IN THE AIR THE HAWK WHEELS IN FLIGHT —



HE REACHES A DESOLATE RAVINE BEYOND THE CITY'S LIMITS, -AND DESCENDS .



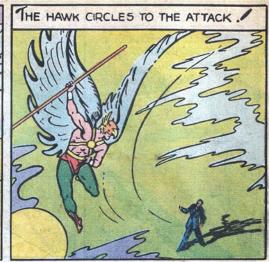












































































OF ANCIENT EVIL ! HE WARS NEXT MONTH ON - THE GLOBE CONQUEROR !





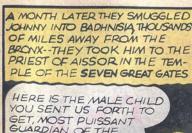








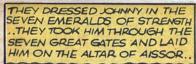


















AND PRONOUNCED THE SACRED WORD CEI-U WHICH SOUNDS IN THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE LIKE SAY-YOU SEVEN TIMES. AND THAT WAS THE END OF THE CEREMONY





BUT WORD LEAKED OUT THAT THE BADHNISIANS HADA SCHEME FOR RULING THE WORLD, SO THE NEIGHBORING COUNTRY OF AGOLEA, THEIR ANCIENT ENEMY. A WAR























MEANWHILE, THINGS HADN'T BEEN GOING SO WELL FOR JOHNNY'S FATHER. HE LOST HIS JOB AT THE BANK TWO MORE CHILDREN JOINED THE FAMILY IN THE NEXT FOUR YEARS AND FINALLY, SIMON THUNDER AGAIN GOT STEADY WORK-A JOB ON A THIRD AVENUE STREET CAR









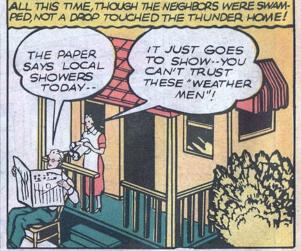












AND THE CURIOUS MOTTO ON JOHNNY'S BELT GLOWED STRANGELY...THE CHARM OF THE BADHNISIAN PRIESTS WAS TAKING EFFECT AND NONE OF THE THUNDER FAMILY KNEW WHAT IT MEANT!







WHEN THE MEN OF BADHNISIA SOT TO THE BRONX, SIMON THUNDER HAD MOVED- HE'D CHANGED JOBS TOO, SO THE BADHNISIANS ARE STILL SEARCH-ING IN 1939, WHEN JOHNNY IS 23...













SAY YOU! -- CEI-U! THEY'RE BOTH

PRONOUNCED ALIKE! JOHNNY

















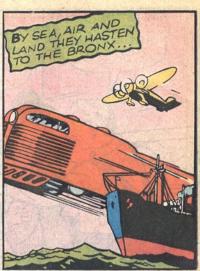














































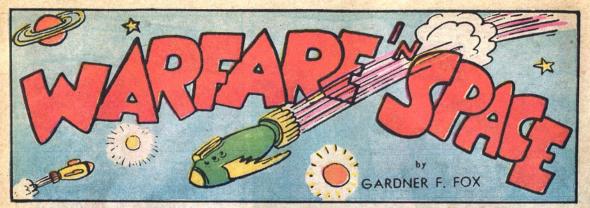




MR. THUNDER!



JUST AN ORDINARY GUYTRY.
ING TO LEAD AN ORDINARY
LIFE, AND THIS HAS TO HAP.
PEN TO HIM!... HOW CAN JOHNNY
LEARN TO MASTER THE TERR.
IBLE POWER HE POSSESSES?
SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF
FLASH COMICE!



PART ONE

"I've got it!" cried Billy Morton. Eagerly he turned to the grey-haired man who stood beside him at the metal beakers and scientific equipment that littered the labora-

try tabletop.

