

Featuring
THE **BLACK HOOD**
TOP-NOTCH
No. 25 MARCH *comics* 10¢



W. C. Dunspeyer

Most Amazing Sight

you ever saw!

WORLDS DESTROYED BEFORE YOUR EYES— as you look through the RADIUMSCOPE!



IF YOU want to see a most awe-inspiring sight, view the actual destruction of thousands of worlds by simply looking through the lens of the new RADIUMSCOPE. See RADIUM DISINTEGRATED AND DESTROYED RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES. Witness a real atomic bombardment — a never-to-be-forgotten sight! You plainly see radium rays and the discharge and bombardment of the Alpha particles. There is no more remarkable and awe-inspiring spectacle in the whole world than what you can see in this marvelous RADIUMSCOPE.

The RADIUMSCOPE is without a doubt one of the most amazing scientific wonders ever invented. For ages scientists thought that atoms were indestructible. Yet the RADIUMSCOPE shows plainly that radium actually destroys atoms, (atoms are miniature worlds). Look into the RADIUMSCOPE and behold the most astonishing sight. You see a brilliant "night sky", alive with thousands of "stars" and myriads of bright flashes similar to showers of shooting stars. *Every flash is the result of the destruction of one atom of radium.* As each radium atom is destroyed, it creates a Helium gas atom which it shoots out like a bullet at the terrific speed of 10,000 miles a second.

These fast-traveling Helium atoms (also called Alpha rays) make a vivid flash of light when they strike a zinc sulphite crystal, inside the RADIUMSCOPE. A strong magnifying lens makes these flashes visible and you actually see the never-ending motion of the tiniest particles of matter known to science. The bombardment keeps on going not only for a few days, but for over 1,300 years, never stopping. Thus, the Radium in the RADIUMSCOPE, if preserved, will outlive you and many succeeding generations.



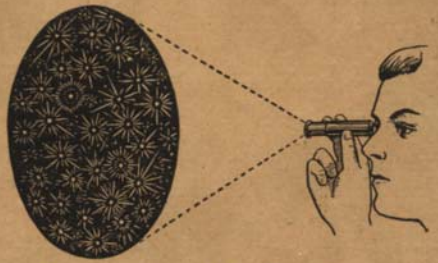
This is how the RADIUMSCOPE looks. Metal, nickel-plated telescope case. Handy and easy to focus to any eyesight. Carry it in your pocket.

Our RADIUMSCOPE actually contains a small quantity of real radium.

There is nothing to replace, nothing extra to buy. The instrument will last indefinitely. It can be adjusted to anyone's eyesight by means of a clever telescopic adjustment.

The RADIUMSCOPE is also a wonderful night-guide. **IT GLOWS WITH A WEIRD LIGHT IN A DARK ROOM.**

Place it on the night table or anywhere else in your room; then when you get up at night you won't bump into furniture in the room.



This only gives a faint idea what you see. A picture can't show motion nor the real bombardment that you see inside the RADIUMSCOPE. It's a marvelous sight!

MAIL COUPON NOW—TODAY

M. L. J. MAGAZINES, INC.,
160 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please rush to me quickly your new RADIUMSCOPE, as described above.

I enclose 50c in coin, money order, or new U. S. stamps.

NAME
(print clearly)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(For Canada And Foreign Countries Add 5c Extra)

THE BLACK HOOD



MAN OF MYSTERY

STEYNE
CAMY!



DEATH GRINS HIDEOUSLY - AS HE JINGLES A STRANGE KEY RING.

FROM IT DANGLE FOUR KEYS - THE FOUR KEYS TO LIFE? FORTUNE-OR DEATH?

WHAT PATHS WILL THE BLACK HOOD HAVE TO TROD TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS IN "THE WILL OF THE FOUR KEYS"?

IN THE COURTROOM ARNOLD FORD, YOUNG ATTORNEY SUBMITS HIS BRIEF.

YOUR HONOR, IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT MY CLIENT LEWIS SLATER, DISAPPEARED 7 YEARS AGO AND HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE, I ASK THAT HE BE PRONOUNCED LEGALLY DEAD!

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAW, THE COURT FINDS THAT THE SAID LEWIS SLATER SHALL HENCEFORTH BE CONSIDERED DEAD!



LATER
IN FORD'S
OFFICE -

SEND THESE TELEGRAMS
TO EACH OF THE FOUR
HEIRS MENTIONED IN
SLATER'S WILL!



FORD
PHONES
KIP
BURLAND -

HELLO, KIP, THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
BE A PAL AND HELP ME OUT.
LEWIS SLATER'S BEEN PRO-
NOUNCED LEGALLY DEAD AND
I'M READING HIS WILL TONIGHT.
I'D LIKE YOU TO
ACT AS WITNESS.



SURE, ARNOLD!
I'VE NOTHING TO DO
TONIGHT ANYWAY!



LEWIS SLATER, EH? I REMEM-
BER HIM. USED TO BE A BIG
SHOT POLITICIAN. DISAPPEARED
MYSTERIOUSLY AFTER THAT
PAVING SCANDAL WAS
AIRED!



JAMES PERKINS, THE FIRST
OF SLATER'S HEIRS RE-
CEIVES HIS TELEGRAM -
SO I'M MENTIONED IN LEW
SLATER'S WILL, EH? MAYBE
MY OLD LAW PARTNER FOR-
GAVE AND FORGOT AND I'M IN
FOR A HUNK OF DOUGH!



AND PHILLIP THOMPSON -
THE SECOND HEIR -
THIS IS ODD. I ALWAYS
THOUGHT SLATER HATED
ME AFTER SALLY MARRIED
ME INSTEAD OF HIM BUT
APPARENTLY HE DIDN'T
BEAR ANY GRUDGE!



AND ALLEN WHITE, A FOR-
MER POLITICAL RIVAL -

THIS IS RICH. ONE NEVER
KNOWS WHERE MONEY
WILL COME FROM! LEWIS
SLATER OF ALL PEOPLE!



AND WILLIAM JARRETT -
SLATER'S FORMER SECRETARY

WELL, IT'S A CINCH SLATER
NEVER FOUND OUT IT WAS
I WHO GAVE HIM AWAY IN
THE PAVING SCANDAL OR
HE WOULDN'T BE LEAVING
ME ANY
MONEY!



THAT NIGHT KIP ARRIVES AT THE OLD SLATER MANSION WHERE THE WILL IS TO BE READ -



GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

HELLO, KIP, WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



THESE GENTLEMEN ARE THE HEIRS! MR. BURLAND MEET MR. PERKINS, MR. THOMPSON, MR. WHITE AND MR. JARRETT!

HOW DO YOU DO!



NOW TO GET DOWN TO THE READING OF THE WILL, I QUOTE, GENTLEMEN, "I BEQUEATH ALL MY FORTUNE TO THE FOUR AFOREMENTIONED HEIRS. SAID FORTUNE WILL BE FOUND IN A VAULT IN THE BASEMENT OF MY RESIDENCE



"THERE ARE FOUR KEYS TO THIS VAULT! ALL FOUR KEYS MUST BE USED TO OPEN THE DOOR. THE KEYS WILL BE FOUND IN THE BOX ACCOMPANYING THIS WILL AND ONE KEY IS TO BE GIVEN TO EACH OF THE FOUR HEIRS SO THAT NONE MAY OPEN THE VAULT WITHOUT THE OTHER THREE!"



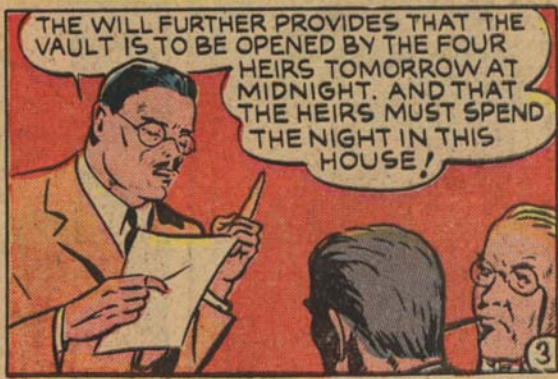
HERE, GENTLEMEN, ARE THE FOUR KEYS!



ONE FOR EACH OF YOU!



THE WILL FURTHER PROVIDES THAT THE VAULT IS TO BE OPENED BY THE FOUR HEIRS TOMORROW AT MIDNIGHT. AND THAT THE HEIRS MUST SPEND THE NIGHT IN THIS HOUSE!



SO YOU SEE WE MAY AS WELL
RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT AND WAIT
FOR THE TIME FIXED TO OPEN
THE VAULT

WELL, GUESS
I MAY AS WELL
GO HOME NOW.

GOOD
NIGHT



AS THE HEIRS ADJOURN TO THEIR
ROOMS, KIP WATCHES THEM
CURIOUSLY

ON SECOND THOUGHT MAY-
BE I'D BETTER TAKE A
ROOM TOO. FOUR HEIRS
WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT
MAY MEAN TROUBLE!



AS JAMES PERKINS SITS
IN HIS ROOM A MENACING
SHADOW SLIDENLY
FALLS ACROSS THE
WALL.



WH-
WHAT'S
THAT



YOU!!
NO, NO,
DON'T KILL
ME!



THE KEY IS TAKEN FROM
THE MURDERED MAN'S
POCKET.



AS KIP IS ABOUT TO GO
TO BED.



OUT OF KIP'S ROOM
RACES THE BLACK
HOOD.



THAT'S SOMEBODY
ELSE SCREAMING NOW.



IT'S WHITE!
I'M TOO
LATE.



WHAT ON
EARTH
HAPPENED!

SOMEBODY
KILLED
ALLEN
WHITE!



HIM - FORD, THOMPSON
AND JARRETT. I WONDER
WHERE PERKINS IS?
ANYONE OF
THE FOUR
COULD
HAVE A
GOOD
MOTIVE
FOR
KILLING
THE
OTHERS.



SOMEBODY
TOOK
HIS
KEY.



YES AND I HAVE AN IDEA WELL
FIND PERKINS DEAD TOO. I
HEARD ANOTHER SCREAM
BEFORE I HEARD
WHITE.

WHY YOU'RE
THE BLACK
HOOD!



JUST AS I
THOUGHT -
PERKINS TOO.







NO YOU DON'T JARRETT!



YOU'RE THE MAN WHO KILLED WHITE AND PERKINS

WH---WHAT'S HAPPENING



YOU JUST ESCAPED BEING MURDERED FOR YOUR KEY, MR. THOMPSON!

I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE



SO THIS KEY ALMOST COST ME MY LIFE BR--R--R--R. IT MAKES ME SHUDDER TO THINK OF IT

YOU

HA, HA, THOMPSON. YES, IT'S ME! TAKE A GOOD LOOK! I'VE LIFTED MY MASK ESPECIALLY FOR YOUR BENEFIT



WHAT? AGAIN?

HELP
HELP



WELL, I CAN'T LEAVE THIS BIRD ALONE. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK WITH ME



THOMPSON! HE'S DEAD!



WELL, OBVIOUSLY IT WASN'T YOU THIS TIME JARRETT, BUT WHO WAS IT?

I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU, I WAS INNOCENT!



I HEARD A CRY FOR HELP AGAIN. GOOD LORD---- WHAT IS GOING ON IN THIS HOUSE.



IS THERE ANYBODY ELSE IN THE HOUSE, THAT YOU KNOW OF

WHY NO, KIP BURLAND WAS HERE EARLIER THIS EVENING, BUT HE WENT HOME.



H'M--HIS KEY IS GONE TOO.



YOU CAN SEARCH ME, IF YOU THINK I HAVE THEM

THATS A GOOD IDEA! I THINK I WILL.

WELL, YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE THEM! BUT ONE THING, I KNOW, IS YOU WERE UP TO NO GOOD WHEN I CAUGHT YOU IN THOMPSON'S ROOM.



I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH THE VAULT. THE KILLER IS BOUND TO SHOW UP THERE, SOONER OR LATER WITH THE KEYS.



