

NO.
16

BLACK HOOD

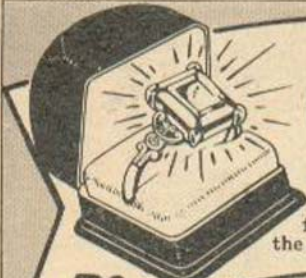
FALL

comics

10¢

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE





Given



POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

CAMERA
Candid type.
GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Birthstone RING

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as bill-folds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young. Complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY

SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



6 TEASPOONS

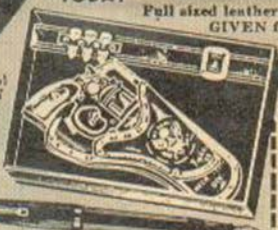
The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-496, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name
Address
City
State..... Gift Wanted.....

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-496, Jefferson, Iowa



New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

3¢ STAMP



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to a 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1296, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name Color of Hair
Address Color of Eyes
City State.....

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

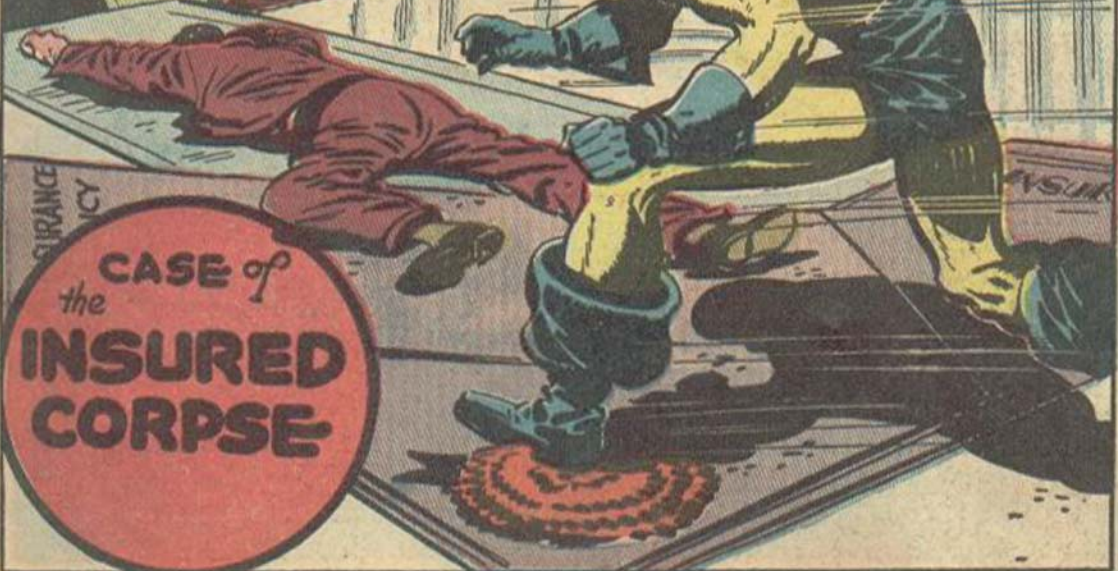
DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1296, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

BLACK HOOD COMICS, FALL, 1945. Volume 1, Number 10. Published quarterly by M. L. J. Magazines, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo. Editorial office: 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted, 1945, by M. L. J. Magazines. Yearly subscription, 40c in the U. S. A. Single copies, 10c. No actual business is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 241 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Phy Black HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

INSURANCE POLICY
THE INSURED.....
John Carlson



INSURANCE POLICY

CASE of the INSURED CORPSE

OH, COME ON, M'GINTY--
GIVE ME A BREAK--
HOW ABOUT A
STORY?

DAGNABBIT! DON'T YOU RE-
PORTERS EVER TAKE NO' FOR
ANSWER? THERE AIN'T
NO STORY!



SAY, I HAVE AN IDEA HOW
TO GET A STORY FOR
BABS! IF YOU WERE
TO COMMIT
SUICIDE--?

NONE O' YER WISECRACKS,
BURLAND! IT SO HAPPENS
THAT I JUST THOUGHT
OF A STORY!



NOW, BABS-- GO DOWN TO 603
ELM STREET-- THE LADY THERE
SAYS HER HUSBAND IS
MISSIN'!

GEE! THANKS -
SARGE! YOU'RE A
PEACH!



SO LONG, BOYS! MY INTUITION TELLS
ME THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE
A HOT SCOOP!



HO, HO! IS THAT A SCREAM? HER
INTUITION TELLS HER---
HA-HA-HA!

WHAT'S THE
GAG?



HER INTUITION MUST BE WORKING OVERTIME, 'CAUSE
THAT CASE HAPPENED JUST SEVEN YEARS AGO!
AHA, HA, HA!



GOOD EVENING-I'M A REPORTER FROM THE NORTHVILLE COURIER!

A REPORTER? GOODNESS ME - WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT WITH ME?



THE ONLY THING I COULD TELL YOU, IS THAT I'M MOVING TODAY-AND THAT IS HARDLY EXCITING NEWS!

-BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE?



MY HUSBAND? LAN' SAKES-THAT HAPPENED SEVEN YEARS AGO!

OH, BROTHER! DID I FALL FOR THAT ONE!

UH-I GUESS I MADE A MISTAKE!! SORRY TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU!

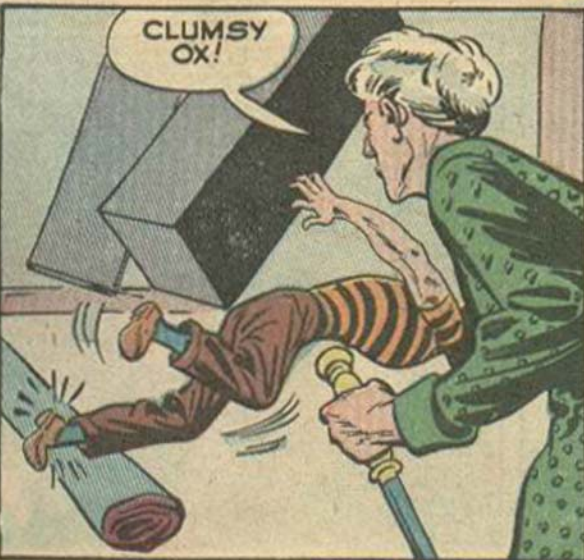


JUST THEN--

THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, MISS-IGNATZ! THAT RUG-BE CAREFUL!



CLUMSY OX!



OH!



YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MY DEAR!



BACK AT THE POLICE STATION - AH, JUST LIKE A WOMAN, BE-JABERS! CAN'T TAKE A JOKE! SHE MUST'VE GOTTEN MAD AND WON'T COME BACK!



NO, I DON'T THINK SO, BABS ISN'T LIKE THAT-I THINK I'LL DO SOME CHECKING!



603 ELM STREET-THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT!



GOOD EVENING, MRS. WHITLOCK! DID A GIRL REPORTER CALL ON YOU THIS AFTERNOON?

A GIRL-REPORTER? GRACIOUS SAKES--- WHAT WOULD A REPORTER WANT WITH ME?



YOU MEAN SHE WASN'T HERE?

OF COURSE NOT! AND-NOW! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME-I'M IN A HURRY TO LEAVE!





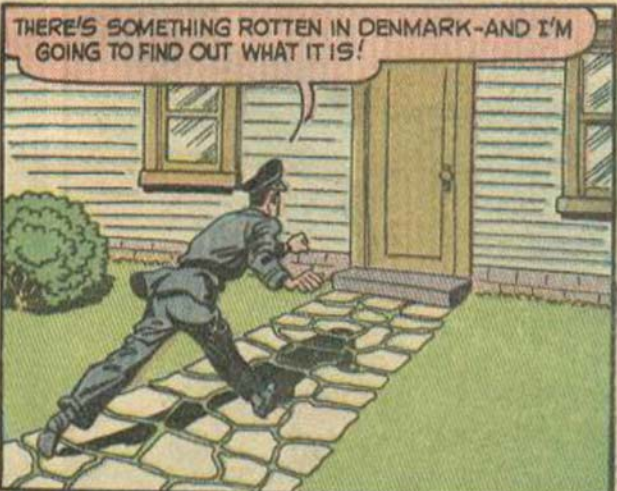
I DON'T GET IT! THERE'S NO REASON FOR THAT NICE, OLD LADY TO LIE! -AND YET--?