"I've got it at last," Billy enthused, snapping his fingers in his excitement. "The thing Dad worked all his life for — a weapon that can be used effectively in interstellar

space!" Orphaned son of a brilliant scientist, Keith Morton, Bill had inherited his father's keen mind and interest in scientific research. As a technician on the only space-port on the planet Jupiter in the year 2139, there wasn't much for a boy of eighteen to do except work. And since his work was at once his hobby. Billy Morton was perfectly satisfied.
Billy's snapping black eyes clouded.

his carelessly parted black hair fell over his high forehead. His lips grew grim with sudden thought

"If Ralph Farnham — less" — ever raids Jup "the Ruth-

"If Ralph Farnham — "the Ruthless" — ever raids Jupiter again," he said, "I'll be ready for him!"

Port Commander Worth nodded his leonine head. He had been the life-long friend of Billy's father. When Ralph, "the Ruthless" had raided Jupiter four years ago and slain the elder Morton, Billy had sworn two years. One, to continue sworn two vows. One, to continue his Dad's research for a space weapon; and second, to get revenge on Ralph Farnham.

The first vow was now accomplished. Before Commander Worth's admiring blue eyes, Billy was unwrapping a metal rod that had attached to it a round box at its trig-

ger-end.
"This is the discharger-gun," explained Billy. "In this round box I place a coil of elemental chemical essences — what they are is the secret Dad and I were working on!
— and then, press the trigger! Zowie!

"But are you sure it will work in space? You know the space between the planets is a great void, empty of air, which conducts elec-tricity, and permits bullets and bombs to take effect. A bullet in

space just drops into the void — no air to carry it. Your gun—"
"Doesn't the sun heat the Earth?"

asked Billy,

"Yes, of course. But, what-"

A wailing shriek burst all about them. The very air they breathed seemed to explode into a shrill, rending scream. Billy stiffened, the discharger-gun in his hands forgot-

ten.
"Air raid!" he shouted. "It's Ralph Farnham!"

Commander Worth was already at the doorway. Interplanetary space pirates made his life miserable. Launching attacks at widely spaced intervals, they raided for scientific discoveries and radium. They were ruthless, well organized, and attacked in such numbers that the Space-port Patrols were helpless before them.

"You stay here, Billy!" Com-mander Worth shouted as he started to run.

But Billy had other ideas. His black eyes flared with the desire to try his new gun against the space pirates. This was his chance to show the Solar System that Earthmen who lived on the Earth's far-flung planetary colonies could produce just as good scientists as Mother Earth! And - if it was Ralph Farnham it was his big chance!

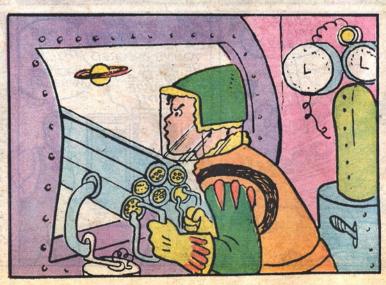
So Billy began to run himself, only he ran for his father's private hanger that housed one of the most perfect little space fliers that science could build.

In the room that held his fur-lined space suit, Billy Morton paused and began to rip off shirt and tie and laboratory cloak and groves. He dived into a thick, fur-lined jacket and loose, warm leather trousers. Snatching up his oxygo-helmet and his new gun, he dropped down the ladder at breakneck speed to the flyer platform.

Billy knew he'd have to move fast.

The air raid sirens gave an hour's notice only. After their shrill blast had died away, he realized that Ralph Farnham's space boats were zooming through the murky void of space toward Jupiter at a terrific rate of speed. But he could move fast himself!

He'd have to! He must get his flyer out into space in time to meet that approaching squadron and come to grips with it — before they got before they got





within striking distance of the space

And he had to avoid Commander Worth! The old man would never consent to his journeying out alone into the void against Ralph Farn-ham's space fleet!

The smooth metal sides of the flyer, loomed large before him. Billy swung over a lever to lift the hanger roof, and started for the flyer door, when

"Billy! Billy Morton!"