THIS THING HAS ME STUMPED WHO CAN POSSIBLY HAVE THOSE KEYS.



I WONDER IF WHO-EVER HAS GOT THEM, WILL TRY TO GET THIS ONE FROM ME.



HA, HA JARRETT YOU'RE VERY PUZZLED, AREN'T YOU?



NO, NO! I'LL GIVE YOU THE KEY! BUT DON'T KILL ME!



NOBODY'S GOING TO KILL YOU, JARRETT!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE REST OF THE KEYS ---- AND YOU ALONE SHALL OPEN THE VAULT AT THE APPOINTED HOUR.







TIME PASSES SLOWLY AND THE BLACK HOOD FINDS NOTHING TO SHED LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY. AT LAST IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR THE OPENING OF THE VAULT.



WELL, IT'S ALMOST MID-NIGHT, BUT SINCE THE OTHER HEIRS ARE DEAD, AND THE KEYS GONE, I GUESS THE VAULT CAN'T BE OPENED.



WHERE IS THIS VAULT ANYWAY?

IT'S IN THE LEFT WING OF THE BASEMENT.



EXCUSE ME GENTLEMEN I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES



I WONDER, WHERE HE THINKS HE'S GOING!



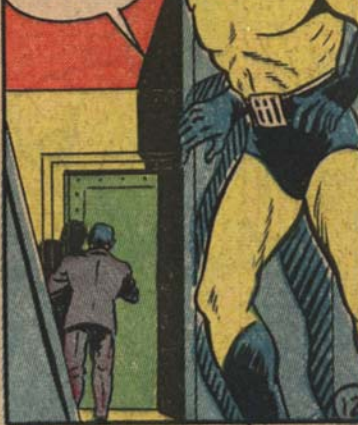
I'M GOING TO GET THAT VAULT OPEN, RIGHT NOW! NO ONE KNOWS I HAVE THE FOUR KEYS.



ONE MORE KEY AND IT SHOULD OPEN!



SO JARRETT HAS THE KEYS AFTER ALL!



THAT DOES IT



JARRETT'S TIPPING HIS HAND NOW.



THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING AT ALL IN THIS VAULT



A-A-R-G-H
BANG



YOU SLATER!
YOUR DEATH.



YES, JARRETT IT IS I, AND YOUR GREED LED YOU TO

DROP THAT GUN!

NOT YET BLACK HOOD. FIRST I SHALL USE IT AGAIN!



TAKE A GOOD LOOK BLACK HOOD. I'M SLATER THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED SEVEN YEARS AGO WAITING PLANNING FOR THIS REVENGE AGAINST THE ONES I HATED.



I KNEW A PACK OF RATS LIKE THOSE FOUR WOULD KILL THEMSELVES OFF IN THEIR GREED TO GET MY FORTUNE. AND THEY DID--- WITH SOME HELP FROM ME!



AT THAT MOMENT FORD APPEARS.

SLATER!



STAND BACK FORD
OR YOU'LL GET
IT TOO.



NOBODY'S GOING
TO GET IT, BUT YOU,
SLATER!



BANG



AS SLATER AND THE
BLACK HOOD WRITHE
IN A DEADLY STRUGGLE



THE GUN GOES
OFF!



HE'S DEAD, THE BULLET
WENT RIGHT THROUGH
HIS HEART.



LOOK HERE'S A
ROOM FULL OF PRO-
VISIONS. SLATER
STOCKED THIS
PLACE TO LAST
A LIFETIME



TO THINK THAT HE BURIED
HIMSELF HERE FOR SEVEN
YEARS, ONLY IN THE HOPE
OF REVENGE



HATRED WILL
DRIVE A MAN
TO UNBE-
LIEVABLE
EXTREMES
AND AL-
MOST AL-
WAYS TO
HIS OWN
DOOM!

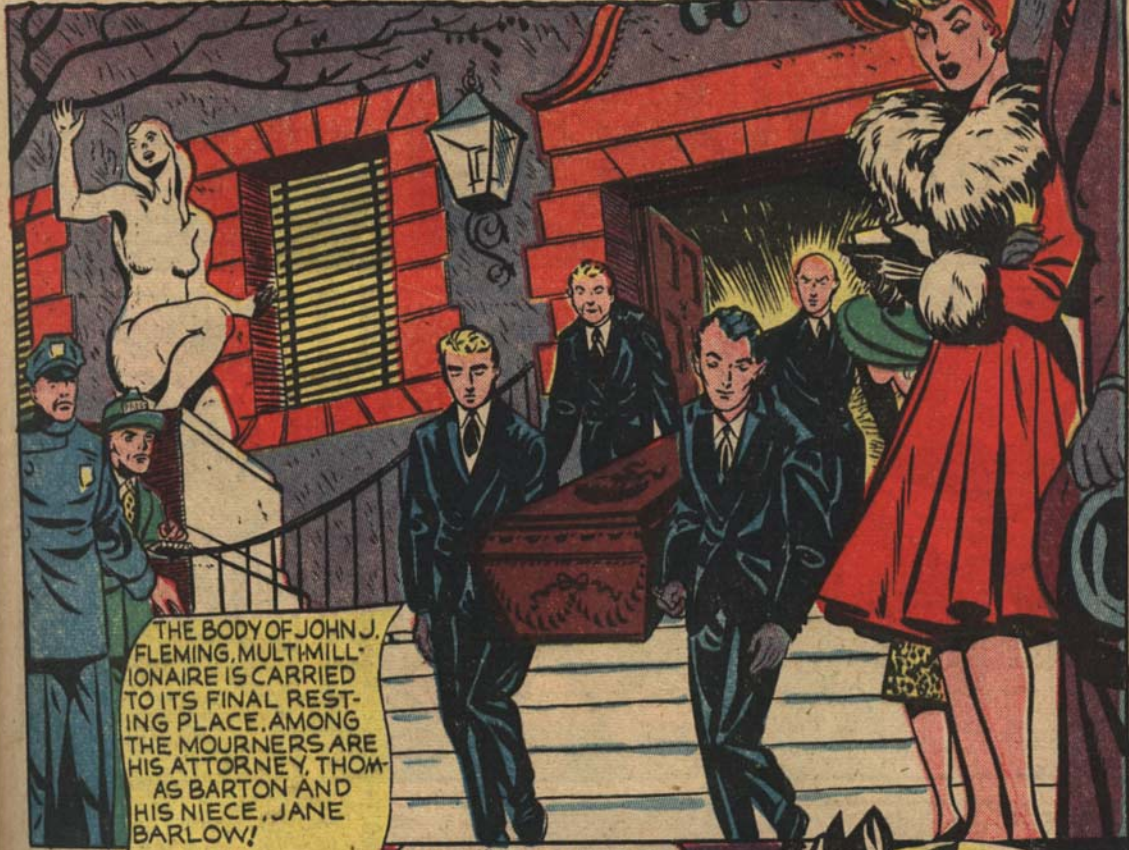
A SPECIAL MESS-
AGE FROM THE
BLACK HOOD
TO THOSE FEW
WHO HAVEN'T
YET GOTTEN
THEIR COPY OF
**SPECIAL
COMICS**
"DON'T PASS IT
UP, GANG. MY
PAL, THE HANG-
MAN, AND
THOSE BOY
BUDDIES, ROY
AND DUSTY,
REALLY GO TO
TOWN".

THE BLACK HOOD'S POPULARITY GROWS BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS! GET YOUR COPY OF THE LATEST "HOODED DETECTIVE, ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW, AND YOU'LL SEE THE REASON WHY! A RIP-ROARING TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND WORD MYSTERY NOVEL WITH A GOOSE PIMPLE HANGING ON TO EVERY WORD THIS TO-GETHER WITH CRACKERJACK MYSTERY SHORT STORIES ---- AND YOU HAVE THE BEST DETECTIVE MAGAZINE 10¢ CAN BUY !!

The WIZARD

WITH ROY THE SUPERBOY

Paul Reinman
& STEYNE



THE BODY OF JOHN J. FLEMING, MULTIMILLIONAIRE IS CARRIED TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE, AMONG THE MOURNERS ARE HIS ATTORNEY, THOMAS BARTON AND HIS NIECE, JANE BARLOW!



LATER-

A LITTLE REFRESHMENT WILL DO YOU GOOD AFTER THE ORDEAL OF THE FUNERAL, JANE!



JANE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU FOR SO LONG THAT I LOVE YOU! I KNOW IT'S AN AWKWARD TIME TO ASK BUT WONT YOU MARRY ME?



I'M SORRY, TOM. I LIKE YOU AS A FRIEND BUT I'M IN LOVE WITH SOMEBODY ELSE!



THANKS FOR SEEING ME HOME, TOM!

GOOD BYE, JANE. GOOD LUCK!



HMM, ALMOST NINE AND BLANE ISN'T HERE YET. I'M GETTING FED UP WITH THE WAY HE KEEPS ME WAITING!



IN THE MEANTIME THE WIZARD AND ROY ARE BUSY AT A FAMILIAR TASK-

ONE MORE AND THE FINEST GANG OF BLACK-MAILERS IS OUT OF BUSINESS!



O.K.-ROY! WRAP 'EM UP AND TURN 'EM OVER TO THE POLICE -I'VE GOT A DATE!

RIGHT, WIZ!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED THE WIZARD FLASHES ACROSS THE CITY---



IT MUST BE PLENTY LATE! JANE'LL PROBABLY BLOW UP AGAIN!



OH, SO THERE YOU ARE, MY WANDERING ROMEO. DON'T MIND ME -I CAN WAIT FOR YOU ALL NIGHT!

BUT I WON'T DO IT MANY MORE TIMES, MR. SMART ALECK. AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M KIND OF SORRY I TURNED DOWN A PROPOSAL ONLY THIS AFTERNOON!

A PROPOSAL?





WHAT'S THIS TALK ABOUT PROPOSALS? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MARRY JUST ANYBODY - YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY ME!



OH - BLANE DO YOU MEAN THAT?

I SURE DO - AND WHAT'S MORE I'M SETTING THE WEDDING DATE - IT'S TOMORROW!



AT THAT MOMENT THOMAS BARTON BROODS OVER J.J. FLEMING'S WILL

EVERYTHING GOES TO HER - EVERY CENT!



BUT IF SHE WERE REMOVED FROM THE SCENE THE MONEY WOULD BE MINE TO DISPOSE OF - JANE BARLOW SHALL DIE!



THE PHONE - I WONDER WHO THAT MIGHT BE!



HELLO, TOM. I'M MARRYING BLANE WHITNEY TOMORROW. I WANT YOU TO BE AT THE WEDDING SO I'LL KNOW YOU HAVE NO HARD FEELINGS!

OF COURSE I'LL BE THERE, JANE!



NEXT DAY - A SUCKER JUST LIKE ALL THE REST OF THEM, GIVING UP EVERYTHING FOR A PIPE AND SLIPPERS!



JANE AND BLANE MARCH DOWN THE AISLE ---



SO - I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER, BUT BLANE, THE GLAMOROUS NEWSPAPERMAN IS. MAYBE BLANE, TOO, CAN BE REMOVED FROM THE SCENE!



IN THE MEANTIME-



HE COULD HAVE BEEN SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW, BLANE!

H'M - POSSIBLY!

WHERE DID JANE GO, MOE?



WHY, SHE WENT OUTSIDE WITH MR. BARTON!



AT THAT MOMENT THE WIZARD GET A VISION OF JANE'S PLIGHT-



JANE'S IN A JAM ROY, WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE.



WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN TO THE OLD FLEMING MANSION RIGHT AWAY.



DON'T WAIT FOR ME WIZARD I'LL MEET YOU THERE.

AND BACK TO JANE -



GET IN THERE, JANE, I'VE NO TIME TO ARGUE WITH YOU!



I SAID GET IN!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY FIND OUT I SLIPPED AWAY



JUST THEN ROY ARRIVES-

THIS IS THE PLACE ALRIGHT!