HELLO-WHAT'S THIS?



THAT OLD WOMAN WAS LYING! THIS IS BABS' HANKIE-! SHE WAS HERE AFTER ALL!



THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK-AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



GONE! BOY, SHE WASN'T KIDDING, WHEN SHE SAID SHE WAS IN A HURRY TO LEAVE!



A TRUCK LEAVING BY THE BACK DRIVE-SHE MUST BE IN IT!

HERE'S WHERE PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND LEAVES OFF AND THE BLACK HOOD PICKS UP!



WHEREVER SHE'S GOING, SHE'S IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET THERE!



ALL RIGHT, IGNATZ, YOU CAN STOP THERE AND DISPOSE OF THOSE BOXES!

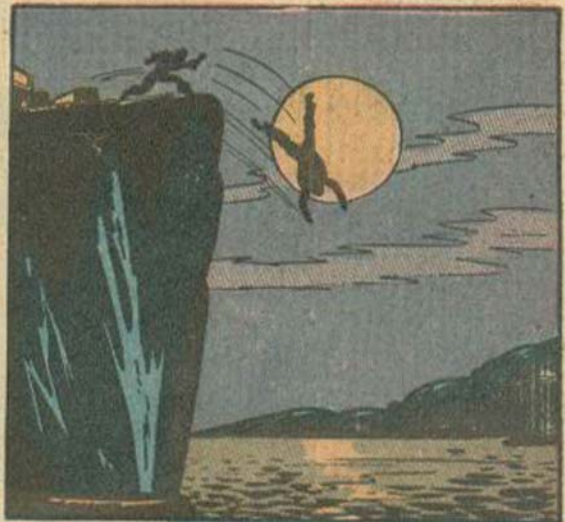



WHAT TH--? HE'S GOING TO TOSS THOSE BOXES OVER THE CLIFF INTO THE RIVER BELOW!



-BUT NOT BEFORE I HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!









PERFECT! NOW I'M RID OF THEM ALL-
INCLUDING IGNATZ! THE STUPID OX
NEVER COULD SWIM!




WOW-I DUCKED JUST IN TIME-
ANOTHER SPLIT SECOND AND I'D
HAVE BEEN
FISH
FOOD!




THE BOXES.
SHE'S TOSSED
'EM IN!



THIS IS THE ONE SHE'S PROBABLY
GOT BARBARA IN!



SHE'S NOT DEAD YET-THANK HEAVENS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER--

YES! HOOD, THAT
OTHER BOX-THERE'S
A SKELETON IN
IT!

FEELING ANY
BETTER?

YES! AND I THINK I KNOW WHOSE IT IS! LOOK, BABS, I WANT YOU TO GO THROUGH YOUR NEWSPAPER FILES AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY RECORD OF WHICH COMPANY WHITLOCK WAS INSURED WITH!

HMM-I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE PICTURE MYSELF!



NEXT DAY, AT THE ROYAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICES--

AH, YES, MRS. WHITLOCK! TODAY IS EXACTLY SEVEN YEARS SINCE YOUR HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE, ISN'T IT?

YES, POOR SOUL! IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



ER-BY THE WAY, DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?

WHY, NO, MY GRIEF WAS SO GREAT, I COULDN'T BEAR SEEING HIS FACE!! I DESTROYED THEM ALL!



IS THIS A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?

Y-YES! WHO GAVE IT TO YOU?



I DID!

YOU!



--OR TO PUT IT MORE ACCURATELY, THE POLICE LABORATORY DID! YOU SEE, THERE'S A WAY OF RECONSTRUCTING THE FEATURES OF A SKELETON, CALLED THE BERTILLON METHOD! APPARENTLY, THEY HIT IT CLOSE ENOUGH TO FOOL EVEN YOU!



THEY ALSO FOUND A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN! A VERY NEAT IDEA, MRS. WHITLOCK--MURDERING YOUR HUSBAND AND THEN HIDING HIS CORPSE IN YOUR CELLAR FOR SEVEN YEARS--THE LAST PLACE ANYBODY WOULD THINK OF LOOKING!



YOU KNEW, THAT AFTER SEVEN YEARS, HE'D BE DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD! AND YOU COULD COLLECT HIS LIFE-INSURANCE--\$200,000 WORTH!



YOU WERE ALL READY TO COLLECT YOUR INSURANCE AND LEAVE THE COUNTRY--WHEN JUSTICE, IN THE FORM OF A GIRL-REPORTER CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

LEMME PUT THE CUFFS ON HER'N HAUL HER AWAY!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!

OH, IZZATSO? WHY, YOU OLE WITCH, I'LL---



YOU'LL WHAT?





WORLD WONDERS



VERY OFTEN AFRICAN TRIBESMEN, WHEN GIVEN EUROPEAN BOOTS, CARRY THEM WHEN WALKING SO AS NOT TO WEAR THEM OUT. THEY CONSIDER BOOTS ONLY FOR SHOW!



A CERTAIN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER OF FARM EQUIPMENT, WHEN SHIPPING TOOLS TO THE PERUVIANS LIVING HIGH ABOVE THE ANDEAN TIMBER LINE, SHIPS THEM IN PINE BOXES. THE NATIVES USE THE BOXES FOR **COFFINS!**



CAMELS WERE ONCE NATIVE TO AMERICA.



IN THE BALL GAME PLAYED BY THE ANCIENT AZTECS, THE HARD RUBBER BALL COULD BE HIT ONLY WITH THE BODY... IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO PUT THE BALL THRU THE HOOP THAT A PLAYER WHO DID WON THE GAME AND WAS ALLOWED ALL THE CLOTHES AND PROPERTY OF THE SPECTATORS.

Black HOOD

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



The
**GOURMET
STRIKES
AGAIN!**



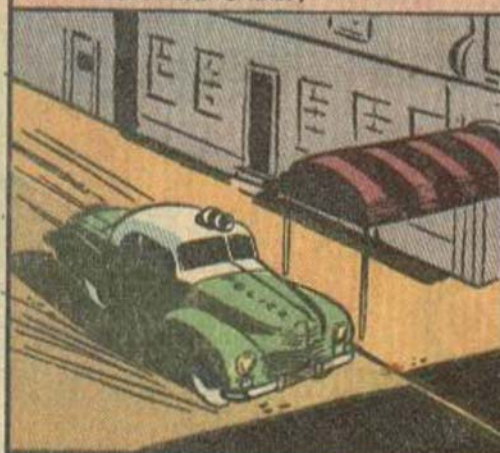
WHEE-EE!



LOOK AT THAT POLICE CAR GO! WE MUST BE HAVING A CRIME WAVE!

MUST BE!

-AT LAST THE SQUAD CAR COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT!



WOY! I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET HERE, MCGINTY!



BARBARA! WHERE ARE YOU?



GOODNESS! DID YOU FLY HERE, KIP? I HARDLY HUNG UP ON YOU!

WE'D HAVE GOTTEN HERE SOONER IF I WAS DRIVIN' DAGNABBIT!

GOOD GRIEF! ALL I DID WAS INVITE YOU OVER FOR DINNER!

THAT'S PLENTY! A REAL HOME-COOKED MEAL! WOW!



WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, IT'S NOT READY YET!



LET'S HEAR THE NEWS MEANWHILE, SARGE!

FLASH! THE GOURMET HAS JUST BROKEN OUT OF PRISON!

6*#0h!!??
THOSE RUMMIES LET 'EM ESCAPE ALMOST AS FAST AS WE CATCH 'EM!



ANYWAY, TH' GOURMET'LL HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO SHOW UP HERE IN NORTHVILLE, BEJABERS!

-BUT THE GOURMET'S JUST CRAFTY ENOUGH TO FIGURE THIS IS THE LAST PLACE THE POLICE WOULD LOOK FOR HIM!