Billy groaned. He knew well that crisp, military—sounding voice. He didn't have to turn to know that Commander Worth, was running along the metal platform, waving his arms and shouting.
"Billy — hold on! Wait!"

He turned ready to argue the need for his going out alone into space, to test his new weapon. He knew as well as Commander Worth the danger of a single flyer fighting a space fleet by itself — with only a boy of eighteen at the controls. But he also knew that he was the only chance they had to win!

"Yes, Commander Worth?"
"You—you were going up alone!"
said the Spaceport chief accusingly.
"I must!" Billy protested. "I'm
the only one who can successfully fight them off before they reach Jupiter. You know that!" Commander Worth smiled grimly

and caught Billy's big hand.
"I know, boy. I know how much you want to go — out there! But I know that if you don't come back I'll never sleep soundly again, cursed

by the thoughts of your sacrifice.

"And yet — I knew your father and I know you. And when you said 'I've got it', I knew you had, finally, concluded your experiment.

"You're my only hope, Billy. Get into that flyer and get going—before

I change my mind!"
"Golly!" shouted Billy, grinning
and snapping his fingers. "That's
swell! And thanks, Commander

Worth - you won't regret it!"

Billy swung open the flyer's door and let himself into the round steering room. The space flyer was made of smooth aluminum — steel, light but strong enough to resist the terrific pull of gravity. Four long metal tails on each side of the ship reached out behind it to give it balance and disastion. lance and direction. An open vent in the rear permitted rocket blasts which propelled the ship in outer

As Billy let himself down into the leather and steel gyro-seat, he faced a window of thick quartz, ground with gelida, a cold-and-heat resist-ing mineral from Venus's vast quarries. It was a round, yellow sheet of space-glass that permitted the driver to see ahead of him.

Billy glanced at his wristwatch. He had less than thirty minutes to get free of Jupiter's terrible gravitypull. Less than thirty minutes to jockey into position to fight the first space battle of all time! He frowned and threw over the degravitizer lever.

The flyer lurched against its steel props, then slowly began to lift free of its hanger. Below him Billy could see Commander Worth waving to him, wishing him luck.

Billy gasped. He began to shake. Not with fear, for Billy Morton wasn't afraid of death, but with that nervous tension an athlete feels be-fore a game. He thought swiftly of the thousands of helpless Earth colonists who were unknowingly depending on him and on his new weapon. Billy reached out a hand to

pat the cold metal rod.

"You've got to come through," he
whispered to it. "You've just got to!"
Then he gave himself over to grim
business. Swiftly he strapped himself into his gyro-seat that maintained the same position even if the flyer itself was standing on its pointed nose.

He began to check his instrument board, watching the degravitizer needle raise and raise: one hundred, one thousand, two thousand feet from the surface of the planet.

Soon now his ship would burst into the radiant aura of the sun-bathed atmospheric belt which protected the air of the planet Jupiter from the cold nothingness of outer space. His quartz window shone with con-centrated light. That would last only a few seconds at the rate his flyer was lifting. Only a few seconds, and then

The bright colors flashing through the window darkened. Instantly Billy reached out and flipped over his rocket-blast. From the rear of the space flyer came a stream of brilliant yellow. With a sudden surge and a low roar, the tiny ship

flamed out into black space.

Inside his driving room Billy Morton felt only a slight push forward. But his indicator showed incredible speed. He smiled tightly, and glanced at his watch. He had made it just in time! Through his window he could see Ralph Farnham and his pirate fleet like little black dots in space, come racing toward him!

Billy chuckled to himself. "He's going to get the surprise of his life!"

To Be Concluded Next Month







in any retail store. A day's fun for the whole family, Remittance must secompany order. We ship same day received, Our free estalogs of fireworks and sovieties will be sent immediately on request. Write today. THE GRAZEL MOVELTY MANUFACTURING CO. 405/ APPLE STREET

Polish postage stamps picture many eras in its unusual story.