BARTON! I WONDER WHAT HE'S RUNNING FROM!



GOING SOMEPLACE, MR. BARTON

ONE SIDE SONNY I'M IN A HURRY!



BOY HE REALLY IS IN A HURRY! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S WRONG!



THERE'S A DOOR AT THE BACK OF THE BASEMENT! IF IT ISN'T LOCKED I CAN GET OUT THAT WAY!



THE BRAT'S FOLLOWING ME - I'LL FIX HIM!



HE'LL THINK I WENT INTO THE VAULT!





HE MUST HAVE GONE IN HERE.



HA, HA! HE FELL FOR IT. ONCE I LOCK THIS DOOR HELL SUFFOCATE IN THERE!



HOLY CATS, I'M LOCKED IN!

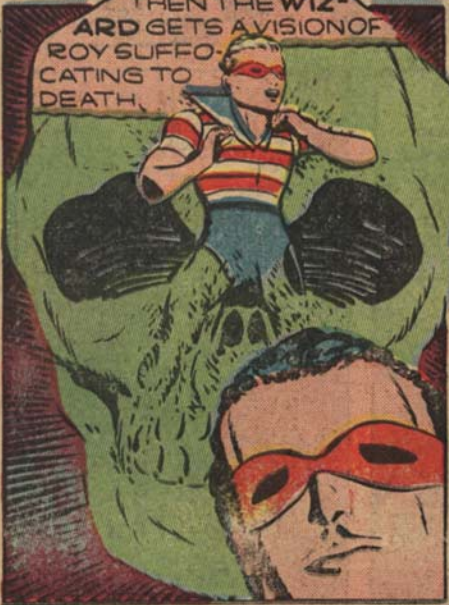
IN THE MEANTIME, UPSTAIRS, I GET IT NOW YOU'RE PRETTY LUCKY, JANE. SINCE EVERYTHING WAS LEFT TO YOU, BARTON WOULD



HAVE KILLED YOU ONCE YOU'D SIGNED THIS



LOOK, BARTON'S GONE!



JUST THEN THE WIZARD GETS A VISION OF ROY SUFFOCATING TO DEATH.

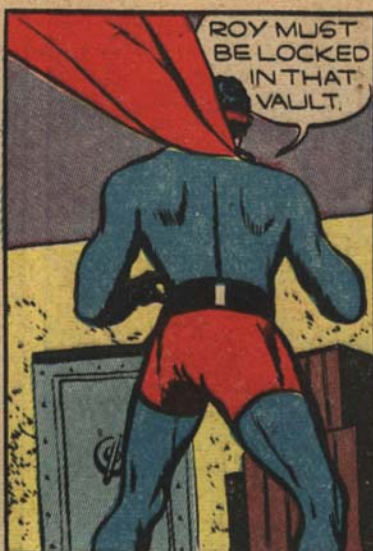


IT'S THE WIZARD AGAIN. HELL HAVE ME CORNERED IF I DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!

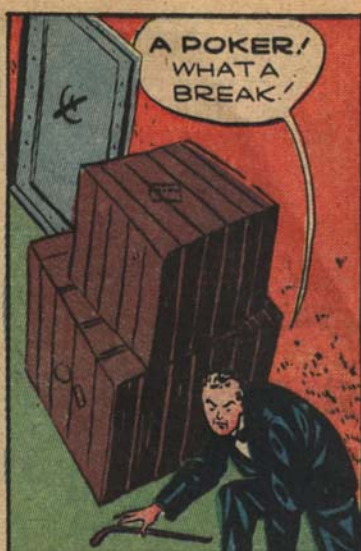
MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE HIM FROM BEHIND.



ROY MUST BE LOCKED IN THAT VAULT.



A POKER! WHAT A BREAK!



YOUR LUCK WON'T HOLD THIS TIME, WIZARD!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BARTON!



TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU HAVE TOO MANY MURDEROUS IDEAS.



IN THE HANDS OF THE WIZARD THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR IS LIKE A PAPER TOYAS HERIPS IT FROM ITS HINGES





SNAP OUT OF IT ROY YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES.



NOW BARTON WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK.



OR SHOULD I SAY YOU ARE? BECAUSE YOU'VE PLENTY TO TELL.



I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED. I INTENDED THAT BULLET FOR BLANE WHITNEY, BUT IT HIT THE OTHER FELLOW. YES I WANTED TO MARRY JANE AND GET THE FORTUNE THAT WAY WHEN I SAW IT WAS HOPELESS I TRIED FORCE.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WELL, JANE-AT LAST WE'RE GETTING MARRIED AND THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP US THIS TIME-- I HOPE!



FROM THE LOUD-SPEAKER OF A RADIO CAR, A TERRIFIC BLAZE HAS JUST BEEN REPORTED ON AN OIL TANKER IN THE HARBOR.



HOLD IT, PARSON. I'VE GOT TO GET THE STORY ON THAT FIRE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



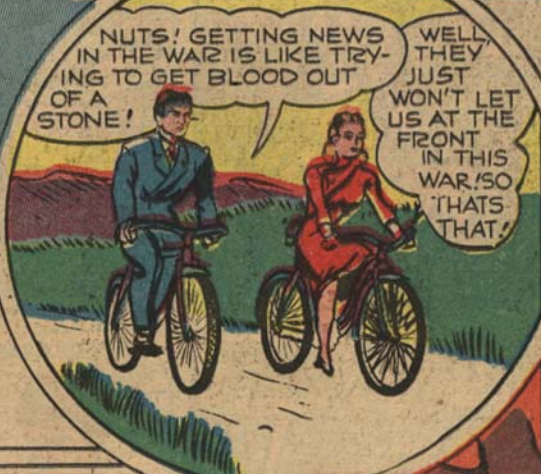
HA, HA BLANE. IT'S YOU THAT'S STUCK AT THE ALTAR THIS TIME. WELL I'LL BE--AT THIS RATE WE MIGHT MANAGE THIS WEDDING BY 1999!

DON'T FORGET SHIELD-WIZARD #6, ON SALE NOW HAS MORE OF THE WIZARD AND ROY THE SUPER BOY.

Fran FRAZER



SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIA, A GERMAN PARACHUTIST HURTLES EARTHWARD BEHIND THE RUSSIAN LINES OF DEFENSE. WHILE, JUST THEN FRAN FRAZER, PHOTOGRAPHER OF STRIFE MAGAZINE AND HAL DAVIS, RIVAL NEWSPAPER REPORTER, ARE BICYCLING BACK FROM THE FRONT.



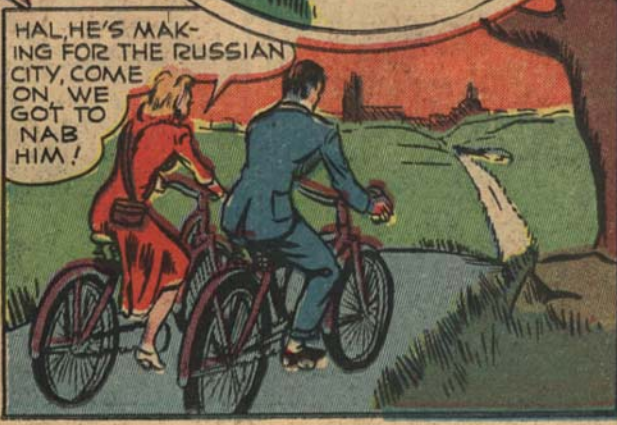
NUTS! GETTING NEWS IN THE WAR IS LIKE TRYING TO GET BLOOD OUT OF A STONE!

WELL, THEY JUST WON'T LET US AT THE FRONT IN THIS WAR, SO THAT'S THAT!



FRAN LOOK! A PARACHUTE COMING DOWN!

AND IT'S A GERMAN ONE, TOO!



HAL, HE'S MAKING FOR THE RUSSIAN CITY, COME ON, WE GOT TO NAB HIM!

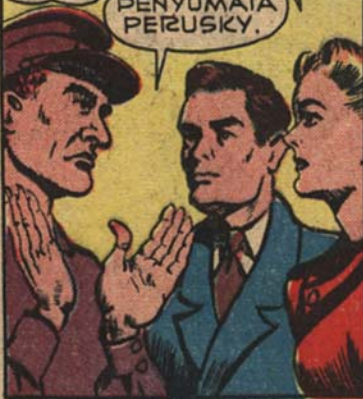
FRAN AND HAL PURSUE THE PARACHUTIST INTO THE CITY. LET'S ASK SOMEBODY! MAYBE HE WAS SEEN!

SEEMS LIKE WE'VE LOST HIM, FRAN!



HEY, SOLDIER BOY, DID YOU NOTICE SOMEBODY DRESSED AS A RUSSIAN OFFICER RUNNING THROUGH THE STREET.

PENYUMAIA PERUSKY.



C'MON! WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME. HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH. BEST THING IS TO REPORT IT TO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!



AND SO THERE'S A PARACHUTIST ROAMING AROUND THESE PARTS.

THANK YOU! I'LL HAVE THE CITY SEARCHED!



FRAN'S GLANCE HAPPENS TO FALL ON THE GENERAL'S BOOT



HAL! --- DID YOU NOTICE THOSE BOOTS! FULL OF MUD. THE GENERAL HIMSELF WAS BREATHING HEAVILY AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN RUNNING!



GREAT SCOT, FRAN! YOU DON'T THINK---

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



UNDER ARREST --- WHAT FOR?



NO QUESTIONS! I HAVE MY ORDERS! NOW MARCH!

ER JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!



I---ER SEEM TO HAVE A CINDER IN MY EYE.....

LET'S HAVE A LOOK, FRAN! I'LL REMOVE IT!



OH, THIS NICE LOOKING SOLDIER CAN DO IT---- WOULD YOU PLEASE.



BOY, YOU MAY BE A GENTLEMAN! BUT YOU'RE SURE DUMB!



COME ON, LET'S RUN FOR IT!



HE THINKS WE RAN OUT OF THE BUILDING, FRAN!

WE'RE GOING BACK TO THAT GENERAL'S OFFICE.



NOW I'LL JUST PEEK IN AND SEE WHAT'S COOKING! THAT'S FUNNY-- NOBODY'S IN.



I'M CONVINCED NOW, THAT THE GENERAL IS THE GERMAN PARACHUTIST!



NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS PROVE IT!

HAL! THAT OPEN DOOR! LET'S SEE WHERE IT LEADS TO!



SEEMS TO LEAD TO THE CELLAR THAT'S ALL!



AS THEY EXPLORE THE CELLAR, THEY SEE SOMETHING WHICH BRING THEM UP WIDE-EYED WITH HORROR.



INTO THE FURNACE WITH YOU!



HAL HURTLER HIMSELF FORWARD IN A DESPERATE FLYING TACKLE.



Oomph!

CLUMP

HAL! WATCH OUT!



THINKING QUICKLY, FRAN REACHES INTO THE FURNACE FOR HOT COALS AND ---



THANK YOU! THAT GERMAN SNEAKED INTO MY ROOM AND OVERPOWERED ME!

HIS IDEA WAS TO TAKE YOUR PLACE, AND GIVE PHONY ORDERS!



SURE! HE MUST'VE FIGURED WITH GENERALS BEING SHUFFLED AROUND SO QUICKLY EVERY BODY'D TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT YOU'D BEEN DISPLACED.

I'M A LITTLE BURNED UP MYSELF SO----



KEITH KORNELL WESTPONTER

UP INTO THE CRAGGY HILLS OF THE ROCKIES FLEES THE NOTORIOUS KILLER, LEGS MARLOW—DESPERATELY TRYING TO ELUDE THE POSSE, CLOSING IN ON HIM! UNTIL HE IS DRIVEN, LIKE A CORNERED RAT, INTO A CAVE ON THE HILL SIDE!

THEY GOT ME HOLED UP! BUT I'LL KILL PLENTY OF 'EM BEFORE THEY TAKE ME!