UMMMM! WILL YOU PLEASE SMELL THAT COOKING?



BOY-I DIDN'T KNOW BARBARA COULD COOK THAT WELL!

I'M DYIN' TO SINK ME MOLARS INTO THAT ROAST!



I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET YOUR WISH, SERGEANT MCGINTY!

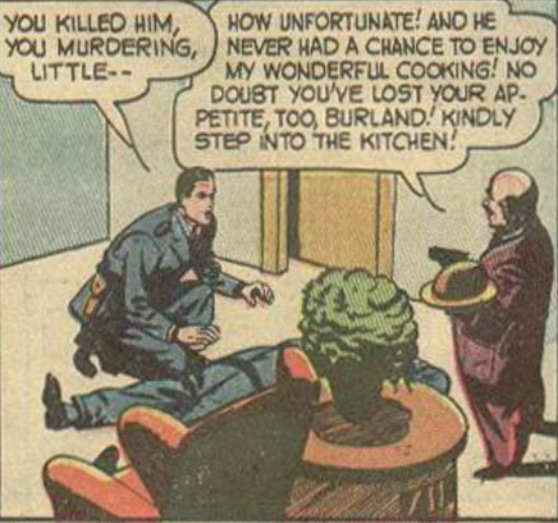
WHAT TH-?

THE GOURMET!

HA, DON'T BE SO SURPRISED, GENTLEMEN! IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO FOLLOW YOU, HERE, AND SNEAK INTO THE KITCHEN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF FINISHING THE DINNER MISS SUTTON SO THOUGHTFULLY STARTED! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO ONE LAST GOOD MEAL!



WHY, YOU DIRTY PUNK! I'LL-OO-OOHAAW!



YOU KILLED HIM, YOU MURDERING, LITTLE--

HOW UNFORTUNATE! AND HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO ENJOY MY WONDERFUL COOKING! NO DOUBT YOU'VE LOST YOUR AP-PETITE, TOO, BURLAND! KINDLY STEP INTO THE KITCHEN!



BABS!



NICE AND SECURE, EH? I SHOULD ALLOW THE CONDEMNED MAN A HEARTY MEAL, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME---

I HAVE A LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT AT THE CARLTON-RITZ! MEANWHILE, I'LL TURN ON THE GAS JETS--



TA, TA! I NEVER EXPECTED TO HAVE MY REVENGE SO EASILY--YOU WERE MOST CO-OPERATIVE!



KIP, I CAN HARDLY BREATHE--I-I--

IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN SOON, WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!



THE WINDOW! IF I CAN ONLY WORK THIS CHAIR TOWARD IT--IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE FALLING GLASS STRIKES A POLICEMAN BELOW----





THAT GLASS CAME FROM THIS APARTMENT! SNIF-SNIFF!

GAS!



WHAT GOES HERE?

HURRY-TURN OFF THE GAS AND UNTIE THESE ROPES!



THANK HEAVENS, MCGINTY'S STILL BREATHING! RING FOR AN AMBULANCE, QUICK!

RIGHT!



WHAT NOW?

IT SEEMS THAT THE BLACK HOOD HAS AN APPOINTMENT AT THE CARLTON-RITZ!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CARLTON-RITZ KITCHEN-----

MY NEW HEAD CHEF-WHERE HE IS?

ZÄT I DO NOT KNOW!



HERE I AM, PIERRE-SORRY TO BE LATE!

ZOUP! WE MUST HAVE ZOUP-IT IS NEARLY ZUPPERTIME!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL COOK THEM A SOUP THEY WILL NEVER FORGET!



A DASH OF THIS AND A DASH OF THAT---



THE GOURMET REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND WITHDRAWS A SMALL PACKAGE!



-AND POURS ITS CONTENTS INTO THE SOUP-----!!



NOW TO STIR WELL- AND THEN SERVE!



THE SOUP SMELLS DELICIOUS!

IT'S THE NEW CHEF'S SPECIALTY!





UGH-I FEEL FAINT!



WHAT IZ? EVERYBODY IZ FAINTING! MY RESTAURANT, SHE IZ RUINED! HELP! GET A DOCTAIRE!

DISCARDING HIS 'CHEF'S' CLOTHES, THE GOURMET GOES ABOUT HIS 'WORK'-UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION!

I'M SO SORRY YOU DIDN'T ENJOY THE SOUP! MAY I ASSIST YOU, MADAM? THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!



THE BLACK HOOD!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!



THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

KITCHEN

AH, THE CARVING KNIFE. JUST
WHAT I NEED TO COOK
HIS GOOSE!!

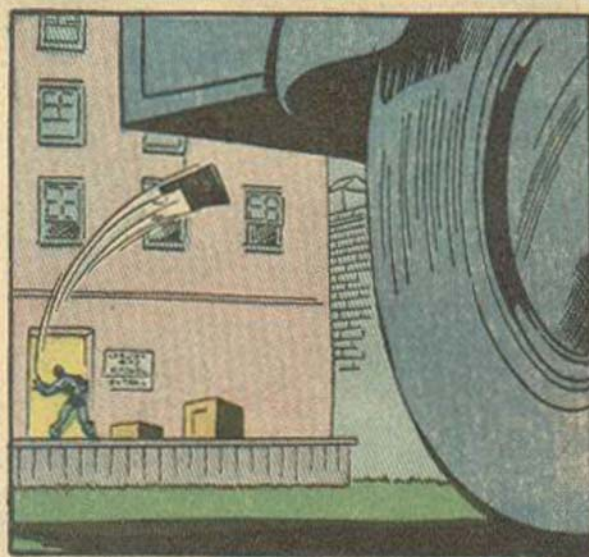
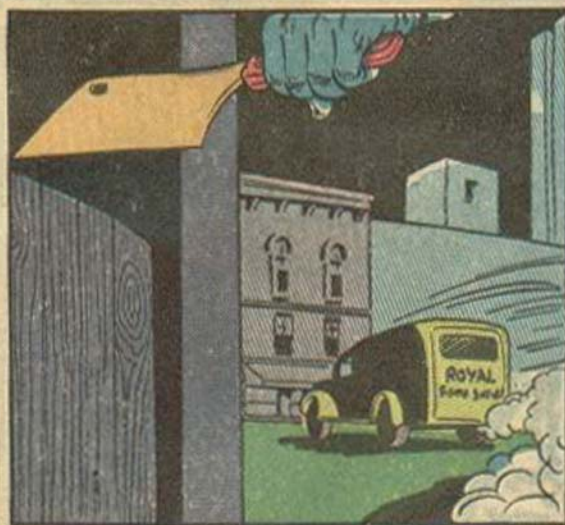
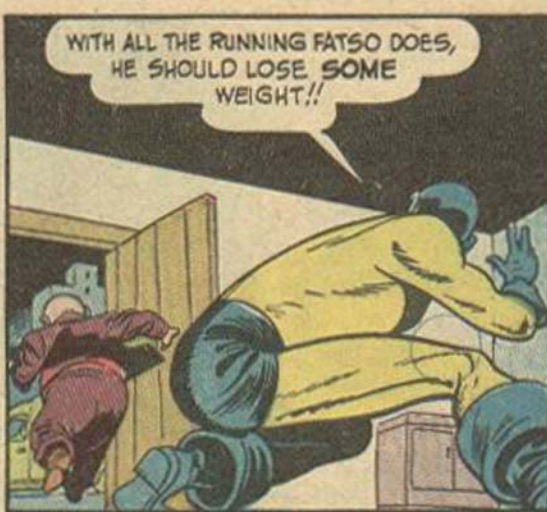
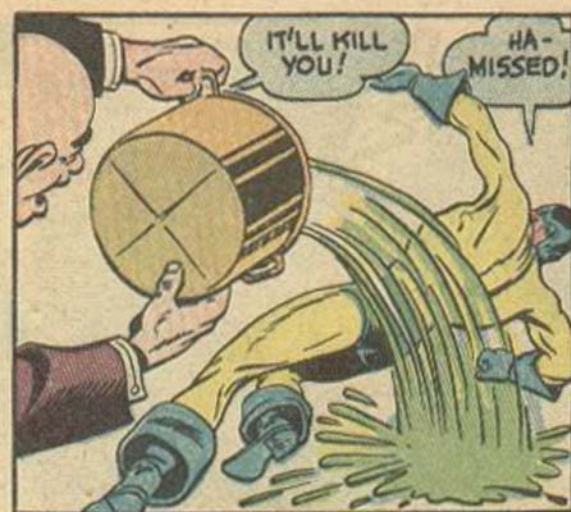


YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER
THAN THAT!