In medieval times Poland was a most important European nation; as far back as the year A.D. 1000 we find King Boleslav ruling and

his country then one of the great powers.

Later on Poland and Lithuania united through the marriage of the monarchs of both states, so that Poland became one of the most extensive nations of Europe, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The union occurred with the marriage of Jagello of Lithuania (grand duke) and the Polish queen, Jadwiga.

All these events are pictured by postage stamps; and there are several other scenes to be found, to cover other parts of the Polish

national story. We even find stampic remembrances of the 1830 revolt as well as the 1863-64 rebellion. In addition, there are stamps marking contemporary times.

Poland had its first postage stamps when a Russian duchy, in 1860. A single stamp appeared. No further postage appears until Poland is a republic, with local issues beginning in 1918. General issues - "national" postage stamps-begin in 1919.

In 1919 the first semi-postals make their appearance; postage dues had first come out a year previously. Airmail stamps began in 1925.

In 1915 Germany overprinted its stamps for use in occupied Poland; in 1925 Poland overprinted stamps for use in the Free State of Danzig.

The country, which has had a most exciting history, has some extremely fascinating stamps which are attracting numerous collectors today.





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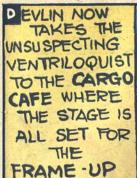






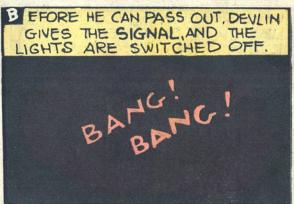




















A MONTH LATER DUNSTAN













N THE DREARY DAYS
WHICH DRAG BY THE
OTHER PRISONERS
GRADUALLY FORGET
ABOUT DUNSTAN AND
ADDRESS MOST OF
THEIR REMARKS TO
RED, WHO HAS
BECOME TO THEM
AN ABSOLUTELY
REAL PERSON

HEY, RED - WE GOTA
LETTER FROM BUTCH
SCANLON TODAY!

AGO!!

AGO!!





DUNSTAN IS NOW A WRECK OF HIS FORMER SELF. HATE AND A BURNING DESIRE FOR REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO HAS RUINED HIS LIFE AND STOLEN HIS GIRL HAVE ALL BUT UNBALANCED HIS MIND RED HAS INDEED BECOME HIS EVIL GENIUS - A DEMON DUMMY WITHOUT A SOUL.







AND THEN ONE DAY.
THRU THE MYSTERIOUS
GRAPEVINE "OF THE
UNDERWORLD WHICH
KNOWS NO HARRIERS.
SUDDENLY DRIFTED
THE SENSATIONAL
NEWS THAT JIM
DEVLIN HAD BEEN
ARRESTED FOR
MURDER!!















35



FOILED OF HIS REVENGE WHAT DOES THE UN BAL-ANCED VENTRILOQUIST DO NOW ? WHAT OF MADGES BABY? WHAT OF DEVLIN?

FOLLOW THIS POWERFUL "PICTURE NOVEL" BY ED WHEELAN, FAMOUS CREATOR OF "MINUTE MOVIES", IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FLASH COMICS



JE WAS KNOWN
AS DON
FERNANDO
SUAREZ, A
PATRICIAN
DESCENDED
FROM THE
GRANDEES OF
SPAIN.....



BUT NO ONE KNEW IT WAS HE,
WHO. SINGLE-HANDED, FOUGHT
THE WEALTHY MEXICAN LANDOWNERS TO PROTECT THE
POOR PEONS
STOP!! IN
THE NAME OF
EL CASTIGO!