THE MAN-HUNT HAS AROUSED SUCH NATION-WIDE INTEREST, THAT IT IS BROADCAST IN DETAIL



IT'S A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH NOW, FOLKS! MARLOW CAN'T CLIMB ANY HIGHER. THE MOUNTAIN WALLS ARE TOO STEEP.. BUT THE POSSE CAN'T GO UP AND GET HIM WITHOUT BEING SHOT DOWN!





UNAWARE OF THE DRAMA DIRECTLY BELOW, STANDS LIEUT. KEITH KORNELL AND HIS ORDERLY, WACKY OUT ON MANEUVERS



THIS MOUNTAIN TOP IS A GOOD PLACE TO SURVEY THE LAY OF THE LAND, WACKY!



WE'LL SET UP OUR RADIO ESTABLISHING COMMUNICATIONS WITH OUR LINE. HUSTLE IT UP

I'M A-COMIN' LIEUTENANT!



HEY! WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE GUN-FIRE!

BANG
BANG



IT IS! THERE'S SOMEBODY IN A CAVE, BELOW SHOOTING



KEITH KORNELL SIGNALS TO THE POSSE BELOW!

LOOK, SHERIFF! A SOLDIER ON THE TOP OF THE CLIFF-RIGHT ABOVE MARLOW!



HE KEEPS POINTING TO MARLOW. HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING!

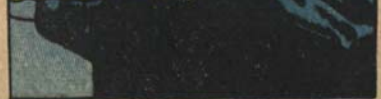
I THINK HE'S GOING TO TRY TO GET HIM!... COME ON, MEN! WELL RUSH MARLOW AND DIVERT HIS ATTENTION FROM THAT SOLDIER. THAT'S HIS ONLY CHANCE OF MAKING IT!



TRY TO RUSH ME, WILL YA, YA DUMB COPPERS! I'LL SHOW YA!



NOTICE THE RADIO RECEIVER WHICH KEITH IS UN-THINK-INGLY STUFF-ING INTO HIS POCKET, AS HE MAKES READY TO DESCEND.



AND THEN PRO-CEEDS WITH HIS PERILOUS PLAN.



GOTTA JUMP THE REST OF THE WAY! HERE GOES!



WHAT IN...



TRICKED ME, HUH? WELL, IT'LL BE THE LAST TRICK YOU'LL EVER PULL!



MAYBE! UGH!



AND MAYBE NOT!



FRANTICALLY, THE KILLER SCRAMBLES FOR HIS REVOLVER!



DROP THAT, YOU!



TRY THAT FOR SIZE, YOU BLANKETY-BLANK, TIN SOLDIER!

OO-F!



WHILE UP ABOVE!

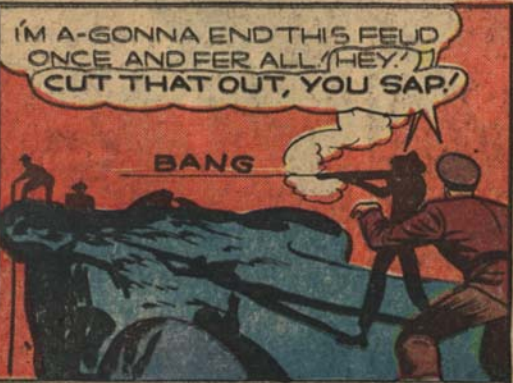
GARSH!... WONDER WHAT'S A-KEEPIN THE LOOEY SO LONG!



JUST THEN, A PAIR OF FIGURES TRUDGE INTO VIEW—CAPTAIN CALVIN AND HIS ORDERLY SMOKY—WACKY'S FEUDING PARTNER.



LOOK, CAPTAIN! IT'S THAT CONSARNED BILLY GOAT, WACKY!



I'M A-GONNA END THIS FEUD ONCE AND FER ALL, HEY! CUT THAT OUT, YOU SAP!

BANG



SMOKY!... DRAT HIM!...

STOP IT! STOP IT, I TELL YOU!

SHUCKS!... I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN, CAPTAIN!

BANG

BELOW, MARLOW IS ABOUT TO SHOOT KORNELL

WHAT'S THAT?



THEY'RE CLOSIN' IN ON ME. I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER



IN HIS HASTE MARLOW EXPOSES HIMSELF, AND-

GOT HIM



THAT'S THE END OF THE GREATEST MAN-HUNT IN HISTORY.



AT THAT MOMENT, LIEUTENANT KEITH KORNELL IS BEING HOISTED UP THE MOUNTAIN.



HELLO, CAPTAIN BUT I CALVIN, FIRING DIDN'T THOSE SHOTS INTO THE RADIO WAS SMOKY AND WACKY NICE WORK! DID IT. THEY IT SAVED MY LIFE! WERE FEUDING.



BLESSINGS ON YOUR FEUD, YOU BEAUTIFUL DUMBBELLS. THOSE SHOTS BOOMED TROUGH MY RECEIVER- AND THAT KILLER THOUGHT THEY CAME FROM RIGHT OUTSIDE THE CAVE.

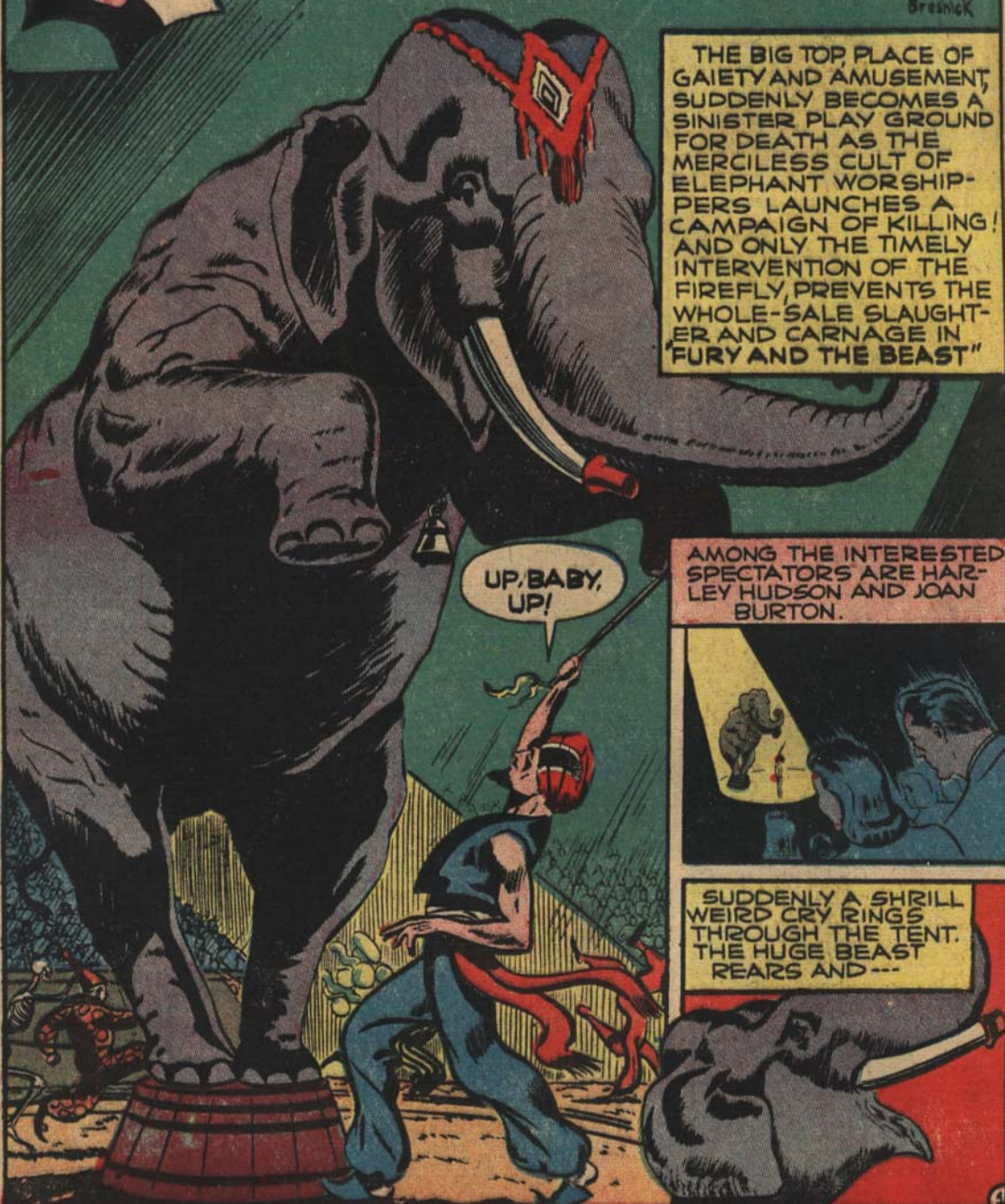




the FIREFLY

King & Bresnick

THE BIG TOP, PLACE OF GAIETY AND AMUSEMENT, SUDDENLY BECOMES A SINISTER PLAY GROUND FOR DEATH AS THE MERCILESS CULT OF ELEPHANT WORSHIP-PERS LAUNCHES A CAMPAIGN OF KILLING! AND ONLY THE TIMELY INTERVENTION OF THE FIREFLY, PREVENTS THE WHOLE-SALE SLAUGHTER AND CARNAGE IN "FURY AND THE BEAST"



UP, BABY, UP!

AMONG THE INTERESTED SPECTATORS ARE HARLEY HUDSON AND JOAN BURTON.



SUDDENLY A SHRILL WEIRD CRY RINGS THROUGH THE TENT. THE HUGE BEAST REARS AND---





A LIGHTNING-LIKE SWEEP OF HIS TRUNK, AND HIS TRAINER IS LIFTED OFF THE GROUND IN A DEATH-LIKE GRIP



HELP! PLEASE! HELP!



RUN! RUN!

LOOKOUT! HE'S GONE WILD!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE CROWD---



ON TO A SWINGING TRAPEZE FLASHES THE FIREFLY



WELL HERE GOES!



THIS BELL CHAIN, MIGHT ACT AS A HALTER. IF I PULL TIGHTLY ENOUGH!



STEADY BABY, HOLD UP THERE!



WHEW!
QUITE A
TUG OF
WAR!



OKAY
BOYS!
HE'S
ALL
YOURS!



FIREFLY I'M CERTAINLY
THANKFUL TO YOU, I'M THE OWNER
OF THIS SHOW!

SAY HAVE YOU
EVER NOTICED
ANYTHING PE-
CULIAR ABOUT
YOUR ELEPHANT'S
COLOR?



I NEVER BOTHER WITH
THEM! ALL I DO IS BUY
THEM AND LEAVE THE
REST UP TO MY STAFF!

I'VE NEVER SEEN
ONE THAT COLOR
BEFORE.



THAT NIGHT AT HARLEY'S
HOME.

I CAN'T
GET THAT
ELEPHANT
OUT OF MY
MIND!



I'VE GOT IT! MY
ENCYCLOPEDIA.
WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF IT BE-
FORE!



SAY HARLEY,
WHAT'S THE
IDEA! DO YOU
PREFER YOUR
BOOKS TO ME!



SORRY JOAN, HERE'S SOME-
THING I'VE
GOT TO FIND
OUT.



HERE IT IS! THIS IS JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



ABOUT THAT CRY THAT RANG THROUGH THE TENT JUST BEFORE THE ELEPHANT WENT WILD. NOW I'M CERTAIN!

WHAT'S WRONG HARLEY?



CAN'T STOP TO EXPLAIN NOW, JOAN! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE CIRCUS AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

BUT HARLEY!



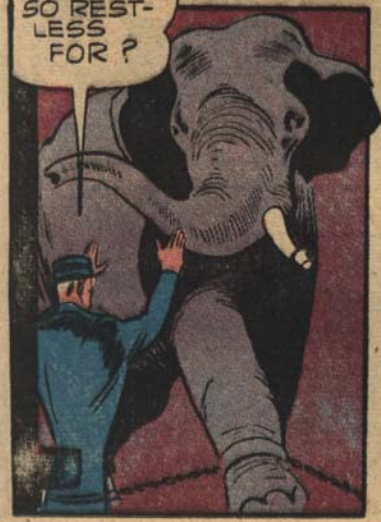
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE FIREFLY DASHES SPEEDILY THROUGH THE CIRCUS GROUNDS

STEADY-UP! WHAT ARE YOU SO RESTLESS FOR?