THAT WAS JUST THE ENTRÉE, HOOD!
NOW FOR THE NEXT COURSE---
HOT SOUP!





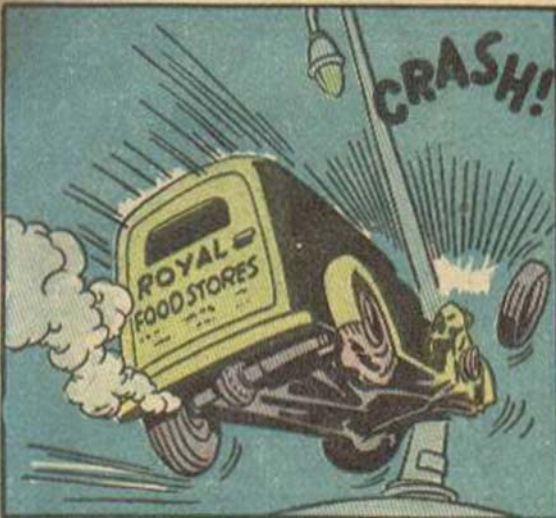
A BLOWOUT - I CAN'T CONTROL THE TRUCK!!



THE TRUCK LURCHES CRAZILY TOWARD A LAMP POST!



CRASH!



THAT STOPPED HIM-- AND HOW!



WELL, WELL, QUITE A DISH!



IF I HAD A PAINTING OF THAT, I'D CALL IT THE LAST MEAL!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE HOSPITAL---

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS HEAD-
LINE, SARGE! IT SHOULD MAKE
YOU FEEL MUCH BETTER!

LESSEE!



The CLARION
MCGINTY DOES IT AGAIN
SERGEANT CAPTURES GOURMET
ASSISTED BY
PATROLMAN
KIP BURLAN

WELL, GOTTA LEAVE NOW, SARGE-GONNA
FINISH THAT DINNER BABS STARTED
YESTERDAY! TOO BAD YOU
CAN'T COME!

YEAH-
G'BYE!



AT BABS'S HOME, AFTER DINNER ---

BURP.
ULP!

WHAT'S
WRONG,
KIP?

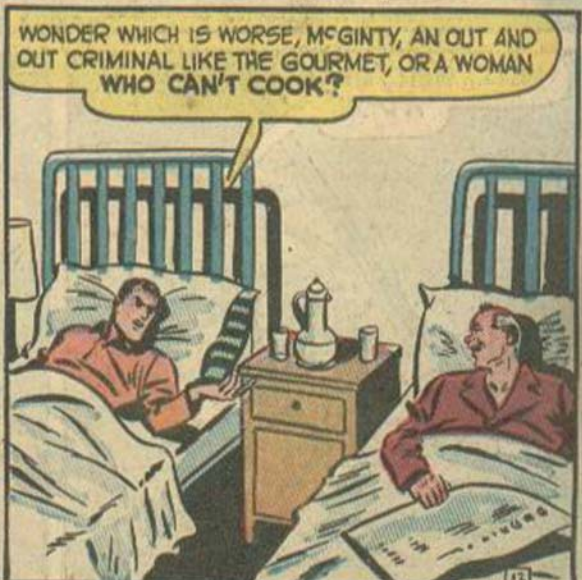


-AND WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A
MORGUE! S-SO LONG,
BABS!



WONDER WHICH IS WORSE, MCGINTY, AN OUT AND
OUT CRIMINAL LIKE THE GOURMET, OR A WOMAN
WHO CAN'T COOK?



THE STRANGE CASE OF MICHAEL DEAN

A BLACK HOOD STORY

THE bullet bit into Michael Dean's shoulder . . . but he didn't cry out. He didn't make a sound. He couldn't. He was a mute. . . .

But his family heard the shot and they came rushing into his room. They saw him lying on the floor with blood gushing from his right shoulder . . . saw him writing awkwardly with his left hand, attempting to tell his family in a note what he couldn't tell them by word of mouth. Across the room was an open window. It was only a five foot drop to an alley downstairs, and the attacker had apparently escaped this way. The gun was lying on the ground downstairs.

The note was simple.

"Madman attacked me. Came in through window, rushed at me and shot me in shoulder. Never saw him before. . . ."

Then the police came, and with them, Patrolman Kip Burland. Michael Dean's family was clustered around him, acting tender and sympathetic. It was a pretty little family scene, but Kip's keen eyes fixed themselves briefly on Michael Dean's right hand . . . and he wondered if there might not be more to it than an escaped madman. . . .

He stepped up to Michael Dean and examined his right hand. "What's wrong with his thumb?" he asked Dorothy, the sister.

The thumb wasn't a pretty sight. It was stiff, paralyzed.

Dorothy stared. "Why—why, I don't know," she said. "I never noticed it before."

Burland turned to the wounded man. "You, Dean," he said. "You can hear me, can't you?"

Michael Dean nodded his blond head. There were tears deep in his eyes. Dorothy hissed into Kip's ear, "He can hear you. He's mute—but not deaf."

"All right," said Kip Burland. "What's wrong with your thumb, Dean?"

Dean reached for his pad. Stiffly, he scrawled:

"Can't understand it myself. It was all right this morning. I was using my right hand to hold my book up till the time I was attacked, and my thumb was all right."

Kip nodded. "I see," he said. "Look here, Dean, your note says that you never saw your attacker before. It doesn't seem logical that a man—even a maniac—would come through a window, shoot at you, and jump back out again unless he had something against you—some specific desire to hurt or kill you. Are you positive that you never saw him before? Couldn't you perhaps have forgotten?"

Dean shook his blond head vigorously.

Kip thought for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders. "What did he look like?" he asked.

"He was tall," Dean wrote, "tall and unshaven. Black stubble; heavy black eyebrows. Long black hair, dark eyes. Wearing a dirty brown suit. That's all I saw."

"That's plenty," Kip said. "I guess this is just routine. The police'll pick him up." He walked to the door.

And then at the door, he stopped. "I almost forgot," he said. "Dorothy, will you come over here for a minute?"

She came over.

"There's something I forgot to ask. Has Michael been mute all his life?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "as a matter of fact, he hasn't. He had a streak of bad luck four years ago, and the failure of his vocal cords came right on the tail end of it."

"Let's hear about this streak of bad luck."

Dorothy's eyes became clouded. "First," she said, "Michael's business went bankrupt—and he was left without a cent. Then, suddenly, Michael's wife contracted pneumonia—and she died. And right on top of that Michael woke one morning and found himself unable to speak . . . and the doctor couldn't do anything about it. . . ."

Kip Burland nodded thoughtfully "I see." He drew a deep breath. "Well, Dorothy, I'm sorry I can't be of any help—but the police operate dragnets . . . and they have the facilities to capture the maniac. Any attempts I would make would be amateur stuff."

He waved goodbye to the entire family and left.

But outside, he became The Black Hood. Then, quickly, he set to work.

He knew it wasn't any use doing so, but he checked anyway. He checked with every insane asylum and sanitarium within two hundred miles and learned that no inmate had escaped.

And then he went back to Michael Dean's house. . . .

Dean's family was still gathered around him. They stared

in astonishment as The Black Hood entered the room.

"Dean," The Hood said, "listen to me. I've come to help you."

Dean breathed heavily for a moment. Then he lifted his pad and wrote, "I recognize you, Black Hood. How do you mean—help me?"

It was then that Dean noticed that The Hood had a small, medical-type bag with him. "Dean," The Hood said, "I'm going to restore your voice."