MANY A
PEON KNELT
IN PRAYER FOR
EL CASTIGO
IN THE
HUMBLE
CHURCHES
PRO
CASTIGO
SANTA
MARIA

TOGETHER AND RAISED A
FORTUNE TO FIGHT EL
CASTIGO WEETH SOCH A
SUM WE COULD
RUN EL DIABLO TO
EARTH AND
HANG HEEM



WE POOT THEES IN
THE BANK ... WE MAY SAY,
A MIGOS, THE DAY OF EL
CASTIGO IS OVER















THE ASSOCIADAD DE
LOS RANCHEROS
NEVER HEARD OF THEIR
TREASURE AGAIN...IT IS
MORE THAN A
HUNDRED YEARS NOW
SINCE EL CASTIGO
RODE ALONE...BUT
THEY WHISPER HIS
NAME TODAY WHEN
THE GAUNT HAND OF
STARVATION STRETCHES
OVER THE LAND....







YOU COULD GET STEADY WORK IF YOU WANTED IT

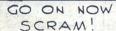


LESS THAN THREE BAGS FOR THE DAY

CANT USE YOU

SENOR! .. MY WOMAN, MY LITTLE ONE THEY STARVE!







YOU DO YOUR BEST, GOOD PADRE THERE IS NO MONEY LEFT TO GIVE YOU



PADRE MIO ... THERE IS DAIHTON LEFT FOR ME NOW



AINT CONNA 1 SEEN IM CLIMB GET AWAY WITH NO STEALIN OUTA THAT THIS TOWN IN WINDOW NOT WITH ME THERE HE ON THE GOES! JOB!











MEANWHILE OUR SCENE
CHANGES
TO THE POLO
FIELD OF AN
EXCLUSIVE
LONG-ISLAND
HUNT CLUB:
THE FINAL
MATCH OF THE
INTERNATIONAL
COMPETITION
IS IN PROGRESS.



ROD GAYNOR
15 SIMPLY
WONDERFUL!
1 NEVER
SAW SUCH
RIDING!







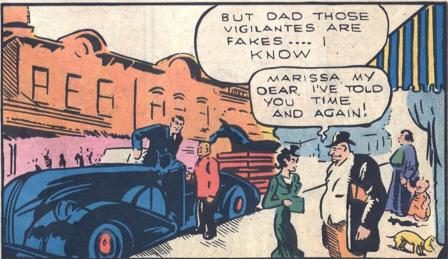






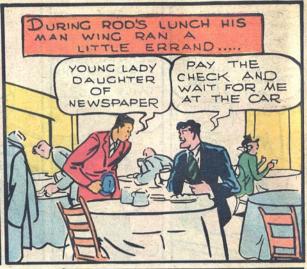
























DONT BOTHER ME ABOUT A THREE CENT PAPER ... I'M IN A HURRY

COULDN'T I TAKE YOU YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING MY CAR'S JUST OUTSIDE!





THEY'RE FROM THE JAIL AND LYNCH HIMIII

WHO ARE WE ... ONE WEAK WOMAN AND AN OLD PADRE.

IN THE OLD DAYS WE HAD EL CASTIGO FIGHTING FOR US!

AFTER ALL, PADRE EL CASTIGO WAS ONLY LEGEND







HE WAS NOT A LEGEND, SENORITA ... HE LEFT A FORTUNE TO THE CHURCH IN THIS TRUNK AND FOR A HUNDRED YEARS THE PADRES HAVE HELPED SECUROS LAST OF THE MONEY TO THE POOR 1 POOR



WELL, EVEN IF EL CASTIGO WAS REAL HIS EMPTY TRUNK WONT HELP I'M GOING NOW TO DO WHAT I CAN ...!



WAIT A MINUTE TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS EL CASTIGO THE WHIP ...







SENORITA
DILLON!
SENORITACARLOS IS
DOOMED

BUT EL CASTIGO'S
CHAPAREJOS, HIS
SADDLE, BRIDLE
SOMBRERO...WHIP...
.... ALL HAVE
DISAPPEARED
FROM THE
WALL OF THE
CHURCH!!





