MEANWHILE

WELL BABY! JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE A BAD BOY, TO-NIGHT, I'VE GOT TO SIT UP AND WATCH YOU!



ONCE MORE THE SAME EERIE CRY RINGS THROUGH THE NIGHT AND---

WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SOUND! QUIET BABY, QUIET!



THEN

GLUB





WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I HEARD THE NOISE, AND CALLED JOE, AND CAME DOWN AS FAST AS I COULD!

IT'S THAT ELEPHANT AGAIN!



THAT ELEPHANT IS A SACRED WHITE SIAMESE ELEPHANT! THEY ARE WORSHIPPED BY MANY OF THE NATIVES OF SIAM AND NEVER ALLOWED OUT OF THE COUNTRY.



THESE NATIVES WOULD COMMIT MURDER A THOUSAND TIMES OVER, RATHER THAN LOSE THEIR SACRED WHITE BEAST!

BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK WHITE



HAVE YOUR MEN RUB A SMALL PART OF HIS SKIN WITH TURPENTINE AND I'M SURE YOU'LL BE CONVINCED!



NO WONDER THE HUNTER WHO SOLD IT TO ME WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET IT OFF HIS HANDS.

THE TRIBESMEN WERE PROBABLY ON HIS TRAIL.



THE SIAMESE WERE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THEIR ELEPHANT WHEN IT RESPONDED TO THEIR CRY THE WAY IT DID!



RETURN THAT ELEPHANT TO THEM. THEY'LL NEVER CEASE SEARCHING OR MURDERING UNTIL THEY GET IT BACK.

I'LL BE GLAD TO, FIREFLY.



LATER
WHAT MADE YOU FIRST SUSPECT

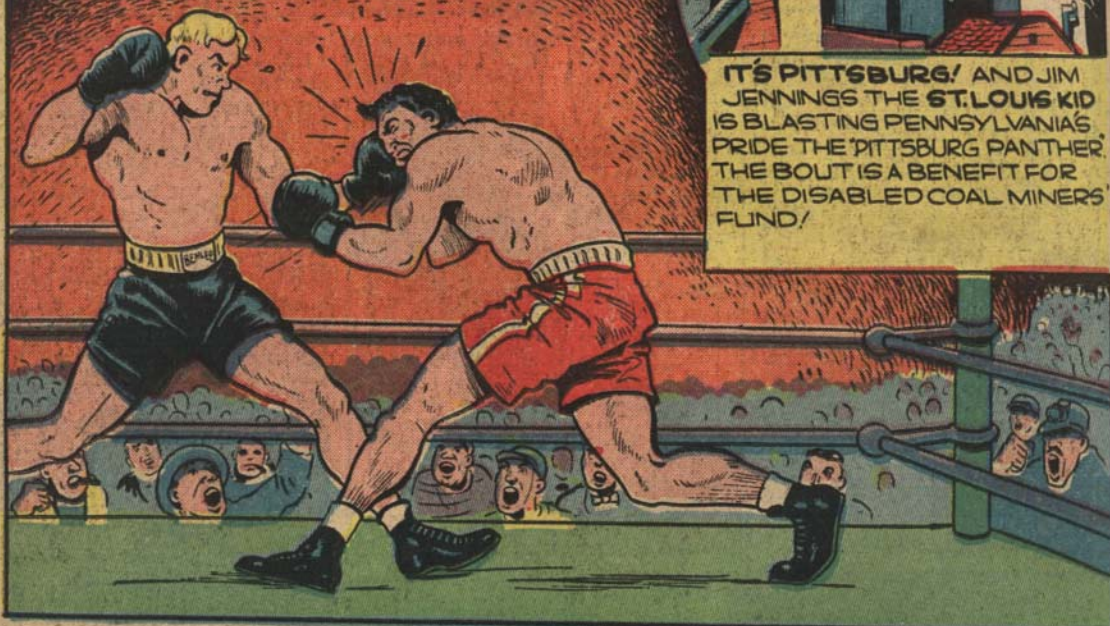
WHEN SOME OF THE DYE CAME OFF IN MY HAND, THAT'S WHY I CHECKED WITH MY ENCYCLOPEDIA!

THE ST. LOUIS KID

by
Montana



IT'S PITTSBURG! AND JIM JENNINGS THE ST. LOUIS KID IS BLASTING PENNSYLVANIA'S PRIDE THE 'PITTSBURG PANTHER'. THE BOUT IS A BENEFIT FOR THE DISABLED COAL MINERS' FUND!



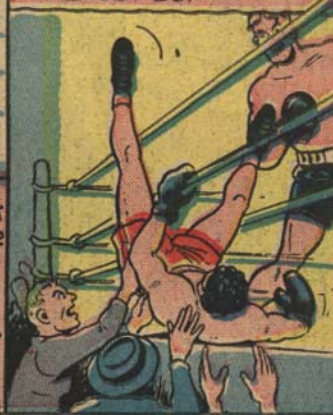
WHAT'S A MATTER WITH THE PANTHER? I NEVER SAW 'IM FIGHT LIKE THAT BEFORE!

YOU NEVER SAW 'IM FIGHT THE ST. LOUIS KID BEFORE!



THE KID CUTS ACROSS WITH A HARD RIGHT THAT JARS THE PITT. PANTHER TO HIS HEELS---AND NOW HE'S GROGGY, AND JENNINGS IS SETTING HIM UP FOR THE KNOCK-OUT!

AND THERE GOES THE 'PANTHER' THROUGH THE ROPES.





SUDDENLY
DOWN THE
AISLE
THE MINE!
THE
MINE!
SHE'S
CAVED
IN!



IT'S THE
EAST SHAFT!

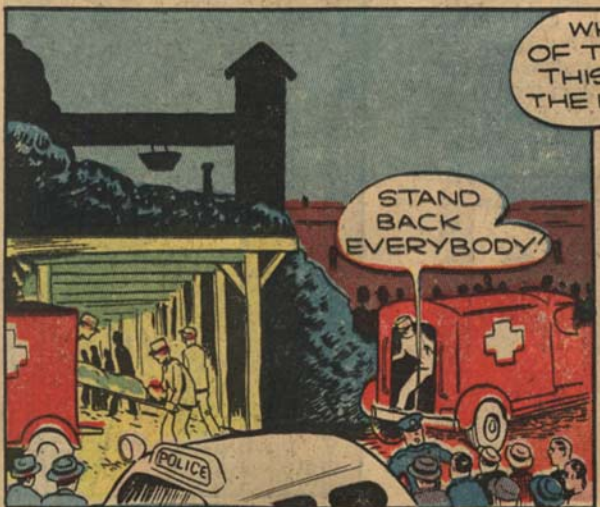
GOOD
LORD!

THERE'S
20 MEN
THERE!

COME
ON!



WHAT! THE
MINE/CAVED IN? ANOTHER
COME ON POP ROUND
WERE GOING AND MY
TO HELP! HEAD
WOULD'A
BEEN
CAVED IN!



STAND
BACK
EVERYBODY!



WHERE ARE THE REST
OF THOSE AMBULANCES?
THEY THERE?
YOU CAN
GET TO USE MY
THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY CAR--IT'S
RIGHT OVER
HERE!



LOADING THE IN-
JURED MINER IN THEIR
CAR, JIM AND POP
SPEED OFF FOR THE
HOSPITAL

HEY JIM!
HE'S COMING TO
AN TRYING TO SAY
SOMETHING.



TAKE IT
EASY OLD
FELLOW

NO!...NO!...
GOT-TO--
TALK---TH--
--CAVE IN! IT
WASN'T AN
AC-ACCIDENT!



D--D--DIXON--SOLD-MINE
INFERIOR--CONSTRUCTION
MATERIALS--EVERY SHAFT WAS
UNSAFE! THEN HE SPLIT EX-TRA
P--PROFITS WITH D-DACON
THE ENGINEER. THEY--
KNEW---SH---SHE---
COLLAPSE...

DON'T HURRY JIM! HE'S DEAD!

OF ALL THE DIRTY KILLING HONEST MINERS FOR A PROFIT!



BACK AT THE KID'S HOTEL-

I TELL YOU WINDY- I'M GONNA STAY IN PITTSBURG UNTIL I MAKE THOSE RATS PAY.



AW-LISSEN JIM! THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, POP AND HIS BIG MOUTH ARE MAKING IT JIM'S BUSINESS.

YESHER, THAT CAVE IN WASH NO ACCIDENT! I KNOW I GOTIT FROM THE INSHIDE HIC!



THE EAVES DROP-PER HURRIES TO THE OFFICE OF DIXON AND DACON

WHAT, IN THE BAR-- THAT MEANS HIS PRIZEFIGHTING FRIEND KNOWS TOO! YOU GETTING THIS MALLOY GUY! I'M GONNA MAKE A CALL!



OKAY DIXON!

'LO JENNINGGS? SAY I JUST SAW YOUR PAL MALLOY LEAVE THE BAR AND GO DOWN INTO THE MINE! --YEAH! THE MAIN SHAFT!



WHEN WILL POP LEARN! PROBABLY THINKS HE'S BACK IN NEW YORK AND WAS GOING INTO THE SUBWAY!



THIS IS AS FAR AS SHE GOES -HEY! POP! OH POP!



SURPRISE SUCKER!

COME ON OUTTA THAT ELEVATOR



YOU'VE GOT AN AWFUL LONG NOSE FOR A PRIZE FIGHTER! BUT, WHAT YOU KNOW WONT DO YOU ABIT OF GOOD! START THE ELEVATOR, DACON!



BUT DACON HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE!



HEY! WAIT FOR ME-- WHY YOU DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSER!



HA! HA! HA!
HAW! HAW!
HAW!

COME BACK!
COME BACK!

BANG!
BANG!

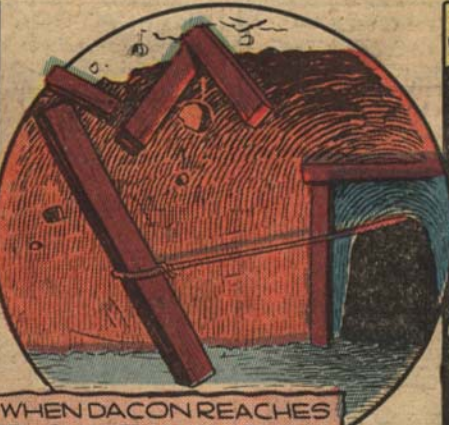
STOPPING AT THE LEVEL DIRECTLY OVER JIM, POP AND DIXON - DACON TIES A STRONG ROPE AROUND ONE OF THE SUPPORTS



THIS'LL FIX 'EM!
WITH THE THREE OF 'EM GONE NO ONE WILL KNOW BUT ME, AND NO MAN EVER SQUEALED ON HIMSELF!



NOW I'LL TIE THE OTHER END TO THE BOTTOM OF THE ELEVATOR!



WHEN DACON REACHES THE NEXT LEVEL THE ELEVATOR PULLS OUT THE SUPPORT.



BUT IT ALSO PULLS THE BOTTOM OUT OF THE ELEVATOR!



HOLY SMOKES! HE'S STARTED A CAVE IN ABOVE US!

WHAT'S THAT?



RUN! RUN! THE CEILINGS GOING TO FALL!



LOOK! THOSE LORRYS WILL TAKE US OUT QUICKER THAN WE CAN RUN IN THE DARK!

BUT THEY'RE OFF THE TRACK.

WE'LL PUT 'EM ON!

WITH JIM'S GIANT SINEWS CARRYING THE BRUNT OF THE BURDEN, THE LORRIES ARE LIFTED, AND....



UGH!