Again Dean's pencil moved across his pad, and his fingers shook as he did so. "How?" he wrote.

"I am going to attempt a treatment which doctors would be afraid to try. If you're willing to take the chance, I think I can restore your voice."

Dean's hands shook as he wrote hurriedly. "Anything, I'll take any chance. . . ."

"All right," said The Hood. "Lie back in your chair."

Several members of the family protested, but The Hood waved them aside. "Boiling water—quickly," he ordered. He put a white rag over Dean's nostrils and lifted a small bottle from his bag.

"This won't put you to sleep," he said. "It's just going to dull your senses and lessen the pain a bit. Get ready now."

He opened the bottle and poured a few drops onto the rag. Dean's breathing became heavier.

Then The Hood lifted a long pointed instrument from his bag. He dipped it momentarily into the hot water, and then, swiftly, plunged it down Dean's throat. Dean's body twitched. The Hood jabbed the instrument once, gently, and then withdrew it.

"You're in luck," said The Hood. "I punctured a mucous stoppage which was keeping your vocal cords from operating. Try to talk."

A sound issued from Dean's throat . . . a gurgling sound,

hideous and horrible. And then Dean shrieked, "I can speak! I can speak. . . ."

The Black Hood smiled. "Now look at your thumb—the one that was paralyzed."

Dean stared downward. The thumb was normal again. . . .

"That operation I performed was a phony," The Hood said. "I'm not a surgeon—I don't know a thing about operating. . . ."

Dean stared at him. "But—but I don't understand. Then how . . ."

"Look," said The Hood, "I don't know anything about operations—but as a crimefighter I do know a great deal about the mental workings of people—about psychiatry. That's how I was able to analyze your case as *anaesthesia*."

The Hood paused. Then he continued: "Let me tell you a little about anaesthesia," he said. "It's a funny mental disease—the strangest known to psychiatric science, perhaps. And only one person can cure it—the patient himself."

"It appears, generally, just after a man or woman has had a series of mental shocks and bad breaks—when that man or woman is beginning to feel terribly sorry for himself or herself. It's a kind of mental pleading for sympathy—a begging for people to help the patient be miserable. . . ."

"I don't understand," Dean said again. "Are you trying to tell me . . ."

"Let me finish my explanation," interrupted The Hood. "At any rate, when a man has this mental desire for sympathy—something subconscious and strange happens. He becomes paralyzed. Sometimes it's an arm—sometimes it's a leg—and, sometimes, Dean, it's the vocal cords. The victim becomes paralyzed—as definitely paralyzed as if it were a true physical paralysis. Why, there have been cases where a patient pushed lighted cigarettes against his

leg—and he'd hypnotized himself so thoroughly into believing that the leg was paralyzed that he didn't even feel the pain.

"That's what happened with you, Michael. You just carried it further than some others. You've sat around for four years seeking sympathy—and your family was getting a little used to you by now. So you faked this whole business—actually faked a shooting so that your family's sympathy for you could be renewed. And again your hypnosis worked on yourself. This time your thumb became paralyzed."

The Hood walked to the door—then slowly turned around, facing the group. "There's a treatment for anaesthetic patients," he said. "Your doctor must be a general practitioner with a gullible mind and no knowledge whatsoever of mental ailments . . . otherwise he would have diagnosed your case and used this treatment on you long ago. Just as the patient has hypnotized himself into imagining himself paralyzed . . . so must the psychiatrist hypnotize him into thinking he's been cured. I dropped some ordinary water on a piece of rag over your nostrils . . . dipped the surgical instrument into the boiling water—just to give you the illusion of an operation. Then I simply touched your throat with the instrument—and the momentary pain, plus my talk about attempting a treatment that doctors would be afraid to try, hypnotized you into thinking you'd been cured. Naturally, your supposedly paralyzed thumb—which had become that way during your new surge of desire for pity when you pulled that phony shooting—became normal in a hurry."

He opened the door. "Get wise to yourself, Dean," he said. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself—and go out and get a job."

Then he slammed the door behind him and went out into the night.

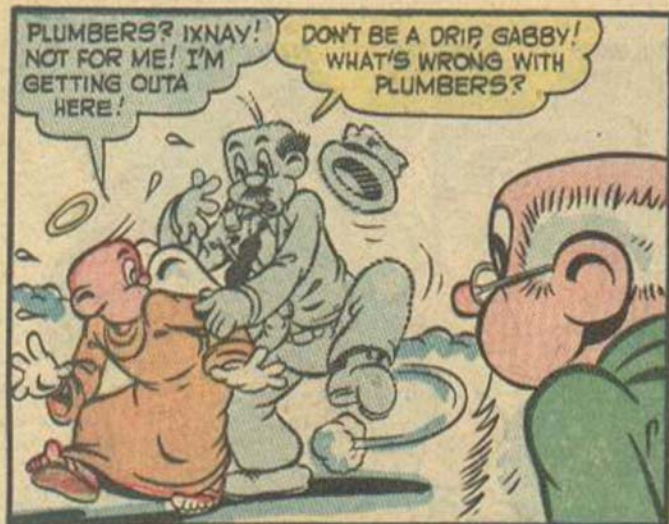
GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST AND HIS ANGELIC PAL GABBY

BY RED HOLMGALE

R.I.P.
GUS GLOOM-PUSS IS QUITE A GUY! HE LEFT THIS WORLD BEFORE IT WAS HIS TIME TO DIE! NOW HE ROAMS THIS WORLD SO SAD AND GLOOMY-TRYING TO FIND A BODY THAT IS STRONG AND ROOMY!





-HOLD EVERYTHING
TILL WE GET THERE!



C'MON, GABBY, WE
GOTTA RUSH TO
CITY HALL! THE
MAYOR WANTS
US, RIGHT
AWAY!

PROB'LY GOING
TO TAKE AWAY
OUR LICENSES!



NOW THAT WE'RE THE MAYOR'S
SPECIAL PLUMBERS, WE OUGHTA
CHANGE OUR
TITLES TO
'HYDRAMATIC
TECHNICIANS'!

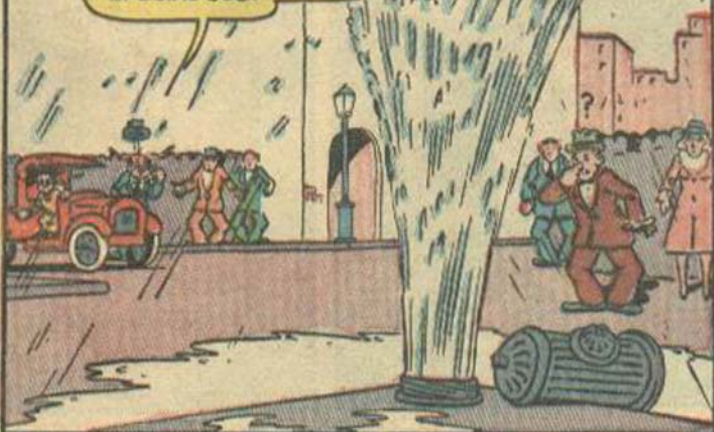


THE CITY HALL SHOULD
BE AT THE END OF
THIS BLOCK!

HOLY
SMOKES
GUS-
LOOKY!



THE MAYOR REALLY MEANT IT,
WHEN HE SAID HE HAD A
SPECIAL JOB!



C'MON, GABBY, BRING
THAT MAN-HOLE COVER
HERE! WE CAN
USE IT!

BE RIGHT
WITH YOU-
UGH!