WAN FONNY
MOVE FROM
ANYONE ... I GEEV
A LEETLE TWITCH
TO THE WHIP
SHE BREAK THE
NECK OF YOUR
SENOR EL
SHERIFF!!

















MOUNT BEHIND ME ... WE LEAVE THEES ONFRIENDLY HOMBRES WEETH SHERIFF TODD IN TOW



WHY

YES,

WHY

ADELANTE! WE HAVE FAR TO GO ... AND ADIOS VULTURES



JUST CRUISING ABOUT WHY? WAS THERE SOMETHING DOING IN TOWN!





YOU'VE CRUISED A GOOD DEAL MR. GAYNOR EVER BEEN TO SOUTH AMERICA?

OH NOTHING EXCEPT THAT IN SOUTH AMERICA, SO I'VE BEEN TOLO, YOU COULD LEARN VERY WELL HOW TO USE A VERY LONG BULL COULDN'T WHIP MR. GAYNOR? YOU

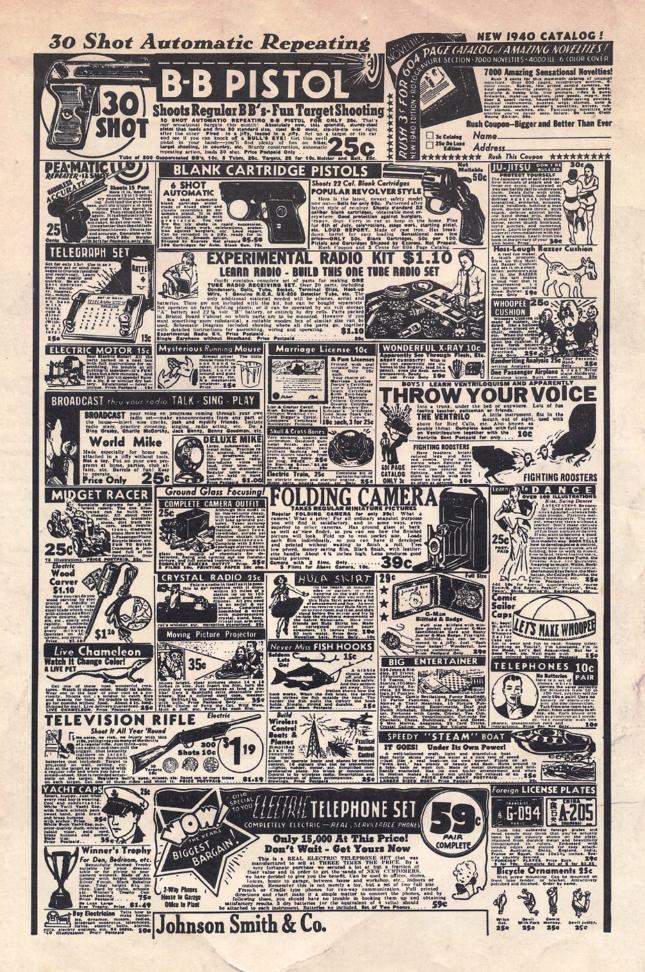


RIGHT! IS THE EASTERN DUDE RODNEY LWOOD GAYNOR REALLY THE GHOST OF THE WHIP? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF FLASH COMICS

Is

MARISSA

DILLON



You Can Make Your Own Records If You Sing Or Play An Instrument

With HOME RECORDO you can make a professional-like record of your singing, talking, reciting or instrument playing right in your own home too! No longer need the high prices of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family or friends from hearing their own voices or playing. No experience necessary. No "mike" fright to worry about. No complicated gadgets. In a jiffy you can set up HOME RECORDO, play or sing or talk, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can hear as often as you wish.



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How often you have wanted to hear how you sound to others. And how often have you wished for an audition. HOME RECORDO makes these easy and possible for you now. Because, no longer can the expense keep you from fulfilling your wish. With the help of HOME RECORDO you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this simple method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



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