OKAY... LET--ER DOWN!



I'VE GOT HER GOING!

GET IN THE FRONT POP HURRY!



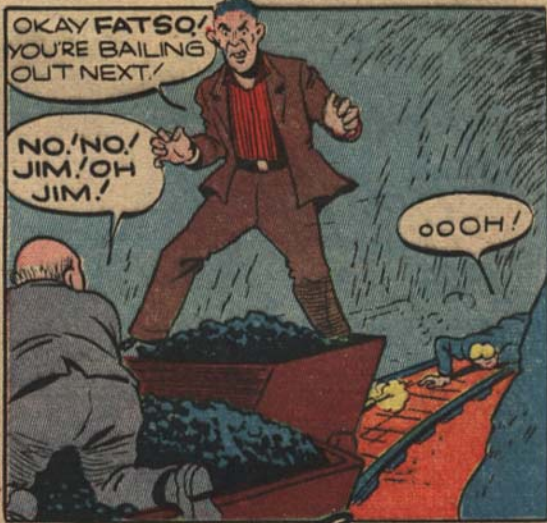
WAIT!.... GIVE US A PUSH BEFORE YOU GET IN!

YEAH!



SORRY CHUMP! YOU MISSED THE BOAT!

SOCK!

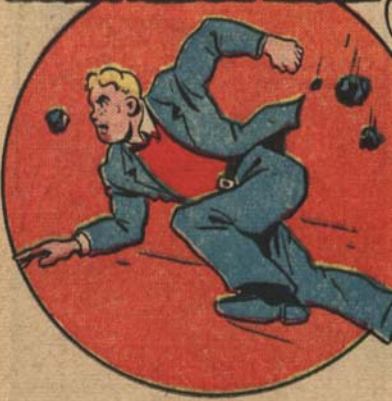


OKAY FATSO! YOU'RE BAILING OUT NEXT!

NO! NO! JIM! OH JIM!

OOOH!

BUT IT TAKES A GOOD MAN TO KNOCK THE ST. LOUIS KID DOWN FOR LONG!



YEOW!



PUT HIM DOWN!



A COUPLE OF REAL CHAMPS-
THE ST. LOUIS KID AND TOP
NOTCH COMICS. GET YOUR
COPY NOW AND EVERY
MONTH.

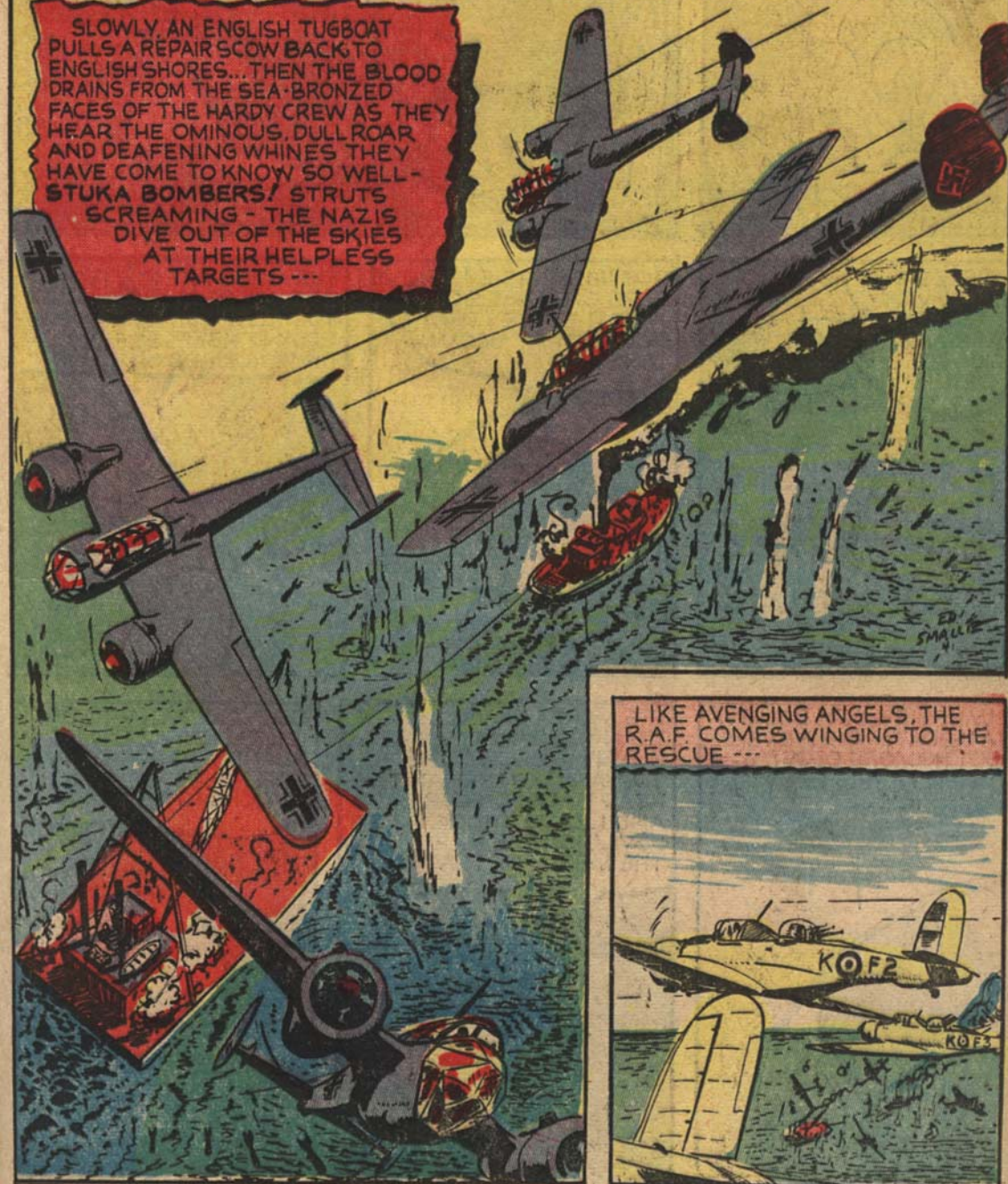
GRIMLY, THE
BOY DE-
TECTIVE,
DUSTY BATTLED
AGAINST OVER-
WHELMING
ODDS IN
"ONE NIGHT
OF TERROR"

THE BREATH
OF DEATH
WAS HOT ON
JUJU
WATSON'S
FACE WHEN
THE SHIELD
CAME CHARG-
ING TO HIS
RESCUE
AGAINST "THE
HOODED
PLAGUE"

THE WIZARD FLUNG
HIMSELF AT THE INSANE
DOCTOR WHO BE-
LIEVED "THE DEAD
CAN WALK AGAIN"

WINGS JOHNSON OF THE Air Patrol

SLOWLY AN ENGLISH TUGBOAT
PULLS A REPAIR SCOW BACK TO
ENGLISH SHORES... THEN THE BLOOD
DRAINS FROM THE SEA-BRONZED
FACES OF THE HARDY CREW AS THEY
HEAR THE OMINOUS, DULL ROAR
AND DEAFENING WHINES THEY
HAVE COME TO KNOW SO WELL -
STUKA BOMBERS! STRUTS
SCREAMING - THE NAZIS
DIVE OUT OF THE SKIES
AT THEIR HELPLESS
TARGETS ---



LIKE AVENGING ANGELS, THE
R.A.F. COMES WINGING TO THE
RESCUE ---



LEADING THE PATROL-WINGS JOHNSON AND HIS GUNNER. HENRY---

BLAST THE JERRIES OUT OF THE SKIES, MEN - I'LL STAY WITH THE BOATS!

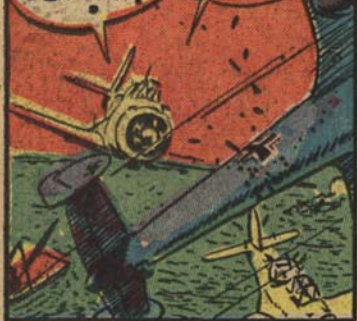


BUT BEFORE WING'S PLANE CAN COVER UP FOR THE BOATS - ONE OF THE STUKAS REGISTERS A DIRECT HIT ON THE TUG-



THERE'S THE JERRY WOT LAID THAT EGG, WING-SIE! LET'S GET 'IM!

RIGHT, HENRY!



GOT 'IM, WINGSIE! THAT 'ELPS EVEN THE SCORE A LITTLE. THEY DIDN'T TOUCH THAT SCOW, ANYWAY!



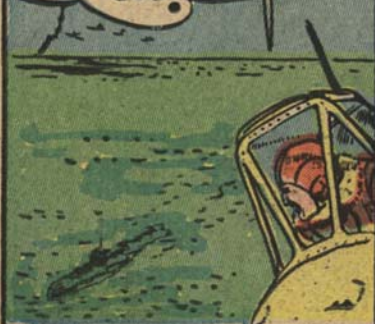
THE NAZIS ARE ROUTED - BUT WINGS STAYS BEHIND TO PROTECT THE UNARMED AND HELPLESSLY DRIFTING SCOW---



WINGSIE-LOOK BELOW! A U-BOAT!-- AND WE'VE GOT NO MORE EGGS! BLIMEY! THIS IS A PICKLE!



IT'S MORE OF A PICKLE THAN YOU THINK! WE'RE RUNNING SHORT OF GAS, TOO, AND YET WE CAN'T HEAD BACK FOR OUR BASE AND LEAVE THOSE POOR DEVILS ON THE BARGE AT THE MERCY OF THAT SUB!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I'LL RADIO THE OTHER PLANES TO HURRY BACK FOR HELP...WE'RE STICKING AROUND!





H'I SAY WINGSIE!
WOTCHA DOIN'?
WERE 'EADIN'
FOR
THE
WATER!

EXACTLY!
WE'RE
PANCAKING
ALONG SIDE
THE BARGE!



GET READY
TO PICK UP
THOSE PILOTS.
MEN!



HEY, THERE, CAPTAIN -
HITCH A BLOCK AND TACKLE
ONTO THE PLANE AND
HOIST IT ON YOUR BARGE.
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



THE CAPTAIN FOLLOWS
OUT WING'S CURIOUS
REQUEST ---



I SUPPOSE
YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING - BUT
I WISH
YOU'D
LET ME
IN ON
IT!

I SPOTTED
A SUB
APPROACH-
ING
YOU!



THEY'LL BE ON US ANY MIN-
UTE. PLEASE HAVE
YOUR MEN STRIP ALL THE
SILK OFF MY PLANE,
CAPTAIN. I'LL EXPLAIN
LATER!

HMM-
WELL-
ALRIGHT!



THE CREW
SPEEDILY
STRIPS ALL
THE SILK
FROM THE
PLANE AND
SEW IT INTO
A SAIL ---



HERE'S MY THOUGHT, CAP-
TAIN - MAYBE, IF WE GET
SOME WIND WE'LL BE
ABLE TO KEEP THEM AT A
DISTANCE LONG ENOUGH
FOR US TO IMPROVISE
A MOTOR!

THE MOTOR OF MY OWN PLANE COULD WHIP UP ENOUGH WIND TO FILL THE SAILS. I'VE GOT ENOUGH GAS TO KEEP IT RUNNING FOR A WHILE!

SAY! THAT'S A KEEN IDEA-WINGSIE!



GIVE HER A COUPLE OF TURNS TO SEE IF SHE'S IN GOOD WORKING ORDER - HENRY!

FEELS ALRIGHT, WINGSIE!



THE SAIL'S READY, JOHNSON!

FINE, CAPTAIN - SO'S MY PLANE..NOW- THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS PRAY IT WORKS!



IN THE U-BOAT---

HERR KAPITAN, DERE IS AN ENGLISH REPAIR BARGE AHEAD MIT A SAIL!

BARGE MIT A SAIL - IMPOSSIBLE!



HERE IS WHAT THE GERMAN'S SIGHT THROUGH THE PERISCOPE ---



SAIL OR NO SAIL - DEY ARE HELPLESS. DERE ISN'T ANY VIND, YET! STAND BY FOR ATTACK!