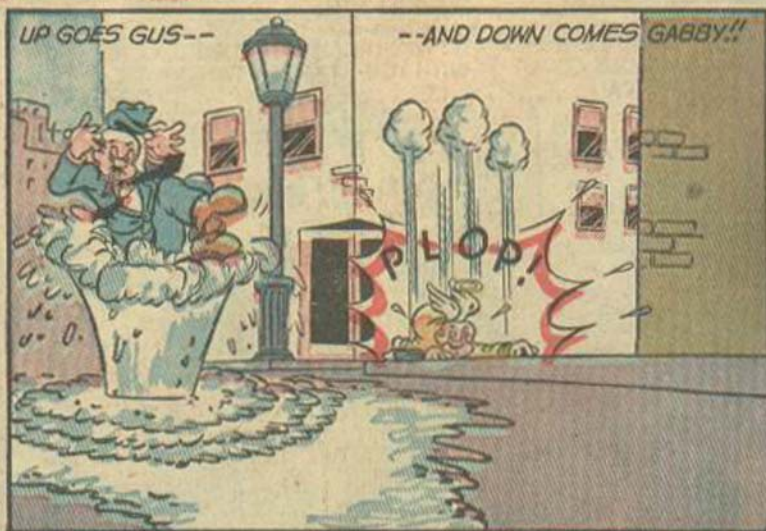
NOW THAT I GOT
THIS THING-WOTCHA
WANT ME TO DO
WITH IT?



DROP IT OVER THE
SPRAY! IT'LL CUT
DOWN THE
PRESSURE!

I DUNNO! THAT
DONT SOUND
RIGHT!







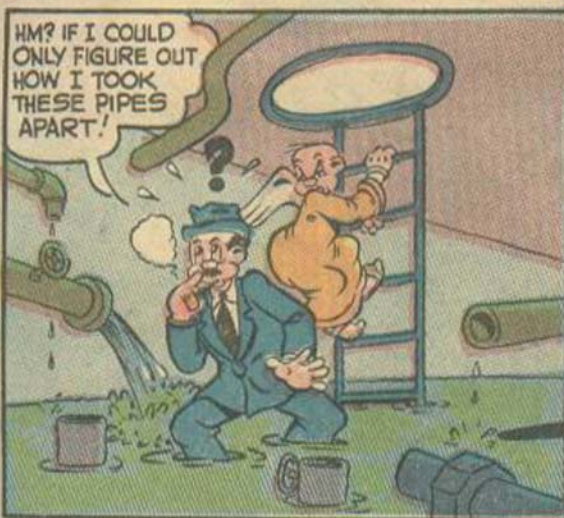
THIS ISN'T EXACTLY THE WAY I'D PLANNED IT, BUT, IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET THAT HYDRANT BACK IN PLACE!

I STILL SAY, LET'S SCRAM WHILE THE SCRAMMING'S GOOD!



IT'S SIMPLE! WE JUST GOTTA CONNECT THE PIPES AGAIN!

WELL, WE GOT THIS BACK IN PLACE - NOW WHAT?



HM? IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE OUT HOW I TOOK THESE PIPES APART!



JUST A COUPLE MORE TURNS AND WE'LL HAVE EVERYTHING SHIPSHAPE!

A COUPLA MINUTES AND WE'LL BE WHERE TH' JAP FLEET IS!



WHEW! WOTTA JOB!

I TOLD YOU WE'D FIX IT! NOW, LET'S DROP IN ON THE MAYOR AND TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS!



WHO KNOWS? HE MIGHT EVEN PIN A MEDAL ON US FOR THIS!

I KNEW WE'D GET STUCK SOMEHOW!



WE JUST CAME TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING'S FIXED!

EVERYTHING'S FIXED ALL RIGHT-LISTEN TO SOME O' THE COMPLAINTS I'M GETTING!

LE'S LI'SEN, GUS!



BUT I TELL YOU I JUST TURNED ON THE GAS STOVE!

WHAT THE-?

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO MY WELDERS! IT IS SABOTAGE!



THE WEATHER REPORT FOR TODAY IS-BLUB-BLUB-HELP! I'M DROWNING!

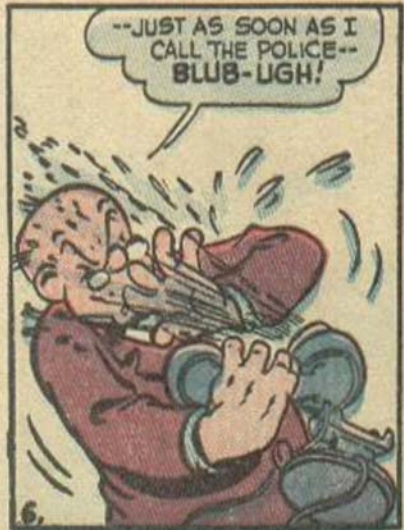
BUT I TELL YOU I WANT TH' MAYOR!

CONTROL ROOM



LE'S GO!

AS FOR YOU TWO IDIOTS, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



--JUST AS SOON AS I CALL THE POLICE-- BLUB-LIGH!



COME ON, YOU GUYS! BEFORE YOU FLOOD THE WHOLE CITY!



WE WERE GLAD TO LEAVE THAT PLACE, PETE-- BUT TELL US HOW THOSE PLUMBERS CAME TO DIE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

THEY DROWNED!

TROUBLE! TROUBLE!
WHERE ARE YOU?

**IT SHOULDN'T
HAPPEN
TO A
DOG!**

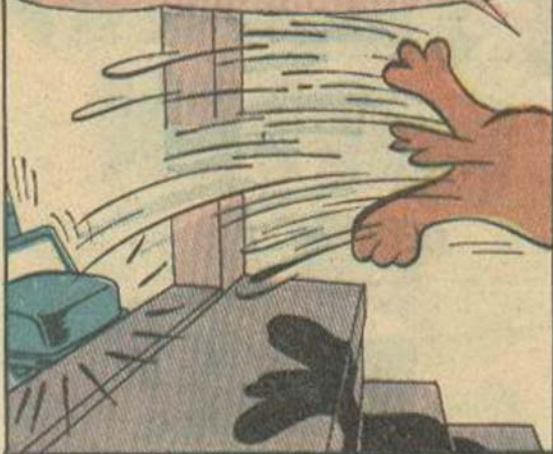
Burton

THINKS SHE'LL TIE ME UP
WHILE THEY GO OUT IN THE CAR!
NOTHIN' DOIN'!

SHE WON'T
FIND ME HERE!

CRASH!

CARPET NEEDED A CLEANING ANYHOW--



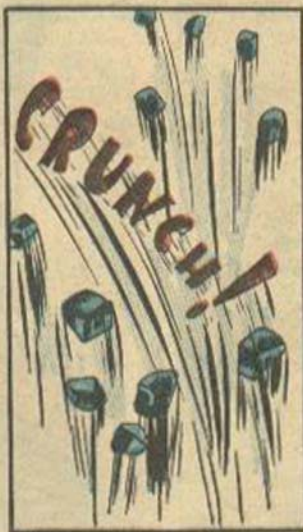
--STAIRS CAN USE A MOPPING, TOO!



WHAT! NO
COAL SHOVEL?



CRUNCH!



BETTER GET GOING BEFORE
THEY FIND ME!



COAST IS CLEAR!



NOW, IF I CAN
JUST GET
THAT WINDOW
OPEN---

---AND CLIMB
INTO THE
KITCHEN!

HERE WE GO!

BANG!

HELP!

TROUBLE! JUST LOOK AT YOU!
---AND WE WANTED TO TAKE
YOU FOR A RIDE IN THE
CAR!

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN
TO A DOG!

TROUBLE

THE END

The Black Hood

MAN
OF
MYSTERY

in THE CASE of the
**BOOK of
DEATH!**



THIS STRANGE TALE BEGINS AS MOST STRANGE TALES DO, IN A VERY ORDINARY WAY! BARBARA SUTTON IS BROWSING IN A BOOK STORE---

HMM? AN UNUSUAL BOOK!!



I'LL TAKE THIS BOOK, PLEASE!

YES, MA'AM!



SAY, WHERE'D YOU FIND THIS? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD IT---

IT WAS STUCK IN BACK OF THE OTHER BOOKS!



WAIT A MINUTE! I WANNA BUY THAT BOOK!

I'M SORRY, SIR, IT'S ALREADY BEEN SOLD TO THIS YOUNG LADY!



I SAID I WANT THAT BOOK AND I MEAN IT, PUNK!




YOU BRUTE! LET GO OF THAT NICE CLERK!