'ERE COMES THE SUB, CAPTAIN. IT'S COMIN' TO THE SURFACE TO SHELL US!



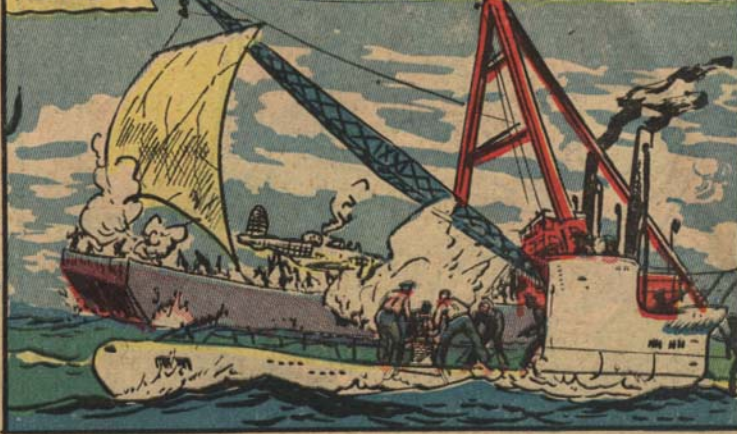
ALRIGHT, WHEEL THIS CRATE IN FRONT OF OUR SAIL! STEP ON IT!



DON'T FIRE UNTIL VE GET CLOSE ENOUGH SOVE DO NOT MISS. NO USE WASTING ANY SHELLS. UND DON'T BOTHER PICKING UP ANY SURVIVORS!



CLOSER AND CLOSER THE SUB MANEUVERS TOWARD THE FLOUNDERING BARGE UNTIL IT DRAWS A DIRECT BROAD-SIDE BEAD. THEN THE DECK GUNS SWIVEL AROUND TO GET RANGE --



OKAY - HENRY - LET 'ER RIP! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



IT'S WORKING! IT'S WORKING! WE'RE MOVING TOWARD THE SUB!



AND BEFORE THE ASTONISHED GER MANS CAN GATHER THEIR WITS - THE BARGE LOOMS DIRECTLY OVER THE U-BOAT.



ACH - HIMMEL! IT'S GOING TO CRASH US!



THE SUB IS CRUSHED LIKE AN EGGSHELL BY THE TERRIFIC IMPACT --



WE CAN'T LET THAT SUB SINK WITH ALL HANDS ON BOARD EVEN IF THEY ARE GERMAN'S. CATCH HOLD OF IT WITH THE BOOM!



HOORAY!
WE'VE
HOOKED
IT!



LATER - A DESTROYER STEAMS TO THE RESCUE OF THE BARGE - BUT -- GOOD LORD - I HAVEN'T HAD A DROP TO DRINK IN A WEEK - AND YET - WELL, HAVE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF - SIR!



A SUB CAPTURED BY AN ARMED, UNMANEUVERABLE REPAIR BARGE -- THAT'S A TRICK IN ANY MAN'S COUNTRY!

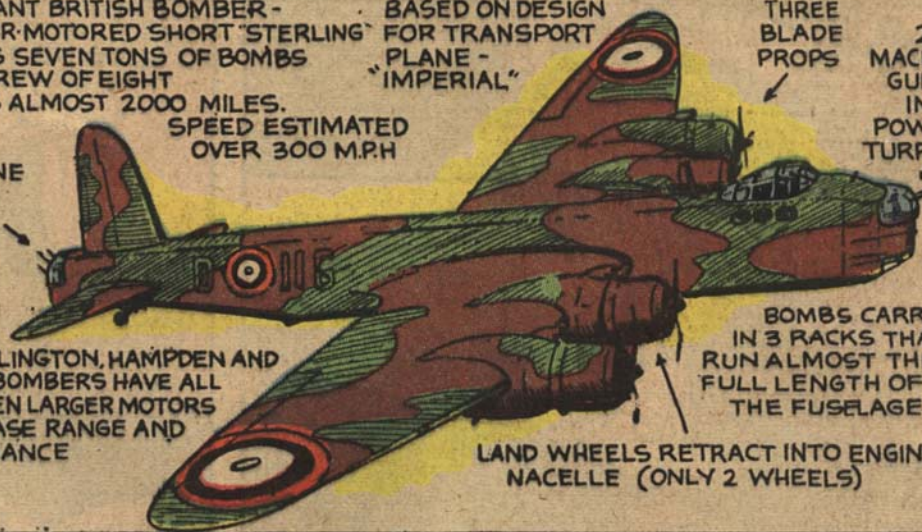


NEW GIANT BRITISH BOMBER - THE FOUR-MOTORED SHORT "STERLING" CARRIES SEVEN TONS OF BOMBS AND CREW OF EIGHT RANGE IS ALMOST 2000 MILES. SPEED ESTIMATED OVER 300 M.P.H.

BASED ON DESIGN FOR TRANSPORT PLANE - "IMPERIAL"

4 MACHINE GUNS IN POWER TURRET

THREE BLADE PROPS 2 MACHINE GUNS IN POWER TURRET



THE WELLINGTON, HAMPDEN AND WHITLEY BOMBERS HAVE ALL BEEN GIVEN LARGER MOTORS TO INCREASE RANGE AND PERFORMANCE

BOMBS CARRIED IN 3 RACKS THAT RUN ALMOST THE FULL LENGTH OF THE FUSELAGE

LAND WHEELS RETRACT INTO ENGINE NACELLE (ONLY 2 WHEELS)

BOB PHANTOM

THE METRO-
POLE MU-
SEUM-WHERE
ALL THE ELITE
ARE GATH-
ERED TO
SEE THE OLD
MASTERS'
EXHIBITION

ON BROADWAY

WALT WHITNEY
THE NEW EXHIBIT IN THE
METROPOLE MUSEUM HAS
PORTRAITS ON EXHIBI-
TION WORTH ENOUGH TO
MAKE A KING'S RANSOM.
SEEM LIKE POCKET-CHANGE
AMONG THE EXHIBITS WILL
BE OLD MASTERS AC-
QUIRED BY JUNIUS
ROCKMORG, WHO HAS
GENEROUSLY LENT
HIS COLLECTION
TO ASSIST THE
CHARITY DRIVE.

HERE IS ONE OF
COROT'S LITTLE
KNOWN WORKS
YET MOST
PRICELESS IT
IS CALLED THE
FANTASY

AND
NOW
I'M A-
FRAID THE
LECTURE IS
OVER

I'M JINX FRIDAY, NEWS-
PAPERWOMAN! I CAME
HERE FOR AN INTERVIEW
WITH YOU! WHERE'S THE
ROCKMORG COLLECTION?

I'M SORRY, BUT THAT
ROOM IS BEING
PAINTED
NOW.

AT THAT MOMENT THE
PAINTER'S TRUCK
DRIVES UP.





AS THE TRUCK ENTERS, TWO MASKED FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE SHADOWS -



C'MON, OUTTA THERE, YOU!

I GOT THIS ONE, JOE!



OKAY, JOE!... LET'S GET INTO THESE GUYS' CLOTHES... AND HUSTLE INTO THE ROCK MORG ROOM!



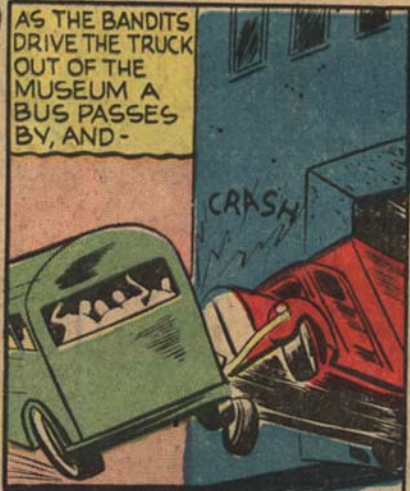
QUICK! GIVE ME THE PHONEY PICTURE BEFORE THE GUARD COMES!

HERE IT IS, JERRY!



C'MON, JOE!.. LET'S GET BACK TO THE PAINT TRUCK, WE'LL DITCH IT AS SOON AS WE REACH OUR GET-AWAY CAR!

RIGHT, JERRY!

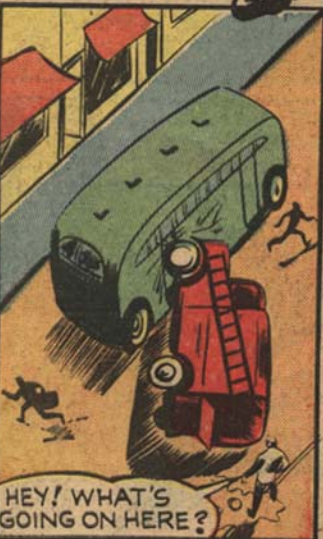


AS THE BANDITS DRIVE THE TRUCK OUT OF THE MUSEUM A BUS PASSES BY, AND -

CRASH



AS THE TRUCK TOPPLES OVER ONE OF THE BANDITS LEAPS FROM THE REAR - NEARLY KNOCKING OVER WALT WHITNEY -



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



SAY! THAT'S FUNNY- THAT FELLOW JUMPS FROM THE PAINT TRUCK, SPLATTERS ME WITH PAINT, AND NOW GOES FOR A JOY RIDE. I'VE SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE. I'LL GET HIS LICENSE NUMBER!



SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON HERE OFFICER!

YEAH, THE ONLY THING FUNNY AROUND HERE, WHITNEY, IS YOU. CAPTAIN CASEY OUGHT TO SEE YOU NOW!

THE FOLLOWING DAY THE DIRECTORS EXAMINE THE EXHIBIT -



LATER --- JINX RETURNS TO THE MUSEUM



SAY! THAT LOOKS LIKE FRASCA FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY! WHAT'S THAT PHONY DOING HERE?



I TELL YOU IT'S UN-QUESTIONABLY A SUBSTITUTION, FRASCA! I KNOW YOUR CONNECTION WITH THE UNDER-WORLD... YOU MUST GET THE ORIGINAL BACK!



OH! NO. 77 WHY THAT'S -- THE VELASQUEZ PAINTING. IT'S WORTH MILLIONS!



THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS FEELS THAT THE RETURN OF THE VELASQUEZ IS INFINITELY MORE IMPORTANT THAN COLLECTING THE INSURANCE THAT'S WHY WE CALLED ON YOU!



JINX GOES TO WALT WHITNEY -



AND THEY HAVE FRASCA ON IT, EH? HMM... WELL, I GOT "PAINTED" OUTSIDE THAT PLACE YESTERDAY... MAYBE I SHOULD DROP OVER AND ADD MYSELF TO THE EXHIBIT!



AT THE MUSEUM WHERE THE CRITICS ARE ALREADY GATHERED.

THIS ISN'T THE ORIGINAL! IT'S A FAKE!

OH, OH, THE CRITICS ARE WISE!



YOU SEE? LOOK AT THAT BRUSH WORK! AND THAT ARM! IT'S ALL OUT OF PERSPECTIVE!



AT THE OFFICE OF THE DIRECTORS -

I'M WALT WHITNEY! I'D LIKE THE NAME OF THE FIRM THAT PAINTED THE ROCKMORG ROOM.

WHY... YES - RUFUS J. WHITE - 10 W. 65TH ST.



AT WHITE'S OFFICE...

WHERE ARE THE MEN WHO PAINTED THE ROCKMORG ROOM?

YOU TELL ME! THEY NEVER CAME BACK WHITNEY!



RETURNING TO THE MUSEUM WALT WHITNEY FINDS THE PAINTERS IN THE BASEMENT -

THIS IS JUST WHAT I SUSPECTED!



LATER - WHITNEY SAUNTERS INTO HEADQUARTERS -

HIYA, CAP! MIND IF I PEEK AT YOUR ACCIDENT REPORTS?

HAW, HAW, IT'S A PLEASURE - ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S YOUR ACCIDENT. I HEARD ABOUT THE PAINT THEY SPILLED ON YOU!



JUMPING JEEPERS - I JUST REMEMBERED I TOOK THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THAT CAR THAT WAS PARKED NEAR THE ACCIDENT. I'M GOING TO CHECK ON THAT - BUT FAST!



THAT CAR IS OWNED BY GRETA REILLY - 18 WEST 57TH

SHE'S A FEATURED DANCER IN THE SHOW "FIDDLESTICKS"

THANKS, SISTER!



LET ME FIGURE THIS OUT... GRETA IS JERRY MALONEY'S GAL NOW! MEMBER - THAT'S THE GUY WHO JUMPED OUT OF THAT PAINT TRUCK - BUT WHY WOULD HE WANT TO SWIPE PAINTINGS? HE CAN'T BE DUMB ENOUGH TO THINK HE COULD SELL THAT PAINTING ANYPLACE!



HEY, THAT'S JUST IT-THE PICTURES TOO HOT. NO ART DEALER WILL TAKE IT AND WITH FRASCA IN THE PICTURE-LOOKS LIKE HE AND JERRY ARE GOING TO MAKE THE INSURANCE COMPANY COME ACROSS. I'D BETTER SEE GRETA!



AT JERRY'S HIDEOUT -

EVERYTHING IS O.K. JERRY - THE INSURANCE COMPANY CALLED ME IN - THEY'LL PAY ANYTHING TO GET THE PICTURE BACK!
WELL, FRASCA, THIS LOOKS LIKE CO-OPERATION ALL AROUND.



HELLO, GRETA, YOU'RE GREAT IN FIDDLE STICKS - HOW ABOUT AN INTERVIEW?



CUT THE COMEDY - WHAT DO YOU WANT WHITNEY?

O.K. I'LL GET TO THE POINT - I WANT TO SEE JERRY!



YES? MAYBE WE'D BETTER TALK ABOUT THE SHOW AT THAT!



LOOK HERE, GEE, WALT, SISTER, I DON'T KNOW - UNLESS YOU TELL ME HE TOOK MY CAR YESTERDAY AND WENT I'LL PAN AWAY!
I DON'T KNOW - HE TOOK MY CAR YESTERDAY AND WENT I'LL PAN AWAY!



WELL...IT'S NOT IMPORTANT, ANYWAY! S'LONG, HONEY!



JERRY HONEY! WHITNEY'S AROUND ASKING FOR YOU! ANYTHING WRONG?



IT WORKED!...I SCARED HER INTO CALLING HER BOY FRIEND, MALONEY.

WALT HURRIES TO A PUBLIC PHONE.

OPERATOR! IT'S LIFE OR DEATH! TRACE THAT CALL THAT JUST CAME FROM GRETA REILLY'S ROOM!



SHE JUST CALLED PR.9-2000 AT 466 WINDHAM DRIVE!

WALT PHONES HIS OFFICE -

LISTEN, JINX, GET TO GRETA REILLY'S APARTMENT. IF GRETA LEAVES TRAIL HER - I'LL MEET YOU THERE LATER. I'M IN A HURRY - SO LONG!



ONCE MORE THERE IS A SWIRL OF WIND AND A PUFF OF EERIE WHITE SMOKE



BOB PHANTOM ARRIVES AT MALONEY'S APARTMENT -



LET'S BE BIG-HEARTED AND GET THE PICTURE BACK BEFORE THE WHOLE BOARD HAS HEART FAILURE - WHERE IS IT, JERRY?

IT'S IN - WHO'S THAT?



JUST ME! LET'S HAVE A LITTLE CHAT ABOUT ART. OOPS, I DIDN'T SEE YOUR CHIN THERE!



WHERE IS THAT PICTURE? GIVE OUT, YOU RAT!

IT'S - IT'S AT GRETA'S APARTMENT - UNDER THE SOFA!

THE PHANTOM RETURNS TO GRETA'S APARTMENT AS WALT WHITNEY -



HYA JINX! SHE WAS GONE WHERE'S WHEN I GOT GRETA? HERE. WON'T I DO?

BEFORE WE GO INTO THAT, LETS STRAIGHTEN THE PLACE UP. MY, MY, HOW UNTIDY! PICTURES SHOVED UNDER THE FURNITURE - AND A VELASQUEZ, TOO!



ON SECOND THOUGHT, LET'S LET GRETA DO HER OWN CLEANING UP - I JUST REMEMBERED I'M DUE AT THE METRO-POLE!



AGAIN BOB PHANTOM?... THIS TIME AT THE MUSEUM



B..BUT.. HOW.. WHA..

HERES YOUR PICTURE, MR DIRECTOR... READ WHITNEY'S COLUMN FOR FURTHER DETAILS.

ART COLLECTOR'S ITEM WHAT NOTORIOUS UNDERWORLD GO. BETWEEN GOT MESSSED UP IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET A FAT REWARD TO A MISSING OLD MASTER PORTRAIT? DON'T GUESS! IT'S FRASCA! HIS NEW MAILING ADDRESS IS SING!

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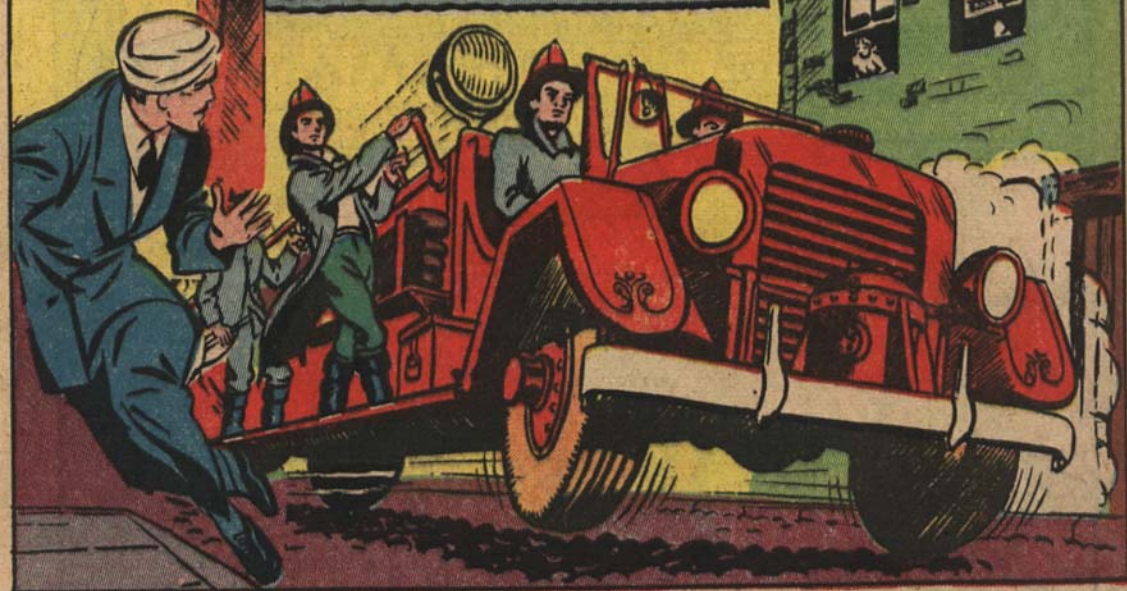
SPECTACULAR
HIT OF
PEP Comics

LUCES

KARDAK

THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN

AROUND THE CORNER COMES THE SCREECHING OF TIRES, THE HARSH CLANGING OF A BELL AND THE SHRILL WAILING OF A SIREN, AS KARDAK THE MAGICIAN, JUMPS NIMBLY OUT OF THE WAY OF AN ON RUSHING FIRE ENGINE.



AS THE FIREMEN ARRIVE AT THE ALARM BOX.

HA, HA, LOOK AT THOSE DOPES!

FUNNY, THERE'S NO ONE HERE.

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE GUY WHO'S TURNING IN THOSE FALSE ALARMS.

THAT'S THE SECOND ONE THIS WEEK!



AS THE ENGINE DRIVES AWAY, THE BOYS COME OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACE.

HA, HA, IT'S A SHAME TO FOOL THOSE GUYS, THEY'RE SO DUMB!

HM! SO THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE! ARE THEY?

HOLD ON THERE BOYS, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF TURNING IN THAT FALSE ALARM?

WHAT'S IT TO YOU, WISEGUY!

C'MON LET'S BEAT IT, HE'LL NEVER CATCH US!

THE MAGICIAN GESTURES AND...

THE BOYS FIND THEIR PATH BLOCKED BY A STONE WALL.

WHAT'S THAT! WHERE'D IT COME FROM!

WE MUST BE SEEN' THINGS!

YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART DON'T YOU FANCY-PANTS! I'M SCARED JIMMY!

WHICH ONE OF YOU SET OFF THAT ALARM!

IT WAS HIM, HE'S ALWAYS GETTIN' US INTO TROUBLE

YEAH WE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!

DON'T YOU REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF RINGING IN THOSE FALSE ALARMS THE CONSEQUENCES MIGHT LEAD TO TRAGEDY.

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON

CMON LETS GET OUTTA HERE. THAT HOGWASH IS GIVIN ME AN EAR ACHE!

AW NUTS!

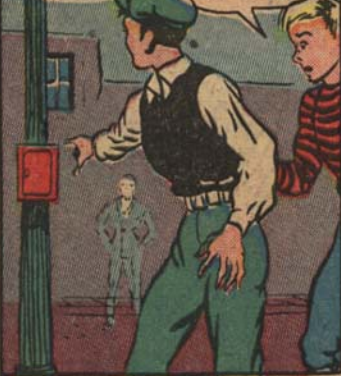
YOU CANT TEACH ME NOTHIN!



AS THE BOYS WALK OFF KARDAK BECOMES IN-VISIBLE AND FOLLOWS THEM



HERE'S ANOTHER ALARM, LET'S RING IT TO SHOW THAT WISEGUY WERE NOT SCARED OF HIM!



GO AHEAD AND RUN YASISSIES I'LL DO IT MY SELF!



AS JIMMY CONTINUES HOMEWARD THE IN-VISIBLE KARDAK GESTURES AND

THEN! LOOKS LIKE A FIRE DOWN THE BLOCK, MIGHT BE FUN TO WATCH IT!



HOLY SMOKES! ITS MY HOUSE!



AND MOM IS TRAPPED UP THERE!



JIMMY GET HELP HURRY!

I BETTER GIT THE ENGINES QUICK THERE'S NOTHIN I CAN DO!



THE FRANTIC BOY REACHES THE ALARM! KARDAK GESTURES AND...



GEE I MUST BE GOIN' NUTS! I SEE ALARM BOXES ALL OVER, AND I CAN'T TOUCH NONE OF THEM!



I BETTER RUN DOWN TO THE FIREHOUSE MYSELF.



HEY MISTER COME QUICK! MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE.



SORRY SON, THE ENGINES WENT OUT ON A CALL. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT.



THEY WENT OUT ON A FALSE ALARM. YA GOTTA GET EM BACK!

THERE'S NO-THING I CAN DO.





THE INVISIBLE MAGICIAN WHISPERS TO THE BOY.

NOW SEE WHAT YOUR FALSE ALARMS HAVE DONE!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT!



SNIFF SNIFF



AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT, NOW!



KARDAK SUDDENLY APPEARS.

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE CRYING!



PERHAPS YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON.

THE MAGICIAN GESTURES.

AND THE FLAMES VANISH!

YES, YES, PLEASE HELP ME!



GEEZ! THE FIRE'S OUT! THANKS MISTER!



MOM! MOM! WHERE ARE YA!



YA ALRIGHT MOM NOT BURNED OR ANYTHING? WHY SHOULD I BE BURNED!



GOLLY!... YA MEAN THERE WASN'T A FIRE IN THIS HOUSE... WELL, ANYWAY, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON.

LET, JOHNNY'S LESSON BE YOURS ALSO, GANG, TOO. MANY LIVES ARE LOST BY THOUGHTLESS PRANKS



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