HE'S GETTING AWAY—HELP!! POLICE!!




BABS, WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

HELLO, KIP! SOME GOOF STARTED A RUMPUS OVER A BOOK I BOUGHT! STARTED TO CHOKE THE CLERK!



HERE'S THE BOOK—IT'S A BIT RARE, BUT NOT OF MUCH VALUE!! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HE WANTED WITH IT!

WELL, I'LL BE--! HE MUST BE NUTS!




WELL, I'D BETTER PAY FOR MY PURCHASE AND RUN ALONG HOME!

HMMM? I WONDER...




SOMETIME LATER-- FUNNY HOW I CAN'T GET THAT BOOK OFF MY MIND! THINK I'LL RUN OVER TO BABS' PLACE AND HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT IT!

MEANWHILE, BABS IS ALSO HAVING A 'LOOK' AT THE BOOK-----




THIS'S QUEER! THE BINDING IS AWFULLY THICK FOR THE NUMBER OF PAGES IT CONTAINS!





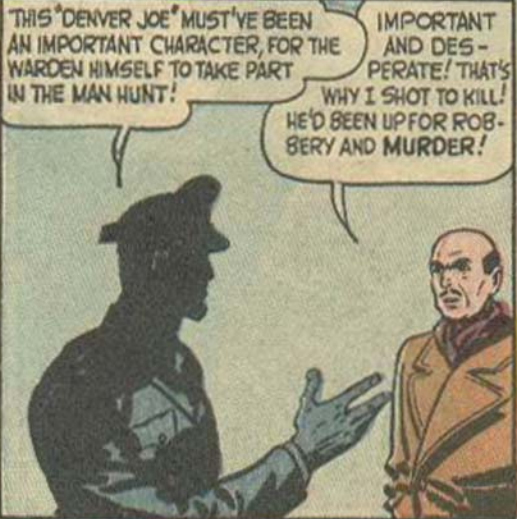
HEY, HE'S DEAD!
YOU SHOT
HIM!

YES, OFFICER! I'M JAMES
HAWES, WARDEN OF
THE NORTHVILLE
PENITENTIARY!



THIS MAN IS "DENVER JOE" CARROLL!
ONE OF OUR ESCAPED INMATES
AND HE LED US A MERRY CHASE
FOR AWHILE!

HMM-M?



THIS "DENVER JOE" MUST'VE BEEN
AN IMPORTANT CHARACTER, FOR THE
WARDEN HIMSELF TO TAKE PART
IN THE MAN HUNT!


IMPORTANT
AND DES-
PERATE! THAT'S
WHY I SHOT TO KILL!
HE'D BEEN UP FOR ROB-
BERY AND MURDER!




HE SURE MUST HAVE WANTED
THAT BOOK PRETTY BAD! WHAT
DID HAPPEN TO
THE BOOK?

BOOK? I DIDN'T SEE
ANY BOOK-DID YOU,
HANLON?

NOT ME,
WARDEN!



THAT'S FUNNY-HE HARDLY HAD TIME
TO DITCH IT!



LATER-BACK AT HEADQUARTERS!

GREAT WORK, KIP JUST
HEARD ABOUT HOW YOU
HELPED CATCH
"DENVER
JOE"!

YEAH! SAY, WHAT WAS
JOE UP FOR,
SARGE?

I COVERED THAT STORY, KIP!! CARROLL HELD UP A PAYROLL TRUCK AND KILLED TH' DRIVER. HE NEVER DID TELL WHAT HE DID WITH THE \$50,000 HE GOT AWAY WITH!



SAY, I'VE GOT A HUNCH, BABS!

NOW, WHAT KINDA BUG IS BITIN' YA, BUR-LAND? YA CAUGHT TH' CROOKS, B'GOBS, AIN'T THAT ENOUGH?



I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY CARROLL WANTED THAT BOOK SO BADLY, NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO-IS FIND IT!

BUT HOW?



I'M PLAYING A CRAZY CHANCE, BARBARA, AND I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!

IF THERE'S A STORY IN IT, YOU'VE GOT IT!

LATER, AT THE PRISON--

AND SO, WARDEN HAWES, MY NEWSPAPER WOULD LIKE TO RUN A FEATURE STORY ON "DENVER JOE"!

SURE! I'LL CO-OPERATE WITH YOU ALL I CAN!



SWELL, WOULD YOU SHOW ME HIS CELL, PLEASE?

HUH? WELL, OKAY-LET'S GO!

THAT MINUTE, ENTERING THE PRISON GATE'S-----





HMM-I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT VENTRILOQUISM-NOW IF I HAVEN'T LOST THE OLD TOUCH!?!



HEY, YA FLAT-FOOTED BUM, C'MERE!

HUH? WHO SAID THAT?



WHAT'D YA CALL ME, PUNK?

ME? I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!



OH, NO? I HEARD YOU PLAIN ENOUGH -FOR TWO CENTS--

AH, YER NUTS I TELL YA!



AH, THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT LAST-GOOD OLD BABS!



THE BOOK-IT'S HERE! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



AND HERE'S THE FIFTY GRAND-HIDDEN BEHIND THIS FALSE BINDING!



DROP THAT MONEY, BLACK HOOD!!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE WARDEN! YOU GOT BACK SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!

BUT IT'S STILL TOO LATE! YOU DELIBERATELY LET "DENVER JOE" BREAK OUT! DIDN'T YOU?

YES, I KNEW HE'D LEAD ME TO WHERE HE'D HIDDEN THAT DOUGH! I WAS SICK OF WORKING FOR PEANUTS ON THIS JOB!

I'VE GOT THE DOUGH AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET YOU!

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT!

OKAY, HOOD! GET GOING OUT THIS BACK DOOR!

SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

VERY SIMPLE! I'VE JUST GIVEN THE ALARM THAT A PRISONER'S ESCAPED!

I GET IT! AND THE WALL GUARDS'LL SHOOT THE FIRST THING THEY SEE MOVING IN THE YARD! PRETTY CLEVER, WARDEN!

-THEN BEGINS A GRIM CAT AND MOUSE GAME WITH THE PRISON SEARCHLIGHT!

IF I GET CAUGHT IN THESE LIGHTS - I'M A DEAD PIGEON!

IT'S COMING CLOSER-I'VE GOT TO
FIND A PLACE TO HIDE! BUT
WHERE?



THAT TOOL BOX! IT'S
MY ONLY CHANCE!



JUST MADE IT! BUT NOT FOR
LONG-IF THEY SWING THAT
OTHER LIGHT OVER
THIS WAY--



MEANWHILE--

WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT?
WHAT'S HOLDING
THEM UP?



BLAST THAT SLIPPERY BIRD! HE'S HIDING-BUT
WHERE? **THE TOOL BOX!** WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF IT BEFORE?



I'LL GET HIM OUT OF
THERE, MYSELF!



WARDEN HAWES IS PICKED UP BY ONE OF THE LIGHTS-----



AAARGH!



**HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S WARDEN
HAWES!**



AND WHILE ALL IS CHAOS AND CONFUSION IN THE PRISON YARD, THE BLACK HOOD MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FAR WALL! SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYE SPOTS---

A ROPE!



**AND IT'S DOLLARS TO
DONUTS, I KNOW WHO
TOSSED IT OVER!**



**I COULDN'T KEEP THE WARDEN
AWAY ANY LONGER, HOOD! HE
GOT TOO SUSPICIOUS, BUT I
DID MANAGE TO SNEAK BACK
AND GET THE BOOK!**

**BARBARA, YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!**



TIMES HERALD
POLICE SGT. MCGINTY FINDS
MONEY STOLEN FIVE YEARS AGO

MCGINTY DOES IT
AGAIN



MCGINTY DOES IT AGAIN!!

TIMES-HERALD
WARDEN HAWES
MISTAKENLY SLAIN
IN FREAK PRISON BREAK

IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER----

WELL, MCGINTY, THIS'S ANOTHER FEATHER IN YOUR CAP, CONGRATULATIONS!

AW, IT WAS NOTHING, COMMISSIONER!

AND HERE, BARBARA, IS A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU, AS A TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION!

MANY THANKS, KIP!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
Barbara Sutton is ENTITLED TO ONE
SUBSCRIPTION FOR LIFE TO THE-----
BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB

WHY YOU BIG LUG-GET OUT OF HERE!

AND ALL I DID WAS TRY TO KEEP HER OUT OF BOOK SHOPS!

EXQUISITE! LOVELY! ALLURING!

24K GOLDPLATED MATCHED CAMEO RING *and* EARRING BIRTHSTONE SET

Here's the most amazing jewelry offer we have ever made! Everyone knows the exquisite, delicate, expensive looking beauty of a fine Cameo and the rich charm of 24K gold. Now, for the first time, you can own a beautiful matched set of these lovely simulated Cameos in your own birthstone color. These beautifully designed, delicately colored, wonderfully wrought, simulated Cameos are mounted on the finest 24K gold-plated rings and earrings money can buy. What's more, they're guaranteed. Yes, fully guaranteed and warranted for 10 years against any form of tarnish or discoloration. Guaranteed not to lose any of their beautiful polish or luster or your money back.

SPECIALY FITTED RING AND EARRING

This lovely set is so rich looking, so well made, that smart looking women everywhere are proudly wearing them. The goldplated ring glows with the fine burnished luster that only 24K gold can produce. Its special design makes it instantly adjustable in size to any finger, and once fitted it is set in a comfortable non-slip fit. SPECIALLY ADJUSTED TO YOUR FINGER. The delicately made screw-on-type goldplated earrings cling to your ears with the gentle stubborn tenacity of fine jewelry.

AN AMAZING OFFER

When you get your set show it to your friends, compare it with the finest jewelry in your local shops, admire it on yourself in your mirror. Then you will know why we say that this is the most amazing offer we have made, and you will agree that it is the greatest bargain you have ever purchased. You can see your set or our risk—get it at our expense—if you act now!

ALL 3 PIECES
1.98
plus 40¢
Fed. Tax

GUARANTEE

If Not Completely Satisfied, Return Within 5 Days and Your Money will be Quickly Refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!

You need not risk a cent. Send no money just the coupon indicating your color choice. When the postman delivers your set pay him only \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. You can select your birthstone color, or any other color you prefer. If you want two different sets to wear with different outfits, you can have two for only \$3.50 plus 20% Federal Tax. The demand for this wonderful jewelry makes it impossible for us to guarantee a definite supply. You must act now—send the coupon today.

INVENCO CORP., P.O. BOX 281,
Church St. Annex, N. Y. C. 8



PICK YOUR BIRTHSTONE

- JANUARY GARNET
- FEBRUARY AMETHYST
- MARCH AQUAMARINE
- APRIL WHITE SAPPHIRE
- MAY GREEN SPINEL
- JUNE ALEXANDRITE
- JULY RUBY
- AUGUST PERidot
- SEPTEMBER BLUE SAPPHIRE
- OCTOBER ROSE ZIRCON
- NOVEMBER YELLOW SAPPHIRE
- DECEMBER GREEN ZIRCON
- SIMULATED

MAIL THIS COUPON

INVENCO CORP., Dept. 15-M,
P.O. Box 281, Church Street Annex,
New York 8, New York.

Send me my Cameo Ring and Earring Set at once. Birth month or color . . .

Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax on delivery.

I am enclosing \$2.38, postage is free, tax included.

Send two sets. I'll pay postman \$3.50 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax on arrival

NAME

ADDRESS

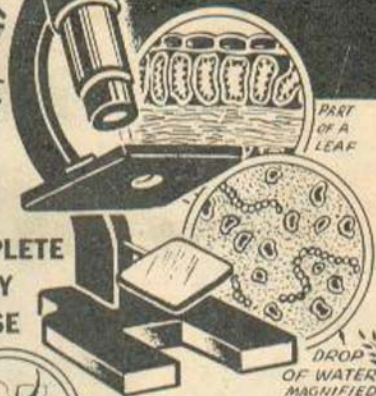
CITY & ZONE STATE



FREE 150 POWER MICROSCOPE

with this offer

COMPLETE
READY
TO USE



PART
OF A
LEAF

DROP
OF WATER
MAGNIFIED

PACKED WITH 1,000 PICTURES

This sensational volume is easy to read, thrilling to follow, simple to understand. Photographs explain the text, picture-diagrams illustrate the stories, and pictorial life-stories simplify the exciting information. There are dozens of absorbing chapters on thousands of animals, plants and human life. Hundreds and hundreds of pictures of every kind and size, and even wonderful panoramic pictures OVER A FOOT WIDE. Learn nature and science the quick, new, easy, picture-story way. Your friends will soon be



FLY'S FOOT



DRAGON FLY'S
EYE

amazed by your immense knowledge. Everyone will admire you.



Here's a fine, complete microscope for you **FREE**. This superior instrument magnifies 150 times, and is all ready to use at once. Substantially made, this wonderful microscope rests in a large base, has a tilted stand, with adjustable mirror. It has powerful lenses, with focusing adjustment. This lifetime microscope also comes to you with glass slides and directions. These features make microscopy as simple as ABC and as exciting as possible . . . There is nothing to put together, and nothing to assemble. It is completely equipped. Everything packed in a neat, sturdy corrugated container. This marvelous microscope reveals to your fascinated eyes thousands of nature's hidden secrets and wonders of living things — insects, microbes, foods, minerals, etc. — beautiful, monstrous, strange and bewildering . . . Study these thousands of objects by turning on them this 150-power microscope — perform simple and startling experiments on them, and become the envy of your friends.

This whole outfit made in U.S.A. — complete microscope, slides and directions — are yours **ABSOLUTELY FREE . . .** while the supply lasts . . . by quickly accepting our amazing offer on the big, miracle-book of science and nature, **WONDERS OF LIVING THINGS**.

THE MIRACLE WORLD OF ALL LIFE

When you open this **BIG MIRACLE BOOK** full of exciting pictures, you enter at once into the adventurous world of living nature. Here are **MARVELS** of human life, **MYSTERIES** of plant life, **WONDERS** of animal life. Here are strange beasts from the polar regions, fascinating fish from the bottom of the sea, amazing birds from distant skies, and curious animals from the jungles of Asia and Africa. Here are **HUNDREDS OF THRILLING STORIES** about them, all true, all instructive and all in **BIG, PICTURE-CROWDED PAGES**.

THRILLING MYSTERIES OF LIVING WONDERS

Call the roll of the most fascinating creatures in the world. Look at them in thrilling pictures. Read about them in entertaining stories. Tree-climbing crabs that steal coconuts. Terrifying worms that chase men and animals. Dragons of Komodo who eat through metal. Innocent-looking flowers that trap insects and eat them. Fish that catch flies for food by spitting up at them out of the water. Small killer whales that slaughter huge whales 100 times their size. These are just a few of the mysterious creatures that you look at and read about. Just a few of the thousands of reading thrills which crowd the **LARGE, PICTURE-PACKED** pages of this miracle-book of science and nature.

BIG FREE OFFER

EXAMINE IT FREE

If you send for the big **WONDERS OF LIVING THINGS** immediately, you will receive **FREE** with your order the 150-power microscope pictured above together with glass slides and directions. You will be overwhelmingly delighted, but if you're not you may return them for full refund within five days. **THIS BIG FREE OFFER IS LIMITED** to the supply of microscopes available to us. Due to war conditions, we cannot guarantee this for very long. To avoid disappointment, **ACT WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS**. Send no money. **RUSH COUPON TODAY**.

METRO PUBLICATIONS
363 Broadway, NEW YORK

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW**

SEND NO MONEY

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 235-M
363 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me a copy of **WONDERS OF LIVING THINGS** . . . also include my complete 150-power microscope outfit with this order. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same guarantee).
Canadian orders, \$2.50 in advance.

**ORDER
WHILE
SUPPLY
LASTS**



HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



Charles Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 30210, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 30210
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name:
(Please print or write plainly)

Address:

City: State:
 Check here if under 16 for Booklet A